

# Literalines Editorial Board



Left to Right: Katherine Wills, co-advisor; Joe Anspaugh, Angie J. Richard, Travis Fendley, editor-in-chief; Sarah Malcomb, Cindi Foster, Dara Tormoehlen, Robin Kares, co-advisor.

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Cover Photo by Rose Bishop



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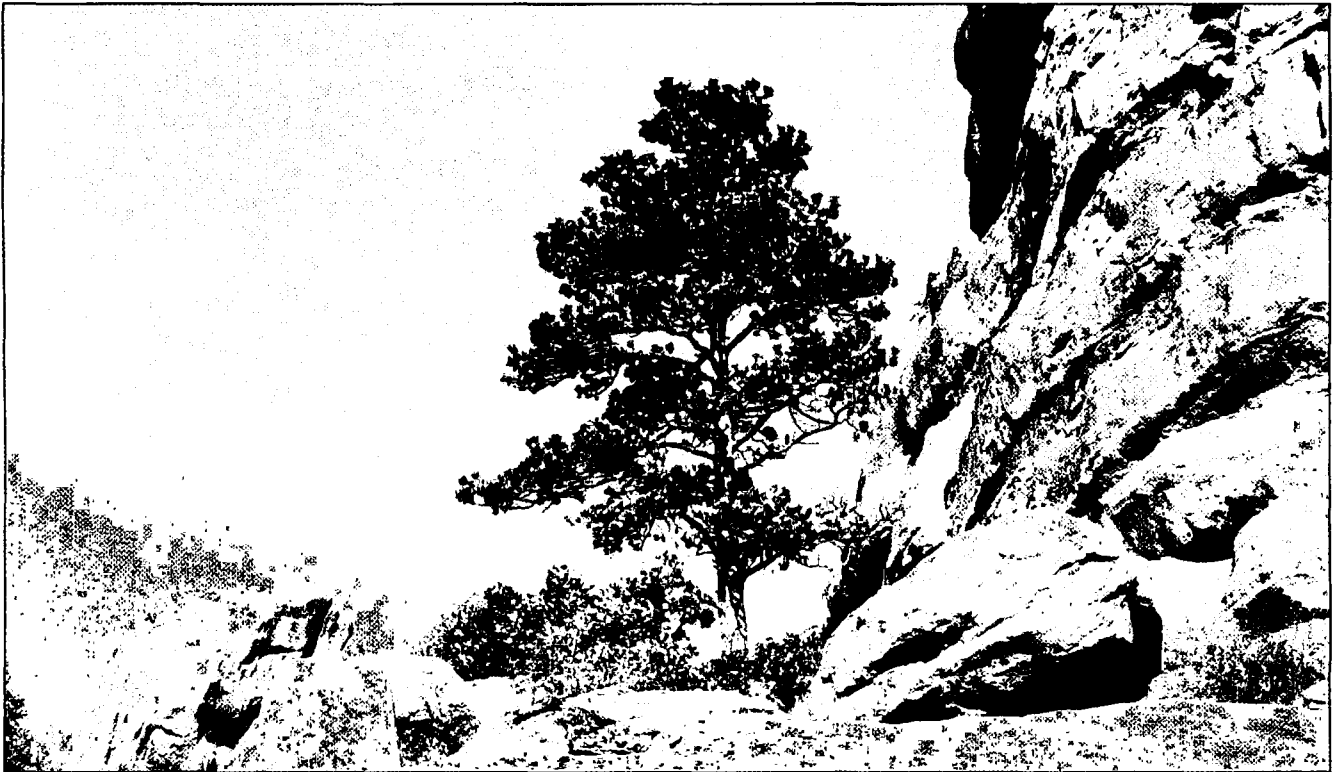
### Acknowledgements

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### Statement of Policy and Purpose

The Literalines editorial board accepts original, previously unpublished works of fiction, poetry, black and white photography and line drawings from IUPUC students throughout the school year. Each submission is reviewed by the entire board anonymously and judged solely on the basis of artistic merit and the standards set forth in the Guidelines.





**Hermit's Pine  
Travis Fendley**



## JEZEBEL

IN A COMA-GRAY HALL I KNEAD THROUGH HAZE,  
CRAZY TO REACH THE SPARKLING BLAZE BEFORE ME.

*AH, HE SEES MY SEQUINED SKIRT,  
A FALSE BEACON OF FREEDOM FROM HIS BED-RIDDEN HURT.*

HER CROWN OF OPAL RESTS IN RIVERS BLACK.  
THIS ANKLETED ANGEL SENDS SLIVERS OF HOPE TINGLING  
FROM THAT MADDENING JINGLE.

*I AM AN OPEN OASIS IN A DESOLATE DESERT,  
LUSH MILK AND HONEY FREE TO RAPE,  
LET MY FINGERS FLOAT AS BREEZE 'ROUND YOUR NECK'S NAPE.*

WITH YOUR WORDS' WHISTLE, MY BODY BRISTLES.  
RIPE AND RAMPANT, LOCUSTS THRIVE ON THOSE SAP-SWEETENED HANDS,  
AS PAST-LADEN LANDS TICKLE MY MIND'S EYE.

*YOU'VE ALWAYS WISHED FOR A WINGED-ONE'S KISS.  
BRING ME YOUR MOUTH TO TWIST THESE LIPS.*

YOUR BREATH IS SEARING MIST, SHOT THROUGH WITH TONGUE OF THISTLE.  
IN YOUR GARDEN, NO ROSE PETAL EXISTS.

*I HAVE BLOCKS OF GOLD FOR YOU TO MOLD,  
STERLING SILVER FOR WHICH CITIES HAVE BURNED,  
ORANGE JEWELS NEVER GLIMPSED BY NORMAL FOOLS,  
A STURDY BRONZE STAFF TO WIELD YOUR WRATH...*

I STARE AS NAILS TEAR JAGGED HOLES IN THE AIR,  
TERROR CLOUDS MY CONSCIENCE CLEAR,  
WHEN SHADOWS SHAKE AND DEFORMITIES WRITHE,  
AND SHARP CANINES APPEAR CLOSE, CLOSER, NEAR.

*FAITHLESS FEAR WAS YOUR FALL, MY DEAR,  
COME PLAY WITH YOUR PRINCESS IN HER DANK CORNER OF HELL,  
AND WHEN BEELZEBUB RISES FROM HIS ACID-FILLED TUB,  
WE'LL DO THE DANSE MACABRE, AND DO IT WELL.*

MATT BAYER



## Uncontrollable Laughter

You laugh like a thousand  
mad scientists in a  
room full of echoes  
that vibrates.

The madness  
hides the pain  
of the pumping  
explosive cage in your  
chest that glows  
with the rage you  
cannot control.

The cage holds captive  
the feelings of anger  
that long to be free.

So you take another  
shot of the poison  
that is killing your  
dreams and  
you laugh.

Jessica Sturgis



## Where Are You Michael?

Amid the grass-between-the-concrete city, history nods  
From every doorway, moments from my past call.  
I walk along a flower-laced path, very simple really,  
To return to a time my mind forgets, my heart remembers.

I wonder if I'll find it, the name I wore  
So many months, a hope for life and freedom.  
Reluctantly, I search pages, yearning to find it, yet not.  
Finding means uncertainty, not finding, peace.

Michael J. Wallace, Section 37B. Your name has a face  
Only to those who love you, yet your name I've known long,  
Wrapped forever in my heart. A long ago faithful search  
And now, many years later, I must search again.

As I approach, the vastness consumes my voice.  
The silence is enormous. Faces of others say they feel it, too.  
Nearer, soft songs of birds and sobs as hearts break.  
Can peace be found in the midst of grief?

Fellow soldiers relive the days friends were taken.  
Mothers grieve for children turned soldier,  
Memories placed for those who may never see.  
Reach, stretch to make chalk rubbings for home.

So many names, so many lives, on this vast expanse of granite,  
Dark, cold, a deep cry from souls lost to eternity  
And those lost to oblivion, "Remember my sacrifice."  
And, in the distance, comrades ever await reunion.

I touch your name, no longer just letters on a bracelet,  
The sharpness of the carving brings reality of your being.  
I have no memories to leave for you, Michael, only my prayer  
That one day you will return, and there will be peace.

Nancy Low



I slumped in the rickety, wooden swing which hung from a large hickory tree in the corner of my aunt's yard, dragging my worn-out shoes through the powdery dirt and whistling the theme to "Rawhide" between the gap in my teeth. In the background, fat women with rooster-red lipstick and beehive hairdos chattered like flocks of geese, old men with beer bellies and toothless gums chuckled at corny jokes, and drunks and lovers stomped and swayed to banjo music which pounded the earth like torrential rain. It was my cousin's wedding reception, but I didn't feel much like celebrating.

I guess you could call me a loner. I don't have any friends or real interests to speak of. My mother died in childbirth when I was three, and my baby brother died two days later. My father seemed to resent the fact that I was alive and they weren't. He worked a lot of overtime down at the saw mill, drank cheap whiskey from dawn til dusk, and was sadly unaware that he even had a daughter. My life was about as stagnant as the thick July air that seemed to suck the life and soul out of folks around here.

Spitting tobacco at unsuspecting ants and feeling sorry for myself, I was suddenly distracted by a rumbling trail of dust heading this way on the gravel road in front of the house. I could barely see the vehicle as it roared past, the white, chalky cloud tickling my freckled nose and irritating my large, green eyes.

"You'd better slow down or you're never gonna make that curve." I shouted sarcastically. A few seconds later a thundering boom echoed through the hills, and my breath sucked deep in my chest with the realization of what had occurred. "Oh my God," I whispered just as my cousin Jenny skipped up behind me.

"What was that noise?" squeaked twelve-year-old Jenny, scratching her pug nose and pushing her wire glasses

against her round face.

"Come on," I quickly ordered, pushing my stringy mud-colored hair behind my ears and running toward the curve with every ounce of energy I could muster.

It was less than a quarter of a mile, but it seemed we would never reach it. Many vehicles had missed the notorious curve, usually because they were going too fast or weren't paying attention. If you weren't familiar with the area, it was easily done. Most folks ended up in the creek with little damage, except to their pride. But, I was afraid this time was different. I knew by the loud crunch of metal the driver had most likely run into that giant oak tree on the far side of the creek. Living in, hunting, and exploring this area my whole life, I knew every tree, trail, and creek in these woods. If someone ran into that old oak tree, they were probably hurt, or maybe even dead.

Death didn't bother me much; I'd seen plenty of people die in these hills. I didn't remember my mom or brother, but I'd seen my grandpa die of a heart attack, and that didn't bother me. Of course, I never liked him anyway. And then there was Old Man Taylor who had lived over the ridge a ways. If you put a hat and overalls on a raisin, you'd know what Old Man Taylor looked like. Folks claimed he was crazy, so when he blew his brains out no one thought much about it. But Dad and I were the ones that found him that night after coon hunting. He paid a fair sum for large coonhides, and we'd killed four that evening. We smelled it as soon as we got out of the truck, a pungent odor of death and decay that could make the strongest man heave. There he sat in his rocking chair-- what was left of him anyway, with blood and brains splattered from one end of the porch to the other. But, I don't think he was crazy. He was just lonely.

The worst thing I ever saw was the way Mamie Crawford's little boy died. They didn't have indoor plumbing, and she was heating bath water outside on the fire when the toddler got too close and stumbled into the canner. I heard Mamie screaming like some wild banshee and ran over the hill to find her holding the dead baby in her arms, steam rolling from his red, scalded body, his face unrecognizable, like a melted rubber doll. I felt so sorry for her, but I didn't know what to do. Poor Mamie lost her mind after that, and rumor has it that her husband keeps her locked in the root cellar, but all I know for sure is that I haven't seen her since that horrible day.

For a long time, the image of the deformed corpse, once an adorable curly-headed boy, haunted my dreams, and I wondered if he had suffered the way his mama did. I once thought I wanted to die. After all, what did I have to live for? Certainly nobody would miss me like Billy Crawford's mama missed him. Hell, I'd be doing the world a favor. So, I got my shotgun and sat down on my bed trying to figure out how to shoot myself quick and painlessly. Now, don't get me wrong; I'm tougher than a pine knot. I can outrun, outshoot and outspit anyone in the county. But, I never could see no

A short story  
by  
Angie J.  
Richart

# One Road at a Time





sense in inflicting pain on yourself unless absolutely necessary. Neither can my dad; that's why he's kept a supply of pain killers from Doc Callie in the bathroom ever since he got his foot caught in a trap a few years back. I decided that drifting off into an endless slumber was much more appealing than blowing what little brains I had into oblivion. But, as I started to take the pills out of the cabinet, once again I hesitated. I guess I'm a lot like Hamlet; I'm half nuts, and I think too damn much!

Now you probably didn't think a hilltick like myself read Shakespeare, but I read a lot, mainly because there's not much else to do around here. I've probably read every book in the Posey County Library, which is in Greensboro, about fifteen miles away. I like Shakespeare because his characters talk even funnier than folks say I do. As I reached for the pain killers, I thought about Hamlet; I thought about Billy Crawford, and I thought about my father. I decided I could handle my Hell. At least here, I knew what to expect.

Jenny and I didn't know what to expect as we approached the sharp curve that led to the highway a mile away. We followed the tire tracks from the gravel road, stopping suddenly when we saw the black Chevy truck. The vehicle was smashed against the giant oak tree, the headlights even with the windshield, and a living presence of death lurked in the shadows. I slid down the bank into the shallow creek and walked hesitantly toward the truck, the eerie stillness surrounding me.

"I'm going to stay up here, Annabelle," Jenny yelled. "I don't want to get my new dress dirty."

I started to yell at her to get her prissy ass down here, but then I realized she was pale and trembling. "Okay," I said, "I'll be right back." She wouldn't be any help anyway.

I jumped back in disgust as I peered into the cab. The impact of the crash had completely crushed the driver. I knew he was dead, but I screamed at Jenny anyway, "Go get Pa and Doc Callie!" She just stood there a second looking confused. "Hurry! Run!" Jenny turned around and ran back toward the wedding reception.

I smelled fuel and started looking underneath the truck for leaks. I'd seen an automobile explode once, and for some stupid reason, I was more concerned about that damn oak tree than anything else. But, I didn't see anything. However, as I moved to the front of the truck, I received another shock. Lying on the ground was another body, a boy that didn't look much older than me.

Apparently, he had been thrown through the windshield. I knelt down beside him and checked his pulse. He was alive! Suddenly, I was a nervous wreck, excited and shaking. I'd never found anyone in this bad

of shape alive before. I didn't know what to do. I tried to regain my composure and think about what I learned in health class last year. Hell, I'd practiced first aid on animals at home. He was covered in blood, but it was difficult to tell where it was coming from. I pulled a bandanna from my pocket and thought about whether I had used it or not, holding it up to look at it. It was clean alright, so I wet it in the spring-fed creek and started washing blood from the unconscious boy's face and head. He had dark, wavy hair that was stuck to his forehead in wet ringlets. I carefully pulled it away and discovered a large, jagged gash. I washed my handkerchief again in the creek and then folded it several times, holding his hair from the fresh wound with one hand while placing the cloth over it with the other. Then, I slowly lifted his head and pulled the bandanna around, tying it in a knot snugly, but not too tight. I wanted to stop the bleeding, but I was afraid of hurting him further. I checked him for other wounds but couldn't find any, so I searched for some identification.

I discovered a wallet in his back pocket and opened it. There wasn't a driver's license, but I found a library card. My kind of guy. The name on it was Danny MacAllister. I sat down on the ground and placed

his head on my lap, really looking at him for the first time. He was a nice looking guy with a fine nose, sparkling white teeth and baby soft skin. He definitely wasn't from these parts. No, I could tell that as soon as I saw him, especially with those blue bluejeans and shiny, black cowboy boots. "Don't you die on me, Danny MacAllister," I whispered, stroking his hair and wondering what color his eyes were. "You've got a lot to live for." This handsome fellow obviously had money and people who cared about him, yet, here he was in the middle of nowhere, with only a scrawny, sixteen-year-old country bumpkin to take care of him.

My thoughts were interrupted by the clatter of Dad's old Ford truck approaching. I gently moved the boy's head off my lap, thinking Dad would skin me alive if he thought I was fondling some stranger. But, on second thought, he'd probably be tickled to death, as long as I was being fondled back. Pa wanted to marry me off so bad that I had nightmares about one of his poker buddies winning me in a game and coming to claim their prize. If you saw any of them, you'd understand. He was bugging me just this morning about getting a boyfriend. "Why don't you go with that Collins boy, Annabelle? I hear he likes you," he added, grinning from ear to ear.

"He's nasty Dad," I sputtered, "and he's dumber than a box of rocks." I argued, getting madder by the second.

"I decided I could handle my Hell. At least here, I knew what to expect."



"Well, you better quit being so damn picky!" he screamed. "You ain't nuthin' to write home 'bout yourself!" With that, he had stormed off to get ready for the party. My father took a secret pleasure in reminding me that I was dealt the lower end of the gene pool in looks. "Your ma sure was a looker," he'd say. "Too bad God wasn't as kind to you."

I admit I ain't no beauty queen, but that doesn't mean I'm gonna settle for some green-toothed greaser with body odor just because Dad wants a son-in-law and a dozen grandsons. Maybe it's because I'm a late bloomer, or maybe it's because I've seen so many badly treated wives and dead babies, but I don't think I want any part of marriage, or even boys for that matter. Of course, with my flat face, flat chest, and thin, mousy hair, I don't have to worry about it much. What Dad doesn't realize is that I look just like him, minus the mustache and beard, of course.

Dad was climbing down the bank with Jake Miller, the undertaker, close at his heels. Damn that dingbat Jenny. I told her Doc Callie, not Killer Miller. Jake resembled Humpty Dumpty, only bigger and a whole lot dumber. He was bald and had a gut that hung down to his knees. By the looks of things, he was dog drunk. He practically rolled down the bank, knocking Dad onto his knees and into the creek. I met them at the back of the truck. "Where's Doc Callie?" I pleaded.

"Passed out cold," Dad replied, dripping and obviously pissed, "but I brought Jake."

"Well, get over here, quick! He's hurt real bad."

"I hate to tell you this, little lady, but he's dead," Jake reported, opening the cab of the truck.

"No, not him. Over here," I said rather irritated that he was drunk and also a little queasy, realizing that I'd been sitting here all this time with a dead guy only five feet away.

Jake came over to examine Danny, and Dad just stood there like he was in a state of shock. "Did you put this handkerchief on his head, Annabelle?" Jake asked.

No, I felt like saying, A squirrel did it! But, I remembered my manners and answered politely, "Yes, he's got a nasty cut on his head."

"Yep, he don't look good at all," Jake said, obviously proud of his brilliance.

I was so mad I was shaking and clenching my fists. I wasn't going to let Danny die because these two drunken idiots didn't know what the hell they were doing. No, I could see right now that I would have to take over. "Dad, pick him up and let's put him in the truck. We need to get him to a hospital."

"Jake can stitch him up. He'll be all right. The

hospital's thirty miles from here."

"No, Dad. This isn't one of our dogs you can take out and shoot because he got banged up too bad. This is a boy who's gonna die if we don't do something NOW!"

His eyes flared like he was gonna hit me, but then his face softened, and he shook his head, "Okay. Jake and I will take him to the hospital. You stay here and wait on the sheriff."

"No, I'm going with you. Jake's the undertaker. He can wait on the sheriff and take care of the other guy," I insisted. "And he can give the sheriff this wallet so they can contact his parents."

My father suddenly looked at me, like he was seeing me for the first time. "Awright," he said. I handed Jake the wallet and he nodded, wiping sweat from his brow. "We'll take him into Owensburg; Sheriff oughta be here anytime," Dad told him.

"Okay Denny," Jake yawned, "Y'all be careful."

Dad bent down, putting one arm under Danny's shoulders and the other under his legs, lifting him slowly while I supported his head.

"Be careful," I stammered nervously. "We don't know if anything's broken."

Our eyes met and Dad smiled. "You know-- you remind me of your mother when you get that fire in your eyes. Lord, when that woman got somethin' in her head, there wasn't no way in tarnation you was gonna change her mind."

"Well, I'm glad I got somethin' from her, since I obviously didn't get her looks," I snorted out sarcastically.

"Oh, don't you fret none, Annabelle," Dad offered apologetically. "You're turning into quite a handsome filly."

I climbed the bank first and then turned around, putting my hands under Danny's armpits, to drag him up, still blushing from the compliment. The boy was taller than me, but almost as thin. Squatting on my knees, I made a final heave, falling over backwards and pulling him on top of me.

"Oh, I'm such a clutz," I said. "Here I am s'posed to be taking care of you, and instead, I'm beating you half to death. It's gonna be all right, though, I promise."

Dad struggled up the bank and reassured me. "You're doing a fine job, Annabelle." Then, holding the front of his bibs with his hands, he spit tobacco juice on a dusty milkweed and stared at the truck curiously. "Now, how in the world are we all gonna fit in that truck?" he asked.

I just sat there a minute, still flabbergasted that he was being so nice to me all of a sudden. "I'll spread out those two bails of straw in the back, and me and him'll ride back there," I offered, laying Danny down gently so I could



get up.

Dad nodded his head. "Yeah, that'll work. I'll drive real slow."

"You always drive slow." I pointed out, lowering the tailgate and climbing into the back.

"You'd better, too, little girl, or you'll end up like him," Dad answered matter-of-factly, pointing at Danny's battered body.

"Okay, lift him up here," I ordered, ignoring his previous remark. Dad picked Danny up and laid him in the back of the truck, helping me move him onto the straw. "Well, I reckon we're ready," I said, sitting down and placing Danny's head gently on my lap.

Dad's bloodshot green eyes suddenly became even larger than I thought possible, and his mouth hung open in disbelief. "What?" I asked, and then followed his gaze to Danny. "Oh my God--you're awake!" I practically screamed with delight, admiring his large, chestnut-brown eyes which drooped slightly in the corners. As he stared at me in bewilderment, Danny reminded me of a basset hound I once had, loyal and trusting, yet somehow old before his time.

"Where am I?" Danny asked in a weak whisper.

"You just lay still and rest. You've been in a terrible accident, but you're gonna be fine," I reassured

him. He tried to lift his head and then squinted his eyes in pain.

"Oh--my head feels like someone took a sledgehammer to it," he groaned. "You hit it pretty hard. We're taking you to the hospital," I offered.

"Where's Johnny?" he asked, opening his eyes again. I looked at Dad who was shaking his head. "Uh--the sheriff's got him," I answered, my voice shaking. "You can see him later. Right now you just need to rest. It's going to be dark soon."

That seemed to satisfy him. He relaxed and let his head fall back into my lap, studying his surroundings and my face more intently. "Are you sure I'm not dreaming?" he asked. "It's not often that I get to roll in the hay with a beautiful girl like yourself."

My face was hotter than fire, and I thought my heart would burst in my chest. "Well, I see you haven't lost your sense of humor," I told him, "but that concussion has sure messed up your eyesight," I laughed, secretly hoping that he had perfect vision.

Dad chuckled and closed the tailgate. "Nope, I think Danny Boy is gonna be just fine," he said, "just fine," winking at me as he got into the cab.

"Dad, don't forget to drive slow," I reminded.

"Uh-huh," he snickered. "one road at a time."



## Nightfall

Driving into the moon,  
My brights wage war  
With the gluttonous glow  
Spilling out luminescent remains  
Onto tall, tangled grass  
And splintered fence posts.

Gleaming instrument panel  
Radiates techno glow as  
My eyes – already heavy  
And weary – dance wildly  
Between sleep and intoxication.

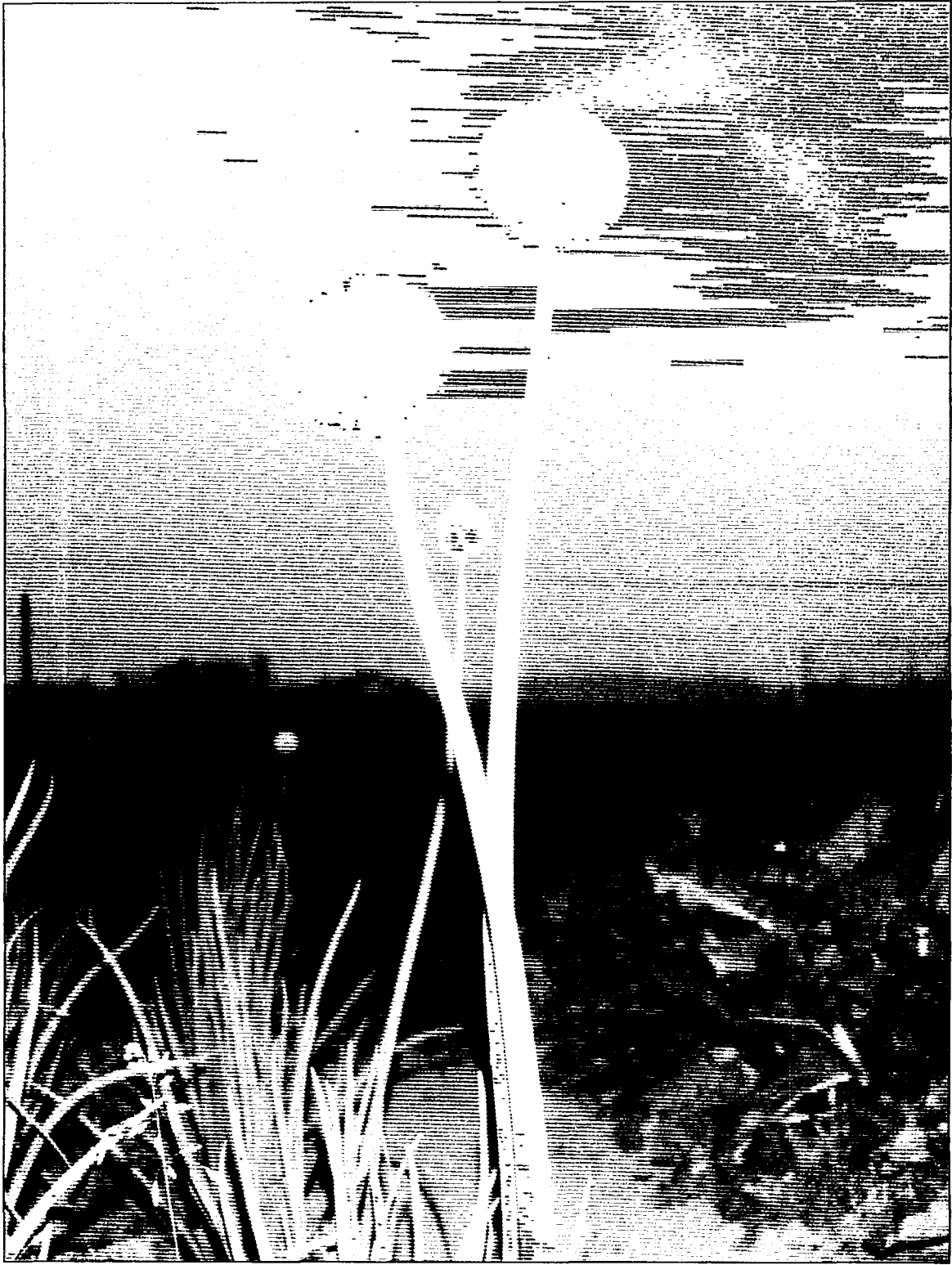
War carries on across dewy  
panorama as it obliterates night-sky.  
Incautious insects fall prey to the brights.  
Gravel-covered shoulders are  
Maniacal magnets pulling slowly.

I reach down curiously to shut down  
The lights for a brief, impetuous moment.  
Battles being fought –  
Eyes, still dancing –  
I focus on icy radiance for guidance.

The moon has won.

Joseph T. Anspaugh





**Moon Flowers  
Rose Bishop**



### ***The Ring and The River***

*I drive back to see you,  
the long way this time,  
to the place you never left—  
one I couldn't wait to flee,  
to break bars, beckoned by boundaries.*

*I feel the ring tight on my finger,  
so small, yet so binding.  
I turn the radio up,  
let in the wind, and begin to dream . . . .*

*I see you—combing your hair.  
The sun shines, the world waits,  
but you are combing your hair,  
unable to go out until all is perfect,  
yet placed in an imperfect world.*

*The world moves; seasons blow in.  
Hills and valleys, fire-lit skies,  
peace, hate, cause, regret,  
beauty and desolation lie just down the road.*

*I can't wait while you comb your hair.  
The bridge is close, the ring is poised.  
A hard throw—hard, yet fast and perfect  
into the river of forgetfulness and change,  
bubbling in the mud of faraway places.*

*I drive back to find me,  
the long way this time,  
to a place I've yet to see—  
alone, strong, and ready.  
As laughing bubbles are  
carried by the river so may I go.*

***Laura Rude***



Srinagar, 1950

*"The white peaks ward the passes, as of yore,  
The wind sweeps o'er the wastes of Khorasan;—  
But thou and I go thitherward no more."*

Laurence Hope *Yasin Khan*

Our bodies cast silver against  
the slate-gray of regency walls,  
we speak in soft tones  
and touch, as the moon rests  
on coarse and burdened earth.  
"The city sings to me tonight," you whisper.  
The shrill, human chorus of Srinagar  
rises and dissipates like haze  
drifting among the Himalayas,  
and the stale heat of hungry tension  
yields tonight to the blue glow of peace.

Three generations before me have known  
the scent of pine and deodar  
as it reaches from the garden gate  
high along the steep of Regency Hill.  
"I leave for England at dawn."  
"And I for Peshawar, then Kenya."  
Finality screams in the words we speak.  
Years from now, my heart will carry you—  
when, alone on a dark London street,  
I lift a photograph of India  
to the rain.

Sarah Malcomb





**Harmony for Sleep**  
**Sarah Malcomb**





## *Salmon Eggs*

*I remember falling asleep on an outdoor porch,  
My little brother in the other cabin bed,  
The mountain river a leap away,  
A symphony of round, rolling rocks.  
Silvery water bathes the bank.  
Frisky frogs toss tunes into  
The sky – a deep blue-black  
With stars swimming so close –  
A harmony for sleep.*

*Waking to a spry bluejay,  
The scent of firs and misted dirt,  
Someone's chimney smoke,  
The air so cool, my bed says stay.  
But sounds of Dad come through the door –  
Wood burning stove, mush and bacon,  
Dad in apron, fishing vest and hat,  
A twinkle in his warm brown eyes,  
Salmon eggs and poles by the door.*

*As I fall asleep in our cabin on the lake,  
My husband close to me in bed,  
No roar of mountain snow melt,  
No boulders dance in swells of spray.  
Instead, a calmness of lake quiet is  
Broken only by the chamber music  
Of tree-frog strings and cricket bass.  
The mellow moon floats in stillness –  
A harmony for sleep.*

*Awakened by a chorus of geese,  
A distant melody of Midwest songbirds,  
I tiptoe by my sleeping spouse.  
Already, the July day's too hot for mush.  
I glance at the readied poles and bait,  
Then remember those warm brown eyes,  
Feeling the sharing of mountain streams,  
Baiting my hook a thousand times,  
Giving me so much more than his pole, vest and creel.*

*Tracey Green*



I grabbed a sizzling teal breast from the frying pan, stuck it in a hot biscuit, poured black coffee into my insulated mug that was engraved with the letters B-CF&H Club, pulled on my B-CF&H camouflaged hat, ran out the back screen-door, and jumped into the old jeep. I was running late, and the executive committee of the B-C Fishing & Hunting Club was about to go into session to review the results of the fall fundraising event.

This meeting was being held at the local veterans' club. No one was sure what veterans, if any, were allowed to join in this organization, but the clubhouse served as a meeting place for the town's only service club and the organizations wanting cheap beer prices everyday. Everyday that is except Sunday when the club served as a home to two church congregations. One group was boisterous and had a bad habit of stomping on the linseed oil-treated floors until there were holes that sometimes made the bar-stools unsteady. The other congregation was more conservative, and they had met in this hall for a year before the club management realized that the wine would have to be put under lock and key when the bar was closed Saturday night.

As the jeep came to life and lurched out of the drive, I could hear my wife yelling,

"Don't stay out all night with those bums and don't let 'The Boy' talk you into anything silly. Remember the retriever and that old jeep your driving." These latter references were made in regard to adventures entered into at the urging of my son. I have mentioned the experiences so many times that I fail to realize not everyone has heard of them. Of course, the jeep was the same one buried in the mud at the foot of an earthen dam the previous year, and in spite of the second rebuild it still lurches dramatically to the right whenever the horn is blown. We are not sure where the retriever wound up after the first gunshot, but it is pretty safe to assume that dog was not the hunter he was represented to be.

When I arrived at the hall, the other members of the executive committee made up of movers and shakers were already assembled. Included in this group was "The Boy," Jan Wert, my dearest and closet friend whose vocation has always seemed to be hunting and fishing partner; Arnie French, the town undertaker; John Doll, the town drunk, and Big Duck Queen, the senior advisor. Everyone seemed to remember that Big Duck had started this chapter, but whenever there was a warrant, summons, or due bill, my name headed the list.

This phenomenon occurred when the group made the trip to Colorado to see the property that "The Boy" had located in a magazine. He convinced everyone to chip in with the argument that, "We'll have our own hunting and fishing spot in the West. No one will be able to make us get off the property!" he huckstered.

This would have all been well and true if the problem had been getting off the property, but the problem was getting on the land-locked parcel. The neighbors threatened to shoot anyone who came across their land.

Getting back to my name appearing on all bills, duns, and subpoenas, it probably stems from the visit to that brewery in Denver. I vaguely remember "The Boy" suggesting that it

# THE EVENT

By  
L. Keith  
Loyd



might be wise to have just one name on the title to the property in the event that the papers needed to be signed. "This would simplify things," I believe was his rationale. Parts of this meeting are still a little foggy as we enjoyed the 9:00 AM tour so much that we joined all the tours through 4:00 PM, and much to our delight, discovered free samples at the end of each excursion. But these events had nothing to do with tonight's gathering.

This evening's meeting was to review the latest fundraising banquet. It was given added importance with the presence of the representative of the national organization, Jasper Milhausen.

These visits from the regional representatives were always eyed with some uneasiness as their job was to check receipts and insist on adherence to the rules laid out in the national handbook. Now our chapter had one of those national handbooks at one time, but we made the mistake of coercing Wally McCain, a retired industrial organizer of everything in the world, to become secretary-treasurer of the chapter. He organized everything so well that it was actually possible to account for all receipts, so the membership naturally began to dwindle. Some say that it was Big Duck's suggestion to get rid of Wally with all incriminating evidence, and in the process of accomplishing this the handbook disappeared as well. For some reason or other I inherited Wally, and he is now happy just to arrange the guest seating at my banquet table. After Wally's departure the meetings became more or less confused, but membership on the committee grew.

When I took my seat, the meeting was

called to order. The newly elected chairman, John Doll, slid the lid off a bottle of Johnny Walker Red, splashed a healthy measure in his B-CF&H plastic cup and opened the meeting.

"Well, it would appear we had a very successful banquet at the armory last night, and I want ..." the chairman was interrupted by "The Boy."

"Mr. Doll," he corrected, "The banquet was last week."

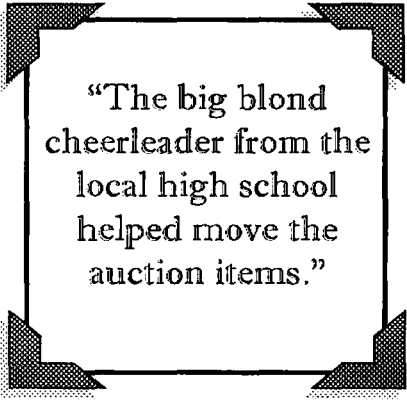
"Well, whatever," the chairman continued after inhaling about one-third of the plastic cup's content. "It was still a success and I want to thank each one of you for your help. I'm sure Mr. Milshot will have nice things to say about us when he goes back to national headquarters. I was especially happy with the way the big, blonde cheerleader from the local high school helped move those auction items. We all took notice of the way you helped her all evening, Arnie, especially when you paid three hundred dollars for that loon decoy."

"Oh it had nothing to do with the cheerleader. I admired the carving and the artwork that went into making it," the local undertaker hastily offered.

"Well, nevertheless, it was a good showing and I'm sure that Josh Milshup here, our regional defecation will have more to say about that when he speaks. Right Joe?" The leader splashed another healthy load into his sixteen ounce commemorative B-CF&H cup.

Cutting right to the quick and probably recognizing the deteriorating condition of the "Chair," Big Duck asked pointedly, "How much did we make?"

"Well now, that's a good question Messer Quesse," Doll slurred. "We think we made a few hunnert more than last year, but thurs a probum."



"The big blond cheerleader from the local high school helped move the auction items."



With that, "The Boy," who was the only one sober enough to count after the big event, jumped up and shouted, "We're three hundred dollars short!"

"How could that be?" The question circulated around the room. Everyone knew that each member who took in money turned it over to my wife and Claudia Doll, John's wife, for safekeeping and accounting. They were selected for their trustworthiness and the fact that neither ever took a drink. Something about conditioning at home, but John and I didn't give much weight to that theory.

"We have to get to the bottom of this!" I exploded, intending to protect my "Lady's" good name. "Let's have a full investigation, Mr. Chairman. What do you say?"

The obscene sounds coming from the sofa where Doll was now lying gave every indication that a vice-chairman would have to be named to conclude the meeting. Before this discussion could proceed, however, the national representative was summoned to the telephone. During his absence, an effort was made to revive the chairman, but with many of the members finding themselves in a somewhat similar circumstance, the effort was aborted. Milhausen returned with a note in his hand.

"It seems that a Mrs. Fapple, the girl's cheerleader sponser at the local high school has sent a letter to the national office," the representative began. "This lady wanted to thank the organization for the wonderful support that this chapter has given their little cheerleading band over the years, but this year was really more than

expected. After receiving the usual ten dollars a piece for helping with the auction, imagine the surprise of the one girl's mother when she found three one-hundred dollar bills tucked in her daughter's skimpy, cheerleading tights when she laundered them. The money was certainly appreciated, but it was somewhat surprising to find that an organization the size of the B-C Hunting & Fishing Club could divert so much of their fundraising effort for such a small part in the program. Mrs. Apple was sure that the organization would not want to make this public as the other worthy groups in the community would be

"She found three one hundred dollar bills tucked in her daughter's skimpy, cheerleading tights."

drowning the H & F Club with offers to help. For this reason the school would keep the secret and look forward to next year's event and another generous gift. The cheerleaders would certainly be there in their new turtleneck sweater and heavy wool slack outfits. Of course, Mrs. Fapple would feel compelled to attend since the gratuity was so large she wanted to be sure the girls

would stay on their toes, so to speak."

All eyes turned to the chair formerly occupied by Digger French. It seems that the town undertaker had suddenly been called to an unexpected meeting of the local cemetery board. Having lost two members and therefore a quorum, the meeting had to be adjourned. As the members filed out, it was noticed that the national representative was seen slipping the charter into his briefcase after pulling it from between the Coors Light display and the bill board announcing the sermon topic for next week, "Vengeance is Mine."





**Keeping Rhythm**  
**Julie DeVine Phillips**



**FREEDOM TRAIN**

**CROSS THE TRACKS TO THE RAILROAD STATION  
FILLED WITH ENDLESS CHATTER.  
STILL THE TRAIN NEVER SEEMS TO COME,  
BUT ITS SHRIEKING WHISTLE CONSUMES THE AIR.**

**DURING THE NIGHT THE TRAIN STAYS AWAY,  
FOR THIS IS SLEEP AND DREAM TIME.  
GENTLEMEN CHECK THEIR WATCHES, AND  
WOMEN CUDDLE THEIR CHILDREN.**

**ON THE HORIZON THE RED GHOSTS RACE  
AND SOUNDS OF STEAM RISE WITH THE SUN,  
WHILE THE BOLD, BLACK STOVE  
WARMS THE CHILLED MORNING AIR.**

**JANET WEINTRAUT**



## Times Change

1952

"Yes, you are old enough to go alone."  
So I button my red knit sweater,  
Brown saddle shoe laces double-tied;  
20 copper pennies jingle in my plaid dress pocket.  
Skip out the backdoor with a kiss for Mother's cheek,  
Hopscotch sidewalk squares and cracks—  
Headed to West Portal shops— for the first time on my own.

Dingding dingding from streetcar bells,  
Car horns blare as meat trucks unload in street;  
School girls on silvery roller-skates,  
Bubblgum chewing boys run at tag;  
Moms in pedal pushers push babes in buggies;  
Roasting nuts at Woolworth's lure noses inside;  
The 20 cent ice cream cone melts down my elbow.

1997

"Will you help me? I can't go alone."  
Mother, with camel coat and cane, falters at the door.  
She remembers seventy years of shopping. . .  
Joe, who knew her mother and sold only the freshest peas,  
The butcher, Marty, with spring leg of lamb,  
Leo, red chilled cheeks, plucked chickens over a torch-  
The hiss and smell— feathers on the floor.  
At the black cash register— dear old Max,  
His fat, squat pencil, her charges on yellow pads.  
Bygone times of caring friends.

Cries of despair— pride and control crumble—  
There's so little she can do on her own—  
Her Fredrick, four children, dogs and car— all gone,  
Memory, too, the greatest gift, is fading fast,  
Depression and loneliness— a sleeping duo.  
Uneven sidewalks, aging eyes, weary legs,  
Woolworth's closed, huge multi-grocery stores.  
Fear replaces her determined steps outside.

We go together— the young girl grown,  
The gentle, doleful, mother maneuvering her cane.  
As we sit together licking ice cream cones,  
A smudge of creamy chocolate on her chin,  
We laugh at boys rollerblading down the street,  
At little girls in white karate smocks.  
Still mother, daughter— different times.  
I smile and weep within to see  
Her blue eyes glisten with fleeting joy.

Tracey Green



## Cassandra Bleeding

I breathe in the sea of darkness  
I am drowning in  
Engulfed in black,  
Ingesting the night--inside  
It turns to gray.

Your smile fills the void with light  
Your breath warms the bitter chill  
Your voice pierces the deafening silence  
With the melody of ...

But it is gone  
You never were

The falseness that filters through my senses  
Your smile--the lips of a serpent  
Your breath--an Arctic wind  
Your voice--not bright with song  
But screaming the mantra  
Of so many gone before.

Oh Cassandra, why did I not listen?

Paul Angle





## Falling Down

Eventide rings with flapping wings,  
sunsets no match for her auburn blaze,  
her hazel stones fixed on a distant sight,  
I swoon at the soar of scintillating flight.

This dream of you drowns in a tumult of truth,  
a failing flutter steeped in stillness.  
I long for the song my caress made you coo,  
for eternal rest in your nighttime nest,  
to have the love of a dusky dove,  
the clock-tick of Time could kill.

Did the cagekeeper crush you when dropped from his perch?  
Muse cried at the casket of your mended heart,  
your plumage tenderly placed at the altar-lit church,  
the Moon, screaming miserably, knew your fate from the start.

Memory scrapes averted eyes 'cross my soul;  
wisdom through pain sometimes stains black as coal.  
some sway to nightingales; some hold heather;  
I'm left alone with a dust-dampened feather.

Matt Bayer



## The Boy and The Toad

It *is* a good place to live,  
for us toads to call home.  
There's the shade and the sun, and except for some fun,  
the cats leave us mostly alone.

There's plenty of sand for digging;  
bugs and worms abound.  
And we eat our fill and have our will  
'til the giant comes around.

He has trouble trying to catch me,  
but then he squeezes me hard,  
drops me on my head, checks to see if I'm dead,  
and goes bounding off through the yard.

He throws me in the water,  
to watch me swim and float.  
And then, if you please, he throws in some leaves  
and places me, driving the boat!

The water is cool to my belly,  
but I'm ready to get back on land.  
"I am not a frog or some wee pollywog,"  
I say to his sweet-smelling hand.

I'm soggy and wobbly and tired.  
He puts me down gently near home.  
He kisses my head, pulls some grass for my bed,  
then suddenly—I'm all alone . . .

It *is* a good place to live,  
where bugs and worms abound,  
But few know the joy (save a three-year-old boy)  
of when the giant comes around.

Laura Rude





**Three Frog Night**  
**Angie J. Richart**



## *The Wish*

*I long to run, as a new foal on long legs, on the fresh  
green meadow of spring, and not tire—  
but I cannot.*

*I long to dream once again in bright, bold colors,  
without lines or shapes or discourse—  
but I cannot.*

*I long to take flight as the breeze stirs my soul and moves,  
rearranges the quiet, the permanent—  
but I cannot.*

*Roots too deep for transplanting, shapes formed  
from pruning long ago have set  
the limb, the shade, the silhouette.*

*And the gardener is still watchful, pleased  
and hopeful this maple will cease to wish  
to become some magnificent spruce,*

*And will accept her height, her brief blaze of crimson  
and fire, and her seed as being enough . . .  
Yet—I cannot.*

*Laura Rude*



## Nature's Own

*"For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."*

*- Walt Whitman*

I stumble upon the shaded mountain stream

*I am constantly traveling, but here I remain.*

I hear water splashing over worn rocks.

*I create sound in the forest.*

I see the tumbling-turbulent surface.

*I have limitless energy.*

I detect motion beneath the surface.

*I am home to many forms of life.*

I feel its cool comforting touch.

*I revitalize and refresh.*

I love the purity and clearness.

*I am not yet spoiled.*

On the side of the snow crested mountain, this pair does exist,  
Living as nature created, carving paths through woodland and mist.

L. Keith Loyd



## Playing Ball With Daddy

With my bat in one hand and his hand in the other,  
Down to the wide open field we would run.  
I could smell the fresh scent of spring with  
Every breeze that touched my young face.  
We had come to play ball.

"Stand over there," he coached,  
"And keep your eye on the ball."  
With my tiny hands firmly gripped around  
The Big, Burly, bat, I yelled,  
"I'm ready Daddy!"  
We had come to play ball.

I tossed the bat over one shoulder,  
And my ponytail over the other, as  
I waited for his perfect pitch.  
With the sun beaming into my big browns,  
I could see the small white ball  
Whirling, spinning, and twisting,  
"Swing!"

With every ounce of weak strength, I  
Broke the silence with a crack!  
Sending the ball skyward for what seemed to be innings.  
"Yes!" he cheered.  
In that moment I was his little boy.  
We had come to play ball.

Varsi Garcia



## The Door

Blue as the sky, and archaic as time,  
your brute vigor protects us.  
An iron hand awaiting the next face,  
as you open up a new world to them.  
Surveying everyone who passes through you,  
so not to let the tainted souls in.

With all our passings you witnessed  
all of our alternations.  
Years of travel end every time I enter,  
as a parade of time awaits outside.  
Together we watch as the world goes by,  
as you divide safety from reality.

Some day you will not be there,  
and my haven will lie behind another divisor.  
However, in my heart I will always remember  
the safety that you offered me.  
And the division between worlds—  
mine and everybody else's.

Ben Rooks



# Permanent

A Story by Matt Bayer

The drone got louder, then softened. The volume increased. Louder. Louder. It sounded brittle, like an electric razor on bone. Deke's head floated and fell with the rise and fall of the high-pitched whine. He knew he was in his tattoo shop, Deke's Design, but for some reason, someone else he couldn't see was tattooing with his gun. He was in the back room of the shop, yet he could see the front door clearly, which was physically impossible. It seemed the scene in front of his eyes swung back and forth between the front door and the yellowing-with-age-and-nicotine-stained wall of the 'tat' room, as he liked to call it. Suddenly, the harsh, piercing bell that signaled someone's entrance into the lobby rang with a severity it had never displayed before. At the same instant, Deke's view of the yellow, peeling wall melted into the view of the front door once again. Just as he could make out the silver metal doorframe set against glass, an intense, white light blasted into the lobby, making Deke's eyes water profusely before they turned to jelly.

He quickly sat up and glanced to his right. The red numbers on the alarm clock that rested serenely on his oak nightstand read 5:25. He had been dreaming. Deke still had three hours until he had to get up and get ready for work. He rested his sweat-painted back against the pine headboard of his king-size bed and stared straight ahead at his reflection looking back at him. For 45, Deke was a muscular guy. He had periodically lifted free weights at home and worked out on Nautilus machines in the nearest YMCA on North Sheperd Avenue ever since he was ten years old. Periodically, because he could never muster enough motivation to be continuous with it for more than three months. Two to three months would pass in between periods of lifting, almost, but not quite, taking away the progress he had made in his physique. He brushed his hand through the shoe-polish brown bristles that covered his head, sending a shower of perspiration onto his neck. He raised his head and took a second glance in the mirror. Signs of age were present however much Deke tried to ignore them. His face had the leathery look of a veteran sailor that had been exposed to many a windgust and rainstorm. Small bags hung under his eyes, more a result of past drug use than aging. His facial structure was hard and angular, as if chiseled out of stone, yet with an inherent emanation of passion, rather than grotesqueness. He scooted across the crumpled, violet bedsheets onto his feet, and stood naked in front of the mirror. His entire body, except for his face, neck, hands, wrists, feet, and ankles, was covered in almost every color conceivable. He crept closer to the glass, directly in front of it now. Between his right shoulder and clavicle

bone, sandwiched between a turquoise wizard with a grey beard and a gaudy purple, yellow, and ruby phoenix was the first tattoo he had ever gotten.

He had been thirteen in the blistering August heat of Chicago summer, sitting outside of the Hollywood Mirror thrift shop with two Tattoo Artistry magazines between his legs, and a can of Strawberry Crush set on the ground to his right. He had been given these by his best friend Jake Bringham, whose father, Rusty, owned Bringham's Tattooing on Rush Street, to find a design for a tattoo that he wanted. He flipped through the pages of the first magazine, his fingers sticking to them because of the humid air wafting off of Lake Michigan. Halfway through the second one, sweat was dripping off of his nose onto the page he was staring at, that of a black and purple panther with dark green eyes. Breathing a sigh of combined disgust at the heat and disappointment at not finding a design that he was sincerely attracted to, he stood up and began walking north on Belmont Avenue, leaving his soda can to the yellowjackets and fat flies. After two blocks, Deke paused in the shade of a rather large maple tree. He wanted a tattoo very badly, but he knew his father, who was a preacher at the Presbyterian church on Michigan Avenue and did periodic missionary work overseas, would probably whip his behind with the moldy rope that hung in the shed behind their house if Deke came home with even the smallest of tattoos. Deke had mentioned that he wanted a tattoo to his mother, who was strictly a housewife, at lunchtime one Sunday afternoon. "Don't even think about it son. That's defacement of the temple, which is the human body. If your Dad ever found a tattoo on your skin, he'd be madder than a wet hen. That's akin to spitting on the altar during Sunday service," she had replied. What could a thirteen-year-old say to that? Deke knew she was wrong, but couldn't conjure the words to argue with. So he had gone to his room to mope.

Coming out of his reverie, he stared at the quaint little church nestled between two larger buildings from his seat in the shade. The flight of a bluejay caught his attention, pulling his gaze up the church face. That was when he saw it. On top of the roof of the church across the street, dwarfing the structure it sat on, was a huge, obsidian-colored cross with shiny, gold trim. In the center of the cross was another cross, this one gold with black lining its perimeter. The bluejay had landed on top of the horizontal bar of the cross and was staring straight into Deke's eyes. Deke held its gaze for what seemed like an eternity, a smile of relief spreading his lips apart. Then, as smoothly as it had appeared, the bluejay lifted off, disappearing in the





flash of two seconds. "That's it! That's the one I want," Deke had said aloud.

The image of the cross burned into his mind's eye, he went home. He had finally found a design that his father could appreciate, and would soon be the envy of all his friends at school, with the exception of Jake, who had four tattoos. He had told his father that night about the beautiful cross and promised that the tattoo would be small. His father had glanced up from his sermon notes just long enough to give Deke a look that would've killed him, had it had fingers, and to loudly and boldly utter "No." In Deke's home, when the word "no" was spoken in that tone by his father, the other side of the argument, no matter how true and full of sense it might be, was null and void.

Of course, using his money saved up over the summer from mowing lawns, Deke got the tattoo of his cross anyway. He found it a hell of a lot easier to go behind the old man's back than to argue his point of view on things. The tattoo had been very painful, more so than he had expected. But when Rusty had finished, Deke wiped the water from his eyes and checked it out in the cracked glass. The resemblance to what he had seen was unreal, and his pain was forgotten.

Inspired by his own tattoo, and innumerable trips to the Chicago Museum of Art, Deke began to take every art, drawing, and sculpture class offered at Jefferson Junior High, where he went to school at the time. His teachers were amazed at his talent and enthusiasm. He remembered the typical comments by his parents when he'd bring home a piece of work he was especially proud of. One Tuesday evening, he brought home a painting of a Native American campsite, magnificent in the color tone and roughness of the lines. His mother was cooking dinner, steam floating out of a pot on the stove. "You wanna see my painting?" Deke had asked. His mother turned around, and stretched out her hand, stove glove still on. "This is nice, Deke," she had stated, a fake smile plastered on her somewhat chubby face, the same smile she used when greeting fellow church members when they entered for service. She handed the heavy paper back to him. "Well...what do you think about it?" Deke replied, anger beginning to bubble in his stomach. "It's good," she said, with half-hearted enthusiasm, and went back to her cooking.

Deke's face had become very hot then, and pain shot through his heart, lodging in his throat. He had walked outside to let the cool October breeze calm him down. Damn it, his painting was more than nice, more

than an empty word like "good." With a half-hearted, fake plastic mother, and an overbearing, larger-than-life father, Deke commonly felt deep resentment. His art teachers loved his work and his quirky personality, praising him often. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't please his mother and father. Their whole existence seemed to revolve around and depend on the church. Deke believed in God, sure enough, but he felt like a ball of anxiety during his father's sermons on Sunday morning. Though his father's eyes covered everyone in the congregation, Deke always felt

his father was preaching directly at him. His dad reminded him of a politician up there at the podium, bright lights reflecting off of his head of steely gray hair and wire rimmed spectacles.

His parents' disinterest didn't deter his desire for art. He became more serious, painting and drawing pictures and portraits that weren't even assigned as classwork. His walls became covered with his work, piles of paint jars, eyebrow pencils, and ink stains cluttering his small wooden desk that stood firmly against the wall. A good friend in his 3D art class let him borrow a book on canvas painting, which fascinated Deke, driving him to stay up until three in the morning on school nights engrossed in the dictionary-sized volume rather than freshman algebra.

His parents were planning to leave on a Sunday evening during Deke's freshman year to do three weeks of missionary work over in India. The following evening, while Deke was busy with his second attempt at canvas painting, a picture of a plump nude woman breast-feeding her baby, the doorbell rang. Deke's head jerked to the left where his black-and-white wall clock hung, 11:45p.m. Who the hell could that be? Deke wondered, quickly stuffing his unfinished picture under his bed.

Deke opened the door on his uncle Henry, who looked three-sheets-to-the-wind, as usual. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, snot running out of his nose and into his half-open mouth. Henry told Deke that his parents had been in a bad accident, and that they had to go to the hospital. When Deke reached the hospital, he was told that the plane his parents had planned to take to India had blown up just before takeoff, instantly killing most of the passengers, while cremating the others. Deke went completely numb with shock as the police officer talked about engine parts and faulty ignitions. His parents hadn't survived, and having no other living relatives that he knew of, Deke was placed in the custody of his uncle Henry.

The following year was pure hell. Henry, a

"Tears were streaming down his cheeks, snot running out of his nose and into his half-open mouth."



chronic alcoholic, was drunk day and night, and a worthless piece of crap in Deke's eyes. Since his uncle spent all of his money on booze and hash, Deke was forced to drop out of school and get a job to help pay the bills so they could keep the shoddy apartment they lived in. Unsatisfied with his job as a cook at Chung Li's Chinese, a sleazy, unsanitary, restaurant on the west side of Chicago, which also meant less time for his artwork, Deke started drinking from his uncle's stock in the refrigerator, and smoking weed, which he bought from a fellow employee at the restaurant.

Luckily, Deke ran into his old friend Jake, who hooked him up with a job at his dad's tattoo shop working the front desk. When the shop wasn't busy, Rusty allowed Deke to come in the back room and watch him at work. A born-natural at all kinds of art, Deke was eventually allowed to do the initial pencil drawings of the designs the customers wanted. He was overjoyed, getting paid for doing what he loved.

Sometimes, during the week, when business was slow, Rusty would give Deke the equivalent of tattooing lessons, familiarizing him with the various guns and needles, explaining the different combinations of needles and strokes, and the effects that could be produced. Deke was allowed to learn the art by giving Jake several tattoos. Deke was immediately infatuated with this newfound medium for artistic expression. Eventually, Rusty let him begin giving tattoos to customers. At 19, Deke had earned enough money to get his own place, and leave his uncle, who had all but killed himself with his constant drinking. After three years of experience at Bringham's Tattooing, his technique rivaled, if not surpassed, Rusty's. Deke opened his own shop on North Clark Avenue, and named it Deke's Design.

Business was agonizingly slow at first, but picked up speed like a freight train. Deke made a name for himself, with a reputation of open-mindedness and a willingness to try practically anything when it came to a tattoo. Through his work, he made many close friends, one of whom became his receptionist. Syra, a street urchin who dressed like a gypsy, had gotten a total of five tattoos from Deke. Her most distinguishing feature, however, was the large, tarnished-bronze nose ring that Deke never saw her without. She reminded Deke of a cavewoman, or something straight out of the Amazon. He had offered her a job to get her off the streets and away from the heroin that had become more prevalent on the North Side as of late. She became the sister Deke never had.

In the following years, Deke threw himself into his work, doing all manners and kinds of tattooing. The ideas came and came, and he put together his own scrapbook of original designs that his customers could choose from, which he set on the large white counter next to the stacks of magazines and design sheets he had sent for

through the mail. Making thousands of dollars a week, he would celebrate after work in the myriad of clubs around Chicago, meeting local musicians and promoting his shop with flyers he brought along. Some clubowners even allowed him to tattoo at the bar. Deke couldn't get enough. Business boomed.

He met a Jewish bass player named Rebecca at a club called Neo, only a couple of blocks from his shop. Her band had been playing on a Saturday night in December. Deke approached her after the set, curiously attracted to her straighter-than-straw black hair, skinny frame, and plain features. Handing her a flyer, he explained where his shop was and answered her questions about fee rates for different types of tattoos. Seated at the bar, they had talked for hours. Deke felt he had known her his entire life. Her strange laugh forced a smile on his usually solemn features.

Three weeks later, she appeared at his parlor, wanting a design of Moses on her spine, parting waters on each side of her vertebrae. She insisted it be done in red ink, explaining that whenever she thought of Moses, red colored her mind's eye. Deke had scrawled many a religious tattoo in the past, yet this was quite original compared to what he was used to. A little nervous, Deke worked for six hours straight, finishing the tattoo except for Moses' robe and staff, which could be shaded in later.

Rebecca invited him to a party at her friend Joe's house, who was also the guitarist for the band she was in. Deke accepted the offer. At the party, there were close to seventy people in attendance, running the gamut from musicians to painters to Buddhists to sadists to masochists. Mingling with the crowd, Deke used his people skills to attain friends and new customers. In the following weeks, Rebecca became a more frequent visitor to Deke's Design, and Deke became a regular attendee over at Joe's.

Deke and Rebecca had been involved for a month before Deke discovered she was a heroin addict. They had been in bed when Deke felt a roughness in the crook of her left arm. Track marks. Deke had been a moderate drinker and heavy pot smoker since his teens, but he had never tried smack. At first Deke was angry at this, but his feelings for her dissolved his rage into tolerance. Eventually, Deke began shooting up. They would get high together and lie on the floor, staring at the ceiling, or try to converse with the partygoers at Joe's. Between Rebecca and the heroin, Deke spent less and less time at the shop, making just enough money to pay Syra, pay the rent, and, most importantly, support his habit.

Deke, well known by this time to the other members of Rebecca's band, tried his hand at the drums when their original drummer left. Higher than Olympus on skag, Deke would pound out broken, staggering rhythms, believing he was keeping time. Eventually, the drumsticks would fly across the garage in frustration, and Deke would



scavenge for his next fix. Deke felt an emptiness spreading inside of him that only heroin could dam.

Syra would confront him when he entered the shop the morning after a night of decadent consumption. She would follow him into the 'tat' room, proclaiming that he was throwing his talent away, and flinging his repute in the mud. Other long-time friends of Deke said the same things, but when it came from Syra, it had much more of an impact. She herself had struggled with heroin, selling her body for money to get a fix, and almost dying on the streets before Deke gave her a job and a chance. The pain caused by her words, mixed with the despair and emptiness that seemed to increase daily, created a restlessness that skittered in his guts and slept on his heart. His relationship with Rebecca was in perpetual stalemate, and he felt creatively bankrupt. He had done so many tattoos that he began to believe there was nothing his ink-tipped gun hadn't inscribed on flesh.

He spoke of this to a man named Slade, a burnt-out hippie that had survived through the Summer of Love. Slade always wore a dirt-smudged yellow-green headband, pastel-colored bellbottoms, and Indian-red tinted glasses. His mass of scraggly, graying beard hung just short of his navel, and seemed to vibrate electrically when he spoke. Deke had asked Slade if he had ever come to a creative halt in the bizarre, geometric-like paintings that he brought to Joe's to show off to his friend's there.

"Well, to be honest, I've never had the talent or the drive that you possess, Deke. It's been strictly fun for me, man. Hobbylike, you know what I mean?" Slade replied. He continued, "Maybe you should try some new kind of art form. You know, like sculpture, or drawing nude models," he said, chuckling mischievously and smiling widely.

"That stuff doesn't really hold my interest, though. In fact, I used to do that kind of work when I was younger. No art form has ever consumed me with intrigue like skin art does. I just feel like I've slammed headlong into a stone wall. I don't know." Deke paused to take a sip of his Dark Eyes vodka and feel in his coat pocket for the cellophane-wrapped brown grains that would be tonight's fix. Deke continued, "All the designs that people bring into me now I've either done before, or done something almost exactly like it. And I've tattooed every niche and nook of the human body. What do you do when you get to that point? Give up? Kill yourself? Pray? What? I just wish I could come up with the ideal tattoo, something that would be so genius, people would be speechless in amazement. An idea that would be mine alone, a design that other artists would burn to duplicate and fail miserably when trying to do so. I

don't know. Maybe it isn't possible."

Deke stopped and looked at Slade, whose eyes brimmed with tears. "What you said... that was like, like... beautiful, man. Go for it Deke. Do it, dude," Slade expressed, slowly reaching for a Kleenex out of the box on the bar. Deke could see Slade's fried mind couldn't help him in his predicament. After swilling down the rest of his vodka, Deke said goodbye to Slade and went up the stairs to find Rebecca. Four stools down from where Deke had been sitting, a tall, slender woman with jet black hair that was cut short just below her ears smoked a pungent clove cigarette and lazily stirred her vermouth with a red plastic straw. She mouthed the word "Deke" to herself several times, then grinned grimly, her black lipstick looking like a scythe blade under her nose.

When Deke reached the second-floor bedroom where he and Rebecca slept and got high in, he felt out of breath. The door was ajar, so he pushed it open. Several candles were lit and sitting on the table in the corner of the small bedroom, and on the nightstand next to the full-size bed. Deke tried the light switch, with no result. Sprawled across the bed was Rebecca, clad in a simple black blouse and orchid trousers. She was

shoeless. A window to the left of the bed was open, letting a frigid wind cut through the room. Deke quickly crossed the room and shut the window, then walked to the bed and sat down next to Rebecca's legs. He felt her right foot with the palm of his hand. Ice cold. Using both of his hands, he rubbed her foot briskly to bring some warmth back into her toes. Picking up her left foot to do the same, the candlelight flashed off of something between her toes. Bringing her foot closer to his face, Deke winced when he saw what it was. She had run out of firm veins in her arms, and had been shooting up between her toes. Scabs darkened the small crevices. Deke felt he needed a fix right then.

Gently shaking Rebecca to wake her, the firelight flashed off of something metallic lying on the floor next to the bed. He bent down to scoop it up and noticed a rust-colored stain on the cream-colored carpet. Next to the stain was the syringe he and Rebecca shared, a shot's worth still in the plunger. Dropping the spoon he had picked up, he trembled uncontrollably. Fearing the worst, he scrambled across the bed, putting his first two fingers against the side of Rebecca's neck. No pulse. Pulling his fingers away, he noticed they were wet and sticky. Taking a closer look at her neck, Deke could see a needle-sized hole in her skin, just above one of the main arteries. It oozed a pale, yellowish fluid. Claspng both of his hands together, Deke slammed them into her chest, over and over and over, screaming at her to wake up. After a minute of this, Deke checked her pulse again. Nothing. The tone of her skin the

"Pulling his fingers away, he noticed they were wet and sticky."



color of snow.

Deke stumbled across the room to the balcony, knocking over chairs as he went. He threw open the glass doors that led outside and climbed up on the railing. Looking down two stories to the ground, he could make out little, the heavy snowfall obscuring his view. Taking a deep breath, he prepared to jump. Just then, a swift gust of wind blasted Deke from the side, knocking him off the railing. Arms pinwheeling, he fell backwards, slamming his shoulder into the stone of the balcony. Leaping back up onto his feet, he released an eardrum-shattering cry at the snow-covered curtain of night.

\* \* \*

The ringing phone on the nightstand brought Deke back to the present and his position in front of the mirror in his room. It was Syra's wake-up call he received every morning before work. After assuring her he would be at the shop in a few minutes, Deke hung up and sat down on the edge

of his bed. Shortly after Rebecca's death, Deke had checked himself into the state hospital, convinced he had gone insane. He was detoxed, put in a drug and alcohol rehab program, and eventually convinced that he wasn't nuts. After six months of rehab, Deke had returned to work. However, the desire for a new design remained, a slow burn that lingered in his stomach. Pulling on a black T-shirt and blue jeans, and snatching his car keys from the card table by the small window in his room, Deke left for work.

Later that day, a gorgeous woman with short black hair wearing a crimson vinyl dress entered his shop. She asked Deke if they could talk in private. Syra had left early, so there was no one to cover the front of the parlor. Flipping the open sign to closed, he consented anyway. They went back to the 'tat' room since Deke's little office behind the counter was cluttered with magazines, trash, and junk mail. "I couldn't help but overhear your conversation with Slade over at Joe's a few months ago," she began.

Deke looked at her with puzzlement, not recalling the conversation.

She continued. "You were expressing your desire for new tattoo ideas. I think I can help."

Deke's pulse began to speed up in excitement and fear. Who in the hell was this woman? Deke thought it strange that she would bring up a conversation that had happened months ago, and one he couldn't remember himself, at that. Curious, he asked her to continue.

"I've heard you're an open-minded artist. Word says that you'll try anything if the customer has the cash." Her voice carried a distinct European tone that was familiar

to Deke, yet he couldn't put his finger on it. When she spoke, his back itched. Slicing the silence that was filling the room, she simply stated, "I want something permanent."

Deke began, "Oh, don't worry about that. The inks I use..."

Extending her arm with her palm facing him, she said, "Stop. I do not think you understand what I mean. No matter how good your inks, they will fade with time. I want something that will stay with me forever." At this, she pulled a thick piece of paper from her purse, handing it to Deke. On the paper was a drawing of a small crow. Though it stood perched on a tree limb, it's spherical eyeballs had no pupils. To Deke, it looked dead. "This is what I want. No ink."

Deke looked at her in disbelief. "My God. She wants me to scar her," he thought to himself.

She pulled a silver cigarette case from her purse, plucking out a cigarette that looked French. Exhaling smoke into the air, she warmly smiled at him. "What do you think? Can you do this? I'm sure you've never done something like this before. The cost doesn't

matter. I've got the money."

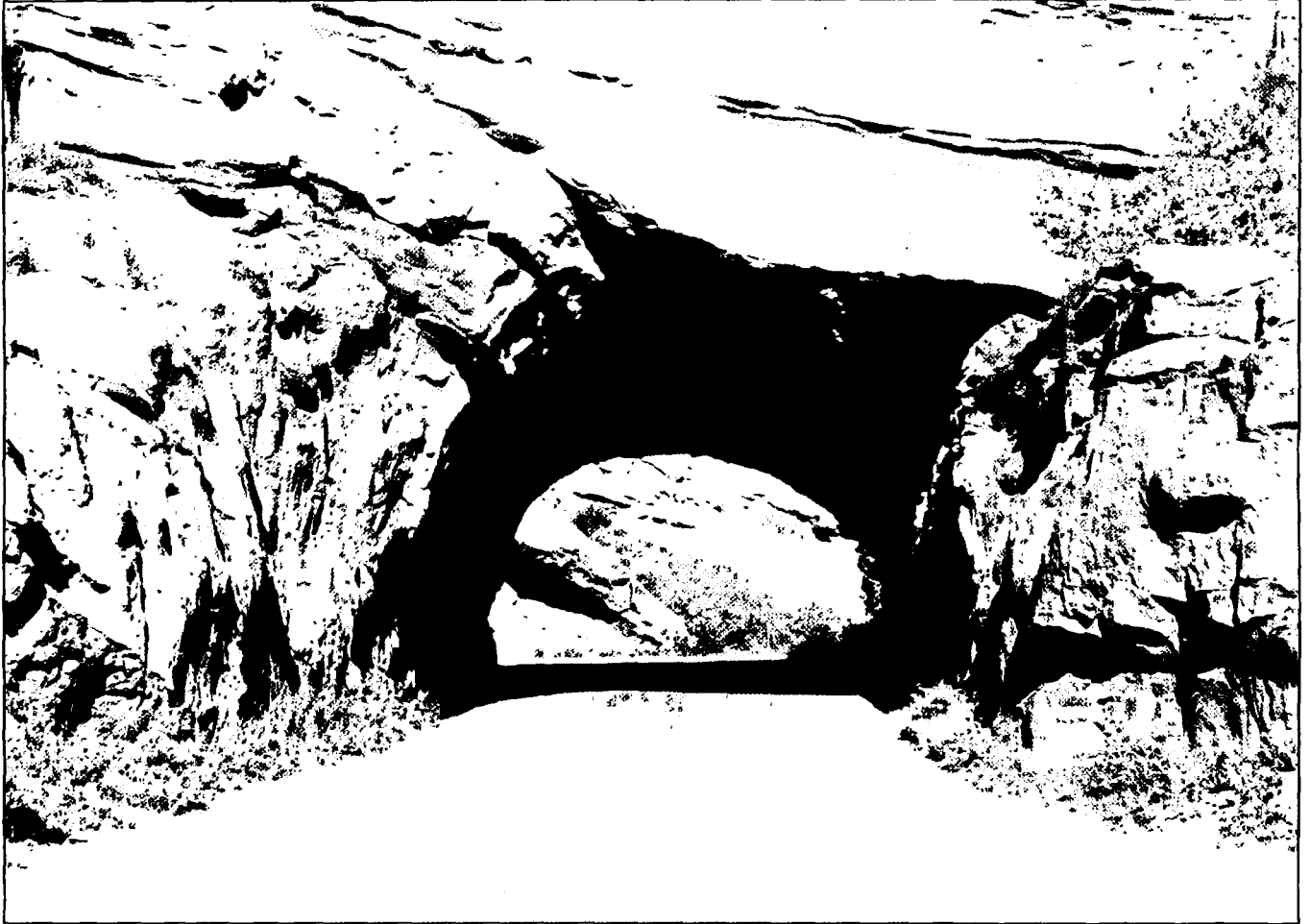
Deke sat speechless, assaulted by one thought after another. Though the idea disgusted him, he had to concede its originality. Besides, no one would know, since Syra was gone for the day, and the doors were locked, closed sign hanging out front. After five minutes, Deke nodded in agreement. He walked into his office, grabbing a pair of rubber gloves and his gun. Staring at himself in the small mirror that hung on the office wall, he took a deep breath to relax. When he reentered the 'tat' room, the woman was lying on her stomach, the loose straps of her dress hanging over the sides of the table and swaying with the breeze from the fan in the corner.

Quietly, almost respectfully, Deke walked across the room to his box of inks and needles, picking it up and bringing it over to the bare-backed body on the table. Hooking up his gun, Deke flicked its switch to test it. Its smooth metallic rattle seemed to echo around the room. Before Deke could open his mouth to ask where it was she wanted her design, she made a circle in the soft flesh of her left shoulderblade.

Clearing his throat, Deke took one long, last look at the picture of the crow, staring into its blank eyes. Extending the needle length on the gun longer than normal, Deke began. Her sheet-pale skin resisted the pressure of Deke's first stroke, confounding him. On the second stroke, however, he broke through, the blood oozing up and out of the line, spilling over the sides of the cut. Deke winced as a sigh of pleasure escaped from the woman's lips.

"I want something that will stay with me forever."





**Dead Mountain's Mouth  
Travis Fendley**



## *Day Of Reckoning*

*Once fierce and indestructible,  
cold and cankerous,  
he struck me with calloused hands,  
criticized me with unyielding eyes  
and neglected me with a hollow heart,  
so I trembled with hatred and fear.*

*Now humble and helpless,  
weak and wavering,  
he lies quietly quivering with  
artificial appendages protruding  
from his pale, shriveled form,  
and I tremble with hatred and pleasure.*

*Angie J. Richart*



## Everything Past Finally Sleeps

Soft darkness fills the room  
where, so gently, a voice  
beckons me to rest  
from the toxicity  
of his frigid neglect.

Hesitantly I sink  
into billowy waves  
of rumped cotton,  
belonging, until now,  
just in a fantasy.

Drifts of unfamiliar  
caresses ease the mild  
trembling with unknown  
tenderness, suddenly  
discovered—and absorbed.

Candy Krebbs





**Common Ground**  
**Julie DeVine Phillips**





## The Guardian

My first visit to the place I see you there,  
Perched steadfastly above the worn stone—  
The granite reminder of a man seen only in pictures  
And described by a mother's lips.

As the sun slow glows itself out,  
Your soft music fills the air  
And soothes the soul of the one holding my hand,  
Warming the tears that wind down her face.

Curiosity takes advantage of my youth  
And I question the woman by my side.  
"Oh that's the cemetery dove," she answers smiling,  
"He's always here when I come."

Last moments of remembrance are spent  
As her hand leads mine to where we came.  
A final glance catches you divine—  
A soft gray figure, over grave, melting into the sun.

Chad Reedy



## Melodrama

House Lights down.  
Overture.  
Curtain going up.

### Act I

They appear as a tiny pair of spotlights,  
One at stage right one at stage left.  
Thus parted, they look lost and lonely,  
Adrift without knowing happiness.  
Their performance bespeaks despair -  
Planets separated by space,  
Worlds separated by time,  
One who does care,  
The other unaware.  
Then they awaken -  
Now hope.

### Act II

The exhilaration of their first flirtation  
Brings the two closer, center stage- up.  
Attraction and hope form the plot.  
Frustration dominates this scene.  
Pain and wonder of love increases  
As they share secrets and desires.  
Every fantasy totally explored,  
Every obstacle is ignored.  
Enjoyment forever?  
Forever could be.

Scattered applause

### Act III

Now the two appear as one, center stage- down.  
Like needs appear, love overcomes all fear,  
Never far from each other's touch.  
Knowing life is not decided today  
Helps make barriers go away.  
Plan begins to unfold.  
End is left up to you.  
Happiness for them?  
What about you?

Curtain call

**L. Keith Loyd**

Photo: Curtain Call by Rose Bishop



## Beauty in Shadows

Penetrating the theater's humble facade,  
multitudes of deep-hued fabric folds envelop my eyes,  
the air scattered with murmurs of anticipation,  
the lights dim, minutes till revelation.

Cloying clove-smoke claws at my nostrils,  
aromatic incense invokes experience past,  
the crowd edges closer, careful not to touch,  
demons and angels surround, my double-edged lust.

The mutantrumpet screams and squeals,  
conjuring the ghost of something utterly urban;  
two tribal-trance gurus hold the magic-make me feel,  
victim to a three-hour tease of extinction.

Guitar chords shimmer without glare,  
showing Celtic seas, horses, hills, war,  
taste of salt, hammer of hooves, clanging armor;  
my seat returns, amid applause-smothered air.

Dark serpentine melody snakes into my ears;  
her voice twists, trails, drops, and curls,  
leering lips, locks of raven, and gaze unkind,  
the notes linger later, a wonderful whirl.

Matt Bayer





# Tourist Attraction

By M. Maureen McNulty

Mort Dawgmyer was retiring to Florida and planning to sell his outhouse collection. The folks of Heevertower were very much alarmed.

For over fifty years Mort had been a farmer, raising acres of sunflowers. Now, he determined, it was time to sell and live near his only child, Betsy, and her family. His wife had long since died of cancer. He was a frail, old man, alone, except for thousands of silent, yet demanding, sunflowers. His neighbors in the tiny town in Arkansas, had never paid him much mind, and yet now they were quite indignant with him that he would even consider leaving.

Many years earlier Mort had built his first outhouse, due to necessity, out back of where he was working on the main farmhouse. It was quickly assembled under misshapen pieces of free, scrap lumber. It was an uneven, haphazard structure on a gravel and field-stone floor. There was no need for windows, as the spaces between the boards provided plenty of light. A simple wood stool was anchored over the deeply-dug pit. He nailed a tarpaper roof to it and announced it completed.

Over the next three years, Mort labored carefully to construct the main house. He nailed every board and laid each homemade brick with his wife and baby daughter looking on in excitement and admiration. The family would live in one room, then

two, and so forth as Mort's work continued. While Mort toiled on the house, he also cleared one acre at a time from the land surrounding them. He turned the dirt over with his mule dragging a blade, cutting into the brown skin of the earth. Claire would tie the baby to her back and follow behind—picking up loose twigs and stones and throwing them onto the pallets that Mort had scattered in the field. The couple would be so exhausted come dusk, it was all they could do to wash up, have a simple, quick supper, and collapse into bed. So it went for those first years of their life together. They stayed mostly to themselves, venturing into town infrequently to sell their crops and buy supplies.

On the day that Mort finished painting the house, he stood with Claire and Betsy and all three gazed in grateful marvel at the fine structure they had created. Mort stood with his arm around Claire's shoulders. Meanwhile, four-year-old Betsy scampered off and quickly discovered her father's open can of ruby-colored paint. The brush was perched across its metal rim. Betsy dunked the brush as she had seen her father, into the creamy liquid and pulled it out soaked and dripping. She ran as swiftly as

her toddler legs would carry her toward the long-abandoned outhouse. She slopped the paint on in messy globs, which she thought looked exactly like the huge poppy flowers her mother grew outside the front door. When she was satisfied, she tossed the brush to the grass and stood back to admire her artistry.

The child next picked up a clump of rich green grass, the kind she knew tended to stain the knees of her overalls. She squished and mashed it together between her tiny palms. When her hands were plenty green, she pressed them hard against the board between her flaming flower petals. Mort and Claire, having noticed their child's absence, came running in her direction. What a sight Betsy was, all smudged with green and long red drips clinging to her dress and sun-bleached, long blond hair. Her parents stood staring down on her for a moment in silent disbelief. Unexpectedly, both erupted into laughter. Betsy hesitated as she considered their response, then joined in. Claire bolted to a

**"A SIMPLE WOOD  
STOOL WAS  
ANCHORED OVER  
THE DEEPLY-DUG  
PIT."**



nearby sunflower patch where she proceeded to rub the bright, buttery-yellow flowers between her hands.

Betsy hopped about and clapped in response to her mother's unusually silly behavior. Claire dashed back and carefully rubbed the sunny dye in a large circle above Betsy's flowers, creating an enormous, inviting sun to gaze down upon her child's painted garden. Mort laid back in the grass and chuckled with delight. Claire scooped up her little girl where she had brilliant, purple Larkspur climbing a white, wooden trellis. She gently landed Betsy and went about picking the delicate, abundant blossoms. Claire handed

several down to Betsy who struggled to hold all the offering. Sharing smiles, mother and daughter zealously, and together pressed the Larkspur—as they had with the other flowers. A sweet perfume escaped their grasp and sailed through the afternoon breeze.

Like ducks waddling at full speed, Claire and Betsy ran back to the outhouse, hands clasped before them. Claire used her color to accent and outline the poppies while Betsy made handprint zinnias all over the door. Mort blissfully watched this exuberant display of crude artistry and simple fun.

Several months later, Mort decided to take the outhouse down, as it had not been used for over a year. Claire objected. She preferred to keep Betsy's artwork, besides it became a source of conversation when relatives visited. The outhouse stayed.

One day, Mort read a notice in the farm bureau newsletter about the railroaders having built octagon-shaped, concrete outhouses for use by their patrons and employees. He felt compelled to try to duplicate it. At first Claire argued against the plan, but finally she acquiesced. She came to see that Mort had kept Betsy's outhouse; she could also compromise and allow him this project.

Mort mixed the concrete from a small rock pit near the pond on his property. When finished, the odd-looking, gray building could be seen from the dirt road passing in front of the house. Townspeople couldn't make themselves pass the farm without stopping to inquire about it. The normally isolated family was delighted with the more frequent visitors and their own rising celebrity in Heevertower.

As the year's passed, Mort and Claire raised more sunflowers and erected various, new outhouses. Mrs. Table at the general store operated a small

library, and for Mort, she held back anything published on the history and architecture of outhouses. One day, when Betsy was ten, a Heevertower family hosted a visit from relatives from faraway Little Rock. They planned to stay for two weeks. After the first three days, everyone from the big city was bored. In desperation, they piled into two cars and drove over to the Dawgmyers to see the outhouse collection. When they arrived at the house, Buddy Fishmur rushed up

to the front door. "Bang! Bang!" was heard by all in the house. Mort stepped away from his radio and opened the door.

"Buddy, what's wrong?" he asked, as the man walked by him without customary invitation. By this time the rest of the family joined Mort in the front hall, near the kitchen. Mort noticed the heavy sweat that stained Buddy's shirt and the puddles on his brow.

"Look, Mort, you gotta help me out," the man said as he gratefully accepted a drink from Claire. "I got fancy-pants relatives in from Little Rock and nothin' to keep 'em occupied. I swear we're goin' ta kill one another if'n we can't find somethin' to do. I been wonderin' if you could give 'em a look at yer outhouses...." Buddy took a wadded handkerchief from his pants pocket and wiped his face. "Ya know, act like ya got a real important tourist attraction here. Maybe Claire could sell lemonade or iced tea?"

"I am **not** selling cool drinks to your family, Buddy Fishmur." Claire said indignantly. "What would they think of me?" She began pulling glasses from an overhead cupboard. "Betsy, honey, could you get the pitchers out of the refrigerator for me, please? And be careful."

"You can charge a fee for the tour, Mort," Buddy said.

"Are you right in the head, Fishmur?" Mort asked. "The woman isn't selling drinks, and I'm not charging your people for a look-see!"



**"BANG! BANG!"  
WAS HEARD BY ALL  
IN THE HOUSE.  
MORT STEPPED  
AWAY FROM HIS  
RADIO AND OPENED  
THE DOOR."**



"But, Mort, if you charge, it will make evrythin' more legit, they'll think this is a real place on the map, so to speak," Buddy said. "Might even go back to Little Rock and tell their rich friends that Heevertower is a real town. Come on Mort, Claire, you just got to help me here."

"All right. All right. Don't be gettin' sloppy on me now, Buddy," Mort said. "I ain't chargin' no tour fee, but Mother here can charge 'em nickle a glass, I spose."

"I won't, Mr. Mort Dawgmyer," Claire said.

"Come on, Claire," Buddy pleaded. One of the car horns sounded loudly. Claire hesitated, nodded her head, and waved him out. Buddy grabbed Mort's hand and shook it vigorously. Both men went outside and invited the crowd to join them. Mort was excited about having a captive audience. The folks from Little Rock found the collection fascinating, as they hung on every word Mort said, asked plenty of questions, and even the children were unusually quiet. They particularly enjoyed the amusing human interest tales at which everyone laughed.

Buddy Fishmur was beaming when he and his entourage finally left. Claire sold all her lemonade and iced tea. She made enough to buy Betsy a pair of lacy socks to go with her best church dress. That was the beginning of the tourist trade in the town of Heevertower, Arkansas, and a better life for most of its residents. Now with Mort's retirement, and plans to move, the treasured collection faced extinction, as did the town.

Only now did the townspeople fully realize how they had taken Mort and his collection for granted. But, they all agreed, they were presently being given an opportunity to make things right with their benefactor. Jenny Tabble, the granddaughter of Mort's old friend, Cathy Tabble, was the first to suggest a town meeting to discuss what should be done. Secretly, so as not to alert Mort, a meeting was arranged for a Thursday evening, after most shops were closed. Most everyone from town packed the First Baptist Church fellowship hall. Jenny acted as spokeswoman. She struck a wooden gavel several times against the podium, until she was able to quiet

the crowd.

"Thank you folks," Jenny said into the microphone. "You all know why we're assembled tonight. Mort Dawgmyer is selling his place and moving to Florida to live with Betsy. Some of us haven't been all that nice to the man over the years. Several people audibly shuffled in their chairs at this announcement," Jenny continued, "Before it became a tourist attraction, we thought his outhouse collection was an eyesore and an embarrassment to our town. It turned out to be the life's blood of Heevertower. So, I ask you for suggestions concerning what we can do to not properly thank Mr. Dawgmyer, but save our town's single most important attraction."

Mr. Thomas, who owned a very popular family-style restaurant, rose and walked briskly to the microphone. "I think it's obvious that we need to find a buyer from among us, someone who will agree to keep the collection



intact. Additionally, we need volunteers to conduct the tours."

The gathered began whispering, heads turned. After several minutes, Jenny thanked Mr. Thomas and he returned to his seat. Even though the hall was silent, most people were nodding to him as he sat.

A petite, white-haired woman, whom everyone recognized as Mable Jackson from the stationary store, stood and shuffled up toward the microphone. She tapped it with one gnarled finger, as she had seen it done on television--crackled alive. The audience hushed and turned their attention to their wise and well respected lady.

"I think the town of Heevertower should buy Mr. Dawgmyer's property. Each family could contribute. We could all volunteer to give tours. Heck, we all know the facts and the stories by heart now," the woman stated plainly, and then immediately turned and began her trek back to her seat. Unanimous clapping spread quickly, beginning with a single family in the back corner of the room.

Within two months, the town raised Mort's fair asking price. Meanwhile, Mort held classes for

  
**" JUST THEN, IN  
STEPPED BETSY  
THROUGH THE OPEN  
DOOR, ALONG WITH  
HER WHOLE FAMILY.  
MORT TURNED AND  
GASPED."**  




those interested in learning history and stories which Mort had used for decades to educate and entertain visitors. At last, the mayor set a date and time and requested Mort sign the contract at city hall. Unbeknownst to Mort, Mable Jackson contacted Betsy in Florida, who eagerly agreed to fly up and surprise Mort at the ceremony.

Betsy, a girl well liked in the community, married a local boy, Tommy Kraft, who eventually became an attorney. He and Betsy had married directly out of high school. Upon graduation and following the July seventh wedding, Tommy was accepted at the University of Florida on a full basketball scholarship. It was an offer he couldn't reject, therefore one Mort enthusiastically supported, even though it meant his beloved daughter would be moving faraway.

Claire had died of cancer when Betsy was fifteen. Mort knew he would be lonely, but he had to think of what was best for Betsy. As it turned out, Betsy, Tommy and their children, Audrey, Van, and Cris, became very successful. Now they had a separate guest bungalow built on their property for Mort's use and were joyous that he had at long last agreed to sell and move.

At the appointed time, Mort entered the mayor's office. The local radio station had already set up for the live broadcast.

"Come on in Mort," The mayor invited as he shook the old man's hand and pointed to an overstuffed chair in front of the immense, mahogany desk. "Can I get you anything, a coffee, soda?"

"No, I'm fine Jesse. Thanks. Let's jist git on with it. I'm particular excited about catching my plane and joining my family in Florida. Did you know Jenny offered to drive me to the airport in Bulo?"

"She's a fine gal, that Jenny," Mayor Pillsi said, nodding his head.

Just then, in stepped Betsy through the open door, along with her whole family. Mort turned and gasped.

"Dad, we wanted to be with you on this special day," Betsy said as she embraced her father.

The assemblage crowded around Mort and all exchanged hugs and kisses, and all chattered at once. The mayor eventually got everyone seated and quiet and Mort signed his property over to the people of Hecvertower. Mayor Pillsi, in turn, handed Mort a certified check. No one, except Betsy, Tommy, and the grandkids were prepared for what happened next.

"I thank ya'all. For a while I know ya figured I's either crazy out of my mind, just plain stupid, or even disrespecting of your feelings. I guess I ain't neither as ya'all have shown me today," Mort said in a calm gentle voice. "O'r the last few weeks, I seen ya all come t'gether as a community to benefit yer future, as well as to do a kindness for me."

Mort took a lasting look at the check in his hand and then abruptly restored it to the mayor. The radio announcer immediately stopped his running description of the events, paused, then exclaimed that "Mort Dawgmyer had handed back the check to Mayor Pillsi."

Mort said, "Mayor, I hope ya'll use this money to keep my old place running, and then give what's left to the Table Library. Old Mrs. Table was supportive of my hobby. She always got me new ideas and histories that helped make my collection what it is today."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dawgmyer. Did we hear you right?" one of the radio technicians asked.

"Sur did, my boy," Mort said. "My family, who I had consulted, agrees with my decision. Although I din't expect them here today--a wonderful surprise I must say. There ain't no talking me out of it."

The mayor laughed and said, "No one here wants to do that sir, I can assure you."

"Well then, daughter," Mort said, "Let's git this show on the road. I'm looking forward to my first airo-plane ride."





**Buckaroo  
Travis Fendley**





***Pride of the West***

I see your face at the grocery counter —  
Leather grin, eyes narrowed by the sun,  
Cigarette secure in the corner of your mouth,  
Rugged man upon a rugged steed,  
Poster child of instant social status.  
But I wonder, oh pride of the West,  
Are your lungs as healthy as the mountain air?  
Or do they resemble the damp remains of the morning fire,  
extinguished with left over coffee?  
Are your fingers yellow beneath that worn cow hide?  
Tell us everything, oh manly man!  
Tell us how you smother mountain air with nicotine vapors  
And litter trails with spent filters.  
You, cowboy advocator of teenage smoking,  
Are lucky John Wayne isn't alive to kick your ass.

**Chad Reedy**



## Those Circling Things

This damnable diabolic duo can unite to depress a young boy's spirit,  
give his peers delight, while perched on their pious position.  
They grasp his appendages with metal-like strength, join them together  
for the pair's own purpose, always in sight but never do they see.  
Dreaded by boys in their youngness who wage that fight with little success,  
against those monstrous circling things that debase.

Bizarre as it seems in yester-year, this brace brought no fright at all  
to a young lady who knew very early 'twas her right to feel pretty.  
In those days of yore with jewels that adorned, those who wore them felt inviting.  
They decorated the windows of light where she viewed her image,  
Which much to her delight, was prettier than before because the glassy pair had  
become those circling things that enhance.

And now into dotage as failed light draws nearer,  
they help hold back the night when our orbs need assistance.  
Once lost they are harder to find in their absence, so we keep them in place.  
Though they fit our muzzles too tight, they are still much better  
Than the pair assisting our bite, for now we know them as  
those circling things, the glasses we misplace on our face everyday.

L. Keith Loyd



## Simple Treasures

*"And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
and dances with the daffodils."*

*William Wordsworth*

Sporadic shoots of green  
emerge like clockwork  
from the cool, damp earth,  
welcoming the anniversary  
of resurrection.

Trumpets of gold  
shimmer like starched silk,  
while awakening the wind  
to celebrate Spring's  
glorious renaissance.

Bounding bunches of color  
reach for the eye and soul,  
but linger unnoticed  
by those too hastened with greed  
to find joy in life's  
simple treasures.

Droopy blooms,  
desperately clinging to time,  
pine precariously  
but soon rot away—  
like the selfish souls  
of those left behind.

Angie J. Richart

*Photo: Garden Star by Rose Bishop*



## Ice-Melt

Our paths crossed forever ago . . .  
your talk a burdensome buzz on an incomplete connection,  
an encircling aura, desire for me, open to detection,  
subtle signs, like spears, countered by my shield of rejection.

Your sheen of surety waning, at your reappearance,  
innocence and ignorance displaced by deeper beauty,  
I heard the bow quiver too late, one of your arrows snuck past me,  
something sleeping stirs, with a warning: Remember, you fear this.

Your fingers wildly whisper up my arm,  
hinges of a forgotten door cry and moan in answer,  
will this silken widow's-web cause me harm?  
Heat rushes from your furnace-fire, a diabolic dancer.

Ice-melt between us now, without a safe raft to cross,  
opportunity grasped too soon would be ruins, a tormenting cost;  
I struggle, strain, restlessly set in my twine of duration . . .  
your lips turn toward me, tabooed fruit on the vine of temptation.

Matt Bayer





# Acts of Blood

**“Love is an act of blood and I’m bleeding a pool in the shape of a heart.”**

**Dream Theater**

**By Paul Angle**

The shotgun belonged to my father. He kept it under the bed in his room and left the shells in the top drawer of the dresser for safety reasons. My mother had never liked having a weapon in the house, but my father insisted because we live in such a bad part of town. The weapon was meant to stop criminals. And that’s what I used it for.

Christa was the only person I could talk to then. I couldn’t talk to my parents—not for lack of trying on their part, but just because I wouldn’t open up to them. I don’t know why. But I was only ten then. Now I’m able to talk about my thoughts and feelings; I just don’t *want* to share them. Except with her. She understands me. She knows me. At least, she used to. I haven’t seen her since the day I used the shotgun.

She came to me upset that day. She wasn’t crying, but I could tell that she wanted to. Or needed to. I had seen her like this before. Too many times before. It had taken me a while to get her to tell me what was wrong, and even when she did, I didn’t quite understand. All she would say was that her father was doing bad things to her. What kind of things? I would ask, but I got no more clarification. There are just some things a ten-year-old can’t, and shouldn’t, understand. But I understood then what I had to do.

That night, while my father was at the local bar with his buddies and my mother was out with one of her male friends that my father didn’t know about, I got the shotgun out from under his bed. I checked to see if it was loaded, and when I saw that it wasn’t, I took three shells from the box in the top drawer of his dresser and loaded it. I knew I wouldn’t need three; I was sure that one would be enough. But I put three in anyway, flipped on the safety, and walked over to Christa’s house.

The front door was unlocked. Her father never locked the doors or windows. He was one of

those men that thought they were invincible—not because he was so big or strong, but because he was drunk most of the time. And when he was drunk, he was mean, which made people afraid of him. He was drunk when I opened the door and walked in. But I wasn’t afraid of him. Far from it.

The pervert was sitting in a beat-up, broken recliner. His left hand held a cheap whiskey bottle that was nearly empty, while his right hand was fondling his member through one of the many holes in his stained boxer shorts. He wore no shirt, showing the sagging, hairy chest of a man who had never lifted anything heavier than a case of beer. His glazed eyes barely strayed from the topless woman on the television set when he realized someone had entered his lair.

“What the hell do you want, you little brat?” He wheezed and then took a swig from his bottle. I said nothing, choosing only to study this man in the last few moments of his pathetic life.

“Oh, I suppose you want that little whore to come down and play. Well, she can’t. She’s wore out, if you know what I mean.” A disgusting cackle slipped out of his mouth, and led to a short bout of coughing. When that subsided, he said, “She’s in bed, where you should be. Now get out!”

I didn’t move.

He struggled to his feet, veins sticking out of his forehead and neck, shouting, “That’s it. I’m gonna beat the living shit out of you, you little prick!”

He made it to his feet in the same amount of time it took me to flip the safety off, pump the shotgun, aim, and fire. And after I watched his faceless body slide to the floor, I saw Christa sitting on the steps across the room, eyes wide with terror. It was the only time I spoke my true feelings to her, or anyone.

“I love you,” I said.





**Reeds and Reflections**  
**Julie DeVine Phillips**



## Untouched Waters

A soft descendant breeze  
Flitters grace among  
The weeds—melancholy—  
Not seen or felt by another  
Except the weeping heart  
Ever still unknown.

Feel blue lap upon the  
Loneliest of blue.

Compassionate whispers  
Ripple soothingly  
A puddle—desolate—  
Where unuttered hopes have fallen  
Amidst still shadows of  
All untouched waters.

Feel blue lap upon the  
Loneliest of blue.

Candy Krebbs



## Making It

Grubby hands glob glitter and glue:  
crayons and crepe paper clutter the floor.  
Proudly she beams, "I made it for you"  
but Daddy's too busy and walks out the door.

Shining eyes squint beneath a John Deere cap,  
steering the tractor with a wad in her jaw.  
She spits brown juice beneath her front teeth gap,  
but the overalled man doesn't notice at all.

Scholarly student and basketball star.  
she seeks some approval in Daddy's eyes.  
But time is money, not wasted on girls,  
so she leaves in the night; no need for goodbye.

Thirty years old with kids of her own,  
she waves to her family and receives her degree.  
Somewhere, an old man picks up the phone,  
and a cold voice replies, "I made it - - for me!"

Angie J. Richart





## Seasons

Long, narrow fingers whistle in the wind.  
Your stature stands tall above the rest of nature.  
Your black narrow scars, your ruffled skin,  
and your internal stripes hide your age.

Your fans in the brisk wind flamed burnt orange.  
Now, with yellow and red leaves,  
Parts of you surrender to the soft floor.  
Please don't withdraw your splendor before cold.

Tina Walker

## *Storms*

*Tears streak down the pane  
And distort the truth -  
Separate worlds, mirrored reflections  
On both sides of the rain-battered glass.*

*The clouds outside stand still  
As the world races beneath them  
But the clouds inside swirl and churn  
While the inside world remains stagnant.*

*Does the pane separate them  
Or connect them?  
Outside or inside,  
It remains constant.*

*Paul Angle*





**Caesar's Dream  
Travis Fendley**



GOING  
DOWN

by Arvilla Ater

Leon Plank? Danee punched the buttons, making a special physical assertion on

The ground trembled beneath Danee's feet. She watched the lighted buttons inside the elevator impatiently. If an earthquake caused the trembling, she'd just as soon be in Conference Room 146 presenting her proposal for the hospital's new library. She could still talk to the board members - even if they were crouched beneath the long, mahogany table. And if this quake decided to tickle the numbers on the Richter scale, she might get under the table with them - taking the charts and proposal sheets along with her of course. Why not? She'd talked to people in worse settings, and she wasn't used to wasting time.

The floor shook again—more of a jerk this time. Danee braced her feet, legs apart in a dueling-cowboy stance to keep from falling into the man who stood behind her. After two minutes of hearing him brag to his male friend about how many phone numbers he'd collected last weekend from the women at Jake's Bar, Danee knew that tumbling into that man's arms would be

slightly less than romantic. Besides, he'd said his name aloud three times already, like a fisherman throwing out a hook, and Danee knew she certainly wouldn't want to be caught by anyone named Leon Plank. What the heck kind of name was that?

The elevator jerked violently, sending Danee into the control panel. She counted her blessings on being thrown forward, but now the elevator had stopped. Numbers 2 and 1 were still lit, but nothing was happening. Danee had entered the elevator from the sixth floor where she'd been getting one last, important signature on her "Why the hospital needs a library" paper. She could have forgone that one name, but she'd always been a big fan of stacking the odds in her favor.

"Push the buttons!" croaked the overweight lady in the back.

Danee threw her an irritable look, thought the lady just might be the cause of the elevator's malfunction, and then shook her head in guilt. Why should she be making rude judgments about people just because her proposal was due in ten minutes and she was stuck on some stupid elevator with people who had names like

button number one. Nothing happened. She then pushed the "Door Open" button. Nothing.

"Here, let me give you a hand," said a man reaching around her left elbow. It was Leon—6 foot, middle-weight, middle age, "Thinkin' he's God's-gift-to-women" Leon.

He gave her a sidelong glance, ran his fingers through his thin, sandy-blond hair, and smiled. With a look of complete confidence on his square-cut face, he stepped to the panel and pushed the same open button.

"You can do it, Leon! Open that door up for the lady."

Danee rolled her eyes. Leon's Italian-accented friend obviously thought Leon to be the hero of the modern world. Captain Elevator! Defender of all stuck persons! The door didn't open, of course.

"Push the buttons!" screeched the weight-watcher's truant again. Her voice was shrill, and it cut through the small space of the elevator like a rusty nail against a chalkboard.

"We're pushing the buttons," Danee said, her smile forced between gritted teeth. "I've pushed the buttons, he's pushed the buttons. Would you like to push the buttons? Or I can push them again. See? I'll even push the alarm button. It's about time we did anyway!" Danee gave the alarm button an angry jab—without touching Leon Plank.

"Let me try, Miss..."

Leon's friend squeezed in between Leon and Danee. He had left his sentence hanging for Danee to supply her name, but she wasn't about to give him any information. Being at a party and sharing a few casual words with someone over cocktails was all right. Doing the wave with the guy sitting next to you on the bleachers at a New York Met's game was all right. But supplying your name to a guy in a broken-down elevator who thought that Leon Plank was a hero, well, that was not all right.

"Oh, for God's sake, Russo, you think that you can get it?" Leon asked.

Danee rolled her eyes again. This eye-rolling thing was becoming uncontrollable—like a twitch or something. So the other guy's name was Russo—and Leon didn't share the same, mutual, hero admiration that his friend had for him. Of course Russo was only about 5' 7" at best and around 155 pounds. Danee stood a good three inches taller than him in her one-inch, black pumps and could have been Workout Queen of the Northeast in muscle comparison—although she only exercised about

twice a month to offset the side effects of eating too many M & M's. Russo's black hair was longer than hers was – she had to give him that. It was even tied back with a ponytail holder. But how helpful was that?

"Come on!" growled Russo, giving the buttons a good slam with the side of his clenched fist.

Danee rolled her eyes again. She couldn't help it. "That'll work," she snapped. "Tear all the buttons up, and we'll never get out of here!"

Russo cast her a withering look and said, "Any new ideas?"

The heavy woman waddled forward. Dance, Leon, and Russo parted as though a stone had been cast and they were the rippling effects of the disturbed water. Large Woman was the stone.

"Can't anybody get this thing open?" she huffed. "And how come nobody's coming to the alarm? Shouldn't they have heard it by now?"

Dance and the others said nothing. Dance didn't know what the men were thinking, but she was suddenly planning a new wardrobe for the lady. And a makeover, hair included. Danee could already imagine the before and after pictures. The dark blue dress with bright orange flowers would be one of the first things to go! Then the orange sandals!

"Open, open, open," said Large Woman, her face growing red.

"I don't think it's listening," Russo answered. He was becoming quite cocky that Russo.

Large Woman stepped back and stared at the panel.

Danee looked at her watch. Five and a half minutes until the meeting. The board members were probably already seated. She **HAD** to show up! She'd been hounding these guys for months to listen to her proposal, and they'd finally given in. Danee thought libraries should be everywhere. As a twenty-seven-year old avid reader – and published author – she strongly advocated the availability of books, including her own. She had to get out of this stupid elevator!

"Let's try something else!" Dance said. "I've got a meeting!"

"What did you have in mind?" asked Leon – the only one who was still smiling.

"Pry open the door!" Dance stuck her fingertips into the door crack and took another stance – perhaps that of an army recruit doing a rope-pulling drill in a basic training exercise.

Leon got on the other side. He made sure his fingers touched hers, and Danee repositioned her hands

up farther on the door. She could feel another eye-rolling coming on. Perhaps if she were writing a romance novel, then the man and lady trying to open the door would be

stuck in the elevator alone. The lady could be her, of course, but the man would be tall, have

ebony, neck-length hair swept back in one smooth layer, have magnetic, ice-blue eyes, and just enough of an accent to make her wonder where he was from. He'd be charming and unassuming, clever and modest. Their hands would touch, they'd feel a spark, and so on!

Dance jerked herself back to reality. Leon was the one across

from her, there were two more people in the elevator, and she was running out of time!

The two of them pulled the doors, straining with all their might. It was like trying to parallel park a car that didn't have power steering. Finally, though, the door opened.

"It's open!" Leon said.

Dance couldn't argue about that, but it had opened between floors. Apparently between the third and second. There was nothing to step on except space. Russo and Large Woman stepped forward and peered between Dance and Leon's shoulders.

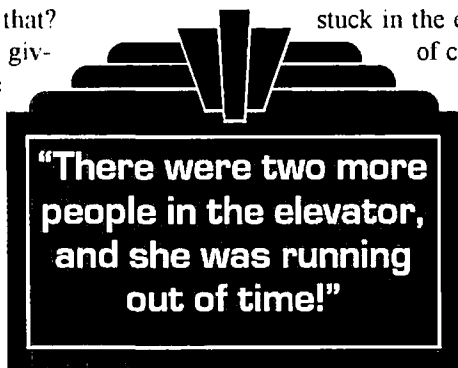
"We're not much better off than before," said Large Woman.

"That's for sure," agreed Russo. Danee stared into the spacious shaft. It wasn't that bad, was it? She'd seen people in movies maneuver through elevator shafts. Of course they fell sometimes or were smashed when the elevator began moving, but a few of them made it. Who were they – those who had made it? Bruce Willis? Steven Segal? Surely there must have been one scene where an author, library-promoter made it down a shaft. If not, there should be! Dance leaned out toward the nearby cable.

"Are you **CRAZY?**" shouted Russo. "You can't do that!" She ignored him. A little further...there, Danee had her hand on it. If she could grab hold and slide down to the first level then she could pry open the downstairs door and be on her way. Thank God she'd worn her black pantsuit today instead of that short little camel-colored skirt! She could use her jacket to wrap around the palms of her hands. The textured linen material should offer enough protection.

Dance felt a hand on her back and turned around. It was Leon.

"Don't do it," he whispered in what Danee supposed was his sexy, alluring voice. "I can't let you go down. I'd never forgive myself if something happened."



She shrugged. "There'd be nothing to forgive. I'm not holding you responsible."

"You're crazy!" Russo said. He had begun to pace, and he was starting to look a little on the hyperventilating side. "Crazy! Crazy!"

"I'll tell you what's crazy," Dance snapped with rapidly increasing impatience. "Crazy is not getting to my meeting which took months to get arranged. Crazy is not presenting my proposal to the hospital board for a new library. And crazy is being stuck just a floor and a half away from the room in which I'm supposed to be in just three minutes! Now I'm going down that cable. I'm not asking any of you to follow. I'm not asking any of you to play the hero. I'm just going down! One of you throw my brief case to me when I'm at the bottom."

The three other detained persons blinked at her, apparently stunned by her rapid flow of words.

Russo wasn't the only one who thought she'd lost her mind. Leon and Large Woman had that same, I-can't-believe-this-is-happening look on their faces, too.

Dance took off her jacket, wrapped the sleeves around her palms like a burn-patient's bandages, and grabbed hold of the cable. For all of her previous, passionate words, she still felt scared as all get out. Here goes nothin', she thought, closing her eyes.

Down she slid, faster than she imagined. She wondered if bungi jumpers and parachutists had this same heart-stopping rush when falling. The cable rubbed the insides of her legs, stinging a bit, but she hit the floor with a solid thud before she had too much time to think about it. She lay there for a moment, gingerly moving her legs and arms to make sure nothing was broken. Everything seemed to function properly. She stood to her feet. The jacket had sufficed as protection, but wrinkled and grease-stained as it was now, she'd have to appear in the meeting without it. Her pants were streaked with grease, too, but it was on the inside where no one would notice. She'd just have to stand with her legs close together.

"I MADE IT!" she shouted to the three distant figures that were peering down at her. "I'm all right!"

"Great!" said Leon.

"CRAZY!" shouted Russo. That's the only word

he'd said in the last three minutes, and Dance wondered if Russo would have to have therapy after today's event.

"Call somebody to get us down!" screeched Large Woman.

"SURE!" Dance hollered back. "Now will someone throw my case down?"

Leon obliged. Dance tried to catch it, but she missed. Fortunately it landed smack on its side and remained closed. Dance left it lying there and pried open the downstairs door. It was easier to open than the other one had been. How wonderful to see a carpeted lobby full of people! Of course those people were staring at her as though she'd just stepped out of a time capsule machine onto their planet.

Dance didn't care! She ran to the front desk and told the guy that the elevator was stuck between the third and second floor, that she'd been on the elevator, and there were still three people inside.

The desk attendant nodded. "We heard the alarm. Somebody should be getting there about now. Did you say that you were ON the elevator?" His eyes widened as if struck by the sudden awful realization of how she must have gotten down.

"Yes, I was. I just slid down the cables, popped open the door, and here I am! Excuse me, I'm late for a meeting!"

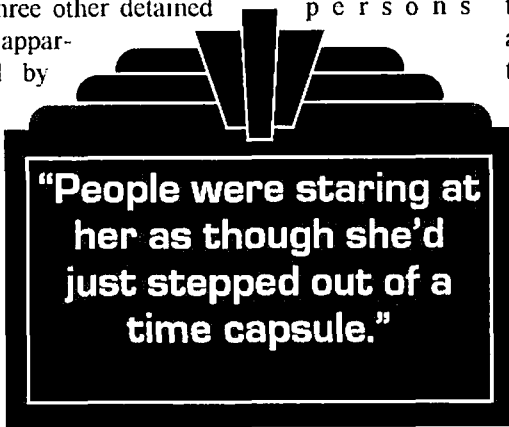
Dance wanted to stick around to enjoy the incredulous look of sheer admiration on the man's face, but it'd take the whole 15 seconds to sprint down the hall and enter room 146. She took off her pumps so she could move faster.

At precisely 4:00 p.m. she slipped the pumps back onto her feet, smoothed out her short blond hair, and folded her jacket carefully over her arm. No one would notice its less than perfect condition. Standing tall, head up, back straight, she entered the room with her briefcase in hand. Each board member was seated around the long, rectangular table with an expectant look on his or her face.

"Good afternoon, ladies, gentlemen. I'm so glad you all could come here today," Dance said, smiling at each in turn.

Several of them smiled back. As a matter of face all of them smiled back except one elderly, white-haired gentleman who seemed to have just eaten a lemon. But that was all right. She'd win him over before she was finished.

"Let's talk about the library," Dance began. "Books are vital to a great number of people—" She thought she heard the ding of an elevator bell. Perhaps Leon, Russo, and Large Woman were finally down. If not, they must at least be on their way.



## Graffiti

Wide slashing strokes  
painfully descend  
with a furor.  
stifling creativity.  
Opaqueness  
covers brilliant  
ingenuity. leaving  
it lifeless and dull.  
On a clear day.  
if you look closely.  
images smile  
through with an  
immortality  
that can never be  
silenced.

Dara Tormoehlen



# B-I-O-G-R-A-P-H-I-S

Paul Angle is the *real* Lord of the Dance. He is also, among other things, a third year English major and a board member at the Jackson County Community Theatre. He still dreams of going to Venice (like Katherine Hepburn in *Summertime*) with his friends Matt, Rikki, Alex and Toni. His brief flirtation with poetry ended with the tragic death of 80's pop icon Falco.

Joe Anspaugh is 23 and is **STILL** living in his hometown of Shelbyville. Joe is a 1998 graduate in Elementary Education and is wondering why in the hell he is still in school! He teaches 1st grade and shows his child-like charm with his sense of humor, Star Wars toys, and spice tin collection.

Arvilla Ater is a 31-year-old freshman at IUPUC, majoring in secondary education, English. In addition to receiving a diploma from The Institute of Children's Literature, she has completed four historical novels, over twenty-five short stories, and numerous poems--several of which have been published.

Matt Bayer plans to enter the IU School of Music next fall, where he will major in guitar performance. His loves include music (first and foremost), reading, writing, artwork (viewing not doing), and anything else creative and/or artistic. Recommended authors: Clive Barker, Anne Rice, and Poppy Z. Brite. Recommended poets: T.S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas.

Rose Bishop is a senior elementary education major, substitute teacher for Decatur County Community Schools, and work-study for IUPUC's Dean's Office. The rest of her time is divided between home and church. She writes, "While watching for photo opportunities my sensitivity to how quickly everything changes has intensified. Our daily lives may appear to drone on from time to time, but watching the clouds for that perfect shot, catching the perfect second of light between the clouds, or waiting for a butterfly to get in that perfect position, can make one aware that every single millisecond is different and will never occur again."

Travis Fendley takes photographs, writes fiction and writes poetry once in a blue moon. If he could save time in a bottle he would throw the bottle away.

Cindi Foster has poured energy, time, blood & guts into her work as editorial assistant, computer design specialist, designated driver, and conflict resolution expert.

Varsi Garcia is a junior at IUPUC majoring in exercise science. She writes, "When I was choosing electives for this semester I thought that Creative Writing sounded interesting. It has given me a great opportunity to express myself through writing. This is my first class of the type, and the first poem I have ever written."

Tracey Green has raised five children and now lives on a lake in southern Johnson County with her husband and a black lab. Ever since graduating from college years ago, she has wanted to have the time and peace to write poetry and fiction. W206 provided the setting and instruction. These are her first attempts at writing poetry.

Robin Kares has enjoyed her five years as faculty advisor to Literalines. Although there have been hassles and hardships, the fun, learning, friendship and final products have been worth any amount of difficulty. Thanks to the students who have been inspirational leaders over the years. Special thanks to co-advisor, Katherine Wills, for her support this year. Love and gratitude for a final unforgettable year to Jeff, Julie, Angie, Joe, Dara, Keith, Sarah, Cindi and Travis.

Candy Krebbs is a secondary education, English major. She cherishes moments reserved for creative writing especially under a dim light between the hours of 1:00 and 4:00am.



# B i o g r a p h y S t u d i e s

**Nancy Low** is still a sophomore working toward an Associate of General Studies, with the hope that the BS in Accounting will arrive at the IUPU Columbus campus in the near future. She juggles motherhood, marriage, a full-time bookkeeping job, a volunteer church youth director position, and IUPUC classes with her love for writing.

**L. Keith Loyd** is an old gent just trying to get ahead. He enjoys writing poetry, fiction and editorials for the Columbus Republic. If it weren't for Ducks Unlimited, he's not sure where he would be today.

**Sarah Malcomb** asks you to remember that even in the face of oppression, *Literalines* continues to reflect the literary and artistic gifts of IUPUC students and the unending dedication of a student staff and irreplaceable faculty advisor.

**M. Maureen McNulty** is returning after 20 years as a senior in general studies. She has a 15-year-old daughter, Jessica, and her husband, Mark, is in management at Cummins. They support Maureen in her pursuit of a degree. She writes professionally for FATE magazine and is a successful artist. She also studies and investigates the paranormal.

**Julie DeVine Phillips'** talents as a photographer, playwright, poet, makeup artist and friend have continued to inspire others working to create the best possible magazine despite her absence from the board this year.

**Chad Reedy** has been on this earth for 23 years, all of which have been spent accumulating knowledge which he intends to bestow upon his secondary English students. He has been compared to the likes of Wordsworth, Tennyson and other great poets, but somehow he has retained his humble nature and unselfishly shares his works with the commoners.

**Angie J. Richart,** *Literalines'* "Hayden Hiltick" loves writing almost as much as chocolate and frog gigging! Angie is always up for a good challenge, as is evident in her plans to be a high school English teacher.

**Ben Rooks** is a sophomore at IUPUC and he has lived in Columbus his whole life. He started writing poetry in high school, and he writes daily still. His view on life is do whatever makes you happy.

**Laura Rude** believes in being a full-time human. A long-time student of IUPUI, she works hard at her career, loves attending school and learning, and has a loving family with two energetic boys and lots of animals. She enjoys music and the many wonders all around us.

**Jessica Sturgis** is majoring in secondary education. She loves to write poetry, but has not always had time to do so. She plans to make plenty of time in the future. When not in school or working, she enjoys spending time with her friends and family.

**Dara Tormoehlen** is a graduating senior English major who dedicates "Graffiti" to all *Literalines* editorial board members past and present.

**Tina Walker** is a second year exercise science major and this is her first attempt at creative writing.

**Janet Weintraut** is a senior elementary education major who will begin student teaching in the spring. She is looking forward to it and graduation.

**Katherine Wills,** aka The Lady, is the faculty co-advisor for *Literalines* and a visiting lecturer in English. She had no idea what she was getting into when she agreed to be a co-advisor, but she loved every minute and everyone!

