

SILVER APPLES MAGAZINE

Creativity Worth Consuming



Issue 8 - September - 2016



DIRTY LAUNDRY



Published By:
Silver Apples Magazine
Gráinne O'Brien, Alex Dunne and Una Hussey

Collection © Silver Apples Magazine 2016
All authors and artists retain the rights to their own work.

Cover Design By:
Ana Prundaru

Ana Prundaru is a Romanian transplant in the birthplace of milk chocolate, who splits her free time between creative endeavors and volunteering for animal welfare causes. Recent work is forthcoming from DIAGRAM and the Journal of Compressed Creative Arts.

Logo Design By:
George Dempsey

Published in the Republic of Ireland

Silver Apples Magazine

Dirty Laundry

Issue Eight, September 2016

Creativity Worth Consuming

Contents

| | |
|---|----|
| <i>Letter from the Editors</i> | 7 |
| <i>Why Hipsters Don't Wash Their Jeans</i> Devin Taylor | 8 |
| <i>Basket Case</i> Nigel Quinlan | 9 |
| <i>Silver Apples Presents:</i> Featured Author—Dan Mooney | 11 |
| <i>Sci Fi Film Stills</i> J. A. Cassidy | 15 |
| <i>The Red Painting</i> Sara Swaidek | 17 |
| <i>The Joy of Daughters</i> Ruth Griffith | 20 |
| <i>last night i plucked out all my teeth</i> Kathryn Keane | 21 |
| <i>Wash Day</i> Susannah Branson | 22 |
| <i>Blue Bricks and Pavers</i> John Chavers | 29 |
| <i>Undressed</i> Rebecca Parfitt | 30 |

| | |
|--|----|
| <i>The Night Feed</i> C. R. J. Smith | 31 |
| <i>Glory Unto Denim</i> Matthew Rochester | 36 |
| <i>Inspired by a Fly</i> Alex Feldman | 37 |

Origami Handcrafted Gifts & Wedding Craft



George Dempsey Flanagan of Mojo Creations also known as 'The Maker of Magic' is a trained Graphic Designer and Artist based in Birr Co. Offaly.

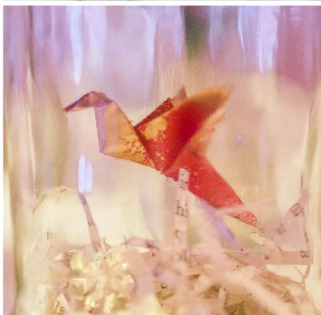
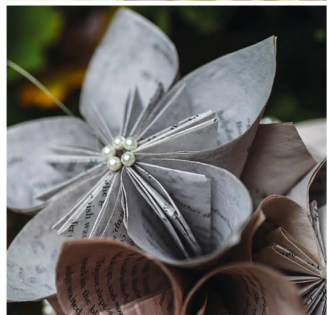
George studied Graphic Design in Limerick School of Art & Design - specialising in design for print. He prides himself in being able to connect with the client turning any vision into a reality.

George's other area of expertise lies in his passion for creating and teaching Origami - 'the Art of Japanese Paper Folding'



"As a child, before I ever knew what Origami was, I taught myself how to transform paper airplanes into birds. some years later, I learned it was an art and Mojo Creations was born!"

As well as teaching workshops, George has developed a range Origami Handcrafted products that include framed artwork and Miniature Origami Art Vessels Origami Pet's in jam jars known as Whimsy's, as well as creating bespoke pieces for weddings, these include everything from bouquets & boutonnières for the entire bridal party, to table decorations & centre pieces for the venue.



Custom orders and personalising requests are all part of the service. If you are interested in working with George to create your own bespoke wedding ideas or Origami Crafted Gift for a someone special you can follow the magic on facebook & email: g-dempc@hotmail.com

Origami Craft Products & Bespoke Gifts
Wedding & Bridal Origami
Children's & Adult Origami Workshops

Mojo
creations.....
Makers of Magic



Letter from the Editors:

In which we get down and dirty

Gráinne O'Brien, Alex Dunne & Una Hussey

Hello faithful readers, first time readers, casual glancers, and our parents.

Welcome to the eighth issue of Silver Apples Magazine; 'Dirty Laundry'. We present to you a filthy little issue, which we hope will leave you disturbed and wanting more, but not sure why.

When it comes time to write the editors' letter for each issue, we always find ourselves reflecting on the theme and why we chose it. Dirty Laundry struck us as the perfect opportunity to let our submitters get something off their chest. And they did. To us, Dirty Laundry is about dealing with something nasty that needs to be taken care of. Perhaps you are meddling in someone else's business, revealing an old family scandal, or simply cleaning out the skeletons in the dusty closet at the back of your mind.

Writing, painting, composing, and creating is a messy business. For the creator it is full of secrets and lies. It's putting words in other people's mouths, creating worlds that don't exist, and peeking through windows into the lives of others. It is done at night, or early in the morning, during moments that are stolen away from responsibilities and 'proper' jobs. It is done in clouds of cigarette smoke, and alcohol fueled rages. It requires caffeine, patience, frustration, emotion, and dedication, all of which comes at the cost of something else. It's unclean, it's perverted, it's fetishized, and it's addictive.

Press on dear reader, and see what awful secrets this issue has in store for you, and remember, creativity is always worth consuming.

Alex, Gráinne and Una.

Why Hipsters Don't Wash Their Jeans

Devin Taylor

Devin Taylor studies English and Creative Writing at Washington College. His work can be found in The Lake (UK), The Poeming Pigeon and In Between Hangovers, and he has forthcoming publications in Five 2 One, MUSH/MUM, Gargoyles, and Silicon Heart Zine. He plays bass in a band called Knuckleberry Finn.

Why we chose it:

Here at Silver Apples HQ we are big fans of both witty poetry and mocking hipsters. Devin's piece offers us both and for that we're grateful. Just kidding. We are typing this on a typewriter in a park wearing bow ties. Just kidding again. TO STARBUCKS!

Oh Thou once smudged pantaloons—
Thou were't tarnished and ashed!
Soiled and cursed!

Machina haberdashed
Are Thy buttons—
Blood, Sweat and Tears

Stitched Thy dastardly sutures.
Commodified with stains, Thou
Art commodity once stained

To Thy very essence!
Levi is as Levi does
As the levee breaks

And in the flood
Thou art unstitched!
Unstitched in the warsh

Of this denim cleansing,
This moral judgement!
Unstitched in the warsh,

As if Thy fabric existed solely
To be cleansed of all its soil,
Then unraveled and revealed.

And purged of Thy past—
Clearanced, bought, and worn.

Basket Case

Nigel Quinlan

He finally got up around 12 pm. He couldn't take it any more; the sheets were gossiping about him. They whispered to each other and murmured and rustled. We're stiff as boards, they complained. He hasn't changed us in weeks. When's he going to change us?

Getting out of bed, he had to be careful where he stepped. Socks and underwear scuttled amongst the books and CDs and shoes and magazines, like underwater creatures on an ocean floor. When he stood on them their shells cracked or their transparent bodies squelched, and he had to peel them off the soles of his feet.

Between his bedroom and the bathroom was a riot in progress. It had started off as a peaceful protest - ordinary shorts and trousers complaining about conditions and poor treatment. They had stood there silently and watched him go by. After a week of being ignored, they had started to hum. Now they were shouting and yelling with rage, displaying their stains and scuffs and layers of sweat and must and dust. They shook their sleeves and kicked their legs and waved crumpled ties and flashed their buttons at him. It was getting out of hand. Civil order was breaking down.

Towels slithered through the bathroom, draped over every surface, damp and mouldy, rich with tropical rot. They tried to entangle him, wrap their coils around him,

Nigel Quinlan is an Irish author whose fantasy novel for children, The Maloneys' Magical Weatherbox was published in 2015 by Orion. His next children's fantasy novel is due out in 2017. He tweets under the stylish nom de twit of @Nigellicus

Why we chose it:

I think this story illustrates something we all suspect about the menfolk in our lives - if we left them alone for too long they'd suffocate under a pile of their odd socks. Probably. (Seriously, where do the other socks go??)

drag him down and smother him with a little face-cloth, now green and poisonous, the most deadly of the species.

He survived the expedition and emerged, haggard and weary and wearing only underpants. He didn't dare take them off. He was afraid of what might come away with them. He didn't dare put any-

"He survived the expedition and emerged, haggard and weary and wearing only underpants"

thing on, though he yearned for a crisp shirt and smooth trousers and cotton socks to hide his nakedness.

Downstairs, the tea-towels and j-cloths and all the spare sheets ruled liked despots in a post-apocalyptic nightmare world. A polluted desert of cotton and nylon, filthy and stained, all grow-

ing together into one big mass of sentient material where he would roam, alone and outcast until they finally devoured him.

He sat at the kitchen table and dialled the number again in despair.

"Come back," he whispered after he was told to leave a message at the tone. "Come back to me. I don't know how to use the washing machine."

Silver Apples Presents:

Featured Author—Dan Mooney

Written by Grainne O'Brien

When roaming the streets of Limerick, a person may very likely cross paths with Dan Mooney. Whether having a coffee or a pint in any local establishment that boasts a central location, starring in a local theatre production, or supporting the latest cultural attraction, Dan is there. When he told me he was writing a novel, one that would later be titled *Me Myself and Them*, I was thrilled to find we now had another thing to bond over, the rollercoaster ride that comes with being a writer.

Like most novels, *Me Myself and Them* was a labour of love and hate for its author. Dan spent months planning and crafting the story of Denis, a young man struggling to live with his personal demons (quite literally). It was months of late evenings that stretched into early mornings, written around work and a schedule that would exhaust most people to read about!

Without a doubt, it was Dan's desire to see the story completed, to have it read by as many people as possible that drove the project to completion.

Plenty of people have the talent to write a novel, but only a select few have the drive to see it through to the end, no matter the costs. And the cost for Dan was a lot of sleepless nights.

The decision to self publish his work wasn't taken lightly, but it was, Dan felt, the best course of action to take for his first book. And I say first, because he is already working on his next project, and doubtlessly has the next three wandering around his head, begging to be released.

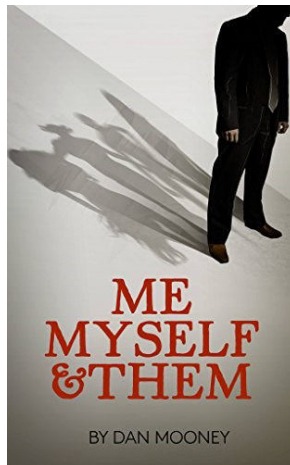
As with most self published works, the marketing and promotion falls squarely on the author's shoulders. Dan's hope is that the positive reviews that *Me Myself and Them* is receiving on Amazon and other online platforms will spread.

The self promotion aspect of self publishing is the part Dan is most uncomfortable with, and the only part in the who creation of the book he didn't love. The frustration of writing, the tired eyes try-

ing to focus at four in the morning, the aggravation at his characters - Dan loved it all. And even when he hated it, he *loved* to hate it.

From the beginning, reading *Me Myself and Them* is not a comfortable experience. There is the sense that something terrible has happened, or is going to happen. Denis is a very troubled man, who lives in home that has been invaded by monsters. The mood is tense, with an unease that never lets the reader relax. Denis is a man very much in his own world, consumed by perceived threats every time he steps into his house. As these threats spill over into his everyday life, it becomes clear that the sense of foreboding the reader feels from page one was put there by Dan for a reason..

The story may not be for everyone, but one thing is certain, once you are done reading, *Me Myself and Them* stays with you long after you've finished the last words. Dan's only wish for this project was that people read it, and tell others about it. And they are.



Denis lives alone. All alone with four of his friends. At least, he thinks they're his friends. Recovering from a terrible tragedy, Denis finds the world intruding on him and his housemates. The unsolicited intrusion begins to unravel what's left of his life, setting him against his friends, setting his friends against each other.

Me Myself and Them can be bought on Amazon UK and Amazon.com.

In typical Silver Apples Fashion, we decided to put Dan on the spot and have him answer a series of stupid questions meant to test his fortitude and patience in dealing with us.

What is your book about in five words or less?

Broken man doesn't live alone

What does 'Dirty Laundry' mean to you?

It's that stuff that bothers you that keep meaning to get around to but then you realise you're lazy and you begin to hate it

What's your favourite place you have ever been drunk and why?

I like getting drunk out my back garden, provided the company is good. It's small, and I have a little fire pit and a barbeque - pretty much everything I need there!

Do you know the way to San Jose?

As long as there are no follow up questions; yes, yes I do

Do you think that Irish people should be allowed 'sun' days off work and would you endorse a campaign to encourage this?

No. Because I'm a contrarian

Do you feel your last name reminds people of cows in a field?

No, it almost invariably reminds people of a certain age of a crazy cult in the United States somewhere, but not cows. Dammit. Now I wish it was cows. That's way better than a cult

Have you ever been to Tosche Station to pick up power convertors?

No. Sand People intimidate me, so I give it a wide berth

What's the weirdest thing you ever did that got your clothes dirty?

Self teaching fire breathing. Soaked myself in white spirits... which are purple in colour now oddly enough

Favourite item of clothing and why:

My boots, because they were made for walking and that's just what they do

How many roads DOES a man walk down before you can call him a man?

Number dependent on size and quality of road

How many pairs of shoes is TOO MANY pairs?

The pair that you don't have convenient space to store anywhere and forces you to move all your crap around to accommodate it. That is the pair that's a pair too many. Incidentally, same rule applies for pears

They say crime doesn't pay, does that mean most writing is criminal??

The way they spell on the internet certainly lends itself to that conclusion. Also, someone is still making a living writing episodes of Bones, so draw what conclusions you will from that

Who does your laundry?

Gah... I want to say I do, but that hasn't been true for a while. My girlfriend does most of it. It's a poor distribution of housework around our place. In my meagre defence, I do all the cooking... What a humiliating question

Sci-Fi Film Stills

J. A. Cassidy

Two storyboard stills from an imagined movie composed in Maya





J. A. Cassidy is an Artist/Photographer /Painter/Animator. He was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland and educated at Chelsea School of Art, London. He currently lives in Ireland.

Why we chose it:

We loved the surreal beauty of these images plucked from the storyboard of a movie that doesn't exist. It feels very meta. We'd love to know more about what the movie might have been (or, what it might one day be!)

The Red Painting

Sara Swaidek

She always loved my paintings; she told me she falls in love with me more each time my brush touches the canvas with a different color.

Now, I only paint in shades of red.

I paint in shades of her.

It helps to think that we are still made of the same things.

* * *

I woke up at 1:00pm, and stared at my ceiling. My first thought was always the same one, it was always my wife, Annabel Lee. I wondered if Annabel slept well, maybe she was too cold last night. I thought about the dark shade of purple lipstick she has been wearing lately, and how it beautifully complemented her pale skin. I couldn't wait to see her. I got out of bed, rubbed my eyes, and went to my bathroom. I looked in the mirror in front of me, and saw a bony man with cheekbones as defined as that of the undead, I saw long messy waves of brown hair, that should have been washed three days ago, I saw tired round dark brown eyes, and I stopped there. I looked away because I couldn't bear to see any further. I wrapped my hair in a bun with a hair-tie Annabel gave me, I quickly brushed my teeth, and washed my hands. They were almost permanently dyed from the paint. No matter how hard I scrubbed, I could never get them clean. I

Sara Swaidek was born in 1997 and is a Canadian-Libyan writer. She currently resides in Calgary AB. She speaks three languages and has lived in over 4 countries in the past. She writes for the art blog Artnalism:

*<http://artnalism.com/author/sara-s/> and has also been previously published on *The Talking Soup*: <http://talkingsoup.com/soup-bowl/under-sounds-of-bullets>*

Why we chose it:

I guess you could say a recurring theme of this issue is "WTF dude?!" Another eerie and macabre contribution to this nasty little issue of ours

washed them six times, before I could move on with the rest of my afternoon, and even after the sixth wash they still seemed dirty. But by then I had to go see Annabel, so I grabbed a warm fleece jacket.

I went downstairs to the basement, knocked on her door, unlocked it, and entered. I was met by a cool gust of air and her glossy stare from the corner of the room.

She was sitting on her bed as her head was leaning against the wall, she had obviously just woken up as well. I stared at her for a quick minute, as I tried to recollect my thoughts. I was always so flustered every time I saw her. Her beauty sent chills down my spine, her waist-length thick blond hair resembled Botticelli's muse in the Birth of Venus, her fair skin caught the light like Vermeer's painting of the Girl with a Pearl Earring, and her pale innocent blue eyes were as remarkable as the blues in Van Gogh's Starry Night. She was immaculate, and I've always known that. The doctors tried to tell her otherwise, they tried to poison her with venomous lies. They told her that she had an abnormally high number of white blood cells, but I knew there was nothing faulty about her. I assured her that she was perfectly healthy, how couldn't she be with a face like hers, and she believed me.

"She was immaculate, and I've always known that. The doctors tried to tell her otherwise"

"Hello beautiful, did you sleep okay?" I asked, as I zipped up my jacket. "I don't know how you're able to sleep with the room being this cold," I mumbled.

She stared at me, and I think I caught her lips twist in a slight smirk.

"I'll be right back," I assured her as I entered her bathroom and washed my hands twice more, scrubbing off the stubborn red stains under my nails. I didn't want to touch her, with my dirty hands. I returned to her and sat beside her on her bed, and felt the frigidity of her skin through her clothes.

"I'm almost finished with my painting. I can't wait for you to see it! Oh, it's beautiful, you're going to love this one, it's going to be as beautiful as you. I'm painting the museum where we first met. Do you remember that afternoon Annabel? Oh, I'm sure you do. You

were wearing a white dress kind of like the one you're wearing now. I want to finish this painting so badly Annabel, and I know you want to see it just as badly, but I still need a little more paint. I'm so sorry Annabel, but I'll try to make it quick this time," I said as I grabbed the small jar and letter opener on her nightstand. I lightly took her hand, and intertwined her blue-tinged fingers with mine and made a small incision in her wrist with the letter opener. As her pale skin separated, I extracted her thick dark red paint and filled up the small jar.

"Thank you, beautiful. I'll try to finish it up tonight. I can't wait to see your reaction. Oh, you're going to love it."

I kissed her forehead, left her room and headed back upstairs to my bathroom. I diluted her paint with a splash of water, and washed my hands eight times, before I was able to grab my blond-tipped paint brush and finally finish the painting.

The Joy of Daughters: looking at the sky through rose-coloured laundry

Ruth Griffith



Ruth Griffith lives in Dublin with her cats. There's a world outside her window. Maybe she should get a dog.

Why we chose it:

The quirky caption and spin on this issue's theme made us chuckle. Ruth assures us this is a genuine photo, which made us laugh all the harder! Good luck with your further laundry endeavours Ruth!

last night i plucked out all my teeth

Kathryn Keane

last night i plucked out all my teeth
and ate them, one by one,
i chewed my nails and did not fail
to reduce them to tiny stubs

i ran my fingers through my hair
i found each strand was bound tight
i tugged and pulled till my hands were full
i stuffed it in - started to bite -

my system is breaking itself down
my tongue's delicious, i can't lie -
when my skin goes in it makes me grin
i think i'll make a start on my eyes

Kathryn Keane is a student of English, history and adulthood. Her writing has previously appeared in Face Up Magazine as well as the 'Stanzas' chapbook and was shortlisted in the 2015 'Write Here, Write Now' competition. She is a regular performer at 'Stanzas: An Evening of Words'.

Why we chose it:

OH MY GOD!! This poem made us feel uncomfortable and itchy. A truly creepy and oddly compelling piece from a Stanzas regular.

Wash Day

Susannah Branson

Susannah Branson is an aspiring romantic novelist and lives in Co. Armagh. Susannah is a member of the RNA New Writers Scheme 2016, and a member of Carmel Harrington's group 'Imagine Write Inspire'. She blames her romantic novelist urges on too much Mr Darcy when still an impressive young teenager.

Why we chose it:

There's something about this time of year, when the first autumn chill begins to creep in and the evenings grow longer, that makes me crave a creepy tale or two. This historical piece by Susannah starts out innocently enough but the closing paragraph will give you a nasty little thrill.

In the wash house, Imelda plunged the last of the soiled cloths into the cold tub of water. Swirls of red slowly leaked out. She bit her lip as the lye soap stung her hands, already raw from the icy winter they were experiencing. Starting to scrub, the liquid changed from crimson to blush rose and finally a snowy white again. After rinsing a few more times she plunged the cloths into the copper tub of boiling water, using the two pronged sticks to release any remains of the soap.

The sheets that she had already washed hung in lines in the yard, snapping like sails in the westerly breeze. Tucking her skirts between her knees, she heaved the tub up just enough to rest on her raised thigh. A door banging in the wind made her jump, causing the tub to slip from her damaged hand, water splashing out to leave a dark puddle on the floor.

"Imelda! Hustle yourself won't you. You'll die of the cold out here and the mistress will be expecting her tea before too long," barked the cook from the scullery door. Mrs. Shipton didn't bother to look her way Imelda noticed, but nudged the door closed again with the wide girth of her hips.

No one would notice if I had actually died out here she thought to herself. Not until they were squealing for something or other. As she marched across the yard to the back door her boots echoed off the cobbles.

The ice was lying in rivulets around each stone, and she wondered if that was what the North Pole would be like, where Captain Scott had gone exploring. Wrapping her shawl tighter around her to keep out the frigid air she rubbed her nose off her shoulder to stop it dripping. Mrs. Shipton couldn't abide dripping noses. Or sniffing.

Old Herbie the gardener was huddled in a chair next to the roaring fire, a ring of smoke hung around his head, one boot pressed on the floor kept him rocking back and forth. "Snow tonight, you mark my words." His gnarled old hands weren't capable of holding much these days, except, Imelda noted grimly, he never had a problem with his pipe or a whiskey glass. As she bent to lift the chipped, empty vessel by his foot, she spied the tiniest drop of amber liquid still lying in it. As quick as her swollen fingers would allow, she stretched one out in order to catch just the slightest taste of it.

"Oww!" Her head smarted as her hand flew to the spot that Mrs. Shipton found so readily. The glass clattered onto the hard stone floor, smashing into a million crystal fragments. Her body jerked as another well timed smack found its home.

"That'll teach you. The drink is the work of the devil, and you should know."

Imelda tasted the same metallic taste in her mouth again as she bit her lip. Her lips, cracked and swollen from the cold didn't need

much help to bleed, and one side was always much worse than the other. The light tinkling of the bell jolted her to life.

Skirts swished past her around to the stove, and Mrs Shipton lifted up the black kettle with both hands to wet the tea for the mistress.

"Why'd you say that Herbie? About the snow?" Imelda asked.

"Stop gossiping girl! The missus needs her tea. Get to it."

"We've been up all night what with the baby being born. So was she. You'd think she'd have had the grace to sleep in a bit longer."

Out of habit one of her fingers retraced the familiar bumps and contours of her old scar, from the smooth dividing line on her forehead, around her hairline and past her ear, down under her chin, then back up to where one side of her lips hung lopsided, pulled tight by

*"That'll teach you.
The drink is the work
of the devil, and you
should know."*

the scar tissue. She still had two good eyes though, but sometimes that wasn't a blessing.

Mrs. Shipton slammed the teapot down onto the table, splashing the boiling liquid on the surface. Imelda jutted out her chin. "I was only saying. I'm allowed to say."

"No you're not. You're not paid to say anything. Nor even think anything. Just be glad a lazy strumpet like you still has a job. Now go."

Glaring at the cook, Imelda's fingers curled white around the handles of the tray, lifting it up. Mrs Shipton paid no further attention to her bad humour, turning instead to the lump of raw meat in front of her.

"Snow tonight old Herbie? You sure?" Imelda asked, as she reversed backwards, keeping her eyes fixed on the old man still rocking his chair at the hearth.

"Aye," he replied, tapping the old pipe against the edge of his boot which was pulled up on the brick hearth, toasting his toes. "Snow, or my name ain't Herbie Pritchard!"

"Git!" Mrs Shipton flew across the kitchen, tea towel cracking in the air. Imelda fled.

Imelda trudged through the house. Her eyes didn't see a warm bundle of newborn baby, she just saw the lady of the house tucked up in a newly made bed and a fresh pile of dirty laundry in the basket, waiting for her to lift and wash again.

"Babies didn't bring love and joy; they brought dirt and dishevelment, blood and disorder."

Babies didn't bring love and joy; they brought dirt and dishevelment, blood and disorder. And heartache.

No doubt the lady of the house would have sent a message to her husband. He'd be arriving back sometime today. More washing with which to split her already chapped hands and break her back. And what of the grown up son, that devil that drove in and out again, sending the house upside down like a spinning top, and the lives of everyone in it too? The town wasn't that far away, not now. But if what old Herbie said was true, and snow was really on its way, maybe

neither would bother to grace the house with their presence today.

Imelda stuck her nose into the nursery which was warm now, lit with a roaring, glowing fire. Nanny Mason was still there, delighted to get back into the swing of things. Ten years was far too long to be without a baby in the house, and the older children away most of the year at school, but that hadn't lessened her abilities. Besides, she spent as much time telling Imelda off for dawdling as Mrs Shipton did. Imelda hoped she wouldn't have to help out too much up there in the future.

When she went outside after lunch, the ground had thawed a little. The puddles of stinking water slipped under her feet instead of crunching, and the sheets were still wet with no hope of drying. Had the sun come as promised this morning, the snow white bed sheets would have been dry enough to un-peg and take inside, ready to be ironed. Maybe old Herbie was right. Looking into the distance the clouds were a heavy buttermilk colour, yellow tinged with grey, and the breeze had dropped just as the temperature had picked up. She left the sheets where they were.

Her mind went back to the day she was burnt. Her pains had started early in the morning except she hadn't known what it was. The throbbing pain had come and gone until, that moment when she had lifted the large pan full of a bubbling hot casserole, and the pain had ripped through her belly making her stumble and slam the dish down with a clatter on the table. The rich gravy swilled to one side like water running down a plug hole, then rushed back around in a slurry of thick meaty sauce, flying up and burning her face, and sticking to her bare arm and skin.

She had run then, flinging open the door and throwing herself into the drift of powdery snow, heaped up against the wash house wall. The numbing cold brought relief as she watched the skin on her arm bubble up like a big slice of bacon, crisping and curling with a life of its own. She'd barely managed to stop herself ripping the skin off her body hoping that with it, the searing pain would also leave. Mrs. Shipton brought pan after pan of snow to her over the next few days, packing it against the burn as it was the only medicine that worked. That and the whiskey.

She had delivered her baby then, just a scrap of a thing, slipping out between her legs, all skinny and blue. Only Mrs. Shipton knew

about the baby, and, as she was only too ready to remind her in the months and years since, Imelda owed her one. The concoction that she had whipped up had done the trick after all.

The master's son had never come near Imelda since. Why would he when her face was not so pretty now? She knew he'd taken up with the shopkeeper's wife, down on the main road. Half an hour was all it took them. She knew that because she'd had the misfortune to witness it once, waiting her turn to see Dr. Thripps in his practice opposite the shop.

The outside door clattered again. "Imelda! Hurry up girl! It's like you're in a daydream today girl. A daydream." Mrs. Shipton bawled at her from the scullery steps. For a brief moment the wind whipped up her words and tossed them across the yard, and then brought them right back to taunt her. "The baby's awake again and Nanny Mason wants clean sheets to make up both beds. Hurry girl!"

The day seemed interminably long. A telegram arrived with congratulations from the master and son saying they would both be back in time for dinner. The dinner bell came and went with no sign of either. When old Herbie was letting himself out for the night, he turned to see Imelda staring through the wide open door. "See," he muttered through lips still clamped on his pipe. "Told ye it would snow. The wind shifted. Knew it would. Knows lots of things so I do."

The flakes swirled into the warmth of the kitchen, melting as they fell. Darkness had long since fallen and the house was settling down to sleep. Imelda let herself out of the scullery door and stepped out briskly into the snowy darkness. The snow would only cover her tracks if no one saw her go, so she kept to the fringes of the tree line where the ground was rough. She knew her way to the old stone cottage at the edge of the estate with her eyes shut. That was where she and the master's son had met up that long hot summer, night after glorious night. Between him finishing his university degree, and then heading off for a trip to the South of France, she had allowed herself to be his welcome diversion. She knew he would never actually marry her, but it was enough to hear him say he loved and adored her. She didn't say she loved him back, even if her heart cried otherwise, but no one was ever going to say those words to her again. Not with the way she looked now.

She stumbled over the last stretch of heathery scrub, the lights of

the town guiding her in. The kitchen knife was secured carefully to the side of her boot. The back window to the shop was only a matter of inches away from the slope of the scrubland. A big wall had been built up at this end, digging out stones and boulders to make the extra room fit snugly into the hillside.

Straining her ears Imelda could hear snores coming through the gap in the sash window. The shopkeeper's wife was fond of a drink, far too fond most would say. It would take a few minutes at most to ease open the window, slip inside and slit her throat. Minutes. But the snow kept falling, like feathers, insulating the sounds of the town, hiding the scars left by dirty great wagons and coal trucks. The street was magically softened by the blanket of snow, and with it, so was her resolve.

"It would take a few minutes at most to ease open the window, slip inside and slit her throat."

When she could no longer feel her toes, Imelda turned away, clambering as best she could back up the hillside, wondering what notion had spurred her to even start such a grotesque journey that night.

Imelda was back in her bed before the wheezy old clock in the main hall struck one, the knife back in its rightful place. Exhausted, she never woke to the hammering on the main door. The master was making a fearful noise, shouting and yelling and screaming for help. The following morning, refreshed from her midnight ramble, she learnt of the automobile accident. Mrs. Shipton was only too glad to fill her in with the details.

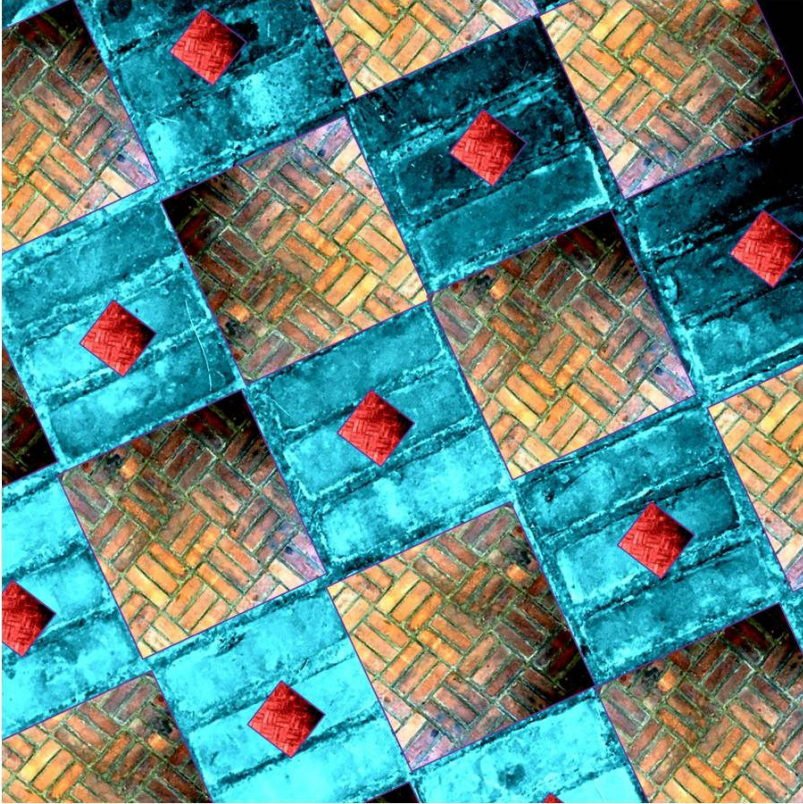
The master and son, travelling home together after wetting the new baby's head had tarried too long in the town. As they had been driving up the main avenue, they had both been startled by what appeared to be a ghost, swirling and whirling right in front of the automobile, blocking their vision and causing them to collide with a tree. When the master came to, from his stupefying blackness, his son lay stiff and cold in the seat beside him, covered in a rapidly growing blanket of snow, through which a streak of scarlet seeped.

Imelda didn't feel the need to cry at the funeral, for which she was glad. The shopkeeper's wife, unaware of her recent brush with death, had wept uncontrollably and drawn far too much attention to herself. The master and his wife pretended not to notice, noses in the air, eyes fixed ahead. Now they knew what it was like to bury a son.

Old Herbie appeared at the scullery door one day, when the snow had melted away. He held out the missing sheet for Imelda. "I think maybe it blew away that night. You better wash it before Mrs Shipton notices it was missing." He paused. "I always like a good fall of snow each winter. It kills off all the pests that have built up over time. Purifies the soil for the new year, so it does." He nodded at the bundle of white in her arms. "You get that washed and put away now, there's a good girl."

Blue Bricks and Pavers

John Chavers



John Chavers is an artist and photographer currently working on a series of images that incorporate personal photographs as well as abstract artwork. Most recently, his work has been accepted at 3Elements Review, Birch Gang Review, and the New England Review, among others. **John's** residency fellowships include Blue Mountain Center in the Adirondacks and the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. **John** lives in Austin, Texas where he has a fascination for the diminutive, works of art on paper, and the desert. He flosses daily.

Why we chose it:

Mmmm pretty pattern! You have to admit, this clever collage is VERY pleasing on the eye!

Undressed

Rebecca Parfitt

Rebecca Parfitt was a finalist for the Aesthetica Creative Writing Award in 2015. Her debut poetry collection is due out with Listen Softly London press. She is Founder and Editor of The Ghastling magazine. She lives in Cardiff.

Why we chose it:

We love it when a former contributor comes back for more! We published Rebecca's story "The Bone Necklace" back in our very first issue and we're proud to include her poem here in "Dirty Laundry". By the way, you should really check out Rebecca's magazine, The Ghastling, for some high quality creepiness!

I still haven't washed my dress since that day.
It lies in the bottom of the basket with wine
stains,
and half-arsed, low-class sex
all over it.

I won't touch it now,
I've nothing but the dirt to remind me
of your fingers unbuttoning,
peeling me out with eyes of delight,
slipping it off like a sweetie wrapper
discarding it to the floor -
as though you really thought it were possible
to eat me
as no one had ever done before.

The Night Feed

C. R. J. Smith

10 May 1996, 3:37 am

Laura lifted the baby with care, as if he were made from the finest bone china and would shatter at the slightest touch. He was, in fact, a wailing, writhing bundle; tomato red, tear-covered face threatening to burst with the pressure that was building up inside his tiny cranium. Applying the least amount of force necessary to hold him still, she cradled him in her left arm whilst she undid the buttons of her top with her right hand. The offer of a teat was enough to pacify the hungry child and he nuzzled into her breast greedily.

"There, there," she said, "Good boy, it's okay now."

She began to amble around the room, humming an extemporaneous tune as she went. Eyeing the multitude toys and teddies, and colourful murals on the walls, she couldn't suppress a smile.

Looking down at the bundle in her arms, she thought, *Everything is perfect. How did I get so lucky? The perfect little boy I always wanted.*

The smile faded as her eyes fell on a tub of formula, beside which stood two bottles. She shook her head and a contemptuous half-laugh escaped her throat.

Well that was a mistake. How could anything from a tub replace what a mother can offer?

C.R.J. Smith lives in Kells, Co. Meath and has been writing for about four years. He has previously had a story called 'Púca' published in an anthology entitled 'High Strange Horror' from Muzzleland Press.

Why we chose it:

All we could think at the end of this story was, "THAT escalated quickly!" What begins as a simple moment between a mother and her child reveals a more sinister motive.

“Isn’t that right, Ryan? You don’t want any of that dirty old formula stuff, do you?”

Ryan kept suckling, oblivious to what was being said to him despite the fact it was being said in baby talk.

“No, you don’t. This is what’s best for you. Make you grow big and strong, won’t it? Yes, yes it will, yes it will. You’ll grow up big and strong and you’ll be a famous actor, or a great footballer, and you’ll be loved and known around the world.”

She smiled at the now sleepy eyes that looked up at her. “Or maybe you’ll be a brilliant scientist and you’ll cure diseases and win the Nobel Prize. Mummy and Daddy never did anything great or admirable. Except for you, of course. You’re the only worthwhile thing Mummy and Daddy ever did.”

She completed another lap of the room in silence, at a lazy pace.

“Things will be different for you though. I’ll make sure of it. The whole world is going to know the name Ryan Ferguson.”

She circled the room three more times before the baby had had his fill.

“You were a hungry little man, weren’t you?” She lifted him to her shoulder to burp him and he obliged with two hefty belches.

“Well done,” she laughed. “You needed that, didn’t you?” She kissed Ryan on the forehead and lay him back down in his crib. “You just wait there honey, I’ll be back in a minute.”

She stood up, buttoned up her blouse, and left the room. Down the hallway, she paused for a moment with her hand on the master bedroom door handle. She took a breath, turned the handle, and peered into the room. He was still in bed. She closed the door and returned to the nursery.

She double checked the travel bag that she had packed earlier and was satisfied that everything she needed was there. She went to the crib and picked up the still awake baby with the same care as always.

“We have to go now Ryan. I’m sorry you’re not going to see Dad-

*“You’re the only
worthwhile thing
Mummy and Daddy
ever did”*

dy again, but it needs to be this way. It's for the best, I promise."

She held the child to her and the weight of his head rested on her shoulder as he began to drift off to sleep. She slung the strap of the travel bag over her other shoulder, went downstairs, took the car keys from the hallway sideboard and exited the house without looking back. She put the now sleeping child in his car seat, the travel bag on the seat beside him, and herself behind the wheel and drove off into the night towards whatever the future might have in store.

* * *

At 10:27 am the next day, the bodies of James and Patricia Williams, and their three year old daughter, Katy, were discovered at their home in Sandgate, Folkstone, by the nanny, Lucy Pickford. All three had been stabbed multiple times in their beds as they slept. An amber alert was immediately put out for five month old Ryan Williams, with police focusing heavily on the nearby Eurotunnel terminal in Folkstone, and the Dover ferry port.

* * *

At 5:02 pm that evening, pictures and details of the main suspect were released to the press. Laura Ferguson, 28, from Lewisham, S.E London, had been Katy Williams' nanny until eight months ago, when she left to go on maternity leave. She gave birth to a daughter, Natalie, six weeks later. Natalie died of sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS) at five months old.

Ferguson, who had gone back to London for the birth of her child, returned to Folkstone eight days ago with the view of getting her old job back. When the Williams refused, on the grounds that they had a new nanny in place, Ferguson became upset. Over the course of the next four days, Ferguson harassed the family with increasingly desperate phone calls and visits, culminating in an assault on Mrs. Williams which resulted in Ferguson being arrested and a restraining order being issued against her. She didn't return to Lewisham, but stayed in a Folkstone hostel, close to the Williams' home.

* * *

7:28 pm; CCTV footage from Dover ferry port shows a woman matching Laura Ferguson's description driving James Williams' silver C-Class Mercedes. It is believed she left Dover for Calais on the 9:40 am crossing.

English authorities liaise with their French counterparts as Amber Alert Europe increases awareness of the situation.

* * *

The following days saw Laura Ferguson's face splashed across newspaper front pages, TVs, and websites around Europe. Possible sightings were reported from Brussels, to Lisbon to Rome, and numerous points between. All were investigated, most were quickly dismissed, and none were particularly encouraging.

Days turned to weeks, which soon added up to months and any tenuous leads there had been, had come to nothing. News of possible sightings still trickled in to police departments across Europe, but the case had slipped down the order of priority and the little time they could devote to these sightings yielded no results.

Ryan's grandparents, aunts, and uncles kept awareness up as much as they could, but the only spikes in interest from the mainstream media came on Ryan's first birthday, when articles appeared for a few days in magazines and in newspapers, far from the front page, before interest waned once more.

"Ryan Williams's name became a distant memory of a horrible story they had heard years before"

As the years went by, no new news meant few stories in the media, and for most, Ryan Williams's name became a distant memory of a horrible story they had heard years before.

* * *

26 February 2017, 7:12 pm

As the stars gather on the red carpet outside the Dolby Theatre in Hollywood, Los Angeles, a reporter grabs a moment with Ian Steele, the youngest post-war Academy Award best actor nominee.

Steele is the hottest thing in Hollywood. A deluge of scripts come his way every week, every magazine wants his image on its cover and his interview within in its pages. Talk shows, tabloids and tattle websites can't get enough of him.

In the interviews he gives, he is reticent about his childhood, going only as far as to say he moved around a lot; different schools in different countries, as his mother, a single parent, moved from job to job. They finally settled in the States when Ian was twelve. He credits his mother with the success he has had, citing the work ethic and self-belief she instilled in him at a young age.

As he fields more of the same questions on the red carpet, his mother looks on with pride. He beckons her over and puts an arm around her. When the reporter asks how she feels, she states that she always knew he would do great things.

Allison Steele is well known to Ian's fans, given that she never strays too far from his side. She is on his movie sets most days and the two can regularly be seen dining in LA's eateries. She is talked about in online forums, some think she's great, others that she is overbearing. Her age is debated; anything from late thirties to fifty is mentioned, the amount of plastic surgery she has clearly had done making it difficult to tell.

The one thing everybody seems to agree on is that Ian Steele could go on to be one of the greatest actors of all time. The movies will keep coming. The column inches will stretch to miles. His image will be everywhere.

For the second time in his life he will be front page news, only this time people will care for a lot longer.

Glory Unto Denim

Matthew Rochester



Matthew Rochester is an aspiring writer that dabbles in photography. When his storytelling doesn't live on the page it lives in his photographs. His photography work has been previously in Silver Apples Magazine.

Why we chose it:

We think Matthew is a super talented photographer (clearly, since we've published him twice now) and we love the composition of this piece.

Inspired by a Fly

Alex Feldman

Alex Feldman is a 24 year old writer in New York City inspired by everything good and bad in this city full of random happenstance. Fighting to keep the city weird and put a stop to our current cultural lull. Shut down the clubs and frat bars and bring back CBGB!

Why we chose it:

HELL YEAH BOOKS!! Sorry, it's just really easy to grab our attention with anything that celebrates books. We are no good, dirty book lovers and damn proud of it.

Give me a book
I am one for great books
The books I enjoy hurt
Like vaccinations
Or alcohol on an open wound
They are

FAR
FAR

Too wet with dark drip

If you tried to cuddle up
With these books
Near a fireplace
They would call you a spastic,
Or a ninny,
or a stinker

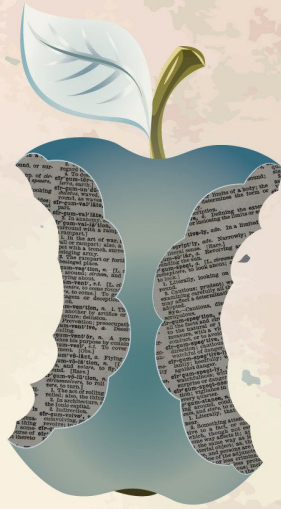
I like books dense
Dense enough to beat the shit out of someone with
Even Bukowski's skinniest book
Could perform that task
So could Oyono's "Houseboy" or
Dostoyevsky's "The Gambler"

Give me a book
That would make young children weep
If they could comprehend it
A book with the flight pattern of a
Dumb, dumb insect
Would be dope

Thank you for reading Issue Eight:
“Dirty Laundry”

Submissions for Issue Nine will open in November. We haven't thought of the theme yet so cool your jets kids!

All the more reason to follow us on Twitter:
[@silverapplesmag](https://twitter.com/silverapplesmag)
and Facebook:
facebook.com/silverapplesmag



SILVER APPLES MAGAZINE

Creativity Worth Consuming

© Silver Apples Magazine 2016

Creativity Worth Consuming

Confessions from the back page:
I don't "get" Ryan Gosling