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1991 Winter Quiz and Quill Magazine

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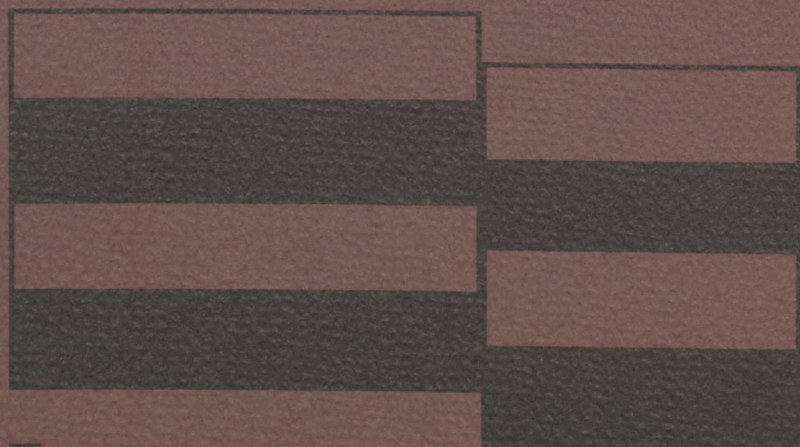


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Winter 1991

Quiz and Quill

Winter, 1991

We hope everyone had an enjoyable Christmas vacation. It appears that many of you spent your time writing for this year's contest. The number of submissions, especially for the short story category, was encouraging to us. Thanks go to all who submitted and congratulations to those who won prizes.

This issue has many prize-winning pieces in it, as will the spring issue. We hope you enjoy reading them as much as we did.

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Michael Mann, **co-editor**

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Brenda Burger, Greg Davis, Dan Gonzalez

Sally Gross, Ed Karshner, Cyndi Miller

Chad Rohrbacher, Gayle Schwenn

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Hapax Legomenon

Third Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

a word
that occurs
only once
in the writings of a language
is a
hapax legomenon.

with no point of reference
and no context
the word
has no meaning.

it is a one-time thing
out at sea
without even a horizon line in sight.

I have no God
and no job.

I
am
a
hapax legomenon.

Diane Schleppi

The Original Vision

To the instant of reality
that beams my mind-light upon the you
who is true,
I can only be grateful
even though I am lonely
for I am isolated from the standard model being
who has left his skin at my front door

Crazy you, who bathe in overviews
raping art for party quotes
to leave the bleeding fetus of an author's whole world
writhing on the table of drunken scrutiny.
Undressed and left to impress the dizzy heads
who would sooner drool out puddles of wisdom
than keep within the boundaries of their own minds
and silence

the original vision of those whom the words flowed
from
have turned to nothing more
than bleeding pieces of meat
upon the silver scale of knowledge
which tears deep sores into the earth
under the burden of translation

Poetry of reality
Poetry of fantasy
Poetry to the past, present and future
where freedom knows no boundaries
Poetry;
the ass of a generation
built on fast food
and computer bytes.
So soak back the germicide shorts
between HBO blockbusters
and rub your tight crotches against bleeding fur white
coats
But as for me, the idealistic fool
I'll burn my eyes
on the words of Whitman and Yeats
and in turn, they will tear out their hearts
to beat on my table

Jacob Snodgrass

This Pin

Third Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

Before class today I heard a familiar question—"Why do you wear a safety pin?" I don't mind the question, although it brings a sad smile to my face. I answer vaguely, saying just enough to appease the questioner, but little of what is truly important about such an object. This safety pin is—well—symbolic. When I was a junior in high school, I was the section leader for the clarinets in the band. There was one freshman girl in my section—Laura was her name—who made this for me. The pin had beads on it at one time, but those have cracked or fallen off. They were called friendship pins, and everyone had them. People wore them on shoe strings, bracelets, necklaces, key chains . . . wherever. Just about anyone who had friends had friendship pins. Anyway, Laura made one for me. It had about eight tiny red and white beads on it (those were our school colors). I didn't wear it on my shoelace or anything like that. I really thought they were kind of silly at the time. But I wore it on a string around my neck at football games and other band performances to please Laura. I remember how happy she was when she came to talk with me before a contest and I showed it to her. Her face beamed and her eyes lit up, as if surprised that I could remember a simple freshman. She looked out at me from those wide, trusting, innocent green eyes and said, "Thank you," as though I were doing her some great favor she would never forget. But she was the one doing the favor. For some reason she looked up to me, and that made me realize how much I could affect the lives of others. I could make a person happy simply by wearing a pin. The pin became more important to me, and I wore it all the time on a braided white string around my neck. It became a symbol of her—of her blindly trusting nature,

her love for music and the band, her love she shared with everyone. But now it's more than that.

The next year, my senior year, Laura was pulled out of band. She had cancer, the band director told us. But she was only fifteen. A child. Children don't get cancer. So none of us believed. She died the next winter. A week before Christmas. Then we believed. The whole band was at her funeral, in uniform, lining the road in the cemetery. I remember the rain, the tears, her mother's hysterics, "Taps" echoing from someplace far off. I remember thinking it was only right that it should rain. Heaven should be crying. Heaven should be sorry for stealing a child. I remember hearing the mother scream, "My baby, my baby!" and seeing her collapse onto the ground. I was sad she was gone, angry she'd been taken, and sorry for the family and friends who were closer to her than I had been. It still makes me a little angry to think of it, but Laura taught us all that life is not guaranteed, that we are not immortal. She taught us to see the good in things, since she had been through pain the rest of us could not imagine and still remained not only uncomplaining, but optimistic. She taught us that the most important things in life are people, not money or success. Those things seemed pitifully insignificant as we stood in the rain beside the casket. And so I wear this pin. It reminds me constantly to look at the good in things. It reminds me to work, but to have some fun, too, for no one is guaranteed forever, or even tomorrow. But most of all it reminds me of Laura, the smiling, wide-eyed, trusting child who gave hugs and friendship pins, and brightened people's lives even when her own was fading out.

Kristy Wadsworth

January 17 . . . morning

The first death.

Only one casualty.

Only one plane.

One casualty.

"Things are going well....according to plan."

One brave soul.

Brave, you say?

I need to talk about this.

The war inside me

Is moving outside now,

Confirming the reality

Of evil and death,

Of all the horrible things

We keep inside,

Hoping to suppress them,

Having faith in the good.

They're preserving the good, you say?

How can two wrongs make a right?

An eye for an eye.

Soon there will be no eyes at all

To see the good.

Will someone hold me once again?

Will someone take me back?

How can I comfort my child

When I'm a child myself?

No one comforts me.

Maybe He will hear me again

If I confess the evil in me,

If I spill it out

Into the rest,

Into the world changing its myth.

I don't want to grow up either, Peter.

Do you have any room among the boys

For one lost girl?

Sharon Richardson

Unknown

No one knew who he was.
A quiet, peaceful life,
lived in isolation.
The day his end came, he sat
on the porch.
Cool mornings that turned into
warm afternoons were his favorites.
The neighborhood was quiet
and safe with him sitting there.
Children could play, and
parents could relax their watch.
Despite his service,
no one knew his name.
He was only a figure,
stationary on the horizon.
A part of the background,
hardly ever noticed.
He died alone,
quietly one summer night.
To the tune of the
cricket's song.
At his funeral service,
people came who had only said "hello"
to him once.
Children wondered at
the adults.
Why were they so sad?
Humanity mistakes
solitude for choice.

Rebecca Ketrón

i'm not asking you to be my lover
Third Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

i'm not asking you to be my lover—

but my arms are warm
and my heart is full

you could stay here tonight
dancing to the beat of our pulse
watching the moon in our eyes

let my hand breathe a gentle wind
through your hair

share with me the song of your dreams

and hold me

with the breeze of your hand
let my thoughts distance away

let's find that magic place
of breath and nowHereness

i'm not asking you to be my lover—

but my arms are warm

Duff Woodside

Morning Shower*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

Standing quietly
on cool blue tiles
head bowed and eyes shut,
your hand reaches out—
and water pours down,
streaking your hair so each strand becomes defined—
then blurred with the whole,
dripping upon your forehead and striking
your glasses, each drop—sparkling—
a tiny tear

Soapy water flows—slides down—
cleansing your body, your thoughts.
Each bubble captures
—within its lightness—
a tiny portion of your worries
until—unbearably weighted—they sink
to the valleys
between your toes

Slowly tipping back
your skull is
splattered by healing rain
your eyes (open) (renewed)
flash
like dew on glass
and are content to drown.

Kristina Cooper

Lost

Drifting mind, wandering thoughts
Traveling through space
into a great emptiness, a great bleakness
an onyx blackness that absorbs itself.
It is the inner eye, it is your soul.

All you see is space
Void inhibiting the shape, for it is the shape of infinity,
yet it is also the shape of nothing.
All you hear is the echo-echo-echoing of your own voice
It shadows your fear, it gives substance to your fright
it makes you believe you are an empty shell.
you lick your dry lips and the unfulfilledness leaves a bad
aftertaste; it is like being able to taste your horrors and
realizations on your wet tongue and the residue forever
imprinted there.

You feel about you
Grabbing nothing for that is all that is there.
Your hands flail through the dry air
unable to find some semblance of self, of individuality.
Your palms begin to sweat; your pores begin to perspire
but the wetness is dry in the hollowness
and it does not materialize on the skin
and you begin to feel sticky, gross, uncomfortable with
yourself

Your heart beats rapidly causing
your chest to pound, pound, pound harder louder
till you feel as though it is going to explode.
Then your mind releases, it escapes
it does not want to see, feel, so it breaks free
and it, too, is absorbed in the fullness of space

within yourself.

You begin to see yourself as someone else
and that is all right with you because that is what you
want.

And what you want is what you fear.

Your soul has no meaning, your heart no purpose
so you find what others feel and like a chameleon you
mimic

it to fill the emptiness, to break the shell

but you are only reinforcing its walls.

And you are confused:

Silently Seeping
Seconds Slipping
Sadly Sleeping
through it all

you close your eyes and pretend it's not you
pretend it's a dream.

It's easy to live in a dream but it's also lonely
the loneliness creates a prison inside you—

Clink Clink Clink

back and forth you rattle your tin cup on the bars
trying to alert someone to set you free.

But when one finds the key you hide in the shadows
trembling in a wet, dark corner of your mind.

For you believe that if they saw you—the you that has
been

locked up for years alone in the pit of shallowness—
they would be disgusted at what they saw.

You believe your skin would be pale white,

your eyes would be black and sunken deep into your skull, your body would be bones with loose skin draping over them, your teeth would be yellow and rotten, and they would despise you.

But in truth, in their purest perception of you they see a human being.

They look past the scars, the blemishes that we all have and they see a person strong in build with a hopeful shine in his eyes.

no better no worse no uglier no prettier

The emptiness has its own side effects such as causing a distorted picture of yourself

It's like looking into a carnival mirror

twisting your face, making you believe you are ugly;

making you believe you are nothing

But you must see, you must break the mirror, you must let yourself out of the prison you constructed, and be who you

are, you must believe in what you believe, and taste life's experiences with your lips, and caress nature's magic with your heart.

Chad Rohrbacher

Spring Plowing

Second Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

With shears of compassion
 he cut away the fibrous veneer
 —carefully, slowly—
 that camouflaged the shells.

With blades of hope
 he broke the brittle molds
 —gingerly, deliberately—
 revealing the buried wounds.

With hoes of understanding
 he loosened those wounds
 —kindly, methodically—
 from deeply imbedded roots.

With shovels of faith
 he threw out the hurts
 —gently, gently—
 from their shallow graves.

When she turned away
 he held firmly
When she despaired
 he caressed
When she cried out
 he rejoiced . . . For

Only then,
 when his knife-sharp love
 cut the wounds in pieces
 releasing her soul at last,
 —finally, forever—
 could she have new life.

Marilyn Howard

My Kimmy

Second Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

As I look at the faded black and white picture of Kim and me our freshmen year, the one in the engraved brass frame on the desk, a small smile takes control of my lips, but at the same time, a warm tear slowly finds its way down my left cheek. Memories of our meaningful year as roommates flood my aching mind and heart; we shared so many experiences and dreams. I cannot help but chuckle at my thoughts the first time I saw her: "That's my roommate? She wears black leather... oh, no...look at her hoody, red-neck strut. Didn't she say on the phone that she was in the Navy Reserves?...tough and hard-core." To think I believed I was in for a year from hell, not from heaven. I will never forget the winter nights I would lie down on her empty, squeaky bed, refusing to let her go to bed and snuggle under the covers until she would play her tape of George Michael's "One More Try." I sigh in amusement, remembering the week neither of us said anything but an understood, grumbly hello to each other, simply because we did not feel like being friendly that week. I cannot begin to count the numerous hours we spent in conversations that ranged from sharing our dreams about the perfect man to planning our lives after graduation from Otterbein. Visualizing ourselves beyond the security of Otterbein was most entertaining: Kim would go on to graduate school to become a lawyer, repay the Navy for her education through serving four years of adventurous, glamorous travel, and get married; I would mold the minds of high school English students and continue singing what Kim called my "I need a man" song. The smile on my face becomes a straight, somber line, for I cannot shirk the memory of the night she came over and sat on my bed, repeating my name until I woke

up. She had needed to tell me something that had been bothering her for some time. God...the anger and pain I felt toward the insensitivity and cruelty of people could not compare to the sadness flooding her eyes that night. As I recall our agreement to join the nunnery together, made in one of our many moments of desperation, a grin slowly returns to my face. The grin remains until the salty tear on my lips brings me back to the present. An angry realization of life's unfairness pounds my brain as I think of Kim and where she is right now in January of 1991. Dammit. God dammit. Hmp...strange, on January 7, those were my exact words to her after she told me she had withdrawn from Otterbein because the Navy's phone call had to be answered. I think back to three years ago and can begin to hear her soft, hushed rustle on early Saturday mornings. While I would still be lying in a warm, comfortable position, Kim would be standing at the cluttered counter, quickly ironing out the wrinkles in her snug-fitting Navy skirt and jacket. Often, with only a few minutes left to do her hair, she would pull the blond strands onto the top of her head and quickly capture the collection under her stiff pyramid-shaped hat. I never thought those weekends in the uniform would turn into current days in fatigues. With only six more credit hours until graduation and only six months before her wedding, Kim's life has been blown out of the water—thank God it has not been, literally, and I pray to God each night it never is. That picture on the desk is my Kimmy, before Operation Desert Storm or what I consider to be World War III; God-willing, that picture will be my Kimmy, after Operation Desert Storm, after World War III.

Tricia Meeks

Baseball and the Buddha

My mother is a Catholic,
so her three children were all raised Catholic.
My older sister is in AA now,
and I am an atheist.
Mom is sending my younger sister to St. Mary's
school
as a last resort.

My father,
on the other hand,
was Nothing, I thought.
I mean, when we went on vacation to England
Mom dragged us to cathedral after cathedral after
cathedral—
Dad was only interested in seeing
Rugby League Football clubs.

So I have always wondered about my father's religious
convictions,
but I never had the guts to ask him,
until we went to the bookstore one night,
and I was looking for books on Eastern religions.
I told him about my courses in Buddhism and Taoism
that I was taking at college.

In the car on the way home
I asked him casually what religion he was.
He said when he was growing up
he went to the church where everyone but Catholics
went,
and we both laughed.

So I asked him if he believed in God.
He asked me what I meant.
I said that in religion class,
we define it as the Ultimate,
what we center our entire lives around,
which gives meaning to them.
Like God,
or the Tao,
or Buddha.

He thought for a minute,
and said,
"Well...I guess for me that would have to be baseball,"

then he punched me in the arm,
and we laughed
and drove home.

I think my father is the most spiritual man I know.

Diane Schleppe

Gluttons

Treasure bellied
priestess
and the jiggling silly priest
have baked and boiled
and basted
their servants for a feast

chubby
club fingers
and pointy
peak teeth
twist to bits the women
and gnarl the men
for meat

a table set
for chuckling gluttons
slurping and burping
upon their human feast
though beds are calling
the hogs are stalling
for their children
look so sweet

Jacob Snodgrass

poesy-makers unfolded

all poets suffer
from too much imagination.
it stacks in their minds like pancakes,
leaving not an inch of room
for normalcy.
you can spot a poet easily,
because he will either

furiously write on your shirt,
or ignore your speech
because he's discovered a rhyme
for pachyderm.
poets usually suffer
from addiction to words,
and wear ten-inch-thick glasses like nerds.

poets typically love thesauruses
more than their mothers.
plus, they live obscure lives
in secluded, book-infested hideaways,
like caves.
they are piranhas when it comes to books:
munch, munch, munch.

what do they call their lucky kids?
usually run-of-the-mill names, such as Reed or
Wright.
other than all o' that,
poets are cool people.
why? because they can onomatopoeia
like there's no tomorrow, and sedulously
seesaw poesies on a page.

Sally Gross

Cheese Soup

Second Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

heading down and down
the trail
bark, fern, and fossil
behind a veil
of mist—

down and down heading
towards the gorge,
painted in water colors
only we can see in each other,
we followed the

road signs, rain
melting the traffic lights,
leading the way to the gorging of
ourselves on
denny's cheese soup

cheese soup
sliding down and down
the path of the throat,
contentness settling beneath
the falls of our days together.

i long to greet
our waitress barb
with southern twang
who delivered us
to our womb—
smoking section

which tasted so good
after the soothing yellow liquid
went down and down
the trail—
dripping off my chin.

i long to be just we
behind a veil of mist
with silly grins
a mile deep,
face to face
spoon in mouths,
swimming
in a gorge
full of cheese.

Michael Mann

Place de Tartre

Before Kodak,
paintings
were sold as they dried to nostalgic tourists
who stood and gaped
at palettes,
that even now
capture blobs of color and noise,
recording them in inspired forms
on thick, white pads of paper.
Corner shops surround the square,
buried in the artistic Parisian neighborhood,
Merchants,
who would otherwise be at a loss for business,
beckon the observers like an oasis in the desert,
to be drawn in and partake of wares not sold the
previous day.
While sipping three-dollar Cokes and studying the
map,
Artists, one by one
interrupt to inquire if I
wish to become another object
grabbed from the air of Montmartre
and frozen onto a canvas.

Cyndi Miller

Adrenalin Dependence

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

I've been running for a long time,
Muscles pushing my body farther, faster.
The faster, the better.
Faces and sounds blurring into
an impressionistic collage of happiness.

Keep pounding on,
Adrenalin taking me to new places
and people.
Each breath, each beating of the heart
Promises another,
Another step to and from simultaneously.

Sometimes the race stops.
I stand still, bent over, gasping for air.
The time spent creeps up on me,
Inching, grasping, engulfing,
Pulling me back into once was
And once could have been.

I see faces and hear voices clearly standing still.
Reminding, teasing, taunting.
I am unable to reach them,
To change them, to control them.
I gather my strength again,
To push off—to clear my mind.

Concentrate on the sound of the passing pavement.
Push for the next breath, the next beat
Continue the instinctive movement
that keeps the truth away.

Becky Cummings

Empty

Third Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

A bright light appeared out of nowhere.

"Come on, Pam. Get up, I need your help." My dad was shaking me awake.

"What time is it?" I asked, groggy.

"It's 3:30 a.m. Your mom's having those pains again. I need your help finding the Ace bandages. Your sisters are already looking for them. Now hurry up, get moving."

I pulled myself up into a sitting position, swinging my feet over the side of the bed. I sat there for awhile, waiting for my eyes to adjust.

"Is it morning already?"

"I said it's 3:30." Irritation—I'd better not say any more.

By the time my eyes had really adjusted, my father had left the room. I decided I'd better get to work before he came back. I checked my dresser drawers but found nothing.

I walked to the door, almost tripping over a few clothes left on the floor, then crossed the hall to my parents' room. The light was on and the sheets were rustled, but the bed was empty. I dug through my father's bureau drawers; that's where they were usually kept. Socks, t-shirts, underwear—no Ace bandages. I checked the dresser—not there either.

I left their room and walked down the hall, then into the dining room. Mom sat on a chair holding and rubbing her calves, tears running down her cheeks. My stomach did a little flip.

"Real bad, huh?"

Her teeth let go of her lower lip long enough to answer me.

"The worst it's ever been."

"I'll get Dad to rub them for you. Just wait."

I walked quickly through the kitchen and found my dad and my oldest sister in the pantry/laundry room.

"Dad, Mom needs you to rub her legs; I'll keep looking here."

Sam looked up. "Oh Dad! Did you have to wake her too?"

"Be quiet, Samantha. We need all the help we can get." His tone was sharp.

"Well, what about Emily?" Sam asked.

"She's looking in the basement. Now, you two keep searching. They've got to be around here somewhere! I'm going to your mother." He turned and was gone.

"He should have let you sleep. We could have found them." She was digging through a pile of clean but folded socks. "Besides, you have school tomorrow."

"So do you."

"Yeah, but I'm older. Besides, I'm getting out early to take Mom to the doctor."

Sam's only five years older than me, but she acts like my second mom. Most of the time I hate it because she tells me what to do. Right now, though, it doesn't bother me because I'd rather be in bed asleep anyway.

"I bet Emily snuck back into bed," Sam said under her breath. She had barely gotten the words out of her mouth when we heard yelling from downstairs. We went to the basement door and got there just in time to see Em running up the stairs, dangling two Ace bandages.

"I found them!"

"Wonders never cease," Sam said.

"Oh, shut up!" Em said, shooting her a look that could kill.

"Not now, you two." My dad snatched the strips

from my sister's hands. "I guess you three can go back to bed now. You've got a couple of hours to sleep before school."

We just kind of stood there looking at each other.

"Well, don't just stand there, get back to bed!"

We walked back through the kitchen and into the dining room single file. We each stopped to hug and kiss Mom before we went to bed again— Sam, Em, then me. When I gave her a hug her arms felt clammy.

"I love you, Little Miss," she said weakly.

"I love you too, Mom." I looked into her eyes. Her face was flushed and she looked tired. My heart skipped a beat and for some reason, I was terrified.

#

My clock said 6:45, and the alarm was going off for the second time. I wanted to reset it again, but I knew I'd better not. Stumbling down the hall, I made my way to the kitchen.

"Why are you making breakfast?" I heard myself ask.

Sam looked up from the pan where the eggs were sizzling.

"Mom still isn't feeling well."

"Oh."

"Get the bacon from the micro, would ya?"

I went to the counter where the microwave sat, pushed the "open" lever, tested the tray to see if it was too hot, then carried it back to where my sister was working.

"The pain worse?"

"Her legs feel better, but she was throwing up about half an hour ago, and she hadn't even eaten anything."

"The medicine's not helping?"

"Not really."

I looked at Sam's face— she seemed old for her

age. She had just turned 18, but somehow, at this moment, she looked more like 30. Her eyes met mine—fear yet strength.

Em walked into the room, make-up freshly caked on her face. She sat at the breakfast counter opposite where Sam was working.

"Can you pack the lunches, Em?"

"Why can't you?"

"If you hadn't noticed, I'm busy."

"Are you really?"

"Just do it! OK!?"

"You're not my mother, I don't have to take orders from you!"

"I'll do it," I said.

They stopped arguing for the time being, but they continued to glare at each other across the counter.

I made the lunches— ham and cheese sandwiches, apples, cookies, nothing spectacular. After I was finished, I headed for my mom's room. I peeked in slowly.

"You awake?"

"Yes." Her voice was weak.

I walked in the rest of the way, and crossed the room to her side of the bed— Dad's side was empty. He must have already left for work. I knelt down and took her hand— it felt bony.

"How are you feeling?" It was a stupid question, but I didn't know what else to say.

"I feel a little better now. The vomiting seems to have stopped."

"Will you be ok while I'm at school?"

She reached her other hand across her body and, smiling, stroked my cheek.

"I'll be fine."

I hated seeing her like this. It scared me. She had been the pillar of the family. She took care of me when I

was sick, she encouraged me when I felt bad, and she kept the three of us girls from tearing each other apart several times. Now this disease made her so weak. Well, at least Sam was taking charge.

#

We all went to school. I don't remember anything I was supposed to learn. I wasn't listening. I kept thinking about Mom's doctor's appointment. They said Mom's disease was getting worse, so Sam said they ran tests last time. This time Sam said they were going to have the results back. I just wished they'd give her something to make her feel better.

#

At 3:15 Em picked me up from junior high. As I sank into the cushiony seat of the Mercury I asked, "Where's Sam?"

Sam's the one who had been picking me up lately, when Mom didn't feel well enough to come. I adjusted the air-conditioning vent so that it blew the air directly on me.

"She's at the hospital."

"At the hospital?" I stared at her, waiting to hear more. When she didn't continue I asked, "What's she doing there?"

"She's with Mom."

"With Mom? Why's Mom there? What's wrong?"

She looked at me for the first time. Her eyes were swollen and red, like she had been crying. Her make-up from this morning was half off. I froze.

"You'll find out soon enough."

She had just turned the car onto the freeway so I guessed we were going straight to the hospital.

"Tell me now, Em. I want to know!"

"Not here, not now."

"Em, tell me!"

"Stop yelling, will ya!" She steered the car to the shoulder off the highway. She turned off the engine.

"Mom's dying."

"Dying!" Em cringed as I said the word, tears welling in her eyes. "Of what?!"

"Cancer— the disease turned to cancer. It's too far along. They can't stop it. That's why she has all of those cramps. They said her body is taking the nutrient from her muscles because she can't keep the food down...."

She kept rambling, but I didn't hear her any more; I didn't hear anything. My head and body were numb. She was lying. She had to be. I screamed.

"Liar!"

Em froze. She just sat there and stared. Tear streaks lined her face.

"Liar," I said quietly, tears coming.

She reached across the seat and hugged me. We rocked back and forth, back and forth. I felt like someone had just ripped out my insides and left me for dead. But Em was there, and she knew; she knew, too.

Aimee Rhodes

Contributors

Kris Cooper is a junior English major who supports Greenpeace and likes Poi Dog Pondering and cats.

Sally Gross is a junior English major who looks forward to March so she can wear windbreakers and see kites flying.

Becky Cummings is a sophomore being published for the first time.

Marilyn Howard is a sophomore English major.

Rebecca Ketron is a freshman who is active with the marching band and Hall Council.

Michael Mann would like to thank anyone who has ever ridden in his '73 Chevelle with him and those who have shared with him a journey of their own.

Tricia Meeks is a senior looking forward to graduation, only to continue her education at the Cincinnati College of Mortuary Science.

Cyndi Miller is a senior who spent the last five months in France developing her taste for strong coffee, chocolate croissants, and walks in Paris.

Bryan Knicely. Due to a publication error, Brian Knicely was not credited for the photograph on the fall 1990 *Quiz and Quill* cover. We apologize that credit was not given where due.

Aimee Rhodes is a senior English major.

Sharon Richardson, a junior ADP student, says, "I'm closer to being a senior than I ever thought I'd be."

Chad Rohrbacher is a freshman being published for the first time.

Diane Schleppi, a senior philosophy major, is looking forward to graduating and pursuing her interest in Buddhist Studies in graduate school.

Jacob Snodgrass, a junior education major, says, "Forget the rule."

Kristy Wadsworth, a sophomore English major and art editor of the *T & C*, has a dog that "goes everywhere with her."

Duff Woodside wants to see the attendance policy abolished.

