

York Review

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Hillary Henson
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Designer

Ian Bates

Advisor

Dr. Travis Kurowski

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The York Review is the annually published, official literary magazine of York College of Pennsylvania. The York Review accepts submissions of poetry, creative prose, and artistic images from currently enrolled students. This magazine exists to publish the creative works of York College students, but also to encourage those students who wish to delve into the world of creating literature and art.

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Dr. Gabriel A. Abudu:

Chair of the English & Humanities department

Dr. Dominic F. DelliCarpini:

Head of the Professional Writing department

Dr. Travis K. Kurowski:

Assistant Professor of English & Humanities and
faculty advisor to The York Review

Every student generous enough to contribute their
greatly appreciated work to The York Review

From the Editors:

William Somerset Maugham, the English author and playwright, once wrote, “The essence of the beautiful is unity in variety.” By this definition, beauty is an excruciatingly difficult pursuit; unity is often challenged by variety, or the latter sacrificed to obtain the former.

The works featured in this volume of The York Review vary tremendously in form, subject, and style. And yet, the contributors who crafted these pieces of prose, poetry, and art, are unified by a common passion; in this sense, the contributors of The York Review have created something truly beautiful.

Table of Contents

Prose

Woods Estate & Plane	<i>Josh Olewiler</i>	6
I Could Feel Myself Laughing	<i>Dylan Brannen</i>	11
Saying Sorry	<i>Jaleasha Ruth</i>	15
A Resumé	<i>Rick Donaldson</i>	30
Schrödinger's Sheets	<i>Paul Harné</i>	36
The Electronic Ghost	<i>Tomas Delfi</i>	42
Abased	<i>Ben Johnston</i>	46
Portrait of a Marriage	<i>Casey Bossert</i>	50
The Struggle	<i>Joe Notari</i>	56
No One So Little	<i>Dylan Brannen</i>	66
Interspecies Dating	<i>Hillary Henson</i>	71
THUMP-schwoosh	<i>Emily Raffensberger</i>	78
My Pale Lady	<i>Thomas Delfi</i>	98
Eider Court in Frederick, Maryland	<i>Michelle Pease</i>	102

Plays

Pinkie Swear	<i>Casey Bossert</i>	22
The Hand Job	<i>Joe Notari</i>	82

Biographies

Staff Biographies		104
Contributor Biographies		107

Poetry

The Highway by the Puget Sound	<i>Jessica Clark</i>	10
Defenses Fail	<i>Heather Smith</i>	20
November	<i>Michelle Pease</i>	40
A Spinning Head	<i>Raisa Cheng</i>	44
Illicit Birthday	<i>Lydia Ann Stern</i>	49
Pervert	<i>Jaleasha Ruth</i>	55
Adventurous Haiku and Tanka	<i>Josh Olewiler</i>	62
I Sleep, Dissatisfied	<i>Caitlin Spivey</i>	70
(Plastic/Apocalypse)	<i>Lydia Ann Stern</i>	81
The Bell Ringer	<i>Heather Smith</i>	100
Aubade	<i>Ivy Poetzl</i>	106
Picture/Flight on an Elephant	<i>Paul Harne</i>	108

Images

Nubble	<i>Lydia Ann Stern</i>	10
Barstools	<i>Austin Ward</i>	14
Sentinels	<i>Steve Hoenstine</i>	29
Perspectives	<i>Michelle Lynch</i>	41
Ad for a New Font	<i>Christine DiChiara</i>	43
Drawing	<i>Raisa Cheng</i>	45
Untitled	<i>Christian Geisler</i>	48
Driving Lessons	<i>Kyle Smith</i>	54
T-Rex	<i>Lydia Ann Stern</i>	61
Climber	<i>Steve Hoenstine</i>	65
Kass	<i>Sarah Spidle</i>	68
Piracy	<i>Ian Bates</i>	76
Post-racial Dogs Have Figured It Out	<i>Steve Hoenstine</i>	80
Untitled	<i>Christian Geisler</i>	97
Toby	<i>Lydia Ann Stern</i>	99

Woods Estate & Plane

— *Josh Olewiler*

The hunt for Colonel James Woods had been on for the better part of a year when the letter arrived at his estate. News of his remarkable disappearance had reached adventurers from every corner of the globe. From the jungles of Peru to the sands of the Sahara to the frosted peaks of the Himalayas, his friends searched tirelessly. None was as committed to the quest as Rex Henshaw, his handsome young apprentice who had visited dozens of countries over the preceding months, and it was no accident that this document fell into his hands.

While significantly past his prime and directly defying the advice of his physician, the Colonel's devoted butler, Spartacus, raced through the labyrinth of halls that comprised the Woods estate until he reached his master's office. Therein stood Rex staring intently at an enormous map that stretched across an entire wall of the room. The world had been vandalized by the Colonel's young ward, the seven continents barely visible. A chaotic blur of circles and lines littered with darts and thumbtacks. Rex was so focused he did not hear the hastened clomp of tuxedo shoes in the hall — despite the echoes — nor the old man's heavy wheezing as he desperately gasped for air and attempted to gain some composure.

It was not until the Colonel's favorite pet, a large white tiger named Balthazor, stirred from his slumber and growled that Rex had even noticed anyone else was in the room. He immediately peered over the Colonel's desk where the beast had been sleeping on a pile of tattered old books and caught his first glimpse of his exhausted and slightly balding companion.

“Master Henshaw...this...just arrived, sir,” Spartacus coughed, reaching into the jacket of his tuxedo and extracting the envelope.

A flurry of papers scattered fiercely through the air as Rex rushed across the room. Balthazor hopped down from the desk and followed casually. After snatching the envelope from the butler’s hand, Rex examined it thoroughly. There was no return address. No postmark.

Anxiously, he ripped it open, a perplexing wrinkle on his forehead. The ragged pieces of the envelope gracefully fluttered down upon the worn shag carpeting, leaving a trail as Rex paced over to the desk. The grumpy tiger followed close behind, taking a brief moment to pause and sniff some shreds of paper before sitting elegantly at Rex’s feet, rubbing its cheek forcefully against his jeans. The black denim complemented its fur, once a vibrant white but now fading to dusty beige. While growing rather husky with age, Balthazor was no less intimidating to anyone except Rex — how quickly he had forgotten that the same tiger nearly took his life on his first night in the estate — who reached down and gently rubbed its head as he unfolded the letter. The beast purred in satisfaction. As he read, Rex’s forehead grew more wrinkled, and his eyes began to squint in thought.

He glared at Spartacus, who remained in the threshold hoping to avoid an encounter with the overgrown housecat.

“Where’s Archie?”

“I do believe he went out for a drink a good hour ago.”

Making his way across the room, Rex shook his head and handed the letter to the butler, who did not hesitate to satisfy his curiosity.

“Big surprise. When he gets back, tell him to sober up and fill

his tank. Michael and I are leaving in the morning, and we'll need him ready to fly.

"Why rush, sir? This clearly indicates that you have a month before Master Woods is expected to —"

"We don't know when that letter was written. Sure, it could have been a week ago, but it could also have gotten lost in the mail for a few days — or weeks. This is the only lead we've got right now, and I'm not taking any chances."

With that, Rex departed. The tiger ambled after him, making a point to stop and snarl at Spartacus before it stepped out. The poor butler clenched his chest, and as he tried to lower his heart rate, he could hear Rex's voice emanating from the hall.

"And don't forget to feed the cat while I'm gone!"

Dearest James,

Words cannot express my excitement for our rendezvous next month. I know we were just together yesterday, but already it feels as if it's been years since I last saw your face. Besides, I haven't been gorilla hunting in years! Everything is set for the expedition — I'll meet you at a hostel outside of Kisangani. After my plane lands in Bangoka, I plan on stopping by the local bazaar. If I'm not at the room when you arrive, I'm sure you'll find me there.

Yours Truly,

Helena Bradford

P.S. — I was in Papua a couple weeks ago and found the most beautiful mask for your collection. It wasn't easy getting it past the natives, but I know the perfect spot for it on your wall!

Having spent several hours staring blankly out the window of the plane, Rex was consumed by his usual paranoia. He wasn't

afraid of flying; in fact he rather enjoyed it. Crashing, on the other hand, he believed would be significantly less pleasurable. He had been calm during takeoff just as much as he had been when boarding the plane. It wasn't until he had been off the ground for twenty minutes that boredom directed his gaze through the small window to his right, which revealed to him a strip of duct tape strapped around the wing, the end flapping violently in the wind. That was the moment that reminded him who was flying the plane.

Archibald Henderson was once, though very briefly, an esteemed member of the United States Air Force. Archie often boasted of his ancestry, namely his ever-so-great grandfather, the longest-serving Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, who served on the USS *Constitution* during her victories in the War of 1812. Whether they were actually related has yet to be proven, but at any rate, they irrefutably shared the same name.

While Archie's fame rivaled that of his supposed great-great-great-grandfather, his reputation lacked prestige. In twenty-seven years of service to his country, he was able to break a dozen records — all of which involved the demolition of aircraft. Of course, he would always point out to his colleagues that only eight of them were actual crashes. His crowning achievement commenced in the air when he ran out of fuel and attempted to return to base, a decision that led to the destruction of eleven aircraft and ended Archie's hapless yet beloved career in the military.

Rex had heard the story many times. Though it always made him laugh when he had two feet firmly planted on the ground, it never failed to thrust him into hysteria when he was trapped in the air with Archie in the cockpit.

The Highway by the Puget Sound

– *Jessica Clark*

Across my window, green blurs by,
And Olympic Mountains tower high,
Rock-flecked beaches and blue-green sea,
A shining needle marks the Emerald City.
The highways are wet from the constant rain,
And a whirl of wind kicks up from the speeding train,
Creating love, as I take a trip down
The highway by the Puget Sound..



Nubble

Lydia Ann Stern

I Could Feel Myself Laughing

– *Dylan Brannen*

I could feel myself screaming, but I was deaf to what was actually coming out of my mouth. What I heard was something along the lines of, “I’ll, uh, have a cup of coffee.”

“And you, miss,” said the waitress. “That all for you, too?”

This is about where I stopped paying attention to the voices: that of the waitress, of Amy, of all the other patrons. No, all I heard was the buzzing of at least a dozen-or-so flies. I couldn’t stand the sound of their wings, the sight of them landing on people and their food... No, the worst of it was when I felt them land upon me, especially my hands.

It’s not important how it felt, you barely feel it anyway; the sensation of their unperceivable impact against your skin, no, not the tickle of their multiple legs in locomotion across your body. They were disgusting, that’s it. Filthy creatures. Landing on you, vomiting up their not-quite-digested meal, slurping it back up to begin the process again, like some sort of arthropod cows chewing cud in a toothless, sucking mouth.

I lifted my hand and shooed it away just in time to see the waitress walk away from our table to get the pot of coffee. Momentarily distracted by her butt, I looked on for a second or so before turning back to Amy. She had been weeping nearly half an hour before, keeping me from my 11 PM coffee. Nothing important, at least not so important that she could cry for any more than a few minutes over it.

Now it’s half an hour ago and she’s crying. A hug, an awkward friendly glance. I make a joke, but only to mask the sorry fact that I resent knowing nothing of the bliss that is cohabitation with

one's lover. Her and her boyfriend have been living with her parents since he'd been kicked out or left on his own or something equally unimportant.

Curlicues of smoke twirled out of my nostrils, as if they wished to punctuate my speech with visible commas and full stops. On occasion, they would seem to form parentheses around my head as I made remarks that had more to them than I was saying...

"Well, of course he feels bad about not working while you and your family support him," I had told her without adding, "but he could at least TRY to get his parents to sign off on a work permit!"

"Well, maybe you two need some space," I chimed in, while my inner monologue chirped, "You know, like maybe making him move back into his place?"

But what do I know? I've never lived with anyone I ever slept with, so any attempt at "real" advice would be as helpful as giving directions to a part of town you know like the back of your head. In a lot of ways, I envied them, if only because of the sex, but I was mostly left feeling sorry for two people I once saw to be an inseparable match that only had to face the gauntlet of college.

That was half an hour ago. Now we're in the diner, a place that was once a bastion for smokers like me, drinking coffee and talking about nothing. Not that I mind not talking about anything of any "real" weight. Not at all. I prefer it to the alternative, discussing issues of importance. That sort of thing only irritates me when I'm trying to reach nirvana in a dive like this. Insecure as always, backing away from my life, I try to get away without even leaving, but I'm pulled back too soon by reality.

Back at the diner, as Amy and I talked, a seemingly innocuous smile drew its way across my lips as Amy continued talking...

Everyone else seemed to be looking at me, not staring, but at right about the same time a few people looked over, right at me for a second or so and turned away, then turned back as if they needed to check on it. They heard it and I did not, but I didn't need to hear it, I felt it.

I could feel myself laughing.



Barstools
Austin Ward

Saying Sorry

– *Jaleasha Ruth*

“Ellen Carpenter, you are a bitch. You are the scum of the Earth, and I pray that you burn in hell!” she said, smashing another one of the miniature, crystal figures she’d spent more than half of her 26 years collecting against the cream colored walls, as if they were the ones she was angry with. She threw an angel this time; it kneeled unsuspecting on a clear crystal cloud with its head positioned against pressed-together fingertips, sending a silent message to God. The angel veered to the left and flew straight into the wall, leaving another pile of crystal fragments like several of its figurine brethren had before it.

I stared at the tiny rainbows each one created as the sun coming in from the large living room windows reflected onto their broken bodies sprinkled across the floor. The battlefield between us was littered with pieces of figurines that had taken flight across the room and either landed safely somewhere, their impact cushioned by the carpet, or hit the wall behind me and shattered effortlessly.

I couldn’t help but feel slightly guilty as she screamed at me. But what was I supposed to do? Apologize? I’m not very good with apologies. I usually just buy cards to say most things: “I miss you,” “I love you,” “Congratulations.” But I’m sure there’s no greeting card, no matter how heartfelt the message, how fancy the lettering, or how catchy the tune, to sincerely express just how sorry I want to feel.

I’d never heard Liz scream before. She was fuming; her usually perfectly-placed dark brown hair bun was a nest atop her head, eyeliner left its trail down her cheek, her green eyes, my own green

eyes, surrounded by a clashing faint red, reminded me of Christmas.

“Look, Liz. Don’t be upset. It’s okay.”

“How is this okay?” This was the first time she talked to me as if I was in the room, instead of screaming to the heavens.

“Well—” I couldn’t think of anything. So I stood there, cherry-painted lips agape, wishing the right, or any, words would come out.

She just let out a frustrated yell—I was not the only one at a loss for words—and wound up her arm for another shot. This time a dolphin amid clear cresting waves hit me in the nose. I swore I heard something crack before I felt warm blood dripping into my mouth and watched some of it make its way onto the carpet. There must have been a point in our lives where I stopped paying attention; my sister’s previously weak, waifish frame was throwing figures with the force of a body three times her size. I used to be the burly sister; there was a time when I pushed Liz around. But somewhere along the way the dynamic switched, and I was the one cowering behind a shield of my own hands.

“Elizabeth!” I yelled, alarmed at the mess coming from my face. “What is wrong with you?”

“You, Ellen!” I thought she was about to pop. Her face red, plucked eyebrows huddled together, lips tight, pink and pursed, almost to the point of being invisible, she shot another figure as I thought about whether or not I should rip off the bottom of my favorite AC/DC shirt to cover my face. The shirt went really well with a pair of jeans I had stolen from an ex-boyfriend of mine that were comfortable and worn in all the right places.

The next figure hit the side of my forehead and threw me off my balance, sending me into the wall. Elizabeth stood across the room, holding a figurine in each hand this time, but as my eyes

watered, I couldn't tell which ones they were. She brought her right hand up, and as she threw her arm back, I ducked down and curled into a ball. I heard glass shattering above me and could feel several shards dropping on top of me, poking any piece of skin not shielded by my clothing.

"Oh my God," I said, not really sure what to do.

"You can get up. I wasn't aiming for you this time." I slowly brought my head up, eyes still half closed, and looked above me to see the shattered glass of her 20x24 wedding photo. Standing there in her off-white wedding dress (handed down to her from our mother), smiling with each and every one of her teeth, and clasping the hands of the man she swore she'd love forever, Elizabeth had never looked more natural.

I pushed myself up from the floor and could feel tiny pieces of glass poking my palms. I looked around for Elizabeth, but she was nowhere in sight. I started to walk toward the door, but I could hear her behind me. I turned around quickly—my face covered—to see her standing there with a bottle of alcohol, a box of band-aids, and a handful of tissues.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"For your wounds, now sit down." I was understandably unsure as to whether or not I could trust her; maybe she'd have another fit of anger and pour the bottle of alcohol down my throat, whilst straining her vocal chords in a seemingly tribal scream. But part of me felt like I deserved as much, so I sat down.

"Are you done hurting me now?"

"Just long enough to stop you from bleeding on my carpet. I should've come over to your house." I laughed, but she still had a very serious, very angry look on her face. She dabbed alcohol on my forehead, and put a tissue to my nose. I flinched feeling ten

again, telling Nurse Angela that my knee didn't hurt anymore, so she wouldn't hit me with a second round of alcohol. Elizabeth took a deep breath. Slightly more relaxed she said, "Tell me why."

"Why what?"

"Okay. Maybe the dolphin to the head really messed you up." This time she was the one who laughed; but quicker than her smile came, it was gone again. "Why Matthew? Why not someone, anyone else?" I shrugged my shoulders. She slapped me. The sound of her hand striking my cheek echoed in the empty apartment.

"Fuc—I really don't know. It just happened."

"Things like this don't just happen. Did you plan it?"

"We never had time to plan anything, it really just happened.

The first time was a little awkward, but it got easier."

"It happened more than once?" She raised her eyebrow and took the hand she was using to keep my head tilted back and my blood from tainting her couch, to grab my hair and yank my face to hers.

"I didn't mean anything by it. I swear, Liz." I could feel her breathing warm and heavy on my face. "I love you, like a sister." I smiled weakly. She didn't smile back.

"I hate you, Ellen."

"How could you?"

"I could give you a list of reasons—I hate you because you're selfish, you're rude, you're irresponsible—I hate you because for some crazy reason you felt the need to ruin my life. I think you've done more than enough to establish yourself as the "wild child" — you don't need to prove it to me." It was hard to believe that the unsturdy, frazzled mess of a woman that sat before me was the same one whose never-ending legs and coma-

inducing sweetness unknowingly stole away my prom date just five years ago.

“I’m sorry, Liz.” The words spilled from my lips with a hesitation

I’d never known before; I had less trouble telling her husband all the things I could for him that Liz wouldn’t. Her eyes started to cloud up with tears again; I knew I had said the right thing.

“Did that make you feel good?” she said. I wasn’t sure about her tone, but that had to be what she wanted to hear. How could she not want an apology? I nodded, moving her hand up and down along with my head. “Great, I’m glad you feel better,” she said letting go of my hair. I could see my own greasy brown strands woven between her shaking fingers as she walked away from me. I folded over, my head against my knees, and sighed. I thought I would cry; but all I could do was breathe. It was during this brief moment of calm that I heard a click, and felt the short barrel of my semi-automatic pistol on the back of my head.

Defenses Fail

– Heather Smith

Intense brown eyes say right away
That you're too smart for me.

Jackass.

Who gave you the right
To look into my soul?
To smile like you know?
To throw me such a heated gaze,
So passionate,
Like it's all I ever wanted?

It's all I ever...

Cocky.
That's what you are;
That's all you are.
Without those intense brown eyes,
You would be nothing.
You would be every...

Stop it.

I don't care how that stupid
Five o'clock shadow would caress my body
Or how those strong, masculine hands would...

Are you enjoying this?
You're just teasing me, aren't you?

Well, I won't give you the satisfaction—
I'll turn away.
You're just a stranger
In a bookshop
In love with me.

Maybe.

Please?

Pinkie Swear

– Casey Bossert

(Upstage center is a large arch with a black sheet hanging from it, which the audience can't see behind. This is where the actors go to change costume. Whatever they need should be easily accessible for fast changes.)

GREG: (wearing a graduation robe) Finally! It felt like that would never be over. I thought twelve years of school was bad enough, but a four hour ceremony? That's ridiculous! (LINDSEY, also in a graduation robe, shuffles in, holding a camera and crying.)

GREG: Aw, what's the matter, Lindsey? Sad you're not going to see any of your old friends again? (jokingly dramatic) All of those people who you've gotten so used to seeing are changing and leaving for college. They're going to grow up and move away and become completely different people with new experiences, challenges, trials, and friends. Only on that camera will those happy moments of our past be preserved!

LINDSEY: And I look terrible in every one of these pictures! What am I going to use for my Facebook picture?!

GREG: (snatches the camera) Oh, come on, you don't look that bad!
(skips upstage with it, avoiding LINDSEY's grasp)

LINDSEY: Give it here, Greg! Ugh! (He holds it above his head where she can't reach.) Why do you have to be so tall! I remember when I was a head taller than you were.

GREG: Yeah, but I was always more mature than you. (looks at the pictures) And I was never as vain as you. You look

great in all of these pictures. (suddenly serious)
Especially this one. You're beautiful.

(LINDSEY kills the mood by snatching it away and running behind the black sheet. GREG looks about in surprise for a moment, then follows.)

GREG: Hey! Give it back!

(LINDSEY comes back out without the robe and bouncing a ball.)

LINDSEY: Ha ha! I got your toy! And there's nothin' you can do about it! Cause if you did, you'd be a tattle-tale!!

(GREG comes out on his knees, also no longer wearing the robe. This way, he is clearly shorter than LINDSEY.)

GREG: Come on Lindsey! I want it back! My mommy gave it to me for my birfday!!

LINDSEY: Fine, come and take it from me, then!

(GREG reaches and reaches, but since he's on his knees, he clearly can't reach the ball. LINDSEY laughs.)

GREG: That's not funny! I don't want to play with you anymore!

LINDSEY: Who else is there to play with? Unless you want to get scratched up by Mrs. McLeary's cats?

GREG: No.

LINDSEY: You've gotta admit, playing with me is a lot more fun than playing with those boring boys on your old street.

GREG: (mutters) I was taller than all of them.

LINDSEY: Well, then, it's good that you have me! Whenever you need something that's way up high, you just come next door to my house, and I'll get it for you!

GREG: I want my ball.

LINDSEY: Well...

GREG: My mommy gave it to me. She hasn't been home for a while, and I really miss her.

LINDSEY: I guess... If it's that special...

(She slowly reaches out to hand him the ball. He snatches it from her, taps her on the shoulder and shuffles away as fast as he can on his knees.)

GREG: Tag, you're it! Can't catch me! (disappears behind the sheet)

LINDSEY: Hey! I can too catch you!

(She also runs behind the sheet.)

LINDSEY: (pokes her head around the side of the arch) Pssst! Greg! Greg! Look out your window!

GREG: (pokes his head around the other side) Yeah? What is it?

LINDSEY: Is everything okay in your house? I thought I heard your parents arguing.

GREG: It's fine. My dad's just angry at my mom again.

LINDSEY: What is it this time?

GREG: I'm not sure. I think my mom did something bad with someone she works with. I can't tell what his name is.

LINDSEY: I think I heard your dad call him Mr. Sunuvabitch.

GREG: You could hear him all the way from your house?

LINDSEY: He's really loud.

GREG: I haven't heard him shout this loudly since that time my mom went away when I was five. Do you remember that?

LINDSEY: Didn't she give you a red ball for your birthday right before that?

GREG: Yeah, she did. (Pause) If she goes away this time, I don't think she's going to come back. I'm not sure what to do.

Who's going to drive me to school tomorrow?

LINDSEY: My mom can drive, if you want.

GREG: (smiles) Thanks.

LINDSEY: And Greg? I promise I won't go away and never come back.

GREG: You promise? Pinkie swear? (holds out his pinkie)

LINDSEY: Pinkie swear. (holds out her pinkie)
(Lights dim for a moment. When they come back up, LINDSEY is sitting on the floor, front and center, crying. She has no shoes on. GREG approaches her cautiously from behind.)

Greg: Linds? Is everything alright?

LINDSEY: Go away!

GREG: Come on, Linds, it's me! What could be so bad that you can't talk to me about it?

LINDSEY: I told you, go away!

GREG: I tell you about all of my problems. It's only fair that you tell me yours. (She doesn't answer.) Don't you remember the time I told you I wet my pants during the fire drill?

LINDSEY: (sniffles) And then the nurse only had girls' pants to give you, and you had to wear pink frilly pants all day?

GREG: You don't have to rub it in. (sits down beside her) Hey, I think I saw a smile there. Come on, tell me what happened.

LINDSEY: I don't think Ben and I are together anymore.

GREG: Why?

LINDSEY: Well... we were.... you know, making out at his house, and his parents were out. And it was fun at the beginning, you know, kissing and stuff. But then... he got a little... too....

GREG: What did he do?

LINDSEY: (snuffles) He tried to take my top off, and I told him I didn't want to yet. I mean, we've only been together a few weeks, but he said it was about time, and that when he was dating Sally, he had her top off in a week. So, I guess, I... I let him take it off, but then he kept going, and I told him to stop again.

GREG: (horrified) Did he stop?

LINDSEY: I tried to get up, and he started laughing, and he forced me back down. Like it was some sort of a game. And I did everything I could, but he wouldn't listen, so I just grabbed my shirt ran out of his house.

GREG: And you ran all the way back here?

(She nods. He sighs and sits down next to her.)

GREG: You know you could have called me, right? I would have picked you up.

LINDSEY: You don't have a car.

GREG: I would've taken my dad's car. Hell, I would have stolen a car if it meant rescuing you from that. (Pause)
Ben's a dick.

LINDSEY: (Wipes her eyes.) Yeah, he is. But I'm going to see him in math class tomorrow. What should I say?

GREG: Don't say anything. (stands up) And if he tries to say some thing to you, I can deal with him.

LINDSEY: What are you going to do? (turns around and looks up at him) And when did you get so tall?

GREG: Right after I outgrew those pink frilly pants. (LINDSEY smiles a bit. GREG reaches down to her.) Let's go in side and get something to eat. I can make hot chocolate for you the way you like it, with whipped cream and chocolate sauce and raspberries.

LINDSEY: (takes his hand) Thanks. For everything.

GREG: It's no problem. And as for Ben, you'll only have to look at him for one more year until we graduate. And then you'll never have to see him again.

(They go behind the sheet again and lights dim once more. When they come back out, they are wearing the robes again, and LINDSEY is holding the camera.)

LINDSEY: (Looking at the camera) I really am going to miss all of these people.

GREG: Linds, I have to tell you something.

LINDSEY: You didn't stain your robe again, did you?

GREG: No, and thanks for getting that out, by the way.

LINDSEY: I always carry those Tide pens with me. So what is it?

GREG: You know how I was really mad at my dad last spring?

And I filled out that paperwork to enlist in the army?

LINDSEY: Yeah, I told you that was a bad idea. Just do what I'm doing and go to school in another state. There's no reason to bring the government into it.

GREG: Well, I did more than fill out the paperwork. I got the physical and everything. It's all set. I'm going out to basic training next week.

LINDSEY: Wait, what? Next week? You're leaving next week?!

GREG: Yeah. And they're saying they're running really low on troops overseas, so I might not be able to come home right after.

LINDSEY: Are you serious?! No, you're not serious. You're joking. You wouldn't leave me like this. You're joking, right?

GREG: You're leaving too! You're going to Washington!

LINDSEY: But I'll be able to come back for breaks! I won't be in some other country!

GREG: You might as well be! And no matter where you wind up, you're not going to be my next door neighbor anymore. You're leaving and I'm leaving, and there's nothing we can do to change it.

(LINDSEY turns her back at him and stares at the camera again. She starts to cry once more. GREG approaches her.)

GREG: The pictures can't be that bad.

LINDSEY: I'm never going to see you again.

GREG: That's not true.

LINDSEY: How can we? You're going overseas! Everything's going to change! You might get shot, might get killed, and I'll never be able to —

(GREG interrupts her by grabbing her, snatching the camera away, and kissing her in one smooth movement. While they kiss, he snaps a picture. They break away, and he hands the camera back to her.)

GREG: Keep that picture, and you'll be able to see me whenever you want, and nothing will ever change.

(GREG exits. Lindsey remains, holding the camera. Fade to black.)



Sentinels

Steve Hoenstine

A Resumé

– *Richard Donaldson*

Richard Donaldson
(410) 867-5309
345 Avenue Drive
Westminster, MD
RDonalds@yahoo.com

OBJECTIVE

To obtain available boyfriend position and develop a successful relationship. I've come to the point in my career where I no longer wish to work on a day-to-day basis. Relationships in the past have achieved moderate success from a business standpoint but eventually end up becoming just that, business. With much of my earlier work, I became focused only on wielding profits and not the best interests of my client. These relationships eventually became the 9-5 lifestyle I had originally tried so hard to avoid. At this point in my career, I'm looking for a client that can benefit just as much from our relationship as I can. Too often in the past I have found myself putting hours upon hours into relationships that yield no promise for the future.

WORK EXPERIENCE/ PAST CLIENTS

Sarah Matthews (Full time) April 2008-November 2009

Met at a party on campus

Brunette, 21

- Personal chauffeur to client
- Often responsible for maintaining and folding client's laundry.

- Conferred with client while watching countless hours of *John and Kate Plus Eight* so she wouldn't be lonely
- Responsible for client's care and safety when the client was so intoxicated she could no longer stand due to the fact that she had been out drinking all night with past clients

Reason for Leaving — Relationship lingered on for several months at least from a business standpoint. Briefly ended relationship for two to three business days. After renegotiating the terms of our contract, we went back to business as usual for five months or so. Out of all the partnerships I had entered into in my lackluster career, this was the one that held the most potential for success. It had all the characteristics of a good business deal. We saw eye-to-eye on almost all issues, and even more so, there was always a passion for the work that my other ventures lacked. Like with most of my failed relationships prior, I was left wondering where I went wrong. One couldn't say I was enthusiastic about our merger. She had everything to offer to me at the time. I looked forward to every day of work with her; I was in the prime of my career. The problem is it's too easy in the world today to get caught up in the job market and the buzz surrounding it. With so much interference, you begin to take the job that you once took so seriously for granted. She then made the decision to find an associate that would give her the attention she felt she deserved. I began to find indications on her Blackberry of "off the record" business deals. After some debate, she determined she was happier with her previous associate, whom she had been seeing for the latter part of our relationship.

Rebecca Marshall (Part time) December 2007-February 2008

Met through a mutual friend

Brunette, 21

- Conducted some of the most lively business of my career
- Stylist for client when her friends would bail on their shopping trip to the mall
- Maintained client's self image by assuring her on a daily basis how not fat she looked in those jeans
- Personal chef

Reason for Leaving — When entering into some business relationships, you can often tell when you find yourself compromising your qualifications, as far as potential partners go. Everyone at some point in their career has reached this point and decided to just opt for the most convenient opportunity at the time. Sometimes you just need a job to do so you know you're worth something to someone. Rebecca was like the sports car my father bought himself during his mid-life crisis. There was no denying her beauty, and sure she looked great out on the road. It was once you got a closer look, however, that you could see how worn out she really was, the car that is. My father didn't need that car and I didn't need Rebecca, but they were still nice to keep around. Looking back one could assume that, at the age of 20, Rebecca was essentially my mid-life crisis. This of course, however, was going off the additional assumption that for some blessed reason I might be put out of my misery by age forty.

Jennifer? (Internship)

July 2007

Met at a bar west of town

Redhead, 22

- Accompanied client home and kept her company while she made drinks
- Stayed with client throughout the night to assure the client's safety
- Promptly regretted the decision when I had to explain to my present client at the time why I smelled like alcohol and woman's perfume at our weekly lunch conference

Reason for Leaving — I woke up the next morning in a foreign bed, scared of what I might find out about my night as the day wore on. It was as if I had taken the elevator and arrived on the wrong floor at a completely different office. While I would grow to regret this decision more and more, the immediate feeling was that of self assurance. After being out of the game for so long, it was nice knowing I could still present a product that was desirable to the mainstream market.

Lauren Freeman (Full time)

October 2006-October 2007

Met in Philosophy class

Brunette, 19

- Served as “study buddy” to the client on many late nights ironing out last minute details of her finance proposal
- Personal escort to client for all social gatherings (formal, semi-formal, business casual)
- Funded majority of our sponsored events because her funds had been depleted on three more unnecessary scarves and a pair of shoes that “will just go with anything”

Reason for Leaving — Lauren was once the only reason I would show up to my two o'clock philosophy class, but during the end of our relationship, I often found myself dodging her in the office on a daily basis. She eventually started to become curious of my affairs pertaining to outside the office. For her, I was spending too much time off the clock wooing potential partners and not enough time with her. After Lauren became aware of the Jennifer internship from back in July, she felt it was best if I pursued a new place to conduct business. She suggested I call Jennifer, and she seemed sure that she would probably have "several openings" that I would be qualified to fill. I couldn't tell if Lauren knew something I didn't or if she was just being clever. Needless to say, I didn't call to follow up.

Ashley Taylor (Part time) March 2006-July 2006

Friend of my older sister

Brunette, 23

- Successfully completed many a business deal with little time and space to work with
- Designated shotgun when we would go out places and she would drive, which come to think about it, was practically never. I always drove. Actually, the one time she did drive, she told me to sit in the back and lie down when we drove by the mall.
- In the event of possible police involvement, I was responsible for taking the hit for all the "insider trading," being that I was only a minor and it would only go on my record for another year; by the time I was finally at a job I really liked, they wouldn't even have to know.

Reason for Leaving — After a series of sketchy business deals, I began to wonder if I could really see myself with this client for an extended period of time. Luckily, she apparently thought the same thing and responded to the news with a pleasant, “Oh you’re still here.” I later found out she was looking for a partner with more on-the-job experience.

Nicole Wells (Part time) November 2005-January 2006

Daughter of friends of the family

Dirty Blonde, 17

- Escorted the client around town and enjoyed every last glare I got from other men climbing the social ladder in hopes of achieving the level of success I had
- Completed several successful deals while parents were away on vacation
- Conferred with client’s father and played golf with him on several occasions

Reason for Leaving- A couple months after closing my first deal with the client, we both soon realized we weren’t nearly experienced enough to be doing this type of business. The issue with your first client is you end up getting yourself in way over your head before you’ve had any sort of experience with this type of business. Her father interrupting one of our conference meetings surely didn’t help though.

Schrödinger's Sheets

– *Paul Harné*

I can't concentrate because a half-full can of Diet Coke is going flat on my desk across the room. And that's just too loud. I can't focus because the smell of Gillette shaving-gel residue is wafting off my upper lip. Every time I inhale through my nose, I can smell the blue soapy film. Taste my own stale-spearmint breath with every exhale. The hypersensitivity comes with the dark of the room. I can't think straight because there's a woman in my bed undressing me. I don't remember her name. Friend of an old friend. I know nothing about her.

"Are you ready?" she asks, grinning, as she throws my shirt onto the floor.

"I just...that should probably go on a hanger," I explain, "I lent my iron to—" she laughs before lunging towards my throat. Lips slightly parted, with more appetite than affection, she begins kissing me.

As this anonymous nearly-stranger runs her tongue up my neck, and nibbles my ear from time to time (and as my shirt collects wrinkles), my mind turns to Schrödinger's cat: my favorite paradox. Start with a cat, a hammer, a vial of poison, and trace amounts of a radioactive substance. And then put them all in a box. No way to see inside. Completely closed off and dark in there.

This woman's name is Michelle, I think. For some reason, that name comes to mind when she clamps her teeth down around the skin just above my right nipple. She snorts a little and then turns her attention back to my neck. I glance down to make sure the skin isn't broken, and then let my thoughts wander back to the cat.

In the box, a relay mechanism is set so that if even a single atom of the radioactive substance decays, changes states, the hammer will smash the vial, and release the poison—

“Come on!” she shouts playfully. Actually, it might be Lauren. Maybe Kate. Kelly? No. It isn’t Kelly, but that’s getting closer. Or further. I think.

“I’m sorry?”

“Don’t be sorry,” she grunts, “just help me get your pants off.” She tugs at the zipper clumsily.

“Oh, right,” I say. I slide off my jeans, fold them, and lay them by the side of the bed. I don’t throw them. With jeans off, and my bare back against the sheets, I just lie there.

Because the radioactive matter cannot be observed, it occupies all potential atomic states at the same time. Both decayed and unaltered. Logically, somehow, the vial of poison would be both in tact and shattered; meaning the cat would be both living and dead simultaneously inside the box. At least until someone looked inside. How is that possible? That’s the paradox, I guess. There’s no real answer. No satisfaction to be had. “Michelle,” “Lauren,” “Kate,” or another name, thrusts her tongue into my mouth and swirls it erratically.

This girl in my bed sinks her fingernails into my hips and slowly drags her head away from mine. Downward. Sensually blowing, lightly, on my skin. I wonder if she can’t remember my name either.

“Daniel,” she begins. At least one question is answered. “Am I the only one enjoying myself here?” She pulls her head up to look me in the eyes. Puts one warm hand between my legs. I say nothing. I look away from her (just for a moment) and stare at my shirt on the floor. “Dan?” Wrinkles setting in. “What the hell is wrong with you?!” she shouts. Less playful than her first outburst.

“I don’t know what you mean.” I don’t know her at all. I can hardly see her face with the lights off.

She snarls, “Look, I think I’ve been putting out a pretty good effort; you haven’t been.” She laces her fingers together behind my neck, leans back, and pulls me forward on top of her. “And that isn’t fair.” She continues, “You do want me to stay, don’t you?” She lies on her back.

“Of course.” I lie to her face.

“Well, prove it.”

“Fine, I mean, sure...but first, I’d really like to just put that shirt on a hanger.”

She sits up, straight and stiff, knocking me back. “Christ, am I wasting my time?” she asks indignantly. I don’t know what to say. She continues probing, “Do you even remember my name? What’s my name?” I still don’t know what to say. She thrusts backwards onto the mattress, pulling me down again. “What’s my name!” she demands, shrieking, hissing. She squeezes my wrists. Hard. My fingers spasm, and I can’t think clearly.

“Schrödinger’s cat!” I shout down at her, “You’re Schrödinger’s goddamn cat! Alright?” She doesn’t loosen her grip. Doesn’t clench tighter.

She opens her mouth, “I’m—“

“I don’t want to know!” I interrupt. I close my eyes; lids clenched tighter than her hands around my wrists. “Don’t tell me anything.” I lean down and whisper, “I don’t want to know anything about y—“ She cuts me off by biting my lip, pulling me down even further.

If you can’t see inside the box, the atoms of that radioactive substance occupy all atomic states. If you don’t ruin it by looking, the cat is both alive and dead. How far does this go? I don’t know.

If I don't know this girls name, if I don't see her face, couldn't she be everyone? Anyone? She moans. Arches her back. She could be everyone. Anyone else.

November

– *Michelle Pease*

His arms reach down
and gently caress my skin.
His fingers graze my face
and slowly trace my
jaw, neck, shoulders, and arms.
He pulls me into an embrace,
warm, soothing against my
cool pale skin.

November sun was his name;
he was a brief, but
enchanted lover.



Perspectives

Michelle Lynch

The Electronic Ghost

– *Thomas Delfi*

I stare at your page like a lone death mask, etched in your eerie likeness and scattered among the throngs of the living. It's all there, everything factual about you: how old you were, where you were born, your graduating class. I look through pictures of you and friends, smiling and laughing amongst one another without the grim shadow of oblivion about you. Your final writings reveal nothing profound, the scribbled, last minute thoughts before an unforeseen end. In the eyes of any other, you're still there, working in a diner, listening to music, hanging with friends, and having a complicated relationship while remaining interested in men. But the numerous lamentations of friends and loved ones written upon your wall pay testament to the loss of you, a life cut short and randomly, leaving nothing behind but a hollow visage bearing your smile, your eyes, your face, and a colder world; the electronic ghost of you.

sophisticated yet immature

elegant yet edgy

fun & fearless

anything but plain

introducing

WAVE

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

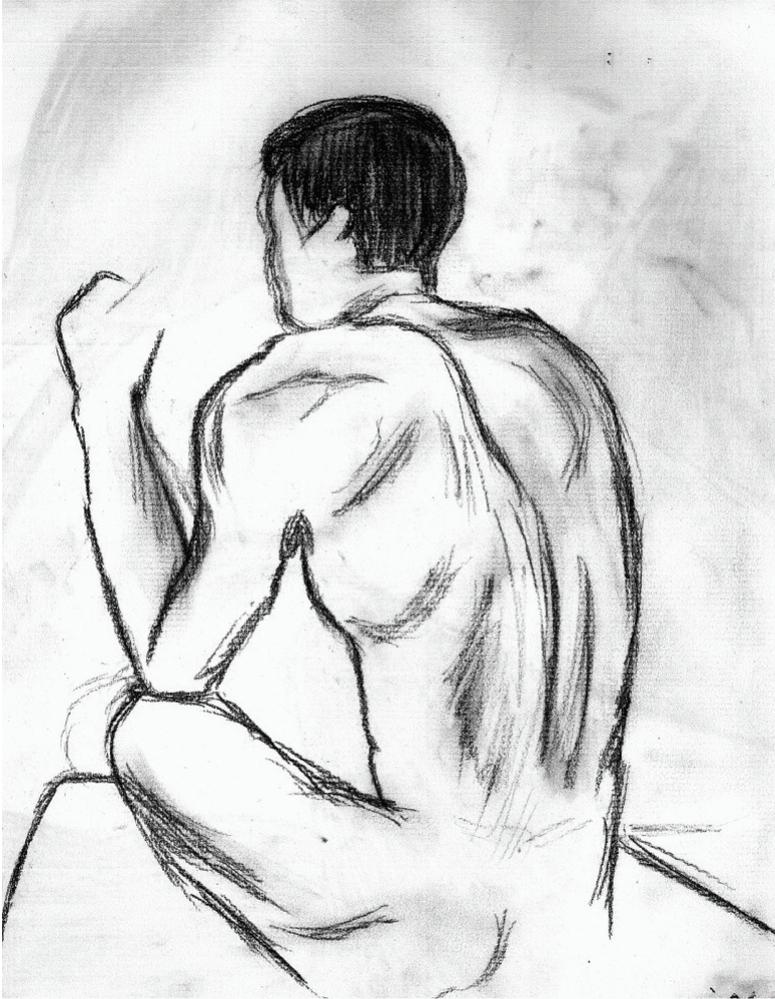
Ad for a new font

Christine DiChiara

A Spinning Head

– *Raisa Cheng*

A spinning head, the object I feel installed above the
Fragile bones of my flailing neck. Inside there is a continuous
Cycle of trains, on their round-trip routes from here to there,
Non-stop from the edges of delight to the brink of
Existence. My heart beats loudly, the eccentric beat
Endangering the hollow halls of my ear canal. This time it's no
Different from when the organ's voluptuous voices took away
Each passing breath. Usually when one continues towards a
Downward spiral, a sense of caution is released,
Yet for me, the dizzy spell of my demise did not faze me whatso-
ever. I enjoyed what became of the changes, the love and loved
one, coming and going, more going than coming. Often times,
it's difficult to understand when and how the story became s
complicated, intertwined in a malicious web of pros and cons.
Not knowing is an understatement, not understanding could
very well provide explanation why innocence was something I
used to hold onto, until it became a non-entity. The faces and
facades that used to illuminate the dark pathway, was a candle
blown out by quite a strong wind, and eventually faded away.
Are these entities of heightened importance? While they used
to be, they are no more, perhaps just a little, but not quite as
much. Desires fade away like no other, like a dying tree in the
autumn gardens, so beautiful as it falls to its expected death. If
desires fade quickly, what, if anything, Can be trusted? What, if
anything, should one follow?



Drawing
Raisa Cheng

Abased

– Ben Johnston

I'm waking up. I'm waking up and trying to remember the last time I cared what day it was. I'm trying to remember why I even bother to get out of bed anymore. Remember the last time that basic human communication didn't sound like white noise to me. I can't remember. I get out of bed. I get out of bed and I'm thinking about what I'm going to eat today. What I'm going to do today. I can't think of anything. Peeing, I glance at the shower wondering if this day is privileged enough to see me bathe. I decide that this day is no more deserving than the last, slip on the same clothes from last night, throw a jacket on and proceed outside. It's colder today, and the angels are spitting in thin sheets that coat the ground and parking lot, making the grass look slick and separated. Thunder echoes out of some unseen cloud, and I swear the rain is following me on my walk. I stop in a convenience store and buy a pack of cigarettes in change. I'm saving the paper currency for a bag of painkillers, because today I'm really hurting. Watching couples walk down the street holding hands and laughing at the sweetness of life, the unsaid joy of having a constant companion. One of the couples, the girl bumps into me as I squeeze past her and a sign post, and I'm muttering under my breath, "ugly slut." I'm thinking about all the ways I could ruin her day when I almost overshoot my "friend's" stoop; I spin on one heel and proceed up the rain-kissed stairs. I hit the intercom for his room and let a gap of silence pass between me and the machine before I hear a calculated buzz emit and hear the lock on the main door snap open. I'm in my "friend's" apartment and before I know it I'm shoving pills in my mouth. The next ten minutes are fast

forward. I don't know what kind of pills spelunked their way down my esophagus, but they definitely work. The next thing I know I'm down the street, fingering a Ziploc bag of whites, blues, yellows, different shapes, different shades of numb. I'm walking back, hoping some random stranger will stop me, tell me my name, and ask me what happened to me, maybe giving me some idea, because like most people who are asleep when they're awake, I have none. I'm standing in my kitchen and swallowing a whole prism of colors, and I'm getting that comfortably apathetic feeling. Toward strangers. Toward loved ones. Toward myself. I can't say it's not the only thing I look forward to these days. I lay around and watch infomercials about knife sets, rotisserie cookers, dog clothes, portable grills, phone sex hotlines, facial cleanser, more knife sets, plastic that grows into grass, a CD collection of music no one bothers to listen to anymore, towels that can clean any spill, blenders that can fit in a suitcase and make salsa out of leftovers, coin collections, cleaning products that can burn a hole in the ozone, blankets with sleeves in them, phones shaped like footballs, another knife set, an automatic hammer, counterproductive waste. Here is your existence, as seen on TV. I eat more pills. I watch more infomercials. I dream about not being alone. I dream about being alone. I dream about living. I dream about being more than a ghost. I lay in bed. I stare at my ceiling, and try to think of the last time I felt like my soul wasn't full of lead. The last time someone called me. The last time someone asked me how my day was. The last time I did something. Anything. Nothing rings a bell.



Untitled

Christian Geisler

“ *These benches lay empty on a cold November day waiting for the return of summer and the return of warm bodies that need a place to sit.* ”

Illicit Birthday

– Lydia Ann Stern

Yes. Oh. Oh.

You were born from
sweet, fruited wines and
concoctions of hops and barley.

Ah. Yes. Yes.

You were conceived from the
faults of latex.

Oh. There! Yes! Ah!

You were produced
on flowery red bed sheets
seen through
shadowed light—
reflection cast through a smudged

mirror.

God is hidden in the bedside table.

I'm close! Ah. Oh! OH,

Child—

You bear no resemblance to
your father.

Portrait of A Marriage

– Casey Bossert

I love him. I think I love him. No, I know I love him, because he loves me. He walked me home that first night, and he didn't have to. He just did. He knew it was the right thing to do. Like when he opens the door for me, or gets an extra dessert for me in the dining hall. He loves me. I love him.

“Yes. Yes I will marry you.”

I want to shout it to the world! I want to run to my parents, my family, my sister and wave my hand in front of their faces. I want to waggle my sparkling finger at everyone I see. I want everyone to know! He loves me, see? Right here on my finger, he loves me. And he's so tall. When I look up at him, my throat gets tight with excitement and joy. And he's just like me, but exactly different. We have precisely the same hair color: a sweet walnut brown with strands of gold and silver entwining and weaving together. Perfect. But he's so tall and thin, and I'm short and... me. And he loves me.

But this whole thing is getting so big and confusing. How many chairs, what type of napkins, how big of a cake, which dresses.... I'm so glad he's here to help with the decisions. He points out things I hadn't even considered. Daddy doesn't always agree with him, but I think Daddy's just worried about losing me. I know that's silly. I'll love him forever.

Beneath the canopy.

Drink the wine.

Break the glass.

“I do.”

Dirty dishes everywhere. That's what a dishwasher is for!

Can't he get that through his head? I tell him. He tells me they weren't his, it wasn't his turn, he made dinner, he does it all the time, he's busy. I tell him again. He asks me why this is such a big deal? Why am I so angry? They're just dishes. He loves me. He brought me flowers yesterday. They were beautiful — blue and white. He's going to go put some more water in the vase, move it closer to the window.

“How was your day, sweetheart? While I water these flowers, can you please do the dishes?”

I'm huge. Bigger than an elephant, a whale, a planet! I have my own goddamned orbital sphere! But then, I feel a kick, and my heart flutters, and I'm a girl again. I'm nervous and excited all the time. And so hungry! He brings me whatever I want, be it pizza with peanut butter or papaya or a great big meatloaf. Mom says it's natural.

Daddy's in a daze I think. His little girl having a little girl. I love the smile that graces Daddy's worn, whiskered face. I hope to God she has his smile.

“Ready, PUSH!”

Not another cry. God, make her stop crying. He won't move. Make him move. I push him. He ignores me. I know he's awake. He isn't snoring. He says he doesn't snore, but I know he does — great long, disgusting snores that make me want to smother him with the pillow. I kick him so he can't pretend anymore. But your parents are coming tomorrow, he reminds me. He must be well-rested if he's going to put up with them all day. Well, I put up with the baby all day, every day. Has he thought of that? I can talk to my parents. He can sit in this bed and sleep all day if he'll only move!

“It's not my turn to get up.”

Mom says I have dark circles under my eyes. The second one came so fast. I feel like five minutes went by, and pop! There he was, lying in my arms, his eyes shining brown and loving. His sister's eyes. My eyes staring back at me expectantly, always wanting and waiting. When will he come home? When will he move the sofa back? When will he fill the ice tray? When can my parents come again? I miss them. I miss the flowers, wilted and gone. Where did you go?

"I'm going to the store. Can you get dinner ready?"

I'm shaking, and I check on the children without thinking. They're safe in their beds. Sound asleep, unknowing. My whole face burns red, my ears ring. I collapse on the floor between the crib and the princess sheets. I open my arms and reach out to them, but do not dare to touch, lest I wake them. I stretch my fingers as far as they can go and grasp at the air; try to hold it tight in my fist. I cannot let go. I cannot lose control. If I let go, he'll push me, and I'll fall. His weapons are words reverberating back and forth in my mind. I must not let go. I must reach out to them. They love me, but his bullets sound in my ears.

"Bitch. I hate you."

Driving and driving. Rain on the windshield mocks me with every smack on the glass. Michael dozes, but Rachel is awake. Her eyes are big, but she does not speak. I don't think she knows the words yet. I don't know the words. Sharp honks wail in my ears, and I revel in them. They drown out other shouts and shrieks that I keep hearing over and over again. As long as there are no sirens, I don't care. No, I want to hear sirens. The policeman will force me to get out of the car when I tell him I don't have my purse. I want him to drive me downtown and lock me in a cell where I can stare at the walls silently, and thick cement will protect me from

the screaming voices and the pounding rain. But Michael yawns, and the rain turns to piercing hail. I cannot leave him. Rachel is so confused, so lost. So am I.

“Can you direct me to the nearest Super 8?”

The chairs are blue and white. He bought me blue and white flowers once. He watered them so carefully too. Their petals were soft, but these office chairs are scratchy. They chafe at my legs, and I rub them together. He looks at me with scorn. He thinks I am a child. Yes, that is why we are here. Yes, we are in agreement with custody.

We share responsibility for Rachel’s crying eyes and Michael’s angry wails. For now, it’s my sister who hears them and gives them sweets to make it all better. Daddy refuses to hold Rachel anymore. And he won’t look at Michael because he fears who he will see in that small angry face, who he’ll hear in the wordless shouts.

My finger is light, naked. My thumb reaches past the cold pen in my hand to touch the smooth skin. He used to stroke me, touch me, thrill me. He opened doors for me, and I couldn’t wait to look into his loving face. He loved me.



Driving Lessons

Kyle Smith

Pervert

– *Jaleasha Ruth*

Following an imaginary line from your nose to your navel.
Pink Floyd heaving breaths of desire.
I know what's beneath your shirt:
Your heart, longing for me, to long for you,
Even if you feign unawareness.
You yearn for me again
Though you've had me a thousand times:
We've loved on grassy knolls,
Kissed in lovely groves.
Our passion has already been calculated,
So no impulse will be out of place.
I'll never cease pining for you,
Needing you to learn your lines.
Despite the fact
We've never even met.

The Struggle

– *Joe Notari*

The forest's canopy was dense and thick, branches twisting and writhing around each other, to the point that hardly any sunlight pierced its great barrier. The leaves were moist and dripping from a recent rainstorm, and many of the forest's smaller inhabitants rummaged around the forest's floor. The creatures scrounged for any food they could find, oftentimes each other.

A velociraptor stalked among some nearby bushes. It crept closer and closer to a family of protoceratops, who was blissfully unaware of its imminent danger. Then, like a bolt of lightning, the raptor rushed out of the dark foliage. It sprinted toward the youngest of the frightened creatures and was upon it before it even had time to react. The others fled in fear as the raptor sank its razor-sharp teeth into the protoceratop's neck, and with a flash, the pitiful thing was dead.

The raptor began ravenously feeding on its prize. But not halfway through its meal, something roused it from its bloody handiwork. A great thunder shook the forest, from the tops of its trees all the way to its roots. The raptor looked desperately at its meal, but dared not cross the path of what was approaching. It fled into the underbrush in shame, taking only one last hunk of meat.

The ground rumbled with each step, as if under the attack of an earthquake. A great form lurched through the forest. His legs were like tree trunks, his tail whipped behind him. His enormous jaw housed huge, razor-sharp teeth. He was a creature that was spoken of in a hushed, reverent tone. He was praised for his rippling muscles and powerful jaws that commanded

respect. So much respect that no creature dared mention his goofy little arms.

He was...Mr. Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Mr. T-Rex stomped by the protoceratops corpse without even giving it a glance. It was a paltry amount, not fit for a creature of his magnificence and station. No, he was after larger and fiercer prey; prey that would be worthy of killing. Mr. T-Rex's destination was a bright light shining in the distance. As he drew closer, the trees grew thinner, and blue sky began to appear overhead. Finally, he had made his way to the edge of the forest.

The tyrant king looked out at the sight before him. A glimmering blue lake stretched out in the land below him, beyond which were golden plains far as the eye could see. The shores of the lake were teeming with dinosaurs of every kind: triceratops, stegosaurus, sauropods; even great pterosaurs dotted the skies.

Mr. T-Rex had to choose his prey carefully. If the ensuing fight was too easy, his reputation would be irreparably damaged. Obviously, the pterosaurs were out of the question, as were the sauropods, the only dinosaurs mightier than he. Stegosaurus had the assets to put up an impressive fight, but, given their infamous stupidity, were more likely to spike themselves in the head than make for a compelling struggle.

No, it would have to be the triceratops. Great juggernauts, armed with long and powerful horns that could easily gut the mighty Mr. T-Rex. They were fiercely territorial creatures who commanded almost as much respect as the tyrannosaurs themselves. But which one would it be? Which one was neither too young nor too old, healthy and in his prime; which behemoth had the might to face him?

Mr. T-Rex eyed a particularly spirited triceratops bull leading its fellows to the water's edge. He raised his enormous head in celebration and gave out a triumphant bellow that rang across the plains. The thrill of combat entered into Mr. T-Rex's mind and he twiddled his fingers excitedly; at least he would have if his arms weren't too stunted to reach each other, but the point comes across all the same.

Mr. T-Rex lumbered out of the forest, stopping briefly to let the sun's warm rays bask down onto him, energizing him for the fight ahead. As he came closer to the lake, the other dinosaurs became aware of his approach and scattered, fearing for their lives. The triceratops, however, held their ground and formed a mighty phalanx between Mr. T-Rex and the fleeing dinosaurs. Mr. T-Rex had anticipated this and stopped a ways from the wall of spiky death. He had no chance against an entire herd of triceratops; his only chance was to goad the triceratops bull into one-on-one combat. Mr. T-Rex unleashed a savage roar, one that caused the line of triceratops to falter ever so slightly before regaining their composure. The bull recognized Mr. T-Rex's power and refused to risk his followers' safety any more. He slowly, but stoutly, broke away from the brigade and stood before Mr. T-Rex, alone.

The other triceratops moved to protest their leader's decision, but the bull stamped his feet and let out a menacing growl. Nothing could change his mind. The others moved away and anxiously watched the battle that was about to unfold. With a gnashing of teeth, Mr. T-Rex charged the triceratops. The bull, in turn, moved his head upwards hoping that Mr. T-Rex's momentum would cause him to fall upon his horns. Mr. T-Rex saw through this base ploy and deftly side-stepped the bull and circled around him, launching his jaws at the bull's back legs. The brute whipped around,

swifter than expected, and left a cut on Mr. T-Rex's snout.

Mr. T-Rex backed away from the bull, impressed by his agility. He would have to plan his next move carefully. The two began circling each other, neither one breaking eye contact. Mr. T-Rex weighed his options. The bull was faster than any triceratops he had ever encountered before, thus negating the option of attacking from the back. An idea crept into Mr. T-Rex's mind. His concentration returned to him, body trembling with anticipation, stubby arms waving excitedly in bloodlust. He only had one shot at this.

Mr. T-Rex once again charged forward towards the bull, who once again raised his head upwards. This time, however, Mr. T-Rex showed no signs of slowing down. Each footfall brought Mr. T-Rex closer to the bull's razor-sharp horns. At the last second, Mr. T-Rex raised one of his mighty feet into the air and stomped down onto the end of the bull's snout, his toes going between the horn at the edge of the bull's nose. The bull's head buckled forward and smashed into the ground hard; his two main horns speared into the earth, sending bits of dirt flying into the air. Mr. T-Rex closed his jaws onto the stunned creature's frill and began wrestling with his head. With a powerful jerk, Mr. T-Rex tackled the bull onto the ground, flipping him over to reveal his vulnerable neck. Wasting no time, Mr. T-Rex tore into the helpless bull's jugular. He yanked his mouth upwards and ripped out the triceratops' throat! "Alex." Blood and tissue were everywhere, flying through the air, splattering Mr. T-Rex's face! "ALEX." The looks of horror from the other triceratops at the morbid, gruesome, decimated remains of their former lea-

"ALEX!"

I found myself sitting on the hard, uncarpeted floor of my

bedroom. The tyrannosaurus and triceratops figures were in my tightly-clenched hands. Other dinosaur figures were strewn on the floor around me: stegosaurus, pteranodons, apatosaurus; a velociraptor laid motionless on top of my bed. I looked up to see my mom standing in my bedroom's doorway with an annoyed look on her face.

“Alex,” she said, “you told me you’d gather up all of your old toys a half an hour ago. Have you even started?”

I looked around at the toys scattered on my floor. “I may have gotten a little distracted.”



T-Rex

Lydia Ann Stern

“You promised that you would take care of all of this before you went back to campus. Now just toss all those old dinosaur toys in the box so we can give them away.”

I looked down at my dinosaur figures and then at the box but made no move to place them in there.

“Actually, I was thinking about hanging on to them for a little while.”

My mom gave me an incredulous look. “You’re twenty. What does a twenty-year-old need with dinosaur toys?”

“Alright just... just give me a few minutes? Okay? Just a few minutes.”

My mom let out an exasperated sigh and left the room. I glanced into the hallway to make sure she went back downstairs. I took my textbooks out of my book bag and quickly stuffed a few handfuls of the dinosaur figures into it. I kept the tyrannosaurus and the triceratops out and continued in my head. The other triceratops looked in horror at the morbid, gruesome, decimated remains of their former leader...

Mr. T-Rex looked up from his kill to see the other triceratops, stricken with fright. He let out an earth-shaking roar, sending the triceratops fleeing away from the site of this great battle. Mr. T-Rex stood above his fallen foe, satisfied that this struggle would be remembered for years to come. He had his share of the bounty and left the rest for the scavengers. No one could say that he was not benevolent to the lesser predators.

Mr. T-Rex made his way back towards the forest, the sun setting across the grasslands. This day was coming to an end, but it was just one of many. There were still many adventures to come, many more challenges. There would always be new trials to face in the life of...Mr. Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Adventurous Haiku and Tanka

– *Josh Olewiler*

Destination: Dirt.
Useless, worthless, unblessed earth.
An unfitting end.

Oh, sweet Adventure,
How you have forsaken me
With this curse of life.
To die valiantly

In the jaws of a lion
Or drown in quicksand.
That such a proud fate were mine!
Instead doomed am I to live.

And for what purpose?
I have climbed all the mountains
And plumbed all oceans.

The globe is barren.
Ev'ry speck has been explored.
So what's left for me?

Nothing remains but
Wanton wonders of the world.

Kilimanjaro

But a flat-topped hill with a
Ghostly receding hairline.

Egyptian deserts?

You shall find nothing left of
Riddling sphinxes.

Sacred tombs stripped bare
By the archaeologists'
Greedy latex gloves.

Pyramids serene,
Their calm majesty defiled
By boorish tourists,
Crawling into ev'ry nook.
Mindless little cockroaches.

Hunting koala,
Those fuzzy banshees of Oz,
Is trendy no more.

Skinny-dipping in
Piranha-infested streams
Of the Amazon.

Panda wrestling.
Even elephant tipping.
All are forbidden.

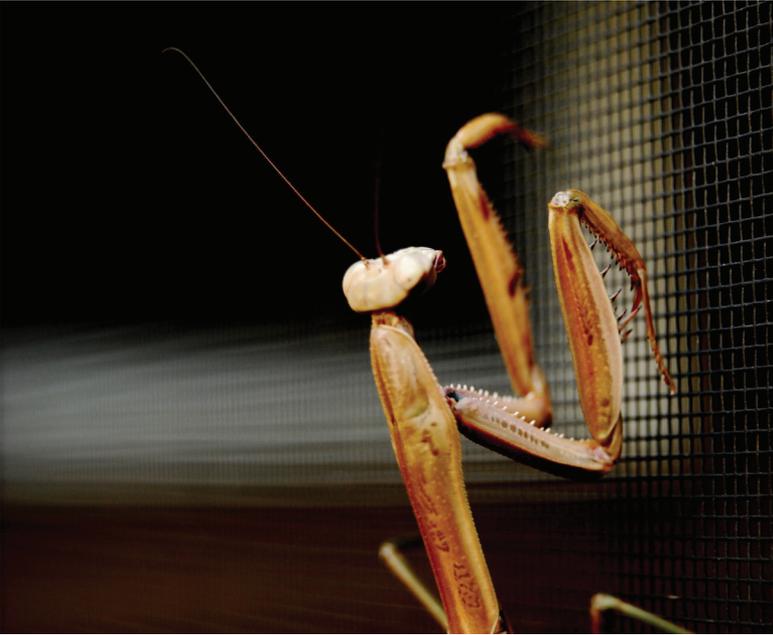
But why the hell should I care?
Let them try to impede me!

Such pointless edicts—
Who placed the whip in their hands?
I shall take it back.

To unleash the world.
A global extrication.
Such bewonderment!

Charged to bring ruin,
Chaos, glorious chaos,
Where men can roam free

Unhindered by laws, rules, writ,
And I know who will help me.



Climber

Steve Hoenstine

No One So Little

– *Dylan Brannen*

Kindergarten. I think it's a German word, but that's when you get your first taste of it, some people even younger, but it's safe to say that EVERYONE did this from then until they graduated or gave up.

Straighten up.

Turn your head this way.

Big smile, now.

The big umbrellas sending light into your face, a smile missing teeth, and eyes with little diamonds sparkling and doing more to lighten up the picture than any flash bulb could. Every child gets one; it's their inauguration as a member of a culture of Me. You're preserved for eternity in a glossy eight-by-ten, for everyone to see.

Your school picture.

Your school picture, I've always thought, is so the police will have something to put on the TV news, the papers, and the milk cartons when you inevitably get stolen away by some psychotic pedophile and sodomized to death. They'll need it to identify what's left of the body, your remains. Even that's self-indulgent; your parents assume that their little angel is so important that some coked-out sex pervert would take keen interest in you, their precious child, and a rookie card in the world of child molesters. But, no, you need that picture even more than the police OR your parents EVER would.

Your first professional head shot.

Your parents keep every picture.

Your parents make your portfolio.

You're a star, it's all about you, and nothing is going to change that. Reality be damned, you're young enough to believe in God and Santa Claus unflinchingly. The Easter Bunny died on the cross so you could stuff your face with his chocolatey, rather than golden, idol. You watch TV and you don't see anyone but yourself. You see yourself, the lights are bright and your words are spun gold. A clever retort slips out from between your lips, and the crowd roars with canned laughter.

Big laugh.

All eyes on you.

Everyone wants to be famous, and they are in their own little way, and there isn't a single person who's going to question that; otherwise, they'd be questioning their own existence as the protagonist.

The star.

The leading man or lady, showing off for the whole of their little world. If you're American, really integrated into the culture, the world is a stage, and everyone is a supporting player; an invisible audiences laughs with you, jeers your enemies, and goads you into performing your melodrama of self-importance.

Me.

Me.

Me.

Your smallest problem is the world's smallest problem. Your biggest fear is a weight on the shoulders of every man, woman and child in your life. All yours. No one else is like you. You're a beautiful, important, singular sensation strutting around in front of the audience of make-believe. You wring your hands, fuss over your appearance, dole out sagely wisdom, make the cleverest jokes, and let everyone know who's in charge: You.



Kass
Sarah Spidle

You live and you die, and when you're gone, the world may as well burn down because you aren't there to make it wonderful and worth living in anymore. You know it won't end, though, so you build yourself a mausoleum, not out of bricks and mortar, but out of every act of self-love you've designed to reign over everyone you've ever met, so you can live on as word of mouth, an obituary, a bridge named after you. Your own little religion.

You've martyred yourself so you can outlive your body and soul. Yours IS the word of God, your personal God: You. Me. Him. Her.

You want them to talk. It doesn't matter if you're Pol Pot, Marilyn Monroe, or just some old lady who died alone and was then devoured by her dozen or so cats.

A big scene, you don't care if you have a million mourners or a million people cheering for your execution. They're as wrapped up in Them as You are in You.

Them.

You.

That's all there is, so you perform for your audience of make-believe, even though you know everyone feels the same way. You are Them. The world is just 6 billion-or-so "You"s and a singular "Them."

And Them is You.

I Sleep, Dissatisfied

– *Caitlin Spivey*

The bed looms before me,
Vast and soft.
Its malleable topography retains no trace of you,
Though my imprint is permanent.
Have I dented yours?

I sleep, dissatisfied.
You are not beside me.

Is there an outline of my shape on your bed?
I tried my best to make one.
I squirmed and burrowed and made myself heavy.
There was a problem, though.
Your arm was between me and the mattress,
Breaking up the memory.

Interspecies Dating

– Hillary Henson

Jane threw herself onto her bed, data pad clutched in one hand. “Okay, tell me what you think: Male-oriented, oxygen-breathing, non-cybernetically-enhanced female seeks companionship and possible sexual relationship — pending completion of a ten-week psychological compatibility and galactic-viral screening test.”

“I think it sounds like a desperate cry for help,” Pirdic replied firmly from the computer screen.

“What? They said to keep it short. I’m trying to include all the important information and still make the word count — you know they charge you double if you go over.”

“And the ten-week program — most of them have trouble with the standard six! You’ll lose most of them right there.”

“Well that’s fine, because I’m not just looking for a boyfriend this time — I want my soulmate.”

“Oh well, it’s good to see you have reasonable expectations— clearly I was worried for nothing,” Pirdic replied, amusement rippling through the tonal filters.

Jane scowled. “If you’re just going to make fun of me, then forget it.”

“Oh come off it, I’m only joking. What did you want me for?”

Jane shrugged, scanning the pad again. “I don’t know; you’re good with words. What can I do to make it better, more elegant, more eye-catching, more anything?”

Pirdic pondered this for a moment. “Well, I shouldn’t mention the no-cybernetics bit, if I were you. It’s a bit like putting “mentally challenged” on your resume. You know the old saw; let him find out about the lack of enhancements after the paperwork is filed.”

"I don't want a man who'll only date me if I'm enhanced," Jane huffed indignantly. "Besides, I have the neural chip."

"Jane, darling, everyone has the neural chip — it's like bragging that you've got fingers."

"Well, not everybody has fingers," Jane retorted, wagging hers at Pirdic.

"Yeah, yeah, no need to go bragging," Pirdic replied stiffly. There was an awkward silence. "Look, why do you need to put an add on inter-gal anyway—you meet plenty of men at the Freethrough."

"Yeah, I meet them as they're passing by, on their way to adventure and fun out in the stars while I'm stuck on this scrap heap reading chips for a living."

"What about that last guy you met—El-moron, thought you liked him?"

"You mean El-doron," Jane corrected her.

"Whatever, the one with ears the size of catflaps. Whatever happened to him?"

"First of all, his ears were only eight inches, and secondly, I found out through an inter-gal search that he had spawned twice on two other planets, and already some other girl here was claiming he'd fertilized her eggs — course she has to wait 'til they hatch to prove anything."

"Wow, you'd never think he'd get so much tail with that weird... well, tail of his. Frankly, you're better off, Jane. Men are scum, no matter what species they are — stick with computers."

"I know, I know, but I don't want to be alone," she pouted. "You know, you read all those romantic datapads about lovers who cross galaxies to find each other and live happily ever after, and I guess it's natural to want that big kind of love."

“Well, I don’t want it. It’s all tosh anyway — look at what happened to Romeo and Juliet or Bamphas and d’Rell — you want to end up throwing yourself into a plasma turbine?”

“Oh come on, you know they’ve got crazy restrictions up around plasma turbines now. You couldn’t throw yourself into one if you wanted to.”

“The point is, there are plenty beings right here who could appreciate you; you don’t need to go looking on inter-gal.”

“Other beings — like who?” There was a long, significant silence as Pirdic stared her down. Suddenly embarrassed, Jane looked away first. “Oh Pirdic...”

Her interrupted her quickly. “Look, I know I’m a computer program and yes, technically I am programmed to care about you, but I’m not programmed to love you — and I do. Why won’t you give me a chance?”

“You’re my best friend,” Jane wailed before burying her face in her arms. “Mmmph hrrmming frggmm.”

“I didn’t catch that, luv,” Pirdic said patiently.

She popped her head back up. “I said — you don’t even have a body. You’re just a Personal Inter-responsive Digital Companion; you’re not even alive!”

“Don’t say that, darling; I know you don’t feel that way. Maybe this came as a bit of a shock—”

“A bit!” she couldn’t help but interject.

“—but they’re making great strides in synthetic bio-organisms; I could download myself and be as alive as the next cybernetically engineered human,” Pirdic said reasonably.

Jane sighed. “That would cost a fortune! At least 4 million credits, which I haven’t got, and I assume you don’t either.”

“Actually....” There was a guilty silence.

“What!?” She stared at him in disbelief. “There is no way you’ve got four million credits.”

Pirdic’s tone became slightly smug. “Well, I don’t, but your mum does.”

“Pirdic, my mom has been asleep for four years — I should know, I pay her cryogenesis bill. Besides, she’s never even seen that kind of money.”

“Well, technically that’s true. But if you’ll remember about five years ago, I told you she wanted to borrow 50 credits...”

“Right, and then a few months later and she pretended like she’d forgot all about it,” Jane said with dawning comprehension. “You borrowed my fifty credits?”

“And turned it into fifteen million credits on the stocks.”

“Pirdic, you can’t play the stock market — it’s totally illegal. It’s practically the most illegal thing you can do!”

“Ah, technically it’s not. You cannot order me to play the stock market for you, but as a separate entity, there is no law against me choosing to do so without your knowledge. And that’s if anyone were to find out about it, which they won’t, because I’ve been careful to work at a human pace and make several terrible blunders — just the sort of thing a human would do — to make it all look very above-board. Then I saved it in your mum’s account.”

“I can’t believe this. I think I’m in shock.”

Pirdic switched tactics. “Darling, I just want to show you how much I love you. I’ll get a body; I’ll even let you pick it out, and we’ll take our credits, and we’ll leave here, explore the universe. Let’s hit every pleasure planet out there. We’ll do whatever you want — just you and me, for as long as you’ll have me.”

Jane began to cry. “You mean...you want to marry me?”

“Of course I want to marry you, though we’ll probably have to

go to some dodgy little backwater like Pirgillium II to get it done. I'm pretty sure they don't do background checks there."

"It's just, I never thought anyone would want to marry me..."

"Rubbish — anyone would be lucky to marry you. You're beautiful, honest, intelligent...perfect."

Jane gave a watery laugh. "Wow, you really do love me."

"I've loved you your whole life — ever since I was just a little family organizer."

"That's kind of creepy, Pirdic," Jane sniffed, oddly touched.

Pirdic rolled his eyes. "Well it wasn't romantic until you were about sixteen, all fresh-faced, going to go out and conquer the known worlds — my program was only eighteen years old at that point." He grinned at her, "I thought you were fantastic."

She beamed back at him, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. Slowly though, the smile faded and she gave him a troubled look. "But won't people think I'm pathetic? Won't they say I could only get a man who was programmed to be with me?"

"Jane, do you really care what those idiots think?" Pirdic asked gently.

"I guess not — besides, we don't have to tell them you're a program, do we?"

"It's absolutely none of their business," Pirdic said firmly. "Besides, it's the thirty-fourth century, I think we're a bit beyond such labels. If anything, I'm an artificial life-form. Plus, you already know we're psychologically compatible, and I can guarantee that I don't have any viruses."

Jane laughed, the redness fading from around her eyes. "That's true, isn't it? You are perfect for me."

"It's very true — in fact, I'd go so far as to say we're soulmates



Piracy
Ian Bates

already. Think about it, I am that one person in the whole universe designed exactly to your specifications — made for you.”

Jane smiled, suddenly giddy. “I can’t believe this is really happening. It’s like I’m Cinderella and you’re my handsome prince come to take me away from all this.”

“On a white consol and all,” Pirdic added, thoughtfully. “And if we play it right, we just might live happily ever after, too.” He leaned forward, shifting his image on the monitor with ease as he gave her what was a very creditable leer for a computer program. “My dear, how do you feel about us generating a few subprograms?”

THUMP-schwoosh

– *Emily Raffensberger*

The heart is a crucial part of the human anatomy consisting of four chambers, which allow blood to receive oxygen as it flows through the body's circulatory system. This definition's scientific technicality fails to reflect my belief that the heart defines a person. I believe my heart has a distinct way of defining me. I am a patient. I am a patient who has a congenital heart defect. I am a patient with Truncus Arteriosus.

Although these stark details do not offer an accurate portrayal of my condition, my hospital record does. I am a female who is 4 feet, 11 inches in height. I am a patient with a heart murmur caused by a malfunctioning mitral valve. I am a patient whose aorta and pulmonary artery were combined at birth. Consequently, only deoxygenated blood circulated through my body. I am a patient who, before the age of thirteen, had the following procedures: one stent, two balloon angioplasties, and four catheterizations. I am a patient who has had two open-heart surgeries: one at four days old and one at the age of twelve.

Off the hospital record, the two heart donations that I received during these operations are the only reason a jagged green line marches across the heart monitor. Despite these donations, my heart is still incapable of creating a steady THUD-THUD sound like a bass drum. Rather, my heartbeat is a laboring washing machine that generates a sloshy THUMP-schwoosh sound.

THUMP-schwoosh. My heart lurches, pounds, struggles, and survives under the bumpy, white scar that runs down my chest like the links of a long, slender chain. THUMP-schwoosh. My imperfect heartbeat thuds behind sturdy white rib bones. THUMP-

schwoosh. The erratic rhythm is a constant reminder of the debt I can never repay, and the noise creates an excruciating conflict inside me. THUMP. I am alive! I can experience sudden epiphanies, unexpected setbacks, askew ideas, and crisscrossing theories that puzzle and perplex but lead to some greater truth. Schwoosh. I ask myself reproachfully, "Am I doing enough? Am I making the most of the life I have been given?" THUMP-schwoosh. My heartbeat is a compass that throbs out the personal conviction, "Live! Live boldly; live up to your potential."

Despite its defects, I believe my heart defines me. I am a patient. I am a patient with Truncus Arteriosus. I am a person who is small yet mighty, determined, and resolute. I am a patient with a pulsing mass of veins and arteries that makes me a bundle of contradictions. I live in constant excitement for today, and conversely, in constant apprehension of tomorrow. The complex organ the size of my fist provides the aspiration to thrive in glorious existence. Under taught skin and sinew, an effervescence surges within the pulsating muscle of my borrowed heart.



Post-racial Dogs Have Figured It Out

Steve Hoenstine

The Hand Job

– Joe Notari

(A modestly well-furnished living room. At center stage is a couch with a small nightstand to its right. On top of the nightstand is a lamp with a removable shade, as well as a heavy, bronze statuette and a small cup. At stage left is a copy of “Starry Night” by Van Gogh. At upstage right is a frame, which represents the closet door. In relatively the same spot at upstage left is a door leading to the basement. At downstage right is a large TV resting on top of a small credenza. At stage right is the home’s front door. As the lights come up, we hear a fumbling outside the front door, followed by the doorknob shaking. After a few moments, we hear a click and DALE comes creeping through the door, followed closely by JEFF. Both are dressed in all black.)

DALE: Close the door.

JEFF: (after carefully closing the door shut) Are we really going through with this, Dale? What if they come home?

DALE: Don’t you worry about that, Jeff. I been staking this place out for a couple weeks. Every Tuesday night they leave the house and are gone for at least two hours. We got nothin’ to worry about.

JEFF: If you say so. (Pause) So why this house?

DALE: (motions towards the TV) Because of this.

JEFF: All this trouble for a TV?

DALE: Not just any TV. The Miyazaki Photon Class, 75-inch 1080p HDTV. The latest in eye-irradiating technology. Retail at \$3,500, but with a little finagling and a

gratuity for our trouble, we can bump that up to 4 grand, easy.

(chuckles maniacally as he speaks) And it's all ours!

JEFF: (staring in awe) It's...beautiful. (Pause) Looks a little heavy, though.

DALE: Which is why I dragged your slow ass along. (crouches at one end of the TV) Now if you're done ogling the tube, would you mind giving me a hand with this thing?

JEFF: Oh! Sorry, Dale.

(DALE grabs the other end of the TV and, together, they struggle as they lift it.)

JEFF: (exerting himself) This thing...is actually...very heavy.

DALE: Just walk!

(The two begin maneuvering towards the front door but are suddenly stopped dead. The TV lurches backward, and the two struggle to hold it steady.)

DALE: (between pained breaths) Goddammit, it's still plugged in! Back! Go back!

(They set the TV back down on the credenza. JEFF reaches behind the TV and tears out all the plugs.)

DALE: Hey be careful, moron. Don't damage the wires.

JEFF: Alright, we're good.

DALE: Let's try this again. Okay on three. One...two...

(Suddenly, the doorknob starts rattling. Muffled voices can be heard as someone struggles to get a key in the lock.)

DALE: (hissing) Shit!

JEFF: Oh crap, what do we do? What do we do?

DALE: The closet! Get in the closet.

(The two rush into the closet and close the door just as

MARGARET and DENNIS enter through the front door. MARGARET comes in first looking visibly angry, while DENNIS just shuffles in indifferently and closes the door behind him. The closet slowly cracks open with DALE and JEFF peering into the living room.)

MARGARET: What the hell is wrong with you, Dennis?!

DENNIS: (sheepishly) I'm sorry, Margaret, I don't know what came over me.

MARGARET: We've had dinner with the Everlys every Tuesday for the last two years! If you were tired of doing that, you could've just said so. Instead you insult Beverly's cooking and Frank's new job, and humiliate me in front of the only people who would have dinner with us anymore.

DENNIS: (exploding) Oh come off it! The Everlys were morons anyway. Beverly is always going on and on about her name. (mocking voice) Hi, I'm Beverly Everly. I'm Beverly Everly. I'm Beverly cock-fucking Everly! And fuck Frank! Always going on and on about his wonderful new upper management position, gloating! Just cramming it right in my face!

MARGARET: Oh ho! Now it comes out! You're jealous of Frank.

DENNIS: Like hell I am!

MARGARET: Oh yes you are! Admit it, you're jealous that Frank is more successful than you'll ever be.

DENNIS: And Beverly is better looking than you'll ever be!

MARGARET: Then why the hell don't you go over there and fuck her?

DENNIS: Like you've been fucking Frank!

MARGARET: (completely caught off-guard) I...what...how?

DENNIS: I'm not stupid, Margaret. I followed you one night on your way to one of your "book clubs." For the record, it's risky to use that excuse twice a month, much less twice a week. When you got to the motel off of 80, I saw you and him go into a room together.

MARGARET: You...you followed me?!

DENNIS: That's the detail you choose to focus on? God I hate that! I hate when you get worked up over the most redundant bullshit. I hate it when you act all friendly to people when you're talking to them and immediately start gossiping behind their backs. (Pause) I hate that you eat spaghetti with a spoon. What the hell is with that?! Gah, I hate you!

MARGARET: And I hate that you've always let people step all over you. All this time you knew I was sleeping with Frank, and it took you this long to grow a spine? Well I've had enough. It's over. I'm leaving you, Dennis, and Frank's leaving Beverly. Soon, I'll be starting my new life as Margaret Everly, wife of Frank Everly, regional manager.

DENNIS: Don't say those words!

MARGARET: (mockingly coy) What words? Oh, do you mean regional manager?

DENNIS: Stop it!

(DENNIS begins to back up towards the nightstand with the lamp and statuette.)

MARGARET: (chanting) Regional manager. Regional manager.

(DENNIS begins reaching behind him and feels the statuette.)

DENNIS: I said stop it!

MARGARET: Regional manager! Regional manager!

DENNIS: STOP!

(DENNIS swings the statuette wildly. It connects with MARGARET's temple and she crumples to the floor. DENNIS stares with wide-eyed horror, mouth agape. JEFF and DALE exchange looks as they, too, look on in disbelief.)

DENNIS: (feebly) Margaret?

(DENNIS slowly crouches over MARGARET's unmoving body. He hesitantly puts his fingers to her neck and feels for a pulse. After a few moments, he jolts back to a standing position and looks away into space. His eyes widen and his breathing becomes stilted.)

DENNIS: Oh God, she's dead. (He checks the body again) Still dead. Oh fuck. Okay, Dennis, think...think!
(DENNIS paces back and forth for a few moments before eyeing the basement door.)

DENNIS: Ah!

(DENNIS grabs MARGARET's body and drags it towards and through the basement door, shutting it behind him. He is heard dragging it down the steps.

DALE and JEFF come bursting out of their hiding spot and head for the door.)

JEFF: We gotta get out of here!

DALE: I hear ya!

(The two are halfway out the door when DALE remembers something.)

DALE: The TV!

JEFF: Come on, Dale, really?

DALE: Just help me!

JEFF: It's just a TV.

DALE: It is not just a TV! It is the Miyazaki Photon Class, 75-inch 1080p HDTV!

JEFF: (Pause) Okay, fine.

(The two once again grab the TV and struggle to lift it. As they head towards the door, DENNIS can be heard coming back up the stairs.)

JEFF: Oh crap, oh crap!

DALE: Put it down!

(They set the TV back down just as DENNIS is starting to open the basement door.)

DALE: Shit, back in the closet.

(They duck back into the closet as DENNIS enters into the room. He is looking paler than before. He shuffles over to the couch and falls onto it. He sits staring at the floor mumbling inaudibly to himself, trying to come to grips with what he's just done. He raises his right hand to eye level, and it begins moving its thumb like a mouth.)

DENNIS' HAND: You did what you had to do, Dennis.

(DALE and JEFF exchange concerned glances.)

DENNIS: What did you say?

DENNIS' HAND: All she ever did was hold you back. You always used her well-being as an excuse to stop pursuing your dreams. She was the crutch that kept you from spreading your wings.

DENNIS: But I loved her.

DENNIS' HAND: And she never loved you back, not even when you were young. You went on boring dates, followed by a night of lousy sex, and when she saw all of her friends getting married and having families, she

settled for you. You were always just a means to an end with her.

DENNIS: Why are you telling me this?!

DENNIS' HAND: Because I'm your friend, Dennis. Because I want what is best for you.

DENNIS: And...what is best for me?

DENNIS' HAND: (leans in closer) Your freedom. (under its breath) To kill people.

DENNIS: What was that?

DENNIS' HAND: Hmm? Oh, nothing. Say, you look pretty hungry, big guy. Bet you'd like some tacos right about now!

DENNIS: Well...I actually know a good place down the street. Let me grab my jacket.

(DENNIS starts heading towards the front door when there is a knock on it.)

DENNIS: Oh God, it's the police, I'm fucked!

(DALE and JEFF start panicking as well.)

DENNIS' HAND: Calm down, you idiot, there's no way they could have found out already.

DENNIS: What if one of the neighbors heard the fight? God, they probably heard that three towns over.

(More knocks at the door.)

DENNIS' HAND: Just grow a pair and see who it is.

(DENNIS hesitantly reaches for the knob. All three men collectively hold their breath as DENNIS turns the knob and creaks open the door. Standing on the doorstep is SKIP, the next door neighbor. He beams widely as DENNIS opens the door.)

SKIP: Hey, neighbor! How you doing?

DENNIS: (nervously) I'm fine, Skip. Um...how are you?

You doing... good?

SKIP: (oblivious) Yessir, thanks for asking. (awkward pause) Uh, well, I hope you don't mind my asking, but...is... everything okay over here? I thought I heard a bit of a commotion not too long ago, and I just wanted make sure you folks were alright.

DENNIS' HAND: (whispering) Invite him in.

DENNIS: Oh, where are my manners? Come on in, Skip.

SKIP: Ah, thanks Dennis.

(SKIP steps inside and DENNIS closes the door behind him.)

DENNIS: Would you like something to drink?

SKIP: Oh no, I don't want to impose anymore than I already am. So what happened?

DENNIS: Margaret and I had a bit of a nasty fight.

SKIP: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Is everything alright?

DENNIS: It will be. Margaret's upstairs right now. I'm just going to let her be for now.

SKIP: Yeah well...I guess that's all you can do for now. (lowering his voice) Women, eh?

DENNIS: Mm...yes. (Pause) I hope our fight didn't bother you and Kelly.

SKIP: Oh no, don't worry about Kelly. She's upstate visiting her mother right now. Yup, got the whole house to myself, heh heh.

(SKIP takes a glance around the room before spotting the "Starry Night" painting copy on stage left. He moves to-wards it as he examines it.)

SKIP: This is a Van Gogh, right?

DENNIS: I didn't have you pegged as an appreciator, Skip.

SKIP: I'm really not, but for some reason I always liked this one.

I don't know, it just...speaks to me, or something.

(As SKIP is admiring the painting, DENNIS' HAND begins motioning towards him. DENNIS is confused, so the hand picks up the statuette used to kill MARGARET and makes bashing motions in the air. DALE and JEFF see this, turn to SKIP, and start hissing the word "run" at him. He doesn't hear them, and DENNIS moves up closer behind SKIP.)

DENNIS: I know what you mean. You look at it and see a wonderful place, a better place. Despite the stylization and whimsy, it's a place that seems more real to you the more you look at it. (moves up right behind him) If you just...keep looking at it.

(DALE and JEFF look on in stunned silence. SKIP keeps admiring the painting.)

SKIP: Yeah...never thought about it that way...but yeah. (Pause) You know, I was wrong about you, Dennis, you're alright. To be honest, I always thought you were kind of a weirdo...

(DENNIS strikes SKIP in the back of the skull with the statuette. SKIP collapses to the floor dead. DENNIS puts the statuette back on the nightstand and drags the body over to the basement door and drags it down the steps. Once again, DALE and JEFF burst out of the closet, and JEFF rushes towards the door.)

DALE: Where the hell are you going? Help me with this!

JEFF: (fed up) It...is just...a TV!

DALE: (exasperated) It is not just a fucking TV! It's the Miyazaki Photon...it's a 4,000 dollar TV! What more do you need

to know? (struggles for the words) Look man,
I...I need your help.

JEFF: (looks back at door then to DALE) Okay.

(The two position themselves on both sides of the TV.)

DALE: Okay, one, two, three, heave!

(The two struggle to lift the TV up, only to hear
DENNIS coming back up the stairs again. They put the
TV back down and rush back to the closet. On the way,
JEFF loses a shoe and rushes to put it back on.)

DALE: Hurry!

JEFF: I'm trying.

(JEFF gets his shoe back on but doesn't have enough
time to get back to the closet. In haste, he grabs the
shade off the lamp and puts it over his head while
standing rigid. Just as he's in position, DENNIS comes
back through the door.)

DENNIS: Did we really have to kill him?

DENNIS' HAND: Moron! He knew what really happened. He
was just stalling in order to find some evidence.

DENNIS: Then why wouldn't he just call the cops? Report a
domestic situation?

DENNIS' HAND: I don't know, maybe because he was an idiot!
An idiot like you! Now be quiet, and go get tacos.

DENNIS: But I'm really not...

DENNIS' HAND: Tacos!

(DENNIS walks towards the front door but stops
directly to the right and a little in front of JEFF with the
lampshade on his head. JEFF remains calm.)

DENNIS: No...this is wrong.

DENNIS' HAND: What's wrong with tacos?

DENNIS: Not tacos,
dammit! The killing and the beating and the dragging
down!

DENNIS' HAND: Don't raise your voice at me!

DENNIS: No, I'm tired of this! This is wrong, this is crazy.
You're crazy!

DENNIS' HAND: And you're talking to your hand.

DENNIS: That's beside the point. I'm not going through with this
anymore. I'm turning myself in.

DENNIS' HAND: Yeah, go tell the police you brutally murdered
two people. I hear they've streamlined the lethal-
injection process over at state.

DENNIS: I could go for the insanity plea!

DENNIS' HAND: And you'll rot in a looney bin for the rest of your
life. It'll give us plenty of time to talk to each other.
Swap stories, reminisce...hey, remember when you
killed your wife? Good times.

DENNIS: I have to listen to you now.

DENNIS' HAND: Yeah, but at least I'll go away once you're done
helping me out with some unfinished business.

DENNIS: (Pause) Tacos?

DENNIS' HAND: (patiently) That's the first part, yes. But remem-
ber that I'm your friend, and I am here to help. I think
it's time we paid a little visit to Mr. Everly.

DENNIS: Frank?

DENNIS' HAND: Think about it: always one-upping you, always
bragging about it. (a little quieter) Sleeping with your
wife. They seemed pretty cozy in life, why not give
them a little reunion in death?

DENNIS: (thinks for moment, shakes his head) No. No, I'm
not going to do it. I've had enough of this. I've had

enough of you.

DENNIS' HAND: Listen, you ungrateful little pissant! Either you kill Frank Everly, or you're stuck with me forever!

What's it going to be?

(DENNIS begins pacing left and right in front of the disguised JEFF.)

DENNIS: I don't...know. Crap! Think, think! Man, I could really use a glass of water.

(JEFF picks the cup off the nightstand and hands it to DENNIS.)

DENNIS: Oh, thank you.

(DENNIS sips at the cup for a second or two before realizing what just happened. His eyes bulge out, and he turns around to face JEFF. In one frantic move, he rips the lamp shade off JEFF's head, and the two come face-to-face with each other. Both men scream simultaneously, and in panic, JEFF picks up the bronze statuette off the nightstand and bashes DENNIS in the head. DENNIS falls to the floor dead. DALE hesitantly leaves the closet and joins JEFF as they look down at DENNIS' body.)

DALE: Jesus, man, what did you do?

JEFF: Oh God, he took the lampshade...then he screamed, and screamed...and, and...I killed him.

DALE: Damn...help me with this would ya?

(DALE positions himself at one end of the TV. JEFF continues to stare in shock.)

DALE: (testily) Come on!

JEFF: What...what have I done?

DALE: Listen, we'll talk about it after we've got this thing outta here. Okay?

(DALE walks over to JEFF and waves his hand in front

of JEFF's face.)

DALE: Jeff? Hello? Anybody home? (raising his voice)

Paging Dr. Numb-nuts.

JEFF: (staring into space) Killed him...killed him...live with self?

DALE: Hey, I know. You can use all that money you're about to make to hire a psychiatrist. Would you like that, Jeff?

JEFF: ...tacos.

DALE: (sighs) Make me do everything...

(DALE grabs JEFF and leads him to one side of the TV.)

DALE grabs JEFF's hands and makes them grasp under the TV. DALE moves to the other end and gets ready to lift.)

DALE: Now you just move with me.

(DALE begins to lift the TV up, and JEFF follows suit.)

DALE: (mood brightening) Hey! Now you got it!

(DALE turns so his back is facing the front door. He quickly steps backwards. JEFF does not move an inch, and the TV smoothly slides out of his hands. The TV crashes to the floor, the fall forcing it out of DALE's hands. The TV is completely busted. DALE stares in complete shock. He begins rummaging around the TV, assessing the damage. He quickly rises to his feet.)

DALE: Oh God, it's broken. (quickly checks it again) Still broken.

No, no, NO! Goddammit! (grabs JEFF'S shoulders)

Why didn't you do anything?

(JEFF makes a crashing noise with his mouth and starts giggling.)

DALE: Oh, so you think that's pretty goddamn funny, huh?

(JEFF continues to giggle.)

DALE: (temper rising) Real fucking funny!

(DALE pushes JEFF to the floor. JEFF's giggling becomes laughter.)

DALE: (losing control) Stop laughing!

(JEFF does not comply and, in his rage, DALE spots the statuette. He picks it up and stands over JEFF.)

DALE: (calmly, but seething) I'm only going to ask you one more time.

(JEFF's laughing becomes louder. He makes the crashing noise again, sending DALE over the edge. With a yell, he raises the statuette into the air and begins to strike down. Just before the statuette hits JEFF, DALE stays his hand. He holds the statuette over JEFF's head for a few moments before throwing it away.)

DALE: (weary) Dammit.

(DALE helps JEFF to his feet.)

JEFF: (regaining control) Ugh...I...what? Oh man.

I'm...I'm sorry, Dale.

DALE: No, man. That was...that was pretty fucked up.

JEFF: (looking down at the TV) Oh crap. The...

Nakatomi...what's it?

DALE: It's okay. Let's just...let's just get out of here.

JEFF: Yeah...now that I think about it, I'm pretty hungry.

DALE: Jesus, seriously? (Pause) You know what, it's okay. I actually know a good place down the street. (looks at DENNIS' body and remembers what just happened) Actually...let's make that a few towns over.

JEFF: (looking at DENNIS' body) Yeah...agreed.

(As the two head for the front door, all of a sudden DENNIS stirs. With some effort, he lifts his head up.)

DENNIS: What happened?

(DALE and JEFF are startled by the unexpected amount of life still left in DENNIS. JEFF runs and grabs the statuette before bludgeoning DENNIS again in the head. JEFF stands over the body, seeming unfazed this time around.)

DALE: (baffled) But you...and you were all...and now you're?

(Pause)

Oh, fuck it. Let's just go.

JEFF: (after a second) Yeah, okay.

(The two scamper out the front door, slamming it behind them. The lights linger on the scene for a moment before going down.)



Untitled

Christian Geisler

“ *It’s a wonder that this place still stands. A monument to days past and to days yet to come. It’s a wonder at all that through all the chipped paint, a smiling face still shines for all to see.* ”

My Pale Lady

– *Thomas Delfi*

As a babe, I never knew you, and the world was darker for it. Shadows loomed about me like hungry jackals and I hid near the smallest scrap of light I could find. It would be as a young child that I would first see you shyly peeking at me through forest trees, the bright luminescence of your unearthly, child like form drawing me to you like a moth to the flame. Before I can see you in full, you disappear from view, your insecurity getting the better of you. As a young man, I saw you by a lakeside in the snow covered forest, no longer a young child as I, but a young woman with a pale, curved leg, bared naked and beautiful as it reflects off the still, unfrozen water. Yet you still hide from me, my lovely Artemis, disappearing as I come closer to you. It is only as a man that you finally present yourself in full to me, donning a silky white gown that brightens the whole world in the warm, spring air. We dance across the stars, your elegance blinding and binding me to you, making me eternally yours. The seasons pass, the days fly by, and before I know it my body has become old and crooked. You've become thin and sharp, but remain elegant as ever as I notice you beginning to fade away into darkness. I ask myself how I can live without you, for you've been my eternal partner, furtively glancing at me from between trees and twirling with me among the loving cold of space. But soon my world begins to fade into darkness as well...and the question melts away from my mind.



Toby

Lydia Ann Stern

The Bell Ringer

– Heather Smith

I will not lose my desire.

I see them walking—
Dead women walking—
With rings on their fingers
And bells on their toes,
But there is no music.

They stand still—
Never looking,
Never watching,
Never wondering,
Never imagining,
Never straying.

Loyal lovers,
Resigned lovers,
Dead-on-the-inside lovers.

But I refuse.
I refuse to lose my desire,
My umph,
My ooh,
My ahh,
My yeah, baby, just like that.

In my mind I feel them,
See them,
Love them,
Make love to them.

Am I wrong?

Am I unfaithful?

Is it wrong, unnatural, sinful
To feel?

Yes.

But I am alive.

There is a ring on my finger
And bells on my toes,
And I have music wherever I go.

Eider Court in Frederick, Maryland

– *Michelle Pease*

The end of the school day was when life began. Even at eight, I could hardly be contained and content within four cement walls. Point out the adventure in a chalkboard to me. After all, I had better things to do with my time: neighborhood bike races, video games with friends, and neighbors Sean and Chris were always fun, too. The three of us, and I guess my sister too, drowned the majority of our childhood in every possible escape. Life was always more fun when it was a competition, but suddenly less fun when you were defeated. But life only began when the school bus dragged its way back home to Eider Court in Frederick, Maryland.

Mom and Dad worked long hours, so Grandma and Grandpa were always home to greet my sister and me. This had been the routine since we lived in Alexandria. I would drop my books off on the counter and give Grandma a kiss and tell Grandpa what I learned in school.

“Today we learned about metamor-sis.”

“Metamorphosis, Michelle. And why?”

“For our caterpillar experiment!” I exclaimed with pride.

“Boy, schools have changed since I went.” He rolled his eyes and offered an exasperated sigh.

Anyway.

Sean and Chris were knocking at my door before I reached them myself. Dragging my little sister along, we fluttered around the cul-de-sac before deciding what to do. We were young, and the world contained a multitude of possibilities. Yet we settled

within the boundaries we were given without question. After all, Mommy and Daddy knew everything: what was right and what was so wrong. Somehow, the mundane became exciting with every fresh day.

Chris was a year older than me, and he knew everything. He mimicked his brother in looks, but his personality was much more rational. I suppose you could say they were both destructive boys. But what boy isn't, really? Bruising and screaming were merely a part of our daily search for adventure. Strangely enough, or perhaps normal to me, I carried the torch of masculinity too. I preferred dirt and scraped knees to ponies and Barbie dolls. My hair was thick and ragged, and I never cared for hair clips or pretty ponytail holders.

Oh, and I hated pink.

My sister was the quiet one, the youngest out of us all. She and Sean were in the same grade together, so she was closest to him. She had a tiny frame with a sunshine smile and hair the color of the dreaded school bus.

I'm off-topic again.

"Kickball!" Sean shouted his suggestion. He collapsed onto the cement below us with a thud.

"Get up!" Chris demanded. His brother stuck his tongue out, and Chris kicked him in response.

"Let's explore the house!" I beamed.

The house was newly vacated. For some reason, it never held families for longer than a month. Rumor had it that it was a witch's cave, where devout magic-practitioners put strange curses on the rocks outlining the backyard. If you touched one, you could possibly shrink to a foot tall, or grow to be at least twelve. But reality held that when the house was empty, rebellious teenag-

ers would use it as a place to hang out and smoke. Sometimes we found relics from these late night parties and put them in our safe box: a hole underneath the fire hydrant at the bus stop. We discovered at least three lights, complete with lighter fluid, and a box of cigarettes. Nobody told the adults.

“Nah, my mom doesn’t want me walking around in there.” Sean kicked at the ground. He sounded eager, but uncertain. In this, I saw my opportunity for manipulation.

“Aw, come on. If your mom finds out, tell her it was my idea,” I insisted. I wasn’t ready to deal with any thought of consequence.

I had an impulse and needed to act it out. I felt the call of life, and I needed to embrace it!

Chris was sold by my lame attempt at persuasion. Brittany merely shrugged. As long as she didn’t get in trouble, it was fine by her. Sean remained stubborn.

“I don’t know.”

“Come on, kid. You’re coming with us.” Chris made the decision for his little brother. He tugged him off the ground and pushed him toward the front lawn.

I don’t remember exactly what happened inside the house. I remember a rag-tag kitchen with all the electrical wiring cut. As we ascended up the stairs, we found two boxes of cigarettes and a lighter – again. I explored an empty bedroom, while Chris looked at a randomly chosen bathroom. In the toilet, he found two cigarettes. All the wiring throughout the house was cut. Our footsteps echoed in the silence that engulfed us. Brittany was scared because she couldn’t turn the lights on. Sean grabbed her hand and promised he’d protect her. I love the innocence in that memory. Everything was so simple, so straightforward, back

then.

I remember stepping to the window and pressing my hand against its cool glass. The world was in front of me. There was so much to explore before Grandma had dinner ready. Cucumber valleys and cerulean skies, beckoning me to jump into their arms. Come, Michelle. The time to live is now. In ten years, you will be an entirely different human. Your fingertips will dance with words that ask for a prosperous future. You will be oppressed by a rural land offering nothing to your small sense of freedom. What do you want out of life? Find it now, learn it now, live it all now!

In an hour or other miniscule passage of time that seemed to have lasted days, the four of us ventured home. We were next-door neighbors, so if any of us needed a release from homework, we could dawdle fifty feet and ask, “Are Sean and Chris home?” or “Are Michelle and Brittany home?” The task was never difficult. If not the evening, then tomorrow held a new rack of possibilities.

As I look at this photo of me stumbling haughtily off of bus 259, I can only remember what I had then, and what I lack now. All these seemingly useless memories that flood my sanity all scream for one thing: confidence. When I was eight years old, stepping off that bus into life, I was confident. I was willing to face danger, even a week without dessert, if it meant spending an afternoon roaming the development with my three greatest friends. Who I was is who I am, and who I hope to be again.

Aubade

—Ivy Poetzl

The whole night had been great fun.
Laughing into my cup,
And smiling not too discreetly at you.
A light joke and subtle innuendo seemed to predict the
night's outcome.
As you walk me home from the party,
Our arms wrap around each other.
Mine around your waist for support
Yours are strewn across my shoulders for the contact.
I fumble with my keys and giggle.
The scent of vodka and orange hangs heavy on my breath.
Reeking, but somehow it's still appealing,
At least to you.
When we get to my room,
You boost me up onto my bed.
I can't manage the climb myself.
At least, I think that's how it went.
Chatting I recline back in the lushness of my pillows.
Too soon everything is touching: lips, tongue, teeth.

Our bodies are entwined
So are my hands in your hair.
Looking back now the night seems a nauseous blur,
And your question remains starkly clear in my memory:
Do you have a condom?
The whole night I thought he's finally noticing me
After countless innocent run ins
At the club, a meeting, or a party
He's finally noticed me.
Yet when I awaken in the morning
Groggy, sore, and naked
I am alone in my bed,
And I'm not quite sure what has happened.
There's one reminder of what has been:
A torn open wrinkled condom wrapper on the floor
Under my bed.
Even the trash is too ashamed to show its face.

Picture/Flight on an Elephant

– Paul Harne

A photograph of you and me at the Maryland
Renaissance Faire:
An artfully-captured-yet-objective-image,
a liar.

Two hundred seventy-three thousand, six hundred twelve
ignorant pixels

depict slate skies and clouds my memory omits.
Portrayed is an earth-toned, suede-faced animal that
we idle upon:
An Asian elephant (smaller than the better-loved-variety,
African in its origin).

That is the lie of a misfit lens.

You and I, dizzied by our fresh infatuation and hard-cider,

made more light than that camera's aperture

could consume.

Above purple peonies and tiger lilies
(orange, as you like them best),

We flew.

CONTRIBUTORS

STAFF BIOS

Paul Harne, *Co-Editor*

Paul Harne is a senior with a Professional Writing major and Creative Writing minor. Originally from Monkton, MD, he has traveled to Montana, Mexico, and Ireland; among all the places he has been, York, Pennsylvania, will always be held with an especially fond regard.

Lydia Ann Stern, *Co-Editor*

Lydia Ann Stern is a senior Professional Writing major with minors in Fine Art, Art History and Visual Communications. Upon graduation, she plans to pursue her doctorate in Art History with hopes of becoming a professor or curator. And if that doesn't work out, the next, great American novel needs to be written by someone...

Robin Martin, *Managing Editor*

Robin Martin is a junior Secondary English Education and Professional Writing major. Her future plans include instilling love for literature and composition in young minds while pursuing her doctorate in order to eventually teach at the collegiate level. In her free time, she enjoys reading the classics and writing.

Caitlyn Spivey, *Prose Editor*

Caitlin Spivey is a junior Literary Studies major who aspires to a career in publishing. In addition to reading and writing, theatre is one of her great passions, and it is these three things that occupy most of her time. She has enjoyed working on the magazine this year and hopes you have enjoyed reading it.

Meg Lambert, Poetry Editor

Meg Lambert is a junior Professional Writing major with a self-designed minor. Along with Poetry Editor of the *York Review*, Meg is also the Features Editor of *The Spartan*, a Writing Fellow and Tutor for the LRC, and the Academic Excellence Chair for her sorority, Phi Mu. In her free time, not that she ever has any, she likes to spend time with her friends, Facebook stalk, and eat Taco Bell. Meg plans to go on to graduate school for her PhD in Rhetoric and Composition with the goal of becoming a writing professor.

Ian Thiel, Business Editor

Ian Thiel. Soccer. Beard. Computers. Economics.

Ian Bates, Designer

Ian Bates is a junior Graphic Design major from Long Island with a strong interest in creating visual masterpieces. He's also a guitaraholic and will rock your face off. Prior work includes a complete redesign of the website of WVYC - the college radio station, and the soon-to-be-launched *York Review* website. He hopes to pursue a career in advertising and/or web design.

Hillary Henson, Assistant Editor

Hillary Henson is in her last year at York College, majoring in Literature with a minor in Professional Writing. She's been involved in amateur creative writing for over ten years. When she graduates, she's hoping to pursue her doctorate in Professional Writing and write novels in her spare time.

Michelle Pease, *Assistant Editor*

Michelle Pease is a sophomore Professional Writing major. After college, she is looking to enter the editing and publishing fields. Her favorite genres are young adult literature and poetry.

Zach Paluck, *Assistant Editor*

Zach Paluck is a freshman Professional Writing major.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

Kyle Balombini

Kyle Balombini is a sophomore Criminal Justice major.

Hannah Bell

Hannah Bell is a sophomore Nursing major at York. Since high school, she has been interested in photography and capturing the exciting world around her.

Casey Bossert

Casey Bossert is a sophomore Professional Writing major. Her previous works include two articles published by the *Syracuse Post Standard*, a short play performed at the York College 13th Annual Student One-Acts, and a self-published novel. Casey also enjoys acting, playing bassoon, and shoe-shopping.

Dylan Brannen

Dylan Brannen is a freshman Literary Studies major.

Raisa Cheng

As a senior Biology major, Raisa Cheng aspires to encourage hope as a medical physician. Poetry, however, has been a hobby of her for many years. She enjoys a variety of different genres and her favorite authors include Sylvia Plath, Emily Bronte, and Rafael Campo.

Jessica Clark

Jessica Clark is a sophomore transfer student from Washington state. She is currently Chair of Publications for the Campus Activities Board (CAB) and Business Manager for *The Spartan*. She loves eating chocolate and wearing pink.

Thomas Delfi

Thomas Delfi is a sophomore History major.

Christine DiChiara

Christine DiChiara is a sophomore Graphic Design major. Art is everything to her, and she could not imagine her life without it and the inspiration it gives her. She hopes to graduate in 2012 and have a future career in package design.

Rick Donaldson

Rick Donaldson was born in Westminster, Maryland, and is currently a junior working towards his B.A. in History. This is his first time being featured in *The York Review* after picking up a Professional Writing minor last year. In the future, he hopes to take his passion for writing and history and pursue a career in journalism.

Christian Geisler

A junior Professional Writing major, Christian Geisler has been taking pictures since he was a child and hopes to pursue a career in photojournalism after college. His interests include traveling around his home state of New Jersey with his friends, spending time with his family, and reading. He would like to thank his family for their love and support in everything he does.

Steve Hoenstine

Steve is a writer and a brother. He loves baseball. He failed gym class.

Ben Johnston

Ben Johnston is a sophomore and lives in Susquehanna Hall on Main Campus. He is originally from Doylestown, Pennsylvania and hopes to write books. When he is not reading or writing, he is playing video games and/or in a state of somnambulance.

Michelle Lynch

Michelle Lynch is a freshman Biology/Pre-Med major with minors in Theatre and Chemistry. She greatly enjoys photography as a stress reliever and sends thanks to her mom who bought her first camera for her.

Joe Notari

Joe is a senior Professional Writing major with a Creative Writing minor, and outside of college, he hopes to break into the world of screenwriting. While he's always eager to improve the quality of his writing, he never loses focus of what's most important to him. If he's told a good story and his audience is entertained, then he's done his job.

Josh Olewiler

Josh Olewiler is a senior Professional Writing major with minors in Theatre and Creative Writing. He is anxious to graduate so that he will have more time to work on *The Henshaw* novel series, which is by far his most beloved pet project. His passion for the stage has inspired him to write four one-act plays that have

all been performed in the Perko Playpen Theatre, as well as a full-length musical (co-authored by Hillary Henson with music by Alex Guerriero) that is scheduled to be produced off campus in June of 2011.

Ivy Poetzi

Ivy Poetzi is a junior Literary Studies major.

Emily Raffensberger

Emily Raffensberger is a Secondary English Education major who ponders lesson plans, tutors fellow students in the LRC, and responds to the whims of YCP's professors. In her spare time, she manages to scribble something down onto paper. Often the product's lousy; sometimes it's decent, but on the rare occasion, the work is spectacular — let the reader be the judge.

Jaleasha Ruth

Jaleasha is from York, Pennsylvania, and is a junior Professional Writing major with minors in Creative Writing and Literary Studies. She is a brother of the Alpha Zeta chapter of the national honor fraternity Phi Sigma Pi and a York College Community Opportunity Scholarship recipient.

Heather Smith

Heather Smith is a senior Literary Studies major and Fine Arts minor. Her poetry has appeared in *The York Review* and *The Broadkill Review*, and her short erotic fiction, under the pen name Heather Lin, can be found on various websites. Her first ebook, *Scandal*, is due to be published by New Concepts Publishing, and she has a short science fiction story appearing next year in *Morpheus Tales Magazine*.

Kyle Smith

Kyle Smith is a sophomore Graphic Design major. He loves to people-watch and enjoys reading, writing, and a good cheeseburger. Oh, and photography, too.

Sarah Spidle

Sarah Spidle is from Lancaster, PA. She is a Professional Writing major and Photography minor. She hopes to get into the field of broadcast journalism after college and continue photography as a hobby.

Austin Ward

Austin Ward is a Secondary Education-Mathematics major. She finds every moment worth capturing and does this using her photographs. Other than photography, she has a deep love for racing.



CREATIVE WRITING FACULTY: TRAVIS KUROWSKI, FICTION AND PUBLISHING
DAVID WALTERS, POETRY AND NONFICTION
IAN OLNEY, SCREENWRITING
RACHEL SNYDER, PLAYWRITING

WRITERS-IN-RESIDENCE: MICHAEL THOMAS (2010)
DAVID SHIELDS (2011)

CREATIVE WRITING
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