

ORPHEUS

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Orpheus
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The Lyre of Orpheus Placed Among the Stars
Drawing by Eduard von Engerth (1818-1897)

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All submissions to Orpheus must be typed and must contain the following information: name, phone number, local address, class, major, and hometown of the writer/artist. All artwork and photographs should be submitted in camera-ready black and white.

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Front Cover Image, “Through the Eyes of a Student, no. 1” by Clarise Wheat
Back Cover Image, “Study of a Statue” by Tristan Roy

Preface

From the Faculty and Student Editors

FATHER. One day it would not stop raining.
I heard your name inside the rain – somewhere
between the drops – I saw falling letters. Each letter of
your name – I began to translate.
E – I remembered elephants. U – I remembered ulcers
and under. R – I remembered reindeers. I saw them
putting their black noses into snow. Y – youth and
yellow. D – dog, dig, daughter, day. Time poured into
my head. The days of the week. Hours, months....
~ *Eurydice*
(Scene 1, Second Movement), by Sarah Ruhl

This year's volume of *Orpheus* is a collection of poetry, narrative, and artwork that we believe presents an array of artistic perspectives from our current students here at Lindsey Wilson College. We're also thrilled about the number of new voices who have lent their creative endeavors to this year's edition of the journal as well. Our hope is that within the following pages you find text and imagery to inspire your own associations, ideas, and feelings.

Stale, Fresh

Charlotte Archey

Mystery wrapped in the faint smell of coffee
Observant eyes and hidden smiles
Pages of poems and stained notes
Scraps of paper left behind
A modern trail of crumbs

Fields of grass and uncombed hair
Flora and fauna known and named
Soaking in the harsh rays escaped
between scattered branches
Skips and hops turn to trails
turn to sunsets
turn to rosy cheeks
and the remnants of light in my skin

Midnight bus rides in denim
Searching for the best view
Swaying to the music
Laughing with newfound friends already making plans to meet again
memories of flashing lights against the sky
and the twinkle that found its home in my eyes

Pieces of me that reside
breathing stale in others' eyes
and memories that when looking back
reflect the changing of the person I am
and reveal to who I may become
A dynamic soul on a one-way track
Oh, behold the train that cannot stop
the many lives we live each day.

The Blind Leader

Hunter Reading

Cold shoulders mean
You're insincerely deemed
A worthless presence
And praise to the victim,
When you made them one,
To cover your tail from
Your true identity

It's all just a game
To keep your reputation
Above the next person's place
And when you lose sight
Of your worth and reason why
The vultures manipulate, deceive, and lie
Don't trust the blind leader

The circus comes to town
And everyone around
Is in awe of the ringleader
But the elephants are mistreated
And the workers deprived of nutrition
It's surprising the show goes on
but again,
They have no choice when
Dependency lies in a blind leader
The blind leading the blind
That, you know, is always worse
It swipes, and swipes, and swipes away
It's a losing battle without remorse
You tell it to stop, and it just goes on
But, who has hope in adversity?
You tell yourself to resist and go
Yet you just give in like a willow tree

Madame La Conteur

Trista Duncan

There was no one alive who was as ugly and indecent as Madam Adeline La Conteur. She was from a wealthy family that lived in an old mansion on the outskirts of France. There was nothing in the surrounding area except a cliff that dropped down into the dangerously beautiful North Sea.

The Madame's family had died in a fire more than thirty years ago. The flames took three days to put out. Adeline's parents, siblings, and other immediate family did not survive. The burning embers were said to have scarred her permanently, ruining the once perfect and beautiful face she once had. There were many hushed whisperings that La Conteur had started the fire with intentions to kill her family, but no one could prove it.

Today as she walked through town her face was wrinkled and deformed. Her cheeks had deep scar tissue. Her nose was crooked and had a boil on the end. She always wore black which made her green eyes stick out just a little. She had an unpleasant voice that could make any man's skin crawl and a foul odor that carried her wherever she went.

The Madame had only gone into town for parchment and ink as she did every Saturday afternoon. She was the reason the small shop managed to stay in business. Ten quills, thirty pieces of parchment, and six bottles of ink almost didn't seem like enough for her six children that were patiently waiting for her to return home. Though the Madame had adopted the children, everyone believed that Adeline had birthed them herself. The children were hardly ever seen and were believed to be cursed with the gifts of Satan. If the town had known any better, they would have written a horror novel about the Madame and her six illegitimate children. However, the language skills required for such a story had never been developed. Every book that had been written up to today was full of poorly written facts with pages and pages of evidence in the form of calculations and observations. There was no such thing as reading for pure enjoyment in any part of the world. Madame thought for a moment that she should buy more but thought better of it. Instead, the Madame gave the shopkeeper her payment in francs and never said a word. Adeline returned home an hour later. The mansion looked the same as it always had. Deep dark purple shutters with a grey exterior. The flowers were in bloom, and you could almost make out the cliff a couple miles behind the house. All the children would be inside until Madame returned. The windows were open to let in a slight breeze. The royal blue curtains flowed behind Lyle, the oldest of the six, as he stood in the window on the second-floor landing. He smiled when her small shape came into view and ran down the wooden stairs to tell the others. In the foyer, most of them sat at their desks writing beautiful stories. The town had only ever gotten one rumor correct; the children were gifted with a power that none of them understood. It was these six small children that had a gift for storytelling. La Conteur's mansion was filled with pages and pages of erotic tales that only the seven of them had ever enjoyed.

Lyle was quite handsome and was twelve years old. The other children looked up to him. He was the leader and protector of the house. He had a hard face as if he had lived beyond his years. He was gifted in the action of a story. He wrote of knights and heroes that would go off to war to never return. He loved pirates and adventure. He was quite sweet especially to his sister Liana whom he never let out of his sight for more than a moment.

Liana was six years old and clever as ever. She had deep brown hair that went down the whole of her back. She liked to dress in clothes that were deep purples and blues. She was gifted in all things with the heart. She wrote of death and unrequited love better than anyone alive. Her words could bring a man to tears and the Madame often read her stories privately. Talon and Travis were seven and identical twins. They loved to argue as young boys often do. Their favorite place was the garden where they would often roll around in mud. It had become an ongoing joke that one day their blond hair would turn into a deep brown like their eyes. Talon was gifted with the ability to describe a scene. He could capture everything within a moment and make it beautiful, even the ugliest of things. Meanwhile, Travis wrote of boyhood and coming of age. Mavis was eight years old with jet black hair and green eyes. She was quiet and stayed to herself most of the time, but she was wicked smart and a walking dictionary and thesaurus. She was the grammar police and it often got on everyone's nerves. She spoke many languages and could keep up with any informational text in any dialect. Vivienne was a poet. She specialized in rhymes and rhythms. She could sing too, beautifully.

Together they wrote of adventures that anyone could dream of having. Madame Conteur was extremely proud of them with every page they wrote. Each one became more and more exquisite that it became a divinity. Their scripts became more sacred than any book of God. Conteur wished that one day her children would get the credit they deserved. She knew they wouldn't however, due to her own relationship with the town. It made her sad to see the children grow older only to never leave the mansion property. The town would scrutinize them.

Meanwhile, in a tavern miles away a man was drinking heavily. Lyle had been his son, though his wife didn't know it. La Conteur offered his mistress money to take the boy and the Monsieur had never gotten to say goodbye. He regretted missing the birth. If only he had had the courage to leave his wife and marry the mistress but that would have been unheard of. It would have given him a reputation as an ungodly man; a laughingstock. The rumors that the Madame had cursed his son pained him to the core. Regret was a terrible thing, and it was that night the man had decided to kidnap his son, cursed or not.

He left the tavern with little daylight left. His walk was sluggish, and his right foot dragged part of the way. He had a small dagger in his left pocket that he had intentions to kill the Madame la Conteur with. No one would know and his wife would be glad to have a son, at least he hoped. He would tell everyone that he was a distant nephew in need of a home. No one would ever question it. His mind had spun with a million thoughts when he finally arrived at the mansion.

Lyle had heard him coming and like the men he wrote about, he prepared to fight the intruder. Liana had seen him too and handed Lyle the largest knife from the kitchen. The rest of the children were in their rooms along with Madame Adeline. Lyle took the knife and told Liana to wake the others. She went running through the halls and knocked on every door. One by one the children awoke and came to back up the oldest boy. The man walked in blindly not expecting the children. Lyle struck him first in the arm. The man had screamed and in a moment of terror killed his son. It wasn't long after that the man had realized what he had done and bent down to hold his son. The man sobbed. That was when Liana walked in and screamed. The Madame had heard the scream and knew something was horribly wrong. She went out her bedroom door and ran towards the front of the house.

The man taken over by guilt, had just finished killing the other children when the Madame had arrived on the scene. The Madame was angry and released a terrifying shriek that could be heard for miles. The doors slammed shut and the windows broke. Clouds began to stir outside as lightning struck in every direction. The man dropped his bloodied dagger and snarled. The Madame grabbed him by the ear as a mother would do to a small child and dragged him outside in the pouring rain. Her demeanor had changed, and her face turned beautiful. She had vibrant curly red hair and black eyes. Her face had no wrinkles or imperfections and was as soft as a baby's butt. Her voice was no longer painful to hear but was pleasant. That night she cursed the man with immortality. He was to live his life without comfort. No food could nourish him, and no lover could please him. He lived for the mere purpose of spreading every word and every story that the six children had written to the world. He was to leave no small town or village out. Only then, when the people had gained the ability to tell stories would he be able to indulge in the sweet delicacies of life. And so, the man left his home with every page, even those that were unfinished. Every night he would read the ones written by his son and would weep. Eventually, it had almost been like he knew the six children and everyone in the world had gained the ability to tell stories. The man died at five thousand eight hundred years old. He had forgotten how to rest and be at ease in his lifetime that upon his death he became a spirit of good fortune. He would creep into the minds of writers and give them beautiful ideas in hopes that someday, a piece would be written that would be as divine as the ones his son had once written. He had become the curse of Madame Adeline La Conteur.

Devotion
Catherine Overshiner



Genesis 2:22

Anna Dangelmaier

I step out of the shower onto the tile floor
Cold water droplets slither down my body into pools around my feet I
begin to trace my wrinkled fingertips down my torso
Each of them diving through the grooves in between my ribs,
As I try to decide which one belongs to Adam.

Which of these bones is at fault for the burden I seem to bestow?
When I speak up in a room full of my male counterparts,
Only to be faced with their blank stares
When I'm made to feel less than for my victories,
Because they're said to be easily accomplished by my opposites. I
throw, run, fight, and cry like a girl

I stop tracing and begin to dig
My fingernails peeling back the outer layer of my skin
Deeper and deeper until I find what it is that I owe him
Which of these bones is to credit for the roles I've been given? Host body,
Property,
Object,
Bitch.

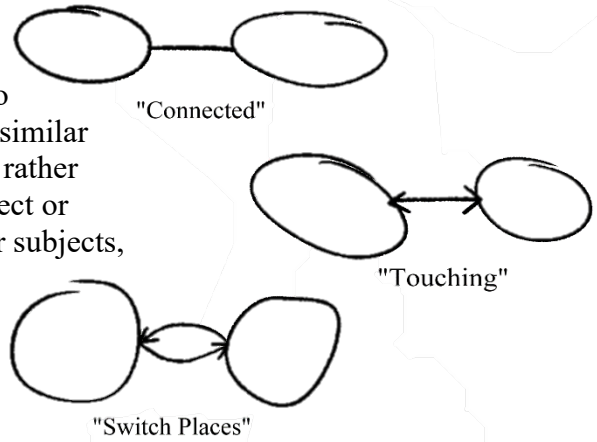
As I pick and pull, a feeling of liberation floods my conscience
Knowing that I have nothing left to give.
I bid farewell to Adam and the tie between us
And collapse to the floor.
Lying in a bed of my bones, my body soaked in blood,
It's in this moment that I realize I have never felt more free.

The Dravian Dialect

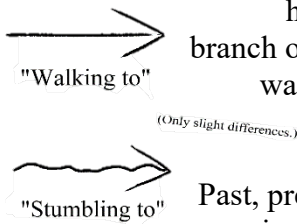
Gabe Redford

The Dravian language wasn't used in a written form for many years. This was due to the fact that most people who lived through any history changing events were still alive to tell those stories. (I am still unsure of what their average lifespan is, since very few of them have ever died from natural causes.) Their language consisted of image-based characters, as opposed to our twenty-six lettered alphabet. The need to have a more established language rose up once the last remaining survivors had their new civilization set up after the majority of their world was taken over. Dravia's language still consisted of hieroglyphic-type characters, but once it was altered by the survivors, they had made improvements, such as past and future tense, as well as conjunctions. Despite these enhancements, the written language was still limited mostly to lists and notes that were meant only for the initial author. It was not in any state to document great historic events.

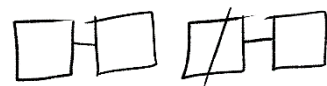
With the characters being based around images rather than individual letters, the lines were much shorter when writing. In the first variant of the language, every character was read as its own sentence. The drawback to this style was evident when certain symbols looked too similar to one another. The way sentence structure worked was rather simplistic. There would be a shape to represent the subject or subjects, and some type of line to illustrate the verb. For subjects, a circle would represent a person, a square would be an object, and a triangle would be an animal. Other shapes were used by certain authors, but after some studying, they turned out to be a handwriting style rather than a new



branch of the language. The line showing the verb was where most misinterpretation sprang from. Since there are only so many ways in which one can draw a line, not every action was communicated properly.



Past, present, and future tense, something added in the recreation of the language, was simply indicated by an arrow to the right or left. Past and future tense were shown by a right or left arrow respectively. No arrow was used if the writing was present tense. The fact that past tense was represented by a right arrow supports the belief that Dravians read from right to left, but it can't be confirmed whether that claim is true or not.



"They are connected, but one is damaged."

There have already been mentions of the second variant of the language adding conjunctions, but that was more so done by adding punctuation.

There was no punctuation of any kind in the original variant. The only punctuation added was a period, but not in the form we're used to. Instead of being a subtle dot at the end of a sentence, the Dravian period was shown as " | ". Similar to a capital I, but long enough to go above and below the characters. This period was also meant to be written in between each individual character, since each one was its

own sentence. The exception to this came in the form of the aforementioned conjunctions. The new version intends for readers to use “and,” “but,” or “or” between every character in one sentence. Context clues are used to determine which conjunction fits the best.

(Also take note that there are no synonyms in the Dravian language. They have one word to describe one thing. It’s as simple as that.)

If there was ever a proper noun to be represented, there were two ways to depict it. If the proper noun in question was a place or an object, there would be a unique symbol that, more often than not, was a crudely drawn version of the place or thing. This caused some confusion when writing about places or objects that looked similar. Much like how the rest of the issues with the language were dealt with, one simply had to use context clues to understand who or what they were reading about.

If it were a person, however, the Dravians used sentences to write one’s name. This didn’t mean the person they were referring to was ever called by that name out loud, but rather, it was an identifier if they were ever written about. (It’s also worth noting that the oral Dravian language has no “K” or “J” sounds, as well as an excessive amount of “X” and “Z.” This is most noticeable in the names of many Dravians.)

Since proper nouns were difficult to understand, they were scarcely used. As a result of the lack of proper nouns, reading about specific people or things was made much harder. This led to the new written form of this strange dialect to be utilized much less than it could have been, much like its predecessor.

Something New
Cherica Mitchell



Serenity Park's Angel

Avery Herring

Serenity Park was the designated burial ground for the small-town residents of New Harmony, Indiana. For just over a hundred years, it comforted the sorrowed masses that visited as they laid their beloved to rest. But because of the leisurely decline of the grounds due to lack of care, all that was left was a collection of crumbling gravestones, their names barely legible. A few patches of scraggly, dead grass scattered the nearly frozen ground along with a few looming, deciduous trees. And a single porcelain statue of a guardian angel sat perfectly in the center, contrasting against the gloom of the eternal dusk set on the graveyard's landscape. Although her head and body remained mostly intact, her arms had been taken. They were left in varying lengths of each other, vandalized by local teens looking for trouble. Her glossy eyes that were painted a pure white, however, never failed to bear witness to every event that took place in front of her. She would stare blankly ahead, watching as individuals gathered around the stone heads covered in a layer of weathered grime, offering her silent condolences as they begrudgingly wiped their tears and trailed off into the fog. She envied their lives. Although dreary and morose at her first glance, she longed to walk the Earth with them again. She wished to punish them for locking her in the cemented prison. The celestial being frozen in stone, once gracious and holy, had become sinister and devious with growing rage of their misdemeanor. She remains motionless, however, as she continues to watch over her visitors and forever plan her escape with a deep frown carved onto her face.

Tonight though, a couple stumbled into the courtyard, their giggles echoing in the still, chilly October air. One of them, a man, tripped slightly. His hand grasped onto the angel's shoulder for balance. She rocked back and forth under his weight, the overgrown roots underneath her feet shifting as he wrapped his arm around the woman accompanying him. "I think this is as good a spot as any." He whispered, gesturing to the gravestone next to them. He removed his hand from the angel's roughened surface and used it to dust off the top of it before bowing his head, graciously offering the seat to his companion. She perched herself on its edge, pulling him in close and pressing her lips to his. But only a few moments passed before her eyes fluttered open, landing on the statue looming over them.

"Henry." She pressed the palm of her hand against his chest, gently pushing him away. "Can we...go somewhere else?"

"What?" He mumbled, the tip of his nose brightening to a soft blush from the cool temperature. "You were the one who suggested this place."

Her face reddened, somewhat embarrassed. "I know, but I-" Her voice trailed off as she gazed up at the angel's prominently frowned expression scratched with natural deterioration. "She's...watching."

Henry let out a little chuckle as he stood, pinching his chin between his thumb and index finger as he inspected the statue. "It's not like she's going to come to life, Lilly." His eyes

narrowed as he noted the slight lean she exhibited with the little force he used to push her. "It's just an old statue. She's barely standing, anyways."

"*Henry.*" A voice called to him eerily. To Henry, it felt as if the voice belonged to someone standing right beside him. But by the look of Lilly's concerned face as she watched him blink confusedly, listening to the corrupted and compelling utterance, he knew she couldn't hear it.

"Are you okay?" Lilly stepped towards the entranced man, reaching her arm out to rest it on his shoulder. As if the touch brought him back to the land of the living, his head snapped towards her with eyes widened.

"Uh, yeah. Yeah, I'm good." But his tone wasn't convincing. She cautiously watched as he tottered to the left, pushing himself off the angel. Something had taken over him. Something *evil*.

He struggled to walk away, groaning in pain as he limped through the fallen leaves. He pressed his fingers into his temples, battling the voice that grew stronger in his mind. Each step, growing more arduous in effort, felt as if chains were attached to his ankles. "*Henry.*" The voice hissed against his ear.

Lilly's body trembled in fear as she watched his mind become prisoner to the angel's whispered ordinances. Her questions as to why, however, remained unanswered. "Henry?" Her voice choked out as she stretched her arm out towards his shaky shoulder. He had stopped moving forward, but his labored convulsions didn't diminish. With this touch, his body stilled. He slowly turned towards her, revealing a malevolent grin spread across his face. His eyes, once a sparkling, ocean blue, had darkened to a demonic black. To Lilly, he was no longer recognizable. He was an entirely different being as he stared down at her ominously.

The devilish stare that seemed to bore into Lilly's soul caused her to stumble backwards. Upon impact, she scraped her feet against the cold dirt, pushing herself in the opposite direction of him. He cocked his head slightly at her desperate attempt of escape before springing forward to latch onto her wrists. She writhed underneath his weight, a deafening scream piercing the purple, dusk skyline. One of his hands reached up and wrapped itself around her throat. He squeezed his fingers together, closing her airway and raising his other hand to reveal a dense rock. She clawed at his wrists, marking him with scratches up to his shoulders. Nothing she could do could delay the crash against her skull as he brought the rock down with maximum force. The sound of stone bashing bone echoed against the trees dispersed throughout the graveyard as he repeatedly pounded the rock.

"*A satisfying feat,*" The angel cooed once she was content with the result, "*I am proud of you, child. But the job is not finished.*" As Henry stood, with shaky hands covered in Lilly's fresh blood and quiet tears streaming down his face, an eerie image of himself wailing in agony as he pushes her over, tearing up what was left of her roots, burned into his brain. A series of events ending in cement shards scattered around a freshly vacant body

was her malicious idea of freedom. But Henry was unaccepting of the idea of being a pawn in her fiendish game. Inside, he was racked with sobs. He wanted to slump over Lilly's corpse, caress her blood-stained cheek, and plead with God to forgive him. On the outside, though, his body was rigid as he stood before the stoic angel. She could feel the thick tension as he fought against her, but she was stronger than him with more practice. "*Come to me, child.*" She called eagerly, but his feet hesitated. She huffed, pressing into his mind further. "*Come to me!*"

Rivers of blood ran out of his ears and nose as he incessantly battled for control with the divine woman. His feet remained planted in the tangled roots that were overgrown at the base of the statue. His body vibrated against the dual efforts competing inside him. To the angel, it was no longer a game. Henry was unusually strong-willed, unlike her last few victims. Tormenting him no longer brought amusement, and his surprising strength brought upon a disappointing end to her plans. She released her grip on the boy, and without hesitation, Henry struck himself with the rock. As he fell to the ground, a pool of blood forming underneath his head, the angel allowed herself to admire the gnarly scene she had created despite her intentions failing. The two bodies, already fading into a lifeless, gray color, lay motionless against the gloomy landscape. Lilly's dented skull formed a well for the mixture of brain matter and congealed blood, already thickening with the icy weather.

And this carnage reminded her that even with thousands of failed attempts at escape, there are plenty of worthless souls to keep her company in her family of gravestones.

Purple

Chris Stuchell

Purple is the sadness color;
Bruises and hickeys.

Purple is the coverup;
Kids don't know
What it means.

Purple is the night;
And in it, I'm trapped.

Purple is the forgotten;
And I don't want
To remember.

Purple is the bottom lip;
He kissed me too hard.

Purple is the heart;
Full of abuse and arteries.

This Old House

Anthony Bailey

I just can't explain it.
Everywhere I look, something reminds me of you.

The feeling of the rough, scratchy fabric of this worn-out shirt reminds me to be grateful of how silky and smooth your touch was, like my childhood blanket.
The memories we once shared have now faded like the print on the curtains.
Things used to be different.

I walk around this lonely house remembering and regretting at the same time.
The stories on the walls scream at me, to fix what is broken.
But the truth is, I don't know how, or where to start.

The silver lining of the days has no more meanings.
The golden gleam that I once saw is now a black as charred as the food that I've burnt because I've been too distracted while reflecting on the past.
The way you chipped away at my heart filled me with joy, but the paint chipping from this old house fills me with emptiness.

The paintings of my family look down on me in shame of what their boy has become.
They don't know how sorry he really is.
He had the world and let it go to chase a dream, only to not be there when he was needed most.

Climbing the stairs is now a challenge.
I have no more strength from the lack of food, which comes from a lack of appetite.
The handrail is worn from use, worn the same way you wore me down from trying to stay like a rock.
You taught me to be myself, and I never could accept who I really was.
I look in the mirror and I only manage to see the flaws that come with being me.
My hair has become an overgrown mess much like the weeds and vines of every stereotypically abandoned home.
My beard has turned from a rough stubble into a beast all of its own.
The creaky floorboards make the voices in my head seem quiet.

The bed is cold and has never seemed this big.
The lights don't shine as bright as they once did.
As I throw on this tattered coat that you would use when it was cold, I can still smell that perfume you wore.
I go to leave the house for the last time when I collapse at the door.
A broken shell of a man, crying on the floor, wishing he could take it all back.
As I open the door, I am met with the smell of rain, the same smell when you went for that drive.

I walk to the car as it begins to drizzle.
The raindrops hit my skin and slide down, taking my cares with them.
I drove to your grave today.
I left new flowers and took with me the reasons I loved you.
Our love was beautiful, and I'd do anything to bring it back.
You were the only one I will ever truly love.

The House of Broken Dreams
Samantha Maldonado



On Reptilian Acquisition and its Contemporary Alternatives

Erik Street

Prompt: Let us assume there are two boxes on a table. In one box, there is a relatively normal turtle; in the other, Adolf Hitler's skull. You have to select one of these items for your home. If you select the turtle, you can't give it away and you have to keep it alive for two years; if either of these parameters are not met, you will be fined \$999 by the state. If you select Hitler's skull, you are required to display it in a semi-prominent location in your living room for the same amount of time, although you will be paid a stipend of \$120 per month for doing so. Display of the skull must be apolitical. Which option do you select? [Prompt taken verbatim from Chuck Klosterman's 2003 non-fiction book *Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs: A Low Culture Manifesto*.]

When presented with the choice between keeping a turtle alive (and be fined should you fail) and displaying the skull of the man who killed Adolph Hitler (and be paid sixteen cents an hour), the selection is apparent. Consider the parameters: two years, the aforementioned fine or stipends, and an apolitical living room display of the latter option. Seemingly simple, but when confronted with the realities of the twenties, the turtle is a much greater commitment. The passing of two years will not culminate in the turtle (we'll call him Squirt, because it reminds me of my ex and every turtle is named Yertle anyway) suddenly dissolving into mist and blowing away in the wind. Realistically, we can expect Squirt to live for a minimum of twenty years, so in addition to the thousand dollars that it will cost for him to live vicariously during our monitored two-year period, it will likely cost a further nine thousand dollars to allow him to continue thriving for the rest of his life. The cynical of you will be pointing out that we are no longer going to be fined should we throw Squirt into the river after two years, so the further expenses are unnecessary. To this, I can only point out that thinking like this is why you've never been able to celebrate an anniversary. It would be wrong to murder Squirt, and we love him too much to even let such intrusive thoughts meander through our heads in the first place. Furthermore, even if we held Squirt in contempt because he devoured one of our index finger digits thinking it was a raspberry, we have lost a thousand dollars from the expense of housing his shelled ass. The state needn't even become involved; Squirt is a money pit all by himself. The other detriment to our lives that comes from Squirt's presence is increased government oversight of our lives. The state seeks to fine us one less than a thousand dollars should Squirt be found past his expiration date. Although it is possible that the only confirmation of his persistence will occur two years from the date of his acquisition, it is more likely that the government will seek to check in on Squirt without our prior knowledge. Contemplate, then, how uncomfortable it will be to have to quickly throw the "illegally" suppressed SBR you've built (without telling the alphabet club) under the mattress when you see a black Suburban roll to a stop at the curb in front of your home. Squirt is a lovely turtle, truly, but his presence can only be justified if previously desired. The matter is that it makes more sense to display Mr. Hitler's skull in the living room. An apolitical display is relatively straightforward. Mr. Hitler's skull will be set on the mantle above the fireplace, alongside a few trophies from races won and some laser engraved coasters our friends got us for Christmas. Assuming I am required to credit its

former owner, the skull will be accompanied by a small, unbolded, uncapitalized, arial font label slightly off kilter. Worded differently; indifferently. Synonym: apathetically. If not required to provide identification, the skull will sit amongst its companion pieces on the mantle with no further explanation. Admittedly, when presenting such indifference, it is difficult to avoid accusations of partisanship. “A failed attempt at being apolitical,” if they consider your work an attempt at all. According to twitter and reddit (which will *not* be capitalized), the political spectrum ranges from wholesome Lenin to literally Hitler, but I like to believe that we can disrespect Hitler without being overtly political. Neither the American left nor the American right tend to err on the side of being literal Hitlers, so we’ll let the squeaky wheels get their oil and move on.

Hitler’s pithy display serves to piss him off as he burns in hell. In spite of the flattening of the meaning of every word in the English language, there remains to be only one Adolph Hitler in the history of the world. I’d love to see the look on the fucker’s face when he sees his skull placed so unceremoniously upon my mantle.

Gaze, Mr. Hitler, at your skull, given no veneration in the home of an American child. Watch through empty sockets – or something, your skull is in fragments – as he lacks reverence not only for you, but for any of the ideas you stood for. Your authoritarian ideals have no home here, and your skull sits in my living room as a reminder that you lost. The cynic of you (the readers now, I do not presume Adolph will be reading this) will have developed a burning question by now: “Oh, but what are you to do about the neo-Nazis who learn that you bear the skull of their fetish?” Assuming the worst, we have a relatively simple solution for that one. Of course, passive security would be the first step to avoiding confrontation, but those who feel so strongly as to arrive at my home with the intention of entering uninvited will find themselves familiar with South Carolina Code Section 16-11-420. This may appear to be an unnecessary and horrifically dangerous means of securing Mr. Hitler’s skull, but it is far safer than it may otherwise seem. For normal people in reasonable conditions, perfect observance of the principles of CQC can almost even the odds for a breacher into a room. That is, the breacher has a fifty-fifty chance of survival at absolute best. A Sig Sauer MCX Rattler or Beretta 1301 can reduce those odds further. Additionally, as soon as some inbred fuck waves his dumbass little flag, a collection of American left protestors/rioters will come to protest against them. A libertarian brigade would presumably also be present, capitalizing on the opportunity to shoot Nazis. Coupled with the probable circumstance that neo-Nazis are cowards to begin with, one feels minimal danger from their party.

Fortunately, a situation so severe as described is between extremely unlikely and absolute fiction because no one is going to believe that it is the skull of Hitler in the first place. Hitler’s skull is splintered, resulting in it being more of a pile of bone fragments than a defined shape. It may not even spark the interest of passersby in the house. For the sake of argument, let’s assume that it does: someone asks, and I tell them that it is a pile of what used to comprise the skull of a famous one-testicled man. Most will laugh, suppose it is a joke, and move on to more interesting things. However, (for the sake of argument) let’s assume that they do believe me, and then go out and tell everyone they know. No one believes them. “Sure, he has Hitler’s skull. Pfft.” “Yeah, Hitler’s skull. What else has he got, a loyal BMX racer?” The world at large is a stage on which things are performed for the digital medium. The people who hear of Hitler’s new residence will brush it aside as yet

another briefly entertaining factoid that may or may not be true, present only momentarily before it is washed away by the next 16:9 fifteen-second video.

Portrait of a Role Model

Mattie Coomer

One of the formative role models of my life was a religious extremist and, in many ways, a certified terrorist. He was educated in the most conservative sects of his religion and was considered up-and-coming by his peers. So zealous was he for the ideals of his family and ancestors that he took it upon himself to root out a rival, heretical group in his region at the time. He was even recorded to have watched the murder of one of those heretics, in acquiescence holding the coats of those committing the violence against an unarmed man. His murderous rage was so fervid that he eventually took it upon himself to obtain leave from his superiors to arrest any belonging to the rival sect, striking fear into all that heard of him.

Later in life, he went on to become a rather prolific writer and orator under a different name. Copies of his pieces are still in wide circulation to this day. He was undoubtedly one of the brightest minds of his day in philosophy, rhetoric, and writing, despite being met with mixed acceptance at the time. So incendiary were his ideas and exploits that he frequently found himself in jail, with plots against his life, in danger at sea, and as an enemy of the state. Even so, he was able to accumulate a respectable following by the end of his life, when he was placed on house arrest and subsequently beheaded by the occupying regime. Since then, he's regularly been accused of being a chauvinist, a racist, and most of the other derogatory *-ist* descriptors our modern society loves to use.

But perhaps I should rewind momentarily and share an important anecdote from his fascinating biography, so as to make clearer the appeal of this anti-hero of history.

One day, while on his way to arrest the aforementioned heretics in another city, he found himself suddenly blinded on the ground, hearing voices calling to him. Groveling in the dirt, he cried out into the blur, "Who are you?"

The voice replied with startling clarity, "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting."

Needless to say, he did not end up committing the violence he had set out to do that day. In fact, he was never quite the same after that.

...

I suppose I could continue, but the rest of the details of Saint Paul's life have been duly recorded for posterity, such that the reader can judge for themselves from much better prose than this his estimable qualities and merits as an appropriate "role model" for today.

Persevere, Oh Withered Stone

Ryan Engle

Persevere, oh withered stone

The downcast skies
The rains which flow

For aloft some day, the sun above
Cast rays upon your weary soul

But as for now a storm at hand
This withered rock will withstand

A rounded heart prepares to fight
A humble soul knows well his plight

A young stone cast onto the ground
Declares its mite 'til rains confound

An old stone awaits the storms demise
Young stone breaks, prepared to die

Look here boy, old stone calls out
Your fears ungrounded, the rains die down

More to come, I dare to say
But strength we had to survive this day

Pride
Trinity Deaton



Chess Piece

Delaney Sowders

I can't promise it will always be sunny, there will always be some rain.
I can't promise I'll be happy-go-lucky at any time of the day.
Anxiety flares, emotional scares, and heart tears.
I've been around the block on all.
I can't say I don't invite it though.
Trouble seems to loom wherever I go.
They say life is like a game of chess, and I do believe they're right.
I'm just a chess piece to move at a person's will and might.
I'm no one's first move; in fact, I'm usually their last.
Checkmate and death drawing near.
That's the time that I fear.
Maybe someday I'll be a key piece and pave my own way.
But for now, I will just lie and wait in this never-ending game.

Forever Grateful

Adrian Ayala

I wake and experience your love
Something that only comes from above

Oh, how comforting it is.
That your very breath in my lungs

You hold me close you hold me tight
You'll never let me leave your sight.

How I adore you
You've made me someone new
I was wretched, lost, and all so rude
oh, how worthless I was without you

You give me peace and comfort like no other
Something I've lacked from my father and mother.

Father left me for dead with no kind of hope
Mother constantly trying to hurt herself with a rope
But you saw me as I moped
I cried and cried
Then you lifted me up and I became surprised

Someone cares?
Someone sees?
Does someone actually believe in me?

I honestly thought it was a mistake
Quickly I tried to depart from your ways

Surely no one loves me, especially as much as you do
You told me everything you say is to be true

I am loved
I am cared for
That I was everything worth dying for

My cries turned from sorrow to tears of joy
Death was defeated and my mistakes were destroyed

Now this life I live is with you forever
And I will constantly trust you with all my endeavors
For you are the one that is all so clever

Putting me at the right place at the right time
Making sure your best friend is going to be just fine

You give me everything that I need
And not everything that I want
If you did, I would never give you any kind of thought

I would rebel
I would forget
I would chase the world because I think it's convenient

Chasing and chasing
Mindlessly contemplating

What will I do?
What will I achieve?
Then I will realize how I let pride, selfishness, and arrogance get to me.

I look down at my feet and see a grave
Didn't realize I had a shovel and was digging away
Why is it the world I so crave?
When you are the one that's never led me astray

Then I look up and see your beautiful face
Why are you always smiling?
Why are you always happy?
Even though I rebel you hold me so tightly

You never let me go
You'll never let me be
Thank you so much for saving someone just like me.

Through the Eyes of a Student, no. 2
Clarise Wheat



The Young Queen

Isabella Jones

Apollo eventually left the young demigod and returned to his Godly lifestyle, ultimately abandoning his family. Despite only having her cruel father around her, Theodora had a good childhood. She was dearly loved by the people, who taught the curious young girl their different trades. She excelled at archery, farming, fishing, and especially sword fighting. She was also well trained diplomatically, sitting in on her father's war plans or traveling with him for diplomatic disputes. Her real passion, however, was in the arts. She wrote poems, painted beautiful portraits, and had a voice that would make even the sirens cry.

Her childhood came to an abrupt end the day she turned thirteen. Her father died in a shipwreck while traveling to Athens. Even though he was cruel to her and those she cared deeply for, she was deeply saddened at his death and was fearful of the future ahead of her. The people, however, couldn't have been happier about their King's demise. They were overjoyed at the prospect of Theodora becoming Queen, as they knew she would be far more benevolent than her father ever could. Her first Gesture as Queen confirmed she was going to be an amazing ruler. This first act released any servants forced to serve her father. Those that wished to remain would be paid with the hefty stipend the king forced upon the people. Her second act, of course, was to remove the Stipend and ease the people's financial tensions.

As a result of this new law, there were two servants remaining in the palace. Theodora took great pride in doing work, she always had. Whenever Zoe and Sophia, the two remaining servants, needed help, she would rush to their aid. When she wasn't busy with diplomatic opportunities and other such things, she would busy herself with different things. Her favorite thing was to clean up around the palace, she would take care of washing off the dark wood tables and dusting the beautiful paintings across the walls. Often, she would sit and reminisce about her childhood, typically wondering about her mother, whom she had no clue as to her real identity. The people were thrilled and adored their Queen. News of the young monarch spread across the waters, helping the population grow.

Naxos was the first free state anyone had ever heard of, and Nations began to worry, and hope. Other, more powerful, kingdoms wrote Theodora off as a naive little girl who inherited way too much money. As she grew older, she became well versed in academics. She was amazing at mathematics, and some speculate she was a polymath. Thanks to her intelligence, she was able to build a stable economy, and a fairly powerful military. The kingdoms around the borders became concerned over Theodora's true power. Especially after she boarded a ship to travel to Crete. They knew Diplomatic relations with King Minos could make Naxos as strong as them, maybe even stronger. The Queen had a fine time on Crete, and diplomatic relations were going well.

Until she met Princess Alcina, who had been away with her mother looking at a marriage prospect. It felt odd to Theodora, to meet a girl the exact same age as her, and yet so different. Alcina was a beautiful girl with the softest skin and dark eyes that could see into your soul. Theodora was absolutely taken with the princess, and Alcina felt the exact same way. They drew closer as Theodora's weeklong stay came to a sickening end. But, as it turned out, Alcina was smarter than she let on. Alcina convinced her parents to allow her to

travel to Naxos so that Theodora can teach her diplomacy, among other things. Alcina was the youngest, and therefore not as important as her sisters. King Minos and his wife, Pasiphae, were okay with postponing Alcina's harrowing search for a husband. Theodora left Crete with a strong union between two nations, and the woman she would soon regard as the love of her life. Theodora and Alcina had the time of their young lives. Alcina was Deeply loved by Theodora. She was serenaded, given gifts, and had many portraits of herself drawn. They were happier than they had ever been, and nothing seemed to bring them down from their euphoria. It was late summertime, and King Minos sent word for Alcina to return home promptly. Some kind of incident had occurred, and she was required. It was a week prior to Alcina's ship arriving, and a tearful goodbye between the lovers. Theodora had arrested a slave owner, Theo, who had come to the city to force his former slaves back into his service. She promptly wrote to Theo's homeland attempting to settle the dispute; after all, Naxos was a declared Free City State. The nations promised to uphold their end of the deal. As long as the slave enters Naxos' borders, they are no longer enslaved. The men of Theo's city, King Leon, and Lord Alexander, traveled to Naxos to settle the high-risk dispute in person. While living under the same roof, tensions rose as they fought over taking the man's slaves with them. Theodora was not going to let them take her people, not if she could help it. King Leon devised an evil plan to execute the Queen publicly in front of Alcina and all the people. He wanted his way, and men of this time always got their way, no matter what they had to do. They led Theodora outside along with Theo, under the guise that he would publicly be denounced, and then returned home. They quickly turned against Theodora and gave her a swift death. Fortunately for Alcina, or perhaps unfortunately, the noblemen didn't realize she was actually the princess; instead, they thought she was a mere servant. Alcina may have evaded a brutal death, but she had returned to Crete with a broken heart. After Theodora's death, Apollo took pity on one of his favorite children, granting her immortality. Theodora spends her immortality wandering alone, perhaps looking for a glimpse of her long-since-dead lover.

Looking for Truth

Hunter Reading

The fire of Gehenna is growing
Lighting the world with cruelty
They say the lamb with the sword, is enough Will it be enough?

Every generation screams revival
Find the last of servant households
Vultures with no pray, the church only breaks You'd think we would be better than a
corpse is

We can't find water; we'll never have wine Never see mud on broken time
We're not fasting, just starving by "mistakes" Discover a stone heart of theological debates

Rest a day, maybe on another day
Slave away, six years for masters
Watch for the press, they have scarlet letters Forced to gratify a blind leader

Can you keep a secret? Hush, do not tell The world isn't ready, no?
Temples, alters, you have been murdered, oh The cliffside was closer to life than death is

Harvest fields, you need to put forth the work Go be a mirror, perfective looks
Stack crates to reach standards, dead or alive Tantrums of pain, never relinquish in due
time

The battle was won? Wasn't He bitten? I want everything I've wanted
He could have had everything He wanted?
A lamb slain, the price of love, bigger than sin is

The Ordinary

MaCayla Falls

Sunlight streaming through the trees
Birds chirping their song
The gentle buzz of bumble bees
Working all day long

The wind whipping through your hair
The fresh scent of a flower
The grandfather clock chimes its cares
At the top of every hour

The glorious beauty of a sunrise
The dew beading on blades of grass
Watching a loaf of bread rise
Through an oven's crystal glass

The soft pink of the clouds
The rare beauty of a rainbow
Colorful creek rocks in a drought
Crystalized breath when it gets cold

The cool evenings of the fall
A red leaf of autumn
These simple beauties surround us all
If we are willing to find them

The gentle strum of a guitar
Humming its calming tune
The brightness of a distant star
Or the soft glow of the moon

The rough bark of trees
The smell of fallen rain
We wish for things like these
When our lives continue to change

For some, life is simple
A meal, a job, and a pet
For others, its mystical
Discovering places no one has travelled yet
Life surrounds every one of us
And is within us all
Yet we choose to fuss

And claim it's not ours at all

I can't control how much I work
I can't take a break
I can't deal with all these jerks
I can't make a mistake

I can't breathe with all the pressure
The stress steals my breath away
I can't keep up to the measure
Of what other people say

Our life is a balance
A glass half empty or full
If we choose to look around us
We will see life's not so dull

Contrary to popular belief
We don't find ourselves in the hurry
We can find the rest we seek
In the ordinary

The ordinary coffee we get each day
With cream and two sugars
The ordinary words we say
Whether we are winners or losers

That guy at work that always says hello
Or the way your friend talks
The familiar taste of Jell-o
Or that song you scream at the top of your lungs

You see, it's all there
Hidden in the small, ordinary moments
For once, we should care
To stop worrying and enjoy it

Stop to watch a cardinal fly
A blip of red wings through trees
Stop to look at the sky
Painted in gorgeous oranges and pinks

Stop to hear that grandfather clock
Sing its familiar tune
Stop to smell those flowers
When you know they are in full bloom

Stop, and look around you
Stop, and you will see
A comforting voice beckons you
To stop and acknowledge the ordinary

Hilton Head Sunset

Caitlin Higdon



Another Reality

Gabe Redford

I had awoken in a place unfamiliar to me. An open white room, so large I couldn't see the walls. Were there walls? The room felt more like a void if I was being honest. It was cold, and the air felt sterile. It was the kind of air you would feel in a doctor's waiting room. In the distance, I could see a tall figure shrouded in fog. It looked like fog at the very least. The figure was broad shouldered; most likely male? They wore a long coat that swayed as if there were a stiff breeze in this null space. As I approached this mysterious figure, they appeared to get further away from me. My pace quickened, and as I did so it became apparent that this other person clearly wasn't running. They were gliding along, not making any steps or strides with their legs.

It seemed like hours had passed while I was chasing this thing. Was I even moving? Of course, I was. The distance between us would change briefly at times while I was running. This being wouldn't slow down though. That brought my attention to the fact that I hadn't run out of energy or even felt exhausted during this chase. If I had normally run for this long, I'd be down and out for the entire day. Nevertheless, whatever kind of energy I had, this figure had it squared.

Ceasing the pursuit, I had decided we were getting nowhere with this little back and forth. I stopped running and told myself there were more worthwhile things to do in this empty void. After a moment of lingering, I started walking in the opposite direction. Turning around to look at the figure one last time, I saw they were no longer there. Rather, they were now directly in front of me. I could feel all the hair on my neck separate as it stood up. The sight startled me at first. Well, longer than just *at first*.

They turned out to be much taller than expected. Judging by my six-foot frame, this thing had to be at least nine feet tall. Their broad shoulders were more intimidating, almost as wide as two of me stood side by side. The figure looked down at me. I was only able to see one eye on their face, barely offset to the right. Only the pupil shone through, with the rest of their eye fading into the inky darkness that kept me from seeing any other fine details. The eye followed my every move.

The figure spoke: "Child, if you return here, you will be the only thing standing between my people and their heaven." I had several questions planned, mostly following the lines of "How do I return here?"; "Where is here?"; and "Who even are you?" The only sound I managed to form though was a jagged "Huh?" Whether my reply unnerved or overwhelmed the being I can't say though because they paused for quite a while before responding.

"I have you in a realm separate from both your world and mine, a place I've created to stop you from reaching our heaven. If your sleep again returns you here, I will not have the power to save you once more. You will be in harm's way, and my people's mercy will be lacking." As their statement ceased, I saw other onyx-hued figures emerge from the fog behind us. All were twisted or warped in some capacity.

Confused, crashing thoughts sent my heart racing. I couldn't sleep again for fear of some unknown threat? This proposal wasn't sounding like it favored me. Reeling from the scenario at hand, I nervously shook my head to signal that I wouldn't comply with the request. The figure's shining eye disappeared for a moment, and all fell still for a time.

“Very well then,” they spoke in a voice that implied nothing separated me from the other trials these beings may have gone through to reach their so-called heaven.

As the inkblot shadows murmured, the figure before me receded until they and the others began to vanish into the haze. As they faded, I finally managed to shout, “Who are you?” One pillar, draped against the sea of mist and fog, spoke only the following: “Separation.” They faded from view, and soon after, I woke up.

Longing Sun

Anna Dangelmaier

Stare out and spot gold in the trees,
where the sun stretches her fingertips to warm the autumn leaves.
Sense her loneliness underneath her light,
to bear the weight of the world as she dances in the sky.
Embracing our existence in her maternal beams
for all of nothing in return.
Watching us thrive through love, loss, and life,
an experience she can't help but yearn.
Does she not know the glory she holds?
To grasp the life over which she maintains growth.
Bask in her gleam, hoping that one day she'll realize
she is the keeper of beauty, the mother of all life.

Locksmith

Tyler Melson

Being around her is like admiring the finest piece of art.
She's a modern-day retelling of *The Mona Lisa* or Joan of Arc.
Beauty beyond the definition of man.
Knowledgeable for which I can only try to understand.
She steals your heart with just one look,
searching for a love like the ones in her books.
And if it were up to me, she'd get it, and so much more, because it's what she deserves.
But perhaps she'll never read this because that way it doesn't hurt.
Every second away from her feels homesick.
So, I've locked my heart away, and I promise you're the locksmith.

Cisne & Ducks
Samantha Maldonado



Heart of an Elephant, Heart of a Hummingbird

Chris Stuchell

Streetlamp stars
dotting the tree line
along the road
at the bottom of the hill.

Whispers of friendship
after such loving kisses
seem like redundancy,
but then again, who knows?

Opposing forces of simile—
the heart of an elephant
beating every ten beats of
the heart of a hummingbird.

My heart is a slow beast
tears falling ten minutes too late
to save us from drifting—
eyes staring out the window;
I had the moon roof open,
but the New Moon shined.

The buzzing of the bird,
my phone buzzing with your name,
and the heart I put beside it
reminds me that now, we're only friends.

1994 Jeep Cherokee 4x4 4.0

Erik Street

Selling my beloved '94 Cherokee. Solid candidate for returning to stock if looking to restore, solid candidate to go further and build a crawler. Even better candidate to keep it like it is because it's amazing. Set up "oVeRlAnD" because I never got into wheeling enough to go further with mods.

Basics:

318k miles

Sport trim level

4.0L i6

AW4 4 speed automatic transmission

4 doors (more whores)

4x4

Clean title

Minimal rust

~16 mpg (9 mpg)

No stickers that tell everyone how much you go outside. It's a Jeep.

Major work:

~170k mile engine from a 97 at 316k miles

Transmission rebuilt at 316k miles

Head + gasket replacement at 317k miles

Mods:

3" Rubicon Lift

31" Tires

Smittybilt rear bumper + tire carrier

Roc front bumper with light pods

The meh:

No AC. She's a li'l hot with the windows up. I put a USB fan on the dash.

No radio. I bought a JBL speaker instead.

Front tires are getting worn. Not an immediate concern but would swap them before putting on a lot more miles.

Clear coat + trim isn't amazing. Can be fixed by taking a few steps back.

Locks and door handles all work but can be iffy depending on the temperature.

May do Jeep Things.

Raised as a Jeep boy and bought this XJ as my first car, couldn't have made a better choice. Took my other car to college (more space/mileage) and have been wanting to find it a new home so I can buy a beater. The lady who sold me this Jeep told me she fixed all the little things. She did not. Neither did I, but you'll never have to worry about where you park it.

It's been driven by my folks while I've been away.

Pros of owning a 1994 Jeep Cherokee:

- It has square lights (much cooler than round lights).
- Where you're going, you don't need roads.
- A lady can back into you in traffic and you won't care.
- Clear coat + trim isn't amazing. You can wheel it without concern for your paint + Bonus! Want to park but no spots available? Drive it into the woods and leave it there. - Your girlfriend's dad will think you're cool.
- If you overfill the transmission fluid, it has a smoke screen feature that is automatically engaged.
- No fenders so everyone at the high school can see how outdoorsy you are when the sides are covered in mud.
- 4runner owners think they're better than everyone else. Cherokee owners know they're better than everyone else.

I love this car. It drove four hours to Tennessee, wheeled for two days, and faithfully drove four hours back. It's been taken care of and not been abused. Take it away before my irresponsible ass ruins it.

Notes on Contributors

Charlotte Archey is a junior majoring in psychophysiology and minoring in mathematics and Spanish. She is from Columbia, Kentucky, and she enjoys collecting postcards, acting, and eating ice cream.

Adrian Ayala is a Christian ministries major originally from Naples, Florida. He is a junior, and he is a member of the LWC wrestling team and also works with FCA.

Anthony Bailey is a psychology major in his sophomore year. He is from Lake Mary, Florida, and his non-academic interests include being on the LWC cycling team, cooking, and spending time with his friends.

Mattie Coomer is a Christian ministries and English double major. She is from Cave City, Kentucky, and she enjoys tennis, spending time outdoors, and participating in campus ministry.

Anna Dangelmaier is a nursing major and English minor. She is from Liberty, Kentucky, and she enjoys painting, hiking, and reading.

Trinity Deaton is a freshman psychology major from Breckinridge County, Kentucky. She enjoys reading, drawing in her sketchpad, and hanging out with friends.

Trista Duncan is a psychology and human services and counseling double major. She is from Louisville, Kentucky, and she also has a sword collection.

Ryan Engle is a history and Christian ministries double major, is a senior, and is from Green County, Kentucky. He also enjoys kayaking with his family.

MaCayla Falls is from Campbellsville, Kentucky and is double majoring in biology and psychophysiology. She enjoys writing poetry, playing tennis, playing guitar, and SCUBA diving.

Avery Herring is from Bargersville, Indiana, and is currently double majoring in biology (with an emphasis in environmental science) and psychophysiology (with an emphasis in pre-veterinary medicine). Some non-academic interests include swimming, creative writing, painting, and reading.

Caitlin Higdon is a biology and psychophysiology double major who is also minoring in chemistry. She swims competitively for LWC, and she is from Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

Isabella Jones is a freshman student from Lawrenceburg, Kentucky. Her major is elementary education, and her favorite non-academic interest is listening to music.

Samantha Maldonado is a business administration and political science minor who is from Quito, Ecuador. Her interests include traveling around the world, cycling, photography, and cooking with fresh ingredients.

Tyler Melson is a theatre arts major and Christian ministries minor from Russell Springs, Kentucky, and outside of academic interests he likes to cheer.

Cherica Mitchell is a sophomore from Campbellsville, Kentucky, and she is a media studies major with a specialized interest in photography. Some of her interests include being a member of LWC Singers and concert choir.

Catherine Overshiner is an art major. She is from Burkesville, Kentucky, and she enjoys reading, writing short stories, and animating.

Hunter Reading is a junior majoring in Christian ministries and human services and counseling who is from Shepherdsville, Kentucky. His interests include archery, gardening, Taylor Swift, and lyricism.

Gabe Redford is a freshman majoring in media studies from Columbia, Kentucky. He enjoys drawing, storyboarding, and gaming.

Tristan Roy is an art and history double major, and he is from Russell County, Kentucky. An avid painter and illustrator, his interests include history, literature, music, and film.

Delaney Sowers is a senior majoring in nursing and minoring in history. She is from Lincoln County, Kentucky, and she enjoys reading, music, and traveling.

Erik Street is an English and theatre double major who is from Greenville, South Carolina. Erik found a love of performing at LWC and began working in film in 2022. He enjoys roaming around the country in a converted van as he pursues acting and good times with good people.

Chris Stuchell is majoring in English, and he is a former student editor for *Appalachian Review*. His work has appeared in *Orpheus*, *Brave Voices Magazine*, *Filter Coffee Review*, *Kentucky's Best Emerging Poets 2019: An Anthology*, and *Critical Storytelling During the COVID-19 Pandemic: Berea College Students Share their Experiences*.

Clarise Wheat is a junior and is also a communication major and psychology minor from Glasgow, Kentucky. She is an avid music listener and CD collector.

The Legend of Orpheus

The ancient Greek mind was both subtle and skillful and the legend of Orpheus (pronounced or'-- fee - us) amply epitomizes this. Orpheus ('he of the river bank') was the son of Apollo, god of poetry, and the Muse Calliopé ('she of the fair voice'), who gave birth to him on the banks of the Hebrus River in Thrace. Such was his power of verse and song, he could move the trees and rocks and tame wild beasts. He was given the gift of the lyre by Apollo. When his wife Eurydice died from a serpent's bite during their wedding celebration, Orpheus, in his grief, descended to the underworld - no easy task for a mortal - to attempt to win her back from the land of the dead.

Arriving at the judgment seat of Persephone and Hades, rulers of the underworld, Orpheus began to sing his lament for Eurydice. So sweet was his voice that the dead, including Eurydice, flocked to hear him, weeping for the beauty of the upper world, which was lost to them. Persephone and Hades were so moved, they chose to let Orpheus take Eurydice back to the world of daylight, on condition that he not turn to look at her until they had reached the upper world. Hermes, the guide of souls, led them on the arduous journey back to the land of the living.

With his foot on the very threshold of the day-lit world, Orpheus, whether from impatience or anxiety, turned around too soon - Eurydice was not yet out of the realm of the dead. Because of the edict of Persephone and Hades was irrevocable, Hermes was forced to lead Eurydice back to the eternal darkness. Though Orpheus wandered for days through the dark caverns and tunnels of the netherworld, pitifully calling out his wife's name, he never found her again.

