BEST MICROFICTION

2023

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Best Microfiction Anthology Series

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Here we are, in 2023, and robots seem to not only have taken over the world, they’ve threatened to abolish our uniqueness as literary writers. This year, for the first time ever, we’re seeing an onslaught of literary magazines now accepting submissions from A.I. bots. Even a year ago, this kind of scenario would have been unthinkable.

It is our opinion that now is the best time in the world for writers to push back and continue to develop their human craft. To do so in spite of the fact that the world seems to have fallen happily, willingly, into the arms of robot replacements. A.I. may trick us with its ever-sophisticated mimicry, but it won’t ever allow us a sense of fulfilment as artists.

Here at Best Microfiction, our small staff continues to be an A.I. free team . . . Our writers and editors have human eyes, all-too human bodies, and warm, creative hearts. And though, as an editorial team, we may not always be able to tell what is A.I.-generated writing from what is genuine human writing, we encourage our writers to trust both their own brains and their hearts.
Let this collection of offbeat, quirky, one-of-a-kind gems, so carefully selected from thousands of stories published in 2022, stand as proof that the creative spirit in us flawed, human writers can survive the coming onslaught of artificial literature.
What is the smallest space that a story could fit? The fewest number of words? Consider this one by Gertrude Stein:

**LONGER**

She stayed away longer.

Is this a story? I’ve always loved how the title and last word create ironic bookends, how this tiny five-word piece gives off a spark of yearning, impatience, suspense. Why did she stay away? Who is waiting for her to return? The microshort is about gesture, hint, word choice, imagination. I thought about that, as I read through the hundreds of terrific submissions in order to select the stories for this collection. I found in the smallest spaces true beauty and everything that moves me in microfiction: formal invention, a spirit of revolution, playfulness, passion, strangeness, ambiguity, mystery. I found stories that slip into philosophical reflection with a turn of phrase, stories that experiment with sound and repetition and syntax. I encountered immense
emotional complexity and explorations of where humanity might be headed, the visions ranging from dour to soaring.

Microfiction strikes me as the closest prose may come to an authentic copy of an artist’s inner rhythm and chatter. This collection reads to me like dozens of individual heartbeats, all different, all making their own urgent sound.
Louis liked the name: Prospect Cemetery. As if its prescient eighteenth-century builders had known that one day college boys would come there to look for one-night boyfriends.

Louis himself found no prospects in Prospect Cemetery. He tried but they didn’t find him pretty. He sat on the branch of an apple tree and relished the collective ruckus of their pleasure. They didn’t mind; he cleaned up after they left.

One day, he lingered on the trash of the boy he loved but couldn’t have. Gus Pitman, senior, kinesiology. He wanted to pocket Pitman’s condom, he longed to eat the leftovers of the pizza that Pitman had bitten into with his perfect teeth.

Pitman actually talked to Louis one night: he zipped his trousers up, clapped Louis on the back and asked, “How’s it going?”

Louis replied that he hated winter nights.

“I guess I’ll see you around,” Pitman said as he stood there shirtless and smoothed his ginger ’stache down with his thumb.
Back in his dorm, Louis locked himself in the bathroom and cried. His tears, hot with delight, made him crave apples.

On winter nights when Prospect Cemetery was full of snow and empty of boys, Louis stayed in his bed and pictured framed photographs on his room’s bare walls. In those photos he was married and had a husky by his side. Pitman’s favorite breed.

Louis always threw the trash away: he never brought the condom home, he never ate the crust. Louis may have seemed ugly to the cemetery lover boys, but he believed in consent.

Asphalt and steel, trash piled Empire State Building high, taxi cabs out to kill you, pedestrians that taunt you crossing the street against the light, gunmen on motorcycles trying to steal your electric bike—your lifeline, your everything, you saved for that bike one two-dollar tip at a time, you’ve tricked it out—LED color-changing strip lights on the rear rack, Honduras flag flying blue and white, stars swishing in the frigid wind, racing from Washington Heights to Industry City—someone wanted a Filipino pastry for eight dollars, you stand there in the rain, waiting for them to answer the buzzing intercom, you discover there’s no elevator and hike up four flights of stairs, dripping wet, hand over the pastry bag, guy calls you a hero but won’t look you in the eye, no tip, you race back down to your bike praying it’s still there—it is, thank god—insulated backpack with more deliveries clanging against your back—it’s 11 pm, four more hours to go—all these people who never have to leave their apartments, swaddled in blankets, Netflix and food handed to them in bags, the furthest they ever have to walk is
to their front door—you’ve given yourself the goal of making ten thousand deliveries this year, maybe then you’ll be like the guy up in apartment 504—on your couch pushing buttons on your phone, food appearing out of nowhere, more like sending money home for your wife and daughter, maybe one day they’ll be able to join you, but for now you race on your bike—wind, sleet, rain slapping against your face, arms aching, back cramping, Honduras flag flying, they call you El Deliveryboy en la Gran Manzana delivering an ice cream cone in the middle of Hurricane Ida—furious wind knocking your bike from side to side, handlebars nearly ripped from your hands, you don’t worry about your life, your safety, or construction beams flying across and decapitating you—you worry about the ice cream cone in the insulated pack, is it melting, are the sprinkles still there, has it fallen off its cone?

Christine Arroyo’s work has been published in X-R-A-Y Literary Magazine, Flash Fiction Magazine, Dark Recesses Press, Beyond Words, and Variety Pack, to name a few. She has just completed her first novel about siblings navigating an increasingly warming world.
Our mother drives us to the home where she was raised. It has fallen, mostly: the roof is torn so its beams are all the vultures see as they glide in figure eights, which my sister says means infinity. The porch sinks into a patch where tomatoes grew, but what remains is a pile of children’s toys and bikes with rusted fenders and plywood ripped from the walls with nails bent like the backs of old men. It looks as if a storm blew through, but there was no storm. No tornado or hurricane—no, nothing like that. When our mother left this place, to live with a man she no longer knows, her parents begged her to stay. But she went, to live in canyons and rivers, in rolling fields the farmers threshed at dawn. She buried her hands in soil, covered her face in dirt, and howled at tractor trailers illuminating the sky. She says, “There is no story here,” when we ask her what she remembers. Above us, the vultures glide. My sister repeats, “Infinity,” and a teapot sings from inside. Our mother scales the porch, enters the kitchen. The stove is on, and her mother is standing there in her bathrobe. We have never
met her. “Claudette?” she asks. Sun shines through the open beams. It lightens our mother’s hair, her skin. She sits at the only table, among the pile of rubble. There are no walls dividing rooms, no floors but stacks of wood, no home except for what she remembers. Her father opens the back door, kisses our mother’s head. Grease stains line his arms, his shirt. He sits with her at the table and reads the paper. The house smells of butter and syrup, even from out here. Our mother’s mother joins them, smiles at us through the wall. They reach for their forks, their napkins, and eat.
He remembers they took their father’s truck, so they had room for all their things. He remembers a curve on the highway, in either New York or Connecticut, and a high concrete wall hiding the sun and trees. He remembers getting there—sitting in the backseat, the belt across his chest. He remembers no one saying much. His father parking the truck and shutting his eyes, leaning the driver’s seat so far back Joanne had to sit in the middle. He remembers his father snoring, and his mother whispering, “It’s been a long day,” as if they hadn’t lived through it, too. He remembers stepping out of the truck and walking through the parking lot. And seeing the beach at the end of a ramp and footprints in the sand and children screaming at each other to play. He remembers sitting down beside Joanne. Not on the beach but at the edge of the parking lot. He remembers watching the ocean from there. In his mind, it is just a collage of yellow and blue and white. He remembers Joanne shouting, “Whale!” and his heart beating faster than he knew it could, before she added, “You must have missed him, he must have swam away.” He remembers looking for
more of them—whales, dolphins, seals. Anything. He remembers how the smells were different, how the air was different, how it seemed like the world either started or ended here, how everything met at this one small place, the land converging with the sea.

He doesn’t remember the panic in his mother’s voice, when she shook him awake to pack, or the sound of men shouting a moment before. He doesn’t remember a woman at the Sunoco mouth, “My God,” when his father stepped out to pump gas or when he decided his father was someone to fear. He doesn’t remember his mother shushing Joanne to calm down or his father scrubbing blood and bone from the cracks in his hands at a rest stop in New Jersey. When he thinks about that day too hard, it feels more like a dream, a blur of colors and nothing more. But he still remembers they made it. He still feels it: the air and mist and his heart beating as he followed Joanne’s finger to a part of the world where even giants could disappear.

Matt Barrett is a writer from Pennsylvania. He teaches creative writing at Gettysburg College and holds an MFA in Fiction from UNC-Greensboro. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in The Sun Magazine, The Threepenny Review, The Baltimore Review, SmokeLong Quarterly, Wigleaf, and elsewhere.
FROM YOYO

JANELLE BASSETT

I learned the word fuck from a girl named Yoyo. She told me fucking was when you lift your shirt up all the way and I believed her because she talked a lot more than I did and because she had a brother and I didn’t. We were four or five, out on the daycare playground, pretending that our horses were eating the sand from the sandbox. It made them strong to eat the sand but it also made them sneezy. They had those big honking horse nostrils, after all. Sand traps. We played that their saddles kept being knocked off by the force of the sneezes, so we’d bend over to pick up the far flung saddles and put them back on our horses’ backs and then pat their firm, invisible rumps. We had run around and bent over so many times that we were hot and red, so Yoyo was like, “I’m sweaty. Let’s go over in the shade and fuck.”

She went under the tree and lifted her shirt all the way up. She couldn’t see me with her shirt like that so she yelled, “Are you doing it too?” I didn’t want to do it too because my cousin told me that my belly looked like it had a dead baby in it and I
wanted to keep that shape a secret, but she was the only person who played with me consistently and didn’t seem to mind that I hardly ever spoke—that I mostly nodded and smiled and made that rabbit-teeth face—so I didn’t want to leave her to fuck alone under the daycare tree. I joined her, and we really did cool down like that. Shade for the face, air for the belly.

Yoyo said that the horses smelled the salt on our bellies and were licking our skin, so we laughed and squirmed and told them to stop because we were their owners, respectable and responsible. But really we loved the attention. Or Yoyo loved it and I did my best to imagine what loving it would be like.

Janelle Bassett’s writing appears or is forthcoming in The Rumpus, New Delta Review, SmokeLong Quarterly, The Offing, Washington Square Review, Wigleaf and River Styx. She lives in St. Louis and is a Fiction Editor at Split Lip Magazine.
It won’t be long before Maisie brings out that one framed photo. The one of her in her Valentine’s dress, white with a wide red sash. She holds a velvet purse that she’d borrowed from her cousin. She’d spent half an hour ratting up her hair. Made up her face before her bath. The bouffant nearly touched the mounted deer that decorated their kitchen wall.

The mounted deer head was looking down. Dell’s first kill, from his teenage days. Maisie’s face was round and flushed. She’d just finished her martini, and she held a briny pimiento-stuffed olive in one cheek.

Sweet Dell taking Maisie’s picture, his mouth open in concentration. Afterward, Maisie playing her concertina for him. Lost in their world of dress-up, cocktail food, and television westerns. Their favorite, set in New Mexico, was about a New Mexico rancher and his boy.

For dessert, Maisie would wiggle the Jell-O from its mold, treating herself to miniature marshmallows from the bag. She’d let them dissolve in her mouth.
Such free, glide-y times. The things she learned from him. To massage his feet until he fell asleep. To perform acrobatics in their bed which she laughed to think about during the day while he was at work. To shoot a .270 Weatherby Magnum.

She and her Dell, natural as forest animals. Jellyfish bobbing in turbulence-free currents. Easy as umbrellas floating down from the sky. Maisie’d let her friendships slide away. And then Dell himself, so much older, had slid away. She lives in a furnished mobile home now. Half Moon Bay. A magical-sounding place. She took little from their home. Just the photo, Dell's watch, the gun.

Patricia Q. Bidar is a third-generation Californian from the Port of Los Angeles area. An alum of the U.C. Davis Graduate Writing Program, she also holds a degree in Filmmaking. Patricia's stories are included in numerous journals and anthologies including *Flash Fiction America* (W.W. Norton, 2023). Visit her at https://patriciaqbidar.com.
A kid from our town fell off the water tower and walked away. 150 feet and no hospital, no fractures, not a fucking scratch, and media were everywhere. Must’ve been a slow news week. Trucks from Fox and ABC News, and they’re interviewing all these Big Ten physicists who keep talking about subatomic particles and many worlds and statistical improbabilities, and some of these real fundamentalist-type churches set up tents on site, and you could sometimes hear them singing. Praise and worship shit. Steven Curtis Chapman or whatever. A few of them put up this massive cross on the exact spot, and this was after the whole thing died down. Everyone left, and the kid went back to drinking and driving down to Iowa to bet on hockey and baseball, and sometimes me and Maggie will head out there at night. To the cross. It’s strung up with Christmas lights the whole year round. Was a big fight at some city council meeting a while back about power supply and public expense, but then this private donor came through, and it’s like Jesus turning water into wine how these farm town Christians can always
get their hands on some serious scratch, and we like to drink wine out there now that I mention it. The nice bottles. Ten, twelve bucks and just dry enough, and we talk about miracles. Money. The whole thing’s purple and giant and gold, and I ask Maggie what she believes in.

“Kids,” she says. “Crops. Anything that grows, and what about you,” and I never have an answer. Too complicated. The way miracles are nothing but tiny numbers, and I’d get my ass back up there if I was him. Stare straight down. Measure an arc. Linger on choosing and death and significance, and what are the odds, I’d think. The chances I could somehow pull it off again.

Brett Biebel's short fiction has appeared in dozens of literary journals, including SmokeLong Quarterly, Wigleaf, and The Masters Review. He is also the author of 48 Blitz (Split/Lip Press, 2020) and two forthcoming flash fiction collections. His readers' guide to Thomas Pynchon's Mason & Dixon will be released by University of Georgia Press in 2024.
We didn’t tell anyone. Not our parents, not our friends, and Jethro cared only about the cash in our pockets, not that we were fourteen.

We lived in a Florida port town where heat was like a second skin, a bear suit you had to wear. In August, the humidity could mess with your head, make you think you were drowning.

Our moms drank Tab and did Jazzercise and worried that we might be gay. They didn’t want our lives to be difficult. They had no idea that on weekend nights we slipped from our bedroom windows and walked to the Club Detroit on 2nd Street where we drank rum and Cokes and danced to Psychedelic Furs songs. Sometimes, we French-kissed the sailors on shore leave. Most of them had wives; they just wanted our tongues for a few minutes. It never got scary or real.

And then one night your dad cornered me in the backyard while you were inside playing Frogger. We used to laugh at him, how he’d come home from a ten-mile run and crack open a beer, sweat streaming
down his face. He was like a cartoon character. A Dad who did dumb Dad things.

Suddenly your mom had a boyfriend named David and you were moving to the other coast and it felt like our lives were ending, our hearts exploding, the adult world closing in.

We picked two Siamese cats and Jethro fired up his ink gun. It sounded like a chainsaw. I wanted orange eyes; you wanted green. It would be our little secret, forever hidden beneath the rim of our pants.

I went first.

Does it hurt? you asked.

It feels like a bee sting, I said, wincing. Sun blisters.

And I remembered your dad watching us from the kitchen window while we sunbathed on green jelly chairs, our bikini tops untied to avoid tan lines, baby oil to soak up the rays.

Jamy Bond’s stories and essays have appeared in a variety of print and online publications, and been nominated for Best of the Net, Best Microfiction, Best American Essays, Best American Short Stories and the Pushcart Prize. She is a Co-Editor-in-Chief at SugarSugarSalt Magazine.
I’ve successfully made my first pot of gumbo following the recipe you left me. I chew on andouille sausage and see you cutting links into perfect slices. Your brown hands are steady and never shake. When you disappear, I break apart a crab leg and suck down the savory Cajun broth. You reappear, and this time you are showing me how to eat a crab leg for the first time. I pick it up and feel the brittle boned shell and gag. You smack my hand playfully and take it from me. “Like this,” you say patiently as you break it in half as if it were a lead pencil.

Next, I take a bite of shrimp, and we’re at the grocery store. Three types of shrimp stare back at us. I pinch my nose because it smells like deep sea. I look at you, waiting to see which one you’ll pick. Then you turn to me. “Which one you want?” I squint at the options and reply, “Whichever will allow me to have more.” You laugh at that. “That’s my ladybug.”

I slurp down the broth and watch as memories flood my vision. You are sixty-two and breaking
apart pecans from the tree in the front yard, you are seventy and are frustrated with your new wheelchair, you are ninety and crying when I tell you I’m getting married.

When the bowl is finished, a fullness takes over. There’s still so much gumbo left. I set some aside for myself and pack the rest into separate Tupperware. Then I call the family and tell them I’m bringing over a piece of you.

Diamond Braxton is a queer, mixed-race Black-Chicana writer and editor pursuing an MFA at Texas State. Her work appears in *The Forge Literary Magazine*, *Stanchion*, *Hellebore Press*, and others. She’s the Editor-in-Chief for *Defunkt Magazine* and a Copy Editor for the *Porter House Review*. 
It’s our first day together since the divorce, my daughter and me, and I’m picking her up for a visit. A new kind of dad now. I don’t wake up with her in the other room. I don’t make her eggs with toast buttered on both sides. Now, I make plans before I see her. I am, in a sense, something of a playdate. Only there for a few hours on the weekends.

I’m taking Abigail whale watching. She has wanted to go for a long time, and I have pushed it aside until today, a cold day in Los Angeles, with the sun out, but the wind equally present.

She is dressed in her new Converse sneakers I sent her by mail, but she does not mention them, and I do not point them out.

We head off on the ship named Serenity, and she eats some sour cherry gummies, a couple at a time, transferred quickly from her hoodie’s hand-warming pouch to her mouth. Most times, I would tell her no, but I pretend I do not see things now.

The ship stirs and pushes farther into the Pacific. From here, on the bow, we stand, staring back at
it all. The world, becoming blurry with distance.

The P.A. system crackles, and the guide tells us to be on the lookout to the north, that the gray whales will be streaming from Alaska to Mexico, in search of warmer water. And that whales have a sort of auto-pilot system that allows them to shut off portions of their brain while still swimming forward. I think that sounds perfect.

Abigail tugs on my shirt sleeve. She points to the horizon and tells me she sees one. Others nearby pick on her cues and do their best to locate the mammal, but all I see is a riptide, eddying in a beautiful spot of sun, reflecting and refracting light, and I stare at that instead. Isn’t it something? she says. And I have to agree.

Mathieu Cailler is the author of six books. His most recent is the novel, *Heaven and Other Zip Codes*, winner of the LA Book Festival Prize.
BEST MICROFICTION
THANKS THE JOURNALS
WHERE THESE PIECES
APPEARED IN 2022.

ALL MATERIAL USED BY PERMISSION.

“Her Mother, My Mother” by Hema Nataraju from 100 Word Story.
“Jack and Jill’s Final Adventure” by Epiphany Ferrell from 805 Lit + Art.
“Knocking” by Tommy Dean from Alternating Current Press.
“Holy War” by Brett Biebel from Atlas and Alice.
“Cat Barbecue” by Tim Craig from Atticus Review.
“The Fox” by Bishop V. Navarro and “Your Childhood Best Friend Gets Her Hands on Some Questionable Dope” by Jasmine Sawers from beestung.
“Chiltepin” by Lynn Mundell and “Kindling” by Keith J. Powell from Bending Genres.
“The Extinction Museum: Exhibit #506 (Home Pregnancy Test, c. Early 2000s)” by Tina May Hall from Big Other.
“Tusks” by Ross McMeekin and “Hardy Holds Court at the Corner Store” by Kristina T. Saccone from Cease, Cows.

“Tattoos” by Jamy Bond and “Occur” by Judith Osilé Ohikuare from CHEAP POP.

“When You're the Contortionist” by Candace Hart-suyker from Cleaver.

“Stay as Long as You Need” by Slawka G. Scarso from CLOVES Literary.

“Attaboy Louis” by Shastri Akella from CRAFT.

“When the Cowboy Separates the Calves for Tomorrow’s Branding” by Sabrina Hicks from Emerge Literary Journal.

“Unstable Relationship” by Lucy Zhang from Exposition Review.

“Owen Will Tell You” by Francine Witte from Five South.

“Via Combusta” by Sara Fetherolf from Flash Boulevard.

“Home” by Matt Barrett and “Warmer Water” by Mathieu Cailler from Flash Frog.

“What We Believed” by D.E. Hardy and “54.7754° N, 31.7890° E, April of 1940” by Slawka G. Scarso from FlashBack Fiction.

“Windows” by Elizabeth Maria Naranjo and “Bone on Bone” by Eric Scot Tryon from Fractured Lit.

“Visitacion Valley, 1962” by Patricia Q. Bidar, “Everything Depends on the Potato” by Epiphany Ferrell,
“Karol’s Cleaners Will Clean Anything” by James R. Gapinski, and “banana boat” by Aureleo Sans from Ghost Parachute.

“An Eight Foot Possum” by Evan Williams and “The Circle Is A Part of the Hole” by Evan Williams from Heavy Feather Review.

“My Uncle Lived in the Future” by Parth Shah from hex.

“Long After the Long Ride into the Sunset” by Marvin Shackelford from Janus Literary.

“What the Mirror Tells You” by Gail Louise Siegel from MicroLit Almanac.

“A Solid Contribution” by Kathy Fish from Milk Candy Review.

“What I Owned” by Michelle Ross from Monkeybicycle.

“Groceries” by Tucker Leighty-Phillips from Moon City Review.

“24 Hour Elevator” by Ryan Griffith and “Workshop” by Kathleen McGookey from New World Writing Quarterly.

“Grease and Feathers” by Leila Martin from Nurture: A Literary Journal.

“The Deaths of the Great Lakes” by Jeffrey Hermann and “My Mother Visits Me in America and is Offended by What the Dishwasher Can Do” by Tara Isabel Zambrano from Okay Donkey Magazine.

“An Empty Day” by Pamela Painter from Pangyrus.
“9 Dystopias” by Monica Louzon, “Selected Google Searches Regarding Peter Jackson’s King Kong” by Abigail Oswald and “rice & sugar” by Camil Piperni from Paranoid Tree Press.

“Cure for Tears” by Avra Margariti from Pidgeonholes.

“That Vasectomy Talk” by Sean Ennis and “Warmup” by E.J. Schwartz from Pithead Chapel.

“21 Allen Drive” by Diane Gottlieb from SmokeLong Quarterly.

“Sorrow Everywhere” by Pamela Painter from South Florida Poetry Journal.

“To You When You’re Twelve and You Hate Yourself:” by Erica Frederick and “Alight” by Leila Renee from Split Lip Magazine.

“A Piece of You” by Diamond Braxton and “Potential” by Sabrina Hicks from Stanchion.

“Luck/History” by C.C. Russell from takahē.

“The Dream HeForgot” by Marzia Rahman from The Antonym.

“Available in Standard Sizes” by Christopher Notarnicola from The Baltimore Review.

“Snapper” by Nicholas Mainieri and “A Queer Girl’s Guide to Reading Fairy Tales” by Rebecca Turkewitz from The Cincinnati Review.

“The Romantic Maneuvers of a Tilting Planet” by Tommy Dean and “Shine in Her Light” by Sabina Y. Wong from The Citron Review.
“Centaurs in the Laundromat” by Lynn Mundell from *The Disappointed Housewife*.

“By the Sea” by Faye Rapoport DesPres from *The Dribble Drabble Review*.

“Laugh Track” by Maria Robinson and “Squash” by Michelle Ross from *The Forge Literary Magazine*.

“My Mother’s Dress Shop” by Jeff Friedman from *The Fortnightly Review*.

“Mr. Boggins” by Tucker Leighty-Phillips from *The Journal*.

“The Knife Thrower’s Daughter” by Frankie McMillan from *The Phare*.

“The Beach” by Matt Barrett, “Dad Paddles In” by Teddy Engs, and “stamps” by Aureleo Sans from *trampset*.

“El Deliveryboy” by Christine Arroyo from *Variety Pack*.

“Last Time” by Douglas A. Wright from *Vestal Review*.

“What Bones Carry” by Janna Miller and “I’m a Honda Odyssey, I’m a Chrysler Voyager” by Eric Scot Tryon from *Whale Road Review*.


“Artificial Autonomy” by Helena Pantsis from *Wyld-blood (Wyld Flash)*.
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