

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



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The

Purple Patch

A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches

ol. 4

2003-2004

No. 1

Missouri Valley College

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A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches

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Choosing the Magazine's Name

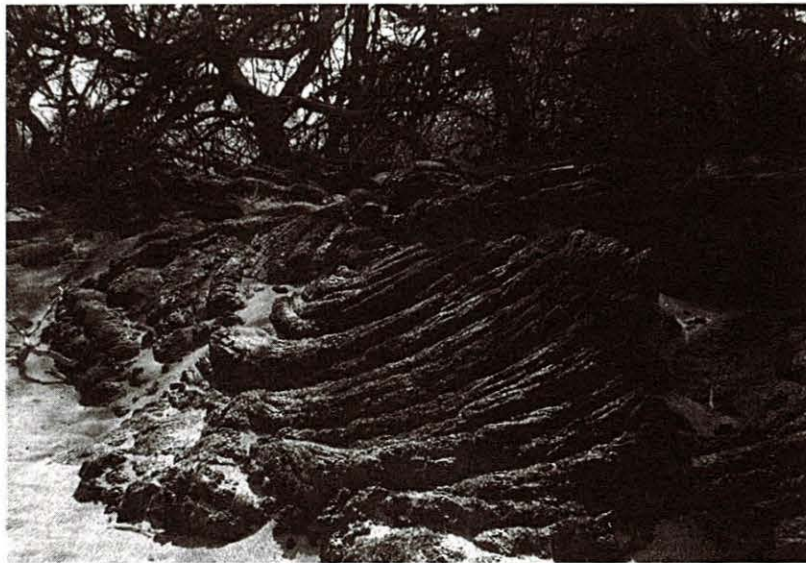
by
Sarah Casaletto

The white paper contrasts deeply with the black ink stamped upon it. The words seem uniform, organized in paragraphs and formatted onto the page. A person reads over the words, leaving the page intact, until he or she sees a portion where the black ink seems darker, as if the passage of writing were jumping off the page. The highlighter comes out, and the page is now marked, the significant passage a new color all its own. This is known as a "purple patch." *The Handbook to Literature* by Harmon and Holman defines a purple patch as:

A piece of notably fine writing. Now and then authors in a strongly emotional passage will give free play to most of the stylistic tricks in their bag. They will write intensely colorful and more than usually rhythmic. When there is an unusual piling up of these devices in such a way as to suggest a self-conscious literary effort, the section is spoken of as a purple patch--a colorful passage standing out from the writing around it. (The expression comes from Horace, for whom purple dye was much rarer--hence more conspicuous--than it is for us) (421).

Generally the purple patches are the "quotable quotes" and the part of the piece which stands out to the reader. Just open any "Zankified" book and one can see purple patches highlighted in many works of literature. A purple patch is often the best writing in the piece of work. The new literary magazine for Missouri Valley College represents some of the best writing, art, and photography of the students in the school. It shall be our "purple patch" for people to open and immediately recognize as the best.

Special Thanks and Appreciation
Mellody Allee Loren Gruber
Virginia and Dale Zank



Lava Rock

Tyson Ferreira

Photograph

A Sigma Tau Delta Publication



The Best Nap Ever

Ophelia Pickard

Pencil Drawing

The Purple Patch

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Foreword

As I thumb through this literary magazine *Areopagitica* resonates in my mind. I can hear John Milton say, "Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." I think I finally understand the old man. I never knew the value of a book until I created my own.

Editing a magazine is this strange dichotomy of bliss and agony. Both emotions find their way up into my tear ducts only to eventually stream down my face. I found bliss when I could give acceptance speeches. I remember telling essayist Amanda White that I had chosen to place *Sunshine* as the second piece of writing in the book. It was a moment as breath-taking as watching the fall of the Berlin Wall. It was truly a once in a lifetime moment. She was so moved that tears slipped down her face. Amanda gave me the best compliment I have ever felt. She said, "My work is second? It's like winning the silver medal at the Olympics." I felt more honored to have been the editor of her work than she was to be published.

So as an editor, I have the honor of bestowing great writers, poets, playwrights, photographers, and artists their own medallion. It is a moment that leaves me "dumb, as old medallions to the thumb." It is a palpable moment that I can relive every time I open *The Purple Patch*.

I remember telling artist Darby Adamson that her painting had made the front cover and she flashed me a smile that beamed with pride. And again, I felt honored to be an editor.

I felt overwhelmed when photographer Tyson Ferreira said that he could look into past *Patches* and feel the images on the pages before him. He could feel the exact same emotions as the photographers, the artists, and the writers. He made me want to strive for the same excellence as my predecessor. I had some mighty big shoes to fill. And I still have some growing room.

I felt honored to publish all of the work, but paradoxically, I felt doleful for pieces that were omitted. I felt the weight of students' expectations on my shoulders. A plethora of students submitted work for publication. I only filled 80 pages. I filled 80 pages with excellence.

I could never conceive how long 80 pages would take to birth. I have spent countless hours scanning, editing, filing, making posters, printing, advertising, and typing. I went through baptism by fire in a crash course in Quark, ten days of hard labor, and countless weeks of dreams and nightmares about what this book would look like when it was finished. I lived, breathed, and ate this book. It became the only project for which I felt any sense of passion.

So it is with great honor and slight trepidation that I present to you the fourth volume of *The Purple Patch*. I hope that this is indeed "treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Jasmine McDowell, Editor

Blue Skies and Silky Sands

by
Melanie Montierth

Clear azure skies and gentle winds embrace your body. Emerald blades of newborn grass graze your skin. Summer is finally here! An assortment of opportunities to shed your coat and kick off your boots are suddenly at hand. Today is definitely a beach trip day.

The salty breeze caresses your face. You slip off your sandals to feel the warm, fine grains of sand sneak between your toes. The rushing waves promise exfoliation of the dull and dreary winter. On to the warm and sunny days of freedom outdoors.

Crimson and misty white umbrellas dot the shoreline. The inviting echo of children's laughter lingers in the distance. Little architects are going over their designs for sandcastles and human-size holes.

A little girl looks up from her work. Her chocolate wind-tossed hair is beaming with sun-kissed highlights and her nose peppered with freckles. Her sky-blue eyes sparkle with a hint of mischief and delight.

A broad grin spreads across her face exposing a large gap where her two front teeth should be. Suddenly she stands up and bounds down the shoreline like a little puppy bursting with energy.

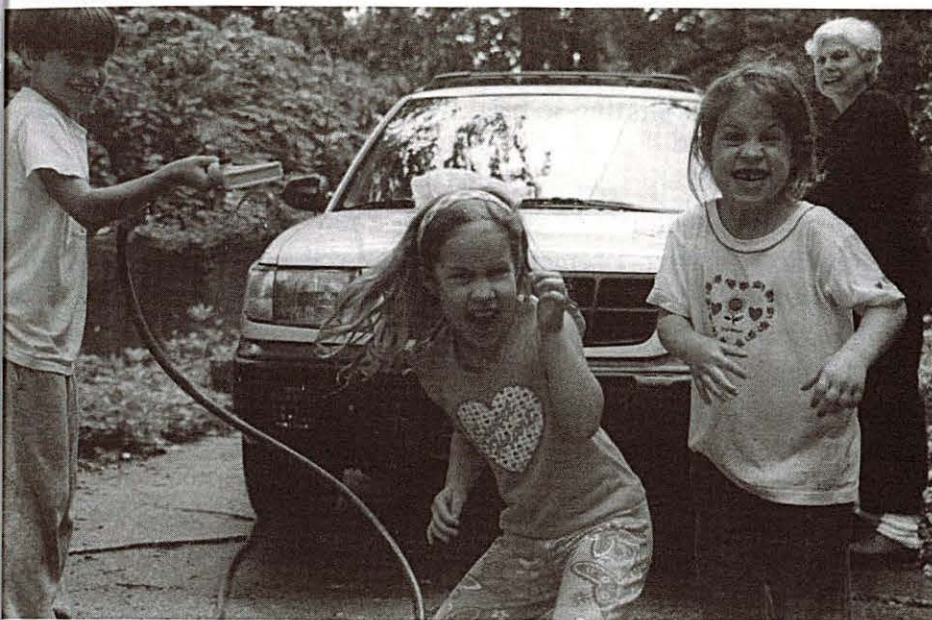
An aromatic breeze finds your nose, perfumed with piping hot dogs, French fries and warm crisp funnel cakes powered with sugar. It is definitely time to eat. You walk up to a small stand with pictures of ice cream cones, hot dogs and hamburgers seemingly drawn by the hand of a four-year-old.

A teenage girl with sandy blonde hair pulled neatly back into a yellow and red striped cap steps forward.

"What'll it be?" she says with a smile. You order your food and take it on the beach to fill your tummy.

Should this day continue with a dip in the ocean? Sunbathing on the shore seems a little more inviting. You spend the rest of the afternoon spread atop an intricately woven beach blanket, while listening to the soothing waves crash in the distance.

No matter what your favorite past-time is at the beach, you definitely know a summer day will be well spent there.



Barbara's Buddies

Photograph

Sunshine

by
Amanda White

For my beloved bologna lips

From where I am standing, I can barely see you. So many people crowd around you and the ocean of shoulders and hats of political height is too deep, so for a while I'll just stand back and wait for them to move along. I want to take my time with you and stay for a bit so I won't rush getting to the front of the herd. The breeze is a little cool today, but the sun is shining so brightly that it stings my eyes a little as I try to look around.

I caught a glimpse of you for just a few seconds and got to see what you are wearing. I remember the day you bought that shirt and how you wore it time and time again. I was sure you would tire of having it against your skin. That color sure brought out the vivid jade in your eyes. I hope I get to see the way your hair is moving right now. Your blonde curls always seem to glisten in the rays when the wind lifts them off of your shoulders.

The closer I get to where you are, the more I think back to all of those great times we used to have. It wasn't so long ago that we met and for the longest time I was sure that we had known each other all of our lives. All I can do right now is just stand and stare at you and smile to myself as I think of the funny things you used to say or the way you would make each other laugh when doing such silly things. I think the line is moving a little faster, and I'm looking forward to being closer to you, if only for a moment.

The weather is a little chilly today and is bringing everyone a little closer together for warmth and comfort. I'm waiting under a great beautiful oak that reminds me so much of your strength and how funny you always were. The shade brings a short moment of sadness, as I think about all I have missed out on since we have been apart. Then I look up at the great cloudless sky and step out into the sunshine. I breathe in the heavy scent of roses, lilies and carnations, and stare in awe at the

immense branches that seem to want to take me into its arms and hold me. All the voices around me keep speaking your name and talking about how I was as a child, but all I hear is your sweet laughter haunting my thoughts.

Stepping out from under the shade of the tree into the brilliant light warms me through and through and as I lift my face to the sky I can almost feel you looking at me with those sharp eyes and wondering why I am standing so far away from you. I suppose that because I am not family I feel I don't belong so close to you right now, even though at one point in time we were so inseparable people often thought we were blood. We were at each others houses so often that after a while our parents just assumed we were another one of their children.

I just saw your mom and your older brother. She looks wonderful considering all she has had to do over the last few days. Your brother still has that smile that used to send me into a frenzy of teenage hormonal giggles. I always thought the two of you looked so much alike. Your mother gave me a look as if she were trying to reassure me that everything was all right but I could see the truth in her eyes, and her body is telling me just how exhausted she really is. I can't possibly imagine what she is feeling right now. So much has been going on lately that it is a wonder she is still standing.

There are only a few people between the two of us now. As I move closer, my hands begin to shake, and I suddenly feel as though butterflies have become part of my diet. I think I may be too afraid to see you. When I walk up on you, I realize you made a good choice when you purchased that shirt. It is so perfect on you and even after all that wear, it still looks as great as the day you bought it. I noticed, too, the grand oak I was waiting under earlier is the same kind that now surrounds you. I am in admiration of its beauty and the treasure it now holds. Its might is so much like your own, and I pray even after years of great pressure it will hold firm and never give.

Is that satin? You despised satin even though this is the exact color of your eyes when you are smiling and happy. I hope that is how you are feeling right now. You always were such a joy to be around. The light you would bring into a room and the warmth you created within others was something I was always so proud to be a part of. I look away

for a moment and whisper to the wind that I would give the world to be able to feel that with you again. I wish I could stay longer and talk to you more but at this moment there are things that I just can't say to you.

When I heard the news, every moment we ever spent together came rushing back to me and flooded my mind. For two days I laughed, cried, felt regret and overwhelming joy. I wish I had told you all of these things when I had the chance. Maybe everything would be different. Maybe you wouldn't have gone away. But you did. Now as I stand here with you, I understand how much you meant to me, and that letting go will take time. The time I should have spent being with you and living life, young and free and seemingly invincible. Life was what I always took for granted while we played under the old oak trees on beautiful cool days with sunshine all around us.



Untitled Still Life

Jorge Arana

Painting

Time

by
Bridget J. Eischeid

Sunday, January 25, 2004,

1 a.m.

My best friend, Abbey, left the party. Only 30 minutes to see some friends.

I went to work at the grocery store. Everyone talking about a fatal car accident. Three girls dead. I dropped the phone. Fell to the floor screaming. Abbey was one of the three.

9 a.m.

Twenty minutes later Mom, and my sister, Erica, came to get me. Blue eye-liner smeared all over my face.

10:30 a.m.

"It will get better with time," they told me.

Monday, January 26, I couldn't go to class. Erica called a substitute and stayed home with me. My family was worried.

7 a.m.

"It will get better with time," they told me.

At the flower shop I ordered a pink arrangement. Abbey loved pink.

9 a.m.

aunts walked in.

I hugged her mother. Lost
for words I told
her mom that Abbey's
car was at my house.

"It will get better with time,"
they told me.

Tuesday, January 27, 3 p.m.
went to the church to see
Abbey's parents. Heart-aching from
feeling their pain. Looked
at Abbey's photographs
of her daughter, Skylar. In four
months it will be Skylar's
second birthday.

The church was green.
Abbey collected frogs. From
shower curtain rings to plush.

"It will get better with time,"
they told me.

Over 1,300 people came 6 p.m.
to the visitation.

Wednesday, January 28, 9 a.m.
Arrived an hour early. Minutes
later the church was packed.

"It will get better with time,"
they told me.

At the graveside 11:30 a.m.
I watched the wan pallbearers.

I took a purple and white carnation

from the coffin arrangements.

"It will get better with time,"
they told me.

Time passed. Part
of the world moved on.

Saturday, February 7, 4 p.m.
Highway patrol called.
questioned me for an hour.
Hung up the phone. I broke
down.

"It will get better with time,"
they told me.

Monday, February 9, 3:30 p.m.
Picked up the phone
dialed Abbey's number. Have
to plan her 21st birthday.

Went to Abbey's grave. I wanted
to tell her to get up!

"It will get better with time,"
they told me.

Monday, February 16, 5 p.m.
Mom and I visited Abbey's
Grave again. Valentines
And a heart-shaped cookie.

"It will get better with time,"
they told me.

What time is it?

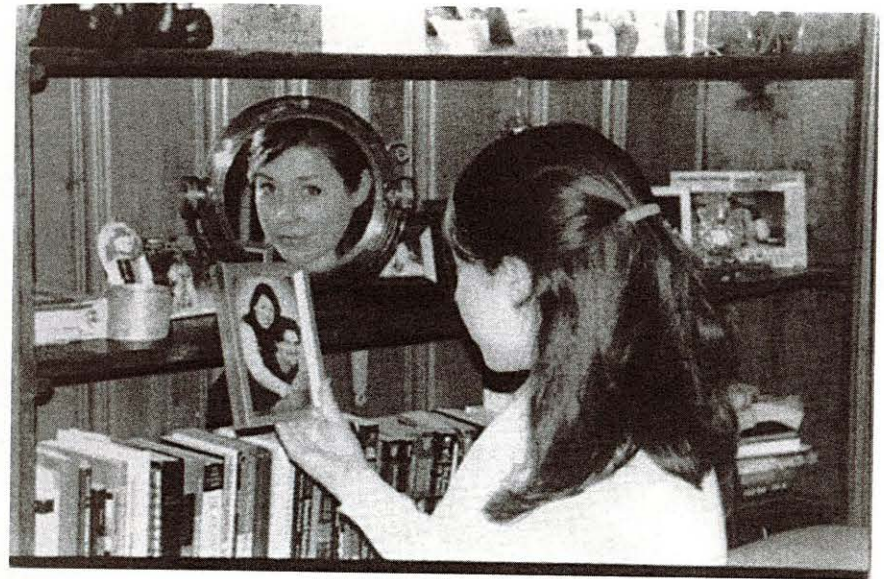
In loving memory of Abbey Nicole Scott 3/5/83-1/25/04

Girl
by
Grace Haugh

I came home last night
and saw her lying in bed
asleep on her side
knees drawn up and
hands curled protectively between her legs.
She is a girl
she was born in a flood
and how she used to have this laugh
that made her sound like she was choking to death.

She was a beautiful child
little blonde ringlets and
big green eyes
a living doll.
I fed her, changed her,
but she was not mine,
I did not have to love her.
I watched her come into the world
and something was never just right
she was too big, too healthy,
and I blamed the water
when she learned how to lie.

She was born in '93,
wrong place, wrong time.
She has a mother to keep her safe,
she is strong and tall for her age.
But I'm coming home late most nights
and I hear her laugh while she dreams
and I wonder
what kind of woman she'll be.



Untitled Portrait

Rob Hardy

Photograph

Always Talkin' 'Bout Food

by
Landon Alexander

Blackberry lips
Caramel hips
Chocolate thighs,
That's no surprise.
Butterscotch eyes
Apple bottom
Onion Booty.
Car-a-mel cutie
Caribou Lou
Honey dipped kiss
Ice Cream dish,
Heavenly bliss.

Coffee brown skin
Mocha hair too
And you wanna know why
We always talkin' bout food.

Right Here

by
Jessica James

Wooden deck under bare feet
Wooden railing under my palms
Remember when
I wore your Cowboy hat and
Sat there,
Right there,
Perched on the railing
Blowing you
Kisses
In the sunshine
And you blew some back...
Through smoke of the bar-b-que-er.

That we licked off for each other?
Ha ha.
All in the past.
You are gone,
I am still here on the wooden deck
Of our past, standing,
Right here.



Wahine (Woman)

Tyson Ferreira

Photograph

The Student Athlete's Guide To The Road

by
Stephanie Hinkle

As a student athlete I have been on my share of road trips, eaten my share of food that has been worse than the campus cafeteria, and slept in some of the smallest spaces known to man. Here is the athlete's guide to road trips and travel in college.

First of all, you should try to sit in the back of whatever vehicle you may be riding in.

You might say, "Why the back? It gets hot and stuffy and you always the last one out."

Well, to that I say, ride with some of my coaches who have been the scariest drivers known to man. By riding in the back, you'll live through any crashes or collisions to play in your next game. As far as eating is concerned, I highly recommend you bring your own snacks. Or, if you have a buffet for breakfast such as the kind at a hotel, take as much food as you can and hoard it.

I have never eaten much fast food, and then I came to college where it seems that after every game we play, we stop to get fast food.

Fast food!

Can I just get some lard injected into my bloodstream after play?

At least then I wouldn't be sick to my stomach for the rest of the ride home. Granted, I can never tell if it's because of the food or the swaying of the bus due to the bad driving!

I have learned that as long as you are tired enough, you can sleep anywhere. And I do mean anywhere in practically any position. I have woken up on trips curled in the fetal position with my head and neck cramped up against the window. I've learned to sleep sitting up. I'm working on sleeping with my eyes open, and it's coming along nicely.

I highly recommend a pillow and, depending on your climate and the season, a blanket. My problem is that we play in air conditioned gyms, so I need a blanket in the fifty degree gym not on the bus with the broken air conditioning.

A CD player, a variety of CD's, and extra batteries are also a must. This way you can tune out all of the voices that send chills down your spine with every word uttered.

Furthermore, I have given up on bringing along the menacing homework that plagues every college student. I always brought it with every intention of writing that paper or reading that chapter and then I never finish it. So, why carry around the laptop and the heavy books when I can fit more movies and magazines into my bag if I don't?

The moral of the story? Pack light with as many fun alternatives keep yourself occupied. Pack light --who are you dressing up for livnyway? And the fun alternatives keep you sane on that six hour drive when you can't seem to sleep, the VCR is broken, and everyone else is passed out.



Suplex

Emilee Murphree

Photograph

The Shortest Forever

by
Jay Johnson

do you care about the time I waited for your call
that was yesterday
do you remember when I said I wanted to be with you
forever
it was an hour ago
you say my feelings aren't lasting long
and my view of you has faded like the end of some sad
country song
but I'm still here waiting for a reach
still waiting for that call
you think distance makes it better
perhaps I'll want you more if you act like you don't need me
but it makes me want to run away, fall away, from you
what makes me want you is you near me
so you can hear me
whisper of a love I want to give
and promise you the world
share with you all of me and listen to everything you have to say
tell me about you
I want to know what you want to do
I want to make you happy
and when things are down I want to be your positive influence
the good angel on your shoulder

encouraging the angel you know you are
my princess hasn't fallen but she's not up in the clouds
if she'd put her wings back and realize I need her just
much as she needs me
and it's ok to need somebody
because that's what love is
all she sees is words and skips over my heart
if only you could look inside and grab it
it beats for you
I guess I'll run to you again

Javier Lammirato



Self Portrait



Sunset Four

Fabiana Andrade

Photograph

Gridiron Glory

by
Mary Maupin

It was Friday night and the entire town had shut down for the big game, never mind that every Friday night was the big game. It never seemed to bother the occupants of the small Midwestern town that every Friday was spent watching 14 to 18 year old boys struggle for gridiron glory or wallow in defeat. The town would always shut down, it was tradition the old folks would say.

On one particular Friday night there was an event that made the two dollar fee for the game worth the cash. On this Friday a tiny event during the game would cause a whole town to spin into controversy.

The game started off like any other, The National Anthem, the introduction of players, the fireworks, the cheers and the kickoff. Gridiron glory was in the eyes of both teams, but the home team was not prepared for the dirty game the visiting team was to bring to them. The visitors were ruthless, they did illegal holds, made sure the referees were not looking when they were off sides and elicited several fights from the home team.

Three year old Sandra Feter sat stoically on the sidelines as she watched her Unckie Chussie have visitor after visitor plow him down before the plays had even started. She did not fully comprehend what was going on until her Auntie Meggie who was red with anger said "What is this team's problem? Number sixteen had better hope to go home that I never come to his hometown. I will look him up and then hurt him down to show him exactly how a clothesline feels. I guarantee he will cry and beg for mercy. You do not hurt my little brother! Do you hear me number sixteen? You do not hurt my little brother!"

Sandra looked up at her Auntie and asked, "Dey hurt my Chussie!?"

"A little sweetie, but he will be fine; Auntie Maddie just gets mad when her brother plays football."

"Why do dey hurt Chussie? Do dey hate him?" Sandra asked.

"No, baby, they're just mean," her aunt told her.

"Nobody be mean to my Chussie!" the toddler screamed.

In a split second the little girl had broken free of the hands of her aunt and was running toward the field. Sandra's tiny form could be seen from the stands.

At first the announcer thought a dog had gotten onto the field, that phenomena had happened at least once a year. His voice boomed over the loudspeaker to let the referees know there was a dog on the field. The crowd stopped cheering and waited in anticipation for the dog to be removed.

A tiny voice could be heard from the field, "Number sixteen, number sixteen where are you?" The crowd gasped as all 2,500 people in the stadium realized that the dog was not a dog at all, but a little girl. Collective whispers arose from the crowd. Who was she? What was she doing there? How did she get there? What did she want with number sixteen?

Sandra quickly found number sixteen in the line of large boys. She tugged on his jersey and demanded she speak with him. Number sixteen stood up and upon seeing her innocent looking face obliged to speak with the demanding toddler.

For a moment everything was still and silent. Sandra stood facing number sixteen, her small three year old frame looked tiny and fragile against the hugeness of number sixteen. Sandra stood, quite literally, in his shadow. She picked up her fist and shook it at him. "Don't you ever, ever, hurt my Unckie Chussie again!" she screamed at the huge football player in front of her, "Don't you hurt him!" Sandra emphasized her point by promptly kicking number sixteen in the shin. She did not kick him once, she did not kick him twice, she kicked him three times.

The referees were stunned. They had never had a person from off the field come onto the field and actually assault a player, let alone a three year old girl. Number sixteen melted to the ground in pain, the crowd gasped, and the announcer suddenly found himself speechless. What had just happened?

Sandra looked down at number sixteen. She did not say a word, but let her eyes connect with his. She watched as the paramedics rushed onto the field and tended to the fallen player's shin. No one seemed to be able to shake off the awe enough to remove the little girl from the field. Sandra stood firmly on the forty-five yard line and watched the boy in his embarrassment. She had defeated her Unckie's enemy and now she was satisfied to sit out on the sidelines and watch the rest of the game. He turned to walk away just as her Auntie ran onto the field and scooped the child up in her arms.

The announcer crackled back to life over the speakers, "Well, folks I've always said we raise some tough gals in these parts, but doesn't she take the cake?" The home crowd erupted in cheers as Sandra

stood, bewildered, at the side of the field. "Give it up for the mistress gridiron glory," yelled the announcer.

To this day no one really remembers who won the game that night. The only thing one will hear the townspeople talk about is a little girl who injured an away football player. The controversy that little Sandra created was not whether she was wrong or right in what she did, but a debate on where to put her memorial statue divided the town for ten years. The town has since erected a statue of little Sandra standing in the shadow of a mighty number sixteen and before every game the football team runs past it and touches Sandra's little suspended-in-air right foot for good luck. The statue, townspeople and football players believe, has led the town to gridiron glory on more than one occasion.



The Hippie Child

Jasmine McDowell Photograph



Frenze: The Flowering City, Italy

mila Echevarria

Photograph

The Weeping Child

by
Lori Triplett

I hear a child weeping
So far away it seems,
That often times I wonder
If it is but a dream.
I hear a child weeping
It hardly sleeps at night.
I wonder why it cries
Is it from loneliness or fright?
And where's the child's family?
Does no one come around?
Or is it that they fail to hear
That painful, mournful sound?
Time and time again I've tried
To find the child I hear
But each time it eludes me
'Til moment I get near.
Who will help this lonely child
Who cries so endlessly?
And why is it that no one hears
The weeping child but me?



Mourning

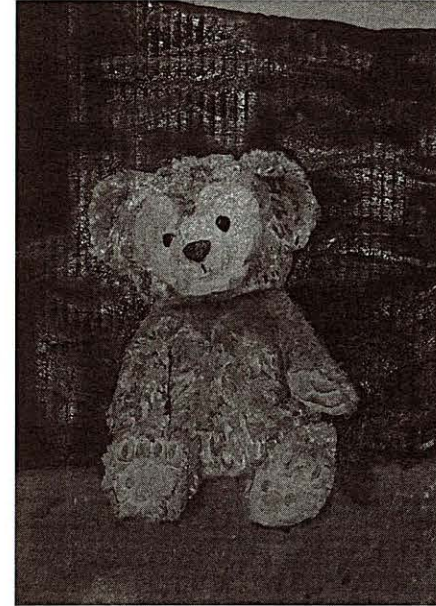
Jasmine McDowell

Photograph

In My Corner

Ophelia Pickard

Painting



Grandma

by
Lori Triplett

She used to write a verse or two
As pretty as you please.
She used to sing sweet lullabies
Of childhood memories.

Now time goes by, the pen is still
And silence fills the air.
Days are lonely, nights are long,
The pain is hard to bear.

And each day with the rising sun
She'll sadly wait and yearn,
For the time when joyful song
And peaceful rhyme return.

High Rise

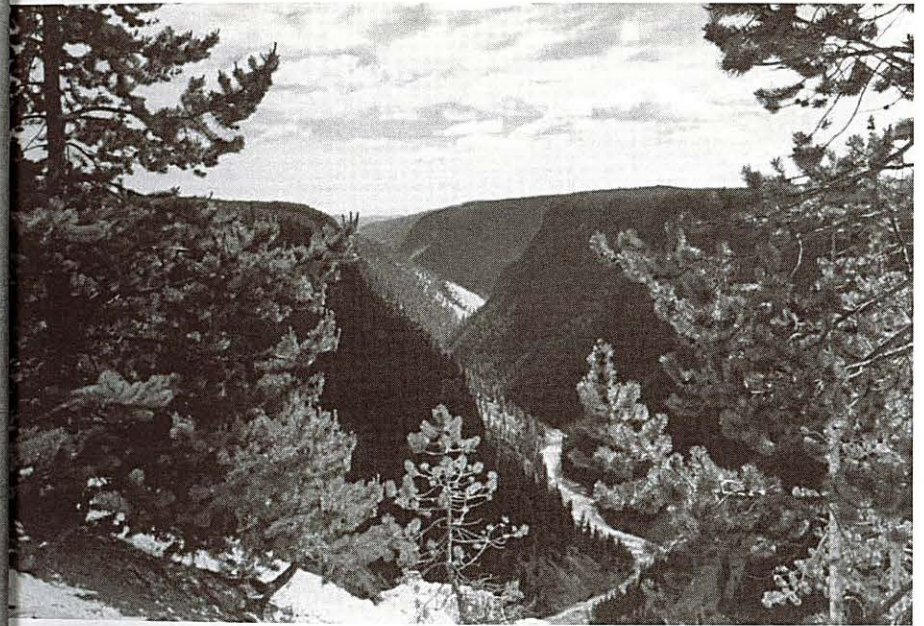
by
Emilee Murphree

I saw
In my mind
How it would be
When I had attained
Everything I'd dreamed of
My trendy, chic apartment
White carpet, large windows, no children,
Plasma TV and stainless steel kitchen
I saw myself wishing I could jump out one of those big windows.



Old Town Marbella, Spain

Andrijana Savic



Yellowstone's Grand Canyon

Photograph Adamentz

It's More

by
Robert Harrison Lockheart

Love is not a river,
but learning from our past.
Love is not a razor,
but living for the present.
Love is not a flower,
but hoping for the future.
It's more than all of that.
Love is learning to let go,
to take a step back and watch the show.
Give them room to move about,
but be there to help them out.

Photograph



Family Portrait

Jasmine McDowell



Twins

Photograph Ophelia Pickard

Charcoal Drawing

You're My Angel

by

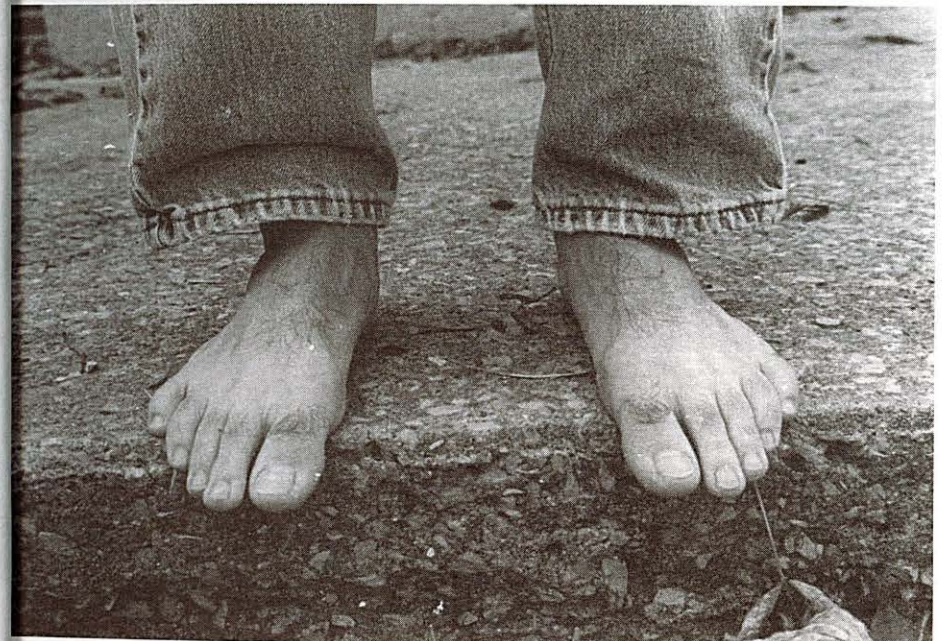
Robert Harrison Lockheart

I look at the moon, and I see your face.
I hear you singing, like an angel in this place.

I look into your eyes at the stars in the sky.
God has been so good to me and I ask why?

You're the one I see when I close my eyes.
You see through each and every one of my lies.

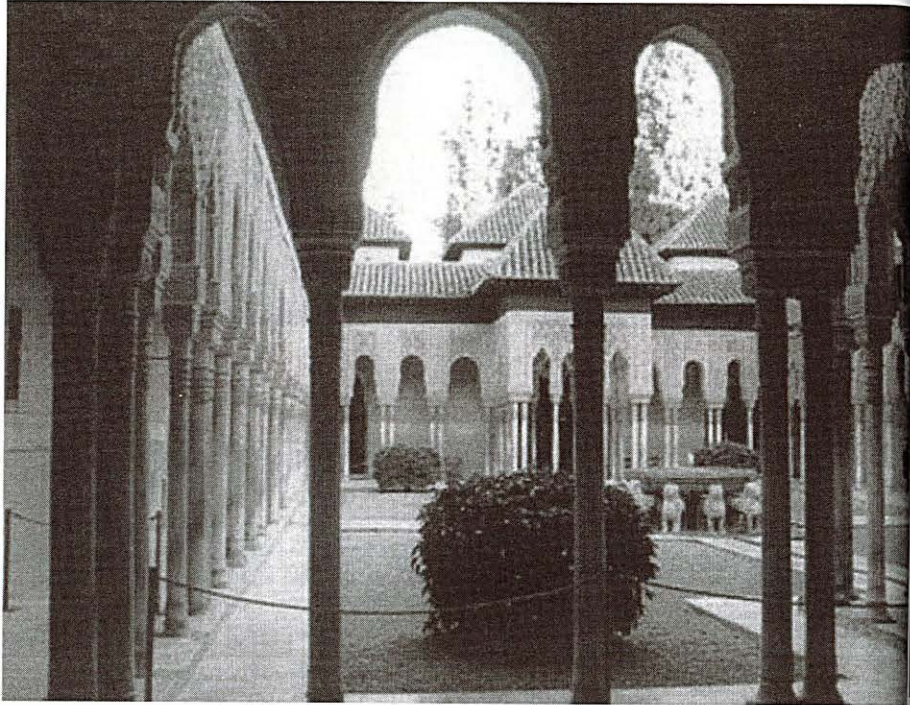
From my love there's no place for you to hide.
For I shall be right there by your side.



Feet

brandy Beayon

Photograph



An Arabian Palace: La Alhambra Granada, Spain

Andrijana Savic

Photograph



Two Brothers' Island

Photograph

abiana Adradne

His Last Ride

by
Jessica Young

He pulled into the rodeo ground
The crowd and contestants were gathered all around

He went into the office and paid his fee
While he was there he checked the draw, he drew a bull branded
Three

He had never heard of this bull before
So he went behind the chutes to get ready and find out more

He asked another boy if he had seen this bull in action
The boy answered, "Ya' man he really gets some traction"

Three put his nose in the dirt and butt in the air
He spins hard to the left, and if you want to win first he can put you
there

He thanked the cowboy, and walked over to get a look at Three
The bull was standing in the corner just as quiet as could be

He watched the bull for a minute or two
Then looked him in the eye and said, "It's between me and you"

He walked back to where he had laid his stuff
Got out his bull rope, chaps, spurs, and his can of snuff

He rosined up his rope, and waited for the barrels to end
The chute boss yelled from the back, "You boys get ready" then he
turned and grinned

He was to be the fifth cowboy out of the chute
And he was going to ride his best and hopefully win the loot

Out of the four boys that had rode before him only one had got a
score
He smiled real big and said to himself, "All I have to do is cover,
nothing else matters anymore"

Three was in the chute, and the cowboy was climbing in
He got his rope set and nodded his head for the thrill to begin

Three had did just what the boy had said
He had his butt in the air, and the dirt is where you could find his
head

He held on with all his might
Both the bull and the cowboy put up a good fight

The buzzer had rung to end the eight second ride
He tried to jump off, when Three slipped and fell to his side

Three fell onto the cowboy breaking his back in two
He looked up and saw black, it was then he knew his life was through

He began thinking about what had happened
And how quickly it came to an end

He knew in his heart that he had done his best
But now he feels sharp pains in his chest

He draws his last breath as they carry him away
And he thanks God for what he had, because if it wasn't for him he
wouldn't have rode today.

Jesse James
Pencil Drawing by Josh Faust

Cowboy's God

by
Jessica Young

You see God is a big part of a
cowboy's life
He depends on him for
everything, day and night

He needs God to protect him
Even when he's feeling grim

He needs him there when he takes those stupid dares
And someone to listen when no one else cares

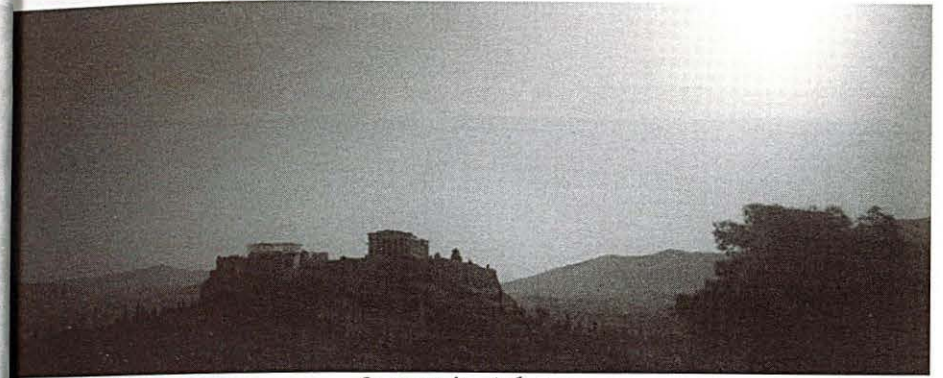
He needs God for support
Because rodeo is one tough sport

For this cowboy he will never wake up to another day
He had fulfilled many dreams he had along the way

His friends and family he will miss them
For their love will always be with him

The past of this man will always live on
His rides and achievements will never be gone

The life of this cowboy is now a memory
You see I will never forget him, for he was very special to me.



Sunset in Athens

Leila Echevarria

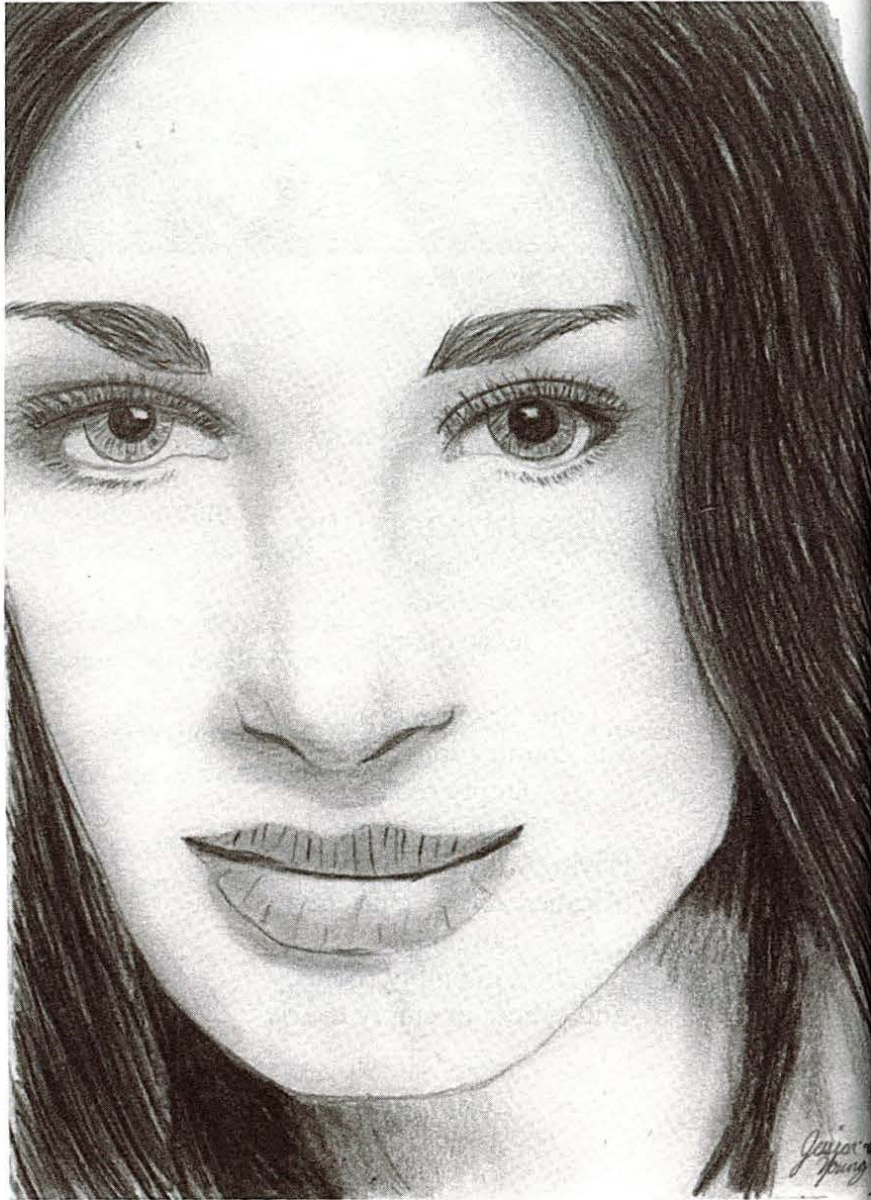
Photograph

Bright Morning

by

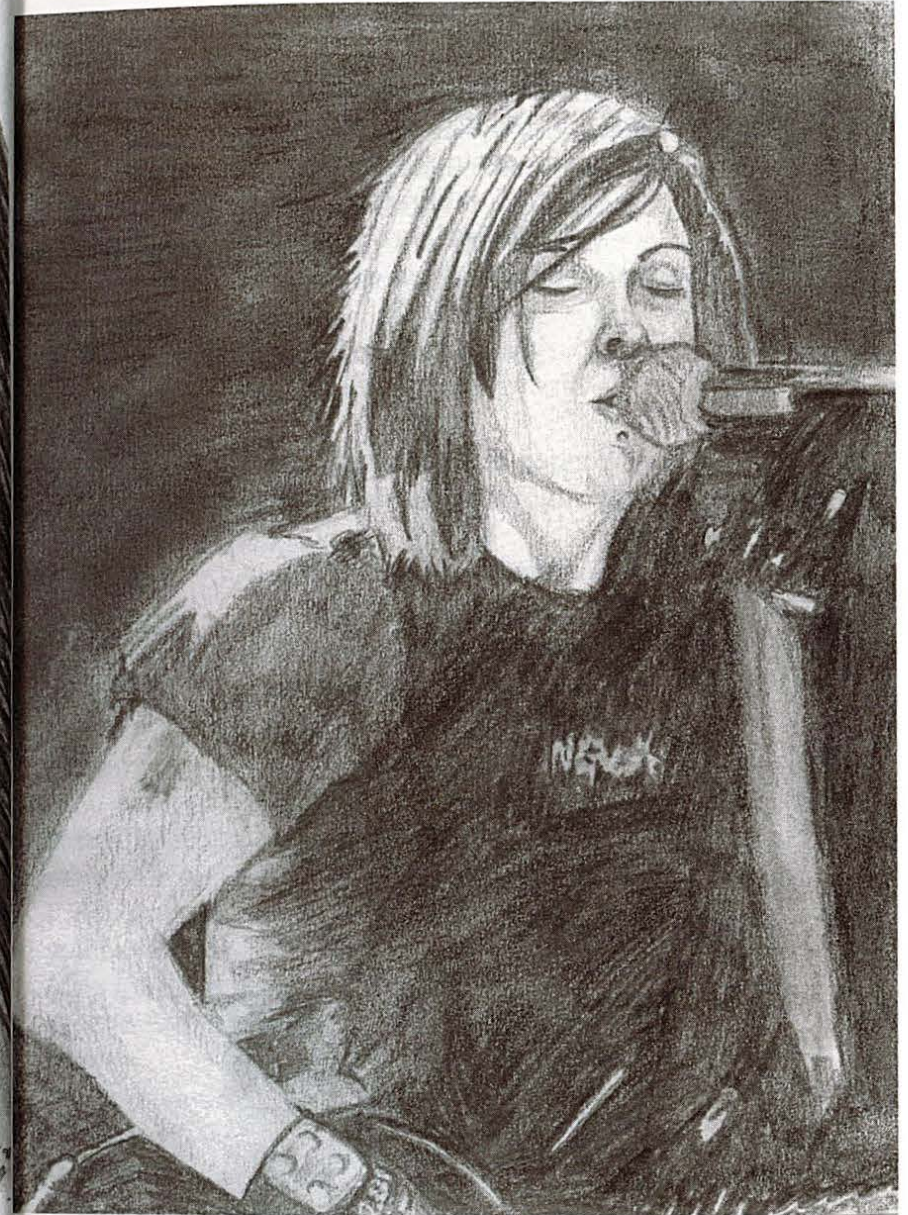
Jessica James

One Bright morning,
And country songs of rain—
Empty room,
Full of emotion;
Playing with a gold necklace
Draped across your chest,
Laughter—
It sings in empty rooms,
And echoes in empty hearts.



Untitled Portrait

Jessica Young



Teagan Quinn

Pencil Drawing & Carrie Mitchell

Charcoal Drawing

My Shell

by
Jessica James

Blue and grey shadows
Stupid belt—
It got stuck again.
Fumbling,
Off it finally comes,
And so do the rest of my clothes;
My Shell.
But in darkness who needs a Shell?
Kissing my shoulders,
BARE
Worried if not working out
Has finally caught up with my hips and ass.
Kissing,
Heavy breathing, and then...
-Her Picture-
You all know the one,
It hangs ceremoniously on
Otherwise forlorn walls,
Glistening in the dark
Alongside, my humiliation.
I shouldn't be here
Now where
Is my Shell?



Honu (Turtle)

Tyson Ferreira Photograph

Midnight Caller

by
Emilee Murphree

metimes in the early morning you will see her sitting there
ross the street, up on the porch, in a plastic chair
u will never see her out unless she's talking on the phone
ross the street, up on the porch, sitting all alone
one ever comes to visit, but it seems that someone cares
ross the street, up on the porch, she ignores my stares
onder who she talks to, and if it's anyone at all
ross the street, up on the porch, she makes one more call

Now I Know

by
Landon Alexander

ow I know,
hat you want me to know,
cast my life in the mold you made,
ur my soul into the smoky coarse iron silhouette that is life.
ow I know,
at you can be bold,
r laying in the grass on the side of the trail,
eathing in the air that not many souls have.
ow I know,
ould you dare to be free,
sting fruits not so forbidden or puckered with stains,
rtaking in sweet sustenance that has not crossed many lips.
ow I know,
at you placed the World at my finger tips,
iding high among the few, soaring over the many,
eting sorrow and perching high on sovereignty.
ow I know.

Comforted, For Once, by Reality

by
Emilee Murphree

while lying next to you
last night
I dreamt you made me cry
like all the other boys had
though they never meant it,
somehow, I ended up with cracks and tears in my heart
but the sun peeked through the blinds this morning
my eyes flashed open at the sound of the alarm clock radio
my tears weren't tangible
your smooth chest pressed softly against my back
your fingers were gently laced in mine
I turned my head to face you and as you pressed your lips against
forehead
the corners of my frown upturned,
I closed my eyes and gave your hand a gentle squeeze,
forgot about dreaming and remembered you

You Tell

by
Dustin Brown

ou black cat of treason,
ou poison and dilute the mind,
ou deprive souls of the divine.
ou black cat of horror,
ou draw breath and scream,
ou constantly devise your evil scheme.
ou black cat of witchcraft,
ou script and cast your spell,
ou drive loving creatures to hell.
ou black cat of terror,
ou twist and turn the heart,
ou creatively play the part.
ou black cat of anger,
ou cut and shred the soul,
ou make the worthy man pay toll.
ou black cat of crime,
ou leave your dreadful scar,
ou steal light from the brightest star.
ou black cat of treason
ell me the reason,
ell me why you thieve my season.

Pray Tonight

by
Acacia Decker

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take"

These are the words we pray
These are the words we say
We pray... Before we sleep
We pray... Before we leap
Whenever we are too deep
We pray so that God will have our souls to keep

We must pray for forgiveness
We must pray to be blessed
Sometimes when we pray we are obsessed
But do we pray because we are possessed?

Sleep... Sleep, lil' lamb
Your prayers have been heard
Lil' lamb...

Don't worry your mind is not disturbed

Sleep... Sleep...

Your soul is safe

Lil' Lamb...

Your soul is mine to keep

Sleep... Sleep...

Until you die... Then...
You will truly be mine!

Pray you must
O forgive your lust
Prayers you need
O forgive your sinful deed
That will lead
You to damnation
And a fiery HELL!

Forgiveness... Forgiveness you must ask!
God will forgive you, only if you ask.
If you don't... Then your soul will be an outcast!
You will never enter Heaven, but live forever. ..
In an ever lasting HELL!!!"

Sleep... Sleep lil' Lamb

Go to sleep, but don't forget your prayers

Sleep... Sleep
Lil' Lamb
Sleep... Sleep...



Gotcha!

Asmine McDowell

Photograph



I Will Write No More Forever

by
Jenny Bell

Tell Mrs. Kipping I know her heart. What she told me before, I have in my heart. I am tired of writing. Our classmates are failed. First hour is flunking. Fifth hour is flunking. The seniors are all flunking. It is the juniors who say yes and no. He who led the juniors is dead. It is late and we have no grades. My classmates, some of them, have graduated at semester and have no grades, no class; no one knows where they are - perhaps flipping burgers. I want to have time to look for them and see how many I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the unemployed. Hear me, my teachers. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will write no more forever.

* An adaptation of Chief Joseph's 1877 surrender speech, "I Will Fight No More Forever"



Haiku

by
Jessica James

One rubik's cube web
Of life glistens in sunlight
Wind blows, shatters it.



James Richardson

Celebrity

Digital Enhancement

Colored United States Twenties to Debut Mid-October

by
Mary Maupin

Have you heard about the new \$20 bills that will be debuting mid-October? Prototypes of the new colored twenties are widely circulating the internet. The United States government has finally decided to do something about the shortage of green ink that has been plaguing North America for almost a century.

In early 1990 the Government realized that green ink was in high demand, but short supply. To compensate for the possible loss of the United States' beloved "green backs" the government decided to stockpile all the green ink they could find. One government official, William Dollher, made a substantial purchase of green pens from the Pentacolor Company which is one of the world's leading suppliers of ballpoint pens. The purchase, says Dollher, "[was] one of the biggest the company has ever filled, they had to dip into foreign resources to get the amount of ink required to make 300 billion green ballpoint pens." After the purchase of the pens the United States government spent 3.6 million dollars in ink extraction research to find a way to squeeze the ink from the ballpoint pens and mix it so that it was the same as the green ink on all United States paper notes.

By 1996 the government had exhausted its supply of CIB pens and promptly passed a law that ensured no green ink was used in the United States. Teachers were suddenly forced to grade all papers in black ink, which was not in such high demand. Offices all over the United States were told they could use, "Absolutely no green, whether in signs, printing, daily office functions or clothing colors." The new law was masked as a copyright law for money, but as longtime White House official, Ben Printin says, "The copyright of money is just like any other copyright, people can't just go and take an original idea and make their own." Mr. Printin declined to comment further.

Enter left-side liberal congresswoman Rain Beaux. Mrs. Beaux sent the congressional session into frenzy in 2000 when she suggested that in dealing with the shortage of green ink the United States should begin printing some of its paper notes in color. In an interview in August of 2001 Mrs. Beaux was quoted as saying, "Our money is really boring, it uses a whopping three colors: black, green and ivory. If we are experiencing a green ink shortage then the United States should try to scoot around it by making bills that contain other colors." Beaux also pointed out, "Foreign visitors are easily confused by our uniform sized and colored bills," as well as the fact that the uniformity [of our money] comes from the days of Puritanism in America, but those days are long gone.

After several debates in the congressional houses the proposal was approved and a schedule to infiltrate the new colored bills was set up. Paul A. Tition says, "The schedule is so spaced out because we did not want anyone to be confused by the new coloring system to be used on our paper notes." Beginning in October all new twenty dollar notes will offer, "a splash of peach and blue, but will maintain the traditional green color despite the green ink shortage."

The government is taking further steps to ensure the reserve supply of green ink is not wasted. They intend on having a full line of colored bills by 2025. Plans include a ten dollar bill with a splash of the color seaweed as well as grass. A five dollar bill will debut with the startling colors of evergreen and guacamole and one dollar bills will be given the colors of cornstalk and bullfrog. The government intends to join up with the Cray-oh-lah company to create the new colors for the bills.

One doubter of the whole monetary color revolution asked, "What's next, are they going to make the money different sizes?" Only time will tell.

Come Back To Me

by
Stephanie Hinkle

“Come back to me!” the lovers cried,
From a distant, hellish place
Apart and alone for much too long
Hoping each will find a saving grace.

Lying cold and alone
Between stark and empty sheets
Waiting, hoping he'll come
To rescue me.

Sandstorms cut and crack my skin
Ninety degrees in the dead of night
Staring at her beautiful, smiling face
Praying for home, for home

Emptiness fills the room
Blanketing my eyes with darkness
Wondering if he's all right
Pleading with God.

Live fire whizzing over her head
Dodging bullets and bomb blasts
Clinging to my rifle with only hope
She's keeping me alive

Tears stream down my face
I wish I could make them stop
It's too much to bear, too hard to take
Living without him everyday.

Thinking I'll be fine
I can go home soon to my wife
I want my life, fighting
Harder to get out of this desolate place

Home! He's coming home!
He's been gone so long, so far
Finally some peace, some normalcy
Our lives can be whole again.
A weary, long road has been traveled.

Tiring my body and mind
But home, my home, is nearing my sight
Leaving to be with my love, my wife.

Sonely times have long passed
That left lovers apart too long
But in the end, it will be here
That lovers come back strong.



Never Too Young...

ceila Echevarria

Photograph



Venice: A Romantic Site for Lovers

Keila Echevarria

Photogra



A Sketch

Ophelia Pickard

Pencil Drawing

Everyone, Follow the Monkey!

by
Cameron Lowe

Cast:

—This cast is meant to serve a double duty, meaning the actors that play the early Mongoloids should play the military types later on.—

MILITARY TYPES

Monkey* -the fearless leader

General Mills -Seen Strangelove? Remember Ripper? You get the idea

Captain Crunch -The dissonant voice of sanity.

Narrator (male or female) -It's a narrator. What the hell else do you need for a description, dumbass?

Various other military types.

MONGOLOIDS

Gar

Gar

Various other Gars

*If you manage to have access to a real chimp/monkey, more power to you. If not, just stage it so that the chimp is not on stage. It's not like the chimp actually needs to be there.

ACTION!

Curtain opens to a deserted stage. Very lifeless, but may be green and lush. Good background songs possibly maybe something idiotic like "Gilligan's Island Theme," something darkly comedic like "Blame Canada," or something related to monkeys such as "George of the Jungle."

N: "Years ago, in a land far, far away, a group of noble-minded, simplistic, and unsophisticated people decided to form a new fledgling nation."

ENTER the Gars. One Gar should have a loincloth on top of his head. The other Gars find this uproariously funny. This Gar is Gar #1.

Gar1: "Gar."

Gar2: "Gar?"

Gar1: "...Gar."

ALL: (except Narrator): "Gar! Gar-de-Gar!"

Gar1: (shaking his head furiously): Gar no Gar! (points to ground) Gar!

Gar!

ALL: (nodding wisely) Gar ...

All GARS start to leave, commending the first Gar on his wise ways in various Gar-ish manners. The first Gar should be praised mightily. Exeunt Gars.

N: "And so it came to pass that the nation known as Gar was formed. Their first leader, Gar, was regarded as the noblest among noble, the bravest among brave, the wisest among...well...dumb asses. Tragically, before Gar could accomplish his dreams of tax deductions for the elderly and yearly underwear parties, he died. The rest of the Gars gathered, and nominated from among their number and the surrounding area the most brilliant member of society to be their leader. This was no easy task, however, and the lands were scoured far and wide for the wisest in the land. But they finally found him. The perfect leader, the alpha male, the holy of holies...the chimpanzee (Narrator bows his head in reverence). And since the chimpanzee's bloodline was so strong, his descendants were all nominated into leadership positions. A couple of centuries passed, and the Gars grew from simplistic and unsophisticated people into an advanced society of advanced technology and sophisticated wit."

ENTER military types, but not General Mills and Captain Crunch. One of the military types has a pair of underwear on his head, and in exactly the same fashion, the military boys find it hilarious. ENTER General Mills and Captain Crunch.

GM: Soldier, why the hell do you have underwear on your head? Do you not know what's gone on today? Our leader has chosen! We are to go to war with the koalas!

A gasp fills the stage.

CC: Ummm... General Mills, sir?

OM: We've no time to lose, Captain Crunch!

CC: Ummm... yes, but sir, war with the pandas?

OM: Koalas, Captain, koalas! We are to follow the monkey to war!

CC: Sir, don't you find it a bit. ..odd?

OM: What?

CC: Well, sir, the only thing the koalas do is eat. No offense, sir, what's the point?

OM: The point, Captain, is that the monkey has chosen!

CC: How?

OM: What do you mean, how?

CC: How did the monkey choose to go to war with the koalas? He's never said anything about it.

GM: Of course, Captain. Monkeys don't speak.

CC: (speaking through gritted teeth) How. ..did. ..the. ..monkey. ..should. ..he. .. wanted... to... go... to... war?

GM: Oh, the usual. Squashing his bananas, making faces, that sort of thing.

CC: Oh. Ern... yes. I see. Well, what exactly made him decide that?

GM: Is this the beginning of another one of your silly arguments about the banana corporations bribing our fearless leader to go to war?

CC: Well, I was kind of thinking-

GM: Don't think! Act! Thinking is what got us into this mess with the koalas!

C: What mess?

M: They eat our eucalyptus leaves, Captain Crunch. Day in, day out, nothing but leaves. Their ways make a man sick, Captain.

C: Do we even use the leaves for anything?

M: That's not the point, and you know it! Why are you being so defiant, Captain? Wait... you're not... ONE of them, are you?

C: Am one of what?

M: Damn it man, a koala! You are, aren't you? You're one of those damn dirty koalas. A spy! A spy in our midst!

the military types grab Captain Crunch.

C: I'm just trying to do some free thinking here, sir! Don't cart me off! I'm no traitor! No!

FINISH



Untitled Still Life

Ophelia Pickard Acrylic Painting

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MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE
MARSHALL, MO 65340

What Would You Do For Love?

by
Kiesa A. Heckmann

I'll tell you what I did for love. I ran off to Canada to marry a woman I love. I know what you are thinking a woman; you're in love with a woman!? Yes, I am! I'm just like you. She means the world to me. Too many people think that is not a proper kind of love, but it is just the same. The best way to relate is just like what happens in movies; when two people meet and fall for one another and society's parents don't approve what do they do? They run off and get married that's exactly what Heather and I did. Despite what others think, we are in love, and we did what two people in love do: they get married. What I did for love was against society and even my parents' beliefs. I married a person that culture does not support. To help you understand here's my saga.

Heather had rotator-cuff surgery the week before Christmas. Two of my friends and I accompanied Heather to her surgery at Overland Park, Kansas. I waited three hours to hear how it went when I was first told it would only take an hour and a half. Sitting there for three hours made me crazy. I hate hospitals in the first place and knowing my girlfriend was getting operated on was the worst. It's hard to describe how I felt, I wanted to jump out the nearest window I was in. I was worried. Finally, I was led back to see her after she woke up and asked her in her demanding tone where the hell I was. Heather was angered by the fact that the medical staff felt I was not important enough to be told she was out. We even thought about suing the doctor for not coming out to talk to me like he had done with his eight other patients that day. But we decided against it. There was not enough proof and the man decided to apologize to me which was enough for me, but not Heather. So Heather decided it was time to ask me to marry her. She wanted to fortify our relationship even though it would not be recognized here. She felt that would make us stronger as a couple and maybe someday we would get the recognition we deserve. First off, I'll tell you about how Heather and I met, and then I can get into the marriage stuff.

When Heather and I first met a year and a half ago, I never thought that today we would be married. She and I met through friends

at a bar one night and we hit it off right away. I had never been with a woman before, except a little fling with a friend, but nothing serious. When I met Heather, however, I knew there was something I liked about her and I wanted to spend more time with her. The funny thing being we really did not have a lot in common. To me that's what makes us such an interesting pair. So we started dating and it's been over a year now. Like so many other couples, we have had our ups and downs. She and I work out our differences and move on down the road. After spending a summer apart because of a fight, I went to see Heather and the kids. We started talking about our past problems and managed to patch up our relationship. Living together was our first step. After moving in together, we talked about what we both wanted in the future and the question of getting married came up. Marriage. What a big commitment for anyone, right? But somehow it felt bigger with Heather. I always knew marriage was for me but to a woman...I never really thought about that one! Heather asked me to marry her on her birthday this year because all she wanted for her birthday was for me to say YES. And I did! On Valentine's Day weekend we got married in the only legal place we knew...Canada.

Canada has three provinces in which same-sex couples can be united. One of which is Ontario, to be more precise Niagara Falls, so that's where we headed. It felt like Vegas for gay people. There were lots of lights, restaurants, tourist things to do, and a beautiful suite on the 16th floor. But unlike Vegas we did not go through a drive-thru to get hitched. Instead Heather and I were married in the Minolta Towers high above the Falls. We had a wonderful time that neither one of us will ever forget.

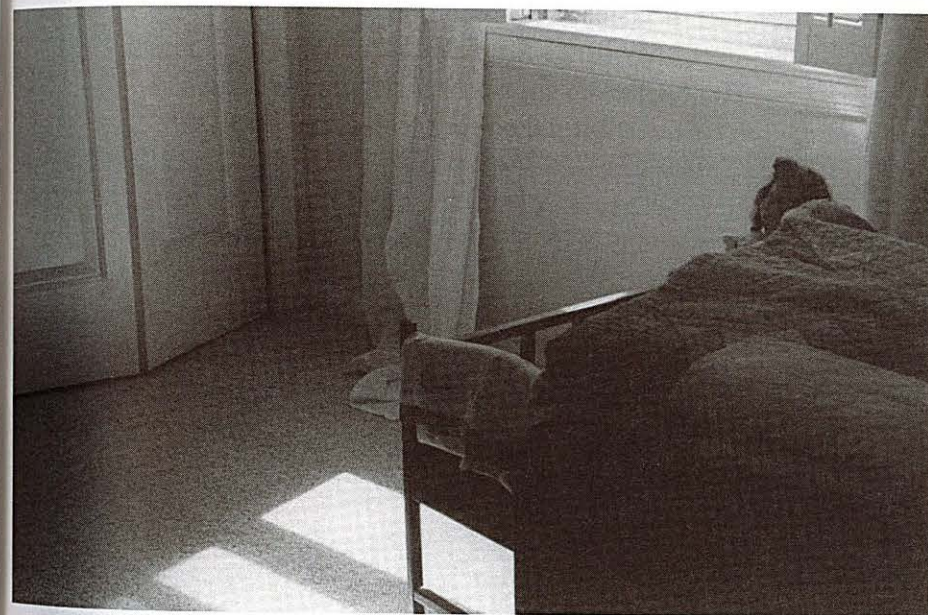
Many people ask, "Why marriage? What's the difference?" It's not legal here. Although it is true that Heather's and my marriage is not legal here, we got the license because she and I love each other. For us, that reason alone is enough to get married. We told each other that millions of people marry everyday, so why can't we? Yes, there are civil unions or domestic partnerships, but both of these choices are not the same as marriage. With marriage Heather and I can file taxes together, get health insurance, and I can adopt her youngest son without a fight. In Canada we could do all these things. In the U. S. all of these things would be more simple if one of us were male. But that just isn't an option.

We love each other the way that God made us which unfortunately, is wrong in many people's eyes. We want the same things straight couples do, a family, happiness, and a long life with that special someone. So how is that wrong? I really don't know, but there are so many people out there trying to hurt us by banning gay marriage in this country. They argue that we are destroying the family values of this country, and that marriage is meant to be between a man and a woman. I would like everyone to know when the Pilgrims first came here marriage was a civil union. The clerical blessings were something people added later. We are not asking to be married by a church. We just want the license for all the same benefits of a married couple. Marriage is a civil act not a clerical act. The church needs to stay out of the issue. Ironically a Unitarian minister, who had no problem uniting two lesbians, performed the ceremony. As a matter of fact, she told us that we were not her only gay couple from the States, but we had traveled the farthest. The minister was very nice to us and wanted us to keep in touch with her, which I thought was really great and I plan to write. The whole experience has been one that I will never forget; not just the beautiful wedding, but also the helpfulness of everyone involved.

The downside to our wedding was coming back here to the on-going fight about gay marriages. The funny thing about the whole gay marriage issue is that she and I were married before the big event happened in San Francisco. To me the irony of the whole thing is that we got "hitched" before everyone else. Like every other gay couple in America we want to change the way we are being treated. If other countries will allow us to marry, then what's the big deal? So, to let people know that it is not a big deal, Heather and I get involved where we can. Soon she and I will go to Jefferson City for Lobby Day 2004. There, people can talk with their legislators about what they want to change in the Missouri government. I have never spoken with anyone in a political office, so it will be an eye opening experience for me. It should be a day of festivities for Heather, me and all the other gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender activists to get together and hopefully change the minds of our representatives.

Having gone through so many emotions in the last couple of months has made me a stronger person. Telling my parents I was going to marry a woman was a huge ordeal, but they understand now that it's my life and they cannot change that. Then finding out after we get back

so many people got married because some government officials thought what was going on was wrong. It gave me hope when we went to visit our representatives. Meeting with legislators was an interesting experience and educational too. Knowing that many of them wouldn't change their minds hurt but they took the time to listen to us as a group. But the strangest thing of all is being married and not really feeling that anything has changed. Yes, we have a marriage licenses and rings; but we lived together in the first place, her kids know me as Mom or Kiesa, so there didn't seem to be a big change. The only thing I can think of is that if we decide to break up one of us has to go to Canada for a year before we can get a divorce. Life has not changed. But I somehow feel closer to her because we made a commitment to each other in the eyes of God and friends, and to undo that is more than just dividing up our stuff.



A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

Jasmine McDowell

Photograph

To Feel

by
Amy Shimmick

I stand outside to feel the day.
Closing my eyes my head falls back,
Every part of me is relaxed.
I take in a breath to feel the air.
It tastes so sweet, cool, and crisp.
My lungs are full and content.
The air passes through purifying my blood.
I walk with naked toes to feel the earth.
Tiny blades of grass caress my skin.
Freshness is sent through my body.
I stand up to the day to feel the sun.
With closed eyes it is bold and bright,
Warmth moves from my baby blues to the essence of my soul.
I took a day to feel forever.
My senses are content,
My heart is light.
I found my forever.



Badlands 2003

Jill Adamentz

Photograph



Untitled

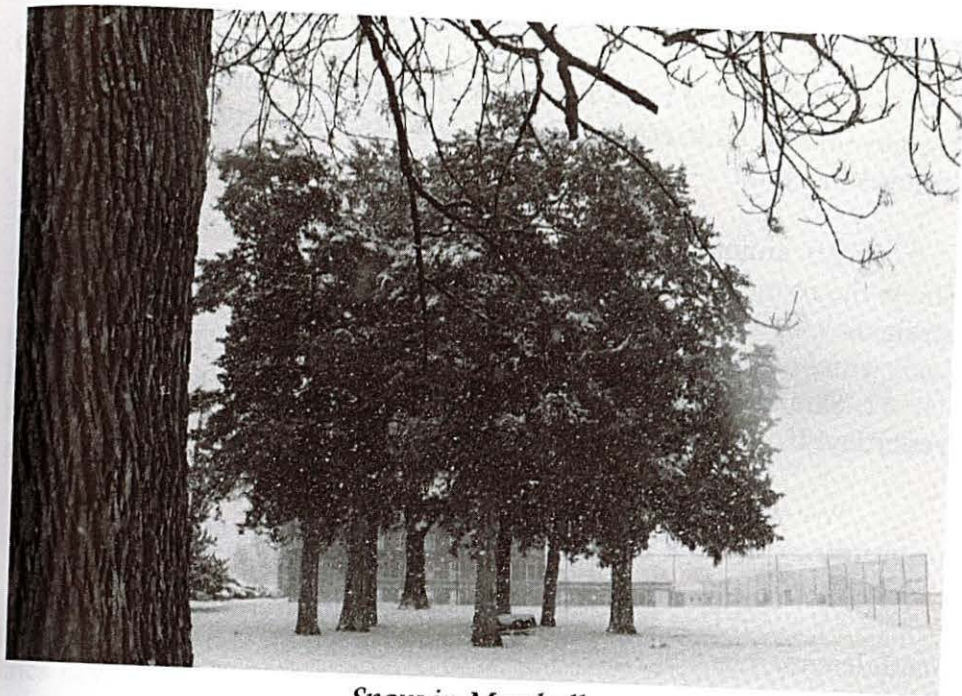
Tyson Ferreira



Kiawe (Mesquite wood)

Tyson Ferreira

Photograph



Snow in Marshall

Bradley Rusher

Photograph

Firm Believer

by
Bridget J. Eischeid

He is real! I know he is! I don't care what you say. There is no way that my parents could buy all those presents and put them under the tree without me knowing it," I told Jay Pierson.

"I can't believe you still believe in Santa. What a baby!" Jay said.

I think at first I was speechless. I mean, how could he doubt the big guy in red with reindeer? Then I heard, "Hey guys, Bridget still believes in Santa!"

This announcement was followed by laughter that I am sure shook the room. Then I knew what I had to do. I had to set those idiots straight.

"Santa is real! Mrs. Claus even read my letter to Santa on KICD yesterday! If you guys don't believe you won't get any presents!" I said.

"We will too get presents because our parents will bring them to us, just like yours do!" Jay said.

At about that time Mrs. Rafdall settled us down and began our math lesson.

I couldn't concentrate on math at a time like that! I just had to get home so I could tell my mom and dad.

As soon as I got home I had a talk with my mom. My dad wasn't home from work yet. My older sister, Erica, and my older brother, Brandon, sat around the kitchen table too. I told them about the horrifying things my classmates said. Then it happened ...

"Honey, I think you're old enough. I don't want you getting teased at school. I am Santa," Mom said.

Tears began to fall from my face like the rain during a flood. I couldn't say a word. I couldn't believe my ears. Then my mean mother told me the truth.

"I'm just kidding! He's real, Santa is real!" Mom said. Her and my older siblings were laughing.

I was furious at them. How could they joke about such a serious subject?

"That's not funny!" I said and ran to my bedroom.

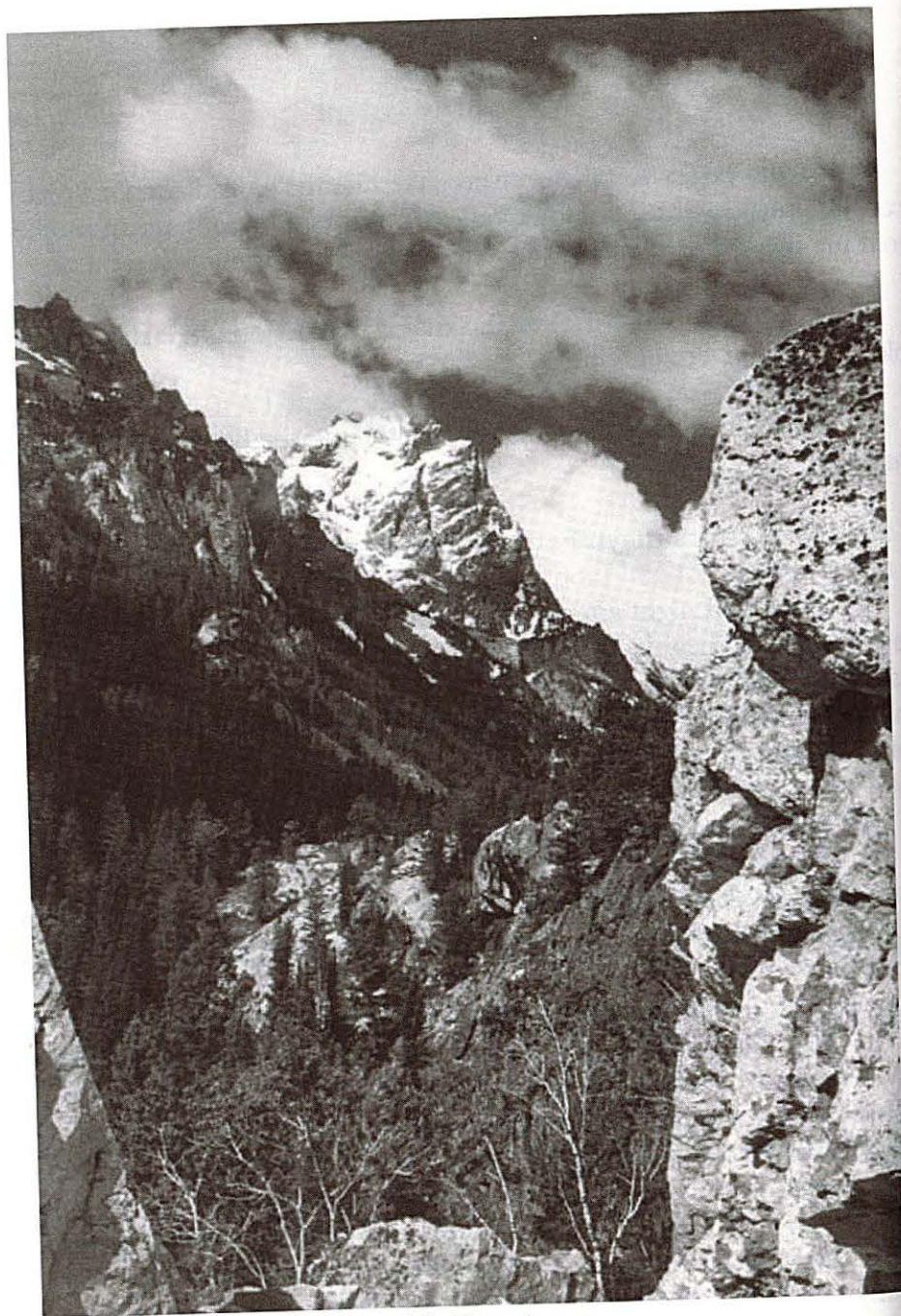
Later that night after supper Mom and Dad told me they wanted to talk to me. They decided that I really was old enough to know the harsh reality. So once again, Mom told me there was no Santa. Dad told me that this didn't mean we wouldn't get presents on Christmas. Erica and Brandon came back into the dining room.

"Aren't you going to tell Brandon and Erica?" I asked my parents.

Of course they had both known for years. Brandon caught them putting the presents under the tree when he was younger than I was. Erica never really believed.

That time I didn't cry. The rest of the evening went on like any other night. My parents told me to get ready for bed and then they would come tuck me in. I was in my bed all curled up processing the day's events when suddenly it hit me. I sat up in bed quicker than anyone can say "Santa."

"MMMОООМММ! DAAAAAD! What about the Easter Bunny?"



Untitled Landscape

Jill Adamentz

Photograph



Lower Falls in Yellowstone

Jill Adamentz

Photograph

All for a Lousy Candy Bar

by
Emilee Murphree

When Daniel was six, his dad ran him over with the car. If Daniel had accepted the fact that his father wasn't going to buy him a candy bar, the whole thing never would have happened.

"I'm going to the store," Dad announced, jingling the keys off the hook. "Does anyone want to come?"

"I do," answered Daniel. "But only if you get me a candy bar."

"Sorry, Dan, no candy bar. Still wanna come?"

Apparently Daniel did not. He started crying and ran to his room. His mother and his sister paid no attention because Daniel often did this. His sister, Emilee, went out into the backyard and played house with the cats. His mother went out to the garage to start a load of laundry. Neither of them saw Daniel sneak out the front door.

He'd decided to try his luck at a candy bar anyway and luckily for him, his dad was still warming the car up in the driveway. The car, a white '65 Mustang named Ned, made a ferocious rumbling when warming up so Daniel's father didn't notice him creeping around the growling beast. Instead of climbing inside the car, something in Daniel's mind told him it would be better to ride out in the open air.

He clasped the door handle with his most determined grip and propped his feet up on the passenger door. He held on as the beastly vehicle pulled forward out of the driveway, turned to the right and rounded the curve of the court past eight houses. As his dad was stopping to check the traffic at the cross street, Daniel did the horribly predictable.

He fell off.

The back tires rolled over what the unsuspecting driver thought was a cat, but when he looked back, he didn't see any road kill. He just saw Daniel sprawled out in the street behind the car. He had blood dripping from his chin and horror on his face.

His father was in shock. He'd run over his own son. What kind of person runs a car over their child?

There were white skid marks down the street from where Daniel had let his new shoes hit the ground and bounced back up onto the car. This was probably not what Stride Rite had in mind when they said these shoes could outlast any test a kid could put them through.

Instead of the grocery store, they ended up taking a trip to the hospital down the street. It was impossible to get any answers out of Daniel, who had, in the process of falling off the car, rolled and let his chin take the fall. His tongue was in bad shape as well and he just couldn't stop crying.

Meanwhile, Mom was closing the lid to the washing machine and as she climbed the steps to the kitchen she wondered if Daniel was all right. She eased the door to his room open and called softly to him, but he wasn't there to answer. She then checked under the covers to find him gone and called a little less softly for him to "come here."

After searching every hiding spot in the house, Mom called for reinforcements. Emilee, who couldn't care less, rolled her eyes at the request and pretended to be concerned. They were looking under the kitchen sink when the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Debora?"

"Carl! I can't find Daniel! Where are you? What's going on?"

Silence.

"I'm at the hospital...I ran over Daniel."

The walk down to the Queen of the Valley seemed to take an eternity, but an overprotective mother and a worried-though-she-won't-admit-it sister waste no time.

They found Daniel, sitting with the doctor, stitches in his chin and a cast on his leg. He was holding a balloon in his right hand and a Snickers in his left. He was smiling.



Haiku

by
Stephanie Hinkle

Machine guns chatter,
Bombs, splashing through pools of blood,
Best friend lying dead.



Quarry Dive

by
Jasmine McDowell

Little toes fluttered over drowned cards
And dead fish
From the slate cliffs
To the rocky shore.
While the placid black water
Settled like oil
Around the boy thrashing wildly.
His body would sink
Then his head would crown
And sink again
In the black water and cheap beer.
Paisley girl screamed
To swim the other way
From the grey rocks
Shards of broken glass
Shimmering around her feet
She screamed to swim the other way.
His friends slipped carelessly towards the shore
And slithered out of the water
Surreptitious like slimy eels.
They ran for their cars,
Cradling their beers like sleeping babies.
Paisley girl dove in the water
Dead logs under her arms
Make-shift life preservers.
She dove down into the icy sepulcher
Where the drowned cards dwell,
Black water film covering her eyes
Engulfing her body
But the boy could not be found.

Afternoon bled into evening
Fireflies lit the vigil.

Police in their starched, linen suits
Sweat dying light azure to indigo
Coffee lingered on their muggy breath.
Their calloused hands
Gave the wet, Paisley girl
A number two and an eight by eleven
Calloused words slipped out of the dry coffee mouth
"Just the facts ma'am; just the facts."

Quarry divers raked the muck
Six hundred feet deep
Thick water wrapped their warm bodies like cold, dirty oil
But they didn't find the body.

Mother rumbled to the quarry
In an '85 Pinto
"Where's my baby?" she cried, her breath hot with Jack
Rusty car door left swinging wide open
And running to the Paisley girl
To shake the Paisley off of her.
"Where's my baby?" she wailed.
"You could have saved him."
"It's all your fault."
She slapped the Paisley in her young face.

Mother sang a dirge for the blue, pickled pig
When the divers drug his swollen body out of the black
And shook the Paisley once more.



Untitled Landscape

Jill Adamentz

Photograph

Unspoken

by

Joe McHendry

My deep breath could only slightly calm my trembling hand as I opened the door to my room. She looked up at me as I entered; she was in the same place that I left her when the phone rang. I slowly made my way over to her.

"Baby," I said from behind my fake grin, "you love me right?" Without delay she answered "Of course " as a puzzled look crossed her face. I leaned down slowly and pressed my lips against hers; the look of confusion stayed on her face and I looked squarely into her eyes.

"Good," I replied, "then get the hell out!" My finger shook with both hostility and absolute misery as it pointed toward the door.

The look on her face begged for a reason for this sudden outburst, and I had just the one for her. "I know about the club last Friday night," I said. My voice was shaking from holding back the tears. Her look of confusion drained along with every bit of color from her face which I had seen every day for the past year. Her tears and pleas for forgiveness could not change my decision; I stated this many times as I tried to get her to leave.

"Baby please don't do this to me. I'm not going to leave, you can't make me leave." She muttered under her tears. So I took a seat next to her on my bed.

"If you won't leave, then you could at least do me one favor," I said to her. She anxiously awaited my next sentence. "The next time you tell someone you love them, mean it."

I then got up and made my way quickly to the door so that she wouldn't see the steady stream of tears which had so quickly matched hers. Not more than three steps behind me I heard her bust through the bedroom door sobbing, as she sprinted out of the front door of the house. I knew that last comment had hit her like an uppercut to the jaw. Of course, I knew that I had hurt her, but she deserved it. There is just

no feeling that can match the way my heart sank when I heard about her and James, the British guy from the club.

The tears soon dried as I sat down on the couch to get my mind off the day's happenings. I turned on the TV and someone had been watching CMT. Garth Brooks proceeded to sing out "If tomorrow never comes..." as I hit the power button and threw the remote in disgust. A love song was not exactly what I needed.

The name Jaime flashed across my phone, almost matching the pattern of the ring tone. I picked up the phone and continued with my verbal assault. Behind her crying and constant apologies I heard the sounds of the road going by her in the background.

"Where are you headed now?" I demanded, "Back over to James' place?" With the end of that comment she broke down, and her cry once again became a sob. I saw my opportunity and went in for the kill. "You know what? Forget what I said earlier," I began to tell her. "About meaning it when you say that you love somebody, because I sure as hell didn't."

I hung up the phone without even giving her a second to respond. My vengeance was just getting underway. The front door opened, introducing my best friend Rodney into the house. I went on to tell him about my exciting day, as he listened attentively to the comments which had been exchanged between my ex-girlfriend and I. We then sat back and thought about all the mean ways we were going to get back at Jaime. After careful deliberation over revenge tactics, Rodney and I had made a decision. Tonight we were getting drunk!

We hit the bars immediately, pitcher after pitcher, shot after shot; until we could barely stand. Occasionally we would toast to the demise of another relationship, and constantly discuss how "great" it was to be without a girlfriend. Finally, after consuming enough alcohol to put a prize bull into a coma, and calling Jaime every name that we could think

of, we made our way to our respective houses. I then stumbled through the living room and into the bedroom as I made my way to the bed which had never looked so comfortable. Within seconds my drunken stupor had ended my wonderful day.

Brilliant rays of sunshine opened my eyes early the next afternoon, and suddenly I was greeted with a headache that could rival in pain, most California earthquakes. As I battled through the effects of the night before, I reached over to the night stand and grabbed my cell phone, only to see that I had missed twenty-seven calls. Twenty-seven calls from the same person; Sam, Jaime's best friend. Another explanation for Jaime's actions to go with my hangover just didn't sound appealing, but twenty-seven calls in that short of a time deserved a response.

"Why didn't you answer your phone?" she screamed at me as she picked up the phone. I started to explain that I was at a bar and had left my phone at home, when I was violently halted by her next statement.

"Jaime's dead." She told me, "She lost control on the highway and her car went off of an overpass."

As the phone dropped from my hand my life became all too real. Almost like being hit by a truck, I fell to the floor and grasped the carpet, letting it go long enough only to strike it with every bit of malice and sorrow that I possessed.

Her funeral will be tomorrow, but I don't plan on going. As I quickly approach the same bridge that took Jaime's life I know what needs to be done. The one and only honest thing that Jaime and I will ever share is on the other side of that guard-rail, and I just made some plans. The R.P.M.s hit the red line as I meet my date with destiny, my date with our unspoken truth.

Our Storm

by
Stephanie Hinkle

Glowing purple skies
Pitter-patter drops, falling
On cement sidewalks
Where we played tag for hours.

Flash! Lightning cracks the sky
We wait under the trees
Hiding from the downpour
Bracing for the boom.

You cover my ears
I hold your hands
Counting out loud,
Anticipating the thundering crash.

The clouds roll out,
Coming, going, coming and going.
Sitting on our porch swing
Rocking, awaiting the next booming moment.

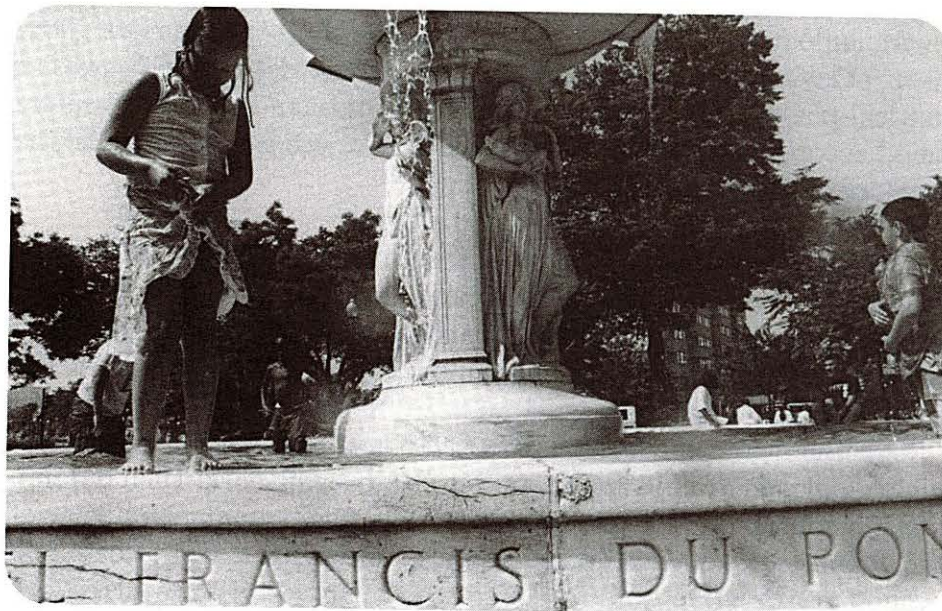
Our rolling purple clouds blanket the sky,
Swinging, feeling your bodies warmth wrapping mine
Instead of your hands on my ears
Watching, waiting, for our storm.



D.C. Dancers

Jasmine McDowell

Photograph



Taking a Dip in Du Pont Circle

Jasmine McDowell

Photograph

Playland at the Beach

by
Melanie Montierth

Cool breezes perfumed with cotton candy and pink popcorn. Lights glittered and laughter echoed in the distance. "Was this a dream?" I asked my grandmother, "or the sweet memory of Whitney's Playland-at-the-Beach in San Francisco, Calif."

Playland-at-the-Beach, operated from 1928-1972, was a magical place perfect for "first dates, weekends, and those rare sunny days," according to Peggy Vincent, owner of a web site dedicated to the memory of Playland-at-the-Beach.

You crammed into cable cars or squeezed into the Number 5 Macalister to visit our precious Playland. As you wandered to the gates to pay your seventy-five cents admission, you anxiously anticipated some of the exciting rides and attractions.

The high-flying roller coaster lead you into a pitch-black tunnel which took you around and around in the dizzying dark. Then out into the sunlight up and up you went, caught a quick breathtaking view of the gorgeous oceanic landscape below, then plummeted way down and around again.

Reds, whites and blues spun high. "May I see your ticket please?" the old Ferris Wheel conductor said with a smile and a twinkle in his eye.

"Laff in the Dark was a frightfully good idea for cuddling with a date," my grandmother said, recalling the park as a teenager in the 1940s. As you entered the cart, the handle bars came down. Darkness filled the small space where you sat. Then a flash of light and a tiger roared so close you could smell his breath.

"The gals snuggled up to their fellas and a kiss was sometimes stolen," my great uncle remembered.

The fun house is the most memorable of all with dear Ol' Laughing Sal bellowing away at the huge glass window, her laughter

contagious. She greeted each attraction-seeker with her sparkling eyes and infectious grin.

"Inside you bounded through the spinning barrels; stepped the wrong way and whoops, down you crashed," explained my mother. Next you zigged and zagged through the maze of endless mirrors. Out you came, and whoosh a burst of air. Girls held their skirts close as the conductor laughed hysterically.

Then, hordes of children piled atop a huge disc, similar to a giant record. As it spun they slid off just as quickly.

You clambered up the steps of the huge wooden slide that lead a mile high, to your six-year-old eyes, racing to be the first to sail down on a burlap sack. Children in the other lanes squealed beside with glee or fright. "What a rush, wood burns and all!" exclaimed my mother.

Hunger panged your empty tummy. An "It's it" was the perfect relief. It originated at Playland in 1928, according to the manufacturer. Two warm oatmeal cookies slapped with a scoop of sweet vanilla ice cream and dipped in a gooey batch of chocolate was made right in front of your eyes.

Perfect days began with excitement and ended with a sigh. That is what we expected from our treasured visits to Playland-at-the-Beach. Now it is a cherished memory, one we will pass down from generation to generation.

*Peggy Vincent contributed some information to this article and was issued with her permission.



Underwater Ophie

Ophelia Pickard

Watercolor

Haiku

by
Jessica Casperson

Mud between my toes,
dew on the grass. Worm in sight.
Click. Flash! And it's gone.

Haiku

by
Jasmine McDowell

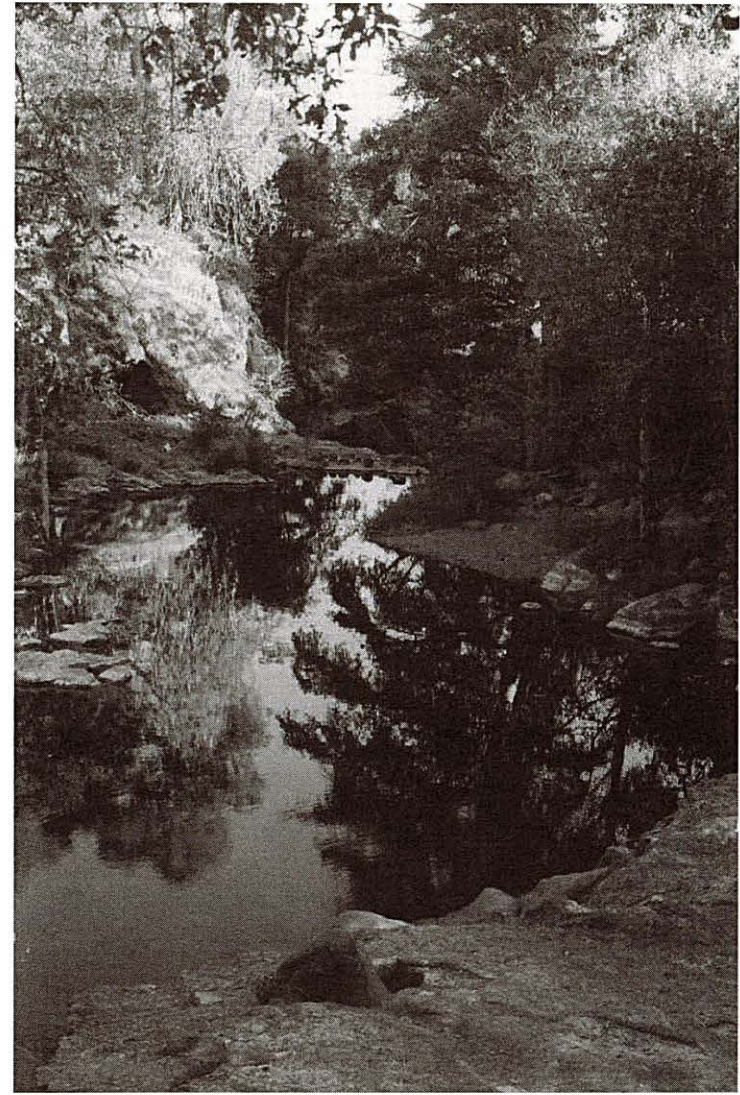
Mounds of slushy snow
cancelled church for four whole weeks.
Thought hell froze over.



Waterfall in Yellowstone

Jill Adamentz

Photograph



River Reflection

Emilee Murphree

Photograph



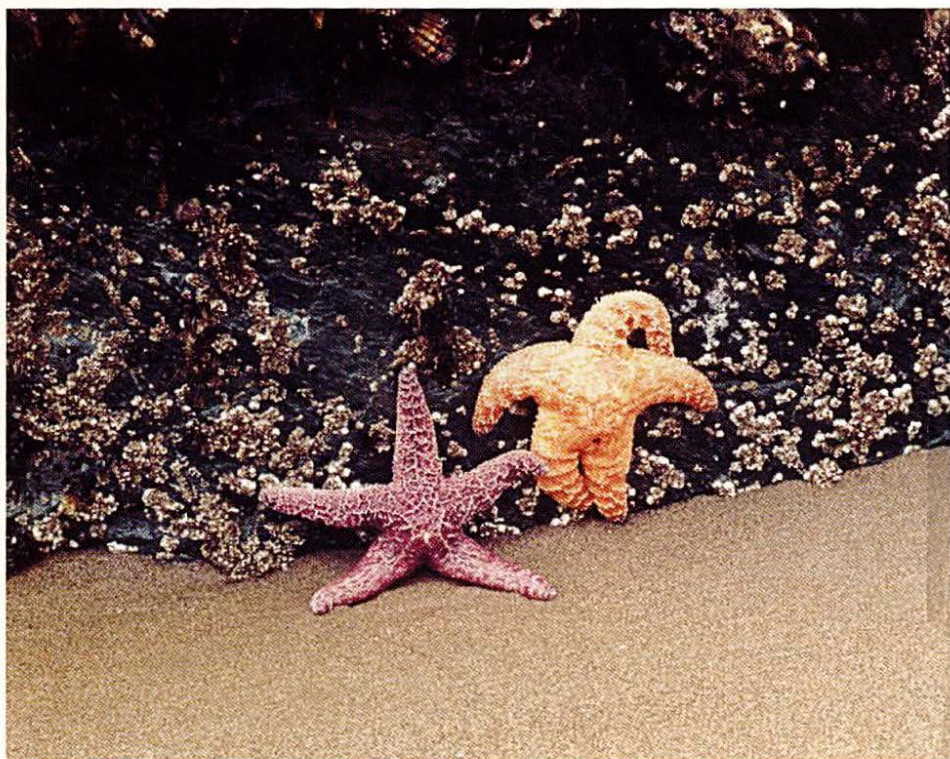
Honu (Turtle)

Tyson Ferreira

Photograph

The Purple Patch

A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches



Friends

Emilee Murnhree