

Issue No. 14



LAND ARK LIT MAG

*ISSUE NO. 14: LAUNDRY
CAFE BAR FREE HOTEL
RESORT / OCTOBER 30,
2021*

Introductions:*A Letter From The Editor***Fiction:***Lifeguards 1 And 2*.....Periwinkle Dalliance Theodore Crew*Jello Puddy*.....Susan Swoth*Utter Piñata*.....Kerwin Todd*Squid Boy And The Big Fuss: Part II*.....Irvin Perkins**Poetry:***Ghost Water*.....Blerman Moose*Coded Messages*.....Your Esteemed Editor**Art:***SLIT, CK, CakeWreck,**FaceWhatYouThink*.....Nosey Parker*Drawing The Landscape Class 1,2 and 3*.....Egg Quiche*Bloated Milk Ciggy**Boy*.....

.....Marvin Gardens (at his absolute best)



In this issue, I have included several unsolvable coded messages of my own making that I couldn't for the life of me crack. Now, in more serious business, I found the phrase "me crack" to be laugh-out-loud funny, but when I showed it to my mother, who is visiting on unofficial business, she did not even smile. I guess sense of humor is not genetic, even though mah is now working hard at those messages, confident she is winning.

Having my mother in my dirty, nasty, provocatively decorated studio apartment is making me understand why everyone keeps telling me to "get a real job". She is uncovering personal secrets that I didn't even know I had, and worse yet, I think she may be close to cracking my codes! DNA Wench! I may have sprung from your watery baby cave, but that doesn't mean I need to bend to societal norms and be, ugh, "wise". I am fine and happy in my hidey hole with my cheap, breakable things wearing \$1 dollar chinos and varsity baseball shirts from the Goodwill. I am not embarrassed of my Toyota Echo. And, traditional success be damned, if I'm not the best Internet Editor, then I'm no one at all.

Meanwhile, in the middle of this familial crisis, we're publishing an issue driven by visuals and literary accompaniment. I guess that's sort of what we always do, but we might be taking it seriously this go around. Nosey has contributed beautiful works, and newcomer Egg Quiche is joining the fray with some drooling-good sketchings of the landscapes we live in. Read the shifts. I'm gonna throw those codes out the window.



Issue No. 14

POETRY
GHOST WATER

Blerman Moose

Mmm, I like
Ghost water.

And I
Overflow.

Lemon Lady,
Lemon Lady,

Bring me home a ripe lemon.
I'm going to cut a wedge

And suck it to get rid of my hiccups from chugging all this ghost
water.

Can you mop up after me?



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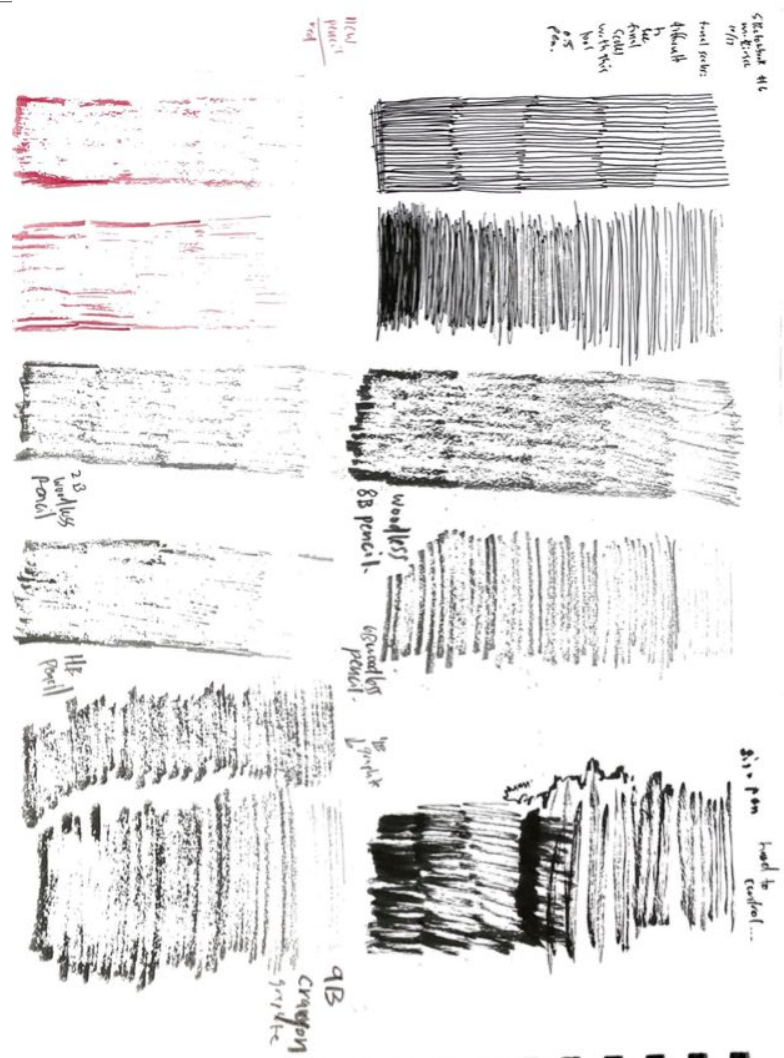
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FICTION

LIFEGUARDS 1 AND 2

Periwinkle Dalliance Theodore Crew

Lifeguard 1: What's up?

(Lifeguard 2 flashes the peace sign from her perch)

Lifeguard 1: Any action today?

(Lifeguard 2 shrugs)

It is tradition in lifeguard culture to be blindingly sexy and aryan blonde, but Lifeguard 1 has eschewed tradition, ironic owing to the fact he only has this job thanks to legacy. The elder 1 is a legend on these waters.

Lifeguard 1: I'm going to the snack shack. Want anything?

Lifeguard 2: Lemon Fresca, no ice. Two.

(Lifeguard 2 flashes the peace sign again, this time to signify quantity.)

Lifeguard 2 is perhaps the most sought after lay on the beach. She is hypnotic. Every regular comes looking their best. They assume her to be robotic due to her physical perfection, robotic in the sense that her brain is likely naturally coded for happiness, but in fact she is a little sad by how she is blindly admired, and would rather be working in child care if she wasn't such a strong swimmer.

(When Lifeguard 1 returns with the Frescas and his own drink, Iced Tea, he climbs the ladder up the lifeguard lookout and sits next to Lifeguard 2 and hands her the Frescas. She takes them and thinks better of smiling. Instead she raises the red flag to caution swimmers of a developing riptide and the two lifeguards sit until the end of the shift, never admitting to enjoying each other's company.)



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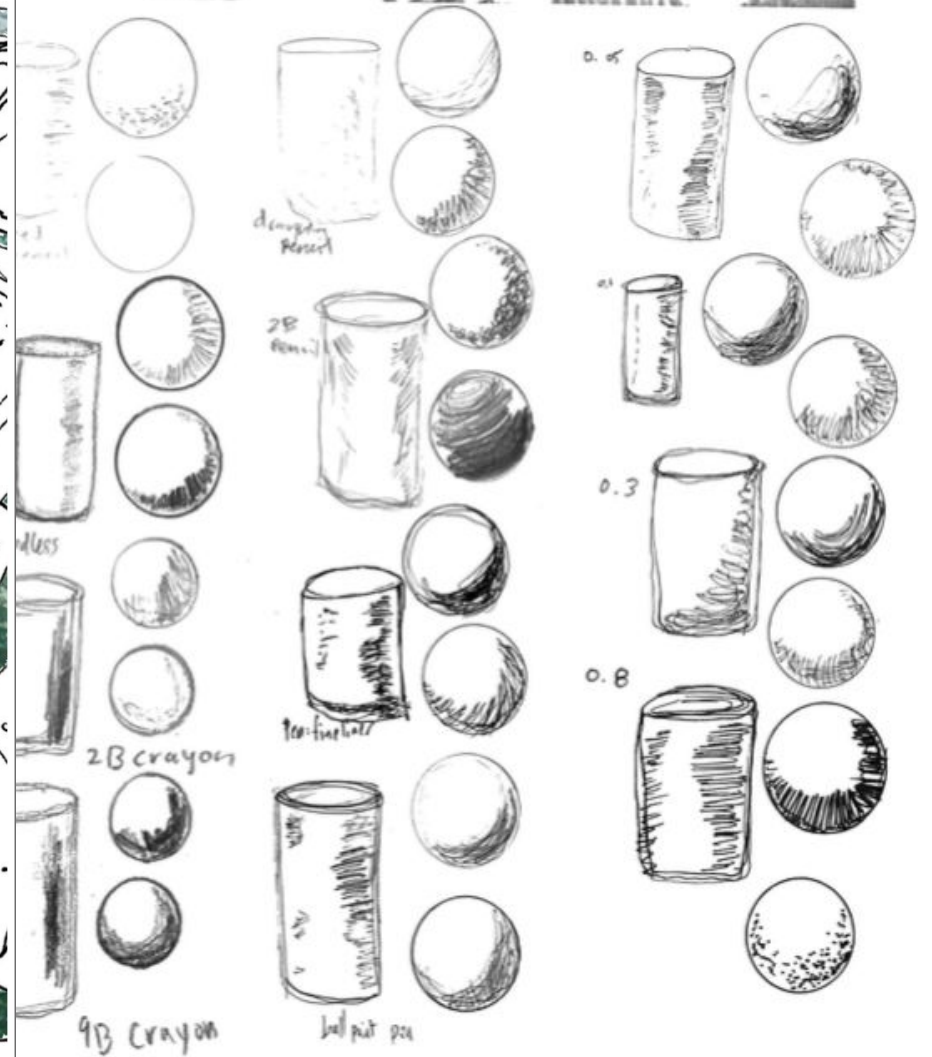
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FICTION

JELLO PUDDY

Susan Swoth

Gather, and I will tell you all about Jello Puddy, my favorite of all birthday toys. Jello Puddy has rolling sag and a squish guard to keep from accidental suffocation. Jello Puddy comes when called. "Here, Jello Puddy!". The movement of Jello Puddy is best described as a heaving breather. It's the inhales that move the ripples, and the exhales that steady the mass. When a sad child needs a friend, Jello Puddy is an excellent listener, and warm to snuggle up to at night, and friendly to wake up to in the morning. Jello Puddy eats mold and dust, so it cleans! And it makes the bed! And it takes out the trash! And it picks up its own poop! Where has Jello Puddy been all your life, you ask? Right behind you, waiting for acceptance, like the first wave of untraditional brilliance.

WANTED
JELLO PUDDY
DEAD OR ALIVE

Undetermined age, weight, and radius, but a tried and true criminal nonetheless. Don't be fooled by its tender eyes, nor its warm light grin. This outlaw will woo its way into your heart, throw you a wonderful birthday party, make you feel safe, and then tear the reality right off your table. It does not have teeth or internal organs, but it is capable of psychic digestion. Be aware. Cover your eyes and mouth in its presence and do not allow it to sing. If you should encounter the fugitive, feign affection and contact the police as soon as you have gained its trust.



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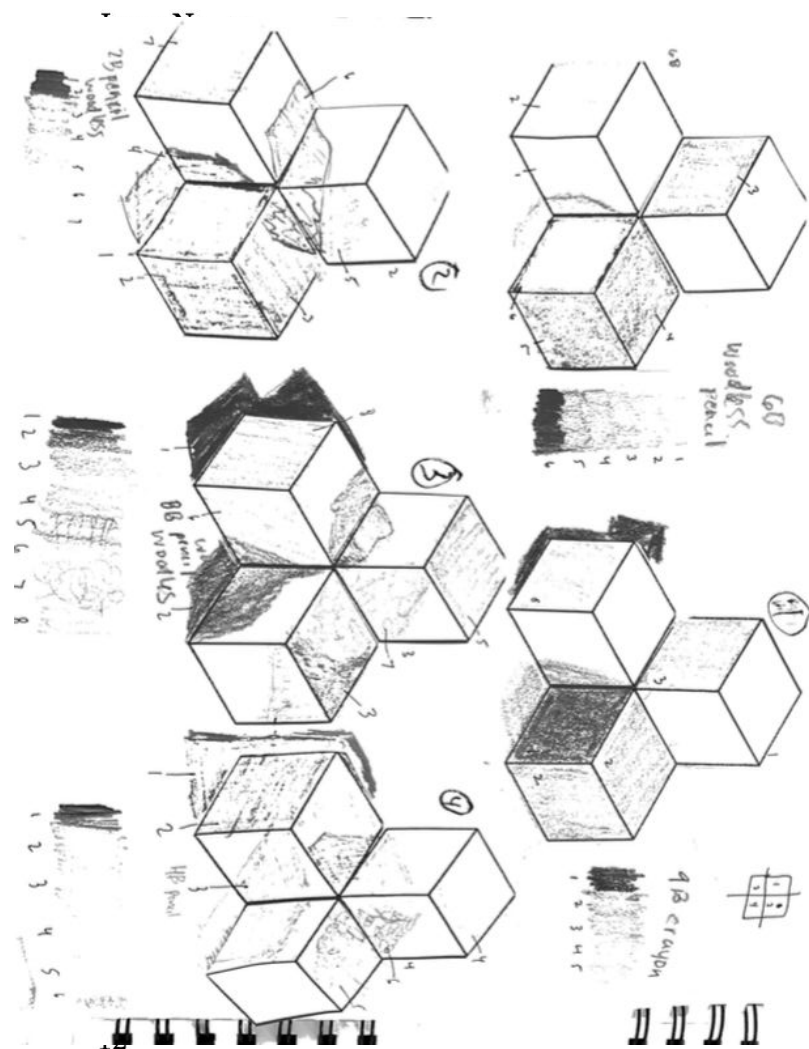
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PREPARED BY

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FICTION

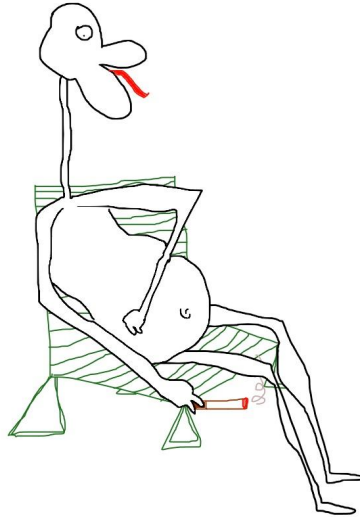
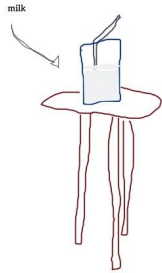
UTTER PIÑATA

Kerwin Todd

A professional piñata whacker, who lives in a neighborhood with a lot of billboards, drives to his friend's house. The friend works in HR for H&R Block and lives in a high suburb. The professional piñata whacker and the HR friend have known each other since they were babies so they have that sweet way of knowing friendship where nothing of substance needs to be shared even after not seeing each other for years, which is why it was so odd last time they saw each other when the HR friend confided in the professional piñata whacker that when they were teenagers he, the HR friend, had driven past a pasture with many cows feeding on the grass in a moment of personal strife, and he pulled the car over to the side of the road and got out to look at them and the day went by and when the night went down and the cows went to bed the HR friend felt very sad that he wouldn't be going to bed with them. The HR friend drove home in a malaise about his species, but that feeling soon gave way to the rip roar emotional belly whack of being in high school, making friends and getting laid, and then life started moving really fast and the HR friend found himself getting the steadiest job available and moving to the nicest neighborhood and just giving way to growing old. But recently, at the time the two friends last met, the HR friend had begun thinking about the cows again. He had even whispered late in the evening, as they were saying goodbye, that he was thinking of buying a pasture, and in his invitation to get together this evening he had written "let's get together like old times, for the last time, under my roof, in between my walls, at my nice, old home, as people and friends".



This all weighed very heavily on the professional piñata whacker as he waited for a red light at the end of his block, beneath the shadow of a massive billboard reading: "GOT MILK?"



FICTION

SQUID BOY AND THE BIG FUSS: PART II

Irvin Perkins

When Huh? crested the final ridge of the craggy crooks and the yellow sheep hills, he could see the Lake where he and his father had found the Giant Squid. The red sun was casting a good glow on the water and the weather was good besides. Huh? took one last look down at the little town, lying at the bottom of the hills past the loosest woods. Down there, in his little house, he had left a note for his parents explaining his plan. He might be gone for many days and he hoped they would not worry.

At the shore of the Lake, Huh? put down his camping pack and picked up his little fishing rod. The Lake was large, flanked by huge tree scraped mountains peering up at the big red sun. He looked into the water.

Huh?: Giant Squid, if you're down there, I need your help.

Then he sat, and began to fish. And he fished. And he fished. For thirteen days he fished, waking with the red sun and going to bed with the three moons. He caught a great many things, and although Huh? respected his father's decision not to kill and eat living beings, he killed what he caught. Huh? was a growing boy of eleven years old and knew he could not afford to starve up here in the Lakes Region. He tried not to think of his mother who was surely worrying down in the village, or his father and the shame he faced every day.

On the fourth day, Huh? thought he saw something large near the surface, swimming about in figure eights and

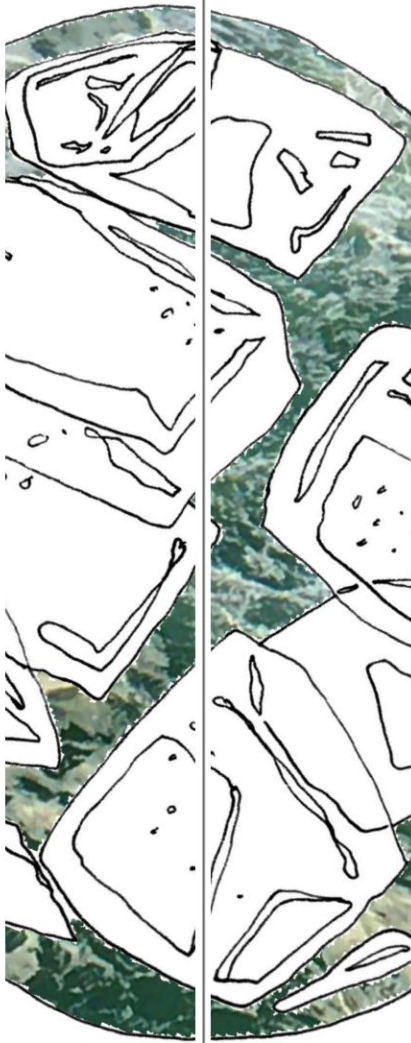
almost laughing at his efforts. Huh? knew he was not the fisherman his father was, but he thought it was rude for the Squid to laugh.

On the morning of the ninth day, Huh? caught eighteen Red Whirligogs and four Blue ones, which were much more rare. In the afternoon he caught a Dowllon Peep, two Fewfurs, and one of the Gold-ish Grab-fish that his father had won a large prize for many many years ago. But Huh? could not take excitement in the Grab-fish with the Giant Squid still uncaught.

On the twelfth day, he caught nothing. Not a single bite all day. Huh? became suspicious that a poacher had perhaps emptied the Lake in his sleep. Then he became more suspicious that perhaps he had caught all the fish there were to be caught. Still he fished until it was very dark--so dark that he fell asleep with the rod still held tight in his hands.

And so it was very early morning of the thirteenth day, an hour or so before sunrise, that Huh? woke with a jolt to the feeling of a large Lake thing at the end of his fishing rod, and he knew just what it was.

Huh?, remembering well the Giant Squid's anger the last time, reeled his catch in with tentative hands. Soon, the head of the Giant Squid rose to the surface of the dark Lake, breaking through the reflection of the moons. Now, more than the first time, Huh? revelled in the splendor of the grand Lake creature. The pristine sparkling beak like an abalone shell, the slimy orange yellow head with small sparkling facets of light, which he knew were only reflecting the moon but seemed to cast their own light. Huh? stopped reeling. The Giant Squid stayed in the water, its one fluorescent judging eye watching him. This was not the same Giant Squid as before.



Giant Squid 2: What do you want.

Huh?: Oh Giant Squid, I have been fishing for thirteen days and thirteen nights for you.

Giant Squid 2: You think I don't know that? We're totally sick of this business. Just tell us the deal and please go away. We've got jobs, we've got families. We can't deal with a hook knocking about our living rooms and schools all hours of the day and night.

Huh?: Oh, I am very sorry about that. But please hear me out. I have a favor to ask you.

And so Huh? told the Giant Squid of all of his father's troubles, of the townspeople's criticism and his longstanding loss of public respect. Huh? explained how much he and his father had appreciated Giant Squid 1's photo op, but that it hadn't been enough. And now his family was threatened with even greater ruin than before.

Giant Squid 2: What do you want us to do about it, then?

Huh?: If I could, I would just like to take three of your people with me to the little town so that I can prove my father is not a liar or a coward. I know this is much to ask but it would mean a lot to me and I swear no harm would come to your friends.

TO BE CONTINUED!



Land Ark Lit Mag accepts
submissions of “anything
literary” and “anything visual.”

Please email The Editor with
your work at:
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Thank You.

