

EXPRESSIONS

2011



**ALLEGANY COLLEGE OF
MARYLAND**



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Photograph featured on front cover:
“Beautiful Contrast” by Dylan Peirce

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The 2011 issue of Expressions, the literary magazine of Allegany College of Maryland, is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Robert S. Zimmer, ACM's founding president. He died in October 2009 at age 85.

Zimmer, who opened Allegany County's community college in 1961, led an impressive and varied three-decades-long career in higher education before his retirement in 1981. He had lived in Williamsburg, Va., since 1990.

Zimmer was dean of evening credit programs at then-Montgomery Junior College when the county Board of Education asked him to start Allegany Community College in the former Carver School in Cumberland.

It was a tall order as Zimmer had short notice to develop academic programs, recruit faculty, hire staff, schedule classes and enroll students. The one-month timeframe included readying the disused Frederick Street building for the college's needs.

ACM, as it has been known since 1996, opened on time in fall 1961 with 102 students, six faculty members and academic programs geared primarily for transfer to four-year colleges.

As the young college developed, liberal arts and sciences and engineering and business curricula were offered, fine and performing arts shows were conducted and athletics was started with a basketball team.

"We recruited faculty from other colleges ... people from four-year schools," Zimmer recalled. "The purpose of higher education is to expand horizons."

He enlisted community support, speaking to service clubs and other groups, to further establish the college and solidify its role. "We had to sell the idea of higher education," he said in a 2005 visit to the college.

From the outset Zimmer decided to seek accreditation from the Middle States Association of Schools and Colleges. The goal was achieved in four years, making ACM only the second Maryland community college to earn that distinction.

He pointed to this accomplishment as one of his most memorable experiences in Cumberland. "It proved that we as a college had come of age - matured," he observed. "And that Western Maryland could ... have a quality institution."

The college formed an independent board of trustees in 1965 and deemed its first home insufficient. Zimmer was active in efforts to buy land on Willowbrook Road and fully engaged in plans to develop a new suburban campus.

The 1969 move to a new, multi-building campus on Cumberland's East Side allowed the college to offer a wider variety of transfer and career programs to benefit more students, setting the stage for near-continuous growth to this day. Credit-student enrollment exceeds 4,000.

Zimmer would cement a reputation as a start-up veteran with other institutions. He left ACM in 1967 to begin Kankakee (Ill.) Community College, then work to launch Paterson, N.J.-based Passaic County Community College in 1970.

The U.S. Department of Defense recruited him to the fledgling Community College of the Air Force. As director of postsecondary education, he wrote legislation to give it degree-granting authority and was instrumental in earning it accreditation.

He also served as professor at the National War College at Fort McNair in Washington, D.C. With World War II experience that included U.S. Army tank battalion action in the Battle of the Bulge, Zimmer retired as an Air Force Reserve colonel in 1981.

ACM paid tribute to Zimmer for his work to establish the community college in his role as founding president. A plaque that was unveiled in 2005 was hung in the foyer of the college library beside one that commemorates the 1969 founding of the campus.

He was accompanied by his wife, June, who survives him. So do a son, Chip, of Hagerstown, and a daughter, Cindy Stenger of Williamsburg, Va. The Zimmers, who were married 61 years, are the grandparents of four.

A native of West Seneca, N.Y., near Buffalo, Zimmer earned a bachelor's degree from Brockport (N.Y.) State College, where he starred on the basketball team and graduated in 1947. He later earned master's and doctoral degrees from the University of Chicago. He spent nine years in the Chicago City Junior College System as director of student personnel and registration.



CLOSE-UP OF A SAXOPHONE

By Anthony Rice

THE DUSTY BACK ROADS

By Tanner Deshong

Most people spend the first sixteen years of their lives wondering what it will be like to be able to drive, but I was fortunate. My dad, an old-fashioned man, taught me to drive. I was not expecting it at all when he zoomed down to a dusty road. He spoke softly when he said, "Sit on my lap, son, and take the wheel." I was partly nervous, more scared than anything, though. I hesitated to answer, but I decided to give it a try. I'm glad I did, too, because the further I drove up this old back road, the more I fell in love with it. I was too short to reach the gas pedal, so he was in control of speed, which was the only bad thing about this experience.

He made me go much faster than I wanted to, so I caught only a glimpse of the slow-moving river with water shining as clear as a freshly cut diamond. Also on this winding wonderful road were trees taller than giraffes on stilts. Before I knew it, we were off the dusty road. I wondered then if I would ever get to ride on this road again.

It wasn't too long after that that my dad asked me to go fishing with him. I had to say "yes," since the last time he had asked me to do something with him was, amazingly enough, the most spectacular time I'd spend with my dad so far! I would have never dreamed that he would be taking me down that dusty back road to fish in that river of freshly cut diamonds. I was delightfully surprised; the fishing was as great as the water. The fish were beautiful, especially when the sun threw beams of light right

off their scales. Fishing was fun, but in the back of my mind I thought, *What else could lurk in this man's land around and through which ran this the dusty back road?*

Finally, when I was old enough to get my driver's license, I was clueless on where I would go for my first adventure. It did not take me long to decide. I called up a few buddies of mine with whom I wanted to share this back road. I did not realize until I tried to get us there that I did not know the way to this magical land to which my dad had introduced me. I did not want to make my friends upset by telling them that we could not go there after I had gotten them all excited about it. I really doubted myself, afraid that I would never find the road in which my childhood had been entangled, where Dad and I had built our father-son relationship.

It really got to me that I could not find the road. My friends knew something was wrong, so they asked me what it was. I tried to explain to them, but I just broke out in tears, tears so big that I could not see the road. All of a sudden my friends started screaming; I had run us off the road and down a hill. Later they explained that the hill had rocks sticking out of it that were bigger than the presidents' heads on Mount Rushmore. I saw none of this due to my tears, but when my eyes cleared and I knew we were all right, I glanced up and knew exactly where I was. We had made it to the dusty back road that I'll always remember. And I'm pretty sure that now that road is seared it into my buddies' memories, too.

WHO AM I?

By Telisha Simmons

Once I was a child
who believed in possibilities.
Now I am a child
who believes in disappointments.

I lost my hope of ever being
completely happy.
I lost my hope of ever having
a perfect family.

Once I was a child,
a dove, his daughter, her child.
Now I am an orphan
of the future.

Once I was a child who saw a bright future.
Now I am a child who fears dreaming big.

Once I was a child who saw
stars at night.
Now I am a child who stares
into the darkness,
asking questions that will always remain
unanswered.

I am a child of God
whose heart has been broken;
because He does not answer,
He seems not to hear.



**A FEATHERED
ILLUSION**
By Blair Bowers

HOLD MY HAND

By Sean Rose

At the end of things
will you be there?
Tears flying free,
your grieving stare
that hurts so much
reflecting in my eyes.
I hope the weeping
isn't audible
in the last grand sigh
of the heaving earth.

Will you be
the one to hold my hand
when we leap?

DREAMS?

By Sean Rose

Perhaps messages of screams
that come or go like
the twilit tides chasing
the waning moon.

Ancient rivers behind
sea-blue eyes, always
changing,
always flowing.

Fountains of sorts,
of memories and minds,
reflecting back for you
as you gaze into the crystal waters
mystified, yet understanding.

So why is it
that I question my dreams
but receive
no reply?

IT'S AN EPIPHANY, METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

By D. Kathleen Wiles

When I was a little girl, Mom told me some pretty tall tales. I believed each of them wholeheartedly. Of course, they were preposterous. A five-foot-tall bunny rabbit delivered chocolate eggs to me on Easter morning before I woke up. A fat man in a red suit left presents under our Christmas tree in the middle of the night, but only when nobody was looking. A pretty lady with butterfly wings and a sparkle-wand snuck into my room while I was sleeping and left money under my pillow in exchange for a bloody tooth. There seemed to be quite a lot of activity going on under the cover of darkness. It never occurred to me that any of these things could be anything less than gospel.

I remember the day I stopped believing in Santa Claus. I sat Mom down on the couch and told her that I'd been giving this Santa stuff a lot of thought and I just wasn't sure I could buy it any longer.

"It doesn't add up. Just spill it; give me the truth," I told her, "and I'll keep the gag alive for my little brother. Promise."

From that moment on, whenever the subject of Christmas came up between the other kids and me, I'd test the conversational waters first to discover how much truth the group could handle before speaking candidly about Santa. I didn't want to spoil the fun for anyone else. Of course, as Santa went, so did the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy. They were all revealed as machinations to delight children, to offer them incentives for good behavior, to console them, and to get them to sleep because the presents couldn't come unless the children got to sleep. I gleefully kept up the charade for my little brother and the other little kids while I turned my attention to more serious matters.

American history offered me tales of wise and honest men who, when faced with tyranny or independence, bravely chose the latter and went forth under the mantle of liberty to establish our great nation. Science served up action and reaction devoid of annoying complexities such as air resistance or friction. My friends and I stood straighter and boasted of idealism and honor. I tried to spread these concepts to the younger kids; I thought they'd be more useful as developmental tools than the Santa-bunny-fairy stuff. The little kids didn't get it, though. They knew about George Washington via the cherry tree and the wooden teeth, but they couldn't grasp the nuance of Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death." I'd sigh and recite the *Three Little Pigs* again with drama and feeling, and tell them that if they wouldn't sit still Santa would bring them a lump of coal instead of a bicycle for Christmas.

I remember figuring out that the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow wasn't just a silly thing to say; it was a metaphor. Oh, a metaphor! What a wonderful thing that is, I thought. I reviewed children's rhymes and stories like *There Was an Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe* and *Little Red Riding Hood* excitedly, looking for metaphors. They were everywhere! My friends and I discussed them outside of school for fun. We had uncovered a new way to explain the things we all understood deep inside. I tried to explain things to the little kids using metaphors, but they didn't get it. They thought that when I said that life was like a tree, that I really meant a tree, and they wanted to know what kind of tree it was and if squirrels and birds lived in the tree. Disappointed, I'd sit them down, tell them to be still or Santa wouldn't bring them their hearts' desires. Then I'd tell them the story of *Hansel and Gretel* with emotive emphasis and wiggling eyebrows. The little kids wanted to know if the witch's house was made of chocolate

cake or vanilla cake. When one little kid wanted to know if the stepmother and the witch were the same person, I was immediately impressed with his ability to see beneath the surface of the story and resolved to tell him a metaphor later on to see what he could do with it.

I remember the day I first stepped from the brightly colored young adult section of the library and explored the unregulated, uncensored shelves of the adult section. I saw books there that answered questions I never had considered asking. I chose two that, when I read their dust jackets, gave me a weird feeling in my stomach. One dealt with the nature of romantic relationships between people. The other one told the story of the founding of America through the eyes of indigenous peoples. I thought for sure I would be stopped at the checkout counter and forbidden this sort of knowledge. I would be marched back to the young adult section with the bright pictures of sea animals and super heroes. They would sit me down and tell me to be still or Santa would list my name in the “Bad” category. They would read to me from the Brothers Grimm, without realizing that I knew a metaphor when I saw one. A lady in line in front of me looked my way, and I tried to hide the titles of the books I held underneath my shirtsleeve.

I reached the front of the line and handed the books to the librarian, face down, hoping that she would pull the card from inside the cover without looking at the titles. She didn't. She turned them over and then looked carefully at me. I stood up as straight as I could and tried to look older than I was.

“These are fairly deep topics,” she said to me, with an audible ellipsis.

“Yes,” I said, “I am ready for them.”

She let me leave with the books. I read them - twice. I was stunned for months, dumbfounded. I wished that they had marched me back to the young adult section with the brightly colored pictures and rosy-cheeked elves and cookies warm from the oven. I packed away my dolls, bought a *Led Zeppelin* record album, and mourned the passing of Santa.



GLEAMING HERBS
By Kristian Brakvatne

THE TEASE

By Sarah Evans

You are such a tease,
with your golden amber,
crimson red leaves.
Your cool breeze,
your crisp air.
Your season's pungent aroma
brings such comfort.
Sitting on my porch
sipping my hot cocoa,
I start to feel differently,
about you now;
I can see right through you.
The time will come;
you will change
and move on as you always do.
Your leaves will fall,
leaving a drab brown,
the gift of frost.
I hate the new you:
cold, dark, dead.



IN THE DESERT, YOU CAN REMEMBER YOUR NAME

By Sarah Evans

The sound of the empty bottles rolling back and forth across the floorboards of Nathan's Mercedes were beginning to drive him nuts. He had been on the road now for twenty straight hours, and his collection of classic 1970's rock hits had been played out. With nothing but the road ahead and the sound of the cool desert air blowing through the windows, he was antsy.

Nathan thought that making this trip would be a good time for him to reflect on his now pathetic life. He was an executive at one of Las Vegas's hottest casinos, and he was a slave to his job. His wife had recently left him for her young personal trainer, mostly because of the lack of attention Nathan had given her. He had had everything, but now he had nothing to show for it. He could not bear to spend another night alone in his condo, so he packed his suitcase and decided to head down to Phoenix where he had some family.

Am I that bad of a man? I work so damn hard at that job and I gave Lucy everything she could have ever dreamed of. He wished he could talk out loud to someone about this.

Like many middle-aged men, he had lost that youthful spark. He no longer enjoyed the things he once had. After the age of 30, he quit hanging out with the guys and going to concerts. He turned in his band tees and sold his soul to the money-making industry.

Nathan began to think back to his past. He used to love to travel and to appreciate the beauty of nature. By this time the sun was beginning to set across the desert landscape. Beautiful pinks, oranges, and yellows painted the sky. Driving for miles on end without a person or building in sight

tends to bring the soul to rest. Nathan couldn't remember the last time he had felt this restful.

When he was 94 miles outside of the Arizona border, he spotted a young woman along the road flaunting a sign that said, "I'm goin' where you're goin', buddy." He was curious. He disregarded everything that he had ever told himself about low-life hitchhikers. Something about this woman seemed different. As he pulled the car over to the side of the empty highway, he was mesmerized by her. She wore a patchwork dress and had long golden hair. She had only a book bag and her sign on her person. She walked toward the car, and Nathan's heart started beating faster and faster.

"I was beginning to wonder whether or not I was going to get a ride or not tonight. I've been walking all day with no luck," said the woman.

"What are you doing all the way out here? Go ahead and get in. I can take you as far as Phoenix," Nathan said.

Without question, the woman placed her pack in the backseat and buckled herself in. Quite some time went before Nathan could no longer stand the awkward silence. He wanted to hear this woman's story. He suspected that it might bring some excitement to his life.

"So, do you travel a lot? Where is your home?" .

The woman said that her name was Sunflower. She was twenty-six years old, and this was her life. She explained that she had refused to conform to her parent's lifestyle, so she began traveling at the age of eighteen, ripe out of high school.

“I feel free,” she explained. “I have no worries in the world. Life is too short to waste it away trying to do what society believes is the way to live. I have seen the most beautiful sights and met some of the most interesting people,” Sunflower mused. “People too easily lose the meaning of life and overlook the little things. My goal in life is to be carefree and to be grateful for the things around me”.

Nathan was deeply touched by the woman’s story. She never took her eyes off the road, possibly because of the amazing sights he was now beginning to notice. He realized that for years he hadn’t seen life the way Sunflower did. He had so wrapped up in materialistic things and in the belief that success and wealth are the keys to success and happiness.

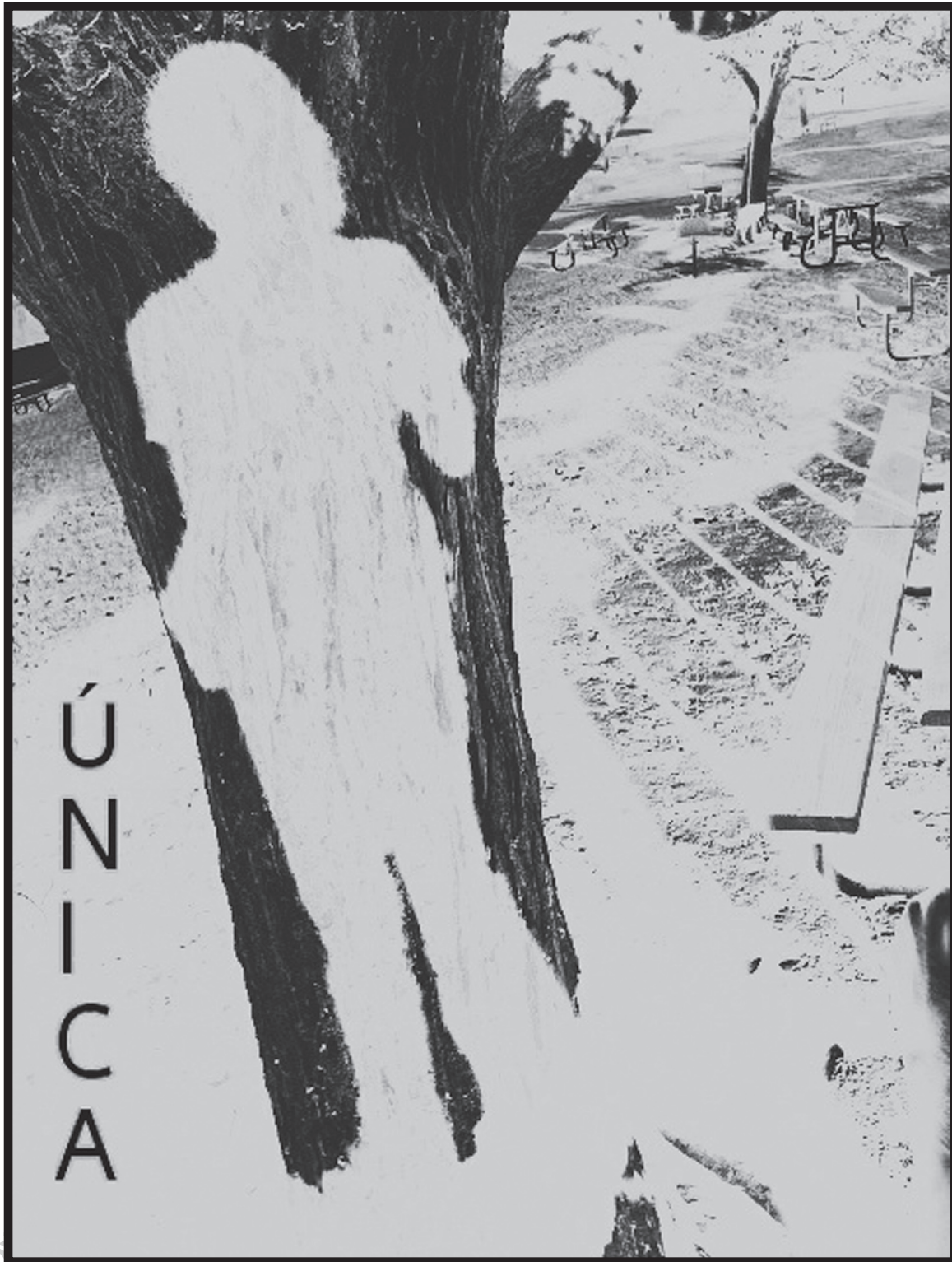
“I wish I could live like you, but I have so much responsibility,” Nathan said.

“You can do anything you want to do. The opinions of others are very overrated. There are struggles with anything. Living this way isn’t all it’s cracked up to be, but it’s what I believe is right for me, and it makes me a happy person. You need to reach deep inside yourself and find your own path.”

Nathan knew that this woman was a gift sent to him. Never before in his life would he have picked up a stranger in the middle of the desert. Sunflower was an inspiration. She made him think of the things that really made him Nathan House, and gave him the desire to want them again.

Without another word, he slipped in an America cd. The two traveled on together down the stretch of highway.





ÚNICA

By Monique Figueroa

TWISTED

By Amy Barkman

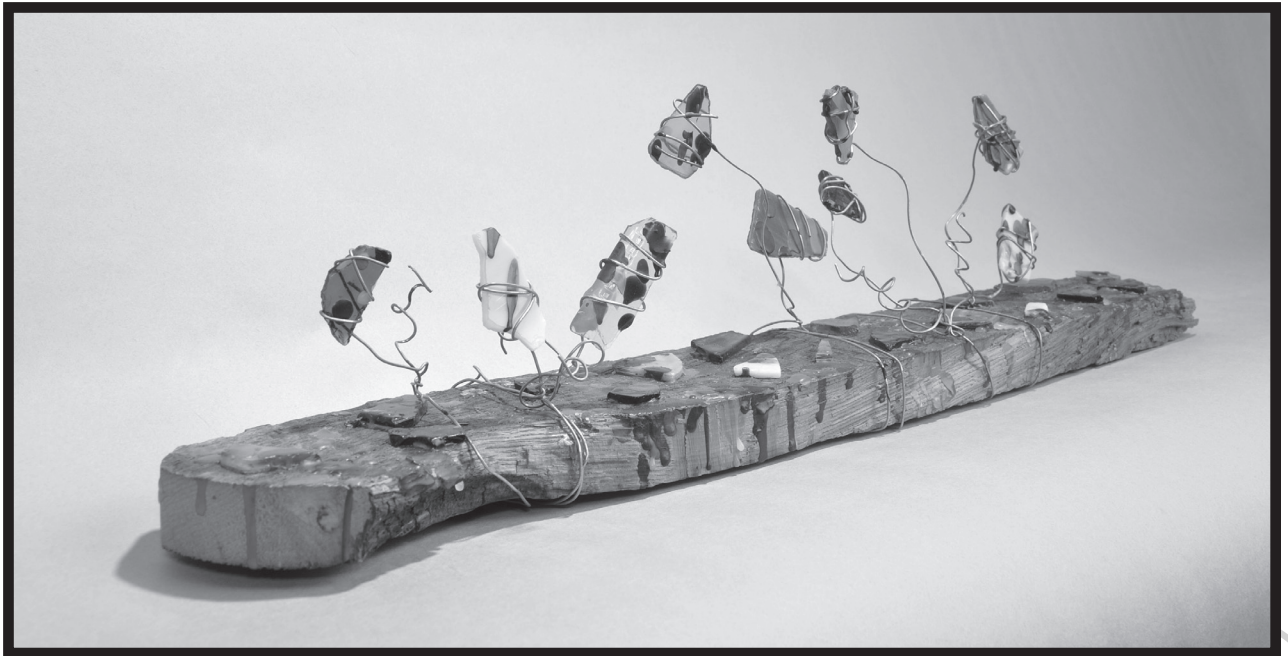
Pale yellow infiltrates my soul.
Not that I'm complaining, it's just odd.
I'm usually followed by black,
or at least a dark shade of brown or blue.
I welcome this pale color with open arms,
but I can't help feeling suspicious.
I feel warmth and tingling throughout my body,
where usually only cold resides.
Why, when there's goodness, do I crave frost?
Not that I ask for it, I suppose I expect it,
suspect that it's the calm before a hurricane.
I suppose I should just bask in it, reel it all in.
Pale yellow is beautiful, especially within my soul,
like cotton candy at a carnival or the first day of spring.
Except for me, it's like frost that hits after flowers are planted.
So, this is what it feels like to be blissful?
A stream of uncertainty wrapped in a ribbon of pale yellow?
The dark side has a hold on me
that twists my insides into a bundle of doubt.
I wish the pale yellow would overtake that.
For now, I'll just bask in the melting ice.



FORGOTTEN HERO

By Joel Becker

DESIGN *By Lynn Schade*



THE DOOR TO THE WORLD

By Brian Butler

The door to the world (this is how my cat most likely looked at it) is on the south side of our house and serves as a barrier between the small country-style kitchen and the great outdoors. It's an average door, with a brass colored door knob and deadbolt. At the top there are nine panes of glass that let the light shine in where my cat's food dish lies. This ivory white egress is unembellished, lacking any visual appeal, but I love it.

Every time I look at this unadorned rectangular portal, I am reminded of my beautiful cat that recently passed away. His name was Sebastian, but we called him Buddy most of the time. He was a large cat, weighing close to seventeen pounds. He had soft, multi-colored fur—cream

and white to be exact. He was a very playful cat with a lot of personality. He'd roll around on his back from side to side just looking at us as if to say, Look how stinking cute I am! Sometimes, he would come whisking up from the basement in a mad dash for no apparent reason, as if he was being chased by a monster. But when he wasn't darting through our tiny Cape Cod house or playing with his toys, he appreciated a pleasant rest by the door.

Buddy loved this door. When it was shut, he would lie in front of it and sleep for endless hours. It

was his peaceful domain away from the hustle and bustle of the living area, which is usually filled with the loud noises of the surround sound. Our house, in general, is very small— to us anyway. But to him, it must have had the appearance of an enormous mansion. With its basement, a first floor with six rooms, and a second floor with three rooms, he had many options of where to spend his day. Though, he certainly had his favorite—oh, that door.



Sebastian Butler
2004–2010

When we had this door open, there was not much separating him from the kitchen and great outdoors. Actually, the only object in the way was a thin, aluminum screen door. He would sit there peering through the tiny square holes that made up the flimsy screen. He had

been a house cat all of his life, so he had never scampered freely in the grassy yard or run up a tree. This, I would imagine, made everything outside more intriguing to him. There was, in a sense, a world of opportunity on the other side of these doors. He loved to watch the blowing leaves of the fall foliage, snow falling in the winter months, and just about anything seemed fascinating to him in the spring and summertime. Every now and then, he would make a whimper, if perhaps a bug had crawled on the screen. He would raise his oversized padded paw to take a couple of swipes at the insect. Maybe he was

trying to tell the creepy-crawly that it was intruding upon his area. His mannerisms were nothing short of proud and dominant. He behaved as if he were a king and the door to the world was the gate to his castle.

My wife and I had talked numerous times about building a screened-in porch for our little buddy when we had some extra money. I can only imagine how proud he would have been of his new domain. I know he would have loved an area like that to broaden his views. He could have jumped up on any ledge his little heart desired, perching there with his big bright eyes, taking in all the stimulating sights and sounds of the outside world.

The tears still well up in my eyes each time I open that door, to let more sun shine in the house or get fresh air. Not only is Buddy not there to gaze out, he never had a chance to enjoy a screened-in porch. He certainly deserved it and it breaks my heart every time I think about it.

One day we may build that addition to our house. It would be, without a doubt, in loving memory of our cat, Sebastian. This would also be the resting place for his ashes. Although, this would make the side door from the kitchen no longer lead directly to the great outdoors, I will always remember it as the door to the world.





AGENDA
By Jeremy
Arnold

THE BIRDS

By Sean Rose

I hear that
winged thing up there
in the rouge leaves.
What's he still doing here?
Speaking in words perceived as song
To our uncultured ears.

Does he tell his brothers
to flee the dark,
the cold?
The long nights ahead? Flee!
To where the sun leaves
but a few hours, dying
the air pink in its wake?

Or maybe he sing-songs a sweet lullaby
to the stout trees as they begin
to sleep, to slumber,
taking his home with them as leaves
fall, fiery orange,
and decompose on the forest floor.
Then the trees awake again
and welcome their wayward children home,
and take them in to their embracing branches.

There's a rustle in the leaves
and another appears.
With a flourish, they fly away.
Aha! Even in the dying
days, one must serenade his love.

Excerpt from **WOMANHOOD**

By Tilia Ryan

For me, acting like a woman was never a priority. In fact, it wasn't even a consideration most of the time. I can easily say that womanhood, to me, was simply avoiding being a woman completely. My mother, who had not wanted me, spent most of her time simply pretending I didn't exist. At least not until she needed a scapegoat to blame something on, even trivial things. I won't get into that, however. The point here is that she basically played very little part in my life while I was growing up. With my sister gone, I was raised mostly by my father, while my brother played a secondary role in watching after me. (Whether he liked it or not.) The expectations people had for a girl, I quite simply ignored. I'd spent nearly my whole childhood rebelling, and I surely was not going to stop at issues of gendered behavior.

At school, all the girls wore dresses; whereas, it took nothing short of a red-faced, screaming fight for anyone to make me so much as consider putting on something so terribly uncomfortable and frilly. You just can't climb trees in a dress! Slowly girls began wearing makeup, too. This is something I also managed to bypass.

"It's a lie," I said, crossing my arms in the most defensive stance I could manage. "You're lying to people saying you're much prettier than you really are! If people can't love you when you're plain and ugly, then they're not loving something that's worth it! Looks only last so long. A good heart and a curious mind are much more valuable!"

I had spent much more time with my father and brother and had picked up their behaviors. I sat with my legs open, I learned to spit for distance, I got frustrated with my brother and our male playmates when they'd all have peeing contests. Not to be

outdone just because I wasn't "endowed," I did my best with what I had. Oh, you can bet I found a way to compete. When it came to Cowboys and Indians, I beat them all. And if anyone dared shove me into pretending to be a girl, such as a princess, in a game, I stormed off to play video games. I was the only girl who seemed to play video games, actually, so I always fit in well with the boys. And it went even farther once I hit high school. I was the only girl brash enough to go into the men's room and use a urinal.

And all the while, even though some might consider such actions as feminist or even as an indication that I might be a butch lesbian, I was still slender, I still had every bit the body that a woman does, and I still had on makeup, still shaved my legs and, furthermore, I stood up for guys. I didn't take all of my problems with life out on those of the male persuasion; I sympathized with them. Why does the guy have to pay for the meal on a date? Why is it that it's always men that must propose to women? Why not the other way around? Why do women have such a problem with drinking beer and playing video games or watching sports? No, it just didn't seem fair.

So, I proposed to my now ex-fiance. I paid for meals at least half of the time. And when it came to drinking beer and playing video games, I helped him set up a LAN in our house. We got two-way radios in order to communicate our tactics between the two floors of the house on how to kill members of the other team and take flags in Battlefield 1942. We celebrated quite happily with shots of whiskey and rum. I wasn't going to be caught dead drinking "Fuzzy Navels" or "Sex on the Beach" or other mixed drinks with cute little names. They weren't strong enough, and I was not about to be a stereotype.

I was able to do shots before I was twelve years old. My brother was more shocked by this than I would have predicted. He came home with a brown bag, a bottle of Long Island Tea therein. He offered to let me do a shot with him, and I immediately accepted. Chuckling to himself, he poured out two shots. Oh, he was certainly going to be amused! He was positive I was going to make a face at one tiny sip and spit it out. Instead, within a few seconds, I downed mine and thanked him politely. He only stared at me for a few moments before I had to ask what his problem was.

“You just did a shot,” he said, still stunned.

“Of course I did. You offered and I accepted. Thanks again. I’m going to go play “Earthworm Jim,” if you wanna come.”

In the kitchen behind me I could still hear, “My little sister can do shots like a man.”

And when it came to games with my brother and father, I discovered an interesting fact. I actually had relatively good aim with a Luger. We had pellet guns and a favorite game of ours, my brother, father and I, was to run through the house shooting one another with them. It happened on relatively dull nights when my mother was working late. We would all congregate in the kitchen, picking our gun, and then from that moment all bets were off. You either ran fast or learned how to shoot fast. I rarely missed my shots, and my father was pretty proud. My brother, who I’m sure would hate to admit it, probably would confess that he was proud, too.

Yes, I could do all these wonderful things. Things that guys learn to do. I could fish, I could hunt, I could play hockey, and I used to hang out

with the guys and skate. But when it came to the hobby of drooling over boy bands in the latest issue of Tiger Beat, I was stumped. And the cluelessness on womanhood got even worse. I didn’t get my permission slip signed to see “the video.” If you’re female, you know precisely what “the video” is. They have an entire day of explaining precisely what the female body naturally does. And while all the girls in my grade, every single one, was in the other room watching this video that I was grateful to escape, I was laughing and joking around with the boys in a separate room. I was blissfully oblivious, except for overhearing the inevitable whispering of other girls, to exactly what I was.

I had learned about sex only through my dreams and not through any official discussion. Instinct, I guess it’s called, some unconscious knowledge of what is actually going on. I had never received the sex speech. I had never had anyone sit down with me and tell me how it all works. The birds and the bees. Without a word from anyone else, I knew quite well what was going on. And for the high-maintenance and cost of owning female genitalia, I gained penis envy just as quickly as I knew what one was. However, I figured the female body is much more aesthetically pleasing, so I reasoned it was a relatively good trade. At least until mother nature decided to pay me a visit for the first time in the way most girls were “visited.”

At first I was mildly panicked. Sure, it was relatively easy to dress like a guy, to play sports, and to avoid all other aspects common to life as a woman in North America. This new discovery of something I’d have to deal with for the rest of my life, however, was not at all possible to elude. I could only wish it away, but if wishes were horses then beggars would ride. My mother is still, to this

day, disappointed that I never came to her when I had my first monthly visitor. I did my best to hide it, relying on my own creativity and my own resources to take care of the problem. At first I sought out means within the house, before saving money my father had kindly always given me when I asked for it. I would go downtown and purchase feminine supplies for myself and sneak them back home in my backpack or purse. I knew that, in our culture, when you start this physical ritual it means you're officially a woman. Or at least physically, you're considered a woman. But I didn't even want to admit to the start of this, let alone share the news with anyone.

I slowly became very much alone and decided that if I had to be stuck with being a girl, I would have to learn more about their habits and hobbies. Grudgingly and with much embarrassment, I started to ask how to knit and wanted to know, What in the world is a French manicure? I didn't really want to know. What I really wanted to know was how to grow bacteria in a petri dish, how does one program in C++, and how I might go about learning how to kick box. For a long time after, I decided to just be alone as I had started out. Girls in elementary school, after all, had cooties and were not allowed to play with the boys. And girls couldn't throw a ball to save their lives, nor did they care much for worms.

However, now that I'm a bit older and a bit more open-minded, I've learned how to walk easily in heels, how to apply properly just about any type of makeup better than any girl I know, and often times find myself yearning to wear a dress and put flowers in my hair. But I'm still going to sit on the toilet like a man, still going to drink like a man, and I will still sit down with the guys and discuss girls, sex, video games, super heroes, comics, hockey, and how to grill the perfect steak or catch the biggest fish. And

I still have the advantage of getting to show other guys how to tie a tie. And that's often considered a valuable trait for a woman to have, since guys are often clueless about these things sometimes. After all, there's nothing wrong with having the best of both worlds now, is there?



TWO DESIGNS

By Travis Whittmann





PERFECT HARMONY
By Mitchell Steele



MERMAID

By Monique Figueroa



BEE COVERED IN POLLEN

By Kristian Brakvatne



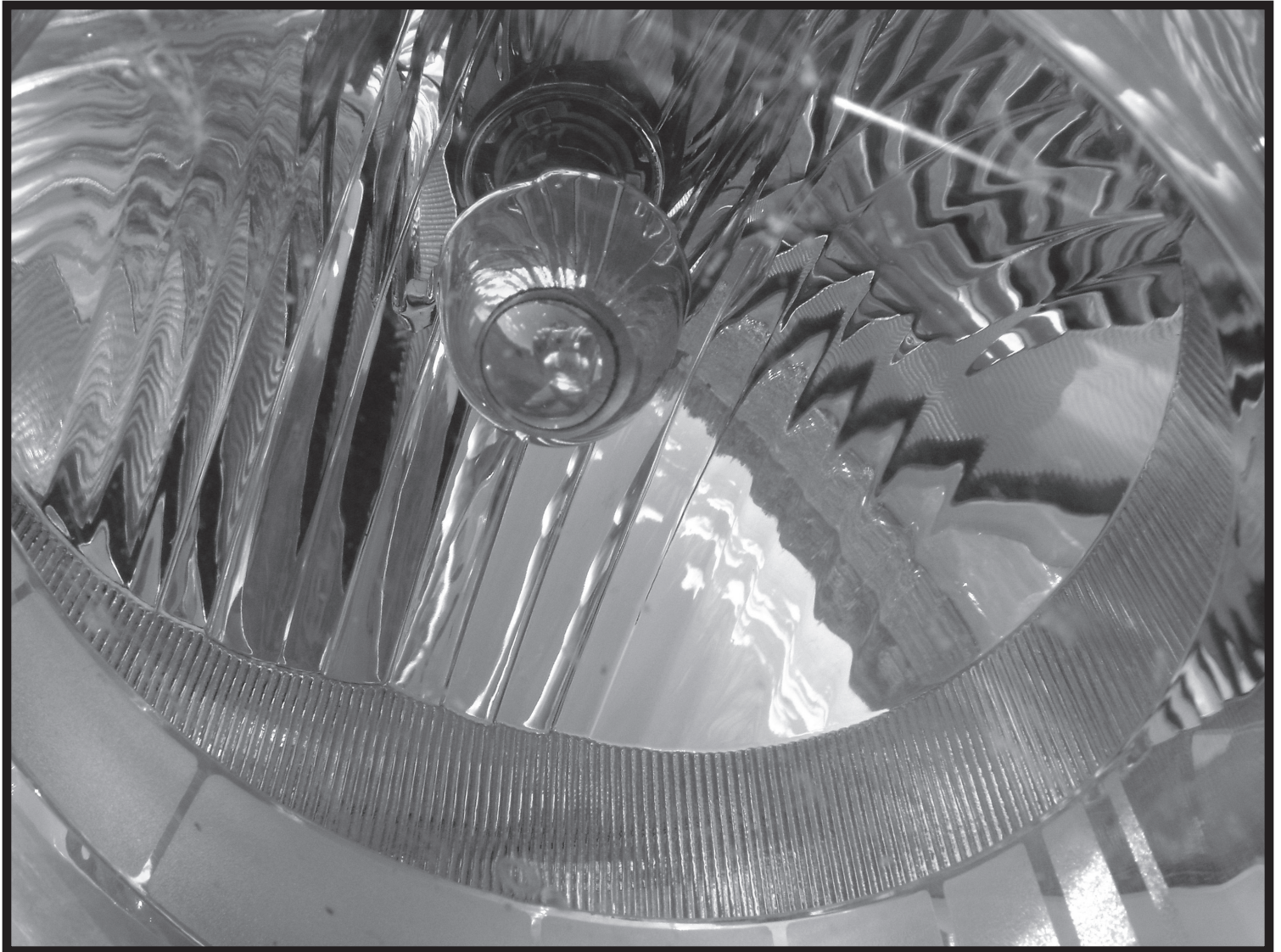
COLOR EVOLUTION

By Jeremy Arnold

WOODLAND MASK



DRIVER'S ED



SUMMER HEADLIGHT

By Frank Stark

THE NIGHT

By Monique Figueroa

With strength as brilliant as silver's gleam,
He walks upon the earth unseen.
Between the trees his palace lies,
Never seen by unclean eyes.

High above a red tail flies,
Cooing songs in disguise.
Of sweet silver is the tune
Which the hawk sings to the moon.

Upon the trodden path he goes:
A wolf so grand, yet not a foe.
To the sky he turns his head
And sees the moon shaded red.
Once upon the land did grow
The fire of a burning bow,
But now this flame, still bright
Is caught in feathers, light.

As heart and soul unite,
Bother wander out of sight.
In this kingdom, he is King
And has chosen her as Queen.
Together they set flight
On earth and sky alike.

SHOO FLY

By Lacey Abe

The horse, tucked into the fold of the dipped hills, rips the green blades up by their roots. The horse grazes, taking a step to a new patch of green and stomping his hooves to shake the flies away. Every now and then, the horse shakes his head to disperse the flies into the air away from his ears. His withers, the protuberance where the sloping neck meets the broad back, quivers at the fly's tiny dancing feet. Flies, persistent little creatures, come back after every attempt the beast makes to dissuade them from returning. But to no avail. The insects ignore the annoyance and come back to perch.

The horse's flies are like my pest. I shake and stomp, hoping to dislodge the man from his mission. Unlike the fly, the pesky man is not out for blood. He searches for the daughter that he left behind. The daughter who holds the hand of a different man who took on the responsibilities of a father. The lost father longs for sustenance, like the fly longs for a bite that draws the blood. He speaks of missing and loving, of wanting and of being rejected, of pens that didn't touch paper and fingers that didn't dial. With every communication, spoken or typed, the daughter still turns her back to the lost father, hoping that he will be dissuaded.

But, as the flies are to the horse, so my biological father is to me. I put on a smiling façade and lie thickly through my teeth.

"No, I don't hate you." The lie came easily as I stared in the eyes of a man that was little more than dead to me. His hand snaked across the table between us, trying to hold on to the remains of a little girl he used to know.

"You never used to hate me," he said, catching the lie that I thought slipped smoothly through my tight lips. The picture of me as a small child with my elbow poised carefully on his shoulder so as not to

touch him completely was there in his hand. Anger rushed through my blood and pounded loudly in my ears. How dare he tell me how I felt about a man of whom I have no memory!

The horse stops its grazing to swing its head around onto its rump, where a horsefly has landed. It flies away at the swinging head of the perturbed horse, only to perch back on the same spot it had vacated. As the next line of defense, the horse swings its heavily twined tail at the horsefly. The tail swings with an audible whistle, smacking the fly, but the fly is undisturbed. The horse, finally fed up with the irritating biting bug, raises its front hooves, getting the leverage needed to bring its back hooves up into a wild buck. The horse bucks and kicks around the field, running toward the confines of the cool barn stall, hoping to find tranquility among the rough-grained boards.

In the picture I see the lost father's hopeful glance. What was he hoping for? A tearful reunion? A daughter who waited for him to come back, perhaps? No such girl sat across the table from him. Instead, an angry girl sat there. A girl, who had no desire for her real father to come back, stared at him. She glared at him with hate and frustration at his silly words.

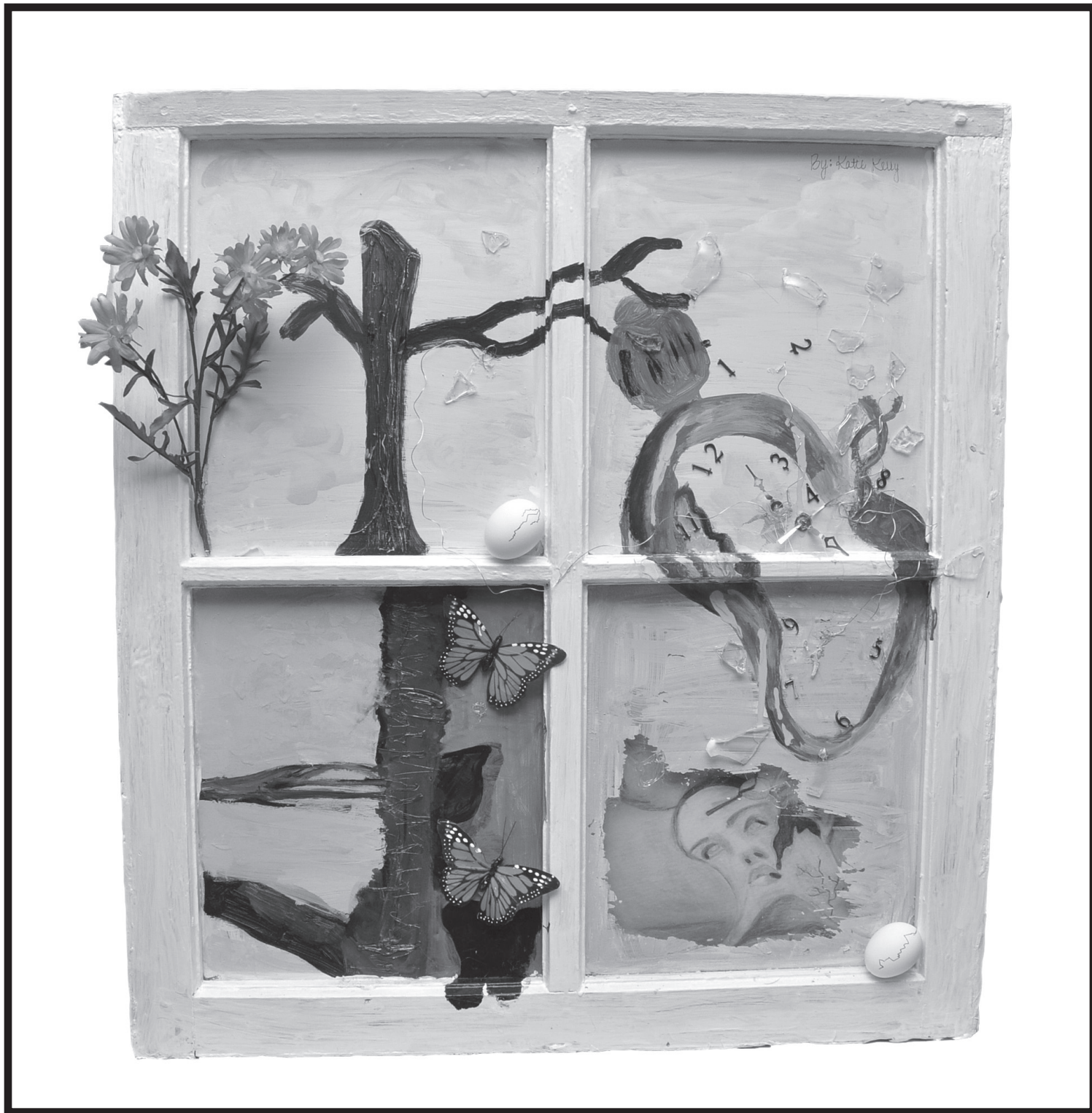
My mind tossed memories around that had long been forgotten. Memories of Christmas when I had to visit and wait for him to never show up, memories of him pointing fingers at my mother, and memories of a man yelling at a child for not giving him the title, Father, that she knew he did not deserve. My mind, like the horse, went wild. My big horsefly bit and drew blood. I refused to run into the barn and hide; instead, I bit back. "No daughter lingers here for you. You are not a father to me; I already have one."

There, I finally found my peace.



HERD OF HOOVES

By Anthony Rice



UNTITLED
By Kaitlin Johnson

A SURREAL DAY AT THE BEACH

By Brian Butler

The unincorporated community of Carova Beach, with its rugged, unpaved sandy roads and seemingly endless dunes, is home to a hundred or so wild Spanish Mustangs that roam freely throughout this exclusive region of North Carolina. My wife and I decided to set out on a jaunt to this desirable location in search of these mysterious creatures. Our mission was to make this the most memorable vacation ever. Oh, and it would be.

I've seen many pictures of these horses on the Internet. But as far as I was concerned, the World Wide Web was there to invoke my imagination with these luring photographs. One such photo had over a dozen of these untamed horses that appeared to be galloping at full speed in unison. Their hooves cast the gritty beach sand in the air with their powerful strides so elegantly, with only the glimmering ocean water as a backdrop. Another was from a Jeep Wrangler Tour full of fervent spectators, each with a grin beaming from ear to ear, as they watch a small herd grazing on the vegetation that had grown as part of the unique Outer Banks' landscaping. These pictures seemed to be too perfect, so my own empirical evidence was needed to prove that these animals actually existed in nature. This way of thinking heightened my anticipation of our forthcoming journey. It felt the same way, I would imagine, as when Christopher Columbus went on his voyage across the Atlantic Ocean in search of new lands.

My wife and I sat in our quaint beach cottage, getting a plan together for the quest on which we

would soon be embarking. After about an hour of chatting about the next day's voyage, we decided to call it a night and get some sleep. We wanted to make sure we were fully rested so we could keep our eyes peeled for elusive wild horses.

The next morning, upon having a decent night of rest, we awoke to the sun's bright-white, warming rays peering through our bedroom window as if they were there exclusively to gently wake us up. My wife and I turned to each other at the same time and smiled. There were no words needed at this point. It was implied by the depth of her dimples and the

openness of my eyes that this would be an epic day. We were going on a mission that couldn't be failed. Even if we didn't see any horses, we were spending the day together roaming the beach with no expectations from anyone but ourselves.

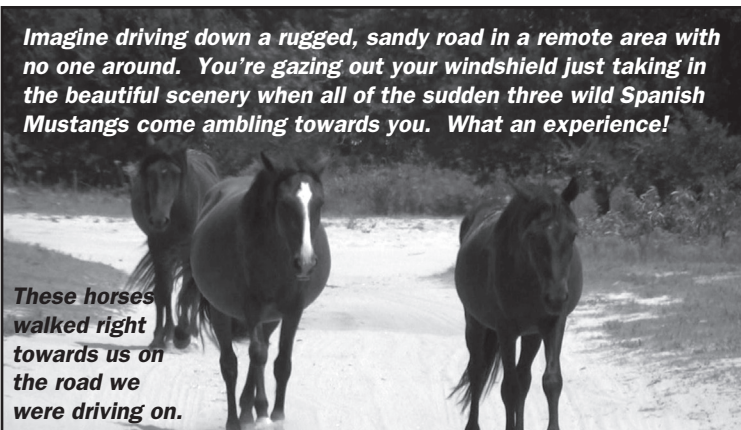


This is my wife excitedly posing with the first four wild horses we encountered, just minutes after conquering the might dune. Our adrenaline was still peaked at this moment. It was such a rush and incredibly surreal.

After eating a small breakfast of Cherry Pop Tarts—I can still smell the cherry aroma filling the cottage—and a refreshing glass of cold milk, we started to pack the necessities for our expedition. I put some bottles of water and a few sodas in our cooler and cascaded some ice around each beverage. On top of the drinks I placed a container of dip for the chips we were bringing. This would be a light snack for us since we planned on eating at the all-u-can-eat buffet later in the day. My wife got her beach bag ready with towels and suntan lotion, in case we decided to take a dip in the ocean after our self-guided tour. She also packed the cameras so as to preserve every memory of our magical day. At this point, it seemed we were ready to go.

Imagine driving down a rugged, sandy road in a remote area with no one around. You're gazing out your windshield just taking in the beautiful scenery when all of the sudden three wild Spanish Mustangs come ambling towards you. What an experience!

These horses walked right towards us on the road we were driving on.



It took about forty five minutes to drive from Nagshead, where we were staying, to the little town of Corolla. This is where the paved road ends and we would start our journey—the exciting part anyway. We started driving on the beach not really knowing where we were going. We knew we were heading in the right direction, but also understood that the wild horses could be anywhere in the thousands of acres of this coastal region with its rolling dunes. Maybe with some good luck we would see these beautiful animals in their element. Even the Jeep tours don't guarantee that you'll see the wild Mustangs. But our hopes were high and there was little doubt that we wouldn't see nature in all of its glory.

We drove for nearly ten miles on the beach, going anywhere from ten to twenty miles per hour, passing vehicle upon vehicle of people who had parked on the beach to relax in the sun while the ocean's waves provided a natural form of entertainment for them. We also passed a few dunes to our left that looked like cars had driven up over them. We weren't sure if this is where we needed to try and search or not. At this point we started to get a bit anxious.

We drove for a little while longer and then came across another dune with a truck coming over it. At this point I was looking to add some excitement to our trip.

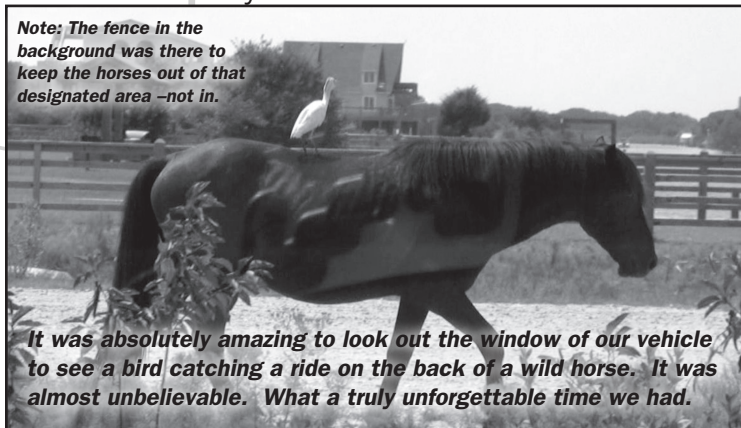
So I said to my wife, "Do you want to give that a try?"

And she replied, "Yeah, I guess. It couldn't hurt."

So I put the 4-Runner in its lowest gear so the tires wouldn't spin too rapidly and proceeded very slowly toward the dune which was overcome with a soft bed of deep, unstable sand. I didn't want to get bogged down in this sand because I had been stuck in the sand before and had to have someone tow me out. Embarrassing. Also, the path was incredibly constricted and barely wide enough for one vehicle. Furthermore, I couldn't see if anything was coming from the other side. With a tad of danger present, we crept up the dune slowly but surely, listening to the V-8 engine growl and the powerful ocean crashing behind us. As I neared the top of the dune, my adrenaline had put my body in a temporary state of hypersensitivity. My hands were clammy, leaving sweaty prints where they had grasped the steering wheel tightly. After I reached the crest of the mighty dune and realized there were no other cars coming over, I slowly began to calm down and my heart started pounding at a more normal pace. I felt a sense of accomplishment, as though I had just climbed Mount Everest. But this was not to be the pinnacle of success for the day. This would just be the beginning of an unforgettable experience of a lifetime.

With our windows rolled down and the salty air from the brackish ocean water filling our vehicle, I started the descent over the other side of the dune and onto a sandy road. As I started to drive on this

Note: The fence in the background was there to keep the horses out of that designated area—not in.



It was absolutely amazing to look out the window of our vehicle to see a bird catching a ride on the back of a wild horse. It was almost unbelievable. What a truly unforgettable time we had.

narrow road I thought I saw an image out of the corner of my eye looming through the thick branches of a tree.

I blurted out, "I think I just saw a horse!"

My wife said, "Where?" in a firm yet innocent voice.

I murmured, "Hold on a second," as I sped up, while coming to a sharp turn in the road. I made the right turn briskly, wondering if my eyes were playing tricks on me. As soon we rounded the corner, we both looked over simultaneously to the left and, sure enough, there they were: three adult wild Spanish Mustangs and a little baby. At this point I believe my wife and I were both in shock. It was like a painting in a museum. We were looking at descendants of the Spanish Mustangs that were left in this area in the sixteenth century. The adult horses were a dark, chocolatey brown with wiry black manes and tails that were a bit matted. The little one's body was a dark tan with its mane and tail a buff shade of brown. They honestly didn't look much different than horses that had been domesticated. But with no fences around to contain them, we knew they were genuine.

We sat in the same spot on the very lightly traveled road for about fifteen minutes just staring at the beauty of these amazing animals as they grazed by a beach house with the sun glistening off their bodies. We were completely in awe at the serenity of these wild animals. They acted as though we weren't even there. My wife actually got out so I could take a picture of her with the horses in the background. She stood there so proudly, yet humbled, as I snapped a few pictures quickly. (It's against the law to purposely come within fifty feet of these horses.)

We went on to drive a few more miles around the four-wheel drive community on the natural,

windy, and squashy roads that were ostensibly unkept and drive-at-your-own-risk. A good many of the trails around this region were extremely narrow and undulating. This made our journey even more exhilarating. To get to some areas we had to traverse through the dangling branches of the graceful beach trees as they brushed the top of our vehicle.

As we continued motoring around this marvelous land, we saw many more horses just moseying around and grazing. They all had unique characteristics and manners. Some were plump, while others had exposed ribs poking through their skin. At one point, we just parked to watch them. We sat there eating our chips and dip while sipping our sodas as if we were at a drive-in movie theater. This is an adventure that everyone should have the chance to experience. You never know what you'll see while driving around these extreme parts. You may see a herd of horses walking down the road towards you; a momma horse having a bite to eat with her young; even a bird catching a ride on the back of one of these beautiful horses as it roams wildly - we did. And what memories we have.



To see the next generation of the 16th Century descendants starting their life was simply awe-inspiring, like nothing we had ever seen before. We must have watched this little one graze by its momma's side for at least a half of an hour. We have so many great memories of this eventful journey, from the majestic horses and unique birds, to our stimulating four-wheel drive excursion throughout this magnificent land with its inimitable landscaping.



LARGER THAN LIFE

By Bobb Webb



UNTITLED

By Rebekah Phillips

THE ID, THE EGO, AND THE SUPEREGO

By Amy Barkman

Dear Freud:

I am consumed by procrastination.

The Id —the devil—
hangs above my left shoulder,
provoking me to do anything
but what I should be doing.

The Superego hangs out on my right,
making me crazy if I'm late,
if my plans get messed up,
when my house isn't spotless.

A little tug-of-war
goes on between my shoulders.

Where is the Ego, Freud?

Where is the little guy *inside* my head?

The one who keeps the peace
between these two extremities?

"Take a break; you deserve it,"
the Id tells me constantly.

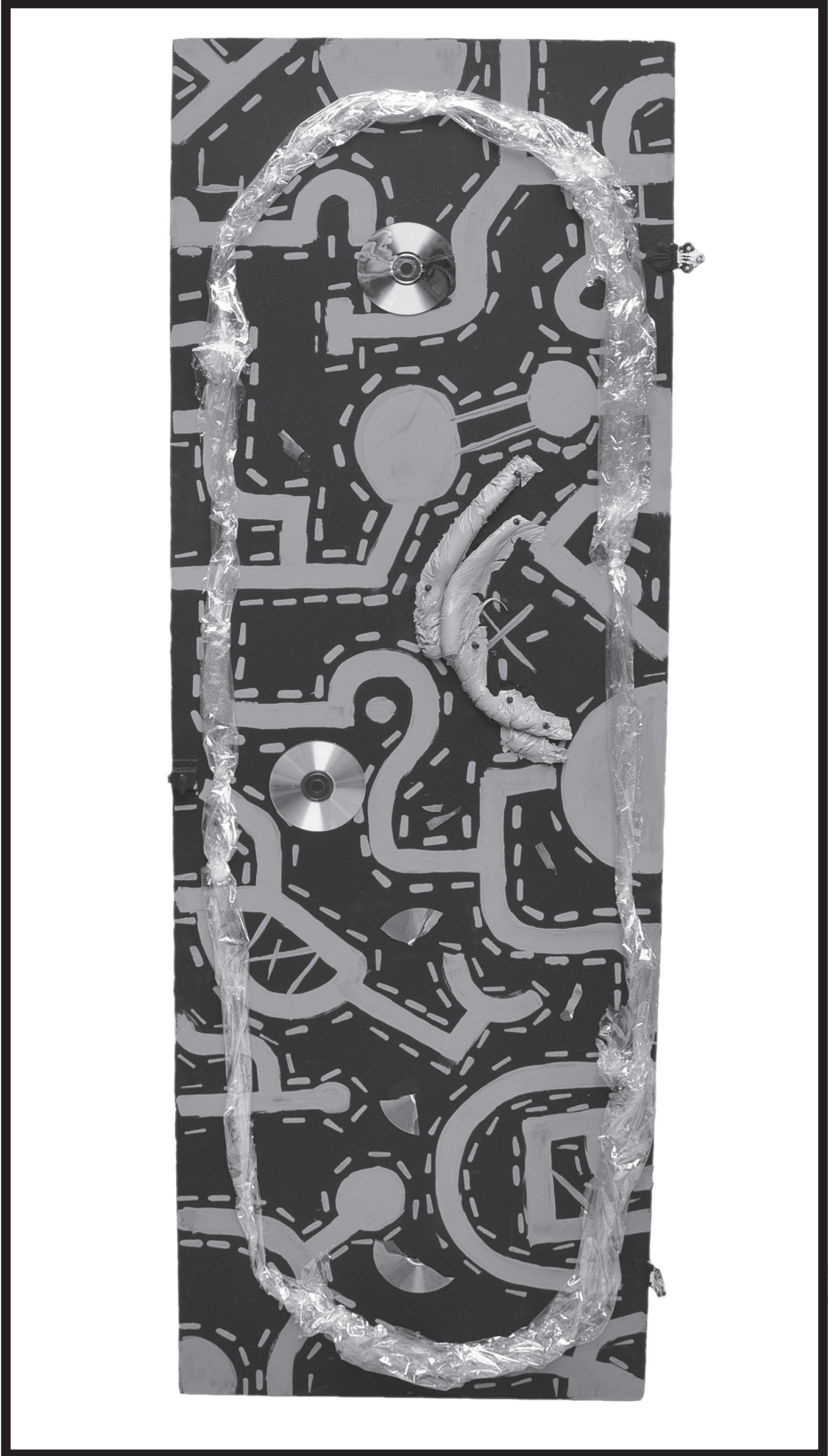
"Study all night long; it's worth it,"
Superego shouts back.

All I want is a little peace and quiet
to get things done
without worrying myself crazy.

Why'd you have to come up with these ideas,
you crazy crackhead sex pervert?

If not for you, the Id and Superego wouldn't
exist, and all I'd have is Me.

Damn you, Freud!

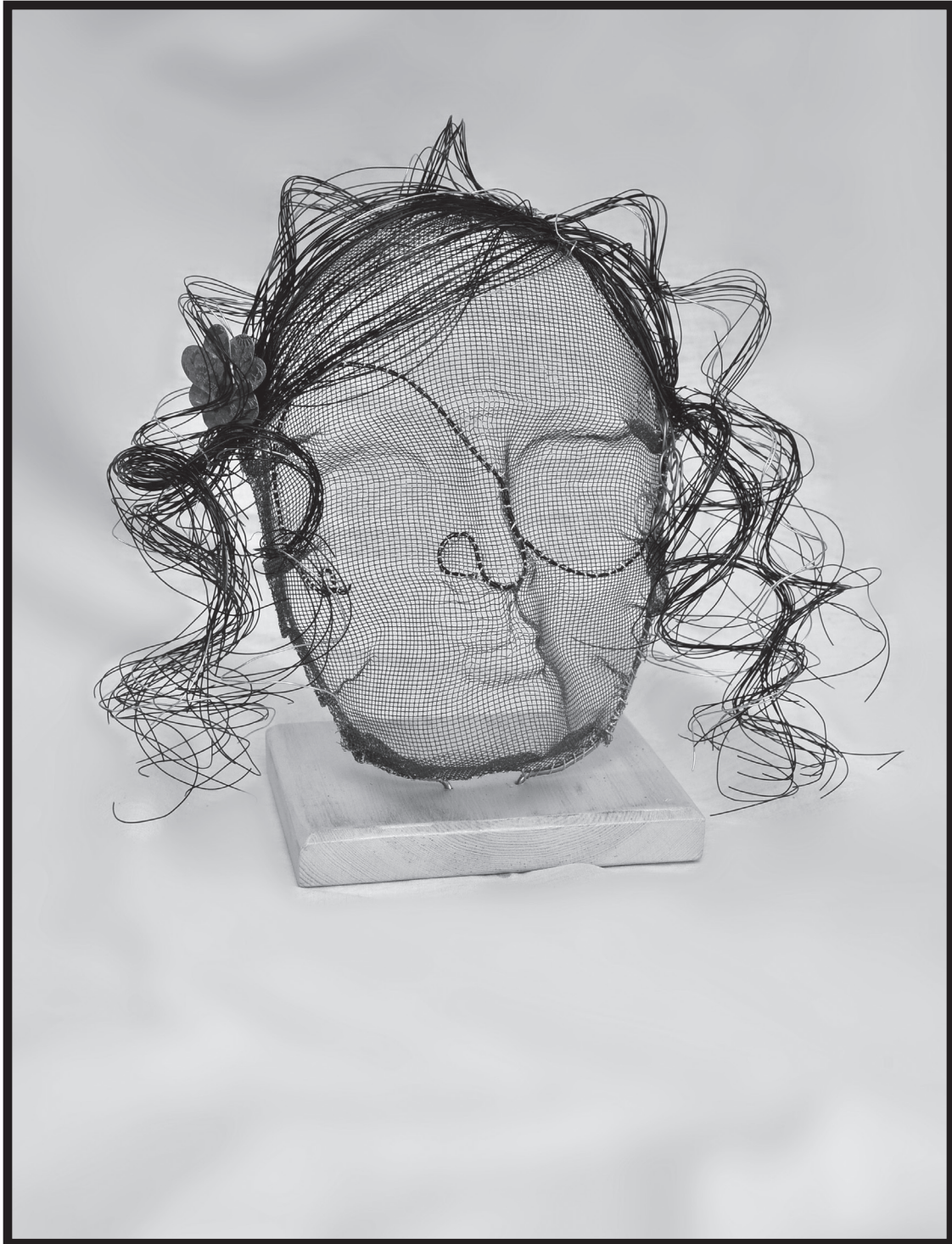


PORTAL
By Wesley
Cooper



OPPOSITE

By Dylan Peirce



UNMAKING

By Jodi Akers

SEDUCTION

By Jessica Walker

Embody the water and submerge him
so that he will never leave you.

Encircle him with your seaweed fingers
and hold him close to your muddy chest.

Do not loosen your grip as he struggles,
as you watch the air leave him.

Do not fret, for he will always be with you
in that murky depth.

I STAND ABOVE ME

By Monique Figueroa

I stand above me
watching life go by.
Time passes and he is still talking,
not noticing my despite.

My body stands
vacant
while I thrash
about the room.

Make *him* stop,
I scream,
but my mouth does not open.
I do not cry.

Wicked heart,
why must you love those who hurt
you?

I stand above me,
acting the heroine I am not.
I stand above me,
not knowing where to go.



AWAITING SPRING
By Kristian Brakvatne



PHOTOGRAPHER'S MUSE
By Kristian Brakvatne

Wind blowing through my my hair, I ride my red Western Flyer tricycle down the sidewalk from the top of the street. Just before the end of the sidewalk in front of me, I jerk the handlebar to the right and bang the front wheel of the bike into the bottom step of the front porch of my house. This is the only house I have ever lived in as a child, a brown, unpainted two-story house that is very old. If I didn't live here it would be a scary house, like the houses that children run past on Halloween night instead of stopping for candy. I hop off the bike and jog up the five steps to the front porch.

The porch is not very inviting; it's brown, just like the house, with a roof that angles down on the left side from the weight of the honeysuckle vine that covers the whole side of the porch from the ground to the top of the roof. The smell of the honeysuckle is overwhelming, but wonderfully sweet. Bumble bees are always hanging around here sucking the nectar from the very delicate white and pink flowers that cover the whole vine. There are so many bees that the buzzing makes it difficult to hear my mom's voice. She always scolds me when I run into the steps with my bike.

On the floor to the right of the front door is the Wayne's Dairy milk box. We don't use it anymore because there is no home delivery from the dairy anymore. I can remember waking up on Wednesday mornings and coming down the stairs in my pajamas to get the four milk bottles out of the box. When the home delivery stopped, my family never removed the box, so it became my porch seat. The box is silver with Wayne's Dairy written in blue, long faded by the sun and weather. The lid is a bit bent from my standing on it to reach the mailbox hanging next to the front door. Next to the box is a big wooden rocking chair with homemade cushions tied to its

seat and back. The floor creaks under the rocker when it's moving. Some of the floorboards are beat up, warped, rough and ragged at the ends; it is very easy to get splinters. The porch is not very big, and there is not much room, but I love spending time there. The porch is my favorite place.

On many afternoons my great-grandmother and I sit on the porch. Sometimes I sit on her lap while she rocks, other times I sit on the milk box. One afternoon my great-grandmother and I sit on this porch, she in the rocker and on I the milk box, discussing my upcoming visit to a friend's house who lived around the corner. I cannot be more than six or seven. I am going to be walking to my friend's house, and this visit is the first time that I've been to my friend's house without my parents accompanying me. My grandmother is a stickler for acting appropriately around adults. She starts talking about how I should address my friend's parents. She tells me, "You should always respect your elders." I am to address my friend's parents as Mr. and Mrs. Moysey. She also speaks of being respectful of my friend's home and everyone in it. I am to remember that I should treat my friend's toys as if they were my own. Last but not least she says, "Always say please and thank you."

As I grew into an adult, the things that she taught me are the cornerstones of who I am. I am forty-eight years old and my friend's parents are still Mr. and Mrs. Moysey to me. I have taught my own children the importance of being respectful of everyone and everything.

My grandmother always used every time we sat on the porch as an opportunity to encourage me. She had an eighth-grade education, but she was incredibly smart.

Education was extremely important to her and thus became important to me. She spent a large part of her life as a self-taught nurse. She always expected me to do my best at everything I tried.

Once in the spring, we spend the day on the porch. She is rocking, and I am on her lap. As the boards creak under our weight, she tells me what she hopes my life will be like when I grow up. I remember the sweet smell of the honeysuckle from the porch mixing with the aroma of the pink, white and purple hyacinth that is blooming in the garden around the corner of the house.

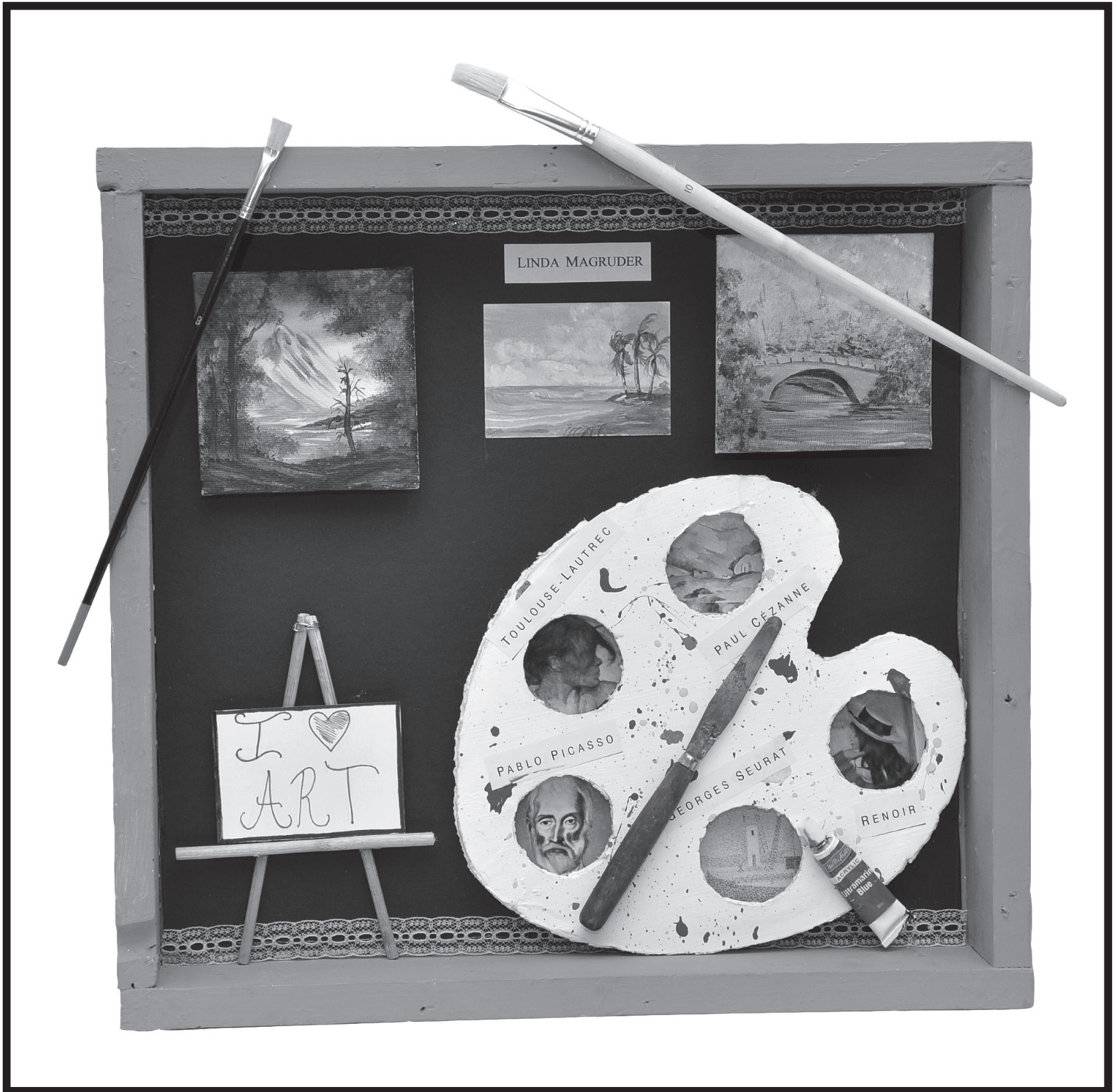
My grandmother is a robust woman with solid white hair that she braids every morning without fail. She always wears dresses covered with an apron to keep them clean. She smells like flour from the baking that she does early in the day. I'm sitting snuggled on her lap with my head just under her chin in a white ruffled tank top and a pair of faded blue shorts with a flower on one leg. She tells me very clearly that she expects me to go out into the world and do whatever I want to do. She says that when she was young, her grandmother told her that she could be anything she wished to be and that that is how she had lived her life. She is passing this torch onto me. She says, "You are my future, LaVon, and you will live your life exactly as you wish." Then she says the most profound words to me. "Never let anyone tell you that you cannot do something."

From that point on there was never anything that I wouldn't try. When I was eleven, my father and I began racing go-carts. I raced until I was thirteen. All the while my grandmother supported me. Then when I struggled with my calculus homework in high school, I would seek help from my grandmother, and together out on the front porch we would puzzle it

out. I knew that if I was discouraged I could always turn to her for guidance and encouragement. She would say, "You try it first. Then if you need help, I'll help you."

These memories came to mind as I gazed at the front of the house that I called home for nineteen years. I recently visited the house again, and even though it looks nothing like it did when I was a child, those visions of the past leaped to the forefront of my memory. The house now is painted white, and the porch has been totally changed.

The honeysuckle is gone, as well as the spring flowers that smelled so strong from my youth. Gone are the milk box and the rocking chair, both replaced with white plastic chairs. I can still hear the creaking of the wood floor, and the buzzing of the bumble bees. I also can hear the local high school marching band coming down the street headed for the football field. I remember hanging off the porch railing waving madly at the band and telling my grandmother that someday I would play in the band, and march down the street, too. When I reached high school, I did march in the band, down our street past our house on the way to the football field, and my grandmother rocked in that rocking chair waving to me as I went. I wonder if the children who live in the house now will have similar memories of their front porch? I certainly hope so.



ARTISTIC INFLUENCES

By Linda Magruder



TOGETHER WE RISE

By Kristian Brakvatne



Jeremy Arnold, “Agenda” and “Color Evolution”

The subject in my drawing “*Agenda*” was a take on a picture in a magazine in which the woman seems to have a lot on her mind or a certain “*agenda*” that distracts her from the viewer. All of my figure studies as of late have leaned toward a realistic style which is a gratifying approach that I enjoy. My piece “*Color Evolution*” was a simple sketch I used for a value, monochrome, and complimentary color study. The acrylic print I used helped to create a vivid piece which displays what is possible with any of or two colors.

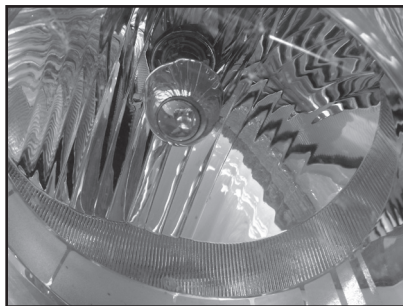
Joel Becker, “Forgotten Hero”

My photograph “*Forgotten Hero*” was taken less than a half mile from my house. I drive by this area almost every day but never paid attention to it. I was returning home from taking other photos for a class assignment and still needed one more. That is when the fire truck caught my eye as I was almost home. I think one of the biggest lessons I took from this was that I never know when an opportunity for a great shot may present itself, so I try to always be prepared. I now try to keep my camera with me more often.



Kristian Brakvatne, “Photographer’s Muse,” “Awaiting Spring,” “Together We Rise,” “Gleaming Herbs,” and “Bee Covered in Pollen”

I was inspired to take the photo “*Photographer’s Muse*” while taking a series of shadow pictures for an assignment. I saw the shadow of the doorframe and it looked interesting, but when I walked in front of it and saw my shadow stretched out, it seemed to fit in the photo. My inspiration for “*Awaiting Spring*” were the large icicles and the silhouette of my black cat staring out the window. I was trying to portray her desire to be outside, but also the cold of the ice and snow. The little patch of sprouts growing from sparse forest floor in “*Together We Rise*” caught my eye. The sunlight was shining on them perfectly, making them radiant. I was trying to portray the significance of the sun to plant life. What inspired me for “*Gleaming Herbs*” was the structure and texture of the yellow herb, along with the colors and flowers in the background and the angle and brightness of the sun hitting the garden. For an assignment we were required to take some macro images. “*Bee Covered in Pollen*” was inspired by other detailed close-up images by other photographers I had seen online. I was trying to capture the sandy coating of pollen on the bee and the alien looking stare it was giving me.



Dylan Peirce, “Opposite” and “Beautiful Contrast”

Occasionally I like to do something different when it comes to my photography. “*Opposite*” demonstrates this by portraying a cactus, something usually hard and sharp, in a softer way. All I did was pop my lens in the refrigerator until it cooled down enough to fog over and soften the image. Since lighting is a big part of photography, for “*Beautiful Contrast*” I decided I would focus not on achieving perfect lighting but instead on the lack of it, showing that darkness can sometimes tell a story or portray an idea just as well as light can.

Frank Stark, “Summer Headlight”

My intention in this photograph was to capture a sense of the landscape while still getting a zoomed-in shot of the headlamp. I experimented with several different surfaces to get this duality of landscape and close-up texture, but I found that the headlight had the most striking effect. I used a macro setting to take the picture for enhanced detail in the reflective surfaces of the subject.

Mitchell Steele, “Perfect Harmony”

While working on an assignment for my photography class, I came up with the idea for this picture. Being a musician and guitarist at heart, I wanted to display something that showed my love for music. I spent some time getting a few of my guitars posed, but that proved to be the easy part of getting the shot. After taking countless pictures from every possible angle and direction, I finally got the shot that I had envisioned.

Bobb Webb, “Larger Than Life”

My photograph “*Larger Than Life*” is nothing more than a weed growing in a landscape timber. This picture was taken using the macro setting on my camera. I was trying this setting out for the first time and was really amazed by the close-up shots. I was trying to find the smallest objects possible and blow them up into larger-than-life images. This picture was taken during my

study of digital photography with Mr. John Bone. It was an excellent and informative class in which I learned a lot about using different camera settings, and how to better use my camera.

D. Kathleen Wiles, “It’s an Epiphany, Metaphorically Speaking”

The inspiration for this piece arose from a workshop during Dr. Georgia Kreiger’s Creative Writing class. Dr. Kreiger provided the group with short writing prompts, which I dutifully followed with ten-minute bouts of furious free-writing. I allowed my pen and my subconscious their lead during these workshops; they always surprised me with the material they produced seemingly without any assistance from conscious-me. The theme of childhood memory arose and I found myself confessing to believing that I could see things others could not when I was a child. I began to wonder then where that child’s imagination had gone during her journey to adulthood. I wondered at the necessity of losing childhood beliefs, and at what cost those beliefs had been abandoned. The specific writing prompt wasn’t important. It was probably something as simple as an instruction to complete the sentence, “When I was a child,” The inspiration arose from my willingness to surrender conscious-me to the page and the pen. “It’s an Epiphany...” arose from allowing subconscious-me to take the stage and orate to her heart’s desire.

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