

6

first
page

r a n d y . a t t w o o d
c l e m e n t i n e . b u t l e r
k e l l y . d i g n a n
j i z l . p h i z l i p s
w i m . w a u m a n

**randy
attwood**

the notebook

(Jeremy)

I had two phone calls from Don before he killed himself. Each call should have tipped me off. Maybe not the first one, but certainly the second. I couldn't have gone to him anyway; he lived in another state far away. Still, I could have done something, called somebody. I wonder if Don knew at the time of the first call - the first contact I had had with him in three years - that he was going to commit suicide. When do suicides know for sure: just before they pull the trigger?

He had called that first time to say hello, but instead of wanting to hear an update on my life, he had launched into a rambling account of his own. Then he told me:

“You know, the other day I suddenly remembered I left a notebook in the attic of that house where I had my college apartment.”

“What's in it?” I had asked him. The mention of his college apartment had brought back memories of heaps of books, his cluttered desk, stacks of papers. A mess, but ordered, it seemed, to make an impression of disorderliness.

“I can't remember. Poems, story ideas, philosophical arguments. Maybe nothing,” he had replied. “I can't

clementine butler

after the poppy flies

“I always thought my friends would be more interesting. It’s not that I don’t like my friends or find them dull. I just imagined they would be different somehow.”

“How did you picture them?”

“I would watch *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* over and over, imagining myself one day loosely floating through a city with someone, in the way Holly had Paul. I liked the scene where they stole the masks from the toy store and wore them down the street with such assurance. I received the Audrey Hepburn boxset for my 13th birthday from my Grandma. Every so often I switched to watch *Paris When It Sizzles* but then the disc got scratched.

“I spent most evenings in my bedroom wearing this faux-silk dressing gown covered in a soft blue feather pattern. My Mum went to sleep at the same time every night of the week, straight after the ten o’clock news. I’d wait to hear her footsteps and her bedroom door closed, then I’d light a cigarette. One time I ran out of rolling papers, it was usually filters that would let me down. After a frantic search of pockets, bags,

**kelly
dignan**

ceasefire, powerthru

She was Ceasefire, 8mg, and I was on Powerthru, 4mg, and while there was no spark there was a honey-lit gooiness of lives locked together. There was no need to overthink it. Coupling was a hallmark of health. We could tolerate one another's scents and habits. She was a good deal older than me which worked with my psychokinetic paradigm. I moved in.

My therapist said that she might be a stepping stone to better balance, that her damage though extensive might be instructive. She'd melted down before there were Ceasefires or Powerthrus, her body was an artifact of peri-pharmaceutical suffering. Both of us had completed long courses in personal therapy. We understood one another's labels for the boxes in which we put whatever happened to bother us, even if our diets of pills never allowed us to get terribly upset.

We neither had much energy for anything, but we each maintained part-time jobs. She napped directly after ingestion of the morning meal while I headed out the door. I napped at 4pm daily, while she took our acquired animals for their circular walk. We fulfilled the expected roles of domesticity. She unzipped the convenience of packaged foods, and I deposited our waste of plastic trays in front of the door on

jizl
phizlips

techno fiends from
the future

I

The Techno Fiends Came to Dance a Whole in the Universe

You've got to believe me, because what I'm telling you is true! A weird girl I met in a club told me all about it. She showed me this fancy flashing device covered in buttons and everything. She said she was from space or the future or something and apparently there's loads of them here, quietly implementing their secret dance revolution and waiting for the world to collapse. Or something... truth be told I was high out of my mind and wasn't really paying much attention.

At first I dismissed it as nonsense, and assumed she was just a regular club crazy. A slight obstacle to reaching my goal, but I thought I'd be able to work around it. Tried to bone. Did not conquer.

II

They arrived through a portal at Frankfurter Tor. Bursting out at the crossroads. That liminal space between this World and The Other. Between past and present. Reality and vision. Or at least that's what this girl I hooked up with last night told me, in a mad speed

wim wauman



the (un)fortunate
adventures of
time 'will' tell

That particular morning, in the blink of an eye, six minutes had gone by. In the face of eternity, time surely flies. At exactly 9 a.m., Time 'Will' Tell turned his head counterclockwise and spotted three birds flying east. 'They must be heading for the past and where the sun came from,' he thought and wondered if they knew what was about to happen. Six minutes later he saw another bird flying in the opposite direction. 'One smart but reckless pigeon,' he murmured. Or maybe it was a lone wolf?

Will, as his friends called him, wasn't feeling very energetic that day and even found it difficult to breathe. He had gone through so much lately. Most days a week he lacked the strength to deal with even the simplest of everyday occupations. One would not expect this from a tall chap of his age. The great Will couldn't help but to interpret his precarious condition as an omen that the end of days was near. Time was running out.

He shut the door behind him and stepped outside. Dark bluish clouds had gathered but the temperature kept rising. Despite the gravity of the situation, Time 'Will' Tell longed for some fresh air and he had a job to do. It involved looking at his roots from a revolutionary perspective. 'We musst' a-keep spinning...', the

SEVEN

in many cultures around the world seven is considered a lucky number.

although we are far from superstitious, we would like to think that 7 could be your lucky number as your **first page** may be one of the selected for our 7th issue coming out in december 2020.

VENUE

how? go to our website and simply submit your **first page** between 19 october and 16 november.

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