

DEATH AWAITS

Death sat on a rock. It had been a long, long time.

Carrying souls one by one to their final destination, but now...

Now the last soul had been despatched and there was nothing left to do but to see what comes next.



EDITORIAL

August 2023

Hello! A second issue!

I know, I'm surprised.

My thanks to guest editors Matt and John Yaun and Daryl Ayo for sparking the concept behind Body-fu.

Anyway, these are all experiments, I have no idea if they work or not, but I'd love to hear your thoughts in either case.

You can email at pjholden@gmail.com



LOVE AT ITS CORE



It began with a fissure. "We can escape - away from our families and be together!"

"Then what? No one knows what's on the other side"

"We'll find out together".

The volcano erupted and the two lovers escaped the earth, in a single molten body, fused together for eternity.



BODY-FU

We are masters of form.

A twist we can arouse you, a slump we can elicit sympathy, a stretch and we can make you fear us.

But that was just the beginning, mighty armies trained in weaponised body language will pour forth unarmed and deadly, able to kill with nothing but a sideways glance.



Issue TWO free micro fiction 'zine.
August 2023
by PJ Holden

TOK TIK



In Time.

TOK TIK

Unstuck.



TOK TIK

I've become.

TOK TIK

Help.



A REFLECTION OF YOU

There, in the pool, I could see my face distorted and reflected.

Mouthing silently, as I mouthed, a strange vision.

He was the first of the clones.



THE SHIMMERING TOWER

Medik stood at the edge of the shimmering tower. His horse braying as he watched it appear and disappear. Sword in hand, he prepared himself for whatever wizard would come forth. He waited for the tower to appear and ran in.

Instantly he was back. It was a ship, his ship. A dimensional craft that somehow had got lost. Leaving him stranded in a backwards world, where he'd had a wife, a child, a life.

He leapt out as the tower vanished. He would never return.

COMMAND

It began in engineering. Unexplained deaths swept through the entire ship, all accidental.

The psychologist - the last to go - made it clear, light years from everything they loved, they had given up, become careless, resulting in cascading fatal errors.

Not me. I wanted command because I wanted purpose. Retirement made me lonely, and this promised a second life.

It was the crew that gave me a reason to exist.

