

# LAND ARK LIT MAG



ISSUE No. 20  
JANUARY 8, 2022

LANDARK20

## LAND ARK LIT MAG

*ISSUE NO. 20: KVA 140  
(THE LICENSE PLATE  
GAME) / JANUARY 8, 2022*

## Introductions:

*A Letter From The Editor*

## Fictions and Ramblings:

*Alabama*

*Alaska*

*Arizona*

*Arkansas*

*California*

*Colorado*

*Connecticut*

*Delaware*

*Florida*

*Georgia*

*Hawaii*

*Idaho*

*Illinois*

*Indiana*

*Iowa*

*Kansas*

*Kentucky*

*Louisiana*

*Maine*

*Maryland*

*Massachusetts*

*Michigan*

*Minnesota*

*Mississippi*

*Missouri*

*Montana*

*Nebraska*

*Nevada*

*New Hampshire*

*New Mexico*

*New York*

*Rhode Island*

*North Carolina*

*North Dakota*

*Ohio*

*Oklahoma*

*Oregon*

*Pennsylvania*

*South Carolina*

*South Dakota*

*Tennessee*

*Texas*

*Utah*

*Vermont*

*Virginia*

*Washington*

*West Virginia*

*Wisconsin*

*Wyoming*

LALH20  
02H7A7

*Dear Ed,*

*I have done it. After all these years, I have achieved my goal. I have seen all 50 states in the union.*

*My hypothesis was that visual diversity of my home country would open my mind to the possibility of being wrong. My conclusion is that it cost me my retirement fund. And at the end of the day, America can be found on the internet.*

*Love,  
Johnny*

I received this letter in the form of a holiday card. In honor of my dear friend's accomplishment, and in honor of our 20th issue, this week we will be running an ode to all 50 states, specifically their license plates. Each blurb is written by an adoring fan. I hope you enjoy.

I will say, before we continue, that I do not agree with my friend's conclusion. I believe he will be happier retiring in revelry than in financial stability, and that one is much better served seeing the ugly version of reality than the beautified bastard found on Google Images.

Mission accomplished, I guess.

I hope you all had a wonderful holiday season.

*Love,  
- Ed.*



The story goes that every Alabama license plate contains shrapnel from the Lynyrd Skynyrd plane crash. In 3rd grade, my best friend challenged me to spell Lynyrd Skynyrd and sophomore year I learned to drive really fast.

The design of the plate is contentious. Native Alabamians know that the scene is not inspired by anywhere specific in Alabama, nor is the wildlife specific to Alabama. It's some mountains and an egret, for goodness sakes. Local government promises the next issue of license plates will depict dead rock bands and Tom Hanks.

– Beau “Happy” Yedlin

1

02H767

LA6H20

2



“Alaska originally didn’t want a license plate. They forced one on us. So we said fuck ‘em and made it as simply and beautiful as we could.”

“I wanted something that looked nice beneath the game strapped to the roof of my Tundra.”

“If you haven’t been to Alaska, you don’t know what our license plates *really* look like. The ones we send to the rest of America are decoys. The people we send are decoys, too. If you haven’t been here, you have no idea what’s going on here. That’s what the license plate means to me”

– Delegation of Fairbanks Residents



In the quiet of the desert night, school children are taught how to remember which spelling contains just the one “s”. Is it their home, or what they eat dinner to get to?

“Dessert has two because you want more of it,” says the school teacher, drunk, next to the cactus, next to the road, among the sand, underneath big, bad, bonus land sky.

“ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss,” hiss the school children.

– The Arizona Department Of Education

02H767  
6ALH20



The diamond on his van relaxes me.

“Arkansas?!?! Well fuck me, why didn’t you say so???”

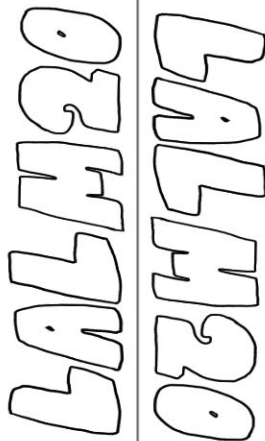
Finally, as a hitchhiker, I am picked up.

– Vagabond in the Wrong Part of the World



“It’s the most meaningful state in the world. It totally is, and you can challenge me on it all you want, but until you come out here and spend a day in the sun just doing nothing, just listening to the ocean and the traffic, then you don’t know what this place means. You don’t get it. You might as well be from New York kicking ice down the street. It’s a feeling. It’s a *mood*. It’s knowing that your place is the last place that anyone wanted to get to, that your place is where everyone still gives up everything to be. That’s why our license plates are as boring as board games. We don’t need to dress up. Not for anyone. This is where I’m from. This is where I’m gonna die from old age – excuse me, I gotta get back to work.”

– Dennis, Who Made My Margarita



In Grand Junction, Colorado, there was a music store on Main Street across from where a movie star was parked, waiting in his car for his co-star in the upcoming summer blockbuster “Two Bikes And A Desk In A Room Without Windows” to return with the sandwiches and coffee they ordered online after having really blurry sex in their room at the Grand Vista Hotel. The movie star tried and tried to rub away his migraine. His co-star tried desperately to keep the sweat from his eyes. At one point they confused whose penis was whose. Previews were next week and neither could take the stress as the music store owner came out of the store and knocked on the driver’s side window.

“Red or green?” he asked the movie star.

“What?” asked the movie star through a brain malfunctioning headache.

“Wow,” gasped the music store owner, “I can’t believe it’s really you.”

– Eye Witness





I have more than once been fooled by Connecticut's mirage license plate. It has duped me into believing that I was driving through placid blue eyes. The license plate made me think I was driving through James B. Sullivan, and another time the Cookie Monster. The license plate is warming like an up-and-coming, genuine rapper.

In downtown New Haven, a gaggle of contractors huddle around a point on the sidewalk where one stepped on a crack and broke their mother's back. The ambulance speeds through the tight streets sending Connecticut cars to the curb in fear and the flashing lights of a Connecticut emergency.

— Dr. Angel Blink, Commuter to Boston

02H767



The party rages all night long along the little blip of the coastline where license plates feel like nothing. The Vagabond thinks it's pretty nothing here. He grabs a drink and steals a chicken from a yard. He buys another drink from a WaWa, and a sandwich while the chicken waits outside, tied to the handicap parking sign. The chicken is sad. The Vagabond is sad. Holy shit. . . *I'm* sad.

The party comes to a blurry ending. This guy leaves with that girl and another girl gets a ride from some other guy's mom. The host is left to walk to the beach alone, leaving a mish mash of too-drunks passed out on their sides. The Atlantic Ocean tears the edges off the notebook pages, chews them, sticks them into the lonely end of a plastic straw, and shoots them at its hungover classmates during Monday morning English.

I'm dropping out of school to go look for the Vagabond and his trusty, stolen chicken somewhere amongst The First State.

— The Narrator

02H767



“HAHAHAHAHAHAH woouooooooooowwwwww. OK! OK! BITCH! Motherfucking whore skank slut demon. . . . god. . . . GOD!!!! OH, GOD! THIS SUCKS! FUCK you! FUCK!”

“It’s not fun anymore. I’m not having fun anymore.

Every so and so claims their family is fourth or fifth generation cattle drivers. But I don’t think anyone’s got any business claiming to be from Florida. I mean *anyone*.”

“YOU’RE NoT NONE OF YOU BETTER THAN ME! YOU THINK YOU’re BETTER THAN ME YOU’RE NOT! . . . give me a pass come on give me a fucking pass you know you wann. . . . Pass me! Pass me! PASS ME!!!”

– My Masseuse and Me

02H767  
6ALH20



Will wanted everything to be how he wanted it to be. He was a bricklayer in Athens. Go Dawgs. Beat Bama.

– Eulogy for Will



The Vagabond awoke enrobed in the sands of Waikiki beach. Ocean bloom wacked him in the face. A surfer stepped on his toe en route to the waves. The beach was covered with wild chickens pecking at algae. Somewhere, his chicken had gone to join them. The Vagabond stood up and rubbed his eyes. A massive, point to point rainbow hung over him. It was not like a rainbow of perspective, but more a rainbow of a wretched, daily hangover. All of the Vagabond's possessions had disappeared in the night and been replaced by a very dirty Hawaiian license plate, which sadly is the least seen license plate by worrying mainlanders.

The Vagabond took the license plate and rented a surfboard to try his hand at a new activity.

– Duke

02H767



“Coeur D’Alene is a most beautiful city on beautiful lengths of lake. When you drive there if you’re ever coming from the Sand Point direction and you cross the Pend Oreille River on 95 and on either side of you there’s all that water stretching out, boy you feel like Jesus. I like going when it’s cloudy and the lake is like glass and in every which direction there’s nothing but fog and trees. Do that if you can. And when you go there to Coeur D’Alene there is a most beautiful restaurant, a Bavarian joint serving only the most beautiful of beer and bratwurst and cheesy pastas. There’s a girl who works there called Sigrid, a most beautiful girl who’s actually German working in a beautiful Bavarian restaurant. When you go there, tell her Tim says hi and ask if she remembers our night on the golf course.”

– What My Mom’s Friend Tim Said To Me When I Told Him I Was Going To College At Gonzaga

6ALH20





"Tell me more about the Tilapia Scallopini, Grandpa."

Grandpa always got a big head from this story.

"Well, back in my day you didn't have to be an arm's distance from the coast. You could get seafood anywhere in the country as long as you had an empty stomach and Apple Pay."

"And was it delicious?"

"Fuck no! It was awful! No one got the Tilapia Scallopini in Gary, Indiana because it was good! We did it to exercise our American Rights!"

Grandpa got a warm feeling knowing he had done well with his life.

– Review Of The Chili's in Gary

02H767

LA LH 20

Molly Farinski, returning to Notre Dame after Thanksgiving to finish out the semester, takes the open aisle seat next to The Vagabond. She puts her roller luggage in the overhead compartment and takes her computer out of her backpack before stowing it beneath the seat in front of her. Without a noise, the train begins slipping into the night and into Indiana. She sets the computer down on the tray table and begins editing her essay on the effects of degenerative brain conditions on puzzle solving when she notices the powder white figure slip from below her seat and half leap, half fly into The Vagabond's lap. The figure is the chicken. It clucks away, and stares at its reflection in the dark, travelling window, along with The Vagabond, who is also taking time to look at himself.

– Molly Farinski's Final Essay for Cognition Analysis 101



Many have written on the sinister nature of corn fields and the manner in which they hide animals and undergrowth and human bodies. Many have proposed this as a plot or subplot to many a horror film. Many have claimed to see shapes, built from out of world grazing ships piloted by beings who know more than us, who know about us while we know nothing of them. Many have said this and many have said more. I don't think these people have been to Iowa, or they wouldn't have said those things. Also, we do soybeans too, which I find to be much more malevolent. But nobody ever wants to talk about those.

– Dick Clemson Greenwaithe, Mayor of Fort Dodge

02H7A7



“JESUS SAVES.” “EVERY LIFE IS PRECIOUS. STOP ABORTION.” “Topeka 50 mi, Kansas City 112 mi.” “THEY DIED FOR YOU, PRAY TODAY.” “CALL 855-FOR-TRUTH.” “EXIT 129: LOVE’S TRUCK STOP, SUBWAY.”

– My 9 Year Old Son Reading Signs Out Loud

02H7A7



MILLERSBURG POLICE DEPARTMENT



The beauty of the 60s was that everyone was killing themselves faster even in the face of a growing national comfortability. There was hiccup after a yawn and before a stretch where the tired, confused and crawling perpetrator felt comfortable, really euphoric evil, to hold a deadly instrument to their eye, and laugh and cry simultaneously. Obviously I wasn't there, but from everything I've seen, read, heard and drank, it kinda sounds like the place to be.

– Jim Beam Jr

03H7A7  
LALH20

Pants comes out of his parents house with a side smile. The cul-de-sac is getting dark late in the day. It's wet and hot and Pants sticks the collar of his shirt in his mouth which he does when he is excited.

"I can't believe you're here, man."

"How's Betty?"

Pants laughs through the shirt collar. He stands on wet, front yard grass. He couldn't walk on gravel, though, I bet.

"How's Betty?"

He takes the shirt out of his mouth and says "Let's go play some music."

– Nick, Rhythm Guitarist for the Band





The bartender hands the drink over the bar. The bar is made out of ice and oysters. Over the bartender is a taxidermy lobster mounted on the wall.

“What is this?” asks the recipient.

“That’s a dirty martini with oyster brine.”

The recipient takes the drink like a baby taking a jawbreaker and has a sip the size of her thumb.

“Oh my god. . .” she whispers, “I think I’m at home.”

– Review of ‘Eventide’ Originally Appearing in Downeaster Magazine



“Hey, I think you worked at the high school my brother went to.”

“Oh really? No kidding?”

– Conversation Over Natty Boh





Each of them made eighty bucks an hour. They gave me 10%.

21

**CALH 20**

Seb's eyes grow to be ocean wide.

– Menu Item at Roxy’s Diner



For geography tests, I always remember that Minnesota is the shape it is by the lakes because the shape is shaped like a soda can and Minnesota has the word “soda” at the end of it. But they don’t call it soda up there, my dad says they call it pop.

– Georgina Frances Franklin, Age 9

02H7A7

6ALH20

EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.  
 EMM EYE ESS ESS EYE ESS ESS EYE PEE PEE EYE.

– Mnemonic Device



RORY JONES: So, Clayton, tell me a bit about your childhood.

CLAYTON ECHARD: You know, I'm just a guy from Missouri. I never expected this to happen to me. You know, I don't really like the spotlight.

RJ: Really! What a shy gentleman! And we understand you played football at Mizzou?

CE: Yes ma'am. I was a tight end in 2015. Love the team, love that school. Mizzou all the way or die trying.

RJ: That's just wonderful. We're all so proud of you, Clayton, really.

CE: I'm just trying to do my home state proud and find the woman of my dreams. I appreciate all the support.

– Interview for The Bachelor Season 26

02H7A7

02H7A7



You can't intimate sounds in here.

The Vagabond puts his ear closer to the opening of the brown paper bag.

No, you can't imitate sounds in here.

In Cluckish, the chicken queries where are they.

The brush of the breeze over wheat, the claw of air on barbed wire fencing, the lap of the highway on the horizon.

"Where are we?" asks the Vagabond.

The chicken describes the noise of being nowhere through Cluckish.

– Jim Perdue



• NEBRASKA •

HUSKERS

○ 1867 ○

2017 ○



The Nebraska license plate is a lie. Do not believe it when it shows up to your door at the wee hours of the morning asking for money after a hard night. Do not humor it when it says its baseball card collection is worth upwards of a million dollars. Many respected journalists have written cover articles on the Nebraska license plate, only to discover that it lied about its upbringing, and the reality of its hardships, and its intentions.

The Nebraska license plate is a jester to CEOs. It's a moat for fast food. It makes me sick when it shows up at country clubs.

Why do we go on and on and on as a civilized society letting the Nebraska license plate get away with social murder? Everything must be wrong here.

– From a Love Letter Written by Warren Buffett

02H767

6ALH20

• NEVADA •

D T 0000

SAMPLE



RESPECT & PROTECT ○

Hello there, little guy. Gotta love the little guy. Big, bright lights: little guy who's gonna give them a really big, good show. Raucous applause, the banging together of behemoth hands for national hero, the little guy wears headphones whenever he goes out for a crawl.

Size is for size and the big guys. Little guy has his eyes. Gunfire and truck dates have no effect on the right way. Here we go, baby. Under the bed where little guy fits, in between the crack where little guy has his little friends over for drinks and says he's so sorry how the world is turning out, just getting bigger and bigger, no drink of water too wide for all these wide open, hauling, breathing, expectation mouths. Gulp, gulp.

– Alice





At the summer camp for good girls there is only one dance with the boys. Everybody gets all dressed up, in pretty dresses and clean sandals. Everybody borrows Angela's hair curler and Jenny B.'s makeup kit to make sure they look the prettiest. On the bus the girls sit with the best friend they made that summer and giggle. Some of the girls have boy pen pals from the boy's camp who they want to kiss tonight. Only Rachael has ever been kissed and she says it's a lot like kissing yourself in the mirror but less cold.

At the boys camp everybody gets off the bus and teeters over to the main lodge where there are string lights and bowls of lemonade punch. Most of the boys still have braces, but there are enough of them for each girl to have a dance partner. If you're caught dancing too close, the counselors shoot water guns at you and laughs.

– The Wolfeboro Daily Journal

02H767  
6ALH20

“Come to the bath, Roger.”

Roger went to the bath.

The bath was overflowing with steaming water, heavenly bubbles, and litter such as plastic bags, candy bar wrappers and take out containers. Maddison laughed in her pantsuit, bending over around her long island iced tea, trying desperately to compose herself against the sink.

“Come to the bath, Roger!” Maddison laughed.

Roger had had a bad day.

“It's very funny, Maddy.”

Roger smiled for the first time in weeks. They made love in the bath. They hadn't made love like that in years.

– <https://www.visitnj.org/>



The most beautiful license plate belongs to New Mexico. Don't believe me? I don't care. Anyone who doesn't believe me can come here and fight me.

– Bobby, Grounded for Taking His Father's Cadillac for a Joy Ride

LA L H 20  
03 H 7 67



“We need beer.”

A decision had been made.

“What time is it?”

A dilemma had been realized.

With 3 minutes until closing, the lads sprinted out of the house. Two got in the car while one hoofed it by foot. The car whizzed up the street and spun out of control before shooting off down Atwells Ave. Running with his whole gut, the lad on foot sweated and heaved with the dimming glow of the liquor store growing truer in the dusky distance. When he finally reached the door, with only seconds to spare, the boys from the car burst from the building, holding high the rack of ‘Gansetts triumphantly in the salty air.

– Herman Melville



I love rats. I love rats so so much. I will let them run up my arms and into my sleeves and sleep close and warm in my arm pits. When I walk on the street with a snack I always drop some for the rats. One day, I think the rats will be smarter than humans. If they aren't already. Then, I will be really happy.

– Anonymous Submission to the “I Hate Pigeons” Coalition

02H767

6ALH20



North Carolina's license plate has always made me feel very optimistic. It chooses to depict and celebrate the successful ending to the Wright Brothers' many years of experimentation, i.e. repetitive exponentially less failure. The grass is blowing gently in a good breeze and The Wright Flyer is flying with the breeze, really more gliding but it would not be as direct a slogan on your license plate: “First in Glide”. Nor as heroic.

The funny thing, though, is that North Carolina itself never flew. Just a couple of brothers from Ohio. But, in North Carolina's defense, no state has ever flown. That piece of history will inspire a truly sensational license plate.

– James Maxerson, Historian Emeritus at The University of South Carolina





Ingrid Houser came to America from the former Yugoslavia. She arrived by boat. New York City gave her fits of screaming so she took the furthest train she could afford. It left her in Minneapolis. She bought a few apples and a quart of milk and began walking. She aimed herself west. By the time she got tired she was in Fargo. She stopped and married a dairy farmer and opened a yarn store in a dilapidated building. The yarn store went bankrupt and the dairy farmer ran away. Ingrid was sad. She started walking again. She got to Beach. In Beach she talked to mechanics with no intent on trusting them.

There is no beach in Beach.

Julić Houser, Back in the Former Yugoslavia

02H767

6ALH20



The menu glared at her with that big way of saying “The Easy Street Café”.

“Did you see that YikYak about the Conk bathrooms?”

“I don’t know what that is.”

“What? Yeah you do. My dorm’s there.”

Eve didn’t understand why did what she did.

“I think I’m gonna get a salad.”

“Cool. Can I buy you a beer?”

– Overheard by a waiter still in high school





Mrs. Terns has the nicest backyard. While Kitch is inside facetiming his so-called “boyfriend”, I lie on the plush bluegrass next to the pool, looking up at the painful sun.

“Don’t you wanna lie on a chair?” asks Mrs. Terns, throwing the sliding glass door open and sauntering out in a beige one piece.

“Oh, no thank you, Mrs. Terns.”

“We have them so you can use them.”

“I like the grass.”

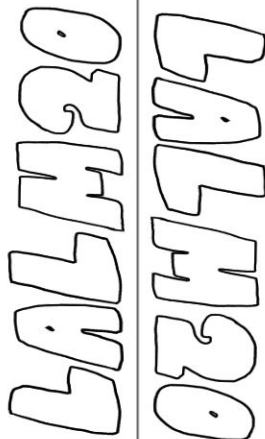
“Doesn’t it itch?”

“Not really.”

“Then you would’ve loved our last house. The grass in the backyard there was like a fairway. You would’ve spent all day out there I wouldn’t have even said anything about it.”

Kitch came back outside and jubilantly splashed me with pool water.

– A Friend



My friend Emily is so crazy. She grew up outside of Bend, which was a place we had never heard of. When we were freshmen in college she told us that when she was nine years old her family had ducks that would all sit in her lap. And then the next day she told us that when she was eleven years old both of her family’s cats got so old that her dad had to put them into shoeboxes and take them to the garage and blast them with a shotgun.

Our sophomore year of college Emily came back to school and told us all about a wedding she’d gone to for some friends from home over the summer.

“Why’d they get married so young?” We all asked.

“They’re Christians.” Emily said.

“Real Christians?” We asked. We had never known real Christians before.

“Yeah. Big ones.”

– A Friend About A Different Friend



“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Like what?”

“Like you’re feeling a feeling immodest for me.”

Ames scratches his beard. Jebediah licks the wicked skin above his lips.

“Well, sir, maybe I am.”

– Gay and Horny Amish Graduate Student

02H767

6ALH20

Sean Brock has tattoos in color. His left arm has a sleeve of vegetables. One of the vegetables is a red beet with circles of white. It’s the most gorgeous thing I ever saw, and I only ever saw it on TV; when he was on *Chef’s Table* and showing the camera his grandmother’s beans.

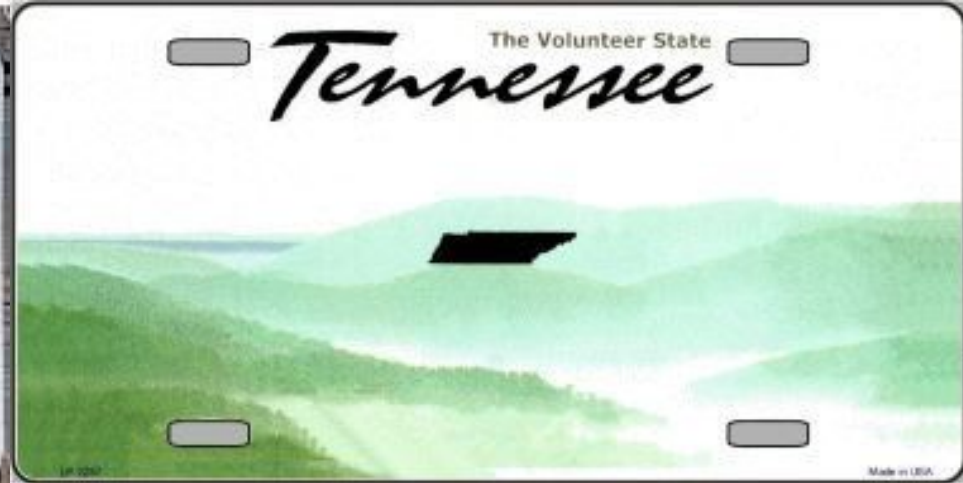
– Television Whore



One of the highlights, no doubt, of the great American plains is a little joint called the Motel West in the little town of Philip, South Dakota. Whether you're headed to Wall Drug and the Badlands, retracing the steps of your ancestor's pilgrimage on the Oregon Trail, or marooned on the side of a state highway by a bad alternator, you simply can't miss it. The Motel West boasts the best hospitality in all of the flyover states, if not the whole dang country. Forget New England chic, forget Southern Comfort, forget California's unyielding nostalgia for the sixties, and settle into your sparsely decorated yet amply large room at the Motel West. Chat with the proprietor, a handsome fella named Duane, meet the nameless pony who lives in the yard. Don't go to the bowling alley. And if you're a golfer, bring your own clubs.

— Irvin Perkins Travel Review

02H767



There is a barbeque joint in Memphis called Tom's Barbeque that is so f\*\*king amazing I stop there every time I'm passing through. As a trucker, I pass through Memphis on I-40 frequently. Tom's is far off my route, and a few of the turns I need to take to get there are beyond a squeeze for my 18 wheeler (affectionately named Tom), but it is so worth it. I'll tell you why. Barbeque is usually judged by the quality of its meat, obviously. But I've only had a few pieces of meat that aren't worth eating. Any professional pit master worth his salt can make good meat. What I look for are top notch sides. Top notch sides separate good barbeque from the best barbeque in the states. Tom's barbeque is the best barbeque in the states. Take it from me. Get the greens.

— Tracy Phillip, Lily Transportation

6ALH20





“I’ve seen this cretinous Vagabond meandering up and down Guadeloupe every night now since last Saturday. He’s got with him a chicken on a string and some kind of amateur journalist with a tape recorder and a notepad. I don’t know what they want with Texas. These boys is clearly from nowhere. And gosh darnit if Texas ain’t the most somewhere state in the whole gosh darn Union.”

“You said it, Sparky.”

– Sparky, and His Dog Saturday

02H767



During spring break of our senior year at Utah State, neither my friend Dustin nor I had a girlfriend or any money. So we made it a goal of ours to hit every National Park in Utah in one day, twice. Once on our way down and east, and then back heading west and north.

I picked Dustin up from his apartment at the crack of dawn on Monday. We did everything that we said we were gonna do. Since we were going so quickly we didn’t have a lot of time to do anything interesting at the parks. We saw a lot of what was considered some of the most beautiful parts of the United States, but didn’t have a lot time to leave our car.

On the way back to school we knew we would hear a lot of stories about going to Florida. We felt kind of dumb and sad, like we didn’t really think a lot about why we were doing what we were doing, we just did it because we were single and broke. We agreed not to say a lot of what we did. Mystery is cooler.

6ALH20



There is a man in Vermont who believes he can throw his dice from one side of the state to the other. He would be considered crazy, except he also believes without hesitation that the dice will come up snake eyes. For this reason, he has a lot of money riding on him.

– Las Vegas

02H7A7



Over drinks, Tessamae Gangrene is telling Mr. Scurvy: “You know, I was born in Virginia” She winks long and sips big. “Really, you don’t believe me? I didn’t live there very long but my mother lived there all her life and really sometimes I think I belong there. Like I’m from there or shoulda been raised there more than Florida. I just i–den–ti–fy with the culture more.” She drowns the rest of her Pink Manhattan.

“Well did I ever tell you,” Mr. Scurvy says, looking all the way out the window and not at Tessamae in the slightest. “That my family is fourth generation Flo-ri-di-an cattle drivers?”

– Family History Written by Farnold Gangrene-Scurvy, Fifth Generation Florida Cattle Driver

02H7A7



After her 33rd lap around the Maple Leaf Park track, a new member of the neighborhood stopped to breathe. It was a beautiful, clear day in Seattle. Pretty rare according to common knowledge, but actually Seattle is beautiful continuously from the months of May to September. The new member to the neighborhood made sure not to put her hands on her knees or to wheeze too hard. She had moved with her husband who just got a job at Amazon and her son who had just been born. She didn't have anything to do in Seattle. She didn't have any friends. She actually wasn't looking forward to finding a job, or making friends. She was looking forward to rain, actually. Mt. Rainier stood up from the south, a clear cut nipple like a hand pressed against the snow globe. The new member of the neighborhood said fuck it and bent over to cough from exhaustion.

– River Bome, Handler for The Seattle Sockeye Ultimate Team

039767



Jonny Right-Ridge and his old co worker down in the coal mines Mitch Brass meet at Thompson's Motel in Franklin to sit on their lawn chairs outside Jonny's permanent residence at room 35 and drink tall boys of Budweiser, smoke cigarettes and watch the traffic. Just like every Sunday night. The desk clerk always makes sure to come out and say hey. And so do the regulars too. Some folks even drive by just to wave. No one knows what they talk about. Their lungs don't work too good anymore. But they look right in those lawn chairs.

– JRR Jr.

6ALH20





*I am here. I am experiencing tranquility. I am one with the earth. I am seeing, I am touching, I am smelling, I am feeling, I am tasting. I am tasting butter, I am tasting lake water, I am tasting dirt, I am tasting beer. I am tasting a delicious bloody mary made by a 21 year old college student in Eau Claire. I am tasting a cheese curd I ate when I was seventeen years old. I am tasting nothing but road burn and a peanut butter sandwich. I am feeling pine needles. I am feeling cold air. I am feeling the strong arms of the Green Bay Packers. I am smelling their hair. They have nice shampoo. I am touching their cleats and their muddy knees. I am seeing the light, I am seeing the light, I am seeing the light.*

– Mantra Of Unknown Origin

02H767

6ALH20



Wyoming Joe hits the backhand down the line. It is returned more or less to exactly where he hit it, so he takes the ball with another effortless backhand cross court, past the baseline and his wheezing opponent. Wyoming Joe wins the point. He strolls casually to the center mark and prepares to serve. He has only one fuzzy green tennis ball in his pocket, but it is not a problem; Wyoming Joe will not need a second. He throws the ball in the air like Andy Roddick and whips his racket through the still Wyoming air, whizzing the ball over the net and crashing it down on the centerline, too far and too fast for his opponent to come anywhere near reaching it. 6-0 6-0. Wyoming Joe wins again. He fist pumps his hands to the sky and revels in the roar of what crowd there should be.

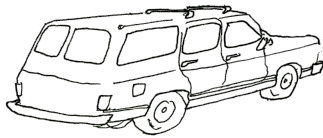
Mrs. Joe is happy to let him win if it makes Wyoming happy.

– Mark Gordon, Governor of Wyoming

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

Please email The Editor with  
your work at:  
[landarklit@gmail.com](mailto:landarklit@gmail.com)

Thank You.



LALH20

