

- [CONTENTS](#) **Liberty Pipe** [Before Paphos](#)
 - [Art Gallery](#) **By Sarah Prineas, illustration by David** by Loretta Casteen
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 - [Columns](#) 2 May 2005 8 January 2007
 - [Fiction](#) I got a bumper sticker on my truck says *Pray For Me, I Work At*
 - [Poetry](#) *Liberty Pipe*. The three years I worked here I've seen guys get their hands melted off in the furnaces. I saw a guy run over by a forklift with
 - [Reviews](#) no brakes. One guy on my shift got his hand sucked into a belt roller and stood there screaming for three hours before anybody heard him,
 - [Archives](#) and when they shut the damn machine down and pulled out his arm it was eaten up to the elbow and his bone there was polished. Three hours. Three fucking hours. The company fired him for *engaging in unsafe working practices*. and baby begins to cough and choke.
- [ABOUT US](#)
 - [Staff](#) *It's when Maury got crushed by a hydraulic piston in a molding machine that I met the people from the other place. I don't know what they were. Perfect people, like kings and queens from a storybook. Or fucking fairies.* [Locked Doors](#) by Stephani e Burgis
 - [Guideline](#) *The foundry is dark and loud and hot. You work in black sand up to your ankles, breathing sand and arsenic and beryllium and who knows what else. You get spattered with molten metal drops; I got the scars.* 1
 - [Contact](#) *The noise gets in your head: pipes slamming around, the exhaust system roaring, pneumatic cutting machines, grinding machines, men shouting. Gets so your head is so stuffed full of noise you got no room for your own thoughts.* January 2007
 - [Awards](#) *There's just one rule here: Keep the pipe rolling off the line. Don't need to think about anything else, I guess.* *You can never let anyone suspect, his mother told him. That was the first rule she taught him, and the last, before she left him here alone with It.*
 - [Banners](#) **KEEP THE PIPE ROLLING OFF THE LINE!** [Heroic Measure](#)
- [SUPPORT US](#)
 - [Donate](#) *This isn't a story I'm telling you. These things really happened.*
 - [Bookstore](#) *I was coming to the end of my shift—twelve hours shoveling sand under a molding machine—and the supervisors marched through shouting "Four more hours!" Shit. Guy next to me—Maury—shrugged and went back to work, moving this black sand that was getting into his lungs and would have killed him eventually if the piston wasn't about to get him first. I threw down my shovel. Fuck this shit. Let 'em give me a Disciplinary Action, let 'em fire me, I don't care. I climbed up the ladder out of the pit, pulling off my gloves, wiping sweat and black dust off my face with my sleeve. Fuck this fucking shit, I was thinking, I've had enough.*
 - [Merchandise](#) *One of the supervisors, guy named Rivera, called down from a catwalk overhead. "Where the hell you going, McCrown? Your shift ain't over."* by Matthew Johnson
- [COMMUNITY](#)
 - [Forum](#) *Oh, yes it is, I thought. No point talking to Rivera about it, he wouldn't hear nothing over the noise anyway. As an answer, I threw down my*
 - [Readers' Choice](#)

