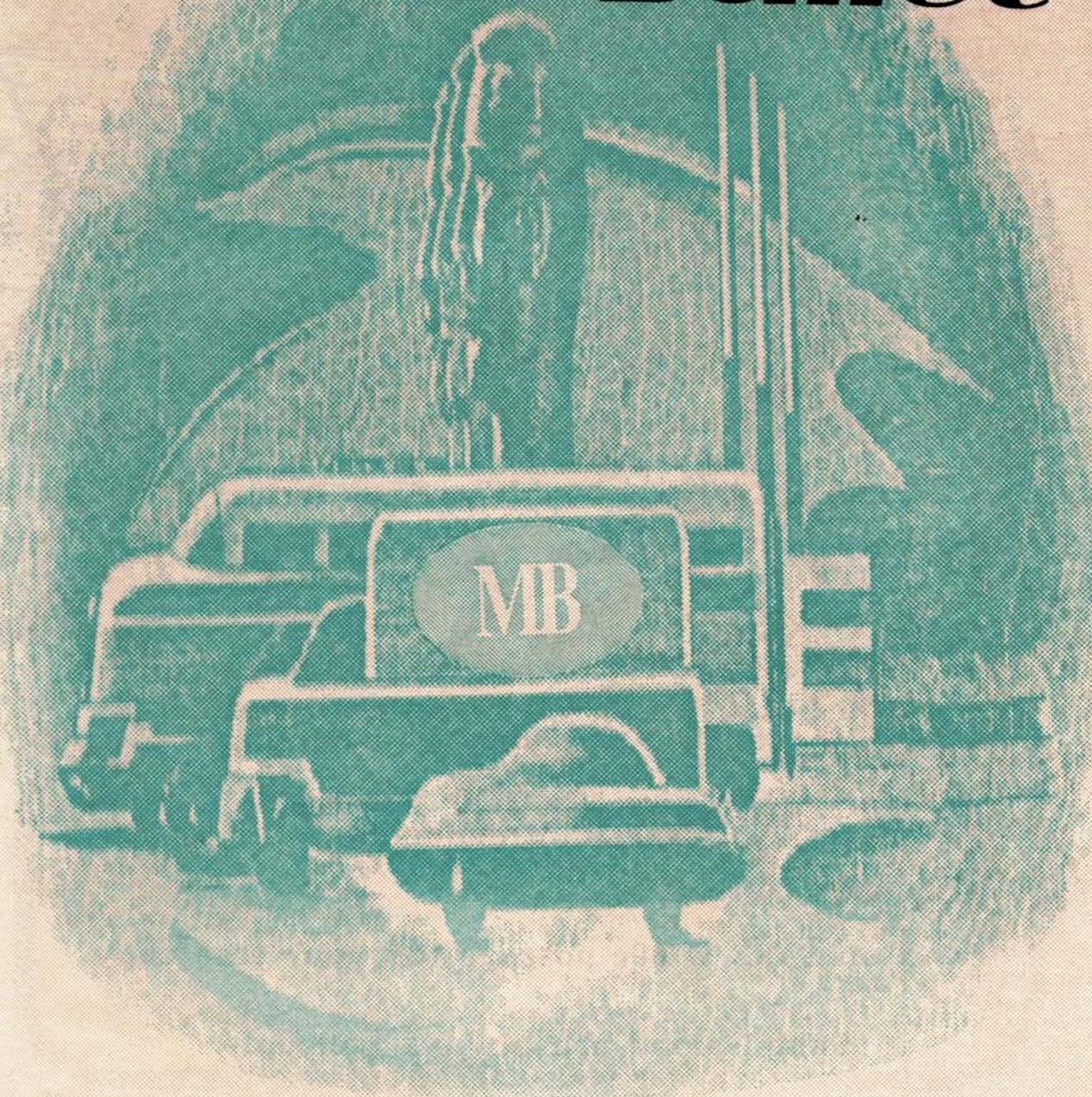
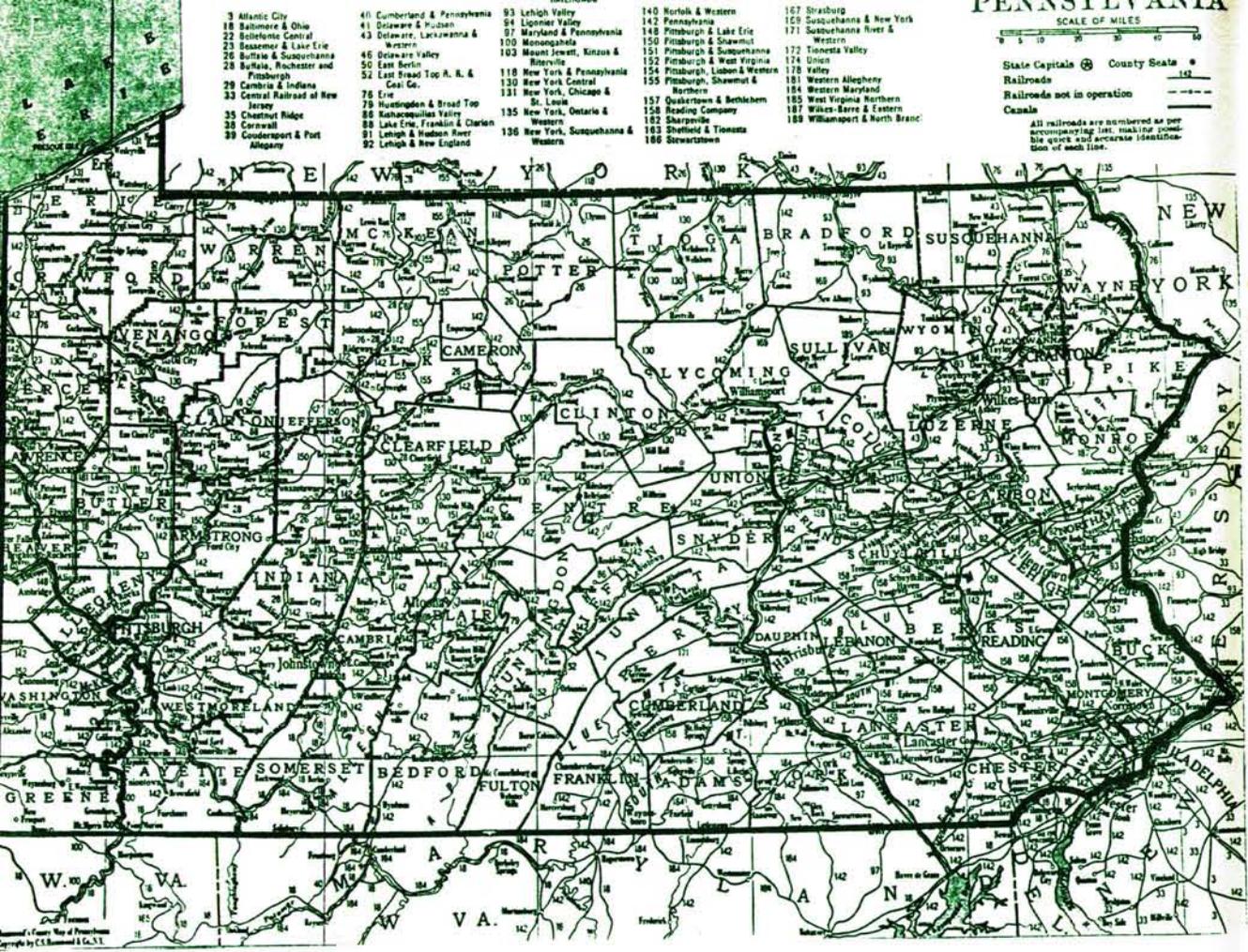


# MAGIC

4:2  
March/April  
1988

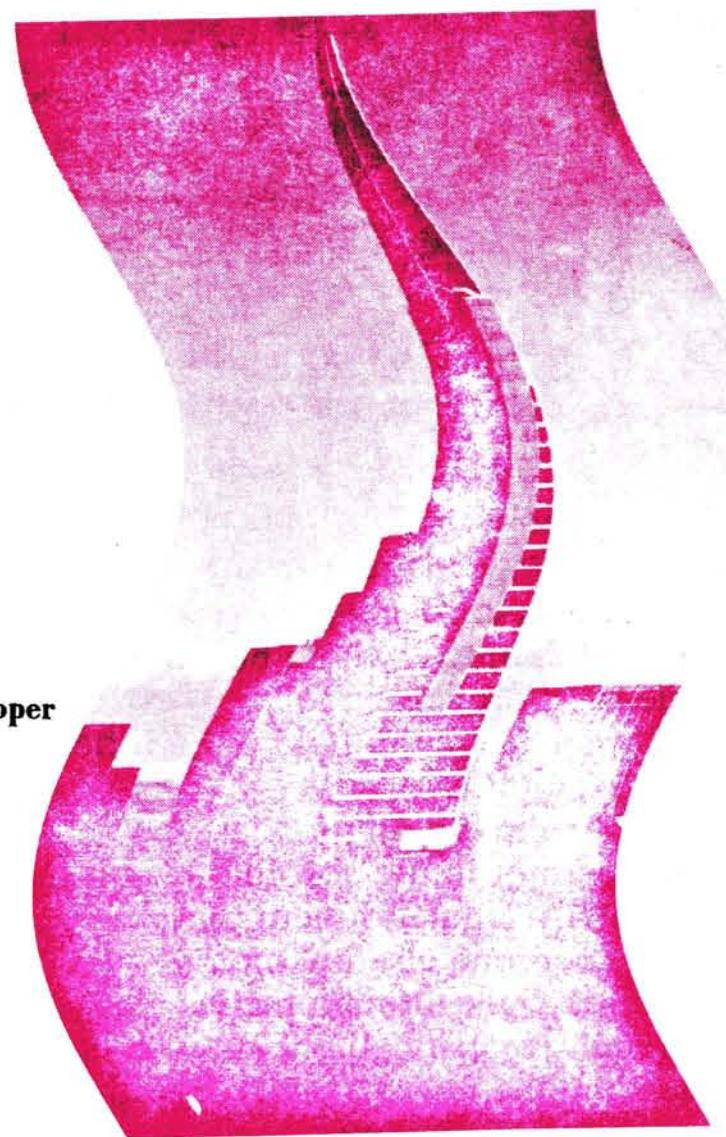
# Bullet





**REMINDER**  
what  
lies  
on  
top  
of  
us  
destroys us  
all.

**johnny cooper**



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he is just some guy  
I'm assigning a whole bunch of  
pleasant properties to  
in order for me to hold out a little longer  
towards my visions  
which actually don't exist  
at least not in the absolute  
states I relegate to them  
and everyone else but me  
can see right through them  
though idealistically he may be  
just the the fairy to take me to them  
he is just some guy  
I've placed towering over the sky  
damn I think there's a mote in my eye



*candy kaucher*

# Amanda

They had been on the road for about two days when an old man in a '64 Apache stopped and took them most of the way to Sioux Falls. A salesman picked them up on Route 90 just before the state patrol passed by and would have arrested them both for hitch hiking and vagrancy.

The salesman took them all the way to Sioux Falls. The dog was last seen walking towards the cattle yards.

Amanda and the salesman spent a restless night at the Cloud 9. He left early that morning without saying good-bye. Amanda woke to the smell of the coffee he had left her and the sound of his chrysler turning over and pulling out of the lot.

Amanda never left Sioux Falls.

She hasn't slept much since the dog left, spending her days at the diner playing mother to too many truck drivers and her nights as the desk clerk at the Cloud 9 trying her best to ignore too many salesmen.

If you're lost, stay put, they say. Some one will find you. She stays put and waits for a hero, thinks about the dog and Morgan, and wonders if either of them will ever pass through.











