





Anthology for the perpetually lonely and single {iiii}

Emily Stech

What color is your love?
Is it green, red, or white as a glove
Gloves are purple or blue or tan

Is it as bright as a coral reef?
Complex and beautiful
Wait

They use concrete
Gray and flat and industrial
Perfect for fish, but not you

Who are you?

THERES NO GOODWILL IN THE GOODWILL HUNT FOR GOODWILL HUNTING

Spencer Simco

“Well, Will! We’re fucked!”

“Don’t you think I fucking know that, Will!”

“Ah, fuck! Ow! No, no, no, no don’t help me up, keep going you fuck. Who the hell put a banana peel here, dude?”

“It’s a two-man job you bitch I’m helping you up, Will.”

“Fuck you dude, ok, ok let’s go. Over there! You see that shit, Will? You see that shit!”

“What, what, see what, what am I looking at?”

“Dude, who the fuck is this guy?”

“Do you two know where the fitting rooms are?”

“What, what? Does it look like we work here, dude?”

“I’m not going to lie, Will, it does, dude.”

“Yeah, fuck, you’re right, Will. Um, yeah, over by the DVD’s in the back left corner.”

“Are you two both named Will?”

“What is this, twenty questions, man? I answered your initial fucking inquiry, dude, get lost!”

“Sorry.”

“Ok, du-”

“Shh! Dude. Seriously, quiet... Ok. Ok, dude, I lied my ass off to that guy, I think he’s secret service or some shit trying to beat us to this shit.”



“Maybe they’re watching us, dude.”

“Shit, shit you’re right, you think they’re watching us now?”

“Definitely watching us.”

“Fuck, ok, ok. So also, dude, by the way, I actually don’t have any money. Like none at all.”

“Dude!”

“It’s okay, bro, if we find it we can just... *Will, we can just steal it, dude.*”

“Fuck no, dude! *Will, I’m not stealing!*”

“We’re searching every single Goodwill in this state to find the secret to our own fucking immortality and now you draw the line at some simple fucking petty theft, dude?”

“I’ve never stolen even a blade of grass in my life, bro! And I am not starting now, that’s final, dude. Not for a blade of grass, not for the last DVD of Goodwill Hunting on the planet.”

“Ok, fine, I’m going to keep looking here, and you’re going to go to that bar down the street, ok?”

“Again, dude?”

“Yes, Will, trivia starts in... ten minutes. No drinking this time, dude, we need that fucking money.”

“Bro, sober or not, how was I supposed to know where the hell Kelly Clarkson went to college?”

“Where?”

“It was a trick question, dude, she didn’t go. They tricked me.”

“They can do that? Ok, who cares, just go, dude.”

“Ok, I’m going, I’m going.”

“Good luck, dude. *Ok, ok, think Will. If you were Goodwill Hunting, where would you be? Well, you are Goodwill hunting, you’re Goodwill hunting for Goodwill Hunting, so where would you go first? And your name is Will, so Will is Goodwill hunting for Goodwill Hunting, so where would Will Goodwill hunt for Goodwill Hunting? And Will is with me too, or he was a second ago. So, Will and Will are Goodwill hunting for Goodwill Hunting, hunting the back of the Goodwill first maybe? Shit, you’re stalling, Will, you’re stalli- oh shit, that dude’s looking at me. Fuck, fuck. Is he looking for the DVD too? And his giant hat, what the hell? Ok, Will, get ready, you’re going to have to take this guy out. Assassin style, real secret. Just creep up, and get him in a headlock, no big deal, real quiet, no witnesses, just Will taking a guy out like a badass. You’re a badass, Will. Yes you are.*”

“Dude!”

“What the hell, Will, why are you back already? Did you already fuck it up?”

“Dude, bro, ok. I’m telling you bro, it’s all aliens in there. Every single person. Every one in there, bro.”

“What?”

“I know what I saw, dude. Fucking alien trivia, or I don’t know what the hell they were doing, dude!”

“Were they talking about me?”

“The fuck? I don’t know, dude, I wasn’t going to stick around and ask them.”

“Will, if they were talking about me then this whole thing’s fucked.”

“They weren’t talking about you man!”

“Right, right, so you just know that for a fact all of the sudden, huh?”

“Did you even start looking for this shit?”

“Dude, I ran into a brick wall. Not like literally, but like dude... *dude, we have to take this guy out.*”

“This guy with the neon shorts on?”

“Yes dude, he’s a threat.”

“Yo! Guy! What are you looking for?”

“Me? Looking for a movie.”

“Yeah, no shit? Sorry. Like which one, I mean?”

“Dude, what the hell are you doing?”

“What, that’s valid to ask, man.”

“Let him be bro.”

“Oh, I’m just looking for something new to watch.”

“At a Goodwill?”

“Yeah I guess, like Goodwill Hunting, or I don’t know.”

“Dude. Go.”

“Yup.”

“Hey. Hey! What are you two doi-“

“Don’t search his pockets you dumbass!”

“Dude, we don’t have any money!”

“Dude!”

“Ok, put him down, put him down. Right here.”



“Ok, ok, can we continue looking now, dude?”

“What the hell? There’s like two dollars in here, bro!”

“What the fuck? Dude! Look at him! His skin, what the- what the hell is that?”

“Is that another set of eyes?”

“Dude, is he dead?”

“I don’t know man, we’re close though, I’ll tell you that much, dude.”

“Aliens and the secret service, bro.”

“Yeah, we got to find this thing first, dude.”

“Yeah. Hey, dude, did you notice how many fucking dogs there are in here?”

“Dude I was just about to mention that, like thirty at least.”

“You think they’re aliens too?”

“Nah, dude. Aliens and dogs don’t mix.”

“Oh shit, you’re right.”

“You know what, I think we’re the only humans in here dude.”

“Surely not, dude. Fuck. Fuck, dude, I think you are right.”

“Bro, should we let them find it first?”

“What?”

“Will, they have like one fourth of the life span that we have, dude.”

“We’re comparing fourths to an eternity? Immortality, dude. Immortality!”

“Fine, fine.”

“Ok, let’s search.”

“But like bro, I think about my own dog. You know, Daisy, like what if little Daisy could live forever, you know, dude?”

“What? Didn’t she die like five years ago.”

“Fuck, well then I don’t know, man! How does this shit even work anyways, we watch the movie and we’re suddenly immortal?”

“Dude, the wizard very specifically told us: just find it and you’ll know what to do, dudes.”

“That’s not even a little specific, dude!”

“Holy shit I see her.”

“What, no, he had a whole ass beard bro. Why is he here?”

“No, you dumb fuck, the DVD!”

“That glowing neon orange floating dude with a cape’s about to take it, bro!”

“That’s a ghost, dude. They can’t even grab shit. Will, let’s go grab it, dude!”

...

“Ow! Dude, why is it scorching hot as fuck. I think it burned me, bro.”

“Just open it. We’re going to know what to do, dude.”

“Ok, ok, ok.”

...

“What the fuck! What just popped out of it? Where are we?”

“The hell? Hey, this is Goodwill still, dude.”

“I know that bro. But look outside.”

“What the fuck! Why are we in space?”

“And the dogs are gone.”

“Are we stuck here forever?”

“Fuck, bro. We’ll figure some shit out.”

“Yep.”





The Learning Channel

Danielle McMahon

what are volcanoes but ominous fountains?	::	<i>ice-spires choke saplings</i>
& what of a shadow crushed in red clay?	::	<i>lungs like kelp tangle in the rocks</i>
& what of the slick burrfish crooning lovesongs and lullabies?	::	<i>translucent claws like sugar-reeds</i>
& what of the soup-spoon caked with soot?	::	<i>a thousand incinerated souls</i>
& what of the cracked lips of taxidermied teddybears?	::	<i>even petals are prickly</i>
& what of the fetal elephant sleeping like a pearl?	::	<i>hush now babe see the crag-scattered earth</i>



Crashing, Exploding

Philip Athans

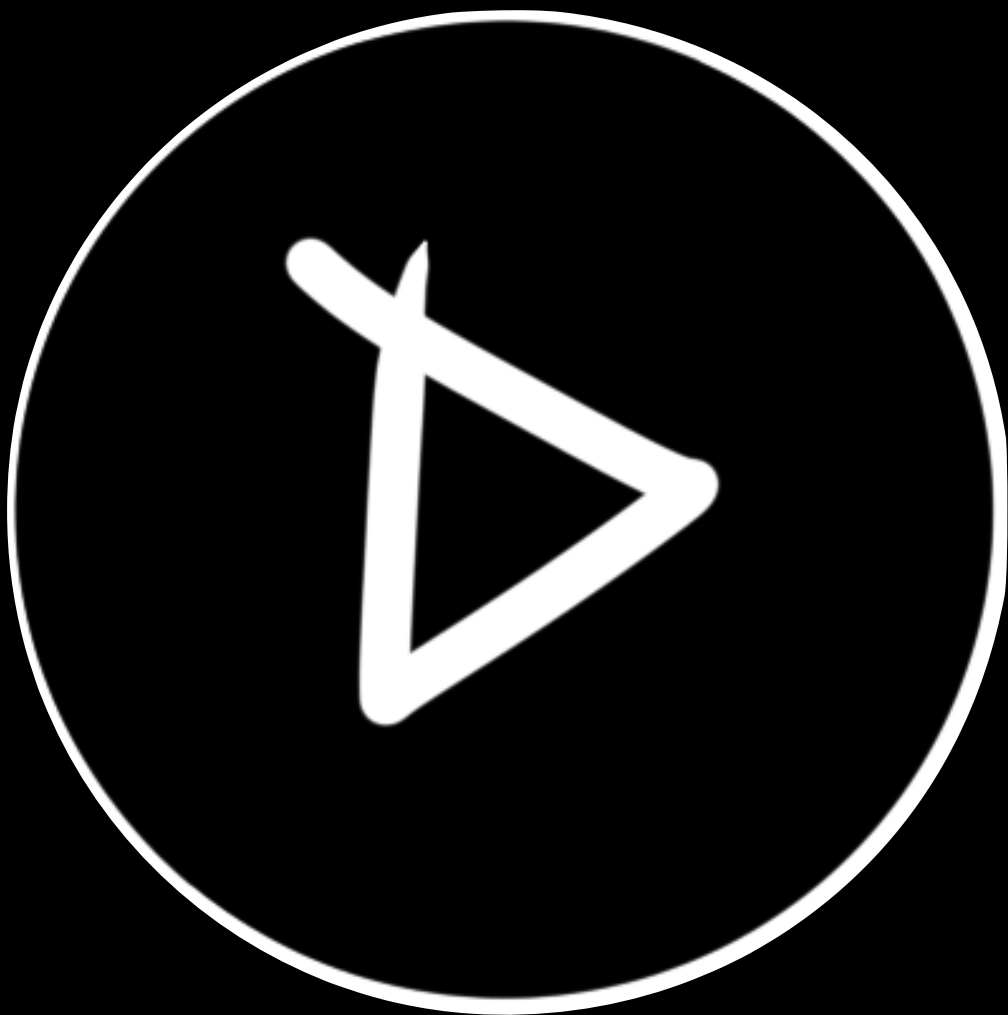
It felt as though
it was crashing around you
The sound like an explosion
that was crashing around you

The pain in your head so real
as it exploded inside you
And you covered your eyes
while it exploded inside you

This is it, then
the last breath you'll ever take
This is it now
everything crashing around you
exploding inside you

And you just want it to be over, but then
you wake up—
crying, the morning crashing around you
accepting, the house hasn't exploded around you

And you're still alive.



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insta: @minimag_write
book: <https://a.co/d/8bTfxxI>

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