

2010 Literary and Art Magazine

TRILLIUM



TRILLIUM 2010



SAMANTHA WOLFSANDLE

DEDICATION

The 2010 *Trillium* is dedicated to all the student editorial staff members who have worked on *Trillium* and before that, *Period*, over the last forty years. Thank you for keeping Ramapo College's literary magazine alive with your hard work and devotion. Because of you, the students at Ramapo have an outlet for their creativity and a place to encounter the art and writing of their peers. Over the past forty years, hundreds of Ramapo students have worked as editors and thousands of students have been published in the magazine. This community of writers, artists, and students has kept the magazine successful and vibrant since 1970.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY 7

Job Description by Bobby Texel
Believer by Michael Alcee
Ars Poetica by Megan Deuchar
A Poem I Wrote While My Dad Said I Was in a Balloon by Joseph Kiely
Strapped by Aaron Jurgan Queen
Part of You by Jacqueline Tesoriero
Smokier by Day, More Gilded by Night by Brian May
Canvas by Candace E. Barnes
Embers by Hannah Hughes
Anniversary by Joseph Kiely
If by Jacqueline Tesoriero
The Waiting Room by Megan Deuchar
June 21st by Michael Alcee
With Love, from Roosevelt by Emily C. Zupkus
I Made Love to a Mosquito Today by Heather Palitto
In Response to the Tragedy by Gretchen J. Kaser
A Victim by Roneesha Smith
Why I Love the Abuse by Nicolas Sposato
Lost in the Hour by Vincent Luizza
Roadside Diner by Vincent Luizza
Do You Feel Loved? by Andrew Nieporent
Selene by Candace E. Barnes
304 by Gretchen J. Kaser

PROSE 27

Clutch by Eric D. Weiss
Ruby by Samantha Wolfsandle
It Happens Sometimes by Scott Scardena
The Final Account of Anna Benson by Lauren Santaniello
Death for Love by Samantha Wolfsandle
The House by Scott Scardena

GALLERY 45

TRILLIUM

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*Special thanks to
Eileen Ramos for all her help.*

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MANIFESTO

The editorial staff set specific goals for *Trillium* 2010.

We wanted the prose to include both short and longer works of fiction and nonfiction: prose with dynamic plots and important themes. We wanted narrators with powerful voices and stories in a variety of genres. Mostly, we wanted stories with biting irony, clever metaphors, and characters who breathed.

Trillium has always featured great poetry. This year, we wanted to see poems that showed command of form. More than form, though, we looked for poems that featured unique voices and accurate and realistic imagery. As with the prose, we wanted poems that include symbolism, metaphor, and simile. These poems needed to give voice to human, living themes. More than anything, we wanted our poems to be original.

Visually, we wanted each picture -- whether a photograph, painting, or drawing -- to tell a story, act as a mini narrative, evoke some kind of emotion, engage the viewer, serve a purpose, occasionally relate to a poem or story, and have a certain meaning.

Ultimately, we wanted this version of *Trillium* to stand out, not with flash, but with the hard work and dedication we put forth to ensure this magazine touched on a wide variety of the arts.

TRILLIUM: AN ABBREVIATED HISTORY

Trillium was not Ramapo's first literary magazine. Before *Trillium*, in 1972, there was *Period*, published in 1970 and 1971. *Period's* advisor was Prof Roderick Thorp, who gained fame writing novels such as *The Detective* and *Die Hard*. Yes, that *Die Hard*. *Period's* short life was full of drama, like Thorpe's books. Ramapo was a small school struggling in the heady waning days of the hippie culture. Suffice to say, students made decisions, advisors made omissions, and financial chaos ensued. The era of *Period* came to an end. *Period*.

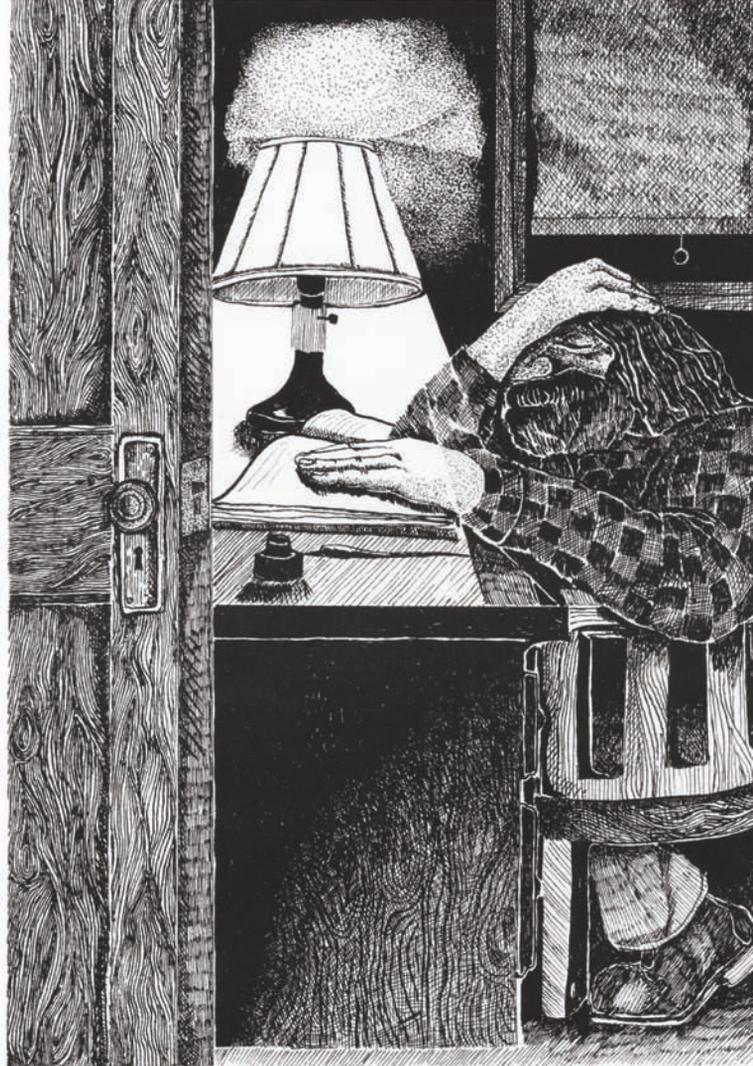
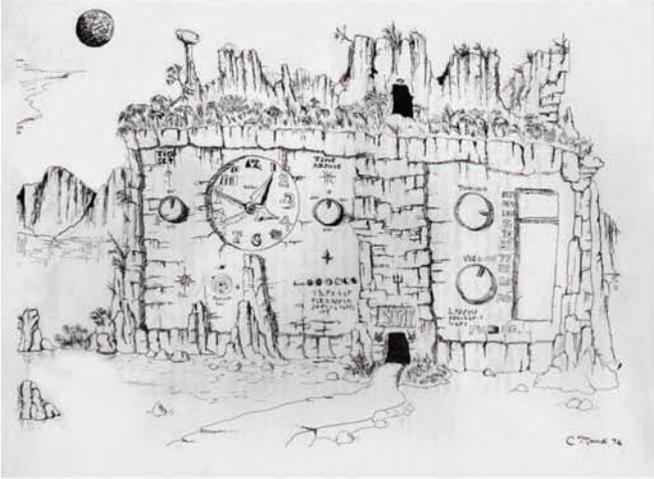
College President George Potter was not happy with the financial debacle that was *Period* and was perhaps not too disappointed to see it vanish. But students needed a creative outlet. In 1973, they turned to Professor Denis Murphy and created *Trillium*. Unfunded, these students did all of the work on their own. Murphy recalls, "We had a lot of spirit and not much else. The first issue was all volunteers. We dug up some strange paper from an aborted project, but none of it was the same: grainy textures, smooth, semi-smooth, wavy creases, white, off-white, grey. Weird stuff, but enough for what turned out to be three hundred copies of an intensely tactile first issue of *Trillium*, each page a new touch sensation—a near cousin -of Braille. Talk about the blind leading the blind."

"The college printer, Tom Dunne, agreed to print it if the students would do all the work. Nothing would have happened without him. I can still see him smashing and banging that cranky old printer with his shoe. The print-shop was across the hall from the vice-president's office. Startled by Tom's violent curses and oaths the vice-president himself, Bob Cassidy, would pop his head in the door: 'Tom! My God! There are women here! Please!' Cassidy became one of our strongest moral supporters. With Tom's help and no overt obstruction from the administration (but no money either) the students gathered poems, stories, and art from all over the college, and acted as their own editorial board."

With little funding or support, *Trillium* ceased to exist in 1981. In 1984 and 1985, Ed Shannon, who was a student at Ramapo then, and a group of other students tried to revive the fallen magazine, but to no avail. In 1987, however, *Trillium* was brought back for good—with funding! One of its first editors was Kathleen O'Brien—later to be another "Professor Shannon." In 1995, Murphy retired and one Literature Prof. after another took over the *Trillium* helm: Anthony Padovano, Carol Hovanec, Monika Giacoppe, Kathleen Shannon, Mónica Peláez, and Ed Shannon. Of course, hundreds of students did the real work of the magazine—writing, editing, designing. Today, *Trillium* is produced every year by a group of students taking a course called Magazine Workshop, with enough funding to print 2000 copies. Despite a few hiatuses, and some major speedbumps along the way, Ramapo has managed to produce some kind of literary magazine for most of its 40 years. Since 1973 that magazine has been called *Trillium*.

This year's *Trillium* celebrates its history by including images from *Period* and *Trilliums* past as dividers for the Poetry, Prose, and Gallery sections.

POETRY



It's not what you look at that matters, it's what you see.
-Henry David Thoreau

JOB DESCRIPTION

BOBBY TEXEL

As poets
our job is
to observe the world
and all those who inhabit it.
To experience life
and regurgitate our emotions
onto the page
or the screen
or into the ears
and to make words like
“regurgitate” sound beautiful.

BELIEVER

MICHAEL ALCEE

You consult your tea
like it's a bible, a rosary
cradled in the trinity of thumb,
middle, and pointer.

I wish I had your faith,
so British and dogged,
so sure of redemption,

but, damn it, I'm just agnostic—
a drinker of what's before me.

ARS POETICA

MEGAN DEUCHAR

It was the sun
in her platinum blonde hair
and the way you could
see the sea green ocean
in her eyes.

You could feel the sand
on her skin
and the fresh breeze
through my hair
with every breath she took.

Eyes closed and I could
almost see her,
feel her presence.

She gazed out
over the cliff
admiring all she
had wrought
carefully and precise.

A POEM I WROTE WHILE MY DAD SAID I WAS IN A BALLOON

JOSEPH KIELY

It must be amazing to be floating
through air watching earth, tilted
on its axis, watching news cars turn
toy cars turn nothing.

To be free of the cobwebs, my mother's
old dresses, dining sets. I'd tell
the news I was in the attic
the whole time to keep my flying

to myself, hold it in and let it become
every bit of me. A fall from so high must be better
than from this dusty attic. Hitting grass
better than hitting fiberglass.

I think I'll take my try
at floating, my parents
will be ignored, thought liars
when they report me missing
and I'll have the world to myself.

KEVIN VANDERVALK



-STRAPPED-

AARON JURGAN QUEEN

Father always knew how
to make that belt crack
best.

Often as its reminder,
he'd slap it on his bare chest,
rousing us kids from our pretend sleep.

Some August school days, we spent in
hot dungarees to cover our tender, blue limbs.

Mother was our nurse, inside our trailer
tending to our welts,
her own tears, warm, dropping into the stripes,
soothed the damage my father inflicted.

"Mama let me wear warpaint today!"
my brother told his kindergarten teacher once,
his little legs glistening with concealer.
She laughed it away, sent him to recess,
probably because to ask was more difficult than not.

Mother sabotaged that cowskin strap,
splintering its strength from inside, unnoticeable.
Seven spankings after, the belt broke
into several pieces on the floor of our mobile home.

He never suspected her of it.
He never touched us with that belt again.
Father died that year,
Mother mended the belt,
fastened it through the loops of his church slacks,
and buried him wearing it.

PART OF YOU

JACQUELINE TESORIERO

I'd like to be a fly on your wall
just to see how unhappy you are.

I'd like to be a wrinkle in your sheets
just to see how you can't sleep.

I'd like to be an itch in your throat
just so I could watch you choke.

I'd like to be an ache in your bones
to watch you hurt and make you moan.

I'd like to be a fire in your heart
to burn you up and tear you apart.

I wish I could be more in your eyes
but all you see is a lost goodbye.

COREY O'CONNELL



SMOKIER BY DAY, MORE GILDED BY NIGHT

BRIAN MAY

In the morning
I remember your face
as faded forms
of mosaics erased
like chalk from
hot pavement by waves;
colorful streams of pictures
washing away, the night's dreams
decay in sunburst blasts
and splash dampened designs
that last only as long
as gravity's decline keeps
them plastered on the whitened
walls of my mind
like floating blood tears dissolving
down the side of a glass of red wine:
disappearing
all the time
mysteriously
to somewhere.

And by the day
I'm the holed barrel barren
of your fluid flowing from
my shell-case, sitting empty,
fantasizing of the building
pressure and swell
of liquid I'd eventually let spill
until the room in which I sit
is tightly filled to the brim
which would fill me again,
only to swim back through
daylight's punctured cracks,
creating moments
of betrayal
as you continually
enter and exit.

But as evening turns to night
and the dark wonder of
slumber makes clear
the day's flood of distractions,
I see you now
as water ponds freezing: solid-bodied
and cool, teasing me with cold
droplets dripping on my desert
flesh, steam sizzling and rising
to a mess of haze growing
thick with passing hours
that showers and fades
your melting young face.
I wake to
the crashing of
boiling waves.

CANVAS

CANDACE E. BARNES

My face is a canvas
on which I paint
a smile for the world to see.

First blush is placed
along the planes
where cheekbones ought to be.

Eye shadow is next,
most skillfully drawn;
she begins to look like “me.”

Then comes the lipstick,
Cupid’s bow
followed carefully.

And finally mascara
upon my lashes thin;
I use it liberally.

Blonde hair is brushed,
stray eyebrow plucked,
and at last there is to see

The face I show society,
that hides the real me.

EMBERS

HANNAH HUGHES

Eyes close on a snowy night
lit up by specks of shining warmth
that grin from every white pine.

The fire inside me crackles more fiercely
than that of the flames resting at the end of the
room;
their bronze glow cannot match my own golden
blaze.

Your breath soothes the nape of my neck
as I sink into the depths of my blankets and
your arms, that wrap around me wherever I go.

Lingering nutmeg and spices tickle my nose
left over from hot cocoa and couch cushions
and are swept quietly onto my pillow.

A harsh breeze chills and sneaks through the
window,
piercing into the warm shield meshed together
in my slumber,
outing the embers of the season.

Yet the clouds find a lull in the midnight skies
as your arm brushes my shoulder
to pull me back into you.

The stars seem to know; they glisten
with rekindled spirit and sear through the night
hich our dreams can call home.

IF

JACQUELINE TESORIERO

From distances,
we watch.

(never knowing true intentions.)

My intentions to hope for more were betrayed by your intentions to never look back.

Maybe goodbye would have been easier if we had said the words.

if we had closed the door.

if we had been honest.

But our feelings,
untamed and unspoken,
remain unknown to me
and far from you.

THE WAITING ROOM

MEGAN DEUCHAR

Sitting here waiting, fidgeting with
the paper hearts etched with distant words
and brain teaser puzzles meant to measure your
attention to details, focus and problem
solving competence—

the receptionist asks if I'd like some
cold water to sip slowly—I guess she thinks
I'm anxious. My leg is shaking while my
mind travels back to last night. It starts
like any other night; a little procrastination,
some friends over, now I am

alone with my thoughts and past side-by-side
in one room. The psychologist's patient voice brings
me back to the waiting room—I know the routine.

His room is small and dimly lit with one semi-cozy
chair for me, just like I remember it.

JUNE 21

MICHAEL ALCEE

We don't celebrate this day like New Year's,
usher it in with a countdown or a kiss.
No, it passes by unnoticed—
as if the sun were holding its breath and setting
a new record only to find that its mother
wasn't even watching.

WITH LOVE, FROM ROOSEVELT

EMILY C. ZUPKUS

Through the bars, lies my friend
I give my heart to he.
But I cannot comprehend
the taming of the sea.

My Atlantic knows me well
my mystery, he adores.
He yearns for secrets I'll only tell
in a whisper on his shore.

He knows exactly what to say;
his calmness is his rage.
He reminds me every day,
some love you cannot cage.

I MADE LOVE TO A MOSQUITO TODAY

HEATHER PALITTO

I watched a mosquito bite me today.
I watched it gorge itself on my life essence, drinking its fill. I did nothing to
stop it. I did not kill it or squash it into my skin. I did not flick it off my arm. I
cocked my head in quizzical awe.
I was desired.
I watched as a part of myself became a part of something else. How beautiful is
that..
I made love to a mosquito today...

ANNIVERSARY

JOSEPH KIELY

By Crestwood lake, where we once crushed
our problems in the sand, I skip rocks
across your face, see you explode to blur,
the leaves around us burning
fall from trees, extinguished by your
reflection. You whisper come on, take me
to the swings. I fly you towards the sky,
pray you sprout wings, don't look back
over the charred trees, past the lake with ducks
and your face fresh
in granite. You kiss the back of my neck
and disappear in the wind.

SAMANTHA K. BRADLEY



IN RESPONSE TO THE TRAGEDY

GRETCHEN J KASER

They say destruction is a form
of creation and God knows
we've had enough devastation
to last us three or four lifetimes—
so we spin, moving faster and faster
not just to forget about the despair
but maybe also to see if we build up
enough velocity, will something stick
together and converge to form a solid,
some stable ground to walk on. And so
we orbit near the speed of light, never
pausing long enough to reflect upon the
tragedy. One day we'll find the answer
or hopefully the answer will find us, and
we will rebuild and reconstruct,
but for now, just keep spinning.

A VICTIM

RONEESHA SMITH

This is starting
to feel like how I would get stuck
behind furniture as a child.

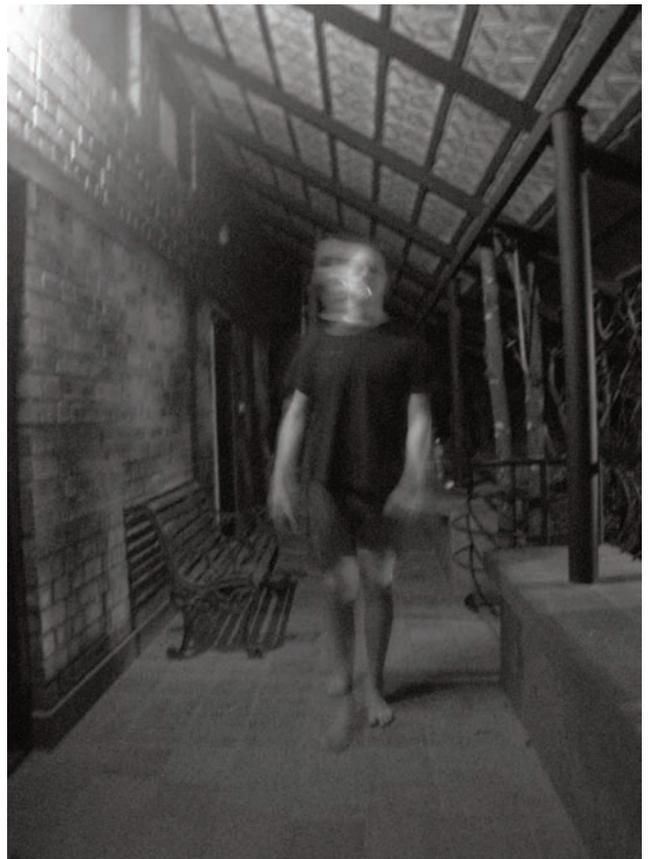
My blood began to whirlpool
from a scene
so soap opera-surreal
that came and went with the same intensity
of a fleeting ambulance.

A shirt was strewn across
the pavement
like a bear skin, lit against a fury
of red and blue lights.

The moon watches like an eye,
poking out of the sky,
with cars passing, making
an ocean's-worth of noise.

Raindrops make abstract art
on the canvas of my windshield,
but I can still see the man,
glass-in-mouth,
whose life I can't determine.

SAMANTHA K. BRADLEY



WHY I LOVE THE ABUSE

NICHOLAS SPOSATO

My legs are dirty, pants ripped
from when I dove for safety.
My lip is bleeding, swollen
he said he was sorry for hitting me
an accident.
My legs from the knee down, bruised.
My forearms red from the constant beating upon them.

But why do I love the abuse?
Because I love baseball.

COREY O'CONNELL



LOST IN THE HOUR

VINCENT LUIZZA

The sun is broken,
 and the moon is lost.
The sky screams thunder,
 while the dirt feels fire.
The rivers they are freezing,
 and the fields stay dry.
The clouds captivate all over,
 while the children stop dancing.

The five o'clock streets all brake in alliance,
 as the city traffic lights stay red.

The truck driver puts down his coffee.
The poet puts down his pen.
The single mother breathes heavy,
 and watches her world end.

MOLLIE STERN



ROADSIDE DINER

VINCENT LUIZZA

With his black sports jacket stained with cold blood and warm tears.
The Thunderbird steams across Highway 88 west; out west somewhere.
Ten miles past Nowhere and half way to Goodbye.

A flicker of light up ahead shining bright for all to see.
“Open All Night” the neon sign yells out in forgiveness
to those looking for a place to reconcile.
He throws his jacket in the back seat
and greases his hair back in the rearview mirror and springs open the door.

She stood off in the corner,
near what once was a bed of brilliant flowers, now dismal and breathless.
With her ocean filled eyes and scrambled yellow curls,
putting her heavy lips to a strawberry stained smoke.
He loosens his tie as he walks past.
Heads inside for some pie and coffee.

The waitress leans her elbows on the counter,
laughing and joking with the truck drivers who were on the clock.
An elderly couple, so in love, sit in a booth squinting at the menu trying to make it out,
each trying to help the other make sense of it all.
It seemed like an all right place.
The pie was good; the coffee hot.

The clinging of the bells on the door rang through the diner.

She sat down at the stool next to him.
He turned; He saw the waves crashing back and forth in her eyes.
She took a sip of his coffee, leaving that strawberry stain on the cup.

He scratched at his face and cleared his throat.
She ran her thin fingers through her curls of ribbon and smiled.
He looked over her pale face and smiled back.

DO YOU FEEL LOVED?

ANDREW NIEPORENT

Do you feel loved?
It's quite a question,
isn't it?

Answer honestly
let nothing influence you
not your contractual obligations
not the comfort of normalcy
not the slender woman next to you
not the empty bottle in your hand

the lights and exit signs are psychedelic
the streets are alive
youthful abandon plays itself out
a desperate scene

but what are you going to do about it?
Swim against the tide until God saves you?
Climb a mountain to try to reach the sun?
Or reach back to some ancient strength
and go walking against the wind?
You know, someone else can make you change
you just have to let them

do you feel loved?
Take your time, let me know

304

GRETCHEN J KASER

June twilight—
we try to make up for
past wrongs,
but they
weigh too heavily
on our shoulders.

Spin the wheel—
it holds our fate,
car swerves
broken glass
the pavement
turns crimson.

Somehow
the clock keeps moving:
9:21 flips
to 9:22
as time marches on
though all else
is still.

The crash,
the cacophony
of tragedy,
binds us.
Good luck
walking away
from this one.

COREY O'CONNELL



SELENE

CANDACE E. BARNES

Selene rides the crescent moon
on the waves of silver clouds.
Sailing through the firmament
on her shimmering chariot,
o'er the darkened earth below.
First she hides, then reappears,
as the wind driv'n clouds of night
scud across her vast domain.
Goddess of the heav'nly moon,
night skies her private preserve.
Virgin Queen of night-time skies:
worshipped for her changing phase
and her charge of passing time.
Mistress of the changing tides
and of woman's menstrual flow.
Ancient man of olden days
feared it when she monthly waned:
scanned the skies for her return;
celebrated when her slim
crescent shortly reappeared.
Planting and hunting and harvest,
all according to her plan.
Slowly she travels the sky,
following the track of the Sun.
Sometimes daring light of day
shining pale against the blue.
Season by season she flies:
sometimes bright, and sometimes dim.

Nightly I watch her progress
as she sails across the sky.
Faithful friend during the nights
when I wake while others sleep.
Selene, Goddess of the Moon,
I salute you fond farewell.
Night sky is light'ning – dawn comes.
So, until sunset, farewell.

PROSE



Don't tell me the moon is shining;
show me the glint of light on broken glass.
-Anton Chekhov

CLUTCH

ERIC D. WEISS

I came home from class and laid down in my bed, clutching my phone -- waiting for you to call. But the call never came, so I continued to lie there. I pondered calling you, but decided against it. I can just picture now my father's advice: "Don't worry about it, she'll call." I continued to doubt him as my dormant cell phone felt heavy in my clenched hand.

I went out with my friends that night and decided to have a couple beers. A couple turned into a few, a few turned into, well...a lot more than a few. I got dropped off that night with my cell phone still clenched in my hand, turning my knuckles white.

I decided that night that I would call you. The number dialed automatically, the digits tattooed to my brain. The phone rang twice until there was nothing. "Hello?" I called, but to no avail. I looked at my phone and saw black. Black was all I saw and I wondered what in the hell was going on. I held down the power key...but nothing happened. I plugged my phone into the charger just as the night's binge drinking started to take hold as a tear formed in the corner of my eye. Before I could wipe it away, everything went black.

I woke up the next morning with the phone still clenched in my hand, attached to the charger. I decided against skipping another class and got my ass out of bed. I showered away my hangover and dressed, not to impress, but to be decent. Class was a blur. Mindless babble spread across like wildfire. I decided to skip the next class and sleep. I got home and laid in bed with the phone still clenched in my hand. My knuckles starting to bruise from the constant pressure. Verizon became imprinted on my hand. I shrugged and tried to clear my head. I laid down in my bed, clutching my cell phone -- waiting for you to call.

RUBY

SAMANTHA WOLFSANDLE

My palms are sweaty. My hands won't stop shaking. I look in the rearview mirror at the nervous face staring back at me. My eyes are filled with worry; worry that we might get evicted, worry we might not get to pay our heating bill, worry that I might not be able to put food on our table.

I open the shoe box on the passenger seat and pull out the old .45. I toss the gun from hand to hand, knowing I need to do this.

I've never shot a gun before—not that I'm planning on shooting anyone—but I'll have to if they get in the way. Before this whole recession started, I never would have thought that I would stoop this low. But you do what you have to in order to survive in this world and protect the ones you love. I look at the ruby ring Sarah gave me for our anniversary, and know that I have to do this for her, for us.

I hold the gun in my right hand and put it inside my open jacket. I take one last look in the mirror. Who have I become in these past few days? I knock the mirror away and open the door. It's now or never.

Once I get in the bank I'll just pull out the gun and tell everyone to drop to the floor, that always works in the movies. I try to look natural as I walk up to the bank. I take one last deep breath and open the door. As I survey the layout, I see two men and a woman in line and two tellers behind the desk. This shouldn't be too much of a problem. Just pull out the gun and get the money. Simple.

I do just that. I yell, everyone down!, as loud as I can and randomly point the gun around at the different people. The people put their hands up and start to get onto their knees. It feels as if time has stopped but I hear someone yell at me to put the gun down. I look to my left where the voice is coming from and it's a security guard I hadn't noticed.

He has a gun pointed at me. I turn towards him. My gun goes off and shoots one of the lights above his head. I feel like a weight has been smacked into my chest. What is so hot on me? I look down to see the ruby blood spilling from the bullet hole. It reminds me of the ruby ring from Sarah. And I collapse.

IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES

SCOTT SCARDENA

“Come on Sam, let me in. You don’t have to do this, it’s not that bad.”

The slams of her body rocking the wooden door in its frame added to the pounding in my head.

“Go away,” I replied. “I don’t need or want you here, I’ll be fine”. The slamming continued, soon that frame would give and I just hoped that the chemicals had run their course first. Sitting on the ground, I let my hands go lax and the gallon jug with capital letters rolled away from me. CLOROX glared at me as the empty bottle rolled across the floor. The bleach burned as it coursed its way down my throat.

“Come on Sam, whatever it is we can work on it, just don’t do anything drastic.”

If only she knew. “Shut up Devin go away, I’ll deal with this on my own,” the burn began to make my voice raspy. As my mind started to go, I tried to think back to why I was ending it. What guy was worth all this? Then I remembered his face, his beautiful body and that long fluffy hair and I knew why...Coming to summer camp was like joining an extended family. One I never knew existed until the day I drove in the open gates surrounded by the eight foot high bushes. Leaving home meant leaving the stress and loneliness behind, a place to possibly feel accepted; even if it was just another place for my parents to pawn me off for eight weeks. Entering the woods alone at thirteen on my first day was intense, but after entering orientation I knew I’d be okay. Waiting in the packed dining hall I saw him. One hundred people joining this four-hundred acre piece of property and he was the one that caught my eye; the one that would be my counselor. His fluffy black afro begging for my hands to run through it, his piercing blue eyes seemed to have a haughty confidence that he was completely untouchable. Searching for a partner for the first icebreaker I avoided his hawk-like glance. As much as I wished to talk with him to find out every last detail about him, I knew I would be insignificant to him. I found Lindsay instead, she was a returning camper ready to take me under her wing...She became my best friend. I really hope she didn’t find me like this. Let them move my body before she got there.

“Come on Sam, just open the fucking door.”

“Just go away,” I wheezed wrapping my small body into a curled up ball for warmth. I never thought dying would be so painful. The cramping was the worst part, nothing like I’d ever felt with my period...That was the first time I remember falling in love with him, because of my period of all things. Sitting at the side of the pool with my legs in watching my friends swim, I saw him step out of the bathroom in his bathing suit. He walked to the pool and dove in, watching to make sure not to hit one of the kids coming up. He swam over to me

and climbed out.

"Hey, Sam are you alright?" The sun glistened off his perfect six pack abs, as I felt completely awkward in my comfy grey sweatpants rolled up and my oversized t-shirt.

"Yeah Graig, I'm alright thanks"

"Yeah good...how do you like camp so far?"

"It's fun, better then being at home, definitely better then being home alone. My parents travel a lot for business which leaves me alone a lot."

"Yeah, that stinks but that is one of the reasons camp is so great, there are always people around to hang out with and talk to." His sparkling blue eyes dragged me in again. I learned to love him in those few first moments, even though I knew he was out of my league, I mean come on, he was my counselor, at least twenty years old, it just happened to be one of those things that just couldn't be helped.

"I can tell. I feel like I've made so many friends in such a short time, like Lindsay...and you."

"Camp is always amazing for making new friends and talking...anytime you need to talk let me know. Ok?"

"Oh yeah definitely, thanks Graig!"

"Sure anytime, I'll see you later I gotta go dry off,"

"Alright bye," ...Saying good bye that was something that seemed to be constant in my relationship with Graig. Graig always said he had time to talk to me but the time always seemed so short before he was dragged away to some other problem kid. My days were devoted to treasuring those minutes.

"Sam, if you don't open this fucking door right now I swear to God,". I could hear the desperation in her empty threat. I felt sorry for treating her like this but I needed to end it. It was nothing personal against Devin, I hope this didn't mess her up too bad later on.

"Go away Devin, I'm serious," the wheezing had turned into a croak in only a few seconds.

"Like hell I will, you run away crying and lock yourself in a bathroom and think I don't know what's up? I know you love him, we all do, that's why we talked you into it, but no one knew he'd treat you like that,". Was it really only a half an hour ago? Had I professed my love for Graig so recently? Time seemed to be slipping away, must be the bleach. Good, then I don't have much time...The glow of the campfire reflected off all of our faces sitting there. Lindsay, Devin, Graig, Tony, Laura, and I enjoying our last few hours together before we'd return home, another 44 weeks til next summer. It was really Laura and Lindsay that talked me into it. They said that if I talked to Graig about how much I loved him, he'd be thrilled. Walking back, I pulled Graig aside.

"Graig, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Sure, what's up?"

"This is really hard for me to say, so just hear me out alright?" The sweat started to gather on the nape of my neck and chest, making my shirt cling to my body. Thrilled that the darkness away from the campfire would hide all my signs of insecurity, I took one final deep breath and rushed it out.

"Graig, I Love You. I always have, ever since that first day of camp watching you from across the dining hall, I haven't been able to take my eyes off of you. You are amazing, like no one I have ever known and I've really fallen for you."

"Yeah, it happens sometimes." He replied in a chuckle.

I was completely lost in his reply. It was as if those words had set the campfire to burn away my brain. Up in smoke went my picture of us hanging out together at the movies, holding hands walking down the street, kissing his smooth curving smile. My hands would never reach in and flow through his massive fro, my hands would never trace the lines of that beautiful six-pack that I had greedily stared at during our times swimming. My brain said goodbye to those images and many more of us snuggling and kissing.

"It happens sometimes? What do you mean it happens sometimes?" Tears began to well up in my eyes, thank god for the darkness.

His words followed me down the path as I sprinted to the lodge, to the fluorescent flooded bathroom, locking myself in, finding myself in the same place I was right now. It happens sometimes. The words still haunted me, floating around my head like an electric banner in big neon lights. I guess even by accident, Graig did make a good point, Love, it did happen sometimes. Too bad it won't happen again.

THE FINAL ACCOUNT OF ANNA BENSON

LAUREN SANTANIELLO

June 30, 1862

Gentle Reader,

I am dying.

It is no long-term malady that is slowly claiming my life in the prime of my existence or some sudden fever that is draining my strength, but rather an event which I have long foreseen coming. I just never anticipated it would come upon me so quickly when I am just blossoming into womanhood as a newly wedded wife to the man I have loved devoutly since my youth.

It is for him I lie here upon this canvas stained with the blood of its previous occupant and reeking of chloroform. It is for him I find myself laid low in the summer heat besides hundreds of moaning and crying men, their once fine blue uniforms with golden buttons stained and torn. It is for him I cut my long dark tresses three months ago and replaced my petticoats and chemises for a single-breasted frock coat and trousers. It is for him I enlisted in the Union army under the pretense of being a man, a day after my Charlie left our home in Pennsylvania, just one month after we were wed.

From where I lie, I can see him. He is kneeling besides the body of a young man whose face is covered with dark burns, his uniform melted to his flaking skin. A cannon ball landed close to where the man had been standing, and now he is barely recognizable. The man's name is Jonathan, but my Charlie affectionately calls him 'Johnny-boy.' They have been intimate friends since the very beginning of this war and have been growing closer and closer each day. I see Charlie now, holding Jonathan's charred hand in his two and notice he is speaking, saying the words 'Johnny-boy, Johnny-boy' over and over again. Jonathan won't answer though. Even I can see he is long gone.

Soon, I will be joining him.

I watch Charlie brush aside Jonathan's matted hair with his fingers and see tears in his eyes. Even with the dried blood on his face and a scar on his left cheek from where a bayonet scathed him two months ago, I still find him beautiful, too beautiful perhaps for a man. His features are delicate and lovely, what with the gentle slope of his nose and the smooth curve of his jaw. His shaggy, auburn hair falls into his eye, but he does not brush the loose strands aside. He was always so well-groomed and dapper back home, making sure every morning to shave and maintain his mustache with goat milk and wax as well as apply pomade to his hair. It's strange to find him looking so tatty and unshaven now.

His hands continue to stroke Jonathan's hair. I remember those hands, how soft they were when he would caress my skin with gentle touches back when it was just him and me as man and wife. Before this war ruined us. I long to feel those hands on me now, to soothe my suffering, but here, in this place, I am not his wife. I am James, a quiet, wistful boy who keeps to himself. Anna, the rash and somewhat

outspoken woman he married, is thought to be safe in our tiny home, the home that I left in the care of our neighbors, telling them I was seeking refuge with my parents in Connecticut until the war ended.

A doctor, bespattered in blood walks towards me, stepping over the wounded and moving out of the way for men who are carrying corpses off the battlefield. He kneels beside me and touches my shoulder. "Be strong lad, it'll be your turn soon." He does not even inspect the entrance wound of the miniè ball that pierced through my lower half. He simply hands me a new compress and moves on to the next patient. I do not bother to replace the sopping wet compress I hold against my skin with the new one I now clutch with my left hand. There's no point. Surgery cannot save me. The doctors here know only how to amputate legs and arms; we do not call them butchers for nothing. Yes, there is no treatment for a wound such as mine. I am only taking up space. There are hundreds waiting for my place on this hard canvass, to lie beside men screaming for their mothers who can neither hear them nor save them in this reeking field behind the front lines.

To my right I hear Charlie shouting, and I raise myself as best I can on my elbows. Two men are lifting Jonathan up off his canvas, one lifting him from under the arms, the other from his legs. Jonathan's head falls back and hangs between his shoulders. Charlie scrambles to his feet, reaching for Jonathan's body, but a major roughly pushes a Spencer carbine in his hands and shoves him back, ordering him to return to battle. Charlie looks as though he is going to violently refuse, but the major points back to the front line and orders him to return a second time; he would not be given a third chance. Charlie's shoulders slump, and he slowly turns around.

Charlie was never a fighter. I am the hot-tempered one. Having grown up with five brothers, I can take a licking as well as I can give one. Charlie, on the other hand, is as passive and docile as a lamb. He is my first love and the sweetest man I have ever met. Back home he would pick me flowers every Sunday and arrange them in a vase I kept on the coffee table. He would write me the loveliest poetry that would often move me to tears, hold me in his arms at night, and sing me into the sweetest sleep. He has a pleasant tenor's voice.

I knew the minute Charlie was drafted in April, when the government passed its first conscription, that he wouldn't survive as a soldier. I wept the day he left home, knowing it would only be a matter of time before I would return to the chapel where we were wed for his funeral mass. I couldn't bear that thought, and before I could begin to comprehend what I was doing, I was cutting my hair with shears in the kitchen, stripping off my clothes, binding my breasts and pulling on his clothing. I am the only one who can protect him, and I swore to myself that day I would never fail in doing so.

No one questioned me when I enlisted. To them I was a boy who had yet to grow whiskers, which is not unusual. Plenty of boys barely tall enough to hold a rifle are soldiers.

The following day I found myself in Charlie's regiment. He was standing

alone looking timid and scared. I wanted to approach him, but was frightened he would recognize me. I didn't know what would be done to me if I were caught and I didn't want to risk it and find out. Still, my Charlie looked on the verge of tears, standing amongst those burly men who were showing off their Colt revolvers and howling at the top of their voices. I found myself moving towards him, to take him in my arms and comfort him, but just then a young man approached him. That was the day Charlie met Jonathan.

From that day on I never saw Charlie without Jonathan, and I never took my eyes off Charlie. Not during our exhausting training while we drilled and fired muskets for hours on end in the bitter winter, or when we fought the Confederate rebels in battle as we fought them today here in Henrico County in the dire heat. Often I would watch them from afar, drinking or playing cards with one another whenever we were given a day or two of rest. Sometimes I would walk behind them when we marched, watching them fall in step beside one another, their heads bent low together as they spoke in quiet whispers. They fought shoulder to shoulder in combat, and I would never be far behind, gunning down the rebels they would miss. I never approached them though, simply watched them, watched Charlie, in silence. Once or twice I ached to run to Charlie and reveal myself to him, but each time I would restrain myself. It was better this way.

Now, as I watch Charlie walk slowly back to the front lines, his shoulders rising and falling as he sobs, I consider calling to him. I'm dying. What would it matter if I expose myself? They can do nothing to me now. At least if I call to him, I can keep him from the front. I am a better fighter than him. I've saved his life countless times without him even realizing it. He could be killed if he goes back out without my protection. And, if he does survive this war and returns home, what would he think if he discovers I am missing and not in Connecticut? Infidelity? Would he suspect I ran off with another man who was lucky enough to escape the draft?

I look to the men carrying Jonathan off and to the place where he died. A man I do not know is lying there now, bellowing in agony. His forearm has been shot off and the wound is spurting blood as he tries to stop it with his surviving hand. I think briefly that this man is lucky for having been spared a slow amputation with a dull and rusted capitol saw. His arteries and veins will have to be sown up with silk thread but he should survive, if the surgeons remember to remove the chloroform cloth before he's poisoned, that is. Given the odds, he has a good chance of returning home, unlike me, unlike Jonathan.

I imagine Jonathan still lying on that canvas with Charlie, my Charlie, leaning over him and comforting him with caresses that should only be reserved for a lover, for me.

Without my consent, an image flashes before my eyes that I had only just witnessed this morning, an image I have tried suppressing all afternoon. I see Charlie and Jonathan. They are crouched behind a thicket below a small hill. The sound of gun fire and screams fill the air. The sent of blood and gore is sickening. Wisps

of smoke steadily come towards us indicating that we are losing our standing and the enemies cannons are getting closer. A few men rush past, leaping over shrubbery and into the open field to get closer to the Confederates. I come up behind Charlie and Jonathan at the top of the hill and lean against a tree to load my .58 caliber Springfield musket, all the while watching Charlie. The cannon fire is getting closer and the sounds of screams are getting louder. I see Charlie trembling and Jonathan grips his hand. Charlie looks at him and there is something other than fear in his eyes. Suddenly, Charlie seizes Jonathan's face and crushes his lips to his, kissing him in a way that he has never kissed me.

My heart skips a beat and my breath comes short. I sag against the tree, too stunned to move, too weak to stand on my shaking legs without support.

Why didn't I see this coming? Why didn't I realize? Am I so blind, so foolish to have failed to recognize that look in their eyes, to misinterpret the meaning of those seemingly casual caresses? How can I be so naive!

Without thinking I drop my gun, and it slides down the hill as Charlie releases Jonathan and the two get to their feet and prepare to charge forward. Jonathan leaps into action first. Charlie's muscles coil as he prepares to go after him when my musket hits his boot. He looks down at it and just as he bends to pick it up, a cannon ball strikes just beyond the thicket and the impact knocks Charlie off of his feet and he hits his head. Without thinking I go after him, seeing the blood run down his face, but then I hesitate, remembering what I had just witnessed. I'm standing in the open now, no longer protected by the coverage of the tree, shock rendering me motionless.

I hear a whistle as a projectile rips through the air. I recognize the sound, but I cannot move. A blow to my lower half knocks me off of my feet, and I'm immediately consumed by such searing pain that it completely takes the breath out of me. From where I lie on the ground, writhing in agony, I can hear Charlie crying Jonathan's name. Then there is blackness.

I awake on the canvas, the cries of men resounding in my ears, big, fat flies swarming around my face and crawling on my skin. I feel nothing. I am numb. I must have been given a grain or two of opium while I was unconscious, that is the only explanation for the lack of any and all sensations. The doctor walks over to me and puts a compress in my hand. "Hold this right here, lad. Yes, like that. We'll get to you in a bit." He touches my shoulder then goes on his way.

I'm in a daze, but even in the obscurity I can hear the words "Johnny-boy, Johnny-boy," being repeated over and over again. I turn my head and find Charlie, my Charlie leaning over Jonathan, stroking his hair, his face, like a lover-

I pull myself from the memory. I can't bear to relive it. I watch Charlie disappear into the swarm of men, the Spencer clutched in his hands. I will not call to him. Instead I lift my eyes up to the sky and watch the clouds slowly drift by. I realize Charlie will never know what happened to me and I accept that. From the day I left my home and left Anna behind, I knew this would be my fate. I knew I

was to die in this war, I just thought I would have more time.

I wonder now if it was worth it, if love was truly worth the price of my life. Given the chance, would I be so willing to sacrifice myself again for this man who has betrayed me? This man I have cared for more than myself? I want to believe the worst, that I would let him die a painful death so he might understand the hurt he has inflicted upon me, but I cannot. I cannot deny the fact that I still love him and cannot help wondering if he still loves me, even though everything we have ever lived through was a lie. Our confessions, our whispers, our marriage, everything was a lie and that pain is worse than any other.

Tears come to my eyes now and I blink them back and force myself to focus on the clouds. Charlie and I used to like to lie in the grass on warm afternoons and point out what we thought the clouds looked like. Charlie would always see sheep, and I would see birds in flight. I see nothing now. They are only clouds. They had only ever been clouds.

MOLLIE STERN



DEATH FOR LOVE

SAMANTHA WOLFSANDLE

I've had many men, but none like him. He was a warrior, a leader, but also the most loving man I have ever known. Yes he was an outsider, but who would tell me that? Who would dare to condemn my love, when I could easily condemn their life?

He came and went, staying a few months at a time but always leaving when he was needed. I always hoped I would someday be number one, but I always came after his commitment, after his country. But still, my heart pined for him when he was gone, and burned for him when he was near.

I could have any man I chose, that's true, and I have had most of them, but none compared to him. My heart soared each time I saw him. All I wanted was to be with him, although it meant leaving my life here behind, something not easily done. What then would my people do without me, what would they think of me, if my absolute love came before my promise to them. My people may see me as a whore, but now that I have his love, I don't need their empty love anymore. Little did they know I was a whore not only for men, but for them.

I had once wanted nothing more than to rule this country, as I do now, but now all I want is him. I was planning on telling him that I will go with him, even if it means leaving everything I have worked for behind. But none of my dreams will come to fruition. Nothing matters anymore. He is gone, killed himself because of the loss of his country's war. I cannot imagine my life without by my side, and I won't.

I gently pick up the two asps from their basket. I put them onto me, one on my stomach, the other on my chest. I just want this to be over, not because I am scared, but because I cannot live without him. As the first asp slithers to my neck and the other bites my wrist, I am dreaming about him, his face when I see him in the afterworld. As the second asp bites my neck, I am already slipping into unconsciousness, getting closer and closer to seeing my love again.

THE HOUSE

SCOTT SCARDENA

The rain continued to fall as it had for days on end. Each drop added to the river running past the house, finally breaking over the banks and washing away any vegetation under a foot. The mixture of the clayish dirt and the water took on the appearance of a pool of blood. The road would have also been over-run by the stream of red water if it had not been for the cement wall acting as a skin to hold it in.

The trees and bushes that were left above the water line had been stripped of any green and stood sentinel over this saturated wasteland. The vines were the only green left on the property choking the house of life that once flowed from it. While the woods, which acted as an impenetrable wall behind the house grew closer and closer.

The ancient house, which had stood tall and proud once, was now diminished to a two story shack with empty sockets where panes of glass once stood to protect the occupants from the harsh assault the weather had laid upon this place. The once brilliantly blue paint peeled away leaving onlookers with the feeling that the house had begun to weep about its demise. The only light to be seen in this abysmal landscape was from a lonely window which led off the main dining room. Inside sat a lonely writer at what was once a grand banquet table, working studiously at his typewriter.

The man's name was George Walker and he was a decent looking fellow, minus the fact that he looked a little malnourished. His red hair looked a bit shaggy and ran jaggedly into his curly red beard hiding the majority of his face except for his eyes. George's eyes were what people first noticed when looking into the tangled nest of hair enveloping his face. The extraordinary thing about his eyes was that they were two different colors. The right eye being bright blue like a fresh summer day after a nice light rain, the left on the other hand was a dark reddish brown that almost resembled the same color the water had taken on from the clay outside this rundown shack.

George was seen very little outdoors, but was friendly enough to the local townspeople when he ventured out to do his shopping. The majority of his time he could be seen by passersby sitting at his table with his typewriter, empty sheets of paper on his left and his written manuscript on his right. It seemed so strange to the townspeople that a man at such a young age should be seen at home alone doing nothing but writing. However he caused no trouble for the townspeople and so they caused no trouble for him.

The Walker's had owned the property and the house for generation upon generation, it was one of those old families that had a large amount of money decades ago but had lost it throughout the years. The man had enough to live on and always paid his bills so no one seemed to care that the house became an eyesore on the landscape, especially the man living there.

George's parents had died years ago in the last major flood the area had had. Mr. Walker was in the flooded basement checking a fuse or some nonsense when the chimney was struck by lightning and he was killed instantly. Mrs. Walker died while trying to clean the last actual window pane that was left in the house. It was on the second story and while scrubbing from the inside it fell out and her with it. They are both said to be buried in the back of house in a family plot, but because no one from the town knew them no one attended the burials. George was the only heir and he inherited all the heartache of the loss of his parents and the deed of the rotting house.

The rainy season kept most of the families living near and around the town in doors for a few days, cleaning and making repairs to their homes. However there were always a few children out running around making the rain washed world into a new playground with adventures around every corner. One of those groups laid claim to the field across the river from the Walker House. Andrew Benick, Drew for short, was the born leader, coming up with the games and adventures for the other kids to follow him in. Next was Tony Loving, a small funny boy whose sole purpose was to make people feel good about themselves. Following Tony was Courtney Kid a shy but beautiful young girl who always brought her friend Laura King with her who was much more outgoing than her friend. The group, with Drew taking the lead ran away from town to the old Walker home stopping on the far bank of the overflowing river. From their vantage point, the children could see a sliver of light coming through the boarded up window, pointing out where George was situated in the house writing his manuscript.

"What do you think he does in that old house all by himself?" Tony asked inquisitively.

"I hear he sits in there writing some sort of book," answered Drew.

"Come on let's cross the river and find out, there really is nothing else for us to do in this weather."

"No way," said Laura, "That river is way too strong, we'll never make it across."

"If you're too scared fine, I'll go across myself." taunted Drew as he began to walk closer, the river beginning to wash up against his yellow rain boots.

"Be careful, you don't know what is in that water." Screamed Courtney.

Her warning was too little to late. Just as Drew began to tread water and swim across the river, a hidden branch snagged his left foot leaving him stuck in the middle of the on rushing water. Beginning to panic, he lost his stroke and was pulled underwater by the current and his inability to break free of the hooked boot.

"Help!"

"What do we do," worried Courtney. "How can we save him?"

"I don't know," stated Tony. "I can't see him anymore, can you?"

A quiet splash was heard from the other side of the bank as Drew's friends searched through the water for his yellow raincoat. As Drew started to feel all was lost a hand wrapped around the hooked boot and ripped it free. Drew started to feel himself being dragged through the water to the opposite side of the bank away from his friends. As he and his savior reached the bank, recognition of the flowing red hair gave away who had dove in to save him. George pulled him onto land and asked, "Are you alright kid?"

"I'm ok, thanks." Mumbled Drew.

"Kinda dreary weather to go swimming isn't it?" Asked George, his blue eye sparkling. Turning to the opposite bank George yelled to the other three, "Come over the bridge and through the gate." Turning around to Drew, "What were you doing trying to swim across?"

"Nothing, just fooling around." Replied Drew, who at that same time began to turn a very dark red.

"Are you ok Drew?" Asked Tony. "You gave us a real scare, man."

"I'm fine, thanks to Mr. Walker." Drew replied.

"Call me George, now come inside, we all look like a pack of drowned rats out here."

"Thank you sir but we really need to be getting home." Meekly replied Courtney.

"Nonsense not until you've dried off." And with that, George turned and went in through the back door entering the kitchen with the four kids shuffling behind him. The kitchen was fairly clean. It was covered with a yellow linoleum floor, a white countertop, and a kitchen table taking up most of the left wall.

"Why do you live here all by yourself?" Drew asked.

"It's a very long story, and I don't think you have the time for the tale." Replied George.

"No, we have time," Tony exclaimed. "Drew was trying to swim over, to see why you lived in here all by yourself."

"Shut up Tony." Drew said glaring at his friend.

George chuckled, "He was, was he? Well alright, if you insist, but if you don't like what you hear it is on your own hands not mine." Walking through the kitchen they all took seats around the dining room table, George at his customary writing chair. The table was large enough to fit all five of the occupants of the lonely, quite house plus one more. George's seat was situated under the main chandelier for the best light. As George began to explain his tale the light began to leave his bright blue eye and darken his red one.

"After my parents died, I knew it had nothing to do with normal circumstances. They were both wonderful people and they never harmed anyone. It was the woods that killed them, not accidents. Legend says that when my ancestors originally built this house that a witch from the woods came and put a curse on the house and all the inhabitants that will ever live here. The curse was said

to say that the house would be retaken by the woods. The trees that were once used to build the house would splinter and re-grow from the land that was stolen from the woods. My entire family believed it to be a complete hoax until one by one we have all been picked off in different ways by the curse until I was the last one left."

"Come on George," Drew said, "Do you really expect us to believe that this house has the ability to kill people?"

"Believe what you want," George stated calmly, "I know the truth, and it's not the house that kills people, it's the witch's curse. It's the woods trying to take back what it believes it rightfully owns. Anyway now that you have had time to dry and get warm I suggest you run home and never come back to this place."

"But what are you writing? Why are you always so alone in here sitting at your typewriter?" questioned Laura.

"I'm writing the history of the house and my family, so that someday when the woods come for me, people will know not to live here but to burn it and let the woods reclaim what had been stolen from it."

As if after his statement, the woods knew it was losing four new victims, the wind picked up and rocked the trees ripping some out from the roots and falling reaching for the house with their limbs. The rain began to fall more rapidly making a machine gun rattle against the roof, the thunder growing louder and the lightning striking all over the yard finally hitting the chimney and even with the rainwater began a fire on the second floor. As the kids started to walk to the front door, the front porch roof caved in blocking their escape. The fire began to spread across the roof and lighting the beams traveling down through the attic to the second floor. The kids and George, finally smelling the smoke, ran to the backdoor racing for their final escape. Upon reaching it, the kids scrambled out racing around the house for the gate. George reached the door and remembering his manuscript, raced back through the kitchen to the dining room. He grabbed it as the fire burned through wires holding the chandelier in place. Hearing the creaking of the chandelier a second before it was too late George jumped. The chandelier smashed to the floor only crushing his foot and catching his left leg instead of his whole body.

The kids stood out at the road waiting for George, watching the smoke and the fire rage through the top half of the house wondering what could have happened to the man that had just saved Drew's life only a half an hour ago.

"What do we do, what should we do?" Whimpered Courtney.

As always Drew was the first to respond for action, "Wait here I'll be right back." He yelled as he raced back around the house to the backdoor. Looking through the smoke filled kitchen he could see a lone figure lying on the dining room floor struggling to get out from under the chandelier. Crouching low through the kitchen into the dining room Drew rushed to George's side. Drew immediately reached for the chandelier to remove it off of George's leg but before

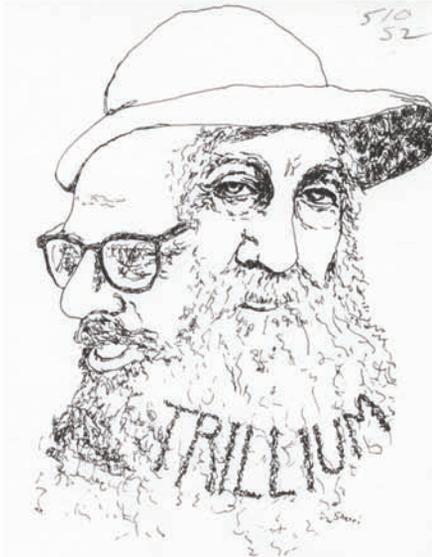
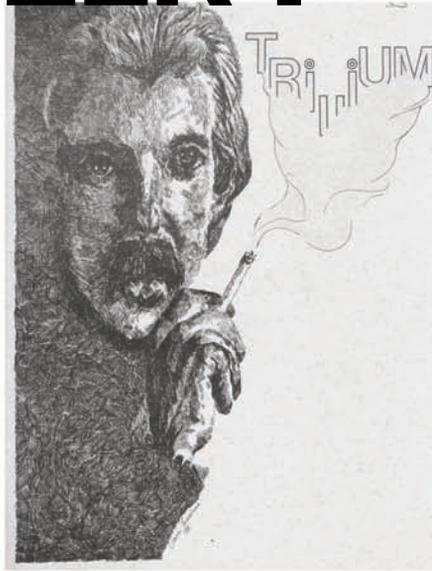
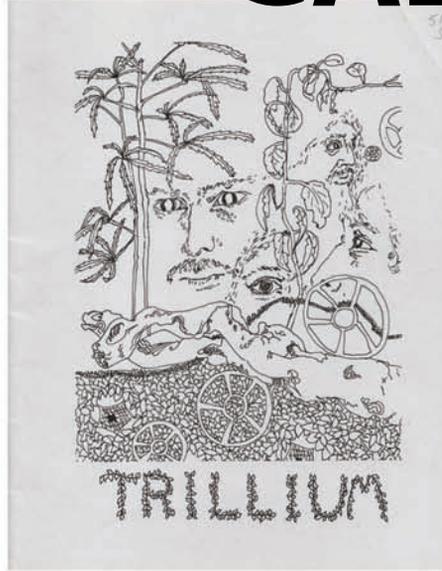
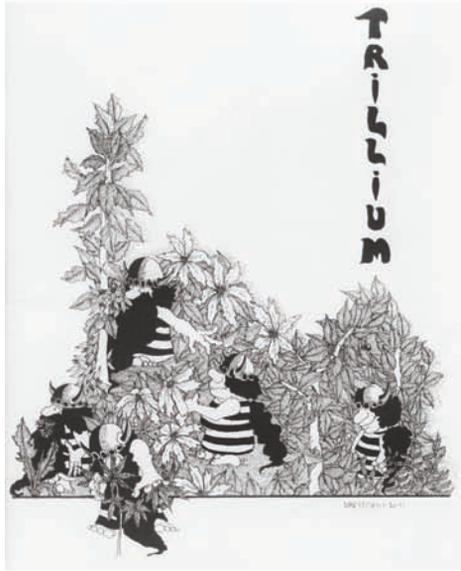
his hands could reach around the smooth metal and millions of crystals, a stack of papers was shoved into them.

“Take this manuscript,” George said through clenched teeth. “This is how it is supposed to be, just make sure people know not to build here. Remember nature has its rightful place too. Now RUN!”

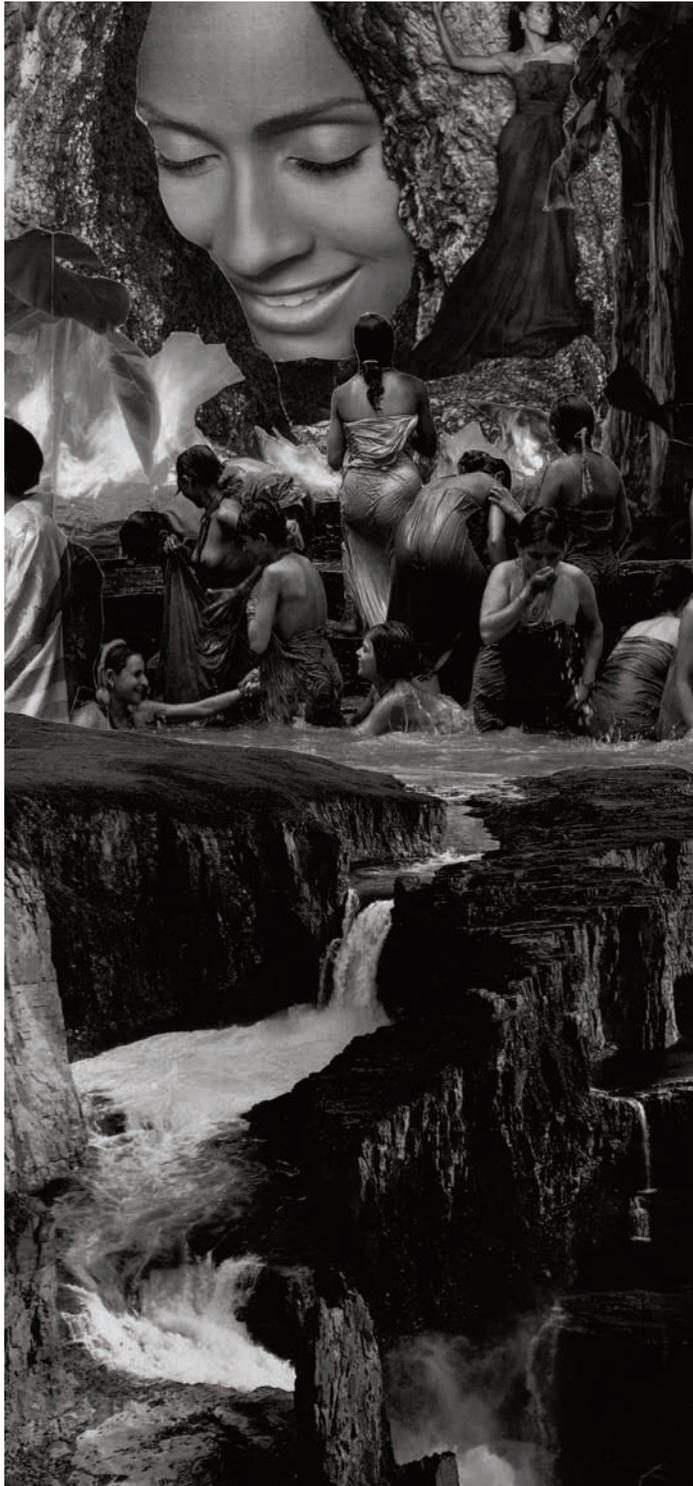
With these last words, Drew took the manuscript and thrust it into his raincoat running for the back door. Racing around the house Drew heard the creaking of a falling tree smash into the kitchen blocking the final escape route out of the ruined house. Reaching his friends Drew explained George’s warning and the four children stared as the house seemed to chew itself up from the inside out. The vines pulled the house inward as the flames leaked out of the open eye-sockets of the broken and began to burn the peeling paint away. The flooding water not only seemed to run red from the under lying clay, but also reflected the growing flames that were overtaking the house, giving it the eerie appearance as if the children were standing in a living pool of blood. When the house started to tilt towards the front and the flames seemed to reach for them, the kids ran out of the gate, over the bridge and back to town never discussing what happened to them or to George to anyone.

The next day the rain had stopped and the townsfolk were out and about dealing and looking for the usual damage that is caused with the rainy season in their small dreary town. None of them were ready for what was found at the old Walker house. The first person to pass happened to be Drew’s father, Mr. Benick. As he walked past the cement wall he saw nothing but trees. It was as if overnight the trees had grown over the charred remains of the old house and the woods had taken back what was once stolen from it. There was a lot of speculation and rumors that went around the town as there always would be in small farming community. But there were only ever four souls whoever really knew what happened to George Walker and his lost manuscript telling the true tale of the entire Walker family.

GALLERY

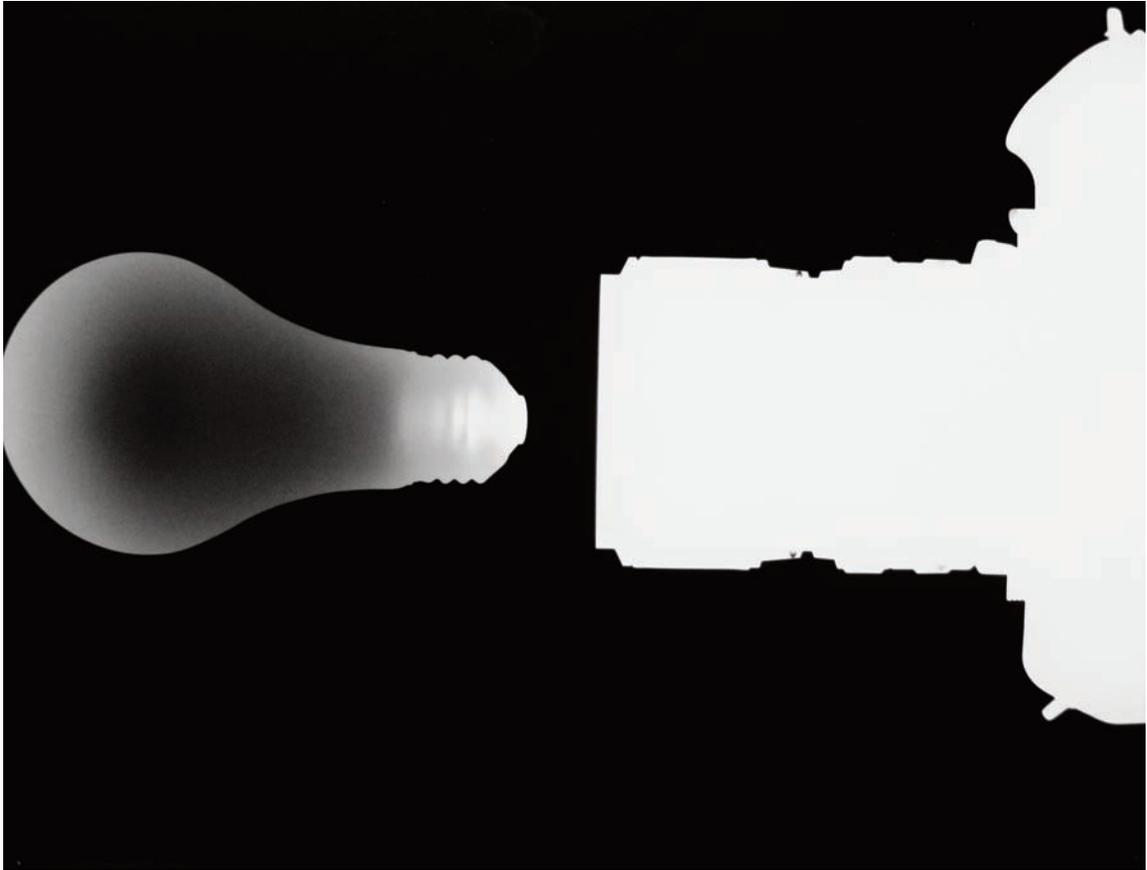


I saw the angel in the marble and carved until I set him free.
-Michaelangelo





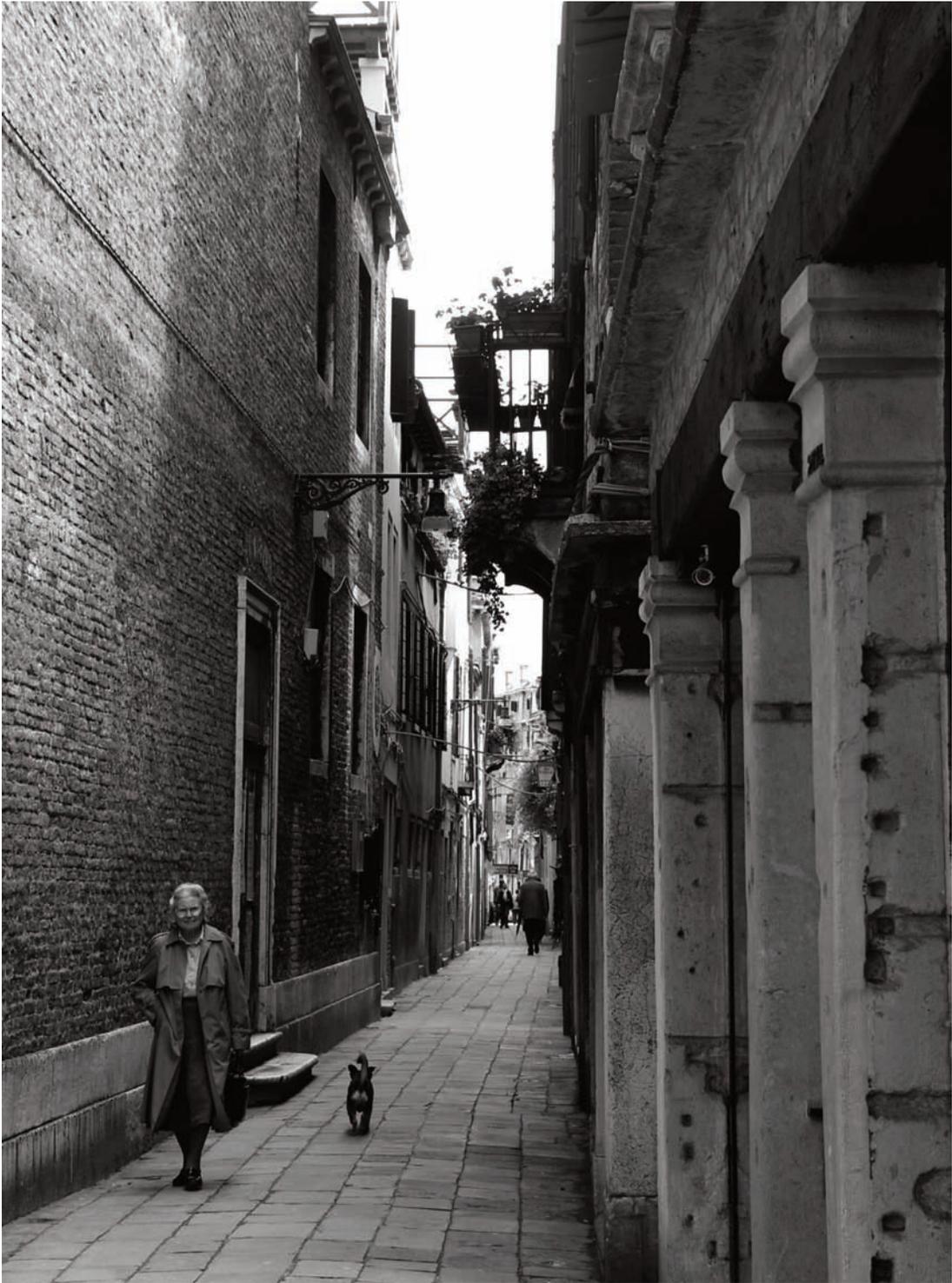
CHRISTINA FABRIS

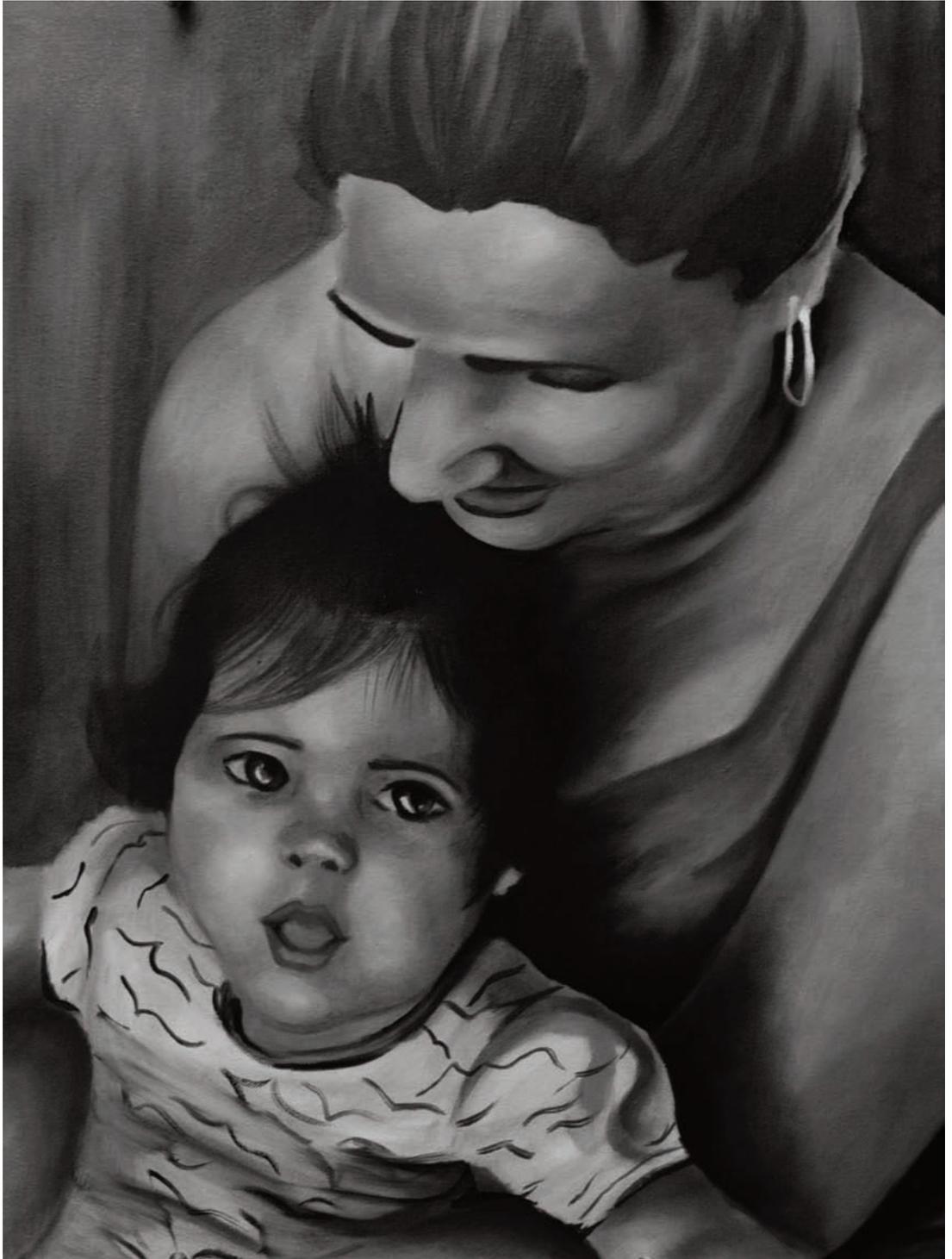


KEVIN VANDERVALK



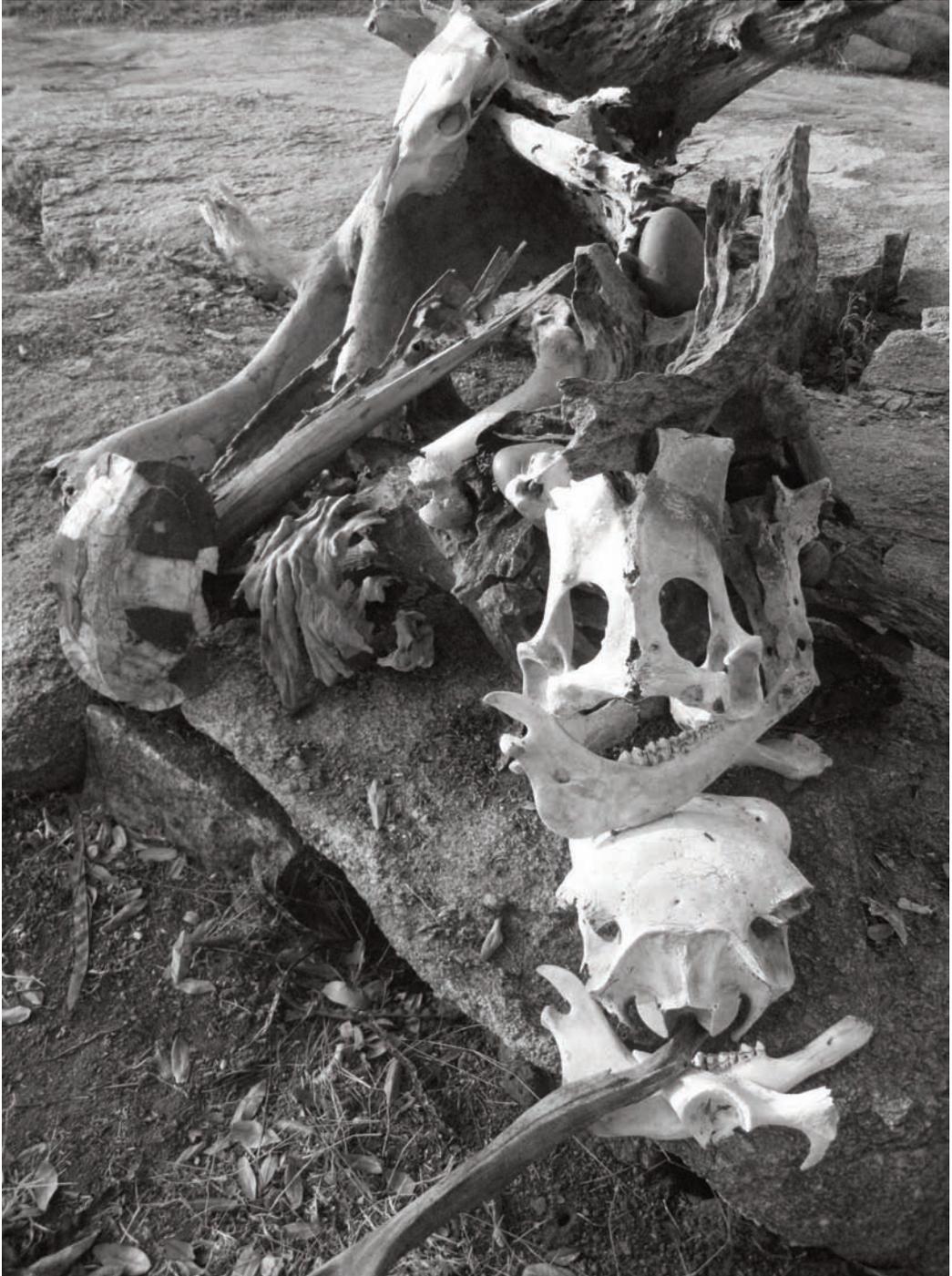
PATRICK BUSTEED





ALEXANDRA MELENDEZ





SAMANTHA K. BRADLEY



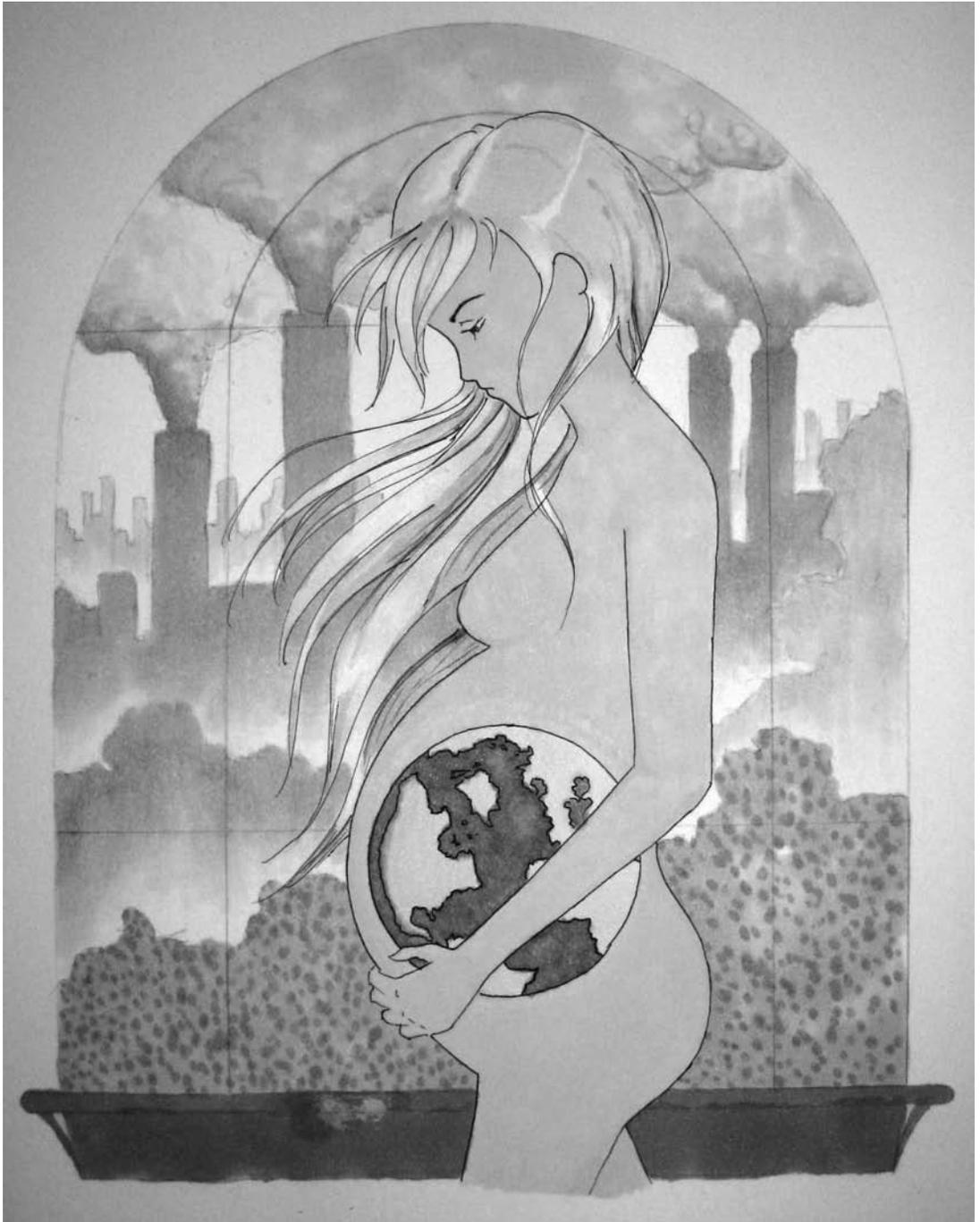
JOLIE LANG



COREY O'CONNELL



ROB DIMARZO



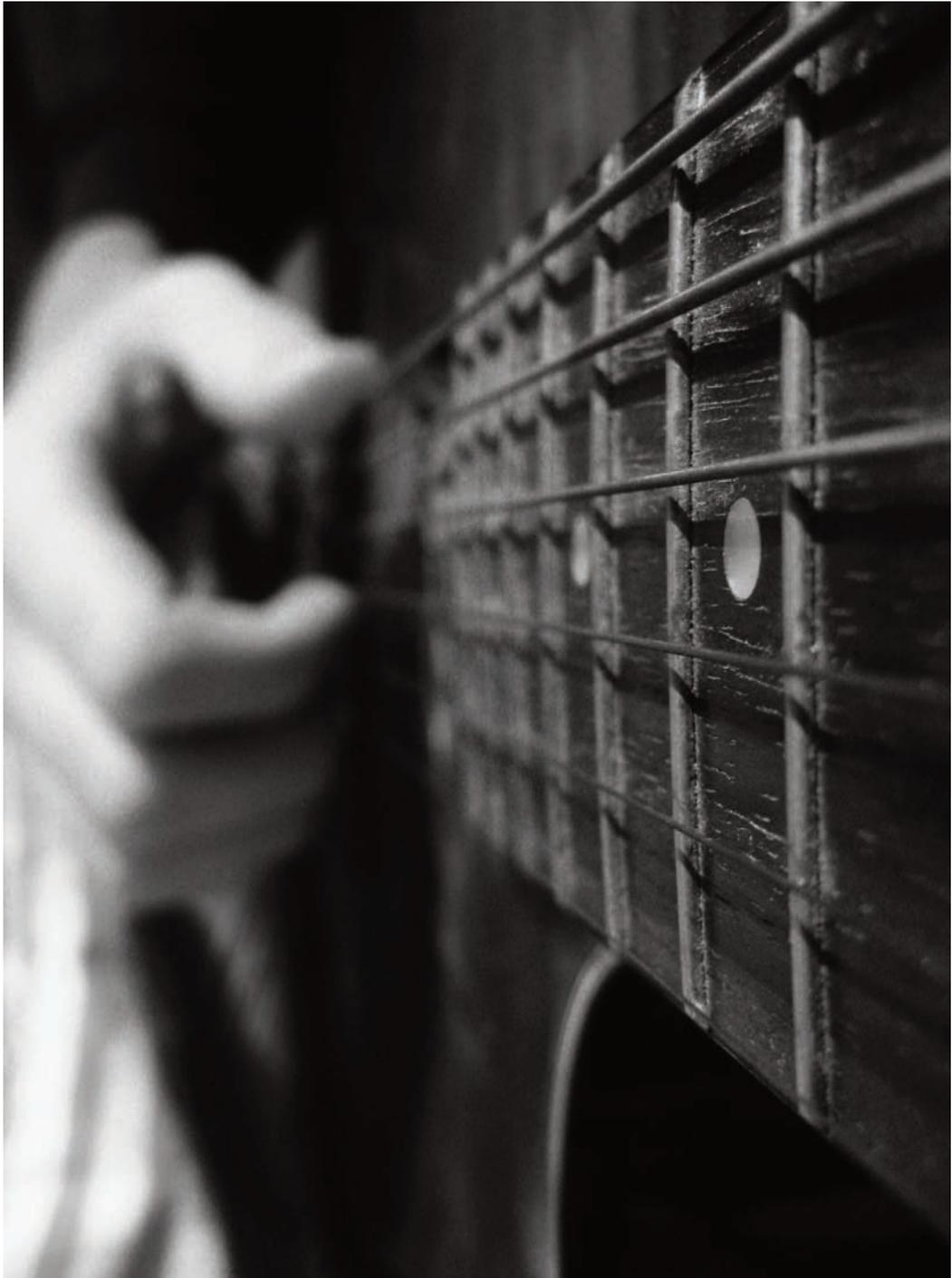
FREDALEEN SUENING



JOLIE LANG



DANA MARINO



KEVIN VANDERVALK



MICHAEL RHINESMITH



SAMANTHA K. BRADLEY



DAVID L. BORST



SAMANTHA WOLFSANDLE



COREY O'CONNELL

