

**miniMAG**

*issue197*  
commencement





## 6 or 7 on a log

airport

the bumps on the log are these little turtles  
clustered together, marsh is unfrozen,  
they made it through the winter together,  
they probably fight, sometimes, it's a lot  
of turtles and I don't know  
what turtles eat, probably  
6 7, 6 7 turtles...  
log, that's all they know



# Slusarczyk on Scorsese 41: Gangs of New York

Dominik Slusarczyk

This film is about youth. The main character spends the whole film trying to right a wrong that happened when he was a child. A lot of us end up doing something like that. Mistakes we make when we were children affect our whole lives. We spend our whole life married to our school girlfriend. We spend our whole life raising the child we had when we were 19. We spend our whole life dealing with stuff that happened when we were young.

You spend your whole life working in a job you chose when you were a child. If you are a doctor you went to university to study medicine when you were 18. You had to decide to study the right A-Levels at 15 so you decided to be a doctor at 15. People spend their whole life working in a job they chose when they were 15.

Some people decide they want to be an actress when they are 5 years old. Then they spend the whole of their education preparing to be an actress. Then they spend their whole adult life trying to be an actress. They decided their whole life when they were 5.

The point of this film is 'we have to be really careful when we're a child'. And we do have to be careful. One bad decision can ruin our whole life. The woman who wants to be an actress studied acting at every level of education. She studied acting instead of medicine so she didn't become a doctor. She studied acting instead of law so she didn't become a lawyer. She made one decision when she was five and that one decision ruined her whole life.

What are the chances we will become an actress really? Like if we counted all the people who ever went to auditions and all the people who became famous there is going to be a big difference between those numbers. So the woman decides to be an actress even though the chances of her being an actress are incredibly low.

She spends her whole life chasing her dream. She does low paying jobs so she has time to study acting in the evenings. She has to do a low paying job because she is always calling in and saying she can't come in because she's got an audition. She spends her whole life chasing her dream and she fails. Most people fail.

So it would be better to not chase that dream. It would be better to not try to be an actress. It would be better if the woman hadn't decided to be an actress when she was five. She made one decision when she was five and it ruined her whole life.

We have to be really fucking careful when we're young.

If you die young you lose loads of life and there's loads of ways we can die young. You could die any time you cross the road and kids don't understand that when they are really young. Children get sicker as well. They are always catching illnesses off their friends. And children are more likely to die from diseases. We had a pandemic recently and the people who were dying were the old and the young. So you are more likely to die from disease when you are young.

You are more likely to die in accidents when you are young. Young people are always running around doing stupid stuff. They climb too high. They swim too far. They are always putting themselves in little bits of danger but any tiny amount of danger could kill you. Children spend their whole life in danger.

Paedophiles exist. There are people who want to kidnap kids.

We have to be really fucking careful when we're young. If we die when we are young we lose more life than we would if we died when we were old. If I am going to live until 80 and I die at 79 I only lost one year of life. If I am going to die at 80 and I die when I am ten I lose 70 years of my life. The younger we die the more life we lose so we have to be really careful when we're young.

There is a man who has a number of children. One of the children is a boy and one is a girl. He spends all of his time with his kids but for some reason he gets the impression that the boy does not like him.

Because he thinks the boy doesn't like him he spends loads of time trying to please the boy. He spends longer playing with the boy than he plays with the girl. He signs the boy up for loads of classes that he thinks might be fun. Soon he and the boy are learning the drums together. They play football together. He takes the boy abseiling and sailing.

The girl stays at home. She is happy with her books and her toys. She sits on the floor and she brushes the doll's hair and she says that the doll is the prettiest thing she has ever seen. She puts the doll on her seat at the table then she takes a seat on the floor next to the doll. She pours the doll a cup of tea. A strange man enters the room. She asks the man who he is. The strange man says he is her father.





## ishampoo

airport

“The clouds was crying babies...” babies... 16 and a baby, he’s having a baby, can’t sit still, headphones blazing, playing in class, talking about smoking someone last weekend, snap! ruler cracks on wrist at the wrong moment, he retreats again, locked-in to locked out, he ain’t fuck wit it, genius with a 1.0 gpa.

I know I’m doing something good, I’m doing. We’re here, could quite literally be easier. I’m a broken desk and a legless chair, careening between effort and breaks, “Why did y’all just start teaching us?” a question so rude, simultaneously too much and none at all, I’d rather think of anything else, I’d rather write about anything else. Here I am, atleast I’m here



## **writer more & reader less.**

mishti krishna

Hey, so I am not a reader as I haven't read all that much,  
I am not a writer either for i don't write all that much,  
Am i even qualified to write poems?  
What are poems?  
Poems, are in short, an  
Amalgam of words strung around the pen of the mind that writes it,  
A masterful enjoyment for some,  
A meaningless collection of strokes of ink for others,  
A home for some they carry with themselves everywhere,  
A familiarity for them,  
While being unknown to others at the same time!  
I might not be a being rich in the language,  
I might not be qualified enough for writing lines such as these,  
My poems may be of the poorest qualities for some,  
They won't even make sense at times,  
But I don't write these for the people, my heart says.  
I write my heart's stories  
In the form of poems  
For my heart wants to be seen,  
And I don't know any other way.



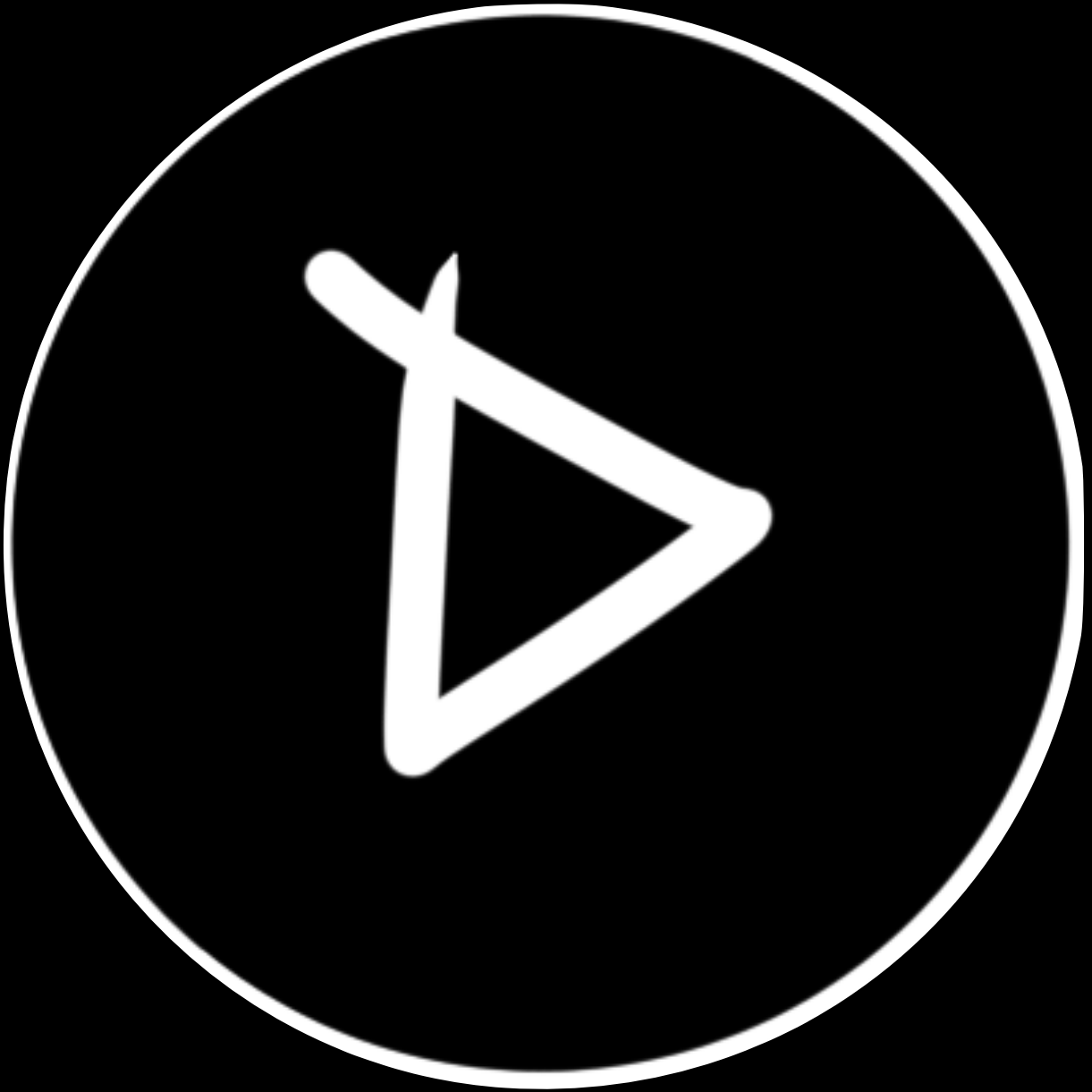
## **There was a knock at the door**

Sophia Pan

for my sister; you  
holding her favorite ice cream flavor dripping down your wrists, making  
rivers sticky from the sap in your  
smile. I pull strings  
of damp-smelling shades  
up. We exchange silence  
and I tell you what  
you already know as  
she sneaks out  
the garage holding  
coffee and a face  
dusted in powder.  
She gingerly takes  
the cone and licks  
her lipsticked mouth.  
This girl is leaving  
my version of her.  
My sister's heart  
learned: look away  
from bug wings,  
replace fireflies with  
dates and smile

at boys the same way  
she stares at  
cicadas. My sister  
hates the chirping. We  
had buckets  
of shedded shells  
like childhood currency. Now, the man pays  
with dinner and  
a smile for wine  
-colored stains  
in a parking lot.  
The news host talks  
of statistics and odds  
while I chuck  
a teddy bear brown from comfort  
into the bin.  
My sister's make-up is smudged on  
her missing poster.





url: minimag.press  
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com  
substack: minimag.substack.com  
twitter: @minimag\_lit  
insta: @minimag\_write  
book: <https://a.co/d/8bTfxxI>

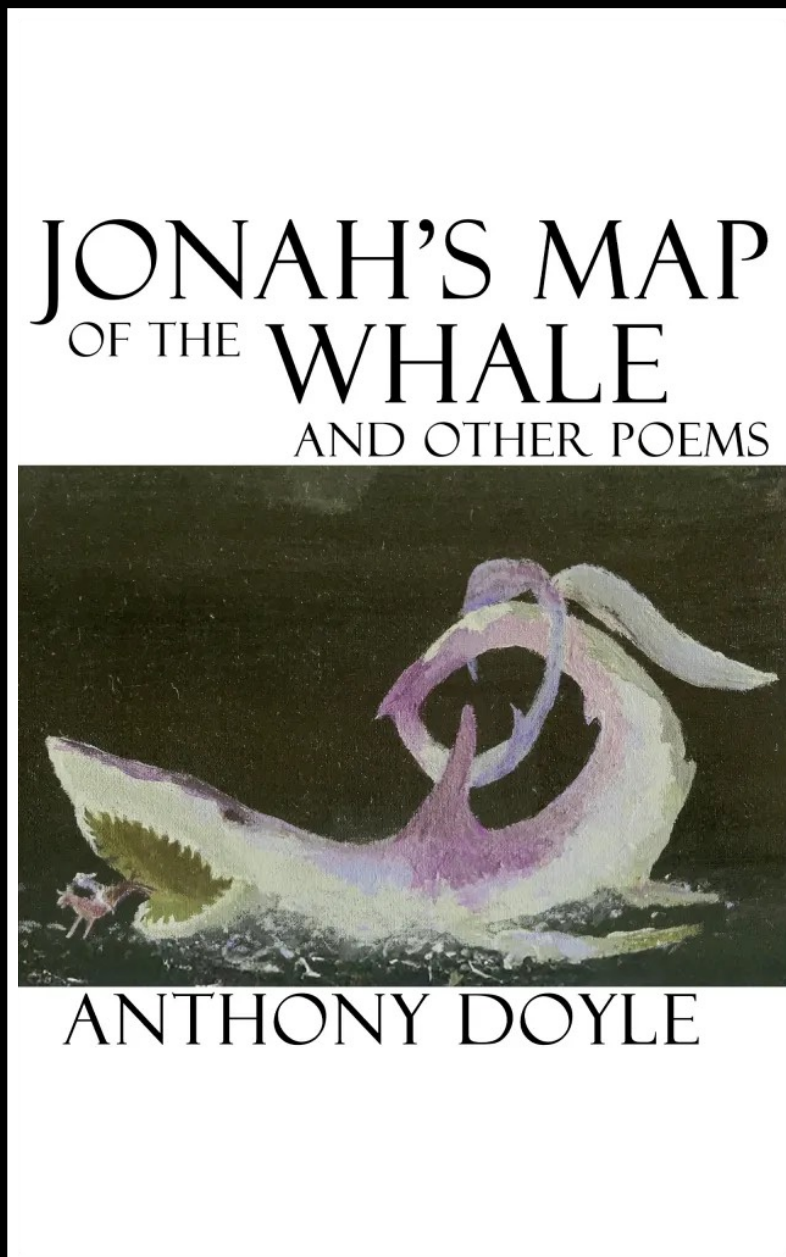
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“writer more @ reader less” by mishti krishna  
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ISSUE197 edited, “6 or 7 on a log”, “ishampoo”, and ai art  
by airport

ads



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# ads

The screenshot shows the homepage of 'Chill Subs'. At the top left is the logo 'Chill Subs'. The navigation menu includes 'Browse', 'Features', 'Community', 'About', 'For Editors', 'SLUSHPILE', and 'Support us'. On the right, there are 'Log in' and 'Sign up' buttons. The main headline reads: 'Get published. Promote your work. Grow as a creative.' followed by the subtext '(All without having a mental breakdown)'. Below this is a green book cover with a yellow bird and the text 'DON'T GO FREAKING EXHAUSTING. MAKE YOUR CREATIVE LIFE NOT SO FREAKING EXHAUSTING.' At the bottom of the book cover, it says 'BY ANTHONY TRAVAGLIA'. Below the book cover are 'Log in' and 'Sign up' buttons. To the right, a yellow box contains statistics: 'We list 4134 submission opportunities for writers, 1478 for artists, with 1188 contests and a community of 9080 creators who've tracked 31249 submissions. We've been around 443 days and there's plenty more on the way.' Below this box is a 'See all statistics →' button. At the bottom left, it says 'We're building a submissions manager!' and at the bottom right, there is a 'Learn more' button and a large black rectangular area.

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(website)