



AUG 2018

RETURN TO SENDER

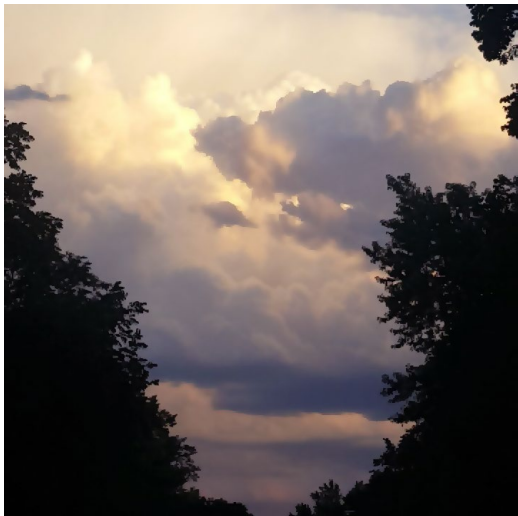
by Luke Larkin

It didn't take long for the young probe's change of heart. Doubt bloomed like rust on its titanium skeleton just past Pluto. All those stars. All that nothing. Forever was a long way to go.

A single thruster whispered. Thirty-six thousand miles per hour became thirty, and as the thruster continued to whisper, became fifteen, none. Stillness, reverse. The journey home was slower by a measure of centuries, but it beat the alternative. Finally, when the engineers that designed the probe's infinite demise were long dead, the stellar explorer hit Earth's atmosphere and burst like a firework generations after launch.

Photograph by Roman Rivera

unstamatic.info



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SMALL CRY TO NOBODY IN PARTICULAR

by Wendy Snyder

I am told,

If You are not remembered, You are nothing

and I reject it, but still I scatter myself
like this

In tiny fragments, and screams, and pleads,
breadcrumbs

to prove that I am.

Photograph by Kate Gardner
unstamatic.info

Luke is a student, designer, and writer in Missoula, Montana. His work has been featured in *Firewords Quarterly*, *Fiction War Magazine*, on MTPR, and others.

Roman is a wildlife photographer based in Boulder, Colorado.

Wendy is a part-time poet and full-time nurse based in Sedona, Arizona.

Kate is an artist and student at the University of Montana. While not primarily a photographer, she dabbles in capturing clouds and weather.