

WRITERS BLOC

GLENVILLE STATE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

V19 N2 / 15 SEPTEMBER 2026

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Thursday, October 8, 4 p.m.

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melissa.gish@glenville.edu
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ments/language-literature

Nulli homines,
solum arbores!



SQUIRREL DELAYS OPENING AT NEW IKE AND SUE MORRIS STADIUM

The opening of the new Ike and Sue Morris Stadium during GSU's 2026 football season opener descended into chaos when a lone gray squirrel, now known locally as "Chewy Chip," infiltrated the stadium's main electrical relay, triggering a blackout mid-anthem, a rogue fireworks launch, and an unscheduled twenty-minute strobe light show that left the marching band "spiritually rattled," according to Director Lloyd Bone.

Officials say the squirrel entered through an HVAC vent, gnawed through a control cable, and briefly caused the jumbotron to play nothing but a close-up of the college president's confused face on loop. "It looked me dead in the eyes," said President Manchin. "I've never felt so judged by a rodent!"

Firefighters eventually coaxed Chip out with a trail of kettle corn. In an exclusive (and questionably translated) interview, the squirrel offered the following statement, as interpreted by forestry professor Dr. Brian Perkins: "He says the acorns behind the scoreboard were 'strategically inadequate,' and this was less an accident and more a 'peaceful protest against Big Stadium.'"

When asked if he had any regrets, Chip cried out something in Latin, then bit Bob Edwards's microphone cable, cutting the interview short.

Ratliff stated that power was quickly restored, structural damage was minimal, and Chip was "safely relocated" to the College Farm; however, several students did report seeing him boarding a shuttle bus at the Waco later that evening.

The game resumed an hour late. The squirrel was not available for follow-up comment.

A CLOSER LOOK AT MY GRANDPARENTS' STREAM

Contributed by Brooklyn Morton, Dual Enrollment

Have you ever just sat and watched water run? Most of the time, when I am around water, it is because I am actively doing something. I love to swim, fish, kayak, play in the ocean, and float on a raft. I have never really given it much thought to just sit and watch the water.

My grandparents have a stream in their backyard that starts up in the mountains and runs through their property. This stream is mostly fed by water from a natural spring, but it also fills up with rainwater. My grandfather sometimes tries to control the flow of the water by creating a manmade diversion when it rains a lot. A diversion is taking water from a stream or other body of water into a canal, pipe, or other conduit (Langbein and Iseri 8). My grandfather does this to help collect water for his garden, and it also makes a nice little swimming hole for his dog.

One thing I noticed was that the stream collects water from surface runoff. This is the part of runoff that travels over the soil surface to the nearest stream channel (Langbein and Iseri 8). While sitting on the bank of the stream, I could see a few places where heavy rain had created small ditch-like lines along the banks. Although there was not a lot of water in the stream on the day I visited the stream, I did notice several rocks throughout it. If the water was high, these rocks would create riffles. Riffles are small areas of rapidly moving water (Langbein and Iseri 20). There is also a metal beam in the stream that my grandfather placed to help divert branches.

After thinking about what the stream would look like after a heavy rain, I was reminded of Sondra Sage's essay, "Wonderful Water." Sage describes "standing at a lookout point, watching a literal wall of water tumble over the edge" (6). While the stream is not as large as what Sage describes, her words helped me to imagine what the stream may look like after a heavy rain. Taking time to watch the stream closely made me realize how many little things I usually miss when I am around water. I have been around this stream many times, and have even played in the water hole created naturally for my grandfather's dogs, but I have never seen it this way.



Works Cited

Langbein, Walter B., and Kathleen T. Iseri. *General Introduction and Hydrologic Definitions*. U.S. Government Printing Office, 1960. U.S. Geological Survey Water-Supply Paper 1541-A, doi.org/10.3133/wsp1541A.

Sage, Sondra. "Wonderful Water." *Between Earth and Sky: Writings on Wonder and Wilderness*, edited by Melissa Gish, Sabre Lake Publishing, 2026, pp. 4-8.



Checklist

Crawl out
from the underbelly
of a dream—
Run with birds from the sleet
Because you can't fly.
Lie waiting for the bombs,
So much like
Stars in the quiet dark.

— Hilary Tam



Yesterday I was driving around my town looking at wildlife. The sun was going down, so the sky was a cool blue while the clouds were a pinkish orange. There was one massive cloud in the middle of the sky amongst other smaller ones, but the bigger cloud looked like an explosion in the sky. The cloud had a stubby, small bottom, then the top sprung out across the sky. It was a beautiful sight.

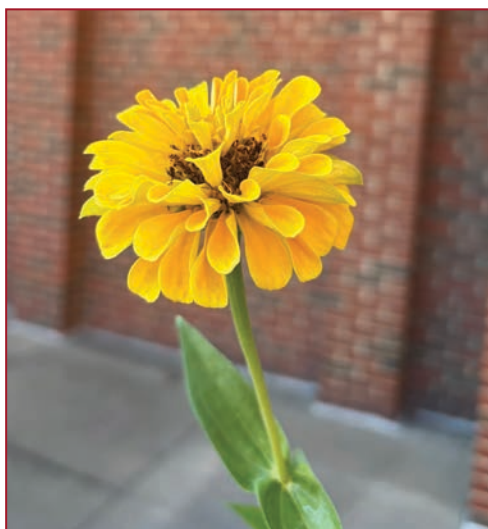
— Kaylee Hershman, Dual Enrollment

HOME AWAY FROM HOME: AN EVENING ON THE GSU CAMPUS

Contributed by Brayden Pyatt, History/Poli Sci Major

I walked around campus today. I split my time outside into a few sessions. I experienced a variety of smells, sights, and sounds that were enjoyable. It was refreshing to spend some time outdoors. This photo was taken on the balcony of the library. It was around 5:00. I had just dropped off a flash drive to a friend. Looking out across the horizon, I could see the warm, golden sun and its blinding light. I could see the clear blue sky around it and hear the sound of birds chirping in the distance. It was a wonderful start to my evening.

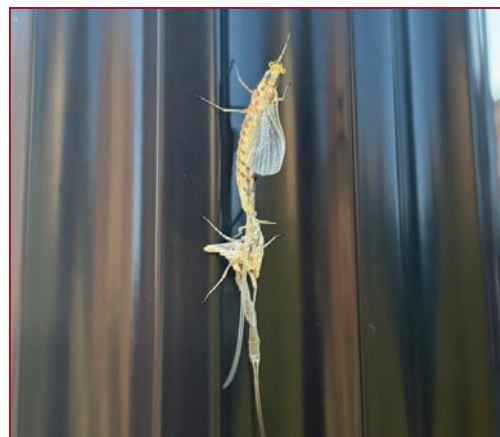
This photo was taken around 5:30 on my way to the Molloyhan building. It is a beautiful flower called zinnia. Its petals were a vibrant yellow gold. Immediately smelled it. It smells sweet, like nectar. I could see its seeds still in its center waiting to spread. Instead of taking the flower, I captured it forever enshrined in an image.



At around 6:30, I spotted this strange bug. After a quick Google search, I believe it is a mayfly. It was in the process of shedding its exoskeleton. It's incredible how they can shed their entire outer skin!

After my encounter with the mayfly, I walked up to the old Glenville Cemetery. It is very peaceful there. It is a resting place, after all (you can laugh now...). When I got there, I spotted three deer, their innocent eyes peering at me. Just three friends chilling in the cemetery just like I was.

Just before 8:00, I snapped a picture of the sky after the sun had set. Our journey started with the sky, and now it will end with the sky. As the crickets chirp in the background of the landscape, say goodnight



to the sun. Like the ending lines of Maja Channick's poem "Sunset Over the Guads," I see the "symphony of amber, rose, and dying flame that sets the very air ablaze" turn to ash. Darkness falls over Glenville. As I look back on my encounters throughout the day, I am overjoyed that I can experience the beauty and magnificence of my home away from home: Glenville.



WEIRD QUESTION *of the* WEEK

After recent events, we just had to ask, *What's your personal opinion of squirrels?*

"After they knocked out the power of the just-opened stadium, I worry that this might be a trick question..."

— Scott O'Neil, Assistant Professor of English

"Fun, furry, a little nutty. It is a weird flavor palate. Of course if you skin and parboil them before barbecuing, they are ok."

— Jennifer Wenner, Senior Lecturer of Communication

"I think squirrels are cute."

— Olivia Duffield, Business Major

"I think of squirrels as tree rats. They drive me crazy burying walnuts in my garden."

— Amanda Cottrill, Lead Postal Worker

"I think about how they shake their tails to communicate much like so many other animals. Who needs a pair of hands when you have a tail?"

— Casey Smola, Title IX Coordinator



Squirrel photo from Birds and Blooms

STUDENT WRITING

So, without love,
Like a trapped dove,
I cannot be cherished.
I am a husk, a soul until I have perished.
Can anyone ever care?
Can one day my love I share?
Shall I be but an urchin,
Day after day I am searchin'.
Yet I do not seek,
Nor do I reap.
Yet I certainly weep,
Never taking a peek
At my future pain.
Is my life in vain,
Or my later triumphant time?
But still, it is bitter as a lime.
Can I find affection?
Is myself a deflection?
Why must I suffer this affliction,
Where I cannot make a prediction
In my life no love to be found.
Does this all end in the ground?
Can someone care?
Is someone there
Who can love my wretched self?
Will someone pin me on their shelf?
Once more I say, why do I try?
A worry I cannot solve.
My eyes have begun to run dry.
Can my insecurities just dissolve?

— Levi Williams, Dual Enrollment



This pretty picture is courtesy of Shayli Burr, a junior at Roane County High School. She is pursuing a career in education.

The editor is guessing it's some variety of boneset. Would any of our forestry majors care to weigh in?

Weeds

Maybe,
Just maybe,
If we wait patiently.
If we wait long enough.
We will become the type of people
That don't mow over the weeds.
But instead,
We'll watch them grow
And if we can wait . . .
Maybe,
Just maybe,
We'll see wildflowers bloom.

— Elle Thornton

Little Kanawha Reading Series

Thursday, October 8, 2026 at 4:00 p.m.

Robert F. Kidd Library, Glenville State University

Doc McLemore

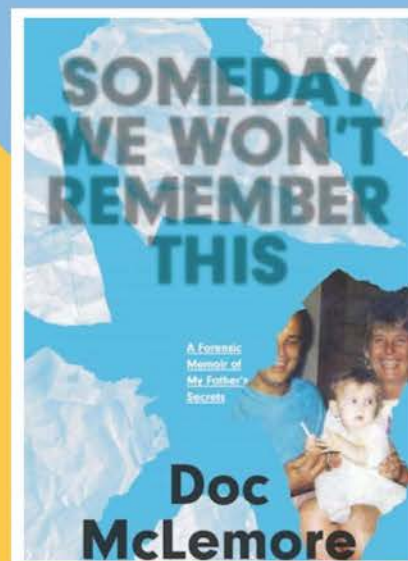


Doc McLemore is a writer who calls Oregon, West Virginia, and New Orleans home. Their work ties together considerations of class, gender, memory, and justice while also trying to find language for how frantically beautiful this misery can be. Their writing has appeared in *Salvation South*, *The Activist History Review*, and *The Sunlight Press*.

Check out their website:

<https://www.docmclemore.com/>

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live stream



All Readings are Free and Open to the Public

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The Little Kanawha Reading Series provides a showcase for a diversity of literary forms and voices in order to acknowledge and enrich the cultural heritage of Appalachia and the communities around the Little Kanawha River.