

New Fiction by Benjamin Inks: Contract

On Monday I wore a cowboy hat to work—just to see if I could.

Employees at Brick Albert seldom break the unspoken dress code of a Costco button-down paired with either khaki, black, or navy-blue slacks. Once you get pegged as dressing a certain way, any deviation only invites conversation, and I don't like talking about myself.

New Fiction by Brian Conlon: Gretchen the Dog

Gretchen had been a fighter pilot. I mean, she wasn't actually, but she barked at the planes—loud. She was originally assigned to patrol the base, but was too good, wouldn't let anyone in or out. She didn't trust photos, birth dates, bar codes, any of that.

Poetry by Amalie Flynn: “Ours”

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New Poetry by D.R. James: “Stunned”

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New Review by James Mathews: All Quiet in The Deadeniḡ

Such literary drawbacks are notably absent in Jim Beane’s debut novel, *The Deadeniḡ*, which features the return from war-torn Europe of American soldier Harrell Hickman. Like so many young veterans during this time, the euphoria of victory parades came and went in an instant.