

WINS GIRL BEE



2020

 **inscribe**

EDITORS' COMMENTS



LEX GRATTAN

The Inscribe experience: Being a part of a tight knit community of writers and artists with this amazing end goal of being able to publish all of our beautiful works together in a journal is an experience that I may never have the words to describe. The process of publishing was not only educational but incredibly fun as I was able to meet so many new and crazy talented people that I have grown to love as friends. I am so incredibly thankful for this experience and what it has done for me as a person and as a writer. I hope that all of the writers and artists that have worked so incredibly hard on this journal feel as proud of it as I do. I would like to thank Jackie Gullion and Kerri Snell for being so wonderfully supportive and simply amazing to work with through all of the ups and downs of publishing this past year. I am so grateful to call you both not only fellow writers but friends.



JACKIE GULLION

The Inscribe experience: Being able to carry the torch and continue the legacy that has bloomed from this journal. Bringing together a community of people who are thrilled to showcase their work for others to see. The passion you feel from these talents as you turn the pages. This ability to be able to bring something together that empowers others is the greatest gift. This has been an amazing opportunity to be a part of and to watch grow. It's a feeling that is hard to describe, but I know each one of the writers and artists featured in this journal feels that energy. It is because of you that we have created this journal and this Inscribe experience. I truly can't thank everyone enough for this experience. This is something that I will cherish forever. Thank you especially to Lex Grattan and Kerri Snell for being amazing people to work with. Through all the stresses and wonderful times, I'm grateful for your talent and hard work beyond measure.



TAYLOR CUNNINGHAM

When Kerri approached me and asked me to do the layout for the 2020 Inscribe Journal, I did not hesitate to say yes. Having worked on layout for the Spectator and having my work featured in the first edition of Inscribe, this opportunity was something I was thrilled to be a part of. Working with Kerri, Lex, and Jackie has been a wonderful experience. As a creative, seeing all of the talent that McPherson College has, between the students, faculty and staff, and our alumni, is something that brings a smile to my face. There is so much talent at our school and reading through each of the pieces of writing and seeing the artworks makes me proud to have chosen MC. I hope that by reading the journal, us creatives are able to get the recognition and exposure that we deserve. Creativity is hard work! Thank you so much to each of the contributors, Kerri Snell, Lex Grattan, and Jackie Gullion for making this journal possible and for choosing me to do the layout for this year.

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POETRY

Wildflowers grow independently and abundantly
wherever there is sun and room.
They sprout from the earth one by one
until waves of color are born where they stand.
Quiet alone but together they are a mighty force of sound
exploding with grace and ringing melody.
When one is crushed and crumbled to the ground,
three more grow to help in nurturing it back
to its original radiance. They are a force
always in harmony with one another and for one another.
Wildflowers are free and brave growing in the cracks and oceans strong.
Through adversity and torment they will stand strong,
together, and alluring, drawing the eyes of all who pass them.
They are a haunting and heavenly chorus, ringing all around in grace.

OH RAIN

Now it is spring—here comes the rain,
misting like thousands of tiny feet
dancing on a window.

Rain, you hardly make a sound
as you frolic on the window pane.
Is there music?

Are there flutes and clarinets playing softly?
Are you singing as you dance?
Your showers will bring the blooms of May;
then you can dance on the flowers.

Summer rain,
You look like winter snowflakes but gentle, warm.
Then you pick up speed, rather loud as though
you want us to know you are here.

As you dance on the roof, is there music?
Are you marching to the beat of drums? Tap dancing?
The air is so fresh with your washing and rinsing.

In Autumn,
you wait until harvest is over.
Your cooling makes us forget the hot days of summer.
You wash the pumpkins in the field, dancing between them.

Are there kettle drums? Jack-o-lanterns and pumpkin pie?
We will gather the vegetables.
They will grace our table.

When winter comes, so does the rain.
Cold rain. Ice, Sleet.
It is good to hear you on the window,
tapping as though you want to come in.

Then you become those beautiful snowflakes,
not one alike, dancing as a ballerina.
Are there violins?

The children fashion snowmen.
Others are sledding and skiing.
All because of you.
Oh rain, we welcome your presence,
whatever your mission—
mist, torrent, sleet, snow.
We know you are sent from the Heavenly Father
to whom we say thank you
for blessing us with the rain.

ILA VERNE STULL

Take your time
You are a boulder
In a forest of granite
Chipped away decade by decade
But sturdy as ever

Be open
You are a body of water
Relied upon by many
Essential to your environment
A source of life and joy

Be flexible
You are a tall pine
Moving gently with the air's current
Breathing the sunlight as your dance
Welcoming whatever comes

Accept yourself
You are a song
Sung by many voices
Bringing harmony and peace
To those who hear you

You are whole

*This trifle was inspired by the Jean-Baptiste Alphonse Karr's
phrase "plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"
(The more things change, the more they continue to be the same thing).
As a teacher, I encourage students to continue to search for
knowledge and growth. Their learning is not a final destination.*

I cannot let me be the same
and have you be you, too.
The you I want, the you I need
is a better you for you.

I see that you. It comes alive.
I see the sorrow, too.
But sorrow's sweetness hides away
when only you do you.

A better you, what you can be,
is not a future you.
It's you at heart and always you
it's you for the 'now' you.

So be a you that you can be
and grow that you for you,
but grow that you for all of you
and grow that for me, too.

SUNRISE OVER NEW GOTTLAND

early morning
draws me to you
at the edge of the field
the sun's steady ascent
down the church's wall
makes its way
toward the grave
where I sit
in wet dew and tears
that begin to jewel as
light peaks through
the oak and pine
eclipsing detail
blinding a moment
feeling the light
the birds sang
before I woke

I look up to the bell
tower of your childhood
your soul strikes the casting
and my body reverberates
remembering
your song awake

KENDRA FLORY

Creeping up the corner from the tall lamp on my table,
Stains my hatred in shades of sun-bleached maize
With the scent of an old, half-smoked cigarette preserved for morning.
I crawl into the sunlight,
Unblinking,
To shriek alive and greet the empty dawn—amalgamation
Of broken swallow-nest dreams and hard-boiled questions of an
Illusory ecstasy.
Do I dare dream of your bourbon voice once more—
Your sticky sweet sleep aid
boiling in my throat,
churning ceaselessly in my stomach?
I cry for you to eat my flesh
And peel back my fingernails
Amidst a citrus dew fragrance on velour upholstery—
Aching to feel the warmth of a brown sugar hue
that seeps into the corners of a sinking, cracking home
And the yellowing daydream of a coffee-filtered morning
That existed illicitly, delusory
In a drowned and abandoned dream.

TEARS

Small streams of heartache
Drops of pain and suffering
Sorrow and Despair

Cheeks damp with mourning
Red eyes– forever sadness
Splash on a cold floor.

HANNAH BRUBAKER

We all watch as the light leaves her eyes
And she is gone
Approaching a new horizon
Toward a world with no more wrong
He watches as the light leaves his wife's eyes
And he crumbles to the floor
I agonize as I listen to his desperate, pleading cries
And begin to inch toward the door
She watches as the light leaves her mom's eyes
And only a few tears are shed
The pain envelopes her, and she wants to hold back. She tries
To look away from the hospital bed
I watch as the light leaves my grandma's eyes
As she goes off to be with the Lord
The most wonderful woman in the world has met a new sunrise.
And I take off out the door.

NAOMI CARTMELL

MIRROR

**After Sylvia Plath*

I am my mothers' shame
Festering in scorched earth
Where nothing can grow again.
And like yours—
My small, sad idol—
My laurels wither,
Crack into dust
Succumb windblown to the aether
And then
Nothing.

I cannot find a voice that is not yours
A pale mirror
Desperate mimicry.
Unlike you, I lost the drive to distinguish myself
In this putrid, gangrenous world of extinct novelty.
Communist Socialization
All one, all same, equal
Universal language of defeat—
"I want to die"
(The choral refrain)
But not like me.

Oh no, my dearest, not like me—
Did you ever lay your head in the cool stream of gasoline
And wait for sunrise in vain?
My father told me I wasted his space,
Squandering oxygen better consumed
By someone happy and bright.
"Little dark cloud"
Rotting filth in his marrow
Only my blind obedience
Could ever make him smile.

I was the necrosis she sliced out of her tissue.
Peeling, black decay
Reeking of dead flesh, neglect.
Midas of the Styx
Everything I touch turns to rot.
How dare you, stupid cow-boy
Demanding my smile—
Claiming to be kindred?
In your golden cradle
You cannot fathom the pyre I have forcefully rebirthed through,
Nor the emptiness beyond the monumental precipice
I dare to confront my solitude.

There is nothing more for you to gawk at here.
Move along now, and quickly.

SUMMER BUCKSHAW

Morning, excellent and fair,
Awakens
After dreaming in cold sand
Beneath the mountain roots
Biding her time.
The farmer is the only one to witness
Crystals of delicate mist
As they glisten in her curtains of new light
Before slowly evaporating
Into a familiar warmth.

(First line by William Styron)

WITHOUT MUSIC I WOULD BE A POOR MAN

When I was singing in a large chorale, our young assistant director lost his wife to a terminal illness. They fought the disease hard, but lost the battle, and he was left with three young children to raise. The family was devastated, as were many of us who were close friends of the family. My husband and I were asked to sing at her memorial service with numerous other choir members.

A few days later, this young man returned to rehearsal to once again sing with us and resume his responsibilities. He stood before the group to thank us for our friendship, care, acts of kindness, and prayers. As we all cried together, I will never forget the way he swallowed his tears, and ended his “thank you” with the words, “Without music I would be a poor man.”

At 1:30 a.m. a short time later, I awakened with a feeling that I must get up and write. I snuggled under the covers, tossed and turned, and tried to ignore it. Finally, I got myself out of bed, wrapped myself in a warm robe, went to the office and turned on the computer. The title of what I was to write was very clear. I typed the title, and immediately the words were flowing through my fingers as fast as I could type them. I knew then that these were not my words. To this day, I have never changed a word, as I have felt that they were not mine to change.

This was so close to my heart and so painful that I have shared it with very few people even though it has been in my portfolio at least 25 years.

Without Music I Would Be a Poor Man

The music begins in the silence of a sunrise.
I cannot yet hear it, but sense its presence there.
It whispers through the trees and quickens my soul
as sunlight dances across the new-fallen snow.
I can hear the distant beat of a single drum
in the rhythmic pattern left by a small animal
walking across the snow.

There is harmony in the universe,
undergirded by the pounding tympani of thunder
which dims and gives way to the soothing patter of rainfall
against my window. The symphony grows more intense
as the once softly trickling brook must bear more
and even more of the burden of the rain.
Its babbling sounds build to a roaring torrent,
which quiets again to peacefulness as it reaches
the open arms of the sea.

DELORES SEIGLE WAGONER

WITHOUT MUSIC I WOULD BE A POOR MAN

Music soars in the angry cry of a newborn
unceremoniously pushed into a strange world—
not yet having heard the lullabies waiting to be sung.
Music floats from the child who runs happily through
the waving grasses of a mountain meadow.
There are no measures, no bar lines in his melody—
He is free. Haunting music throbs within me
as the sounds of grief and anguish diminish
into the quiet pain of loneliness and calm acceptance.

Music is in my soul, for I love, and I am loved—Love is music
as it is sung through the tender love of parent for child,
through the trusting love of child for parent,
through the adventurous love for life,
through young romantic love,
through mature and enduring love,
through God's all-encompassing love.

Music is language universal.
To speak that language, I share my music.
I sing my music with my voice in a melody,
in a harmony, in a happy song, in a mournful song.
I sing my music with a kiss, with a touch, with a smile.
I sing my music with a thought and a prayer,
and I give thanks to God for all music,
For without music, I would be a poor man.

DELORAS SEIGLE WAGONER

In the glow of a streetlamp
on an icy and dread starless night,
I watch my shadow
Split into three,
Then converge into one,
And dissipate into darkness.
Black fathomless sky
Heralds early winter—
And my breath, like dragon smoke,
Floats and dissolves into the night like Alka-Seltzer.

Chilled air filled with frost
Turns my skin to dry, aged leather
Stiffening my fingers,
Cracked and bloodied.
FADE IN
EXIT. STREET, NIGHT
Silent scream
And petty child tears
As I beat my brains out on the frozen concrete.

WHO I AM

I've lost sight again.

I don't know who I am.

Accolades upon accolades

But it feels like a scam.

I've lost sight again,

I don't know who I am

I came in the world a stranger Everyone on earth did too.

Yet, somehow they found grounding, and I'm still searching for the glue.

I've lost sight again,

I don't know who I am.

I cry out to my God ...**Silence**

Maybe he's lost sight of me, and can't recognize me too.

I've lost sight again,

I don't know who I am.

DIAMOND BLAYLOCK-NORRIS

I LOVE YOU AS PERFORMANCE ART

When my daughter deeply listens
she folds the silences upon her like white cotton.
She hides with such clarity that I can see my words
penetrate the logic of her fortress. She is the turtle,
the spider, and her long fingers cradle intentions
like a home for my history. You are beautiful, I say,
You are beautiful, which makes her uncomfortable,
but I say it anyway. I don't want her to be able to count
the times on her hands.

I am not leading her to safety as her mother, so much as I
am preparing her for a voiceless past that she may someday
look back upon because history does more than repeat itself,
it replicates, it relegates, it removes, it references mostly
the loud and the strong. To say I love you in this world becomes
performance art. Someone is always watching the woman
and appraising her ears, the contortions of her body
as his breath falls upon her, beads that emulate enormous expectations
that were writ somewhere in a forgotten book, then sweetened
and condensed and scratched across her eyes.

You are beautiful, I say. Let her not forget.

KERRI VINSON SNELL

REMEMBER

Screams of who is right and wrong fill the room.
Distasteful energy upon Girlfriend's lips,
Piercing sounds echoing loudly throughout
the house Daughter calls *home*.

Girlfriend turning the sweet household into her castle
Reminding Daughter of the crown upon her head.
Outsiders trying to calm the flame, not knowing
where the core of the flame starts.
You can't silence the fire if you don't know where it all began.

Girlfriend decorates the house with yelling,
painting it how she wants it to look. *Not welcome, not safe* - tightens
around Daughter's body like a straight -jacket. Daughter asks
Why am I here? Why do I keep putting myself in this position?

Remember.
Daughter is here for him. She can see the pain
in Father's eyes as he masks it with a smile. No matter how far
Daughter flies away, she will always be able to see his truth -
what's really happening. Father and Daughter are biologically connected and emotionally
attached - speaking without talking.
Understanding each other's energy.

Remember.
Don't even try to break the bond between Father and Daughter.
Daughter wants what is best for him.
Seeing through Girlfriend's costume. Playing a part she wants seen, not what Daughter
should be seeing. You will treat Daughter with respect when all is said and done,
because you crossed the line. Daughter will pull the honest string
of words right out of your lying, hiding, and faking mouth.

Daughter will paint the house with color,
generating sunshine from Daughter's hands,
making sure her father is happy. Bringing light to her father's eyes.

If you ever think she will give into the masquerade,
Remember
Daughter can sense where your thoughts are coming from, eyes that penetrate.
Reading chapters Girlfriend have written and
the future chapters that will be written.

Don't ever think Daughter is stupid.
Keeping to herself, she's unraveling your coding.

Remember she's: Intuitive. Elegant. Beauty. Beast.

JACKIE GULLION

19th century. Women's Suffrage. The century women came together to fight for the right to vote. Multitudes of women assembled and used their voices, demanding to be heard. Not wanting to be on the sidelines alone anymore, but one with the team. Showing independence, armed with the belief that we could do this on our own. Not needing a hand to hold, yet reaching out to hold onto others.

August 18th, 1920, we were finally heard. We finally were able to vote for our rights. Cheers and new beginnings developed. The year 2020, 100 years after a monumental moment, we continue to fight for our rights. We continue on the journey of becoming free spirits. Becoming independent. Becoming the women we set out to become. Finding the unique recipe that created who we are. Each of us is different, but we all still want the same thing. We all possess a voice who demands to be heard.

During the Fall 2019 semester, Prof. Michaela Groeblicher curated an art show in Friendship Hall at McPherson College to celebrate this electrifying, hard-fought moment. Women from our campus and artists from all over the state of Kansas were invited to this show to display their talents for others to see through a variety of mediums: visual art, sculpture, writing, and other forms. Together we celebrated the movement that led us all to where we are today. Here in the next few pages you will encounter the creative writing by the women of Rogue Writers who were invited to be a part of this. We participated because we want our voices to be heard.

JACKIE GULLION

She didn't know how it was going to look on the other end of the decision. She had a fear of what it was going to look like. Fear of what others will say. Fear of the same nasty comments coming back to her.

Hateful and loving comments from the ones she cared most about. This was the true test to see who was actually by her side. She loved them anyway because they helped her in the decisions she was staring at. It broke her down piece by piece.

She only got accepted to this college because she's a female. She's going to run back home. She's never going to make it through. Don't forget sex sells. She doesn't know anything. She's just going to mess it up. You're too fragile. Don't expect to be accepted.

All her memories bring her back to why she placed herself in this position. Why does the world have a licentious behavior towards her? She was never the type to do bad. She was a force for good. Wanting to do right by people. Even to the people that hated her.

It's eating her up, taking her flesh away, taking her bones away, taking her soul away. Consuming her until there is nothing left. Making sure she will not reappear.

She can't think anymore. Time is ticking in her ear reminding her that it's running out. There will be a point when nothing is left for her to see. Nothing for her to experience. She will be a cloud of dust. The world can't see her anyway.

Mind racing, body tired, eyes fully awake. Why does this happen? Tears rolling down her face because she can't take it anymore.

Why is she doing the things she does? Having to be a role model. Having to make sure her father is happy. Is she doing it for herself or him? Having to face the hard realities she was never exposed to in high school.

Those times were lonely. They were dull. Walls laughed at her because she had nowhere else to go. Imprisoned and locked up, staying put because that's what she was told to do. What she was good at.

She watches the success her peers are able to grasp with their hands. She's screaming out. But the glass wall keeps her from being with them. Welcomed by the echo that called back to her. The sound of her voice was the only sweet sound she heard.

JACKIE GULLION

CODING

She was then reminded that it's lonely at the top. No matter how hard she tried to fit in, she will always be forever alone. With different walls and the same tone of laughter.

They saw her sweet soul. At first glance, wanting to give her the all. Don't look too close for you may see finer ugly details.

Heartless, unworthy, uncared for, most of all selfish.

Selfishness is her coding. Hated that gift since the first time she noticed it. Yet it's her ghost. Her silhouette that will never leave her. It loves her. Coming out in the times of day that would embarrass her.

She looked at the souls that walked the earth. Admired them because of the beauty she saw in them. All she ever wanted was to have a beautiful soul like that. Studies and learns. Fails and learns. One day she will be perfect, but until then she must keep pushing forward. Life will not slow down for her. She must walk in her cadence. That will keep her sane. That will keep her alive.

Remember her because she will not be forgotten. She will create that sensation and make it her own. Loving the body she is in. For she will get stuck but then learn how to set herself free. To free herself from the people locking her down. The people that never had faith in her.

She will show you through action what you are able to generate from your two hands. Engine grease and ink writing. Creating her coding with introspection. Wanting to be an inspiration for others. Wanting to show that you can create the life you want through the mountains you create. Through the path you seek to follow.

Enjoy the magnificent creature you are able to become, and let your coding be the impression you want to leave for others.

JACKIE GULLION

WOMEN ARE MOONS

We are born *moons*
Lighting lives in the night
Yet expected to be silent
Being told to not outshine his ego
Told to let suns warm earth
We are expected to have beauty in stereotypes
When beauty is us
We are expected to be submissive
Even when we know what is right
We are constantly excluded from the table
Even when we are the subject of the table
And I know I said *moons*
But Surprise surprise
I'm talking about women
And guess what
Time's up
Time's up for exclusion
For *me too*
It's a press for progress now
As we are the *moons*

TOMI SIMMONS

“Who would believe you?” He breathes into my neck, holding my hands at my side.

“You’ll never leave me.” He yells roughly at me as I whimper under him.

“I own you.” He smirks at me, holding my neck with one hand and my waist with the other, bruising both.

“You’re nothing without me.” He thunders as he degrades me for the third time that week.

Entangled in his lies, I lived in fear and agony. For two years I lived with his tight grip around my throat enclosing me in him. Crying every night in torment and anticipation of the hurt to come the next day.

No more. I am strong now, powerful even. I am a tempest to be reckoned with, self love crashing over me in waves. I share my story, proud of my growth, and in hopes to let others know that they are not alone. I scream from the rooftops that we are not alone, there are millions of us speaking up in waves like a storm taking over their lies. We are a movement taking the world ablaze and demanding action. We will not be silent.

We will be heard.

We are more than their lies.

Our body was supposed to be a temple
Our body was not supposed to be taken so soon
Especially taken by someone we loved
Why did they take it?
Was it our fault?
Was it our clothes?
Was it our hair?
Did we invite them?
Did no mean yes now?
Our hearts are heavier than this earth
Like magnets towards where we believe to be
Blame is upon us
Excuses for the thief
And our mouths are tied shut
We tied it ourselves
And suddenly
There is a crowd of closed mouths behind us
Then with one whisper from the crowd saying *me too*
There is a roar
And it's not just a crowd
It's an army now
And our hearts begin to lighten
Bodies remembering we are a temple

TOMI SIMMONS

On my way through town,
A society by women to write rights down,
Oppression by men for women, Blacks, and children,
A sisterhood built upon our kindred experience.

Words of women standing tall
clamber for attention, hear the call.
Fighting words against the despot,
ringing in my ear's songs of zealots.

It was we the people, not men alone, who built this union,
shout women against the persecution.
Include the voice of womenkind,
see the suffering, don't be blind.

As long as men put food on the table,
wives don't resist to keep things stable;
But no more subversion of rights,
against no vote all will fight.

On my way through history,
a society by women to stop the misery.
Oppression by men no longer will stand,
Our voice will sound across the land.

ZAYA CARSON

Freedom
Equal
America the beautiful
We are free
No favorites
No biased decisions
The Equal Rights Amendment
never been truly ratified
Apparently
America refuses to claim their women
Half their population
As equal
As human beings in America
Refuses to claim their mothers
The sisters
The daughters
For equal opportunity
For protection against assault
Men are not the enemy
But also many need credibility
Many need empathy
Especially those who are the leaders of our society
Many are just watching
Watching it as if it were one of the fake reality shows plastic America cherishes

Alice Paul
Suffragist leader
1923 is spitting on her own grave
Betty Friedan
Spitting in your faces as she created feminist mystique
Embarrassed of man's obsession to be above
Yet every person is screaming we are equal
Bleed the red white and blue
Be proud
We are free
Yet we should all be fearing
The fact that our women
Are still having to deal with discrimination at work
Sexual harassment
Difference in pay
And being asked in their interviews: Do you have children?
Do you want to have children?
And me being told
To never drink out of a man's cup alone
Without this amendment
Equality between sexes is nothing
Not the identity of America yet
Claim our women on paper
Claim Amelia Earhart

TOMI SIMMONS

Claim Eleanor Roosevelt
Claim Harriet Tubman
And so many more
Claim them
On paper
Permanent ink
Claim them for our children
Gender equality
Is an epidemic
Gender equality within ethnicities is another ball park
We must show up to the game
Show up for the conversation
Congress ratified it in 1972
The states didn't
The States want choices so badly
They made a biased choice
And now we all act like it's okay
It's okay to not be equal in the constitution
It's okay to know that your daughters
Will have to work harder, longer
Will have to check their bosses' words
Make sure it's appropriate
Will have to pack the pepper spray
With their lipstick
NO... PROTECT THEM
Give them equal protection
From assault
From discrimination

Show our daughters
Our mothers
Our sisters
Equality
Show our sons
Our fathers
That our birth givers
Our lovers
Our moons are worth claiming
Moons, know your worth
Know it's more than *me too*
It's more than a protest
It's more than social media postings
And coming out
It's about conversation
Seeing more women in government
Seeing more women in a powerful place
When the constitution said all men are created equal
I wish to this day they would've said
All human beings are created equal

TOMI SIMMONS

At McPherson college students and faculty alike are encouraged to blossom into our best possible selves. We vote to maintain a world in which we can be those people. A people with rights that do not discriminate as we do not. A people with a respect for all in all stages and walks of life. The 21st century will be one of change, whether that change is positive or negative is in our hands. We have the power to change our world as we see it for the better. That power is in voting, something that may seem so small but has a monumental effect. Voting is essential at all levels. To vote is to make a change and have a voice that your ancestors may not have had. Vote for them. For the last two hundred years thousands have screamed and protested for their right to vote. We vote to honor those struggles and people. This next section is dedicated to the thousands whose voices were never heard. We hear you and we are voting for you now.
--Lex Grattan

VOTE

It is a (sometimes) shared Americans heritage
to vote
A vote is the only voice
many American have.
Politicians have already disenfranchised millions
of voters
from exercising their civic right, so
if you can vote, vote.

Vote the people
who want to limit
the voices
out of office.

QUINCY WILLIAMS

BE HEARD

We have lost our voice in a sea of white noise trying to drown us out
So we scream and cry out in an attempt to be heard through the hateful noise
We vote so that the next generation does not have to lose their voice screaming
to be heard
So that hundreds of years from now we are no longer left wondering where our
voice went
Our voice is a powerful and ringing battle cry in the form of a small inked check
We will be heard through the noise of those that would drown us out
Do not discount us, we will rise in forces screaming out
We are here
Vote to be heard

LEX GRATTAN

What does it mean to have a voice heard?
Across the great chasm of discussions,
a voice echoing off the walls of discourse
which falls upon the ears of decision.

For though the great machine turns
through great machinations of thought and theory,
a voice echoing loudly through the chasm
can strike with all the fury of a great torrent
upon the precipice of the machine laid bare,
and set into motion the great gears and cogs
of thoughts born through the blossoming of great ages past,
echoing into a future set into the heavens.

LARRY BARNES

Voting seems so feeble.
How much of a difference can one make?
Why would I vote when my voice,
lost in a sea of noise,
will never be heard?
I want things to change,
but won't governmental hierarchy,
which seems all powerful,
overpower my vote?
I think of changes I want,
but how do I know other people,
who seem so invested in the old ways,
will want them too?

I stand up to these fears,
and I vote for me and my future.
I push my small,
seemingly insignificant opinion
into the wooden box and walk away.
Today I have made a difference.
Today I have tried to change the world.

A single sheet of paper,
something so small
giving such a big voice.
Individuals across the world
creating a movement.
Shaking the ground
demanding to be heard.
As single sheet of paper,
talking for the future to come.
These people are who we fight for,
for the voices who aren't developed enough
to speak, whose feet have not taken their first steps.
This is for the ones we love.
They are in the back of my mind
as this single sheet of paper is slipped into higher hands.
This is for you.

JACKIE GULLION

In this box, I cram my decision
through the tiniest peephole of freedom.
I cast this ballot for air quality,
for the music that fills the lungs
of my children and their children,
for the words they will hear and remember
and recite someday, for the lines
they will stand in. I vote to reclaim and to replenish
what should be born healthy and new: I cast this vote
for springtime in all the places I am afraid to go,
in the classrooms without books, on the kitchen tables
without thanksgiving. I vote so the lid will be torn
from the box so that everyone existing inside its promises
can thrive and celebrate and make little decisions
without a major ordeal. I vote for Hope because
I hold such privilege and, because it is my right,
I can choose right.

KERRI VINSON SNELL

EVERYTHING REACHES

For the earth. The willow points to it,
Stretching thin fingers down;
Its roots dig in and under.
Late sunflowers bend, their swollen brown faces
Ringed by withered yellow petals.

The sky falls to it
In fat clear drops that sizzle on the wide stone.
Yellow and brown leaves long for it,
Trembling;
Spires of the lavender bush lean
And drop grayed flowers,
Curled like buds again,
Onto the warm dark soil.

Lips grow thin and draw deep lines
From nose to chin;
Breasts rest heavily on belly,
Flesh stretches the tired skin,
Pulling downward.

Everything reaches for the earth.
Everything

Except me



PSYKHE

MICHAELA VALLI GROEBLACHER

KIM STANLEY

ARTS



Ink and Oil Pastel on Paper

SUMMER BUCKSHAW



Graphic Illustration

WRONG SIDE OF HEAVEN



Graphic Illustration

TAYLOR CUNNINGHAM



Red Ink on Paper



Graphic Illustration



Graphic Illustration

COTTON CANDY POPCORN ADVERTISEMENT



Graphic Illustration

LILLIAN OEDING

HAIL TO THE KING



Graphic Illustration

TAYLOR CUNNINGHAM

Fiction

NOTES ON OLD MAPS

This is the beginning of a "story of the supernatural", sort of Edgar Allan Poe-ish. The narrator (an Englishman) is telling about his childhood schooling in the West Country in the 1840s.

When my uncle married again, my aunt decided that I should be sent away to school. That was well enough for me, I thought. My education at home had been worthless up to then, and after this marriage the Rectory had become even colder and more hostile. There was nothing that a young person -- especially a boy -- might do, which could please my new aunt. She imagined herself to be living a life of austere, saintly self-sacrifice. The consequence was that I was to be sacrificed as well, or especially.

The inference is an easy one, once you see the first premise: Natural Happiness is wicked because The World is Fallen. Children know only Natural Happiness, and so are naturally Wicked. If Natural Happiness is Wicked, then Misery, whether accidental (that is, sent directly from God) or else imposed by an aunt, is an opportunity for a child to learn Christian Happiness. The child must learn to turn away from the ephemeral things of The World, and instead to contemplate The Eternal.

So at various times my aunt: killed the kitten which I loved; set a delicious meal before me but then directed me to carry it to the poor in our village; punished me with isolation for wishing to play with our neighbors' children. She never ceased, day by day, to revile my natural mother and father and all their families. She made much of my childish ignorance and gracelessness whenever she received guests at the Rectory. "As if you could say anything," she would sneer when I spoke.

The school to which they sent me was not far from Bath, at the edge of Bishops Newton -- if you know that village -- below Wavering Down, where the land began to rise green and dark away towards the Mendips. Mr. Moulse's school.

In the event, and on the whole, my education did not much improve there. I was taught any amount of useless trash. I learned to recite the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church, from memory. I imbibed and regurgitated a vast deal of Latin paradigms, but I could not construe even a simple piece of the Gallic Wars by the time I left.

The school was a dark square cold place, pervasively damp. A consequence of the wet and cold was that I was never quite well in all my two years there. I had a room to myself, indeed, but the floor was bare save for a narrow strip of frieze tacked to the planks, the furniture was hard and sparse. My window looked north towards the gloomy Downs. When I was awoken at six on winter mornings the cold and darkness clutched at my heart like the grave.

TOM HALLIBURTON

NOTES ON OLD MAPS

Moulse, the proprietor and our headmaster, offered education to a dozen boys. Most of us boarded with him; one or two, like our fellow-sufferer Allen, lived at home in the village. Moulse set lessons for us in Latin grammar and translation, but it cannot be said that he taught us these things. Somehow we disgusted him and he kept his distance. He read Scripture for the household before our breakfast at 7:00, but this must have been his most active intercession on our behalf, with God and the world's Accident.

The lessons he set for us in Latin grammar were older than the Bible passages that he read to us. We were not required to comprehend any of it all, but only to be able to recite it at a later time for Moulse. A compensation was that the marmalade was not watery, and the bread was fresh.

Our master in mathematics, Durst, was of a different sort. Physically he seemed ill-thought-out. He was well over six foot tall and too bulky for his young age; his extremities were inharmoniously long and slender. I conceive now that he might have been in the Plantagenet model -- a "Longshanks". For all that he was out on the sheep-walks and in the woods and country lanes a good deal, he was pale. His large pale hands were always in motion, fluttering as if they wished to hide.

His character was equally ill-sorted, I think now, and suggestive of secrets. He was moderately good at elementary mathematics. Unlike Moulse, he was not brutal and he did not positively loathe us and contrive ways to avoid and neglect us. Part of his character seemed boyish. A great relief in my otherwise aimless and lonely life, he gave me an interesting occupation -- as I will tell you in a moment.

TOM HALLIBURTON

THE CALL

The day that the Jensens got the mysterious phone call was the day that their lives took a turn that they would have never expected.

It was an afternoon like any other. The March flowers were in bloom, as they had been for weeks. There wasn't a single cloud that occupied the skyline... in fact, the heavens shone with a baby blue hue that one could only recognize as the sky that introduced the very first day of spring.

The city surged with activity. Parents picked their children up from school and sport practices, city workers drove home to their families for a relaxing weekend, and the soccer field bleachers at the local college swarmed with people. Everyone was gearing up for the first game of the semi-finals that was to be held that night. Many of the town's residents planned on attending, and they were all excited... except for one particular couple.

Armie Jensen sat at this kitchen table, sipping from a mug of steaming hot black coffee and reading the newspaper. Except he wasn't exactly reading it... he would concentrate on a fixed point for a while, then move on to another, and another. He wasn't interested in the news from the morning, but he'd never bothered to cancel his subscription to the paper either.

The screen door creaked open, and Armie's wife, Jennifer, strode in, finally done with another boring day at the office. She looked the same as she always did: brown, muddy hair piled on top of her head, dark circles under her eyes, wrinkled dress and suit jacket that she never bothered to hang up when she was done using it. Her square-toed heels made an unflattering clunking noise as she trudged across the room. She sat down at the table next to her husband, pushing aside an old photo of their young daughter. "Anything interesting?" she asked.

"Not a damned thing," he replied gruffly. "High school's putting on some musical."

Jennifer rolled her eyes. "Soon enough, that theater won't have enough funding to afford a lock for their stage door, let alone the pulleys for another musical."

"Yeah. They should just quit while they're ahead," Armie muttered, stroking his bushy beard and continuing to noisily sip his coffee.

A whistle from the soccer field, which sat not two blocks away from the couple's old house, reached their ears. They both glanced up, showing every possible sign of irritation that one could think of. Armie's eyebrows narrowed, and Jennifer pinched up her face. "Those rascals. Can't stand all the noise. Do you think we ought to move?"

Armie shrugged. "Come summer, it won't matter. They don't do that sports nonsense in the summer," he reminded her. "And besides, it doesn't usually last long."

NAOMI CARTMELL

THE CALL

Jennifer shrugged, and pulled out some paperwork from her bag. It was dismal, mundane paperwork, but still paperwork. She began to scribble some notes in, occasionally shaking the pen. They sat in complete, uninterrupted silence with one another.

It was such a dead silence that the sound of the phone ringing across the room nearly made both Jennifer and Armie jump out of their skin. Armie nearly knocked over his coffee mug, and Jennifer forcibly stood up. "Scared me half to death, that did," she grumbled, stomping toward the phone. Armie went back to his paper without responding to his wife, and Jennifer picked up the cordless phone. "This is the Jensens."

"Hi!" came a loud, chipper, feminine voice from the other end. "How's it going? Great?"

Jennifer raised an eyebrow. "Uh, it's going fine... may I ask what your business is?"

The voice replied, "Oh, I just wanted to let you know that I'm on my way home from the club meeting. You know how National Honor Society can be sometimes. Always getting out late. Those people love themselves some good long conversations!"

Jennifer was dumbstruck. "And... how would you know that?" she asked carefully, noticing that her husband had turned around to see what was going on.

"Well, because you were in it!" the voice exclaimed. "When you were in high school. Weren't you, Mom?"

"Dear, I think you have the wrong number," Jennifer said slowly. "I'm sorry."

The voice continued. "Oh, I most certainly don't! You're Jennifer Jensen, aren't you? Your husband is Armie Jensen? 2116 Ocean View Road, Holland, California?"

Jennifer stopped, and motioned for Armie to come over and listen. "Look, I don't know who you are, or what you're selling, but we're just not interested," she said sternly.

The girl spoke again. "Oh, I'm not selling anything! Like I said, I'm on my way home. I can't wait to see you guys!"

Jennifer cleared her throat. "And who are you exactly?"

The voice on the other end let out a scoff. "Gosh, Mom. It's like you don't even recognize your own daughter's voice. I haven't been gone that long, you know!"

Both Armie and Jennifer froze where they stood, horror evident on both of their faces. The latter gathered her words for a moment, before finally murmuring, "We don't have a daughter here."

When she heard the voice again, it had transformed from a seemingly cheerful girl to a flendish, demonic person out for blood. "I'll only say this once... I'm Louisa Mercy Jensen, Mom. And I'm coming home." And with those last few words, the line went dead.

NAOMI CARTMELL

THE CALL

Jennifer dropped the phone, not caring that it clattered loudly on the floor and nearly broke. “Armie... this has to be someone messing with us, doesn’t it?” she stammered.

Her husband looked apprehensive. “It can’t be her. It can’t be. But... how does this person know Lou’s middle name? We never told anyone her middle name, not even your parents. Not even my parents. The only one who knew was her.” His face was white as a sheet.

Jennifer tapped her fingers nervously on the countertop. “Then what’s the explanation?” she asked, beginning to panic.

Armie stood in silence for a moment, his thoughts turning relentlessly, before glancing at his wife. “Do you think... do you think that she didn’t actually die?”

Jennifer squeezed her eyes shut, going back to that fateful day twelve years before. It had been an accident that she and Armie regretted for years afterward. They had meant to look behind them when they were moving the upstairs couch. They didn’t know that their four-year-old daughter was right at the top of the stairs, playing joyfully with a half-naked Barbie doll. When they heard her scream and fall, and the sound of her skull cracking on the floor reached their ears, they both panicked. Armie had nearly dropped the couch on his toes as he bolted down to check on his daughter. The amount of blood on the floor was enough to know that the injury was serious, if not fatal. Jennifer had called 911 in tears, and by the time they got to the emergency room, Lou had regrettably passed on. Her parents were heartbroken, as was the rest of her family. They buried her body in the city’s cemetery the following week, and there was a beautiful funeral service held to honor the memory of the sweet little girl.

Jennifer opened her eyes. “We buried her, Armie,” she said forcefully. “She’s in a grave. This can’t be her.”

Armie looked at his wife, who looked terrified beyond their belief despite her words. He took her hand shakily. “But what if it is?” At that moment, they both froze in place again, staring at one another in what can only be described as pure, unmistakable terror. Jennifer began to tremble, and Armie’s blood ran ice cold as the sound found its way to their ears.

The sound of a knock at the front door.

NAOMI CARTMELL

NORTHERN EGGS AND FLAME-RESISTANT PREDATORS

The wind howled through the trees, the distant thunder rumbled, causing the entire wooden hall to shake with noise. Crackling firelight and hard-edged shadows danced eerily on the walls like warriors armored in dark animal skins warring against lighter clad soldiers. Warmth spread over the area that was bathed in light and comfort, but just outside the walls, a storm was raging.

Hiding under her fur wrap a small girl lay, waiting through the night so that she could perform the task she was set to do. Arnora was her name, the youngest of seven children, and as the youngest, she had an important responsibility to perform. The only problem was that she had to do it alone, in the dark, on stormy nights, with thunder echoing off of the ceiling of heaven, and she was afraid. It would be but a simple thing to go back into her home, not too far away. There her family dozed peacefully, ignoring the clamorous storm just outside the wood and earthen halls. But she had a responsibility, not only to her family but to the entire village and the risk that something would go wrong was not a chance she was willing to make. So in the hall, she stayed, shivering despite the warmth of the roaring fire lit in the center of the elongated room.

When the time came, Arnora stretched her legs out from the curled position that she had kept for the last few hours. She added more air to the fire, with the hand billows that she kept beside her cot, keeping the flames high. Next, she roamed the room, looking to make sure that nothing had gotten in the chamber, although highly unlikely. The door was barred from the inside, all of the cracks in the walls and the ceiling had been sealed with clay and grasses. Finally, she moved on to her next task, turning all the eggs. This ritual was sacred among her people, a special task for the youngest of the household, chosen by the village leaders. Arnora had been chosen to turn the eggs for the entire village, and should she fail this task, she would be declared an outcast. A failure like this included: running away in the middle of the night, dropping one of the eggs, cracking them in the process, and not turning them enough, damaging the contents inside. And so every three hours, Arnora got up from the fur on her cot, rotated the foot-long eggs, and kept the fire at a maximum heat in the cold of the northern night.

Nothing in the world got so cold at night as the upper land of Skandia, yet people lived there, and they would admit they even prosper in their primitive lives. As early spring approached, there began the time of egg-bearing, where every woman would lay one egg, as all the women in the world were of the monotreme family, along with the platypus and echidna, although the Norsemen had never seen the Australian mammals before. Arnora loved to hear her mother tell the tales of The Mother, Frigg, giving her gift to womankind, the housing for their unborn children. Their large, leathery eggs all held the precious cargo of the new generation of Norsemen, who were known for being killed in battle at a young age. So there were always new eggs to be born and raised in the Viking way, so the eggs held in extreme caution and dearness in the Vikings' hearts. For this very

ZAYA CARSON

NORTHERN EGGS AND FLAME-RESISTANT PREDATORS

reason, and knowing that her own sibling was inside the clutch of eggs, she would stay in the hut in all weather, no matter how scary it was in the night. Catching bits of sleep here and there, her main purpose was to rotate the eggs and to keep them safe from all harm.

Once her rounds were made she went back to the cot lying by the fire and watched the flames rising and falling, like the chest of a sleeping man, on the edge of wakefulness and unconsciousness. She dozed off a few times, having fitful dreams about running, dashing, escaping through the woods from one of the beasts that resided within. Safely in her hall, she jolted awake each time, only to check if it was the appropriate time to move the eggs, which was indicated by a sand clock that sat in front of her. The sand had not yet reached the bottom, but she did not want to return to the land of the frightful dreaming. Getting up she pressed her ear against the door in the front of the room, listening for any noise outside, the storm or otherwise. Thankfully, it sounded as if the storm's wrath had tempered, which relieved her greatly. Her task was done once again, when the sand shifted to the bottom of the glass, like silt shifting on a creek bed, and she returned to her cot. Her tiredness marked her last watch of the night. Once she awoke again, it would be daybreak, when she could return to her family's hut and sleep without interruption, until nightfall when she had to return. Golin would come and rotate the eggs all day, the luckier time to do this task if you asked Arnora. However, the better honor and praise was bestowed on the one that performed the tedious task during the night, which is why her family had so promptly begged the council to allow her to have the esteemed and grueling position. Arnora was not one to be frightened easily, being a Viking, but that did not account for the fact that she was still only 10 years of age, and her imagination would sometimes get the best of her.

There were stories in the hall of demons, dragons, wolves the size of bears, and giants that could crush the entire village with one step. And as much as she tried, each night that she spent alone with the eggs gave her more reason to think that there was something coming after her. Arnora's only comfort at this moment, only hours before she could go home and sleep through the day, was that there was only a week left until the estimated hatching day for most of the eggs. Through the leathery semi-transparent skins, the children could be seen moving and waiting to break out of their confinements. Until then she would have to stay the long, early spring nights in the overly warm hall with no company but the silent eggs. Knocking shook the door that barred the entrance to the egg hall, causing the relaxed girl to jump at the sudden noise. It was the knock that belonged to Golin, who was large, even for a Viking boy, and most of the time, overly-loud. Why the leaders of the village ever chose such a clumsy, overbearing, restless boy to take over the most delicate of jobs was beyond Arnora and the rest of the village. However, none of the eggs were broken or missing, Arnora counted them each night just to make sure. Yawning she crept over to the entry and lifted the large

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wooden plank over the cross pieces that held it in place. Stumbling in, Golin gave Arnora a wide, toothy smile and chuckled with a laugh that shook the rafters and eggs in their nests. It was strange to hear a grown man's laugh from a boy who was only a few years older than she was. It was speculated that he would go to the raids first once he completed his training and become a great warrior one day. Such things did not matter at the moment, however, as it was not the time to be contemplating Golin and his future. Giving a silent nod, she trudged to her house, lay down on her cot in the corner, and slept until the evening meal, when she ate her breakfast with her family, only to start the whole night over again.

Once again the night began, as it always did, with Arnora counting the eggs to make sure that Golin did not break any and then dispose of the evidence. As always all of the eggs were there, and they were turned to the appropriate side, as was depicted by a piece of hiding strapped to one side, the other left bare. There was still an hour before she needed to flip the eggs over again, so she stayed on her cot and daydreamed the time away. This same pattern repeated another time when there was a howl in the distance, marking the time of the wolf. The moon was full and the night was cold, a sure sign that the wolf pack was hunting tonight for any deer or moose that were not in their bedding for the night. Glad that she was in the hall, not out in the woods, she buried her face even deeper in the furs that covered her body, as she waited for the time to come to turn the eggs once again.

Something was extremely wrong, and it only took a sizable bump on Arnora's head to find out what it was. In her half-asleep, half-awake position, Arnora could hear the howling of the wolves, and with a jolt, she fell off of her cot and onto the hard floor below. The sound of the animals, grunts, snuffling, and whines to each other could be clearly heard, from just outside the hall where Arnora sat frozen to her spot. Wolves never came into the village. There were fires, and watchmen, and Norsemen who would not hesitate to kill a wolf on sight. So why could she hear the sounds of such beasts outside the door? Grateful that nothing could get in, Arnora only had the option to sit in the cot and wait for them to leave or to be killed. But there was no alarm to the wolves outside, no watchman killing the savage animals, only the snuffling sounds of warm breath on the wood of the door, with the occasional whine as the brutes communicated. Suddenly, there was a loud resonating pound, as the door, which was supposed to be barred with the wood, swung inward and crashed into the wall, breaking the silence in the hall. Three wolves, each the size of Arnora, filled the doorway, gazing with their mysterious eyes into the firelight that lit the hall. Praying fervently, reverently she sat with a stillness that mimicked a statue's ability. With all probability the wolves would be frightened by the roaring fire and turn back to the darkness outside. However, these were obviously not ordinary wolves, not like the ones that her mother told her about. Looking back to what instructions her mother gave her, Arnora picked up a burning log from the fire, one that was as

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big around as her hand, and brandished it before her, attempting to scare the wolves away. Nothing worked though, not the fire, not the shouts to make them back off, not the yells for help. The pack moved around the fire to the edges of the room, looking hungrily at the eggs in the nests.

Sudden panic fled through Arnora, even stronger than the fear of what the wolves might do to her. If the eggs were eaten by the demons then there would be an entire generation of Vikings lost, including her own sibling. Running, with blood pounding in her ears, she swung the branch with the fire on the end, attempting to hit the wolf on the back, burning him and keeping him away from the eggs. The branch was too heavy though. It was one thing to pick it up, or even to wave it in front of her with two hands, but she could not swing it over her head without tipping backward, leaving her prone to the wolves in front of her.

Dropping the only weapon she possessed she ran to the far side of the fire to retrieve another stick from the flames. Looming through the blinding blaze, there was a silhouette in the door frame, tall, muscled, and holding a horn bow with a notched arrow. Three cries of pain sounded, and three bodies dropped to the floor. Peering through the firelight, trying to focus on the face, she heard a laugh that shook the rafters, and unimaginable relief replaced fear.

ZAYA CARSON

I HEARD IT TOO

In my fifteen years of life, I had never experienced a night as cold as the night of January 30th, 2013. I could see the frost on the trees outside my bedroom window; the icicles that had formed the night before. The bitter winter air had not changed since, so the icicles remained into the evening. There was no snow on the ground, but the grass and the pavements down below were bitten with frost. The wind howled, no doubt even colder than the air was. I couldn't have been more grateful to be snuggled underneath my warm comforters, which protected me from the bitter cold air that had made its way into my bedroom.

I had always hated the winter.

My phone beeped from my bedside table. I groaned irritably, wondering who the hell would be texting me at this time of night. My hand reached out for my phone before coming into contact with the cold air, but then retreating back underneath my blanket. It's not that important, I thought. Not worth it. I want to stay warm.

I gripped the blanket and pulled it up over my nose, shivering and staring up at a large, jagged crack in my bedroom ceiling. My eyes followed it from one side of the room to the other, near my poster of Captain America that I'd had up in my room for two years. It faded into nothing at the end, seemingly disappearing into a void. Concentrating on it was beginning to make my eyes sting. I squeezed them shut, rolling over to face the wall instead.

I began to drift off into a doze until I heard a voice coming from downstairs. "Emerson! Would you come down here, please?"

My eyes popped open, and I groaned. "Mom, what do you want?!" I shouted. "I'm already in bed!"

"I just need you to help me with something!" she shouted back, pausing. "Emerson Ryleigh, do I have to ask you again?"

I rolled my eyes. "No, Mom! I'll be right down!" Glaring angrily at my door, I slowly sat up and pushed the covers away. The frigid air immediately stabbed at my skin like a thousand tiny knives, but I did my best to ignore it. I hopped out of bed and wandered across the floor, grabbing a soft throw blanket from my rocking chair, wincing as the cold floor came into contact with my bare feet.

I eventually opened the door and heard her irritated voice again. "Emerson! What is taking you so long?"

For the first time that night, I noticed that she had been calling me by my full name, and not my nickname as she normally does. I thought it was a bit odd... my parents only call me 'Emerson' when they were extremely angry with me. Nevertheless, I stepped over the threshold of the door and headed down the hallway. "I'm coming, I'm coming!" I shouted.

As I approached the top of the stairs, I felt a hand close around my mouth and yank me into a darkened room off to my right, which I assumed to be the bathroom. It was dark, and the curtain was drawn, but I recognized the smooth tile of the floor immediately. I heard the lock click and I swiped the strange hand away. "What the hell--?"

NAOMI CARTMELL

I HEARD IT TOO

“Ssh!” an urgent voice whispered. “Em, be quiet!”

A warning bell went off in my head. “Mom?” I said softly. “I thought you were downstairs! You were calling to me!”

My mother’s arms curled protectively around my shoulders, holding me close to her. “I know, darling. I heard it, too.”

We listened in the dark as the stairs began to creak under the shoes of the unknown stranger, coming toward us and continuing to call my name.

NAOMI CARTMELL

PHOTOGRAPHY



LATE SUMMER KANSAS SUNSET



GARRICK GREEN

STORM CLOUDS OVER MAXWELL



GARRICK GREEN

ORCHIDS



GARRICK GREEN









THE GREAT HALL



MICAH GILBERT







ABANDONED HOUSE



MICAH GILBERT

OLIVER



MONEYSHA GREEN

TINY DANCER



TAYLOR CUNNINGHAM



TAYLOR CUNNINGHAM



ABANDONED SERIES



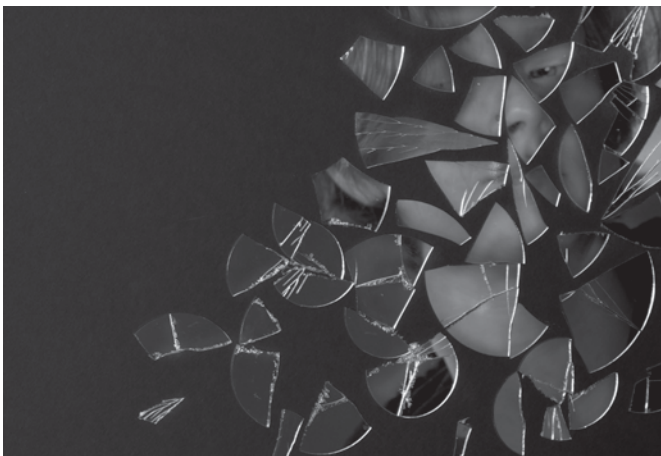
ELLE GILLEN

BEDHEAD SERIES



KELSY GOSSETT DENNIS

ACCEPTANCE SERIES



ELLE GILLEN

MILK BATH SERIES



TAYLOR CUNNINGHAM

END



KELSY GOSSETT DENNIS

NON FIC TION N



“What sparked your interest in working on cars?” I see curiosity in people’s eyes when they ask how my passion for cars developed. My story is nothing special, but the deeper unspoken questions that they hold on to are. “How do the guys treat you?” “How many times have people discouraged you?” “What keeps you motivated when others don’t believe?” These are not the questions I let drive me forward in my career, but I know are on people’s minds.

My story began as a little girl. I had a whole collection of hot wheels and die cast model cars. These were always my preferred choice of toys to play with. I remember my mother would always get me different colored nail polishes, but I would use them to paint and design my cars how I wanted them to be. At around the age of 10 my dad cleaned up the cobwebs and dragged his 1971 Chevy C/10 out of my grandmother’s garage. I instantly fell in love with all the imperfections and the unique body lines that others would call “junk” and “out of style.” Pushing my father to work on the ‘71 was like pulling teeth. He would always say he never had the money to work on it or the time. I would always look at the ‘71 and say to myself, “If I had the knowledge to rebuild the truck, I would do it in a heartbeat for my father.”

When we would go to car shows, I was always the push that got the ‘71 to the show. My father went to car shows and entered the truck for me because going to car shows was always the highlight of the year. Going to these shows and being surrounded by miles worth of classics was my dream come true. Seeing the different works of art, hearing the engines roar, smelling the exhaust, feeling the energy and excitement, my heart would fill up with joy just being around other car enthusiasts.

“What do you want to do after high school?” Already as an incoming freshman in high school, my father wanted my brain to start creating my life for the future. At first it was overwhelming already having to think about what my career would look like. I let my mind wander with all the different possibilities in my head. Baker? Artist? Dancer? Going through all the ideas, my mind always came back to my happy place. My biggest inspirations at the time were Chip Foose and Dave Kindig. I wanted to be able to draw cars just like them because my other passion was Art. In my sophomore year, I had a meeting with my counselor to figure out classes for the upcoming year. I never knew that this meeting was going to hold the ticket to my future.

Everyone wants to be accepted in their community. Using words of encouragement can change someone from feeling left out to instantly feeling like they’re a part of something. In my personal experience, being accepted is a constant goal of mine. In high school I never felt truly accepted. I was the only one serious about getting a career in the car world. When I would tell others my goals, I would get two reactions: encouragement to always strive for what I’m set on or disempowerment because I was deemed not fit for that career.

Being one of the few girls in the Automotive program, I will not sugar-coat, I definitely stick out compared to the other guys. It has been like that since my Junior year of high school when I took an auto body class. Being included when coming into McPherson College was something I honestly was not expecting, but what I always wanted. Just being considered one of the guys is a blessing I cannot begin to describe. It brings joy to my heart knowing how much support I get here from my wonderful friends and peers.

JACKIE GULLION

PASSION

Being one of the Automotive students, I feel we give life to others. We give encouragement to our community and to others wanting to be in the program. We have built a strong community even outside of the classroom. Our main hang out is at the sheds. Here we not only continue our ongoing experience and development in our passion, but we have also created a home for others that need it. Hospitality is a common thread that runs through all of us. Everyone is so willing to help one another not only work on their cars, but to build a happier environment. It gives me a warm feeling knowing that I can be a part of the creation of a positive environment for those that need it. Creating this environment when I'm out and working on my truck, I leave my door open and accept anyone who walks in and wants to talk to me. It not only gives a place for people who walk through my door, but it gives me a sense of purpose in life. I believe that one of the best gifts you can give to yourself is giving joy and strength to others. I feel being an AR student we do just that.

It's funny because I never wanted to go to college. God, how I'm grateful that my dad stumbled upon this place. My life, honestly, would not be the same if I wasn't surrounded by the different and diverse talent that I proudly call the AR crew.

JACKIE GULLION

SUNDOWNERS

Night is associated with sleep, dreams, music, driving around with friends, and going to parties. Though most people would agree that the night is something we use to regenerate or to forget. Most wouldn't understand what the average night means to me. They wouldn't understand because they have never heard about the mental disorder Sundowners.

Sundowners can be a detrimental disorder to someone who has never heard of it. The disorder causes you to live by a specific standard of rules and regulations. Although you personally may not know what Sundowners is, I can remember one night my sophomore year in high school that should help to explain what Sundowners could do to someone.

I can't wait for tonight. This night is extra special. Tonight I get to go to the mud rallies with my friends and compete in the truck throws with Jared. It's my defending night since I had made it to the champion's seat the month before. I've been thinking up a lie all month to tell my mother where I would be going for the night. Nothing could go wrong; everything is planned perfectly.

It's almost time to lie to mom about going to dinner with Jack and his parents at The Capital Grill for his brother's birthday party. I'm supposed to leave at 8:15 p.m. to go to his house to ride with them up to the restaurant. We are going to be there for about two hours then we are going to head off to Sky Zone. There we are going to have cake, ice cream, jump around, and play jump dodge ball for a few hours and by this time we are going to leave for the movies. By the time we come out of the movies, it will be around two o'clock in the morning. We will take the hour drive back to his house where I will sleep for the night. So you can expect me back by about ten o'clock or so in the morning after breakfast.

It's about 30 minutes till I must leave, and something hits me. It's late and tonight's sunset looks gorgeous. The colors flow along the river of rainbow trout in the sky. Oh goodness, I can't wait till I go fishing again at Bernet Springs, although I can't go back and fish there again till I get another fly-fishing rod. Mine burnt up in the house fire where my dad and I lost everything. Fire and Ice really is quite a wonderful poem "by Robert Frost" isn't it.

Some Say the world will end in fire.

Some say in ice.

From what I've tasted of desire

I hold with those who favor fire.

But if it had to perish twice,

I think I know enough of hate

To say that for destruction ice

Is also great

And would suffice.

Fire would be a harsh way to go, but what if I were going to die in fire? I would be smart and crash my car so there would be no going back from it. I'd be trapped as the gas tanks leaked, igniting from the electricity and I would go up in a ball of fire. On the other hand, what if I were to crash off a bridge into a frozen river or lake, breaking through the ice? Sinking down, down, down, going deeper into the frost-bitten water. Before I even made it to the bottom, I would have hypothermia. My heart slowly going into a slumber-like state. I wouldn't feel a thing, Drift off into nothingness. No, not tonight, please mind not tonight. I need to stay focused for the races.

ANDREW DEPPE

SUNDOWNERS

I walk in to tell my mom the story I have prepared when my thoughts start to stop. Wait, what story did I prepare? Where was I saying I was going tonight? Who was I supposed to say I was going to be with? When was I supposed to be getting home, so she isn't worried about anything? How could I have forgotten this? I go to open my mouth hoping that the words come to me. Hoping, no, praying that I can hold myself together long enough with a focused thought to make some string of words to come out. No, mind, please don't go drifting and forgetting. Please don't leave me stranded a stranger to your thoughts. I know I am having a Sundowner's episode by now, but what am I supposed to do to combat it? What am I to do now? Call Jared and the guys and tell them I can't ride along tonight? How am I supposed to get them to not be mad? To realize that I can't go for a reason that I can't even form enough of a thought to explain?

I text my friends and tell them I can't make it tonight. I tell them I can't tell my mom the lie. They obviously don't understand what makes this night any different from the others. They don't understand that I can't form enough of a lie to her. What's going to happen without reading off a list. They don't know this side of me. They may never know who I turn into at any given night. They won't accept the idea that a teenager could have the same disorder their grandparents have. They don't know how much I want to go but can't due to circumstances they don't care about.

After texting my friends, doing the best I can, my thoughts go deeper and darker into the abyss. It's not the nothingness of the abyss I'm worried about; it's that I am stuck in the middle of a sea of a million thoughts I can't control. Thoughts I can't fully understand because they don't stick around for long enough to do so. I see one thought.... an educated thought not my own. It was placed here somehow. This thought came from a mentor at my old boy scout camp. It told me to sit up straight, fold my arms onto my legs. Feel the weight of my arms in my lap, feel my feet and legs on the ground, feel the wind blowing across my face. Now replace that wind with a thought, let it flow in and accept it. Hold it long enough to examine the thought, understand the idea, and realize the reason behind its creation. Then the most important part: let it flow out. Now try with another thought, and another, and another, until the thought becomes the breeze across your face. These thoughts no longer worry or scare you, they comfort you. Knowing the world around you isn't a weapon against you, but a flowing force taking you further up the stream of your dreams.

I knew in that moment that life was going to be alright. That no matter how mad someone got at you for the things you can and can't control, it doesn't matter. I have the breeze to comfort me through the night and help create a path through the hard times in life. I have the world at my feet, I have strength in my arms to hold its power. I have the wind across my face to not get lost in the world, but to feel my thoughts and the connections they forge.

ANDREW DEPPE

Words. They flow from me as I speak and write and yet I cannot grasp them. I cannot hold onto them, I cannot know them. It is something I have known since I began my first of many attempts to read and write. I cannot keep up with the other students and sing the alphabet; I cannot be in the classroom with my friends but rather in a little room with a para as I try to learn to write. "I comes before e except after b", or is it "i comes before a except after e"? How do I spell my name? I cannot even spell my own name and they want me to learn how to compose sentences in a month. It is time to write Mother's Day letters and I sit in my desk with my pencil untouched because I don't know how to write the word love.

I sit in my little desk and silently cry as the other students write to their mothers these keepsakes they will have for years knowing that my mom, the person I love most can not have that from me. I feel dumb. I am dumb. The other children in my class know so as well; they laugh when I leave the classroom after lunch or when I get called on in class and cannot answer because I can't read the questions on the board.

Letters are a complex mess that my brain cannot map out or even begin to code into words. Dyslexia. They tested me four years into my schooling and decided it was dyslexia and it in fact was not my fault.

I cannot read and write yet but I now know that I will be able to. I get new teachers, ones trained to help me instead of belittle my confusion. I learn to cope and can soon spell my name correctly at the age of seven. At the age of nine I sit on the couch with my parents as they sob while I successfully and slowly read to them the first chapter of Harry Potter and The Sorcerer's Stone, the first time I have ever read more than two sentences. As I enter middle school I begin to read above my grade level and develop a deep love of literature, particularly the classics. I dive into older novels as that is what my dad reads, everything from Dumas to Hemingway to Shakespeare. The Count Of Monte Cristo is still my favorite. I read every chance I get. The more I read the more words I can learn and write successfully. I am labeled as gifted in eighth grade and when my parents receive the letter tating so they weep once again in joy.

Different. I am not dumb, I am different. My brain works in ways that most people could not even begin to fathom. Reading is no longer the scary monster that I had once thought, but something that I can enjoy and even look forward to now knowing that the more I do so, the better I get. My dyslexia is no longer a hindrance in my life but something that I have learned to embrace. It is still a battle, varying in severity from day to day, but even on my bad days I can look back at how far I have come, knowing I will continue to further my ability. While I have learned to code the words around me I still have faced many setbacks while learning, but I know that it is something that I can face and win. I still struggle with dyslexia daily but it no longer feels like an obstacle in my way.

BEST STUDENT ESSAY

To start things off, I want to share a personal story of mine. It started on an early May morning as I was running down the soccer field and immediately got hip checked by an opposing defender. The foul resulted in my body flying across the inbounds line, landing incorrectly, and crumpling to the ground. My crumpling to the ground was due to the fact that on the inside of my knee, an explosion that is similar to the feeling of being stabbed by a million shards of glass occurred. The feeling of an Anterior Cruciate Ligament (ACL) tear is one of the most painful events I have experienced in my lifetime thus far. Knee injuries are a widespread issue throughout the global athletic community. One of these injuries specifically involves the ACL, which basically holds the whole knee together. The injury of this ligament can not only mean a year long recovery, but can also be career ending in athletics depending on the severity and age of the tear of the person at the time of the tear. Tear frequency has nothing to do with genetics, so every person has a risk of tearing an ACL in their lifetime. ACL tears cause major problems in the entire athletic community due to the risk they create for each athlete in every sport.

To understand the definition of an ACL tear, it is important to have a clear understanding of the anatomy of the human knee. According to Michael Khadavi and Michael Fredericson, the Anterior Cruciate Ligament, known as the ACL, is the ligament that connects the Tibia to the Femur, which stabilizes the knee. In some cases, if an injured individual can withstand constant pain and instability of the knee, this individual can avoid reparative surgery but must give up playing sports (Rouzier 1). However, in most cases, doctors recommend undergoing reconstructive surgery, especially in athletes, in order for patients to be able to return to regular daily functions. Without reconstructive surgery, the knee is at risk for displacement, resulting in significant pain and risk for further injury. Because causes of an ACL tear are common in sports motion, such as cutting or knee-to-knee contact, this injury proves to be frequent in the athletic community. The rates of injury reported by Khadavi and Fredericson come out to be a staggering 250,000 reported tears in the United States annually. These injuries occur most frequently in athletes. This demonstrates that ACL tears are common and detrimental injuries to not only athletes, but for the average active individual.

It is important to take into consideration that the youth and adolescent athletic community is the future of athletics in America. With each incoming generation, these young athletes develop and eventually push out aging adult athletes. Adolescent athletes also are responsible for making up a large portion of overall athletes in America because many more people play as children and teens in minor competitive leagues than actually move on to play collegiate athletics. In fact, a study done on ACL tears and tear prevention effectiveness found, "Approximately seven million high school students participate in team sports each year with 3-11% advancing to compete in NCAA college athletics," (Donnell-Fink et al. 2). This shows that a large number of young Americans participate in sports at a younger level, but a miniscule percentage of those children move on to play sports at a higher level as adults.

A large amount of adolescent athletes presents a problem for a number of reasons. If young athletes are sustaining injury, this discourages many children from recovering from injury and attempting to continue with their athletic careers. This also presents issues of recurring pain in the athletes that sustained the injury.

Furthermore, studies have been completed in order to show the peak age for ACL tear. In Nicholas Beck et al.'s study, the researchers analyzed the frequencies of ACL tears in

EMMA SINGLETON

BEST STUDENT ESSAY

different age groups. These researchers found, “females peaked at age 16 years and males at age 17 years, with rates of 392 ACL tears and 422 ACL tears per 100 000 person-years, respectively...Peak incidence is noted during high school years.” This means that out of all age groups studied ACL tears are most common in high school aged adolescents. This presents an issue having to do with the decision that many high school students face as they near the end of their secondary school years: what they are going to do with their lives after high school. Since the peak age for tears occurs in high school athletes’ junior and senior years, the cusp of decision making for college presents itself as a challenge for injured athletes. In a high school athlete’s case, this generally means making a decision about whether to play collegiate sports and where to play said sports. If an athlete suffers an ACL tear during the crucial years of athletic recruitment, it could detrimentally hurt a young athlete’s chances of moving on to play in college. This injury could also result in the retraction of a scholarship from college coaches due to their need for healthy players.

One example of the frequency of tears in young athletes comes from the ACL tears that occurred in the Potter family.

During tryouts for her school softball team, 14-year-old athlete April Potter jumped to catch a fly ball. She landed badly, severely spraining her left knee. Four days later, April’s older sister also sustained a knee injury, tearing her anterior cruciate ligament, or ACL. April’s parents noticed that her pain and mobility were similar to her sister’s, and were concerned that her injury was more severe than originally thought. “We brought April to a different doctor,” her father Jeff recalls, “and ultimately learned she had torn her ACL as well.” (American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons Representatives)

This story is a prime example of not only the frequency of ACL tears in young athletes, but also how alarming the risk actually is. Not only did April Potter’s sister tear her ACL a week before April did, but April tore her ACL a second time right after she recovered from her first tear. Three ACL tears occurring in a family just by chance shows that ACL tears are not a risk to be taken lightly.

EMMA SINGLETON

GOD'S LONELY WOMAN

It was an odd and ripe summer. One that swelled with rain and a devastating humidity that suffocated my skin, when I discovered Martin Scorsese's "Taxi Driver." Buried in the interior pocket of my denim jacket--a borrowed, unsettlingly sticky DVD case that guiltily weighed me down as I crept back home from a clandestine 1 a.m. video store trip. Sneaking in through the window of my bedroom, I quietly tiptoed past my sleeping sister, snuck down to the basement, and popped the disc in the player.

I had been alone all summer. My friends had graduated high school and I, not-quite-seventeen and almost ever-silent, struggled immensely with the marked change I felt disrupt my way of life. I spent nights driving around aimlessly, "Chet Baker Sings" or "Relaxin' With Miles Davis" playing softly on my radio while I tried to think of anything but the abyss I stared down. Darkness. Nothing. Fear. Death. So much unknown that I faced a morbid, coolheaded ennui. But, on that muggy July night, something in me had changed. I yearned for an answer. I figured a film, any film at all, might have one. I had heard about "Taxi Driver" from an upperclassman, whose expansive movie collection fueled my brief schoolgirl crush on him like gasoline poured on a bonfire. Lonely, a vigilante, a "walking contradiction"-- it sounded almost terrifyingly appropriate. The image of a young Robert DeNiro and the award of the illustrious Palme D'Or (mon Dieu!) seduced me beyond a point of return. I expected I would enjoy the film immensely.

I had not expected the eloquent screenwriting of Paul Schrader to keep me rapt for an entire two hours. Nor did I ever think I would discover a character like Travis Bickle. "Loneliness has followed me my whole life, everywhere. In bars, cars, sidewalks, stores, everywhere. There's no escape. I'm God's lonely man..."

Immediately, I understood Travis Bickle. And he understood me. I was alone, so very much alone. My parents and family were mostly absentee participants in my life. Only showing up once in a while when my work was considered top quality or when I was to perform for acquaintances. I was truly solitary, lonely.

To pass the time, I drove at night, down memorized Mulholland-esque curves I knew intimately, like a temperamental and vengeful lover of several years. I drank, smoked, and hid from the "scum" people who disgusted me. It wasn't that I thought highly of myself-(On the contrary, I am completely revolted at the sight of my own reflection at times)-it was just that my friends and family had so disappointed me in their complete lack of morality and action.

Travis Bickle was "a man that stood up." But I couldn't stand up. I wasn't violent, but I was on the verge of snapping internally. Travis's emptiness was so deeply akin to mine. The cinematography and shot composition would assume a morbid, slow-motion close focus to little sounds and movements---seltzer bubbling, a gun softly cocked, the beauty of the love interest as she floated through this plane of existence, angelic and pure. In my depression, I focused like that uncompromising camera lens. I stared and mumbled, myopic, visually taken by some external stimuli shaking me from my morose inner monologues only for a moment. I had fleetingly held a love that appeared the same as Betsy, untouchable and holy. I briefly found a fallacious godliness in him, a "cowboy" from a forgotten time who occupied a separate aether all his own. "He did not belong; they could not touch him....". Melancholic state somehow found more solace in Scorsese's hypermasculine narrative than any Sirkian melodrama. I once believe this told the truth of my female struggle.

"Taxi Driver" and I found each other at the right place and the right time. To this day, Bickle's adage rings true. I am alone, ever searching for a truth and a delusory morality I cannot find no matter how desperately I look for it. Like Travis, I cannot escape it. The reflection of the loneliness that haunts me is easier to confront than the solitude itself. Every viewing of "Taxi Driver" since the first has remained true and oddly comforting. It is a reminder that, even in my isolation, I am never truly so alone. Someone, somewhere, some lonesome sultry night is driving down the same damn road.

SUMMER BUCKSHAW

WHAT MAKES ONE PIECE OF WRITING BETTER THAN ANOTHER? ---

Scientists tell us that the invention of writing was the remarkable line which separated history into two periods: pre-history and history. Since that day, human beings have been using this ancestral art essentially to communicate with each other, and on top of that it is used to pass down their knowledge, their way of doing things, their way of thinking, their way of being, their civilization, to each other. According to me, one piece of writing that is better than another is the one that carries a profound community message, because it's used as a weapon to change things for those who cannot.

I have a lot of respect for all those writers who use their talent to fight for a cause that they consider noble. They all realize that they have in their possession a weapon stronger than atomic bombs, stronger than rockets, stronger than automatic guns. They have writing.

This is the reason why I like to listen and to read the works of Kery James, a French poet, singer, songwriter, author, actor, rapper, producer and composer born in Guadeloupe to Haitian parents. He actively denounces injustice in France, and in all former French colonies. He speaks about the true reasons of war in Africa. He speaks about what media don't want to say, that is why he has been arrested several times. He said that he does not need uranium, gold, iron, petroleum and all the world's natural resources to fight the corrupt system which leads the world. The only thing he needs is a piece of paper and a pen.

In the song "Lettre à la République," Kery said that he is not afraid to die for justice because there were people before him who died for it, like Martin Luther King, who also was killed in his time for justice: "Il y en avait un avant moi, il y en avait un avant lui, après moi ce n'est pas fini" ("There was one before me; there was one before him; after me it is not finished").

And I owe my liberty to all the writers of the "Siècle de Lumières" who thanks to their writings and messages actively participated in the end of slavery, which killed and weakened the "Cradle of Mankind," Africa, for centuries. Thanks to all those writers like Aimé Césaire, Léopold Sédar Senghor and others who faced the system with the philosophic movement called "Negritude." It is thanks to them that French people can shout widely today, "Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!" ("Liberty! Equality! Brotherhood!")

In short, the best piece of writing is the one with a message: the one which can affect a great number of generations. Being an author is a holy mission; it is like being the mouth, the voice, of several million mutes.

ELIPHAS LEVI BALEKOMBWA NDELEPAME MBALI

Losing that close friend, the one that has been by your side through thick and thin, isn't always easy. It never is. Especially when they supported you and cradled you when you felt broken. That sense of acceptance when you felt no one wanted to be around you. They have loved you and cared about you.

What's worse is knowing that your close friend had no respect for you. Maybe they did care about your soul, but what stood out to them was the body that masked it. You thought you were able to trust them because you were so naive and never stepped foot in that complex world. Never truly saw the different masks and creations that have stepped on the ground below you. All you saw was the warm feeling you felt when you were around him. That so-called care that you felt when you were feeling down.

What you need to know is that people are messed up sometimes and they have messed up minds. Now let me ask you this, look in the mirror and what do you see? Do you see a tired face masking a broken girl? Red puffy eyes seeing no acceptance? Shaky hands that are scared to open the door to life? Not being able to show the world who you truly are because you're scared of being hurt again? What are you scared of? What is holding you back? You were never the girl that let someone get to you.

Understand yourself, not others.

Now I want you to look at that mirror and tell me what you see. Heartfelt eyes showing beauty in the soul? Hourglass figure showing the woman you are becoming? Strong shoulders showing the warrior you were meant to be? I can see it thriving in you. You were built to face fear, conquer it, and repeat. Create the stories that are true for yourself.

Humans are always trying to understand others and ask why they do the things they do, not realizing that this question is driving them crazy because they will never find a true and honest answer. Everyone is made differently. Their minds will not work the same. Why chase after an answer that will never come?

Ask yourself the introspective questions. Finding the flaws in yourself and seeing how you can improve. You will find that those answers will fall into place. You will come out a better version of yourself and will understand who and what should be in your life. You will find that you don't need others to pick you up. You have been dominating on your own. Why let fear bring you back down to square one?

They gave me a thin, almost paper like blanket as though it was supposed to make me feel better, make this situation better, comfort me somehow. I can still remember the coolness of the metal table against my legs and the way the blanket draped over my legs. It was all that I could do, focus on the scratchy blanket and the cool hardness of the table as I felt degraded all over again. "We need to do this to ensure your health and see the damage he caused." As though they were not creating more emotional turmoil within me as people that I did not know touched me, looked at me, and told me how awful this must have been. I wait for the results alone in a small room silently crying and gripping onto that thin blanket with all of the strength that I had left in me. Soon the police arrive and tell me that I have to stand for them so that they can take pictures of me. I sob asking them not to, screaming that I don't want to. Haven't I been through enough? After an hour of persuading I cave, too tired and numb to fight back. I strip and wrap the blanket around me as a safeguard. An officer gives me a weary smile as they peel the blanket from me. My vision is blurry with tears but I can hear the clicking of the camera and feel their touch as they position me to get a better look at the damage he caused me. They offer me back the blanket as they thank me for my cooperation and leave me alone once again. Events of the last twenty four hours flash in my mind rapidly, the hurt me caused me, the belittlement I felt from the doctors, and the denigration I received from the officers that were meant to protect me. After all of this the only thing that I could do was cling to that damn blanket, that was somehow meant to comfort me, and sob.

DEAR YOU

Dear you. Today the doctors confirmed what I had been fearing for months, what I think I always knew was going to happen but dreaded. I had never thought of you until today, you simply weren't real to me, I didn't need you. I sit in the small almost suffocating doctor's office and all that I can think of is you. You don't deserve what's going to happen to you either. I don't want it to happen to you but I need it. Your heart will soon beat in my chest, replacing the weakened one there now. I cry in the car the whole way home, partially out of fear of this major surgery and partially because I don't want you to lose your life, even if it gives mine back to me. You have just become the most important person in my life. I don't even know your name.

Dear you. What are you doing right now? What are your hobbies? What is your biggest dream and greatest fear? These things I long to understand about you and may never know. I think that's the scariest part, not knowing. For all I know right now you are living your life to the fullest extent, happy and free, not knowing that you'll one day give me life at the end of yours. They will call your heart mine but I know it never truly will be.

Dear you. What makes your heart race with anticipation or beam with love? Will it still do the same for me? I hope you know that when the time comes that my heart is replaced with yours that I never wanted it and I wish more than anything it could still be with you. I guess we both drew the short end of the straw. I hope that when your life does end you are filled and surrounded with love. I hope that even though we have never met, you somehow know that I love you. How could I not when you are giving me a chance at a life I was uncertain of? Although it is not mine, I promise to take care of it and cherish it every day. Doing only things that make me happy and my heart soar. Your heart deserves that.

Dear you. I hope your family understands that even though you are gone your spirit is not; you will live in me with your heart. I hope they don't resent your sacrifice to me but rejoice in your giving nature until the end. I hope you get to spend as much time as you can with your family and the ones you love until your last moments. I hope you are loved as much as I have grown to love you. I often find myself wondering about these things. Your family, friends, epic loves of your life. I wonder if we could have been friends if things had turned out differently. I mean, we are a perfect match when it comes to our hearts. I wonder what your life is like and I wonder what tragic event brings you to me.

Dear you. The doctors say it may be a few years until our paths collide and for that I am grateful. I am happy, terrified of my future, but happy. I hope you're happy and loving every moment of your life. I am pursuing a life that I hope will keep me happy for as long as our hearts keep me going. I am writing and singing and loving with all that I am, and I promise to keep doing so with your heart when it leaves you for me. You will never know these promises that I am making to you, but it is so important to me that I make them. You are giving me life. The least I can do is make a few promises.

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Hometown: North Las Vegas, Nevada

Summer Buckshaw

Features: Poetry, Nonfiction, Art & Design
Majors: Studio Art and Graphic Design
Hometown: Detroit, Michigan

Taylor Cunningham, 2020 *Inscribe* Editor

Feature: Art & Design, Photography
Majors: Graphic Design & Studio Art
Hometown: Wellsville, Kansas

Lex Grattan, 2020 *Inscribe* Editor

Features: Poetry, Nonfiction
Major: English Education
Hometown: Newton, Kansas

Kayle Hockett

Feature: Poetry
Major: Elementary Education
Hometown: Wichita, KS

Tomi Simmons

Features: Poetry
Major: Political Science
Las Vegas, Nevada

Quincy Williams

Feature: Poetry
Major: English
Hometown: Cincinnati, Ohio

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Feature: Poetry
Tulsa, OK

Moneysha Green (Class of 2020)

Feature: Photography
Princeton, Louisiana

Elle Gillen (Class of 2020)

Feature: Photography
Castle Rock, Colorado

Lillian Oeding (Class of 2020)

Feature: Art & Design, Photography
Wichita, Kansas

Delores Wagoner (Class of 1954)

Feature: Poetry
Anaheim, CA

Naomi Cartmell (Class of 2020)

Feature: Poetry, Fiction
Hutchinson, KS

Micah Gilbert (Class of 2020)

Feature: Photography
Elkhart, Indiana

Cara Hudson (Class of 2019)

Feature: Poetry
Gould Farm, Massachusetts

Ila Verne Stull (Class of 1947)

Feature: Poetry
Glen Rose, TX

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Feature: Poetry

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and Design

Feature: Photography

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Professor of Technology

Feature: Photography

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Professor of English

Feature: Fiction

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Feature: Poetry

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Feature: Poetry

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Feature: Poetry

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Feature: Art & Design

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Dr. Kim Stanley

Professor of English

Feature: Poetry

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