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Fall 1992

### 1992 Fall Quiz and Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

*Otterbein University*, [englishdept@otterbein.edu](mailto:englishdept@otterbein.edu)

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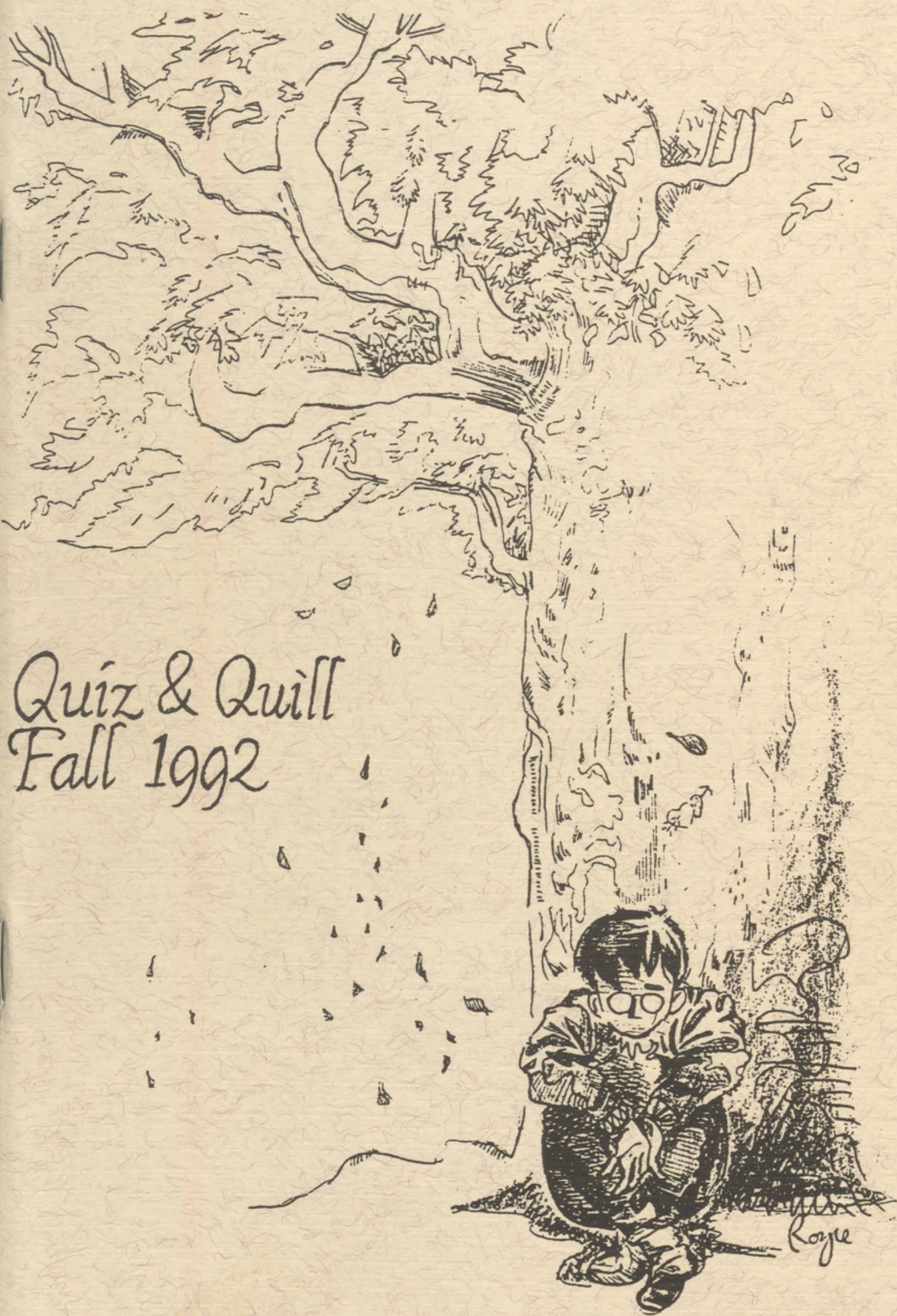
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Otterbein English Department, "1992 Fall Quiz and Quill Magazine" (1992). *Quiz and Quill*. 60.  
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# Quiz & Quill Fall 1992







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# Quiz and Quill

Autumn 1992

I didn't expect to be writing the editor's note this quarter because I passed the editorship to Greg Davis last spring. However, Greg asked me to fill in for him this quarter because he wanted to go to England as a foreign exchange student to learn about Europe. Being the communist that I am, I gladly accepted because I know that Greg is really in Europe to meet with the KGB to discuss his duties as a spy.

Quiz and Quill has expanded this quarter not only in number of members but in contact with the community beyond Otterbein. In conjunction with the Cappuccino Cafe, Quiz and Quill sponsored two community poetry readings during this quarter. These readings were held in the "upper room" of the Cappuccino Cafe and involved reading and music by both Otterbein students and artists from the Westerville/Columbus community. Everyone involved with Quiz and Quill hopes that these readings will continue bi-quarterly and that more Otterbein students will become involved in them.

And finally to draw on the immortal words of Ross "the Boss" Perot, "if you don't remember anything I've said so far, remember this": The Quiz and Quill Writing Contests are next quarter! Submissions can be turned in at the English Department before 3:00 p.m. on January 15, 1993. Good luck!

## Editors

Aaron J. Thompson, **editor**  
Robin Reh Mobley, **assistant editor**  
Dr. Marilyn Saveson, **advisor**

## Staff

Sue Angell	Jennifer Rea Cochran	
Brandy Dulaney	Amy Dyer	Scott Gottliebson
Kelley Grant	Chris Grigsby	E-mae Holmes
Steve Hitchcock	Paige Luneborg	Bill Mason
Shannon Reed	Jodi Susey	Bryan Worra



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**Agenda for American Renewal:**

**Good-bye,**

**George**

*The Quiz and Quill*

**dust**

I tramp along, my throat is dry.  
Dust gathers around me like a swarm  
of flies.  
My shoe soles have worn thin.  
I can feel the heat of  
the ground on my feet.  
I see a tree ahead of me.  
I see a big shady green tree in  
my mind's eye.  
I come upon the tree—it is  
dead and shriveled up . . .  
I sit down in what little  
shade there is.

*Andrew Reisinger*



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## One Foot in the Door

*3rd Place Winner, 1992 Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest*

Joe awoke to the roar of a garbage truck as it grumbled and cursed its way past him to pick up the Chicago wastes. The sky's sallow complexion stared at him from the alley where he lay and gave the odd impression that the clouds were closer, overhead, in fact.

He raised himself from the ground, dusting off his frumpy clothes.

The delicatessen on Fourth usually left its expired produce in boxes by the green dumpster. Rumpke's wouldn't be downtown to pick up the garbage until almost noon, so he figured he could probably catch a meal there.

Silently, Joe drudged his way through the crowded street. "Funny," he thought, "how the same people travel this same street together every day, and yet, no one speaks. My goal for today will be to make someone say hello. I'll stare at them, and they will feel obliged to say hello, or at least nod my way." Joe often played these games with himself. They were his only form of amusement in the world he lived in, his world that consisted of only the streets, his knapsack, and the low brick building on the underside of the alley he slept in.

Every other person who walked by, he watched. No one spoke. He stared harder. Still, no one spoke. Carbon-copied business men carrying *Newsweek* and stern women wearing shrewd expressions followed their footsteps down the avenue, one after the other, all alike, all programmed to think, not feel. They were trained to wait for an open door and take advantage of it, some succeeding while others failed.

He moved on. Finally he reached the



delicatessen. Like clockwork, an employee set out the boxes of old bologna and pastrami.

After gulping down the cold cuts that were acceptable, he stuffed a few slices of stale bread in his coat pocket for later on. "Better I get them than the rats," he thought.

He stepped out onto the lonely, crowded street again.

At the corner of the block, he could see a child—a young black boy—flying a toy airplane in circles; first high in the air, then diving low, almost to the pavement, then back up. He muttered little sounds as he played, the steady humming of the engine rising and falling, growing first loud, then dim with the circles.

Alas, the wind picked up the small paper toy, lifted it right from his dark little hands, and sent it sailing out into the street.

Now, Joe had been watching this scene as he progressed toward the corner, enchanted by the little dance the boy did while he played. To and fro the boy laughed in innocence at the cars on the street, only concerned with his toy out in the street, and he lit up when he could finally reach it.

"Eeeeeerrrrrhrrrrh," the car tires screamed out in protest—Joe jerked violently into action against the collision and pulled him to the curb and safety.

A crowd had gathered at the curb where he now stood. He helped the boy up from the ground, and everyone applauded. A slight man with thick glasses and a wide grin pushed and maneuvered himself to the front of the crowd. "May I take your picture?" he asked in a quick voice before snapping out half a dozen shots.

Joe smiled for every one.

That incident was just the beginning in a day of

glory for Joe. He was a hero; everyone saw it, and the media ate it up. The newspaper did a story on him with a picture on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune* people section. The 6:00 news even did a blurb on good ol' Joe. With all the publicity, Joe felt good. Everywhere he went, he had a friend.

What's more, for two whole days, people spoke to him and did say "Hello," or "Say, aren't you that guy? The one who saved the kid over on Madison and Fourth?" Joe thought himself quite the man about town. He couldn't read very well, but he kept the article in the *Tribune* anyway, for memory's sake. He even slept with it under his head that night.

The third morning, Joe awoke happy and ready to go into the streets to face more fans. He stepped out of his alley with confidence, beat his chest, "to get the blood acirculatin'," and started off toward the deli.

No one spoke.

The people, buried in their new copies of *Newsweek* and, yes, the *Tribune*, paid him almost no heed. Joe's day was gone. Today a new hero had emerged, somewhere, and Joe was again forgotten.

Up ahead, Joe recognized a young, black head bobbing between the people. "It's the boy," he thought, "surely he'll remember me!" Joe's pace quickened until he reached the place where the boy played.

"Hey, how're you doin', boy?" You —" Joe was cut off. It wasn't his boy at all. The youth turned and ran as Joe stood helplessly looking on. Under his feet lay a copy of yesterday's paper. Joe's smile was gone.

Just when he thought he had one foot in the door.

***Katrina Seymour***



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**Rough Draft**

This is a rough draft, a crumbled piece of paper, holding my thoughts within it. This is my way of telling you that I'm not ready to tell you anything yet. This is the process by which slipping, sliding, not-so-simple words come out and tell you my feelings on, say, a tree or an old lady from Spain or how whoever thought up war was wrong, wrong, wrong (howl baby). This is how my mind comes out and I make sense of it (after all, if I can't, why should you try?). This is my inspiration catcher, this little piece of white paper that was blank and maybe happier not too long ago. But my inspiration comes along as often as a blue moon, so to speak. This is not as good as a poem I once wrote that equated love with flowers. Would you like to hear it while you sit there? No, I didn't think so. I once went to Phoenix and I once had a sprained toe, and I don't want to repeat either one of those. There is a deep meaningful connection there. See if you can find it. Don't feel bad. I don't usually get it on the first try. First draft, I mean. Which this is. Man.

\*Sigh\*

[Delete]

***Sbannon Reed***



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## Occasional Memories

An occasional memory of you  
won't let me fall asleep.  
A passing smile of a stranger  
takes me back to you.  
Every moment I'm alone  
without friends  
in silence  
the pain surges  
the tears just come  
as do other memories.  
When I look into my own eyes  
I ask myself if I'm strong  
strong enough to move on.  
Every time my eyes answer "no."  
I can't understand why I tell everyone  
I'm happier now  
Now that we're so far away  
from each other.  
I know I lie.  
The pain tells me I lie.  
My pain would not exist  
If I had known the last time  
The last time I touched you  
I kissed you  
The last time the outside world didn't exist  
as long as we were together, alone, in love, in bed.  
I'll never know what the last time was  
I'll never be able to forget  
what it could've been.

An occasional memory of you  
won't let me live.

*Stephen C. Tobin*

**Zap!**

Sometimes you just gotta do  
Then sometimes you just gotta  
Do it again.  
Yes!

Zap!

I think I got 'em here.  
Yeah!

Zap!

Oh my!  
It's like Byerism.  
Out of bounds.  
Problems.  
Oh, Christ!  
"Ba, Ba, Ba."  
Oh!

Zap!

That was a smoker!  
Denial on defense.  
Just don't piss on the bug zapper  
You'll be ok.

Zap!

"Or is it just a sound,  
A sound."

Quotes from Lou Reed

*Chris Grigsby*

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6/3/92

9

Republiklans or Democarps  
Or Albatross Perot.  
Our vote decides who's hoops and harps  
Or to the House we'll go.

Some visions plan, some justice urge  
Still all they want to grow  
Is need for those who span one third  
And to the House we'll go.

What narrow margined voter drive  
Could make malaise eat crow?  
What Simi sided works contrive  
Within the House we go?

A Candy Date or Income Bent  
And all we'll get to know  
Is cindered flags and Desert Spent  
If to the House we'll go.

My Congressmain and Senatour  
Will reap me what I sow  
And vote the sight of looks and lures  
When to the House we go.

What awful petty look-out deals  
Are cast within that show?  
Have we been led to spin our wheels?  
Let's burn the House and blow!

***Scott Gottliebson***



## Until

The graffiti melt in the Sun  
and drip upon the side-walk in a  
pool that becomes my shadow  
stretching along the Earth, as the  
Sun sets, becoming so long and  
thin that it is a cable connecting  
two power companies which is  
being rolled up onto a big spool  
where it gains the shape of the  
spray can and I am spraying my  
graffiti on a subway train  
under the naked fluorescence of  
the moon while I am nervous  
about the night-watchman  
catching me . . .

***Bill Mason***

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## Signs of Life

Muffled voices beyond the walls  
remind me of my solitude. Tonight  
they are laughing voices  
in between the pulsing of music too loud  
a phone ringing, a stereo turned down,  
a shower turned on.  
Beyond my walls live voices.  
Tones and vibrations  
of voices.

Silence is within.  
My son sleeps soundly in his crib.  
The pencil grunts and grinds  
in its struggle with a rhyme,  
while the clock on the wall keeps beat  
to the silent passage of time.

Sounds surround me, invade.  
Late last night I heard love being made.  
While others invite,  
like the distant train passing  
with its regular soothing hum  
in the night.

Loud, muffled, soft, or clear  
These sounds combine and reach my ears  
saying, "Life is loud,  
but you are so quiet, so alone.  
When will you break your silence and live  
beyond your monotone?"

*Jodi Susey*

## I

The children of the sun  
With white faces painted  
Stare into the dark  
Where time is like the wind  
And the vultures  
Peck at their bodies and souls.  
They see a land full of hope  
At a time when there is no pain.  
So they walk  
In hope of finding this vision.

The grass is too tall  
Towering over their heads  
Like the trees of the great rainforests.  
Ants like giants of the dinosaur era.  
Stones like the terrain  
Of the Rocky Mountains.

They search, but they feel  
Like the search has only begun  
In a world so massive  
That they feel like specks of dust.

## II

O, Children of the Sun  
With ribbons in your hair,  
Plastic-leather sandals  
Upon your bodies bare.



Why do you weep for  
The polyester man  
Who comes from a place—  
The no pain land.

Rhinoceros footprints  
And a coyote's bark  
Cloud your head  
As you stare into the dark.

You sing the blues  
For a blue-suited man.  
Don't you wish  
You could be in that land.

### III

Oh, Children of the Sun  
Now forget your grief,  
Play with your plastic people.  
Forget the Utopia in the dark  
And focus yourself on reality.

Forget the polyester man,  
The great wonders of the world,  
And Utopia land.

For tomorrow will bring  
Reality at best,  
Your life in a bottle  
Of imagination.

*Chris Grigsby*

---

**Love for the Fairchild**

Love for the fairchild with the long silver hair  
Standing there above it all, seeming to not have a care  
My love for her once was strong  
We would dance in the light and bathe in the sun,  
copulate under full trees  
And laugh when we were done  
The grass was green and the sun was bright  
And everything we did that summer  
seemed so very right.

Then the sun started getting farther away  
And there started being more night than day  
The green grass began being weighed down  
By the cold wet dew  
And the trees lost their leaves,  
Revealing things about me and you  
And as the cold became unbearable  
And our beautiful field was covered with snow,  
I realized what I guess I will always know  
That was why south went all the doves,  
As the seasons change, so does our love.

Love for the fairchild  
On top of the frozen, barren plain  
The ground beneath is cold and bare  
but the top is still the same  
The holding ground that we are standing on  
Is black and needs repair  
But I can wait for spring to roll around  
when I think of that silver hair.

***Peter Hite***

---

**Diamonds**

The diamond in my heart is killing me  
I can't see for all the pain it brings  
They're the hardest things in the world  
next to your heart, that is.

I wanted you to shine  
but you—you  
put your diamond where my heart should be  
and diamonds don't beat like hearts, you see.

Crystals will break, crack and let a little love in  
but diamonds have to be carefully cut  
chiseled for years

Hey,  
but pardon me,  
I don't have the time.  
I'd rather crack a crystal,  
to see the light of love.

So put on your velvet glove  
remove the diamond from my chest  
and put a heart in its place  
to be my guest.

Then take your precious diamond  
and find another chest  
in which your precious diamond can rest.

***Robin Reb Mobley***



### **Enroute to Paradise on Interstate 45**

The Light danced against the front windshield,  
As I lay curled up in the front seat  
Of your battered-up mustang.

We were enroute to Phoenix,  
Leaving the City of Angels behind.  
The side window was open  
And your long curly black hair  
Blew around in a crazed frenzy.

You looked at my face and said,  
    "Darling, are you still awake?"  
Replied I,  
    "Just about, darling lady."  
You presented a soft feminine smile  
and held my hand lovingly.  
Brushing the hair from your face, you replied,  
    "Stick around and love me for a while."

***Steven Post Hitchcock***

---

### **An Impassioned Plea**

Would that you were here, my love  
to share my heart and hearth tonight,  
When hell its potent furies blows  
and darkness all strange dreams excites.

Would that you were here, my love  
to quiet restless fears and feelings,  
For life itself becomes too harsh  
and silent tears myself am weeping.

Would that you were here, my love  
to hold me in your charmed embrace,  
With worries, doubts—themselves then proving  
but vain anxieties to erase.

***Sue Angell***

### **A Definition of Loneliness**

Tonight the silence told me  
just how alone I am  
How the days are just melted together  
and separated by numbers  
How the aloneness is magnified  
when every day is projected the same  
How the music sounds so monotone  
How the happiness is really extreme dread  
Why our lives are just god's joke  
and our religion is so apathetic  
Why our hearts perpetually beat  
and our bodies follow their rhythm  
while our minds are so bigoted  
and our movements so systematic  
Our lives are so unfulfilled and boring.

. . . god I miss you

***Stephen C. Tobin***



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## Over the Hill

### *Honorable Mention, 1992 Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest*

Barry dropped the Mustang into neutral as he coasted down Marietta Hill road. He knew "Grog" would be safer in gear, but at that moment being safe wasn't important. Besides, he and his buddies had hydroplaned "Marietta Hell" all the time. He was a professional. The rain on the road couldn't get away fast enough from his Bridgestone radials. He was happy. Today was Candy's birthday and she was back in town again after winning some dorky scholarship to that school she was so hot for.

He could almost hear the roar of a stadium full of people screaming their approval. Candy had just opened the gift that he had wrapped himself, but was staring down at the box from Montgomery Ward without so much as a jot of expression on her face. He considered her for a moment. She had let her blonde hair grow out and now it came off her shoulders and over the tops of her breasts. She was a beauty even in those raggy Guess jeans, Western boots, that goofy "Save the Rain Forest" T-shirt, and the neon vest. But now she didn't look so hot sitting there like she had something on her mind. He wanted her to slink on over to his side and run her fingers through his hair like she did when they first went out together back in high school.

The Bridgestones made it above the water and Barry yanked the wheel to the left. Pulled down, the car regained its traction. Barry sighed with relief and pride.

"Sorry 'bout that, Cand," he said, noting that she

didn't seem to notice.

"It's all right, Barry, but you really should be engine-braking down this hill."

He searched his jean jacket pockets for his Camels. "When did you learn about engine-braking?" he asked, bemused.

"It's a dangerous stretch of road when it rains."

"Yeah, well, you know," he offered, pushing the car into fourth with a lurch, "I guess I wasn't thinking. You know me, always the reckless one." Candy reacted to his admission with just a brief pouting of her lips. His mood began to fade and he felt uneasy.

"Is there a reason we're going to Gram's house?" she asked.

"No, I just thought you might like to see her before you go back to, uh, to Penn." Barry punched in the dashboard lighter. He hadn't had a smoke in a long while and bringing up Penn State always made it seem like a good idea. He hated the idea of her going away in the first place and hated her going back even more. She didn't need no college education to impress him. She wasn't going to starve as long as he was around. She should stay in New Vallis and marry him. After all, in another few years, the paper mill was going to put him on full shift as an apprentice foreman and that paid good money—especially if you went on the night shift.

"Well?" he asked, impatiently he thought, so he took a breath, "What do you think of your present?"

Candy looked at the gift again and tried to smile. The sweat from her hands had nearly soaked through the white tissue paper wrapped around the box it sat in. She was reminded of the time when she



got stuck in her dormitory elevator with an overdue and newly typed English essay that was supposed to be in Doctor Morgham's office six minutes ago. By the time she got out of the elevator, the ink had smudged all over the pages. She since had learned how to delegate her crisis in a less than frenetic manner but she still had the damn sweaty palms. She held the box in her lap while the car continued down Marietta Hill road.

"It's," she looked up at him for the first time since she had got into the car. Her smile became easy. Barry's eyes were sky blue with feather cirrus clouds. They were the centerpiece to his face set wide in his head, and he looked back at her with the look of a Golden Retriever pup who just learned a new trick. "It's really lovely."

The lighter kicked out with its familiar "ping."

"Great," Barry said, grabbing the lighter, "I was thinking you'd want something like that to remind you of me while you're in school. I got it at that little Picture-wear booth by Monkey Wards." He jammed the lighter back into its socket and took a long drag.

The road leveled out as Marietta Hill road emptied into Wittier road. Candy looked back at the gift still in the box. Her face and his looked back up at her, their expressions preserved from some other time, long ago it seemed to her.

"I got the picture from your sister Ronda. Remember? She was always snapping that damn camera at us last spring. They just blew it up and put it on that jersey like it was meant to be there." He leaned into her, creeping his arm around her and added, "We sure look pretty good together, don't we?"



"Yes," she said, withdrawing from him slightly, "we sure did." She looked out at the drops of water streaming down the window, and for a long time they drove in silence.

Barry's mood dimmed as she still remained so tight lipped. She had been like that since he called her that afternoon. Hell, since she got back. Her distance to him was beginning to piss him off. Why was she so damn quiet? "You don't like the jersey, do you?"

"It's not that, Barry, it's just that I," she wiped her eyes with her fingers and sighed. "We haven't been, I mean—oh!"

"No! Say it." prompted Barry while hunting for his Camels. "What is it that's bugging you?" Gram's house was just up ahead. "I'm here for you, Cand." He shook out a Camel and put it in his mouth. "C'mon don't do this to me! You're driving me nuts! What the hell is wrong?"

She looked down at the two smiling people in her lap and said, "There is nothing wrong, Barry." She wet her lips. "There hasn't been anything wrong since I started Penn State."

Barry stabbed at the lighter as what she had said began to sink in. He turned up the gravel driveway that led to Gram's house and parked.

"Barry, I, I'm sorry." She put aside the box and reached for the car door.

"Sorry? Sorry for what? So you're in school, school's no big deal, I can wait, it's cool with me. Hey come on, Cand, we have a good thing going here."

"No, Barry," she said, turning to him and picking up the jersey. "We had a good thing here. I'm sorry but this isn't my life any more. You're not my life

any more. I couldn't wear this. It's over." She looked at him as tears crested her lids, and watched his face contort between the sorrow and anger she knew he felt. She let the jersey fall from her hands.

"So this is it then, huh?"

"Yes," she said softly, as the lighter popped out with a ping.

"I guess I should've known when you stopped writing me. Let me see this thing." He picked up the jersey and using the lighter scorched his image until all that was left was a series of blackened circular scars. Candy simply watched.

"There," he sneered, "I guess it's all right for you to wear now." He held out the gift as the smell of burnt fibers floated past her. "Well, go on, take it!"

Candy did not move. She just looked at him, "You take it, Barry. You take it and wear it."

Barry sank back into the car seat. His fingers stroked the burned areas of the jersey as he nodded slowly.

They looked at each other without moving or thinking for a few moments. Then Barry placed the jersey back in the box, and Candy got out of the car.

"Good-by, Candice," he said. He backed out of the driveway, and Candy turned to go inside. At the end of the driveway, Candy heard Grog's tires throwing bits of gravel behind the car as Barry gunned the engine into gear and sped off back up the road.

"Good-by, Barry," she whispered.

***Scott Gottliebson***



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**Melancholic Poem #8**

Red pencil, Sunday afternoon,  
Sitting on my walk feeling blue.  
Box of chalk in front of me,  
Ready to be used,  
but I can't find inspiration,  
in this coffee-colored nation,  
wish I was back on the bright green marker days  
with you.

*Shannon Reed*

**Cold Front**

Waking from sleep to the open window,  
blackness permeates  
through frigid night thick air.

Turning towards you,  
I am raped  
by an empty remembrance  
of your absence.

Late summer cold  
frontal system pushing,  
pressing, weighting me down,  
smothering our flame.

*Jodi Susey*



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## *Contributors*

**Sue Angell**, a freshman French and English double-major, claims she's "a frustrated fiction writer who wants to write stories and can only write poems."

**Scott Howard Gottliebson**, a senior English major, gives this advice: "Nothing will ever be of any use to you unless you keep on learning for learning's sake."

**Chris Grigsby** is a junior English major whose theme in life is, "On the occasion of every accident that befalls you, remember to turn to yourself and inquire what power you have for turning it to use."—Epictetus

**Steven Post Hitchcock** is a psychology major working on his second novel. This is his fourth publication.

**Peter Hite** is a sophomore English major.

**Bill Mason**, a senior computer science major, said, "Africa? What do you mean this goes to Africa?!?"

**Robin Mobley**, a senior print journalism major, warns that, "A diamond is hard enough to kill."

**Shannon Reed** is a freshman theatre major who is still seeking answers to the questions, "How can we dance when our world keeps turning? How can we sleep when our beds are burning?"—Midnight Oil

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### *Contributors Continued*

**Andrew Reisinger**, a junior business communications major, thinks that, "Life is like a hike, we never really finish and we never really start."

**Katrina Seymour** is a sophomore English/writing major who is "a self-declared math atheist."

**Jodi Susey** is a senior English/writing and journalism major who believes that, "All the world's a page, and we are merely writers, looking for the right words."

**Stephen C. Tobin**, a sophomore English major, has the philosophy that "Life is nothing but a cold hard ride, a good mix tape, a bottle of beer, or a true smile. Take your pick."

**Royce Wong**, a junior math and computer science major, would like to dedicate his cover design to his grandmother.



