

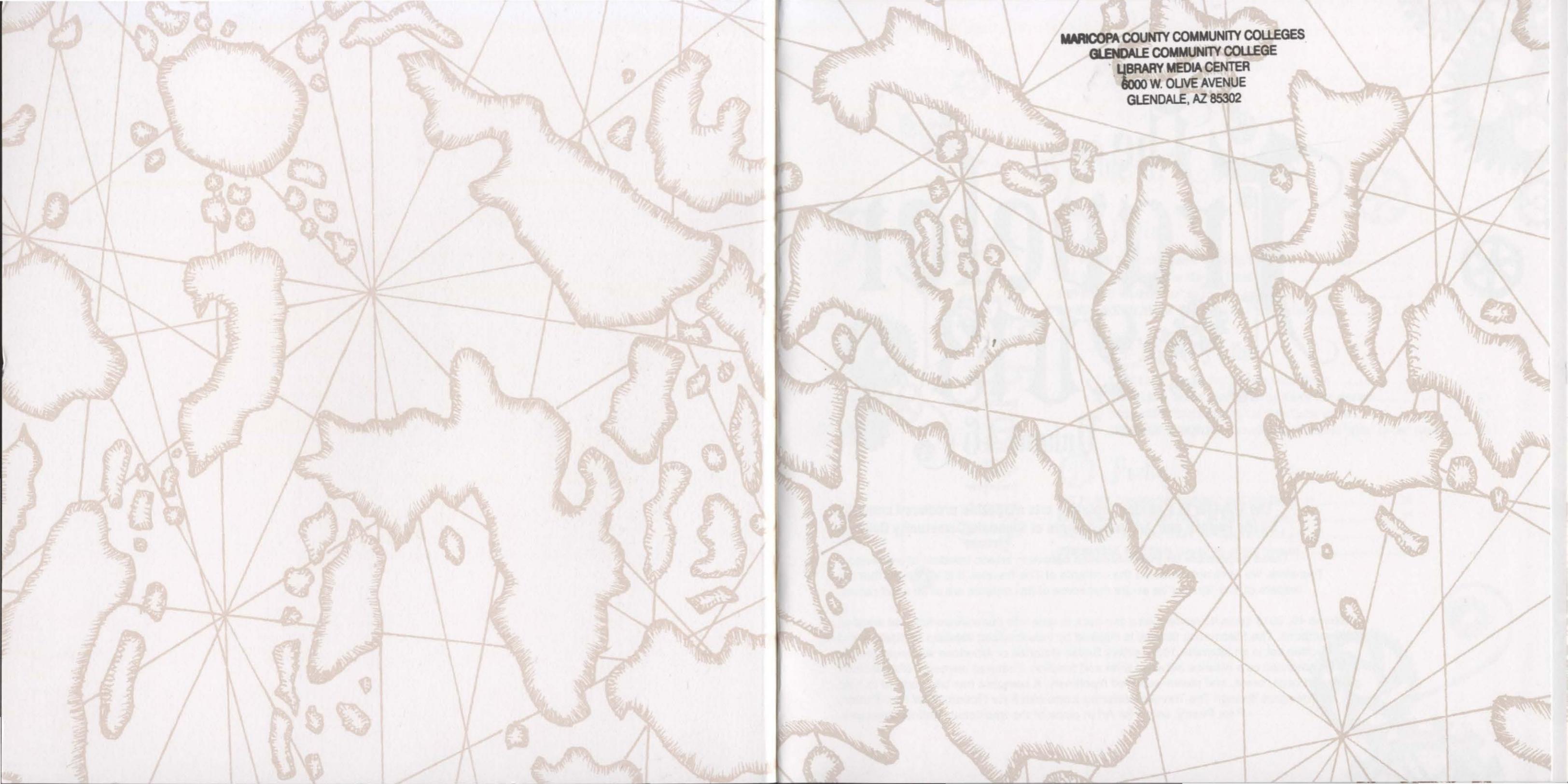


The Traveler 2013

Volume 46

cial

3
5



MARICOPA COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGES
GLENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE
LIBRARY MEDIA CENTER
6000 W. OLIVE AVENUE
GLENDALE, AZ 85302



The Traveler

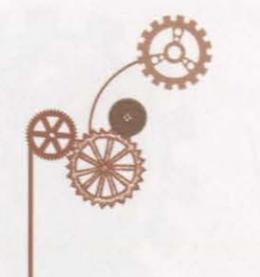
2013

Volume 46

The Traveler is a student creative arts magazine produced annually by the English and Art Departments of Glendale Community College.

Those responsible for this publication believe in artistic freedom of expression. Therefore, we have not censored the contents of The Traveler. It is important that the readers of The Traveler be aware that some of its contents are of an adult nature.

Volume 46, 2013 takes its readers on a trip back in time into the science fictional world of Steampunk. The Steampunk fantasy is inspired by industrialized Western civilization and is often set in an alternate 19th century British Victorian or American Wild West era. Its design emphasizes a balance between form and function. Featured elements often include gears and cogs, brass, and steam-powered machinery. A compass has been added to help navigate through The Traveler, featuring icons with F for Fiction, N for Non-Fiction, P for Poetry, and A for Art in place of the traditional cardinal directions.



Literary Arts

Table of Contents



F Fiction

1ST PLACE "Caliche Dreams" by Philip Boddy Jr.	2
2ND PLACE "The Visit" by Martine Cloud.....	4
3RD PLACE "Redemption" by Andrew Jones.....	6
HONORABLE MENTION "The Last Flight" by Martine Cloud.....	14

N Non-Fiction

1ST PLACE "Losing You" by Sara Dobie Bauer.....	18
2ND PLACE "Nettie Flies Home" by Nancy Chamberlain.....	21
3RD PLACE "Sticky Step Up" by Sara Dobie Bauer.....	24
HONORABLE MENTION "Grandmother's Kitchen Table" by Carl Crissey.....	26

P Poetry

1ST PLACE "Accidental Epiphany" by Philip Boddy Jr.	30
2ND PLACE "Cell Phone Rant" by Martine Cloud.....	31
3RD PLACE "No Time to Cry" by Charles Threat.....	32
HONORABLE MENTION "Lovel" by Jamila Stewart.....	34



Fine Arts

A Photography

1ST PLACE "Tears of the City" by Tori Shea.....	38
2ND PLACE "The Swimmer" by Jennifer Mayhew Jones	39
3RD PLACE "The Field" by Charles Edward Blankenship III.....	40
ACCEPTED "Untitled #2" by Kelsey Johnson.....	41
"The Self" by Elizabeth Z. Pineda.....	41
"Rainy Day" by Wendy Cisneros.....	42
"Untitled" by Alyssa Zuraih.....	42
"Pondering" by Peter Dickinson.....	43

A Drawing

1ST PLACE "Death's Friend" by Brittany Rislund.....	44
2ND PLACE "P5" by Chris Ohr	45
3RD PLACE "Little Piggies" by Danielle Mikulski.....	46
HONORABLE MENTION "Poison" by Brittany Rislund	47
HONORABLE MENTION "Balance of the Clouds" by David Turpin.....	48
ACCEPTED "Of All The Things I've Lost, I Miss My Innocence The Most" by Jesse Hyrum Boyle.....	49
"Too Cool for Skull" by Alex Patrick Merrill	49
"Revelations" by Laura "Liz Rose" Rosen	50

A Painting

1ST PLACE "Untitled" by Grisel Cordova.....	51
2ND PLACE "Study in Indigo" by Sylvia H. Husted.....	52
3RD PLACE "Confusion" by Mary Lou Johnson	53
HONORABLE MENTION "Game Over" by Brittany Rislund.....	54
HONORABLE MENTION "Angels Among Us" by Nancy Gunn.....	55
ACCEPTED "My Zombie Prom Date" by Laura "Liz Rose" Rosen	56
"Winter Morning" by Bill Sears	57
"Unwanted Memories" by Chuck Wan	57

A Ceramics

1ST PLACE "Yi Xing Black" by Rosalinda A. Diaz-Bare.....	58
2ND PLACE "Samuri" by Erik Eichelberger	59
3RD PLACE "Shino Vase" by Rumi Poling	60
HONORABLE MENTION "Pinhole Camera" by David Whipple.....	61

A Sculpture

1ST PLACE "Industrial Amazonian" by Danielle Mikulski	62
2ND PLACE "Earth, Wind, and Fire: Maya, Louie, and Ali" by Martine Cloud	63
ACCEPTED "Fire and Ice" by Adrianna Long.....	64
"Bicycle Chandelier #2" by Eliseo Mendoza-Carrera.....	65

A Glass

ACCEPTED "Aqua" by Elizabeth Z. Pineda.....	66
"Perseverance" by Elizabeth Z. Pineda	67
"Green Basket" by Mary Worel.....	67

A Jewelry

1ST PLACE "Pressed Memories" by Glenda Baca.....	68
2ND PLACE "Tangled Affair" by Glenda Baca	69

A Graphic Design

1ST PLACE "The Medium is the Message" by Brantin Fix.....	70
2ND PLACE "New Wave" by Brittany Rislund	71
HONORABLE MENTION "Kimbra Album Artwork" by Lisa Lara Enriquez.....	72

A Static Computer Art

1ST PLACE "Jonsi Vivid" by Lisa Lara Enriquez.....	73
ACCEPTED "Incubus Album Artwork" by Brittany Rislund	74
"Queen of Noble Beauty" by Alex Patrick Merrill	74
"A Tribute to Zoso" by Chuck Wan.....	75

A Time-Based Computer Art

ACCEPTED "Higgs Boson" by Robert Hageman.....	76
--	----



Fiction



CALICHE DREAMS

by Philip Boddy Jr.

Jimmy crunched along the path through the creosote brush toward the corral. A myriad of jade flecks coating the khaki desert shimmered into obscurity beyond eight hundred yards. He squinted at the buckskin mare dozing by the shaded trough. The horse snorted, punched dirt with a front hoof, and pranced through the doorway. It was feeding time.

As Jimmy reached the side door of the corrugated steel "office," his right hand lifted a frayed Guatemalan palm "Gus" hat. His left snaked the Paisley bandana from a hip pocket. The rag slapped across "sodified" rivulets on his weathered forehead.

He cursed, "DamNATION, it's a hot one! My bones are too caliched for this." He stuffed the wet rag back into his denims, opened the door and entered.

The dimness bathed his body with relief. Seven steps beyond he stood at the hay. He peeled off a four-fingered wide leaf from the alfalfa bale and broke it up. After dropping the pieces into the tray, he reached for the aged Yuban coffee can scoop. The sienna hues and 100% Colombian roast label were history. Jimmy dragged it through the multiverdant pellets in the barrel to half full. He scattered the feed among the hay pieces.

The mare snickered, bared her ivories, and stepped to the tray. Her flicking slate colored tail scattered napping flies as she crunched her meal.

* * *

Missy had wandered in from the desert one night. Her sniffing the evaporative cooler at the window had awakened him. He'd called her owners the next day to let them know their mare was safe. The young married couple asked if he minded keeping her while they ironed out a domestic issue. That was four years ago.

* * *

Jimmy chuckled while his adopted critter nosed and gnashed through dinner. He massaged the twitching ears as she ate. Her occasional sloppy-tongued kisses left welcomed green alfalfa smears on his shirt collar. It wasn't his horse but he loved her as much or more than he had his ornery wife.

Being a widower for eight years weathered him like a sun-grayed cedar fence. Lisette had been a mean one, but he had loved and cared for her to the end. Most of their neighbors referred to them as a "unit." The emphysema had finally terminated her smoking habit.

He turned to the rickety desk and chair in the corner of the stable. A disarray of papers and envelopes obscured the top. An antique Remington .22 pump stretched in a wall rack above the clutter. It had been a coming-of-age birthday surprise ten years prior. The well-oiled rifle used a variety of loads. It served as insurance from both coyotes and two-legged varmints.

Jimmy sat in the cracked leather chair. It squealed in protest as he leaned back. He stared at the opened manila envelope atop the papers. Beside it lay a folded navy blue cloth triangle with white stars. A pinned purple ribbon with a heart shaped medal dangled from it.

Up on the wall below the rifle was a glass fronted wooden case. Inside were multicolored decorations, ribbons, and two black and white photos. The first showed a grinning young soldier with the Eiffel Tower looming behind him. A young girl wearing a faded flower print dress and beret was cradling a German MP-40 while kissing him. Crowds of cheering people filled the boulevard. A second photo was pinned alongside. The same thin young girl in a white wedding dress embraced the soldier. A Croix de Guerre medal was pinned on Lisette's left breast. Laughing people of all ages encircled them toasting with wine bottles.

Below was a smaller case. It had fewer ribbons and a blue rifle badge. A color photo depicted young soldiers in red dusted olive-sage fatigues sitting atop black plastic sandbags. Sunlit laughing mouths glared from boonie hat shaded faces. They saluted with beer cans while cradling black M-16's. Some scanned the surrounding multiverdant treeline with rifles in both hands.

Jimmy was transfixed on the smaller photo. He blinked as sweat reddened his eyes. He took bifocals from his shirt pocket and twisted them on. His fingers crinkled the manila envelope and hesitated. Jimmy shrugged, took out the letter, and unfolded it.

* * *

Five weeks earlier two Army officers had left a sandy mist trailing up the road. They were cordial, handed him the flag with the envelope, and shared coffee. They then shook hands and drove the forty-five miles back down toward town. His shaking fingers clamped the flag as he watched their dust drift across the creosote and sage long after the olive sedan with the white star faded into a distant glimmer.

* * *

Jimmy tossed the letter onto the table. The chair whined its relief as he got up and stepped to the door. He winced into the glare outside. His salted eyes burned as he shook his head, "I'm tired." He trudged to the corral and looked into the shaded pen at the mare. Jimmy reached up, unlocked the gate, and shoved it open. Its burnished hinges shrieked like a kestrel bouncing a field mouse.

He lowered his head, sighed, and scuffed some gravel with his boot. He looked up to scan the heat-hazed mountains, glanced back at his ramshackle mobile and clenched his jaw. Jimmy about-faced and strode back to the office door while muttering over his shoulder, "I'm going home, Missy. Time for you to 'git.' You'll be OK."

The tinny blast inside rippled along the metal walls. A Northern mockingbird chattered as it zigzagged off the roof. The buckskin's ears flicked to the doorway. Her raised nostrils flared as she sniffed. With ears flattened, she snorted, back stepped, and bolted through the opened gate.

Beige particles puffed and hovered as Missy loped down into a creosote-dotted mirage. She remembered where her owners lived.

"Being a widower for eight years weathered him like a sun-grayed cedar fence. Lisette had been a mean one, but he had loved and cared for her to the end."

THE VISIT
by Martine Cloud

I looked up from the book. I pushed the new glasses up my nose. The words on the page weren't a blur anymore but the glasses were a pain. My belly grumbled. Mom was closed up in her room again. *Did she even remember that it was the first of the month?* I turned the page and tried not to think about food. I glanced at the door again, the sound of music filtered through. *It's late.* I scrambled from the floor and put the book on the coffee table. It bumped the overflowing ashtray. Ash and crumpled butts spilled to the tabletop. I looked to the door, quickly swiped the ash into my hand and back into the tray. I picked up the heavy glass ashtray and dumped it into the trash can.

I heard a swish and music flowed from the open door. Mom stood in her doorway. Her hair was a mess and a ratty nightgown hung from her boney shoulders.



"Mommy, I'm hungry."

"What? No good morning? No hug?" she said and scratched at her scalp. I reached up and wrapped my arms around her waist.

"It's not morning. You know what day it is, right?"

"Course I do." She poked around in the freezer and pulled out a package of mac and cheese. She set the microwave and slumped at the kitchen table. I went to wash my hands like they taught us at school. As I passed her bedroom door I couldn't help but see the tousled bed and the mirrored sliding door from the medicine chest that sat on top of the sheets. I looked toward the kitchen before I stepped closer. The surface of the mirror was covered with a fine, white powder. I wiped it with the sheet and slid the mirrored door back into the medicine cabinet. I pulled the sheets flat and plopped the pillows down at the head of the bed. When I got back to the kitchen, mom still sat at the table, an unlit Kool daggled from her lips.

"Food's ready." She poked around the stack of unpaid bills. "Where's my damn lighter?"

I ignored her and went to the microwave. I dished up two plates of mac and cheese and sat one in front of her.

"I ain't hungry."

"You need to eat," I said, and put a fork next to her plate. "It's almost time Mom."

"I need my lighter." She picked up her fork.

I forked up some mac and tried not to look toward the couch. We ate in silence. When we'd finished I took the plates to the sink. "It's late Mom. Are you gonna get dressed?"

"I know what damn time it is." She got up and went to her room. I hoped she was getting dressed. I looked around. I emptied the second ashtray from the kitchen table. Then, I scooped the pile of bills and stuffed them into a drawer. I ran the water in the sink until it got hot and squirted some soap on our dishes. I swirled a dishrag over them until they looked clean, rinsed and put them in the dish rack. I took one more look around and shoved the full trashcan into the closet.

As I finished, there was a knock on the door. "Get the door," mom yelled from her room, the music died. I went to the door and opened it. Mrs. Fisk stood there in her usual grey suit with a colorful scarf.



"The surface of the mirror was covered with a fine, white powder. I wiped it with the sheet and slid the mirrored door back into the medicine cabinet."

"Hi there little one." She bent down to look me in the eye. She patted my head like a dog.

"Hi." I resisted the urge to bite her.

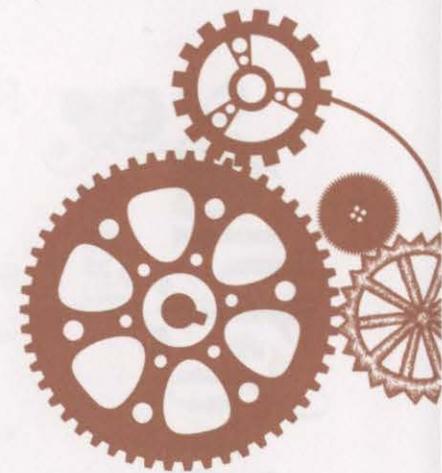
"Can I talk to your Mommy?"

"Sure. Come in. Moom," I called out. "The lady's here."

Mom came out. She wore her best yellow sundress and a pair of sandals. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. She and Mrs. Fisk talked quietly while Mrs. Fisk walked around the apartment and made notes on her clipboard.

When the social worker left, mom went to the kitchen and rummaged around in a drawer and found a pack of matches. She lit a Kool and took a deep drag. She put her hand on my head and ruffled my hair, then headed for her room. The door closed and music came on.

I flopped on the couch, reached between the cushions and pulled out the lighter. I took the glasses off and dropped them on the coffee table. The world was a comfortable blur again.



REDEMPTION
by Andrew Jones

We sit on opposite sides of a table in a back corner booth as Mom makes her way over with the diner's famous apple pie.

"Where in the hell you been Aaron, and what's with that awful whiskey smell all over you? You look like you haven't bathed in weeks."

"You're not looking so hot yourself. You come down with a fever?"

"It's nothing. I'm fine," says the little old Mexican woman as she walks away.

Mom isn't really my mom. I've been coming here since I was a teenager and even then, it seemed she had been a midnight waitress forever. I'm convinced the tips I've left over the years put her daughter through college.

She smelled of her usual generic perfume and the red-framed glasses covered half of her face. Her step is a bit slower and more strained than usual. She coughs hard and immediately washes her hands behind the counter. I can't help but notice that something isn't right with her.

"Aaron?"

"What?" Her voice brings me back to the table. I almost forgot she was sitting there.

"Your name's Aaron. Good to know. I had a cousin named Aaron. Lived on the Rez until he was 14. We had high hopes for him, but he stole his dad's truck one night and ran it into a pole. Crazy things happen out there. I stay in the city and go to school. You go to school? I think a higher education is important. My niece is 3 years old and loves kid's shows. Some of them are a little weird, but they help her along. I remember shows when we were kids..."

Here we go again. I've already begun to dig into the pie and if she doesn't do the same soon, I have no problem eating her half.

Finally Chamille takes a bite and tries to continue talking. It sounded like she mentioned something about penguins. I'm not sure.

She continues to ramble on, but most of it is coming across like Charlie Brown's mom, so I keep eating. After two weeks of starving my body, this pie has never tasted better. I'm sure later on I'll regret eating so quickly.

Later on.

Earlier I didn't have a later on.

On a concrete bench I sit as the moon glares from above--a spotlight for my performance. If all the world's a stage, this is my final act. Crickets supply an orchestra of the world's smallest violins, playing the world's saddest song. This bench is as cold as the death surrounding me. Rows of tombstones belonging to Warriors of the past line the grass fields.

I've performed the ceremonies and handed the Flag to loved ones of many of these fine men and women. Fear is nowhere to be found in my body because these dead are my friends.

My brothers.

They are the ones who finally witnessed the end of war.

They are the ones who found peace.

They are the ones I envy and who I choose to join this evening.

Tonight, nightmares stop.

Tonight, guilt subsides.

Tonight, pain resolves.



"Because God refuses to take me home. He refuses to take away the pain and laughs as each disgraceful scene of this pitiful life plays out."

Some people would suggest getting right with God or finding Jesus. Truth is, my faith in God is strong. After surviving Iraq, I felt He had a plan for me, or I was meant for something special. Turns out, He wasn't done laughing at me.

For the last two weeks my taste buds felt only tears, whiskey and cocaine.

Two weeks.

Who survives for two weeks on whiskey and cocaine?

I do.

Why? Because God refuses to take me home. He refuses to take away the pain and laughs as each disgraceful scene of this pitiful life plays out. Sympathy is not what I seek, so don't feel sorry for me.

Redemption is what I claim tonight.

Redemption for all the wrong I did to others.

Redemption for all the pain and sadness I spread throughout the world.

"Wow," she says, "this is good. My grandma used to make the greatest apple pie."

For a brief moment I'm brought back to the diner. She continues to eat her share of the dessert and the silence pushes me back to an hour earlier.

* * *
I clutch the cold steel and find solace in knowing tonight it's not up to Him.

Coyotes howl in the darkness, waiting for the trigger to pull. Misunderstood creatures not unlike myself. Once running with the wolves, but didn't have the stomach for ruthless killing. They try to integrating with the dogs to find their morality, but are shunned away and judged for where they came from. Caught in the middle to fend for themselves; resenting the dogs, but never returning to the wolves.

A breeze passes through, likely carrying the scent of sage and cactus. But I wouldn't know. Snot slides out of my nose and joins the tears running into my mouth. The last breeze I'll feel and I can't fully enjoy it. Taking a deep, burning drink of whiskey, I'm reminded of this pain being the only true and consistent part of my life.

My life.

If it even rates to be labeled a life.

A tragedy Shakespeare himself could not dream. Enough thinking. Time to take control and finish the scene.

"I'm sitting here with this mysterious woman who appeared out of nowhere at my darkest moment and Mom, who appears to be in her dying days."



* * *
Mom comes by and pours us fresh cups of coffee leaving the thermos at the table as always.

I collect my thoughts and return to the diner.

She begins to walk away, but Chamille's fork falls to the ground. She reaches to pick it up and Chamille places her hands around Mom's. An exchange of thoughts appears to occur as their eyes fixate on each other for several seconds. She lets go and Mom smiles as she walks away.

I take a good look at Chamille and her eyes are still glossed over. Her hair still shines as it frames the edges of her face. She appears sad, but there's something more. Something deeper.

A sadness originating from overwhelming love and compassion.

Coughing hard again, Mom washes her hands and goes back to work.

I have no idea what happened, but Chamille has become a little more interesting. I'm sitting here with this mysterious woman who appeared out of nowhere at my darkest moment and Mom, who appears to be in her dying days. Less than an hour ago I was fully committed to sending a .45 caliber bullet through my head.

* * *
My finger embraces the trigger as the barrel presses firmly beneath my chin. The hammer begins to click in preparation to strike the firing pin.

"Excuse me," says a voice from behind me.

Sudden chill envelopes my body as a sense of panic sets in.

Who the hell is behind me?

Does she have any idea my brains were about to be splattered in her general direction?

I slide the pistol into the front pocket of my hoody and try to figure out who this woman is and why she interrupted my final act. Before I can mutter a syllable--her voice takes over.

"I had no idea anyone else came here at night. I mean, who decides to spend their Friday night at a cemetery, right? I don't come here often, but when I do I always find peace. Do you come here often? My Grandma is buried right over there. She died years ago, but I like talking to her. She always has the answers I need. When times are tough and..."

Does she stop talking? Who is she? Where did she come from? I've been here for hours and haven't noticed a soul coming or going.

"...for some reason being here allows me to clear my mind. Maybe it's the music of the crickets or the howls of the coyotes. Such amazing animals. Anyway, so I told my sister he was going to be problems and..."

Is this woman for real? Is this just another joke from God?

Real funny.

I reach for my bottle but she finds it first.

Oblivious I was also reaching for it, she takes in a mouthful of whiskey and sets it back down.

"Oh wow that burns. Then I was like, just drop the loser and focus on school..."

What else is she oblivious to? It doesn't seem she has any idea about my plan. She definitely isn't showing concern for my lack of participation in her rambling.

"Does she have any idea my brains were about to be splattered in her general direction?"



I decide to glance her way and look at what I'm dealing with. The moonlight displays her straight black hair and light brown complexion. Mexican or Indian, I'm not quite sure. There's a glare in her eyes and it's clear she's been crying. She's probably been here since the afternoon because it's cold, yet she only has a t-shirt on.

Her voice is... her voice is like... like, Beethoven on the piano.

Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel.

A Spartan on the battlefield.

Perfect.

Flawless.

"...always had answers for me and told me what I should do. I always listen and on the most peaceful of nights I can hear her voice. Whispering and guiding me in the right direction, telling me there is rarely a right and wrong decision. 'There is no right or wrong,' she would say. 'There is just what you do and you do your best.' I always thought that was silly, but..."

I'm not sure what she's talking about right now. She could be reciting the multiplication table and I wouldn't care. I just want to hear her voice.

Tears flow from her dark brown eyes. She crosses her arms and shivers as her body reacts to the cold.

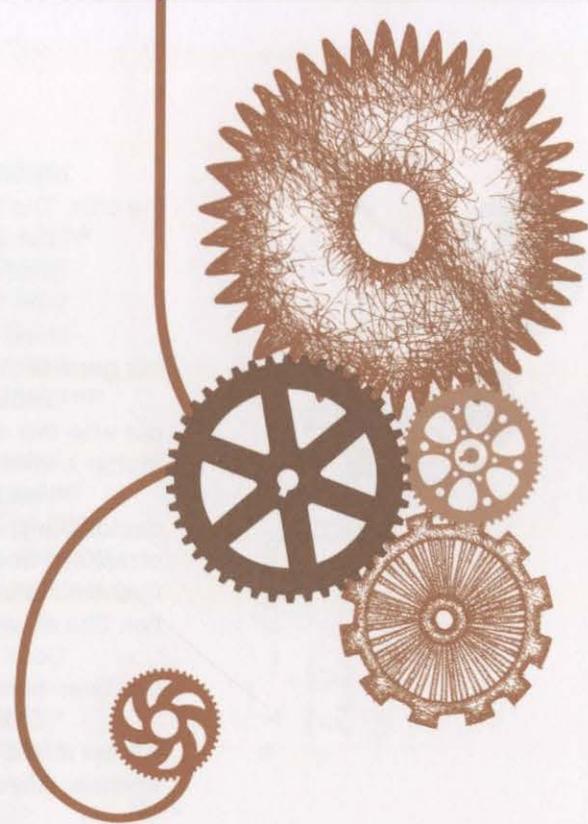
"Do you have any idea what it feels like to be so alone? To walk among people and to be in a crowd of your family and friends, yet you feel so alone?"

Her voice is shaky now. I nod my head ever so slightly, but can't bring myself to speak. I move the cold steel to my jeans pocket and without looking her way, remove my hoody and set it on her lap. She doesn't hesitate to put it on, letting the sleeves drape past her hands, keeping them warm. She snuffles and uses the cuff to wipe some tears away.

"...family doesn't understand. Friends don't understand. Only Grandma understands."

A moment of awkward silence begins.

She snuffles.



"I always listen and on the most peaceful of nights I can hear her voice. Whispering and guiding me in the right direction, telling me there is rarely a right and wrong decision."



Crickets chirp.

Coyotes howl.

I pick at a scab on my hand.

Minutes pass and I break the silence.

"What's your name?"

"Chamille,"

"I was thinking about getting some pie."

"I'm starving."

I offer to drive and we make our way to my truck. The engine starts and the stereo blasts hard rock music I was listening to. She jumped at first, so I quickly turned it off. It's weird enough she accepted a ride from a stranger in the cemetery, so I didn't want to make the situation any creepier. Surprisingly enough, she turned the music back on and it was the only noise as I cruised the dark roads to an all-night diner.

I give the occasional glance in her direction to make sure she was sitting there and—sure enough—she never disappeared. A couple of times I caught her doing the same. Was she wondering if I was real? Maybe she thinks she's dreaming. Maybe she finally realized how dangerous her choice to get into a drunken stranger's truck was. I don't know. I am actually hungry though—I know that.

* * *

The clanking of silverware brings me back to the diner as she continues to indulge in the pie.

"Do you like stories?" I ask.

She nods her head with intrigue in her eyes and takes another bite.

"One of my favorite stories is about the gargoyles." I say. "People once loved gargoyles and saw them as protectors. As time went on, the people forgot about them. Soon, they hated them. 'Grotesque creatures' they would say. 'Demons.' The gargoyles became sad. On rooftops they would sit and cry into the streets. Lonely and no longer needed. No longer wanted."

She kept her eye contact and I could tell she was interested.

"More tears flowed to the streets as they found themselves in their darkest moments. It was at that time; the Angels came down from the Heavens and sat with them."



The corners of her mouth slightly lift.
 "Their pain began to diminish and a light of hope entered their souls. The gargoyles once again took flight into the night, always with an angel at their side and continued guarding the people."

"God Bless the Gargoyles. One of my favorite stories of all time," she says.

I couldn't believe she knew the story. She even knew the name. By this time she's pretty much finished the pie. I enjoy a few last bites and sip on my coffee.

Mom coughs again.
 Washes her hands again.
 Chamille sips on her coffee and appears to be staring at nothing.
 Dishes clank.
 Food sizzles.
 Fresh coffee drips.
 "You ready to head back?"

She nods and wipes the coffee from her lips. I drop a \$20 bill on the table and we begin to walk out. I push the door open. I stop. Looking back I see Mom. I'm overwhelmed with a compulsion to wrap my arms around her.

So I do.

She squeezes me tight and I whisper in her ear, "I love you." She squeezes tighter just before letting me go and I walk out. Before the door closes I hear it.

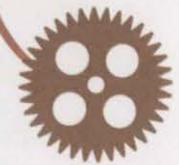
She coughs.
 She washes her hands.

With Chamille already in the passenger seat, I climb into my truck and start the engine. I want some time to process what went on in the diner, so I turn the stereo off and look at Chamille.

"Let's just keep it quiet for the drive back."
 She nods her head and I pull on to the road.

We arrive at the cemetery and I park in the same area as before. The moon continues to shine bright and I notice no other vehicles around.

"Where did you park?"
 "I walked here earlier this afternoon."



Paranoia is not a normal trait of mine, but the more I become comfortable with her, the more I want to fight it. We jump out of the truck and begin walking. Not a word is spoken and I head for the Eternal Flame Memorial. It has a bright glowing flame promising to never burn out, in memory of the fallen Warriors. Chamille follows behind, almost guiding me to the flame. I feel it's warmth as the glow reflects off my face.

"I know that feeling of loneliness. Every day since I came home 9 years ago. Left a hero. Returned a monster. 'You've changed' they tell me. 'What happened to the Aaron we used to know?' They couldn't understand anything I tried to explain. So I stopped. They weren't like me and I was no longer like them. I was alone." After a couple of deep breaths I hear only silence.

"Nightmares of graphic memories. Violent urges, some acted upon and others buried deep within. Guilt of my own survival. All for me to deal with. Alone."

She stands nearby, understanding there are no words for comfort. She places a hand on my shoulder and I feel hope. As much as I want to fight it... I can't.

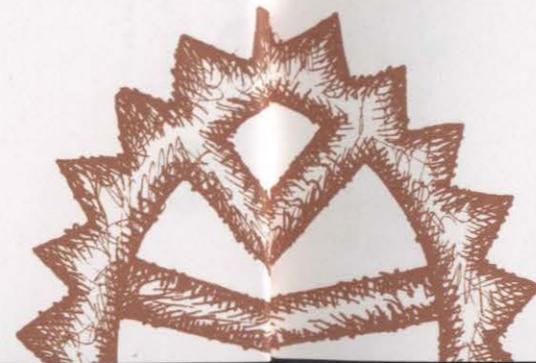
"Innocent people died. Children died. My brothers died. Because of choices I made. For years I've asked God for forgiveness and for years I've been ignored. Left out in the cold to fend for myself. But tonight... tonight you changed that. I don't feel alone anymore. How? How did you change that?"

My eyes begin to water.
 Her hand is still on my shoulder.
 I want to be mad at God for sending her to me. For giving me this hope I was so content on abandoning a few hours earlier. But I can't help but to feel thankful.
 I turn to give my gratitude.
 But she's gone.



"Nightmares of graphic memories. Violent urges, some acted upon and others buried deep within."

She's gone, but I 'm not alone.
 Hope still radiates through my body
 The sun begins to peek over the horizon.
 A coyote howls in the distance.
 I slide my hands into the warm pocket of the hoody, stroll back to my truck and drive home.



THE LAST FLIGHT

by Martine Cloud

"Keep playing."

"Keep playing? Are you crazy?" I glared at Roth and reached for my instrument case, ready to secure my most prized possession.

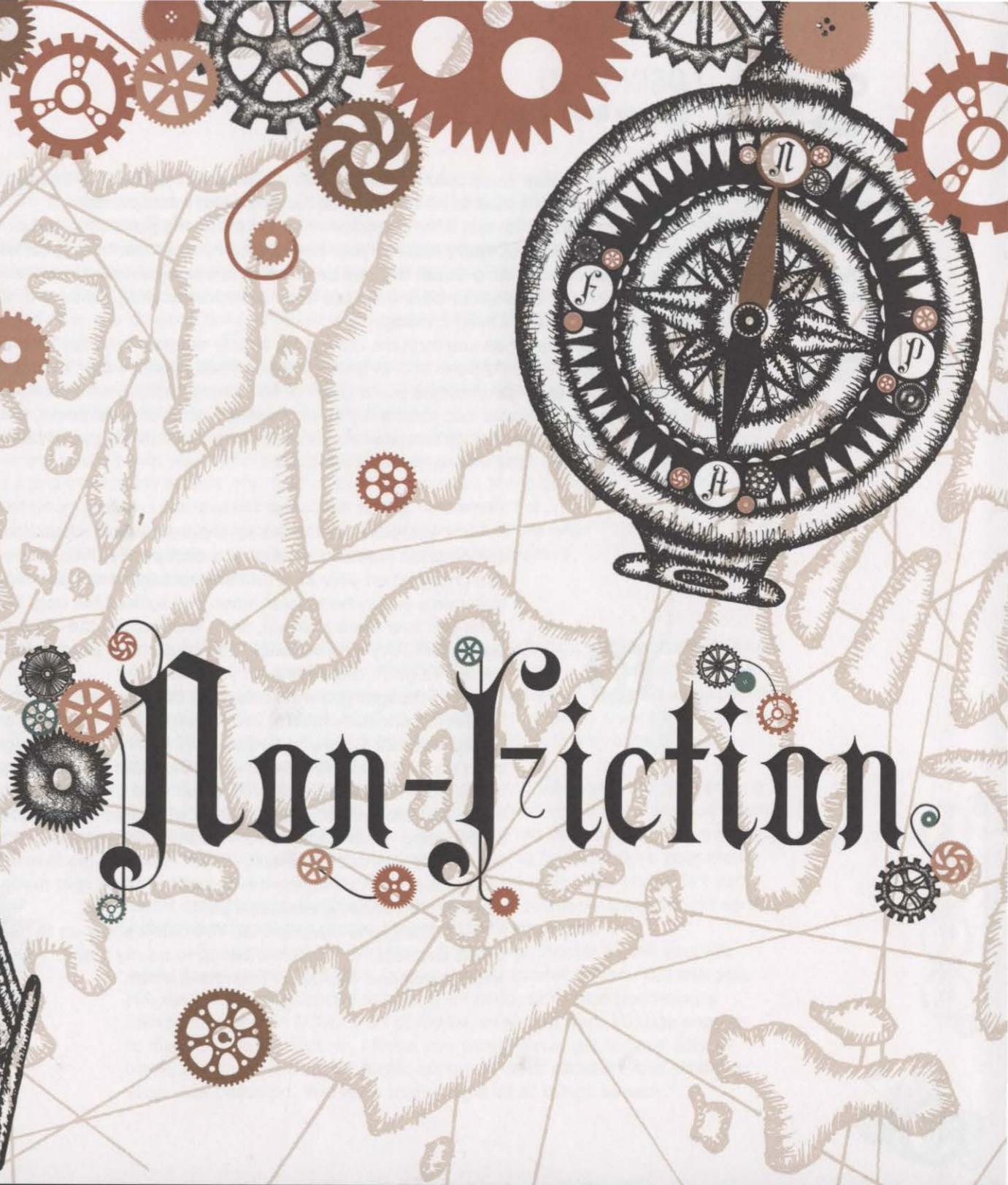
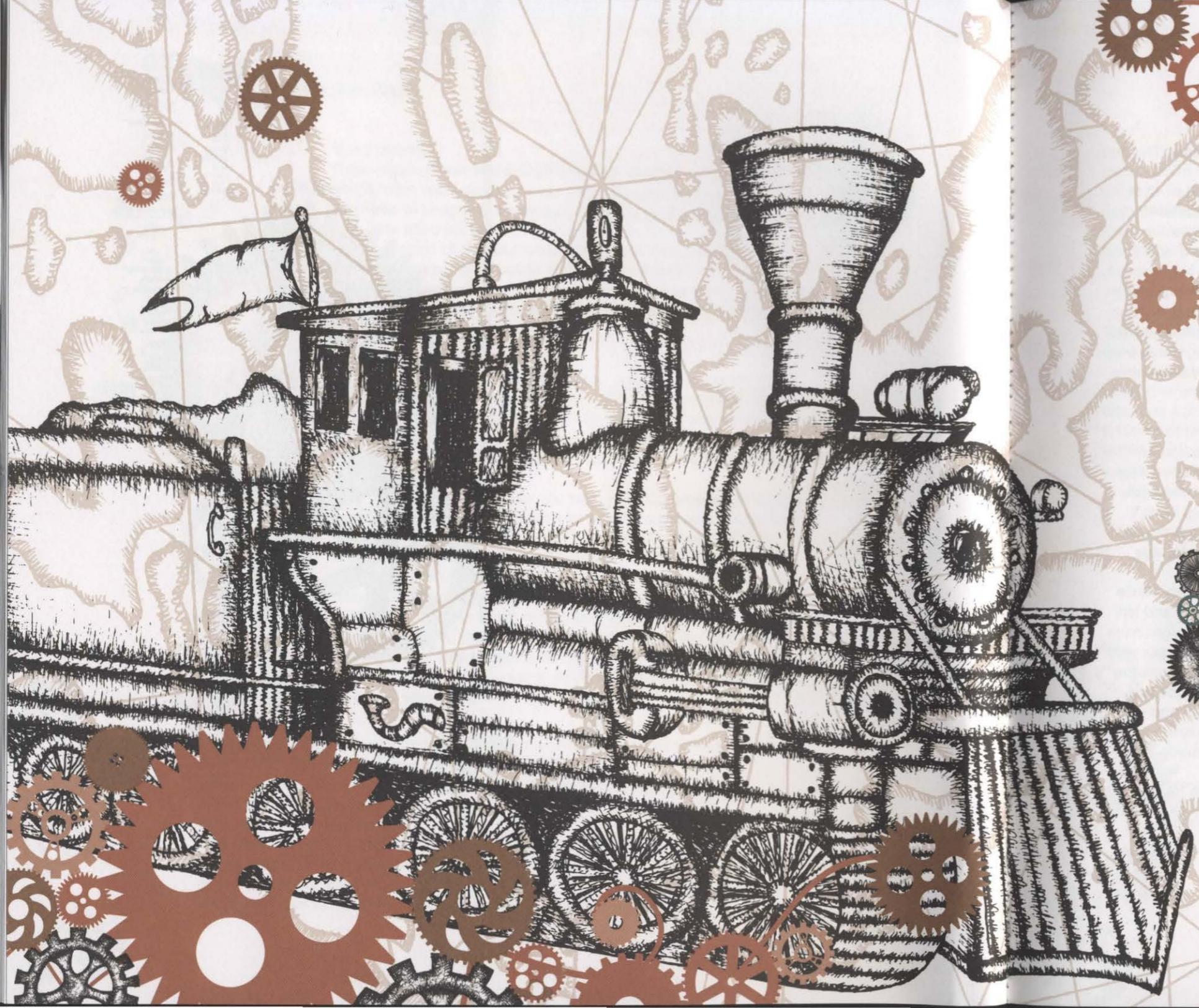
"We need to keep the passengers calm. At least until we know how bad it is." He lifted his baton. I glanced around the sparkling dining room at the overturned chairs and smashed crystal. People cried and screamed. Some shoved for the exits while others milled about and waited for someone to tell them what to do. Many more stood or sat in a gape-mouthed stupor. I gritted my teeth and laid my bow across the strings of my violin.

Roth brought down his baton and the first rousing notes of *De Camptown Races* flowed from the orchestra's instruments. Little by little the cries subsided. We played our way through five of our best arrangements. A few hearty souls even took to the dance floor. Then Roth called for *The Flight of the Bumblebee*, not my best piece.

Before I could draw my bow, the ship groaned and there was a rending of metal. There was a torturous sound like a living thing being torn limb from limb. Then the ship dropped like lead and listed wildly to port before not quite righting itself. The chair shot from beneath me and I landed on my backside, still miraculously holding onto my violin. Our music stands crashed to the floor and our sheet music scattered like leaves. I got to my knees and found my bow amongst the debris. My band-mates scrambled for lost instruments or futilely tried to re-order their music. The panic in the room was so thick it coated my flesh like slime. All was bedlam.

I rose slowly to my feet and tucked my beloved violin beneath my chin. I laid bow to string—and played. My fingers flew, surer than ever before and my bow was on fire. The pure, true notes chased and buzzed about the room, gathering up the fear like pollen. When at last I put my bow aside there was silence. Then, from the back of the room came a slow clap. Before I knew it the entire room was applauding, even my band-mates tapped their instruments in approval. I saw that the *fan* at the back of the room was none other than the Captain returned from the bridge, the crestfallen look in his eyes told me that I would never play it better.

"My fingers flew, surer than ever before and my bow was on fire. The pure, true notes chased and buzzed about the room, gathering up the fear like pollen."



Non-Fiction

LOSING YOU
by Sara Dobie Bauer

I had to lose you twice. The second time was when I moved to Phoenix. The first was when your mom tried to kill herself. The first time was much harder.

You worked for me, if we consider what you did at the publishing house work. You were my intern but spent most of your time sitting in my office, talking about the shoes you bought on King Street the day before. You never successfully finished a project, but I was enamored. Born rich, you had no work ethic. You believed that life should be fun, and you lived it loudly.

Remember when you took me out for my twenty-seventh birthday? We'd met only days before, and I'd been in Charleston a total of two weeks. I didn't know anyone, yet twenty-one-year-old you said you'd take me out for my birthday to a dive bar called AC's. We drank PBR and told people it was my twenty-first. In the bathroom, I took a piece of chalk and wrote "My first time drinking in Charleston" in shades of pastel pink. Later, you saw my note and knew it was from me.

You wore clothes no sane person would wear. You mismatched eras and styles into a cacophony of colored noise. You chopped off your long hair and rocked a red bob. You wore high heels everywhere, even when you walked the dog. I don't think you ever wore makeup, and I knew about the "Tree of Life" tattoo that covered your back. You could have passed for age sixteen to thirty, depending on your mood.

I thought you were beautiful, but you never dated. While I collected phone numbers, you collected conversations and left before last call. Were you afraid to fall in love? If so, it might have been my fault. You were there when Sam told me he had sex with his old girlfriend and I shattered a bottle on the bar. You took me home and fed me gin and cigarettes while I lay in fetal position on the living room floor. There were the other men, too, and you watched it end, over and over. I can't imagine I made love look glamorous. I can't imagine the buckets of tears spilt made you want to start chasing inevitable pain.

Then, you disappeared. You didn't show up to be my intern anymore. You didn't show up to be my friend. You wouldn't return calls, and you didn't even have email.

I wasn't worried at first, because I knew you were flighty. You'd been known to take random trips to New England to see childhood friends or, once, a plane ride to Paris on Daddy's dime. It was in the eyes of others that I realized my unacknowledged fear. Coworkers wondered about you; mutual friends asked if we'd spoken. Our boss sent me by your house to see if you were okay. She said something strange about how her daughter disappeared after she'd been raped. Why did she say that? What kind of person says that?

An ache spread through my chest. I raced to your house, across the sun-soaked Ravel Bridge, and into downtown Charleston, where you lived in a crooked plantation house, split into three rooms.

I found you there, smiling, and you acted like nothing was wrong. I asked where you'd been; you told me you'd been to see your mom, because she'd tried to kill herself. You said it wasn't a big deal; she'd done it plenty of times before. I realized our boss was wrong. You weren't a victim of rape, but you were a victim of something. I could see it in the way your bare feet shuffled, your usual heels discarded in the corner. You said, "I wish she would just get it over with."

We began to crack apart that day. Perhaps it was because I'd been in Charleston for over a year and had other friends—friends my own age. Maybe your eccentric mystique had begun to tarnish, covered in rust spots of "I'm sorry I'm an hour late" and "I forgot to come to work today." Or the way you talked about your mom; how your warm brown eyes cooled and froze despite the summer heat.

You barely came to work anymore, and when you did, you argued with our boss. I cheered for you when you stood up to her. I laughed when you made faces behind her back, because it felt like you and I were sharing something again. We were back at AC's tipping beers. Before your mom swallowed a bottle of pills. Before you started acting like you didn't care about me anymore. Before you got mean and suddenly quit your job as my intern, spewing anger across the publisher's keyboard.

Once you left the company, it was even harder to see you. We would make dates for drinks, but you would cancel. When I did see you, you spun tales of graduate school in England, or maybe becoming a fashion designer in Milan. Part of me believed you were strange enough to make it happen. But no, I knew you would never get to grad school because I knew you would forget such-and-such deadline and probably even your passport. You were forgetting a lot of things already.

"I found you there, smiling, and you acted like nothing was wrong. I asked where you'd been; you told me you'd been to see your mom, because she'd tried to kill herself."

Then I met Jake. You said you liked him, but I didn't know if you still liked me. I was no longer the sad, pathetic single girl who drank too much and spent weekends wandering King Street until the bars closed. I didn't drink to excess anymore, so I stopped crashing on your couch. I don't know if I would have felt welcome there anyway.

I finally cornered you for happy hour at Taco Boy. I remember thinking you looked so young in your white baby-doll dress and platform Mary Jane's. Over warm chips and guacamole, I told you I was moving. You asked if I was finally leaving the suburbs and coming to your neighborhood. I had to clarify, no, not somewhere else in Charleston; I was moving to Arizona with Jake. You were quiet. You chewed another corn chip and said, "Oh. Oh!"

The month before I left Charleston, you were obsessed. You couldn't get enough of me. You wanted to do dinner, drinks, every day. You hugged me tighter and sat closer. But you didn't come to my going away party. I'm not sure why, and I don't remember your excuse. I guess you didn't want to say goodbye. You didn't want to be abandoned again. After the father who showed up via monthly check and the mother who kept trying to leave by pill, knife, or gun, you didn't want to be the victim, so you abandoned me first.

"After the father who showed up via monthly check and the mother who kept trying to leave by pill, knife, or gun, you didn't want to be the victim, so you abandoned me first."

I think of you sometimes and get sad. Other times I'm relieved to have friends who answer when I call and show up when they're supposed to. I don't know what became of you, Andrea. I heard you left Charleston to couch-hop through the Midwest. Wherever you are, I bet you still travel with those expensive shoes. I bet you still duck the attention of men. I bet you still hide behind colorful clothes and quit things when they get hard.

You taught me how to stop being nice. You taught me how to quit my job and not look back. You taught me how to lose you. And not really miss you at all.



NETTIE FLIES HOME by Nancy Chamberlain

2nd Place

Non-Fiction

"You need to get over here right away," Angela insisted. "I'm not sure how much longer she'll last."

I heard dreadful anxiety in my older sister's voice. Angie was visiting our ninety-year-old grandma in Arkansas. Lately she had been ill, but I didn't know it was so late.

Peritonitis, Angela explained. Toxins were diffusing through Granmma Nettie's once-sturdy little body even as I hastily stuffed a suitcase.

As the plane accelerated for take-off, I prayed frantically. Please let her hang on just a little longer. In flight, I gazed down at whiter-than-white voluminous clouds passing underneath and remembered the previous summer when Angela, her husband, my daughters, and I traveled to visit our Dad's mother.

We had shamefully neglected her over the years. Our eccentric Dad was estranged from his folks and we blamed them, until his stories about their unsatisfactory parenting became more sensational and suspect as his recollections became more removed from the actual events. We planned to drive to Arkansas for a week-long visit to cheer her up, we supposed presumptuously. The night before we left, we held hands and prayed we would somehow be an encouragement to our grandmother. We left early the next morning, drinking in the resplendent Ozark Mountains as we approached her little town.



We were chagrined and happily shocked to rediscover a scrappy little woman, making her way with one leg just fine, thank you very much. She was energetic, opinionated, fun, and exceedingly hospitable. She was delighted to have us; it had been so many years since she had seen us every summer during our childhood. She laughed and fussed over how we'd grown into beautiful adults. She hugged us again and again and held our hands and beamed happily at her tall granddaughters. Her great-granddaughters, Carly and Emma, were completely enchanted and intrigued by this dab of a Southern Belle with a delicious drawl and an irresistible cackle. Her right leg was gone from above the knee, six years now – due to complications from diabetes – and she glided around in her wheelchair, making easy turns around furniture and setting the brake every time she settled in one place or stood at the sink. In her spacious home were dozens of antiques of every shape and size, from the tiniest collectibles to large buffets that took up most of a wall. She had a story for everything.



"See this?" her eyes shone, as her delicate falsetto grew tender with memory. She placed her hand on a tall handsome homemade display case and traced a wooden nail with her thumb. The house smelled like aged genteel dust. "Your granddad and I went to town one day. He dropped me at an auction and went on downtown for a business meeting. I found this wonderful thing here and paid ... well, I think I paid four dollars for it! And I stood there, waiting for Joe to pick me up at such and such a time." She chuckled fondly. "And he saw this cupboard and said, 'Whatever fool paid good money for this monstrosity??' I said, 'Well, just bring your truck around, Sonny Boy, it belongs to you!' We all belly-laughed. The telling was as good as the story.

She taught her great-granddaughters how to play double-solitaire ("Did you beat Old Sol?") and snap green beans ("You don't cut green beans!") Too soon, the week was over.

"A miraculous restoration took place. Old hurts and blame were replaced by warmth and understanding."

A miraculous restoration took place. Old hurts and blame were replaced by warmth and understanding. Dad even traveled to visit his mother – eschewing his usual practice of going to exotic places like Japan and New Zealand. Gulp. I heard about the visit afterward – relieved I wasn't there to see my wobbly father being himself around his poor mother. But consummate hostess that she was, Nettie made him feel welcome and comfortable, and even posed for pictures with her daft son. As Dad proudly showed off the photos later, I saw in their body language an attempt to make the best of a squeamish situation.

My plane finally touched down on the only runway at the little airport, Angela picked me up, and we raced to the hospital.

"She's barely hanging on. They're thinking it's just a matter of hours," she said mournfully.

We arrived at Nettie's room just as a forty-ish nurse with kind eyes and a sympathetic smile was straightening up from trying to insert an IV into their grandmother's arm.

"We're going to have to try to find another way. I can't get a vein." She tilted her head and lifted her brow gently.

They inserted a stint into her chest that would go directly to her heart while Angela and I turned away. The ordeal accomplished, we visited quietly over our Gramma, one on each side of her bed, lightly stroking her arm and holding her limp hand.

"Go ahead and have a normal conversation," the nurse urged. "Did you know the ear mechanism is the last to go? In a situation like this, the rest of the body expires little by little.

"The hearing function works until the very last. Even though you can't tell, she's hearing everything you say." We all exchanged smiles; Angie and I were enormously comforted. The conversation then went in a different direction entirely.

"The hearing function works until the very last. Even though you can't tell, she's hearing everything you say."

"We had such wonderful times at your house, Gramma."

"Remember when you gave us pieces of wax paper to slide faster down the fire escape?" I knew she did. My sister and I chuckled at the memory. "You said, 'Here's for one bottom, here's for the next bottom...'" The grandparents kept the three-story enclosed spiral slide locked, opening it only in the summers when their son's large family came. The boisterous kids climbed up and slid down for hours on end.

"And those meals! Five courses of amazing cooking!"

"You really went to a lot of trouble to make us feel at home. I didn't appreciate it when I was a kid, but I get it now. We turned your home and your routine upside down. You never got upset with us – you just laughed at everything."

We shared memories and rich moments of silence through the night.

The next morning, the splendid little woman breathed her last. Dignified, classy. Always.

STICKY STEP UP

by Sara Dobie Bauer

The steps leading into Cornwell Apartments smelled like rotten beer. Not skunked beer; rotten beer. Didn't know beer could rot, did you? I'm here to tell you, it can.

I lived on the fourth floor of Cornwell Apartments for my junior and senior years at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. This year, OU was named the number one "Party School" in America. It was also considered such during my student days, which would explain the odor of rotten beer. When a bunch of twenty-one-year-olds get together and have a kegger, nobody cleans. Cleaning wasn't part of the exam process, so we didn't see much importance in learning how to do it.

The Cornwell building was located at the end of Court Street. Court Street was considered the place to be in Athens. All the bars were there, and it was close to campus. How we scored a place on the top floor is beyond me. I hesitate to say it was meant to be, but well, maybe it was. How else do you explain everything that happened there—most notably, everything that happened on the steps?

The steps resembled a fire escape. They were open to air, thank God, because I can't hold my breath for four flights. I would have died from the stench if the steps had been enclosed.

The openness lets the rain inside. It rained a lot in Ohio, and most of the time, rain was the only form of cleaning those steps got. I used to watch the approach of thunderstorms from that staircase. It was eerie to see black clouds roil and boil over campus. Sometimes I saw orange lightning; sometimes rain flooded the red brick roads. But depending on the angle, sometimes the steps wouldn't get washed at all.

There were the men with hoses, though. Every couple months these guys would show up. They lugged mold-green rubber snakes up Cornwell's four flights. They stood between the three apartments up top and shot water down the steps. There was never any warning. If you happened to be coming home from class, you got an impromptu shower—which was probably a good thing; who are we kidding? For three days following the deluge, the steps would be clean. Then, a weekend would hit. Someone would spill beer. Beer trickled down from floor to floor and landed on the sidewalk below. The rotting process began anew.

I was careful when I wore flip-flops at Cornwell. It was dangerous.

Picture it: you're walking up a flight of silver, metal steps. You're busy thinking about the paper you have due in that tricky History of the American Language course. You hate phonetics. You're thinking about how much you hate phonetics when your flip-flop sticks. You have no time to recover. Your shoe is left stuck to some kid's dropped shot of Apple Pucker from two weeks ago. Your bare foot continues onward, ripped of protective covering, and smack—your skin touches the dreaded Cornwell steps.

"They stood between the three apartments up top and shot water down the steps. There was never any warning."

Consider your options. Do you lop off the foot above the ankle for fear of contaminating the rest of your body? Do you rush to the nearest neighbor and shove your dirty foot in his sink? Or do you shrug your shoulders, recover your lost flip-flop, and open a beer?

I usually opted for option three.

The steps were gross, yes, but they were also social central. Every weekend, the apartment complex resembled a scene from Animal House. There would be a keg on every floor, and we would set them up in the hallways between apartments. There you would find your booze, but you would also find conversation. The most heated debates occurred over bummed cigarettes and warm beer in red Solo cups. Personally, I met all my college boyfriends on those steps. If you could get over the smell, it was a romantic place to look out over small town Ohio. It was the place to admire lush, green hills, turned blue by moonlight. It was where we all snuck kisses and exchanged phone numbers.

I made the horrendous mistake of dating one of my neighbors. He was the guy who lived across the hall. When you spend enough time with someone debating Elvis versus John Lennon with a beer in-hand, spontaneous sleep-overs were bound to happen. But even worse than the smell of the steps was the sound. Since they were metal, you could hear when someone came home. It started at floor one and continued to four: thud, thud, thud, thud ... I would know when David came home. David would know when I came home. It became a personal affront if David didn't stop by when I knew damn well he'd just walked up those four flights of steps. Soon the thud-thud became "You-never-should-have-slept-over-the-other-night-what-the-hell-were-we-thinking?"

The steps said it all, and we went back to being just friends within a month.

The steps were also a test of your blood alcohol level. After binge-drinking at the bars, the steps more closely resembled Everest than a way to get home. It was a question of personal resolve: how badly did you want to get to your bed? Or would you rather just sleep on the sidewalk? To think, these were the most crucial questions in college.

I remember the week of graduation. As opposed to moving furniture down four flights, we threw couches out windows. In hindsight, we may have shown the steps disrespect. They existed for our usage. They loved to make us suffer. And then, the last weekend of habitation at Cornwell, we discarded them. We thumbed our noses and said, "We don't need you."

The steps haven't forgotten. I've been back to Cornwell since. Now that I'm thirty, I can barely make it to floor number three. I'm getting old, damn it, but those flipping steps are still silver, metal, and covered in slime. I suppose they always will be.

GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN TABLE

by Carl Crissey

I remember my grandmother's kitchen table, and the countless hours I spent perched on that old wooden chair; the one with the wobbly legs and peeling paint.

I sat there watching as the old woman bustled about at the ancient wood stove where she taught me the basics of cooking a simple meal.

I heard the sizzle of bacon fat hitting the hot iron skillet a moment ahead of the eggs we had just gathered and cracked open by my hand. The slapping sounds her spoon made, against the sides of the earthenware bowl as she stirred the lumps out of my early attempt at making pancake batter. The nameless melody she hummed as she performed the magic of making a breakfast for the two of us alone. Just she and I, of the whole family I had been invited to share this special feast.

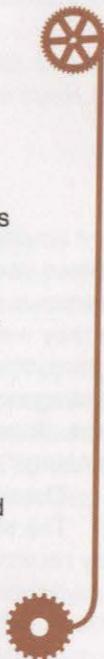


I can still smell that batter searing in a dab of bacon fat on the iron griddle, and the special real maple syrup warming.

I remember those simple but oh so special breakfasts with my grandmother and those memories trigger visions of the love I saw in her eyes. She had the most patient and generous soul I've ever known.

What I don't remember, is ever saying to her, "I love you" in so many words, but we both knew it was there at that kitchen table as, at her insistence we held hands and gave thanks.

To this day there's something in the smell of pancakes cooking and eggs frying that evokes images of the love I saw in that deeply lined face and heard in her voice.



"I can still smell that batter searing in a dab of bacon fat on the iron griddle, and the special real maple syrup warming."

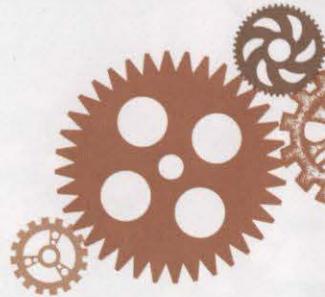
Memories of that kitchen table include afternoons with a jigsaw puzzle, carefully sorting the edge pieces then turning each one this way and that till we found where it should fit with another. She had this special sheet of cardboard where we'd place the unfinished puzzle and it could be put aside for completion on another day.

Other evenings were spent over a game of dominoes. I learned to count playing these games. One of the earliest was a winter evening on the family's northern Michigan farm. I watched in awe as the orange glow filled the view from that kitchen window. "Whazzat?" The pump house burned to the ground that night and had it not snowed heavily over the past few days, would have taken the house with it.

I lost my grandmother over fifty years ago, but it's been said that one isn't dead as long as he's remembered. If true my grandmother is very much alive and with me, as dawn finds us this morning at my kitchen table. And she will be till I die.

That kitchen is long gone along with the farmstead. The family moved to southern Michigan in 1949, to the town where I grew up. There we set Grandma up in a small guest house on the property, where she could have peace and quiet, away from five screaming brats.

That house, Along with the farm where I was born was gone, when I went to show my wife where I became a young man. For me going home is through my memories. By and large it's a pleasant journey.





Poetry

ACCIDENTAL EPIPHANY

by Philip Boddy Jr.

Profi smiles then gives us our prompt, "List ten nouns and ten verbs...without 'ings'. Five minutes should suffice." We glance down, then frown in rapt concentration. A few nod as they scribble away while others remain adrift in their cosmic contemplation.

Time isn't flying, but thunders along at mach two point five! Fearing procrastination, my pen pulses as it comes alive. "Pens down. Now pass this list to the person on your right. You have ten to twelve minutes to create a poem." I read Tyler's selections as past sadnesses come to light.

His nouns read ring, book, tree, cloud, rain, knife, road, tar, then finish with cat and whale. His verbs are shatter, destroy, smoke, flail, walk, talk, bust, clutch, thrust, and scale.

I hesitate as a memory induces me to travel back. But, who knows? She still haunts me as the clock ticks, as my ink now flows.

* * *

"Why would I clutch her ring? She, endless miles away, road distances stretched off the map. Why shatter my dream, a rain-filled book of memories? A tar-shaded cloud obscures my vision.

How could she destroy the tree-lined boulevard I walk along in my mind, like a cat-claw thrust into tear-stained cheeks?

The knife she held sliced the rope used to scale a hopeful peak. What could we talk about now? Whale saving? Let's flail politicians? Don't smoke? Bust a move?

I did. I'm gone."

* * *

Thank you, Tyler. I needed this.

"Time isn't flying, but thunders along at mach two point five! Fearing procrastination, my pen pulses as it comes alive."



CELL PHONE RANT

by Martine Cloud

So you have a celly, a mobile, a take-along-telly. It must be the single most important thing in your life. All blinged out and shiny, on a sparkly leash. Carried close to your heart, tucked in a bra or nestled lovingly between shoulder and cheek.

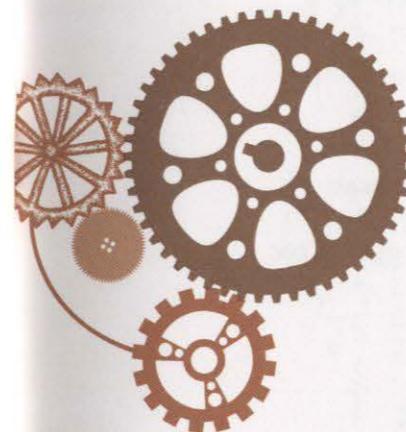
Heaven forbid you should be out of touch. What if your best girl had to scratch her ass solo? BTW, could you possibly speak up? I don't think the man in the last row of the theater heard about your rash.

"Heaven forbid you should be out of touch. What if your best girl had to scratch her ass solo?"

And OMG I didn't know there were so many ways to drop the F-bomb. Pardon my French, but parles-tu Anglais? Srsly, is the checkout line at the grocery store the best place to review little Johnny's diarrhea?

I didn't want to use the C-word but... Cellaholic—there I said it. Perhaps you would consider a twelve-step program. Or maybe just one.

Just this once... Let it go to voicemail.



NO TIME TO CRY

by Charles Threat

My Real Wife Left Me and Took Away The Kids

I got caught in some shit, And Did a 3 year Bid

Dad's awful sick. They say he might die

I'm holding back the tears yall, I gots no time to cry

I gots no time to cry yall. I gots no time to cry

I'm holding back the tears yall, I gots no time to cry

I gots to clean the toilet, I gots to change the bed

I gots to sort the medicine, and make sure that Dad gets fed

I gots to see the bills are paid, and doctor appointments are kept

I gots to cut the grass, paint and make sure the floors are swept

I gots no time to cry yall, I gots no time to cry

I'm holding back the tears yall, I gots no time to cry

The kids they came back over, and made themselves to home

They makes things kinda messy, but it beats being all alone

Dads getting worse, his mind is gone, most times don't know where he at!

He gets up all times of night, chasing peoples we can't see wit a baseball bat

I gots no time to cry yall, I gots no time to cry

I'm holding back the tears yall, I gots no time to cry



"The house is all painted, there's not much to do. No one to argue with Dad, Oh how I miss you!"

Well Dad, he finally died y'all, Dad he finally died

The kids mention Arizona! I asked they mama, she lied

"Why no! I'd never do that! Take the kids so far away"

But they left on Delta Airlines at 12:35 the next day!

I gots no time to cry yall, I gots no time to cry

I'm holding back the tears yall, I gots no time to cry

I met a young lady, and gave her what little love I had

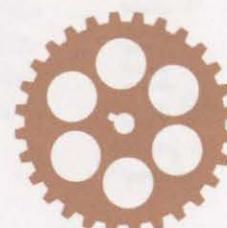
She went out and betrayed me, When confronted she said "Too Bad!"

She was right she wasn't my lady, Though that's what I wanted her to be

She had a night of splendor! But that night it wasn't with me!

I gots no time to cry yall, I gots no time to cry

I'm holding back the tears yall, I gots no time to cry



The house is all clean, All the beds are made

The grass is cut and all the bills is paid

The house is all painted, there's not much to do

No one to argue with "Dad, Oh how I miss you!"

I MUST be the STRONG one, I must get things DONE!

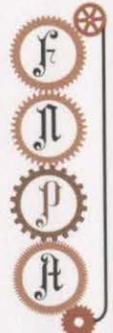
I MUST keep it together, I'm the STRONG son!

The tears trickle down, when no ones around

I cry real hard, but I don't make a sound!

I gots no time to cry yall, I gots no time to cry

I'm holding back the tears yall, I gots no time to cry



LOVEL

by Jamila Stewart

Learning there's more to life than just living helps me forget that I'm living without you. Loving you taught me there is an eternal presence that is perfectly re-gifting itself, re-introducing me to the gift of life, then reconnecting me with you.

Over and over again I promise my heart I will cleanse it with your smile, feed it with your laugh and digest it with my pain; time and time again I treat it as if I'm in a game while you hide and I seek, I search for the missing puzzle piece, the missing chain link, that part that connects me to you.

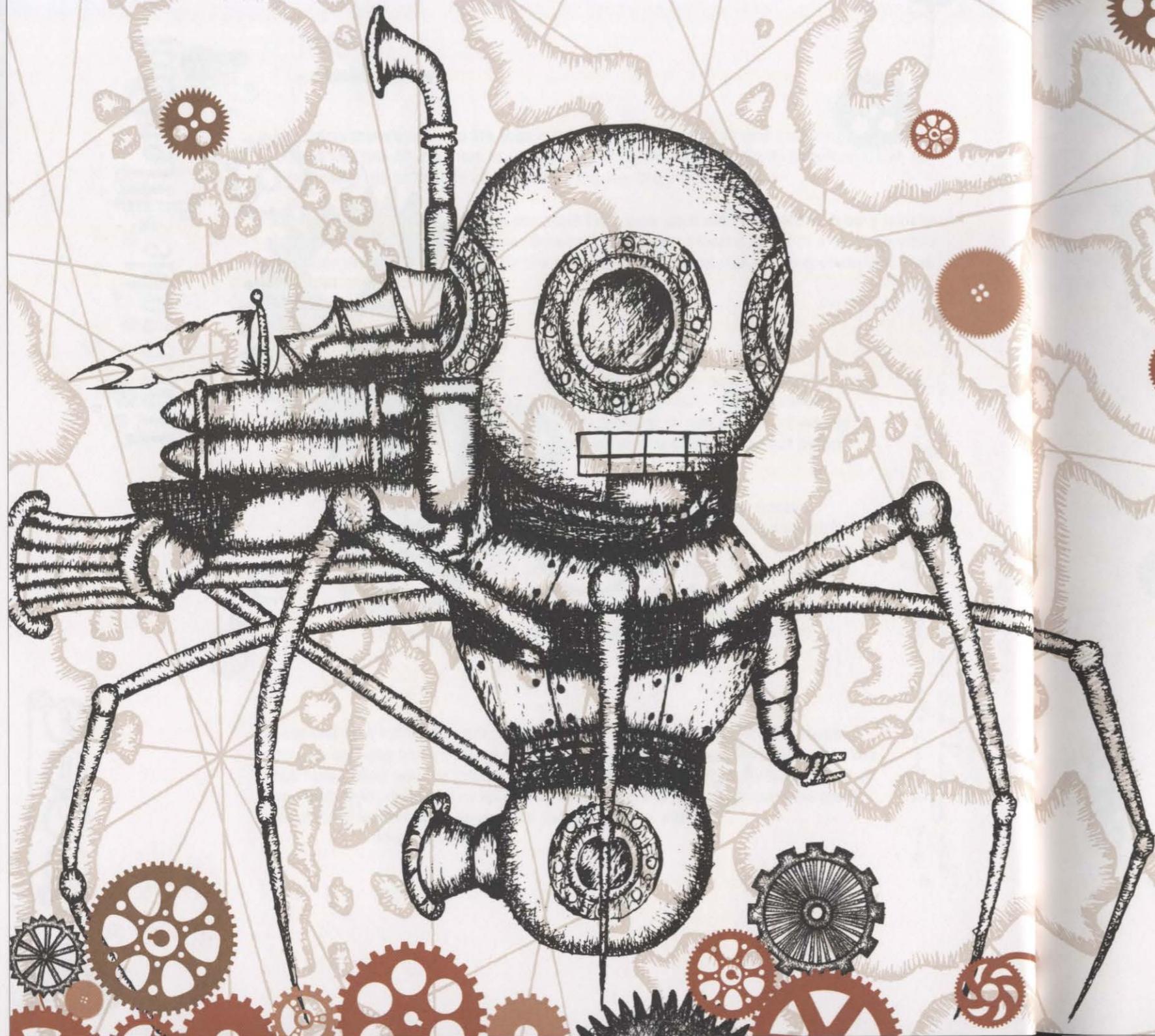
Very seldom do I ask the question why my son, why me? That's when I re-think and see that my faith is like resting in peace. My strength has this promise to rest upon and yet my recollection is free, I'm still paying the price of you not being with me.

Eternity is where you lie, and unfortunately most people confuse that with the word die, you "Lay Low" and walk high, remember I looked up to you to connect our eyes, I'm looking to the sky because you fly above me as I cry. The clouds are my comfort, the dust at Gods feet and still your essence is heavenly sweet. You carry me with your wisdom and dress me with your wings, so amazing grace is the song I sing.

Lost but now I'm found, blind but now I see... I was hiding because I was bound, and you were seeking for me. A queen who was just missing what she has now, thank you my prince I am safe and sound. Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, you are the melody that flows through my veins, as your heartbeat played my favorite love song, I am forever in tune with you...

Always, your mom.

"You carry me with your wisdom and dress me with your wings, so amazing grace is the song I sing."

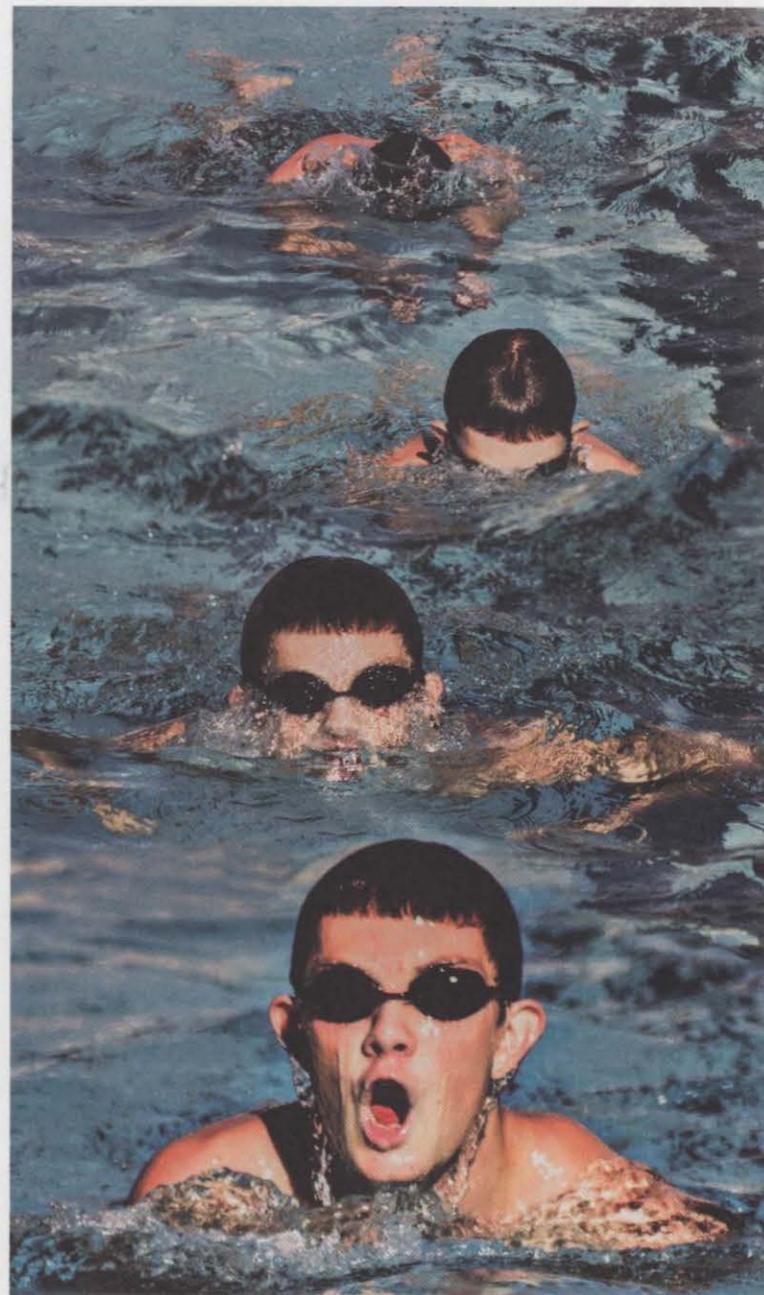


TEARS OF THE CITY
by Tori Shea



PHOTO

THE SWIMMER
by Jennifer Mayhew Jones



PHOTO

3rd Place

Photography

THE FIELD

by Charles Edward Blankenship III



PHOTO

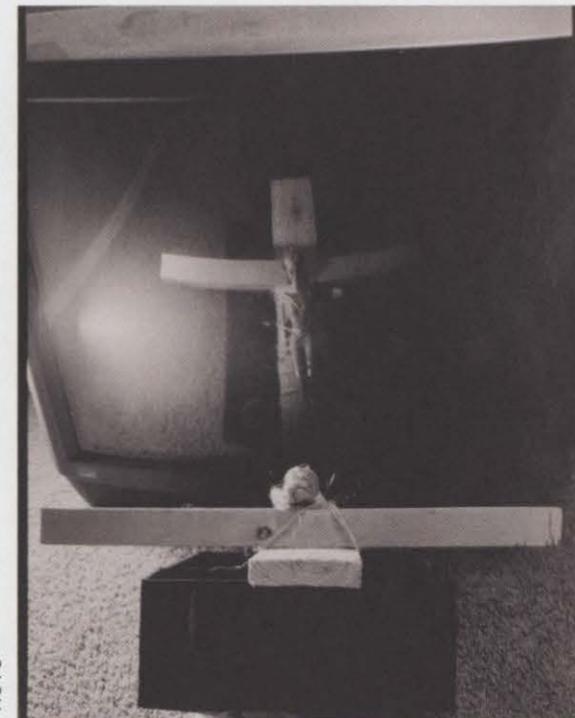


PHOTO

Accepted
Photography



UNTITLED #2
by Kelsey Johnson



PHOTO

THE SELF
by Elizabeth Z. Pineda



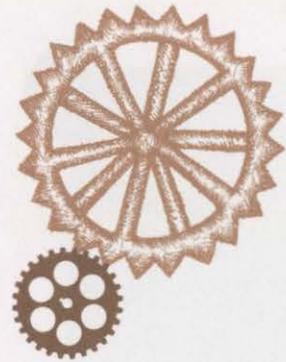
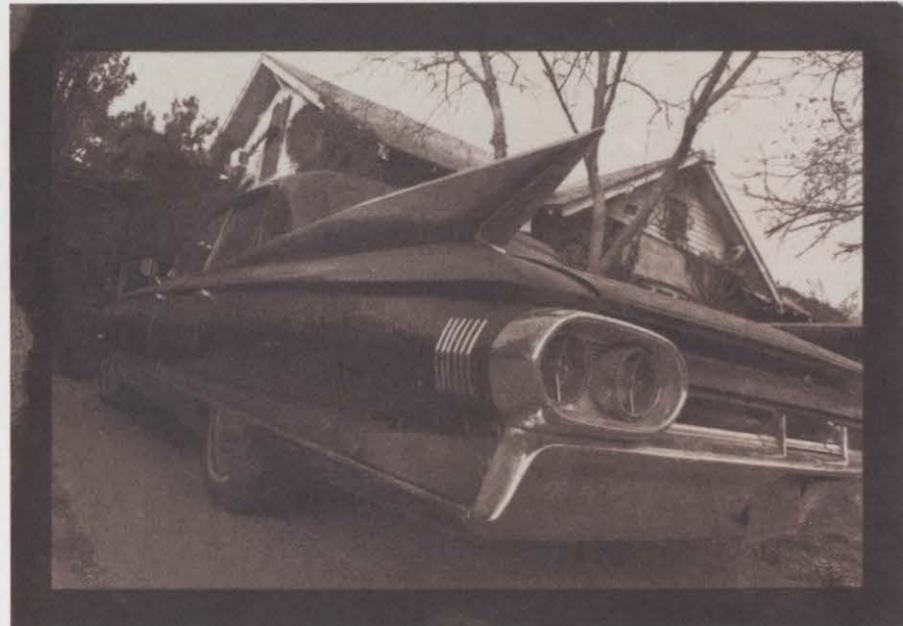
RAINY DAY
by Wendy Cisneros



PHOTO

Accepted
Photography

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING



UNTITLED
by Alyssa Zuraih

PONDERING
by Peter Dickinson



PHOTO



1st Place

Drawing DEATH'S FRIEND
by Brittany Rislund



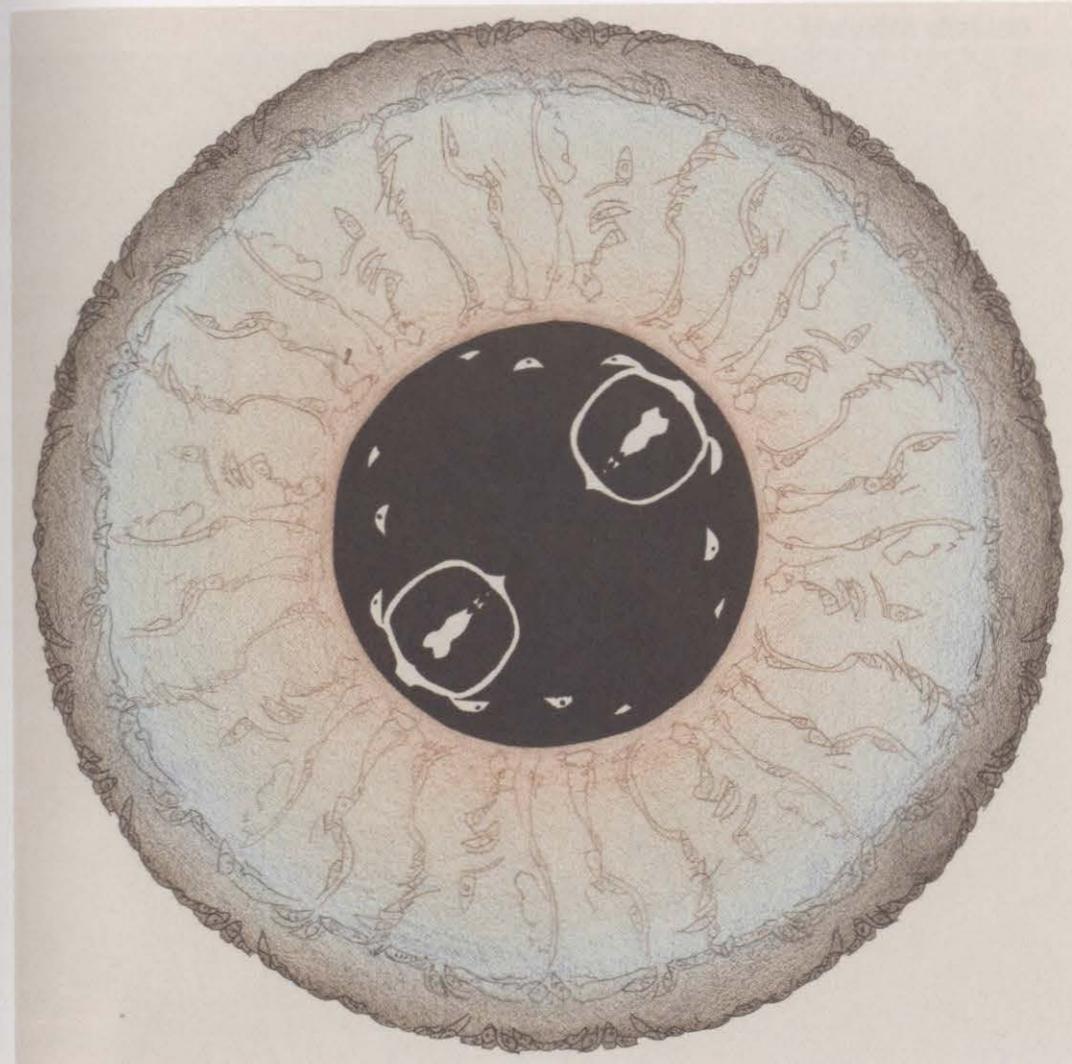
DRY PASTEL



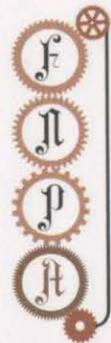
P5
by Chris Ohr

2nd Place

Drawing



COLOR PENCIL AND INK



3rd Place

Drawing LITTLE PIGGIES
by Danielle Mikulski



GRAPHITE

Honorable Mention

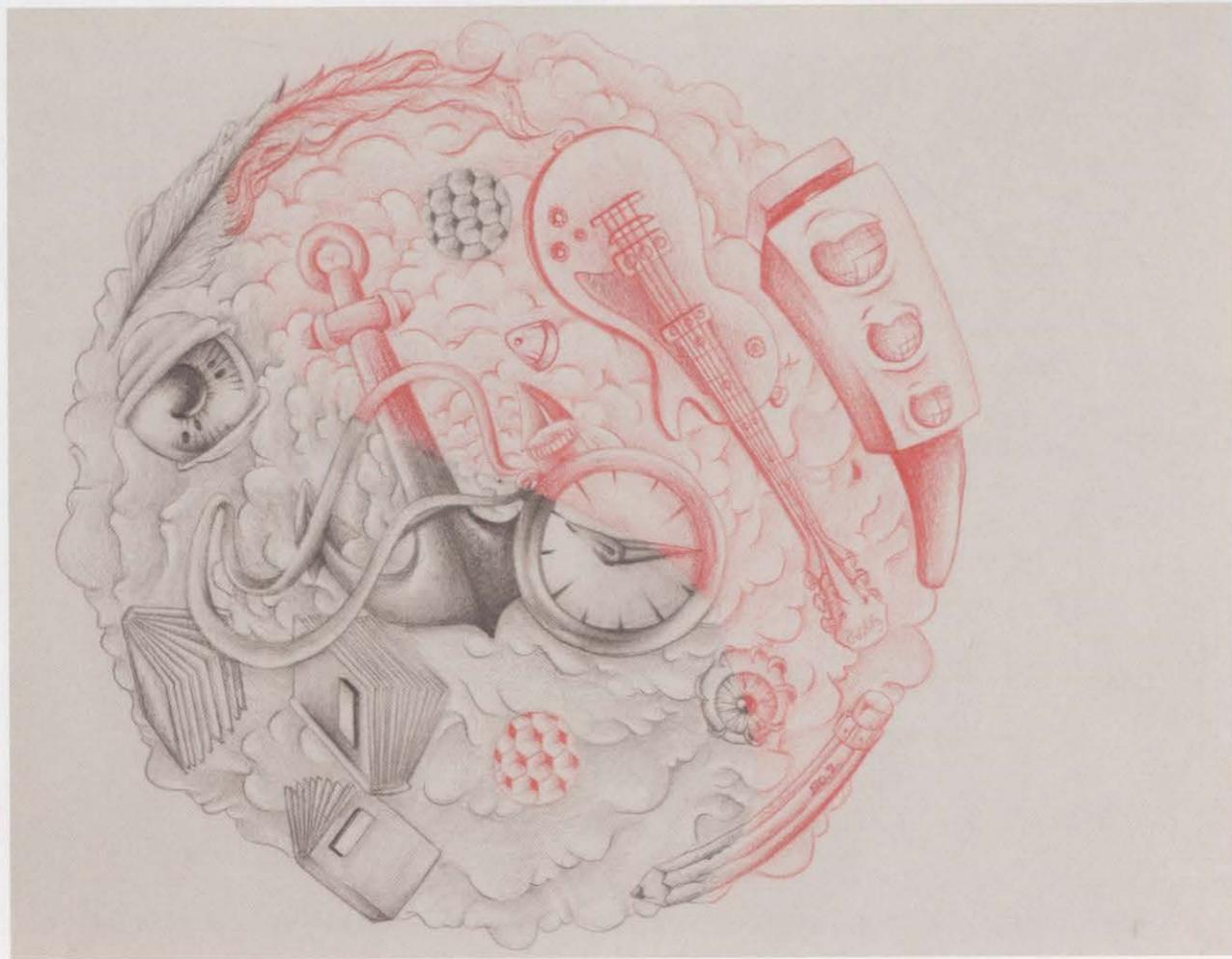
POISON Drawing
by Brittany Rislund



GRAPHITE, COLOR PENCIL, OIL PASTEL

Honorable Mention

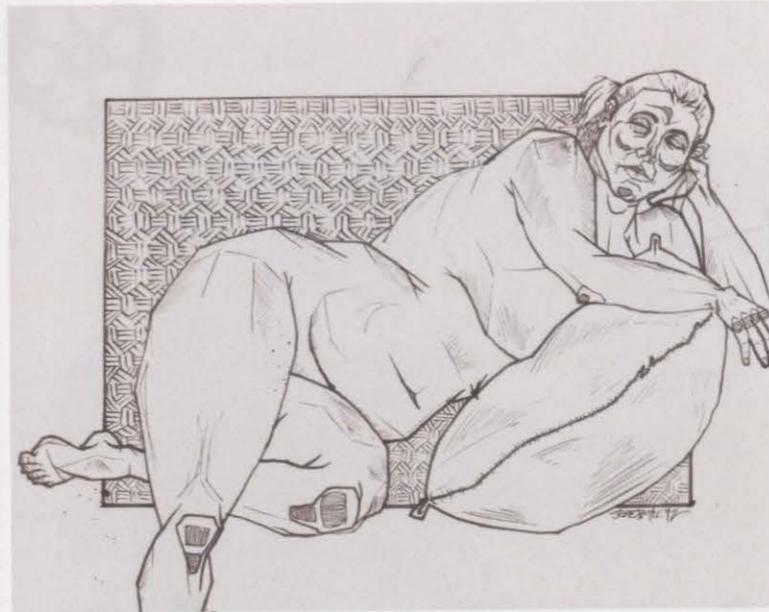
Drawing **BALANCE OF THE CLOUDS**
by David Turpin



GRAPHITE, COLOR PENCIL

Accepted

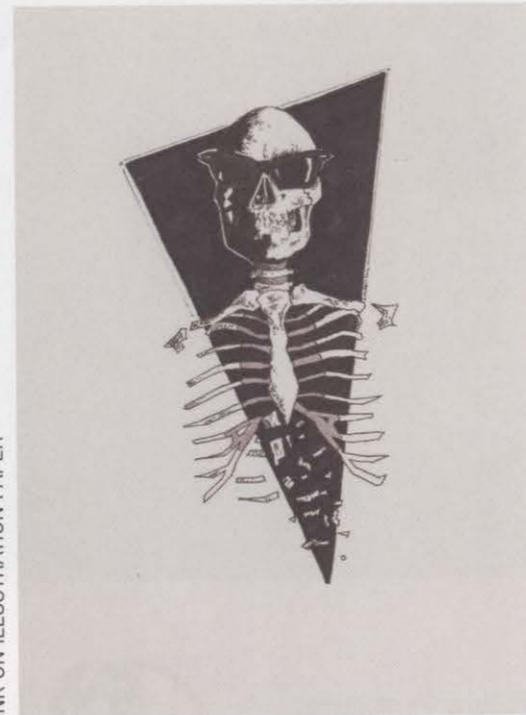
Drawing



INK ON PAPER

OF ALL THE THINGS
I'VE LOST, I MISS MY
INNOCENCE THE MOST
by Jesse Hyrum Boyle

TOO COOL FOR SKULL
by Alex Patrick Merrill



INK ON ILLUSTRATION PAPER

Accepted Drawing

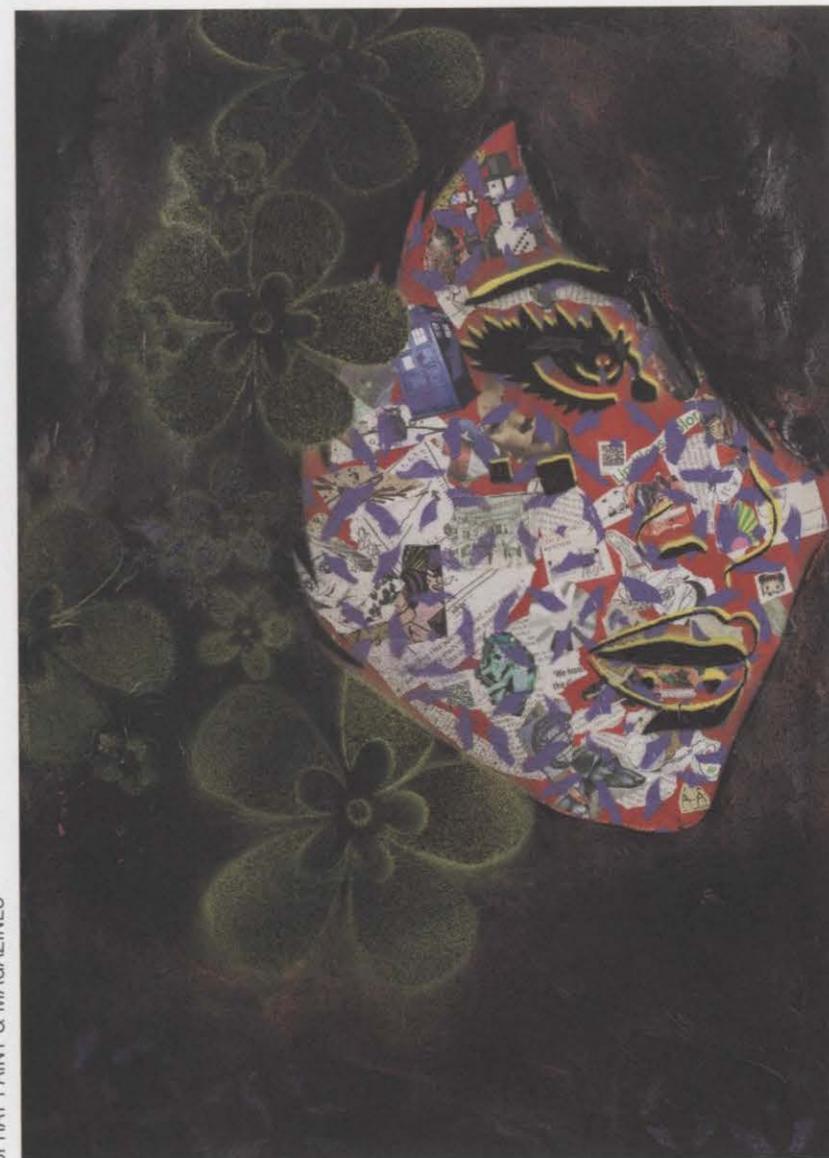
REVELATIONS
by Laura "Liz Rose" Rosen



PEN & INK

UNTITLED
by Grisel Cordova

1st Place Painting



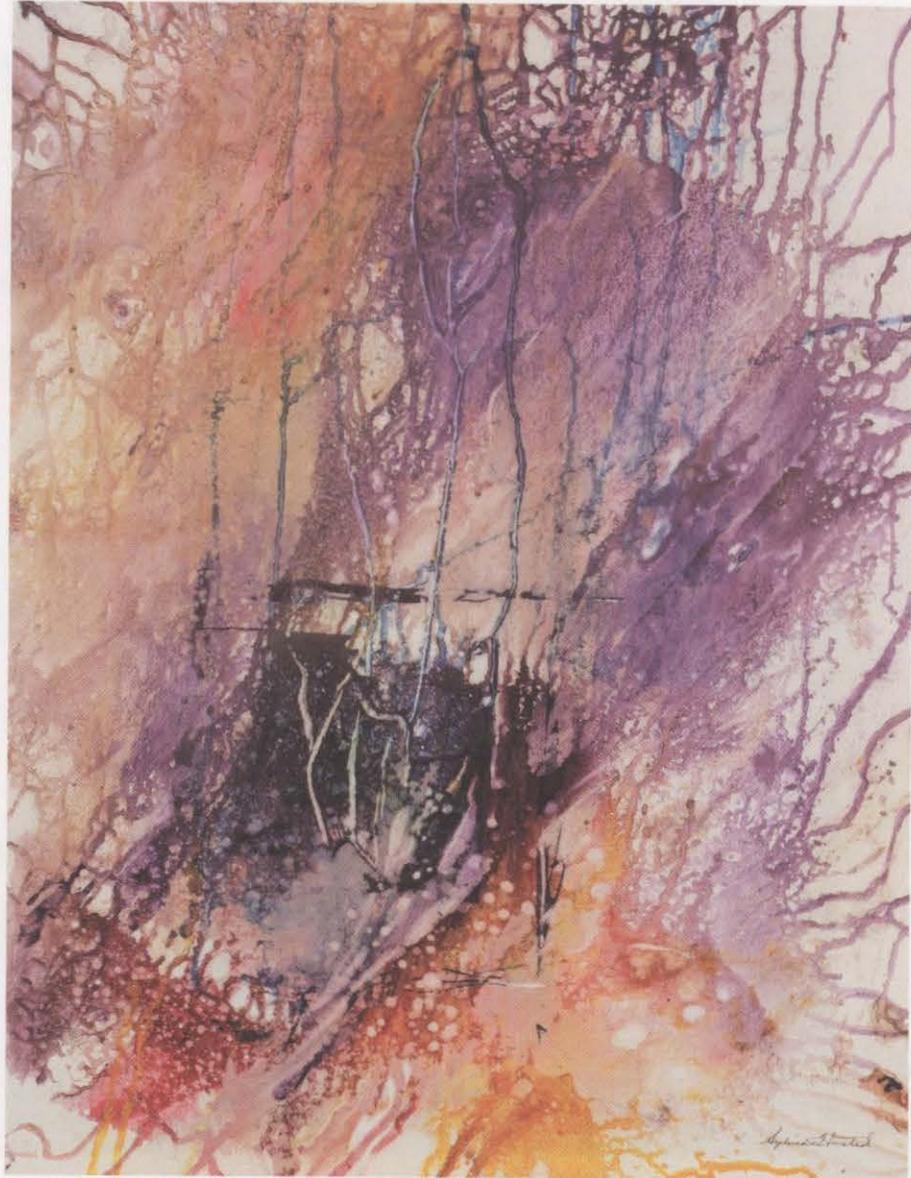
SPRAY PAINT & MAGAZINES

GLENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

2nd Place

Painting

STUDY IN INDIGO
by Sylvia H. Husted



PURE PIGMENT & YUPO

3rd Place

Painting

CONFUSION
by Mary Lou Johnson



WATER COLOR WITH RICE PAPER

Honorable Mention

Painting

GAME OVER
by Brittany Rislund



OIL

Honorable Mention

ANGELS AMONG US

by Nancy Gunn

Painting



WATERCOLOR

MY ZOMBIE PROM DATE
by Laura "Liz Rose" Rosen



WATER COLOR & ACRYLIC

WINTER MORNING
by Bill Sears



OIL

UNWANTED MEMORIES
by Chuck Wan



ACRYLIC

YI XING BLACK
by Rosalinda A. Diaz-Bare



CERAMIC



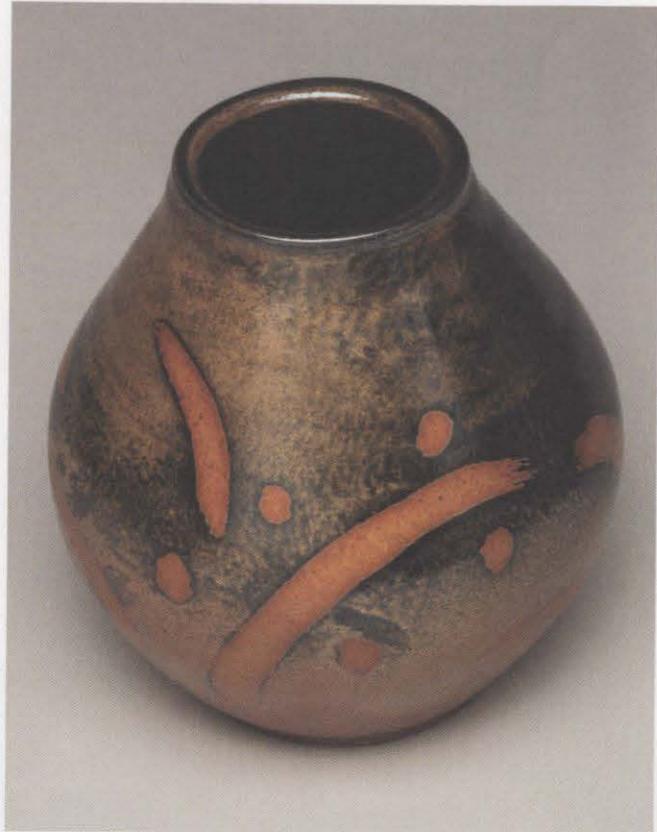
SAMURAI
by Erik Eichelberger



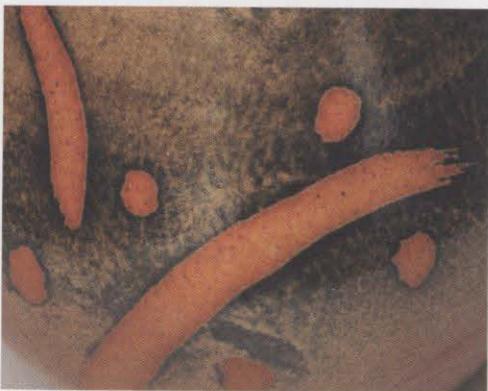
CERAMIC



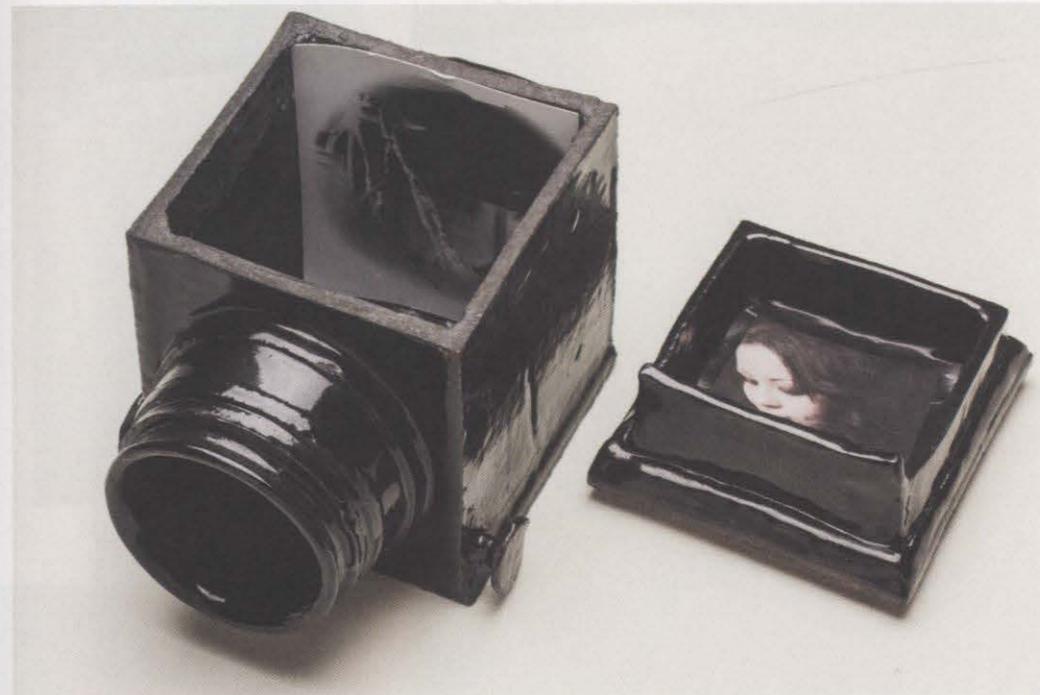
SHINO VASE
by Rumi Poling



CERAMIC



PIN HOLE CAMERA
by David Whipple



CERAMIC



1st Place

Sculpture

INDUSTRIAL AMAZONIAN

by Danielle Mikulski



ASSEMBLAGE



CERAMIC

2nd Place

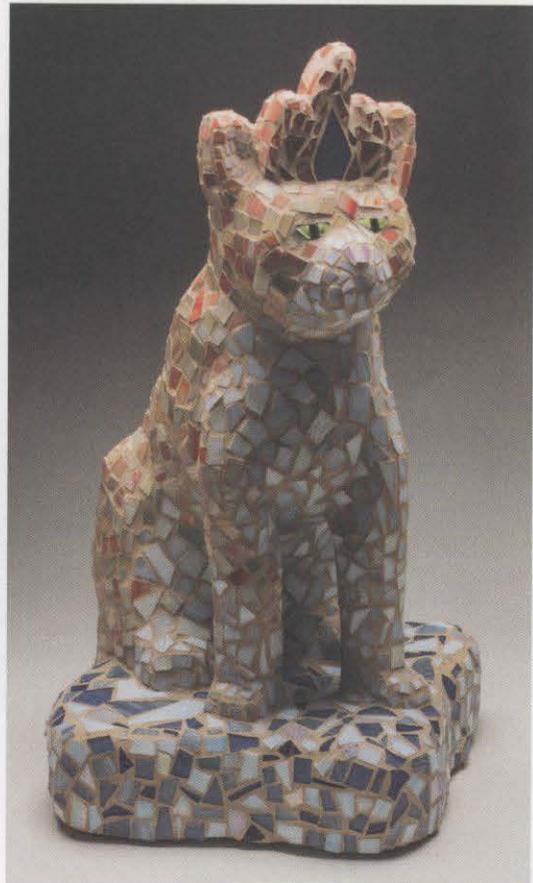
Sculpture

EARTH, WIND AND FIRE:
MAYA, LOUIE & ALI

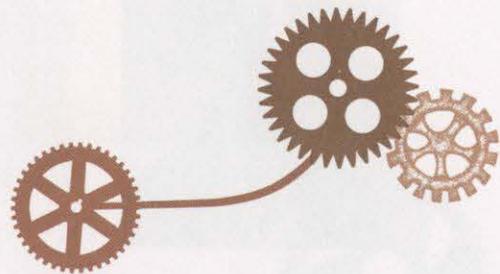
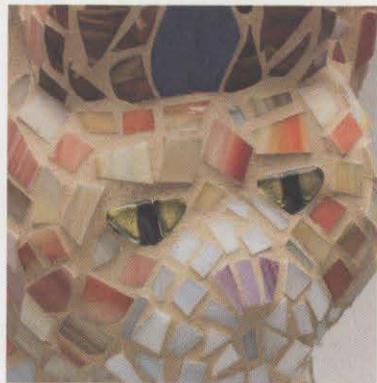
by Martine Cloud

F
N
P
H

FIRE AND ICE
by Adrianna Long



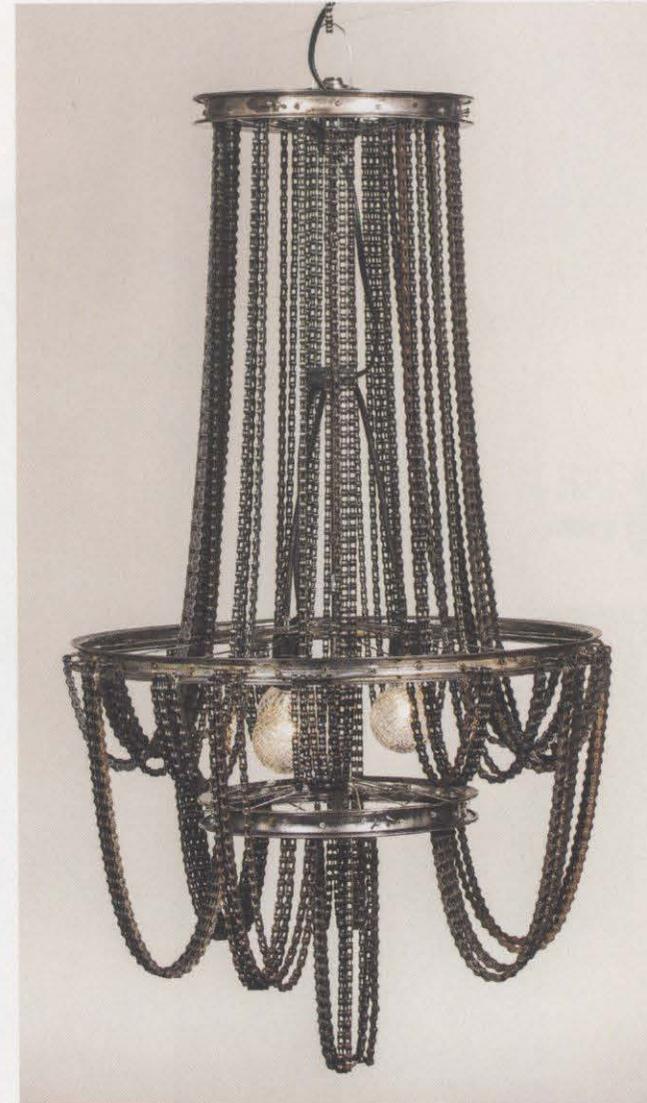
GLASS MOSAIC



BICYCLE CHANDELIER #2
by Eliseo Mendoza-Carrera



DISCARDED BICYCLE PARTS



AQUA
by Elizabeth Z. Pineda



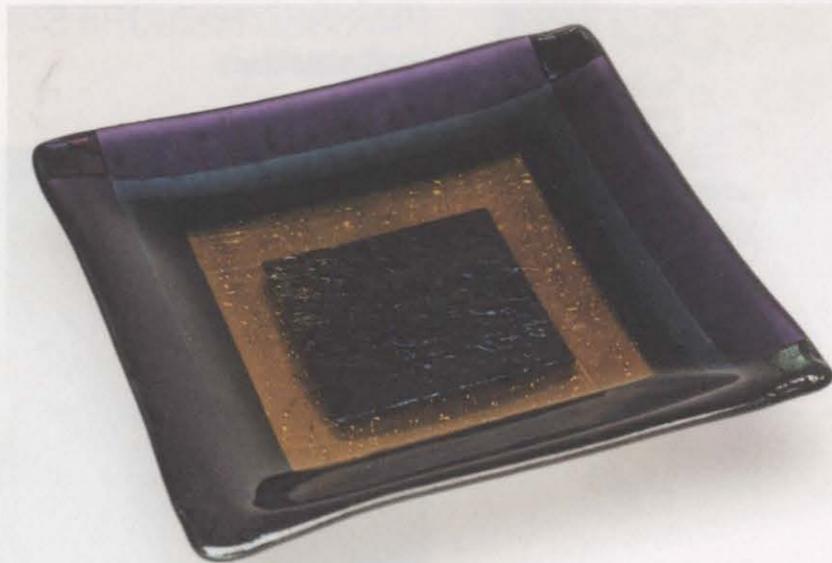
GLASS



PERSERVERANCE
by Elizabeth Z. Pineda



GLASS



GREEN BASKET
by Mary Worel



GLASS



PRESSED MEMORIES
by Glenda Baca



COPPER WITH TURQUOISE BEAD



TANGLED AFFAIR
by Glenda Baca

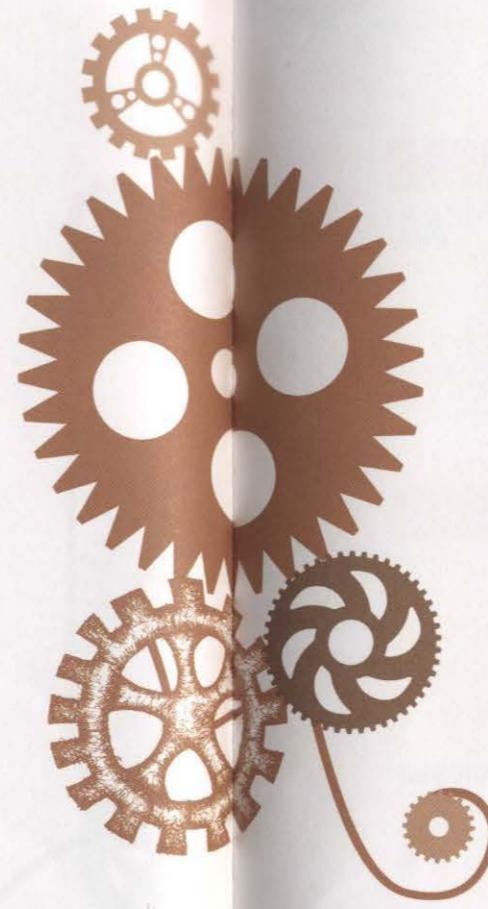


BRONZE WITH MOONSTONE



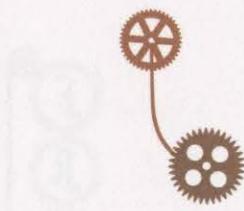
THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE
by Brantin Fix

DIGITAL

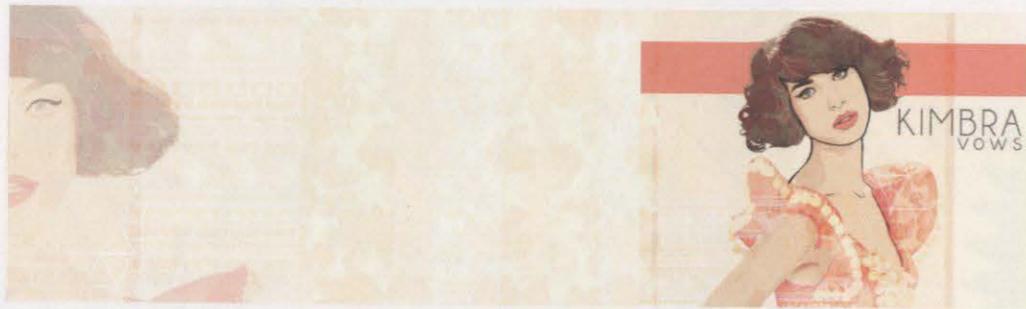


NEW WAVE
by Brittany Rislund

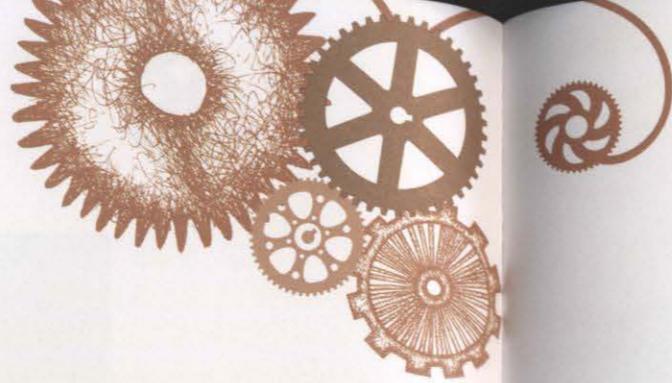
DIGITAL



KIMBRA ALBUM ARTWORK
by Lisa Lara Enriquez



PHOTOSHOP



JONSI VIVID
by Lisa Lara Enriquez

1st Place
Static Computer Art



PHOTOSHOP



INCUBUS ALBUM
ARTWORK
by **Brittany Rislund**



COREL, PHOTOSHOP

QUEEN OF NOBLE BEAUTY
by **Alex Patrick Merrill**



VECTOR ART

A TRIBUTE TO ZOSO
by **Chuck Wan**



COMPUTER ART

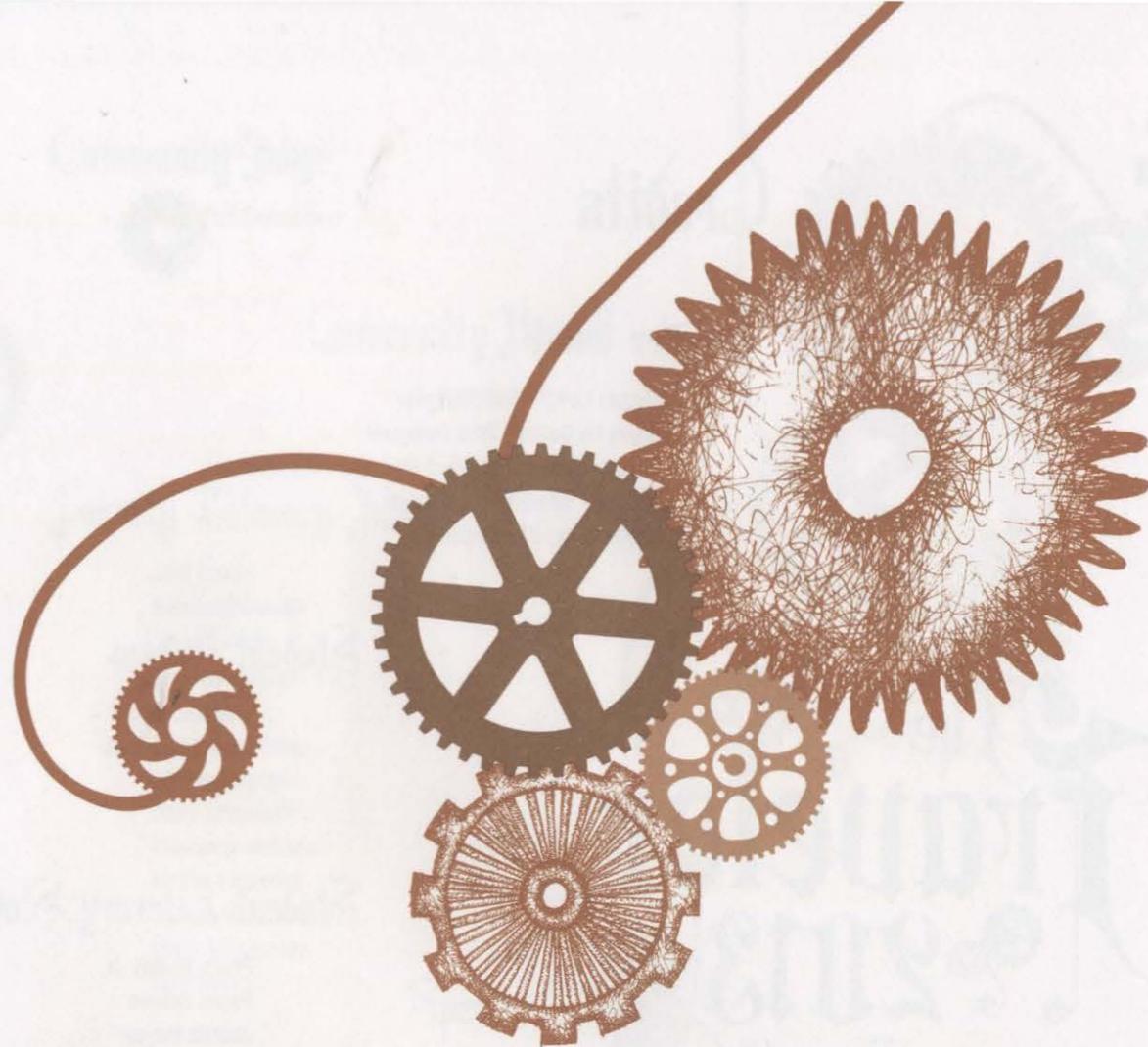
Accepted

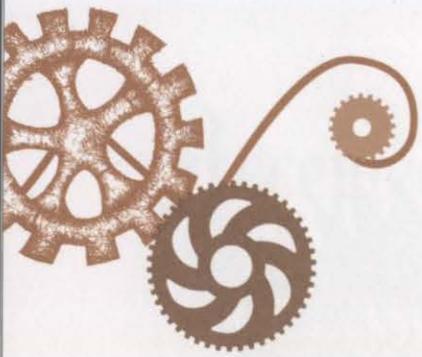
Time-Based Computer Art

HIGGS BOSON
by Robert Hageman



QUICKTIME ANIMATION





Credits

Traveler Staff

Megan Long, *Web Designer*
Laura McDaniel, *Web Designer*
Brittany Rislund, *Project Manager / Art Director*
Rebecca Sandidge, *Designer*
Chuck Wan, *Illustration*



The Traveler 2013 Volume 46

Student Jurors

Grace L. Silvas
Cheryl Vaughan
Chuck Wan

Student Literary Staff

Philip Boddy Jr.
Penni Brown
Jamila Hayes
Chris Haynes
Anthony Marciano
Erick Swain

Faculty Advisors

Michelle Blomberg, *Graphic Design*
Sharon Forsmo, *Visual Arts Content*
Dean Terasaki, *Visual Arts Content*
John Ventola, *Literary Arts Content*

Community Judge

Kurt Von Behrmann

Community Reader

C. Christy White

Faculty Literary Judges

Jeff Baker
Renee Barstack
Jayme Cook
Shelley Decker
Gina Desai
Roxanna Dewey
Jenna Duncan
Gary Lawrence
Kimberly Mathes
Phillip Roderick
James Veiheffer
Mark Viquesney
Lori Walk

Special Thanks

Dr. Fernando Camou, *Dean of Instruction*
Robin Daugherty, *Digital Media Arts Secretary*
Marla DeSoto, *English Department Webmaster*
Ryan Kennedy, *Photographer*
Dawna Kremlin, *Secretary to the Dean of Instruction*
Sherri McClendon, *Art Department Secretary*
R.J. Merrill, *Art Department Chair*
Mary Jane Onnen, *English Department Chair*
GCC Creative Writing Faculty



Scan to view online
or visit www.gccaz.edu/traveler



MARICOPA COMMUNITY COLLEGES



0 00 99 14815536

