



**RENAISSANCE**

**1993**



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# RENAISSANCE

the writers' and artists' magazine  
of  
WAYNE COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
Goldsboro, North Carolina  
Volume 9, May 1993

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to Ruth Bailey, Marjorie Murphy, Hilda Battle and Ron Lane:  
to Pat Turlington; and to Lynell King.

## Dedication

This ninth issue of *Renaissance* is dedicated  
to

**Patricia Turlington**  
**Feminist Artist   Brick Sculptor   Art Instructor**

For her adherence to her principles  
For her ability to inspire her students  
For her broad vision  
For her support of the arts  
For her contributions to *Renaissance* through her own and her students' art and  
For her advice to the editors

## SGA Cash Awards for Student Contributors

Cover Design ~ Rishelle Miller  
Art ~ Keiko Genka  
Poetry ~ Sabre Thompson  
Short Story ~ Stephen Lassiter and Kitty Sauls  
Essay ~ Jearld Hatfield and Lilian McDonald  
Editors' Award ~ Donna Beeler

Winner of Goldsboro Writers' Group Award for Most Promising Writer ~ Stephen Lassiter

## Editors

Rosalyn Lomax   Kathryn Spicer   Marian Westbrook

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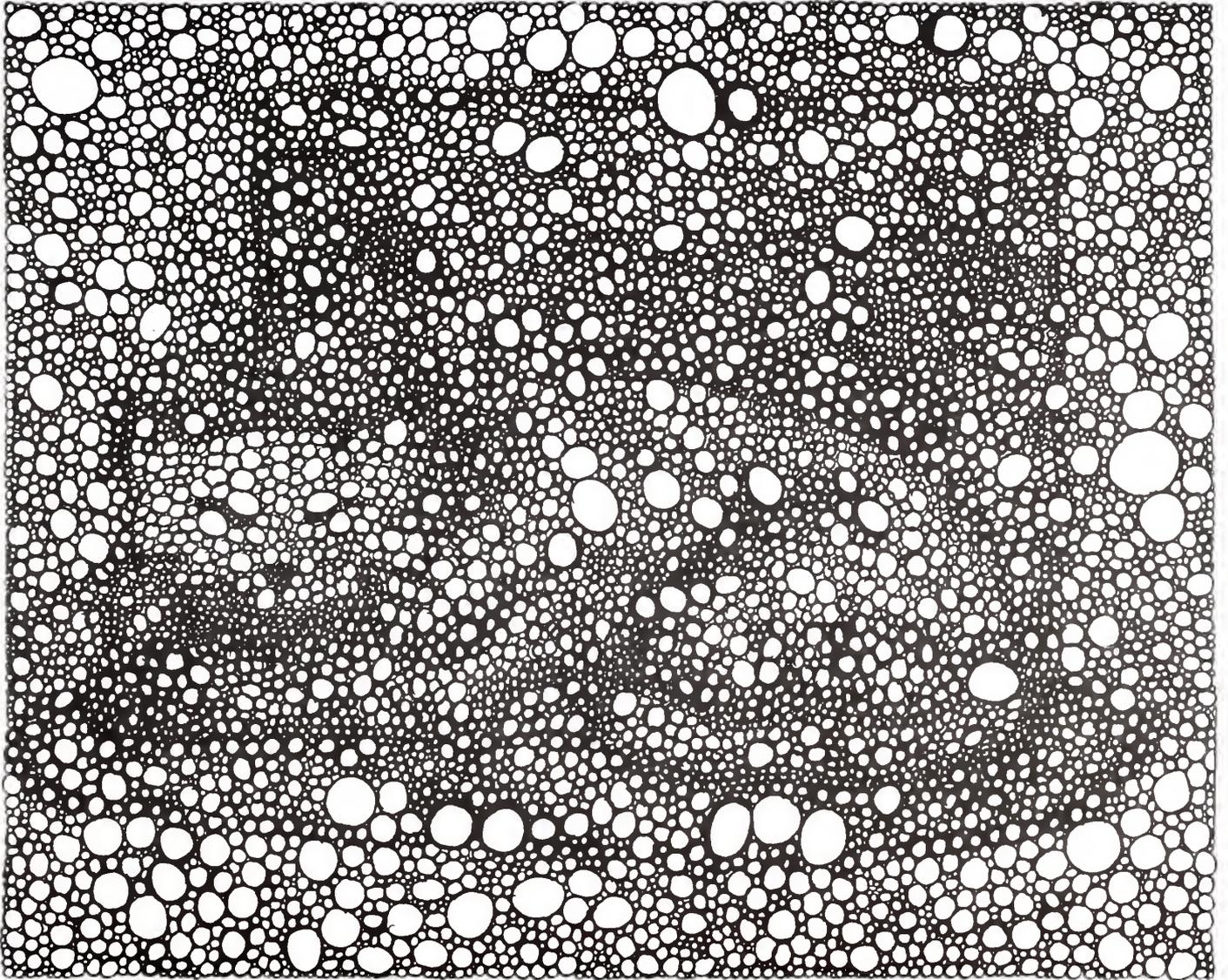
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RISHELLE MILLER

**Cat Impression**

*Rishelle Miller*

College Transfer

Basic Drawing Class

## **The Storm**

*Kitty Sauls, College Transfer*

Packing up the cottage was the first time since Dad's death last spring that my sisters, mother, and I had to be together. With Dad gone and my sisters and me living so far away, it just did not make sense for Mother to keep up the cottage on the Outer Banks. Besides, just too many memories of Dad were here. We needed to move on. Reaching up to remove the starfish from atop the cupboard, I looked toward the ceiling. Such simple things trigger memories. Maybe it was the time of season, the communion of our souls, or the feeling of Dad's presence, but seeing that jagged hairline crack across the living room ceiling sent me back to that August day some thirty years before.

Morning had dawned to a beautiful day. Our tanned bodies splashed in the ocean and wriggled through the toasty dunes in our usual summer pursuits. Laughter floated above the gentle roll of the ocean while we scavenged the beach gathering shells, starfish, and sand dollars. Mother, my sisters, and I had arrived the week prior for our usual month's stay at the coast. Father was due in late that day for a long weekend. Everything was warm, safe, and secure. However, by afternoon the wind had picked up. White caps streaked the previously blue ocean, and billowy clouds moved in. Boats bumped and rocked against the docks down by the cove as if they were horses pulling against their reins. The tides began to rise. The gulls' shrieks signaled a slight tension. As we went to secure the boats, Mother took in the laundry. She appeared worried as she looked toward the sky.

After supper, the sky had grown dark and foreboding. Father had not arrived on the last ferry of the day, and Mother still seemed uneasy even though she went about the usual evening chores. The rain came, first as drops, then as torrents. The wind pounded against our cottage, howling like mad dogs running around and around. Lightning cracked and danced across the water, lighting up the coast for milliseconds as bright as day. Thunder boomed and shook indiscriminately. The china rattled in the cabinets. We scurried from window to window securing the latches, bracing the cottage against the storm. With the roar of the storm so loud that our shouts were barely audible, we huddled together on the sofa to wait. Minutes dragged like hours as we felt each thunderclap in our chest.

Some time after nine, the electricity went out, probably from downed trees elsewhere on the island. Mother lit the kerosene lamps left over from years before electricity came to the banks. The soft glow of the lights caused strange shadows to swarm around the room. The storm continued to grow even stronger. By the illumination of the lightning, I watched as our old Packard station wagon lifted slightly from the ground under the strength of the wind. Shingles rippled and tore from the roof as the wind clawed at the house. And then, a bolt of lightning struck close by. Thunder shook the house and all within down to the very foundations. A thin, hairline crack crept across the ceiling. My sisters and I buried our heads into Mother's side seeking solace. The back door flew open and then slammed shut. A dark, ominous figure made his way through the kitchen. Cries of relief rang out as Dad emerged from the shadows.

I do not remember how many more hours the storm raged that night. The newspaper headlines that week read "Worst Storm of Century." I only recall the calm and tranquility that was restored to our tiny cottage by the sea the instant Dad walked into that living room. I turned toward the kitchen, holding the starfish in my hand. Dad was not there.

## The Other

My brother has cancer  
So everybody sends him presents  
And cards and talks about him all the time.  
Is he going to die?

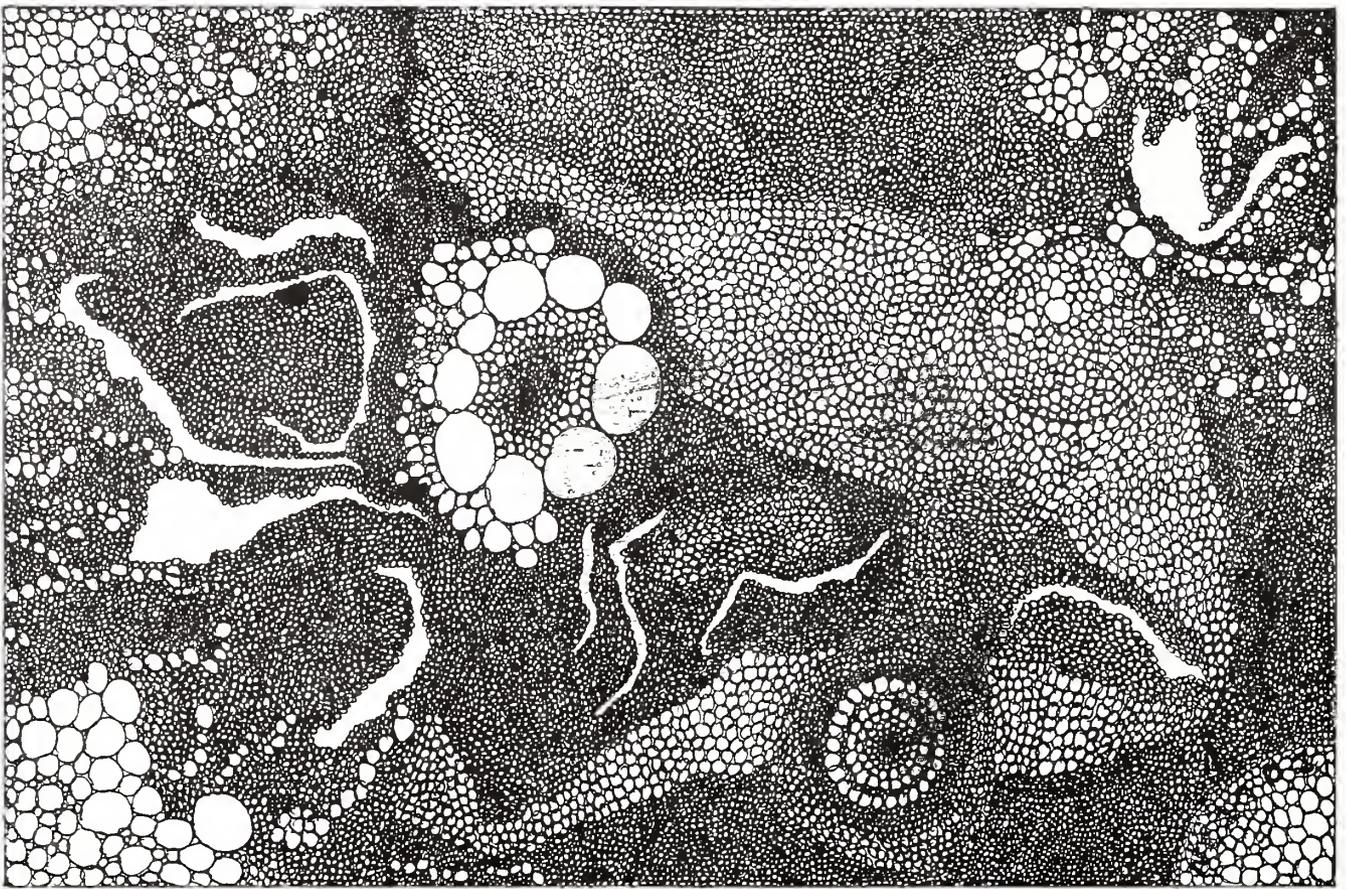
My brother has cancer  
So when we go out he  
Has to wear a mask so  
He won't get an infection and everybody  
Stares at us.  
Is he going to die?

My brother has cancer  
So when we go to Grandma's church  
i am invisible  
And everybody crowds around and hugs him  
Is he going to die?

My brother has cancer  
So Mom goes with him  
To the hospital all the time  
And i am left at home with Grandma  
Who doesn't know how to tuck me in.  
Is he going to die?

My brother has cancer  
And i hate him for it  
Maybe i could get cancer  
i hope he doesn't die.

*Sabre Thompson*  
Nursing



Shawn Adams Jennings

## Undiscovered Country

Shawn Jennings

College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

## Music To Leave By

Interstate 40 floats below.

Classical station transforms car into concert hall.

Excellent essay topic:

What music would I choose to accompany

My last moment of mortality?

Multiple choice alphabet of favored composers  
Albinoni and Bach to Vivaldi.

A requiem. Mozart, Rutter, surely  
Brahms' *Ein Deutsches*.

Beloved settings of the Psalms. A hymn.  
Anthem on "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross,"  
"A Mighty Fortress," or angelic descant on  
"Holy, Holy, Holy" (I hope to hear that after all).

Madrigals. *My Fair Lady* tunes.

"I Could Have Danced All Night"--

A fitting finale to a joyous life

(He has turned my mourning into dancing),

A lovely thought

But perhaps with song in my heart

And promise of eternal song

No music at all

But savor the silence,

Relive the harmony of my life song,

Dance in spirit the allegros,

Replay the vital voices --

*Your* voices.

Rosalyn Lomax

English Instructor

## Grievance of Time

*Stephen Lassiter, College Transfer*

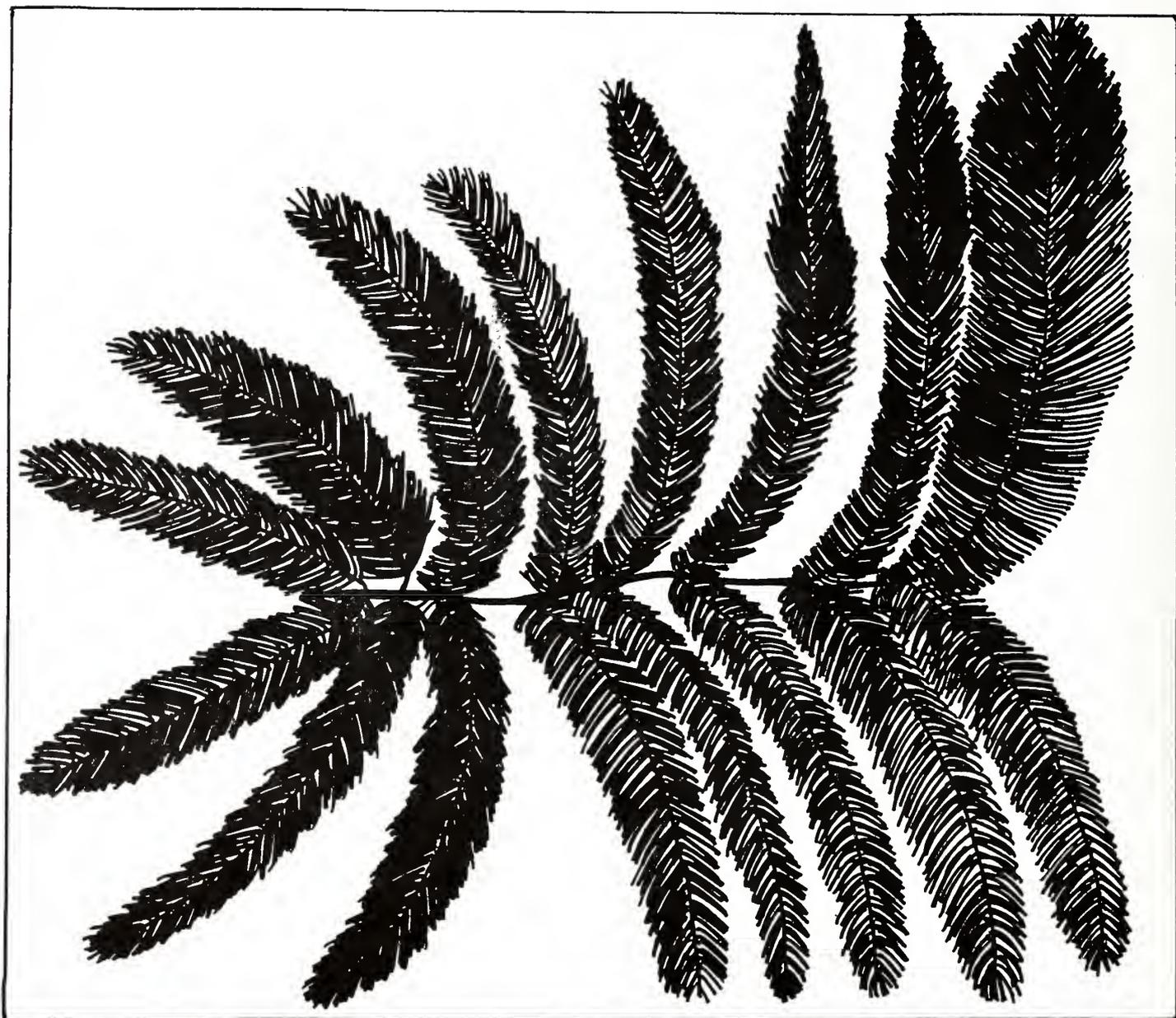
The man was old and sick. He wasn't aware of the flowers and people constantly at his side, only vague fragrances and dim voices. His body was failing him, but as much as his senses were lost, his mind was alive with memories. His condition could not contain his imagination. Now and again he saw a young boy, free and easy in summer days so long ago. The boy kicked dust with bare feet and baited hooks with skills learned from parents and grandparents. Sometimes they fished with him; often he went alone. The only schedule he knew was the rising of the sun and the sun's final dusty descent. Days were long and full, writhing with energy and questions. Now riding his own final descent, these memories warmed him as no summer sun ever had. He realized he had taken these days for granted, thrown them away in boyhood anticipation of tomorrow. Birthdays, Christmases, summer vacations were all he had lived for. How simple the happiness of a child, realized only when childhood is so distant. He remembered his parents as they had been, content with what they had but always hoping for more. They had hidden their worries well from him, for him, so that he could enjoy this easy time. Boys could not know of hardship beyond the agony of wondering about hidden presents. His parents had been good to him; he would never know their sacrifices until the days of summer were no longer dusty roads and apple trees, but governed by past due notices and threats from creditors.

Disenchantment chilled him momentarily, causing his body to hitch. This sent those around him into a frenzy, though he was not aware. He saw instead the defiling of his dreams. He recalled everything he had wished to accomplish and the gradual way the world had taken these dreams from him. He saw endless rows of summer green corn. He walked them with forearms over his face so the leaves wouldn't get in his eyes. Sometimes the leaves were sharp. He felt dry soil dumped under his feet. Sometimes the dirt clods crumbled; then, sometimes they hurt. He remembered dirt clod fights with friends, snowball fights with

friends, fistfights with friends.

Sometimes the old man's mind moved from season to season, not always in order. Snow fell around him while he and his daddy built the biggest snowman ever. He dimly remembered the cold; he vividly recalled his daddy's bare hands, patiently playing with his son in the snow. The boy offered his daddy his gloves, not knowing they were too small for Daddy's numb hands. He remembered his daddy's youthful laughter and the snowballs he threw. He walked through department stores, grocery stores, wanting everything he saw. His mama's eyes never betrayed her desire to buy him everything, nor her knowledge that she couldn't. She did the best she could. He would never know how many times she had given him her last dollar, only that to him, as a boy, it was never enough. Her hands cooled his fevers, her voice soothed his fears, her assurances gave him all the hope he had ever needed. He knew now that he had been selfish. But Mama understood; he was her little boy.

He jumped in piles of leaves, rolling and laughing. Daddy covered him in more leaves and pretended not to know where he was. After the piles were scattered with their play, Daddy raked them up again, never discouraged. The man and his son then burned the piles together, Daddy explaining where the smoke went. The sick old man was a daddy now. Strangely he remembered his own boyhood better than what happened yesterday. He was unaware of the tears around him; his family gathered around him, come to weep for their daddy. Funny how the years had gone by, leaving dusty memories of what was, when everything and everyone was so simple. Things sometimes don't work out like you planned, someone had told him once. Slowly the memories waned on the way to joining his body in failure. Before the thoughts lost coherence, he realized a final truth, one that had taken a lifetime to accept. He realized that the saddest thing of all was the passage of time. Craving now his mama's loving voice, he let go of everything, even the memories.



*Lorraine Allen*

**Exotic Plant** ~ *Lorraine Allen*, Administrative Office Technology, Basic Drawing Class

## Child's Play

Jearld Hatfield, Aviation

When I was eight years old, I found a piece of bamboo in my parents' garage. It was yellow with age and five feet long. It may have been an old rake handle, but from jungle movies on television, I knew what to do. With my pocket-knife I sharpened one end of the bamboo and made a spear.

The house where my sisters and I grew up stood on a corner lot separated from the street on two sides by a footpath and a hedge five feet high. The hedge was well trimmed and very dense, and sometimes I would wait behind it with my spear. When a neighborhood child was foolish enough to pedal by on a bicycle, I would stick the spear through the hedge and into the spokes of the front wheel. There was a cherry plum tree in the front yard, and when the fruit came into season, I crouched behind the hedge and fought one-sided battles with passing traffic and old people walking their dogs. Bicyclists and pedestrians learned to give our hedge a wide berth.

My parents had a planted lawn and a beautiful flower garden behind the hedge. I remember the pink, yellow, and white poppies perched precariously on their slender, furry, green stalks. There were tiger lilies and the orchids. People would bring my father orchids that wouldn't bloom, mostly cattleyas and cymbidiums. He doctored the plants back to health and kept them in an old bathtub in a shaded corner of the yard. The owners of the orchids sometimes came to see the blooms but never asked for the plants back. Each year the number of orchids and the variety of colors increased until the bathtub overflowed, and a forest of potted orchids threatened to take over the backyard.

Near the bathtub was a Gravenstein apple tree. It wasn't much for climbing, but the apples on the lawn were used for spear practice. One afternoon I grew tired of

stabbing apples and directed my attention to a nearby camellia bush. Before my eyes, it transformed itself into a rhinoceros. I stood brave, then buried my spear in its leathery hide. Retrieving my weapon, I crouched like a hunter, motionless, listening, then crept silently into the front yard. My mother, preoccupied with an afternoon tea party, was oblivious to the wild animals lurking in her yard. I wrestled with a king cobra garden hose and left it with a broken back. A bear and lion were soon dispatched, and for each new victory, I cut a notch in the spear shaft. I became excited and began running around the house faster and faster, spearing everything in sight. There was a terrible loss of life. Suddenly, a huge bull elephant reared up in my path and trumpeted a frightful challenge. I knew that I was a goner if I missed the one vulnerable spot near the elephant's temple. I took aim and with all my strength threw the bamboo spear--clean through the bush that obscured the big living-room window. The sound of breaking glass and overturned teacups was followed by startled screams. That brought me out of the jungle fast, but only momentarily. The next thing I knew I was being chased by natives, hundreds of them—all with spears—so I ran for my life. Down the street I went, dodging between parked cars until I finally gave them the slip and hid in a neighbor's basement until eventually I had to go home for dinner. That night my mother listened as I explained about the jungle and the animals and the spear. Mother understood my hunting fantasies and excused the spear incident. After all, she had been the one who read to me from the *National Geographic* about those magnificent animals from faraway places.



Keiko Genka

**Book Bag**  
*Keiko Genka*  
College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

*Magister Vocat*  
*Lilian McDonald, College Transfer*

Strange are the places that fields of memories sometimes lead to, and even stranger are the events that influence our beliefs and desires. To filter out all the encounters that shaped my life in one respect or another would leave me with enough material to write a trilogy on who I am. Like most of us, I have witnessed changes in the world and within myself, some not so intense, others profound and moving. Throughout the turmoil of it all, one idea remained with me from a tender age.

When I was eleven, I would walk to school six days of the week. Before reaching my school, I would pass another one that to me, at age eleven, looked in many ways like an unconquerable fortress. A wide step of shrubs that separated the building from the sidewalk where I walked appeared to keep me at a distance. Never did I see the entrance to the school, but through the huge windows I could always observe young men in white coats working in laboratories, exploring and unraveling the secrets of science. The name of this institution was *Magister Vocat*, which means "The Teacher Calls." It was as though this teacher called out to young men only and deliberately kept the entrance out of sight to me. I never stopped wondering how the students got in. Was it that they could see the entrance whereas I could not, or did they never leave? They wore an aura of belonging in those laboratories, young men in white coats exploring the secrets of science. Perhaps I should explain that rendering Latin names to institutions in those days had a certain meaning. It meant that these were the bastions of tradition, reaching to the past to touch some of the glory of Roman ways. Part of that tradition was that females were excluded.

Around the corner from *Magister Vocat* was my own school, that is to say, the school I attended that year. It was called Cartesius Lyceum, named after René Descartes, whose statue was placed above the main entrance. The main entrance was for teachers only, who probably after

climbing the stairs first, raised their heads to pay homage to Descartes before they entered. Students went down to the bowels of the building, for we could only go in via the basement where there was room to station bicycles. From there two staircases led upwards to the inner sanctums of higher learning. Cartesius, too, was in many ways a moloch of convention, an untakable fortress, but at least it would lower its drawbridge to young women as well, although only to those who could pass rigid testing. The enormity of the curriculum, which included Greek and Latin, turned that particular school year into the most deplorable one I have ever had, but strangely enough, it was during that year that I first started to think about one day being one who teaches. At first, this desire had everything to do with *Magister Vocat*. I could be the one who calls, and I could extend my call to students of all genders. Furthermore, being the "Magister," I would never be denied knowing where the entrance is. More than a quarter of a century has passed since then, and much has changed. The Women's Movement happened, and institutions that are exclusively male are a thing of the past. Entire school systems have disappeared; others have been thoroughly democratized. Also, life in a wider sense took place, and I have observed learning structures on more than one continent. Teachers everywhere have much in common; whatever the language, their call means the same. The notion of one day perhaps being a teacher remained with me through the years, sometimes faintly, at other times stronger, but always present. Fortunately, my motives have broadened somewhat. Greatness and Progress, I believe, are dreams that sleep in the bed of education. I also know that some paths lead away from learning while others may lead to the bridge. In essence, though, I still believe that it would be right for me to one day be one who calls and one who reveals the way to the entrance.

## The Burning

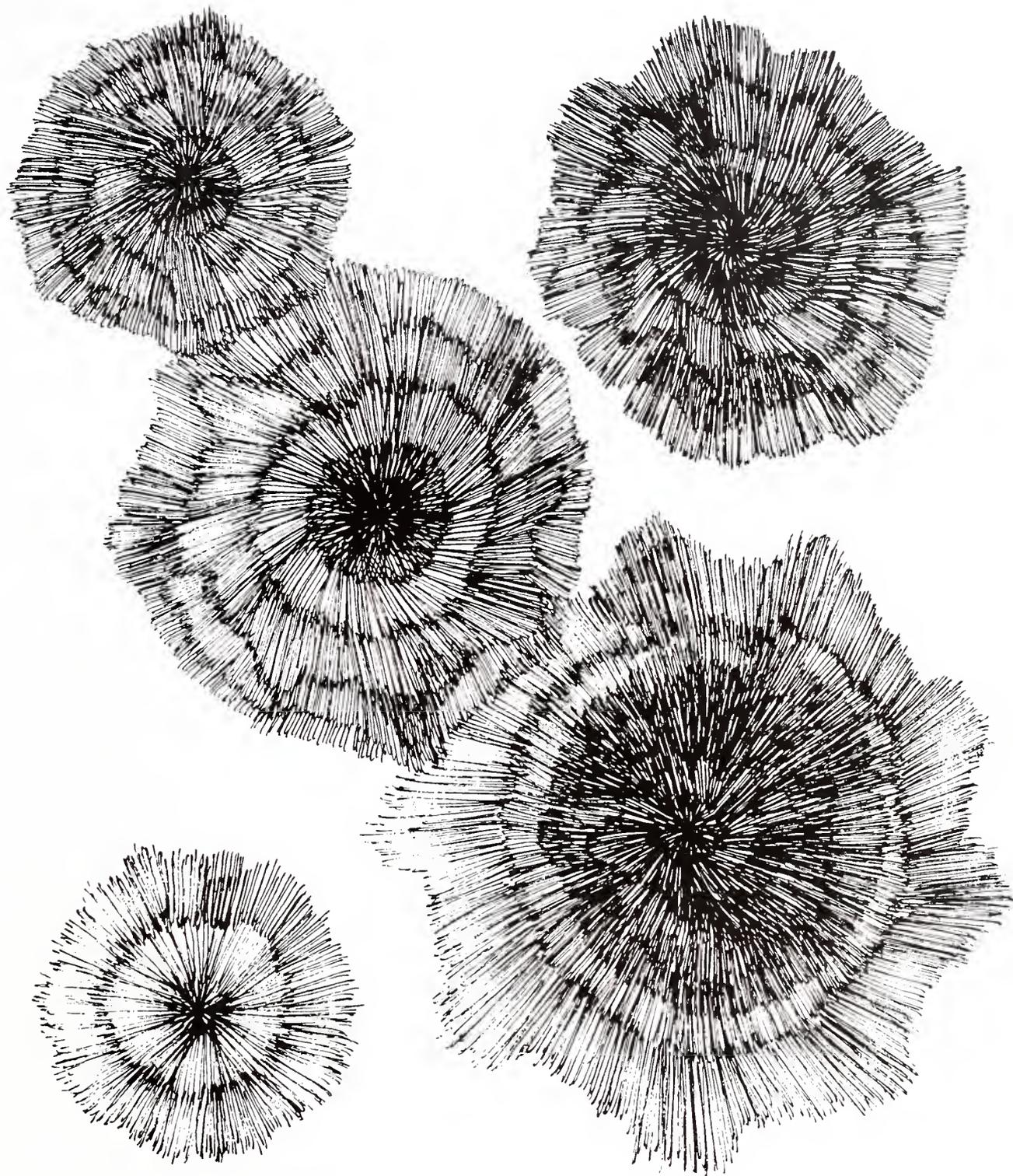
*Christopher A. Walker, Developmental Disabilities*

It was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. Its train split the evening sky the way a skater's blade cuts across a fresh blanket of ice or the way a dragonfly skims the water in flight. It took no thought of where its path was taking it. It only fell like a spear of light hurled down from some unmerciful god in the heavens. It took no thought that its burning would somehow put an end to the peaceful existence it had known up there in the stars. I paused for a moment and tried to freeze in my mind what I was looking at, but this heavenly courier moved too fast on its unchanging course to its end.

The colors that it transformed itself into on its descent were magnificent. It changed from white to yellow to orange and then to a very light red. It took one color off, then put another one on with the greatest of ease as though it had all of the time in the world. I wanted a picture of this celestial streamer so that when this time was gone, my mind would remember this moment more easily, but there I stood, like a pole dropped in cement, stable and unchanged with my eyes locked on this ravishing blaze. It did not cry or fidget or even stop to see if anyone noticed it, seeming to know that it already had my undivided attention.

The path that was laid before it showed no turns or rises or places for rest, but somehow this body turned its course into a beautifully choreographed dance. It had no partner with whom to dance, but it still moved as though it had great affection for someone. I could not understand how it could contain its love and beauty in silence. I listened as hard as I could and heard nothing. There was no sound anywhere to be found, so in that moment I knew that I was not alone, but that all of the earth around me had stopped to view this Terpsichorean in his final performance.

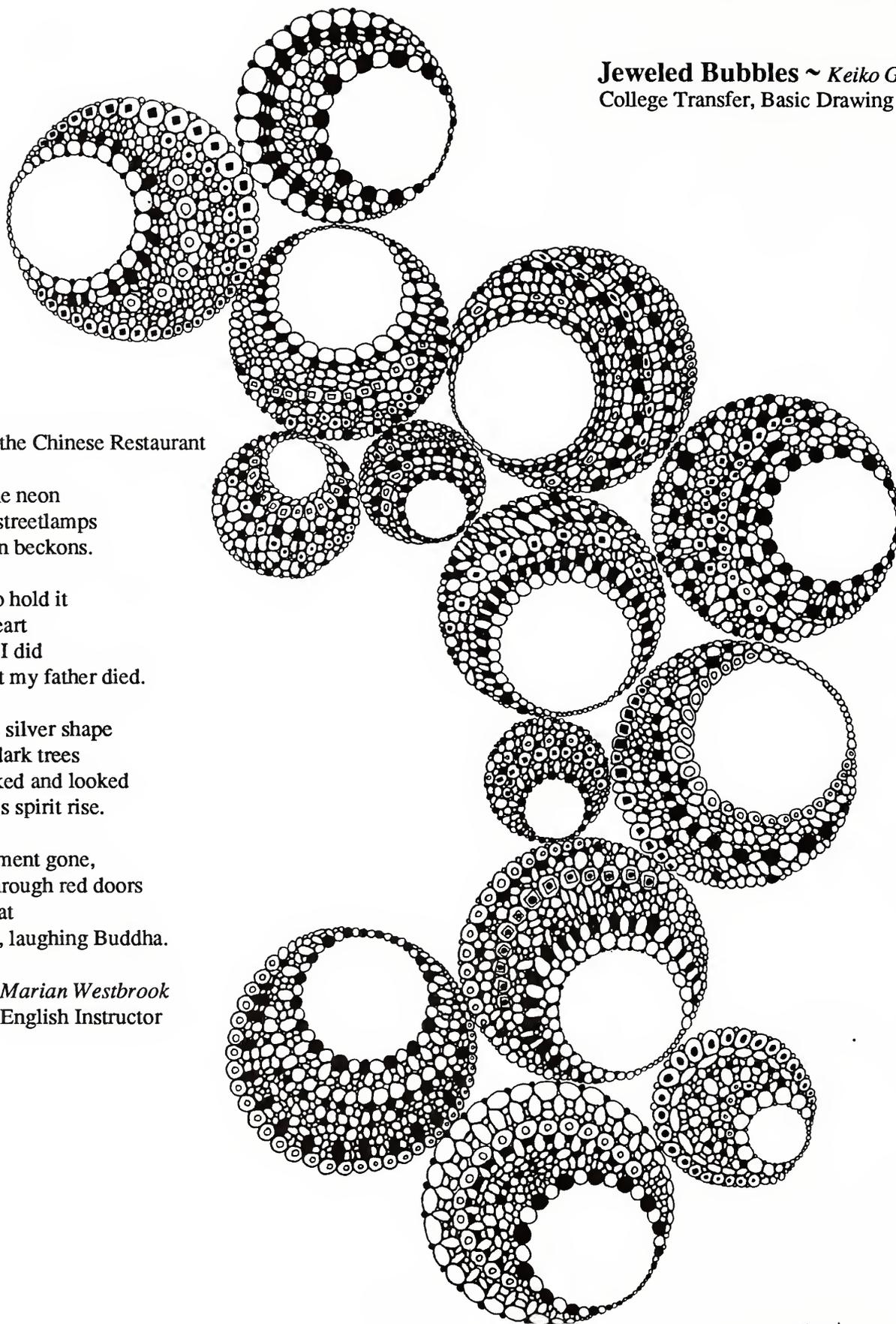
I thought that perhaps the wind and cold air would put its fire out, but they gave it no assistance in its dealings. Finally, when its light red-colored uniform was put on, it died. It had burned itself to death, but I felt no grief. It was totally consumed and had vanished away in the cold night air. Perhaps its death seemed a minor thing as long as someone finally noticed it in its burning. Nobody knew its name or where it had come from or how old it was. Until it was about to die, nobody thought about it or even cared. But in its moment of glory, I saw it and cared, and when it vanished I said, "Thank you."



The night is so dark  
the little star loses track  
of where it should be.

*Donna Beeler*  
College Transfer

*Joy Kilpatrick*



Outside the Chinese Restaurant

above the neon  
and the streetlamps  
the moon beckons.

I want to hold it  
in my heart  
the way I did  
the night my father died.

I saw its silver shape  
behind dark trees  
and looked and looked  
to see his spirit rise.

The moment gone,  
I pass through red doors  
to stare at  
a gilded, laughing Buddha.

*Marian Westbrook*  
English Instructor

*Keiko Genka*

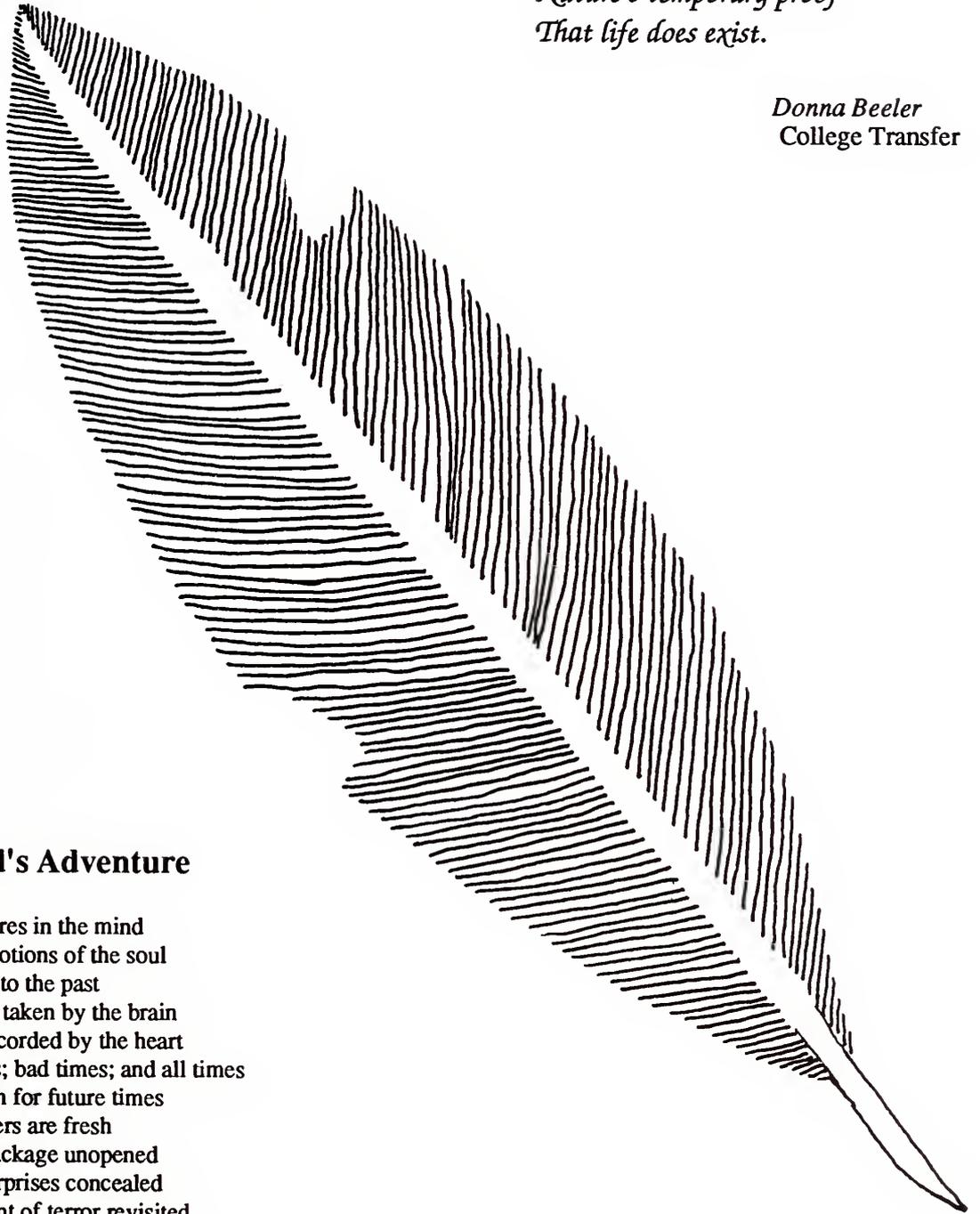
# Feather

*Crystal Wade*

College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

*A breath, frosted air  
Nature's temporary proof  
That life does exist.*

*Donna Beeler*  
College Transfer



## A Mind's Adventure

vivid pictures in the mind  
intense emotions of the soul  
post-visits to the past  
snap-shots taken by the brain  
feelings recorded by the heart  
good times; bad times; and all times  
taken down for future times  
—all flowers are fresh  
—every package unopened  
with all surprises concealed  
one moment of terror revisited  
—flashbacks of yesteryear  
—scraps of the yesterdays  
to make the colorful quilt of life.

*Keith Flynn*  
College Transfer

## Baby Talk

### (Only This and One Thing More)

Be ever so gentle. Hold me tight.  
Please never let me from your sight.  
Look at me. This is everything I need,  
Only this and one thing more.

I laugh, I cry, please be kind,  
I'm trying to say what's on my mind,  
Listen to me. This is everything I need,  
Only this and one thing more.

Feel my hand, stroke my chest,  
My body must learn what is best.  
Hold me. This is everything I need,  
Only this and one thing more.

I want to be able to talk and sing.  
Speaking is a very hard thing.  
Teach me. This is everything I need,  
Only this and one thing more.

A grown-up hand to make me grow.  
A Mother's smile to soothe my woe.  
Love me. This is everything I need,  
Only this and nothing more.

*J. Aric Baker*  
College Transfer

## One Thing More For My Son

I see a child so pure and bright,  
How can I let him from my sight.  
I see you. This is all I offer,  
Only this and one thing more.

I hear a child, full of emotion.  
How can I not listen without devotion.  
I hear you. This is all I offer,  
Only this and one thing more.

I hold a child, I touch his hand.  
How can I not think he's grand.  
I hold you. This is all I offer,  
Only this and one thing more.

I guide a child, he learns from me.  
How can I not teach him how to be.  
I teach you. This is all I offer,  
Only this and one thing more.

I love a child, and I am done.  
How can I not love my son.  
I love you. This is all I offer,  
Only this and nothing more.

*J. Aric Baker*  
College Transfer

## **Dandelion Soup**

*Jason Snyder, College Transfer*

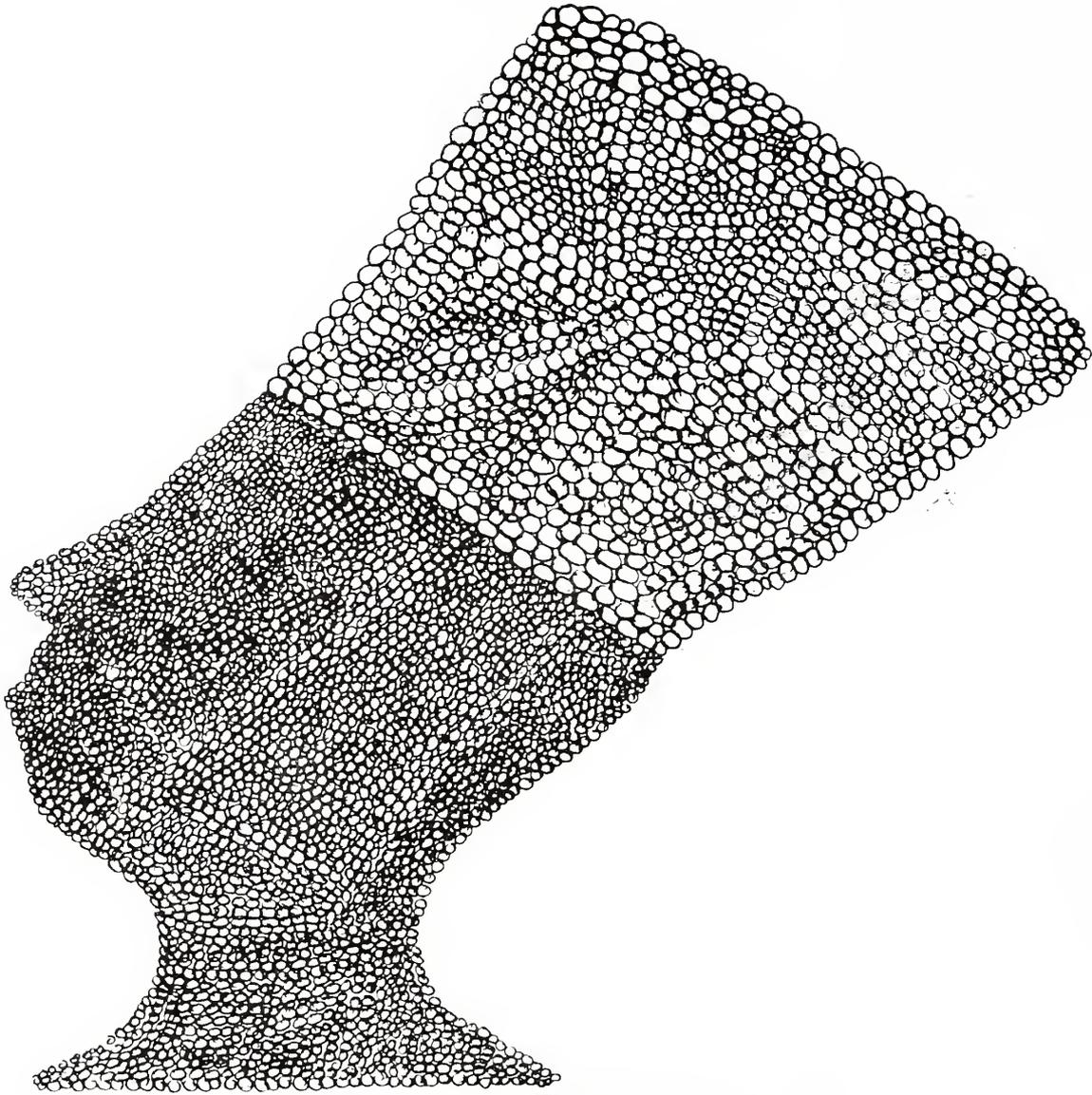
I had not been there in over fifteen years, and everything had been changed. "Camp," as we called it, was over thirty acres of fields and woods with a small stream and a pond. I used to go there on weekends with my parents to play in the woods, get muddy in the pond, and just enjoy the pure undeveloped nature. Deep in the woods, my father built my sister and me a playhouse that was the most magical and wonderful place ever. There, my sister and I could be the Swiss Family Robinson, Hansel and Gretel, or even Gilligan and Marianne. This place is where we could be whatever we wanted to be. This was a place of spontaneity and magic.

To find our playhouse, we followed a long winding trail through the woods to where the path split. There a sign read "Kim and Jason's Playhouse" with an arrow directing us to the path on the right. About one hundred yards further down the trail was our playhouse, not on the ground, but nestled high up in the trees. We climbed the tall ladder to the front porch where my father had built two wooden chairs for us. I remember my sister and me sitting there for hours making dandelion soup and watching the squirrels and birds play. The huge front door opened into the living room area which had a wooden bench and table where we used to sit while we played house or ate our lunch. At that very table, my sister made me sit and learn to add and subtract fractions, and I was only in kindergarten. Another ladder led to the upstairs or attic area. There we would sleep overnight and look out the window, watching the deer come by; they usually stopped to eat the dandelion soup we had poured out.

I remember one day while my sister decorated our house with pinecones and toadstools, I sat playing with my

yellow Tonka truck on the floor. All of a sudden, the treehouse started shaking as if some giant were shaking us as he would Jiffy-Pop popcorn. My sister screamed, and I ran to her side, burying my head in her neck. Then, just as quickly as it had started, the shaking stopped. With caution we looked out the door to see a large buck galloping away, frightened by our screams. He had been using one of the trees that held our house up to rub his antlers. Like scared mice, we ran down the trail to our parents' cabin, so excited about what had happened. My father, seeing how scared we were, began splitting wood to build a fence around the playhouse. That is how our playhouse became our castle, our mighty fortress protected from our enemies.

Now, fifteen years later, the path is overgrown, and the sign is barely visible, hidden by plants and moss. The treehouse fell to the ground some time ago and it, too, has been overgrown with foliage. The roof is caved in on the right side, crushed by a branch that once helped to hold it high in the sky. The front door hangs open on one hinge, and all that remains of the fence are two posts leaning against each other like two friends resting after a long day's work. I duck through the small wooden door frame and look into the playhouse. There among the dried leaves and broken twigs sits my old Tonka truck, rusted and covered with moss. All the memories of the magical castle my father built come flooding back. So much was shared in this place: our hopes, fears, laughter and tears. Although I have left the playhouse behind as a remnant of my childhood, part of me remains there, making dandelion soup with my sister.



Tashia Bizzell

### **A Nefertiti**

*Tashia Bizzell, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class*

## OUT OF AFRICA

Out of Africa, yes I am  
It is written that my ancestors came from Western Sudan  
Three highly developed Black empires, Ghana, Mali and Songhai,  
Were our rich beginning, but not the ending  
Of our struggle to survive  
Ships came, took my ancestors away  
And brought them to a place where they had no say  
They worked hard for their masters and all  
They saw their empire rise and fall  
Their women were taken, their children too  
Their pride was taken, and there was nothing they could do  
They had to obey or be whipped to death  
Yet they kept in their hearts the homeland which they'd left  
They sang praises every night  
'Cause deep within themselves, they knew this wasn't right  
To no one, this, they dared say  
For they also knew the Lord would make a way  
Believers, they were; they did have faith  
And this no one could take away.  
We were treated like this for more than 300 years  
Our eyes have seen much, we've shed a lot of tears  
Our struggles are not yet over, but a long way we've come  
We are now to be treated equally, yet we are not by some  
There was a great man, a Black man that once had a dream  
That the sons of former slaves and slave-owners  
Would join together and sing  
That one day Black and White children  
Would walk hand in hand  
And that no one would be judged  
By the color of their skin

OUT OF AFRICA, PROUD I AM  
NEGRO, AFRO, BLACK AMERICAN!

*Terri Carraway*  
Mental Health Associate  
In honor of "Black History Month"



**Self-Portrait**

*Keiko Genka, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class*



**American Odalisque No. 19, Patricia Turlington, Instructor, Liberal Arts**

## **The AMERICAN ODALISQUE Series**

*Patricia Turlington, Instructor, Liberal Arts*

I worked on the AMERICAN ODALISQUE series for over two years before I came up with a title for the "feminine still-lives" I was creating. Finally, one day I thought of Ingres' famous painting of the backview of a reclining nude woman, GRANDE ODALISQUE or RECLINING ODALISQUE, and looked up the word Odalisque in the dictionary. To my astonishment, Odalisque did not mean "female nude" but "female slave"! All those paintings of nude women titled "Odalisque" painted in the last two hundred years were not simply blanket titles to signify female nudes but something more powerful, more tragic. As Leah Fritz wrote in DREAMERS AND DEALERS: "A slave is a person whose labor, time and physical presence are subject to another without either stipulated financial compensation or recognition of her own inherent right to self-determination."

The images I use symbolize what the American woman centers her life around. I purposely did not use a female figure in the works because I felt that the objects ARE the woman: the crippling shoes that limit her physically, the mirror that reflects her concern for her looks and the pressure to develop herself into what Society expects her to be. She leads a life of constant dieting, painting her face, dyeing her hair, painting her nails, plucking her body hair, often tranquilizing her frustration and rage with alcohol and pills. Her life is centered around feeding and caring for a husband and children while keeping the home and always feeling that she must try to maintain a slender, youthful appearance. The single woman does not escape these pressures any more than the married woman does, for the "feminine still-life" is the STATUS QUO indoctrination for American Women.

Women have been indoctrinated to seek "Self-fulfillment" through glamour and style and to leave "Self-reliance" through character development and responsibility to men.

## SAVING GRACE

*Kitty Sauls, College Transfer*

She began her seventy-fourth year without a physical qualm, thank you very much. Her young doctor told her to slow down. She had heard that before from two other doctors she had outlived. She still rose at six a.m. and read from her tattered Bible that lay open upon the bedside table to the Twenty-third Psalm. By 8:15, she had fixed breakfast, dead-headed the zinnias, cleaned the kitchen, and bathed. She lived alone, widowed at a mere sixty-seven. The children called often, visited at holidays, but basically lived their own lives very far away.

He was nineteen--quick and slick and smart. A kid of the streets, he never knew his father; his mother whored to make ends meet when the monthly welfare check ran out. He made deliveries of drugs for the local thugs at age ten. By age thirteen, he had witnessed three murders. By age sixteen, he had a battle scar on his cheek, compliments of a local gang he happened upon in a dark alley late one night.

Most of her friends who had not passed away lived in nursing homes. She visited them often and took zinnias from the garden. They would reminisce about days when children, volunteer work, and husbands kept them busy. One evening, she was driving across town to one of those visits, armed with zinnias and homebaked bread. She preferred less traveled backstreets to the rush of the freeway.

That same evening, he was on the way to join the brothers. Tonight they would knock over the liquor store on the corner of Forty-fifth and Pine, his first big job and his initiation into the brotherhood. He packed a revolver that had been stolen by the last inductee on his big heist.

The cat was just a stray that jumped out into the path of her car. She swerved but lost control of the vehicle and hit the curb and a sign. Dazed, she got out of the car, her pocketbook on her arm. Out of the darkness came four, smelling of cheap wine. Only one blow with a stick to her head rendered her unconscious. The pocketbook was hastily emptied and tossed aside, and she was left for dead.

Already late for the rendezvous, he almost stumbled over her body. She roused slightly and moaned, "Help me, please. I'm all alone." He bent down beside her. "I'm all alone," she whispered again before losing consciousness. "All alone" reverberated in his mind. He picked her up and placed her on the back seat of her car, clearing away the scattered zinnias. He rushed the six blocks to the local hospital without a thought of what the hospital staff would think of a young black male driving in with an unconscious elderly white woman. Up to the intensive care unit he carried her grey and lifeless body.

Dawn had just begun to engulf the city when she regained consciousness. The doctor informed her that her eldest son had been notified and would be in on the 9:20 plane. She stared at the small glass of zinnias by the sink, many of them bent. Following her eyes, the doctor told her that the young black man had spent the entire night in the waiting room. For the first time, she spoke. She asked to see him.

Fifteen years later...

He is CEO of a non-profit corporation whose main focus is to get troubled kids off the streets and into jobs or school. Well-respected with a master's degree from Washington and Lee, he could have had any job he wanted. What he wanted was to help others the way she had helped him.

She lies beside her husband. The headstone reads, "Grace Miller, Born May 12, 1903, Departed from this Life August 23, 1988, Beloved Wife, Devoted Mother." He visits her grave twice a year, once on the anniversary of her death and then again on the anniversary of the night she saved his life. After reading the Twenty-third Psalm from the same tattered Bible that once lay upon her bedside table, he places a small glass of zinnias on her grave.

## Insulin Nightmare

A prick is all we need,  
Now, like all the other times.

Once more, just a prick,  
This is NOT like all the other times.

We will try again, one more Prick...  
I WILL pass this Time.

A prick, a stick,  
and meals on time.

That is what he said,  
then I'd be fine.

A prick, a stick,  
and meals on time.

Then surely I would  
avoid problems before my time.

A prick, a stick,  
and meals on time.

Before, I had other things  
to mark my time.

A prick, a stick,  
and meals on time.

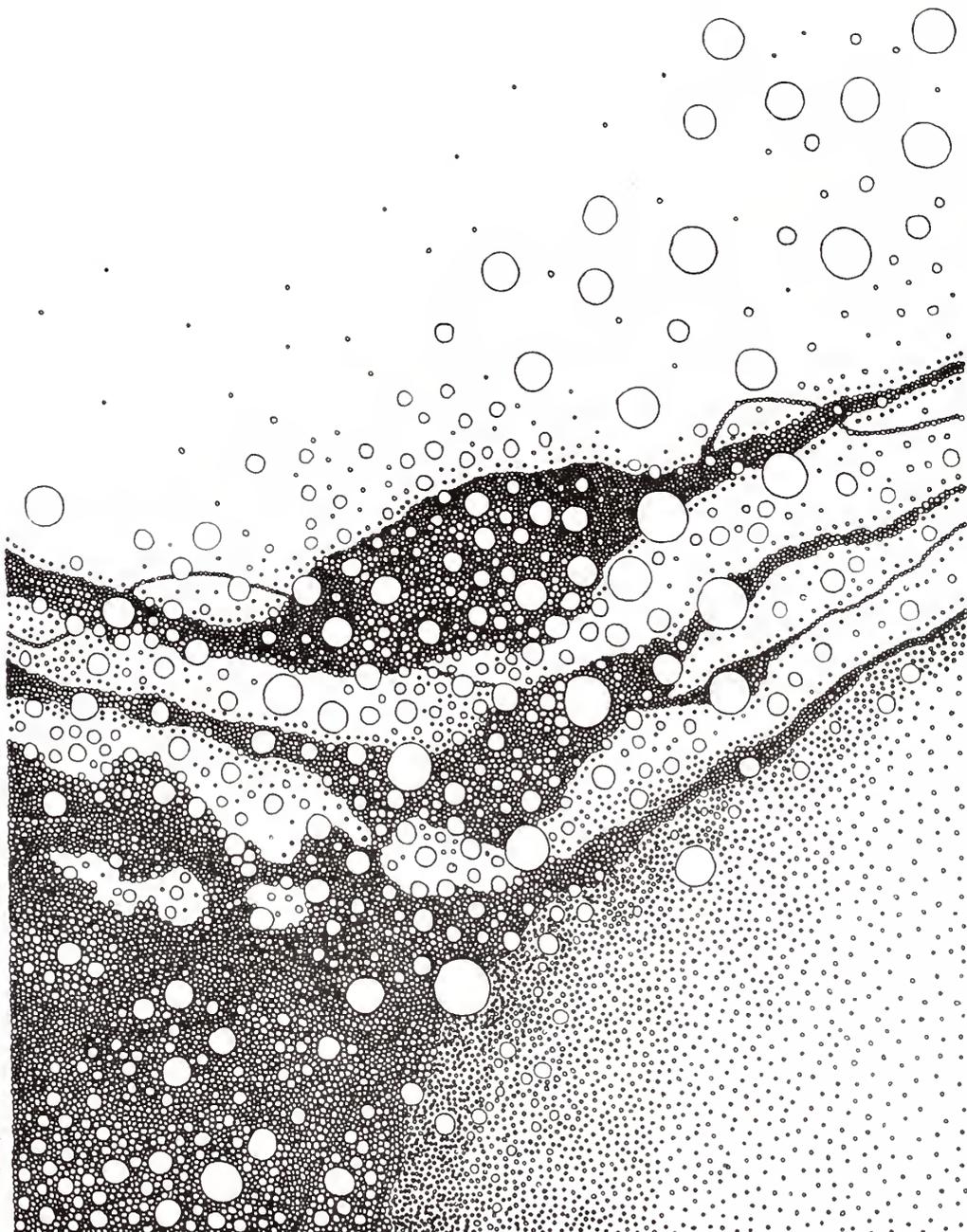
Look on the bright side,  
I am in control of my time.

Prick Prick, Stick Stick,  
More's better this time, said he.

Prick, Prick, Stick Stick,  
It'll never stop, said he.

Prick, Stick, Prick, Stick, Prick  
Prick, I think...

I have it...  
this time.



*Greg Keeter*  
College Transfer

**X - Ray**  
*Keiko Genka*  
College Transfer  
Basic Drawing Class

## On The Edge

Im on the edge and Im peering down  
I have to live this way  
Ill test both sides for solid ground  
I think todays the day  
No more walking on a razors edge  
but which side shall it be?  
The unknown abyss beyond the minds ledge  
that some call insanity  
Or shall I tread that well traveled path  
that society deems the norm  
Yes I must get off this edge and live  
and make myself conform

*kelli abbott*

College Transfer

## Ad Infinitum (The Dimensions)

I've only really seen myself  
When looking in a mirror, with another one  
behind me.  
I can watch myself, watching myself,  
Watching myself, on and on--  
It is in that moment of time that I am eternal.  
I am infinite and can glimpse each facet,  
Each face that I've worn in my life.  
It is in that moment  
That I can jump into the mirror  
Into another dimension  
Where I alone am interdimensional-  
Interdimensional.  
Strange....

*Tim Daily*

College Transfer

## Catch The Falling Leaves

I haven't walked with Gramp in so long,  
yet I can smell the leaves in the fall wood.  
Walking through the woods together;  
me, scuffing through the leaves,  
catching them as they fall.  
Oh, they smell good as they fall in front of me;  
And all the while, Gramp followed behind  
without making a sound.  
I remember hunting trips  
where a rifle was not needed;  
only a stone wall on which to sit  
or a comfortable log. (Gramp preferred the wall.)  
We sat side by side for hours, just talking,  
we forgot about the squirrels in the trees.  
That talk could have been saved for his kitchen table,  
playing cards and drinking coffee;  
But no, things wouldn't have been the same  
for either of us.  
We walked through places that he remembered  
as great farmlands; now a maple bush;  
or a large orchard, now only home for the grouse.  
Do you see this sturdy man?  
who walks with so much pain,  
just to go where he had gone before,  
many years ago; this time to show you.  
And as you follow, think back  
and remember how you have grown in so many ways.  
Then listen...  
for this time,  
you are not in front  
or even beside,  
but in his footsteps,  
where the leaves are quiet.

*Warren Kimberly*  
Fish/Wildlife Management

## Remember... Saturday Morning

I wish I were home  
and everything was the way it used to be.  
I would wake in the morning  
and head up the hill for a cup of coffee  
(and maybe a doughnut).  
Before I would leave  
I would get some words of advice  
words that I had heard many times before;  
then I would head for the door,  
and receive a smile,  
and a smell of soup on the stove.  
  
Soon I would find my spot for the day;  
maybe under an oak or maple,  
or on the warming stone walls.  
And before I knew it  
the morning would be gone.  
I would walk silently through the woods  
back home again.

*Warren Kimberly*  
Fish/Wildlife Management

## To My Grandmother

Even as young as I was  
I can still remember the things you said.  
The knives you cut my soul with.  
I thought you would always  
Be able to look down on me.  
No matter how much I grew,  
You would always be taller.  
Now in present time  
I find myself shuffling my feet  
Through a sterile-white hallway.  
The sounds of nonsense words  
And unfounded laughter fill my ears.  
And there you are  
With eyes that glaze with nothing.  
I am now the one who can  
Look down on you.  
It would be so easy to insult you,  
You wouldn't remember anything I said.  
It would be easy to hate you  
And never come again.  
But when I look in those blank eyes,  
I can't do it.  
For as blank as your eyes may be,  
I can see my blood, my life, my heritage.  
To insult you would be  
Like insulting myself.  
And I won't be insulted any more.

*Ginger Shelton*  
College Transfer

## Goldsboro

Old man  
Nodding, not so little town  
A few blinks from sleep  
Watch the nasty garbage men afraid to strike  
for fear of losing Sunday's fine supper  
Just one crusted eye  
too greedy to close  
Wake up, old man  
Wash off your simple satisfactions  
They call you small and boring  
I say you're quaint and full of thought  
Come dance with me  
Old man, old man  
Lift your head high  
Smell the sweet bessies and honeysuckle  
Kick off your shoes and  
eat some BBQ and collards  
Throw your grandkids in the air  
Then rest, old man, if you must  
For even young bones get  
weary.

*Donna Beeler*  
College Transfer



## Compliments?

Stupid, idiot, nitwit, liar,  
Searing like machine gun fire,  
Imbecile, moron, halfwit, fool

Fragments of the devil's tool.  
Undeserving, degrading, shame  
All but letters in a name.

Rotten, mean, pervasive, low  
Not a human do they show.

*Kitty Sauls*  
College Transfer

**Over Under**  
*Jeff Morse*  
College Transfer  
Color and Design Class

## Our Own Book

We are all writing our own book.  
WOW! What a surprise (if you didn't realize it),  
But it is up to us, the individuals, to keep the writing going,  
To keep the material clean,  
To keep the contents interesting, but truthful  
And worth our writing  
And others' reading.  
Some of the books coming out today are so much alike.  
Although barely unique, no two are alike.  
Each movement is a word.  
All actions are sentences  
That form experiences  
That develop into the chapters of life  
By which a book is completed.  
To each book there is an end  
Which others reach before the writing is ready for publication.  
The reason for this is unknown,  
So do not continue the writing for someone else.  
Do it for yourself!

*Keith Flynn*  
College Transfer

## Disengagement

Detaching, Before placement  
Even as we were moving  
on a vector toward a rendezvous  
never made or arranged  
Wasted, Useless love,  
Could there ever be such a world?  
Burned blasted from the sky like  
a Jet caught in the wrong place  
exhausted, out of power, doomed to  
the long, fast fall.  
Wasted, Useless love  
could it be  
your messages  
meant more than I saw  
only what would work for me  
Mixed at best I know better  
now  
I just wish... the  
experience was not so dear  
*Greg Keeter*  
College Transfer

## Poem

A scale of life through love  
Flowers the season's thirst  
From the Heavens above  
To the Hell of hate's lust  
Ever folding from seed to dust

*James E. Wells*  
Pre-Engineering

## Words From A Poem

Do not analyze me;  
For I am larger than the night,  
And shine brighter than a star.

Do not criticize me;  
For I am extraordinary,  
And the heart of a revolution.

One cannot master me,  
For the whole world is my muse  
And harmony is my achievement.

*Stevie Goodman*  
College Transfer



## **One Magic Moment**

*Tonya Parnell, College Transfer*

The sun was setting over the trees. Dusk was approaching quickly, and I still had not seen any sign of a rabbit. Walking carefully along a trampled-down path in the woods, I whistled for my dog. I could hear him. He was not far away. I continued to walk quietly, but I began to think of home. It was only a few minutes before the sun would retire for the night. It would be too dark to see anyway. It was then that I saw a slight movement in the path ahead of me. My mind was seized with images of rabbit gumbo. Excitedly, I pressed forward for a better look. Whatever it was, it was standing in the middle of the path staring at me. The animal was hidden slightly by the tree's shadows. No, it could not be a rabbit. It was too big. I walked closer. The animal remained frozen to the spot. Was it a cat? I presumed it must be because I saw fluffy white fur under its neck. I crept even closer. No, it could not be a cat. I tried to distinguish its features as I approached. I stopped within a hundred yards of the animal. It moved only slightly, still intent on my presence. Then, something magical happened. As the sun lowered over the trees, a beam of light trickled through the tree limbs and landed squarely on the animal, illuminating it with an unnatural splendor. The animal I was looking at was the elusive Red Fox. We stared at each other, eye to eye, neither breathing nor moving. The fox's amber eyes held me transfixed. It was as if he were speaking to me in some language that only the heart could understand. I felt that I knew him in some odd way. He must have recognized me from another time or another place. I drank in the sight of his fur reflecting the dying sunlight. The fox was shining with such intensity that I had to squint to avoid the glare. The fox appeared to be made out of pure gold, a treasure that would have been prized by a pharaoh in ancient times. I gasped in wonder. The light then disappeared as the sun faded into the sky. The spell that bound the fox and me together was apparently broken after I blinked my eyes. He blinked in response and then ran off into the woods. I clasped my shotgun tighter and ran after him, not to shoot him, but rather to catch one more glimpse of him before he was gone forever. I heard a commotion in the woods. My dog had seen the fox and was in pursuit; neither my dog nor I ever saw the fox again.

As I was walking toward home with my dog lagging behind me, I could not help but reflect on the experience I had. I had never seen a fox that close before. The fox shared something with me. It was silent, but it was mutual. Two beings from two different worlds met and enchanted one another with their presence. Fox is in season, I had my gun, I could have shot him and been the hero of the day, but I could not do it. Shooting him was the farthest thing from my mind. I know that fox. Like two old friends, we recognized each other, conversed, and went our separate ways, back to our separate lives. I was humbled when I met my old friend. It was a magic moment.

## Deadly Beauty

Slithering, sliding  
Crawling across the sand  
Beautiful but deadly thing  
Part of this desolate land.

Rattles erect and buzzing  
Tell me you're too near.  
Go away, you lovely thing.  
You deadly thing I fear.

Diamonds coiled and ready  
Deadly coils of brown and gold.  
The sight of you so ready to strike  
Makes my blood run cold.

Slither away, crawl away.  
I'm no threat to you.  
You're a thing of beauty.  
But I know you're deadly, too.

*Dot Elledge*  
Director of Library Services

## Mountain Nightfall

I stand at the top of a mountain  
And look toward the valley below.  
Purple shadows of evening surround me.  
Somewhere a nightbird cries soft and low.  
The moon lies low on the horizon;  
A breeze steals softly past.  
The mantle of night drops lower,  
And the stars come out at last.  
The night bird cries from the shadows;  
A coyote howls far away.  
The peace of night enfolds me  
As nightfall ends the day.

*Dot Elledge*  
Director of Library Services



**Generation of Hands ~ Karen Gerrard, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class**

### **Upon Returning To My Childhood Home**

Upon returning to my childhood home, I find the places I had known  
No longer exist, save in my mind, where I can always visit and find  
The playgrounds of my youthful years. There as a child I had no fears.  
I had no cares of future days, I was a child about child's ways.

Time moved on, and so did we: I was forced to leave the playground behind me.  
Time has changed and so have I. I can no longer see a mountain high.  
Instead, before my eyes appear rusted metal and dangerous old gears.

A child's wonder and delight, that is what has left my sight.  
Monsters, planets, and far off lands, I can not find them with my hands.  
However, let children run free, play with them and you will see  
Wonder and magic far and wide, for magic and youth go side by side.

J. Aric Baker  
College Transfer

## **Who Is She?**

*Kim Ingram, Electronics*

I will never forget the look on my dad's face when he finally received his war medals twenty-five years after World War II was over. In my eyes he looked like the sole defender of the flag with arms of steel. It was a proud moment for our family watching that immense man tower over the reporter who was interviewing him for a spot in the local paper. I knew then how that reporter must have felt. I was a small child at the time and also had to look up at this giant of a man with shoulders as broad as a door frame. I always carried the highest respect for my dad. I admired him not only because of his physical size but because of his inner strength.

Years later after a failed marriage and all the bills it incurred, I was working hard to make it. I had arrived early that morning to work at the Pepsi Bottling Company where I was employed. It was Saturday and I, along with several others, had volunteered to work the weekend. On my way to work that morning, I had stopped by the store to pick up my hangover remedies, which consisted of a large cup of coffee and a generous fill of vitamins and aspirin. The night before had been a late and physically demanding one, but it wouldn't stop there. After all, it was Saturday, and along with that came Saturday night. A few of my co-workers and I were regular running mates, blowing money and stirring up trouble at every opportunity.

Later on, it had been a long morning, but the work had been at a relatively easy pace. We were working only half a day, so we knew it would be over before we realized it.

Even though my friends did not come right out and say so, I knew that they respected me in many ways. I was well known for being outspoken and honest. I had inherited my dad's size, sense of humor, and sure self-confidence.

Break time finally arrived, and we all gathered in the line supervisor's office to smoke cigarettes, drink Pepsi and talk over manly things like cars and hunting. It was a small office but big enough to hold our little group. We all took our usual seats with the supervisor perched on top of his desk, my other friends sitting in chairs around the desk, and me myself seated behind his desk.

Just before our break was over, the phone rang and the supervisor answered it. He then handed me the receiver without telling me who it was. At this time everyone became quiet, either out of respect or most likely out of curiosity. I conversed on the phone for a short while, and before hanging up I said, "I love you, too." Once the receiver was replaced in its cradle I looked around to see all my friends, every one with huge, knowing smiles on their faces. Then they began firing the questions... "Who is she?" "What is her name?" "What does she look like?" I let them go on for a minute longer; then I said, "It was my dad." You could have heard a pin drop. About a minute must have passed before a sound was made. My best friend, his face slightly red, said, "I think that was the coolest thing I have ever heard." All heads nodded in agreement.

## Camelot No More....

### Scott Hill, College Transfer

*NOTE: Even though this story is based in historical fact, I've used dramatic license to enhance the narrative. I in no way endorse any of these theories as one hundred percent accurate. The Author*

It is the twenty-second of November in the year of our Lord nine hundred sixty-three. A clock in the square reads 12:30, as Arthur astride his noble steed gallops down a cobblestone path in London. The crack of a crossbow is heard. Arthur plummets from his steed and lies motionless on the cobblestone road, a bolt protruding from his bloodsoaked armor. A smile is seen in the shadows. Onto the cobblestone path, a tear falls. In the distance a baby cries. Camelot is no more.

It's November 22, 1963. The digital clock that adorns the Hertz rent-a-car sign atop the Texas School Book Depository reads 12:30, as Kennedy in his majestic Lincoln convertible limousine proceeds down Elm Street in Dallas. The assassin peers out from the sixth floor window of the depository, waiting anxiously for his moment, his chance to fulfill his destiny, to take his rightful place in history. He raises his Italian Carcano and peers down through the telescopic sight. The moment is at hand; it is time for history to be made. He gently squeezes the trigger, and the 6.5mm bullet races down into Dealey Plaza and enters Kennedy's body in the back of the neck and rips all the way through to the front, carrying a mass of blood and tissue with it. Page one of the story has been written, but it is not yet finished; Kennedy is still alive; he must die to insure the assassin's place in history. The assassin clears and reloads the chamber on the rifle and fires again. A miss. No, this can't be; the assassin feels his place in history slipping from his grasp. He has time for one more shot. His last chance. He reloads and fires his final hope for immortality. It screams down into the plaza like a demon from the bowels of hell, entering the vessel of the soul it wishes to claim and bursts forth, taking a large portion of the President's brain with it. In the depository Oswald bathes in the glory of his achievement. Onto Elm street, a tear falls. In the distance, a baby cries. Camelot is no more.

It's November 22, 1963. The digital clock that adorns the Hertz rent-a-car sign atop the Texas School Book Depository reads 12:30, as Kennedy in his majestic Lincoln convertible limousine proceeds down Elm street in Dallas. The two assassins wait eagerly for their chance to rid the world of the one individual who is the threat to their control of the United States. Kennedy is now in their sights, the time is at hand, the world will be theirs. The first assassin peers over the wall atop the grassy knoll that separates him from Dealey Plaza and from detection. He fires. The shot imbeds itself in Kennedy's throat. A reminder, the assassin muses, if he survives, of the CIA operatives he left stranded in Cuba, but the assassin knows he won't survive; he can't survive. The balance of power depends on it. It is the second assassin's turn. He pulls the trigger with no regret that his victim won't survive. His bullet will be a restatement of the power that Kennedy sought to destroy by attempting to disband the CIA and FBI. A miss. His statement goes undeclared. It is up to the first assassin to complete the assignment. He has the President's head in his sights. This will be vindication against the man who unseated from power the believed-to-be-untouchable Allen Dulles. He fires, ripping the right side of Kennedy's skull apart. In Washington, Hoover breathes easier. McCone pauses for a moment before destroying a file. Onto Elm street, a tear falls. In the distance, a baby cries. Camelot is no more.

It's November 22, 1963. The digital clock that adorns the Hertz rent-a-car sign atop the Texas School Book Depository reads 12:30, as Kennedy in his majestic Lincoln convertible limousine proceeds down Elm street in Dallas.....the quest for the truth begins.

## **A Sudden Awakening** *Bob West, College Transfer*

To say that November 22, 1963, was a sad day is comparable to saying a nuclear bomb is a firecracker. Nothing in my short young life could have prepared me for the shock I was about to receive. The events of that day began at their usual school-day pace and continued more or less routinely until just before lunch. It was at this time that my teacher told the class he had an important announcement to make. Coming out of a daydream, I studied his face for clues and decided this was not going to be a "good" announcement.

Mr. Zerryl usually had a smile on his face, and his hair was always neatly combed. Today, as I waited for him to speak, I noticed he looked worried and disheveled. The teacher who had all the answers suddenly looked very confused. He was looking at a piece of paper which he said had come from the office. Then, in a grim voice, he read the message. "President Kennedy is visiting Dallas, Texas, today, and there are reports that someone has tried to shoot him. We are going to watch the news reports instead of having our regular classes." I looked around at my classmates, trying to find the hint of a smile or a giggle that would give the game away, only to find the same shocked expression of disbelief on each face. My mind refused to accept what I had just heard. Even as the television was switched on and the picture began to focus, I was telling myself that this had to be a bad joke.

My disbelief was transformed to shock as the newsmen filled in the details. "Three or four shots had been fired," they said. "There are unconfirmed reports that the President has been hit." Everyone was allowed to go to lunch with the promise of an announcement if there was any important news. I wondered if "important news" meant to my classmates what it did to me.

To a group of elementary school children, going to lunch is an enjoyable social event. Normally, they seek out their best friends, and like a noisy troop of monkeys, they descend on the lunchroom. That day, as I walked from the classroom, the absence of noise was painfully noticeable. There was none of the usual running or laughing. When someone spoke, it was in a whisper. An image flickered in my mind, which although disturbing, helped me identify the seriousness of the day's event and my feelings about it. The year before, my fourth grade teacher had announced to the class that her two young boys had died. She told us they had wandered away from the house to a nearby pond.

Searchers had found them floating in the water holding hands. That story had made me very sad, and it was an image of those boys that came to me as I walked into the lunchroom.

Nothing in this room was normal. The ladies in the serving line seemed to be in slow motion. The click of the spoon as food was plopped on the tray was replaced with a quiet drop. At the table all the children were whispering with innocent voices of hope and confusion: "Maybe they missed the President." "I hope they missed Jackie." "Who would want to kill him?" Even the clang and bang of the empty trays as they were scraped and washed had diminished. Nothing felt, looked, or sounded the way it should. I began to feel angry. A group of girls at the end of my table had begun to cry. I felt embarrassed. Perhaps there is something wrong with me, I thought. Why am I not crying? Why do I feel angry? I felt like screaming at those girls, "Why don't you shut up? He's not dead!" Of course I didn't. I understood their fear; I was feeling it myself. Somebody with a gun had managed to shake the whole world.

A disembodied voice coming over the loudspeaker told us to pick up our personal belongings after lunch and go home. The school was to close, and we should ask our parents to explain things to us. Upon returning home, I learned that the President was dead. The television footage of the motorcade was shown over and over again. It disgusted me, but I could not stop watching it; nobody who owned a television could. It was like an endless train never stopping and never reaching its destination. I was proud of Jackie for climbing onto the back of the car and motioning to the Secret Service Agent, who was trying to reach the car. Years later, I would learn that she had a different reason for exposing herself to danger. She was retrieving a piece of the President's skull which had been blown onto the trunk.

The capture of the supposed assassin and his unplanned execution gave me little consolation; however, I must admit, I felt he got what he deserved. On the 20th of November, two days before President Kennedy left this world, I had been celebrating the day I came into it. Life had been full of wonderful childish things. On the 22nd, a thunderclap of reality shook me to my foundation. In the time it took to pull a trigger, my innocence had been stolen and was gone forever.

# The Spot

Mike Zebrowski, Fish & Wildlife Management Technology

I had heard many others speak of "the spot." Each described it differently. "The spot" was always a place where trout were biting 24 hours a day, whitetails with massive racks hid out, 25-pound turkeys with 113-inch beards played, bob-whites were as numerous as stars in the sky, and rabbits held conventions.

As a young impressionable 11-year-old new to outdoor adventures, I dreamed of finding "the spot." I sought out the older, more experienced, and asked how to find it. Answers were normally cloaked in secrecy: "over the hill," "around the bend," "up past the ridge," you'll know it when you see it," etc. . . . Through the years I have searched and searched for "the spot." I came close many times. I'd gone over a hill and found the scratchings of big Tom turkeys not long departed. Around the bend, I'd seen coveys of quail flying off into the distance. I arrived up past the ridge just in time to see the grandfather of all deer vanish into thin air. I evaluated these as "spots," not "the spot."

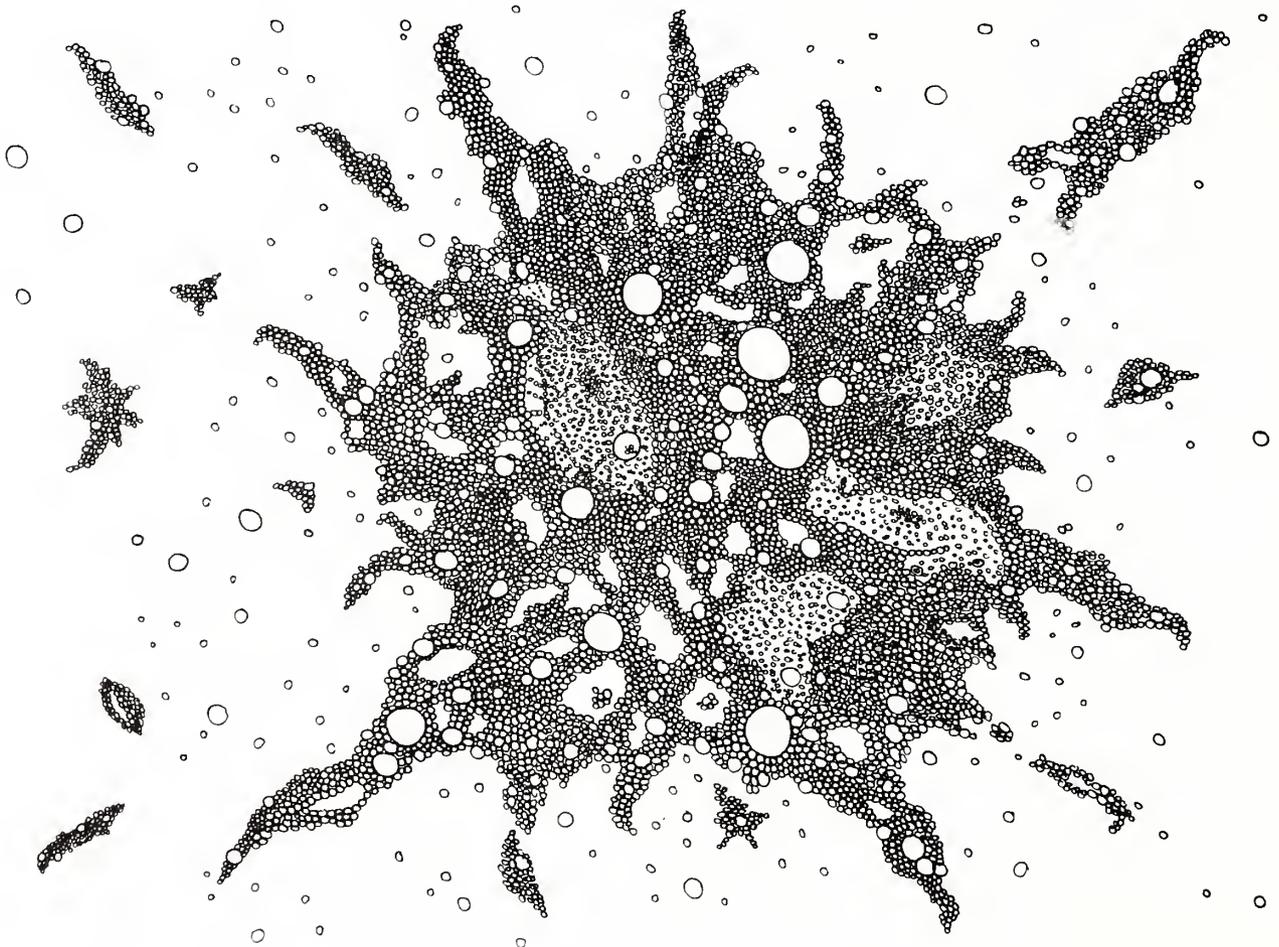
As I grew older and matured, the search for "the spot" never left me, and I met many people who also searched for "the spot." Not unexpectedly, they all saw it as something

different. Unlike me, not everyone thought of it in terms of hunting or fishing. Some did not see it as a physical place. When asked, they would speak of a place of solitude, or one of a myriad of other pleasurable scenarios. Unfortunately, not all saw it as pleasure.

During my tour with the defenders of this country, I sadly heard from others who defined "the spot" as a place of death and personal destruction.

I have learned that each of us has his or her own vision of "the spot." It is a place where we want to be at a certain point in our lives. For some: marriage, children, power, prestige. . . For others: a meal, clothes, a job. . . All sought after in our own ways. For good or bad, we have all worked hard to get to it.

I continue to search for "the spot." It continues to be the perfect outdoor adventure: leaves blanketing an open wooded area, frost covering all, the wind silent. Turkey, deer, and quail are in abundance. A stream loaded with hungry trout flows nearby. When I find "the spot," I will be happy and sad: happy to know that it exists, sad to know I will never leave.



Bubbles with Fish ~ Dayna R. Herring, Technical Core Curriculum, Basic Drawing Class



**Self-Portrait**

*Joy Kilpatrick, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class*

## For Anna

Would that all your pains were eased, if only for a while  
My life would end full pleased in purchase of your smile.  
For fulfillment of your heart so tenderly with mine  
I would bide in endless torment, if only peace be thine.

Never short of laughter, nor abstained from bliss  
If angels follow after I would give you this.  
Wings of gold would mark in twain your purest glad desire  
I would die and burn and die again to keep you from the fire.

Small sacrifice my life would be to know you felt no pain  
If you dwelt in perfect eternal glee, I did not exist in vain.  
My single wish is for thy love and my love is thine  
To give you peace with God above, I would forfeit mine.

*Stephen Lassiter*  
College Transfer

## Strongest Weakness

You were my strongest weakness,  
My hardest habit to break.  
You put the greatest strain on my heart--  
More than it could possibly take.

You were my purest obsession,  
The strings that kept my soul bound,  
The keeper of the key to my heart,  
The truest love I had ever found.

You were the knife that cut my heart to shreds,  
The hammer that broke that same shredded heart.  
The spider that lured me into its web;  
Of my life, you were the most integral part.

Now you are my most haunting memory,  
The dream that awakens me from my sleep,  
The one whose image will always be  
Buried in my heart so deep.

You were my strongest weakness,  
My hardest habit to break,  
My first and greatest true love,  
Whose memory I will never forsake.

*Christie Price*  
Nursing

Without you right here  
It is hard to remember  
Just why you were here.

*Donna Beeler*  
College Transfer

## Blind Love

The moonlight rolls around the  
leaves engulfing them like a warm  
blanket; it streams down onto your  
face illuminating your crystal clear  
blue eyes. They sparkle with the  
intensity of your true being, full of  
the desire for life and love. The  
desire is so strong that you are only  
capable of putting forth your undeniable  
best. Your eyes sparkle with the  
longing to belong to that special  
one, the one who will complete the  
circle that you have started. The  
desire drives you unrelentlessly  
forward, past all of the fallen  
loves you once endured. Your face  
gleams with the hope and willingness  
of a new, promising fulfillment.  
The burning desire to love and be  
loved radiates from your entire body.  
Your love is so pure and complete  
that it makes you seem childlike,  
and I fall in love with you all  
over again.

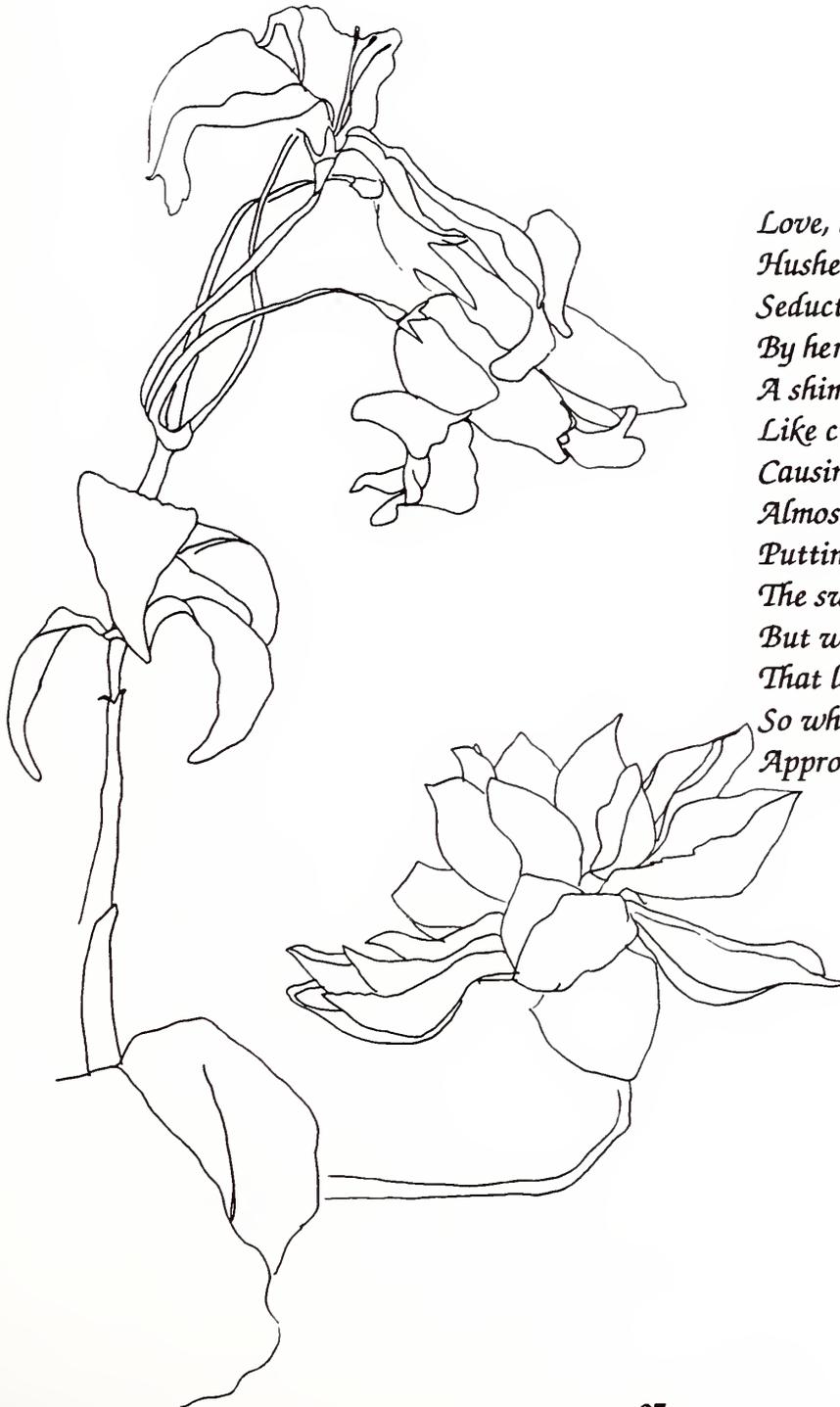
*Pam Sykes*  
College Transfer

## Disarranged Centerpiece

Rishelle Miller

College Transfer

Basic Drawing Class



### A Gentle Love

*Love, like the moon's reflection on a lake,  
Hushed and tranquil, waiting for her rapture.  
Seductive song of night to make hearts ache,  
By her pure beauty, the soul enrapture.  
A shimmering arrow aimed at your heart,  
Like cupid's spell, the lunar lights appear,  
Causing your mind and senses to depart.  
Almost against your will, you are drawn near.  
Putting out your hand, you long so to feel  
The sweet caress of the rippling waters.  
But when you touch it, it breaks to reveal  
That love, when too roughly handled, shatters.  
So when next you see the moon's reflection,  
Approach it with the gentlest affection.*

Scott Hill  
College Transfer

### The Light

The light that shines upon  
Your beauty as a person  
Brings joy to me  
And I love you  
As a brook loves its pebbles.

Lori Dixon  
College Transfer

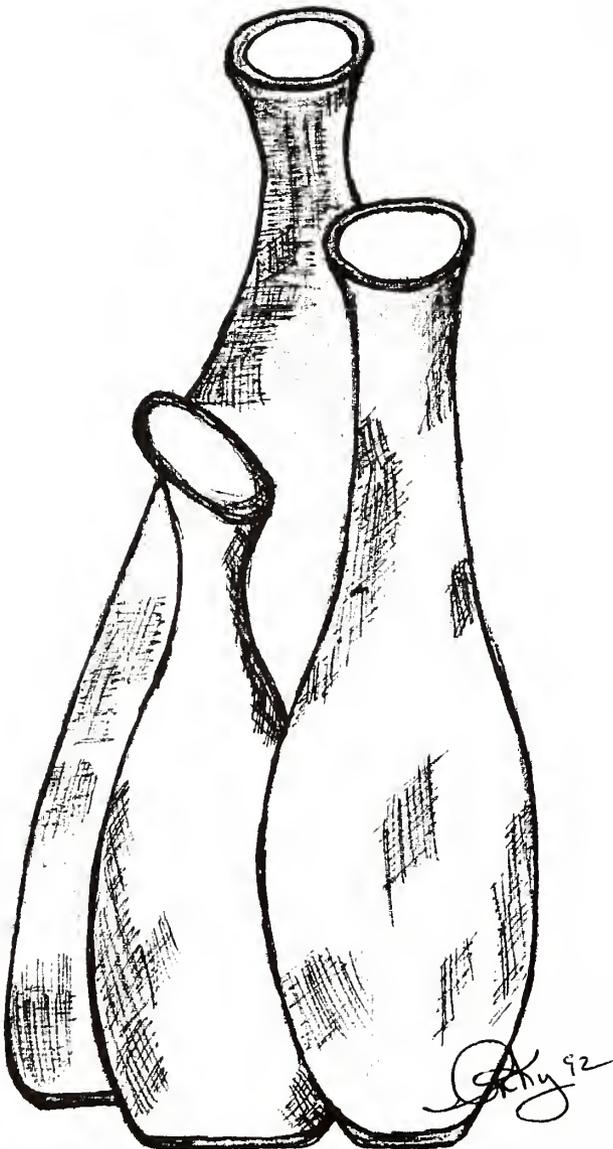
## Response To Jack London's "Law of Life"

As words written describing the beauty of Nature  
And the next line a devastating contradiction,  
Leaving light blushes of spring, after the winter snow,  
Taking along with it an unweary soul.

Caring not what race, creed or color:  
His philosophy so contradictory to the other.  
To place such a crisp and clean view,  
Over one, known not to be true.

Nature's blind path must be met by everyone;  
All walk toward a same dim fate,  
Leaving their past behind in the wind;  
Blowing by was a life filled with knowledge, serenity,  
Passion and spoiled by a hate.

*Stevie Goodman*  
College Transfer



**Vases ~ Inky Bowden, Housekeeping Staff**

## The Black Wine

Over and through the books we pored  
Searching for spells divine.  
Away and higher our spirits soared  
Shadowing the moon's sweet shine.  
We had drunk black wine.

At last we found what seemed to us  
A powerful magical spell.  
My knife to his throat I swiftly thrust  
And his soul descended to Hell.  
I had known him well.

Enchantments I sang and through the air  
Rode fiends who were blazing afire.  
Naught but the sound of their screams was there  
Echoing hellish desire.  
They called me sire.

One of the company screamed my name  
And struck me from behind.  
As I died in searing pain and flame  
His memory tore my mind.  
He had drunk black wine.

*Stephen Lassiter*  
College Transfer

## Reflections of Annabel Lee

*"... It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee. . ."*

-Edgar Allan Poe

The oozing slither of the black creek catches her eye.  
The sky above she watches in the water.  
The sun bleeds red into the murkiness of the creek,  
A bloody union, a matrimony, a bond she remembers well.

Her weary body leans against the chilling roughness of the tree.  
Its bark grabs savagely at her gown, tugs her to it,  
as she starts to move on.

The tiny black threads rip silently as she pulls away,  
Her crown of midnight silk falling over her moon-white shoulder.

Orbs of darkness, her eyes, half veiled by the black silk  
that drapes before them, continue to pierce the very  
soul of the creek,

Searching for something in the life-giving blood.  
Nothing is there and she turns to glide on by the  
slithering body that stretches before her.

She melts into the darkness, her kingdom by the sea.

*Stephanie Hunt*  
English Instructor

## Dryads at Midnight

Between the forest and the city that I knew,  
I saw the fires burning; trees glowing, dying,  
And in those trees, I saw a demon presiding,  
Its branched horns lowered to the fire.  
It seemed to prod the tortured embers  
With its disfigured fork, twisting and turning them  
To hear the chilling cackle of the flames  
In the wind and in the illuminated smoke.  
I saw in those embers all my old selves.  
The smoke rose into the blue-black of the midnight,  
Leaving only the ashes of former existence behind,  
While the wood-demon prodded further.  
And in that scene I saw the redemption, in fire  
Of all my souls, of all my selves.  
The pain of the charring wood touched me--  
It blackened and disintegrated, back to the earth.  
In some short day, its ashes will mix  
Into the decay of old life  
To nourish that which is new.  
The smoke rose into the blue-black of midnight  
To join with the air, to join with the day.  
By morning the demon's fire will be extinguished.  
And all that was old shall be renewed.  
(The ocean of Light drowns the Prince of Darkness)

*Tim Daily*  
College Transfer



**Tormented** ~ *Kelli Abbott*, College Transfer

## In the Company of Toads

Denise Deisler, College Transfer

I grew up in mid-stream, mid-American, mid-income mediocrity. My parents actively pursued the "American Dream." Towards this endeavor they went to great pains to instill in my brothers, sister, and me the appropriate values. Presenting the perfect image was equally important. Togetherness was the norm. We had family picnics, family meetings, family drives, and family outings. In the midst of all this togetherness, I longed for a little solitude and privacy—an opportunity to be alone with my thoughts.

One of my favorite family outings provided the sanctuary I yearned for. Every spring, armed with bright yellow and blue plastic beach pails, my mother, brothers, sister, and I would pile into the car and head for the strawberry fields. Our mission was to gather as many plump, juicy strawberries as our pails would hold.

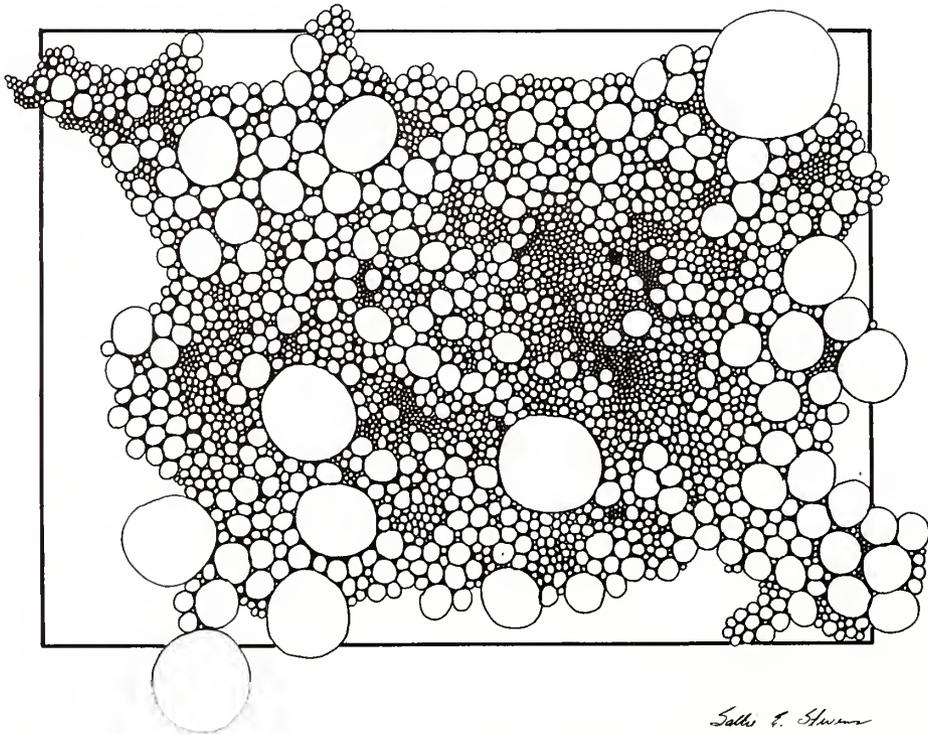
When we arrived early in the morning, the air smelled rain-fresh clean. The cotton candy wisps that accompanied the sun's rising were fading. My brothers, Van and Brad, ran towards the group of trees that were standing watch over our field. They would spend the day there fighting and scrapping—a comic strip frame of arms, legs, and dust flying. They always emerged, crew cuts intact, smelling like wet dogs and butch wax. My tow-headed, porcelain-faced little sister Sara took her place at my mother's side. She always had to cling to someone, and this day, thankfully, it was not I. With my family occupied, I was fairly certain I would not be disturbed. To further ensure my privacy, I selected my spot as far away from the others as possible.

Sitting on my inverted yellow bucket, I flicked at the bush in front of me. Emerald and ruby dew drops danced in the bright light of morning. A checkerboard of wheat and corn, golden and shimmering green, stretched before me. This vast, flat, rural Indiana land was the backdrop for my dreams. It expanded to the horizon and melted into the sky. The sky was like a watercolor palette of greens and blues fanning up to the now hazy yellow sun.

As the cool, damp morning gave way to the hot, dry afternoon, I abandoned my perch. I lay face down on the ground. The dank, musty smell of earth filled my head. I knew if I lay perfectly still, he would come. A slight rustling preceded his arrival. He sat before me, bloated, in muted shades of mud and green. I began to share with him my every fantasy and dream. I knew he would listen intently and offer a slow blink of understanding or a low croak of approval. In the company of toads, you could be whoever you wanted to be.

So, together, my toad and I filled the afternoon with a kaleidoscope of flights and fancies. Then the sweet smelling strawberry bush cast a shadow on my toad, signaling it was time to go. My empty yellow pail in hand, I strolled towards the car and my waiting family. I stopped and turned for one last look. I inhaled deeply and scanned my surroundings. I drank in the sights, sounds, and smells of my dream and imprinted them in my mind. Then, in a hushed whisper, I said good-bye to the fields, the toad, and solitude.

Now, thirty years later, when life is too busy and full for solitude, I go back to the strawberry fields of my mind. I find peace there—in the company of toads.



*Sallie F. Stevens*

**Sallie's Bubbles** ~ Sallie Stevens, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

## He Was a Policeman

My daddy's a police officer  
The little boy said  
He couldn't help but smile  
He held up his head

My husband's a police officer  
A faint smile on her lips  
Every time he leaves the house  
Her heart begins to skip

My partner's a police officer  
Well, I guess I'm one too  
We put our lives on the line  
For people just like you

I pick up my partner  
We go for a drive  
Our only real concern  
Is can we stay alive

A call came over the radio  
Robbery taking place  
Just around the corner  
We quickened up the pace

We arrived at the scene  
A quiet section of town  
Suddenly a shot  
My partner went down

His wife lost her lover  
his kid lost his dad,  
I'm a cop without a partner  
The best friend I ever had

*Wendy Turner*  
Business Computer Programming

## War

Bombs dropping,  
Children dying.  
Mothers crying,

Soldiers firing,  
Bullets flying,  
Innocents dying.

Sirens sounding,  
Everyone praying,  
Ground exploding.

Snipers firing,  
People running,  
Bodies falling.

Homes burning,  
Families hoping,  
That the war is ending.

The innocents dying--the atrocities of war.

*R. Jason Snyder*  
College Transfer

## The Retiree's Lament

Long days, useless days,  
Time slowly passing,  
All in a haze.

Nothing to do but sit and rock.  
Walk a little, watch the clock,  
Wash a few dishes, sweep the floor,  
Take a nap, then nap some more.

All alone, all through the day,  
Nothing to do, nothing to say,  
All alone with nothing to do,  
And nobody to say nothing to.

Wife's still working,  
I'm home all day,  
Nothing to do, nothing to say.  
Seventy-five years have come and gone,

Now I'm retired, home all alone.  
Watch a little TV, don't wanna read a book,  
Just sit on the porch and rock and look  
At all of the neighbors passing by,  
Smile and nod, sometimes say hi.

*Dot Elledge*  
Director of Library Services

## A Mother Faces Reality (with apologies to Wordsworth)

My heart leaps up when I behold  
My daughter with the box  
Of Raisin Bran in her young hand.  
Alas! My heart resumes its place.  
She seeks the bonus pack of gum,  
Not the 45% Recommended Daily Allowance of Iron  
Nor the fifteen other vitamins and minerals  
Available in each serving of cereal.

*Rosalyn F. Lomax*  
English Instructor

## Footprint at the End of the Path

*Donna Beeler, College Transfer*

The dirt path seemed especially dry and lengthy on that last day of school. The pale powdery sand lay napping in the morning sun. At a quarter past seven o'clock, the screen door swung open to its fullest and out burst fifty-three pounds of pure energy. Chaos arose among the sleeping grains of sand as each foot rose and fell in steady, hard repetition.

This short excerpt from one of the many scenes filed among my childhood memories brings a smile and a warm feeling in my heart. Because of the many difficulties in adulthood, I often recall some of these memories as sources of comfort.

Inventing games, pulling pranks, being the leader of the gang, telling risqué jokes and pronouncing difficult words people twice my age couldn't master--these were only a few of the amusements I entertained myself with as a child.

One such amusement presented itself on an unusually warm October evening just before dusk. My sisters and I were lying in the front yard on a homemade quilt, spread out over the grass. Clad only in the slightest sleepwear, we wrestled and tossed on the pallet, taking advantage of the bright fall evening.

Being the most tomboyish and owning the loudest, heaviest voice, I was the natural leader of our tiny tribe. As the evening progressed, we tired of our horseplay and began to lull into a peaceful quiet. It was suggested that we make up tales or repeat versions of old favorites.

My sisters always displayed a great amount of enthusiasm when it came to my storytelling. I spared no gory detail and included as many naughty words as I could get away with. I knew all the things my sisters were afraid of, from the slimiest bullfrog that could leave warts in the palm of the hand, to gila monsters, to the legendary Wampus Cat. This particular night I decided to call on my old pal, the Wampus Cat.

I'd whisper low so they'd have to lean in close to hear my mischievous tale, and it didn't hurt that this method kept the adults from overhearing should I decide to embellish my whisperings with a cuss or two.

Now, the Wampus Cat was infamous in our neck of the woods. That's exactly where we lived--six miles out of town, a half a mile from a state mental institution, at the end of an eighth of a mile-long dirt road, surrounded by woods, corn fields, a river on one side, cow pastures behind us--in other words, our neck of the woods.

As I continued my grossest description of this hairy, fang-toothed, clawed creature, with the body of a man and the tail of a wild bull, who wailed insanities into the night, I could see the glistening of my companions' eyes as they watered and bulged. With each sentence their grips on the pallet got tighter, and I could feel their tiny little bodies slightly trembling against me.

Well, at that very moment, nature could not have been a better friend, for not ten feet across the road from where we lay, a nice, fat jack-rabbit leapt from the woods. For my sisters, it might as well have been old Mr. Wampus Cat himself because they were screaming and flew in the house quicker than gas catches fire.

What a night to remember. I am filled with such pleasing memories and anecdotes from my younger days and the few precious moments spent with people I love.

Because of my family, my upbringing, and the strength and love that were taught and shared, there is a me.

I am all the love that was bred in me. I am all the memories in the diary of my heart and mind. I am the next breath I take. And when there is no love, no memory and no breath, there will be no me.

## The Renewal

Stephanie Doreen Davis, Special Studies

Janie, clenching her hands on the sink, looks out her yellow-curtained kitchen window at the soft clouds floating in the bright crystal clear blue sky. Her eyes fall and linger on the two dogwood trees that she and her beloved husband had planted on their first wedding anniversary so many years ago. The full-blown blossoms have painted the ground a snowy white just like their first Christmas was. She wishes he were here to share the quiet beauty with her. A wish that can never be! That car! That awful, wicked car! It took his life, and with that taking destroyed hers. Her heart cries out in despair, why, why? Loneliness eats at her heart. She feels limp as a dish rag, useless.

Tears unheeded fall down her cheeks into her stainless steel sink. With her once beautiful hair pulled carelessly back, her clothes wrinkled and worn, her once bright blue eyes dulled—glazed, Janie turns the butcher knife slowly in her hands testing its sharpness against her little finger. She raises it high in the air, shuts her eyes tightly, then with a mighty thrust—she rams it through the wilted cabbage lying defenselessly in the sink.

Suddenly Janie's head snaps back. She raises her hand, dropping the knife as if it were a rattlesnake, and her senses reel. What is she doing? He wouldn't have wanted this. Why, he had loved life. They both had loved and lived life to its fullest. He had always said, "Life is for living." She has to go on, for him, for herself.

Janie walks determinedly to the front door and looks out at the children playing and laughing there in the street. She calls to them, "Come, we'll make cookies." She leaves the door wide open and rushes to the kitchen, pulling out bowls, pans, flour, eggs, sugar, butter and spices.

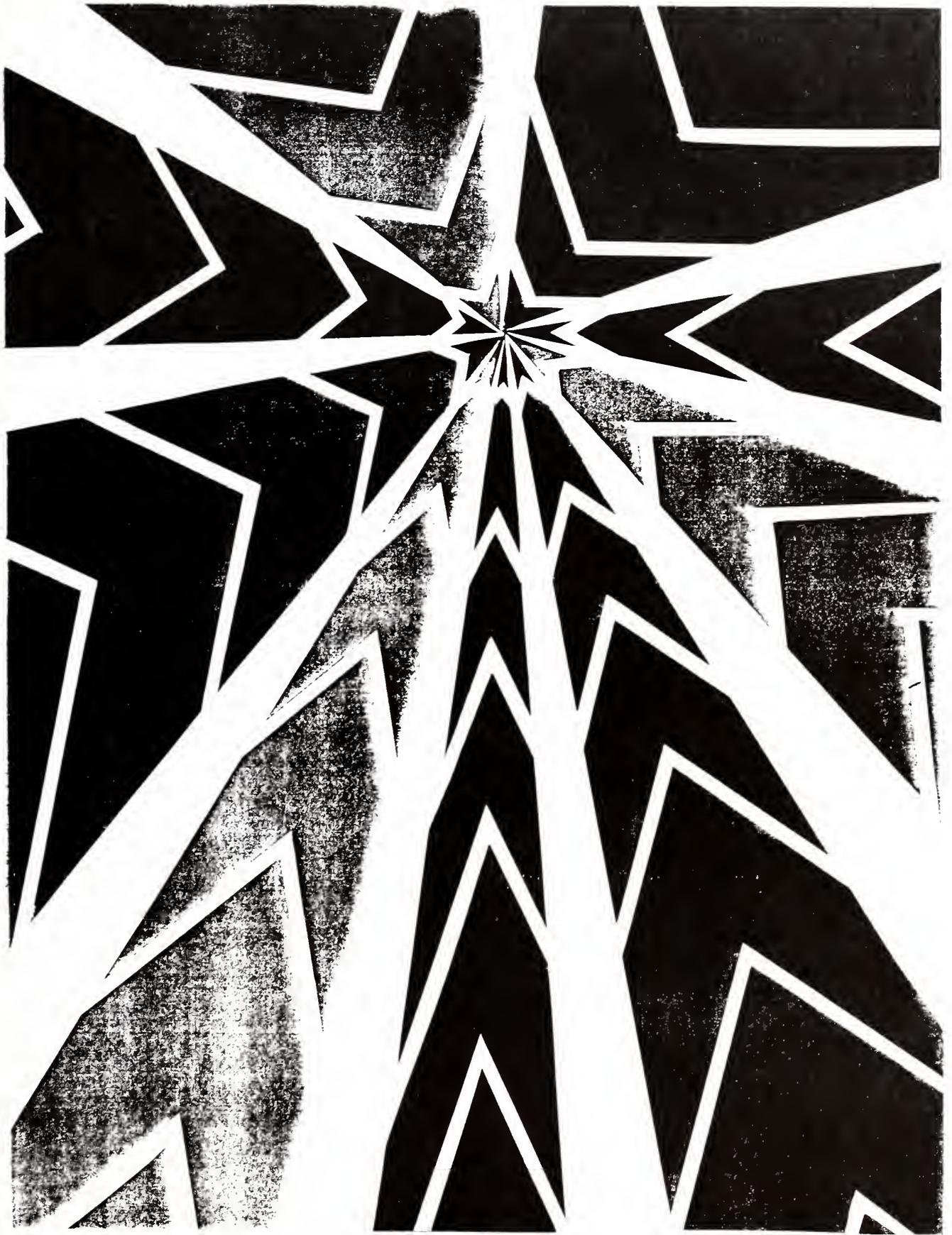
Lord, it has been so long since she last made gingerbread!

## Decision

Am I only a ship on an open sea  
Rolling and tossing aimlessly?  
Should I drop anchor and gently sway  
Or should I let the winds sweep me away?  
On these waves of life I see a distant light,  
A bright light of safety--what a wonderful sight!  
As I sail toward the beacon of safe keeping  
I hear the winds of life sweeping.  
I dock my boat, leaving the legends of the sea  
And begin to wander aimlessly.  
I choose a path no one will walk  
And on this path silently talk to myself.  
On this journey, I hear, but never listen  
I look, but never see the morning dew glisten.  
I long to return to the sea, miles beyond another's reach.  
I yearn to feel God's hand touch each of the rolling waves.  
My soul belongs to the open sea--  
Where I will never wander aimlessly.

*Amy Aldridge*

College Transfer



**Kaleidoscope**, *Rishelle Miller*, College Transfer, Color and Design Class

## **The Day I Lost My Son**

*Mary Kay Peck, Special Studies*

I looked down, then around, and with a fear that was raw I knew from that place deep down inside me (some people call it a sixth sense) that my son was nowhere near me. Most people have experienced that feeling of raw fear in a nightmare. My nightmare turned into reality during a family vacation to Disney World.

In the summer of 1990, I wanted my family to have a vacation, something my children could look back on and find a happy memory. That spring my husband Pete had been diagnosed with lung cancer. Although a doctor had not said it verbally, I knew his time was short. I called one of his uncles and asked him if he could help pay for the trip. Within two weeks, not one but three uncles sent us all the money we would need. Disney World also has a policy of helping any terminally ill visitor. So instead of one or two days there, we were able to spend four days and three nights.

Each day I told Amanda and Robbie that before dinner we would stop at a gift store so they could buy a souvenir. After spending all morning and the better part of the afternoon playing in the Magic Kingdom, we decided to go back to the hotel to rest before dinner. As I had promised, we stopped to do a little shopping. I can remember thinking how nice it was that there were just a few people in the store. Well, that was short-lived, for while we were in the store the skies opened up and let loose with one of Florida's famous afternoon rains. Within a minute or two the store was so packed with people that I could barely turn around.

It was then that I lost Rob. My stomach hit my heart, and they both collided in my throat. I had never known that instant collision of fear and panic, and for what seemed like an eternity, I froze. I called, but he didn't answer. I stood still, looked around, and could not see him. My mind was in overdrive. I knew I had to find Rob, but I also had not to lose Amanda and Pete. (Pete had become child-like in some ways due to a brain tumor.) I found them and commanded them to stay outside by the door to watch for

Rob, but not to move an inch or my wrath would come down on them. As I turned around to go back into the store, all I could see were mountains of tee shirts, mugs and toys. It seemed as if they were piled to the ceiling. Anger and confusion started to boil inside me. All I could think of was how I was going to see Rob when his head would not clear the mountains of merchandise in front of me.

After searching for him alone, I went up to one of the store employees to ask for help. When I told the girl my son was lost, her reply was, "Oh, that happens all the time; just keep looking and you'll find him." I wanted to reach out and slap her, once for the remark and once for her attitude. After I had a temper tantrum, she enlisted the help of the other employees to find Rob. They told me if they found Rob they would stand him on a counter or put him on their shoulders so I needed to look up once in a while, but that was very hard to do when my child was short.

After a fifteen-minute search, we enlisted the help of security. They started checking the gates and put an "all park search" in effect. Instead of calming down, my fear elevated. I had visions of my blond-haired, hazel-eyed boy being dragged out of the park.

Giving security all the information they wanted and leaving Amanda and Pete with them, I went looking for Rob. I looked outside and inside the store a number of times, all the while calling for him through a face full of tears. I was inside the store when I heard "Mommie!" I called again, and again I heard "Mommie!" I called a third time, looking down and across for him. Again I heard "Mommie!" I remembered to look up, and I finally saw him. He was on the shoulders of a security man. When I got to him I wanted to hug him, yell at him, kiss him and yell at him. I ended up laughing and crying instead.

I have always believed that the love of Christ and love for my child are the purest forms of love. When I had the love for my child threatened, I found out about the purest form of fear. May God grant that I never feel that again.

## The Discovery

Juliana Traylor, College Transfer

My brother and I fought often while we were growing up. We fought about anything, and I thought I truly disliked him. Then, in a fear-filled five minutes, I discovered that I did not detest him; moreover, I actually loved him.

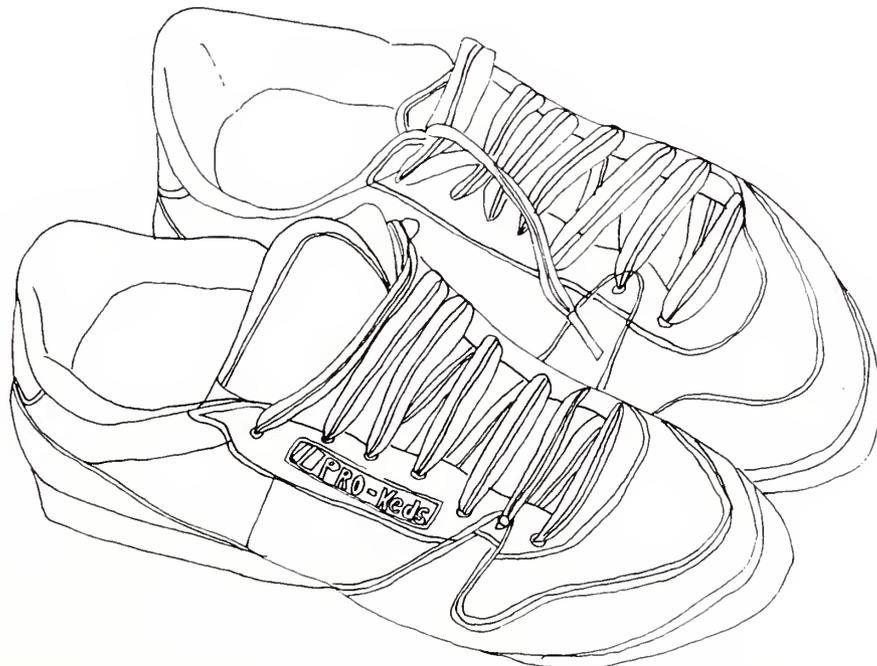
One day we were being even more difficult than usual, and Mother told us to get out of the house. We decided to go on a picnic on Daryll Waltrip's farm, the "'Rebel's Rest." So we hopped on our bicycles and took off. Mr. Waltrip had a long gravel driveway that went uphill most of the way. The grade was very steep, and we were panting and straining before we got halfway to the top. Very soon, we had to get off our bikes and push. It was a glorious day. The sun was out, but it was not too hot. We hiked up the hill, pushing our bikes and gazing at the forest that surrounded us. There were occasionally huge, moss-covered boulders next to the road. They made me think of sleeping hippos or some giant playing croquet, leaving the balls where they had stopped rolling when he had finished. We picked one about three-fourths of the way up and clambered to the top to eat. The food we were munching was a little boring, but the atmosphere was peaceful and musical with the sounds coming from the many birds that were flitting through the trees. While we were eating, Mr. Waltrip drove by on his way out. We were afraid that he would be angry with us for being there, but he just smiled and waved at us.

After we finished eating, we decided to pedal up to the top of the hill and take a peek at Mr. Waltrip's home. We strained and panted and pushed and finally made it. What we saw was a small valley with trees dotting the slopes and a

beautiful home standing on the rise across from us. We were standing there, admiring the view, when we heard barking. We decidedly did not hear yapping. It was deep, bass, booming, hoarse barking. The barking did not frighten me because I was certain that the dogs were chained, and I was safe. I was wrong. These huge, slavering, growling, barking, red-eyed monsters burst from behind the house and started racing up the drive toward us. All right, so they were not monsters. They were, however, very large Rottweilers, and we were terrified.

We immediately turned tail and started pumping as fast as our feet would go. I was behind Randy and was trying my best to catch up, with the wind whistling in my ears and the trees blurring into a single wall of brown and green. Suddenly, Randy went down about fifty feet in front of me. He was lying across the road, looking fearfully up at me as I bore down on him. I was petrified with fear. I knew that if I tried to stop I would wreck. I was terrified. I had stopped pedaling, but sheer inertia kept me going. I kept thinking "I have to run over him. I can't stop. I have to run over him. I can't stop." So I jerked on the brakes, skidded sideways and down, and slid about ten or fifteen feet in the gravel.

As I limped home, picking rocks out of my knees and elbows, I was not sorry. As I was getting yelled at for leaving my bicycle up there, I was a little sorry. However, when my brother walked back to get my bike, I wasn't sorry any more. I knew that I loved my brother, and he loved me. We would always be able to depend on each other when it really mattered.



### Shoes

Keiko Genka  
College Transfer  
Basic Drawing Class

Keiko Genka

I walk in silence  
Going through life with little complaint.  
Food and water,  
Love and most importantly,  
A soft, warm place to sleep.

My people feed the birds on our deck.  
They are so messy!  
On occasion, when I can't stand  
The irritation any longer,  
I charge at the sliding glass door  
And chatter for them to leave.

In the mornings, after my daily constitutional,  
I run through the house -- through every room.  
Then I eat a little, check on the birds,  
A good stretch and it's time to live up to my name.  
Nap - nap - nap ~ second only to Garfield.  
They named me LaZ.

*Grace Lutz*  
Media Technician

I slept right through my bird watch!  
But I dreamed.

My people left the door opened.  
I was free to run and HUNT.  
The birds -- all colors, all sizes -- were mine!  
Did you know birds have signals?  
Me -- the great hunter -- outside, and the birds were gone.

Wake up, roll, stretch,  
Eat, check the deck,  
I'm getting tired.  
They named me LaZ.

*Grace Lutz*  
Media Technician



MILLER

## Template Design

*Rishelle Miller*

College Transfer

Basic Drawing Class

## The Blue Ridge Parkway

Raymond Orren, Aviation Maintenance

To drive on the Blue Ridge Parkway is to view a spectacular landscape covering both Virginia and North Carolina. Standing on a windswept knoll, taking in the green slopes, the distant blue mountain ranges, and the bare patches of gray stone on a secluded hillside is breathtaking. Looking down on a low valley where the wind sings a lonely song as it whips through the hollows, the first thing you notice is how quiet and peaceful it is. You wonder what's hidden behind that one little bend in the forest trail. The Parkway has something everyone would love to see.

There are more than a hundred trails leading through the Parkway, but seldom are any two the same. The trails are long, but the flora and fauna constantly change. The road may go up the side of a mountain or down through the depths of a low serene valley. You may find yourself waist high in a field of wild flowers or poised on a rocky outcropping that drops away with dizzying steepness. The next turn in the path may bring you to a tunnel of dense rhododendron or out onto a sun brightened path through trees with brightly colored leaves. During the fall the leaves turn a bright orange, deep red, or soft yellow. In the spring the trees are light green with multi-colored blossoms. The smells of the forest, the quiet, and the way the sunlight plays through trees are so enjoyable and relaxing. Mountain laurel is so thick in places that you can't see the sky through the leaves. Past a stand of rhododendron the trail enters a dense part of the forest and plunges downward through a shady sea of wild flowers. The fuzzy blooms of white snakeroot, standing several feet high, graze your fingertips. One minute you may be under a canopy of hardwood trees with brightly colored leaves; the next minute you're crossing a wide open pasture full of wild flowers, surrounded by gently rolling hills. From the field, the path goes back into the woods to open abruptly onto a rocky outcropping on the side of the mountain. You look back at the last slope, and the road appears to be a silver ribbon.

The mountainside drops away so steeply that all you can see are the tops of the stunted pines. Each point along the trail provides a new view of the mountains to the east. Finally you reach Cove Creek Valley. There you rejoin the Parkway at the Alligator Back Overlook to wing your way along the mountainside. There is a severe deadfall there, left by Hurricane Hugo. Crossing small mountain streams, you finally reach the end of your trip at Basin Cove Overlook, which provides you one last look at beautiful Stone Mountain.

*Note: This posthumously published essay was in process for Marian Westbrook's College Composition I class at the time of the writer's death during Fall Quarter 1992.*



