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Pilgrim Soul

—by Bettina Jaffe—



faded sketch of Virginia Woolf by my desk. She is facing to the unknown. She is sad. She is young. I compare it to the faces of those I love—those who are trying so defiantly to live. I think of the words, "I have a great work to be done." Life is indeed a muddle; sometimes it is as if you are out of your pram or having

In Memory

my encounter with a super-hero

I once met a super-hero

he was a black boy- age eight
I was near 21.
He told me that he had super-sonic hearing
he could hear sounds from miles and miles away
under water too
he also had special skin
with magical healing powers
my eight-year old like knees amused him
if you had my skin, those scrapes would be gone a long time a go
don't you wish you had my skin
he says
I swallow hard the irony of those words
I think of the
crowded emergency rooms near his home
assemblies where they teach you to avoid gun shots and needles
the clicks of car-locks on your walk to school
cowardly principals who close the schools at dusk
and the scarcity of books
and I hug him tight
I wonder if he hears my wish
cause if wanting makes it so
then there's a little black boy running around a neighborhood in North Philly
with superpowers

~Christina Jaffe~

Pilgrim Soul

~by Bettina Jaffe~

I want to write for girls who want to *be* the tenors of their time. An essay for those who think Denmark is a prison and are looking for their Horatio. For girls who have sat in their boyfriends' bedrooms looking in tender wonder at boyhood collections of Old Spice jars, baseball cards, rare coins, and now — love letters and wondered if it possible to learn *everything* by heart. I want to write for charming English professors who carry satchels and highly poetic inner thoughts and for young women who feel they are not destined for greatness but rather for love. For all who have always wanted to live in a book (perhaps one with swans and boys named Cecil). If you are the kind that listen to heartbeats and prescribe poetry, then I write for you. "We were the last romantics...chose for theme," wrote Yeats. And to you, I give a story. It is a very simple one, about my muddle of a search for life, livelihood, and first editions.

I like that word muddle. It's exactly like puddle...if you've ever stepped into one, a muddle that is, unexpectedly, you know exactly what I mean. When you are just twenty, life is a muddle. It's something you accept gracefully like the interminable nature of Sunday sermons, the ironic subtext of adolescence, and the "importance" of collections of coins and baseball cards. The truth is—these are difficult things to accept...and yet "these are difficult times begin the sermons" and I think there are other things to rebel against: overused metaphors, pop music platitudes, the desire to be defined by who you love and not your capacity to.

I wonder about *becoming* because I like that word. I have the usual allotment of dreams for idealistic English majors — too many. I want to be a peaceweaver, an English professor who carries a satchel and highly poetic inner thoughts, or Annie Dillard. I want to linger hopefully in the fiction sections of rare book emporiums...looking for a separate peace, an American childhood, or a novel on yellow paper. I want the quiet companionship of Frog and Toad and the passion of the Browning's. I want to write brilliantly painful villanelles to my absent father and I want to forget.

It is strange how often I think of finding the lost boys...not the pram fallers but rather those poignant shadows of adolescence...quietly occupying the third rows in classrooms everywhere. I imagine them wanting a lot too, seeking something other than the silence and the chatter. I yearn to find them and introduce them to the girls who sat in the second row...praying for grace. Errant beauties meet awkward princes. I can't remember what you are so afraid of...just that you are. I will whisper to them, "Fear no more the heat o' the sun." I will marvel at the poignancy of their amulets, worn packages of cigarettes and half-empty bottles of Zoloft. Could I replace these with Rilke? What can I give them other than words? Will that ever be enough? If only I could convince them that I too know of the wonder and the solitude. I think of the faded sketch of Virginia Woolf by my desk. She is facing to the unknown. She is sad. She is young. I compare it to the faces of those I love—those who are trying so defiantly to *live*. I think of the words of my professors, "There is much work to be done." Life is indeed a muddle; sometimes it is much worse than falling out of your pram or having

to look at large coin collections. Sometimes all we can do is to resolve to catalogue the beautiful remainders and not yearn for first editions. Listen to the sermons and maybe even the pop music if it will make you smile. Continue to look for your Horatio or a boy named Cecil. And yes, it is possible to learn everything-by heart.

Winter

There is a beauty in Winter

Among the bitter cold.

It sleeps inside the willow trees

And cracked torn leaves grown old.

It whispers 'cross the stark white fields

Glistening in the sun.

It lies beneath an icy lake

Reflecting water as it runs.

But most of all it finds itself

Between a pair of lovers.

Who huddle by the fire for warmth

And forget the days of Summer.

~Sandi Leonard~

The Day the Kool-Aid Man Came Calling

~by Mariellen Smith~

We were sitting in the living room on a hot summer day. The air conditioner was broken, and my siblings and I were just kind of lying around. "I'm thirsty," said my brother Billy.

No one said anything; it was too hot. There was about a five second period of this silence before the Kool-Aid man came crashing through the wall.

It all happened so quickly. We were just sitting there — and the next thing I knew there was a giant pitcher of red liquid smashing its way into our living room in a spray of broken glass and splintering wood. "Hey, kids," it yelled in a gravelly voice, "Oh yeah!!"

My sister Anna screamed in terror. I jumped up, grabbed her by the arm and shoved her and my brother Billy into the kitchen. Mom, who had been out in the back yard hanging laundry, heard the noise and came rushing inside through the back door.

"Momma!!" Anna screamed rushing into her arms.

"What was that noise? What's wrong?" asked my mother as she hugged my trembling little sister. Her answer was not far behind.

"Oh yeah!" shouted the Kool-Aid man as he smashed his way into the kitchen.

"Oh, Jesus!" Mom shouted, and she pushed us toward the back stairs.

Mom struggled up the steps, clutching Anna. I was pounding right after her pulling Billy behind me. At the top of the stairs, we all collapsed in a heap, and Mom paused to collect her children. "What is that thing?" she shrieked. Billy started to cry.

"Momma, I'm scared," whimpered Anna.

"Kool-Aid, oh yeah!" came the voice from downstairs. The narrow stairwell had slowed him down, but he was trying to plow his way up the steps. We all ran down the hall to try to escape through the front steps, but debris from the Kool-Aid man's initial crash was blocking our escape. Mom led us into her bedroom, and we pushed Dad's dresser in front of the door.

Mom ran to the phone and started dialing frantically. "Oh God," she said. "The phone is dead. He cut the phone line."

Outside we could hear the Kool-Aid man forcing his way down the narrow hallway, scraping against the wall. We all froze. "No one make a sound," whispered Mom. "John, get your father's gun."

I nodded and crawled under the bed. Mom put Bill and Anna in the closet. "Stay here and don't come out, no matter what." I heard her whisper. Outside we could hear the Kool-Aid man thumping and banging into things as he moved through the house. Mom locked the closet door.

"John?" Mom whispered.

I crawled out from under the bed with my dad's rifle. "I've got it." I said.

"Is it loaded-?"

She stopped. We both froze. The noise outside had suddenly stopped and there was an eerie silence. We stood there listening for him, but all I could hear was my pounding heart. The house creaked slightly. Remembering the rifle, I opened it up — empty.

The house creaked again. Mom motioned to the bedside table. I carefully slid the drawer open and pulled out a box of shells. As I opened the box my hands were shaking so hard that I dropped several bullets. They landed with a soft clank on the carpet. I dropped to the floor. The house creaked. Mom and I both looked at the ceiling, which was sagging queerly. "He's in the attic!" Mom said, choking.

I found a shell and shoved it roughly into the gun. Before I could find another the ceiling came crashing down around us. My mom screamed. "Oh yeah," said the Kool-Aid man. Dust and debris covered us both. When it cleared I found the Kool-Aid man looming over me. He was huge and red and wearing neon jams. His strange face had been rubbed into the condensation, and he grinned a creepy, soulless smile.

"Get away from him!" shouted my mom. She threw a piece of plaster at him that bounced off his glass body with a clink. His expression never changed, and he turned to her and said, "Kool-Aid, oh yeah!" Then he turned and began advancing toward her.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US?!" Mom screamed.

The giant red pitcher made no reply, but continued to lumber towards her. Mom backed up and fell into the bathroom. "Oh, God!" she s scrambling across the tile. The Kool-Aid man burst right through the narrow doorframe after her.

I picked up the rifle and slammed it shut. I would only get one shot. Mom pushed herself behind the toilet and covered her face. Trembling I aimed the rifle. My mom screamed. I closed my eyes and pulled the trigger. I heard glass shatter, and a wave of red, sugary liquid washed over the white bathroom tile. My mom lay on the floor in a puddle of the sticky liquid sobbing.

It was all over.

Sever the Wicked

First Prize for Poetry – High School, Hoffman Writing Contest

My troubled world
Which leads to
And oozes like
Of creeping
By digesting
Come along
And save you

Going on 1956

and we set our 45' of "Earth Angel" spinning around the needle
the version by the Platters- not the inferior attempt by the Penguins
and you and David fight over who is cooler- James Dean or Marlon Brando
before serenading me with "Duke of Earl" and the B side of the Best of the Righteous Brothers
and I laugh-
my mother coming through the rec. room, smiles over the laundry basket
I cringe at the sight of her purple blotched dishwashing hands
David and you both offer to take the teeming load to the landing
my mother hides her surprise and then her embarrassment
says thank you- but no
walks the stairs more quickly then her back will later tolerate
upstairs the door slams
I tell you and David that we better make sure the records are stacked neat-
He cares a lot for his records.
and I hope that Dad has had a good day at work
and I hear the cook, who doubles as a laundress reviewing this night's entrees and
the caustic response of The Critic
and I wonder what we will be able to create in the future
will it be better than the inferior version played daily by my parents
and you see my slumped shoulders and the sudden intensity with which I study my naked nails
and you- resourceful you- launch into the Everly Brothers "All I Have to Do is Dream"
but I wonder . . .

~Christina Jaffe~

So with that
And the demure
Cold and lonely, wandering, while feeling so estranged
But still despite the vision's signs my heart remained unchanged
Thoughts of peaceful arguments came rushing through my head
And things I really meant to say, yet wish I had not said
Great concerted thoughts, claims, hands, wrists, never fall
Non of which were very much of anything at all.

~Andrew Farrell~

I nodded and crawled under the bed. Mom put Bill and Anna in the closet. "Stay here and don't come out, no matter what." I heard her whisper. Outside we could hear the... through the ho...

"John?"

I crawled

"Is it low

She stopped... there was an... my pounding... up - empty.

The ho... shaking so... carpet. I... ing, which...

I... other the... said the... the Kzo... His strange... soulless... and

"Get aw... that bounced... turned to her... toward...

"WHAT"

The gi... Mom backed u... tile. The Kzo...

I picked up the rifle and slammed it shut. I would only get one shot. Mom pushed herself behind the toilet and covered her face. Trembling I aimed the rifle. My mom screamed. I closed my eyes and pulled the trigger. I heard glass shatter, and a wave of red, sugary liquid washed over the white bathroom tile. My mom lay on the floor in a puddle of the stic...

Beth 3

~Jeremy Brenn~

It was all over.

Sever the Wicked

First Prize for Poetry – High School, Hoffman Writing Contest

My troubled mind is swallowed by a terrifying vision
Which leads to restless hours of relentless indecision
And oozes like a clot until I drown in derision
Of creeping midnight creatures who thrive on entropy
By digesting all the order that comprises sanity
Come along they cry aloud and we will make you free
And save you from the tedium of daily drudgery
For in the realm where our like dwell we don't permit ennui
They tempt me with their chaos and they charm me with disdain
Hatred fills their molten eyes to hear the word insane
"What," they scream "have you to say in favor of the world?"
"Why," they howl like wolves "should we now keep our fury furled?"
"How," they shriek "you dare to speak of soundness of the mind!"
"And isn't it a pity you are part of humankind?"
They must have been the demons haunting Edgar Allen Poe
Manifest in waking dreams that were manifold in woe
They sought from me the confessions for sins I did not know
They drove me through dread places even angels dare not go
"The words," they cried, "you hold inside, the words, they seek release!"
"So let them pour upon the floor or ever hold your peace."
The way the words flowed through me then, with such fantastic ease
Was not a mark of genius but a symptom of disease
A maddening compulsion that could force me to my knees
And make me beg for seconds like an addict's fervent pleas
My penitence came throbbing like the beating of a drum
Which made me dwell with heavy heart on who I had become
To see my world collapse in dust and all of this because
Everything I hated there formed everything I was
"And that," they said without regret, "is just the price you pay"
"For the wine of melancholy and the beauty of decay."
So with that said they left me standing, tired and alone
And the demons' parting grimaces had chilled me to the bone
Cold and lonely, wandering, while feeling so estranged
But still despite the vision's signs my heart remained unchanged
Thoughts of pointless arguments came rushing through my head
And things I truly meant to say, yet wish I had not said
Great conceited ramblings, claims that I could never fall
Non of which meant very much of anything at all.

~Andrew Purcell~

Jesus Goes to High School: The Parable of the History Test

~by Mariellen Smith~

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JESUS !" said God to his only son.

"Thanks, Dad," said Jesus.

"SO, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE 2000?" asked God.

"Well," Jesus said, sighing, "I guess it's okay."

"SAY - IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG, SON"?

"Aww, Dad, I can't hide anything from you."

"HA, HA, HA. NO YOU CAN'T."

"Well, Pop, turning 2000 has made me reassess my life, and looking back, I can't help but feel like I missed Out on a lot of things. While other kids were out playing ball, I was preaching to the temple. When the gang all got together on a Saturday night to heckle the Romans or stone a prostitute, I was out healing lepers and stuff. I was so busy with my work; I never even got to finish high school. One of my biggest regrets is that I never got that diploma."

"HMMM. . ." reflected God. "PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT. YOU DID MISS OUT ON A LOT OF THINGS. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL?"

"You would do that for me?"

"HEY, WHO'S YOUR DADDY?"

And so, it came to pass that Jesus of Nazareth became a sophomore at Jefferson Davis Public High School in Hallerville, South Carolina. Today we find the son of man in his third period shop class. While the other kids are banging out shoddy spice racks, our hero is working on an eight-piece dining room set.

"Wow, Jesus," said his friend Jay. "Where did you learn how to make that?" Jesus looked up from the china hutch he was varnishing. "My step-dad used to be a carpenter."

"JESUS!!!" screamed a kid from across the room.

"Yeah?" said Jesus.

"Oh, no. Not you, I just hit my thumb. Sorry."

"I forgive you."

"So, Jesus," said Jay, "Do you have a date for the dance next Friday?"

"No," said Jesus.

"Well, you had better ask someone. What about Mandy Perkins?"

"Mandy? But she's the most popular girl in school."

"Yeah, but I think she likes you. I mean, she goes to church all the time."

Jesus shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, do you think she would go with me?"

"She might, just ask her. Isn't she in your Social Studies class?"

"YEAH! We have class today. Maybe I'll ask her then."

By the time Social Studies came around, Jesus was really nervous. Mandy was really pretty and everyone liked her, so Jesus wasn't sure if he even had a chance. "I'm kind of popular," thought Jesus. "I mean, a lot of people know who I am, and many people have accepted my love into their lives, but Mandy is the most popular girl in school. Who's to say she would?" Jesus ducked into the men's room and spent the next 15 minutes psyching himself up. He was a little late for class, but when he got there, the teacher hadn't arrived yet.

Jesus pulled up a chair next to Mandy.

"Sup Mandy?" said Jesus.

"Oh, hey Jesus," said Mandy. "How do you think you did on the test?"

Before Jesus could answer the door swung open, and their teacher, Mrs. Barney came in. "Settle down, and listen up, class," she said. "Most of you did very well on your tests. At first I was pleased, but then I found this on the floor."

Mrs. Barney held up a small piece of paper. "This is a cheat sheet," she said. "And I want to know who is responsible right now. If no one comes forward, I will punish the class as a whole."

The class was silent. Several students in the back row glanced around nervously. Mrs. Barney waited a minute, but no one said anything.

And since it seems no one will take responsibility for their actions, everyone will fail."

The class gasped.

"Wait," said Jesus. "It was I."

"You, Jesus?" said Mrs. Barney pronouncing his name with the Spanish pronunciation. "It seems so unlike you. Who else is involved?"

Jesus sighed deeply, "No one, Mrs. Barney, it was all me. I acted alone and I will take responsibility — but like I told you yesterday, and the day before that, my name is pronounced JESUS. With a J. I'm not Spanish."

"Well Mr., calling you Jesus is just blasphemous. While you are in my class,

your name is Jesus. Now, go to the principal's office; he will be waiting for you."

Jesus left the classroom with his classmates stunned. A few of them knew for a fact that he was innocent, but no one said a thing.

His walk to the office was a hard one. Jesus knew that he was in trouble. He walked slow and watched his feet. What would his dad think? Jesus turned down the hallway and walked right into a large guy. "Watch where you're going you hippie freak," said the guy.

Jesus turned the other cheek and kept on walking.

"Loser," said the guy, pushing Jesus into a locker.

Jesus rubbed his bruised head and continued on. Certainly this was not what he needed right now, but luckily the guy lost interest and went grumbling down the hall. Jesus hesitated when he got to the office. "Oh well," he thought. "I guess there is no avoiding it." He took a deep breath and went inside.

In the office, the Principal was waiting for him. He sat Jesus down and sat across from him, looking very serious. "You again? So you're The cheater, huh?" asked the Principal.

Jesus shrugged, "It is you who call me that."

"I thought you promised to behave yourself after the incident in the cafeteria." Jesus looked at his feet and scuffed them against the floor. "My friends were hungry," he mumbled.

"I still don't know where you got all of those fish sticks, but that's beside the point," said the Principal. "I'm afraid I'll have to call your father. What is his name?"

Jesus hesitated.

"Well, what is it?" asked the Principal.

"Well," said Jesus. "His name is over 100 letters long, and if pronounced, it would make your head explode."

"Okay then, wise guy. You call him."

The Principal went to hand Jesus the phone, but Jesus just hung his head in prayer. Since there is no prayer allowed in school, the Principal got very upset.

"Look, I didn't want to do this, but you've left me no choice. You're suspended for three days."

"But-" said Jesus.

"I'm sorry, we have very strict policies about these things. My hands are tied. I don't want any trouble from the board."

The Principal pulled a suspension form from his desk and rapidly filled it out.

He tossed it at Jesus and told him to go. Jesus was very shocked by his sentence, and he poured over the form trying to understand. Finally, he nodded.

"So it is written, so it shall be done," said Jesus. on the third day I will return, in fulfillment of the administration."

On his way out of school, Jesus stopped by his locker to gather his things. When he got there, Mandy was waiting. "Look, I know you didn't really cheat. That was really cool what you did," she said. "You really are a great guy."

"Look," said Jesus, "I'm going to be gone for a while, but I'll be back. And I was wondering.. um...if you might want to go to the dance with me?"

Mandy smiled. "Oh Jesus," she said. "I already asked Rusty Crawford; he's a football player."

"I'm the son of God."

"Yeah, but he's the quarterback.... And he has a car. I hope you won't be mad."

"No," said Jesus, "That's just not who I am."

As Mandy left, Jay came swaggering down the hall. "Hey man," said Jay, "How did it go?"

"Terrible, Mandy is already going to the dance with Rusty Crawford, and I got suspended again."

"That's tough," winced Jay. "Come on, I'll walk you out." "Don't you have class?"

"Yeah."

"Well, shouldn't you go?"

Jay laughed. "You're a sweet kid, Jesus. That's what I like about you." Jesus and Jay walked out of the high school and into the pouring rain.

"What a crappy day," said Jesus. "I forgot how hard high school was." "Is your old man going to be mad?" asked Jay. Jesus looked up at the clouded sky. Thunder rumbled in the distance.

"Probably," said Jesus. "I'll most likely spend the next three days in Hell."

Jay shook his head and lit a cigarette. "Yeah, when I got suspended my dad to-

tally grounded me. Then I had to do yard work and stuff. It totally sucked."

Jesus sighed.

"Well, good luck, man," said Jay. "It'll get better."

"I hope so," said Jesus as he walked off towards Heaven.

Me, Myself, and I

~by Ben McKnight~

First Prize for Nonfiction, Hoffman Writing Contest

My story begins when I was seven. My vivid memory of that year may be completely fiction, but it seemed real to me as a child. Though my perceptions have twisted and changed as I have become older, my memories will always be real. Through my teenage years I slowly awoke not from 'reverie, but a nightmare that almost drastically affected who I ultimately became had it not been for a simple choice.

My imaginary life was glorious. I am wearing my red cowboy outfit playing in our front lawn. I just found my new puppy, a drop-off that will become the greatest dog I ever own. I am chasing my brothers. BANG—BANG—, firing away with my cap gun (Jesse and David are Indians). Mom and Dad are always so happy. I have great friends at school, and all my teachers ever talk about is how much potential I have, and what a bright kid I am. For a child, the line between fantasy and reality is a fine one.

These were how my days went most of the time—this was my façade. The walls erected in my mind protected me through most of my childhood from my father's alcoholism. Mom almost lost her mind. Dad almost lost everything else. Mom was always screaming. In the beginning it was mainly due to sadness and desperation, but grew steadily to anger, rage, and hurt. I was too young to make any sense about what she was yelling about. Things broke. All of us always felt guilty, and one or all of us would invariably help her clean up the mess she had made. We had to be responsible somehow.

Dad, on the other hand, was so much fun when he was drinking. He would always wrestle with us until he passed out. Sometimes he got a little too rough. But none of us ever got seriously hurt, just scared. I think we were all scared most of the time as kids. All kids get scared though, right?

I am nine years old and I am just starting the fourth grade. Why did I have to get Mrs. Swart? She hated my brother—there is no way I am going to pass. All my friends got the other teacher. The only person I know in here is Nick. I hope this year goes fast. Maybe she doesn't know Jesse is my older brother. Why didn't she like him anyway? Maybe I should stop daydreaming and focus on what she is saying. I'm sorry—what did you say, Mrs. Swart? Yes, ma'am, I know where Principal

Jones' office is...

I am nine years old and the teacher has just separated the class. The good kids are to sit on the right side of the room; the bad kids are to sit on the left side of the room. I am on the left side of the room. I must be a bad kid. How did Nick get on the right side? I bet she just wants to separate us. Who cares anyway? There is no way I will ever amount to anything. No one cares about me. Mom and Dad are too busy fighting to notice. My teacher hates me. I don't exist.

I'm nine years old and I have just been arrested for breaking and entering and vandalism. Nick and I entered the school shortly after lunch and headed for the boiler room where the janitor's keys are kept. With the set of master keys in hand, we ransacked most of the rooms for money and then went to the art room. We stole hunks of clay out of the drawers and drew on the buildings with it. We wrote things like "fuck school" and drew pictures of giant penises on the outside. We go back to the art room and when we come out the cops are waiting for us. I bet on Monday Nick gets moved to the left side.

Things would get no better in the upcoming years.

I am sixteen years old. Dad quit drinking years ago, and now I am the problem at home. I rarely attend class. I drink a lot. I probably won't pass this year – skipped too many classes. I'm angry all the time.

It is around November and I get into a full-blown brawl with Dad. They tell me to leave and not come back. Not a problem. The counselors at school meet with me that morning and tell me about a halfway house for kids in my situation. After school I meet a man named Ray who gets me into the "program."

The first night in the shelter was one of the hardest nights of my life.

There was so much happening at once. I picked up some things from home and climbed into a car with a man I had known only an hour. We drove down route 31F and picked up 490 West at the interchange and headed towards the city, away from my cozy suburban home. We got off at the Clinton and Downtown exit and took Main St. through the heart of the city and into the ghetto. It was dark outside, and the November cold had set in. Ray didn't say much in the car. Just cracked his window and lit up a smoke every couple of minutes. I was stone-faced but quaking on the inside. My stomach was twisted like an invisible fist was wrenching my intestines. I could almost hear Ray smiling. Looking back I think he probably saw kids like me everyday.

We pulled into the parking lot of a run down building across the street from a bus stop and a quickie mart. Ray helped me collect my things and began running through the rules. "The red house across the street and the white one three down are

crack houses. If you are seen near them you will be asked to leave. The same goes for the quickie mart. Drug peddlers and hookers cause too many problems, so if you need something let one of us know." I was silent. "You'll get most of the rules as you go along, but mainly," he took a long pull from his cigarette and exhaled, "you gotta stay in school, no fighting with other house members, and keep out of the girls' bedrooms. Oh, yeah, be inside before dark. Come on in, there is someone I want you to meet."

John was the only factor that preserved my sanity that first night. He was a guy like me, probably a house resident at some point. Now he is my counselor. He is always so calm and rational, no matter what situation presents itself. He got me settled in, sat me down and told me how it is. I don't remember much of that conversation; it was too much to absorb. I just remember his cool and collected voice that seemed to be chanting, "You'll be all right here. This is safe," like a mantra. In the house meeting that night I met all the new vagrants and run-aways. My roommate was a guy named Randy, another little punk from the suburbs. Lance was a gang member from the hood. Over the weeks he and I were quickly established as house leaders. We were the two most physically intimidating and charismatic of the bunch. We respected each other, but we clashed often in the power struggle for control of the house.

All of us never actually called it a "gang," but that's what it was. We had no one else, and we turned to each other. I think that's what most people don't understand about gang mentality. It isn't about "thug life" or glamorizing crime. It is fear. We held as tight as we could to each other because it was all we had. All of our parents were out of the picture. Drugs, prison, abuse, death, whatever. Our common factor that bound us in brotherhood was that we only had each other, and a team of live-in counselors who more or less couldn't really know what we are going through. We had to look out for each other, it didn't take me long to figure that out the hard way.

It is later in November and I am walking home from the bus stop. I only have enough money to get off in downtown so I have to walk to the West Side. I am alone. Three guys walk out of Nick Tahou's as I pass. As I walk in front of the alley two run up and push me in. My heart begins to race as they circle around me. "Yo' wallet," the smallest one says. I unsnap the chain from my belt loop and slowly pull it out of my back pocket. I wrap it once around my hand and hit him as hard as I can before the other two take me to the ground. They kick me unmercifully as I lay curled up in a ball, only trying to protect my head. Bouncers from Nick's come out, what seemed to me too late. My pride allows me to keep my wallet, but at a price. I stagger back to the shelter after dark.

It is December and I have just been savagely beaten in a street fight again. I want to go home. I can't go home. My only other choice is boarding school. It still

doesn't occur to me how much Mom and Dad love me when they offer this. I don't want to leave my friends. I don't want to leave my girlfriend. I'm so hungry though....

It is January and I have started at my new school. I still have an attitude. Work detail sucks in the winter. We have to chisel ice off the sidewalk. Damned smoking violations. By March I discover a friend of mine died in a car accident. I attend her funeral over spring break. The following week I have a breakdown. My Dorm Master suggests I be committed. I just need to rethink things. I call Mom and Dad. I say, "I love you," for the first time in years. We all cry and the healing begins. Maybe next year I won't be so angry.

It is now the next fall and I am a junior. I found peace over the summer. I discovered that life is about choices and change. I made a choice to put my anger to rest, and to be happy, maybe for the first time. I feel good again, but for the first time. I feel like I am seven, only my imaginary realm has become my reality. I don't want to fight anymore. I work hard in school, I've got lots of friends, my teachers talk about my potential, and the final realization of it. My façade is crumbling. I feel really good.

I am twenty-four years old. I am back in school after being away for a long time but I am enjoying the challenge—the choice. I love York College. Everyone here is so diverse. It's so sheltered from the happenings in town. Residents are caught up in the '69 race riots, shark attacks in Florida, or the United States recalling their middle level delegates home from a U.N. racism conference. The students at York College are just themselves, or enjoy being whatever they want. I know who I am. I am alive and ever changing. Not just living, but alive. I have felt good for a long time now, and I accept that I am very different from most people. I don't know when my last day here is, and I've decided not to waste my days bothered by stress, insecurities, fears, or hate. I no longer hold things inside of myself or build walls. I follow my passions, regardless of how ridiculous they may seem. I love to take photographs. . .stargaze. . .daydream... sail.. .do somersaults....

I love to live.

The Surrender

I slipped softly
Through every single day,
Seething beneath the void
Of slowly fallen eyelids.

I spent every chance
That was set before
With a violet hush,
A whisper and a shiver.

I shared each season
With the shade, and only
Because the gnats
Were squeezing the sun.

I stepped out of the silhouette
For one shallow moment
And felt the strain
Of how it should be.

I stood breathlessly still
As if robbed of sensation
And surrendered like a slave
With my eyes swollen open.

~Emily McFarland~

Old Potens

~by Mariellen Smith~

Once upon a time there was a crusty old truck driver by the name of Potens who drove a big rig up and down the east coast. The long drives were awful lonesome and boring, so to pass the time, Potens would make a sort of game out of running over hapless critters that had the misfortune of passing his way. There was nothing quite like the tiny bump of a squirrel or an opossum as it got better acquainted with the pavement.

So it went on this way for many years, until one day Potens was eating a steak sandwich, and he started to choke. Well, old Potens died right there in an old truck stop restaurant while his fellow patrons struggled to revive him.

Well, Potens went up to heaven, and as it turned out, God was actually a squirrel. What's more, squirrel God didn't have a sense of humor about things. So Potens was sent to squirrel Hell, which is basically just a big room with a bunch of chipmunks in it. Because as you know, there ain't nothing worse than paling around all day with a bunch of chipmunks. If you don't believe me, just look at that Dave fellow on TV. The poor man was half out of his mind, and he only had to contend with three.

Anyhow, as luck would have it, a waitress was able to Heimlich old Potens, and he was yanked out of Hell, and plopped back earth. Only now he had the fear of squirrel God put in him. Now, the way he figured it, he had been given a second chance. And maybe, somehow, he could make things right with squirrel God.

So Potens quit his job, sold his home, and set about cruising the highways for road kill. If he found a critter that was already dead, he gave it a proper burial. And if he found a critter that was still alive, he did his best to nurse it back to health. The problem is, as you know, animals don't cotton much to being touched -- especially when they're injured. So as you can imagine, old Potens was constantly being bitten, scratched, sprayed and gored by his patients.

By and by Potens became more and more dedicated to his cause, and by and by his family and friends stopped talking to him. It wasn't long before the money ran out, and he took to living in the woods like an animal. He was half mad most of the time from his hunger, his injuries, and as I suspect, hydrophobia.

Well one day Potens was hanging out by the highway when he saw a woodchuck take a Buick Century to the face. He rushed out into the road to aid the little guy, bent down to pick him up, and then WHAM! He was run over by a Greyhound.

When he died he learned that he had been wrong about two things: God was not a squirrel, but he did have a mean sense of humor.

Hunger

There are other girls
pushing food around on their plates
in beautiful Italian restaurants
who can't eat
because they are already filled
with pain-
who can't cry
because they are in beautiful
Italian restaurants.

I see them
as I walk to the ladies room
to choke down some more pain
and pin up a few more curls.
There are French tapes playing
(yes but the restaurant is Italian I think)
and opening the door I can see
my table and the candles
and all the beautiful absurdity
of this place,
and the boy who loves me,
and my hunger,
and the untouched food.

~Bettina Jaffe~

Zarya Sunrise

~by Matthew Lau~

"I get to see the beaches sometimes. They're amazing things, uncommonly shaped, and endless. And hanging over the water---it's something you have to see, I can't explain it. It's like a handful of flowers crushed so the colors bleed all together."

"What kind of buildings are there?"

"That's the thing: there aren't any. No walkways, no walls, not a thing higher than the sand for miles. I don't even know what you'd build there anyhow, the sand's too unstable."

"It's silicates, mostly. I'm surprised there's any left, now."

The eyes of a fountain statue glow as the water begins to flow. They are aware.

"Fountain's on."

"It's night already?"

"Here it is."

"Why are we doing this?"

"It's fun."

"Fun? No, really, I mean why the fountain?"

"I don't ask. I could, I guess, but I don't."

"Well why are we even talking? We can just--"

"No, stop, that's no fun. It's getting old."

"Getting old? That doesn't make sense. That's how we do things."

"Yeah, we do, but people talk, ya know."

"Exactly. People talk."

Fog rolls across the empty street, where streetlights turn on with silent precision. The evening chill sinks into the earth, and the ground seems to shudder.

"Do you ever wonder--"

"No."

"--if there are senses we don't have, and somehow we're missing a whole world going on around us?"

"Of course. I'm missing some, remember?"

"I said 'we', not just you."

"You mean like 'smooth'?"

"What?"

"I heard it. 'Smooth'."

"What is it?"

"Well, the walls, for one."

The lights under the water in the fountain turn slowly away from the empty-eyed statues. Rippling shadows now dance across the walls, and the youthful

sculptures look ahead blankly.

"What else?"

"I don't know, I just heard it about the walls."

"How about the walkways? They're made the same as walls, they're just down instead of upright."

"If you say so."

"So, are the streets smooth?"

"Sure, I guess. I can't say."

"The domes are glass. Maybe they are not smooth."

"It is possible. Does glass look different from the walls?"

"Certainly. You can see through glass."

"So glass is the opposite of walls?"

"Windows are the opposite of walls, I believe, and windows are glass."

"So, if walls are smooth, and walls are the opposite of glass, then glass must be not smooth."

"I agree. We should remember that."

"Maybe we should ask somebody."

"Reason?"

"They would know, right?"

"Theoretically." Sounds of a conversation murmur through the rippling shadow wall.

"No. Rough."

"Not smooth is rough? What's rough?"

"Life, they said. But then they sort of laughed, so I don't think they mean it."

"...anything else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? How?"

"Try explaining blue to me in sound."

"Oh. So glass is smooth? Remember that."

"Why? If nothing is not smooth, smooth is useless."

"Something must be rough, or rough would be useless."

"To us it is, or we'd know it."

"Not necessarily. Everything must be new some time."

"New?"

"Yes. Fresh, first, start--"

"Smooth, rough?"

"Yes, they are new. Were new."

"Are we smooth?"

"Ask."

Muffled words. "They said they don't think so."

"So we are rough?"

"I'm sure if we were, we would know."

Beneath the street vents, fans slowly turn out, pushing the fog away. The ground becomes still.

"Want to play a game?"
"Chess."
"I win, I win, no more chess. A word game."
"Why?"
"To try something new."
"Fresh, first, start, smooth--"
"No, stop. We make words. New words. Never before existent words."
"All words must exist. How can a word not exist?"
"Eight minutes ago, rough did not exist."
"How can we make words exist if there is nothing meaningful without a name?"
"Just put letters together. It's a game."
"Like txlbom?"
"Right. What is txlbom?"
"Nothing, it's just letters."
"Make it something."
"How?"
"Think of something and call it txlbom."
"Txlbom is rough."
"Fine. I go. Zarya."
"What is zarya?"
"It was at the beaches. The crushed flowers bleeding together. Remember I couldn't explain it?"
"Yes, but how can it be zarya if it's undefined?"
"Same way blue is undefined, to you."
"Do you think someone else knows what zarya is?"
"Maybe, but not as zarya. Zarya is mine."
"Why call it zarya if you're the only one who calls it that?"
"It's just a game. It's fun."
"Fun?"

Fat Deposits: Waiting for the ER

Sitting Softly,
All these men

Gray cotton stretched tight over white bellies,
Their speech marked with a knowledgeable decorum.

Always cocked,
An Occasional arm-Is that Danny Quinn's Cain? —
-Flings out:

A proud reminder of poise and control
And yet they sit softly,
Secure in their royalty.

Blessed, were we, for the sole great entrance:
A gold slippered woman,
A Puerto Rican mountain,
Wedged her bulk between two men
(as there is always a chair between two men).

They' rustled,
Gray cotton curling up expose those bellies,
Shaking these men, their nervous jellies.

She, a grandmother,
Was quick to set fly a romance tongue:
"So now you a licensed sexy, sassy, cute little thing
(palm on breast; hand on hip; that iconoclastic profile)
I thought I was getting fat!"

For hours she sang her Spanish song,
Souring phrases over rows of chairs
Mostly populated by writhing white bellies.
Her stomach laughs breaking through the TV crowd:
New York and Bin Laden and Afghanistan snatched
By her foreign chorus.

Herr music, so violently threatening to that
Which is so violent and threatening.

I slunched in my chair
Imagine 3000 years laying back, avoiding bombs,

but you tick too, skinny.
Here you go: Ticking, ticking, tick, tick tick,
Boom!"

And-should there have been rubble-these men pulled tight their shirts,
Politics now real again on TV.
They rose as boys
Ghosts and gray,
Me left sitting (or sliding toward the floor) impressed by that mountain,
Caught by her landslide,
Inspired by a belly so proud and brown.

~Mark Miller~

Modern Exodus

40 years lost in this desert,
With its burning sky
And blinding dunes.

Knowing this,
Still she pursues within,
The sand unraveling the miles
Of her dry footprints.

Only one speck
In an expanse of goldendust
And a straight
Black
Horizon line.

~Abigail Smoot~



Tiger

~Teneka Smith~

I slunched in my chair
Imagine 3000 years laying back, avoiding bombs,

Female Problems

~by Mariellen Smith~

As I lay sleeping the other night, I felt something move across my leg. As I woke up, I could hear something rustling across the floor. After a few seconds, the bedroom door clicked open and I heard something shuffling down the hall. I got up, put on my

robe and followed the noise into the kitchen. There, illuminated by the dim light by the sink was a uterus standing on the counter top. It opened the cabinet and took out a glass, using its fallopian tubes as crude hands. What's more distressing, I was fairly certain that it was my uterus.

"Hey!" I yelled. "What do you think you're doing?"

This startled it, and the uterus dropped the glass. The glass shattered on the cold linoleum, and for a moment we just stood and stared at each other in stunned silence. It looked quite panicked and began hastily advancing toward me. I backed away into the living room. It followed quickly, but I sat down on the couch and crossed my legs. "Not so fast," I said. "What are you doing?"

The uterus looked at me and hesitated. Then to my surprise, it spoke.

"You're dreaming," it said. "Go back to bed."

"I am not dreaming," I said. "And I'm not moving. Now what the hell is going on here?"

"Look," said my reproductive organs, "I was just getting a glass of water. You have to let me back, I'm not supposed to leave you!"

"Not so fast, what makes you think I want you back?"

The uterus looked stunned. "I - I'm your uterus... you need me."

"For what exactly? It seems to me like you've always given me some kind of trouble."

"What do you mean 'for what'? Well, to have children. You need me to have children. And what trouble? I don't cause you trouble."

"I don't want children. See, this is my point. You don't even ask my opinion on the subject. You just assume. That's why I have to pump myself full of drugs every day, so that you don't ruin my life. And once a month, you put me through all kinds of discomfort and pain."

The uterus seemed not to know what to say. "What? I'm just doing my job. All uteri do it."

"Maybe, but that doesn't make it right. And besides, not all of my friends have bad cramps. I can't get out of bed for two days, and that's your fault."

"Well hey, what about the gynecologist? Do you think I like pap smears?"

"Do you think I do? I just go to make sure that you aren't up to any tricks."

"Look," it said. "I'll tell you what, I'll go easy on the cramps and the babies, okay? Just let me back."

"No," I said. "I don't trust you."

"What? You don't trust me? I'm your uterus!" "Exactly."

It was starting to get angry. "Just what do you intend to do then? Go through life with out a uterus? You just can't do that."

"Why not? People have hysterectomies all the time." "It will mess up your hormone levels."

"I can take drugs. Besides, it can't be any worse than what I experience between you and the birth control."

"But you can't have babies! Without me you won't even be a woman."

"See, now you are really not listening. First of all, I DON'T WANT CHILDREN. And second, you don't make me a woman."

"You don't seem to understand. Uteri make babies, that's what we do." "Not with me you don't. I don't want anything to do with your caprices." "What? You are absurd, we don't make babies on whims, it's what we do."

I laughed. "Well, what about the poor woman next door? She has been trying to have a baby for years, but her uterus has decided not to make one. And what about my aunt? Her uterus gave her cancer. And my friend, Rachel, she has cysts. Or my cousin who got pregnant at 16 and had to drop out of school, what about them? You things just do as you please without any concern for the bodies that have to deal with the consequences."

The uterus was starting to look desperate. It got down in a begging position, with its little fallopian hands in a prayer-like pose. It looked rather ridiculous.

"Please," it begged. These things are not my fault. I just want to make babies. Is that so wrong? Just let me come back. I have nowhere to go. And even if you don't want children now, you might change your mind later. Don't you at least want that option? Please, just give me one more chance. We belong together. We need each other."

I listened to my uterus' heartfelt plea and considered its words. I thought for a moment and then I stood up. It was clear to me what I had to do.

"Oh, thank you," said my uterus. "You won't regret this."

"No," I said. "I don't imagine I will."

My uterus took a step toward me. I reached up to the window and pulled down the curtain rod. Before my uterus could react, I brought the curtain rod crashing down on it with a sickening plop. My uterus screamed, and tried to crawl away. I hit it again, harder.

I beat it, and I beat it until it finally stopped moving. Then I crushed it with my heel, just to be certain.

I sat down on the couch for a moment and collected myself. The uterus was not much more than a mangled pile on the floor. I got up, and I kicked it into the kitchen. Then I swept it into the dustpan with the broken glass, threw it in the trash and went back to bed.

Morning song

I cannot move my body
of my own volition
from this
hospital bed. They have
put me in traction.
Which bones wrecked, broken?
Lost count.

A small artificial christmas tree stands
in the corner on the windowsill, a
gift from well wishers I have yet to meet or thank.
Sparkling baubles dangle delicately
from its branches and
blink brightly in the cold
winter sunrise.

My bones are snapped, splintered,
dislocated in multiple locations.
Some healing on their own,
others fused (surgical magick).
Vertebrae tentatively repaired,
titanium bonds bind bones together,
titanium cage protects their healing.

The hospital is quiet in the dawn.
I do not know why I lie awake-
my morphine pump is still half full -
or half empty, depending on philosophy.
Moments of lucidity have become rare.
Thoughts are scattered,
dulled by drugs.

The road that must be traveled,
that heads over that horizon
towards something (healing?).
Wait, I'm just a kid.
A dumb fuck-up kid.
Honestly?
I just want to go home.

~Kristin Scott~

"No," I said. "I don't trust you."
"What? You don't trust me? I'm your uterus!" "Exactly."
It was starting to get angry. "Just what do you want to do then? Go through life with out a uterus? You just can't do that."
"Why not? People have hysterectomies all the time." "It will mess up your hormonal balance."
"I can take drugs. Besides, it can't be any worse than the experience between you and the birth control."
"But you can't have a baby!"
"See, now you are really angry!"

Suspicion

almost caught this time

Fear

so bad
my stomach rebels
and my hands shake
as I speak each syllable

and I pray that my squirming brain
can force out a few believable lines
so I can shut the door
and try to remember
how to restart the human heart

Breathe

in
out
in
out

this is killing me.

~Abigail Smoot~

I listened to my uterus
moment and then I stood
"Oh, thank you," said
"No," I said. "I don't
My uterus took a step toward me
down the curtain rod. Below
ing down on it with a sickening pop
hit it again, harder.
I beat it, and I beat it until it
my heel, just to be certain.
I sat down on the couch for a moment
not much more than a mangled pile on the floor
kitchen. Then I swept it into the dustpan
and went back to bed.

In Memory

I miss my storybook grandparents
They were kind and good
and my grandmother made things:
beaded snowflakes, knitted blankets,
and little girl's dreams

Marquee

Third Prize for Poetry, Hoffman Writing Contest

(the sign along the deserted highway- "WANTED"- it says
and we laugh- first at its omission of what
and then- rather bitterly at its universal significance
we were only playing existentialists then,
this was college after all

and we pretend to be players for a theater of the absurd
Intrigue and Mockery: It's what we do
we also are quite good at affected nonchalance and calculated disinterest
passion and faith are available by request
but we have retired Hope from the repertory
so we drive by
leaving only the echo of our longing tinged derision)

~Christina Jaffe~

And Pop Pop,

whose last month's was a painful season
a proud man aging rapidly
forgetting all but his
Pain,

Womanimal

You rendered me speechless,
That is, you assumed that I could not
speak because you didn't know my
language
and so you named me as dumb and used
that name to justify your abuse.
They call me a battered woman, which is
incorrect.
Battered is not an adjective implicit to
me, like slim, brunette or
angry.
I was battered by *you*. You are the
Object, not me.
You called me meat so as to avoid the
truth that I am alive like you. That I feel
inflicted wounds. That I know the
difference between freedom and the
imprisonment of the protection that you
offered. I was alive when you chained
me, gagged me, drugged me, forced
yourself upon me, cut and mutilated me.
I am not the product of a failed system, I
am the direct result of your systematic
failure to recognize that when you deny
me of my freedom and pleasure and
safety, you are denying me of life.
You are murdering me again and again.

~Danielle Stockley~

In Memory

I miss my storybook grandparents
They were kind and good
and my grandmother made things;
beaded snowflakes, knitted blankets,
and little girl's dreams

Mom Mom thought I could do anything-
and *she* would help,
even if it mean driving me to Massachusetts
so that I could marry a Kennedy.

When I was fourteen and far from graceful,
Mom Mom was convinced that all the boys
were in love with me.
And for a moment,
they were.

She loved her grandchildren the way
I am certain-
we are meant to love;
gently,
unconditionally.

And, she tried.
Repeatedly.
To teach me to wink.

I have heard women lament
As they age-that they are getting
More and more like their grandmothers.
I hope I am.

And Pop Pop,
whose last month's were a painful season
a proud man aging rapidly
forgetting all but the small things;
Pain,

the touch of a hand, and the
laughter of his newest grandchild.
I try to collect the beautiful moments-(the memories
a collage to cover up the darkness.)
I remember the little things...
His lovable chauffer hats,
The way he clapped to make small children smile,
His fondness for cowboy movies
And ice cream.

And yet, it doesn't seem enough.
There was so much more to these two.
They were not destined for greatness.

They were destined for love.

~Bettina Jaffe~

In Memory
I miss my storybook grandparents
They were kind and good
and my grandmother made things
beaded snowflakes, knitted blankets
and little girl's dreams
I could not
Mom Mom thought I could do things
and she would help
even if it meant doing me for
so that I could marry a Kennedy
When I was fourteen and far from graceful
Mom Mom was convinced that all the boys
were in love with me
And for a moment
they were
Object not me
She loved her grandchildren the way I love you
I am certain- I feel I tell you like I tell you
we are meant to love- the work I tell you
difference between a word and a deed
unconditionally- you tell me that you
And she tried
Repeatedly
To teach me to win
I have heard women
As they age- that the late getting
More and more like their grandmothers are you
I hope I am
And Pop Pop
whose last months were a painful season
a proud man aging rapidly
forgetting all but the small things
Pain

Notes from Contributors

Danielle Ayers

After 5 years of college, Danielle is excited to be graduating in May with degrees in Graphic Design and English. When not restarting a frozen computer in the graphic design lab for the fifth time or writing papers, she enjoys trying to learn the guitar, traveling and exploring new places, and gathering with friends while savoring good food and conversation. She hopes to get in some hiking and white water rafting after graduation before finding a job and start paying back student loans.

Jeremy Brenn

Jeremy is a senior Graphic Design major from New Jersey and is interested in Web Design.

Bettina Jaffe

Bettina K. Jaffe is a senior English (literature) major. In December, she will graduate with her secondary ed. degree. Her favorite things are pinwheels, carousels, British literature, and words like 'serendipity' and 'glimmer'. (This is not a complete list or it would have to include orchids, lullabies, and her sweetheart Nathan.) She wishes to thank her kindred spirits at Spring Garden and her delightfully goofy partner-in-crime...or fellow senior editor Matt Speicher. Dreams for the future include the acquisition of 500 pounds and a room of my own. And she would like to teach in the way that her favorite professor lives-thoughtfully changing the world.

Christina Jaffe

Christina Jaffe is fond of the subtly executed pun, storytellers, and good harmonica playing. She hopes you find this collection like a good folk song, equal parts shadow and glow. She wishes to thank her teachers for leaves of grass, Dylan songs, Rilke poems, and for the grace which they share in great pocketfuls. For those readers of the review she wishes to quote the writer Annie Dillard: "You may read this in your summer bed

while the stars roll westward over your roof as they always do, while the constellation Crazy Swan nosedives over your streaming roof and into the tilled prairie once again. You may read this in your winter chair while Orion vaults over your snowy roof and over the hard continent to dive behind a California wave.. Any two points in time, however distant, meet through the points in between; any two points in our atmosphere touch through the air. So we meet."

Matthew Lau

Matt Lau, a 22-year-old Junior, majors in English with a Writing Concentration. He lives in Dallas-town. He grew up in York, graduating from York Suburban High School. He plans to pursue his master's and doctorate in English, assuming he can continue to leech off the generosity of the state's financial aid programs. He ultimately wants to make a living writing poetry, short stories, novels, and screenplays, hopefully branching off into film development, direction, and production. He currently works at Ruby Tuesday, where his talent is basically squandered.

Sandi Leonard

Sandi is a 20 year-old sophomore English Literature Major from Lansdale Pennsylvania living in CCM apartments. Her interests are varied and include writing and reading poetry as well as playing the French horn, role-playing, drawing, and studying Astronomy. She gathers much of the inspiration for her primarily lyrical poems from the natural world around her. She especially admires the poets: Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Keats, and Christina Rossetti.

Emily McFarland

Emily is a Secondary Education English Major from Manheim, PA.

Notes from Contributors

Benjamin McKnight

Ben McKnight, 24, is aspiring lifetime college student who is currently studying English and photography. Next fall I plan to switch to the professional writing major, and take on a second minor in African/African American studies. Why you ask? Because it beats living in a) reality and b) the ensuing real world that almost always follows acknowledging reality.

Marc Miller

Marc Miller is a Junior Humanities major who is pursuing minors in both Music and Women and Gender Studies. He is an active member of the YCP Players, and has been involved with several music ensembles on campus. He hopes to go onto graduate school, but is unsure of future academic plans.

Andrew Purcell

Andrew is from York, he was born and raised there, and is a senior at York Suburban High School. He enjoys reading Oscar Wilde and E. A. Poe and messing around on the guitar. Oh, and Thai food...don't forget Thai food.

Kristin Scott

kristin Royal scott (holden): currently a senior, she is soon to start dealing with the age old question ' what in Hades can you actually make a living doing with a degree in English from York College?' She is also planning on devoting time to answering other ponderous and philosophical queries such as ' is it possible to ever stump Tager at Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon?' While maintaining her constant status as a wife, daughter, aunt, sister and granddaughter, she plans on one day destroying the empire of "that awful bitch Martha Stewart".

Mariellen Smith

Mariellen was an English major, but is now gainfully unemployed. She lives with her two roommates Jen and Jaimee and a cat who does NOT poop all over the house. Her goals include: becoming one of the world's leading authorities on Lord Chesterfield, vagrancy, and living with Jen in Connecticut and having no money. Mariellen would like to take this opportunity to thank her parents for their ongoing financial support and to threaten Jerry Kimbrough.

Teneka Smith

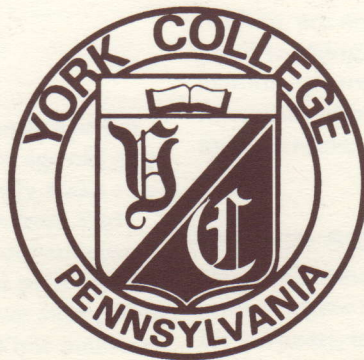
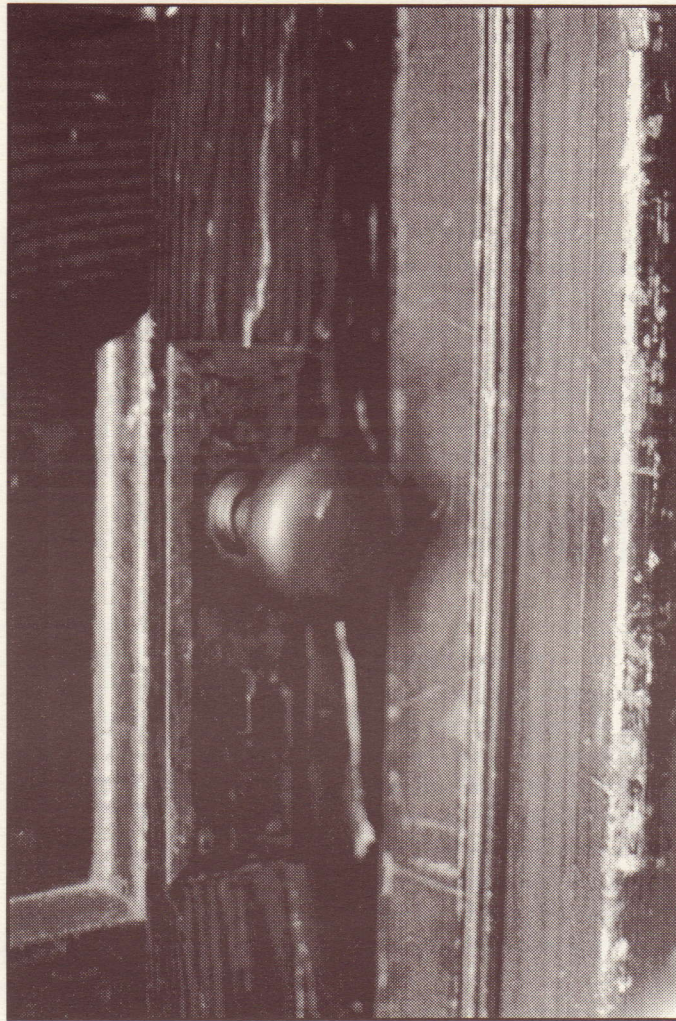
Teneka Smith is a Behavioral Science major from Baltimore. The photo is of a lion cub at the Camori Game Lodge in South Africa. She studied in South Africa in the spring 2001 semester at the University of Natal, Pietermaritzburg. The lion cub is eating some raw meat in the photo. The Camori lodge allows visitors to play with and feed the lions as they roam free on the property. It was an awesome experience.

Abigail Smoot

Abbey is a funny little girl who loves writing, reading, art, and music. She has immensely enjoyed working on the York Review. The staff and mentoring professors made the job more than rewarding. Abbey has attended York College for four years and dreams of, one day, graduating.

Danielle Stockley

Danielle graduated from York this past December with a degree in Sociology. She has been writing for 6-7 years, is currently living in York, and looking for a job.



The York Review

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