

Flash Nonfiction Contest

Sometimes, I don't recognize my hands.

—Elizabeth Parker Garcia, "Don't Make Eye Contact"

Grandma didn't cook. Instead, she fed us food fresh from the can, over-salted spam or corn or beans or sardines, arrived via government assistance, stabbed open with a steak knife, pried open with hungry fingers, complemented with crackers or stale bread.

—Amanda Hadlock, "Something Sharp and Cold"

Death is a hotel suite inhabited by Cary Grant, all understated elegance and beckoning charm.

—Carolyn Oliver, "Cary/Carrie"

I'm trying to gather up the last few pieces (fear, guilt, and shame) in the set but they seem to be glued on where they were placed years ago.

—Sarah Broussard Weaver, "Garage Sale"

Outside, our breath billows in the icy air, and we pause to take blurry photos of the bar's lighted sign.

—Tamzin Mitchell, "Pommel and Glitter"

I have as many identities as the number of people I know.

—Amanda Bramley, "Indigo"

We sit too close to stay strangers for long.

—Lauren Fath, "Seven Letters for a Stranger"