



*speculative fiction forwards to "Why Reading is Confusing:
Using Language to Create Ingroups & Outgroups" by Dakota Rakestraw*

PASSWORDS FOR THE SPEAKEASY AT THE END OF THE DROUGHTED WORLD

Ariel Birks

Water wimbles a bottle—No.

A biddy buys bodies—No.

Rin tin innies—No.

Coleridge antidote Angelou—No. What is this, poison school?

Crisp Lemures—Very funny.

Instant Grimm's Sign Tone Rums—No I just read that somewhere.

Agh! Those misers. I just want water. Just say a phrase, Dakota, just say one little phrase—just the one they want—that will open the door so you can have a water drop. Just so we can dip shriveled pinkies into a water thimbletin.

Aqua grimoire, aqua grimoire—too . . . I don't know . . .

Whiny wound water— isn't that too obvious?

FAMILIAL IDIOLECT

Tommy Chisholm

Ronda welcomed the Mosleys to little Babbit's birthday party, and sat them at a table near balloons. She picked up a balloon and said, "Bounce it into the air!" Mr. Mosley grabbed one, then popped it between his hands—his family joined in the fun. "What a wonderful game of Ronda's!" he said to his children. Ronda was none too pleased but thought, "Oh well what can you do? Lovely to have them nonetheless." When it came time to sing to little Babbit, each family began belting out various tunes, a cacophony which little Babbit took great delight in.

HOUSE OF DECEPTION

Morgana Faye

Something malicious is hiding in my house
under the ink
under the skin
the way it dries to them and they are covered in it

Last night from my window, I saw them walking
through the yard to the forest
ink seeping out and trailing behind
turning a group into a pack
of hungry . . .

I am ashamed to say I knew all along
when words turned to skin turned to soft tendrils
and I let them wrap me in a comfort: an ignorance?
yet still refused to open my eyes to the abhorrence
their corpus
their body?
their monster underneath