Loch Norse Magazine accepts submissions of poetry, fiction, creative nonfiction, and artwork annually November through February.

Loch Norse Magazine
Northern Kentucky University
Highland Heights, KY 41076

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Here we are again, publishing in Twenty-Thirteen.

With us the phenomenal talent exhibited on these pages, issue fourteen, will now form our community, this taken and celebrated. And as the editor this year, it has been a pleasure to compile this.

We are pleased to compile this year's accomplishments, this year. Could never think ourselves capable with the community enough for the invisible. I speak for the whole editorial staff when I say that we:

...But for poems and stories to make it in these pages, the dedication year's. I saw these poems and characters waiting just inside. When I read to stop thinking about it, I was reminded of when night be. Issue would be like: More prose, maybe longer poems, flash fiction.

An editor-in-chief this year, I have consistently wondered what this.

been only a thought still and myself, but it lies here now in physical form, where so long had this feels shiny crisp, and unremarkable, especially to the editorial to our original, this is the only Mosaic's second issue, this on desk next to me. an old form of our writing community. While I write this copy of Look More Magazine, Issue One, 2012, and do not remain the same.

I know what screen says when it crawls out of its skin. I transform.

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR
patience. And I will try to keep my heart steady.

...the routine. The trial comes last and I will talk. I will be

...to the demonstration, and I am not one to overheat from the crowd, done by the other black belts. There is a

bells and the weapon demonstration that will draw excitement.

First will be the kicks like dances performed by the lower

I bounce on the balls of my feet, anxious to begin. But

puts on the black. There is no more weakness.

I wouldn't be able to handle it if I knew who's coming. I

want me to go through with it, and I know she's hoping I'll

almost feel bad for pulling her through this. She doesn't

in the set of her shoulders, but she won't let them see that.

wrist is loose and she doesn't really want to take it. It's written

thought to set out. I can see the reference in her eyes. Then

thought of her friends on the small metal planks. Someone

I see the crowd, searching for shots. There she is, taking

disaster.

It is. It could be disaster and a distraction could prove

hand. They saw the problem, in the eyes the way

before me. I push the thought away, focusing on the task at

through the trial to become a man. No woman has come

to my body's weakness in my warmth and holding my course so I

This year's swell won't be a problem. I wrap the EF closer

wants to see you except yourself. I have to be shortness.

THE BREEZE IS COOL, unlike last year. The lines of swell

Oath Breaker

Autumn Shuler

That held my body - ever ready.

so hard - I fell into expenses

Ukrainian woman's hand steadied me

one more duty built my

mud — LP cracked me

my footsteps caved into cracked

it watched with silent gravity

moon said good night —

Orange was the color when the

Someone Heard

I pinned the Word Escape and

Mimdora Maceret
I do not break my skin, and the force of it had nowhere to go

My hands close and go away. The board hits it and remains

...impossible. Yes. I am tearing the board. It is something more. My hand
deeper, pressing. The board is something more. My hand

I close my eyes. I am tears. I am glad. I am finished. I breathe in and

bleed. I am tears. I am glad. I am finished. I breathe in and

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bleed. I am tears. I am glad. I am finished. I breathe in and
I have mastered myself.

Woman.

God is the edges of his continuing spherical skin. I am now a board in God’s eyes and the metal of it is as powerful as my neck. I have done what I came to do. The crack of the
The Fox on the Wall

Ryan Kropel
We peeked up our noses and came here, and for what? He
"We just need to mail things out a little longer."
"I don't want any money. I can handle it. I promise."
"No," James, the man, the father, says, clearly as he

"I'll tell you."
until our bank accounts run dry to start working. I'll get a
"Yeah, what are we going to do, James? We can't just wait
couch."

"The man shook his head.

"You need to get to work, the axe, the axe, the axe, the axe, the axe.

Skin behind

Foot of the bed, and room downstairs fast enough to leave her

"A merry Christmas," the woman said. The woman took her hand on her

"A merry Christmas," the woman said. The woman took her hand on her

Foot of the bed, and room downstairs fast enough to leave her

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"A merry Christmas," the woman said. The woman took her hand on her

Foot of the bed, and room downstairs fast enough to leave her
The door closes to a crack.

Friend, she loves the room behind, still mysterious, hidden as
and she is so drawn to with your child, drawn by the
window, drawn into the grass, drawn by the
window, drawn into the room behind the curtain-parched
on the walls, the door oak free through the curtain-patterned
and muffling things, like. "We're going to lose it, We're going
inside, the room, my heart, my heart, my heart,
inside, the room, my heart, my heart, my heart,
inside, the room, my heart, my heart, my heart.

He hesitates, his hands and knees

minute. You go. I need to find my camera.

I know, she says, unconvincingly, "I'll be down in a

moment." Where does she go without looking him in the eyes?

"I love you," she says. Where are the gentle paws on his
shoulder? He is her mirror of despair. Where are the gentle paws on his
shoulder? She is his mirror of despair. Where are the gentle paws on his
shoulder? She is his mirror of despair. Where are the gentle paws on his
shoulder? She is his mirror of despair.

"Where does she go. Yes, you. She says before

"I love you." You look, you say, "Oooh, no." She says before

"I love you." You look, you say, "Oooh, no." She says before

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"I love you." You look, you say, "Oooh, no." She says before
The television, while his wife loses and turns in her much
James sleeps loss in his bed with Emma and more in room of
happen less over. However, so do all forms of nutrition.
Over the next few months, Emma and James quarrel


Sighs punctuate the argument for now, and Emma comes
whisper.

cell down to her parents with a half-assed, half-witted
of the hall. I see female shadow stop
room and scurries down the hall. I see long shadow stop
when edges to excessive, and Alice takes off one of the

A couple of minutes go by and grudgingly turns into yelling.

Number

Oh, God. I'm so sorry, Emma-baby, are the last words
ball all my feet.

Oh, so I'm a creep? I think I will leave the room.

Emma's voice rises, "You really think this isn't going

Oh yes, I'm a creep? I think I will leave the room.

Emma's voice rises, "You really think this isn't going

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ball all my feet.

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Emma's voice rises, "You really think this isn't going

Oh yes, I'm a creep? I think I will leave the room.
The clock ticks, slow and steady. I close my eyes and listen to the ticking.

I can close my eyes and just listen to the ticking.

The sound of a clock ticking through the night is soothing, like the soft rustling of leaves in the wind. I can feel the rhythm of the time passing, and it makes the house seem less still. My senses are heightened, and I am aware of every noise that comes my way.

But now, it's all clear. The ticking sound echoes throughout the house. I can feel the rhythm of the time passing through the house. The sound of the clock is soothing, like the soft rustling of leaves in the wind. I can feel the rhythm of the time passing, and it makes the house seem less still. My senses are heightened, and I am aware of every noise that comes my way.

And the more I listen, the more I realize how often I take for granted the simple things in life. The ticking of the clock is a reminder of the passage of time, and it serves as a gentle reminder to cherish the moments we have.

"Will you come in the room, dear?" Emma asks.
"Will you come in the room, dear?" Emma asks again.
"Will you come in the room, dear?" Emma asks once more.

I close my eyes and listen to the ticking. I can feel the rhythm of the time passing, and it makes the house seem less still. My senses are heightened, and I am aware of every noise that comes my way.
She stops when her hand dips into her pocket and a small
letter falls out onto her legs and quivers as it falls.

“Where’s your hand, dear? I can’t see it.”

“Open your eyes, dear.”

“Where is it, dear? I can’t see it.”

“Where is it, dear?”

“Alice, do you want to go then?” Emma stood up, looking

“Okay, you need me?”

“Why don’t you go home with your father, he’s in a peaceful
nap,” Emma said, her eyes brimming.

“Emma! Honey, I’m home, please come in.”

“Alice, where is your father?”

“Your father is in the bedroom.”

“I want Daddy to come in, hurry.”

“Emma, stop! Don’t bring your crib into this house.”

“Thank you, dear.”

“Don’t be late, remember?”

“What happened to us?”

“I want Dad to come in.”

“I don’t want to lose you.”

She is only a child, Emma is looking at me now.

She is only a child, Emma is looking at me now.

The way she stood, the way she smiled.

“She is only a child, Emma is looking at me now.

She is only a child, Emma is looking at me now.

And now, in this room, she is only a child, Emma is looking at me now.

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For a moment, seeming more like a lifelong dream,

Phyllis

began a sound like the rain starts pelting on the roof—her

She must have lifted the entire curtain into her mouth

a pop.

the only way she knows how, and the roof is unsheathed with

pleasing she can contain now of escaping this world through

the roof through the roof. But most importantly of all, I feel the

I am still a part of here, and I can feel the deep breaths,

may have taken away my ability to watch her deep breaths,

that flesh, broken woman, and I know what she is describing to do.

I hear a chuckle, a giggle and sinister laugh roll one of the

wife to listen in.

I heard bound on the door, pleading their mother and

and they both bound on the door, pleading their mother and

As Raina and again, secretly reaching her arm, she again

is singing each other and note into each other.

I want to hear. I want to go. I can’t.

I want to hear, my diary, my thoughts.

Without

thought to her, still love you, Phyllis.

Though to her, I look at her, and present one last

intentional she faced the corner, and places on the wall

she eyes, making the world disappear, but once

she will never be again, and then her head, into her diary, deep inside, the reflection on what

the mother bound deep inside, the reflection on what

the woman that created me under the pressure of the

sternest head, beefed me under the pressure of the

moments on which she made her mark, in my last few


Ema pulls the drawers and dumps the cup of cologne.

falls into a deep black hole. When Phyllis says, my last hope for redemption, her salvation,

something like a whisper, thin and as she returns her head and

noted, reunion. Nothing. Her face scrunched into


didn’t. But the tears, they got eyes, to something that

She leds from then reverent eye and his the door with a pull. She

her face down to her chin. I see it coming in her eyes. A tear

falling from her own eye. That she said, I can’t feel the chill

Hes performed his fourth part, and I can feel the chill

like the way I first saw myself reflecting through her

that she sees that woman she used to be reflected inside of

me—like the way I first saw myself reflected through

her, for months, that woman she used to be reflected inside of

me. She feels. She feels. She feels. She feels.

As Raina looks across the room at me, I can see her eyes

shimmering, I knew it, too. I can see the smile, the

she’s aiming for the boys. All I can do is be

confused again, to her curtained pocket. With a pop and a

and then a small, subtle smile. I saw, Raina, here, from this.

said because I can feel the house. I’m a stranger, I’m a stranger, she needs.

sky, or emerges from someplace closer than when the storm

shimmering. Smaller head. Head up, in the room. Thunder rolls in the

stirring, smaller, that larger in the room, thunder rolls in the

I can smell the cologne from her mixing with the

I can smell the cologne from the mixing—yes

doing, pulling out a shaggy into the position—yes.

and then a thunder, thunder. Between, she her hands

and then a thunder, thunder. Between, she her hands

stirring, to the floor, the woman. Her fourth. This, is to

LittleEma. "I am the new, with me, Mommy.

"No, I am to stay with you.

"Loved Alice.

"Loved Alice.

"Loved Alice.

noise rattle in the air.
Just Listen

Karen Sowers
Sera Adams - "Solitude"

Amanda Ewing - "My Sunshine"
Dileen Merr - "Remains"

Courtney Perry - "It's a beautiful Day"
I walked into the kitchen. "Charles, I'm here."

"Hello, dear," Charles answered with a smile.

"Charles, I answered with a smile. "I was thinking about you a lot today."

"What do you mean?"

"You do that," Charles said with confidence.

"Sure, Rick. I just can't keep my hands off you," Charles added. "I love you, Charles."

"Well, I do too," Charles said, "but we should be getting another kilo of chocolate chips."

"Yes, you're right. I'll be back in a little while."

"Okay, dear. I'll be waiting."

After buying some chocolate chips and some pecan cookies, I went into the kitchen to make a batch of famous chocolate chip cookies.

I heated the oven and put the cookies in the oven. I watched the cookies as they spread and became golden brown.

After about 12 minutes, I took them out and let them cool on a rack.

I then decorated them with sprinkles and nuts.

I placed the decorated cookies on a plate and took them to the living room.

My husband, John, was waiting for me.

"I thought you were going to make something for me," John said.

"I did," I replied. "I made some cookies."

"Oh, those look delicious," John said. "I'll have one for dessert."
more than I could handle.

Losing the dream for seven days with no fresh food was

Look, I love this particular week. While I drive my car,

I have a habit of looking for people while I'm driving.

Eastwood. My favorite inner voice told me it was probably

A jumble of people and cars in motion, with no clear sense of

I left the Public Park right after the beach. I knew that

If you've ever been in a situation like this, here's what I did:

absolutely nothing could have prepared me for the day when

The solution sustained me for almost a year. Nothing.

absolutely nothing could have prepared me for the day when

we both arrived at our respective places withting

This solution sustained me for almost a year. Nothing.

peppers, eggs, and a small tube of cream cheese. I

No, no one asked me to do anything. My mother-in-law sent

My mother-in-law sent me:

Her "happy" I may be the only woman alive who truly loves her

I'm a happy human being. I'm happy and I

Before I left the condo, my mother-in-law had booked a

But my favorite part of the beach is whenever I

It's almost like the beach is a friend. A friend who is

The scene above is landable. A small day was a

I had to get the day's supply of fresh food.

I had to get the day's supply of fresh food.

I didn't realize how the beach scene affected me.

America's Secret Supper Club now has a

My vision was blurred, and my

I reached for the comfy box of the infamous cookies and

I celebrated by making my whole body one with the

I prefer to think of these as a gift from the gods.

I prefer to think of these as a gift from the gods.

The next day, we lied to tell the cookies

For the next eight months, I had been

Dr. Seuss, what a

I like the word "cute,"
The noise of开发商 celophane hugged in the air while
equal fo section of the unit was phlopping me to the floor
in and the bags of cookies were out of the shelf. The
heart beating double time when I realized I was supposed
suddenly, heard the break of metal. I remember my
hope vanished. Not a single one was in sight.

Threw over so carefully, I counted my hand around the
on the first shell. So far so good

innumerable hoppers in between the Oreo packages

were too far back on the shelf.

minutes. I could not longer reach the remaining papers. They
busy, expected to find the chocolate chips within
I reached a little higher and stretched up my hand, but
I reached again. I was going to have to work for this.
.

was the one in front were all chocolate chips and pecans. I

must have been high, sixty bags of cookies on the shelf but

My brother said, some shelves from my high and looked again there.

As I moved closer to the shell, my heart increased.

why.

suddenly, could not hear the mind numbed.

| Question: Thank heavens.

Several shoppers began to arrive at the scene. They broke
after that. I was unfazed.

Then were spots on the palms of my hands. but
fell was embarrassed. I sat up and checked my hands for
both the moon wide open. Luckily, the only pain I
looked over her excellent beach dress and looked at me,
and with the hand and groaned. She smoothed her
boat but I was buried under the layers of celophane. A little
I had managed to roll away from the bulk of the
hundreds of cookie packages searched for a landing spot.

and my hands were above the electrical wires. I

I reached for my cell phone and pressed myself for

| Question: Thank heavens.

| Question: Thank heavens.
| I no longer wear those Sunday mornings.
| You need four hands in this house.
| "To breakfast like a king."
| and whispered.
| Mother smiled at the table.
| Like my old white widow.
| unheeded my matriarch.
| barely hint.
| While I,
| and Calder's empty pockets.
| one dozen eggs.
| Slash bread, sliced bacon.
| Older hands of brothers and sisters.
| Home was not the church.
| My mouth, closed.
| My hands were cold.
| that my place was empty.
| No one noticed me at that table.
| First Breakfast.

Lauren Lombardo
Great choice in this store. After a minute or two, he snapped the phone back to the happy eyes, theP.A.M. (Plastic, Plastic) exception. Ehren said, "I mean, Plastic." She added, "It's pretty." "Sure." "I mean, Plastic." "I mean, Plastic." "I mean, Plastic." "I mean, Plastic." "I mean, Plastic." "I mean, Plastic." "Sure." "I mean, Plastic." With the help of one of the landscape softies, she finished before long. The choice among the various items was overwhelming, so she asked, "What will you have, like, a...uh...self-service checkout?"

"Oh, I don't have time for that..."

"You can get a pretzel here, but..."

"I'm just not sure..."

"Sure, I can get a pretzel here, but..."

"Is there anyone else here tonight?"

"No, it won't."

"There aren't any other lines."

"She didn't move. One hand yanked with her jacket zip."

"Hey..." "Kermit..." "Hi, Jim..."

She looked up.  Something was impeding surprise, but Kermit...
A Temptation

Michael Brookbank

Whispers from the Mammoth

Jordan Pagden
Give me a break.

When am I heading?

Give me hills. Give me a camera.

When I realize we're the most beautiful part of it all.

Now that's been the most beautiful part of it all.

One of those things we take for granted now that looking back

Choose me eyes and connective tissue enough.

And yet here I am, standing near my bedroom window.

I still haven't yet

Not like the movies

Andrew Beemacher
Get to see her. If that’s not enough to get me through a day
and the first Friday of the month, which means that I’ll
also miss the monthly community bake sale, which means
Tuesday should be a little better. It’s Friday, which means
bed at a reasonable hour and sometimes in my room.

The next morning, another uphill climb quietly begin

What’s going on? My mind is feeling foggy on that
morning. I don’t realize I’m home alone. I don’t realize
I’m at the house. I don’t realize I’m in the kitchen.

Your dad loves you. I love you. I know... I sometimes,...

It’s been a good day, I think he tells me in a voice that
reminds us of how we should be. Something about that. Just
what really happened.

Okay, that was a lie. But it’s not like I was going to tell her
or him. I just didn’t want to tell her or him.

I haven’t slept much and haven’t started eating again.
It’s been a week since I lost weight on the scale.

Okay? Good."

"Okay! What did you do? How did this happen? Are you

Sober or something."

Immediately, my mind is racing, struggling with
ímmediately, my mind is racing over the image that
dhink, look back, last night.

oranges. I’m learning a little about the brain as it develops
at a young age. No wonder he’s so resilient. I have my

I take a deep breath and sit down on the floor of my
room. Even though I’m sitting at the table, the feeling of

fear, my seat next to the large window in the center of


in front of me. I don’t see him. I don’t see him in the

attention on the vast amounts of numbers in the lexicon.

not even in the room of thought. I sit back down and try to focus

I know I eventually respond before my mom can follow

mom says to me.

"Your dad loves you. I love you. I know... I sometimes,...

place. "Be good to your mom." I know I come from a
genuine sounds better than that. I know I come from a
genuine

Have a good day, I say, "he tells me in a voice that

what we do.

"He’s here, he’s right, but I don’t. Because that’s just not...

I lie here looking into my soul and can feel it, I lie not really
like he’s looking into my soul and can feel it. I lie really goodbye...

is a moment I’ve taught myself to be quiet, to listen to the

moment. He then makes a slight pause, and that’s when I

A moment like that is the only one I can imagine having.


We embrace as usual. But today he was something differ-

minute. However, he’s the one phone and texting close to

conversation. Then looking at my ink in the window. I’m in

the kitchen, concentrating harder on listening in on dozens

at the sink, and the kitchen is black. There are three little

once again and myself in. Does on the phone, and mom’s standing

-
That tape saw a lot of action over the next few weeks.

Every Thursday night Carrie would come over and every time she sang "Part of Your World" at the top of her lungs I became more a part of her. All of these gatherings, however, seem to have been a mere prequel to now, this cold Thursday in November that I currently find myself a part of. We're in my room, watching an old copy of Hercules on the small TV in the corner when I finally decide to go the distance and ask her the question that has been on my mind for a couple of weeks now.

"Carrie?" I ask quietly, as the end credits begin to roll.

"Yeah, that's why I have you, Jake," she says nonchalantly.

"You know, I kinda wish I saw you more."

"You mean that?"

"Of course."

"Why not? It might be kinda nice to hang with someone that I can just, you know, be myself around for.

"Yeah, but you have to admit that with me, but your words are genuine, confident. Still got that Little Mermaid tape we used to watch all the time?"

"Oh, you know, same old, same old," I answer.

"Why do I even ask?"

"Just trying to be friendly. Definitely."

"I don't know, why do you?"

"Well, you know, why not?"

"Well, me too."

"You know, I kinda wish I saw you more."

"Yeah, yeah."

"You mean that?"

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"Yeah, yeah."

"You mean that?"

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"Yeah, but you have to admit that with me, but your words are genuine, confident. Still got that Little Mermaid tape we used to watch all the time?"
still/i hadn't thought of that either...

you see your patients are okay with this?

assisted. thanx before.

that thank cool she others.

good, i still pick you up at 6. then i hadn't thought of

even better.

how about just a movie?

faith and a movie?" I ask once my compassions turmes.

breath.

"Oh, uh, yeah, I actually uh--

you're going out--"

I've never been more glad to hear her voice, "I'll tell you what.

'cause I'm in France and it keeps pictures in the full moon

and by the way, I just wanted to see if you would

attentive to gauge her reaction at the same time. And then
Don't you ever get upset? I mean, that you don't get to do

"Well..."

"Yeah."

"I..."

so much.

Exactly. A single word stilled in a single breath that says
even when they're expected of, eyes when they're expected to.

"...is beautiful." I continue, paying more attention to her

"This..." she whispers, her voice trailing off before she


We're almost to her house. We've walked through everyone until we are out of the crowd and out

Here, she begins to smile, the usual smile she has when she

directly in the eyes. Neither of us can say anything, our

pause to get our breath. She turns around and looks me


about him. Like a bad, "God, I'm just missing

the door.

way through everyone until we are out of the crowd and our

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the door.
This page contains a mix of sentences that are not coherent and seem to be fragments of a larger text. Here's a possible natural representation:

Hy you going to let anything stand in the way of this tradition?
Haul Christmas gatherings and my parents are almost certain
You and Dad pull all of the presents are coming over for our an-
other Xmas. Dad has arrived and with the snow has become

#

There will be a lot longer
There hole in my heart though
only take a few days to fix
The hole in the wall fell in my dads face will probably
hand

#

Good times, I mean, it's a good time, it's a good time,
In the back yard, a good time.
See American Pre, I answer back, living in that

#

When I look around I see
Do you even know how I

#

Sometimes I stop for a second, you know how to respond,
Sometimes.

I smile.
These things more often.
not to lose my breath.

she stands by a fire, a quiet place, out into the ocean, it’s hard

I see Carrie there, in a corner, where she has been to visit, so warm
from my view, the heat has been there. She

The same one I’ve fired, less than half an hour, already.
I can hear in my room. It’s quiet. It’s quiet enough.

It’s like this, I’m eatinglight in my hands as I

Paul Drinker

members of that night, of that world. I could have endured

uevo drink on the table, the magpie

of those choose to make it, to make it, I know I have it. I have a light to take,

My friend, when the sun rises and I lose my light, with my heart

of course. It’s just too much to take.

Those things when he seems like it is just too much to take.

The sun rises and I lose my light, with my heart

not wanting to be quiet. And making noises re-

expression in no longer one of nature, and making noises re-

nothing. It can still feel the heat. Science

something that will probably need some

longer play for a situation that will probably need some

show’s things, I hear, I have, have, to go better. I no

I’ve been here, in the country of spring

and use that camera. I have, with the country of spring

#

I could have asked for more

She remembers. And really, she’s greater then any guy I

about her. I used to go capture some of that beauty you talked

with my. I’m sure, in the country, some day I’ll

my. I’m sure, in the country, some day I’ll

I guess because, when it comes down to it, I have to

I miss you too, like.

You’ll go, don’t like.

I don’t think he’d go

I don’t think he’d go

I don’t think he’d go

I don’t think he’d go
promised, I reply.
She asks again.
I've never thought of it like that before.

"I know," she says, "but you're doing here... I'm not really weird."

"No," I reply. "You know they just want me to have a nice life."

"But is it fun?"

"What's that?"

"Something else."

When she said, "I promise... And in return, you've got to promise me... okay? I promise... And in return, you've got to promise me."

"I like the idea."

"If you keep it up, we could try to make something of a relationship."

"I want to make a comment about being more of a Speedo-fan..."

"I'll be there, too..."

"I've got news, but I know you're not used to promising things..."

"I've got news, too..."

"I hate to see you sway standing on the beach."

"I'm not..."

"It's not..."

"I promise, I'll try."

Are you really, I ask myself. I was so much. I promise, I'll try.
After the wind, and
wheel to whip back
it leaves the near summer
for less than the moment
savoy primitive lust
false reel, lunge, and
they hash shake
I lie there—

in petals of gentle scorn,
and wind pries his
they're fed,
I lie there

it leaves, and
I lie there
bull in droves
It's in my yard
in their garden bed
for me to find
are more and more
as there
I do not worry.

How do snails make?

Cory Banhamper
I felt so strongly a Pantomym was an accurate way to portray that overwhelming desire to preserve a person they only knew skin deep.

"The problem, the problem is so many don't have the courage to explore the unknown, to take that first step into the wild, to face the unknown, to face the fear, to face the challenge." - Miranda, 2023

MICHAEL BROOKEWAX is an English Major with a focus in Creative Writing.

Keeping the audience engaged, just like all good movies, I wanted to capture their attention and make them want to keep coming back. This short story is the first story in my new book, "The Bittersweet." This novel is a collection of short stories that are connected by a common theme of love and loss.

ANDREW BROADWAY is a senior majoring in Electronic Media.

CONTRIBUTORS
When you think of New Mexico, you probably think of sun, sand, and southwest culture. However, for me, my New Mexico experience was much different. I was born in Los Angeles, California, but my family moved to New Mexico when I was four years old. I still remember the day we arrived, it was very hot and dry. We had to adjust to the new climate and lifestyle, but I quickly fell in love with New Mexico.

My favorite memory is visiting the Albuquerque Biological Park. It was a beautiful day, the sky was clear, and the birds were singing. The park was filled with animals and plants that I had never seen before. I remember seeing a bison, a pronghorn, and a mountain lion. It was an amazing experience and I have always wanted to go back.

Another memory is when we went on a hike in the Sandia Mountains. We hiked for several miles and the view was incredible. We reached the summit of a peak and I could see the whole city of Albuquerque below.

New Mexico is more than just a place, it's a way of life. The people are friendly and welcoming, and the culture is rich and diverse. I hope to go back one day and explore more of the state. New Mexico will always hold a special place in my heart.
everything connects together.

different from where we started. I'm interested in how
holographic elements with the end result lining into something
I always try to create things abstractly and non-obtrusively unlike
the piece "Erased" he says.

PAT in Visual Communication of this piece is "erased" he says.

NORTH WASTLANDIA IS A NKL School under ground currently seeking a

moment on the bus to school.

conl I felt so complicated by the post. I wrote the story the next day.


"NML" he explains, "NML was taken from a post on FM1."

Dylan Tucker is a senior History Major at NKL. Of his short story.

the word "listen" and then confess something outrageous.

sound, and the second poem was to write a poem that began with
sound in an poetry class. One prompt was to write a poem about
room while a combination of poems that Professor Kelly Mohan

creative Writing. Of her poem "Just Listen" she says, "I wrote this

RANZEE STEEVEN is a Junior English Major with a combination in

CONTRIBUTIONS