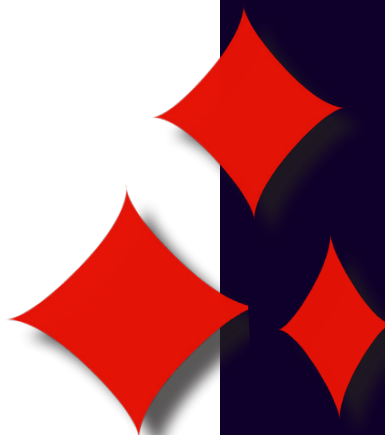


FULL HOUSE LITERATURE MAGAZINE



ISSUE 1 WILD CARDS

EDITED BY LEIA BUTLER & JACK OXFORD

Note from Editors



When we first had this idea during a walk around UEA's famous lake, we had no idea it would be so popular. So popular, in fact, that we had to close submissions early!

Even after closing submissions, the problem of sorting through them came. Every single one was incredible, and we had so much difficulty sorting through your amazing submissions that we decided to create a sort of prologue to our first issue, called the Wild Card issue. These are exceptional submissions in their own right that deserved their own place outside of the thirteen selected for the main issue.

We hope you enjoy this collection of creativity and any readers submit to our magazine in the future!

Love from Jack and Leia x

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Soothsayer

Kaleb Tutt

Thank you for calling, how may I be of assistance tonight? yes, I can tell you if he's thinking about you (he is) and whether or not he's going to call you (probably not tonight, though he should tomorrow), but I can't tell you how to be happy without the knowledge that you crossed his mind while he washed the dust from his hair, the other parts of his day circling the shower drain.

Three of Cups - Seven of Pentacles - Ten of Wands

his intentions are to talk to you (when he feels like it) because he likes you (really, he does) but he wants to grow this organically, like a seed, budding flower from the ashes (but yes, he should text you back (even if he's painting a watercolor portrait)).

Ace of Swords - Three of Swords - The Hermit

re-open the power lines of communication (with him), say what you mean and mean to find the truth for yourself, even if the truth stabs you in the gut, lances soft internal organs, even if it makes you stare into your own eyes and see the ugly truths you've been tucking beneath blankets of non-acceptance, brewing toxic clouds of obsession.

Death - Eight of Cups - Judgement

no, Death doesn't mean you're going to die; it means something is going to die, but something else is going to grow from the dusty pile of discarded bones. the seed will grow on its own and you'll walk away, the reins taken from your rosy palms, you can't ignore the signs any longer.

hi, thank you for calling, how may I be of assistance tonight?

Entry 63: Anarchist Ray Chance's Private Papers (Property of Archives at BLANK University)

Derek Maine

This is sound:

You hear static noises, sort of like: do you remember messing with the antenna so you could watch softcore porn on Cinemax? I'm thinking of 1997 or thereabouts, and the way the picture looked when it was sort of in-between frequencies, so all those little gray waves with bits of thongs and beaches pulsating through the screen. Now take that memory, and if this is a memory you can't conjure just take whatever you can from the description, and turn it into a sound. That's the sound you hear. You call them static noises.

This starts in the morning, not immediately on waking up but just after the fog clears. If you let it keep going the sound would get louder. It starts very dull, almost a pleasant ambience. If it was a substance it would be very thin. Reedy? Is that why that word exists? Yes. Thin and reedy. What happens when it starts to get louder is the same way it would feel if you were standing on an old track for trains and the pleasant ambience, at first, is the sound in the distance. An oncoming train, a soothing, rhythmic churning. What happens when it starts to get louder is you standing next to these tracks, at a safe distance, and the sound is now more discordant; it is a warning and it rattles. Yes, it rattles and it feels uncontrolla-

ble now. Part of the essence of the noise has shifted from a single layer emblazoned in the background of all the sounds to an unpredictable, touchy thing. It starts to get louder and what happens is you step up on the tracks; you have no idea why you have done this. The sound has grown so it is now a sound and a vision; the train is coming straight towards you and this is a real thing of substance in the folds of an actual reality you are suffering in. As the sound gets louder the train is on top of you now, hurling toward completion of each of your respective missions and the brakes were not designed to stop all of a sudden and you were not designed to move away from this, instead you gaze at this immersion of sound and substance with wonder. The sound reaches a crescendo, and this is the loudest part but you can't know that because this is a song you have never heard even if this is something that happens every morning after the fog lifts and you will carry that contradiction with you forever and try to explain it to professionals who will always, always, always furl their brow or crinkle the skin on their forehead in disbelief. The moment of impact, of the sound each morning, the train does hit you (avoiding it was impossible) but instead of launching you into bits of matter strewn about the tracks and surrounding woodland, it swallows you up and you leech onto the train, you are an insignificant element of the train now as it continues its death march, hauling atoms, until further up you, as the train, spot other lonely souls gazing up at the train, so gazing up at you, in wonder, as the inevitable whooshes with a speed unfathomable.

You will be given pills to quiet the sound. The idea is to suspend it around the pleasant ambience, ideally so you can get a job and go to the grocery store. It works until it doesn't.

This Stays Between Us, of Course

Samantha Costanzo Carleton

They were going to leave their boyfriends. Kell had a fiancé, technically, and they hadn't explicitly discussed it, but Allie knew it was going to happen. Their impromptu after-work happy hours always followed the same routine: One of them would spend most of the time complaining about her relationship, and the other would listen with concern between her eyebrows and her mouth in a soft frown. The next time, they'd switch. It was as if they subconsciously kept track of who got to wallow in her pain each night and who had to nod and say, "Ugh, I'm so sorry you're going through this right now." Eventually the four of them would go out to dinner together, and the boys would have no idea how much Kell and Allie knew about them, how they held each other's exhaustion just underneath their lipsticked smiles.

"How are you and Kev?" Allie asked in the restaurant bathroom last time while the boys waited for the server to pick up everyone's credit cards.

"Fine," Kell said into the mirror. "We had an argument over something stupid again the other day, and it pretty much ruined the entire weekend, but we'll survive. How are things with you?"

Allie shrugged. "They're okay," she said without elaborating. They really were, for now, and she didn't want to upset Kell, whose things were clearly not, but she also didn't want to jinx whatever this six-months-long-so-far thing was. It was kind of a relationship? She told people Zach was her boyfriend because it was easier than saying he hadn't brought it up and she didn't want to think about it.

Kell leaned in to swipe stray pinpricks of mascara from under her eyes, and Allie watched her beautiful, elegant friend fuss with herself in the mirror when they both knew there was nothing to fix.

"Let's run away and live in a little house in the woods somewhere," Allie said to Kell's reflection.

Kell did that laughing-snorting thing she did, a sound that meant yeah, okay, sure, but then she smiled and said, "Great. As long as it's near the ocean and you let me have a herd of English sheepdogs to keep us company."

"I'm serious," Allie said. She turned towards Kell so she could see for herself. They could book a place to stay for the first month while they looked for a house, then send their breakup texts and leave when they were supposed to be at jobs they'd secretly quit two weeks before. She knew they had money saved up for a wedding that wouldn't happen and for — something, Allie wasn't really sure what right now. Probably retirement. They could pool it and buy a cheap fixer-upper somewhere on the coast of Maine. Kell loved Maine and its remoteness, how the seaside towns felt like her personal secrets in the winter.

Kell ran a finger under the curve of her mouth to smooth the already-imperceptible edges of her lipstick and glanced at Allie out of the corner of her eye.

"We'll survive," Kell said again. "It'll all be okay." She hugged Allie and then opened the bathroom door, half expecting to see a cottage on the edge of a wintry, rock-strewn beach in front of her.

The Simurgh

Jim Newcombe



Sometimes the Simurgh
wants to dream. One day he
would determine to leave behind
the cities of the Earth, knowing it was
his destiny to find the mythical bird.

the unthinkable

Lucy Cundill

everything loses its beauty if you stare at it for long enough
there are places in this world i will die without every getting close to
there are people just like me in this world that i will die
without ever knowing
the solace we found in one another was extraordinary
i like to think that god might have had a hand in it
though what he meant by it i'll never be quite sure of
it's about leaving a room for the last time without knowing it
putting something down and never picking it back up again
the last time you'll see the face of the one you love more than anything
those sorts of things — the unthinkable.
tearing the meaningless apart to find meaning hidden somewhere inside
something nobody else can see. is it okay
to keep something like that for yourself, if it really does exist
is it selfish? or is it the only way out of all of this?
a way to write the word 'meaning' in the sand,
let the tide come, go, and have it stay.

Water Marks

Alyssa Jordan

Every year, the goon squad trussed up Merle's bar for any occasion that could be claimed as a holiday. They celebrated all the commercial regulars. Not to mention everyone's birthdays, saint's days, president's days, and all kinds of daisy-chain days that most of them didn't care about but would drink to anyway.

Darcy spent her childhood parked on long stool chairs, sipping Shirley Temples while Clay checked her homework with his hands shoved in his pockets, looking like some overgrown kid.

One Halloween, he showed up in his old man's leather jacket. Darcy used to watch him wear it, traced the thick creases with her eyes, the water marks that bloomed across his back like a pair of butterfly wings.

On Thanksgiving, Ona and Hank and Dale dressed as pilgrims with fangs. Darcy pinned her old girl scout patches to the sleeve of Clay's jacket. At Christmas time, she swapped the patches for paper snowflakes, and traded them for duct-taped confetti on New Year's Eve.

After a while, Clay wore the jacket every day. It started to get bigger, mold to the contour of his shape.

When Darcy slept with a sweet boy at sixteen, she did it in the back of the bar with grease on her fingers and glitter under her eyes. She thought of Clay the whole time. The dimples in his smile, the whiskey-soft belly. She thought of leather and felt safe.

After high school, Darcy stayed away for years. She saw skyscrapers and the Grand Canyon and she thought it was all nice, it was all grand, but she didn't much care. The world was the same as it looked on TV.

Rise or fall, Dale liked to say, and Darcy thought she did her fair share of both. She had a kid, a girl as pretty as her dad, but who looked just as mean. She dreamed of leather and vinyl-cracked seats and little Japanese umbrellas. In one dream, a cockroach sat in her drink, broke the swirly-pink umbrella.

It had on a leather jacket.

Another Christmas passed before Darcy took mean little Amelia to her grandparents. She kissed her cheeks, got in the car, and drove, drove, drove. Merle's was still a dump, but it looked pretty as a picture to Darcy.

A new guy told her Hank had the day off. Ona was on maternity leave. Clay put a gun to his head six months back. Dale showed up every night and drank till he passed out.

When she went to Clay's house, everything looked exactly the same. Even his jacket hung by the door, butterfly wings and all.

Darcy wore it every day.

The jacket was much too big, but she'd grown since, into its weight and its promise. Thirties passed into forties, forties into fifties. Darcy manned the bar and took Dale's keys on a daily basis.

In her sixties, she gave the jacket to Ona's son, told him it needed some stretching again.

Iris

Alexis Noga

The kind-hearted woman who paid Papa to fix the leak in her roof didn't have any extra money, but she had time. So she knitted him a bulky Afghan of brilliant blues- from the familiar, dusty cerulean of Midwest skies to the deep lapis of a hyacinth. Blue, because his forgiving eyes struck her. She told Papa she hated the dying season, she had to leave Cincinnati, the purple flowers wilted, and the concrete angels who watched over her garden, always wept. She told Papa that the angels whispered to her, telling about the crumbling well in the garden's center, and the water inside: "those who drink it will never die, and God's spirit will run through their veins." But Papa didn't believe in salvation. So when she left, he bulldozed the well and the water vanished-- like I sometimes wish Papa had when he fell thirty feet off the roof of that church lived and still refused to speak to God.

About our contributors

Kaleb Tutt

Kaleb Tutt is an author and poet from south Louisiana. His debut chapbook, "ir / rational", is set for release early 2021. Keep up with him on Twitter @KalebT96.

Derek Maine

Derek Maine lives in the United States where he is currently researching the writings of Ray Chance (famed Anarchist & potential murderer) for an undisclosed client at an undisclosed university where it is hot all of the time. @derek-mainereads

Samantha Costanzo Carleton

Samantha Costanzo Carleton is a marketing writer by day and creative writer whenever she has spare time. Her work has previously appeared in The Cabinet of Heed, and she is working on a novel based on her Cuban-American childhood. @smcstnz

Jim Newcombe

Jim Newcombe, the son of a librarian and a Rolls-Royce manager, was born and raised in Derby in the heart of the English midlands before uprooting to London in 2006, where he has lived in various districts ever since, currently nesting south of the river on Telegraph Hill. He is essentially self-taught and has been passionate about words and pictures since earliest boyhood, being able to recite hundreds of poems by heart. His writing has appeared in numerous publications, including Agenda, Acumen, The Recusant and Literature Today. @Idol_Threat

Lucy Cundill

Lucy Cundill is a poet and prose fiction writer from Chesterfield, now living in Norwich, where she studies English Literature and Creative Writing at the University of East Anglia. Her work is emotional and sometimes abstract, exploring ideas of love, relationships, mortality, and theology, and their effects on the human consciousness. She has been published in The Writers' Café Magazine, Concrete, the Life Lines zine, and the UEA Undergraduate Creative Writing Anthology. Her work can be found @ futile.devicez on Instagram.

Alyssa Jordan

Alyssa Jordan is a writer living in the United States. She pens literary horoscopes for F(r)iction Series (her sign is Sagittarius with a dash of Gemini!) Some of her stories can be found or are forthcoming in The Sunlight Press, X-R-A-Y Literary Magazine, LEON Literary Review, and more. You can also find her on Twitter @ajordan901 or Instagram @ajordanwriter.

Alexis Noga

Alexis Noga is a student at Denison University studying Creative Writing. She has been published in Blue Marble Review and Denison's Exile Magazine. @LexiNoga

FULL HOUSE LITERATURE MAGAZINE



Kaleb Tutt

Derek Maine

**Samantha Costanzo
Carleton**

Jim Newcombe

Lucy Cundill

Alyssa Jordan

Alexis Noga

*Join us for seven
amazing
wildcard
submissions!*

*This is in
addition to
our first issue
and contains
seven fantastic
submissions that
deserved a
special space of
their own.*

ISSUE 1 WILD CARDS

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