

THE CASTLE

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You Deserve Something Good

Rebecca Buchanan

You deserve something good.

It can't be right
or a plan
that one single person,
such as you,
should have to weather
this much hardship.

And another person,
such as me,
does not possess the
luxury or power
to tell you
that everything will be ok
and make it true
like a goddess might
make grass grow.

But I can tell you this,
and I can tell you that it's true.

You deserve something good.

Parties Are Not The Same

Maya Weatherall

The party was strange. The party was interesting. No the party was strange. An entrance to a party shouldn't fog your glasses up. No a strange party should not feel so tight that you can barely put a toe down on a tile. The party was strange enough to make into a horror film. Everyone drunk, eyes red, walking like zombies. One girl standing in the corner wondering if she is going to fly into space. Then you have the sober girl or guy shaking his head at the foolery. Growing up, a party used to have a cake, candles, real food, fun drinks, movies. Now parties have become strange enough to not even be a party anymore.

Definition of Love

Katie Lee

Love is...what? A concept? A feeling? A walking contradiction because it can be so wonderfully beautiful, yet the worst possibility to ever happen? It can basically be like jumping off a cliff head first, having a small panic attack mid air as your stomach flip flops, and then calming down, realizing there's actually a meadow of white, fluffy pillows there to catch you.

But really, I've never felt full love-not the in person, touching kind at least-so don't take my word for it.

I've only witnessed it through important people in my life. I've been there for them when they've needed a hug, a shoulder to cry on. I've let their tears soak the cotton of my shirts. I've talked at early hours to calm them and help them fall asleep. I've been ready to confront the other person at every hour possible for what they did. I've felt passionate rage for a love that was never mine.

I'm the protector, not the lover. Does this upset me? At times, yeah, but I'm okay with it.

Someone needs to do it.

In a way, that is love, right?

Watching those I'm so close with fall in love again and again, only to get hurt at times, it hurts. Don't get me wrong, I'm more than overjoyed to hear them talk of their significant other, their smiles incandescent, lips moving at impeccable speeds, and eyes vibrant, glossed over with spelled sparkles; it's my favorite part. I just...sometimes I can't help but expect the downfall. When it comes, I'm not shocked, though it's never any easier.

Then everything starts all over.

What I've never encountered is a relationship working out for the better, a true love, aside from my parents and one of my best friends recently realizing she's in love with one of her best friends and he feels the same way.

Her:

Agh, you just make me so happy you darling darling creature

Him:

And you make me very, very happy too

*And kinda warm and fuzzy, and like--something's kinda sprouting wings
in my stomach?*

Definitely good feelings though

These are the tiniest fraction of messages they've had between each other. I guess you could say that they are what inspired this rambling talk of love. I will be embarrassingly, and truly, heartbroken if they do not end up getting married. If it hasn't seemed obvious, I get overly invested as the protector, it's hard not to.

It's how I show my love. I will always be there for them, in the happiest climbs of the hill and tragic falls back. There's not a single reason that would change my mind otherwise.

I've been told by them that I'll find someone as special and they'll be returning the favor. From what I've seen, and have gotten of second hand experience, I'm not so sure I want to.

Do I sound convincing? No?

Hah, I figured. Even that's a lie I can't convince myself.

The Monster Under the Bed

Alex Glascoe

These are the words of a monster,
The signs, the marks, but sometimes the monster is just a child
scared of the dark,
I'm two faced, I'm a liar, a cheat, manipulative at best,
But that's only half of me, the face I show the world,
I'm scared to show the other,
I'm a child, happy, kind, gentle... fragile.
So carefree, and thoughtful, but just as easily frightful,
I'm scared of you, I'm scared of myself,
I'm scared to feel, I'm scared not to feel.
But I'm scared of losing you too,
And should I hide behind the monster, that's exactly what I'll do.
It's hard, the walls I built, the way I cope, I'm not whole,
But I swear you look like the piece of the puzzle I'm missing,
And if I must sand the jagged pieces of myself away,
I will.
If I must clean the grime attached to my soul,
I will.
I'll prove to you that I can change, that I'm worthy of your love,
I will.

The Body and Blood of Life

Ben Klooster

Its pure taste just swims through my throat
Like a swarm of tiny, little fishes in the sea.
Its cool feel of life presses against my skin
And simmers passionately with feeling through every hair follicle.

Its touch of faith flows through my bones
Like a river of hope fulfilling its legacy on strength.
Its precious meaning rises against the shore
And withers past the rocks onto the warm, dry sand.

Its waves of freedom splash every which way
Like a tail flopping up and down from a big hurly whale
Its clear drops of holy spray on top of my head
And showers me with the body and blood of life.



My Favourite Scenery | ANGELINE NEO

Melt Away

Alex Glascoe

Dear love, misplaced love, and the love that never was,
Over the years I've written you so many poems;
I hope you know your name still tastes like poetry beneath my tongue.
The thought of you still makes my hands cramp up and my pencils
break,
Often I want to go outside and look for you, it's a blizzard out there
but it's colder in here without you,
A candle is lit but it's only warm enough to keep frostbite from kissing
parts of me where I only welcome your lips,
The silver whisper of the wind blows through the holes of the hollow
cherry wood walls,
Reminding me of your laughter, so heavy with emotion but still beau-
tiful,
Sometimes the branches bang softly against the house,
I imagine it's you knocking on the door to greet me with the taste of
summer again.
You'll come in wearing your lemonade yellow dress, wink at me like
you're asking "Miss me?"
Everything that happened between us would just melt away in a wave
of emotion,
I'd go to kiss you, to feel the warmth of your body next to mine again,
But then the branches bang against the house again,
You disappear leaving me once more, like the changing seasons,
I tell myself when the nine months are over, maybe I'll see you again,
This time I'll kiss you before you can leave.

Halves

Sneha Mahapatra

Dear friend,

It has been so much. I have been ever so busy, body in different places, seeing, becoming and un-becoming .

I have always fallen short, being smaller than average, but what is average anyways?

Some concept we have created to put ourselves in some boxed labels and confine ourselves,

Losing out, touching fear, not seeing,

but why do I need a box when I was born to be a drifter between the in-betweens

(halves of many stories unending in space, moments of bliss, pain and a map that takes my hand to a new direction whenever I feel like, so empowering – rain on a train to Spain, when I look out and see the mountains, I feel the time as vivid as when I first saw you, when we could have kissed, and when we were new halves of something burning only to become an ash memory,

to be rekindled when we washed our new half selves in the fault-lines we stopped and became

and the cracks only grew deeper and deeper.

Today when I was at work your face in my mind's space was the only part of you that made me smile.

Later that night when we (re)turned the pages,

not knowing the direction

found in others something that made us move away from our known linear comfort,

I felt comfort.

Comfort in some sort of calm reaching out its arms trying to pull me further and farther

into deeper waters

I did not need to know how to swim.

(non) sense embracing swallowed us in and time elapsed into a new dimension -

we started a new half, living in parts of the making of a new memory we were evolving into.

'cause memories are the best lived when we are half awake,

like half a moon emitting the same light as the full one
no distractions,
not like when you are un-organically trying to become full in the day
like the sun with heat , fully burning memories.

I have always been a fan of almos, maybes and could have beens ,
anything that makes me sure scares me.
In knowing that I can never be certain
I strive to fall better

Maybe if the lighting was different and I saw more than your half that
had scarred the half of my crying heart, then I would have maybe con-
sidered letting the in-avoidable lingered on for a bit more,
holding you close to my chest where the pain came to first because I
could not breathe in
anymore. no
having you outside finally
for sure entirely
-out-of-me-mory-
satisfied in some form of pain, as letting go of you completely is en-
tirely impossible.

I am uncertain,
for my heart has never been able to produce as much of that what I
felt with and without you
I met you where we were
re-living
but only half memories
I was even more beautiful- I looked into the mirror
only to find a new half reflection
found beauty more in half,
a new beginning

I was fine being that half even though my mind was frantically looking
for the missing pieces , you see I have always been weak in subtract-
ing
The half is what makes the full,
and without that you live in the illusion of never reaching where you
want to be
It is the journey somewhere between the beginning of something

and you never quite put that full stop

Breathe.

So when I had to make you leave, it was becoming a new half

Unlike always being a coma,

like a sentence when the words never end and we become all half bodies joining our hands and keep stretching outward, inward, any way but we never become defined.

When I turned to your corner stretching out reaching

for your hand, I only found mine

and it was full and half

all at once,

half remembering your soft fingertips,

full of no words

I disconnected with you, I did not feel like you needed to hear even my shadow

I did not think about you anymore, I started seeing me

I was grounded in my feet, I did not want you to open the door because when you opened it it was half

it was half open with hurt that I did not want to revisit

The shape of you in me, like this new lens that I am wearing to want to see the world

it only has the power of nothing anymore

because I am trying to see the world where I am trying to turn back time when you made some sense and we were on opposite sides of the same pillow

After you I panic when I see getting close to a whole that has ceased to exist

and that's why I cut the apple in half because that's how my heart bled when you left me

half and wanting some more bites because I was... am... still hungry, and the stings now make me less free

you taught me that I cannot add up to what I want to be

as what I forgot was that you were undergoing multiplication while I was turning a new page and my cells and I did not want to be understood as a product of two,

so I had to take half a step back to realize that I had enough colors
added to my skin and I am fine being the half
because I was sore in our dream where you got off at a different plat-
form that I could not see a future in

I was tongue tied in horror of what I was witnessing

My bones now are scattered in some part of the same old new that I
moved into and away from.

Thank you, sincerely

....

#16

A.S.D

tell me my blue eyes look grey

tell me everything's okay

tell me how the stars will stay

because babe, you put me at ease

First Time

Morgan Kelly

From the minute you laid eyes on her,
You're already making memories
You've already decided first date plans:
You'll show up in a nice tux with flowers,
Because that shtick always works in the movies
You meet the parents, but then, here she comes gliding
You escort her to the car and you're thinking "This is great!"
You show her inside the food gate of heaven to her seat
During the meal you each talk about yourselves
While laughing the night away as you order dessert
You both enjoy what you got, but you can't stop staring at her
Because her beauty and company is all you ever wanted
You walk her to the front porch, but just as she goes inside
You make her face you and you give the famous goodnight kiss

What you don't realize, when you looked at her,
I started to fade away from your existence
I wished you would've put a knife in me instead

Bodies

Alex Glascoe

It was wrong, but we feed upon the bodies,
And when they came we hid among the bodies.

A crime it was called but they never experienced the beast,
A warning to the others high up we hung the bodies.

Mourning for our comrades they fell in their graves,
Straight down the rabbit hole we slung the bodies.

Years passed we still fight, from men to monsters,
Ghosts and ghouls, our dreams are filled with the bodies.

Colors Around You

Maya Weatherall

As she lays down in a pillow of red, orange, green, and yellow leaves and soaks in the vitamin C from the sun, all her stresses, worries, anxieties, leaves her. Her fear of bugs doesn't come to mind while she lays there. She gets up and notices the campus full of color. Not just your typical fall colors, but the different shades of people walking across campus. One guy from Africa jams to Olamide, his parents work two jobs each, but he knows what he is doing for his family will allow his parents to rest. A Muslim girl laughs because she knows she is loved by her friends. The stereotypes doesn't penetrate her soul. A white male trips, but gets up and fixes his beautiful blonde hair. Everyone has more stories, but these were the colors that stuck out to her most. This girl who lays in the leaves is an African American girl enjoying life and diversity. Her campus was more than just color, it had culture and life.

Trust

Ben Klooster

My mom to this day always knows best

Careful who to trust, keep cards close to chest

Trust in life is a valuable thing

If on the wrong one, you will get a sting

People out there can be nice, but cruel

Make you feel so alive or just like a fool

They can bring you up once, but stab your back twice

Make sure to think carefully before rolling the dice

Remember to repel before getting burned

Kill 'em with kindness so tables don't get turned

You won't get hurt and you'll be the bigger man

Like a chef in the kitchen, careful touching that pan!

When the time allows, step up to the plate

Don't sit in a corner to find out your fate

If you want something go after, and don't give up

You choose your actions, a full or empty cup

If a person is two-faced, that's something you'll never know
Until you get to know them and go with a flow
This fear of not knowing will creep through your mind
Try to stay positive 'cuz there is no rewind
Time will tell when the right one is near
Follow your gut and you may switch a gear
Keep your head held high and never down below
Trust--a love form that the right one can bestow.



Escape | KATIE LEE

#20

A.S.D

she carried my heart

she broke my heart

she still carries one

of the

pieces

Haunted House

Jasmine Moore

Once upon a time, I stayed at a haunted house. The best part was it was not even October, it was the beginning of the summer. At the end of the school year, I always go and stay at my friend's house for two or three days before I head home. I must admit that getting up at three in the morning to drive to the airport is a little crazy, but I would have preferred that over the house of horrors. It was closer to the airport, so I silently sat there in the car as we drove to a house in the middle of nowhere.

That was the first strike.

I mean it was perfect for running out in the middle of the street, screaming for help, only to have the psychopath kill you and everyone else find your body in the street the next morning. I still said nothing about that factor, even though I was against staying in the house.

It looked much bigger from the outside. Which only happens in the movies, or at least I thought so. We knocked on the door and an old lady answered. I had no idea what to expect, not an elderly lady though. I mean, I was wondering if we were intruding on her bedtime. I almost asked, but I knew that would be wrong so I smiled and kept quiet. We all sat on the couch and made small talk. She was polite and I was still scared out of my mind. She told us the rooms were upstairs and there was a room for each of us. That was sweet, I must admit. The stairs had no railing; you know, the perfect ones for falling down the stairs as the psychopath attacks you from the top of the stairs.

That was strike two.

I walked up the stairs and there it was, the space that every horror film from since the 60's has. Mirrors lined all four walls. There was a pool table in the right-hand side of the room. I looked away quickly as possible, but the fear was there. I walked into the second room farthest away from the stairs. I almost ran into the mirror that was in front of the closet. I took a deep breath and sat on the bed. I was waiting for a man in a mask to jump out at me. That was the only reasonable explanation.

My friend walked in with a huge smile that was way too comfortable. I just looked at her. How could she be so calm? She asked me if she should sleep in the other room and I gave a look that said are you crazy? She laughed. I mean if I was going to die, she damn sure was dying with me.

She was ready for bed and cut all the lights off, and I went into a panic. I at least wanted to see the psychopath first, maybe I could talk them down. So I got up and turned the hall light on. It was quiet, like the quiet before someone starts screaming bloody murder. And I'll be honest, I was about to start screaming; sleep was out of the question.

I grabbed my phone, which to my surprise had service. I sent my mom a text and told her about the house and she laughed, well she sent the laughing emoji and that was enough for me. After settling down and talking, I finally fell asleep.

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When my alarm went off, I was surprised I was not in Jason's clutches. I got up and check myself over. The light in the hall had been turned off. There was no light as I looked out into the hall, so all I could see was the mirrors around the room; I freaked myself out. I swear something moved, maybe it was my own reflection. I saw something nonetheless. I sprinted across the open space to the bathroom. Every noise was my planned out demise, I knew it. I jumped more times than a professional jumper. When we left the house finally, I breathed a sigh of relief. On our way out though, we didn't lock any doors.

That was strike three.

Who is their right mind would come to a murder house? If I'm following the rules of baseball, I don't plan on going back. My friend stresses that everything was normal and she may have been right but what kind of story would that be?

## **The Boy in the Black Suit**

---

Ben Klooster

I am the music man in a slender black suit

Sharing my talent and heart deep into every beat.

I am the shiny gold music maker with keys like a flute

Zooming my long fingers up and down with the quiet tapping of my feet.

I feel like a bright bubble spotlight

Tons of pairs of eyes set on me quite so near.

I feel like an expressive gentleman who might

Worry with a nerve racking hint of a tear.

But, I come out of my zone in performance

With my toe-tapping boot.

When I share my gift with song and dance

I am known as the boy in the black suit.



**My Art Professor's Office** | ANGELINE NEO



**Mackinac Island** | BEN KLOOSTER



**Dreaming of a Destination** | KATIE LEE

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# Just One

---

Morgan Kelly

One  
That's all One is  
One is never together with someone  
That One cares about  
One doesn't understand  
One is tired of this bullshit  
Called life  
One wants others to be happy  
While One remains sad  
One wants better  
But One has to settle for less  
Because One never expects for more  
One is mentally tired  
Of trying to fight for Oneself  
One is physically tired  
Of every single blow One receives daily  
One intentionally allows some  
But the rest just seem to happen  
One wants another to make Two  
But all One can do is to fulfill One's fantasy  
Is to love Oneself  
Until One can find another more promising  
One meets another to play One's day out  
One has another as such  
But...One isn't sure if another will leave  
Or actually stay  
One wants to sleep, but doesn't know  
Whether it is permanent or temporary  
Everyone wants One to keep going and "stay strong"  
But One really wants to give up  
One satisfies other by saying what they want to hear  
One is stuck by what One truly wants  
One is driven to make the right choice  
But One doesn't know anymore  
One wants answers to too many questions  
That One constantly asks Oneself  
One just wants so much  
In so little situations  
One expects too much from others  
When One needs to check Oneself

As to what One is supposed to need or supposed to do  
One can't take care of Oneself no more  
Because One sees that no one else will care about One  
It seems to non-exist at this point  
One is afraid to be alive anymore  
One is afraid of the night  
It isn't because of the monsters underneath the bed  
It's because of the monsters that lurk when One decides  
To close One's eyes, hoping to wake up in the morning  
One is afraid of the morning  
It isn't because One doesn't want to do anything  
Or be with anyone in particular or of importance  
It's because of One's fears of finding new monsters  
And the fear of seeing them once again at night  
Completing the viciously normal circle of life  
Who is this?  
Who is One, another may ask  
It's quite simple  
But complex to others for they don't know  
Or they choose not to understand  
Who is truly One?  
The real questions here are,  
Have you chosen to listen to One?  
Have you chosen to listen about One?  
One is standing right front square of your eyes  
Did you really listen?



## Prisoner 213

---

Alex Glascoe

I vaguely remember the day that I came to be, they stripped me of my clothes, and kicked me over and over. I felt as their fists pounded into my face slamming me to the floor, there was a certain rhythm to it like the primal beating of a drum, I stared as my blood made a small pile around me it felt warm and smelled of salt. In the months I had been here I have slowly forgotten my name, and all that I had known of who I was. What I know now is what has been given to me by them, my name is prisoner 213.

I laid there on the cold stone floor as I did every day, there were no windows but yet there was still a slight breeze that drifted through the room, as it came it caused the candle to flicker, I flinched every time it did worried as I was that it might go out and then I would be left in the dark. I didn't want to be left alone in the dark, the shadows whispered inconceivable things in my ears, desires that were not mine, words that I could neither discern as truth or lies. Outside of the candle the room was considerably small, I could take two reasonably long strides and go from one end of the room to another; not that there was much point in this; there was no bed, and the minimal food I received, was given to me by a slot in the door. A few seconds after the food would be placed through the slot, I would hear a slight whisper "You are Prisoner 213, you belong to the one who opens the door, and his wish is your wish." After the brief statement I would be left alone to my silence, when these encounters first started to occur I would imagine that they continued on and imagine a conversation with the hushed voice, I would imagine that he too was being held prisoner and that on the other side of that door was his room, after a while though I stopped imagining. It was the shadows that made me stop, when they would come they laughed at me mocking me for my stupidity, they told me I knew that he was my jailer, they told me that prisoner 213 wasn't really my name, that as a man of my status I should respect myself more; whatever that meant. Obviously the shadows were wrong because if prisoner 213 wasn't my name then what was.

The door had only opened once, maybe a few months after I came to be. The man who opened it was reasonably attractive, he wore a suit that resembled what the shadows said would be worn to a funeral.



When he came he didn't speak, just waved to me to follow him. We walked a little bit in morbid silence and passed doors, all of which had a bloody X marked upon them, we continued this way until we reached a room. The room was not much larger than mine, its floors were covered in white tile, and corners were filled with shadows that felt as if they might come together to form a four taloned claw that would consume the room. In the middle of the room was a man stripped very much like I was, his arms and legs were bound to the table by rope and his mouth was covered with an iron gag, finally the attractive man spoke.

He smiled at me as he spoke, a soft pleasantness was to be felt by his words, "Prisoner 213, I would like to ask you some questions, may I?" He didn't wait for my response, "Who am I?"

"I do not know." I responded.

He looked momentarily displeased but then it passed and he smiled again, "Of course you do I'm the man that opened the door." Part of me understood then. "Now who do you belong to?"

"I belong to the man that opened the door."

"Good, now what if I wished something, would you wish it to?"

"Yes."

His smile grew at this response, I felt like he was proud of me, it was a good feeling. "One more thing what if I told you my wish was that this man here was dead, what would you say?"

Suddenly the shadows stopped whispering and shouted at me to run as fast as I could, they told me that this man on the table was my friend and I didn't want to kill them, but I ignored them because the attractive man wanted him dead. "I would say that I want him to die."

"Then kill him." I knew all I had to do was as he said, he would be

proud of me, and I could finally escape the shadows of that room.

“No...” I didn’t know why I said it, but I knew it was the wrong answer.

“I see,” Goosebumps crept up my spine at that moment like cold steel cutting through my flesh, “I’m disappointed, but it’s ok we’ll try again later.”

Much time had gone by since that had happened, every day I thought he would come back and I would get a second chance, I would make it right, I would escape the shadows, but it seemed he would never come. After a while I stopped hoping looking only to the candle for my life, until finally he came again. When he opened the door he didn’t need to wave to me, I immediately followed; I no longer took interest in the doors that surrounded me, my only focus was the goal that would be given. We walked the same path we took before until we reached the room. In the middle of it was another man who I felt looked very much like the last. Once we stopped the attractive man immediately went to asking me questions.

“Prisoner 213, who am I?”

“The man that opened the door.”

“Who do you belong to?”

“I belong to the man that opened the door.”

“If I wished something, would you wish it to?”

“Yes.”

“If I told you my wish was that this man here was dead, what would you say?”

“I would say that I want him to die.”

“Then kill him.”

“As you wish.” I took three small steps over to the table each step feeling as if it extended for miles on end, when I reached the table, I looked at the man strapped to it and his eyes widened in alarm. His muffled screams bled through the gag, I found this slightly annoying. Next to the table was something I hadn’t noticed, there was a stool and on that stool was a tray of silver tools. The attractive man came over and guided me, first he had me take a needle and inject it into the man saying it was adrenaline so that the man could not pass out, then he had me take a small hammer, I slammed it down on the bound man’s hands and feet over and over each time I did I was rewarded with the crunching sound of broken bones, I did this relentlessly until all the bones in his hands and feet were broken and my hands were sore and painted red. Next I was handed a knife and I slowly started to peel the skin off of his body noticing how it felt in my hand, the whispers said it felt like that of cruel sandpaper. It was at that moment that I became aware to a dripping sound, two to be correct the first was the man’s blood as it slid off the table and fell to the floor, it dripped at a quick uneven rate. The second dripping sound was a funnel held just ever so slightly over the man’s head, out of it slowly poured water that fell onto his face in the exact same place over and over, it fell in such a rhythmic way like that of death’s stop watch.

Finally the attractive man broke my concentration on the steady drops of water “Finish him, show me that you share my wishes.” And I did, I took the knife and stabbed through the man’s chest, as I slowly dragged it down his stomach I heard one finale muffled scream before he fell silent forever. I continued cutting farther and farther against the resistance of his bone, organs, and muscles until the knife cut clean through his body, I noticed that the floor was covered by a deep puddle of blood that splashed as I stepped in it and it seeped into every crack between the tiles highlighting their rotten features. Then I looked at him, there was not one piece of him that was not stained red and sticky with blood, his hands and feet were as flat as paper, and his entrails told the story of his being gutted like a pig, I looked at all this and felt no remorse.

The attractive man started speaking again, “I’m so proud of you it took ten years but it was worth it, you are ready.”

As I took his words in and realized how much had been taken from me I noticed a sharp pain and realized I was still holding the knife, I then heard the ever familiar whispers of the shadows.

“Kill him.”

## Coming Home

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Morgan Kelly

He's driving in his car on the road  
It's the middle of the night and he's tired from the day  
He looks at his phone and he sees her face  
He pulls over because he wants to keep his life for another day  
He shuts off the car, picks up the phone and answers  
He asks her about her, but he wasn't prepared for the next sound  
He hears her trembling in her voice  
As she asks for him to come get her because  
Her daddy has been drinking that night  
He's all up in his antics and approached his own daughter  
She has gotten tired of what he does to her every night  
She tells her hero that she is actually scared of  
Staying in her home for one night  
He tells her that he'll come save her and let her stay with him  
As he's driving to meet and greet her, he sees her messages  
"It's getting worse by the minute" and "I can't stand it any longer"  
She tells him that he should hurry and save her from hell  
He begins to speed because he knows her cries mean so much to  
him  
What he doesn't see is the car coming from the other side of the road

He later awakens and he realizes that he is wearing white  
He believes that he's in the hospital, recovering from his accident  
He sees a mirror, but is stumped by what he sees next  
He looks and sees a pair of wings on his back and a halo  
He immediately panics because he knows that he has died  
But he's more worried about her because he didn't get to save her  
He wants to know what happened when he gets a tap  
He turns around and sees her standing there, smiling  
She stretches out her hand, hoping that he will accept it  
He smiles and confidently accepts her hand  
She says nothing, but he knows that she's finally escaped  
As they walk together down the aisle on their way to a better life  
Way above the clouds of sheer pain and harm

# Letting Go

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Katie Lee

The rain felt beautiful.

Calming as I drag my combat covered feet on the ground, my hands in the pockets of my light, denim overalls. My hair already damp from the morning's shower. Nothing is more purifying than this rain; a mixture of mist and tiny droplets. I have my head hanging down, but I stop on the concrete sidewalk and lift my face to the skies. I take a deep breath of the fresh air, hold it for two seconds, and then let it go in a white puff, letting go of all my worries from before. They didn't matter.

I stay there for a while, looking up with on-the-verge of icy cold water dripping down my face. Eventually, I know I need to get back. Due to the cleansing rain, the air seems foggy, making my vision blur. The moment of disfunction did not matter as I carry myself on.

Everything seems beautiful now.

# Motion

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Rebecca Buchanan



Her face glows with the playful foolishness of a poor college student. Is she flying or falling? Her hair does both. She's in motion, while the evergreen trees stay evergreen, ever at rest. Her goofy grin says it all, and nothing needs to be said. She laughs with a friend, and misses another. She might have homework. She definitely has homework. She might be falling down, but I hope she flies up, and up, and up.

## CONTRIBUTORS

A.S.D. is nobody in particular, really.

**REBECCA BUCHANAN** is a 2nd year English major from Hampton, Iowa. She plays alto sax in the wind ensemble and is co-director of the 2018 Vagina Monologues. She enjoys writing, meme humor, and reading for fun.

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**BEN KLOOSTER** is a fourth-year music major (voice) and creative writing minor from West Des Moines, Iowa. He truly has a passion for singing, playing piano, composing, and writing creatively. He enjoys reading, listening to music, swimming, watching movies, and video and board games.

**KATIE LEE** is a third-year English major with a concentration in creative writing and a graphic design minor. She's looking forward to new upcoming work and travels. Some hobbies she enjoys are writing, watching Netflix, reading, drinking coffee, swimming, listening to music, and playing her ukulele and guitar.

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**JASMINE MOORE** is a third-year student majoring in Creative Writing and Radio Production, which she created herself. She has a passion for writing and she always loves love. Her favorite past time is hanging out with friends.

**ANGELINE NEO** is a sophomore year, majoring in Graphic Design and Arts. She is from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. During her free time, she likes to play piano or sketch anything that comes into her mind. Her favorite food is PB&J sandwich and Casey's pizza. She enjoys meeting new friends and going to classes because she can learn new things.

**MAYA WEATHERALL** is a fourth-year from Chicago, studying Journalism and Communication with a French minor. Maya enjoys writing, singing, dancing, and meeting new people every day. Maya hopes to be a director and screen-writer for her own films as well for other films after graduation.



## **A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR**

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Thank you for checking out this issue of The Castle! I hope you enjoyed all of the wonderful and unique pieces we had in-store! I won't lie, I had a bit of a struggle with designing, but eventually I got in the groove and loved the process of it all! Especially sorting through submissions with the amazing editorial board! Without the encouragement and help of everyone, this issue would not have happened, so thank you!

—Katie Lee, editor of The Castle

### **Editorial Board:**

Rebecca Buchanan

Alex Glascoe

Ben Klooster

Jasmine Moore

## **THE CASTLE: A BRIEF HISTORY**

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In Fall 1948, a creative writing class taught by Esther Haefner decided to create the college's first literary magazine. With Robert Gronlund '49 supervising as first editor-in-chief, students developed a 32-page magazine. Originally called The Castle Tales, when the first issue was released in February of 1949, all 500 copies sold out within hours. A second issue was produced in May of that same year, but the publication was eventually reduced to one issue per year. In 1957 the magazine's title was shortened to The Castle. In 1997, under editor Amy Silver, The Castle again became a semi-annual publication.

The Castle remains a student-run publication through Wartburg College under the guidance of our faculty advisor Dr. Amy Nolan. This edition was developed on Adobe InDesign and printed through the Wartburg College Digital Print Center.

Please direct any questions, comments, concerns, or donations to [castle@wartburg.edu](mailto:castle@wartburg.edu).