Otterbein University
Digital Commons @ Otterbein

Quiz and Quill | Otterbein Journals & Magazines

Fall 1989

1989 Fall Quiz and Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department
Otterbein University, englishdept@otterbein.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Otterbein English Department, "1989 Fall Quiz and Quill Magazine" (1989). *Quiz and Quill*. 54.
https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill/54

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Otterbein Journals & Magazines at Digital Commons @ Otterbein. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quiz and Quill by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Otterbein. For more information, please contact digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu.

QUIZ & QUILL

FALL '89

Quiz and Quill

1919-1989

A Celebration of Seventy Years

Two world wars, landing on the moon, Woodstock, and Macintosh computers have come between the first issue of *Quiz and Quill*, in 1919, and the one we present this fall.

Quiz and Quill has survived the majority of the 20th century because of dedicated members who have given much to the magazine over the past seventy years. This year, for example, we present with pleasure two new contest categories. The Louise Gleim Williams Grand Prize of $200 will be awarded the to best entry among all first place winners, and a newswriting category, designed to reward superior articles published in the *Tan and Cardinal*, has been added. Most of the other contest categories have also had prize increases. These additions were made possible with funds donated by Donald L. Williams, class of 1941, in memory of his wife Louise, a former editor.

In 1919, the *Quiz and Quill* began "as the imperfect expression of an ideal which has as its aim a true appreciation of our Mother Tongue and an effort to attain perfection in the use of it" (Forward, 1919 *Quiz and Quill*). Seventy years later we have strived to continue in this tradition with the Fall 1989 issue.

Cyndi Miller
Editor

Staff

Cyndi Miller, **editor**
Michael Mann, **assistant editor**
Alene Trefry, **assistant editor**
Rachel von Seggern, **art editor**
Dr. Marilyn Saveson, **adviser**

Kristina Cooper
Sally Gross
Jennifer Johnson
Joanna Mercer
Aaron Thompson

Otterbein College **Westerville, Ohio** ***Fall, 1989***

TABLE OF CONTENTS

My World	Jacob Snograss	1
A Trip to the Music Store	Kristina Cooper	2
Hamster Wheel	John Deever	5
Fourteen	Michael Mann	5
The Hour Glass	David Bruce	6
Forts	Cyndi Miller	7
Almost There	Michael Mann	8
Pieces	Kellyanne Pearman	9
Trip Away	Jacob Snodgrass	10
Any Street	Adrienne Wehrley	11
The Cardinal	Sharon Richardson	11
Where Do I Fit In?	Christy Rutherford	12
Surviving Vietnam	Cyndi Miller	15
Opossum	Michael Mann	18
Contemplating Death	Kellyanne Pearman	19
Nightlife	Cyndi Miller	20
Thanks, Bob	Adrienne Wehrley	21
Contributors		22

MY WORLD

Watching the strangers run
run and hide
hide inside their little minds

Finding something new every day
everybody must go his own way

Trying to turn me
has turned me inside
inside my soul
to walk alone
and be free

Finding peace
where others have found war
Seeing hope
where the earth sees nothing
Seeking knowledge
I have felt the touch of salvation
ready to be taken
to my world

Jacob Snodgrass

A TRIP TO THE MUSIC STORE

I knew I shouldn't have let them into the music store that day. I knew that, but the sign above the shop seemed innocent enough: "Werlein's—for music," and its stately, stoney exterior assured me that it was respectable. Also, I could see, through the shiny glass windows, postcards arranged seductively on metal racks that twirled in whichever direction I desired. And since buying postcards is a weakness I usually succumb to, we went in—Art, Joe, and I.

As soon as I stepped inside the shop, I lost the attention of my friends because there, on the opposite side of the store, were rows of guitars, springing from the wall like flowers. There were also drums and saxophones—everything the budding musician would ever need or want was placed right beside that guitar garden of paradise.

Art's face relaxed—his mouth drooped, his eyes unfocused, and his long, thin fingers began to stroke an imaginary guitar. He began to glide slowly towards the amplifiers when he was almost run over by Joe. All these musical instruments affected Joe differently—his brown eyes sparked, causing his glasses to get foggy, and he grinned and danced and whooped like a child at Christmas.

Not wanting to notice any trouble they might get into, I turned towards the postcards, which were beckoning to me with their glossy, bright pictures of New Orleans: New Orleans at night and during the day; picturesque scenes of the French Quarter and street cars—I bought them all.

After purchasing three dollars' worth of postcards, I drifted throughout the store, touching tiny metal figures of jazz musicians which were arranged on small glass shelves, playing their instruments for anyone who had the imagination to hear. Several minutes later I had finished surveying the knick knacks and began to feel as though I had lost something. Actually, two somethings—Joe and Art. My ears could no longer locate their position because their excited exclamations had long since been absorbed by the quiet, professional atmosphere, so I cautiously walked to the back of the store. Spinning my head and rolling

my eyes, I finally sighted my two friends—standing meekly, reverently in front of the guitars.

"Joe?" I said quietly, not wanting to startle him too much. No answer.

Art lifted his arm and pointed a finger—so full of emotion that the skeleton on his ring seemed to be dancing—at a guitar that looked as if it were sizzling with an inner blue fire. He mumbled some words to Joe, who nodded and gestured towards another of the awe-inspiring instruments.

Just as I was wondering how to break this spell and get them to leave, a salesman interrupted their thoughts like an alarm clock buzzing into one's dreams.

"Hello! Would you all like to look at one of our guitars?"

"Yes!" Art said immediately and indicated the blue fiery one he and Joe had been admiring.

The man plucked the guitar from its patch on the wall and handed it to Art, who cradled it gently in his arms. We were then led to a small back room containing several amplifiers and a few chairs.

"Here," the salesman tossed a pick to Art, "let me know what you think of her." He explained how to operate the amplifiers, then closed the door and left.

"This is great!" Joe exclaimed as he watched Art adjust knobs on the amplifer. He then noticed me sitting next to him on a stool.

"Oh, hi, Kris. Isn't this cool?" The unstable, glazed look was gone from his eyes and he was grinning cheerfully.

"Art, play some Guns N' Roses!"

"Wait a minute...this doesn't sound quite right"; he twisted more dials and played a few beginning chords of "Sweet Child O'Mine," then stopped.

"This amplifier sucks; I'm gonna switch," he muttered and transfered cables and turned knobs again.

All this activity I watched with fascination since I can only listen to music, not create it.

Suddenly, a squeal erupted from the amplifier and Art yelled, "All right!" and the guitar solo from a popular rock song crashed through the

room, bouncing off the walls and catching my foot up in the beat.

Art looked like an artist inspired. His head was bent, causing his long thick hair to flow over his forehead and obscure his face like a shiny black waterfall. Skilled fingers leaped and slid over the strings, faster and faster as the music grew more hectic.

The music seeped into Joe's hands and they began to quiver and shake as if looking for a drum on which to vent their emotion.

With all this crazy music surrounding me, my mind was jarred into remembering back to the day that we all had been bored, sitting around in Joe and Art's dorm room because it was raining outside. So Art had excavated his electric and acoustic guitars from under a pile of clothing, and Joe had placed a tambourine on an upside down Tulane University wastebasket—an improvised drum set, because neither had the money for a real one—and they had twanged, banged, and jingled through several songs. That informal jam session of a few days ago was fun, but not quite as exciting as being able to try out an electric guitar and make as much obnoxious noise as we wished in such a professional place.

Art strummed through a few more songs, but was stopped by the salesman, who came in and interrupted our fun.

"Sorry, kids, but the concert is over," he said and reached for the guitar. Art caressed the instrument's sleek curves once more before relunctantly handing it over.

"So, what'd ya think of her?" he asked Art, who, along with Joe, was watching the guitar be placed back on its hook, out of reach.

"Oh, great, great," Art said enthusiastically. Then, in a doubtful, slightly hopeful tone, he asked, "I don't suppose you take trade-ins?" The salesman grinned.

"I didn't think so," he sighed.

Once outside, I asked, "So guys, what shall we do now?"

And how did they answer me? By walking around the corner and directly through the door of another music store!

Kristina Cooper

HAMSTER WHEEL

With tie and sport-coat healthy-glossy
We rush to hamster's nests each day.
Head honcho hamster sassy-bossy
Chews up newspaper in the fray.

"A Tit for Tat," he said, and spat
A munched-up morsel on the floor;
Head, muscle, brain of gristle-fat,
Hollow echo, singing bore.

He gnaws and bites, he laughs and fights,
Or spins alone when it gets late:
Dervish circles, chatter heights,
Workday madness never waits.

The hamsters know how to keep fed.
They run the deadly whirling wheel,
Never thinking, minds of cheese.
In frozen cages nothing feels.

John Deever

FOURTEEN

Lazy dawn walk;
fuzzy willow and unseen noise.
Moment rewound, technicolor tastes awareness—
Open pores see a blackbird sing.

Michael Mann

THE HOUR GLASS

Men take blunted sticks and write in the sand. Their theories
and theorems, calculations and speculations of the hour glass
are drawn in the aridness of dusty dirt. No sooner
an ascertation traced of facts and fancies of
reasons and seasons of the steady flow
than the shifting bottom
sucks down the
hollowed
g
rooves
covering them with the
dusty dirt. So they again
doodle their creations and negations of
ponder and wonder of waning moments while
the sandy floor beneath them pours through the
constant door of Time; until they too seep through—like
the blackboard of their thoughts—into the heap of dusty dirt.

David Bruce

FORTS

We used to build

Monuments with scraps
We'd saved from nearby trash cans
Weathered wood smelling strongly
from various stages of
Rot, and carpet stained,
Worn with use of dogs and moms and dads and kids
Like
Me and Tony and Billy
and Mikey,
Who was the oldest,
Who was the president of the club,
Who determined what was
nailed where and when
We had enough stuff to quit
And start constructing
THE FORT.

The door was on the roof
The carpet kept the grass out
And windows
(that was my idea)
Let the air in because
It really did smell but
I never let on because
Mikey never seemed to notice.
He only pulled my pigtails
To make me giggle
And informed Billy and Tony
That they could be secretary or treasurer
Because I was the vice-president.

Cyndi Miller

ALMOST THERE

Teacher asks—
the lucky one claps erasers
echoing chalk dust mysteries
falling on tough skin jeans—
Luckier if the task
is done with Terra—
cosmic girl when
grease was the word.

Only then is one too young
to remember the tricycle
with red tassels
and pedal blocks—
riding past where the
stone library dinosaur
rests with a sigh
as dust collects.

Still that is further
away, further away
than where Terra stood
(chalk patterns outlining
the soles of her shoes)
where residential streets
connected to erect
the place where
I held my breath.

Orange autumn glowing red—
Terra jumps in
raked piles of yesteryear,
delving in enchanted mind
blowing the dust away.

Michael Mann

PIECES

I hate rainy days. I hate Mondays.

My leg is on the couch.

The toes are waving 'hello' to

My arm, which is

Swaying from a fixture overhead.

Head, where did my head go.

OOPS!!! It's underneath

The couch.

Rainy Mondays are disjointed.

Kellyanne Pearman

TRIP AWAY

Sitting on the edge of an electric blue ocean
Saint Augustine touches my crystal
and I tumble into the warm waters

The racing hands of time have become tired
They rest while gentle hands caress my body
Complete love has touched upon my sultry chest

Saint Augustine's swans brush through my hair
leaving me with a feeling of acceptance
acceptance that I have been longing for

Mermaids of every color carry me away
rushing my body through the cool ocean water
into the deep purple fantasy of my mind

3 smiling day-glo lizards greet me with kisses
each kiss bearing a present
the gifts of peace, love, and harmony are mine

Rushing winds break the silence of my meditation
The winds touch upon the hands of time
and the ancient hands begin to turn the world

My world of loving blue turns to blood red
The kisses are torn from my lips
Replaced by the war, disgust, and hostility on the earth

Jacob Snodgrass

ANY STREET

The el train crashes overhead in the night
As a wizened old man crouches from the light.
The suits storm by with impassioned indifference
As a mother of three seeks understanding and patience.
The noon whistles bellow, signing end of the game
As a proud man cowers, his head hung in shame.

The forces drive on, crushing all who impede them,
And a nation ignores so many who need it.

Adrienne Wehrley

THE CARDINAL

Proud and stately male
Splendidly wrapped
In shades of scarlet insecurity,
Draws from within
The plain-packaged female
Where lies his well of beauty and strength.

Sharon Richardson

WHERE DO I FIT IN?

First place, 1989 I.S. essay contest

I never used to take the time to think through any type of philosophical notions. I had three children to raise with enough questions of their own to answer. I was always a church-goer, well indoctrinated into the whys and wherefores of the supernatural. Any wonderings I might have had along those lines were well covered by my background or upbringing. What did it matter how much I pondered the meaning of life or my own existence? Life would still roll on by without my thoughts and contributions. Besides, wouldn't it be better to accept the reasonings and conclusions already developed for me from Aristotle to Augustine up to our present day? I might have carried on for a long time in this vein if I hadn't been exposed to certain I.S. courses at Otterbein. Because of these, I've managed to get help in uncovering some rusty areas in my brain and I've started to look at many of my heretofore sacred beliefs in a different light, as well as question what I think is important.

It started last spring when I got my first reading assignment for the I.S. 260 class, "Human Nature in the Christian Tradition," taught by Dr. Paul Laughlin. Once into the material, I could not put it down! I was sure this instructor was either nuts or making it all up (keep in mind my strict fundamentalist upbringing). So many of my basic convictions that I'd grown up with were being challenged that I couldn't wait to get to class and straighten him out.

As time went on, I discovered I wasn't the only one taking this information hard. Many other students were also getting their eyes opened. In the meantime, we were scheduled to do several research papers on our own. These included studies on the virgin birth, the existence and characteristics of Satan, and women's roles as they're presented in the New Testament. I was amazed! The more I searched, the more evidence I was presented with in black and white which proved a great many of my Sunday School teachings were not always true knowledge, but rather indoctrination into a particular faith.

Instead of the Bible being the complete and unabridged work of God, I discovered that hundreds of years after the death of Christ, groups of religious leaders bargained and compromised with each other in order to choose which writings would be allowed into the Bible. To make matters worse, the Bible had been translated and re-translated so many times that large portions of it can be considered questionable. Then we have a Satan who is never once described as evil in the Old Testament, but becomes evil incarnate in the New. What happened? It would appear as though this idea, along with the formation of a lot of our holy days and celebrations, has evolved from ancient, heathen religions.

O.K. Now I was beginning to get angry and more than a little concerned about what I could believe in or even depend on. The anger soon became a soul-searching, God-seeking quest for the truth. Is there a divine order to our lives or only random chaos and blind luck? What in the world does God expect us to do while we're here on earth? It didn't matter that answers to these same questions have been sought by theologians and other scholarly persons for hundreds of years. I needed to think things through for myself and for my own satisfaction. The books and films I studied in Dr. Prindle's I.S. 300 course, "The Dilemma of Existence," covered 2400 years of literature, from Sophocles to Faulkner, and shed more light on human beings and their relationships. For instance, I've seen in all that time that some things never change. In the second scene of Sophocles's Antigone, Creon points out that most people will do anything for money. The journey through the Inferno begins with man losing sight of God and continues through Hell showing us most of the same sins we encounter today.

Well, why am I here, and what am I supposed to be doing? I didn't ask to be born, and I probably won't have any say over when I die. Since I have no control over those two important events, I don't want to agree with Addie's father in Faulkner's As I Lay Dying, who said our reason for living is to prepare us for being dead a long time. My life, itself, has to be something over which I have a certain measure of control, but how much, and in what instances?

I'm not sure being an older student in college gives me a different outlook from traditional age students, if only because I have had more relationships and experiences to draw on. I've seen friends come and go and also die. So, if I can't hold on forever to those who meant the most to me, what remains? Obviously, only myself and my beliefs.

As Voltaire's Candide discovered, it may be all right to search for meaning in everything, but as he says on the last page, we should each "cultivate our garden" to give our own lives meaning. From the struggles of Antigone and Alicia (a character in The Official Story) I saw the beauty of courage that I could respect. Shakespeare's Hamlet is another example of one person's quest for truth and honor. All these people viewed themselves as individuals who saw a need to fulfill their own code of morality, be it right or wrong.

Now, here I am at 40, a sophomore in college, on my own search for the truth. Forced into deeper thought, I have identified my own soul. I have also decided that what's really important is to live here and now with the people I come into contact with today. Maybe all of us are pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that together form a perfect plan from a perfect Creator. How necessary is it for us to know all the details?

As a result of the I.S. classes I've had, I've seen humankind's search for understanding of itself and the desire to discover the meaning of God become equally important. We all need to be aware of how we fit in, no matter what lifestyle or career we may have chosen. Factory workers, doctors, teachers, and students all have to try and make a positive difference through their interactions with fellow human beings. It may be our combined comedies and tragedies that produce the real meaning of life.

Christy Rutherford

SURVIVING VIETNAM

Second place, 1989 I.S. essay contest

In 1968, America had over 100,000 troops in Vietnam. I learned this fact in the I.S. sixties festival class. We discussed personal histories of American soldiers, each giving us additional insight into the war. Yet, personal histories exist on all sides.

Khoi turned sixteen in 1968, as he gradually watched the destruction of his country. Five years ago he escaped from Communist Vietnam to seek religious freedom. He is South Vietnamese and studying to become a Roman Catholic priest. The current Vietnamese government does not allow citizens to practice theologies other than Communism, and refused to allow him to be ordained. When I met Khoi last year, he had been in the United States for a year and was paired as my journal partner. My assignment was to write weekly entries on particular topics, such as marriage and family customs, which would give him insight into American culture. In return he wrote about Vietnamese customs and practiced his English. What began as homework turned into one of the most interesting friendships I have ever had, and broadened my view of the American struggle in Vietnam.

Before I met Khoi, Vietnam meant nothing to me. In high school, we stopped at World War II, and although my uncle spent two tours in Vietnam, my family only talks about the year my father was stationed in Germany during the sixties. My first impressions of Vietnam were the journal entries and conversations Khoi and I had during winter and spring quarter.

I was overwhelmed when I thought of spending ten weeks talking to a thirty-five-year-old Roman Catholic priest. What would we talk about? Khoi had the same thoughts. The typical American college student baffled him. His only impression of young Americans came from the soldiers who invaded his village when he was a child. He had no concept of dating, dorm life, or fraternity parties. To him, American students were spoiled and loud. Gradually both of us changed our original views and began to see each other as people, not an American college student and a Vietnamese priest.

Young Americans have much more freedom than young Vietnamese. Khoi feels we are undisciplined and abuse our freedoms. I tried to help him understand that people in my generation have never faced war, extreme poverty, or refugee camps. Most come from protected backgrounds with little reason to consider their lives better than most. Americans take for granted the things Khoi would consider privileges, and because we have never lived without food or a nice home, nor expect we will ever have to, we are unaware of how fortunate we are.

American culture also allows more freedom than Vietnamese. Before Communist rule was imposed on Vietnam, tradition was a strong factor in limiting individual freedom. As a young adult he never thought of breaking the social customs of his village, unlike American students who enjoy challenging old customs as a way to express their individuality. Ironically, he spent most of the sixties clinging to tradition, and fighting the Communists who threatened to completely change his homeland, while Americans rebelled against their established government and traditions.

The American soldiers were unable to adjust to Vietnamese culture any faster than Khoi has been able to adjust to America. Fortunately, they were not asked to. The Americans lived together and did not associate with the average citizens on an equal level. They were not forced to learn the language, or eat strictly Vietnamese food to survive. Most found it difficult to appreciate cultural differences when they were sent there to kill. The United States government gave the soldiers pamphlets that told them about their enemy, the Viet Cong. However, they failed to differentiate between the South Vietnamese, whom they were fighting for, and the North Vietnamese, whom they were fighting against. This left the impression that all Vietnamese were alike and no one could be trusted. In return, Khoi resented the American presence in his country . When I asked him why he thought the Americans were in Vietnam, he had no idea. The American soldiers we discussed in class had no idea either.

As an outside party, twenty years later, I can look at all sides of the war and see the human qualities that were buried under the political and

cultural issues. Both Vietnamese and Americans feared for their lives and lacked the basic necessities like food, clothing, and shelter. Survival became the motive for their actions, demonstrating human nature at a basic level. With a full stomach and no fear of an air raid to interrupt my thoughts, I can deductively comment on the war from the safety of Otterbein College. American soldiers were asked to make decisions in life-threatening situations, decisions that they must live with for the rest of their lives. In my sixties festival class, one student shared a story of an American pilot who landed in a battle field one day to pick up injured soldiers. When he began to take off, a small child started to run towards the helicopter and attempted to get on it. Instinctively he reached for his gun and shot her before she could climb into the craft. He had been warned of small children who were booby-trapped with explosives and instructed to board American aircraft, to blow it up a few seconds after take-off. Several seconds later, the child he shot exploded as his helicopter lifted off the ground. When those situations are common occurrences, humans react in irrational ways. Once the war was over, Americans expected their loved ones to return untouched by the chaos they participated in.

Khoi was sent to a Communist reeducation camp after the war, where he was instructed to forget all former ways of thinking and believe strictly in Communism. Torture was not uncommon for those who resisted the reeducation process. Many Americans resent both refugees and the Vietnam Veterans because they do not understand the situations these people have lived through. Although Khoi lives in exile, he is free to think and believe as he pleases. The Vietnam soldiers were told to kill or be killed, then expected to rejoin society unaltered. Khoi has helped me to see that, in spite of everything, the human will to survive is strongest of all. His childhood was spent in a country where family members were killed daily, no system of order or justice protected the innocent, and everyone was the enemy, but he still feels that his heart will never separate from Vietnam, and Americans will never separate it from their lives either.

Cyndi Miller

OPOSSUM

sun melts into
intertwining
incense darkness

drips down the
stained glass
window of watered
down watercolor

disappears as
sandalwood darkness
drips darker with
every shadow's
death upon the wall.

holding onto
cigarette embrace,
the afterglow of
hazy lovemaking
scatters as the
opossum scratches
at its shadow.

Michael Mann

CONTEMPLATING DEATH

Glancing back into the distance,

I see visions dark and smothering floating in the air.

They drift behind me with teeth bared—snarling viciously.

They wink.

They flirt.

They invite me to

Join their numbers.

For one brief moment

I contemplate entering their mass;

Then

you, and you only,

Pull me into

The light of the sun.

Kellyanne Pearman

NIGHTLIFE

A hip night at the club
spankin' Hank twinkling
    and smashing the keys
    alternating
the velvet of Fedchoch's trombone
Ted at the bar
buys us another round and we motion for him to join us.
Mary's soft vibrato
    breaks the flow
    of conversation
into rhythmic patterns
of syncopation.
So you're a writer?
He asks,
flagging down the waiter
for some grub.
What do you write?
fiction? journalism?
Uh, actually poetry—I finally manage with a smile.
I wrote poetry, he says between bites.
Back in the sixties
I lived in Greenwich and
    played every night.
Have you ever been to the village?
No.
Back in '67—poetry and jazz, they went together
at the coffeehouses ya know.

It was a fascinating era. . .
I nod and turn to look at you,
sitting next to me, caught in the intensity.
I squeeze your hand as it suddenly comes to me that
jazz is so sexy—
it turns me on and mellows me out at the same time.
You wink and squeeze back.
The music stops,
Then Hank takes a break.
He makes his way over and snags a chair. . .

Cyndi Miller

THANKS, BOB

I'm being forced to face the fork, and not sure what to do.
The unnerving shock of self-realization,
The choice of a lifetime reduced to sleepless nights
(and two too-many cups of tea).
Others seem shocked, but I am self-sure.
I owe you no explanation.

The pavement repulses me, it expands and contracts;
I will not risk being lost in a crevice.
The path less traveled looks like the peak of a road
(when you reach top and may drop into the abyss).
I'll add my footprints to the slighter option,
In the comfortable company of uncertainty.

Adrienne Wehrley

Contributors

David Bruce, a fifth-year senior, says that he enjoys God and his wife Deborah. He plans to attend as many different colleges (without graduating) as possible.

Kristina Cooper is a sophomore English major who believes that a complete stereo system should be installed in the library.

John Deever, a senior English major, is dreading the day he'll have to become a hamster.

T.J. Garmise, a junior broadcasting and speech communications major, designed the cover. He's interested in useless trivia, and anything most people consider disgusting.

Michael Mann, a junior English major, says that the title "Fourteen" is inspired by Wallace Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird."

Cyndi Miller, a junior international studies and English major, is still good friends with Mike, Bill, and Tony. They still like to build and paint stuff and she still likes to help.

Kellyanne Pearman is a junior and draws on past experiences when she writes. A BFA theater major, she is currently working on *Cinderella* and enjoys playing euchre in her spare time.

Sharon Richardson, a sophomore continuing education student, is an English Education/Communications major who enjoys bird-watching—which inspired her to write "The Cardinal."

Christy Rutherford is an continuing education student and mother of three who enjoys taking classes with all ages of students.

Jacob Snodgrass is a sophomore Religion major from Martins Ferry, Ohio, who likes hard core and alternative music. His favorite color is black.

Adrienne Wehrley is a junior from Eldorado, Ohio, majoring in Sociology/Broadcasting, who collects hedgehogs. She expects to be ecstatic any day now.