CRUSH

Jordan Catalano

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Open Submissions Welcome!

- Short Stories
- Essays
- Art
- Letters
- Poetry
- Reviews (on everything!)
- Photography
- Comics
Adult Stuff
That I Worry About

Money

Death

Place to Live

broken teeth

Family

Driving

Being Sick
I Day is Halloween

Every
Haiku's For Summer

A Call for Help

Blazing

Soft gentle breezes
suffocate me with hot air,
Please come frome Fall.

our sun is \textit{just} fire,
we watch it burn all sum-
Behind shaded eyes.

Sundays

cat soaks up sun, joy.
we soak up joy from the cat.
lovely afternoon.

Beneath

gritty sand and shells,
my love shimmers on the shore,
waves lap at our hearts.

handlebars

Spokes tick away time
gleaming in the light
of the noon day sun.
Why I Loved

Jordan Catalano

1) In a Band —
   Frozen Embryos were a short lived garage-esque band. But a band is a band and is always cool.

2) Had the Best Hair —
   Swappy, flippy, floppy + always clean. Only exist in TV Land but gotta love it anyways!

3) The Car —
   Jordan isn’t the only one who would write a song about his very shiny red car. Every guy with a car was a cool guy in High School.

4) Tortured Soul —
   The why Jordan can’t read episode Humanized a guy that up until then was like beyond perfection. [and he got help for it! So, you go man.]

5) Loner —
   Other than his band mates, Jordan only spent time with Angela. Who isn’t drawn to the mysterious loner?
Summer To Do List

- Avoid family BBQ's
- Spend 2 full days filling a pool that will be dirty in 30 sec.
- Struggle to go to bed on time because it's too bright out
- Have awkward chat with an underdressed neighbour.
- Buy 40$ worth of freezies (Eat all but 1 colour)
- Become enraged over a usually only slightly annoying thing but Not Today Because It's Too Hot Damn It!
- Get to do some Top Notch dog spotting
- Have Fun Because at least it's not fucking snowing
Sisters NOT Cis-ters
My Attempt At A Summer Pumpkin
Plants As People

Orchid
Fragile - Toxic

Rodo
Happy - Caring

House Plant
Reliable - Low maintenance

Pea Plant / Herbs
Damaged - Forgotten - Dead

Cactus
Never sick

Built-in food
Thoughts

Some words will always feel unspeakable. The idea of reclaiming words is so weird to me, like how do you change a word? To be easily offended wasn't something I thought would describe me, but when I hear

Dyke Fag Cunt

these words make me shrink inside myself. I want to hide from all the meaning those words carry because, to me, they are hate and rage towards people who are different or misrepresented.

However, I want all words to be FREE, free to use + hear + be part of our living experiences. I will not silence or be silenced
Aries - Mar. 21 APR. 20
Lust lives in every darkest of hearts

Taurus - May 20
Summer fruit bares the path to new connections

Gemini - Jun 21
Wolves walk where we least expect them

Cancer - Jun 22 JUL. 22
Decisiveness is the key to unlocking the door of opportunity

Leo - Jul 22 Aug 23
To lead the blind you must first walk through the dark

Virgo - Aug 24 Sep 23
Laughter will get you to where you need to be

Libra - Sep 24 Oct 23
Vacation Time will given unexpected memories

Scorpio - Oct 24
Bitterness will find away into your inner circle

Sagittarius - Nov 22 Dec 21
The voyage may be stormy but the destination is close

Capricorn - Dec 22 Jan 20
Helping hands may have sinister claws

Aquarius - Jan 21 Feb 18
Be loyal to your equals or the ground you walk will go hollow

Pisces - Feb 19 Mar 20
Pieces fall into place for mayhem and adventure this season
The Body Room

I watch as her small hands move over the bones of my shoulders and chest. The skin between her fingers is pale and whispers of blue lines twirl up around the narrow spaces of her knuckles. I imagine what they feel like as they move, since my skin is cold and numb and looks like clay laying on the steel examiner’s table. I can’t help but grimace at the thick twisted sutures that hold all my flesh together, tethering it to my bones so it doesn’t slip away and hang slack like a too large suit.

She’s doing a great job though, I assume. I haven’t actually seen many dead bodies, I wasn’t into the whole social setting that comes with funerals and good byes. I think the body, my body, looks like me, like how I should look. They eyes are closed and I lean in close to get a good angle at the wrinkles around the lids that I could never quite see in the bathroom mirror no matter how far over the sink I leaned. The hair is my colour but dull, like from in a picture that’s faded over time. The girl leans over now too, her hair swayed through my face, my now face that has no shape or colour or feeling. It glistens in the harshly cold overhead lighting, like a shimmering golden fire. Its breath taking, if I had breath to take.

Her name tag says “Trent” , which is a weird name I guess, but I notice that the cuffs of her lab coat are rolled up several times and the hem hangs around her knees. Interesting, I wonder who Trent is and who she is and where her coat is if not here. I will pretend she is Jenna, she looks like a Jenna or a Crystal, maybe, but nothing like a Jessica or an Ashley.
I stand close to her hunched over back, trace the seams with a long tendril that is my left hand. I get transfixed by the threads, how they weave in and out and the curve of her spine flows with life beneath the heavy cotton. Up and down, in and out, inhale exhale. So many things we don’t have in common. I guess we won’t be going on any first dates or group vacations to white sand beaches or chilly snow covered slopes. I laugh at the thought because those moments will never happen and I can think of them as being purely inconceivable.

Jenna straightens quickly and whips around from left to right and backs away from the body. My body. I have to dart out of the way to not get crushed against her tiny frame and the wall behind her filled with metal doors. What happened, anyways? Did I miss something when I was laughing? Oh no, what if she heard me laughing? Can she hear me? Can I hear me? I don’t remember hearing laughter, soft and light or deep and boisterous. There was only silence between the brush strokes of thick makeup being layered onto the more discoloured areas of skin.

The door handle jostles and turns, as the door creaks itself open and a slender teen walks in, I sink into the shadow spaces and tuck myself away. He smiles at Jenna and hands her a coffee, it has foam on top and steams up into the air between them.

“Thanks! I had no time this morning, can you put it there?” She points to the stand that holds the clip board with my information on it and some pens that have long lost their caps.
He places it gentle down to not rustle the delicate foam and as his hand moves away I spot a scratchy scrawl along the side of the cup that says “Jennifer”. I was pretty close.

“Well, I’ve got to get back to the front desk. Come see me when you’re done in here.” He says, squeezing her arm a bit, before he slips out of the small room closing the door behind him.

I let the name drip from my mouth. J e n n i f e r.

She looks around, again, inspecting the empty and not seeming to trust her eyes.

The End
THE LOST BOYS
[THE SERIES]
WHEN: TBD [Proly Fall 2020]
WHERE: THE CW

WHAT WE KNOW:
Not much. The CW has been playing with idea of a series for about 3 years now. Only two main cast members have been signed on, Sam and Grandpa. The Frog brothers are reportedly going to be The Frog Sisters, yay for more women in Horror!
The plot will stick pretty close to the original film. EDIT: Updated Cast List - Most main cast has been confirmed! TVWeb has the details in their article on the Show's New Logo, which features a very simple title font with the addition of blood drips on "Lost's T."

WHAT I WANT FROM IT:
- Set in the 80's
- Don't water it down to fit "drama" standards
- Sutherland cameo?
- People head banging to a greased up sax player
- For Star to not be so helpless
- To fill the hole left by the soon to leave Supernatural