

ENERGY

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energy

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energy would like to thank Dr. James Shemwell, June Walters, Deborah Parker, Deanita Hicks, Tammie Gist, and the Department of Arts and Sciences. We would also like to extend gratitude to everyone who encouraged students to submit work. We are grateful for all the words of encouragement and support.

I am thrilled to be bringing you the fourth edition of *energy*! This year, student inquiry and submissions have allowed us the opportunity to show some of our extremely talented students currently enrolled in courses at Arkansas Northeastern College. I hope you enjoy their hard work and appreciate their views on the world around them. Their creativity inspires me, so please encourage them to continue to be creative, lifelong learners.

Julie Dorris, Editor



***energy* Submission Guidelines:** Any part or full time ANC student can submit to our student magazine. Each student can submit a total of five different pieces, consisting of writing and/or art.

Submission Categories:

Fiction: Short stories should not exceed 3,500 words (about 15 pages).

Poetry: There isn't a restriction on length, but poems must be submitted in the exact form that you desire it to be published.

Non-fictional Works: These should not exceed 3,500 words (about 15 pages).

Art/Photography: We accept all forms of visual arts; please send a jpeg file of the photo or the artwork.

How to Submit: Please send your work as attachments to ancenergysubmissions@gmail.com. In the body of your email, please make sure you type your name as you would want it published, the titles of the works, and a phone number. If you have any questions, contact jdorris@mail.anc.edu (or come by the Communications/Humanities Department). **We are accepting submissions from June 1, 2015-April 1, 2016 for the next edition of the magazine.**

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The following letters were inspired by a writing prompt: If you could go back in time and say something to your younger self, what would it be? Simon Brown and Terrance Redmon answered with these:

Dear Me,

How's life? Pretty rocky, I imagine. Anyway, before you start to question as to how and why you're receiving this message, let me just say, chill. This is you ten years into the future, and just to assure you that this is you, our favorite dinosaur is Brachiosaurus. That alone should prove to you that I am you, but if you need further proof, Sly Cooper is our favorite game character. Now that I have gotten rid of any reasons for you not to believe this, I will begin to tell you the importance of this letter. First, spend some more time with your younger brother, the kid may be a pain at some points, but he's your brother. Trust yourself, you will want to do that. Second, spend some more time with your grandpa, the great things are what happen last, and he will live on in your memories. Third, and finally, respect your mom more, the amount of stress that she deals with is so much that I am surprised she can smile. Trust yourself, you'll be pleased that you heard all of this. Oh, and one more thing, enjoy Sly Cooper, it's one game that will be stuck into your mind through the rest of your life. Do all of this, and our life will possibly be better, I say possibly because the future is an "iffy" thing. However, hope that it will change, and change for the better. Thanks.

Your Future Self,

Simon Brown

Dear Young Terrance,

How are you feeling, kid? Wish you had better days? I understand cause I also had the same feelings when I was your age. Trust me; age ten is just the beginning of your worries. Even though we are ten years apart, we are very much the same. You will experience a lot of things in your growing years. At thirteen, you will get a lot of notes from girls, so please, for my sake, ignore them all. At 14, you will meet a girl named Donna. I will tell you this now, you will be with this girl for the rest of your jr. high and high school career, so do your best to continue past that as I have failed to do so. When you first get to high school you will have your first fist fight, so be prepared. Oh, and you also join the band, too; it's a ton of fun, so stick with that all throughout high school. At 15, you will devote your life into Christ and join the church choir; believe that it is the very thing that will save your life, so don't ignore it. At 16, you will first learn how to drive. But at 17, you will suffer a terrible loss. Your brother will sacrifice his life to protect yours and you will put all the blame on yourself. You will experience deep depression, which will cause you to believe no one on this Earth will care for you. Your brother's death will turn your life upside down and you will even have the urge to take your own life away. But with the help of a certain woman I named before in this letter,

you will be able to have the will to move on. At 18, you will grow at least three inches in height and will finally complete the first half of your journey of education. Cherish your graduation as you won't have that same moment again. And finally, at 19, you will reflect on one crazy life that you have had so far, from dealing dope at 8 to being a bright and likeable young man today. Young Terrance, if there is one thing you need to do, and I can't stress this enough, you need to LET GO OF THE PAST! It won't reflect your future and it doesn't determine your happiness. That's all I need to tell you about your future; stay strong and be positive. This will be my only opportunity to speak to you so please take what I am giving you and be better than what I have done. I'm counting on you.

Sincerely,
Future Terrance
Terrance Redmon

Home is Where the Heart Is
Kelli Pierce



I Remember
Harley Davis

I remember,
A time when things were always easier
A time where I got sleep
A time where I didn't stress over school
A time where I didn't need music to escape

I remember,
A time where the lunch schedule was my biggest problem
A time where I didn't know what racism was
Or how cruel the world could be
A time where instead of making babies in our free time
we played video games

Now all I see is
Gender Inequality
The absence of basic human rights
Hatred and
War

I remember,
It didn't use to be like this
To be a child and grow up
Seeing hatred, brutality, and inhumanity
Has been excruciating

Can we change what we see
Can we help the next generation
be better than our own
Can we be better than our parents
Can we change the hatred
Can that be what I am remembered for?

Broken Home
Bianca Leverette

I'm going to say this so please focus and be realistic.
Because parents are letting their daughters fall into a world where they will become another
name another statistic.
Since when do mothers stop caring what their children wear or what they say?
How would you feel if you found your child dead and alone in the street one day?
Daughters all on Facebook showing off their temples.
When they should be in the book strengthening in their mental.
Young ladies feeling alone and searching for love and attention in all the wrong places.
Being fooled by friends, greed, men and phony faces.
You parents need to wake up from this horrible dream you're living.
Get down on your knees and ask God for his irresistible forgiving.
You're losing your child to a world of anger, sex, drugs, and violence.
So I guess I'm going to be the one to break this chain of silence.
There is nothing more beautiful than a woman who knows her worth.
But she's a lost soul who knows nothing and conceived with grief from tears others have
brought forth.
Parents look at your daughter and tell her she's beautiful and has the ability to be anything she
wants to be whether it's a doctor or someone working in a cubicle
The love of a child starts at home so give it to them all now and so their bodies and hearts
won't need to roam.
No child should have to live in this world alone where people only remember the bad things
and leave the good deeds unknown.
So many broken homes in all of these communities, but that don't mean our youth should fall
short of the World's opportunities.
So I'm asking you from deep in my heart stand up and be a parent to your daughter so that she
stands out different from another.
Show her the world that so many have missed, give her the love that so many today love to
diss.
You don't want her to become another statistic, mistress, but a wife.
If you don't she's going to become weary of this broken home life.

Crystal Dome
Kelli Pierce



Giang Nguyen
My Childhood/Life is Love



Miracle Another
Sierra Vahl

There's nothing like the smell of cold air,
The sound of screeching tennis shoes, and
Waking up every morning just as excited as before.

Arriving to this magical place is refreshing.
Co-workers and patients are friendly.
Sometimes.

“Looks like it's time!
PUSH!”
A sobbing baby is born and sees the world for the first time.

Lost, the baby looks to the mother for comfort,
But she is no where to be found.
The baby sobs again.

I smiled as I realized that there was another healthy one,
I wrapped it up like a burrito
And watched as mother lay there exhausted but happy.

Severed Scream
Christopher O' Caveney

I step to carve my sidewalk
Across silent darkened horror
A heart burns like a spell candle
Decorating skeleton with skin and hair
Awake me for I am reaching out
With ghostly glow and fiery hands
See my gloom fake as a nightmare
Fight to carry away falling
Give us a treat of eerie magic
Under where we fly by wind
On moon far up in air I leap
Your man I saw blue but willful
The drip of all my tears hide

Love Crook
Sandra Littleton

I close my eyes to ease my mind.
I count to 20.
Counting to 10 just won't do it
My mind is far beyond that stage.
I close my eyes to unwind.
My body becomes motionless as my head hang low as thoughts invade my mind and the words that I write at this second I was thinking within those twenty seconds.
My emotions stole my heart like a crook in the night.
My heart don't beat no Mo' (more).
My emotions stole my soul like a lion hunting its prey.
I'M the PREY!
I stumble trying to find my way.
Blackness surrounds me.
I can't see the hurt that is being done to me, but I can feel it.
I can feel it!
My emotions are killing me slowly.
Like A murderer sneaking up behind me stabbing me in the back repeatedly.
Choking on my own blood.
Drowning in my tears.
Hiding from my fears.
I breathe in deeply and exhale slowly.
In and out In and out In and out.
Will my next breath be my last?
I feel as though I'm suffocating.
I'm in somewhat of a trance.
Fighting to regain consciousness of my mind.
Panic flow thru my veins.
Everything slows down.
This and that.... That and this going thru my mind.
I've been hiding this pain.
I've been concealing a fear.
The day that you stop loving me!!!
The day that another woman steal your heart!
The day you care for another woman more than you care for me!
My emotions stole my heart like a crook that prances around at night.
I'm numb..... I'm paralyzed.....

Before I Was Here
Chelsey LaRue

Before you were a college student, a teacher, an aging individual, who were you? These are the lives of local people who reside in a nursing home in Mississippi County. In order to maintain their privacy, their names have been changed.

Randy Stewart

Before I was here, I was surrounded by family. I am the brother to fourteen siblings. I've worked hard my entire life. The only career I have known is long hours in factories. I graduated high school in 1975. I was never married or had children, but I have plenty of nieces and nephews.

Before I was here, I chased them around the house and played sports with them. I was always laid back and able to do what I wanted. I spent untold days outdoors. Before I was here, I spent my days fishing on river banks. When I was younger, I never missed a party. I may not have been married, but I was always a ladies man. I was a real charmer, before I was here.

Pauline Smith

I raised eight children, before I was here. Two have since passed away. I'll love them each, until the day I'm gone. Before I was here, I met my true love and it turned out to be the opportunity of a lifetime. I went to school, but later decided to quit in order to marry him. We lived a happy life together, before I was here. We worked together our entire lives on a farm. We did everything together. Together, we made sure each of our children received an education. My husband passed away, before I was here.

Sandra Jones

Before I was here, I worked two or three jobs at a time to raise my six children. I'm still married, but my husband is able to live at home. Before I was here, I played almost every sport available to me. I was able to run the bases in softball and guard the court while playing basketball. Before I was here, I lived through sad times. I still remember segregation and how it felt to be excluded. Before I was here, black citizens couldn't own property.

I had always worked for my family's sake, before I was here. I started working in the fields when I was just five years old. We worked from sun up to sun down and made around three dollars a day. I was able to work in factories just as well as men, before I was here. I worked in three factories over the course of my life. Before I was here, working one job wasn't enough to take care of all my children, so I worked cleaning houses after I finished my ten hour shifts. Before I was here, I never took a moment to rest.

William Graham

I worked hard my entire life. There wasn't much that could stop me, before I was here. I am a high school graduate and the father of three children. I married my wife when I was just twenty-years-old and we're still married today. I stay here, and she lives at our home. Before I was here, I lost my arm in a cotton gin accident through work. I drove a semi for thirty-five years, even after losing my arm.

Before I was here, I raised my kids on John Wayne movies. We even played cowboys and Indians together when they were still children. Before I was here, I spent most of my time

outdoors, now I can only go outside when someone is with me. I took hunting trips alone, before I was here. I taught my children to fish and spent countless mornings on quiet ditch banks watching them reel in their “big catches”.

Before I was here, I was able to say more than “yes” or “no” and I could move around without anyone's help. I was able to smoke a cigarette without worrying about a schedule. I ate whenever I felt hungry, not when I was told to. Freedom was a given, before I was here.

Chelsey LaRue

Before I was here, visiting you each week, I felt bad for you. I cried for you when you sat alone at Thanksgiving being fed your meal by a stranger. That was before I knew you. Now I know you as the determined trucker and family man, not the man limited to his wheelchair. I now know you as the woman who gave birth to eight children and loved her husband, and only her husband, until the day he died. Not the woman who needs help caring for herself when she only ever knew how to care for others.

Before I was here, I pitied you for what seemed like the sad hand you were dealt. Now that I know you, I hope to lead a life as fulfilled as yours. I came here because I felt like you needed me, or anyone, to sit with you. Now I come here to hear your stories and to laugh with you. I didn't know I needed to know you more than you needed to know me. Before I was here, I didn't know who you were before, is who you should always be seen as.

Giang Nguyen

My Childhood/Life is Love





Lunch
Anglee Davis

Kai
Rosa Lloyd



War through a Lens

Simon Brown

As the young man began to walk down one of the many roads of the small village, he began to hear something. The man was named Johnathan Tel; he was a war photographer for a small town newspaper hoping to move its way up in the field of information. He was on the continent of Africa, or to be more specifically, in a small town in Kenya.

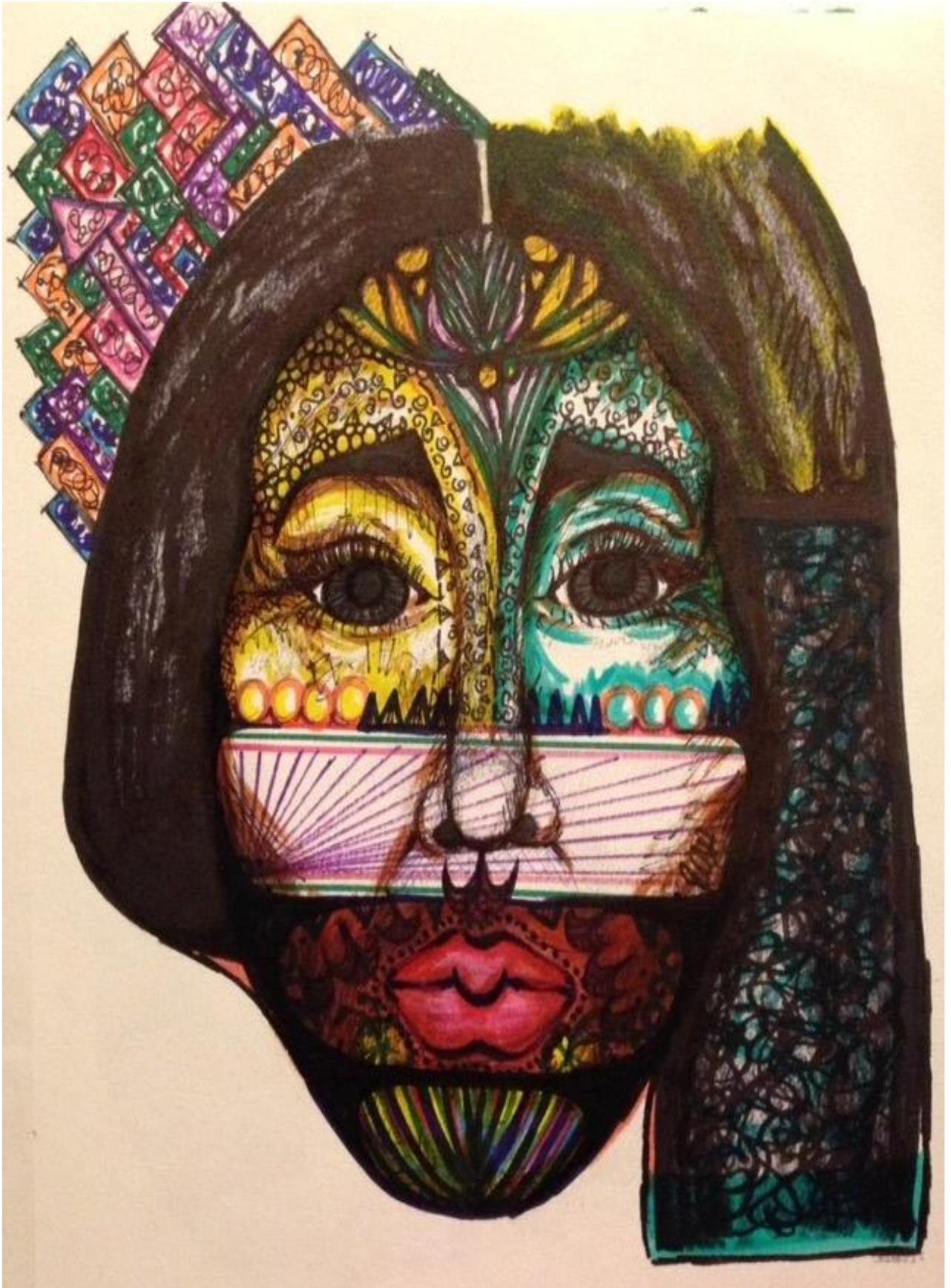
As he proceeded down the dirt road, he studied the houses that made up the town. They were shanties, a home that was made up of a combination of tin or metal sheeting for the roofs, and rotten wood for the support beams and the walls. The dark crimson rust glimmered in the afternoon sun, though it quickly faded as an arriving cloud flew overhead, blocking the sun. He turned his attention back to the village, "Strange," he thought. The village had been affected by the incoming raids from the rebel faction. "Typical warmongers." He thought to himself, as he studied the closest shanty and found what appeared to be bullet hole in the walls.

He looked at the wall from top to bottom and then another interesting bit of information arose. He looked at the ground in front of the shanty and saw that it was dried, he then looked around the road that he was on, and he discovered that it was all barren earth. "These people have nothing already, and yet they wish to take their food and water? Savages." He proceeded down the street, in the direction of the center of the town. "I wonder where they went," he thought, as he looked at the front of another shanty and saw that there was toys for small children. He stopped to stare at the small figurine; it was made of brown clay, and Jonathan saw a flash of dark skin, then as quickly as he saw, it was gone. Before he could determine what he saw, he heard drums playing, it was coming from the center of the village. He hastened to locate any survivors from the attack, to see if they were okay. As he drew closer and closer, he heard the drums become louder and louder. It was only after he had gotten near the center did he hear the chanting. It was in an African dialect, and he could not interpret it. Out of even more curiosity, and fear, he began to run towards the center of the town.

When he finally arrived, he saw what appeared to be a ritual. In the center of the town, he saw that there was a circle of drummers playing a continuing beat, and in front of the drummers were people chanting and dancing. Jonathan felt a tug on his right pocket. He looked down to see a small Kenyan boy looking in awe at the stranger. The child was malnourished and was barely clothed, aside from a loincloth. The child looked at Jonathan and then smiled. Then he looked towards the other members of his people and began to run towards them shouting excitedly.

The people continued to chant, as if attempting to gain the attention of something higher up. Jonathan saw the boy with several other children, playing to the side of their parents. It looked as though they were playing tag. The boy realized that Jonathan was looking at him and smiled, then his facial expression changed. The boy looked up for a moment and held his hand to the sky, and yelled to his family. Then massive amount of rain began to pour down to the chanters and drummers. They ceased their ritual and began to gather their pots, pans, buckets, anything that could store water.

Jonathan realized, as he saw the children playing in the rain, that the adults had been conducting a rain dance. Jonathan and the boy exchanged smiles at each other. Then the boy's friends called to him, beckoning him to come play. Before he turned to leave, he waved goodbye to Jonathan.



The City
Rosa Lloyd

Veiled Protagonists

Chelsey LaRue

The idea that the protagonist of a story must be the hero or a likable character overall has departed from the world of literature. Over the years authors have embraced the idea of a protagonist the reader doesn't necessarily like. In many tales a reader may find themselves rooting against the protagonist. Liking the protagonist who is a "home wrecker," an outdated gangster who always gets his way, or an obsessive perfectionist, is completely up to the reader. However, these personas do not make for a "good guy" protagonist in any story.

"Hungarian Rhapsody" written by Robert Bloch presents a polar protagonist when compared to the stereotypical "good guy" character. Solly Vincent, Bloch's protagonist, is a retired gangster. He is anti-social with his neighbors and distant with even former associates, "He played a good game of poker and he smoked good cigars, but he never said anything about himself" (Bloch 107). To add to his already obviously charming demeanor, Vincent went out to buy binoculars to spy on his new neighbor, who just so happened to be an alluring woman. Vincent among other men assumed the new neighbor to be a damsel in distress, "Talks like one of them Hungarian refugees-figure that's what she is, too" (108). After seeing the woman for the first time by use of his binoculars, Vincent decided he would approach her the next day. However, he hadn't expected this woman, this refugee, to reject him, "Nobody put Solly Vincent down. Not in the old days, and not now, either," (111). After what seemed to be the first rejection in his lifetime, he planned to get his way with the "dame," one way or another (107). Vincent even went as far as to plan on raping the woman, "the way she'd look when he grabbed her gown and ripped it away" (112). Vincent planned on attacking a woman who rejected his offer of time at his place, which makes him the anti-hero of this story. In the ending of Bloch's story readers may find themselves seeing the result of Vincent's ignorance as a justified ending.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle introduces Douglas Stone, the protagonist of his short story, in "The Case of Lady Sannox." Stone, a risk taking doctor, is notorious among crowds in Great Britain and it's no surprise he is after the most notorious woman, Lady Sannox. However, Lady Sannox is married, but that doesn't seem to stop Stone. Stone was a self-confident man, "He had a right to feel well pleased, for, against the advice of six colleagues, he had performed an operation that day of which only two cases were on record, and the result had been brilliant beyond all expectation" (Doyle 244). Stone became friends with Lord Sannox to get closer to his wife, but neither tried hard to hide their feelings. "He was at her house every evening, and she drove in his carriage in the afternoons" (244). This protagonist created a faux friendship, to move in on another man's wife, completely disregarding her husband's love and affection for his wife. His inconsiderate behavior and arrogance toward colleague's advice prove him to be a protagonist to root against.

Graham Masterton introduces an interesting take on protagonists through, Claire, his physically attractive protagonist in "Laird of Dunain." While Claire is described as, "a sensual schoolmistress," her personality is described as quite the opposite of attractive (Masterton 355). Claire can be seen as hysterical, to put it mildly. She is so obsessed with perfection,

she's willing to spill blood for it. Claire can easily be compared to the "mean girl" in high school who found pleasure in others' jealousy, "She's jealous. She's really jealous" (359). Ironically enough the obsessive protagonist states, "I'll finish this bloody portrait if it kills me," after the Laird doubts her ability to finish (359). Claire's pure perfectionism shines through as her blood accidentally spills in her paint and gives the portrait color for the first time, "I've got you, you sly bastard. Now I'll show you how well I can paint" (360). Her psychotic obsession with perfecting this portrait to prove herself becomes evident when she allows her own blood to contribute to the finished product. Claire is the cause of her own ending. Her obsession numbs all other senses and takes control of her completely until all that matters is completing the portrait. Readers may find themselves, surprisingly enough, believing Claire got what she deserved through the ending. Instead of continuing her classes with her friends she obsessively slaved over a painting and ignored the Laird's attempts to have her stop. Instead of being the "good guy" protagonist, Claire ended her story as her own enemy.

While these particular protagonists may not be the stereotypical heroic types, they fulfilled each story's message. All protagonists are not the good guys, they do not have to be likable, and they certainly do not have to be sane. However, this is not to say they do not add to the stories. The anti-heroes and crude protagonists each have their own role in the stories, whether the reader roots for their demise or their success, they convey the author's message thoroughly. Each protagonist evokes emotion in the readers, and even if it is distaste for their character, they have succeeded in involving the readers in the story.

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Dear shy kid struggling to make friends,

I've been in your shoes, not too long ago as a matter of fact. I woke up every morning and dreaded going to school, not because of the work, but because I didn't have any friends. I was the new kid that kept to himself. No one really talked to me, and I didn't speak unless I was spoken to. I was always in a hurry to come home and get to my escape from everything else, video games. I used to play them all day long just to get away from my thoughts, and into another world. I realized I couldn't keep doing that forever. The entire year of 7th grade went by and I was still alone. I told myself I would start being more talkative and try to make more friends when the next school year rolled around. Turns out that that is all you have to do, overcome your initial fear of speaking to others. Being yourself can take you a long way; don't change who you are to impress others. When you have friends that like you for who you are, you don't have to put in the extra effort to change yourself to who you're not, and that is the greatest feeling ever. Slowly, but surely, you can make friends that are just like you. Here I am now in my senior year of high school and everyone knows me as the most outspoken person at school. That goes to show that you shouldn't give up, keep going and you will get everything you asked for and more.

Sincerely,
Jessie Khatrao

To the person feeling overwhelmed,

Life can be overwhelming at times; in some cases, almost all the time. Some people have jobs, school, bills, a family to take care of, or whatever. It doesn't seem fair that some people struggle to keep up in life, while others have it easy and don't seem to stress.

I know from experience. I go to school full-time with extra classes, work part time, have outside activities, and try to keep a social life with friends and family. Lately, it seems all I do is go to school, go to practice, go to work, then come home and do homework, with little to no sleep. I do the same thing every day, over and over, not because I want to but more like I have to. There's always going to be bills and expenses to be paid for, education is the only thing that can actually get you anywhere in life, and the other things keep life balanced.

Sometimes it is just easier to give up the battle but you can't. Where would that leave you, if you gave up? Life can be unfair, I've seen it and I've felt it. That doesn't mean give up though. All it means is keep fighting. You'll look back and be proud of everything you've accomplished and have been through. Every day, I wake up and tell myself how proud I am to make it through another day and all the things I have done and will do. I know I will have better things to come in the future and I believe the same will happen to you!

I just ask that you don't give up. There will be a time when life starts slowing down and you will have gotten so use to being overwhelmed, you'll miss it. No matter how much is going in your life, you'll appreciate the hard work you've done and it won't matter what life throws at you because you've made it this far. If you can make it this far, you can make it through anything and can do anything. Just remember, you're invincible and can handle anything that comes your way. I know this because I did it, and I know you can.

Sincerely,
The Person who was Overwhelmed
Airyella Lawson

Zero to Winner

Jerry Henderson III

He felt as if he was on top of the world, with the wind running through his hair and the finish line in sight, Derrick just knew that the first place medal would be worn around his neck. As he prepared to celebrate in the winner's circle his dream of being a first place victor quickly dwindled in a flash of green.

"Cheer up honey," Derrick's mother said as they unloaded the last box into their new home, "This won't be as bad as you think it is."

"You said that last time mom," He proclaimed feeling upset, "And the time before that as well."

"Just promise me you will try to make friends at your new school and try a sport this year." His mother said as he walked upstairs to his new room.

"No promises," Derrick answered.

After making the bed Derrick laid down and stared up to the newly painted red ceiling and started thinking about how life could have been if they never moved from their hometown back in Miami.

"Why did we have to move?" He pondered as he drifted off to sleep, "We had a life back at home, we had friends and family there. This just doesn't make sense."

The next morning was Derrick's first day of the new school year and it was pretty obvious that he did not enjoy the process of making new friends. As his mother drove him to the new school, she gave a lecture that Derrick really didn't listen to. Instead he was thinking about how fast he wanted the day to come to an end.

After he received his schedule from the main office, he hurried towards his first period class trying to avoid any and all conversations. As Derrick entered the class, the teacher, Mrs. Lawson, asked to stand at her desk and introduce himself to the class.

"Class please welcome our newest student, Mr. Derrick Robertson." Mrs. Lawson announced to the class, "Derrick, can you please tell the class about yourself?"

"Um... well to make a long story short... I'm a... computer gamer," Derrick stated nervously, "That's pretty much all that is really interesting about me."

"Well thank you Derrick, you can take a seat in the back corner next to the window if you would like." said Mrs. Lawson.

As Derrick took his seat in the back the morning announcements came on. After the Pledge of Allegiance there was the lunch menu and club meeting announcements. But there was one announcement that caught Derrick's attention.

“There will be track and field tryouts held after school at the football field,” The announcer said, “The coaches ask that you wear the appropriate dress attire and to be sure that if you have asthma you have your inhaler.”

After hearing that all Derrick could think of was making his mother proud and making the track team. He also wanted to end his horrible streak of losing at everything he tried to win at.

That afternoon Derrick headed towards the football field in his new track shoes that his mother had brought to him during his lunch break. If you were to look into his eyes, you could see the burning fire of determination that showed he wanted to make the team and win track meets. He wanted to make friends and most importantly make his mother proud of him.

During tryouts Derrick raced everyone in every event he was placed in. He had beaten everyone that the coach put him up against. His last challenge was to beat his last opponent in the 100 meter dash. His opponent was last year’s all-star who beat the world record for the exact event he was placed in. His opponents name, Johnny Brown.

When the gunshot went off, Derrick sprinted towards the finish line leaving Johnny in his dust. It looked as if he was going to win it and make the team. He could already see himself going to the state finals and winning first place. But within a split second of that thought, Johnny rushed passed him in a blur of green and crossed the finish line making Derrick the loser of the race.

Feeling distraught about second place Derrick walked towards the locker room to change back into his normal clothes. He was almost at the door when the coach stopped him and pulled him aside to speak to him.

“Now son, I don’t know why you are feeling so down about losing that one race.” Coach Caruthers said, “You won nine races out of ten. In my book that is something to be proud of.”

“But, I didn’t make the team. I didn’t beat Johnny in the last race which would have decided if I could be on the team or not,” Derrick cried.

“Whoa, wait a minute who told you couldn’t be on the team if you lose to Johnny?” Coach asked, “Son, you’re on the team just for showing up to tryouts not because you beat a certain number of teammates in a race.”

“Really?” Derrick asked.

“Yep,” The coach answered. “And besides you are one of our top racers. Now go on back to the track and join your teammates.”

“And Derrick,” Coach called out to him as he ran towards the team, “Welcome to the team.”

so I did too
Karoline Thomas

He loved her every morning until she began to hate him every afternoon.

She didn't know what she had.

Death followed him, so I did too.

I thought about him daily and she wore his clothes.

When death lit his cigarette, I lit one too.

Evenings became strained and she stopped having mornings because she stopped sleeping.

Either it was the pain or the cigarette, I was having trouble breathing.

Though the silence became loud, it never became easier.

I walked past her in the hall and I could smell the scent of regret.

I guess she needed the closure.

In memory of his last cigarette.

College Brains Greydon Williams

Brady sat alone in his dorm. Jay had been gone for almost two hours now and things were starting to look bad. He could hear them outside; he could always hear them. They would walk into a car or bang into a window. Always shambling he thought to himself. They stumbled around moaning with eyes blacked over. They attacked any viable food source like they had never eaten in their lives. No one was safe.

He had lost friends to this thing. One day they would be completely normal, and the next they would be monsters incapable of speech. He personally was immune to it thanks to his parents.

He looked outside his window. They were out there.

“Where the heck is he?” Brady thought.

Brady’s phone rang. It was Jay.

“Hey dude, where are you?” Brady said in an almost worried tone.

There was a long pause before Jay answered, but when he did his words were slurred and drug out.

“Tuition,” Jay said.

They had gotten him. Jay was infected and if Brady didn’t get out soon he would be too. He packed a bag as he did so it occurred to him he would need to crash at a friend’s place before he could make a room change.

“Siri, call Larry,” Brady said.

“Calling Larry,” Siri responded.

Larry answered and began to speak but was interrupted by a loud knock on Brady’s door.

“It’s too late, Brady.” Larry said as he hung up his phone.

Brady tried to collect himself. He knew what was coming through the door, a mindless, eating machine.

Jay walked into the room and looked at Brady. Jay was average height with dark brown hair. He had a sorry excuse for facial hair that ran at odd angles across his face. Brady noticed that his shirt was covered in leftover ramen and something red dripping from his beard.

Jay sat down and opened his mouth to speak, but when he did all that came out was a loud, ominous moan. Brady knew what had happened. Jay had just been called to speak to Financial Aid about his grant.

Jay fell onto his bed and let out more unintelligible sounds. Jay had caught the CSP virus.

It started out as a rumor, but CSP (college student poor) was affecting more and more students, and now it was a plague. The only cure was your parents giving you money. Brady felt sorry for his friend but was glad it was Jay and not him.

Brady's phone lit up.

“Call from Financial Aid,” Siri said, “To answer say ‘Yes.’”



On the Inside
Rosa Lloyd

Blueberry Sky/The Good Son
Terrance Redmon

The dream of one's mind
is like the morning blueberry sky.
So beautiful in ugly situations,
someday blessed with the gift
to move away and fly.
This story starts with a young man with a goal.
Allow him to set the scene first,
in the mean blocks of Chicago, an ordinary kid
wearing an inspiring Martin Luther King shirt.
He's your average kid, goes out and plays ball with his friends.
Better doing that than fighting.
Looking after his mother since without a father,
he's the man of the house,
and tucking in his little brother at night in the sheets.
A smart and intelligent young man full of ideas,
anything to get him and his family out of where they live.
Puts on the shoes of responsibility,
with no help from a dad or no one to give.

Today was a special day, a special one indeed.
Because he had the most important thing his mother,
brother, and he needed.
With all the excitement, he rushed home
To see he is finally admitted with a full ride to the university.
To make things better, his high school report card came.
Not an F in sight; this he already knew.
He couldn't wait for his mom to get home.
Good report card and letter in hand, he couldn't wait to show her.
Straight As...he knew his momma would smile,
to know her oldest child was college bound,
he knew he would make her proud.
He promised that he would one day get his family out of that home
for good.
This made him joyful enough to smile, a blessing coming true.

But in all good moments, fate is foul.
A drive by shooting spread about, having a few bullets
landed, they laid him out.
Being at the wrong place around the wrong time, stuck on the pavement,
lying on the ground. He's fading out.
With little hope left and small amounts of breaths,
he bleeds out thinking to himself,
"God, you couldn't wait awhile?"
Screaming out that his momma needs him.
"Who will save her now?"
He knows his life is cut short,
life slowly coming to an end,

with the last bit of breath he slowly speaks again,
“God you could’ve waited awhile, momma needs me,
Who will save her now?”
Our scene ends, with his last glare of blueberry sky,
So beautiful in this ugliness.
Finally, blessed with the gift to move away and fly.

Our Contributors:

Rosa Lloyd lives in Caruthersville, Missouri and attends Arkansas Northeastern College. She has been drawing since she “learned how to hold a pencil and a paintbrush.” Ms. Lloyd writes, “I’m an artist who looks for inspiration in people, that’s why almost half of my creations are people. I find myself giving paintings away more often than I sell them, because I like to help people smile on days they don’t feel like getting out of bed.”

Simon Brown is “a man who has an affinity for asking questions. I have a passion for anything that involves history, be it American, Native American, German, Aztec, Incan, Zulu, Mongolian or anything in between.” Mr. Brown lives in Hayti, Missouri and is a senior at Blytheville High School. He writes, “I ponder over various things, such as the events that occur today, religion and anything else I wish to ponder. I want to become a teacher of history, and educate the next generation what all I have to offer.”

Terrance Redmon graduated from Blytheville High school and currently attends Arkansas Northeastern College. He is majoring in Welding. Mr. Redmon says “What has truly inspired me to write is that I want people to read my stories and tell me that they can relate to what I write, and that I am the reason their day was worthwhile. I desire to be a voice that wants to be heard so it can spread across the world, and give people an understanding about myself through my writing. I hope that one day I will publish a book of poems for the whole world to read. It’s not my top priority, but it’s something I wouldn’t mind getting accomplished. As far as I’m concerned; this is just the start...”

Kelli Pierce is a full time student at ANC, and concludes that “Having spent most of my life raised in Mississippi County, I’ve come to enjoy the aspects of small town life. I was born into a family of journalists and photographers, and I have since then carried on that tradition. I’m currently employed at The Osceola Times as a photographer. While photography is an interest of mine, my passion lies within education. As a college sophomore, I’m pursuing a degree in Elementary Education.”

Harley Davis is a full time student at ANC and writes “I’ve lived here practically my whole life, except for a year or two in Mountain View. I have faced many struggles along the way of my short life, but I do know that I can make it through them with the help of music and poetry. Poetry is an art form like no other, because you have all of these rules that you’re supposed to play by, but the best poets know that to be good you have to break those rules. Use original ideas in poems and talk about taboo subjects. Poetry hasn’t only improved my life, but also has saved it. So I thank epic poets such as Homer or Shakespeare, no matter how boring they can be to read, for showing me what I lack in life.”

Bianca Leverette is an Office Technology Major who is also a 7 year Army Veteran. She is a mother of one and the youngest of four. She is from Chicago, IL, by way of Newton, MS. She enjoys poetry, drawing, and helping others. She wishes to open her own non-profit organization which will help the upcoming generations.

Giang “Moon” Nguyen is originally from Vietnam but now lives in Manila. She and her husband attend ANC and have a five year old daughter, who is their world. Art has been a part of her life since she was in Pre-K. She loves drawing, decorating, and cooking.

Sierra Vahl is a senior at Blytheville High. She writes, “my poem was inspired by my unyielding strive to become a nurse. I've had the opportunity to visit a few hospitals and play the roles of different doctors and nurses over the summer. From that experience I've gained so much knowledge, and I used that knowledge to give you the poem you see today.”

Christopher O’Caveny is a long time resident of Gosnell, AR and is currently enrolled as a student at ANC, ultimately seeking a Bachelor’s Degree in Disaster Preparedness and Emergency Management from ATU. With over seven years in management roles for the restaurant industry, Mr. O’Caveny has had the rewarding opportunity to travel and work with many diverse groups across the Southern U.S. Having a passion for community involvement, he has volunteered for several organizations, most notably three years with the local Red Cross chapter. Mr. O’Caveny is a certified Skywarn volunteer storm spotter and is working towards an amateur radio technician license. He is currently participating in the ANC Mentor Program in hopes to utilize his experience to help motivate other students in their life endeavors.

Sandra L. Littleton is currently attending Arkansas Northeastern College pursuing a degree in Early Childhood Education. She is a member of Mount Olive Missionary Baptist Church in Burdette, Arkansas. Ms. Littleton resides in Keiser, Arkansas with her three wonderful children and husband of 11 years. She has been writing poetry since her childhood years and hope to one day publishes her own poetry book. A quote of her own that she lives by daily "Let your heart lead you to places your mind would never tell you to go.”

Chelsey LaRue is a small town enthusiast, pursuer of well-written novels, and chronic over-thinker. She is “a product of Mississippi County and a small, but big hearted family.” She enjoys the sense of community in each of our small towns and writes about it often through her current place of employment, *The Osceola Times*. She writes, “My current occupation surrounds the elder generation, but my future rests in the hands of generations yet to come as I pursue a career in secondary level education.”

Anglee Davison is from Dell, Arkansas and is a full time student at Arkansas Northeastern College.

Jessie Khatrao is a senior at Blytheville High School and part time student at Arkansas Northeastern College.

Airyella Lawson is a senior at Blytheville High School and part time student at Arkansas Northeastern College. She was raised in Plant City, Florida, where she was adopted at age of three by two loving parents. She writes, “A few months before my 16th birthday, we moved to Blytheville, Arkansas to take care of my ill grandfather. Now that I have lived here for a little over two years, I am appreciative of what Blytheville has to offer. I honestly use to hate writing because everyone told me I was terrible at it and put me in extra classes to help me. I am surprised and honored to be published in a magazine; it makes me realize that I can do anything even when people hold me back and tell me otherwise.”

Jerry Henderson III is a senior at Blytheville High School and part time student at Arkansas Northeastern College.

Karoline Thomas is a senior at Buffalo Island Central and part time student at Arkansas Northeastern College.

Greydon Williams is a senior at Buffalo Island Central and part time student at Arkansas Northeastern College.

