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*illumination*

*the literary journal of*

*Mississippi Gulf Coast Community College*

2012 – 2013

Each year, Mississippi Gulf Coast Community College students are encouraged to submit their best writing for our annual contest. This journal includes writing from the winners of the 2012-2013 Contest in the categories of Formal Verse, Free Verse, Haiku, Prose Poetry, Short Story, Personal Essay, and Critical Essay. Artwork was contributed by students and faculty from the Perkinston Campus.

Front Cover art: "August" by Tirzah Legg

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Contest Coordinator: J. Marcus Weekley

Contest Committee: The Language Arts Department of Perk Campus

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A note about the judging process: entries were judged by three judges in each category. Entries were judged blindly, with no information about entrants or campus included on those entries, in order to avoid nepotism. Judges ranked their top three choices in each category and the winners were chosen from there.

Competition Statistics:

Critical Essay: 14 entries

Formal Verse: 14 entries

Free Verse: 31 entries

Haiku: 1 entry

Personal Essay: 27 entries

Prose Poetry: 17 entries

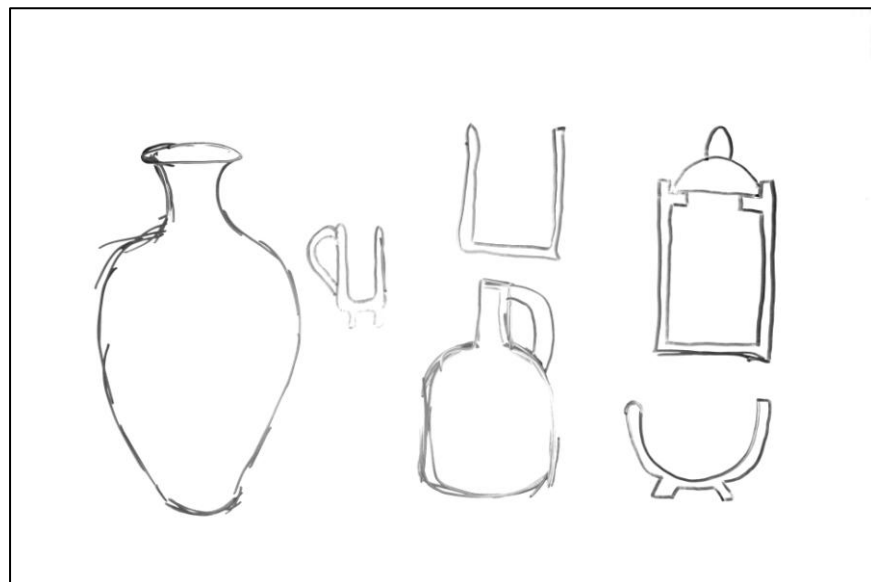
Short Story: 23 entries



"Red Creek #1"

Ceramic Bowl,  
Longleaf Pine,  
River Birch,  
Driftwood

Daniel Calcote  
and Sandra Cassibry



"Untitled"

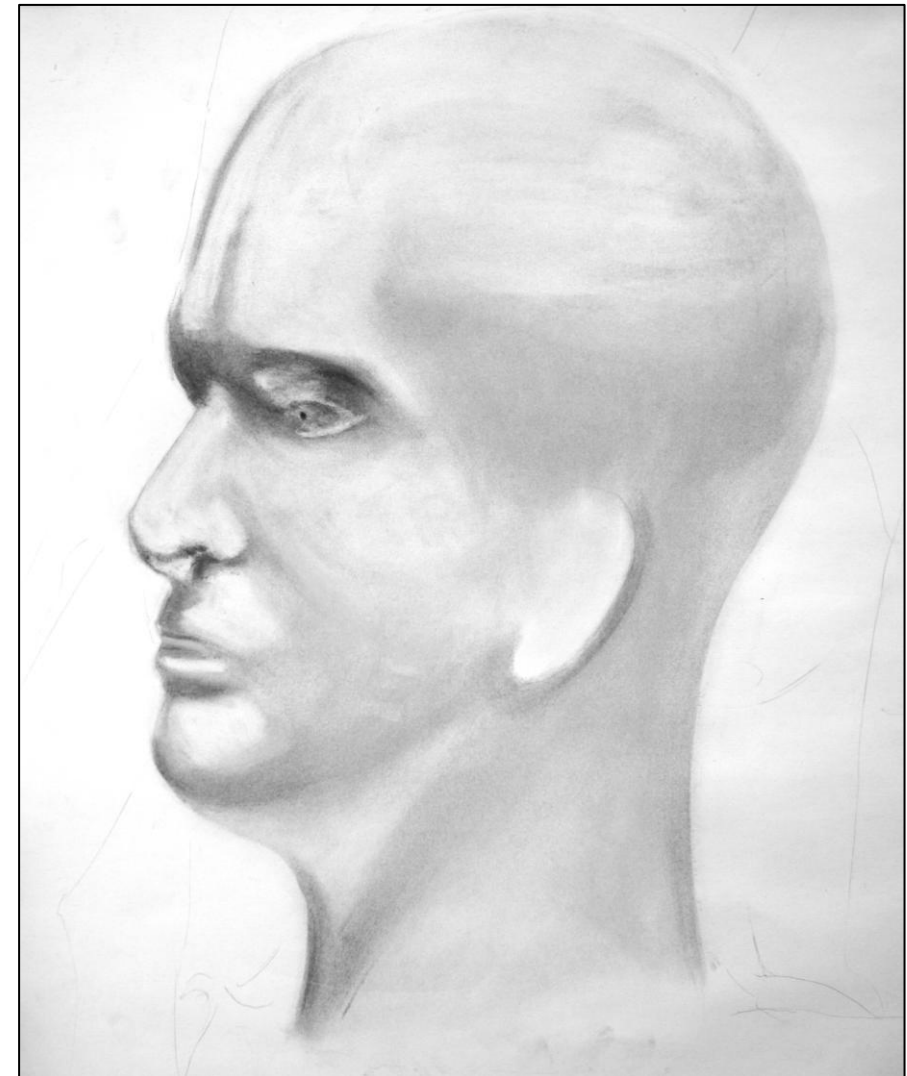
Marker on Board

Daniel Calcote

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"Blue Dude It's Hapnin"

Pastel

Russell Hice

## *Dad's Last Gift*

by Samantha Leyda

You left me some time ago. Said you'd be back next week. You never really called, so we didn't really speak. You were busy with whatever it is you do. But weeks went by... Months went by... And I would watch the lonely driveway for any sign of you.

I sat at my cold desk, watching Ms. Wagner catwalk around the room. My memories drifted back to you. Your big black truck that I couldn't climb in, the way you never really combed your messy blond hair, and the scent of oil in the garage. It was easy to forget you at home. Mom had replaced you before I understood. But sitting at my desk, alone, you always rushed me like a flood.

I remembered the day you came to school. It was the only time, I think. The class lined up for lunch, but I went back to get my drink. You were waiting at my desk, a big silly smile on your face. You clutched a box-cutter from your pocket, sketched an "I LUV U" at my place.

Looking down at the note will always be bittersweet, like the alcohol on your breath. The scuffed metal will always be cold. You'll be sitting in a prison cell, while my thoughts of you grow old. They twist from innocent love to eventual pain. My gift will stay on this desk. It will never leave this room. But me, I'll leave the gift behind. I need the space to bloom.

## *Blooming For Vishnu*

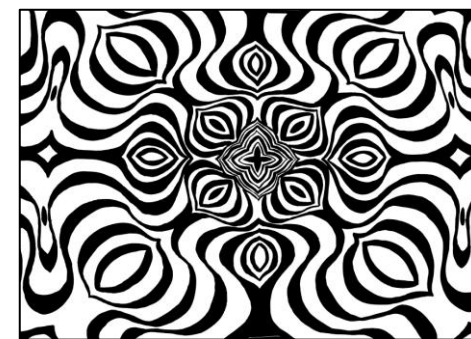
by Lee Hope

And what if I were quite dead?  
How odd.  
1945, facing firing squad.  
But surely I'm not. I'm asleep on a cot, or was I at home in my bed?

Or maybe it's I who is gone, you once said.  
And I'd predictably nod.  
Twisting, existing pixilated red god,  
as I bled, and I bled, and I bled.

And on bathroom mirrors I'd spell out the truth:  
That we are all one. Or to love is to love, but nothing more.  
That concepts of faith and of things such as trust are human in ultimate form.

And if I were a ghost, I would keep so close to you.  
[Like tiny hands pulling your shirt.]  
And if I were a ghost, I'd tell you everything. Like violence,  
I'd burst and I'd bloom, and for nothing but doom and for nothing but  
silence.



"Cross-Eyed"

Tempera

Hannah Hatcher



"Hoot"

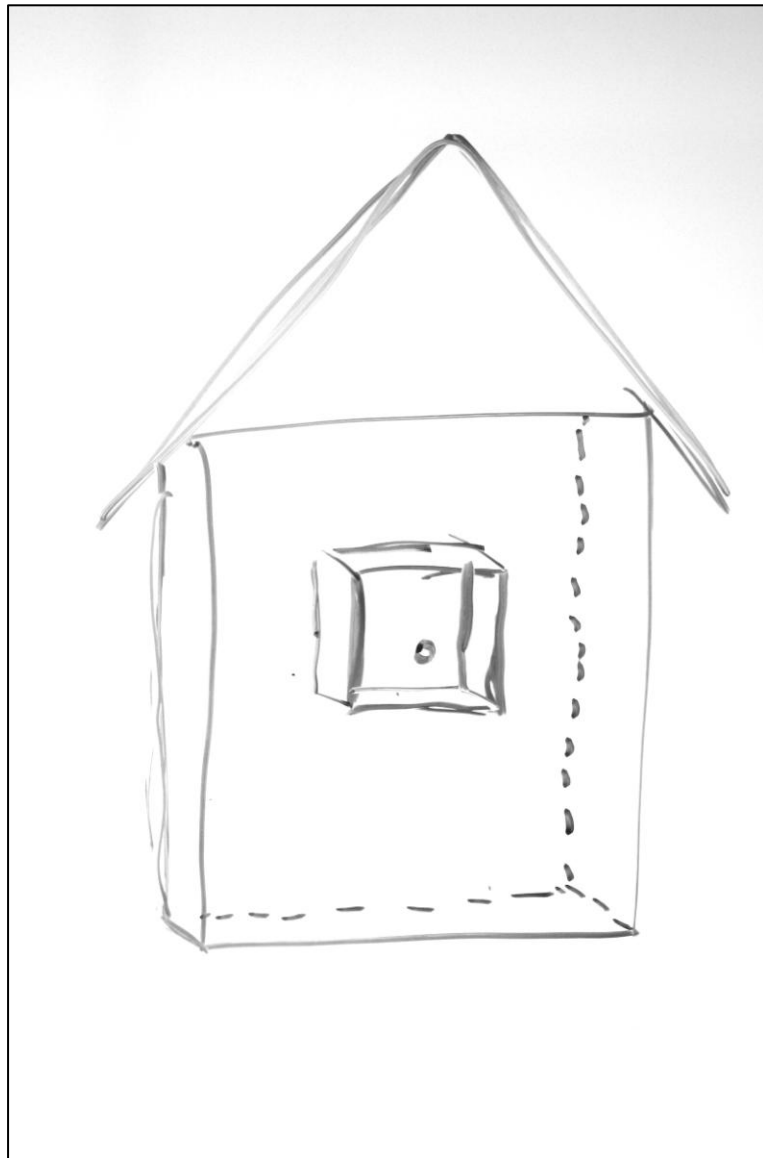
Mixed Media

Vanessa Ritchie

## *Bird Watching*

by Rachel Wolfe

The feathers flutter out of her gaping mouth. The boiling black tar eats away at her porcelain skin, exposing her muscles and the thrashing heart. The velvety feathers fall upon her convulsing flesh. Her bones snap and her feet become talons. A shriek escapes her beak and her pupils dilate at the sound of her voice. She crouches, flaps her wings in agony as the black egg exits her. The egg rumbles violently, and then shatters into twelve clumps of feathers. She affectionately licks them, smoothing down the light-blue feathers. She licks them into a quiet slumber and when they are deep in dreams she lets out a shriek. Her beak stabs their delicate torsos and awkwardly crunches bones. The feathers flutter out of her beak, and she follows them.



*"Untitled #2"*

*Marker on Board*

*Daniel Calcote*

## *Style: Hemingway's "A Clean, Well-lighted Place"*

by Jennifer Windom

When reading stories, not many people take the time to really think about what they're reading. Most people don't consider all the little details that make up those tales. To them, stories are just little portals, designed to transport them into worlds full of characters they can live vicariously through, and adventures they wouldn't otherwise partake in in their real lives, but in reality, those stories are like puzzle pieces, with multiple styles and symbols that attach in such a way that it creates a picture for everyone to understand. Styles are the frame work for how an author chooses to write his or her story. In Ernest Hemingway's short story, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place", Hemingway uses style to express the concept of how people cope with the problems in their lives through his choice of setting, point of view, and theme.

The setting of "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" is in a café, late at night. An old man sits at a table, on a terrace by himself, drinking nothing but brandy, while two waiters question his reasoning for being there, and whether or not it's right to send him home. The café is described by the name of the short story itself. It's a clean, bright place, where people can

come late at night when they feel they need to. Throughout the story, it is made known that a café, not just the one in the story, is like a haven. No matter what is going on in a person's life, there is always a place they can go to where there is always a person waiting to pour them a well needed drink. In the story, the café is seen as a much better place to cope with dilemmas than a bar, for a bar isn't as clean or comfortable. The setting of this story helps relate the characters to each other, and helps the reader better relate to the story, because no matter what a person is going through, everyone has a place, or sanctuary, they gravitate to when they're in need.

The point of view of this story is slightly open. The reader gets to see into the minds of the waiters, one being old, and one being young, which also allows the reader to get multiple opinions in the story. While the old man sits drinking cups of brandy, the waiters talk about whether it's time to send him on his way. The young waiter is unhappy and self-centered, and can only think about getting home. He is obviously not thrilled about his job, and is not sympathetic to the old man because of his impatience. The older waiter is almost the opposite. He believes that the man should have a place to stay, even if it means staying late into the night. The older waiter seems to be a depressive man, who doesn't sleep as well as he should. He is a little bit hopeless, which is indicated at the end

of the story, in which the old waiter questions why, and looks at everything in a melancholy perspective. Unlike the younger waiter, the older waiter is sympathetic to the old man, because he can relate to him in a way the younger waiter cannot. Throughout the conversation between the two waiters, one can definitely see how age plays a role in situations such as this.

The older a person gets, the larger their view and understanding of the world gets. With age comes experience, and such experiences can cause a person to question everything, which doesn't always leave a person in the most hopeful of moods. Younger people don't see or question as much, because they are more selfish, and the idea that their running out of time hasn't quite hit them yet. It's interesting how Hemingway shows this in his story. Being able to see what the waiters are thinking helps connect them to the other characters around them.

The theme in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" is how people cope with the problems in their lives. Hemingway shows this concept by allowing the reader a glimpse into the lives of each character in his story. The old man drowns his sorrows in a cup of brandy and tries to deal with his depression by trying to commit suicide. In the ring of a noose, the old man tried to find peace by fixing a temporary problem with a permanent solution but was unsuccessful. The young waiter deals with his



unhappiness by complaining about it. His sadness is hidden in his impatience, and takes his annoyance out on the old man. The older waiter copes with his loneliness by lying to himself. He doesn't recognize his problems for what they truly are. Instead, he calls them insomnia and assumes everyone feels the same way he does. There are many different ways to deal with ones issues, but the ways in which the characters in Ernest Hemingway's story chose to use them are strictly negative and that the concept of coping is not always pretty.

In Ernest Hemingway's short story, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," different choices are made to help manage one's difficult situations. The story shows that even if a person copes in a negative or positive way, at least they're making an effort to deal, even if it may cause troublesome consequences. Confronting one's problems is hard, but handling them is even more difficult. It takes strength and dedication, and above all, hope to get through such a struggle. In this particular story, it shows how hopeless the characters feel while dealing with their own problems, which proves that without hope, there is no chance of a brighter, less depressing future. Ernest Hemingway's choices for the setting, point of view, and theme in the story, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," has created a style that is dark and morose, and a more reality based place for all to travel where the characters haven't found peace in a

positive way, but in the exact opposite way, whether it's at the bottom of a glass of brandy, or in a dirty bar late at night.



"Patrick"

Tempera

Brigitte Mallett

## *Daddy's Little Girl*

by Sarah Lott

Carnival carnival, little Fay had been waiting for this moment for 35 days 2 hours and 25 minutes. She impatiently jumped around at her father's feet.

"It's time daddy!" she exclaimed excitedly, "Time to go to the carnival!"

Her dad looked down at her and smiled. "Not yet little Fay girl," he replied, smiling that sweet smile she always loved. She questioned as her eyebrows rose in anticipation.

"Yes. Very soon little doll," he said. "Now hurry off and make sure your room is neat and nice."

Fay couldn't wait for all the sweet treats she would be allowed to eat at the carnival. Her family didn't have very much, but her daddy always saved a little extra for the family outing. She skipped down the hallway of their small house chanting "carnival, carnival, carnival."

"No." She heard in whispered voices outside her room. "No you cannot do this not now... what about Fay .... You....." Then nothing else but the slam of a door.. *They aren't leaving me* she thought racing out her room to see her mother in tears sitting at the kitchen table, her father nowhere in sight.

"Mom!!" she said running up to her mother. "Daddy didn't leave me did he? He didn't leave for carnival without me did he?"

But her mother never replied. She just turned her head and gazed into the window that framed the tiny backyard.

"No mummy, no!!" She screamed as she heard the car engine leaving the driveway. Running frantically to the door and swinging it open, all she saw were the tail lights of the car as it drove off. Little Fay didn't run, she didn't move. She just watched in horror as her father drove away. *But why would daddy leave*, this was carnival, this was their special time. Cotton candy time, candy apple time, Ferris wheels and bumper cars... The laughter of everyone having a great time, this was family time, the happiest time they had every year.

Fay sat there for a few moments motionless. She couldn't even

speak. Then she stood up. She was almost six years old. She could go to carnival. She was grown now. If no one would take her she would take herself, she walked back to her room, glancing back at her mother still sitting at that table still staring out that window. Her mother hadn't noticed her really in weeks anyway. She would never be missed. She was going to do this alone. After all, she was a big girl, daddy told her that all the time. The carnival was near the school, and she knew the way. Yes she straightened herself making her stand a little taller, and told herself she was going to carnival, and she would do it alone and have the greatest time.

She waited until she heard her mother's bedroom door close before she quietly left her little room. She knew exactly where Daddy kept all his change. That should be just enough to get her and her daddy their favorite carnival treats, cotton candy. She may not have enough money for a Ferris wheel ride or the bumper cars, but she would be able to taste the best thing that she had ever tasted in her life: cotton candy.

She had never been out alone before and she thought of calling her friend Karen but Karen may tell her mother and that would never do. This was her trip. It was her family trip, well it used to be a family trip, but now it was her trip and it was something she had to do alone. As she walked

down the street, her eyes drifted to the clouds above but she didn't see clouds, she only saw sweet blue and pink fluffs of cotton candy. She carefully crossed the streets and could soon hear sounds coming from the carnival. Her tiny heart began to pound. She was actually doing this, her purse weighted down from the change she had taken from the secret hiding place made her smile. "Carnival carnival," she said softly to herself.

As she entered the gates, the music and lights and smells of cotton candy and hot dogs and grilled meats flooded her senses. Her excitement and anticipation grew. Little Fay, daddy's doll, was all grown up. She was going to enjoy carnival all by herself. She let the smell of the heated sugar lead her to the cotton candy stand. She stood proud and tall as she took her place in line behind what seemed to be a million people. But she could wait. She had made it this far and now the only thing that stood in her way was just this very long line of people. She had already walked, it seemed, a million miles on her own. Now she was just moments away from what she wanted. She looked across the carnival and thought she saw her daddy, no, no, that wasn't daddy. He would never leave her to go to carnival, he was at work, that's right she knew she had heard work when the door slammed and she saw him drive off. Then she looked back again. Yes, that was her daddy.... No, no it couldn't be her daddy because this daddy had another little girl by the hand and a little boy in his arms.

She was just dreaming. Nope, not her daddy because her daddy only had her.. She smiled at herself as she thought of her daddy picking her up and spinning her around. "You're daddy's little girl Fay Fay, my little princess, the most beautiful little girl in the world, she could hear him saying as he twirled her around and around.

"You going to move up?" she heard someone shout from behind, startled she looked ahead and saw that the line was moving and she had fallen behind. So she hurried to close the space in the line and get herself one step closer to cotton candy.

But the image of the little family haunted her. She didn't dare look back because daddy always said it was impolite to stare. But she just couldn't seem to keep her eyes away; the man looked exactly like her father. But when she turned back again they were gone. *See Fay you were just imagining things*, she told herself. *That couldn't be your daddy. Your daddy only has you and besides he would never take another little girl to carnival. Carnival was her special time with daddy....*

The line slowly moved, it seemed like forever, but she had finally made it to the whirling cotton candy machine and she could see that only two more people stood between her and her very own stick of cotton

candy. They had pink too. She knew this was her lucky day. Even if it had started out not so great, she was so proud of herself. She had gone to the carnival by herself and she had gotten her very own cotton candy and her daddy would be so so proud of her. *"Yes, daddy I did it,"* she smiled to herself. *"You will be so proud of your little Fay Fay."*

Finally it was her turn. She smiled at the man behind the stand and proudly exclaimed, "Two cotton candies please." She dug on her palm to find exact change.

"That will be two dollars ma'am," the man said. And he exchanged two huge clouds of cotton candy for the eight quarters she proudly handed him. She turned and smiled. She wouldn't eat a bite, she told herself, until she made her way home. She would save this cotton candy for her and daddy. She knew mommy would be sad and she always complained that cotton candy was just too sweet for her. But Fay knew Mommy was joking and it was only a way for her and daddy to have that special treat, just him and her.

Fay walked back home, the candy dripped a little from the heat of the sun, but that would be okay, there was plenty and besides, she wouldn't dare take a bite without Daddy sharing. She knew she must

hurry because by now she knew Daddy would have returned from work and Mommy would find her missing. She didn't want to get into trouble. She had done a big thing. She had went out on her own and gotten cotton candy.

As she turned into the driveway of her home, the paint on the house looked faded and the yard didn't look quite so nice. *Weren't there roses in the flowerbeds near the house? Yes, she was sure of that.* She had gazed into those beautiful yellow roses after she had seen her daddy drive away. The house looked the same, but different. Well maybe, she was just feeling all grown up now. *That was what was different and maybe mommy had cut the roses for a beautiful bouquet to put on the kitchen table. Yes, that had to be right.* But the car was not there. *Where could Daddy possibly be?* It was beginning to get dark and the porch light had come on. She knew mommy would be waiting up inside. She would soon find out and she was sure that the candy would still be good. "Mommy," she said as she opened the door, but there was not an answer, and the rooms, well the rooms, they didn't seem the same either. What was happening here? She held the candy tight, her hands sticking to the cones from the sugary stickiness of the melting candy.

"Mommy!! Where are you?!?" she shouted and still no reply. *Her*

room, she thought, *mommy must have fallen asleep. That's where she was and daddy would be home soon.* She then walked to her mother's bedroom door "Mommy!" she called again but still no reply. She opened the door to her mother's room but what she saw was not her mommy and this wasn't her mommy's room, she saw someone standing on the other side of the room but the person was not speaking not answering. She stepped closer to the lady that stood near the wall facing her. She had hair of white and a leathery worn face and wore a simple pink flowered dress and in her hands where two cones of melting cotton candy. She met the gaze of the lady and realized in that in that moment that the eyes staring back at her, was that of her own reflection.

## *dIsToRtEd*

by Shannon Locknane Gjorde

*Shapely, toned muscular thighs*

MeLtInG cAnDIE wAx flowing toward the knees

*Flat, firm stomach*

Altered with aNgRy, red-streaked skin

*Solid biceps and triceps, with daring strength*

GeLaTiNoUs MuSh, swaying, wobbling

*Sleek, smooth neckline racing up toward a delicate jawline*

Bullfrog mating WaRbLe in its place

*Perky, fun breasts reaching toward the sun*

Sagging, LiFeLeSs, straining toward the

ground

*Attention-grabbing ample, compact*

*derriere*

Dimpled and pocked, shifting like oLd ClAy

*In my mind's eye, I'm still beautiful and sexy*

Reality is a mirror that dIsToRtS my mind's

perception

*Of me.*

## *The Rooster Dies Today*

by Jennifer Delmont

They are all watching me. The hens, the chicks, even the little boy with the white hair that sticks up in the back. Everyone, except that wretched girl, was there watching as she tightened her grip around my neck. Those brutal suffocating hands of that brawny weathered woman- her hands, coarse like leather. Her tightening grip stings like the bitter Kansas winter. I can feel my heart beat. Time is at a standstill. I let them all down in my final moments of anger.

The boy, he was feeding the hens and me some corn kernels from his pocket. He was talking. I was listening. He wanted to leave the farm one day, so did I. I always felt I had to look out for him. He had a lot of chores to do every day while those girls just pranced around pushing and teasing him. He was the youngest and the only boy, an only child from his father's previous marriage. His father, the farmer, loved him, and you could tell. I guess the others were the jealous kind. Was a father's love worth the brutality he had to endure every day? Only time would tell, time I no longer have. I hope he escapes the farm someday...

That wretched girl poured all the milk out over his head, the milk he had just finished gathering moments ago. He had to do something. I was willing to help. So, of course, when he pushed her into the hen house and locked the gate, I jumped into action, just like any proud Leg Horn Rooster would! I stood my ground and defended my territory with as much might as I ever had! The hens made such a commotion and some feathers got ruffled.

Then, I looked up from my glorious triumph, the girl on the ground beneath me baring the marks of my mighty beak and feet. I looked toward the boy for an approving nod. That's when I noticed them: the woman and the boy, with dirt in his eyes and smeared down his face, sticky from the milk. She was coming right at me. I wasn't about to let this one go! I bore my claws deep into the girl's skin with as much might as a rooster can dig. I flapped my enormous feathers swiftly and dug my beak into the girl's skin as hard as I could. The girl, she was screaming with blood dripping from her fresh wounds.

I wanted to see the girl hurt. I wanted her to pay for all of the torture she had bestowed onto the boy. When I saw the woman, rage in her eyes, coming at me I knew I had to make this attack count. I knew the girl was going to get away with what she had done to the boy- all she had

done. She always got away with her tortures while the boy had to take any punishment given to him. Now it was my turn to show the girl how much it hurts to be the victim. She is the victim now...

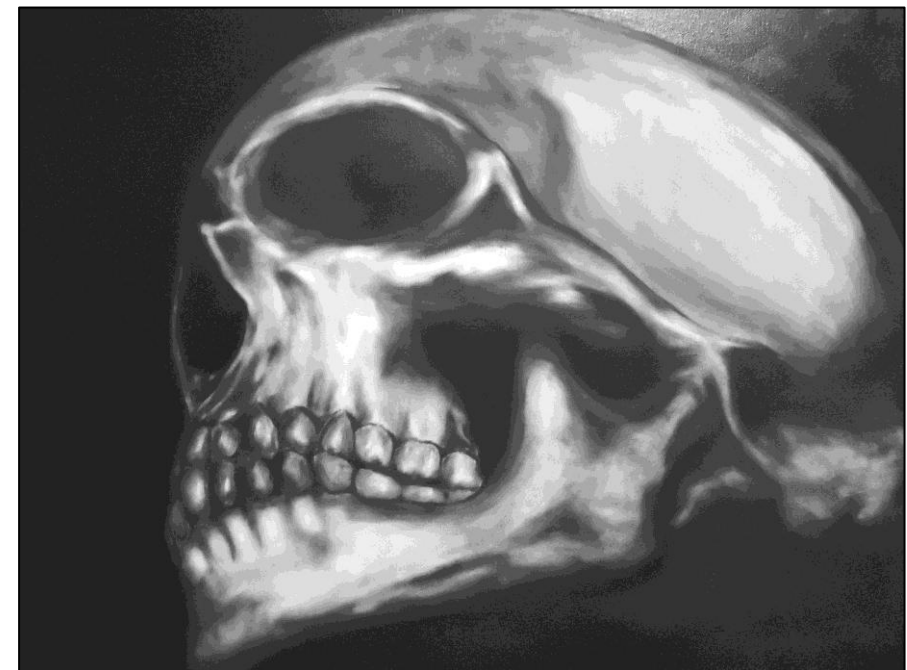
She got me! The woman was holding my neck. I could see the farmer's tractor off in a distant field busily plowing up dirt.

I knew my time would come. I just always figured the farmer would get a new rooster first. Why wouldn't he? I saw what he did to the last rooster when I was new to the farm. We all saw it. We just never spoke of it. None of us liked the idea of being the next Sunday dinner. The boy will no doubt have to pull my feathers from my body while it's still warm. Maybe the farmer will help him make another feathered hat when the daunting task is complete. The woman will bring me to the barn. She will hang me by my feet with a bucket under me to catch my blood as it drains from my lifeless body after disposing of my head...

She released the death grip she had on me. Am I on the chopping block? I can't move. My neck hurts. I feel weak. Is that my body flopping around?! The woman is standing over me with the hatchet. I look at the hens, the boy, the woman with her dark stony eyes, the girl... That wretched girl! She had been there the whole time! I could still taste her

blood. Or, is it my blood I taste? I could feel my life blood leaving me. It's cold. My veins are cold. The hens are squawking. I can't feel anything. I am numb. No time to think, can't think. Everything is buzzing, humming as everything goes black. Is this it?

They say time stops when you die...



"Skull"

Oil on Canvas

Nickolas Fint





*"Face"*

*Pastel*

*Rebecca Sullivan*

## *Lights*

by Brandy Howell

In the corner she sat. At four feet tall and weighing 80 pounds, she was nothing but a doe faced child with eyes that dreamed beyond the capacity of their youthful age. Around her neck a red scarf beamed against her lily white skin, and her black hair curled about her face like the mane of a lion. Her lips turned up, gaily smiling and filled with the joy only a child was known to be capable of possessing. Her thin arms wrapped around a ragged doll. Its shoes were a dingy worn blue, and its dress was missing several buttons. Yet, it was obvious by the way the child's hands clung to it that the thing was more than just a creation of falsified comfort and love. It was her shield to the world.

In awe, she watched the tree from across the room. It was seven feet tall and shined with the brilliance of one thousand bulbs. The previous night, she watched as the doorman carried it in, and her mother carefully hung each ornament upon it. Now, it stood triumphantly as a magical force. The child would one day hold onto like a life vest in a storm.

Deeply, she inhaled. The air smelled like the kind of magic only Christmas stirred into the otherwise stale burning air. A strong wintery pine blended with the faint scent of cinnamon soaked pinecones and stringed corn. Even the candy canes smelled of peppermint through their shiny plastic wrappers, and the popcorn left a buttery hint twirling about the air. Floating from deep within the house was the lingering hint of sugar cookies and hot chocolate. If one were to close their eyes and truly concentrate, they could even smell the Red Hots and icing that decorated them and the marshmallows that swam on top of the dark cocoa milk.

In the corner of the room the child stood still, ever watching the tree that captivated her so and taking in the scents of the season. Her eyes trailed from the bottom to the top. There were no presents beneath it, just the ivory knitted skirt her grandmother had made when she still looked as if she, too, were a porcelain doll rather than a crunching leaf in the winter of life.

Above the skirt, the branches fell low. On them hung the types of ornaments that mothers carefully packed up at the end of each year, wrapping each one to make sure it journeyed safe to the attic. There were no homemade decorations or glued together Popsicle sticks upon it. Those were all put away in a cedar chest in the corner of their parlor. This tree

was only adorned with the absolute best money could buy. It dripped with crystals and blown glass and sparkled like a dream out of a rich novel.

On the top of its evergreen branches an angel floated above it all. Her gown was ivory, like the skirt, and tiny pearls adorned it all over. Her yellow hair was soft, almost as if it were real, and beneath the fur lined hood over her head, two bright blue eyes looked down onto the room.

The child stared into the luminous eyes. She desired nothing more but to brush her fingers against the angel's soft feathered wings but knew better than to venture that close to the tree that became increasingly fragile the longer she looked upon it. The angel held a single star in her hand. It was bright, the star of Bethlehem. In the eyes of the child, it was just as bright as it would have been on that very night so long ago. It was breathtaking in the simplest kind of way. Just looking at it instilled within her the kind of faith she would later need in order to carry on through the life which she was dealt.

Without warning there was a clatter from the hallway. The child instantly backed up. Behind her she felt the wall rub against her back. It was hard and without welcome. For a moment, the child stole a final look

at the tree. It glittered with promise, its lights twinkling like a thousand shooting stars. Then, the trance was broken and reality replaced the magic that had been lingering in the air.

From the hallway she stood. Her frame was thin, the kind of thin that leaves you ill and worried. Her ribs poked out like a washboard, and her hipbones looked sharp and violent. Falling off her shoulders was the strap to her rose colored nightgown. It was made from the finest worm silk, flown in from Northern India. It felt like clouds against the skin. All her gowns were like that, fine pieces of material fitted just for her body.

She held a glass in her left hand. It was short and crystal, a man's glass. If the child were to go into her father's office, she would find several more like it, all placed into perfect lines by the maid earlier that day. Beside them would be a decanter filled with a rich topaz brandy, and beside that would be an open box of Cuban cigars.

Her mother was across the room, but the child smelled the familiar brandy before she even saw the glass. It smelled of fruit and spice and had the power to burn her nose if inhaled too closely. Her mother was weak when it came to the burning liquid.

She scooted down further into the corner, trying her best to hide

as her mother scuffled forward. The spirits had already consumed the woman, and she knew what that meant for her. Ten tiny fingers trembled against the doll in her hands.

When the croaking voice of her mother called for her, she held her lips tight against her teeth and gulped down her whimpers like hot coals. After glancing about the room for her daughter, she stopped in front of the tree. The child peered at her, wondering and petrified.

Her bloodshot eyes searched no more, but instead focused on the tree. Her pasty skin glowed against its starry lights. The strap on her shoulder fell further down, but she did not notice. All she saw was the tree. It held her there, captivating her as it did her daughter. Its lights were the brightest she had ever seen, and they glowed like a torch in the darkness.

Without warning or understanding, the mother wrenched her arm back and threw the glass of brandy at the tree. In the corner the child gasped causing the mother to turn in her direction. When their eyes locked, the child saw it. There, deep in them, a smoldering rage had exploded. The mother turned away from the girl and ripped the tree limb by limb.

As each ornament hit the ground it shattered, sounding like hail against the hardwood floors of their carefully arranged sitting room. Next, the entire tree tumbled down. The child's eyes filled to their brim, and she dropped the doll clutched in her arms, the comfort it gave her now gone.

All but a few lights had busted completely. Her mother was done and laid on the floor, hysterics taking over her. She rocked back and forth as she screamed into the night until finally a maid would awake and take her into one of the well insulated rooms, out of earshot of the neighbors.

Nothing remained of the tree except the angel now. It had fallen to the ground, along with everything else, and it was facing the child. She whimpered out loud this time, the magical façade of Christmas disappearing. The light in the angel's hands flickered once, before going out.



"One Star"

Charcoal

Sarah Johnson

## Fog

by Sarah Rhea

"Fog," captured by Jason Taylor, is a photograph of one immense marine boat with a minor fishermen's boat beside it. The photograph is in a negative color scheme, contrasting with an asymmetrical balance, and holding the main voyage as the dominant focal point. Two men are present on the small fishermen's boat, holding what appear to be poles. As you look at the overall appearance of the photograph, you sense a strange, ominous and ghost-like feeling that the fog creates. As I leaned closer to the photograph, I was instantly transported into the very canvas:

My feet landed on hard wooden flooring as I struggled to regain my balance. I grasped a moist railing to help regain my composure. From the fog, the air felt heavy and full of moisture. As the dense icy breeze brushed against me, it chilled and chafed against my face. The wind blew hard leaving a drifting scent of saltwater and smoke, from the boat's motor. Breathing in, I could taste the salt in my mouth. I looked out into the sea, and noticed that the horizon line was gone, hidden from view by the thick fog. Across the ship two men were in a small fishermen's boat, casting their nets and shuffling them around with their poles. Their ghostly bodies were solid black, giving no enhanced features to either of

them, as the fog distorted their outlining. I called out to them to gain their attention, but my cries went unheard

My hand glided across the slick railing as I ventured further down the boat. I couldn't help but shudder at the abnormal feeling the boat sent to me. It had such an illusory feeling, so dreamlike, as if I weren't really there on the ship. I glanced down at the rolling waves that caressed the boat's edges. Fog billowed up its edges and skimmed across the surface of the water, shielding it from view. Closing my eyes, I strained to hear any possible sound. The boat gave a faint thrumming from its engines that were left on, while its sails brushed together. Water lapped against the edges of the boat as a seagull cried in the far distance, making me jump. I was convinced that sound wasn't completely absent from this eerie setting.

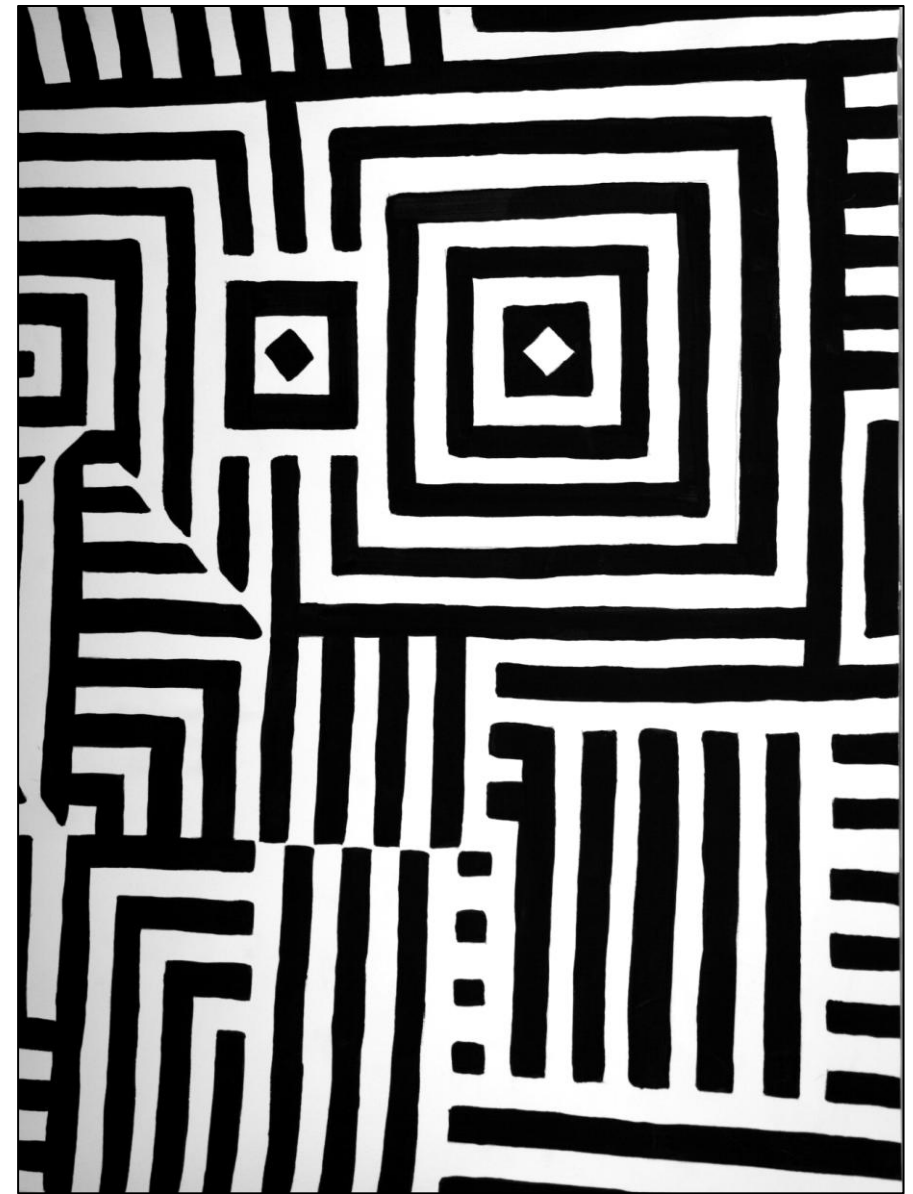
What startled me the most about being here was the absence of color. The fog covered everything in its path, absorbing and diminishing the very essence of the most basic hues. The boat shined a dull gray as the water below it flowed a shade darker than white. But this traveled not only from the water, but to the horizon line and sky as well, creating the illusion that everything was floating in midair. I too looked dull in this ashen scene. My limbs were pale as my hair glowed almost black. I looked

strangely transparent.

I leaned over the side of the boat, looking closer at the water. The mist swirled in ribbon like patterns, occasionally showing the faint ripples of the water. In the middle of the mist, a faint bubbling began to occur. I leaned closer, intrigued and mystified by this occurrence. Suddenly I found myself too close. So close that I began free falling from the boat. I crashed through the fog, blinding all my senses until they were blurred and hazed. My throat constricted as my lungs begged for air. Cold harsh wind blew from all directions, chilling me to the very core. I stretched my hands out in front of me, in hope that I could brace myself from wherever I was falling too.

My body crashed onto dark carpet. I inhaled deeply, filling my lungs with the stale and cool air that surrounded the room. Through half opened eyes, I notice a dim light shine over me. I carefully stood onto my feet, feeling the throbbing soreness on my back, limbs and head. Gasping, I came to the realization of where I was. I was back in the art gallery, and right before my very eyes was the "Fog" photo. It remained unchanged, and looked just as ominous and ghostly as it was when I was there. "The pictures just come alive in here don't they?" An old man gave a throaty laugh from the back of the room. "They sure do," I replied

absent-mindedly. With one last look at the photo, I turned my back on it in hope of never having to experience being sucked into that particular photograph again.



"Don't Be Square"

Tempera

Halie Bates

## *The Motif of Pools in "The Swimmer"*

by Andrew Renick

In the short story "The Swimmer," John Cheever paints a picture of a man's life-journey through the use of pools. In the beginning of the story, the main character, Neddy, decides to take a journey across the county by swimming in pools. As he begins his journey, the pools are all clear and bright. As he swims, however, the pools change, along with the weather. While Neddy's journey is a physical one, it is also an emotional one, for as he travels the pools, he slowly comes to grip with his psychological state.

The first part of his journey finds him swimming among his friends' pools in a rich suburb, interacting with them and drinking. Right now, the clear pools symbolize his clear thinking and life, how young he feels, willing to take his journey. The pools resemble a river in Neddy's eyes, to which he calls it the Lucinda River. "Oh, how bonny and lush were the banks of the Lucinda River" (236)!

The first signs of change and uncertainty for Neddy comes when a storm strikes, forcing him to take shelter by a pool in a gazebo. After the rain stops, Neddy notices something that refers to the seasons changing.

"The force of the wind had stripped a maple of its red and yellow leaves and scattered them over the grass and water" (237). The next pool Neddy visits is empty, the house it belonged to for sale. This is the first evidence of Neddy's life journey, for with this startling discovery, he can't remember the house being for sale. "Was his memory failing or had he so disciplined it in the repression of unpleasant facts that he had damaged his sense of truth" (237)? This supports the evidence of a journey that, as he swims, he grows emotionally and psychologically older, the veil of denial that he has up slowly being unraveled.

The next pool in his journey is the public pool, a pool filled with screaming kids and thick with chlorine. This pool represents a filter, in which when he gets out of the pool, his emotional state begins to decline, in effect, the pool is middle age.

The next pool in his journey belongs to friends of his and their pool was fed by a stream and the oldest in the county. (238) It's here that Neddy learns something that disturbs and confuses him greatly. With its dark waters, this pool symbolizes confusion. It is also after this leg of his journey that Neddy begins to feel tired and older. "The worst of it was the cold in his bones and the feeling he might never be warm again."

The last four pools all blend together in symbolism. Neddy is an old man, physically tired and emotionally troubled. "Here, for the first time in his life, he did not dive but went down into the icy water and swam a hobbled sidestroke that he might have learned as a youth." These pools, this journey that he traveled, all led up to his epiphany that he was alone, his wife and daughters gone along with his youth.

In conclusion, this 'river' of pools represents Neddy's life journey, from seemingly being youthful, to an old man, full of denial and sadness. Through the first few crystal clear pools, to the chlorine laced and murky pools, Neddy's life is represented as he swims down the Lucinda River, his life passing before him.

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## *Torchlight*

by Lee Hope

Between you and me, I've got this...problem  
It's a recurring dream about a girl I knew  
When I used to be skinny  
Which is poetic because my problems were greater  
And in this dream, I'm walking and talking  
And I'm simple and happy  
Not content, or joyful  
But happy, as a child with too many colors.

And then in the mourning, when I rise with the sun  
I remember that everything happens  
And that I am but a twenty-one year old child at the checkout counter  
Who is trying to keep his balance  
And justifies his silence with an old iPod  
Yes, even people and parties are long  
When holding such a heavy torch.





"Untitled"

Pencil

Donna Rickford

## *NoLa, 'Nawlins, the Big Easy....*

by Shannon Locknane Gjerde

It's France, Spain, and Cajun but 100% American.

It's every culture, every religion....

It's every city in every country perched on the banks of the Big Muddy.

'Nawlins is a city enveloped in the dark cloud of its superstitions. Children with bottle caps glued to their shoes hustle tourists as they walk by.

Men on balconies try to find a gullible young girl to lift her shirt all for the price of dime store beads.

Nola is an escape from your reality, the effect of being a 20 year old again...

It's a living history book full of rich and colorful pages that leap before you in real time.

The Big Easy crawls with the decaying worst kept locked up inside each one of us.

It's hurricanes, both alcohol and real. It's Katrina. It's victory and recovery.

New Orleans is Saints football.

A place where time stands still on crumbling brick streets whilst blocks away the future races before us.

Cockroaches the size of your palm run to keep up as we scurry through the streets.

New Orleans is drunken 50 year-old men in business suits urinating in the street while the crowd cheers and laughs.

Horse drawn carriages full of eager faces, proposals, weddings, and bachelor parties.

A Silver statue that moves away from the zombie bride while the man on the largest unicycle ever weaves in between them.

Nola is every sin imaginable that can be forever hidden in her golden night.

Feral cats feast on the filth we leave behind, with rats the same size to finish off what the cats don't.

'Nawlins is groping, touching, and smiling when it happens.

New Orleans is a never ending Mardi Gras.

It's Hollywood.

It's death.

It's life.

(continued on next page)

It's spilled, sticky drinks running down your back.  
It's is historic homes done in every type of architecture  
imaginable.

New Orleans is Café Du Monde with chicory coffee and  
powdered sugar falling like soft  
snowflakes.

Nola is beautiful and hideous.

It's hot and the air hangs thick.

'Nawlins is the putrid smell of urine and horse droppings, shrimp  
etouffee, tar, beer, illness, incense, and beignets.

New Orleans promises happiness but the happiness is false, fleeting and  
as temporary as the arms of a prostitute.

New Orleans is everything and nothing all in one.

## *I Do, and You Do Too*

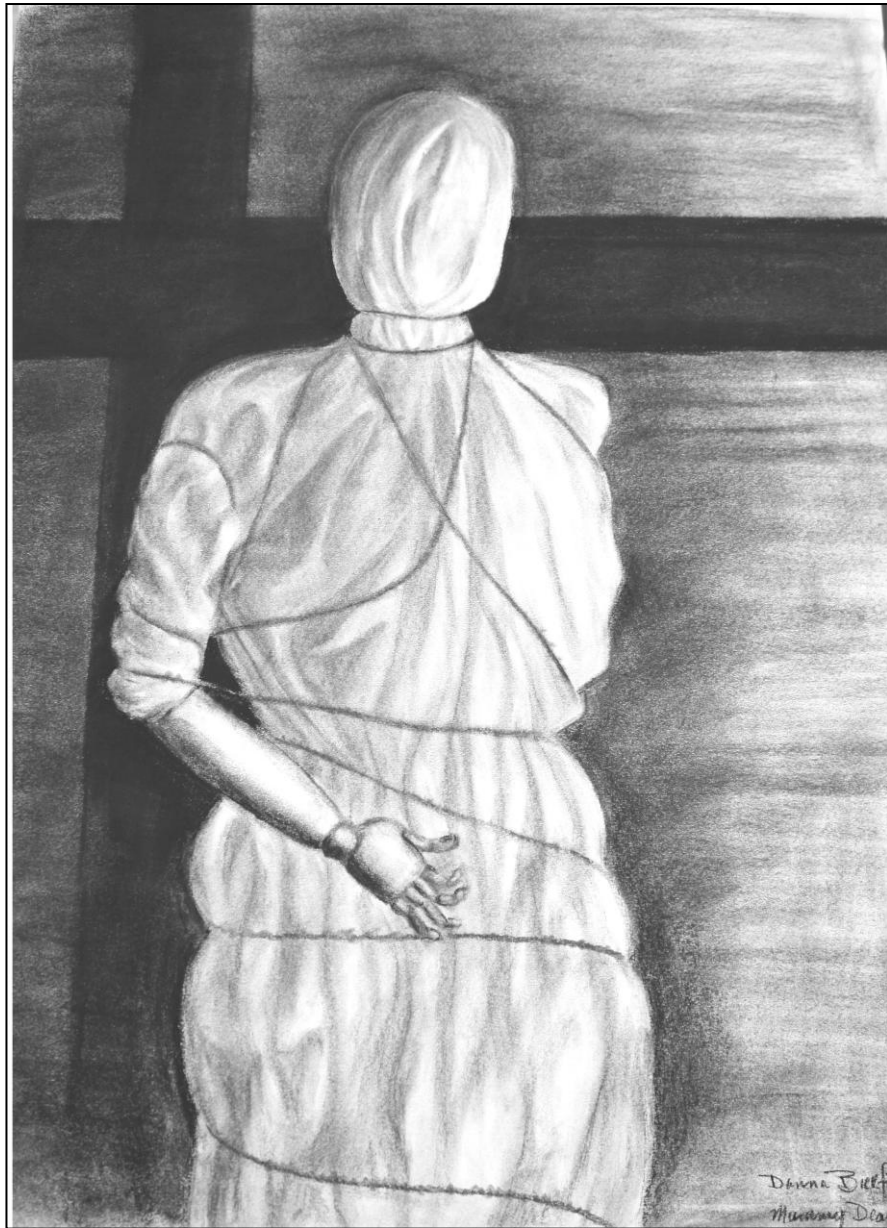
by Lauren Vierling

A vision in white and lace,  
She flows as if on clouds down the aisle.  
Tears run from her eyes already,  
She hasn't even made it to the groom.

The room is dark, lit by candles that flicker like fireflies.  
Too many guests, not enough benches.  
They are shadowed statues along the wall,  
Trying like mice to keep unnoticed.

St. Lucia awaits them, their Heaven for a week.  
The wedding cake awaits *me*.  
Five layers, each its own flavor.  
Hearts melt for them, not just mine.

Five years has lead them here.  
Only God knows how many more are to come.



"Untitled"

Charcoal

Danna Bickford

## *Sailor's Impression of a Railroad*

by Samantha Leyda

I come from a place far out on the sea.  
Where the waves whisper silent secrets  
Against the boards below my sturdy, stoic ship.

Of one thing, I am aware.  
These roads seem never-ending.  
Just like the horizon I view at dusk.

But I am not one for dusty clouds  
Or the bellowing of horns in the distance.  
I'd much rather hear a lone seagull's song  
Or watch water lapping on the already soaked deck.

I inquire to the men who labor so hard  
Simply to grind metal into the ground;  
To give their fellow men only one path to take.  
Where is the adventure?  
The mystery?  
An island to explore?

While you forge a road for others to travel,  
Only the wind decides my course.

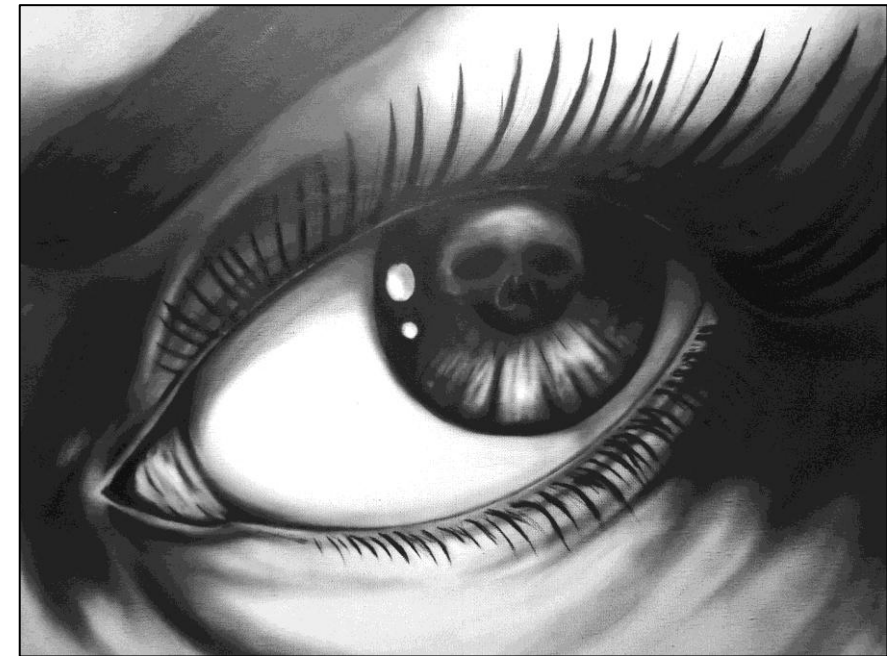
## *Chain-Smoking // The Seven Stages*

by Lee Hope

When you don't have money, things slowly begin to change. Midnight becomes twilight and high noon is hazy like a twisted hangover. Hunger is an issue. Needs are pressing, but not urgent. You will be single. You will not have the luxury of off-street parking on S. Burroughs Street. In fact, you might find yourself cold and shaking in the back seat, moving from bridge to bridge in the night to avoid arrest. The all-night gas station attendants will not know you, but begin to as you abuse the fifty-five cent coffee refills and pay for cigarettes with crumpled one dollar bills and excessive change. And the very things you once assumed were granted, will serve to help you learn.

Oddly enough, when you don't have money, what used to pick your corduroy pockets is placed on point in front of you. Do not mind the temptation, for on occasion a beggar steals, and with devotion a musician listens. Go ahead and steal your lunch every day during Loss Prevention Month. Go ahead and steal some bread for the meadowlark who sings you softly, soothingly off to sleep. For a cell is comparable to your paved bedroom, when given pen and paper.

You see, there are seven stages. (It's with the seventh you will find.) And as you contemplate with the big words you apparently weren't supposed to learn in college, you begin to wonder where you lie. And in that seventh stage is hope, buried somewhere in your mind.



*"Vision of Darkness"*

Oil on Canvas

Nickolas Fint

## *“A Rose for Emily”*

by Lauren Vierling

Several elements of fiction attribute to the mysterious theme of “A Rose for Emily” by William Faulkner. The most prominent being the “unknown” narrator with help from the setting of the story. There are multiple parts of this story that run deep with somber yet sympathetic emotions that truly makes this story so compelling.

Although we may not know the narrator of the story, the setting is evident since it is stated several times. “A Rose for Emily” takes place in Jefferson County, Mississippi, in the early 1900s. The time period and place parallel with some of the events that occur in the story. During the time frame of “A Rose for Emily”, antebellum homes were of the norm, so it is fitting that Miss Emily lived in one. Her house and Negro servant, Tobe, are the epitome of “the old South” which can sum up the story’s setting. Within the story, there is a battle for Miss Emily between the “old southern ways” and the “new southern ways”. Miss Emily is quite stubborn towards the upcoming 20th century attitude of the South. Since it is a southern town, slavery was common and well recognized, but slavery is no longer dominant during the years in the story. However, Tobe is a

Negro who works for Miss Emily, but he is not a slave. Since Miss Emily has difficulty letting go of the “old ways” and accepting the “new ways”, Tobe could be an example of how defiant or oblivious she is at the forthcoming changes in society. In her mind she might consider him somewhat of a slave. She lives her life as if she’s in a different time era. “When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.” The setting in “A Rose for Emily” can be based on the actual setting of the town, and then the setting Miss Emily lives within. She is unsure of what to do and how to cope with the “old ways of the south” ending.

Her resistance to change is the main theme of this story. She cannot accept it and has difficulty adapting to it. As the town adjusts to the modern changes, Miss Emily does not. It is first present with her father. Since he was really the only man in her life, she struggled to acknowledge his death. In the story, Faulkner writes, “After her father’s death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all.” Because her father kept boys away from her, she might feel disconnected from them, so when she meets Homer Barron, the thought of being without him was too grave for her to handle and come to

terms with. She killed Homer Barron and kept his body with her in her house until the day she died because she could not accept him leaving her. Miss Emily wanted to be connected to him, and keeping him is how she rationalized her loneliness; it is how she kept him alive and by her side. This is realized at the end of the story when Homer's body is discovered in the house; "The man himself lay in the bed." "The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him."

The indentation of a head in the second pillow is more than just creepy, it is devastatingly depressing. Not only did she murder him with poison, but night after night for years she slept in the same bed, just to feel some sort of emotion that was comforting and consistent to her. Since she had no control over the changing outside world of her home, she made sure she controlled her life in any way that she could inside her home. Nick Melczarek wrote about the ending of the story saying "Faulkner deliberately convolutes the tale's chronology to delay the reader's reception of Emily's final secret out of either affection for or deference to his fictional creation" (240). I think it is obvious that the character of Miss Emily is sentimental to Faulkner and he wants to express that to the audience as well. He saves her secret for the end not because it is good

writing but because it is respectable now that she is gone.

"A Rose for Emily" is told in the first person perspective. Throughout the story the narrator is never revealed. "The narrator studiously avoids identifying his or her own sex. Similarly, the narrator avoids signaling allegiance to a particular generation, comprehending both the town's older citizens and its younger inhabitants" (Klein 229). He or she is limited in knowledge of Miss Emily, therefore so are we, the audience. We know the narrator is a citizen of the town and has known of Miss Emily for quite some time. He states that "*our* whole town went to her funeral" when Miss Emily died. Although she was not known personally by the people of the town or the narrator, she is considered a "fallen monument", a "tradition." However, during her life she is criticized and judged by the townspeople. They talk behind her back about her father, her relationship with Homer Barron, and her reclusiveness.

There is a continuous use of "we" in the story, which illustrates the town as the collective speaker, not a singular narrator. "We" is neither gender nor race specific, so it narrates for both the men and women, black and white, of the town simultaneously. By using "we," Faulkner creates a sense of closeness between the story and the readers. It makes the reader feel like a part of the town, and similar to the town, we are outsiders looking in on Miss Emily's life. The audience and narrator know not what

Miss Emily does behind closed doors, only what is observed by the residents, or relayed by Tobe. We know she buys arsenic, but her reason is unknown until the end of the story. Also at the end of the story, the narrator briefly changes from "we" to "they" when indicating the townspeople. The narrator says "Already *we* knew that there was one room in that region above the stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced." Then he shifts to "*They* waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before *they* opened it." Maybe the narrator did not want to be associated with her bedroom for fear of what it contained, or out of respect for her privacy. Just as quickly the disconnection started, it ends in the next paragraph, and the narrator is back to "we." Faulkner's style of the point of view in this story gives a mysterious feel to it and leaves you curious. It should leave any reader wondering who the narrator is, but also somehow satisfied because without this point of view the story could not imply the same meanings.

The first person point of view of this story, along with the setting ultimately gives a solid form to the theme of "A Rose for Emily." The constant battle of resisting change looming over Miss Emily can be relatable for many people, which is why this story is genuinely affecting.

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"Red Creek #2"      Ceramic Bowl  
Longleaf Pine, River Birch      Daniel Calcote  
Petrified Wood      and Sandra Cassibry

## *Church at my Kitchen Table*

by Jamice Williams

The kitchen table is the best place to hold church. As a child, I had blind faith, and didn't question what I was taught in church. As a teenager, I discovered the invisible asterisks that my Baptist church believed the Bible had, and I began to question everything. As an adult with a family of my own, I have found Jesus and He sits with us at our kitchen table when we have our Bible lessons.

When I was young, I didn't have a choice in going to church. My dad was a Southern Baptist Preacher and if he said we had to be there, then we had to be there. Our church was out in the country, outside the city limits of a small Mississippi town. It sat right between two back-woods communities. The church itself was white and fairly small. There was a small patch of green grass in the front that proudly displayed our church sign. I've heard the phrase, "We were there every time the doors were open." Well...we had the key! We would learn our Bible stories in Sunday school. I would recite my Bible verse of the week and proudly hold up my Sunday school lesson that I completed. From a young age, I was taught that God wanted us to love everyone. Since I was a child,



and a pretty innocent one, I had the faith of a child. I believed what I was told. I knew in my heart to love everyone and be nice, and that Jesus loved me and would take me to Heaven with Him. I would imagine Him in his white robe and long hair, scooping me up as if He were Little Bunny Foo Foo and I were a field mouse, without the bopping on the head, of course.

As I got older, I started to see my teachers in a different light. I realized that the way they acted in their day to day lives was different than the way they always taught me to act. Even more than that, they expected me to share their opinions. I was still supposed to love everyone, but suddenly there were exceptions. Out of the blue, there were these invisible asterisks in my Bible that I was expected to see. It was like they were put there with invisible ink that only straight, white, Christians bring to the surface. I never saw them, and I still don't think they exist. They were the unspoken yet understood rules. I first realized these "asterisks" when I started bringing my friends to church with me. I was the only one there who ever brought a black boy or had gay friends. Most of my boyfriends had earrings and long hair which wasn't what the adults considered normal. Suddenly, loving *everyone* wasn't accepted. The looks and the whispers directed my way when my friends came were so embarrassing and confusing. I was ashamed of these adults, and

embarrassed by the way they were acting. I was confused because I thought I was doing the right thing by bringing non-church goers to church. At that moment, I became the adult and they were like petty children. I knew then that the invisible ink must read, "Love everyone...unless they are different from you." I started questioning my Bible after that, and it took a very long time for me to realize the truth.

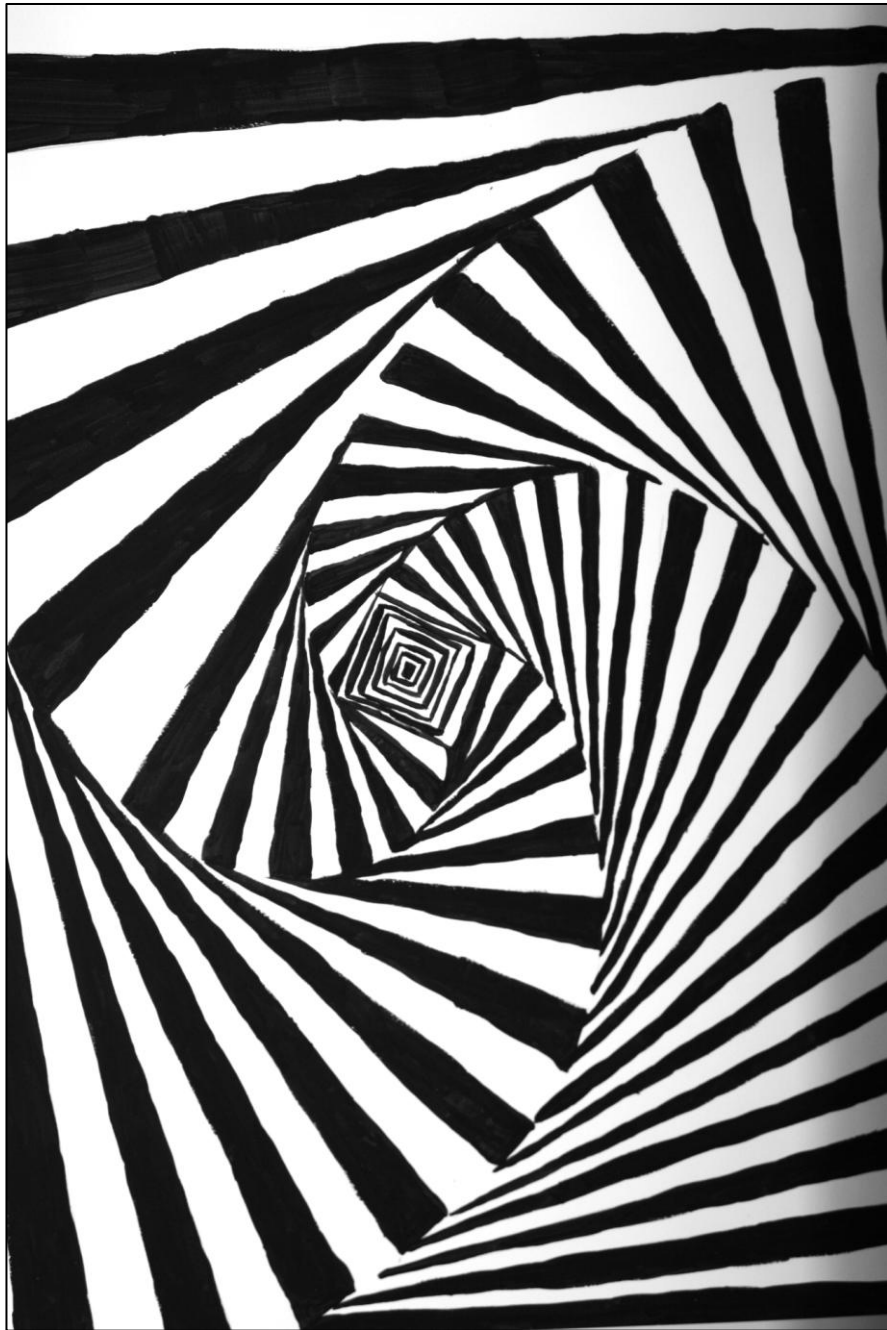
Finally, as an adult, I had a spiritual breakdown. I went to several different churches but never felt at home. I would go to each of them for a few weeks, but I would start to see the same old patterns, the same judgments, just new people. My son usually wears his hair long and on the weekends he has his earrings in. I just couldn't comfortably subject him or my daughter to the same contradictions that I struggled with for so long. For a while, I felt like a bad mother and a terrible Christian. After a ton of praying and soul searching, the answer smacked me right in the face, I didn't have to go to a church building to have "church." I could have it in my home with my family and Jesus would most certainly join us.

In the end, when the innocence was shattered and the blind faith faded and the invisible asterisks were negated, I had to reevaluate my

relationship with God. When church buildings weren't bringing me any closer to Him, I had to pray and truly listen for the answer. When the answer came, I realized if it had been a snake it would have bitten me in the face. It was no further than the inside of my own home. So, the kitchen table has become the best place for my family and me to have church. We sit together and take turns reading. We pray and we discuss what we have learned. My son came home from school shortly before Christmas and wanted to know what being saved meant. A boy at school had made fun of him that day for not knowing what it was. My husband and I sat down with the kids and turned the answer into a family discussion.

First we told them that making fun of someone for not knowing something is a terrible way to help them. Then we read different passages from our Bible. We talked about the birth and death of Jesus and read about Salvation. We also explained to them that giving your heart to God requires faith and sacrifice and commitment and that the Holy Spirit would help them know when the time was right for them. I don't believe in rushing a child, or pressuring them, or scaring them into salvation. Too many times people spend half their lives thinking they are saved and then realize they had just been caught up in the moment and didn't truly give their heart to God. I think that talking about God as a family and reading

His word together really benefits my children. I believe with all my heart that we are doing the right thing.



"Spiral Art"

Tempera

Jeremiah Beard

## *How Dreams Can Change*

by Sarah Johnson

A tired weathered woman, filthy with sweat and dirt, kneels with her hands half buried in the earth. Her home, a simple trailer, sits behind her with the door open but rarely used by anyone but herself and her faithful companion Oreo, a small rat terrier. Crimson roses, sparkling fountains and whispering wind chimes call delicately to visitors that never show. This lonely hard working woman that sits alone in this beautiful garden is my grandmother. When we think of where our hopes and dreams will take us, we normally do not think we will find ourselves alone in an old rundown mobile home. When do our dreams take a backseat to the realities of life? How can our lives still be filled with all these hopes and dreams after so many fail?

Raised in beautiful upstate New York, my grandmothers' dreams were as majestic as the Adirondack Mountains that she admired every morning growing up, living in such a gorgeous scenic area certainly played a strong influential role in her dreams that danced with creativity and life. Being given the chance to teach a group of children how to square dance and tap dance, inspired a dream of one day expressing herself

through brilliantly choreographed dance under a shimmering light that would dance across the stage with her. While having two younger brothers, Robert and George, who were showing their own creativity in the form of acting in the school play, gave her an opportunity to realize a dream and a desire to paint amazing works of art, as she was able to bring life and color to an empty backdrop with her astonishing talents. As my grandmother began to learn all of the wonderful talents she was blessed with and all of the fantastic opportunities the world had to offer, her dreams grew as fast as the weeds now grow in her garden today. Much like a garden, our dreams need our attention and nurturing as well, left unattended a garden's beauty and life can be choked out by a mangled mess of clover and bindweed, just as our dreams can be lost in the chaos of our busy schedules.

Life has a funny little way of presenting numerous obstacles that can lead us in a direction we did not expect and that can have a huge effect on our dreams. For every dream that gets lost along the way a new one can become apparent. As we grow and learn from our own experiences we start to find out exactly where we should be and how far our dreams can really take us, even if it is in a way we never considered. For my grandmother, a wondrous occasion prompted a drastic change in her priorities and her dreams, for her, it was becoming a mother.

My grandmothers' dreams of becoming an elegant dancer or a renowned artist were uprooted and were not given the chance to flourish and bloom. Though these dreams did not come true for her, they were replaced by new, more realistic dreams that did. One of which was for the success, happiness and wellbeing of her seven magnificent children who have achieved many of their own goals and have started families of their own. When we think of the word "dream," we typically think of becoming rich and famous, but not all dreams are flashy and extravagant, in many cases the simplest dreams are the most rewarding. My grandmother's dream was not to live in a trailer or even a castle, her dream was to have a home that is her own and that is exactly what she has.

It takes great maturity and sacrifice to put dreams on hold or let them go entirely for the sake of another's well-being and happiness, much like a mother does for her children every day. Self sacrifice can truly be the most rewarding way to validate the loss of a dream or finding a new path of dreams that were never given a thought. When dreams have to change because of where life has led, it does not mean they have failed; dreams carry us to a point in our lives where we have to make a decision about what lies ahead, at this very moment we will discover something very important about ourselves, how much we have grown and matured since

last we set out for our dreams. Always dream, never give up and always  
be open to change, it can surprise you.



"Hoot"

Ceramics

Emily Carroll

## *Untitled Haiku*

by Jennifer Harris

Cracks filter through night  
Weathered, tethered by the sun  
Broken weary life



"Untitled"

Ceramics

Various Artists

## *An Old Man's Scar*

by Brian Bates

An old man sits silent at the bar,  
A stout man with a head full of grey hair,  
He attempts to bandage the wounds of despair,  
As a tip falls into the jar,  
Trying to cover his scar,  
Defining why life isn't fair,  
Gathers his things and runs his hands through his hair,  
He gets up and heads towards his car.

The loss of a life,  
Like day into night,  
Knows the feeling inside is true,  
Oh how he misses his wife,  
Now that she's taken her flight,  
Today; tomorrow he'll still love you.

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