

steps aside.

"We find Ricky and Doreen on their knees in the kitchen, cleaning up a spill from this angle, an all-inclusive look at Doreen's cleavage. "Drop number two," Marcus calls out.

"Hey, how about a pie-desert smooke?" Doreen says when she sees us. "We're not all out, are we?"

"Sorry, Babe," Marcus answers.

I thank God for small favours. A little cake and we'll excuse ourselves, go home, climb into bed, forget about everything.

Then Marcus continues. "Well, there at my work stall, but I need a designated driver to get there. How about it, Liz?"

Ricky stops wiping but doesn't raise his head. I wonder if he knows about the apprenticeship sides or not. Farber says he isn't trying to stop what's happening now. He isn't wicking up for me. He isn't anything.

"All right," I blurt out. "I'll drive. If that's what everyone wants."

Ricky still doesn't budge. Now even when I walk past him to the door, with Marcus holding my arm. He just sits on the floor with Doreen, both of them silent, both of them following. A tiny space of air, the only buffer between them.

LIGHT POKES LENS THE ROAD to the mine, illuminating black circles of asphalt below. They're fewer and fewer as we get closer to the worksite, the old pit they closed off last year. Marcus hasn't said much during the drive but he's been singing to the radio, a classic rock station featuring an all-night AC/DC special. When *Have a Drink on Me* ends, he takes a long drag from his cigarette, lighting up the truck cabin. I don't have to look to know his eyes are scanning my body again as the pale orange glow.

We pull up in front of a small trailer with a plastic sign on the outside, the old pit they closed off last year. Marcus hasn't said much during the drive but he's been singing to the radio, a classic rock station featuring an all-night AC/DC special. When *Have a Drink on Me* ends, he takes a long drag from his cigarette, lighting up the truck cabin. I don't have to look to know his eyes are scanning my body again as the pale orange glow.

"Headquarters," he says. "C'mon."

There's an old flatted stacked with pieces of pipe beside the trailer. Next to that, Ricky's forklift, a garbage bin filled with scrap metal, and off to the left a long piece of uncut railings

pipe sitting on the ground, some with one end cut by a pair of shears and into the building.

"The heart of *Northern Ropying*," Marcus says. He spreads his arms and gestures around the place. "Now much to look at, huh?"

I shake my head. There's a desk in the middle of the room where I picture Ricky eating the lunches I pack him. Then I notice a stack of dirty magazines and hope he sees outside. A tall bookshelf stands against the wall filled with plastic tubing and metal, a pair of twisted chainsaw blades. There's another desk in the corner, some chairs, a mud-caked raincoat, the smell of old mushrooms. Everything about this place is interesting but what I'm really thinking about is what's going on at the house with Ricky and Doreen. Leaving him there feels like leaving a child in a store that sells only newspapers.

"Better get the stuff," I say. "Everyone'll be wondering..."

"They're fine. Doreen's a born entertainer!" Marcus pushes a chair over to the bookshelf and looks up at a small piece of plumber's pipe on the top ledge. "Give me a hand here Liz. I'm a bit tipsy. The post's inside that pipe!"

"It's hot in the trailer and I'm feeling a little dizzy myself. But the faster we do this, the faster we'll get back to the house. So I climb up on the chair and hold the edge of the bookshelf for balance.

"Don't worry," Marcus says. He grabs my legs with both hands. "I got you."

I find a plastic bag inside the tube but it's stuck. "I can't get it," I say.

Marcus's hands slide up my thighs. "C'mon baby!"

I rag harder. But nothing gives.

"You can do it," he says. His fingers start to pinch, squeezing the flesh through my jeans. I can feel the heat of his breath on my ass. Then I feel his lips, his grates.

In one quick motion, I grab the entire chunk of pipe and jump down, twisting my ankle as I land on the trailer floor. The pipe spins off under the desk.

"Jeez Liz. You all right?"

My ankle throbs and my hip feels bruised. Ahn, I wait



CRAIG FRANCIS POWER
THE HOPE.

STÉPHANIE BOULAY

À l'abri des hommes et des choses

Lui en mettre plein la bouche pour Le nourrir à Sa faim.

I'ai apporté une canne de conserve à Caroline pour qu'elle puisse se nourrir avec son Theure du midi, des langues de porc, je trouvais que ça lui allait bien comme plat. J'avais eu l'accord à Tit, à qui j'ai dû expliquer ma planification, et elle a en fait très contente et bien fière. Peut-être que c'est parce que ça la débarrassera de l'amour que j'ai en trop et qu'elle ne peut plus tout boum ni me redonner en retour, depuis qu'elle a trouvé un autre vase, je la soupçonne, en tout cas, mais elle ne veut pas me le dire encore, par peur qu'il ne soit pas encore partagé. J'imagine. Quand je repense à ma dernière rencontre avec Éline, je sais qu'elle le savait elle aussi sans vouloir me le dire, et que c'est peut-être ça qu'elle m'a amitié à Caroline, pour me protéger de la douleur du monde. Je ne lui en veux pas car je sais que son cœur est doux comme un lièvre blanc d'hiver, ou comme ses mains.

SHOP

c'est à cause de nos pollutions. Il paraît qu'on fait tous partie d'un grand et tout qui détruit l'univers pour cause d'apocalypse, mais j'ai trop peur de demander ce que c'est exactement, car ça sonne comme du bruit et du bruit, on ne sait pas ce que ça peut nous faire.

Le ferry a retardé sa sortie des eaux. Il ne se stationne pas, le navigateur fait des heures supplémentaires pour engraisser son ventre gonflable, selon lui, et les étrangers peuvent encore se faire des provisions d'hiver au marché commercial. Moi, je ne les vois pas, quand je passe devant, je le cherche qui serait en train de me garder ma place assise.

Je le savais, que ça n'était pas normal pour la place, mais j'y ai bien réfléchi et, selon moi, c'est aussi la volonté du Ciel, pas juste celle des hommes. Je pense que c'est parce que Dieu, sa Trinité et le Grand Esprit étaient de bon bord dans la prière à Tit. Je pense qu'ils ont vu mon gros cœur plein de larmes dedans que j'avais ravalées dans ma grange, mon gâteau de fête, ma Grande Noirecœur, et qu'ils ont senti qu'ils devaient faire quelque chose pour mon âme, comme empêcher l'hiver d'arriver. Je les vois dans ma tête, la Sainte Trinité, prendre la Terre pour l'empêcher de peucher du mauvais bord, la retenir avec des chevaux et des buffles attachés à des courroies vertes, qui courent en sens inverse de sa rotation normale et qui tiennent bon, même s'ils ne réussissent pas bien. Bien sûr, les courroies vont casser, les chevaux et les buffles vont s'envoler dans l'espace, morts, et des gros litres de glace vont se former tout d'un coup, en emprisonnant en eux la langue des petites bêtes qui seront en train de

boire sur la moi. Cette p yeux.

J'ai manqué, que Tit dit quelque chose à cause de n pas tué une que je suis donc pas revus d'amoi. L'âme plus. La rivière l, moins je po s'il m'a fait Savoir s'il n triver. Du m, sais qu'il m je le Lui si c'est comm ment pas t tout de mé que Tit dit j'ai l'air cul pêche d'av temps, je n dans mon c pourquoi a dommé à Éle pour m'ai pas aussi q ciale, finale ché d'y pi

wobbly bits reminded me of grubs totally going for the big leap over the falls. The bellies of my old schoolmates a life and an animal intelligence of their very own, beneath the hot lights of the stage, in a last desperate attempt to recapture some teenage glory.

And then later, one of our old classmates asking "So Catherine tell me - what is it that you do?"

"What do I do?" Catherine says. The vein in her neck pulses with a metronomic rhythm.

The thump of that fucking heartbeat in that fading sun. I've watched it. Right in the middle of things, Catherine throwing her head back, sweat on her face, like a horse loving its mane, grinding away on me, that vein bulging out like a rope leading to heaven. Like a rope pulled taut from her heart straight through to her brain. A thread coming down to me that pulsing away, like a fishing line. And man, Liz, don't I hate that last every time? Don't I just love to see her like that, with her head tossed back, whispering it rests, to quote a little film based on you?

"I am a servant," Catherine says.

"What?"

"Yeah I'm a servant."

Ho, ho, ho," says Martin, burping in "She's writing. She's a writer."

"It's just a hobby," Catherine says, bitterly. "I work in a restaurant."

"She's a server. Not a servant, ho ho." Martin's eye shooting around.

"Oh, Liz!"

"She's just been picked up by an agent." I say, and Catherine, that vein pumping, giving me the death stare.

"Something wrong with being a servant?" Catherine asks.

I recall suddenly the wonderful head bun of years past and grip my plates in a graspful full of Spire out of love or lust I know not what, does Liz Catherine turns away takes my and Martin's hand, and the three of us know the gymnast in before even the Berenshof's lazers have found their way off the stage.

LOST ANIMAL CLUB

STORIES BY KEVIN A. COUTURE

STORIES TO GREEN

Marcus doesn't move for a second steps aside.

"We find Ricky and Doreen on the cleaning up a spill from this angle, Doreen's cleavage. "Drop number two." "Hey, how about a pie-desert smooke?" Doreen says when she sees us. "We're not all out, are we?"

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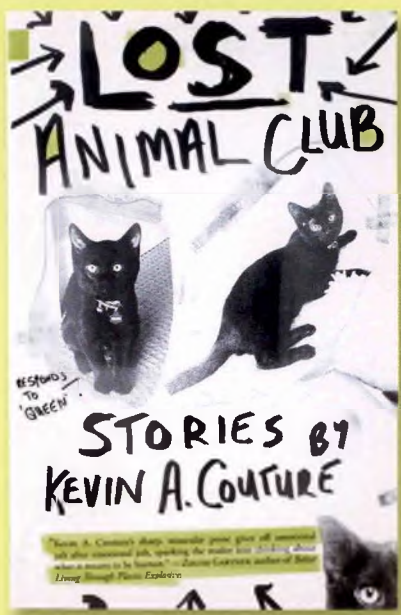
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with dried blood on her hands
 sed
 beds on the gravel shoulder
 and to do? Catherine had asked me
 of question
 had put her hand on its neck one last time
 had said "I'm sorry"
 or some reason—the ten, the Beethack. Goodbye
 up of our ten year high school reunion. All those
 now bumps with weird lumpy bits beneath their
 out with their elbows as me, Martin and Catherine
 museum, where the Heart boys basketball team (at
 I, I did you see, "the Hoosiers") had a home court
 is. The only detail coming when what point guard
 out said a broken nose
 pink and violet to flatter the suspiciously plastic
 was thought to be the most prominent class of
 sad ever seen. Catherine's face so sweet and flushed
 ed up by her first literary agent, smiling away at all
 igh they'd never had a bad word to say to her.
 popular (and only) to look hand, the Beautiful Ladies
 sweat on the singer's head already gleaming. The
 ones (with swinging in and fit as the lock drum
 landing with our drinks while Catherine dances to
 100

even ten years since the lawyer's son, the doctor's son,
 a business man had treated those hallways, their
 it as planks? The popped collars, the hand-me-down
 in suits. The skin atop the Bookers, the cranes of
 related shopping ra uncions to who knows where?
 ed now, little bellies nudged with abandon just above
 related fit Levi's. I later told Catherine how those

me à lui et
 pleurs aux

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 'suis recon-
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 Jean m'entraî-
 e in vie spé-
 'm a empê-
 ses bâtons



me à lui et
 pleurs aux

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pipe curving out between the trees. We go past everything, up
 the steps and into the building.
 "The heart of *Northern Recycling*," Marcus says. He spreads
 his arms and gestures around the place. "Not much to look at,
 huh?"
 I shake my head. There's a desk in the middle of the room
 where I picture Ricky eating the lunches I pack him. Then I
 notice a stack of dirty magazines and hope he eats outside. A
 tall bookshelf stands against the wall filled with plastic cubing
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 Marcus's hands slide up my thighs. "C'mon baby."
 I tug harder. But nothing gives.
 "You can do it," he says. His fingers start to pinch, squeez-
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 on my ass. Then I feel his lips, his goatee...
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 numbing rhythm.
 The rhythm of that fucking baseball in that fucking vein. I've watched
 it. Right in the middle of things, Catherine throwing her head back, just
 back, like a horse tossing its mane, grinding away on me, that vein bulging
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 "What?"
 "Yeah, I'm a servant."
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 "Oh ho ho."
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 plastic wineglass full of Sprite out of fear or lust I know not which, dir, Lee.
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 their way off the stage.

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POEM FIVE OF TEN FOR AND ABOUT CATHERINE PRINCE

Widow it goes right,
 readers Doreen in what he will!

Apparently, that's what happens
 when you die
 of apoplexy
 BOO!aa!

As had the wife passed
 under black, though at his case.

Widow it goes right,
 readers Doreen in what he will!

The strength of poetry of it,
 because post then

Widow it goes right,
 readers Doreen in what he will!

and for an instant, it's not a what job,
 but a fucking sympathy.

Widow it goes right,
 readers Doreen in what he will!

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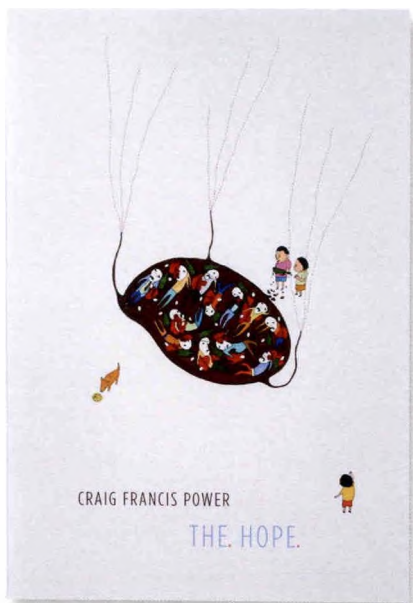
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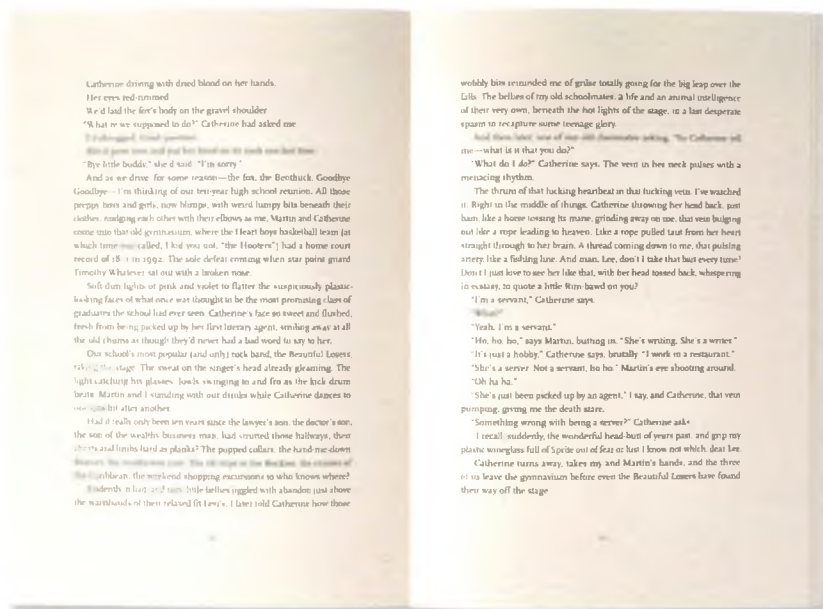
CRAIG FRANCIS POWER
 THE HOPE.

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE
Beth Oberholtzer
(Oberholtzer Design Inc.)



The cover illustration has an understated confidence that is immediately appealing; the interior is sophisticated, with good balance and margins, and small details that unite the text with the cover.

L'illustration de la couverture présente une assurance sobre qui attire l'œil immédiatement; l'intérieur est sophistiqué, avec de bonnes marges et un bon équilibre, ainsi que de petits détails qui unissent le texte à la couverture.



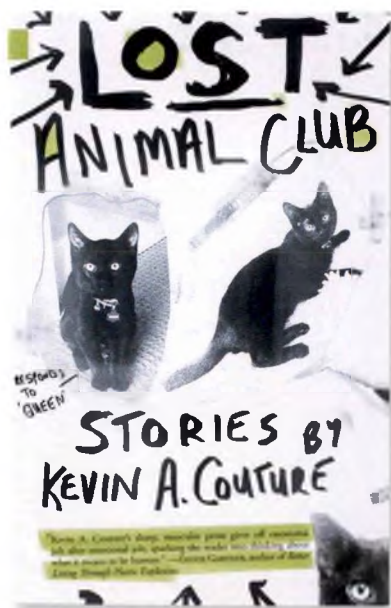
PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Pedlar Press** AUTHORS | AUTEUR **Craig Francis Power** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE
Coach House Printing | TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Gotham & Scala** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTE
204 x 140 mm. ISBN 9781897141786

PROSE FICTION
Second Prize

ROMANS ET NOUVELLE
Deuxième prix

TITLE | TITRE
Lost Animal Club: Stories

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE
Kate Hargreaves



The hand-lettered feel of the cover has a slightly rough but eye-catching beauty, and the secondary colour is a smart, unexpected choice.

L'aspect « écriture à la main » de la couverture a une beauté un peu rude mais accrocheuse et la couleur secondaire dénote un choix intelligent et inattendu.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **NeWest Press** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Kevin A. Couture** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Friesens**
TYPEFACE | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Adobe Garamond Pro & hand lettering** | TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTE **216 x 140 mm.**
ISBN 9781926455662



Another very strong cover—the illustration is impossible to ignore, and works effortlessly with the type and colour choices.

Une autre couverture puissante; impossible d'ignorer l'illustration qui s'agence aisément avec les choix de caractères et de couleurs.



