

PENNY

THOUGHTS

#46

EDITORS' NOTE

Welcome to Issue #46! Over yonder be greate arte, and stirring writing that'll bend and steel the heart in equal measure.

It's about time for an announcement. More details will be revealed later in the week (keep an hour on our [Instagram](#) for that) but we can sum it up by saying that this is the beginning of the end for Penny Thoughts.

Releasing on March 1st, Issue #50 will be our last issue of Penny Thoughts, and near total shutdown of Snitch. The website will remain online, so our entire archive will be available for reading and download.

If you've been featured in Penny Thoughts over the last 3 years we'd like to extend our sincere gratitude

for sharing your work with us and our readers. If you HAVEN'T been featured, now's your chance!

After this one we have 4 more to publish, with Issue #50 being a bumper edition. It will also be **PRINTED**, which is something we haven't done for almost a year. To mark the occasion we felt it proper to return to where we started.

That said, send us your submissions, and after you've done that tell your mam, dad, dog and the devil themself to send theirs in too. As always, the email address is yourpennythoughts@gmail.com

We hope you enjoy the issue, & tap the artists' names to see more of them!

Rory



Eva



CATHERINE MCCAUL-ALDWORTH

Pull the Plug



GRANT LAMBIE

New Europe



CATHERINE EATON SKINNER

Passages IX



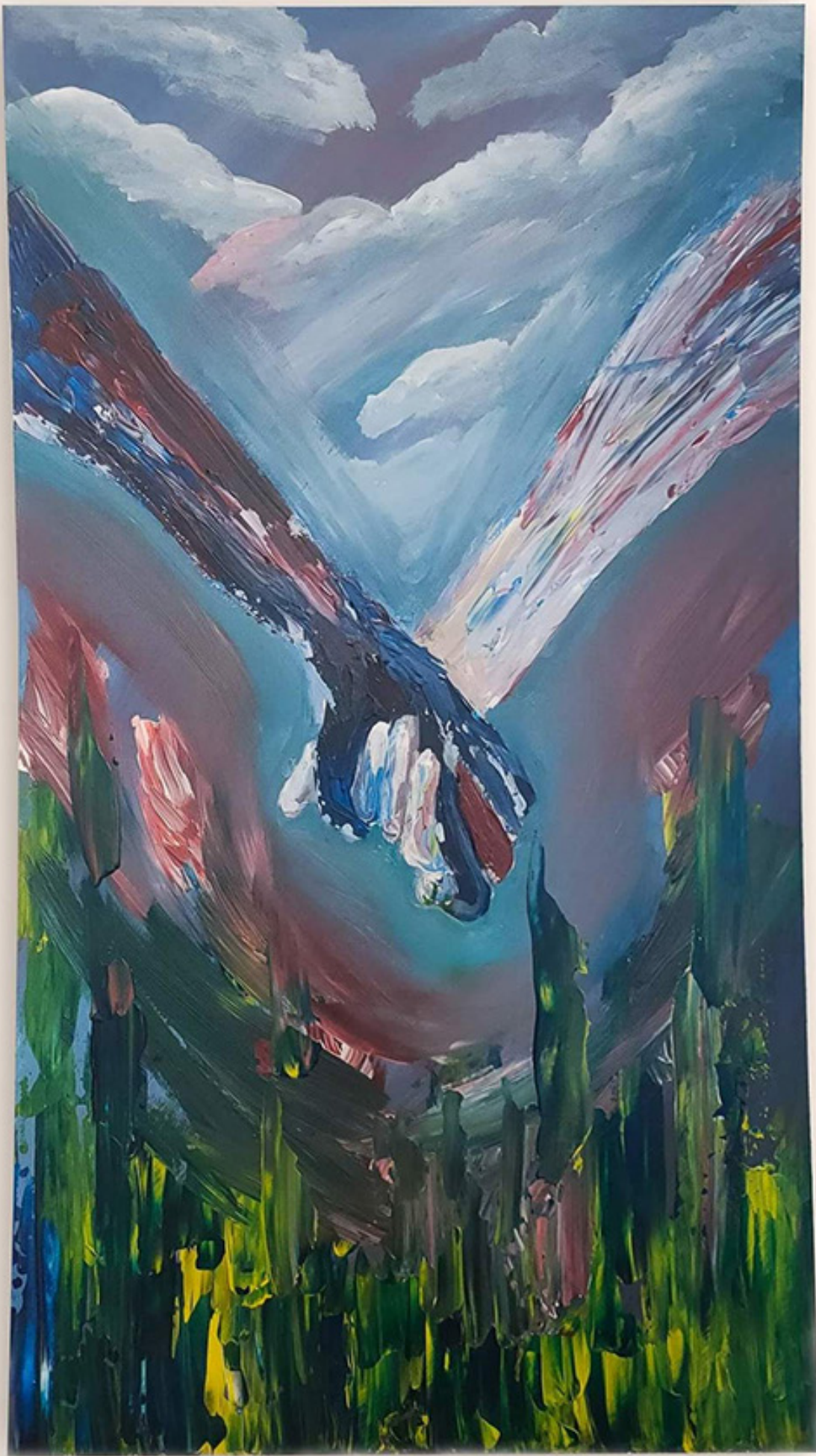
PETER VEEN

Perfume

They walk through the field, side-by-side, as if lovers. As I get closer, they escape onto a narrower path. The scent of sheep envelops me, fills my nose, fills the space between skin and clothes, fills every pore. I could pass for a sheep myself now that I smell like this. Wandered away from the flock, just like they have. Slipped out of the shepherd's sight. Missed by the dogs that are supposed to herd me. They look at me, waiting until I take another step. They've got nowhere to go. The area is closed off with wire netting and steel fences. I seem freer. I can open and close the gates. Yet I still keep following the old, well-treaded paths, until the sheep scent is completely overwhelmed by the scent of a freshly washed man I hadn't seen.

BETHANY TIBBLES

Chasing Cars



NAZANIN MORADI

Trust



MADLINE NOBLE

Push



DANNY MAURICE

Hindsight

Remember every Thursday how we
clapped for Nurses?

Silencing the cavalcade of black
hearses.

Hospitals filled and sick to bursting.
And Captain Tom, marching for
donations.

For mine and yours, whilst the MPs
Clutched their purses.

We stood together and apart,
divided by circumstances.

Aggrieved by intolerance
And indignation,

Yes, hearts were drunk with spite this
year,

It's fair to say, we all but drowned in
tiers.

HOLLIE PARKS

The leopard waits



JESS HARGREAVES

wine under five pounds sterling



We want to see YOUR work in the
next issue of Penny Thoughts!

You can submit your work to
yourpennythoughts@gmail.com

SUBMISSION

GUIDELINES

USAGE POLICY, [CLICK TO READ](#)

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PAINTINGS//OTHER VISUAL WORKS
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POETRY//ARTICLES//SHORT STORIES
RECIPES//NOTES//ESSAYS//OTHERS
send your words as .doc/.txt files