

RENAISSANCE 1991



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/renaissance199107wayn>

RENAISSANCE

the writers' and artists' magazine
of
WAYNE COMMUNITY COLLEGE
Goldsboro, North Carolina
Volume 7, May 1991

Acknowledgments

Liberal Arts Faculty
Media Department
Printing Department
Student Government Association

Special thanks to all contributors; to Grace Lutz and Betty Wellons;
to Ruth Bailey, Marjorie Murphy, and Ron Lane;
to Pat Turlington; and to Lynell King, typist.

Dedication

For her appreciation of the concept of Renaissance, for her loving recognition of its significance
to student writers and artists, and for her spirit of cooperation with the editors,
the 1991 RENAISSANCE
is dedicated to

Miriam Wessell

Liberal Arts Department Chair

SGA Cash Awards for Student Contributors

Cover Design ~ Kelli Abbott
Art ~ Lisa Ransom
Poetry ~ Kathleen Crews
Short Story ~ Ed King
Essay ~ Linda Hughes, Sarah Louise Kriger

Editors

Rosalyn Lomax

Marian Westbrook

No part of this magazine may be reproduced without permission.
Copyright 1991 *Renaissance*

Views expressed are those of the individual contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors or of this institution.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|-------|------------------------|
| Daffodils in the Desert | 1 | Kathleen Crews |
| Your Eyes | 2 | Steve Summerlin |
| Look into These Eyes | 2 | Tarus Brinson |
| Glasses | 3 | Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert |
| Autumn | 4 | Dot Elledge |
| Encounter | 4 | Marian Westbrook |
| Manners | 5 | Donna Beeler |
| Bubbles | 5 | Debbie Hughes |
| Santa | 6 | Lisa Ransom |
| Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus | 7 | Grace Lutz |
| Just a Car? | 8 | Jim Strain |
| Car Afire | 8 | Ron Lane |
| How to Pay a Fortune for Insurance | 9 | LaTonia Siler |
| Security in Cookie Crumbs | 10 | Linda Hughes |
| Pie Safe | 11 | Paul Compton |
| October Blizzard | 12 | Joan Toler |
| Snowbound | 12 | Irma Wiggins |
| Pen and Ink | 13 | Peggy Griswold |
| The Twins | 14 | Terri Smith |
| Our Home, Now a House | 15 | Brian Nelson |
| Healing Time | 16-17 | Stephanie Doreen Davis |
| Heirloom | 17 | Sarah Louise Kriger |
| The Old Man | 18 | Woody Barden |
| Yellow Socks | 18 | Christi Summerlin |
| Reinterpretation of Van Gogh's <i>Old Man</i> | 19 | India Rich |
| Brahmin Spring | 20 | Liz Meador |
| Nascent Odalisque, No. 2 | 21 | Patricia Turlington |
| The Characteristics of the True Artist | 21 | Patricia Turlington |
| Soldiers | 22 | Karen McLeod |
| Tell Me | 22 | Miranda Forehand |
| Prison | 22 | Donna Beeler |
| To Hear from You | 22 | Mary Hackett |
| A Visit to the Wall | 23 | Wes Asbell |
| Flag | 23 | Dawn Stevens |
| Casualties of War | 24 | Edmund Fu |
| Simple Words | 25 | Bill Hicks |
| The Chest in the Attic | 25 | John Brantly |
| Country Living | 26 | Lynn Finch |
| Cajun Cooking Modernized | 26 | Arthur Simpson |
| Pot Art | 26 | Grace Lutz |
| Bumblebee Baseball | 27 | Brian Howell |
| Family Tree | 27 | India Rich |
| Room to Grow | 28 | Sarah Louise Kriger |
| Laundry | 29 | Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert |
| Cleanliness Is Next To? | 29 | Marian Westbrook |
| Mangely Strade | 30 | Ed King |
| Incompetence | 31 | Steve Summerlin |
| Tornadic Winds | 31 | Susan Zeigler |
| Supérhero | 32 | Anthony Bryant |
| Marantha Plant | 33 | Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert |
| All My Life | 33 | Rebecca Brewer |

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Continued)

| | | |
|----------------------------|-------------|----------------|
| Twilight | 34 | Rosalyn Lomax |
| Lonely | 34 | Dot Elledge |
| Winter | 35 | Mike Syverson |
| Castles of Time | 36 | Maggie Minchew |
| Precious Beginnings | 36 | Bill Reboli |
| Untitled | 37 | Debbie Hughes |
| Ignorance | 38 | John Brantly |
| Pen & Ink | 38 | Kathi Edwards |
| Beauty Shop | 39 | Lynn Ester |
| Sledge | 40-41 | Anthony Bryant |
| Leaves | 42 | Janet White |
| Metaphor With Simile | 42 | Kathleen Crews |
| Sweet Petunias | 43 | Peggy Griswold |
| Splat | 44 | Dana Turley |

DAFFODILS IN THE DESERT

In my garden tonight I saw peeping out
The green tops of the new daffodils.
Braving the cold, they stood in clumps
Like fledgling soldiers; innocent, fragile.

I walked to their imprudent patch, my breath
spilling into the frosty night like a vapor.
“Not yet,” I whispered, imploring. “It’s still winter.
You’ll die in the first frost, before you bloom.”

The silly things heeded me not, but stood
Adamant and shy, eager for the spring breezes.
I feared for them, but was humbled and buoyed -
Awed by their faith in the nudges nature gives.

Leaving the garden, I looked out to the cold night.
“What coaxed them out?” I asked the heavens.
The stars gazed back; bright, remorseless.
Not for me tonight those inviolable secrets.

~ ~ ~ ~

Far away, my lover’s sky coaxes a different garden.
His stars gaze bright on silver sand and tanks and planes.
And his stars, too, watch daffodils in the desert -
Those fledgling soldiers; innocent, fragile.

*Kathleen Crews
College Transfer*

YOUR EYES

When I look into your eyes
Eyes the colors of the sea,
I think of all I am
And all I want to be.

*Steve Summerlin
College Transfer*

LOOK INTO THESE EYES

Look into these eyes
see my pain, my loneliness;
hear my silent screams.

Look into these eyes
see the empty stare, reflective of
this empty life, this empty heart.

Look into these eyes
see through these portals to
my soul; gaze upon my broken
spirit.

Look into these eyes
see the tears as they form; like
rivulets of mercury they flow;
each tear a memory, each tear
a pain sheltered within.

Look into these eyes
see upon their tear-glazed surface
the reflection of yourself and know
this as a plea for your help.

Look into these eyes
and know that I too am looking
into your eyes, and as you see
into me I see into you.

Then...Look into these eyes
and know that for a brief
instance we are one and we are
no longer alone.

*Tarus Brinson
College Transfer*



Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert

Glasses, Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

AUTUMN

A curl of smoke drifts on the air,
A leaf floats slowly,
Yellow lights from windows gleam
Below me in the town.

The sun sinks down beneath the hill,
Through the air there creeps a chill.
It's growing late, both day and year;
Summer's gone and winter's near.

There's a smell of woodsmoke in the air.
Piles of leaves burn here and there.
Leaves of red and gold and brown,
A rustling carpet on the ground.

Dot Elledge

Director, Library Services

ENCOUNTER

Beside thick woods
that shade the road
(it will be icy in winter)
a farmer harrows earth
under strong sun.

Unseen, like God, I watch him go,
red jacket, hood thrown back,
head against the sky.

In the closeness of the car
I wonder
what is he to me or I to him?

The question harrows me
as I give myself
to the road's curves and hills
that I know well
like the contours of my body.

A simple thing:
this pavement
its white line broken
like our dreams.

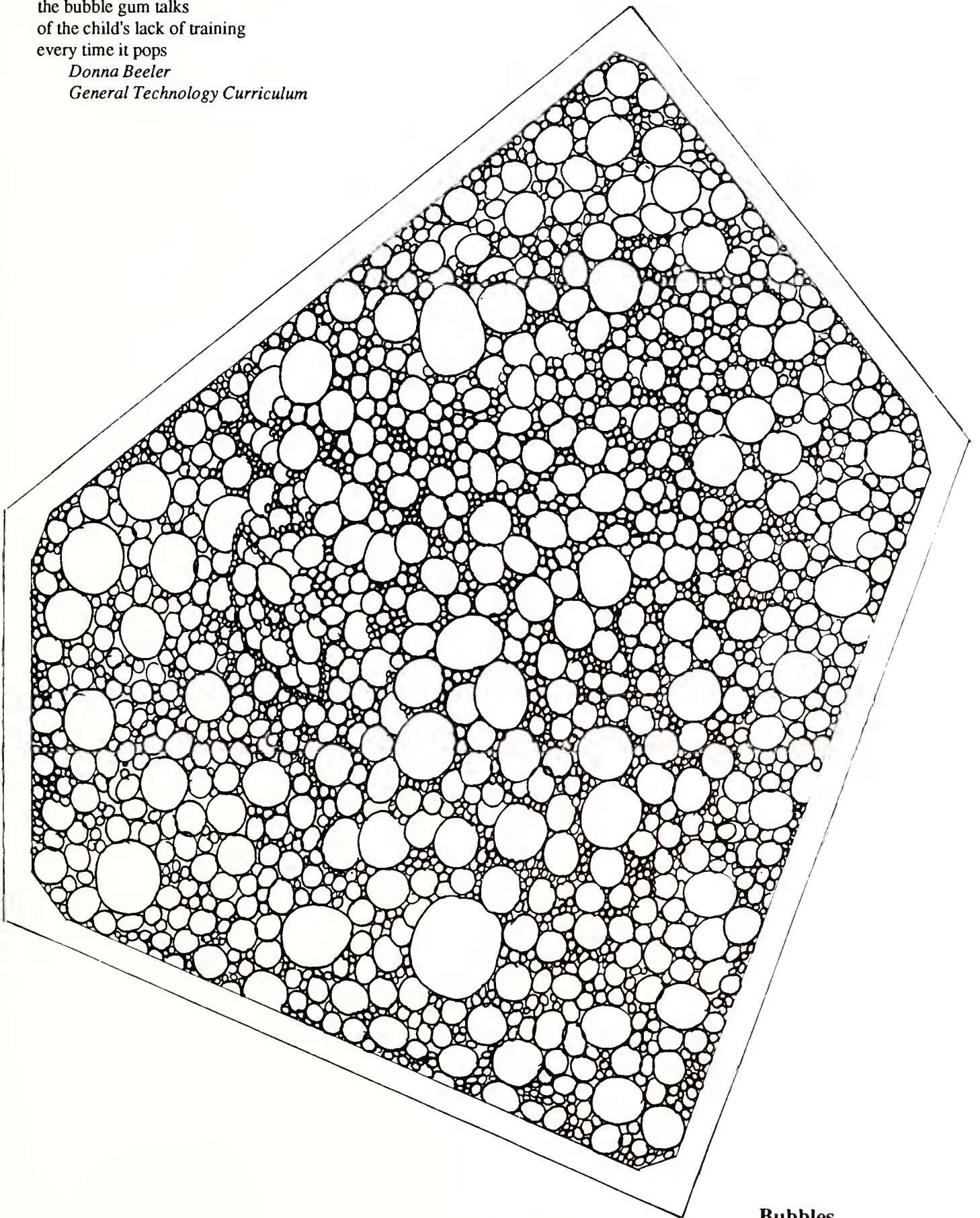
Marian Westbrook
English Instructor

MANNERS

the bubble gum talks
of the child's lack of training
every time it pops

Donna Beeler

General Technology Curriculum



Bubbles

*Debbie Hughes, College Transfer
Basic Drawing Class*



Santa, Lisa Ransom, College Transfer

"YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS"

The Problem of Telling Your Child The Truth ~ December 6, 1977

Grace J. Lutz, Media Technician

Now, at this wonderful time of the year, many of you, like me, are facing an age-old question -- "Is there really a Santa Claus?" Children are asking at a younger age each year, due to older siblings and school mates, television, 2,000 Santas in one town, and the list goes on and on.

There are many different opinions on ways to handle this problem because each case is different. The difference comes from the child's background, the parent-child relationship, whether or not there are brothers and sisters -- younger or older, the financial situation, the family tradition, and others.

Some of you are not parents yet and maybe some of you still believe in Saint Nick yourself. I imagine some feel that the Santa Claus business to begin with is the same as lying to your children - deceiving them with fantasies.

Children surround their world with fantasy. When they play, their toys take on character - their dolls cry and talk, their trucks and cars make motor sounds. Children day dream and pretend all the time. It's their privilege as children. All too soon their fantasy world ends and the real world comes through.

So in this traditional culture most parents play-up Santa Claus because it is passed from generation to generation. And they use it as a means of being able to pretend again through the eyes of their child.

Now, based on the average child with a normal parent-child relationship, I want to offer my solution to the problem.

Usually, around ages 7-10, the child approaches you with this super question. This moment is so important in shaping future relationships, so when you are asked take time to answer properly.

Tell the truth in a gentle way. If the child asks why there are so many Santas in the stores, explain that they work in the stores and they are wearing Santa costumes.

Tell the child that you give the presents and they are given with love. Santa is a spirit, a feeling, something like love or truth. You can't see these things, but you believe in them because they cause feelings.

Ina Hughes stated in an article she wrote for *Good Housekeeping* magazine that "Santa is the fairy tale that comes alive when we are old enough to understand the real magic of our parents' love. Their love is the miracle, not a red-suited man who needs a list to know what we like."

And this is the message we are trying to teach our children all along. When we pretend that good boys and girls get the presents, we are trying to show that being good brings rewards.

We are sharing joy and laughter with many through these children with such hopes and dreams of Christmas morning. We teach them love for something they never see. It's a wonderful time of giving and receiving.

So when you say there is no Santa Claus, you are not really right. This elf, this spirit lives in our hearts and is the joy of giving, caring, hope and love.

If everyone would care enough for others to give of himself each day as Santa does once a year, maybe then we could find the peace on earth, goodwill toward men the angels sang about when our Savior's birth began our first Christmas.

JUST A CAR?

Jim Strain, College Transfer

If you were told the word “car,” what would come to mind? A squarish, squattish box on wheels? What if someone said he had an automobile? Better choice of words, for it brings to mind the image of long, rich limos, driving placidly in New York. Now, what if you were told that a person had a 1979 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme, with a huge ever-hungry eight-cylinder engine, AM-FM stereo, burnt-out air conditioning, and over 130,000 miles logged? Well, that gives you the clearest picture of all, but it is still just a car, until it has been seen up close.

From a distance, it does not appear to be anything special. It looks just like one out of a thousand. But as you get closer, individual details cry out and the car takes on its own personality. Faded and rust-eaten spots freckle the surface of its smoke-gray skin. Its red and purple vinyl top, dry and cracked, shows that it is in need of a good washing. The tread on its four black tires looks like the sole of an old leather shoe. Its windows are scratched and cloudy, much like the lenses of an old pair of eyeglasses. “Oldsmobile” is an apt name as it sags to the ground, giving off an air of ancient, quiet acceptance. Yet there is a conflict, for this poor car has been given to an even poorer college student, so its insides are younger than its outside.

Stepping inside the Oldsmobile’s quiet velvet interior, you are given the feeling of warmth. Much care has gone into keeping the seats in good repair. The vinyl top has been replaced but

recently, the replacement color only a shade lighter than the interior. When you choose a new hat, it must match the wardrobe that goes with it. Out of all articles of clothing, the Oldsmobile’s inside is most like a pair of favorite jeans with its patches and worn spots. As said before, its interior reflects the tastes and needs of the young crowd. Colorful and tacky stickers and decals artfully turn the dashboard into a collage. Prominently displayed in front, on top of the radio, sits a tiny combination clock-compass-thermometer. Speaking of radio, every cassette tape with a song that ever made the top ten list sits nestled in the front seat on the passenger’s side, carefully watching over an impressive collection of soda cans on the floor. The back seat reveals itself to be a tiny, compact apartment. School papers are filed on the floor while extra clothes and shoes cover them defensively. A small bag of sugary snacks lies in wait behind the driver, while an old army blanket drapes the entire seat. Last of all but not least of all, high on the back seat sits a golfer’s style umbrella -- just in case.

To go any further would disturb the careful dust cultivation that continues. There is not much else to see. One feels that better years are yet to come as the massive V-8 roars into life. Oh, I lied about there being nothing more to see, but I’m just not quite brave enough to open the trunk any more.



Car Afire, Ronald Lane, College Transfer

HOW TO PAY A FORTUNE FOR INSURANCE

LaTonia Ann Siler, Business Computer Programming

Maurice pays \$1,600 a year for car insurance. He works two jobs to make certain he has \$800 to hand over every six months. Despite this hardship, Maurice smiles at the mention of insurance.

Annette's car insurance is slightly higher than Maurice's; she pays \$2,400 a year. She also smiles; Annette even brags about how much money Nationwide requires for coverage.

What is going on here? Why are these people smiling? Could it be that paying astronomical amounts of money is one of the secrets of happiness? If so, let me spread some cheer. Here's my "foolproof" plan for receiving a just reward here and now.

Owning and driving cars is one American pastime that makes millions of people happy. We wax, polish, buff, vacuum, spritz and spray our cars every week. We look good cruising but, let's face it, cruising doesn't satisfy the real passions. So, go ahead—speed! When the scenery is a blur, you're at the limit. The blood races, your temperature soars, you knife through the air. Feel good?

YES!

YES? Then go on and violate those stupid rules of the road, too. Stop? Yield? Pedestrian crossing? Forget them. Can't stop because we're on a mission to get at least two more zeros attached to those insurance bills. Are you ecstatic?

Wait, I've got another tip, GO "MADD." Stop in Shenanigan's and order a few drinks for the road. My personal favorites are Harvey Wallbangers, Tequila Sunrises, and Johnnie Walker on-the-rocks. Hell—get a bartender's manual and check off all the drinks listed that you try. Then get in your car. Don't deceive anyone; swerve that car; scare that poor old grandmother on her way to Food Lion. Be daring; stagger into the police department to ask for directions to Miami! When those jerks present the official breathalyzer, tell them to blow it up their. . . .

When you are on your way to jail, think of it as joy. That's the best place to work on raising those medical and dental insurance premiums. Where else can you smoke three or four packs of cigarettes a day in such peace? Puff until the inside of your cell looks like the Pastime Bar. Bang your tin cup until the guard brings second helpings of buttery grits, fatty ham slices, and caffeinated coffee. Make sure you smoke with that coffee and after every meal. Feel heavy and out of breath? Then you're on your way to total bliss!

Those cigarettes are killing two birds with one stone, so to speak. Your teeth must be as stained with tar and nicotine as your lungs. While you're "behind bars," don't visit with the dentist; let the buildup become highly visible. Brown teeth are in and one look in the mirror should perk up your spirits. Eat lots of sweets; enjoy that good, hard rock candy. Give Bruno, your 350-pound cell mate, that floss and toothpaste. Happiness is not cinnamon flavored!

Once you're finally released, vow to spend every waking hour advocating the joys of high insurance policies. Entice your friends with French fries, cartons of Salems, and Hershey bars. That's not enough. Set an example by being the first on your street with \$5000-a-year property insurance premiums. Display your wallet in the seat of your beautiful car. Leave the doors unlocked (you wouldn't want to deter any criminals).

Smoke those beloved cigarettes in bed. A late night puff has the best flavor. Put gasoline in kerosene heaters in winter; in the summer, pour gasoline on the charcoal briquettes for a tasty barbecue! Let your neighbors see the real glow from happiness.

Trust me, you'll have insurance companies literally knocking down your doors (that is if the firemen haven't already). Allstate or Mutual of Omaha will send representatives to convince you that their policies are the cheapest with the most coverage. Hold out for the con artists; let them grovel for your business. Let them think they have the power. You know the truth; this was all planned and deliberately staged to achieve the highest form of pleasure.

Lastly, share the happiness. Take pride in realizing you have saved another business from bankruptcy. Clever person you are—"insuring" the company's long life!

Make copies of my words for your family and friends. These could be the last words you live by.

SECURITY IN COOKIE CRUMBS

Linda Hughes, College Transfer

At five and one-half years old, I found financial security an obscure and irrelevant concept. I accepted being poor as just a fact of life. My security was in the familiarity of home and in the people around me. So I will never forget the summer that we moved away so Dad could find a job as a migrant farm worker.

How could we leave our home? I wondered about it quietly as I gazed upon our homeplace. I saw the rutted dirt road that provided access to our humble dwelling, a small four-room house wrapped in ragged gray siding and sealed with a homemade plank door. Wasp nests hung from the eaves and dirt dauber nests lined the door frame. Looking south, I could see Grandma Morence's house. Smoke curled from the stovepipe even on this warm day. Over the hill within hollering distance was where Grandma and Grandpa Vanhook lived. I recalled daily visits. I remembered how meticulously Grandma Mounce stitched patchwork quilts and how her thimble clicked in rhythm while she hummed "Amazing Grace." Keeping their own rhythm, apple trees swayed in the soft summer breeze. I saw the branches that were just right for climbing and just right for holding up the tire swing where I spent hours daydreaming.

But this wasn't a dream. Mom, with embarrassed resignation on her face, bustled about packing up household goods. Into bushel-size peach baskets, she stuffed dingy towels, homemade quilts, and feather pillows. Into another basket, she stacked dishes and pots blackened with soot. She crammed the last basket with our few clothes, mostly homemade and worn or patched. Then on top, she laid a bronze-colored envelope that held her personal treasures: her wedding picture and Dad's army discharge papers.

When the baskets were full, Dad toted them to the car. Mom called it "The Old Jolt Wagon" because worn out shocks provided a very rough ride. Rust had colored the fenders and had eaten holes in the floorboards. On the frayed seat beside me, Dad laid a package of store-bought cookies and a Mason jar filled with water fresh from the spring. I clutched a ragged Hansel and Gretel storybook, a coloring book with a few unused pages, and a fistful of crayon stubs. Dad cranked the engine and gravel crunched under the moving wheels. As we passed her house, Grandma, wearing her ever-present blue bonnet, stood on her front porch and waved good-by. I stared down through the holes in the floor board and watched the road blur past. Then, impulsively, I ripped open the cookie package and dropped crumbs, one by one, through the holes.

I was a big girl, too big to cry. Though I longed to, I dared not look back. But I wondered if, as in Hansel and Gretel, the birds were picking up my crumbs.



PIE SAFE

This pie safe built of cherry wood by Paul Compton is a reproduction of an early nineteenth century West Virginia piece. Secondary woods used for the interior are yellow pine and poplar. Its drawers have hand-cut dovetails, and its construction involves fifty-four pegged mortise and tendon joints, a very time-consuming and intricate detail. Its twelve tin panels are hand-punched in the pinwheel design. The earliest tin-punch designs were patterned after quilt squares or butter mold imprints.

**Built and photographed by
Paul Compton
Mechanical Studies Department Chair**





Snowbound, photo
Irma Wiggins, Co-op and Job Placement

OCTOBER BLIZZARD
Joan Toler, Associate Degree Nursing

We were in for our first blizzard of the year. From the kitchen bay window, I watched the late October sky as the clouds thickened in the north. The sun slowly dropped behind the stand of birch trees sheltering the west side of the house.

The heavy wooden slats on the shutters banged against their frames, and the hinges creaked, signaling an increase in the suddenly gusting wind. Outside, leaves whirled with loose debris before settling down, only to be scattered again by another gust of wind. The sky quickly darkened to a steel gray, and in the shadows of night, birds chirped their warning chant to take cover. Squirrels scrambled up the old hickory tree that stood majestically next to the front porch. They chattered frantically while racing up and down the long branches, stopping briefly as if to listen for further instructions. The ancient green swing hanging from the porch ceiling moaned in rhythm with the to and fro rocking as if spirits occupied the worn, weathered cushions.

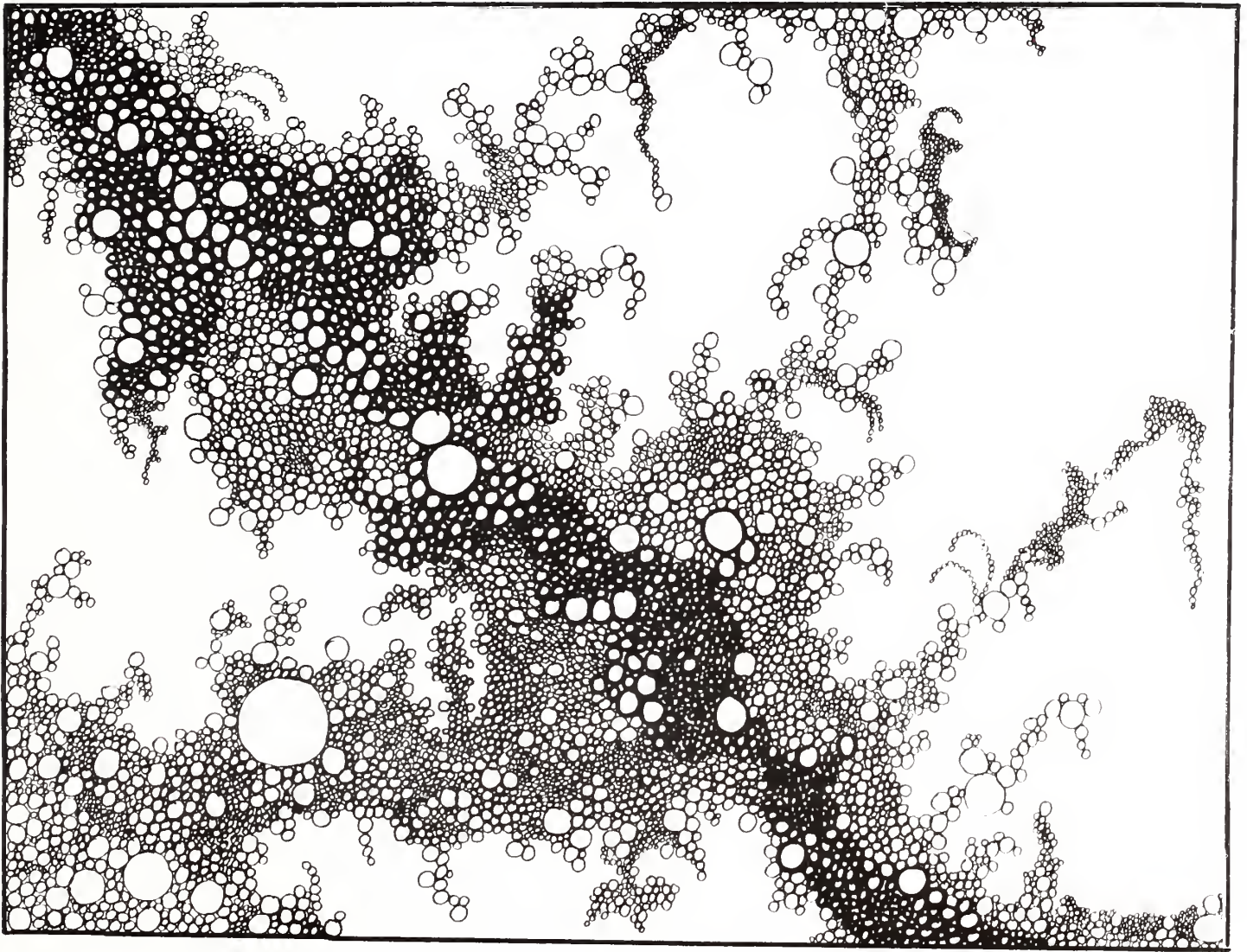
Inside, the lights flickered and finally dimmed to a low, dull glow. Red and orange flames danced in the fireplace while casting their warmth in the spacious kitchen. On the wood cookstove, a pot of pinto beans bubbled. In the oven a loaf of homemade sour dough bread baked to a golden brown. A steaming jug of apple cider sat on the table and filled the room with the

aroma of freshly ground cinnamon and cloves. Twelve-year-old Bozo the cat curled himself into a circle of yellow fur after settling next to the stone hearth. His warm saucer of milk provided all the comfort he needed for the impending storm. The lights flickered again before darkness enveloped the room.

At first, tiny flakes of snow dusted the rooftops of the barn and smokehouse. The changing wind quickly rearranged the falling snow, causing it to bare the ground in some places and to mound into deep piles only five feet away. The flakes became larger and heavier and now clung to the frozen surfaces. Weighted branches snapped in the blackness, yielding to their new burden. In the distance, electric wires swayed dangerously close to the roadway. Raging wind directed the thick sea of falling snow as if it were a sergeant commanding his forces to battle. Crested snow formed white domes on the crooked fence posts that led the way from the house to the road. Icicles three inches in diameter formed along the eaves. Like soldiers in formation, the snow-covered trees stood at attention in the vast darkness.

At dawn, the wind died to a quiet hush and the swirling snow settled down to sleep in stillness. Rays from the rising sun glistened over the virgin snow and welcomed a new day.

The first blizzard of the year had passed.



Peggy Griswold

Pen and ink drawing, *Peggy Griswold, Special Studies*

THE TWINS

Terri Smith, College Transfer

It was a beautiful spring day in 1978; the sky was blue and the sun shining. Imagine, being paid to do something I enjoyed doing. Here I was, twenty-two years old, on my way to my first job with horses. Little did I know I was about to see a very ugly side of human nature.

Hill Farms is a well known breeding establishment for Standardbred horses, otherwise known as pacers and trotters. Being located in Hilliard, Ohio, it is typically Midwestern. Well kept white fencing sections off the more than 300 acres of rolling hills. There are six large barns, a well equipped breeding shed, regulation-size race track, numerous automatic walkers, and a rather elaborate show room for exhibiting stallions to prospective breeders. Winter white paint with green trim is used liberally, and frequently, to enhance the beauty of this farm. To complete the picture: robust figures of mares and their foals serenely grazing in pastures and sleek, glossy young racehorses being worked on the track. Even the most casual observer would be assured of a most professionally run operation.

As I walked through the barns and pastures, it was obvious that to create this image took an inordinate amount of work. Everywhere I looked there was a virtual flurry of activity. Fences being repaired, lawns mowed, stalls mucked, horses worked, groomed, and quite obviously pampered. This was most apparent in the barn I would be working in. The "high dollar barn" was so named because this was where the most expensive brood mares were housed and cared for until their foals were born.

My second day on the job, I became particularly interested in one of these special mares. She was a big bay mare, her coat the color of polished mahogany. Her disposition was sweet and gentle. Being a maiden mare, she maneuvered her now expanded figure with a rather mystified look on her face. Although her due date was two weeks away, I was told to watch her carefully.

At the end of the first week, I was preparing to leave work for the weekend. Checking the bay mare last had become my routine. As I went into her stall to say goodnight, I noticed she seemed unusually nervous and her breathing was accelerated. From my experience, these were sure signs of labor. Within the next few minutes, she was circling her stall and pawing the straw. There was no doubt; she was preparing to give birth.

This was to be my first foaling without another person present. Nervously, I prepared the items I would need. Her labor was a difficult one, but not without good reason. She was giving birth to twins, a rare occurrence for horses. The first foal was stillborn. He was jet black, no bigger than a cocker spaniel. The

mare was very tired, and I knew that I would have to assist with the second foal. As the two small hoofs emerged from the birth canal, I took a firm hold and keeping rhythm with her contractions, pulled gently. As the foal's head and shoulders emerged, I quickly removed the thin birth sac from the eyes, nose and mouth. The mare rested for a moment. At this point the foal did something I had never seen before, nor have I seen since. With half his body still inside the mare, he looked up at me and whinnied, as if to say, "Let's get on with this." At that moment he stole my heart.

The next few weeks were an absolute joy. As the baby had been too weak to nurse, I had taken over the job of bottle feeding him. Coming to work early, staying through lunch, and going home late became my routine. The foal was well worth my efforts. He was a boy like his mother, with large expressive eyes and a mischievous disposition. He nursed the bottle with absolute relish, greedily sucking every last drop of milk. Day by day his strength grew. He may not have been quite as big as the average racehorse, but he had twice the heart.

"I sure hate to sink five hundred dollars into a chancy horse." The old man spoke with uncertainty in his voice.

"Look, you have a fine colt here. You're worried just because some people say that a twin isn't as strong. If he were mine, I'd say he would be well worth the risk." My boss spoke with authority. He knew horses, and most people listened to him.

The old man stared at the colt for two or three minutes. "He's not your colt, and it's not your money. I'll let you know within the week." Slamming the stall door behind him, the old man walked away.

Even though my boss reassured me several times within the next couple of days, there was little doubt in my mind. The old man would not pay a stud fee on a twin colt. He could simply declare the colt dead at birth and reinvest his money. As unethical as this sounds, it is common practice among horse breeders. The colt would be euthanized.

My plans were simple: wait till after hours, put the colt in my truck and take him home. I would simply log the colt in the registry book as dead at birth. Although my boss was a good-hearted man, the business and the farm's reputation came first. Having to run to town for a few minutes, I naively trusted my boss to take over a feeding with the colt. Upon returning, I walked into an empty stall.

To this day, it is above and beyond my comprehension, this mercenary attitude towards life.

OUR HOME, NOW A HOUSE

Brian Nelson, College Transfer

I was sixteen years old and already well acquainted with the surroundings of a hospital, not that I had spent much time as a patient myself, but I had nevertheless been there quite often over the past five years. It was my mother who had been sick and was in and out of the hospital for relief from her suffering. It was on the last of these visits that I reflected deeply on the house that she had made home.

It was a brisk March day, and the trip home from Mother's side had seemed extremely long, but nonetheless, there I stood outside our empty home. I was thinking to myself that if I didn't go in, nothing would change, but I knew I must go in.

I went to my room, the one Mother had given me. She had sacrificed space in her laundry room to allow me some of my own space. That's how Mom was - giving, caring, and always ready to help.

Our home was the gathering place for family and friends alike. Our door was always open to anyone who needed our help. I thought about how things had changed over the past five years and wondered how they would change after she was gone. I felt so alone and unprepared for what I knew was about to happen.

My father came home, and I met him at the door. My only question was, "Is she gone?"

All he said was "Yes."

I went back to my room, and he went on to another part of the now empty house. I no longer had to wonder what changes would come, for in that moment I knew we would either have to make that house a home or we would forever feel an emptiness within those walls.

Thirteen years have passed, and I guess we never made that house a home because we moved in October of that year and I have never been back to the old place since. No matter how right or wrong, I realized that day in my own room that it was my mother that had made that house a home.

HEALING TIME

Stephanie Doreen Davis, Nursing Assistant Program (Continuing Education)

Stefie jumped up and down excitedly. "Mama, Mama, yonder comes Mr. Lawther!"

Pauline Heath, Stefie's mother, walked resignedly to the front porch. She didn't quite know how to handle this child of hers who was always so quiet until her Grandpa Williams or Mr. Lawther Jackson, his best friend, came to call. Then it seemed the child turned into a whole different person. Her dark bluish-green eyes, a mixture of her Welsh and Irish ancestry, would light up like the stars, her pale white face would flush a becoming pink, and her dark braids hanging down to her waist would swing with a life of their own. At times like these she thought her child almost pretty, but then the memory of her first child's beauty would flash before her eyes, and Stefie's plain face would come back into focus. Pauline Heath could not reconcile herself to the untimely death of her firstborn. Then to have Stefie born a year later while she was still grieving was more than she could accept. Why Pa and Mr. Lawther set such a store by this plain child she just could not understand. Maybe someday God would release her from this grief so she could love Stefie a little.

Stefie, her pigtailed flying in the wind, was running down the road to meet Mr. Lawther.

"Whoa, whoa, Stefie, you're going to fly straight through me!" joked Mr. Lawther as he knelt down on the ground and held his arms wide open for the child to run into. She always hugged him so hard that his neck would hurt him the next day, but it was such a sweet hug full of love and giving that he never complained except to comment on how strong she was getting. The little girl's love made him feel special and needed and so much younger than his fifty-five years. She always listened intently to every single word or grunt he used as if they were the most important things in the whole world. When his wife had died a year back it was her soft warm little arms clutched around his neck that had given him comfort, more so than all the kind words of his friends and neighbors. When he had felt her tears on his neck understanding his loss, he thought his heart would burst with love for this lonely little girl whom fate had also given a hard time. "She needs me as much as I need her," he thought.

"Mr. Lawther, you're funny!" giggled Stefie, her eyes alight with happiness. "What are we going to do today?"

"Well, first let's go up to the house and get your ma's permission. Then we're going mousing."

"What's mousing?"

"Just wait, you'll see."

Stefie grabbed the old man's hardened work-worn hand and, skipping backwards, urged him to hurry. She skipped along beside him smiling happily.

"Mama, Mama, can I go mousing please, please?" shouted the child as they entered the front yard of the house.

Pauline looked from her child's beaming face to the expectant old man's and made a quick decision. Mr. Lawther had neglected his farm sinfully since the death of his wife, and the only joy he seemed to get was with this odd child of hers.

"All right, go along, but don't waste Mr. Lawther's time. It's nearing planting time and he has yet to run his tobacco rows. You wouldn't want to make him have a late crop this year, would you?"

"Oh, no, mama, I'm going to help Mr. Lawther this year. He said I was big enough to drop tobacco plants, and he's going to give me a nickel to help him," sang the child out happily. A nickel was big money!

"All right, then. Here, take this bag of biscuits and sugar cookies with you. Mousing may be a hard job." Pauline knew Mr. Lawther was diabetic and often had the need of sugar to keep him from having a spell.

"Thank you, Pauline. Stefie and I will have a great time. I appreciate the cookies." He gave her a gentle smile and turned back to the giggling child.

"Lawther, you spoil that child."

"No more than she deserves." With that parting comment, Mr. Lawther and Stefie left hand in hand, leaving Pauline to ponder long and hard.

The two friends made their way to one of the old man's barns. He reached up under the shelter and pulled down a big toe sack.

"What are we going to do with that sack?"

"Why, Stefie, this is a 'mousing' sack."

"Oh." The child looked a little confused, but soon her face brightened with the thrill of adventure.

The old man moved silently over to the side of the barn and squatted down. "Come over here, Stefie, and be very quiet."

Stefie tiptoed over to where Mr. Lawther was now kneeling beside a hole in his barn. (Back then wood heated tobacco barns had two to four square holes with doors built near the bottom of the frame work so steam could be let out while the tobacco was curing. That was the best way of regulating the barn's internal heat.)

"Watch now." He reached into the hole and pulled out a handful of tiny pink squeaky things.

"What are they? Puppies? Can I hold one?"

"Sure, just be careful and don't drop it. See, its eyes haven't opened up yet and its fur hasn't begun to grow. Child, these are baby mice, not puppies. Puppies aren't quite this small, but they are just about as noisy though."

Stefie laughed. "It's crawling all over my arm! Can I keep it?"

"No, no, child, your ma would have a fit! Women folks are terribly afraid of these little creatures."

"Why?"

"Oh, they don't like things that squeak."

Stefie looked thoughtful and then asked. "Mr. Lawther, is that why Mama doesn't like for me to sing? She puts her hands over her ears and says to me, 'When God handed out talents, you were standing behind the door!' Mr. Lawther, what's talent?"

The old man's eyes clouded over for a minute. Then he said with reassurance to the girl, "When we are born, God gives each of us a talent. Some more than others, but we all get at least one and if we use that one talent right, then it will produce more. It's all up to us. You ask God tonight when you say your prayers to help you use your talent for the good of others because, Stefie, you do have a talent. Maybe it isn't singing but there are a lot more important things in this life than just being able to sing. Here now, let's put these mice in this bag and go find some more, eh?"

"Okay."

They went to all of his barns and when they were through filling the sack, Stefie asked, "What are you going to do with the little mice, Mr. Lawther?"

"Well, Stefie, you're awfully young to understand, but you asked, so I'll tell you. One of my old friends is a doctor, and he is trying to find a cure for diabetes. He uses mice in his research. Says they are a lot like us."

"Ha, ha, but they have four feet!"

"True, true, but it's their innards he's talking about. I just hope he finds a cure in my lifetime. I like to think that the next generation will suffer less than this one, thanks to my friend and these tiny creatures of God."

"Is that why Dr. Cecil comes to see you so much?"

"Yes, child, it is. Hey, it's about time for us to eat those sugar cookies, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes!"

They ate in silence, each lost in his own thoughts, the old man wondering if he, a diabetic, would live to see this dream come true, and the little girl hoping he would let her go mousing with him again soon. Mousing was a pretty important job!

They brushed the crumbs off their mouths and started walking back to Stefie's house. She slipped her tiny hand in his big one, and they walked chatting happily about their day's adventure and what they would do next time.

On the porch, Pauline stood and watched the two approach. In her hands she held a dress with ruffled collar and puffed sleeves. The dress had belonged to her dead daughter and was the one Stefie had begged to wear whenever she saw her mother kneeling by the trunk of clothes and holding up the dress. It had been her first child's favorite dress, and now it would belong to Stefie along with all the others. She had cried for a long time that day. The tears had washed away some of her grief and made her realize how important this second child was. Stefie would never be as beautiful or talented as her sister had been, but she was alive and needed her mother's love. With tear-stained cheeks Pauline vowed to make this day a new beginning.

"Mama, Mama, we had a good time," sang out Stefie. Then she spotted the dress her mother was holding out to her, and she

almost lost her breath. It was the dress -- the dress that Mama cried over so much and Mama was giving it to her!

"Oh, look, look Mr. Lawther, a pretty, pretty dress -- for me!"

"Yes, child, it is pretty. Are you going to go try it on so I can see how pretty it makes you?"

"Can I, Mama?"

"Yes, but wash your hands and face first."

Stefie darted into the house, holding the precious dress close to her heart. She had never been so happy.

"Pauline, that was a fine courageous thing you just did. You are beginning to heal."

"I hope so, Lawther. It's time I put the past where it belongs and live for the present."

"You might try talking to the child about her sister."

"She's too young to understand."

"No, she is young, but she has a talent for understanding that is much older than her years. Give her a chance."

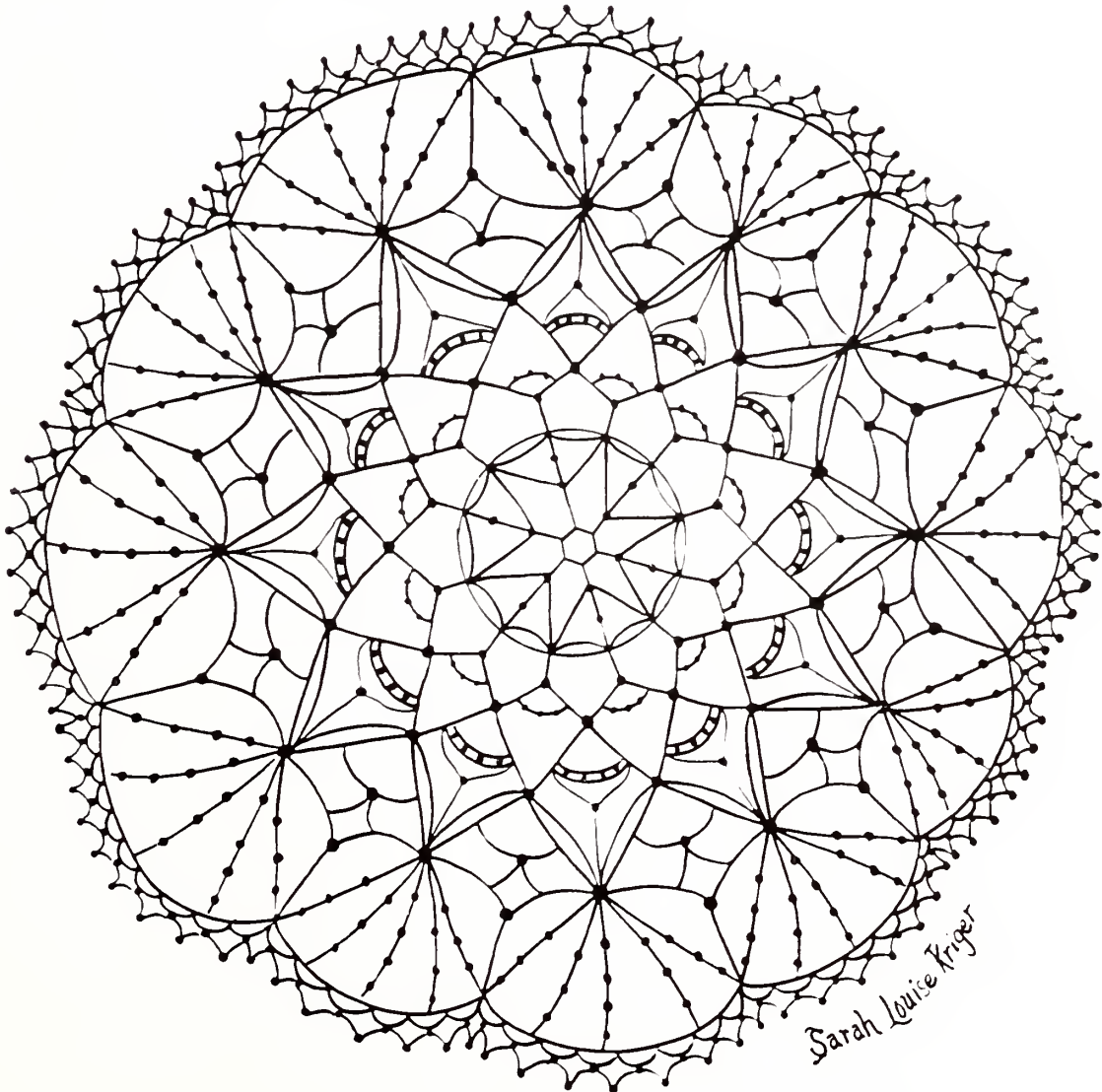
"I'll think about it."

"Look, look!" Stefie squealed as she came dancing out of the house—the dress a perfect fit.

Pauline grabbed her child into her arms and hugged her tightly, a feeling of peace in her heart.

Mr. Lawther turned and headed home. His eyes were blinded by tears, but his heart was singing, and his lips smiling.

Thank God for healing time.



Heirloom, Sarah Louise Kriger, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

YELLOW SOCKS

Moonlight dances across the midnight sky:
Quietness lies upon the land and so do I.

Coldness strikes my uncovered face
As I lie here in my unchosen place.

Every night I pray to the Lord above
to take me in and show me the meaning of love.

Never is an answer that human ears hear
but I know in my heart He is very near.

People pass me by each day without one care,
They see me here coughing, but do they stop-
"They wouldn't dare."

The little child on the corner looks with wondering eyes;
If only I could tell her about the who's and why's.

If only the world would take life at a slower pace,
It wouldn't be just pearls, diamonds, leather, and lace.

I lie on this concrete all the night through,
Yet I appreciate what I have unlike so many of you.

I have a heart and a soul and the Lord on my side,
Even if I have had to let go of my pride.

So you can laugh at me and my old yellow socks
And talk about where I come from,
But we will see who goes when the Lord comes.

*Christi Summerlin
College Transfer*

THE OLD MAN

Woodrow T. Barden II, College Transfer

It was an early morning at Myrtle Beach during the summer of 1989. The wind was blowing a soft breeze against my face as my toes sank in the cool sand. The sky was a bright orange color that glistened on the top of the water. You could hear the waves crashing into the shore like a sigh of relief after a long journey. There was an elderly couple walking and picking up shells that the ocean had washed ashore the night before. A man was scavenging the beach with a metal detector, hoping to find something of value. It was generally one of your more typical mornings on the beach. But this morning was yet to be anything but typical. This morning changed the way I would look at life and all of the luxuries it had to offer that I seemed to take for granted.

July 17, 1989, around seven o'clock a.m. on this typical morning walk on the beach, there was an old man casting his fishing line into the water. This man intrigued me with his patient hopes of catching a fish. He wore an old faded T-shirt with a sizable hole on the left side which fluttered against his dark body. His face was covered with a ragged beard, yet there was something about this man that was beyond looks. He seemed to have this great feeling of gratitude. This made me wonder what on earth could this person who most assuredly did not have great material wealth have to be grateful for.

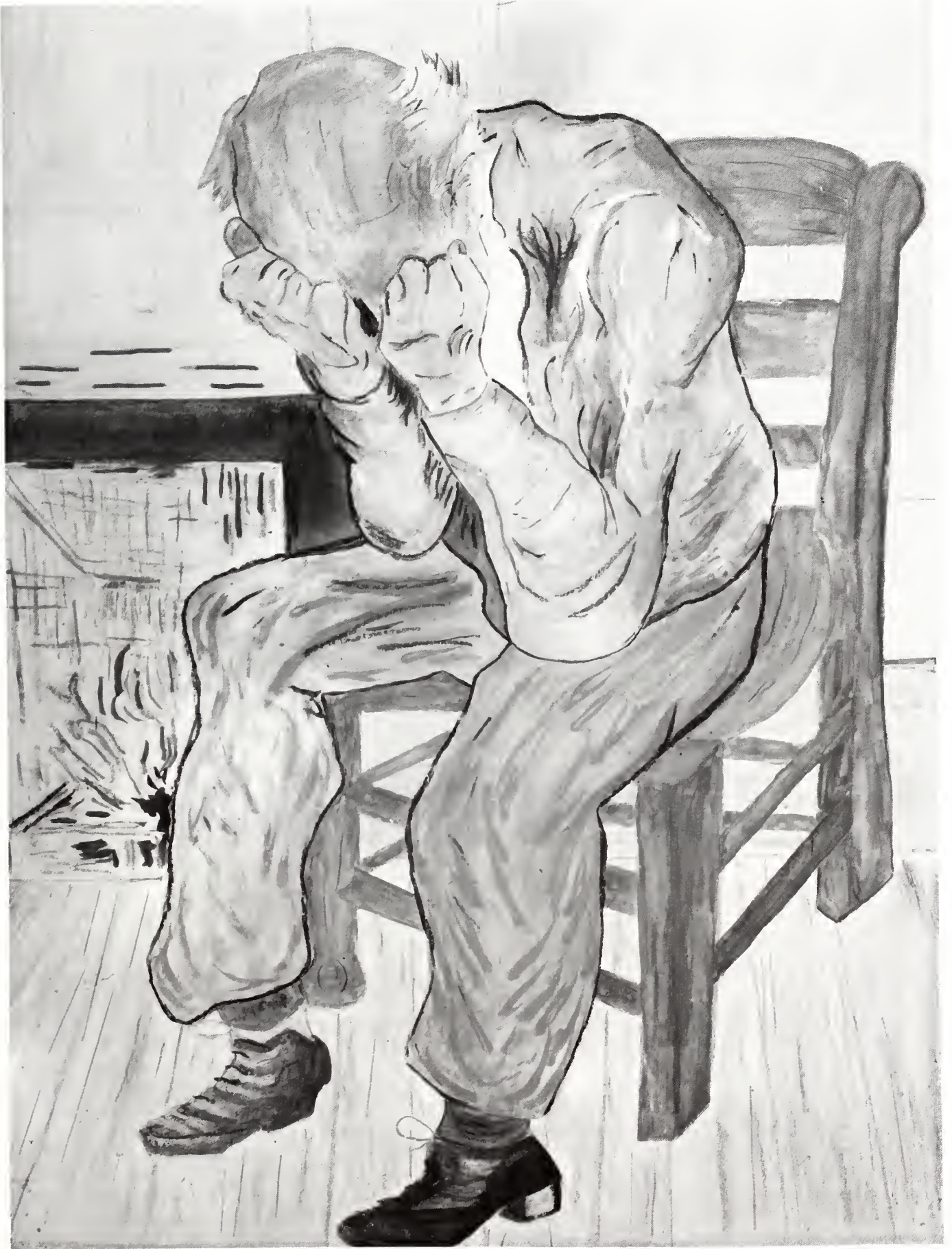
He had noticed me watching him and smiled at me with a friendly grin. Well, kind of, because he had a few teeth missing. I walked over to introduce myself when I noticed what seemed to be numbers on his arm. This astounded me, but I did not know him and did not dare ask what they were. As he introduced himself to me, I saw that on his right hand the tip of every finger was missing just below his fingernails. This looked very odd, almost as if someone had put the fingers in a trash disposal and turned it on.

We sat there on the beach just talking general conversation, all that stuff about "It sure is a beautiful day" type of thing. He seemed to be able to sense this feeling about me that something was wrong. (Oh, how correct he was at that!) Soon he asked me what was wrong. I said nothing at first but felt that I did need someone to talk to. I told him about how life was rough on me

already at the age of eighteen. My parents would not let me have the money to buy this really popular style shirt everyone was wearing that summer. I felt my parents were not letting me have the money because they just didn't care if I was popular or not. The old man grinned again with his partial smile. He said to me, "Son, be thankful for life and what it has to offer, not what popularity offers." At the time this really puzzled me about what that had to do with me wanting to buy a shirt.

Then he pulled up his shirt to reveal a chest which was nothing but skin and bones. He showed me five numbers on the left side of his abdomen. He said he was Jewish and had been held in a Nazi concentration camp in World War II. These numbers had been branded on him like a cow. He said they were for identification purposes. I felt as if my heart had risen up into my throat. My eyes widened with interest and I suddenly found myself looking at his fingers again. He said he was only twenty when he was in that hellhole. His finger tips had been taken in what a couple of Nazis felt to be humorous torture. Individually they took each finger and cut it with a handsaw. My stomach churned at the thought. He told me that at the time he thought he was one of the unlucky ones. This confused me a little. He said that at that time he had felt the greatest thing that could happen to him would have been to die. But he said now he is grateful just to be living. This old man now seemed to be really getting to me. I began to understand what he had said earlier about being grateful for life itself as he told me these horrifying stories of how Jews were skinned like cattle and their hides tanned and made into leather products. Because there was nothing to do but bury the dead, the Nazis found a way to make a profit from "Jew Hide."

Sitting and talking to this old man who had no influence on me in the beginning changed my life in an hour. I saw how senseless it was for me to be so upset about the shirt my parents would not buy. Well, I thanked him for the conversation and headed home for breakfast, thinking of how fortunate we really are just to have what we do have. I never saw that old man again but often think about that morning on the beach, the morning that the old man changed my life.



Reinterpretation of Van Gogh's *Old Man*, India Rich, *College Transfer*

BRAHMIN SPRING

The Brahmin cattle graze
again in fenced-in fields
just below our house.

All winter I have missed
their inscrutably sad gazes,
majestic humps like caste marks,
their wise, their patient stares.

They stand like velvet monuments
in greys and browns and amber:
only new calves' hungry nudgings
disturb their infinite profundity.

These heavy, reincarnate beasts--
my means to Nirvana, that union
with Divine where all desire is slaked,
all quaking passion conquered.

But they will move to winter pastures
far beyond my ken, and I will save
these grave conversions for another spring.

Liz Meador

English and Journalism Instructor

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TRUE ARTIST

(Remarks delivered at Mount Olive College, Mount Olive, NC, April 23, 1991)

Patricia Turlington, Art Instructor

Every human being has feelings and ideas he or she wants to share with others. The difference between an artist and a non-artist is that the artist has a medium to express his or her ideas and the non-artist does not. The artist has gone through the arduous task of mastering his or her craft, be it writing, music, dance, film, painting or sculpture, in order to have the vocabulary to speak and to express his or her ideas and feelings. The non-artist has not mastered a craft to give expression to his or her feelings and ideas.

The artist has to have **COURAGE**. The word courage comes from the Latin root *heart*. Courage means to have the attitude or response of facing and dealing with anything recognized as dangerous, difficult or painful instead of withdrawing from it. The artist is so compelled by the need to express his or her inner feelings that he or she has the courage to overcome the fear of public censure, rejection and ridicule.

The artist has to have **INTEGRITY**. *Integrity* is defined as soundness and the adherence to a code of values: utter sincerity, honesty or candor; a completeness. An artist has to believe totally in what he or she expresses in his or her work. This integrity gives the work its power and brilliance.

It is what moves the audience, pulls the audience out of its complacency and into the realm of feeling and understanding what the artist sees and feels.

The artist has to have **SELF-DISCIPLINE**. Self-discipline is the planned control and training of oneself for the sake of development. Self-discipline is the means with which the artist masters the craft that gives him or her the vocabulary to speak. Many see the self-disciplined person as being driven, compelled beyond everyday demands and distractions. It requires the ability to shut out the world, peer pressure and momentary pleasures in order to use one's energies to struggle, to fail and to begin anew in order to overcome the obstacles of one's own ignorance and to master the technical mechanics of the artist's chosen craft. It means hours, days, weeks and months of being alone with oneself. All this time amounts to years of solitude. It

also means a great deal of independent study as well as seeking out the masters of one's craft for their advice and knowledge.

The artist has to have **INSIGHT**. *Insight* is defined as the ability to see and to understand clearly the nature of things. This means not only learning something's physical structure but also its place and role in society and nature as well as its spiritual meaning. This insight comes only as the result of hours, days and years of study and contemplation. This insight is how the artist speaks the truth that the audience can understand and relate to. As the great American artist and teacher Joseph Albers said: "To see as I see, that is what Art is for." Art allows us to see beyond

the usual and to feel beyond what we have been socially conditioned to feel. Art can enable the artist and the audience to overcome prejudices, limitations and shallowness. Art can inspire us all to greatness.

The artist has to have a sense of **RESPONSIBILITY**, which we define as a moral, legal and mental accountability. The artist has to decide for himself or herself what type of society he or she would love and enjoy being a part of and promote that form of society. Today's Arts exploit society's weaknesses; they titillate and bring out the

worst in ourselves: violence, hate, fear, prejudice and sexual promiscuity. Why? Because the artists of today don't have a sense of responsibility. They don't see themselves as the leaders of society and they don't realize that they have the power and the voice to lead society and promote the best in humankind. How can this be changed? Only through the individual artist and not collectively can we find the answer. Each of us occupies one square foot on this earth and everywhere we go we take that one square foot with us. It contains our values, our hopes and our dreams. We, as artists, can speak and act with the awareness that we matter and that we have the ability to influence others with our viewpoint.

Being an artist is a big responsibility; we cannot take it lightly.



Nascent Odalisque, No. 2
Watercolor, 20" X 30", Patricia Turlington, Art Instructor
From the collection of Meg and Barry Teasley

PRISON

beyond the barbed fence
boys learn fast to become men
as a punishment

Donna Beeler
General Technology Curriculum

TELL ME

Tell me, what can I do?!

I sit here in my safe little world worried but comfortable
Far away from the heat, dust and foreign seas.
Why are you there? For our government?

Tell me, what can I do?!

The dreaded time is surely nearing, dark and feared.
I feel guilt as the Reaper stands patient
ready to harvest in this season of battle.
Will you remain safe? Anxious?
Are you lonely?

Tell me, what can I do?!

I wait here in this superficial world
while you're constantly faced with
the realities of death and war.
I want to hold you and keep you safe from the dangers.
I hurt for you.

Miranda Forehand
College Transfer

SOLDIERS

Clothes tattered
Hair mangled
Skin burnt
Faces chafed
Limbs missing
Once boys
Now "men"
Once girls
Now "women"
Lives sacrificed
Instant maturity

Karen McLeod
College Transfer

TO HEAR FROM YOU

I wait
and wait
But nothing.

How are you?
Where are you?
When will I know?

A day passes,
A week passes,
Oh, how I worry.

The phone rings.
My heart pounds.
Is it you? Is it you?

It is a friend
Wanting to know
How you are.

I do not know,
Not yet,
I have not heard.

I run
To check the mail
Each and every day.

I wonder
Is it there?
I am afraid to look.

It is
IT IS THERE
It is finally there

The letter
From a loved one
So very far away
Mary Hackett
College Transfer



Flag

Dawn Stevens, Associate Degree Nursing

A VISIT TO THE WALL

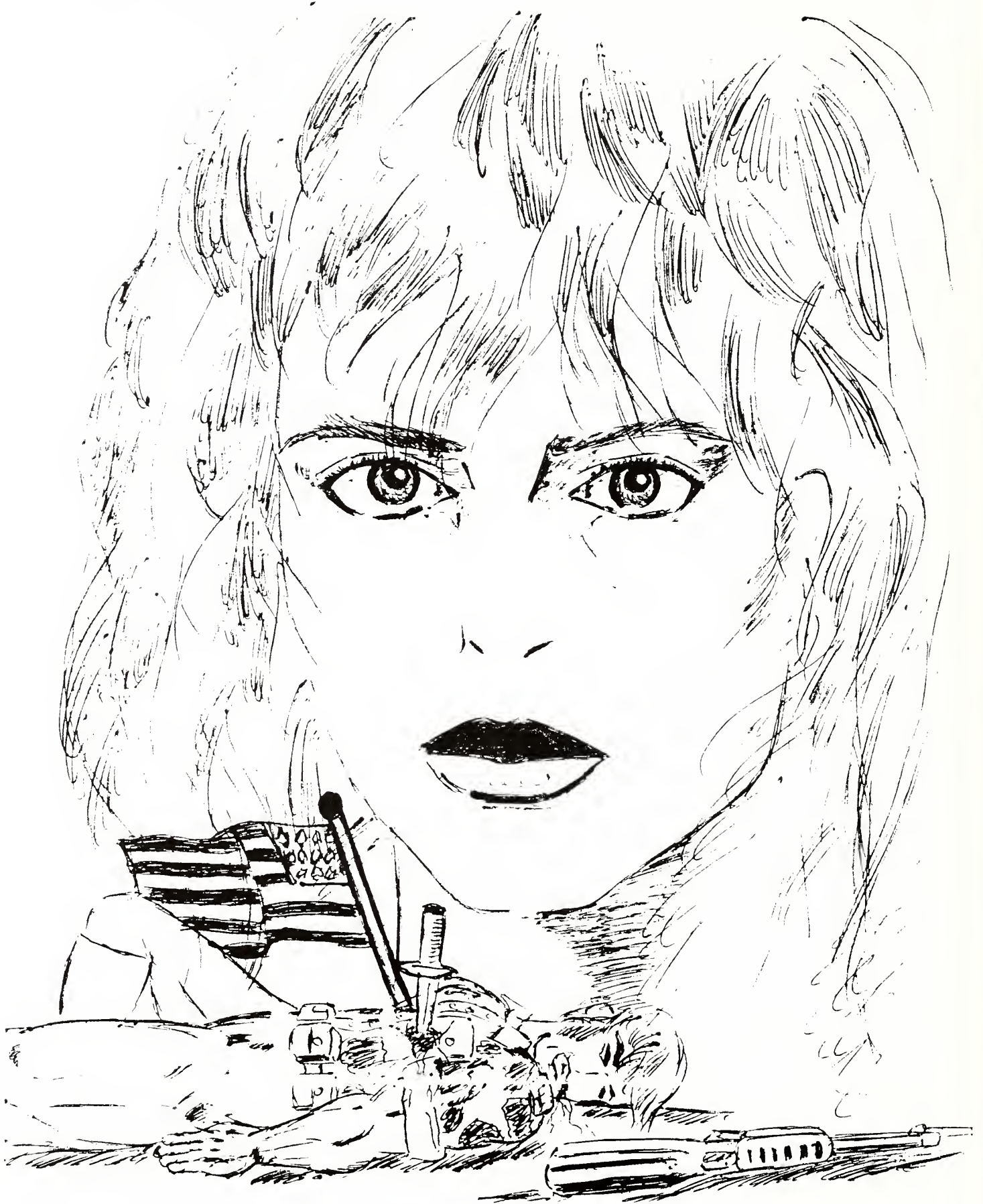
Wes Asbell, College Transfer

So here I stand in front of the black monolith that dominates the scenery, and although it's well below forty, the cold steel rain mingles with the oily sweat on my brow to run like teardrops down my face. I pace nervously from one end of the monument to the other, looking for one name in particular, your name. I can't begin to count the number of times I have come up here and stared at the Wall from a distance, like a child staring at a house he is forbidden to enter, wondering what secrets it holds in its dark corridors, but not having the courage to find out. No, better to leave your name in memory, a floating, fading ghost in my mind. To see it carved in cold black granite would be more than I could take. But here I am in freezing rain, searching for a name I haven't spoken in twenty years.

I watch as a young woman places a wreath and card with small gleaming objects against a section of the wall, then reaches out to touch the stone, as if it contains some ancient magic that can heal a lifetime of sorrow. She glances at me briefly, then brushes away the tears and hurries away. Nearby I see other people engaged in the same ritual, pointing out the name of a friend or

a brother or a lover. They also reach out to touch the past, to leave part of their grief at the base of this tombstone for a war. I turn away from them and resume my search. I will not cry. I promise myself. I soon reach the spot where the young woman stood. I bend down and pick up the objects she left behind. A purple heart, a silver star. I have no such memories of you. Attached to the medals is a short note: "Happy Birthday, Daddy. We miss you." I put the note down quickly and fight back the stinging I suddenly feel in my eyes. Must be the cold. I pass a man in a wheelchair in my search. He glances up at me as I pass and, before I turn away, I see the tears flowing from his eyes. I quicken my pace until I am well past. The wind is beginning to pick up and I am about to give up when I finally see your name.

The sounds of the world, the icy rain, none of these things exist anymore. I see only your name. I reach out to touch it, but there is no magic in it for me. The pain only worsens. I stand like that for what seems like hours and, although I am not a weak man, the tears flow freely from my eyes. I do not try to hide them.



CASUALTIES OF WAR
Edmund Fu, College Transfer

THE CHEST IN THE ATTIC

Grandpa, can we go up and see
The chest in the attic full of what used to be?
Remnants of artifacts from the war
and letters from loved ones whose hearts were sore?
The chest holds pictures of wartime peers
and when you tell about them it brings laughter and tears.
How you fought, how you loved
and in the turmoil of war, togetherness was a gift from above.
And from the past, thoughts keep flowing
while in your heart memories keep growing.
The chest holds stories, both real and true,
but what it holds mostly is a part of you.

-1986

In honor of my Grandfather, Bill Smyk
John Brantly
College Transfer

SIMPLE WORDS

They're simple enough words to say
Just three -- I love you
I never said them to my sister
I took it for granted she knew

There was ample enough opportunity
To let my sister know
But I've always had a problem
Letting my true feelings show

I had just visited my sister
A mere two days before
I'd never thought it would be the last
As I walked out the door

My life was irreversibly changed
In the space of that two days
Since my visit forty-eight hours earlier
My sister had passed away

In all of my years, I'd never dreamed
She'd so suddenly depart
Which led to a starting revelation
I found I had a heart

All sorts of feelings overwhelmed me
I didn't know where to begin
But it all came down to a feeling of regret
Cause I'd kept my feelings in

As I looked down into her face
The tears started to flow
Because I realized I'd never have the chance
To let my sister know

So I've learned to let loved ones know how I feel
If I don't they won't have a clue
I wish I would have told my sister
I just hope and pray she knew.

Bill Hicks
Accounting Major



Country Living, Lynn Finch, Business Computer Programming

CAJUN COOKING MODERNIZED

Arthur Simpson, College Transfer

Step by step, a modern Cajun cooks her jambalaya. First, the contemporary bayou dweller rides her alligator to the nearest Farm Fresh, where she buys the hottest jambalaya mix in stock. Next, she returns to her hideaway, and there she begins the cooking process by frying up her choice of meats, such as chicken or pork. After the meat is fried down, the Cajun queen adds the mix to her sausage or chicken or coon or whatever it is she fries in that ol' pot. Having let the flavors of the rice, meats, and spices blend for one minute, she then stirs in three cups of water, turns the fire down, and leaves the jambalaya to simmer for thirty minutes. Finally, she tastes the dish, and if it does not make her mama do the voodoo, she adds those flaming spices—cayenne pepper, chili powder, or any other of the many Cajun spices. The procedure for making jambalaya is known by Cajuns everywhere and is followed closely—the directions are on the back of the mix.

Pot Art

*Grace Lutz, Media Department
created in Pagemaker*

BUMBLEBEE BASEBALL

Brian Howell, College Transfer

“Howell steps in the box. The pitcher fires a hard shot. Howell connects. It’s going, going, it’s gone. Howell bats down his thousandth bumblebee.”

During the ages of five through twelve, I stayed with my grandparents during Easter and summer vacations. Those earlier days were very boring, so I invented the “Bumblebee Game.” It was like a baseball game except if I struck out I would probably get stung.

I started the game by searching my grandparents’ farm until I found the perfect “Bumblebee Bat.” I usually started practicing my swing at 9:00 a.m. By 9:30, the bumblebees would be out flying, ready to play.

The objective of the game is to kill the bees by swinging at them with a bat. I added some announcing to the game to give it some flare and imagery. I would ease up extremely slowly and cautiously to the bees that were hovering still in the air. If I moved

too fast, they would fly away and I’d have to wait for them to come back. I would swing and usually hit one and send it sailing across the yard. Then I would study it to see if it was a queen bee or a worker bee.

One time while I was playing, I swung at a bee and missed. The bee chased me across the yard into some bushes. As bad luck would have it, there was a wasp nest in the bush and I was stung three times by the wasp. The irony of it is that I never got stung by a bumblebee.

One Easter I managed to kill over a thousand bumblebees. After that, the number of bees around the farm decreased greatly. For about a month, I had nothing to do and no bees to kill.

I still kill some every now and then. In the summer when there is nothing to do, I reenact those childhood memories of my grandparents’ house and the “Bumblebee Game.”

FAMILY TREE

India Rich, College Transfer

After reading the story “Just Like a Tree” in my English class, many thoughts came to mind. The first thing was a little old tree which sits out in front of my house. Ever since I could remember, and before that, there has been that black, shriveled old tree, which proudly sits in the yard with a bed of flowers around it like little children flocking around an elderly storyteller. That tree stood there when my mother was a little girl with all her twelve brothers and sisters. That tree reminds me of my family with my grandparents as the roots which lie underground, nurturing us even though we cannot see them any more. Next is the trunk, the parents, standing strong and firm. After that come the branches that extend in every direction, showing how all the aunts and uncles move about, furthering themselves. Lastly, the leaves all bright and colorful signify the grandchildren who make the family happy and full of life.

ROOM TO GROW?

Sarah Louise Kriger, College Transfer

One wouldn't think that a room this small could be this overwhelmingly occupied. One could not imagine how such a disaster could occur in such an otherwise typical and decent dwelling. One may not perceive how any respectable and conscientious adult could possibly allow such a horrendous pattern of irresponsibility to manifest itself within the realm of his or her household. One evidently must not share the precious space beneath his roof with a member of the endangering species—the male teenager—as do I!

As I stand on the threshold of what is loosely termed my eldest son's "bedroom" my blood begins to toy with explosion much like the lid on a busy pressure cooker. I wisely take a long, healing breath before I cautiously peek around the Hershey-smudged door and visually locate the stepping stones where I will be least likely to sustain serious injury. I am quite familiar with the excruciating pain inflicted by the evil, glaring dominoes, and the teetering stacks of prized baseball cards are banana peels with mocking faces so I have no difficulty whatsoever choosing the soft mound which vaguely resembles a baseball uniform worn days earlier. Yucky socks and growling underwear stripes which punctuate the pile here and there try hard to bully me, but I step into their midst anyway. I am determined to get to the bottom of this situation!

My frustrations are immediately confirmed as my eyes attempt to absorb the tumultuous masterpiece. I am in awe of the almost artistic quality (and I stress "almost") of the profusions which paint the carpet. Oh, dear—where is the carpet anyway? In a state of panic, I scan the canvas and finally spy a tiny section of shag fibers screaming without regard to pride beneath one massive and expensive L.A. Gear which has dried mud crusts and flaky grass clippings hanging from the crevice maze of its sole. Further torture is administered by a jelly-purpled stack of sports sections, several clumps of gum wrappers (some complete with gum blobs), and a lone battery which could have fallen or been borrowed from any number of electronic treasures lying twisted and abused about the room. At once it occurs to me that the battery may have been there for some time so I yank up the overly-overdue library book which it is lying beside, finding in the process of rescue one half-eaten stone brownie from which I defeatedly peel the once-gorgeous teal necktie which has been missing for at least four Sunday mornings. I can't bear much more of the floor scene, so I solemnly shift my focus to the next most logical point of interest—the bed.

I am tempted not to believe my eyes! Where is the bed? It used to stand in the left-hand corner of the room, but now majestically dominating its space is a mountain of clothing

whose labels stick out like tongues that seem to be implicating me in shame. I shudder but am sympathetic to their plight. As I doggedly toss them by heaps into the hope of the hallway, I notice the hunter green ocean fringed in frothy cream vellux foam which cascades from the base of the cotton and denim hill. Gathering the corners to drag the mass back on top of the bed where it belongs, I discover a nearly complete set of lovely though greasy glassware which I think bears a striking resemblance to the set from my kitchen which I had given up as stolen. I pull a crumpled piece of homework and a used Q-tip from one of them and a Hardee's wrapper from another, and as I anxiously approach the U.N.C. trash can whose tiny basketball goal hangs whimsically precarious inside the rim, I become acutely aware of something quite repulsive. What is that smell?

As a mother and homemaker, I have experienced a wide variety of odors which I would deem unpleasant, but this smell intimidates even me. With the speed of a tortoise I step toward the obvious culprit and begin to remove debris and a perfectly good ink pen and the missing sunglasses and a comb and even a precious dollar bill from the bulging cylinder. At the very bottom of the trash can the mystery is solved. Lying helplessly in a puddle of brownish-gray liquid is a shriveled-up naval orange half whose belly button has been savagely invaded by a deadly fungus and whose pulp has grown soft gray hair. Ironically, I am fascinated by the many other colors that it is besides—or perhaps instead of—orange. Closer observation reveals that the base has been corroded by the potent substance, and I can almost sense an evil science fiction creature being formed by the chemical components. I know that I should check out the closet next and have my toes crippled by G.I. Joe vehicles or Nintendo cartridges (and I'm pretty sure that is where I will find the towels that were supposed to have been folded) but I take the coward's way out and decide to run.

Oh, no! Ouch! I wish I had seen that other pile of laughing banana peels lurking near the doorway. At least my landing was cushioned by the pile which I had chiseled from the mountain. Still, I hurt a little bit, so I stick my tongue out at Andre Dawson and Nolan Ryan.

As I slump—exhausted to the core—in the safety of the narrow hallway, I glance at my watch and discover that it is time to pick my children up from school. I absently peel the candy corn from my sock, pull rigidly to my feet, and head for the back door. Gee, the air smells good. I can't wait to see the boys. I wonder how their day went.

-Dedicated to and inspired by my eldest son, Joshua, whom I love dearly "anyway"

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO?

Marian Westbrook, English Instructor

The family carried cleanliness almost to the point of fanaticism. Particularly in the kitchen, everything had to be washed and washed again. The preparation of food was almost a religious rite, to be performed only under the most antiseptic conditions. Their incessant hand washing made Lady Macbeth look like a novice. And the dish cloths used in preparing a meal created quite a pile to be washed.

They liked eating in restaurants as long as the linens, dishes, and silverware looked clean. But they always wondered whether the chef washed his hands after his last trip to the toilet. If another patron were seen or heard blowing his nose, the meal was spoiled for them. Any references to the body or to bodily functions were strictly taboo at meals. That eating itself was closely allied to the bodily functions, they tried hard to forget.

At picnics and reunions, they refrained from eating food unless they knew who had brought it, and when someone died and the neighbors and church members carried in food, the family refused to eat if the corpse was in the house.

Despite these idiosyncrasies pertaining to food, or maybe because of them, they managed to survive and even to flourish. Perhaps their squeamishness saved them from exposure to harmful bacteria; perhaps it kept their minds from more serious worries and thus prolonged their lives.



Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert

Laundry, Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

MANGELY STRADE

Ed King, College Transfer

Some number of years ago I ran into an old schoolmate while I was walking in the city. Never more than acquaintances during our school days, this time we greeted each other most warmly. Then, as we sat reminiscing in a local drinking establishment, he related to me the most extraordinary tale.

It seems that not long after graduation this fellow schoolmate of mine, Richard Dawlington, found work at a local business as a traveling salesman. A most fortunate break this was, for he felt the flexibility and freedom of the job were exactly what he needed after the rigid confines of school. The company he would be representing dealt mainly with the manufacture of automated machines which were generally sold to food processing plants. As unusual as this position may sound, it was nonetheless a well-paying occupation. Dawlington's first clients were to be those associated with the Mangely Strade Fine Meats & Delicacies Co.

Waiting at the train depot, Dawlington had time to review the papers in his satchels and confirm that everything was in order. Since the company of Mangely Strade was located in the countryside only two hours from the city, he planned on closing a deal and returning in time to have a sumptuous dinner. While sitting there contemplating his future business, he happened to notice workmen outside loading a large number of wooden boxes off the back of a truck and into an empty box car. Curious, as anyone might be, he inquired of the man in the ticket office as to what was in the boxes.

"Bodies," stated the man most unceremoniously. Not quite understanding or believing what he heard, Dawlington asked the man what he meant. The ticket seller then proceeded to tell him in an equally monotonous voice how the city shipped the boxed remains of unclaimed corpses from the city morgue to the little town of Enigma where they were disposed of. The man went further to state that the city had a contract with the town. Dawlington thought this a morbid little tidbit to know about his present destination, but nonetheless he boarded the train.

For a first business venture, events could not have gone any more smoothly or quickly than they did with Dawlington and Mangely Strade Meats. In no less than two hours after disembarking from the train in the village, he had concluded all his business with Mr. Strade, the owner and manager of the processing plant. In fact, Dawlington had sold quite a large bill of goods in a very short time. Then, since the town offered virtually nothing else on which to spend his time, he returned to the small train depot and purchased his return fare. All had gone more than splendidly and now his evening's dinner would make for a great end to a great day.

On boarding the train, Dawlington reflected on his earlier departure that morning and subsequently the curiosity of the long wooden boxes. In fact, he had almost totally forgotten what the ticket seller had told him. Yet now after visiting Enigma, one

could easily see why the city had a contract with the town concerning the burial of paupers and the like. The village, as it seemed, was not much more than a crossroads with a name, yet there had been a store and a couple of shops. Of course there had also been the factory. The place subsisted in what must have been the most empty, forlorn countryside. The town obviously must have developed around the establishment of the factory. Yet, for a town that handles what must be a large number of dead bodies, Dawlington considered that he had failed to notice any large cemetery. In fact, it would have seemed especially efficient and convenient to have established it near the train depot. Of course this might have been unsightly and unseemly for the train's passengers. Still, the cemetery must be somewhere nearby.

"Porter," he called. Being familiar with the train's stops and such, the porter would surely know the site of this potter's field, figured Dawlington. "Porter, excuse me, but is not this the town that has a contract with the city to handle its unclaimed dead?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man easily.

"Well," Dawlington continued, "where is the graveyard around here where they are buried? I don't seem to have noticed any nearabouts."

"Sir, they aren't buried in a graveyard."

"Excuse me?" Dawlington was puzzled.

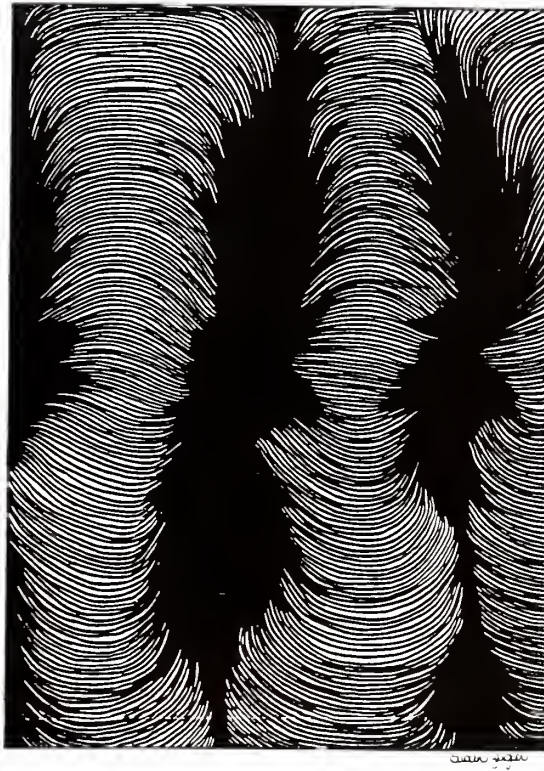
"Yes, sir, the bodies are disposed of in that factory over there," he said as he pointed.

"What?" Dawlington felt especially confused. "What factory? Surely you are not referring to Mangely Strade Meat Co."

"I don't know anything about a 'meat company' but yes, Strade is the man that owns and runs the place. They say," continued the porter, undaunted, "that the city helped Strade construct the place out here so that dead paupers could be processed and disposed of more efficiently. They didn't want to contaminate local water with a bunch of buried corpses. Now if you'll excuse me, sir."

The porter walked away. Richard Dawlington's dinner had been ruined.

Now Dawlington had related this "story" to me that day after we had consumed a number of drinks. Then, as now, I had considered his tale an extraordinarily entertaining one and had thus so complimented him. Laughing lightly, he had downed the last of his drink and bid me farewell. As I say, this has been quite a few years ago and subsequently I hadn't heard anything of him, until recently. The evening before last I received an unusual call from the coroner's office on Sticks River Road. The man said that a Mr. Richard S. Dawlington had died and that I had been named as his next of kin. Now since we had both gone to a state orphanage school, I can see why Dawlington had named me as his next of kin. Yet why he should have them give me charge of his body and burial, I shall never know!



Tornadic Winds, Susan Zeigler Alves, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

INCOMPETENCE

Steve Summerlin, College Transfer

Fear, an awesome, overpowering fear grew inside him. It knotted his stomach. It caught his throat. It paralyzed him as it crept up his spine.

He had grown accustomed to it now. In the beginning, when it first started, it would make him sick. He would convulse and regurgitate. That's how strong it was. He was able to hold back now; I guess you get used to anything in time.

How did it start? He remembered it all. First it was his smoking. Next it was his hair. These were small things to overcome. No problem. As time went by, the small things started to add up. She was never satisfied. He chewed his gum too loudly. He drove his car wrong. He did not shave close enough, and the list grew from there.

So naturally, one thing at a time he changed, until he was completely made over. Seven months before, you would not have believed he could have been so different. Love is a very powerful and effective drug. It can also be a weapon for those who can control it. This is just what she was best at.

She could seem cruel and heartless at times. This was just a wall, put up for protection. Underneath she was as bright and warm as the sun. She had been hurt, so she didn't let herself shine through too often. She knew he loved her. He had to. He had passed every test she had put on him. He was becoming the person she wanted, sometimes reluctantly, but nevertheless, she always broke him. He had done most of this beneath the cold shadow of her wall, so she trusted him when he told her he loved her.

Once in a while, though, she had let her tenderness shine through to accomplish a certain goal. She enjoyed doing this; she knew it gave him hope when he was in doubt. Usually it was something she wanted that he was a little more rebellious against, so she had to give a little encouragement. She had put a lot of work into him, but she still wasn't quite finished.

He had changed in every way she put before him. He was confused most of the time, but his will to have her love him led him blindly through it all.

Sometimes he wondered if she would ever be happy with him. Just when he got the most discouraged, she would open up and make him happy. He knew how afraid she was of openness so he appreciated this. After a couple of weeks, though, she would shut back up again, and he would be left feeling cold and lonely.

He would try to get her to open back up to him. She would respond with anger, or sometimes, this deathly silence that filled him with dread. It was times like this that he feared he had lost her.

At these times he would just tell her of his love and hold her close. But now she had asked him to stop even this. The pain it put him through to cut off his emotions was almost unbearable. It was all he had left of his old self, and now he must let that go, or risk losing her. Sometimes he doubted his own sanity; at others, hers. He knew, though, insane as it was, he would have her love one day. He wasn't giving up, not now.

She had one last test for him. He must now utterly and completely lose himself for her. If he proved able to do this, then she could allow herself to love him. For then, and only then, would he have proven himself totally dedicated to her. She had faith in him, but she had to be completely sure. This final test, if passed, would fully open her heart to him. After this was over, she would allow him to be himself once again.

He didn't know if he could withstand the fear. She had made clear what she wanted, and he knew how angry she got when disappointed. It was her way or no way. How could he just turn off his emotions? How could he not show how he felt? It was all building up inside him, ready to explode. Bang!.... The gun fell to the floor. He had done what she asked. He would never show his feelings again. Would she love him now?



Superhero, Anthony Bryant, Recreational Grounds Management



Marantha Plant, Kerrie Hughes-Gilbert, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class

ALL MY LIFE

All my life I've been hurt
And treated like dirt.
All my life I've looked down on myself;
Therefore my feelings were put on a shelf.
All my life I've had to be strong
So nothing would go wrong.
All my life I've been lied to
And told what and what not to do.
All my life I've been verbally abused,
And I'm confused.

*Rebecca Brewer
Marketing and Retailing*

TWILIGHT

Moon sliver
Evening star
First night blue
Last sunset glow
Tree silhouettes
Winter horizon

Each heart pauses
Trembling
In solitary mood
Despair
Resignation
Fear
or
Gratitude
Anticipation
Peace

Rosalyn Lomax
English Instructor

LONELY

The sun drops low and disappears,
The day draws to a close.
I watch and in the stillness
The mantle of loneliness grows.

Like a blanket around me,
Deep and quiet and still,
My loneliness enfolds me,
Bends me to its will.

I know that you are far away
And yet you seem so near.
I reach out to touch your hand
Or listen your voice to hear.

This is the quiet time of evening,
The time when I'm alone.
I watch the growing darkness
And wish that you were home.

Dot Elledge
Director, Library Services



WINTER

Mike Syverson, College Transfer

CASTLES OF TIME

Oh timeless ocean
with your fierce raging tide
You've heard laughter from the lips of youth
and watched lives shatter
while the heavens cried.

Upon your infinite sands
and glistening shore
I contemplate the hands of time
and what will be forevermore.

At three I frolicked in your sands
and raced upon your dunes.
At four and five I built castles
and at six
walked hand in hand with my daddy
and looked from you to the moon.

As years passed by
life's questions grew with time.
Waves pounded
while the sand castles washed away.
I looked for answers in you
as you splashed upon the sand
and soon it wasn't with Daddy
that I was walking hand in hand.

You are a place to run to
when troubles come my way;
Your peacefulness leads us all
when we're too old to play.

I now build dreams instead of castles
as I run beside the sea.
You're the one who's always home
You're the one who always listens to me.

But you, ocean,
unlike me will never grow old and wrinkled with time.
You'll stay young and vibrant and beautiful
You'll watch them walking hand in hand
instead of his in mine.

And when I'm old and wrinkled
I'll think about when I was four
and frolicked and played in your sand dunes
and built castles on your shore.

Time fades . . .
and someday ocean,
I'll come back to rebuild those castles
your waves so long ago washed away.
I'll build them into dreams come true
For life and dreams will endure
as I see upon gazing at you.

*Maggie Minchew
College Transfer*

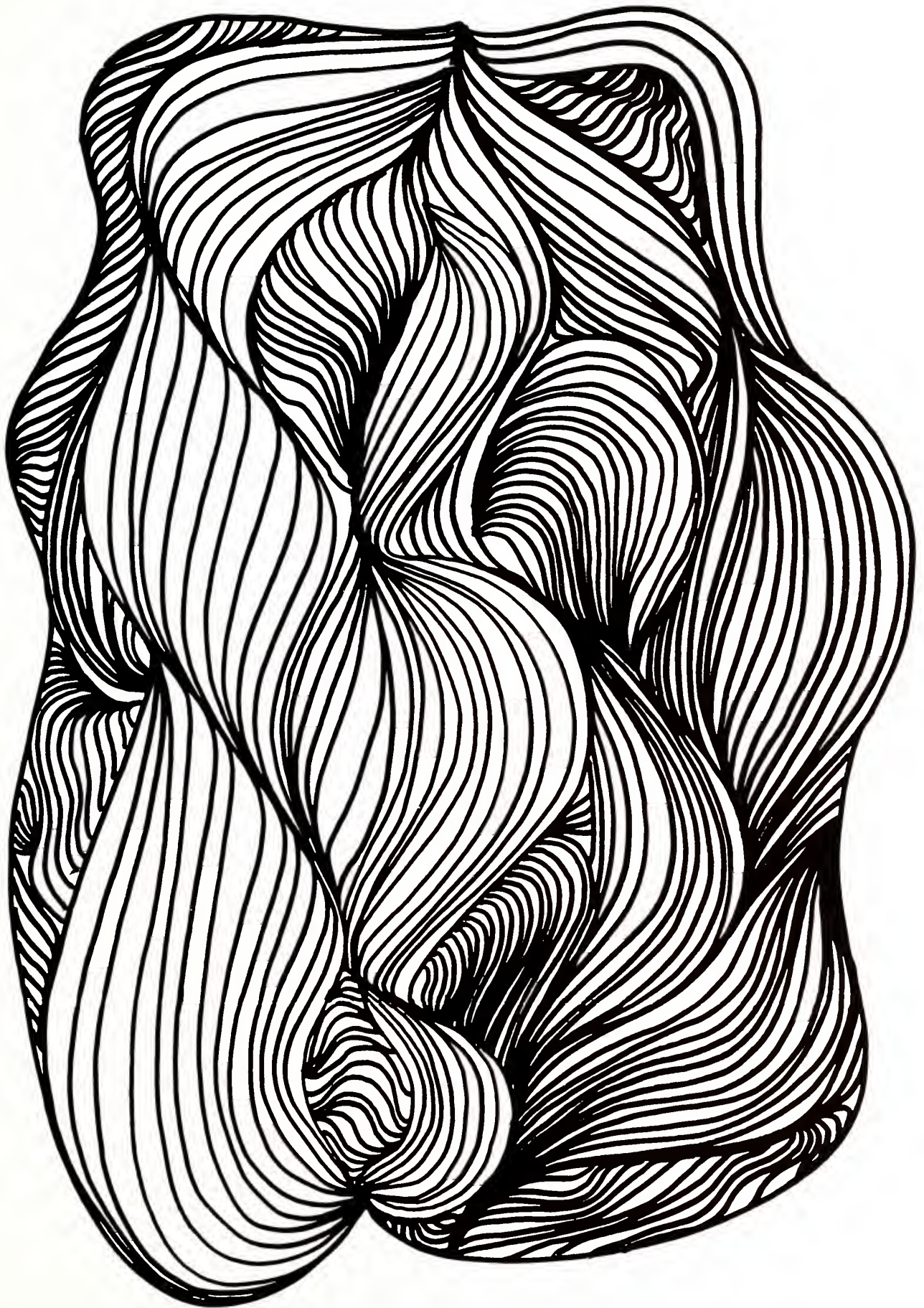
PRECIOUS BEGINNER

for my daughter:

The little girl who opened my eyes
To a new world to my surprise
This angel of love, this masquerade of me
This was all just the beginning for me.

Through the years, and through the tears
we grew together and made things better
Your undying love, like a dove from above.
It grows in my heart each time I think of you.

*Bill Reboli
Human Services Technology*



Untitled, Debbie Hughes, College Transfer

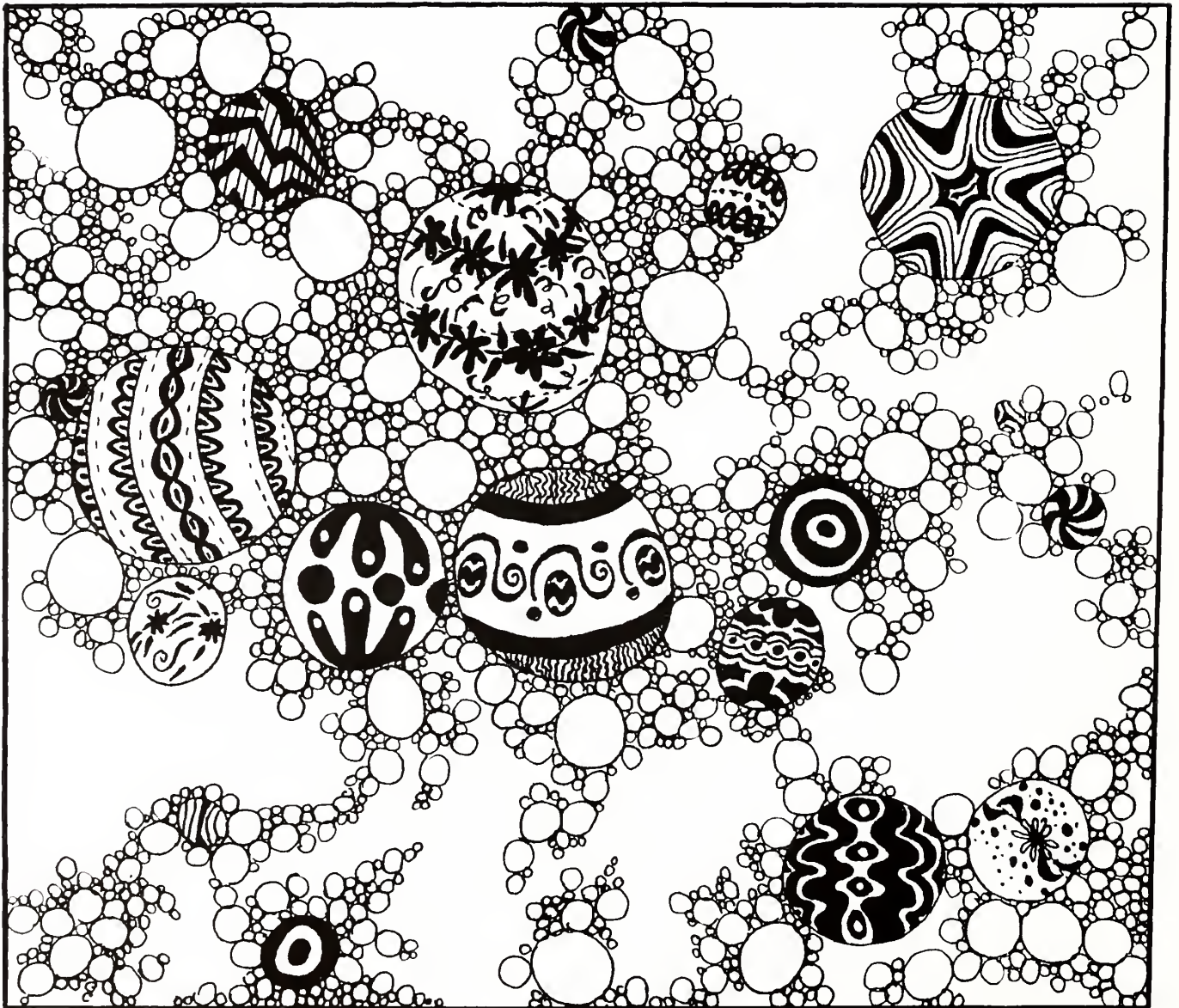
IGNORANCE

Ignorance is an ant.
It is small and stupid
and it bites at the ankle of intelligence,
which crushes it underfoot,
grinding its miserable
microscopic corpse into nothing but
a bit of dust and innard
which is only noticed by
another ant passing by
who insists on biting, even
though he knows his
dismal fate will soon
be met.

It's sad, really.

There are just so many ants.

John Brantly



Kathi Edwards

Pen and Ink, *Kathi Edwards, College Transfer*

THE BEAUTY SHOP

Lynn G. Ester, College Transfer

For centuries men and women all over the world have been trying to do something with their hair. Either it is too long, too short, too dark, too light, too curly, or too straight. We have powdered, greased, bobbed, braided, bleached, ironed, teased, curled, straightened, and dyed our hair. Whenever we have felt the need for a change of style, there have been professional hairdressers to help us out both physically and mentally.

Teenage boys constantly worry about their hair style and want to be a clone of their peers. Older gentlemen start worrying about going bald as soon as they find one hair in the bathroom sink.

While men are quickly catching up with the ladies, beauty shops and styling saions far outnumber barber shops. Some of these establishments cater to both men and women; however, the ladies account for most of the profit. Very few men will endure the feminine mystique that is generated in a beauty shop.

As soon as you walk in the door a certain heavy, ammonia-like odor hits your nostrils. The air is thick with the smell of permanent wave solution, which burns your eyes. There is a cloud of hair spray surrounding each beautician's station. This cloud of hair spray fills your lungs with a sticky, smelly sweetness. It is easy to see how these sprays are destroying the ozone.

About midway the shop, there is always a lone cigarette smoker. The putrid smell of sulfur fills the air as she strikes her match to light the end of her Virginia Slim. A thin column of blue-gray smoke rises to the ceiling. The smoke hovers for a few seconds before it descends and becomes mixed with the sweet bouquet of hair spray and lotions.

The decor of a beauty shop is designed to appeal to the female client. Pretty pink floral wallpaper covers the walls. Mirrors and pictures of carefully coiffured female heads adorn the front desk or checkout area. The cubicles, or stations, center around a big, pink, overstuffed swivel chair. This chair usually seats a hapless victim. The back of the salon houses more overstuffed pink chairs holding hair dryers. These huge plastic bubbles billow out hot, dry air until the client is red faced and cooked to medium rare. A Coke machine stands by in the corner to soothe parched throats.

Men who endure the sound of a jackhammer digging up asphalt all week cannot contain their frustration in a beauty shop. The constant whirring of the dryers, the buzzing of an occasional razor, and the continuous chatter of the female voice can set a man's teeth on edge. Men who talk nonstop about Monday night football, Saturday night baseball, and Sunday afternoon basketball cannot sit still for five minutes of The Lifetime Channel. Men's jaws become clenched and their eyes become glazed as the small talk turns to important matters of diet, diapers, and depression.

The female clientele become a collective group as their hair is permed and preened. The brunettes, redheads, blondes, grays, and bleached heads will nod in unison and sympathy as one head tells the other about forty-eight hours of long, hard, life-threatening labor and childbirth. Blue eyes, green eyes, gray eyes, and brown eyes, all will shed a small tear of sympathy at the news of a separation or divorce. All heads will shake in disbelief at the news that "he" found a better person than you. They will shake vigorously in agreement that "he" deserves the wrath of God; Hell's fiery flames would not be enough punishment for this man after what he has done to you.

While most of us go to these establishments to get our hair styled, some might frequent these places to give their psyche a lift. Years ago, women used to share their burdens, ideas, and beliefs over a second cup of coffee in the morning. Today's woman is too busy making a living to be so indulgent. Instead, she takes her break in a big, pink, overstuffed swivel chair for a few minutes of sharing and caring with her sisters. She knows that the person behind the chair isn't going anywhere until she is paid for services rendered.

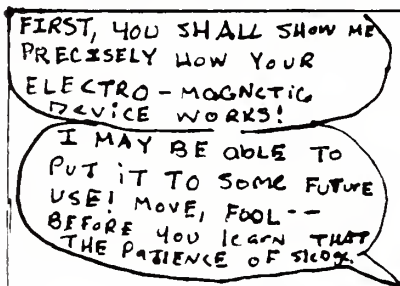
SLEDGE

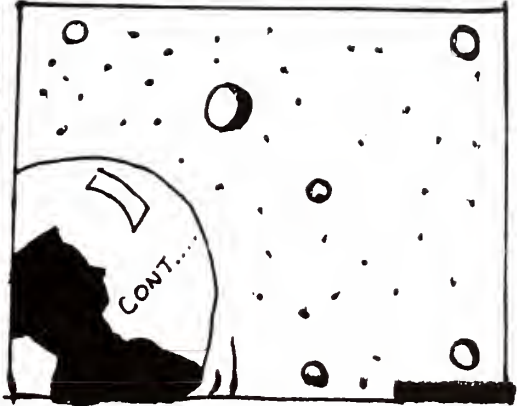
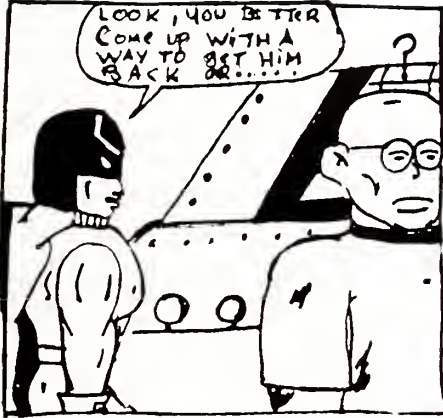
Anthony Bryant, Recreational Grounds Management

Episode:1

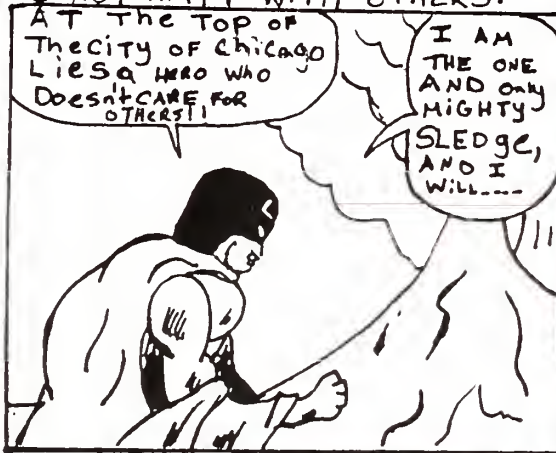
SLEDGE ©

BY ANTHONY BRYANT





FROM THE CITY OF CHICAGO, THERE IS A HERO WHO IS NOT HAPPY WITH OTHERS.

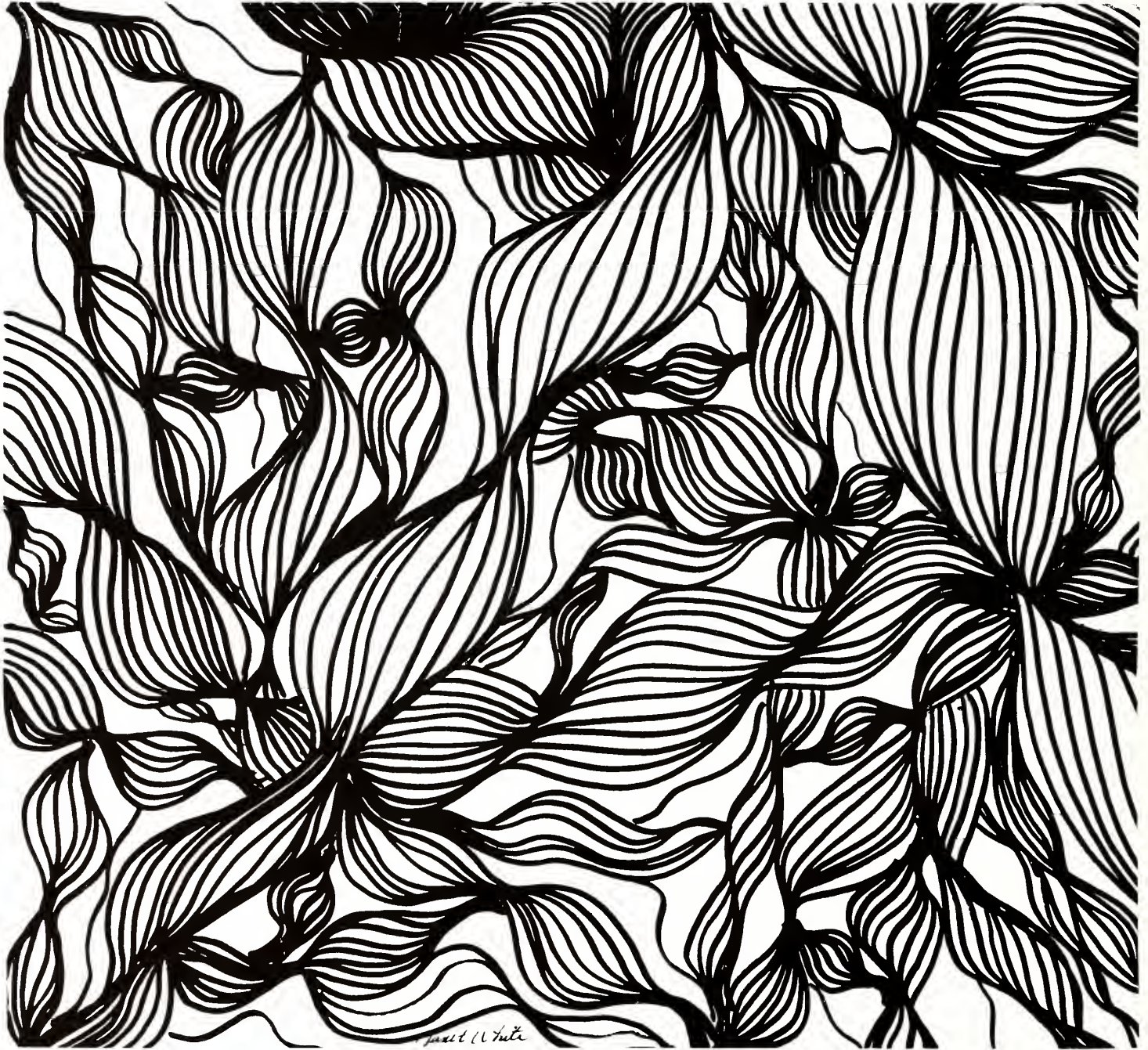


NEXT: THE CONCLUSION WEEK

METAPHOR WITH SIMILE

A beach, a bitch, a banquet;
A stopping by the woods on a snowy evening.
A footpath, a foot race, a horse race,
A bowl of cherries; the pits.
A gamble, a ball, a joke:
Sweet memories,
like grains of sand through the hourglass eye.

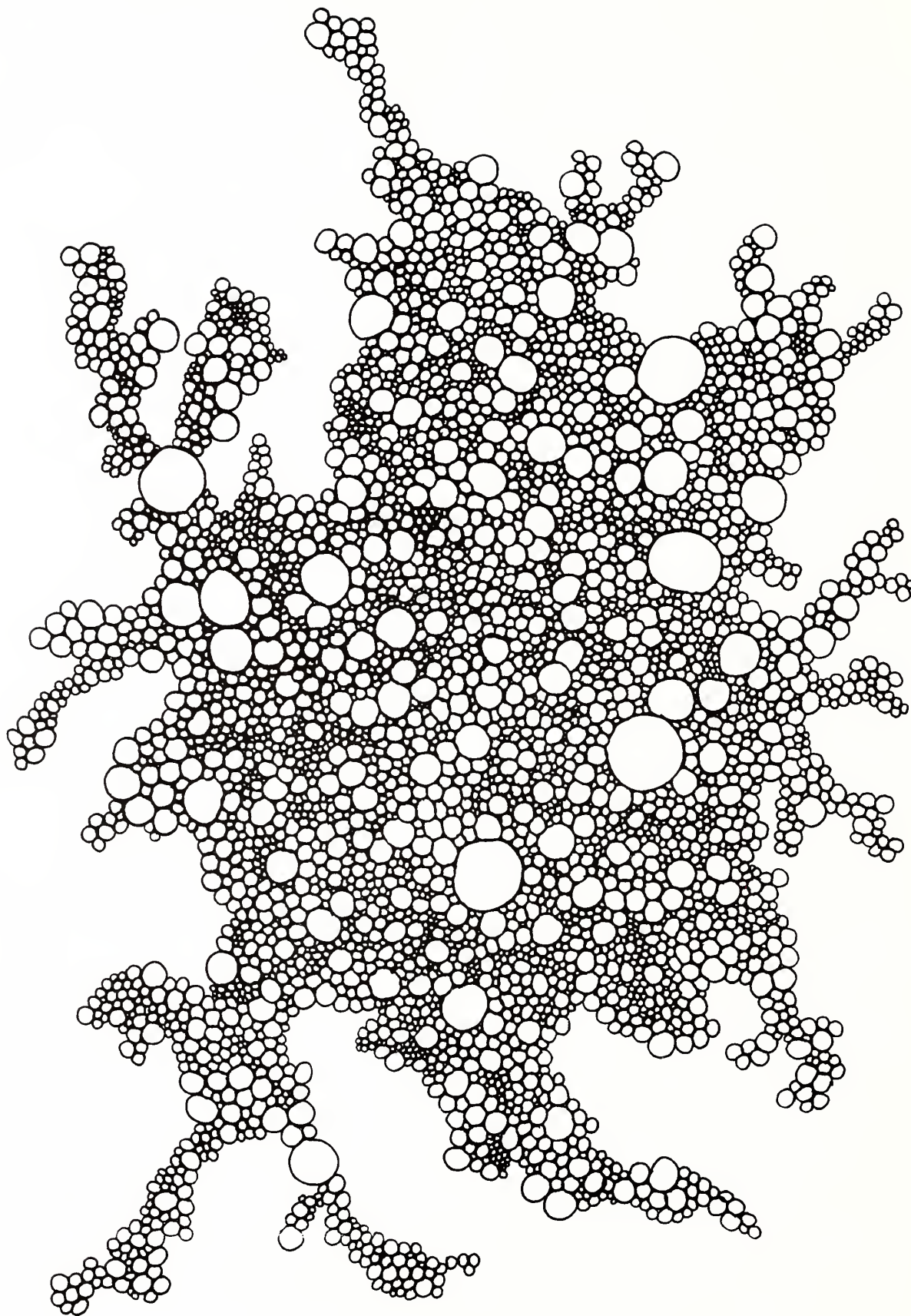
*Kathleen Crews
College Transfer*



Leaves, Janet White, College Transfer



Sweet Petunias, Peggy Griswold, Special Studies



Dana Turley

Splat, Dana Turley, College Transfer

