

kiosk

THE ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE OF MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

2010



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OF MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

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ABOUT OUR JUDGES:



Lavonne Mueller, a playwright and poet, is an award-winning writer whose plays have been performed across the country and internationally. Mueller was awarded the Roger Stevens Playwriting Award. Her play, *Violent Peace*, was produced in London and was the "Critics Choice" in *Time Out Magazine*. Her textbook, *Creative Writing*, is used by students around the world. As a Woodrow Wilson Visiting Scholar, she has helped colleges around the United States set up writing programs.

Austin Bass is Creative Director at Bass Advertising. Bass works in still photography, videography and graphic design. Bass's gift is not only creating gorgeous design but also effective design. "I enjoyed looking at all of the art done by the Morningside students," he says. "Hats off to all of them."

Jodi Melnichak, an artist, has exhibited at the Daily Grind, Pierce Street Coffee Works, Morningside College and other area venues. She operated the gallery, Studio 502, in 2007-2008. Her work has been published in the *Briar Cliff Review* in 2006, 2007 and 2008. She earned her BFA from Briar Cliff University and is pursuing her MFA at the University of South Dakota.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

"And by the way, everything in life is writable about if you have the outgoing guts to do it, and the imagination to improvise. The worst enemy to creativity is self-doubt."

SYLVIA PLATH

With so many different types of stories and art works in the world, it seems impossible to find an unwritten story or an unviewed visual idea. The process of finding an idea is difficult, but Plath sees the complete truth. Sometimes, the problem with creating art, in any form, is not finding the idea but having the confidence to express it. When writing, or creating art, the artist often doubts the quality of the piece. Plath encourages writers to break out of the shadow of self-doubt and strive to create.

A fantastic aspect of the Morningside College community and the *Kiosk* is the encouragement offered to writers and artists to share their work. Art, in all forms, is meant to be shared with others, and the *Kiosk* is an opportunity for your talents to triumph over self-doubt.

The writers and artists who have submitted to this publication should applaud themselves for their strength in facing their self-doubt. Those who were published this year should be congratulated for their work. It takes great strength to submit to the publication when there is a possibility of not being accepted. For those who were not accepted this year, I encourage them to submit again in the future.

This year, *Kiosk* is going online in addition to the print version. The *Kiosk* staff, advisors and I have worked with other Morningside community members to find a way to provide faculty, alumni and students with an electronic way of viewing and sharing the *Kiosk* and their work within it with members of their family, friends and others who would be interested in the publication.

I would like to thank Morningside President John Reynders for his continual support and encouragement for the publication. Also, faculty advisors Instructor John Kolbo and Assistant Professor Terri McGaffin, both of the art department, have been extremely helpful in bringing the magazine together.

Thank you to associate editors, Kyle Bubb, Amanda Franzen and Ross Wilcox, for their work with the fiction, non-fiction and poetry sections, as well as to the editorial board members and proofreaders. Thank you to everyone in the English department, especially Administrative Assistant Marcie Ponder for everything she does for the magazine.

Also, I want to thank Visual Editor, Lindsey Siepker, for her work with the *Kiosk* this year. She has been a pleasure to work with, and I found her perspective very helpful. She has played a crucial role in bringing this magazine together.




I never would have been able to accomplish any of this without the help from Steve Coyne, Professor of English and advisor to the *Kiosk*. He has been a wonderful mentor and helped me keep my sanity through the process. Without his help, I never would have known where to begin let alone how to bring everything together.



LAURA HOMAN
Editor-in-Chief

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All entries into Kiosk's literature and art contents are considered objectively and anonymously by the judges. Associate editors are eligible for contest placement but not for prize money.

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JOURNEY THROUGH THE VALLEY: A QUEST FOR PEACE AND FORGIVENESS

BY SOPHIE McCABE



"So, this is my life. And I want you to know that I am both happy and sad and I'm still trying to figure out how that could be."

STEPHEN CHBOSKY

The Perks of Being a Wallflower

Tears filled my eyes as Daniel's fist collided with the back of my head. I had attempted to flee the room, but Daniel wouldn't allow that. Automatically, my hands reached to my head trying to hold it. My brother took advantage of this and punched my left arm. It hurt worse than the blow to my head. Both my arms were already covered in bruises from the previous days.

Eventually, I made my way outside to our backyard. I'm not sure how I did it. Outside it was dark, and there was a light layer of snow on the ground. Daniel hadn't followed

me. I knew he wouldn't. In the corner of our small yard was my safe haven: a plastic dog house, maroon on the bottom and gray on top. Our dog never used this abode, but I did. I crawled in and wrapped myself in the blanket I kept there for nights like this. I was ten and could easily fit inside the plastic hut. Finally, I let the tears flow down my cheeks. My face burned as the salty tears froze. Cocooned in my blanket, safe in my doghouse, I let myself think.

No one liked the

new house. It was small. My older brother and I had not wanted to move to Colorado. We were happy living a block away from Grandma and close to the friends we had known since preschool. Mom and Dad used to be home every night. Dad would make dinner while Mom helped us start our homework. Now, Dad was always on trips to Denver, Grand Junction and, occasionally, places like Santa Fe. Mom worked the evening shift at the hospital so she could stay with my little sister in the morning before Mary went to kindergarten in the afternoons. My parents left Daniel in charge of the rest of us because he was twelve and the most responsible.

I hated coming home after school. Mary would wait for me in the kindergarten playground, and, sometimes, we would stop and play on the red and yellow equipment while we waited for my little brother, David, to arrive. Ayers Elementary didn't have a special education program so he had to be bused to a school across town. Daniel would never wait for the smaller children. When his bus arrived from the middle school, he headed home. Unless it was very cold, Mary, David and I would take the long way home by looping through the park.

Once we got home, I would quickly check to see where Daniel was. Then I would usher David and Mary into their rooms, admonishing them to be as quiet as possible. Sometimes, they would both play in the room Mary and I shared. I felt safer having them in my sight as I began my homework. At 6 p.m., it was my job to make dinner. Our family used to spend meal times talking and laughing, but now the four of us sat in silence as we ate chicken noodle soup or Spaghetti-O's.

On this night, I allowed myself to be lulled into a false sense of security. We made it through dinner peacefully, David and Mary had even laughed during part of it. Afterwards the three of us went to the den to watch

1, 2, 3, JUMP

by Holly Becker
Print



Veggie Tales. David and I were perched on the brown sofa while Mary sat in front of us. Larry the Cucumber and Bob the Tomato were acting out the story of David and Goliath.

"This is so stupid." Daniel's voice floated into the sunken den from the steps leading into the kitchen. "I don't know why you're even watching this." He sauntered into the room, pushed Mary out of the way and ejected our video.

"You can't do that!" Mary exclaimed. She had never been one to keep quiet, maybe because she had never learned to think before opening her mouth.

"What are you babies going to do about it?"

I watched in horror as Mary jumped up and kicked Daniel's leg. His face filled with rage. Acting quickly, I grabbed hold of her tiny arm and pulled her out of the way. David clung onto my other hand as I dragged the two of them down the hall.

When Daniel followed us, I threw the younger children ahead of me.

"Lock the door!" I screamed. "Get in and lock the door!"

Mary slammed the door behind me and I heard it click. Now there were just two of us in the hall. I knew I was in trouble. There was nowhere to go, but I frantically looked around anyway.

"That was dumb," Daniel told me, "but I didn't expect anything different from you." One of his hands grabbed my arm and squeezed. The bruises on my arm made it hurt even more.

"Stop," I softly whined. "I'm sorry."

"Shut up! No one cares about you!" His fist found my stomach and I knelt down onto the beige carpet. My eyes focused on finding patterns in carpet fibers while Daniel's feet and fists continued to pound into my body. Focusing on something, anything, made it hurt less. Somehow the two of us later ended up back in the den.

Sitting outside thinking about what had

happened was probably more painful than the blows. Sitting outside emphasized in my mind that I didn't belong there, I didn't deserve to. Daniel always told me that. He also always said that it was all my fault. Bad things happened to me because I was a bad person. Of course, there was no doubt in my mind that this was all true. As I sat in the cold night air, I prayed that Mom and Dad wouldn't find out. Everything was my fault and I imagined them being angry with me because who else was there for them to be angry with?

For months afterward, I kept my secret. I made sure David and Mary knew to say nothing about what happened the nights Mom and Dad were gone. I watched what I wore. Even in the summer heat, I tried to keep my arms and legs covered. If I couldn't cover a bruise, I had plenty of excuses: I fell down riding my bike; I slipped from the monkey bars; or there had been an accident at soccer practice.

In the summer, Granda came to visit us. It was perfect. Dad was home every night to make dinner. The seven of us sat down together at night and spent the time laughing and chatting about our days. In the evenings, Mom monitored games of Scrabble and dominos before we went outside to catch fireflies. Right before bed, Granda would read Mary and me *Bible* stories and help us say our prayers.

Finally, the last day of Granda's visit arrived. That afternoon Granda, Daniel, Mary and I sat around our kitchen table playing dominos while Mom and David baked cookies. Daniel was in a bad mood that day. Granda had scolded him for not paying attention during the sermon earlier that morning at the church meeting.

As we played the game, Granda took the opportunity to quiz us.

*"Cocooned in my blanket,
safe in my doghouse, I let
myself think."*

"Mary-Anne, what are the four Gospels?" he inquired.

"Matthew-Mark-John-and-um, Luke?" she answered, unsure. He nodded solemnly in response and a grin spread across her face.

"DJ, name all of the apostles."

"Granda, we're supposed to be playing a game," Daniel responded irritably.

"This is an easy question. You should know it by now. I'm sure your sisters can answer," Granda admonished.

"I don't care. It's your turn."

In response, Granda turned to me. "What's the answer?"

"Peter, Andrew, James and John, Philip, Thomas, Matthew and Bartholomew, then James, Simon, Thaddeus and Judas." I rattled off. It was an easy question. "That's a baby question."

"Then let's try something harder," Granda answered as he set a domino down on the table. "What do Matthew chapter five verses forty-three through forty-eight say?"

"Daniel was beating me now because I had done something wrong."

This one was more difficult but I thought I knew the right answer. "You have heard it was said, 'Love your neighbor

and hate your enemy,'" I began hesitantly. My eyes shifted to Granda though he was staring down at his dominos on the table. His head nodded just barely so I knew to continue. "But I tell you: Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you—"

"Will you hurry up and play already!" Daniel interrupted.

"I wasn't finished! Sometimes, I hate you."

Time seemed to have sped up after that outburst. Before I knew what hit me, Daniel had jumped up and grabbed one of the metal folding chairs that were stuck in the corner. He swung it around until it collided with my face, knocking me out of my chair. I could feel the warm blood flowing from my

nose down my face and neck. On the floor, I rolled into a ball and tried not to make any sound at all as he hit me with the chair and kicked me.

All my experiences in the past year had taught me not to feel: not to feel sad, not to feel the blows, not to feel relief when it was over, not to feel anything. I missed emotions. I missed being happy; I missed genuinely laughing; but, most of all, I missed being a good person. Daniel was beating me now because I had done something wrong. Because I was a bad person. I deserved it, and I knew it.

Somewhere in the distance I heard a loud clang: Mom had dropped her baking sheet on the ground in surprise. Granda had sprung into action almost immediately after Daniel. Lying on the floor, I heard some kind of struggle and yelling, but I concentrated on staying in my ball. Nothing mattered.

Minutes passed by. Mom pulled me off the ground and held me protectively. Glancing up towards the table I could see Mary still sitting there with a bored look on her face. By now Mary and David had become apathetic. Scenes like this had become routine much like the family dinners we had all once shared.

"I'm sorry. I'll clean this up," I said lifelessly as I pushed Mom away. She stood there, confused, while I made my way to the sink, holding my nose with my left hand. I grabbed a damp washcloth and went back over to the mess and began wiping it down one-handed. For all I cared, it could have been orange juice, not my blood, that I was wiping up.

It was Granda who convinced me to stop and lie still until my nose stopped bleeding. He then guided me back to my room so I could change out of my bloody clothes into clean ones. Then I sat on my bed thinking of nothing. He came back, sat next to me and tried to put his arm around me to give me a

one-armed hug but I flinched. Granda lifted the back of my shirt a little ways to reveal several yellowing, purple bruises. Next, he rolled up my sleeves showing more of the same bruises extending from my elbows up. My extremely pale skin made them stand out more. Granda let out a sorrowful sigh.

"I fell. It was an accident." I knew my lame excuses wouldn't work anymore. My eyes zoomed onto my shoes while I thought about what I could say. I felt my hands begin to shake. I had to say something. What would Granda think about me? He had to know I was a terrible person by now. Before I could stop them, salty tears cascaded down my face.

"I'm sorry," I choked. "I'm so sorry. It's my fault." I kept repeating those words through my sobbing.

"Oh no, sweetie," he said as he grabbed me and held me close. "You have nothing to be sorry for. I'm so sorry."

Dad arrived home late that afternoon. He, Mom, and Granda sat in the living room having a serious discussion. Their voices floated into my room and lulled me to sleep.

After Granda left, Mom and Dad had wanted to know how they could make things better, what I wanted them to do. I didn't understand. There was nothing they could do. It was all up to me. I had to be a better person so bad things wouldn't happen to me. Somehow, I couldn't make them understand this. They kept looking at me like I was going to fall apart, like I was the one who was confused.

"I just want to go home," I finally told them. It was true. I did want to go home: back to all my old friends, back to Grandma's, back to the life we'd had before. Maybe just being there would make things OK again.

So Dad quit his job and found another that didn't pay nearly as much. We moved back home, except it wasn't really home.

Mom had found a new house which wasn't as close to Grandma's. That was OK with me. Grandma didn't like me very much anymore.

After school, I would trudge over to her house to help her with household chores, since Dad decided that she was often too sick to do them herself. As I would wash her dishes she would say, "If you weren't so selfish you would have been able to hide it better," or "It's really not DJ's fault you make him so mad. Don't you know your place?"



My eyes would always turn downward as I mumbled in reply, "I'm sorry. I'll try to be better."

It had been eight years since my family had moved to Colorado. Daniel and I had both grown up and moved to college. When he went to school in Florida two years earlier, I felt like I had lost my best friend. Sometimes, I would sit in his room running my hands along the spines of his worn books, Machiavelli, Locke and Marx mixed in with Shakespeare and various sacred texts. After he had read them, Daniel encouraged me to as well. I was secretly excited when he

FLOWER COMPOSITION

by Amber Richtig
digital photograph

transferred to University of Nebraska, Omaha, a year later, though I knew coming back to Nebraska made him unhappy.

When I had to pick a college, I tried to decipher his opinions: strange ideas came out of Pepperdine, Lipscomb was too far away, Harding was too strict and University of Nebraska, Lincoln, was full of underachievers. Finally, I settled on a school close enough to Omaha that I could see my big brother, but far enough away so that I could do my own growing up. Now I sat in my small dorm room studying my history notes.

Bop! Facebook informed me that I had another message. It was from Amanda, Daniel's girlfriend. I liked her. She was nice and treated me like a little sister. I had

met her several times before the rest of my family even knew her name. After dinner, Daniel eagerly inquired about my opinion. Amanda and I talked most days. We had a lot in common.

I read her message quickly. "So—Dan and I were talking today. It must be a good thing that we talk so much. I get the feeling you didn't like his other girlfriends—like at all." I hadn't liked Valerie, who was an idiot, or Jeanie, who was a gold-digger. Amanda was nice, normal and, most importantly, not annoying. I related this information to Amanda.

Seconds later she responded, "Har har. I mean, Dan doesn't talk about you a lot—you're both really secretive and he's really protective of you—but I get the feeling that your opinion matters, like a lot."

"Well it's good to know someone cares what I think, but I don't think Dan has that high of an opinion of me. I am his little sister."

"He does. I don't get your guys' relationship, but it's really cool. You're both really lucky. Sometimes I feel like there's this big secret or something behind all of it," Amanda wrote.

That was my cue to get out of the conversation. No one in my family talked about what had happened while we lived in Colorado, except for Granda who always wanted to make sure I was fine. Maybe if we didn't talk about it none of it ever really happened. Sometimes I wondered if I had just imagined the whole thing. For years, I had nightmares every night until I had stopped remembering dreams altogether. There had been many times when I had wanted to talk to someone, to share this burden I always seemed to carry with me, but this load was given to me. I would have to live with it.

About a month after my conversation with Amanda, Daniel and I were on our way home for Christmas break. He was driving the clown car, as he liked to call my deep-green Saturn, because he seemed to have a knack for hitting his head on its ceiling. He had started off the trip by telling me about the conference he had just attended to give his first presentation. It had been about violence towards women.

"It was awful," he told me grimly. "First off, I don't think my presentation went so well. And then it was terrible talking to people afterwards. Some of the stories they told just made me feel—" Daniel trailed off, looking for words but he didn't need them. I understood.

"Don't worry. Next time it will go better."



HUMAN BRAIN

by Douglas Burg
digital photograph

This was just your first presentation.”

“Yeah, maybe.” He didn’t sound convinced, but I was.

For the most part, though, we sat in silence. His dark-brown eyes were on the road while mine were turned towards my book. Occasionally, he would tell me about an anti-recruitment protest he was planning on going to or ask what I thought about various political issues.

“This music sucks,” Daniel broke another long silence by complaining about the abundance of pop and country music on the radio stations.

“I burnt a new CD before I left. It’s mostly Simon and Garfunkel, but there’s a little Peter, Paul, and Mary and Bob Dylan,” I offered.

“You know how I feel about Simon and Garfunkel,” he began seriously but he finished with a smile. “Put it in!”

As we drove down I-80, my mind was filled with a million thoughts. For a time, I thought about our plans for break. For the most part, Daniel’s friends had younger siblings who were my friends. Throughout high school, we spent much of our time together. We had even inadvertently sat at the same lunch table for two years. Tonight when we got home we were going to hang out with the computer club gang, minus my best friend, Ian.

Over the years, my brother had somehow become my friend. Eight years previ-

ously, I wouldn’t have thought that possible. Five years ago, I would have told you I hated him. Three years ago, I thought he had ruined my life. Today, I would tell you that sometimes I am scared when people raise their voices or make sudden movements. I would tell you that when I think about what has happened to me, I start to shake and cry. And I would tell you that I love my brother even though I’m not sure why or how that’s possible.



WAITING FOR THE DOOR
by Alyssa Filipek
Digital Photograph

The children roar with laughter
as he scrambles to hoist up
the khaki cargo shorts
that now serve as shackles
around his ankles,
revealing his blue, Batman briefs.
His cheeks blaze red with
embarrassment and rage.
There is no escape.
He must fight the bully.
The jungle gym's bars barricade
both the boy and the bully inside
while spectators cling to the swings
and monkey bars
wriggling with anticipation
as the bully charges his prey,
pummeling him on the pavement.
Blood oozes from the boy's nostril;
sweat stings the scratch below his brow.
The bell rings.
Tears stream down his cheeks;
his body and dignity ache.
The bully victoriously
keeps his territory—
the see-saw,
the slides,
the sandbox,
the swings,
the merry-go-round,
the tether ball and
the trapeze rings.

LINDSAY NOTEBOOM

I gazed miserably
out the kitchen window.
Tears trickling, nose sniffing,
choking on a sob, I
looked at my glass—half full.
In coming years, I'd learn
optimism is best,
but on that day in May,
a glass half full of milk
brought only my dismay.

Mother and big sister
hung bed sheets on the line.
They billowed big and white
reminding me of the
tepid, unfinished milk
sloshing silkily in
my Tom & Jerry glass.
My sentence: Sit. Swallow.
Finish every last drop.
Fill my bursting belly.

A poor parenting ploy—
offer alternatives
that they don't even mean.
“Would you rather drink it
or get a butt-spanking?”
A child could, in fact,
prefer a mighty smack,
“A spanking please, Mommy!”
But my best begging still
didn't get me my pick.

It bubbled in my throat
and dribbled down my chin,
but I held up that glass
and wiped off my mustache.
It had to be done and
I had no other plan,
than to think to myself
half full meant half empty!
So I dried up my cheeks
and I drained down the drink.

GOODBYE, LAZARUS

BY ROSS WILCOX

Chris leaned against his dresser and peered through the plastic cage at the lifeless ball of brown fur. He tapped on the side of the cage. Usually this woke his hamster from its sleep. But still, after several taps, the hamster did not move. Chris brought his nose up to the cage and said, "Dominic?"

The hamster remained inert. Chris gripped the sides of the cage. "Dominic?" he repeated, louder. He shook the cage. "Dominic!" he screamed.

Chris elevated himself to the tips of his toes and reached into the cage. Delicately, he took hold of Dominic and pulled him from the cage. He cradled the hamster against his chest, the hair on his forearms rising as he stared into its black, beady eyes. The hamster did not move. Chris's nerves tightened into a knot.

While carefully holding Dominic, Chris walked briskly from his room. "Mom!" he yelled. "Something's happened to Dominic! He's dead, isn't he?" Chris asked his mother.

Dominic lay on his side on the kitchen table. One of his eyes stared up at Chris and his mother. She put her arm around him.

"I'm sorry, Chris," she said, "but I'm afraid he's gone."

Tears welled in Chris's eyes, "But, Mom—"

And he wept while his mother held him against her, gently rubbing the back of his head.

Chris's mother lifted the bed sheet and climbed in, joining her husband. He shut his book, set it on the nightstand and shifted on his side so that he faced her.

"How do you think he's doing?" he asked her.

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "He bawled for a solid ten minutes this afternoon. Then he kept asking me questions about dying and what happens after. It took me awhile to get him calmed down."

He ran his fingers along her arm, gently, up and down. "What did you tell him?"

"About what?" she asked.

"About death," he said. "And what comes after."

She looked down into the bed, away from his eyes. "I just told him Dominic went to the afterlife. Actually, I think I said heaven. But, I mean, is the thing really dead?" She shook her head in frustration. "How long was it supposed to last? Do you remember what the guy said at the pet factory?"

He shrugged. "He said it would last two to three years, just like a regular one."

She nodded and stared into the bed sheets. He continued to caress her arm. They remained silent for several moments.

"What'd you end up doing with it?"

"With what?"

"The hamster."

"We buried him in the backyard," she said. "We tied two sticks together and made a little cross for a grave."

"That's good," he said. He stopped rubbing her arm. He flattened himself on his back and put his hands behind his head.

"You know," he said. "He'll be turning ten in a few weeks. In the grand scheme of things, this is probably good for him. He's got to learn sooner or later that things aren't permanent, that we can lose the things we love."

"Yeah," she said. "You're probably right." She moved closer to him and rested her head on his chest. "Give him a week or so to grieve," she said.

Using a spatula, Chris's mother scooped a fried egg off the skillet, carried it from the stove to the kitchen table and set it on his plate. Chris stared at the egg. He wondered, if birds lay eggs, was this the corpse of a baby bird? He decided that if it was, he would not eat it.

"Eat up, Chris," his mother said. "You've got to have something in your stomach before you go to school."

"I don't want to go to school," said Chris flatly.

His mother stroked the back of his head. "You have to go to school."

She slowly lifted her hand from his head and placed it on her hip. She watched her son for a moment. The blank look on his face, devoid of energy, worried her. With a sigh, she walked over to the sink to start on the dishes.

Chris's father sat at the table across from him. While sipping coffee, he was simultaneously reading the newspaper and watching the morning news on the television. Every so often, his gaze moved back and forth from each medium. The morning news gave reports of the war in the Middle East. The West's newly-designed androids were working wonders, it claimed. The Terrorists, underfunded and corrupt, were no match for what the State was calling "the perfect soldier"—that is, the Neo-Soldier Android.

An all-android military was only logical. Why go to war at the expense of human lives when you can go to war with non-humans? These Neo-Soldiers were far superior to humans in physical capabilities and just as smart, in some cases smarter.

Chris's father listened as the television told him the recent offensive would soon succeed, and, within weeks, the Neo-Soldier army will have taken Baghdad.

"You should be grateful, Chris," his father said, setting his coffee mug down. "When I was younger, these wars were fought by men and women."

Chris's father looked at his son. He pic-

tured him ten years older, overseas in some strange, desert land, fighting Terrorists. He shook his head, frustrated that young boys were unable to feel the weight of their father's words. He stood from the table, picked up the newspaper, took one last glance at the front page and tossed it back on the table. It slid close to Chris's plate.

"I'm off," said his father.

Chris's mother turned from the sink as her husband approached her. She stuck out her cheek in his direction. He gave her a kiss and then turned to Chris.

"You have a good day at school, son," his father said, putting a hand on his son's shoulder and giving it a shake.

Chris nodded and watched his father walk out of the kitchen. He listened for the sound of the front door closing, signaling that his father was out of the house. He heard it.

"Okay, Chris. I'm going to get dressed for work," his mother said. "I'll be back down in twenty minutes, and then I'll take you to school. So have your breakfast finished."

Chris said, "Okay," and his mother walked

HIDDEN INNOCENCE
by Jessica Boschen
digital photograph



out of the kitchen. He listened to the sounds of her footsteps as they ascended the stairs.

His eyes moved back to his egg. He refused to eat it. He looked at the newspaper. On the front page, above-the-fold, the heading read: "Android Brings Human Back to Life."

Chris froze. He thought of Dominic, how he was buried in the backyard. Chris read:

"Yesterday, in Baghdad, Neo-Soldier An-

this long without water. The girl's condition is now stable. Upon hearing the news of her daughter's 'resurrection,' her mother thanked the State and G4-950 for 'bringing her daughter back to life.'"

Chris's skin tingled. His mind raced: Android Brings Human Back to Life—Dominic. He had to have an android. Why hadn't he gotten one yet? After all, he was an only child. The State issued Companion Androids to single-child households for free. Did his parents not want him to have one? He didn't care. He had to have one. An android meant Dominic could come back to life. He had to ask.

He jumped from his seat at the table and ran out of the kitchen. As his feet pounded up the stairs, he yelled, "Mom! I have to ask you something. Mom!"

At dinner that night, they discussed getting an android.

"The reason we haven't done it yet," his mother said, "is because some people have become too reliant on them." She took a bite of salad. "I've heard of kids having their androids do all their homework. Those kids aren't learning a thing in school. They don't have to," she said, looking at her husband.

"The kids still have to take the exams, Kristi," his father said.

"That's not the point," she said, waving her fork through the air. "Because of the androids, the kids lose their motivation to learn in school."

"I'll still learn in school," Chris said. "And I'll do all my homework."

"I don't see any harm in getting him one," his father said. "John got his son Jesse an android. He told me that thing plays basketball with Jesse every night. He says Jesse's getting pretty good."

"I don't know," his mother said, shaking her head.

"Please, Mom," Chris pleaded. "I really, really want one. My birthday's coming up,



BONES
by Kyle Glodfelder
medium

droid G4-950 rescued a young Iraqi girl, long thought to be dead, from the rubble of the Green District in downtown Baghdad. The Green District had been leveled by bombs in the offensive launched over two weeks ago. At the time, rescue teams did what they could to extricate survivors from the aftermath. After five days, the search for survivors was called off.

However, during a routine policing route two weeks after the bombings, G4-950 detected soft whimpering sounds from under some nearby rubble. Upon investigating the sounds, G4-950 discovered a disheveled, emaciated ten-year-old Iraqi girl. No one knows how she could have survived

and it would be the perfect present."

Chris's mother looked at her son. "Why do you want an android all of a sudden? You've never expressed an interest in one. Now you have to have one?"

Chris thought for a moment. "Because I want to get good at basketball, like Jesse."

"See?" his father said. "I think it's a good idea."

Chris looked at his mother, begging with his eyes. She pictured him in the near future sneaking out of the house late at night, meeting up with some friends, taking drugs. She gripped her fork tightly.

"You have to promise me you won't slack off on your homework, Chris," his mother said.

"I promise," Chris said, a smile spreading over his face.

"This will be good," his father said, nodding his head.

Chris got up from his seat and rushed to his mother. "Thank you," he said, hugging her.

She set her fork down and put her arms around him.

Two weeks after Chris's mother granted him permission to have an android, a white, State-owned van pulled up in front of the house. Two State workers in white jumpsuits got out. One held a clipboard while the other walked around to the back of the van and pulled open the double-doors. He reached inside, grabbing hold of a large cardboard box.

The doorbell rang. Chris's father looked at his watch. "That must be them," he said to his wife.

They walked to the door and opened it. Chris's father greeted the two men. His mother stared at the cardboard box that rested on the ground.

"You've read the manuals on how these things work, right?" one of the workers asked.

"Yes," said Chris's mother, not taking her eyes off the box.

"And you've had a meeting with one of

the Department officials to talk this over?"

"Yes," said Chris's father.

"Okay. Please sign this at the bottom," the worker said, holding out the clipboard with a document attached.

Chris's dad signed the document and handed the clipboard back to the worker.

"All right," said the worker. "Just take it out of the box and touch the red dot on its forehead and it'll wake up."

Chris's father thanked the workers. His mother stood with her arms crossed. Before they left, one of the workers said, "Is it your son's birthday today? One of the officials had mentioned something about this being a birthday present."

"Yes," said Chris's father. "Chris is ten today."

"Well, wish your son a happy birthday for us," said the worker. He waved, and the two men turned and walked toward the van.

Chris's father picked up the cardboard box and carried it into house. His mother stood outside on the doorstep for a moment before following him in.

Chris and his android sat cross-legged facing each other on the floor of Chris's bedroom. Chris studied his android. By all physical appearances, it looked human—thick brown hair, coffee-brown eyes and soft, pale skin. Except for the dot. Androids had a red dot in the middle of their foreheads. It looked like a shiny ruby embedded in the skin.

Chris said, "Do you have a name?"

"What would you like to call me?" the android responded.

"I don't know," Chris said, anxious to ask the android about bringing dead things to life. "Can I call you Tommy?"

"She pictured him in the near future sneaking out of the house late at night, meeting up with some friends, taking drugs."

"Yes," said the android. "I will be called Tommy."

"Okay, Tommy," said Chris. "I need you to do something really important for me."

"Yes, Chris," the android said.

"I want you to do something like Jesus did. My mom told me that, in the Bible, Jesus brought a dead man back to

life. Then, I read in the newspaper that an android had brought a little girl back to life."

The android listened, nodding its head. Chris went on, "My hamster Dominic died. I need you to bring him back to life. Can you do that, Tommy? Can you bring Dominic back from the dead?"

Tommy processed Chris's question. The android shook its head. "I can't do that," it said.

"What do you mean?" Chris protested. "Of course you can. I read in the newspaper that Neo-Soldier G4-950 brought a little girl back to life in the war. You can bring Dominic back to life."

The android shook its head. "I can't do that, Chris. It's impossible."

"No, it's not!" Chris shouted. "Let me take you to him. You'll see. You can do it."

Chris and the android stood up. He grabbed hold of Tommy's hand and led him out of the bedroom. The two raced down the stairs and out the back door of the house. Chris let go of the android's hand and ran towards Dominic's grave. "It's over here," Chris said, motioning with his hand for the android to follow.

Chris knelt to the ground and pulled the stick cross from the dirt. He dug frantically with his hands, flinging dirt behind him. The android stood motionless off to Chris's side.

After several minutes, Chris could feel Dominic's fur beneath a thin layer of dirt. "He's here!" Chris exclaimed. He brushed

dirt aside and gazed at his hamster. Its brown fur had a grayish tint from the dirt. Carefully, Chris took hold of the hamster and brushed some of the dirt from its fur. Its black, beady eye peered up at Chris. Holding Dominic in

his cupped hands, Chris thought it looked like the hamster was merely sleeping. After over two weeks, there was

no odor of decay, no smell of rotting flesh.

"Here," Chris said, turning towards the android, offering it the hamster.

As Tommy looked at the hamster, the red dot on its forehead lit up. The android took the hamster from Chris's hands. It brought the hamster close to its face, slowly turning it over in its hands, examining its body. After a moment, the android said, "Chris, this was never alive to begin with."

Chris's mind twitched. "What do you mean?" he asked.

The android held the hamster out to Chris. "Look," it said. Chris leaned closer. The android parted the fur on the hamster's forehead, revealing a tiny red dot.

"I don't get it," Chris said. "Is it an android?"

Tommy nodded his head.

"It's not real?" Chris asked, a tear welling in his eye.

The android shook its head.

"But it's Dominic," Chris said, standing up. "It's Dominic," he repeated, "my hamster."

"I'm sorry if this angers you, Chris," said the android.

"If Dominic's not real," Chris shouted, "then what am I? What are you?"

He grabbed the hamster from the android's hands and threw it on the ground. Tears fell from his eyes. With all his force, he plunged his foot down onto the hamster. He heard a crunch. In a rage, he stomped on the

"It brought the hamster close to its face, slowly turning it over in its hands, examining its body."

hamster over and over, a series of cracks and crunches resounding through the air. Chris stomped on the hamster until it was flat, until there was no more crunching.

He lifted his foot and looked down at the mangled fur and tiny pieces of computer mechanisms. Chris wiped the tears from his eyes. He looked at the android. "What am I?" he asked it. The android did not respond.

Chris launched himself at Tommy, knocking it backwards to the ground. In a blind rage, he punched the android, landing his blows aimlessly to the chest and face. The android's light on its forehead had stopped glowing, and it lay peacefully throughout Chris's relentless assault.

After a few minutes, Chris tired of beating the android. His fists were sore. He climbed off the android, his face caked in dry tears.

The android stood up, waiting.

Chris rested on the ground, catching his breath.

"Are you ready?" the android asked.

Chris nodded.

Tommy extended a hand, and Chris took hold. With the android's help, Chris slowly brought himself off the ground. "Let's go back inside," the android said.

"I don't understand," Chris said, rubbing his palm against his forehead, wincing.

"It's hard to tell what is real," Tommy

said, taking hold of Chris's hand.

Chris turned and looked once more at the pile of rubble that was once his hamster, Dominic. He felt tears trying to form in his eyes, but they didn't come. "Come on," the android said.

Chris whimpered softly as the android led him to the door of the house.



HISTORY RECYCLED
by Shannon Sargent
& Cory Knedler
mixed media on paper

THE BODY SNATCHERS

BY GREGORY ANDERSON

I tried to keep real quiet, but the damned floors made such a ruckus. Actually, it wasn't so much the floors as it was my boots. Big heavy things. I wanted newer ones, but Pa said the cobbler costs a lot of money. Every step I took was like a gun going off. I knew Ma wouldn't wake. It'd take the second coming to get her out of bed, but Pa was

right. His mouth came down at the corners and he got these wrinkles on his forehead that he didn't usually have.

"School don't start for a couple hours," said Pa. He went and lit the oil lamp. It made his face orange. He was a clean-shaven man, not even a mustache. The candle's light reflected off his badge.

"You hitting the beat early today, Pa?" I asked him.

He told me he was and that he had to get a move on. Before he left, he looked at me and said, "Be good today, Paul." With that, he was gone.

I lingered a bit, thought about what I was gonna draw and decided the bank would be a good subject. I stepped outside and realized I had forgotten my cap and scarf. I hoped it would get warmer. The air felt good. It just clenched my lungs a little.

It's real nice to draw outside in the morning. Nobody out looking over your shoulder, asking what you're drawing, as if it isn't obvious. Plus, during the day people are always clouding what you're trying to draw. I hate drawing people, can't do it. Once I tried to draw my sister Emily, but it ended up looking more like our old tomcat. Buildings. I can draw buildings. Lot of boys, they take something like a book edge to draw a straight line. Not me, sir. I got a steady hand.

I sat down on the stoop in front of our house and started sketching the bank right across the street. The bank had nice, clean edges. The thing was a perfect square. It looked nice, with the sun rising and everything. I was doing pretty good until a priest walked by and got in the way, distracting me. I'm not Catholic or anything, but I gave him a hello all the same.

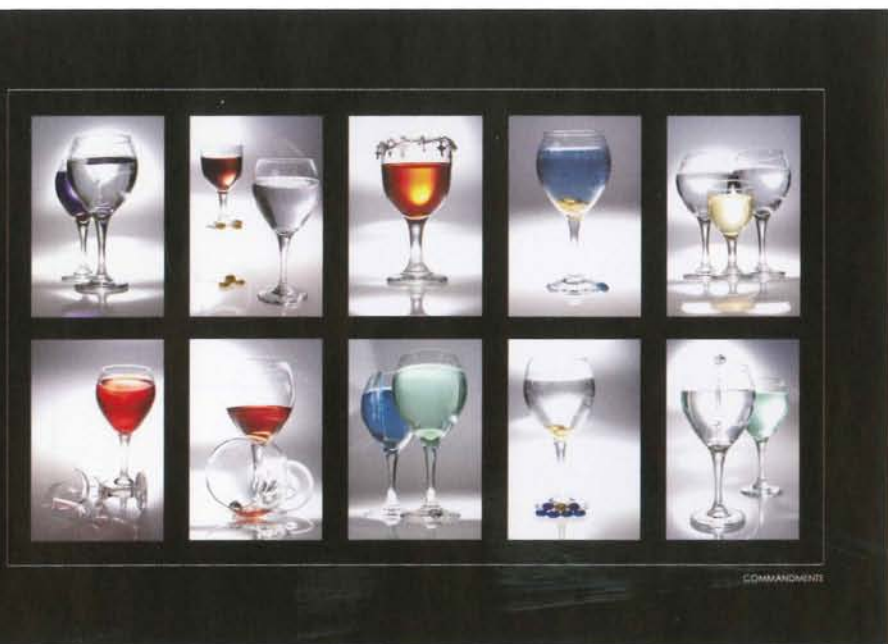
Instead of just walking by like he should have, he stopped and said, "Good morning, how are you?"

"Fine, sir," I told him. He stepped a little closer and leaned over.

like me, a real light sleeper. I prayed to the good Lord he wouldn't hear me. I clutched my pencil and paper tightly. I was heading out to do some sketching. I used to show Pa my drawings. He'd tell me they were nice, but I could never get much more out of him than that. Lord, I hoped he wouldn't hear me that morning. Pa never beat me or nothing, but he had this look that was like a beating. Hurt worse actually. I almost made it out the door, but Pa's voice stopped me.

"Paul, what are you doing?" he said. "Sun ain't even out yet." It was so dark I couldn't see him, but I knew he had his look on.

"Just trying to get an early start to school," I told him. He got up. His face got a little clearer as he came closer and, yep, I was



COMMANDMENTS

by April Parkinson
digital photograph



"What are you drawing?" he asked.

"Bank," I said.

"Well I must be off," he said. "Funeral today."

"Who died?" I asked.

"Mr. Winchester's wife. Consumption got her. You know him, don't you? He owns that bank you're drawing"

"Yes sir, I do," I said. Mr. Winchester cheated Pa out of a loan a couple years ago. He wanted to take some money out and buy some land to start farming. He wanted to stop being a policeman, but Mr. Winchester said Pa didn't have enough credit. I didn't tell the priest that, out of respect for the dead.

The priest left, thank God. They're bad luck, priests. You know something bad is going to happen if they walk by. I tried sketching the bank some more, but the cold was unsteady my hand. Couldn't draw my good lines.

I stood up and started walking. School was going to start pretty soon, but just the idea of it made me bored. Don't get me wrong. I like school. I just know most of what they're teaching me already. I didn't feel like school, so I started heading to the tavern. I knew my Uncle Ezra would be there. Him and my Pa don't get on so well.

I went inside the tavern and looked around. The bartender shot me a look. He didn't know me, but I knew him, or really I knew of him. His name was George Washington, but he was a far cry from the President. I knew of him because my Pa arrested him once for punching a horse in the face. When asked why he did it, Mr. Washington said that the horse had given him a "dirty look."

Uncle Ezra had a table with his friend, Silas. I had met Silas a few times but didn't know much more than that he was large, boisterous and dirty. He had big droopy cheeks that hung down the side of his face like a bulldog's. His brown beard looked wet, probably from rum going down his face. Ezra was more like a cricket, small and wiry.

He dressed in very fine suits, never a wrinkle in his trousers. I tried to get wrinkles out of mine, but no matter how hard I tugged, the wrinkles came back. Ezra kept his mustache trimmed very neatly, and he wore an eye patch. I'm not quite sure how he got it.

Ezra called me over to the table. He was drinking his coffee slowly. Most men make noise when they drink, but not Ezra. Silas was drinking rum, a little too fast and a little early if you ask me.

"Your Pa on the beat today?" asked Ezra.

"Yes, but he's patrolling the other side of town," I told him. Silas shot me a suspicious look so I gave him one back.

A newspaper boy slinked into the tavern with a bag of papers slung over him. He looked out of place. The boy looked scared, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Buy me one," said Silas.

"You have plenty of rum," said Ezra.

"No, a paper."

"You can't even read," said Ezra.

"Thought maybe you could read it to me."

Ezra looked at the newspaper boy. The boy looked like him—small, with black hair.

"Hey, boy," said Ezra. "Come over here." The boy scurried to the table, staring at him. Ezra glared at him with his one good eye. "Bet you want to know how I got this," said Ezra, pointing at his eye patch. "I got it fightin' in the war, killin' injuns and red-coats." The boy's chin dropped. He stumbled for a paper in his bag.

"Here, sir," said the boy. "Free for veterans." Ezra took the paper and patted him on the head.

"Thanks. Now get. This ain't no place for somebody like you." The boy graciously took the exit and ran.

After he was gone, I gave a laugh, more

"I knew of him because my Pa arrested him once for punching a horse in the face."

boyish then I wanted it to be. Silas did not look happy.

He said, "Damn you, Ezra, you were barely two in 1812."

Ezra scanned the paper. Without looking up he said, "What do you care? You got your paper, didn't you?"

"My father fought in that war. Nearly lost his life. Just ain't right for you to go 'round lyin'."

"Can people make judgments about morals and all that ethics stuff, Silas?"

"I didn't know what cadavers were either, but I didn't want to look dumb."

Ezra turned to me. "What do you think, Paul? Your Pa makes judgments all

the time. You think one person can decide if something's right?"

"Pa doesn't make judgments," I told him. "He just arrests people. The judges judge 'em."

"He judges me," said Ezra. "His own kin."

We sat in silence while Ezra read. I didn't mind, but Silas was getting fidgety. His leg was starting to shake up and down.

"Hate it when you get all quiet like that," said Silas.

Ezra slapped his hand on the paper. "Silas, did you hear what the Negroes are doing?"

"Nope, tell me," said Silas.

"A slave started up a rebellion. Got him some other slaves and they killed a bunch of old plantation owners," said Ezra. "Women and children too."

"They know who did it?" I asked.

"His name was Nat Turner," said Ezra.

"Hope they catch 'im and hang 'im from a tree," said Silas.

"Why?" said Ezra. "He was just doing what was right."

"Killin' good, decent white folk is right?"

"What they deserve," said Ezra. "Laws of the universe dictate that a man's gotta be free. This was inevitable."

"I know you're a hell of a lot smarter than

me, but I just don't get how you can sit there and defend a nigra."

I didn't really have any opinion on the matter so I just kept quiet. Outside there was a familiar sound. It was a bell ringing slowly, the sound of a funeral passing. Ezra must have recognized the sound too because he quickly got up and went outside with Silas and me following on his heels.

A black carriage drawn by two black horses carried the coffin down the street. I could see my breath. It was a cold November, but it hadn't snowed yet.

A wide man dressed in black walked behind the carriage. He looked real sad; his shoulders were hunched.

"You know who that is?" said Ezra.

"Nope," said Silas. "Tell me."

"It's Mr. Winchester. He's rich."

"Lucky son-of-a-bitch," said Silas.

"His wife died—consumption," I said. "Mr. Winchester, he gypped Pa a couple of years ago."

We made our way back into the tavern after they had passed. Silas wanted more rum, but Ezra wouldn't buy him any more. He was still working on his coffee diligently, almost methodically. I liked that. I was the same with my lines.

"You know," said Ezra. "There's a doctor 'round here paying a pretty penny for cadavers." Silas nodded his head in agreement, but I could tell he didn't know what Ezra was talking about. I didn't know what cadavers were either, but I didn't want to look dumb.

"Bodies, Silas, bodies. Dead bodies." Silas still didn't seem to know what Ezra was getting at. He seemed to get it and Silas shot me a look, a distrusting one. Ezra put his hand on my knee and said, "You ain't gonna tell your Pa about this, are you?" he asked. I shook my head and told him he could trust me.

"Good. You want to make money, don't cha?" he asked.

"Of course," I told him. He tousled my

hair a bit and laughed.

"Smart boy like you don't need school," said Ezra. His affection surprised me. Pa didn't tousele my hair.

"Follow me," said Ezra. He grabbed his coat that was hanging over his chair and snatched his top hat off the table.

"Silas, where's your hat?" asked Ezra.

"Don't know, lost it."

"It ain't decent for a man to go out without a hat."

Ezra walked incredibly fast for a man with such short legs. Silas and I had a hard time keeping up with him. Must have been the coffee. We walked on a main street for a little while, then Ezra took a sharp turn into a dank alley. I felt like I was in a maze, so many turns. I hadn't realized that the underbelly of a town could make a man so dizzy. We finally came to a deep-red door. Ezra rapped on it. We waited.

"I don't think anyone is home," I said.

"Me neither," said Silas. Ezra shushed us and rapped again. A voice came from behind the door.

"Who is it?" said the voice.

"Ezra Moore."

"I heard three of you," said the voice.

"The other two are Silas Finch and my nephew," said Ezra. He whispered what he said next.

"We're resurrection men."

The door opened quickly and a hand ushered us in. It was dark inside the place, no windows, just one candle lit. The man inside, who I guessed to be the doctor Ezra told us about earlier, was a strange looking man. He was very tall with a long, thin neck that seemed even longer because he wore his collar so low. For the most part he was bald, but he had a few tufts of white hair here and there. I could tell he lived alone; this place did not have the touch a woman gives. There was a body on one of the tables with a white

sheet over it. Silas started to lift the sheet, but Ezra gave him a look. It was sort of like the one Pa shoots me sometimes, wrinkles on the forehead. The smell of the place was overpowering. Reminded me of the time a rat died inside one of our walls. The smell got so bad that Ma made Pa put a hole in the wall and pull it out.

The doctor took Ezra off to the side. I could still hear them.

"How much would we get paid?" said Ezra.

"How fresh is the—?" said the doctor.

"Buried today. Does that mean we get

JOHN & JAZZY
by Hailey Banks
black & white film



more?" said Ezra.

"Yes, yes it does," said the doctor. "I'll give you ten dollars each."

"Just leave the back door open," said Ezra.

The doctor shoed us away, and once we were outside Ezra went over a plan with us. He told us to meet in front of the cemetery at one o' clock that night, wear black and bring wooden spades. We disbanded, and I started walking around the streets, alone,

no place in mind. I kicked around a rock. I wasn't watching where I was going and I bumped into something large. It was Pa, still in his uniform.

"Why aren't you in school?"

"Teacher's sick," I told him. I licked my upper lip. It was dry.

"Paul, you need to be in school," said Pa. "You don't want to end up like your Uncle Ezra, no education, a common crim—"

"What's wrong with Uncle Ezra?" I asked. "He's got nice suits. He's tough—"

"You think Ezra is tough?" he said. "Stealing from old widows makes you tough?" I started walking past him, but he put his hand on my chest and became a barricade.

"Did you see Ezra today?" he asked.

"What do you have against him?" I said. "He's decent to me. What did he ever do to you?"

Pa's eyes left mine and went to the street. He took his hand off my chest and told me to walk with him. He

put a hand on my shoulder. It felt strange.

"When we were kids," said Pa. "We used to steal stuff together, little stuff, nothing major. Just some sweets here and there. As we got

older, our efforts got a little more ambitious, and one night we broke into a little general store. It's still open, you know—Newman's General Store? We snuck in through the window. The owner was stupid and kept his money in a drawer under some undershirts, no safe or anything. Ezra grabbed the money and I was the look-out. Somebody came by, and I took off. Ezra didn't. He was caught with all that money in his hands. Spent a few weeks in jail, but they let him go because he was young."

Pa stopped for a second, but he started up again. "That episode scared me straight, never messed with the law again, but Ezra, he just got worse. Well, we drifted."

"Places to be, Pa, places to be," I told him. I walked away from him, but I could hear him behind me.

"I just want you to do what's right, Paul. I just want you to be good."

It was cold that night. Damned cold. I waited alone in front of the cemetery gate for about fifteen minutes. I saw my father around every corner, over my shoulder. He was everywhere in my mind.

Ezra showed up, followed closely by Silas. Ezra didn't make a peep while he walked, but Silas wasn't as smooth. Both were dressed in all black and carried wooden spades. Night covered them up well. I could barely see 'em. Ezra scampered over the fence with surprising agility and grace for a man his age. He opened it from the other side and let us in. We started walking, looking for the fresh grave.

"What if we get caught?" asked Silas.

"Ain't gonna happen," said Ezra.

"Well, what if someone shows up?" said Silas. "What do we do?"

"The right thing to do is kill 'em."

"How is that the right thing to do?" I asked.

"Yeah, that ain't decent," said Silas.

"How can anybody say what's decent and



SAD SAINT
by Christopher Thomas
linocut print

what's not?" asked Ezra.

I spotted a grave that looked like it had fresh dirt on it. We rushed over and went to work. At first it was kind of fun, like I was a little kid or something. Didn't even think about what we were diggin' for.

"I still don't get how you think that nigra was right for killin' them white folks," said Silas. "I mean, it just ain't decent." The dirt underneath was freshly moved but was hard from the cold.

"And it's decent holding a man in chains, whippin' him every day?" asked Ezra.

We got to the coffin and the three of us worked together to pull her out. It was a nice coffin, made of oak. Ezra used his spade to pry it open. He couldn't do it at first, he kept makin scratch marks on the side of it.

"I don't care, it ain't right, it ain't decent," said Silas. "People like that make me sick."

The smell of the body hit my nose. It was strange. I had never seen a dead body, unless you count the one from the doctor's office under the sheet. She looked so peaceful, this woman. I felt ashamed that we had disturbed her rest. She had gray hair and pale skin. She wore a very somber black dress, something she might have worn to a funeral, had it not been her own. I thought about what my father would think, seeing me like this. The only thing he asked me to do was to be good. I couldn't even do that.

"Don't take nothing off her," ordered Ezra. "If we get caught and you took something, it's a felony. Otherwise it's just a misty meaner, or whatever they call it. The other thing that ain't a felony."

Ezra started to pull a very large burlap sack over her. He looked at her, trying to figure out the best way to maneuver her into it.

"Ezra, I just think there are some things are just bad, and killin' people is bad," said Silas.

"I think what he did was right," said Ezra.

I could tell Ezra still didn't know the best way to get her in there. I think the idea of

picking up the body troubled him, even if he didn't want to show it. Ezra lifted her out, held her for a moment. He pulled the rest of her out and let her body hit the ground. I started thinkin' about that priest, how he



SWIRL
by Jessica Bartak
ceramics

buried her today and we were ruining it. Pa crept back into my head. He looked so disappointed. I thought about Mr. Winchester, how sad he looked and how it didn't matter if he was a greedy miser. I knew I could never forgive myself if I did this with Ezra and that what I was feeling would become a part of me, permanent.

"Don't you think there are bad people in the world?" asked Silas. Silas moved over to the body and grabbed her from under her arms, lifting her out of the box.

"Yes, I do, but this isn't one of those—" Ezra started to say, but I interrupted him.

"I have to go the john," I told them. As soon as I was sure I was out of seeing distance I took off running, sprinting all the way to my house. Pa had left the door unlocked

for me, but the house was all dark. I scurried up the steps and woke Pa. I didn't have to rustle him up. I think my steps must have already done that. He looked puzzled, but he didn't ask questions.

"Quick," I told him. "Bring your gun."

Pa quickly pulled his clothes on, grabbed

his gun, and we went out the door. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, and Pa tried to keep up. He followed me to the graveyard where Ezra and Silas were still struggling with the body. I could hear them arguing still. Pa fired his gun and the criminals took off. Their shadows got smaller and smaller until, finally, I couldn't see them. We walked over to the grave. Pa didn't ask me at all how I knew this was going on. I think he knew. He's a sharp fellow, my Pa. The two of us quietly slid Mrs. Winchester back into her box and laid her back into the grave. We pushed the dirt back into the hole. I tried to make it look real good, like it hadn't been moved at all. I didn't want Mr. Winchester visiting and thinking something was strange. I was real careful about it, like I am with my lines. When we were done, Pa stood up and wiped his hands.

"Your Ma's probably worried," he said.

We started walking home, and I could feel the air on my cheeks. I knew that when I got home I'd go to sleep. I would wake up in the morning and go to school because, damn it, I had to.



WATERFALL

by Meggie Mitchell
digital photograph

Burning brightly,
fighting the bleak darkness,
the candle coats his flesh
and illuminates his engraved face,
casting sinister shadows
on the sidewalk below.
He gazes at the unknown visitors
as they approach his porched pedestal
and demand countless confections.
Some arrive at the worn and aged house
garbed in black robes and
wielding battered brooms,
while some arrive dressed in dark capes,
unveiling blood-stained fangs.
The juvenile imposters turn around
and stroll along the leaf-littered sidewalk,
away from the gazing gourd
and toward the house next door
to retrieve more sugars and sweets.
The wind whirls the crumpled leaves,
its chilling hiss goes unheard
under the piercing cackles and
diabolical laughter.
As they reach the next dimly-lit home,
ascending the chipped and rotted
wooden staircase,
the front door opens with a searing screech,
revealing a shadowy figure
waiting to hear,
“trick-or-treat.”

KYLE BUBB

THESE SILENT WATCHERS, THE STARS

The crashing blow of a slammed door
shakes the frame of the night, and the
stars quiver in place as if to
foreshadow danger ahead. A
creak; drunken footsteps struggle to
imitate the surety and the
confidence of sobriety.

The door opens, and in filters
golden light 'round my father's dark
shape. I can't see his face, but I
know that it is grotesque with
fury misdirected
toward me. He stumbles a little
as he walks toward my bed. And he

tugs until the sheets slither off
my body and down to the floor.
He's smiling now, and I'm afraid.
His rancid beer-breath is hot and
thick in my hair and on my face.
The tears don't fall—there are no tears
left to spend. But I'm keening.

I can't ever stop the keening,
this scary wailing sound that my
throat emits. It's my deepest sub-
conscious, conveying some weird
language that the most profoundly
intense pain creates, forces, bubbling
and frothing, to the surface, a

language all my own. A language
that he, in his drunken state, takes
for moaning. And when he stumbles
out, spent, he's a little more
sober, a little less angry.
Tomorrow he'll beg forgiveness.

He'll play sick mind games with me, his
sixteen-year-old daughter; his whore.
I can't even give you my tears
anymore, Papa. I am not
some prisoner of war; some
criminal you can torture with
your own pleasure.

I am only me, your daughter;
your blood; your bone. These
silent stars, they watch. They
shake with me, cry with me—
those tear drop-shaped meteors
that crash to the earth in flames.

KRYSTAL SHEARER

THE SCIENCE OF AUDACITY

BY RACHEL YODER

Sitting in the third row of Biology class on a Monday afternoon, I ignore my lab sheet and turn away from my partner. She pushes the rusted microscope toward me.

"Don't you want to compare the sugar to the salt? It's actually pretty interesting." Her words barely register.

"Nah. I don't care." I click out a new piece of lead and doodle across my agenda. I'd scribbled Derek's number into the bottom margin of last week's schedule. I've

had a crush on him for months. I trace each digit, occasionally tacking small hearts to the tails of the numbers. I spend three-fourths of sophomore Biol-

ogy class staring at the back of his head. I'd always thought myself to be a practical and independent girl, but his perfectly-sculpted skull and straight, blond hair had pushed me into a head-over-heels obsession.

The bell rings, and I watch Derek gather his things and head to his locker. I chaotically scoop up my books and turn toward the door.

March Madness activities begin this week. Hot-pink posters for Friday's dance proudly hang on every wall of the high school. My heart soars as I read a poster four lockers down from mine. This could be Derek's chance to ask me on a date. I read the last line of the poster and my heart drops, "So gals, be sure to grab your guy before someone else does!" A Sadie Hawkins dance? Girls ask the guys? No!

Tuesday and Wednesday's classes pass slowly. I try to divert my mind from the upcoming dance but fail miserably. I know I should call and ask him, but the idea of making myself so vulnerable makes me want to pee my pants.

I'd focused many daydreams on the phone call. I'd replayed the call hundreds of

times, although I'd always imagined Derek would be the one asking me for a date. By fourth period Wednesday afternoon, I convince myself to call Derek and ask him to the Sadie Hawkins. What do I have to lose?

I give myself a pep talk Wednesday night. I'll never know if I don't try, I tell myself. The worst he can do is say no. But he won't say no. He'll say yes. Right? Right? I anticipate a nervous breakdown if I contemplate his response any longer, so I reach for my book bag and phone.

I stride across my bedroom, agenda in one hand, phone in the other, and punch in his number. I immediately slam my phone shut. I hang up four times before finally gaining the courage to stick it out past the first ring. I wipe my sweaty palms on my jeans and, perching on the edge of my bed, I dial once more.

Derek answers after the third ring. "Hello?"

My head reels as I dizzily start pacing again. Sometime in the previous thirty seconds I forgot everything I'd planned to say. Maybe I've been hit with a sudden and extreme case of amnesia.

"Uh, hi." I attempt to regain my composure. Awkward chitchat fills the first few minutes of the conversation. I called to ask him to the dance, but I can't spit the question out. And so we awkwardly discuss the weather and Biology class. Feeling the conversation begin to close, I know I have to ask. Now. I swallow.

"The Sadie Hawkins dance! You want to go with me?" The words tumble clumsily from my lips.

"Sure." His simple response shocks me.

"So, um, can you pick me up then? Around 5:00?"

"I thought you were asking me out," Derek's gently mocking voice barely carries through the phone. "Doesn't that mean you should drive?"

"Oh. Right. Well, I'm not sixteen. I

"I anticipate a nervous breakdown if I contemplate his response any longer, so I reach for my book bag and phone."

don't have my license yet. I guess we can't go. Thanks anyway," I reply in a rush. My dreams collapse into a broken pile of scribbled hearts and lead. I set my agenda on my pale desk and let myself fall into the flimsy chair beside it. At least I tried.

Derek laughs. "I can drive. I'll pick you up at 5 p.m. Have a good night."

I grin and murmur a goodbye. A tear slides from behind my glasses and loses itself in the wrinkles of my smile.



B MIN/E
by April Parkinson
torn paper



MICKEY AND HER CATS

I remember my Great-Aunt Mickey being in the nursing home. She was in her eighties. She had stroke-induced dementia. My mom took my brother Brett and me to visit her before she died. We walked down a white hallway, my mom's arm on my shoulder. When we reached Mickey's room, which was at the very end of the hallway, before we entered, my mom stopped us. She crouched to our level and said, "When Mickey talks about her cats, just play along." Then, my mom opened the door, and we walked in.

I saw five or six stuffed cats scattered around the room. One was on her bed, a couple were on the floor and two were on the windowsill. Mickey even had two dishes of food and water for the cats in the corner of the room by the bathroom. I became uncomfortable when I saw Mickey, a tiny, old woman standing there in her white, cotton gown, hunch-backed, her hands clasped together at her chest, a ball of thin, white hair on her head, her skin wrinkled and translucent, the veins rising from her arms and hands like small hills. I hoped I would not have to hug her.

My mom said hi and Brett and I said hi. Then Mickey wanted to show us her cats. She rushed to the windowsill and collected an all-black stuffed cat. I looked into its green eyes as Mickey approached me, cautiously cradling it. She seemed to want me to touch it, and even though I didn't like her being this close to me, I pet the cat gently and said, "Nice kitty."

My mom told Mickey that I like soft things
so Mickey asked me to hold the cat. I
took it from Mickey, held it in my arms,
cradled it the way she cradled it
and listened for a purr that wasn't there.
"They don't give me any trouble at all," Mickey
told my mom.

ROSS WILCOX



TIED SERIES
by Jordan Widholm
digital photograph

BROKEN BOY

BY KRYSTAL SHEARER



*"I couldn't even look at
my own hands, and I hadn't
hurt anyone at all."*

I was watching the fag get the shit beat out of him, standing just out of kicking range but close enough that I looked involved. My buddies all cheered and laughed and Ross kicked him in the side again. I wondered what the hell are we doing? With hundreds of cornrows on either side, we were invisible to the rest of the world, and the rest of the world was invisible to us. Ross stood back and shouted. His cruel

glare cut through the fray and the guys stepped back too, panting and sweating, to watch the guy on the ground cry.

His long, dark-brown hair was disheveled. He lay splayed out on the white gravel, the gray dust clinging to his hair, eyebrows and the blood on his lip and beneath his nose. His bare torso writhed and convulsed, awkward and mesmerizing, and as he lay on his back, he threw up and choked on his own spit. Enough, I thought. Please, God, let that be enough. Eventually, they stopped.

Kerick shook his himself, tucked it back into his pants, and zipped up. They were all pissing on the guy, and I couldn't find my bladder anywhere. What if they'd been pissing on me? I stayed quiet and blended in with everybody else as much as I could without unzipping my pants. There was no way I was gonna piss on this dude; he was unconscious. That was enough in my book—too much, really.

The guys began to walk away, and Ross looked over at me because I was just standing there. "Hey, man, you look pale. You gonna puke or somethin'?"

"Naw, I'm fine," I said. I didn't sound so good. Ross glanced at me sort of sideways but let it go. I didn't want to be packed like sardines in the cab with all those sick assholes. I followed them to the beat-up, old pickup and jumped in the back. I couldn't even look at my own hands, and I hadn't hurt anyone at all.

Ross's voice interrupted my thoughts.

"It's freezing out there, you crazy?"

The guys were all turned around in the seats, watching me. I shrugged, nodded and settled with my back against the cab so I couldn't see their incredulous looks.

The truck rocked a little as Kerick jumped his fat ass in the bed with me. I ignored him. How screwed up am I, on a scale of one to ten? Why did I go to the cornfield with them? I should have known better.

"Got a light?"

Kerick's fat hand was extended in my direction, and I dug in my jeans pocket until I found the lighter and tossed it. He didn't catch it, and I watched him scoot around, his red and green plaid shirt riding up more and more beneath his overalls with every movement. He looked like a giant Christmas ornament, his chubby, white stomach peeking out. In that moment, he reminded me of the marshmallow monster from *Ghost Busters*. His curly, blond hair was so close to white that he could have passed for an old guy at first glance.

I forced myself to look away, pulling my knees up against my chest and looking out beyond the pickup. Rows of corn waved slowly in the cold, dim sunlight that filtered through the clouds. That late summer day, chilly and foreboding, brought upon the breeze the cold premonition of autumn frost. I shivered, thinking about the fag in tattered clothing lying upon the ground in the middle of nowhere. I hoped he could find his way out; gravel roads are a bitch to navigate for townies.

Kerick was still struggling with the cigarette. It wouldn't light up while we were driving on the highway, and I watched, amused, as his hand cupped the cigarette on the wrong side and the lighter flared and burnt him. He cursed at the wind and shook his hand out. He saw me watching so he chucked the lighter at my head. I caught it easily. He cursed at me and looked sullenly at his unlit cigarette before tossing it out into the wind, where it flew up against a little Honda's windshield

and rolled harmlessly off.

After the fifteen-minute drive, they dropped me off at my house, hollering out the windows and honking the horn as Ross's rusty, red Ford screeched out of the driveway. I stood staring out at the empty driveway until sudden chills overcame me. I ran into the house and to the bathroom, stripping as fast as I could. I blasted the shower near boiling and jumped in to warm my cold, crawling flesh. I punched the tile wall once, twice. A broken corner of the old tile cut my knuckle and I cursed aloud.

"Are you okay, honey?" My mom's concerned voice floated through the thickly steamed air, and my whole chest hurt, like it was expanding with the size of my guilt.

"Yeah, Mom. I'm fine."

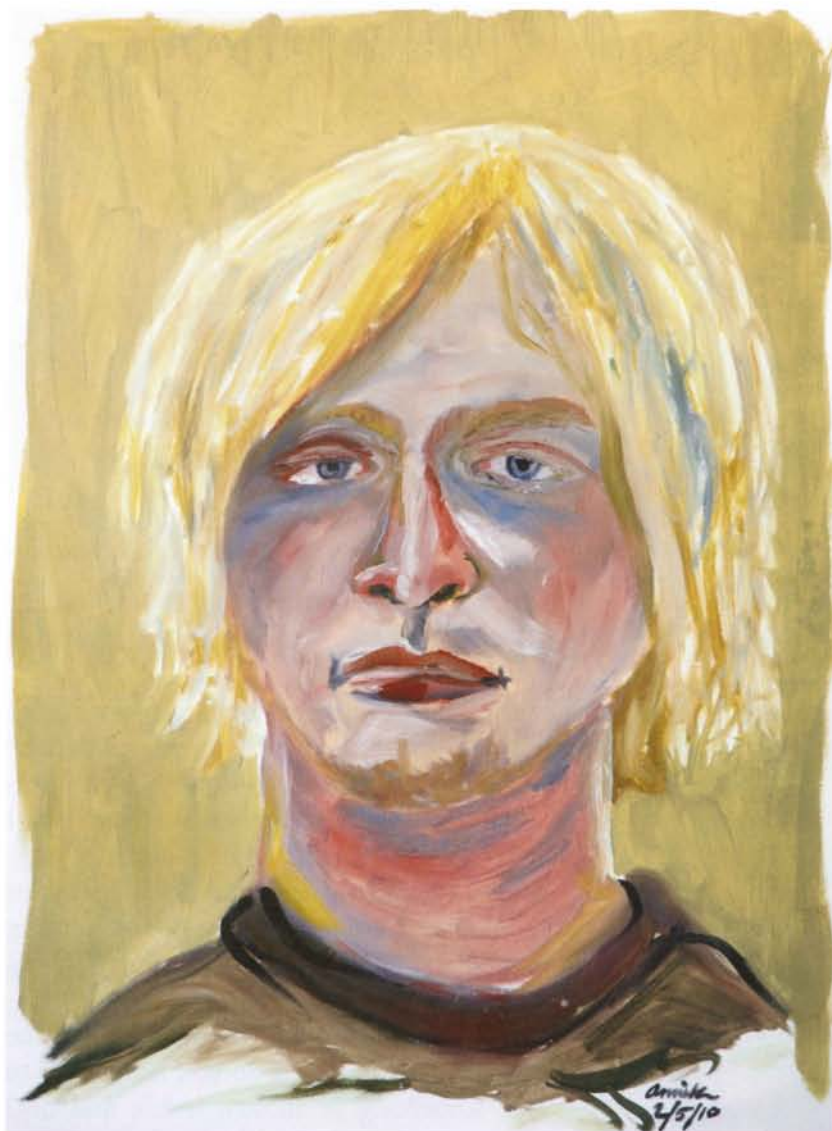
It took two weeks for the fag to return to our high school. The yellowing circle of a severe black eye was minor evidence of the brawl. The major evidence was the wheelchair he sat in. I watched from behind the door of my locker. His light-blue eyes were wide with barely concealed panic and false cheer. His group of friends—all girls—greeted him with overdone sympathy.

"Oh my god, Kol, we were so worried about you," said Lynna. Her light-gold hair fell in a curtain as she descended upon him and tenderly kissed both cheeks. A small pang of jealousy prodded at me until I realized how stupid that was, to be jealous of a gay guy's girl friends. I felt a sharp elbow in my side, and I saw that it was Ross, grinning cruelly in the direction of the girls before walking away. An abrupt nausea settled in the bottom of my stomach and I swallowed down the sick before following Ross to class.

That school year marked a change in me; my quietness was taken for less thoughtful than rude, as though I was ignoring everybody else. I supposed that from an outsider's perspective on the way I acted, it made

sense. But truly, although my thoughts were never spoken, I'd begun to watch people more sharply than ever before, and I'd especially begun to watch Kol, the fag, the person. I was there, a constant protector, like a big brother that he didn't even know about—because it was utterly secret, and I didn't even ask myself questions about it. I just tried to follow what I

DREW
by Annika Kolbo
oil on canvas paper



felt was right. I constantly prepared for a fight, and, although, I prevented one once, nobody cared enough to hurt Kolden any more.

Harsh jibes followed him everywhere,

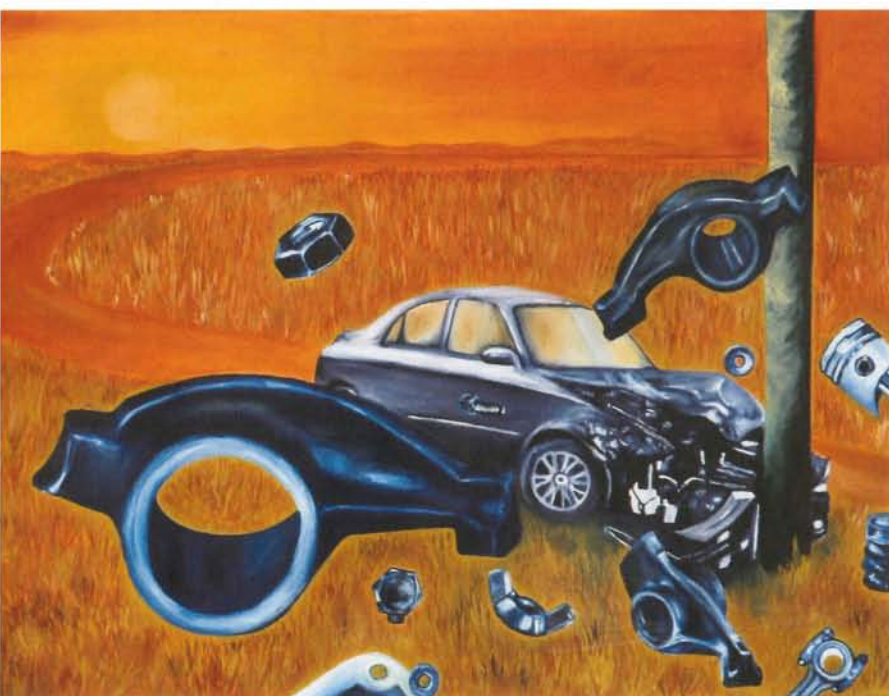
though, crescendoing through the months of his recovery. He was finally able to make his way through the crowded hallways on crutches right before Christmas break. My friends weren't the only ones creating problems for him—anybody who didn't make fun of him simply ignored him. People tripped

failed to notice the signs of true depression in the three friends and in me. Small-town Iowa could be truly harsh. I wondered, also, what it took to walk through the fire of high school hell to stand by a friend.

In classes, my head was ducked down, and I began to draw things. Constantly, I drew the teacher, my classmates, and abstracts of what cruelty was. A fag, broken and bleeding upon a gravel road. A boy, hiding in the deepest black of storm clouds, the god Zeus angrily searching for him on the earth. An eye in grayscale with a soft bruise encircling it, a tear stubbornly refusing release at the inner corner. My drawings began to take real shape, to feel like real sketches, real works of art that could depict all the worlds inside my head. So I drew and showed no one, for fear of the ridicule meted out to poor Kol.

During the fall, I began to realize that my friends were no longer the carefree guys I'd come to know and like. I saw this awful darkness in them after that late summer day, and I couldn't avoid them enough. For all of February and March, Ross quietly criticized my behavior and speculated upon whether I was a fag-lover; now he openly accused me of it, and my "buddies" laughed and ridiculed me right along with him, with Kerick as the most boisterous of the lot. I tried not to care, but their attention scared me. I'd carefully avoided being the butt of their games before, and it was a frightening new change. I knew what they could do to people.

It all peaked during the week before prom. Sitting above the theater stage in the gym, I had sketched out an aerial view of the actors below during their play practice. It was a rare opportunity; I'd never sat above the stage during practice before, and I'd enjoyed pretending I was involved in the sociable atmosphere of the theater kids. Rehearsal had just finished, and Lynna sat with her head propped up against Kol's chest on a pile of



ALLSTATE
by Sasha Backhaus
oil painting

him up on his crutches or didn't move at all when he needed to get through so that he had to hobble on his left leg, his right knee-cap having been severely crushed by Ross. I alone was silent, unchanging, a sort of boycott against the cruelty, but I felt badly for pretending I didn't care. There was nothing else for it; I couldn't look like a fag. Nothing was safe anymore.

As for Kolden, well, I didn't know the guy. But how heartless do you have to be to hate somebody so broken inside and out? I guess my whole high school was heartless—aside from two of his girl friends, Lynna and Kate, who stood beside him despite the malicious pranks directed toward them. Even the adults were just a little colder and

faded, musty costumes. I'd taken to staying after school because Ross and the guys had this threatening look in their eyes every time they saw me. But tonight it was getting pretty late—about 7 p.m.—with no way to get down without discovery. My mom would freak out at me for missing supper, but I just couldn't be seen.

Even though I was worried, I couldn't help being sort of entranced by this strange, close friendship that Lynna and Kol shared. How do you get that close to somebody? All my friends were so wrapped up in themselves that there was no room for any significant friendships—just buddies. Buddies that obviously didn't know much about one another or themselves. It was my fault that I rode with them to that gravel road, I thought. Not my "buddies." How could they have known I cared? Even I didn't know at the time.

I shifted in the rafters, trying to find a way to sneak above curtains that would hide me from below. I took a step, looked down to check, and Lynna's eyes met mine through the support beams. Kol's eyes were closed and he hadn't seemed to notice a thing, so I crouched back down and waited while Lynna glared toward me suspiciously.

"Kol?"

"Mmm," Kol murmured sleepily. My heart was pounding, hard thuds like mallets against my ribcage.

"I need to get home. C'mon, babe." Lynna's eyes glanced up at me as she spoke to him, a glower that demanded I stay still. They got up slowly, Kol's gracefulness feminine and liquid, nearly matching Lynna's movements. Kol and Lynna left and I waited a moment before climbing quickly down the ladder. As I turned to the door, I met Lynna's stare yet again.

"Oh!" I whispered, startled.

"Oh!" is right." Lynna's olive-green eyes flashed in anger. "What the hell were you doing up there?"

"Just sketching," I said, trying to gather my wits.

Her suspicion peaked. "Show me," she said.

I was surprised to feel the need to show someone—to show her. It'd been months since I had begun drawing, and I had never wanted to show anybody. I fought the urge.

"Naw, they're just sketches, they're not done yet," I said.

She shook her head.

"Show me. Seriously, I could report you for harassment or something."

I tried to figure out how to refuse politely but came up blank. I'd liked Lynna for a couple years, and I just couldn't try to repel her now with cruelty. I'd seen too much of high school hell this year.

"Alright," I said.

I unzipped my backpack and pulled out my heavily-graffitied notebook to hand to her. She sat down right where she was in the middle of the stage and absently patted a space at her side. I sat cross-legged beside her and watched her face as she flipped through penciled pages.

"Wow, Mark. You can even see the progress."

Her eyes flickered from the middle of the paper, to the top and to the bottom every time she looked at a new page. She found my favorite piece, the most powerful one—the one of Kol lying on his side, coughing up blood on the gravel, all in grayscale. The cornstalks stretched up into the sky, menacing giants, and one of Kol's hands cushioned his cheek, where a bruise blossomed beneath his fingertips.

Lynna's whole body went very still looking at that picture, and she sat silently with only her eyes roving over the ground. When she spoke, it was a low, cautious voice with the undercurrent of anger running swift and dangerous. "He said you were there that

*"My heart was pounding,
hard thuds like mallets
against my ribcage."*

day. He thought you didn't hurt him, but he wasn't sure—he blacked out. Why the fuck were you there?"

I paused, looking down at my shoes, and shook my head. "I dunno."

She flipped through the pages faster now, uncaring. One tore under her ungentle care. I winced, but she went all the way to the end, to the last sketch where she could see herself lying contentedly in Kol's arms. The background reflected the complexity of the situation—a smear of clouds scarred the darkening sky, and cornstalks loomed up over their left side. A curtain of silver graphite hair—representing the light gold I saw before me—flowed down the right.

Tears began to form in her eyes, and when she blinked, they overflowed down

her smooth, pale skin. She was quiet when she cried. I reached out to wipe the tear away and she didn't flinch, didn't blink when my hand reached to cup her face. Her gaze was locked upon the broken figure on the page. I pulled her chin up a little and her eyes wrenched themselves away from the notebook to look at me. "Mark."

"I'm sorry," I said. I didn't know what I was sorry for at first. I repeated the words, over and over. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." My skin took on a little of that residual cold, crawling feeling, an echo from the summer. I sat on my trembling hands and wasn't sure what I was sorry for or what I wasn't sorry for. Everything, I supposed.

She narrowed her eyes at me then hugged me, hard, holding the shaking, fucked up pieces of me together. I can't remember how long we sat silent and then talking like old friends—real friends. I only remember that I did end up a couple hours late for my curfew. Although my mom began to yell at me, when she saw the smile that spread across my face, she hugged me and sent me off to bed.



OPRAH
by Samar Javed
pen drawing

It's not that Ukraine doesn't want the boy;
she does not madly spit him out like Viktors before.
She, too, loves him dearly,
but has her reasons for pushing him from Kyiv.
Mourning scattered satellites,
he chases maple leafs with Nemiroff
and wonders what else has been lost.
I want to whisper in his tongue " ",
but I am clumsy and my words fall like
cannonballs.
At night, long after sleep emigrates,
he lies awake dreaming of flying,
but, full of emptiness and apple cores,
he is unable to clear the Carpathians.
I warn him, "The river is ice, tiger."
Still, once a year he wades in the Dnieper
fighting a cold war all his own.

RANDY UHL



CURVE
by Alyssa Filipek
digital photography

A BLONDE REFLECTION



On your birthday people pay me
fifty bucks to become
Marilyn Monroe, a sort
of skinny version with smaller
breasts and a bad wig. I'll sing
for you, that breathy rendition
of her "Happy Birthday to Kennedy,"
only it's happy birthday (insert
name here). It's never for a woman.

*The silver-haired
doc, surprised by his
nurses, their camera
phones flashing.
Giggling in tight
scrubs. His smile
grows wide as I
pout my lips and cock
my hips. The new
guy in the office,
cheeks flushed
and eyes fixed
on the floor as I pose
to squeeze my boobs
forward with my biceps,
the other guys getting
a kick, watching him writhe
in his chair. The two
businessmen in tuxedos
pool their money together
for a picture with me
in the middle.*

I'm in and out in less than fifteen
and never get used to the awkward
glances and stares of disbelief
as I walk down the street
to my car, wondering why
I do this. The money, of course,
but is it really worth it? At least
they don't know who I am.

There is the wig, dress, heels, slutty-
red lipstick, and liquid liner to hide
behind. I wonder if that's what she did,
but she had no wig to take off, only
doors and pills to hide behind.
Sometimes I wonder about the men
she slept with, what they did to her,
or told people they did to her.

*Jack and Bobby take
turns, bending her
over the Oval Office
desk. Joltin' Joe takes his
wide stance and gives her
every bit of MVP
hall-of-fame fury he has.
Arthur has no kind
of love story in mind
and completes it,
the elegy for a whore.*

Did she, after too many pills, wake up, chunks
of vomit in the platinum strands strewn
across her half-open eyes, clumped
with last night's mascara and tears.
A legacy of sex and abuse that gets me
fifty bucks a pop, a hole in my pride,
and another reason to study hard.

LINDSAY WASHBURN

CENTER FIELD

BY KYLE BUBB

I turned off the flashing lights and stepped out of my car. The air was freezing that night. It was like inhaling glass. I looked ahead and saw the man described in the call. Well, his silhouette, anyway. I watched him turn his head away from me when I started walking toward him. "What're we up to tonight, sir?" I yelled to him.



DREAM OR REALITY
by Dan Cunningham
oil on canvas

"Nothing worth mentioning. Just enjoying the night."

"Well, how about you come down from there?" I said. "Enjoy the night down here." Still walking toward him, I surveyed the old bridge. The pavement was heavily cracked, and, occasionally, I felt the crunching of the loose gravel under my shoes. I looked back up at him, and he didn't budge. He didn't even look at me. His silhouette stood motionless on the ledge. The only sign of life was the occasional cloud of air that appeared when he exhaled.

Eventually, he looked down at the dark river below. "It sure is a long way down, officer," he said.

What was I supposed to say to that? I didn't know what this guy was planning to do. He could've been suicidal, crazy or just looking for attention. All I could do was get to him and try to detain him.

When I got to him, he was still standing motionless, staring at the dark body of water hundreds of feet below the narrow, crumbling ledge that was supporting him. "Let's not get carried away with anything, sir," I said. "I don't want you to do anything you'll regret."

"What makes you think I'm planning on doing something I'll regret, officer?" he said calmly.

I suppose he had a good point. I assumed he was planning to jump, but it was entirely possible he hadn't planned to jump at all. It was in my best interest to expect the worst. Maybe he really was just enjoying the night, although there wasn't much to enjoy that night. The sky was dark and leaden. The black clouds stretched far beyond my line of sight, like a blanket of nothingness. Really, the only nearby light came from the tall lampposts and various city lights from the downtown area just a mile or so from the bridge. The stranger and I were nearly alone out there. Every so often a car's headlights would shine toward us from the distant road near this now unused bridge. A few years back, the city decided to build another bridge closer to the city, making this one obsolete. I guess that was why this man chose to come out here. It was nearly always deserted.

"Sorry to assume the worst, sir. I just want to make sure you're not in any danger. It's my duty," I said. He turned his head to me, looking me in the eyes for the first time that night. His face was rough; he had a dark beard to match the shaggy, dark brown hair that reached just below his eyes. His mouth was closed and unmoving, and his eyes were slightly squinted. His face was lacking of any kind of emotion. I couldn't tell if those eyes

were actually as black as they seemed, or if it was simply the darkness of the night playing a trick on me. Just then, a chill breeze blew over the bridge. The hairs on my neck stood up, and I shivered just a bit. At that moment, one thing was certain: I'd seen his face before.

It happened about three years ago. It started the night I told my 8-year-old son that the next day he and I were going to go to a Royals game. I'd never seen Drew get so excited about anything.

"Really, Dad?! Oh my gosh!! I can't wait! I can't wait! I can't wait!" he yelled. His giant grin revealed gaps from losing some of his baby teeth. He jumped around the living room, his blond hair bounced in sync with his sporadic leaps. He almost ran first into the TV, then the bookshelf. He actually did run into the coffee table. I think he jammed his toe, but he was far too excited to care or even notice. I don't think he slept a wink that night.

He woke me up the next morning at 8 a.m. for a game that wasn't until 6:30 p.m. that night. I couldn't believe how thrilled he was. It was his first Major League Baseball game, and I supposed I felt the same way before I saw my first game. We tried to entertain ourselves for the rest of day. We watched TV for a while, but that quickly made him bored. Then we played Mario Kart, but he got tired of beating me so easily. We played catch for a while in the backyard. Eventually it was time for us to go. I followed him through the house to the front door. My wife was sitting on the couch watching the news as we were leaving. She stood up when we got to the door.

"Have fun, boys! Enjoy the game!" she said walking toward us. "I love you, Drew!" She hugged him, squeezing tight, and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"I love you too, Mom!" he said as he shook free of her grip. He opened the door

and sprinted to the car.

"Wait, Rick, before you go," my wife said, stopping me. "Be careful on your way home tonight, you know there have been weirdos and idiots out lately."

"Yes, I know that, dear. I'm the one who has to deal with them, remember?" I said to her.

"I know. Just be careful. Do you have your gun?" she asked.

"I'm not going to need my gun, Michelle," I said. "Look, Dave is on duty tonight. You and I both have his number, and if anything happens that I can't handle myself, I'll call him. But nothing bad will happen, okay?"

I heard my car horn in the background. I looked outside and saw Drew anxiously pounding on the steering wheel.

"Come on, Dad!" he yelled. "Let's go!" I looked back at my wife.

"Okay, okay, I'll try not to worry. Just don't try to be a hero tonight, Rick. Leave that to someone else," she said boldly, staring right into my eyes without so much as a blink. I watched her stare, closely. A piece of her long, golden hair fell over her eye, brushing against her smooth, skinny cheek, but she wasn't fazed. I could tell she was serious.

"I won't, dear. I love you," I said to her. "Besides, this rise in crime is just a phase. It's probably just getting close to a full moon."

She had always been superstitious about bad things happening. She avoided driving on nights of a full moon; she always made me fold my ladders when I was done with them, just so no one would walk under them. She wouldn't let Drew get the kitten he wanted from the pet store because it was a black cat. Sometimes her superstitions just got to be too ridiculous. But I supposed she had a fair reason to be a little bit worried that night. I had been working for the KCPD for nine years, and I'd never had to deal with as much crime as I had been seeing those last few weeks. Robberies were at

an all time high. Same with DUI's and drug dealings. Trespassing, breaking and entering, substance abuse, you name it, we had it that week, and plenty of it.

Maybe I should've been more worried about that night, but why would I be? For me, it was just going to be like any other night. Crime is what I lived with, and it was nothing new to me.

I stepped outside and slowly closed the screen door behind me. My son was still honking the car horn. The happiness and excitement on his face was absolutely priceless. We drove to the game and enjoyed ourselves. We definitely made the most of the occasion.

"Dad, that was so much fun!" he said as we walked to the car after leaving the stadium. "Did you see when the center fielder ran into the wall and still caught it?!"

"Yep! Sure did! That's going to be you out there one day," I said to him with a smile. He looked up at me with his light blue eyes as wide as ever, and his jaw dropped.

"Do you really think so?!" he asked me. "Gosh, that'd be the best!" He ran ahead, tossing his baseball into the air and catching it like a professional center fielder. I often found myself encouraging him to keep playing baseball, most likely because I regretted giving it up in high school. I didn't want him to make the same mistake I did, especially if there was any chance of him making a career out of it.

We got in our car and followed the long line out of the stadium lot. The sun was nearly hidden below the horizon. The dark blue sky surrounding the lavender clouds and orange tip of the sun painted a beautiful picture for us.

I was driving for about twenty minutes when I saw something peculiar out of the corner of my eye. I looked out my window

and saw some people running into a construction site. I couldn't make out their ages, the sun had nearly disappeared, and it was getting dark. "Ugh," I said, annoyed. "I'm just going to stop for a second and tell them to leave, okay?" I said to Drew, interrupting his humming of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

"Okay, Dad!" he said, with a smile just as big as the one he had when we left the game.

He resumed humming the tune.

I pulled the car over on the left side of the road, closest to the intruders, right in front of a small in-

tersection. "Just wait here," I said to him as I opened my door and got out. I didn't bother turning off the car. I jogged toward the incomplete structure surrounded by construction tape and hazard signs. I could still see the intruders' figures in the distance. "Hey!" I yelled to them. "You can't be out here! This bridge isn't finished! It's dangerous!" I wasn't sure if they heard me. They didn't seem to react to anything I said.

At that very moment, I heard a loud screech from behind me. I quickly turned around and saw a dark pickup truck speeding through the nearby intersection. It was going too fast to make the turn. I watched closely as it smashed into the passenger side of my car. The collision dismantled my car. I watched the shards of glass and fragments of metal burst into the air, only to return in a shower of destruction. The powerful impact spun my white car up the curb and into the grass next to the street. It was facing me, and so was the pickup truck. The headlights from both vehicles shined in my eyes. I couldn't see much, except for the vague outline of my caved-in car.

For a moment, I couldn't move. I wanted to run to my son, but my feet wouldn't budge. I just stood, gazing at the scene,

"She has always been superstitious about bad things happening."

thinking about what had happened. Move. Move, dammit, I thought. I snapped out of it and ran toward to my battered car—to my son. I opened my driver side door and reached across to him. His body was limp and his head was hanging down. He had a large gash on his forehead, sending a river of blood flowing down his pale face, dripping onto his blue baseball t-shirt. He was bleeding way too much, and he wasn't moving. I yelled his name over and over. I shook his shoulders, begging him to look at me, to say something, to say anything. I held him close to me, with his head on my chest. Tears were streaming down my face. I ran my fingers through his thin blond hair and prayed for him to wake up, but he was motionless—lifeless.

"You son-of-a-bitch," I muttered, thinking about the man in the pickup truck. "You fucking son-of-a-bitch!" I yelled, looking up to the pickup truck sitting outside the car. I backed out of my car and looked at the man driving the truck. He looked at me through his window, then down to my son, then back at me. The darkness made it difficult to see distinct features on his face, but I could see that he only acquired a cut on his forehead from the crash. He had a beard and dark, shaggy hair that nearly covered his eyes—his dark, empty eyes. I jolted to the front of my car, toward his truck. But he sped forward and began to drive away quickly. I had to jump out of the way to keep from getting hit by him. "No!!" I screamed at the top of my lungs to the truck as it drove away, gaining more and more speed. I chased after it as fast as I possibly could, but it was no use. He was gone in a matter of seconds. Breathing heavily, I quickly reached into my pocket, grabbed my cell phone, and called 9-1-1.

The hairs on my neck settled, and my shiver faded. He was still staring at me blankly from atop the ledge. "You—" I said uneasily. "It was you." I watched his bushy

eyebrows slowly sink in toward each other.

"What about me, officer?" he asked.

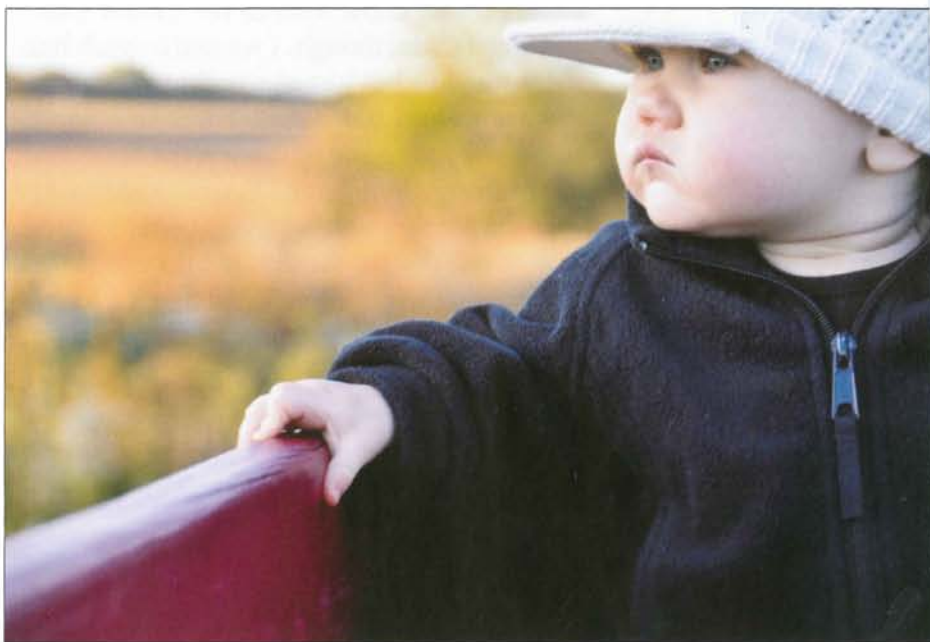
"You're the one—who killed my son." I said slowly. "And you got away—You fucking killed my son and got away with it!" I screamed.

Within a few moments, his dark eyes widened; I thought I saw a slight twinkle in them. "No, wait! It was an accident!" he pleaded. "I didn't mean to!"

"Why the hell did you drive away?! You knew what you had done!" I yelled. "You should be in prison."

He began to shuffle his feet on the ledge, turning in my direction. "I was so scared!" he

TATUM
by Meggie Mitchell
digital photograph



said. "I—I didn't know what to do. I freaked out and drove off. But I know I shouldn't have!" He was gesturing his arms toward me as he spoke, as if to strengthen his sincerity. "I can't live with knowing what I've done. I can't even sleep because of it. It's all I think about! I don't know what to do anymore."

I didn't care what he had to say. I didn't even want to listen to him. "I should kill you right now," I said. "I should push you off of

this bridge. I should kill you, just like you killed my son."

"Please don't, officer," he begged. "Please!" His dark eyes were wide, and his hands were clasped together.

I paused and stared at him. My mind was racing beyond comprehension. Images of

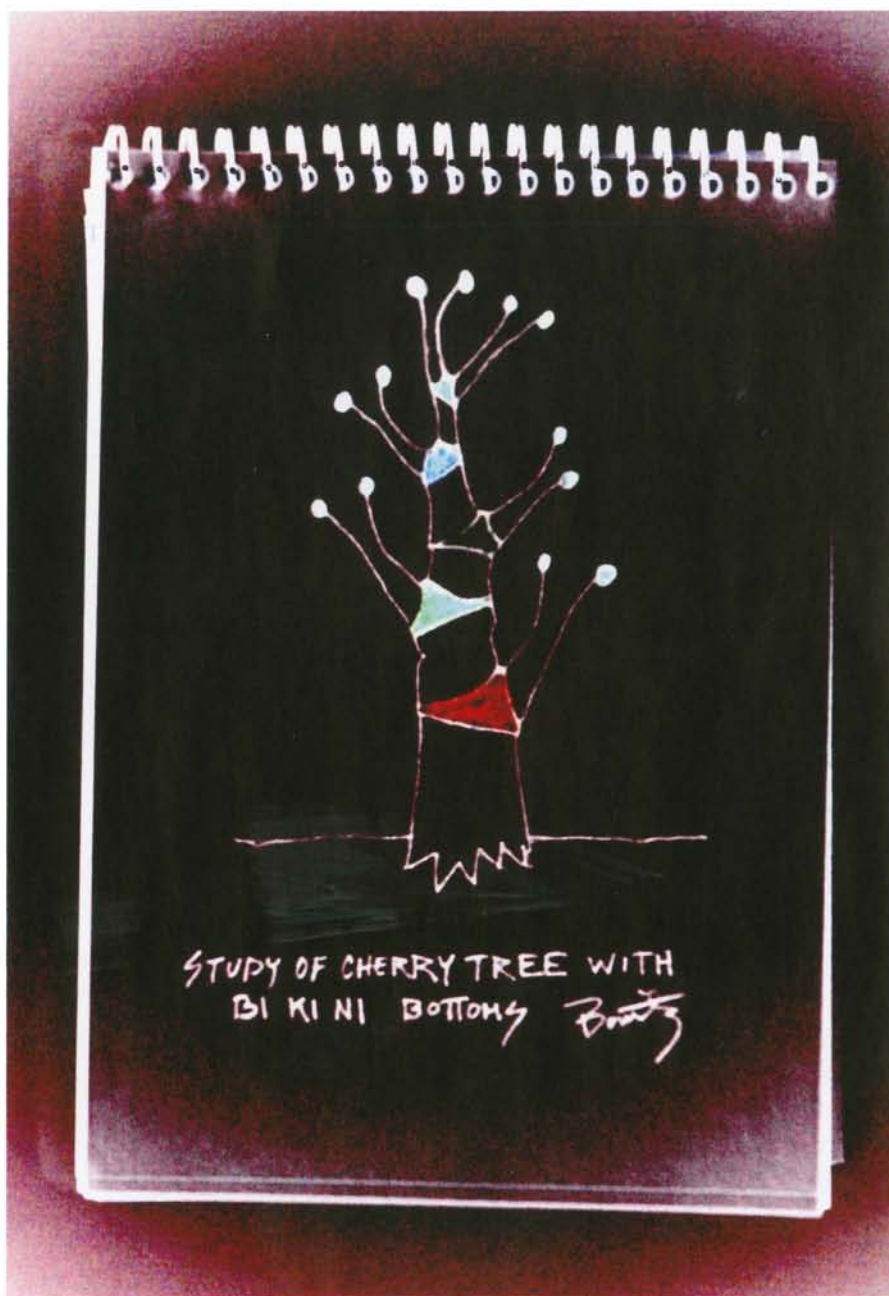
*"I wanted to push him. I
wanted to kill him."*

my son ran through my enraged mind. I saw him running through the living room, literally jumping for joy. I saw him throwing his baseball into the air as high as he possibly could, and chasing after it glove first, ready to catch it. I saw his body in the car seat, still, bruised and lifeless.

I didn't know what to do. I knew what I wanted to do, though. I wanted to push him. I wanted to kill him. I stood in thought for what seemed like hours. I was contemplating everything and nothing at the same time. The images in my mind ceased, and I looked at the scenery around me. The dark clouds were still coating the sky, and the once bright city lights were beginning to dim.

"Get down. Right now," I said.

He looked confused and surprised. He tucked his body slightly to prepare to step down from the ledge while still maintaining his balance on the ledge. "Right now!" I said as I grabbed his forearm and hurled him to the pavement below us. His cheek smashed into the crumbled concrete, but he didn't make a noise. I dug my knee into his back, grabbed his arms and handcuffed his wrists behind him. "Get up," I ordered, pulling him up with me. I dragged him to my cruiser and stuffed him into the back seat, slamming the door behind him. Just before I got in the car to take him downtown, I took a long, deep breath of the freezing air. It was like inhaling glass.



BI KI NI
by John Bowitz
digitally manipulated drawing

ROCKY MOUNTAIN OYSTERS

The steer groans, kicking
its hooves in the afternoon air.
The testicles snip off easy.
Harold has no expression
as he collects the balls,
but Shadow, the black lab, grins,
sniffing the bucket heavily.
Harold swipes her away,
then changes his mind.
He fishes out one of the balls,
sails it across the field, its red
flag of blood trailing behind.
Shadow races after it,
while Dean complains
about how the "librulls" are turning
hospitals into communist centers,
where America's youth will volunteer
in red uniforms, giving sex changes
to anyone with unnatural
feelings, will hand out dope
and the pill to fifth graders
so they can have damn orgies—
well why don't they all just move
to Europe if they want to live
like damn communists?
Dean doesn't notice the bleeding ball
floating in his glass of beer,
which Harold had carefully plopped in.
He takes a long sip, looking
onto the field's horizon.
It's good and cold
on a balmy May day.
Shadow slurps her snack, black
eyes gleaming up at Harold,
black and red gums smacking
for another treat.
"Course by then you won't be able
to pick your own doctor," Dean says.
He stops. Sees the ball bobbing
in his beer like a fishing lure.
It seems to gaze back, like an eyeball.
"Son-of-a-bitch."

AUDREY HANTLA

The jingle-jangle of "Triple 7's" dances
in the black parts of her eyes.
Luminescence of glitter and broken neon
reflect off her sin-filled lips of ruby and crystal that ooze,
"Come get your complimentary drinks."
"Come get your three dollar steak."
Everybody can be somebody
while they suckle her bedazzled breasts.
It just takes a wink from Lady Luck but beware.
You may play the favorite now, until the chips fall
on double zeros and awww, you bet on black.

She's a cold hard bitch,
and you keep on comin' back because the sex
is just so damn good.

But there is another mistress,
who darkens the horizons of indulgence.
Mother Nature.
And it's her time of the month.
Roofs will be battered and lives clattered.
She'll shake the sea and lift up the land in her
tirade of frustration and abuse.
The things man created to destroy her will only
force her chin higher and higher until she drowns us all.

But she'll apologize.
A warm ray of sun through the parting clouds tells your face,
"I'm sorry, baby. I just get so mad sometimes."

LINDSAY WASHBURN

BIRTH

BY JENNIFER ALLEN

The table beneath me is cold, hard steel with nothing more than a thin, cotton sheet thrown over it. My arms are stretched out perpendicular to my body and strapped down. I feel like a female Jesus ready to be crucified. The florescent light above me is so bright it is blinding. I can barely open my eyes all the way. The air in the room is cold, and the thin cotton hospital gown covers very little. Goosebumps rise across my body. I see them, but I can't feel them. My body is numb from the arm pits down.

The smell of cleaning chemicals burns my nose, and my eyes begin to water a little. I can hear the steel instruments that they will soon be using on me clanking around. Monitors beep, keeping track of my blood pressure, heart rate and respiration rate. Suddenly, a face appears above me, and the monitor on my right begins to beep a little faster.

SENSE-LESS
by Hoa Le
print



He has startled me. All I can see are his blue eyes. His head and the lower half of his face are covered in the same blue, gauzy, cotton that is atop my own head.

"Are you ready?" he asks me.

"No," I reply. "I'm scared."

"Don't worry. We do this all the time. You

guys will be fine. Just relax," he tells me. His eyes are calm and comforting.

From below my bulging stomach I hear a voice, "Okay, Jennifer, we are going to make the incision. You are going to feel a lot of pressure."

"Okay," I call to this unseen voice.

I stare up at the blinding light. The monitor to my right begins to beep a little faster. Suddenly, there is tremendous pressure on my stomach. I can feel pulling from the inside. This sensation is so strange. I feel pressure in the middle of my chest just below my collar bone. As the hands continue to explore the inside of my abdomen, I realize that there is vomit rising up my throat. I cannot sit up and expel it from my mouth. There is no clenching feeling in my stomach to help push it out of my mouth, only the strange pressure that is moving around inside me. I make a gurgling noise and the monitor to my right beeps even faster. The blue eyes appear above again.

"Turn your head to the side," he says.

I turn my head to the left and there is a small, beige, peanut-shaped dish there. I open my mouth and the vomit begins to drip from the corner of my mouth. I see a latex gloved hand coming towards my mouth. Two fingers extend into my mouth and begin to rake the vomit out. The bitter taste from the vomit mixed with the acid of the latex burns my tongue.

The entire lower half of my body suddenly rises off the steel table. I feel like everything that lies underneath the skin of my abdomen has just been pulled out of me. My body thumps back to the table. The monitor to my right begins to beep faster still.

The blue eyes appear above me again. "He's out."

From the end of the table by my feet I hear a high pitched wail. My son is finally here! I am overcome with emotion. I immediately be-

gin to cry. Hot tears pour from the corners of my eyes and leave a cool trail back to my ears.

"Can I see him?" I ask whomever is listening. My beautiful baby boy appears before my eyes. He is wrapped tightly in a blue and white striped blanket, and he has a tiny multi-colored knit cap pressed firmly down on his tiny head. His mouth is open wide in

a scream, and I can see his pink gums and his bright-red tongue as it flails around widely in his mouth. His eyes are shut tight.

Some unseen person carries him closer to me. His mouth closes, and his eyes pop open. They are the most beautiful sky-blue I have ever seen. He comes close enough that I can kiss the tiny wrinkles in his forehead.



Moo Juice
by Cara Anderson
package design

CAROLINE: A CASE STUDY

BY LINDSAY WASHBURN

Her name is Caroline. She is in her late thirties. Every day, for as long as she cares to remember, she has come into this bar on the corner, down the street from her apartment. She sits in the same seat at the bar, third from the left. On the bar she sets her purse, two packs of Camel lights and a 99 cent Bic lighter. She orders vodka, straight up with a twist. The first one she downs immediately, and, then, calmly orders a second. She speaks to no one. She does this every day. Every day at 2 p.m.

She sits drinking, smoking and staring at her reflection in the mirror behind the bar. She doesn't know the person staring back at her. The vacant eyes and the wrinkling skin are just a husk. Nothing of what she used to be. At 10:30 p.m. she promptly rises and leaves the bar. She walks back to her cramped, one bedroom apartment. No one is there to greet her. She goes to her bed and pulls the covers up over her face. She doesn't sleep though. She hasn't in three weeks.

The next day at 2 p.m. she walks down to the bar. When she enters she goes to take her regular seat, but someone is already sitting in it. The person sitting in Caroline's seat is a young, attractive, blonde girl with flawless skin and sparkling blue eyes. "You're in my seat," Caroline says.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize," she replies. "Here you go." The girl moves over, one seat to the left. Caroline takes her seat and motions the bartender to pour her drink. After she downs the first, she signals for the second. As she lights up a cigarette, she notices that the girl is staring at her.

"Can I help you?" snaps Caroline.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I think you can help me. At first I wasn't sure, but now I think you can." The girl is studying Caroline's face. Normally, Caroline would ignore any human being around her because that's what they did to her, but something about this girl intrigues Caroline. Also, Caroline has been alone for so long that it is nice to be

noticed by someone. So she decides to bite.

"Can I buy you a drink?" Caroline asks the girl.

"Oh, no thank you," the girl says. "I don't drink."

"So," says Caroline. She takes a puff off her cigarette and blows it straight out in front of her. "How is it that I can help you—ah—what is your name, hun?"

"I'm sorry. I completely forgot to introduce myself." The girl extends her hand to Caroline. "I'm CeCe."

"Nice to meet you, CeCe. I'm Caroline." Caroline reaches out and shakes CeCe's hand. A tingle races through her fingers and up her arm. It is the first time she has touched another person in six months.

"I have a proposition for you, Caroline," says CeCe. "I want you to do something for me. Something very important. And if you do this for me, I will give you something greater than money."

"Oh yeah? And what is that?" Caroline says, playing along.

"Your life back."

Caroline sets her drink down and turns towards CeCe. "What do you know about my life? What do you mean give me my life back?"

"I can make you feel alive again. You can be a person," says CeCe. "Even better, you can be a woman again."

Caroline doesn't know how to respond to this so she turns away, faces forward and looks down at her drink. Then she looks up at her reflection in the mirror. "I don't know what you're talking about," says Caroline.

"Yes, you do, Caroline," CeCe replies. "How long have you been coming to this bar, trying to drink away your pain before it consumes you? Trying to regain what you've lost."

"And what do you think I've lost?" Caroline turns back to face CeCe.

"Your joy," CeCe slowly replies.

Everything Caroline has been feeling, this girl, this stranger knows. All her dreams,

YOLK

BY MIRIAM PFAHLER

I roll over in bed. The moon is bright tonight. It reminds me that I need to send Brad out to buy blinds for the window. He'll be thrilled with the honey-do list I've assembled since the move-in this morning.

Caleb stirs in his bassinet, making smacking noises with his lips. I quickly throw my legs over the side of the bed and lean over him, feeling his warm breath on my cheek. As I stroke the back of his hand, his tiny fingers fan out and grasp for my thumb; when they find it, they quickly clasp and squeeze. He smacks his lips again as I give him a gentle kiss on his forehead. It's warm.

Brad rolls over next to me and I feel his fingers creep up the small of my back. "Maddie?"

"Caleb's head feels warm," I whisper, turning to look at him. His hair sticks out in every direction and he can only manage

to open one eye. He reaches over me and rests his hand on Caleb's head. I can smell his breath. I swear that he's the only person in the world who doesn't get morning breath. One of the reasons I married him.

"Feels fine to me," he says, nuzzling his face into my neck and giving me a quick kiss. "Go back to bed, hun."

"What if he's sick, Brad?"

"Maddie." Brad falls back onto his pillow and grabs my hand, preventing me from reaching out to Caleb. "Remember what your dad said today?"

"Hm."

"You need to lighten up, hun. You worry about him too much. He'll be fine."

I had called Dad earlier today to tell him that we were settling in. I'd only mentioned that I was worried about not having a security system installed yet.

"That's what Brad is for," he had said. Typical. Dad always said that sort of stuff.

When I was a child I would go around at night locking all the doors and Dad would reprimand me. "You have a dog, a dad and a brother. Why the hell do you need to lock the damn doors?!" Yeah. The man that can sleep through a hurricane and a dog that pissed herself anytime someone walked through the door.

"You're too scared of the world, Mad," he had said. "And Caleb's going to end up the same way. You can't coddle him."

Seated in Dad's Chevy Beauville van, I was high atop the world, looking down at the white line of the highway following us out to our adventure. That's what Dad called our walks, "adventures."

A nice warm day in March. The first signs of spring. 1990. I was seven.

"A few boats out on the water today," Dad said as we passed Lake Stevens. "Still looks pretty low though. We need a good rain."

I watched Dad as he maneuvered the bulky van around the winding road, one hand on the wheel and the other tapping his knee to some song in his head. Areas of grey were already creeping into his dark beard, and his wild eyebrows were slowly crawling over his glasses. He was wearing one of those flannel shirts with patches over the elbows; a sure sign of old age if there ever was one.

After circling the lake, Dad pulled the van onto a gravel sideroad, and we bounced down the uneven path.

"This looks good," he said, pulling into a small clearing. The van coughed as he flicked the key, cutting the engine. His door swung open and his long legs stretched down and out of sight. I opened my door and made the tentative leap down onto the ground.

Dad took off immediately, and I galloped to keep up with his huge strides. A breeze drifted across my face, carrying a few strands of hair with it. I brushed them aside and pulled my sleeves down over my hands.

"As I stroke the back of his hand, his tiny fingers fan out and grasp for my thumb."

Even at her worst, she is still an Iowa woman,
hard as the dirt of the Loess
and more august.
The map of her body stretches marks of travel
leaving her in a state
she will never comfortably call home.
Sweats and sweaters hiding her sex
and Midwestern winters
and C-sections
and gravity
and crumbs of self-esteem devoured by Iowa men.
Still,
she is swagger and light,
bulletproof bravado,
but to tuned ears she cries like
September screen doors,
scared there is nothing of her mother inside her.

RANDY UHL

I hardly recognize this place where I
flew kites as a kid, where I played army
and shot friends who took decades to die.
I smoked my first stolen cigarettes here.

But the levies are broken, now, and the old
pastures are drowned. Herons wade here
and muskrats build their tangled houses.
Beneath this skim of water lies the ground

of my youth, but I don't slip off my shoes
to touch the muck of those days once again.
That is not why I have come. I only stand
by the water to learn the smell of swamp.

Imagine living for fifty years
without a glimpse into a mirror.
Who would be able to read the palimpsest
of wrinkles and sags he had become?

I visit this place from time to time
to remind me that pastures are really
water, to remind me that I come from
a place that is becoming unplaced.

I come, I must face it, from change.
And I leave it for the geese above to write
the greater-than or less-than signs in the sky.

STEPHEN COYNE



SUNRISE HANGOVER
by Holly Becker
Botik



He tosses it down on the table. "Did CeCe give you this gun too?"

"Yes."

"This pistol is yours. We ran the serial number, and it is registered to you." The doctor waits for her reply.

"But that's not possible. I don't own a gun. I've never owned a gun in my life." Caroline is becoming agitated.

"Who is this girl CeCe?" asks the doctor. "Did anyone else see her?"

"Ask the bartender, he saw her. She was sitting right next to me when he poured my drinks. He had to have seen her. Ask him," says Caroline. "Ask him."

"We already did, Caroline. He said you sat alone, the entire time, and didn't talk to anybody, let alone a young girl." Caroline starts to cry.

"I-I don't understand."

The doctor reaches back into the box and removes a yearbook. Shoreville High, 1986. He flips open to a marked page and points at a picture. There she is. The blonde hair, the flawless skin, the sparkling blue eyes.

Caroline shouts in excitement. "That's her! That's CeCe."

"Look at the name, Caroline," says the doctor.

Caroline scans over to the side of the page and reads the name of the girl whose picture is third from the left. Caroline Canter. Then, the doctor flips to another page. There is a picture with a heart drawn around it. There he is. The golden boy. Joey Metzinger. Underneath is written C.C. + J.M. forever. Caroline stares at the picture. She stands up and backs away from the table.

The doctor takes one last item from the box. It is a police report. It is dated June 17, 1986. He places it over the yearbook. "This is a police report, from Shoreville. One month after you graduated high school you walked into the police station and filed a complaint against Joseph Metzinger. You told the officer

on duty that the two of you were at a party together and he took you into an upstairs bedroom and raped you. He was arrested but never brought to trial. You refused to testify so the charges were dropped." Caroline returns to her seat. She picks up the report and skims through it. She places it back down on the table and then looks at the doctor.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Caroline says. "CeCe's gonna make everything okay. Everything will be okay. You'll see. Everything's gonna be okay. Okay-okay-okay. CeCe said. She said." Caroline repeats CeCe's name over and over again. The doctor watches her.

"So was it for revenge? Is that why you killed him?" asks the doctor.

Caroline doesn't answer.

The doctor turns around and shakes his head at the one-way mirror. He starts to pack the items back into the box he brought in.

Caroline looks at him. "CeCe told me that if I did it she would give me back what I lost." Her voice is like a child's.

"And did she?" asks the doctor.

Caroline looks hard at the doctor, smiles, and then looks back at her reflection. She looks into her sparkling blue eyes and smiles. Caroline brings her knees up to her chest and rests her head on them sideways, never breaking the gaze of the mirror. Caroline just sits. She sits and smiles.

The woman runs screaming for help as the doors close. The elevator descends to the lobby.

Caroline just sits. She sits and smiles. Five, four, three, two, one. The doors open into the lobby and Caroline stands up and walks out. The people in the lobby, in their business skirts and suits, stop dead. They stare at Caroline. She turns to walk out the front door, but two uniformed police officers are coming through it. They pull their guns and tell her to get on the ground. Caroline puts her hands up, drops down to one knee and then the other. They cuff her, take her outside to their cruiser and put her in the back seat. More cops arrive on the scene. The red and blue lights flash, casting odd shadows on the front of the office building. An ambulance roars up to the curb and two medics jump out and rush inside. Caroline just sits. She sits and smiles.

The interrogation room at the police station is cold. Uncomfortably cold. The metal of the handcuffs around Caroline's wrists is even colder. The blood on her hands is completely dry and starting to flake off. She stares at her reflection in the one-way mirror. On the other side of the mirror, two detectives stand. They look at Caroline in the other room. They have been trying to get her to speak for the last six hours, but she just tells them the same story about a girl named CeCe in the bar down the street from her apartment. She tells them this, and then continues staring at her reflection in the mirror. The detectives are waiting for Dr. Frank Morris, a forensic psychologist, to speak to her. There is a knock on the door. A man walks into the room carrying a cardboard box.

"Hey, Doc," says one of the cops. "Hope you have better luck with this one than we did."

"Is she at all responsive?" asks Dr. Morris.

"Barely," says the cop. "She just keeps tellin' us the same bullshit story over and over again about some girl in a bar."

"Well, let's see how she reacts when confronted with the truth," the doctor says. He leaves the room. The cop shakes his head and turns to his partner.

"I guess it's true what they say. You never can escape your past. It's always there. Creeping around behind you." They both look back through the one-way mirror. Dr. Morris enters the interrogation room. He sets the cardboard box he is carrying on the table. He pulls a chair over and sits directly across from Caroline. She pays him no attention.

"Hello, Caroline. My name is Dr. Morris." Caroline gives him no response. "I'm just going to ask you a few questions about some things we found in your apartment." He pulls a file folder out of the box. Out of the folder he takes the picture that CeCe gave Caroline. He places it on the table in front of Caroline. She glances at it for a second and then returns her gaze to the reflection in the mirror.

The doctor then takes from the folder a section of newspaper. He unfolds it to reveal a story about a local lawyer named Joseph Metzinger who is a defense attorney in a high profile rape case. The picture has been torn out. The doctor picks up the picture from in front of Caroline and places it in the open space where the picture has been removed. The tears fit perfectly together. "Caroline?" he asks. "Did you tear out this picture?" Caroline looks down at the paper and then up at the doctor.

"No. CeCe gave me that picture."

"CeCe did?"

"Yes, she gave it to me yesterday at the bar." Caroline points at the mirror. "I already told them everything."

"OK." The doctor removes from the box a plastic evidence bag containing a blood stained .38 caliber pistol. "What about this?"

"The blood on her hands is completely dry and starting to flake off."

He tosses it down on the table. "Did CeCe give you this gun too?"

"Yes."

"This pistol is yours. We ran the serial number, and it is registered to you." The doctor waits for her reply.

"But that's not possible. I don't own a gun. I've never owned a gun in my life." Caroline is becoming agitated.

"Who is this girl CeCe?" asks the doctor. "Did anyone else see her?"

"Ask the bartender, he saw her. She was sitting right next to me when he poured my drinks. He had to have seen her. Ask him," says Caroline. "Ask him."

"We already did, Caroline. He said you sat alone, the entire time, and didn't talk to anybody, let alone a young girl." Caroline starts to cry.

"I-I don't understand."

The doctor reaches back into the box and removes a yearbook. Shoreville High, 1986. He flips open to a marked page and points at a picture. There she is. The blonde hair, the flawless skin, the sparkling blue eyes.

Caroline shouts in excitement. "That's her! That's CeCe."

"Look at the name, Caroline," says the doctor.

Caroline scans over to the side of the page and reads the name of the girl whose picture is third from the left. Caroline Canter. Then, the doctor flips to another page. There is a picture with a heart drawn around it. There he is. The golden boy. Joey Metzinger. Underneath is written C.C. + J.M. forever. Caroline stares at the picture. She stands up and backs away from the table.

The doctor takes one last item from the box. It is a police report. It is dated June 17, 1986. He places it over the yearbook. "This is a police report, from Shoreville. One month after you graduated high school you walked into the police station and filed a complaint against Joseph Metzinger. You told the officer

on duty that the two of you were at a party together and he took you into an upstairs bedroom and raped you. He was arrested but never brought to trial. You refused to testify so the charges were dropped." Caroline returns to her seat. She picks up the report and skims through it. She places it back down on the table and then looks at the doctor.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Caroline says. "CeCe's gonna make everything okay. Everything will be okay. You'll see. Everything's gonna be okay. Okay—okay—okay. CeCe said. She said." Caroline repeats CeCe's name over and over again. The doctor watches her.

"So was it for revenge? Is that why you killed him?" asks the doctor.

Caroline doesn't answer.

The doctor turns around and shakes his head at the one-way mirror. He starts to pack the items back into the box he brought in.

Caroline looks at him. "CeCe told me that if I did it she would give me back what I lost." Her voice is like a child's.

"And did she?" asks the doctor.

Caroline looks hard at the doctor, smiles, and then looks back at her reflection. She looks into her sparkling blue eyes and smiles. Caroline brings her knees up to her chest and rests her head on them sideways, never breaking the gaze of the mirror. Caroline just sits. She sits and smiles.

the numbers light up she looks back and forth, making sure no one is near her. Six, five, four, three, two, one. The doors open. Caroline bursts through them and pushes the button for the seventh floor.

The elevator doors begin to close, but just before they do a hand jams itself in the narrow slot. The doors reopen. A handsome middle-aged man enters the elevator. He looks at the button panel and doesn't push

the button panel and pushes the emergency stop button. A red light comes on overhead. She pulls out the gun and points it at the man.

"How the fuck do you know my name?" she shrieks. Her hands are shaking and clumsy from the weight of the pistol.

The man puts his hands up. "Whoa. Caroline, it's me. Joseph. Joseph Metzinger. Shoreville High, class of '86. Don't you remember?" The man is surprised, but not scared.

Caroline doesn't know what to do.

"Caroline, what's the matter? Why are you doing this?" The man backs up against the side of the elevator. He reaches for the button panel, but Caroline stops him with the gun, thrusting it right in his face.

"Don't do that," she screams. "Don't move."

"Is this about what happened back in high school?" the man says. "If it is, I'm sorry. I was just a kid." The man backs up until his shoulders touch the wall of the elevator. "Please, Caroline. Don't do this. I'm sorry." Caroline smiles faintly. "I'm sorry."

Caroline presses the gun to the man's forehead. "I have to," she says. Caroline pulls the trigger. She pulls it over and over again until the chamber clicks empty. No more bullets. No more man in the newspaper picture.

Caroline drops the gun and sinks to the floor. She looks at the blood on her hands. It is already starting to dry. She feels her heart rising. The fog of the past twenty years lifts and disappears from her eyes. Caroline reaches up and pushes in the emergency stop button. The elevator lurches back to life. Seven. The shiny elevator doors, now splattered with blood, open. A woman with an armload of files is standing waiting to get on the elevator. She looks at Caroline, and then she looks at the man. Her bottom lip quivers and she drops the file folders. They hit the floor and all of the papers in them splash out.

Her screaming doesn't even faze Caroline. Caroline just continues to sit in the pool of blood that is still spreading across the elevator floor.



anything. He is going to the seventh floor. He is the man in the newspaper picture. Caroline starts to panic. Her head is reeling from the torrent of thoughts in her mind. She thinks to herself: Do it, *do it*. Now is your chance.

Caroline slowly reaches into her purse and wraps her fingers around the gun. The man looks over at Caroline, puzzled. He faces forward again, still with the puzzled look on his face. The elevator keeps rising. Four, five, six.

The man turns to Caroline and speaks. "Excuse me, but aren't you Caroline Canter?" he says. Caroline freezes: How does he know who she is? Quickly, Caroline reaches over to

all her fears. She knows. Caroline feels the familiar wetness of tears on her cheeks.

"What is it that you want me to do?" says Caroline.

"I want you to kill this man," CeCe says. She pulls out a picture of a handsome middle-aged man and places it on the bar in front of Caroline. It is a picture from a newspaper.

"What?" Caroline is bewildered.

"I want you to kill him. I have a gun for you, and I know where he will be tonight. All you have to do is pull the trigger. And then," CeCe says, "you can be free."

"You're fuckin' crazy." Caroline has heard enough. She grabs her cigarettes, gets up and starts for the door.

How can this girl give her back her life? What could she do that would make any goddamn difference? But, if there's even the slightest chance to be what she once was, that is a hell of a lot better than having no hope at all. She would do anything to feel that way again. Even kill a man.

Caroline stands in front of the office building on 185th street. In her purse is the .38 caliber pistol that CeCe gave her. She clutches the purse tightly to her side. The building is eight stories high. On the seventh floor, in the office at the end of the hall, is the man from the newspaper picture. Caroline takes a deep breath and opens the glass door



"When was the last time you slept Caroline?" CeCe calls after her.

Caroline halts in the doorway.

"Isn't it time you had some peace?"

Caroline stands frozen in the doorway. Thoughts are speeding through her head.

to the building's lobby. Her heart is pounding so hard that she is sure the other people in the lobby can hear it. She feels their eyes on her, full of suspicion and contempt. She walks over to the elevator doors and firmly pushes the up button. As Caroline watches

SIGHT OF SOUND
by Sean Delperdang
mixed media

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LITERATURE

Jennifer Allen is a 27-year-old, non-traditional student. She is also a single-mother. She is a junior English/mass communications double major. This is her first year contributing to the *Kiosk*.

Gregory Anderson is a graduating senior from Sioux City, IA. In 2007, Gregory won 1st place in the *Kiosk* for his poem "Kismet," and, in 2008, he was head editor of the *Kiosk*. After graduation, Gregory will be moving to Bahrain to teach English.

Erin Bohlmann is a junior majoring in elementary education. She plays softball for Morningside. She hopes to use her writing talents to add to her teaching. This is her first year contributing to the *Kiosk*.

Kyle Bubb is a sophomore, double majoring in English and mass communication. He is heavily involved a variety of organizations and groups on campus, from the Leadership Academy and Student Government to the Male Dance Team and the Morningside Activities Council. After graduating from Morningside, he would love to go on to graduate school. This is his first year contributing to the *Kiosk*.

Stephen Coyne is a Professor of English at Morningside College. He has served as faculty advisor to the *Kiosk* since 1989. His short stories and poems have been published in numerous literary journals.

Audrey Hantla is a recent graduate of Morningside College. She edited the *Kiosk* last year and has been a contributing writer and editor for four years. She plans to teach English in Bahrain this August with her fiancé.

Lindsay Noteboom is a sophomore studying English education. She is originally from South Sioux City, NE. Her future career plans include becoming a high school English teacher. This is her first year contributing to the *Kiosk*.

Miriam Pfahler is a junior English major and psychology minor from Pierre, SD. She plans on pursuing a career in whatever can simultaneously capture her attention and make her happy. This is her first contribution to the *Kiosk*.

Krystal Shearer is a junior from Emerson, IA, majoring in English with an emphasis in creative writing and a minor in studio art. She enjoys many hobbies, including jewelry design, painting, scrapbooking, writing and singing. She tries to live life by the motto "Work without boundaries; create without boundaries." This is Krystal's second year contributing to the *Kiosk*.

Randy Uhl recently finished 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 numerous times to the *Kiosk* over the past twenty years.

Lindsay Washburn, an English major with a psychology minor, is graduating this May. She is a member of the English honor society Sigma Tau Delta and is on the poetry editing board for this year's *Kiosk* magazine. In her free time, she is involved in local theatre productions. She is very thankful for the support of family, faculty, friends, and her boyfriend Jeremy.

Ross Wilcox is a senior. He is majoring in English with an emphasis in creative writing. After Morningside, Ross plans on attending graduate school with the goal of earning a PhD. If all goes according to plan, he will one day teach writing and literature in college.

Rachel Yoder, a freshman, is majoring in graphic design and photography. After graduating from Morningside, Rachel hopes to work as a graphic designer and eventually open and operate a photography studio. This is her first year contributing to the *Kiosk*.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE KIOSK

The idea for a literary magazine at Morningside College started in 1938 when a group of students and a professor met as the Manuscript Club. This club gathered to read student-written poems and stories on a regular basis. Students could only join the Manuscript Club if they provided a "sufficient literary work." The club distributed the first issue of *Manuscript*, the ancestor to the *Kiosk*, on December 7, 1938, under Miriam Baker Nye's editorial leadership.

In the following years, the group published 16 issues until *Manuscript* faded away 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, advised by Donald Stefanson, Carole Van Wyngarden, Janice Eidus, Scott Simmer, Robert Conley, Jan Hodge and, for the past 22 years, by Stephen Coyne.

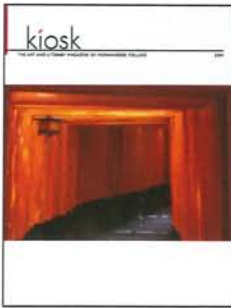
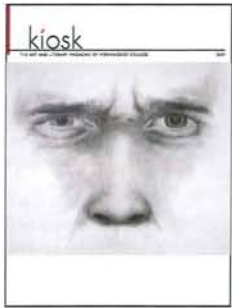
As the Forward of the first issue noted, "subject to editorial fallibility, the best will be printed." Ever since that first issue, the Morningside community has supported the literary arts by submitting their work to the *Kiosk*.

While *Kiosk* has included cover art in many of its publications, in 2006 student editor Cliff Thompson revamped the format of the magazine with the guidance of Graphic Design Instructor John Kolbo. Morningside President John Reynders supported the change. This new format allowed for the inclusion of Morningside community art works. Since then, art has played a large role in the publication.

Morningside was fortunate this year to have Lavonne Mueller, playwright and poet, come to campus to participate in workshops, lecture and discuss her writing with Morn-

ingside community members. Mueller's visit was sponsored by the Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellows program of the Council of Independent Colleges to encourage creative writing. Also, Mueller is this year's judge for *Kiosk's* literary prize.

Kiosk sponsored its first poetry slam in February of 2009 and has continued to hold slams semi-annually. The excited atmosphere



KIOSKS OF THE PAST
from left to right,
2006, 2007, 2008, 2009

of the slams helped encourage writers to submit to the magazine.

In the past few years, the *Kiosk* has won two major national awards. It was a finalist in the Pacemaker Award, sponsored by the Associated Collegiate Press, and it received a gold medal from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. In addition, last year's *Kiosk* won a Silver Crown Award from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

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 CS4 is the page layout software used to assemble the entire publication.

INCANTATION

"Drip fat, Drip fat"
was what she said,
touching the tube attached
to her pale white arm.
She and I, sisters in
thought, believed
Cosmopolitan and Redbook,
their quick diet tips
were easy for us.
One after one we tried
and molded our bodies after
the skeleton thin models,
trusting their sagacious advice
in the area of health.
"Drip fat, Drip fat"
was the song we used to
chant, echoing the faint, empty
beat of an Ethiopian drum.
Pangs of hunger
contorting ecstasies bringing
acidic rains,
"Drip fat, Drip fat"
were the words she mumbled,
wrenching the tube from her arm.
"Drip fat, Drip fat"
The headline epitaph
on her magazine tombstone.

DENISE GARD
(1994)

shoulders. "You there?"

"Yeah. I'm here."

"Come back to bed. Caleb's fast asleep. No fussing. He's fine."

Reluctantly, I crawl back under the sheets. Brad hovers over me, searching my eyes. He wants to say something. He always screws up his eyebrows when he has something to say.

"What?"

"You're good? You're not gonna worry about him, right?"

"Brad, I'm fine. Go back to sleep." I force a smile. Brad leans over and kisses me on the forehead. He rolls over and adjusts himself under the covers.

I'm fine. It seems so easy to be fine when

the world is a place where scary things happen to other people. It's easy to be fine when your baby is asleep next to you and you have nothing to fear. It's easy to be fine when the fragility of life is something that stays at the back of your mind.

Brad's breathing has become slow and methodical again. I reach out to the bassinet. With the moon shining through the window, the white cradle takes on a blue glow, looking almost heavenly. I grope along the side and find Caleb's chubby little shoulder. I reach farther and rest my fingers on his forehead. It's warm.



CAMPFIRE

by Samantha Grella
digital photograph



KNOTTED WOOD

by Brooke Spencer
digital photograph

nest and its broken contents. The yolk was now running in different directions; its perfect and enclosed sphere had been compromised. Dad's legs made short time of the space between us, and standing next to me, he put his hand on my shoulder.

"What'd you find?" he asked looking down into my newfound treasure. His eyes narrowed and he stooped closer to look at the nest. "Maddie. Did you do this?"

I looked down into the nest again and then back at my father. He looked worried. And angry.

"I found it, Dad."

"But did you

break the egg, Mad?"

I looked down at my feet and slowly ground my toe into the dirt.

"It was just yolk, Dad. That's all that was in there."

That's right. Just yolk. Like the times when Mom would let me scramble the eggs for breakfast. Mom taught me that if you poke each of the yellow spheres with the whisk they would bleed and then you could beat the eggs into submission. But there was no harm in it because it was just a yolk.

"Do you know what yolk is?" Dad pulled me closer. I plucked at the hole that was forming at the knee of his jeans.

"It was just yolk," I repeated quietly.

"Maddie, that's what the baby bird eats. That egg had a baby and you killed it. What are the mommy and daddy going to do now?"

My God. I didn't know that this simple white object had a mommy and a daddy.

"And breaking that egg is against the law, Mad. Depending on the species of that bird, you can serve jail-time for interfering with its reproduction."

Reproduction? Species? Jail time? My God.

Dad's reaction was typical, as I learned later in life. My parents weren't what you'd call "kid people." If you touched the stove, you'd surely get third-degree burns and end up in the emergency room, horribly scarred for life. If you refused the extra glass of water while you were sick in bed, it was straight off to the hospital where they'd put you on an IV straight away. What's an IV, you ask? Well, that's a giant needle that they shove up your arm when you don't drink that extra glass of water. Don't want to put your seatbelt on? How's a life spent in traction sound? Yes. The world according to Mom and Dad was a scary place. So fall in line.

Dad stood up. His words sunk deeper, going straight through my windbreaker and down into my bloodstream. A mommy and a daddy? I grabbed Dad's hand. There were no words needed. Our adventure was over.

As we walked back to the van I couldn't help but picture the nest and its remnants. The daddy was flying back. Now the mommy. They saw their beautiful creation, split in two and seeping into their cozy home. A small tear slid down the mommy's feathered face and the daddy put his wing around her as she sobbed. This was their baby. And I had crushed it.

"Maddie."

I inhale sharply as Brad's voice brings my focus back to the moon. I look down at Caleb, who shifts slightly, grunting.

"Mad." Brad sits up again and grabs my

"Come on, Maddie!"

I ran harder as Dad took off into a wooded area.

"Don't go too far, Mad," Dad said. I stayed a few paces behind but always kept his red flannel checks in sight.

We walked for a while in silence. Dad and I aren't really talkers as much as observers. Eventually, I began working up the courage to stray farther from him. Every now and then I'd stop to inspect a cluster of mushrooms, digging my toe into them and examining the crumbly bits stuck to my sneakers. The trees began to thin out as I lost all sight of Dad. I reached a large clearing. The sky was darker now, and the wind bit harder into my thin jacket.

Walking across the clearing, I searched the ground carefully. It was a habit I had picked up on the playground. You can't imagine the sorts of gems you miss when you're busy gossiping atop the monkey bars or kicking a ball at some poor kid's head.

My train of thought trailed off as a small tuft of grass caught my attention. It seemed to encircle something. Trotting over to the spot, I noticed that the grass was cleverly concealing a nest. Bits of white feather clung to the edge of the finely woven home, ruffling slightly in the breeze. I edged closer. Peering over the grass picket fence I saw one small, white egg resting in the center. I quickly searched the surrounding tufts of grass. There was no other egg. No bird. Nothing out of the ordinary, except for this unattended egg.

Slowly, I inched forward until the tips of my sneakers rested gently against the side of the fortress that surrounded my new discovery. Squatting down, I was able to more closely inspect the egg. With my face hovering just inches above the nest I noticed that the smooth white shell actually had tiny brown flecks, like the side of my mother's Toyota on a rainy afternoon. Pushing the

sleeves of my windbreaker up, I reached over the fortress; the tall grass lightly tickled my arm and sent shivers through my body. I extended my pointer finger and stroked the egg, just once.

I had, of course, seen eggs before. When Mom was baking Christmas cookies, and the time that the robin's nest fell out of the tree in the backyard, spilling its three blue eggs out onto the lawn. But I wasn't allowed to touch them. "They're fragile, Maddie," my mother warned. "We don't touch."

I poked the egg gently. It seemed strong enough. I poked it again and nudged the egg slightly to inspect its underside. Letting it fall back into place I tested its shell again, applying more and more pressure. And then, suddenly, it gave way, cracking very neatly into two pieces. I pulled my finger back, leaving a trail of slimy liquid that quickly began seeping into the ridges of the nest. The bright-yellow yolk floated back and forth on the tide of this sticky goo. It was quite possibly the most beautiful and fascinating thing that I could have imagined.

"Maddie!" Dad's voice rang out over the breeze.

I stood up quickly to see him stride out of the thicket of trees. I looked back at the



HANDLE WITH DISPAIRE
by Brittany Aronson
digital photograph

Cara Anderson is a junior from Fort Calhoun, NE. She is currently majoring in graphic design and advertising. She wants to get a job either at an advertising agency or as a package designer after graduation.

Brittany Aronson, is currently a sophomore majoring in advertising/graphic design and minoring in photography. Her hometown is Alta, IA. She would like to dedicate "Handle with Dispare" in memory of her step father. He was a great person and will be greatly missed.

Sasha Backhaus is a studio art and English double major from Westside, IA. She is a senior and will be graduating early in December of 2010.

Haley Banks is from Westfield, IA, and she is a 2008 graduate of Akron-Westfield High School. She is currently a sophomore at Morningside and plans to double-major in graphic design and advertising.

Jessica Bartak is from Elgin, NE. Currently, she is a sophomore working towards a double major in art education and Spanish.

Holly Becker is a senior majoring in art education from Sioux City, IA. She contributed to the *Kiosk* last year.

Jessica Boschen is currently a sophomore at Morningside College coming from Newman Grove, NE. She is majoring in biology and Spanish. The photo was taken in an indigenous community while she was on the May term trip in Ecuador.

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

Douglas Burg is a commercial advertising photographer. He teaches the advanced photography classes at Morningside College and at Dordt College. His commercial work contaminates his fine art, he says, and his fine art contaminates his commercial work.

Dan Cunningham, a freshman from Durant, IA, is interested in the arts but has no chosen career path.

Sean Delperdang is a senior at Morningside from Akron, IA. He is a double major in graphic design and advertising.

Alyssa Filipek is a junior from Memphis, TN. She is majoring in graphic design and minoring in advertising and photography.

Kyle Gladfelder is a senior computer science major originally from Sawnee, KS.

Samantha Grella is from Beatrice, NE. She is currently in her sophomore year and is majoring in photography and business administration.

Samar Javed is an international student from Pakistan and came to Morningside College in 2009. She is a senior with graphic design as her major field of study with a minor in advertising.

Cory Knedler received his BFA from Fort Hays State University in Hays, KS, in 1994 and his Masters of Fine Arts from the University of South Dakota in Vermillion, SD in 1998. As a printmaker, his works have been exhibited in over 100 shows since 1992, including exhibits at the Mid America Print Conference and the Brussels National Museum in Belgium. In 1997, he was invited to attend the Frans Masereel Printmaking Center in Kasterlee, Belgium. Following the experience, he opened his own studio to an invited artist each summer. The Center, as it is named, has provided educational and rewarding experiences with many artists. Between 1998 and 2002, he taught art at Morningside College in IA and since has worked at the University of South Dakota as Chair and professor of art education in the department of art.

Annika Kolbo is a senior art education and music major from Sioux City, IA. She was published in the *Kiosk* in 2009.

Hoa Le moved from Vietnam 10 years ago and currently lives in Sioux City. She is a senior and has a triple major in biology.

Meggie Mitchell is a junior photography major from Lake Park, IA. "Waterfall" was taken at Sylvan Lake in Custer State Park in the Black Hills of South Dakota. "Tatum" is her cousin's little girl.

April Parkinson is a senior majoring in computer science and graphic design. She currently claims Omaha, NE, as her hometown, but when she graduates she is willing to go anywhere for a job she can love in web development and design.

Amber Richtig, from the small town of Minden, IA, is currently a junior majoring in counseling psychology, and minoring in photography.

Shannon Sargent, from Sioux City, IA, teaches sculpture at Morningside College. He is currently the Exhibitions/Collections Coordinator at the Sioux City Art Center. He graduated from Morningside in 2000.

Brooke Spencer is currently a sophomore from Story City, IA, majoring in photography with a minor in psychology.

Christopher Thomas is a non-traditional student from Sioux City, IA. He currently has senior standing and is working on his K-12 art education certificate.

Jordan Widholm a senior graphic design major and advertising minor, is from Gothenburg, NE. He hopes to attain a job in publication design and/or brand advertising.

Tony Wiley is a sophomore from Diagonal, IA. He is majoring in photography with a minor in graphic design. After graduation, he hopes to someday work for *National Geographic*.



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