

miniMAG

issue134
tall wallbangers





smell the glove

Theodore Wallbanger

Hank secured a 1980 Stargazer tent trailer oasis from a pop-up police auction for \$62.98 in 2023. Immediately, he christened her with the pet name “Nellie”. This camping trailer home gypsy was yank-rescued from the razor spikes of street life. Pride dripped in Hank’s homage naming blaster nod to the Toy Dolls banger, “Nellie the Elephant”. This treasured bedtime bravo lullaby, spinning on cocaine, became a thirst trap that lured campground strangers Hank mingled with into force experiencing this crushing lyrical smoke show with or without their consent.

(It is advisable, though not essential, everybody listen to this masterpiece now. Yes, YOU, find your Spotify belch gizmo and torch PLAY. Thank you).

Evenings were lonely but often preferred, as Hank burned midnight marshmallow sandwiches outside his canopied Nellie on rain-vomit darkness missions. The muted monk relationship enhancement idea inserted itself into Hank’s crusty buzzer brain sock while enraptured on his 938th viewing of the 1982 rockstar film classic, *This Is Spinal Tap*.

Their breakthrough album, *Sniff The Glove*, hinted at obedience while offering subdued playfulness. Hank found joy in the atrophied icy minefields of life as their dedicated precision-saturated presence instilled intrigue.

Hank wore his treasure hunter ribbons with distinction. Twist-flexing words made Hank superior. "Dumpster robbing" cooed softer than the harsh stinky "trash monkey" name society splashed across his pitted Steelers jersey. "Cleansing" was a topic of study that spiritual Hank dove into every five years after the annihilation of any soured oatmeal relationship.

An oatmeal solo spin run was deemed comfortable and bland as opposed to the more desirous pop rock candy mating sessions which brought synergistic rampage sex smiles to every camper. Hank had been gutter-grinded out of a rare juicy skin dance buddy courtship season, running for 97 days, stemming from unauthenticated foreign technicalities involving propaganda drones.

The star feather angels were aligned with the recategorization of Suprane in national hospitals one crisp Fall morning. Suprane spewed global warming potentials 2,500 times greater than carbon dioxide resulting in the silencing of this medical sleeping beauty drug.

Desflurane was used to keep people unconscious during surgeries. Regional hospitals with budget restrictions or a flair for breaking laws tossed truckloads of the illegal product within dumpsters scattered in Hank's sleepy town of Hickle, up through Zeeterville. Surgery centers were forced to distance themselves from the product line so inventory would be considered stolen or missing reducing risk harpoons for Hank.

At the time of discovery, Hank was not clear on what these secret little bubble cartridges were so he stockpiled thousands of them as if they were the meaning of life. Inconspicuous rodent tunnels were burrowed into a labyrinth of kangarooed dirt pockets across sweaty landscapes providing Hank with ample free storage.

If he could weaponize himself with a superpower, Hank knew he could endure a lengthier commitment by being a stronger smile partner. Nothing toxic or drastic, Hank was considering a muting agent like a loss of consciousness assist. Hank believed the ban on Suprane was diabolically on cue.

Laurel descended into Hank's life just as the cutesy "Nellster" began her anticipated rendition of tiresome mixed with boring. Nellie was disgraced with cigar stench swimming in a bold masking Febreze agent clinging to the discontinued flavor scent aroma mist "wet donkey". Laurel was on the run from authorities on reckless felony public nuisance charges. She had an addiction to defecating on unoccupied police



vehicles. Laurel needed a crash pad for a fortnight while Hank was cheerful to have his dead pubic hairs cleaned from Nellie's linoleumed stomach.

Hank endured implied castration for nineteen hours by "Laurel", a name he had mischievously redesigned as Lanta, for the lemony satisfaction of destroying his personal kettle wish list miracle check box of referring to someone as "Mylanta". With an indisputable show of force, Mylanta embraced this warrior moniker while stapling "Hankey" upon her fresh cuddle buddy's name tag.

Hankey and Mylanta performed on an imaginary stage within the Chimchamery Campgrounds where they were tucked for endless months. Nellie's ventilated zip-flow window shields granted safe passage for all of the audio crackle-battle spit tackles this dynamic duo thought were safely contained within the confines of their Swiss-cheesed snore zone.

Clearance of redundant video capture surveillance channels would be a required study before Hank's verdict. Bullet-proof evidence had to be relied upon to determine if Mylanta was sneaker-pimping his truffles. Nine prior relationships' "end of days" dissolutions had been stalemated organically with a lack of inconclusive documentation. Hank's relationship implosion range fell in the realm of 22-41-7. Stats were not his strong suit and often fabricated with broken pencils.

Following an inspirational three days with Mylanta in verbal sword-fight stew, Hank longed for peace igniting their virgin Suprane-sponsored magic show. Hank relished the catlike viciousness of Mylanta while deceptive hand-clawed attacks remained frozen due to a lack of available open trailer space.

Hank dusted a stolen black laced glove, seeping with Suprane expulsions, across Mylanta's cranky cheek causing Mylanta to drift off while in a supine position granting an infusion of calming clouds throughout Hank's troubled land.

It would not be the adverse reactions of bluish lips, hives, or swelling of Mylanta's skin sacks that brought the Hankey Mylanta circus sideshow to its knees.

Surrounding zipper-bagged campfire neighbors had called in a series of spirited complaints to local badged enforcement. The dirt-cruising campgrounds were exhausted. Layers of angst stemmed from their disappointment in how the Hankey Mylanta fight fests played out. This sweater coffee audience could not take any more empty triggering endings.

A consensus amongst various tent people formed the basis for a complaint on execution of future hemlock battles. Claims implied a notion, when the Hankey Mylanta sloppy wars reached hyperdrive excitement galaxies everything would unceremoniously implode into cricket silence. These local fire pit chit-chat clubs demanded rage sessions climax before any gravedigger silence.

Agreements were mediated allowing cliffhanger bitch scream trailer rants once a month but leftover vocal engagement theatrics would need to finalize episodically reducing smash cut edits.

Hank demanded seventeen days to mull over options. Mylanta remained dazed but sensed she might be allergic to an arsenal of cleaning solutions she was mixing to scour their minuscule love bathroom.





sweater mountain

Theodore Wallbanger

Reggie was a bad guy just like the Old West Boothill Boy Vultures warned Disney ticket holders to be wary of in the yawn fest fart bomb, America Sings theater-in-the-round. A Tomorrowland attraction most rugrats were zapped into inhaling when distant relatives arrived for mutual benefit vacations in California.

Age eight would require semi-restrictive supervision when Reggie's luck of the draw, adult role model rule makers needed to escape the rigors of life with their planned unholy sabbaticals multiple county lines from the breathing existence of their crafty offspring son, the "Reg-o-Matic".

Reggie's parents were 32% vested shareholders in a renovated Howard Johnson below Fritzankotter Grove nestled within Hospitality Junction. The annual HOWL-TEL-FEST hotel owner-operator masquerade ball and convention was locked in nine months prior.

For the sixth year in a row, the October celebratory networking party location was awarded to Boss Hogg's Squealers & Dealers, a casino spa oasis exploding with nine unique variations of rib joint eateries on site.

Sassafras Whiskey Grass Blasters were by far the first-place food grind runner. This sauce bucket utilized the Jamaican Chaney root which contained aggressive iron levels increasing the machismo for their impatient drooling meatsticked clientele.

An arsenal of Tom Wopat and John Schneider illuminated animatronic mannequins acted as sacred statues adorning this circus hell fusion casino accented with confetti streamer extravagance.

Ample stacks of Daisy Duke cut-off denim menus were often hijacked but always located within minutes due to GPS trackers riveted into their customized zippered bindings. Upkeep of General Lee was not cost-effective for Boss Hogg's, so it would remain missing from public adulation.

Kara's sophisticated human protection services had been reserved months in advance as Reggie's private hospitality attendant for his film creation weekend. He had spun enough subliminal spitballs so his folks took the bait. Kara would refer to herself as a babysitter but Reggie was galaxies beyond infancy. His mind was super infused with a steady diet of Pop Rocks and ice-cold cases of Near Beer.

Focus-group information led Reggie to believe Kara was two bowling balls lighter than Suzette Snodgrass, the sitter from last year's hair-sprayed, snapping turtle, restraining order debacle.

The deciding factor in selecting Kara over Suzette was based on lab reports borrowed from Kara's medical team. It was determined Kara suffered from isolated narcoleptic reactions to any mouth plop product containing trace amounts of hazelnuts causing her to sink into coma-like sleep for hours.

Reggie felt confident his pre-production skills had improved in one year. Live pets should never be involved with his spirited hijinks theatrics as he learned survivability factors fluctuated with horrific uncertainty. The inclusion of schematics and mockup reaction results gathered from underground streamed videos would revolutionize Reggie's entire inspiration factory.

This would be the first time in a year Reggie would be left alone for three days in a row. He was in training in the off-season leading up to the yearly gathering of hotel motel fancy pants people. It would be obvious to his YouTube followers if his actress appeared lifeless like Bernie did in those mundane weekend movie escapades. Reggie felt forced sleep could evoke more emotion than fake sleep.

Ferrero Rocher hazelnut decadence blister packs had been stockpiled since the summer Reggie's crew found out about Kara's allergic



reaction windfall. Coordinated efforts had been patchworked into a brotherhood of Big Wheel warriors who were dedicated to this passion story project.

Working with a thirteen-kid video crew would be restrictive but Reggie was known to excel under duress. Intricate shot lists were developed on Zoom conference calls ensuring pinpoint F-stop accuracy. Memorized speaking roles were stored on internal drives held by actors, riggers, and the specialized craft service teams. Attention to detail would be paramount in Reggie's fixation with the development of a short film involving a non-compliant paid sitter.

Toddler Reggie's bizarre obsession with film noir stemmed from his addiction to Francois Truffaut's coming-of-age drama, "The Four Hundred Blows". When Reggie was in cloth diapers, his parents could not afford much in the realm of entertainment. Their local Blockbuster had an underwhelming foreign film section offering dollar rentals. Reggie gained confidential intel later this black-and-white 1959 classic offered an intoxicating lullaby for baby Reg to transcend into the dream world instantly while granting a ninety-minute flesh bang party pass to his horny parents.

Secrecy had been stitched into Reggie's homage to "The 400 Blows" which he would refer to as "SWEATER MOUNTAIN". Originally, the working title was "The MOVIE" with Reggie's film freckle squad snickering at mass confusion around office water coolers when a who's on first comedy routine would seize many a silly day. Parody Productions had spun a similar satire nugget years prior. This not so hilarious idea was scrapped at pre-production meeting 227.

The execution of Reggie's cinematic production was flawless due to hazelnut shenanigans being laced into a criminal grouping of suspect food banquets. Kara sucked down tainted milkshakes, cookies, burritos, and milk garnering the Sleeping Beauty prat fall looseness required for film capture days. A splinter cell craft service kitchen needed to be set up dedicated to Kara's hazelnut sleep concoctions.

Reggie went old school with his six-minute feature shot on 8mm cartridges. There was hope once color correction ensued with post-production software infusing black-and-white saturation. His Director of Photography, Rafael, suffered from a pronounced astigmatism but would blame all the overblown out-of-focus shots on the sea of misfiring smoke machines.

Dolly shots were handled with a convoy of skateboards interspersed with wagons. Aside from the fact sitter Kara was paid to sleep for two and a half days, there were virtually no complaints from the muted main character.

A critical shot involving a sweater mountain eyesore began to take on traits of an inactive volcano on the last day of filming. A complacent Kara was maneuvered into the frame as an offering to Sweater Mountain. This would require ingenious rigging of curtain lines with additional carabiners dovetailed with bungees to enhance the spectacular family room vision sequence Reggie reimagined with donated sweaters and neighborhood stuffed animals.

Reggie Films will be certain to have all individuals associated with future magically recorded moments, sign a buffet of NDA agreements to quell any possible litigation similar to the backlash received from a multitude of plaintiffs resulting in the caustic tarnishing of many reputations and a sizeable lien on his family's domiciled home base.

Gracefully, Reggie dispatched the necessary mediated apologies and dedicated "SWEATER MOUNTAIN" to Kara for her intuitive performance. A protective order hindering the distribution of this dramatic strawberry cowgirl heroism tale is set to expire in October of 2050. Many hold monthly candlelit anticipation vigil gatherings, but most do not.





ballin'

Theodore Wallbanger

The dew was heavy across acidic pastures of diseased Kentucky Bluegrass one moon berry cupcake morning in July. By jury-rigging a cluster nightmare of rollerblade wheels to the underside of his seasoned antique wooden skis, Enoch allowed waves of positivity to calm his spiraling nerves.

Enoch's cross-country skis impaled the incline of an unstable dirt-clod bunny slope he should not have been gliding into. For one, it was summer. Second, cross-country as the name implies has a landscape typically flat with snow and is not presented as a dry-docked Evil Knievel zipper track.

Since the closure of MONOTONY, the local arcade and roller skating rink in eastern Dementea, Enoch found himself spiraling out of control with a lack of any truthful metallic sounding boards to accept his spit stories. Galactical news anchors bullied Dementea for its uncomfortable cross-pollination inference stabs at mental darkness.

Enoch held allegiance to MONOTONY after he met a recycled skate drone mermaid who worked stocking a sea of bread baskets with whole

loaves of complimentary garlic bread on the continuum. The only full-tilt volumed musical selection permissible in this gathering hole was ancient beats from a vintage group called Tesla.

Following repetitive sound ordinance fissures, covert measures were enacted to slit the energy cord on MONOTONY. Whisper's true model number had been chiseled away. Whisper was a unique entity that possessed cloaked afterburner compartments with hidden features which many of the newer models also housed but Whispers were infused with a perfumed sparkle gelatin that was transcendental.

Whisper would grant Enoch this harmless naming convention because it pleased him and anything was better than doling out cemented bombs of garlic bread. Whisper moonlighted as a hot air balloon bucket jump videographer who shadow leaped with pretentious tourists from wicker baskets while video capturing their faux dance with death.

Whisper would expire when an oil tycoon ordered an unscheduled intermittent typhoon beacon to jump-start his withering kingdom of barley and rye crops. Mack intended on offloading healthy Secale to sleeper cell agents immersed within a foreign aid food pyramid scheme network known as The Tork Thrushers.

Hurricane-force winds sky-launched Whisper across two time zones on one fate-riddled day. Video footage failures from her unsung hero challenges in that historical stormed battle were found but then redacted when they were obliterated so the keeper of Whisper's crushed camera helmet feed could erase record capture a hysterical Benny Hill Halloween marathon.

The electronic sunshine bonds that Enoch created for 127 magical months with Whisper were now charcoaled memories that would spin drip his days with unrest.

Three years passed since Whisper's air spirit was funneled up into an empty tube he acquired from a vacated Crystal Café Macanudo cigar. The glass vessel was needed for personal guilt inducers that would create a physical burden for Enoch to have repetitive toxic sadness forced upon him. These engineered feelings brought him vibrating streams of relaxed wet comfort.

Final Straw Productions had just released their XT-3450 combo space droids. When life was serving a continuous buffet of rock sandwiches, there were expensive hope resets available. Self-soul checkout was banned in the galaxy now which brought in a circus of strawberry

cowboy option miracles much like the flood of pot shop pop-ups of yesteryear when they flowered onto the scene.

Patch (XT-3450) arrived via a nuclear-fused portal in a thermal miniaturization tart that was partially invisible and would be fully visible when the end user put on two pairs of licensed goggles.

It took twelve days to repopulate from Patch's original gumdrop form to blink fake smile features that were in its final partner existence reveal. Enoch rolled the dice with an open wild prompt choice for Patch's bonus feature. Most worshippers of robotic joy negativity-reverse armies would avoid leaving anything up to chance when it pertained to technology.

"Incredibly savvy business sense" was the chipped token that hyper-revealed itself to Enoch after identification clearances were broadcast back to suits at Final Straw and with irreversible completion of instant deduction of all past fees and future confusing withdrawals sucked from Enoch's life account for eternity.

If biometrics compatibility field studies were of the enlightenment relief varietal, Patch would be sewn into Enoch's memory platform until payments or money sources collapsed.

Traditional work was a foreign concept for Enoch who collected residual checks for his role in the creation of furry mascot souls that represented major consumer brands.

Builder Beaver became the flagship beavered face for Builder's Emporium while Shorty and Cheep Chicken were characters Enoch fabricated for residual creativity compensation.

Legally he had to split reward distributions for Woodsy Owl and Mr. Owl as Enoch mushroom cloud created both feathered spirits with a cheeky Soviet sniper he once ran with who called himself Magoo.

Months would cluster explode until Enoch unveiled a final secluded mystery plop smile from the zest dimensions of Patch. If Enoch were to laugh for an extended period longer than three minutes, Patch would shower tiny metallic Pachinko balls from every bowled region of his underground caved dwelling.

Enoch was pleased with the engaging tweaks he performed on Patch. Molds were easy to copy for Enoch, he was a natural copycat. Using

century-old toys called Playmobil people for reference, Enoch formed snap hair accoutrements to spice up casual business ventures he shared with Patch.

There had been some recent chatter between both Patch and Enoch about recycling the millions of Pachinko balls they were now swimming in hourly. Pachinko parlors were considered a sneer at the establishment on other planets so it was a viable option now that he had inventory. Enoch was fond of wormholes, especially now that he was ballin’.





enigmatic showers

Theodore Wallbanger

Toothless Joe would not be offended Simon referred to him as Toothless Joe until the second book tour commenced. Simon tasked Father Ike Henderson with all things relating to transportation. The last road venture collapsed a motorhome donated by a loyal parishioner from Father Ike's church.

That orange Tioga caught fire on the side of Interstate 40 when narcolepsy Ike hit the skids and then ran Simon, Duster (a hitchhiking squirrel), and Father into an illegal hog cock fighting farm. After paying off the owners of the pig rooster rage stables, frowns were turned upside down for a spur-of-the-moment meat hootenanny with most of the freshly shredded pork plated medium-rare.

For book banger road party two, internal steam gizmos were operating at full capacity when the young, collared theologian manifested an abandoned Girls Gone Wild tramp love bus that was redesigned with custom wrap showcasing Simon's soon-to-be-released synthetic red alligator skin-wrapped prose creation. The aptly titled autobiography Simon penned for Melting Crayon Publications was stitched into glitter covers as *BURN IT DOWN*.

Most of Simon's childhood had been bleach-blurred due to his precarious vacuum demands for cocaine meatballs. Impressionable American think tanks will glisten beads of honey with the thought of having success as did Simon when he smashed together a trail mix of mental hyperdrives filled with lies, tied them as one, and branded the mess as self-appointed literary hocus pocus superpowers.

To reach sane levels for book signing excursions, suntan globules sewn into moldy web-souped upholstery had to be industrial steam cleaned



from every internal and external panel of the tormented aluminum mobile disaster over three days for a pragmatic set of reasons.

Toothless snored half a block from Simon in a 450-square-foot studio. Sally was Toothless Joe's paranoid shadow parent who never packed

away his baby blankets, meaning she continued nurturing thirty-eight-year-old TJ as if he were six. Tightly wound Sally enjoyed making neighborhood shout announcements for any bored earhole that would listen.

Sally's go-to news story that suspended her son in embarrassing shame zones was highlighting the reason for T-fresh's missing chompers which was a direct result of a nine-year drug camp where he mined for crack with his face. There was no drug camp, Toothless was a reckless addict who fancied himself as more of a substance connoisseur.

TJ inherited Sally's diarrhea of the mouth disease. The unwritten rule in four city blocks from Toothless Joe's residence was to avoid offering any form of shelled nuts or there would be Rainbird sprinkler-show-ered shells for days when Joe attempted shoveling food while spraying stories.

Imagining two flesh smile life pods sharing a queen mattress in a sweaty human mouse trap was challenging for Simon so those moments of his life were redacted by abstaining from thought patterns surrounding the inner workings of TJ and Sally's Habitrail dwelling.

Toothless worked at PINNED, the local bowling meat market in Caramello Grove. TJ was plagued with a spice rack freakshow of throbbing abnormalities. One splinter segment of his highlight reel would showcase the uncontrollable hyper-ballooning or spreading of both feet which ate through expensive custom shoes at a spirited pace.

It would never matter what the compensation packages were at PINNED. Sally knew this location carried the rare Dragon 6 Star Flex Wagons which could be recycled, quelling their monetary household budget hemorrhaging while adding to their reserve marionberry pie account.

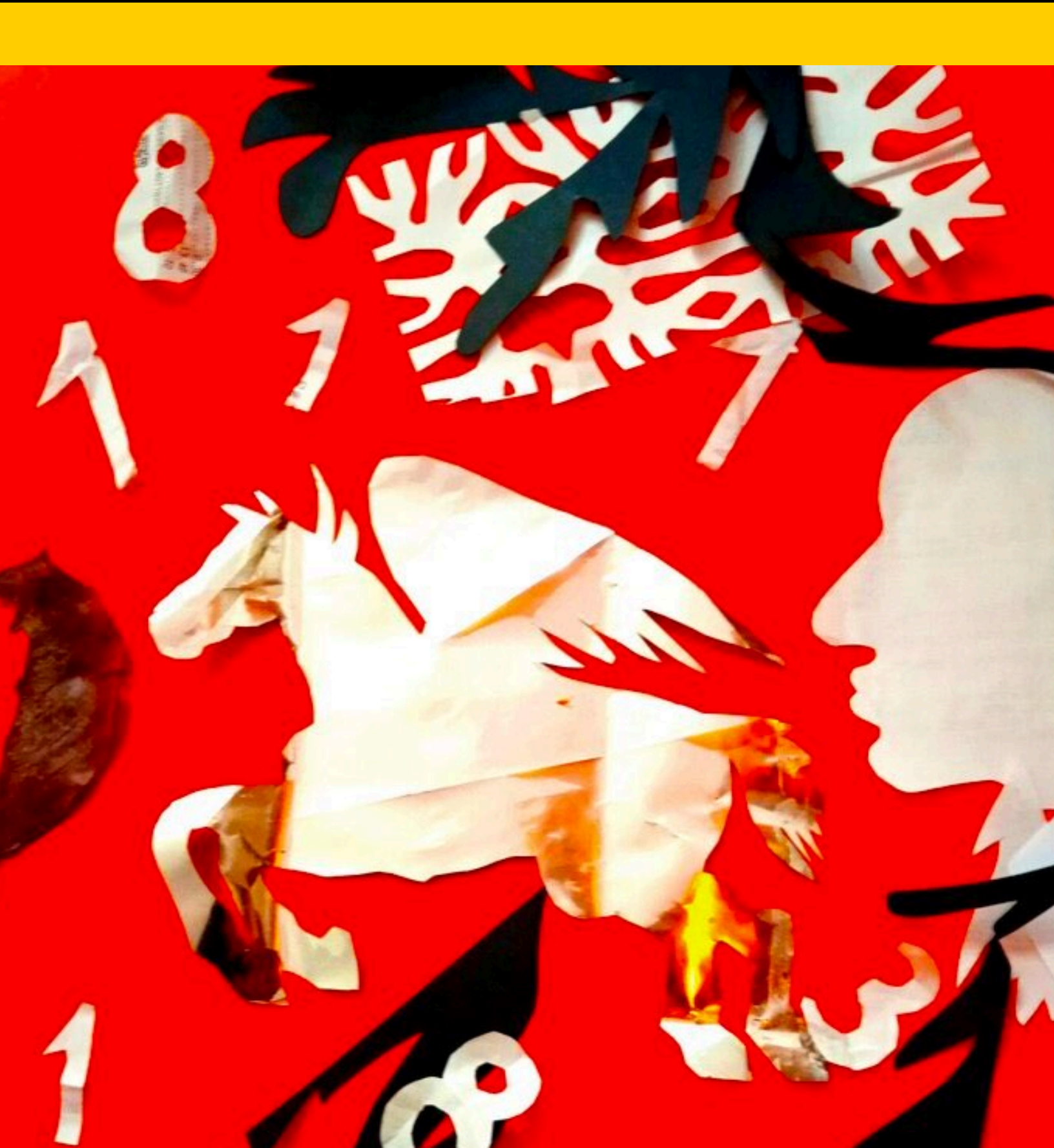
Simon was labeled as a "chummer", a sweet sauce soldier who befriended married females to gain trust with the sole intention of redeeming flow chart tokens corresponding to a fabricated "sex for time" sequencer while assisting tragic perfume flowers through their shattered holy nuptials.

The current skin suit Simon was stalk-friending went by her smash-up pseudonym Slipstream Zydeco but she allowed Simon to call her Beth. Slipstream was a burgeoning photographer who snapped thrilling ocean images for postcard companies who then zip-dumped billions of photos throughout Saigon depth charge web servers for fractions of

nothing. Beth was proud to say she was employed although most weekly paychecks were under nine dollars.

Zydeco was her stage name while presenting as a stand-in at church carnivals when any bloody banjo lip or blister-breathing harmonica kid needed a break. Beth felt it was simpler to run both stinger words together but keep them independent when she introduced herself to anyone or applied for work. She was silly like that. Life was silly.

Book tours fueled many neighborhood escapes from Toothless Joe's enigmatic showers of nut joy. Simon used this to his advantage until the day he realized he could live in the magic fun bus while advancing his fancy maturity pants with initiation of conceptual designs for a salacious animated documentary with the working title of *Girls Gone Wild: Where Are They Now?*





rampage

Theodore Wallbanger

Reginald spawned from a pod of North Dakota misfits. Reggie disowned his bloodline, moved to Pelkington, CA, and formed an alliance with a shaggy face he met in a casino restroom. Phailure Phreddy was a rockabilly nomad who wore camouflage face paint instead of sunblock. He was like a human pet rock. Phreddy's unheroic lineage descended from a tangled honey rope of deviants.

To star shine from the rest of his cell-blocked dynasty he would embrace his off-Reno karaoke stage name, "PP". Some locals spit "P-squared" when he skipped off stage and PP admired this semblance of respect. Another blistering pimple of intel hinted at pending litigation involving PETA and the development of a minced squirrel pie orchestrated by a few distant relatives of PP.

Reggie and Phreddy lived in a flexible clubhouse that took them nineteen months to construct. It was on a mobile menagerie of expired garage doors with its primary location being tilted near the hidden runoff lines from Pelkington's sewage treatment facility.

The first six months of office clubhouse construction were debilitating on both of their sixty-seven-year-old raisin frames but they kept going for the greater good they both envisioned.

RAMPAGE, Ltd., was a collaborative business venture that blended Reginald's keen insight with PP's featureless face they would use for neighborhood telephone poled marketing campaigns.

Propelled by clouds of sativa, PP realized that by muting himself in conversations with Reginald, he was able to comprehend better. When PP opened his mouth to engage or expel any form of utterance he would lose the entire talk show topic they had been discussing. Reginald preferred to be in charge as he knew it made him nobler to the skunks.

Most of the aggressive homeless campers kept a minimum half-mile distance from the radioactive toxicity that was used to break down the fecal croutons flushed in from the villagers but Reggie and PP rocked sewage territory lines that screamed trespassing.

Benefits were few in running a tiny inherited skunk farm but PP would recognize his fried nasal passages as an advantage. The vile stink compounds Reggie and PP inhaled hourly were enough to suspend any foreign airborne matter. A sprinkle of sunshine benefits with breeding striped fur friends was that the arthritic funk house boys had loyal critters to snuggle up to on chilly nights.

As their twisted metal cardboard infrastructure reached its fourth level, visitors were able to see Catalina Island in the distance if they stood on their tip toes near the skunk urine reclamation tanks.

In a chance gas station bathroom meeting with Singh Lauder, Reggie was interrogated in reference to the mysterious scent he carried with him. Singh Lauder was an unofficial suited spy on a mission for any type of illegal octopus deterrent. Japan, China, and Malaysia were under siege from a collapsing stampede of aggressive octopods.

The skunk spray had penetrated Reginald and PP's skin so effectively they were able to sweat a watered-down version of pure skunk stank solution, bottle it, and offload it to Singh. The stink was in the can. Singh approved the environmentally unfriendly sulfur-rich potion which time clock hammered puppet people into productivity modes.

There was an underground market for skunk spray milked from disappointed anal glands. PP and Reggie engineered a hands-free extraction

device that increased inventory along green-lit money lines. Most of their clientele squished along in the bile coursing throughout the dark web.

There were a multitude of migraine-inducing focus groups involving design of the vessels needed for packaging this unique semi-organic formula. A suggestion was proffered in utilizing recycled tin serum containers. Fate was sealed when the flashy vials passed the test in masking the thioacetates streaming from the skunk host squirters which sounded more like a speed metal band.

Lazy evenings were spent huddled over their MacGyvered stovetop countertop that was an abomination of batteries and solar panels they had borrowed from a defunct Cracker Barrel restaurant.

These scented warriors of progress continuously ramble-brainstormed with one another because they felt if they failed to verbalize their genius ideas, said ideas would vanish and go into the stratospheres of missed opportunity.

There had been the one that got away which involved a cleansing healing center for fellowships who were cloaked in holy robes or flashed virgin white peacock collars. A “confiesta” as opposed to a confession-al for the religious sect.

Plans were impaled after PP was banned from all items involving grace or god due to his father propagating with four neighboring church gospel choirs creating an unholy stew of inbred cereal mouths.

After hundreds of failed attempts, PP discovered the most difficult part in milking a skunk was getting their skittish rear legs into the stirrups on the portable hydraulic extraction platform Reginald had developed from the bastardization of a collapsed truckload of Tinkertoys they found on the side of a freeway.

Life had presented so many roadblocks for them both. In the thick greenish brown air of night, they would thrive as PP practiced his John Denver karaoke routine with a fractured 8-track player found behind Rogersound Labs while Reginald would air harmonica.

Boone’s strawberry wine paired with an out-of-tune “Rocky Mountain High” was a celebration in frivolity and light. This was Rampage.



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Bio: Irina Tall (Novikova) is an artist, graphic artist, illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design. The first personal exhibition "My soul is like a wild hawk" (2002) was held in the museum of Maxim Bagdanovich. In her works, she raises themes of ecology, in 2005 she devoted a series of works to the Chernobyl disaster, draws on anti-war topics. The first big series she drew was The Red Book, dedicated to rare and endangered species of animals and birds. Writes fairy tales and poems, illustrates short stories. She draws various fantastic creatures: unicorns, animals with human faces, she especially likes the image of a man - a bird - Siren. In 2020, she took part in Poznań Art Week. Her work has been published in magazines: Gupsophila, Harpy Hybrid Review, Little Literary Living Room and others. In 2022, her short story was included in the collection "The 50 Best Short Stories", and her poem was published in the collection of poetry "The wonders of winter".

“smell the glove”, “rampage”, “enigmatic showers”, “sweater mountain”, “ballin’”, and the Smile Central Crew

by Theodore Wallbanger

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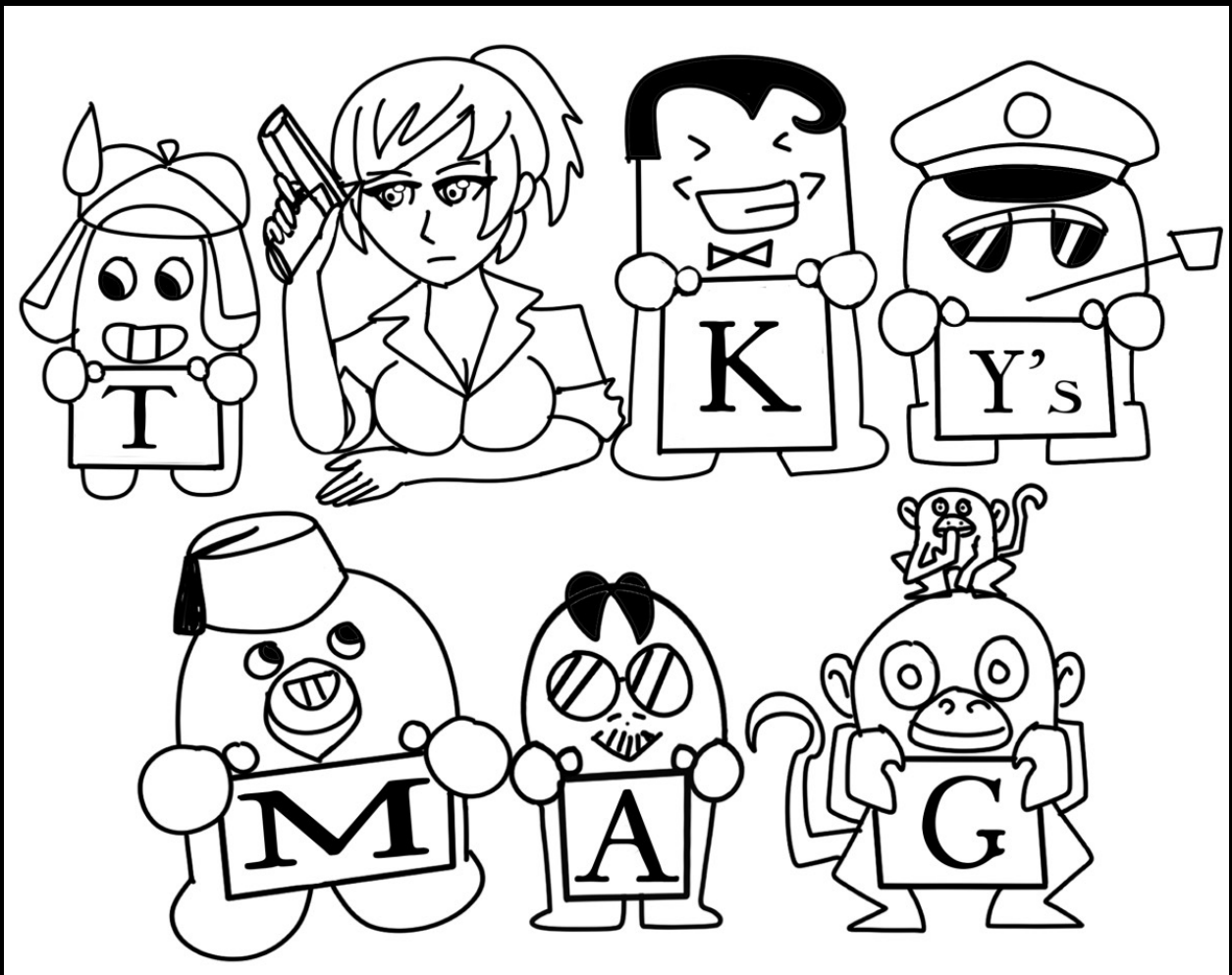
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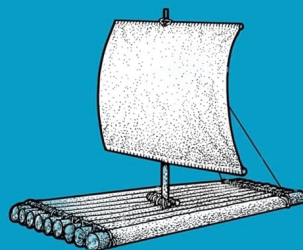


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Phil Rot The Raft



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