



## One-Sentence Stories

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### Love in the Absence of a Kick-Ass Soundtrack is Not Quite Love

by

**Drew Jackson**

Miles wanted only to be her middle-aged Lloyd Dobler, but by the time he found the perfect camel raincoat and figured out how to feed his iPod mini through a borrowed Fender Squire practice amp to waft the husky longing of Peter Gabriel through her open second story window, she was swinging a cubic zirconia the size of Barbie doll's skull and slapping Merlot paint samples on the wall with Johnny Home Equity, who knew an undervalued asset when he spotted one.

### Nikkita

by

**Andrea Deangelis**

He had a bicycle she wanted or it was more than that, he had to be her friend, there was no reason not to but he struggled nonetheless, stammering with reasons on the train back to school but he never said them, the words mashed up against his lips (she could taste their hiss) because he knew he shouldn't be talking to her that there was something off, something gone rotten, the slight rancid odor exterminators use to kill, underneath the unassuming ocean scent but he couldn't put his finger on it so she thought he might as well put his fingers in her, slamming her legs, imagining amputation.

### Untitled

by

**Nicole Taylor**

Without holidays how can we celebrate our dysfunctional family, I said to another dance member.

### Post-Polio

by

**Erin York**

"Every step I take today means less for tomorrow," said my father as we toured Disney World.