

# STRIKE!



A ZINE OF  
RADICAL FLASH  
FICTION AND POETRY



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Enjoy!



Amendment's flash fiction contests yielded such powerful results that we (the staff) decided to make this zine, showcasing some of our favorite pieces from the talented participants.

These works were all written in five minutes or less on prompts such as ableism, marriage, manhood/womanhood, and cat-calling.

Special thanks to all participants and everyone at the Student Media Center! ♡

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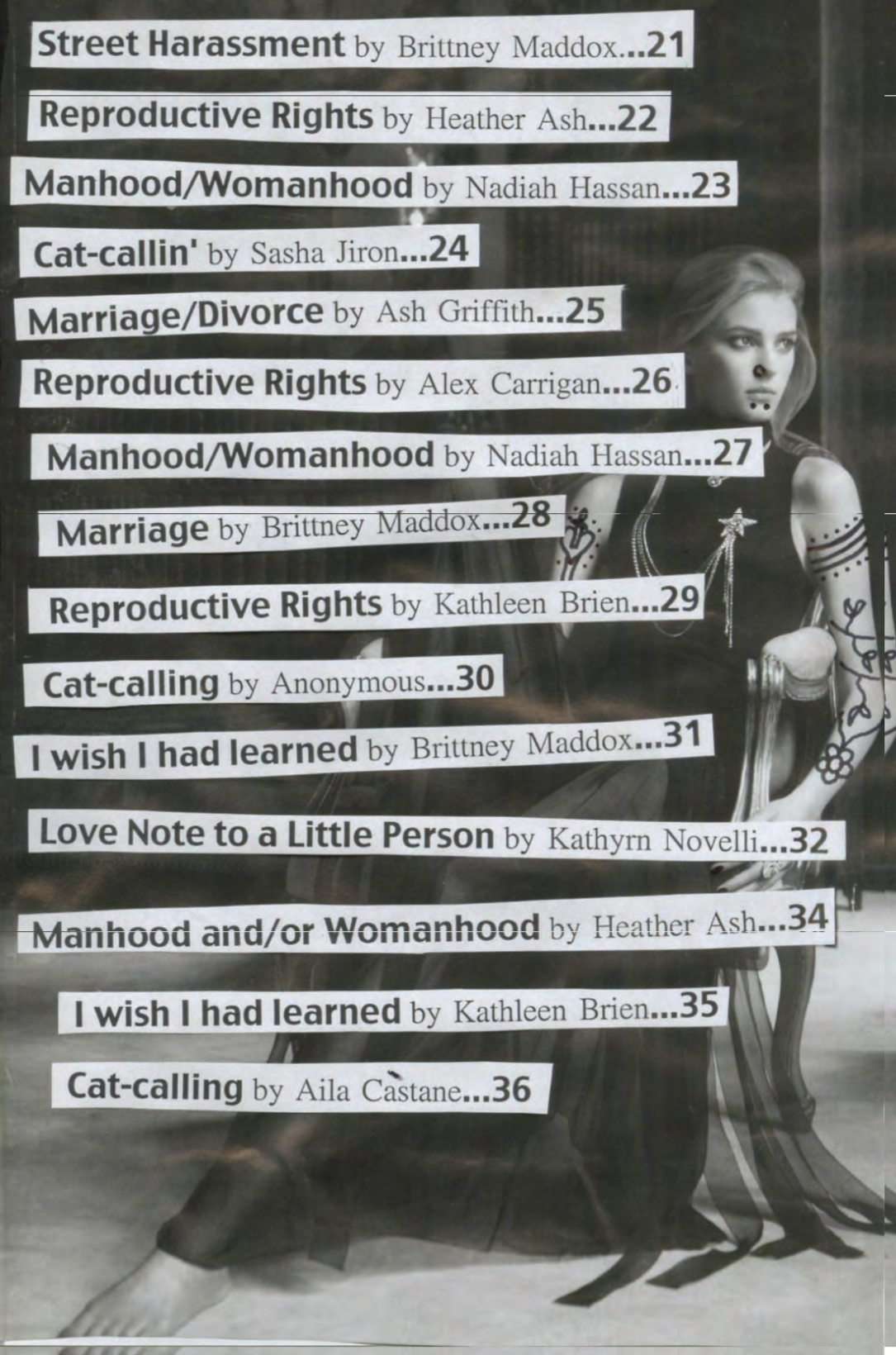
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# Slut

by Courtney Wheeler

WHAT'S  
HER  
PROBLEM?

The most offensive word

is **SLUT**

because no one defines

my sexuality but

me.

01

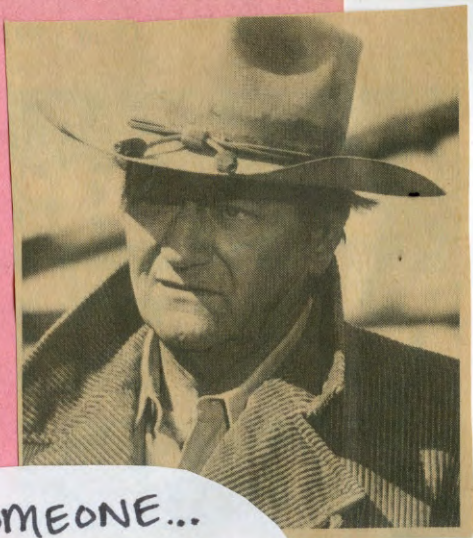
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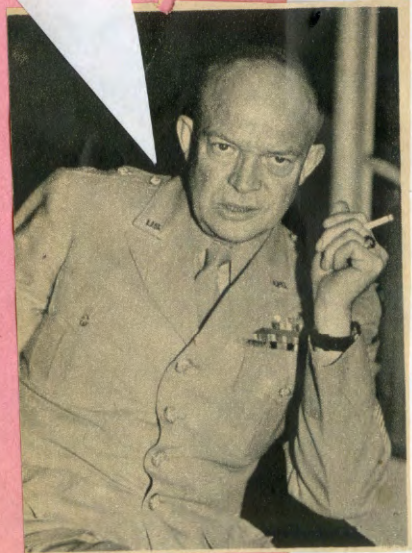




# CAPITAL PUNISHMENT



IF YOU KILL SOMEONE...  
THE GOVERNMENT WILL KILL  
YOU... TO SHOW YOU THAT  
KILLING IS WRONG...  
BECAUSE PEOPLE SHOULDN'T  
KILL PEOPLE... ONLY  
GOVERNMENTS CAN DO  
THAT...



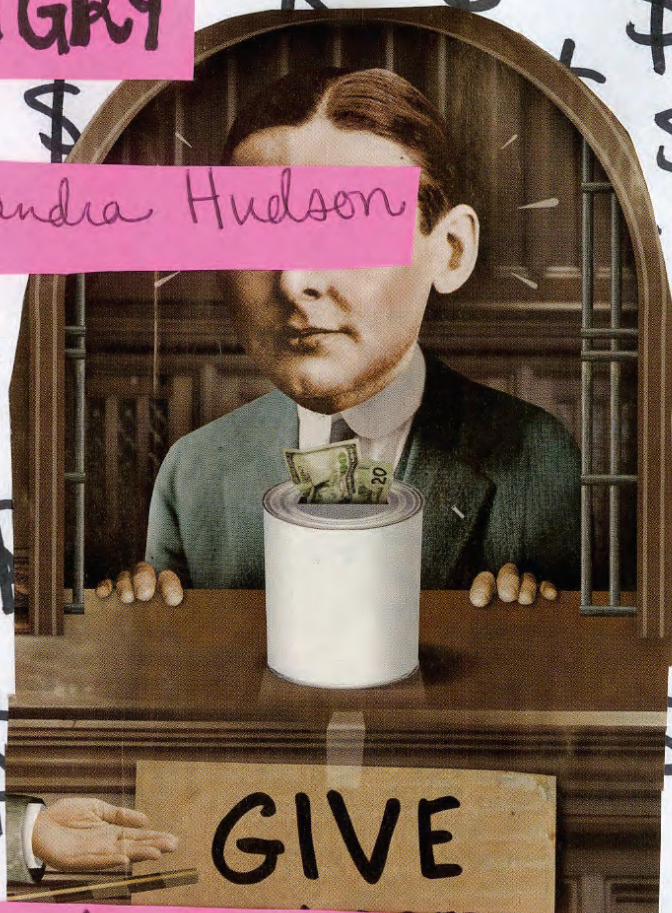
BY  
CYRUS  
NUVAL

2



# HUNGRY

by Cassandra Hudson



As I hand my dollar  
to the man on my right  
holding a sign that reads "hungry"  
I wonder why the weariness  
in my pocket remains.  
A hundred dollars donated  
can't erase this feeling  
of not deserving  
my place on this throne.  
I empty my pockets anyway.

3



# Ableism

by Ash Giffith

"Oh, bless you, honey."

"I-I'm sorry?"

"For your brokenness and you still go around like there is nothing wrong with you."

"Because there is nothing wrong with me! I'm perfectly fine and healthy."

"Oh well of course there is, sugar. You're in a wheel chair."

"Oh. You're right. I guess it could be worse though and I could suffer as you do."

"What? How do I suffer, honey?"

4

"By being a self-righteous bitch."



# Cat - Calling

By: Alex Carrigan



**ASSAULT**

**Alpha**

This lady looks nice.  
Nice enough to fuck.  
I ought to say something.

"Hey! Nice ass!" Dammit.  
Why isn't she thanking me?  
I paid her a compliment.  
Ungrateful bitch.

She must think so little of me.



**The danger**





Oh great.

Some pig is looking at me.

I should keep walking.

He doesn't deserve your time.

Asshole.

He must think so little of me.

SCARY!



6





# Body Modification

A woman with extensive tattoos and piercings is sitting on a beach. She has Arabic calligraphy on her neck and shoulder, a large tattoo of a tiger on her right arm, and a tattoo of a monkey on her left arm. She is wearing a black bikini. The background is a sandy beach with shadows from palm trees.

by Anonymous

When I look at tattoos, I see beauty, even as my father cringes. "You will never get a tattoo," he stresses, as if I am about to walk into a dingy parlor and ask for their largest one.

The only piercings my Grandmother will accept are those on my ears and only one per ear. More of that and I'll be considered a whore. Or something. I don't know. She never really explained.

And all these opinions were vocal. They were loud. They hurt my ears. And yet, the largest modification, the one that ran in seven parallel lines down my left arm, that permanent, self-inflicted tattoo brought silence. They zipped their lips at it and turned away.



# Gun Control Laws

By Cyrus Nowal

...guns don't kill people...

...people kill people...with guns...

...maybe it's because it's because guns

were designed to kill people

more efficiently than hammers...?

GOT TO  
GET YOU OUT  
OF THE  
BATTLE-  
ZONE.

THE SHOULDER  
DOESN'T LOOK  
TOO BAD.


THEN WHY  
DOES IT HURT  
LIKE HELL?

8

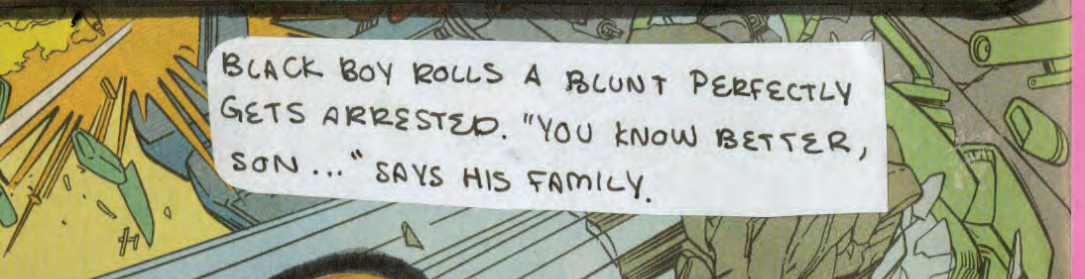


# DRUGS


BY: BRITTNEY MADDOX



WHITE MALE CELEBRITY ROLLS A BLUNT  
PERFECTLY, INSTAGRAMSELF.  
GETS PAT ON THE BACK FOR BEING COOL!



BLACK BOY ROLLS A BLUNT PERFECTLY  
GETS ARRESTED. "YOU KNOW BETTER,  
SON..." SAYS HIS FAMILY.



"I JUST WANTED TO BE COOL," HE ANSWERS.  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



## Speaking truth to power

by Heather Ash

**"White privilege? What the heck is that?"**

I'm stunned. I've just heard those words issue from my mother's mouth and I'm stunned. I try to explain. About institutional racism and how it's something you're born with, something you can't control.

"I don't have any goddamn privilege. I grew up poor as shit!"

No, Mom, it's got nothing to do with economics, it's a social thing. It's in the little things that happen everyday. She asked for an example and I respond about the way people look at her, treat her in every interaction. It's the details. She pauses for a moment, thoughtful.

"This is ridiculous. If people can be mad at me just because I'm white, then I'm allowed to be mad at them just because they're men."

Now you're getting it, Mom!

...well, sort of...







# Marriage

By Aila Castane

And I listen to my aunt cry out.

The sad melody her heart sings.

The springs in the bed bounce up and down,

Reminiscent of his hyper-active genitals.

She doesn't want to let him go

And so she holds on for dear life.

Yet he leaves to see his mistress, but not

before banging his loyal wife.

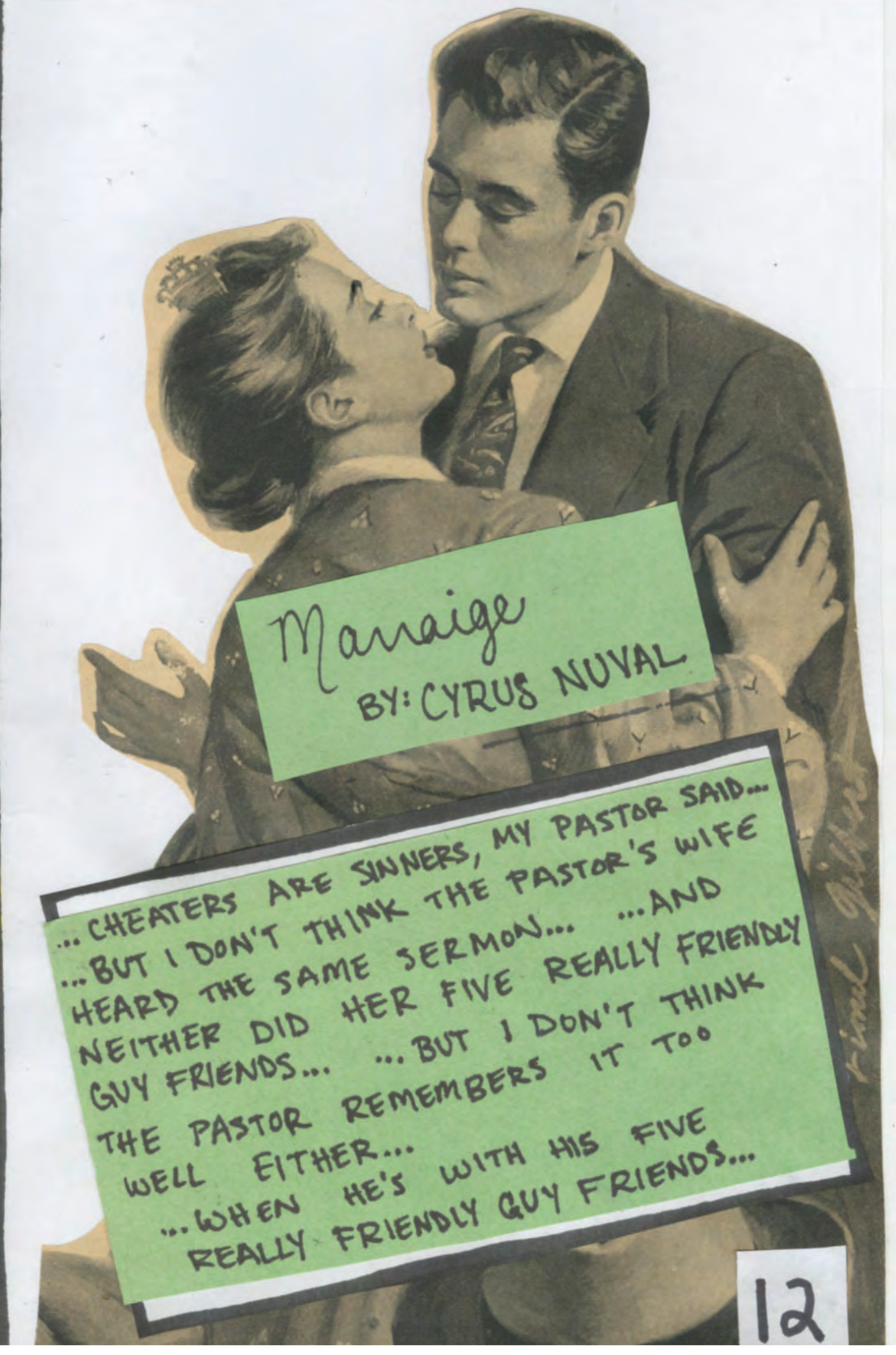
This is not marriage.

This is reaping the benefit of saying "I do."

And "I do" not believe this is a man.

||





Marriage

BY: CYRUS NUVAL

... CHEATERS ARE SINNERS, MY PASTOR SAID...  
... BUT I DON'T THINK THE PASTOR'S WIFE  
HEARD THE SAME SERMON... ...AND  
NEITHER DID HER FIVE REALLY FRIENDLY  
GUY FRIENDS... ... BUT I DON'T THINK  
THE PASTOR REMEMBERS IT TOO  
WELL EITHER...  
... WHEN HE'S WITH HIS FIVE  
REALLY FRIENDLY GUY FRIENDS...



I wish I had learned...

by Anonymous

I wish I had learned to not care,  
to run away without looking back,  
to ignore the criticism  
and the small comments and the strange looks.  
I'd done nothing wrong.  
I'd loved my own. I knew I hadn't made a mistake.  
I felt it in my own soul,  
the one that was apparently going to hell.  
And yet the guilt ate me alive gnawing at me  
slow enough that it became pain.  
But it wasn't my guilt, it was theirs.  
And now that I've learned to not care,  
I wish I'd learned it earlier.

You're  
awesome!



"...WHOD  
WANT TO  
BE LIKE  
THEM?"



**Flight**

13

**POWERFUL**



You're a

**MASTERPIECE**,

Don't forget it!

**REMEMBER**

I'm  
here for you!



AND I HAVE  
A FORCE FIELD--  
I CAN'T GET CLOSE  
EITHER!

**CHANGES**

are going  
to come.









# Loans

by Kathryn Novelli

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
ha ha ha ha ha ha  
ha ha ha ha ha  
ha ha ha ha  
ha ha ha  
ha ha  
ha



When one must spend money they don't  
have to pay that back then spend the  
ir bills instead of sunsets.





# Different

# BEAUTY

## STYLE

### My Privilege

by Brittney Maddox

My privilege allows me to say the "N" word. I am not sure what that will get me in this life.

My privilege is being treated "nicely" by men who have their ulterior motives who think all I am is my face or body.

My privilege doesn't feel like a privilege but a burden under the guise of cool.



17

*Secrets*

look great



Bling! Bling! Bling!

Ratchet is in!



TWERP

Have a little colour... not too much...



Boutique shopping 24/7, grab a glass of wine, and start clicking. Boutique shopping from designers you won't find in stores.

[www.touchoffabulous.com](http://www.touchoffabulous.com)

Light Skin  
Long Hair

My culture is trendy It's ....



18

High fashion

Trends

Touch of FABULOUS

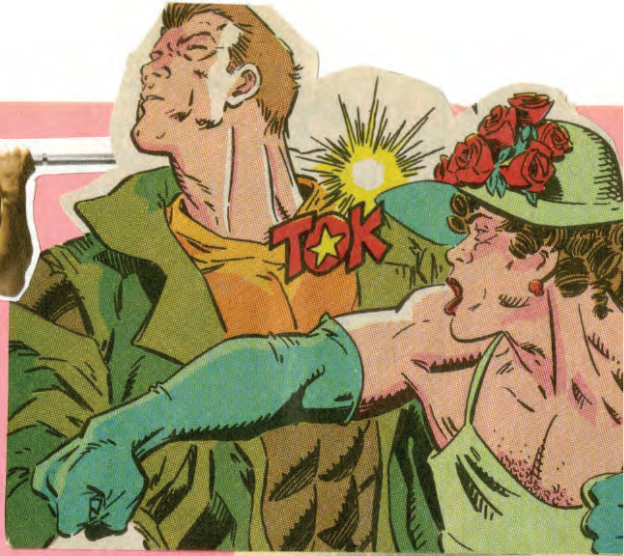
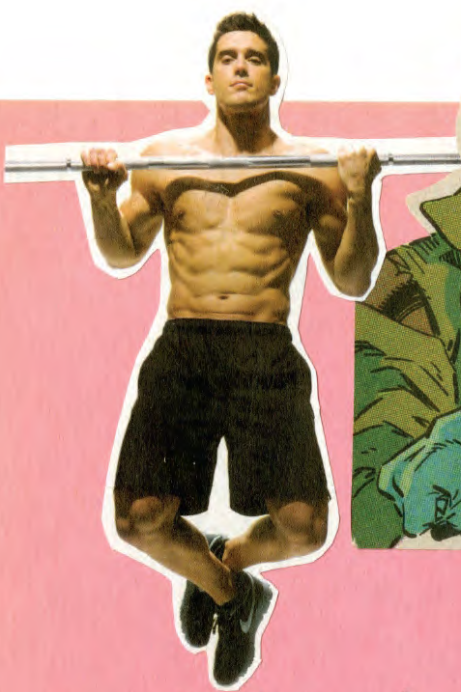


# MY PRIVILEGE BY ALEX CARRIGAN

**W**HAT SKIN COLOR I  
**H**AVE, ALONG WITH MY PENIS,  
**I**NDICATES THAT  
**T**HERE'S SO MUCH I CAN DO,  
**E**SPECIALLY WHAT I CAN GET AWAY WITH.

**M**Y RIGHTS ARE NEVER INFRINGED UPON  
**A**ND NO ONE THINKS I'M  
**L**OWER CLASS. BUT  
**e**VEN WITH ALL THIS, I'M  
**S**TILL NOT HAPPY.

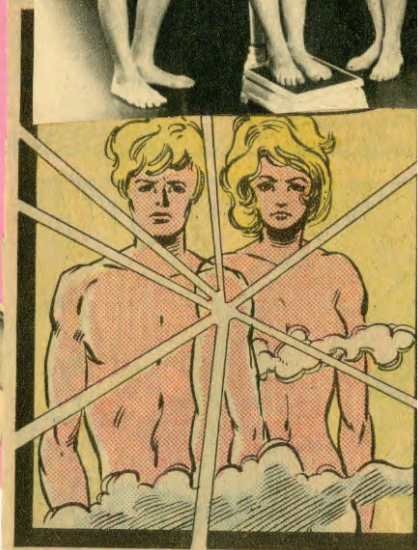





The thing is,  
you can't decide my  
gender for me. And  
my sex? Well, that  
was never really  
in your authority  
either.



Kathleen  
Brien







EITHER WAY,  
IT MEANS WE'RE  
NO CLOSER TO  
ENDING THIS  
NIGHTMARE!



# Street Harassment

by Brittney Maddox

When a man calls you  
“baby,” “sweetie,” “honey”

NO -- THAT'S  
NOT  
THE ANSWER!

LOL  
YOU

You will turn your nose.

WE CAN'T SIMPLY  
ABANDON YOU TO  
THOSE SCUM!

His pet names will

soon turn into pitbulls.

But do not worry

he was only a flea,

bark back at him.





## Reproductive rights

by Heather Ash

My best friend doesn't think abortion should be legal. She's Catholic and we fought about it one summer night on a balcony overreaching Cary St. Things got heard, and she stormed inside my apartment for a glass of water and probably to breathe some air untainted by my sinfulness. I broke down. Hearing my sobs from the other side of the long hallway she rushed back. She was afraid, she told me, that I had jumped because earlier that evening I had revealed to her my dark secret of plans for suicide last semester. I told her I had wanted to jump off a building, but I can never and will never tell her that it was really to kill the baby I was sure was growing inside me.



# INFERNO

"When They Tell you

it's Time

to Get Married.

But what if I never

get better and turn  
into one of those mothers  
who drowns

her children in the bathtub ?

Manhood

Womanhood

Nadiyah Hassan



# GAT-GALLIN'

A stylized illustration of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a green dress, walking to the right. She is carrying a large American flag on her back. In the foreground, a dog is lying down, looking up at her. The scene is set against a background of a cloudy sky and a horizon line.

Here I am walking the streets of Richmond  
with a friend a little after nine.

We're walkin kinda fast  
cuz we know what's up  
when you pass MANSION.

Keep your head down,  
avoid eye contact, mean mug  
if you know how to. And then it happens.

The "HEY MA!"

We knew it was coming but hoped it wouldn't.  
Keep walking, just ignore.  
Neither of us are anyone's mother.  
"You in the blue!"  
Dammit, I'm wearing blue, aren't I?  
Why did I wear blue?  
As if that would've made a difference.



# Marriage + Divorce

BY: ASH GRIFFITH

"We're getting a divorce," Bill chimed.

"But, cl, cl, cl don't understand," Ted panicked.

"Oh, you know why."

"I don't, honey. What did I do? I can change! Let me change!" Ted cried.

"It's not you," Bill cut off shortly.

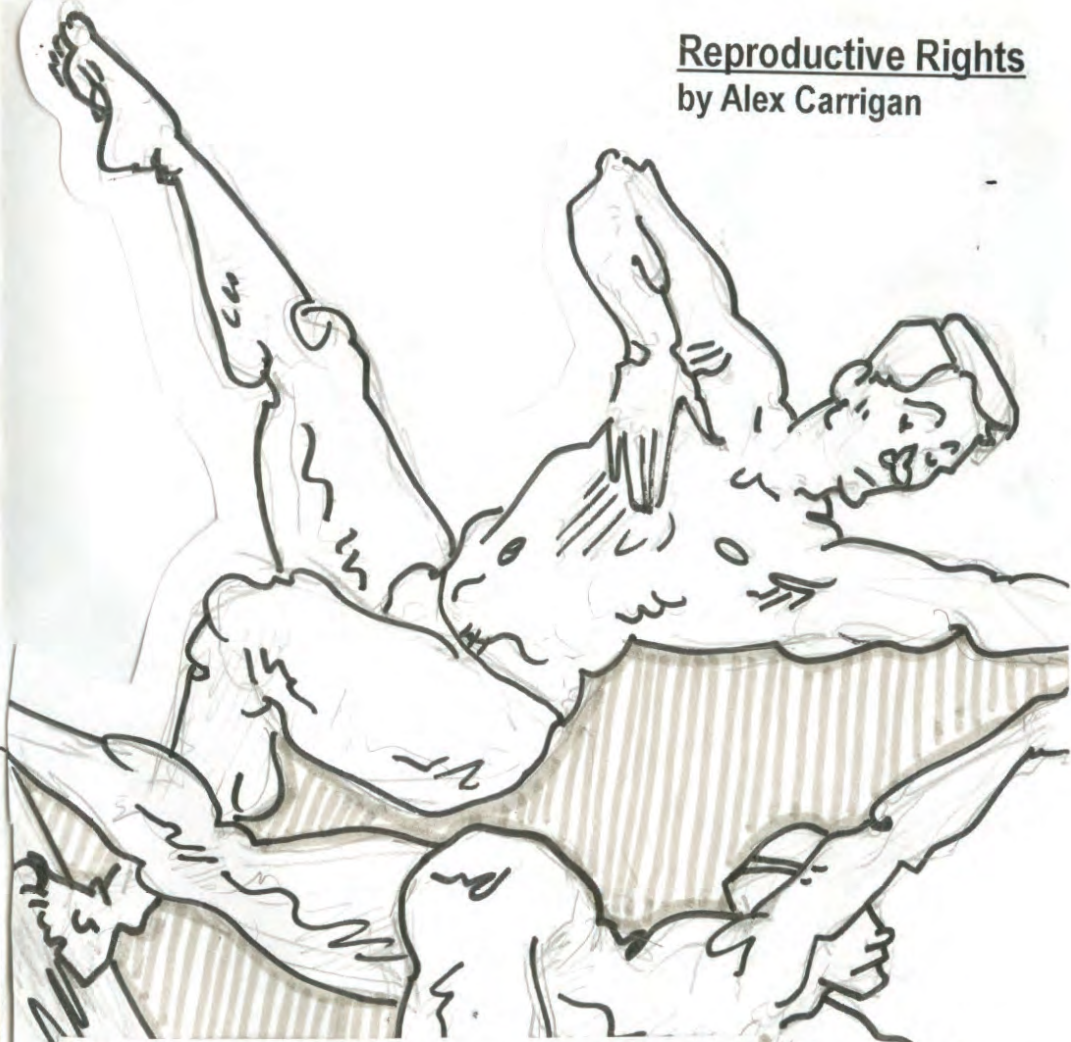
"Then, then what?" Ted begged.

"Linda and Sam next door got married. God damn straight marriage. Ruin everything that marriage stands for."





Reproductive Rights  
by Alex Carrigan



I want to argue against my reproductive rights. Seriously, don't let me breed. Why are women constantly judged for how they use their body? Can't a guy like me be criticized as well? I've got a loaded gun, and it goes off a lot. I'm getting laid frequently, nocturnal emissions are still the norm, and I'm quite cozy with my hand. Aren't I a perversion? Shouldn't you control me? Maybe you should just pay for my condoms instead. i mean, unless you introduce my balls to a hot knife, maybe no one should be restricted.



# MANHOOD / WOMANHOOD

BY: Nadiyah  
Hassan

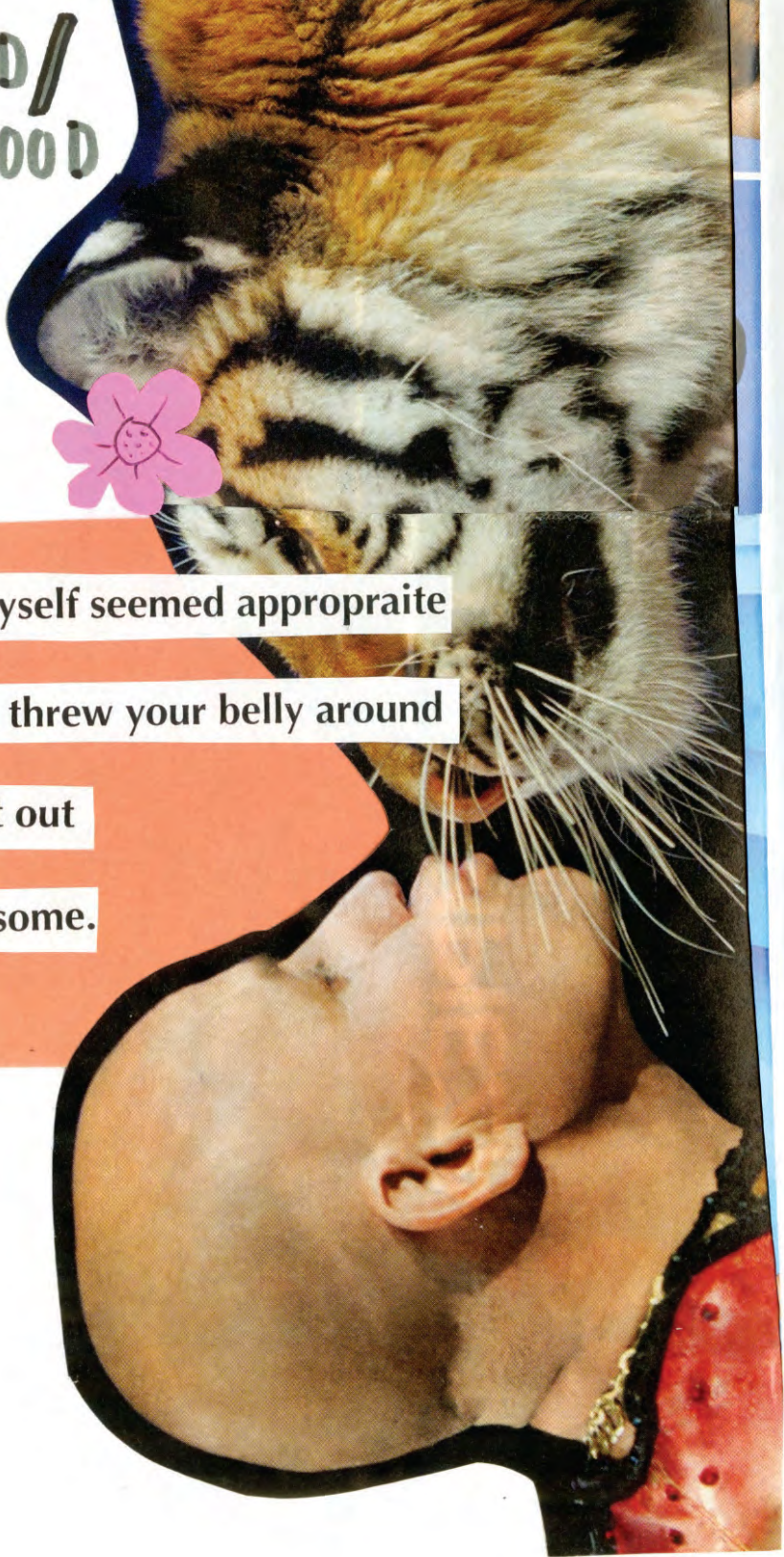


Starving myself seemed appropriate


While you threw your belly around

And went out

And got some.







# Marriage

BY: BRITTNEY MADDOX

Grandparents  
been together  
40 years

I'm scared no one will love  
me that long in  
this age of microwave vows.







## Reproductive Rights

by Kathleen Brien

Are you team pro-control, or pro-choice?

Are you team pill or punch?

Team dress or coat hanger?

Team Christ or Team banger?

Tell me, when you're on one  
team playing against the other,

are you allowed to call the  
other team's shots?

Do you get to decide when to  
run second base or stay safe?

But that's sports – that's a man's world.

In the woman's world, it's okay to  
have the man call all your shots.

Unless it's a birth control shot,  
in which case, game cancelled –

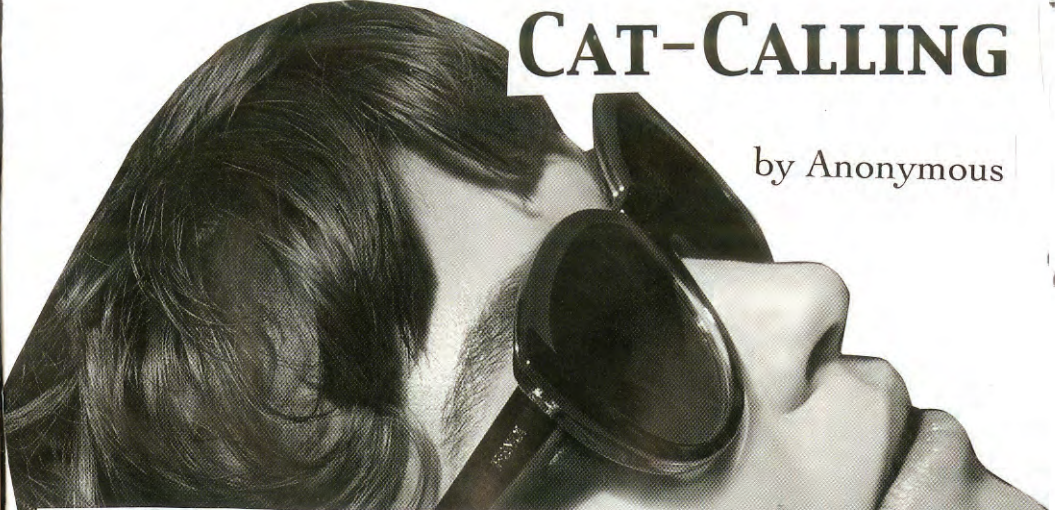
Sorry girls, it looks like rain.

You can't always have it your way.



# CAT-CALLING

by Anonymous



My best friend and I spend our days sitting on the patio, chain smoking, and generally enlightneing the men around us. You know, things like we have brains and feelings and we get pretty for ourselves and hey, we like to get laid, too!

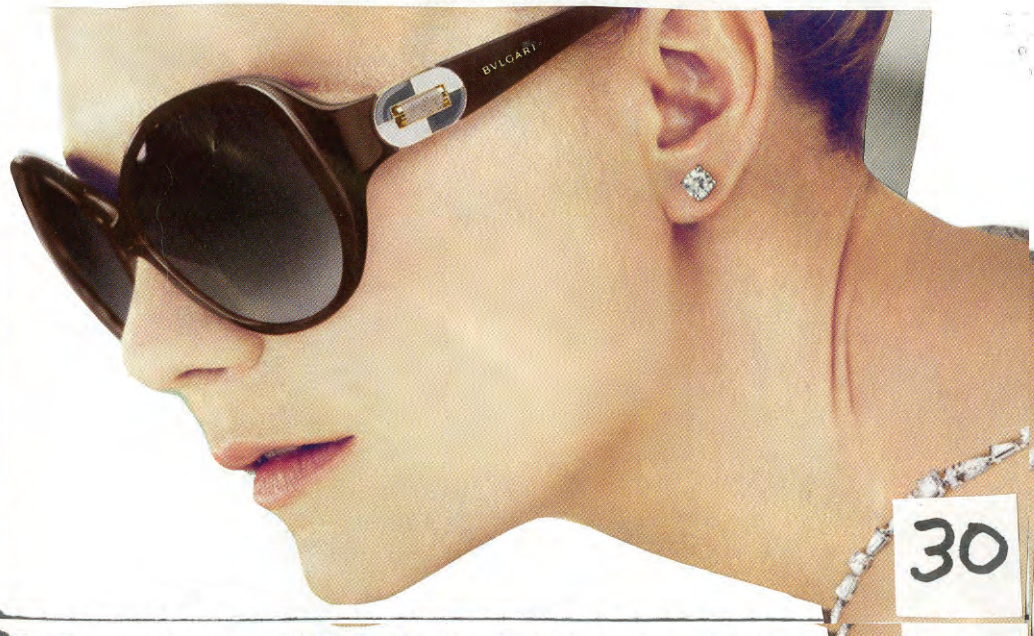
We whiste, Ayo sexy papa, come over here and show me what you're made of. I bet you can't pin me against this wall.

Hey! Let me feel your balls real quick. Ayo babe?

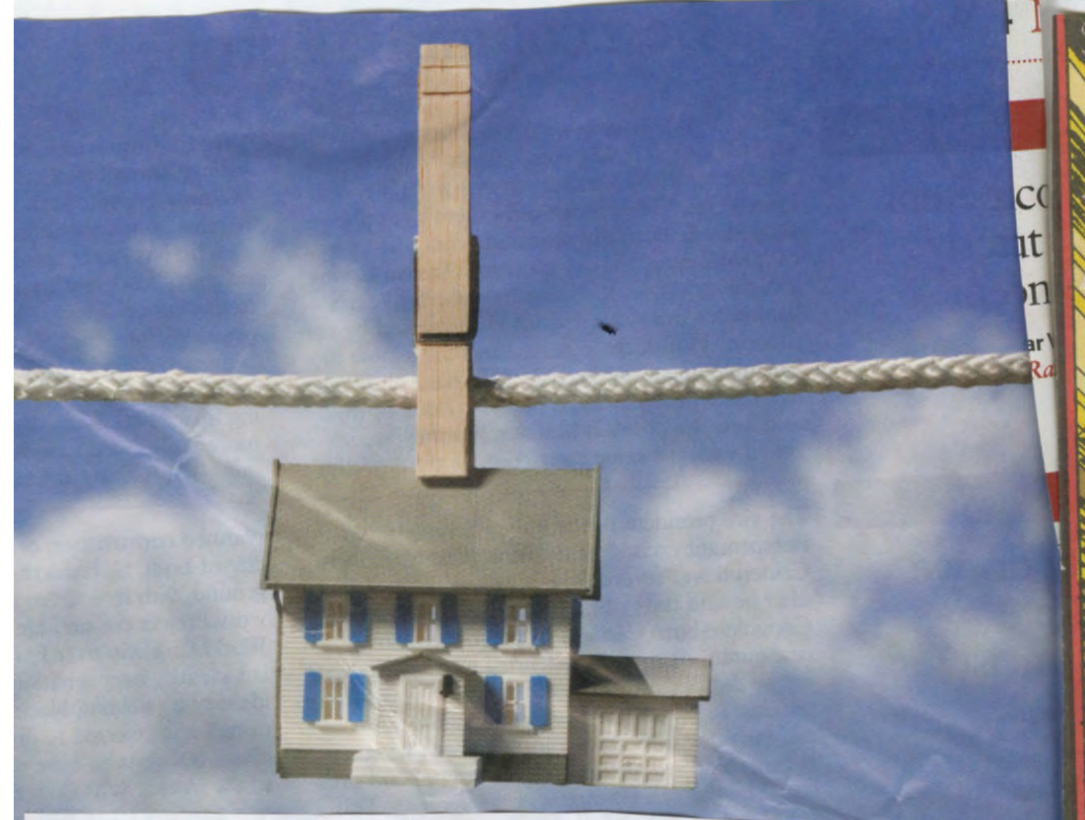
What's the problem? They're just compliments.

We cackle like witches, puff our cancer sticks, and tell him he's just being a bitch because he either of us could beat him up.

We like to have fun, too.







## I wish I had learned...

by **Brittney Maddox**

That not everyone will see you as an equal.  
Despite your degree/accomplishments.  
Despite the way you carry yourself.  
Despite - No. You don't need people  
In your life that don't see you for who you are: equal





*Love Note to a Little Person*  
by Kitty Novelli



and you're looking horizontally from the perspective  
of half the height of the person next to you  
looking up to only down cast eyes and you or I  
can't help but repeat the same process.  
There is nothing half about you, my friend  
and I admire you for your strength  
not to demolish the shins of every one of  
those motherfuckers.

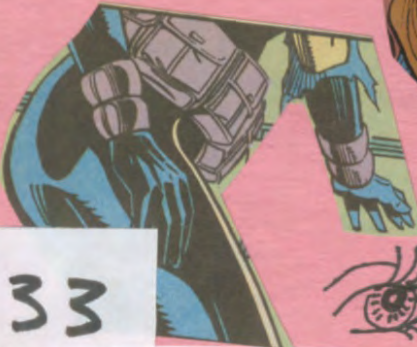
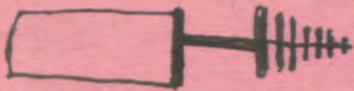




Womanhood.



SEXY.  
Pretty.





## Manhood and/or womanhood

by Heather Ash

It was around 10:30 PM when the transformation began.

First I opened the black lipstick that I hadn't touched

since Halloween. Employing the practiced hand of a

Real Life Socialized Girl, I applied an ample amount

my lips, blotted, and reapplied. That helps it last longer

you know. I realized my clothes felt too tight.

Moving out of the bathroom I suddenly

slipped off the restrictive bra, t-shirt, and jeans

I had been wearing all day and picked up the first thing

on my floor: a pair of boys pants cut off at the knee,

buttons instead of a zipper on the crotch. After french

braiding my hair into pigtails, I looked at myself

in the mirror (naked torso, hairy legs, more woman

than I've ever felt before) and took the

best selfie of my life.





# I wish I had learned...

Q™

by Kathleen Brien

...how my mother kept it all in. Surely she screamed so much, her body had no more words in her.

PUSH, and scream.

Mom, why are you moving –

PUSH, and scream.

Mom, what's going on?

PUSH, and scream.

Mom, mom, I'm being blinded.

Are these knives near my scalp?

PUSH, mumble.

It's stopped now. Mom, you must be alright.

Mom?

Mom,

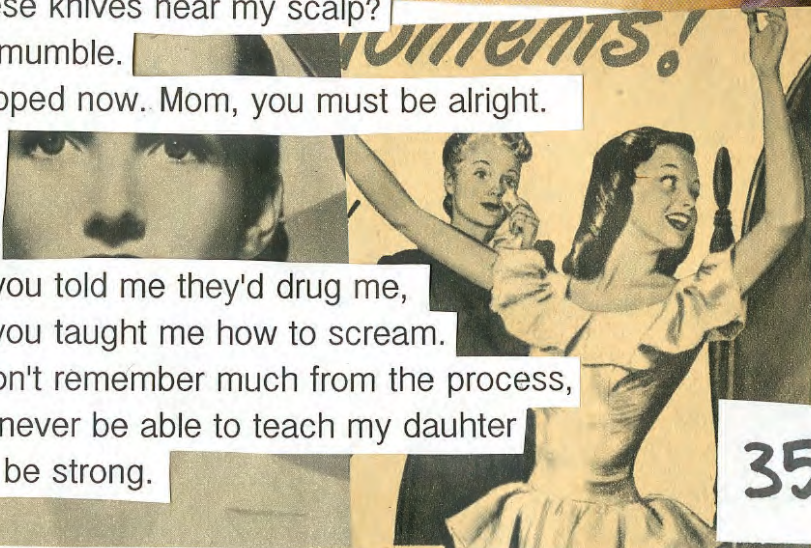
I wish you told me they'd drug me,

I wish you taught me how to scream.

But I don't remember much from the process,

and I'll never be able to teach my daughter

how to be strong.





# Cat-Calling

by Aila Castane

AYE MAMI!

GOD BLESS YOU MAMI!

...Funny. I don't remember giving birth anytime in the past.  
And I hope you don't think my evil glare is something that will last.  
Take a good look now, because this is all that you will see.  
And don't be surprised you couldn't get the PUSSY.  
Maybe you should ask your mami, papi.



H.A.R.D. corps



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# STRIKE

A ZINE

BY

AMENDMENT  
LITERARY  
JOURNAL



So Queer  
YOU WOULDN'T  
KNOW WHERE  
TO BEGIN.



A