



JEREMY TRYLCH is a bipedal primate from Saginaw, Michigan who writes. He lives on the planet Earth with his wife and son and 6+ billion other big brained monkeys.

As a writer, Jeremy Trylch, has won two awards and has short work appearing in the anthology Kiss the Sky: Fiction and Poetry Starring Jimi Hendrix. He is the creator of the webseries Dirty4U. He holds a master's degree in Writing from the Johns Hopkins University and is looking for a home for his first novel.

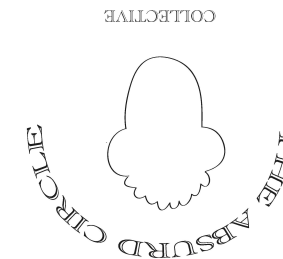
As a videographer, he has shot everything from "Real Stories of the Highway Patrol" to pieces for the Onion News Network. He lived for two terms in Washington D.C. shooting international news for foreign news agencies.

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Fashioning Time

Jeremy Trylch



4.

On an ugly red door, written with a Sharpie by Flav's hand, were all the things she'd ever wanted to be—Pop star, Artist, Weaver of Tales, Magic Ring Forger, Bride of Kong. The near illegible accusations damned her.

She turned the knob. No lock. No alarm. No flaming sword booby-trap set by archangels.

Inside the apartment, among Play Doh containers strewn about the floor, stood a tilting, lacquer finish-chipped papier mache chair.

She knelt, laid her hat at the foot of the throne, and, looking ceiling-ward, shouting in wrenching self disdain, tore her Times fashioned top.

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Jezi said, "Better you than me."

She looked toward the steeped screen. "I will find him. I am his one."

"There's speculation he's fallen victim to a conspiracy. The FBI, CIA, The Borg wish may seek him."

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roof tops.

Gasps. She sat up, scanning the crowd, the

tonights celebration."

"Flavius Josephus Jones did not attend

crowd.

Atari Space Invaders tee-shirt, hushed the silent The projectionist, a thin guy wearing an

her neck.

Projector darkened, crowd stilled, she leaned against Jezi who, seated on a stuffed dragon pillow, kissed blood from a scratch on

3.

1.

The party celebrated Flav's final film. Her outfit needed to be right.

She braided a pink weave into her blonde hair. Her tank top, fabricated from the Washington Times, set the tone. She'd done a bikini wax to wear the blue bottoms, which she'd say represented water.

She tried imagining Flav wearing flip-flops but couldn't. She slipped on four-inch heels.

Flav would say her nakedness symbolized mankind's spiritual vulnerability. She put on the last piece: her papier mache croaking frog hat crafted from the Time's Sunday Edition.

She'd decorated the frog with a pink bow to match her weave.

2

3

She danced for him.

crowd, scoping his following.

waiting, wanting, hoping Flav watched the

cracked concrete, moving to keep and kill time,

ships, and demonic serpents. She stepped over

crowded crowd—among locust, foundering

She danced among the papier mache

Flav was a genius.

calendar showed December 21, 2019¹².

out a third of the wash tub ocean. A Dilbert

tissue-wrapped LED-hit yoyo fireballs emptying

second motion, eating everything. Angels threw

Plastine frogs hopped in four-frames-per-

image of Flav's film.

A boarded-up back wall of an abandoned church served as the screen for the projected

2.