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Megan Fox is a Man

Becca Gumhold

He was paranoid as hell. After all these years, he still insisted that those stupid tabloid stories were true: stuff about half-bat children, presidential conspiracies, and alien abductions. At the moment, his hands gripped the edges of the *Weekly World News*, crinkling the headline which claimed to have evidence that Megan Fox had had a sex change as a child.

It didn't bother me today.

Most times I could barely stand it. He'd insist, in a terse whisper, that we meet here, again, at O'Shannon's Pub. It, in and of itself, wasn't so objectionable. I could put up with the history of nicotine wafting from its mortar and brick. The beer tasted good enough, even if it reeked more of yeast than the stuff at home. Hell, the sour, metallic tang went great with the greasy slices of pizza served up twice-nuked. And I could even stand the wintry draft seeping in through the rotted weather stripping by our favorite table; I just huddled in my own grasp and waited it out. But I hated when he dragged me here so I could watch him read those damned stories.

He didn't know my plan, though. I was getting out. No more perching on these hard-assed chairs, jittering each limb systematically to get the feeling back. No more staring at the faded letters printed below his knuckles, waiting and hoping for more.

I refused to sit and wonder why anyone would tattoo S-K-R-E-W B-A-L-D for the world to see. I didn't want to think, anymore, about how that might have something to do with him shaving his junk. I wished I didn't know that about him at all. That I could take back the first time, when he tugged me into the guy's bathroom at Denny's, and I saw that his scalp matched his head. Even now I could feel him instead of the hard rim of the bottle between my lips.

He told me he loved me, then, but I don't know that he did. Or does. I don't know that love ever existed at all.

He exchanged his paper for a half-empty glass of Black Russian, still cold enough to bleed onto the green cocktail napkin underneath it. Despite its name, he insisted on drinking the vodka-coffee-liqueur concoction. Though, every time he did, I had to hear about it. I had to sit through his complaints about the purity of the world and those bleeding-heart liberals with their pansy pinko views on race. All this time I held my tongue—he didn't know I was one of them.

Just as he opened his fat mouth to start up again, his lips glistening with booze, I held up my hands.

"Polk," I started. Yes, his name really was Polk. He told me once that it meant "great glory" in German, and he'd sounded pretty proud about that. I should've known then what kind of guy he was.

"You're a stupid fuck, I hate you, and I want to go home."

Except, I didn't say that. God (if he existed) knows I wanted to. I wanted to give a reason for the glitter of hate in his black eyes. I wanted to watch him

break. I longed to be the one to shatter what little heart he had left.

Instead, I mumbled, “Nothing,” and let him rant. It was just easier that way.

Miley Cyrus

Katie King

Smiley Miley, you have much to be Smiley about:

Television and silver screen stardom so young,

They put their hands up playing your song

“Party in the U.S.A!” they all shout.

But does your naiveté give you pardon

When this is what you wanted all along?

Your millions of dollars and millions of admirers

Records gone gold and top single hits

Star rating climbing, boyfriend list heightening,

And all the while, still burning are fires,

People dying, but you’re too busy moving your hips

Like Yeah, it’s kind of frightening.