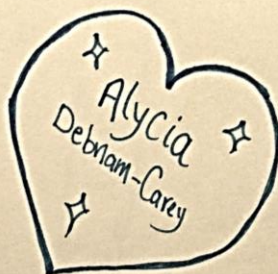


Banshel
#5



CRUSH



For More Issues of Banshee
Instagram: @themrsdixons

Email: amylynnedixon@gmail.com

Open Submissions
Welcome!

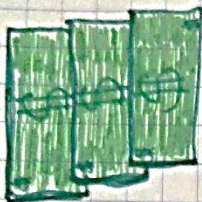
- Short Stories
- Essays
- Art
- Letters
- Poetry
- Reviews (on everything!)
- Photography
- Comics



Adult Stuff

That I Worry About

money



Death

Place
to Live



broken
teeth



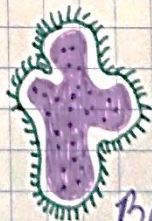
Family



Driving

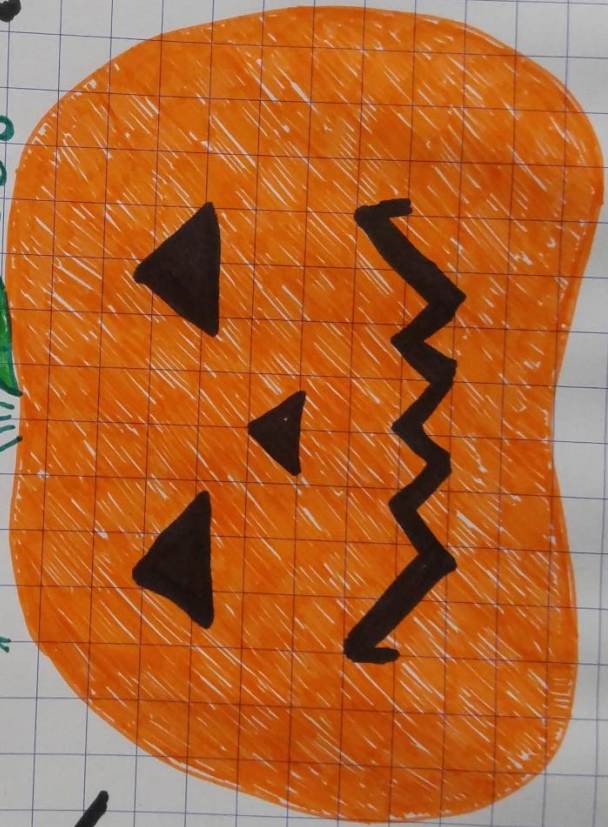


Beep
Beep

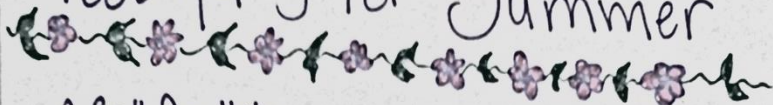


Being
Sick

☆ Every Day is Halloween ☆



Haiku's For Summer



A Call for Help

Soft gentle breezes
suffocate me with hot air,
Please Come for me, Fall.

Blazing

our sun is ^{just} fire,
we watch it burn all ^{summer}
Behind shaded eyes.

Sundays

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

Beaches

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 + is always cool.

2) Had the Best Hair -

Swoopy, 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 under dressed 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

A decorative border made of green vines with small green leaves and tiny pink and purple flowers, framing the entire page.

Sisters

NOT

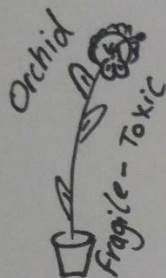
Sisters



My Attempt At A Summer Pumpkin



✧ Plants As People ✧



Oso gonplei nou ste odon



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
even the Darkest of
hearts

Taurus - Apr. 21
May 20

Summer fruit bares
the path to new
connections

Gemini - May 21
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

Vocation Time will
given unexpected
memories

Scorpio - Oct 24
Nov 22

Bitterness will find
away into your inner
circle

Sagittarius - Nov 23
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 fallow

Pisces - Feb 18
Mar 20

Pieces fall into
place for mayham
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. Their 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 [Probably 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 + 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 {Duh}
- 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