Prose Fiction / Romans et nouvelles

## First prize / Premier prix

Title / Titre
Revenant
Designer / Conception graphique
Jessica Sullivan
Author / Auteur
Tristan Hughes
Publisher / Maison d'édition
Douglas \& McIntyre


Illustration / Illustration
Jessica Sullivan
(jacket / joquette)
Printer / Imprimeur
Friesens
Font / Police de caractères
Prensa, Constructa, hand lettering by / caractères écrits à la main par Jessica Sullivan

Trim Size / Format massicoté
$22 \times 14 \mathrm{~cm}$
wanted Del to get caught. I pictured her humiliation. I tut-
tutted with the driver of the car
The sound of the tyres on the gravel was becoming
deafening.
-Will someone please give us a frigging hand here?Ricky hissed.

Up ahead walls and hedges flasted into view. A tree appeared and then abruptiy dissolved Startled animal eyes fickered and flared and vanished in the fields like showers of meteors. Neil and I didn't move. Neil couldn't. And then there were two red lights on the track and they were in front us.

The car had passed by without stopping
As the sound of the tyres receded it was replaced by Del's breathing-low, shallow, staccato gasps that might
have expressed relief or exhaustion or both Her body had slackened and bulged pathetically over the window frame. Her arms had given up and hung limply against the wall. . .
her hands waiting on its stones for mine.
"Cheers for the help, you two." sid Ricky
Del said nothing She asked for nothing
And then 1 laughed.
-What's so fucking funny"- Ricky asked.
But I didn't answer 1 just laughed. And I carried on laugted lawhing with me. Neil didn't make a noise He started laughing winh me. Neil diently up to Del and tried to pull her out while Ricky and llaughed at her
Ricky and laughed at her.
hid her expression. But if Td blow and quiet. The darkness been able to see her naked eyeen able to see her face, if idd might have known right then and there that she'd leave me.

## neil

AST THE ESTATE, past the football field, past Spar, past the post office, past the chapel, past the bus shelter. Ricky's got the right idea-lt's best to keep moving There's pitalis ers and bowsyourfathers and howareyous. They may look ers and bowsyourtathers and howareyous. They may look like they're floating but they've all got tongues. Flip the
slobe over and the snow will start falling. Let them speak slobe over and the snow will start talling Let them speak front of us in drifts and banks. They"l suck our legs in and frecese our feet.
Ricky's better at it than me. His greetings are snowshocs
-A-right, Gruff:- A thumb in the air. A nod. A few quickened paces so as not to break through the surface. Tread adroitly, distribute and diffuse the weight
"A-right, Jack:
A-right, Mrs Evans.
And $i$ t's simple enough for Steph and me to follow in his afely compacted footprints: Steph's a stranger here and We've almost made peak, not even now. We ve almost made it through the village and it's been Del's house and discovered that the one place she isn't is at home I've got past my father's house and I know 1 could speak if I wanted to. a

## Second prize / Deuxième prix

Title / Titre
That Tune Clutches My Heart
Designer / Conception graphique
Andrew Steeves At Gaspereau Press
Ahehos / Auteur

## Paul Headrick

Publisher / Maison d'édition

## Gaspereau Press

Illustration / Illustration
Wesley Bates
(cover illustration / illustration de lo couverture)
Printer / Imprimeur

## Gaspereau Press

Font / Police de caractères
Dwiggins' Electra
Trim Size / Format massicoté
$18 \times 12 \mathrm{~cm}$

© A novel by Paul Headrick ©

Third prize / Troisième prix
Title / Titre
Fear of Fighting
Designer / Conception graphique
Megan Fildes
Author / Auteure
Stacey May Fowles
Publisher / Maison d'édition
Invisible Publishing
Illustration / Illustration
Marlena Zuber
Printer / Imprimeur
Transcontinental métro litho
Font / Police de caractères
Rod McDonald's Laurentian
Trim Size / Format massicoté
$19 \times 15 \mathrm{~cm}$

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SEMIROPVABNM
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Consbaness
808sgow


## TWENTY-SIX

Afer ben and 1 broke up 1 was cocreed into buying a $\$ 169$ silk cockeail dress when I ran ino Beatrice, a former friend from art whool that 1 hadn't seen in over five years. She was Hustered, working in the
That cliche of art school to retall

