

Shale

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY ARTS JOURNAL
SPRING 2014

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

This edition of *Shale* extends our philosophy of innovation in creative writing and the arts. We feature Latin, French, Korean, and Arabic pieces as we continue to embrace World Languages. We also feature the second installment of our first serialized piece, “A Disinherited Race” by Jon Fish.

The English Department, Gaines Center, WRFL (the student-run radio station), and the Department of Modern and Classical Languages, Literatures, and Cultures (MCLLC) contributed considerably to the printing of this edition and the meeting of all of the authors and artists featured herein. We also would like to thank the Office of International Affairs, the Department of Hispanic Studies, the Writing Center, the English honor society Sigma Tau Delta, and the student group Graphite for their continued support. We are also proudly partnered with the Bloomsbury Group, a student organization that embraces writers and artists of every medium and caliber. We greatly appreciate and celebrate these departments and organizations that continue to foster creative pursuits at this university.

We would like to give a special thanks to our newest partner, the Chellgren Center for Undergraduate Excellence. We have no fewer than four Chellgren Fellows in leadership positions on staff and have featured and continue to feature the work of numerous Chellgren Fellows. We feel that this partnership reflects a common value of academic excellence, as both of our organizations allow undergraduates to pursue opportunities in leadership and creativity. They have been immensely supportive of this edition and our purpose as a journal, and we hope to continue this partnership in the future.

On a more personal level, I would like to thank our advisors, Julie Human from the Department of Modern and Classical Languages, Literatures, and Cultures (MCLLC) and Julia Johnson from the English Department. I would like to give my deepest thanks to Lynn Hiler and Dr. Philipp Kraemer of the Chellgren Center for Undergraduate Excellence, Dr. Lisa Broome and Connie Duncan of the Gaines Center for the Humanities, and Liliana Drucker of the MCLLC Department for their vital contributions to the funding of this edition and its reception.

I would also like to thank Jamison Barton at Advertiser Printer, Incorporated. The printing services offered by API have finally enabled us to achieve the highest level of material quality Shale has seen since its inception.

As this is my last note as Editor-in-Chief, please permit me a moment of nostalgia. When I joined staff as a poetry editor four years ago, our entire staff could fit around a six-person table. The onus of the work fell upon our editor-in-chief, as she managed funding, organization, printing, filing, marketing, layout, and much more. We were an island unto ourselves in relation to departments and organizations. We typically received only fifty submissions or so in a yearlong publication cycle. We published a small chapbook with a black-and-white cover and the layout painstakingly designed in Microsoft Word. We were a feat of the small creative community that we were able to reach.

We have accomplished so much since then. We number nearly twenty staff members now, with duties such as marketing, layout, and filing falling to highly skilled staff members as we seek to optimize and professionalize. The aforementioned list of partners attests to the push we have made to become known and a more integrated part of the creative community. We received almost 250 submissions this semester, which is more than double from just a year ago. We have a professionally designed layout by Sarah Wagner in InDesign. We have had beautiful full-color covers. In short, I am proud of where we came from and what we have become. I am proud to have been a part of it, and I cannot wait to see what lies ahead!

Please enjoy!

Sarah Hayden
Editor-in-Chief



Shale

University of Kentucky Undergraduate Arts Journal
SPRING 2014

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ADAM BAKER
 Junior • Entomology/English

On the western-most shoreline

East, away from the lake
 light burns sand-spurs on tender feet.
 The crack of beech nuts can be heard in the canopy of the valley dune.
 Osage milk on her fingertips,
 Everett turns to Lindy and asks, “Now why did you go and do a thing like
 that?”
 The smell a citrus spice, the milk gathering then dripping. Lindy smiles,
 “I just had to know how it felt.”

BLADE ROUSE-DAVID
 Freshman • Economics

Her Skin

Her skin, once like the Mississippi and all that flowed through it, is silent. She is desert. She is plastic. She does not breathe in this hospital bed, naturally. She is a faint whistle. Her skin once spoke stories of flashy corner trombones, neon lights, and eating crawfish with no napkins. Her skin was Mars: untouched, analyzed, and sought after. Her skin boomed like waves against cliff. Her skin captained a revolution and rebelled like rain in early August. Her skin was tectonic. Her skin could sing the blues, too. Her skin danced and danced and danced until even New Orleans fell asleep. But now, she is the one who is tired. She is earth. She is granite. Her skin, a faded map that leads to wherever she wants you to go.

COREY ELAM
Junior • Journalism

Red Dress

“Don’t wait up on me, Steve,” Clay Claim smiled at his manager and gave him a wink. Steve laughed nervously and gave the senator a *wait, are you serious?* expression before obeying, and the limo slid off like a serpent in the cold night, escaping a trap.

It was when entering places like this, which he very seldom did, that Clay was most thankful for his political stance. Even at a cheap bar, a death wish for most politicians, Clay was a welcome guest who was spared the slanderous titles senators received from those not as fortunate as their upper class constituents. Clay got his drink undisturbed, even if it was a bit stronger than he preferred.

“Couldn’t stay away, huh?” a lady in a red dress called from over Clay’s shoulder. He looked and instantly felt twenty years younger, or at least dumber. She was beautiful.

“Whaddaya mean?” Clay stuttered, “Were you at the speech?”

“You mean to say you didn’t see me, mister senator?”

An exaggerated expression of disappointment and sadness spilled over her visage. Her tiny arms fell slowly down touching her long legs, like tan rays of the sun descending from the red clouds of her dress.

“I know, it should be a crime!” Clay smiled.

They both laughed. Clay said he wasn’t that kind of man. The lady said that was a shame. They laughed again, and just as the senator had a craving for another drink, she slipped off the barstool into his arms. He gave her a ride home, heart thudding out of his sports jacket. He felt her slide something into his pocket but was too nervous to look. He went back to his hotel bed and his snoring wife, and forgot any of it had happened.

The next day, Clay picked out a red tie to go with his grey suit jacket. Tonight was a benefit for local charities as well as Clay’s last night on the trail until primary elections to be honest and truthful to the people in need, people who he’d been trying to help before his first day in office. He stepped onto the podium, his entire speech fading from memory as he saw the red dress in the corner of his eye and the woman from last night who wore it.

The words finally crept into Clay’s mind and then dragged through his mouth on a subconscious conveyor belt while the rest of him was captivated by

her as she stared into his eyes, transfixed on him while he spoke.

After the speech, the senator told his wife he was going to go on a quick jog, and drove off to a phone booth. There, he punched in the number the woman in the red dress had slid into his coat pocket on that night that he would never forget. An angel answered the phone.

“Hello? Who’s there?”

He swallowed, nervous she had forgotten. “Clay from the other night.”

The woman let out a captivating sigh of relief.

“Is it a bad time? I didn’t want to disturb you.”

“Well it’s too late for that now,”

Clay smiled, detecting her sarcasm.

“I have to see you...” He let his feelings speak for him. No matter how crazy, he needed it. Something had to be done to keep him sane, to keep him safe, away from the crippling horror that was his wife Elise.

“Come to 239 14th street,” the lady’s voice answered, “and bring comfortable clothes.”

Clay obeyed. And obeyed again the next night. And the next, until it was as routine as going bowling. Just as routine to him was planning the perfect future while the two of them lay together in bed, imagining the future. It felt so easy, so right.

The late nights and lofty planning continued, each night getting more intense and elaborate until Clay himself couldn’t remember how much time had gone by since the two of them had even met. It was now the long stagnating summer before elections, but his mind was occupied solely by the woman in the red dress.

Clay sat in the back of his limousine outside the bar where he’d met his mistress, tossing his phone in his hands. He dialed his wife. Another long night crunching polls at the office. He tried to tell her he loved her before hanging up. Or did he? Did it even matter anymore? Was any love still there?

The limo pulled up to the end of the block at the woman’s address, where it had been circling for what felt like hours. His stocky, cool silhouette seemed to float more than sneak to the backdoor of his half-million dollar home. In his right hand, which was no longer firm, but now a flimsy piece of uncontrollable flesh and bone on the end of his arm, there was an ice pick that he struggled to keep his grip on. Elise wasn’t likely to notice a missing knife from her kitchen, but Clay had to be as precautious as he could. He was struggling to keep his grip on anything. Reality, love, his life, it was all falling to pieces in Clay’s mind.

Keep it together, buddy. Clay's eyes darted along the back entrance of his own home, now suddenly unfamiliar to him. *Politics.* That's all this was.

He remembered reading Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart" back at Princeton, how it had taken the killer an hour to open the door to the old man's bedroom in the middle of the night. That's what Elise was to him now, the old man and the eye. The cold moon was shrouded by clouds, and the lady in the red dress waiting to take him in her arms. Who knows, maybe one day he could make her his First Lady. Conscience was no longer Clay's obstacle.

The door finally opened. Clay's eyes were accustomed to the dark now. His grasp on the ice pick faltered. He continued from the kitchen up the stairs, to Elise's room. Clay walked up so carefully that he was nervous that the sun would rise by the time he got to the top step. He remembered his wife's persistent snoring and how he couldn't wake her no matter how loud he was in the mornings when getting dressed. Although tonight he heard nothing but the pulsing of his own heart throbbing throughout his entire body, he was certain she was asleep. Certainly he would hear the snoring as he got closer to her door.

Photos of Clay and other politicians, writers, bankers, and fishing buddies lined the walls of the hallway. There was only one photo of him and his wife, their wedding photo. The only time he had seen Elise smile in 14 years was that day.

Clay gave his head a violent shake to regain focus. He couldn't think about that now; he had tried all he could to make her happy. This was the only solution. Ease her pain. End her misery, and everyone else's.

Clay slid through the door not in an hour, but in a second. He had to do this now – he couldn't stand being in that house one more minute, and only for a second did he stop to consider the odd phenomenon of silence. Was she awake? Was she waiting for this? Did she know? There was no turning back. Clay's eyes found the outline of his wife in his bed, and crept toward it. Softly, Clay took his pillow with his gloved hand, and balanced on his knees over his sleeping wife, who oddly smelled not of booze, but new perfume. Clay had gone miles beyond the point of no return. To see a husband sitting over you with gloves and an ice pick is enough to condemn a man.

With a deep inhale, Clay thrust the pillow over the face of his sleeping wife, and for a fleeting moment was shocked by the strength of her resistance, the power in her arms as she slashed and pushed, the kick of her legs not bony or feeble, but graceful and strong; one got him in the ribs and made him shout in painful surprise. Clay jabbed the icepick wherever he could, knowing it would

do damage anywhere it connected. The jabs turned to maniacal thrusts, until Clay forgot about the pillow entirely and held the pick with both hands, thrusting it into the woman until she made no sound, no movements.

The cry Clay let out was one few people ever live to make, a cry akin to that of a prisoner whose only option of escape is doing the very thing in life he vowed never to do. There was pleasure in his tears, but also bitter repentance and disbelief at what he had done. There was relief in his heart but loathsome disgust in his stomach. That disgust grew quickly, and Clay went from his knees to the bathroom at the other end of the hallway in a split second to vomit. After cleaning himself up, he sniffled, and things came into focus.

He had done it. He was free, and burned or not, the evidence wasn't coming back to him. He and his new love could go anywhere in the world.

Now it was time to return to loving arms and forget all that had happened. He showered, ridding himself of tears and blood and guilt. Clay's emotions had taken control over his senses, and the next memory he had was of laughing and crying uncontrollably as he drove towards his new bride, anticipating calculating meticulously as his upbringing had instilled in him. Clay was now a victim of his own cunning. He looked up at the clear sky. I'm fine. Clay smiled until his face cracked open, belting a laugh of jovial relief. His car rounded the corner of 14th Street.

Proud as a teenager on his first date, Clay bounced up the stairs of his lover's townhouse. He was already envisioning her standing, eager, at the top of the steps. A red dress barely covering her perfect frame. Nothing underneath. He couldn't contain himself. He shouted with joy as he flew up toward her. "We did it! My love, we did it!"

"We most certainly did, Clay."

The senator froze, and the nausea he felt before rushed not to his stomach, but through his veins, paralyzing his entire body. His eyes were giant spheres of disbelief. His heart had stopped, but somewhere in the back of his mind, the calculating, anticipating strategist knew this was his fate all along. Elise stood before him, smiling, grinning brighter than he had ever remembered seeing. Maybe even since their wedding day.

"What's the matter, honey? Forgot what you'd planned to say after?"

Clay couldn't speak. He wasn't even sure if his heart had resumed beating. He was trapped in himself, reliving what he had done. Plunging the icepick into the girl he had planned to be with forever. His heart and his will were broken.

"It's an awfully nice brandy this girlfriend of yours has. She had good taste."

Elise walked to the mirror and surveyed herself. It was just then Clay gathered the energy to come to, and realize that Elise was wearing that dress. Her dress.

“Very good taste.”

“But,” Clay mumbled, but that was all he had the ability to say.

“But she just wasn’t good enough for you, was she?” Elise stood before Clay, who was staring down, forced to wallow in this nightmare of a reality that he could not face. Clay sank to the floor, shaking his head. His lips moved but he made no noise.

“She was threatening everything you stood for,” Elise strutted in a fixed pace around her husband. “Honesty. Humility.”

There was a pause. Elise opened the bedroom window of the townhouse. From there, she could see her husband’s capitol building office a half mile away, perfectly.

“Common sense.”

Clay let out a conceding moan.

“Oh I’m not done. She was also threatening me! Imagine how I could have been put in danger by a woman out to get my husband! Thank heavens I have a strong, noble senator as my man. A real leader.”

Clay remembered the lady in the red dress, her voice on the phone sighing, “Thank heavens,” as she heard his voice. How calming she was. How safe he felt when he lay with her, when he talked to her.

And he had killed her.

“Well, I suppose that gratitude was a little overdue now, wasn’t it honey? Let’s go back home and rest up. Who knows how far you slipped in your precious little polls today, isn’t that right Clay?”

He said nothing, but managed to stand up on his weak legs, using the walls of the home of the woman he’d dreamed of spending his life with for support. The woman in her red dress walked by him, and whispered in his ear, “And don’t worry, Clay. I love you, too.”

CECILIA AMADOR
Senior • English, Philosophy Minor

Forbidden Fruit

I tasted it,
The forbidden fruit.
It tasted better, sweeter
Than any other I've ever known.

The kiss to its skin,
The bite to its flesh
Incited a fervor within,
One I couldn't compress.

I knew it was wrong,
But enjoyed it so;
The poison drove me to ecstasy
And myself I forgot.

I know I should regret it—
The consequences are great—
But this, too delicious,
Has taken control of my self.

I want more
Of this juicy delight;
Once, twice, thrice...
The craving only grows.

The poison so strong,
All guilt, erased,
My thoughts are consumed
Of want to taste it again.

I look for it—I look for it,
But it's already gone.
Now I know—now I know,
This fruit I can't again feast on.

AMANDA RUMBALL
Senior • French

L'Histoire jamais raconté des demi-sœurs de Cendrillon

L'introduction

Il était une fois des jumelles nées d'une mère, cruelle et méchante. Bien qu'elles fussent inséparables, les petites jumelles se révélèrent être le contraire de l'autre. Faute de mots, elles étaient comme le feu et la glace. Anastasia, forte, malicieuse et sauvage, aimait toujours causer des problèmes en raison de son sens de l'aventure et de sa curiosité. D'un autre côté, Drizella, frêle, intelligente et timide, aimait toujours garder ses distances en raison de son amour de la lecture et de son manque de sociabilité. Anastasia et Drizella vivèrent heureuses avec Cendrillon pendant de nombreuses années, mais maintenant je vais raconter l'histoire de ce qui s'est passé après elles vivent heureusement.

Un jour sombre au palais, Drizella travaillait dans la grande bibliothèque à trier les livres sur une échelle quand elle commença à se sentir étourdie et ses jambes faiblirent. Tout à coup, elle tomba de l'échelle. Elle devint incapable de marcher. Comme elle parlait rarement, sauf à sa sœur, personne n'entendit ses cris. Anastasia, qui chassait dans la forêt, commença à sentir la douleur de sa sœur. Elle cessa de chasser et elle retourna rapidement au palais. Elle courut à la bibliothèque et elle vit Drizella couchée par terre. Puis elle courut à la chambre de Cendrillon et demanda de l'aide. Anastasia et Cendrillon retournèrent vers Drizella avec un médecin. Il l'examina et leur raconta que son dos était cassé. Anastasia demanda désespérément au médecin combien de temps cela prendrait pour qu'elle guérisse. Il leur expliqua que Drizella ne pourrait plus jamais marcher. Dévastée, Ana commença à pleurer pour sa sœur. Drizella, affaiblie par la vue de sa sœur affligée, rassura Ana qu'elle se sentirait mieux si elles restaient ensemble. Le médecin déposa Drizella à son lit mais son état ne s'améliora pas durant les semaines suivantes. Cendrillon voulut aider ses demi-sœurs donc elle appela sa bonne fée à l'aide. La bonne fée apparut immédiatement au chevet de Drizella. Ana supplia la bonne fée de sauver sa sœur de la mort en échange de sa propre vie. Inspirée par le sacrifice d'Ana, elle eut à une autre idée.

Elle dit à Ana « Je peux sauver ta sœur afin qu'elle ait une belle vie. »

Ana dit « Oui, oui ! S'il vous plaît aidez Drizella de quelque manière que ce soit ! »

La bonne fée lui dit que la seule façon dont Drizella pouvait vivre si elle devenait une sirène.

Elle demanda avec hésitation, « C'est la seule façon ? »

La bonne fée fit oui de la tête. Ana savait que si Drizella devenait une sirène, elle ne la reverrait plus jamais. Elle regarda sa sœur encore une fois. Elle l'embrassa sur le front et lui dit adieu. La bonne fée la porta à sa calèche avec sa baguette et elles disparurent dans un éclair vert.

Les jours suivants Drizella partit, Ana fut affligée. Si triste qu'elle tomba mortellement malade. Elle plongea dans un profond sommeil. Un soir, elle rêva du jardin secret où elle avait l'habitude de jouer avec Drizella lorsqu'elles étaient enfants. Le jardin, rempli de somptueuses fleurs, luisait dans la lumière des étoiles. Ana commença à entendre la voix de Drizella qui prononçait son nom mais elle ne voyait pas sa sœur. Puis, le bassin pour oiseaux commença à produire un éclair vert. Ana marcha vers la lumière et elle regarda dans les ondes du bassin. Elle vit Drizella dans le bassin ! Ana fut bouleversée de joie et elle lui dit combien elle lui manquait. Drizella dit à Ana qu'elle devait vivre sa vie sans elle parce qu'elle pouvait la visiter seulement dans ses rêves. Ana se réveilla de son rêve et elle ne se sentit plus malade. Drizella continua à la visiter dans ses rêves de temps en temps et à lui raconter ses histoires dans la mer. Anastasia construisit un château à côté du jardin secret. Elle y vit heureuse avec son mari et leurs trois adorables enfants.

La moralité : Ne considérez jamais votre famille comme acquise, aimez-les toujours et aimez-les bien .

JOIE FILIPPINI
Freshman • English

Mango

“Jane ate a

—mango,” you wrote.

Like newborn child slick with syrup
afterbirth. mango, you wrote, as though
it were quantifiable. Once swollen
from tree like organs
blossoming in unborn embryo, you
wrote, as though it were
your enemy, inanimate yet
sunlight-tinted puddle on a wood slab
is your poison.

Mango, like me, you wrote,
peeled away my mottled
skin with paring knife words
and I bled nectar you wouldn't touch.
You shaved peachy curving slivers
from my bones until only my
naked pit brain
remained; you would
eat my body and gladly I
offered my flesh to your
lips, teeth, tongue.

You planted
my brain and I split wide
when you nourished me
with your water words, and nurtured my
new leaf inklings when you wrote—

JOIE FILIPPINI
Freshman • English

Sure thing.

Eager dollars slithered into pockets
of cash registers under flags,
lightblue whiteblue.
On brick laid sidewalks,
people chose barefoot
and bought new shoes; for other
pairs sent away to brown
kids with calloused feet.
Two for one designer brand
fifty bucks a pop.
They called it being worldly.

Sheepish quarters dribbled
through the gaps of my fingers
onto the pool of her glossy styrofoam
plate already littered with pennies.
Perhaps enough for a cheap meal,
some tarnished bus tokens.
Enough for a rotten tooth grin,
brown crinkled skin,
a guttural thank you.
I called it you're welcome.

ADAM BAKER
Junior • Entomology/English

The Animal Stand

Johnny B. rode up on his spray-painted Mongoose with a sprig of prairie grass between his lips. I owed him a favor, and when I saw that crooked smile of his, I knew he was here to collect. Johnny's face was wild with mischief, his hair almost bleached from the summer sun, bangs quivering in the breeze. Under the generous shade of the beech tree near the road, he leaned on the handlebars of his bike and fidgeted with the sprig in his lips until, finally, I put my wheel-barrow aside and approached the end of the drive.

"What's going on JB?" I asked.

"Everett, I need your help with something."

"What's that?"

"Well, we need to make some cash," said JB. "I want me one of those graphite sling-shots, you know, the ones with the forearm brace," he explained, gesticulating the draw. "I saw one in my dad's hunting magazine, but I don't have the money to get one yet."

"If we move the rest of this timber down to the burn stack, I'm sure dad would shed a few dollars," I suggested, looking at the wood pile and then at the barrow resignedly.

"WORKING? That's for the dogs, we're going to become entrepreneurs," he said with intellectual savvy, having heard the word on the television that morning.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I said.

"It means we go into business together."

"Business? What kind of business?"

"What are we best at?" he grins, the sprig pointing skyward.

"Oh, I don't know. What are we best at?" I humored him.

"Well, catching frogs for one thing, and snakes, and turtles too! Fish, bugs, voles, moles, crickets, grubs, the whole lot."

"Yeah, so? What's your point?"

"Think about it, Ev. We spend nearly all of our free time drudging through the swamps, or catching gobies at the beach."

"So?"

"So? So we'll sell the animals we catch, just like those Amish flea markets

you are always going to, bringing back millipedes, scorpions, and other disgusting things – people love spending money on disgusting things!”

.....

At least once a summer, I would catch a ride with Miller’s grandmother, Haddy, to the Amish flea market and swap meet in Shipshewana. Stevie and I would sit in the middle seat while Miller joshed around with us from the back bench. Miller would do most of our bargaining on these excursion; he was smoother than the swindlers. Somehow, he would always convince Haddy into letting us traverse the shanty-shops unaccompanied. We looked with interest on everything from guns to cheese curds; we especially liked the exotic pets. The market was crude and alive, the bustle of radio-flyers filled to the brim, and the ostentatious showmanship of the vendors—you could buy a tarantula for eight dollars and then scoff at the Daniel Steele novels. There was so much to breathe in: the pungent smell of ripe produce, barnyard straw on the breeze, the sweet aroma of homemade maple syrup and sun warmed jars filled with honey, followed by the tinge of metallic farm equipment. We came upon a booth filled with colorful depictions of proud, enigmatic animals. A Native American man sat behind the table, his eyes black and steady and thoughtful.

“That one suits you,” said the man in a soothing monotone, motioning toward the fox statuette in my hand. “I sense a real connection there. I think the fox may be your spirit animal,” he droned. Miller laughed mockingly at this, but I couldn’t help from being curious about the man’s mystic proposal, or clever selling point, I never decided which.

“Come on, Fox,” commanded Miller, “let’s get out of here.” For the remainder of the day, we carried on in this way. Stevie wanted to be the Tiger, but we called him the Bear on account of his burly anatomy and ability to raid the cupboards of our parents’ houses for snack cakes. Every time we referred to him as the Bear, a flush of angry blood would flood his face.

“Hey Miller, what kind of animal are you?”

.....

As the years passed, less-and-less of the swamp was visible. A row of white pine clung to the edges of the peninsula. My father had planted the pine to obstruct the view of the swamp upon my mother’s request; she claimed the swamp

was foreboding. Johnny and I gathered buckets, nets, and mukkin' boots from the garage and walked out back to the peninsula. Frogs were first on our list because of how easy they are to catch, but turtles were our priority. Johnny plunged the net into the dank water and pulled up a load of pond scum. Out scurried little ghost shrimp, backswimmers flailed their oar-like appendages, and leeches wriggled their way through the aquatic plant mess. Johnny continued dipping while I traversed the opposite shore. A small painter stuck its head through the duckweed canopy. I was after him before the moment was gone.

"Got a painter!" I yelled across to JB.

"Heck yeah! Keep that up and we'll be right in no time." I walked over to retrieve one of the buckets and ready it for the painter. Johnny took another dip, pulling up a fresh mess. "Yeah baby! Scored a mudpuppy! Been a minute since I caught one of these," he said, dropping the mudpuppy into a clear glass jar, its fern-like gills inflating with water. In a short time, we collected five frogs, a painted turtle, a mudpuppy, and two jars, one filled with ghost shrimp, the other with leeches.

"All we need now is big one," said Johnny as we gathered our things and mounted the bikes. I was pedaling my hardest to steady my excess load of equipment and animal stock when I saw a black blemish making its way across the gray gravel road. It was another painter! The young tend to migrate across the roads their first summer, freshly hatched, looking to claim a swamp or pond of their own. The sight of their deflated bodies always infuriated me when I found them flattened by unsympathetic cars, but this one was alive!

"It doesn't get any better than this," I said as I scooped up the young reptile. We made our way down the dusty field path that led to the back forty of JB's property. When the flora broke we could see the outline of the oval shaped pond, like a big brown egg. Silty clay lined the bottom of the pond in underwater dust piles that would move to and fro, constantly altering the depth of the pond. Johnny B grabbed a rod, armed it with a leech, and cast off the dock. I stripped my clothes and dove in, eyes just above the water, just like a frog. Johnny dropped another bullhead in his bucket, each one bigger than the last, and worked another struggling leech onto the hook. Beyond the difficulty, he enjoyed baiting leeches; he felt heroic for ridding the world of such a vile creature.

"Get on there you little blood sucker!"

He throws in a few more catfish while I wait, poised in the tan water. It was time! Johnny B. grabbed one of the smaller cats, slit open its belly, and threw

it into the turmoil that was developing at the end of the dock. My heart began to race; it wouldn't be long now. The bullhead swarmed the bait in a revolving frenzy. An explosion of whisker and flipper, then all disturbance ceased. The gutted cat was gone and up floated its tail. She had come! Johnny B gave me the signal and readied himself at the end of the dock with a large salmon net. The ancient head rose from the depths and took the cat tail. I had her! One hand on the back of her shell and the other on her tail, legs pumping, I drove her into the net. Johnny B. heaved the net out of the water, an impressive old snapper, beautiful and ancient, brightly colored moss hanging from its back. She violently snapped her head from side-to-side, becoming increasingly tangled in the net with each desperate strike. We wrestled her up into the field where her aquatic prowess meant very little. We sat down in the grass and laughed in relief.

"Now all we have to do is make a sign," he said.

.....

On the way back from the market, we stopped at a farmhouse off the state road that belonged to Miller's Uncle Carl. Carl was strong jawed and his hands were callused like they had been wind-scarred by metal shavings his whole life. Carl had a grave look under the shadow on his face as we approached the porch.

"Don't be thinkin' you're old enough to take on your Uncle Carl, you cocky little runt." He said with an erupting smile. Miller puffed his chest out,

"Anytime old man," he barked.

"Haddy, better hold your boy back before he gets a whoopin'" he laughed, and we all went inside for dinner.

"You know you're more than welcome to stay the night," said Carl over his glass. Haddy sat at the table in a patient and kindly manner and looked thoughtfully at her brother and smiled.

"Of course we'll stay."

We camped in the living room that night and were scorned for incessant laughter until being separated in the various guest rooms of the large old farmhouse.

We had been scanning the streams all morning for crayfish and soft-shell, eyes trained for any flaw in defensive semblance. We were joshing around, insulting one another, but Miller was getting excited, ragging on Stevie something furious. Usually I could chuckle at their back-and-forth's, especially when it

had to do with Stevie's pudgy constitution but it was different this time. I could see the anger swelling in Stevie's face and pleasurable vulgarity in Miller's.

"Stop it Miller. No one thinks you're funny." I said nervously.

"That's because we've been too busy laughing at you." he said.

"Stevie's not laughing. It stopped being funny a long time ago."

"Sounds like you need to be straightened out," he threatened.

"I'm not scared of you Miller."

Miller tore off his shirt, "Come on, Fox!" He cocked back and let me have one, the twist landing just above my bellybutton, knocking the wind right out of me. I clenched my fists, bit my tongue, but all of my hostility meant nothing to me; I couldn't bring myself to hit him. A fox knows when to bare his teeth.

"Come on, Fox! Let's do this. What are you afraid of?" bleated Miller. I cried, and we walked back to the old farmhouse. We called him the Wolf.

.....

"The Animal Stand," it read, the bold red spray-paint dripping along the contours of the letters. In the shade of the grand oak, we set up card tables to display our merchandise. A collection of pails littered the tabletops, cells for our various prisoners, individual in volume and shape. It was an impressive display of fauna: turtles, tadpoles, bullhead, salamanders, frogs, mudpuppies, and craw-dads, not the sun-washed ones from the streams, but their brightly colored cousins of the dim obdurate swamp. We confidently sat behind the stand eating cherries from the tree in the side yard. A man pulled up to have a look.

"What are you in the market for?" inquired JB through the fresh sprig in his teeth.

"Something for my daughter," the man said, "she just got home from the hospital and I need something to cheer her up—ah ha! These will do, how much?" he asked about the painters in the shallow Cool Whip container.

"Two apiece," said Johnny B.

"All I've got is a five, do you have change?"

"No change sir," answered Johnny, taking the five, and the spring painters were gone. Not long after a rusty truck with a dangling muffler pulled alongside the road. JB knew this truck; it belonged to a friend of his father.

"What the hell is an an-i-mal stand anyway?" he said, spelling out the words.

"Whazzit sound like?" JB sarcastically answered. "Got a dandy of a snapper

if you're interested in making a mess of soup."

"That's a big one for sure, probably every bit of thirty years old. What will you take for 'er?"

"Couldn't let her go for anything less than fifteen, she put up quite a fight ya know." The man looked down, rummaging through his jean pockets and presented a wad of singles.

"I'll give you nine for the snapper, but that's the best I can do." Johnny looked over for my approval.

"Oh alright," I said, "just pulled 'er out this afternoon, so you might want to soak her in some fresh water for a day or two to get the stink off." I threw her into the bed; she was docile, almost submissive in nature.

"She'll be on the chopping block soon enough, don't you worry about that, gonna make some fine soup too! Thank you boys." He said, and veered onto the road, the gurgle of his muffler almost deafening. We had a few serious accusations after that, some more hecklers, and a slew of curious window shoppers. It was getting late, the waning sun set level with the stand, illuminating the remainder of the catch. The frogs weren't doing so well and a few of the tadpoles had gone belly-up. A large green truck with an emblem illustrating a jumping trout on the door stopped in front of the animal stand.

"What's going on here?" asked the man.

"Just selling some catch," we said.

"What you boys are doing could get you into a lot of trouble. You know that don't you?"

"No, we didn't know," I said.

"Where's your dad at anyways?" asked the man.

"He's inside," answered Johnny.

"Well, go get him then." Johnny ran up to the house and moments later his father emerged from the front stoop.

"What are you doing way out in these parts, Larry?" asked Johnny's father.

"Not too much, got a call that some kids were selling turtles on the side of the road, that's quite illegal, John. I'm going to have to ask you to release all the animals, and I want your word that this won't happen again," said Larry with authority while still trying to maintain a kindly rapport.

"Is that what they've been up to?" said John, looking at the sign, "I'm sorry Larry, I was paying no attention at all, been in the basement all day because it's been flooding again. I'll make sure these boys stay out of trouble, learn them a lesson too."

“Thanks John, that’s what I need to hear. You have a good day now.”

“Thanks, Larry. You, too,” John said.

“Don’t let me catch you boys out here again now,” Larry warned, and drove off in the big green dodge.

“Self-righteous son of a...” John said under his breath, “I’ll buy the rest of them cats if you boys clean ‘em” he offered defiantly.

We cleaned the fish, and I thought about the snapper and the shame of nature, the cascade of a thirty year trophic ritual. When it came time to divvy up the profits, I refused my share and rode home with a heavy heart. When I pulled into the drive, I noticed that dad had moved the rest of the timber on his own, almost a full cord. I sank into the lounge on the back porch. The pines looked sparse and wilted, their growth form accelerated by too favorable conditions. Pines like to take their time you know. Dry, un-pruned branches eerily guarded the swamp, but I could hear the aching limbs, the symphony of cricket and frog throat, the chirp of the peepers, and the yelp of some far off coyotes floating in from the rich, mysterious depths beyond the peninsula.

NICOLE MARIE LANNERTONE
 Senior • French

L'île de Bornéo

L'éléphant roi demeure en silence
 sur une île vraiment petite
 avec des vents si doux et un ciel coloré
 mais personne n'est triste comme lui

Loué pour sa taille si grande
 il se sent tout seul, voyez
 ses petits sujets si contents
 étaient originaires des Pygmées

Des vagues éclatent et lui implorent
 mais dans sa grotte, il reste si sombre
 La faune et la flore se battent pour son regard
 mais il soupire sur sa descente

Son regard fixé sur le mur
 est cassé par un sujet qui a peur
 D'un grand éléphant si rapide
 Qui s'avance de leur côté de l'île, leur terre

Le roi, il se lève à la hâte
 Pour voir avec ses propres yeux
 une reine éléphant qui est de la même taille
 il n'a jamais été si heureux

Il peut sentir le vent si doux
 et voir le ciel, plein de nuances
 il entend la faune et la flore chantent pour lui
 il peut entendre une nouvelle et belle cadence.

ATANAS GOLEV
Senior • Psychology

Winter Wonderland

December is the cruelest month
Dark grass
Dry leaves
Old fences
Past Richmond
Berea and Mt Vernon
Frozen trees over empty streets
Cold shoulders sitting silently
Plastic speaking

“Genuine pathological openness is about as seductive as Tourette’s”
“What?”

Music blasted through the speakers of the Honda
We sat and waited for the light to change

Panem et circenses

Peyton Manning completed 23 passes today, for 315 yards
Winston Smith watched it on the screen
Big Brother 15 poster plastered on the wall
Eating microwaved tuna
A half-empty beer can sitting on a faux-wood table
Lexington
Unreal

“Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak
What are you thinking? I never know what you are thinking. Think”
Ideal Gas Law. PV equals NrT
“How do you feel? Please just tell me what you feel”
I feel chill. I feel like opening a cold one
“What was that sound? What made that awful sound?”

I was standing beside you
On a frozen sea

Hal Incandenza walked into the class
Plus de noblesse que de sincérité
Sat down next to Friday
We watched quietly as Mrs. Equitone shut the door
“*Hoy vamos a discutir Los Hermanos Karamazov*”
Alyosha sitting way out by the back let out a sigh
Raised a hand and spoke, but no one listened
All focused on his literary doppelganger
Hal Incandenza couldn't say a word

London bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poco s'ascese nel foco
Melted into a puddle
Йеронимус отново подлудя

Shhh

JOHN ROBERTS
Sophomore • Secondary Social Studies Education

Standing There

I'm really sorry, I didn't see you standing there, that smiling gleam in your eyes and a nervous flush on your cheeks, with that pin in your hair that your mom let you borrow, the one that looks like a bluebird. I didn't see you wearing that pink dress, the one you insisted was periwinkle or some other color like that that doesn't really exist, or the pair of shoes you obsessed over, the ones that were like sandals with fake diamonds on the straps that you constantly showed me in that catalog, or the little bracelet on your wrist where there should have been a corsage. I didn't see you by the punchbowl, mingling with people that you didn't really want to talk to, your eyes straying across the room, looking for me, your bare shoulders covered in goose bumps because someone left a window open. I didn't see how pretty you looked.

I was too busy watching her.

I didn't hear you, laughing that too loud kind of laugh you do when you get flustered, the one that ends with that little snort that you hate because you think it makes you sound like a piglet. I didn't hear you call my name, the way you did that one time we hung out on the dock and I was daydreaming and you were trying to get my attention but couldn't because you were laughing so hard at the dumb look on my face.

I was too busy listening to her.

I didn't feel you when you danced in my direction and "accidentally" brushed up against me, like that time when you made me spill an entire tray of gross cafeteria food on myself at summer camp the year before 8th grade. I didn't feel you when you elbowed me in the back, just like that time when you had a crush on that guy Dale and I kept telling embarrassing stories about you because I was completely oblivious to how red your face was getting. I didn't feel you when you tapped me on the shoulder...timidly, like you were afraid I was going to turn around and crush you or something. You'd never done anything like that.

I didn't notice you when your eyes started to tear up, because my back was turned and that had never happened before either. I didn't notice you when you pushed through a crowd of people to get to the door, makeup running down your face like that clown in that horror movie you hate so much. I didn't even

notice you when you ran out and let the door slam behind you, and I'd only seen you do that once.

It was that time when that guy you really liked, the one after Dale, he completely ignored you at a dance because he was trying to date some airhead, you know the one I'm talking about, that popular blonde girl who always said "carmel" instead of "caramel" like you, and you always said that she was SO dumb she wouldn't know common sense if she rear ended it with her Mercedes. And that guy blew you off for her.

But that night he realized some things, while the airhead was off in the corner making out with some guy who "went to community college". That guy, he realized that he wasn't having any fun, because dances had only ever been fun with you, and that maybe you kept showing him your dress in that catalog because you were hoping he would remember what it looked like and wear something that matched. He realized that you kept asking him what shoes to get because you wanted the ones that he thought were pretty, and that the only reason you were going to any trouble at all was him. He realized that this night could've been really special but he screwed it up because he couldn't see what was right in front of his face. He realized that some of the happiest parts of his life, the best jokes, the hardest laughs, the most awkward moments, the honest heart to hearts and every single night of "pizza, pasta and a movie" had all been with you, and in a moment of clarity, he realized that he was crazy about you, his best friend.

So he walked up to you the next day, holding that pin that your mom let you borrow, you know, the one that looks like a bluebird that you thought you lost at the dance. He didn't have any reservations. He was going to tell you the truth, tell you everything.

"Katie," he said "I'm really sorry, I didn't see you standing there..."

ABDUL MAJEED AL HASHMI
Sophomore • Materials Engineering

قتلتني بيأسك

(1)

إنني اهدق وأملىق...
وما زلت أنظر...
ربما أنظر إلى حاجة وسط السحر...
وربما إلى اللاشيء...

(2)

من مرآة غرفتي...
إلى شرفتي...
إلى أن أجد هدفي...
الهموم هي عجوز تنتظرني...

(3)

وضعتُ خدي على حضنها...
واستنشقتُ من عطر شياطيني...
حتى أحسستُ بكف الزمن يسفك
على خدي...

(4)

وسط رحم الظلام المظلم...
القمر فيه ساكن...
والنجوم حوله تلامس...
أسمع عواءً يناديني...
يتهلكني... يخترقني...
وقع صوته عليّ جميل...
واستدارت عيناى لتري...
حينها رأيتُ الملائكة تحذق خلال
نافذة قلبي إلى مصدر الصوت...
فأصبتُ بصدمة رهيبة...
من ذاك المنظر الصاخب...

(5)

أنه اليأس والتشاؤم
 يقضي على الرضا والتفاؤل
 في صراع قوي
 يخنقه .. يطرحه .. يطعنه ...
 بسيف الحزن والكآبة ...
 تعالت وتسابقت صرخاتي ...
 لتنفذ التأمل والتفاؤل ...

(6)

خرّ التأمل والتفاؤل
 ساقطاً كبنيانٍ منهدم
 ظللتُ أبكي .. وأبكي ...
 حتى ملأت دموعي المكان ...
 ويقولون لي ...
 على بالي أن أعيش في قلبك
 كملكة بثوبٍ أبيض ...
 ولكنّ
 التأمل في الحياة يزيد التشاؤم .
 وأنتِ وأنتِ وحدكِ
 قتلتنِي ببيأسكِ
 فأهلكِ طفلي التفاؤل ...
 لذا وداعاً الف وداع
 وضممتُ رجلي بين صدري
 وندمتُ على حالي ...

ARIEL CLARK
Sophomore • Psychology

Bird Man

The first time Merle saw the Bird Man, he was sitting fifteen feet away on a bench on the other side of the park, feeding pigeons bits of bread from black gloved fingers. His jeans were ripped and dirty. A thick black coat covered his torso, a stiff collar hiding his face from just beneath his nose. His clunky black boots tapped out a song her young seven year old mind didn't recognize, a dead squirrel steaming on the burning sidewalk nearby.

She'd turned to her mother, tugging the woman's sleeve as she begged to play with the pigeons too.

Her mother had given her a curious look and asked, "What pigeons?"

Merle glanced back to the Bird Man's bench, raising a pudgy hand to point out what should have been obvious, but frowned when she noticed he wasn't there anymore.

"...never mind, Mom."

The next time Merle saw him, she was fourteen and watching the paramedics pull a man from the twisted metal of his car outside her school. He was closer than last time, foot still tapping that song she couldn't remember, and she could see black hair falling in thick twisted tendrils across the back of his neck. Pigeons hopped on the cracked concrete at his feet, flapping their wings and cooing.

Merle tapped her friend on the arm, gesturing in the Bird Man's direction.

"What man? Merle, I don't see anyone."

"He's got pigeons around his feet; don't you see?"

"Merle, there aren't any pigeons!"

But there were, she could see them, not ten feet away. Yet, as her friend's eyes passed over the exact place the Bird Man and his pigeons were standing as though nothing were there, Merle wondered if maybe her friend really couldn't see him.

She pursed her lips and turned back to watch with detached interest as a stranger bled onto the hot pavement.

The third time she saw him was her father's funeral when she was twenty-one. He sat in the cathedral during the eulogy, just a few pews away from her. It was here that she decided for sure that she was the only one who could see him. No one approached to ask who he was, or question about the pigeons that

stayed near him even then.

Later, as they lowered her father's casket into the ground, she saw from the corner of her eye as he stood next to her. A mere five feet separated them. He was close enough now that she could hear him humming silently along with the tapping of his foot. This time, however, she recognized the song.

Quietly, she began to hum the Funeral March with him.

The fourth time Merle saw him she was twenty-eight, walking her dog around the block with a morning cup of coffee in hand. The Bird Man walked toward her, his pigeons flying along behind and beside him. She could hear his humming, boots somehow managing to keep rhythm even as he walked. She was content to ignore him at first, but as he brushed by her, his sleeve caressing the barest hint of her flesh, her eyes turned and caught his for the first time.

Deep, black raven eyes locked onto her with darkly wise intent. Sucking in a breath, she looked away just as her dog tore from her hands and chased a cat into oncoming traffic.

The last time Merle saw the Bird Man she was thirty-five. Her body ached as she lay on the reclining hospital bed, wistfully wishing she could brush her hair again, but cancer treatments had a way of removing that possibility. Tubes snaked around and constricted her, beeping monitors helpfully chiming out that she still lived beneath the white gown that dwarfed her.

Blip...blip...blip...

She closed her eyes briefly, and when she opened them again she found the Bird Man sitting next to her, his pigeons perched on the available ledges in the room. He tapped his foot and hummed, his raven eyes watching her calmly as she stared.

"I've been waiting for you," she murmured, tone hinting at weary affection.

He held out a darkly gloved hand, silently coaxing her to take it into her own.

Blip...blip...blip...

Smiling, she lifted her thin fingers and curled them around his thick digits.

He raised his chin above his collar and, had he had lips and a mouth as she'd expected, she was sure he would have been smiling.

He pulled her hand gently to his face, brushing her knuckles over the smooth expanse of flat skin from his nose to his chin.

Blip...

AURORE DARY

Exchange Student • Undergraduate Studies

Au Secret de la Lune

Un rayon de lune éclaira le sentier l'espace d'un instant avant de disparaître derrière les nuages. La faible lueur permit à Martin d'éviter le fossé forgé par la pluie diluvienne qui s'était abattue tout au long de la journée. Le petit garçon, neuf ans à peine, à la mine fatiguée, parcourait le cimetière d'un pas tranquille dans la nuit brumeuse. Les lacets mal faits, la chemise à moitié rentrée dans le pantalon qu'il avait enfilé à la hâte, Martin était une fois de plus sorti en douce de la maison de son grand-père, le gardien du cimetière. Son insomnie était revenue, comme souvent lorsque la mort de ses parents revenait le hanter. Bien que l'idée d'un enfant se baladant dans un cimetière paraisse incongrue aux yeux de la plupart des gens – son grand-père connaissait son secret, mais sa grand-mère devait à tout prix l'ignorer – Martin aimait cet endroit. Ses promenades nocturnes lui procuraient le silence et le calme dont il avait besoin lorsque son insomnie ou ses cauchemars le gardaient éveillé. Là, au milieu des vieilles pierres, des statues et des noms oubliés par le temps, il avait l'impression d'être seul au monde, et d'être pourtant entouré d'âmes bienfaitrices qui, comme lui, cherchaient le repos.

Il vit soudain une lueur apparaître à quelques mètres de lui. Croyant y voir une luciole, il s'approcha lentement, faisant le moins de bruit possible. La lumière se déplaçait, mais en l'observant, Martin comprit qu'il ne s'agissait pas d'une luciole. Plus il s'approchait, plus la lueur gagnait en intensité. Elle se déplaçait de manière régulière, contrairement aux mouvements erratiques qu'effectuaient les insectes.

Un bruissement. Une branche qui craque. Puis, au détour d'un buisson, des pieds disparaissant sous une cape. Martin s'arrêta et s'accroupit derrière les plantes. Le cœur battant la chamade, il resta là, effrayé, le regard fixé entre les branches du buisson. Il n'était pas seul. Le temps de reprendre courage, et Martin se remit debout. Il reprit sa marche, suivant lentement l'inconnu, caché par les plantes sauvages qui envahissaient le cimetière. L'inconnu avançait à pas lents, sa lanterne éclairant son passage entre les tombes. Un rayon de lune apparut de nouveau. Cette fois-ci, Martin put mieux observer l'apparence de ce visiteur à travers la brume qui l'entourait. La cape, bordeaux foncé tirant sur le noir, était faite de velours, et la capuche était entourée de fourrure. Reconnaiss-

sant là des signes de richesse, Martin en conclut que l'inconnu était venu visiter l'un des caveaux des familles influentes de la région. Cependant, contre toute attente, celui-ci ne daigna même pas un regard en direction des tombes ornementées et continua son chemin vers les plus modestes du cimetière.

Lorsque l'inconnu s'arrêta soudainement et s'agenouilla devant l'une des tombes, Martin, surpris par le brusque arrêt, manqua de glisser sur la boue. Il se rattrapa de justesse et décida de s'approcher plus encore, dans l'espoir d'apercevoir le visage de son visiteur. Il vit la main gantée de celui-ci poser la lanterne à côté de la pierre tombale avant d'y déposer une rose blanche. La tombe, toute fraîche d'aujourd'hui, appartenait à l'un des fils du fermier Jacques Lancray que le grand-père de Martin connaissait bien. Le père faisait toujours en sorte de s'arrêter au cimetière lorsqu'il se rendait au village pour donner un peu de denrées au grand-père de Martin. Les deux hommes étaient de bons amis qui se saluaient chaleureusement chaque fois qu'ils se voyaient. Martin se souvint des larmes de son grand-père ce matin-là, attristé qu'il était d'avoir à enterrer le plus jeune fils de son vieil ami, Natanaël, abattu à tout juste vingt ans par une malencontreuse balle lors d'une partie de chasse organisée par la plus influente famille du village.

Martin s'approcha un peu plus encore jusqu'à se retrouver juste en face de l'inconnu, derrière la pierre tombale, tout en restant caché parmi les buissons. C'est alors qu'un autre rayon de lune apparut, éclairant cette fois le visage du mystérieux visiteur. Les yeux de Martin s'écarquillèrent de surprise. L'inconnu était une femme. Sa chevelure en partie cachée par la capuche de sa cape laissait échapper quelques mèches d'un noir brillant et soyeux. Les yeux bleus de la jeune femme étaient entourés de longs cils épais et noirs. Des larmes perlaient sur son visage de porcelaine. Elle resplendissait de beauté et de tristesse. Elle retira l'un de ses gants et porta sa main nue à sa bouche pour y déposer un baiser. Puis elle posa cette même main sur la pierre tombale, là où était gravé le nom du pauvre jeune homme qui venait de perdre la vie.

La jeune femme releva les yeux et son regard se fixa sur Martin. Le petit garçon, hypnotisé par la scène qu'il avait sous les yeux, n'avait pas remarqué qu'il s'était de plus en plus avancé parmi les buissons, jusqu'à se retrouver à découvert. La jeune inconnue ne prit pourtant pas peur. Martin non plus. Tous deux se fixèrent des yeux, sans un mot, sans un bruit, comme s'ils se comprenaient mutuellement, comme si leur présence à tous deux ce soir-là était justifiée aux yeux de l'autre. La brume les enveloppait, leur offrant un havre de paix et de tristesse partagée. Les larmes coulaient toujours le long du visage de la jeune

femme. Martin vit dans ses yeux plus de tristesse et de sagesse qu'il n'en avait jamais vues. Il ne comprit pas tout ce qu'il lut dans ces magnifiques yeux, trop jeune qu'il était. Pourtant, il comprit son chagrin face à la mort d'un être cher. Il avait déjà aperçu cette triste lueur dans ses yeux. Il la voyait chaque fois qu'il se regardait dans le miroir.

L'inconnue lui offrit un petit sourire. Martin le lui rendit. Puis elle se releva et prit sa lanterne. Martin, qui était resté accroupi, se releva également et alla la rejoindre. Elle l'attendait, comme si elle savait. Tous deux reprirent la route à pas lents en direction du portail du cimetière. Aucun mot ne fut échangé. Ils n'en avaient pas besoin. Seule la présence de l'autre suffisait.

Arrivés à l'entrée du cimetière, Martin et la jeune inconnue échangèrent un autre regard. Puis elle partit, disparaissant sur le chemin boueux, dans la brume nocturne. Martin resta là quelques secondes jusqu'à ce qu'il l'ait complètement perdue de vue. Enfin, il s'en retourna et regagna son lit. Il s'endormit en repensant à l'inconnue, se demandant s'il ne la reverrait jamais. Son sommeil cette nuit-là fut plus tranquille qu'il ne l'avait été depuis des mois.

CASSIE PAYNE
Freshman • Art Studio

Internet Friends

“bytes,”

“pixels,”

dehumanized

textbook terms

will never quite say

what i felt when my best friend

pressed a gun into her liver,

how her belly

gave way like dough,

how i

was a wet rupture,

cried,

thinking

the bullet punched

a red explosion through

her 15 year old body,

all the way down in georgia,

where my i love you's could

not be heard

except through

bytes and pixels

on a dying computer screen.

LUKE FEGENBUSH
Junior • English

The Light that Went Out

Gilbert circled the church, a red, brick building whose vast face, stretching upward to accommodate the chapel, was unadorned except for a plain, white cross. The cross was one of the things that distinguished the ordinary-looking building as a church. The other was the sign out in front of the parking lot, a light-up board decorated with another cross. He wasn't around when his father, the pastor, had put it there, but he always told him about the day that it was installed.

"We met in a school before we got this building, just a few of us. Then we got the new building and that was big, but up until the sign it still felt like a bunch of people just meeting to talk," his father had told him proudly. "It wasn't until we got this sign that we became a real church."

Gilbert also remembered the day that the sign had begun flickering and finally just went out. His father had fiddled with it, trying to get it to come back, but to no avail. Finally he had come back into the church, sweaty and dejected and grabbed Gilbert in his arms. "It's alright," his dad told him, "It's all going to be alright."

Today his father had a big business meeting that had now occupied him for over two hours. Usually when this happened Gilbert would spend his time with Max, the youth pastor's son, or Maddy, who doubled as their administrator and receptionist. But Max and the youth pastor had joined a sizable portion of the congregation in their trickling abandonment of the church and Maddy had already gone home for the day.

He picked up a dirt clod from the edge of the parking lot, looking from the densely wooded area that encroached on one side of the parking lot to the church that stood on the other. He half-heartedly tossed it at the cross. It spun off towards the left, impacting off the brick face and leaving a circle of dirt where it had hit. A miss, but that could just be the failing light. Gilbert looked at the window on the side of the building and was surprised to see the reflection of a dull copper sunset. Maddy wouldn't like him out so late.

Gilbert liked Maddy. She was quiet, but when she began talking about how she grew up on a farm with her many sisters and the trouble they got into, her face lit up and a fresh vein of excitement entered her voice. She would some-

times look back to him mid-telling, as if suddenly remembering who she was talking to and, no matter how he begged, she would leave certain stories unfinished, telling him that she would be sure to go back to them when he was older. When she babysat he liked listening to her more than he liked watching TV, but his Dad had said he was too old for a babysitter and she never even came over for dinner anymore. He had asked his dad about it but he had just said that she was her own person and they had to respect that. His voice sounded a little sad then, so Gilbert stopped asking about her.

His dad's voice got sad sometimes. Especially when he talked about Gilbert's mother. Gilbert always told the other kids that he didn't have a mother and he didn't. Not one that mattered, at least. His dad had shown him photographs but, as much as he tried, he couldn't remember the face that beamed up at him. His dad also told him that she had loved him very much while she had been alive and still loved him from up in heaven. Gilbert thought that all that love must be going to waste because he had never felt any of it down here on Earth.

The young boy turned from the church and crossed the length of the potatoled parking lot to the growing shadows of the forest's thicket. There were places there where the brush pressed close and the thorns tangled clothes and bit at tender skin, but past that was a secret place that he had used when he was younger. When the churchfolk babble and the automated drone of the building's laboring air conditioning unit became too much, he would find the birch tree bower and lay on the soft carpet of fallen leaves where the trees offered shade, looking to where the sunlight filtered through, dappled leaf-green and yellow. But he hadn't gone there in years, and even back then, he had never went when it was this late.

As he approached the edge of the woods, now ringed with black, a cold sweat broke out across the back of his neck. He wondered what Maddy would say if she saw him, but then remembered that he was a boy of twelve and pretty nearly a man.

So, pulling at his too-short jeans, he pressed into the soft, leafy folds of the forest and into the darkness beyond the black. In the last light of the setting sun serpentine vines gleamed dull and the black soil underneath seemed ready to swallow him. The place he had navigated easily by day was gone, replaced by a wilderness. But, intent on penetrating toward the heart of the forest where he had left his fort, he pushed forwards past bushy undergrowth and the prick of thorny, clinging growth.

Searching now in almost complete darkness, he finally found a birch whose

bone-white bark peeled in sheets and whose bare branches in all the growth of the forest seemed alone in death. He wondered if it could be the same tree he had used to mark his hiding place. As he stood and stared a feeling of fear grew in him, at first like some phantasm half caught in periphery and then more palpable. He remembered the church stories of devils who haunted the steps of the penitent and, although he could not see into the darkness, he looked for mocking eyes and hungry teeth. But this fear came from inside him and it was nameless and terrible.

He hardly remembered running, but his feet went flying above the undergrowth and suddenly his soles connected with solid asphalt and he didn't stop running.

Then his toe caught the edge of a pothole and he had no time to realize he was airborne before he came crashing and scraping along the concrete. Sometime in the midst of the tumbling he felt and heard a crack within the flesh of his groundward arm. He curled about the limb and when he tried to move his fingers the pain came hot and acidic, pouring through his veins and radiating from the point that bent crooked and he screamed for his dad without ever deciding to scream. There, beneath the stillness of the darkening heavens and the silent appearance of the cold stars, he lay alone and in pain.

The next time he opened his eyes his father was kneeling over him and calling his voice. The man gently pulled his shoulder back and couldn't hide the sharp intake of breath when he saw the twisted arm.

"Shh," said the father, pressing the boy close, "Everything is going to be all right."

But when the boy opened his eyes and saw, for the first time since he could remember, tears falling from the man's eyes he wondered, for the first time ever, if he should believe him.

F. BRENTON COVINGTON
Junior • Media Arts & Studies

Life Education

When I was 6, Pops told me, “Boy, don’t you cry unless a relative dies.” I knew at an early age what a man was supposed to be. I was hardwired to remember the ideals of “be kind, yet be courageous. Don’t believe everything you hear. The world can be cold.” Mama’s voice would echo through our city home while she picked up after me. It stuck with me to stay strong in the faith I was taught. 2009, hanging with Thomas and Brian, not having a worry in sight. I didn’t care whose red truck it was, because it wasn’t mine. I wanted my friends to see that I had no fear. So, we found the recipe for a Molotov cocktail. It was easy to find. The world thinks I’m dangerous, that I wouldn’t make it this far through tough years. There was a moment when they were right.

Thomas had bought a vintage glass Coca-Cola bottle. Brian cut fabric off his linen bed sheet. I stuffed the bottle with it. We siphoned gas from my Pops’ garage and lit the end of the cloth with a white lighter. I slammed the bottle in the back of the truck, and we watched it explode into flames. We ran as if someone was chasing us. Never looking back. The lessons in boyhood foolishness were learned. I turned another way. Back to the ways of my mother: “Be kind, yet be courageous”. I am everyday stepping towards the man I was raised to be. My head aimed toward the books rather than the clouds. My heart pointed toward an illustrious purpose.

CHRISTOPHER NOCITO
Senior • Philosophy

Ad Meliora

Magna Tempestas
In Meo Corde Tristi
Dat Novam Vitam

Translation : **Towards Better Things**

The Great Storm
In My Sad Heart
Gives Me New Life

Art





Wander lost
Silver Gelatin Print

JESSICA HOPE WHITTINGTON
Senior • Art Studio

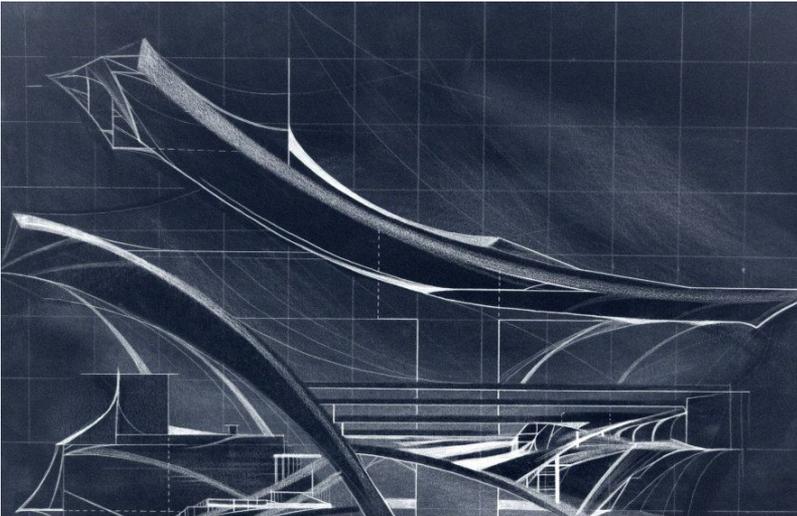


Facade

Acrylic Paint & Paper Collage

HAYLEY BLACK

Senior • Art Studio

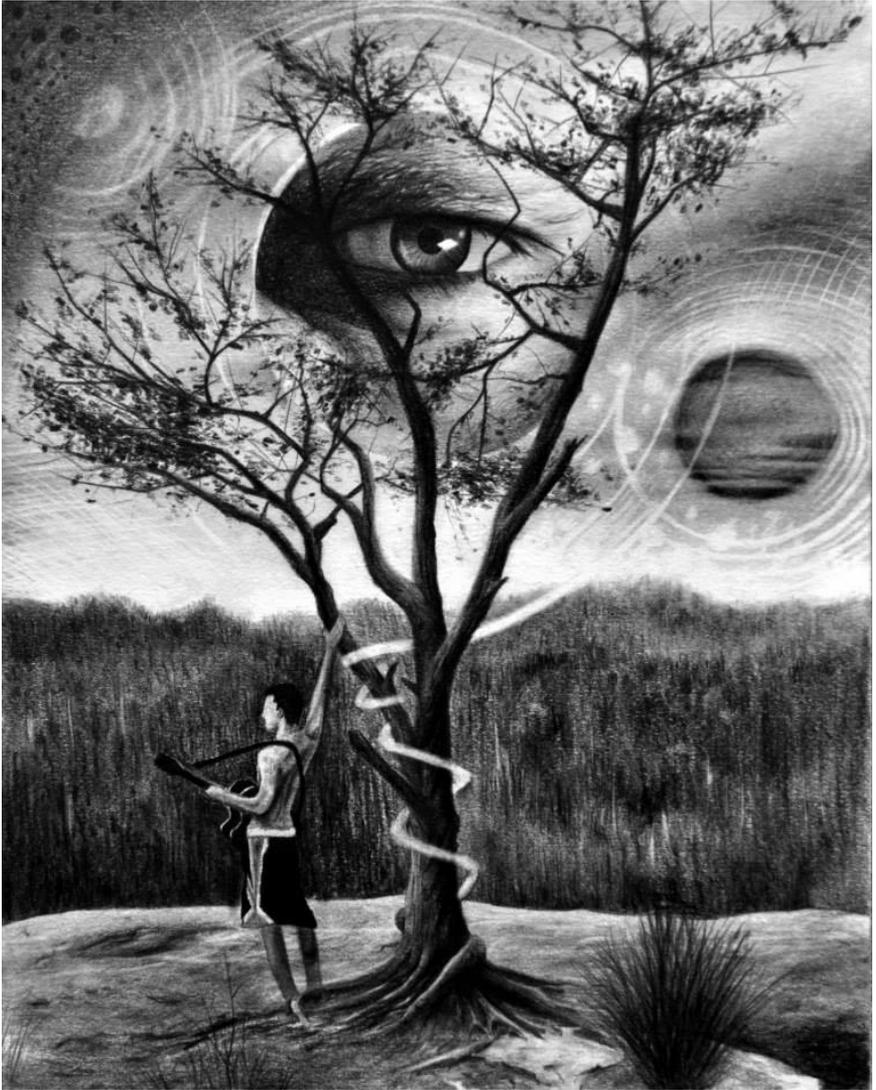


Emerging Space

White Charcoal on Paper

MATTHEW IRELAND

Senior • Architecture



Grounded
Graphite on Paper

MATTHEW IRELAND
Senior • Architecture



A Helping Hand

Graphite on Paper

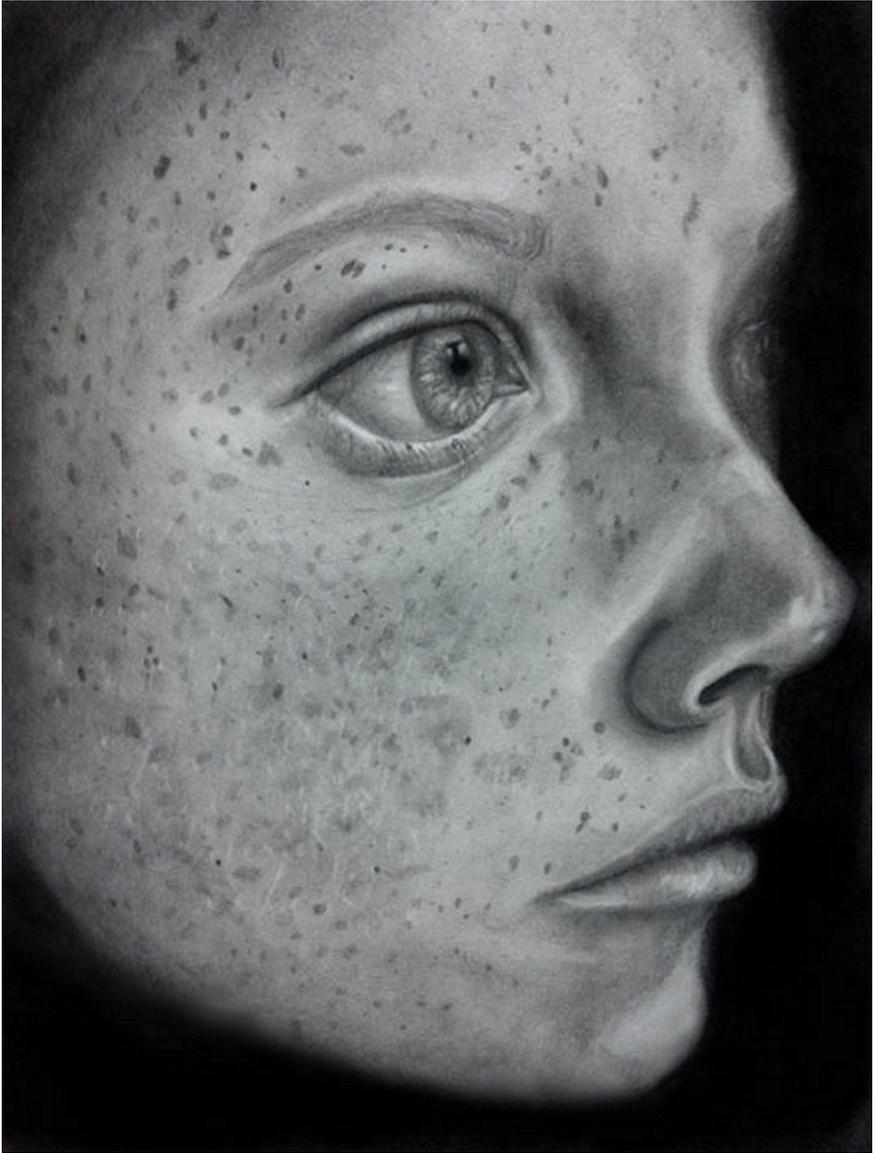
MATTHEW IRELAND

Senior • Architecture



Jaded
Tree Bark & String

TARAN PARSONS
Senior • Art Studio , Drawing & Sculpture BFA



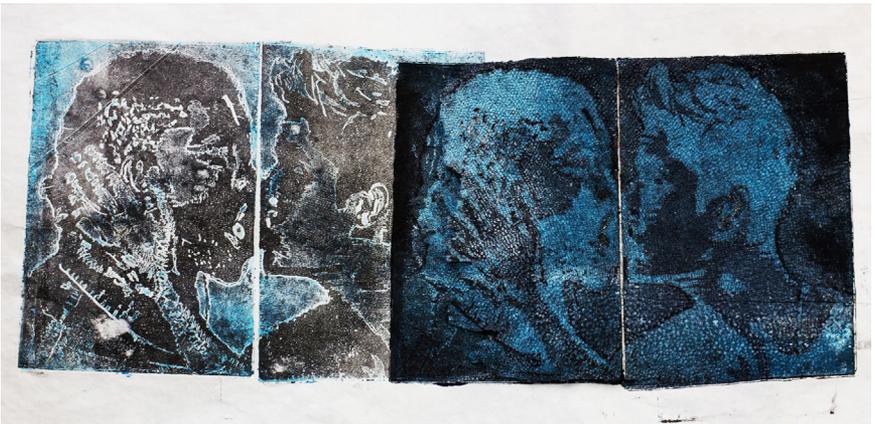
Untitled
Charcoal & Graphite

KAITLYN SCHUSTER
Junior • Biology



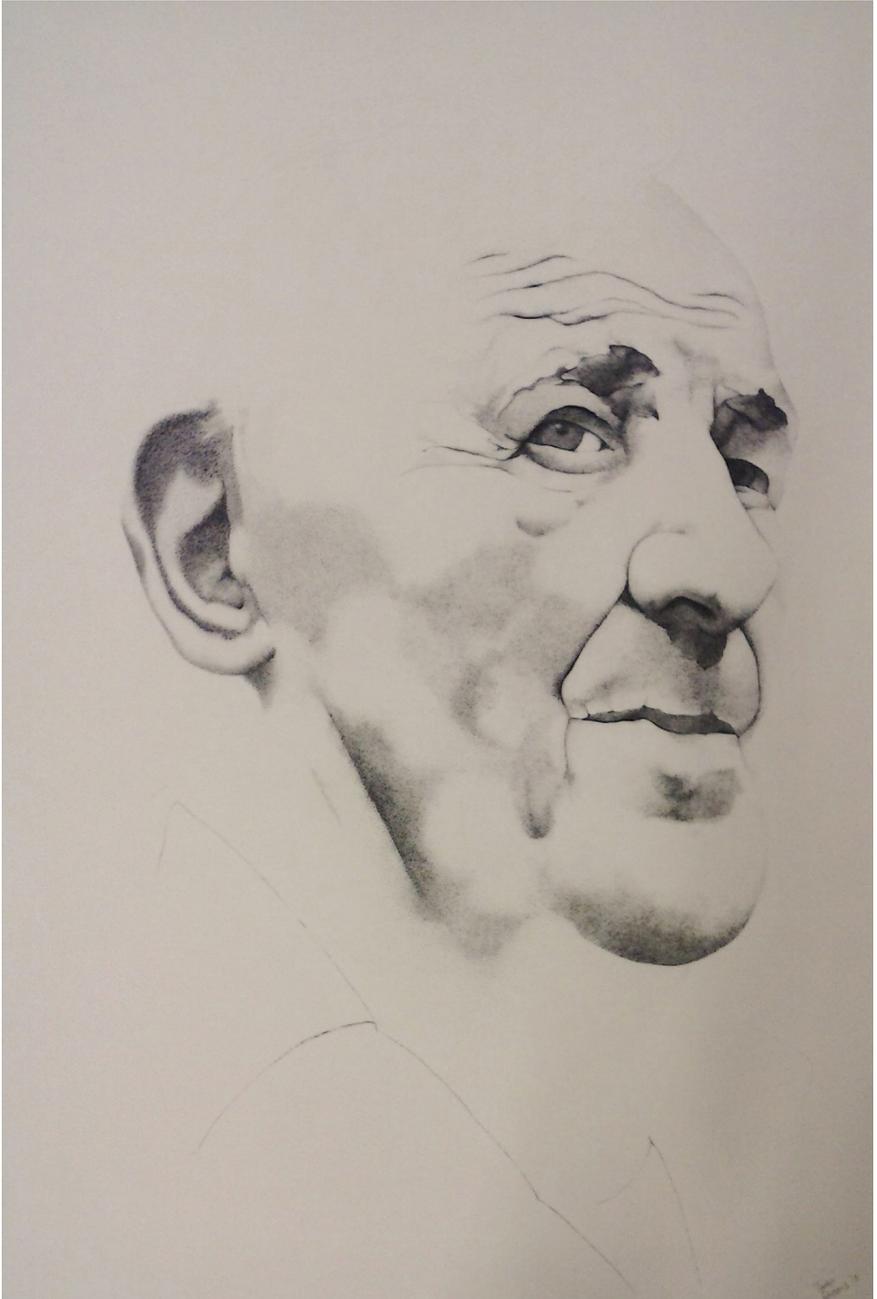
The Dancer
Charcoal & Graphite

KAITLYN SCHUSTER
Junior • Biology



O•ver•ex•posed
Intaglio Double Diptych Print on Rice Paper, 1/1

RANDY GRIGSBY
Senior • Art Education & Art Studio



Irishman
Pen & Ink

TARAN PARSONS
Senior • Art Studio , Drawing & Sculpture BFA



Shelter in the Sea

Graphite on Paper

MATTHEW IRELAND

Senior • Architecture



Oblivion
Acrylic on Canvas

KAITLYN SCHUSTER
Junior • Biology



Growth #8
Acrylic on Canvas

MELISSA SHELTON
Senior • Art Studio



Boom, for real

*Stoneware Clay Sculpture, Anagama Fired,
Black Slip Reduction*

RANDY GRIGSBY

Senior • Art Education & Art Studio



Pele
Digital Media

STEPHEN SCHWAB
Senior • Architecture

JENNIFER WU
Senior • Psychology

Ticketed

My stock is saltwater.
So is my cure.
I come from:
the sea, crowd, study,
my mother's heart.
I could drown you
in the ocean,
in running wind,
in the bottom of a jar.

CASSIE PAYNE
Freshman • Art Studio

Atheism as Described by an Atheist.

I looked up at night
in the face of a universe coldly
folded out.
I said, "I hope you find God."

And I truly meant it.
I can think of no other terror
greater than loneliness.

CHRIS BOLIN
Junior • Kinesiology & Health Promotion

The Letter

It was the winter of '95. I can remember the drive to my grandparents' house. I can also remember the sniffling sounds that came from the passenger seat where my mother sat. There was snow on the ground and a nip in the air. I rode quietly in the backseat while my father drove.

It was early in the morning by the time we joined the long line of parked cars in front of their house. I remember trudging through the snow across the front yard and being met on the porch by my grieving grandmother. Her physical stature had always been quite small but today she appeared even smaller. Her facial features reflected immense heartache, and her eyes had that hopelessly vacant look of someone lost in the woods far from home. She appeared pitifully small and I could not keep my heart from aching for her.

We walked into the rather large living room where other members of the family were gathered, some grieving quietly and others not so quietly. The whole room felt heavy with gloom. Even the chime of the large grandfather clock rang out with a disheartened loneliness.

We made our way into the kitchen, where my Aunt Gloria poured me a small glass of apple juice. Hers had been the only smile I had seen all morning and it was a welcome relief. She had always been quite different from her brothers and sisters and, even though I had never told anyone, she had been my favorite aunt of the lot.

I eventually escaped the crowd and made my way into my grandfather's study. I liked his study because it was where I felt his presence most. With each breath I could detect the rich smell of his cigars; every surface in the room was coated with the sweet smoky scent.

As I glanced about the room I could hear my grandfather speaking through everything: a bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln; a mahogany box of cigars; a shadow box containing a Purple Heart from the Vietnam War; a thick, worn King James Bible. He spoke to me vividly through each of these items; the stories came pouring into my mind each time I shifted my glance from one to the other.

There seemed to be thousands of volumes of books filling the shelves up to the ceiling around three of the four walls in the room; the fourth contained only

his wooden crucifix, a black and white photo of him with my grandmother, and his shadow box containing the Purple Heart. I recall asking him the purpose in such a naked wall and he told me that there were only three loves that a man need remember: love of God, love of family, and love of country.

Even though the full spectrum of wisdom hadn't yet appeared before my young mind it was plainly obvious, even at eight years old, that my grandfather had been a very intelligent and much respected man.

I patiently clasped my hands behind my back as I glanced over the many book spines lining each and every shelf in the room. I recognized most of the titles and my eyes grew wide as I scanned them. A collection of Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book* stories; Bram Stoker's *Dracula*; Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*; Johnathon Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*; an entire collection of Edgar Allan Poe. Imagination knew no bounds in my grandfather's study, which was more of a library, for all the great words and works throughout history resided there. Countless hours could be spent with a book in hand, away from the outside world and soaking up every syllable of literary history. I had grown to appreciate the journey a good story could deliver, even at my tender age.

A top desk drawer was half-opened, and curiosity got the better of me. I looked around hastily to find the door still shut and slowly opened the drawer. I examined and ran my fingers over each item, learning about their respective histories, and trying to match them each with a story I had no doubt heard. A heavily tarnished pocket watch was the first thing I saw, and it shocked me when I saw its aged hands still moving. A shiny red pocket knife gleamed in the light, as I turned it this way and that to inspect a tiny inscription that was barely legible. A foreign coin caught my attention, and I gently flipped it through my fingers before trying to make out the worn writing on it, which was in Chinese. I absorbed the story from every keepsake treasure of my grandfather's collection that I managed to find at the bottom of this drawer.

Once I had marveled long enough, I gently placed everything back as I had found it, closed the drawer, and turned to leave. I had spent well over the last hour absorbed in my grandfather, and my remembrance was one of spirit, for the man lived vibrantly through the things in this very room. Even the old top hat he wore still clung to the coat rack near the door, beckoning his return from just a short trip down the hall, where he would reveal to my urging sense of adventure poor Lenny's fate in Steinbeck's novel while we sipped hot tea.

Suddenly I heard my Aunt Gloria's voice sneak quietly through the crack beneath the door, and I turned to go. Just as I was reaching for the doorknob,

I looked up, and noticed a picture frame above the doorway; it did not contain a photo as one might expect, but a handwritten letter. Once again curiosity gripped me tightly; I pulled up the old wooden stool my grandfather used to reach the highest bookshelves and removed the frame from the wall to afford a closer inspection.

The paper which the letter was written on was slightly yellowed, reflecting significant age and some of the words contained faint smudges, but otherwise the document was in great condition. I slowly read the letter to myself.

Dear Charles,

I hope this letter finds you well my love. It has only been but four days since we were last together and my heart aches for you. I find myself lost in the thoughts of what you might be doing at this very instant. But I have our photograph and it fills me with joy. I love you, my dear, and can't wait until you are back in my arms once more. Miss you.

Love

M

The letter was short and simple, but quite interesting. The mark of the writer was merely expressed by the letter M, in all its loopy cursive glory, certainly the penmanship of a finely tuned female hand. The simple nature of the letter left many questions, for it must have some value: it was in a frame, separate from the dozens of other papers throughout the study. And the mysterious writer was definitely a soul other than my grandmother; her name did not contain an M in its entirety.

I pondered the letter and everything about it. In small print, in the upper right hand corner, I could make out what I assumed to be the date it was written: August 5, 1961. As I continued to study the document, its mystery not only puzzled me but also demanded my fascination.

Aunt Gloria slowly cracked the door and peeked in, and after noticing my diverted attention, opened the door slightly wider.

“Is everything okay in here?”

I received a start, for my back was to the door. With the frame still in my hands, I turned to her and attempted to smile.

“Yes, Aunt Gloria. Just remembering grandpa.”

She flashed that reassuring smile.

“This is one place he will always remain,” she said, glancing about the room

and bookshelves. “It makes remembering him very easy, which is good. ‘Remember me...don’t mourn me,’ he always said.”

I walked toward the door, and she noticed the frame in my hands.

“What is it that you have there?”

I handed it to her, and the expression on her face immediately piqued the curiosity I had stifled upon her entering the room.

“I see you’ve found ‘The Letter,’” she said with a grin. “This piece of paper meant a lot to him.”

I tilted my head, the look on my face painfully urging her to continue.

“He had received this letter from a girl he’d been dating a couple of years before he and your grandmother met.”

She studied the letter quietly.

“Why did he frame it?” I asked, for her narrative wasn’t progressing quite nearly as fast as I would have liked.

“Like I said,” she reiterated, “it meant a lot to him. And for many years only he knew why, and how much.”

She paused and then continued.

“He had moved to California for work in ’58. He was involved in a lot of things while he was out there. No one in the family heard much from him during that time, and his father, your great-grandfather, suggested it was because of a woman.”

She laughed as she reminisced.

“He came back to Virginia in early ’62 distraught. We just thought he ran out of money. But he never mentioned anything in the vein of relationships. To hear him tell it was quite odd,” she said. “He suffered through a year or so of depression, but never really talked about it.”

She ran her fingers along the wooden frame.

“Everyone just assumed this letter had to do with it, because later that year it went into this frame and was hung here in the study. He had occasional teary-eyed reflections alone with it but never said why.”

While she talked, I positioned the stool back in front of the door to rehang the frame.

“It wasn’t until after he met your grandmother, and life began to show in him once again, that the truth about it came out. He said that he never told anyone because they wouldn’t have believed him anyway. You know how people are around here,” she said and chuckled.

“Anyway, he explained it to your grandmother, but told her never to let out

its secret, for there were some crazy people in this world and they may try to steal it.”

I slowly climbed the stool and hung the frame back where it belonged.

“What will happen to it now that grandpa is gone?”

She looked down at me and smiled.

“I shouldn’t tell you,” she began, “so if I do, then you must make it our little secret.”

My eyes grew wider, and I moved closer to her.

“That letter now officially belongs to you. Your mom and dad are going to take care of it for you until you are old enough. But you can’t tell anyone.”

“Oh Aunt Gloria, I won’t tell a soul,” I said mystified. “Aren’t you gonna tell me who wrote it?”

She looked at me, and burst out laughing.

“You sure are a curious little fellow, aren’t you?”

She reached down and pinched my cheek.

“Another secret,” she whispered, “you can’t tell anyone that I’ve told you. Only those in the family know that it exists. You mustn’t change that.”

I gestured turning an imaginary key on my sealed lips, and threw it backwards over my shoulder.

“That letter is from a very famous woman,” she began. “She loved him dearly, and he loved her.”

Then she leaned in, and whispered something in my ear. I followed her from the room, not sure of what to think. It didn’t mean as much to me then as it should have; I learned this many years later. There weren’t many people that could ever say their grandfather had kissed her lips, held her hands and cherished a love letter from Marilyn Monroe.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY
Senior • Economics

On Love

love is an abortion of the soul
ripped from the self
scratching clawing struggling
to breathe beautifully butchered
fearing nothingness
an amalgamation
of thought and being
tangible doubt lies within
endless self examination
while emotions are retired to
bottomless depths then vomited forth
to be picked apart by ravens
O' Critical Behemoth
behold Cringing Confidence
as layer upon layer of emphatic
prose is scratched elegantly
onto the walls of the mind
never to find release
damn me with a blind eye
as I know you will
fiery consumption is a welcome release

DAHEE SON
Sophomore • Studio Art

자율학습

구석진
의자에 앉은
너는
다리를 꼬는 거보다
두 발을 포개앉는 게 더 편한가 보다.

선풍기는
너
나
너
나
또 너를 향해 고개를 돌린다.

장맛비는 온몸 던져
잔디에게 사랑한다는데,
나도 선풍기 바람에라도
내 맘 실어볼까.

DAHEE SON
Sophomroe • Sudio Art

Translation : Study Period

You
Sit in the corner
In a chair
Plant both your feet
rather than crossing them

The fan faces
you
me
you
me
and then again to you

The summer rain
whispers its love for the grass
with all its might—
Maybe I, too, should let
the breeze carry my heart to you

JESSIE ASHER

Junior • French & Francophone Studies & International Studies

Le Petit Blanc

Il était une fois dans une forêt cachée, une grande communauté des paons splendides de plusieurs couleurs. À un moment particulier, un oisillon est venu d'un couple de paons nommés Bleu et Rose, comme leurs couleurs respectives. Néanmoins, l'oisillon possédait des plumes blanches...donc, le bébé malheureux a commencé sa vie sans couleur. Les parents, Bleu et Rose, le regardèrent avec un dédain considérable, comme les pairs de Petit Blanc. Donc, évidemment, Petit-Blanc était une cible de ridicule.

Un jour en particulier, Petit Blanc a commencé une petite promenade dans la forêt. Il était incroyablement triste à cause de son apparence, parce que ses pairs étaient toujours méchants avec lui. Pendant la promenade, il a rencontré une belle fée des bois.

Elle lui a dit « Pourquoi pleures-tu, petit paon ? ».

En réponse, il a hurlé « Parce que je suis le paon le plus laid de la forêt ! Ce n'est pas juste...Pourquoi ne puis-je pas être aussi magnifiquement coloré que les autres paons ? »

--- « Petit paon, » la fée a dit, « Il n'y a rien de laid dans votre apparence ! ».

« Mais regardez mes plumes blanches et fades ! Je suis simplement un fantôme en comparaison avec mes amis colorés. Je souhaiterais être coloré comme les autres ! Mais...mais non, je souhaiterais être plus magnifique et beau ! »

Et puis, avec un mouvement de sa baguette magique, la fée enveloppait Petit Blanc dans les remous magiques d'or étincelant.

Avec toute l'excitation du monde, il s'écria « Merci beaucoup, chère fée ! Mes rêves sont devenus réalité grâce à vous ! Je ne peux pas attendre de montrer ça à mes amis ! »

Et puis, après ça, Petit Blanc est rentré chez lui.

« Papa ! Maman ! Regardez-moi ! J'ai une couleur à moi ! »

Il a continué à montrer cela aux autres paons dans son village. Mais il a rapidement rencontré un problème avec les autres. Son plumage d'or était un peu

trop brillant et radieux pour les autres à tolérer. Ils ont commencé à l'appeler « Plume Aveuglante, » au lieu de « Petit Blanc. »

Pendant une seule promenade dans la forêt, plusieurs jours après il a reçu son nouveau nom, il à commencer à pleurer pour une autre raison.

« Ce n'est pas juste, la situation que je dois combattre ! Je suis devenu comme les autres, et je le déteste ! Je ne peux pas faire plaisir à tout le monde, pas même en me conformant à la foule ! Oh, je souhaite plus que tout, que je pouvais reprendre mes plumes blanches immaculées d'avant ! »

Et soudainement, la fée des bois apparut devant lui.

« Cher Paon, c'est la leçon que j'avais espéré que tu apprendrais en recevant des plumes d'or lumineux. Tu es déjà beau en étant toi-même, avec tes plumes blanches. Oublie les pensées des autres ! Sois toi-même...tu es beau. »

« Bien sur ! Je voudrais être moi-même encore, s'il vous plaît, chère Fée ! »

Et puis, avec un grand mouvement de la baguette magique, un nuage de paillettes irisées a entouré le petit paon. La fumée se dissipée sous le vent, et Petit Blanc a retourné chez lui. Il était ravi d'avoir de nouveau ses plumes, et il était déterminé à vivre avec fierté pour le reste de sa vie. L'arc-en-ciel des paons dans la petite forêt est devenu comme normal de nouveau, et puis, la communauté pouvait maintenant vivre heureuse pour toujours.

Moralité

Vous êtes plus beau lorsque vous êtes vous-même.

HANNAH JEFFRIES

Sophomore • Integrated Strategic Communications

2.18.13

mottled
faded
black&blue&purple
against
china doll
skin
is the last
trace
i have
of
you.

LINDSEY LEWIS

Sophomore • Social Work

Vesuvius

The embers glow – the spark reminding her of an uproarious crowd.

The cigarette crackles, the crowd screaming.

Perhaps they are prisoners trapped in the black-grey ash.

She taps it against the ashtray and it falls to a dull point

If she tried to free the orange prisoners

Like a crayon to construction paper,

They would be so encased in greasy charcoal

That no color would show through

No sign of what once was glittering life

Nothing more than tiny Pompeii victims

Just a smudge in the margin of her diary.

JON FISH

Freshman • Political Science

A Disinherited Race : Part II

At about three o'clock, another visitor entered the office, just as quietly as the first. The woman was an unfamiliar sight; she didn't wear the uniform of the Depart Old, just a faded yellow dress. She was a middle-aged woman, slightly younger than Harc but older than Fworn. She was carrying a single scrap of paper in her hands.

She approached the counter quietly. Fworn was enveloped in his airman dialogue again, something about fuselages, so Harc met the woman like before. "How may I help you?"

The woman smiled and planted the paper on the wooden counter. Harc could see that it was yellowing, with some sort of message on it, handwritten. The writing seemed twisted and curly, folding in upon itself and flowing from one symbol to another, not like modern writing, the kind that Harc and Fworn sometimes used. It wasn't blocked off and mechanical. It was organic. It had some sort of *soul* to it.

"Would you read it?" the woman asked.

Harc coughed, a little taken aback. "*Read it?* You know what reading is?"

The woman laughed. "Yes, though I can't do it myself. That's why I brought it here." Harc noticed that the woman wasn't wearing a soundviewer.

"If you want something recorded, you may send it to the Sub Depart Post Old. The service is free." Harc said this mechanically, like one of the messengers.

"I want a man to speak it. I don't want a machine."

Harc dropped his preprogrammed responses. "Soundscenes *are* read by people, I assure you."

"Please, I want to see the person speaking it." The woman seemed politely earnest.

"Well, I guess," Harc murmured, "But you'll want a commercial voice, and he's busy right now." Harc cast a glance toward Fworn, who had been loudly yammering on about bogeys since the woman walked in.

"Can't you read it?" the woman asked.

"Well, yes, but you won't want to hear it in my voice. Fworn, on the other hand—"

“I don’t mind your voice. It’s nice.”

Harc opened his mouth to speak and then stopped, unsure how to respond.

“Well, you’re very sweet, but Fworn can handle it much better than I. I suggest you ask him.” Fworn let out a yelp, a “rebel yell” the script called it.

The woman smiled at him and then looked back at Harc. “I’m sorry for wasting your time. I’ll just leave.” The yellow dress whipped about as she turned to leave, but Harc grabbed her wrist before she could go.

“Let me see it.”

The woman handed him the tattered old paper with the odd writing. “Ahem.” Harc coughed as he glanced over what appeared to be a note. “Shall I begin?” The woman nodded. “Dear Mar-ga-ret,” he read. *That must be her name.* “It is wonderful to know you still think about me. The summers here are beautiful, as I’m sure you remember. The trees of the Champs-Élysées glow like magic.” He coughed. “My favorite part of the city must be the nature. I don’t care for the buildings or the streets or the little trinket shops. I just love the nature, the trees, the birds, the *people*. My cousin will be arriving next Sunday..” Harc stopped and whispered “that means *firstday*.”

The woman nodded. “I know. You can go on.”

He continued. “...and he has promised to bring your tidings. However, in case he does not arrive on time, I would love for you to return correspondence. Your words are beautiful and poetic. I am no writer, but you are. I cherish the letters”—*so it’s a letter*—“that you send me. I keep them all in a metal tin under my bed.”

Harc paused at a sound from the woman. A choked sort of sound. Her eyes seemed to glisten in the midday sun peeking through the window.

“I know I have wasted your time with this letter. I’m just no good at writing! But I want you to know that my love for you will endure, even if it only serves one direction. I hope that one day I will receive a letter from you, and, under the beautiful chestnut trees of the Avenue, I will read of renewed love. That is my greatest hope, for a renewed love. Until then, my wishes will lie on the currents of the Seine, bearing back to the mighty sea itself. Farewell, my love. Do not forget to write. Robert.” Harc looked up as he finished. The woman stared down at the countertop with an air of sad contentment.

“Thank you,” she finally said. She seemed to have regained some of her composure. Harc handed her the yellowing paper, which she presently folded in her hand. She turned to leave the office.

“Are you Mar-ga-ret?” Harc asked.

The woman stopped. “No, Margaret was my mother. This letter was from my father to her.”

The woman started to leave again. “He was a good writer,” Harc said firmly. “He didn’t give himself much credit.”

She turned and smiled. “I’m sure he would be happy to hear that.”

No one else came in the office that day.

The morning broke early. This was sevenday. Harc did not have to go into the office today. Today was a day to sit at home and enjoy the eyescenes and the talkers.

When Harc woke up, he entered the kitchen and started to brew a pot of coffee. As the device churned out the weak, tasteless beverage, Harc went to his study. He picked the eyeviewer up off his desk and stored it in the bottom drawer. Then he pulled *Silas Marner* off the bookshelf behind his desk and found the page marker within it. He twiddled it with his thumb for a bit, then left it alone and packed the book away in a satchel. He left the study with the satchel and placed it on the kitchen table. After a couple minutes the brewer was about half-full of coffee. Harc poured himself a cupful and sat at the table to drink it.

Around nine ‘o’clock or so Rone woke up and strolled into the kitchen, his eyes firmly covered by the goggles of the eyeviewer. Harc dimly heard Fworn’s voice coming from his son’s soundviewer.

“We’re going to go to the Promontory today,” Harc said. Rone didn’t respond, instead sleepily pulling up his eyeviewer to see a glass of orange juice set out for him on the table. The boy took the glass and drank a sip in between yawns.

“Did you hear me? We’re going to the Promontory.”

Rone yawned again. “Why?”

Harc smiled. “I want to show you something.” Rone shrugged carelessly.

After the two had finished their beverages, and Rone had eaten a piece of dry toast, Harc put on his jacket and pulled the satchel onto his shoulder. Rone slid the goggles back over his eyes.

“Not today, son,” Harc said, pulling the eyeviewer off and laying it on the kitchen table. “No eyeviewer.”

Rone looked at his father in complete confusion. His eyes showed the sign of simply not understanding. The boy then reached for the goggles and started to put them back on.

“Not today,” Harc said more forcefully, removing the eyeviewer again and slamming it hard on the table. “You won’t need it.”

Rone continued to look up at his father, completely lost without the goggles wrapped around his head. Harc thought he saw the face of the black-haired messenger when he looked at his son. He reached for the eyeviewer again, fearfully.

“No!” Harc cried, snatching the device out of his son’s reach. “Not today! Come on, I want to show you something. You won’t need it.”

The messenger’s expression continued to stare at him. Harc could almost hear his son saying, “No! For Fworn! For Fworn!” The man reached out his arthritic hands and grabbed his son by the collar, pulling him out of the kitchen behind him.

Harc hired a streetmover to take the pair down to the Promontory. The Promontory was a rocky cliff at the edge of town that jutted far out into the frothy sea. When they arrived, the driver of the streetmover charged Harc thirty dollars, which he paid. Harc and his son walked out onto the Promontory and sat down on the rocky sand. About ten feet away sat what appeared to be a family: a husband and wife with their two children. They were sitting on the blanket, and the woman prepared a portable breakfast while the husband and the two children sat and blankly stared into their eyeviewers. The mother had taken hers off long enough to prepare the meal.

When they sat down, Harc removed his satchel and unbuttoned it. Then he pulled out the old tome and sat it down on top of the empty satchel to keep it free from sand. Rone looked over at his father and spoke for the first time since breakfast: “Is that the brook, Da?”

“Yes, son, it’s the *book*. The one I got the other day.”

Harc opened up the book and began to read. “*Silas Marner: The Weaver of Raveloe*, by George Eliot. In the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the farmhouses—and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak—there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid undersized men who, by the side of the brawny country-folk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd’s dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag?” Harc stopped. Faintly, he heard the voice of Fworn, its beautiful, mellifluous sound reading

off another airman script. Harc tried to shake the noise out of his head, until he realized that it was coming from the family sitting on the Promontory with them. One of the children was listening to a soundscape about airplanes and watching a corresponding eyescene. Above them, in the sky above the ocean, a jet airplane thundered through the clouds. The kid didn't seem to notice it.

"Oh, who am I kidding? You don't want to listen to me, Rone. You want to listen to Fworn. He speaks stuff you like. You don't want to be out here, listening to me speak a *book* of all things." Harc looked despondently down at the pages of *Silas Marner*. A gust of wind blew little snakes of sand onto the withered pages.

"Da, I like it when you watch brooks and speak them to me." Harc looked over at his son.

"Really?" he asked, surprised.

"Yeah. I like it because you're my Da." Harc's thoughts involuntarily jumped to Robert, the father of the woman and the author of the letter with the odd handwriting.

"So you like it when I read?" Rone nodded his shock of red hair. "Well, would you like to hear more?" The sound of Fworn's voice slowly died away. The family next to them vanished.

"Yeah. And Da?"

Harc nodded: "Yeah?"

"Will you show me how to watch brooks like you?"

Harc smiled at his son as the midday sun peeking through the window made his little eyes sparkle. "Of course, son. Of course."

Rone smiled and laid his head back against the wooden counter, silently closing his eyes. He was still clutching the folded yellow paper in his hand.

Harc kept reading. "And these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen thread, or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the Evil One. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted, or even intermittent and occasional merely, like the visits of the peddler or the knife-grinder. No one knew where wandering men had their homes or their origin; and how was a man to be explained unless you at least knew somebody who knew his father and mother?"

FRENCH 410 : LANGUAGE IN PERFORMANCE
with Dr. Sadia Shaw

PARIS MA MUSE - PARIS M'AMUSE

Paris has always called itself home to artists and tourists alike; however, the influx of Americans during the 1920's proved to be a phenomenon all of its own. At the end of World War I, American artists fled to Paris as the United States struggled with the threat of communism as seen by the red scare, as well as violent rebellions in large cities such as New York and Chicago due to political disturbances such as the prohibition. Many artists were also deterred by the changed atmosphere of the country- one that was focused on materialism versus art itself. Although also war-stricken, however, Paris offered a hospitable atmosphere for artists who, unlike many tourists, stayed for months and even years. Paris became the "place to be" for creativity, art, music, literature, philosophy and any American artist who felt oppressed because of their race, sex or political beliefs. Paris also, unlike the United States, offered more tolerance for other forms of art such as Surrealism and Dadaism. These great artists were considered in their time far too pessimistic, for many were unable to separate their horrific war experiences from their works. However this "Lost Generation" found the will to share their experiences through their art, and in this play, we present to you only a snippet of Paris, which was the muse and delight of so many of these "lost" souls during the roaring twenties.

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LES ÉCRIVAINS

Ernest Hemingway..... Jessie Asher
[Junior • French & Francophone Studies and International Studies]
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LES MUSICIENS

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[Senior • French & Francophone Studies]
Louis Armstrong Munga Emedi
[Junior • French & Francophone Studies and International Studies]

LES DANSEUSES

Zelda Fitzgerald Dayna Ferguson

[Senior • French]

Isadora Duncan Ali Young

[Senior • French & Francophone Studies]

LES HÔTES

Sylvia Beach Kelsey Dillon

[Sophomore • Anthropology]

Jay Gatsby Dale Henley

[Undergraduate Donovan Scholar • French & Francophone Studies]

Avec nos remerciements tous particuliers à

Dr. Zoubir-Shaw

SCÈNE 1 : Des Américains à Paris

[Dans la librairie de Sylvia Beach. Ernest Hemingway et Sylvia discutent de la vie à Paris]

HEMINGWAY : Tu sais, Sylvia, je dis toujours que les gens les plus intéressants du monde vivent à Paris, et je n'entends pas seulement les parisiens.

SYLVIA : C'est bien vrai, Hemingway, je ne m'ennuie jamais avec vous, chers pèlerins, qui occupez de plus en plus ma librairie. Vous dormez au fond de la boutique, vous utilisez mon adresse comme si c'était la vôtre...

HEMINGWAY : Et toi, toujours très généreuse, tu nous abrites et tu t'occupes de notre courrier. En créant Shakespeare & Company, tu nous as offert une véritable famille, loin de notre pays natal. A vrai dire, te connaître, nous sert presque de carte de visite ou de passeport.

SYLVIA : Un passeport littéraire pour vous chers pèlerins, peut-être.

HEMINGWAY : « Pèlerins ». Voilà un choix de mot bien intéressant. Tu veux-dire quoi par ce terme inattendu ?

SYLVIA : Je veux-dire que vous vous êtes tous réfugiés chez moi pour échapper aux privations et aux difficultés économiques qu'on connaît de l'autre côté de l'Atlantique. Aux Etats-Unis, c'était toujours un combat pour vous faire une place et pour vous exprimer.

HEMINGWAY : Nous exprimer ? C'était pire que cela, Il fallait même lutter pour dire la vérité ! Il y a toujours eu un fossé entre la littérature classique et puis le génie littéraire américain... pourtant, les écrivains américains pourraient produire des œuvres exceptionnelles, si seulement le climat social et politique le leur permettait ! Je mentirais si je disais avoir passé une seule journée sans entendre ou utiliser ce que l'on appelle tristement des gros mots. Donc, comment voulez-vous qu'un écrivain puisse rendre compte des récits de la vie avec une censure pareille?

SYLVIA : Je comprends bien, et ça explique pourquoi nous sommes tous à Paris, où on se sent un peu... plus libre sans doute.

HEMINGWAY : De plus, financièrement, on bénéficie beaucoup plus de notre travail.

SYLVIA : C'est tout à fait vrai, et pas seulement pour les artistes. C'est exactement pourquoi j'ai ouvert ma librairie à Paris au lieu de New York. Depuis longtemps je voulais avoir une librairie, et à la longue c'est devenu une obsession. Mais ce rêve aurait coûté trop cher à New York. Mes économies peuvent durer plus longtemps à Paris, puisque les loyers et le coût de la vie, en général, sont plus abordables. Par ailleurs, j'aime bien et je me sens bien à Paris.

HEMINGWAY : Mais il faut être fou pour ne pas aimer Paris. Il y a quelque chose dans cette ville qu'on ne trouve pas ailleurs, et si on a la chance d'avoir vécu à Paris, peu importe où on passe le reste de sa vie, on garde toujours cette ville dans son cœur... « For Paris is a moveable feast ».

SYLVIA : Moi je veux y rester pour le reste de ma vie, je n'ai pas besoin d'emporter Paris où que ce soit! Paris a donné un sens à ma vie. Aujourd'hui, je me con-

sacre et je m'intéresse à mes abonnés que j'appelle tendrement « My Bunnies » !—leurs soucis, leurs joies, leur vie, enfin tout, c'est aussi un peu ma vie à moi ... Vous et tous mes autres habitués, vous êtes ma mission, ma raison d'être.

HEMINGWAY : Et toi, chère Sylvia, tu es notre port d'attache, notre critique, et notre amie ! Nous sommes ta mission et ta raison d'être? Comme je suis heureux de t'entendre dire cela, car j'ai un petit projet, un vrai bijou à te présenter. As-tu entendu parler d'Anaïs Nin ?

SYLVIA : Oui, une ou deux fois je crois... son nom me dit quelque chose; pour quoi ?

HEMINGWAY : Elle cherche un éditeur qui veuille bien publier son roman. L'œuvre est plutôt érotique et ce n'est pas étonnant que ce type d'écriture n'ait pas rencontré beaucoup de succès aux Etats-Unis. Pourtant je trouve Mme Nin très douée. C'est un écrivain de talent et je crois qu'elle mérite un coup de main pour diffuser son roman. Je lui ai demandé de venir te voir aujourd'hui.

SYLVIA : Je serais heureuse de faire sa connaissance, mais je ne veux pas éditer d'autre œuvre pour l'instant car Ulysses, tu sais l'œuvre de James Joyce, m'a demandé un effort exceptionnel et je suis bien fatiguée à présent. Mais je pourrais recommander Mme Nin à un autre éditeur que je connais et qui se spécialise dans le roman érotique.

SCÈNE 2 : De la musique et de la danse...

[Isadora Duncan et Anaïs Nin comparent leur épanouissement artistique à Paris]

ISADORA : Comme je suis heureuse à Paris, Anaïs ! Ici, je peux enfin être moi même! Aux Etats-Unis on n'apprécie pas mon art, ou mon style de danse, mais ici je peux expérimenter et créer de nouveaux mouvements et m'épanouir. C'est un bon environnement pour une avant-gardiste comme moi.

ANAÏS : Je suis d'accord avec vous, Isadora. C'est pour les mêmes raisons que j'ai choisi de vivre à Paris. Je peux enfin apprendre le flamenco sans critiques; et c'est quelque chose que j'ai toujours voulu faire ! J'adore la culture de la musique ici !

ISADORA : L'harmonie de la musique n'est pas indépendante de l'harmonie du mouvement dans la nature comme dans la danse. L'homme n'a pas inventé l'harmonie de la musique. C'est l'un des principes fondamentaux de la vie. Comme vous le savez, si on cherche un point de départ au mouvement physique du corps humain, on trouve toujours le premier indice dans le mouvement ondulant du corps des danseurs. C'est simplement une manifestation lumineuse de l'âme, et quand je danse je pense que mon corps dépeint ma sensualité.

ANAÏS : C'est vrai, vous avez raison. Nous n'avons pas de langage pour les sens. Les sentiments sont des images, et les sensations sont comme des notes de musique. Le corps est un instrument qui dégage une mélodie en tant que corps. C'est toujours comme un orchestre avec une musique qui traverse les murs, de sorte que la sensualité elle-même traverse le corps pour atteindre l'extase.

ISADORA : Anaïs, vous parlez avec beaucoup d'éloquence ... qu'avez-vous fait avant de devenir danseuse?

ANAÏS : J'ai toujours essayé de dépeindre ma véritable nature à travers l'écriture ... Récemment j'ai découvert la littérature érotique et c'est quelque chose que je trouve fascinant et que je veux poursuivre. Mais le temps passe, et il est l'heure d'aller chez Hemingway et son mécène, Mme Sylvia Beach... peut-être qu'ils pourront me donner quelques idées pour me lancer. Je pense que vous allez les aimer ! Ils sont tous les deux romanciers!

ISADORA : Je sens que vous avez besoin de liberté, alors ne laissez jamais personne vous apprivoiser!

ANAÏS : Je vous le promets, ma chère Isadora ! Mais c'est l'heure ! Allons, partons!

[Elles partent retrouver Sylvia Beach et Hemingway]

SCÈNE 3 : Du Jazz à Paris...

[Cole Porter et Louis Armstrong se font une place à Paris]

LOUIS : Bonjour monsieur.

COLE : Bonjour ! Mais qui êtes-vous ?

LOUIS : Je m'appelle Louis Armstrong. Je suis de la Nouvelle Orléans. Je suis musicien de jazz, et je suis ravi de faire votre connaissance.

COLE : Ah vous venez des Etats-Unis ! Moi, j'ai habité dans l'Indiana, puis je suis parti faire mes études à l'université de Yale. Le climat aux USA n'est pas très favorable pour les homosexuels ! De plus, je voulais étudier la musique à Paris. Mais...d'où me connaissez-vous ?

LOUIS : Un ami m'a parlé de vous et m'a parlé de votre fête. C'est bien de vous entendre parler ainsi de votre choix sexuel et je crois réellement que c'est votre droit le plus inaliénable. Mais, revenons à notre sujet.

COLE : Ah oui, la musique. Donc, comme vous le savez déjà, je suis musicien de carrière et mon instrument de prédilection est le piano, mais je joue aussi de beaucoup d'autres instruments.

LOUIS : Que de talent! On pourrait peut-être se produire ensemble un de ces jours.

COLE : L'idée est extraordinaire car je m'intéresse aussi au jazz.

LOUIS : Vous savez, j'ai chanté une de vos chansons.

COLE : Ah bon mais laquelle ?

LOUIS : Ça s'appelle « Let's Do It » ou « Let's Fall In Love ».

COLE : Ah. Let's fall in love! Je l'ai écrite en 1928. Cette chanson a d'ailleurs récolté un succès fou à Broadway aux Etats-Unis !

LOUIS : Cela ne m'étonne pas! La version originale de la chanson m'a cependant beaucoup inspiré bien que je l'aie modifiée un tout petit peu, pour le besoin artistique de mon public. Croyez-moi C'est une chanson qui a une grande audi-

ence auprès des mélomanes.

COLE : C'est fantastique ! Je me réjouis d'en savoir plus. Mais je vais vous demander de continuer cette conversation plus tard car nous devons maintenant aller chez Gatby.

SCÈNE 4 : De la littérature à Paris...

[Dans la librairie de Sylvia Beach. On frappe à la porte]

SYLVIA : Tiens, on frappe à la porte, c'est peut-être elle qui arrive.

Hemingway : C'est possible, c'est sans doute Anaïs. Elle m'a dit qu'elle allait venir avec une amie. Ah, Bonjour Anaïs, bienvenue.

ANAÏS : Comme ça me fait plaisir de vous revoir. J'ai amené mon amie, Isadora Duncan. Elle est danseuse.

Isadora : Bonjour !

SYLVIA : Bienvenue dans ma librairie ! Je m'appelle Sylvia Beach. Je suis heureuse de faire votre connaissance.

ENSEMBLE : Enchantées.

HEMINGWAY : Anaïs, on me dit que vous vous passionnez pour le roman érotique ?

ANAÏS : Oui, quand je suis arrivée à Paris, j'ai découvert quelques livres du genre qui m'ont vraiment inspirée, mais j'ai peur que la censure ne ...

HEMINGWAY : Ah, la censure...

ANAÏS : ... que la censure ne détruise votre œuvre. C'est vrai, quelle presse voudrait publier un livre érotique, surtout en anglais ?

SYLVIA : Est-ce que vous pouvez me montrer un échantillon de votre travail ?

[Anaïs cherche une page dans son cahier et puis présente le cahier à Sylvia]

ANAÏS : Oui, voilà, regardez et dites-moi ce que vous pensez de l'intrigue de mon roman.

SYLVIA : Merci.

[Sylvia met ses lunettes, prend le cahier et commence à lire]

HEMINGWAY : *[s'adressant à Isadora]* Vous êtes donc, danseuse ? Vous n'avez jamais essayé d'écrire ?

ISADORA : Vous savez, il m'a fallu des années de lutte, de travail difficile, et de recherche pour apprendre un simple geste artistique, et je sais suffisamment sur l'art de l'écriture pour réaliser qu'il me faudrait des années d'effort intense pour écrire une belle phrase même simple.

HEMINGWAY : Bien évidemment, nous ne sommes pas tous écrivains... Vous m'excuserez, mais je dois partir. J'ai rendez-vous avec James Joyce, il doit déjà m'attendre au bar.

[Hemingway se lève et quitte la librairie]

SYLVIA : Au revoir, Hemingway ! Et tiens-toi bien ce soir !

HEMINGWAY : *[en riant]* Moi ? Tu n'y penses pas !

[Hemingway sort]

SYLVIA : *[à Anaïs]* C'est pas mal du tout, mais je regrette sincèrement, Anaïs. Comme je le disais plus tôt à Hemingway, je ne veux pas éditer une autre œuvre pour l'instant.

ISADORA : Oh, c'est dommage pour Anaïs !

SYLVIA : —Mais je crois que vous avez un grand talent d'écrivain et j'aimerais vous présenter à quelqu'un qui pourra sans doute vous aider. Il sera à la fête de Jay Gatsby ce soir.

ISADORA : Ah oui, la fête ! On part à quelle heure ?

SYLVIA : Je vais partir bientôt ; est-ce que vous voulez m'accompagner ?

ISADORA : Mais bien sûr, avec grand plaisir!

ANAÏS : Ça me ferait grand plaisir aussi !

ENSEMBLE : Allons-y alors! Plus on est de fous, plus on rit !

SCÈNE 5 : Chez le Grand Gatsby

[Dans l'appartement de Jay Gatsby près de la Place Vendôme. Gatsby et Zelda dansent frénétiquement; fatigués de leur danse, ils s'affaissent dans un grand fauteuil]

GATSBY : Je suis heureux que ton mari ... comment s'appelle-t-il

ZELDA: Francis Scott.

GATSBY: Ah oui, Scott. Comme je disais, c'est dommage que votre mari n'ait pas pu se joindre à nous ce soir.

ZELDA : Il est parti à Londres pour essayer de faire publier son dernier roman. Le titre, c'est « Tendre est la nuit » ; amusant, n'est-ce pas ? C'est un peu mon histoire. Il s'agit de deux personnes qui s'aiment, mais leur amour est contrarié par les circonstances. C'est aussi l'histoire de notre relation. J'adore lire ce qu'il écrit, mais je doute toujours de son amour pour moi, et moi, je l'aime tant !

GATSBY : Alors, rappelez-moi pourquoi vous et Scott vous êtes à Paris.

ZELDA : Oh, vous savez, Scott va où le vent souffle, et je ne l'accompagne pas toujours. Au contraire, j'en profite pour sortir et m'amuser.

GATSBY : Et vous, qu'est-ce que vous aimez à Paris?

ZELDA : Moi, eh bien, j'aime faire la fête, j'aime danser, et me sentir libre. Vous êtes un peu Parisien, je crois, et j'ai beaucoup entendu parler de vos soirées légendaires.

GATSBY : Ah bon, vous avez entendu parler de mes petites soirées? Vraiment, elles ne sont rien du tout comparées à celles de New York où on sait vraiment faire la fête.

ZELDA : C'est vrai ; nous sommes allés à New York. Quelle ville accueillante ! Et votre maîtresse est tout à fait exquise.

GATSBY : Hélas, Daisy était la plus belle, la plus charmante et tellement pleine d'esprit ...je suis toujours ému quand je pense à elle bien que ce soit pénible.

ZELDA : C'est la vie. [*Ils trinquent*] Tenez mon cher ; regardez, les invités arrivent

GATSBY : Ah, chers amis, quel plaisir de vous accueillir! Bienvenus, je suis très heureux de vous recevoir.

[Les musiciens arrivent]

GATSBY : Zelda, venez, je voudrais vous présenter Louis Armstrong et Cole Porter.

GATSBY : Armstrong, OLD CHAP, comment allez-vous? Alors êtes-vous enfin heureux à Paris, et si loin de votre Amérique natale?

ARMSTRONG : Eh bien, Gatsby, c'est une histoire bien malheureuse pour moi et mes compatriotes. Ce n'est même plus une question de choix comme vous le savez vu le climat racial en Amérique.

GATSBY : Mais de quel climat parlez-vous?

ARMSTRONG : Ce n'est pas un mystère, vous savez bien que les artistes en général, et les artistes de Jazz en particulier, ont eu du mal à faire leur place dans cette Amérique conservatrice.

GATSBY : Qu'est-ce que vous voulez dire par là?

ARMSTRONG : Ah, mon cher Gatsby, c'est une bien longue histoire, c'est pour-

quoi je préfère ne pas m'y attarder aujourd'hui. Mais j'ai besoin d'aide et de vos conseils pour faire ma place à Paris.

GATSBY : Je comprends. De temps en temps, je pense qu'à New York je me sentais même un peu "étouffé". Mais, pensez-vous vraiment que je puisse vous être utile?

ARMSTRONG : Certainement, Gatsby, puisque vous connaissez très bien Paris et depuis longtemps.

GATSBY : Oui, c'est vrai, *[d'un geste large]* je connais Paris. C'est vraiment le centre prédestiné du monde, mais, vous savez, je ne maîtrise pas du tout le monde du show-business.

Armstrong: Ce n'est pas bien grave, ça. Il suffit d'avoir des relations et vous en avez beaucoup, je crois.

GATSBY : C'est vrai, j'ai de nombreuses relations ; mais donnez-moi le temps de passer quelques coups de fil et de contacter quelques connaissances. Je vous tiens au courant dès que je sais quelque chose.

ZELDA : *[Elle s'assoit et bavarde avec Gatsby et les musiciens – elle se dirige vers Isadora Duncan]* Bonsoir ! Je pense qu'on ne se connaît pas. Vous êtes une invitée de Gatsby sans doute ! Je m'appelle Zelda Fitzgerald. Et vous, qui êtes-vous ?

ISADORA : Moi, je m'appelle Isadora Duncan.

ENSEMBLE : Enchantées !

ZELDA : Est-ce que vous voulez boire quelque chose?

ISADORA : Oui, bien volontiers, merci.

ZELDA : Eh bien ? Qu'est-ce qui vous amène à Paris ?

ISADORA : Je suis venue à Paris parce qu'aux Etats-Unis on n'apprécie pas beaucoup mon style de danse. Et je me dis que Paris est sans doute plus ouvert à

mon style qui est plus souvent une expression de l'âme que du corps.

ZELDA : Cela me semble une raison valable. Moi, je suis aussi à Paris pour la danse et les soirées. Je rêve de me faire connaître, surtout que j'ai beaucoup de temps puisque mon mari me délaisse souvent. Mon mari, c'est Scott Fitzgerald, vous le connaissez sans doute. Ce week-end, par exemple, il est à Londres. Il se déplace souvent et m'abandonne un peu.

ISADORA : Je suis bien triste pour vous !

ZELDA : Mais au moins, j'ai la danse pour me consoler. Moi, je pense que tout le monde peut s'essayer à la danse classique. Cependant, pour atteindre la perfection il faut y passer sa vie, et c'est mon intention.

ISADORA : C'est sans doute pour cela que les Américains sont encore loin de cette perfection. Ils ont les jambes trop longues, le corps trop souple, et l'esprit trop libre pour exprimer cette grâce affectée et ces déplacements sur pointes.

ZELDA : Oh, vous pensez vraiment ce que vous déclarez ? C'est pourtant un art à mon image, et je sais que je suis capable de cette perfection. J'y arriverai car la danse, c'est ma vie.

ISADORA : Quels autres types de danse aimez-vous ?

ZELDA : Je suis aussi passionnée par les danses modernes. J'ai appris le charleston en Amérique ; c'est la grande mode en ce moment.

ISADORA : Tiens, je ne connais pas. Et ça se danse comment ? Montrez-moi donc ?

ZELDA : Je veux bien, mais seulement si vous me montrez aussi une de vos danses.

[Zelda fait une démonstration du charleston]

ISADORA : Oh, c'est bien trop traditionnel pour moi, c'est comme les Etats Unis où je me sens prisonnière du conformisme. Moi je suis pour la liberté des mou-

vements, mais personne ne semble comprendre mon style. Sauf, bien sûr, les Parisiens et les Russes. Je ne sais pas si je suis capable de danser ça. C'est bien trop méthodique pour moi. Voilà le style que je préfère.

[Isadora se met à danser]

ZELDA : Comme je vous comprends. Nous savons tous que nous ne sommes pas à Paris par hasard. Mais allons plutôt rejoindre les autres. Oh, je vois Jay Gatsby, il est là-bas, et je veux absolument danser encore avec lui.

[Cole et Hemingway arrivent à la fête]

COLE : Ah, Hemingway ! Mon compagnon de guerre ! Comment ça va ?

HEMINGWAY : Ah, bonjour Porter... « Compagnon de guerre ? » Quelle expression curieuse ... mais je ne pense pas que ce soit tout à fait représentatif de votre rôle dans la guerre.

COLE : Comment ça ? Nous sommes pourtant, tous les deux, d'anciens combattants de cette horrible guerre mondiale, n'est-ce pas ?

HEMINGWAY : Arrêtez vos plaisanteries. Nous savons bien que vous n'avez pas combattu aux côtés de ceux qui ont protégé la France.

COLE : Vous plaisantez ! He bien, regardez donc ! Voilà mes cicatrices de guerre!
[Il montre ses cicatrices !]

HEMINGWAY : Je ne vous crois pas ! Tout au plus, vous vous êtes fait mal en tombant de votre banc de piano?

COLE : Quel manque de respect, Hemingway! Tout le monde sait que j'ai servi dans la Légion Etrangère en Afrique du Nord, et j'ai les cicatrices pour le prouver!

HEMINGWAY : Nous en reparlerons quand on aura la preuve que vous avez combattu pour la France et souffert avec nos camarades tombés au combat. La guerre a détruit ces hommes...Nous sommes une génération brisée, mais

certainement pas perdue.

COLE : Les cicatrices ne sont pas toujours apparentes, Hemingway. Elles ne sont pas toujours visibles ! Imaginez un instant, la douleur que j'ai endurée quand j'ai essayé de distraire de mon mieux mes camarades avec ma musique et mes chansons. C'était difficile pour moi aussi, Hemingway, de voir la souffrance autour de moi, même si je n'ai pas tout à fait pris part aux nombreuses batailles.

HEMINGWAY : Ah, je vois... Mais pendant que vous vous donniez bonne conscience avec vos fausses cicatrices et que vous vous promeniez avec votre piano sur le dos, moi je portais un uniforme de guerre et une médaille de courage. « Quand vous allez à la guerre bien jeune, vous vous faites une grande illusion de l'immortalité. La mort, c'est pour les autres, pas pour vous ... Puis, quand vous êtes gravement blessé, pour la première fois, cette illusion vous quitte et vous savez que tout peut arriver. » Vous étiez un artiste ambulancier, quand je risquais ma vie au front!

COLE : C'est incroyable ! « You may have hair on your chest, but so does Lassie. » Je pense que vous vous faites une idée bien glorieuse de vous-mêmes ! Vous croyez tellement en votre gloire que vous ne concevez même pas que d'autres aient pu en faire autant. Tout le monde sait que j'ai fait ma part dans cette guerre ! Avez-vous vu mon film ou mon portrait au musée d'Aubagne?! C'est quand même bien une preuve ça, non ?

HEMINGWAY : Cole, admettez que vous êtes quand même connu surtout pour vos fêtes scandaleuses ! L'alcool, la drogue, un faux mariage, comment est-ce qu'on peut croire en vous ?

COLE : Quel toupet ! Que de mensonges ! C'est assez ! Je n'ai plus rien à vous dire !

HEMINGWAY : Eh bien, au revoir, mon « frère d'armes»...

[Furieux, Hemingway s'éloigne. Gatsby accourt, retient Hemingway, propose un toast à Paris et invitent ses hôtes à la danse]

GATSBY: Assez de cette conversation sérieuse! La guerre est finie et l'Amérique est loin. Allez, venez, je vous invite tous à vous joindre à moi pour porter un toast à Paris. (Tout le monde prend un verre) Zelda, ma chère, ferez-vous les honneurs?

[La soirée commence dans la bonne humeur. Tout le monde danse]

Rideau

JORDAN HUBRICH
Sophomore • English

Latin Haiku

iniquitātis
Arbor pomīs abundat.
Dolus dēlēbit.

Translation

of injustice
The tree is abundant with fruits.
Deception will destroy.

ARIEL CLARK
Sophomore • Psychology

Carnivals and Mismatched Ties

There is a sound like cracking bone, and that's exactly what it is.

He breaths heavily, gripping the bat in a white-knuckled hold. He watches the Thing carefully for any sign of further movement. It lays against the wall in a crumpled heap, silent. He takes a step toward the stairwell exit, then pauses, turns back, and takes one more swing at Its skull.

Better safe than sorry.

Blood spatters against the wall and the front of his shirt, still warm, and there is a distinct *squish* as the bat caves in the Thing's skull, grey matter smearing along the wood. He pulls the bat free, grimacing at the disgusting mess of gore, and wipes it on the Thing's shirt.

He turns back to the door, and opens it. He walks through cautiously, listening for the distinct sound of teeth rending flesh or the stygian moans of the Things. Heart pounding, exhausted and weary, he closes the door as quietly as he can and faces down the hall of the top floor of the apartment complex.

There is a wet sound. He *knows* that sound, has come to recognize it as well as his own voice in the past twenty-four hours. It comes from several points down the hall from behind closed doors, and is accompanied between sluices of teeth scraping meat by low groans and sloppy hisses. He walks slowly, keeping close to the wall and making as little noise as possible. There is a door to the roof at the end of the hallway.

He is two doors away, and one of them is open. There is a Thing in that room. He can hear It eating.

He is prepared to sneak past, hoping that the Thing isn't facing the open door, and peeks past the doorjamb. The Thing is in there, biting chunks out of a young man's shoulder. A young man who is looking right at him with teary eyes.

He is caught in a moment of frozen horror as the young man opens his mouth, trying to gurgle words from a throat that has been bitten open. As it becomes apparent no words will come, the tears slip from the young man's eyes and he chokes on a sob that is more of a strangled wheeze.

He can't leave him like that.

He runs into the room, and as the Thing began to raise Its head, he swings the bat, and connects solidly with the side of Its skull. It crumples, and just like the last one, he swings twice. Panting with nerves, he faces the young man, who has gone quiet. He crouches, gripping the other's hand.

“Hey there.” He looks in the man’s eyes, and they seem to dim with every second. “I’m gonna have to take you out,” he says, and he wonders if the man even understands him at this point. “If I don’t you’re gonna become one of Them.”

The hand in his, which had barely been twitching in the first place, goes slack, and the young man dies. He keeps speaking anyway. “I’ll do it quick; I promise.”

He stands up, pulling the bat above his head and stares down at empty, lifeless eyes, knowing any moment that the body will reanimate itself and become the very Thing that had killed it.

“I’m sorry,” he murmurs.

He brings the bat down several times, repeating the words over and over, and doesn’t even notice as he does so that he’s trembling. Finally he stops, and the man’s head is nothing more than a crimson smear of hair, meat and bone.

Jesus, he thinks. The man couldn’t have been more than twenty-four, twenty-five at the most.

And now he’s just a corpse without a face, staining the carpet.

He takes a steadying breath, attempting to wipe the blood that has splattered across his face, succeeding only in smearing it worse. He gathers himself, ready to continue on his way, when a moan sounds from down the hall; back the way he came. It sounds again, others rising to join it, and sounds slightly closer.

Frantic, he readjusts his grip on the bat, but before he makes for the hall he spots it. A hand gun is lying near the wall, most likely knocked from the young man’s hands before he could fight back. He doesn’t take the time to think and swoops down to scoop up the gun. Then, he runs.

He can hear Them behind him. They’re moving faster now, a quick shuffle, and he gets through the last stretch of hall to pull open the door. It swings partially shut behind him as he runs up the small flight of stairs to the rooftop door.

He undoes the bolt, hands shaking as he hears Them pushing the door open behind him, and struggles with full hands as he twists the knob. He bursts onto the roof, slamming and holding the door shut. Dropping the bat, he looks frantically for something to hold it shut with, and sees a rusted metal folding chair leaning against the ledge to his right. He runs for it, grabbing and returning to shove it under the handle just as one of the Things on the other side rams itself into the door.

He stalks the edge of the roof, looking for an escape route while keeping one eye on the door. It was made of half-rotted wood, old like the building, and wouldn’t hold for long. He leans over the ledge, looking for a fire escape, and stares into a crowd of Things that clog the street.

Twenty-four hours. It had taken Them twenty-four hours to fill the street.

In the distance he can hear screaming as others are caught and killed and eaten by the Things, and bile rises in his throat.

Then he sees one amongst the crowd, and his vision tunnels. A Thing is shuffling on the sidewalk, wearing his wife's face and a torn, blood riddled version of her favorite pajamas.

All form of adrenaline drains in an instant, and he slides down to sit on the concrete. A hysterical laugh rips its way up his throat, and he doesn't fight the sobs that follow. Of course. Of course she'd be gone too. He should have expected it, after running across one of Them with their daughter's face in their apartment three floors down.

He'd had to close his eyes while he swung the bat.

He can't get down. They've clogged the streets. He can't go inside. They've blocked the door. He can't even make it to the next rooftop. Even if he weren't tired from the mad twenty-four hour dash he'd made across town from his work to the apartment complex, it was still four feet longer than he could hope to jump.

He looks at the door that will break soon, and is struck by how easily his life has been erased. In mere moments no one will know that there once was a man in apartment 5B, with a lovely wife and beautiful daughter that talked him into wearing mismatched ties to work. No one would know that they'd met at a carnival eating expensive cotton candy, or that he'd already bought that stupid yipping robotic dog-toy for his daughter's birthday next month even though he *knew* the thing was going to drive him crazy--

No one would know.

A dangerous creak sounds from the door, and he holds up the gun. He doesn't know what kind it is, just that it's sleek and silver and he barely remembers how to fire it, and that he has a choice to make.

He checks the safety and cocks it, bringing the muzzle up to his temple. He holds it there, eyes closed and finger on the trigger.

Suicides go to Hell. It's his grandmother's voice.

He takes a deep, shaky breath, and hopes that either his grandmother is wrong, or that just this once God might forgive him.

The door breaks open, and he pulls the trigger.

JOIE FILIPPINI
Freshman • English

Untitled

I wonder when someone will see the penlines on my sheets. My birthmark, watermark, milksplash and fly. Plane the ticklish hills of my hips with touches, gentle hungry fingers curved in inkflesh, my shoulderblade. I want her to approach, eyes all lustfire. Press into me against a wall. to Fleetwood Mac.

If you don't love me now/you will never love me again

Bed me down, footprint trails purple mouth marks, clavicle to jawline, I'd wear like badges, your honor, mine. Melt. I want to melt. Cliché but I want you to melt me. I want to part the two pink lovers of my lips and spill sweet nothings as though you'd find something like rainwater in a shallow leaf dipper after a storm. I want to track fingerprints across your skin in flush marks, make your blood race to the surface. Follow with warm nuzzles, wet mouth compressions defibrillate your rabbitkick heart meet your eyes, introduce my lips to yours. to Brandi Carlile.

It's true/I was made for you.

Wish I could see it coming, honey, I want. first time sober, I want. Second time maybe less sober I want, drunk on kiss cocktail and cheap alcohol. Want. To make love as I make words. With care. Caution. Abandon.

JOIE FILIPPINI
Freshman • English

Unmarked

Between summer cicada sizzles
and humid wind sighs, we
beat spades into drought dry
Kentucky clay, wrenched clods free

at last, to moisten with rancid
sweat showers, break to goldfish
gasp, leaned into pale sun shafts
and our shovels, tools for beasts,

our burden heavy and turned
in the dirt at our feet, once
curled and jerked worse than Jim's
ember-birthered smoke, expelled

from blackened lungs like a smothering
curse, hurled against virgin ears
turned to blows, young body crooked
and broke, needed repair—

Could turn her straight, Jim'd said,
hand on his pants, eyed the girl's timid
flirt, unnoticed gesture by the barmaid,
tucked a curl away, eyes rimmed

beer bottle brown and glossy, stained
glass lamplight specks teeming in irises; soft
decline against the stool back and his
request to occupy the rest of her night—

Help me, he says now
knee to his brow, eyed our
burden with window blind thin
frown, taps the dyke with steel

toe boot, steel shovel. She
rolls into the hollow and we
replace the mound. He lights up.
I almost ask to pray.



THE STAFF

SARAH HAYDEN • Editor-in-Chief

Senior • Political Science, Classics, & History

I like to be just as weird as the rest of these guys. This is sadly my last edition on Shale. Thank you for a great four years!

KATIE CROSS • Co-Editor-in-Chief

Junior • English, Psychology Minor

I am interested in everything and nothing, depending on the day. But generally, I like creative nonfiction, poetry, reading, coffee, red lipstick, old video games, vintage vinyl, movies that none of my friends like, and jewel tones. Katie + Jack = 4EVA.

SARAH WAGNER • Layout & Design Manager

Sophomore • Architecture & English

Interested in building spaces, literary and physical.

KELSEY POTTER • Public Relations Manager

Sophomore • English & ISC

My interests include comic books, poetry, television shows, and Romantic poets.

KENDRA SANDERS • Managing Poetry Editor

Junior • English & Film

Interests include listening to a lot of Radiohead and Atoms for Peace (on a bit of a Thom Yorke kick), shooting and editing video, watching films, reading literature, and contemplating the deeper meaning of human existence (when time permits).

JONATHAN SARFIN • Poetry Editor

Sophomore • English & Psychology

Jonathan Sarfin often eats three meals a day. Geese are his favorite water fowl. He hasn't gotten his hair cut in a while. He doesn't own very many pairs of pants. When it is hot, he sleeps with his shirt off. When asked to describe him, some would say "he has as many appendages as a normal human ought to have". He bloy gibber flot worg. He also dwurp plamp zwarch, uiliurum smytav Peg-endalk.

NATHAN R. PETRIE • Poetry Editor

Freshman • English (Imaginative Writing)

When not scribbling poetry, I play saxophone, operate a ham radio station, and search for geocaches.

MARY KATE ELLIOTT • Managing Prose Editor

Junior • English, French minor

Likes: hot tea, chilled coffee, chaos, David Sedaris, mango chutney, most books, good beer, and midnight bike rides

Dislikes: marble dust, lukewarm beverages, order, redundancies, incessant dog barking, caramel, and John Watson's moustache

EMILY BARNHILL • Prose Editor

Senior • English, Communications Minor

The little things in life make me happy. Books in any form, diet cokes in styrofoam cups with NO ice, fluffy dogs, strong coffee, DanceBlue, and Oxford commas. "Good friends, good books, and a sleepy conscience: this is the ideal life." -- Mark Twain

ANTHONY JONES • Prose Editor

Senior • English, Economics Minor

When I'm not working on classes or my own creative writing, I can be found hanging out with my brothers of Pi Kappa Phi.

ELIZABETH ANGELL • Prose Editor

Junior(ish) • Equine Science, English Minor

Elizabeth is a purveyor of prose, a treasurer of taxidermy, and an equine enthusiast. The banes of her existence are crumbly cookies and empty tea cups.

JON FISH • Prose Editor

Freshman • Political Science

Things I like: listening to music, writing fiction, drawing, video games, movies, comedians, Star Wars, the 1980s, European history, sleeping until noon, cats and dogs, and pizza. Things I don't like: Everything else, I guess? Except the readers of Shale. They're some pretty cool cats.

CECILIA AMADOR • Spanish Editor

Senior • English, Philosophy Minor

I am an international student from Guatemala and outside of my studies, I enjoy reading, traveling, cooking, writing, and fashion.

RACHEL JANG • Korean Editor

Sophomore • Biology & Pre-med, Neuroscience & Psychology Minors

I am a Korean international student who likes to write anything and everything, plays violin, sings, and taking pictures (both digital and film). I hope to engage more Korean students to writing and more English speaking students to be introduced to Korean.

ANITA SHANKER • French Editor

Sophomore • French & Biology

My interests include learning about other languages and cultures, baking, and playing board games.

YVONNE JOHNSON • German Editor

Freshman • English & Computer Science

Some of my interests include studying languages, writing, doing triathlons, watching anime and exploring social psychology.

MARSHALL BLEVINS • Managing Art Editor

Senior • Art Studio

Photography, drawing, reading, eating cereal and drinking hot chocolate are all of my most dearly beloved past times.

SHANNON NEWBERRY • Art Editor

Sophomore • Architecture

Shannon is a connoisseur of aged root beer and fine zebra cakes. She is often found prancing about in the woods with unicorns.

ASHLEY WORLEY • Art Editor

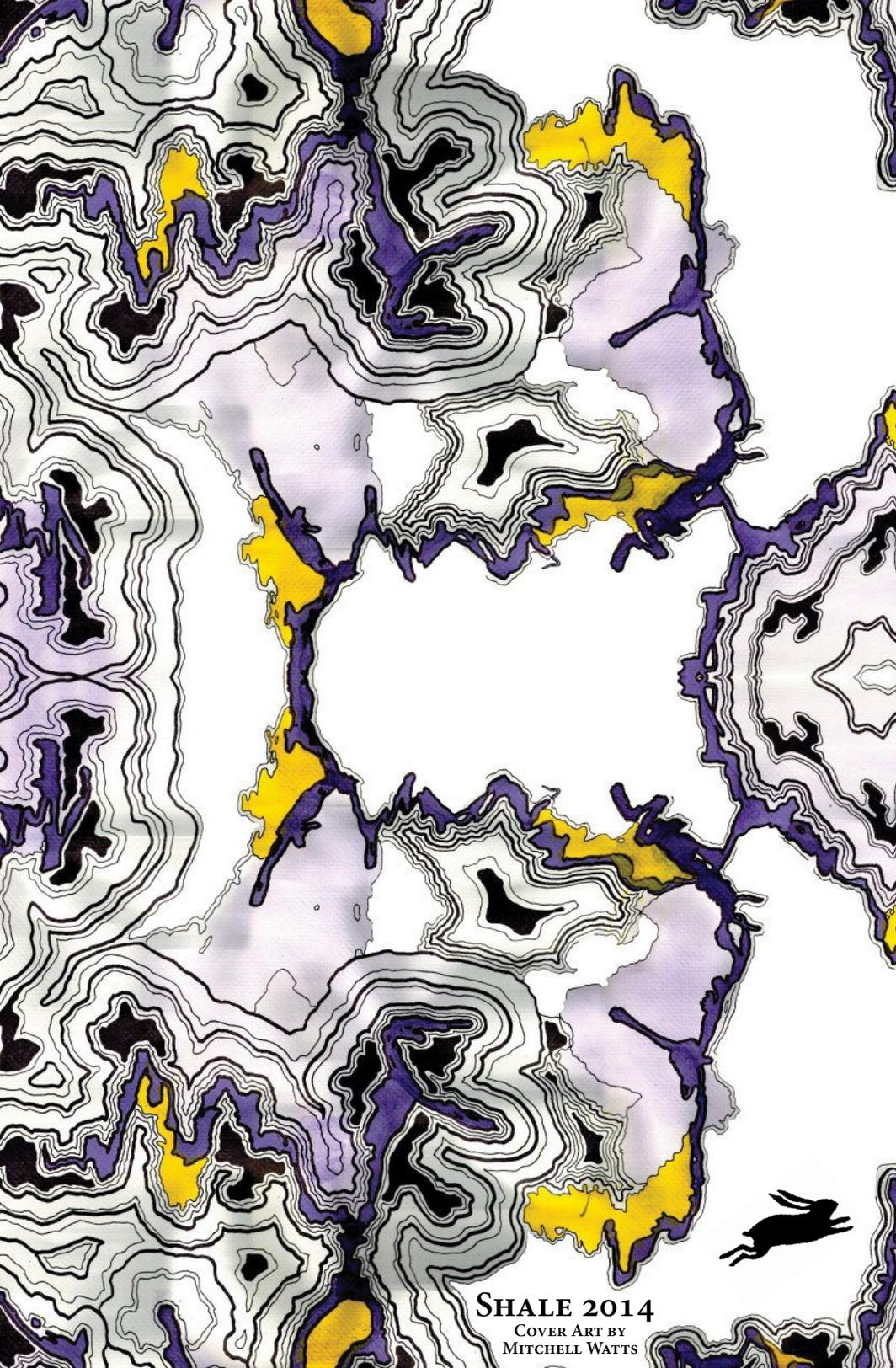
Sophomore • Art Education

This is my first year with Shale and I'm so excited to be on the team! I'm an art education major with a deep love for matryoshkas, mermaids, Adventure Time, dinosaurs, strawberry donuts, and Australian shepherds. My life mostly consists of painting, drawing, and binge watching Netflix. Remember that ham-boning will save your life one day. Peace out.

CHRISTINA ZEIDAN • Guest Arabic Editor

Junior • Anthropology & Political Science, Islamic Studies Minor





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COVER ART BY
MITCHELL WATTS