



*Between stimulus and response there is a space.
In that space is our power to choose our response.
In our response lies our growth and our freedom.*

VICTOR E. FRANKL

*I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good
place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad.*

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

kiosk

VOLUME 75

2013

THE ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE
OF MORNINGSIDGE COLLEGE



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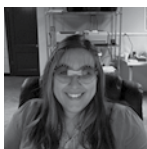
ABOUT OUR JUDGES:



Bill Russell, Morningside class of 1971 and literary judge, wrote book and lyrics for the Broadway musical *Side Show*, receiving Tony nominations for both. Mr. Russell co-wrote book and lyrics for Off-Broadway's *Pageant*. He wrote book and lyrics for *Elegies for Angels*, *Punks and Raging Queens*, *Lucky Duck*, and *The Last Smoker in America*. Lyric credits include the *Radio City Music Hall Christmas Spectacular* and the official theme for *Gay Games*. He received honorary doctorates from Morningside College and the Boston Conservatory. Coming up: Book and lyrics for *Unexpected Joy*.



A native of Sioux City and art judge, **Kelsey Knudson Anderson** graduated Morningside College in 2010. She was instrumental in reviving Art Club on campus, and as part of that creative group, she traveled, made art, engaged in community service, and had a rockin' good time. Receiving an Art Education degree, she is currently substitute teaching for the Sioux City Schools.



Stacy Tindell, art judge, is a graphic designer at WhiteSpace in North Sioux City, SD. She lives in Sioux City, IA with her husband, a talking parrot, a ferret and a leopard gecko. Stacy is a 2007 alumni of Morningside College.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

*"It's odd what you have courage for
and what you don't."*

JOYCE JOHNSON

If there is one thing this magazine is lacking, it is certainly not courage. Surviving 75 years with a history as rich as the *Kiosk* is no easy feat. It took immense courage for the members of the Manuscript Club to push each other to develop the first issue of *Manuscript* in 1938, the predecessor of this magazine, because it had never been done before.

During my time at Morningside, I went from being a writer rejected by the *Kiosk* to one whose poems appeared in the magazine's pages. I then ran editorial board meetings as an associate editor,



and finally, I led the entire staff as the editor-in-chief. Having worked on every level of this magazine over the past four years has given me an immense appreciation for the amount of work involved in a single issue.

I would like to thank the writers and artists that have been courageous enough to share their own creations with

our readers. This magazine would not have been possible without these daring individuals submitting their pieces. Not everyone is brave enough to allow their work to be read by others, let alone judged for publication. We appreciate the overwhelming number of quality submissions we receive year after year that allows us to build such an outstanding publication. This year has been no exception, and I could not say thank you enough.

I am extremely grateful for my staff, especially my associate editors, Chase Shanafelt, Cameron Oakley, and Michelle Kuester, for all of their hard work reading through submissions and working with their boards to recommend the best pieces for the issue. Also, like most people in the English Department, I would have been lost without Marcie Ponder. As a past editor and expert on all things *Kiosk*-related, she has guided me through the entire process. She has been my friend and my mentor, and I could not ask for more. Dr. Coyne has been the most knowledgeable and insightful advisor an editor could ever have. He has walked me through every step of this process, pushing me to realize the full potential of this issue, and a thank you is simply not enough to express the gratitude I have for him. Furthermore, as a staff, we would like to thank President John Reynders for his continued support of art and literature that has allowed the *Kiosk* to continue its success.

I am indebted to my friends and family for their love and support through this past year and everything it brought. I would also like to thank Joyce Johnson for inspiring me to examine exactly

what I have courage for and what I don't.

Finally, I thank you, the reader. You make this entire process and all of the difficult decisions, long nights, and stressful meetings worthwhile. As you read, I hope you feel as inspired by each piece as I have felt. If you don't, keep reading because each page brings a different story, a new perspective, and a little more courage.

Kelci Teut Editor-in-Chief

I have always felt that creativity knows no boundaries. Everyone has a creative side and anyone could be the next Picasso or the next Hemmingway. Anyone can tap into that creativity, but only a small number actually do. The *Kiosk* continuously showcases some of Morningside's best talents who have found their calling in creativity. I have been thoroughly impressed and inspired by their devotion to their craft. Looking through this issue, one can feel the passion and energy poured into each piece. My hope is that all who browse the pages of this publication are as inspired by it as I am.



All who have had the opportunity to be involved with any of Morningside's publications over the previous 75 years have been rewarded with a feeling of pride, and my experience has been no different. Experiencing the difficulties, the triumphs, and the rewards from a behind-the-scenes position allows me a unique perspective into what the previous editors may have felt. I can only hope that the feeling of pride and accomplishment I feel continues for another 75 years.

Jess Anderson Visual Editor

When I was asked to be apart of the *Kiosk* team, I did not hesitate one bit. Whether it was my busy schedule or my lack of self-confidence, in my four years at Morningside, I never submitted any work to the publication. So the thought of working on the *Kiosk* intrigued me.




In my work on the *Kiosk*, I met some pretty fantastic people who provided me new perspectives and insight on art in general. In addition, this project encouraged me to get back to basics as a designer. Compiling a large publication, coupled with an exposure to a plethora of new art has made for one inspiring journey. The task of putting this book together is a challenging one – weeks of tough deadlines and learning new things. I feel very fortunate to be part of the *Kiosk* publication team. It is a point of pride to know that my hands helped to create this work. I am so looking forward to seeing the finished product. What a fun and educational ride!



Adam Sullivan Visual Editor

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LET'S PLAY TWO



I long for the days of endless summer
when smoldering humidity clings to every surface of your body,
and the evenings when the sky turns tangerine,
and the harmonic hum of stadium lights begin their chorus,
when moths, mosquitos, and fans alike swarm to the field.

I long for the bitter bite of salted sunflower seeds on sun-chapped lips,
and the cadenced march of metal cleats on concrete
as the team emerges from the clubhouse walkway,
and the chatter of the dugout, like the crackling of crows arguing in a tree,
that blends with the gentle song of cicadas calling the play-by-play.

I long for the sound of leather colliding with leather,
the thud and thwack as the ball enters the glove
and the return-to-sender, the whip of the wrist
as the smooth sphere leaves the hand,
laces lingering on raw fingertips as if savoring a goodbye kiss.

I long for the numbing vibration through my arms and hands
when the bat whips through the air and meets the ball,
then the race to the canvas bag, in a whirl of chalk and dirt,
the headfirst slide home, crud and grit scraping beneath,
the dry feel of agri-lime as it invades your mouth, shirt, and pants.

These days of double-headers are just out of reach,
like a streaking line drive that falls to earth
at the toes of the trotting left fielder,
too fleeting for a diving catch,
the game-ending hit.

CHASE SHANAFELT

BOUGHT LOVE

I see them glitter
around her wrists, on her ears.
She costs me too much.

AUSTIN MUMM

White dress of childhood,
cherry juice drips down the front,
the loss is so sweet.

CAMERON OAKLEY

ARRIVING AT INTERNAL PRIDE: A SHORT MEMOIR

by Kevin Long



I realized at the age of eight that I was different than all the other kids in my class. I didn't know what it was called; I just knew that I was different and not "normal." It was autumn in the mountains of Montana, and the school year was underway. I trekked the half mile to school lost in my head, staring at the beauty of the mountains around me. The pine cones had started to fall from the pine trees and the aroma in the air was amazing. I noticed that the leaves on the deciduous trees were turning colors and had started falling to the ground. I remember the crunching sound they made beneath my galoshes in the crisp morning air.

I reached the edge of town and looked both ways before crossing the street. I then headed down the sidewalk towards school. I reached the small

*"I trekked the half mile to school,
lost in my head starring at the
beauty of the mountain around me."*

school and walked up the stairs and through the doorway into the long hallway that was decorated with cornucopias, colored paper leaves, and autumn sayings. When I arrived at the classroom, we began our day of learning. Recess came about ten A.M. It was my favorite time of day.

My friends and I ran for the playground to claim the tetherball game before anyone else. We played for a while when a friend ran over to us and asked us to climb to the top of the rocket ship monkey bars with him. The top room in the rocket was hidden from view and only had a couple slits in the walls to look out of. This room had a tornado slide that led back to the ground but could stop other people from coming in. The four of us reached the top of the stairs, and I closed the entrance door.

Rhett reached into his pocket and pulled out a small magazine that had a picture of a naked woman on the front of it. We all looked at Rhett with amazement.

"Rhett, where did you get that?" I said.

"I found it in my dad's room underneath his bed," he responded.

"Wow, that's neat," Shaun replied. "Is it full of pictures?"

Rhett said, "Yes."

Codi had turned red in the face yet stammered, "Are we gonna get in trouble when your dad finds out it's gone?"

"No way. He has like millions of them under the bed; he'll never miss just this one," Rhett replied.

The teacher's whistle rang out loud to alert us that recess was now over. Rhett stuck the magazine in his pocket quickly, and we all agreed to meet him back in the rocket ship after lunch. We hurriedly took our turn going down the slide and ran across the schoolyard to our respective classrooms. The next two hours seemed to drag on for years, and I don't really remember a thing that happened in class. I met Codi in the cafeteria, and we ate as fast as we could and headed outside to get to the rocket ship.

We arrived at the rocket ship and sat quietly in the uppermost room waiting for Shaun and Rhett. When they arrived, we couldn't wait for Rhett to pull the magazine out of his pocket. We all lay down on the floor of the rocket, and Rhett put the book in front of him, slowly opening the pages. We all gasped at what we saw on the page he turned to. It was a naked man and a naked woman attached together.

As we continued paging through the book, I noticed that the other boys kept talking about the different female body parts but I was more interested in staring at the naked male bodies. It was as if I didn't even see the women in the pictures. I was utterly transfixed on the male form. That was the moment I realized I was different. We agreed we would tell no one else about the magazine and that we would continue to view the pictures at recess every day until we got through the whole magazine.

I really can't recall my walk home from school that day. I was oblivious to my surroundings as I continued to replay the pictures I had seen. Being eight years old was confusing enough, but what was going on? My mom noticed something was bothering me when I walked in the door and simply told me my dad needed to talk to me after dinner, so I shouldn't run off and play.

After dinner, Dad and I went outside, and he asked me, "How was your day?"

Growing up in a very strict household I knew better than to lie to him or my punishment would be horrible. I was scared that if I told him about the naked pictures, he would be mad. I still knew I had to tell him the truth.

"Dad, Rhett brought a magazine to school today that had naked people in it, and he showed it to us at recess," I said.

He chuckled, saying, "That is called an adult magazine and is meant to give pleasure to the private areas of the people that look at the pictures. Did you feel something uneasy in your private area when you were looking at the naked women?"

I said, "Yes, but from looking at the naked men in the magazine, not from the women."

His face quickly changed from chuckling in amusement to a livid angry face that scared the soul out of me. What had I said? Why did he look so mad at me? Was I going to get beaten? The muscles in my body clenched in reaction to this anger as I inadvertently prepared to be hit or kicked. He jumped up rapidly from his chair and in one fell swoop hit me in the chest with so much force I flew off the back of the porch and landed in the yard. Mom heard the commotion and came running out to see him coming towards me in the yard.

I heard her screaming to my father to stop. I remember him grabbing me by the neck and lifting me off the ground as I was trying to catch my breath. He had punched me so hard that I could not breathe. This was the first time I had the wind knocked out of me, and I thought I was dying. His rage-filled face was staring at me as if he wished I were dead while he was choking me.

He opened his mouth and blurted, "No son of mine will be a goddamn, shit-eating faggot. You will go to hell first. Do you want to go to hell with all the other faggots? I will make sure you never have that feeling again!"

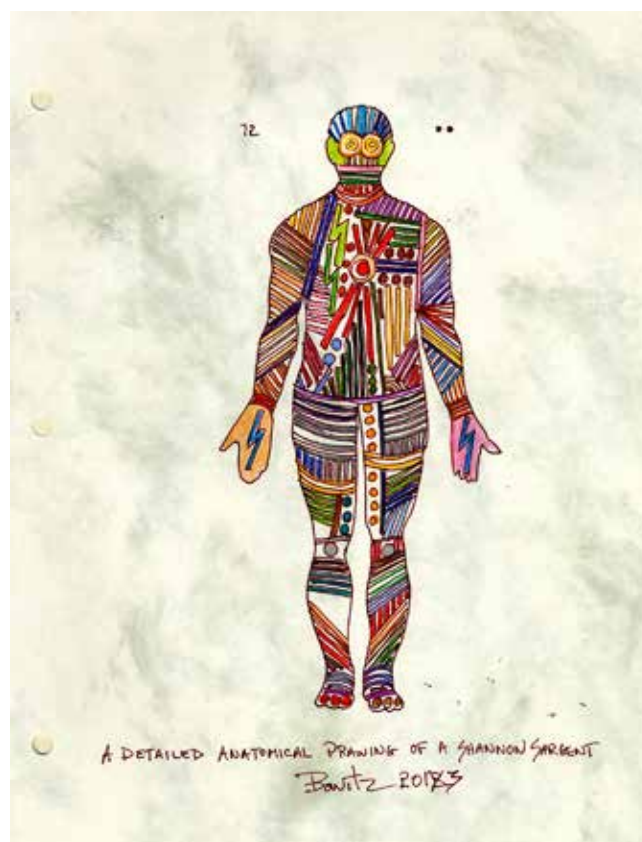
He threw me across the yard. When he got to me, he kicked me in the back so hard I did three summersaults. He came at me again. With me

pinned to the ground, he turned me over and began shoving dirt and anything else he could find on the ground in my mouth while screaming at me. Mom finally reached us, and I could see her on Dad's back trying to pull him off of me and screaming at him. He threw her aside in his rage and began slapping me full force in the face with alternating hands, one right after the other.

It didn't hurt anymore. I could taste the salty bitterness of blood in my mouth. I saw the bright stars in the pitch black sky. My head jerked back and forth with each slap. I saw my five-year-old brother in the door screaming and crying. I saw my mom hitting his back trying to pull him off of me. I saw my dog barking at my father, and then darkness.

The next morning arrived and the light shown on my face. I was jolted awake with the pain throughout my body. I noticed that there were blood soaked rags beside my bed, my clothes were soiled and bloody, and my dog was on my feet. Why was there blood on everything, and why was my dog in the house? Why was I in so much pain? I could hear my mom crying in the kitchen and my dad talking to her sternly. I heard him apologize for shoving her the night before and heard him explain that I had gotten what I needed in order to be the man I was supposed to be. I heard him tell her that he would not have a faggot for a son and that was all there was to it. Then the memories flooded in from what had transpired the night before. I began to cry.

Mom heard me and came into my room.



PORTRAIT OF SHANNON SARGENT

by John Bowitz
drawing

I heard the screen door slam and knew that the monster I had once called my father had left. Mom approached my bed and immediately burst into tears, actually more like an uncontrollable sobbing. She reached out to caress my face and give me comfort, but at her touch, I recoiled in pain and let a blood curdling scream escape my throat. She fell on the floor, grasping my hand while soaking it with her tears. After a while, she stopped crying long enough for me to tell her I needed a drink of water. She brought me a glass of water. She put it to my mouth so I could drink, but I couldn't put my mouth on it because it hurt too badly. She got a straw and let the water drip from the straw into my mouth. She left the room, and I heard her make a phone call and ask the doctor to come to our house. In the mountains, we were so far from big towns that we had country doctors make house calls.

I was still lying in my bed when the doctor arrived. Mom brought him to the room, and I was confused when I saw his face. He normally was jovial, but what I saw in his face was less than happy. I really needed to go to the bathroom, so he helped me up. I yelled in pain. What was wrong with me? Why did it hurt so badly? The doctor got me to

"I peeked through a small slit and saw the monster looking at me for a brief moment."

the toilet which was less than five feet away, and I began to urinate. I screamed again, not at the pain, but at what came out. It was pure blood, filling the toilet with neon red waves and splattering the side of the wall with little red dots. Was I dying?

Limping back to my bed with his help, I saw something in the mirror. I turned to look. Was that me? My face was swollen beyond recognition. My mouth and both eyes were almost swollen completely shut. The colors of the bruises around my eyes and on my cheeks started closest to my eyes like rainbows. Black, purplish black, purple, dark blue, dark yellowish grey, light grey yellow, light orange, and then flesh color. My lips had big cuts and were crusted with scabbed blood. My face looked like it was the size of a basketball. I again

began to cry as he helped me back in to bed. He gave me a shot for the pain and said he would be back in a minute to check me out fully.

I heard him in the kitchen talking with my mother and asking her what had happened. I heard my mom explain to him the events of the previous night.

I heard him say, "Oh, I see. I can understand why he was so angry. Mountain country isn't for faggots, but I think he carried this whopping a little too far." I heard my mom agree. Then I must have fallen asleep again because of the medicine.

Then next thing I remember is dusk. The doctor had left. The pain had subsided. I heard my father on the phone explaining to my teacher I would not be in school for a while because I had the flu. My door opened, and I closed what part of my eye could open. I peeked through a small slit and saw the monster looking at me for a brief moment. His face was emotionless as he closed the door. We never spoke of that night. I am sure my brother forgot it. I never did. I am sure my father chose to forget it. I never did. My mom suppressed it. I never did. People saw our family as loving and solid. I never did. I knew the truth.

My mom never spoke of it again until I asked her when I was twenty one. I wanted to know what all was wrong with me after the beating that night. I wanted to know because it was still etched vividly in my memory. After much prodding, she broke down and told me. That night, I had sustained sprained neck muscles, my right cheek bone had been fractured, my lips had been split in a couple of places, I had two broken ribs, my back was badly bruised, and I had one sprained wrist. I sat there emotionless. My mom cried after she told me this and apologized.

I said, "It wasn't your fault. That's just how you lived. I understand."

True mountain people are a different breed; they stick to themselves and watch out for each other. They don't involve outsiders and definitely do not believe in time outs or grounding. Mess up, pay the price. It makes them rugged and strong,

which is needed in order to survive that lifestyle. Well at least back in the 70's. We left the mountains when I was ten.

I kept the knowledge of my gayness to myself from then on. I went about my life pretty shy and very obedient. I did what I was told, rarely talked back, and never asked for much. I went through school with decent grades and for the most part had very few friends. That was until graduation night my senior year.

I was seventeen then. My mother had planned a large graduation party at our house for me immediately following commencement. We were to graduate at noon that Friday. My party was to be at two P.M. The few good friends that I had made said they were all attending a student-only river party after graduation and that I really should come with them. I told them I really didn't think I could because of my party for the family at my house. They told me that I never did anything fun during high school with them and this was my chance.

I agreed, and after graduation, I went to the river party instead of immediately home. I climbed into my putrid green four door boat I called my car and headed for the river. I arrived and saw people everywhere; the whole high school was there. People were wearing shorts and bikinis, and there were five kegs on the beach. This was going to be a fun farewell. My friends and I had moved towards the beach, grabbed a cup of beer, and began talking.

The afternoon began to turn into evening. We decided it was going to get cold so we needed to build a bonfire. While we were gathering wood and brush, I told my friend that I thought this one guy in class was really hot. She just giggled and said they knew I was gay. We didn't talk about it again and just had fun. Later that evening I had decided I needed to get home, so I left. I only had a few beers over the course of many hours and knew I was okay to drive.

I had a forty mile drive home to think about what I had done. I had blown off the entire family. Oh shit. Here we go. I slowly pulled up to the house and realized everyone was already gone and knew that this was not going to go well. I walked in the

door and low and behold, I was greeted with a fist to the face.

"How dare you disrespect our relatives that were here for your day? What the fuck is wrong with you? I taught you better than this!" my father said.

I replied, "Exactly, this is my day. I didn't ask you for this party. I wanted to hang out with my friends and say goodbye before I leave for college."

I could sense that familiar taste of salty blood in my mouth and was afraid of what was to come. I felt my face flush red with anger and embarrassment because I realized my brothers and sister were sitting there shocked. Then I noticed my three suitcases sitting on the floor.

"We took the liberty of packing for you. Now get out of our house and don't come back," Dad said.

"Fuck you and your fucked up house. I have fucking hated you my whole life. I have always done what you said and was never good enough for any of you. Fuck you all!" I screamed.

I grabbed my bags, went to my car, and drove away. I looked in the rear view mirror just once and saw my mom on the porch crying. Oh well. You deal with it. I am gone. I drove four hours to the town where I would be going to college in the fall. Figured I might as well get there a few months early and try to get a job so I had money.

During my three years at this college, I realized that I wasn't the only gay person in the world. I slowly began to come out of my shell but still didn't really have good friends. I never talked with my family much those years. I went home for one Christmas. I talked to them on the phone once a month but never told them I was gay.

The years I was in college, I also began a downhill spiral of alcohol abuse. It helped me deal with the pain and memories which haunted me in my dreams. This abuse ended with me flunking out of college, losing my scholarships, losing my apartment, and finally, losing my car. I was now homeless, jobless, and falling into a pit of self-hatred.

The year that followed was honestly a blur, and I recall very little. All I do know is that one day, I finally called and asked Mom to come get me.

She did. I was home for three weeks, ashamed and uncomfortable. During those weeks, I decided to join the US Air Force to get away from home.

This seemed to make my father proud of me because he was in the Army during the Vietnam War. They had a going away party for me and took me to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to board my plane to San Antonio, Texas, for basic training. I made it four weeks at the Lackland Air Force base before being sent home because I was gay. I told my family I was kicked out for medical issues.

I was twenty-one then and Mom drove to Sioux Falls to pick me up at the airport. The six-hour drive home that day was horrendously quiet, and Mom was a little uneasy. I think she knew the real reason I was coming home. The drive finally came to an end as we pulled into our yard. My fear was put at ease immediately. I saw my favorite uncle was there, and they were having a bonfire.

Then there came my father.

"So you're home again, huh?" he said. "Can you do anything right?"

I responded, "I guess not. Nice to see you, too."

"Well, you are sure the fuck not going to stay here," Dad snapped. "Your mother should have left your ass in Sioux Falls. I am done with you."

My uncle spoke up and said, "I'm going back to Sioux City, in about an hour if you would like to go."

I jumped at the chance and never even had to take my bags into the house. I put them in the back of his car, said my goodbyes, and was off to Sioux City. My uncle and I were just randomly visiting on our road trip when he asked me to open the glove box and take out the package of photographs that was in there. He said that he had something to tell me before we got to Sioux City and that he hoped I would understand. He said he had a feeling I would.

He said, "Take out a picture and tell me what you think."

I was in awe. "Wow," I said. "The women at this club almost look like hookers. They dress really cool and have awesome hair."

He said, "Do you see the one with the black hair there? That's me. I'm gay and a drag queen."

I was shocked. My uncle was a drag queen and gay! Holy shit. But he had been married and had three children. I was a little confused.

"Wow," I said. "That's awesome. Is that why you got a divorce?"

He explained to me that yes, he had gotten married and had a family because that is what is expected. He then proceeded to tell me that he always knew he was gay and that he always suspected I was too while I was growing up. I guess in the back of my mind I always knew he was too. He then told me that his wife was very supportive of him and agreed to the divorce so he could be who he truly was. They were very good friends. He even borrowed her high heels and her dresses.

He started taking me to gay bars in Sioux City and introducing me to his friends. I finally felt like I was normal. I felt as though the weight of the world had been lifted off of me. I had places to go that I could be myself without being judged or hated. I had found what I had been searching for since I was born. Acceptance. I finally called my parents and told them out loud from my mouth that I was gay and there was nothing they could do about it because it was just who I was. My father screamed, "FAGGOT. Don't you ever call this house again." My uncle gave me a hug and told me they would come around eventually. I thought it was out and done with and I could now live my life.

I lived with him for two months, and in July of 1991, I met Gene, the love of my life, at a club here in Sioux City. We immediately fell in love and got a house together in August 1991. We were happy for a few months when he realized that I was withdrawing. I never spoke with him about my family and just told him that we were estranged. He started pushing the issue because he didn't realize what I had gone through. His family loved and accepted us both. I never talked about it to him or my uncle. I never talked about it with anyone until now.

I began drinking massively again which really hurt Gene because he didn't know how he could

help me. The demons of my past were rearing their ugly heads and wanting out. A few days before Christmas, I came home extremely intoxicated, and he prodded me to tell him what was wrong. Enraged, I shoved him. I knew what I had done was wrong. He told me to pack my bags and get out. I felt horrible but did as he said. I loved him. How could I have done this to him?

I called a taxi and met some friends at a club downtown and told them what had happened. They were shocked but quickly got sick of me whining and crying.

"You are bumming us out with all your sadness," my friend Mark said. "Come with me to the bathroom. I have something that will make you happy and not worry about this anymore."

I followed him down the long hallway to the bathroom where he closed and locked the door. He turned the light on and pulled a small, dingy, plastic packet out of his pocket. I noticed that the floor of the bathroom was littered with similar little packets, toilet paper, urine, and used condom wrappers. It stunk unusually bad for a restroom in a bar.

"What is that, Mark?" I said.

"Well, it is happy dust that I call meth, and it will help you forget about your problems for tonight so we can just have fun," he said.

Feeling so down and depressed, I just said yes. That began my horrible three-month addiction to meth. I developed a \$200 a day meth habit and did occasionally run into Gene, my ex-boyfriend. He told me one night at the bar that he heard I was doing lots of meth and he could see that I was looking really bad. I lied and explained that I was dieting and just wanted to get thin. I knew he didn't buy it.

That night I arrived at the Elmdale Motel where I lived. It was a run-down, falling apart, crack hotel on the east side of Sioux City where many drug addicts lived because it was very cheap and had weekly rates. The rooms were falling apart and full of bugs. But it was somewhere to live. As I undressed to get in the bed, I noticed a piece of paper tucked in my pocket. I took it out and unfolded it.

It said, "Kevin, I know that you are not doing okay. I am giving you one week to call me if you would like to come home to me and the dogs. I love you and am willing to help you in any way that I can. If you do not call me by Sunday, please don't call me because I will be moving on. I love you."

I just crumpled it up and threw it on the floor. I really didn't care about anything anymore. Saturday night I went to a straight club that a lot of my drug using friends went to. After the club closed, we invited a bunch of people to the hotel room for an after party. Things were going well. All of a sudden, a skinhead pulled out a gun and started screaming at another guy in the room threatening to shoot him. This must have shaken me back to reality. I came out of my daze and suddenly realized where I was and what was going on.

I locked the bathroom door, picked up the phone, and called Gene. He must have heard the fear in my voice because he showed up to get me within fifteen minutes and took me home. The next two weeks were a blur because I was in withdrawal from the meth. He took two weeks off work to nurse me back to health.

After I came out of my drug induced nightmare, Gene and I sat down and I explained much of what had gone on during my life. We cried together, held each other, and promised to help each other through hard times. We have been together now for twenty-two years and have shared almost everything together.



BLUE SCREAM I
by Charles Bass
acrylic

However, I still have never forgiven my family. I still hold an immense grudge. It has made me jaded and uncaring. I never dealt with those demons and probably never will. I have learned to live with them and am a very strong and independent person because of them. I realize I am who I am and that is all I can be. I did not choose this lifestyle. I was born this way. I have been home once since 1991. That visit only happened because Gene wanted to see where I grew up and my dad had moved to Oklahoma after he divorced my mom after thirty-

five years of marriage. I now talk with my mom monthly, and my brothers and sister occasionally, but I do not talk with nor do I want to talk to my father.

I embrace my differences with the love of my life and always shall. My father is the one who missed out on sharing his son's amazing life. I was worthless to some people, but priceless to Gene, and I will never forget my worth again. ■



ROADSIDE VIEW

by Caitlin Casey
photography

ON PHOSPHORUS AND LOVE



A little light is coming from your face.
Is it a chemical reaction
of phosphorus or magnesium?
Is it mathematically understood
to be one plus one equals light?

I hope instead it is some star.
I hope some sublime spark
of you that hides from this
world of dust and grey.

For the first time, I see the rays.
They hid when I passed you
in the hall yesterday—
busy bodies pushed and
shouldered past to get to class
in our hollow world with nothing
but people stuffed with ash of the past.

Light will leave you
or maybe I won't see it;
it could be I'm looking too hard
in the past and not
past the math on your face.
Arithmetic is cold,
your light is holy warm.

This now changed to then
and your light hides.
Now's now, I see only semi-stuffed scarecrows
slumping on their crosses.

Science says light carries on forever.
I hope so.
The light behind your eyes
is too brilliant
not to go on.

MATTHEW PONDER

COMMUNION SUNDAY

for My Soulmate

I take my place,
a sinner among saints,
rows and rows of pious heads bowed
confessing their sins.
I close my eyes, too, but all I see is your body taking its place over mine.
Our very souls making love long before our bodies ever will.
I can't ask forgiveness for what
I can't stop reliving.
The cross hangs heavy above my upturned eyes,
the table prepared before me draped in white,
set with silver.
The loaf.
A chalice.
The flesh and the blood.
Notes soaring from the pounding organ,
songs of being washed in the blood
when all I desire is to have you coursing through my veins.
Songs of being whiter than snow
when all I crave is making myself less an angel in the stark sheets.
The minister's arms outstretched before me,
welcoming all who have confessed to the feast.
The bread in my palm,
the flesh of my Redeemer,
but as I place it on my tongue
it's your flesh I taste,
over my lips,
between my teeth,
filling me so completely.

A cup in my nimble fingers
filled with the blood shed for my sins
looks nearly black in the dim light of this stained glass sanctuary.
An obsidian shine, like the blood pumping madly
from your heart when we love.
I drink in you and swallow your darkness.
The taste of you lingering in my throat.
You save me even as I save you,
but we are both hopelessly lost,
both sinners condemned,
beautifully stained and completely satiated
by the sin we created and I keep alive
every Communion Sunday.

TRISH REGNERUS-SANDBULTE



DELL RAPIDS REFLECTION

by Nicole Loe
photography

IMMACULATE CONFECTION

On Easter Sunday,
my mother gave me
a chocolate Jesus.
It was an Immaculate
Confection with God's
Son open-armed
looking sweet.

To satisfy my soul,
I melted down the
milk brown Savior
in the palms of my hands
and poured him slowly
onto vanilla ice-cream.
He made a nice sundae.

MATTHEW PONDER



THREE

by Randy Chavez
photography

CONTEMPT

by Cameron Oakley



I could hear the clinks and clanks of pots and pans in the kitchen as I lounged on the couch in the family room. Although I could not see my mother, I knew she was frantically trying to put together her usual Monday night meatloaf and mac and cheese and ignore the pinch of her high heels that she had worn all day at work. She was probably tired from standing at the front of the classroom, and her patience had most likely dried up in the early afternoon when the tenth second grader raised his little hand to ask to go to the bathroom in the middle of the reading lesson. As hard working and worn out as she was, I didn't care. She didn't deserve my sympathy. No. What she had earned was her loving fifteen-year-old daughter turned resentful brat with a major attitude problem, and I was going to give her exactly that.

"Haley?" She yelled. I turned up the volume on *The Dr. Phil Show* and pretended to be absorbed by families that were even more screwed up than mine. Soon enough I heard the click-clack of her four-inch stilettos that were ridiculous for a school teacher.

"Haley, I've been yelling for you. I need you to come help me finish up with dinner so it's ready by the time your dad gets home," she said.

"Yeah, one sec. I'll be in there in a bit," I said, never once looking away from the screen.

"No, now. And how many times have I told you to get your feet off the coffee table?"

The rhetorical question annoyed me enough that I turned my head slightly to glare at her from the corner of my eye. I tried to fill that one look with enough hate to wound her, but instead I majorly pissed her off. She narrowed her eyes in on mine.

"Watch it, young lady. Have you even done your homework, yet?" she asked, knowing the answer before the question even left her lips. "I have been so disappointed in you lately. Your attitude is horrific. You are extremely hard to be around; even your own brothers and sister stay away from you. You used to be the best little girl. What in the world has gotten in to you?"

"Yeah, I really suck these days, don't I? Those days when I used to be the best little girl were the good ol' days, weren't they, Mom? God I sure miss 'em. As for what's gotten into me, you don't even want to know," I said, sarcasm dripping from every last word. I could see the muscle in her jaw twitch.

She managed to push her words through her clenched teeth and her barely moving lips that covered them, "Go to your room. Now."

"Fuck. You," I said, enunciating every letter of those two short words so she knew how much I meant it.

Immediately, rage filled her eyes. In a matter of seconds, she stormed over to the couch. Her perfectly manicured hand roughly grabbed my upper arm and violently yanked me up off the couch. I jerked up easily, too surprised to resist. With force, she drew her right hand back and just as quickly moved it forward to smack my face so hard my chin hit my shoulder. It was the perfect slap.

I quickly pulled away in disbelief and raised my cool hands to my burning cheek. Tears filled my eyes, and I could feel several escaping free. The room was silent besides my heavy breathing, the ringing in my ears, and the monotone voice of Dr. Phil.

Shaking with rage, my mother yelled, "Don't you ever speak to me that way young lady!" As if the slap didn't get across her point across well enough.

"Or what? You'll punch me next time?" I hissed. Through the tears I managed to put on a smirk just to irritate her even more. "I'd love to see it! Can't ya just hear the rumors, Mom? 'Haley Schultz beaten by her own mother. I just can't believe it! Hoover High's very own star golfer, model student, and homecoming royalty, oh my! And they seemed like the perfect family'... We wouldn't want that now, would we?"

Not even Mother's expensive Estée Lauder foundation could cover up the loss of color in her face.

"Haley, I am so sorry. I shouldn't have hit you. You were out of line and shouldn't talk to me like

that, but I should never lay a hand on you. I am so, so sorry. I don't know why I did that," she said. She stood there with her arms hanging at her side and her eyes wide. They were no longer filled with rage but with shock.

I could only manage a sneering whisper, "I know why you did it. You did it because you can't stand the fact that your own daughter hates you."

"Haley, what are you talking about?" she asked.

"You really want me to say it? Fine. I know about you and your dirty little secret. I know about it all. You act like you're the perfect mother. Ha! You're so full of shit. You ruined everything."

"Honey—"

"Don't! Don't you dare pretend that this is something I can't understand. I completely understand. It's simple. You're a whore. You don't deserve Dad's love, and you sure don't deserve mine. I hate you. You ruined our family. We could have been perfect for God's sake! And now we have to pretend. God, I can't believe we have been sitting around for weeks pretending! I am done pretending. We are not perfect. We aren't even okay. We're simply messed up. And it's all because of you." I now could feel tears streaming down my cheeks, and I couldn't seem to catch my breath.

Her lips parted, as if she did not know whether to speak. Her eyes searched my tear-streaked face. She finally spoke, but her voice was weak.

"I am so, so sorry Haley. I wish I could make you understand. I messed up. I don't... I don't know why I did it. I do love your dad. I love him so much. And I love you. Oh, how do you not know how much I love you? You have to believe me, baby. I messed up. I messed up so badly. But we all deserve a second chance, right? I don't know how to make it go back to normal, Haley. I've tried. I just...I don't..." her voice trailed off. She stood there staring at me as she sobbed. Tears smeared makeup down her face, and for the first time I could remember, she looked helpless and small. Like a little girl who needed someone to dry her tears, hold her, and tell her everything was going to be all right. That things would be perfect again

and this past year would become a long forgotten nightmare. But I was also that little girl. And right then, I needed her to be the strong, loving mother I had known my whole life up to these last couple weeks.

At that moment, I heard the front door open and close and my dad's familiar "I'm home!" call to whoever was in the house. We both froze, staring at each other, vision blurred by tears.

"What in the hell..." my dad said when reached the living room. His brow furrowed, concern evident on his face. "What's goin' on? Kath? Haley? Somebody talk!"

Neither of us spoke. We only turned to look at my dad. Mom just stood there as fragile as ever like we were supposed to feel sorry for her, but I couldn't. All I could feel was the hollowness inside and the stinging handprint on my left cheek. ■



CHROMATIC GREY

by Scott Martinson
oil on canvas



RUBBER RAGS

There's a lady that lives upstairs
above my forehead-brains.
She screeches at me to stab
my way up icy cliffs
and bolt past laser beams,
all the while, never pausing
her video loop
of my every face-planting failure.

And then this booze-drenched bum
haunts the slimy slum
of my brain,
 waiting to shank me
with an air compressor hose,
bloating my brain
with helium . . .
haaaappy-heppy heeeelium,
sweet as sin,
 that numbs
 and dumbs my brain
 into a balloon
filled with air.

I grin, watching worries float away, but
after they've gone
my brain feels
 hollow
 and empty,
like a bag of rubber
with nothing
inside.

And then my deadlines slip
from my fingertips, and
my dreams twist themselves to shreds,
while the bum scatters the scraps
to an unfeeling wind,
and my balloon-head
floats far
away from home.

But sometimes
the bum coughs up a chunk
of crippling reality
that sucker-punches my brain, smacking
me back to myself, crash-landing
me back to earth, and all
that hollow helium
whooooossh-whissstles out my brain
like a barfing balloon,
leaving me
emptier than before,
clutching the stinking rubber rags
of my tattered
dreams.

The lady upstairs screeches with laughter.
“That didn’t take long. Now let’s see,”
she hisses, clicking a new video loop,
“what you screwed up this time.”

CASSIE GILLETTE

HE CAN'T HEAR

Irrelevant, forgotten prince,
unaware and yet aware
of your own obsolescence,

your mighty bloodline
is coated in the verdigris
of your reticent incompetence.

They had hoped for so much
and you have given so little.
Does it take so much to cry?

The titles of the dead could
lend credence to your tears.
So why do you tremble?

You are proud and ambitious
but you are afraid of your own
sadly imagined potential.

You desperately grasp at
the thin threads of authority,
but the tapestry's unraveled.

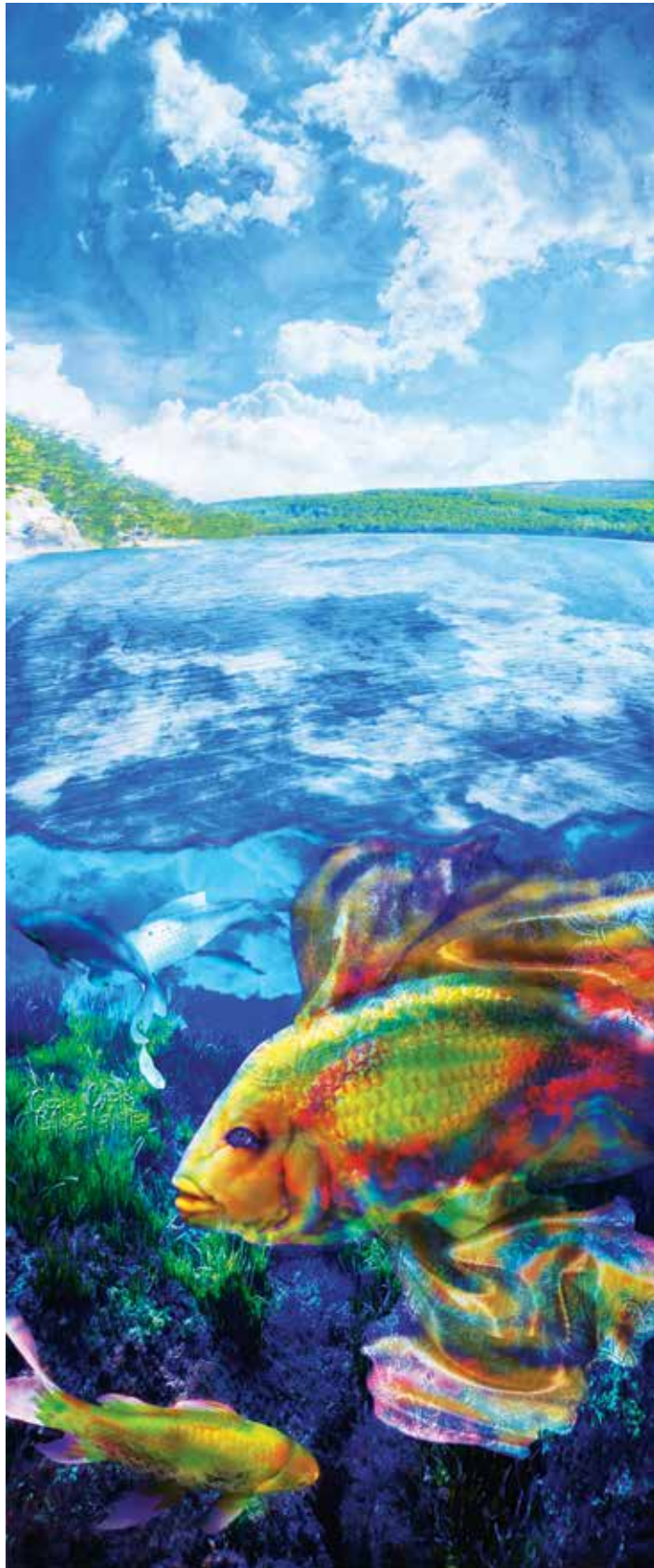
You're just an actor in tiny shoes;
you crash through your paper sets.
Your scenes are always falling.

Striking if you knew when,
charging if you knew where,
conquering if you knew who.

Your campaigns can only be
as ruinous as your dreams
can make you a king.

For your sake, do not mourn.
At the least,
your failures
become you.

CHARLES BASS



IDYLLS OF THE DEEP

by Cassie Gillette
photo manipulation

FREE

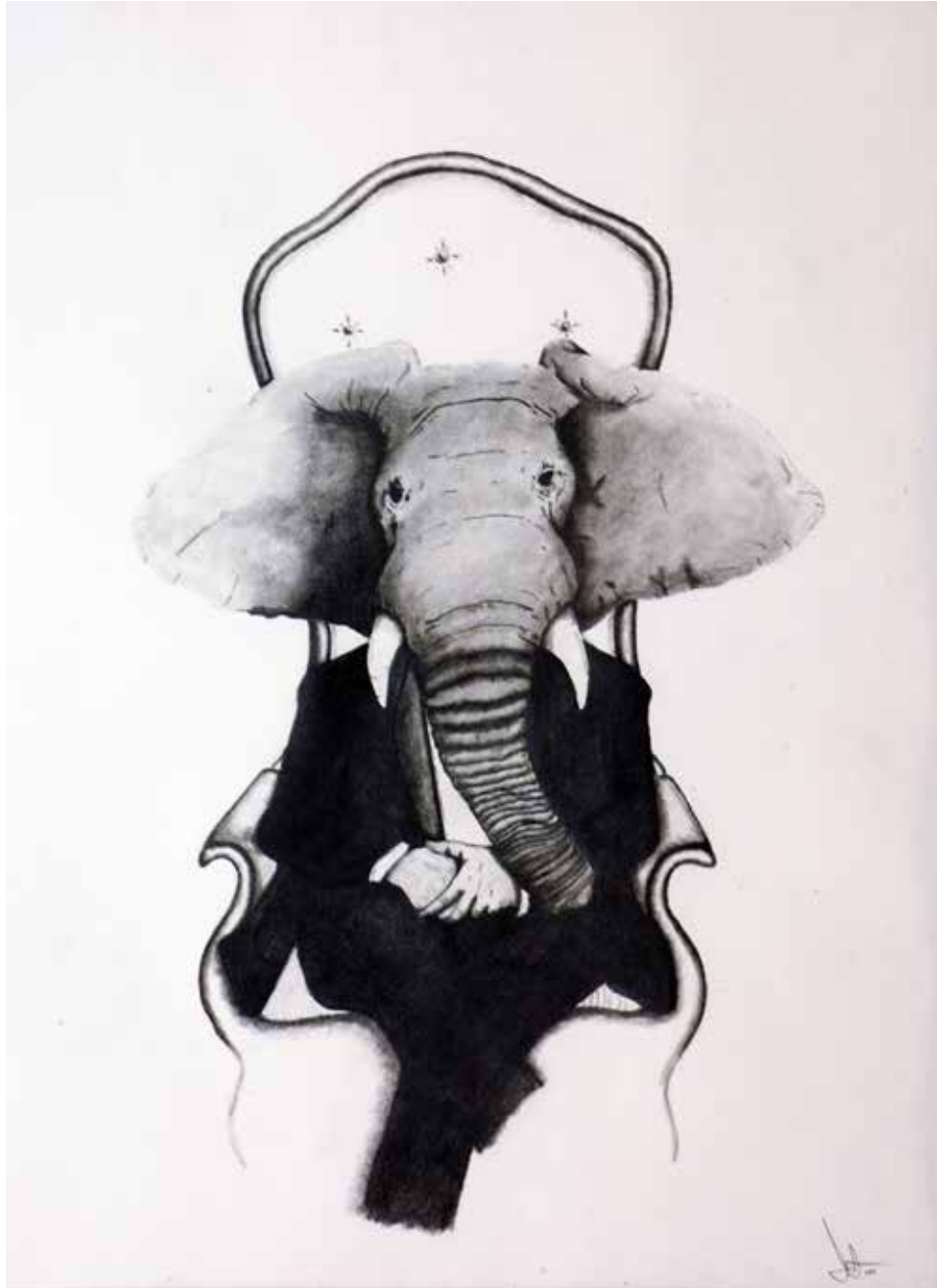
by Elizabeth Planck

The horse exploded into motion, urged on by the girl on his back. He ran, galloping over the flat ground, hooves digging into the dirt, and grass whipping around his legs. The smell of pollution disappeared behind them, replaced by the smell of wild flowers, sun, and dirt. They went faster and faster, the long open meadow disappearing into a green and brown blur as they ran. The wind whistled through his brown mane and tail and through the girl's blond hair, tugging at her clothes, as the horse's hooves thundered over the earth. He could hear laughter bubbling out of the girl just before the wind snatched it away. The wind gusted over her skin, making her eyes water and her throat run dry. The horse could feel a weight lifting from the girl's shoulders as she leaned over his strong neck, fingers twisting in his mane, her legs squeezing gently at his sides. The girl's breath came as quick and heavy as his, her heart beat noisily in her chest, pounding in perfect time with his hooves. They flew over the ground feeding off each other's excitement and energy as it burned through them, the taste of freedom on their tongues, leaving sorrow and unhappiness far behind them. They were no longer just rider and horse but one being, together, working in perfect harmony, untouchable, unstoppable, unrivaled, free.



FROG

by Wyeth Lynch
photography



ELEPHANCY

by Jose Miguel Beltran

pencil



PUSH MAGAZINE

by Weston Burkhardt
digital



Push magazine is a fictitious publication that features skateboarding clothing, gear, and articles. This project was designed to appeal to males age 15-30.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS

by Danielle Dahlkoetter

I was paranoid. I made my friends whisper and dodge the windows. Everyone's cellphone was on silent. No one was allowed to turn on any lights. We were breaking into the elementary school.

I hadn't set foot in this building for years. I wanted to revisit it all, the classrooms with child-sized chairs and petite drinking fountains, the bright abstract artwork of children contrasting against the white walls, a trivial attempt to animate the blank hallway. I recognized the projects I had done with Mrs. Carlson, my art teacher, who was still inspiring fourth graders. I wanted to rediscover those memories, travel through each grade and distinct phase. I went over who was my best friend

"I hate you." I said it with no remorse, without blinking an eye. in which grade. Juliana in first grade. Jessica in second. Jordan in third. I was now a junior at the high school

with too many classes, assignments, and clubs to worry about best friends now. Across town at the high school I had virtually forgotten elementary school even existed. But here I was, at two o'clock in the morning, back in my alma mater.

We walked the hallways, older, taller, and supposedly wiser. Discouraged by locked doors, I eventually wandered toward the library. I held my breath while I tried the doorknob, terrified it would be another door still locked tight. It was the largest vault of memories for me, the one I wanted to revisit most. I breathed out as the cool knob turned smoothly in my palm, the latch releasing with a slight click. I slowly opened the door, wary of the windows on the opposite wall framing the deserted moonlit playground.

I looked across the expanse of the library, shadows draped the wooden bookshelves, the room barely illuminated by the streetlight outside. Everything was different, yet everything was the same. I recognized the general layout of the room, but it all felt smaller. I ambled about, appalled by the changes I found. The magazine rack used to be here, the giant squishy foam map of the United States had been moved to a different wall, and where did this ridiculous talking toy globe come from? But the steps were still there, the

three two-foot wide steps we sat on during library time. The mural was still there on the wall behind the steps, the faces of cartoon children smiling as they held hands around the earth. Every race was represented in attempt to promote diversity in our white-dominated, God-fearing, small town. I moved to sit on the coarse green-carpeted plateau. Then I fell onto them. I had misjudged the distance from me to the step, another change I noted about what used to be my library.

I got up and wandered through the bookshelves. Had the school gotten new shelves? They looked the same...maybe. There was something different about them. They had been moved from straight and parallel to oddly diagonal. But there was something else I couldn't see about them that was different. I finally realized I was taller than they were, changing my perspective drastically.

I went to the shelves against the back wall, my favorite section full of murder mystery novels I had read eight, ten years ago. I recognized their covers, and felt the excitement of chasing a killer, how I had agonized over their plots, hungered to find out how each of them ended.

Then I thought of the one book that had been the most suspenseful, causing me the most anxiety. I remembered the woman who had given it to me. The woman I had detested and taunted for being a disciplinarian librarian.

"I hate you." I said it with no remorse, without blinking an eye. I stared her down from across the table like the insolent little kid I was. The antagonist of my middle school days, the librarian, Mrs. Forney, sat across the table from my mom and me. The parent-teacher conference had been set up to address my disruptions in class and general rudeness.

During our lessons on library skills, Mrs. Forney taught us how to research in the library, use the computer, and how to type, all of which I thought were a waste of time. I already knew which section in the library was for me, I knew how to wield a mouse across the computer screen, and I

could type well enough. Why, I wondered, *do I have to relearn this stuff from a mean old dragon lady?*

Mrs. Forney was old but fiery. She had short black hair streaked with silver that I'm sure I added to. Her face was lined, wrinkles upon her wrinkles. Her glasses had constantly been perched atop her head, only moving to the end of her sharp nose to read things close to her face. Her fierce black eyes were full of just as much determination and stubbornness as my own spry blue ones.

Thankfully, we were the only people in the library for this conference. No one needed to witness me expressing my frustration with her instructing techniques in such a hateful and shameless way. I like to think that a direct question about why I would not cooperate with Mrs. Forney provoked me to make such a declaration of intense feeling. I like to think that I did not say, "I hate you" just to be spiteful, but that was my character in elementary school. It was childish and impulsive. At the time, I truly believed my take on the situation. After that, the rest of the conference wasn't important. All I needed to remember was that I told Mrs. Forney to her face how I felt about her, and I needed to brag it up to my friends later.

My peers gasped and covered their mouths; their eyes widened when I told them what I had done. They were in awe of my bravery, and I soaked up how impressed they were by my stunt, reveling in my supposed glory. I enjoyed the attention, the envy of my fellow students for having the guts to speak up for myself, to be able to say what I truly wanted to say.

I reflected on that confrontation years later as I stood at that same table in the midst of our break-in. I have always thought it an admirable trait to be honest with people, especially about how I feel. When I was ten, however, I was too immature and selfish to think of how my proclamations would affect others. Standing at that table recalling my

insolent younger self, I reconsidered what I'd done.

I thought about Mrs. Forney as I wandered around the room. I remembered how she would hover among the bookshelves of the library. She had a desk, but she never sat there. Instead she would stand behind the desk, checking books out to sticky-fingered children. Looking back, I still don't know how she kept her composure while letting those treasures go out into the perils of an elementary student's world, but thank God she did. Thank God she let those fragile paperbacks and hardcovers go out of her sanctuary to the vast



world fraught with risks of mud, snot, pop, dirt and overall stickiness.

After butting heads with me throughout elementary school and that confrontational conference, Mrs. Forney somehow still recognized my love for books, my drive to find new mysteries to uncover. I knew exactly where my beloved murder mystery novels were in the library, and I regularly haunted that section, reading the back of the books, admiring the cover art, making mental notes to come back for this one and that

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY

by Charles Bass

acrylic

one. I loved the thrill of the hunt, the suspense of who-done-it. Strangely, I hated suspenseful scary movies. Actually seeing the monstrous villain made it impossible to get rid of its image when bedtime came. The frightening faces of villains barricaded me in my bed, making for sleepless nights spent sweltering and suffocating under my blankets. I much preferred the written murders that I could control in my imagination, limiting their intimidating features to a manageable intensity. I sniffed out and devoured every chilling thriller in our library.

In spite of my stubborn rebellion, Mrs. Forney still saw my potential and she nurtured my love for books. I really knew she had forgiven my idiocy of youth when she gave me a secret. She had a small cubic safe in the back storage room of the library. I still don't know what all was inside, except for *that* book. She kept this book, *Cabinet of Curiosities*, under lock and key, so I knew it had to be good. It was at least two inches thick with the smallest print I had yet read in a fictional book. It was most definitely not meant for a people my age. The plot revolved around serial killings, gory experiments, sex, and gruesome scenes of blood and severed bodies; the author used words a mile long and chapters of details to paint a grisly mural of murder.

Breaking back into my childhood realm that night, I realized I still didn't know exactly why she gave it to me. I had done nothing to deserve such a privilege. I was one of two people in our grade allowed to read that book. Why me? I guess she had never really taken my hostility personally to begin with. Disgruntled and malicious students come with the territory of working with kids, especially kids that think they know everything at the age of ten.

As my friends and I snuck out of the school, my thoughts lingered on the changes between where I was and where I had been. I was still slightly rebellious, but I had grown up. In hindsight, I was able to see the value of what Mrs. Forney had taught us in library and that it was relevant everywhere outside the library. I developed a respect for Mrs. Forney, but the opportunity to show her I had matured was gone.

Somehow, I think she always knew I was more than a spiteful child. She could see the potential in me that I still struggle to see in myself. I will always be grateful to her for that, for showing me that we evolve, that we can become more than what we were. ■

CREATE

by Jose Miguel Beltran
cardboard and acrylic



Alt lit is a crit hit on molding the minds of this generation.
From cholos to yolos, the kids have nothing to fear in the suburbs
with their smarter than them phones they compose
a better song with less lyrics and chords than the next,
a novl wth mor sppling errors nd fragmnts thn storyln,
and a female lead with the most beautiful breasts.

—
all is quiet in the home of the mountain king for now
but, soon with the angst of a thousand hipsters still in the dark
soon with the me, myself, and I's
soon with the message boards and blog posts
there will be a grand ejaculation!
covering the country in a wet dream
and children of the new harvest will come with silver spoons

—
and the merch and the merch and the merch
on the left side there will be a link to their twitter
on the left side there will be a link to their facebook
on the left side there will be a brain in a jar

—
the children see the pioneers sitting sipping scotch
actually engaged and entertained by ideas
and they will swell with anger
but they are not pissed yet
and only good ideas come with liquor
in many different instigramian shades
from the dollar to the dropbox
companies tell them their style
for only 19.95 for only 19.95
who can be the most individual individual
in this expanding world of reposts?
when their genes are the tightest
and their trust funds are the fattest,
then the others will return to their caves
and begin the seductive search again for the next new
and the right to be the few
on the front lines of the ads and notifications

—
but there is still hope in words
look to Lin and Roggenbuck you frickers
so until the kids learn how to read
we are all still safe in silence
for now we are safe

JACOB CHAUSS

SHADOWS

by Felicia Ely

You feel like someone is watching you. Your eyes widen and you start to walk faster. Your breathing gets heavier. You are now in a state of paranoia. You feel the chills rise up your spine and crawl onto your neck as you quiver at the thought of someone following you. You glance back from the corners of your eyes but don't dare to turn around for the fear that someone might be there. Watching. Waiting for you. You realize that it's highly unlikely that someone is singling you out and following you. But what if someone really is there? What if someone really is following you? What if that person is me?

I was a pretty average nineteen-year-old girl. I smoked L&M Lights. I spent hours in front of the mirror perfecting my hair and make-up. I went to more than my fair share of parties. I was pierced in places that my parents didn't know about. I stayed up all night cramming for tests, and I liked secretly jamming out to bad nineties music in my car. I was pretty normal 128 hours out of the week, but for the other 40, I was someone else. Most girls kept lip gloss and spare bobby pins in their purse. I, on the other hand, had a walkie-talkie in mine. Other girls spent their Friday nights with their boyfriends, while I usually spent mine in the company of retail managers and the city police department. At night, my life was my job. I was nineteen years old, and my job was as an asset protection associate named "Simon." Asset protection associate. A fancy word for an underpaid, overworked mall-cop persona. I followed people and apprehended them for theft. I was that person in the shadows. I stopped shoplifters, and I was good at it.

I noticed him the moment he walked in the doors. He kept his hands in the front pocket of his torn yellow hoodie. His jeans were covered in what looked like engine oil. His greasy hair swept across his forehead, just barely skimming his glazed over eyes. I looked at the time flashing on my cell phone. I was fifteen minutes from freedom, and from my experience with twacked out drug addicts, this was going to be a long night. *Overtime again. Well at least that will get me caught up on bills. Oh, the joys of being a poor college student.* I let out a sigh of frustration and stepped behind a rack to watch him walk

down the long, white lane. He was maybe six-foot-one and walked quickly which made it hard for me, at almost five-foot-nothing, to keep up. The other customers blurred around me. In my mind, they didn't even exist. I was focused on the man in the yellow hoodie. Left to right. Right to left. It was almost like a rhythm. I was up. I was down. He was on one side of the aisle, and I was on the other. He continued to flash around corners, but my eyes never left him. He darted in and out of the aisles like he was frantically searching for something. I thought for sure it was liquor in his state of mind, but he walked right past it. Every once in a while, he would pause and mutter to himself.

I could be at home right now, I told myself, watching late night infomercials and drinking a Miller Lite, but instead I'm here watching this twack job talk to himself. He could have at least had the courtesy to talk a little louder so I could eavesdrop, but I couldn't make out what he was saying.

I was starting to doubt that he was going to steal anything, but then I saw him pull his car keys out of his oil-covered pocket. Now, obviously he wasn't going to go for a drive in the middle of the store so in my mind of "Shoplifting: 101," he was getting ready to make his move. Sure enough, he grabbed a drill bit set in hardware and slid his key down the side of the packaging. A streak of excitement crossed his eyes as the key went so smoothly down the side of the plastic. Here I was, a stranger to this man, watching him practically get off on the thrill of shoplifting—a rush that I just never understood. Just as he was getting into it, an associate walked by and startled him, so he had to step away from his unfinished masterpiece. I could tell he was frustrated as he looked from side to side and pushed his hair out of his eyes. He wasn't about to give up yet. One more attempt and he popped the case out. I watched as he managed to put it down the front of his pants.

I am definitely not touching that merchandise. All right, guy. You made yourself known. Now hurry up and get the hell out so I can go home.

He turned the corner and almost ran straight into me. I quickly grabbed a candle off of the shelf

and acted as if I were looking it over. I was really good at playing pretend. I watched out of the corner of my eye and saw him make his way towards the exit. I pulled the walkie-talkie from my purse and called for management, but no one was responding.

Oh my god. What am I supposed to do now? Oh my god. Do I do it? Should I do it? My mind was racing.

I was starting to panic. I knew I wasn't supposed to stop someone by myself, but there was no way I was letting him go now. I was too involved. He was closing in on the doors, so I had no choice but to stop him alone. As he walked into the vestibule, I ran to catch up with him. I could hardly catch my breath when I stepped in front of him. His eyes widened in panic as he looked at me. I had seen that look before and knew what was coming next. He was going to run. *Shit.*

He pushed me to the side, and I instinctively grabbed the back of his stupid yellow hoodie as he threw me into the exit doors. I pulled him back with everything I had and managed to pull him to the ground with me. His foot swung back and just barely missed the side of my face. I felt a burning sensation shoot through my left leg. A few employees heard the commotion and came running. They pulled his arms up behind him and lifted him from the ground. Management escorted him inside as I leaned against the door picking rocks out of the fresh cuts on my knee. There goes another pair of jeans. The strange man in the yellow hoodie then turned around and stared at me with so much hatred. I felt the warm blood run down my leg as an associate grabbed my hand and helped me up.

Nine dollars and thirty-five cents an hour. That was hardly enough to afford my rent and the boxes of Band-Aids I went through on a weekly basis. I lived and breathed for this job, and for what? My feet were covered in blisters. Hell, my blisters had blisters. My arms were covered with scratches, scars, and countless bruises. My closet, once filled with girly tops and flip-flops, was now filled with ripped up jeans and over-worn tennis shoes. My job wasn't just a job anymore. My job was my life. I spent all of my time reliving cases and obsess-

ing over the ones that got away. I had an addiction. This stupid hourly job had imbedded itself in my brain and wouldn't get out. It really messed with my head, and I just couldn't let it go.

I found myself judging everyone everywhere I went. *Those people are trashy. They're going to steal. Look at her. Oh my god, look at that huge purse that's gaping open just begging for something to be put in it. That guy has three DVDs in his hand; there's no way he's going to pay for them.*

I was constantly stereotyping everyone. What they looked like, what they wore, how they walked. I walked around the same store eight hours a night. I never even noticed half of the items on the shelves because I was so focused on the people. My eyes burned with images of petty theft and incompetent delinquents. My obsession had taken over.

On nights when we were slow, I often camped out in my office pretending to watch cash shortage tapes. The camera was up in the back corner, and if I angled the old leather chair just right, I could take a quick nap and no one would notice. I held the red pen in my right hand and laid the shortage papers out on my desk. Every now and then, I would wake up and make a quick red streak across the scattered papers and shuffle around like I was doing something really important. I thought I had worked out a pretty good system, but my on-the-clock naps were almost always interrupted. "Simon, dial 100." Ugh. I opened my eyes and wiped the drool from the corner of my mouth. I picked up the phone



PORTLAND STREET LIFE

by Spencer Eiseman
photography

WALK IN ROTH

by Cassandra Vogt
photography



and dialed the number. An associate in pharmacy picked up the other end. He was practically panting in excitement and desperation. “Hey, there is a lady in cosmetics and she’s looking around like she’s up to something. Yeah, yeah. She’s definitely up to something. I’m pretty sure...no...maybe... I know she’s been stopped here before. Can you come take a look? Do you need me to help? I can totally help if you need me.”

“Uh, yeah. I’ll come look. I’ll make sure you’re the first person I call if I need any help,” I said sarcastically.

Associates were the worst at trying to identify potential shoplifters. I was always getting calls saying someone was acting “suspicious.” When I’d ask how, they would respond with, “Well, um, they’re looking around all weird-like and doing suspicious things.” When I’d show up, it would be something ridiculous like an elderly lady with no bag looking at a frozen turkey. She’s probably not going to jack a turkey, especially with no place to conceal it, but if she’s ambitious enough to put something that cold down her pants then I salute her. Still, I decided

I better go check out the situation anyway. Sometimes associates were actually right.

I walked over to the cosmetics department but saw no one. I walked up and down the aisles a couple more times. As I walked down the last aisle again, I saw her standing there. Her frizzy blonde hair was pulled back into a sloppy ponytail. She wore thick-framed glasses and red lipstick extend-

ed way too far past her lips. I had read all of her case files over and over. Although I had never encountered her, I knew exactly who she was. From what I had read, this lady was a pretty intense stop. She had tried to bite a previous person in my position when confronted. She started screaming at the top of her lungs when asked for identification. Needless to say she was also banned from our store. This lady had a serious shoplifting addiction, and I couldn’t wait to bust her. I already had her on the trespassing charge, but I thought I’d wait around to see if I could add another shoplifting charge as well.

I casually walked up beside her and picked up a case of eye shadow. I pretended to look at a few other ones like I was thinking hard about which one to choose. She didn’t even acknowledge that I was there when she started ripping into a package. I looked up in the mirror and watched her reflection as she frantically shredded the package in her hands. It was like watching a kid rip open their first gift on Christmas morning. She couldn’t manage to get it completely open so she just threw the whole thing, shredded remnants and all, into her bag. I could feel the adrenaline pulse through my veins. There was something exhilarating about pulling a stop. My numbers had been the best in the market since I had started, and let’s just say I wasn’t too disappointed about adding another one to my list. I walked around the corner and knelt down. I peered around the display and watched her walk over to the appliances. I couldn’t get a close enough look at her, so I walked over to the garden aisle. Near the shelf was the hole my partner and I drilled a few days earlier. I stood up on my tiptoes and looked through the hole.

She studied the vacuums for about fifteen minutes, touching every one of them ever so carefully. My elbow was indented and sore from leaning against the shelf. I watched the lady bend over and lift a box from the shelf below. She slid her pointer fingernail under the tape and opened the box. She then started to put the pieces in her bag one by one. *Was she seriously going to try and stuff a whole vacuum cleaner in that tiny bag? No one would*

notice the giant hose hanging over the side of her purse. I watched her struggle to get all of the pieces in her bag. She took them all out and put them back in numerous times as if she were trying to figure out some sort of complicated puzzle. She just couldn't seem to understand why they all wouldn't fit into her small handbag. Eventually, she gave up and left the torn-apart vacuum lying in the aisle. I followed her through just about every department in the store as she grabbed whatever she could get her hands on and shoved them into her gaping bag. Laundry detergent, garbage bags, erasers, men's deodorant, and countless other items. She even took a handful of paint swatches to add to her stolen collection. I considered telling her those were free anyway, but I just laughed and figured what the hell. I was amused by her antics. She made her way towards the front of the store where I already had three other people waiting to assist me. I knew she was going to cause a one-woman riot. I ran through register three like I was finishing the fifty-yard dash. I got in front of her just as she was entering the vestibule.

"Hi, I work with asset protection, and I need you to come into my office so we can talk about the unpaid for merchandise in your bag," I said, like I had done so many times before. She stepped to the left to walk around me, so I stepped in front of her again. I knew she was ready to play games. I leaned in closer to her.

"We are going to go in the office. It's not a question. I'm telling you. I'm really tired and don't really want to spend all night at work. I'm sure you have places to go too, so let's just make this easier for both of us, okay?"

"I didn't steal anything. I'm just here with my son picking up a prescription. He went to get the car so I wouldn't have to walk," she said and tried again to step past me. I knew she was here alone, but I was amused by her lies and decided to play along.

"Oh, your son? That's who that guy was with you! I thought he looked familiar," I said. She kept walking back and forth trying to get around me. I kept walking closer to her until she backed into

the office. As she entered the door, two packages of pens fell out of her heaping bag of stolen goods.

"Didn't steal anything, huh? Then what's this?" I asked as I held up the items.

"Those are mine. I am writing a novel, and I like to carry pens with me in case I get an idea," she said.

"Oh yeah? I'm writing a book too. I usually carry two unopened packages of pens in my bag in case I feel the inspiration hit, too. Maybe you and I could write one together," I said. I couldn't help but be sarcastic. This lady was just too easy. I eventually convinced her to empty out her bag and fess up to what she had taken. As I was writing down her information in the case file, she went on to tell me that she owned a house in Brazil and frequently had lunch with Bill Gates.

"He's going to be really upset if he finds out I'm in trouble," she said shaking her head. This lady was not only a kleptomaniac but also a compulsive liar. I indulged her lies and played along. I finished taking down her information, took a new mug shot for our shoplifting hall of fame, and called the police. I listened to her tell wild stories until they got there. When the police finally arrived, they searched her and found a pocketknife in her front pocket. Naturally, she had that in case she was to get tied up and had to let herself out. As they were escorting her out the door, she asked for my phone number so we could chat about writing that book together.

Our office was a tiny room that could hardly hold four people in it. Once you had me, my partner, my boss, and one pissed off shoplifter in there, it made for a very cozy place. The summer was the worst. I had to sit there in that black leather chair, slipping and sliding on ass sweat while listening to someone repeatedly call me a bitch and dodge the strands of saliva they tried to spit at me.

People always asked how I could just sit there and take what I got every day. I just told them, "One, I get paid to do it. Two, I find joy knowing that they're going to jail, and I'm the one that will put them there. They won't ever forget my face."

I hated waiting three hours for the police to show up so whenever I called dispatch, I always told them that we had a “situation” down here. What in the hell that meant, I had no idea, but I thought it made me sound smart and sure got them there a whole lot quicker.

I always wondered what kinds of real situations the police got into. I could hardly keep up with some of the crazies we got at the store. I wondered if they looked at people the same way I did. They had to. I didn't know how you could do that job every day and not start to stereotype people. I thought everyone had underlying motives for everything they did. I made myself believe that other people judged people just as much as I did. They had to. I couldn't be the only one, right?

The cuts healed, the bruises faded. I bought new jeans, and I no longer carry a walkie-talkie in my purse. I worked that job for almost a year.

I walked away from it a little bit older, a little bit wiser, and a little bit more afraid of the world. I encountered all types of people: young, old, tall, short, fat, thin, good, and bad. Mostly bad. I think I perfected my skills in sarcasm and learned to defend myself.

I still smoke L&M Lights. I still go to a few parties here and there. I still listen to the same awful nineties music, and I still judge people. I still find myself sitting in a crowded room watching people make moves that no one else notices, but I notice. I'm always watching. I'm always trying to figure everyone out. I always hoped that with the end of that job would come the end of my judgmental mindset, but it didn't. I don't know when it will or if it ever will. I'm that person in the shadows. ■

OBEY

by Jazmine Dirks
digital photography



MIDNIGHT EN LIGHT

I woke up.
No light came in
the windows
except the white aura
of a street light
at end of the block.

My legs helped me
stumble down the hall.
I could only see a halo of
fog that hid in the dark crooks of sight.

Staggering stopped.
What did I see in
the shadowed sleeping
house?

I gazed into the pitch abyss
and saw the face of God.
God pierced my skull.
A sense of awe and fear
shook my core.
Love and peace sloshed
up from my toes on the rug
to my armpits then to the crown
of my head, cool dull needles.

Eyes struggled and won focus.
It was a mirror
in the coal black bathroom.
Light flickered and washed
clean the ink of the bathroom.

I laughed and took a piss.
Back into the darkness
I shambled down the hall
to my warm bed.

I snickered once
before I fell into dreams
like a fever.

MATTHEW PONDER

4:13 AM

by Stacey Stark

I saw you this afternoon. We were walking together. You didn't know it, though. You were too far away. I assumed you were going to her house, and then a sudden disdain came over me. She isn't good enough for you. She doesn't deserve to be your best friend. She doesn't deserve you to be in love with her, because she doesn't see you the way that I do.

I woke up around 4:30 this afternoon, drenched in a cold sweat after having a dream about you. If I remember correctly, I was following you in the dream. Only this time, you knew. I was next to you, talking to you. And you asked me to leave you alone.

Is it strange that even in my own dreams, and even my daydreams and fantasies of you, you always reject me the way you do in real life? Only in real life you don't say how you feel outright. You leave it to me to figure out that you really don't want me around. You're such a good actor, though. Sometimes you make it so difficult for me to realize that you hate me. You're just so good at making me feel wanted.

I think sometimes about asking you how you really feel about me, but then I realize that if I did, you would be able to let your guard down. You would be able to stop acting, and you would tell me that you don't want me around anymore. And I realize that without you in my life, I would have nothing to wake up for in the morning. If I lost you, if I gave you an easy way to get rid of me, I would have nothing left to live for.

I guess that's why you scare the hell out of me; you keep me in limbo. You could cut the fraying cord that's holding our friendship intact at any moment you damn well choose.

BIRD

by Dan Cunningham
stoneware



DISILLUSIONMENT OF FOUR O'CLOCK (AFTER WALLACE STEVENS)

For Professor

An awkward, aching afternoon,
sitting across from you both,
I catch glimpses of the thighs you love
to ply and spread.
I see her scratch them though her flowered knit dress,
through her slip, through her tights,
through her very skin.
Scratching, scratching,
scritch, scritch scratch.
The sound making me swallow hard,
grating my ears,
carrying across the room
even as I try in vain to listen to an honorable man
endow me with his knowledge.
Her beautiful, round, perfectly painted face
disgusted when she sees me looking at you.
Your love,
your lust,
the legs you lift
parting the sea.
The dark, scowling, brewing sea
you sink.
I wave.
She churns.
A warm, salty womb
calling you back to stab and bloom,
images creating a sweet storm in my own belly,
bringing my love ship home to me
You entering me in waves,
foam and salt,
spray and glow,
the spoils of our exploration.
A calming, rhythmic, rocking sea,
the warm, glassy sunset as you fade into me
very nearly mocking the churning, angry tides.
She washes across the sands of our shared stolen season.

Sail on,
Sail on,
But remember love,
only drunken sailors catch
tigers in red weather
Do not be disillusioned nor drowned
by her angry, roiling seas.

TRISH REGNERUS-SANDBULTE

THUNDERSTORM

The huddled clouds
 whisper,
ashen-faced,
their icy breath
shedding dirty cotton puffs
across a sky starved of blue.

The simmering thunderheads bloat the air,
squeezing the breath from my lungs...
 when the wind shreds
the tissue paper leaves,
and the throbbing,
 cold rain
swells
in reverberating crescendos,
but through it cuts a blast
like sixteen saxophones -
a tornado siren drones,
never softening to a final note, stabbing
like a single, jagged chord that rips
through the heart
of the shuddering skies.

CASSIE GILLETTE



COSMIC HORIZONS

by Spencer Eiseman
photography

DESTITUTE OF REASONS

The dim light glimmers on the brown surface of Jack.
I lift the mostly full bottle to my lips, attempting
to swallow two whole cheeks full, but coughing spurts
the burning liquid onto my black futon. I struggle
to find air in my room. Okay, so it's a little stronger than I thought.
I let the bottle fall back to the the floor and loosely
hold the top with my left hand. I undo some
of the top buttons of my black dress shirt
with my free hand and brush all my hair back,
strands of brown hair falling from my head,
either from stress or age, I don't know which.
I pull the bottle back to my mouth, noticing
a faint reflection of my face when I release it
from my lips. My rectangular glasses are a little crooked
on my nose, and my eyes blend in with my drink.
I don't look terrible, yet at least. Putting the drink
back in its position on the floor, I wonder what drove me
to this point, drinking Jack in my room by myself.
I didn't used to drink, was always too afraid,
something about being unhealthy and out of control,
but I can't rightly remember anymore.
I take off my glasses and put them on the chair
to my left, letting my eyes rest. Probably started
because of work. The place is unbearable. Files strung throughout
my cubicle, unorganized, and many past any relevant due date.
The computers are slow and hardly any better
than sifting through the paper. Not to mention the people
next to me want to talk all the time. Pencil pushers
in their blue suits and neck ties. Can't they understand
I'm just there to work? I lift the bottle a little faster and take
another drink, the flame of each gulp becoming a little less intense
the more I drink. Maybe it was women. Years of not stepping up
to the plate probably made me crack and drink
for some sort of false bravado,
so I could respond to women that tease
my mind with their ambitions, dreams, murky pasts,
personalities, and partially concealed body art, but never letting
onto the full extent of any of them. Blond or brunette,
doesn't matter, it's the soul that counts.

I take another drink, my throat numb to the burn,
and I look at the bottle. 'Bout three-fourths gone.
I do this with all consumable goods. Especially candy.
Once I start, I just don't stop. My hands react
unconsciously, lifting the bottle to my lips
and putting it down the same way I tear open
a candy bar and throw the wrapper in the trash.
I turn to my left; the figure of a brown man wearing
spectacles hunches next to me. I can't see
him clearly though, don't have my glasses on. I let the bottle rest
on the ground and point at him with my left hand. "You know
what made me drink? It was my family. They're crazy.
Brother comes home with a new drug habit every day,
scratching at his neck, always attempting to sell me
my own stuff for his next fix, and of course I buy it
because it's mine. Or my sister, sixteen and pregnant,
raising a one-year-old as a single mom.
Parents are in prison, so I raised us."
I wait a little bit, "You think that's a good
reason?" He sits there, unmoving, still as the bulb that
barely lights my room. I pick up my bottle,
swirl the remaining liquid for a second and then chug
the rest. "Eh, who am I kidding. I don't have a reason."

KELLY GUY

THE EGO

My thirty-two dollar “Red Light District Red” Dior lipstick
causes my pouting, plump, bee-stung lips to pop in vivid contrast
with the perfectly pale porcelain skin of my pretty face.

My breasts are pushed up and perfectly placed as if plush pillows,
nipples barely covered by the size-small black BeBe bustier.
In the mirror I admire the twins, quite pleased with my purchase.

Leather leggings cling to the fit curves of my lower body
looking like I spent countless hours patiently painting them on,
accentuating my exceptional attribute: my ass.

Strikingly tall stilettos have me standing nearly six-foot,
force me to sashay out of the bathroom into the bar.
The sympathetic stares make it hard to stay a stone-cold bitch.
Tears escape my eyes, trickling over the bruise the size of his fist.

CAMERON OAKLEY



SNOW UMBRELLAS

by Samantha Hansen
photography



AUGUST DEW

by Rachel Eisenbraun
digital photography

WRITER'S BLOCK

by Tim Herman

I lightly drug my pen up and down the side of my college ruled notebook. It was something I did when I was suffering from writer's block. It was stupid, but the little black lines usually seemed to ease my blank page anxiety. It wasn't working today. My brain had been vomiting creative gold into random notebooks and onto special bathroom stall walls for the last several days. Every time I put my pen against a viable surface, my hand twisted out perfection. That was before I actually had a deadline to meet. My brain shut down when I truly needed it.

Worse than that, I blew through all my cocaine the night before. Worse than that, every one of my prescription bottles, with my name on it or not, was empty. There was no Xanax, no Oxycontin, and no Adderall. Even worse was my lack

"Every morning I woke up next to the woman I had always wanted, but my brain wouldn't allow me to be happy."

of hallucinogens. No acid, no mushrooms, no 2CE. The absolute worst was that during the previous night, while pouring a one-seven-five of Barton's vodka into my stomach, I lost my bag of weed. No uppers, downers, trippers, rippers, or slippers. I was totally screwed.

I put down my pen and picked up my BlackBerry. I had already sent out several texts to different people who were known for controlling substances. I still had no replies. I spoke aloud, forgetting my girlfriend Lauren was in the room. Forgetfulness is a common side effect of sobriety. She surprised me when she replied to my clearly audible comment.

"What's wrong baby?" She was genuinely worried about me. It made me feel guilty. I was stressed out and pissed off only because I woke up with no access to drugs. I was a junkie. The guilt only made me need to get high even more.

"Nothin', babe. Just stressed about this story, and you know I get emotional when drug dealers ignore me." I smiled the best I could. It was hard

to smile sober. I could see it in her Vegas-pool eyes. She could see the unhappiness in me. It made her sad, knowing I was capable of sadness when she was around.

I didn't blame her. I wanted to be happy just as bad as she wanted me to be happy. She was the girl of my dreams. I had always promised myself once I found the one I would stay with forever, I wouldn't let my depression control me, but it did, even worse than before. Every morning I woke up next to the woman I had always wanted, but my brain wouldn't allow me to be happy, not even after I found the love of the perfect woman.

"Alright, are you going to start your story soon?" This question pissed me off for no reason. My thoughts ran wild with angry rebuttals, but I was smarter than that, smarter than the disease. I regained control of my thoughts, although I could still feel the anger resonating through my body.

"Yeah, I'm gonna get started soon, babe, but first I gotta go meet Dave." That's all I had to say and Lauren knew what I was talking about. Dave was our weed dealer. I met with him at least once a day every day. The truth was Dave was yet to text me back, confirming whether or not he would sell me any weed on this day. I knew neither of our vehicles had gas in them, so I would have to walk across town to Dave's, giving me the alone time and the exercise I needed to calm down.

"Alright, hunny, how long will you be gone?" Another question that struck me wrong.

"I don't know. I'll be back when I can. You know I gotta walk all the way over there. Freaken A. So many questions." I had to get away before I exploded and said something I would regret.

The screen door slammed against the siding. The spring and chain that held the door in place were long gone, victims of previous storm-outs. I pulled my last cigarette from its hiding place under my long hair and tucked behind my right ear. I slid a lighter out of the pocket of my black Jordan shorts. I perched the cigarette in-between my lips and used my free hand to shelter the tip from the wind. I spun the metal wheel on my bic and

held down the red button. I sucked through the menthol-flavored stick, pulling the flame into the end of the cigarette. The minty cold rush ripped down my throat. It was delicious.

I always associate the use of cigarettes by a seemingly sober person as a sign of a drug or alcohol abuse in their past. I trust those people more than I do most sober people.

Sober people are the scariest addicts on the planet. There are some sober people in this world who suffer from the same mental diseases as I do. That scares me. It should scare you, too. Without a large amount of self-medicating, I would be a completely different person. I also don't trust sober people because they have the money, time, and clarity of mind to hide a worse vice than substance abuse.

Everyone needs something. There are people who cling to food, to sex, to money. The sober world will grab onto anything that makes them feel good. This is why kids, as well as adults, who experience drugs later tend to stick to them and get deeper into them than most people do. Not to mention sober people tend to snap, and the bad thing about a sober person snapping is they have the energy to try to take other people with them when they decide to take their own lives.

Junkies don't like to kill themselves. We enjoy our addictions too much, but often addiction leads to a mental state of extreme depression where one might be inclined to take their own life. In this situation, a junky is going to go buy as much of his favorite, hardest drug as he can get ahold of and inject it all directly into his bloodstream. Junkies

tend to die alone, but at least we don't try to take others with us when it's our time to go.

I climbed slowly up the stairs, using my arms to help pull my weight. We had been smoking for several hours. I wasn't sure exactly how long we had been in the basement; there were no windows down there. I reached the top of the stairs and looked out the bay window in the living room adjacent to the stairwell. The orange glow illumi-



nating the world outside led me to believe I had been downstairs much longer than I had previously thought. I assumed it was around 5 P.M. based on the color of the setting sun. I quickly realized I had my cell phone in my pocket and I could have checked the time whenever I wanted. I took the smart phone out of my pocket and pressed the unlock button, illuminating the home screen. My heart skipped a beat as I immediately noticed the unread text message icon blinking in the top left

EMPATHY

by Ronald Morton, Jr.
mixed media

HE'S MY SON

by Scott Martinson
acrylic on canvas



of the screen. If one of those messages was from Lauren, I was going to be in so much trouble.

She let me wander around town at any time of day, as long as she could contact me and make sure I was okay. She had an overwhelming trust in me, not that she had a reason not to. I was always honest with her. She knew I would never risk losing her over some dumb slut, but the stunts I would pull in order to get drugs had escalated over the last several months. She swore she would never let me out of the house alone again after the last incident when I showed up at the house with 700 dollars of cash and a three-inch deep knife wound in my left shoulder. She never even asked me where the money or the hole in my skin came

from. I guess she knew she didn't want to know where they came from. It took a few weeks to convince her I was safe walking the streets. She eventually got tired of my audible huffs of boredom and let me go on my adventures. She would never know, but those two weeks she refused to let me leave her side snapped a lengthy heroin binge.

It saved my life, and I loved her for it.

I scrolled as fast as my thumb would allow and opened the text message screen. I had two unread messages. One was from Darrel, and one was from some girl name Alex from my math class who was always trying to flirt with me. I opened them both, but only to eliminate the unread message notification. The red in the corner drove me crazy. I didn't even bother to read more than the first three words of each text; that's all I needed to determine what each of them wanted.

Based on Darrel's first three words, "Hey you stupid...." I could tell he was already drunk, most likely hanging out with alcoholics, although during college, the people who attended parties every night of the week tend to call themselves "social drinkers," saving the label of alcoholic for those people who drink the same amount as them, but alone in their room.

I had my small sack of weed and my two acid pills. I rolled the entire sack into a blunt before leaving Dave's house and lit it up right after I swallowed the two hits of acid. I had forty-five minutes to an hour to make the trek home before they would hit. I walked quickly and deliberately. I could have easily made it home in time if I hadn't smoked the entire blunt as I walked. By the time I tossed the roach, I had forgotten about the two hits of acid.

I walked slowly, stopping to admire every little detail of the trail I was walking. It was dark, but I could make out the colors in the gardens where the flowers were in full bloom. I enjoyed running my hand over a black metal fence, feeling the cold smoothness against the palm of my hand. It was a beautiful night. I looked up at the moon. I had never seen the moon look so beautiful. It almost looked fluorescent, like it was the only light in the ceiling of the world, and it gave off a glow and a hum as it lit the way for nighttime travelers.

Oh Shit. I took acid.

I didn't know where I was. Nothing looked familiar. I couldn't tell even if it did. Nothing looked real. This was good acid. The darkness was driving

me crazy. Every little shadow appeared to me as a demon or a monster. I found the first unlocked door on the street. Luckily, it was a large apartment building. I walked three steps in and couldn't remember why I had entered. Was I supposed to be going to meet someone? I paced back and forth in the single hallway in the apartment complex muttering things to myself. I'm lucky nobody came or left that night. I had to have looked like a crazed hobo with split personalities talking to myself.

I don't know how long I was trapped in that hallway, but the peak of the wave finally broke, and I settled back into reality for a few minutes. I realized I could leave the building. I hit the bottom stair and took off down the street. I was in a familiar part of town. Not far from my house, three or four blocks max. I started running, trying to find my front door before the next wave hit.

I must have been within two blocks or less when the next wave broke over me. It was focused in my ears. The wind blowing through the leafy trees zoned my mind out. I lay on my back on the sidewalk, completely overtaken by the sound, for hours, I believe.

I woke up in the morning, still lying on the sidewalk. How a cop didn't drive by and arrest me, I have no idea. I was a block from my house. I walked in the front door at ten in the morning. Lauran was sitting on the couch. She didn't look happy. The acid had completely made me forget other people expected me to be some place. For the first time in my life I had a reason to go home. I've always been a wanderer, but that was because I was looking for something. I found what I was looking for in Lauran.

"I'm sorry I didn't call baby. You must have been worried sick." I truly did feel awful, but I knew it didn't matter to Lauran. I sat down next to her.

"I'm so fucking done with this shit." She was holding back tears.

"Baby, I promise, it's all over. I'm going to change. Things are going to get better." I had said this a lot and always meant it, but this time I had

a plan to succeed, a way to make sure I made Lauran happy.

"I've heard it all before. My bags are packed. I'm going to go stay with my mom for a while." The tears began to fall.

"Please don't leave. I pinky promise things will change from now on."

"A pinky promise is just another type of promise for you to break." She stood up and walked towards the door. "My bags are already in my car. I wanted to make sure you got home alive, but that's it. Don't text or call me. I'll get ahold of you if I want to talk. I love you. I just need time to think about everything." She turned and walked out the door.

I stood on the porch and watched her drive away. The second her taillights were out of sight I collapsed in grief. I sobbed in a pile on the porch for twenty minutes before I collected myself enough to walk inside. As soon as I made it, I grabbed my phone and called Dave.

"You know where to find any coke man?" my voice shaking.

"I thought you were done with that, bro? Have you been doing it again?"

"No, dude, I haven't done any in months. Lauran just left me. I just need a buzz."

"Ite bro, come on over."

I threw open the screen door, slamming it against the siding of the house. I slowly navigated the steep stairs in my front yard; I hit the sidewalk, kept my eyes down, counting cracks in the concrete. It hypnotized me. I was lost in it, the constant movement of the concrete underneath me as I floated back to Dave's. ■

PAPER HEART

by Cat Ruddy

Everybody loved June. Her hair was the color of a rich merlot, and she wore the exact same shade of lipstick. She was fond of polka dots and bows and books and art. When she wasn't taking calls or typing letters and making copies, she was nose deep in a thick novel or doodling around the edges of an old memo. She smiled at everyone she talked to, even over the telephone. George knew all of this from simply watching June from his desk, which was roughly twenty-five feet away from hers, he guessed. If he measured the distance using ceiling tiles, she was twelve panels away. It really wasn't far, but to George it felt as though they were continents apart.

George mostly kept to himself. He was timid and shy, and June made him nervous. Just the mention of her name made him choke on his coffee. He

He wondered whether she was a cat or dog person. George was more of a goldfish person himself, but he was willing to change.

started bringing extra shirts to keep in his desk, just in case one of his co-workers decided to make June the topic of coffee break conversation as they often did.

Everyone was always talking about June. Especially today, Valentine's Day. Everyone wanted to be her valentine. Everybody loved June.

June and George did not speak often but the few times they had played in his head like scenes from a favorite movie. Once they had an encounter in the elevator.

"Hello, Mr. Gustafson," she had said cheerfully as she approached the elevator. She was wearing her aquamarine dress with white shoes and a matching bow, George remembered.

George held the doors open for her and nodded with a smile. The lump that had formed in his throat was preventing any words from escaping his mouth. He swallowed and tried to gather his thoughts enough to form a single sentence.

"First floor?" she asked, pressing the button.

"G-George." His name came out as a gurgle, as if he had been using mouthwash. Suddenly conscious of his breath, he wished he had been.

"I'm sorry?" June was confused by his answer.

George cleared his throat, mustering up all of his courage. "George. My n-name is George. George Gustafson." He held out his right hand for June to shake and then became suddenly aware of how sweaty he was. He quickly retracted and wiped his clammy palm on the side of his pants.

"June Johnson." She smiled at George and he thought his knees would give out. June held out her hand. He wiped his hand on his pants once more, just in case, and shook her hand. It was as soft as the mint green cashmere sweater that she wore every other Tuesday.

"So...first floor, George?" she asked again.

George nodded and smiled.

That was a good day. George smiled at his desk just thinking about it, a whole twelve panels away from June. She was wearing glasses today. George wondered if they were clinical or just a fashion statement. He also wondered if she had always dreamt of being a secretary for a small time publishing company. He wondered whether she was a cat or dog person. George was more of a goldfish person himself, but he was willing to change.

But then George began to wonder how she would react if he walked up to her desk and asked her out to dinner. June loved Chinese food. George knew because she ordered her lunch from the Chinese restaurant down the street for lunch. She never took her lunch break with the other secretaries. She spent it at her desk with her take-out carton of Chinese food and her book of the week. This week it was *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

George then wondered if June was even single. She didn't wear a wedding ring, and he hadn't heard anything about a boyfriend. And then, quite suddenly, George stopped wondering. He wanted to know. He wanted to know her. He wanted to know everything about her, all of her secrets, all of her quirks. He wanted to know the things that he couldn't observe from his desk.

And then George did the most courageous thing he had ever done in his life. He stood up from his desk. He walked past June's desk. He pressed

the down button on the elevator. He rode down to the first floor and left the building. He walked down the street and turned the corner.

When he came back, June was still sitting at her desk. No one had noticed that he had left. He sat back down at his desk and set large paper bag down by his feet to hide it from curious eyes. He waited until the office had mostly cleared out for lunch break, which seemed to take an incredibly long time. But when everyone was gone, he took several deep breaths and approached June's desk.

June looked up from the last page of her book. "Hello, George. Can I help you?" She smiled. Her desk was littered with candies and heart shaped cards which George assumed were from other men, but he did not let this sway him.

"Y-yes," he started, "I—"

And then the telephone rang. June looked up at him apologetically and answered. George could feel a lump forming in his throat again. He waited until June hung up the phone.

"I'm so sorry, George, can this wait? Mr. Peterson needs me to run a few errands this afternoon." Her eyes had apologies written all over them.

"Oh," George said. "Yes. Yes, of course." He managed a smile and received one in return.

He watched June leave, and his heart sank in his chest. He knew he wouldn't be able to find that courage again. So he set the paper bag on June's desk and retired to his own. People slowly began to repopulate the office, their bellies filled with diner sandwiches. George worked. He worked and worked and worked until his mind was numb, and he did not look up from his work, not to see June open the paper bag and find a take-out carton of her favorite chicken lo mein and a copy of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five* with George's love note written inside on the title page, not to see her face when she read about how George knew she hadn't read it yet because he had secretly been keeping track of every book she read at her desk and how he knew the chicken lo mein was her favorite because she ate it for lunch every other day and how he knew her favorite color was sea foam green and

how the best part of his day was her smile, and certainly not to see the look on June's face when she looked up at him after she was done reading it. He kept working until it was five o'clock.

George stood up from his desk with a sigh and put his coat on to leave for the day. He was half way to the elevator when he realized he had forgotten his hat in the break room. When he passed by his desk on his way back from the break room, his hat now firmly on his head, he saw an envelope with his name on it. It had not been there before. He stopped and looked at it a moment and then opened it. It was a Valentine's Day card, rather elaborately drawn. It had clearly taken his admirer quite a long time and effort to make it. It was a giant heart with meticulous doodles filling its insides. The doodles were of planes and ties and apples and fish. George flipped the card over. His heart began beating hard. He looked over at June; she too had her coat on and was on her way out.

It was now or never.

George met her in the elevator, valentine in hand.

George,

You love green apples. I know because you bring them for lunch every day in the fall. You have three ties: one blue, one red, and one black. I know because you alternate between them every week. You love fish, especially koi fish. I know because you have pictures of them all over your desk. You love coffee. I know because you always spill it on your shirt and have to keep spares in your drawer. You sit about twenty-five feet away from me, but if I count it by the floor tiles it's thirty-three. I've loved you for two years, one month, and twelve days. I know because that's how long I've been working here.

Love, June.

They were alone in the elevator. This time when George held out his hand, it was to hold hers, and he didn't even care that it was clammy. June didn't care either. ■

ONE NEW MESSAGE

by Matthew Ponder

Your call has been forwarded to an automatic voice message system for “Jason Atwood.” At the tone, please leave message. If you’d like to leave a call back number, press five.

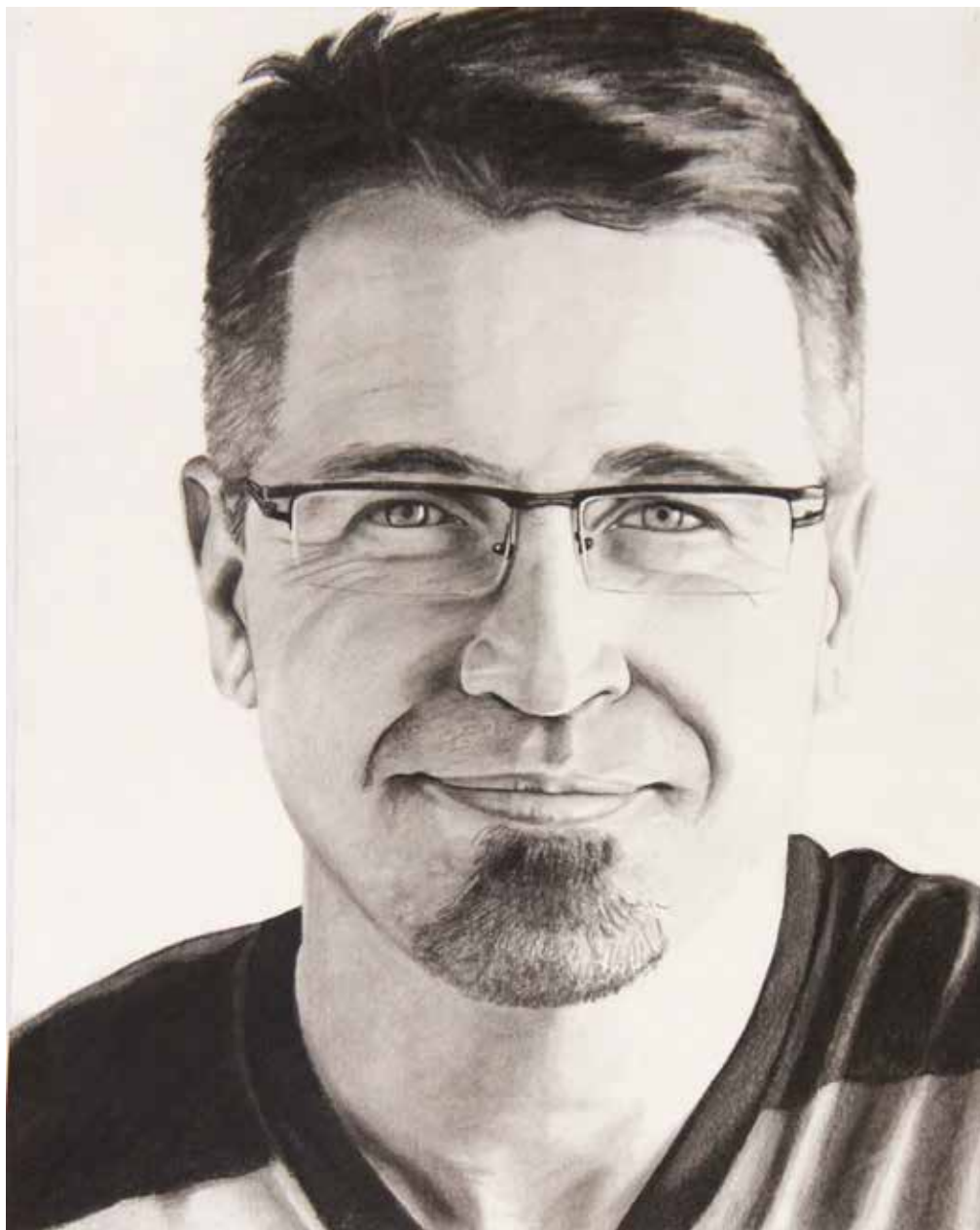
“Hey, Jason, it’s your Dad and I know we haven’t talked for a while, but you need’a come home this week for a while. Uh, mhm. I don’t know if you’ve got to get work off or anything, we haven’t talked for a while, but please come home. Don’t worry about bringing your Mom that Maytag Blue Cheese she always liked. Uh, just give me a call soon please.”



FLORABELLA

by Leah Albert

logo design



SELF-PORTRAIT

by Scott Martinson

graphite





BIG BEN

by Jazmine Dirks

film to digital photography



OCEANSIDE SUN

by Samantha Hansen
photography



GLISTENING FOUNTAIN

by Demirae Dunn

photography



OXYGEN

by Alejandro Davalos
photography

THE JOY OF FATHERHOOD

As he saw the glove

hidden in the cabinet
behind the well-stocked
bar in his
half-furnished basement,
he remembered back

to the time when
he was young
and life was fun.
He remembered
how he spat

in his mitt
and coolly rubbed it in
like they did
in the big leagues,
how he chewed

on the faded laces
despite their taste
of lightly salted
cardboard.
He remembered

how every spring
he treated it with oil,
how his hands glides
over the leather
as delicately as those
of a skilled sculptor,
how the George Brett
signature in the palm,
once so bold and visible,
was gradually erased

by the application of oil
and the passage of his youth.
He pressed his face
to the tanned cowhide
and the aroma

of the leathery cologne
reminded him
of his days in
the now-empty
sandlot by the Casey's

on the 12th Street.
Removing his nose
from the confines
of the glove's pocket,
he closed the cabinet

and took the old
Rawlings upstairs,
a present for his
only son's
sixth birthday.

DAVE MIRIOVSKY
(2000)



DANCE RECITAL

by Demirae Dunn

photography

ABOUT THE KIOSK



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

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

Over the next several years, students were motivated to submit their work and have their words read and their voices heard. The group published sixteen issues until *Manuscript* disappeared in 1952. The magazine resumed publication under the name *Perspectives* in 1955. Students changed the name to *Kiosk* in 1971 and have continued publications nearly every year since. Advisors over the years have included Donald Stefanson, Carole Van Wyngarden, Janice Eidus, Scott Simmer, Robert Conley, Jan Hodge, Jason Murrar, and for the past 24 years, Stephen Coyne.

While the *Kiosk* has included cover art in many of its publications, the format of the magazine was revamped in 2006 to include student and alum-

ni-created art of various media. Art advisors John Kolbo, Terri McGaffin, and Dolie Thompson have assisted student editors in allowing these artistic pieces take a more central role in the magazine.

With the continued support of President John Reynnders and the Morningside community, this publication continues to grow and evolve. Since 2006, the *Kiosk* has won multiple awards from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association and Associated Collegiate Press, including a Silver Medalist Award, a Silver Crown Award, four Gold Medalist Awards, and three Magazine Pace-maker Finalist Awards.

Submissions are accepted in the spring semester of each academic year. Literary work is then reviewed by the editorial boards, and recommendations are forwarded to the head editor, who then forwards accepted pieces for judging. Art work is selected by a panel of student judges who represent Morningside's various art majors. A panel of area artists then selects the award winners. Those interested in working for and/or submitting to the magazine may contact Professor Stephen Coyne by email at coyne@morningside.edu.

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

The magazine is printed on a digital printing press using four process colors on 80# matte-coated cover and 80# matte-coated book paper stock. Adobe InDesign CS6 is the page layout software used to assemble the entire publication.

75 Years of the Kiosk

1938

First literary magazine on campus.



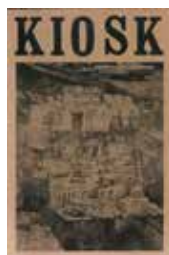
1956

Name changed to *Perspectives*.



1971

Name changed, again, to *Kiosk*.



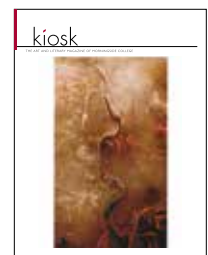
2006

Format change introduced more artwork.



2012

National Pacemaker Finalist, see back cover.



LITERATURE



Charles Bass is a junior majoring in Studio Art, Philosophy, and Religious Studies. He is a longtime resident of Sioux City. He is, like most children, convinced that not only is he not to blame for the evil in the world, but that he knows the way to remove it.



My name is **Jacob Chauss**. I am from Minnetonka, MN. I like the internet. I am an English-Education major. I am not a robot. I am a man. I am a man, man. Follow me on Twitter and Tumblr.



Senior **Danielle Dahlkoetter** will be graduating with a double major in Psychology Counseling and English. Hailing from Grant, NE, Dani enjoys attending theatrical productions, traveling, and is a connoisseur of movies, both new and old (but mostly old). This is her first creative piece published in the *Kiosk* (or anywhere).



Felicia Ely is currently finishing up her junior year double majoring in Graphic Design and Advertising. She graduated high school in 2007 from Marcus, IA, and is on her second run here at Morningside. When she's not in class, she keeps herself busy with her favorite boy in the world, her son, Jagger.



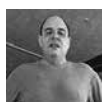
I'm **Cassie Gillette** and a Graphic Design major in my sophomore year. I've spent most of my life in Sioux City, IA. My hobbies include doodling, origami, and poetry. When I grow up, I would like to be a graphic designer or illustrator. If that doesn't work, then I'd like to be a writer, or, failing that, a medical illustrationist.



Kelly Guy is a junior Math major from Sergeant Bluff with vague plans for the future. He enjoys playing video games, exercising, writing, listening to music, and watching any animated movies from Disney, Pixar, etc.



Tim Herman is an English major. His hometown is Crete, Nebraska. His future plans are to be a famous writer.



Kevin Long is a senior graduating in May with a degree in Business Administration with an emphasis in HR Management and cluster in Industrial Organizational Psychology. He has lived in Sioux City for the last 22 years. For the future, he would love a job at Principal Financial's world headquarters in Des Moines and hopefully one day get transferred to the Australian headquarters in Melbourne!



Austin Mumm is a first year sophomore graduated from Harlan, Iowa. He plans to enter the medical field with a major in Biology and Chemistry and with a possible minor in Writing. He's a multi-eventer for the Morningside Track team. He loves God, his family, friends, Led Zeppelin, anything outdoors, playing guitar, running, reading, writing, and good old classic rock and roll.



As junior at Morningside College, **Cameron Oakley** is an English and Political Science double-major with a Studio Art minor. After graduation, she plans on going to law school. She would love to work with women and children's rights advocacy. She is a Sioux City native. She enjoys golfing, reading, writing, decorating her small little rental house, and any activity outdoors.



Elizabeth Planck is a freshman from Omaha, Nebraska, who is majoring in Elementary Education. On campus, she is involved in theater, chorus, and unfortunately not much else. Off campus, well, she hasn't been off campus much either. In her free time, she enjoys to read, mess around on her computer, and walk around campus thinking.



Matthew Ponder, in his own words, says, "I grew as a parasitic lout amongst the skeletal remains of society. My telepathic antennae consume the last remaining nutrients of the culture's marrow. Mechanical vultures of academia circle overhead, who accidentally gobble up us parasites, flying us higher in their oily stomachs."



Trish Regnerus-Sandbulte, 1995 alum, lives in her hometown of Sioux Center with her husband, Harv, and children, Sadie and Jacob. She teaches 9th grade English at MOC-FV and spends her summers renovating her 1915 house, reading while the paint dries. Trish is inspired and breathless, filled and emptied, saved and hopelessly lost, with and by her muse who came along with a raft and a song.



Cat Ruddy is a sophomore at Morningside College and dedicated to her studies in Theatre, Dance, and Business Management. She is mostly known around campus for having adorable backpacks, punky style, and for being an all-around cool guy.



I'm **Chase Shanafelt** and a Senior English Creative Writing major who, like many writers, works at a grocery store. My zodiac sign is Virgo. I was never good at basketball, although I'm not sure how that relates to my writing. One day I will hopefully be an expert on Modernist writers, but that day isn't today.



I'm **Stacy Stark** and from Storm Lake, Iowa. I'm a sophomore majoring in Art Education. I don't have any hobbies or interests; I just do random things, and then I sleep. My plan for life is to be an art teacher and to own a small monkey. If that doesn't work out, then I'll just be homeless but still own a small monkey.



Leah Albert is a senior at Morningside College. She will graduate in May with a major in Graphic Design and a minor in Advertising. Leah started her journey in Graphic Design five years ago at Western Iowa Tech Community College. From there, she transferred to Morningside to complete her Bachelor of Arts Degree in Graphic Design.



Charles Bass is a junior majoring in Studio Art, Philosophy, and Religious Studies. He is a longtime resident of Sioux City. He is, like most children, convinced that not only is he not to blame for the evil in the world, but that he knows the way to remove it.



Jose Miguel Beltran is from Santa Ana, California. He is currently pursuing a Graphic Design and Chemistry degree. He is the current president of TOES (environmental group) and the director of communications of SHADES (diversity group). He loves life and is thankful for every opportunity he's been given. He loves his family, friends and the people at the Nicholas Academic Center.



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



I'm **Weston Burkhardt**, a junior from Cherokee, IA, who is majoring in Graphic Design and Advertising. I became interested art at an early age and spent much of my childhood drawing in my sketchpad. As I got older, I decided I needed to pursue a career that allowed me to be creative and strategic. After graduation, I hope to work with web design.



Caitlin Casey is a junior from Emerson, Nebraska. She is double majoring in Corporate Communications and Graphic Design. Photography is one of her favorite hobbies.



Randy A. Chavez was born in Sylmar, CA, on April 15, 1990. He was raised in Mexico and immigrated to the United States at the age of fifteen. He first developed an interest in art while in high school. His focus is on Graphic Design and Photography.



Dan Cunningham is from a small town in eastern Iowa. He moved to Sioux City in order to entertain the city life of western Iowa. He is currently finishing his BA in Studio Art. He plans to pursue an MFA in Ceramics.



Alejandro Davalos is currently a sophomore who is working towards a double major in Graphic Design and Photography, along with a minor in advertising. He is from South Sioux City, Nebraska, and enjoys working on art projects during his free time.



Billie DeBoer is freelance artist and educated designer, mother of one, and currently attending Morningside College for her degree in Art Education. She is active in the local Autism Support group where she volunteers her time raising awareness. She is an Iowa native and hopes to teach in the area when she graduates in December.



Jazmine Dirks is a junior at Morningside College studying Corporate Communications, Photography, and Studio Art. Dirks enjoys experimenting with different types of photography but typically favors toy film cameras such as the Lomography Fisheye 2 used to take the featured photograph "Big Ben."



Demirae Dunn is a junior Advertising major with a Business minor from Cherokee, Iowa. She recently returned from a semester studying in Sicily, Italy. She hopes to continue traveling after graduation and become an entrepreneur.



Spencer Eiseman is a sophomore here at Morningside and grew up in Brookings, SD. He will be graduating with a double major in Photography and Graphic Design. Art has definitely become a major life passion of his, and he enjoys doing many other things such as athletics, hanging out with cats, taking naps, and finding new music. He's also a pretty social guy!



Rachel Eisenbraun is a sophomore at Morningside College and is majoring in Graphic Design and Photography. She is a member of the Morningside women's soccer team and some of her interesting include reading, traveling, and music.



I'm **Cassie Gillette** and a Graphic Design major in my sophomore year. I've spent most of my life in Sioux City, IA. My hobbies include doodling, origami, and poetry. When I grow up, I would like to be a graphic designer or illustrator. If that doesn't work, then I'd like to be a writer, or, failing that, a medical illustrationist.



Samantha Hansen is a Junior studying Writing and Photography. She is currently spending a semester abroad in England at the University of Oxford. Samantha enjoys experimenting with different photographic techniques as well as photographing the people and places around her. In her spare time, she enjoys going on adventures and quoting her favorite movies.



Nicole Loe grew up in Sioux Falls, SD, and is now a Freshman majoring in Photography at Morningside College.



Wyeth Lynch, Morningside College graduate of the class of 2009, currently resides in North Sioux City, SD. He is busy photographing family and friends, but prefers fine art.



Scott Martinson was born in Sioux City and graduated high school from Laurel Public School in 1988. He received an associate's degree in Graphic Design and Web Design from Western Iowa Tech in 2012 and is currently a sophomore at Morningside College with a major in Studio Art.



Ronald Morton, Jr. is a senior at Morningside College. His major is Graphic Design and his minor is Studio Arts. He is an active member of the Greek organization, Delta Sigma Phi. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, where he found his passion for the arts. Ronald plans to open up a café after graduating.



My name is **Cassandra Vogt**, and I am a non-traditional student. I am married and have two children. I am obtaining my Elementary Ed and K-12 Art Ed degree. I enjoy taking photographs and have my own private photography business. Smile!!

RECENT AWARDS

2006	Columbia Scholastic Press Association Silver Medalist Associated Collegiate Press Pacemaker Finalist
2007	Columbia Scholastic Press Association Gold Medalist
2008	Columbia Scholastic Press Association Gold Medalist Associated Collegiate Press Pacemaker Finalist
2009	Columbia Scholastic Press Association Gold Medalist
2010	Columbia Scholastic Press Association Silver Crown Award
2012	Columbia Scholastic Press Association Gold Medalist Associated Collegiate Press Pacemaker Finalist



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