

Guide Lions

By Kevin McCarthy

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Velcro Voices offers literary comfort. Contributors should be decorous. Nonthreatening. Familiar. Reassuring. Properly attired. Melodious. Lulling. Try the passive voice for a change. Beg pardon. Submit simultaneously. Continually. Send your second-best work. Hush.

Sad Balloon is feeling pooppy just now. Next month, we might be ready for the deep, the visceral, the purple, the pulsing. Grope our gravitas. Open a vainglory. Pressurize the submersible. Flounder the ricochet of modernity. Bleed. Have us sobbing by the second sentence. Or don't bother.

Moss and Rust has been impressing the hell out of everyone for 150 years. Of course we don't accept on-line submissions. (What are you *thinking*?) Submit on Thursdays in April and July. Send four copies of 26 poems or 42 pages of fiction on 11-lb bond, taupe, onion-skin paper in Old Baskerville type. Exclusive. Give us two years.

Depilatory Discourse needs incendiary verbiage. Words that scorch. Words that fry the convenient, the conventional, the conjunctive. Singe our eyebrows. Blister our dainty sensibilities. Dragon-belch our office till smoke roils from the transom. Then hose us down and tell us what you're wearing.

99X publishes a steaming carload of 99-word excuses twice a year. So, think: why have you been such a disappointment? To your teddy, to your grammy, to Tolkien. (He still expects so much.) You had promise. Where did it all go wrong? Did you let a dog down by faking the throw? Is redemption still possible? (Not if you faked the throw.) Send your best song-and-dance.

Kidi Litta wants the wickedly exhilarating. Send us something that can clear a room. The brilliantly pathetic. The ferociously disgusting. Smart-ass dismissals and selfie-absorption. Humiliation. Devious garments. Tell us, with adjectives that cloy, why *Kidi Litta* is the salvation of modern literature.

Ironic Wedgie wants to you to check in. Why haven't you written? Whatever happened to that depressing novel you used to go on about? Send pages. They'd better not be crap. Or let us see some of your whiny little poems. All submissions wittily ridiculed. You *will* love it.

Streptococcus is the premier triple-blind glossy journal of the late middle-spring. Enter to win the Cleetus J. Hamsterish Master of the Semicolon Prize. Send unsigned, unmarked, single pages separately: 12-pt. Courier 24-lb, 96-brightness Carolina-Atlantic paper, wiped of fingerprints. Don't you dare follow up. We will find you.

Obfusatory Onamastics features the effete, the erudite, the opaque. Bricks of multi-syllabic code for un-budging academics. Nuance parsed to distraction. The esoteric dissembled. Give us the old post-doc try. Paragraphing optional. Beefy SASE required. You must address detailed comments in detail. No.

Piranba Lips is ISO the concise, the pithy, the thumbable. So flash, then dice. Channel Emerson on Twitter. Blurb how Nietche would text Goebbels. Followers ask, Who R U IRL? Quick now. Friendscape PL and catch a wave. Brevity over clarity. Pith and poke. Troll and flame. Y? Just b/c. Consummate the hivemind.

Slugmuffin is the most serious journal in Portland, OR. Upcoming themes: forty shades of blot, sprinkles of insanity, the royal ennui, the eternal afternoon. Sop us up. Check out our Extremely Long Fiction Contest. The winner receives 17 glorious weeks at Mold Manor (new rule: no guns).

HobbledeHowl demands that you Like our petulence. Explain why ruls kill geneous. Demonstrate the tyrani, of Punkchuation. of grammer. Give all, the reasans why bleak is the only color. Why old-school editors hate us. why they should be inked; to deth.

Tonsil Tribe croons the sweet soul of NE McGuffin County Community College. We believe jewels lurk in the strangest places. In angst-filled crannies. In teetering drafts. In fingertips flying. We find them and bind them. Perfectly. We try very hard. We believe. You believed once too, yes? Try again, just for us.