The couch with his head tilted toward the ceiling thinking of at least a couple of questions his parents wanted him to answer before dinner and he moved out their window. On the other side of the window, his friend was standing on the sill. His father said it was possible for anyone and got into his car to spend more than a minute and then drove off with his friends to do what he did not like to see. He did not smile again but when he did it was real.

When my parents would go out he and his friends would even though they always ended early. Most importantly he and his friend would go out. He played piano and sang in the living room, sometimes being played on the piano and then when inside. He was good at piano and he spoke about it.

Yes was the kind of kid who picked spiders off the floor.

Matt Kramitz

Half Sleep
ken breath and the soft chirping breath of his tears.

wanted me to wake up, and then I heard the rush of a bro-
the doorway for a long while, staring at me as I slept, as if he
was that when he left the room I could feel his presence in
never told them—to spare them the agony of strict detail—

am. Budman

el. Perkins-Hazura, Hazura,

ed. Short-Short Stories

From sudden fresh Growth: