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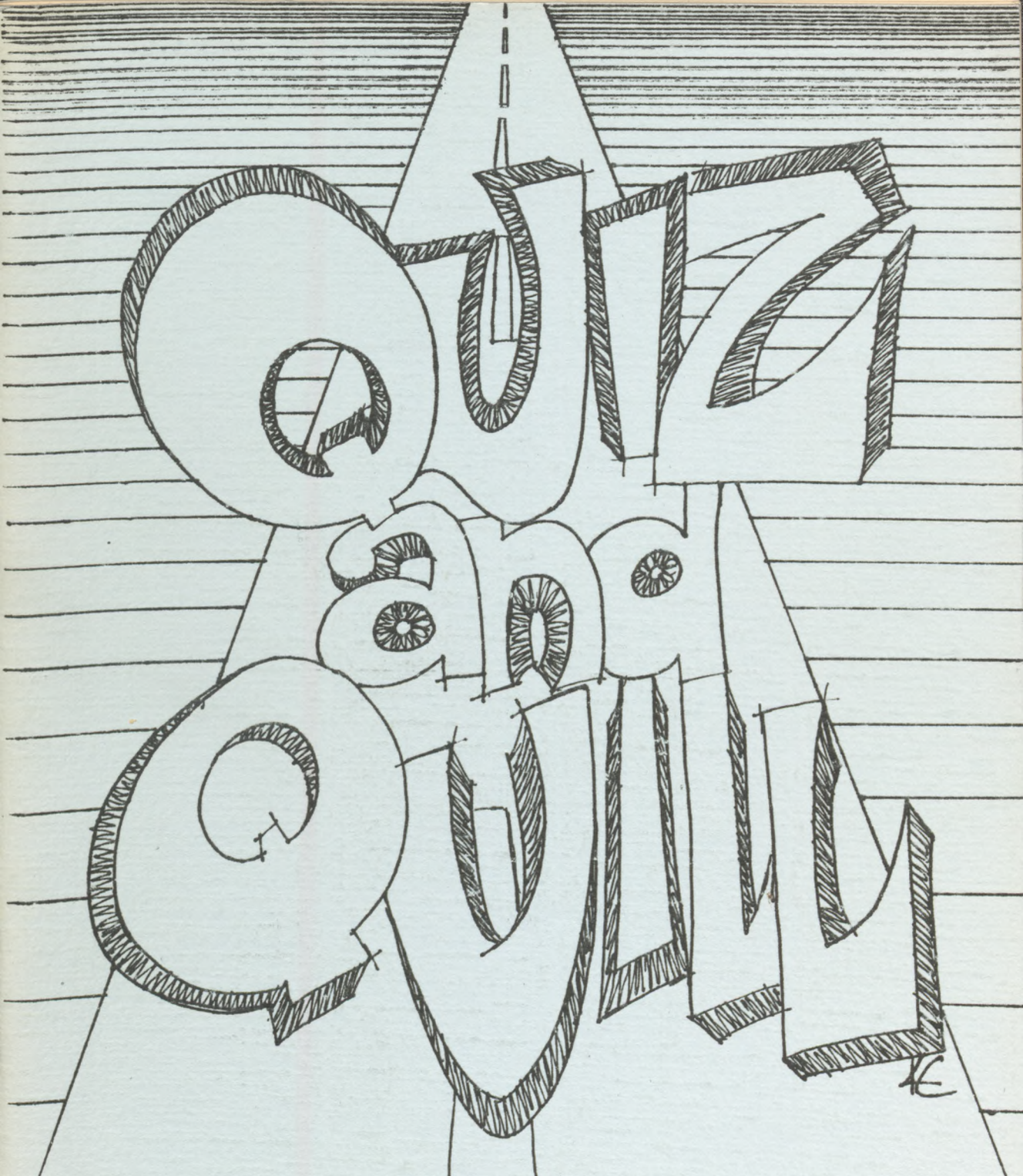


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WINTER '88

CONTENTS

Cover	Kathy Conte	1
Artwork	Rich Uhrick	4
Rites of Spring	Virginia Caum-Lake	5
Stoneribbons	Kelleyanne Pearman	6
Being Naive Can Sometimes Be Painful	Tricia Meeks	7
Squall	Mary Christian	9
Strangers Die Every Day	Gina Carl	10
Ginger Jar	Virginia Caum-Lake	11
Sunday Service	Phyllis Magold	12
Children and Stereotypes	Mary McKean	13
Attack	Marcie Hochwalt	18
Is It Really Winter?	Lori Patterson	19
Leaning O'er The Sill	Kelleyanne Pearman	20
Reflections	Vickie Kayati	22
Gene Linked to Spelling Ability	Lori Patterson	23
The Explorer	Jay Brian Snyder	26
Artwork	Tom Baker	27
Counting White Horses	Vickie Kayati	28
Artwork	Jennifer Olin	29
Contributors		30
<i>Quiz and Quill</i>	<i>Winter, 1988</i>	2

QUIZ AND QUILL

WINTER, 1988

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue marks a turning point for Quiz and Quill. Thanks to the computers and printers in the Kline-Van Sickle Publications Lab, a dedicated staff, and help from the English faculty, the *Quiz and Quill* is now a quality literary magazine with the professional look it deserves. A lot of extra work went into this issue. Special thanks to Jennifer Olin and Dr. Jim Gorman who spent hours designing the page size and layout guidelines--usually a thankless job but not in this case.

Writing can also be a thankless job--hours spent composing poetry, prose, or essays that turn into paper wads decorating the floor. Still, persistence pays off, which can be seen by the submissions published in this issue. These include several winners of the Quiz and Quill writing contests, which were held in the winter this year. The spring issue will contain more winners, as well as the complete list of winners.

Thanks to all who submitted this quarter, and a hearty welcome to our new contributors. The deadline for our spring issue is Monday, April 18, 1988. Until then, sit back, prop up your feet, and plunge into this issue--it's definitely worth reading.

Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

Vickie Kayati



Richmond
10-11-87

rites of spring

Spring's arrival finds scoops
of chocolate chip snow
fading, wet on raw streets.

Now is the time for first rites
tender green in pause
grab it
Smear the earth on my cheek
rip and taste the young grass,

Primitive
neck bared to nature
fearless of all elements.

Rites of you so similar
promise of summer in your grasp
thick golden nights full of reap
Heady earth fulfills her purpose.

But in you a vein of ice persists
winter hides in your heart
and I hesitate
To bare my throat to your icy blade.

Virginia Caum-Lake

STONERIBBONS

What are stoneribbons, one might inquire?
My reply echoes hollowly.
Stoneribbons are what we are.
 Merry colors gay, jubilant,
 and almost like
 hallucinations.
 These are the ties between our minds.
 Perhaps propelled to
a different rivulet as a
pebble in a stream, we
 cascade through separate
 bubbles.
 Like the pebble—we remain constant—solid.
We move onward
 forward
 ahead
 towards our path's end, and
We remain
 constant and solid
 through the merry colors, gay,
jubilant,
and sometimes
 even hallucination-like.
Our memories tie our minds
 like
 stoneribbons

Kelleyanne Pearman

BEING NAIVE CAN SOMETIMES BE PAINFUL

Third Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

When he touched me, I thought nothing of what might follow. I had known him and had been seeing him for about two weeks. We had spent a great deal of our time together. I couldn't wait until he would get home from work each night. The phone would ring for me usually between seven and nine, and I would gather my books to head over to the house with him. I just loved walking through the first floor door and seeing him standing in the lobby waiting for me—talk about seventh heaven, try eighth or ninth. He had not kissed me until the eighth day we had begun seeing one another; oh, how I loved having him hold my hand. All of his friends had said he had never acted so timidly or seriously. Everyone knew he had to like me, but I was so insecure that I couldn't allow myself to believe this true. He was a senior in college; he didn't have to spend so much time with me, a freshman. I suppose, unknowingly, I wanted something to happen that night; we had talked so seriously. Nice, little naive Lois, who had never had a "boyfriend" before, was about to experience what all freshman innocents say won't happen to them.

He had avoided me for two days, and I just could not forget about him, no matter how hard I tried. My heart kept throbbing into my brain the thought, "He said that he would tell me when he no longer wished to see me; therefore there still is hope." This hope continually stabbed at my insides. I just could not let go. I had to know what was going on with him--with us--before I could allow myself to let go of the hope and at the same time, him.

I was terrified to call him--terrified of loss, reality, and confrontation--but I had to. I called, ready to tell him that I knew he had lost interest, but to please not act as though I had never existed. Yet before I could tell him who I was, he asked me to please come over. I was ready for the bombshell to explode. As I entered the door to his fraternity, he began to tell me how happy he was to hear from me and how busy he had been. Looking back, I believe he knew exactly what I had wanted to hear; therefore, he said it.

We had always studied and talked in his room, so I thought nothing of our going up there that night. He sat on his bed, and I sat on the floor—our usual position. "Is anything wrong, Lois?" What was I supposed to say then? I didn't want to make myself appear foolish or insecure. I began to blurt out my long speech, but in the middle of my words, he put his arm around my shoulders and told me that he cared about me and once again, "would let me know when he felt differently." Our conversation began to get pretty serious, but I felt really comfortable. Questions and feelings about one another were fairly well covered. He, by that time, knew me very well, or so I thought. He was still confusing to me, but I was willing to try to understand him.

After awhile, he asked if I would mind giving him a back rub. He then said he had to repay my services with a back rub for me. What could it hurt; a back rub could feel really nice. That moment is where I should have taken off my infatuation's sunglasses. Each tender rub with his hand got me deeper and deeper.

When the music came on, the lights went off. His lips were upon mine, and my heart was frightened. Never had we shared a long, gentle kiss. I believed the reason had been shyness, with respect mixed with care. But this kiss was different and so was he. What about me, was I different? More happened that evening than I believed I would ever let occur until my wedding night. Yet, according to my roommate, only first base and a small step towards second was accomplished before I finally had the smarts and nerve to say "No." I will never forget lying there, embarrassed and ashamed, wondering if he really did care or if this was the last time I would see him, other than passing on the sidewalk. I have never felt more guilty, dirty, and ashamed in all of my life. I am responsible for what happened that night. I cannot, in the least, shift the blame towards his side of the court. I only wish I had not realized too late that he could never have cared for me. Had he cared, he would have respected my values--values which we had often discussed; and he would never have done and tried all I allowed.

Although he never "let me know when he felt differently," the hope that had been stabbing at me earlier that night died the minute I walked out of that house. I do not believe either of us had to say anything.

Tricia Meeks

SQUALL

He stands,

paralyzed,

in the clearing
with wet snow drops
falling between his eyelashes.

The trees,

deeply rooted,

encircle him...
and weep.

Mary Christian

STRANGERS DIE EVERY DAY

Third Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

Color my world red
for the blood that spills so frequently.
Sweeping through my life, an
uncontrollable scarlet tide
washing away my sanity.

Color my world black
and white.
Photographs covering my walls.
The mundane and macabre.
Screams echo through my ears,
blood stains my hands.
I feel nothing; no remorse or joy.
Strangers die every day.

Gina Carl

GINGER JAR

Third Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Fall springs mellow unlike spring or summer,
Wood smoke, brown hair and foggy morn
You my brother a soft wool scarf to pull
 Around my shape
Wrapped and stretched in a perfect fall cocoon.

Me reaching, you leaning, racing through the magic,
 Oriental perfection
Angled toward the rust we ride through the spice air.
 Away, away, toward whatever's here now.

Back again hey, a circle complete again,
This season's cyclic of old, more, more than summer,
 Fall's death has the bite of ginger
Sharp, fragrant, breathe deep
 It's me you
Crush the leaves, break the branch, away again ho.

Virginia Caum-Lake

SUNDAY SERVICE

Honorable Mention, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

Icy wind

whipping the frosted plastic
of the basement windows
of the church

Babushka-clad women

walking carefully, prayerfully,
on the icy sidewalk
of the church.

Men with toothless grins

jingling coins in their pockets
money spent...for the good
of the church.

The congregation

sitting week after week after week
in their same seats
of the church.

Hired policemen

counting the hundreds, sometimes thousands of dollars
in this collection
of the church.

The anxiety

felt in the vibrations of the markers
the stillness of anticipation...

"THE FIRST NUMBER IS B 3."

Phyllis Magold

CHILDREN AND STEREOTYPES

Third Place, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest

Ever since there have been children there has been debate over how to raise them. Time has passed, and the old ways of male-izing and female-izing our children are no longer the best ways. This paper will look at past stereotypes of child-rearing and discuss why we have outgrown them. It will also talk about the implications these changes have on education. It is essential that teachers today not follow the old stereotypes. Such attitudes limit individuality and creativity and destroy self-esteem. Living to please others and not oneself can cause a girl to be completely dependent on others through her entire life. Striving to meet the expectations of an unrealistic ideal can lead a boy to feelings of complete inadequacy. Instead of making girls "be girls" and forcing boys to "be boys," let's let children "be children." That is, after all, the most we can make of them.

What are little boys made of? Are they really any different from little girls? Certainly, little girls are not all sugar and spice. Nor are little boys composed of snips and snails. Elaine Laron is a Head Writer and Lyricist of the popular educational television series "The Electric Company." Her poem "What Are Little Boys Made Of?" offers an answer to that question:

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Love and Care
And skin and hair.
That's what little boys are made of.
What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Care and love
And (see above)
That's what little girls are made of.
(Klagsbrun 38)

A lot has been said about children and stereotypes. One woman who has

had much to say is Letty Cottin Pogrebin. Pogrebin is an author, a magazine writer, and a founding editor of *Ms. Magazine*. Her book, *Growing Up Free*, has become a classic. Pogrebin argues that although stereotypes do exist, there is no way children can live up to them. She writes, "There is nothing wrong with the stereotype of the attractive young woman who becomes a mother—other than the fact that she is the only woman a girl is supposed to become. Nothing is wrong with the fearless leader stereotype either, except that it cannot be fulfilled by 99,999 out of 100,000 males" (Pogrebin 194).

Pogrebin claims that stereotypes "over-simplify human complexity. They bang people into shape with a cultural sledgehammer that flattens the wonder of individuals into a monotonous group of characteristics" (192). While Pogrebin's points seem valid and secure, there are still those who believe differently.

Sara Bonnett Stein argues that gender identity is inborn and biological, and that these identities are different for males and females. This author claims that fostering such differences is healthy for our children. Stein writes that sex differences are "rooted in our biological past....The more we have depended on men to band together, to run, throw, take risks, plan strategies, and venture far from home, the more we should expect to find informal customs and formal institutions that train boys for this destiny" (Stein 183). The problem with this view is the assumption that boys today share the same destiny with the boys of the Cave-man Era. With the increasing number of working mothers, divorces, and single parent families, this assumption is grossly false.

Stein also fears that liberating children will lead them to deep sexual frustrations. She claims, "The family is built on the bond of sexual attraction between male and female. No culture has yet felt it could afford, by blurring all distinctions between the sexes, to dissolve that glue" (186). So the family is built on sexual attraction and the social liberation of our children will cause them to lose their most basic biological urges? Doubtful. The family is built on love, trust, and commitment, and, unlike gender identity, a child's sex is biological and cannot be changed by even the most rigid stereotypes.

Stereotyping our children can lead to disaster. Girls who are always taught to please others may end up never pleasing themselves. Do little girls grow up happy with their lives or do they pretend contentment for fear of displeasing others? Dorothy Parker, who published over fifty years ago, has given us a poem about this stereotype that still speaks to us today:

The Lady's Reward

Lady, lady never start
Conversation towards your heart;
Keep your pretty words serene;
Never murmur what you mean.
Show yourself, by word and look
Swift and shallow as a brook.
Be as cool and quick to go
As a drop of April snow;
Be as delicate and gay
As a cherry flower in May.
Lady, lady never speak
Of the tears that burn your cheek—
She will never win him, whose
Words had shown she feared to lose.
Be you wise and never sad,
You will get your lovely lad.
Never serious be, nor true
And your wish will come to you—
And if that makes you happy, kid,
You'll be the first it ever did.

(Parker 199)

It's not only little girls who are forced to fit into stereotypes. The pressures put on little boys in our society can be back-breaking. We expect them to excel in sports. We expect them to be strong in a crisis, not to cry or show any negative emotions. We expect them to provide a family with a good, secure, well-paying job. Not only are these expectations unrealistic, but they are also seriously damaging to our children.

Too often, we judge little boys by what their favorite toys are, or by how "boy-like" they act. Author Dan Greenburg has written a poem about just those kinds of judgements. It tells a story of a child trying to decide what sex his dog is by how he acts:

My Dog is a Plumber

My dog is a plumber, he must be a boy
Although I must tell you his favorite toy
Is a little play stove with pans and with pots

Which he really must like, 'cause he plays with it lots.
So perhaps he's a girl, which kind of makes sense,
Since he can't throw a ball and he can't climb a fence.
But neither can Dad, and I know he's a man,
And Mom is a woman, and she drives a van.
Maybe the problem is in trying to tell
Just what someone is by what he does well.

(Klagsbrun 86)

It is surprising, when one considers it, the massive amount of stereotyping that exists in children's literature. *I'm Glad I'm A Boy! I'm Glad I'm A Girl!* by Whitney Darrow Jr. was published in 1970. In his child's book, Darrow, a popular cartoonist for the *New Yorker*, spells out the roles of little boys and little girls. He writes: "Boys are grooms. Girls are brides....Boys are fathers. Girls are mothers" (31-34). Fair enough roles, but this is where the fairness stops. Darrow also writes:

Boys are doctors. Girls are nurses.
Boys are policemen. Girls are metermaids.
Boys fix things. Girls need things fixed.
Boys can eat. Girls can cook.
Boys build houses. Girls keep houses.

(9-30)

Imagine the poor child whose mother is a doctor, and whose father does dishes, reading Darrow's book. Not only does this confuse the child; it also sets limits on his/her dreams. This book doesn't just endanger little girls by telling them they can never be doctors; it threatens all children by showing them what they cannot be and by demanding what they must be.

Darrow's book has been out of print for fifteen years. Needless to say, copies of this "classic" come few and far between. This is, to say the least, a sign of the times. Still, there are families who welcome this type of literature into their homes. This book, although damaging to children, can prove to be a valuable learning tool. "Sammy, why can't girls be doctors and police officers?"

As classroom teachers, we must take great care in how we choose textbooks and other learning materials for our students. Special attention should be paid to both visuals and language. If a book has one particularly stereotypical remark or picture, use it as a teaching tool. The issue of stereotypes should not be taboo in the classroom. All of your students will, at some point in their lives, be

faced with prejudice and stereotyping. Certainly, many of them already have been.

Oftentimes, as teachers, we are unaware of the stereotyping that exists in the classroom. Little boys are more encouraged to try things on their own and are more verbally penalized for their mistakes. Little girls are corrected and passed over. Fewer learning opportunities are offered to them.

It's time to stop hurting our children. It's time to stop limiting our little girls and demanding perfection from our little boys. It's time to let go of our dangerous stereotypes and realize that, as times change, attitudes must change as well if society is to progress. Here is one final poem by Elaine Laron:

The Sun and the Moon

The Sun is filled with shining light
It blazes far and wide
The Moon reflects the sunlight back
But has no light inside.
I think I'd rather be the Sun
That shines so bold and bright
Than be the Moon that only glows
With someone else's light.

(Klagsbrun 136)

Let's let our children shine with their own light. If we continue to stereotype our children, we will never know them for who they really are, and they will never realize how much they really can do.

Mary McKean

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ATTACK

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

She was alone
Damp blackness choking the room
The dark pressing a hand upon her throat
So she no longer could breathe
... or wanted to

She was alone
The fear swelling wide
her mind expanding, punching fragments
Fear unleashing consciousness
She was wide open
Body, mind

She awoke
Instantly knowing such fear
The gift of a stranger
who might now be sleeping like
a tired child or
standing silently
in a darkened
room

Marcie Hochwalt

IS IT REALLY WINTER?

First Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

Is it really winter? My calendar tells me that it is Thursday, January 7, but the view from my window is telling me something different. I shield my eyes with my hand as the sun reflects off windshields, making me squint. I need sunglasses to shade my eyes from the glare; can this be a winter sun? On the flagpole outside my window, the American flag flutters in the breeze just as it did last March. The cream-colored bricks of that building across the street remind me of pale sunbathers soaking up sunlight, basking in its warmth, storing it for use on a cold winter's day. If I close my eyes and take a deep breath, I can smell the cleanness of the air. Where is the scent of fires in cozy living rooms? The air itself is crisp and refreshing, but far from the bitter iciness of the winter wind. And the scraps of snow on the grass make me wonder, "Can this be the winter wonderland we're waiting for? They look like spring leftovers to me." I can hear the faint chirping of birds. Their songs sound like salutations to sunshine and daffodils, not like caws complaining of winter dreariness. There are also leaves still clinging to the branches. The heavy snow that pushes off these hints of March has not yet fallen. Even people, hurrying from dorms to cars, cars to buildings, have bare hands, naked ears, and unbuttoned jackets. Where are the boots, hats, mittens, and scarves of winter fashion? Is anyone even wearing long-johns? I picture these people entering the room, and their noses and cheeks look sunburned, not windburned. And their hair remains untouched from freezing rain or flakes of snow. I haven't even had a cup of cocoa with marshmallows yet -- how can it possibly be winter?

Lori Patterson

LEANING O'ER THE SILL

Second Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

1

Leaning o'er the sill I grasp snowflakes.
Tiny feathers flutter fearlessly to the pavement.
In their descent they whirl and twirl like the tiny acrobats
of the season.

I lean o'er just a bit more.

... whirl and twirl like the tiny acrobats of the season,
landing with a pit-pat——softly.

I lean o'er a smidgen more . . .

... no whirl and twirl, but a distant plunge madly through
outstretched chilly wet fingers, landing with a thud—cruelly.

2

Sprawled on the pavement in an unladylike fashion
(as my grandmother would say)
I resemble an ancient Byzantine sacrifice.
My skin caresses the stubbly uneven surface.
My cheeks kiss the frozen knifelike grass blades.
My hair flies around my shoulders and seeps sneakily
into the cracks.

3

Step on a crack, break your mama's back.
Sniff a line, you'll feel fine.

4

Slowly, patiently
(you too would be patient with a few broken bones),
and easily I make love to the cement.
The whirling, twirling acrobats add to the climax.
In the icebox afterglow a red warmth drizzles through
my body.
Stains flow in circles and then . . .

. . . they whirl and twirl like the tiny acrobats of the season,
landing with a pit-pat-----softly . . .
. . . or was that a thud?

5

Leaning o'er the sill I grasp snowflakes.

Kelleyanne Pearman

REFLECTIONS

1.

Dad picked up your habits of
Smoking Captain Black while nursing
double shots of gin and vermouth.
The smell reminds me of
Your thin, pursed lips barely holding on
to a dangling pipe
While Betty ate your marinated olives.

3.

I fry bacon
And flashback to the smokehouse
Where you stored the remains
Of your fattened pigs—
Slabs of slaughtered flesh
Skewered to shiny meat hooks.

5.

I'd dip my finger in paint
Then attack your scrap paper
With dabs, smudges, swipes, blotches.
Bright yellows, oranges, and reds,
Deep blues, greens, and purples
That shared space with black stick people
and animals presented as love gifts to you

2.

Diesel makes me float
Back to a child
Bouncing on your lap
While steering the John Deere,
Carefully avoiding the swamp
Where I was sure monsters waited
To eat me if I slipped off the wobbly
Wooden plank you made me walk.

4.

But paint, paint
Is what you were really made of.
Oils that danced across canvasses
Leaving trails of crumbling buildings,
snow-covered evergreens, and crooked creeks.
Watercolors dripped on thick paper
turning into water mills, a deer, a moose, and me.
Black ink scratched on a sketch pad
produced a tulip that I still imagine as blood red.
I'd watch you give life to four paintings
Then throw away three.

6.

All these memories of you
But I can't remember anything
You ever said to me, and worse,
I don't remember your face.
Still, a tulip sketch hangs on my bedroom wall,
A smokehouse watercolor in my den,
And a moose oil in my living room.
Tying me to a man
I only knew as "grandpa."

Vickie Kayati

GENE LINKED TO SPELLING ABILITY

Doctors at the University of Diction have recently discovered a gene which enhances or alleviates the spelling abilities in humans. According to researcher Web Sterr, the gene is dominant in excellent spellers, recessive in average spellers, and completely missing in poor spellers.

People who have the dominant spelling gene seem to intuitively know how to spell every word in the dictionary. They are also able to spell the names of Czechoslovakian cities, African tribes, and foreign phrases simply by sounding out the words. Theo Saurus, winner of the International Spelling Bee, is one person who doctors believe has the dominant gene. "I have never had to look in a dictionary to figure out how to spell a word, not even for foreign phrases like *rendez-vous*. It just comes naturally," Saurus said.

Doctors believe that people carrying the dominant spelling gene often become poets, novelists, reporters, and editors. Because spelling comes naturally, these people find it easy to communicate through written language. Another common career for the intuitive speller is teaching English. According to Mrs. Can U. Spell, teaching English is a challenging career because so many students have such awful spelling habits. "The most commonly misspelled words on student papers are *a lot*, *until*, and *occurred*," said Spell.

Scientists at the University of Diction have tested over 50,000 Americans, and their reports show that only one out of every 200

babies born carries the spelling gene as a dominant trait. Eugene Jones, discoverer of the spelling gene, said, "In other words, one percent of the population are naturally good spellers while about ninety percent are average spellers." The average spellers carry the spelling gene as a recessive trait.

Dr. S. Pell said that because the gene is recessive, not all the phonetic rules instinctively known to the naturally good speller are embedded in the brain cells of the average speller. Pell said, "People remember that when two vowels go walking the first one does the talking. What they don't remember is that there are more exceptions than constants for this rule." Words often erroneously spelled include *niece*, *receive*, and *brief*. The recessive gene also seems to block visual memory to the brain, "which is why people have to look up the same word every time they use it," he said.

The average speller, who carries the gene as a recessive trait, can survive writing term papers, business reports, and personal letters fairly painlessly. The words used in these assignments are usually everyday words like *hello*, *point*, and *conclusion*. Constant use of these words has created a familiarity with their spelling patterns. But average spellers sometimes have difficulties in classes such as geography, mathematics, and government because these courses often use specialized vocabulary. Uncommonly used words such as *isosceles*, *tyranny*, and *Caribbean* are roadblocks to the average speller. But there are those people who cannot even write a letter home without misspelling the first word as "deer."

Researchers from Alpha Bet University have supplemented the discoveries of the University of Diction by uncovering the mystery of consistently poor spellers. Dr. B. Write said doctors were baffled that ten percent of the population completely lacks the ability to spell. "We could not figure out what was missing," he said. Finally

scientists realized that the spelling gene was absent from the DNA strands of the poor speller. Write said, "We have come to the conclusion that these people are actually genetically disordered. They completely lack the ability to spell."

The symptoms of this disorder range from the inability to sound out the spelling of words to an absence of dictionary skills. "These people do not even know where to begin to find a word in the dictionary simply because they cannot match letters and sounds," Write said. He added that he knows of people who look under "f" for *philosophy* and "e" for *alleviate*. Poor spellers often become cashiers, garbage collectors, and grocery baggers in order to avoid having to spell.

The American Heritage Dictionary company is planning to expand its business based on this spelling-gene discovery. Reliable sources said that a dictionary arranged by phonetic spellings is being developed. "Although this dictionary will not benefit those lacking the spelling gene, it will be helpful to those with the recessive gene who have trouble with phonetically strange words," the source said.

IBM is also getting in on the spelling-gene action. According to Nancy Letterhead, president of IBM, a voice-activated spelling computer is being developed. "People lacking the spelling gene will love this invention. You simply say the word you don't know how to spell into a microphone hooked to the computer and that word will appear on the screen, spelled correctly," Letterhead said.

Doctors hope to learn how to genetically reproduce the spelling gene. Once this gene can be grown in test tubes, doctors are confident it can be transplanted into the poor spellers who lack the ability to sound out words like *athletics* and *tragedy*. "But for now," Write said, "people are stuck with the same spelling supplements that have been around for years: spell checks, dictionaries, and teachers."

Lori Patterson

THE EXPLORER

Second Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

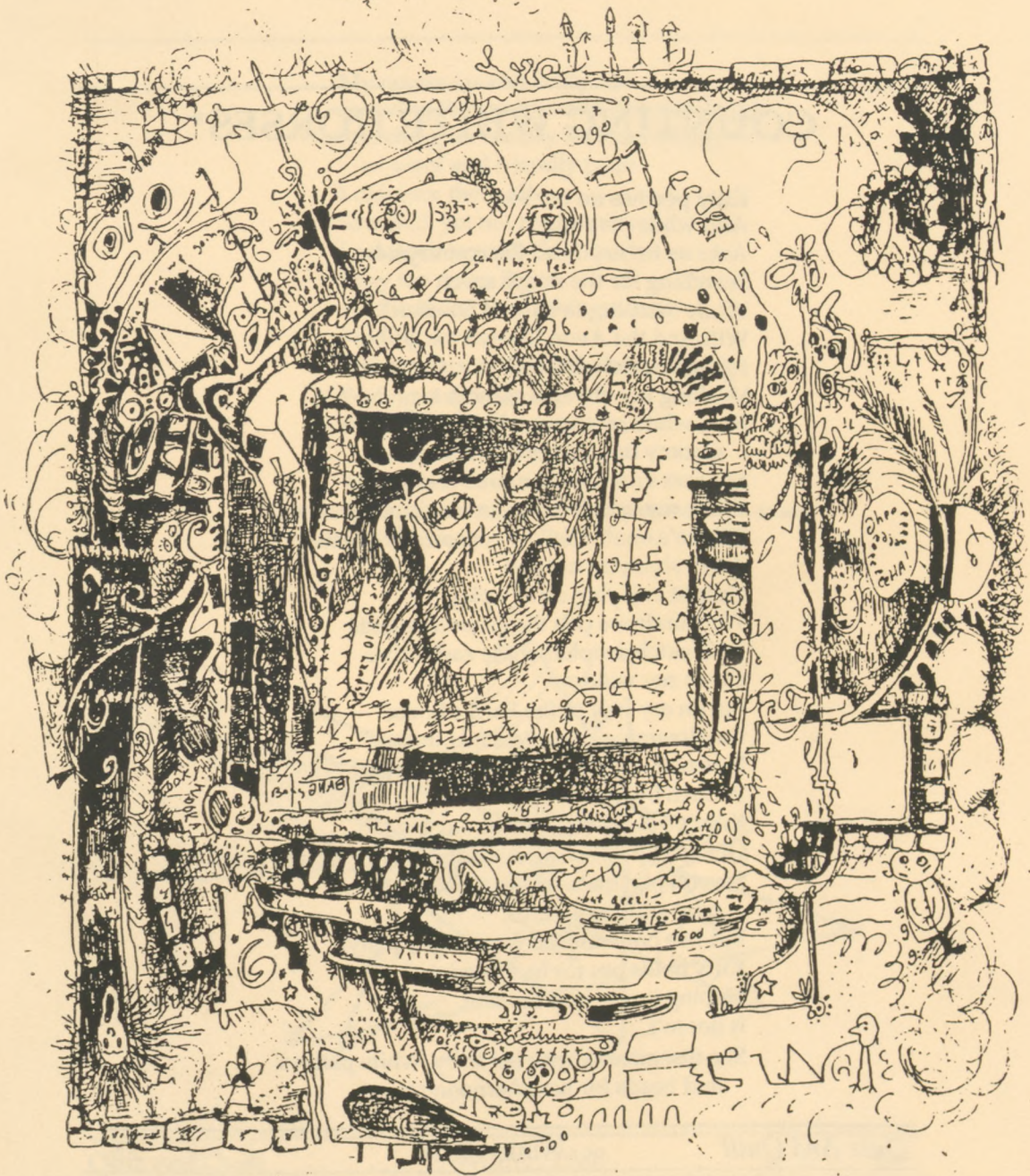
Flying effortlessly through Space
Hoping to find a place...to live.
Passing stars and planets
Searching for the right one.

He's an Explorer,
Looking for a home
Somewhere to stay,
Never more to roam.

On his right,
A moon arises
To his left,
The sun surprises...him.

He sees the greenish-blue
Planet below.
Taking a chance...he lands.
The Explorer has come home.

Jay Brian Snyder



20 Dec 35
Thomas J. Baker

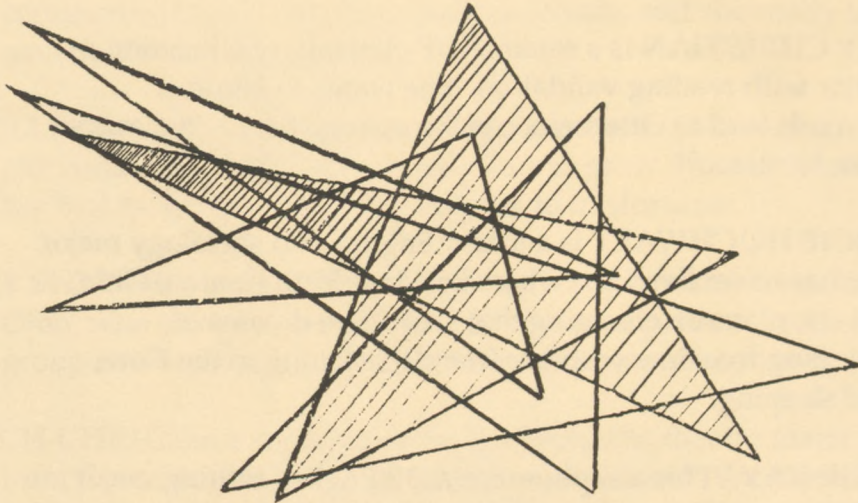
COUNTING WHITE HORSES*

Kitty perches on her seat
And while pivoting
Asks us to scrutinize the countryside
Searching for the magic seven
While listening to tales of Stratford,
Will, and the Avon River.
I gaze out the window
Masking my obvious glances for
Pure white creatures who will turn this
 gloomy day into brilliant sunshine.
My ears unscramble names and places
While my eyes latch on to magic number one.
"There's one!" a fellow conspirator shouts,
And I slump in my seat
Caught enjoying child's play.
The raindrops pelt the ground outside
As I watch droplets chase each other
Down my window.
I'm on my way to the Bard's house
Daydreaming of endless inspiration,
Frenzied energy, and successful plays
Written by me.
Kitty's voice filters in and out
Graciously throwing out tidbits about Anne's cottage.
Several playmates claim they've seen six
 pure white creatures,
But I've only noticed three and a pony.
Kitty holds out for lucky seven
Hoping it will stop the rain.
It doesn't.
She disembarks with her frilly, white parasol
 and heads for her afternoon tea.

My comrades and I disperse
Scouring the quaint town like scavengers
Searching for history and knowledge—
 or wool and friendly pubs.
I discover them all.
Satisfied, yet not ready to leave,
I scamper toward THE theatre—
I spy the Avon River
And look for pure white swans.
Finding seven,
I lift my face to the cold, drizzling rain
Feeling only warmth.

Vickie Kayati

*According to Kitty, counting seven white horses will turn a rainy day into sunshine.



CONTRIBUTORS

TOM BAKER graduated with a B.A. in Visual Art in December and is now an ADP design student. Tom was a scenic artist for "A Flea in Her Ear," and plans to attend graduate school and study scenic design.

GINA CARL is a freshman journalism major. She is one of Otterbein's feature twirlers and hopes to twirl again next fall.

VIRGINIA CAUM-LAKE is a senior ADP English literature major, who grew up in Alaska and still considers it "home."

MARY CHRISTIAN is a senior ADP elementary education major with reading validation. She wants to know, if all roads lead to Otterbein, can we assume they all go away from here, too?!

MARCIE HOCHWALT is a junior English and sociology major. She has never lived anywhere besides North Canton, Ohio, but she plans on changing that soon. She dreams of spending free time with her friends, listening to the Cure, and sleeping.

VICKIE KAYATI is a sophomore ADP English writing major who spent eighteen days of December in England enjoying plays, museums, side trips to six cities, and pubs.

PHYLLIS MAGOLD is a senior ADP English major. She plans to teach high school after graduation.

MARY McKEAN is a junior elementary education major from Columbus. Mary was also published in our Fall 1987 issue.

TRICIA MEEKS is a freshman English/secondary education major. She loves to drink Sprite and listen to soft music.

LORI PATTERSON is a junior English writing major, who will be certified in secondary education under comprehensive communications. Lori loves to eat chocolate, and she really is a genetically deficient speller.

KELLEYANNE PEARMAN, a transfer freshman theatre major, still believes in fairy tales, never wants to grow up, and fears her bad habits will some day lead her to misfortune.

JAY SNYDER is a sophomore psychology major from Newark, Ohio, who enjoys jazz music and has his own professional group in which he plays the tenor and soprano saxophones.

RICH UHRICK is a sophomore design/technical theatre major from Columbus. Rich designed lights for "Chance Encounters," a dance performed in the recent Otterbein Dance Concert. He is also a Doctor Who fanatic and believes in time travel.