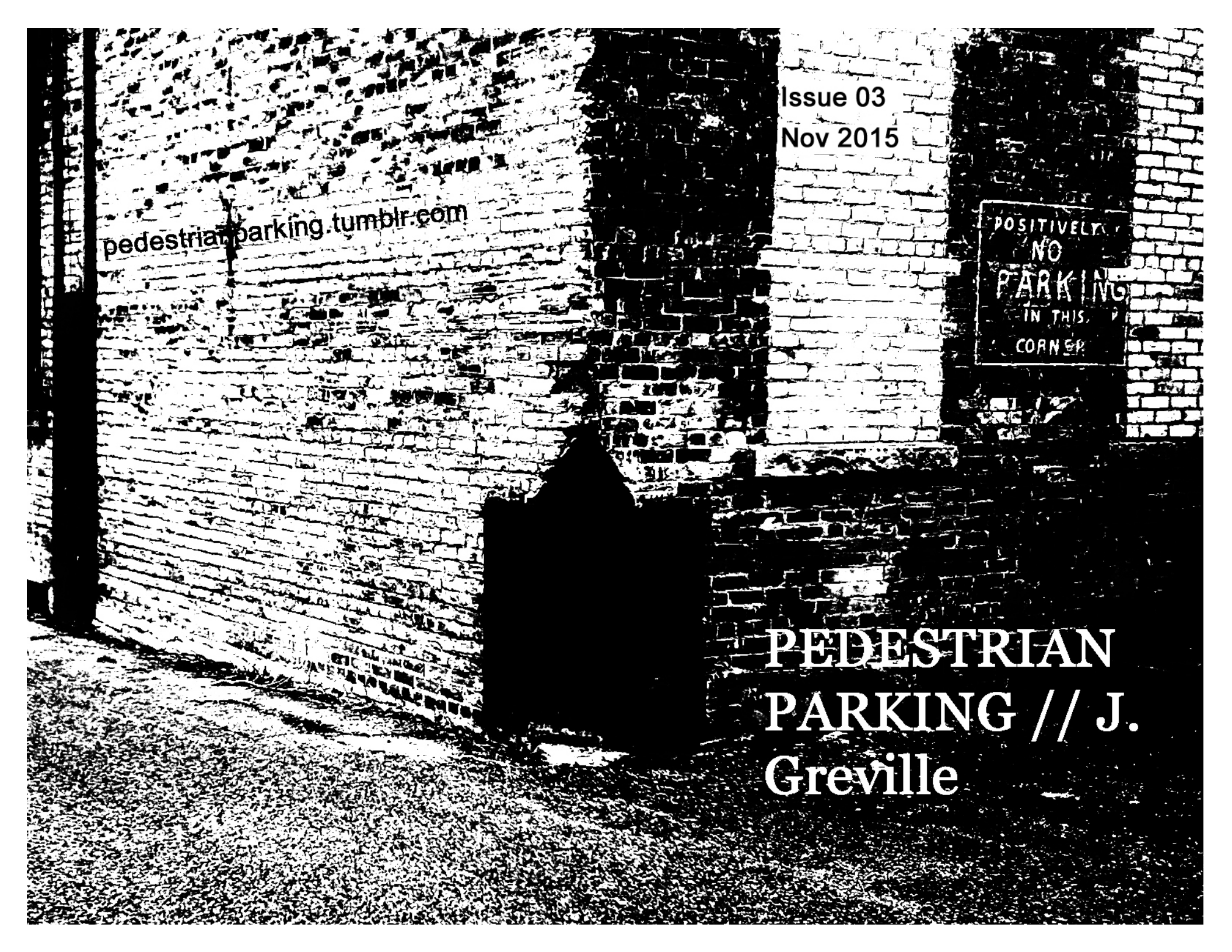


A black and white photograph of a brick wall. On the left, there is graffiti that reads 'pedestrianparking.tumblr.com'. On the right, there is a rectangular sign that says 'POSITIVELY NO PARKING IN THIS CORNER'. The wall is made of bricks and has some shadows and textures visible. The ground in the foreground is dark and textured.

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pedestrianparking.tumblr.com

POSITIVELY
NO
PARKING
IN THIS
CORNER

PEDESTRIAN PARKING // J. Greville

On Monday, October 19th, 2015, Canadians voted out Conservative Prime Minister Stephen Harper, and his Harper Government, after nearly 10 years of Conservative Party rule. In his place they elected the Liberal Party to a majority government, led by Justin Trudeau, son of beloved former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

The Liberals came from behind, the first party to ever win a majority government without being either the incumbent Government or the Official Opposition, going from 36 to 184 out of a possible 338 seats.

They won partly due to strategic voting in key ridings, and partly because of their charismatic, young leader. But most of all they won because Canadians all over the country banded together to put an end to an oppressive, bigoted regime.

Remember how we stood up to those with power and took it from them. Remember your voice, and never, ever forget your right to use it. Remember to speak. Remember your worth.

Congratulations Liberal Party. We'll be watching.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

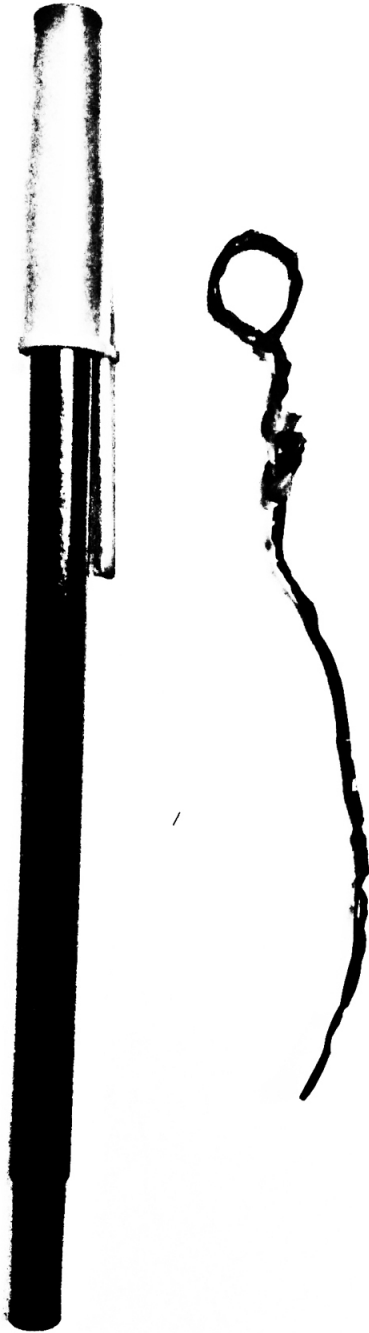
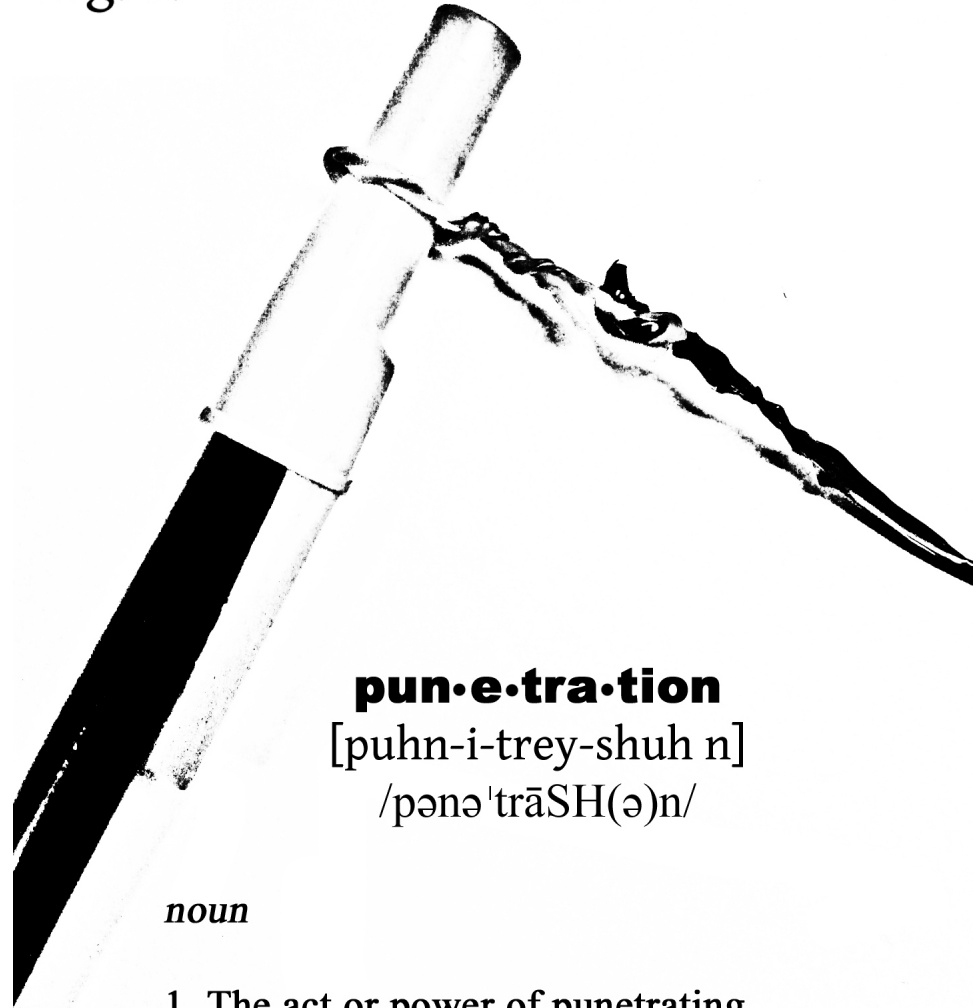


Fig. 3.

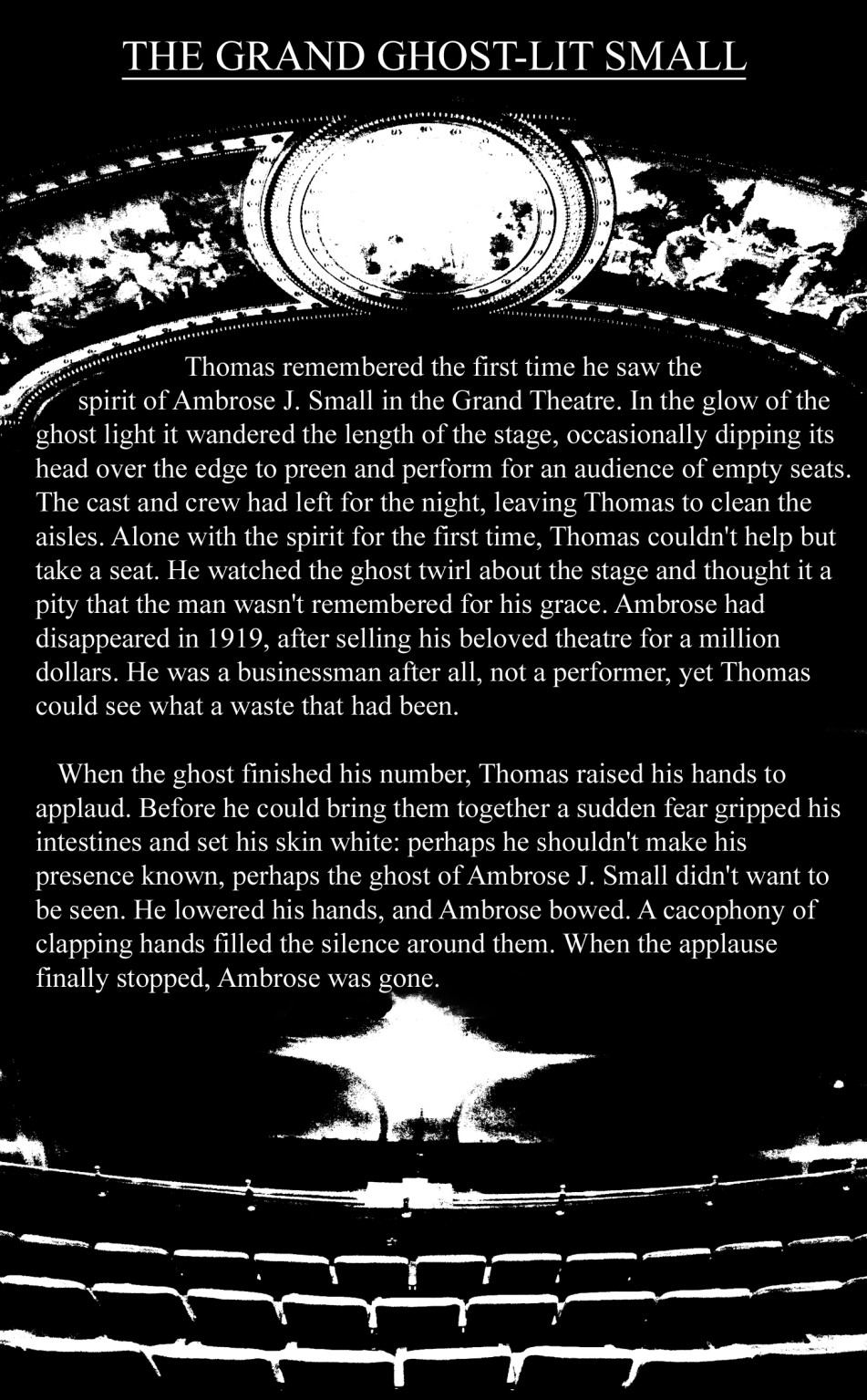


pun•e•tra•tion
[puhn-i-trey-shuh n]
/pənə'trāSH(ə)n/

noun

1. The act or power of punetrating.
2. Punnery. The depth to which a pun punctures the target.
3. When 'PENetration' is too on-the-nose.

THE GRAND GHOST-LIT SMALL



Thomas remembered the first time he saw the spirit of Ambrose J. Small in the Grand Theatre. In the glow of the ghost light it wandered the length of the stage, occasionally dipping its head over the edge to preen and perform for an audience of empty seats. The cast and crew had left for the night, leaving Thomas to clean the aisles. Alone with the spirit for the first time, Thomas couldn't help but take a seat. He watched the ghost twirl about the stage and thought it a pity that the man wasn't remembered for his grace. Ambrose had disappeared in 1919, after selling his beloved theatre for a million dollars. He was a businessman after all, not a performer, yet Thomas could see what a waste that had been.

When the ghost finished his number, Thomas raised his hands to applaud. Before he could bring them together a sudden fear gripped his intestines and set his skin white: perhaps he shouldn't make his presence known, perhaps the ghost of Ambrose J. Small didn't want to be seen. He lowered his hands, and Ambrose bowed. A cacophony of clapping hands filled the silence around them. When the applause finally stopped, Ambrose was gone.

Thomas had heard the stories of old Ambrose—of how he never missed an opening night, of how his body had never been found. He had worked at the Grand and many theatres like it for years. He knew how stories grew over time, from a grain of truth to a field of rumour and superstition. But he remembered the man dancing in the ghost light, and the thunderous applause that followed.

As the years passed, Thomas waited after each new premiere. He volunteered to stay late to clean up, setting the ghost light upon centre stage in anticipation of Ambrose's return.

Sure enough, after each opening night, Ambrose made his grand appearance. When he approved of the night's performance, Ambrose danced upon the stage. At his bow, the sound of clapping filled the theatre from each and every empty seat.

On the nights when Ambrose disapproved of the production, he merely sat in his stage right box, silently mouthing the director's name.

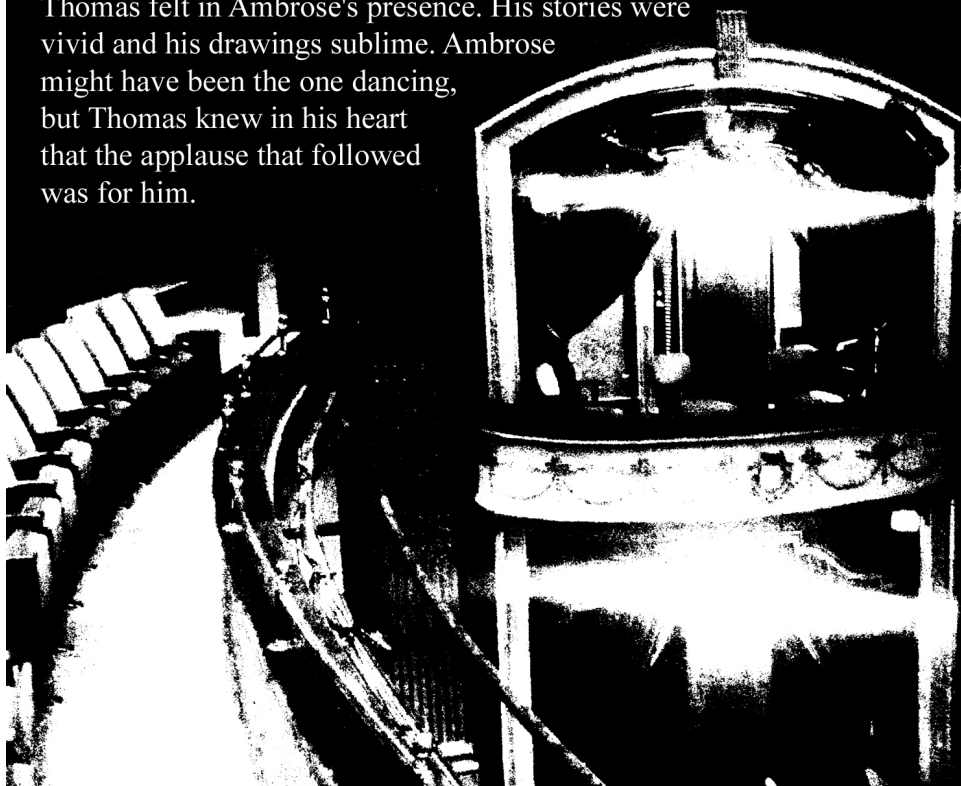
No ghostly applause followed the nights of poor productions, only a cold chill, and the sight of Ambrose's lips moving in the darkness.

Every premiere, Thomas encouraged the cast and crew to celebrate their success at lavish parties elsewhere, often booking bars and restaurants late into the night. He always stayed behind, of course, feigning illness and making excuses. He was desperate to keep Ambrose to himself.

On the nights when Ambrose sat in his box seat, Thomas crouched in the cold beside him and wrote in a small leather journal. He took note of the director's name on Ambrose's lips each cold night, and began writing little stories, keeping his hands busy to keep his fingers warm. On the nights when Ambrose danced, Thomas instead filled the journals with marvelous drawings, finding within him a talent that he had never nourished, nor expected. Exactly like Ambrose's talent for dance, he realized.

Thomas didn't notice when Ambrose stopped speaking at times. He didn't notice the ghost light flicker upon the stage.

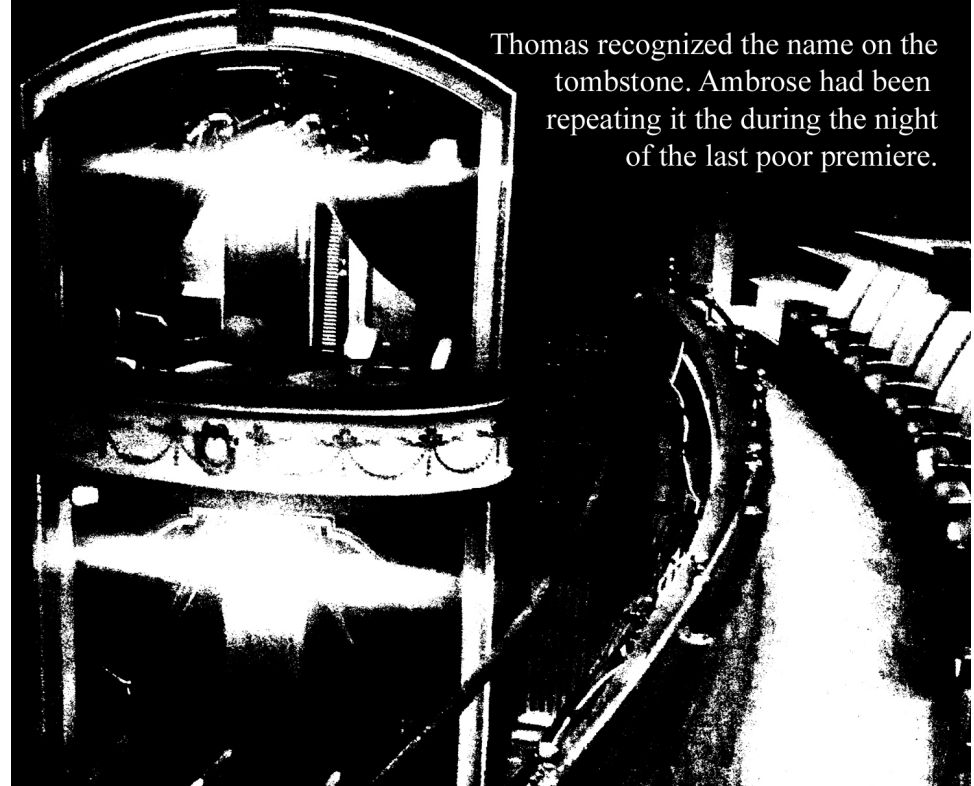
The more that he drew and wrote, the more at ease Thomas felt in Ambrose's presence. His stories were vivid and his drawings sublime. Ambrose might have been the one dancing, but Thomas knew in his heart that the applause that followed was for him.



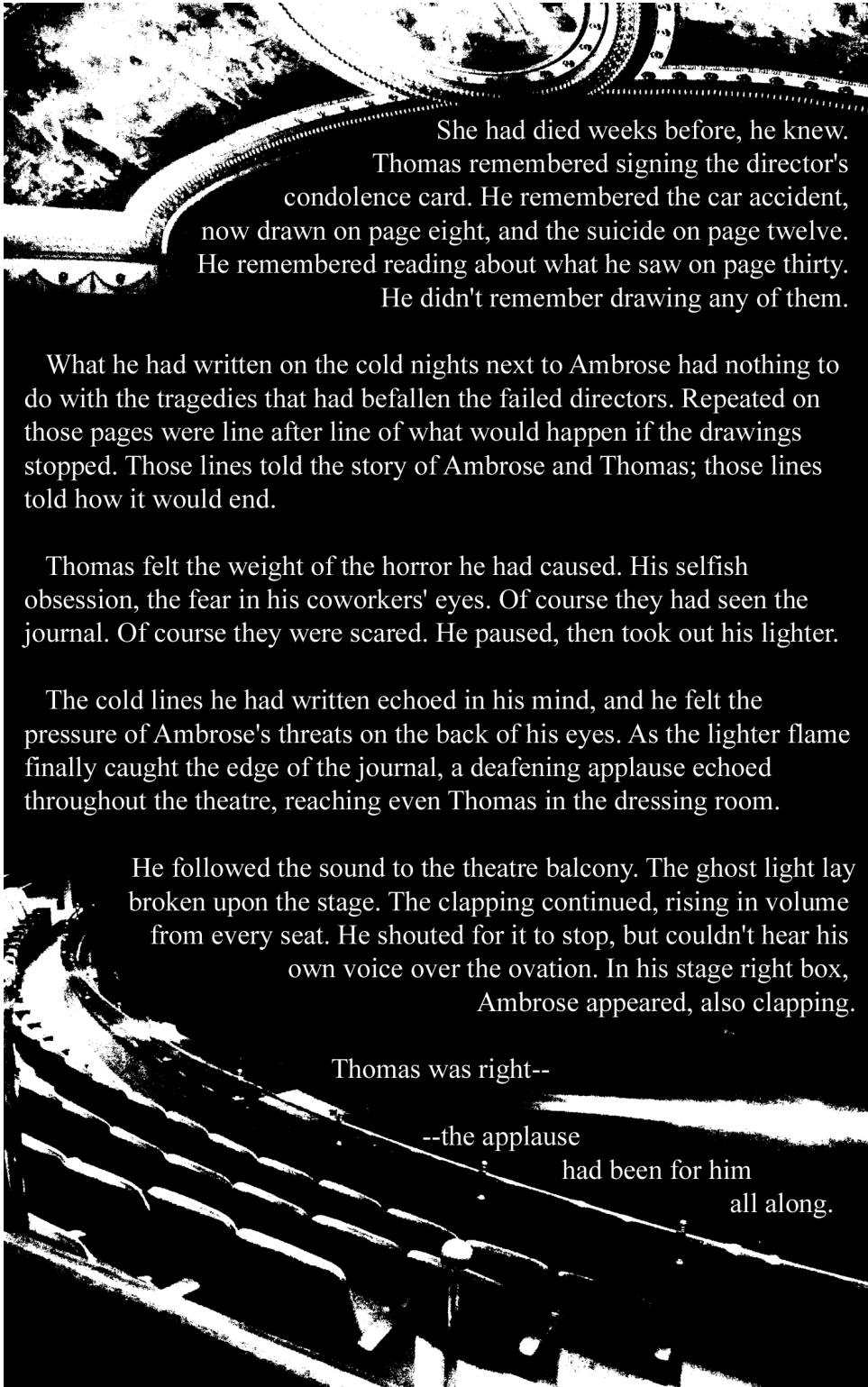
It wasn't until hushed whispers became the only sound he heard that he knew people were talking behind his back. Thomas tried to focus on his work at first, but soon silence greeted him upon every full room he entered, leaving only more whispers when he left. When he tried to talk to anyone at the Grand, they made whatever excuse they could to quickly part his company. The actors, the crew, the ushers—they all seemed wary of him, for whatever reason. Scared.

He knew why when he found his journal open on the dressing room floor. He had always kept it in his locker, nervous at the possibility of anyone finding out about his nights with Ambrose. It was open to a drawing that Thomas had done months before, of two little girls playing on a tire swing in their idyllic backyard. Thomas remembered the night he drew it.

He picked up the journal to give the drawing a closer look, and froze. What were smooth lines were now jagged, where there was light was now shadow. Where there were two girls playing, there was now a single girl mourning at a graveside.



Thomas recognized the name on the tombstone. Ambrose had been repeating it the during the night of the last poor premiere.



She had died weeks before, he knew.
Thomas remembered signing the director's
condolence card. He remembered the car accident,
now drawn on page eight, and the suicide on page twelve.
He remembered reading about what he saw on page thirty.
He didn't remember drawing any of them.

What he had written on the cold nights next to Ambrose had nothing to do with the tragedies that had befallen the failed directors. Repeated on those pages were line after line of what would happen if the drawings stopped. Those lines told the story of Ambrose and Thomas; those lines told how it would end.

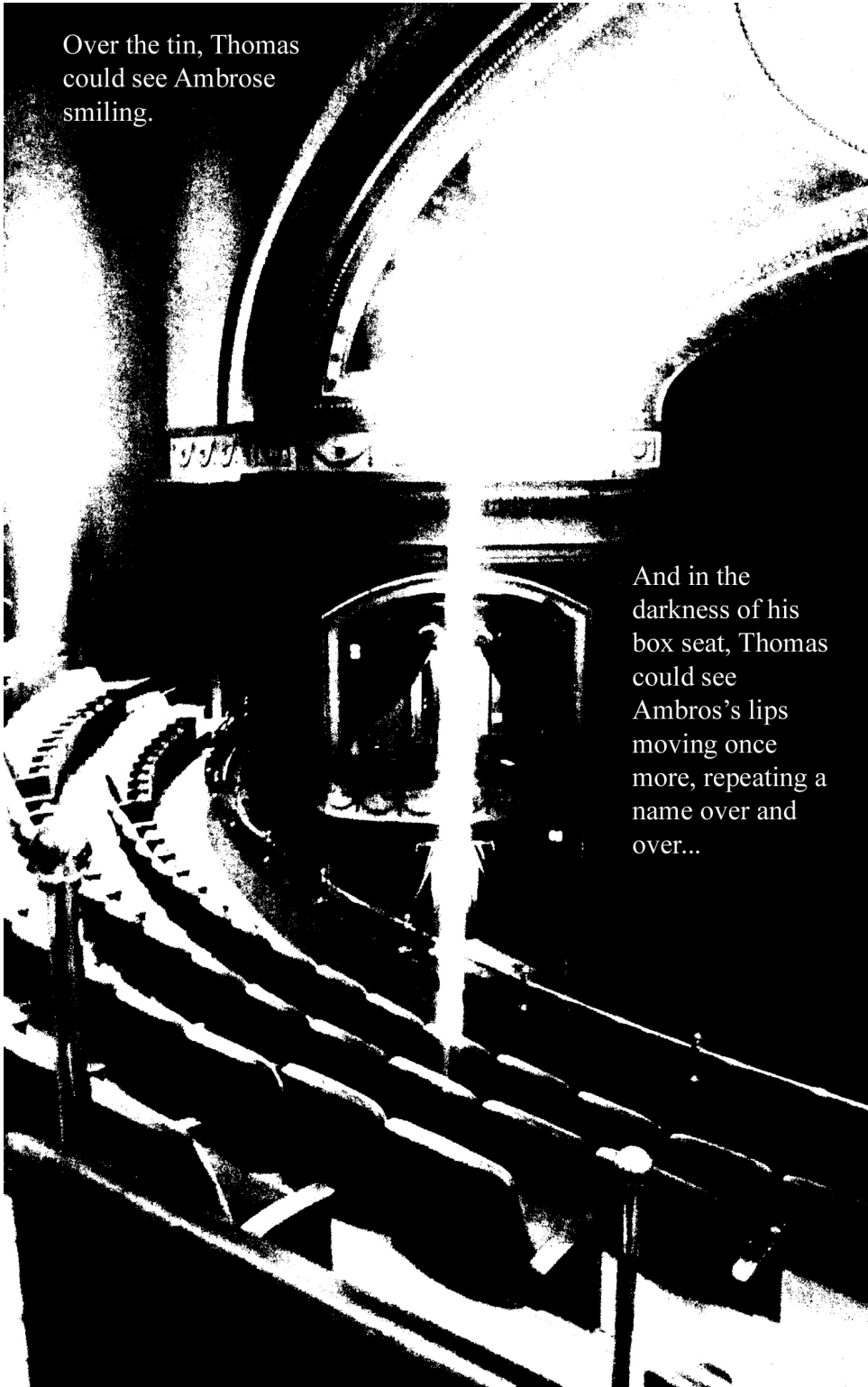
Thomas felt the weight of the horror he had caused. His selfish obsession, the fear in his coworkers' eyes. Of course they had seen the journal. Of course they were scared. He paused, then took out his lighter.

The cold lines he had written echoed in his mind, and he felt the pressure of Ambrose's threats on the back of his eyes. As the lighter flame finally caught the edge of the journal, a deafening applause echoed throughout the theatre, reaching even Thomas in the dressing room.

He followed the sound to the theatre balcony. The ghost light lay broken upon the stage. The clapping continued, rising in volume from every seat. He shouted for it to stop, but couldn't hear his own voice over the ovation. In his stage right box, Ambrose appeared, also clapping.

Thomas was right--

--the applause
had been for him
all along.



Over the tin, Thomas
could see Ambrose
smiling.

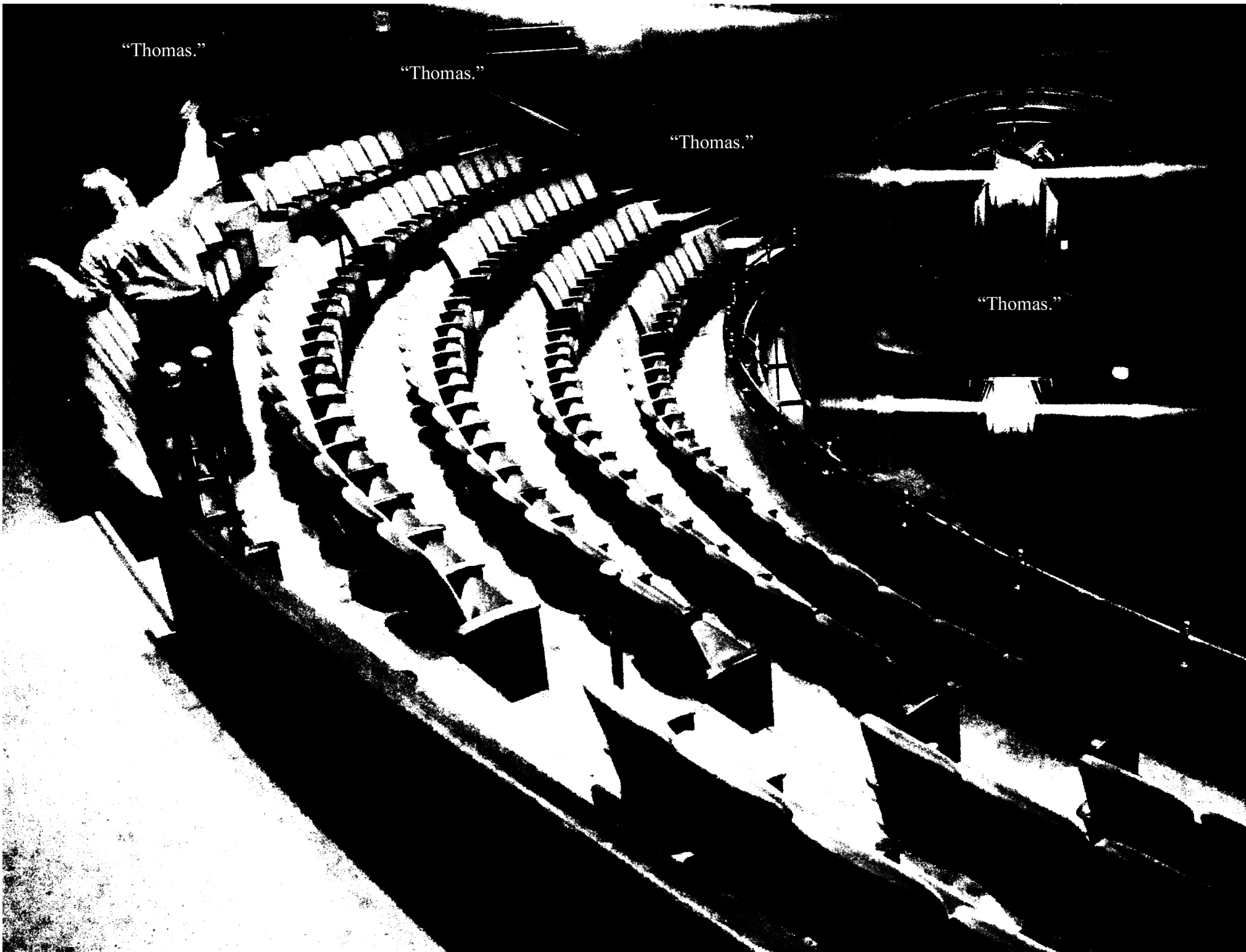
And in the
darkness of his
box seat, Thomas
could see
Ambros's lips
moving once
more, repeating a
name over and
over...

"Thomas."

"Thomas."

"Thomas."

"Thomas."



IN MEMORIUM

Ambrose J. Small was last seen on December 19th, 1919, after finalizing the sale of several theatres he owned, including the Grand. The public didn't learn of his disappearance until January 3rd, 1920, when it was reported in the Toronto Daily Star. He left behind the one million dollars he was paid, and an additional \$750,000 to be paid in increments of \$37,500 every year for the next two decades.

He also left behind his wife, Theresa Small, who merely said of her husband's disappearance, when interviewed, that he "was in the arms of a designing woman."

The night watchman at the Grand Theatre swore that he saw Ambrose a few weeks after his disappearance, attending the opening of a show.

It's said now that he never misses a premiere.

THIRTEEN BISHOP DRIVE

I remember when it was Don St.

I remember waking in the night, screaming. I remember that I had no voice.

I remember that the dead don't speak.

I remember trying the light in my room, and then the light in the hallway, and then the light in the bathroom.

I remember none of them working.

I remember the dream of the dead man, and the message that he left. I remember that he loved me.

I remember the wake but not the funeral. I remember the tears in the night.

I remember the face of my father,
and of my mother.

I remember when their
faces were stolen.

I remember the eyes in
the darkness, and the
hot breath on the back
of my knees.

I remember the woods
in the backyard through
the window, and the thick

darkness that crept bold to the light.

I remember how anything could have stood on the other side of the glass, hidden in shadow.

I remember the things that did.



I remember the chills at the bottom of the stairs,, and the mirror in the shadows that waited just before the steps.

I remember the face on the other side of the glass. I remember that it wasn't mine.

I remember my reflection watching me climb the stairs. I remember it chasing me.

I remember the doll that stood at the top, waiting.

I remember her long distended arms and muscular legs. I remember her dead stare, her glassy eyes.

I remember waking up to her standing at the end of the hallway, taunting me with her stillness.

I remember her dress and her bows and her hair.

I remember her moving.

I remember the walls screeching against the floor as they slid inward.

I remember the places I put my childhood toys, and I remember the places I found them.

I remember that my room used to be where he kept his guns.

His rifles.

I remember always being afraid.



I remember the dirt floor of the basement, and the collapsing stone near the entrance outside.

I remember the creak of the door when it opened. I remember standing outside it after dark.

I remember the three knocks I gave it, all I could manage.

I remember the three knocks returned from inside.



I remember the old shed in the backyard, a converted van. I remember the battered padlock.

I remember the spiders and the mice. I remember the scratch marks on the ceiling. I remember counting six fingers.

I remember the name carved into the underside of the steering wheel.

I remember the smell.

I remember the night that they attacked. I remember the weight of them on the covers.

I remember the pressure of them above me. I remember the immediate, cruel shock.

I remember keeping my eyes closed, hoping they were gone.



I remember thinking that would help.

I remember they took my mother first. I remember how they fed her despair.

I remember the angels she made to protect her. I remember their ceramic black wings.

I remember her laugh, and the last time she brushed my hair.

I remember her staring at me.

I remember dreaming of her in the doorway. I remember her face stretched over a jagged skull.

I remember her spindly back and elongated limbs. I remember her dark empty eyes.

I remember her tail flicking at the corner of the ceiling.

I remember waking to her standing there.

I remember her cold hands on my throat. I remember the whispers that followed her throughout the house.

I remember her screaming into the mirror. I remember the faint sound of laughter that followed.

I remember sitting with her at the dinner table, and hearing her call my name from the next room.

I remember her shadow dancing as she wept.

I remember my father's voice in the night.

I remember when he told me that the woman standing over my bed wasn't my mother.



I remember the sound of her claws on the walls. I remember when she took form.

I remember the click of her tongue as she spoke. I remember the doll in her arms as she chased me.

I remember the name of the thing that wore my mother's face. I remember what it wanted.

I remember what it took.

I remember my mother returning to the kitchen. I remember her scream when she saw us.

I remember her fighting the thing that wore her face. I remember her dying.

I remember the voice of my father telling me what to do.

I remember that the dead don't speak, too late.

I remember agreeing to the terms. I remember the creature dissolving into the floor.

I remember the taste of ichor filling my lungs.

I remember my mother returning to life. I remember watching her embrace the thing that she thought was her son.

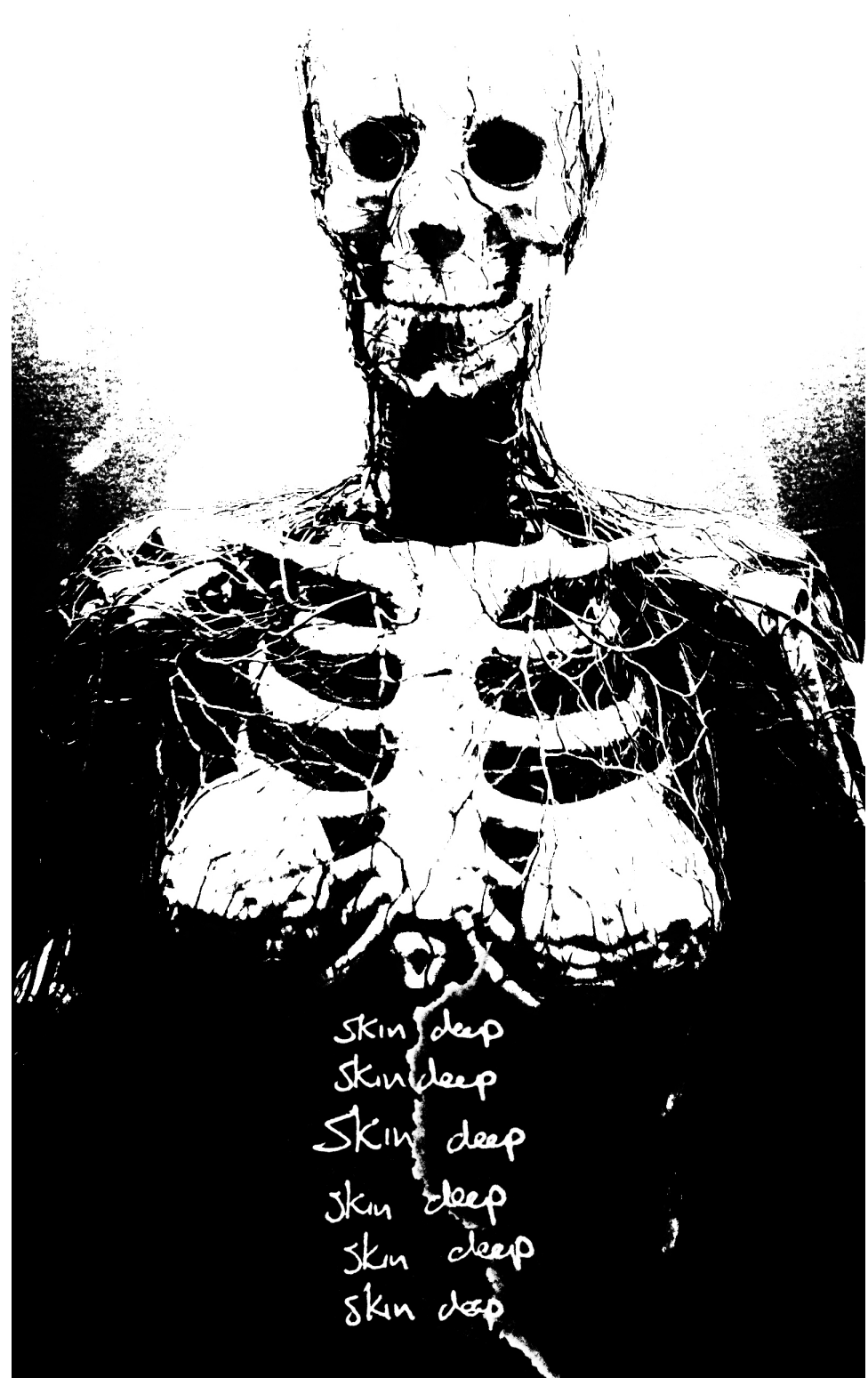


I remember it staring as I was dragged to the dark place.

I remember the sound of my father laughing.

I remember light, and warmth, and sound.

I remember when I missed them.



- 1) 3 sets of 3
- 2) Run of 4 set of 3
- 3) 2 sets of 4
- 4) Run of 4 set of 4
- 5) 2 runs of 4
- 6) 4 sets of 3
- 7) Run of 7 set of 3
- 8) 2 sets of 5
- 9) Run of 5 set of 5
- 10) 3 sets of 4
- 11) Run of 9 set of 3
- 12) Run of 6 set of 5
- 13) Run of 7 set of 6
- 14) James wins

19

She knocked on the nineteenth door three times. Three knocks were returned, just as they were at the previous doors. The same soft sound of rustling leaves could be heard on the other side of the hinges. The same faint scent of petrichor filled the air.

They had been impersonating her daughter for years. They said she was a thief and a liar. They said her daughter promised them things. They called her at home, and accused her daughter of being dead in the street. She moved her daughter to a new city, but the lies followed. The same calls in the night, the same teachers telling her things that couldn't be true.

They knew, all of them. They were in on it.

She could feel the wind through the crack at the bottom of the door. They said her daughter was here, that this was where they had her body. but she knew her daughter was at home, asleep. Horrible, horrible people. How could they keep doing this?

The other doors had all been locked. A cruel joke. She gripped the knob and felt the cold aluminium against her palm. This time it turned, and the door finally opened.

She screamed.