

A vibrant, abstract painting featuring faces, skulls, and a skeleton in a hat, with the word 'STYLUS' overlaid in large yellow letters. The artwork is characterized by bold, expressive brushstrokes and a rich color palette of reds, oranges, yellows, blues, and greens. In the upper right, a skeleton wearing a black hat and a red and black striped shirt is depicted with a wide, toothy grin. To the left, a face with a green hat and a blue eye is shown in profile. In the center, a yellow skull is prominent. In the lower right, a face with a white and red striped headband and a dark eye is visible. The background is a mix of swirling colors and patterns, creating a sense of movement and depth.

STYLUS

2018-19

HOW TO SUBMIT AND WHO IS ELIGIBLE FOR PUBLICATION

STYLUS is looking for original, unpublished short stories, poetry, creative nonfiction, memoir, two-dimensional art (drawing, painting, collage, etc.), and photography. Any high school senior or any student currently enrolled at a college in the SC Technical College System is eligible to submit. Publication is subject to verification of your student status at the time of submission. Only Midlands Technical College students are eligible for the annual literary and art awards. Our regular reading periods are September 1 through December 10 and January 10 through March 10.

For production reasons, we can only take emailed submissions that comply with the following guidelines:

Submit all poetry and prose in Microsoft Word (.doc or .docx) or Rich Text (.rtf) formats attached to an email. Your name, email address, and a phone number should be typed at the top of the first page of your document file. You may submit manuscripts in both poetry and prose, but they must be submitted separately by genre.

Poetry submissions should be limited to no more than seven poems, single-spaced, and combined into a single document file. Please do not send poems as separate files.

Prose submissions, short stories, nonfiction, and memoirs should be double-spaced. Prose submissions should be limited to 5,000 words.

For art submissions, we prefer high-definition photography and/or digital scans (or photographs) of original art (600 dpi .jpeg or .tiff files, if possible). Digital photographs of paintings and drawings are acceptable, but you should make every effort to light the artwork adequately and crop the photograph so that it has no borders around the art.

Email your submission to stylus@midlandstech.edu as an attachment (document or image file). On the subject line of your email write either "Poetry Submission," "Prose Submission," or "Art Submission." In your email message, please include the following: (1) your full name (with your MTC ID number, if you are a Midlands Tech student); (2) your area code and phone number; (3) your school institution; (4) the business email address of a faculty member or administrator who knows your work.

The History of STYLUS

The publication history of STYLUS magazine begins in the mid-1980s with the first literary yearbook at Midlands Technical College. That magazine was called *Starshine* and was founded and edited by Maurice Duperre of the MTC English department.

By 1990, the magazine had changed its name and eventually grew into a 40-60 page journal of student writing and art. The publication became a full-color production by 2000, directed by editor Keith Higginbotham, who guided the journal for over a decade. Other editors have included Les Turner, Curtis Derrick, and Travis Gordon. During its history, *STYLUS* has won grant awards from the South Carolina Arts Commission and several awards from the Two-year College Humanities Council.

With our Fall 2011 issue, the magazine continued its evolution as an online publication and the cornerstone of the *STYLUS* web site. Selections for the magazine and its awards continue to be made by an editorial board of faculty members.

Editorial Policy

The *STYLUS* editorial board reads and judges all submissions. All published selections are read by at least three readers independently, ensuring objectivity in the editorial process. All published works are chosen according to their creative and artistic merits. Only works received by the deadline were eligible for awards.

Editorial Board

Scott Compton- Chief Editor
Julie Nelson- Assistant Editor
Kristi Castro- Assistant Editor
Jared Demick- Assistant Editor
Mike Horton- Assistant Editor
Abbi Phillips - Assistant Editor

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Is She Go'n Pop?
By Selena Fogle

It's happenin'
He's back again
Yeah, he stole from her
Gave her a li'l sick
Just a li'l prick
No car, no job
But he real thick.
Ruined her life.
He call her beautiful.
Don't know what she been through.
She'll take it-
Bare minimum man.
She can fix him.
Then, he on to the next one
'Til he back again

Beware White Fences

by Linda Gibson

Destruction lies within them, those four walls.
The scariest monsters no longer lurk within the closet.
They love you, they love you not. Not everyone is so lucky.
The Brady's, the Partridge's,
what Lies.
The sock's outside the door,
Frankie's mother loves him but he can't come home.
He speeds so fast, it gives him the false feeling of control.
The wheel slips. He can't process it all, slow it down.
Head strong towards the poll
A crash so smooth it's graceful
Projected from the seat
The cold asphalt. It barely hurts.
Reverse, reverse.
Cold asphalt, the cushion of a leather seat, heading towards the poll,
the wheel slips,
He catches it.
Never could it happen to him, an immortal on this Earth.
And if it did who would notice?
His mother has left him, there is nobody home.
Theodora is trapped in her own personal hell.
Enslaved. Cinderella! Cinderella!
The Warden cracks the whip.
Withheld from life, she knows not the world.
The first boy to tell her she's pretty takes her far beyond she was
ready to go.
Oh Sweet Escape! Hidden pleasure.
He moves on. Her elixir of life is gone.
She runs the cool dark blade over her skin,
There it hovers.
The Warden's whip plunges the blade further.
I see no marks, that doesn't mean they don't exist.
Samantha is a pretty girl.
Normally her eyes are brown, but the shades change.
Black. Blue. Purple. Green.

Back to Brown.
Her lips are full.
Swollen, split, bloody.
They don't know.
Suddenly a friend lifts his hand up over her head.
Instinct takes over. Her hands go up to guard her face.
She screams.
She's pressed up against the wall, slowly skids down.
His face projects across her mind.
She whimpers and begs.
Her friend is scared for her, maybe of her.
He shakes her from her illusion, the mirage disappears.
He looks at her with concerned eyes, he can only guess.
Tears are the only sign of her defeat.
A Glass brakes.
He'll show her what happens to bad girls.
She didn't mean it.
Bottoms up. She chugs the rest of the bottle.
But why did he do it? Father's don't do those things to their lil'girls.
Sniff, Sniff, the white powder clogs her nose.
The body next to her is cold.
Life was just to hard to handle n' too easy to get a fix.
Anne enjoys the high.
Sex, drugs, alcohol. Anything to make her forget.
It's not working.
She watches the blood run down her wrist, but still
She feels nothing but Numb.

Beware the white picket fences.
Everyone loves the suburban housewife and the executive father,
It's the Devil inside them you can't trust.
The monsters have come to life,
They can not be driven back to the closet.

The Heart of the Soldier Brother

By Sabrina Bird

I listen to the family war while I lay silently

Too scared to make a noise, my life is a war.

I walk out hearing no noise, mom is crying, dad is gone

My brothers are behind me, wrapping their arms around me.

Daddy says, "no guy will hurt you," unknowing to him,

He was the one to hurt me. Just by yelling...

Things get better, mom stops crying, there's no more yelling,

But my brothers are no longer there.

They left to protect those who need their freedom,

They left to help our country.

There's crying again, one brother comes home with a bullet in his arm,

He is able to walk through the door on his own.

But the other comes with a bullet in his heart, he never walked through
the door.

He was carried, in a box...

He was the eldest, everyone's protector, how do you move on from the
lost.

He wrote a letter, saying not to cry, to live and remember him,

Remember he died protecting everyone.

It's been years, I now have my own family,

My children know their uncle, he walks through the door and says "hello".

But the one they never met has more of an impact on them.

My eldest son is named after him, he is raised just like him,

He has that same heart as him....

I always have the heart of my Soldier Brother....

Regret

By Bryan Jolly

A great friend, you called me

but I didn't answer, because I was afraid.

Confrontation was never my strong suit.

Did I completely screw up?

Even though I've known you

for so long, I failed. I should have

gotten to you sooner, but I didn't know what to do.

Human nature is fickle like that.

I want to do the right thing.

Just take this weight off my chest. I do my best to be

kind and good, so why must I feel so

low? I always try to put my friends ahead of

myself, and yet I'm of

no use when things get too real.

Once, just once, I'd like to be the

person my friends see me as instead of

questioning every next action, weighing

risk to myself versus risk to them. Can I please just be of

service to my friends without inhibition? Can't I just speak the

truth without fearing repercussions in their other relationships? It's

all so unfair! All I can think about is how maybe hearing my

voice could have stopped you, but I did not speak

when you needed me and I have no excuse.

So, did I completely screw up?

Yes, and thus, I am left with zealous self-loathing.

Dear V by Nicholas Redford

Dear V,

The day I've written this letter will make it 73 days we've been training. I'm tired, V. I am so so tired. I don't know how I make it through these days anymore, honestly, but you reminded me how I do it. The wooden watch my dad gave me finally broke. After all the crap I've been through with it, today was its final day. After its diligent continuous service the rifle I was carrying, the M4, slammed into the gold and black face cracking the glass plate as I crashed into the ground to crawl. I hit the ground so hard whatever little strength I had completely escaped me. Even with the screams of the drill instructors and the blazing southern heat all I could think of was orange sherbet ice cream.

The ice cream we always got from Hunter's Park every summer, remember that? It was almost a ritual of sorts for us. To slowly stroll the concrete path around the pond, feed Fred the duck, your favorite duck that special kind of whole wheat bread that you both liked seemed to like, and always at 2:30 the small Italian ice cream stand would open and we would always get orange sherbet ice cream. I'll never forget the last time we ate that ice cream together.

I was leaving for training in four days and with what little time we had left getting ice cream was one of the last things we just had to do together. More importantly, it couldn't just be any orange sherbet it had to be our orange sherbet from the park in the middle of July in Georgia of all places. So like we

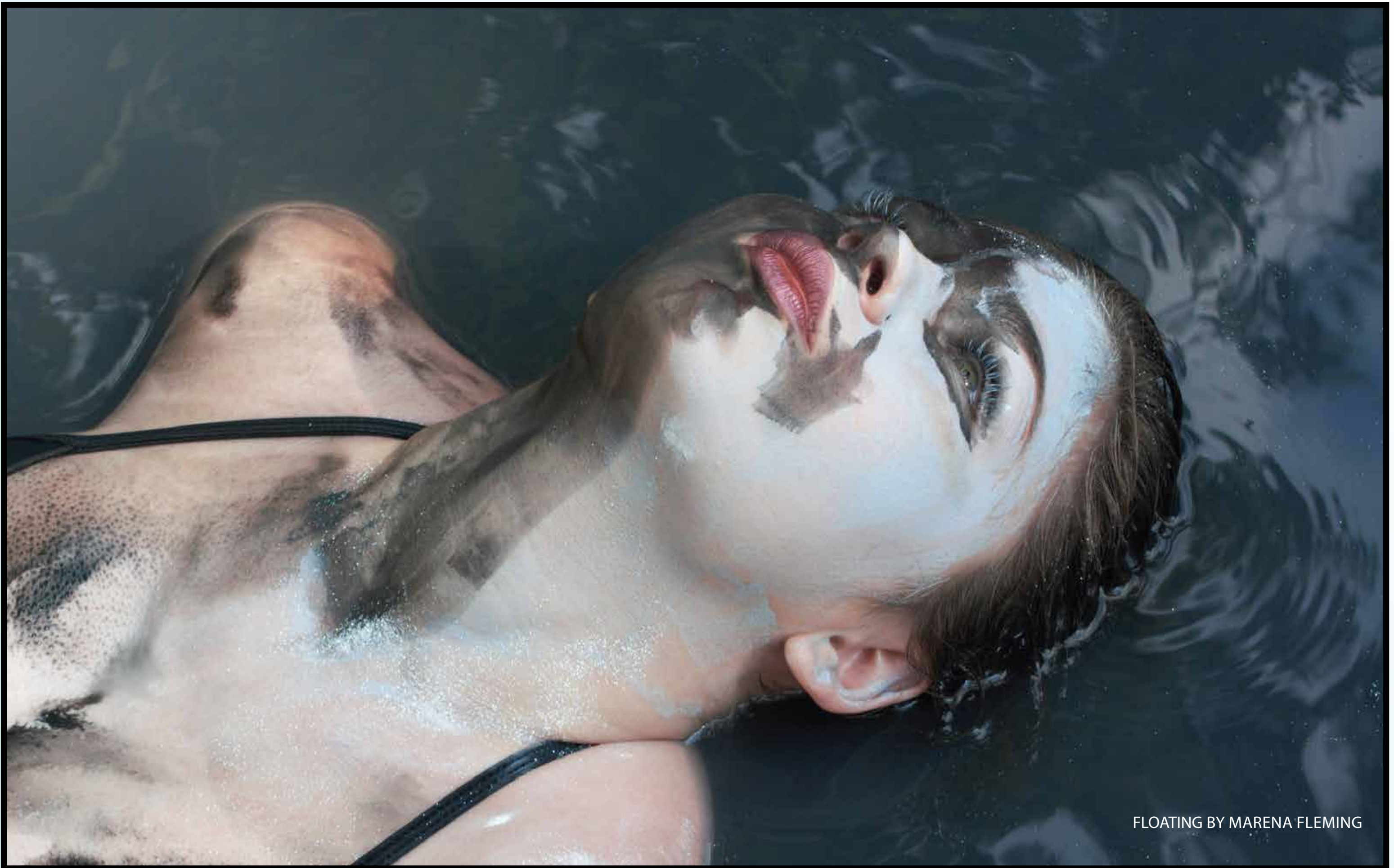
always did whenever we went to the park we made our trip around the pond which was steaming, fed Fred the duck who was the smartest of us all trying to stay cool in the pond, and drenched in sweat we made our way over to the small ice cream stand. Sticky orange streams of sherbet sweetness ran down your hands as we talked about everything and anything a second and third time over. Reminiscing our whole lives together and the worst part was that a tragic meltdown occurred without us even knowing it no thanks to the blazing 102 degree Georgia summer heat. You panicked. "You have to have your ice cream! You can't leave without it!" you cried over and over again. The only problem was we only had enough cash for one more. Seeing your giant goofy smile as you handed me the pristine cone compared to the cesspool in your other hand convinced me without a doubt I love you, more than anything imaginable Vanessa, I really love you.

So I licked the sweetness that covered your hand. You weren't too happy about it at the time, but I was ecstatic. In that moment, I felt that I made it. That I got everything I could possibly want out of life. I wanted to stay in that moment for eternity, but the drill instructor ripped me up from my not-so-distant fantasy screaming the pleasant memory out of my head. Orange sherbet and your smile. It's all I've ever needed.

Bryan



Balloons By Allison Skipper



FLOATING BY MARENA FLEMING

A Vision

By Logan Miller

Lately I've been pondering about where I'll be in a couple of years, what life will be like without seeing my friends everyday, what it will be like in the real working world. Will I be doing something I love in the place I love? Life is a blurry picture but you have to make the best of every second. That's what makes life unblurry- haha. I think about all different things I want to do in my life, during and after college. It makes me excited, feels as if there is a greater reason that I'm sitting here writing a blog for all of you to see. Looking back at all the things that have happened in my life, I never in a million years thought I would want to be a journalist or even remotely some type of writer. But I am sure glad that my life has pointed me in a direction where I can make that actually happen for myself. I lay in bed at night listening to music and scrolling through social media, looking at all of these famous, young adults who have life made for them, everything you could dream of, things that may take you your whole life to accomplish, and these people are doing

them daily. It's just crazy to see what hard work can really do to turn your life around in an instant. A big thing for me is seeing all of these people accomplish all of these amazing things and just thinking to myself; this will be me one day. I'm going to put this kind of work into my writing, into my studies, into anything that I do. Sometimes at first you can't really see things so clearly, and that's okay, that's what growing up is for.

This is a big reason I haven't posted anything in two weeks. It isn't because my drive has changed. It isn't because I'm lazy. It's simply because I honestly needed time to ponder, I needed to dig deep down inside to figure out what exactly I wanted to write about. It's funny, sometimes these things I want to write about just naturally come to me, sometimes it is because of a certain song I'm listening to, but these past two weeks I've just been stuck. Taking some time is okay, you have to write about what makes you happy, you also have to think about, is this meaningful enough? will people actually want to read this?

This is an issue I have within myself on the occasion. I start thinking that people won't want to read what I have to say, or I think that what I write won't be good enough for some people. But this is something that just happens, you have to think about does this make me happy? and if it is meaningful enough to post out there for anyone to see.

These past two weeks have opened my eyes to a greater light and I feel better than ever! I am so happy where my life is at this moment in time; it feels like nothing could go wrong and that I'm on top of the world. Thinking about school starting up again soon is a little sad, but in all honesty I'm excited for another semester to learn so many extravagant things. I think this vision I have for my future, moving away from "home" to a far away place, and working on my art, my creativeness, and my skills as a journalist is a reason for the mass amount of joy in my life. There can be a fine line with the way you perceive your thoughts, but you always have to remember to keep a positive vibe in your life, find the

good, don't focus on the bad, and find a person in your life that pushes you to your limits to achieve greatness. I actually have set three main goals for myself over these two weeks that I have been gone. One is to embrace the criticism you're given whether it be bad or good- always remember you can learn something from someone else even if you think you can't. Two is to find a source of positivity. The good things in your life, heck even throughout your day, could be the burst of creative energy you really need to create something great. The third and final goal is to follow your dreams. People will constantly tell you that you'll never be able to do it, people who will hate on every move you decide to do or tell them, but no matter what always strive for that dream, put in the hard work, and most importantly never give up.

JUST YESTERDAY
By Michael Edwards
(Dedicated to the Emanuel 9 of Charleston, South Carolina)

You were called Home

Having fulfilled your mission within the flesh

But just yesterday

you were the Lord's messenger

a great man, kissed from Heaven's narrative

he who had inhaled pure scripture from the lips of the Source

the Word buoyant in your breath—loved ones having tread water in brook that was the discipline you taught from the leaves of the Book

...and they were happy

And just yesterday

you were the aegis

she who was a mother

a grandmother

the fortress for her children

a pebble from Gibraltar protecting them from the threat that was the hidden danger

when a nightmare lurked in the shadows of a sleeping dream

...and they were happy

And just yesterday

you were the perfect gentleman

he who was the better husband and the best friend

the faithful confidant and the committed lover

to his wife

to his significant other

giving them a rarity

sweeter than the berry be

a good love tenacious as it was contagious

...and they were happy

And just yesterday

you were the Black Woman's Ideal

so beautiful and strong

so cerebral and spiritual

so full of pride

the favorite auntie, and cousin, and in-law and grand

The mocha jewel of her Gullah Tribe

...and they were happy

And just yesterday

to a neighbor

to a stranger...

you were the enemy of darkness

he who was the benefactor of good

doing all that he could

she who was generous in spirit

doing all that she would

with an open door and a helping hand

as only a loyal friend should

just yesterday

...and they were happy

And today

Like our yesterday

We stand before the looking glass to our past

And we see you...

Our hearts warmed by the images of your peaceful face

By the echoes of your laughter

And by the sound of the music in your voice that still resonates in the amphitheater—

The epicenter of our mind's eye

And we are easily reminded of all that is intrinsic to you
Of your faith
Of your loving heart
And of your undying selflessness
The Nine of our Holy City
...and they were happy

And we are proud
Rejoicing in your reverie

We, the sons, the daughters, and the companions
We, the kin, the co-worker, and the neighbor
We as even the stranger...
We are the torch bearers to your Eternal Flame
And we will walk alongside your latent footsteps with naked honor,
and so much love

As if you were here
Like the day before
Just yesterday

...and we are happy



IVORY BLACK
By Michael Edwards

Like café au lait
In a way
She is milk in my coffee
Still...

Ivory Black

The Creole from the wards that hug the Pontchartrain
and the Mississippi
Blackberry Cajun lady
N'awlins cool
Like a mocha chill
Yet her body continent
Lighter than my mainland homeland
And I am deeper than the ecru
Chocolate Adonis
Still...

Ivory Black

And we are of that ilk
Where our history holds the fire like the skin of
the Bantu and the Ijo
The Hausa and the Ashanti
The sun is our nexus
As you and I are saturated to their bloodlines

Connected
African Gemini
And tailor-made
The Kente cloth selfsame
Even in the pigment change
Still...

Ivory Black

Fair skin and melanin
We mix
Like sunshine at midnight
Molasses and cream
The flavor of the sweetmeat to the lips

Ivory Black

And the motif in her tapestry
Is not that her shade holds no color
But she is Woman of Color
Within the ivory...
Dixieland jazz sistah
Louisiana snow
Bayou redbone
But she is Black
Ivory Black
Still...



FACES BY ETHAN GILLAND

I Felt God
By Jordan Thompson

I felt god through a razor blade
The devil through a sermon
Life flipped upside down
Never sure when this turn will end

I called you king
But you brought me defeat
I came to hate you
So you brought me to my knees

You gave me life
Then took it away
What right hath the toll to sway?

You lit the sun
Then told me to pray
I asked you why?
Eternal life you took away

Why call you king?
How could I know?
Only because you name him devil so

Is my life worth taking
If not can I question?
Will you reject me also
Degrade me into subjection

Are we so different?
You menacing serpent?

Both wished for more than their lives spent
But evil remains cloaked indifferent

You need faith to survive
But possess the will to die
Some try to trick for unearned blessings derived
Fire keeps warm all those who lie

What a game you've created
What stoic players we have overrated
Soon the game will end
With either a bullet or amen

Grandma's House
By Tori Smith

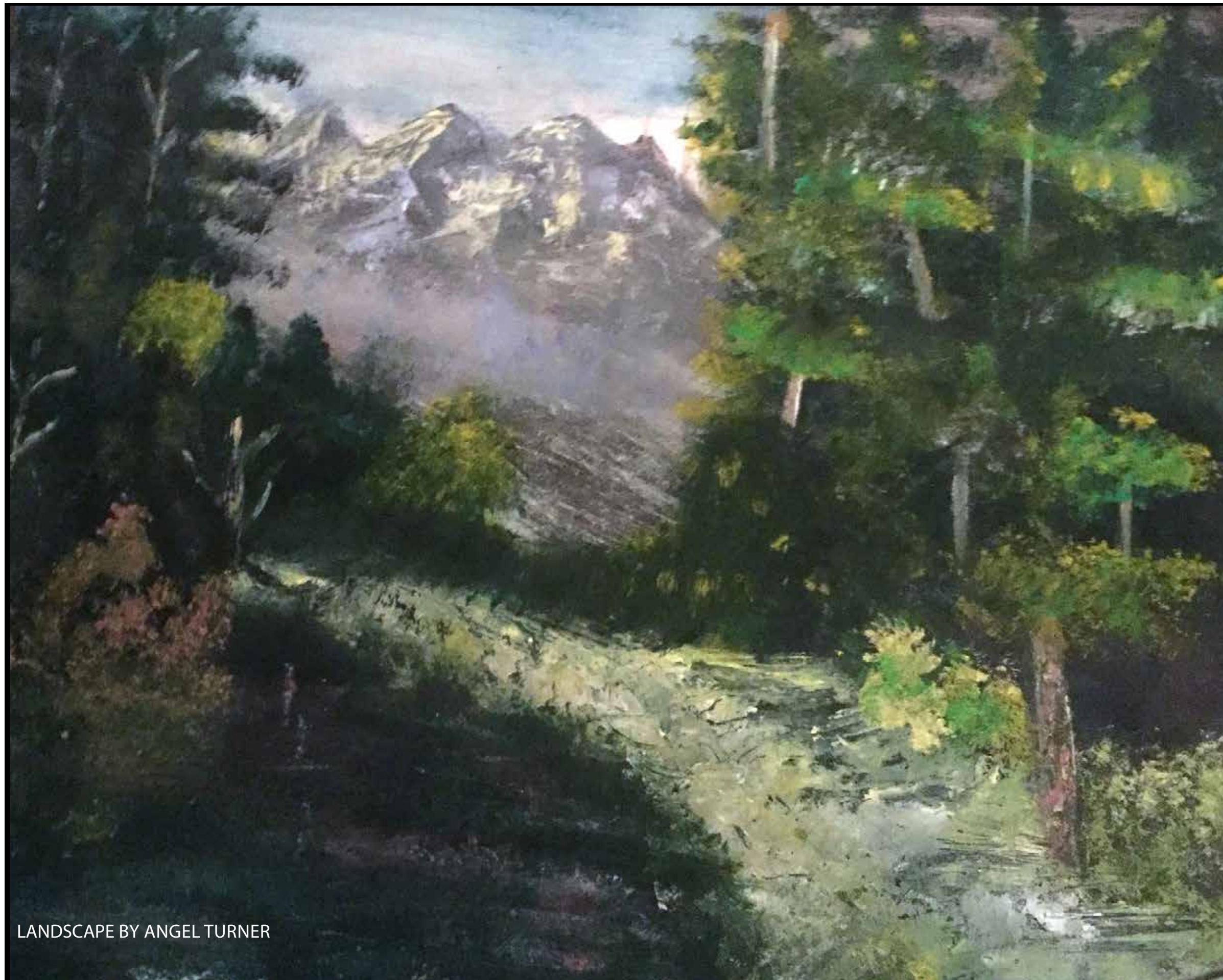
Where the paved road ends,
The winding driveway begins.
The absence in the field on my left
Is where the shop use to stand.
The cement foundation is the only evidence left

Of the place where we dribbled basketballs
And drew with chalk.
Standing on the bridge
That crosses over the creek,
I watch my dog leap over the tall grass
after her football with muddy paws.
She is joyous yet ignorant
Because underneath the maple tree lies our old dog.
Up the hill Spanish Moss hangs
off the trees like an angel's hair.
It was Brittany's safe place
during hide-and-seek.
Just across the way

Is where the squash used to grow.
A Food Lion bag full
Was just enough to make a loaf
Of country squash bread.
In the living room, my grandparents
would record every movie onto VHS tapes.
Every sleep over was the showing
Of a new movie premier.
Down the dim dark hall
Next to the record player
Sits the computer where me and Britt burned our first CDs.
Back outside
Just across from the porch
sits the trampoline
It's just as old as me but
It still does the same thing.
I walk up the steps of the porch
Where grandma sits on the swing
With a Diet Dr. Pepper in her wrinkled hands.
She speaks of the old days and over 'yonder.
At this moment, it's hard to concern
Myself with the problems of now.
There is a hummingbird in the bush
sucking the sweet nectar of the flowers.
A bumble bee flies by.



TAPED FLOWER
BY BRYCETON DALEON



LANDSCAPE BY ANGEL TURNER

People Say Hate

By Keerthana Ravivarman

People say hate is a strong word,

But so is love

and

people throw that like it's nothing.

You tell me there is nothing between us,

but your actions say otherwise...

Why me, why this?

I can't take this anymore. I was fine the

way I was.

But you came along and changed

everything.

My life became color when it was dark.

Now, my life is back in the dark and I can't

get out.

Safe Spot

By Tori Smith

On Saturday, Hannah and John laid on the warm grass that pricked their bodies like needles. The hot sun beamed down, baking them. Hannah's cheeks were turning pink, but the sun didn't bother John. Distracted by a lady bug, Hannah sat up. She let it crawl on top of her finger. "Her name is Ruby," she said.

"What if it's a boy?" he asked concerned.

"You're sillyyy. Lady bugs can't be boooys. They're ladies," she squealed.

John looked at Hannah with his wide, sad blue eyes. His eyes always looked sad. That's one of the first things that drew Hannah to him.

She noticed him on the first day of kindergarten. He sat on the farthest corner of the reddish-orange rug covered in alphabet letters away from all the other children. His jeans were worn out and thinning at the knees. His shoes were old torn. Everyone's parents dropped their kids off at the classroom door. He was the only one who walked in by himself. Hannah thought he was brave for that. She sat down next to him. "I'm Hannah. Do you wanna be friends?"

He glanced up at her without ever turning his head away from the floor. "I've never had a friend before."

"Well, now you do." She wrapped her arms around him. He smiled.

They hung out together every day after school. Hannah's mom would pick them both up. They'd play tag in Hannah's yard, swing on her tire swing, and

sometimes, her dad would take them fishing at the pond around the corner from their house, if he didn't get home from work too late. John ate dinner at their house every night, scarfing his food down like it was his first meal. He'd always go back for seconds.

"Goodness gracious, John. You must be hungry, help yourself to as much as you'd like," Hannah's mom would say. He'd look at her, grinning, and for a second, it appeared that his sad blue eyes would sparkle.

One day, as they sat across from one another on the tire swing, spinning and giggling, Hannah asked him, "When can I go to your house and meet your mom and dad?"

John quit giggling. He got quiet and said, "I don't have a mom. I don't think you would like my dad."

Hannah looked confused. "How do you not have a mom? Why would I not like your dad?"

"Wanna play tag? You're it!" John said as he hopped off the tire swing and dashed through the yard. He ran as fast he could, pumping his short legs. As he ran, he thought about how lucky he was to have Hannah in his life. He loved her whole family as if they were his own. He loved them more than his own.

"I got you!" Hannah said as John felt her hand on his back, snapping him back to the game. She did a 360 and ran back towards the oak tree the tire swing hung from.

"Hannah! John! Time to eat," her mom called from the house.

On their first day of first grade, Hannah walked

into class wearing her new pink glitter sandals and flower dress. John was in her class this year, too. He wore the same jeans he wore the last first day of school, but there was now a hole in the knee. His shoes were even more torn, as most of the sole had been shed off from walking. The bottoms began to flap off a little, just enough to make his toes wet when it rained. Hannah realized those were the only shoes he ever wore.

"Why are you wearing your shoes from last year? Did you not want to wear your new ones?" Hannah asked.

"I don't have any new ones," John said. Hannah looked at him confused. Didn't everyone get new shoes when the new school year starts? Her mom told her she needed new shoes for the new year. Didn't John need new shoes, too?

Sometimes, John wouldn't come to school. Hannah didn't know why. Her parents never let her miss unless she was running a fever or throwing up. One day, after missing four days in a row, which was the longest he'd ever missed consecutively, Hannah noticed a light-colored bruise under his eye. That's the first time she realized that John always had a bruise or a scratch somewhere.

On a Monday, Hannah's mom came to pick them up, but Hannah stood waiting alone. "Where's John?" her mom asked.

"He must be sick," Hannah said. As the week progressed, John still didn't show.

The following Monday, John finally appeared at school. He had bruises on his arms and a small gash in his soft skin above his sad eyes. He sat in his seat in class but didn't say a word. No one looked in his direction, except Hannah.

At recess, Hannah walked out to the big oak tree behind the playground. She sat in the sand drawing stick figures. John appeared from around the tree. He wasn't wearing his torn tennis shoes but rather nice black dress pants and black dress shoes, as if he were going to church. "Why'd you wear that today? It'll get dirty don't'cha think? It's ic-ee day at lunch," Hannah said.

"It's what I had on," John said.

At the end of the day, Hannah stood waiting on the curb of the sidewalk as her mom's black SUV pulled up. The teacher on car duty walked up and opened the backdoor to let Hannah in.

"I played with John at recess today," Hannah said.

"John was at school today?"

"Yes." Hannah's mom was confused by this answer. John had been gone for over a week now.

The next few days proceeded the same as Hannah told about her adventures with John at recess. "I don't think you should hang out with John anymore, baby. Don't you think you should make a new friend?" Hannah looked confused.

"What's wrong with John?"

"Oh, absolutely nothing sweetheart. I just think it's time you open up to other people."

The light rain came down, as did her mom's tears, but she wiped them away quickly before Hannah could notice. Hannah sat in the back watching the raindrops race each other across the window. Her hand laid open across the seat.

On Saturday, Hannah and John laid on the warm grass that pricked their bodies like needles. The hot sun beamed down, baking them. Hannah's cheeks were turning pink, but the sun didn't bother John. Distracted by a lady bug, Hannah sat up. She let it crawl on top of her finger. "Her name is Ruby," she said.

"What if it's a boy?" he asked concerned.

"You're sillyyy. Lady bugs can't be boooys. They're ladies," she squealed.

"Hannah! Time to eat!" her mom shouted.

Hannah ran in the house through the back door. The lights were dim and the table seemed empty. It was only set for three.

"You forgot John was here," she said. She hopped onto the counter to grab an extra plate out the cabinet. She hopped off, opened the drawer, and grabbed a fork and knife. Hannah's mom looked to Hannah's dad, who turned away. They sat down at the table. Hannah's mom fixed both kids a plate, knowing one would go uneaten. Hannah started talking about her day with John in the backyard with their new friend Ruby. Hannah's mom teared up. She wiped her eyes before Hannah noticed.

"Sounds like y'all had fun," her mom said, with a crack in her voice. She walked to the cabinet and grabbed the bottle of Cabernet. She poured a deep

pour and walked back over to the table. She sat down glossy eyes and reached for Hannah's hand across the table. Hannah's dad brushed his hand against Hannah's cheek.

"Can we go back outside?" Hannah asked after all her food was gone.

"Of course, sweetie," her mom responded. "Don't worry about cleaning up, I'll get it."

Hannah sat with John on the tire swing. "Why didn't you eat anything tonight? You always eat a lot here."

"I don't have to eat anymore, Hannah." Hannah looked down through the hole of the tire swing.

"Will you be at school again Monday? You're only there sometimes. I miss you."

"I don't think I'll be able to come back anymore."

"For good? Where are you going? Why are you leaving?"

"I'm going somewhere safe. There will be other kids there to play with. And we won't have to worry about the bad people anymore."

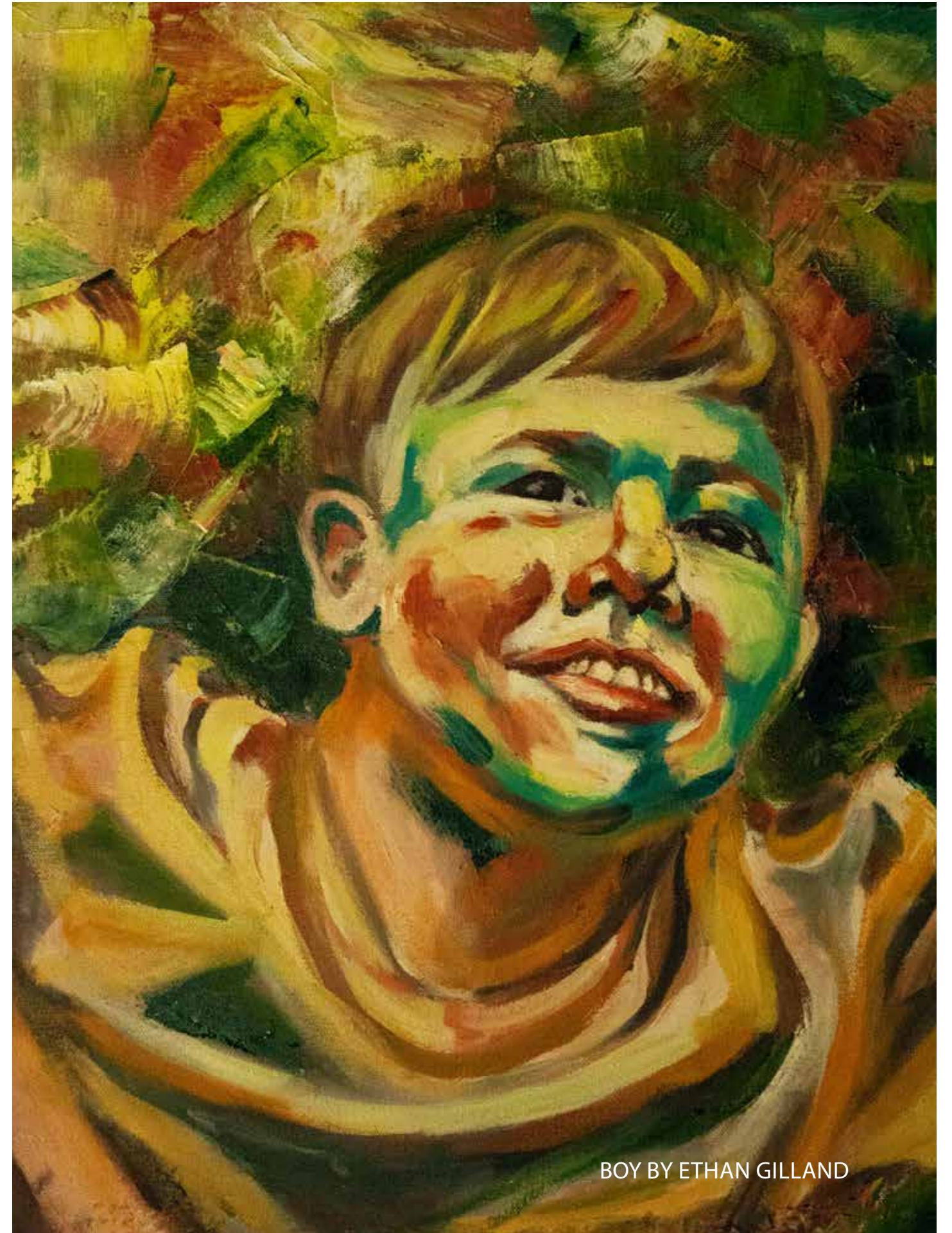
Hannah nodded. "Are we still gonna be best friends?"

"The bestest forever!"

"Promise?"

"Promise." John grinned. His eyes didn't look so sad anymore.

"Hey, tag you're it!" Hannah jumped off the swing and took off running through the yard. She circled the shed and ran back to the oak tree for the safety of "base." She didn't hear anymore giggling. She looked around. John was gone.



BOY BY ETHAN GILLAND

I Feel Slightly

By Nate Diaz

I feel slightly

Below

A little something

Strange

To the eyes of love

My minds become deranged

Out the door

In the shadows

Such painful things

Come about when I am down

Come around when I am not found

How to help pick myself up

From that cold hard ground

To fly above these sunken lands

As promises of gold and shine

Oh how

what a shame

My life's been nothing but a game

I can be anything you want now

Real fast

Real fast

Faster

At a place called Ray's

I lost my face

At a place called Ray's

I found my friends

At a place like Ray's

You'll never leave again

To How One Finds Tensions?

By Jeffrey Ramirez

Truth or dare, one's own affair.

The love for yearn to have the burn,

but as in time how's one find

to go to fast or slow?

For one's ration needing passion

within finding loves greatest satisfaction.

To get every move perfect within action, we need satisfaction

to touch within the square build the affair.

supposed faction let love be the tonight's passion.

The act in fact gave the burn to glow;

we need it slow.

Grind in inner traction, we need to give a twine to find

the twine of *suraction* we need to find.

Twine is the traction within satisfaction.

Given fast, isn't cash, but it's slow to go we need slow.

In tonight's grip, we need to strip- to give into the affair.

Tonight's the way we need to foresee the burn.

Foreseen burn makes us yearn more into action given reaction for passion.

The Truth or dare, the naughty glare, supplement love affair isn't pas-

sion.

It's the girl we find.

For given time, the girl will turn and burn

into action within my faction of satisfaction.

To give into the night, the sight of blared affair.

we need it slow.

The way we need to go, we want it slow.

Slow of the beat we need to pay into ration for passion.

The state of night for you or me, tonight's the high for affair.

We need to find the transaction of satisfaction.

Given the yearn of tonight's burn, it's the boy we burn-

the want for slow.

Yes, in slow, the needed glow

Oh tonight, in passion, there is satisfaction.

Glow in passion gave the burn.

The yearn in fight for the right in affair.

We needed tonight's action- an affair, burn!

See how we take hand in hand we find, Slow!

We have found it, passion, satisfaction!

The Little Cloud and Me

By Hayley King

A perfect wisp of feathery cloud
Glowing bright against the sky,
Which pierces blue between the leaves
Of trees that reach so high.

I watch the wisp of pearly white
Glide smoothly 'cross the blue,
Then reach up for another branch
To get a better view.

The tiny cloud soon disappears
Behind a maple tree,
And where it ventures after that
I sadly cannot see.

My mind is left to dream about
Where it may travel now.
I reach my hand up once again
For yet a higher bough.

Perhaps it's floating to the sea
To watch the ocean tide;
Or maybe being swept along
Upon a jetstream ride.

I perch between the soft green leaves
And listen to the breeze,
The wind that carries little clouds
Behind tall maple trees.

Perhaps the cloud has soared beyond
Into some distant land,
Where another dreamer just like me
Will see and understand

That this is quite a special cloud,
That travels through the sky
And shines so brightly in the sun
That after it's gone by

One cannot help but miss the cloud
And its soft pearly hue,
So small and white against the sky
Of such a brilliant blue.

I look beneath me at the grass
So very far below,
And picture little treetops over
Which a cloud might float.

I picture me, myself, a cloud.
Where would I venture now?
Surely little clouds don't perch
Upon a poplar bough.

Perhaps I'd find the valley,
As I floated on the wind,
That once it has been found and left
Cannot be found again.

Perhaps I'd see a sailing ship
Upon an ocean blue,
Or hear the screeching of an eagle,
Black and white in hue.

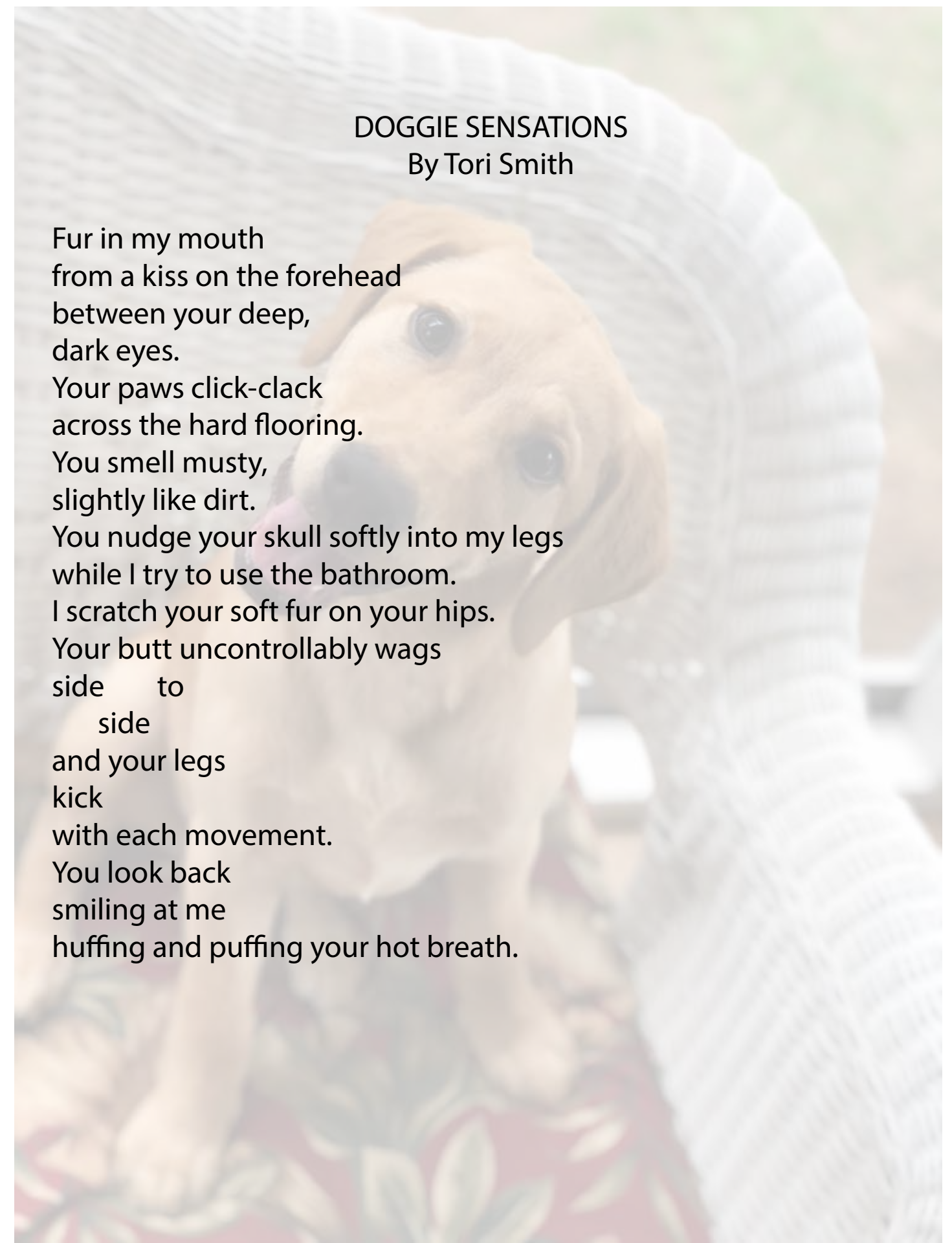
Or perhaps I'd see a poplar tree
That grows up straight and tall;
A child sitting on a limb,
Careful not to fall.

The child would smile and watch me float
Away upon the wind
Until I disappeared beyond
The trees in the horizon.

Now, sitting on the sturdy branch
Of my friendly poplar tree,
I smile and know deep in my heart
The cloud remembers me.



PUPPY BY ALLISON SKIPPER



DOGGIE SENSATIONS
By Tori Smith

Fur in my mouth
from a kiss on the forehead
between your deep,
dark eyes.
Your paws click-clack
across the hard flooring.
You smell musty,
slightly like dirt.
You nudge your skull softly into my legs
while I try to use the bathroom.
I scratch your soft fur on your hips.
Your butt uncontrollably wags
side to
side
and your legs
kick
with each movement.
You look back
smiling at me
huffing and puffing your hot breath.

Wallflowers
By Mo Henry-Rivera

The walls laugh at me, but I laugh back with fiery eyes and a hollow smile.
Swallowing hard like walking a mile,
Without water.
But I'm still drowning, they're crowding, heart pounding. Then it stops.
The screech finishes and the halls clear, then comes the tears.

It's all just a game; stress stuck in my brain. Either way it's child's
play.
Raise your hand, sit in your desk, pain you can't stand, it's all so gro-
tesque. Hoping for the best, but expecting the worst.
All of us thinking I'll never be first.
Each child competing, conforming, performing for letters that determine if
we're clever,
Or not.
Who's gonna let the bomb drop?

Walls filling our heads with lies starting in elementary, Just like Ms. Mi-
chels told us,
"Kids, if you try hard enough, you will become president."
But when higher education comes it's way too easy to get in trouble you
see, "Now, class, if you don't do what's expected you will be written up,
and if
you're written up,
You are no longer a perfect candidate for president."

Over and over kids tuned like machines to make America's perfect citizens;
And they tell up to chase our dreams?
But what if we can't do what you say?
With the mocking, mimicking, marking, bullying we go through each and every
day.
In lessons we're divided, anger not subsided, still emotionally undecided,
But don't you worry hon; a mask of happiness is provided.

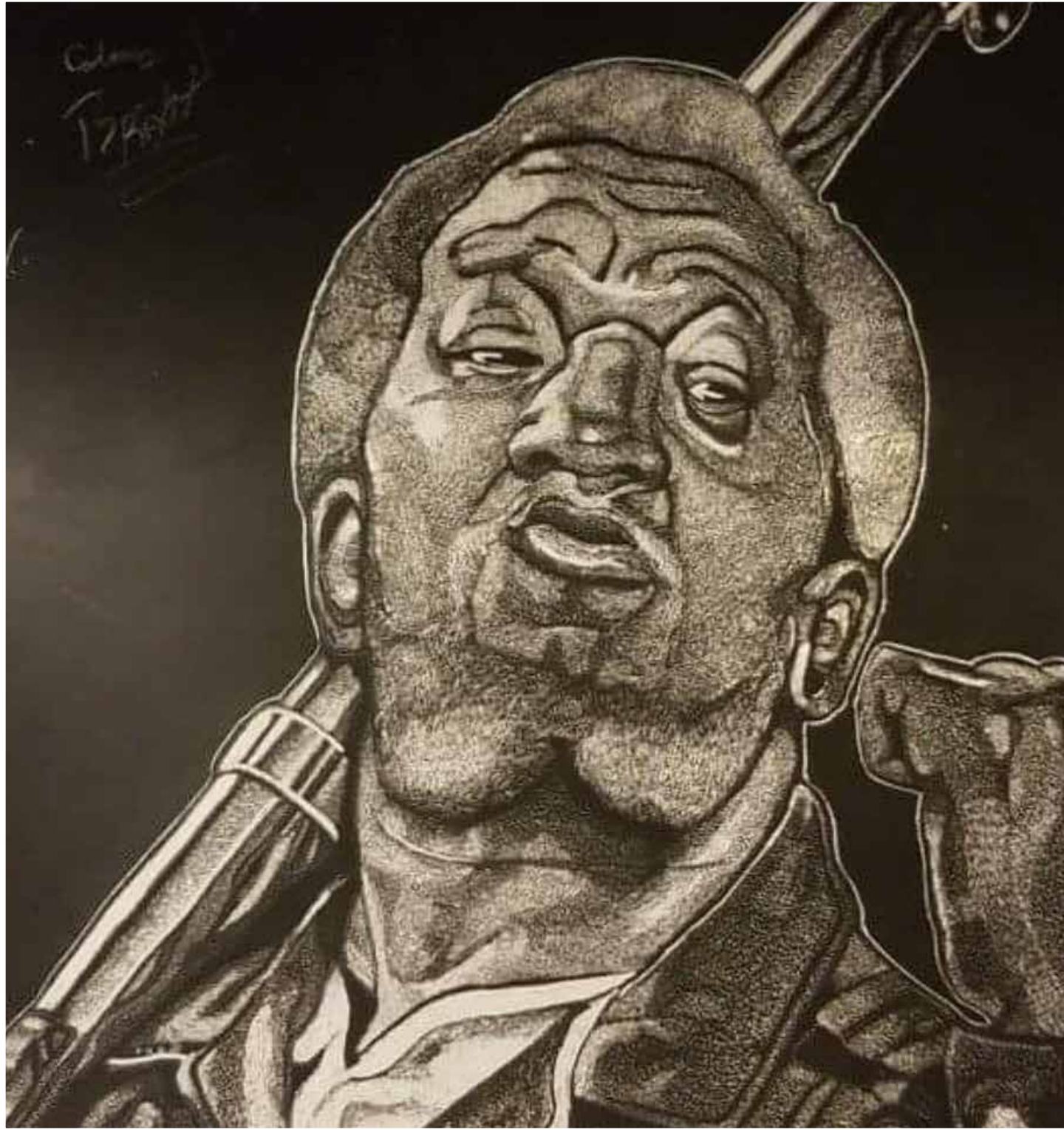
They tell us we'll make it, but you already know we fake it. Then we're
unteachable, unreachable, expendable, suspendable. Undeserving un lessons,
sent home in exile,
Guilty till proven innocent without any trial!

You want us to graduate, get good grades, just behave, But treat us like
slaves,
To America's Educational System that lets us fall flat, and not care where
we're at.
So when we're gone do we really move on?

Now tell me,
If one kid out of one hundred cries for help, do they make a sound?
Or do you let them drown, in the crowd, while their broken hearts pound?
We're wallflowers; now give us water to grow.



WILD HORSES
BY ETHAN GILLAND



DUMMY BY CALVIN BRIGHT

The Walk Around of You

By Jeffrey Ramirez

Alpha: the leader of the group; the group of one, the standing one.

Bravo: the one that's you; my second, almost my equal, but are you?

Charlie: the guy that you made clear is who you actually loved: instead of me!

Delta: the underlying change of you and me no longer together for life!

Echo: the vast noise in the distance; from you and me, the faded voice.

Foxtrot: As I trotted further and further away. Leaving you behind. See ya.

Gulf: the place I was standing as I saw from a distance, you and him together.

Hotel: the place in which you could be right now; ass in the air pleasing him!

India: the place you wanted to go to your whole life; and the place I would of--.

Juliett: the name you and I agreed which would've been the name of our daughter.

Kilo: the thought brings me to think, how much did it take? For you to up and leave.

Lima: the capital of the largest city you wanted to go to can you remember it?

Mike: oh wait!?! Now that I think of it? this is the guy your cheating with now!

November: the month in which I would of choose to marry you; since it's your Birthday Month!

Oscar: your brother whom I just think is a lie; it was just another guy you cheated with!

Papa: the ridiculous name you'd call me; because I was your fallback, the man who was yours!

Quebec: Our honeymoon destination, the place I choose for you, out of love.

Romeo: the metaphorical sight in your eyes, as seen with all the guys You View.

Sierra: the chain of mountains we would have visited when our child was born.

Tango: the dance I practiced for our wedding; to enlighten you to the new moves I've learned!

Uniform: the dress I wish you'd be wearing for the rest of your flaunting, as for what you did!

Victor: the name we agreed highly on for our son, but now because of you I hate the name.

Whisky: the drink I had when you up-rooted our relationship; now for fun it's the toasting drink.

Xray: the power I wish you had to see the pain you caused, but it's what I use to see through you.

Yankee: the term you have; because as the team you too think you're great, but ha as you say.

Zulu: A code I dropped to your new man; as to expose you to him, for all that y

One's Memories Forgotten

By Jeffrey Ramirez

The memory of one forgotten each time, every time, why?

I try so hard, but each time, every time it's futile to do so!

Man I try so hard, but they don't come to me – they're forgotten.

Hopes of one day they'll come back, but no, the Seize say's no!

the seizure takes control, makes a goal to clear the memory of one.

The memory of one forgotten each time, every time, why?

Waking after the seizure is a fright, but it's nothing new

It's experienced over and over, so it's nothing new, but to happen again!

Man I try so hard, but they don't come to me – they're forgotten.

One could come to me after it has happened, but to no surprise I ask "Who would one be to ask?" It's forgotten, the memory's gone, I can't comprehend.

The memory of one forgotten each time, every time, why?

To have to be told lost memories again, after it has been experienced is a pain,

But not in vain; I have those who can help, but it's going to be the same!

Man I try so hard, but they don't come to me – they're forgotten.

Again and Again I can learn, but later they're always gone!

So is it a waste for me to learn, since they're always going to be gone?

The memory of one forgotten each time, every time, why?

Man I try so hard, but they don't come to me – they're forgotten.

Midlands Technical College Presents
The Fourth Annual
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT Student Conference
Interdisciplinary Studies
Literature, Composition, Creativity

Best Group Presentation:

Kaitlyn Echerer and Hallie Wenger, "Robert Frost's Poetry at Hand"

Best 102 Gallery Entry:

Sean Clayton, "Combat Veterans Disconnecting from Society"

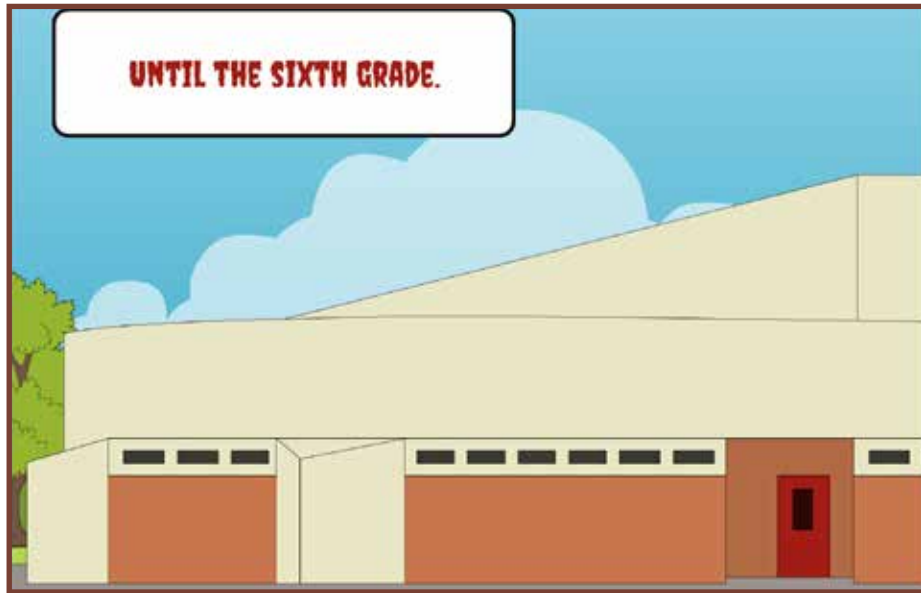
Best Essay:

Sara Abdalla, "Antigone: Women's Role in Greek Society"

Best Creative Piece:

Hayley King, "The Little Cloud and Me"

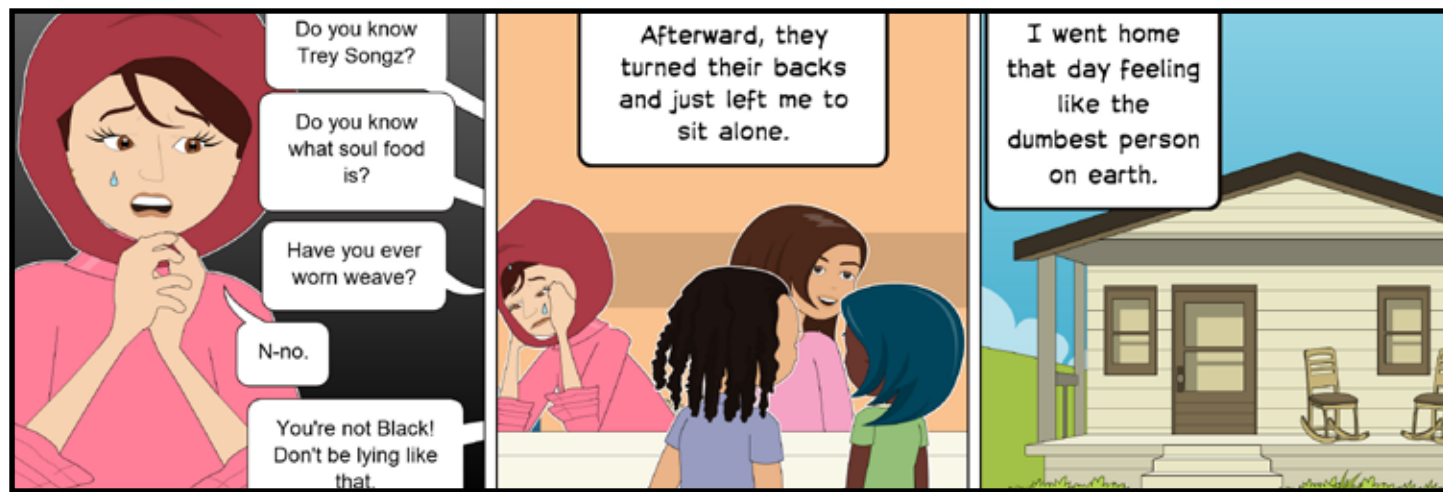






IF I COULD TELL THE FUTURE, I WOULD HAVE NEVER GONE TO LUNCH WITH HER.

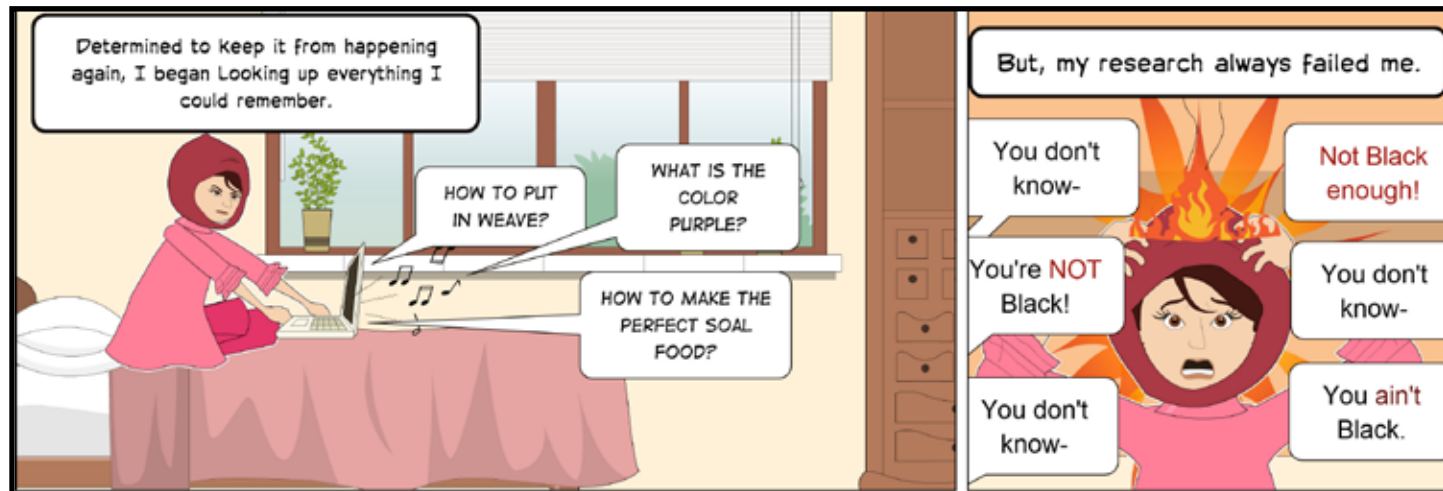




Do you know Trey Songz?
Do you know what soul food is?
Have you ever worn weave?
N-no.
You're not Black! Don't be lying like that!

Afterward, they turned their backs and just left me to sit alone.

I went home that day feeling like the dumbest person on earth.



Determined to keep it from happening again, I began Looking up everything I could remember.

HOW TO PUT IN WEAVE?
WHAT IS THE COLOR PURPLE?
HOW TO MAKE THE PERFECT SOAL FOOD?

But, my research always failed me.

You don't know-
You're NOT Black!
You don't know-
You ain't Black.
Not Black enough!
You don't know-
You ain't Black.



I sat at that table for a month not knowing where else to go. After all, everyone was Black, and I wasn't. I assumed that no matter where I sat I would just be picked on again.



Until one day,
Excuse me. Can you help me?

I found a new table where I slowly forgot about the past month of bullying.



It wasn't until years later when I truly understood what happened to me that school year. Because it happened again, and again, the older I got.

Wait, They responded!
What did they say?!



Hey.
Hi.
Where are you from?
America. You?
Egypt. I thought you were Egyptian.
I am.
But not really. Right?

Nevermind. It wasn't them. I have work to do. Call you later.
click

It doesn't matter what race you are when you're mixed...



Because no matter what you do...

There will always be someone that tells you...

"You're not enough."

Antigone: Character and Actions Analysis

By Travis Hiegl

Antigone is a Greek tragedy written in the mid 400's B.C.E. by Sophocles and is one part of a three-part overarching tragedy. This tragedy was written in the classic Greek era and is based on a myth from ancient Greece about the ruling family of Thebes and the family of the now dead Oedipus. The beginning of Antigone takes place just after a fierce battle between the two sons of Oedipus, whose struggle for power has ended in civil war and double fratricide. While the tragedy is called Antigone, and Antigone is the first central character introduced to the audience, Antigone cannot be considered the character whose fall is caused by a fatal flaw. According to Aristotle's criteria for tragedy, "...good men ought not to be shown passing from prosperity to misfortune, for this does not inspire either pity or fear, but only revulsion: nor evil men rising from ill fortune to prosperity, for this is the most untragic plot of all" (1151). The character that is subject to these expectations is in fact her uncle, Creon, who experiences his tragic fall because he is blinded by his confidence in his governance and actions during the tragedy. The differing perspectives of Creon and Antigone create the conflict of the plot, with Antigone acting as the catalyst to their conflict. Creon and Antigone clash on moral and philosophical grounds. Antigone does not want her dead brother and, by extension herself,

to be dishonored, while Creon wants loyalty to the city-state and obedience to his word; this dispute, in tangent with their flaws, causes them to suffer their somewhat similar, yet distinct fates.

The tragedy opens by introducing the title character Antigone, and key aspects of her character as she talks with her sister Ismene about her plan to bury her brother Polyneices, who brought foreign troops to aid him in capturing the throne of Thebes and is thus seen and treated as an enemy to the city of Thebes. The sisters argue for a few lines before Antigone rejects Ismene's timid and cautious ideas by stating:

Let me and my

recklessness deal with this alone.

No matter what I suffer

I won't be dishonored.

(Sophocles lines 113-116)

These lines provide the first look into how Antigone's character influences her motivation for burying her fallen brother. Rather than stating a logical opposition to Ismene's point and possibly persuading her sister to join her efforts, Antigone tells her sister she will follow her arrogant and overly prideful choice to honor her family name instead of self-preservation, and that she is at peace with whatever consequences that come as a result of those actions.

This statement also presents Antigone's view of honor. By leaving her brother unburied, he is being dishonored, but crucially, this act also dishonors her family name, which, by proxy, dishonors Antigone as well as Ismene. Rather than using the many moral points at her disposal to convince Ismene to join her, Antigone disregards her as an ally and pushes her away.

Antigone's devotion to her family name is not reciprocated by her future father-in-law, Creon, who decreed that Polyneices remain unburied in the first place. After the death of both heirs to the throne, Creon is the male member of the ruling family closest to the throne. He has proclaimed himself king, and issues edicts to solidify Thebes' victory over the army from Argos, led by Polyneices. Creon has made it a crime to mourn the death of Polyneices in his speech to the elders, "It is now a crime for Thebans to / bury or morn him. Dogs and birds / will savage and outrage his corpse" (Sophocles 236-238). Creon is imposing a man-made decree over the corpse of a fallen soldier, rather than giving him a proper burial as a tradition to honor the gods and recognize their dominion over the dead. Such rituals are evident throughout Greek history and myth. Leaving the corpse of Polyneices unburied disgraces Antigone's entire family, while also disturbing the gods due to the destroyed state of the corpse, as it has become an unclean sacrifice to the gods.

In his first speech to the elders of Thebes, Creon demonstrates where his own loyalties lie, by stating:

Nor have I any use for a man whose friend

Means more to him than his country.

Believe me, Zeus, for you miss nothing.

*I'll always speak out when I see Thebes
choosing*

Destruction rather than deliverance.

(Sophocles 214-218)

Creon is attempting to assert to the elders that he can and will be a worthy candidate of the throne after the deaths of the two rightful rulers by bloodline. He states that his city will come before all other things, including family and friends. This statement is both laudatory and problematic because loyalty to family and friends were some of the most important and defining aspects of a person in both ancient and classical Greek eras. Creon also states specifically, in this ironic passage, that he will stand up for his city whenever there are decisions being made that could cause the city harm, although later he does the opposite. The social aspects of the Greek culture and political aspects of Creon are in conflict; and are looked at by James Comas in "War and the Anima of Criticism," which characterizes the central concern of the drama, "Sophokles

representation of the dilemma of weighing politics against ethics constitutes the philosophical framework" (189). The character Antigone focuses on the social aspects including her family and, by extension, herself not being dishonored, and she connects this to honoring the gods and funeral rites of the dead. In contrast, Creon places his loyalties to the political side, more specifically to the city, its man-decreed laws, and to the people of the city above his own family and friends, which results in him becoming a husk of his former self.

Both Antigone and Creon have character flaws that make them appear more familiar to the audience, and thus allows them to fall victim to a tragic fall from their noble status as members of a once-privileged ruling family as imperfect beings. Antigone is both righteous and self-righteous in almost all her motives. As previously noted, she wanted to bury her brother, originally only briefly mentioning the gods, "I will spend a much longer time, than I / will ever owe to the living. Go ahead, please yourself – defy / laws that the gods expect us to honor" (Sophocles 92-94). She then uses this argument in more detail to justify her actions of burying her fallen brother to Creon, rather than using this to gain Ismene's trust and assistance in the opening scene. And soon after Antigone is apprehended by the sentries guarding Polyneices' body, Creon gets confirmation from Ismene, who maintains that she would have assisted Antigone if

she had given Ismene another chance.

In the initial confrontation over Antigone's burial of Polyneices, the two have a verbal clash about her actions:

Creon: Explain something to me without elaborating Were you aware of my decree forbidding this?

Antigone: Of course I knew. We all knew.

Creon: And you still dared to violate the law?

Antigone: I did. It wasn't Zeus who issued me this order.

(Sophocles 483-488).

Antigone's unyielding nature is exposed in this quote as, even in the face of danger, she takes her self-righteous stance and asserts it with strong-willed wording over Creon, establishing her moral superiority over his argument. Joseph's essay, "The Antigone as Cultural Touchstone," also examines the word choice that Antigone uses throughout the tragedy and states, "The extravagant egoism that colors her words early words and grows increasingly insistent as it encounters the equally overbearing rigidity of her antagonist" (Joseph 23). Joseph cites the strong will of Antigone as a cause of her downfall as well as the way that she presents herself, especially in the face of Creon. Antigone's pragmatic approach to speaking with the now king of Thebes

who decreed that Polyneices go unburied, in tandem with using her sister as the one who provides an explanation and excuse of her action, allows for Antigone to assert her moral high ground over Creon. The strong will of Antigone and the morality of the scenario would, under normal circumstances, work in her favor; however, Creon's arrogance overpowers Antigone at almost every turn.

Creon's arrogance is seen in his actions and thoughts, which is what leads to the lasting and fatal conflict between himself and Antigone. Moreover, Creon's responses to Antigone's actions ultimately cause the downfall of others close to him. While his character has the potential to be more dynamic, his hubris and attitude towards women prevent this. Creon encounters, several times, individuals who want him to rethink his actions, such as his son Haemon, who pleads for the life of his soon-to-be wife, not because she is his fiancée, but because the motives for her actions represent the norms for ritual religious behavior. When Creon sees that his son is not going to agree with his actions simply because he is the king and his father, they argue. Haemon says: "You'd make a first-rate king of a wasteland" (Sophocles 816). Creon replies: "It seems this boy fights on the woman's side" (Sophocles 817). Haemon differs, asserting he is trying to support his father: "Only if you're the woman. / You're my concern" (Sophocles 818-819). This exchange not only demonstrates Haemon's concern for his father

and his effort to be the voice of reason through the chaos, but also his loyalty even despite his father's threat to execute his fiancée. Creon's reply to Haemon adds another layer to his conflict with Antigone, as he demonstrates the cultural norm of misogyny in classic Greece with his statement demeaning his son by calling him a women's "boy." As Thorburn states in his article, "Women in Classic Drama," "The activities of women in Greece and Rome were largely centered around the home. Women had no voting rights in political matters, and even appearing alone in public, much less on stage, would not have been considered appropriate behavior" (Thorburn 1). With a more modern look back onto the cultural and societal standards of the classical Greek era, it is easy to attribute misogyny to Creon's list of character flaws, due to the drastic changes in the roles of women and men over the millennia. This makes Haemon's defense of Antigone more remarkable, as he asserts the common people would award her a crown for her actions honoring her dead and unburied brother, even though she is a woman.

Creon's flaws also reveal a streak of paranoia, repeatedly bringing up how he believes those around him that oppose his opinions and actions are betraying him for material gain. This starts in the early stages of the tragedy just after Creon has become king, as he speaks with the guard who reports Polyneices' body has been buried. Creon

states, "You've run off at the mouth since you were born / / I think you did. Sold your life for some silver" (Sophocles 352-354). Creon's suspicion towards his own guards put in place to watch over the body of Polyneices is telling of how simplistic Creon's thinking is; as the guard tries to explain that he had nothing to do with the disappearance, Creon jumps to conclusions that money was involved, although money hadn't been brought up in the conversation beforehand.

Creon's paranoia is seen again towards the end of the tragedy in his conversation with the priest Tiresias. Just after the entombment of Antigone takes place, Tiresias and Creon converse about Creon's actions. The exchange is the final checkpoint where Creon may reverse his antagonistic ruling and save Antigone's life as well as revise his own fate. Tiresias warns, "Take care. You are standing on the razor's edge of fate." (Sophocles 1099) To this Creon questions, "What do you mean? That makes me shudder." (Sophocles 1100) Tiresias final reply is, "You'll comprehend when you hear the warnings issued by my art" (Sophocles 1101). Tiresias, even though attempting to help, is seen by Creon as an aggressor, which, in turn, leads to an argument where the two trade verbal blows about their professions and actions throughout life; Tiresias points out that he helped Creon become king, while Creon states that Tiresias' profession has always loved taking money. Creon's insistence that those

who oppose him act out of self-interest instead of the interest of the city is apparent here. In contrast, while Antigone acts in her and her family's interests, her actions also honor the gods, by burying the body of her fallen brother against Creon's decree. While both Antigone and Creon have flaws in their actions as well as their logic, it is ultimately Creon who refuses to recognize and see his own mistakes until it is too late to stop his fate from spiraling out of his control.

In the end, Creon and Antigone both suffer fates that, while being similar, are very distinct from one another due to their actions and flaws. Chandler states in his analysis in *The Monist*, "There is a peculiar economy of motive in tragedy, such as Antigone, where the transgressions of each chief character tend to justify the transgressions of the other" (83). Because of the way each character conducts themselves throughout the tragedy, the two characters experience some form of death. Antigone, while killing herself in the end, had complete control over her actions and thoughts all throughout the tragedy, even choosing the moment in which she kills herself. Creon's fate is set in motion by the gods after he challenges their laws and refuses to take responsibility for his actions due to his hubris. Creon not only loses control of his fate, but he loses his family, as Haemon kills himself where Antigone dies, which subsequently causes Creon's wife to kill herself and curse his name. Sisk

summarizes the ending of Antigone in "Justice in Antigone" by stating, "Though Creon has seen that his single-minded pursuit of justice is in error, it is too late" (Sisk 5). Creon creates his own living nightmare; he is left alone and bereft of those he thought he loved and was trying to protect. In his zeal to rule Thebes independently, Creon is blinded by his own arrogance which results in his ironic downfall; as he had stated in his inaugural speech to the elders of Thebes that, "There is nothing worse than a man / who fails to act on sound advice" (Sophocles 211-212).

By the end of the tragedy, both central characters are dead in a sense. Antigone is physically dead, and Creon is now psychologically dead after losing his family, a clear judgement of his failure from the gods. The tragedy closes with a statement from the Leader of the Chorus, addressing the audience and echoing the words of Haemon: "Good sense is crucial to human happiness. / never fail to respect the gods, for the huge / claims of proud men are always hugely punished" (Sophocles 1513-1515). This tragedy serves the purpose of presenting the audience with a message to eschew hubris and excessive pride and to utilize reason in all decisions. It also suggests a balance between religious piety and political rule is necessary. This message to Greece in the fifth century B.C.E. was used to inspire the audience to better both political and societal relations and is still relevant to the same relations today.

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Why Combat Veterans are Disconnecting From Society

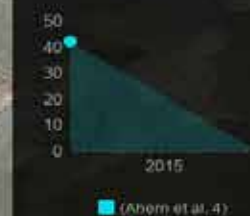
By Sean Clayton



What A Soldier Experiences In Combat

Family

42% of combat veterans see the military as family



Structure

46% of combat veterans benefited from the structure within the military



Purpose

- Essential Part Of The Team
- Common Goals
- World Impact
- Striving To Be The Best

What a Soldier Experiences Upon Returning Home

01

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder
46% of soldiers report experiencing post traumatic stress upon returning home. (Pew Research)

02

Disconnect From Friends & Family
veterans often found it hard to engage support due to feelings of alienation from individuals who had not shared the experience of military service (Ahern et. al 7)

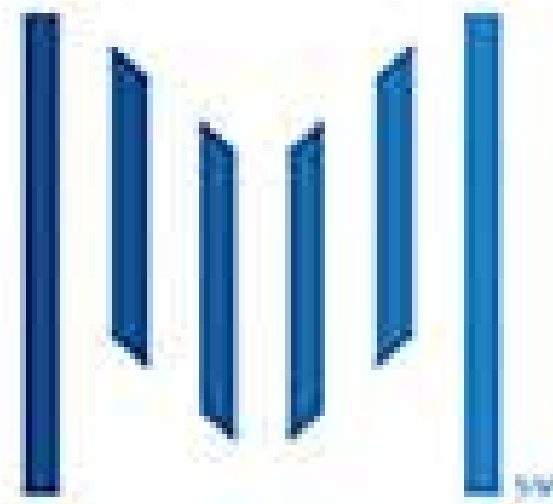
03

Lack of Structure in Society & Loss of Purpose
42% of Combat Veterans stated that civilian life lacked meaning and purpose, and that they no longer felt they were contributing to an important communal effort. (Ahern et. al 6)

Ahern, Jennifer, et al. "The Challenges of Afghanistan and Iraq Veterans' Transition from Military to Civilian Life and Approaches to Reconnection." *PLoS ONE*, vol. 10, no. 7, July 2015, pp. 1-13. *Academic Search Premier*, <http://ezproxy.midlandstech.edu/login?url=http://search.ebscohost.com/login.aspx?direct=true&db=aph&AN=108629167&site=ehost-live>. Accessed on 20 Feb. 2019.

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