



Prism

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Prism

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Editor-in-Chief

Bill E. Kolasa

Faculty Advisor

Dr. Melinda Weinstein

Editing Board

Alexis A. Black

Kristina Blazeovski

Stephen J. Holcomb

Jonathan G. Kade

Kimberly Parimucha

Christopher Sabatowich

Stephanie Sears

Lindsay Zaremski

Cover photo by Bill E. Kolasa

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Editor's Note

Five years I've been here at Lawrence Tech. It seems like a very long time ago that I got here. It also seems like yesterday. A whole lot has changed here. Too many things to name here. Some professors gone; some professors arrived. One and a half new buildings.

The iterative improvement process of putting together *Prism* is only in its second year, and the bugs are being worked out each year. Thank you to all the artists and authors who submitted works this year. A grand total of 247 submissions was made, which is, I believe, more than double the number from last year. Unbelievable stress for someone (me) who prints them nameless and catalogs all of them on a ballot so that the editors can vote without knowing who the authors and artists are, while at the same time keeping track of who submitted what. Then the compiling after the selection, and the score of technical problems that went with it. The time that I mentally call "The Four Weeks of Heck" prior to the deadline to the printer were indeed that at times. And wouldn't you know it? I can't resist saying that I would do it all over again.

But one man cannot do monumental things, no matter what history may have us believe. He can lead the work, or begin it, or take his part in it, but it is impossible for him to do it by himself. (Indeed, modern society and technology of all sorts exists today solely because of the continuous work of generations of human beings who have chosen to contribute to it.) Therefore, I wish to express my gratitude and thanks for the very hard work and support of the editors and others who also made what you are reading possible.

I wish to recognize Dr. Scott Schneider from the Physics department, who help set up the cover photograph; Dr. Gonzalo Munévar of Humanities for the generous funding; and Sofia Lulgjuraj of the Office of Marketing and Public Affairs, who donated her time and effort to be the liaison to Tepel Brothers printing, and who negotiated such a fantastic book for our budget; and, of course, all those editors' names you read on the previous page, especially Lindsay Zaremski for her expertise in PageMaker and Dr. Weinstein of Humanities for her never-ending encouragement and enthusiasm.

Now on to the good stuff.

This is fine art.

I can quite honestly say that this year's edition is a variety of truly excellent work, and that I am proud to have my name as the editor-in-chief of this year's edition and have led the charge.

Congratulations to the authors and artists who are recognized in *Prism* 2002.

Bill E. Kolasa

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A Fresh Footprint
Katherine Dudzik

Es hat die Rose sich beklagt,
 Dass gar zu schnell der Duft vergehe,
 Den ihr der Lenz gegeben habe.

Da hab ich ihr zum Trost gesagt,
 Dass er durch meine Lieder wehe,
 Und dort ein ew'ges Leben habe.

The tender rose made soft complaint
That all too soon the perfume vanished
Which to the rose the Spring had given.

I said to comfort her distress
That in my songs her fragrance dwelleth
And there hath life forever more.

—Robert Franz, Op. 42, No. 5
 (Translated by Frank LaForge)

Left to my own devices I think the world laughs at us.
 Taunting, tempting,
 winking at our endless pursuit to be loved.
 We believe in old ways,
 old customs and freshly worn traditions.
 We complete each other in all but passionate Love,
 lounging in the bustling clanking of stained coffee cups
 and the dense fog of smoky conversation,
 dreaming of our impending perfection.

You and I my much missed friend are of a dying age of
 believers.
 Distant as you are now,
 we cannot possibly fathom the depths of each others lives.
 We seem strangers of a new sort with regretful tones and
 long glances.
 No more is the day of knowing all,
 But we shall see our impending perfection.

$$\ln \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{2^n}{n!} + \sqrt{4 \cosh^2(x) - 4 \sinh^2(x)} = 2 \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{2^n}$$

Holding On *Theresa Digula*

Jordan hung over the edge of the sharp rock, her feet above her head. Byron stood above her, his trembling hands holding Jordan by her ankles as she dangled over the edge. Though she seemed perfectly calm about this life-threatening situation, Byron, on the other hand, was a nervous wreck.

"Jordan, hurry!" By now Byron's arms were throbbing, the blood screaming through his protruding veins. He looked down at Jordan as she dangled over the edge of the boulder, and at his own feet, as they tried to grip the surface under the countless pieces of crumbling rock. Byron gathered his strength and pulled Jordan up to safety.

"You know, you're gonna get yourself killed doing this," Byron said as he stretched his stiff arms.

"Yeah right," Jordan said, rolling her eyes. "But..." she added, "isn't that part of the excitement?" She dusted herself off and switched lenses on her camera, twisted around and snapped a shot of Byron. She loved that nervous look he always got on his face when she was... just being herself.

"But By, that was a gorgeous shot! You should take a look."

"No thanks, I'll wait until you develop your pictures. It's safer that way."

"You wuss!" Jordan said as she gave him her 'tough guy' punch on the arm. She spun around on one heel and was off, her shoulder-length blond hair flapping from side to side behind her.

"Jordan, wait up." Byron practically had to burst into a full sprint through the woods to keep up with her casual jog. She seemed to float through the trees so gracefully as she went, while Byron seemed to catch every branch in the face and nearly tripped three times before he caught up to where Jordan had stopped.

"Isn't it beautiful, By?" Jordan asked him as she sat down on a fallen log to gaze over the valley.

Byron, bending over with his hands on his knees, was still trying to catch his breath. "Uh-huh," was all he could mutter.

"C'mon, sit down and rest. Have some of my water." She pulled a water bottle out of the well-worn fanny pack pouch that was clipped around her tiny waist.

"Thanks."

"Well, that's three rolls today, and I have four more shots on this one to catch the sunset," Jordan announced, as she shuffled through her camera bag.

"After these, can we go home? They predicted a storm for later tonight. See that cloud formation over there? It'll be passin' through here, so we shouldn't stay too long."

"Yes sir, Mr. Meteorologist. Just passin' through, huh? So, then, you'll be ready to go again tomorrow bright an' early so we can catch the sunrise?" she asked with a big grin on her face.

There was no way Byron could resist that grin, no matter how hard he tried. And if that wasn't *quite* enough, she'd try the puppy eyes, and he'd be putty in her hands. He'd been giving in to her for as long as he could remember, since they'd been friends for basically their whole lives.

"Jor-dan...!" He tried to sound like he would really put his foot down this time, but Jordan turned her soft face to his, and began to push her lower lip out. Her face sunk and

those two beautiful green eyes stared up at him. "Don't look at me like that." He tried to push her away as she nudged her face closer to him. "No way; you're nuts. You can get up as early as you want. I have to work with my dad tomorrow, so I'm sleeping in till I smell my mom cookin' eggs in the mornin'." He shoved her away again.

She decided she'd pester him more on the walk home. "Hey By, remember when we were little and wanted to take a trip to the Rocky Mountains? We should do that sometime. I'd love to watch the sun rise over the Rockies."

"Wow, yeah, I had totally forgotten about that. Hmm. Well, I'd have to give work quite a bit of notice if we wanted..."

"Oh, Byron, learn to live on the edge a little!"

"I think YOU do enough living on the edge for the both of us."

Jordan smiled at him and turned to the sun as it began its brief descent behind a cluster of trees in the distance.

"K, you ready to head back?" Jordan asked Byron, although she already knew the answer to THAT question.

Byron stood up slowly and stiffly. "You're gonna have to start making these trips on your own. I'm so out of shape. Can't you just hook up to your climbing harness and lower yourself down the side of a cliff to take these silly dangerous pictures?"

"I could," she responded, "but you wouldn't let me go myself."

"Yeah, yeah. I know," he muttered. "Let's go."

They followed along the edge of the rocky trail. The placement of each step almost seemed to be laid out for them, for they had hiked this trail more times than they could ever remember. They knew each jagged stone that protruded from the dirt, each turn in the path, each tree that they passed, including the one with their initials scraped in the bark, symbolizing a friendship pact they made when they were twelve.

As they passed through a small clearing, they felt drops of rain on their skin. "Here it is. It's starting," Byron said. "We're stuck in it now."

They continued onward. The sky had gotten dark quicker than usual, as the storm clouds moved in. The light rain had made the rocks beneath their feet slick.

"Jordan, be careful, the rocks are slippery."

"I know, but we take this path ev-er-y time, Byron."

"I know, just be careful." He could sense her rolling her eyes at his cautioning remark.

Thunder clapped in the distance. Lightning lit up the sky and the tops of the trees in the valley just below them. They were nearly to the bottom of the mountain, but still had to cross the ledge over the stream, then travel a ways through the woods to get home.

Byron was beginning to second-guess his decision to stay for the sunset. He knew that the storm was coming, but he also knew how much Jordan loved to watch the sunset from the mountain. Well, there was no going back on that decision now. They would just have to trek onward toward home.

They scooted their way across the narrow ledge of the rock, Jordan leading. Byron could reach the next rock with one long step, but Jordan always had to make a little leap to reach it. As with every time before, she bent her right knee, balanced the toe of her left foot slightly behind her and pushed off. Only this time, her toe slipped off the edge of the slippery rock and scraped along the side of it, finally slipping off. Her body fell forward and her face plunged into the sharp edge of the rock that her toe had failed to catch.

"By-ro—!!" Jordan's terrified yell echoed on the rocks as Byron jumped, looked up, and scurried to the edge of the rock where she had slipped. He leaned over to see a flash of her

hair disappear beyond the protruding ledge below. He dropped to his knees and was instantly on his stomach, leaning as far out as he could to try and see where Jordan had disappeared. He squinted his eyes, but could only see the glistening stream below as the lightning flashed. They had almost made it. He hadn't thought twice about the gap that Jordan usually glided over so gracefully in one smooth motion.

Byron stepped over the gap and headed off the path and down a little trail, which lead to the stream just below. He ran along the side of the muddy stream, his feet sinking deep in the mud with each step. His boots collected mud and he struggled to lift each heavy foot.

"Jordan! Jordan! Where are you?" Byron called nervously.

He ran blindly in the dark and rain to where he thought she would have landed. A flash of lightning allowed him to look around the area briefly, but he saw no trace of her body. The deafening thunder echoed through his head as he called her name again, "Jordan!"

Another flash of lightning; this time he looked at the stream next to him. He spotted her body as the water rushed over her. With no other thoughts in his mind but to save her, he jumped into the stream with a few giant leaps and grabbed Jordan under her arms and pulled her through the water, which was now up to his waist. He pulled her up to the shore as close to the overhanging rock as he could, bent down and felt her neck for a pulse. The faint beating was the only sign that she was still alive. Her body lay motionless on the muddy shore.

Help, Byron thought, who can help? It would take forever to run back in the rain and find someone to call for an ambulance. And on this side of the mountain, how would they get a vehicle across the stream?

A phone. I need a phone! ... Jordan's phone! (Her mom had insisted that her daughter carry a cell phone in case of emergencies. Jordan had refused the idea, telling her mother that 'she worries to much,' but, nonetheless, she accepted the phone for her mother's peace of mind.) Oh Jordan, please have it!

Jordan's camera bag had been caught underneath her body as he had dragged her up from the stream. Byron slipped his arm under her back and pulled the bag out from under her and unclipped the strap from around her neck and arm. He frantically zipped open every one of the million compartments in the bag, and finally found the phone tucked in a little zippered pouch. He turned it on, only to find minimal battery life. Gosh, Jordan had only used it once or twice and never thought to keep it charged. He dialed 9-1-1 and sent the call. Nothing. No noise. He looked at the screen that was flashing 'no signal.' He jumped up and began pacing around, holding the phone above his head, the rain now pouring down and stinging his eyes as he stared up at the screen. He climbed anxiously up a small hill, holding the phone up as high as he could. Still nothing.

No! He thought. This can't be HAPPENING! NOOO! He rushed to the edge of the hill and scrambled up the little trail that he had come down. He reached the top of the mountain, hoping to catch a signal from any tower within reach. The screen flashed, and the signal symbol lit up. It was weak, but hopefully he could get through. He punched the wet keys. 9 - 1 - 1. By now he was shivering and soaking wet. The phone shook as his trembling hand held it to his ear.

"9 - 1, this ... an emerg—," a voice answered on the other end of the line.

Byron began yelling into the phone, "This is an emergency. We need help! We need an ambulance!"

"Sir, ... break—, sir?"

Byron ran to the ledge where Jordan had photographed the bird's nest earlier that day. It was the closest and straightest line to the city below. The signal cleared up and Byron heard the woman's voice repeat, "Sir, are you there? Is this an emergency?"

"Yes!" Byron called to her. He covered his other ear to block the sound of the clapping thunder and the pounding rain. "My friend and I were hiking, and she slipped off the edge of a cliff! She's not moving. We need help," he said, breathing very heavily into the phone.

"Okay, sir, tell me where you are."

"We are on Ridge Cliff Heights on the North side. She's down by the stream below there."

The operator asked Byron a few more brief questions, and Byron stuttered the best answers he could think of at that moment. He gave her Jordan's phone number. Her sister would know exactly where they were since they were often hiking companions growing up. This was the spot where they would often take a dip in the water during their all-day summer hikes.

Byron's mind began to drift off... Jordan looked so lifeless lying there on the ground. Her beautiful body seemed so distorted. Her leg had dragged along so clumsily behind her body when I pulled her out of the water. It must be broken. She'll be pissed if she can't climb at Seneca next month. She'll be so mad at herself... She'll be so mad at me... I should have caught her! If only I would have —"

BEEEEEEEEEEEP. Byron jolted back to reality. The battery was dead on the phone. The call was instantly disconnected and the phone powered down. Byron frantically pressed the power key, but the screen would only blink at him, as if mocking him. He could only hope that the operator got enough information and would call Jordan's sister for their exact location.

Byron shoved the phone into his pocket and darted back through the woods to the little trail leading down to where Jordan's body lay below. He slid down the muddy trail.

He rummaged through Jordan's camera case to look for anything that may be of any help. He had to go by the feel of things, as the sky was still dark, except for the occasional flash of lightning. He found the flash to Jordan's camera. He set it down next to him. He felt for her fanny pack that she always wore hiking. There was a small homemade first aid kit in the pocket, but nothing that would be of any help in their current situation.

Byron sat hunched over Jordan's body, praying that she would be okay. When the lightning flashed, he could see blood glistening on her face. The gash on her face went across her right cheek and scraped to her forehead. It looked as though a mask from a horror movie now covered up her once-delicate features. He could see that her baby blue button-down shirt had a dark spot on her left side. Byron felt a tear in the shirt and spread it apart to find a deep gash in her side. It was still bleeding. He applied pressure to it with his trembling hands, leaned over her body, and waited for what seemed like an eternity.

* * * * *

Jordan's mother rushed into the emergency room, followed closely by her husband. Mrs. Stronglin spotted Byron near the reception desk as soon as they entered the hospital, and she immediately approached him with open arms. "Byron, Byron, thank you so much for being there. Thank you," she sobbed.

Mr. Stronglin put his hand on Byron's shoulder, "Thank you."

"Mr. and Mrs. Strom-ling?" came a voice from behind them.

"Stronglin..." Mr. Stronglin corrected as he turned toward the voice, which came from the nurse at the reception desk.

"I have some papers that I need you to fill out for your daughter... Jordan, is it?"

"Yes, I'll handle those." He turned to his wife, "Honey, why don't you and Byron go sit down? I'll be right there."

"No, I want to see her! Where is she? Byron, where did they take her?" Mrs.

Stronglin pleaded.

"They took her out of the ambulance, and before I got to the doors, they had wheeled her away. They took me aside and just finished asking me a bunch of questions."

"John," Mrs. Stronglin ran to her husband, "find out where she is..."

The nurse behind the desk told them that a doctor would come out and inform them of the situation, and for now, they would just have to wait.

"Oh God, my little girl... John, our little girl..."

* * * * *
 "Lord, please watch over her," Byron prayed, muttering the words to himself over and over in the waiting room. He sat hunched over on his chair, his hands clenched together so tightly that his knuckles were turning white.

Mrs. Stronglin placed a trembling hand on Byron's shoulder, and he looked up sadly. "What'd they say?"

"They're doing what they can for her," she said quietly. "She took quite a fall."

"Yeah. She's a fighter. She'll give it all she's got. I know she will. Jordan's never let anything get the best of her..."

Mrs. Stronglin sat in the chair next to Byron. She leaned on Byron and he put an arm around her as she sobbed into his shoulder. Byron was practically part of the Stronglin family. Mr. and Mrs. Stronglin had always treated him like a son. All of the children had always been somewhat close, but Byron and Jordan especially, being the same age.

Mrs. Stronglin wiped her puffy eyes, and leaned on her own chair, "John ran down the street to the drugstore to buy some food. We'll probably be here a while." The two of them sat in silence, but they both shared the same thoughts.

Mr. Stronglin came back into the waiting room about 15 minutes later. "Byron, here are some sweat pants, a t-shirt and some things you can change into."

"Yes dear, you're soaked, you must be freezing." Mrs. Stronglin hadn't taken note of that until that moment. "Bring your wet clothes out here. John, get a bag for Byron."

Byron came back a few minutes later, and sat down again. "Will you please tell us what happened, Byron?" John and Elisabeth sat across from him, holding hands as they tried to listen to Byron sum up what he could remember.

They were interrupted by a tall male doctor who came to fill them in on Jordan's condition. "Mr. and Mrs. Stronglin? I'm Dr. Foster."

"Yes, please, John and Elisabeth."

"Young man, are you—"

"He's... one of the family. It's okay," Mr. Stronglin piped in quickly. "How's she doing?"

"Well, Jordan's left leg is broken. It's a clean break, so it should heal nicely. She got scraped up pretty badly, and she'll need stitches to close up those wounds. We have a team of doctors in there working on her now."

Mrs. Stronglin tried hard to hold back her tears, "Will she be okay? What about her face? Byron said she hit it on the corner of a rock. Her eyes, can she see? And what about—"

"We're doing all that we can for her at this time. We'll give you another update when we're further along."

Byron sat down on a chair in the corner of the room, rested his chin in his hand, and closed his eyes. He saw Jordan again, lying motionless on the ground. He saw her face, so torn up, ... the gash on her cheek, ... her blond hair covered in mud... the blond hair that had only hours before been gracefully tossed back and forth as she glided through the woods. He

saw the flashing lights, heard the screaming sirens... a blurry image of the ambulance and the ride to the hospital lingered in his mind.

* * * * *
 It was about 12:30 a.m. when the doctor returned to the waiting room. "Mr. and Mrs. Stronglin, your daughter..." Mrs. Stronglin squeezed her husband's hand, "is going to be fine. She's going to be groggy, and sore, when the medications wear off, but she fought her way through. She'll be moved to the recovery room and you should be able to visit her in the morning."

"Oh thank heaven!" Mrs. Stronglin exclaimed, and turned to cry on her husband's chest. Mr. Stronglin and Byron looked at each other and each let out a huge sigh of relief.

* * * * *
 "Hey Jordan. The doctors say that you can hear me. I know you're gonna be okay. You're a fighter, I kept telling myself that over and over." Byron leaned over Jordan, holding her hand in his.

Jordan slowly began to open her eyes. She looked up and recognized Byron. "Byron," she said softly. "I—..."

"Shhh... you're gonna be okay." He watched her for a few minutes as she struggled to keep her eyes open.

"I'm sorry for what I put you through."

"Yeah, well, at least you're tough enough to get through this. Man, if it was me... no way."

"You'd be fine. You're tough... tough enough I'll bet... to give me piggy back rides up the mountain when I get outta here..." Jordan grinned.

Even through all the bruises, cuts, scrapes, and stitches on her face... Byron could see that grin beaming with all her radiance. He had to admire her good spirit and enthusiasm. "Ohhh, now hold a minute..." he warned.

Jordan tried to give him puppy-dog eyes, but winced at the pain. She closed her eyes, and Byron watched as she tried to hide the pain. She was a trooper; there was no doubt about that. She let out a low, long sigh, and relaxed her face.

"Hey, Jord. When you do get outta here..., and if you feel up to it, I hear that the sunrise over the Rockies is gorgeous this time of the year."

A Shelter
Kristina Blazeoski

A home is not where I go,
 After class,
 After work,
 Or after the day is done.

I go to a place
 Seeping with sadness
 That does have a roof over my head,
 Only to keep inside.

The roof is leaking.
 Heavy chilling drops of
 Lucidity fall on me,
 While I yearn for
 A whole puddle of it.

This downpour keeps me
 But only while I sleep.
 The dry sunrise startles me
 Until I leave this place
 Wishing I could call it a home.

I Am Missing Someone
Kristina Blazeoski

Excuse me, where can I find a friend?
 Yeah, that's right,
 I don't have any.
 And I would like to have one.
 Is there a certain way to get there?
 Is my hair not long enough?
 My grandma is always telling how nice
 My long hair was.
 Do I have to drink a certain amount?
 I don't like alcohol;
 I think it tastes bad.
 And I don't like that it alters
 The way you think and act.
 That's why I don't go to parties.
 I'd have nothing to do,
 I think.
 From what I overhear, anyway,
 There is drinking involved.
 I'd never know.
 I was never invited
 And therefore have never been to one.
 I have no one to invite me.
 Can you invite me to a place?
 Any place will do.
 As long as I can talk and listen
 About anything
 That will help me to remember that
 Those other people who walk the same sidewalks as me
 Are real

First Love
Anonymous

I met her when I was six and she was only three
Who would have thought that she would mean so much to me
My first memory of her she was wearing something pink
I looked at her strangely and then I started to think
Who is this girl and what is her name
As time went by what great friends we became

When I was fourteen I got a big surprise
I fell in love with her when I looked into her eyes
This girl who was just my friend had given me joy beyond compare
When I looked inside my heart I saw her standing there
I knew our friendship would be tested and through this we would see
Our love will last forever and we were truly meant to be

Then she had to go and surely I was sad
But I will never forget all the great times we had
She was my first and only love and as I look back to yesterday
I realize that now she will have a place in my heart in a very special way
I met her when I was six and she was only three
Who would have thought that she would mean so much to me

Object of My Affection
John Mysliwiec

```
//my
private void myOneAndOnly(int how_much)
{
    System.out.println("How much does my love for you grow? " + how_much +
        " <- this many times whenever I think of you.");
    myOneAndOnly(how_much);
}
```

Shadow Leaves
Betty Stover

Silhouettes bounce on ceiling, walls, floor.
Grace in movement:
Forms darkened by night
Made black in light
Come alive in mime—
The wind-blown apple trees.
And I, enjoying the show,
Don't doubt the reality of either: leaf or shadow,
Unlike Platonic heroes in firelit caves.

The Crystal
Cari M. Begle

The sound came so faintly that at first Sarah was not certain that she had indeed heard it, but then it came again: someone was knocking at her door. Wondering who it could be at such a late hour in the inclement weather, she hurried to the door. At her door, she found a man holding a bundle of blankets, bowed with exhaustion and worry. Exclaiming with compassion, she invited him without even asking his name or his business.

Within moments, Sarah had the fire built up again and was heating hot water for tea. She pulled the soaking coat from the man's shoulders and shook off what snow remained on it, then hung it up near the fire to dry. "You are kind to a stranger," the man said, color coming back into his face.

"It is the least that anyone could do," Sarah replied, color flooding into her own face.

"Your husband won't mind?" the man persisted.

"I have no husband," Sarah replied quietly, and knowing that there would be those who did not approve of a young unmarried woman living on her own, added defiantly, "And my parents are dead. I am alone in this world."

"I am sorry to hear that," the man replied. "I will not trouble you any longer than it takes to warm myself—"

"No, you must spend the night," Sarah disagreed. "The weather will only grow worse. It is no trouble to me."

"Still, a young woman alone—" the man started to argue, but was interrupted by a soft noise from the bundle of blankets that he still held.

Blinking with surprise, Sarah realized that the bundle that he held hid a baby. "Why, your child must be near frozen!" she cried, going at once for warm blankets. "You must stay for your child, if not for yourself," she ordered him firmly.

Returning with an armful of warm blankets, she found that he had unwrapped an infant girl who must surely have been only a week or two old. She handed him the warm blankets, watching him tenderly enfold the babe in their softness. "My daughter," he said proudly. "I call her Crystal." A shadow passed over his face, and he added, "Her mother was killed not a week past by thieves."

Sarah gasped, her hands flying to her face. "But that's terrible!" she cried.

"Do not worry, it was far from here, in lands less gentle than this. I have traveled far, to find a new life for my daughter and I."

"How have you been feeding her?" Sarah asked, concerned. "She is so young..."

"With a skin of milk," the man replied. With one hand, he fished among his coat until he found a skin, and handed it to Sarah. "If you would not mind heating it, I think that she will be hungry soon."

Sarah hung the skin near the fire to warm, and pulled the kettle of water from the fire. She set it on the wooden table, and brought out two porcelain cups into which she crushed tealeaves. The aroma of the leaves as they soaked in the water filled the small one room cottage. Had but she known it, she presented a wonderful sight to the cold and weary traveler. The firelight caught in her golden tresses, and her hands were as graceful as a bird in flight. Her eyes were large and blue, currently filled with compassion for the man and his daughter. Catching him looking at her, she studied him worriedly for a moment. "And you sir,

are you hungry?" she asked him.

"Yes, I am," he admitted honestly. "And my name is Edward."

Sarah smiled. "My name is Sarah," she replied and hurried to bring out bread and cheese. She set it before him, then fetched what remained of the stew she had made for her own supper hours before and put it over the fire to heat.

When he had eaten, Edward would have left, but Sarah insisted that he stay. "You will get nowhere in this weather, and you will only get yourself and your daughter killed." This was enough to convince him, and Sarah further insisted that he take her bed; she would make up a pallet on the floor near the fire. "For you may not find another chance to sleep in a bed again soon, and I have my bed every other night," she told him, overruling his protests. She found the cradle she had slept in as a baby in the attic and placed it at the foot of her bed for the baby.

The next morning, Edward slept late. Sarah was awake and tending to breakfast and little Crystal when Edward struggled to get out of bed. He did not get far, but instead collapsed at its side, unable to hold himself up. Sarah hurried to his side and found his skin burning to her touch. He could make only feeble protests as she helped him back into bed and fell almost immediately into feverish sleep.

Sarah nursed him back to health over the next few weeks, bathing him with water from melted snow and forcing liquids between his parched lips. For a week he hovered near death's door, still as a corpse for a time, then thrashing violently and ranting meaningless words. He called out for his dead wife often, and Sarah's heart was wrung with pity. Occasionally, he was lucid for brief periods of time, and he insisted that he would soon be on his way, but Sarah firmly told him that he would stay in bed if she had to tie him there. The fever, when it had broken, left him thin and weak, and unable to protest against Sarah's continued care of him and his daughter. When he began to regain enough strength to think about getting out of bed, Sarah told him not to be a fool. "Winter has settled in. If you wait for clear weather, another storm will come upon you and you will be lost."

Secretly, she was glad that he was forced to remain with her. In nursing him, she had come to care greatly for him and his daughter and was loathe to return to solitude. For a time, at least, she had a family. Edward was silent for a time, considering her argument, then told her, "Bring me the pouch that is in the left pocket of my coat."

Sarah did as he bid her and found the small leather pouch that had lain so long forgotten in his pocket. Taking it from her hands, he upended the contents into his hand. Sarah gasped as light from the fire suddenly caught on a crystal. She had never seen anything like it; not even the village glassmaker made things so fine! The crystal was perfectly shaped and seemed to glow with an inner light.

"This is the Áine Crystal. I am its Keeper. It has been in my family for generations. In times of peace, we were prosperous. Then evil times befell us, and we were forced into hiding to keep the secret of the Crystal. Now, however, the wicked sorceress Charna has discovered that it still exists and seeks to take it from me. I am oathbound to keep it from evil hands at all costs. My wife lost her life to the sorceress' minions, and I barely escaped with our daughter and the Crystal. If I am found here, your cottage will be burned to the ground for having aided me. If you are lucky, they will kill you quickly. If you are not—well, there is no telling the depths of the depravity of Charna and her minions."

Sarah was well and truly shaken by this news, but she knew that if she let Edward and his daughter leave that they would be defenseless against the evil that sought them. "You must remain here, and grow strong. They will be looking for a man with a young daughter; if

they find a man with not only a child, but also a woman who seems to be his wife, might they not be fooled? Winter will hide you here, and when Spring comes you may leave if you still so choose."

Edward smiled sadly, seeing more than she could know in her face. "I have not the strength to argue. I can only pray that your kindness will not be rewarded with evil."

Perhaps the hope of winter concealing him gave Edward greater strength, for he certainly seemed to gain it much quicker now. Or perhaps it was the emotion that Sarah had revealed that day. Once he was well enough, Edward insisted that she not deprive herself of her bed. "For what else is a bundling board for?" He always made sure that it was there at night, though Sarah would not have minded at all if it had been absent. She rejoiced at the chance, however brief, to pretend that she had a family.

Edward began taking chores upon himself as he gained strength, relieving the burden of living alone that Sarah had begun to take for granted. As Spring grew nearer, he began doing chores in the yard, gradually working his way to short trips into the village on clear days. The villagers found his sudden presence startling, but Sarah ignored their sudden interest. She and Edward had worked out a story, saying that her parents had arranged their betrothal shortly before their deaths, wishing to give Sarah a protector and the widowed Edward a helpmate. In the villagers' eyes, a betrothal was as good as a marriage, which was supposedly to take place in the Spring. Sarah had not yet decided what she would say when Edward left in the Spring.

Edward had gone to the village for groceries one day a few weeks before the end of winter and returned sooner than he should have, deathly pale and clutching at something against his chest. Sarah hurried to his side, cold fear washing over her inexplicably. "There is not much time," he gasped, and removed his hand from his chest to reveal a small black dart. "Take the Crystal and my daughter, and go. Perhaps you can hide in the East."

"But what about you?"

"The dart is poison. I can already feel it burning in my blood. I give Guardianship of the Áine Crystal and my daughter, Crystal, to you. Go now, while there is still time." All of a sudden, his eyes rolled back in his head, and he slumped to the table.

For a moment, Sarah was frozen with shock. She placed her fingers against the vein in his neck, but she felt no pulse. The poison had done its evil work. Hardly able to think, she grabbed Crystal up from where she played on the floor, bundled her in blankets, and took Edward's coat from his back, the Crystal in its pouch in his pocket.

Sarah hurried to the river, and in the distance she could hear riders shouting above the din of their horses' hooves. Not taking time to think, she threw herself into the river. Its waters were icy cold from winter, only newly melted, and rushing fast with the snow run off. The riders halted with dismay as they saw the river carrying her off.

Some good spirit must have been watching over Sarah and Crystal, for they neither sank nor were dashed against the many rocks in the river. They were borne several miles downstream, when at last Sarah hauled the two of them out. She was exhausted from the effort of holding both herself and the baby above the water. Staggering up the bank of the river, thinking to find shelter, she was dismayed to find a host of riders with a woman at its head waiting for her. Sarah did not need the woman's herald to know that this was the evil sorceress Charna.

"You are a remarkable woman," the sorceress said with an icy voice. "Brave, but exceedingly foolish. Give me the stone and I will let you and the brat go free." The men behind Charna drew their swords, and Sarah shivered from both the cold and fear.

"And if I refuse?"

"The child will be killed and you will be at the mercy of my loyal servants. You will long for death before remaining long in their hands."

Sarah hesitated, looking for some way out, and Charna grasped her intent. "Guards, seize the child!" the evil woman ordered.

"No!" exclaimed Sarah, hugging Crystal more closely. "I will give it to you. It is not worth the life of this child."

"Ah, but is worth the life of this child, and the lives of many others," Charna said softly, a terrible light in her eyes.

Sarah shook her head stubbornly, even as she fumbled in her pockets for the Crystal. "What is a piece of rock against even one human life?" she asked. "I would crush it to pieces if I could save this child from you otherwise."

"Perhaps you will learn, if you live long enough," Charna replied coldly. "Although throwing yourself into that river has no doubt shortened your life expectation."

Sarah finally grasped the leather pouch that held the Crystal in her hand, and managed to shake it out of the bag into the hand that held Crystal. Dropping the pouch and transferring the crystal to her free hand, she attempted to hand it to Charna. It was as if an invisible wall had sprung up between them, and it moved as Sarah moved her hand. When she tried to push against the wall, there was a great flash of light, and Charna's servants fell back with superstitious cries. "Fools!" Charna cried, and glared at Sarah. "What trickery is this?"

"None," gasped Sarah, more afraid than ever.

"What did the man say when he gave it to you?"

"He said that he gave me guardianship of the crystal, and of his daughter."

"Those were his very words?"

"Yes! Or near enough!"

Charna cursed. "You cannot now give it up, not even of your own free will, except to his Heir." Her soldiers stepped forward, swords in hands and evil intent in their eyes. The sorceress stopped them with her hand. "Fools! If you kill her or the child now, the Crystal will shatter, its power broken. I will have to wait, until the child is of an age to receive it from the Guardian."

Sarah now saw a slim chance. "Give me your word that, until that time, you will let us bide in safety, or I will kill myself and this child." The Crystal in her hand began to grow a dark, ominous red, sensing her intent.

Charna, seeing the color of the crystal, knew that Sarah was serious, and it was a bitter taste in her mouth to know that Sarah held this power over her. "Fine!" she snapped. "When the time is come, I will return for you. Do not think that you will escape. You will be watched." With that, the sorceress turned and led her soldiers away.

Shaking, Sarah returned to her cottage. Thankfully, it was still intact. She built the fire up and changed both herself and Crystal into dry clothes. She removed the dart from Edward's chest and cast it upon the fire, careful not to touch its tip. The wound was small and easily hidden, and she went to fetch men to carry his body to the Church where it would lie in state. She told all that the fever must have weakened his heart, and the old people of the village nodded knowingly. Edward's color did suggest that his heart had stopped; none suspected that it was poison that had stopped it.

After a few hours by the fire to ensure that neither she nor Crystal would take a chill, she took both the Crystal and child to the Church to keep vigil with Edward's body. When all from the village who had come with their condolences had left, Sarah brought out the Crystal and began to study it.

There is no telling what either the Áine Crystal or the spirit of the corpse might have whispered to her in the dark and lonely hours of that night, for Sarah and the baby Crystal were truly alone; the villagers were in their beds and the spies of Charna could not enter the sacred place. Indeed, nothing in her life could indicate that she had learned anything of the Crystal that night. She was the perfect image of the grieving widow, raising a small child, and if ravens, spiders and other eerie creatures seemed to watch her, they saw nothing out of the ordinary. Something must have spoken to her the secrets of the Áine Crystal, however, because its lesson was applied when Charna came to collect it five years later.

"Place the Crystal in her hands, and bestow it upon her," Charna commanded, her hunger for the jewel almost palpable.

With trembling hands, Sarah placed it in Crystal's hands, saying, "Crystal, this was your father's and now it is yours, to protect—"

"Enough! Child! Give the crystal to me!" ordered Charna, her soldiers ready to strike down both child and Sarah if either resisted.

Obediently, Crystal turned to Charna, and held it out in her hands. Charna all but snatched the Áine Crystal from the child's grasp, then suddenly shrieked as if she were burned. Indeed, the light of the Crystal suddenly glowed fiercely, enveloping the evil sorceress in its light. When the light faded and everyone could see again, Charna lay dead at their feet; then she, too, slowly faded. Frightened, her soldiers fled to the lands from which they came. Crystal picked up the Crystal and turned to Sarah, lifting up her eyes to the only mother she had ever known. "Did I do it right, Sarah?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, dear, you did," replied Sarah, smiling. She took Crystal's hand, and they walked back into Sarah's cottage together, to spend the rest of their days in peace, prosperity, and happiness.

Evil, however strongly it might seek to possess the Áine Crystal, could not hold it. For its power and secret was in the love of its Keepers. In the hands of the just and the good, it was a force for protection and was nurtured by their love. Evil hearts have no room for love, and so evildoers are consumed by its power.

Ereshkigal
Stephanie Sears

Hail!
Queen of the Dead,
Creator of funereal rites
who presides over the underworld,
the Land of No Return,
She
who writes the deeds of all humans
upon the leaves
of the Tree of Life,
and passes judgment on them.

Mother of mothers,
sole keeper
of the Tablets of Destiny,
is there any other who can compare with you?
Can there be another
whose strength is as mighty,
whose knowledge is as vast,
whose experience spans as many eons?
Is there any
who can possibly comprehend
the full meaning of
Life
as you do?

If,
somewhere,
in this infinite and star-filled cosmos,
there is another
with strength and beauty,
knowledge and power,
equal to yours,
I pray they are alike in disposition

For you,
Queen of all Humankind,
bringer of death and ruler of the dead,
Among all the deities
that ever were
or ever will be,
you
are merciful.

Filling the Hole
Chris Lower

Going through life
Like a robot on a track
Take the same route to work
Eat at the same restaurant
Do not deviate from the routine
Most of all fight for the all mighty dollar

Don't buy the latest electronic device and feel behind
Can I afford the bigger house?
What color should the new car be?
Better put in some more over time
Sixty hours not enough

Miss your exit
Pass the old cemetery
Glance toward Uncle Harry and Aunt Margaret's grave
Envision your own

But you died long ago
When you forgot how magical
First kisses were
Coolness of the summer grass
Beauty of starlit nights
Most of all
How important love is
Feeling that it's just the two of you in the world
Nothing else matters

Never seeing that without love
Possessions could never fill the void
It hungers for more
Feed the hole with money, cars, jewelry, houses
It needs more
It is insatiable

Continue on
Feeding the whole
Until one day it's full
Full, because you're dead now
They are filling in the whole

Body Beautiful
S. Michelle Oda

Trapped inside a world of mirrors,
All she sees is a girl in tears.
Unable to find her true reflection,
The mind only thinks of imperfection.

Endless nights of fatigue and hunger
Reveal signs of being a prisoner.
Still her judgment is made a blur
From the obscure image that stares at her.

Body beautiful, what will take,
For you to realize that it is fake,
And walk away instead of make
Another lifetime of heartache?



Untitled
Kimberly Darimucha



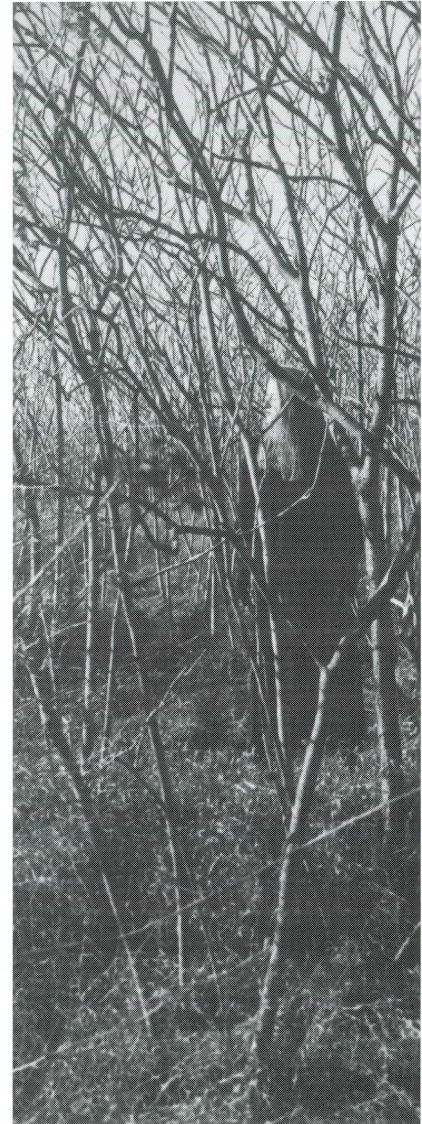
Father and Son
Micah Santos



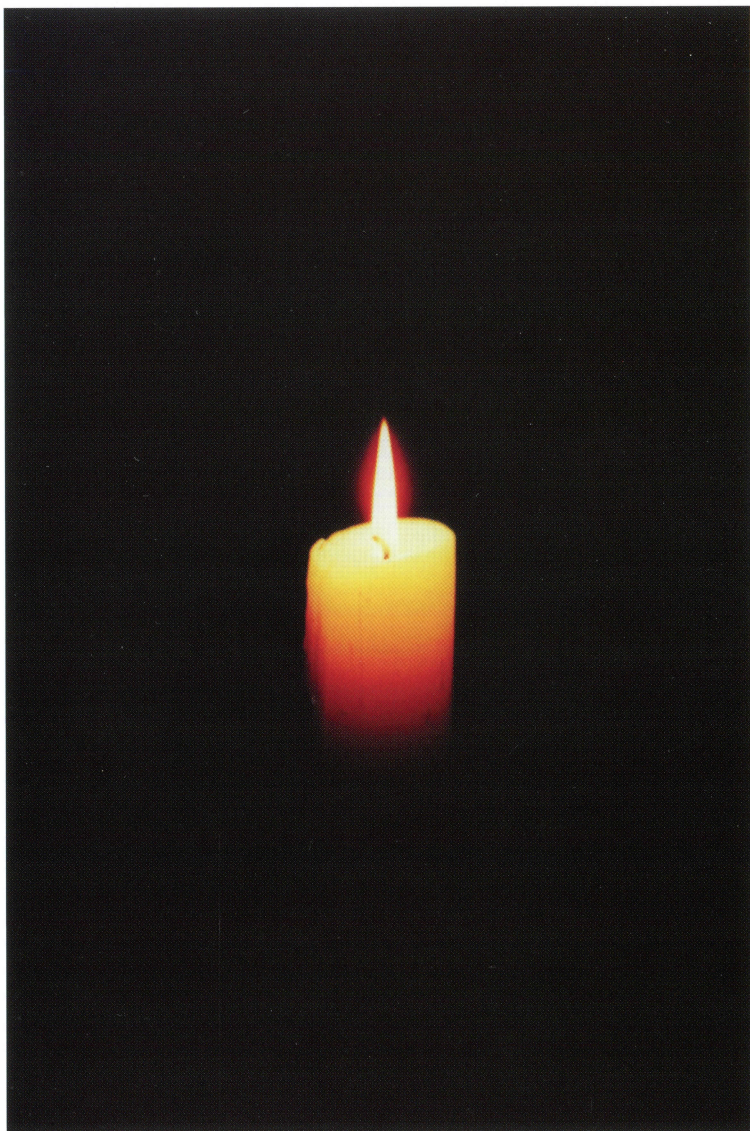
More Than a Man
Sofia Lulgjuraj



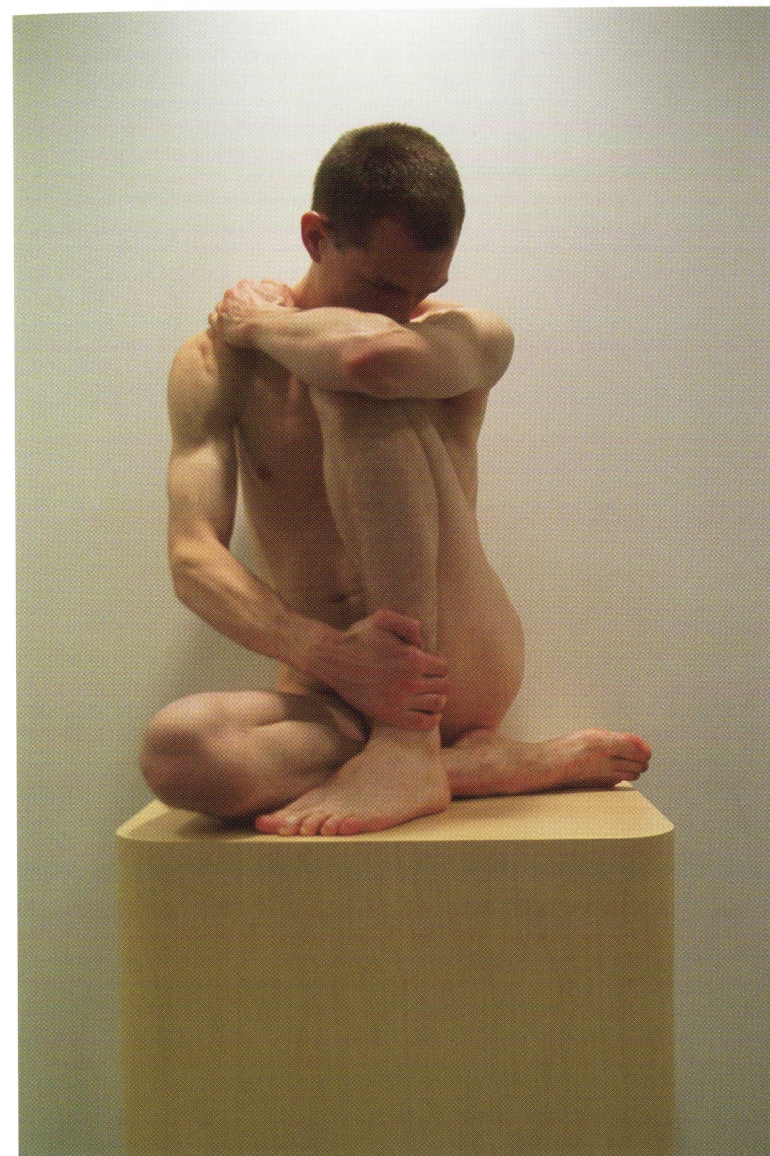
Vision
Lindsay Zaremski



Searching
Ann Cleary



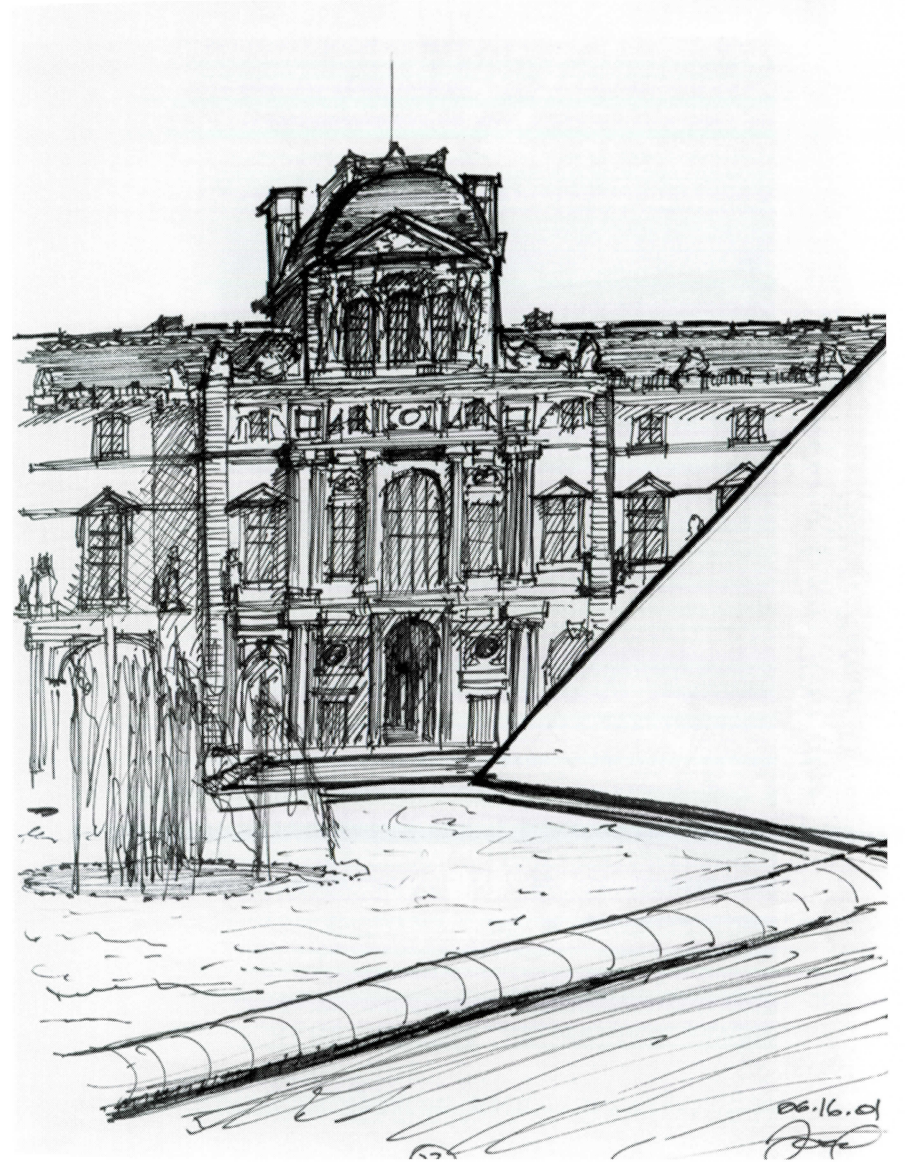
Candle
Bill E. Kolasa



Just Like You, Only Real
Robert Winkworth



*#1 Atwater St.
Mick Orr*

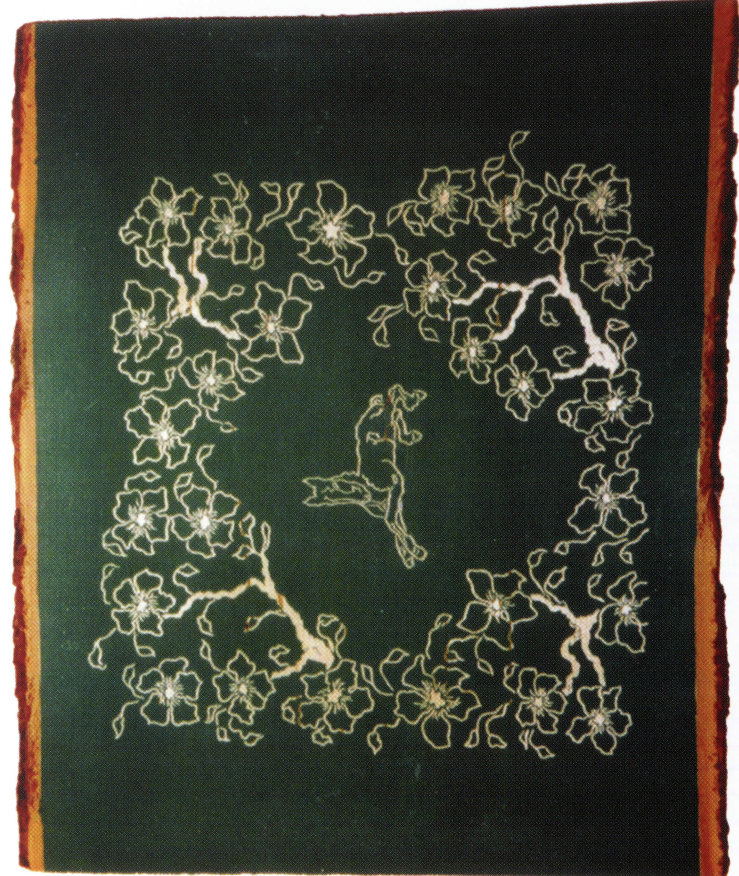


*Le Grande Louvre
Jack Carpenter*

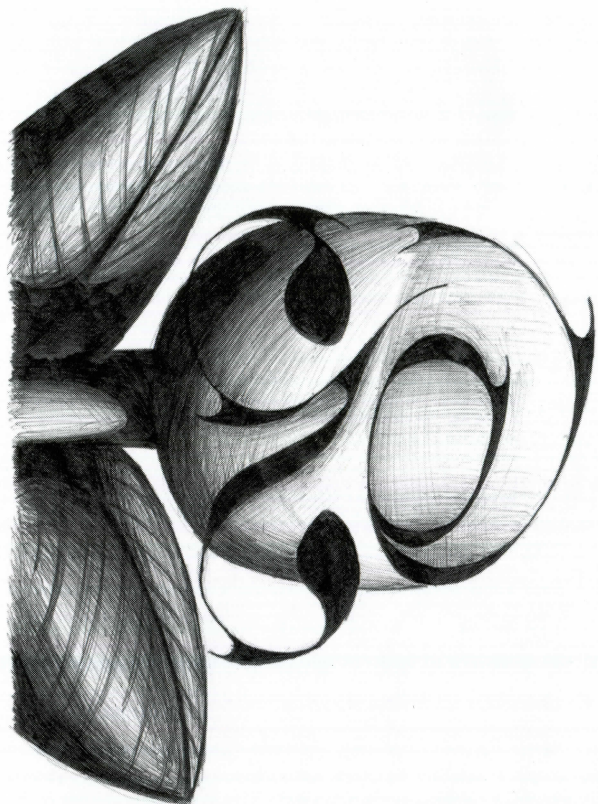
Autumn Leaves With Blue
Bill E. Kolasa



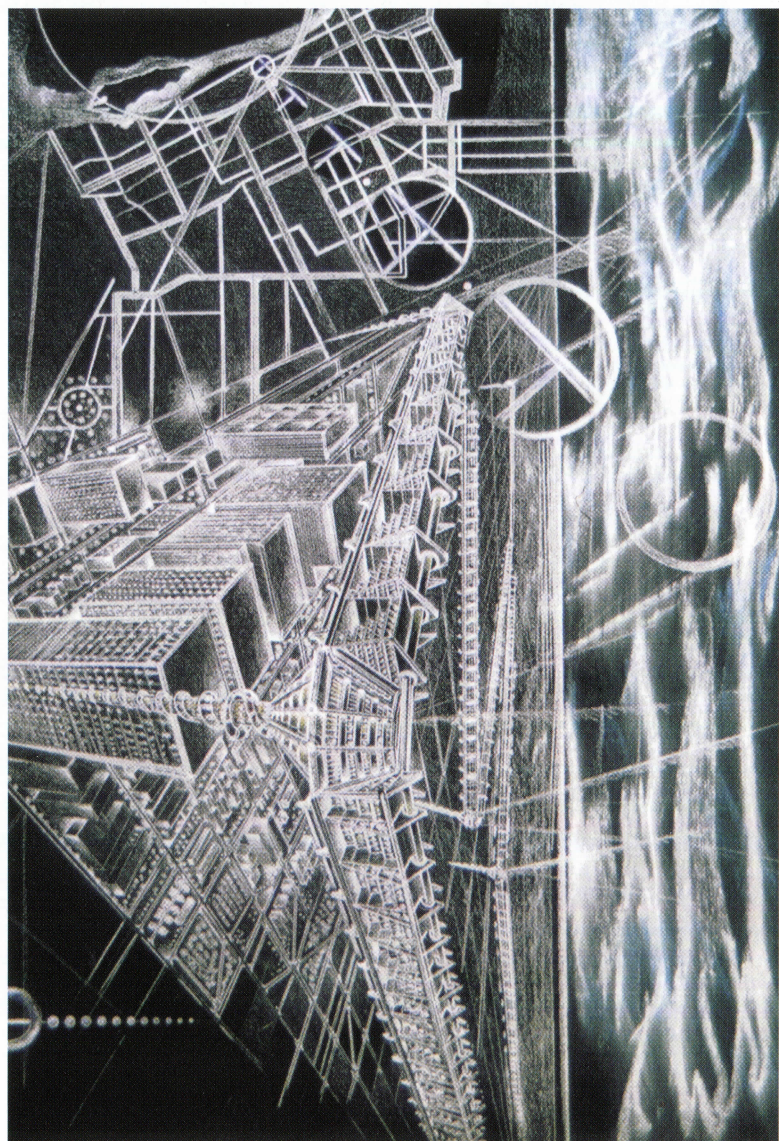
New Strength
Melissa Hanes



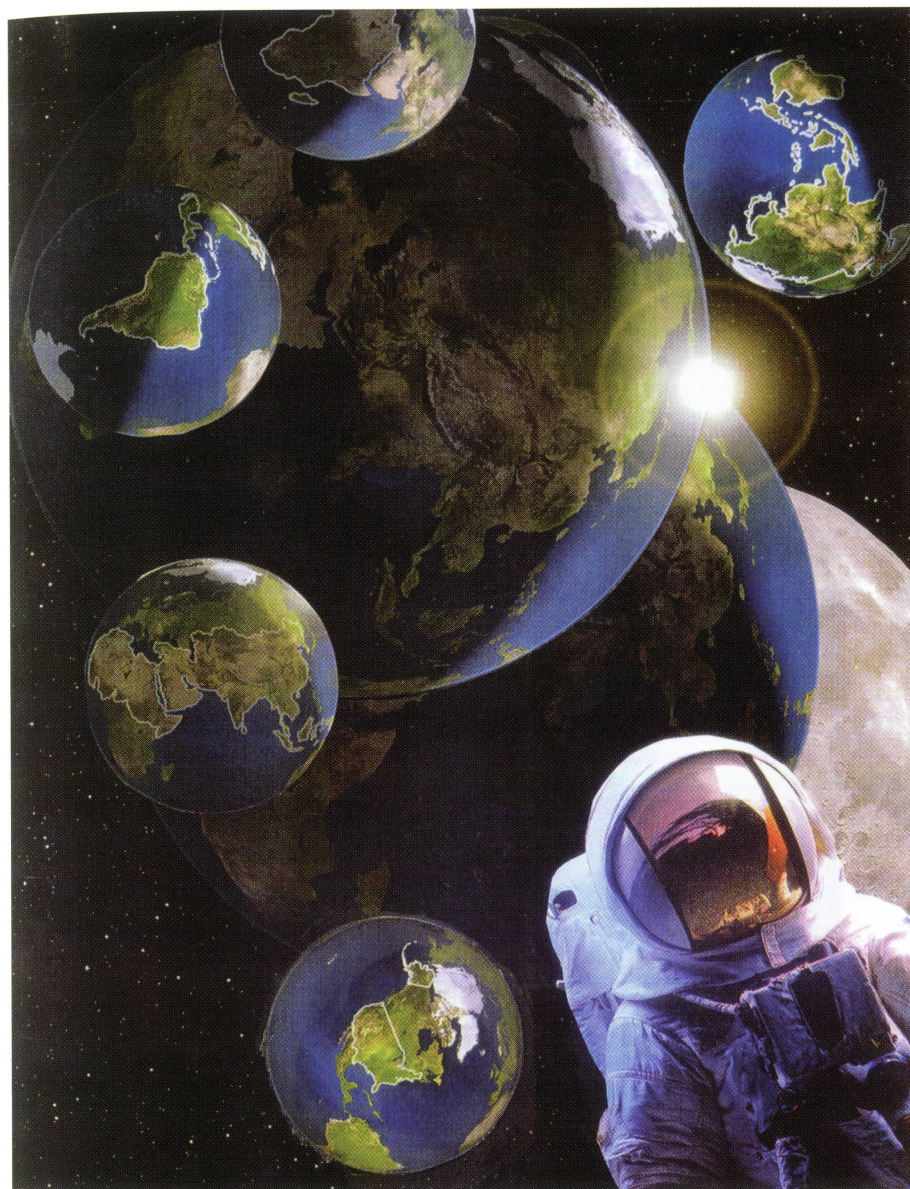
Michael Santos



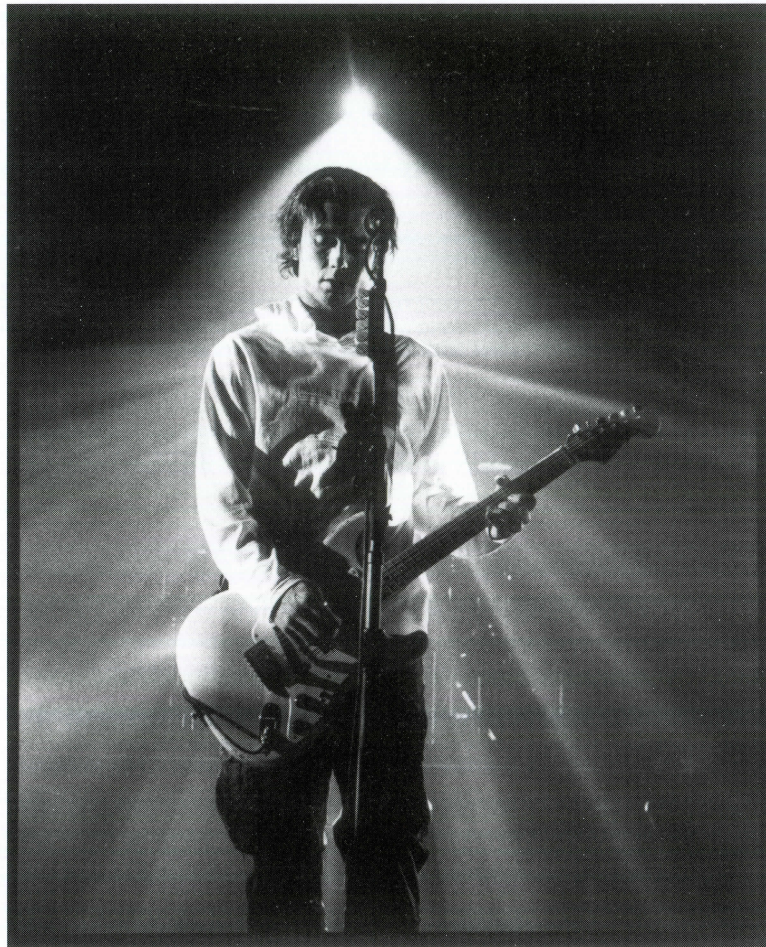
Self-portrait with Ornament
Hussam Jallad



Untitled
Jany Eataroo



Space
Micah Santos



Untitled
Gabe Sauvie

The Dance
Alexis Black

Point the toe.
Raise the chin.
Bend the knee.
Turn the head.
Hold position.

The music begins...

Take a step.
Move the arm.
Swish the hip.
Listen.

One pace forward,
Two to the side,
Step with the toe
Then the heel.

First a shuffle,
Then a kick,
Backwards step,
Pivot.

Listen to the music...

Arms swirl.
Feet flicker.
Body begins to twirl,

Starting slow
Becoming faster
Exceeding limits of control.

Faster and faster
The body moves,
Spinning in the air,

Weaving a pattern
Of complexity
Yet moving with
Spontaneity.

The beat changes...

Feet move slower.
Arms spread.
Balance is maintained.

Movement slows
Yet grace remains.
The body is still in motion.

The music ends...

Feet together,
Arms at rest,
Chest heaves,

For though the body departs the scene,
The smile never leaves.

*A Witty and Creative Title
for a Five-Page Short Story Goes Here*

Nathan Kurmas

Five Pages. That's all she's asking for; it should be easy. In the right mood, I can hack out five pages of 'A' grade drivel in no time, especially fiction. No right answers.

"So, how's Quiz Bowl today? Did you remember to stop by the bank?" My mom asks from a haze of delectable odors in the kitchen.

"Ungh," I say, meaning *I did well except for current events questions. The line at the bank took forever. I stood for twenty minutes to cash the \$48.73 left over for me after the government you Responsible Adults elected took their cut.* "When the State Bank says they are committed to servicing the customer, I think they mean it similar to the way farmers encourage bulls to service cows."

I sit down at the oaken table in the surgical white dining room, open my backpack and pull out a stack of homework.

"Dad called, he's got a meeting with somebody from Charter Oaks, so dinner'll be about six thirty."

"What's cooking?" Good. About an hour before she not-so-gently encourages me to move for dinner. I silently curse the disastrously chaotic deep purple backpack that, along with all of my books, notes and pencils and all the paraphernalia of my true profession, meeting minutes from National Honor Society, the ever-vital jar of Carmex brand lip balm (and engine lubricant) and a brick while I sift through in search of my pre-calc assignment

"Chili. You should take that brick out of your backpack. Maybe your shoulder wouldn't hurt so much."

"Ungh," I say, meaning *if I told you a thousand times: Josh ripped it out of the wall by accident one morning when he kept kicking it, and, well, I do not know where to put it.*

I work uninterrupted through my math. My mom and I have an agreement on that front—she keeps quiet while I do my math, and I don't ask her for help. With the longest assignment out of the way, I separate my homework priority levels. I form three piles. Before dinner, I plan on doing the chemistry homework. A few simple problems similar to the examples Mr. Starrs showed us in class, different numbers. After dinner, I'll do the literature assignment, mainly summarizing some of *Othello*. I do exactly what I'm told, but Miss Bedford concerns herself way too much with methods. Last time, I wrote the summary in a rap type of format, which wasn't bad considering I'm a rural white boy and have no rhythm; she gave me a failing mark. Tomorrow, I'll do the junior history homework. While driving to school, or maybe sitting on the can. It's some useless grade level class the State makes us take.

And sometime I'll have to start writing that five-page short story.

I crank out my chemistry before my mom shoos me away from the table. I take a rare break from the world of being a disgruntled Teenage Brat to watch some TV. I hit the "power" button to turn the thing on: I power down.

"Wake up, sleepyhead." My dad prods me with the antenna of his hellphone.

"Ungh," I say, meaning *Hi. How was your day?*

"Dear, come look at this." In his best baby voice, "Poor baby tired out. 13 hours of sleep every day isn't enough."

"Ungh," I say, meaning *how was your meeting? Your mail is on the desk.*

"The meeting went well, thank you. The chili's ready, if you decide you want to eat." I notice the television's off.

"How's the homework coming?" I have yet to figure out if this is mom's way of making conversation, or she's ragging on me for watching too much television.

"Well, the pre-calc is done, if you want to look over it for me, I'd appreciate it." She sighs. "The chemistry was more difficult than I thought it would be, but I think I've finally got this whole atomic number thing." Every now and then, I like to throw them off guard with an actual full sentence or two. Just to keep them confused. I savor a bowl or three of my mom's spicy chili/ paint stripper.

"Don't forget we've got that meeting about the MEAP test tonight."

"This Chili's really good," I say, meaning *the whole MEAP test idea sucks and quite frankly wastes time. It's this big new test the Mature Reasonable Adults In Charge came out with. Big Brother wants all of the juniors in the state to sit down and waste six hours a day for a week trying to prove to the state we've learned something in the last thirteen years. These people might have a clue if they ever got off their butts, had their chauffeurs drive them to a real school and saw how things worked.*

"Any special plans for tonight?"

"Napalm the toilet," I say, meaning *this chili tastes really, really good.*

Aside from a painful obsession with the bottle, my parents are usually decent people, and good cooks. Anyhow, I'm glad they decide to leave me to being a teenager, mainly stewing over how much I hate the fact they refuse to do anything about, or even acknowledge their damn alcoholism. This would be so much more fun if it were screwing up my life like the people that go on *Jerry*, but it's merely a huge embarrassment and minor inconvenience.

They leave. I put on the type of music my parents hate, everything, and only everything, after Elvis died. After finding a comfortable listening level, Air Raid by my mom's standards, I root through the homework I've got left to do.

Five Pages

Ah. Nice, easy brainless assignment for that junior-level American History class.

The Responsible Adults in Charge decided *I had* to take it my junior year, not my sophomore year when I had time. A Xerox copy of a multiple-choice worksheet. Rather than randomly fill in bubbles at the last minute like I normally do to get my 'B,' I put an effort into this one by reading the questions and marking correct answers, most of which I already know because I don't walk around with my head where the sun does not shine. The other two, I reason easily through. Anybody that believes Abraham Lincoln was *c) a disease feared by many confederate soldiers* should be assassinated. Mr. G'll be happy I'm participating in band tomorrow rather than doing this meaningless crap.

I slam through the rest of my non-A.P. classes (sped classes as those with perceivable IQs call them) in no time and jump on that Shakespeare stuff. It's no King or Vonnegut, but it will keep me entertained for a while. At least I'll be caught up on my homework. Except the five pages for Mrs. Porter.

Somewhere during my reading, Mom and Dad come back. I'm not sure how late they return, but I've been reading the same page for at least forty minutes. I wipe the drool off the running ink. "Ungh?" I ask, meaning *did the school successfully brainwash you, or do you stand with me?*

"Enough of the sarcasm. How can you listen to this crap? It's so loud." My dad's mixing the looser-booze with intensity normally reserved for starving Ethiopians seeing food for the first time.

I listen, wondering what she's talking about before I hear her snap the stereo off. After three months, I've finally figured out why none of my discs play right, with her shutting the machine down before stopping the player. "I can barely hear it."

"Well, the test's really very beneficial," my dad says, after quenching his almost hour long thirst for something with which to grease his kidney.

"The school will lose funding if not enough students take the test," my mom takes her shoes off and neatly puts them where they belong, one of her few habits I wish I could master.

"Mr. Spears says many people won't hire people unless they pass the MEAP test."

"Well, what's passing?"

"Doing well."

"Have they set the standard? Or even written the test?"

"I'm sure they have," my dad gets this 'I know what I'm doing' look. "Why are you being so difficult about this whole thing anyway?"

For the first time in months, somebody has actually asked for an opinion. I try to not blow the opportunity and give the shortest answer. "Because I'm a teenager, and it's my job to give you grey hair."

"Quit being such a wise mouth," my mom finally compliments one of my skills.

"First, according to some of the teachers, including one on the state MEAP test writing committee, the test hasn't been written. Second, pass-fail will be determined by how well people do. Third, I wilt in 3 useless classes that the same government demands I take, learning nothing. Now, they want to test me on *other* subjects, the classes that I can actually excel in by taking away a week of class time to administer a test, on top of the week we waste for the CAT test. Soon, Mrs. Porter's class will not be Advanced Placement Composition, but rather *how to take the MEAP test 101*."

"So, the State wants to track school's progress. What's wrong with that?"

"And the CAT test Governor Engler demands we take doesn't do that? The SAT and ACT tests that most college bound students take do not do that? The PSAT doesn't do that? Are these tests all that poorly written and useless?"

"No, the State wants to ensure proper basic skills are being taught?"

"Like how we should act like adults? Accept brainwashing from our schools, our government, and our peers like you do? I'm sorry. I look at the adult world and what message do I see? I see the message 'be evil. Drink. Smoke. Gamble. Change lanes without signaling! Those skills?"

"Hold on just a minute..."

"No that's it. Any moron can see half the people in Linden can't read for crap. Measuring this with *another* test isn't going to help. Teachers going to 'development' meetings, leaving us with an unrelated busy-work assignment and a substitute teacher to babysit us is *not* going to help."

"So, you think schools are perfect and have no room for improvement? They don't need to monitor progress and discuss ways to better serve students?"

"Well, for starters, meetings can be held on days when students don't have to report. We can carry on our lives, like learning, having a job, having raging hormones, whatever, while the teachers discuss ways to better instruct us."

"What does that have to do with the test?"

"Same deal. They're taking away contact time with our teachers to 'monitor' our progress." I make the silly little quote marks with my fingers. I do this mainly because I'm afraid I'm getting way too serious. Truth is, opting out of the test will let me sleep in for a

week. No colleges require proficiency to get in. The only reason I can see to actually take the test is to get the free bagels the school puts out before the test. "Look at it this way. If mom measures her plants every day, she'll see them wilt and die. If she spends the same time making sure they are in the sun, have enough water, and stuff like that, they'll actually grow."

Dad looks at our houseplants. "Ok, theoretically, they grow, but you get my point."

"Just take the damn test."

"Whatever."

My mom yawns. "It's getting late and I'm tired. You two should go to bed." I'm sorry. I've lived with this lady for seventeen years, and I still don't follow her logic on that one. "Did you remember to do the dishes, feed the dog, mop the floor and take out the garbage? Is your homework done?"

"Ungh." I say, meaning *Yes, somehow I found time for all those chores, most of which could have waited until I actually had time, and still finished my homework. Except for the Shakespeare. And that five-page short story.*

"Well, you'd better start writing your summary. Mrs. Bedford says you're falling behind." Sometimes this ESPN thing (or is it ESP; I never remember) that my parents do drives me nuts. "And admit the garbage stank."

That Shakespeare. I will fail it anyway, so I'll just whip something out on the way into school or something.

And five pages.

"Dear, I'm going to bed. You should come, too."

"I'm not tired." My dad pours another drink, sits on the couch, and turns the idiot box on. I run through the evening rituals and go to bed. I hear my dad snoring on the couch. I wish I understood this, but then again, I do my best sleeping in front of the tube.

A mere 19 hours after I got up, I finally go to bed to read some Stephen King. I've had *Carrie* almost a week and, reading nightly, have almost gotten to the end of the foreword.

I do not know how it could have been so bloody elusive. I should write a sequel to my refrigerator story. I discuss this with my English teacher. Mrs. Porter thinks it's a great idea; now just boot the computer and... what the heck is that noise? Oh just the alarm. Crap, shut it off. Now, wait. I never wrote a refrigerator story. And I just woke up and have to suffer through another day of school.

I fall into the shower and wash up, or maybe take a nap. My parents seem to think I take a while, but what's twenty or thirty minutes? Oh well. My standard breakfast of oatmeal and OJ goes down as smoothly as a fork through a garbage disposal (don't try this at home, I'm a professional metaphor writer).

I'm halfway to Alexis' car in the driveway before I realize I should brush my teeth. And put on a pair of pants. God, I hate Fridays. I signal to my friend, who happens to have a car, and run back inside to straighten myself out. My mom gets out of bed to see me off out of love, or I hope. She might be rubbing in the fact she doesn't have to leave until 7.30 for her job.

"Don't forget to pick up some pasties at the Masonic Temple on your way home today."

"Ungh." I say, meaning *the ladies only sell those on Thursdays. I did not grab any yesterday.*

"Uh, duh. Today is Thursday."

I give her a hug and run to Alexis' car. In town somebody hits the side of her car. No serious damage to her or me. Waiting for Pete, our local police chief to show up, we examine

the damage. Almost nothing perceptible has happened to her 76 VW Diesel Rabbit. The mid-thirties woman swears up a storm for Alexis's stupidity, turning right merely because she had a green light and signaled the turn.

When the police officer issues Alexis a ticket for reckless endangerment, I realize I want to be an adult so all my mistakes magically became somebody else's fault. I pull out my notebook and start writing:

Five pages. That's all she's asking for...

Our Own World
Stephanie Sears

A galaxy
of spinning violet nebulas
whirls itself around us,
streaked
with lavender clouds
and purple mountain peaks,
beneath
exploding stars
of indigo light,
where magick rains down
like meteors from heaven
while spirals
of brilliant, smoldering yellow
pour forth their light
and fill the sky
from one horizon
to the other
without end
or pause.
This universe
of purple turbulence
expands
into the edges of the cosmos,
whose stars
explode
and merge,
with moonbeams,
set afire
the Sun that blazes
orange-yellow
molten
gold and fierce
between us.
Within a realm
of fantastic, vaulting space,
beneath a scorching
ruddy
sun of pulsing crimson hues,
wrapped in silver moonlit rivers,
there is no space
between our thoughts
or souls.

Sound; Work; Light
Jon Kade

I

"It made the most beautiful sound my sister and I have ever heard." Chris Van Allsburg, *The Polar Express*

Beware the long ear of the law:
 distended, it mishears. The hammer and anvil don't
 transmit sound; rather,
 its spreader is spread between, and mutes the clang.

GLING

CLANG

A carrier of a sound is like the carrier of a virus:
 if the sound goes unheard by she who holds it, no matter,
 for he who receives it may be infected still.

DINGDONGDING

Hold sounds, even if you don't hear them, but don't hold them
 in. Yes, let's ring out in dark belfries together,
 lighting the darkness with candles and neon.

II

Fifteen, Franz. The work *is* permitted.
 Its fruition may be forbidden,
 but work is always permitted.
 Laziness is the last indulgence of the aged.

One oh three. The tale is this: a man tried
 to walk away from his desk — he had heard
 a shot in the hall. Wondering who'd died,
 he rose, but forgot his gun. Unassured,
 he opened a drawer, found a long-lost book,
 sat and read, and forgot to take a look.

"But then he returned to his work as if nothing had happened."

III

"But it was *not a star*, it was falling, a bright angel of death."

Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow*

Study light entering a hologram; your credit card will do.
 Notice the angle at which you just see a patch of silver.
 Notice it imitating a mirror, with a darkness representing
 the shape (like on the steps of a bank).
 Look at that bird — is it an eagle or a dove?

What do satellites think of you now?
 Is your hair right? Do you look honest? What,
 what have you been doing with yourself?
 "*Ce que j'ai fait, ce qu'elle a dit, ce soir la...*
Realisant mon espoir, je me lance vers la gloire!"

Okay. Let's light our candles and do what
 we can to make a noise. Let's not crumble these walls.
 You and I, you and I are friends, aren't we?

Let there be neon and argon,
 let the gas spit and the arc sputter!
 Cut the discrete into its proper pieces—
 Slice the discrete into its proper spectrum—
 Bring me red, orange, yellow!
 Bring me green (but don't be jealous, I'll share).
 Bring me blue and violet—

Let's sleep.

Underneath a curtain of violet,
 under a shell of blue.

A Blurted Idea
Kris Warshefski

“The problem is that you assume the existence of Florida.” It just came out. I didn’t think about it before I said it, had never thought about it before, yet there it was. By the time I realized what I said, it was too late to unsay it.

“What the heck?” I think Jim was more shocked at what I said than I was. “How does the existence of Florida have anything to do with the state of our nation?”

“Think about it, everyone in our nation assumes that Florida exists. Have you ever seen Florida?” I decided that since I said it, I was going to try and rationalize it.

“Of course I’ve seen Florida. Follow me.” He started towards the bookstore. I knew what he was going for so I prepared to argue some more. When we got to the bookstore he went straight to the atlases, flipped one open to a map, and handed it to me. “There, that’s your proof of Florida’s existence.”

“Not necessarily,” I was in this deep. “You see, the government placed the idea of Florida into the minds of citizens starting in the early 1900’s. It was actually a concept of Woodrow Wilson’s that Theodore Roosevelt stole. The government started by sponsoring elderly retirements into this warm, fictional place. Florida, which is Spanish for false ride, was portrayed as a beautiful place that was always warm, with all the shuffleboard one could play and nice sandy beaches. Perfect for an old, retired couple.”

“Why am I listening to this bull crap? None of this is making any sense. First off, why would the government do this? And secondly, were you dropped on your head a lot as a baby?” He did bring up an interesting point.

“You are listening because there is nothing better to do around here. Why the government would do this is a bit more difficult question to answer.” I had to pause and think about it for a minute. “Well, they decided that if they ever needed to create a giant scam, this would give them a place to do it. It also provided extra income without taxing the people more. You see, all the old people that thought they were going to Florida reached a government checkpoint at the ‘state border.’ Here the government was able to work the people in government-run factories. At the end of the supposed trip to Florida, the people were brainwashed to remember what they did in ‘Florida’ and sent back home.” I stopped, thinking I had explained it well enough, but then remembered part of his question. “Oh, and yes... I do believe I was.”

“So you are trying to tell me that the government is brainwashing old people to make money?”

“Exactly.”

“What are these supposed jobs that the government makes them work at? I can’t see them working on an assembly line or anything.” He just has to challenge everything.

“I don’t know all of the jobs that they work at but I know a few. You know how old people always smell like formaldehyde?”

“Yeah...”

“Well, they have factories that make that stuff where the old people have to work. That is why they smell like it when they come home. Then there are the bingo card and chip factories. Each bingo card has to be made individually with the different squares.”

“So that explains why they are so good at bingo and why they play so much?”

“Exactly! You’re starting to figure this stuff out.” I was convincing him finally.

“The Florida scam is also the reason that Kennedy was assassinated and why an attempt was made on Reagan’s life.” I knew he needed an explanation so I didn’t even let him ask the question. “During the Cuban Missile Crisis, the spy planes brought back pictures of Cuba. They also took pictures of the area that was supposed to be Florida. Kennedy saw this and was naturally shocked since he was raised with the belief that Florida existed. He felt that the people needed to know about this but J. Edgar Hoover felt differently. A Kennedy made his way to Dallas... well, you know the rest of what happened there. Hoover felt bad about it or something, which is why he got the newly imagined space center to be called the Kennedy Space Center. The space center is in Florida so of course it doesn’t exist.”

“If the space center doesn’t exist, then how did man get to the moon?” He asked but he already knew what I was going to say. “Shut up Rob, I don’t want to hear your ‘There was no moon landing’ theory. One crazy conspiracy is enough for me in a day.”

“Reagan found out about the Florida scam too. I think it was because he was so old and wanted to go to Florida as an old people instinct. They attempted the assassination as a sort of warning to him and obviously it worked. He never spoke a word about Florida to anyone.”

“Ok, so you’ve made your point, however psychotic it might be. I still don’t see how it could be the cause of any widespread problems in the nations.”

“Other than for the mere reason that we have been lead to believe in the existence of something created by a capitalistic government for personal gain?”

“Yeah, other than that.”

“Remember when I said that Wilson came up with the idea as a way to place blame if the government was in trouble. Well, let’s look at this last election. The people couldn’t make up their mind as to which presidential candidate they didn’t want. The government couldn’t talk both of them into dropping out and if they fixed it everyone would know it. So they left it up to the mythical Florida to decide the outcome of our election. Really this was just a way of pawning it off on the Supreme Court.”

“How was that?” I don’t know if he really cared anymore but he at least asked questions.

“Since obviously Florida couldn’t make up their mind, having no population to decide the votes, the powers that be knew that a decision would have to be made from the courts. First it went to the Florida courts, you can see the problem with that. The Florida court, unable to make a decision, sent it up to the Supreme Courts. Some believe that the powers that be were upset over a lost bet made with Clarence Thomas during the 1994 Stanley cup Finals.”

“Wasn’t that the year Colorado played the Florida Panthers?” Jim was familiar with his hockey.

“Yep, who would have thought that a team that played for a mythical state would be swept in four games to a team who’s goalie couldn’t even figure out how to pronounce his name.”

“So Bush is president because ‘the powers’ lost a bet on the Panthers and because Wilson was a capitalist. If I agree to forget you said anything will you agree to shut up?”

“Yeah, I’m thirsty anyway.” I dropped it just like that.

“Man... you know you are full of crap right?” He asked this as we made our way to the food court.

“Yeah, I know that.”

Listening and Thoughts
Alexis Black

Humans exist to interact,
To share what info they have.
Yet knowledge flows unequally
And wisdom becomes limited

For social interactions
Are usually one sided.
One person speaks
And the other listens.

The one who speaks can be
Considered wise because
He can iterate his thoughts
And dazzle the listener.

The listener plays the role
Of a student at his lessons.
Yet he knows his own thoughts
And seeks to hear more.

Who is then the wiser,
He who speaks so well,
Yet learns nothing new
Or he who stays quiet
And holds double knowledge?

Warriors
Steve Holecomb

Darkness covered the ground underneath. The helicopter traveled at full speed over the combination of mountains, forest, and streams.

"ETA is ninety seconds." The pilot's voice sounded through the radio speaker in Tom's ear.

Tom stood, and began checking his straps and gear. Vest pouches secure, web-belt secure...the straps of the pack were securely around his shoulders. His H & K was strapped to his right thigh, and the M-16 strap was over his shoulder.

A quick survey of the other men confirmed that they were also ready; each man gave Tom an affirmative thumb's up sign.

The helicopter hovered a foot off the ground. Tom led the way out of the chopper's side door. His head turned left and right, quickly searching the hillside for signs of life.

His fellow-soldiers formed into a ring around the clearing, and Tom turned to signal to the helicopter pilot.

The chopper rose, swiveled in the air, and disappeared. Its distinctive chopping sound faded into the distance.

They had an hour until sunrise. At dusk, they had to be ready for action. The guerrilla compound was five miles away.

Nicky huddled in the corner of the hut. It was little more than a five-foot square, built to keep her solidly in place. A rough mat provided her with a seat, or a bed, depending on the time of day.

"Come on out!" A rough voice demanded from the doorway.

Nicky didn't respond.

"Should I come in and get you out?"

Nicky stood slowly, carefully walking towards the door of the hut. A jingle of metal accompanied her footsteps.

Most of the time, the guard disconnected her leg-chain from the door-post, letting its six-foot length drag behind her on her daily walk around the compound. This time, he bent over to unlock the chain-clasp on her ankle.

"Behave yourself, bitch." He growled, holding his K-bar knife close to her throat.

Nicky nodded, not meeting his gaze. She kept her head slightly down, but glanced at everything she could see from that vantage point. Something was different today.

She saw Anthony, being led from another hut. Anthony had also had his ankle-chain removed. Joshua and Kristin were also unencumbered. Each had a weapon-toting guard. Other guards surrounded a table, where a man in a business suit met with the local commander.

The point man held his left hand up. The thin rank of soldiers stopped, tensely eyeing the clearing just ahead.

The hand angled forward, so that it was flat. Everyone relaxed slightly. The point man whispered into his radio mike.

"Position Bravo."

Without any further instructions, the soldiers settled into position along the edge of the tree-line. They would take a short breather here before continuing.

Tom crawled over to Sean, the second-in-command. Both men crouched behind a large tree.

"I'll lead the last half-mile."

Sean nodded, not taking his eyes away from the nearest tree-line.

Nicky slowly sidled up to Joshua. Both had their full attention on the suit-coated man at the center.

"No, no. Ngambi is warlord, but these are our hostages." The leader of the camp, dressed in a strange combination of Hutu battle-dress and camouflage fatigues, shook his head adamantly.

"I tell you, Mr. Ngambi will not let himself be over-ruled. But he wants to be your friend. As a friend, he will give you a generous portion of the ransom. He gave you the information that lead you to these hostages. He is reminding you, really, of what you owe him." The suit-coated man spoke with a rich King's English, smoothly cajoling with the leader.

"What is this squabbling over the children of some American teacher? They are not worth millions. Ngambi does not know what he speaks about. We will have the Prime Minister give us his prisoners back, and we will give the children back."

Nicky turned her head slightly, mumbling, "How're you doing?"

Joshua didn't reply.

A warbling sound came from the suit-coated man's pocket. He held up his hand, taking out the mobile-phone to look at the display.

A moment later, he was talking rapidly into the phone in Swahili.

"Alive." Joshua muttered. "Does your dad—"

A guard pointed the muzzle of his rifle at Joshua and Nicky, gesturing that they separate. Joshua stepped away.

The suit-coated man handed the phone to the local leader, who commenced his own conversation with two rapid questions.

A few minutes later, the phone conversation was over.

"Tell Ngambi he has deal. We guard them carefully—like our own children."

"He will send a few men to help look after them."

"Tell him he has no need."

"They will come." The suit-coated man stood, walking slowly towards the truck parked on the trail.

"Tell him we will keep them safe." The local leader shouted. All the local troops stirred restlessly.

"Bring them here." The local leader said loudly. "I must know which one she is."

The last sliver of sun slid below the horizon. Tom wondered how soon things would cool down. This part of the world was hot, day and night. But the nights weren't quite so hot.

His team had been resting, a hundred yards away from the compound, for two hours. Few things had happened.

Some bigwig in a three-piece suit had driven away from the compound, according to their sat-phone's intelligence connection. However, the hostages were still there, in separate bunkers.

Four separate retrievals, from four discrete bunkers. A big job for a team of ten soldiers.

But tonight, two hours after sunset, they'd have helicopter support. The pickup would be waiting nearby.

Of course, if this band of guerrilla warriors had any Stinger missiles, the chopper would have to stay away from the action while Tom and his men dealt with the situation alone.

Like most military duty, it was long hours of waiting, prepared for a few moments of stress

and panic.

Tom would wait.

"On the move." Tom heard over his radio-earpiece.

The soldiers were spread out on the hillside, north of the first hostage-hut.

Three men approached the hut from three different directions at once. Two stood ready for assault, while a third ducked inside the door of the tiny shelter.

Thirty seconds later, Tom heard the distinctive sound of bolt-cutters chopping through something heavy and metallic.

Good thing we brought those. Would have been fun trying to rig a Claymore to blow some chains. Would have alerted the entire compound, too.

"Viper to Alpha Team, we're holding at five thousand feet over Point Romeo." Tom's earpiece squawked. Point Romeo was far enough away for the helicopter to be unnoticed, but near enough for it to arrive within sixty seconds of being called.

"Viper, please hold for six minutes before moving in. We've already started retrieval, and things look quiet." Tom whispered back into his radio mike.

"Roger. If you need support sooner, call."

"Bronco, standing by with the ride."

"Roger, Bronco. Stay with Viper."

Tom's eyes traced the grounds. One hostage was free, and almost to the dust-off-area. Their team sniper was holding position there.

"Precious cargo at dustoff." The squad-leader reported.

"Hold on the second installment. Is that a guard dog near hut ten?" Night-vision goggles were great tools, but the image lacked detail, especially at long range. Tom was looking at a suspicious shape near the leader's hut.

"Can't tell. Is large enough to be a dog, jackal, hyena, or tiger. Whatever it is, I don't think it's chained down."

"Rodriguez, you're closest. Keep an eye on that animal. If it causes trouble, take it out. Team, move on with the second hut."

A minute later, the second hostage was on the way to the dust-off area. The suspicious animal had wandered towards one of the barracks, and its head had suddenly perked up.

Someone was moving out of the other barracks, east of the one that the large animal was near. The shape stood in the doorway, turning his head this way and that.

"I've got him covered. He cannot see the movers." Will said.

"Stay at code yellow." Tom said. The barracks blocked the enemy soldier from being able to look directly at the moving hostage and guards.

Ten seconds later, the moving squad was in the underbrush.

"Precious cargo #2 at dustoff."

"Tango moving. He's going to walk the grounds, I think."

"Is this the night-watchman's replacement?" Tom had ordered one of his men to use his silenced weapon on the night-watchman ten minutes ago.

"He's carrying an AK-47 on his back." Rodriguez said. "Our carnivorous friend is leaving, too. There's no food laying around."

"Take him out."

Moments later, Will fired his silenced weapon.

The enemy soldier fell to the ground and lay motionless.

"Tango down." Rodriguez reported. "And that was a tiger. It's left the area."

"Get moving on precious cargo #3."

Nothing happened while the next hostage was brought out of his hut. As the fourth one moved into the dustoff zone, Tom heard another radio-message.

"Team Alpha, Viper. On our way."

"Bronco, following."

"Johnny, any word from the precious cargo?"

"Ready to roll, Tom. They're behaving themselves. One of them wants to say—" Johnny paused. "She thinks that the tangos have learned who she is. There was this guy in a suit, making some kind of deal between this little band and a big warlord. He was talking about valuable hostages."

"Then we ice them after the precious cargo is aboard Bronco." Tom could hear the thumping sound of chopper blades now. "Team, code red. Get the last precious cargo to dust-off. Anything else that moves is a target."

The fourth hostage was being escorted up the hill by two soldiers. When they were still five feet from cover, the helicopters flew overhead.

"Alpha, Viper here overhead."

"Commence attack on the southernmost hut. We are stationed across the northern slope, so don't shoot in our direction. Team Alpha, watch barracks-doors."

Just as the command was given, the barracks doors seemed to explode. Enemy soldiers bolted out, trying to get away from the helicopter. Seven silenced automatics began shooting.

Tom picked off three soldiers, noting that nearly every enemy fell within a few strides of the barracks doors. The compound leader's hut collapsed as Viper's automatic cannon laced through it. A roar of staccato noise filled the air when the cannon fired. Ten seconds later, the barracks fell to a similar roar.

A few stragglers were still running up the hillside, straight towards Tom and his men. Five more silenced rounds took the last enemy men down.

"Looks clean, Alpha." The pilot of Viper said. Viper settled back slightly, on the east side of the compound.

"Bronco, is the precious cargo aboard?"

"Precious cargo is strapped down."

"We're coming. Team, head to dust-off."

An hour later, Tom was walking out of the helicopter onto embassy grounds in Nairobi.

"Mission accomplished, boys!" He traded high-fives with his men.

The rescued hostages walked towards the buildings in a daze.

"Right through here, folks. We've got a doctor to make sure you're in good shape." Tom led the entire group into the compound, following the directions of a local guard.

"Does my family know what's going on?" One of the young men asked.

"Probably. We'll be talking to them soon." Tom replied.

Inside the building, the rescuers and the rescued were directed into a single room. Sean, second-in-command, went to the far end to begin debriefing.

Tom took the youngest hostage aside. Nicole appeared to be twelve years old, maybe thirteen. "I saw your Dad last night. He told me to give you your favorite book."

Nicky looked up at Tom, then slowly opened the book. After reading the handwritten note on the title page, she shut it again.

"Being President, your Dad has to make a lot of speeches about how warlords like Ngambi destabilize the world. When the Sudani Premier asked for help with the hostage situation, as well as getting rid of Ngambi's forces all across the countryside, your Dad promised help. But when his brother Mike told him that you were there, he sent me and my guys in to fix things."

Nicky hugged the book to herself, not replying.

At the door to the room, two civilians stood. "Yes, I was told by the embassy to come here. Important news, they said."

"ID, please." The soldier asked.

"We already showed—alright." The man pulled a pair of passports out of his pocket.

"Michael Lee, Jennifer Lee? Come on in." The soldier said, returning the passports. He stepped aside, pointing towards the group of soldiers and hostages.

Tom walked towards Mike Lee.

"Michael? Your brother talked to me at his place a couple of nights ago. Says he wants his girl to stay with you for the time being. He's got a free ride to Camp David all set up in a week or so, for you and the whole family." Tom spoke after the embassy guard had closed the door to the room.

Mike smiled. "Are you that Army Ranger guy he told me about?"

"Maybe." Lieutenant Commander Thomas Jackson grinned, then continued in an undertone. "My squad knows a little about what's going on. The Secret Service knows everything, maybe a few intel folks could put it together. Somehow, no one else in the armed services or government knows, and it's supposed to stay that way."

Mike nodded. "Of course, people will eventually piece things together. But she'll be safe by then." Nicky had already come up to her uncle. Joshua, Mike's son, had also come over.

Tom shrugged. "Tomorrow night, I'll be back out fighting tangos."

"Keep up the good work." Mike smiled again.

Let Me Leave As I Came
Kimberly Parimucha

I came to live this life
 as a pure soul and nothing more
 I wanted nothing, took nothing;
 some would say that way of life is but a bore

Let me tell you otherwise
 for I have learned
 That wanting and taking
 is only a soul wishing to be burned

Until you see the gift you bear
 and are touched by something more powerful than you
 Until you see that life is worth living
 it is only then that you can claim yourself to be true

There are endless roads to be journeyed upon
 but yours are but a few
 You only have one life
 don't spend it being a sinner knelt at the pew

I've had quite a journey in this life I'll refer to as a game,
 And I only wish to leave it as pure as I came.

Touch My Soul
Kimberly Parimucha

I'm not asking for the answers
 I'm asking for an interpretation
 The same way one studies a piece of art
 I'm asking you to study me

What do you see?
 What do you think?
 How do you perceive me?
 When I speak, what do you hear?
 What do I make you feel?
 What mood do I provoke?

Lost?
 Let me demonstrate on you
 Are you afraid I might be right?
 If I'm wrong,
 You are the artist
 Correct me
 It's what I call getting to know each other

I want to look beyond your body
 I want to touch your soul
 I want to let you touch mine
 —it's key to who I am
 who I aspire to be
 I'm asking you to be in my life
 I see something beautiful in you

Give me a chance to show you
 What I see

Poet's Sestina
Stephanie Sears

I walk the deep night's darkened quiet,
 in the fluid, shifting lines
 of dancing, moon-sewn shadow
 beneath the glistening stars,
 held within the timeless might
 of fleeting, night-borne shades.

The wide and gnarled oak tree shades
 me from the street lamp and brings quiet
 to my mind. In the stillness I just might
 find an end to the lines
 of manic thought, allow the stars
 to enfold me in their cloth of light and shadow.

Somehow, in the moon's velvet shadow,
 the fearsome, haunting ghost-shades
 of memory loose their strength. The stars
 suffuse and complement the quiet
 as they dance in preset, mystic lines,
 unchanging and eternal, come whatever might.

Beneath the spell of true dark's might,
 enveloped in the deepest shadow,
 whose interwoven lines
 and patches fall in voluminous shades
 across my world, I find quiet
 deep inside; and my eyes seek the stars.

Within the gleaming realm of stars,
 enraptured by the vast and ancient might
 of nighttime's magick, adrift upon the quiet
 sea of deep purple, rhapsodic shadow,
 I cast my net of woven shades
 and feel a tug upon those gossamer lines.

A poem's quick-scrawled lines
 flow to my paper, words sparkle like stars
 amid the heaped, chaotic shades
 in distant corners of my consciousness. Mazes open which might,
 if coaxed and shifted through with care, lift their shadow
 and let my work be finished, to sit upon the page in serene and utter quiet.

Yet this poet's soul, graced with stars, knows no quiet,
 nor might I long for that respite. As words form random lines,
 unbidden, the joyous shades of creation call to me from night's shadow.

Kisses from a Distance
Jennifer Hefner

Kisses from a distance
 Are met with tears.
 Moments are remembered.
 Feelings without fears.

Contributors

Cari Begle graduated in December 2000 with a B.S. in Computer Science. She is currently working as a software developer for Stardock Entertainment, a local game development company in Livonia.

Alexis Black is a sophomore chemistry major who enjoys showing off on stage and making even larger toxic messes in the chemistry lab.

Kristina Blazevski is a sophomore student for a dual degree in architecture and imaging. Chuck Taylors only become more comfortable in time.

Jack Carpenter is a senior architecture major. His illustrations come from his study abroad trip to Paris and London in the summer of 2001. In Europe, he discovered a talent for drawing that he never even knew existed within him.

Tany Catarov is a senior architecture and illustration major.

Ann Cleary is the manager of University Advancement Special Events/Community Relations and enjoys photography, art, and travel.

Katherine Dudzik is a senior majoring in architecture.

Melissa Hanes is a junior at LTU and majoring in architecture. Art is a life long passion in which nature has been an inspiration from growing up on a farm. Woodcarving started as a hobby and evolved into an art of how the natural and manmade collide. Each image in the carvings is created to have a symbolic expression to transcend the viewer's frame of mind.

Jennifer Hefner is majoring in mechanical engineering.

Steve Holcomb is an electrical engineering student. His favorite way to pass time is reading books, preferably not textbooks; he also enjoys conversation with friends, challenging math problems, and time spent with his siblings and parents.

Hussam Jallad is a transfer student from Henry Ford Community College. He has a two-year degree in art foundation and is majoring in architecture design at LTU.

Jon Kade, a lifelong resident of the Detroit area, is majoring in computer engineering. His influences are T.S. Eliot, Pynchon, Kafka, David Byrne, and osmanthus tea very late at night.

Bill Kolasa is a graduating mechanical engineering major and mathematics minor. He enjoys reading, writing, photography, sci-fi and fantasy fiction, and being with his friends.

Nathan Kurmas graduated Lawrence Tech in 2001 and is currently pursuing a career, or at least paying off those mounds of student loans. He still enjoys riding his bike and Saturdays.

Chris Lower was born in Detroit in 1961. His love of machines led him to Lawrence Tech to become a mechanical engineer which will come to fruition in the fall of 2002.

Sofia Lulgjuraj is the University's Graphic Designer. She is an illustrator, book artist, and a graduate of the College for Creative Studies.

John Mysliwec is a senior majoring in computer science. "Art and Literature is simply an interpretation of what someone finds interesting."

S. Michelle Oda is a Japanese American in her second year at LTU, studying computer science. After she graduates from LTU, she plans to get her master's degree in foreign language, which will allow her to be fluent in five languages. Since her senior year in high school, she has used poetry to get through to her friend who struggled with anorexia and bulimia. "Body Beautiful" was written in desperate attempt to reach her.

Mick Orr is a senior architecture major and has been experimenting in photography for a few years. Photography allows him to express certain feelings he has which can not be placed into words.

Kimberly Parimucha is a second year student who has switched to a humanities major. She pretends her goals don't intimidate her as she wonders where her heart is leading her.

Theresa Pigula is a senior graduating in May with a Bachelor of Science in architecture. She enjoys finding creative new ways of doing things and has a great love for life and making people smile.

Micah Santos is a senior majoring in architecture. To him, there shouldn't be a difference between Art and Architecture. The same basic rules should apply to both, whether the project is something elaborate and complex or something plain and simple.

Gabe Sauvie says that his photo was taken at the MTV Campus Invasion held at Saginaw Valley State University. The day of events ended with a concert by Moby and featuring the band Bush. Gavin Rossdale of the band Bush is shown here.

Stephanie Sears is a chemistry/humanities double major who enjoys writing poetry, studying mythology, working in ceramics, reading tarot cards and learning Wiccan Magick.

Betty Stover has been a professor in the HSSC department for 15 years.

Kris Warshefski is a freshman majoring in mathematics and computer science.

Robert Winkworth is a senior at Lawrence Tech and an active member of the Southeast Michigan Naturalists. He likes reading, playing guitar, welding copper, writing color guard choreography, building transmitters, dancing around a campfire, tracking satellites, and photographing interesting things. He finds most clothing very upsetting.

Lindsay Zaremski is a sophomore computer science/humanities dual major. When not studying or working, she enjoys reading and Web design. She often feels that her creative muse is M.I.A.

