

STYLUS

1991-1992



THE LITERARY ANNUAL OF
MIDLANDS TECHNICAL COLLEGE

STYLUS

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FOREWORD

Stylus is a celebration. It's a manifestation of the pride and confidence we at MTC have in our students and community. I'd say it takes an "attitude." Ours is one of "inflamed respect" - to borrow a term from Lear - the result is a journal that we wish to be read as an affirmation.

The following have demonstrated that they are men (and women) of "choice and rarest parts:"

- Alan Clayton
- Tim Floyd
- Jayne Harris
- Keith Higginbotham
- Dr. Reid A. Holland
- Jeff Hopkins
- Dr. James L. Hudgins
- Pam Johnson
- Minnie Jones
- Helen Kingkade
- Claudette Lorick
- Dr. Jean Mahaffey
- Ginger McGuinness
- Linda Mims
- Henry Pearson
- Nancy Posselt Kreml
- Bill Sanders
- Starnell Williams

My thanks are heartfelt. I appreciate the college-wide support — and the ongoing involvement of my exceptional colleagues in the English Department.



Leslie Turner
Editor



"And a partridge ..." (Woodcut)

Colin Dodd '11

BOBBY

I remember
 when I was in high school
 I met a boy in study hall
 who wrote poetry
 and read mine
 and held my hand
 inside his coat pocket
 on cold winter mornings
 before the doors opened
 and one day
 in my locker
 I found a poem penciled
 in his handwriting
 with his initials at the end
 and I could see
 where he had erased
 the line that said
 I love you

Jan Ervin

THE TURTLE

A bump on the concrete,
 centered as if placed
 by the highway department,
 there you were, limbs
 pulled in, head retracted,
 avoiding reality.
 Who was I to disturb you,
 complacent lump
 of mineral shell, even
 knowing what I know
 about traffic? You frowned
 with cold green
 reptilian face, as if
 I had recognized
 your vulnerable soft
 insides, as if I was
 ridiculous to worry
 for your fate. Perhaps so,
 I carried you to safer ground,
 those of us who
 hide within ourselves
 must take care of each other.

Jan Ervin

THE CON-ARTIST'S SON

Each day was a different story.
 Our names changed with the hour,
 your face and accent with every meal —
 bone structure, teeth, hair, eyes,
 the variables of your art.
 I didn't mind being new all the time,
 playing the innocent distraction
 or the clever child of a fool,
 letting everything wash out of my mind
 before the dust settled in,
 but afterwards I still couldn't tell
 which gesture of your hand to believe.

When you disappeared one day
 and never returned, I wasn't afraid.
 I had learned your lessons well.
 Money blossomed for me on the hands
 of others. But I had to find you,
 your familiar aliases drifting through the streets
 like twenty-dollar bills.

Today I spot you
 in a restaurant, knowing your face
 among the others at that crowded table
 by what you can't resist: a glimpse
 that grows into a stare.
 The years pass us by
 like storefront windows.

Someday I'll find you on a corner
 no longer caring to disguise your face.
 You'll make no move to escape, not
 this time. I'll shake your hand
 like a long lost friend with money to burn.
 We'll work together again. You can be
 the retired entrepreneur still looking for action,
 the cagey old politician with inside knowledge,
 or the king of an unpronounceable nation
 traveling with his translator
 in this city full of strangers.

Jim Peterson

IN THE GARDEN

I knew when I planted
 how little sun filtered
 these close-needled pines
 how meager the sand
 how voracious the blight
 how melons rot
 beans pindle
 slug and centipede
 succeed

it was
 my instep though
 the shovel scored
 my fingers
 the damp muck shrivelled
 shedding seeds
 in hoe-drawn lines
 my neck the sun burned
 as I thinned withered losers
 staked the strong shoot
 my heart
 glory of okra bloom surprised
 cream trumpet, purple throated
 pistil's staff gold dusted

my eyes
 gauged a fat tomato
 ripe in thunder
 my tongue was anointed
 my throat drenched
 juice crunch
 sparkle pungence
 sliced sizzled canned
 a steam a jar of summer

and in autumn's garden
 I uprooted
 mildewed failures
 leaves cores stalks
 hoed to rot
 next year's compost
 against sand & shade
 beetle & mold

Nancy Posselt Kreml

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ORIENTAL CHOICE

I had just finished reading Thomas Mann's "Tonio Kroger" and "Death in Venice," both of which prominently feature the ocean. I could hardly wait for the weekend so I could go. It is indeed a testament to Man's power of suggestion that he could make me, a non "beach person," feel the call of the sea.

I left town just after noon on a Saturday, after finishing up some business at school. I always take "the backway," as I call it. My brother swears by the other way. He says that, his way, the interstate, is not only much easier, but faster, too. And he's probably right. And just now I can think of no better illustration of the difference between his personality and mine.

Ronnie is the kind of brother all writers seem to have. A chronic overachiever, he's the kind of person who takes up the same hobby you do, just to show how much better it can be done. There are very few things that my brother doesn't do well, and I am glad that he is so accomplished; it's just his attitude that I can't take. I'm always telling him that he got my share of confidence. Unfortunately, I got his share of diffidence. I got an inferiority complex, and he got a superiority complex.

No, I'm the dreamer of the family, always got my head in one cloud or another. I'm a thinker more than a doer, some might say a little lazy; but when they do, I just stumble through a misquote of some famous person who once said something like, "Sometimes the man who looks like he's doing the least is really doing the most." People just don't appreciate the good sky castle builder like they used to.

So I take the back roads. I like to see the old folks sitting on the front porch in their rocking chairs and imagine that their lives are so much simpler than mine; I hope they are, I want to do some porch rockin' myself, someday. I like to wave to all the people I see walking down the street in the small towns along my route. You can't do that on a

super highway. I have even, on occasion, been known to stop in some of these small towns.

I like to go into the, what else can I call them but, "junk" stores. These stores are like little flea markets; they sell everything from guitars and jewelry, to black velvet paintings, and always the quirkiest nick-nacks you've ever seen. I have several sets of salt and pepper shakers, my favorites look just like light bulbs, right down to the metal screw top. My sugar bowl, which also came from one of these stores, is a small, but very fat goldfish of green and white ceramic; it's one of my prized possessions. Both of these items were probably made in the 1950's, which is the really great thing about small town junk stores, they're like time capsules. Some of this stuff is brand new and has been hanging on the wall twenty, thirty, even forty years, or more, just waiting for someone like me to take it home.

So, anyway, I left town about lunchtime. I was anxious to get on the road, so I didn't stop to eat; but I had an apple and some grapes to nibble along the way.

The actual trip was rather uneventful. Passing through farm country in the middle of winter, well there's just not a lot to see. In the summer there would doubtless be a cornucopia of crops to delight the senses. Corn, wheat, alfalfa, soybeans, and peaches are the main crops to be seen along my route. And of course cotton is still king in the south, even if the crown is a little tarnished. One is likely to see a lot of farmers, on tractors, of course; but it's not at all uncommon to see crop dusters, in all manner of aircraft, and even farmers with mule drawn plows. Although, sadly, at least for me, this is becoming a rarity.

As I pulled into Andrews, "The Home of Chubby Checker," I knew I was getting close to my destination. I guess that's why I've never stopped in Andrews before. Usually after two and a half hours

of driving, I just want to press on and get the other thirty or forty minutes over with. There's not really any reason to stop in Andrews, anyway; but just the same, I like this town. In fact, it is my favorite of the trip. I don't know what it could be about this town that captures my heart so. Certainly Manning is much more interesting, and Paxville more peaceful. . . unless. Yes, that must be it. On the outskirts of town there is an old burger/ice cream joint that's been out of business for God knows how long. What I like about this place are the signs. All around the building there are plywood signs painted with giant-sized hamburgers, hot dogs, and ice cream cones. I consider this type of work to be a true American art form; and if not a dead art, it is certainly a dying art. Many times I've thought of stopping to see if I could find the owner of the building, to ask if I could have the signs; and I probably should, as the signs are already somewhat faded and further weathering can only hurt them. But I didn't stop.

I arrived at my parents' place, in North Litchfield, at about 3:30. I was hungry; and knowing that I had another twenty-five miles to drive to the place where I planned to eat, I stopped in only long enough to turn on the heat and use the facilities.

Myrtle Beach, with all its wonderful excesses, is not, at least in my experience, a center of epicurean delight. But there is one restaurant I never fail to visit. Now, there is something you must understand about me. I hate pretentiousness, and I crave the unusual. If a restaurant has too many forks on the table, or imposes certain clothing restrictions, above and beyond "no shirt, no shoes, no service," on its customers, then I won't eat there. I'll leave that to the drones. 'Cause like in the old blues song, I'm the "King Bee, Baby;" and the "King Bee" may not get all the honey, but at least he gets his way.

I know good food. In fact, I'm a very good cook myself. And as a creative person, I extend that aspect of my personality into my cooking. I hate boring, bland, overcooked, and generally speaking, unhealthy American food. Put a steak and baked

potato in front of me, and I'll think I've died and gone straight to Hell. I like properly cooked vegetables. I like spices. I have never met a grain product yet, be it rice, wheat, corn, or whatever that I didn't like. And that's why I consider the oriental cuisines to be the pinnacle of culinary achievement.

You name it, and China, the mother of all the various Asian cuisines, and a major influence on the west, as well, did it first and did it better. For example, most don't know that the Chinese invented the fork, but they did; and they abandoned it for the more versatile chopsticks. The Chinese were also the first culture to have restaurants. The oldest restaurant in the world, Mal'u Ching's "Bucket Chicken House" in K'ai-feng has been in operation, continuously, since 1153.

In Myrtle Beach there is a restaurant called the "Oriental Choice" that has some of the best Chinese and Vietnamese food I've eaten. This restaurant, located at the intersection of Ocean Boulevard and 6th Avenue South, in a small strip of buildings as unostentatious as its name, is the kind of place at which I like to eat. It is owned and operated by a Chinese lady, her Vietnamese husband, and their family.

The Chinese lady, who's name I've never thought to ask before, is not only a great cook; but she, as well as everyone else at the restaurant, is just so nice to me. Often she will take my order, remembering that I like it spicy, cook my food, then join me while I eat. Sometimes the conversation is a little confusing because of the language difficulties; but we seem to communicate well enough.

When I arrived at the "Oriental Choice" and walked through the door, I was greeted by my friend with a, "Hello, how are you? Long time, no see." and her usual beatific smile. After a short exchange of pleasantries I sat down and ordered my favorite, Mi Xao Don Hay Men, or "Number 45," extra "galla" (the one word of Chinese I know, it means spicy hot). I don't know even one word of Vietnamese; so I won't venture to guess what Mi

Xao Don Hay Men means (I hope it's nothing obscene—a trick that Mexican restaurants like to play). What I got was fried egg noodles, topped with a Noah's ark of vegetables. I passed on the shrimp and pork, vegetarian that I am.

As it was well past lunchtime and too early for dinner, I was surprised at the commotion I noticed around me. I looked to my right and saw the source. There at the other side of the room was a group of about ten children seated around a long table, boys on one side, girls on the other, laughing and talking over heaping bowls of fried rice. In the opposite corner there was an adult couple, enjoying their own meal. The woman was attempting, with little success, to quiet the children. The man sat oblivious and unperturbed, like a man who knew that it was waste of time to try to keep the group of children quiet. The lady, taking care not to snag her near knee length hair on the chair, would occasionally get up and speak to the children in a calm though twangy tone that seemed to ricochet several times around her mouth before exciting. I was fascinated by the contrast between the adults speaking in Chinese and bent, if not broken, English and the children speaking perfect, if slightly Southern, English. I guess the lady thought that the children were disturbing me, but nothing could have been further from the truth. I had as big a grin on my face as the kids.

Just as I had "impacted" my food and the children had finished theirs, the pretty lady with the long hair told the kids to take their bowls to the kitchen. I surmised from this that the adults were probably related to the owners. The children took this command as an opportunity to stampede. They ran to see who could be first in the kitchen. And as the kitchen was open on two sides, they ran through it, then back out into the dining area, then back through the kitchen, in a game of chase. One pretty little girl with long hair, like the woman I presumed to be her mother, although I don't think all of them were hers, was chased by another little girl who giggled, "I'm gonna kiss you!" over and over, as they ran several times around the circle through the kitchen and dining area.

When the children arose from the table I noticed their unusual dress. The girls wore a white blouse, with three-quarter length sleeves, that fit snugly except for the area below the ribs, which was loose because of a slit along either side. The boys wore a brown version of the same, with the addition of a black and white checked head band; and all wore shiny, calf-length black pants and were bare-footed.

Much to my disappointment, the lady corralled the circling herd as they passed her, heading them off at the pass, if you will. She then banished this joyous floor show to another part of the room, behind the curtain. I'm sure that her intention was to allow me to eat my meal in peace, but I was truly sorry to see the children leave.

Suddenly, all was quiet. I thought the children must have left through a back exit. I took up my chopsticks and resumed my still too hot meal. As I fumbled, chopsticks novice that I am, with the awkwardly shaped baby corn and mushrooms, I looked about me. I thought how appropriately decorated the room was for just such as had transpired moments before. Maybe all the restaurants in the orient are decorated this way, but I've never seen anything quite like the "Oriental Choice." Of course, the restaurant features all the usual plastic dragon chandeliers, and the requisite aquarium full of goldfish, and lots of real and not so real plants; but how many restaurants feature a shrine to Buddha and Christmas tree lights strung along the walls, and between the lighting fixtures? The lighting fixtures are also festooned with tensile boas in red, and gold, and silver, and green in a sort of spider web pattern. Hung from some of these are small white paper bells, and from others hang pink bows. Along one wall is a huge poster of an autumn scene, that while out of keeping with the overall decorating scheme, does lend a feeling of spaciousness to the room. Beside this is a large picture of a flower, of some sort, outlined, again in Christmas lights. At the entrance is a three-foot statue of the laughing Buddha. Some might think these decorations gaudy - they just don't know any better! I wouldn't change a thing. I like the "Oriental Choice" just the way it is.

I soon realized that the party had not ended when I heard Chinese music coming from the area behind the curtain, followed shortly by singing, and clapping in unison. I felt guilty, that I had the whole dining room to myself, while, probably, fourteen or fifteen other people were crowded into an area the size of a large hallway. I was torn between wanting to rush through my meal, in order that I might leave these folks the full run of the facility so they could enjoy their own party in privacy, and a curiosity to know what was going on behind the curtain. I wished I were invisible so that both needs might be met.

It was about this time when the owner came out of the kitchen with a bowl of noodles and sat down to eat with me. As she added some of the red pepper oil that sat in a covered container on the table, we began to talk. I asked her what the celebration was all about, and she informed me that it was the first day of the Chinese new year. I knew that the Chinese celebrated "new years" in January or February, because I like to visit my Chinese friends on that day; but more often than not I forget the date. I told my host that I had really enjoyed the children and that I felt guilty about interrupting their party. She set my mind at ease, and even invited me to the back to watch. Already feeling to much the interloper, I declined; though now, I sorely regret it.

When my huge meal was finally subdued, I sat, finishing my iced tea and contemplated loosening my belt. Suddenly the curtain disgorged two little boys. Pointed, wok shaped hats made of paper hung

on their backs, from a string around their necks; and in their tight little hands they brandished Samurai swords of white and gold plastic. As they postured it was clear from their darting eyes that this showing off was all for my benefit. I smiled approvingly. But then the pretty warden came and retrieved the two strays.

Feeling that I had intruded long enough on these good people's affair, I prepared to go. Leaving a tip on the table, I went to the kitchen to call the owner, so that I might pay my bill. Expressing praise for the food and entertainment and promising to return soon, I took my leave.

I thought about the events that had just taken place all the way back to Litchfield. When I got there I considered going down to the water for a walk, but there was an icy chill in the wind; so I decided I would wait till the next day. After unpacking I sat down on the couch and started to read Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, just as the sun was starting to go down. But try as I might, I just could not concentrate. As good as the book was, my mind was on children and cheer, not fiends and fear. Giving up on the book, I sat in silence, and thought about the day's events, with a smile in my heart. Yes, it had been a good day, a very good day, and an excellent way to start a new year.

Eugene Downs

GET UP AND DOWN

A collection
of kooks
in suits
on a bench
by a court
at a basketball game,
sat straight
past a great,
big gang of
screaming fans.
"This son,"
Daddy said,
"is the wave."

Mike Williams

OCTOBER

Displaced lovers
are like leaves that
change their color,
fall from the

parent tree, and
scatter into
the wind without
direction or control.

It's simple to
understand,
if you're not
one of them.

Mike Williams

GRANDDADDY'S LOVER

Akimbo
in a red dress,
She stands
there
filling up
her attitude by
the door—
compacted confidence
with a cup
of bad drama.

She was that
beautiful once.
We all know.
She tells us.

He died so
young, you
know. And
he wasn't even
rich at all.

He was always
pasty and sleepy,
and I
need-
ed things,

and I stay-
ed bored,
and I told him
you've got the sex
drive of a great-

grand-
father.

Mike Williams

CATNAP

This old cat is comfortable
on my forsaken pillow.
Sleek and grey-suited,
she is in her jack-knife position,
toes elegantly pointed, diving
from one dream to another.
She does not contemplate
the wisdom of her decisions,
she does not agonize
over her relationships,
she does not wish
for second and third
chances, and in these
pale golden yellow
slices of light
she sleeps.

Jan Ervin

FLIGHT

As a child
I dreamed of flight,
I would rise from the sinister
earth below, weightless;
my little white arms
acquired wings, they
granted my escape. Even in sleep
my insides fluttered with the height,
a sensation not unlike
the silent breathless ride
of a ferris wheel
or a see-through hotel elevator.
My body lifted over the trees,
above our flat red house
and always into the gray sky
of dawn.
Whatever chased me
couldn't keep up, I soared.
I left home, I watched it recede
smaller, smaller, to nothing;
you couldn't stop me
you couldn't
slow me down, I was gone,
I laughed at you there
in useless grounded awe
gaping heavenward
at your incredible offspring.

Jan Ervin

PRINCETON ROAD

We stood, drenched by the rain, as Auntie Lene read the Bible to us. Shortly afterwards, she sent for my grand aunt. Aunt Bose came quickly. "You did this to me?" Auntie Lene yelled accusingly. By that time, Grandmama had made her way down to the house. "Whuts the matter, Bose?" she asked. "Lene say I done something tuh her, and I ain't done her a thing." Aunt Bose was sobbing violently by then. "Lene, why you cuse Bose lak that?" Grandma asked in a shrill, frightened voice. Auntie Lene just stared out into the woods and shrugged her shoulders. This was only the beginning of the nightmarish episodes that would occur on Princeton Road.

The day started out like any other day on Princeton Road; as a matter of fact, it was a gorgeous day. The flowers had bloomed, and the sunflowers were so big that you could play hide and seek in them. The sun enhanced the beauty of the drops of rain that remained, and the delicious smell of rain-washed dirt permeated the air. Mr. Teck was plowing Granddaddy's garden with his old, half-blind mule; and Grandmama had strung three lines full of laundry. The usual three cars came down Princeton Road that day. As I recall, it was the lady who came to pick Aunt Marie up; Aunt Marie was her maid. Next, came an old, rusty Buick. Last, my favorite, was the shiny red car that Jenny Lou Simpkins rode in. She was the only Black women I had ever seen driving a car! Was that car pretty! Jenny Lou would always drive slow so the dust couldn't mess her car up; and sometimes she would turn and look at us, but she never waved and she never smiled. But I would always quit chasing butterflies long enough to look at her car. As I said, nothing appeared to be out of the ordinary that day.

Nevertheless, there we were shivering like wet chicklets; and all of a sudden, we heard this loud whooping sound. We all turned to see what it was. It was Granddaddy; he was trying to restrain himself from crying because it just wasn't right for a man to cry, especially in front of women. All he could do was whoop. It was about that time that we, the

children, figured that something was awfully wrong because Granddaddy was such an honory old man that we didn't think he really had any tears. And if ever there was a Black version of Abraham Lincoln, Granddaddy was it; he most definitely had the look.

"Whoop," Granddaddy hollered, "gal done gone crazy." Aunt Bose's torrential flow of tears had been initiated again as she held on to Grandmama's hand. Grandmama remained calm, but I saw something in her eyes that I had never seen before; and I knew that there was trouble ahead.

The old clock on the wall seemed to tick louder than ever, because it was so quiet. We were all inside Auntie Lene's house, and the Johnson clan had been summoned; there was no eye contact as folks walked in one by one. We children were ushered out of the room as the last member of the family dragged in, for it was well past midnight by then.

The last one to come was Aunt Nita and her husband, Uncle Nate. Now it seems Uncle Nate was an expert at these matters because they had experienced similar problems in their family. "Now what is the problem?" Uncle Nate asked in his husky Southern drawl. Aunt Bose sobbed, "Gal is done gone crazy." By then Granddaddy had regained his composure and was able to contribute to the conversation. "Humph." clearing his throat first, he said, "Truth of the matter is, the nature done gone to the gal's head; and she too young to be without a man." "Fact is," he continued, "she got that bad blood from my side of the family; and she can't hep it." Aunt Nita cried, "Is it true that Lene stripped off her clothes and ran down Princeton Road naked?" "Fraid it is!" Granddaddy said swinging his head back and forth like a seesaw. "Now, Mr. Johnson," Uncle Nate said in his reassuring voice, "I know just the place to take her." "Do you know that old Root Man from the backwoods in Augusta, Georgia? Let's take her to him."

The next day, Aunt Nita stayed with us children while the part of the family that didn't have to go to work went to Georgia. They returned hours later with Auntie Lene looking tired and pale. It seemed Uncle Nate was right; Auntie Lene had been "root worked." The old man from Augusta said that an evil woman had gone into Auntie Lene's house while she was at work and took some hair out of her comb, a picture, and some of her soiled undergarments. According to the old man, she took the picture and the underwear and buried them in a grave yard; the hair, she placed under a waterfall so that Auntie Lene's mind would run like the water. The worst part of all was that the woman had decided to have Auntie Lene killed in the State Hospital. But that wasn't important because the old man could take care of any problems big or small.

That night the old man planned to come in the form of a cat in the wind and remove the evil spirits that had been planted under Auntie Lene's door step. All of this sounded like pretty spooky stuff to us kids. We were listening outside the house, but for me it would get to be even spookier. The Root Man's plans were more elaborate than I could ever have imagined because they included me!

I was in a daze when they told me my part in Auntie Lene's return to sanity. The man had instructed them to find the most honest, consecrated child in the family and let her sleep with Aunt Lene on this "special" night. They chose me. Now, out of all the things that I had expected from being good, this didn't seem to jive. I was thinking and shaking at the same time because in my ten year old mind, it didn't seem that I should have been rewarded this way. Anyway, the decision had been made; and I had absolutely no say about it.

That night was the longest night of my life! Auntie Lene tossed and turned addressing different colors of spirits. Even the bark of stray dogs would have been welcomed; but they had abandoned me. The crickets selected that night to end their singing careers. It seems that I was so all alone except for the beating of my heart. I could feel my ribs tighten up whenever I sucked in air. Perspiration fell from my forehead; and, yet, I felt cold at the same time. I was afraid to move because I felt that if I moved, somehow, it would bring all of the evil spirits' attention to me. In a word, I was petrified! In her final battle with the spirits, Auntie Lene spoke to deceased relatives who had come to take her to the world of the dead. Meanwhile, I lay there badly shaken, crying silently. Finally, daylight came; and I was allowed to go home while the older folks again journeyed to Augusta.

When they returned, the Johnson family was triumphant, Auntie Lene was healed, and the man from Georgia had "turned a root." He would reverse the curse; and the person who intended for Auntie Lene to die, would be killed herself.

The next day, the "Hill," our little community, was bubbling with excitement as the startling news swept up and down each side of Princeton Road. I stood motionless as I heard them say, "Jenny Lou Simpkins turned over her car last night and was pronounced dead on arrival."

Queen Olden

THE SPECTATOR

My silent walls
give back
no love

No one comes
in hurting range
I am an
occasional tourist
in the lives
of others

Apricot tea
in still rooms
through pale curtains,
yellow sun
But the untouched skin
loses lustre,
greys

A Sunday stroller
a park sitter
my lips open
in smile lines
at the children
of other women
the children
almost always
know my hunger
the women
almost never

Late dark
my low bed
a continent,
I, its sole explorer
the unconquered inhabitant
The boundaries set
markers out
And from the interior
the silent scream
of the uninvited guest

Alvita Martin

WAYSTATIONS

Exits to the soul
Entrances from the mind
Memory's door revolves
Leaving dream-deaths behind

Old arrivals, new departures
Shadows beckon and leave
Their patterns of going are lost
In the dying mazes they weave

Entrances from the soul
Exits to the mind
The terminal doors are open
The coffins are waiting in line.

Alvita Martin

THE PROCEDURE

What occasions temporary insanity? Maybe it's when I've been doing the same thing for so long that one hour is not different from the last—trapped with only my thoughts for company. I don't suppose that's such a terrible thing, if the thoughts are entertaining. The reason for my introspection was because for the past eight hours I had been basically alone, yet surrounded by women in various stages of pregnancy in an abortion clinic. My best friend, Allison, was there. For the first little while I was just bored, waiting in lines, watching her sign papers, and making faces at security cameras. She was one of the unlucky ones who had to spend the night so that she could give birth to a blessedly dead baby. We sat for it seemed like forever, talking, wondering how everything was going to feel, and remarking about how crowded it seemed to be getting. Then she was gone, with a smile and a wave goodbye. I fidgeted for a while; but as I am a people-watcher, I soon settled down to see what was going on around me.

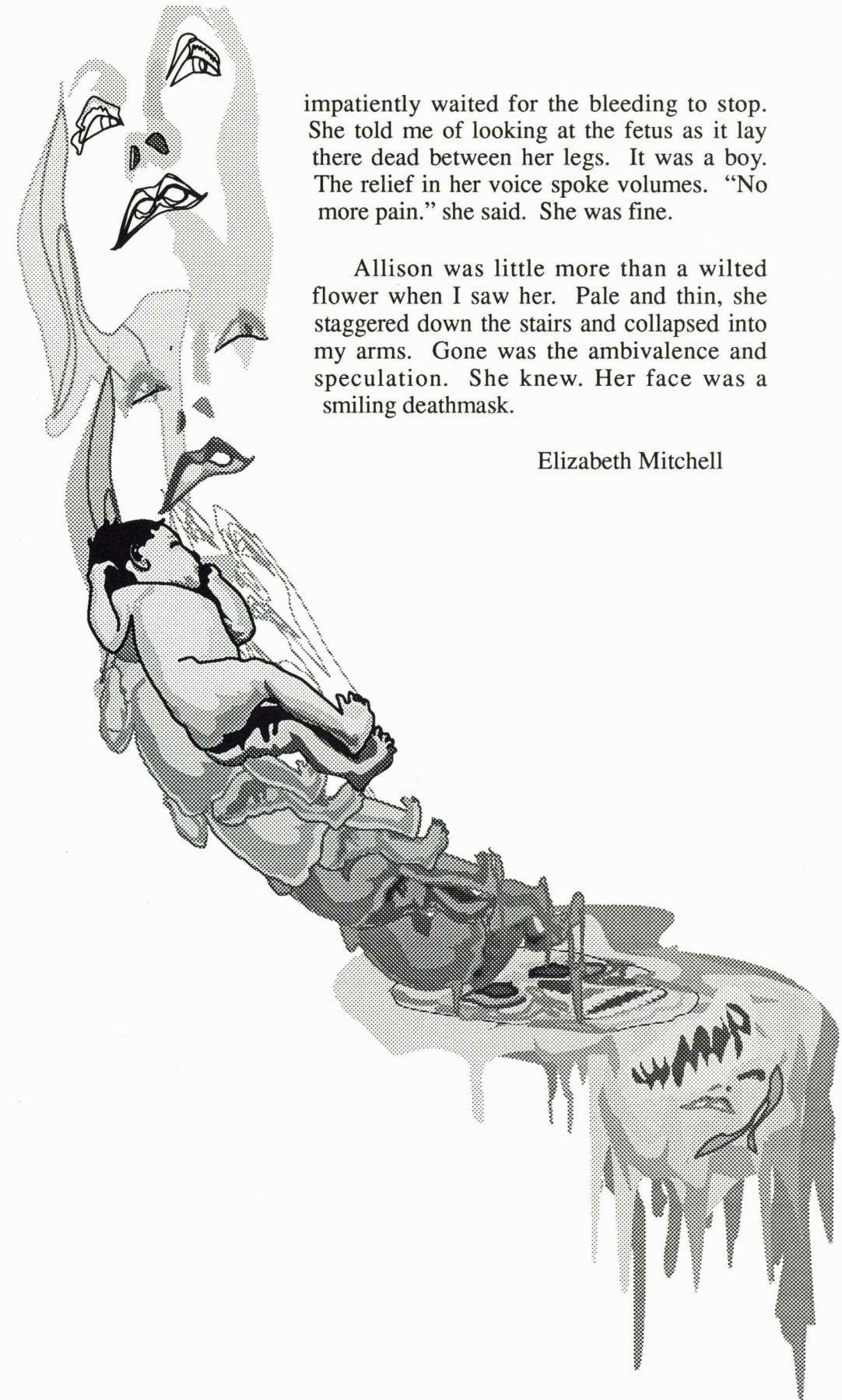
It was a small building to be a "hospital," about the size and shape of an old Southern mansion. It was divided into sections—offices, waiting rooms, patient rooms; and in every section there were the ever-present security cameras. The areas I could observe were the two connecting waiting rooms. They were packed with women; and surprisingly enough, husbands, boyfriends, friends, mothers and children were conspicuous also. They came in all shapes, colors, and sizes; and I could tell from their dress, different social levels as well. The one thing they all had in common was the smile—so cheerful and unconcerned. It was a gorgeous winter day, and all was right with the world.

The whole scene was so like a doctor's office that for a while I refused to deal with the fact of what they were all doing there; but the more I listened and watched, the harder it got to ignore. I watched them laugh and kid around with each other as they all compared notes about what they referred to as "the procedure." It was as if an instant

camaraderie had sprung up between these women. They even had their own language. . . "inducing," "saline injection," "the FETUS." The word "baby" was never spoken. I wondered why. I watched all the lucky ones, those under twelve weeks, file into rooms, smiling all the way, then trot right out looking a little groggy, but with that smile still plastered firmly in place. I couldn't help but wonder why the smiles were a bit numb on the return trip, though, or why the warmth and chatter were gone. Was it possible that the trip to the manicurist had gone awry?

Shortly after 6:00 p.m. visiting hours were announced for the girls who had to stay the night, those over twelve weeks. I checked through security and walked down the hall to see my friend. The sight that met me will stick forever in my mind. . . Allison, with her swollen belly, was hooked to an I.V. and was trying, between bouts of sobbing and vomiting, to haul herself out of her bed to go, I presumed, to the bathroom. Her face was tear-stained and puffy; and I noticed that her dinner, half eaten, was sitting on the table. Bars were over the windows. She was crying my name over and over, begging me to help her. I walked slowly over to the bed, trying as I went to somehow take stock of the situation and figure out what my role was to be. I sat with her for two hours, soothing her as best I could and listening to her ramble on about what had been done to her so far. I ate her dinner and looked at the barred windows and felt no pity, only horror and revulsion. I wondered if that's what she felt. No, she felt only pain, as the life within her was eaten away by the saline they had injected into her womb. I was relieved when the intercom blasted out that visiting hours were over. I kissed her goodbye and left, knowing that I left behind a dying child.

The next morning I checked out of the motel and hurried back to the clinic, anxious for some news. Allison had already aborted and was ready to leave. I talked to her over the lobby phone as she



impatiently waited for the bleeding to stop. She told me of looking at the fetus as it lay there dead between her legs. It was a boy. The relief in her voice spoke volumes. "No more pain," she said. She was fine.

Allison was little more than a wilted flower when I saw her. Pale and thin, she staggered down the stairs and collapsed into my arms. Gone was the ambivalence and speculation. She knew. Her face was a smiling deathmask.

Elizabeth Mitchell

MIXED MARRIAGE

I am the son of a
mixed marriage.
My mother was a
hippie
who marched in
war protests.
My father was a
soldier
who fought in
Vietnam.

My mother let her
hair
grow long
and straight.
My father got a
regulation-
military
crew-cut.

Mother used to carry
a sign
that said,
"Make Love,
Not War!"
Dad used to carry
a rifle
through the
Vietcong jungle.

I am the son of
a mixed
marriage.
My mother was a
hippie.
My father was a
soldier.

Dad used to say,
"War is hell, son;
but fight for your
country."
Mom would sigh and
whisper to me,
"Peace is the only
answer."

When I got older,
Dad would yell,
"Quit being a
sissy, fight."
Mom would say softly,
"Turn the other
cheek."

I am the son of
a mixed
marriage.
My mother was a
hippie.
My father was a
soldier.

Now, I go to
fight for
my country.
Dad is proud,
Mom cries.
I am just afraid
to die.

Sallie C. Haddock

BORDERLINE

Standing on the edge
of life,
Never leaving the
shadows,
between madness
and sanity,
Walking a tightrope
that spills over from one disaster
into another.
With a sense of
worthlessness and rage
that causes a
waterfall of problems,

bed hoppers
stomach pumpers
freeway jumpers
sad-eyed bench sitters

with the psychic wounds
that can never be sutured
with egos as fragile as
spoon sugar and
with minds like
jigsaw puzzles with
crucial pieces missing,
wanting a quick fix
for pain,
playing roles never
letting the mask
slip off—
always just standing
on the borderline!

Sallie C. Haddock

DEBUTANTE DOG

I met her while shopping for Christmas presents last year. She had been working, selling watches, in a department store while on hiatus from college. The daughter of a successful urologist, her dreams of obtaining an MBA and of a high-powered executive position with a Fortune 500 company motivated her to excel in any area of her life she could control. Though pretty, Alyssa wasn't remarkably so. Her legs were a little crooked, and her hips were too wide; and she was, while not anorexic, someone for whom, you just knew, eating was a chore. But she never thought of herself as pretty; it just didn't bother her. And I was drawn to her, in part, because of that. When she consented to give me her phone number, I was, at once, filled with the pleasure of knowing this potential girl of my dreams might be interested in me and anxiously nauseous that I didn't have a dime to my name.

The humidity in South Carolina makes itself known in the summer time. This May, things are no different. My legs are sweating enough to stick to the seat as I lift myself out of the truck. It has been a long drive to Alyssa's house, and the air conditioner isn't working all that well. Perhaps, when I can set aside enough money, I'll have it worked on. But it will be Fall before I have enough money for something that extravagant. I always seem to be running short of funds, and I can sometimes hear the proverbial wolf at the door.

The reason I have come over to watch television with Alyssa is that I am broke; and I cannot afford to take her anywhere, not anywhere nice. I wonder if she notices how often this happens.

Walking toward the back door of the house, I see Dr. Stahl mowing the back lawn. I take in a deep breath of air in anticipation, but there is nothing. I love the scent of freshly-cut grass. It is like smelling new-baked bread or just-brewed coffee. You just can't get enough of it. There is something about the sensation that tickles your senses and

makes you aware that you're alive. Now, however, I can smell nothing. Oh well, he has just begun to mow the lawn. I am so tired of being broke.

She is waiting in the den, along with Flossie. To hear Alyssa tell it, Flossie is just a "mutt-faced puppy dog;" but I see it differently. Sure, the dog is a mutt. No one would ever argue that she has an ounce of pedigree in her body. She is an older dog and had seen much of a dog's life from a different perspective when Alyssa's family saved her from the pound. It is amusing to see the attachment Alyssa has for Flossie because, despite owning other dogs and a bunch of cats, this doctor's daughter with all the advantages life can offer has chosen to befriend this one especially lowly dog I see coming toward me. After barking a couple of times and then licking my hand approvingly, Flossie allows me to join Alyssa on the sofa; and we begin to watch television.

Flossie is a character of course. There is some nameless human quality about her. This is the kind of understanding animal that goes along when her master wants to pose her for a picture dressed in sunglasses with a beer placed near one paw. The dog even acts human, on occasion.

Alyssa and I have had what could be construed as very inane conversations about Flossie:

"What are you looking at, Tim?"

"Your dog."

"My little mutt-faced puppy?" The way she says this, you might think that the dog is her only friend in the world.

"Yes. She looks odd sitting that way."

"I like it when she sits there in a sunbeam with her little pawsies crossed and her little ears all perked up. She's just a debutante dog." It's a

characteristic pose. The dog lies there on the tile floor on her belly with her front legs extended and one paw gently laid across the other in a very ladylike, almost regal, fashion. The term fits, "Debutante Dog."

I used to think that I was something special. Some people seem to live a charmed life, and everything goes well for them. I thought I was one of them. Everything had been easy, too easy. I realize one day that, while I thought I was on top of the world, nothing in my life was working out. Not the important things, anyway. I wasn't getting anywhere. And there wasn't any comfort in self-pity.

It's getting late, and we're tired of watching television. Actually, I have been watching Alyssa scratch Flossie behind those "perked up" ears. The dog is as content as she can be. There are no worries in the world for one so accepted and loved

for just being herself. When someone envies a dog's life, I think I understand why.

Alyssa gives me a gentle hug, and we say our good nights. The moon is bright, and the sky is clear; and, as I make my way to the truck, I notice the pervasive scent. The freshly-cut grass. Dr. Stahl has finished cutting the grass. Perhaps the air needs those little particles in it to make it complete. Everything seems to be just fine when the air smells this way.

On the way home, I think about the way Flossie looked while getting her ears scratched. Contentment. I think about seeing Alyssa again, and I keep smelling the grass in the air. Anything seems possible. Life is good, even when you are broke.

Timothy N. Thomas

CURRENCY

Your vision
was magnificently
acute to notice me,
nestled in the curbside huddle
of dead autumn and
flattened paper cups, still
with their straws attached,
there I was, and you
grabbed me up,
or
was I the one
folded neatly in a pocket,
soggy after your washday, an
agreeable discovery hung to dry
beside your jeans,
all clean and waiting
to be legally tendered, in God we trust
or
was I in and out of your life
too quickly to be counted, circulated
without a second look at my flat green
paper eyes, I knew
my itinerary of
insipid usefulness to you
always the same expression,
always the same face

on every one of us, how
could it have mattered
who is who

So,
was I good for a pack of
cigarettes, did I
buy you a beer? Surely
I did some little
something for you
when you gave me away, I've
always lived
a pay-to-the-bearer-on-demand
existence, I represent
a specific quantity of greed,
the value of a dollar is a
dollar, any day.
I was money in your hands,
I know exactly
what you need,
what you took,
and what I am worth to you.

Jan Ervin

NOAH'S ARK

It all started with Noah's ark,
the world's preoccupation
with two's.
Had the earth flooded
on a Friday night such as
this,
she would have drowned,
not having been included on
His list
of couples, randomly chosen
perhaps from movie queues.

She made herself a
margarita
and wondered if somewhere
in Genesis
there may have been

a passage missed,
some revelation concerning
a zebra's infidelity, or a lion's
callous self-indulgent air
as he reduced his mate
to tears.

She guessed not,
and looking down at her own
two feet,
hoped that God in his mercy
would have considered them
pair enough
on this particular
rainy Friday.

Jan Ervin

JUNE 8, 1990

Morning sun bakes the window sill
and the long flow of my left arm
among sheets. I leave a shadow
of sweat on the bed behind me.

The heel of my hand makes prints
on the desk, smears the ink
of my pages, buckles them like
old roads leading into the overgrown

footpaths of dead ends.
In the noonday sun, impatiens
in an old whiskey barrel flatten,
and the trees empty themselves

helplessly into the funnels of air
above their heads, the birds
still as cones in the limbs.
By late afternoon the day has so

resigned itself even the dark faces
of clouds cannot move it. They
will have to come on hard with wind
and rain to rouse this day from

its ditch. The paper shows a town
scattered over the countryside
like lost hands and feet. Says
there have been more murders
this year already than all of last.

Jim Peterson

WINDOW ROCK DRILL

step down into sagebrush
flowers and leaves
typically three-toothed

where butterflies light
cottontails nibble
and scatter with the sound

of steps on rabbitbrush
and snakeweed landscape
without much green

sandstone layers flat
and tilted tilted and flat
sand dunes frozen in time

saddlehorn formations
entrada like faces juniper
and pine with leaves

needlelike explosion of
nut pine pinecones
with wings whiptail

lizard trails across collapse
of geology where Monument
Canyon creeps into Colorado

Keith Higginbotham

THE DAY I WAS SCARED

It was a cool, misty morning. The sun began its ascent on the eastern horizon as dawn broke. On one side of the village the slopes of Mt. Kenya could be seen clearly. A few hours before, the foothills had been invisible as heavy clouds covered the entire mountain range. Scattered clouds now lay on top of the largest and tallest snow capped peak—Batain. This is the mountain associated with the famous “Mau Mau” guerilla movement, which, the natives of the country believe, had been sent by our forefathers for the liberation of Eastern Africa from the hands of the British slave masters. At the base of this mountain range, live different ethnic groups which have claimed the rich fertile volcanic soils. East of the mountain range, the Kamba tribe was preparing for the day’s events. This is a small community composed of hunters, herdsman, a few farmers and, of course, the women, whose primary occupation is childbearing. To be exact, my tribe does a little bit of everything.

As dawn broke, the smell of smoke was heavy in the air as each family unit prepared for its first and second meals of the day. There was much noise, from crying, underfed babies to the angry voices of their mothers. “Mwikali, Mbuvi!” The mothers would be heard screaming through the cracked doorways of the small village huts. A few miles away, from the darkness of the distinct tropical rain forest, came the howling of a wolf. This time, to remind the people that it was time to start their day. The old and wise men of the community never involved themselves with the morning rituals. Instead, they always had a permanent spot a few meters away from the main home of the oldest of them all, where they gathered together around a low burning fire. On this particular day, each could be seen wrapped up in an old worn out blanket as they paid attention to the speech being given by the elder (chief) of the village. Some of them, could be seen stretching their feeble arms to catch some heat from the fire which was probably going to die out in a few minutes. “Ni mwewa?” (Have you heard?) The headman asked. There was a nod in response from

one corner. That was how I could tell some conversation was going on. Normally, I could have ignored the goings on as small talk and nonsense. But, on this particular day, I would have loved to be one of the wise old men.

On one side of the village, we had the Bomas. This is where the animals were kept. We kept mainly cattle and goats for meat and dairy purposes. The teenage men and hunters were found in this portion of the village, since it was their duty to take the animals to the grazing fields. On this day, the hunters had gathered up their arms which were comprised of bows and arrows and protective shields made from cow hide. Only the skilled hunters were allowed to carry Evai, which is a deadly poison obtained from a poisonous plant in the forest. It is said that it can kill an elephant in ten minutes from a single shot of an arrow. I was part of the herdsman, and on this day we were six of us and six hunters. It was our duty to take the animals about six kilometers to the open grasslands commonly known as the Savannah.

This day would be extraordinary because we were supposed to pass through a herd of buffaloes which had migrated to our part of the grazing fields. Lions are dangerous but stupid. On the other hand, buffaloes are dangerous and cunning. Any experienced hunter could tell you that a confrontation with a buffalo is not a welcome one. It means losing two or three men, if not all. A lion, when it attacks, never thinks. It is like an armed soldier who has gone “bananas” with a shotgun. It attacks without second thought. That is why it can be fooled easily. A buffalo will never attack unless it is sure it has its prey in a position from which it can’t strike back. In most cases, it stalks its victim by running ahead and then making a circle so that it ends up right behind him. If a person is in a position to climb a tree, this does not mean that he will get away with it. By urinating and shaking its tail, the buffalo manages to splash some of its urine on the unfortunate in the tree top. The urine acts like an itching substance. Consequently the

victim will scratch himself until he falls from the tree. This explains why the whole village was tense and nervous on that day.

The journey to the grassfields was not filled with any adventure. We were very alert and expecting danger ever minute. Except for the manure left by our enemies on the trails which we could see they had used, nothing else captured our attention. The rest of the day went smoothly. We mostly stayed together as the animals enjoyed the grass, and we even came to conclude that nothing would take place that day. The buffalo threat had existed for one week, and we generally had come to accept that we were safe. Little did we know the mistake we were making by reaching this conclusion. It wasn’t until after dusk had started setting in that “all hell broke loose.” We were busy rounding up the cattle when we noticed that a mother and her calf had strayed two hundred meters from the main herd. Muthaisu (whom we will call “John” for simplicity) went after the two which had strayed. At first we heard a scream and then the galloping hooves of the mother and calf running away in another direction. John had accidentally come face to face with a male buffalo, which, I now believe had been left by its fellows or had decided to go its own way. “I have never seen an animal of such height and weight.” I thought as I saw it rise from where it had been lying down, probably after spending the whole day grazing.

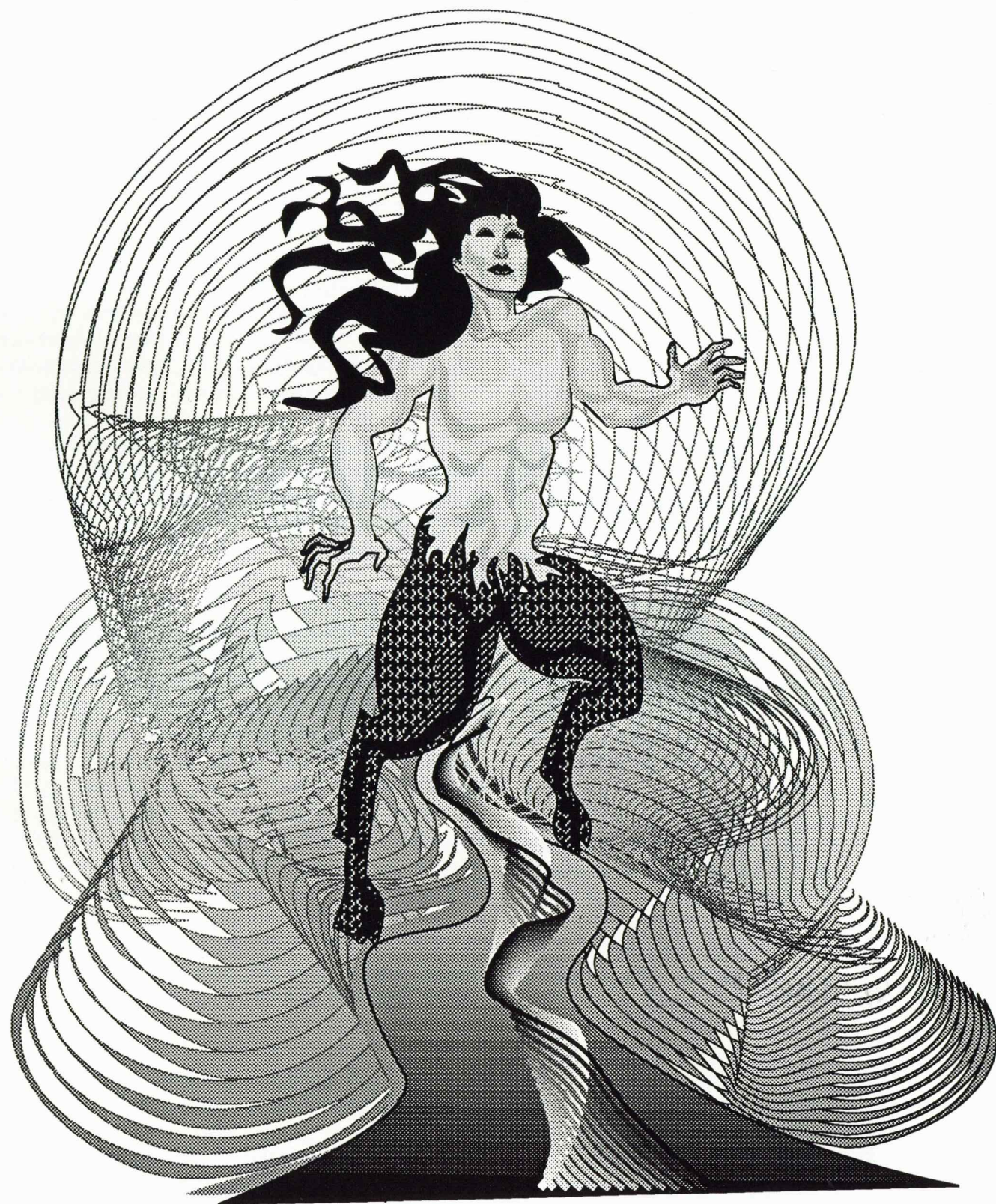
It rose with the pride of a king and never even deigned to look at us. Its eyes were glued on John who had by then taken off in the direction of the nearest tree. The buffalo took after him, and it had him within reach in a matter of seconds. It took him from behind with its big horns, tossed him up in the air five to six feet, and rushed on. John fell down with a small thud, and after that all was quiet. Everything stood still. Everything seemed dead. Before I realized what was happening, my hands had started sweating, my lips had become dry, and I could feel a thin streak of sweat running down behind my ear to my spine. How long it took me to recover, I don’t know. All I remember was the cattle stampeding and the strength in my arms as I struggled to climb a thorn tree.

The hunters, meanwhile, had armed themselves; and they were approaching the great beast from all angles with respect. The buffalo circled John menacingly with its nose close to his body. One of the best ways to fool a buffalo is to lie on the ground and pretend you are dead. John was “dead” at this time. Usually once the buffalo realizes you are no longer breathing, it will leave you alone and wander off where it will hide itself and observe you from a close distance. This was not the case this time, however. As I sat perched up in the tree, oblivious of the thorns sticking in every part of my body, I saw the beast push John over with its great horns. When he was turned over on his side, all I could see was blood running all the way from his face to his waist.

The first arrow struck with great accuracy. Mutuku (who I will call Steven) shot the buffalo in its neck. With blood trickling down its neck, it slowly turned its head; and one could see the anger written all over its face. The second arrow left the bow with a “twang.” This time, it struck the buffalo directly in the left eye. This was a good shot. The animal bellowed and advanced toward Steven with such ferociousness that it left him with no chance of escaping. Steven was unlucky as the beast drove its horns into his belly and flung him several feet forward. It trampled him and beat on him with its horns, leaving him for dead. At this point, the buff was already losing its sight as blood covered its face. Four more arrows were driven into its body, and it lost strength fast. Finally, in a last desperate effort for survival, the brute turned around and faced its pursuers. All the hunters came to a standstill, face to face with the animal. Bravely, the bull tried to move; but the effort was too great. It sank down slowly. First its front feet, and then its hind feet. The animal was dead in a few minutes.

With the dreaded buffalo dead, and our wounded and dead having been taken care of, I knew a big feast would follow.

Anthony M. Kyengo



YOUNG WORSHIPERS OF THE WIND GOD

10:08 p.m. Friday, March 18, 1988

Andy, Razz-Man, Connie, and Furguson sat waiting just off the roadside with the lights off. They had taken Razz-Man's trusty '69 Plymouth Satellite because it was black—a color that seemed fitting for the occasion. They had parked behind a small cluster of pines that stood just barely tall enough to cast a veil of darkness over the Satellite's hulking steel body, just tall enough to obscure the vision of "innocent" passers-by. It was a moonless night. Stars hung like rhine-stones from some immense, dark canopy, shimmering. Through the windshield Connie absently watched the lone streetlight which stood listlessly churning out a dim glow on the other side of Old Tresmont Road. A hazy and inconsequential halo rimmed the outer limits of the glow almost as if it were ashamed to advance. Furguson sat next to Connie, behind the wheel, his eyes fixed on the road before him. There was a coldness—feral yet serene—as he stared intently into the March darkness. Somewhere in the forest behind them, an owl emitted a spiritless hoot for no particular reason and then was silent. Andy and Razz sat in the backseat rigidly, looking like cheap B-Grade movie zombies; their faces expressionless and pale. Yet deceptively so. Somewhere deep within the quiet and forbidden alcoves of their subconscious, there were forces at work busily constructing memories of events that were never to be, erasing events that were yet to come. Deceit. The radio spat mindless static into the air in frantic spurts. Conversation had long since tapered off yielding to the pleasant drone of the rising wind. Yes, The Wind God was happy; and that was a strong sign, indeed.

It was 10:15 p.m. when the three punks from Ridgefield High showed up.

A pair of headlights topped the summit of the hill and focused on the tired and old wooden scaffold that was Thompson's Bridge. The vehicle began creeping slowly across. The lights quivered as

the tires struck the bridge's steel frame. Furguson smiled and turned the engine over.

The time that lapsed between the initial sighting of the Ridgefield clan and their subsequent crossing of the Briar Ridge town line—where the black Plymouth lurked just beyond the shadows, idling—seemed far too long. Furguson mused over the possibility that The Wind God had somehow miscalculated this time. It was a thought he chose not to share with the others, and probably wisely so. Though he suspected they might be having similar doubts of their own. They were. Yet at precisely 10:15, a tattered blue relic of a pickup truck—Randy Ames' pickup—containing three teen-aged boys, staggered lazily past. Tony was driving, Randy rode shotgun, and that red-headed, freckly, fink was in the middle. They were whooping and guffawing like hyenas. A bottle of Evan Williams danced merrily between them. "I'd say them boys are 'bout two sheets to the wind, wouldn't you, Razz?" Furguson observed. "Hell, maybe three!" Andy chirped out of turn, and felt like an ass for having done so. But no one seemed to notice. The wind had risen from a pleasant drone to an all out wail. It was time.

Furguson put the car in gear, leaving the lights off; and they crawled slowly out of the woods and onto Old Tresmont Road. The blue pickup cantered slowly on ahead, swaying blatantly as it went. They hadn't noticed the Plymouth in passing; they had been preoccupied with the bottle of Evan and thoughts of what kinky little Amy Senn might have planned for them when they arrived at her house. But they wouldn't make it to Amy Senn's house. The Wind God would see to that. Furguson had managed to lessen the distance between the two vehicles to about twenty-five yards, and still they went unnoticed. Furguson found this fact truly astounding. "It's time to rock 'n roll, folks." Furguson sang nervously, readjusting his grip on the stirring wheel. Connie quickly secured her seatbelt, then pressed one hand firmly against the Satellite's bulky dash to

absorb the impending shock. Andy and Razz Man (whose real name was Bernard Gerney—a cruel joke played on him by his parents) exchanged worried glances. Andy swallowed the lump that had been forming in his throat. Then they both hurried about the business of buckling up. Furguson punched the pedal to the floor. And the engine roared.

The first strike was their only strike. Furguson had managed to get the rust-bucket Plymouth up to 55 mph by the time its front end slammed into the pickup's broad rear. He had whipped the wheel swiftly to the left at the last possible moment, which sent the truck into a spin and ultimately over the right road shoulder and into a ravine at the bottom of a twenty-foot embankment. Connie had seen the Evin Williams bottle fly from Red Freckle's hand and crash against the truck's windshield resulting in a spray of glass filled foam. This happened at about the same time her jaw slammed shut on her lower lip, creating a spray of her own, a bright red frothy spray, which hit the Satellite's dingy windshield. However, later she would remember falsely that she had bitten her lip while attempting to get a glass of water in the night, tripping over her misplaced book satchel. Overhead, the cloudless, moonless sky quickly darkened. Clouds of improbable configurations folded in at impossible speeds, seemingly mere feet above them. The wind raged around them suddenly omnipotent.

The same thrust that had catapulted the unsuspecting Ridgefield kids over the embankment, where they now lay bleeding or dead—or both, had only dealt Furguson and crew a modest jolt; there was only one slashed lip and some minor whiplash, (which Razz and Andy would wrongly mistake for hangovers later). Furguson had somehow managed to maintain control of the car, though barely, and pulled off the left shoulder into a patch of dense shrubs some 50 yards up the road. The door-hinges screamed defiantly against the wind's obstinate fury as Connie forced the door open. They crawled slowly out the passenger's door (the driver's door was wedged snugly against a wall of wild juniper and matted twists of vine). Connie first, then Furguson, Razz and Andy followed, shakily. They

could feel the wind's ominous and sublime force, like an invisible, molesting hand, violating their bodies. It was a foul wind, clammy and cold—sharp to the senses. It smelled of carrion, tasted of it. Connie wanted to puke, but her stomach denied her that simple pleasure. Andy saw where the skid marks left the black top 50 feet back. There was minor debris strewn across the road, tire rubber, shards of glass. Andy leaned into the treacherous wind, and the others followed. They had almost made it to the embankment over which the Ridgefield teens had hurtled, when they heard it. . .

It started as a shrill howl emanating from the west, echoing, stabbing at their eardrums. They caught a glimpse of the blue pickup's twisted carcass. The headlights were still on, casting murky light against the forest's contrasting backdrop of darkness. Razz noticed that the left rear wheel was still spinning in slow, laborious revolutions, reminding him, stupidly, of an old wagon he'd had as a boy. And there was movement inside the cab. They all saw it. Furguson's heart skipped a beat. He was in serious trouble. But the howl tore their attention from the wreckage. They turned 180 degrees to face it, mouths agape, motionless.

There was a small hill several yards up the road from where the Satellite rested. The howl, still rising, was coming from just over the crest and seemed to be heading straight for them—and quickly. A cascade of astonishing colors erupted and then spilled over the apex of the hill in a river of brilliance. A globe of those same strange tints and hues began rising from just behind the summit, dwarfing the trees of the surrounding forest. A silhouette reached skyward from the center of the growing sphere, and then a shadow rushed over the hilltop and onto the tar and gravel of Old Tresmont Road. Then the source of the shadow appeared—a dark figure of menace in the midst of that radiant storm of eerie ghost light. A pang of terror seized their hearts simultaneously. They saw the figure loom. It advanced like the sound that was ripping down Old Tresmont, like a projectile on a mission of doom. Its strides, long and precise, almost mechanical, like pistons. Andy's bladder relaxed.

“Help. . . me.” a voice from behind them pleaded feebly. Connie turned toward the voice and saw that it was Randy Ames—but they couldn't tear their attention from the oncoming horror. Randy had somehow succeeded in scaling the embankment and was now grappling his way along the road shoulder, on his hands and knees; his right leg, looking badly mangled, slithered lifelessly behind him. Connie noticed a flap of skin about two inches in diameter dangling from his cheek, making her think, grotesquely, of raw pork liver. Their eyes met only briefly before his attention, also, was drawn toward the source of the howling. “Oh, dear God, what is it?” he cried, his eyes revealing the terror his mind would not accept. He did an about face, scurried back to the shoulder's edge, plunged over and was never seen again. The figure, only about 100 yards away gaining ground quickly, began to develop features. The spectrum of light had, at first, seemed to surround him—now they could plainly see that it radiated from him, creating a corona of color. The shape was almost human, but not quite. The wind had mellowed to a constant presence, the eye of the storm, perhaps, Randy thought, bewildered. Connie turned, her lower lip swollen and still bathed in blood. Razz Man, alias Bernard Gerney, buckled at the knees, his eyes rolled back, he produced a strangled sigh, and collapsed to the pavement in a heap.

Andy wet his pants some more.

The creature came into full view 50 yards before it reached them (it was within a few feet of where the Satellite was interred). And it was undergoing some strange and rapid metamorphosis. Its body, looking eerily like a wingless gargoyle, or even more absurdly, a demon, began changing. . . reforming. Its inhuman howling dropped an octave and finally broke off completely; the ringing in their ears lingered mercilessly. Its eyes, which before had been without irises, without pupils, only glowing whites, like neon cataracts, began developing more human qualities. Thick black sprouts appeared on its head, writhed, then tumbled to his shoulder in tresses and tufts. The kaleidoscope aura remained consistent. It was within 30 yards; and its pace

slackened to a brisk gait, and then to a steady, and seemingly automated, march. It was no longer the wingless gargoyle, but rather a mongrel. Its torso and head were well sculpted, angular, and quite clearly that of a man. Hideously, its legs and hind quarters had not yet been transformed; and the creature reminded Furguson of Pan, the woodland spirit of ancient Greek mythology (in a less traumatized frame of mind, Furguson might have noticed that the beast's legs were not those of a goat, but rather those of a devil creating an illusion that was more aptly one of Pan from hell). But the legs, too, soon changed. It strode within ten yards, and it was a man—a nude man. His stride unwavering and strong. His eyes were a cold, steel-blue, and seemed to mark only Furguson. Furguson thought he could feel those eyes penetrate his skull and begin pecking ravenously away at the tender meat beneath. That thought sent goose-flesh racing over his body in centipede sprints.

Behind them, Andy was trying to disappear. He shrank back from the others quietly (suppressing a scream), being very careful not to draw any attention to himself. But he tripped over Razz's unconscious body, and fell to the pavement face first; his chin raked by the gravel. Andy joined Razz Man in the world of the unconscious. “Furguson!” the Wind God barked in a synthetic, almost—but not quite—human voice. He was almost upon them now, and he was grinning savagely through a mouth full of ragged and misaligned teeth. Drool was flowing freely from the corners of his mouth. In his soul Furguson felt the horror of his error.

Looking into the Wind God's eyes was probably the best thing Connie could have done—not that she had any choice in the matter, because she didn't. But in the end it was that which saved her. It has been said that to look into the face of that which is truly evil, will surely drive one insane. Not true. At least, not in Connie's case. For Connie, it acted as a sort of temporary short circuit—reality lapsed, if you will.

Connie Elaine Garrison would never know the brutality enacted by the Wind God against her

beloved Furguson, nor would she know the pleasure the Wind God received from administering it. When Connie, Andy, and Bernard awoke the next morning, each tucked safely beneath the sheets of his or her bed, they would remember nothing of the night before. Berny (he would no longer know the name Razz Man) would remember leaving with Andy after the Briar Ridge High/Ridgefield High football game. He would remember discovering his car in the school parking lot, the front end bashed in, which he would attribute to a hit and run. He would have a doozy of a headache from drinking too much Kentucky bourbon. Andy would vaguely remember being dropped off after the game, drunk, and falling up the stairs to his house, smashing his chin. He would recall, shamefully, dreaming of a vast waterfall. Connie would think she'd stayed in her room most of the night thoroughly engrossed in some book called The Stand and, of course, tripping clumsily over her book satchel in the night while on her way to get a glass of water—splitting her lip. There would be no memories of Edward Daniel

Furguson—at all. There would be no pictures of him in the high school annuals, no birth certificate, no social security number. Nothing. He had been, simply, erased from existence.

The three teens from Ridgefield High would remember wrecking Tony's pickup after swerving to miss a deer while enroute back to Ridgefield after the ball game. . . or at least so they would tell their parents.

In the years to come, Connie would watch Berny and Andy become just two more of society's many clones walking aimlessly through the prescribed mazes of life. In fact, she would wonder what they had ever had in common anyway. And on those cold and lonely winter nights, when the wind was especially strong, Connie would dream fitfully.

J. Danner Wilson, Jr.



DEGUELLO (no quarter)

2 Ripe avocados, MASHED
1 Clove garlic, CRUSHED
1 Ripe tomato, CHOPPED
Black pepper, GROUND
Table salt, PINCHED

Eugene Downs

Do-BE-Do

Each one of us is a being
that is doing.

Why can't we all be doing
what we are being?

Sandy Jenkins

ESCUELA

Los libros, los papeles, las notas
Hombres, mujeres, profesores.
Ensenando, estudiando, aprendiendo
Haciendo. . . aburrido, matando
Preparando a trabajar hasta la muerte. . .

?Por que?

No lo entiendo.
Me gustaría ser niño otra vez

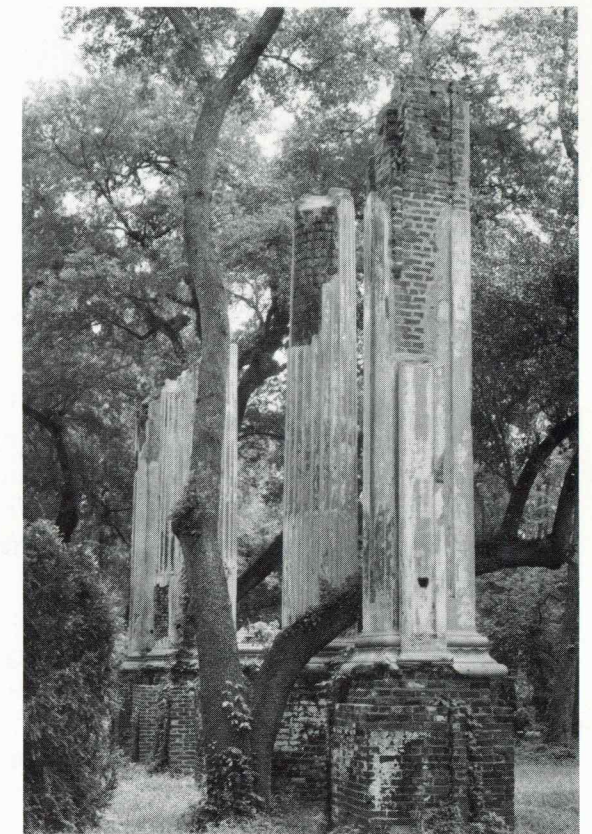
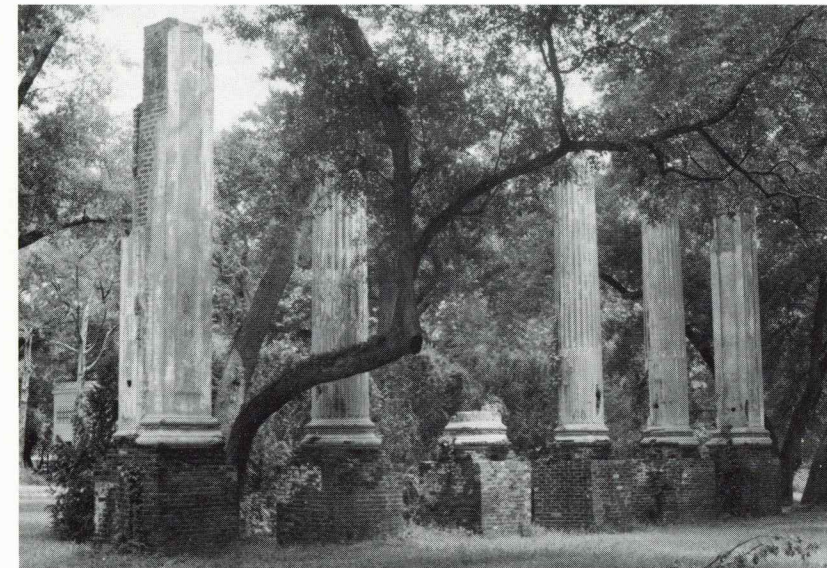
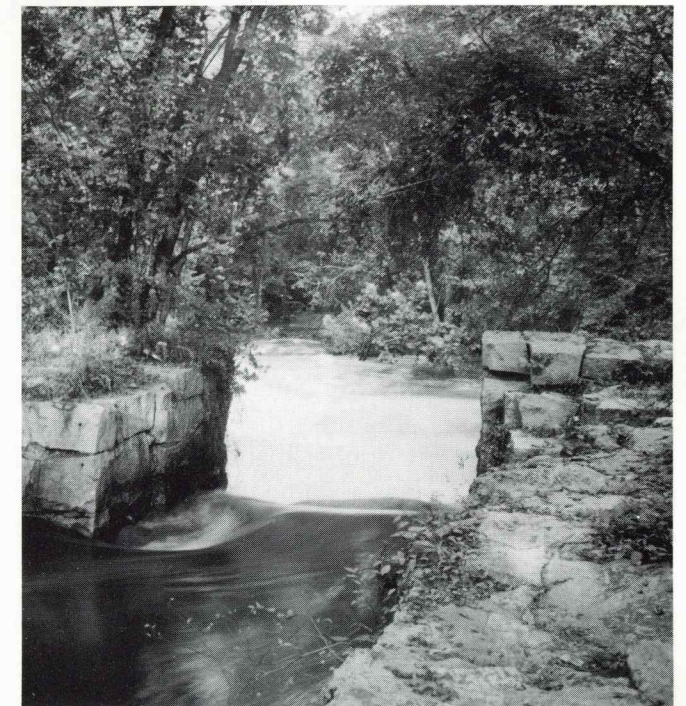
Cheryl Bielobockie

WHAT?

Something
should be done about anything
(Shouldn't it?)

We cannot
do nothing about everything
(Can we?)

Sandy Jenkins



BACK TO THE GARDEN

The other day I was leaving my house; and just as I started the car and proceeded down the driveway, a large fly landed on the hood. I was instantly transported.

Suddenly I was paddling my kayak down the Santee River toward the Atlantic. The ugly fly had been transformed into a beautiful, iridescent dragonfly come to share my company for a moment before resuming his dragonfly duties. The rhythmic chip-drip sound as my double-bladed paddle entered and exited the water was accompanied by a veritable chorus of mysterious, unseen jungle birds and the omnipresent cicada. The air was warm and my brow damp, but the cool river water running down the paddle shaft onto my hands and bare thighs worked to keep me comfortable. Occasionally my solitude was interrupted by a deer coming down to the river to drink. They would just stand mesmerized, staring, wide eyes, at the UFO (unidentified floating object).

I have been under stress lately. Often, when I have a problem with stress I do not consciously realize it until I have an episode like the one detailed above. I experience a flashback to a mountain-top in Maine or a gurgling spring in the Shenandoahs or remember a time when I lunched on baby-corn found growing wild on a shady river bank, and I will know that something in my life requires attention.

Nature is my sanctuary. I escape civilization as often as possible. When I cannot escape, memories are usually adequate, for a while. But I must eventually "go native" or "go bonkers." We all need to get "back to the garden" from time to time.

There are only two forms of life on this planet—flora and fauna (foregoing any further metaphysical considerations for this discussion). Since we are not plants, it logically follows that we must be animals. Why it is so uncomfortable for some persons to acknowledge this appellation I will never understand. As animals, we are subject to

many, perhaps most, of the natural laws governing animals as a whole. One of these laws is the fact that animals do better in the wild than in captivity. The city as a cage is a metaphor that few living in one would have trouble understanding. We have only to remember our last traffic-jam to relate. I have lived, briefly, in urban areas of Atlanta, Georgia and San Antonio, Texas; and, as far as I am concerned, the experience only goes to prove the toughness and resiliency of the human animal. I would consider neither experience pleasant or comfortable.

Cities, almost by definition, imply a certain individual anonymity. And, unfortunately, there is an element of human nature that would rather steal than earn—would rather use than help or give. If we think we can get away with something, we are often tempted to try it. Anonymity and opportunism are at the root of most of society's problems. But in a small community where everyone knows everyone else, one is less likely to try anything illegal or immoral, and is less likely to even want to. In a small community the transgressor will eventually be found out.

It is almost a truism that urbanites, as a whole, are less moral than rural folk. And the reason for this is that rural folk live closer to natural law. Large cities are unnatural human environments. The much beleaguered lab rat, so often our surrogate, will resort to cannibalism when forced to live in overcrowded conditions.

Nature is a remarkably "moral" environment. It is therapeutic. With my own eyes I have witnessed situations in the wild, that, had they occurred in the city, could have qualified as certifiable miracles.

When I escape the wilderness, I always go alone. I would, normally, have it no other way. I usually go places that I am unlikely to see other humans. But three years ago I had occasion to travel to Maine and hike south to Massachusetts, along the Appalachian Trail, for six hundred miles. During the

two and a half months of this trip I met many people and came home with a much greater respect for others and myself as a result.

People who would not give each other the time of day in the city would develop a solid friendship in a matter of hours. I remember Rhonda and Peggy (the Texas Turtles) who gave me lots of pointers at the start of my trip. I remember sitting by a waterfall and "talking blisters" with Bill Post, the bush pilot from Alaska. I remember the wonderful Italian meal big Jim Skevins (the Jersey Giant) bought for me when my money did not arrive at the post office on time. And I still write to Diane and Deb (the Dairy Queens), from Wisconsin, who gave me my trail name, "Plum Tuckered."

I could go on for hours about Hoey and Charity Jacob (great names, huh?) who gave me a camp stove, trusting me to mail the money for it later. Or, again, Jim Skevins, who gave me his parents' phone number and told me to call them when I got to New York and they would give me a tour of the city. These are just a few of dozens of such experiences.

But my last experience on the trail involving people is the most memorable. I had originally planned to hike half of the "A.T." (about a thousand miles); but just before crossing into Massachusetts, I apparently drank some contaminated water. I got sick. At first I was just "sick," but my condition deteriorated over a period of a couple of weeks to the point that I became rather violently ill. After a night spent running back and forth between my warm sleeping bag in the trail-side lean-to and the cold outhouse (it was a thirty degree night), I decided to go home. I packed and headed down the trail to Dalton, Massachusetts. There I caught a bus to the next town that had a Trailways station. I was out of money, so I tried to call my parents so they

could wire me the hundred and twenty dollars for the ticket. They were not home. I stayed in town all day trying to reach them, to no avail (they were out of town). The next day was Saturday, and the Western Union office would be closed for the weekend. Because of the nature of my illness, I had decided that it would be best if I ate nothing until I got home; and it had already been two days since I had eaten. I was upset.

With the coming of five o'clock and the closing of the Western Union, I realized that I would not be leaving Massachusetts that day. I spent my last seventy cents to get back to Dalton, then made my way to the lean-to. When I got there I found it occupied by a couple from Wyoming whose names, I am so embarrassed to admit, I have forgotten. After laughing about the grandiose reference I had left on the trail register—"The Handsomest Guy on the Trail"—my new trail name (at that point I had lost over thirty pounds and was feeling very good about myself), and talking for a half hour, upon hearing of my plight, they offered, with absolutely no prodding, to lend me the hundred and twenty dollars for the bus ticket. I was floored! I gladly accepted, however.

The next morning we exchanged addresses so that I could mail them the money; and after thanking them profusely, I was on my way home.

These examples are all the proof I need that the "natural" man is better than the civilized man. If we could all get "back to the garden," back to nature from time to time, all of society, and mankind in general would benefit.

Eugene Downs

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

"Mommy, I'm going downstairs to ride my horse." Laurie said softly in my ear as she did every morning about seven o'clock. Laurie was three years old at the time, and this was a daily occurrence. Luckily, something somewhere jogged my memory. It was a special day. "Wait!" I said, as she padded to the bedroom door. "Don't you remember what day this is?" Laurie's blank face registered no remembrance. "Saturday," she said. "Laurie, who came to see you last night?" I asked. "I don't know!" she said. I was, by this time, fully awake and struck with amusement that after all the preparation in the last few days and the excitement of the night before, Laurie had forgotten Christmas. Christmas—the very word conjures up parties, Santa Claus, toys, food, and most especially, the birthday of Jesus. However, Christmas also conjures up memories of traditions started, traditions carried out, and memories of traditions lost and then found with the birth of my own children. It's strange that you don't think about Christmas traditions much until it's your time to establish them with your children. After all, when you begin to analyze what makes Christmas a special time, you will find the things you remember best about Christmas are the little things which are done over and over again every year. It's funny how age changes perspectives and priorities.

Tradition is defined in Webster's *Dictionary* as "knowledge, doctrines, customs, practices, etc., transmitted from generation to generation." According to this definition, Christmas is steeped in tradition. Christmas during my childhood meant a lot of things to me; and looking back, I realize those "things" were really traditions. My brother, Bubba, and I always knew Christmas was on the way when Mama would drag decorations out of the attic to decorate a tree which always had to dry out a day or two after our buying it in the rain. Bubba and I would beg until Daddy would finally get up out of his easy chair very, very slowly and begin to string the lights around the tree so that Bubba and I could finish the job of decorating. Daddy rarely helped decorate past the lights and the star, but he always watched our progress

with an amused grin. After we finished decorating, Nana and Papa, my grandparents, would come and look at our creation and admire our handiwork. The tree was not perfectly arranged like the trees in store displays but rather disarranged like a giant collage of colored glass, lights, and large hunks of tinsel; we were too impatient to hang it strand by strand.

The second event which always heralded the coming of Christmas at our house was the arrival of "the Box!" The presents from my "Aunt Tweet" always arrived about a week before Christmas. The excitement began to rise at a fever pitch. However, Bubba and I were allowed to open only one gift per day beginning three days before Christmas. Therefore, we could take advantage of the other two days in order to investigate and to shake every gift under the tree countless times. After all, we did not want to be duped into opening a gift of clothes instead of toys with which we could occupy ourselves until the big day. I can remember the feeling of disappointment if underwear did appear instead of a game.

Events, however, don't create traditions by themselves; people create traditions. The most important person at this time in my life was Nana, and she loved Christmas. She created many of our family traditions, for instance, our annual Christmas shopping trip. Mama would wait until Daddy had to be out of town on business (sometimes I wonder perhaps if she sent him out of town); at any rate, Mama and Nana would take Bubba and me Christmas shopping. We would go up town, split up, shop, exchange partners, and shop some more. I bought the usual powder-puffs for Mama and the traditional earrings for Nana. Because Nana loved her shrimp salad and egg-custard pie, we would go to Morrison's and eat. Afterwards, a ride around to see the lights put a very satisfactory end to our "big night out." In the following days, Nana would clear off the big bed in the "middle room," and we would wrap Christmas presents. She never fussed about the amount of paper or ribbon that I'm sure I wasted. Christmas Eve, after everything was ready, Bubba

and I hung some of Mama's old stockings on one of the old straight-backed chairs. We would place money in the stockings "to help Santa out," put some of Jesus' birthday cake and milk out for Santa, and listen to the faint jingle of bells (which Papa was jingling in his pocket). We always accused Daddy of doing it even when he would empty his pockets in protest; I wonder why we never thought that it could be Papa. These traditions were re-enacted ever year without fail; and although they were special to me then, their memory is pure gold now.

Two particular Christmas Eves stand out in my mind. On one of them, Bubba jumped into the bathtub with all of his clothes on. Daddy told Bubba that Santa was going to pass him by because he was not in bed. Upon hearing bells, Bubba darted into the tub, clothes and all, and promptly fell asleep. The second Christmas Eve was several years later. I was lying in the bed which Nana and I shared; she was brushing her hair at the dresser. Of course, I could not sleep. All of a sudden, we heard a noise; she went to the window, looked out, and said, "Santa is in the drive-way!" Then, she took a literal flying leap into the bed and told me to shut my eyes. I squeezed them tightly shut for a very long time before I fell asleep.

As always, Christmas came around six in the morning for Bubba and me. We would go upstairs and try to wake Mama and Daddy, who unbeknown to us, had usually just gotten in bed. After the usual arguments with Daddy, we would go downstairs and wait outside the closed living room door for an eternity until Mama and Daddy gathered up the camera (and themselves) and came downstairs. Papa would be awakened by a shout of "Christmas gift!" When everyone gathered in the hallway, the door would be opened to display the dreams of childhood. I always went to my new doll first, but I could not touch anything until Pap had said a prayer, which at the time seemed to last forever. Now, I would give anything to sit through one of those prayers again.

These Christmas mornings all run together happily until I was twelve, and I found out that Santa wouldn't come anymore. My brother said that if Santa wouldn't come to see me, then Santa did not

have to come see him either. Actually, I think that is the first time I was really thankful for my little brother. Christmas was never the same after that. Incredibly, I had believed in Santa all those years because my parents had told me that as long as I believed, he would come. After that, we began to spend Christmas Eve at a family gathering given by one of Daddy's closest friends; after dinner we attended midnight services. Since there was no rush to open our gifts, we began to wait until Christmas night to open them. This arrangement gave Mama and Nana more time to prepare a wonderful Christmas dinner, and Mama didn't have to stay up all night getting ready as she had done for years. Besides, Christmas lasted longer that way.

Amazingly, all of these memories flashed through my mind in the few seconds in which Laurie turned around and came to my bedside. I realized, while watching Laurie's blank face, that my memories of Christmas traditions in my childhood are mine; whatever Laurie and her sisters remember about Christmas will be partly of my making. Therefore, all the work to decorate, the wrapping, and the cooking take on new meaning. I had planned this day very carefully, only partly aware that I was establishing traditions, which, I hope, will establish Christmas memories for Laurie, Elizabeth, and Mary.

Referring to Webster's, I found another definition for the word "tradition." It also means to "deliver" or "surrender." At first, this definition did not seem consistent with the first. After some thought, however, I realized that traditions are customs and practices which are handed down, or delivered, or surrendered to the next generation. It is important that I surrender these traditions I hold dear to my girls or establish new ones that they will be able to remember fondly. I may not be able to do all that my parents did for us, but I can maintain traditions from year to year which will at least give them something real to hold on to in an uncertain world. I will surrender the traditions; but Laurie, Elizabeth, and Mary will have to make their own memories.

SINGLES BAR

The mystery of a sultry evening
 seduces, they congregate
 at this opportunistic
 dip in the road with its
 voluptuous bubbling stream,
 the flurry of yellow-green
 green-yellow passion
 stirs the fog of dusky smoke.
 They glow, full of
 witless desire,
 on off on off
 neon advertisements of
 unrest, these fireflies
 persist in grandiose
 conversation, signal
 relentlessly
 yes no yes no
 I want you I don't
 want you, they
 move and stop, light
 and fly away, I need
 you, I don't know
 what I need, buy you
 a drink honey?
 Stay go stay go, come
 with me, to the tall
 green and feathery
 ferns of my hiding place,
 I will show you where
 this brook shines in
 the moonlight, the dark
 will arrive, tonight
 we will be satisfied, and
 one day perhaps
 I will say I love you, I
 don't love you

Jan Ervin

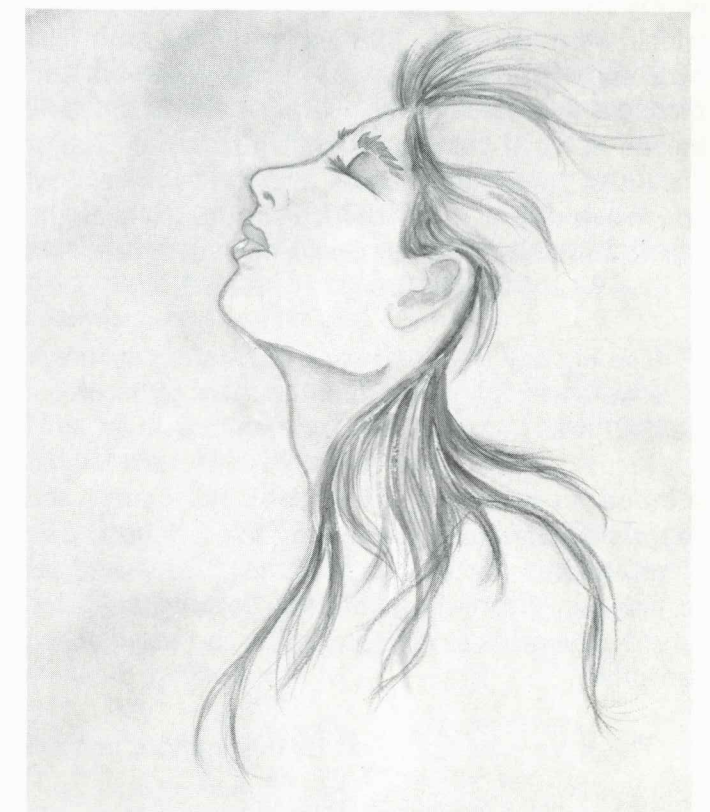
INDUCTION

It was another
 sultry night; at two a.m.
 the Dunkin Donuts
 on Northwest Highway
 was at least well lighted, in fact
 excruciatingly
 fluorescent, and I was weary
 of stomping from
 one dim street to the next
 without purpose. I
 infiltrated the place, still
 delirious with anger,
 and asked for
 coffee, what the hell,
 sleep was out of the question
 hours ago.

The dirty leather faces
 took me in. Why
 is she here, she
 ain't a bum and
 she ain't police
 and she ain't doing
 laundry
 next door. I could
 sense them analyzing
 in some oddly wise manner
 my tangled yellow hair,
 flushed white skin,
 raw red
 eyes.

I bounced a similarly
 haggard stare
 across the counter.
 It said to them,
 I live with
 a wild man.
 They went back to
 reading their Bibles, crushing
 cigarettes
 into the pink ashtrays
 and stumbling
 to the restroom.
 Thank God,
 they accepted me,
 and my thighs
 stuck to the vinyl
 good as any regular's

Jan Ervin



SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS. . .

Yesterday, while walking down the hallway at work, I overheard the conversation of two ladies in front of me. One remarked to the other, "Did you see the dress that girl had on? It looks as if she got it from Rose's Dime Store." The other lady laughed at the remark, and they continued to talk in a hateful manner about the girl.

Their conversation reminded me of a painful experience I had years ago. Suddenly, I was a small child, six years old again. That year was to be so exciting for me, for it was the year that I could join my older brothers and go to school! My parents were farmers; and my siblings and I were raised on a farm in Lee County, South Carolina. We rode the school bus twenty-six miles one way to go to school in Sumter.

My mother had made a new dress for me to wear on my first day of school. She had taken feed bags, which were made of cloth and patterned with pale blue flowers, and painstakingly washed and bleached the material until it was as soft as a baby's breath. She had cut and sewn the dress, modeling it after a picture from a Sears and Roebuck catalog; and when she was finished, I thought it was the prettiest dress I had ever seen. She put the dress up, and we waited for my first day of school.

The big day finally arrived; and before the break of dawn I was up, so excited, for I was to become a "schoolgirl." I rushed through my breakfast, so I could put on my new dress. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the school bus came; and happily I boarded it, following my brothers. The other children on the bus shared a kinship with us for they, too, were farm children. Proudly, I showed off my new dress to the other girls; and they "oohed and aahed."

The school bus reached its destination, and the

children got off. My brother, Gerald, took me by the hand and showed me how to get to my classroom. It was buzzing with children, and the teacher was attempting to create some sort of order. She assigned me to a seat in the midst of several little girls. One of the girls had on the prettiest sweater I had ever seen, reminding me of the color of a fluffy cloud at sunset. I learned later that the sweater was made of angora wool, a material I had never touched or ever seen. I greeted them with a shy, "Hello."

The girls in this group were all from the city and, as such, did not acknowledge my feeble attempts to speak to them. One of the girls leaned over to another and whispered in her ear. This girl turned around and looked at me and giggled. I began to feel uncomfortable and left out. At recess time that morning, I stood alone as the girls ran, played on the swings, and played jumprope. I wandered toward an older group of girls standing on the edge of the playground. Suddenly one of the girls looked at me and exclaimed, "Look at that little girl's dress. It looks like it was made from a feed sack." All of them began to giggle and point at me. That was my first awareness of class distinction. Quite definitely I was the outsider and remained an outsider for my grade school days, not being accepted by the "town people." It was a painful, degrading experience and could have had deep-lasting effects had it not been for the support from my brothers.

Since that day, I've been exposed to all sorts of "cliques," recognizing how the insiders snub the outsiders, attempting to "put down" those "upstarts" that might try to enter the "inner sanctum." But none will ever touch me the way the rejection during my first years in school did.

H. Arlene Sandy

THE GUIDE DOG

Uncle Frank's dog, Mike, was mildly retarded. He rode, stiff-legged, atop my uncle's Jeep. In Jerico, in town, everyone waved, "Hi Frank. Hi Mike." Mike struck a noble pose and ignored all greetings. Uncle Frank honked and waved.

"I'd get rid of the devil." Grandpa advised after Mike had bitten Uncle Frank's hand in his haste to get to the food bowl. Uncle Frank required stitches and a foul-smelling brown ointment. Mike sat watching and drooled all over the linoleum while grandpa sewed up his brother's hand.

"Can't do it, Gordon." Frank stated. "He's a mighty good watchdog." Grandpa sat up straight and eyed his brother.

"No one wants to come to your place, Frank," he said. "Hell, you planted poison ivy all over your fence to keep people out."

"Well," Uncle Frank said, thinking it over, "he's been known to lead me home a time or two."

It was Uncle Frank's habit to drive his Jeep to Eight Mile Corner and have a few cold ones with the boys, Mike riding aloft, as usual, ears flapping, slobber training. Mike generally moped around, sniffing and hiking an occasional leg against barstool and pantlegs alike. When Uncle Frank reached his quota, he shoved up from the stool and weaved toward the door. "C'mon, Mike," he shouted. Jerry, the bartender, shook his head and said, "See you later, Frank, Mike."

Outside, Frank pulled Mike off the top of his Jeep. "No. No." he shouted and shoved Mike into position and fired up the Jeep. Mike stood stupidly in front, eyeing the Jeep's top, his rightful perch. "Le'ss go, Mikey." Uncle Frank slurred drunkenly from within.

Finally the engine raced and startled Mike forward. "That a boy," my uncle shouted. He threw the Jeep in gear and charged the terrified mutt.

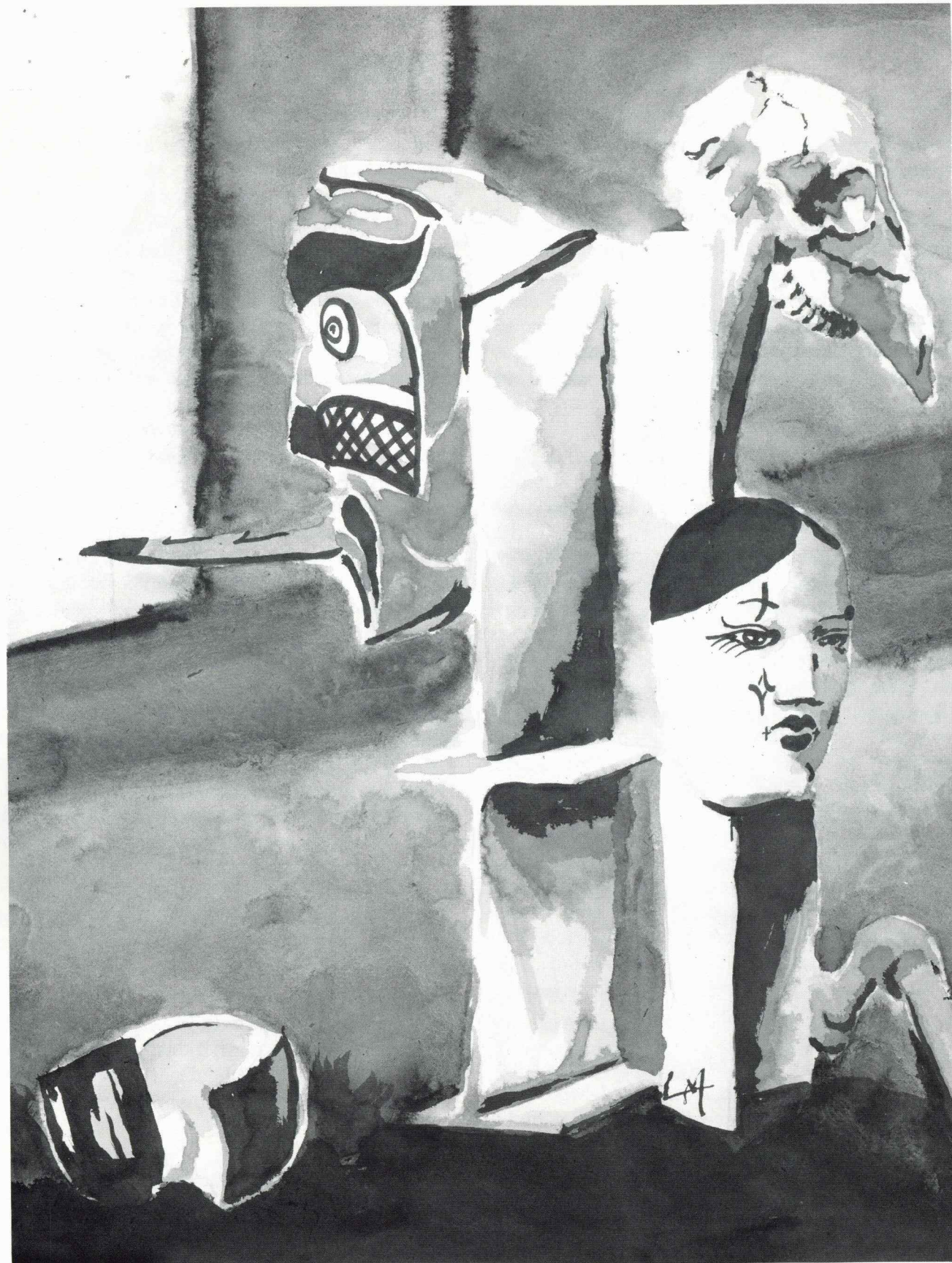
The rattling Jeep picked up speed and flew across the road after the anxious hound. Mike leaped the ditch into Brother Penfoe's Mom's wheat field, with Uncle Frank lurching and bouncing close behind. The race was on in earnest with Uncle Frank closing on Mike and Mike circling and cutting back like a high-priced quarter horse. Schlitz cans and young wheat and red dust swirled in the Jeep's wake until Mike found the ditch again and, jumping across it, fled over the road to safety. Roylee Honicutt opened the Eight Mile's door and said, "Hey, here's Mike. Didn't he leave with Frank?" Jerry reached for Frank's empty glass and refilled it. He placed it on a napkin marked Long's Funeral Home and slid it in front of Uncle Frank's empty barstool.

In a rusty GMC truck in the parking lot, a necking couple looked up to see a bouncing Jeep smash through the last two rows of new winter wheat, vault the ditch, screech across the two lanes of blacktop and grind to a halt, inches from the corner of the cinder block tavern. A cloud of winter wheat dust and blue exhaust fumes caught up and settled on the sleeping cars.

A voice bellowed, "We there, Mikey?" Mike bounded up and pawed the Jeep's door. The mercury light buzzed and snapped.

"Oh, all right!" Uncle Frank eased out of the Jeep's door. "One more; but then we're going home, hear?" He reached down and ruffled Mike's ears.

Brent Swager



6/3/91

I don't think you remember
that shell you picked up

the brief but bountiful attention you
showered upon it

attractive enough to pick up
yet not special enough to take home

I took that shell
the one you left
alone

forgotten

I put it close to my heart
where it remains each day

Though you'll never find one like it

I hope you find one better. . .

Elissa Nauful
Spring Valley H.S.

OWED TO MORRISON—

Life born torrent
Flesh bound Chaos
Disorder
Sense, made rage in a gypsy's eyes.
Death dances in words.
Souls break through.
Blackened gazes find doors.

Charles T. Goodson, Jr.

SCARED

I am scared of
creepy sounds on a dark lonely night.
Howls that come from deep in the woods,
and the cries of someone in pain or fear.

I am sacred of
each coming day that may call for
the death of loved ones and losing friends.

I am scared of
the loss of everything God has
ever given to me.

But most of all, I'm scared
of life itself.

Keleigh Sanders
Fairfield Central H.S.

WORLD OF GRAY

Something is missing
Inside of me.
There is an empty place
In my soul.
I'm searching for a way
To fill the space
But still I feel
So cold.
Long dark nights
Are misery
Falling between each doubtful day.
I cry through the night
And wake only to find
I'm alone without you in a world of gray.

Julie Lucas



SUMMER RENEWAL

I sat in the front seat of the light blue pickup truck next to my good friend Lillian, smiling to myself. It was still dark and very early in the morning, so we weren't talking very much. Lillian's husband, Charlie, was driving thoughtfully.

I was already beginning to feel the warmth of the sun and the ocean breezes intermittently warming then cooling my entire body. My smile broadened in anticipation of what the day would bring.

As it grew light and the morning awakened our excitement, I thought of home and all the day-to-day problems I had left behind. A feeling of guilt threatened my joyous spirit. I determinedly confronted the guilt and told myself how much I needed these two days away. I had just two days to renew my troubled soul and find some courage to keep smiling in the midst of all the conflicts at home. I had left the children with capable and loving people where they too might experience a welcome change.

The day proved to be just what we expected. It was hot. The sky was that bright, deep shade of blue that draws your spirit heavenward. There were no clouds in sight; and for a time I was totally devoid of the heavy, weighted down feeling of mortality.

The ocean was there in its constant motion with waves crashing, and the salty scent was all around me. I was completely warmed by the sun and relished the refreshing ocean breeze. I had found my reprieve.

That evening when the sun had begun to fade, we prepared with excitement and anticipated the delicious seafood. As I sat savoring each morsel of the scallop dinner on my plate, the guilt tried to

resurface and haunt me. Again, I pushed it aside forcefully. That night in our motel room, just before falling into a deep sleep, I decided I must have died and gone to heaven. It had been a wonderful day.

I awoke early before first light. Not wanting to disturb my devoted friends, I slipped quietly into my clothes and out the door. Out on the beach I could see the stooped figures of the beachcombers as they examined each shell deposited there by the sea. The sky was gray, and I couldn't tell if it was cloudy and the sun had already come up and gone into hiding or if it just hadn't appeared yet at all.

As I stood there on the beach watching the blue gray ocean in all its majestic grandeur, I noticed a spot of golden light touch the water on the horizon. The spot lengthened toward the shore and toward me. As it did so, the color changed to a pink-orange which danced delightfully on the unsettled surface of the sea.

Suddenly, the color deepened; and I saw the curve of the sun as it peeked over the ocean and steadily moved upward until I could see the massive blush-orange ball in its entirety.

There it was. The sun had returned. Its light, warmth and continuity a blessing. I witnessed the birth of a new day and savored a new feeling. No longer did I feel guilt or the weight of problems but a feeling of peace, strength, and renewal. Yes, God is in His heaven and the elements obey Him. I had been blessed by the sun, and I knew the release of silent tears. It was then I remembered I wasn't alone on the beach.

Janis Sturgess

KUDZU MEMORY

You come back
with this season, every year,
you do not forget, your
tentacles probe
from mysterious ground.
Seductive mutant vine,
please don't start.
If I could
I would make you die! Yet,
immobile I stand,
awaiting embrace
of the grand pestilence,
my perennial ache.
Fruitless and rampant
you wrap yourself around
to stifle the health,
the good heart.
Vicious idea, you are
of beautiful design,
lush and irresistible,
I want you even as I suffocate.

Jan Ervin

MOTHER'S LOVE

He's looked for it everywhere,
in Seattle, in D.C.,
on planes, in bars, from
Canada to Puerto Rico
and he loves the way
nurses imitate the effect.
He never found it
in his first wife, who
would rather be
reading a book,
he looks for it
in me,
this chapter
that he
wants so badly for
someone to write.
It won't happen, his
doctor tells him so, he
must learn to understand
learn to realize,
learn to let go of
the missing piece.
Still, when it hurts, he seems
like a seven year old
all freckles and disheveled
hair, all six-feet-two
with tears that
won't quite surface
in his eyes.

Jan Ervin

SCARLATTI IN JANUARY

Crystal vertebrae:
violins mirror
traceries of oboe.

Outside, prismatic twigs.
Slivered light glitters.
Cellos unfurl.

Spectral ice,
skeletal flutes
reflect the involute ear.

Nancy Posselt Kreml

HILLS

Tree scaled dragons crawl thirstily
Down to the muddy water's edge,
Cooling their long brown claws in it.
They throw their green heads up,
Shimmering with red and gold
In the autumn sunset.

Lee Beth Johnson



FORCED SUNRISE

The sky was still dark and the air cool as I topped off the tanks of my Cessna. I had filed my flight plan and gotten my weather briefing, so all that remained was my preflight check; and I would be ready for take-off. I walked around the plane checking each detail in succession, thinking my instructor would be proud, as this was my first flight since I had passed the exam. I fumbled with and dropped the keys; I was so excited.

I sat down in the left seat and buckled the seat belt. My heart was pounding and my palms sweaty. I was hot. With the glass fogged over the cabin of the plane seemed a steam room. I opened a window and took a couple of deep breaths to calm myself down. I was ready.

I turned on the master switch and the cabin light to scan the instrument cluster. Following my check list, I tested the flight controls and went on to the instruments, turning on my radios and setting the altimeter at 460; since that was the altitude of the little dirt strip I was using as homebase.

I yelled out the window, "Clear!"

Not getting any response, I turned on the magnetos and hit the starter. The prop began to turn and the engine came to life with a roar. I directed the plane out of the parking area and headed down the runway. Reaching the end of the runway, I turned the plane off to the side and scanned the sky for any in-coming planes. Not seeing any, I positioned the plane on the end of the runway and picked up the radio mike to call metro tower.

Turning to their frequency, I stated into the mike, "Columbia Metro, this is Cessna N88764 requesting permission for take-off runway 11."

"Cessna N88764, you are clear for take-off; Metro clear." was the response I received through the static of the headset.

I said, "Thank you." into the mike.

Throttling the engine up, I pulled back on the yoke to lighten the nose. The dirt strip was bumpy, and I did not want to damage the nose gear. I eyed the airspeed indicator as the trees rushed past me. It reached 75 knots. I pulled farther back on the yoke and watched the ground slip away beneath me. I was airborne.

When my altimeter reached 1000, I turned the plane east and settled into a lazy climb, throttling down a little and checking the engine gauges. I was satisfied with the plane's performance.

As I leveled off at 8000 feet, I watched the night sky turn to day and saw the sunrise with the most brilliant oranges I had ever seen. I had watched the first rays of the sun melt away the earth's shadow.

It seemed I had forced the sun to rise, and I knew it was going to be a beautiful day.

Mike Reedy

CITY

Life in the fast lane!
A place of action
Where vivid images of hope
Are painted within the light.

The opportunities
For making money
Are as endless
As the names in the phonebook.

The chance of being successful
And Black is nonexistent
Unluckily, the odds on just being Black
Are overwhelming.

In such a vast city
Blacks are nothing more
Than unidentifiable shadows
In the darkness of the gutters.

These shadows pick themselves up
And head homeward
Homeward to eternal darkness,
Reality.

They travel down streets
Paved with abandoned dreams
Mounds of alley apples tower over them
There is no escape.

Looking to the sky is useless—
Hope is the clouds. . .
Momentary. . . temporary
Almost hidden by the thick, black smoke.

If it were attainable
It would come in the form
Of an eviction notice,
A ticket from these run-down buildings—
Where you fight with the rats
To keep your daily bread.

If it were alive
It would be a road of light
Leading through a sea of hustlers and prostitutes—
A pathway to death.

What's to stop one
From taking that journey now—
From taking a gun
And putting it to your head?
That one small victory
That makes hope achievable—
That makes life worth living.

Mark Grant
Lugoff-Elgin H.S.

LIFE

Life is nothing more than a prison
With "society" as the warden
Keeping everyone in line
With an immeasurable number of rules.

Those who choose not to conform
Are setting themselves up
To become nothing more
Than martyrs for their cause.

Such nonconformists
Are persecuted
Simply because they
Did not want to be clones.

Forced to journey on
Bearing the burden of stigma
They acquire attitudes
Of indifference.

And me?
My individuality
Remains an enigma
To those around me.

I go through life
Conforming in the eyes of society
But breaking all rules in my heart
Simply because I am Black.

DAMN

Mark Grant
Lugoff-Elgin H.S.

ONE HORRIBLE DAY

When I woke up this morning I thought that today was going to be great. I crawled out of bed, and I went upstairs to see if the rest of the family was awake. My brothers and sisters were already up and doing their daily chores with industry. I obviously had awakened late, so I had to begin my chore immediately. I am the eldest in my family, so it is my job to gather food. When I walked outside, the sun was very bright; and it shone down on the earth from on high. I knew that I had to go and get some food for the family, but I was still very tired. A couple of nights ago, a severe flood came and made a shambles of our house. My family and I had worked for two days repairing the house, and I am still weary with fatigue. I decided to forget about the food at that moment, and instead I found a nice cozy spot under a tree. I sat down under the tree to rest, when a close friend of mine ran up to me. "Quick! Climb up in the tree as fast as you can!" he said. Before I could ask a question I realized what my friend was so scared about. Boom! Boom! Boom! A monstrous giant was on his way past the tree.

In my country there are many giants. It is very difficult to seek safety. These giants have no concern for anyone other than themselves, and I doubt that they will ever change.

I was up in the tree. The giant was getting closer and closer. My friend and I remained totally silent. The giant walked by, hurriedly; and we were safe. My heart was beating so fast that I could hardly stand it. "Are you okay?" I asked my friend. He assured me that he was, and we slowly climbed down out of the tree. I explained that I was on my way to get some food, and I departed. I walked what seemed to be ten miles until I reached a place to get food. I gathered up a quantity of food that weighed more than I did, and I began to carry it back home. Suddenly, a huge bird began to fly over my head. The enormous bird began to grab at my food. If there had been enough food, I would have gladly let him have some; but because of the recent flood, finding food was difficult. I stayed under an

overhanging rock until the bird finally stopped pestering me.

Some people may think of me as a coward, because I am always running and hiding. However, when a family depends on one person, that person can't take chances. In this country everyone and everything tries to be in control. There are wild beasts that run around day and night. There are the giants that can kill without a second thought. These creatures are out to get as much as they can, no matter what gets destroyed in the process.

I picked up the food and left for home once again. Somewhere along the way I took a wrong turn and became totally lost. I was in utter despair until I met a stranger. "Hello, my friend," I said meekly, "could you please give me some directions so that I may get home before dark?" The old man turned to me and said, "Son, if you want to get home before dark, the only way is too dangerous. The quickest way to get to your home is to go through the garden of the giants. This garden is guarded constantly. I would take the long road home if I were you!" I thanked the old man warmly, and I went on my way. I had no choice, however; I had to go through the garden of the giants because I could not leave my family home alone at night. I was very scared that something might happen to them.

When I entered the garden I realized it was much more like a forest. Long green foliage with colorful tops surrounded me. A busy bee hovered near the top of one of these plants, and it looked as though he was gathering food also. I carefully walked through the forest one step at a time. There was an eerie silence in the foliage. Suddenly a shower of huge water bombs fell upon my head. I looked up and saw a long green snake gushing water out of his golden mouth. A giant was holding this snake, aiming it at the tall colorful plants. The end of the forest was in sight, and I ran as fast as I could until I felt like it was safe to stop. When I looked up I realized that I was close to home. The sky was becoming dark, and

the sounds of the night creatures were filling the air. My home stood in the distance. My heart jumped because I was glad to be safe.

When I reached the door I breathed a happy sigh of relief because I had not let my family down. I started to open the door, but I realized that it was already open. I put down the food and slowly walked downstairs into my home. I was faced with the worst tragedy of my life. My whole family was dead. I was devastated as I walked from room to room. Pulling myself together the best that I could, I got back up on my feet. Searching to discover what could have caused the death of my family, I noticed that there were many tiny little pellets scattered all over the house. "HELP ME!" I heard a small whimper coming from the center of the house. I found my mother huddled up in the small corner of the room. She was alive. She explained to me that giants had poked these little pellets into our home. My gullible brothers and sisters all had thought that it was food. Instead, it had been poison. Before my mother could stop them from eating, the whole family was dead.

Many things are put within our reach so that we can easily attain them. We are sometimes convinced that these things are good for us, when they may be deadly in the long run. I am told the giants even give one another poison. My family suffered from this mistake. I took my mother, and we left our home forever.

It is now very dark, and my mother and I are walking down a road that we have never seen before. We do not know what lies ahead of us, but there is not much to look back to. When I woke up this morning I thought that today was going to be great. I was wrong. Nevertheless, there is always tomorrow. The burdens that I have carried are hard. My burdens do not seem to get easier as time rolls on. However, the life of an ant is never easy.

Nikki Richardson
Spring Valley H.S.

HER MOTHER'S CHILD

She sat upon her bed listening to what seemed to be never ending screams. She heard her mother's once lovely form hit a wooden wall. They were at it again. Daddy was beating momma more frequently now. Evening after evening Gabrielle sat listening to the cries of pain that fled her mamma's lips.

As a child Gabrielle had been smart and outspoken, just like her mother. She always figured that her mother's tendency to speak so freely was what provoked daddy to beat her. The tears that she'd held back for so long came streaming forth as she thought of her mother's swollen face and awful black eye. Their salty taste lingered on her lips as she wondered what the future would hold for her. As a black, uneducated teen in a time when it was hard

for Blacks to get an education, and even harder for black women, she realized the road ahead was bleak and threatening.

Years later. . . Gabby sat before the mirror in her cramped room. She examined her swollen face and awful black eye. She thought of how her once beautiful form had diminished, as had her mother's. What had happened to her dream? She'd wanted so much to be strong. Damn dreams!

Kali Wilson
Spring Valley H.S.



DAMOND'S SEARCH

Damond was just like any other average, ordinary teenager. He got up every morning around seven, got ready for school, and stayed there from eight until three in the afternoon. His social life at school was pretty good. He had many friends, was pretty popular, and made grades that were decent enough. He could ask nothing more from his family. His mother and father loved and cared for him and gave him just about everything he wanted. Yet for some reason, Damond was not satisfied with his life. . . something was missing.

Damond read constantly, on nearly every subject: epic fantasy, horror, poetry, mystery, even non-fiction in the hopes that he could find that Something that would fill the gap in his life. He also wrote poetry and works of fiction, trying to express his feelings of despair and desire. Nothing that Damond did, however, could fill the void in his existence. So he continued his search.

On one of those cold, dreary autumn nights when the winds howl and scream with a passion, Damond dreamed.

"This place has always been filled with mystery," said the whispering wind. "And it's not always the kind of mystery that you would want to solve. Sometimes, the mystery takes the form of flesh and blood, and that is the prelude to terror."

He was in the middle of a strange, ancient looking forest. The trees were gnarled and blasted, as if they had undergone some kind of inner torment. The trees, most of which should have been leafless, still held their brown, withered leaves. It was as if the trees were unwilling to allow the passage of time to occur. It made the forest seem even older, because if time couldn't progress, then this forest must be ancient indeed to look so old. There didn't seem to be any immediate threat; so he began to walk over the brown, moss-covered forest floor. The trees began to look even older as he journeyed. He began to walk more slowly. He was

beginning to feel that something wasn't quite right. With an alarming abruptness, the trees ended. In front of him was a huge mound, covered with only tough, brown grass. There weren't even any shrubs or smaller trees on the mound. The moonlight shone strangely at this place. It seemed closer, brighter, and much more powerful.

A memory ticked at the back of his brain but quickly flittered away.

"Remember, Damond, a Moving Day is very near!" hissed the wind.

In his dream Damond was startled. How could the wind, of all things, know his name? It was different, of course, when you dreamed of people; but this was strange. How in the world—

Moving Day. This time the memory tickling at the back of Damond's mind took shape. The ancient forest, the bald mound, the strange moonlight, and the wind speaking, if you put these together, it could only mean one thing. Damond, in his dream, was standing at a gateway to the Otherworld.

"But if this is a gateway to the Otherworld," he thought, "then where are the lords of the forest. . . the Daonie Sidhe?"

"It's not always the kind of mystery that you would want to solve. Sometimes, the mystery takes the form of flesh and blood, and that is the prelude to terror." repeated the wind more urgently.

Damond smiled, for he thought that he had finally found that Something. He was going to be one of those few humans to commune with the Daonie Sidhe, the people of the Faerie.

The moonlight on the hill began to brighten, becoming almost unbearable. Damond nearly screamed with an unreasonable joy; for that light, he knew, was coming from the Otherworld.

The moonlight slowly waned in intensity. An almost human figure stood at the center of the mound, staring up at the strangely bright moon and stars. It didn't move or speak. It just. . . waited.

"Sometimes, the mystery takes on the form of flesh and blood, and that is the prelude to terror," the wind shrieked. "If you want your life, little mortal boy, you had better depart; for before you stands Amadan-na Briona, called by most the Fool, the king of the Unseely Court. The Fool is the most dangerous and horrible being that you could ever imagine. Leave, mortal boy."

Damond did not leave. He ignored the wailing of the wind. He knew that this was the Something for which he had been searching. He didn't care what the wind had to say to him. He was only interested in the Fool.

Damond slowly began ascending the fairy mound. A strange, tingling sensation filled him when he first stepped on it, but he kept going anyway. The Fool looked toward the foot of the mound, and smiled when he saw that someone was coming to him. Damond stopped at the feet of the king of the dark creatures of Faerie. The Fool reached out to touch the top of Damond's head and said three words, "You are mine!"

Damond awoke with a splitting headache—well, not exactly a headache—but a feeling that something was trying to probe the innermost thoughts of his being.

"No." he thought, "It's just that dream I had last night playing with my head." Apparently he didn't remember the warnings that the wind had given him, or he would have realized how real that dream had been. Instead he only remembered vague bits and pieces of it.

Damond, a normally outgoing person at school, was totally reclusive for the rest of that week. His friends noticed it but said nothing. A sinister sense of expectation filled Damond, and he wasn't really sure whether or not he wanted to find out what was going to happen.

On a freezing night in early November, the feeling of impending doom mixed with a strange sense of eager anticipation began to intensify until it was nearly unbearable. Damond was on his way home from work, but he didn't take the usual route. He was being guided by an unknown force to a destination that would somehow lead to the end of his search for that Something to fill the void in his life. He stopped his car by a wood filled with ancient, gnarled trees. Without even thinking, he plunged into the forest, being drawn to the deep and dark depths of its interior.

He stopped beneath the moss-covered boughs of a hoary oak, and before him was a bare mound. This time no memory tickled the back of his mind; but ever fiber of his being was telling him to run, that this was a bad place, that something terrible was about to happen. Yet for some reason, his muscles would not respond. He was rooted to the spot.

Moonlight suddenly focused on the mound. The air began to shimmer and was tinged with a dull red, not unlike the color of drying blood. A shape coalesced from the shimmering air. Without realizing that he had even thought it, Damond said to himself, "The Fool!"

"Yes, little mortal boy. I am called many things, but most name me the Fool. It is very nice of you to drop by. We don't often get visitors. My little pet likes visitors, too; for he gets very hungry. He doesn't always get to taste flesh."

The air shimmered to the Fool's right. This time a hideous apparition materialized.

"Damond," said a voice more like the roar of a lion. "we have come for you. We have heard your call, and we have come. We come to take you where you wish. We possess that Something for which you have been searching."

Damond's fears were immediately assuaged. "Why was I afraid in the first place? After all, this is what I've been searching for."

Damond stepped toward the hideous monster, eyes bright with eager anticipation. He bowed and reached out to take one of the iron-like claws.

"I am ready, my brother. I am yours to do your bidding."

The monster looked over to the Fool, his master. The Fool nodded. The mortal boy had said all that was needed for them to take him.

The monster pulled Damond to his feet. Damond embraced him. The monster took the boy's head into its snarling maw, digging iron claws into the warm flesh of Damond's body. Blood gushed from his neck, draining the life force from his body.

Damond did not struggle; he had found that Something for which he had been searching.

"Thank you," moaned the boy with the last ounce of his strength.

Damond died embracing the hideous creature, not even knowing that he was embracing a demon of Death.

The Fool's demented laughter raged, for he and the monster were free. Damond's sacrifice had removed the fetters restraining them to the Otherworld. They were free to ravage the mortal world once more, as they had done in ages long since past.

**Jason T. Hucks
Gilbert H.S.**



1991-92 FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

- Poetry:* Jan Ervin
- Essay:* Brent Swager
- Short Story:* Eugene Downs (tie)
Queen Olden (tie)
- Photography:* Craig S. Burtis & Camille Cooper (tie)
Dan Shupe (tie)
- Art:* J. Danner Wilson, Jr.
- High School Poetry:* Mark Grant
Lugoff-Elgin H.S.
- High School Short Story:* Jason T. Hucks (tie)
Gilbert H.S.
Kali Wilson (tie)
Spring Valley H.S.

SPECIAL MENTION

- Poetry:** Sallie C. Haddock
Sandy Jenkins
- Essay:** Mike Reedy
- Short Story:** Anthony M. Kyengo
Elizabeth Mitchell
- Photography:** Tom Zeigler
- Art:** Tonia Ianuario
- High School Poetry:** Elissa Nauful
Spring Valley H.S.
Keleigh Sanders
Fairfield Central H.S.
- High School Short Story:** Nikki Richardson
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Craig S. Burtis
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Colin Dodd
Eugene Downs
Jan Ervin
Charles T. Goodson, Jr.
Mark Grant
Sallie C. Haddock
Keith Higginbotham
Jason T. Hucks
Tonia Ianuario
Sandy Jenkins
Lee Beth Johnson
Nancy Posselt Kreml
Anthony M. Kyengo
- Julie Lucas
Alvita Martin
Ginger McGuinness
Lee Miller
Elizabeth Mitchell
- Elissa Nauful
Queen Olden
- Jim Peterson
Mike Reedy
Nikki Richardson
Keleigh Sanders
H. Arlene Sandy
Marsha Shirah
Daniel P. Shupe
Janis Sturgess
Brent Swager
Timothy N. Thomas
Mike Williams
J. Danner Wilson, Jr.
Kali Wilson
Tom Zeigler
- Developmental Studies Department
Associate in Science
Associate in Science
Commercial Graphics Communications
Art Department
Associate in Arts
Associate in Business Management
Associate in Arts
Lugoff-Elgin High School
Legal Assisting
English Department
Gilbert High School
Commercial Graphics Communication
Associate in Science
ADN
English Department
A.O.T., General Technology/Automotive
Technology
Associate in Arts
Speech/Theater Department
Continuing Education
Unavailable
Associate in Business/Office Systems
Technology
Spring Valley High School
Associate in Business/Office Systems
Technology
English Department
Unavailable
Spring Valley High School
Fairfield Central High School
Associate in Arts
Commercial Graphics Communications
Management
Associate in Arts
Arts and Sciences Division
Associate in Computer Technology
English Department
Respiratory Therapy
Spring Valley High School
Management

