

Arcade

by Felix Jung

The room is dark and hot with sweat. A girl is standing near a boy who's cursing fire, his fingers groping as they slap and whirl about the buttons. Although his eyes are tired,

he's scared to blink. His hips sway heavily, hypnotically, in time with flashing blue and red, bursts of static white. The game is simple: kill everything. The girl beside him turns away and says

Let's go, scratching his neck slowly. He yells *God dammit*, kicks the machine, and grabs his last remaining coin. She leaves, the sound of mortar shells exploding in her wake. Toward the door, she'll go past

other boys like him: their bodies tilted, a gangly row of jeans and clumsy hands, crying out *Oh please, Oh no*.



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