



# KISHWAUKEE COLLEGE LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL

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On the cover...  
JUSTIN SCHROYER  
CORRUPTION  
COLLAGE, INK  
32"W X 20"H  
1ST PLACE TWO DIMENSIONAL ART



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# JURORS

## ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

EMILY FRANKLIN PHOTOGRAPHY ONE INSTRUCTOR,  
NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

ANNA C. MILLER THREE-DIMENSIONAL DESIGN INSTRUCTOR,  
NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

## ESSAY, POETRY & SHORT FICTION

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# AWARDS

## TWO DIMENSIONAL ART

FIRST PLACE JUSTIN SCHROYER - CORRUPTION  
SECOND PLACE SARAH GREER - QUEEN OF SPADES; CHAPTER 4  
THIRD PLACE SARAH GREER - DON'T EAT THE CAFETERIA FOOD

## THREE DIMENSIONAL ART

FIRST PLACE BRANDON SMITH - VAULT 13  
SECOND PLACE EMILY GREER - BEYOND MEAD  
THIRD PLACE BRANDON SMITH - PRICE OF EXISTENCE

## PHOTOGRAPHY

FIRST PLACE NATHAN DULCEAK - UNTITLED  
SECOND PLACE BRENTON CARROLL - NAILS IN FILE  
THIRD PLACE NICOLE PEARSON - GROUND ELEVATION

## ESSAY

FIRST PLACE SHANNON SCHMIDT - FROM MUD PIES TO APPLE PIES  
SECOND PLACE REBEKAH GUILLOTTE - THE INVISIBLE GIRL

## POETRY

FIRST PLACE DEITRA COLCLASURE - DELIVER ME A PIZZA BOY  
SECOND PLACE KARL RAND - FIFTEEN WORDS  
THIRD PLACE KARL RAND - AMAZI

## SHORT FICTION

FIRST PLACE MARIBEL ZEPEDA - LATE NIGHT STUDENT CONFERENCE  
SECOND PLACE TIE JESSICA PFLIPSEN - WHAT YOU WANT: THE WISH OF CONFIDENCE  
THIRD PLACE TIE MORGAN JOBE - THE FRIAR'S TALE  
THIRD PLACE MARIBEL ZEPEDA - MYSTERIOUS BRIEFCASE

# DELIVER ME A PIZZA BOY

Deliver me a pizza boy  
One of my very own  
With the hat  
And the car  
And the sign that glows

Deliver me a pizza boy  
Who can mold my dough  
With a flick  
And a twist  
And it's ready to go

Deliver me a pizza boy  
Worthy to tip  
With a dime  
And a nickel  
And even a kiss

Deliver me a pizza boy  
One that won't be late  
With a swerve  
And a dive  
And flours on our first date

Deliver me a pizza boy  
One of my very own  
With the hat  
And the car  
And the heart made of gold

DEITRA COLCLASURE  
1ST PLACE POETRY



BRENTON CARROLL  
NAILS IN FILE  
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO  
8" W X 10" H  
2ND PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY

# MYSTERIOUS BRIEFCASE

My class ended at 10 and I thought about going home to sleep. I am so glad my class ended early since my class was only doing presentations. I walked out the front doors, not even stopping to chat with my friends. I walk out to a black night with light coming from the parking light beams, the stars, and the full moon. As I walked towards my car I focused on my car, a sport coupe Chevy cavalier in dark blue. My thought at that point is of the disappointment my mom felt for me the night before.

"Ray, I'm so late!"

"Don't worry; your mom will understand why you are late. We stayed until the park closed at ten and we went out to eat before we left. We still have to leave off your friends."

"Yeah but you know that my mom gets worried. She does not go to sleep until I get home safely."

My cell phone lights up and the picture of my mom appear on the screen.

"It's my mom. What do I tell her?"

"Tell her the truth, we left when it closed and now we are eating. We'll be on our way in no time."

I get into my car and switched the heater on because it is cold. I turned my car on and chose a CD to listen to. I switch my car into gear to drive and I'm off.

Just when the image of home brought glee to my spirit, the light to route 59 turned red.

"This can't be happening to me."

I close my eyes and rub my face with my hands and turn my head slightly to the right. When I open my eyes I see a briefcase. It's dark and I saw no one in sight. It is still red so I get out of my car to retrieve the briefcase and slide back into my car.

The light turned green so I accelerate and looking at the car in front of me I realized I needed gas. I pull into the gas station and the gas went down to three dollars. I feel inside my pocket and pull out a ten dollar bill. It will give me a little gas, but I decided to charge my gas. I inserted the card and a message came on the screen. Please see the cashier.

"I maxed out already?"

I pumped eight dollars into my car and I used two dollars left to get a fresh cup of coffee. I felt my eyes getting heavy and I don't want to fall asleep on the way home.

I arrived at my apartment and I pull up into a parking space nowhere near my apartment.

"Hi mom. I'm at Taco Bell eating."

"Are you in DeKalb already?"

"No mom, I'm still in Gurnee."

"It's almost eleven. When will you be home?"

"Soon mom, Ray is driving home and we have to leave Mateo and his friends in Rochelle. They couldn't find a ride so. . ."

"Ay mija. Don't take too long. Drive safely and I'll be waiting for you. I can't go to sleep unless I know you are okay."

"I know mom. Don't worry, we'll be there soon."

I walk towards my apartment with warm tears streaming down my face. I let my mom down coming home at four in the morning. I remember looking at her as she slept with her head down on the kitchen table.

I suddenly realized I forgot the suitcase that I had picked up earlier so I walk back to my car. I open my car door and grab the suitcase. I close the door and make my way towards my apartment.

"What time did you get home last night?"

"The truth? I came home at nearly four in the morning."

"You live under my roof and you must obey my rules. Your pa is furious! You could have been hurt."

"I can take care of myself. Ray was with me and he would never let anything bad happen to me."

"Okay, your obsession with seeing Ray has gone too far! You want to be with Ray, then go and don't come back."

Looking at my bills once inside, I set them on the table with a feeling of butterflies in my stomach.

"I'm broke. I have no money, my mom hates me and Ray lost his job. I can't afford this apartment without his help and my car payment will be due soon. I give up. There's no use."

I lay my head down on the briefcase and hit my head on the handle. Damn, that hurt! I open the briefcase assuming there would be some identification. I saw stacks of money in the briefcase. I rub my face and look again and the money stood there. I took a bill and held it to the light to my amazement, it's real.

MARIBEL ZEPEDA  
3RD PLACE SHORT FICTION



# AMAZI

1994,

Torn from my family.

Families were taken right in front of me.

Now I am asked if I ran to survive.

"If I ran," I respond, "The scars would be on my back,  
not my chest."

Left to die,

others left to die right next to me.

Now I am asked if passersby saw me and assisted.

"Amazi," I whisper, "Water is all they could give,  
they had children of their own to save."

I had found them,

other children without parents.

The course gravel roads

felt like black velvet beneath my feet

when I was with them.

Tutsi and proud we walked.

"Amazi,"

we drank together.

KARL RAND  
3RD PLACE POETRY

# FROM MUD PIES TO APPLE PIES

“Oh absolutely, Mrs. Thompson, I’ll have that chocolate cream pie ready for you in no time,” I whispered to myself as I crammed a handful of wet sand into a sea shell mold. I thought for a moment, looked around, pulled a chunk of grass out of my yard, and scattered it over the sandy pie. “Delicious,” I thought as I eyed my creation, “but it could use some more pizzazz.” I got up from my sand box and explored my lawn, searching for more garnishes to spice up Mrs. Thompson’s chocolate pie. “That’s perfect,” I exclaimed as I came upon a puddle of wet mud surrounded by a patch of miniature purple flowers. My fingers sunk deep into the puddle, cupped enough icing to frost the pie, and picked the flowers to use as a border for the delicious treat. After meticulously placing each flower around the edge of the mold, I took a pinch of sand and sprinkled it over my spectacular creation.

“My daughter is going to adore this chocolate pie, especially the fancy flower border. Thank you so much, Shannon,” I stated, complimenting my six-year-old self.

“Why it’s no problem mam’, that’s my job,” I responded.

I couldn’t have been more proud of myself. This delectable treat had taken a mere five minutes to construct and the finished product was flawless. Unfortunately, with time I recognized my misconception of the simplicity of making pies. In reality it requires skill, concentration, and patience; such as life requires much more from us as we grow older. From early childhood I strived for the American dream: being a mother, entertaining friends, cooking, and having a career; but along with age, came the wisdom that life isn’t as perfect as I once thought.

When I was young it obviously didn’t take much to make me happy; give me some dirt and I could find a way to entertain myself. I spent most of the time I wasn’t in school, playing pretend. Whether I was the mother of a sick child, caught in the middle of an imaginary blizzard in my hallway, having tea parties with my stuffed animals, or taking my parent’s restaurant order in the living room, I was constantly dreaming and enacting the bright future I saw for myself. Grown-ups had it all, and I was jealous enough to do all that I could to be like them. Although it’s hard

to remember, there was a time when I was unaware that days existed. My life was defined by the time I woke up until bedtime. During that time I would attend school or birthday parties, or play dates with my classmates. My world was an ignorant bliss. I loved everything: my friends, my teachers, recess, and even school. I lived entirely in the moment, where the only worries I had were thunderstorms, and I was only sad when my brother ripped off my Barbie’s head, or I got home too late to watch an episode of Arthur.

My life became more complex, as did the ease of achieving happiness. Now it is hard for me to maintain composure, as I am constantly bombarded with daily stresses. I am living the reality I had once dreamed for myself, but it is nothing like I’d imagined. Instead of dreaming of a romantic and fanciful future, I am worrying about due dates, friends, college, and my future career. Life, like apple pie, requires a lot more than before; it entails structure, careful planning, as well as patience. Working at an elegant restaurant I cater to pretentious people, ungrateful of the time I am taking to fulfill their needs. I live one day worrying about the days to come, often too busy to make time for myself, and stressing about the uncertainty of what lies ahead. And seldom, when my life isn’t as hectic, I find myself thinking “I’m bored”, but lack the creativity to make fun for myself. Love has proved itself to be a bitter and confusing emotion, and some people impacted me in a way that makes it hard for me to trust anyone at all. Worry escalated to a whole new level when I received the news that my grandfather had been diagnosed with a vicious brain tumor, and I couldn’t even comprehend my sadness when he died five months later.

Life, like apple pies, doesn’t always end up the way you wanted it to and it’s certainly not easy. When I feel suffocated by the stresses of reality, I sit on my back porch, and let the autumn breeze waft me away to simple times of swinging on my play set, where I listened to honking, migrating geese and rustling leaves, while the crisp air bites at my red cheeks. I know that life will never again be as simple as making mud pies, but if I let the sense of optimism that I lived by encourage me, my success will be imminent.

SHANNON SCHMIDT  
1ST PLACE ESSAY



MARI LYNN WEST  
THE WHISPERING WILLOW  
COLOR PHOTO  
5" W X 7" H



BRANDON SMITH  
VAULT 13  
COPPER, BRASS  
2.5"W X 1.5"H X 2"D  
1ST PLACE THREE DIMENSIONAL ART



JUSTIN SCHROYER  
SELF-PORTRAIT  
INK ON PAPER  
43" W X 29" H



NATHAN DULCEAK  
UNTITLED  
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO  
6.5"W X 4.5"H  
1ST PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY



BRANDON SMITH  
PRICE OF EXISTENCE  
COPPER, PAPER, BOOT STRING  
1.5"W X 4"H X .25"D  
3RD PLACE THREE DIMENSIONAL ART



EMILY GREER  
BEYOND MEAD  
BRASS, LEATHER THREAD  
1.5"W x 4.25"H x 1.5"D  
2ND PLACE THREE DIMENSIONAL ART







NICOLE PEARSON  
GROUND ELEVATION  
COLOR PHOTO  
5" W X 7" H  
3RD PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY



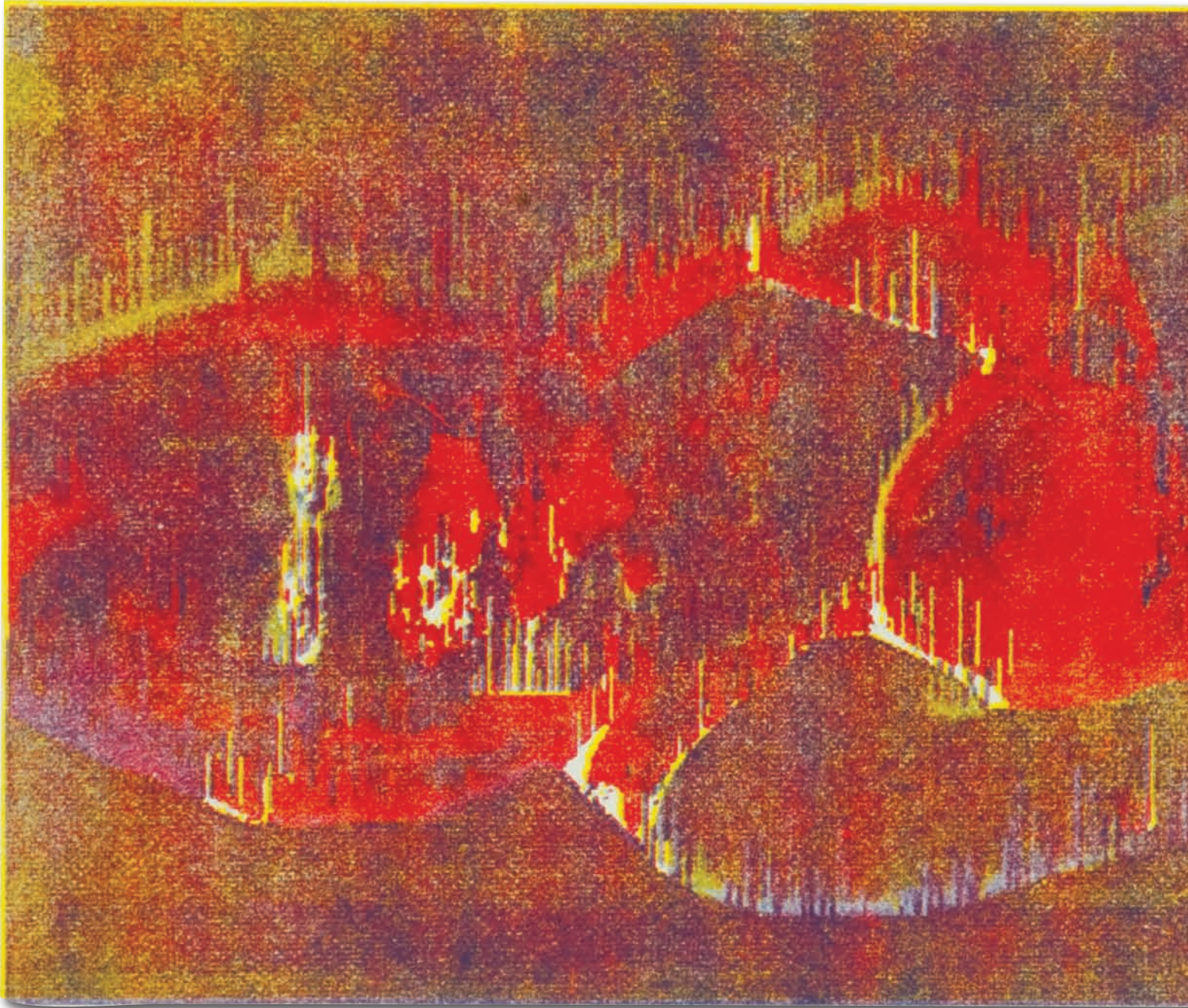
KATRINA STONE  
MY SILHOUETTE IN JANE'S STYLE  
WATERCOLOR ON PAPER  
7.5"W X 9.75"H

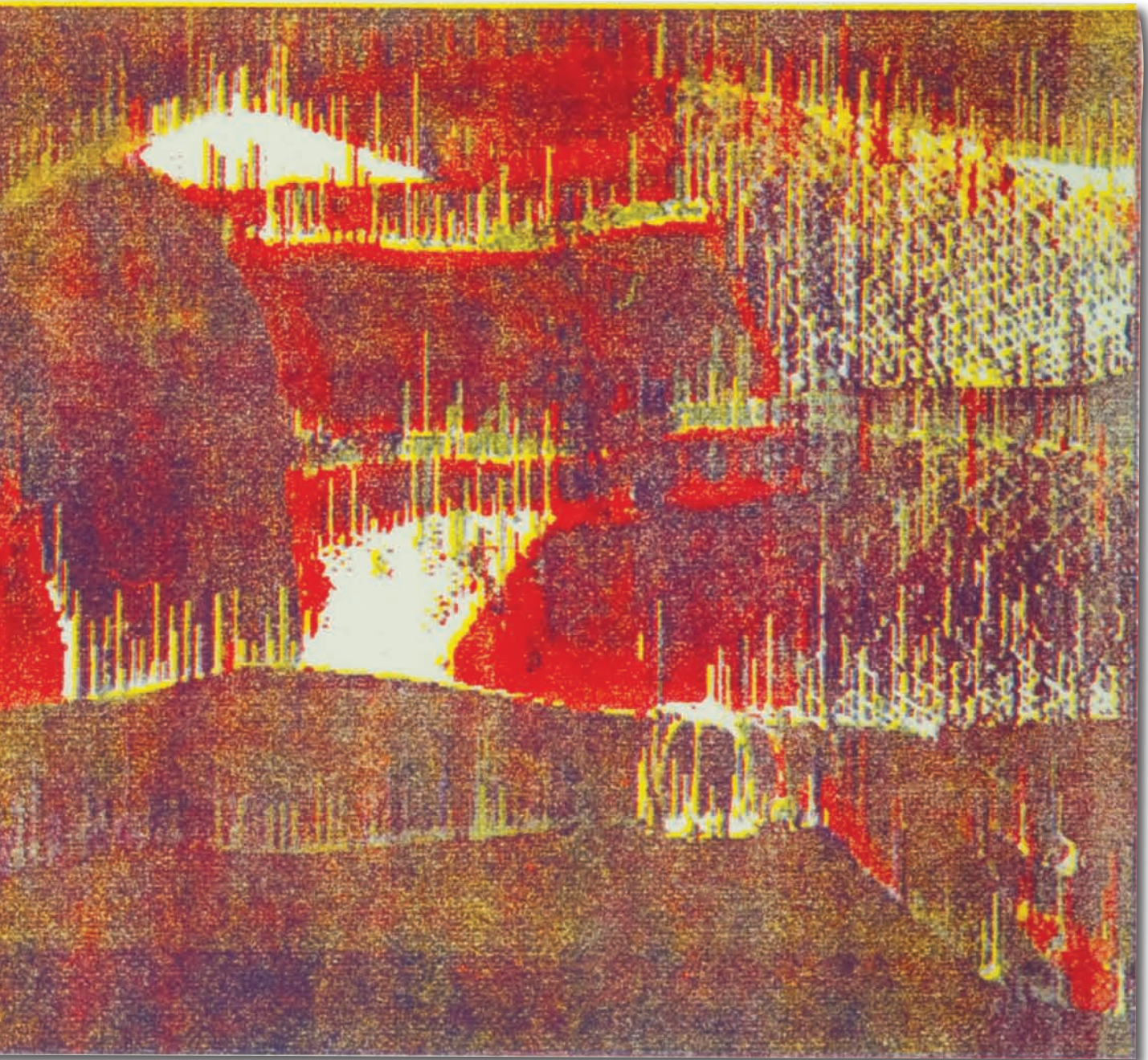


JUSTIN SCHROYER  
CORRUPTION  
COLLAGE, INK  
32"W X 20"H  
1ST PLACE TWO DIMENSIONAL ART



DESSA WRIGHT  
VESSEL OF DISILLUSION  
CLAY, METAL  
1"W X 1.5"H X 1"D



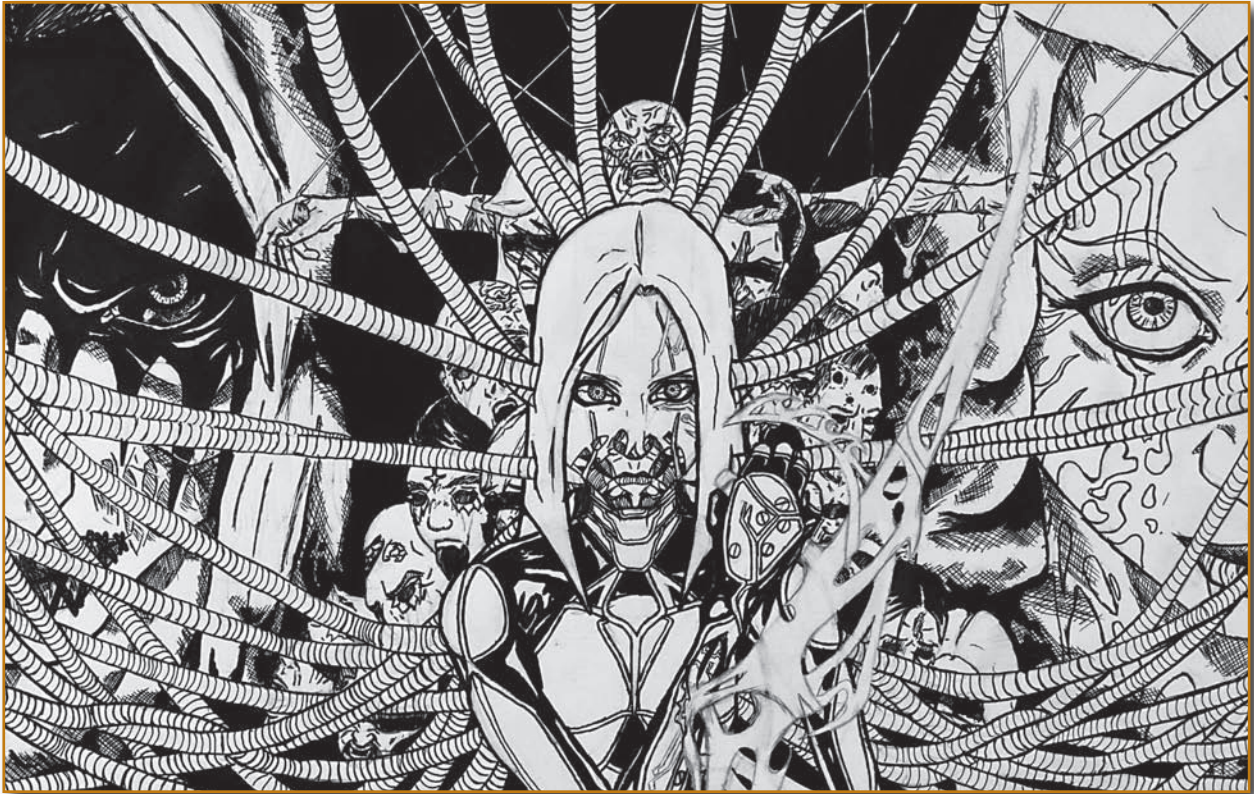


SARAH GREER  
DON'T EAT THE CAFETERIA FOOD  
PHOTO-DIGITAL MANIPULATION LITHOGRAPH, PRONTO PLATE  
4.5" W x 10" H  
3RD PLACE TWO DIMENSIONAL ART



SARAH GREER  
AN AIRSHIP PIRATE'S TEACUP  
COPPER, BRASS  
5.5"W X 2.5"H





JUSTIN SCHROYER  
**NECROSIA**  
INK ON PAPER  
15" W X 9.75" H



DESSA WRIGHT  
FLAMEWARE  
HANDMADE CLAY, GLAZE  
LARGE 10" w x 15" h  
MEDIUM 8" w x 9" h  
SMALL 5" w x 2" h



SARAH GREER  
QUEEN OF SPADES: CHAPTER 4  
INK ON PAPER  
21" w x 13" h  
2ND PLACE TWO DIMENSIONAL ART

# WHAT YOU WANT: THE WISH OF CONFIDENCE

Everyone has a deep desire. Some want things that are physical, objects or people that they can't have normally. There are also others who just aren't happy with the way they are. They feel that they need to be improved somehow. For both of these types of people, they believe the only way they would ever get what they want is if they had a wish, just one wish to fix things to what they believed to be right. But as the saying goes, be careful what you wish for, you just might get it.

One such man was named Mackenzie Star. Mac seemed to have everything he could want, he was very talented in the academics and he even married the girl of his dreams, the beautiful red haired girl Mary that he had been in love with since childhood. The one thing that Mac didn't like about himself was his nervous habit of stuttering. He would stutter every time he tried to talk to anyone about anything. The more he was intimidated by the person the worse it got. In a way Mac always felt so infer to others, he couldn't always explain it even to himself. Maybe it was because he had always been an outcast for being so brilliant in such an average town, or possibly growing up as an only child with only his ever worrying mother had something to do with it, or maybe it was another reason all together, whatever the cause, it still affected him to this day. So all Mac wanted was a chance to be able to speak.

Mac was alone working in his basement lab when he accidentally knocked one of his spare extra strength beakers.

"Oh darn it." Mac bent down and tried to catch it before it rolled too far under his work bench. It rolled under just out of reach so it took him a few moments before he retrieved it but soon he was successful.

Mac knelt as he dusted of the now very dirty beaker. "Good thing this was ... empty?" Mac looked at his beaker in confusion wondering why it looked like there was something inside. It was a strange matter that he couldn't quite figure out, it looked like a liquid but the beaker still felt

empty. A gas? But wouldn't it float out? Liquid? But then there should be some weight right?

"Di-Did I just discover a new state of matter!" Mac said excitedly. Mac was just about to run up to his wife upstairs when he heard a soft hissing. Or at least it sounded like hissing, but also more of a laugh when he listened closer.

Mac looked back to the beaker in his hand and slowly started to set it on the ground when the contents started to defy gravity and float out of the beaker. Mac, startled by this, dropped the beaker but it was so close to the ground that it did no damage.

"What do you want?" a strange whisper of hiss came from the mist forming out of the bottle seeming to be growing as it escaped the container.

Mac just starred as he tried to decide whether he should be terrified or interested. He was leaning more towards interest due to his curious nature. "Wha-what?" Mac asked softly unsure if he really heard anything at all.

The mist-matter was a dark purple color and never really seemed to form any particular shape and continuously moved in and around its self. It hovered just over the ground like a thick fog. But it did seem to carry a presence. There was nothing really to look at, but all the same Mac found himself following a certain point in the mist that felt like a face, or at least if seemed like that's where the voice came from. The mist spoke again this time sounding a bit deeper then before, "I can grant you one wish, what is it that you truly want the most?"

"W-Well I-I umm... that's kind of sudden?" Mac replied laughing nervously finding himself intimidated by the impossible talking mist.

"Take a deep breath and think about what you want. I have all the time in the world, but I may become bored if you wait to long." The mist said at first sounding polite but ended harshly.

Mac panicked a bit with the sudden pressure but quickly closed his eyes and tried to breathe deeply to calm himself down. Mac suddenly had an odd taste in his mouth but it quickly passed and he began to speak to the mist as if it was perfectly natural thing to do. "I have always been too shy, it's the only thing I've ever hated about myself and the one thing I would want to change the most."

Mac stopped himself from continuing, he wasn't sure why he was saying these things but they weren't lies either. He really did dislike his shyness sometimes. He composed himself and continued. "I, I know what I want."

The mist said nothing but Mac just knew somehow that it was listening carefully. "I wish I was more confident."

The mist let out a deep masculine chuckle and said, "More confidence? Coming right up."

Mac didn't remember going to bed that night. Nor did he remember even leaving his lab, but all the same he woke up in his bed the next morning next to his beautiful wife. "Oh, Mary!"

His wife stirred and looked over at him, "Well hello dear, who were you expecting?" She said teasingly.

"Well no one, I just didn't remember going to bed last night, it must of been late." Mac replied.

It slowly dawned on Mary that her usually stutter-filled husband was using complete sentences. He had never been able to talk to her without stuttering at least once. She couldn't help herself, she had to ask, "Are you ok Mac?"

"Yes, why?" Mac answered quickly without thought.

"Honey you aren't stuttering." Mary said in amazement.

"Oh?" Mac paused as this sank in. He thought back to all he had said this morning and she was right. "Holy shit, you're right!"

"Mackenzie!"

"Sorry! What?"

"I didn't know you cussed?" Mary inquired with a grin across her face.

"Well, yeah. It usually never makes it past my mouth though. Sorry." Mac smiled sheepishly.

"Well this is just a whole new side to you isn't it?" Mary said the interested grin on her face turning seductive.

Mac paused then returned the smile, "Well I guess we'll just find out then won't we?"

After that pleasurable morning, the Stars went on about their day. With Mac working at home and Mary being a stay at home mom, the two could easily spend time with each other all day long.

With Mac's new confidence Mary was finding it difficult to do much of anything and by the end of the day Mac didn't do much work and neither did Mary.

After the umpteenth time of having Mac interrupting her Mary just about had enough, "Mackenzie! Geez, don't you have a job to do?"

"What I'm not allowed to enjoy my wife whenever I want?" Mac said with cocky smirk and his arms wrapped around Mary from behind.

"Well, actually, no. I have things I need to do Mac." Mary retorted irritated trying to unwrap herself from his grip.

"Aw come on baby, what do I have to do to cheer you up?" Mac said arrogantly while he turned her to face him.

"Let go for one!" Mary pulled herself away from him holding away him by the wrists. "And honestly if I wanted to be treated like this I would have married one of the many jerks from our high school. The ones I believe use to pick on you!"

Mac jerked his hands away from Mary and glared at her then snapped, "God first you find my new confidence attractive and now you act like I'm being mean to you? Make up your mind you stupid bitch!"

Mary just starred at Mac in total awe and disbelief. It took her a few moments to compose herself enough to speak, "What did you just say?"

"You heard me!" He spat back.

Mac couldn't believe what he was saying anymore. He would never have done this before. Why was he doing it now? What had he become?

Then in the back of his mind he heard the echoing memory of "more confidence." Then he realized that had never asked for a limit, he would always get more.

JESSICA PFLIPSEN  
2ND PLACE TIE SHORT FICTION



GLADYS SANCHEZ  
LAVISH BUG'S LIFE  
COLOR PHOTO  
7"W x 5"H



MARK P. KRYGER  
HISTORICAL SELF-PORTRAIT  
INSPIRED BY ERIN ENSTROM "TO MY SON"  
STONEWARE CLAY, PALLADIUM GLAZE  
18"W X 12"H

# THE FRIAR'S TALE: WHEN FRIAR HUBERT MET FRED

(IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE CANTERBURY TALES)

It began on a dark and rainy night. After the knight got done telling his tale about the dragon, all the pilgrims heard a faint cry. It sounded like one of those idiotic, good-for-nothing, annoying little monkey cry; or so they thought. Then, after they composed themselves, their host for the trip to and from the shrine of Saint Thomas of Becket, Hairy Bailey, said it was Friar Hubert's turn to spin his second tale. Hairy liked Friar Hubert for many reasons. First, he thought Friar was a cool guy. Second, he loved to hear the friar talk. Third, the Friar had some interesting tales; Hairy liked most anything interesting. And finally, most everybody else liked him too. Friar Hubert was a wealthy man, he had an awesome singing and speaking voice, and he was very generous. And now, let me introduce to you the one, the only... Friar Hubert! He will share his second story with you now.

"Well, for those of you who do not know, my name is Friar Hubert, but you can just call me Hubert or Hue. Well, it all began one dark and rainy night. I was on my way to church. As I was walking along, I was thinking 'how in the world am I going to pay for my neighbor's friend's wife's anniversary gift,' when all of a sudden, BAM! There, lying on the ground was five hundred, \$100 dollar bills. This, I considered as a gift from God. So, as anyone would do in my situation, I picked it up.

Then something very weird happened and for a moment, I thought I was living in a strange fairy tale. A little monkey, riding a Harley Davidson motorcycle with a cigar hanging from his mouth came up out of, what seemed like nowhere. He was wearing dark sunglasses, thick jet-black hair on his head. Then, before I knew what was happening, the monkey came whizzing by and snatched the money out of my hands. He then sped off on his motorcycle.

From my little bit of knowledge about monkeys, I knew that this was very unusual behavior. If I had to guess, I could have easily come to the

deduction that he was not in his right mind. As I hastened to catch up with him, I called out 'hey, you, what's your name and give me back my money!' He must not have heard the last part of my request because all I heard in return was a faint, but definite, 'FRED!'

By listening to the sound of his motorcycle, I dashed off to follow Fred as quickly as I could. I ran for at least three miles before I caught up with him. After I finally caught up with him, to get his attention, I had to throw a wrench at his bike. It stopped him alright. I watched him fall off his bike and into a fence as I prayed he did not hurt himself in the process. Unwinding himself from the fence, he said to me, 'Hey man... or disfigured monkey, what's the big idea!' I replied with relief that he was not hurt at all, 'I'm glad you're not hurt, but you have no right to take my money!'

After a long discussion regarding the money, we decided to sword fight for the cash. Fred got out his lightsaber and I got out my silver sword. After five minutes of an exhausting duel, Fred called a bathroom break. I was relieved and needed a drink myself. My new monkey friend looked weary and weak as well. He said, 'I sure could go for something to drink; how 'bout you, my friend?' Fred walked into a local soda shop and bought two banana shakes. I thought to myself, 'This is really an unusual monkey.' When he came out, I asked, 'Why do you drink those banana shakes?' With a shrug, he replied, 'Oh, I don't know, I think it's because I am a Caribbean monkey, there is something about those banana chunks that are so addicting; plus, as you might know, monkeys enjoy bananas.'

I was so intrigued with this uncanny fellow, I almost forgot about the money. With much effort, I returned to the original subject of my money. So, I asked him again, 'I need my fifty grand back,' however, this time I added 'please.' He still said, 'NO!' I said with great apprehension and concern in my voice, 'I can't let you have that money; I need it for my



friend's wife's anniversary gift. You're not getting out of here with my money!' Fred said, 'I'm not! You can't stop me! In fact, I'm going to leave with it right now!' I said, 'But you can't!' In his own defense with tears in his eyes, he said, 'Sorry about your friend's anniversary present, but two days ago, I was in that very place where you found the money, and lost my wallet with exactly fifty thousand dollars in it; so you see, it really is my money.' He went on with his monologue, 'In fact, I need to take it back to Davy Jones for all the damage I did at the Flying Dutchman contest a month ago.'

Because of the sincerity in his voice, I began to believe him until he started fantasizing aloud about the things he and Davy were going to buy with my money. He mentioned something about purchasing a new fifty-inch plasma screen television, a new hot rod car, a new laptop notebook and his very own Banana shake malt shop. I realized that this money hungry monkey was more self-centered than I ever expected. Well, at this point, you can see I was getting irritated. I said, 'okay, okay, I get it, but I don't understand; what do animals, especially monkeys like you want with stuff like that?' Fred looked insulted, but replied, 'I don't know Friar, take it up with God; He was the one who made me.'

Continuing in my curiosity, I had to ask, 'How is it that you can talk?' Fred replied with pride, 'You probably don't know this, but all of us monkeys can talk; usually we only talk amongst each other.' The longer I talked with Fred, the more I wanted to know about him. However, I thought to myself, 'I've got to get that money back!'

Well, after a lengthy discussion, even though Fred said that he wanted to keep all the money, we finally came to an agreement. Expressing his agreement, Fred said, 'So it's a deal, we'll split the money 50/50 ok?' Thinking that was the best I was going to get from my greedy new friend, I agreed. 'It's a deal, but what about Davy Jones and the things you were thinking about buying with him?' Fred answered with such anguish that it seemed as though he might cry. 'Davy will just have to accept less money and I'll have to buy less stuff.' I exclaimed, 'Deal, now I can't wait to buy that gift for my friend's wife!'

While we were finalizing our agreement, another strange thing happened. Out of the sky, a weird spacecraft of some sort appeared. At the bottom of it, there seemed to be a bright beam of light, shining right on Fred. Suddenly, a voice boomed from inside the strange looking aircraft. The voice said, 'This is my son, who will bring balance to the force and to the whole universe in the future, heed his words!' Excitedly,

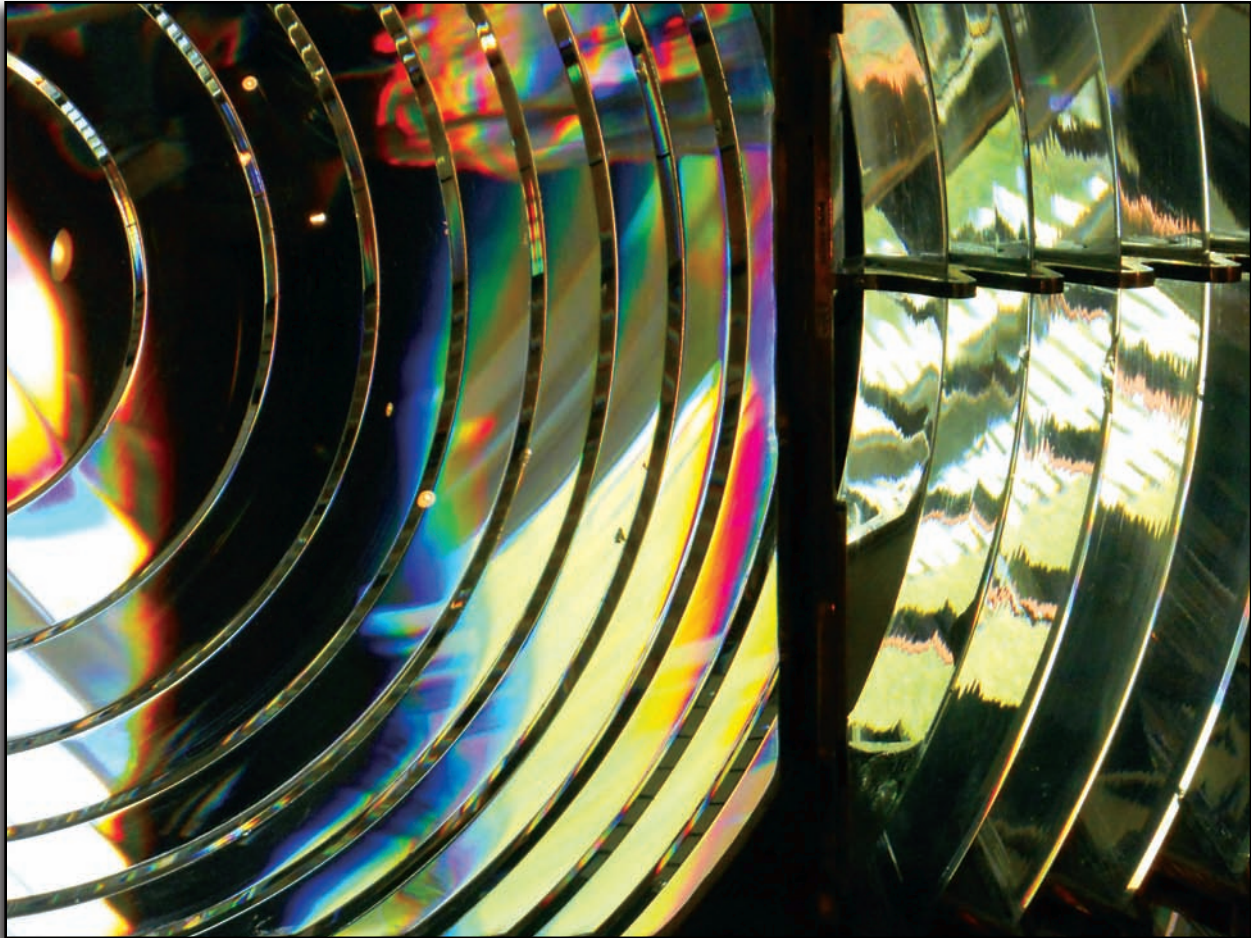
Fred said, 'Thanks Pops, you know I love being honored like that.' The voice replied, 'I know son, but it's time for you to come back with us.' In return Fred spoke. 'But dad, you promised that whenever you would come and get me in the UFO, you would let us listen to music for a while.' His dad replied, 'so I did... okay, but only fifteen minutes, got it?' Fred obediently spoke once again, 'Got it Dad.' Then, his dad turned a dial in the ship that broadcasted Christian rock music, which came blasting out of giant speakers located on the outside of the UFO. Then a disco ball dropped down out of beam of light just above Fred's head. As we said our goodbyes, Fred and I danced to the music under the multicolored disco ball.

Before Fred disappeared into the ship, in my urgency to make some sense out of Fred and my experience with him, I asked, 'where did you come from anyway?' He said, 'Actually, my parents and I are time travelers, we are from the year 3777 A.D.' This was too mind-boggling for me to grasp. Shaking my head in disbelief, almost reading my mind, Fred said, 'I know, I have that effect on most people I encounter.' In his haste to return to his 'pops,' he said, 'Got to go, and oh, by the way, I'll put in a good word for you with God.' Ecstatic, I asked, 'hey, wait a minute, is your father, God?' Fred just laughed, and said, 'No, but he sounds just like him.' Then his father boomed over the loud speaker, 'Times up Fred, I need to take you home, you're mom will have a cow if we're not home by 7:00.' Magically, the light made the monkey float into the UFO shuttle. Hastily, they sped off into outer space, and I never saw Fred again.

Well, that's my unexpected strange story about Fred, the talking, motorcycle riding, money snatching, fun-loving monkey I met in my quest to get my friend's wife's anniversary gift. All is well that ends well! Fred returned to his 'Pops.' I was able to buy my friend's wife her anniversary gift without having to go into debt. And, my friend's wife, well, she wears her glamorous anniversary necklace with pride, not knowing that a real monkey paid for her flashy jewelry."

"Well, Mr. Friar." said Hairy Bailey, "I think all of the pilgrims, including myself, have voted and the results are in, I am giving you and the Knight a free meal tonight!"

MORGAN JOBE  
2ND PLACE TIE SHORT FICTION



SUSAN TYLER  
SPLIT LIGHTS  
COLOR PHOTO  
7" W X 5" H

# THE BEGINNING

Today's the day I'll leave this place.  
It doesn't matter how: taxi, plane, or train  
with only the clothes on my back and one suitcase.

I thought he loved me but he left without a trace.  
Leaving his other family behind, me being so plain.  
Today's the day I'll leave this place.

The shame will not be wiped off my face.  
All the people I hurt, I'd be better off slain  
with only the clothes on my back and one suitcase.

The life inside me, growing at a steady pace  
has given me a reason to hope and to sustain.  
Today's the day I'll leave this place.

All the good that comes my way I will embrace.  
I have a lot to gain  
with only the clothes on my back and one suitcase.

I know now, what's done is done, cannot erase.  
Let the sun shine in my heart and keep away the rain.  
Today's the day I'll leave this place  
with only the clothes on my back and one suitcase.

REBEKAH GUILLOTTE  
POETRY

# LATE NIGHT STUDENT CONFERENCE

**M**y instructor, Mr. Steward, arranged to meet at the academy to bring me up to date on missing assignments. Because of the flu, I missed two weeks from school. The only time Mr. Steward could see me was on Thursday night following his last class ending at 10 p.m. I didn't question this appointment as I was happy for the opportunity to make up the work.

As I drove into the parking lot, I glanced at my watch: 9:50. It seemed strange to see only three cars parked near the front door. I knew one of them belonged to Ralph, the custodian - he asked me a few days ago to check his brake lights. The other two I recognized as student cars often left overnight. It's common for some to stay over with friends in the area and avoid a long mid-week trip home, especially if there's an 8 o'clock class the next morning. I walked toward the front of the building convinced I had come on the wrong night. I pulled at the door expecting it to be locked, but it opened!

I did not want to go inside just yet because I was afraid. I had to stop and think, "Where are the cars to the other students?" If the class ends near ten then there had to be people still inside or even coming out of the school to their cars.

I shouldn't be too worried because I know that sometimes my classes ended really early and Mr. Steward rides a bike as his transportation to school. He is aware of the global warming that is doing harm to the environment so he chooses to help as much as he can. He usually stored his bike in the building in his office, so I did not worry.

As I walked inside I took a second to look around. The library was closed and it was dark. The hallways were dark too. The only light came from these tiny lamp heads on the ceiling. I know that I did not have a good feeling about this so I called out to see if anyone was in the building.

"Mr. Steward? Mr. Steward, it's me Maribel. I'm here for make-up assignments."

The whole place was quiet and I can only hear my echo. I suddenly remembered that Ralph's car was still in the parking lot. I didn't bother yelling to get his attention because I knew he wouldn't hear me. Ralph was old and he just recently got hearing aids: that poor guy.

I walked around the hallway when I stepped on something hard that made a crunching sound like the sound of someone eating chips. I looked down to see that there was broken glass. I wanted to yell for help, but I have seen too many horror movies and yelling to let everyone know that you are there is the worst thing you could do.

The worst chill ran through my spine. I remember the news discussing that a serial killer escaped from an insane asylum and it was what first came up in my mind. The news said that he had the mental capacity of a five year old. He was however really strong, tall, and he mimicked his favorite television show, Svengoolie.

I started to walk back slowly and looking into my purse to find my cell phone. I realized that I forgot my phone in the car. Damn!

Suddenly I looked down the hall to see a tall dark figure standing up with a heavy object in his hand. Oh no, what if it was a knife? For a second I thought that perhaps I was hallucinating and it was just a figure of my imagination until it started walking towards me. I put my hand over my mouth to keep from yelling. Then the figure set out running towards me so I ran.

I began running down the hall and out the door. I kept running through the parking lot, but he caught up to me.

“Help me!” I cried in a voice so loud that I could feel a sharp pain in my throat from holding back tears and yelling.

He covered my mouth and turned me around to reveal that he was not a serial killer, but it was Ralph, the custodian.

“What are you doing here? All of the students left early?”

“I was here to see Mr. Steward about my missing assignments.”

My heart started beating again as I caught my breath.

“But I saw broken glass and the man chasing me had a knife?”

“That was me and I had a wrench. I was taking a sip from the drinking fountain when it started spilling all over the place. The glass came from a bulb that I had to fix because it was out and it broke on the floor. That was before I had the problem with the sink. I assumed that no one was in the building roaming around so I left it there until I got done with the fountain.”

What a relief. Well, I walked back inside with Ralph. Walking up the stairs to his office I noticed that Ralph was locking the doors. From the top of the stairs I looked down and just looked at him for a second with a confused look on my face.

“Hey Ralph, why are you locking up?”

“Don't worry, Mr. Steward has a key so he can let you out.”

“Oh okay.”

As I walked down the hall to the third door on the right, I looked for the cubicle with Mike Steward on it. As I looked in I saw that Mr. Steward was asleep with his head, face down on the desk. I shook him to wake him up and there was something warm and thick on my hand. Red. The color red.

“Oh my gosh?” I whispered.

I heard a small thud from the desk next to Mr. Steward's desk. When I turned around I saw Ralph.

“No!”

“Maribel. Maribel, are you okay?” Mr. Steward asked.

I felt someone shaking me. I was cold and I felt a sharp pain on the back of my head. I opened my eyes to see Mr. Steward.

“Are you okay? Do you need me to call an ambulance?”

“No, I think I'm okay. Either way I would refuse. I don't have medical insurance.”

Mr. Steward laughed.

“What happened?”

“Well, I waited about 15 minutes to see if you would come. I thought you forgot and I was on my way out and getting on my bike when I saw you lying on the pavement. The funny part is that you slipped on someone's banana peel. They must have missed the trash can or something. This is why I am against littering.”

MARIBEL ZEPEDA  
1ST PLACE SHORT FICTION

# CHILDHOOD NOSTALGIA

Remember the times we would trick or treat on Halloween,  
When we went from door to door making the adults scream?

When we sprinted with friends and ate candy every day,  
We could do whatever we wanted, and you wanted to stay.

Growing up looked to us like a distant insignificant star,  
We knew it was there, but only glanced at it from afar.  
Caught up in imagination, time slipped through our vision,  
We lost our toys; our innocence; and our childish missions.

Remember the times we would wish we were older,  
I would be a school teacher, or I could be a lawyer?  
As we grew up the distance between us grew longer,  
Our bond broke faster and my life goals grew stronger.

Recalling your brief memory I cannot grasp your feeling.  
Now I know what I must do to pass down your meaning.

ZACHARY KLEIN  
POETRY

# A SPLITTING HEADACHE

A Splitting Headache  
I went for a walk  
To clear my head  
But on my journey  
I was decapitated instead

As my head began to roll  
I closely followed  
Till a car came crashing in  
And sent my head flying like an owl

With the hedge clippers  
So sharp and pointy  
It's no surprise  
They left me moaning

As my newly severed head  
Started to soar  
I frantically followed after it  
To my neighbor's next door

With some Tylenol and aspirin  
I was as good as new  
The only thing left  
Was to find the super glue

The sprinklers turned on  
And it soon alarmed me  
For no one likes a head  
That is wet and soggy

Just then the hedge clippers  
Came back for round two  
Seems like the park's gardener  
Just didn't have a clue

I was close to my head  
It was in reaching distance  
Till the neighbor's kid  
Came out and kicked it

I began to walk away  
To save the rest of my limbs  
Till I stumbled on a rock  
And lost my head in the wind

See he thought it was a soccer ball  
And he just wanted to play  
I guess all and all  
It just wasn't my day

DEITRA COLCLASURE  
POETRY

# THE INVISIBLE GIRL

I am my thirteen year old injured, sorrowful self in the second year of my afflicted Junior High life. Every day meshes together like day and night creeping up on me. I have few moments where I feel accomplished and all together good about myself. I smile my biggest cheesiest smile for people who say that they care about me. I smile to seem normal; everyone has their own problems to deal with so why bother with someone like me?

"I am strong, confident, and beautiful," I tell myself as James walks by me in the hall. He is surrounded by his friends and seems impossible to reach, but I don't want to miss this opportunity. James walks up the stairs leading to his locker or class, no doubt, I chase after him and tap him on the shoulder twice. He stops in his tracks and he turns to look at me.

"What?" James says.

I swallow hard and begin to open my mouth slowly as if someone is about to force a spoon full of gooey cough syrup in my mouth. I am afraid to completely open my mouth; I fear the after-taste. "I would...uh...um... like an apology from you for yesterday. You tripped me and that hurt my elbow. So I...um...would like an apology."

James turns to look at his friends who are blocking the stairwell. He smiles and starts laughing while his friends join in. I stand there, even more frightened, unaware of what I should do or what will come next. James puts his right hand on my left shoulder. I stare at his hand as his grip tightens and my shoulder starts to hurt. My brain sends out a wave that shocks my entire body. It hits me like a quake; I cannot stop the shaking. My eyes widen and the rest of my body trembles, I could tell something wasn't right. Suddenly, I'm gasping for air, hunched over from the force of his unexpected blow to my stomach, and I fall to the ground. I place my knees on the step and I hold onto a higher step with my right hand.

I look up to see that James and his friends have started to walk away, and haven't looked back. I hold my stomach tightly and start to cry. All around me I hear giggling, laughing, whispering, and but no one comes to help me up. No one yells at James for what he did to me. He's the popular kid who's on the wrestling team, gets along with everyone and has so many friends; I am the invisible girl who no one sees and everyone looks right through. I am alone.

I'm in the girl's bathroom, wiping away any existence of my tears. I look at myself to make sure it's not too noticeable that I've been crying. I don't like what I see in the mirror; I see skin and bones and an elongated neck like a giraffe. I see shapes, a face that I don't acknowledge as my own. A grotesque figure: pale, with ugly crooked teeth, ugly, short brown hair,

ugly, thick grandma glasses, and a revolting, pimple-covered face. I feel as if my lungs have imploded; it's getting hard to breathe; I try to take slower, deeper breaths. My eyes grow tired from staring at my reflection as I come to the realization that I can't change what I see in that mirror. I'm stuck with this body, this face. I can't stop the tears. I can't stop the pain from sinking in, taking over my every thought, making me feel ten times worse. I am filled with shame and a sadness with no bottom...it goes deep, deep... deeper. I feel as if the only thing worth doing right now would be to die.

I'm stuck in slow motion as I walk through the hall of sparkling faces. I want to be one of those smiling, laughing, beautiful faces. I wish, wish, wish my pain and suffering could be lifted. A never ending hunger grows within me to be someone else, to be someone everyone will like and adore, to be someone that everyone would know. I desperately desire to know what it is to be truly happy. I wish I could be beautiful. I look at the other girls and boys and notice their glamorous hair and perfect teeth that are always smiling. My eyes are scanners probing those who are blessed with beautiful skin and perfect bodies. My insides start to ache again, and I feel like I don't belong here. I am the ugly duckling that everyone pushes to the side and disregards. I'm too hideous for my own good; I'm not even human, but some creature out of a sci-fi movie. I dench my books to my small chest as I start to walk faster to my next class, which is science; I hate science. We are handed an assignment that I don't understand, like all the other science worksheets. I put the paper down in front of me and begin to think. "I can't do this. I wish I was stronger. I wish I could be as smart as my mom. She's so confident and beautiful, everyone likes her. Why do I have to be so stupid? I don't have any good qualities. No one likes me. Why can't I be like my mom?"

\*\*\*\*\*

I go home in a daze. I move the door knob to my apartment door and realize it is locked. The numbness I feel is overpowering and I can feel my eyes becoming heavier. The day has taken its toll on me and now all I want to do is sleep. Again I hear laughter surrounding me; it echoes in my head as two elementary students run by me through the hall to the apartment next to mine. I hear those little boys slam the door; I am able to loosen my grip from the door knob and find myself to be motivated enough to knock on the door, but I can't speak. My voice has seemed to disintegrate, and all I can do is focus on my breathing. I knock...one...two... three times. I feel my backpack weighing me down like a rock tied to my chest. I see her, a most beautiful woman with a musical voice, she is my guardian angel. I am home, I am safe here, in my mother's arms.

REBEKAH GUILLOTTE  
2ND PLACE ESSAY



# FIFTEEN WORDS

We need fifteen more words for a sentence

But ours is fifteen words too short

For you were far too young to understand

But too old for it not to have mattered

As I watched on from the fourth wall

I couldn't break that wall if I had wanted to

There are rules of the stages;

There are rules of the play

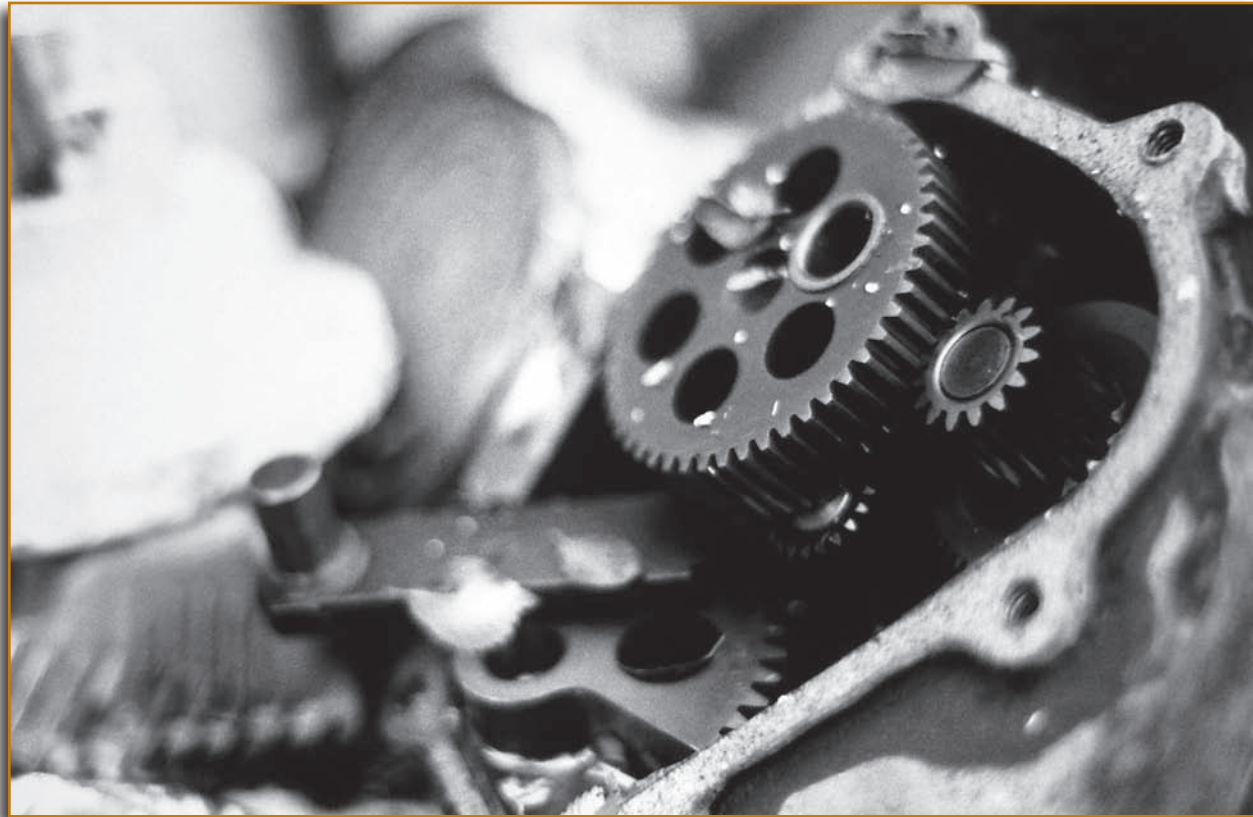
The Director wouldn't have made it happen

If the Playwright would have just written

Fifteen more words

To make a sentence

KARL RAND  
2ND PLACE POETRY



NATHAN DULCEAK  
GEAR  
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO  
7.5"W X 5"H

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