

NOTIFICATIONS

He'd been saving for almost a decade - the service was expensive but worth it. A notification sent to your phone every time someone thought of you. So he paid a year in advance. And then he found out she didn't think of him at all.



EDITORIAL



Boo!

The witching hour is upon us, and so we have seven sort of spooky tales. Vampires! Ghosts! Zombies! Oh My.

My thanks as ever to the prodigious Yuan twins, Matt and John who I've roped into editing most of these (thank you!)

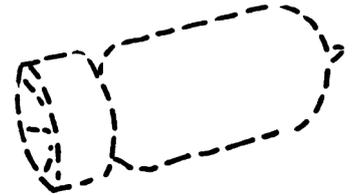
Hope you enjoy!



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MEMORIES OF WAR

It was the three hundred and thirty-fifth year of the war when they'd finally created the memory bomb, it would wipe the enemies' memories leaving them bewildered and ready to surrender. But the failsafes didn't work and all the bombs exploded at once and now no one could remember who they were fighting or why. So they stopped.



COLD CALLER

He raised his hand to knock just as he saw the sign. "No cold callers". He turned in frustration, maybe he'd have more luck down the street and he thought no, it'll be sunrise soon and he should get back to his coffin.



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THE CIVIL WAR

No one knew where it started. And it hardly mattered now. They were, as far as they could tell, the last survivors. A ramshackle found family, so what if some were murderers? Petty thieves? Or worse. They survived by their wits and what they could forage, coerce or steal. All that mattered was survival. Survival in the face of a plague that made people nice and reasonable, you shake their hands and you become as civil as they are. To hell with them. To hell with them all.



THE MONSTER

It was a joke. A composite she'd made of herself, parts of her instagram as a teen, parts of her blogs when she'd bothered to keep it alive, voice memos she'd recorded to herself and every bit of writing she'd ever had published. Using a dozen AIs, she'd created a Frankensteined version of herself. And now it was getting all of her work, and she was free, but free to do what exactly?



SIGHT UNSEEN

His body lay on the ground, heaving slowly as he drew his last breath. People walking past ignoring as he tried to reach out. Invisibility had started as a gift and ended as a curse.



GHOSTS

She ghosted him. So he ghosted her. And their two ghosts haunted them both every day.

