

Drabblez Magazine

Issue 1

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Cover Art by Fabrice Poussin.

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Alexa Findlay spends most of her time writing fiction and poetry. She is the Founder and Editor-in-Chief of *The Mystic Blue Review*, *Cadaverous Magazine* and *Drabblez Magazine*. Her work has appeared in El Camino College's Literary Arts Journal: *Myriad*, *See Beyond Magazine*, *Pomona Valley Review*, *Better than Starbucks Magazine*, *Adelaide Literary Magazine*, *Halcyon Days*, *Halcyon Days Founder Favourites*, *Oddball Magazine* and forthcoming in *The Quail Bell Magazine*, *Grotesque Magazine*, *Blood Moon Rising Magazine*, and *Scarlet Leaf Review*.

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Joyous Journey

by Fabrice Poussin

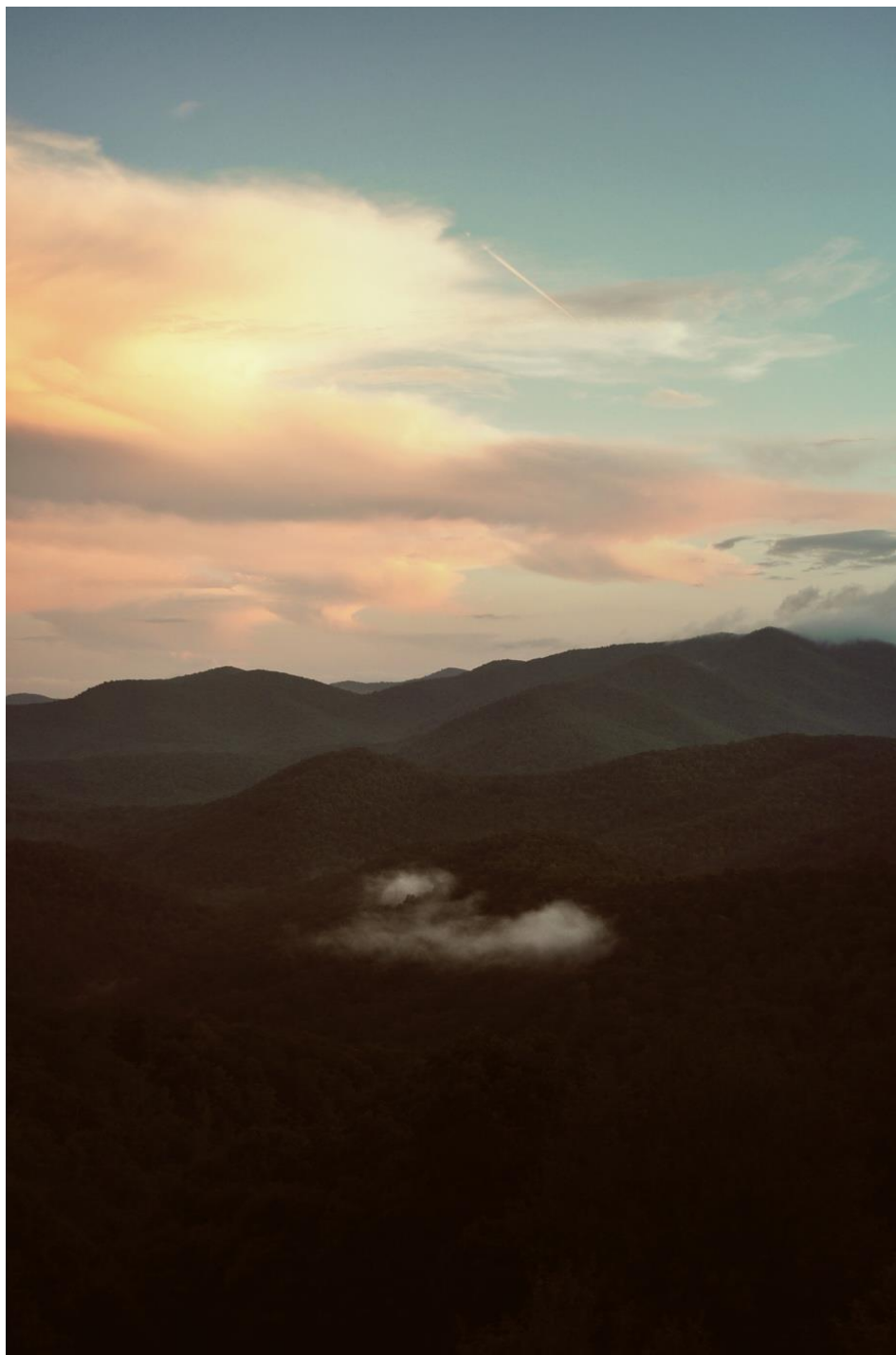
Heirs

by Denny E. Marshall

Clark is a private investigator. He specializes in finding lost relatives so estates can be settled.

Clark knocks at Joe's door. After introductions he tells Joe his work involves finding missing heirs.

Joe tells him, "There's nothing you can do for me I've been bald forever. Forget the missing hairs."



Mutic

by Anna Martin

In Agreement

by Denny E. Marshall

Calvin is a rich older man with a twenty-one year old girlfriend named Penny.

She's making sandwiches and asks Calvin what kind of meat he wants.

"Ham or roast beef which one would you like?" She asks.

"Better use the ham it's been in there for over a week." Said Calvin. "Better to get rid of the old meat first."

He adds, "I couldn't agree with you more." Said Penny, as she adds arsenic to the sandwiches.

At the will reading Penny is in shock. Calvin changed his will two days prior. He left all his money to his mistress.



Double Take

by Fabrice Poussin

Misplacement

by Paul Beckman

I misplaced my keys again, Annie. Have you seen them?

Not in a while, William, not in quite a while.

I checked to see if I left them in the car and the car's missing. Did we lend it out?

No, William, you sold the car.

When?

A little while ago.

How little?

Two plus years.

You'd think I'd remember something so important as selling my car.

You'd think.

I'd think what?

You think you should wash up for dinner?

I do and let's take a walk or go for a ride afterwards.

I'd prefer a walk.

Okay, me too.



Facetiae

by Anna Martin

Half Full

by Jeff Nazzaro

Of course I didn't really want to strangle her. We were together for fifteen years, and I know I didn't make them the easiest of ones. Her father's death was the last straw, I guess. She was so much younger than I. Still, not six months after the breakup calling and asking me that? Really? That? I gasped, I swore, I threw my phone. But we mustn't be bitter. We must cliché and let live. We must upgrade to the latest model. I got a new phone. I called her back. The following June, I walked her down the aisle.



The Lake Effect

by Anna Martin

Fireworks

by Lori Cramer

Robert and I had planned on sticking around for the fireworks after the ballgame. What we hadn't counted on was fourteen innings. Following the final out, I reminded Robert that we both had early meetings the next morning. When I suggested we skip the after-game festivities, he gave me that look of his, the one that always gets me to do things I shouldn't. And so we stayed, admiring the bright bursts that lit up the ebony sky. But once we arrived home, the memory of brilliant skyrocketers faded as our bickering crescendoed into an explosion of its own.



Fall

by Fabrice Poussin

Turbulence

by Maria Luiza Brisbane

The fasten seatbelt sign flicks on.

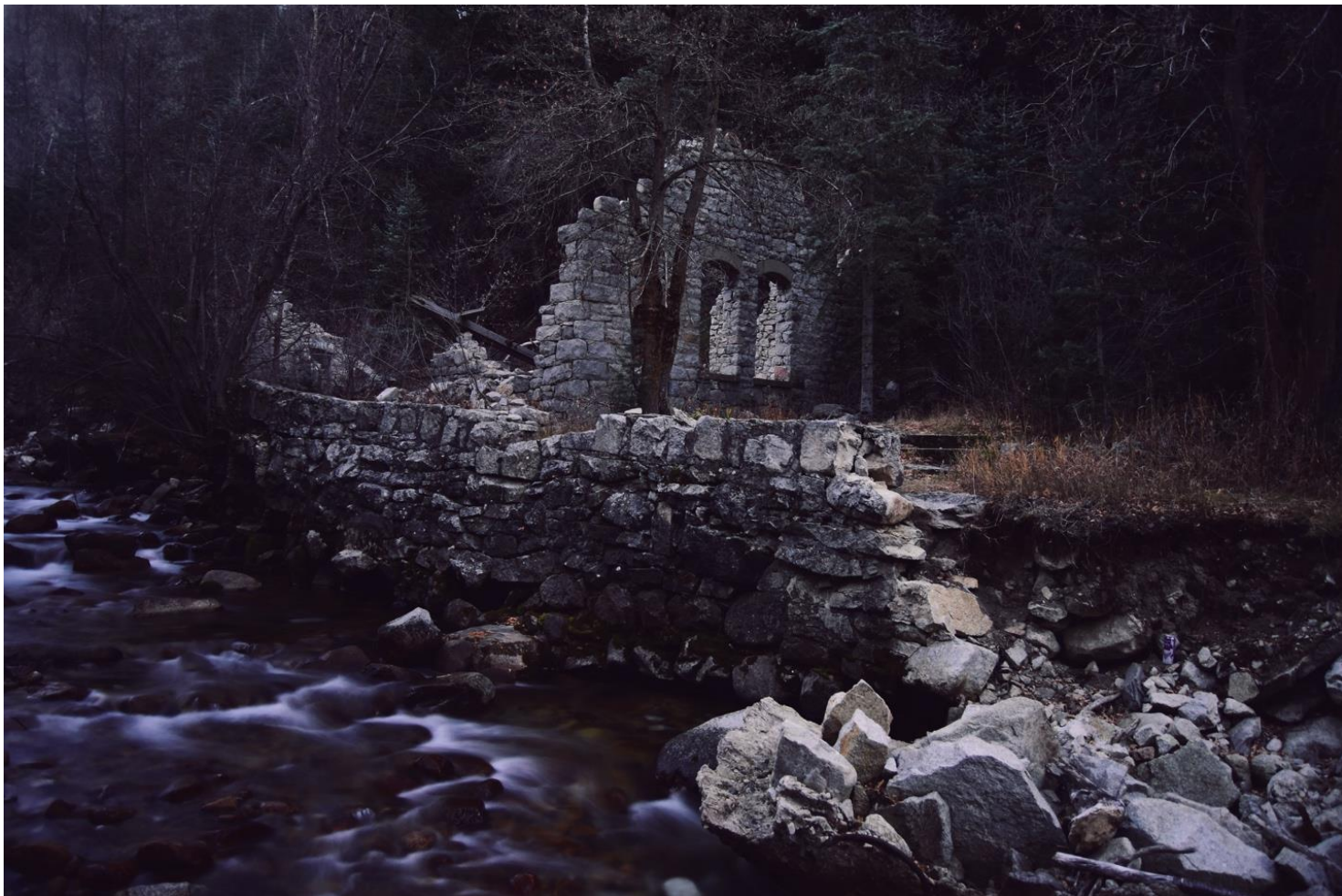
“We are currently going through an area of instability. Please remain in your seats. Thank you.”

I tighten my buckle and glance over at the cranky bitch besides me. She’s snoring. Ran over my foot twice with her carry-on, shoved it into the overhead compartment, crushing my backpack. When I complained she yelled: “Screw you!”

The plane jolts downward. The drink on her tray trickles over the side. With my fist, I knock over the rest of her Coke, which cascades over her thighs.

She startles, “What the fuck?”

“We hit some turbulence,” I remark.



Encaenía

by Anna Martin

Venture

by Maria Luiza Brisbane

I picked up my childhood atlas. It was old now and its pages were yellowing and tattered around the edges. It hadn't been opened in years. The last time had probably been for eighth grade geography. I opened its cover, on the front page was my grandfather's handwritten inscription: To Andy, Someone or something went through a great deal to make this planet the way it is. So show some respect and venture out. Remember, those who do not travel are fools. Love always, Grandpa Joe. I tucked the atlas under my arm, grabbed the suitcase and closed the door behind me without hesitation.



by Jim Zola

Journey

by Maria Luiza Brisbane

“Mom, can I borrow your flashlight?” Andy shouts.

“Sure.”

The boy saunters into his mother’s bedroom. She checks him over. He is carrying a red backpack and a sun hat. Holding a bunch of stuffed animals in one hand, he reaches over and takes the flashlight.

“Are you going somewhere?”

“Africa!”

“Have fun, but watch out for lions!”

After hours of camping in the living room wilderness, Andy waltzes back into the bedroom.

“So how was Africa?”

“Hot, lots of animals. Zebras are fun, but lions are cranky. My teacher says we should learn something on journeys.”

“Did you?”

Andy smiles.



Peace

by Fabrice Poussin

To Be Frank

by M. Irene Hill

The kitchen table is littered with empty wine bottles and an overflowing ashtray. Crumpled paper on the floor like piles of failed origami. A boneyard of broken dreams.

It is dawn o'clock. Outside the filmy, third story window, morning wears a grave face. Mist and suffocating fog. Ghosts of old steam trains rattle the windows. Shriek like banshees.

Frank is hungover but caffeinated. Motivated. Indeed, he has never felt more sober. Alive.

The old typewriter's keys strike the paper like bullets. With the gritty face font of 12 point Trixie, Frank murders his most villainous character: Himself.



Milk and Honey

by Fabrice Poussin

Becky

by Maura Yzmore

Doorbell at 2 a.m.

Becky gives me a smile, a peck on the cheek... Both faint.

“You want something to eat?”

She nods. Makeup smudged; hair tangled; stockings torn.

By the time I return with some food, she’s fallen asleep on the right side of the bed... Her side, back when we shared the studio, long ago.

My gut twists with the tears I promised myself I would no longer shed for her.

I lie down next to her. I sleep better than I’ve slept in ages.

I’m late for work, but I don’t care.

My Becky is safe.



The Two Forgotten

by Anna Martin

Show Time

by Joyce Ann Wheatley

I first meet Clyde at the checkout. He lets me go ahead. He smiles, winks. I think, "Not bad."

I'm starting my car when he runs over, leans in and grabs my thigh.

"Jesus!" I say.

"No. Clyde."

He smells like Daddy's Old Spice. Sirens wail.

"What's your name?" he asks.

"What's it to you?" I say. Then, "Bonnie."

"Ok, Bonnie, wanna' see a movie?"

We peel out as police barrel in.

Maybe he's a rapist or a murderer. For sure, he's a thief. He's stolen my heart. I don't believe his name is Clyde. But mine ain't Bonnie neither.



Swallow a Thicker Skin

by Anna Martin

Elephant Ride

by Joyce Ann Wheatley

The elephant terrifies me. My stomach lurches as she rises, rocks side to side, back and forth.
Her sequined headrests glitters. I swallow, tasting the sourness of locally crafted brews.

We belong in the jungle, not a Renaissance Faire, where oversize drumsticks rival SuperMacs.
We sway down the dusty path. Exposed, nowhere to go.

I wave my velvet tiara, pleading, “Stop.”

Its ribbons flutter over my shoulder, tickle my heart tattoo. My daughters, ten and thirteen, numb
to the charade, blink as their father drives away, silver wheels crunching gravel down the road.

For them, he will return.



Vesania

by Anna Martin

Sheryl

by Joyce Ann Wheatley

We grew under the willow - there, beside the pond, where, on sunny days, our teacher introduced us to the mysteries of frogs, science and religion. We questioned absolute truth and beauty. Sister Mary Sheryl encouraged us to study, to discover who we might become.

On the last day of school, she told us she was going away.

“Why?” we asked.

“To explore other ponds,” she said.

We learned she had left the convent. Someone said she fell in love.... another said that she was ill.

I see her laughing, tadpole wriggling in her palm, released into the pond.



Focus on Red

by Fabrice Poussin

Postcard From My Lake

by Joyce Ann Wheatley

Cycling north up Lake Road, the wind was at our backs.

“Let's go all the way around,” I said.

“You sure?” you said.

I watched the boat-sails billowing. The waves were white-capped.

“I'm sure.”

At the top of the Lake, we ate pizza. Heading back, you shouted, “Wait up!”

The temperature was dropping. Clouds raced across the sky.

“What's wrong?”

“Tire's flat.”

A dusty van stopped beside us.

“Far to go?” the driver asked

“Weather's turning,” his passenger smirked and off they drove.

“Sorry, luv,” I said.

Cold wind slapped my cheek as we turned south. Sailboats scurried home.



Craters of the Moon

by Anna Martin

She is from Dogs

by Joyce Ann Wheatley

In another life, she inhabited the soul of a dog, sustained on wild scents and uncooked tastes.

Her cocker spaniels show her where she's from, how to sniff each blade of grass, every petal and leaf. Their appetites wax and wane as coats lengthen and seasons turn. Petals and leaves make pathways in the garden.

At night, tricksters roam too close. Coyotes yip; rabbits silflay beside the fence. She races with her pack, over the town, through woods and fields. She runs past sunsets. She learns to taste, to smell, yearning in her soul.

She learns to howl.



by Jim Zola

Creativity

by Don Foxe

“Do you really want to?”

“What’s the worst that could happen? If I screw up, I can wash it clean and start over.”

“You already have a lot on your plate.”

“I can finish the whole thing in five days, six max.”

“I admit, you are creative. What about maintenance?”

“I’ll provide a simple set of guidelines.”

“Have you decided how to start?”

“I actually started doing some basic stuff. Do you want to see?”

“Sure.”

“Let there be light.”

Biographies

Fabrice Poussin

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in Kestrel, Symposium, The Chimes, and dozens of other magazines. His photography has been published in The Front Porch Review, the San Pedro River Review and more than 300 other publications.

Denny E. Marshall

Denny E. Marshall has had art, poetry, and fiction published. One recent credit is fiction in The Stray Branch. See more at www.dennymarshall.c

Paul Beckman

Paul Beckman's story, "Healing Time" was one of the winners in the 2016 Best of the Small Fictions. His stories are widely published in print and online in the following magazines amongst others: Connecticut Review, Raleigh Review, Litro, Playboy, and Thrice Fiction His latest flash collection is "Peek" and is available from his websites. His published story website is www.paulbeckmanstories.com and blog is www.pincusb.com Paul hosts the FBomb NY flash fiction reading series monthly at KGB in New York

Jeff Nazzaro

Jeff Nazzaro teaches English at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. His very short fiction has appeared in *Fewer Than 500*, and *A Story in 100 Words*, and is forthcoming in *Dogzplot*.

Lori Cramer

Lori Cramer writes fiction of various lengths, but her favorite is 100 words. Her short prose has appeared in Blink-Ink, Boston Literary Magazine, The Drabble, Riggwelter, Toasted Cheese Literary Journal, Unbroken Journal, and Whale Road Review, among others. Links to her work can be found at <https://loricramerfiction.wordpress.com>. Twitter: @LCramer29

Maria Luiza Brisbane

Maria Luiza Brisbane is an American-Brazilian journalist and writer. She has worked as a journalist for some of Brazil's most important news outlets, including the G1 web news portal. A recent graduate of Chatham University's MFA in Fiction Writing, she also holds a Master's Degree in Professional Writing. She is currently working on a novel and as an assistant editor in The Fourth River Literary Magazine's Folio Contest. She lives with her family in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

M. Irene Hill

M. Irene Hill is a Canadian writer, poet, and former newspaper reporter. Her stories and poetry have been published in print anthologies and online at Flash Fiction Magazine; 101 Words; Speculative 66; Paragraph Planet; Zero Flash; 365 Tomorrows. You can follow her on Twitter @ _Irene_Dreams_

Maura Yzmore

Maura Yzmore's short fiction has appeared or is forthcoming in The Fiction Pool, Jellyfish Review, Ellipsis Zine, Gone Lawn, and elsewhere. Find out more at <https://maurayzmore.com> or on Twitter @MauraYzmore.

JOYCE ANN WHEATLEY

Joyce Ann Wheatley writes in Ithaca, New York.

JIM ZOLA

Jim Zola is a poet and photographer living in North Carolina.

DON FOXE

Don Foxe lives in Bluffton, SC with wife Sarah. He is the author of the sci-fi space opera series SPACE FLEET SAGAS, co-author of two Haiku collections which both reached #1 on Amazon Top 100. His short story collection SPACE FLEET SAGAS - A Collection of Adventures, went to #5 for Amazon Action and Adventure / Short Stories. He is a member of the Academy of American Poets, the Southern Independent Booksellers Alliance, and Alliance of Independent Authors.

