

kiosk

THE ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE OF MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

2012



*"True creativity is characterized by a
succession of acts each dependent on the
one before and suggesting the one after."*

EDWIN H. LAND

kiosk

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THE ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE
OF MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

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George Bilgere has published five collections of poetry, most recently *The White Museum* which was awarded the 2009 Autumn House Poetry Prize. He has won numerous other awards, including the Midland Authors Award, the May Swenson Poetry Award and a Pushcart Prize.

He has performed on Garrison Keillor's *A Prairie Home Companion*, and his work has been featured a number of times on *The Writer's Almanac*. His poems have appeared in such magazines as *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *The Kenyon Review*, and *The Best American Poetry* series.

Bilgere has a doctorate in contemporary literature from Denver University. He teaches creative writing at John Carroll University in Ohio.



Darren Maurer is a Sioux City resident and a nationally known oil painter. His work can be found in hundreds of collections in the US and abroad.

Todd Behrens is Curator at the Sioux City Art Center, a position he has held since 2009. Prior to that he was Curator of Art at the Polk Museum of Art in Lakeland, Florida and the Assistant Director at the Art And Culture Center of Hollywood in Hollywood, Florida.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

"There is nothing that saps one's confidence as the knowing how to do a thing."

MARK TWAIN

My experience with the *Kiosk* has been lengthy. Throughout the years I've been a rejected writer and an honored winner; I've entered text, selected submissions, and edited copy; I've calmed editors and assisted advisors. But upon being selected head editor, Twain's insight proved true. Overcoming my waning confidence, I've spent weeks of soliciting work, holding meetings, finalizing content, and successfully avoiding any number of calamities, now is the time to stop and reflect.

I had every confidence in finding quality creative writing and art from within the Morningside College community. The atmosphere of encouragement and inspiration which is fostered on campus is reflected in the outstanding work produced by students, faculty, and alumni. It was an honor to have been allowed the privilege to venture into the imaginations of so many promising authors and artists.

I hope you enjoy looking over the best of the best that was selected by the editors. Final selection and judging of the material is made based on the literary excellence, originality, and vision of the writing. The *Kiosk* is meant to be a living notebook in whose pages a wide variety of individual voices can be heard and considered.

Special thanks to all the authors and artists whose work is published here. Your work is truly inspiring. Special thanks to those who submitted work that could not be published at this time. Don't ever stop exploring the possibilities of imagination. Special thanks to the editorial staff for their dedication and assistance. I appreciate your commitment to the continued success of the *Kiosk*. Special thanks to visual editors Judy Bame and Tony Wiley, and faculty advisors for art, John Kolbo and Dolie Thompson. Your talents help to bring a necessary artistic balance to this publication. Special thanks to Dr. Stephen Coyne. You are my teacher, my mentor, and my friend. Special thanks also to President John Reynders for continuing to support the growth of literature and visual art at Morningside College. And special thanks to you the reader. Please read

on. I am confident you will be moved, inspired, or provoked by something within these pages.

Marcie Ponder *Kiosk Head Editor*

I have always been a believer in taking risks and doing things that scare you. I can't think of a better way to grow as a person. Sometimes you gain recognition and sometimes you get shut down, but in either case, you learn. I commend everyone who put themselves and their work on the line in submitting to the *Kiosk*, and I hope it has been a rewarding experience for all of you.

Those of us working behind the scenes on this publication have tried hard to present the best of all the wonderful pieces that were submitted for approval. I would like to thank all of you for sharing your talents and expressions with the world and I urge you to continue to pursue your passions. Jump in with both feet and savor every moment.

Judy Bame *Visual Editor*

My *Kiosk* experience has grown extensively over my collegiate career. Starting with a simple photograph entry in the magazine my freshman year, I have slowly, but steadily, grown to be more involved becoming the Co-Visual Editor, which I have enjoyed immensely. I never knew there would be so much detail work in putting together such a publication and I can truthfully say I have quite a liking for it. Working with Marcie, Judy, and John on this project proved to be a rewarding experience in getting to have creative control over where things went and how they looked. This experience in the *Kiosk* has persuaded me into considering entering a career toward layout design and work in magazine publication. I have a much greater appreciation for the construction of the *Kiosk* and I absolutely look forward to seeing future hands craft the publication with their creative imaginations.

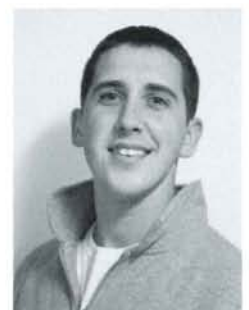
Anthony Wiley *Visual Editor*



MARCIE PONDER



JUDY BAME



ANTHONY WILEY

CONTENTS

LITERATURE

The Lovesong After Prufrock	TRISH SANDBULTE	10	
Recollection	KYLE BUBB	12	
Outside My Focal Length	CASSIE GILLETTE	16	
Lita	KRYSTAL SHARER	18	
Exotica	RACHEL ROBSON	23	
Example of Modern Magical Problems #42	MATTHEW PONDER	24	
That Day in Second Grade	CHASE SHANAFELT	26	THIRD PLACE 2012
Live Theatre	MADDIE MARDESEN	32	
Under Cornflower Paint	KELCI TEUT	34	
The Theatre Junkie	ALEXIS MCKEE	38	
Chernobyl Strawberries	RANDY UHL	39	
My Frozen Doom	CAT RUDDY	40	
The Paper	MATTHEW PONDER	42	
Carnival	MICHELLE KUESTER	44	SECOND PLACE 2012
To the Top	KYLE BUBB	46	
Contortionists	SARAH SORENSON	49	
Prick	TRISH SANDBULTE	50	
Suzie-Lee Smith and the Story	MATTHEW PONDER	52	FIRST PLACE 2012
Sore Spot	KELCI TEUT	56	EDITOR'S CHOICE 2012

Page from the Past

Call it College Life	MYNA NICKUM	64
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All entries are considered objectively by the judges with no artist name or special consideration for any piece. Editorial staff are eligible for contest placement but not for the prize money.

ART

Cracked	CAITLIN CASEY	COVER	
Finders Keepers	WYETH LYNCH	15	
Summer Winds	WYETH LYNCH	21	
Fire	SAMANTHA HANSEN	22	
Ultraviolet	TYLER LENZ	25	
Playground	JESSICA BOCSHEN	27	
Dipper	BROOKE SPENCER	28	
Nocturnal Emissions	JUDY BAME	29	
Through the Glass	MICKI DEWITT	30	
Tree?	AMY AUGSPURGER	31	
Stark Horizon	MISTY JOHANSEN	35	
Sunset Fan	SYDNEY BRISCO	37	
Red	CAITLIN CASEY	41	
Fashion for Fish	JOHN BOWITZ	43	
Minneapolis	SAMANTHA HANSEN	46	
Crow Logo	TYLER LENZ	47	
Gears	AMY AUGSPURGER	48	
Window Study I	AMY FOLTZ	51	
Mechanical	AMY AUGSPURGER	55	
Unbound Campaign	KELSEY MARTIN	58	
Apathy	LAURNE LANIGAN	59	
Sunday Night in Old Town	SAM GRELLA	60	
Frozen	JESSICA BOCSHEN	61	
Privacy Window	AMY FOLTZ	62	
Small Town Reflection	MISTY JOHANSEN	63	
Bench	SAMANTHA HANSEN	65	
Path of Obscurity	SPENCER EISEMAN	66	

THE LOVESONG AFTER PRUFROCK

It is enough to have found you again,
decades of separation slowly dissolving,
two sugar cubes married on your warm, wet tongue,
a cringe on the teeth, your mouth honeyed and sweet,
a candied dream of the fruits of our waiting.
Do I dare to eat a peach?
Peaches! I implore; too much is never enough anymore.

And yet, it is enough that the notes that fill our distant ears
soothe us each the same;
lines filling rough cracks, our ancient scars kissed smooth,
our moons are one, yet we slumber separate under its light.
We do not grasp the same snow in hands, clenched and taut,
nor are we cleansed by the same rains,
separate drops making love into swollen rivers down our backs.

Our cups are warmed by different mellow brews,
yet it is enough we measure out our lives by the same coffee spoons.
Have you spread apart my heart and reached inside?
Mining desires, panning out treasures? Sifting my soul in search of new pleasures?
"Shall we speak of Salinger?" you ask.
Fitzgerald? Of Cummings? Of Eliot and Prufrock?
Their lines are mine. And yours. And ours.
They exhume our youth, taunt our today, divine our future.

Your heart is held captive by the landlord desire,
a slave to her needs, a willing giver.
You fill as you are emptied,
comforted by the familiarity of the dearth,
her position, the queen-immune to the impending supersedure
I envy, I covet with all my nobility, an inexplicable, futile desire for ascension.

I too am bound, bridled by promises made in the guise of a foggy forever,
a tarry sojourn on my pilgrimage to the mecca of your mouth;
your body, the altar on which I would gladly burn,
the pyre of my self-sacrifice.
The searching had rendered me weary and worn,
Content to settle for the sacrilege of an imperfect and painful union.

And yet, love, it is enough.
To know you were mine, and may be again;
to trust this life has not been lived in vain;
to breathe in your essence and meld it with my own
until they are intermingled,
each indecipherable from its native spring,
all sustaining, coursing through me,
you at home in my blood,
intertwined and overrun to our perfection.

My hair, how it greys,
shrouding a face subtly marked by the life I've endured.
With regret and dismay, full well,
I know I may return to the earth;
my fingers, stiff and cold, encumbered by his band,
the heavy patina of imperfect gold;
but to have known your soul in these seasons of life,
my spring and my summer,
my soulmate. My lover.
Indeed.
It is enough.

TRISHA SANDBULTE

RECOLLECTION

by Kyle Bubb

"Your total comes to \$52.35," the cashier says to Dave.

Dave reaches into the back pocket of his slick black dress pants for his wallet. The young woman behind the register begins to bag the box of delicate chocolates. She gently slides the bouquet of a dozen bright, bold red roses toward the end of the counter.

"Are these for your wife?" she asks, hesitantly taking his money.

"Fiancée, actually," Dave replies. He smiles, thinking about how much he has missed seeing the woman he loves. Dave begins to tell the cashier that he just got back into town from a three-week-long business trip for his advertising firm halfway across the nation.

"I'm sorry," Dave chuckles, "You probably don't care about any of this at all." His cheeks reveal a soft pink hue, and he begins to rub the back of his neck. He turns his head away from the register and looks around the supermarket. It is nearly midnight and the store is vacant of customers. Only a few employees can be seen among the various aisles in the store. He sees a lanky stocker with short black hair and a white button-down shirt at least one size too large attempting to fill a shelf with bottles of wine. The boy drops one. The glass bottle shatters on the tile below. The dark red wine races along the ground. It sinks into the nearby cracks in the tile. It spreads farther and farther across the floor. Dave watches the running wine, entranced for moments. Eventually, he turns back to the young cashier whose white teeth form a perfect smile. She combs her fingers through her long dirty blond hair.

"No," she says, "I think it's adorable that you missed your fiancée so much. You seem like a nice man, and I'm sure she's lucky to have you." She gives him a genuine smile, which Dave responds to with a tilted grin and a soft snicker.

He grabs the dozen roses and the bag of chocolates and heads toward the parking lot. Once Dave gets outside, the chill autumn breeze ruffles the plastic grocery bag, breaking the silence of the night.

The parking lot looks gigantic holding merely three cars, with enough spaces to hold at least a hundred. Dave's white four-door sits directly underneath a flickering lamppost. The lamp's light sporadically reveals the crack in the windshield and dents in the bumper of the run-down vehicle. Every few steps, the regular beat of Dave's dress shoes striking the pavement is interrupted with the crunch of gravel as he walks along the cracked cement. After he secures the flowers and treats in the back seat, Dave starts the engine and drives away. He hears the faint clashing tone of a train's horn in the distance.

The voice of the late-night DJ on the local classic rock station passes the minutes of Dave's trip home. Kansas's "Dust in the Wind" is the last song Dave hears before he reaches his house.

After parking alongside the curb outside his house, he looks out his passenger-side window, seeing that his front door is wide open. "What the hell?" Dave whispers to himself. He quickly grabs the flowers and chocolates, and runs up the six crumbling stairs in front of his faded blue, two-story home. When he gets inside, he sees sections of the house blocked off by yellow caution tape.

"Oh my God," he says. He drops the flowers and grocery bag and begins to pace through the first floor. "Hello? Karen? Are you here?" he yells. The screams echo through the home, reverberating through the empty air. He waits for a response; seconds pass, minutes pass. He isn't even sure how long he's been standing there. Confusion and terror flood his mind as he imagines what could have happened. He inches through the dining room, searching for anything out of place. He traces his finger across the dining room table, collecting a small amount of the dust left behind from days of neglect. He continues walking, passing through the doorway between the dining room and the kitchen. The further into his home he searches, the bleaker each room seems to become. No objects seem to be out of place or missing, yet his home feels empty to him. The moonlight shines through the window above the steel kitchen sink, illuminating its unclean collage of plates and pans.

The pale light shimmers on a family picture taped to the refrigerator. Dave grabs the photo and stares at the happy family. Karen's long, thick blonde hair is glowing in the bright summer sun. Her smile and bright blue eyes seem to illuminate the picture even more. Dave looks at himself. The beaming, soft complexioned man in the picture doesn't mirror the man holding it.

Still mesmerized by the photograph, Dave's mind begins to trail. The picture had been taken five years ago, just weeks before Dave had left to serve his first tour overseas. He hadn't thought he was afraid to leave, and he hadn't thought he was afraid to fight, to kill, to literally see death. His entire perspective changed when he got to the battlefield. The war had brought upon an overwhelming fear. It gripped him. It tormented him. The fear was loss—the loss of control, the loss of hope, and eventually the loss of self. His memories are a blur—just flashes of rapid gunfire, and distorted images of deep bullet wounds in his fallen comrades. The memories never fade from his mind, like a montage stuck on repeat.

Dave blinks. He replaces the picture on the refrigerator. "Where is she? What in the world is going on?" he mutters to himself. After traveling through the square set-up of rooms on the ground floor, he reaches the staircase in the living room. He grasps the banister and gazes up toward the dark hallway above. As he climbs, each stair creaks loudly, the piercing sound trails through the vacant house. He reaches the summit of the stairs and sees the closed door of the master bedroom straight ahead at the end of the hall. He cautiously walks toward the room. The narrow hallway seems to get darker as he reaches nearer and nearer to the bedroom, as if the light too is terrified of what is inside. Inches from the door, he reaches forward and clenches the knob. He slowly, delicately, rotates the bronze doorknob and gently pushes the heavy, wooden door—letting the shining silver moonlight burst through the growing gap between the door and its frame.

Dave freezes. He is a statue of fear. Shock pulsates through his veins. A sight of sheer horror

is reflected in his eyes. His knees fail him, and he falls to floor. Both of his hands leap to cover his face.

He kneels on the cold, hardwood floor. He unshields his eyes. He stares at a mess of blood splattered throughout the room. He scans the room, trembling. Everything is in disarray. The blood saturates the shambled sheets on the bed. The pillows, separated from their cases, are torn and strewn throughout the room. Jagged shards of glass from a large picture frame is littered across the bloodstained floor. A knife covered in dried blood rests on the chipped and cracked end table, right next to various pieces of a shattered lamp. Dave brings himself to his feet. He can't look away from the disaster. He forces his feet backward, slowly retreating from the room, through the dark hallway, and toward the screechy stairs. Losing shock and gaining fear, he races down the stairs and out the front door into the night. He halts in his tracks when he sees flashes of red and blue in the street. His eyes adjust to the light and focus on a police officer hurrying toward him, followed by a tall, frail man close behind him.

The officer grabs his gun from its holster and carefully points it toward Dave. "Mr. Reath, put your hands in the air, slowly," the officer says. He is still aiming steadily toward Dave.

"What?! I didn't do anything!" Dave yells to the officer. "What happened to Karen?! What the hell is going on?"

"Sir, you need to be quiet and put your hands in the air," says the officer.

"It's okay, Dave. We're here to help you," says the tall figure behind the officer.

Dave squints at him, trying to see who the man is through the night's darkness. "No! What is going on? Who the hell are you?" Dave screams hysterically. The officer reaches to within a few feet of Dave. Dave breaks his stance, turns around, and runs back toward his house.

"Stop!" The officer yells. The word pierces

*"Dave looks at himself.
The beaming, soft-complexioned
man in the picture doesn't
mirror the man holding it."*

Dave's ears. It resonates through his head. It's all he can hear. He loses focus on running and trips over the top step leading into his house. He hits his head when he falls to the ground, landing partially inside the home. As the officer sprints to Dave, he replaces his gun and grabs his handcuffs. When he gets to Dave, he digs his knee into Dave's back and forcefully locks his arms into the cuffs behind his back. Disoriented and confused, Dave is completely unable to fight back or escape. The officer lifts Dave up and begins guiding him to the police car.

"Dave's confusion has overtaken his mind."

"Dave, can you hear me?" the tall man says, inches from Dave's face.

Tears begin to flow down Dave's cheeks. "What...is happening?" he says, choking on his sobs.

"You're under arrest," the officer says crossly.

"Under arrest? For what!" asks Dave. "What happened to her?"

"Don't play dumb," the officer quickly says. "You know damn well what happened in there."

Dave's confusion has overtaken his mind. "No..." His muscles relax and he gives in to the officer guiding him to the patrol car. "I don't understand. I don't know what happened."

"You killed her," the officer says. "Your prints were all over the goddamn knife. Doc here said you'd come back here for sure. So we've been waiting for you."

Anger replaces Dave's confusion. He tenses his muscles and begins once again to fight for control. "What the hell are you talking about? I didn't kill her!" Dave screams. He begins to thrash chaotically. "I haven't been here for weeks! What the hell is going on here?"

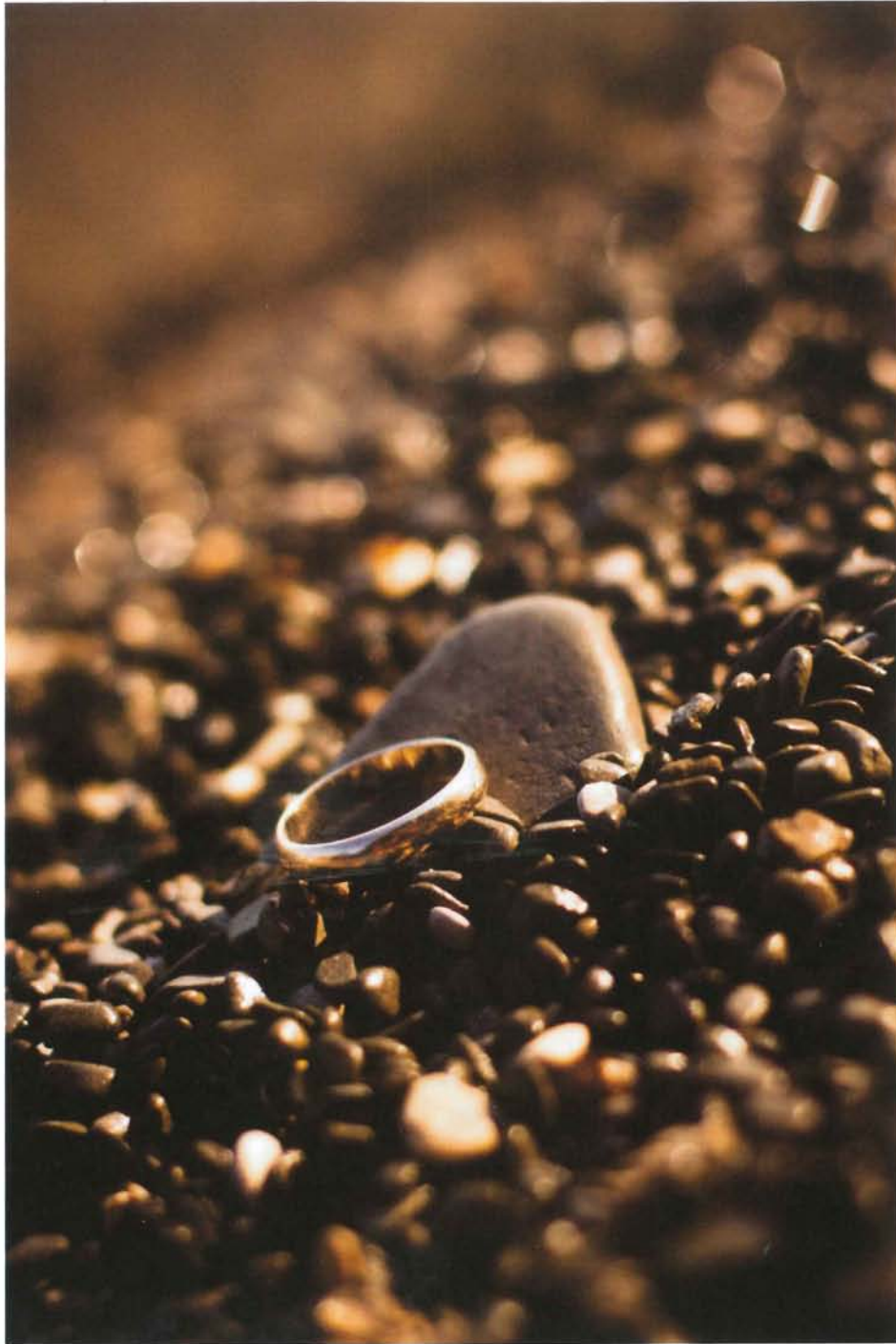
The officer continues to force him forward until they reach the car. The tall man opens the rear door, and the officer pushes Dave into the vehicle.

The tall man begins to talk to the officer, "He doesn't know what he's done. I think he's suffering from—" The officer slams the door, and Dave is unable to hear the rest of the man's statement.

Dave gapes at the officer while he walks around to the driver's side of the car. Both the officer and the frail man enter the car, and Dave hears the end of the officer's question to the other man, "... that'll hold up in court?"

"Maybe if he pleads insanity," the other man says.

The officer starts the car. He looks back at Dave in disgust just before he shifts into drive. Seconds later, after the officer drives away, the radio turns on and Dave hears Kansas's "Dust in the Wind" begin to play. ■



FINDER'S KEEPERS

by Wyeth Lynch
digital photograph

OUTSIDE MY FOCAL LENGTH

Poised on the tip of a satiny slipper
to pirouette my daily dosage, I mustn't neglect;
arm-twisted into twirling, or else I jeté ¹
into the sun-shrunk kiddie pool of serotonin,
down the dehydrated dopamine drain ²
like a hangover wrenching out your brains—
my own private suite at Dante's Nine-Ring Hotel.

I steel myself with shiv'ring breath
then lurch from the nest
blund'ring flimsy wings,
but fledgling my feathers can find no purchase
in the cool morning air.
And so I crash, stumbling outside of my focal length
into rabbit-hole of blur
like stag'ring through a shallow pool, or as though
I'm an elf being pulled down the yawning jaws of a toilet.

A python coils 'round my cranium,
wrapping its trunk around my skull,
and all the value of my long-term investments comes
spurting out my sides, evaporating into the night.

No, really, I feel fine,
Great, normal even...except
for when I push myself;
when surveying my furthest borders,
I trace my neural stencil,
and the rainbow-puddles of parking lots
bleed from the sulci³, tripping my grip
so my pencil slips, and clatters to the floor.

But now, with pencil
sprawled in splinters on the tile,
how can I wipe away the oily smears
that jolt reticular formation⁴ out of focus?
Am I too feather-muscled to cleave the cobwebs?
Could I ever gather grit enough
to conquer the me that cripples myself?

I slam prefrontal cortex⁵ to the mat
'til it oozes out of grasp in a greasy trail of tar.
When I stretch my hand,
foxlike fingertips only flail in vain
at grapes beyond their grasp.

But I am no fable. Why fret when half-sunken visage
shatters; no shelter for me
in the lip that curls to lone and level sand.
Because, in a frail figure that weaves
along the edges of my eyes
I see the jeering shadow
of what I could have been.

And that lip that once curled to the stretching sands,
let it crumble
into wind-scattered dust
for all the use it is to me.

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
stagg'ring against the floors of flightless Earth.

Drowning in fight and flight, I beat
my norepinephrine-starved mind.⁶
But...ughhh, my muddy fledgling-brain winces,
and stumbles up the slope
to try yet again to fly...

I slam prefrontal cortex to the mat
'til it oozes out of grasp in greasy trail of tar,
assessing my Roi, property value.

CASSIE GILLETTE

¹ "Jeté" means "to leap".

² Deficiencies of the neurotransmitters serotonin and dopamine are associated with certain mental disorders, including ADHD.

³ Sulci are the wrinkles on the brain.

⁴ Like most parts of the brain, the reticular formation does not have clear-cut duties. Many of its tasks, however, have to do with self-control.

⁵ Located behind the forehead, the prefrontal cortex is involved in long-term decision-making, logic, certain emotions, and impulse-control.

⁶ Norepinephrine is involved in alertness, startlement, and excitation. A lack of it occurs in some disorders, such as ADHD.

LITA

by Krystal Shearer

I've been her daughter for almost three years, and I just didn't know what to get her. Oven mitts? She sure baked a lot. A calculator? Every Saturday she counted up her checkbook by hand. What do moms like for Mother's Day?

The sidewalk was marred with cracks and canyons, the result of tree roots pushing their way past the boundaries of the concrete. I was careful to avoid the big cracks on my bicycle because it was brand new; I didn't want to scratch the shiny blue-green paint that faded into gold at the end of every bar. I'd gotten it for my eleventh birthday two weeks ago. I was pedaling my way to school, and I couldn't help but wonder at this place I had lived in for nearly three years. Grass smoothly covered every lawn, only ever a few inches high, uniform and perfect. Flowerbeds graced the sides of walkways and hedges enclosed some of the yards in dark, thick bristles that reached a foot or two over my head.

"Lita! Think fast!" I turned my head and that's when I hit a huge root. My torso flew up and my stomach crashed against the handlebars, my face and hands scraped against the sidewalk, one ankle got caught in the pedal. A football came flying and hit my knee. I blinked, sat up, and started to cry full on, tears flowing and everything burning. I heard the laughter of boys and their fading shouts as they ran away.

"Hey, Lee," said my friend Bryce, emerging from a hedge. I sniffed, wiped my nose, and calmed down enough to stop the tears. He leaned down and brushed my hair away. Bryce was eleven, exactly one month older than me, and his crisp appearance made the boys in our class mad at him. I knew everything he owned was secondhand, but he took immaculate care of it all. Today he wore a horizontally striped polo and straight-legged blue jeans and sneakers that were never muddy. His light brown hair was getting long, curling at the nape of his neck and the tips of his ears. I blushed for staring and pulled up my jeans to look at my ankle.

"Whatcha thinkin', Doc?" he asked me.

"I'm thinking I gotta go to school anyway."

I pulled my pant leg down gingerly, touched my face, winced and had to blink away tears.

"Are you okay?"

"It'll be fine. Hey, do you want to go with me after school to get Mom's Day presents?"

He shrugged. "Yeah, but I don't have any money, so I'll just look for next year."

I nodded. Bryce's family was poor enough that they couldn't give allowance. I alone knew that he washed his sparkling tennis shoes every few days in his kitchen sink. "If I still have some left, you can get your mom one, too." He grinned and picked up my bike. It was scraped to raw metal in places on the side it landed, but I decided that it was going to be a good day. It was Mother's Day, not about me. Or my bike. Bryce and I walked to school together quietly, my bike between us.

The nurse put some paste on my face but didn't cover it before class. "It'll be fine, honey, you don't want your whole face bandaged up," she said. "Gotta let it breathe." My one wound-less cheek burned with embarrassment walking down the hall to class. I walked in a few minutes late, and was greeted by my least favorite subject: math.

"Lita, number two on the board, please." The teacher tapped the marker board with his yardstick and waited. My head was buzzing. I was no good at math.

"Mr. Davis, I don't know how to do number two," I admitted. A few whispers and quiet laughter met my ears from the back of the room.

"Quiet, class. Come up here, Lita. We'll break it down together." Mr. Davis's piercing stare stopped the chatter. "Read it aloud to everybody."

My voice wavered as I spoke. "Tickets to a new movie went on sale. Four people bought tickets on the first day of sales. Twice as many people bought tickets on the second day of sales." I took a breath. "Each day afterward twice as many people bought tickets. How many tickets were sold after sixteen days?"

My hand shook a little, trying to multiply and failing multiple times. After that class, I sat staring

at my desk, pretending to listen to Mr. Davis's pep talk about how hard I'd worked, willing it to be a better day.

We stood at the back of the lunch line, and I kept trying to check out my face in the reflection on the protective glass over the food. I gave up and clasped my hands together, frowning at them and moving one step forward at a time in the line.

"Are you okay?" Bryce just kept asking me. He had asked me after every class that morning and I just wanted to punch him. Yes, I'm okay. Yes, I'm fine. Yes, I'm pissed off. I just wanted to go home.

He persisted. "Because, you know, I could kick somebody's ass." I looked up at him and he grinned back at me. He was so absurd, with his skinny white arms and stick-like body and too-long hair. One corner of my mouth turned up and I felt myself deflate. I wasn't angry at him. I just wanted it to be a good day. I grabbed a tray before I looked. I was stuck with chicken patty sandwich and peas.

"I'll be fine," I said. "Stop asking me, though, okay?" I resisted the urge to throw a pea at Bryce as I slid into the seat of our corner table. "I hate this place."

"Me, too," he said. "So what are you getting your mom?"

I looked up and caught his blue eyes staring into mine. "I dunno. What do moms like?"

"Uhh...my mom likes cigarettes and space. Lots and lots of space."

"Space?" I asked. Our eye contact faltered when his eyes fell to the side.

"Yeah, like, when nobody's around and she just sits on the couch and smokes and burns holes in the carpet like it's her job. Seriously, you should see the carpet after last Tuesday. It's a mess." He shrugged and piled pickles on top of his chicken patty and smashed the top of the bun down over all of it. He looked back up at me through his long bangs.

I said, "I want to get her a thing, though. Like a thing that I buy." I thought about it for a second.

"But not cigarettes."

"We'll find something cool," he said.

"Hope so."

After school I left my bike locked on the rack. We waited ten minutes for the boys to be gone and snuck out the back and down the alley toward the business district. Tall picket fences lined the yards in this area of town, and the gravel of the alley crunched and popped under our tennis shoes.

"Where to?" Bryce asked.

"Dollar Tree. Gotta get a card first," I said. We came out of the alley between Stoner Drug and Pizza Pete's. The sidewalks were smooth, evenly lined, with potted plants every few feet, surrounding the trash bins. I

could tell the old buildings from the new because the old ones were all the same dark red brick,

stained with age. The mechanical-sounding bell rang in a speaker above the door as we entered. I found Mother's Day cards beside a shelf full of tiny statuettes of horses and frogs. I picked out a bold pink card with a tulip border. It read, "Remembering the wonderful YOU today!" It was just right. I paid, hurrying because the cashier was staring at my scratched up face, and we were on our way.

"Did you ever think about earrings?" Bryce was looking at the card.

"I don't even know if she has pierced ears," I said. She didn't wear much jewelry. I wanted so badly to give her the perfect gift.

"Chocolates?"

"No." I was not getting her chocolates. Dad would buy her chocolates, but that was romantic and gooey and I didn't want it to be that much like what he would get her.

"What about...flowers?"

Now that was an idea. I stuffed my money into my pocket and began to run toward Kate's

"I was pedaling my way to school, and I couldn't help but wonder at this place I had lived in for nearly three years."

Cards & Carnations across the street. "That would be awesome! I can get her something in a pot and that'll take care of it!"

"Lita, you dropped a ten—"

I was so excited that I ran out in front of a truck. I heard Bryce's voice screaming my name but saw nothing. Felt nothing. And then his voice, too, was gone.

I heard beeping. Coughing. The smell of cleaning products and urine were harsh in my nostrils. "If he hadn't been slowing down for the light, she wouldn't have made it." That was my adoptive Dad's whispering voice, a low, gravelly

sound that wasn't any quieter than his real voice.

"I'm so glad..." It didn't sound like Mom could finish her sentence. I opened my eyes slowly, blinking at the harsh whiteness of the room. I focused first upon my adoptive mother's pale, tear-streaked face. Her brown hair fell in a soft, curling curtain that shadowed her eyes. Oh, crap. The flowers.

"...Mom?" I breathed. My throat hurt and my whole chest felt constricted. Her eyes widened and she wiped the tears away hastily.

Dad sat up in his chair right beside me and reached for my hand. "Lita? How are you feeling?"

"Where's Bryce?"



"I'm here," he mumbled from the corner. I started to grin and felt tightness around my mouth. His head was lowered and his eyelashes held up a tendril of his hair as he looked through it at me.

"Am I okay?" I asked him. "Did we get the flowers?"

"Oh, honey, they're beautiful," Mom said. She gushed over the brightly blooming tulip plant "we" bought her, which sat on the windowsill soaking up the last light at dusk. There was change on my bedside table beside the battered, pink, tulip-bordered card. My eyes locked with Bryce's. He smiled a soft, sad smile, blew me a kiss, and walked out the door. ■



SUMMER WINDS

by Wyeth Lynch
digital photograph





FIRE

by Samantha Hansen
digital photograph

Bewitching as a hummingbird,
 and as quick,
 and as colorful.
You flit from tourist to tourist
smiling with genuine joy.
 Your hips rocking like a lover's;
 your feet pounding out a rhythm;
 your hands as graceful
 as the doves behind you in the trees.
Always smiling
even as your tricks become riskier.
 But for a moment, I see a sullen glint
 in your smoldering charcoal eyes.
I used to do that backbend, too,
 to grab a dollar bill from the stage with my teeth.
It never failed to impress,
 and it never resulted in many tips for me, either.
"Assholes," I think.
 While I imagine you put me in this group, too;
in that one instant we are in the same strange sorority
 or so I want to believe.
I wish I could tell you this.
I wish I could dance with you,
 but
 the show is over now, and your men are collecting your tips, and
 whisking you away,
a hijab covering your bright costume and your smile.
 As if they were shameful.

RACHEL ROBSON

EXAMPLE OF MODERN MAGICAL PROBLEMS #42

The tap dancing iguana,
who lives in the red shoebox
in the clutter under my bed,
wears a black felt top hat
when I take him out to see his
click-clacking art in the privacy
of my room with the old yellow
filament light bulb.
But he won't use a cane in his act.

Sometimes at night I hear
his shoe's namesake coming softly
from under my bed—
as I try to sleep,
as I try to craft dreams—
like if you put thimbles
on the ends of your fingers then
drum them on thin cardboard.
The music of him practicing
keeps me awake.
But if I ask, he will stop.

The witch in the stick hut just
off twelfth street next to the
new cellphone repair store
(which hires someone
in a cellphone suit to wave at
the busy traffic)
conjured up this talented
green tap dancing iguana.
She used an old spell, one bound
in human skin, found
in an ancient Grimoire.
She was scanning it
into her computer.
She was transferring
her spells to her iPad
for witching on the move.

She gave me the felt top hat,
the tiny tap shoes,
and the black cane with white ends
which he still refuses to use.

You should see how his scaly
tail curves up between his legs so
he can stand on two of his four legs.
He keeps his black leather tap shoes
shiny enough to see yourself.
But he still won't use the cane
when he dances for me
in my bedroom on the
loneliest of nights.

Google has no answers
on how to get your iguana
to use his cane during the tap dance.
But there are articles on how
to apply makeup to your iguana.

I ask him to use his cane,
but he just looks at me
with his small shiny black eyes.
His pink tongue licks his white lips
like I am asking him to rewire my car.

MATTHEW PONDER

ULTRAVIOLET

by Tyler Lenz
digital photograph



THAT DAY IN SECOND GRADE

by Chase Shanafelt



All seemed right in the world that day. The events of the day had given me a yet unknown euphoria that would overtake my body. Was this love? I didn't know for sure, but if I were to guess, it had to feel like this. What a wonderful day it was. That day in second grade.

As I entered the normally monotonous pale brick building, the invigorating sense of anticipation struck me. I knew it was going to be a day out of the ordinary. This was my first day back in school in weeks. I had just returned from a bone-graft surgery that had repaired my cleft lip. The day certainly would be filled

"Her eyes glistened behind those pink thin-rimmed glasses. Her smile shone, stretched wide with genuine enthusiasm. Her soft brown hair glimmered as it rested gently on her shoulders."

with questions about the operation, about what was wrong with me, about how the doctors had broken my hip and put the bone "stuff" (marrow) in my lip, but those questions mattered little to me. I was finally able to be back with my friends. My anticipation peaked as my mother ushered me into Ms. Heers's second grade classroom. I slowly strode in as 20 pairs of eyes fixated on me with frenzied excitement. Ms. Heers pulled the reins on the class and they soon quieted. The short but stern silver-haired teacher approached my mother and me to welcome me back. I sidestepped them as they began to chat quietly next to the door.

"I missed you," I heard a squeaky voice say from the back corner. As my eyes scanned the classroom to re-acustom myself with my friends, I saw her. Hannah MacFarlane. She seemed to glow in the gentle bath of the fluorescent white light. Her eyes glistened behind those pink thin-rimmed glasses. Her smile shone, stretched wide with genuine enthusiasm. Her soft brown hair glimmered as it rested gently on her shoulders. "Magnificent," I thought to myself.

I had sat next to her in class before I left for my surgery. I had always had a coy interest in her, especially after the cootie epidemic of kindergarten and first grade days had ceased. We would chatter playfully and Ms. Heers would often get after us for

talking too much. I would often try to impress her by giving compliments and telling her interesting things about myself.

"I'm in a band, you know," I once told her matter-of-factly. As if that statement alone wasn't convincing enough I began to sing the newest Backstreet Boys song I had heard on the radio earlier in the morning, hoping she would have heard of "my band." As customary with several of my friends, Hannah would decorate her backpack with an assortment of key chains that would dangle gingerly from the zipper pulls of the bag. I would sometimes tell her how "cool" they were, especially the plastic neon-yellow snap-hook that she had clipped to the front.

My teacher and mother continued talking. Hannah sprung from her seat at her desk and, almost skipping, made her way to the wooden coat closet next to the door. She soon reemerged, arms extended towards me. Her hands were together palms up with her fingers curled inward like she was hiding something in her hands.

"This is for you. I hope you're feeling better," she said as she approached, keeping her wide smile fixed on her soft face. She opened her fingers and revealed what to me was the greatest token that any 8-year-old boy could receive; she exposed what I believed to be a symbol of her acknowledgment and acceptance to my liking of her. On her outstretched palms lay my favorite of her key chains: that neon-yellow snap-hook. I could do nothing but look up and smile. The excitement would not allow my mind to conjure any words from my mouth other than a simple "thank you." I felt a warm buzz wash over my stomach. Was this love? I didn't know for sure, but if I were to guess, it had to feel like this.

My mother and teacher ended their talk and turned towards me and smiled.

"Looks like you'll have to stay inside for recess for awhile," Ms. Heers said in an almost uncomfortably happy tone. "You can pick a partner every day to stay in with you if you'd like."

With little hesitation Hannah replied, "I can stay in the first day with him."

"That's very nice of you, Hannah," exclaimed Ms. Heers.

It was set. This would be the first test of my undying "love": the all-important recess time together. My childhood would soon never be the same.

From that day forward, for the next three years until the end of fifth grade, I professed my admiration to Hannah MacFarlane. Although she told me her father wouldn't allow her to "date" at

such a young age, it didn't matter; the forbidden love that existed in my mind was enough. It wasn't until middle school where my interests grew from key chains to the sudden development of chests of the "more mature" girls did my flame for Hannah fizzle. What a wonderful day it was, though. That day in second grade. ■

PLAYGROUND

by Jessica Boschen
digital photograph





DIPPER

by Brooke Spencer
digital photograph



NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS

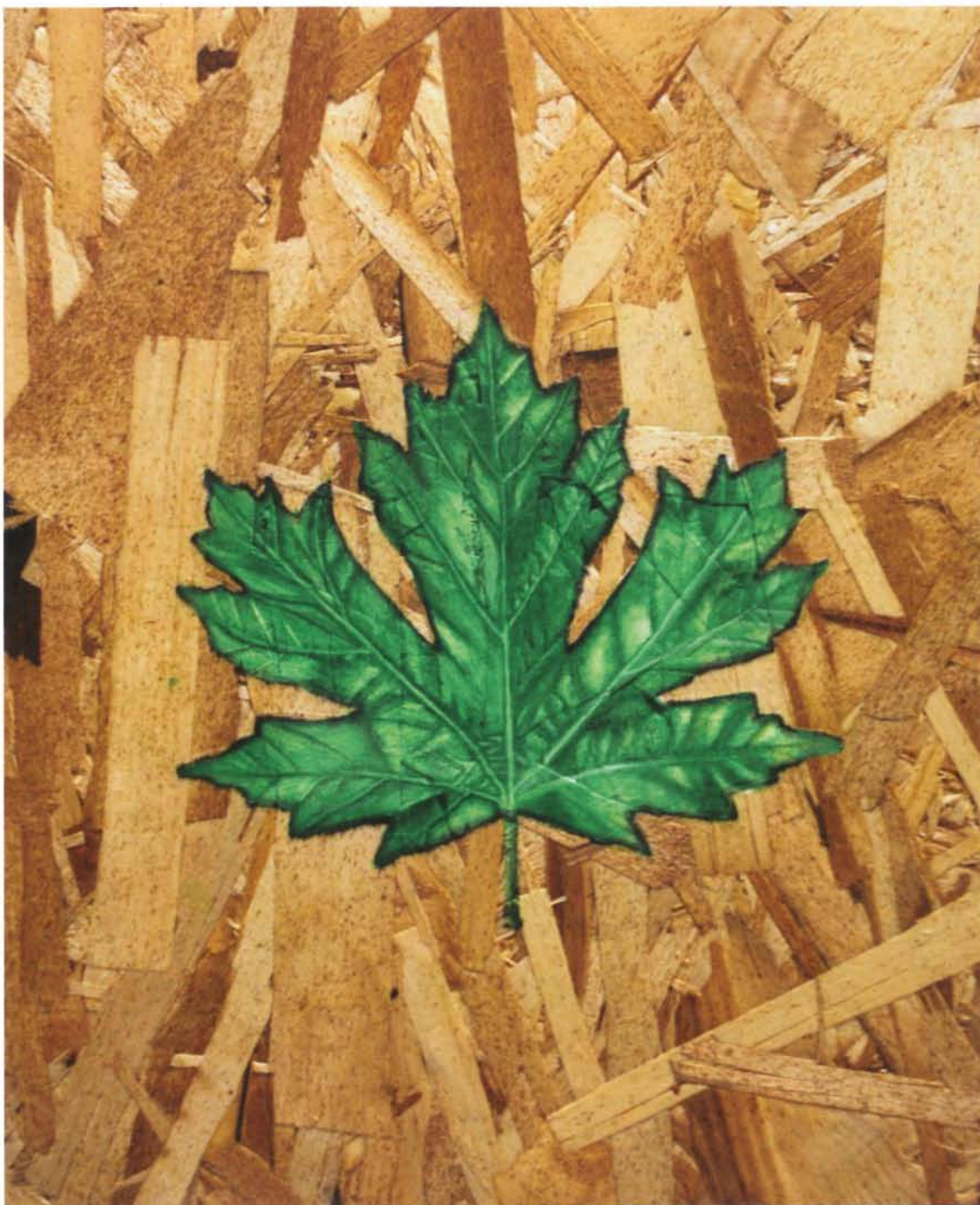
by Judy Bame
digital photographs



THROUGH THE GLASS

by Micki Dewitt
digital photograph





TREE?

by Amy Augspurger
oil

"Honey, I'm home!"

"How was your day, dear? Did you hear from Dr. Crawley?"

"..."

Crap! What is my line?

I knew it ten minutes ago.

My neck is clammy.

Think.

Something about Dr. Crawley.

Think.

She is asking about my day.

Think.

Look around.

She is wearing a flower printed sapphire dress.

I am in a tweed jacket and matching pants.

No help.

Well, what is my motivation for this scene?

I want her affection.

Okay, what is keeping me from that?

Crap.

That's the problem.

My hands tingle and my ears feel heavy.

The amber stage lights blur my vision.

Is it my wife?

No.

What about my boss?

When I rehearsed this at home I imagined a canary.

A bright yellow canary with soft feathers.

Why?

It would help so much if I could remember!

Someone in the audience coughs.

I look into my costar's eyes, giving her that lost look.

Surely she will help a guy out!

Her brow is sweaty, her left nostril twitches.

Her eyes are empty!

She is just as lost as I am!

Crap!

Think.
I want her affection.
Or is it sympathy?
Think.
Yes, I want her sympathy!
Not affection.
That's the problem!
Something about sympathy and the canary.
Sympathy and the canary.
Bright yellow with soft feathers sitting in a cage...
Dead?
Yes! The canary is dead!
"Yes, dear. The vet called. I have some bad news about Albert."

MADDIE MARDESEN

UNDER CORNFLOWER PAINT

by Kelci Teut

Ticking down, the clock hand rotated around and around until finally, the class session had run out. When the professor closed her books, the other students shot from their seats and out the door. I lagged behind, taking extra time to put my books back in my bag before I left. He was waiting for me right outside the door.

"Hey, Jake," I sheepishly grinned.

"Ready?" he asked as he put his arm around mine.

I laughed, shaking my head, as we climbed down the stairs. Snow covered all of the grounds except for the dry sidewalks, and we huddled together.

"When does the set have to be finished?" he asked.

"Wednesday, so we can start full dress rehearsals. But since everyone skipped town this weekend, I doubt it'll happen."

"So no one is coming to help paint?"

"Nope." Reaching the theater, he waited for me to open the door. From backstage, everything looked ready for our next production. But from the front row, we were in for a long night of work with the unpainted set. The stage crew had built a sweeping staircase and balcony in the middle of the stage and incorporated five doors on the lower level. Four of the doors were built into the left side of the stage leading to other parts of the house. On the other side of the staircase stood the fifth door, larger than the other four, leading to the "outside." Every inch of door, frame, trim, and railing needed to be painted, and cans upon cans of cornflower blue paint just sat, waiting to consume our evening.

"Can't you just leave this for Monday when everyone gets back?" he said. "We had plans for tonight, remember?"

"It'll never dry in time if we wait any longer. I told you I wouldn't be able to do anything until this was done."

"Fine," he scoffed at me, taking off his coat, scarf, and gloves, setting them down on the first row. "Oh, wise stage master, what must we do first?"

I met Jake after an opening of a Shakespeare production I had to see for a literature class over a year ago. I walked into the theater alone, as the house lights were dimming, and he strode to center stage, dominating it at once. His lean figure stood just at six foot, and almost every inch was covered in royal blue velvet material or tights. Golden piping matched the sunned streaks in his light brown hair, but his eyes were electric blue, shades lighter than his costume. I studied them as he singled me out, sitting alone off to the side. Every soliloquy he had was then directed towards me even though the house was half full. Squirming in my seat, I wanted to leave at intermission, but as I headed out the door, my professor called my name, asked me to join others from the class. Thus, I was pulled back in. Again, he recited his lines to me, professing his love, his life, even his death. I remained in my seat as the curtain closed, jotting notes for class. I looked up, and suddenly, he stood in front of me to introduce himself and flooding my life with his own.

After painting all of the trim, I sent Jake out for our supper and sat down at the front of the stage. I was tired of the way things were going. We spent all of our time working on sets and productions, doing homework until three in the morning, or working to pay the bills. We hadn't even been off campus to do something other than grocery shop or work in over two months. I hated it, and I was starting to hate Jake, too. He pushed me to apply for scene designer, to bump up theater to a major, to work at Eddie Bauer every weekend. I stared at the unfinished set, shivering as the wind gusted through the auditorium from the backstage door, taking the strong scent of paint with it. What was this all for, anyway? So I could put it on my applications and get into a good grad school on the coast? To get away from here and live with Jake elsewhere? Is that what I wanted?

"Two turkey and Swiss with lettuce and cucumbers, light on the honey mustard, no tomatoes, and two diet cokes," Jake announced as he waltzed down the steps to me. "What's wrong?" he asked

after he set his coat down in the front row, hopped up on the stage, and handed me a sandwich.

"Nothing. I just caught a huge whiff of it all." We sat down, staring at the scene. I opened my sandwich, picking off the slimy lettuce I wished would had been tomatoes. He forgot again.

"So, I was talking to Jessica, and the Four's Company just opened *Rent*. Do you want to go see it tomorrow night? It starts at seven-thirty," he said.

"That would be great if I didn't have to close. You knew I had to close this Saturday night."

"I was hoping you could switch with someone

or work in the morning."

"I could if you told me sooner."

"I wanted it to be a surprise." Jake stared down at his sandwich. "We haven't been out in a while."

"Yeah, I know. I just don't have the time."

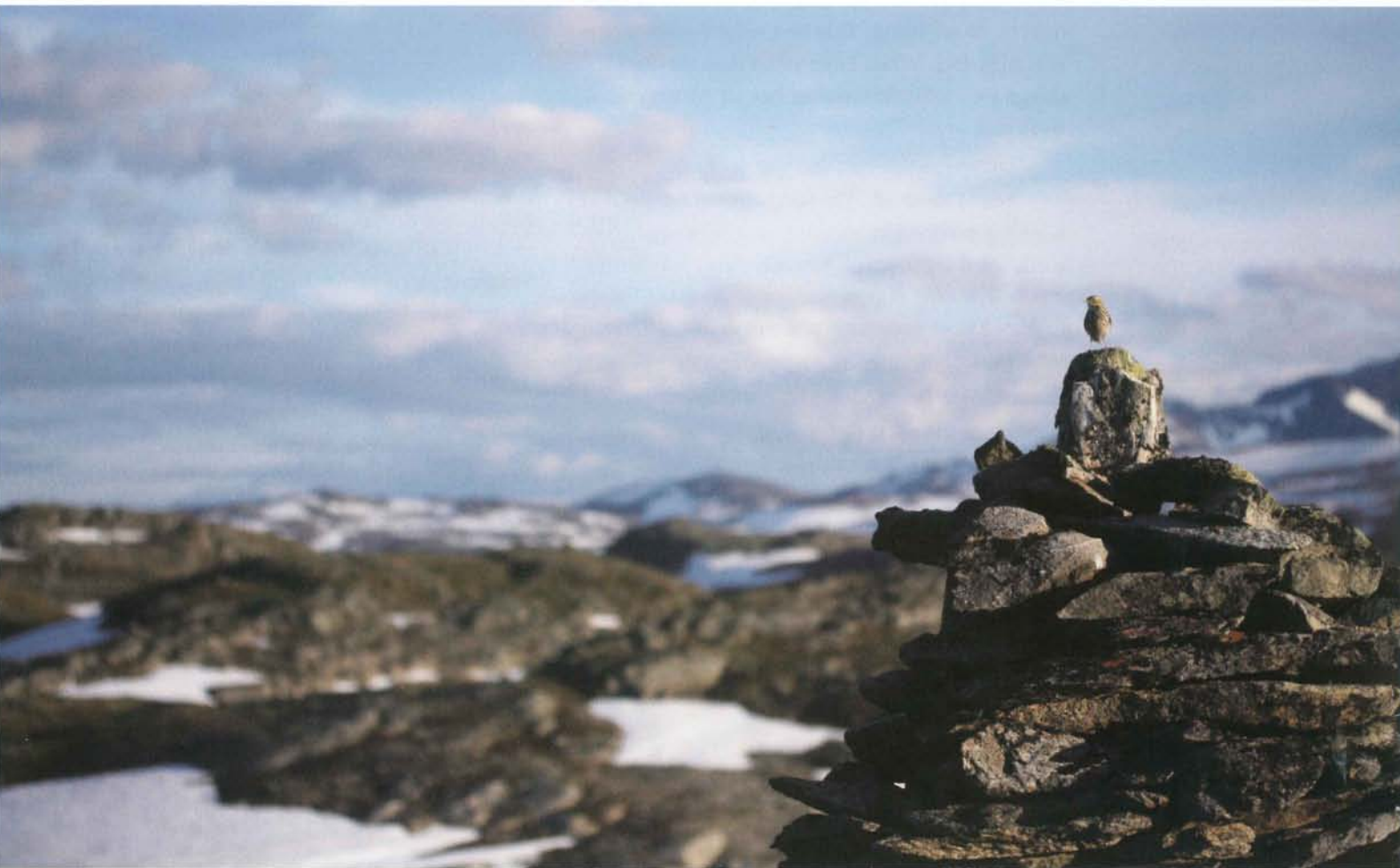
We ate the rest of the meal in silence, and I contemplated the rest of the set. Jake kept looking at me to say something.

"Come on," I motioned towards the cans. "The rest isn't going to paint itself."



STARK HORIZON

by Misty Johansen
digital photographs



We grabbed brushes and started with the balcony and stairs. Time dragged on as we crept around each other. I tried to think of something to talk about, but I didn't usually do all the talking. I watched Jake, avoiding my gaze when just hours ago he longed for it.

"I'm sorry," I said, looking him straight in his turbulent eyes.

"What for?" He pushed.

"For not having enough time to go out tomorrow and—"

"It's not a big deal. I understand," he replied.

"I think it kind of is a big deal. Maybe not just that I can't go out, but that I never have enough time to do anything. This isn't what I wanted this year to be like. When I met you, I thought of all the things we could do together but all we ever do is work and study—"

"Drew—"

"No!" I shouted. "I'm tired of this. I'm tired of working every night on these sets or doing homework for the theater. I honestly don't like it that much. The only reason I agreed to do all of this is to spend more time with you. I'm done."

"Drew, you can't quit in the middle of a production. Stop being such a drama queen."

"Once the set is finished, there is not a whole lot for me to do. You can just do it for me, Drama Queen."

He opened his mouth, but nothing came out. I had never disagreed with him before. Moments passed as we stared each other down. "Fine." He threw down his paint brush, storming down the stair case. He jumped off the stage, grabbed his coat, and stomped up the aisle.

The door thudding reverberated after him. I closed my eyes.

He flattered me from the start. Told me I could do anything when I knew I couldn't. Told me I could write and that designing sets would help me develop imagery. He told me that I needed to spend more time learning how to embody characters. Soon, I stopped going to the library to hang out with those girls I spent long nights with in the library while reading nineteenth-century poets. I quit talking to them at all. I went to the theater. I didn't just start spending more time with him, I jumped into the torrents of his life, imagining it my own.

Hours later, I had finished with the staircase and four of the remaining doors. That last big door remained. I took a break, sitting on the edge of the stage. It was that simple. I had already decided to quit the show, and first thing Monday morning, I could talk to my advisor about dropping the major back down to a minor. I still had to finish this semester and two classes with Jake. But working on the weekends gave me an excuse to not go to the shows. I didn't like the theater that much in the first place.

The last door to be painted blue was the only thing standing between me and what I had before. I picked up my brush and caressed each edge of the wood, each frame within it, each crack and piece of molding until it was covered. I shut that last blue door gently, closing out the world I had never wanted to know. ■



SUNSET FAN

by Sydney Brisco
digital photograph

Theatre is the drug that inhabits my bloodstream;
causing my heart to explode
when the lines of pure art boom from
the lips of the actors.
I'm an addict hooked on the taste
of the theatrical atmosphere.
I can inhale the fresh coats of scenic paint
and bathe in the lights of the technical puppeteers
high above, hidden away in their nest.
The lights may go down but this proves
that I stand steps away from being thrown
into a sequence well-rehearsed.
Stage Right.
Stage Left.
Upstage.
Downstage.
Backstage.
Booth.
Pit.
Steps to a dance
delicately weaved together.
The show a canvas which calls
to human emotion.
Projected from the human body
for all eyes to drink up.
Give way to the domination
of the performance.
The red curtain wraps
a gift for the world to partake in.
The theatre is beckoning all to come,
all to see, all to feel.
Give way to the call.

ALEXIS MCKEE

CHERNOBYL STRAWBERRIES

The rouge fruit
grew twisted and wild on the hillsides of Ukraine
until picked and pintoed for an American dollar.
Safety was assured with my consumption
in a language equally warped,
yet first bite hummed electric
and current-warmed me to my core.
I surrendered to temptation...
Shrugged off risks of transmogrification
and ate till my fingertips blushed.
The price at the time was ideal,
but what they conceal is the
ruination of all other berries.
I have since convinced myself that it was only days
sponging the Kiev sun that sparked my tongue
and not plutonium husbandry,
but I would give anything tonight
to feel radioactive again.

RANDY UHL

MY FROZEN DOOM

by Cat Ruddy

It was a beautiful morning. The sun was shining. The snow was sparkling. My snow pants were snug. It was a good day to be a child in Minnesota.

I stepped outside the front door of my early childhood home; a cozy house the color of pea soup with awnings that reminded me of those swirly green mints you often get at the bank when they run out of Dum-Dum suckers and dog treats. The air was brisk but felt so nice on my little round face.

I inhaled that sweet December morning air and exhaled with satisfaction. Every child who lived on Sweet Briar Lane was out this day, building snow people and snow forts, and if they weren't, well, then they weren't children at all. They were sad little people who did not appreciate life. My four brothers and sisters were in our front yard, building various snow structures. I smiled behind my acrylic scarf as I landed my first step into the crispy snow.

"Hey, guys!" I chirped excitedly. My siblings grumbled and sighed with exasperation. "Can I make a snow fort, too?"

My older sister, Elizabeth, a child with a permanent grimace on her face, walked over to where I was standing only to push me down into the snow. "NO!" she said defiantly. "GO AWAY!" Elizabeth would never speak, only yell.

I sat in the snow for a moment, for I knew that if I tried to stand right away she would just push me right back down again. After five years of torment, I had learned of Elizabeth's ways.

"But, but, but," I stammered, "Meggie's out here! Why can't I be out here, too?"

"Because," my brother Peter began, "Meg just sits there and eats snow. You talk."

I looked over at Meg. She was, indeed, simply eating snow and giggling that annoying adorable giggle that two year olds make.

I hated how cute Meggie was. She was stealing my thunder, dammit. I was the cute little one with the pinch-able cheeks before she came along. Honestly, if my mother wasn't going to name my little sister Frosty the Snowman I saw no reason for the baby to exist at all. And here she was, eating snow like she owned the joint.

"I'll be quiet, I promise!" I was begging. I had nowhere else to go. What was I going to do? Go play in the backyard alone? I was five years old; I knew what a loser was and I definitely did not want to be one.

"You don't even know how to be quiet." Peter was sassy for a nine year old. I blame the Captain Underpants series.

"Yes, I do!" I hollered. I attempted to stand up as I hollered, for dramatic effect, but my snow pants made it quite impossible. I toppled over into the snow once again, and this time I could not get up. I was like a turtle that had been flipped onto its shell. I closed my eyes to try to block out the humiliation as my siblings laughed at me. I played dead.

"Hey, come on now guys. Cut it out." I recognized the dulcet tone as my oldest brother, Will, who had grown wise in his eleven years of life and through his duties as the eldest child of five. "Let's help Catherine make a snow fort."

My heart skipped a beat. Was I finally going to be accepted by my clan? I had been waiting for this day. I even had a little speech prepared. This was going to be the best day of my life.

I fought gravity with all of my might and stood up, excitement coursing through my veins. I was beginning to sweat underneath my many layers of sweaters and winter gear. I could feel the snow that had been encrusted on my scarf begin to melt as I breathed heavily, waiting.

"Let's build your fort over here." Will walked over to a patch of untouched snow by the garage.

"Yeah, let's build it there," Peter said with a smirk.

I did not like that smirk. That smirk was bad news.

I slowly made my way over to Will while keeping a wary eye on Peter. Peter was grinning impishly at me. Keeping a wary eye on him was not going to be enough, I realized. I turned around and prepared to break out into a sprint, but before I took one step, Will went for my arms and Peter my legs. Before I knew it, they were lifting me up into the air. I tried kicking and screaming to try to worm

my way out of their grasp, but Will had me by the armpits and Peter had a firm hold on my boots; if I struggled too much, he would remove them and I'd be forced to march through the snow, barefoot.

"Elizabeth! Quick! Get the lid!" Will yelled. Did I mention Will was secretly a dirty little rat-fink stoolie?

A sudden panic washed over me as I realized what their evil plan was. "No!" I screamed. "Not the garbage can! Please! Not the garbage can!"

They all cackled like hyenas as they dumped me into the large plastic green trash receptacle. I will never forget the stench that lingered in the dark depths of the miserable abyss that was my new home. It smelled of old banana peels, dirty diapers, and shame. I looked up at the sun one last time before they replaced the lid and sealed my stinky fate. I was left in the darkness with nothing to keep me company but my tears and a used Huggies. I once again cursed Meg's existence.

"Guys?" I whimpered. No response. But I could hear them frolicking in the snow that I loved ever so much. In the quiet of the trashcan, I could hear my heart crying. And the Huggies was beginning to give me a dirty look. I needed to get out of there. I gingerly lifted the lid and peeked out. They were, as I had thought, indeed, frolicking in the snow. But one of them was missing...

"STAY IN THERE!" Elizabeth thumped the lid down on my head and I fell to the bottom of the garbage once again. And this time, I did as I was told and stayed.

I was in that garbage can for three and a half hours. I believe I blacked out at some point. By the time I finally climbed out of that garbage can, the sun had set and the temperature had dropped. All of the other kids had retired indoors and were eating Campbell's Chicken Noodle soup and sipping hot cocoa and melting the cold off of their faces and warming their hearts. And I had been trapped in a garbage can.

I took two steps but physically could not take a third. My boot had become stuck in the top layer of the snow, which was mostly ice. I pulled and

yanked and attempted to remove my boot and army crawl back into the house. Anything to avoid frozen doom. But it would not budge. I could feel the tears coming. I tried to fight them; I didn't want them to freeze on my face. But I could only hold them back for so long before I lost all control. I bawled. I wailed. I wanted my mommy and I called for her over and over. I was stuck there for forty-five minutes before my mother finally heard me and dislodged my foot from the snow. She then carried me inside and set me at the table.

I finally thought my day was going to turn around—Campbell's Chicken Noodle soup and hot cocoa. But I was surprised; instead of meeting my expectations, my mother set a plate full of what

RED

by Caitlin Casey
digital photograph



appeared to be Chicken McNuggets in front of me. Could it really be? My all-organic mother was feeding me McDonald's?! I was dreaming.

Unfortunately, I was not dreaming. I took one bite and nearly vomited. "Mom, what is this disgusting thing you have tried to feed me?!"

"Fried oysters, Catherine! Aren't they delicious?" she asked, and I honestly thought she was joking. She was not. I proceeded to hang my head and decide my life was crap. ■

THE PAPER

You asked,
"Why is your paper late?"

Because I wanted to
see the moonlight dance on
the white crystals of
receding and dirty snow.

Midnight coffee in the
dark dingy diner while making
connections to Perseus and Jesus.
God and Gods to those of
Middle East persuasion.

To drink golden shit of
yeast till the sun peaks pink
over the hills perched with
houses full of sleeping souls.

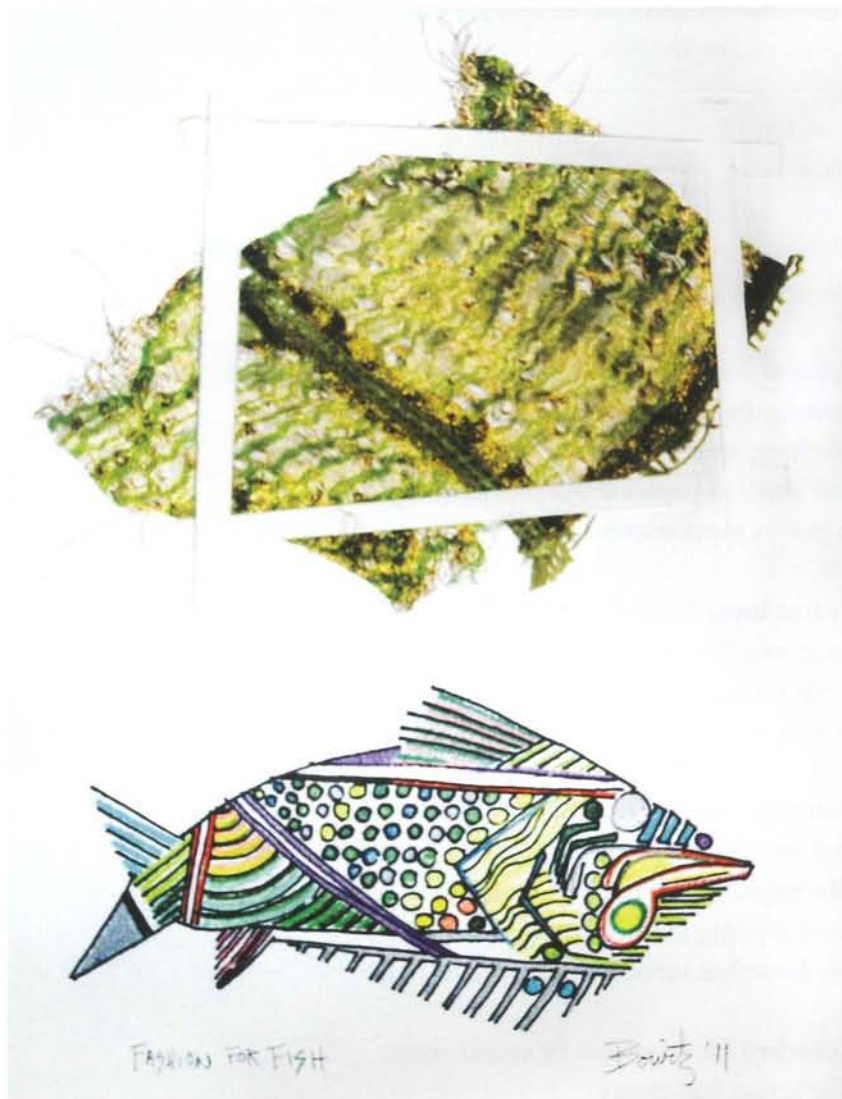
I needed to swing my arms
circularly in the predawn
empty streets with loose footed
rotations, this is true dance.

I could not focus in class, for the
woman two rows up would
blush and smile then turn when
our eyes met but for a second.
I learned only that my bed is
cold with only me under the sheets.

I could not bear the blank page.
It gave nothing to me and in turn
gave nothing. Nothing gets you nothing.
The paper is not late, but here.

The paper became what it desired,
a white perfectly folded crane.
Nothing added. It realized its
potential and so have I.

MATTHEW PONDER



FASHION FOR FISH

by John Bowitz

mixed media

CARNIVAL



The upbeat carnival music,
it seems almost sinister tonight.
The natural music notes turning flat.
This carousel seems to be speeding up.
I can't escape the past.

I am fifteen.
I have long, mousy brown hair and olive skin.
I love the color pink and Justin Bieber.
I have a mom and a dad and we live in the rich neighborhood.
We are the perfect family.

A brown horse attached to a red and gold striped pole
leading up to the red roof with the yellow lights.
Blinking, spinning.
The smell of popcorn and cotton candy is thick.
It makes me nauseous.

I came home from school on April 12th.
Mom and Dad were still at work.
I was expecting to find my big brother Aaron watching TV.
But he wasn't on the couch, and I didn't know why.

Faster and faster I turn.
Is it my imagination?
The music makes the hair on the back of my neck rise.
Acid is rising in my throat.
My horse has turned into a steed to Hell.

I checked his room, but he wasn't there.
The house was empty.
He was always there waiting for me.
I hoped he had remembered his medication.
I started screaming his name as I headed for the garage.

I cling to my death horse.
The popcorn smells burnt now.
The noise they call music has lost all sense of being a song.
I remember it all.

I opened the door to the garage and I saw him
hanging there.
My brother, lifeless.
It all faded to black.

My horse slows to a stop.
I fall off of him.
And vomit on the ground.

I am fifteen.
I have long, mousy brown hair and olive skin.
I love the color pink and Justin Bieber.
I have a mom and a dad and we live in the
rich neighborhood.
We are the perfect family.

MICHELLE KUESTER

TO THE TOP

by Kyle Bubb

We hurried through the crowded collection of people. I caught the scent of frying dough forming into funnel cakes mixed with the bold stench of perspiration leaking out of overweight people in line to ride the roller coaster.

"It literally smells like ass. Like this is what the first ass modeled its aroma after," Kevin said as we brushed past a group of overweight people who I could only assume were going to die of starvation

this was supposed to be an intimidating glare, but the collage of chocolate frosting and candy sprinkles smeared across his pale and pudgy cheeks only made me smirk and slowly shake my head in disbelief.

"Why do theme parks always attract fat people?" asked Josh.

"I think they're built in places where gravity is stronger, that way fat people are just naturally forced to go to them." Kevin said. He led the three of us through the maze of theme-park goers.

I started to laugh at Kevin's joke, but immediately stopped when I felt a soft squish against the sole of my shoe. I looked straight down and found an assortment of trashed treasures littered on the ground. I saw pieces of golden popcorn, colorful candy worms, splotches of melted chocolate, and the source of the squish—pink bubblegum.

"Ah, shit," I muttered as I lifted my shoe, seeing the bubblegum stretching between the ground and its newfound attraction—my foot. For fear of falling behind, I didn't stop to pick away the sticky mess on the bottom of my shoe; so with

each succeeding step, my right foot seemed to want to anchor itself to the black pavement.

"Should we ride the roller coaster?" Kevin yelled to us. His question was barely audible over the chatter of bystanders and the adrenaline-induced screams coming from a cart of people passing by on the roller coaster just in front of us.

"Hell yeah!" Josh yelled. He turned to me. "You down?"



MINNEAPOLIS

by Samantha Hansen
digital photograph

at the exact same time unless they each got their fried fat within the next 30 seconds. One of the overly eager and overweight customers backed into me, almost knocking me onto the scorching pavement.

"Sorry." I said after he bumped into me, "I should've been watching where you were going." He turned his head to me, curling his lips and squishing his eyebrows toward each other. I think

I stopped walking. I stared up at the metal mountain towering over us. I watched as carts of people were slowing, being dragged up to the peak, to the summit my fear. The riders, just small silhouettes by now, held their arms in the air, as if there was nothing to be afraid of—as if being on top of the world was nothing to fear. They inched nearer to the top; so high up that I had to shield my eyes from the sun as its bright beams peeked through the gaps between the carts. They finally reached the top, the zenith of exhilaration. They crept slowly to the point of no return. And as quickly as the flick of a light switch, they were racing toward the valley below.

Their screams were piercing. I clenched my eyes shut. I was petrified.

"Uh, no thanks... I think I'll stay here and watch." I said to Josh and Kevin.

"Are you kidding me? This is one of the biggest roller coasters in the world! You can't puss out now," Josh said. He grabbed my arm and tugged me to the end of the line with him.

"Can't we start out with something a little... smaller?" I asked with a shaky voice.

"Yeah, sure. You can walk through the Princess Castle. That shouldn't be too scary, but watch out—I hear those fairy godmothers come out of nowhere." Kevin said.

The coaster's carts came to a stop near front the front of line, ending one voyage and ready to begin another. A lifetime could have passed in the mere minutes we were waiting in line. My time to ride the coaster was inevitably approaching. When we reached the front of the line, I was trembling. My knees felt as if I hadn't walked for years. I thought I might collapse. I watched the previous riders exit the carts, most of them smiling from ear to ear, already recapping the entire ride with their friends.

"I don't want to do this." I said.

"Dude, there's nothing to be afraid of," said Josh. "Trust me, when it's over you'll thank me. You'll want to do it again!"

"Haven't you guys seen *Final Destination 3*?"

I asked, half-jokingly, trying to cover up my obvious fear.

"Yeah, it's a terrible movie. What does that have to do with this?" Kevin replied.

"They all die because the roller coaster breaks!" I yelled.

I looked behind me, realizing I had yelled that. The others in line stared at me quizzically. I felt like the only person who was scared. Even the fat guy who almost knocked me over earlier was giving me a look of disgust. It's easy for him to not be afraid of roller coasters—he can just eat his fear away, I thought.

"Um, did you see *Final Destination 3*?" Josh said. "None of them died because of the roller coaster."

I looked back to my friends, partially confused about Josh's response.

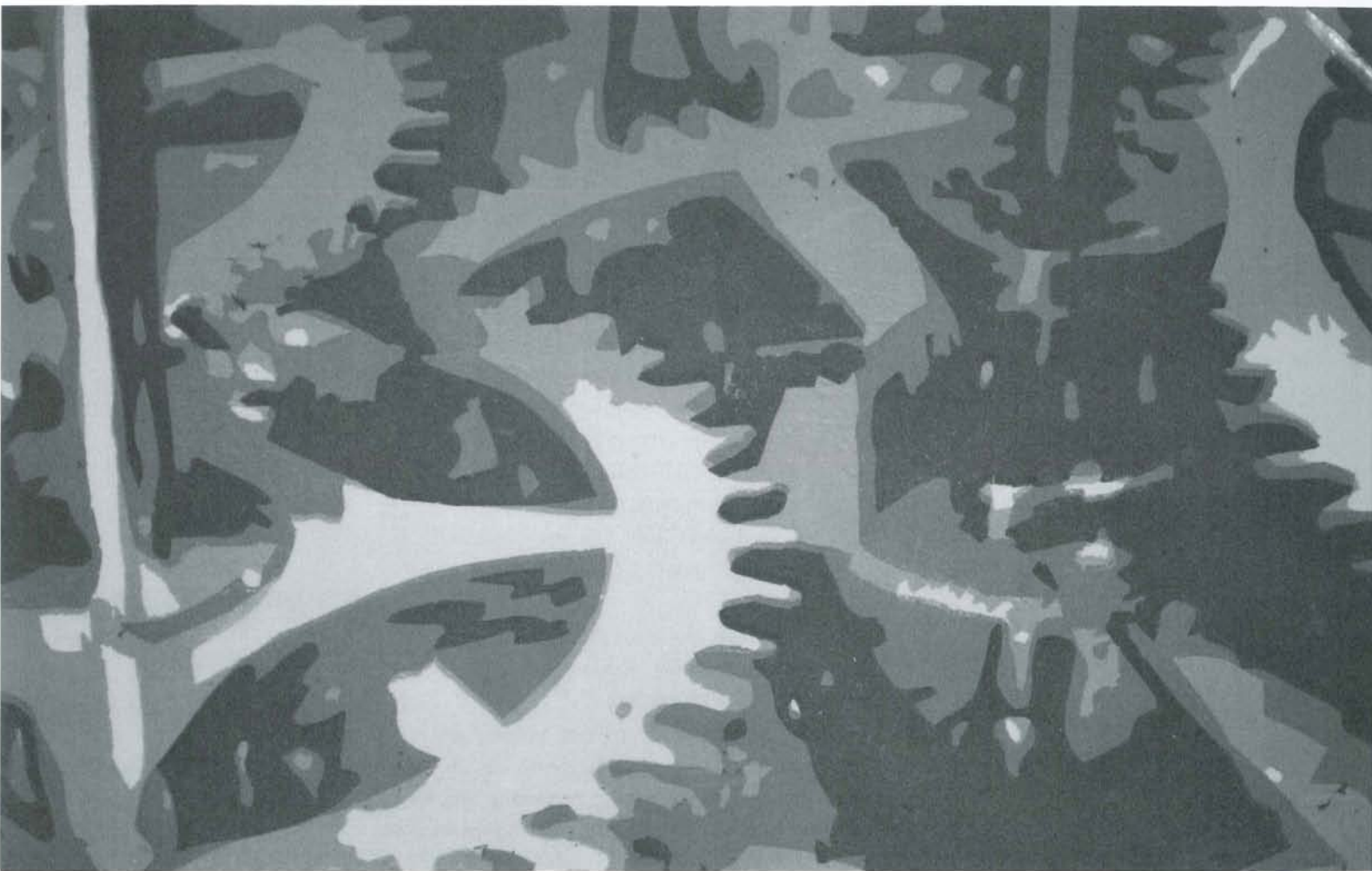
"Yeah, the main characters all got off just in time!" Kevin said, as if to help me with my fear.

Moments later, the people at the front of the line began to file into the carts. My body followed the dwindling line toward the entrance to the ride, as though an outside force was pushing me forward. I didn't want to go. My body shook in terror. I could feel sweat soaking my shirt. The ride's conductor guided me to the cart behind Kevin and Josh. Reluctantly, I lifted my right foot into the metal cart. When I stepped down, I felt a soft squish against the sole of my shoe. ■



CROW LOGO

by Tyler Lenz
graphic design



GEARS

by Amy Augsperger
relief print

CONTORTIONISTS

Our ruined bodies are not the results of chemical use,
but rather physical abuse.

We contorted our bodies and squeezed our souls
through rings, hoops, and boxes.

Through and through,
again and again,
never contemplating
the consequences
that our bodies would for-surely endure.

All eyes watched us at the center of the ring.

Fighting against anatomy and physiology—
bending over backwards for a round of applause.

We considered ourselves
to be the true Gladiators of Mankind.

After all, our existence was solely for the entertainment of others.

However,
adrenaline no longer runs through my veins,
for my days of self destruction are now and forever over.
So goodbye to the circus.
We hope you enjoyed the show.

SARAH SORENSON

Pierced ears, two
extra holes
created to hold
the gold things you
give me.
Shall I make myself
beautiful
for you?
Pierce my nose,
put your ring through,
tether me by a
fine, gold chain,
pierce my belly,
push the hoop in
again and again.
What else
will you
have
me
pierce?
How many
holes
must you
create and
fill
before you are
satisfied?

TRISH SANDBULTE



WINDOW STUDY I

by Amy Foltz
batik

SUZIE-LEE SMITH AND THE STORY

by Matthew Ponder



I watched a bead of sweat roll down the glass of sweet-tea to the glass top of the coffee table.

"Are you a pirate?" asked Suzie-Lee.

I chuckled. My voice sounded like a concrete-mixer. I leaned back into the recliner.

"No."

"What happened to your eye?" asked Suzie-Lee.

"I played with matches as a kid." I leaned forward. Took a drink of the sweating sweet-tea and placed it on the ring of water. I rubbed my sandpaper hands together and cleared my throat.

"Is your beard real?"

I said yes and she reached forward to pull on my four inch white beard.

"Ooo...you're strong. Did you know that?" I told Suzie-Lee. I sat back into the recliner. Suzie reached forward from the couch to the glass-top-coffee table and her Coke can with a blue and white bendy-straw poking its head towards her. Suzie-Lee's hand knocked over the can.

"Oh shoot," Suzie said in her small voice.

I set the can upright. A smidgen of pop spilt on the glass.

"It's alright," I trained my eye on her curly black hair. "What are you learning in school?"

"Yesterday my teacher told us about the pilgrims."

"Oh yeah?"

"They came over on a big boat. They had silly hats with buckles on 'em."

"That's right. They did."

"Can I see what your eye looks like under there?"

I sighed. I scratched my knee through my blue jeans. "Do you want to hear a story?"

"Can I see your eye?"

"Maybe after the story, okay?"

Suzie-Lee didn't respond. She busied herself with a yellow duck patch sewn onto her pink t-shirt.

I started, "Once upon a time there was a King

and..."

"What was his name?"

I mumbled. "His name was Robert, King Robert, and he lived with his lovely daughter, the princess."

I pulled my wrinkly arm off the fake leather recliner. I drank my tea and tried to set it back perfectly in the water ring. I missed by half- an-inch. My head began to itch. I scratched the bald spot there.

"The king loved his princess very much. They'd go to the park and sing and he did everything for her."

Suzie-Lee played with the duck again. Her tan fingers tried to pull the duck off.

"Both King Robert and the princess were happy for a long time, but one day she fell in love with a blacksmith."

"Is this a love story?" Suzie looked at me again.

"Er. Ummm, yes. A love story."

"Okay." She sucked on the straw never taking her eyes off me.

"The king didn't want his daughter to marry out of royalty. The royal bloodline. His lovely princess only deserved a prince."

I scratched both my knees. I needed time to put this story together in my head and calm my nerves.

"But the princess ran off with this common blacksmith and left the king alone in his castle."

"Where is the queen? Every king has a queen."

"The queen died."

"Sad."

I agreed with her. Suzie then asked me to continue the story. I took a long gulp from the glass on the coffee table.

"King Robert was very sad. He wanted to forget that he ever had a daughter. So he went and found a potion to make him forget." I pulled my fingers through my white beard. "But the potion only made him forget for a short time, and every time he began to remember the princess he would become sad. Sad and mad. Mad because he didn't

do anything to get her back."

"Why didn't the king call her?"

"Because the king didn't want to admit he was wrong."

Suzie-Lee twirled her dark hair around one of her fingers. She urged me to continue. I looked at the blue flower wallpaper up in the corner behind the couch.

"The king had to keep drinking this potion to make him forget his sadness and pain. He did that for years. Each year that passed the princess got further and further away."

The sweet-tea continued to sweat in the humid summer air. Even indoors, it was hot. The whirr of the air conditioner in the window stopped. I looked at it. Then the whirring began again.

"King Robert drank so much of the potion that he forgot that he even was a king. He spent all of his riches trying to find a better forgetting potion."

"But kings have a lot of gold," Suzie-Lee said, "it says so in the stories."

"King Robert did have a lot of gold, but he spent all of it."

"All of it?"

"Yes."

"That was stupid."

"King Robert was very silly. So silly that even the townspeople stopped calling him king and Robert stopped wearing his crown, robe, and all his other fancy clothes. He wore torn shirts and torn jeans."

Suzie drank her coke and looked at me with her wide brown eyes. She smiled.

I cleared my throat to try to loosen the rock in there. I continued, "One day a wizard came into the kingdom and..."

"Wizard's name?" Suzie-Lee asked.

I stumbled for words and ran my hand through my thinned hair. I looked down to my hands folded in my lap. They were white and wrinkled. They were rough from hard work.

"His name was Mark."

"Mark isn't a wizard name."

"Why not? You like Harry Potter? And Harry is a wizard."

"Harry is not that type of wizard."

"Right you are, oh, I forgot, what was the wizard's name? Oh, yes, I am silly. The wizard's name wasn't Mark but Robby. Robby is a wizard name."

She agreed. Robby was a suitable wizard name. She repeated the name a few times just to make sure. It must have felt right.

"So then what did the wizard Robby do?"

"Well, the wizard saw King Robert in the tattered clothes and drinking the forgetting potion. Robby knew Robert was the king. He saw the king hidden deep inside, hidden under the torn clothes and old age."

I sipped from the sweet-tea again. I scratched just under my eye patch. I could see how the story would end. Deep breaths soothed the apprehensions from earlier.

The front door creaked open and a tall black man in a charcoal-grey business suit came into the house. The man set down a brief case. He looked at me in the eye. Lips made into a frown. He said, "Bob? What are you...?"

"Daddy," yelled Suzie. In a flash, she was already hugging him around the knees.

"Hey sweetie," the black man said to her.

"I'm listening to a story," Suzie-Lee said beaming up at the man.

Suzie's dad wanted to know where mom was and if Suzie was alright. Suzie-Lee didn't have any complaints and wanted to hear the rest of the story.

"Adaleigh is in the kitchen." I pointed him down the hallway.

Suzie released her father's knees and plopped back down on the sofa opposite me.

"But you haven't..." The tall man went down the hallway. "Addie? Addie?" His voice trailed and became a murmur after the kitchen door shut. I could only make out two voices.

"Okay, where were we now?" I asked Suzie-Lee.

"Robby found the king."

"Okay. So the wizard knew Robert was actually the king. Robby the wizard wanted to help him. The wizard wanted to make Robert back into the king he once was."

A pan dropped somewhere. The two muffled voices from the kitchen stopped for a second.

"Anyway, Robby tried to help the king. But the king was so sad and mad at himself for losing his one and only princess that the king often went and drank more of the evil forgetting potion."

"Why didn't King Robert just stop?" Suzie asked. She went back pulling at her sewn-on duck.

"Like I said, whenever he began to remember it was too painful. Robby was stubborn and kept trying to help King Robert."

"Why doesn't Robby just use magic? Magic solves everything." Suzie-Lee beamed at me. I could see the young hope still in her deep brown eyes. Her smile was missing a few teeth, but it was beautiful.

"Funny you say that. After a lot of hard work, Robby gave the king a magic gold coin. This coin gave the king the ability to remember only the good times Robert had with his daughter the lovely princess." I reached into my jeans pocket and pulled out a yellow aluminum token. "King Robert never drank the toxic potion again."

I handed the light shiny coin to Suzie-Lee. She rolled it over in her small tan hands.

"Is this the magic coin?"

"No," I laughed a little, "but it looks like the coin. It helps with my story."

Suzie kept looking at the shiny surface of the token. She held it up close to her eye and breathed on it. She tried shinning it on her pink shirt. I held out my hand. She placed it carefully in my palm.

"I've never seen a coin like that before."

"I bet you haven't, but you are still young. Anyway, King Robert wanted to find his daughter. So he went looking. By the time he found his

princess she had become a queen of her own kingdom and the blacksmith was her king."

"Did they live in a big castle?"

"Yes, a large white castle. They were happy there. When King Robert came into their castle he found that they had a present for him."

The voices in the kitchen down the brown-carpeted hallway grew angry. They didn't yell. Their voices just sounded more intense to me.

"What was the present? Was it gold?"

"No."

"Diamonds?"

"No."

"A pony?"

"Better than a pony."

"Twelve ponies? With purple spots?"

I finished my sweet-tea. The glass clinked on the glass of the coffee table.

I took a deep breath. "It was the best present King Robert could ask for," I said. "It was a little..."

"Puppy? It was a puppy? I love puppies. Puppies love everyone," Suzie-Lee interrupted.

"Yes, it was a puppy. A puppy who loved everyone no matter who they were, or what they had done, or what they had become."

"Is that it? Is that the end?"

I crossed my arms on my chest. I sighed trying to get out my frustration.

"Yes Suzie-Lee that is the end."

"That story was stupid."

"Yes, King Robert was silly huh?"

I picked up the glass even though it was empty. I just needed something to do with my hands. The dampness felt good on my dried skin. My knees still itched and the nerves still made my stomach feel like it was installed upside-down.

"So can I see what is under your eye patch?" Suzie-Lee asked. ■



MECHANICAL

by Amy Augspurger
relief print



SORE SPOT



Hoping today would be different
she lies quietly in bed,
looking at the deep blue sky
meeting the rising sun
before their internal alarm clock
wakes them up again.

—I am so god-damn sore,
he grumbles to his wife
as he stumbles out of bed in the morning
and as he has told her
every single day
for the past twenty years.

He hobbles to his bathroom sink,
looking at the rugged face in the mirror.
White bristles poke from the wrinkled
frowning folds of his face.
The scar sticks out
just above his brow
where the shrapnel missed his helmet.

*—I can tell you one thing, if you hurt
half as fucking much as I did,
you'd be in the hospital already.*

He tries to spit,
but his mouth is cotton.
He splashes water on his face
as she dresses.
She pokes her head in.

—Maybe, we could go see a doctor?
and he replies,
—I'm fucking not.

She leaves him at the sink
and wanders to the kitchen

to make the man breakfast:
two eggs, sunny side up,
three pieces of bacon, extra crispy,
a piece of toast, lightly buttered,
two cups of coffee, black,
and a glass of milk, whole not skim,
just as she has done
for the past twenty years.

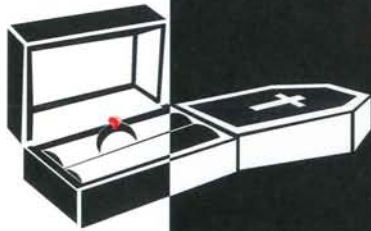
He reads the paper,
commenting to her along the way.
After listening to the national news
on their thirteen-inch set,
he turns off the television
ranting,
*–I worked my fucking nutsack off
for forty fucking years,
and now, I'm fucking sore.*

She offers him aspirin,
but he refuses.
–Then, hush!
she mutters, putting the aspirin back in the bottle.
–Don't fucking hush me, damn-it! I'm fucking sore.


She puts the bottle back in the cupboard,
bottom lip quivering
as she leans over the sink
to gaze at the cloudless, blue sky.

KELCI TEUT

**ONE BOX OPENED
IS ANOTHER
BOX CLOSED**

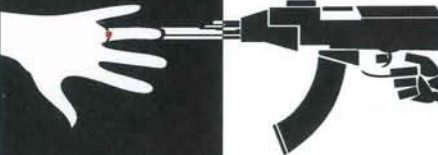


5.4 million people have died in the Diamond War in the Democratic Republic of Congo. 47% of the total deaths are children. Each month 45,000 continue to die as the diamond war continues. The ongoing violence has left 2.8 million dead and millions of people displaced or refugees in date. Hundreds of millions of dollars in diamonds are stolen or smuggled out every year. Join Unbound in making a pledge to stopping the exploitation of conflict diamonds fueling wars.


 www.unbounddiamond.org

**FOR EVERY
CONFLICT DIAMOND
PLACED ON A FINGER**

**A CHILD SOLDIER'S
FINGER PULLS
THE TRIGGER**



Over 10,000 child soldiers have been forced to fight in Sierra Leone. The two year Diamond War left over 100,000 dead, half of the country homeless, 200,000 women raped, and over 1,000 civilians with severed limbs. Join Unbound in making a pledge to stopping the exploitation of conflict diamonds fueling wars.

 www.unbounddiamond.org

**ONE HAND
COVERED IN
CONFLICT DIAMONDS**

**IS ONE HAND
COVERED IN
WAR WOUNDS**



Over 80,000 Angolans are disabled landmine or amputee victims. Over \$3.7 billion in conflict diamonds were produced by UNITA, the rebel movement in Angola, which was used to purchase weapons of war. Angola's Diamond War left over half a million dead. Join Unbound in making a pledge to stopping the exploitation of conflict diamonds fueling wars.

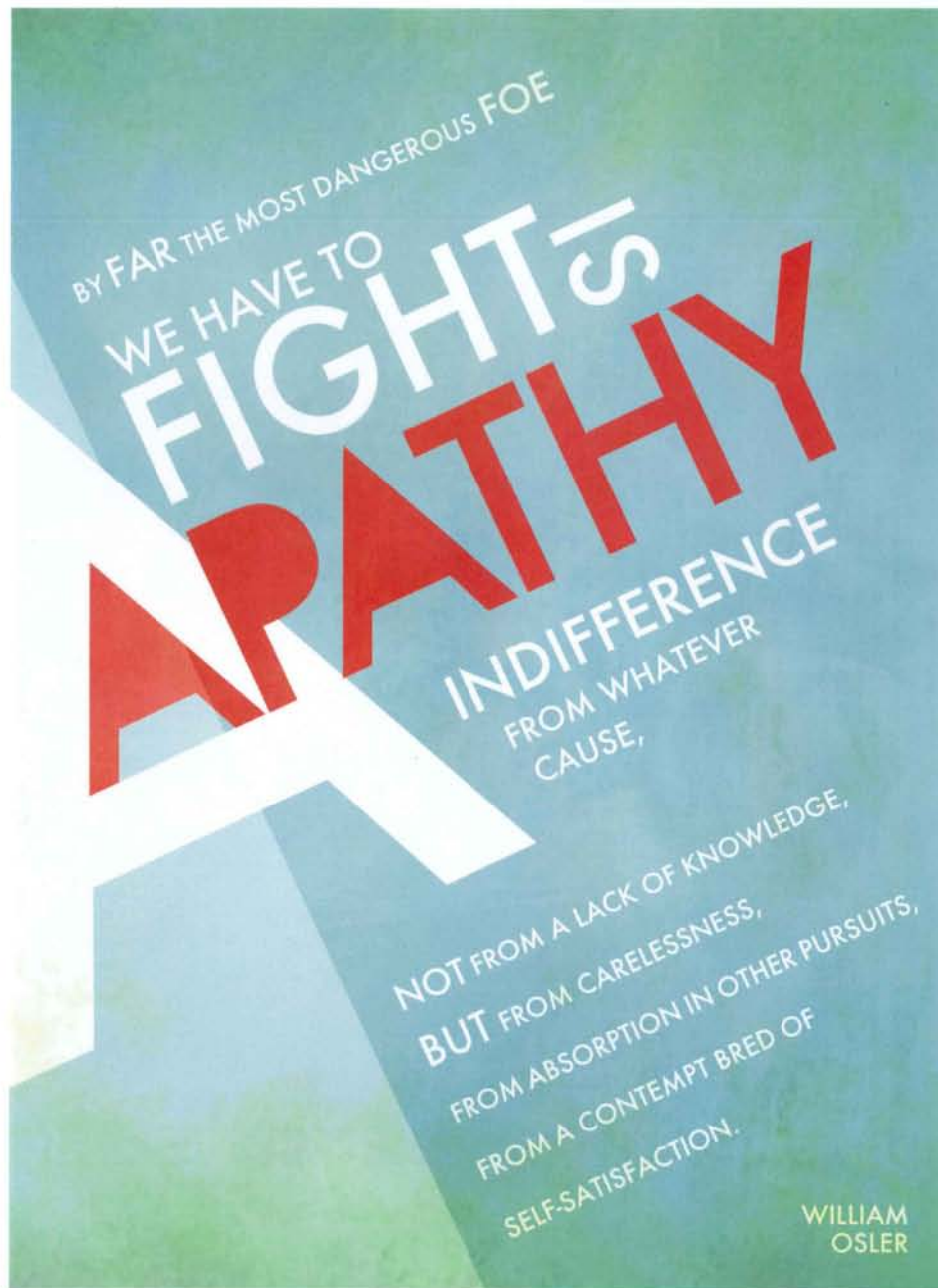
 www.unbounddiamond.org



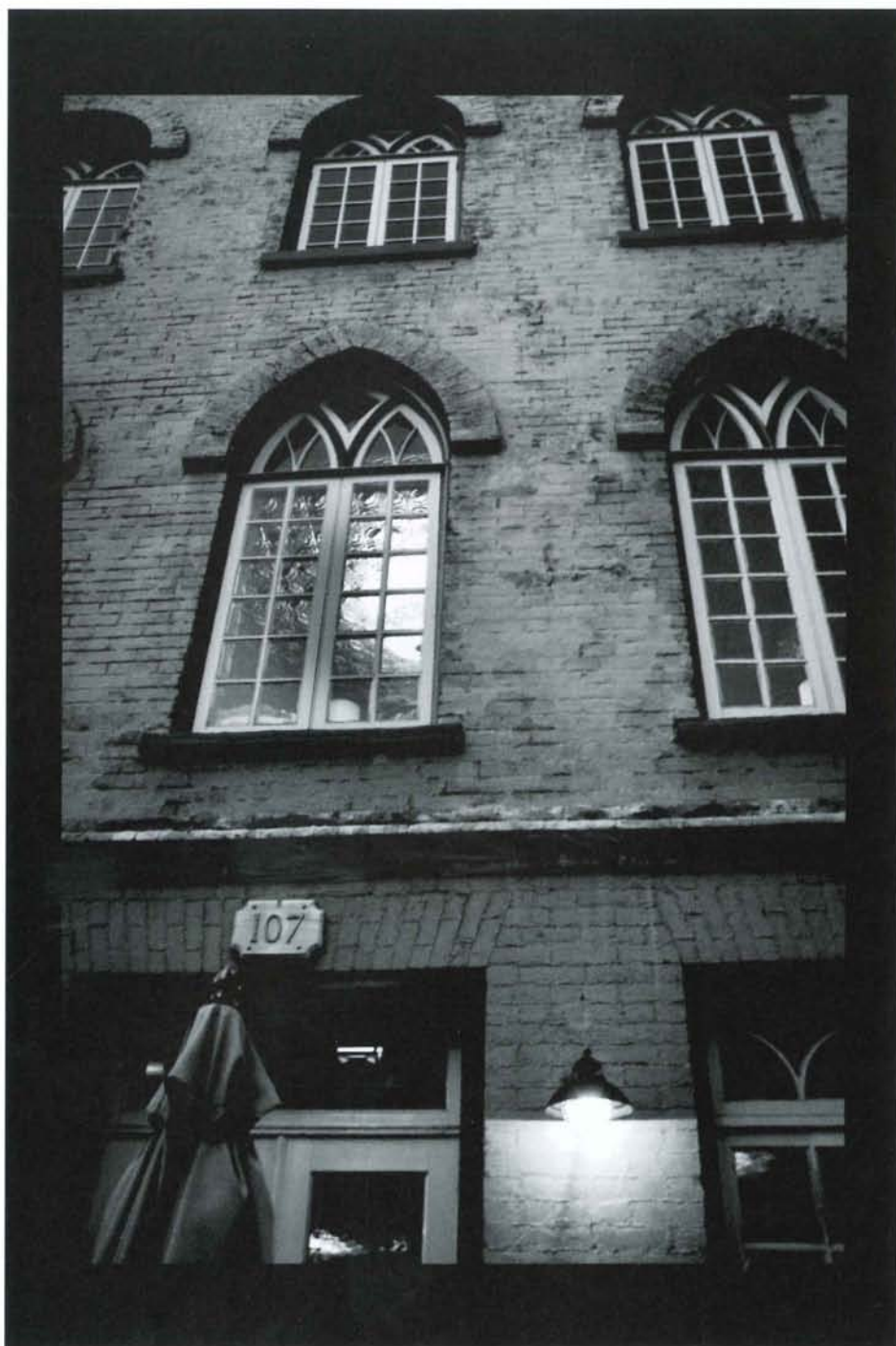
The Unbound mission is to create a humanitarian impact on the consumers of diamonds to affect their habits of buying conflict diamonds. Changing consumer behaviors and/or educating about conflict diamonds will in turn help Unbound reach or goal so that diamond rich, war affected countries have the opportunity to rise from the war zones that diamonds have turned them into. For every conflict diamond sold, there is a corresponding humanitarian crisis.

UNBOUND CAMPAIGN

by Kelsey Martin
graphic design



APATHY
by Lauren Lanigan
graphic design



SUNDAY NIGHT IN OLD TOWN

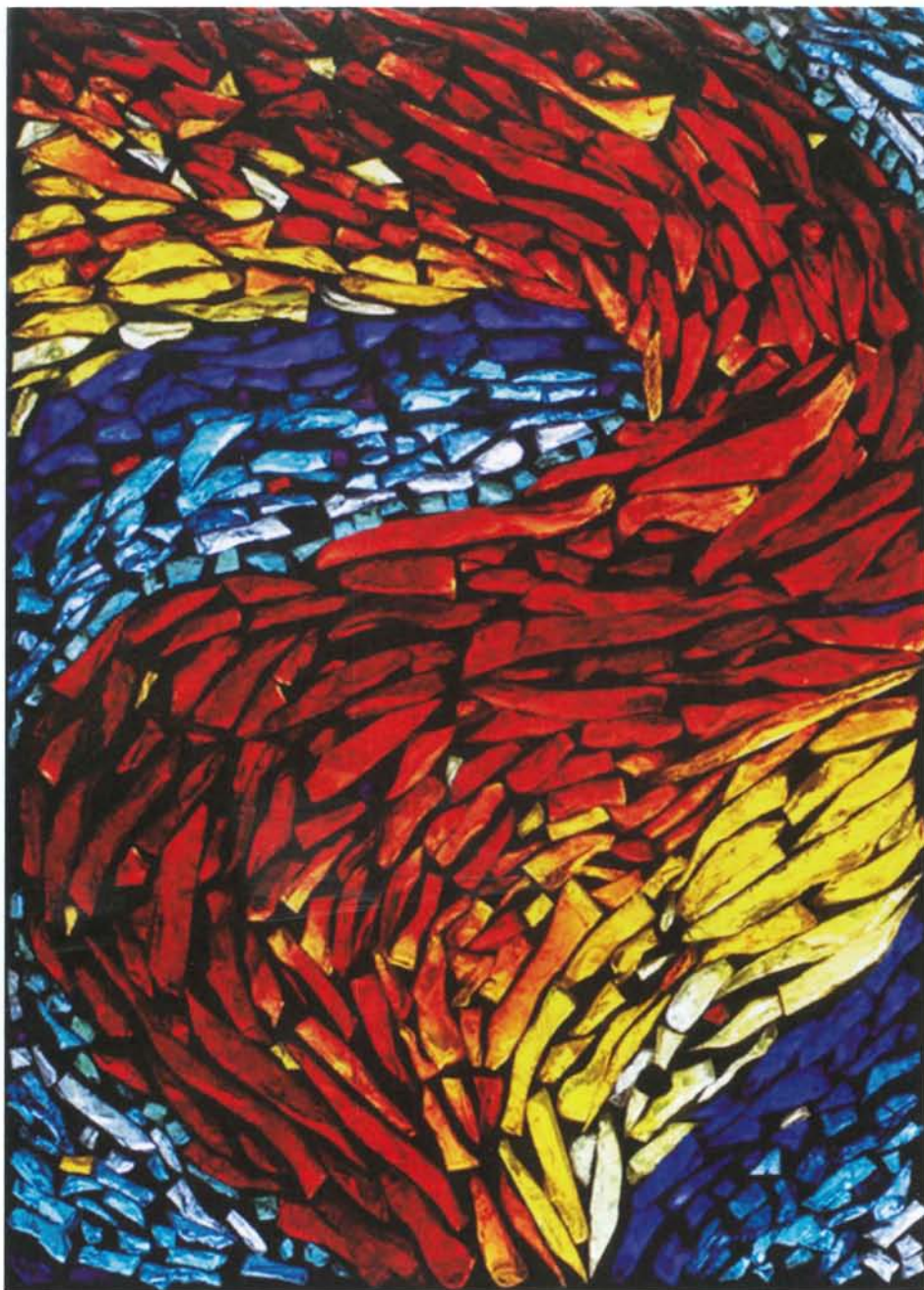
by Sam Grella

digital photograph



FROZEN

by Jessica Boschen
digital photograph



PRIVACY WINDOW

by Amy Foltz

slab glass



SMALL TOWN REFLECTION

by Misty Johansen
digital photograph

CALL IT COLLEGE LIFE

When roll is taken, Wednesday Chapel is one thing; when it isn't, Evans' is another. On this particular Wednesday morning roll isn't being taken and the ice cream parlor is packing 'em in.

Students fill the booths on one side of the room—six people to a booth and a group standing in front of each. The counter is lined with fellows, possibly talking Hitler, more probably discussing the freshman girls.

Cokes, double-deck cones, and hot fudge sundaes seem to be the order of the day.

A nickel collection is taken and the swing-fans clamor about the nickelodeon taking down the words of "Especially for You." Over and over the machine plays the catchy tune. Suddenly all the members of the group burst forth with the same phrase of the song. A great rush is made to write the long-wanted words down on paper.

Immediately a dilapidated typewriter is dragged out from the back room and set up on the ice cream containers. A typist from the group props herself upon a cardboard box and begins pounding out the words, "Especially for you, That's all I live for—"

A popcorn moocher thrusts his hand into the stale popcorn drawer and very quickly withdraws it with a mouse trap clamped on two fingers.

Three fellows are spending their pennies on a peanut machine in one corner and a couple of girls are getting weighed.

Just as a little blonde starts trying to teach a burly half-back how to truck, someone calls from the door that chapel is out.

MYNA NICKUM
(1938)



BENCH

by Samantha Hansen
digital photograph



PATHS OF OBSCURITY

by Spencer Eiseman
photograph

ABOUT THE KIOSK

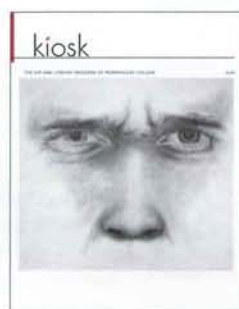
"Subject to editorial fallibility, the best will be printed."

This quote first appeared in the foreword of the 1938 issue of *Manuscript*, the predecessor of the *Kiosk*. In the early years at Morningside, student satire and short fiction was often published in the yearbook, but an idea for a student literary magazine began to grow in 1937 during a meeting of the Manuscript Club. In March, 1938, students and faculty gathered to read aloud stories and poems, which had undergone a screening process; only pieces of "sufficient literary merit" made it to readings, recalled Miriam Baker Nye, first editor. That fall, South Dakota poet laureate Badger Clark visited campus, further fueling student desire for a literary magazine, and so on December 7, 1938 *Manuscript* was printed and distributed. Response to the publication was instant. One of the stories described students skipping Chapel to go to an ice cream parlor, and the next week President Roadman started taking roll during Chapel.

Over the next several years, students were motivated to submit their work and have their words read and their voices heard. The group published 16 issues until *Manuscript* disappeared in 1952. The magazine resumed publication under the name *Perspectives* in 1955. Students changed the name to *Kiosk* in 1971 and have continued publication nearly every year since. Advisors over the years have included Donald Stefanson, Carole Van Wyngarden, Janice Eidus, Scott Simmer, Robert Conley, Jan Hodge, Jason Murray, and for the past 23 years, Stephen Coyne.

While the *Kiosk* has included cover art in many of its publications, the format of the magazine was revamped in 2006 to include student and alumnus-created visual art of various mediums. Art advisors John Kolbo, Terri McGaffin, and Dolie Thompson have assisted student editors in allowing these artistic pieces to take a more central role in the magazine.

With the continued support of President John Reynders and the Morningside community, this publication continues to grow and evolve. Since 2006, the *Kiosk* has won multiple awards from the



Columbia Scholastic Press Association and Associated Collegiate Press, including a Silver Medalist Award, a Silver Crown Award, three Gold Medalist Awards, and two Magazine Pacemaker Finalist Awards.

Submissions are accepted in the spring semester of each academic year. Those interested in working for and/or submitting to the magazine may contact Professor Stephen Coyne at coyne@morningside.edu.

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The *Kiosk* is published annually by Morningside College and is distributed at no cost to Morningside students and alumni.

It is printed in four process colors on a digital printing press on 80# matte coated cover and 80# matte coated book paper stock.

Adobe InDesign CS3 is the page layout software used to assemble the entire publication.

KIOSKS OF THE PAST

from left to right,
2008, 2009, 2010, 2011

LITERATURE



Kyle Bubba is a senior from Sioux City, IA, double majoring in English and theatre. Kyle has served as the Associate Fiction Editor for the *Kiosk* for three years. After graduation, Kyle hopes to be accepted into a graduate school to study film.



Cassie Gillette is a graphic design major in her freshman year at Morningside College. Someday, she hopes to find a job that challenges her creativity and pays the rent. In the meantime, she lives in Sioux City, Iowa, where she enjoys drawing, painting, practicing calligraphy, playing Tetris, sewing, tying knots, or folding little origami animals, depending on the week.



Michelle Kuester is a junior from Sergeant Bluff, Iowa. She is double majoring in English and Mass Communication. Michelle hopes to someday work for a women's interest magazine or become a mass media lawyer. Her favorite pastimes include having the free time to read a good book and playing with her mischievous dog Cocoa.



Maddie Mardesen in her own words, "I am a senior English and Theatre major from Elliott, Iowa. I really enjoy sorting socks, making doll houses, and gossiping about celebrities."



Alexis McKee is a freshman from Sergeant Bluff, Iowa. She is majoring in business administration.



Matthew Ponder in his own words, "Born in Sioux City and presently 22, I am less a person, more a memory begging to be remembered in the distant cogs of your mind. I am a wordsmith, planting syllables in the fertile paper to grow up a crop of poetry and prose. I strive to write truth; I observe as I live; I write as I seek truth; I lie as I perform this charade we call life."



After stints in journalism, lingerie sales and deejaying, **Rachel Robson** now serves as an assistant professor of biology at Morningside College, where she is able to indulge her obsessions with microbes, assessment data, hot shoes and setting things on fire.



Cat Ruddy is a freshman from Minneapolis, MN. She is double majoring in theatre and dance.



Krystal Shearer is a 2011 graduate from Morningside with a degree in English and a minor in studio art, and she was also the 2010 head editor of the *Kiosk*. She tries to live life by the motto "Work without boundaries; create without boundaries."



Trish Sandbulte is a 1995 alum and calls Sioux Center home and shares her life with three precious people. She teaches English at MOC-FV High School. Following a lengthy poetry drought, Trish experienced an awakening of Chopin's proportions, but Emily Brontë best captures the essence of her muse: "Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same."



Chase Shanafelt in his own words, "I enjoy writing. I'm not so great at haiku's. Blueberry pancakes."



Sarah Sorenson is a sophomore from Sioux Falls, SD. She is majoring in biology.



Kelci Teut in her own words, "As a third year, I've begun the inevitable process of taking over the world, not only with words but also with actions. When I'm not glued to something like Bukowski or Olds, I'm writing about people, slamming poetry, biking trails, leading masses, flying off somewhere, or just pondering life in general."



Randy Uhl completed his Master's degree in educational leadership and is currently teaching high school English and literature at Lawton-Bronson Community School. A graduate from Morningside College in 1990, he has contributed to the *Kiosk* over the past 20 years.



Amy Augspurger is a senior studio art and English double major and a graphic design minor from West Des Moines, IA. This is the second time she has been published in the *Kiosk*.



Judy Bame, visual editor and second year *Kiosk* contributor, is a senior at Morningside College. She is triple majoring in graphic design, photography, and mass communication with an emphasis in new media. After graduation, she hopes to continue meandering across the globe while scattering art and influence in her wake.



Jessica Boschen is a senior from Newman Grove, NE graduating with a degree in Biology and minors in Religious Studies and Spanish. She takes digital photographs and tries not to use many editing tools.

John Bowitz was born in Milwaukee, WI. He has been teaching art at Morningside College since 1977.



Sydney Brisco is a senior history and biology major at Morningside. She is also involved as a long distance freestyle swimmer on the swim team and the residence life team as the head resident of Dimmitt West. In her freetime, she enjoys baking cookies and taking pictures. Her new favorite type of photography is hyper-real HDR photography. She most enjoys taking pictures of nature and the landscapes around her.



Caitlin Casey I'm a sophomore majoring in Corporate Communications from Emerson, NE. Photography is one of my favorite hobbies.



Micki DeWitt is a sophomore from Rapids City, IL majoring in photography. She plays soccer for the Morningside Mustangs and enjoys long walks on the beach.



I'm **Spencer Eiseaman** and I am a freshman here at Morningside. I'm from Brookings, South Dakota and graduated from Brookings High School. Recently in life, I finished my endeavor of being in high school and knew, after being exposed to a number of specialty art classes, which career path was right for me. I have always been a bit of a perfectionist in my life and it really works into my art. I rarely ever do anything without giving it my all...I love sports, and I play soccer for Morningside. I'm a sucker for most music and art is going to be my life-long passion

Amy Foltz is an adjunct member of the art faculty at Morningside College. Foltz has taught Figure Drawing, Drawing, Printmaking, and Design since 2004.



Samantha Grella is a senior from Beatrice Ne, double majoring in photography and business administration with an emphasis in human resource management.



Samantha Hansen is a sophomore from Brooklyn Park, Minnesota. She is a double major in English and Photography with a minor in Religious Studies. She plans on attending graduate school and pursuing goals in writing and photography after Morningside.



Misty Johansen, a Norwegian citizen, is pursuing a psychology undergrad degree with a minor in photography. She is currently in her Sophomore year at Morningside College. Her approach to image making is simple and accessible. It is hard to define her style by genre. She excels at landscape, portrait, and still life photography. "Working with people is particularly inspiring if they have the patience to work with my style. My heart is closest to nature and I love sharing it's simple message of peaceful existence. Balance and proportion are exceedingly important so that the subject matter can speak for itself. I love the beauty of life and I want to show it in my photos."



Tyler Lenz a junior at Morningside College studying Graphic Design and Advertising. He is a member of AIGA Morningside and has participated in several student shows. Tyler finds inspiration through many things but mostly through nature, history, and music. He designs using basic bold colors with an emphasis on typography and simple graphics. Tyler likes to create brand identities and advertising campaigns using creative and unique designs. In the future Tyler hopes to work for a small advertising firm or collaborate on a pro bono project for a major non-profit group.



Wyeth Lynch, Morningside College graduate of the class of 2009, currently resides in North Sioux City, SD. He is busy photographing family and friends, but prefers fine art. Wyeth is awaiting graduate school admission in hopes of becoming a college art professor.



Kelsey Martin is a senior at Morningside College. Upon graduation in May 2012, she will receive her B.S. in Advertising and Graphic Design with a minor in Business, and cluster in Religious Studies. She is the President of AIGA Morningside, the professional association for design, and Advertising Club. Kelsey is passionate about creating for the overall big picture, planning every stage from concept to creation and shaping every detail. Using typography, simple graphics, and strong imagery, she transforms complex issues and brand identities, and changes them into simple, powerful messages.



Brooke Spencer is a senior from Story City, IA. She is working toward a photography major, a general psychology minor, and a business cluster.



RECENT AWARDS

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Silver Medalist Certificate to the 2006 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The *Kiosk* received the 2006 Magazine Pacemaker Finalist Award in recognition of general excellence and outstanding achievement by a college magazine in a national competition. This award was given by the Associated Collegiate Press at the National College Media Convention in October 2007.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Gold Medalist Certificate to the 2007 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Gold Medalist Certificate to the 2008 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The *Kiosk* received the 2008 Magazine Pacemaker Finalist Award in recognition of general excellence and outstanding achievement by a college magazine in a national competition. This award was given by the Associated Collegiate Press at the National College Media Convention in November 2008.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Gold Medalist Certificate to the 2009 edition of the *Kiosk*.

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awards this Silver Crown Award to the 2010 edition of the *Kiosk*.



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The Morningside College experience cultivates a passion for life-long learning
and a dedication to ethical leadership and civic responsibility.