



two-thousand and
eight

Phoenix



Phoenix

The Art and Literary Magazine of Clark College



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Inquiries

Dr. Rita Carey
Clark College
1933 Fort Vancouver Way
Vancouver, WA 98663
360.992.2279
rcarey@clark.edu

Phoenix is published annually by the Associated Students of Clark College. Editors, Assistant Editors and the Business Manager are current Clark College students. Anyone enrolled in 100 level courses or above who attended Clark College in the last year is eligible to submit work for possible inclusion.

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Editor’s Note

Monkey see, monkey do.

It’s as simple as that.

Yet, strike “monkey” from that statement and substitute “human” for another spin on the concept. Human see, human create. More complicated than that, I’m afraid. Yet, creating is what makes humans human. In the life of math tests, empty Red Bull cans, and academic achievement, our hearts' desire is to express themselves through our hands—a sculptor contemplates the sphere of yet-to-be-molded clay, a painter gazes at the stretch of empty canvas, and the writer taps the smoothness of a blank notebook page with his or her pen. Their hearts beat in unison on the borderline of creation.

Through their creations, the students of Clark College bring you their art, their poems and stories, their pottery, their paintings, and so much more. A view of their hearts is here in the 2008 edition of *Phoenix*. We, the art and literary staff of the *Phoenix*, have strived to bring you the best of their efforts. After consultation following consultation and meeting upon meeting, we are proud and grateful to present this year’s collection of student masterpieces for your consideration.

This is the work of students—and the monkeys can only stare in awe. To you, the featured, and you, their colleagues, we thank you for your effort and fervently hope your hearts beat evermore.



Erik Cummings, Literary Editor

Phoenix 2008

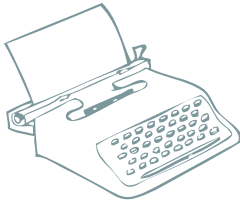


Barbara Charbonneau

The Spirit Within
Acrylic on Canvas

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Rachael Gregg

Political Bullshit Series:
Extending Relief, Depicting Characters, Arts of War
Ink, Water Color, Vintage Book Pages



Jennifer Gilmore

Baby Legs
Ceramic



Noelle Winiecki

Her Eyes Light Up
Digital Photograph

Opposite
Leaves
Digital Photograph



Secrets

You never know who people are. What secrets they carry, events that shaped them, flattened them, from which they barely escaped with their lives.

The box is battered and Asian, the tongue of the lock missing. When I was a child, I saw nothing but magic in the tiny ballet dancer who stood en-pointe, a rag of tulle around her hips, hints of tinkling notes escaping. Plastic legs like pink toothpicks, she spoke of a magic world I did not know, feared I would never find.

I wanted to deconstruct the box, look under the satin-lined platform, behind the tiny mirror to see how the music supported her, to look further into her world. I broke things down to see how they worked and was bereft when they did not fit back together again. Then I felt like a stranger, like an alien, who was outside the normal realm, everyone else understanding things I did not.

My brother’s drawers held his secrets in Roi-Tan cigar boxes, neatly organized, stiff cardboard boxes from our neighbor. I was the evil wind who blew into

his space, rummaging to find who he was, how he was so neat, swirling through his things, and now I couldn’t say what was in them.

To trust someone with a secret requires complicity, to look into his or her eyes with a request, make a bargain. I don’t much trust those looks, the container of someone else’s soul.

Secrets are family—inner world, like the inside courtyard of a Mexican house. Maybe I don’t believe in secrets because my mother told me about people looking through the jealousies every afternoon, watching neighbors come up and down the street or on the cross hill, who came, who went and where. Everyone knew everything on the island. “You had to tilt the blinds just so,” she would demonstrate, standing behind the wooden storm shutters, open for trade winds on the rooms full of mahogany furniture.

My husband does not know how many pounds I have lost. He cannot keep a secret, so I don’t tell him.

You never know who people are. What secrets they carry, events that shaped them, flattened them, from which they barely escaped with their lives.

When I was nearly twenty, I learned I had great uncles to match the three great-aunts Eldra, Edina, Elisa. I still don’t know why my mother hid the men. One was retarded. Were they all retarded? If you named one, did it open the door to the others?


I have searched for the insides of others, dying of curiosity.

Letters from one friend to another—the stamp postmarked or not, sitting on the ledge of the row of mailboxes, terribly tempting. I want to know who these people are, what they are saying to each other. If you looked inside a letter, you might find inane words, sliding over the relationship, intangible, invisible. How do they do it, I want to know.

When I told my best friend in sixth grade a secret, expressed part of myself and was hurt, let down, I realized I had chosen unwisely. I shrugged off that experience, like others, resilient or stupid. Secrets take guarding like a tortoise pulling head, legs back into a shell.

When I think back on the first time someone shared a secret with me, J. with pale red freckles across her face, I realize it was not a secret I should have kept. I didn’t know what to say, how to listen. She was the first of many people who put me in a counselor role; my instinct was to listen with a prayerful attitude.

Now, when I look into another’s eyes, I see years of secrets, layered in, worn smooth, preserved like fossils in soft shale. Feathery ferns with lace tips decomposing in the silt of daily life.

People tell me secrets every day, words sliding over old wounds, relationships, like closet doors, shoji screens. “I don’t bathe,” one woman said, her blue eyes veiled. Her wrinkled white face, creased further, lips pursed on tears. “I don’t feel safe,” she whispered. 



Ashley Cozzetto

Walnut
Acrylic on Canvas

Phoenix 2008



Whitney Woodland

Blossom Suite
Sterling Silver





Faun Scurlock

Thornberries
Polaroid Lift and Transfer



Mary Heuvel

Nest in Waterfall
Water Color on Yupo





Barbara Charbonneau

Touch Lightly
Acrylic on Canvas

Phoenix 2008

John Wolf

When Crows Come Calling

*Something about those eyes made
Beeman think for one ridiculous
moment that Hurley made sense ...*

Growing up in Chicago, Talbert Beeman had been witness to many strange things. He'd seen an old woman die sitting perfectly still inside a burning tenement building. He'd seen a man walk a tightrope three stories above the street. Once, he'd even seen a Negro at an expensive eatery. But what lay before Beeman he considered stranger than all three incidents rolled together.

The crows sat in the middle of the dirt track known as Carr Road. Hardly a feather ruffled as they stared unblinking at the Hurley house, Beeman's destination. Most birds Beeman saw in Chicago would scatter at the sight of any moving object, but not these crows that stood oblivious to the grill of the Model-T Ford idling in front of them.

He thought about getting back into the car and inching closer to the birds, but Beeman didn't own

the car. He knew the family who loaned it for ten whole dollars would not be happy if it returned covered in blood and feathers. The Hurley house. So close, yet Beeman couldn't even bring the car into the gravel drive. The deal, so close yet so far, and only a few pounds of beaks and feathers blocked his way. He clenched his fists and walked back to the car, determined to scare the crows out of the way. Before he could climb back into the front seat, the crows shuffled to the side of the road without letting out a single caw. The way to the driveway opened up, but the black birds held Beeman's attention. The sole sound of the crows' scraggly black feet scraping against the ground was so odd, almost like a phonograph needle scratching on a record before the music began.

The queer feeling soon dissolved when the dragging of the crows' feet was replaced by the sound of Mr. Hart, back in the Chicago headquarters, explaining very carefully what would happen if Beeman could not close the deal.

"I don't know what you did, or even if you were the one who made our deal with Mr. Hurley

go south,” Mr. Hart had said from behind the enormous desk concealing his rotund body.

Beeman always found himself envying that desk.

“The money to be gained from this sale I’m sure isn’t lost on you, Beeman. Our firm stands to make a fortune, and I put my trust in you to secure that fortune. Was my judgment in error?”

“Not at all, Mr. Hart.” Beeman knew what any answer other than a no would bring.

“Then close the deal, Beeman,” Hart cut in through clenched teeth.

Beeman noticed Mr. Hart’s pudgy thumbs twitching either at the thought of Beeman’s contacting Hurley and sealing the land deal or firing Beeman. Mr. Hart would make money, no matter what. He recalled that moment in Mr. Hart’s office, where it seemed as if the weight of Mr. Hart himself was crushing him. Then, Beeman saw Hart’s desk, and then he thought of the money.

“Yes sir, Mr. Hart.”

Beeman rolled the Model-T past the wooden fence surrounding the bright green lawn of the Hurley house and up the slim cement walkway leading to the

door. The lone gable of the property hovered above.

Beeman stepped out of the car, red suitcase in hand, and lifted his pressed suit coat from the passenger seat. He set it upon his shoulders despite the oppressive summer humidity, and he ran thin fingers through his brown hair, heavily coated with tonic. Beeman practiced this routine daily. Appearances were meant to be kept, especially when it came to the Hurley land deal.

After the death of their brother Francis, Beau and Lyle Hurley came to Hart real estate firm. They came looking to sell their deceased brother’s farmland, their own two forty acre parcels, and all the land rented out under Francis to various farmers in the area. All for an estimated thousands of dollars in re-sale value.

And that, thought Beeman, was the low estimate. The deal progressed slowly but surely. Then two weeks after Beau and Lyle approached the firm, Lyle died when he fell into the blades of a thresher. Then things really began to speed up. Beeman, Hart and all the other sales representatives knew how sweet and simple a large land deal like the Hurley case could become with the involvement of only one

party. The feeling of happiness within the firm diminished as fast as it had come when Beau Hurley halted replies to telegrams, became a recluse, and refused to withdraw from inside his farmhouse. Now, several days and a few dollars later, Beeman stood in front of the house.

Slumped in the doorway lay a confused clutter of telegrams, letters, bills, and parcels. Beeman approached the pile and found a layer of sand on every item. Not the dust of age which Beeman grew accustomed to in the bowels of the estate office, but an incredibly thick layer of sand. Beeman turned to look at the lush green corn fields waving in the breeze, the silk upon the stalk heads glistening like gold in the sun. It was hardly the Sahara.

Beeman’s gaze wandered to the stare of the crows. Their unwavering black eyes remained focused on the door of the house. Beeman found himself wondering just what a group of crows were called. That eerie wave washed back over Beeman when he recalled the sound of their feet advancing across the dirt road. Suddenly, he very much wanted inside the house.

“Mr. Hurley,” Beeman called, rapping on the door.

An unseen thick coat of sand fell from atop the door and spilled onto Beeman’s hands. He stepped back, fearing a blemish upon his dress coat. “Mr. Hurley!”

“Who’s there? Lyle?” Hurley’s voice sounded from down the sidewalk, where Beeman parked his car. Beeman, the stare of the crows pressing on his back, stepped down the walkway, his nervous hands checking his hair another time. Beeman walked back up to the car and looked around. There was no sign of Hurley.

“Mr. Hurley! It’s Tal—”

“I know who ya are, Beeman. Ya the one whose been sending me all them telegrams.” Beeman looked around again in puzzlement. “Up here, ya damned fool,” Hurley’s voice called from the window above Beeman and his car. There, on the third story windowsill, stooped Hurley, his eyes black and beady like those of the crows.

“Mr. Hurley, if I may come in for a moment, there is an important matter to discuss.”

“I know ya ‘important matter’ and I don’t feel too keen on letting ya in with them back there.” Hurley jerked his head towards the crows.

“Yes, rather strange, aren’t they, Mr. Hurley?” Hurley’s frail body stirred upon the sill. “What? They been looking at ya, too?” The urgency and fear in Hurley’s voice Beeman found much more unsettling than the crows. With the skittish tone in Hurley’s voice, and the way he perched upon that sill, Hurley seemed waiting for some advancing army.

“Well yes,” Beeman said turning to gaze at the crows, “they’ve been there for quite some time. Strange things, they don’t make a sound, do they?” Beeman looked back up to find the sill empty. He heard the clumping of boots down wooden stairs, and a few moments later, Hurley shoved open the front door, scattering packages and sand to the steadily increasing wind.

“Get in here, boy. They lookin’ at ya; we’re both in the same boat.”

Beeman knew Hurley was insane. An insane man who wouldn’t be deemed fit to handle such a

delicate and large land deal. The image of Mr. Hart’s big desk began dissolving in Beeman’s mind.

“Yes, very well, Mr. Hurley,” he called running up the walkway. Hurley grabbed him by the shoulder of his dress coat and hauled him inside. Despite the rough welcome, Beeman felt glad to be in the cool haven of the farmhouse rather than the oppressive heat of the outside.

Beeman followed Hurley to the kitchen. Without a word, Hurley sat down at the small table by the stove and stared out the window. Beeman looked about the kitchen, his eyes adjusting to the dim light. Surrounding the two men were stacks upon stacks of mostly empty canning jars. The scattered bits of dried canned produce clung to the jars’ insides. Some were full of a yellow liquid, which Beeman hoped was moonshine.

“Um, Mr. Hurley,” Beeman sat across from him. “If I may clear some of this away so we can discuss business.”

“We’re not discussing business of any kind a’ tall.”

“I’m afraid you have to, Mr. Hurley. My firm has gone into contract with you to sell the land you now own.”

“It ain’t mine to give, and it ain’t ya’s to sell, boy.”

“Oh, yes it is, Sir. You now own over seventy acres of farmland which you and your brother first sought to sell.”

Hurley continued staring out the window. “I didn’t bring ya in here to discuss business; I brought ya in here to unravel it.”

“What are you saying? You don’t wish to sell the land now?”

Hurley’s head snapped back to face Beeman, a wild look flared up in his old eyes. “Ya damn right I don’t wish to sell the land! And ya don’t want to take it! The mark will pass to you!”

Beeman brought the briefcase up in instinct to shield his face from a possible attack, but Hurley just stared at him with a begging look in his eyes. Something about those eyes made Beeman think for one ridiculous moment that Hurley made sense—that selling the land was wrong. Then Beeman thought of the desk, and how many his improved salary could

buy. The land might not belong to Beeman, but he knew his real estate firm couldn’t take it by force. For land to sell, someone had to put it on the market.

“Why don’t you wish to sell the land, Mr. Hurley?” A note of anger rose in Beeman’s voice. Hurley looked back out the window. Beeman continued, “Scared of going it alone? I’m very sorry for your losses, but before Lyle’s accident, both of you were of the same mind. That shouldn’t be any different now.” Beeman clicked open the case and slapped the deeds on the table. “Sign, please.”

“Lyle didn’t die in an accident, and Francis didn’t die in one either.”

Any sense of Beeman’s having authority over the situation vanished. “What do you mean?”

Hurley sighed. “Lyle and I wanted to sell the land for so long, we really did. The boom going on, we figured it was for the best. All of us could move to somewhere better. But Francis—” Hurley threw himself out of his chair, walked over to the stove and opened a jar of stewed tomatoes. He leaned against the stove and dug out the dripping red gobs of mush

with his stained fingers. “Francis was the nun of the group. Didn’t feel takin’ the land, his own land, away from the squatters he let move in was right. Wouldn’t sell, but Lyle and I, well, we were always of the all or nothin’ mindset.”

“My God, you murdered your brothers?” Beeman glanced over at the door which now seemed very far from the table and the crazed-looking Hurley, red juice dribbling over his chin.

“Nah, just Francis, but Lyle was no accident either. Oh no, very much intentional.”

“He ... he threw himself on that thresher? Guilt?”

“More like escape, I reckon; ever seen a mouse caught in a trap, Beeman?” Beeman shook his head. “They’ll chew off their own tail, paralyze themselves just to get away. I found my brother Lyle the next day, but not after having broken down the bull barn door, locked from the inside.”

“You said it wasn’t suicide—”

“Something had been clawing that door to pieces from the outside the night Lyle went to the thresher. The crows, they came callin’ and he didn’t want to answer.”

“Crows? Now come to your senses. Crows couldn’t murder a man.”

“They wanted him,” Hurley whispered, “for all his transgressions and now they want us too. We both got blood on our hands.” Hurley sucked tomato juice off his chin stubble. “Lyle told me about crows camped outside his place down the road. Always in the same strip of road, always sitting there watchin’ him. Course I told him he was a damn fool, then ... well, I already told you what happened.”

“Now the crows want you?”

“Not just me, they want you too. They want all who are getting’ rich off this while the land’s raped and innocents go hungry. The land’s fighting back. You seen how we sell off parcels, buy them back, sell them again, over-farm them. It’s sick and tired of us, Beeman. It’s letting famine creep up on us, and on that sandy wind come the crows. Crows always come when there’s blood spilt, and damn it all to hell—they smell it strong on us, Beeman. Make no mistake about that.”

Beeman gripped his hands into fists to control the shaking and stood up. “Just because we’re

prospering while others aren’t doesn’t make us evil. These are the 1920’s, Mr. Hurley, and we’re in a boom. It would be a bigger crime to let it pass us by. Our country thrives on our economy, thrives on business.”

Hurley stepped up to Beeman’s face. His breath, reeking of canned tomatoes and pickled eggs, drifted into Beeman’s nostrils, making his eyes water. He said, “Ya right, Beeman, our country thrives on it, our country devours land for money and it’s gonna be put down real soon. You just watch and see. This area’s gonna suffer, the country’s gonna be put down like a rabid dog.”

Beeman threw his hands up in the air, unease rapidly being replaced by sheer anger. “Oh! And the crows are going to punish us all, is that it!? They’re going to corner me and peck my eyes out simply for doing my job!? Or are they going to make me go insane like in those dime horror novels!?”

“Take ya pick, Beeman,” Hurley murmured. “Ya going to be punished either way, just like me.”

“Mr. Hurley, if you’re frightened of some birds on the road and a few wisps of dust on your farm-

land, then you’re a disgrace of a man and a fool. The deeds in my case, if signed, can give you enough money to go anywhere you please. Hundreds of miles away, out to the Napa Valley where crows aren’t even allowed to roost.” Beeman let that notion sink in with Hurley. The anger was still biting at him, but Beeman knew the quickest way to seal a deal was to approach calmly, like persuading a child with a gumdrop.

“Mr. Hurley, what you said just now, I am willing to let that pass through my mind, forget all about it. What you did with your brothers is not my concern; my concern is, however, that you sign these papers and make both of us very wealthy and very happy men. Can you do that?”

Hurley nodded his weary head. “I suppose I can sign those; it ain’t the worst that’ll happen to me.”

“Good, excellent,” Beeman said, tapping the deeds pointedly.

He watched Hurley like one of the crows, intently and purposefully as the old man’s gnarled fingers etched his name upon the signature line. Beeman quickly added his to the line next to it. Before Beeman

could give Hurley the usual pat on the back and laugh he gave all his clients, the man slumped back down into his chair. Hurley opened another jar of tomatoes, chewed them up in his cragged maw and began to weep. Beeman watched in disgust as the man’s old face became encased in dribbling tears and tomato juice. Beeman turned and made for the door, suitcase in hand, then he stopped and looked back.

“Just out of curiosity, Mr. Hurley, you called Lyle when I arrived? Why did you call out his name?”

Between gulps of food and gasps of air Hurley said, “I was hoping it was his crow. I’d rather have it be him and Francis that kill me. Instead, you did.”

Beeman shook his head and walked back outside, stepping over the jumble of parcels and sand. Many thoughts raced in his mind. Just what sort of illness had consumed Hurley? How would he be able to hide the fact his client might be a murderer? Where had the crows gone? The dirt road past the wooden fence was empty. Beeman gripped his suitcase tighter and continued towards the car. Behind him he heard Hurley’s boot steps ascending to his perch on the third floor window.

Probably going to give me some morbid advice before I leave, Beeman was thinking when Hurley came screaming out of the third floor window and landed directly into the Model-T, crumpling the hood like a tin can and sending glass shards flying to the ground. Beeman’s mouth opened in shock. He gazed upon the bloody, cut corpse of his newest business partner lying in a cloud of steam from the broken radiator. Then he heard the cawing.

The crows swooped down through the sky and landed upon the body. Their demented cawing and screeching filled the still summer air. Without hesitation, the entire group of crows pecked at the body. The realization of what a group of crows was called sprang into Beeman’s mind: a murder. The entire murder of crows feasted while Beeman screamed.

At the sound of the scream, two crows lifted their heads from Hurley’s mangled corpse and resumed their blank, prophetic stare at Beeman. His own eyes followed their gaze to the deeds still clutched in his hand. He could see his own name, Talbert Beeman, written clearly and legibly on the surface. He turned his head back up and saw the

whole murder staring him down. Beeman backed away from the shattered and ruined car, away from Hurley’s body, and away from the crows. Silent again, the crows hopped from the car and began their scratchy march towards Beeman. He backed-aled onto the road and turned towards the way he arrived. The sun still hung high in the sky, but the walk to town was more than an hour.

Beeman threw his red suitcase at the crows who soundlessly flapped their wings and scattered out of the way. They parted like an oil slick but regrouped in an instant, staring. Clutching the house deeds close to his chest, Beeman marched down the dirt road, desperately trying to ignore the growing cacophony of harsh caws from the calling crows following close behind. ⚓

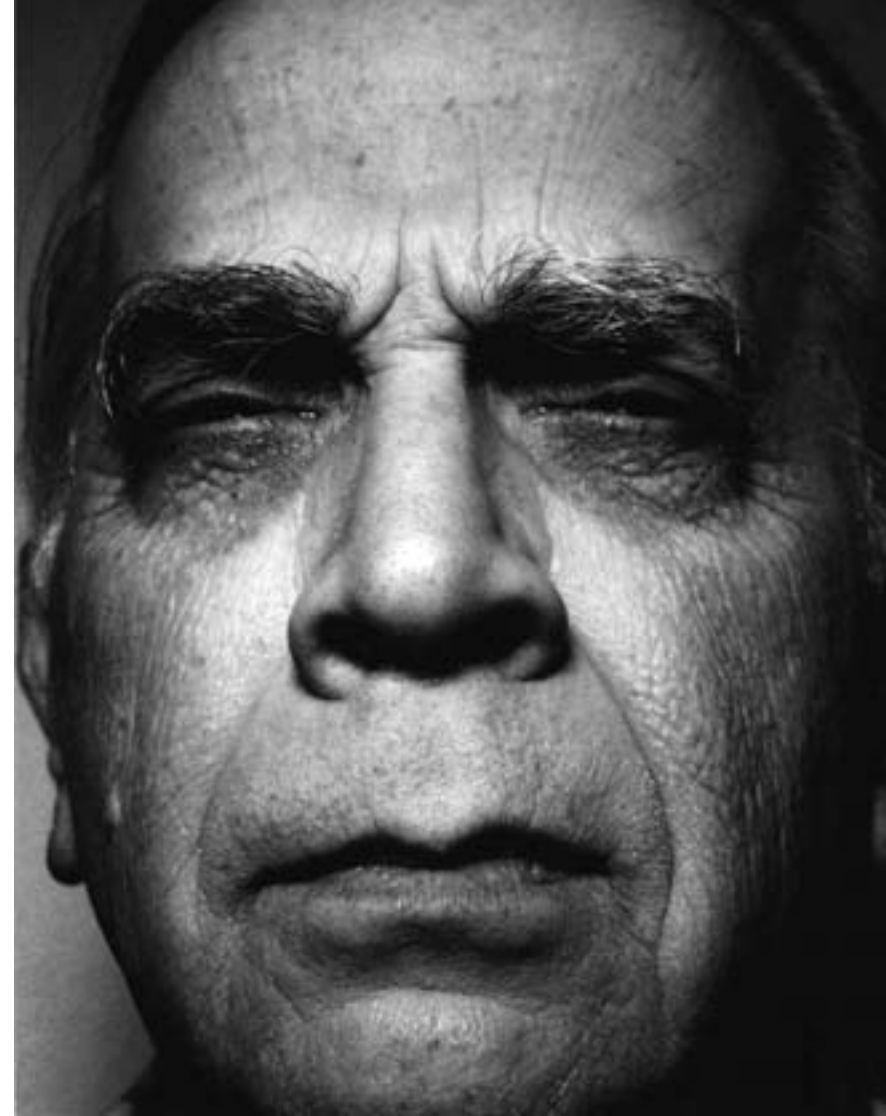


Aaron Languell

Skin is the Story of Our Lives
Graphite on Paper

Riquel Hafdahl

Paradox
Digital Photograph





Dominique Horn

Sunday Afternoon
Silver Gelatin Print

Dominique Horn

Daddy's Arms
Silver Gelatin Print



Dominique Horn

Button
Silver Gelatin Print

When Good Food Goes Bad

If you were awake that night, you would have heard a faint voice float through the night air. “I’m Bobby Flay; my wife’s too smoking hot for me to die”.

a horrendous pounding at the bedroom door.

Bobby Flay whimpered like a little girl, even peed himself a little. “I’m Bobby Flay,” he cried, “I’m too cocky and arrogant to die!”

But his girlish cries did not stop the pounding, it continued until there was the sound of a lighter thud, then another, then another.

Bobby Flay tried to be brave and inched forward, just enough to see the door.

Thud Thud Thud, and with each thud Bobby Flay’s body jerked until he shrieked like a banshee at the large kitchen knife coming through the door; then it came through again and again. And between stabs of the knife through the wood came a voice with a bad Japanese accent.

“Bobby Flay, you cannot hide from me.” *–stab–* “I will get you, Bobby Flay.” *–stab–* “You will die, Bobby Flay.”

Bobby Flay quickly got out from under the bed and leaped to the window. Fumbling with the lock, he got it open and then tried to pull up the window. No luck. He jumped around frantically.

“You are going to die, Bobby Flay!” The voice cried.

“I’m Bobby Flay; my ratings are too good for me to die!”

The trembling chef picked up the stool from his wife’s vanity and used it to smash the window until the glass shattered out of the frame. Bobby Flay put one leg through and was sitting on the seal when he looked at the door.

There in the center was a hole the size of a human head. Through this hole and onto the dresser popped a featherless, skinless, footless, headless chicken, wielding a kitchen knife.

The hole in its neck where the head was once attached opened and closed as it spoke. The small FDA-approved poultry extended its wing and pointed the blade at the chef. “Now, Bobby Flay, I will cook you!”

Bobby Flay screamed and jumped out the window, falling down to the side of his house and landing in the bushes. Moans escaped him as he crawled out. An old pine tree provided a place for Bobby Flay to lean, but only for a few moments, as the chicken followed, hollering “Banzai!” while it fell.

Bobby Flay bolted faster than a Jew across Nazi Germany. He huffed and puffed through the trees and into the hills. The moonlight shone through the clouds and its beams provided a guide through the trees and growing fog.

If you were awake that night, you would have heard a faint voice float through the night air. “I’m Bobby Flay; my wife’s too smoking hot for me to die.”

Bobby Flay grew tired and stopped a moment to rest. Moonlight seeped through the trees, casting spider shadows on the ground. The wind blew gently, making the leaves rustle a night melody.

It’s a chicken, just a chicken, that’s all. I could just kick it and that would be it. Why am I running?

Bobby Flay stood up. Then came the laughter. He jumped around to see from where the laughter sounded. It was deep and blunt; Bobby Flay looked up to see the chicken standing on a tree branch.

Dear God! It’s in the trees! That’s amazing, I mean, how did it get up there? Chickens can’t fly!

Bobby Flay ran through the woods with the chicken chasing him in the trees, leaping from branch to branch. It cackled with mock delight, scraping its

fork and knife together. Sparks burst from each clink of metal, momentarily illuminating Bobby Flay.

Out of the trees and past a cornfield, over a fence, down a road, up steps, Bobby Flay jerked open the farmhouse door and jumped inside, slamming it hard behind him.

Standing there in the dark was Emeril Lagasse holding the chicken under his arm. Emeril shouted “Bam!” and then kicked Bobby Flay in the groin.

Bobby Flay fell into a hole in the floor and then deep into darkness. At last, he reached the bottom, landing hard on something.

“I’m Bobby Flay; I’m too much of an asshole to die!”

And then came the heat, blistering. Then the fire, all around the giant plate he had landed on. The laughter came, deep, no, deeper Japanese accent. The chicken rose from the flames, two hundred feet tall. It laughed and laughed, stiffening, then pointing its huge knife at Bobby Flay.

“You look delicious, Bobby Flay! I will eat you now! Hahahaha! Hahaha!”

At that moment, Alton Brown jolted up out of his bed with a short scream, his body covered in cold sweat.

“What—what is it?” his wife said, sitting up a little next to him and putting her arm on his shoulder.

“Oh God,” he said, wiping his head, “I had another one of those damn dreams.”

“Not Bobby Flay again.”

“Yeah, I’m going to have to call Doctor Huffman today.”

“Just lie down and go back to sleep.”

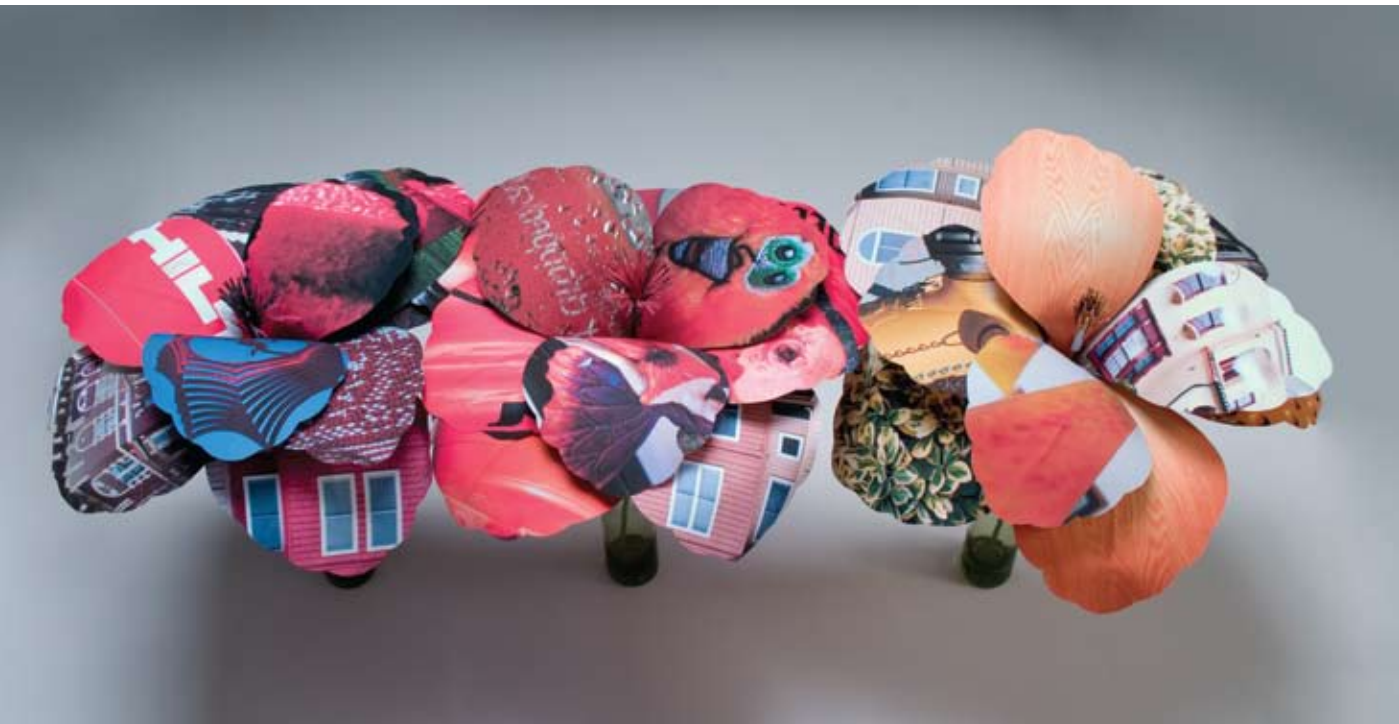
Alton sighed and cracked his neck. “No, it’s almost six. I’ll just stay awake.” He swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood.

“Maybe ... I’ll make some crepes,” he added.



Joe Cole

Our Urban Lives
Acrylic on Wood



Tara Badtram

Magnolias
Digital Photographs on Paper with Wire

Margarete Strawn

Homage to Tyrant
Xerox Transfer





Noelle Winiecki

Elephant Rider
Watercolor

Phoenix 2008

Skye Yanagisawa

Circular Flip
Digital Photograph





Katherine Koon

Grass-Green Tea Set
Ceramic

Rachael Gregg

Germany 1973
Polaroid Transfer and Lift





Kerris Morgan

Relics
Xerox Transfer on Wood

The Problem with Being a Tree

Bianca Santino

We're like trees, planted afar by three inches
The furthest one can be, being a tree;
The same difference of distance as three miles, years, or lives
Plus, coniferous you, deciduous I
And though yes we are trees we, my love, can never be ...

... because we are different afar by three inches. ⚓



Robert Ditty

So What?
Acrylic on Bristol



Phoenix 2008



Stephanie Handy

Breathe in
Digital Photograph

43



Whitney Woodland

Opal Squared
Sterling Silver, Copper, Brass
and Opal Mosaic Triplet



Opposite

Diana Alderman

Last Letters
Digital Photograph



Stephanie Heiring

Han Interpretation
Ceramic



Allison Lee

Fat Owl
Colored Fondant and Icing Over Styrofoam



Joshua Snavely

Get Legal Campaign
Graphic Illustration

Erik Cummings

Ender's Choice

Fog-chilled steel froze his cheek but he ignored it, staring across the misty street at the decision before him.

Ender lit the cigarette, then snapped the lighter closed with a clink. His long, tan duster jacket shifted in a gust of sudden wind that did nothing to shift neither him nor the fog blanketing the late afternoon. To one side of him, the light in a lamp-post sputtered; to the other side, a postbox stood, a blocky figure set against the chill, all three in a row, indifferent to the weather and unmoving.

Black hair waved now and again on the top of Ender's head. The growth on his cheeks, chin, and upper lip was not long enough to follow suit. Almost too weary to glance up, his overcast grey eyes studied the ground near his scuffed boots.

In his pocket, his left hand twiddled a shilling around its fingers. Noticing the tic, Ender clenched his fist, the edge of the coin digging into his palm. Automatically, his mind compensated for the pain

with recollection, the recollection of the day before: Molten pools of copper shone with the spark of laughter as she looked up into William's eyes. Ender watched from behind the laurel hedge, despair a pace behind and nodding its heavy head. To the twenty-one year old man, the temptation to burst out into the open, throw himself at her feet, and beg her to let go of William's hand and take his own was powerful.

Still, a part of Ender longed for the two of them to kiss, to seal his total exile, to convince his heart that he possessed no chance at all of making Katrina's heart his forever.

Ender imagined himself in William's position. How easy it would be, then, to slide his arms around her, bring his face closer to her own, until all that filled his sight were her eyes and his ears would hear her heartbeat racing. At last, at long last then, her breath, playing across his tongue as his mouth closed the distance between their lips.

Fingers pressing painfully into his temples, Ender let the cigarette fall to the ground. *For heaven's sake!* he berated himself. *Get over her!* Against

the digits, his pulse beat sullen, straining against the punishing pressure.

Bending down, he picked up the cigarette and stuck it back in his teeth. His head throbbed as he slumped against the lamppost. Fog-chilled steel froze his cheek but he ignored it, staring across the misty street at the decision before him.

This is so bloody sentimental. Why am I considering this?

Another breeze twitched the hem of his coat. He shifted his weight but didn't straighten.

What will I think next week? Will I regret? Most likely. Will I despair even more? Most definitely. Will I do anything to change what I'm about to do? Probably not.

The breeze rubbed against his feet and he glanced down to find it was not a breeze at all, but a cat. It stopped winding around his shins and sat down in front of him, looking up with lemon-tinted eyes.

"I just don't want to hurt her, you know?" explained Ender in his Scottish burr. *Why am I talking to a cat?*

With a soft yowl, the black feline blinked as if it knew what Ender meant.

"Well, I suppose I've got to talk to someone. But I know what you're really thinking—you just like my accent." Half-grinning, Ender watched the cat give itself a few grooming licks, then look down the street.

"Don't try acting all nonchalant," he reproached, then chuckled. "You're luckier than you know. You can fight your rivals, and the girl you fight over won't care either way."

Seeming to pay no mind to Ender's ramblings, the cat stretched up, pawing the man's knee. The man scratched behind its silken ears and purr filled the fogged stillness. Under his fingers, the cat shivered with the cold.

Hesitating for a moment, Ender reached down and picked up the cat. With one hand, he cinched the belt on his duster and slid the cat down into his jacket with the other. It squirmed around to get comfortable, then nosed Ender's whiskery chin as if to ask "What now?"

That is the question, thought Ender.

Across the street, a squat brick warehouse hunched. The cat squeaked in impatience. Ender looked down into its eyes. "What's wrong?"

Turning its gaze to the building, the cat shifted again.

"I know. I didn't like the look of it either when I first saw this place."

Ender Callahan completed secondary school in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1910. The following summer, he visited his grandparents, the Count and Countess Fellingworth, in London. Two of the Queen Mother's friends, they presented him at court and he experienced the high life of the socially well-off for three months. During that time, he met many interesting people, including Dr. Barnes, a physicist and engineer. Due to Ender's interest in mathematics and mechanics, they became fast friends and discussed all manner of theories and principles. Dr. Barnes employed the young graduate as his laboratory assistant.

Three years ago, Dr. Barnes received a visit from a resident of Downing Street. The nameless representative of the British government commis-

sioned the physicist to research the possibility of a time machine. Tremors of war unsettled the ruling families of Europe, and if any hostilities broke out despite diplomacy's best efforts, the world would find out how brutal and violent humankind could be.

Dr. Barnes told Ender and no one else. Together, they worked for two years and succeeded after months of eighteen-hour days. Or so it appeared. Before they could test it and determine, the scientist disappeared.

Deciding not to trust anyone, Ender spent a week afterwards relocating the untested machine and reported the project stolen. The government immediately disavowed all knowledge and swore him to secrecy. A few days later, Ender ceased his secret watch on the machine when he met Katrina. Until yesterday, he found no reason to return.

Now, estranged from his family due to his work with Dr. Barnes and hurt from Katrina's preference for his best friend, Ender stood outside the warehouse once more. The question, a forgotten ember at the back of his mind, now burned bright in his

mind. Does it work? He wondered. He took a step into the street and hesitated. Doubts nudged him, more insistent now. *What if it isn't there? I haven't been here in a year. It could have been damaged, stolen.*

Ender crossed the street and tried the door-knob on the paint-peeling door.

Still locked, he thought. *That's a good sign.*

Moving a brick on the nearby windowsill, he took the key hidden there and inserted it into the lock. As he turned it, the scraping caused the cat in his coat to fidget. "Easy, Laddy-me-cat," he murmured. "We'll just take a quick look since it's probably not there. If it is, probably it won't work."

The door opened with a groan

Who are you trying to convince, Ender? He asked himself. *The cat or yourself?*

"Both," he muttered aloud as he entered and shut the door behind him.

Before Ender could flip the light switch, they came on, sweeping the darkness away to reveal a cluttered room the length and width of two garages. Indeed, it could have passed for one with

all the dismembered automobiles and mechanical parts strewn about, half under dusty tarpaulins.

The memories came flooding back as he spotted an area neater than the rest but no less jam-packed with mechanical paraphernalia. A workbench spanned the length of the wall right up to the corner, wrenches, screwdrivers, hammers, and all manner of tools scattered on it. In front of it stood a circle of tall poles, painted half black and half white and spaced wide enough for a grown man to slip through to stand in the center. Two metal hoops kept them upright, one on top and the other on the bottom. On the top ring over each pole was what appeared to be thick metal tin lids painted black. Each rested on a pivot. The overall appearance was not unlike a cage.

A slight cough startled Ender, and he looked beyond the machine to see a short, grey-haired man in his forties watching him over wire-rimmed spectacles.

"Doctor Barnes!" Ender said.

The man smiled, a weary effort Ender remembered so well, and nodded. He ran a hand through

his prematurely aged hair and blinked his watery blue eyes.

"Ender," he greeted in his soft voice. "I wondered if you would come." His look turned sympathetic, making him look even more tired. "I heard about Katrina and your friend, William. Bloody shame. I can see why she chose him, though; let's face it, you wouldn't have told her about this project no matter what. Keeping secrets from your lady friend is not the best in a relationship."

"Where have you been?" Ender managed to ask. "Why did you leave? Do you realize I had to move the device before Downing Street got their hooks on it? Alone?"

Dr. Barnes sighed. "I know. I apologize."

"Where did you go?" demanded the young man.

"It works."

A rush of amazement hit the inside of Ender's stomach like the after-burn of a Lafayette cocktail.

"What?" he whispered, drawing closer.

His friend pushed his glasses farther up the bridge of his nose. "I tried it the day we finished it.

I couldn't ask you to test it yourself; that left me," he explained. "I was pleased to discover my faith in you was well placed—you kept my disappearance a secret and moved the device to safety."

Their theories proved correct, the doctor went on to assure him. Magnetic fields, if strong enough and controlled precisely, bend time and space long enough to shift a body of mass from one point on the universal timeline to another. Dr. Barnes's eyes grew bright as his revelation continued. "Even the recall failsafe works, which is how I managed to return. Admittedly, it was three weeks later than I wanted. As I said, however, it works! With more adjusting, it will function perfectly."

All this occurred too fast for Ender, and he struggled to stay focused. The reason for his visit came to him once more. "Dr. Barnes, did you read the newspaper this morning?" he asked.

Caught off-guard, Dr. Barnes' face turned serious once more. "Yes. Arch Duke Ferdinand and his wife shot to death. Tragic."

“With their leader dead and Serbian nationals responsible,” Ender said, “Austria-Hungary will most certainly call for war. Germany will aid them, Russia will stand with Serbia, and it will not be long before the rest of Europe is called upon to take sides.”

The cat in Ender’s jacket squirmed and meowed until he let it out. Tail straight up, it wandered off into the maze of junk in the warehouse.

“Your grasp of politics is as accurate as ever, my friend,” replied the doctor. “Now, I—” his voice trailed off. “You are not suggesting ...”

Ender nodded, his face neutral. “Isn’t this the reason why we gave up a year of our lives? If we don’t use it, all we worked for will have been for nothing.”

“You are serious.” Dr. Barnes’ eyes took on a weary light. “Ender, you must realize that changing the course of history is a risky business. To dabble in the affairs of time is to plow the fields where only God should guide the team. I knew it when I tested the machine and the experience has only deepened my belief in it.”

“Doctor, if we don’t do something with the resources available to us, we will be responsible

for the lives of thousands if not *millions* of people,” insisted Ender, taking a step closer, a desperate look in his eyes. “You may be able to live with that on your conscience but I am not willing to do so.”

“And how can you be sure that you would change history for the betterment of mankind at all?” Dr. Barnes looked over the top of his glasses again and raised his eyebrows, “Given the chance, would you change history and kill William so Katrina would love you instead? It would be easier and more beneficial to you than saving the life of the Arch Duke.”

It felt as though Ender’s stomach crawled into his throat, driven by the truth of the doctor’s words.

What does William deserve? he wondered. *He always had women fawning over him—his charm, his hooded glances, and his laconic Oxford accent.*

As Ender pondered, a scene unfolded in Ender’s mind, one in which he’d taken part one month ago.

“I’ve never found anything in them, Ender.”

The unexpected confession pulled a double-take from the Scotsman. “Say again?”

Dropping his gaze to the worn bar top, William shrugged, for once appearing awkward. “For most of my life, I never looked deeper than appearance when searching for a person’s worth.”

Ender took a swallow from his pint of beer as he leaned back against the wall. “We’ve all been guilty of that at least once in our lives. The trick is to figure out why we are in fact doing it and look deeper.”

He had figured it out some time ago, William explained. Once, he found his character in a girl he dated—looks, charm, and hollow inside from relying on outward appearances for worth.

“It scared the hell out of me. Now,” the man shoved his hands into his pockets. “I want to find a girl who, like me, has realized the same thing.”

His respect for William was nothing if not well placed, and the Scotsman congratulated himself as he smiled into his beer mug.

“William was my friend,” retorted Ender. *“Is my friend.”*

Staring at the young man with an unreadable expression for a moment, the doctor did not reply. Then, he turned and walked to the workbench. “I still believe this is a mistake. You are, however, correct. We cannot let this work go to waste.”

“Right!” Ender rubbed his hands together and moved to stand next to him. “Where do I start?”

As they theorized during the late stages of development, if one calculated the magnetism over a certain area during a specific point in time, one would be able to transport to that area by reproducing those levels of magnetism. Dr. Barnes pulled out a thick notebook and flipped through page after page of calculations. “What I didn’t account for was the magnetism of the brain. The magnetic pulses discharged by the magnets,” he continued, jerking a thumb over his shoulder at the “lids” around the rim of the machine, “disrupt the brain’s natural magnetic poles and damages memory and thought process. That happened to me. I only recently regained my memory enough to find this place.”

“Is there a way to prevent that?”

Dr. Barnes straightened and reached into his pocket. He handed the contents to Ender.

Ender examined the three black bars. “More magnets?” he understood. “Opposite poles of the devices to shield the natural brain magnetism?”

“Correct. Tuck those in your pocket and your memory will be fine. Right.” Dr. Barnes strode over to the pole device and reached up to one of the circular magnets, swiveling it so its face turned in a different direction. He progressed around the circle, doing the same to the rest, making sure they angled in specific directions. “Get in,” he instructed at last after checking the notebook again to verify his calculations.

Taking a deep breath, Ender slipped between the bars and stood in the center of the circle. As he did, the light filtering through the dusty windows caught his eye and unearthed a memory of Katrina.

“Dance with me, Ender!”
Laughing, Ender took her hand. Stereotypes be hanged, he thought. True, it was a flower-strewn meadow, the warm sun was indeed shining, and, yes, it was spring. But this was real, not a romantic novel. Emerald slivers, soft and thick, bent before

her bare feet as Katrina leaped and twirled around with him. He followed as best he could in his boots, still chuckling.

Dr. Barnes took one final look at his tables and pulled a small lever on the wall next to the light switch. Above the machine, a long metal bar extended down from the ceiling and halted an inch from the top. At its tip, an azure light glowed.

“An azure sky with a molten gold peach ...”
Katrina smiled at his description. “You should be a writer or an actor.”

The glow grew brighter until Ender had to look away. Something nudged his foot, and his head whipped down to find the cat butting his ankle with its head. “Bloody fool,” he reproached. “Get out of here!”

The cat dodged his foot as he tried to shove it out through the bars. Instead of leaving, it hunched and leaped into his jacket once more. Ender sighed. “All right, but don’t blame me if you don’t like where I’m going.”

It purred and rubbed its forehead against his chin again. The fur felt so soft.

“To wield a feather as a sword, so felt the breeze to us that day.”

Flicking his nose with her finger, Katrina’s teeth gleamed, her copper eyes sparkling. “That silver tongue of yours never ceases to amaze me.”

Just as the bar discharged its electrical pulse and sent power thrumming through the magnets, the man in the cage dug his hand into his pocket and tossed something through the bars. With the addition of electricity, the magnetic lids on each of the poles fluctuated and spun around and around, faster and faster, building up immense power. The initial light from the electrical pulse faded, then shone one last time, forcing Dr. Barnes to shield

his eyes. Vibrations from the twirling magnets rattled the bars and the pivots began to whine under the stress. Once again, the light faded, this time for good. Though the magnets still rotated, the cage stood empty.

Letting out a sigh, Dr. Barnes walked over and bent down. He picked up three small bars and shot a look at the formerly occupied cage.

“So, Ender, you think forgetting will solve everything?” Fingers tightening around the discarded magnets, Dr. Barnes glanced up at the time machine again.

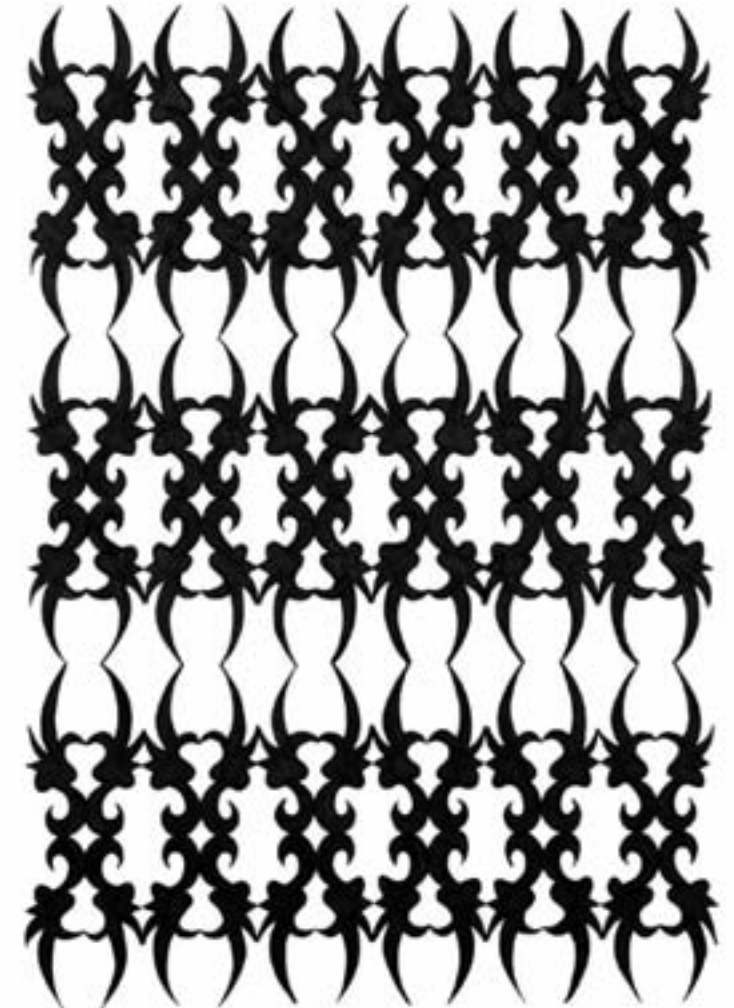
“Fool. Poor, lovelorn, sentimental fool.”





Kevin Ellsberg

Devoured Elysium
Silver Gelatin Print



Alana McCammon

Fence
Ink on Bristol



Stephanie Handy

Faith
Graphic Illustration



Stephanie Handy

Grow
Graphic Illustration

And Let the Bombs

Allison Phillips

And let the bombs become our confetti
we are mourning in the larynx with anticipation—
a banshee of our isolated army.
Pink cheeked children suckling missiles
lactating black gold, maybe Texas tea,
and we scream CRASH ALL YOUR PLANES INTO THE RIVER.
The violins are quaking, the sound of a coal mine caving in on itself;
we are praying our own annotated version of our father who art in heaven
adorned with shivering bloodlust in our terrific pride.
The trumpets are blowing;
this is Jericho revisited and waiting to fall. ⚓



Lauren Perez

Screw This
Acrylic on Canvas



Patricia Thompson

Transition in Light
Charcoal

Chased by Myth

“Behold the viren, once legend, now fact. Step down, dirty dog, and see that my mind is all-intact.”

Flying between the skyscrapers, the small terror-filled dragon fled from an unseen danger, unable to shake off what chased it. It did not matter where the tiny dragon ducked or dived, whatever human or beast trying to catch the small dragon was able to keep up the chase. Finally, in a desperate attempt to escape, the dragon dove into the park, out of view from Mandrid.

Curious and astounded, Mandrid lifted himself from the bench, jogging in the direction of the park. Crossing streets and passing buildings, Mandrid came to the entrance of the park, stepping past the stone lions guarding the entrance and onto the cemented path. The dim greenery of many prosperous trees gave him the sense of a still forest. A majority of the trees were blossoming, inviting the insects and humming birds to carry their pollen from them to an-

other. It was in this serene scene that a strange feeling creeped over Mandrid, a feeling of wickedness nearby. No birds sang and squirrels scampered to their hiding place high in the trees.

Looking about for the dragon, Mandrid heard a loud, friendly holler of victory. A man of curiosity more than caution, Mandrid jogged in the sound’s direction. He came to a group of men surrounding a park bench. Pushing his way through, Mandrid squeezed into the tightly packed bunch to look upon something that took him by total surprise.

Resting on the park bench was a large copper birdcage, but it was not the birdcage that made the sight so unusual, but rather what was inside—it was the small dragon. Unlike the dragons of legend that terrorized Europe with cruel intent, this dragon looked far from threatening. The dragon bore white, glimmering scales, large blue fan-shaped ears matching her large bat-like wings. Flashing back and forth, the creature’s long tail bore a teardrop ornament the same color as her wings. The dragon’s puppy-doglike face held light blue eyes the shape of lemon drops.



A diamond bulge centered on her forehead, swirling liquid beneath its clear tough scale. On her chest, a blue arrow pointed down.

“Can’t believe what the eyes are telling, can you? What be your name, stranger?”

Mandrid turned rapidly to see an old sailor in a yellow rain coat and hat. The man’s face was dirty, scrunched, and wrinkled; the skin under his eyes sagged, his lips, a pale pink holding an old fashioned cigar he transferred continually from one side of his mouth to the other. His back appeared permanently hunched over, his arms, legs and fingers long and bony. The sailor’s piercing brown eyes looked able to win any type of staring contest. Thinning and grey, his hair was greasy and his beard short and prickly.

Put off by the stranger’s ghoulish gaze and the puffing of smoke spilling from the stranger’s mouth, Mandrid gagged a smile of greeting while distracted to an unnatural movement from the trees. All he saw was an abnormal shadow moving through the tree-tops. The shadow made him nervous, but did not keep him from answering the sailor’s question.

“Mandrid,” he replied.

One of the sailor’s eyes opened wide as he transferred his cigar from the left to the right and back again. Lifting two long, bony fingers, the sailor pinched his cigar and pulled it from his mouth in order to speak smoothly.

“Never thought you could see such a rare sight as this, so clearly?” reminisced the sailor, motioning to the caged dragon, “Behold the viren, once legend, now fact. Step down, dirty dog, and see that my mind is all-intact. Did not tell a yarn, but a verity. The viren is a remarkable dragon of great intellect; she is now mine to preserve.”

After finishing his speech, the sailor took up the caged dragon and drew close to Mandrid, whispering as he looked about with caution.

“You be looking like a trustworthy fellow,” the sailor said. “I can see in your eyes that you wish to help this dragon. I rather not trust her to a hand of a stranger, but I have no choice—I can’t trust this scurvy crew around me. Take the viren, Tella, to the cliffs beyond the city or her life be lost to us.”





David Willworth

Sunshine on a Cloudy Day
Stone Setting in Cast Sterling Silver



Rachael Gregg

The Way We Are
Ink, Acrylic, Collage
on Wood Panel



Opposite
Noelle Winiecki

 Train Ride to the Sea
 Digital Photograph



Merle Quatier

 The Pilot
 Liquid Photographic
 Emulsion on Marble

Katherine Koon

Bird Vase
Ceramic



Phoenix 2008



Jennifer Gilmore

Don't Put All Your Eggs in One Basket
Ceramic



Dominique Horn

Nothing at All
Acrylic on Canvas

Whitney Woodland

Bounty of the Sea
Sterling Silver and Pearls





Ashley Cozzetto

Olivia, by the Tree
Chromogenic Print



Mary Heuvel

Rose
Watercolor on Canvas



Margarete Strawn
 Drinking Horn Cup Set
 Ceramic

Dominique Horn

Acorn
 Ceramic





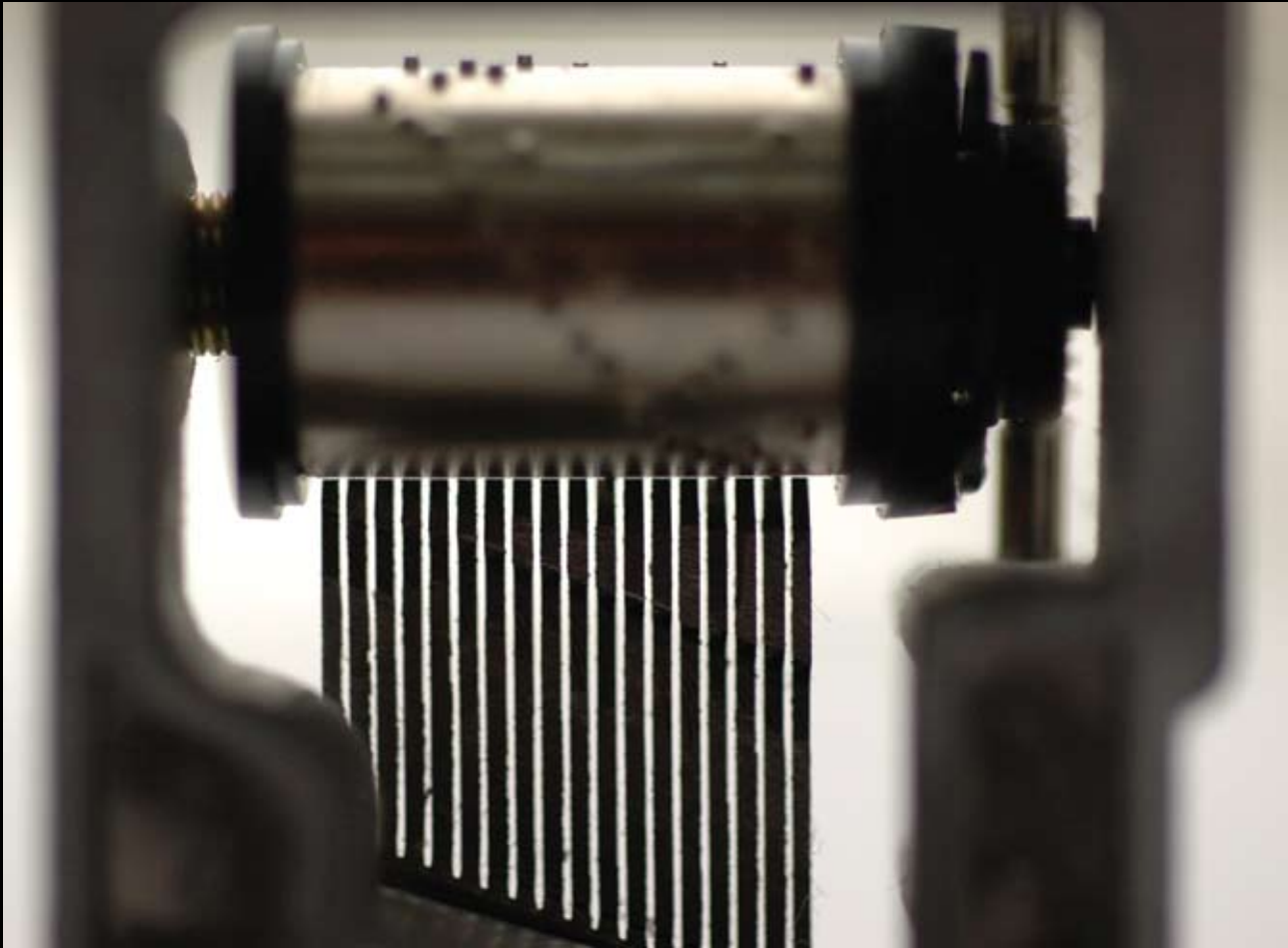
Barbara Charbonneau

Ally
Acrylic on Canvas



Alex Grengs

Ice Cream Meltdown
Ceramic



Skye Yanagisawa

Combing for Notes
Digital Photograph



Kelli Gaylor

Joy
Acrylic on Bristol

A Helping Hand

Kail hated Taryn for doing what he was never brave enough to do. He did. Really. Kail hated her, even if he couldn't believe it himself anymore.

jaw. On Taryn Locke’s face, no less, an enemy, a rival, someone with whom he had shared a mutual hate for many years. Taryn Locke, the girl that put his father in prison.

In seconds, Kail bolted into action, kneeling on the ground in front of the last person anyone would expect him to help. Taryn’s shoulders sagged, back slumped haphazardly against his car as if even a simple breeze might tip her over.

“Hey,” he called hesitantly. “You all right?” But of course she wasn’t, he berated himself. Such an obvious question had no business coming from his mouth, he thought. And it sure as hell didn’t deserve an answer.

Taryn nodded, sniffing. She was a terrible liar. Kail knew it, she knew it; he didn’t know why Taryn even bothered. The tears spilling down her cheeks were proof enough.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized miserably, voice cracking. “I can’t seem to stop crying. I—the tears just keep coming.”

Kail was torn to see her this way. Taryn Locke was not supposed to be weak. She wasn’t supposed

to break down in front of him, beaten and bruised, clothing in muddy, bloody tatters. Kail could see every misconception he had of her breaking, shattering like a mirror to reveal what he had always refused to acknowledge.

“Contrary to popular belief, I’m not heartless,” The words rolled off his thick tongue automatically, brain frantically racing to catch up.

A gentle breeze caressed Kail’s cheeks, brushing back his auburn curls in approval. Kail helped Taryn stand. He was all too conscious of how she swayed on her feet. With an arm wrapped securely around her waist, he led her to the passenger side of his Mazda. Both situated comfortably inside, Taryn seemed able to finally absorb the reality around her. She swiped at her eyes with a sleeve, pulling her knees to her chest and curling around them.

“What the hell are you playing at, Kail?” She griped, “I don’t need your pity.”

Kail shot her a look, turning the key in the ignition, “Feel free to get out. Don’t let me hold you back.”

She cursed him, but her words were empty. Kail hummed thoughtfully, putting the car in gear.

It whirred to life, tires splashing through puddles as he pulled onto the street. He flicked on the radio, gentle classical ghosting through the rear speakers.

“Where are we going?” Taryn’s face was pale, cast in shadows under the harsh light of the street lamps. She looked exhausted, completely defeated.

“We, Locke? I’m taking you home.” Kail paused, raking his memory for where her house might be. He sighed reluctantly, “Where do you live?”

Taryn said nothing, choosing instead to stare blankly ahead out the windshield. Kail asked again with as much patience as he could manage, but Taryn steadfastly refused to look at him, let alone speak.

“Will you answer the damn question?” Kail snapped, any semblance of patience spent.

“Please, no,” she croaked, “Don’t take me back there.”

Kail glanced at her, fingers tightening on the steering wheel. This situation kept getting worse and worse, and Kail hadn’t the faintest idea of what to do. Taryn hid her face in her knees, golden hair spilling over her shoulders in muddy strings. What the hell had happened? Kail wasn’t sure if he wanted to know.

“Jesus, Locke,” Kail breathed, agitated as he pulled to a stop in front of a stop sign.

He was at his wit’s end. Kail didn’t know what to say or would he could do. Taryn was acting so out of character. It frightened him. What if something *really* bad had happened?

They sat together in a heavy quiet. Kail watched her, waiting for Taryn to say something and waiting for all the right answers to spill out of her puffy lips. Someone honked irritably behind them. Taryn jumped. Grumbling, Kail took his foot off the brake. It proved to be a comfortable ride to his father’s manor—sort of.

Kail parked in the five-car garage and popped the trunk. Taryn didn’t seem to notice him get out. A six-pack of beer sat in his trunk, a bottle of rum lolling innocently next to it. Kail glared at them. It was their fault he was in this mess to begin with. If Kail hadn’t been asked to bring alcohol to the party, if Kail hadn’t forgotten to bring it inside, then he never would have needed to walk back to his car—never would have seen Taryn. Kail could have been dancing, drinking, and drunk instead of stuck carting around a girl who didn’t even like him.

Sighing, Kail removed the alcohol and stacked it next to the deepfreeze. The maids would take care of it later. Shutting the trunk, Kail’s feet scuffed along the concrete as he walked reluctantly back around his Mazda. Taryn still hadn’t gotten out yet. She blinked life back into her face after he opened her door, hesitantly taking Kail’s proffered helping hand. They had trouble maneuvering through the garage—Taryn’s legs kept giving out on her. They almost made it to the pantry when Taryn suffered some sort of dizzy spell and passed out in his arms.

Kail swore, yelling for assistance. It was not, however, one of the maids who came to help. His mother got there first, and that was when Kail remembered his mother had given everyone the night off. Her eyes widened in astonishment, then narrowing into suspicion.

“Kail, what have you been up to?” Her arms crossed primly over her chest, powder-blue dressing gown swishing around her ankles.

“Nothing,” Kail scowled, “I haven’t done a thing.”
“Then how do you explain that?” His mother pointed at Taryn, allowing herself a good look. Her eyes widened once more. “Oh, my.”

“Yes. Yes, I know. Now will you help me? She’s slipping.”

Taryn was falling inch by inch, caught awkwardly against Kail’s side. Between the two of them they managed to get Taryn to the living room and onto the couch. Puffing, though retaining some degree of elegance, his mother seated herself on one of the plush armchairs, raising a quizzical brow.

“Care to explain?” She inquired.
Kail shrugged, brushing flecks of dirt off of his wrinkled shirt, dusting the plush white carpet below. He scrunched his nose in distaste, glaring at the grime that caked the veins of his palms and his fingers, burrowed under his manicured fingernails. Kail hated being dirty. Kail hated feeling gross. Kail hated Taryn for making him this confused and this angry, and for testifying against his father and putting him in prison, even though the bastard had deserved it for every single thing that he had done to his mother. Kail hated Taryn for doing what he was never brave enough to do. He did. Really. Kail hated her, even if he couldn’t believe it himself anymore.

“Well, who is she?” His mother pressed, “A friend?”

“Mother, this is Taryn Locke.” Kail monotoned, tearing his eyes away from his hands.

Her face softened. “I didn’t recognize her.”
“It’s been a few years since you’ve seen her last. And, well, she’s not quite herself right now, is she?” A sigh parted Kail’s lips, neck rolling from side to side to ease some of the tension out of his shoulders.

“What happened?”
Kail shrugged again, looking passively at Taryn as she stirred on the couch. She let out a pitiful groan, mouth opened wide in a soundless yawn. Her brows furrowed, eyes peeking open. For a while, Taryn just lay there, staring up at the ornate chandelier dangling from above. She seemed to steel herself as she turned her head, then winced.

Kail blinked. He was just as dumbfounded as ever.
“Damn,” Taryn mumbled, barely loud enough to be heard.
“Ms. Locke,” His mother began, catching Taryn’s attention, “Welcome, and might I say that it is a pleasure finally to meet you.”

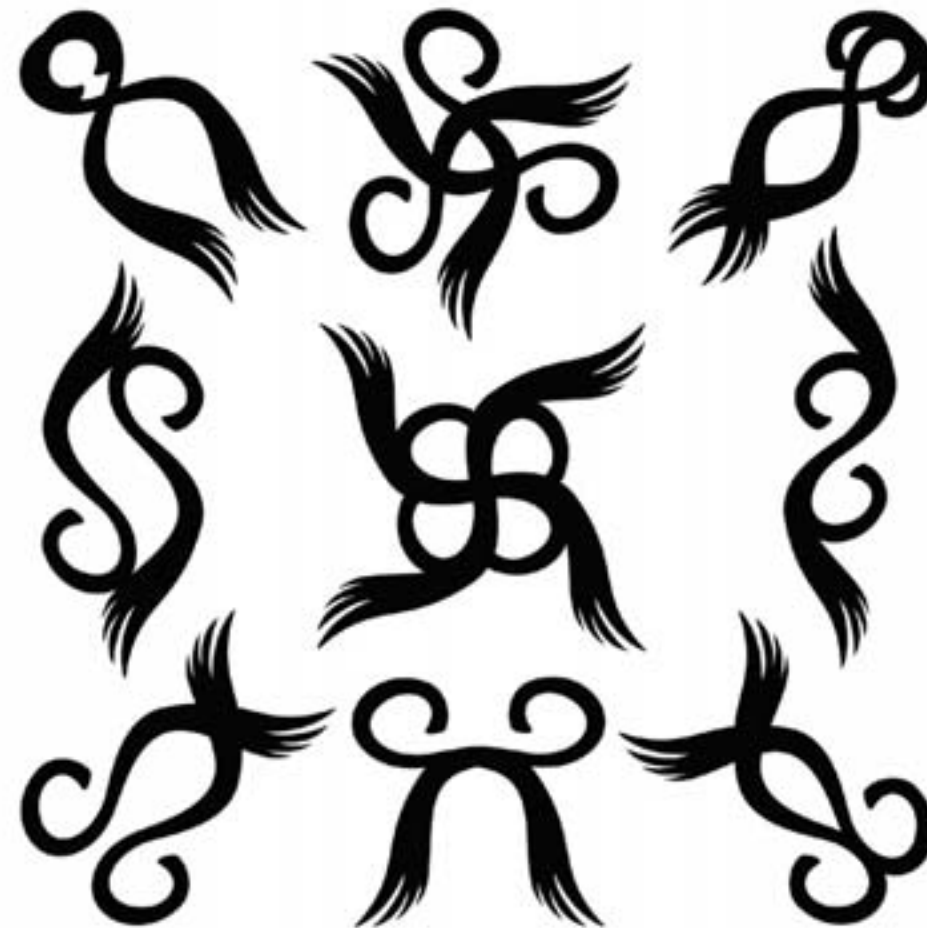
“Thanks.”

“You are quite welcome,” his mother answered graciously, ever the elegant host. “Now I must insist you stay as long as you like. Make yourself quite at home.”

Taryn nodded mutely, and his mother gave them both a kind smile before moving smoothly out of the room. The sound of her retreating footsteps echoed down the main hall. Kail guessed she was heading to the library. Books seemed his mother’s life nowadays. Since her own fairy tale had been shot to Hell, she drowned herself in the dreams of strangers. ⚓

Diana Alderman

Text Tile
Typography Letterforms





Nancy Gailey

Gorilla in the Leaves
Graphite Pencil on Paper

One Man

Jones B. Turner

Where were you in April of 1994?
Nearly one million died in a Genocide in Rwanda.
The united states turned a blind eye.
Requiems of their own deaths, sung prior.

Your God Turned Away.
Your president denied the atrocities.
Your country consumed, self-destruction masturbation.
You left people to die.

Swedish polars placed.
Withered names embraced.
A plague of differences outlined. Indifferences.
Hutu and Tutsi. The rhythm of One people.

Inspired by compassion,
Crayon written note rejecting the united states,
One Man Stayed. One man made a difference,
Randomly reaching humanity.

Conspiring with marginalized,
Saving orphan children,
Crying for help,
"America the beautiful, America the brave."

A cry, 1849:
"If one honest man,
Ceased to hold slaves,
And locked in jail therefore,
I swear it would be the abolition of slavery in America."

One man answered his Call.
John Brown died for an ideal,
A Human rights issue,
Hung from a barn rafter.

One man stood before our president,
Demanded human rights for POW's.
We are the terrorists.
Why did it take a senator
to hold Bush to Geneva conventions?

What's it gonna take to get through to you?
When did Human rights become something negotiable?

Why is there always only One Man?

Kaylah Wright

Wishful Thinking
Digital Photograph



Howlish

Elizabeth Woodward

I saw the worst minds of my generation
Made famous by reality T.V.,
Made rich by brave stupidity,
Made clean by the bleepin' FCC.

TiVo replaced the Grecian Urn,
Ross and Rachel's near kiss eternally captured,
Twin towers caught mid-fall.
Truth or beauty? Beauty or truth?

The good old boys have given up on
Bongo, tambourine, harmonica harmonies,
Picking up bass guitar, electric guitar, noisy guitar—
Strange musical poetry that beats and writhes
And says much ado.

Jesus sits atop the golden arches, smiling benevolently,
"America is the holy land"
And the people commune on sugar water and freedom
Fries, saved from independent thought.

Opinions are for t-shirts and bumper stickers
Not hearts and minds and conversation;
Opinion is a burning flag, a back of the closet Bible.

Gray beards of wisdom were put in homes
Only visited on Christmas Easter.
Gandalf, Merlin and Obi Wan fell into the pit
And weren't reincarnated out the other side.

Star Wars became more complicated
And less likeable;
War became more ridiculous
And less funny.

Born into the IM-friendly generation
Colon space parenthesis
Cell phony is Holden's new mantra
And Tom has more friends than Jesus.

Era of minds made by Oprah,
Fixed by Dr. Phil,
Filled at the local 76,
The Best occupied with Canadian escape plans.

Here and Now
Now and then
Things changed, pulled, shifted, fallen over
JENGA. ⚓

Eduard Goncharuk

Underground
Silver Gelatin Print



Phoenix 2008



Jason Wright

Teeter to Nothing
Digital Photograph

93

Love of a Room

Spraying a flowery mist, I watched as it sieved into the air, the floor, and my thoughts.

the grime, coughing from the dust and the fumes from the cleaning chemicals. I folded blankets and clothes, putting them into dresser drawers. Spraying a flowery mist, I watched as it sieved into the air, the floor and my thoughts. Images of children spraying William with air freshener, as though he were just another putrid object, spun in my mind. Injustice burned my eyes, but since I seemed to be cleaning it away, replacing it with activity, the sensation cooled. The thoughts fell with the mist.

I stopped my labor only to eat and sleep.

The box stood outside the room as though defiant and hesitant to enter. Shuffling it in and digging through treasures—things that lost their playtime novelty but still held value in my sentiments—I gave them to him. I uncovered kitchen trinkets and crafts throughout the house, such as empty jars he could therapeutically twist, and organized them into storage boxes I’d owned and doodled on since I was little. I pinned his birthday cards to the wall, including one I made with communication board pictures. Paper punches, crayons, markers, teddy bears, a hat his old caretaker had sewn for me, pictures with which

I’d illustrated a story, oriental fans, a kitchen timer, books, a rock collection, instruments, and most anything that I thought could excite him, educate him, or help him develop fine and gross motor skills were all arranged in the room. Objects hung from the ceiling, pinned in place: a skunk purse, a Christmas mitten, a toy wrench, and a cardboard star. Frog posters, candy-striped wallpaper, poster board, and construction paper were pasted to the walls, the whiteness fading behind the bright surfaces that welcomed doodling and writing practice: I wanted William to transform his own room, to better understand his capacity.

Working swiftly, almost in a trance, the entire renovation took two days. On the first day, I had William sweep or throw garbage away so that he could improve his own room and see it. The second day, however, the contents of the cardboard box and I alone made it unlike the room he’d known for twenty-two years.

Suddenly, I heard a door creak open from downstairs, the starch sound resonating in the soft hum of my work. How would my parents react to something I’d


done on impulse? William’s clogging steps bounded toward the room. How would my brother react?

“Autistic people do not react well to change,” textbook authorities reprimanded me. My thoughts shifted to *Thinking in Pictures* by Temple Grandin, her accomplishments, brilliance and fortitude. Maybe he’d find comfort in the visuals. He’d absorb the scene, love the scene. I couldn’t expect radical change. I couldn’t expect a miracle and, honestly, I didn’t want one.

My breath, my satisfaction and confidence were held in those few enduring moments before he pushed open the familiar door to reveal unfamiliar surroundings.

His eyes narrowed.

But as William touched everything, a gentle smile played on his face, making his cheeks round, handsome, and colorful like the bright hues on the walls. His smile wasn’t pasted or contrived. I knew it was real. He used the paper puncher, doodled on the green construction paper, and then curled up in his neat bed.

“Sweet dreams,” I thought, tired and happy myself. 

Bella Vista

Katie Chew

It seems
On such an extraordinary night
That snow is falling on cherry trees,
And tears are dripping from weeping willows,
Drowning the sentinels of daffodils
That line these quiet streets,
Nodding lazily,
Silent and seemingly innocent
In their brilliant smiling insincerity.

The pavement is beating like a drum
Against the soles of our shoes.
Our bodies hum with the vibrations of suburbia,
The clouds swirl with the pulse of our mind's eye.
We run, laughing in the moonlight,
Our eyes wide like children's,
Our arms embracing tree branches.

The street is different,
Unless it is we who have changed—
When did we become nocturnal?
So we leave pieces of ourselves on the sidewalk,
Confetti to find our way home by.
Halos circle streetlights,
But we don't believe in angels.
We believe only in ourselves,
And destiny is bittersweet
Like chocolate. ⚓

Phoenix 2008

Erin Rickey

Self-Portrait
Prismacolor Pencil





Lafonda Clement

Women
Graphite Pencil on Bristol

Phoenix 2008



Kaela Long

Lupine Metallica
Staple Sculpture



Jamie Brown

The Red Balloon
Ink on Paper



Phoenix 2008

Mike Greenough

The Evil Tea
Ceramic



101



Priscilla Dean

The Fruit of Truth
Ceramic

Nancy Gailey

Rhino
Watercolor on Canvas



Nancy Gailey

Lion
Watercolor on Canvas





Aaron Languell

Portland Nights
Digital Photograph



Ashley Cozzetto

My Head, This Day, My Life
Digital Photograph

Brittney Hall

Impossible is Just a Matter of Opinion
Prismacolor Pencil on Paper



Robert Ditty

Barcode Man
Acrylic on Bristol



Noelle Winiecki

Swoon Baby
Digital Photograph

Phoenix 2008



Willie Ross

A New Lease on Life
Digital Photograph

Rachael Gregg

False Hopes and Medical Records
Ceramic



Courtney Smith

Strawberry
Ceramic



Lafonda Clement

Breath
Acrylic on Bristol

Emily Antoine

Fatality

*The sirens came first, then the lights.
Men wearing black suits and golden
badges pulled up to the curb and
instantly began interrogating me.*

I saw her body lying in the middle of the desolate street, a strange inanimate lump silhouetted against the black canvas of a midnight sky. My breath was wedged somewhere in my esophagus as I waited, willing her to move, twitch, show any kind of life. I reached into my pockets, panicking, probing them for information, fighting against my consciousness, trying to convince myself this experience was a dream. Keys with a pink carabineer, my lucky lighter, one cigarette, and a phone number from a girl named Alyssa fell onto the pavement. My forehead pulsated.

It had only been an hour since we left the party. Less than five miles away at the party, teenagers downed shots of Captain Morgan’s, littered every corner with beer cans, and threw up miserably all

over the bathroom walls. Loud music would still be playing and intoxicated girls would soon be coaxed into bed by sweet boys with soft voices and softer words. It seemed so long ago I had been there. A different life, a different world. Here and now, in the dark, with nothing but me and a single street lamp illuminating the still outline of a girl, I was somewhere else and, at the same time, nowhere.

Alyssa, the dark-haired girl on the front porch, drank a fruity chick drink and laughed at whatever I said. All I could do was picture her with her clothes off and her long legs wrapped around me. She wasn’t anything special, just a girl with nice hair and pretty breasts. Still, she was the one I singled out. I paid close attention to her drinks, measuring every sip she took between those perky pink lips of hers, calculating the alcohol in her system. She shouldn’t have been nearly as drunk as she let on, but I wasn’t complaining. It only meant she was one of those girls who used alcohol as an excuse to release her inhibitions for a night. Tomorrow, she would go back to being valedictorian, or class president, or whatever respectable woman

Mommy and Daddy reared her to be. If I played my cards right and was in the right place at the right time, those inhibitions could be released on me.

She slipped her phone number into my pocket, smiling as I pretended to drink another beer. There was a time when I used to get drunk with the girl, but I found out quickly it was much more enjoyable sober.

Headlights up ahead pulled my attention away. I ran to the girl's body, heaving my wrenched legs forward. Every diminutive nerve in my body screamed out in agonizing grief. Every step I took sent a throbbing cataclysm through muscle tissue and bone, forcing my mangled body down to the cold black asphalt.

The wind beat against my face as I began to crawl. My elbows dug into the road, anchoring my body as I hauled my chest ahead faster, dragging my limp thighs behind me. The pavement scraped against my jeans and tore at my skin where the denim had been cut. Off in the distance, I could hear the low-pitched noise of a motor. The headlights were closer now.

Nearing her body, I felt the warm liquid slide across the skin on my forearm. The closer I got, the more I became stained in her blood. An orange glow of light beamed down from the street lamp.

Her head was face down, blanketed by a cascade of sandy blonde hair. Her arms and legs were angled oddly, sprawled out at her sides with her palms facing upwards. I took hold of her ankle, cradling it in my left arm, and dragged her to the side of the street where I collapsed on the freshly mowed grass. She didn't move.

"Carla? Katie?" I screamed breathlessly. God what was her name?

"Carol? Can you hear me? Kendra?" This wasn't supposed to happen. She wasn't supposed to be here.

I racked my brain for a name, but all that came to me was a splitting migraine and a few scattered memories. The porch. I had been on the porch. The dark night air felt cool and refreshing then.

Alyssa was waiting for me in the house with the tiny strap of a tank top hanging off her bronzed shoulder. Other than the kid heaving off the side of

the railing, I was alone. This time apart had been carefully calculated. It gave Alyssa time to think things over. She had to think I wasn't too interested, but also believe I wasn't playing her for sex. She had to convince herself there was a chance to leave before finally giving into those inhibitions of hers. I took pride in my consideration of others. It was all premeditated.

I had taken out my lucky lighter and a cigarette, watching the orange smolder of the ashes burn brighter with inhalation. Somewhere, two people were arguing. Closing my eyes, I allowed myself to slowly drift into a calm relaxation. One cigarette left. I would use it tonight after I finished with Alyssa. Then the arguing grew louder and closer, buzzing inside my eardrum.

From around the corner came a male, six foot four at least, with dark scruff around his chin and a large waist. He was trying to stop someone from getting past him, but the small sandy-blonde haired girl was unrelenting.

"Colleen. Stop. You can't do this," he was shouting.

Colleen. That was it.

The headlights ahead were slowing down. They had seen the wreckage of my demolished Honda Civic, shards of glass and metal spread out over an expanse of fifty yards. The cops would arrive shortly.

Intently, I began to shout the name at the body in front of me.

"Colleen? Colleen? Damn it! Colleen?"

Over and over, my voice became harsher and shriller, screeching with my desperate cries to revive the girl who lay swathed in blood.

The motor grew nearer until the headlights engulfed me in a stretch of white light, blinding me as a man lurched out of the passenger seat.

"Are you okay?" he asked, "What happened?"

I couldn't respond. My voice had gone hoarse from the screaming and, on top of that, I didn't know how to reply. I stared at the man, faceless against the fierce glare of the headlights.

"The ambulance is on its way," he said.

The words echoed inside my head.

Drowsiness took over me then. I looked down at my hands, red from blood, both hers and mine. It was

surreal and the man standing behind the passenger side door was a figment, intruding on the dream.

The sirens came first, then the lights. Men wearing black suits and golden badges pulled up to the curb and instantly began interrogating me. Two of them ran down the street, flashing small beams of light into my ravaged vehicle. They moved me away from the body, off to some isolated section of gravel while the paramedics in clean blue suits surrounded the body.

“Wait here,” they said.

My mind was a vacant shell in a world of chaos and turmoil. I couldn’t think and I didn’t want to. Wrapping my jacket around me, I stood up. The mayhem surrounding the girl’s body distracted them enough for me to slip away. A few yards away, the men who found us were climbing back into their truck, having answered all the police questions.

“Fatality,” I heard one of them say.

The broken rib in my chest seared with pain, but I did my best to look unharmed as I walked towards the old truck.

“Hey,” I said. “You think you could give me a ride home? The cops said I could go. My mom is probably panicking, wondering where I am.”

They opened the door for me so I could climb in and the faceless man slid across to the middle. I didn’t bother to thank them. I just settled into the seat and leaned up against the cool glass of the window.

Drifting off to sleep, I tried slipping into unconsciousness while the memories of that evening had me revisiting each vivid detail. I had told her to put on her seat belt, but she wouldn’t listen. She was stubborn and even as I tried to reach across to put it on for her, she fought me. Going forty-five miles an hour was enough to lose control. We spun and then flipped, rolling the car endlessly down the black expanse of roadway.

It was her doing, and yet it was mine. I offered to drive her home that night. I told the big guy not to worry, that she was safe with me because I hadn’t been drinking. Out of faith, he gave me her keys and I left Alyssa, released inhibitions and all, to drive the intoxicated girl home. Colleen was her name.

“Why are you doing this?” she asked spitefully as we walked across the lawn to my car. “You don’t even know me. What the hell do you care for?”

I looked at her across the hood of my car. Her sandy-blond hair was in disarray and her flushed face was pulled tight into a scowl.

“Because,” I said with a hint of disdain, “My one and only fear is that some one near me will die and I will have to live the rest of my life knowing I could have prevented it.”

Staring out the foggy window of the beat up truck, I visualized how her face looked after I said those words. It was confused at first and then contorted, twisting and irate before she climbed reluctantly into the seat next to me and slammed the door. I suppose she didn’t like the idea of someone else’s acknowledging she was too wasted to drive.

“Fine, hero,” she had said. “Let’s go.”



Jennifer Anderson

Outside
Silver Gelatin Print



Erik Cummings

How Deadly a Cliché

*The emerald eyes did not blink, the light
faint and muted in the dead gaze, the light
ghosting the death-white skin ...*

It was not the rain, jetting in silver darts from the grey evening sky above, that woke Daniel Stiel from his sleep. Though, as darkness dissipated when he opened his eyes, it went from unnoticed to annoyance all too soon. He blinked it out of his eyes, dragged the sleeve of his leather jacket across his damp forehead and sat up.

Then nearly fell over once again.

Pain drilled several tunnels through his brain. When he blinked, a flash of dark red glanced across his vision. The eighteen-year-old moaned and pressed his hands to his temples in an attempt to relieve the ache. The ground seesawed and wavered. He hadn't felt this bad since he tried his first cup of saki.

When the dizziness and nausea eased to mere torment level, Daniel rose to his feet, clutching the nearby brick wall to support himself. He stood in a nar-

row alley, most of it in shadow save for the entrance a few dozen feet away. The only other landmarks were the dumpsters and piles of refuse common to alleyways everywhere. Graffiti painted the walls to either side of him and the stink of vomit and urine made him gag.

A throb of pain from his side made him lean more heavily on the wall. Glancing down, Daniel found his jacket torn in several places with blood-encrusted scars on the skin that showed. Quick examination found most of them to be thin, some jagged toward the end—knife wounds, probably made with half-serated blades.

The favorite weapon of the Kyodai.

It all came back, now. He had been running with a street gang ever since he came to Tokyo, the Ookami. The Kyodai were just one of their rivals, but tended to be more violent than most, relying on intimidation rather than the respect gleaned by the Ookami in their motorcycle racing skills.

However ...

Daniel furrowed his brow. This was the first time things had gotten this serious. He was the last to

believe the Kyodai would not stoop to ambush, but to actually attempt murder rather than mere assault was not like them. Come to think of it—Daniel studied his wounds more closely, ignoring the pain—why weren’t these wounds mortal? His fingers traced the long slash under his rib cage. It appeared deep enough to pierce his kidney and certainly felt as though it had, but he would have been dead or at least unable to move by now. And why was his head hurting so much? He couldn’t remember drinking, which, he admitted, didn’t say much. Brushing his hands over his head, he felt no abrasions or bumps under his rain-matted red hair, nothing to suggest he had been hit over the head.

Skull drumming more painfully than ever, Daniel ground his teeth in agony and frustration. Things weren’t making sense. Best to get back home. He glanced toward the alley mouth. In the square of light that angled in through the entrance, he caught sight of an arm.

Squinting, the teen blinked more rain out of his eyes. Yes, it was an arm. Probably attached to some alley bum sacking out. He stumbled toward it, one hand steadying himself against the wall. He couldn’t

remember exactly where he was—perhaps the guy could tell him. Reaching the rusty orange dumpster that hid most of the bum from view, Daniel leaned against it for a moment. His legs wobbled and his vision shimmied for a moment; gritting his teeth, he sucked in a deep breath, refusing to faint. When he looked closer, he could see that the arm was clad in a black sleeve and had a silvery Casio watch on the wrist.

Daniel wondered if he wasn’t the only one in trouble. Staggering around the side of the dumpster, he found the “bum” face down on the rough asphalt, left hand splayed out to the side, right arm curled under him. From his suit, he appeared to be a white collar worker, used to working in computer firms or the like.

“Sir?”

The man didn’t move.

With a groan, the teen reached down and jostled his shoulder, not caring he was breaching a bit of etiquette.

“Sir? Are you all right? *Daijo-bu desu ka?*” he asked in Japanese. His fingers felt something sticky

and viscous. When he took his hand away, the tips gleamed red in the light. Blood. “Sir!” Etiquette forgotten, Daniel reached down and turned the man over.

“Japan?”

Daniel looked up from his computer, a puzzled look spreading across his face. On the screen, the Master Chief waited, his energy sword humming. Off in the distance, the Covenant Grunts chittered and ignored him.

His father grinned and nodded. In his blue eyes, a gleam familiar to periods of excitement was present. Lucas Stiel enjoyed new places, new cultures to explore. Where Indiana Jones raved about discovering unknown artifacts, Lucas raved about the cultures of unfamiliar people. It would always be in his blood to be a diplomat or ambassador. He knew seven languages and could pass for an aristocrat in any of those countries, his decorum and dignity adaptable to any circumstance. In his younger days, he had worked with the CIA, then transferred to the United States Diplomatic Corps.

“Why Japan, Dad?” Daniel was skeptical. He was no stranger to moving every which way across the

world, having lived in three states and as many countries since he was born. This would be the first time where he would need to learn the language, having been too young to speak when they lived in Russia and not required to learn Oxford English in London.

“Don’t tell me you don’t want to,” replied Lucas, leaning against the door frame. “You’re already spouting off random Japanese phrases from all the animé you watch. And you’d have a chance to learn the history first hand.” He raised an eyebrow. “Besides, those phrases aren’t always translated well and the grammar can’t be applied to all dialects. This will keep you on your toes and make you learn the language in depth.”

“There are cheaper ways, Dad.”

“True,” replied Lucas. “Still, I have a friend at the embassy over there who can get me a position in a lucrative corporation.”

Daniel frowned. “Isn’t that illegal? With you being an ambassador and all?”

“Not exactly.” His father raised a triumphant finger. “If I am representing a foreign investor, there will be little conflict.”

“A little? How little?” Daniel swiveled completely around in the chair and crossed his arms, setting a serious gaze on him.

“You know, you look like your mother when you do that.” Lucas smiled, a spark of sadness in his voice and eyes.

Closing his eyes, Daniel shook his head slightly. “Don’t change the subject, Dad.” His mother Andrea had died in a car accident five years ago in New York and he was forced to scrape an existence with a father who was absent most of the time, attending Embassy balls and diplomatic summits. Daniel managed to survive, though not without incident—he found it hard to make friends and was often involved in gangs.

The worst was the lack of connection he had with his father now. No father-son confidences and the bonding times were few and far between. Still, on those occasions, both were comfortable enough with each other to be good friends.

Just good friends. Not father and son.

Lucas nodded and made a conciliatory gesture. “Sorry. But seriously, don’t worry. I know the game

and the players,” he finished, letting his voice drawl in an attempt at humor.

Rolling his eyes, his son snorted. “What old fogey movie’s that from?”

“Dunno. Sounds like something from a spaghetti western.” Lucas chuckled, his jet black hair falling into his face.

The hair that matted across one of the unseeing green orbs now.

“D-dad?” Daniel grinned, unable to believe it.

“C’mon, Dad, don’t kid with me.”

The emerald eyes did not blink, the light faint and muted in the dead gaze, the light ghosting the death-white skin, ivory-white as the tusks of a slain boar. All down the front of his dusty grey suit jacket and staining his white button up, blood. Still leaking from the gash across his chest in which the paleness of bones could be seen, blood.


An invisible hand seemed to grip his throat. His blood flowed harder through his veins, struggling against the constriction. He couldn’t breathe. “Dad ...” he murmured. “What happened?” The words slipped numbly from his tongue.

The rain fell harder, hissing against the buildings to either side of him, trickling down the face of his dead father.

Daniel did not know how he managed to spur himself into action, just that he found himself reaching down and closing the green eyes, then setting down the body and standing up. All traces of wooziness had gone and he turned and strode toward the end of the alleyway.

The brightness of the street made him blink, but he did not pause. It was 2:13 A.M. and Tokyo’s night-life had calmed down. Daniel kept to the shadows, not making eye contact with anyone, holding his jacket closed in an attempt to cover his wounds and most of the blood. Those who noticed him avoided crossing his path or coming too close. This part of town had the least policemen per citizen and, for that, he was grateful.

He wasn’t in the mood to answer questions.

Not until he found the people who killed his father. Once he did, he’d show them how deadly a cliché could be. 

Jason Wright

The Last
Digital Photograph



Love Letter

Katie Chew

My love,
I give you
One of thousands
Of love letters never written.
My pen was too timid before.
But it becomes tiring to leave hints
And hidden messages
That aren't even being looked for—
Tiny words tucked into your pants pocket,
Sweet nothings like brush strokes across your ear.
And it becomes tiring to be so alone,
To speak into silence on the phone.
I live in an empty room with an empty heart,
Wake up on the wrong side of an empty bed.
Maybe the truth is
I can't sleep without you.

But maybe
The truth is I never could.
And I cry. God, I cry all the time.
And I try not to believe in love.
But I am an atheist in Sunday Mass,
I surround myself with my contradictions.
You're nothing to me,
You're a ghost, you're a shadow,
You're the lie I tell myself in place of a smile,
You're the slice of a knife blade,
You're the pendulum breaking.
You are my gravity.
I love you. I love you.
And you leave me
Like nightfall leaves the concrete cold. ⚓

Tim Bonneville

Arch Structures
Ink on Bristol



Kaitlyn White

Last Chance

Snowflakes kiss my freckled nose. I scrub them off with a glove. I can't help but peek at you, heart jumping in my throat.

Pay attention to me, not him and not her. Pay attention to me before I do something rash. A look, a touch, give me anything more than nothing. Stop staring at her and laughing with him. I want to own that smile.

I curled my hair for you. Curled it and dyed it and chopped it all off. Now I'm short with short hair. I'm quiet when I don't want to be. I would scream for you, but you wouldn't hear me. You never hear. I love you anyway.

The lunch bell rings and you leave me behind, keychain twirling on your finger. You forget about me until you have no one else. Gathering my books, I follow you out of the classroom. You're already wading through the crowded hall, your face lost among the mass. I see your hat. It's orange and bright, and

you take it with you everywhere. You don't know I gave it to you last Christmas, but you like it all the same, and that's the only thing that matters.

The breeze is chilly when we step outside. I battle with my flapping scarf. You hug your jacket tighter. Blue and drenched in snow, your truck waits in the lot. You're proud of it; I heard you praise it this morning. Working at that department store has paid off. Yet, you stop short, three cars down the lane. She's still inside and he's already left. What are you waiting for?

I collapse against the flagpole and stare at the gray sky. Wrenching my eyes away from you hurts, but you not noticing me hurts more. I can only imagine how you'd stare passively at me, gaze lingering for a second. Then, you would see him or her or someone better.

Snowflakes kiss my freckled nose. I scrub them off with a glove. I can't help but peek at you, heart jumping in my throat. You're gone. My stomach knots until I find you, caught in a tangle of roaring freshmen as they ambush sophomores with fists full

of snow. Your cheeks are pink and rosy; it's all I can do to remember to breathe when you look up and smile at me.

“Chance,” I say, and you beckon me closer with a waving hand.

My cheeks flush. I stare. You're still watching me. The salt on the sidewalk crunches underfoot as I hurry to you. In my haste, I stumble over the icy curb, falling to my knees. Brakes squeal and a horn honks. My heart nearly thumps right out my chest. I scurry backwards, arms and legs aching and bruised. The car passes. I struggle for breath and clutch my fleeing scarf against my breasts, jumping when you appear beside me. That smile's gone, eclipsed by a frown. My eyes sting, head bowing forward to stare at my fingers fiddling with the tear in my jeans. Your hand brushes my shoulder as you pass, leaving me hollow in its wake. I don't blame you when you walk away. I'm always causing problems for you, ever since we were four. “Childhood friends,” you called us, but what good is that now?

You return with my bag I'd left by the flagpole, setting it on the sidewalk. Crouching in front of me,

you tip my chin with chilly fingers, your eyes are green and sharp. Sometimes they raze right through me. I grab for my bag and you take my hand, helping me to my feet. I try not to sway as you tug my scarf snugly around my neck, claiming I'm treating you to lunch. As if nothing's happened at all.

I'm quick to agree. It's not often we're together. Sometimes, I think my pictures of you are all I have left, distant memories that brought us to where we might be thirteen years down the road—nowhere. Not right now, not right this moment, when you make faces at my bloody knees. You guide me to your truck, sitting me inside. Your dad's a doctor, and you go everywhere with a first aid kit since you want to be one, too. I blush and squirm when you push up my jeans, the scrapes on my knees jagged and angry. I can't help but wince when you wipe them clean with antiseptic. You prattle on about our History essay, trying to take my mind off the prickling pain with talk of demarcation lines and ancient ships. It helps.

Before long, I'm bandaged and you confess I might just live. Your face is serious until laughter

bubbles up your throat. I'm thankful. When I tell you so, I don't think you understand quite how much. With the first aid kit tucked back underneath the seat, you stick the keys in the ignition and the truck roars to life. It splutters for a moment, protesting the cold. The engine is slow to warm, but not nearly slow enough. I picture an hourglass, its golden sand leisurely trickling down what little time I have left of you. I blink the image away, desperate for something to do other than sit and wait as you drive us to the nearest fast food restaurant.

I tap on the radio, turning down the volume as I search through station after station for something worthwhile. Our tastes are so different, I want to find something we both like. Only cheery advertisements float through the speakers. I give up with a huff of irritation.

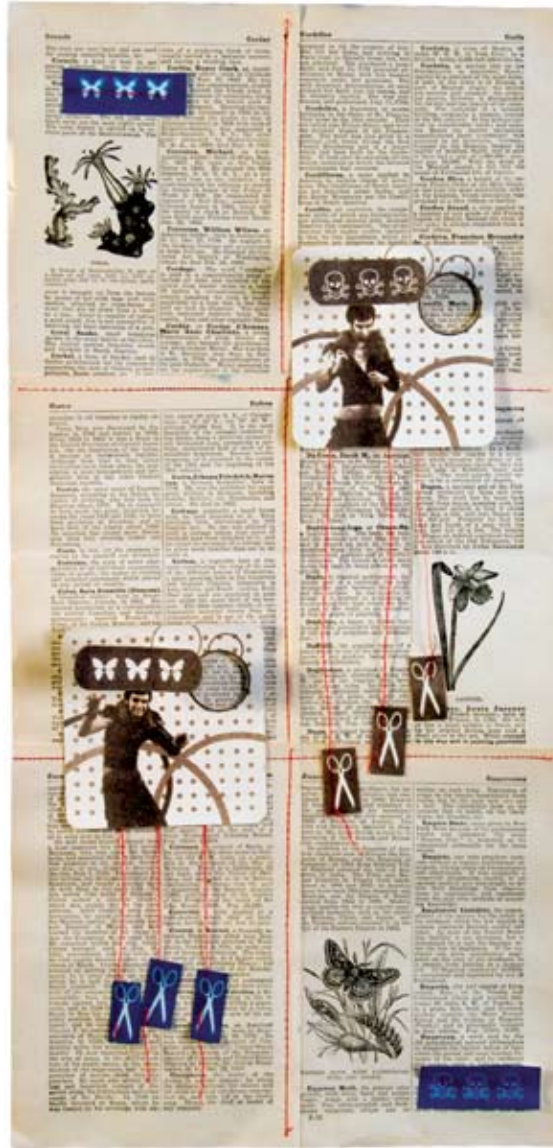
You console me with a smile, pointing out Burger City just around the corner. We're stopped at a stoplight, and the street's deserted. No people, no cars, even the birds are quiet. Ignoring the light as it changes, you say it's been a while since we went out. I nod and stare, shifting self-consciously on the leather seat.

Your face colors pink, your lips barely moving. You mumble we should go out more often.



Rachael Gregg

I'll Cut You
Cyanotype and Van Dyke Brown Prints,
Vintage Paper



Katie Collins

Button
Acrylic on Bristol



Curtis Townsend

Alive
Acrylic on Bristol



Alana McCammon

Free Bird
Ink on Bristol

Writer Statements



Emily Antoine
Page 113 | Fatality

What started out as an assignment for class became a piece about which I was passionate. It wasn't planned—it just developed, unfolding itself in front of me. Sometimes, I feel my role was more of a medium than an author.



Katie Chew
Page 96 | Bella Vista

I wrote this piece about a night that was so vividly beautiful that I felt the need to capture it in more than just memory. Words have always been a way for me to express the way I feel and to forever remember it as well.

Page 125 | Love Letter
Sometimes, there are words too heavy to speak aloud and, perhaps, even letters too difficult to send. This piece was one that needed to be written, nonetheless.



Erik Cummings
Page 49 | Ender's Choice

I enjoy the Byronic hero types and tried to imagine how a suffering man would attempt to move on.

Page 119 | How Deadly a Cliché
Far from finished, but to write sixty thousand words in one month, I surprised myself with this National Novel Writing Month entry. This piece is important because it shows me how dedicated I am to writing. And reminds me whenever I falter.



Patty Hastings
Page 94 | Love of a Room

I love words and I love my brother. So when I did something for his benefit, for his happiness, I had to write about it.



Kirby Light
Page 30 | When Good Food Goes Bad

This piece was just me goofing around and needing to finish an assignment for a writing class. I was watching an episode of "Iron Chef" on which Flay guest starred and the Japanese chef was talking bad about him. So I started making fun of Bobby Flay in a Japanese accent and the story developed from there.



Kaela Long
Page 64 | Chased by Myth

The inspiration for "Chased by Myth" came from my wondering how my dog would look if he were a reptile.



Ruby Murray
Page 10 | Secrets

I have been writing fiction, but creative nonfiction feels more natural to me, closer to what I have to say, even though both forms use similar processes.



Allison Phillips
Page 61 | And Let the Bombs

I just like the general tone of this piece and I think it is relevant to our current situation in a discreet and not obnoxious way.



Bianca Santino
Page 41 | The Problem with Being a Tree
Seemingly small differences can lead to a life of growing and living with someone you never really know.



Jones B. Turner
Page 89 | One Man
This poem mentions four men who changed the world, but only one is named in the piece. I love this poem because it leaves a trail to explore if you're inclined.



Kaitlyn White
Page 82 | A Helping Hand
My characters have a habit of creating themselves. When I first began to write this story, I didn't know what to expect—my characters took me by surprise and the story became something much more than the initial simple setting.

Page 127 | Last Chance
I enjoy reading stories that have their own unique style and I aspire for my writing to jump up and down screaming, "Here I am."



John Wolf
Page 17 | When Crows Come Calling
I'm a big fan of Poe. His best tale for me is "Fall of the House of Usher." That tale is great for how spooky it is even though the majority of it is just two people talking. The Indiana countryside is like that—simple but with unease underneath everything.



Elizabeth Woodward
Page 91 | Howlish
A response to Allen Ginsberg's famous "Howl"—a seething rant in poem form.

Artist Statements



Diana Alderman
Page 44 | Last Letters
This piece allowed me to go to a reverent place and look at headstones and the lives of the people differently. The oldest headstone was dated from the 1860's.



Page 87 | Text Tile
I was able to place similar, yet different, letterforms based on the same shape within a very constrained square. If I ever get a tattoo, I would choose one of these. I like the sensuous shapes created by the curves.



Jennifer Anderson
Page 118 | Outside
I like how a creepy feeling seems to be glued to the beautiful piece of nature.



Tara Badtram
Page 34 | Magnolias
I truly enjoyed taking the photos as well as creating something three-dimensional from something two-dimensional.



Tim Bonneville
Page 126 | Arch Structures
This artwork allows me, as a viewer, to get drawn into the scene. I feel as though I'm small and I receive a sense of how large the structures are.



Jamie Brown
Page 100 | The Red Balloon
The checkered floors, the clock, and the color scheme—all are things I love in this work.



Barbara Charbonneau
Page 4 | The Spirit Within
What I like best is the contrast between abstraction and realism in the painting. In creating this abstract portraiture of Ally, I tried to show her emerging spirit.



Page 16 | Touch Lightly
My inspiration from this piece came from using scraps of copper and other random items. The idea was to create a sculpture out of random items. I used the complementary colors yellow-green and violet.



Page 78 | Ally
The dark tonal values have to be my favorite things of this portraiture of Ally.



Lafonda Clement
Page 98 | Women
This is an abstract piece of the female bathroom symbol. I drew “women” in Braille on the left side originally, but didn't like it. So, I erased it and went over it with graphite. I guess I used too hard of a pencil because it left “women” in Braille indented on my paper. Luckily, it created an interesting effect.



Page 112 | Breath
The way in which this piece evolved from its humble first stages amazed me.



Joe Cole
Page 33 | Our Urban Lives
This piece is a display of daily life and living in cities. It is important in showing transportation and the movement of culture.



Katie Collins
Page 131 | Button
The movement evoked by the ribbon is definitely my favorite part of the piece.



Ashley Cozzetto
Page 12 | Walnut
The dark and light tones throughout the painting give an enjoyable effect of depth.



Page 74 | Olivia, by the Tree
I like the intensity in her eyes and how her colors match those on the tree.



Page 105 | My Head, This Day, My Life
I liked how I captured the movement of my hair and how I was feeling at that moment.



Priscilla Dean
Page 102 | The Fruit of Truth
I really like how the peels connect with the table surface. That, and the bite taken out of the banana itself.



Robert Ditty
Page 42 | So What?
This was a color theory assignment. The colors were taken from a peacock and the music going across the top is “So what” by Miles Davis.



Page 107 | Barcode Man
This was another color theory assignment, one in which I utilized circuit boards and veins to layer the background.



Kevin Ellsberg
Page 58 | Devoured Elysium
“For art to exist, for any sort of aesthetic activity to exist, a certain physiological precondition is indispensable: intoxication.”
—Friedrich Nietzsche



Nancy Gailey
Page 88 | Gorilla in the Leaves
This was a study in values, the gorilla a point of interest to me. This piece wonders, “Where will they be ten years from now, with the destruction of their habitat?”



Page 103 | Rhino
I enjoyed doing this piece. It was my first time using watercolors on watercolor canvas.



Page 103 | Lion
I have always had an interest in the animals of Africa. I chose this lion to depict his strength, power and kingly qualities.



Kelli Gaylor
Page 81 | Joy
I did this painting just as a study of values, but I really liked the expression of happiness it conveyed once it was finished.



Jennifer Gilmore
Page 7 | Baby Legs
During her first two years, my daughter always tromped around the house wearing either my boots, or her dad's, influencing this piece, one of my most cherished memories.



Page 71 | Don't Put All Your Eggs in One Basket
I love the blue and how the leaves imprinted all over instill me with a sense of pride.



Eduard Goncharuk

Page 92 | Underground

Often, people are puzzled about the connection skateboarders have with some of the biggest and abstract terrain. I enjoy the interesting composition of this photo and how the person in it wasn't posing.



Mike Greenough

Page 101 | The Evil Tea

I like its raw expression.



Rachael Gregg

Page 6 | Political Bullshit Series

These pieces reflect my generation's general feeling on politics and our actions towards what is happening.



Page 39 | Germany 1973

This photograph of my father as a young man in the service carries great importance for me.



Page 67 | The Way We Are

I enjoy the way the color takes my eyes around the piece.



Page 110 | False Hopes and Medical Records

I especially like the way the piece looks bloated and full.



Page 130 | I'll Cut You

I like the length of this composition. I especially love the scissors hanging down from the figure images.



Alex Grengs

Page 79 | Ice Cream Meltdown

The way the glaze looks like melted ice cream on the inside is one of my favorite parts, along with how the glazes mixed to create different colors.



Riquel Hafdahl

Page 27 | Paradox

In this photograph, I see wisdom, humor and strength in the texture and lines of my father's face that can only be acquired with age. To me, that is true beauty.



Brittney Hall

Page 106 | Impossible is Just a Matter of Opinion

The color is a cool and calm one. Nature emphasizes her form and the flow of her body in a magnificent way.



Stephanie Handy

Page 43 | Breathe in

What I like best about this piece is the feeling that I can almost feel the cold air enter my lungs. To me, it gives a feeling of peace and quiet.



Page 60 | Faith

This piece is important to me because it represents my life. I am the bird and I am changing and growing.



Page 60 | Grow

This piece is important to me because it represents the obstacles I have to overcome in my life to be confident and independent.



Stephanie Heiring

Page 46 | Han Interpretation

It offered a challenge—I had never attempted a project of this size.



Mary Heuvel

Page 15 | Nest in Waterfall

I like the free feeling of the nest floating with the current and the unexpected egg tumbling out. This was my first try with Yupo paper and it turned out great.



Page 75 | Rose

I love this woman and I feel I know her more every time I look at her. She has a dignity and serenity about her.



Dominique Horn

Page 28 & 29

Sunday Afternoon | Daddy's Arms | Button

In photography, children are my favorite subject because their emotions are so raw and uncensored.



Page 72 | Nothing at All

This was a multimedia project in which I explored the relationship between color and texture.



Page 77 | Acorn

I attempted to exaggerate the organic texture of the object.



Katherine Koon

Page 38 | Grass-Green Tea Set

I enjoy the variations in the glaze.



Page 70 | Bird Vase

The feeling of accomplishment after completing the carving at long last has to be my favorite part of this piece.



Aaron Languell

Page 26 | Skin is the Story of Our Lives

Life is art. I want to show people the beauty I see in everyday life.



Page 104 | Portland Nights

Night photography lighting is what I love—it takes on a completely new feeling.



Allison Lee

Page 47 | Fat Owl

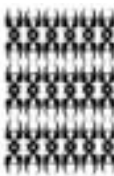
I feel that this piece shows my personality through the color and character.



Kaela Long

Page 99 | Lupine Metallics

I love constructing art from unusual mediums for the challenge. With this piece in particular, I'm very happy with how the curves and the shape of the wolves turned out.



Alana McCammon

Page 59 | Fence

If my personal boundaries were visible to the eye, they would look like this—well thought out, elegant and difficult to cross.



Page 133 | Free Bird

I applied the ink with a delicate paintbrush. The lines created were elegant yet eloquent. I marveled at each new stroke of the brush.



Kerris Morgan

Page 40 | Relics

For me, it seems the display of these pictures captures the essence of the image; they are also mounted onto fragrant wood, adding to the effect.



Lauren Perez

Page 62 | Screw This

I liked the placement of the object and the shading.



Merle Quatier

Page 69 | The Pilot

What I like best about this piece is the way it appears aged but really isn't.



Erin Rickey

Page 97 | Self-Portrait

I like how well I did the hair and the eyes—their realism adds a lot to the portrait.



Willie Ross

Page 109 | A New Lease on Life

This camera was once used as a functional piece of equipment by many. Now, it is sitting on a shelf as a decorative item.



Faun Scurlock

Page 14 | Thornberries

I liked the process of making Thornberries the best. Being able to change what the Polaroid looked like simply by adding and placing a few wrinkles tested my imagination.



Courtney Smith

Page 111 | Strawberry

My strawberry is important to me because I never thought I had an artistic side in me. This strawberry is the first real piece of art I have completely finished.



Joshua Snavely

Page 48 | Get Legal Campaign

This piece is an idea to push illegal immigrants to take the step to become legal. I wanted to promote a strong message without being negative. Immigration is great, but illegal immigration needs to be resolved.



Margarete Strawn

Page 35 | Homage to Tyrant

It is a beautiful metaphor from a song about sadness and heartbreak.



Page 76 | Drinking Horn Cup Set

I always wanted to try and make a closed top piece on the wheel. It turned out to be very delicate. Hoping to make something new and unique, I believe I succeeded. It is made to emulate a drinking horn, but possessing a sense of radial symmetry.



Patricia Thompson

Page 63 | Transition in Light

The importance of this piece arises from my seeing it as the transition point of my portfolio. For the first time, I was able to capture vividly the values, forms, and details of the geometric composition.



Curtis Townsend

Page 132 | Alive

I think this piece best describes where I am in life. I feel very much alive, and very much in my element.



Dave Willworth

Page 66 | Sunshine on a Cloudy Day

This pendant is for my wife who brings sunshine into my life even on dark, stormy days.



Noelle Winiecki

Page 8 | Her Eyes Light Up

I like best the quality of light as well as the look on her face.



Page 9 | Leaves

The colors and texture are my favorite parts of the picture.



Page 36 | Elephant Rider

The capturing of the relationship between the woman and elephant plus my success with painting her face are both important to me in this piece.



Page 68 | Train Ride to the Sea

I like the composition of this piece and the graffiti on the side of the train.



Page 108 | Swoon Baby

I enjoy the body language—the way she has her hands at her sides and how it indicates a sense of femininity.



Whitney Woodland

Page 13 | Blossom Suite

These pieces incorporate a large number of casting and fabrication techniques in a clean design.



Whitney Woodland

Page 45 | Opal Squared

The best features of this bracelet are the bright colors of the mixed metal and how the form of the stone shaped the design.



Page 73 | Bounty of the Sea

This is the largest cast sterling piece I've done and demonstrates great carving skills.



Jason Wright

Page 93 | Teeter to Nothing

The sunlight on the wood are just right. The shadows help balance the sunlight and the brightness of the bark chips. The teeter-totters tell a story of loneliness.



Page 124 | The Last

What I like best about this piece is I can feel a sense of desperation from the tree trunks. To me, it tells a story of a once thriving landscape reaching the end of its era.



Kaylah Wright

Page 90 | Wishful Thinking

I feel this piece exemplifies how different printing styles can enhance an image.



Skye Yanagisawa

Page 37 | Circular Flip

The contrast of the red parasol on the blue ice and sky is striking. Also, reflections formed on ice have always intrigued me.



Page 80 | Combing for Notes

The manner in which the lines all flow in one direction and the crisp edge where the lines meet the note roll both form the essence of the piece.

About the Editors

Graphics Editor **Mary Kate Carmichael** has a passion for graphic design and all forms of art. After earning her Bachelor's of Business Administration from University of Portland, she worked for several years as a graphic designer before returning to Clark College to earn her Printing and Prepress Certificate. This is her second and final year at Clark before spring graduation. Upon graduation she hopes to pursue her career as a well-respected graphic designer.

A quester, a Christian, imperfect and oft oblivious, Literary Editor **Erik Cummings** enjoys writing and reading when he has time off from schoolwork and hanging out. Undecided as to his major but interested in History and Bartending, he hopes his paths will someday lead him to Israel, Scotland, and New Zealand.

Tara Badtram has been involved in art longer than she can remember. This year is Tara's last year at Clark College before she begins her new adventure at Portland State to obtain her Graphic Design Bachelor's Degree. She has dabbled in many forms of art including graphic design, photography, drawing, and ceramics. She strives to think out of the box when presenting artwork.

This is **Rachael Gregg's** second year on the *Phoenix* staff. After Clark she will transfer to a local art school to earn her Bachelor's Degree. Practically living on campus, she works as an assistant in the Frost Art Center Computer Lab, as a secretary in the FAC office, and is a student representative for Clark's Photography Club. Deep down, she really just wants to be a soccer mom.

Assistant Literary Editor and Business Manager **Emily Antoine** has been writing since before she could read. Currently, she is a full time student at Clark College and works two jobs outside of the *Phoenix*. In the future, she hopes to travel, transfer to a four-year university, and eventually become an English teacher. She feels really blessed to have been given the opportunity to work on the *Phoenix* this year.

Assistant Photography Editor **Aaron Languell**, a late bloomer to the *Phoenix* this year, hit the ground running and was very eager to work on such a great publication. This is his first year at Clark College. He is pursuing a degree in graphic design with emphasis in photography and illustration. Maybe one day he'll be able to choose between the three, but probably not any time soon.

Emily Kilbourn, Web Editor for the *Phoenix*, is a graphic design student with a literary bent. She loves spontaneity and honesty in art and in writing. Her hobbies include reading, drawing, writing, and playing stylistically kinetic video games like "Katamari Damacy." Someday, she hopes to conquer the world.

Acknowledgements

Staff

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Tara Badtram | Photography Editor

Rachael Gregg | Assistant Graphic Editor

Emily Antoine | Assistant Literary Editor

Aaron Languell | Assistant Photography Editor

Emily Kilbourn | Interactive Editor

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Colophon

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