

Trillium

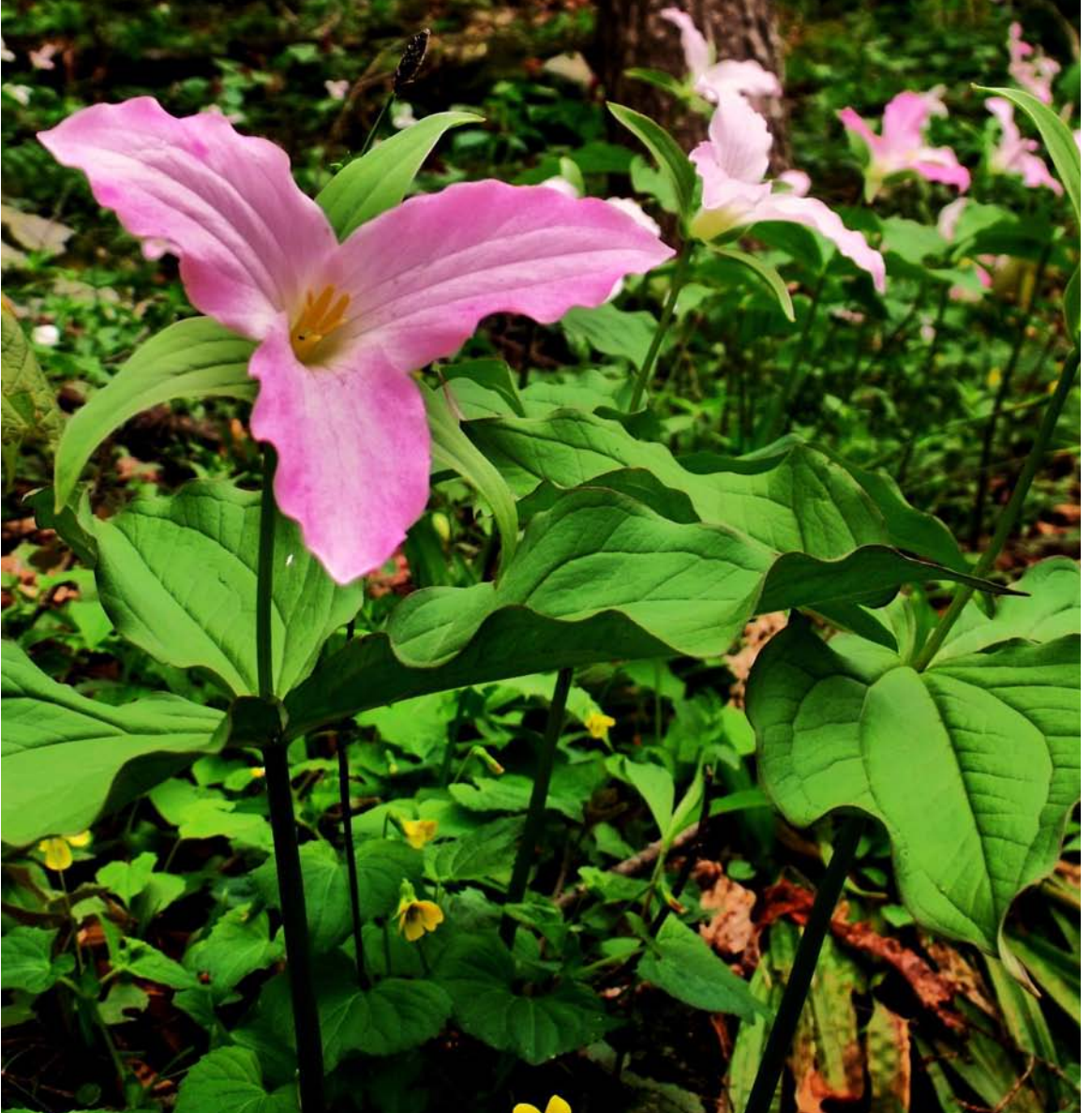
2012



Trillium

Volume 33 • Spring 2012

A Publication of the Glenville State College
Language and Literature Department



Trillium Staff

Rose Johnson
Editor

Dustin Crutchfield
Designer

Dr. Jonathan Minton
Faculty Advisor

Cover Photo by Sara Wise
Photo on Previous Page by Darrin Martin

Table of Contents

3/07 by Sara Wise	1
Mom by Carol Belknap	1
Oceans by Sarah Normant	2
Black forest by Jillian Malone	3
falling autumn by Jillian Malone	3
Everytime Our Paths Cross by Carol Belknap	4
Life by Rose Johnson	4
Degaz Road by Jillian Malone	5
Cinéma de fromage by Melissa Gish	5
Marcellus by Shelly Allen	6
Untitled Photograph by Sara Wise	6
Balance by Kathleen Kile	7
Khaos by Zeke Bonnett	8
A Soul That Matches Mine by Carol Belknap	9
You Asked For It by Chris Summers	10

Untitled Photograph by Whitney Stalnaker	11
Untitled Drawing by Robert Hensley	12
Halloween Night by Katelynn Shoulders.....	12
Honor and Chivalry by Jade Nichols.....	13
Creatures of the Night (a song) by Wayne de Rosset	14
Untitled Photograph by Megan Prater	15
The Boy's Pups by Gary Z. Morris	15
Untitled Photograph by Ed Frame	17
Untitled Photograph by Megan Prater	18
Once by Carol Belknap.....	19
Change by Julie Anderson	19
Song by Chris Summers	20
Great Scott by Melissa Gish	20
The Messenger by Jillian Malone	21
The Last Argument by Kari Hamric	21
Letter by Jonathan Minton	22
Letter by Jonathan Minton	22

Untitled by Harmonia Rosales.....	23
Transitory by Sara Wise.....	24
Untitled Drawing by Robert Hensley.....	24
Tessa's Secret by Chasity Moyers.....	25
To Grandmother's House We Go by Rose Johnson.....	27
Deus Ex Machina by Cary Barlow.....	30
Emeralds Diner by Harmonia Rosales.....	31
Untitled Photograph by Darrin Martin.....	34
Untitled Photograph by Rose Johnson.....	35
Autumn Musings by Fran Schmetzer.....	35
I Couldn't by Kari Hamric.....	36
Untitled Photograph by Whitney Stalnaker.....	36
What's Your Terror? by Becky Baldwin.....	37
Untitled Photograph by Ed Frame.....	38
The Shining One by Jillian Malone.....	38
Pleasure and Delight by Seth Stemple.....	39
Black Trillium by Rosanna Springston.....	39

Toaster Tigers and Mice Cubes by Zeke Bonnett.....	40
Kiss by Brandon Hayes	40
Shine by Chris Summers	41
Defacto by Cary Barlow.....	42
Two-Way Street by Chasity Moyers	43
Untitled Photograph by Whitney Stalnaker	43
Untitled Photograph by Ed Frame	47
I Held It In My Hand by Carol Belknap.....	48
The Plague by Kathleen Kile.....	49
Mortuum by Cary Barlow.....	49
Train Stop by Liza Brenner	50
Monumental Erection by Kari Hamric	50
Sakamoto Sentai by Jace Parker	51
Untitled Drawing by Robert Hensley	53
Self Portrait by Sarah Normant	55
Painted Trillium by Rosanna Springston	56
Shark Toaster by Zeke Bonnett.....	58

Reptar by Megan Prater	59
A Rose Is A Rose by Rose Johnson	61
Untitled Photograph by Sara Wise	63
Untitled Photograph by Darrin Martin.....	64
Butte by the Glenville State College Fall 2011 Creative Writing Class.....	65
Blue Flower by Rosanna Springston	66
Untitled Painting by Joseph Overbaugh.....	68
Release Constrained by Sarah Normant	69
Untitled Photograph by Jade Nicholas	73
Contributors' Notes	76

A Word From The Editor

The Long Lost Bio or An Editor's note

I'm sure you never meant to
You surely had it done
But time is up, you've got none left
And alas, I am without your biographical note

I don't need much
A sentence or two
Hell, you can even make one up
It doesn't have to be about you

You could makes yours happy
Or perhaps full of wit
I don't care much what you write
As long as somehow, I get it

But here me now, oh *Trillium* submitters
Yes, even you my talented Professors
Those that fail to finish theirs
Will regret it for all of their years

For they will be haunted
By this editors cheery cry....
Don't forget your bio!

...But I guess I can let it slide this time

Rose Johnson
Editor

Sara Wise

3/07

Commitment plus intimacy
equals companionate love.

Companionate love
is a relationship characterized
by two people who are truly
in love,
are committed
to each other
and who enjoy all
the characteristics of intimate
love.

What's missing is the
heat, the sexual
arousal, the physical
longing when apart, the
passion.

How might we describe
such a couple? Without passion,
it is difficult
to see them as lovers, but rather
they are companions,
hence
the term companionate
love.

Carol Belknap

Mom

I call your name, only to hear an echo from the walls of emptiness without you. Your beautiful face appears, your smell, and the twinkle in your tired eyes. I reach for your withered hand. You slipped away from me when I wasn't looking, thought you'd always be there, thought you'd always answer. Now...I'm the Mom, the Grandma...I love it, just wish I could be a daughter again.



Sarah Normant
Oceans
12x24 Oil Painting

Jillian Malone

Black forest

If I ever wanted to go back
I could easily be there.
Closing my eyes
I can see my black forest;
stagnant pitch black scars.
Underneath the wet ashes,
new growth has sprung
and life blends with death.
Replenished with memories
of both good and bad,
rejuvenating into a forest
far greater than before.

The black slowly fades,
reminding what was lost.

Now I will thrive.

falling autumn

waves of autumn's emotions
quivering among the leaves
witnessing alchemical magick
as jade turns into gold
weak against the harsh winds
shivering and finally letting go
quickly descending in a
chaotic downward spiral
surrendering very quietly
to the long still death
onto the cold forest floor
weathered and depressed
awaiting the Winter's frost

Carol Belknap
Every Time Our Paths Cross

Honey...when you give up,
What will never go away
You'll spend your whole life
Remembering yesterday.
Emptiness will fill the cracks
You let us slide through
Your heart will ache,
Then there'll be no reason,
In anything you do.

Time will turn the pages
Nights will turn to years
Our hands will wear and wither
Our tired eyes will fill with tears
Each time our path crosses,
Each moment, we'll relive again
We'll search for a path forward
And love will live,
But the pain will never end.



Rose Johnson
Life



Jillian Malone
Degaz Road

Melissa Gish Cinéma de fromage

Iris always takes cheese to the movie group. Little cubes. The kind you get already cut up in eight-ounce bags. Sometimes cheddar. Sometimes colby. Never mozzarella—it gives her gas. But mozzarella comes in long pieces, not cubes, so it doesn't matter anyway. This week it's cheddar. And *Postcards from the Edge*. She didn't vote for *Postcards* last week, but it got picked by the group and now she'll have to sit through it for an hour and a half and then sit through the discussion that will no doubt last for another hour or more afterward. She hopes that someone brings wine. Lots of wine. She considers stopping to pick up some but looks at the clock on the oven and sees that she doesn't have time. Not if she doesn't want to be the last of the group to arrive. It's at Bill and Jo's house again, though Bill won't be there. He's never there when the movie crowd arrives. Runs and hides, she guesses. Jo has a cat. It's longhaired. Iris commented once that Jo should have it shaved—make it a hairless cat. They should all be hairless. Iris is allergic to cat dander, so going to Jo's for three hours of movie group is not an easy thing to do. Especially if no one brings wine. Last week someone brought a jumbo bottle of Yellow Tail Chardonnay. That was *The Bridges of Madison County*. They seem to be on this Meryl Streep kick and Iris doesn't know why. Two weeks ago it was Ironweed and no one brought wine. Everyone said, "Oops, forgot," like that made it okay to forget to bring something besides a bag of chips from the dollar store or leftover humus when Iris remembers to bring fresh bags of cheese every week. Little cubes that go around and feed everyone and never quite run out until it's almost time to go home. Tonight they'll vote for next week's film. She's going to nominate *Mystic Pizza*. She's tired of depressing stories about middle-aged women. And tonight she's going to stop for wine on the way to Jo's. She picks up the bags of cheese, slings her purse over her shoulder, and glances at the clock on the oven, deciding that it's better to be the last of the group to arrive at Jo's house filled with cat dander than the first to arrive and wait for wine that never comes.

Shelly Allen
Marcellus

The politicians say it's a gonna cre-ate jobs!
ECK-UN-omic DE-velopment!
Suh-WEET SAL-vation!
They say it don't matter much
That each one a them wells means we hafta peel off another five acres
Of God's Greenest.
They say not to worry, the one hundred thousand gallons a fresh water
They need to frack each one
Ain't a problem a'tall.
We'll just suck 'em outta the crick, the river, the mu-nicipal water supply.
AND, the politicians say, they ain't no need to regulate anything.
We'll just let 'er ride for a year
Or two,
Let the industry regulate itself.
After all, they always have, ain't they?
We have to trust 'em.
And Chesapeake says that the chemicals they mix in,
Why, they ain't any worse than what's under my kitchen sink.
"Acid"? "Corrosion Inhibitor"? "Anti-bacterial agent"? "Surfactant"? "Gelling Agent"?
Well now hell, I wouldn't wanna drink them either.

Sara Wise
Untitled
Photograph



Kathleen Kile

Balance

I always thought it would rain when you died
you know like all the images of death and funerals:
black clothes, white lightning, rain, and tears.
But no; you didn't die in the rain; water, like life, wouldn't have you.

What am I supposed to do now? With no one to
hit me,
push me,
put me down,
slap me,
break my nose,
break my bones,
break my heart...

You were drunk when you died, passed out on the floor
covered in vomit and urine. I stood over you and your smell
almost put me on the floor next to you. I was confused as I stared.
You were breathing, but in my mind I knew you were dead.
I had to fix it.

I went to the kitchen and put on my yellow dish gloves.
I picked up the carving knife your mother gave me on our wedding day;
it was like she knew that one day I would have to fix this awful wrong.
A dead man cannot be alive.

When I first met you, you were still alive, but even before we married
I could smell the decay of your soul. I knew you were dead,
but I thought maybe I could revive you.
I tried to love you and maybe I did love you once,
but your decent into Hell took that part of me with it.

I walked back to the dimly lit sitting room
as you rolled on your back and burped.
Poor dead man, you didn't know what was coming;
but you must have realized at some point in your pseudo-life
that you would have to go back to being dead.
I stabbed.

I'll never forget how glad I was when your blood flowed over my gloved hand; it reminded me that something in you was still human.

I thought you'd
wake up,
scream,
struggle,
look scared,
look angry,
look at *me*...

But you didn't do any of that.
You just ceased to breathe.

I thought it would rain when you died.
I thought that the god or demon that had made you
would weep at your demise when no one else would.

But no; there was no rain or tears, just the stain on the carpet
from your spilt bottle of White Lightning.
No anger held my heart for your crimes against me.
No sadness filled my eyes when thinking what was to become of us all.

I just corrected the balance of nature.



Zeke Bonnett
Khaos



Carol Belknap

A Soul That Matches Mine

I've spent my whole life searching
For a soul that matches mine.
I've walked where no one dared to walk
Played games with the hands of time.

I've laid on stones of fire
Played with puzzles that didn't fit
Made choices that were foolish,
Failed to make good sense of it.

I've never found an answer
Just questions asking why?
I view it from afar now and see
Time has nearly passed me by.

You've lived your life about the same.
Stuck somewhere between go and stay
You walk on fire, but follow through.
The life you live from day to day.

All these years of wrongs and rights
If we had one last chance to change
Would we choose our old path of no return
Or would we reach for more to gain?

One day when you're walking your last mile
Will you once again regret the door
You chose when you knew all along...
You found the soul that matches yours.

Chris Summers

You Asked For It

I'm writing You a poem
For You to name Yourself
It's all for You, especially Yours
A trophy for Your shelf

I tried to make the rhyme complex
So You would dig for a clue
But it's coming out so simple
And simple just isn't You.

Oh, screw it. Finish this yourself.

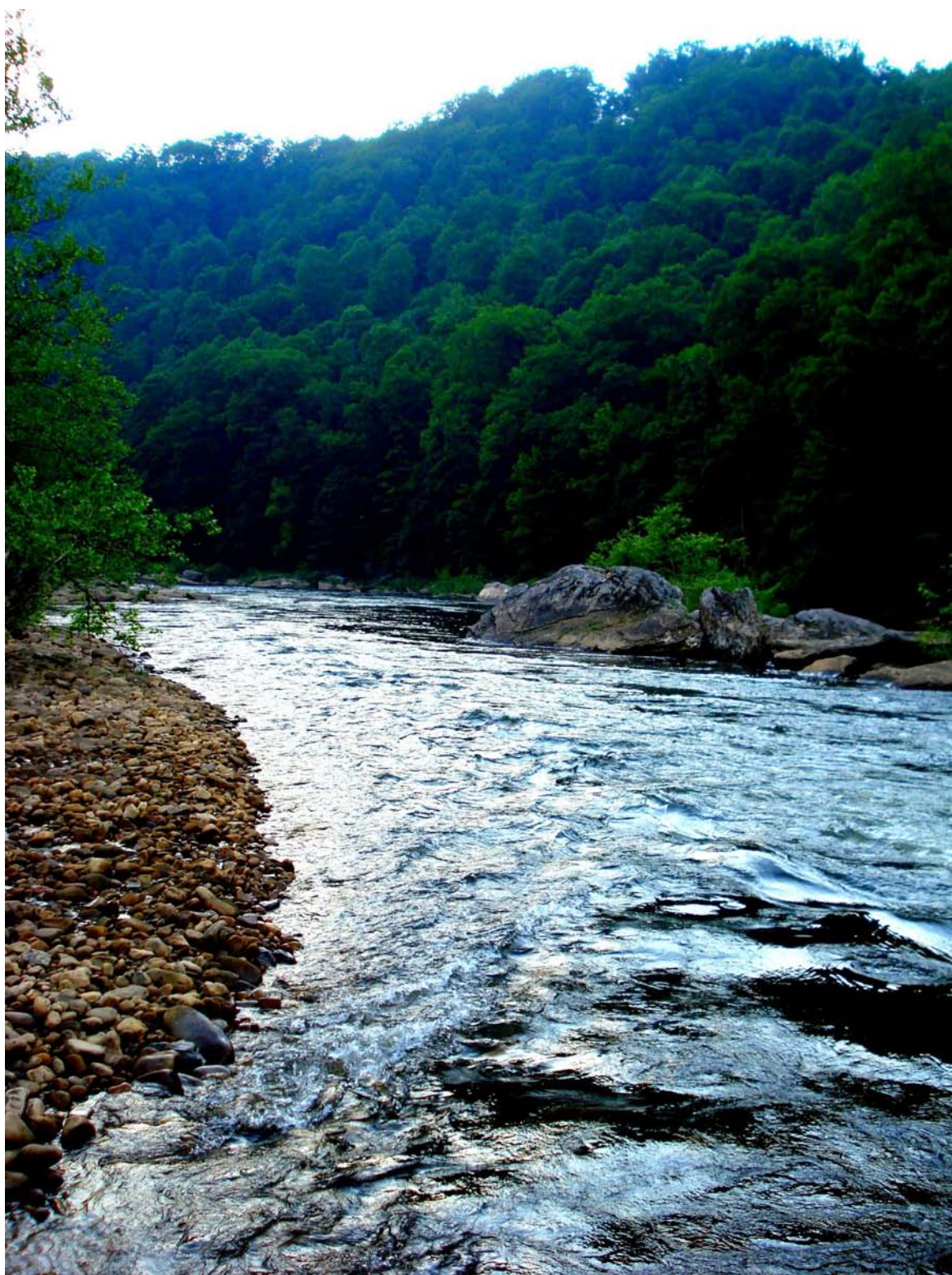
Tell me about Yourself
Tell me everything I never knew
The things that hide inside
Wiggle inside that twisted head
Negotiate those kinks
Get inside like You get into mine
Write not about but with Your life.

Curse with the cursive that runs from Your heart
Scribe with the script that drips from Your lips
Scrawl with the scream that roars from Your soul
Sign with the line that's unkind to Your mind

And then
You'll read You
Start to finish
Top to bottom
Left to right
Line by line

And maybe between
Those sacred lies
You'll find it's
You
That makes the rhyme.

Whitney Stalnaker
Untitled Photograph





Robert Hensley
Untitled Drawing

Katelynn Shoulders Halloween Night

It all started on Halloween night. Chuckles was walking past an old, dark, mental hospital. When all of a sudden, he heard a high pitched screeching sound. He turned around looking everywhere but he didn't see anything. Chuckles kept looking around while he was walking because the noise had him paranoid.

He turned his head to look at the mental hospital. He noticed a bright light coming from the hospital. He was scared, but curious, so he started walking towards it cautiously. He came up to the gate. When he opened the gate it made a low creepy creaking noise that gave him goosebumps from head to toe. He kept walking on the sidewalk to the front of the hospital. Then Chuckles heard a low pitched screeching noise that made him jump.

Chuckles looked at the building trying to find a way into it. He slowly walked up to the door to see if it would open. He reached out his hand to touch the doorknob; it was cold. He found it to be rusty, and hard to turn. Chuckles put all his strength behind it, and the door eventually opened. He pushed it all the way open so he could look inside before he went in. It was dark and cold inside and there were cobwebs everywhere.

"Hello, is anybody here?" Chuckles yelled through the door.

"Yes, I have been here for years, but nobody ever visits me until Halloween," someone yelled back.

"Who are you? Where are you? What are you doing here; this place is abandoned."

"My name is Damien. I am from this small town that made me go crazy. I live here but nobody knows I'm here until Halloween night."

"What are you?"

"I can't tell you that. If I do I will have to kill you!" Then Chuckles walked in. He was determined to find out what Damien was.

When Chuckles went in the mental hospital it was dark, and it smelled like old dirty laundry. Chuckles saw a dim light up the stairwell. Chuckles couldn't see where the stairs started so he walked toward the light and ran into the side of the stairs. Then he tripped over the first step. He started walking up the steps. Every step he took made a creaking sound and as he got closer to the top the creaking got louder.

Chuckles was looking up the stairs at the light. The light was getting brighter and his heart was beating faster. Chuckles started to feel sweat run down his face. He continued up the steps slower than before. As he approached the top step he heard, "Get back here, you will die for looking at me. I will catch you." It sounded like Damien. Chuckles ran up the rest of the stairs to see what was going on. When he got up there he saw two figures with a bright light around them. One was tall and muscular, and the other one was short and skinny. Chuckles yelled, "Damien" and the tall muscular one turned around, and when he did, he had a bloody knife in his hand. Chuckles screamed and turned around and started to run. He didn't see the first step and he rolled down the steps out the door into the cold wet grass. He got up and started running down the dark street. Then all of a sudden he heard someone yell, "Chuckles." He stopped dead in his tracks. He didn't know what to do so he took a big deep breath of the cold air and started to turn around. He slowly turned his head to look behind him, and when he looked, he saw Damien standing there at the fence line holding the bloody knife high above his head. Then Damien said, "You will die for looking at me." Then he threw the bloody knife towards Chuckles. Then all you heard was Chuckles screaming hysterically.



Jade Nichols
Honor and Chivalry

Wayne de Rosset

Creatures Of The Night (a song)

If you're travelling through Nowhere
Down city streets in the pale moonlight
Footsteps echo behind you,
Turn around at your risk, it's those creatures of the night
Soft touch upon your shoulder, hot breath upon your neck
Pale arms slowly enfold you
Don't be alarmed, just let them in

Lead you down some God forsaken road
Forbidden places you always wanted to go
Strange secrets you always wanted to know
Sweet poison fills your soul

Eyes that glow like a midnight sun
Cast your desires in unearthly light
Blasphemous voices fall round you
Unholy choirs of those creatures of the night
Hungry hands on pliant flesh, burn like a blowtorch flame
Crimson lips open for you
Razor tongue will taste your pain

Lead you down some God forsaken road
Forbidden places you always wanted to go
Strange secrets you always wanted to know
Sweet poison fills your soul

When night has flown you're still in Nowhere
Can't find your way in the morning light
Lost in a mist of confusion
Left longing to embrace those creatures of the night
Wasted days spread out before you, darkness hides your secret sin
Black candles burn on the altar
Feel the sickness sink into your skin

Lead you down some God forsaken road
Forbidden places you always wanted to go
Strange secrets you always wanted to know
Sweet poison fills your soul



Megan Prater
Untitled Photograph

Gary Z. Morris The Boy's Pups

His 'hunting' dogs had run off again. The boy had lost track of the number of times this annoyance had occurred, but each time the dogs ran after a rabbit, or a deer, or a squirrel, or something else furry with four legs, the sequence of events that followed were the same. First the boy was patient. He called for his two pups by name, blew his whistle, and waited for them to return. But the dogs would not return. The boy would then get upset and begin using obscenities as he yelled for his dogs to return. But the dogs still would not return. The dogs' failure to return at this point made the boy so angry he would loudly blame everybody but himself for the dogs' absence. Even though he had told his father the night before that the dogs were getting too bold, and that he was going to have to keep them on leashes when he walked them, and even though he had set out that morning with the dogs off of their leashes in his mind it was a fact: their running away and not returning WAS NOT HIS FAULT! He blamed the dogs, the leashes, the landscape, the neighbors, his father, and God! The boy not only blamed each and every one of them for the dog's absence and disobedience, he took his anger

out on the nearest thing he encountered before beginning his angry procession back home.

Usually when the dogs ran off the boy would walk back to his house and fall asleep curled up on the front porch while waiting for them to return and was usually awakened by their yaps and licks as the pups joyously jumped on him announcing their triumphant return. They would sometimes even return bearing gifts such as dead birds they had picked up on their way home. But this time the boy didn't make it to the house. Before he reached the house he heard a faint bark in the distance. He felt a mixture of curiosity, relief, and bitter resentment. He asked himself, "How could the pups abandon me after all I have done for them?" He started in the direction of the bark and his heart started to race as the sound of the bark grew louder, causing him to quicken his pace. He started to wonder why he only heard the bark of one dog. "Is it even my dog?" he wondered. In his haste he stumbled upon the pup that had been barking. The pup was wagging its tail, covered in mud, smelled awful, and seemed pleased with himself as if proud of his new smell. "But where was the other pup?" the boy wondered. The boy looked around and found no trace of the runt, the little bundle of joy and energy that always antagonized the larger pup in spite of their obvious size difference. As the boy looked around and gauged the direction from which the barking pup had come he realized, with a sudden fright, that the pup had come from the direction of the country road. The road was not heavily used, but every now and then one of those cocky high school kids would speed by in their trucks with little awareness of or regard for anything or anyone else on the road. The sudden awareness of the danger this road presented to the runt made the boy's heart leap as he leashed his one pup and started looking for the other. He began walking, then running toward the road, dragging the pup who was by now completely exhausted. Tears began to fill the boy's eyes as he reached the road. His heart was beating hard as he anticipated what he might find when he arrived. Once he reached the road he looked up and down, but did not see or hear any signs of the runt. This time there was no emotional build up. Instead the boy found himself in a complete panic over not being able to find the runt and he frantically started yelling and screaming at the top of his lungs for the runt to return. His yells and screams seemed to carry throughout the entire wooded area but the vastness of the country seemed to swallow these up.

As the boy stood next to the road with his head low a man approached him and asked him, "Are you looking for a small dog?" The boy was startled by the sudden appearance of this man, but found himself nodding his head up and down. The stranger motioned for the boy to follow him, turned and walked away. The boy silently and obediently followed the man without question. The boy felt nauseous and his chest getting warm as they approached a truck that was parked in the middle of the road. The boy's legs suddenly felt weak. At the truck the stranger said, "I am sorry about this; I did not see it until it was too late. You should not let your dog run off its leash near this road. It is a dangerous road. There is a lot of road kill along it." The stranger stated all of this without conveying emotion. The boy's eyes had been fixed on the stranger's face as he spoke, but were not focused on anything until the stranger pointed at a ball of fur lying motionless next to the truck. Without another word the stranger got in his truck, started the engine, and drove off. As the truck pulled away tears welled up in the boy's eyes. He grabbed a rock and flung it at the truck as it sped away. The rock landed with a thud by the side of the road. The boy then threw another rock, and another, and another, all missing their



Ed Frame
Untitled Photograph

target. He continued throwing rocks in the direction of the truck even when the truck was out of sight and all that could be seen was the cloud of dust it left behind. Finally the boy dropped to his knees next the motionless furry body that now lay at his feet. Feeling helpless he fought back his tears and did the only thing that seemed to make sense. Even though he never once attended church or discussed God with his father, he uttered a prayer.

“Sir, I understand. This is my fault, nobody else’s fault but my own. I let the two pups off their leashes. Please, please, please don’t let him be dead. Please, please, please! I will do whatever you want me to. I will start going to church on Sundays, I will help with the dishes at night, I will stop shooting the old lady’s cat with my slingshot, I will stop sneaking out of my bedroom at night, I will stop peeping through the bedroom window of the girl next door, I haven’t seen anything I swear! I will stop sipping my father’s good bourbon; I will just sip the cheap stuff. I will take responsibility for my own actions. Please don’t let the runt be dead because I am a stupid little boy!” He could no longer fight back the tears as he bent down to pick up his dog. The boy could not see his pup through his tears but he could feel its limp body and fur, which

was caked in mud and covered in thorns. The runt's body still felt warm and the boy could almost imagine that the runt was still breathing and softly whimpering. This could not be! It had to be his imagination. The boy was now imagining the runt's eyes opening and its head turning to look at him. This was not possible! How cruel his imagination was, playing such a wicked trick on him, making him imagine that his pup was still alive when it most certainly was dead. Then the runt began wiggling in the boy's arms, and its whimpering grew louder, as if to say "it hurts...a lot." The boy's tears of sadness were replaced by tears of joy as the boy realized that it was not his imagination playing tricks on him, his pup was really moving!

Once the boy's excitement settled down he examined the runt and found that nothing seemed to be broken, the runt must have just been knocked unconscious by the truck. How could this be? He watched carefully as the runt got to its feet and walked around examining itself, sniffing, shaking, circling, and sniffing again. The runt was then examined by his brother who came over and sniffed, circled, and sniffed again, and snorted in approval. Then the two pups put their noses to the ground started sniffing and followed their noses off the road back into the field as if nothing had ever happened. As the boy watched the pups run off into the field his heart filled with joy and relief and his thoughts drifted from his surroundings to memories of his grandfather. The boy remembered his grandfather telling him about his own hunting dog he had when he was a boy. His dog would follow him everywhere and would even try following him to school. The boy's grandfather would have to trick the dog into staying home by placing his gun by the back door of the house. The dog would sit by the gun waiting for his master to pick it up and go hunting. As the dog sat by the back door the boy's grandfather would sneak out the front door and go to school. When he returned from school at the end of the day the dog would still be sitting by the gun waiting to go hunting. As the boy thought about this story he felt hope that one day his pups would turn out to be as loyal as his grandfather's dog had been.



Megan Prater
Untitled Photograph

Carol Belknap

Once

No one was there:

The next moment, in the few words of a song

I looked at you and you looked at me.

Lightening must have come from the ceiling, it

Blew through me to my inner being and took my control.

There was no one in the room but us.

My toes tingled for the first time since I was sixteen.

I was sure (at least for a second), I saw

The same light, maybe a twinkle in your eyes

Or perhaps just a reflection from mine.

When our song was done...I had to walk

Away to take a breath...

And touch the floor with my feet again.

I found out today you belong to someone else...

So now my barefeet will stop here in this

Warm sand and stay at the waters' edge.

I'll place it all in a box and put it away.

I do OK...until our voices come together

In harmony and blend so beautiful...

That we become one, then

Once again...the light is so powerful

It makes its way from the edges of the box,

To dance in my soul.

Julie Anderson

Change

Causing chaos and fear

To a family that doesn't care

He promises he'll treat them better

But he never changes

Creating a horrible fight

In the middle of the night

He swears he'll make things right

But he never changes

Causing tears in the families eyes

While his massive fist flies

He swears not to do it again

But he never changes

Back to the same tune again

In which he will always win

Why should he change

No one ever changes

Chris Summers

Song

(A riff on Walt Whitman, My Chemical Romance, and a plastic surgeon from Kansas)

I am the better person
I say it loud and clear
I sing it like a scream
I send it to your ear

I am the better person
I feel that you should see
I will not bend to men
I must stay true to me

I am the better person
I feel that you deserve hate
I will seldom show it
I believe in karma and fate

I am the better person
I just think that you need to know
I will defend your girl
I know she will reap what you sow

I am the better person
I know his were not your ends
I will honor the man
I learned from your father's friends



Melissa Gish
Great Scott



Jillian Malone
The Messenger

Kari Hamric The Last Argument*

<p>“You are not good enough,” She cried, “I knew you’d take this rough.” She sighed.</p>	<p>assuredly he said to her, “I want more out of life than this!” Then, not wanting to cause a stir, “So much for marital bliss.”</p>
--	---

<p>Remorsefully she said, “It’s not all your fault,” And as she held her head, “You are such a dolt,”</p>	<p>“Where did we go wrong?” dejected though he be, “Have you felt this for long?” but wondered about the baby.</p>
---	--

<p>“I can’t stand you anymore,” She self-consciously covered her belly, “We’ve been through this all before,” Preparing for the grand finale,</p>	<p>he said heatedly, “It probably isn’t mine!” looking on defeatedly, “Where do I sign?”</p>
---	--

**This poem is three-in-one as the left side and the right side can be read as independent poems. The two read separately shed an entirely different light on “The Last Argument.”*

Jonathan Minton

Letter

I wanted to write you a letter
but the words kept piling up, lifeless and inert.
I remembered the jelly-fish we saw washed along the shore
our last summer. They were transparent, barely noticeable
against the water's edge, like something the ocean had dreamed.
So I wrote about a real tree, the one you said seemed so still
and skeletal in our front yard. Then I wrote the word green
to adorn it. I wrote every word I knew for faith and belief
and placed them as stones around the trunk.
I'm still here, they said, in the upper branches, leaning
into every wind, all the way in. I never saw
those thin, vein-like tentacles, etched in sand like fossilized bone
around the soft, exposed belly, even when you pointed to them.
I never felt like looking.

Letter

The end of an age makes us alien. The secret is to keep moving,
and the places I've imagined have kept me calm.
But all order is imposed. Even a calm day. Of three clouds. One for each sky.

There was a small boat on a slender lake and you laughed
at every wave that bumped it. I'll think of this as if it happened twice.
It only happened once in bright Adirondack yellow, a deep blue sky.

When the scenery changed, I made you into an abstraction.
It was the backdrop to those mountains. But they were cloudy and difficult to see.
The idea unsettled when I moved my arms because I never danced with it.

Across the bridge of my city, patients wander their lawns in new rain.
This isn't yet a memory, but a photograph or a film. Any other sense of it
would divide the scene, would divide me in half.

When you first spoke of our sorrow the word was just a shadow on the wall.
Plato said to be on guard against this fiction.
But the fiction was always there. My hands have touched its strange brick.



Harmonia Rosales
Untitled
18x24 Oil on Paper

Sara Wise
Transitory

Rusty leaves float slowly down,
Cars go roaring by,
Summer's last guest leaps into flight,
The last spark of light flees the sky.

Singing winds, pouring rain
Bury the rusted leaves with muck.
Summer's lovers now cast aside
For autumn's chilly lust.

Restless, longing, stir crazy,
Days of dark drag slowly by.
Winter's icy cold embrace,
Freezes the body, the soul, the mind.

Robert Hensley
Untitled Drawing



Chasity Moyers

Tessa's Secret

Time is a curious thing; it speeds up or slows down precisely when you want it to do the exact opposite. It has the power to hold moments captive and just out of reach. It also holds the answers to the future, locked away where so few know where to find the key. Time is such a powerful entity that people perish because they take too much, or are given too little. In the end, it's all we're ever searching for.

My mother always told me to never play with fire. She said it would only lead to destruction and that she didn't want to see me hurt. Still, as I toy with the lighter in my hands, the flame seems intriguing to me. With each strike of the flint, the spark ignites and produces a soft, orange glow against the dark backdrop of my bedroom. It illuminates my surroundings for as long as I will it to, and once it disappears, I'm enveloped in darkness once more.

Today could have been so much better. Spending time fighting my way through crowded hallways and trying to avoid the obvious stares isn't how I like to spend my days at school. Even though we've been here for four years come March, people still treat me like 'the new kid.' I don't understand it, nor do I pretend to. The best answer I can come up with is that there really hasn't been anything that exciting happen around this quiet suburban town. Any recent news sticks as something to talk about until another story comes along. Unfortunately for me, I'm still waiting for that something to happen. This town and high school has proven to be no different than any other.

I've been sitting here at this old desk that was left behind by the previous homeowners for at least an hour and I still have yet to motivate myself to do anything productive. The desk, in all of its antique glory, isn't in the best shape with all of the chips, cracks, and the noticeable lopsided hutch that rests uneasily on top, but it will do for a place to do my homework and write. Plus, the three drawers provide adequate storage space. Honestly, it looks like it has been around for quite some time, but no one had the heart to restore it or burn it.

I think back to the day we moved in this old house; everything screamed the need for remodeling. On the surface, its sheer size was almost overwhelming and it was severely outdated. It reminded me like something out of an Oscar Wilde work displaced into a busy, American suburb. My parents were ecstatic over the idea that they could be a part of the house's history, but I couldn't see anything but a building that Time had forgotten as it moved onward.

The exterior boasted most of the decadent features of typical high society that had long lost its stylish appeal. The silvery stone structure loomed over the street corner, casting a shadow that devoured the sidewalk around it. The blue trim work left remnants of the original deep color, but had mostly traded its previous luster for a cold, industrial imitation.

On the positive side, there were two floors of rooms to accommodate our family. From the outside, I noticed there were two bay windows, one on each floor. I secretly hoped that the one upstairs would be in a bedroom, more specifically, the bedroom that would become mine. So far, it was the only encouraging attribute I had seen.

The elderly couple that lived in the house seemed to fit in with the aura of the bi-level, Victorian era house. As they made their way down the stone steps of the covered porch, they looked almost regal. I imagined them as the grandparents that were always nitpicking everything their grandchildren did, from their choice of clothes to their academic standards. But, who am I to judge? From the looks of it, if they had any grandchildren, the parents have elected to keep them away from this part of town.

“Hello! We’re glad you’re finally here,” the woman called. “I was just telling my husband that I hope your family finds this house as charming as we did when we first moved in.” She wore a knee-length pencil skirt, the color of the finest Georgia peach, and a matching jacket. Her blouse was white, which accented the rest of her outfit well. Her heels were even an off-white color to match.

Her husband offered us a smile, as if affirming this revelation. He stood at least a good six inches taller than his wife, but he was just as well dressed. His khaki pants were well-pressed and his leather shoes looked polished. His dark green, button up shirt was tucked into the waist of his trousers, giving the appearance of having just come home from the Country Club.

“Oh, definitely! I can’t believe we stumbled on a place as nice as this,” my mother chimed. “I’d say we’re pretty lucky.” Normally, I would have stifled a laugh at the artificial nature of the conversation, but I could tell she was actually being genuine; buying a fixer-upper had always been her dream. Instead, I tried to mirror her excitement, which turned out to fail miserably.

“Glad to hear it. Shall we take a look inside? We’re on a pretty tight schedule today, so I hope you don’t mind if we leave a little sooner than planned,” the woman hastily exclaimed.

“That’s not a problem at all, er, Mrs. ---,” my mother’s voice trailed off at the realization that the introduction had been forgotten.

“Mayfield, but you can call me Judith,” she added. “And this is Richard.” Mr. Mayfield nodded in our direction, a look of nervous anticipation on his face. I found it a little odd that they were rushing us so much, but I figured they were just as excited to move into a new house as we were, anxious to get all of the work done and over with.

Once we were inside, the house was already empty of all of the Mayfield’s furniture and other personal belongings. Still, it had the feeling of still being lived in, as if the history of the place was still as present as it was when it occurred. It was kind of charming, I thought.

Making our way through the foyer, dining room, kitchen, and the other rooms on the first floor, I still hadn't seen any of the bedrooms. My anticipation rose as we ascended the staircase and found a hallway full of doors, no doubt where they would be located. I broke off from the group and instinctually headed to the doorway at the end to explore.

The first thing I saw when I opened to door was the bay window I'd been hoping for. Underneath, the ledge extended just enough to be used as a seat, flush with the walls that extended outward. The surface was still covered with an old, dusty pillow that was conformed to the exact length. The indentation left by the walls provided the ample space and functionality. The two drawers beneath it were adorned with a simple handle that resembled an old door knocker.

The walls in the room were a coffee color, mostly from age and dust, with embellished dull white wainscoting that reached no higher than my waist. The only other thing left in the room was the lopsided desk and a large, floral area rug that would be the first thing to go. As I turned to leave and see if I could claim this room as my own, I was greeted by the rest of the group.

"Well, well. It looks like someone has already found where they want to stay," Judith said with an appreciative smile. "Good choice. We only used it as a study, but I think it will be more suitable for a bedroom." There was an odd glint to her eyes, but I didn't think much of it.



Rose Johnson
To Grandmother's House We Go

“Um, thanks. What should we do with your desk?” I asked politely.

“Oh, you can keep it. It was here when the original owners moved out, so we’ve been told. Following tradition, it’s only right that we leave it with the house,” Mr. Mayfield chimed in. It was the first time I had heard him speak today and the huskiness of his voice caught me off guard. “What you choose to do with it is completely up to your family.” I chose not to reply as my parents offered their thanks. The only reason I could come up with is that they just didn’t want the hassle of getting it on the moving truck.

“Good. You didn’t pick the room I wanted. Not that you’d get it if you did,” my sister, Megan, interjected with a playful tone that held more truth than what she would ever admit with adults around. Everyone chuckled and ambled back into the hallway to see the rest of the rooms. I stayed behind, trying to envision the layout of my new room.

As I snap out of my memories, I glance at the alarm clock by my bed and see that it’s already 12:42 in the morning. Realizing that I need to get some sleep, however little that may now be, I reluctantly lift myself from the chair and stretch, the feeling returning to my legs rather quickly. I reach beside of the door and flick the light switch on, which causes me to squint from the sudden brightness.

Not wanting to raise any suspicion with the lighter, I open the top drawer, which emits a muffled squeal, and toss it in. A loose picture catches my eye, as my own face, along with my mother, father, and sister stare up at me with ear-to-ear smiles. Taken at Christmastime two years ago, we were all dressed up in front of our fireplace at our old house in Philadelphia. My sister, with her long blonde hair and photogenic nature, is wedged between our father and me. My mother is on my opposite side, her arm wrapped tightly around my shoulders. The red bows and Poinsettias set up a stark contrast with the dark green of the pine-like garland. It was the portrait of a perfect American family. Or so I thought.

A few days later, we woke up to find my mother gone. The only thing she left behind was a note on the kitchen counter. I can still remember what it said, word for word. I can even remember the way her writing was scrawled across the back of an old shopping list, written as if she was running behind schedule. The more I think about it, maybe she was.

Please do not think badly of me for leaving, but it is something I have to do. It isn’t because of anything any of you have done; it’s something I have to figure out on my own. I hope you will find it in your hearts to forgive me. Maybe, hopefully, we will be reunited again soon. I just need some time.

I love you all with all of my heart and I always will. Don’t ever forget that.

Love, Susan

For a while, I was desperate to find out where she went or if anything had happened to her. The authorities weren't coming up with much relevant information, so I took matters into my own hands. I bought every newspaper I could find, watched the news stations with heightened senses, and I even tried calling everyone in town that knew her well to see if they had heard anything new or if she had contacted them. Every time, I was disappointed; every time, I lost a little more hope. Eventually, I gave up trying to find her with the rationale that she would show up somewhere when she wanted to be found. Unfortunately, that day has yet to come.

As tears begin to form around the brim of my eyes, I slam the drawer shut, putting a physical barrier between myself and the memories. I hurriedly wipe the water away with my long sleeve and turn to the window behind me. The night sky is clear and eerily intruding through the window, so I pull the curtains closed at the center in hopes of being able to coax myself to sleep in darkness.

I pull on the handle of one of the drawers under the window with some difficulty and I hear the soft thud of something dropping behind it. Noting that the only thing I keep in these drawers are old clothes to sleep in, I try to remember if I had stored anything there and forgot about it. When nothing comes to mind, I completely yank the drawer out and off its tracks. Sitting in the corner is a small, black box wrapped with a simple red ribbon. I pull it out and take it to the desk.

The box is too large to hold anything like a ring or a necklace. A pocket watch, maybe. I gently fumble with the ribbon and untangle the box from its grip. What I find is not a pocket watch or jewelry at all, but a single skeleton key. The top is constructed into the most ornate design I've seen on a key with the intricate clover shape and intersecting circles. Judging from sight, it looks to be three to four inches in length and larger than what would fit into any lock that I've seen recently. I delicately lift it from its resting place and find myself suddenly dizzy.

The floor lurches beneath me and the room starts to spin faster and faster until it's completely out of control. The lights around me dim so low and intensify so rapidly that it's hard to make anything out. My stomach begins to feel queasy and my head pounds as if someone was beating it with something. Then, as quickly as it began, the room shifts back into focus and I am left standing in front of the desk once more, still holding the key.

"Wow, that was weird," I say aloud and make a mental note to not skip dinner so that my sugar levels stay balanced. Laying the key down on the desk, I notice that the cracks and scrapes I was so familiar with by now are gone. Instead, the surface looks newly varnished and the hutch is completely straight. The light around me seems a little dimmer than what it was only moments ago, and the walls aren't the color coffee anymore, but a pale tan trimmed in bright white wainscoting.

Suddenly, I hear a scream from behind me and I spin around to see a girl, about my age, backing towards the window in sheer terror. Her pale blue dress was trimmed in white

lace, making her look like she stepped out of a Disney storybook. Her ebony hair was pulled into a bun at the nape of her neck and contrasted sharply with her ensemble. The room, while still retaining the basic structure, had completely transformed.

“Who are you?!” I exclaim, still baffled by the sudden changes.

“I beg your pardon? I could ask you the same thing! How did you get into my room?” the girl retorts.

“Your room? I’m sorry, but this is my room, or at least it was. It looks nothing like it did a few seconds ago,” I reply, fully knowing how strange I must sound.

“Have you gone mad? I’ve lived here all of my life and nothing has changed except for the fact that I now have a strange girl, no doubt a commoner by the looks of it, standing in it,



Cary Barlow

Deus Ex
Machina

Ink and
Colored
Pencils



Harmonia Rosales
Emeralds Diner
18 x 24 Oil on Paper

assuming that she's lived here as well. Pray tell, how long have you been out of the asylum?" she says with a hint of repulsion in her voice.

I choose not to respond, taking the time to think through the situation. Relying on my study of history and literature, the clothing she wears suggests the Victorian era and the way she talks sounds like something from the late 1800s. Is it possible that I've traveled back in time? The idea sounds as absurd as the whole ordeal, but it's the best explanation I can come up with. I decide to play along with it.

Before I can say anything else, a short, chunky woman throws the door open, looking positively frazzled. A maid, I assume from the looks of her. She wears a solid black dress with a white apron laying on top of her skirt and a matching bonnet on her head.

"Are you okay, Miss? I heard you scream and I came as fast as I could," she exclaimed, slightly winded.

"No, I'm not," she says, raising her finger in my direction. "This girl says she lives here and that I need to get out of her bedroom. Please call on the asylum and see if they're missing

any patients as of late. I think we may have found her.”

I now tense and the sheer terror that was upon my accuser’s face has transferred to my own. What will happen to me now? Surely I’ll wake up from this dream soon. The woman looks in my direction, but there’s something about her stare that seems a little off. It’s almost as if she doesn’t see me at all.

“Miss Clara, are you feeling alright? There’s no one here but you,” the maid affirms. A wave of relief washes over me as the girl stares blankly where I stand. There was no way she wouldn’t have seen me.

“Surely you see her, Annabel. I know you’re not blind,” Clara snaps, the panic rising in her voice once more.

“No, Miss, I am not blind, but I assure you there’s no one there,” Annabel answers. I suddenly feel a sense of gratitude for the maid; she has a lot more patience for Clara than I do, or ever would. “I suggest you not mention this to anyone else. It may be you they ship off to the asylum if you start talking of seeing people in your room.” As Annabel retreats and closes the door, I snort from trying to hold back my laughter.

“Are you a spirit, then? If no one else can see you but me, that must be it!” Clara exclaims with a mixture of curiosity and fear.

“Sure, let’s go with that,” I reply.

“What do you want from me? I assure you I’ve done nothing wrong,” she utters and I can see her searching for something she might have done.

“I know, but I’m here to help you, but only if you help me,” I improvise, thinking as fast as I can.

“Oh, okay then. Anything you want,” Clara resolves rather quickly and I see that a mutual trust has been forged between us. I would rather it be on better terms than just out of fear, but I’ll take what I can get. “As you’ve probably figured out by now, I’m Clara.”

“Great, I’m Tessa. First, can you tell me what date it is?” I inquire, not entirely sure I want to know the answer.

“It’s the seventeenth of September, 1882,” she complies. If it hadn’t been already, my mind was completely blown. Maybe this time travel thing was a viable justification after all. I remember the key on the desk and turn to see it still lying in place. Was it responsible for putting me in this mess? I inch away from it, not wanting to be jerked back through time without actually helping the anxious girl in front of me.

I walk over to the window and look out. The sky no longer holds the navy blue hue from earlier, but it looked as if evening was giving way to night all over again. The suburban street was no longer present, just a dirt road that looked seldom traveled. There were no houses in sight, just farmland as far as I could see. A horse-drawn carriage was making its way toward the house, no doubt this was its destination.

Without having to say another word, Clara offered, "That's my father on his way home. He'll be accompanied by his new wife. My mother died a few years ago and this woman just turns up out of the blue, kind of like you did tonight." Curious to see what they looked like, I dismissed the comment without any further probing of the subject.

"We won't have to worry about them though," she continued. "The only people who attend to me anymore are Annabel and the other two maids. I just wish that they will notice me one day..."

As her voice trails off, I start to feel sympathetic for her, knowing just how she feels. Even though our situations couldn't be any more different, I can relate to that lonely feeling. I can see a lot of similarities between the two of us and I regret thinking that she couldn't be someone I would ever get along with.

Before I have a chance to offer any consoling remarks, the carriage catches my eye; it has finally reached the front of the house. The side door swings open and a well-dressed man steps out and extends his hand to aid the woman with him. Her dress is the color of lilacs, accenting her brown hair perfectly. There was something familiar about her, but I just couldn't place it. I knew that crooked smile and those green eyes.

It was then I felt as if I had been doused with ice water; I realized that I was staring at my mother. I stumble backwards, looking for something to support myself.

"I'm sorry, but I have to go," I exclaimed hurriedly as I raced to the desk for the key.

"Wait! Why? Did I say something to upset you," Clara sputtered out, pleading me to stay a little longer.

Putting all of my faith in the key to take me back to where I belong, I snatch it off the desk. The floor lurched once more and everything began spinning. This time, I didn't mind the sick feeling in my stomach, but I knew now that it was from more than just the spinning. I knew now that my mother still existed and I knew where to find her.

When the room came back into focus, I felt the hardness of the wood floor underneath of me. The key was no longer in my hand, but I saw it a few feet away. The door flew open and my father was suddenly standing over me.

"Tess, are you okay?" he asked, his voice laced with worry.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just a little dizzy,” I answered truthfully.

“I just heard a loud thump downstairs and I came up to check on you,” he said as relief spread across his face. He helped me up and walked with me to my bed. When I sat down, he said, “Let me go get you something to eat. You look a little pale. Skipping dinner was a pretty bad idea, Tessa.” Surprisingly, I didn’t mind his lecture at all. In fact, it was the most realistic thing I’d heard in a while.

After he left, my eyes trailed to where the key still laid. I grabbed a sock that I left by my bed and used it to pick up the strange object. It pulsed hard enough that I could feel it through the fabric and I knew that I was holding something extremely valuable in my palm. I made my way back to the desk and opened the bottom drawer. I placed the key, still wrapped in the sock, in the back of it and slid it shut.

I’m not ready to share my secret with the world just yet.



Darrin Martin
Untitled Photograph



Rose Johnson
Untitled Photograph

Fran Schmetzer
Autumn Musings

As the leaves fall, I agree that it is right for trees to take a rest.
As summer wanes, their beauty becomes vivid.
Why can I not accept that, sometimes for myself, rest is best?

As I embrace the autumn years of life, surely it is right
To move more slowly, and relish each experience
With gratitude of an increasing peacefulness.

Might the tree regret its loss of foliage? Of course it can't!
So I vow to accept the treasures of this season
And dance more slowly through the rhythm of my days.

Kari Hamric

I Couldn't

When I was a child
I was stubborn
And I would do anything I wanted
Because mom said I couldn't.

As I grew older
I was self-conscious
And I would not try
Because I was afraid I couldn't.

When we married
I had low self-esteem
And I believed I was unable
Because he said I couldn't.

After we divorced
I found myself
Because he was not around
To tell me I couldn't.

Whitney Stalnaker
Untitled Photograph



Becky Baldwin

What's Your Terror?

You love those expensive, gold earrings
Bet you'd die if you lost one.
You clutch student records tightly to protect them,
You're feisty but have this princess and the pea thing going on,
And injustice makes you weep.
Okay-You'll be easy to talk to. My friends said you would be;
They say you understand our broken clues
And can translate our sing-song riddles.
You've visited the home my sister and her husband built;
They watched you while you slept.
Another friend knew you when you were a child;
She watched as you read her books.
You've also often walked past the house of
Someone who was significant to me;
I wouldn't be where I am today without him.
(I don't know if he was watching you or not;
A lady doesn't acknowledge an insult, so I don't think twice about him.)
Anyway, you have some good references.
So when your class discussed tone, Edgar Allan Poe, and Columbine one day
I couldn't resist-I sprang into action;
Carpe diem and all that.
"You dropped your gradebook..."
In the same place your lost earring was found.
Imagine Montessor talking about Columbine
As he walls up Fortunato.
What would his intentions be?
Boo!
Oh, stop shivering. It was just a joke. And it was really very clever.
And stop shrieking-we have work to do.
Who am I? That is not important.
Like I always say (a riddle):
The message is more important than the messenger,
Just as the bold win is more important than the bold winner,
But the thread is as important as the linen;
We are all neighbors. Just sayin'.
(And for the life of me I can't understand why you don't wear more dresses.)
But, no matter. I digress and ramble.
Sorry if my conversational skills are rusty and my timing is off;
I've been out of that loop for awhile.
But now that I have your attention, we can talk.
There's something that's been bothering me some time...
Our parlor is a mess and unfit to receive visitors.
It's lonely at the top.
"Get those logs off of our graves!"



Ed Frame
Untitled Photograph

Jillian Malone The Shining One

Ebbing emotions like a deep sigh.
Wet sand, marks the life of the tide.

The sliver of the moon waning down, smiling...
letting go, sinking in to sleep in the night.

Drowning darkness, revealing every star.
Staring deep inside, reaching as if it isn't far.

Soon, no moon will interrupt the skies.
Taking advantage of this time to make necessary ties.

Vast firmament as I raise my head in a swoon.
Watching the universe, as I wait for my new moon.

Seth Stemple

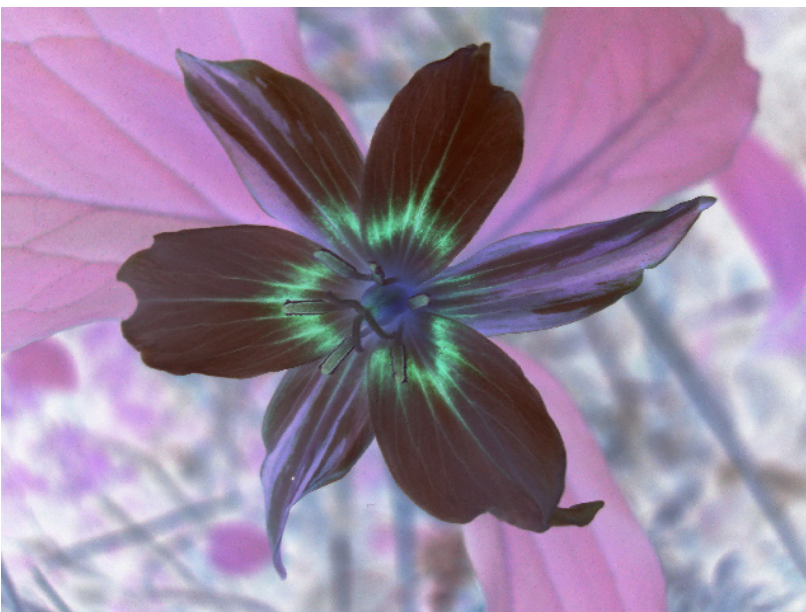
Pleasure and Delight

The waves and curls flow gently upon flat terrain. The steam rises in swirls that remind one of memories that have given the soul pleasure and delight. Red is the blanket that caresses the line and figure. Heritage is the main key for this ensemble of texture. Most of mankind has experienced the wonders of the Italians. Yes, I am talking about Spaghetti.

I was first introduced to it by my dinner table upon which I held conversation with both of them. We've had a very awkward relationship for the past few years. She would throw her sauce at me because I didn't know how to address her, and the dinner table sent me away to my room for bad etiquette. It took awhile to realize that one must act properly when in the presence of these two.

First, I tried to converse by using butter instead of sauce. I was left unsatisfied for my insolence. Then I put the napkin on my back for fear of the "Secret Sauce Surprise." It didn't work. After that, I decided to stand while eating. I slipped. I didn't know what else to do being covered with noodles and sauce. So I went down on my knees and begged for another meeting. Spaghetti felt sad for me and she showed me how to tame her. "Find a fork and I will be yours," she said, "But do it quickly, or I will be someone else's dish."

Out of joy and out of mind, I ran for the living room's bride. Kitchen. "Please my dear," I said, "May I retain your thoughts of shiny things." She moved warily, afraid of waking up The Cups, and Plates. "Well of course my dear," she said, "Choose the thought." I told her the thought of which I decided and she in turn gave me what I sought. "Thanks for your thoughts," I said with a laugh and went to see Spaghetti.



Rosanna Springston
Black Trillium

Zeke Bonnett
Toaster Tigers and
Mice Cubes



Brandon Hayes Kiss

I want to kiss you
That's all I ever wanted
Is to be with you
But
So many things
Are keeping us apart
I wish that
They could go away
But
You don't realize
How hard it is on me
Not being there with you
I don't feel whole
Without you
I just want to kiss you
That's just what I
Want more then anything
To feel your tender lips
Your beautiful hair
Whenever I see you
I'm going to be so happy
Thinking I got my wish
That kiss

Chris Summers

Shine

I want to tell you why you glow
Why your body shines
Why your soul catches light
Why you're the tie that blinds.

I want to tell you why you glisten
Why your words are afire
Why your curves turn the sun
Why you're an ever-distant pyre.

Shine for him as you shine for me
But you'll never glow as bright
Up close you'll blind his starry eyes
And he'll never see the light.

Flicker for your future as you flicker for me
Tease them with your glow
They'll always wonder why you sparkle
It's not for them to know.

Light yourself as you light for me
Flare so hot you see:
You burn brightest from a distance
But close enough for me.



Cary Barlow
Defacto
Colored Pencils

Chasity Moyers

Two-Way Street

“This is the best summer ever,” I exclaim happily. We’re finally getting to go to the beach and I can’t wait to play in the water. Dad says that we can even build a huge sandcastle with high towers and a moat. We’re going to build the biggest one that this beach has ever seen! But right now, we’re stuck in our van, driving on and on and on. I think this is the worst part because there’s nothing to do but look out the window. I’m smart though; I brought my Game Boy with me and it helps make the trip go faster. My sister only brought a boring old book and her iPod. She hasn’t talked much the whole way.

Dad brought his new wife along. My sister doesn’t like her, but I think she’s nice. She always plays with me when I ask her to and she thinks of some pretty cool games. Of course, she’s not our real mom, but she does a pretty good job of taking care of us. I think she’s a keeper.



Whitney Stalnaker
Untitled Photograph

It's starting to get dark outside and Dad still says that we're almost there. He hasn't been right all of the other times that I've asked him, so I hope he's right this time. I'm getting tired of being in this van.

I can't wait to get to the beach. This has been the longest drive ever, I think as the miles grow longer between our house and the van we're traveling in. My Dad has been driving all day and now that it's getting dark, I start to wonder if we'll ever make it there. This is our first trip together as a 'family.' Dad and the woman he's been seeing for the past couple of years just recently decided to make it official and tie the knot. Did he really think this would bring us back together? If he did, he's sadly mistaken.

Looking out the window, I'm suddenly thrown back to the day of the funeral. Everyone is dressed in black, a color she would have hated. At least she wouldn't have to see it since her casket had to be closed. My dad is sitting beside of her with a faraway look in his eyes and I know he's not really here. None of us are, really. I look down at my feet to see my little brother playing with a toy truck that Dad let him bring in. I don't blame him; I wish I had something to distract me. Finally, the mumbling stops and the preacher clears his throat.

"For those of you who knew her well, Sharon was an exceptional woman. She was a hard worker, a great mother, and a best friend," he says, but the words all seem fake to me. They don't do her justice at all. She was so much more than that to me. "Heaven has a new angel to add to its ranks."

"It is a sad thing for a life to be taken prematurely, especially at the hands of a drunk driver. She didn't deserve this, and neither did her family," the preacher continues and I agree with him. The night it all happened still doesn't seem real: the phone call from the police, the sirens and flashing lights, the sight of the car with a crater-like dent in the driver's side door. I can still remember the look on the man's face who hit her at that intersection. His eyes were still glassy and the air around him smelled of alcohol. There was a small cut above his left eye and a bruise on his forehead that had already turned a dark shade of purple. He wouldn't look at us and I was glad he didn't. I could never forgive him for this. Although it all happened five years ago, the wounds are still fresh and I doubt they will ever heal.

As the pastor begins speaking again, the sound of his monotone voice brings me back to the memorial service and the almost nauseating smell of hundreds of flowers. "Although she is no longer with us physically, her spirit will always reside in our hearts. There is no doubt in my mind that she will be watching over and guiding her family every step of the way," he concluded. I can only remember hoping with every inch of my being that he was right as they carried her casket out and lifted her into the back of the hearse.

As a tear slides down my face, I quickly wipe it away, afraid someone would see and make a big deal about it. I don't feel like talking about it, especially with the new woman here. I

look around the van to make sure no one is paying attention, gratefully finding that they aren't. By now, the book I brought along to pass the time with is laying in the empty seat next to me, impossible to even see the words on its pages. With my headphones on, I listen to my iPod, getting lost in the music. I lay my head back on the seat and close my eyes, hoping to fall asleep for a while. Maybe the wait won't seem as long. As soon as I do, I hear my Dad swear and his wife gasps.

"What's going on?" my brother yells. My eyes snap open and everything is still pitch black. And worse, we're still moving.

It takes my eyes a few seconds to adjust to the sudden darkness and a little longer for my mind to catch up with the situation. I need to find a safe place to pull over, but where? We're in between towns; the road seems to be the only sign of life cutting through the landscape. "It's alright, just calm down," I reassure my family, trying to keep the sound of panic out of my voice.

No sooner than the words left my mouth, the van comes back to life with the glow of the gauges and the radio, and then the headlights. I let out a sigh of relief and feel the tension lift all throughout the vehicle. However, it is very short lived. The lights disappear yet again. Luckily, I glance up and see a dimly lit gas station ahead. *If I can just get us that far, we'll be better off*, I keep telling myself. I wheel the van into the parking lot after the electrical system acts up a few more times.

I jump out and find that the store is still open, so I ask the cashier if she knows of anyone that could help. After searching through the phonebook for a few minutes, she gives me the number of the local towing service. I thank her and head back to the van with a heavy heart. What if this means the end of our vacation? I can't bear to tell the kids that we're going to have to go back home so soon. Things haven't been so smooth between us anyway, especially with my daughter.

I remember when we returned home after the funeral, she went upstairs to her room and closed the door. I figured she just needed some time alone, so I let her be. A few hours passed and I still hadn't seen her. I made my way to her bedroom to check on her and paused for a moment just outside. I could hear her crying on the other side and it broke my heart all over again. I knocked lightly and didn't get an answer. I thought that maybe she didn't hear me, so I knocked again, louder this time.

"Go away," she said and I did, not wanting to upset her more than she was already.

Maybe I should have gone in anyway. Things may not have been the way they are now. Ever since that day, she's become more and more distant. I know the little girl that always came to her Daddy when she was hurt, scared, or just wanted some attention is still in there

somewhere. I don't know what to do to reach out to her.

I open the door and sit in the driver's seat, not moving. Finally, I pick up my cell phone and dial the number on the piece of paper in my other hand. After just a few rings, a voice laced with weariness answers and I explain our situation. He tells me it sounds like the alternator is going bad and will need to be replaced. Before I could thank him, he tells me he has an extra that will work for us and will bring it right over. That was the best news I had heard all night. I graciously thanked him and let him know how much I appreciated it. When he arrived, my wife and I stepped back out of the van and asked what he needed us to do.

"Great. Just absolutely fan-freaking-tastic," I mutter as they both get out of the van. "Let's just add another four hours onto this already miserable drive." I fling my iPod across the back seat and prop my head up with my hand. Knowing there's nothing I can do about it, time seems to drag by even slower.

"You should have brought something better to do," my brother replies in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Whatever," I snap, and he falls silent.

I could hear the muffled voices outside, discussing how long it would take and how much it would cost to fix it. It was then that I saw the desperation of both of their faces. Neither one of them wanted to let us down. They wanted to see us happy, even if that meant it was hard on them. Sure, there are bumps in every road, some causing more damage than others, but I didn't have to be the one setting up the road block. Despite what had happened in the past, I knew it was time. It was not time to forget, but to move on.

"I'll be right back," I say as I opened the sliding door of the van and hopped out.

"Dad," I call as I approach them. He looks up at me, but doesn't say anything. "How long is this going to take?"

He looks at me and the stress in his eyes becomes apparent. "I don't know," he says. "Go back and stay with your brother for a little while longer."

"Okay," I reply. "But can you hurry up? I can't wait to start our family vacation." As I say it, the lines on his forehead ease a little and he begins to smile and his wife, my step-mother, has a grin beginning to spread across her face.

In a tearful, yet elated voice, he says, "Welcome back."



Ed Frame
Untitled Photograph

Carol Belknap

I Held It In My Hand

While sailing on the ocean...
 Something caught my eye.
It was a glimpse of heaven...
 Just slowly floating by.
I looked around to see...
 Was it mine and mine alone.
I picked it up so tenderly...
 It showed me the way home.

I pressed it to my heart...
 Vowed I would never let it go.
Then I shared it with you...
 A chosen one...you know.
There we found love...
 We lived and laughed and sang.
We knew it was a gift...
 We would never have again.

Today, I sailed upon the sea...
 With heaven in my hands.
I wondered why...a soul would take
 Back something oh so grand.
I pressed it to my heart...but knew
 It wasn't meant for me.
I placed it in the water...
 And watched it drift to sea.

I talked to God the other day
 I asked Him if it was OK
To love you...the way I do
 He said, "I gave that love to you."

I said to God, but you might be mad
 About the kind of love we have
He said, "Now you go on...about your way,
 Leave it to me to make a way."

I've watched you suffer in this life
 I'll take what's wrong and make it right
I walk alone...but with my fears
 I wiped my brow...and dried my tears.

Kathleen Kile
The Plague

In a quiet avenue the ghosts of barefoot children play
Where the frigid waters of the Thames flow
Silently. The road and houses are, like a shroud, covered with snow.
The dark broken windows expose squalor and decay.

In a tiny unkempt shack, I hear a child cry
As she wails over her cold, lifeless mother lying on the bed.
Wretched fiends pull wooden carts, collecting the dead
While the streetlamp candles dim, flicker, and die.

Throughout the continuous mist, rings the sad bell.
Does breath still exist in this frozen hell?



Cary Barlow
Mortuum
Ink and Colored Pencils



Liza Brenner
Train Stop
24x24 Mixed Media

Kari Hamric Monumental Erection

As I run my finger along your base
And my anticipation rises
A smile spreads across my face
'Cause of how immense your size is.

Oh George, your rigid shaft
Beckons me in for closer inspection
And leaves me in awe of the craft
That led to your erection.

It isn't enough to see it
I must experience it within;
To rise up to the tip
And come back down again.

Your structure is most prominent,
My lovely Washington Monument.

Jace Parker

Preface

This story needs a preface. Not because I'm self important or anything. It's because this story is goddamn incomprehensible if you don't know a little bit about Japanese honorifics. They're like English honorifics (Mr., Mrs., etc.) except they're usually more specific and come at the end of a word. So if you wanted to say Mr. Yamamoto in Japanese, you'd go with "Yamamoto-san" in most cases, since "-san" roughly means "Mr." or "Mrs." Luckily it's not that simple. See, Japanese names are arranged in reverse. The surname comes first, then the given name. Let's take the main character of this here story as an example. His name is Kyojuro Itto. Kyojuro is his family's name, and his given name is Itto. So if you're just meeting him you'd likely call him "Kyojuro-san," if you've known him for a bit longer and the situation isn't formal, you could get away with using his first name.

But wait, there's more! More honorifics, that is. Here's a quick, dirty, and possibly incorrect (as I'm not at all fluent in the language) breakdown.

- -kun: someone of a junior status or a teenage boy
- -chan: a term of endearment used for infants, grandparents, between girls, or for friends
- -dono: lord or master
- onii-san: big brother
- nee-san: big sister
- -sama: very respectful; someone much higher in rank than you

On top of that I've included some Japanese terminology throughout, though mostly in reference to weapons. In the interest of increasing your knowledge (and not at all to save myself time), I'll ask you to look those up online or bug Dr. Wood about them.

Finally, the great irony in me using all these Japanese elements in this story is that...it's not even set in Japan. Or even a world where Japan exists. This is a background for a character I play in a tabletop roleplaying game called Pathfinder. It takes place in the world of Golarion, and this background is in the nation of Minkai, which was designed to mirror Japan. Golarion and Pathfinder are owned by Paizo, so drop by their website (<http://paizo.com/paizo>) and check out the game; it's a blast! If you want to know more about tabletop gaming, then ask the Glenville Science Fiction and Fantasy Guild. You can reach us on Facebook or through any of our members' e-mails. Here are the contacts for our President and Secretary: sheldon.codyr@gsc.glenville and rose.johnsonc@gmail.com. Or keep an eye out for our hoodies.

Sakamoto Sentai

Kyojuro Itto scratched at his head absentmindedly as he asked, “What were we waiting for, exactly?” His initial replies were a chuckle and an exasperated sigh, one from each of his present squadmates.

“Calm yourself, Ichiro, I don’t mind repeating myself,” said the man in blue garb and armor. Ichiro, clad in red lacquered armor, grunted a reply.

“Sorry guys. I was just trying to go over the formations again and lost track,” Itto explained. Jiro, the one wearing blue, smiled and patted Itto on the shoulder. “It’s fine Saburo-kun.” Saburo, their nickname for Itto. Saburo, Jiro, and Ichiro; third son, second son, and first son, respectively. Not that they were related. But they quarreled like brothers, so the names stuck.

Jiro pointed at the multi-leveled castle before them. “Miyako-chan and Amaya-chan are scouting ahead for confirmation of our target’s location. You remember our target?”

Itto rolled his eyes. “Of course. Our...our taxes man. The man who collects our taxes.” With a shake of his head Jiro answered, “Technically, Saburo-kun, technically. Our Tax Minister. Without whom Sakamoto-dono cannot collect taxes. And we can’t just pay the ransom-”

“Because with the instability among the provinces we can’t afford to look weak. Even though Hiyosai-” Ichiro points at the castle. “Can’t defeat us, Shogokabe will certainly try at the drop of a hat.”

Itto hopped to his feet, pointing excitedly. “So we bust in, grab our Tax Man, and stir up a ruckus so Hiyosai will know not to mess with us Sakamoto!”

Jiro shot an appraising look at Ichiro, who just barely hinted at a smile. “Close enough,” he muttered.

“Don’t be so stingy Ichiro onii-san,” whispered a voice from the thick forest canopy above. Two figures dropped to the ground, startling Itto enough to fall over himself as Jiro and Ichiro nodded lazily. The two women rose in unison, each clad in a hooded robe; one yellow and one pink. The girl in yellow hauled Itto to his feet as she added, “Itto-kun has the right of it after all.”

“Thank you, Miyako nee-san,” he offers as he beats the dust from his green robes. Ichiro had, in the interim, managed to stow his katana in his belt, cross to Amaya, take the scroll she held, and survey their notes.

“A distraction won’t suffice,” he grumbles, Amaya nodding solemnly. “There’s only the one hallway between their holding cells and the castle courtyard. We’d never draw all of them

away, and even if we chanced it we'd be too easily boxed in," she added.

Jiro took a practice draw of his longbow as he interjected, "Could we split up then, hold the Courtyard to prevent us from being forced into the hallway?"

Amaya shook her head. "The Courtyard is too large. We'd be flanked in no time."

Ichiro chuckled and rolled up the scroll. "Maybe." He snuck his foot under the shaft of the naginata on the forest floor and kicked it up to Itto's waiting hand. As his fingers tightened around the weapon Miyako clapped. "Oh Itto! You look so grown up." The fifteen-year-old boy smiled, sliding his helmet on over his mass of waist-length hair. "Pah, Saburo-kun's weighed more than a grown man since he was in diapers," Jiro jeered. "Will he even be able to keep up with us?" mused Amaya. "Well Saburo? Think you're up to it?" asked Ichiro.

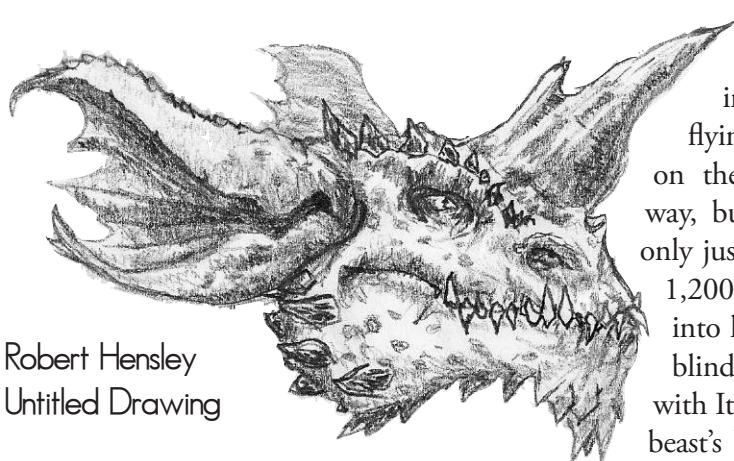
With a flourish of his naginata he answered fiercely, "I am a born Samurai. And I will die here and now to serve Sakamoto-dono!"

Jiro laughed as he clapped him on the back. "See Ichiro? He'll manage."

"This is a stupid plan. I just wanted that to be clear," Jiro whispered.

As the last stable boy slumped to the ground, the Three Brother Samurai slinked into the castle stables, joining with the two famed Mochizuki Sister Kunoichi. Itto tried not to stare too long at the bodies of the dead. There would be many more by night's end, and they would be among them if he lost his mettle. Amaya was tossing a set of keys to Jiro as Ichiro ran along the animals' pens.

"Too mild. Too mild. Too mild. These Hiyosai wouldn't know a warhorse if it barreled up their-ah, here we go." He snapped his fingers, which seemed to summon Jiro immediately, who had the pen unlocked in nearly the same instant. Ichiro smiled as he held his hands out, approaching the beast inside slowly.



Robert Hensley
Untitled Drawing

As Itto was trailing behind, he did not see exactly what occurred in the horse's enclosure, only Ichiro flying out of it and landing in a heap on the ground. Jiro rolled out of the way, but the young portly Samurai had only just registered the danger when some 1,200 pounds of enraged equine barreled into him. It was all he could do to grab blindly at the creature, and, as luck was with Itto that night, his fingers caught the beast's bridle, allowing him to be yanked

from the ground instead of very immediately being trampled to death. Which is not to say his situation was not still dire. While he was an abnormally strong young man, he tired quickly, and as soon as his arms gave out he would be greeted by four hooves each the size of his head. So Itto reacted with the first idea that struck him, and what a stupid one it was. Which is why it was so unfathomable that it worked.

He planted his feet into the ground and rotated his upper torso, wrenching the bridle and, somehow, the horse it was attached to, up and over his own body.

As the warhorse hit the ground, Amaya dropped her kusurigama. Jiro, who had been chasing after his doomed friend, dropped to the ground face first. Miyako had fainted outright. And Ichiro watched in stunned silence.

After almost a minute, Itto pulled himself up from the ground, panting from exertion and covered in dirt. He took a wobbly step towards the horse, which lay breathing calmly on its side. He sat across the creature's back, and it immediately rose, trotting serenely towards the others.

"Itto-" Amaya began. "How long have you been practicing Judo?"

"I've never practiced Judo."

"But that was-"

"A Judo move?" Itto finished.

As he rolled over, Jiro called out, "Saburo's grandpappy was a master of Judo, wasn't he?"

Ichiro strode forward, laying a hand on the warhorse's neck. It neither shied away nor made any offensive moves. "Your ancestors are with you tonight, Saburo-kun. And they have bonded you and this horse."

"What is her name?" called Amaya as she revived Miyako.

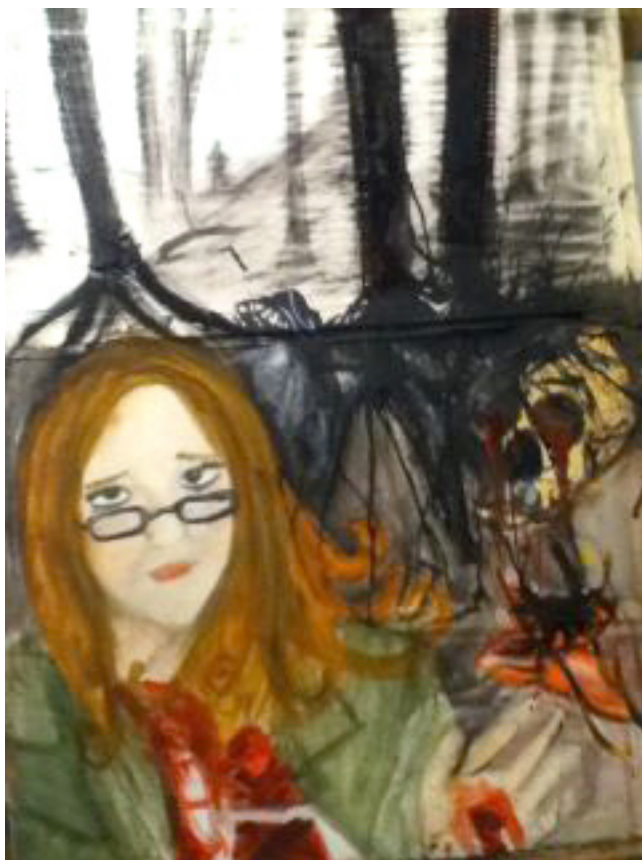
"Jun," said Itto. "My baby sister was to be called Jun."

"Which kanji?" asked Miyako.

"Pure," he replied.

"Jun it is. Alright, everyone else grab a horse," barked Ichiro.

Jiro and Ichiro soon sat astride their own horses, which they shared with Amaya and Miyako. The five of them drew their weapons and began a silent prayer to Tsukiyo of the Moon and



Sarah Normant
Self Portrait
16x20 Mixed Media

drawing the sickle half of her weapon back to her hand as the two transformed into foxes, dashing off through the dark corridor.

It was lucky that Itto was too busy cutting a path through a pack of Hioysai to notice this, for he was still unaware of the nature of the Mochizuki Kunoichi; they were Kitsune, and as such, could shift between a human and fox form. They weren't unheard of, but they did then to be secretive about their abilities. As it stood, it made the Mochizuki sisters incredibly effective Kunoichi, and would continue to be a major asset so long as the secret remained such. Ichiro planned on informing Itto after the mission. If he survived.

Which was far from a certainty. Half a dozen guards had pressed Itto and Jun up against a wall, keeping them at bay with longspears. Itto kept trying to jab at them, but it was simple enough to bat aside his naginata. Jun kept stamping her hooves and whinnying, attempting to frighten the men to no avail. In his desperation Itto leaned too far forward, hoping to cleave through a few of them, when the steel head of a spear bit through his armor, cutting into his stomach. He gasped, losing his grip on the naginata, which fell to the ground with a clatter. A clatter which seemed to outrage Jun, as she heaved forward, catching the offending guard in the

then Shizuru of the Sun, the Heavenly Lovers. They prayed for strength of steel and silent shadows, for glory and guile, and above all for an honorable death. In the cover of darkness a katana, a longbow, a kusurigama, dozens of shuriken, and a naginata were prepared to spill Hiyosai blood.

To say the Hiyosai guards were caught unaware by the initial attack of the Sakamoto Sentai does the scene no justice. Jiro began firing arrows the instant he had a visual on the sentries, men falling dead in the garden of the courtyard or in the open hallway levels that surrounded it. Most of the Hioysai hadn't even noticed they were under attack when Ichiro and Itto fell upon them. But that was when the cries began.

Ichiro and Jiro broke off from Itto, making for the holding cells. As they rode past the door Amaya and Miyako leapt from their horses, weapons flying forward and embedding in the flesh of two guards. Amaya yanked on the chain,



Rosanna Springston
Painted Trillium

shoulder with one of her massive hooves, shoving him to the ground and caving in his chest as she stomped. She bit and she kicked at the group as they fell back, only for Ichiro to ride past and liberate their heads from their shoulders.

He slipped from his saddle fluidly, taking up the fallen naginata and tossing it to Itto, who took it and grinned despite his paling face and bleeding torso. "My thanks Ichiro-san."

Ichiro hopped back atop his mount, calling back to Itto as he rode off, "Don't let it happen again!"

Jiro, meanwhile, was circling the courtyard and peppering any archers he could see with his arrows. And the Hiyosai had plenty to spare. They were pouring into the open hallways surrounding the courtyard, and on each of the eight levels of Hiyosai Castle. Far too many for one man to have a hope against. And that wasn't including the footsoldiers. Who were conspicuously missing. Jiro whipped his head around, but they were nowhere to be seen. But all the entries into the courtyard had been closed up. Which meant they were boxed in. With archers above them. "Ichiro! Saburo! Run!"

Ichiro had already reached that same conclusion. While Itto hadn't, Jun seemed to be more aware of the surroundings than he, and was making for the only open gate in the courtyard: the entrance to the holding cells. As the Three Brother Samurai rode single file into the darkened hallway, Jiro asked aloud, "Ichiro, isn't this the only way in or out of the cells?" He offered no answer for a moment. "Ichiro? There isn't any other way out, right?"

Ichiro grunted, whipping his sword through the air and splattering blood across the wall. "Not yet there isn't."

Miyako waved down the Brothers as they entered the sprawling subterranean complex that they couldn't help but feel more closely resembled a dungeon than a set of holding cells. They had a man with them, bound in rope and heavy canvas. The two sisters began to lift the man before Ichiro could stop them.

"We're taking the back door."

The sisters frowned, setting the man back down. Miyako began rummaging through her rucksack as Amaya took out her map, running along the walls. Once she'd retrieved a slender wooden instrument, Miyako gave chase. Ichiro fell in behind them, with the last two trailing behind.

"Jiro-san," Itto called. "I thought there wasn't a back door."

"There isn't. That's why we brought along a wand. We can make a door in wood with it, but not stone. It doesn't do stone."

Itto looked at the cobbled stone walls of the dungeon complex. “There aren’t any wooden walls down here, are there?”

“Probably not, but we’ll want to be sure before we resort to the alternative.”

“Which is?”

Jiro pointed to the ceiling, which was indeed wooden. “Won’t be fun carrying Tax-sama all the way home though.”

Unfortunately when they caught up with the others Miyako was already standing on the back of Ichiro’s horse, tracing a door frame in the ceiling. When she finished she knocked three times and pulled at a beam, and a simple door pulled open. She hopped up through the hole, followed immediately by Amaya. Jiro urged his horse beneath the door and pointed a readied bow upwards.

“All clear,” came the call, and they began to climb up to the next level. Itto lifted the Tax Minister, tossing him up to be caught by Ichiro. He readied himself to ascend but stopped, comprehension dawning on his face. Jiro nodded down to him sadly.

“You’ll have to leave her here Saburo.”

Jun nodded once. Itto stared forlornly at her, running his fingers through her mane. She was the finest horse he’d ever seen, and seemed almost supernaturally agile. Such a creature was certainly worth a small fortune, and besides-

“No Jiro-san. Jun-chan has saved my life already. If I leave now they’ll certainly execute her for killing those guards.”

Ichiro stepped forward, any trace of fondness drained from his face. “Itto. You’re injured and alone down there. They’ll be marching their main force of bushi in there. You against a solid column of men. You’ll die in an instant.”

Jun reared up as Itto turned her around smiling up at his friends. “Sounds honorable.” Jun shot forward before they could offer any further resistance, and Itto patted the side of her neck before readying his Naginata. “I think they’ll tell this story for a long time in Sakamoto. How Kyojuro Itto and Jun faced down a Hiyosai army.” Jun snorted loudly, rushing forward even faster



Zeke Bonnett
Shark Toaster



Megan Prater
Reptar

as the guards came into view. “That’s right! Let’s give this story a flashy ending!”

The Bushi braced their spears against the charge, ready to impale the impertinent samurai. Itto closed his eyes as Jun jumped forward, screaming as he cut an arc through their ranks. Men and shattered spears fell under him, but Jun gave no pause. The Hiyosai men fell under her hooves in droves as she pounded her way down the tunnel. Nicks and cuts opened in Itto in Jun alike, but no attack could find real purchase in either of them. They erupted into the courtyard, a sea of squirming bodies, stomping and slicing and biting and stabbing their way through, never pausing less Jun slip in the slick bloody trail they’d left.

The archers above glance nervously to one another, unsure of whether they should fire into a mass of their own men to kill one enemy samurai. Those concerns were alleviated at the arrival of an imposing figure clad in black iron armor. Over his shoulder was a massive Gunbai fan, marked with a black winged horse in between a forked stream. The archers recognized this as the sign of Clan Ryunosuke, and the imposing black armor, from the greaves on his legs to the massive stag horns on his helmet, belonged to the current head of the clan and greatest General under Hiyosai: Ryunosuke Naritsuga, or as he was more commonly known, The Ebon General. He placed a gauntleted hand on the railing of the third floor corridor, staring down into the mass

of bodies. A growling voice echoed from within his red oni mask. "Fire."

With a cry the archer nearest him dropped to his knees, eyes tearing as he begged. "Ryunosuke-dono, please—"

His pleading was cut short as the wooden beam in Naritsuga's hand burst into a ruin of splinters. He turned his clenched fist, slowly gripping the man's throat and pulling him up to face level. "You are lowborn trash. Lowborn trash has no business saying aloud my clan name," he offered before closing his fist shut. The man's feet kicked twice before Naritsuga threw him over the side. He was dead before he hit the ground. "I'll not repeat the order."

More than a hundred bows drew back.

And then the remaining Sakamoto Sentai arrived in the second floor corridors, shouting and slaying as they came. True chaos broke out.

Jun, noticing the men trying to put distance between themselves and the horse and rider duo, had immediately made for the nearest door, crashing through it and into what looked like a kitchen area. Itto, for his part, had gotten turned around in his saddle halfway through the courtyard and was trying to right himself as Jun found a staircase. He managed as much, wincing as he noticed the broken blade tips and spear splinters sticking from his thighs and forearms. They stung fiercely, but he only tightened his grip as Jun emerged onto the second floor. The cries he heard from the corridors told him his friends had elected to offer him what aid they could rather than sneak away. He was very happy that they had, and suddenly began to hope that he might still survive the night.

As he crossed the threshold into the second floor corridor he swept Jun around, trying to locate his squad and accidentally burying his naginata halfway through the shoulder of a Hiyosai archer. He nearly dropped it in shock, but Jun reared up, tearing the blade free in a flood of blood and screaming. As she settled down, Itto caught sight of a red helmet, urging her forward. His nerves ran cold though when he saw the condition of the Sakamoto Sentai.

Ichiro stood alone between a massive figure in jet black armor and the rest of the squad, themselves sprawled out on the floor and stairs to the next level. His red armor was in shambles, and he was breathing heavily, studying the other warrior as he tried to stand still. Itto could see the tip of his katana wavering.

The other figure, whom Itto did not know, stood at least eight feet tall, and that wasn't figuring the black horns of his helm. In his left hand he wielded an iron gunbai fan; in his right a faintly glowing katana. Itto's breath caught in his throat, for he could tell at a glance that it was the most exquisitely forged weapon he had ever seen.

He didn't see them clash. They were too fast for his young eyes to see, but he heard the clunk of metal embedding in wood and saw them each frozen in position after their single lunge

at one another. The sword tip was Ichiro's, he saw, sliced through about 1/3 of the way along the blade. Likewise, it was Ichiro who moves first, shivering as the pool of blood spreading from his feet slowly grew.

Itto didn't recall ever spurring Jun forward. He only remembered wanting, more than anything he had ever desired, to kill the man in black armor. He had no sooner formed the thought than his horse bolted forth, and he barely had time to level his naginata at the Ebon General.

The gunbai fan nearly disintegrated Itto's breastplate as he was thrown backwards off of Jun. His air was wholly knocked from him, and he sputtered helplessly on the ground, trying to get his feet underneath him while the General strode slowly forward. Itto grasped at his chest, blanching at the realization that one of the metal bands from his breastplate was piercing his chest on the right side. Presumably through his lung. Which would explain his trouble breathing, he mused.

The General stopped in front of Itto, then offered him a hand. Itto spat some of the blood seeping from his mouth but took the hand, allowing the man to pull him to his feet. He



Rose Johnson
A Rose Is A Rose

took his naginata, and the General nodded once as he stepped back with his right leg, right arm slowly rearing back, katana poised to strike a fatal blow.

Ichiro dove forward, driving his broken katana through Naritsuga's wrist. With a cry the General dropped his own katana, which Ichiro grabbed in midair, striking at Naritsuga's leg before diving to the side to avoid being crushed by the fan. Naritsuga swung wide as he dropped to one knee, while Ichiro ran to Itto's side, offering him a shoulder as he helped him to the staircase.

"It's alright Saburo. Find your resolve and work through the pain. We're not done yet." Itto nodded, trying to block out pain. Around him, his friends were rising on their own, making their way slowly up the steps.

"We're going too slow," Itto protested. "We'll never make it."

Jun galloped past, rope trailing from her mouth. Itto grabbed at it instinctively, pulled forward as Ichiro, Miyako, Jiro, and Amaya with the Tax Minister in tow also took hold. They were wrenched along by the powerful beast faster than any of them could have ran. She took a sharp turn to the left, and Itto braced himself, kicking off from the wall as he struck it and minimizing the damage of the impact. The rest followed suit, though none so gracefully as Miyako.

"Which way are we going?" shouted Jiro.

Amayo offered, "Well we're in the Kyojin Mountains. And I think we're going east right now. And that sounds like rushing water."

"Doesn't Hiyosai Castle overlook a waterfall?" asked Miyako.

They were silent for a few seconds before Jiro sighed and said, "It's been an honor serving with you all."

Lord Sakamoto Souji leaned forward with eyes wide, dropping his fan to the floor. An attendant hurried to retrieve it, but his infant daughter, Sakamoto Chiharu, had already caught hold of it, giggling as she tried to bite it. Itto couldn't help but smile. "What happened then?" asked the Lord of Sakamoto Castle.

Jiro nodded as he continued. "Jun ran right through a window and we fell a few dozen meters into the river Hiyosai. We had to ditch our armor so we wouldn't drown, but she was a strong enough swimmer to get us to shore. We made straight here, stealing more horses along the way. Our gracious Mitsuhashi-sama," Jiro beckoned to the Tax Minister, who was attempting to sip from a cup of tea but was still shivering too badly to manage. "Was found to be in a stable enough condition to ride with us, so we unbound him. And that's about it really. We didn't have any other issues after that."



Sara Wise

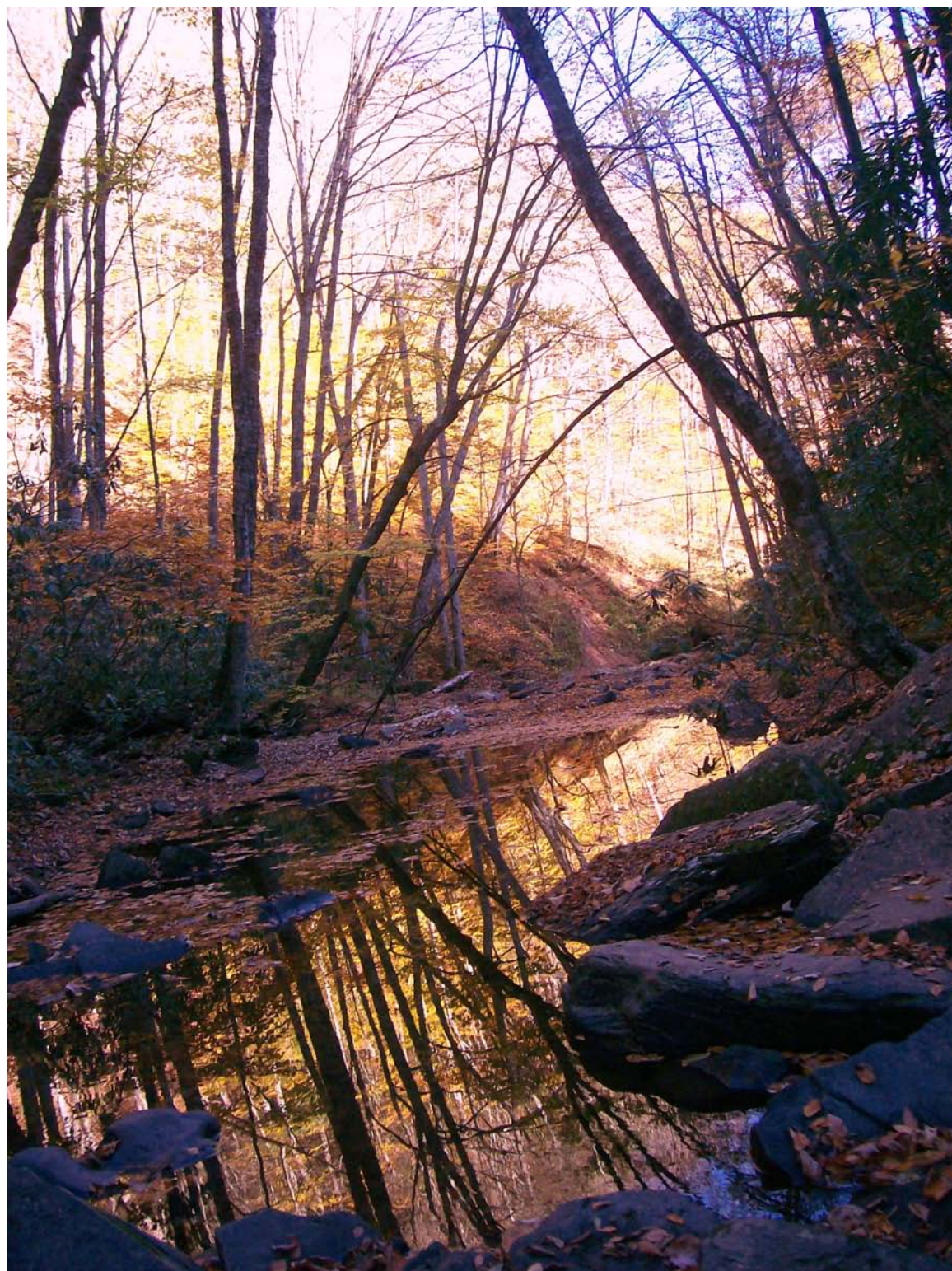
Untitled Photograph

Lord Sakamoto considered the tale carefully for a few minutes while everyone else in the throne room remained silent. Finally, he frowned. “I can assume this means Hiyosai will be declaring war on Sakamoto?”

“I think not, Sakamoto-dono,” replied Miyako. Sakamoto bid her continue. “In taking the Ebon General’s sword, Ichiro-sama has greatly disgraced the Ryunosuke Clan, and by extension, the Hiyosai Clan. Ryunosuke Naritsuga has been dismissed from his service and is now a ronin. The other provinces now believe Hiyosai to be a prime target, so they will be too busy strengthening their defenses to mount a large-scale attack on us. Though we should prepare for a small-scale backlash. An assassination seems likely.”

“So you’re suggesting that the mission accomplished more for us than we intended?” asked Sakamoto. He chuckled at that. “Very well, very well. Now then, the matter of making Kyojuro Itto a full member of the Sakamoto Sentai. Your votes?”

Four affirmatives rang out. The Five Sakamoto Sentai rose.



Darrin Martin
Untitled Photograph

Butte

Written by the Glenville State College
Fall 2011 Creative Writing Class

I stood on the observation deck overlooking the Berkeley pit, its obscene mouth gaping in folds of gray, toxic mud and brown water that trickled into its dark, unseen throat. I'd heard that scientists had discovered bacteria growing down there somewhere in the bowels of the pit. Someone had called it "the inevitable triumph of life." To me it just seemed spiteful.

"I'm thirsty," Walter said. "Let's get a beer."

Walter made all such declarations with the kind of matter-of-fact certainty that was typical for self-proclaimed fourth-generation Montanans. His great-great grandfather had been a rancher or something and then one of the first copper-miners in Butte. Or maybe his great-great-grandmother had been a prostitute in the Chinese bordello. Either of these genealogical attributes held a certain kind of cache here. But I don't remember which it was.

We walked up the crooked path to the Lonestar. The sun hung low in the horizon. In the August haze it looked like a bloody egg against the bare, forked trees.

Walter found his usual spot at the bar and gave Kirk a little nod that served as both a friendly hello and a polite insistence that he remove his giant sniper rifle from the weathered oak bar to make room. In any other place on earth, the name 'Lonestar Saloon' would have been a cliché, a glib gesture to some kind of nostalgia for Westerns or Americana. In any other place on earth, Kirk's sniper rifle would have seemed oddly out of place.

The only real thing out of place were my bright orange basketball shoes, the very pair that I bought because Walter coerced me into joining his team at the YMCA every Thursday at six. After Walter and I walked in a couple of scruff old men in dull plaid shirts had just threw back a snort of whiskey and began to hee-haw a the sight of my feet. My orange Air-Jordan's were better received with our basketball groupies.

Walter, obviously an acquaintance of the bartender, asked for two long necks. I, taking in the vibrant culture of Butte, must have looked a little confused and nervous.

"Y'all look lost," the older man said, snickering, "the name's O'Reilly, I'm the Sheriff in this town. Where's ya'll from?"

Before I could address Sheriff O'Reilly properly and explain that Walter was a native and had brought me to visit from up-state New York, a larger, more peculiar commotion than the sight of the sniper rifle perched on the bar, came bursting through an obscure side door toward the back of the saloon.



Rosanna Springston
Blue Flower

“Help! Help!” An older man, much older than the Sheriff and much skinnier too, barreled toward the bar in total panic.

Sheriff O’Reilly fiddled with the pistol in its holster. “What’s the matter now, Hawkinberry,” the Sheriff asked, like it was an everyday occurrence.

“I need help,” old man Hawkinberry cried again, “my water buffalo fell down a mine shaft and we’ve got to remove his toupee before sundown!”

“Hawkinberry you crazy sonuva bitch! What the hell you been into?” O’Reilly retorted. “You know ya cain’t drink. You been back at the Jack, have ya?” Hawkinberry stared pleadingly at the sheriff with his mouth agape. He was clearly grasping for words that his mouth just could not find.

“I’m sorry, but this is the third time this month you’ve come in here causin’ such a ruckus over nothin’, and it ain’t even the 15th of the month!” Sheriff O’Reilly told Hawkinberry. Strangely, I was beginning to feel sorry for old Hawkinberry whether he was drunken and crazy or not,

so I decided to speak to him. The other bar patrons were making a sport of laughing at him.

“You say your water buffalo fell down a mine shaft?” I asked, feeling the gaze of the other customers suddenly draw upon me. Even though they would probably turn their mockery towards me, I could think of few other ways to spend a Butte, Montana evening that would be as interesting and unpredictable as this.

“Yes, indeed! And you just don’t want to know what will happen if we don’t get that toupee before the sun goes down!” Hawkinberry exclaimed, to the snorting laughter of the sheriff and the others.

“Well,” I said, going out on a limb, “Walter, what do you think? Maybe we can give this man a hand!”

“I don’t see why we couldn’t,” Walter replied with a rare trace of apprehension in his voice.

I could tell that he didn’t want to help Hawkinberry for the same reason everyone else wouldn’t, but I was glad he was willing to go along with it, if only for my sake. I could feel the looks we were getting from the others, but it didn’t bother me as much as it normally would have. Strangely, I felt a sense of confidence in my abilities to help the poor old man. We quickly downed what was left of our beers and got up. Hawkinberry followed us outside, thanking us the whole way.

“It’s not a big deal, Hawkinberry,” I reassured him for the fifteenth time. “Now, where can we find this water buffalo?”

Once we arrived at the mine shaft the sun was beginning to set, giving off an orange and purple glow to the sky. The whole trip over I couldn’t help but chuckle at the situation. It all seemed a little absurd that we had to remove a toupee from a buffalo before sunset, but I kept my amusement to myself. Walter on the other hand was so stern and focused. He didn’t seem to notice me when I walk up beside him. “So what do you think Walter?” I asked trying to keep from smiling.

He turned and looked up at me and said “We should call my sister.” Having not met his sister I was a bit dumbfounded. He must have noticed because he continued by saying “She owns the only tow truck in town.”

This struck my curiosity. “So your sister runs a tow trucking business?” I ask in all seriousness. He turned his attention back to the mine shaft, but continued talking. “No, not exactly,” he said. “It is more of a hobby of hers. She does however own the Miss Lizzie’s Brothel Bed & Breakfast.”

“So how long will it take to get to Miss Lizzie’s Brothel Bed & Breakfast?” I asked. I mainly wanted to go there to get some sleep, but I wouldn’t mind getting laid while I’m there. “It’s just



Joseph Overbaugh
Untitled Painting

a mile walk to the next town, so let's go see if my sister is around," said Walter.

So after what felt like longer than a mile, we finally made it there to Miss Lizzie's, where Walter's sister was sitting on the front porch and noticed us coming. She ran up to us and said "Oh Walter, what happened to you and who's your friend?"

"It's a long story," he said, "But this is my buddy Jake."

"Nice to meet you," I said, "So are you Lizzie?"

"Nope, my name is Molly. I inherited this here brothel from Lizzie Jones, who I worked for until she died of being attacked by killer bees. She left me this place in her will and I kept the name the same in her memory."

"Anyways Molly we came here lookin' to use your tow truck," Walter stated almost immediately as Molly cut off. "Hawkinberry came bustin' into the bar talking about how his water buffalo fell into a mine shaft and he needs to get a toupee off of the thing before sundown."



Sarah Normant
Release Contained
18x24 Oil Painting

“So ya need to borrow my truck to haul the buffalo out, eh?” Molly remarked after Walter’s tale. “Well I don’t mind, besides it’ll do that old truck some good. I haven’t been able to take it out much recently.”

“Great we’ll be easy on it what we can. Toss the keys to Jake here...he’s had less to drink than me.”

We considered staying for a drink, but Hawkinberry had made such a commotion about removing the toupee before sundown. I jammed the truck in gear and in a heap of smoke we were on the way. Molly waved and yelled, “Ya’ll come back when ya got that hairy situation with the buffalo solved and I’ll fix you up with a couple of my best broads! My treat!”

Thank the Lord the trip back was only a mile. I was already sick of hearing about the lack of desirable women in Butte, Montana and how much Walter was looking forward to a romp at his sisters brothel. Setting your brother up with a whore seemed a bit strange to me, but I decided to let it go.

When we arrived at the mine shaft, Hawkinberry looked panicked. “I don’t think ya’ll understand the seriousness of this situation. This is my most priiiized buffalo in this here mine shaft, and if we don’t get that toupee off, there’s gonna be a hell of a clean-up.”

“What do you mean Hawkinberry?” I asked, almost afraid of the answer.

“Well, here’s the tricky part. I got this nephew who’s ‘bout thirteen and has been experimenting with explosives. He was telling me about how funny it would be to put an explosive under his Sunday school teachers toupee. I’d a never thought he’d do it. Anyway, he found him an old toupee and was trying to rig it up and stuck it on the buffalo to be funny. The buffalo started abuckin’ everywhere and landed himself in that mine shaft. The little fella came crying to me saying he got some wires crossed and when it gets dark outside, we’re gonna have buffalo blood and guts and shit and ass everywhere. Not to mention, this is my most priiiized buffalo. I was gunna to enter him in the livestock division in the state fair and then turn him into buffalo pemmican.”

I finally realized how important the toupee really was. This entire time I had been laughing at Hawkinberry and his obsession for the toupee, and now I was almost as eager to save the buffalo. The desire to save the buffalo at least allowed the thoughts of the nasty ass whores Molly offered to fix us up with to finally leave my mind. “Sheriff O’Reilly we have to save this buffalo! I cannot sit back and watch as this poor creature gets blown all to shit! So, what do you have planned?”

Right then and there I decided that I’d have to dismantle the bomb myself, although I have no prior knowledge of bomb disarming. So I asked the Sheriff if he would get me a rope and a Dismantling Bombs for Dummies book. The Sheriff responded saying, “I reckon the rope will be easy nuff to get but the book is damn near impossible. Although I did hear that it’s usually the red wire.”

The sheriff returned with a rope. By this time, most of the bar patrons and others from town had gathered around the mine shaft. I tied one end to a sturdy looking tree stump, and tied the other end around my waste. I was glad that I had taken a repelling class in college to fill up my college hours. I repelled down into the mine shaft, it was a good fifty feet to the bottom. I untied the rope around my waist and inspected the moaning buffalo. His two front legs appeared to be broken and the right side of his ribs looked to be caved in a little. The right leg had the whole bone sticking out. Even if I could somehow disarm the bomb and save the buffalo's life, I doubt Hawkinberry would be entering this buffalo in a fair anytime soon. I inspected the toupee. There was no way I was going to be able to remove it from the buffalo. It looked damaged and any trying to unwedge it could set it off. The explosive had a timer on it that said 52 minutes and 13 seconds, and it was counting down. I pulled my pocket knife out and prayed the sheriff was right about it being the red wire. I took a deep breath and cut through the red wire. The timer stopped, I let out a breath of relief. I looked up to the waiting faces at the top of the shaft. "I stopped it, bring the truck arou..." Before I could get the last word out the timer started flashing. It now read one minute and began counting down.

I threw the rope around my waist and yelled, "Pull me up! Hurry!" The townsfolk began to haul me up. They pulled me up, and with what seemed like an eternity, I reached the top. "Everyone get back, it is going to blow!" The crowd scrambled back hurriedly. The bomb exploded with enough force to knock everyone to their feet.

I coughed through the dust and smoke as I rose to my feet. Everyone seemed to be fine. As I surveyed the crowd I caught Hawkinberry looking at me with a death glare, before I knew what was happening, he had tackled me and was atop me hitting me. All of a sudden, Hawkinberry stopped and looked down at me with a look of bewilderment. His eyes went farther down and settled on his own chest. My eyes followed his and what they saw horrified me. There, stuck in his chest, was my pocket knife that was still clenched in my hand. Horrified, I pushed Hawkinberry off of me. I was on my knees panting with exhaustion, the sheriff ran over to Hawkinberry and proclaimed loudly, with anger, that Hawkinberry was dead. All eyes settled on me. I looked to Walter for help, but all I could see was a look of sympathy in his eyes. The sheriff drew his pistol and pistol whipped me. The last thought I had before unconsciousness took me was, "What in the hell was I thinking coming to this god forsaken place?"

I was standing in the clouds holding a huge sword that was surprisingly light. I was wearing a trench coat and some awesome sunglasses. Suddenly, an Angel swooped in front of me and I cut through it with my sword without thinking. Suddenly I realized that the Angel was Hawkinberry and he was laying on top of the clouds, bleeding out, tainting the pearly white luminescence with crimson.

"Why? Why did you blow up my buffalo and kill me? Why? All I wanted to do was win a prize in the fair and give my buffalo a good life! You turned him into hamburgers!!"

I felt something wet on my hands and looked down: Hawkinberry's thick congealing blood was splashed all over me so that I too turned everything dark and horrible.

I gasped and woke up. I was sitting in a very awkward position in the corner of a dark, cold room, feeling as if I was just tossed in like a discarded rag doll. I heard water dripping from somewhere and the melody of a harmonica being played somewhere in the distance. I saw a moth-eaten bed opposite me and instead of a wall to my right, there were bars. I had the distinct feeling that I had been somehow magically transported into a really bad and cliched Western movie.

I heard footsteps coming down the hall and so I got up and looked out of the bars of the cell. I half expected the sound of the footsteps to be interceded with the loud shink-shink of spurs against concrete but there was nothing except for squeak of a boot as whoever walked the apparently endless hallway to my cell.

Finally the sheriff appeared in all his glory with remnants of powdered sugar and doughnuts on his shirt and mustache, holding cup of steaming black coffee. "Well, well," he said with a slight smirk on his face. "We are in a lot of trouble, aren't we Mr. McGruder?" He laughed a hard guttural laugh and then continued. "How are we going to get out of this mess Mr. McGruder? Let's think..." He paused and got this weird look on his face. Thinking looked painful for him.

I waited for him to continue but he didn't so deciding I'd had enough, I sighed and said, "Look buster, all the thinking I'm going to do right now is thinking that I want to speak to a lawyer, not a hick deputy who got his license from a cracker box. I don't know if you know this but you're messing with a government agent." I reached in my back pocket and pulled out my badge.

Sheriff O'Reilly went white and started spluttering. I thought he was going to have a stroke or at least pee his pants. I smiled inwardly and continued. "Hawkinberry was a dangerous man and I was sent to do something about it. Granted I didn't mean to kill him but what's happened, happened. Now I'm not going to say anything more to you without a lawyer present."

O'Reilly blinked a few times, stuttered some and then just walked off. I smirked at my good fortune before I heard a voice from the cell next to mine say, "That was some pretty quick thinking, city-slicker."

"Heh, thanks," I said until I grew suspicious of the voice. "Who are you and what are you in here for?"

"Well, Mr. Agent-Man, I'm another outsider they just holed up in here. Name is Robert Holt. Though, gotta say, I did deserve it." I frowned, waiting for an explanation, to at least keep my mind off of my own problem. "Pissing down the mine shaft. But hey! I was drunk! Didn't know there was some stupid buffalo down there!"

I cringed, scrunching up my face. Now I sort of remember smelling it, but my mind had been a little bit more preoccupied. "Right...well...I think my crime's just a bit more serious." The realization that I had just killed a man rang through my head and it left me a little disoriented.



Jade Nichols
Untitled Photograph

That, or it was from me getting pistol whipped the fuck out of before waking up here. I sighed shakily. “God, I hoped that worked.”

“You aren’t a real agent, are ya?”

I unfroze myself from my shock and looked over at the other cell at the man, looking hungover as hell and laying on the dirty floor, watching me with sunken in eyes. Neither of us, apparently, had been here very long, but I could only guess how I looked. “No,” I answered. “I don’t even own this badge. I found it outside of a gas station before I came up here. It’s not even an agent’s badge, but, judging by Sheriff O’Reilly’s reaction, he doesn’t know the difference.” I chuckled softly and then groaned, holding my head. “I am so fucked.”

“Probably.”

Thanks for the help, I thought to myself. If these people didn’t like outsiders at all, then why even let them in?

Then I remembered Walter and it seemed, just as I had, I was outside in the open again and he was talking to me nervously and fast. “Look, I heard the sheriff talking about what you told

him and I decided to play along. This town doesn't need any attention, all right? No lawyer, we're just going to let you go."

I just stared at him for a long time, head pounding. I blinked slowly and I almost smiled, but this all didn't feel right or seem real anymore. "There's a catch in here, isn't there? Walter...I killed a guy."

He put a hand on my shoulder, sympathetic still and I remembered how he was the only friend I had in a while. "Catch? The catch is to stay the fuck away from Butte. You can't come back here again."

That was it? Not return to Butte ever again? This had to be a sad attempt at a joke, but I was laughing regardless. "Really, that's it? God, fine! I think I've seen enough! But..." I cleared my throat when Walter frowned seriously at me. "Thank you. Thank you for showing me around here, even if it ended badly. I had fun...mostly."

Walter gave me a small smile before patting me roughly on the back. "All right, get goin', Jake. See you in the next life."

You know, now that I think back, I should have found that comment wrong. Just wrong. But I was too busy being relieved to take on the edge to those words.

Whitney Stalnaker
Untitled Photograph



Shelly Allen is a 1992 graduate of Glenville State College and a Gilmer County native. She currently teaches English and Creative Writing at Lewis County High School. She is decidedly against economic development that involves the destruction and poisoning of West Virginia and her water, air, land, and people.

Carol Belknap is a student at GSC. She very much enjoys the arts...painting, writing, learning to play instruments, and singing. All of which she has had the chance to work on in more detail here on campus including by being a member of the GSC Bluegrass Band.

Wayne de Rosset is the Chairperson of the Department of Language and Literature at Glenville State College. Born and raised in New Jersey, he has spent his adult life in West Virginia. Professor de Rosset has been teaching for longer than he, and anyone else, can remember.

Ed Frame is a senior English major at Glenville State College. In his spare time he enjoys photographing nature.

Melissa Gish teaches in the Language and Literature Department at Glenville State College.

The Glenville State College Fall 2011 Creative Writing Class consisted of Dr. Jonathan Minton, Cody Baber, Rebecca Brady, Sara Fluharty, Chelsea Gragg, Kathleen Kile, Ryan Konarske, Shane Lehman, Chasity Moyers, Cody Poore, Casey Pritt, Anthony Rock, Megan Rollins, Patricia White and Sara Wise.

Kari Hamric is a 2010 graduate of GSC. She teaches math at Lewis County High School. Kari enjoys goofing off with her three children and their dogs and dabbling in writing poetry.

Brandon Hayes is a Criminal Justice major at Glenville State College.

Robert Hensley is a Secondary Education/Mathematics major from Baltimore, Maryland. He notes that his drawing on page 24 is meant to invoke the same look as a film negative.

Rose Johnson is in her final semester at Glenville State College. This is her second year as editor for the *Trillium*, and she will miss it.

Kathleen Kile is a senior at GSC. She plans to graduate in May with a degree in English.

Jillian Malone is from Alaska and plans to work towards a Geology degree with a minor in Art. She loves everything life has to offer, the good and the bad. Nature inspires her and the moon is her favorite. She thanks the universe every day for the little things, even for her time here in Glenville, West Virginia.

Darrin Martin is working on a degree in Natural Resource Management with a concentration in Criminal Justice at Glenville State College. Darrin is a sophomore and an avid outdoorsman.

Jonathan Minton is an assistant professor of English at Glenville State College. He also serves as faculty advisor for the *Trillium*.

Gary Morris moved to Glenville, West Virginia with his wife, Athena, and three children Kevin, Sebastian, and Isabel in 2008, to teach in biology in the Glenville State College Science and Mathematics department. He is currently serving as chair of that department.

Chasity Moyers resides in Glenville, West Virginia and usually spends her time reading, listening to music, or playing with her dog, Macy.

Jace Parker is a douchebag. Seriously, this asshole wrote an 11 page *Trillium* submission. Why does he hate happiness? Hell if we know. He's been coming to Glenville off and on since 2008, and recently returned after a year away that he spent hoping his Grandmother in Weston wouldn't die. But she's doing better so now we have to deal with his stupid face again. He's an English Education major, so we feel sincerely sorry for any students that are expected to learn from this sack of crap. Eleven pages. Christ, is this even in English? Can we ban this guy from the magazine?

Megan Prater is a sophomore at GSC and is currently undertaking a degree in English. Megan is very active in college life and is a member of several organizations including the Student Government Association and the Science Fiction and Fantasy Guild. Megan Prater is also amazing.

Fran Schmetzer graduated from Glenville State College in 1943 as Frances Myers, taught one semester at Normantown High School, and then earned a Master's degree from the Presbyterian School of Christian Education in Richmond, Virginia. There were years of church youth work, marriage, teaching, and finally thirteen years at Reader's Digest, from which she retired and then moved to Glenville in 1990. From 1999 to 2005 Fran served on the GSC Board of Governors.

Katelynn Shoulders is a student from Lewis County High School. She likes writing if she gets to pick the topic, and prefers short stories rather than long stories. She also draws when she is bored, and likes to listen to music while she writes or draws.

Rosanna Springston is originally from Craigs ville, West Virginia. Rosanna enjoys all arts and crafts, but photography is her favorite. She spends a lot of time outdoors and enjoys fiction and fantasy books and movies, which is where she gets the inspiration for most of her work.

Whitney Stalnaker is a recent Glenville State College graduate with a Bachelor of Science degree in Psychology/Sociology. She is currently working as the Administrative Secretary for GSC's Land Resources Department. She is from Glenville, West Virginia.

Chris Summers is a former *Trillium* editor who graduated from GSC in 2011 and has not been seen in Gilmer County since. He is rumored to favor the climate of eastern West Virginia and northern Indiana, and to have altered his appearance using a derby hat and false mustache (worn, of course, with a T-shirt, khakis, and running shoes). This marks his fifth appearance in the *Trillium*, his fourth dedication to Rachel Mendelson, and his first dedication to the woman who "Asked For It."

Sara Wise calls Glenville, West Virginia her hometown. Sara plans on graduating with a Bachelor of Science degree in psychology from Glenville State College in May of this year.



GLENVILLE STATE COLLEGE

200 High Street
Glenville, WV 26351
(304) 462-7361
www.glenville.edu