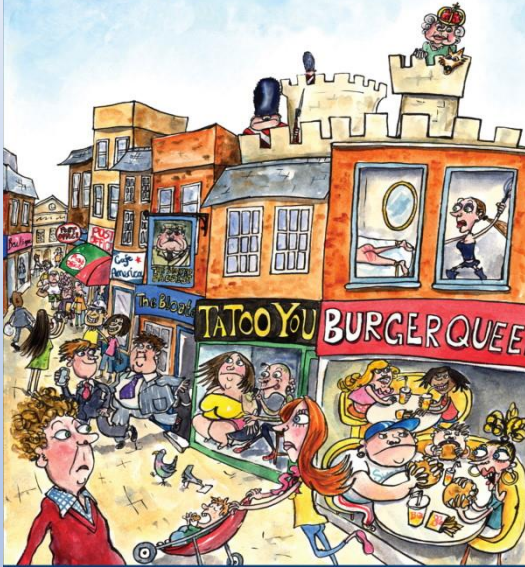


Castletown

By P. Symonloe



Be different: buy direct
from the author or
tslbooks.uk

on, and in? Does it exhibit all the customary human weaknesses; the inability to be or do anything that isn't self-interested and literal-minded? Is it inhabited by those whose seemingly sole aim is to belong to some actual or theoretical club? Is it for those of us who just want to belong; to be part of the fearful mass – agreeing to agree? Is Castletown this?



I headed out to see for myself; treading the narrow old streets that led to wider old streets and the new-*olde* shops. These new *olde shoppes* reassured modern minds that sound *olde-fashionede* values survived to the modern day.

On the streets were the modern-medieval minds and the primitive-modern doings of the 21st century fortress. I already knew I didn't belong here. In fact, I didn't even *begin* to belong to Castletown. I was a graft – an attachment. I just couldn't get *into* the town. Behind a membrane I looked on, observing. I came to Castletown seeking independence from my parents and a distance from *home*. The problem was (my parents told me and it was probably true) that I'd crossed too many lines; overstepped too many marks; put too many backs up and burned too many boats. There was little I could do about any of this now, so I simply carried on observing. Though revealing this was like looking through the wrong end of a telescope. Things were there but out of reach. I could judge them, weigh them up, but not *feel* them. I felt *durexed* against full sensitivity. My detachment however meant I could see things not clear to those souls inside the movie screen,