

THE CASTLE

MINI MAY 2018



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Poetry&Prose:

- 2.....Rebecca Buchanan.....thinkin’
- 4.....Ben Klooster.....City Lights
- 6.....Meghan Silbernagel.....Dual Nature
- 8.....Alex Glascoe.....Letter to an Angel, and “Jay”
- 10.....Ben Klooster.....Living Between Two Houses
- 12.....Kim Strobel.....Start A Riot
- 21.....Katie Lee.....To My Angels
- 23.....Rebecca Buchanan.....Timefull
- 24.....Meghan Silbernagel.....Snow, Like Deer Spots
- 28.....Ben Klooster.....Leopard Man
- 29.....Katie Lee.....PERIOD.
- 31.....Alex Glascoe.....Dolce
- 33.....Meghan Silbernagel.....Marta the Invisible Girl

thinkin'

Rebecca Buchanan

sitting on a rockin' chair

on the third floor

in the overcast

thinkin' 'bout the past

vision mostly sky

wondering why

goodbye is always grey

and why does the mixture

of fond and pain

not hurt quite enough

to think to refrain

and why can a truly cloudy sky
sometimes look clearer
than any blue

and why can i not seem
to stop
missin' you

City Lights

Ben Klooster

Shops, lights, and a whole ton of cars
Wish I was in Vegas watching the stars
To live in a world where you dream of the nights
Like walking on water under big city lights

Shoes, glamour, and a hand full of books
Cruisin' the streets with ownin' glazed looks
Got too much to carry and might need a cab
Just me and the shopping, with glory and fab

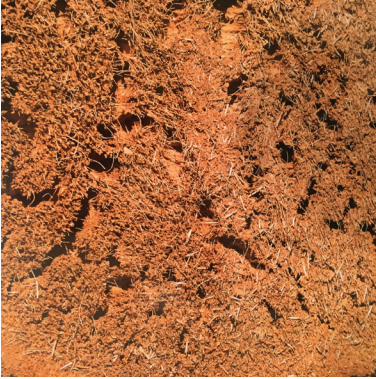
Bright as a diamond they shine on my face
Like a singer on Broadway full of confidence and grace
Before the nights over, must hit sunglass hut
Sick of routine, getting out of the rut

The lights are so big, strobe-like, and free
Fills the mind with wonder with colors to see
Reminds me there is peace in the heavenly sky
A party lit up like the Fourth of July

Shops, lights, and a whole ton of cars
Wish I was in Nashville watching the stars
To live in a world where you dream of the nights
Like flying in air amidst all the lights.

Dual Nature

Meghan Silbernagel



You see them.

Happy. Innocent. They live like a melody that floats, soars, and carries them through their day. You see that they are unconventionally independent. Free from monetary worries and consumerist ideals. They live simply, in a land of sun and fairies, forts and climbing trees. They are born into this world resembling freshly chopped wood. They are rough and rouged like the coarse fibers that create the surface of a log, completely their own, noticeably unique...until you see the world change them. Conform them. You watch as they grow. They go to school, get a good paying job, start a family, buy a home. They follow the course that this imaginary order has put into play, publicized as 'normal' and 'necessary'. You cringe as they fall into this trap. They are convinced that it will make them happy, saving and buying, forever working towards having more. But what is more? Life wears them down, like wood worn by weather. By the time they are old, they are only a memory of their melody, a sanded-down copy of what had once been distinctive. You recognize that they have been crafted into a generic figurine, one that compliments society, but disrespects individuality.

You see them.

Letter to an Angel, and “Jay”

Alex Glascoe

I want to hate you, but I can't.
It all happened so fast like the gun at the beginning of a race,
The barrel always pointed at me never the sky,
Somehow you hit all the vital organs,
The bullets trajectory a dancing snake,
That you ever the charmer had no trouble controlling.
Of course, you knew the only way to kill a snake is to cut off its head,
And when you said we're through that was the guillotine,
Did you know a severed head remains conscious for a couple of seconds?
It took a couple days for it to hit me.
Then it was like my body had a power outage and I couldn't do anything,
We always skyped so I figured we just lost connection,
I tried to connect with other girls, but it was never right,
I figured maybe I just needed a stronger signal,
The alcohol was stronger, and of course being drunk, I decided to message you,
But no one wants a drunk text, especially from an Ex, so I should have expected
what came next.
You texted me back, except it wasn't you, it was your new boyfriend “Jay”,
He told me I should go hang myself,

obviously, he doesn't know you can't hang a headless man,
He told me he stole you from me,
obviously, he doesn't know you can't steal something from someone that was
never truly theirs.
He told me that every waking moment with me was an issue,
obviously, he doesn't know my side of the story.
How I loved you, treated you like something holy, divine, to be worshipped,
how I went to therapy to be a better man for you,
but now I need therapy because of you, because I can't hate you,
Because I can't cry because crying would be admitting that it's over.
But god it's fucking over!
It's over.
We could have been the greatest love story this town has ever seen,
We could have been the greatest love story this country has ever seen,
We could have been the greatest love story this world has ever seen,
But now we'll never be seen together,
Because it's over.

Living Between Two Houses

Ben Klooster

Moving can be bittersweet-rocky, yet pure
A sight of something beautiful or a vision of solid blur
It can fill your eyes with joy, but make them rain blue
The past drags aside, with a hope to start new.

I can feel the brown cabinets, with their worn out chips of wood
Reminds me of the Tigger spoon I dug for in my childhood
My room is filled with clutter-dusty scraps of debris
Only to find a star with the name 'Esther' printed to see

I get choked up, as my love is no longer here
I'm surrounded by blocks, books, and figures quite so near
The ones I used to care for, love, and play with as a boy
Helped me to gain strength, learn, and grow in plentiful joy

Each room seems emptier now with a lack of life and hope
I see the stress in my parent's eyes for how they're going to cope
I step on the carpet, where there once was a TV
After hauling all sorts of items, might need help from a PT.

All the memories as a child, I will cherish in my mind
As I enter the new house, full of fancy rugs and shiny, white blinds
I walk down the stairs into a world of movies and trees
A new spanking room to be adored on bended knees

A soft, thin bed where my feet don't hang off the end
Light, granite counters in a bathroom around the bend
I see a mini refrigerator that lays beside the stairs
Closets for shirts, socks, and shorts- all kinds of pairs

This space, unlike the old house, serves us entertainment
With sofas, chairs, and blankets set in neat arrangement
The movies make us laugh and are moods are far from weep
Far better off here, than in a place with no sleep

Moving can be bittersweet-rocky, yet pure
A sight of something beautiful or a vision of solid blur
It can fill your eyes with joy, but make them rain blue
The past drags aside, with a hope to start new.

Start A Riot

Kim Strobel

A roar breaks the wet, misty air in the streets of Manhattan. Well, what's left of streets. Scrapes of metal shoots toward the sky, sinking slowly in the earthen rock. Cracks spread out like a spider web, reaching for all the bare foundations holding up the curling metal, bowing to the new race of barbarians standing before the stage of holy people. Or so as the inanimate objects saw them.

The sea of heads split like the Red Sea, two different groups of people in one area at the same time. You wouldn't be able to tell, they all dress the same according to social status. Grey oceans floods over the brown workers, splattered across the street. A procession of white and red guards escort a man robed in purple. Behind him, two ladies. The older one, closer to the man's age, stands proud over her daughter, Alice. Her mother's hair is like salt and pepper smudged across the land. Her gate of her step is at a constant length. Alice's step is only half the size of either of her parents, shallower and clumsy, stepping over her own two feet half the time. People look down upon her compared to her parents. Most of them don't like her, but there are people speckled about the crowd that look up to her.

Her eyes scan the area as she waits for her parents to stage in the middle of town square. All that is left from the war and the apocalypse are left here to try and survive under her father's rule. They elected him to be the president for the time being since he knew most about the judicial system than anyone else. His views are more than strict though. There are set times for eating and sleeping, no one to be out after nine, unless you have the graveyard shift at work. Bits and pieces of work should never come into town to pollute air, and make sure your work space is clean.

Alice didn't agree with most of her father's ideas. Which gets her into trouble

when she appears at political meetings at best. She sits there and knows she shouldn't speak unless spoken to, but she interrupts when she doesn't agree with something. Unfortunately, that is all throughout the meetings.

"Welcome citizens and survivors!" Her father calls out just as the crowd floods out his calls to welcome. Only a few people don't respond. Alice remains quiet as she gingerly sits on the cold, metal chair. Her father smiles over the crowd, a beacon of light for people to follow. Her mother's lips curl upward towards heaven at hearing her husband's gratitude. Usually, Alice would fall asleep during these rallies, but this was about the rebellion. She needed to listen if she wanted to really know what was happening in the system, what the rebellion was planning.

"You all know why I have called you hear today. The rebellion has hacked our system of justice with our first captured, delivering him to our jail. He has lead us closer to the leader of the rebellion." He announces. Alice's breath hitches in her throat, just enough to get her mother's attention.

"What's the matter, dear?" Her mother's voice is smooth like silk, silent as a mouse, and soothing to her daughter.

"Nothing, mother. I'll be fine." Alice reassures, gulping down the lies into her stomach to rest. Her apple green eyes flicker to her father's voice as he continues. His brown eyes shine out to the crowd with love and victory. He always thinks highly of himself. He opens his mouth to speak, and instead of words filling the rotting air, a shot breaks through; a crack of a whip in the air. Alice turns to the noise, watching an invisible force break the barrier of content and her father grabs his ear from the corner of her eye. Her body is stiff like a Roman statue, her

mother pushing her to go down, but Alice remains still.

“Alice!” Her mother breaks the silence in Alice’s head. Her freckles hide behind her stray strands of bronze, silk hair, kissing her forehead to stay calm. Guards grab her wrists to pull her to safety. She picks up her pace, her heels pecking each other with every step that thumps on the ground, like thunder. They crouch behind the stage and her mother hovers over her father. Blood drips to the ground, mixing the soil with red drops.

“There’s a rat in the system. They seem to know what we are doing and when it is happening.” A guard whispers to another in a breathless escape. Alice turns to the front, folding her hands in each other. Her breaths shake out like waves crashing on the shore. A deadly silence washes over everyone behind the stage. The breeze brushes two strands from her face as she pops her head over the edge. The streets are empty, except for a guard standing over a man. Alice jumps to the stage as a gun is pulled to the man’s head.

“Stop!” She lets her feet take over to get her to the situation. The blonde-haired boy cranks his neck up to see who stopped his death sentence. Alice wraps her boney fingers around the guard’s wrist and the pressure builds in the place.

“Is this necessary right now? Let us be. I will take care of him.” Alice sneers through her teeth, staring the guard down. He searches her eyes, handing her the gun. The metal molds into her hand as she takes the weapon. His footsteps fade, and she points the gun at the boy. The crack breaks the air.

George walks into the tunnel, mold and rot circling his shaking his body from

what he just encountered. His beach blonde hair falls in front of his sky-blue eyes, oceans of tears fill his eyelashes. He holds himself in his arms, lost and uncertain.

“George!” Joey yells to him. George takes a shaky breath before turning his frown of almost death to confidence radiating the room. He lifts his head, pulling up like it is being controlled by a puppeteer; the string is almost at its breaking point, but he holds his head up.

“She’s here!” Joey adds, like a jittery squirrel. Lately, the leader of the rebellion has shown up. They know it’s a girl, but never have they seen her face. Every time she comes around, they hope one day she will reveal herself to them but no avail. He walks toward the hall, his feet shuffling across the mushy floor. His stature slouches himself down just enough not to hit the pipe hanging low. Joey lightly walks behind George, hitting his head on the bar.

“Ouch.” Joey hisses like a snake as he thuds to the floor, a slight earthquake in the floor.

“Smart move.” George smirks, his mouth curving cruelly like an evil villain ready to take hold of revenge. Joey grumbles in the back of his throat, a huff creating the dust to fly. They move into the hall; a silence bares over them like a tidal wave of sadness at the mourning loss of Hanson. In the balcony above, the leader hides her face in the shadows of the hood. They stop in silence and bow their heads, causing George’s string to break; the weight returns to his shoulders.

“We come to remember the loss of the now hung Hanson from prison. But we shall not give up hope that he had. Tonight, we avenge him and march into the

palace with each other, holding arms and giving what President Jimson deserves. Death.” The leader pipes up, breaking the silence. Her voice drips with authority. A soft mumble of the cheers ring in his ears as she stares down, a glimpse of green eyes like grass shine over each person, landing on George with intent and concentration.

“Get your weapons ready. We ride to victory tonight.” She says swiftly like a rapid wind. Her eyes leave his stance and turns to exit. He crunches his feet at his turn. The thunder of each step becomes quieter as he hears voices approach his location.

“Alice, you have to be careful as soon as you get back. If we ride tonight, we will penetrate the palace with ease. No one knows it’s you who is the leader. They might kill you.” The advisor, Keith, tells her. George flats himself against the wall like a fly, letting the cold spill down his back.

“No problem, Keith. I have a plan. My identity will be evident to everyone in this battle. This must be. Even if I wear my mask, it will be taken off when exile comes.” Alice turns to Keith, stopping him in her tracks. George takes a deep breath, the escape of breath rolling around the sides of the walls, making the two highest people in the rebellion turn toward his direction like hawks searching for food.

“I will have my leave of you now.” Alice says with a harshness in her voice, scratching the never-ending sides of her throat. She walks off, the footfalls fading into darkness and to nothing at last.

“Alice! Come here.” Her father calls as she climbs into her room window. She gently lands on her marble floor; a tap of recognition welcomes her to her room. She takes off her top shirt and leather, sticky pants, replacing them with white clothes to cover her tracks. Shoving her clothes under the bed, she walks out the door in a rush, her steps audible and graceful. Only once does she take the time to be graceful when going before her father. Her hair crashes against her back, pounding the shoulder blade like a high five.

“Yes father?” She bows as she enters the room. A circular room, his shining desk curves with the room. A blood red couch sits on the other side of the room, a warm safe house for any visitor that decides to sit in it. A shredded American flag gently whips itself against the wall.

“I have been calling you for hours. Where have you been?” He asks her, his eyes hinting at a sense of sadness and worry.

“Sleeping. Sorry father. What do you need to talk to me about?” She tries to get back on the subject she originally came for.

“Ah yes. I have requested more security for tonight. A spy for our side has heard that there is to be an attack tonight on the palace. I suggest you stay covered in your room and do not come out until it is safe.” He instructs, his voice regaining the confidence that was faded before.

“Yes sir. Of course.” She bows down and staggers out of the room. Guards follow her to her room, but stay out as she enters. Her eyes swiftly move to the clock. Three hours till they come. Three long hours of waiting before the storm crashes

into the side of the palace.

“Here are some things you will need as you enter the palace. Our strategy is to infiltrate the palace by sending ten of you in. George will oversee that unit. Next...”

“Where is the leader to tell us this?” Someone calls out, interrupting Keith.

“She is resting. She will already be at the palace by the time we get there.” Keith answers. Because she is Alice and she is the daughter of the president. Of course, she will be there. George moves the thought into the back of his mind. As Keith goes on with a well thought out plan, George takes the supplies he is provided with. Two daggers, pipe bombs (only for emergency), two guns and a guard outfit. The daggers shimmer with the new sharpening they just got, intermixing with the coal black guns, loaded with barrels of bullets, shooting his soul and the ones he will soon hurt. He heads out with ten people in tow, carrying the same thing he did. They pull the leather over shorts and a t-shirt. The hood lazily hangs over the back of them. The guns place themselves in their homes, the daggers click into the belt, and the bombs fit in the two pockets on his side.

“Don’t forget the walkie talkies on the way out.” Keith tells them as they finish getting ready. They each grab the small device, hiding most of it in the black gloves, darker than night; swallows the device like a burnt-out star. They march on, a booming sound like thunder in each tunnel, echoing.

Alice sits in her room, her bed hugging her till she hears the birds fly away. She sits up and looks out the window, seeing ten soldiers at the entrance, the golden bars hiding their faces. A few minutes pass until they are let in. Her eyes land on

the sandy blonde hair that leads the troops; George. Her heart beats faster like an atom drum. She has always had a crush on him ever since the sixth grade. Her mind shifts to the clothes under her bed.

She crawls under the bed, flattening herself to slide underneath. The clothes melt into her hands and she pulls them out. She quickly pulls them over her small head and adjusts her hair before climbing out her narrow window. Somehow, she had to get down without being noticed by the guards. Her eyes follow the line of bushes, the green bristles clawing the side of wall. She jumps and a click of a gun bellows behind her. She turns, and George faces her with guards surrounding him.

“Let’s go, Alice. You are to be put on trial.” One says, his voice full of sadness and lowness. She follows him to her father’s office and in there was Joey, Georges best friend. Her father moves his eyes to her, shock written all over his face. Everything he said was a mumble and she kept her eyes down to the floor. One word rang out in her mind. Death. She was to be the first to be put to death.

George is following behind her, tears behind her as she is sent to the courtyard. In just short notice, a crowd was formed and cheering at the fact she was to be put to her final moments. Next thing she knows, she’s tied to the stake behind her, tears running down her face. Her mother, disappointment took over her face and her father mirrored both expressions. As an arrow was lit, she takes a shaky breath and closes her eyes. She doesn’t want to see her parents. She hears the string snap and her eyes open. There stands George, killing the bowman and throwing the dagger toward her father. The sound of impact floods the cheers and her father collapses. Someone unties her. Keith.

“You go get them kid.” He smiles. In that moment, both George and Alice knew they had the same small heart beat that beats as one. One person, ready to take on the world one step at a time.

To My Angels

Katie Lee

To my Angels,

All of you are uniquely different, and that's why I love all of you. All of you have helped me in different ways, in different areas of my life, and that's why I want to say thank you.

Thank you for teaching me it's okay to be different.

Thank you for showing me it's okay to be quiet.

Thank you for continuing to encourage me to do what I love in life, and it's okay if not everyone accepts it.

Thank you for letting me know it's okay not to feel strong.

I feel like this letter can't even break the surface of thanking you, but thank you so much. I am sincerely grateful. I don't want to throw the responsibility of saving me on your shoulders, but you have been there. You've been there when I've just wanted to fucking scream out and cry until I fall asleep. You've been there when I've felt a surge of happiness and wanted to laugh all day.

My journey has been a fight of being picked on for being short, quiet, awkward, and having an obnoxious laugh, losing close friends, finding who I am, not having certain people's approval of my career choice, and more. Through it, and still going through it at times, I've been lucky enough to have amazing friends there for me; you guys.

I've also been fortunate to other ways of escaping reality for a little while as well. Everyone should have something to escape into cause sometimes the real world sucks ass.

I have one more thing: Sincerely, from the bottom of my heart, thank you for dealing with my shit all these years. I'm not the easiest to get along with, I know.

All of you are fucking beautiful human beings and if you never give up on me, I'll never give up on you.

Thank you.

-Anon

Timefull

Rebecca Buchanan

I guess I'll miss the sun's warmth on my shins

I never thought I'd have to walk alone

The leaves are gone before the fall begins

And still I find my eyes glued to my phone

The seasons don't behave like seasons now

We've reached the year that they have lost their charm

I must turn back in time; I know not how

I must keep time from causing all our harm

I wish the music felt like you still think

I want to keep us safe from all the pain

I rather think the armor's got a chink

My skin is wet from little drops of rain

I've learned that time can kill, but it can heal

I hope my heart chooses not 'won't,' but 'will'

Snow, Like Deer Spots

Meghan Silbernagel

It had been a long month and I still had to endure another week. Maybe. To top it off we'd been getting snow, too much of it, record amounts, I think. Damn-near four and a half feet.

I lay in the still clearing, nestled soundly into a drift of the white stuff. My back ached from the heinous amount of shoveling I'd been doing. Cindy never wanted to spend the money on a snow blower. Funny... I'm sure she had one of them now, along with some other fancy appliances. Yeah, I'm sure her new guy had all sorts of fruity things, juicers and espresso makers. I hated that man's every breath.

Cindy leaving was just the start of this wicked month... and the snow. The day she left was the day we got our first foot. It's difficult to decide what was heavier, the wet packed snow I heaved off the drive, or the weight that suffocated me from within, the kind that seemed to pull my heart into my belly, ridding me of hunger and leaving me feeling numb and empty.

I had loved her for 23 years. I still do.

I breathed softly and saw it echoed in a small puff in front of me. It must be pretty cold, but I didn't really feel it. Not under my hefty bibs and my camo jacket. It'd started to snow again, not like yesterday's fiasco, but soft-like. Snow like the day my daughter told me she was vegan.

I was raised on a farm. An angus-beef ranch more specifically. I grew up birthing calves, bailing hay, and distributing feed. My old man, my namesake, raised me right. He raised me strong, and proud, and smart. He taught me how to care and how to love. He also taught me how to shoot a gun. He gave me my first one at

the age of eight, an old .22, the one I had with me tonight, tucked safely under my arm.

My sweet baby, Nora, was raised just like me. Smart and strong, caring and full of a love that she shared easily. I taught that girl how to hunt. We'd go on the weekends, sometimes even weeklong trips. She was good, tagged her first buck at eleven. I was so proud. We ate the meat it produced for weeks afterwards.

But now... Nora had gone off to school two years ago. MIT. God was I proud of her. So damn smart, and then to tell me she no longer ate meat. Hell, no longer ate any animal 'byproducts'. She said it wasn't sustainable, that it, animal agriculture, was killing the environment. What bullshit. She's tried to talk to me. She knows I'm hurting, but I almost feel like she isn't the baby I raised. It hurts, it's as if she hates the world that created me.

I looked up at the night sky. It was black, like the shoe polish my grand-daddy used daily to spiff up his beloved Italian loafers, and speckled, in sharp contrast to the dark, with vibrant stars, like the pearls my mother wore every Sunday for Mass. The soft flakes drifted effortlessly down from the bottomless sky, I envied the ease with which they seemed to move. They piled upon the wooded area that encompassed me, a few unlucky ones found their way to my lashes and melted immediately, creating a glaze all along my outer eye. Just like the day my father passed.

It'd been two weeks after Cindy had left me for what's-his-name-Jackson-surgeon or what not. I'd hardly eaten, I was wasting away. Going to work became impossible because even showering felt like a chore. I'd barely left the house, safe to say all

the snow we'd gotten was a legitimate excuse to stay locked up, but my mom was worried. She'd asked me to come stay on the farm for a few days, get my feet back under me. I told her I was fine, that I'd be fine. But now she's the one who isn't.

I got a call. The worst call. On the worst day. We'd gotten nearly three feet of snow, and then ice. It glazed everything, like a rum cake from my childhood. The ice seemed to also bring gray. Instead of the brilliant glare of fresh snow, the ice turned the world to stone. Everything was bland. Everything was cold...and dull. The weather seemed to be reflecting what my brain had become. A numb wasteland. Staring out the window, freezing toes, cold coffee, the phone had rang. A distant, unflattering sound to my humming brain. With a huge amount of effort to stand, I'd picked it up only to receive the news of my father's death. Heart attack. He'd had high blood pressure for years, too much red meat or something. I guess I hadn't thought it'd bring an end so soon.

The funeral was a few days later, out on the farm. The whole town was there, everyone knew Dad. Mom's gardening friends all sat around her, comforting her, clad in their black shawls. Nora came. I'd said something like, "Surprised to see you here, on a cow murderer's farm." It was horrible. I hated myself. I haven't heard from her since.

All the sudden I saw something emerging from behind a barren oak. Slender snout poking first, out of the shadows. A little fawn gingerly made her way into the moon-filled clearing, leaving tiny tracks in her midst. I held my breath, scared to move anything but my eyes. She was magnificent; usually fawns lose their spots in place of their winter coats. But not her. Her damp nose twitched in the crisp air, I saw her breath like cotton balls suspended in the night. Her ears flicked, tail

quivered. The snow fell daintily around her, the flakes becoming one with the markings on her back. The snow, like deer spots.

She turned, she looked at me. Her wide, youthful eyes were unwavering orbs illuminated by the moonlight mirrored from the vast white space that held the two of us. We looked at each other. I didn't break, she didn't break. I wondered if her herd was nearby. I hadn't come here to hunt. I'd come to this little clearing to end the pain, to put a stop to the numbness I couldn't escape from. Her intense stare stopped it. She took my pain, drew it out of me and let it evaporate into the night, like my breath would be if I hadn't been holding it in. True, my mind was blank, but at least it wasn't buzzing. It had been buzzing. All month. A consistent, monotonous drone. The numbness, I'm sure.

And then, almost benevolently, she broke our gaze with a bat of her long lashes. Without fear and without hurry she turned her back to me and began to exit our clearing, laden with my pain and grief. I watched, still and full of wonder, until I could no longer tell what was spot and what was snow.



Leopard Man

Ben Klooster

I am a leopard, both strong and fierce
A determined eye and a Jungle cry pierce
Of a sound that is lively, wild, and free
With a sight of chirping birds within every tree

My ears are pointed like the edge of a leaf
Hope I find deer, gazelle, or wildebeest beef
The hairs are my fur and behind is my tail
To search ground for prey with a mind of no fail

I am a man, both big and tall
Aggressive and motivated yea I'll show 'em all
Skin of smooth white with hairs of rough black
Brings out my leopard with a muscle lined back

Leopard man they call me through the good of the cause
Like Simba in the making with a couple of tough paws
With a spotted sort texture and a sneak in the might
I, with the power, will get through the night.

PERIOD.

Katie Lee

One of the worst parts about being a woman is bleeding every month. Along with the red liquid that flows comes an emotional rollercoaster.

Every little noise, person, place, thing seems obnoxiously annoying.

Watch out– snapping is likely to happen.

This constant ache is causing my tummy to feel bloated. Nothing is comfortable. Oversized sweater and skinny jeans it is.

Did I change my pad and tampon?

No.

Shit! I'm out of pads. I can make a tampon work in the meantime. I will have to go to the store to buy more pads though.

Yes, not only do I get this bloody curse that lets me know I'm not pregnant, I have to pay for the cotton items that stop from people knowing.

I don't know what to watch on Netflix.

No music seems– wait, this sad song is perfect.

I don't normally eat chocolate but why not? Let's grab those salty Lays chips too.

Laying in bed is going to be bliss.

Fuck. I can't get comfy.

Ugh.

Thank you mother nature.

Thank you for absolutely nothing.

Dolce

Alex Glascoe

She speaks only in musical notes, but I can't read music,
Maybe that's why sometimes her words seem so foreign,
And just like any foreign accent, her voice so beautiful.
But even though her voice is foreign to me,
Her smile is anything but, it's local, it's home.
I wish it could be like the sunrise,
By that I mean the first thing I see everyday, as it already lights up the room,
I wish it could be like the sunset,
By that I mean something that I know I will see again tomorrow.
And it's something I long for in my life,
So pure and simple, I wish she knew how much I cared,
I wish that she cared that much. But I'm not the one she wants.
I could show her how she should be loved,
How she should be treated,

What she needs in her life,

But only if she'd let me in.

Only if she let me treat her the way she deserve to be treated.

Only if she let me treat her the way I view her,

And not the way she views herself.

Marta The Invisible Girl

Meghan Silbernagel

Marta was invisible. She had been since birth. Her mother had gone into labor like any other mother, and amid a cloud of witnesses, gave birth to a wailing, healthy...and invisible baby girl.

Nothing of the kind had ever happened in Berlin. Well, in fact, nothing of the sort had ever happened in all of Germany!

In all the *world!*

She promptly became the talk of the scientific community. She was there, thus she was not unnatural, yet the scientists had their work cut out for them in attempting to prove what made her unseen existence feasible. Unfortunately for them, her condition quickly became a medical mystery as broods of researchers left confounded and doctrines of doctors left perplexed. The visitors never ceased their callings, however. She was once visited by a helix of geneticists, a group of the top in their field. Needless to say, they did not find a magical chromosome of invisibility.

After they'd had their go, the droves of biochemists, biologists, and even physicists were forced to admit they had no explanation for Marta's mystifying phenomenon. This was when all the others showed up at her door; a googol of people, all wanting a 'look' at her. An uncountable misdirection of magicians had stopped by, their troops wanting her to come and help them perform. A clamber of assistant professors made it their duty to create a research project of her. Even a boo! of teratologists, a group of people who study the biology of monsters, came to examine the unseen girl.

All left with dreams dashed, and brains flummoxed.

Inopportunedly for Marta, her mother had had enough of the constant parade of people coming to investigate her daughter.

“This isn’t a zoo!” She would exclaim.

So, on a dreary day in March, a skulk of friars showed up at Marta’s home, prayed for ‘this miracle from God’, and escorted her to the Berlin Zoo.

There, she would always be on display.

Her first day in her new home was one to remember, for she had so many new neighbors to meet! Across from her lived a lovely pride of lions; they were very friendly to Marta. Up the way resided a small crash of rhinos. They were often in a bad mood, but when caught on a good day, were the most admirable of beasts. A wobble of ostriches inhabited the area next door and Marta was convinced that a smack of jellyfish would have made better neighbors. These birds were insane. They ran and squawked and made a scene of things all too often, and far too early every morning for Marta’s liking.

All in all, however, the animals were wonderful; and she made particular friends with those who could enter and exit her residence at will. A dropping of pigeons popped in every evening to chat with her and discuss what they’d seen in the city that day. And regularly, a knot of toads would stay the night, snuggled up within Marta’s curly locks as she dreamed that the zoo would open an exhibit containing a marvel of unicorns.

At the beginning of her stay, booms of Germans came to marvel at Marta, followed by espressos of Italians, and smorgasbords of Swedes. She even saw an upyours of New Yorkers pass by her cage, noses upturned, bratwursts overflowing with mustard and kraut. She'd only heard tales of their immense love for frankfurters.

After her exhibit had been open for some time, however, the crowds began to dwindle. She just became another brick in the wall, a fun, 'exotic' addition to the zoo. She sat behind her glass, observing a gaggle of gossips one day and a blush of boys the next. It wasn't as if she had nothing to live for, though. Marta would always look forward to the following day, for there was always at least one interesting excursionist.

Once in a while she was visited by an illusion of painters, who set up camp in front of her pen, and tried to depict her obscurity.

As these groups of people wondered at her, she marveled at them. She had seen some of the most spectacular people in the world, and lived amongst some of the most ferocious beasts known to mankind.

Marta was invisible, but her life was full of color.

CONTRIBUTORS

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.

ALEX GLASCOE is a first-year English major with an emphasis in creative writing. Some hobbies he enjoys are writing, reading, watching Netflix, playing video and board games, and listening to music.

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.

MEGHAN SILBERNAGEL is a fourth-year bio major from Madison, Wisconsin. She has loved fiction writing since she was young, and was able to write these three pieces in Dr. Nolan's fiction writing course last winter term.

KIM STROBEL is a first-year, double majoring in Political Science and International Relations. She is from Owatonna, Minnesota. Some of her favorite activities include writing, running, singing and dancing.

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Thank you for checking out this mini issue of The Castle! I hope you enjoyed all of the wonderful and unique pieces we had in-store! I had a lot of fun creating and designing this! A lot of love went into it! Thank you to everyone who helped along the way!

—Katie Lee, editor of The Castle

Editorial Board:

Rebecca Buchanan

Alex Glascoe

Ben Klooster

Jasmine Moore

THE CASTLE: A BRIEF HISTORY

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.

