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1992 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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The background of the entire image is a solid teal color. Overlaid on this is a complex, dense pattern of thick black lines. These lines are straight and intersect at various angles, creating a web-like or crystalline structure. The lines vary in length and orientation, filling the entire frame and creating a sense of movement and depth. The text is centered within this pattern.

Quilt
and
Quilt
Spring
1992



Quiz and Quill

Spring 1992

Printing a magazine every quarter is a rarity with college-level creative writing programs. It is not so much the cost or submission needs as it is the frustrating squirrel-work of computer layout and the amount of energy it takes to sift stacks of submissions to discover the thoughtful pieces. But in this issue I see that the time devoted to *Quiz and Quill* this year has produced a rich collection. I am very pleased that this issue will close the year. In its pages are more of the prize-winners from the 1991-92 writing contest and new entries that need no prizes to affirm their worth.

I am also pleased to inform readers that Mr. Williams' history of the *Quiz and Quill* is away where no more editing blood can spill on it—at the printer's. If you are interested in reading about the development of the *Quiz and Quill* from its inception in the early 1900's to now, copies will be available for purchase before this summer. For more information, contact Dr. Saveson or keep an eye out for information in the college bookstore.

Enjoy.

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Seasons

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Part I: Autumn

Fire has painted the trees, it has painted the trees,
and it still paints.

Challenging any artist that might be so bold
as to try to

copy its work. Never knowing an equal or even a
close second or third or a fourth for that matter.

An artist/inventor.

Wind throws a rain that is constantly colder. It
cools but the land and

spirits of man, but extinguishes not any trees.

Not a single

leaf. It takes time for those fires to die. It
takes time for them to die.

James E. Donovan

De(I)stiny

The
Hands
Work
In Silence
The Voice
Now is
Mute
Hope from the
Cowering Masses
Huddled for Shelter
Rings out
But
All
Remains
Silent.

and
Ordered.

Bryan Worra

Somnambulist

Raven hair and ravens singing
Night is stalking a sleepwalker
Everywhere the crickets creeping
Wake and watch the critters skitter
Never thought he'd have a habit
Made it all the way to thirty
Now he really has to admit
He can't even stop cold turkey
Someone's looking in his window
But it's only his reflection
So he wishes off the scarecrow
And gives himself an inspection
"How is it this happened to me?
Why are my eyes always so red?
My tridimensionality
Is starting to get to my head"
Always meant to get a hobby
Never mastered conversation
So he spends his time locked away
In a private little prison
Waking is a lot like sleeping
Sleeping is a lot like waking
Maybe his brain is safekeeping
Images his mind is making
Morning never seems to get here
Seconds crawling by like decades
"God is only a puppeteer
We are his performers unpaid
Even drinking doesn't help me
What do you expect me to do?
Tout ce que j'avais accompli
Est devenu un succes fou"

Mae L. Young

Lizzie and Theodore***Third Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest***

It wasn't long after I started to spend time in Killbuck that I heard about the Junk Lady." Her real name was Betty, short for Elizabeth, but everyone called her "Lizzie." I had passed her house a few times and wondered who in the world lived there. Actually, it wasn't a house at all, but a couple of trailers pushed together up on a bank off County Road 620. It looked like a makeshift affair, and certainly not inhabitable. The trailers were covered with various pieces of wood or tar paper or plastic. The house was many colors, all of them dull. It looked like a very small place to live, even for two. Now and then at night, I remembered seeing a light in one part of the house as I drove by. There was only one window facing the road, but no curtains or blinds hung there. The rest of the windows appeared to be covered up. The "yard" was littered with debris: a couple of old toilets, mounds of cans, some broken toys, car parts, and that's all that I could make out going 25 mph.

I often wondered what she looked like, this "Junk Lady." I had heard that she also had a husband, or at least, that's what she called him. Some of the neighbors said that she wasn't really married to him. They were certainly curious subjects, this "lady" and her man. I couldn't wait to see them for myself, and began craning my neck each time I drove up 620. Rumor had it that Lizzie rolled her own cigarettes, and when the tobacco tins were empty, she would toss them on an ever-growing pile in the kitchen corner. I also heard that she and Theodore had recently moved away from here to a place with no trees or water, in

the middle of summer! No one knows why they did it. They weren't gone more than a few months, but their spirit of adventure, or whatever, interested me.

I finally did get to meet them. Lizzie, and Theodore, too, came to pick up the old furnace that had to be replaced in the farmhouse that my family owns. My neighbor had told me that he would ask Lizzie to come by after we had stacked the old furnace parts outside. He would have to go to her house because she didn't have a telephone. He said that Lizzie would be prompt and efficient, and she wouldn't charge much. He also said for me not to be surprised at what I saw. My curiosity was piqued, but when the dirty old pick-up pulled into the yard, it was just what I had expected to see. Lizzie and Theodore, however, were not. I couldn't believe my eyes! I thought for a minute that there had been some mistake, until she introduced herself. "You wanted a furnace picked up?" she asked. My goodness, she had to be in her seventies at least!

She didn't look as if she could lift a flea, let alone a furnace, even though the furnace was now in several pieces. She was small, and her figure like that of a pre-adolescent girl. I caught myself simply staring at her. Her arms looked lean and trim enough, and her snug-fitting red-ribbed shirt revealed well-developed shoulders. But still, she was so small! Her hair was the most amusing part of her; it was past her shoulders and flame-colored up to the kerchief around her head, but the wisps falling on her forehead were nearly white. Her eyes were cloudy blue and marble-like behind the old-fashioned plastic, sparkly frames she was wearing. (I imagined her confiscating the glasses from one of her hauls, wiping them on her

shirt, and adopting them as her own.) She wore beige and brown plaid bell-bottoms—the beige looking suspiciously yellow in places, and the origin of some of the brown questionable. Her hands and fingernails were dark and grimy. But what really caught me off guard was Theodore.

He was shorter than Lizzie, and his head had been barely visible above the truck seat. When he climbed out, my family (by now gathered on the porch) and I exchanged unbelieving glances. He was obviously deformed, and his back hunched over so much that he had trouble walking. His hands curled under and looked as though they were on the wrong arms. He wore a dark ball cap, plaid flannel shirt, and clown-like overalls of greasy denim. Lizzie was clearly the negotiator. Theodore simply waited for his orders, which came quickly.

Immediately they were at work. Lizzie shouted. Theodore grunted in response as he hobbled over to a pile of steel. Evidently he wasn't fast enough for Lizzie, who picked up a stick and ran after him, poking him about the body wherever she could. In spite of this, Theodore refused to move any faster. Repeatedly we offered to help them, but Lizzie wouldn't hear of it. "We don't need no help," she said respectfully, as she, too, did her share of lifting and tossing. Piece by piece they loaded the truck bed, and after it was full, Theodore climbed up on top of the large pile to tie everything down. As he was securing the last rope, he suddenly lost his footing and tumbled off the load, almost in slow motion. We thought for sure he was a goner, but, not to worry; he got up (all in his own time) and looked around at all of us with a kind of sheepish grin. Then Lizzie prodded him with the stick

again (this time in his backside) to send him back to the front of the truck. I went inside. I couldn't bear to see him poked and yelled at like an animal any longer.

Everyone, except Lizzie and Theodore, then, came inside, too, so that when I returned to the porch in a couple of minutes, I was alone. I looked at the truck. Theodore was inside it, this time in the driver's seat. Lizzie, however, was lying flat on the grass, face up, as if she were ill or even dead! I ran over to her and looked down. She laughed a little and whispered, "Just resting." I breathed a sigh of relief. After about a minute, she got up and proceeded to direct Theodore in turning the truck around. What followed was a shouting match between the two of them, but Theodore's words were nasal and unintelligible to everyone (now gathered on the porch again) except Lizzie. Whatever he said made Lizzie furious, and she soon shooed him back to the passenger's side of the truck. We paid her, then stood there dumbfounded as they drove away. There was talk that if Theodore did a good job, Lizzie would give him a Pepsi and a Hershey bar at the end of the day. I wondered if he hadn't just talked himself out of his treat after this difference of opinion. It would be years before I would meet them again, and years before I would forgive Lizzie for the way she treated him that day.

The next time I met them was when I needed another small, bothersome pile picked up. This time I decided to ask Lizzie and Theodore myself. I was as curious about them as always, and, besides, they still didn't have a telephone. I carefully parked my van on 620 and headed for their driveway. Immediately, several dogs began barking at me from the direction of the trailers. It wasn't easy to get to the door because

of all the trash. The driveway was completely taken up by two trucks. In addition to their old truck, they now had a brand new one that was the talk of the town. It was any teen-ager's dream and had everything on it and (now) in it, too. What a shame, I thought, to haul junk in a brand new truck, as I precariously made my way to the door. All this time, Theodore was sitting quietly on the step. He looked up at me as he tried to calm down the various dogs (still barking at me) caged and chained around the trailer. The dogs soon responded to his again unintelligible words, and when I reached down to pet one of them, he seemed pleased. I spoke to him then. He sort of nodded, but said nothing more.

Suddenly Lizzie was at the door. Her fingers were covered with grease. "They won't hurt ya," she assured me. "Them's his pets." I was hoping to be invited in (I wanted a glimpse at those tobacco tins), but instead, she stepped outside. I asked her about my trash and she agreed to come in half an hour. I said goodbye and discovered that walking down the bank was just as difficult as walking up. I also started to wonder about rats. One of the nearest neighbors was always complaining about all this trash, and rats were high up on his list. I didn't see any rats, but my steps became little jumps from then on.

Indeed, Lizzie and Theodore came in half an hour, as promptly as they had come years before. Theodore stayed in the truck this time. Lizzie got out, but I insisted on helping her load my junk, which didn't take more than a few minutes. After we were finished, we stood by the side of the road and talked. The more I listened, the more she talked. I learned a lot. I learned about Theodore's pets, about Lizzie's

illness the past winter and how Theodore took care of her singlehandedly, and about how Lizzie had bought the new truck to travel to a funeral in West Virginia. (I then recalled how my neighbor had seen both Lizzie and Theodore one day and hardly recognized them. "She was all cleaned up," he had said. "I never would have known who she was except for him in there. I mean, she didn't have a dress on or anything, but nice-looking slacks. And they were both so clean! She looked sort of nice and regular.")

My neighbor, who knew Lizzie and Theodore fairly well, had told me recently that Theodore had once been a rounder and had probably met Lizzie at one of his haunts. They'd been together for years. I also learned that Theodore was now kind of a softie who made pets of everything. He seemed to need Lizzie's strong, practical side, though she always appeared to be scolding him. Once, Theodore chopped down a tree in the woods and it fell on his dog and killed it. He carried that dog back to the house, crying all the way, only to have Lizzie tell him to "Quit blubbering and go out and bury the damned thing." Another time, when Theodore was away, one of his pigs got loose and was found eating the neighbor's garden. No one could coax it out of there. Finally, Theodore came home, went to the fence, and said, "Here pig," in his own nasal language, and that pig came running on the first call, while a few "experienced" farmers looked on. This was a pig out of a litter he had raised in a compact, but tall pen that he had built himself. The pigs grew, but the pen didn't; it was wood on all sides and on the top, and nailed solid for eternity. Eventually, Theodore had to climb in, wade around in the manure, and lift the pigs out through a small hole

in the top. The hole wasn't much bigger than he was. After standing on one pig to lift out the others, he found himself in a dilemma: one pig left and nothing to stand on. My neighbor helped pull the last pig, and then Theodore, through the hole. By then, Theodore was manure from head to toe, but grinning from ear to ear, and the next day he was seen in town wearing the same "fragrant" clothes!

Maybe Lizzie suggested that he clean himself up, but I don't know. It didn't sound to me like she was interested in hygienic or domestic matters at all. She did cook, though, because when she was ill, she told Theodore how to find his way around the kitchen. She said, "I tried to tell him what to fix. He did it his way, though, but I ate it. I had to! Seventeen days of his cookin'!" It was sad to me that no one knew she was ill at the time, yet now she was telling me almost proudly.

Their trip to West Virginia was a real test, though. She said, "He told me one way, but I knew it was the other way. Well, we went his way, and we was two to three hours later gettin' there." I imagined the "discussion" in the truck as they drove. Poor Theodore; she had listened to him, but he was wrong again. Surely he must tire of the ridicule, I thought. I wondered how often he really had the chance to get his own licks in.

Then I remembered. My neighbor had told me that, for a time, Theodore had worked for a man in town. This man had a habit of saying, "Why, why, why," when something went wrong. Once, when the man left the room, something went wrong for Theodore, and he stood up in the posture of his boss and said in his own peculiar voice, "Hwigh, hwigh,

hwhigh!" Just then, the boss reappeared, and was so furious at being mocked that he fired Theodore on the spot! I imagined that, although Theodore lost his job, what he gained was some satisfaction in being the mocker for a change.

Lizzie and I talked for about half an hour that day. A week later, I went back to her house to thank her again and took her some of my pickles. I had written an article for the local paper in which I publicly thanked Lizzie and Theodore for the fine job that they do. When I asked her to read the article, she was surprised and pleased. I didn't stay long because she was boiling some eggs for Theodore, and again, stood on the porch to talk to me. I left the article and made arrangements to come back later. When I did return in a few days, she was beaming. "I don't get that paper," she confessed, "but I'll start. When do you suppose it will be in?" Then she paused and said, "It's real nice and I thank you."

She and Theodore belong together. They both work hard, are prompt and polite, and ask nothing but to earn their own way. And Killbuck needs them. I've finally forgiven her, too, for the way she treated Theodore. He can hold his own, surely, and they do need each other. Though they may live in a different manner from some others, they are more dignified than many. All they ask is a little respect. While I had never called her Lizzie to her face, as I was leaving she said, "Call me Betty."

Sharon Richardson

In the Gloom

In the gloom of naked nighttime
In a dimly-lit room
The television is a mirror if you don't turn it on.

John Kessler

View of the Grate



Bryan Worra

Walkies

Jane insists that Simon, her retriever
Be walked with a collar and leash she got
Out of the pet catalog I showed her
For a laugh Christmas. You see, I thought
That shopping malls for animals was funny.
Not Jane. "Simon is important in my
Life and I don't want to see him running
Away from you," she says. So I comply
And ask Simon, who doesn't understand
The heavy bound cord and steel I noose around
His neck, to endure Jane's fearborn demand
A bit longer. He walks without a sound
Of protest through the door as Jane eyes me
With her contracted brows: "Take care," they say
To me. A "have fun!" from her would surprise me.
I've never known Simon to get away
Till at the farthest reach of Jane's property
Where he strains the length of line allotted to
Him; when I don't sense Jane checking up on me
I release him and we walk where he spots a few
Trees. I let him walk at his own pace
For we are in no rush. He's free to go
Wherever we wander. There's always a cat to chase
And sticks to fetch. He is a retriever you know.
But soon it's time to end our brief endeavor.
He heeds my voice and we go back together.
It seems that Simon knows it would upset her
To learn that we can walk the streets untethered.

Scott Gottliebson

The Crossing

First Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

The rain beat softly against the window. It didn't seem as though it would ever stop. Every day for the past week the sky had filled with ominous dark clouds, and the air had become thick with moisture. It clung to one's skin, making it damp and sticky. The ground had long ago become over-saturated and the excess liquid was quickly forming a lake in the front yard.

Mary couldn't stand it much longer! The monotony of it all would be the death of her. She desperately wanted to see her boyfriend Carl. She hadn't seen him since the rain had made it impossible for either one of them to cross the river separating their two homesteads. She was sure she could have made the crossing with her horse, but her parents had refused to let her try any such thing. She'd always known they secretly hated Carl. They were trying to make her life miserable. They told her to read her books or work on her sewing. They assured her that this would make the time pass swiftly, but it wasn't working. She would just have to think of something to do!

Far on the opposite side of the river, Carl stared longingly at the picture of Mary and himself taken at the county fair. Oh, the picture was far from accurate, thought Carl. It didn't show the softness of Mary's hair, or her slight upturned nose, or the two dimples in her cheeks that appeared when she smiled broadly. But her picture was all he had to look at for now. The

grey drizzle of the afternoon was increasing to a steady downpour. Carl decided to go finish his chores in the barn before the rain obliterated the planks leading there. The rain couldn't stop old Bessie and Clyde from wanting to be fed. Their bellows echoed across the yard. Carl began to think as he worked. Surely, Clyde could cross the river. Heck, he pulled the plow every day! He was the strongest draft horse in the county, at least everybody said so. If the river got even higher before he could return, well, he'd just have to stay at Mary's place. After all, he couldn't risk his life just to return home—could he? All these thoughts swirled in his head as he gave Clyde an extra helping of oats.

Meanwhile, Mary had done her own thinking. The river hadn't looked so bad when she'd seen it that morning. As a matter of fact, there even seemed to be an area of the river narrower than the rest down the way some. It could only be several hundred feet wide at the most. Jack, her horse, had swum across rivers much wider than that. She began to plan. She'd have to leave at dawn before her parents woke up. They'd never let her go if they found out. She'd saddle Jack and bring along a stick to encourage him to cross. Other than a pair of high boots and a raincoat she could think of nothing else to bring.

"... and a pair of high boots. Let's see, yep, that's all I'll need," Carl thought. "Now all I have to figure out is how I'm going to get out of the house before Pop catches me. I guess I'll have to leave at dawn. Now to check the river...I hope it hasn't risen..."

Mary crept slowly through the house and out the front door. She could just barely see the outline of the barn. She walked across the boards that were quickly disappearing in the mud. She skillfully saddled Jack and together they made their way downriver.

Clyde was not being cooperative. After all he'd been through, no dumb animal was going to ruin his plans, thought Carl. All afternoon he'd searched up- and downriver for the perfect place to cross and finally just before dusk he'd found it. It was about a mile upriver. The river narrowed out and the banks appeared solid. Knowing this increased Carl's determination. He flicked Clyde with a switch and gave him a kick. This seemed to wake him up. The horse started into a lumbering trot and headed upriver.

"Thank God, the river hasn't risen much!" Mary thought as she urged Jack forward. Mary hadn't realized the current would be so swift. She could feel Jack straining to stay on course. The water rushed up against her legs. It was freezing cold! "Come on Jack, you can make it!" Mary said, more to relieve herself than to encourage Jack. Time passed slowly. Mary couldn't tell if they were making progress, but the far bank seemed closer. She was relieved when she heard the suction noise of Jack's hooves when they touched bottom as he pulled himself up on the bank. She had made it! The rain started to fall harder.

Clyde plunged into the water. Carl hung on and let the horse do all the work. They seemed to be drifting, but Carl dismissed this idea. Clyde was as strong as they came. He focused on the land before

him. Suddenly, he noticed the trees were moving upstream! He began driving Clyde, slapping and kicking him to drive him forward. In what seemed like an eternity, they edged forward. The rain began pelting harder. Finally, Clyde strained forward onto firm ground. Carl wearily slid off his back. Suddenly, the sky opened up. Beating rain blinded Carl as he looked back at the river.

Mary gazed at the river and the rain pounding down upon it. It was starting to overflow its banks. Had she waited any longer she would not have been able to cross. Boy, were her parents going to be mad. She wasn't going to be able to recross until the water went down and that was going to take quite awhile. "Oh, well," she thought happily, "at least I'll be with Carl."

"Boy, will Mary be surprised when she sees me!" Carl thought, as he turned away from the rising water and moved toward Mary's house in the distance.

Lauren A. Balden

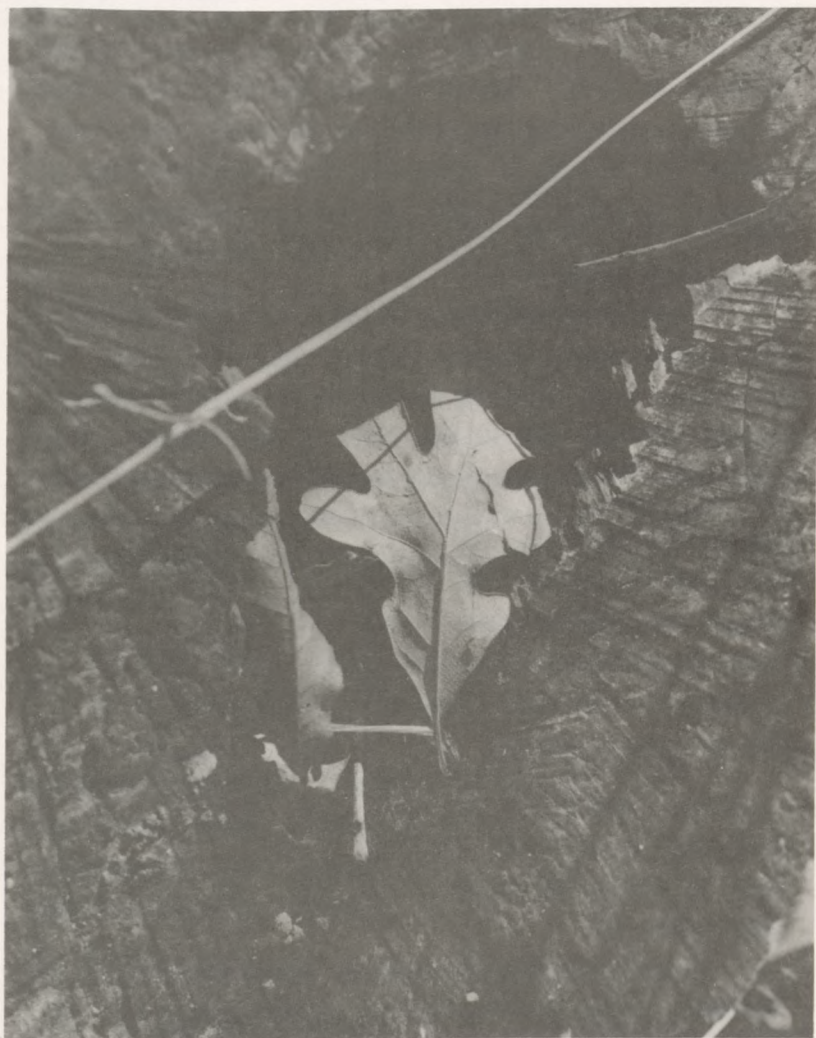
Dig Those People

Dig those people.
Digging people...
They are curious dogs.
All the people,
Naked, bestial—
They have fangs and claws.
People laughing,
Smiling, dancing—
Give them air to breathe.
Tribal people,
All the people;
Faith is all they need.
Loving living,
Taking, giving,
Sharing separate blood.
I'm a people,
Dogs are people;
All we need is God.
We are hairy,
Maybe scary
To another world—
To each other,
Sister/brother,
Every boy and girl.

Dig those people,
Crazy people.
Not without a flaw.
Loving, learning,
Passion burning,
Laughing—ha ha ha.
There in Europe
Like sweet syrup
People move along.
Grooving slowly,
Life is holy;
There is nothing wrong.
In the forest
People flourish
Worshipping the rains.
Pin-striped people,
Pygmie people;
We are all the same.
Dig those people.
Digging people...
They are curious dogs.
All the people
Naked, bestial—
They have fangs and claws.

John Kessler

The Stump



Kelley Grant

Ties with my Father***First Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest***

My first memories of my father are from when I was six years old. My father was an affectionate man. He gave me a kiss before he left for work and a kiss before I had to go to bed. My daddy's kisses were a big part of my early days. He never wore a tie tac, so his tie would swing down and crash into my face. I always loved that.

One day, when my father was leaving for work, he bent down to kiss me. His tie crashed into my face, as usual. He kissed my mother and my big brother, as usual. He got into his big, blue car and started it up, as usual. My mom and my brother went about their morning business, and I stayed by the window to watch my dad drive off, as usual. Then something unusual happened. My dad got out of the car and came back in the house. I was the only one who noticed this odd event because I was the only one watching. I thought he must have forgotten something.

I met my dad in the foyer. He hadn't forgotten anything. He just said, "I love you, Duffer." Then he bent down, let his tie crash into my face, and kissed me. Then he left, and this time he drove away in his big, blue car.

That was the day that my father abandoned my family.

Nine years later, when I was fifteen, I flew out to see my dad where he's living now, Sunnyvale,

California. When I was on the plane, I was excited to see my dad again. I was glad to know that he was alive. I just wanted to run into my daddy's arms and have him tell me stories. I wanted to giggle feeling his silk tie crashing into my face.

When I was halfway between the Chicago and San Jose airports, I had a horrifying thought. I wasn't sure if I could recognize my father. I mean, if he wore a wide striped tie, I'd bet I could have picked him out of a crowd. But I hadn't seen him in years. I couldn't remember what my father looked like.

When I got off the plane, he recognized me right away. I was the kid who looked lost.

The last time I made the flight out to California, I was twenty-four. I wonder why it is that I seem to see my father at nine-year intervals. Nine years is a long time.

This time I was a man. I had grown up. And this time I had made the plans to fly to California and see my dad. And at twenty-four, I was the one who looked different. I had a bushy, full beard, but my being an adult was not what was different about this trip. I had matured beyond a fifteen-year-old trying to be six again. I had given up on my quest to find a daddy. Now I just wanted to meet the mysterious Jim Woodside.

I had been hanging out with my dad for about a week. It was enough time for us to get used to being together, and it seemed like now we could talk. We were sitting in his den smoking cigarettes and

drinking coffee.

"Dad, I have been told that I should have a lot of anger for you. That I should hate you. I don't know; maybe I have a lot of anger that I don't know about, but I just can't find it. I look into my heart, and I just don't care about our history. It's something that happened. I can't change that. I've learned something in the last couple of years. I can't be your friend if I expect you to be my daddy. I don't have a dad. I never have. But, I think you and I are a lot alike. I think we could be great friends."

My dad wiped his eyes and said, "I guess I knew that you felt that way. I knew that when you asked if you could come out here. Eh . . ."

"I don't think that the 'whys' are important, Dad. Besides, I'm sure you don't understand the 'whys' any better than I do."

"You're something. You know that?" It was my turn to be embarrassed. "I always knew that you were special, that you could see things and understand things that other people couldn't. I knew that when you first started to talk."

"That's because I take after my father." He laughed. So did I. "I mean it, Dad. I don't know how it happened, but I'm just like you. It seems like I'm meeting my long lost twin brother. Everybody that knows you tells me that I'm just like you. We hold a cigarette the same way. We have the same laugh." He started laughing. "It's strange. It's spooky. You and I are like soulmates instead of father and son."

"Yeah . . ." My dad blushed. "It's true. At least I've felt it. And I guess I knew we'd always be

friends someday. What I'm saying is that I knew nothing would keep us apart."

"I don't know about that, Dad. I've always felt close to you. Somehow cosmically linked. I don't know. I do know that I wasn't ready until now. I needed to grow up before I could be ready to be your friend."

"Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if things had been different."

My dad was starting to feel guilty again. I could sense it. I knew only two things could get in our way, his guilt and my anger.

"Do you like stories, Dad?"

"Sure."

"Once, a young man went into the woods to find Enlightenment. When he got to the heart of the forest, he began to meditate, and in his meditations he heard only one thing, 'Get out of the woods. Go home.' Taking this to be the voice of his higher self, the young man headed for home. But, the young man couldn't find his way out of the woods. He was lost.

"Then one day, while walking on the trails, the young man came across the Enlightened One. The young man ran to greet the Buddha, and he asked, 'Oh, great Enlightened One, I'm lost. Please tell me which trail leads out of the woods.'

"And the Buddha spoke softly, 'I do not know.'

"How can you not know?" the young man asked. 'You're the Enlightened One.'

"I know many trails that do not lead out of the woods. Perhaps if we walk together, we can find a trail that does lead out of the woods."

My dad laughed. He loved the story. When he finished laughing, he said, "Ah, Grasshopper (he had been calling me Grasshopper, referring to that old 'Kung Fu' TV show), I know many ways that don't lead out of the woods."

I don't know what happened that night in my father's den. We bonded. We put many things to rest that had kept us apart. We had reached an understanding. The most significant thing that bonded us together was our laughter. I believe that there's magic in laughter.

The rest of my three-week visit seemed to fly by. We shared a lot of laughter. I told him about the tie crashes followed by the kisses. Apparently they don't wear ties in California any more. At least my dad doesn't.

So, for Christmas I bought him a tie. A really gross one from the seventies. And when I flew back to Ohio on Christmas Day, my father gave me a special Christmas gift. He put on the gross, wide, striped tie that I had gotten him for Christmas. He stood up on one of the chairs at the airport. And he bent down to kiss me. It took him three tries to get the tie to crash into my face. He hadn't worn a tie for a while. By the time he got it right, we were both laughing too hard to cry.

Duff Woodside

The Sea is a Siege of "S"

Second Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

The sea is a siege of "S,"
of sky and sand
and of sun and sound and shell

and of strangeness.

Still and stormy "S."

The sea is a siege indeed.

A seasonlessness that makes me feel a bit absurd.

A bit small.

And only the seagulls seem to notice

that the sea is to be served

and is not to serve

because it never dies.

The sea never dies.

James E. Donovan

Rusted Combine

Back behind weather-worn sheds;
Burnt orange metal.
A rusted combine is barely visible.
Weeds reach through blades
Toward billowy blue
And sway lazily in heavy air.
Days of old—thrashers' arms
Perspired with whipping motion,
Glazed to slippery tan.
Not so long ago the combine roared;
Mechanical man, wooden hands
To bear the toil.
Both are now encased in silence,
Immobile, but memory knows
Motion without movement.
Blade, leaf, and ray breathe life.
Looking across fallen wire fences
I see the combine in the setting sun.

Amanda Reynolds

Expression of Soulmates



Robin Reb Mobley

Blades of Grass***First Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest***

I have just come from your room, Grandfather—
The gadgets of the medicine men
There brawling with your birch-wood arms
And flint lock jaw.

Blades of grass and lumps of earth
Were your beginning,
But they have forgotten your fingers and toes.
(They forget everyone's, though.)

At your bed, I rubbed your feet.
Yes, that's what I could do
I rubbed and heated them with
The power and hard-love of my hands.
I had to let go though—
I had school,
I had other love.

I haven't forgotten what time
Has left you—
Your snowy hair, leather feet
And blood-marbled cheeks.
They possess me,
But my mind has arms only to caress and soothe
Not to cast the healing magic.

This, I think, may begin our parting,
But we will some day be joined again,
Maybe even closer,
Perhaps neighboring blades of grass.

Aaron J. Thompson

My Darkness Speaks

My dreams jam with colors so keen
art connoisseurs would kill to hang them
on their walls. My dreams scramble with
misplaced words, never spoken but always implied,
and with no-faced voiceless people who love
me even though we've never met.

My dreams ravage with a sheath of
darkness and a deep unknown accent
that chases me with taunting truths.
"Your soul slowly sinks inside a spaceless sphere.

I run without ceasing. Yet the voice shadows,
tirelessly stabbing with words of supreme wisdom.
"Patience purify before darkness disappears."

I try to escape the wrath of this vile voice by climbing
a tree, but I can't reach even the lowest limb.
As I blindly stumble into a stream, the voice thunders
through the blackness, striking me down with one
fated proclamation. "I am the ruler of your universe."

Treachery grabs my throat, pinching so forcefully
all my thoughts scream with the urgency to
fight until death. Instead, I drown within a
void of painfully numb nothingness, haunted
by the silent echoes of an angry one-sided debate.
"I did not see what I heard!" "I heard what I did not see!!"

My harsh darkness dims with my deep accent.
And my colors dance again, along with the
misplaced words, never spoken but always
implied, and the no-faced voiceless people
who love me even though we've never met.
And I love them too, because the art
connoisseurs will never hang my dreams.

Carrie Jo Bubler

Reflections of Headlights

The roaring light slashes
through the blinded window
razor blades of light slicing
along my walls scarring
the darkness of perception
with red tender wounds

James Dye

Street Reflections



Bryan Worra

Her Reservoir

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

He is the rainmaker.

I feel his rain—soaking my hair, stinging my eyes.

I feel his rain—the musty heaviness laying its weight
on my chest, pressing the life from my lungs.

I feel his rain—drunken, slobbery, unaimed kisses
on my body.

Violating.

I taste his rain—an oozy sea, warm and salty.

I spit it out—unless I am made to swallow.

Sometimes his thunder, with its jagged edges,
cuts through me.

Sometimes his thunder, with its rage
shakes and hurts me.

Sometimes his thunder, with its thieving lust,
is inside me—making its haste.

I just let it rumble into the distance—echoing, rolling off
and away from me.

I want to drown myself in his floods and wash away—
but he does not let me.

I just let his storms come and pass through my plains.

I pray for a drought, for the rain to cease—
but he,

He is the rainmaker.

Matthew Draudt

China Dolls*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest*

My mother called. I knew this wasn't a social call by the tone of her voice. The thing about Mom, though, is that when she has bad news she can never get to the point. Then abruptly it is out.

"Your Great Aunt Mary died. Your dad and I knew that she had been very ill, and your grandma just called to tell us she died. The funeral is on Thursday. She will be brought up from Iowa and buried beside your Uncle Clecy." There was regret in her voice.

I didn't bother to give her the same lecture I always do about warning me that she was ill before the fact. About being an adult and the ability to control my worry. About the extra pain caused because I wasn't prepared to meet death again, wasn't ready to have someone swallowed again into the vast emptiness over which I have no control. Instead, I thought of a large woman, Christmas at Grandma's, china dolls, and a rather clumsy child.

"Mom, I have to go. I'm a little busy right now. Thanks for telling me," I replied.

My Mother—knowing my moods—said simply, "I love you" and hung up.

I hung up the phone and sat down on my rumpled bed. I felt as if an era had ended. An era where beautiful china dolls made more of an impression than the large woman who had made them. My memories of Great Aunt Mary are brief, shadowy. I can't remember her face, or even her

voice. I can just remember impressions which were powerful enough to linger in my mind even now.

I remember her at Christmas, in a time when I believed in my parents and family and God and Santa faithfully, without question. Times when my parents could tell me that my kitty had gone heaven, and I could imagine such a place (even a cat with wings like an angel). The tree was decorated, and it was huge. It wasn't real like ours at home, though. There was the manger scene below it, the one that Grandma always laid carefully under the tree. All our cousins were together in one room because we were waiting for them to arrive. Grandpa was alive and was sitting on the couch (he was always sitting; he didn't walk around too much) and he was tickling my feet, making me giggle. I always loved it when he did that.

Then they arrived. Great Uncle Clecy came in first, then Great Aunt Mary. They were a stately couple and they seemed to fill the room with their presence. Great Uncle Clecy settled down in a rocking chair, and he seemed so big I was in awe. He was wearing a grayish suit, and though he filled the chair he sat in, he was not overweight. He probably wasn't even that big a man, for small eyes make everything they regard with awe seem huge. Great Aunt Mary was large and filled the chair she sat in, but she was untouchable and special. Despite her size, she reminded me of a grey china doll, the type that I was allowed at that time to look at—but not to touch (for I was a very clumsy child). She was never thought of in my mind without Great Uncle Clecy. She seemed incredibly bonded to him, as though being his wife

was everything to her. Together they represented everything that I did not know, but wanted to know. They seemed to be wise people, for even my father deferred to them and treated them with great respect.

When they were settled, the presents were handed out, and everyone dived in. Uncle Clecy and Aunt Mary gave us grandchildren money. I don't remember how much—it really didn't matter how much. I felt as though I was receiving a gift from the gods. Then they would leave because they grew tired earlier than we did. We would stay a while longer, take family pictures, then gradually drift off to our homes.

The great house by the pond (Lakemore pond, that is) was theirs. I always remember it as theirs, even though it hasn't been for years now. It was the last place I saw them. Great Uncle Clecy was bed-bound with that horrible smell that always tells you how far away they have gone. You know it, thin indescribable combination of oldness and sickness and medicines, and even carnations. Carnations always smell like death.

We waited to see him in the sitting room with Great Aunt Mary, surrounded by china ballerinas, china figurines with serene faces and frilly, delicate lace which looked as though it would crack if I looked at it hard (for I was a very clumsy child). All creations of the large china-like untouchable lady sitting talking with us about everything but the man dying in the other room. The china figures danced and had tea in glass cases as Great Aunt Mary talked about their creation and the work and love which had gone into

them. They were the old antique-like figurines which I have never seen since. The delicate lace-like details, the beautiful painted smiles—all showed great gaiety. Every face among them radiated happiness and intensity.

She had to give up most of those delicate figures. I remember thinking in 8th grade how horrible it would be to give up something so beautiful. But it was impossible to take them to Iowa, and she had to go with her daughter, the house had to be sold, Great Uncle Clecy had to be buried, and she had to choose which figures were the favored. I wonder how hard it was for her, I wonder if the ones she chose still danced and had tea with the same gaiety and carefreeness that they seemed to in the house by the lake. I wonder if she became like them where a hard look would crack her, and a small breeze would blow her away from us. Because the breeze did blow her away. I wonder if the breeze stops, and if there is a relief in the nothingness which stops it.

The thing about Mom, though, is that when she has bad news she can never get to the point. Then, abruptly it is out.

"Your Great Aunt Mary died."

Kelley Grant

The Road to . . .



Kelley Grant

Reflections

Reflections
found in the soapy bubbles
of my youth.
The fascination
of times gone by
rounded into a single sphere
that floats
on a gently blowing breeze.
A momentary example
of perfection
that shimmers and swirls
with iridescent colors.
The fleeting happiness
contained within
a single bubble
That suddenly pops and vanishes.
Leaving me alone
in an empty world;
full of realities
and devoid of dreams

Nancy A. Ketzler

1991-1992 Quiz and Quill Writing Contest

Winners

Poetry Contest

1st Place

"Blades of Grass" Aaron J. Thompson

2nd Place

"Spectacles" Bryan Worra

3rd Place

"Where the Unicorns Live" Stephanie Marcum

Honorable Mentions

"Seasons" James E. Donovan

"Her Reservoir" Matthew Draudt

"My Wild Love" James Dye

Short Story Contest

1st Place

"The Crossing" Laura A. Balden

2nd Place

"Finish the Story" James Dye

3rd Place Tie

"One Foot in the Door" Katrina Seymour

"Dusty Rooms and Dead Flowers" Kelley Grant

Personal Essay Contest

1st Place

"Ties with my Father" Duff Woodside

2nd Place

"The Long Ride Home" Katrina Seymour

3rd Place

"Lizzie and Theodore" Sharon Richardson

Honorable Mentions

"China Dolls" Kelley Grant

"A Mr. Gruskin Story" Duff Woodside

1991-1992 Quiz and Quill Writing Contest

Winners Continued

Critical Essay Contest

1st Place

No Prize Awarded

2nd Place

"Poets and Puritans" Aaron J. Thompson

3rd Place

"Death's Journey" Aaron J. Thompson

Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

1st Place

No prize awarded

2nd Place Tie

"Huh" Kelvin Carter

"The Sea is a Siege of 'S'" James E. Donovan

"Dandelion" Heather Fess

3rd Place

"G.O.D." Duff Woodside

Honorable Mention

"Thanksgiving" Brian Nierman

Louise Gleim Williams Newspaper Writing Contest

** Based on Writer's Portfolio **

1st Place Deanna Ratajczak

2nd Place Katy L. Bowers Bavaro

3rd Place Robin Reh Mobley

The Louise Gleim Williams Writer's Prize for 1991

"Ego's Cantos" by Joseph Hecker

The 1992 Quiz and Quill Writing Contest Judges

Poetry Contests

Dr. Janet Lacey McCann '63, a former associate editor of *Quiz and Quill* (and editor of the *T & C*), is a professor of English at Texas A & M University and a published poet. Her book on Wallace Stevens is about to come out.

Short Story Contest

Sondra Spangler '64, a former member of *Quiz and Quill*, has taught writing for many years. Currently she teaches creative writing at the McDowell Senior Citizens' Center in Columbus and also does free-lance writing and runs a writing service.

Personal Essay Contest

Larry C. Edwards '68, editor of *Quiz and Quill* in 1967-68, teaches Communication Skills at Columbus State Community College. He is also a published writer of prose and poetry.

Critical Essay Contest

Dr. Cecile Gray and Dr. Douglas Gray, former members of the Otterbein English Department and advisers to *Quiz and Quill*, now have positions at Capital University and the Pontifical College Josephinum respectively. Both are also writers.

Newswriting Contest

Robert Shapter, who has taught journalism courses at Otterbein in the past, is a copy editor at the Features desk of the *Columbus Dispatch*.

Contributors

Lauren A. Balden is a junior elementary education major who has lived in New Hampshire and Tennessee.

Carrie Jo Buhler is a freshman elementary education major with an English concentration who said, "I love to write, especially poetry. I wrote my first poem when I was 14 and haven't stopped yet."

James E. Donovan is a sophomore English major.

Matthew Draudt is a sophomore who "hopes to be published soon."

James Dye, a senior psychology major, said "Thank you Drs. Rittenhouse, Chaney, and Gorman for opening my eyes to the path my feet were on."

Scott Gottliebson is a senior "just now beginning to enjoy school."

Kelley Grant is a junior English major. "I am what I am and that's all that I am."

John Kessler, a senior English major, said, "My fly's unbuttoned."

Nancy A. Ketzler, a freshman history major, said, "I like to blow bubbles in the park, and if anyone wants to join me, give me a call."

Contributors Continued

Robin Reh Mobley is a junior print journalism major who says, "If people say a picture's worth a thousand words, then the art of dance is worth volumes."

Amanda Reynolds, an English/secondary education major, thinks, "Oftentimes life's simplicities have the most to offer; we just need to pay attention."

Sharon Richardson is an English major who likes to spend as much time as possible in Holmes County.

Iva Marie Steward is a freshman art major who designed the *Quiz and Quill* cutwork cover design.

Aaron J. Thompson is a senior English/philosophy double-major. "George Bush, Dan Quayle. Vote Democrat. Show Mr. King a little respect—both of them."

Duff Woodside is a senior English writing major who is either one step away from enlightenment or one step away from insanity.

Bryan Worra is a freshman who is "supposedly a P.R. major." He said, "Questions confuse, but answers imprison."

Mae L. Young, a senior French major, said "I couldn't sleep until I had written this poem!"

