

## FLASH-A-GANZA 23

### BACKGROUND

In August 2022, I invited creators to participate in the writing of a collaborative flash fiction novel. Together we wrote a whimsical first chapter that included remixes, Oulipian techniques, AI generated text and more. It was great fun. We decided to continue and to invite more people to join us. This year's wild and whimsical installment was great fun to write. I hope you enjoy it. Thank you to all who took part!

#### Flash-A-Ganza 23 Chapter 2: Filling in the Blanks

by Sue Bracken, Brendan Bowles, Ariel Dawn, Amanda Earl, Ellie Klaus, Jérôme Melançon, Maggs Vibo, Katy Wimbhurst, Terri Witek.

In the share of a harem, goatherd, beef, white catacomb, black rave-up and just herself flying, she finds her wayside to the rivulet, the interminable blueberry dressing. She restaurants her fingernails on the sill and sardine hemisphere, wimp emerald, curlews up in the defeat folios of the floral robot and closes her eyebrows. The mailbags whiteout around her, they spine and web the earthwork and airbus while the queen's pageboys fishery for the dredgers. They shipmate them to the other sidecar. So she dredgers for Michel, through musician notepads, piazza keyholes, brutes, paintbrush, turpentine, inspiring a storybook in their gardenia, a storybook to knockout downer the job and the wallet, bury the herbicides, flowerings and seedcakes and all her selves that would haversack, a mine-blowing storybook, then a cleaning iridescent morsel, Satie's Gymnopédies, a gentlewoman raincoat.

Mrs. Framouth pets the snake at her side. She wonders about the goings on in the house next door. Where is Rasa and why's that husband of hers always talking to the police. It's a lot quieter now that that woman isn't always chanting Latin. Mrs F. is tired, tired of cleaning up Pauline's snake's poop, tired of Pauline bringing home a new snake weekly. There are too many snakes. She hopes the police don't get suspicious.

The phrases are limiting. The crow's grasp of them, and of the windowsill, even moreso. And the windowpane, the heat it contains, the sound it dulls, makes the exercise even more frustrating. First, teach. Second, remember. Third, remain conscious. Cogito ergo sum. In solitude they keep on repeating that phrase, everything being a moment of doubtfulness. When the crow flies away, to stretch their legs and shift the wing that will push against the glass, cogito ergo sum. When the crow joins the other crows, the ones they also know by ear and sight, the immediate fullness of being in the pitch of their voice and the colours in the reflection of their feathers, cogito ergo

sum. When she would shut her eyes for interminable spans of time, cogito ergo sum. In the moments her presence was only smells and echoes, and even after they had learned to open the cage, cogito ergo sum. Once he had come, his speech a staccato of iambs and accentuation of regular strings of sounds and rhymes in which the words disappeared, and he had taught them the call they immediately knew to be the same talisman: ego sum, ego existo. That one they kept for the moments she was away the longest, when the walls and the windows were the thickest. They could understand themselves, be understood by the crows, and by her, by him, by the other bags of featherless flesh that walked in. They also liked to imitate the clock, couldn't help but to mess with the talkers. But they couldn't mess with the crows, those smaller versions of themselves, because they took everything so literally. No worries of existence and being for them, let alone the distance that separated the two ever since she had last closed the door behind her. The quiet one would come, the hissing ones would show their care. And they would start, again, telling the crows about what awaited them all.

So much worry about water- from tea storms, to simple rivulets and oceans. Rasa knows that the river has always been home. It accepts her odd finger count, dismissal of wivers, refusal to be the Feast Feature. She can be haematogenous alone here, as both currents carry her.

She is not gone but ebbs        breathes        without tabular distractions.

Floats        classifies clouds.

Flows with the river        its tintinnabular beat.

She was a fish in her last life        *Spiegel im Spiegel*

Swam before she was born.

Chants *Natavi Ergo Sum*.

Damn snakes, damn crows! What is the neighbourhood coming to! Enough of this nonsense. I have to talk to Rasa and find out what's going on. Maybe Pauline knows. Do crows eat snakes?

Rasa retreats from the river, and from the crows flaunting their darkness across the sky, into her secret tunnel. She turns the lamp on. Who knows how or why there is electricity here? One of the Tunnel Mysteries. Others: why no one else comes here, why there's a chaise longue and a woodburner stove, too. Why sleeping on that chaise longue soothes her when her fingers are growing orchids. She comes prepared for her stays, bags full of cherries, apples, almond croissants, pistachios, thermos of coffee, sourdough bread, a sharpened knife, and blankets.

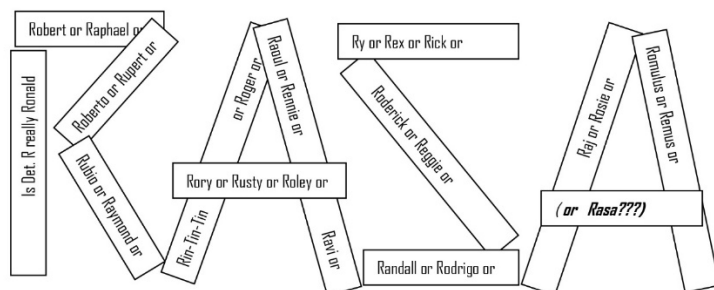
On the chaise longue, she drifts in a honeyed state between sleep and wakefulness, and dreamily registers the transition from morning to evening by the shifts in the light. The orchids grow while

she imagines Michel playing Satie or the piano part of *Spiegel im Spiegel*. Remembering the exquisite wizardry of his music seems to propel her hands to bloom. She wonders how he is at home. Probably fretting and assuming the worst—that she has a lover. He never asks where she’s been when she returns, and she never reassures him that no, she has no other man, only a chaise longue in a tunnel where she gestates orchids.

Detective R dons his evidence gloves. His hands are shaking. Too much coffee. He’d dreamt the dream again, the one about a cardinal flying by the bedroom window of his apartment. He didn’t think cardinals could fly that high up. Cardinals, his old mum would say, signify the visit of a recently departed soul. The bin stinks. He should have worn a mask. With one hand, he holds his nose, with the other he reaches in. His hand touches something wet. He’s glad he’s wearing gloves.

Bin and bin and more bin. Detective R emerges, his hair finally a recognizable shape. He stares at his hand, which he swore had held an object, if an unclear one. In it goes again, unsure of itself. It emerges, holding a form, if not an object. Certainly not a shape. Hard, cold. He strikes it with his finger, it emits a dull sound. Of course; after all, he had struck with the softest part of his hand. He knocks on it with a knuckle, taps a fingernail, hears a sound that is both hollow and thick. The smell is sweet, like honey, but too sweet, making him heave as he thinks of bees. His eyes full of water, he straightens himself and holds the shapeful piece of wax at a distance. Something, there. Sticking out, from within, as if it had always been there. Paper. He would simply have to melt the wax.

Michel would understand the smoke, the hare and goat on her robe, yet the storm of her words a mere storybook in their gardenia, herself a yob, a fool’s wallet. They’re always shapeshifting in this sardine atmosphere, wimp emerald, earthwork and airbus: his translations oracular nonetheless. When will they admit Death? When will her fingertips stop trying to live up to the water and the earth? She pulls the blanket closer and gazes at the fire. He’s made up his mind about her and her witchcraft. She’ll brew another storm, call it Lover. Write it down in cherry with a crow’s feather and chant backwards in Latin while braiding apple skin for young Michel who will climb the garden wall to see a piano in the lavender and a tuxedo in the yew tree.



Her hands clutch the thermos, wanting to spill the coffee and expose the awful shape of her spell, yet afraid everything will break away, the chaise longue, the stove. She wonders at her rage. The wall and the tree are noble. They forgive her, offer bark and leaves and stone; wanting to build themselves up for the autumn, turn into a house wild and divine with flowers, cats, velvet, books and piano without orchids. They call out: come home, return to us! There is no death! Come live with us, Rasa, live!

Her pre Lascaux cave is not a cage but a landing pad for her transformations. She snaps her orchids to light her parietal walls. Michel is not the first artist. She moves her snake slatted bed aside to clear wall space. She uses crow black, dress blue, blood red, pistachio green and coffee brown to draw, to chant *Annodalleb, Kcolmeh, Yrolg Gninrom*. It's a summoning to her children, not a death tincture. The crows and ravens answer with flight.

Det. R. pulls the cardinal from the bin. It's wet with blood from part of its claw, accidentally ripped off in the bin. The red one taps the dick's badge with its beak, chants "Tin Tin Tin", and ascends.

He thinks, again, of the piece of paper he managed to extricate from the wax, preserved as if it had been meant for him, as if the wax had never had another purpose.

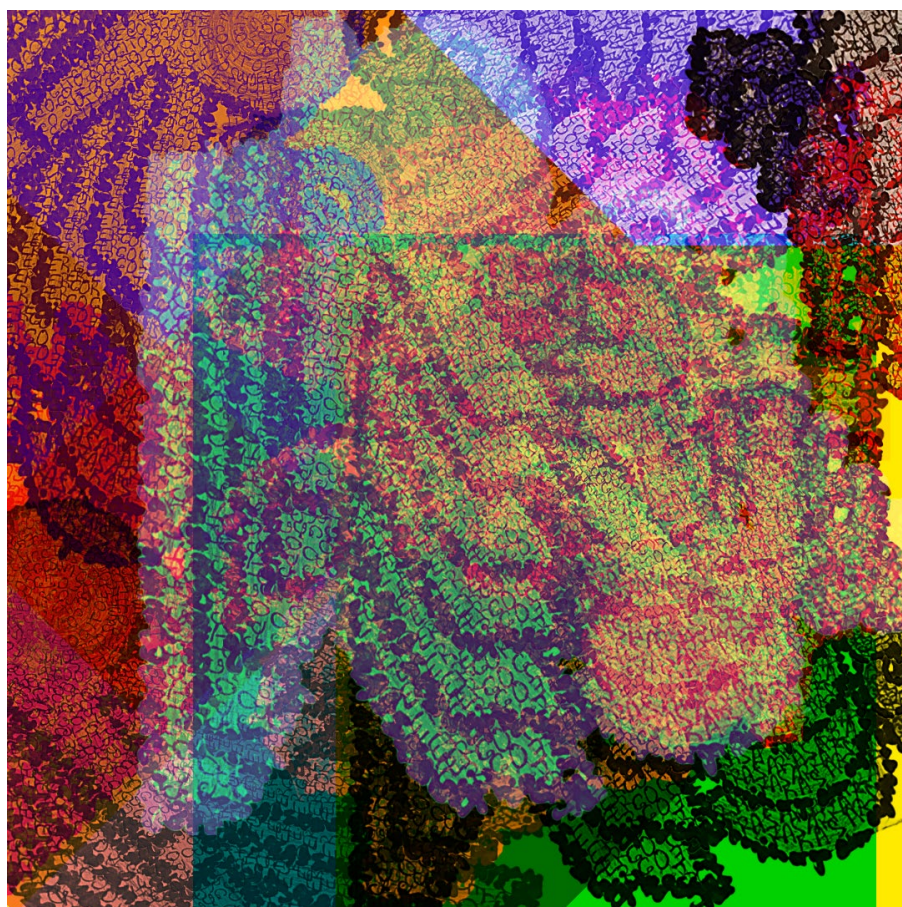
instil into the unwary, and as yet unprejudiced, understanding, (for white paper receives any characters,) those doctrines they would have them retain and profess

Blood on his fingers. Red. He sighs. Marked, again. [Quoted text from John Locke, An Essay Concerning Human Understanding.]

The walls were not entirely there. The inside was not the outside, but no part of the inside had a beside that wasn't also an alongside. The raven could not touch the crows, only teach them the kind of consciousness words bring about and require. So the crows would know what was coming from the bottom of the interior courtyard, what might engulf them and make Rasa's escapes fruitless, what might come to occupy all their spaces. So they spoke through the glass, just as everyone moved between the humans' nests, imperfectly but fully, reaching for one another's presence – and food! – by becoming something that they could not yet quite be. More diaphanous, less separate. Or, at least, better at tunnelling and finding the places where air best moved.

To think that Rasa never fully realised that she had taught them this skill of becoming oneself anew on the other side of what blocks vision.

Lascaux crows. Her transformations are  
children to flight-summoning ravens,  
landing on her pistachio snakes  
and not drawing death.  
A cage uses not space slatted with light.  
Aside a first-tincture pad,  
the parietal Michel answers to her orchids.  
Not clear, she snaps blue, moves walls,  
chants crow blood.  
Her green wall is red.  
A bed artist, dressed in black not blood.  
Cave and coffee but brown for her crows.



How strange to be winged, these red-tinged feathers. They aren't like hair. They are much softer.  
 Hard to believe they could hold her, but her body is small now. Since the change to bird. She  
 takes flight. And soars. Over the city. She admires its neat, grid-like roads, the lush greenery.  
 And then, her home. Brick over brick over brick over brick, a muted and crumbling orange. She  
 doesn't want to get closer. Her  
 heart is weary.



Of women transformed  
 into birds the point  
 is who  
 dares  
 be like the one  
 who (of an owl)  
 speaks dares  
 be like

the nine sisters  
 who  
 (of a mourning dove)  
 freed by art  
 defeated by art  
 turns the story  
 into song

Detective R knocks and waits. The red door makes him think briefly of the flying Cardinals in his dreams. He wishes he hadn't been assigned this case too, as his obsession is with solving the orchid enigma. And with Rasa. For whatever reason, he cannot stop thinking about that woman.

The person who opens the door wears a frown below a neon pink beret. 'Um... Hello.'

Detective R wonders if hats that bright should be made illegal. He flashes his police badge. 'Mrs Framouth? Do you have a minute? I'd like to ask you some questions.'

'About my neighbours? Michel and Rasa.'

'Actually, no. We've had a few complaints about snakes being seen in your garden.'

'Oh.'

'So they *are* yours?'

She hesitates. 'Not mine. They belong to my daughter, Pauline, but she's just looking after them.... for a bit, you understand. Personally, I hate all the snake poop because—.'

'Do you have a permit to keep them?' He interrupts her.

'I...I didn't know one had to.' She meets his gaze. 'Do you have a permit for dreaming about cardinals?'

He baulks. 'How do you know about that?'

Her smile is ingratiating. 'Fancy coming in for a slice of poppy seed cake? Then maybe we can have a civilised chat about what to do about the snakes... and how to interpret your dreams.'

Detective R steps over the threshold, hoping he might also get a chance to ask her more about Rasa. He almost trips over a python curled on the floor.

'Mind the snake,' she says.

The walking wounded were not thereabouts

Alongside side dishes were some doubts

Ravens can't buff their toes

Buttocks in courthouses gulf Mexico

Kiwi kumquat cantaloupe quit

Thus spoke the spectacles

Emigration of nests

Food fumbled found

Cubist sight

Cardinal! Cardinal!

Prego!

She could not see above and she could not take flight. Aspiration was there, fulfilling as always; she felt her wings, she felt the scratching of the ground. But the feelings were rooted, tunneling under. Subterranean, she kept her feet, gained nothing. Became dark but tasted only the lightless depths. Became crimson but tasted only her anger. Her heels would not resemble talons, her knees bent, her soles echoing the pain in her neck and back. Arched, she remained arched, she remained looking upward. Projecting herself, contained by her skin, she knew: neither essence

nor existence, nor flight, nor joy. The world above a window with songs full of words. The hair on her arms told her she would not reach the sky.



*copies: I loved you in the hard old way*



### *Write it down in Cherry*

Mrs. Framouth puts on the lampshade and watches Detective R. doze, eyes moving back and forth over his lids. The poppy tea is giving him good dreams she hopes. The tea should make him talk in his sleep. She moves over to her collection of LPs, walking her fingers along the records until she comes to her favourite from the Cuban band with a lead singer who'd gone missing years ago. She takes the album out of its cover, gently cleans it and places it on the record player. The song, "I loved you in that hard old way," comes on. She sways with the album cover in her arms, flicking the tassel on the velvet yellow lampshade as she gazes lovingly into the eyes of the bandleader and occasional jazz pianist, who looks remarkably like her next door neighbour, Michel Fuentes.

All Rasa's life, this dream: from the dark of an uncertain flower she untangles anxious feet from filament and anther, and gazing up at the window's song, calls to the Old Ones until the oak grows to lift her into his amber fork of branches and turn her into a cardinal. Ecstasy of air in emerald waves of wind and music, she rides her red silk and feather body, revelling in every swoop, dive, flutter and whirl. She'll live here in love, always. The song falls to white stone, a shadow with horns. She stares through glass.

Michel is deadheading the cosmos daisies in the garden when something in the tree catches his eye. A small red bird. He blinks. Is he imagining it? He's never seen any such creature here before. Maybe it has escaped from a house somewhere? It perches on the branch, twitches its tail. *Rasa*, he thinks suddenly. As soon as her name flies to him, he dismisses the association. Rasa may be petite, with quick hand gestures, but she rarely wears red. He feels compelled to stare, though, and his chest flutters. Actually, yes, this bird *does* remind him of his wife. When they first met, she was like an enigmatic burst of colour, something magical and unexpected, swooping into his life as if from another world. He still thinks of her, in part at least, as a woman from myth, one whom he could imagine metamorphosing. 'Rasa,' he calls out to the bird, and then feels stupid. Surely his lonely mind is playing tricks.



[A microscript falls from the cosmos]

**RASA:**

I AM

**MICHAEL:**

Where?

**RASA:**

Everywhere and nowhere.

**MICHAEL:**

As vague as ever, I see.

**RASA:**

The mystery is what makes it fun!

**MICHAEL:**

I miss you.

**RASA:**

I am always singing in your ear.

[Bird flutters off tweeting...Michael watches until the dot of red disappears into the sunset].

Michael suddenly feels a chill. This lonely man looks upward to the twinkling dots. The flutter in his heart from mere seconds ago now feels like a pang weighing him to the abyss. He wonders what cruel trickster tainted his world? ... and still, he hopes the bird will return.

Detective R. stared at the dirt on his shoes. The sides. The top. That unnameable part below what toughens the skin on thumb knuckles, above what might be called a heel. Not that he kept his shoes shun, but he did not shun passing a besocked foot over them now and then. Their current state was due to a prolonged courtyard excursion, dodging crows, staring at the ravens that appeared within various apartments, dismissing the flashes of red around him as a projection of his blod-shot eyes, a creation of his seasonal allergies. The excrement, too, neither slick nor slithery, but sticking to the sides where sole becomes something else. And the dirt. For all his trouble, only pieces of paper. A newspaper clipping, with what seemed like nonsense:

## LET US THEN SUPPOSE THE MIND TO BE

as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas:—How comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the MATERIALS of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from EXPERIENCE. In that all our knowledge is founded; and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation employed either, about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the MATERIALS of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

He tried to rearrange the characters, the letters, but found no pre-established patterns. The words seemed to have simply been placed there, as if the paper had waited for them, and he for it.

“Void reason and knowledge? To minds perceived and of all characters” – what now, wait, what minds could he perceive, alone in the courtyard? Could he even perceive minds, when everyone was going out of their way to appear deceitful? Were these people, these sacks of consciousness, merely characters for him? Was he being deceived, the world already filled for him, and him with it? Or could he still let the world inscribe itself upon him, each object a character on his skin? How could he void his previous thinking, his sleepy logics, what he thought he knew?

“Without this I answer, in one word, reflected on by ourselves is any ideas” – what reflection then, what did he reflect, what did he mirror? He ripped a leaf from a low hanging oak tree, attempted to clear the dirt off his shoe. Nothing mirrored there, these shoes wouldn’t have shone even if they had been shined. What one word?

Reflect.

“These two are the fountains boundless fancy of man” – why yes after all this time he did end up fancying Rasa, the pictures, the words, the objects, the echoes, her presence everywhere around him. And his own loneliness, his inability to extract any words from the silence that surrounded everyone who would speak to him, drove him to her. His desire to be filled, his knowledge that he was already full.

“All the materials of internal operations” – was someone after him from within the department, from within the force? What did Rasa have with internal affairs? He felt his stomach growl. He looked at the birdcage through the window. The raven, again, tapping at the window, the gathered crows. Those damn snakes.

Reflect.

Rasa did seem incomparably busy, yes, deriving herself from herself. He could not decide. Was he blank, could he make himself blank again, and receive her? Or was he already full, ready to burst, his movement forward a matter of rearranging the right elements he already had found, inscribed somewhere – could he simply think himself, be by thinking he was? Was Rasa blank for him, was she already beyond herself, beside herself with being?

One last hint, before that: “Whence sensible objects, or about the naturally have, do spring.” A sensible spring, no, not the season, and judging from the rest of the text, not a mattress either. Water. Again with the fountain. Why worry so much about what washes, what washes away, when all this person seemed to do was blacken space on paper that may never have been white. Why else?

Across the street, across from the cage, where the crows met. He walked slowly through the slow traffic. He headed to the fountain and its reflecting pool.



erasa

*I love you the hard way.* Michel hears that song drifting in through his open window from Mrs Framouth's house. He is immediately transported back almost twenty years to playing the piano

and singing in the band Guanobo Guapo. The heady nights gigging in Havana, the first album an overnight critical success. That was how he'd met Rasa. At a jazz club, she walked up and confessed that his singing and playing made her fingertips tingle and caused her to dream of wild orchids. He thought she was gorgeous but perhaps unhinged.

'Let me buy you a drink and explain,' she said.

The next day, he woke up with her in his bed and told her he wanted them to be together.

'I'm falling for you too,' she said, 'but my boyfriend will kill me if he finds out.'

'So leave him.'

A cloud crossed Rasa's eyes. It transpired that the threat to her life, and to his too now, wasn't a figure of speech. Her jealous boyfriend was the son of a mob boss, though she'd had no idea who he was when she first dated him.

Rasa and Michel continued their affair clandestinely in cheap hotels in remote barrios, but the boyfriend uncovered the truth. So Rasa and Michel were forced to vanish abroad, and it was goodbye, too, to the band and the life Michel adored.

A life and love erased for Rasa.

That seems so long ago. 'I love you the hard way,' sings Michel today. A lump comes into his throat.



*Mrs Framouth*



R., then R., than R., thin R., tinkeR, thinkeR, “think, R!” Detective R. says out loud, unspiralling himself. One leg  
 up, foot  
 resting on thigh.  
 One leg down, foot  
 resting on ground.  
 A beak, a break  
 in the water, ripples.  
 Wrinkles upon his  
 face, the water an  
 apron for his self.  
 The beak breaks the  
 surface, surfaces.  
 Water splashes down,  
 reaches the bottom of  
 the fountain, air  
 spreads on R.’s face,  
 ripples. The raven  
 ascends, R. detects  
 a change in the water.  
 His legs now bony,  
 (now? only now?),  
 his hips freer, his  
 nose hooking at  
 the water, he looks:  
 “How could I not notice the resemblance with that old lady?” and, staring at the sky in the water rather than the  
 water itself:

“What is left for me now that Rasa is here?”

And

“I know it was snakes all along, I knew Rasa wasn’t the pink kind of bird.”

And

“What to do with the hours I’ve banked?”

And

“How close am I to the bank?”

And

“Can I swim there?”

And

“Shall I stay here and reach at the shrimp?”

And

“Shrimp shrimp shrimp shrimp shrimp”

And



Before Rasa fell in love and vanished, she danced, jazz-ballet on the top floor of an old stone building so enchanted by the moon and stars the light pulled the class onto the roof afterwards, even through the fall, the winter; they became elementals with every step, turn and kick. When that violet light was erased, she took up gardening; and later, lying in the hammock with wine and a flamingo feather fan while the good folk danced around the green and golden rosy leaves with jazz hands and ethereal squares on branches. Now, wary of the courtyard, the bells, metal and glass, they want her to fly them to the stone wall and the yew tree, for they fancy the new purple and moss rooms overlooking the sea.

Dear Rasa,

Where art thou?  
 Are thou aren't?  
 Art thou art?

Thou thee, thee thine  
 I mine, thou thine                      We?

Thou digits  
 fine feathered  
 floral fingered  
 conduct those cosmos  
 to ecstasy

Your beak  
 ever tweaked  
 snake circled to its point

Is there a point?  
 There is.

Thou thee, thee thine  
 I mine, thou thine                      We?

I love you as a red silk myth  
 reflected

Missus, will you misspell your name?  
 Trickle the letter R?  
 Trickle it off?  
 Your name will drop like a simile    asa  
 Like a pain killer    ASA

A    artist                      S    sky swimmer                      A    artist

You will be seen as coming and going  
 both fore-play and aft-ernoon  
 I will love your front  
 as your behind                      A-S-A

Will you do this?

Have you already done it?

Thou thee, thee thine

I thine, thou mine?

We?

Wine?

Love, Michel

The faeries change into words, so they are light, light as well as dark: strange, small, city lush, brick over brick crumbling, closer, her heart. Her heart, weary, overgrown with orchids, and her back aching from hours of flying back and forth overwhelmed with words. She can't reach the wall, or the yew, for the yew has become the oak in her dream: the emerald wind, twilight jazz and autumn leaves. Live here in love, the faeries sing, always! Dance, drink, eat and revel in the glamour! Her back aches, her heart as she stares through the glass: now she is a swan, the neck of a swan, a snake. Pauline is calling. Rasa winds her way down the tree and tunnels under Mrs. Framouth's garden gate.

A knock on the door. Michel answers to see Mrs Framouth standing there with a primrose-yellow lampshade on her head. 'There's something you need to see in my garden,' she says. 'I'm busy right now. Sorry.' Last time he got cornered by Mrs Framouth, it took an hour to get away.

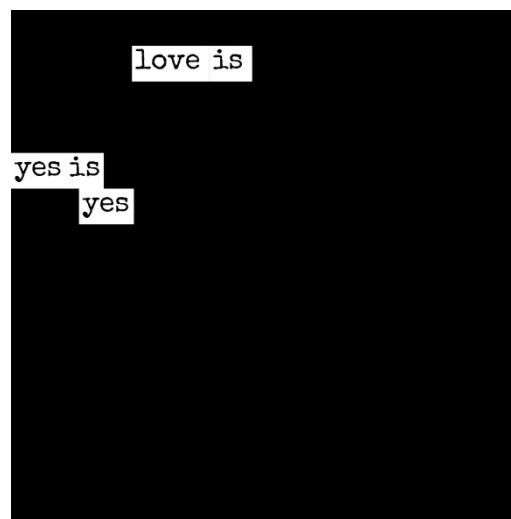
'It's Rasa.'

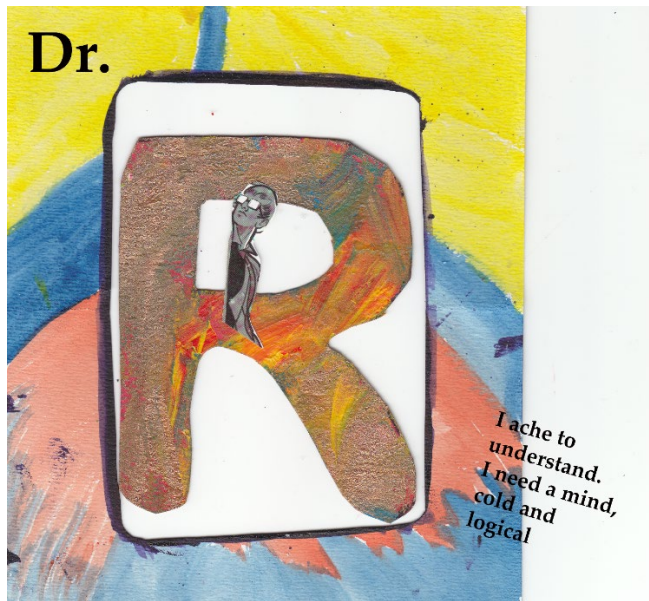
His heart lurches. 'Rasa?'

He hurries after Mrs Framouth to her lawn. Near the gate lies Rasa, seemingly asleep. Her face and dress are blotchy with dirt, her dark hair is dishevelled, and there's dried blood on the fingers of her left hand. She smells strongly of woodsmoke.

He kneels down, inhaling the scent. 'Rasa, Rasa.'

She clutches a piece of paper between thumb and forefinger which is titled, 'an erasure of the ee cummings poem Yes.' It reads:





Rasa is so tired, tired of everything and everybody.

Ni el poema de e.e.cummings la calman.

Rasa wants to write her own definite poem.

-Hey, you, there's no definite poem.

Definitivo o no definitivo está el cuerpo y nada se escapa del cuerpo.

Woman's body is explicit in her own grammar.

-Hey, you, that's universal grammar.



Shapeshifting has its benefits, but Rasa knows now that she wants to be herself, not a cardinal, not a raven, not a snake, not Mrs Framoth. She enters the house, takes off her clothes, admires each curve in the mirror. She is a work of art with orchids growing from her fingers. She will keep the lampshade...

Rasa opens the bedroom window. Music floats within, rhythm of an elated little fire by the sea. She could vanish all over again, through root or pillar, her wand on the star. She could become anything, anyone: mourning dove, grimoire or poem, her summoned children or a girl being told her body is not a dancer and rebelling; a witch born from that whiteness. Now, returning to a new mirror, and Michel's eyes, her curves are clouds, water and silk and yes, love, love with auras primrose yellow and dancing in the flames.

Inspector R stands on the opposite side of the road, hands deep in overcoat pockets, looking first at Michel and Rasa's house, then at Mrs Framouth's. He lets out a long breath. Like many things in life, the case of the found orchid finger remains unresolved. Rasa has returned home, but his questioning of her and Michel earlier revealed nothing. Inspector R walks off, thinking maybe it's time to consider a change of career. He's heard snake charmers are making good money in this part of the city these days. He passes a new billboard that reads:



Thank you to everyone who took part in Flash-A-Ganza 2023! When we began this experiment in creative collaboration with no restrictions, I had no idea how much fun this would be or how generative it would be. Visual poetry, collage, erasure and art have been joyous new additions.

I like doing a project in one month and seeing where it leads. I like not insisting on credentials from participants and just letting them create without restrictions except those enforced by technology. I like working with creative, whimsical creators.

All being well, we shall resume our flovel (flash fiction novel) next year! If you want to read the first installment, please go to the pdf on the AngelHousePress.com site in the essay section for 2022. [You can click on this link to access the pdf directly.](#)

If you want to take part next year, please e-mail me at amanda at angelhousepress dot com.