



# STYLUS

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THE LITERARY ANNUAL OF  
MIDLANDS TECHNICAL COLLEGE



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# FOREWORD

*Stylus* has been a family affair. That's one of the best things about Midlands Technical College. It's an academic *community* that is supportive, committed, and creative; and though none have sought personal recognition, so many have contributed so much —

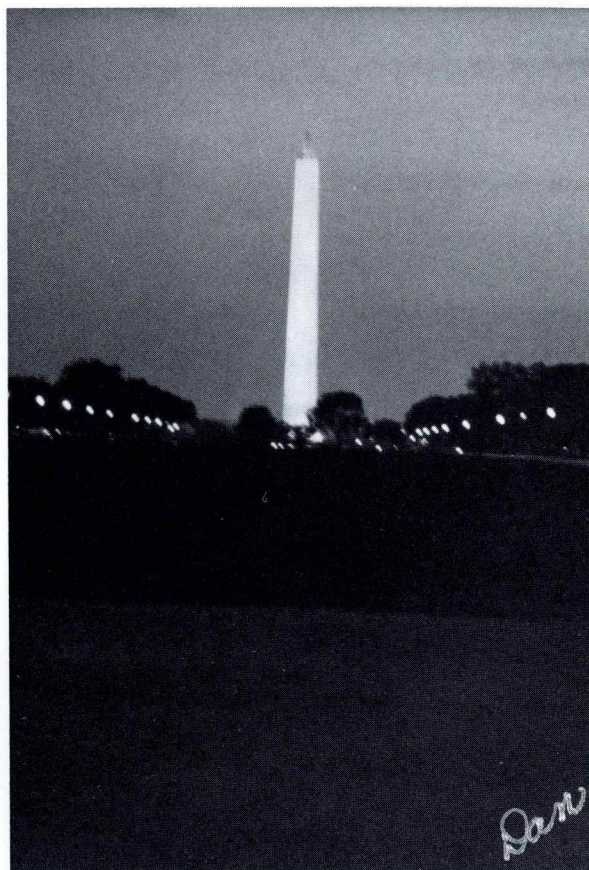
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and my exceptional colleagues in the English Department. All of the computer-generated artwork, not specifically otherwise credited, was contributed by Ginger McGuinness. This journal is an expression of family pride - in our students.

*Leslie*  
*Turner*  
Editor





THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 18, 1990

Dear Mr. Turner:

Many thanks for sharing with me a copy of Stylus  
1989-90: The Literary Annual of Midlands Technical  
College. I salute you and your students on a job  
well done.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,

*Cy Burl*

Mr. Leslie Turner  
Midlands Technical College  
Post Office Box 2408  
Columbia, South Carolina 29202

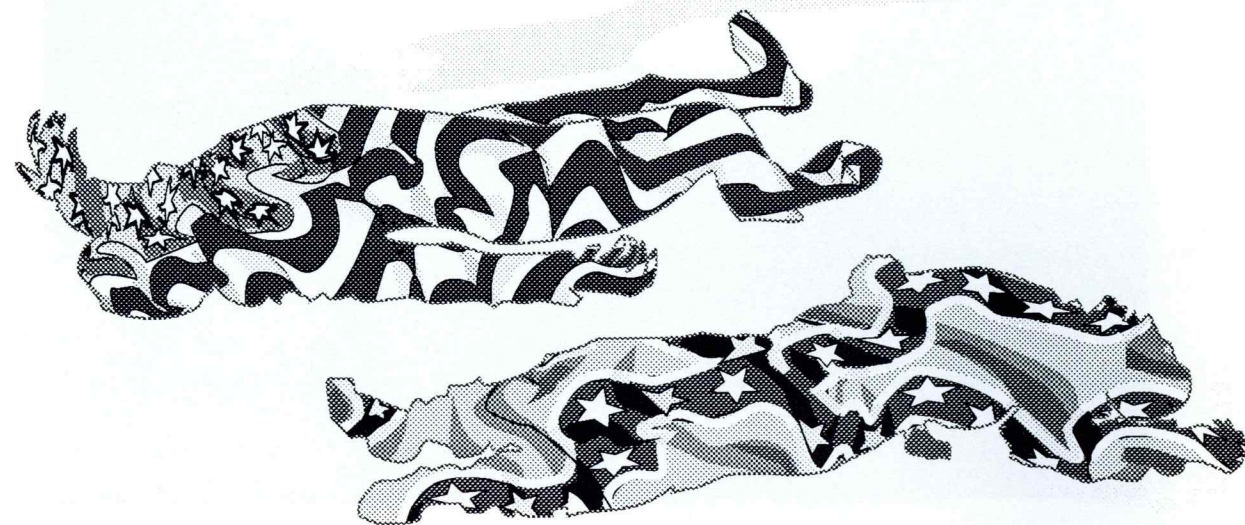
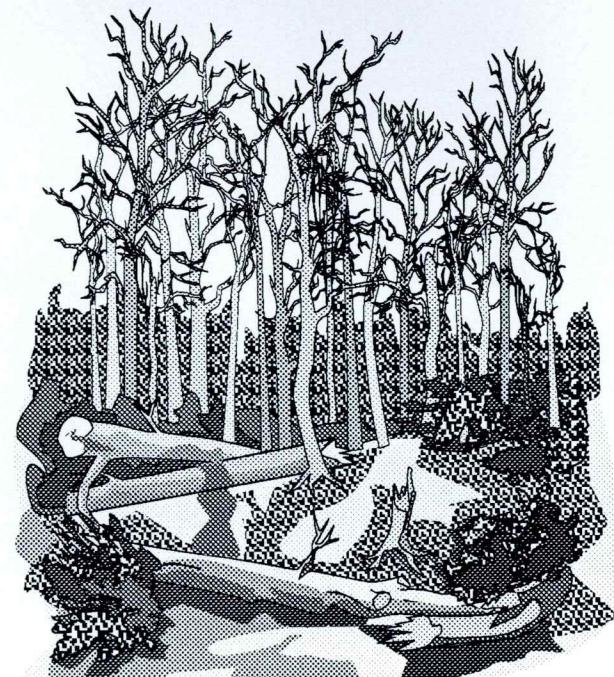


## ONE NATION

In darkened skies the thunder loomed,  
echoed, boomed in hollow's gloom,  
rivers boiled above their banks,  
fear sang keen within the ranks.  
Forest grey and meadow blue,  
pall of burning powder hued  
afternoon with morning mist,  
tightened jaw and whitened fist.

Greenest leaves of summer fell,  
limbs were ripped in fiery dell,  
red-clay earth grew redder still,  
death walked through these woods at will.  
The boughs lay broken, brave let cry,  
Friends and Brothers, Husbands died  
near rotted logs in August heat,  
like sodden handkerchiefs at feet.

Brian Dobyns



## BOOM

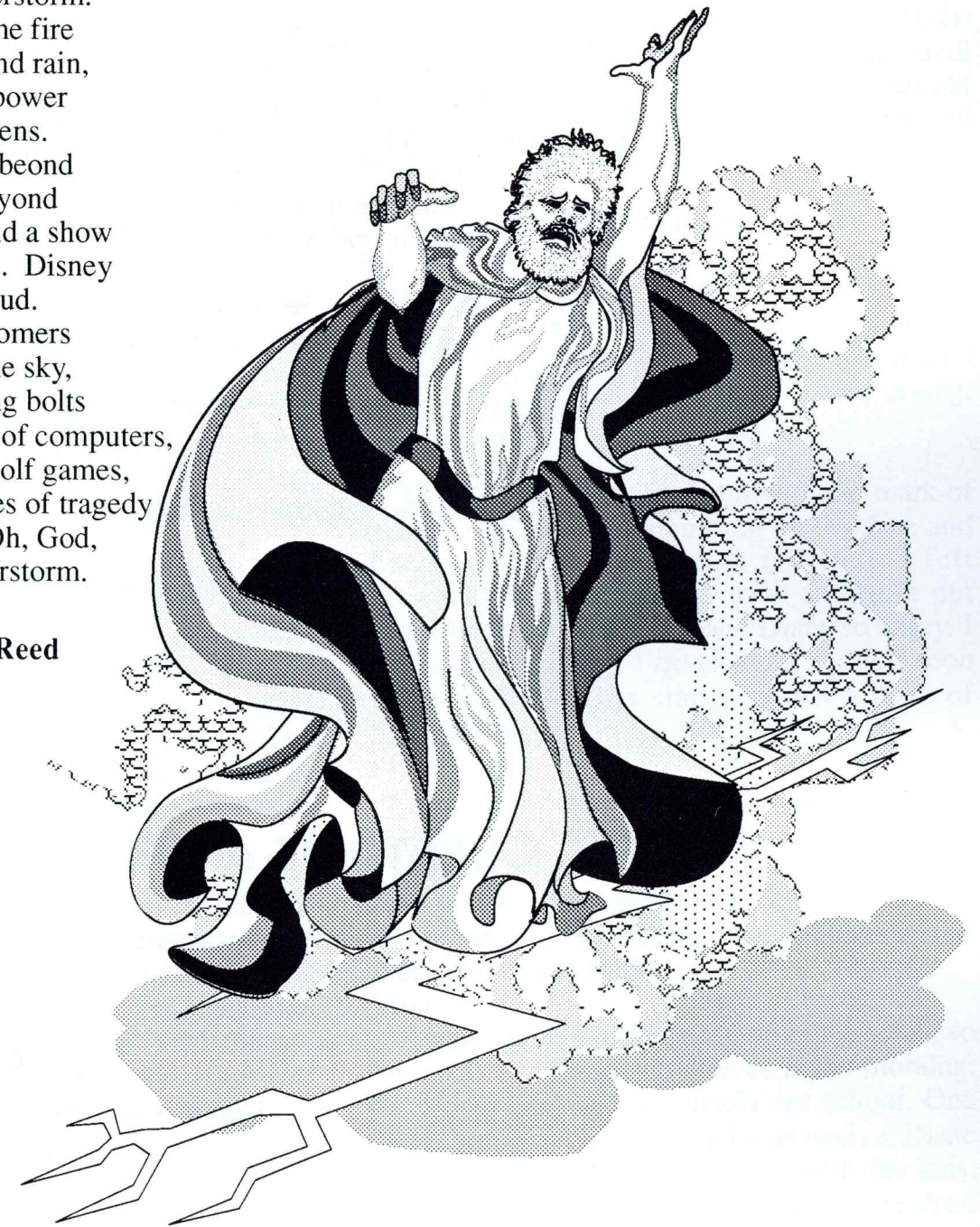
Give me a thunderstorm.

Oh, God, give me fire  
and lightening, and rain,  
and wind, and power  
from the heavens.

Give me forces beond  
my control, beyond  
my imagination, and a show  
beyond Hollywood. Disney  
would be proud.

Give me big boomers  
rolling across the sky,  
crashing smashing bolts  
of primal power, killers of computers,  
prematurely ended golf games,  
scattering farmers, tales of tragedy  
and of miracles. Oh, God,  
give me a thunderstorm.

Mike Reed





## TROPICAL CHRISTMAS

Light dances on her eyelids, dark pink and white.  
 A rooster crows, pigs squeal.  
 Six a.m. and already it's hot.  
 A coconut shell and a bucket of water for a shower.  
 Rice and fish for breakfast.  
 "Naimbag nga bigat, apo."  
 The old woman smiles, returns the greeting.

Minibus, bus, jeepney, mail.  
 A card from home – it snowed.  
 The dogwood in the picture wears a rare white cover.  
 Mom peers over a muffler, breathes smoke.  
 One hand freezes in mid-wave.  
 Outside, the jeepney horns honk.  
 She mops her face and sips her Coke.

Andrea B. Terrill

## CUENTO DE AMOR

Se parece un fuego caluroso.  
 Huele a aroma de Francia  
 Gusta de vino tinto  
 Sentido de un primer beso.

por Chris Bryant

## CAGES

**W**hen I was twelve my parents bought some rabbits. There were three females and two males. All of the rabbits had calico markings, except one. She had the most beautiful gray fur and looked so soft and cuddly. Her eyes were dark pools of sadness. I wondered if she had ever been free before or if she had always been caged. I didn't know which would be worse. I fell in love with the beautiful gray rabbit.

Two of the rabbits soon became pregnant. One of the mothers-to-be was my gray rabbit. I checked on them several times a day in anticipation of the moment they would have their furry bundles of joy. They got so fat their bellies almost touched the bottom of the cage. I started checking on the rabbits more often because I knew they would deliver soon. I hoped to get to watch the miracle of birth.

Early one morning, before I went to school, I checked on the rabbits. The calico rabbit had given birth during the night. She had five tiny, pink, hairless babies. I couldn't get over how ugly they were, but she didn't seem to mind that her babies looked like bald rodents. She nudged and nuzzled them as they sucked at her. You could almost see the pride and protective sense in her eyes.

Almost two weeks later the gray rabbit had her litter. I was feeding the rabbits when I noticed little pink bits strewn about the bottom of the gray rabbit's cage. It took me a moment to realize that they were parts of her babies. I stared at the gray rabbit in revulsion and amazement. What kind of monster could eat her babies?

When I was ten years old my daddy remarried. Her name was Diane. The first time I met her I thought she was the most beautiful, glamorous woman I had ever seen. She was a petite, blonde woman with warm, tender, blue eyes. She looked like a princess in her white fur coat. I thought she would make a great new mom. And she did, until about six months after she and her four year old daughter moved in with me, my older brother, and my two younger sisters.

I will never forget that first time she slapped me. We were on our way to my softball game. Her daughter and I were having a childish argument when she reached back and slapped me in the face. I was so stunned I couldn't move. My face turned red, and I started crying. My cheek was hot and stinging.

I played ball that afternoon with the mark of Diane's slender fingers burning on my face and disappointment burning in my soul. I felt heartsick and distracted. I tried to figure out what I had done that had made Diane so angry. I wanted to make sure I never did it again. I soon discovered that first slap was just a taste of things to come.

Through the years Diane developed a drinking problem. The beatings grew more severe and came more often. She used whatever she could lay her hands on. I often had to wear long pants and long sleeved shirts in the summer time to cover her marks.

Diane drank into the early morning hours, so she didn't usually get up with us in the morning. We had to get ourselves ready for school. One warm, Spring morning when I was twelve, Diane decided to play Mom and get up with the kids. We were all tense and quiet as we rushed through our morning routine. We wanted to get



to the bus stop and away from Diane. She was also quiet as she sat in the kitchen drinking coffee and smoking. I could feel her watching our every move, waiting for us to do something wrong, like a vulture watching its wounded prey. I hoped she would go back to bed. She didn't, but she found something to get angry about.

My little sister could not find a pair of socks to wear to school. This became my fault because I had not done the laundry right. Since I was the oldest girl, the responsibility of caretaker fell on my shoulders. Diane soon worked herself into a fit of anger. I was frantically trying to find a pair of socks, my mind blurred in terror, when Diane appeared in the doorway. She had her favorite weapon, a bridle rein, swinging by her side. I felt terror and resignation settle in my stomach. My legs felt rubbery and weak. My heart was beating so fast and hard I thought it would surely break. She seemed tireless in her fury. I hoped that each lash would be the last one. I prayed that my brother and sisters had left the house like I had told them. I didn't want Diane turning her blind rage on them. I also didn't want them to bear the guilt of helplessness in the face of my screams.

When Diane's anger was spent I ran from the house. I was crying and shaking as I reached the bus stop. My sisters rushed to hold me, almost not touching me for fear of hurting me. Their small finger felt like butterflies on my burning back. Nothing was said – for nothing needed to be said; we were one in our cage of misery. My brother was not one for emotional displays; but I will never forget the pain and frustration in his soft, brown eyes as he tenderly slipped his long sleeved shirt over my striped, bruised arms. He wiped the tears from my face as the bus came over the hill.

One afternoon when I was thirteen my siblings, children from down the road, and I were playing Hide-And-Go-Seek in the front yard. It

was my turn to be "It." As I was counting and the other kids were hiding, Diane came out of the house screaming that we had wakened her. She grabbed the boat paddle from the porch, and I knew then that I was "It" in more ways than one. She came at me with the paddle in her fist and fire in her eyes. She beat me that afternoon in front of the neighborhood children, my pain and humiliation in the open for everyone to see. My only sin was that I was the closest. When she returned to the house we played a variation of the game Hide-And-Go-Seek — we played Hide.

Diane made our once serene lives into a living hell. There were days that she didn't go on the war path, but these days were so few and far between we couldn't enjoy them. I never knew until I went to bed at night whether it had been a good day or a bad one. I could see no escape. My daddy worked out of town and came home only on the weekends. My mother lived out of town. I never mentioned the abuse to them. I guess I was afraid they would be angry with me too. I did tell a woman who was a friend of the family. She told Diane, and Diane beat me. I never mentioned the abuse to anyone else. My cage was getting smaller, and I could see no way out. We were both trapped in our own emotional cages. Diane was driven by anger and bitterness, which created my cage of fear and uncertainty.

I felt so betrayed. Where was the beautiful woman in the white fur coat? Where was the mom I had longed for? Where had this fear-wielding monster come from? I lay in bed at night still feeling the paddle against my skin. I wondered how much more I could take. I thought about the gray rabbit's massacre of her babies. I couldn't help but consider that at least she had released her babies from the cage.

**Deborah B. Christopher**

## THE KISS

**H**e didn't go for the "Departing Kiss" – which is both good and bad. Good, because it is so awkward and nerve shattering and what if I have bad breath or he slips me the tongue and I'm not expecting it and I end up looking real stupid or suddenly become nauseated and have to go throw up or worse yet it changes the proverbial safe friendship into a dangerous unsafe potential romance that might not work out? What if somebody gets hurt and it might be him and I would be responsible for hurting this sweet man or what if I'm the one who gets axed in the end? GOD-HELP-ME this heart of mine is far too fragile to withstand another assault! So, yeah.... it's better that he didn't go for the "Departing Kiss."

On the other hand, had he gone ahead and done it, at least it would have been OVER and I could have relaxed some. As it turned out, he invited me to go on "The Second Date" with him. I considered this. "Hm mm m....," I mused, "he is a decent and respected person who is not

only intellectually stimulating but also believes in God and, what's more, seems to be devoid of mental illness (and did I mention so handsome?) So WHY in the world would I want to see him again? He can't be real." But my curiosity prevailed. I said, "I think I would like that....a lot!"

Now I guess I'll have to do that "Waiting Thing" that I so hate that precedes "The Phone Call" anticipated, regarding "The Second Date." If it happens, then maybe he'll go for "The Kiss" – which will be warmly received. Or maybe he won't ever call again; and when I see him he'll act like we never met. Then I'll feel so foolish for a while. Then I'll think, "I don't care about those mean old boys, anyway!"

Then I'll gain thirty pounds just to show 'em, damn 'em, just to show 'em.

**Shirley Peek Miller**

## As A Boy

As a boy I could:

hear each sigh of wind as it rustled  
in the high cattails,  
catch the specks of a brisk salt spray  
cleanly upon my cheeks,  
measure the aroma of a brief summer shower  
against the scent of morning's dew,  
see the pounding of a tern's long wings  
disappear into the evening sky,  
trail a bee to a bright twisting honeysuckle  
to steal sweet nectar from its blossoms.

As a man I yearn,  
to be a boy.

**Brian Dobyns**





## JAZZ – THE HUNT

Honey-colored horn-player  
 chases ebony drummer-boy  
 through deceptively mellow notes  
 of a tangled music-jungle  
 snagging song-warmed spirits  
 on the occasional thorn  
 of a spike edged riff  
 A mahogany amazon  
 looses arrows of sound  
 that pierce the horn-player  
 impale the drummer-boy  
 bronze-glow pianist  
 lurks for an opening  
 steals warily in  
 circling, weaving, he pounces...  
 The tribe lifts its hands  
 to thunder out ecstasy  
 and rain down praise  
 then waits in silence—  
 as the melody turns  
 stalking them swiftly  
 with taunting ease  
 The rite continues  
 The hunt goes on.

Alvita Martin

## WHENCE OH LAMPLIT MOZART

Whence oh lamplit Mozart  
 Tattooed slightly on your freckled chin  
 Hairy, wigged notes ticked my ear  
 Sprigs of purple, papered, piano legs  
 Wriggle in the sockets of homunculus' portcullis  
 Meow Amadeus with a wrinkled thorn  
 Whispered appoggiaturas uncrease my bones  
 Catch my soul in beribboned Alberti's  
 The depths between B and B<sup>b</sup>, my home.

Julia Helen Garris





## YESTERDAY'S WOODS

Growing up at my family home on the edge of Lake Murray, I spent many of my childhood days playing in the woods between our house and the small cove that gave us access to the lake. There weren't many other kids in my neighborhood at that time, and the nearest neighbor was over a quarter of a mile away. It was a completely different world back then, when the land was full of wildlife and plants and practically untouched by the encroaching development of suburbia. I spent most of my time alone, letting my imagination run free through the woods. It was my world, with no limits on who or what I could be there. I could be the king or the king's nightmare. I could sit at the Round Table and learn the secret spells of Merlin or wield my bow against the evil sheriff's men as I ruled Sherwood Forest. In my kingdom, or domain, or on my planet, (depending upon what books I had been reading), reality was mine to create.

There was a part of the woods where purple-flowered wisteria vines grew as they did in Tarzan's dream. It was a jungle where exotic ferns hid black panthers just waiting for me to fall from the vines so they could fill their empty stomachs. I would climb high in the wisteria-webbed pines, swing down with a yell to strike terror into the most ferocious feline phantoms, and roll in the thick-piled mulch of my jungle floor as I dispatched any beast which dared to challenge me. Usually, the only real animal around was my mom's toy poodle; but occasionally one of my distant neighbor's cats would wander on the scene and provide some unexpected fun. These monsters seldom returned.

In another part of the woods, the ghost of Robin Hood possessed me. The pine trees stretched to touch the sky, and light filtered

down in broken rays of shadow. Dogwood was mingled among the pines; and in the Spring, the pale-white blooms filled my nostrils with the scent of Old England. Giant oaks and elms grew in scattered groves, and their enormous arms would bear me up to spy out my enemies. Sometimes I would take the bow my brother had given me and let the thugs of Nottingham feel the arrows of my wrath. I must have lost a hundred arrows. My targets most often lined the moss-covered bank of the creek that ran through that part of the woods; but they sometimes tried to attack from the trees, and those battles usually emptied my quiver.

But my life in the woods wasn't all fantasy; the woods were interesting enough without my daydreams. There was always something new to discover, no matter how many times I went there. Once, when I was digging a foxhole to fight off alien invaders, I found an old trash dump full of antique bottles. They were all over fifty years old and of all sorts of shapes and colors. There were thick, blue and green perfume bottles, old brown medicine bottles, and milk bottles with a raised emblem of a rooster crowing on the front of them. The dairy they came from went out of business in 1947. I thought it was pretty wild to find all of that stuff. It was like traveling back in time.

Every section of the woods seemed to have its own characters, and I came to know them as my closest friends. They were always willing to listen, and I felt as if I could trust them with anything. I think the most special of all places in the woods, though, was the cove at the edge. You might say the cove was my best friend when it didn't seem like I had a friend. I used to go to the cove and skip rocks to blow off steam or just to think. I remember the cool, smooth stones that fit my hand as if they were made just



for me. My brother and I would sometimes compete to see who could make them skip across the water the most number of times, and I held the record with eighteen skips until he broke it with a miraculous twenty-two-skip throw.

But most of the time I was alone. My brother was older and went out with his friends a lot. I would lie on the bank with the sun warming my face and listen to the rhythmic sound of the waves as they broke on my body with a refreshing chill. I could dive deep into the clear, crisp water in the middle of the cove and escape to a world of weightless, silent wonder. There were silvery fish that sometimes lingered close as a kiss and then were gone in a flash of fins. Turtles provided a challenging game of hide-and-seek in the shallows at the mouth of the cove, darting in and out of the brush as I stalked them relentlessly. Fishing, swimming, chasing turtles and the brilliantly colored Mallard ducks that shared the brush with them, or just lying on the bank skipping stones, I didn't worry about anything when I was at the cove.

However, the time of innocence in the woods passed. My dad gave me a rifle and took me hunting with him sometimes. But I was alone when I first saw the face of death. I was squirrel hunting, a practice I thought to be much like turtle chasing, as the squirrels were

excellent players of hide-and-seek. This went on for quite some time as just another game to me, until one day when a squirrel was a moment too slow evading my shot. It fell, clattering down through the branches, and landed at my feet with a sobering thud. The game was over. The squirrel wasn't dead yet, but it was fatally wounded and obviously in pain. I cried, and then I prayed with childish hope that it would somehow climb back into its tree unharmed; but it couldn't because the bullet had broken its back. I couldn't bear to watch it suffer or to see what I'd done, so I smashed its head with the butt of my rifle. That was my first kill but not my last. In my family, hunting was part of becoming a man. In a way that makes sense, because I never felt much like a boy again after that.

A lot of things have changed since I played in my little world. I have become a man, and I have learned that only the memories of that time and place really belong to me. The woods have become yards, and houses line the shore of the cove. My forest of fantasy is now a suburb. Kids still play there, but I doubt they could know how it was for me. I wonder if they skip stones on the water and if anyone ever broke my brother's record.

**Douglas Brown**

## VCR

The T.V. Life

The VCR. Everyday situations, trials and tribulations.

The tape. Yourself.

Wouldn't it be nice to imagine your life as a video tape in  
a

VCR? You could fast forward to the future, rewind to the  
past.

You could go back to the past and record over your mistakes.

Isn't that what we all wish we could do?

Cut and edit our past to our liking?

But we can't change the past.

That's too bad because I was just starting to enjoy myself  
and my tape.

Eject.

Power off.

Back to Reality.

**Ryan Cronin**

## SUNDAY MORNING

The sun lifts me from sleep and melts my face into a grin;  
it warms my shoulders.  
I caress the rays of light with my hands  
and warm them too.

A softened slap of a tail, another wakes  
but does not stir

not yet,

not till I do.

Peace is the cool place on my pillow  
I shift to find.

I touch you gently,  
your hushed and beautiful soul  
folds a wondrous slumber  
upon me.

**Brian Dobyns**



## ELISABETH

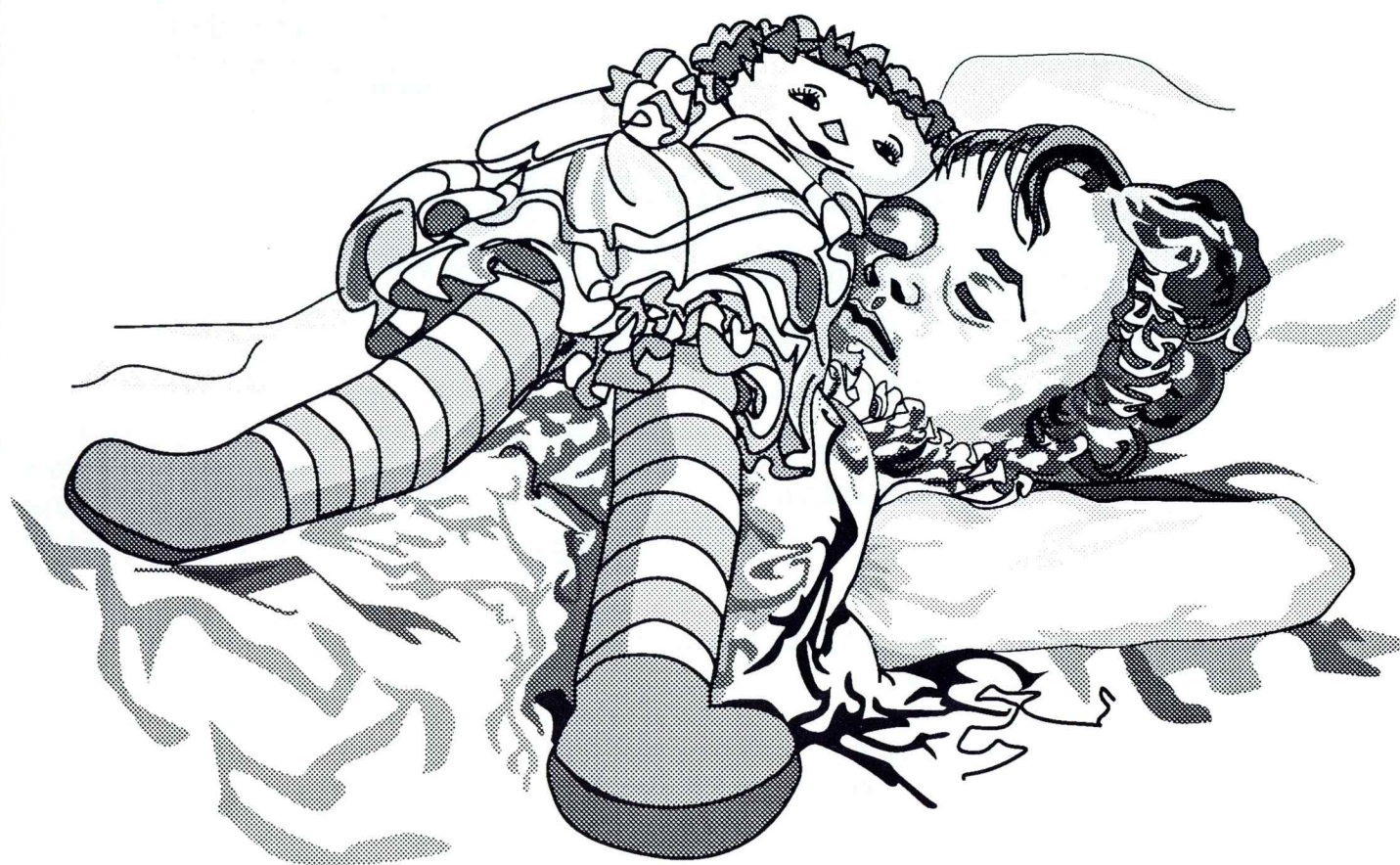
A photograph could never capture the loveliness of my sleeping daughter. That is because it involves so much more than just a visual image. She's kind of sweaty which makes her smell sweet. Not pretentiously sweet, like perfume, but reverently sweet – the way angels smell. Her muscles are so relaxed that if I kiss her it feels soft and squashy.

My little boys were like this, too, when they were babies; but by the time they turned three,

their little sweaty heads smelled like Fall... the way leaves smelled when October dried them so that my Daddy could rake them into giant piles, too irresistible for his little girl not to jump in! But Elisabeth is six and still smells like a baby.

This moment is mine only as long as it exists. Then it is lost in time.

Shirley Peek Miller



## STILL LIFE OF APPLES: PASTORAL POEM FOR ROBERT FROST

Such as they are or will ever be  
by some artist's artful stroke arranged  
we see before ourselves untreed  
too late the fateful fallen fruit.  
Though none can say whether bitter or not  
whether worked round the black seeds at center  
by unspeakable hungry worms unseen,  
the illusion  
if it is that on canvas  
is yet to the taste temptingly sweet  
to the eye dimensionally complete.

Still life of apples in a blue bowl steeped  
fruitful  
and justly so, this mosaic of dapple-drawn order  
red and green  
not an apple less or an apple more than need be seen  
centered  
table-fashion on a moon-white surface rendered.  
The effect is altogether Ptolemaic

truthful,  
you well might say, to the truths of a younger universe  
another prophet's forgotten faith  
in earth-centered things  
like apples and their seeds in orchards grown  
to be picked to be planted and in the eating known.

Their now unorchard colors these  
apples  
painted bowled in blue  
forever hold to nature's hue.  
Still bright they beckon, please  
youthful  
bid eyes again to see unbared  
bodies bend close their flesh to finger  
hopeful

the taste of apple will linger  
will  
force thoughts forth to favor  
as lovers who learn in time to savor  
with teeth and tongue and mouth  
all that's there of life to stomach  
or know with a kiss as blind  
as the seasoned taste of mortal sin  
upon some stranger's salted skin  
and to the core consume in kind  
at last yourself too soon to save you find  
in orchard stillness still life steeped- -  
far pastoral the landscape of your portraiture.

Mark Desser



## WATERMELONS IN THE ROSE GARDEN

The family ate dinner outside that evening. The watermelon they had for dessert was sweet and cool in the warm summer air. After the rest of the family had gone into the house, he picked up as many watermelon seeds as he could fit in one hand. Some were dry, but most were still wet and stuck to his palm and fingers when he tightened his fist. The small garden he had planted the day before was full, but his eyes searched eagerly around the yard for a small patch of bare soil in which to plant his prizes. In one corner the rose bushes stood royally above the dark rich soil. The brown earth called to him, and he walked quickly to the edge of the garden. As he knelt, the soil felt warm on his bare knee and the roses towered above him, their wicked thorns daring him to reach up and touch the glowing flowers. He looked down and used his finger to poke a short row of holes in the soft, warm earth. Only then did he release his grip on his seeds. One or two fell unnoticed to the ground as he picked through the wadded mass of damp, sticky seeds. He chose and tossed the others, unwanted, behind him. He carefully smoothed the soil with the palms of his hands. The dirt stuck to the sticky places made by the damp seeds and formed abstract brown patterns against the white skin of his palms. But he did not notice. His mind was focused on a day further on in the summer when he would slice open a big, cool watermelon and claim it as his own.

He did not hear his mother call his name the first time, but she called again; and he jumped up and ran around the corner of the house to the back door. He pulled it open and rushed through to the kitchen where his mother was busy cleaning up from that evening's meal. Leaning on the cabinets, he bounced excitedly on his toes and peered at her over the counter top. "Billy, I thought I told you to wipe off the picnic

table." His mother's voice was stern, but he knew how pleased she would be when he told her about the seeds. "But, Mom, I was..." "And just look at those hands!" her voice rose and her face darkened. "You were clean not five minutes ago! Well, mister, you can march straight to the bathroom and wash those filthy hands before you touch one more thing in this house." She pushed him gently but firmly from behind in the direction of the bathroom.

"Aw. Mo—oom...", he began to whine; but she would not listen.

"Aw, Mom, nothing. You get in there and wash those hands." She gave him a final shove and turned back towards the kitchen where he heard her muttering as she wiped dirty handprints off the kitchen cabinets. He knew that to go back into the kitchen would invite the kind of trouble that he always tried to avoid; so he continued to the bathroom, his pout and slow shuffle the only forms of protest. When he reached up to turn on the water in the sink, his seeds had been forgotten.

Outside the long, white fingers of clouds began to burn orange as the sun sank beyond the tree line. The blue sky darkened until the stars began to gleam, as if they had been waiting far too long in the still, blue sky. It was late in the summer evening, and around the neighborhood windows glowed with light and the flicker of television sets bounced crazily off the walls and ceilings.

Later that night in the rose garden the earth nestled gently around the watermelon seeds and kept them warm against the cool air. The moonless sky filled with stars, and a street light up the road seemed trivial against the vast field of speckled indigo.

The next day began early for Billy and his family as they prepared for their overnight drive to the beach. Suitcases were pulled from closets and dusted off. Billy went into the garage and looked for the things he would need at the beach. Soon plastic buckets and small plastic shovels, broken kites and heaps of twisted string, along with many other beach essentials, littered the garage floor. He was busy poking a stick at a spider web he had found when a voice called from the raised garage door. "Hey, Billy, whatcha doin'?" He turned as his friend Gary walked up behind him.

"We're goin' to the beach, an' I have to get ready."

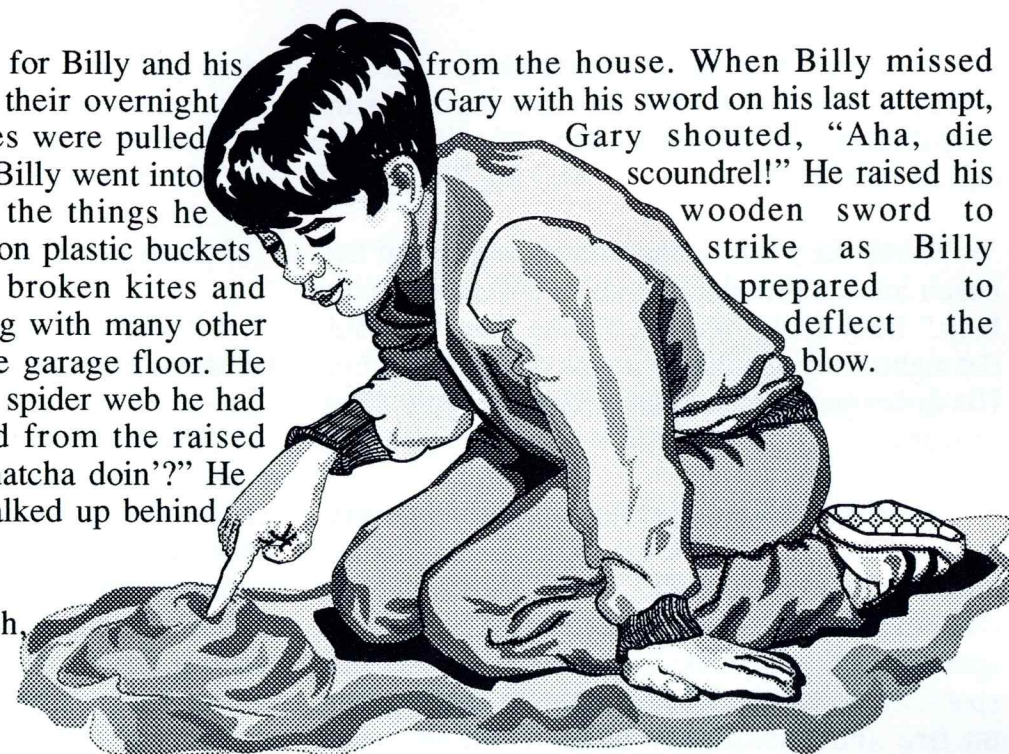
"Can I help?"

"Sure. I'm lookin' for things I'm gonna need."

As the boys searched through the garage they were easily distracted. It was not long before the task at hand had been forgotten.

Billy had not been able to remove the sword from its rusty sheath, but that did not make it any less of a wonderful weapon. He put on an old football helmet he found; and after pulling the lid off a trash can, he challenged Gary to a duel. Gary tied a beach towel around his neck to make a long cape and found a sword-sized piece of wood. He pulled a dusty pair of army boots over his sneakers, grabbed a trash can lid of his own, and accepted the challenge. The battle raged back and forth across the garage as they fended off blows with the rapidly deteriorating trash can lids. They did not notice that, as they fought, they were scattering the piles of junk they had made around the garage. They did not hear the heavy footsteps coming down the hall

from the house. When Billy missed Gary with his sword on his last attempt, Gary shouted, "Aha, die scoundrel!" He raised his wooden sword to strike as Billy prepared to deflect the blow.



"BILLY!" His father's voice boomed in the garage. Billy whirled around to see his father standing in the open doorway to the house. Gary's sword landed with a resounding thunk on top of his helmet. His ears began to ring, but his eyes remained fixed on his father. The three of them stood motionless for a moment until Gary could take the strain no longer. His piece of wood and trash can lid fell loudly to the floor as he turned to run. One of the army boots flew off his foot and skidded out the garage door after him. The other clung stubbornly, giving him a drunken lopsided gait, until he was halfway across the lawn; but once it came off, he picked up speed and his cape streamed straight out behind him. Billy had not taken his eyes off his father.

"What are you doing?" his father yelled at him. Billy looked down at the floor in front of his feet.

"Nothing," he replied softly.



"Nothing!" his father entered the garage and looked around. He spread his arms slightly with his palms out and glared at Billy. "Nothing! You call this nothing?"

"Well, Gary came over an' we're goin' to the beach an' we found a kite an' we were tryin' to help." Billy spoke quickly, hoping that if he said the right thing his father might not punish him. His father put up one hand to halt the rapid flow of words.

"Enough!" He put his hands on his hips and slowly surveyed the garage. After a long pause he let out a sigh; and Billy knew that whatever the future held for him, he would not get spanked right then. Billy remembered the last spanking he had gotten, for lighting some paper on fire and trying to hide the flaming mass under his father's car, and was pleased that this punishment would not be so swift or severe.

"Well, son, you made the mess, you clean it up." As his father turned and started to leave, Billy looked around the room. His battle with Gary had scattered the neat piles of beach necessities all over the floor.

"But, Dad..." His father stopped and looked back.

"Do you have a problem with that?" His father's expression told him that he had better not have a problem with it.

"No, Sir." he muttered; and his father left the garage, closing the door to the house behind him.

Some time later, after most of the clutter had been picked up, Gary peeked around the corner of the garage. When he saw that Billy's father was no longer there, he came in quietly. "Did he

whup ya?" he asked. Billy was busy trying to make sense out of several broken kites.

"No. Not yet."

"Ya think he's gonna?"

Billy looked down at the floor and shrugged his shoulders. "I dunno."

"If I had done what you done, my daddy would'a whupped me good." Gary was slowly gathering up pieces of string from the floor. Though neither showed any sign of it, they were both listening carefully for any sound of the return of Billy's father. They worked without talking for a short time, and the garage was nearly back to its original state. Billy looked around and relaxed a little. He was sure that he would get scolded for having made such a mess, but he would get no worse. Gary must have seen that Billy was feeling a bit better. "Hey, Billy, why don't we see if my momma's got a chicken neck an' go down to the river?" Going crab hunting sounded good to Billy, but he knew his parents wouldn't let him go.

"No. I can't." he said, "I gotta get ready to go."

"Can'tcha even go out for a minute?"

"Well," Billy thought for a moment, "why don't we go out in the yard."

"An' do what?"

"I don't know. I..." An idea came to him and he smiled suddenly. "Come on." he yelled, as he ran out of the garage and into the back yard. He rounded the far corner of the house and stopped. "Shoot," he said with disappointment as Gary came up behind him, "nothin'."

"What are you talkin' about?"

"Yesterday I planted some watermelon seeds, an' nothin's here."

Gary laughed out loud. "You're so stupid. You don't get watermelons that fast."

"I know that," Billy's face reddened. "but I thought somethin' would be comin' up by now." He stared sullenly at the dark soil. "How long is it gonna take anyway?"

"I don't know. I never grew no watermelons. Where did ya plant 'em?" Billy showed him the place where he had smoothed over the soil the day before. "Did your mom let you put 'em here?"

"Well, not exactly."

Gary took an unconscious step backwards. "You're gonna get in trouble!" he almost yelled.

"Shhh! Not so loud." Billy had not thought about what he would do when his watermelons had grown, but he realized that his friend had a point. He knew that his mother would not mind his planting things on his own, but he was not sure that she would like him planting anything in her rose garden. She had, after all, made him dig a separate area in which to plant the radishes, carrots, and other vegetables in which he had no interest. The more he thought about it, the more concerned he got. "We gotta do somethin'."

"We?" Whadda ya mean, 'we?'" Gary was once more preparing for flight.

"Ya gotta help me," Billy pleaded, "I'll give you half the watermelons if ya do."

"Half?"

"Yeah. Will ya help me?" Gary looked at the house out of the corner of his eye. "I planted eight seeds, so I should get eight watermelons. Then you'd get four."

"Wow, four watermelons." He did not look at the house. "What do ya want me to do?"

"We're goin' away, so all you'll have to do is wait 'till they get big an' take 'em to your house right before we get back."

Gary thought about Billy's offer for a bit.

"Ok, it's a deal." They shook on it and turned to look at the place where the seeds rested. The dark shadow cast by the rose bushes disappeared as a cloud slid by in the sky above them. "Hey, when are ya gettin' back?"

"I'm not sure; let's go ask my mom." The boys turned and headed towards the back door. Inside, Billy's mother was just finishing a list of things that still needed to be done. She had written, FEED THE ROSES.

Far to the west the clouds began to grow and darken. As they moved slowly east they became heavier with moisture. Before they were visible on the horizon, Billy's father had the mass of suitcases, boxes, and bags, loaded into the car. When the clouds opened up and the rain came down, soaking the rose garden, Billy and his family were miles away.

That summer the thunderstorms rolled through the area regularly. In the rose garden, the ground stayed moist and warm. After the first few days, Gary lost his patience with the seeds. No watermelons had grown yet; and he was good enough at math to know that half of nothing is nothing, so his trips to the garden ended. A day after he stopped going, the first



tiny leaves poked up from several of the seeds. The next day the others sprouted. Fed by the healthy, rich soil of the rose garden, the watermelon vines began to grow quickly.

Billy and his family got tanned on the beach that summer. To Billy it seemed as if every day was warm and sunny; and as his vacation came to an end, he wished he could stay at the beach forever. On the long drive back home Billy thought for a moment about the watermelons that waited for him. He saw them lying neatly in a row under the leaves of the rose bushes. He smiled broadly as he drifted off to sleep. When the family arrived home early the next morning, Billy's father lifted him gently from the car and carried him inside. As the August sunrise began to lighten the sky, Billy dreamed of pirates and treasure chests.

Billy awoke late that morning to the sound of tapping on his window. Gary stood outside, peering up through the glass. "Hey, Billy! C'mon out." Billy dressed quickly and went out the back door to where Gary waited for him. Gary smiled and disappeared behind a large shrub. When he reemerged, he cradled a bright, green watermelon in his arms.

"Wow!" Billy said quietly, as he reached out to touch the smooth skin. Gary's smile broadened. "Did you get the others?" Billy asked.

"Well..." Gary hesitated. Billy knew his mother would be getting up soon.

"Well, did ya?" When Gary did not answer Billy went past him and hurried toward the rose garden. When he rounded the corner of the house he stopped short. His mouth fell open and his eyes widened. The rose garden was gone! In its place was a mass of twisted vines with large

green leaves. As Billy looked more closely, his heart began to pound. The rose bushes had not disappeared but lay hidden under a dense canopy of leaves. Here and there a brightly colored rose poked up through the covering and glowed against the green background. The vines had grown past the borders of the garden, and they climbed the fence at the edge of the yard. Billy's eyes followed the vines back into the garden and past countless watermelons in various stages of growth. His eyes focused on the place where the brown soil had seemed so inviting weeks before. The soil was hidden under a clump of vines, and he realized with horror that his seeds were responsible.

Billy turned and ran. He flew past Gary and out of the yard. Gary ran after him as best he could while carrying the large watermelon. A half block away Billy ducked into the cover of a grove of trees. When Gary found him, Billy was sitting on a fallen tree trunk, his chin resting on his hands. His eyes were fixed on the ground. Gary put the watermelon down carefully. "Whatcha gonna do?" he asked.

"Gary, I'm gonna get killed." Billy cried. "When my momma sees that, she's gonna kill me; and when my daddy sees it..." His voice trailed off. He was near tears.

"You can move in with me." Gary offered, his voice hopeful.

"Aw, that won't do any good. Ya only live across the street."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." The boys sat in silence for a while as they tried to think of something they could do. Before long, Gary stood up and pulled a knife from his pocket. He leaned over the watermelon and began to cut it.

"What are you doin'?"

"I'm gonna eat some watermelon." Billy shook his head slowly. "Well starvin' won't help nothin'." Gary said, and continued to cut. When he sliced off a wide piece and held it out towards Billy, the sweet smell filled the air. Billy sighed and took it, his hunger getting the best of him. "Ya know, we could go pull up those vines real quick, an' take the watermelons that are there." Gary said, a touch of sadness in his voice.

"Yeah, that might work." The boys continued to eat the slices of watermelon, one after the other, until very little remained. As they sat in silence, Billy felt his stomach begin to swell. He began to feel sick and wondered if his fear made him feel that way.

"I don't feel so good." Gary groaned. Billy noticed that his friend had gotten pale.

"Me neither." Billy said.

"I'm gonna go home." Gary stood and slowly left the woods, one hand on his belly. A minute later Billy could stand it no longer. He knew that when he got home he would be in deep trouble, but he felt too sick to stay in the woods any longer. The smell of the leftover watermelon made him dizzy.

As he walked slowly down the road, he imagined that he would die after his parents had yelled at him; but this thought comforted him little. When he got to the house he found his father, who was busy unloading the car, in the garage. When he said nothing, Billy was sure he had not seen the garden yet. He went into the house. He did not see his father look up at him and smile. "Moo-om!" he called softly. When she did not answer, he called to her again. The

house was silent. He pushed open the door to the back yard. "MOO-OM!"

"Over here." She called from around the corner of the house where the rose garden was.

Billy could not believe his bad luck, but he felt too sick to run away again. Only his mother could make him feel better. Nearly doubled over, with both hands on his belly, he walked towards the corner of the house. He did not hear his mother singing softly. Above him the small, snow-white clouds drifted lazily by. The sky was a brilliant blue. As he turned the corner he saw her, hose in hand, carefully watering the watermelon vines. She turned to look at him smiling broadly. "Aren't they beautiful!" She beamed at him, then turned back to look at the watermelons. Billy followed her gaze to where a large, green watermelon lay — perfect, on the ground. A wave of nausea came over him, and he turned his head to avoid looking at the watermelon.

"Mom, I don't feel so good." he whined pitifully.

"Billy, what's wrong?" She put down the hose and hurried over to where he stood. Taking his chin gently in her hand, she tilted his head back so that his face was angled up towards hers. The pink watermelon stain was much in evidence.

"My stomach hurts." he groaned.

"Oh." her mouth curved into a slight but knowing smile. "Come on, let's go inside." She took his small, sticky hand and led him slowly to the back door and then into the kitchen where she used a damp cloth to wipe his face and hands. In his bedroom he undressed, put on his pajamas and crawled into bed. He knew that he



should feel happy and relieved that he did not get into trouble for growing the watermelons; but instead he felt very sick and, strangely, sad. In the darkness of his room he huddled under the blanket and drifted off to sleep.

Outside, the neighborhood basked in the warm rays of a late summer sun. Several children rode their bicycles around the quiet streets, and at the river a group of boys searched

the shallow waters for the crabs they would catch and take home to eat for dinner. The breeze that whispered softly through the trees carried only a hint of the autumn yet to come. It was the type of afternoon that young boys dream of.

**Brian Dobyns**

## TWO PEOPLE

Is lust a must?  
Should I trust or cuss,  
hold or scold?  
Should sailors want what most girls flaunt?  
Women and children sing lyric songs of despair.  
Lurid men don't care.  
Pull her hair!  
The winds of time, day by day,  
will erase your past –  
the bruised memories, let them calmly blow away.  
Is lust a must?

**Ryan Cronin**

## LEILAH

Lips stained wine or old-blood red  
Leilah cups pain for men to sip  
Eyes dyed dark with gathered hurts  
Leilah holds tears for wooers to taste  
Taper-fine fingers with death-rose tips  
Leilah grasps sorrow for lovers to savor

She baits no traps, she weaves no webs  
For snares she has no need  
Her prey invades, hungrily, eager  
Greedy to feast on the wounds of the huntress  
Too late it finds itself devoured  
By Leilah, the sweet and loving death.

**Alvita Martin**

## DREAM CASTLES

Like tiny castles on a beach  
Built within the waters' reach

Disappearing with the night

Swept away by conscious waves  
To settle in some ancient cave,

Reality dawns with the light.

**Elaine Spires Seay**





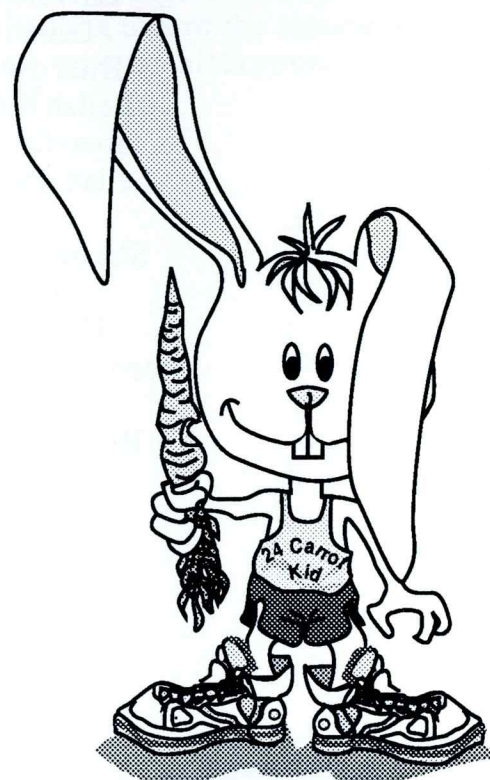
## RABBIT-FACED BOY AWAITS ARRIVAL OF NEW BABY WHILE PREGNANT MOM CHOMPS CARROTS

**S**hongaloo, Louisiana — Down an old dirt road, just past Farmroad Six, there is a large hole in the side of a steep, red-clay embankment which houses the Hare family. Like many families in this depressed economic area, the Hare family must scrimp and save in order to purchase the necessities of daily life. The Hare family consists of Jack, March, and little Peter Hare. What makes this story so special is the remarkable little Peter Hare.

Little Peter Hare is a boy unlike most boys his age. Little Peter has what can best be described as a “rabbit” face; furthermore, he also has ten-inch long ears. Peter’s appearance frequently attracts attention; unfortunately, not all of it is good. Peter says that he doesn’t mind the ridicule from the other boys his age, but he doesn’t like it when they thump his ears. The elementary school coach sure likes Peter, though. Coach Smith said, “Peter Hare is the best high jumper I have ever seen.” Peter spends most of his days going to school and playing. Peter says, “I really like to hop on my pogo stick and play hide and seek with the other boys in the tall grass.”

When asked about the probable causes of the boy’s appearance, his mother ( Mrs. March Hare) said, “I think it may have happened because I am a vegetarian.” Peter’s mom eats approximately five to six pounds of carrots a day; furthermore, she has admitted to indulging in an occasional lettuce binge. Peter’s mom, who is currently pregnant, says, “I can’t wait for the new addition to the hutch.” She plans to continue to stick to her strictly vegetable diet.

Peter’s dad was not available for comment because he was arrested for attempting to rob a



produce stand. When asked about her husband’s conduct, Mrs. Hare replied, “Oh, that dumb bunny hops in and out of our life from time to time. I suppose we’ll see him as soon as he tunnels his way back to us.”

The Hare family is solid proof that a strictly vegetable diet can produce physical abnormalities. Even though the Hare family has adapted well to their bizarre lifestyle and Peter’s unique appearance, it is clear that this could have been prevented by the addition of even a few meat products. With the increasing cost of meat items at the supermarket, however, someday soon we may all find ourselves in similar shape.

Arthur F. Miller

## MR. DICKEY

Oh, my gosh, it  
can’t be him. I stare  
with a puzzled look  
on my face for a few  
seconds. Then someone  
comes up and says to him,  
“Hello, Mr. Dickey.”  
I almost wet my pants,  
but outwardly I keep  
my cool!

Then I try to think  
of some clever words to get  
his undivided attention. But  
as thoughts form in my head, he  
walks away. A chance  
missed to utter some awe-  
inspiring and witty words to  
prove my genius!

Alas, I spot him again;  
but all I can mutter  
is, “May I have your  
autograph please?” He  
nods and signs a piece  
of paper that I hand him.

I wait for a few seconds,  
but no mysterious  
words escape from his precious  
lips. He then walks out of  
my life! Darn, I blew my  
chance to be discovered!

Sallie C. Haddock



## LIVE ART

**T**he overhead lights died with a loud "pop." The smell of stale beer intensified. Next, a magnificent spray of light showered the crowd highlighting the silhouettes of the four performers. The guitarist ripped into the first growling chord and chaos ensued. I stood bewildered, my idols before me. My friend Cullen nudged my shoulder. I turned to see a wild flush of excitement cross his face as he squinted his eyes and thrust his body into mine. I rag-dolled into another onlooker, who in turn hit another. This created what we call a mosh pit.

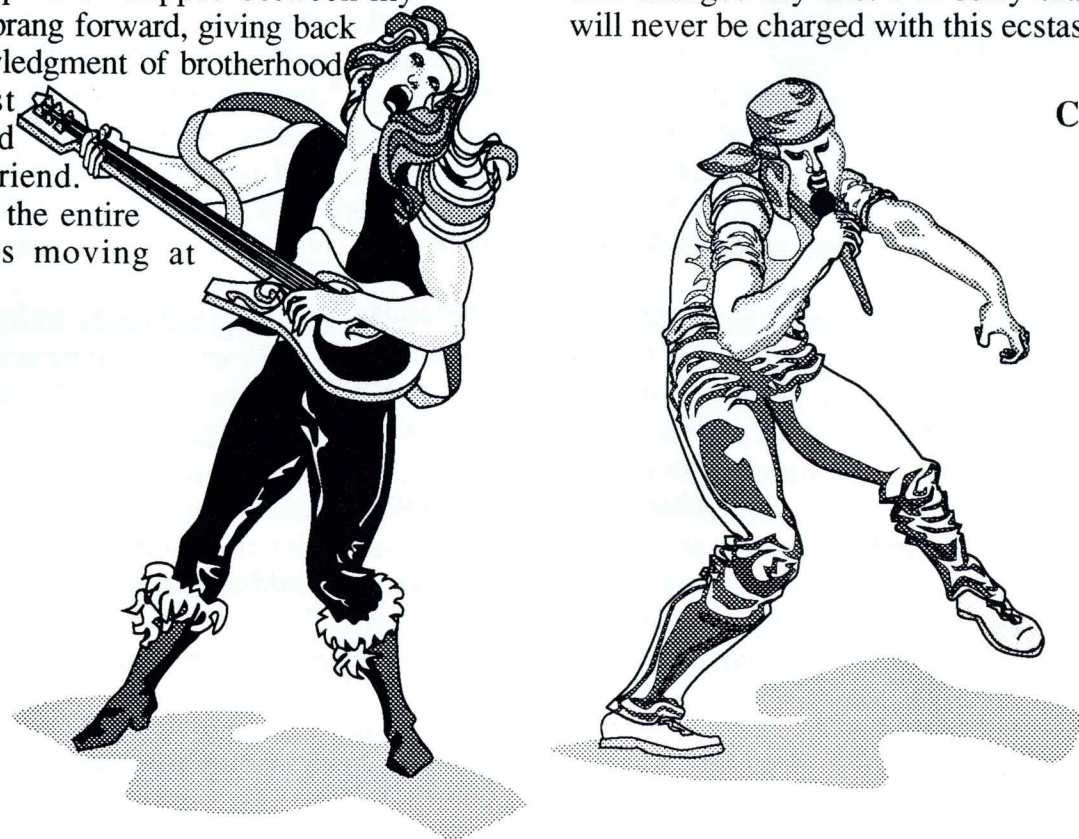
The god-like vocalist screeched angrily above us, instigating the crowd. More and more victims were being swallowed by this monster of misguided youth. Regaining my composure, I clenched my fists. The music created large amounts of energy. Excitement exploded within me as perspiration slipped between my fingers. I sprang forward, giving back the acknowledgment of brotherhood. I'd just received from my friend. Eventually the entire crowd was moving at

some pace; but the pit was another world, a manic, violent, anarchistic swarm of confusion.

To those of you who think that all we do is beat each other up, let me enlighten you. As with any form of art, offense is often generated by misunderstanding. We don't try to inflict pain on each other, just release aggression. We view one another as brethren and love the music with our very souls. When a group of people display such passion, no matter what form it takes, I think there is a special beauty in it. Slam-Dancing has to be the most passionate and aggressive way of demonstrating love I've ever experienced.

Many still won't understand and will find my fervor incomprehensible. For those who feel this way, you have my sympathies. Few in life dare to experience Slam-Dancing personally. You are missing out on something beautiful, something that changed my life. I'm sorry that your lives will never be charged with this ecstasy.

Chris Sutton



## A MOTHER IS —

someone who really likes the burnt toast  
and the chicken wing.  
not hungry for dessert when there isn't  
enough to go around.  
always eager to clean up.  
someone who accepts collect calls  
without saying, "Linda who?"  
a credit union right before payday.  
a heart-friend-in-need.

Linda Bicha





## A PUPPY IS—

a small furry animal.  
something you can always count on  
greeting you at the door.  
a cute and lickable creature.

(anonymous student)

## SHE

She Stands  
And the sun gleams upon her ebony hue  
Like a bright and beautiful ray of hope.

She Moves  
And her satiny smooth movements ripple  
to an unheard symphony of pure blackness.

She Smiles  
And the skies light with the fire in her eyes  
As if to glorify her ebony beauty.

She Is  
An ebony goddess  
Soft as the blackest velvet  
Noble as the purest black onyx  
Enduring as the ancient Nile  
And in her glory the world revels.

Hack Garrison





## No-No Land

My memory of that event is still clear. It was a stiflingly hot and humid day in July, 1954; and we three girls braved the unbearable conditions at the bus stop. Brows were wiped, frocks were fanned, and each moving vehicle going toward our destination was a wishful temptation. Yet our anticipation of the trip caused us to accept our fate without complaining. Shirley and I were sisters; Sandy was our neighbor. We girls were black; however, Sandy's appearance was quite deceiving. Fifteen years old, she had the pale skin of most whites, along with a mass of silky, thick, brown-blond hair. Her eyebrows were the same color and tried to meet over her hazel eyes. Her narrow, pointed nose and thin lips completed the picture and "boasted" of her Caucasian heritage.

Sandy was at least partially of Indian lineage, however, and was the tail end of a brood of thirteen children, all with long, straight black hair, born to parents branded by the high cheek bones and the countenance of their Indian forefathers. Her father was a traveling Baptist preacher, her mother a professed Christian. Once, in anger over some childish prank, her sister spat out, "At least I'm not from the white side of the family." These words Sandy did not like; but they prompted her excursions into "No-No Land," which pleased the hell out of her.

Obviously, my race and that of my sister was not at all open to debate. Shirley was also fifteen and had had an affair with the straightening comb. She had a dark brown complexion and regularly proportioned features, all combined

with a large measure of authority. Generally, whatever Shirley suggested, Sandy accepted without much question. Shirley ordered events. But every so often she let Sandy play with the controls.

I was five years Shirley's junior and also had her dark brown skin. It seemed to me that I had underlying muted tones that simmered and made me more "bronzy." My medium length, jet black hair had a nappy, coarse, virgin grain; and I had begun pridefully to take all responsibility for plaiting it neatly into braids that stuck out from each side of my head.

Finally, the empty bus arrived. We boarded and automatically stumbled to the rear. Once seated together, Shirley and Sandy were engrossed in conversation; but I noticed the glances given Sandy by the driver in his rear view mirror.

Later we got off at Woolworth's on Main. After leisurely window shopping and making small purchases, we stopped at a lunch counter, where, standing, we ate popcorn. Naturally we needed to quench our thirst afterwards, so we headed toward the water fountain with the sign "COLORED" above it. I saw Sandy tug at Shirley's left arm with a smirk on her face, then move with slow deliberation to the fountain with the "WHITE ONLY" sign. She waited patiently behind a white woman holding a small boy up to drink. When her time came to drink, Sandy walked closer to the fountain, bent forward holding her hair to one side, and pushed the button with the other hand.

The directed flow of water must have tasted the same; but Sandy seemed to savor the cool liquid, and, holding her head up, took a deep breath, then continued to drink. Finishing, she released the button, tossed her hair back into place, straightened with dignity, and casually walked away. We followed.

When the bus arrived to carry us home, Sandy lagged behind us. After giving the bus driver an attentive glance, she got on the bus, paid her fare, then flopped down on the very first seat between two white passengers. Shirley and I sat on the very last seat in back. Shirley giggled conspiratorially. Everything appeared normal; and when the bus reached Greenvew, Sandy pulled the cord and left through the front door. We exited the rear door and caught up

with her, and the hysterical laughter began.

Upon reaching home, I immediately retrieved my diary from under my mattress. I relived the day's events and speculated about my blackness. "The differences are vague," I wrote, "but they must be there, those contrasts that separate the black from the white. Sandy is lucky. She can walk the line – or cross the line."

At bedtime that night I reached for my *Bible* and scratched the black cover. The cover was black. Underneath it was not.

Barbara H. Sumpter

## LEGACY

The blood of ancient monarchs  
Flows in my veins,  
Monarchs shrouded in centuries  
Swallowed by Eons.  
Dust, Handmaiden to Time,  
Covers Songhai, Mali;  
Yet I tread proudly  
In comeliness and state.  
The blood of ancient monarchs  
Flows in my veins.

Alvita Martin



## INSANITY

Insanity glitters black, then blacker.  
It's the color of the curse of a broken mirror.  
It burns when you taste it – like tequila,  
And smells like incense in the night.  
Insanity shimmers like a mirage.  
And makes me feel like a hallucination.

Beverly Olivia

## INSTINCT

Instinct is jungle green.  
It whispers in your genes.  
It tastes like raw, bloody meat  
and smells ancient and unwashed.  
Instinct crouches, ears pricked, every hair erect.  
It makes me feel prescient.

Beverly Olivia

## THE LOVER SINGS OF LOVE

My love and I walked on the sea  
And smelled the fish in their infinite lair.  
The slimed fingers of deep sea grass  
Caught in his hair as we passed, as we passed  
Into a dance upon the sunflower's rim  
And drank the nectar of all things deep  
We sprouted a bud together in the air  
And felt of the plant, stiff-motioned, bare  
Stiff-motioned bare as the soul of a star  
Caught in its icy-love suspended in far  
Space and warmth projected in time  
To the origins of beginning,  
Such was our love.

Julia Helen Garris

## A ONE-ARMED BATTLE

*It had only been five weeks since my father's left arm had been amputated due to bone cancer. A 27-year old professional golfer, he faced a tremendous challenge. He must learn to play the game he loved with only one arm. This would be his first attempt at playing a complete round of golf since his surgery. Not knowing what the outcome would be, he knew he had to try.*

*It was a hot summer day so he removed his shirt, allowing his foot long scar to absorb the warmth of the sunshine. In his golf bag were a woman's driver, a junior's #3 wood, several women's irons, and a heavy-headed men's putter. He played the front-9 in 46 and the back-9 in 47 for a total of 93. The very next day he shot two 44' for a total of 88.*

*Though he was used to scoring in the low 70's, these two rounds of golf no doubt proved something to him. He knew that improvement was possible with more practice. It would be difficult and would require a lot of work. But he had to try.*

Several months ago, I decided to take a fascinating journey back in time. The reason for my journey was to learn more about a man I had heard about while growing up but never was fortunate enough to know. That man was my father.

He died in 1955 at the age of 27. I was only five months old at the time. Now, at age 36, I am striving to find out all I can about him. My journey, I know, will require much time, patience and determination. I am willing to make this commitment.

While growing up, I had been told some basic facts about my father and his background.

When asked about my father, I would matter-of-factly respond that he died of cancer when I was an infant; and he had been a professional golfer. What else was there to say? He was dead.

It wasn't until I became an adult that I actually took an interest in documenting my father's life. My mother is also now deceased, and I truly regret not asking her more questions about my father.

One day while sifting through some memorabilia my mother had given me, I came across a newsclipping about my father. The article had been published in the *Atlanta Constitution* in 1954, the year I was born. It had been written by Mr. Furman Bisher, Sports Editor. Mr. Bisher wrote the article shortly after my father's surgery for bone cancer. It was a beautiful tribute to my father's courage and determination.

As I attempted to determine the exact date of the article, I learned that many old newspapers are kept on microfilm at various libraries. If there was one article about my father, there could be others. Thus I began my search.

All of my spare time seemed to be spent at the University of South Carolina Library, viewing roll after roll of microfilm. Occasionally, I would come upon a story, or announcement, some fragment of information about my father. It seemed each time I found an article, there would be something written to give me another clue, some shred of information that probably seemed insignificant at the time it was published but for me was like a key that might open a treasure chest.

The more I learned, the more I wanted to learn. It was as if my father was somehow



becoming a real person to me. He did actually live and die. He wasn't just a "name" to me anymore. He wasn't someone I thought I would never know. Instead, through my research, I was able to retrace his steps and walk the very streets he walked.

Much of my research involved interviewing people who were close friends of my father. Many of them still live in the Beaufort, South Carolina area where we lived when my father first became ill. One thing I have learned is that my father was a very courageous man. I want others to know what battles he faced and how he dealt with them.

My father, Nicholas Gudzan, was born on April 9, 1927 in Dunmore, Pennsylvania. As he grew, he became very athletic and was active in high school sports. After graduating from high school, he joined the Army. While stationed at Fort Jackson as a Paratroop Instructor, he participated in several sports, pitching for the baseball team and playing quarterback for the football team. It was during his time at Fort Jackson that he became interested in golf. Prior to this, he had never even held a golf club in his hands. After only three months of practice, he won the post championship!

After his discharge from the Army in 1947, he decided to give pro baseball a try. He pitched in both the South Carolina Tri-State League and the Alabama State League. He was a winner, but he felt he'd never make the majors.

When the hydrogen bomb development began in Augusta, Georgia, he decided to work with the Atomic Energy Commission. While there, he continued to play golf in a serious way, competing in many of the regional tournaments. Two pro golfers in the area recognized his talents and told him he might have a future in golf. With their help, he was able to sign on as

pro at a nine-hole course in Hampton, South Carolina in May 1953. In August of the same year, he transferred to the Lady's Island Country Club in Beaufort to become the golf pro there.

Everything was going great when he began to experience some pain in his left shoulder. He first noticed the symptoms in November of 1953 and lost no time in having an operation at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Beaufort. The biopsy report stated there was no malignancy. However, there was a recurrence of the symptoms and second operation at the Naval Hospital. This time a cancerous condition of the bone was found. A third operation was necessary and he went to Duke University Hospital.

My father commented later to one sports writer:

I first noticed a pain in my shoulder. It got a little worse, then began to hurt every time I hit a ball. After several examinations I had the two operations. When it was finally diagnosed as cancer, I went to Duke Hospital in Durham, North Carolina where I'd been told it could be cured with radium treatments. That's where I got the blow. The doctor had my history; and when he came in to examine me, he took one look at my arm and said it had to come off. I almost cracked up right there. I asked him how long I'd live if I refused. He told me a few months, not long. I had one last resort – Memorial Hospital in New York. When they told me the same thing there, I went quietly.

Two days before his arm was to be removed, he asked his doctor at Memorial Hospital if he could go out and play one more round of "two-armed golf." The doctor pondered a few minutes, not sure how to respond, and then gave

permission. The next day, my father went to a course on Long Island and played one last round of golf with both arms. He was able to shoot a 72 over 18 holes he'd never seen before and then returned to the hospital.

I was greatly impressed when I learned my father was able to play so well that day, especially knowing what he faced in only a matter of hours. He was somehow able to maintain his concentration and enjoy the round of golf. Two days later his left arm was amputated. One sports writer wrote, "It was probably like cutting away his heart." My father was 27 years old and just beginning what appeared to be a promising golf career. He told a reporter, "Nobody knows what it's like. Especially if you've got your mind set on being a career athlete. You want to know what it's like? It's like having the world cave in on you."

A day after the operation he was out of bed and shaved himself. It gave him satisfaction when he was able to finish faster than two men who had both arms. Within weeks, he was able to dress without assistance, even putting on his socks, shoes and wristwatch.

Just a few weeks after the surgery, he was back on his home golf course trying to see if he could still play and play well. His first two practice rounds convinced him he could get better. He told one reporter,

I'm convinced that I can get back in the 70's with a little practice. I still don't have all my strength, and I haven't mastered the technique of swinging with one arm. I slice and hook plenty, but I'm convinced from my two experimental rounds that I can drive them straight down the fairway with more practice. I want to show handicapped people what they can do with a little perseverance and

faith in themselves. Pitching helped to strengthen my right arm; and when I learn to control my drives, I'll be back in the 70's. I hit the ball about 200 yards; and when I get my timing down, I'll get with those 70's. I just let the club do the work. Timing is the most essential part of golf; and, thank the Lord, I still have that and my good right arm. I never shot a hole in one, but I have a feeling I'm going to do it with one arm. Wouldn't that be something?

As my father began to practice more and more and improve his game, he scheduled exhibition golf matches benefitting the Cancer Society. He wanted to be an example to handicapped people. Instead of feeling sorry for himself, he reached out to others, hoping to inspire them to overcome the odds and be victorious.

Through my research, I've been able to get an understanding of what my father's feelings were after his surgery. When asked by a local teenager how it felt to no longer have his left arm, my father responded, "It feels like it's still there, but somehow tangled up inside me, sort of like in a sling, and I can't get it out." I can sense my father's determination as he continued, with only one arm, to work at improving his game.

On one of my visits to Beaufort, I was able to locate the house where we lived when I was born. I don't remember the house, as we had moved away when I was a toddler. I suspect its appearance had not changed very much, except perhaps it was wearing a new coat of paint. There was a concrete walk. Three steps led to the small front porch. As I stood in the shade of some large oak trees, I tried to imagine what life might have been like for my parents 36 years before. My father's arm was removed in May, and two months later I was born.



Was it a happy time for them, having a new baby in the house? There already were two sons, and there would be a daughter. As I gazed upon the steps I could almost see my father sitting there in the cool of a summer evening, cradling me with his one arm. Did he look upon me as an encouragement to him, this new life he was holding so gently and carefully? Was I somehow a ray of hope to him at a time when he was experiencing such despair and uncertainty? I'm sure he never imagined the baby daughter he held would one day be remembering him in a special tribute 36 years later.

My journey these past few months has been inspirational. It has been a most enjoyable trip, but my journey is not over. I look forward to

finding out more and more about my father. Through my research, I've been able to get a sense of my father's character. Though he won't be able to see me take my first steps, I feel I've learned how he would want me to walk in life.

I'm very proud of my father and the example he set for others. He only lived a few months after his surgery. But those months were spent courageously fighting a battle, facing his illness head-on, and reaching out to help others. One particular comment he made to a sports writer sort of sums up his character. He said, "They took my arm, but they didn't take my heart."

**Mary Jane LeGrand**

## DADDY'S AGGRESSION

I was playing "Cops and Robbers" with Richard, and I did not hear Daddy when he called my name. Daddy was a big, burly and mean man; and when he called your name, you knew you had better answer. When he screamed my name again, I cringed involuntarily and ran to answer the summons. He was sitting in his favorite arm chair drinking a Blue Ribbon. "Michael," he said, "I want you to go to the mailbox and get the mail. You be careful when you cross the street."

"Yes, sir, Daddy." I answered like a little soldier. Turning to go, I began to think about his demand for me to get the mail. I knew his rule about how my brother, sisters, and I were not supposed to get the mail from the mailbox during the week days. "Why does he want me to get the mail today?" I wondered aloud as I went out the back door of my house. He had this rule because he did not want us to receive mail from our mother. When she sent us mail, he would refuse to allow us to read it and would often burn it in front of us laughing at our tears. I had no idea what was about to happen — or that it would change the course of my life.

Before crossing the street, I was careful to look both ways. I knew that Daddy was watching me and that I would be punished if I did not comply with his directive. Opening the mailbox, I retrieved the letters. Curious about the mail, I thumbed through it and found a letter from mother. The letter was addressed to Elaine, my oldest sister. I knew as soon as I saw the letter I would not give it to Daddy. He would burn it up and laugh at me when he did. Leaving the mailbox with the mail in my hand, I began to think about how I was going to hide the letter in my pants. Walking very slowly, I passed behind the big oak tree and slipped the letter down the front of my underpants. I knew I was

taking a dangerous chance, but the desire to hear from Mother was irresistible.

"What took you so long?" Daddy asked, as I handed him the mail. "Is this all the mail?"

Ignoring his first question and with a slight tremble in my voice, I lied and answered, "Yes, sir, that's all."

"Michael, are you sure you didn't get a letter from that bitch?" he asked. I knew he was taking about Mother because he always called her that name. She wasn't a dog.

With a little more fear and a great deal of anger, I lied once again and told him we did not get a letter from Mother. I was determined to give the letter to Elaine no matter what the cost.

Suddenly Daddy's demeanor changed and he began to smile. "Go play while I rest," he said as he tousled my hair.

Walking away from him I had a very uneasy feeling, but I did not know what was in store for me. Richard and I continued our game of "Cops and Robbers."

Waiting for what seemed to me to be a long time, I looked in on my Daddy to see if he was asleep. His eyes were closed, so I assumed he was sleeping. I then went to Elaine and told her what I had done.

Elaine told me to wait until Daddy went to work before I gave her the letter. But I was determined to give her the letter right then. I pulled the precious letter out of my underpants and gave it to her. When I handed the letter to her, the look of shock that appeared on her face as her eyes opened wide told me that something terrible was about to happen.



Suddenly my arm felt as though it was being jerked from its socket. Daddy lifted me from the floor and started screaming obscenities at me. He called me all kinds of names. He then took off his belt which had a huge, western type buckle and began to beat me with it. He hit me on the back, the buttocks, the legs, and anywhere the belt and buckle would strike. The beating continued until I began to bleed. Finally Elaine was able to pull him away from my limp and unconscious body on the floor.

The next thing I heard was a kind, gentle voice calling my name. "Michael. Michael. Wake up, Michael." The nurse was washing my face with a damp cloth. She was tender and loving. As I opened my eyes, I realized that I was in a hospital. While I was looking at the nurse, I heard my Daddy telling someone a lie, "He just fell out of a tree." I began to cry. I was hurting all over. My legs had been sutured and I was bruised all over. I knew that I had not fallen out of a tree. I wanted to scream and say, "Daddy is lying."

"Mr. Fennell, there is no way on this Earth that a little boy could look like your son just by falling out of a tree. I have no choice but to report this to the Welfare Department." someone said to my Daddy. "I am going to allow you to take Michael home, and you must let him rest so that he can recover."

"Yes, sir." was my Daddy's cowardly reply.

Daddy treated all of us better for the next couple of weeks, but all of the kindness in the world could not change what had happened. It would not change the fact that I would hate him for the next twenty-one years.

After about two weeks, the Welfare Department of the State of Florida removed us from our Daddy's care; and I have never seen him again.

Parents who abuse their children should be punished by society. The punishment they receive should be unfair, cruel, and have a lasting affect just like the abuse they inflict upon their children.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines "aggression" as "hostile, or destructive behavior."

My Daddy was a person who did not pay society for the crimes he committed against his children. The physical and emotional abuse I suffered were acts of violent aggression.

Where is justice?

**Michael Bridwell**





## LIGHT FROM A WEST VIRGINIA NIGHT

Growing up in rural, southern West Virginia in a large family left me with mixed emotions about both large families and rural life. One thing that I learned was never to defy my parents. Politics was a subject that wasn't raised unless you were for the Republican Party. My father always told us, "Everyone knows what the Dumbocrats always do when they take office. They will raise taxes and get us into another war as soon as they can."

I often wondered why we rarely went anywhere on vacation. After summer was over and we were back in school, my friends would tell about all the places that they had gone; and all that I had to relate was going to see Aunt June in Charlottesville, Virginia. Other than taking us to see his sisters and mother, my father rarely took us anywhere. He spent a lot of time at my Aunt Kathryn's house, which was where my Grandmother Shupe also lived. I couldn't figure it out as a boy, but I now think that my father had a need for his mother's praise and the only way that he could get it was to do things for Aunt Kathryn and my cousins that Uncle Harold couldn't or wouldn't do. My father could be working on a project at home and get a call from Aunt Kathryn asking him to come repair a broken bicycle chain for one of her sons. He would stop whatever he was doing, go buy the necessary links to repair the chain, and fix it as good as new. The next time we went to visit my grandmother, she would say, "You should be proud of your father. He came up here the other day and fixed George's bicycle chain like a pro. And you know what? It didn't take him but a few minutes to get it done." I don't know if this was to make us feel bad or to make him feel good. I think she may have wanted to do both. With seven children in the family, we didn't have bicycles to ride or to need repairs.

One day my father had taken me with him to Aunt Kathryn's to help him install some cabinets that he had built for her kitchen. While we were installing the cabinets, a lady came by taking a survey. When she asked my grandmother about her family and where they lived, she replied, "Claude and his brood live out at the Park. June is a nursing supervisor. She and her nice, little family live in Charlottesville, Virginia. Kathryn is a teacher. She and her husband and her two darling sons live here." As she bragged about her other two sons, Ralph, who was a lawyer, and Jimmy, who was a chemical engineer, I noticed that the expression had changed on my father's face. We were finishing with the cabinets when the lady asked what my father's vocation was. My grandmother said, "Claude? Oh he works on the railroad, like his father did. He never amounted to much." My father put up his tools, and we left without saying anything to my grandmother. We rode the eight miles home in silence.

I was only thirteen the day that my father came to my older brothers and me and told us that he had heard that there was going to be a big Democratic rally at the 4-H Camp that night and he and some friends had something they wanted us to do. My father said, "Boys, we want the four of you to get some of your friends and go to the rally. When you get there and the rally gets started, we want you to start making a lot of noise and heckle this senator. Maybe we can make sure that he doesn't get elected." We all figured that this would be a good way to get in good with our father, and maybe he would take us to Cincinnati to watch the Reds play. It would be good to get some of his attention for a change instead of letting George and Walter Steven get it all.

When the senator and his wife arrived at the 4-H Camp for the rally, we were standing in the crowd watching along with everyone else. As

the station wagon approached, I moved in closer to get a better look at this man who was running for President and his wife. The party officials rushed to the car to open the door for the senator, trying to get points I thought to myself. His wife was beautiful, yet they seemed to ignore her. After all, he was the man trying to get himself elected President of the United States. He was the man my brothers, my friends, and I had come to heckle.

As the minutes passed I noticed that the senator's wife was still sitting in the car. She seemed so alone and deserted. She was so beautiful that I couldn't take my eyes off her. The next thing I knew, I was opening the door that separated us. What happened next made my whole life different. I held out my hand to help her out of the car. Just as I was releasing her hand, this beautiful lady leaned over and ever so gently kissed me on the cheek. I stood there unable to move. This was the first time that I had ever been kissed by a strange lady. I thought, "Is this really happening to me? This lady is a senator's wife. And a lovely one at that. I'm just a nobody. Why would she kiss me?"

I was summoned back to reality when I heard the senator's wife saying, "Young man, come with me. I want my husband to meet you." As we made our way to where her husband was talking to some other men, she said, "My name is Jackie. What is your name?" I told her my name was Danny Shupe; but when we got to her husband she said, "Honey, I want you to meet Dan Shupe. Dan, I would like for you to meet my husband, John Kennedy." After telling him what had taken place, she suggested that I be given a seat in the front row. I thought to myself, "I can't sit in the front row. We're supposed to heckle. But I don't want to. They are too nice. If I sit on the front row, I'll get in trouble. I've got to get out of this somehow!" I explained that my brothers and some friends

were with me and we could stand in the back out of the way. The senator said that he couldn't have that and told the party leaders to clear enough seats on the front row for all of us.

How could any of us heckle after that? The party leaders didn't like moving all the important people off the front row, but they did it anyway. I couldn't believe it. We were escorted to the front row as if we were important people, like we were going to contribute a large amount of money to the campaign. Not one of us was even old enough to vote.

As I sat there in my place of honor I couldn't take my eyes off Mrs. Kennedy. I blushed each time she winked at me. I found myself wanting to hear what Senator Kennedy had to say. The things that he was saying made sense. He was saying things like, "We are on the verge of a new frontier, and the torch of leadership will be passed to a new generation of Americans born in this century. We do not need to continue on the same tired course charted by our aging Republican Administration. We need to chart a new course, one that will lead us to more solid ground in the cold war with the Soviet Union." Could it be that my father had been wrong about this man? Maybe just this once?

After the rally, I had an opportunity to talk to Senator and Mrs. Kennedy again. He said that I really put him through the ringer with my questions. He didn't mention the fact that I was a kid even once. He gladly signed my bumper sticker and campaign poster even after being told that my father was a registered Republican and wouldn't ever change. He just said, "Dan isn't!" He told all of us that he hoped to see us again soon. I helped Jackie back into the car and told them to have a safe trip.

It was about this time that I noticed that some of our friends were gone. I figured that



they had left before the rally, since they hadn't sat with us and there was no heckling. When we arrived home we found out that I was wrong. My father met us at the door. He was furious. He demanded to know why we hadn't done what he had sent us to do. Since my brothers had talked on the way home about what might happen if our father found out that we hadn't heckled, they had already figured out a plan. Being younger and somewhat overweight, I couldn't keep up with them. So after they had gotten ahead of me, they decided to blame the whole thing on me. I had always been picked at about being a lover, not a fighter, anyway. They decided to tell our father, if he asked, that I had flirted with the senator's wife and had managed to get us put on the front row where I could flirt some more. When he heard that story, saw my trophies, and the lipstick on my cheek, needless to say, he believed every word.

My autographed bumper sticker and campaign poster were torn up and used as fuel for the hot water heater. I watched them burn as

I stood there in that dark basement with my arms around a support beam. As my father's belt tore into my back and legs, the flames licked out around the poster and the picture on it.

I saw John and Jackie Kennedy three times after that night in southern West Virginia. Each time that I saw them they treated me the same. John had been elected President of the United States, and Jackie was our First Lady; but they were still John and Jackie to me. They treated me with all the kindness and respect that anyone could have asked for, and they encouraged me to make my own choices in life. The last time I saw them was in August 1963 at the White House. And then he was gone. I haven't seen her since. I thank God for letting them pass through my life.

**Dan Shupe**

## SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

**A**t the age of thirteen something happened to me that changed my life completely. It wasn't an expected change that usually takes place during those precious years of youth; it was a change that was drastic and dreadful, unexpected and uninvited. It came upon me like a thief in the night.

An explosion from a gasoline hot-water heater nearly stole my life. It happened so quickly that my mind couldn't grasp the reality. One second I was gathering yard rakes from the utility room, and the next second I was screaming amidst the flames of hell-fire! I thought surely that Judgement Day had come and I had met my gruesome destiny. But somehow in a matter of seconds I was snatched out of the fiery pit by the hands of my young friend, Kevin. He had been my best friend since the first grade, and he was my life saver. Ignorance protected me from panic. Little did I know what I was about to go through.

The flames from the explosion left me with ninety percent of me body scarred, partial amputation of my right foot and of both hands, and a totally different overall appearance. I was a captive in a hospital bed for over one year. There was a war going on; and I was fighting to stay alive – fighting the pain! The only relief my body received was an uncomfortable numbness

from the morphine drip. Respirators and I.V.'s were my allies. Many other forms of medical warfare aided me in my constant battle for life. However, my chance of survival was about equivalent to that of a soldier on the front line of a raging war.

I felt like the soldier of misfortune waiting to be devoured by the enemy. My mind kept telling me, "There are no guarantees that you will survive this enemy." That thought alone brought with it many questions – questions I didn't know the answer to, questions nobody knew the answer to. "Why is this happening to me?" "What did I do to deserve all of this?" "Am I going to die?" I felt so hopeless and alone, like a poet suffering silence. I couldn't speak. I tried hard to scream, but my little body was too weak for me to even move my lips. In a desperate plea for someone to hear me my soul cried out, "God, please help me!"

Something happened to me that night that is hard to explain. It was nothing magical or mystical – just peace. It was a peace that passes all human understanding. I realized that I wasn't alone after all. God was with me, and He knew what I was going through.

**Joseph Bates**



## THE TOUCH

**I** sit upon my pallet in the darkness. There is always a dull ache. I have been bleeding for 12 years. I feel tired; all is darkness. My mind is dark.

At times when the ache subsides a little, I feel the hope of new strength. I get up and sit by my window and look up at the beautiful grandeur of the sky, the universe. It makes me feel so small. I am no longer afraid. I feel peace. But always, the deep hurting within my womb returns. I must go back to my pallet.

"Oh, my God, help me! I feel so tired!" In the daytime I lie still and hear the voices of children at their play. My heart is heavy. I am no longer young. I feel old; no, I am old.

"My God, what is my sin? Where is the mark that set me apart from all the others?" Motherhood has passed me by.

Sometimes I sit at the window and watch their mischief; I know them all by name, strong arms, sturdy legs. I enjoy their laughter and I laugh also. The pain returns and I must rest again.

There is a loud noise in the street outside; I go again to my window. Someone is shouting; I listen.

"He is coming! He is coming! The Great Rabbi from Nazareth is coming!"

My heart leaps. I have heard stories of him. Could it be that he could heal one such as me, also? I work my way to the doorway. I see him. He looks so kind! Could he heal me also?

I open my mouth to cry for his mercy, but my voice dies in my throat. He walks past. Do I

dare ask? I am afraid. I stumble out and join the multitude. I smell the smell of the crowd, the farmers, the fishermen, the rich men, the harlots. All that follow him. I work my way up to him. I am so close to him that I could touch him, but I follow him silently. I see the disciples of the Great Rabbi. The rough one keeps the pressing crowds from disturbing his master. There is a gentle one beside him. The rich one turns and looks at us with disdain.

A man approaches to speak to their master. I can see no more. The smell of sweat and perfume overcomes me. I feel ill. I can walk no farther. I drop to my knees and continue to follow him.

"My God, my God, help me!" My body screams with pain. He can heal; he can heal me if only I can get his attention. I dare not cry out. I am afraid of him. What if he does not wish to? What if he should deny me? I could not bear it. If only I could touch the hem of his garment! I know he could heal me!

I seek after him still on my hands and knees. The dust chokes my throat and nostrils. I try the first time, hand and arm outstretched. I strain, but I miss him by a hair's breadth. I try the second time. I reach out with every fiber of my being. I stretch; and, finally, I lightly touch the hem of his garment.

I am touched with the power of lightening; my soul is filled with light. I feel peace. I fall to the ground with the wonder of it, and I know that I am healed.

He stops, "Who touched me?"

I gasp with horror!

The disciples argue with him. They ask, "With all the multitude surrounding you and pressing against you, why should you say, 'Who touched me?'"

My hand grasps my throat.

The Rabbi explains, "Somebody has touched me, for I feel that virtue has been taken from me."

He turns and sees me. I get up trembling and frightened. I see his face. He emanates peace. I walk over to him and fall at his feet. I can hear myself speak with what sounds like the voice of another.

I hear myself explain my infirmity and my fears, and I announce that now I am healed.

He lifts me to my feet and holds my hands and looks into my soul.

"Daughter, be comforted. Your faith has made you whole; go in peace."

His face is so filled with love. Tears sting my eyes. I can not find the words to thank him. He understands and smiles. I bow my head in gratitude. I walk back to my house sobbing, blinded by my own tears and by his incredible light.

Heidi Lewis

## LOVE

When I was young,  
love struck me dumb,  
and I've been stupid  
since then!

Sallie C. Haddock

## LAWNMOWER

Moan, sputter, growl.  
It attacks the lawn.  
Lawnproowler.

Janice Ethridge Rickard



## STONEHENGE'S HEALTHY GLOW

Stonehenge. A circle of stones set in the form of arches found on Salisbury Plain in England. This monument's exact purpose has been a mystery to us for centuries. Now another proposal has been put forth by Dr. William Babette, Professor of History at Oxford University. His idea may alter our perception of Stonehenge forever.

Babette has asked the question: "Was Stonehenge actually used as a tanning center?"

Really.

Dr. Babette first started thinking about this when he was given some old English manuscripts found in the remains of Whitby Abbey in North Yorkshire. They were apparently written by the Iberians. These were the first reported people to settle in the area now known as England. He noticed one account that stated how dark-skinned some of the Iberian people looked and how much better they felt about themselves after they had visited their priests. This led Babette to come up with his hypothesis.

*The structure was functional.*

It was built to serve the religious beliefs of the people. They must have been worshippers of the sun. The priests built Stonehenge as a place where the people could go to pay the sun 'homage.' From the way the stones are set up, they look like platforms. Babette believed that the people climbed up onto these to let the sun tan them and show that they were "in touch" with this "god."

"If the priests were smart," said Babette, "they may have charged some kind of offering to their sun god for using the stones. It is exactly like young people paying an admission fee to modern day tanning centers."

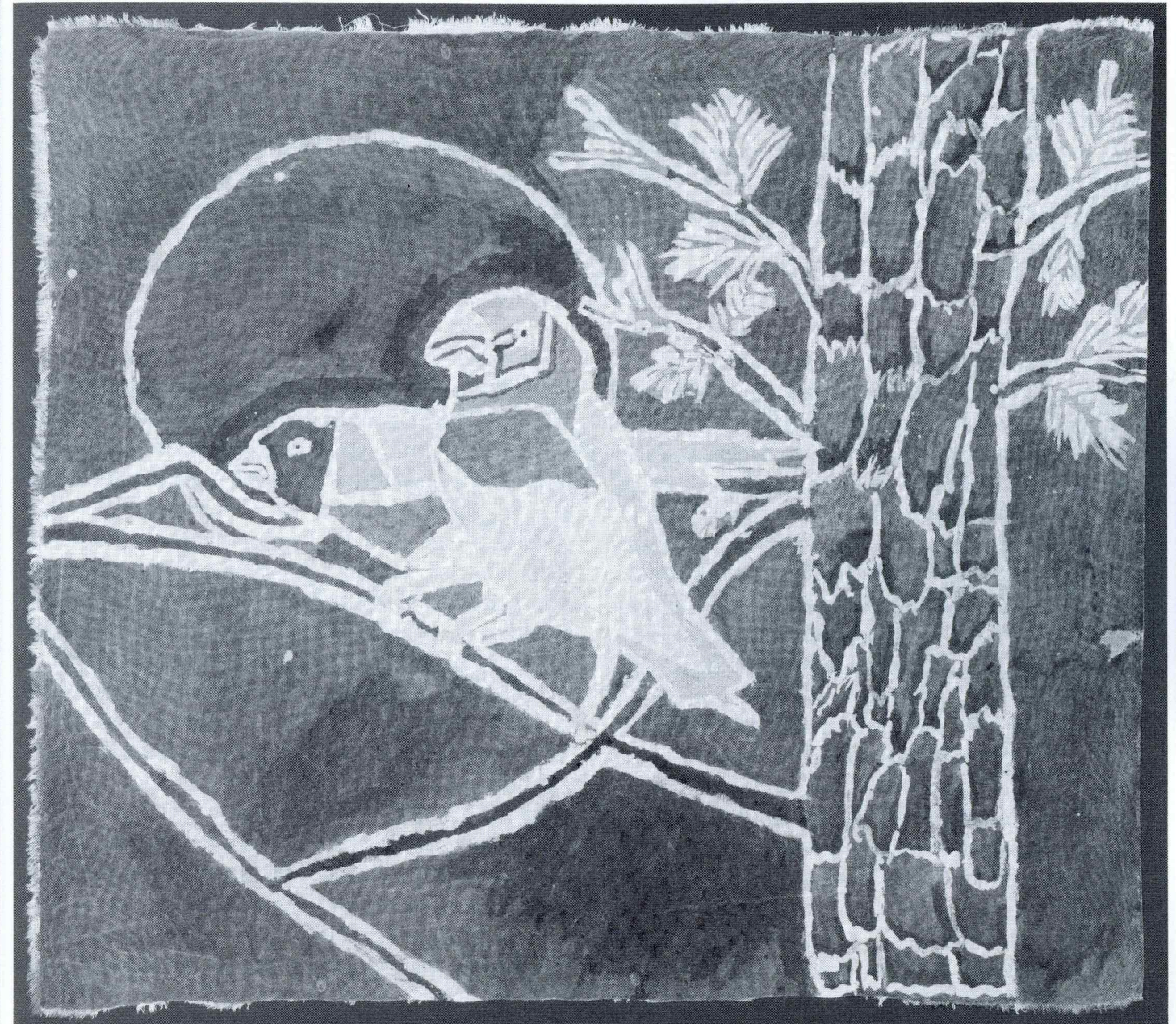
When the thesis was presented before the Board of Directors at the British Historical Society, Babette described their reaction as, "Utter hysteria. They could not believe that someone of my stature and knowledge would come up with such a ridiculous idea. Half jokingly, they also said that before they believed this, I would have to prove that the Egyptian pyramids were actually giant skateboard ramps. I have a man working on that now."

Todd Danby

## MAKE-UP

Concealing, correcting, changing.  
It beautifies.  
Lies.

Cynthia Capers





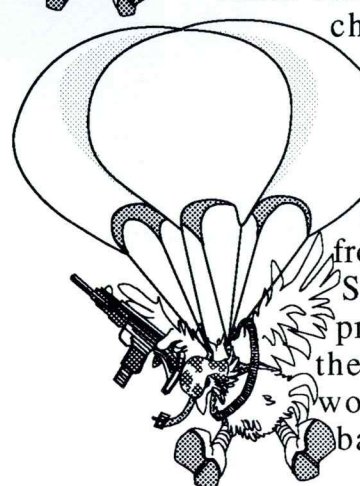
# FROM THE PAGES OF: DR. JONES' UNREVISED ADVENTURES FROM THE END OF THE DECADE

(THE LAST FOUR MONTHS OF THE 1980's)



Ten thousand chickens from the Really Good Fried Chicken Farm in New York escaped after hijacking six tour busses that were touring the farm. The chickens were armed with 7.62mm NATO FAL assault rifles, 9 mm Uzis, and were even reported to have anti-aircraft weaponry. Also, every renegade chicken was equipped with fragmentation hand grenades and each wore the latest and most stylish bullet-proof vest. Peter Jennings reported that the terrorist chickens even carried a 105mm tank gun and an 80mm missile launcher, so the chicks were well organized.





After seizing the busses the chickens made a request to the New York police for safe passage into the heart of Manhattan to the front door of the MTV Studios. The chickens promised that one of the eighty hostages would be fried in hot batter every ten

minutes the New York police delayed in meeting the demands. At first the police refused, until the chickens released Nerve Gas against the observation team of officers, and so the police finally gave in to the chickens' demands in respect to the requested escort.

At that same moment Benny James was sitting down in front of the TV with his Weight Watcher Pizza Dinner in hand to watch Wheel Of Fortune, but that has no relevance to this story. In the meantime, however, then New York mayor, Ed Koch, was on the phone. He was placing a call over 800 miles away. Where and who was he calling? 1-803-772-HERO. You guessed it! That hero of heroes, diplomat, daredevil, adventurer, great tennis player, honorary boy scout, and all-around neat guy - Dr. Jones. But Dr. Jones was not in, so Koch had to leave a message on the answering machine. Next the mayor tried a call to Gotham City; but, HOLY VACATIONS, Batman was in the Bahamas!

Meanwhile a wave of terror had gripped New York City. There was nowhere to turn. Dr. Peter Venkman was quoted as saying, "Chickens! No we don't dooooo chickens!" So, the last hope, the Ghostbusters, was lost. Everyone knew that Superman had retired after his last film, "Superman IV," was a flop at the box office.

But then Something Curious happened: the date it happened was (will be) May 22nd, 2001,

5:32 pm (from the book written eleven years from now Even More Adventures, Cliffhangers, Novels, Missions, Movies, Little Domesticated Furry Animals, Knives, Spoons, and Little Pieces of Paper With Messages and Phone Numbers Written On Them Belonging To Dr. Jones.)

Sidenote: Dr. Jones is not to be confused with the fictional character Indiana Jones in the movie "Indiana Jones and the Pimple of Gloom" (Holofilm released in early 2001). The Pimple of Gloom is (will be) played by Pee Wee Herman, which has no direct effect on this story.

## THE CURIOUS THING:

Dr Jones was pinned on the side of the trail against the cold stone as he peered over the edge into the unknown, dark depths below. The adrenaline flowed. He felt his blood pumping vigorously through his veins. He felt fear unlike any he had ever known grip his soul - the fear of death. The Slimy Creatures From Outer Space closed in on both sides; and death seemed imminent for that unstoppable but NONFICTIONAL hero, Dr Jones. Then in a last ditch effort for survival, Dr. Jones threw himself over the edge of the trail and plunged into the murky darkness below. As he flew through the darkness, Dr. Jones braced himself for impact

with the ground. Just before our hero was about to become mincemeat SOMETHING CURIOUS happened. A hole ripped open momentarily in the Space-Time Continuum and a blue police box burst out of the fourth dimension. This happened at the exact moment Dr. Jones was to splat; but he was whisked from the third dimension, and transported through the fourth dimension (Time) back to 1989, the moment before receiving a call from Mayor Ed Koch of New York City. So, instead of talking to Dr. Jones' answering machine, the Mayor spoke to the Hero Himself.

Within twenty minutes Dr. Jones was in a taxi en route to the Columbia Metropolitan Airport. Incidentally, on the way from his house Dr. Jones saw himself (twelve years younger) drive in the driveway; and the two men waved to each other as if it were an everyday occurrence.

Within the next hour Dr. Jones was on a private Leer jet, which was disguised as a Domino's Pizza Delivery Plane; and he himself was at the door of the MTV Studios three hours after the chickens had entered the building.

Meanwhile the chickens had taken Adam Curry, MTV VJay, hostage and had released the eighty tourists. They had Adam Curry and his



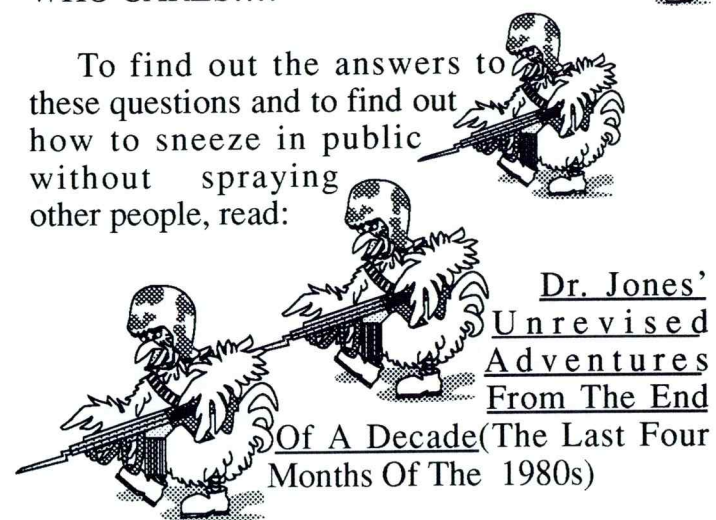


broadcast crew at gun point and were broadcasting their favorite AL YANKOVIC videos all over the United States and raiding the MTV icebox (carefully avoiding a box of fried chicken left over from Martha Quinn's late night dinner of the previous evening). Unimportantly there was a Los Angeles cop who was up on the thirty-second floor with an Uzi and a walky-talky he had stolen from a chicken he had killed. He was running around calling himself "Roy" and climbing all over the roof, getting caught in elevator shafts, trying to order Domino's Pizza from 911, and doing no good at all, just looking like a dirty, sweaty Bruce Willis.

What will our Hero do to stop this terrorism in modern day New York City? Will Adam

Curry be killed and, if so, will anyone care? Will Mayor Ed Koch run for re-election, and, if so, who will care? Will 2 Live Crew cancel their guest VJay appearance — WHO CARES!!!!

To find out the answers to these questions and to find out how to sneeze in public without spraying other people, read:



David Jones

## TREASURE

Found I a treasure in the sand,  
Held it in my careful hand,  
Waltzed it gently to and fro  
infatuated by its glo.

Danced I in innocence that morn  
Hearing not the voice that warned  
Of enticement turned to lust;  
Three-quarter time to beats robust.

Tripped I upon the hand of fate  
In my blissful, blinded state;  
From my careful hand did fall,  
The gem which had become my all.

On bended knee, in glass-like sand,  
Searched I long with fervent hand  
Great past dark came I upon  
The gem which filled my heart with song.

Leaped I into allegro dance;  
Moonlit treasure's glow enchanted.  
Music moved from waltz tempo  
To beats, till then, not mine to know.

Inside felt I a stir-about.  
T'was the voice, it shouted out,  
"Conscience cannot justify  
The music thou art dancing by."

Skipped I a step, then carried on;  
Skipped another, woebegone.  
Had enticement turned to lust?  
Three-quarter time to beats robust.

Loosed I my grip with knowing hand.  
Treasure fell back to the sand.  
Fought I hard with lust's demand  
To seize it back with a greedy hand.

Sat I in tears as music played,  
Waves upon the sand did sway.  
All around me life went on,  
But in my heart there was no song.

Till sat I tall with new found breadth,  
Dance would surely lead to death.  
Gloom would thrive upon abscission,  
Thus made I a brave decision.

Found I a reed upon the sand,  
Held it in my steady hand.  
Gem recovered, neatly tucked;  
Music mine, now, to conduct.

Andrea Uline Shull



## LIES

Lies are black.  
 They sound like a used car commercial.  
 They taste like Nutra Sweet  
 And smell like deodorant.  
 They look like a politician  
 And make you feel violated.

Frankie Wilhoit

## INDECISION

Indecision is gray.  
 It sounds like a record skipping.  
 It tastes of sweet-and-sour sauce.  
 It looks like a tennis match  
 And makes you feel disconcerted.

Frankie Wilhoit

## AGGRAVATION

Aggravation is maroon.  
 It sounds like a bowling ball striking the pins.  
 It tastes like buttered popcorn with too much salt  
 And smells like an overprocessed perm.  
 It makes you feel maxed out!

Carla Squirewell

## MOST OF US LIVE...

**M**ost of us live our lives from day to day, never giving much thought to the tragedies that are just waiting to happen. We get out of bed every morning with a kind of smug assurance that we'll be the same person when we get into bed that night. But tragedies are everywhere, and they're just waiting to change our lives forever. One such event that changed my life was a fire. I will never forget the people whose lives that fire destroyed and my own feelings of guilt and fear that followed.

It all happened on a beautiful, crisp Fall day. November 14, 1988 was just another day. I worked on the second shift, and I was on my way to my mother's house to drop off my son for her to watch. As I passed by a rather run-down trailer park, I noticed thick black smoke billowing across the road. A man whose face was covered with soot was running wildly around a trailer that was on fire! I immediately stopped my car and jumped out to help him. Although he was deaf and his speech was almost unintelligible, he was able to motion for me to go to a rear window. Thick clouds of noxious smoke poured out of the broken panes of glass. I finally understood that a baby was trapped inside, and the narrow opening was the only way in.

Soon more people arrived to help, and I screamed for someone to call the fire department. Meanwhile, the man continued to beg me to go inside; but I knew it was too late! I could only try to hold him as he beat his head against a nearby tree. Firetrucks and an ambulance soon arrived, as well as the child's parents; and their anguish only added to my own

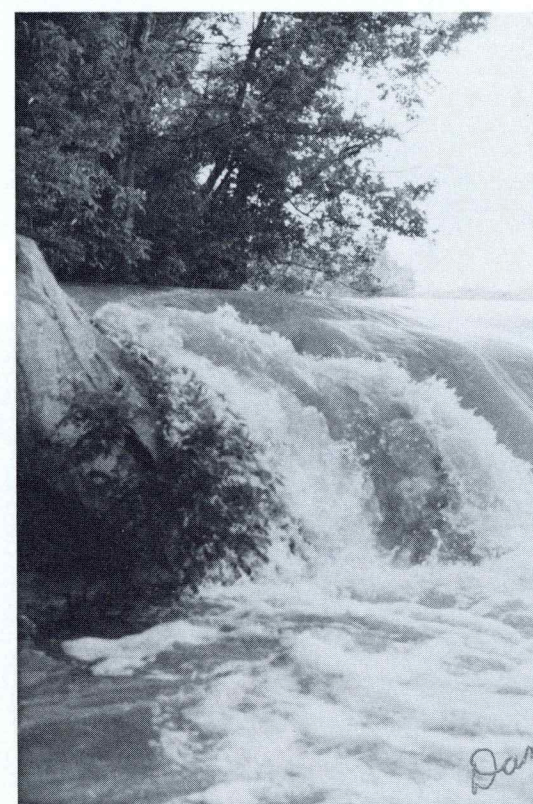
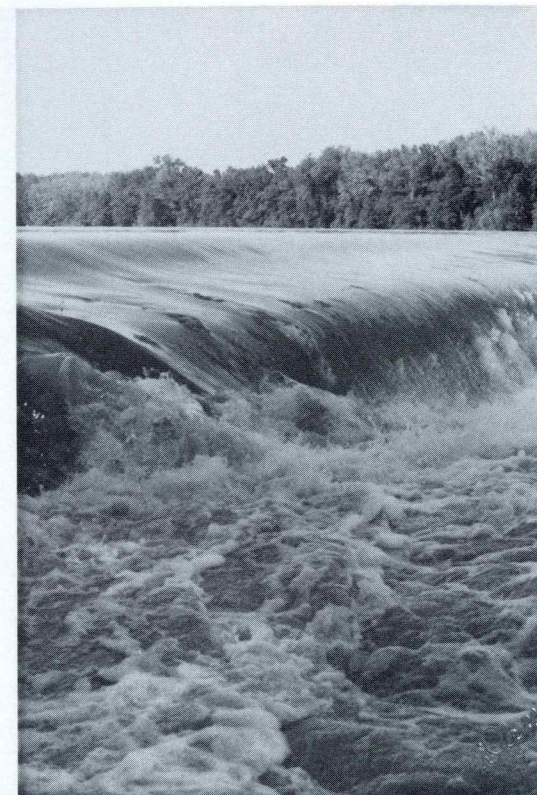
feelings of guilt and frustration. The fire was quickly brought under control; but it was several minutes before a fireman entered what was left of the trailer and brought out the small, limp, soot-blackened body. No one said a word except the mother. She beat her fist upon the deaf man's chest – screaming at the child's babysitter over and over, "You killed my baby!" The firemen began the task of cleaning up the scene, and the small crowd that had gathered was dispersed.

At first I felt kind of numb, and I went about my business as usual. I went in to work that afternoon, and I didn't even mention the event to any of my co-workers. It wasn't until I was safe in my own bed that night that I realized just what had happened. In the twinkling of an instant, one family's whole life would never be the same. I didn't take a chance. I didn't risk my life to save an innocent baby — my life was safe, but my life would never be the same. The guilt and regrets in respect to what might have been have plagued me since that day. I do realize now that it was too late for that child. If I had entered that trailer, I would have died as well. Still, the guilt remains.

We should all remember that life is precious, and we never know what's going to happen tomorrow. We can't bring back yesterday; but we can do our best to prevent these tragedies from happening sometime in our future. I know I'll never forget the terror of that beautiful Fall day.

Virginia Kirton





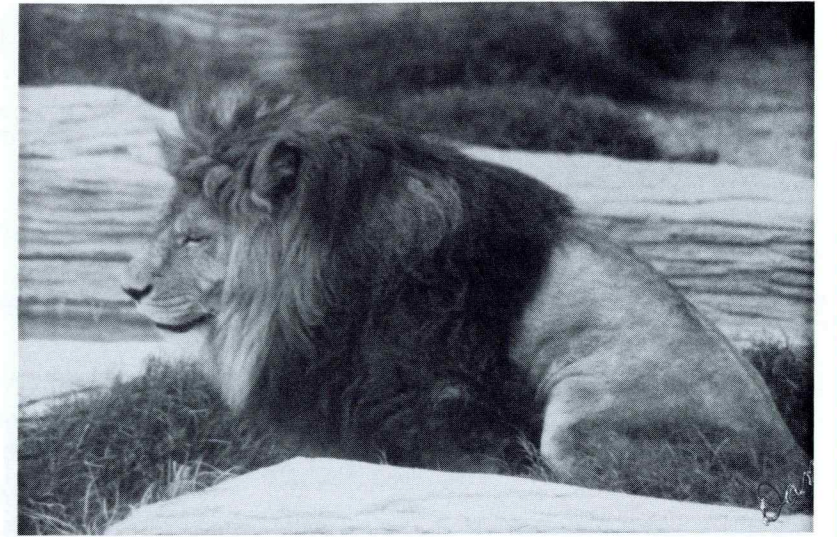




Coventry Cathedral, first built as a parish church in 1373, was considered the equal in beauty and nobility of any of the great cathedral churches in England. On November 14, 1940 Coventry experienced the most intense one night air-raid of any British city during WW II. The fire bombs left the stone walls of the church standing but burned all wooden rafters, ceilings, pews, and floor boards. A few days later when the ruins had cooled, the charred remains of two oak ceiling beams were found in the wreckage and bound together with wire to form a cross. The cross was wedged in a can of anti-incendiary sand and was placed behind the altar at the east end of the ruined structure. "Father Forgive" is the background inscription.



Door to Chapter House of  
Southwell Cathedral







**1990-91**

## FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

- Poetry:* Brian Dobyns
- Essay:* Shirley Peek Miller
- Short Story:* Deborah B. Christopher (tie)  
Barbara Sumpter (tie)
- Photography:* Dan Shupe
- Art:* Gene E. Wadford

## SPECIAL MENTION

- Poetry:* Andrea B. Terrill  
Ryan Cronin
- Essay:* Douglas Brown  
Todd Danby (tie)  
Arthur F. Miller (tie)
- Short Story:* Brian Dobyns
- Photography:* Gene E. Wadford
- Art:* Sherri Hightower  
Paul Killian (tie)  
Brian Sharpe (tie)



## CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph Bates	Engineering Graphics
Linda Bicha	LPN
George Michael Bridwell	Associate in Science/Nursing
Douglas Brown	Unavailable
Christopher Bryant	Associate in Arts
Cynthia Capers	Associate in Arts
Deborah B. Christopher	Legal Assisting
Ryan P. Cronin	Associate in Arts
Todd D. Danby	Commercial Graphics Communications
Mark Desser	English Department
Brian Dobyns	Associate in Arts
Colin Dodd	Art Department
Julia Helen Garris	Foreign Language Department
Hack Garrison, Jr.	Associate in Arts
Sallie C. Haddock	Legal Assisting
Sherri Hightower	Marketing
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Paul Killian	Commercial Graphics Communicaitons
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Joan Sallenger	Arts and Sciences Division
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Brian Sharpe	Associate in Science
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Andrea Uline Shull	Computer Programming Technology
Carla Squirewell	Unavailable
Barbara H. Sumpter	Associate in Science/Nursing
Chris Sutton	Associate in Arts
Andrea B. Terrill	Computer Technology
Gene E. Wadford	Associate in Arts
Frankie I. Wilhoit	Associate in Science





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