

Otterbein University

## Digital Commons @ Otterbein

---

Quiz and Quill

Otterbein Journals & Magazines

---

Winter 1993

### 1993 Winter Quiz and Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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

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



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

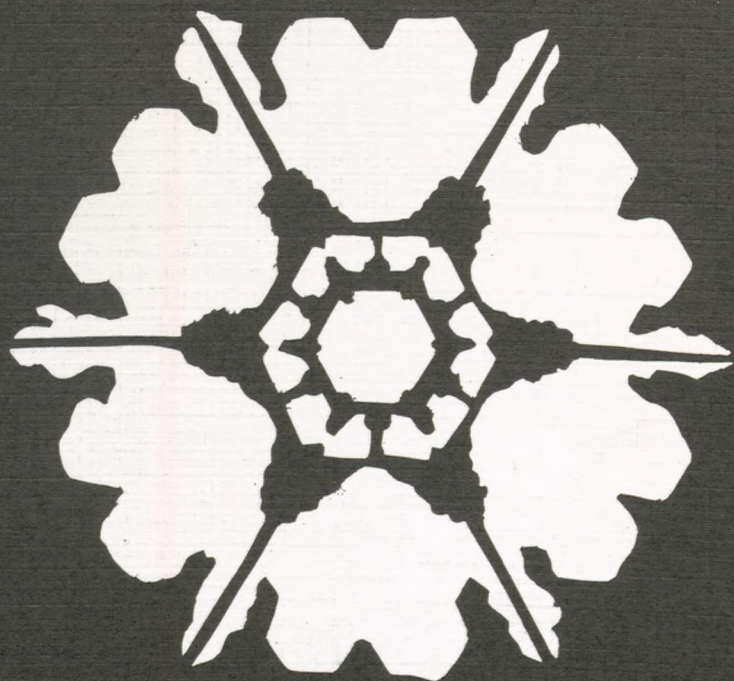
---

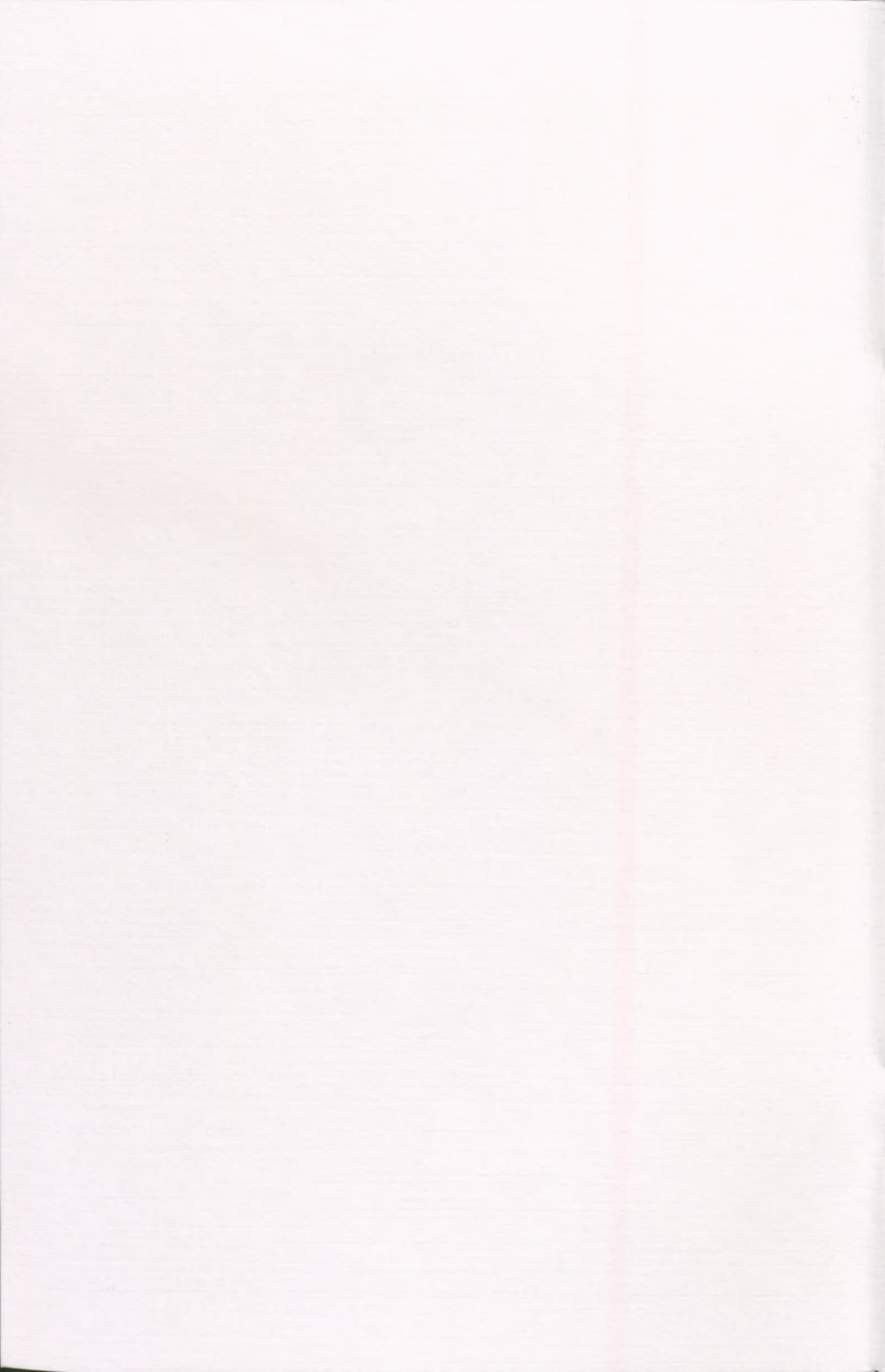
#### Recommended Citation

Otterbein English Department, "1993 Winter Quiz and Quill Magazine" (1993). *Quiz and Quill*. 64.  
<https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill/64>

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

QUIZ  
and  
QUILT





---

# Quiz and Quill

Autumn 1992

I would like to thank Aaron Thompson and Dr. Saveson for helping me appreciate the many intricacies involved in putting out the *Quiz and Quill*. No, it turns out it does not just come about through spontaneous generation, but through the thoughtful work of our many contributors and staff members. The sheer volume and quality of the work submitted this quarter says there is a thriving, talented community of writers at Otterbein.

Fostering that community has become the main concern of the *Quiz and Quill* recently. By supporting student poetry readings, participating in the Triad's coffee house, going to hear the poets in the Otterbein Writer's Series, we all as students make certain part of our college community will include a community of writers. Next quarter, the *Quiz and Quill* will again organize readings at the Cappuccino Cafe in addition to the on-campus readings and the spring issue.

Third-rate Scottish poet Hugh McDermont once wrote to a friend of his, "there are many ruined buildings, but there are no ruined stones." I hope you find the words herein to be as true as the unworked stone. Enjoy.

## Editors

Greg Davis, **editor**

Kelley Grant, **assistant editor**

Aaron J. Thompson, **editor emeritus**

Dr. Marilyn Saveson, **advisor**

## Staff

Amy Dyer

Chris Grigsby

Dan Gonzalez

Scott Gottliebson

Bryan Worra

Steven Hitchcock

E-mae Holmes

Paige Luneborg

Jodi Susey

---

# Table of Contents

<i>Life in the Cave</i>	Nancy A. Ketzler 1
<i>Morning Glories</i>	Katrina Seymour 2
<i>Love in the Time of AIDS</i>	Scott Gottliebson 4
<i>Esprit d' Orleans Nouveau</i>	Candy Dickerson 10
<i>Washington Square</i>	Kim Grossi 11
<i>The Grub Worm</i>	Chris Grigsby 12
<i>Word Flow</i>	Jodi Susey 13
<i>She's No Angel</i>	Kelley Grant 14
<i>The Voice Goes</i>	Aaron J. Thompson 19
<i>Childhood Nightmare—Adult Reality</i>	Stephanie Lane 20
<i>Lightning</i>	Greg Davis 20
<i>Imagine</i>	Daniel P. Driscoll 21
<i>Grazing</i>	Susie Fields 22
<i>Timeless</i>	Katrina Seymour 29
<i>Breakfast Cleanup</i>	Aaron J. Thompson 30
<i>Yleicos</i>	Stephen C. Tobin 32
<i>My Autopsy, Thank You</i>	Bryan Worra 33
<i>Here I Stand</i>	Damien Woodson 34
<i>Soon</i>	Scott Gottliebson 39
<i>A Quiet Repose</i>	Matt Madison-Clark 40
<i>Cover Design</i>	Iva Steward

---

**Life in the Cave**

*Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

The Root Cellar is the place  
where people go  
at night to bask  
in soft candle light.  
The wind howls  
from above the window grate  
and sucks life  
from those who venture in.  
Eucalyptus and Baby's Breath  
hang from overhead  
and tangle in the dreams  
of those who sleep alone.  
Vacant stares and tapestry adorn  
blank walls of sanity.  
The children come  
in time of need  
and soak blue pillows  
full of tears.  
Beneath the tear-stained eyes  
are mouths that smile  
Hysterically  
and speak of tomorrows  
that never come.

*Nancy A. Ketzler*

---

## Morning Glories

The year of my life I remember not  
But the story I know well,  
Of the summer when, down Grandma's porch,  
The morning glories fell.

I had gone to fetch some water  
In a bucket for my ma  
When the the milky white and dewey beauty  
Of the wild first I saw.

Fresh they hung in bunches  
All along the fence,  
I touched their silky petals  
Of pale pink dainty prints.

Their scent, it smelled so sweet!  
Wafting in the wind;  
Temptation prodded, "Pick them!"  
And my conscience led me bend;

I pulled at first just one,  
Then gathered many more,  
And proudly took them in my pail  
For grandma to adore.

Grams smiled when she saw me  
With the glories, full of song,  
But her eyes showed sorrow and regret,  
I knew something was wrong.

---

"Oh, child don't you know  
The glories, they will die  
Since cut down from their precious vine  
Their youth, it fades, oh, you will find

They've wilted  
And are not as pretty as before,  
You'd have to pick them every day,  
You'd then kill even more...

Till none were left to brighten,  
The glories would be gone,  
So leave them there for other girls  
Like you to look upon."

Since then when I pass morning glories  
On a summer's day,  
I smile and can almost hear  
My wise grandmother say,

"Let the flowers be, dear child,  
For they're only happy in the wild,  
As are you when you are free,  
You love to live and live to be  
Unpicked and fresh,  
Forever fresh,  
As are the glories upon the thresh,  
And never held for o'er a day  
Without dying and wilting away."

*Katrina Seymour*

---

**Love in the Time of AIDS**  
**Second Place, Quiz and Quill Essay Contest**

It was inevitable. The smell of Downy fabric softener always reminded him of unrequited love. With these words I could replace the first two sentences of the book *Love in the Time of Cholera* written by Gabriel Garcia Marquez and begin my own story. Florentino Ariza waited over half a century for his love, Fermina Daza. To me, that is a hell of a long time to wait for someone. His wait, however, was not without companionship as he had over six hundred "liaisons." One might ask how can a man love a woman so much as to have so many additional loves in his life? This is a question to ask only someone who has experienced unrequited love, and deserves an answer.

When I was in high school, I got involved in a theater production for the Drama club. I had a lot of fun working in Set Crew because most of my good friends worked there as well. There was very little structure as to what was going on back stage, which fit my chaotic lifestyle, but we knew our responsibilities and we managed them well. It was at one of the meetings that a frizzy-haired, bespectacled girl in blue jeans, a plaid muslin shirt, and paisley vest came to participate. When I first saw her, she was holding a T-square for someone working on one of the "flats" or walls of the stage. Her back was towards me and I didn't see her face, but I knew I had never seen her there before. So I waited for her to turn around and see me.

I was sixteen years, four months, and nine days old when I saw her for the first time. I was just captivated by her beauty and her soft, mellifluous but deep voice coming from her five-foot frame, and when she smiled, she looked like a mischievous sprite. To this day I remember how she laughed at something someone said and turned her head to look at me, and turned back

without so much as a spark. I had been irrationally attracted to several girls before that night, but in none of my comical infatuations had I ever lost myself so completely and so willingly as I did in her beautiful eyes. Her eyes were the earthiest hazel I had ever seen. I didn't hear music and I didn't see stars and I wasn't swept away in a dream-like tide of fantasy and possibilities, but I was aware of a strange unearthly calm inside of myself that, in the passing years, I've grown to accept as my heart's and mind's conclusion that my life, as I had known it, was over.

My friend Brian said she was "some girl from Band," and that she was going with some guy named Craig. I had always believed in the sanctity of fidelity in whatever form, but I found myself drawn to this woman. During the course of the evening, I noticed that she wore no ring with a bunch of colored yarn wrapped around it to make it fit better, so we met and we talked. But what about, I can't remember—except her name. This little woman was called Regina. And eleven years, ten months, and six days later, I am still her loyal subject.

Florentino and Fermina had a relationship of sorts in the beginning, but they were separated. Time and chance played upon the fleeting nature of love and they "split up." I believe that in the beginning, Florentino would have remained celibate until Fermina Daza's husband Dr. Juvenal died, but on a cruise ship Florentino was raped by a woman he learned was called Rosalba. "For at the height of pleasure he had experienced a revelation that he could not believe, that he even refused to admit, which was that his illusory love for Fermina Daza could be replaced by an earthly passion" (143). After Florentino's revelation, he began having all of his affairs. But were they simply affairs? Did he just use them for sex? Perhaps there were a few "little birds" that he felt nothing for, and most likely the "countless" ones that didn't even

make it in his "women" book meant nothing to him, but his behavior was to replace an emptiness left by the departure of the love Fermina felt for him.

Florentino's amorousness stemmed from a need to love as well as to be loved. He went hunting for his "little birds" as a way of releasing the emotion that built within him. Perhaps his excess of liaisons was his way of compensating for his lack of requital. This is not to say that the women in Florentino's life did not love him. Many of them did, and some quite strongly, but Fermina was the one he was in love with. He did cry for America Yicuna when he learned of her suicide because he had honestly loved her. He had loved America but he was in love with Fermina Daza. The rest of the women in his books he just loved. Florentino decided his heart belonged to Fermina Daza. That decision, I believe, is the difference.

Love, like Florentino's "little birds," comes in many forms. There is family love, maternal love, brotherly love and the like; and I can say that I love dogs, "Star Trek" and my job. I also love drinking flat Pepsi out of a half empty two-liter bottle. I love to write, swim, shop, race, eat, snooze, have sex, play chess, and read. I love music by "Yes" and I love Kathleen Turner. Love seems to cover a large area of activity. I have no reason to believe that what Florentino felt for each of the 622 liaisons he had during the fifty years he waited before sailing on a cruise ship up the river with Fermina was not genuine. All the things I mentioned above are just a few things that I love. I am not in love with those things even though I feel quite strongly towards them. So what makes the difference between loving something or someone and being in love with someone? Could it be the strength of the love felt? In loving those things mentioned above, I seem to place them in some type of emotional hierarchy which depends on my desired state of mind. Take my love for, say, Kathleen Turner. I couldn't wait to see her in the movie

"V. I. Warshawski" unless it meant missing a new episode of "Star Trek."

Florentino was convinced that he was over Fermina Daza until by chance one day he saw her leaving High Mass. Most people in similar circumstances might see their Fermina Daza, shrug their shoulders, and get stoned blind drunk that night (perhaps taking up with some sympathetic strumpet), but move on with their lives the next day. But Florentino continued to love her as much as ever. Yet he also continued to add to his book called "Women." In fact, he learned that he could be in love with more than one woman without betraying them, when he met a woman named Angeles Alfaro, whom, of all the women he had in his books, he called his best loved. But as soon as she, "had disappeared over the horizon, the memory of Fermina Daza once again occupied all his space" (270).

I understand Florentino's return to his love for Fermina Daza because I could see it mirrored in my own experience. Something as innocuous as an infatuation with an actress named Kathleen Turner can be as powerful as the love felt for one's True Love, but the force behind the emotion of love is guided by length of time and state of mind. When I drink flat Pepsi out of a two-liter bottle, the feeling lasts about four seconds, and I don't really concern myself with the act. When I go to see Ms. Turner, I am captivated by her presence to the exclusion of almost all other stimuli, until the film ends. "Star Trek" is an integral part of my life. I have watched the program and read the books ever since I was a boy, but once the show is over, there are a lot of other things to do. I have done those things and have loved a lot of women in my time so far, but I still feel for Regina as much as I ever did before. In spite of several serious relationships and even an engagement to a woman whom I loved so much, my heart always turned to thoughts of Regina when I was at

my least loved and alone. Florentino felt the same way for Fermina Daza when he saw her leaving the church at High Mass though she was more remote from him than ever before and six months pregnant.

After our romance in high school, which ended March 1, 1980, and not at all well, Regina went on to date two or three of my best friends. Later on, as we became friends, she and I both got involved with others, but we still kept in touch albeit tenuously because I would always find my love flowing back in like a tide engulfing a small fishing village. The years began to pass and our meetings became less frequent as our lives began to diverge. Regina got married and I became engaged. Even though I loved my fiancée and could conceive of no other life than to have her with me, I still, on rare occasions, would find myself thinking about Regina. When my future wife left me for a Gold Card and a 4 x 4 Bronco, I was heart-broken but got over it eventually (with the help of a few "little birds"). It was then, nearly four years since I had seen her last, that I saw Regina in front of the church at High Mass. Uh, that is, I saw her in Kroger. At first I was afraid that she would acknowledge me with a polite acquaintance nod and walk on by, but she glanced up and was genuinely pleased to see me. I hugged her hard and long and noticed she still carried a faint scent of Downy fabric softener about her. We talked a good long time about ourselves, and she introduced me to her children. Unlike Florentino Ariza and Fermina Daza, Regina and I, although we had lost touch with one another, had become good friends over time, and I looked forward to having a woman's perspective on my life again. Even though at the time I was dating a girl named Julia and was trying to see others whom I also cared about a great deal, seeing Regina there I realized then that she was my sovereign love, but there was much space between the paths we had taken in our lives. I found I was comfortable with the way

things were now between us. And so it has been for almost two years.

I admitted that of all the women I have loved, Regina is queen over my heart, but, with all of my girlfriends and wanna-be girlfriends, the stability of Regina's friendship has, like a breakwater, kept the tide at bay. Since our reunion I've courted many princesses: one, whose spirit sparked my imagination with many hopes and possibilities; another, whose thoughts and conversations challenged my intellect; and still another, whose passionate and tender lovemaking I will remember always. I loved them all and will go on loving other women, but in the back of my head there will always be a part of me that hopes and dreams that someday I will end up holding Regina's hand on a cruise ship while she smokes hand-rolled cigarettes.

#### Work cited

Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Love in the Time of Cholera. New York: Penguin. 1988.

**Scott Gottliebson**

**Esprit d' Orleans Nouveau*****Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest***

The eve of departure from  
this land of natives.

I'm lulled to my four-paned window by  
the emotions of thousands riding their crests.  
I grip my wrought iron balcony,  
rusty-rough under my fingers, but  
newly washed a wet ink-ebony.  
Thick, sultry night arms wrap over my  
ribcage and gently squeeze.  
Air barely wafts up my nostrils  
from the pulsating crowd below.

Let me join.  
I want to be you.

Paper mache harlequins, sequin-masked  
harlots, beautiful people.  
The tidal mass congeals to form a  
human amoeba.  
The eclectic mix passes;  
revealing a haunting melody  
the lost soul on the corner pleads  
through his jazz etudes and forgotten dreams.

Morning mist of the deep south,  
fragrant with beignets and cafe au lait,  
cleanses the confetti-littered avenues of  
last night's carousing.  
I long to dip my toes in the mighty Ole Miss and  
feel its velveteen waters caress me.

New hope and the powdered sugar breakfast  
rest on my lips as I  
dream of my lost French sailor.

***Candy Dickerson***

---

## Washington Square

City slang, brown bagged bottles  
screamin' for attention

"Smoke— Hash" pacing quickly  
with worried, focused purpose

Yuppies, ritual walk organized  
amongst the chaos

Bouncing man, to imaginary music  
happy to be alive

Hesitant holding of two men,  
they scope the hetero crowd

Rasta man, roller skater,  
a lone guitarist and me

*Kim Grossi*

---

## The Grub Worm

There's a grub worm on my ceiling.  
My friend just laughs.  
It doesn't move,  
It's asleep, snoring.

I hear it's good to eat.  
Good nourishment  
If you're stranded in the jungle  
With no food.

Just pinch the head in your fingers  
And bite the body.  
Don't eat the head.  
It may be poisonous.

I think I ate one once  
Without realizing it.  
I felt good at first,  
Then sick for days.

I'm always cautious now.  
I won't eat the head.  
It could make me sick again  
Just like love when one takes it in.

I'm afraid that this worm  
Might fall into my mouth when I'm asleep.  
So I'll sleep with my head under the covers  
And hide from love.

*Chris Grigsby*

---

## Word Flow

Parting lips, twisting tongue  
release primordial thoughts into the sea—  
spray filled with drops of your mind  
they drift and glide through the air to me

Words you speak are like swelling waves, lapping  
with a rhythmic rush on the shore of my eager mind.  
You are the ocean and I, the earth. Your words,  
like water, ripple upon my shore line.

Soft, porous sand is weathered by your tides,  
flooding and flowing over my outer elements,  
changing the shape of this celestial body  
Forever.

*Jodi Susey*

## She's No Angel

### *Co-Third Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest*

She was everything I wanted to be but couldn't. She could play the piano so beautifully that even the strongest critic would be moved, and she sang like an angel. Yet she was far from being an angel. She whose mini-skirts shrank to almost nothing when the principal was away and who could tell me almost anything I needed to know about sex. She radiated confidence and could say anything, to anyone, at anytime, whereas I was too timid and anti-social to speak more than a few words in or outside of class.

She was no beauty; she was too thin to be, with her childlike figure, short stature, and mousy complexion. Yet she managed to convince herself and me that she was the most beautiful girl in high school. We were two completely different people, but she was exciting and I enjoyed the times we shared.

"It's addictive, Shelly," she said in a low murmur. We were sitting at one of the long tables in the open room of the library, just off from the circulation desk. I glanced around nervously to see if the librarian was around as she shifted her legs under the table.

"Doesn't it hurt?" I urged her on.

"Well, the first time was pretty awful. It was 7th grade and we were both wasted in the back of his Firebird. Shelly, never do it in the back of a Firebird, especially if you're on the bottom. There's a lump on the seat and it digs right into your back...." She went on, my interest growing quickly. I didn't know how we had gotten on the subject, but we usually did end

up on it. She was better than a Harlequin Romance and violated everything my mother ever taught me about being a good girl. Actually, she violated everything her mother ever taught her about being a good girl!

"If my mother knew half the stuff I do, she'd lock me in my room for the rest of my life," she chuckled, an evil grin on her face. Her mother was a prim, proper music teacher. Yes, I could picture her locking Jessie in her room. Heck, I'd throw away the key. But I had never been kissed, never been drunk, and practically never went out with friends. This was a taste of the real life.

That's why I was shocked when she asked me, "What do you do on weekends?"

I mentioned going out to eat, the movies, things like that.

"Gosh, that sounds so ordinary. Let's do that this weekend. You drive," she said.

So there we were, in the middle of December of my junior year, in my parents' car (a Pacer, which slightly resembled an upsidedown bathtub on wheels) going to Pizza Hut. She ordered pineapple on her pizza, which seemed rather disgusting, but very sophisticated to me.

We snuck into an R-rated movie, ducking past the ticket-taker, and sat in the very back. During the middle of the sex scene Jessie declared loudly, "Yeah, like someone would really stop if they didn't have protection."

As people turned in their seats to see the speaker, I slunk down while Jessie grinned. She loved being the center of attention.

I was very pleased when, coming out of the

movie, she said "You know, this is the first time I've had a good time without getting drunk. "

Then we stopped at her boyfriend's house. She just had to drop off a tape she had borrowed because he needed it.

As soon as I saw Greg, I could tell he was yet another of her revolts against her mother. His long greasy hair hung past his shoulders and his tattered tee-shirt proclaimed "Fuck you" to the world. The minute he saw Jessie he began cursing at her. Jessie, on the other hand, was perfectly dressed, stylish in her red silk blazer. But she could curse with the best of them. They broke up that night and were engaged three days later. All or nothing, that was Jessie.

For a while our differences complemented each other. She did wild things I would never have done, the forbidden side of life that "good" girls ignore, while I gave her the attention she wanted and the transportation she needed. But certain crevices between people never close, only grow wider and cause anger and misunderstanding where excitement once had been.

This anger became apparent one of the last times we went out together. She wanted to go to her boyfriend's party to get smashed and have sex, and I wanted to go to the local art museum to see a display that was only up through the weekend. We didn't do either. We went to the mall instead and wandered into a jewelry store to "browse."

She wanted to look at the rings and wanted me to ask to look at the gold chains on the other side of the shop from her. In my blind admiration of her, I did what she asked. Then she lost interest in the rings and

came strolling over to see what I was doing, looking very innocent. A little too innocent, for Jessie.

We left the store and had walked a little way, when she flashed her hand at me. In place of her usual tiny ruby ring, she had on a large ruby with diamonds circling it. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Where in the hell did you get that?" I whispered, already knowing the answer.

"Just pulled a little switch, rearranged the rings—he never noticed." She smiled slyly. "You were a pretty good diversion."

"You stole it?" I stopped walking and looked at her.

"Shh, geeze you wanna tell the whole freakin' place?" She looked at me scornfully. "Everyone steals at one time or another, what's your problem? They were fixing the alarm system, you distracted the clerk, and I made the switch. It was perfect."

"Oh geeze, I can't believe this. . ."

"What is your problem?" she interrupted. "You said you wanted excitement, I gave it to you. You said you wanted to change your little life, make it more interesting, have fun, and loosen up. Now you're getting freaked out by a little thing like this!" She looked at me with a mixture of sympathy and disgust. "Listen, I'm just giving you what you wanted. So I guess it's up to you—do you want your boring old lifestyle, or do you want to have fun?"

I didn't answer her and she shrugged and looked away.

"Listen, I'm going to go call Greg and have him pick me up. Like I said, it's your choice. I guess you'll have to decide what you want to be," she said.

I let her go. I didn't really know what I wanted.

I saw her at school the next day, and we talked normally, but it wasn't the same between us. Her stories about sex in the band-room were still interesting, but the trust was gone, and I started spending more time by myself. It seemed as though, near the end of that year her mouth had become too large for her face and her face was too bony to be pretty. I wasn't so convinced about her beauty any more, and she realized that she had lost her audience.

The day before summer break she said pointedly to me, in a voice which could drop a sparrow in mid-flight, "You know, Shelly, sometimes you just get tired of friends and move on."

She found two more adoring fans and I watched them, just slightly envious. I guess I really missed the excitement she brought to my lonely life. I wondered if perhaps I had made a mistake, if I was ruining my life by not conforming to hers. But I was trying to run my life my way, not hers. And that had to matter for something.

I wish I could have known then (though it really wouldn't have consoled me) that I would know many Jessies in my lifetime. All of them bright and vibrant, like a burst of light. But that bright bursting of light is brief and burns into dimness in time, while those lights which shine steadily endure longer and find greater love. But it takes time to learn, and I didn't understand that then.

*Kelley Grant*

---

**The Voice Goes*****Third Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest***

Be careful with this; it is not poetry.  
I know the histories now,  
The acts of saints and mortals.  
They began Chocolate and Vanilla,  
Swirled with precision from the machine—  
Chocolate was Chocolate, Vanilla was Vanilla.  
Then my first lick, though,  
And all went dreamy, bloody,  
Dripping to my hands.

Jesus would talk to me, command me:  
    "Repent, preach the gospel.  
    You are my son,  
    One of the chosen."

A preacher,  
That was my calling, my telling, my heritage.  
Until the little hairs came,  
Growing here and there.  
There? Oh sin.  
    "Get thee behind me Satan."  
But he didn't budge—the little devil.

Jungle gyms, pulpits, crosses,  
They're all the same—high places, good targets.  
Aristotle, bright and stoneless,  
Never knew a good pelting.  
He knew the secret to the see-saw:  
Find the middle and stay there.

Jesus still talks to me.  
I hear Him down deep  
In that part that gives  
Knees their jerk,  
Memories their dominion  
And monkeys their vomit.  
The voice goes:  
    "Repent, repent."

*Aaron J. Thompson*

### **Childhood Nightmare—Adult Reality**

the night light has burnt out  
wonder woman can't fly  
and strawberry shortcake puked  
i'm really in the dark, now

(and i refuse to buy a green turtle to plug in my wall)

*Stephanie Lane*

### **Lightning**

The lightning flashes.  
A man wrapped in light now is  
aware of his hands.

*Greg Davis*

---

**Imagine**

Someone please remove the lid from this box.  
For so long has it contained me,  
that my soul is perched on the brink of explosion.  
Now it happens. Light engulfs my darkness.  
I cry out, for now I know freedom.  
Then spring from my crypt and sing the praises of  
emancipation.  
The trees in the glen, where they entombed me, are a  
dungeon.  
Built of solid walls and leafy canopy.  
Here I am not free.  
On to the meadow, with the wind at my feet.  
And in the openness of this expanse, I will see no  
limits.  
But the sky, the sky blankets me and confines me with  
its  
wholeness.  
This smothers all life and freedom is lost.  
If my molecules were to separate and fly with the  
speed of a comet, to the furthest reaches of the  
universe, still here they would be imprisoned.  
My sense of freedom disillusioned.  
So, I return to my box, and close down the lid, and  
imagine what great things might lie in wait out there.  
  
and now... now I am truly free.

***Daniel P. Driscoll***

## Grazing

### *Co-Third Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest*

Elizabeth found herself in the kitchen, grazing again.

Open the freezer, dig around a little.

Nothing good. Okay. Look in the cabinet.

Top shelf...nothing. Nothing on the lower shelves either. Now, now. don't panic. Try the pantry.

Aha?, chocolate chips!....Cookies? Nope...takes too long. Hmm....straight out of the bag? Uh-uh...too boring.

Wasn't there some peanut butter in here somewhere? Yeah! Right there in the back. She grabbed the jar.

Elizabeth promptly selected the largest microwave-safe bowl they owned from the bottom pantry shelf. She carried her armful of items to the counter and arranged them carefully. Sniffing the peanut butter as she opened it, she scooped several salty, smooth spoonfuls of the substance into the glass bowl, slid the bowl into the oven and pushed "COOK-2-0-0." She watched through the microwave door as the edges of the light brown goo began to bubble. When it looked hot and wet, she punched the "STOP" button and withdrew the steaming container.

She reached into the bag of chocolate and plucked one nugget from within, popped it into her mouth and rolled it over her tongue, savoring its strong flavor. She dumped some of the bits from the bag into the still bubbling peanut butter. She stared at the concoction a while. She dumped in more of the hard. sweet chips and looked again. This time she emptied the rest of the bag into the bowl. If you're a pig, just be a pig, she thought, and set about her stirring.

When the stuff was the proper consistency, cooled down and a golden shade of brown, Elizabeth scooped out a warm finger-full and stuffed it into her mouth. She

smiled. "Perfect!" she announced to herself, pleased with her creamy creation of sweet and salt, mush and morsel.

She carried the bowl and wooden spoon into the family room, turned on the big screen television, made sure the remote was at hand, found the soft throw coverlet and settled deep into the love seat to savor her self-indulgence...alone.

Brad, was gone, at last. It seemed like forever since she'd had the house to herself without him and his constant honeyed reminders about her weight and her sweet tooth and all her eating habits that were none of his damned business. And she was determined to enjoy his absence!

Elizabeth wasn't fat. Not really. Well, maybe she'd always been a few pounds overweight, but that was all. She might have gone up a size or two since their marriage but she didn't look that much different. The funny thing was, Brad always used to joke about marrying her because she was such a good cook! But now, Brad always had to make such a big deal over her eating habits, just because he couldn't understand that the pleasure she got from eating was the one thing she had in life that was hers, all hers and nobody else's. He could eat all the salad and fish and couscous he wanted — it was chocolate that gave Elizabeth fulfillment!

Life with Brad had been going pretty well there for a while. The two of them got married the year before and bought their nice new house and Elizabeth was reasonably happy. Brad's job as a software analyst for a big computer company brought in more than enough for them to live quite comfortably, so working did not cause her any great worries. Her own part-time job at the dentists' office was tolerable and just boring enough not to be stressful.

Her mornings, in the beginning of their marriage, had started with Brad's...both of them out the door at the same time. He, in his perfectly pressed navy blue suit,

starched white shirt and flowered tie, got in his gas-efficient economy car, while she, clad in a hastily assembled medley of random items from her disorderly closet, climbed into her inherited junker, and off they went.

But after Elizabeth spent her mornings making appointments for fillings and reminding patients that they were due for their six-month cleanings, she came back home, alone. Her afternoons were her own. She could read, soak in the tub, sit in the sun, even scrub the kitchen floor if she felt like it. Whatever she wanted...it was up to her as long as she kept the house going in a more or less reasonable condition and had dinner ready when Brad got home at 5:30.

And then, Brad's home office had moved out of town. Luckily for their pocketbooks, Brad hadn't lost his job, but he'd had to carve out an office of his own in one corner of their living room. Six weeks, he had said, six weeks and I'm out. I'll have a new office, out of the house, a real office, he'd promised.

That was six months ago. And day by day, Elizabeth had waited, smiling sweetly at him as he sat to work intently at his computer every morning when she left, fixing seafood medley on whole grain rolls for his lunch when she came home at noon, bringing iced sun tea to his desk for him in the hot months, July, August... silently wishing to herself that some relative far away would die or that Brad would get sick and go to the hospital (botulism in the crab meat?) or anything that would get him out of her way for any time at all!

Her wishes remained just that, wishes. There he'd sat, his eyes glued to the computer screen all day. Unless, of course, she ventured into the kitchen after lunchtime. "Elizabeth," he would call brightly. "What are you doing? If you're hungry, there's that salad we brought home from the store last night, remember?" Or, grumpily, "Oh, Elizabeth. Do you have to be eating all the time? Why don't you go buy some fresh vegetables

if you're going to snack?" Six months of that kind of hounding and anyone could get just a little crazy. Ooooohhh! Why couldn't he just leave her alone and mind his own business!

Elizabeth finished most of her now-hardening goo, then quickly spread the rest in a pan to freeze into mouth-watering treats for later. She scurried to clean up her mess so Brad wouldn't see it. And just in time, too.

"Elizabeth, I'm back," Brad called from the doorway, the perfect Yuppie in his blue denim shirt and khaki Dockers, every blond curl moussed into its proper place.

"How are you feeling? Mother asked about you. She was worried. Have you eaten anything?"

Elizabeth ignored his last pointed question. "I'm about the same, I guess." She answered, not bothering to take the edge out of her voice. Turning away from Brad's interrogation, she rolled her eyes. At least her lie had been successful enough to get Brad out of the house for a little while.

And it was true that she didn't feel like visiting Brad's mother. She could just hear it, "Aren't you putting on a little weight, Elizabeth?...Your jeans look a little snug...Shouldn't you be exercising a little more?... I could get you in one of the tennis leagues at the club..."

No thank you! She could live without that abuse. Her mother-in-law made a point of reminding Elizabeth every time she saw her that she, herself, had never acquired a taste for sweets, just couldn't understand the attraction to them that some folks had. That skinny old bitch! Elizabeth dreamed of drowning the old prune...just holding her head down in a big bowl of chocolate pudding... "Developed a taste yet, Mrs. Pastore?" Elizabeth wondered to herself, smiling. It would serve her right!

So she'd told Brad that afternoon that she wasn't feeling too well and would he mind visiting his mother alone? And it had worked. He had driven off in his boring grey sedan alone. She had won a little time for

herself.

Brad sniffed as he entered the room as if the air itself was evidence of Elizabeth's foraging. He seemed to think better of asking about it. "Are you going to work in the morning?" Brad questioned her with carefully concocted sincerity. "You really shouldn't eat much if you're not feeling well, you know. Maybe if you're home, the vending machine treats won't tempt you."

As usual, Elizabeth tried to overlook his biting comments. "Yes, I'm going to work. Just to get out of the house, if nothing else. Don't you ever get a little stir-crazy being here all day?" She had tried hints like these before, encouraging Brad to get out more, to look for a new office.

"Elizabeth, I've told you before. I like being here. What's the use of having a nice new house like ours if you're never home to enjoy it? As a matter of fact, I've been thinking lately and I discussed this with Mother just today. Now's as good a time as any to tell you: I've decided to keep my office here permanently. It's making money for us since the company's including that office rent allowance in my paycheck. I can convince them to keep on with it. And I'll get to be home with you. It will be good for both of us. I'll get to spend every afternoon with you. That way I can help you with your dieting. Won't it be great?"

Elizabeth choked at his words. She coughed. She sputtered. She gasped for breath. Brad ran to her side.

"Honey, are you sure you're up to working tomorrow? Maybe you should stay home. You sound terrible."

"I'll be fine," she rasped, pushing Brad away. "I think I should go to bed now though. I just need a little rest. I'll see you in the morning." Elizabeth tried not to run as she desperately escaped to the bedroom. She couldn't believe her ears. Brad home all day, every day, every last crumb of her freedom stolen away? What was she going to do? She crawled into the bed, miserable and full of self-pity.

Divorce was not an option. Her family would disown her. They still couldn't believe that she had found someone as prosperous as Brad. And besides that, they absolutely loved him and regularly informed Elizabeth of how good Brad was for her. Somehow, she was the only one who heard his private, happy little criticisms. Nobody knew what it was really like living with Brad and they'd never understand. No, if she left him, she'd probably starve, waste away to nothing, left to fend for herself.

Working more wouldn't help either. She'd be away from Brad, but she still wouldn't be alone and on her own, would she? Knowing Brad, he'd probably call the office at regular intervals to check up on her or hire the dentist to spy on her and give Brad daily reports.

Eventually, Elizabeth fell asleep, tortured by nightmares: Brad was a chocolate Easter bunny who enticed her into a dim chamber then slammed the barred door behind her and watched, bellowing with laughter, as the room grew smaller and smaller, her breath stolen away from her body as the walls closed in to crush her.

From that dream, she found herself in another, this time chased by Brad to the edge of a steep cliff with no way to turn. Brad was attacking her with a giant zucchini. She looked at Brad and his vegetable, then peered over the cliff, back at Brad, then she took a step backwards...

As she jolted awake, her heart pounding in her chest, she realized that Brad must have joined her in their bed at some time during the night, because it was nearly dawn and there he was, snoring cheerfully away beside her.

She gazed at Brad for several minutes, studying his bony face, his arched nose and long black eyelashes. She thought she had loved that face, hadn't she, back when? She was damn sure she didn't now.

Her stomach rumbled. Breakfast time, she thought.

Elizabeth stepped into her slippers and walked into the kitchen, still wearing the same ugly blue sweatsuit from the night before. She looked in the cabinet at the assortment of low fat, sugarless, high fiber, oat bran, multi-grain cereals that Brad kept well-stocked, then carefully closed the cabinet door. From the drawer under the stove, she pulled out the heavy iron skillet and set it on the right front burner. She stopped and looked thoughtfully at the massive frying pan, a wedding present from Brad's mother, then she picked it up again and slowly walked back into the bedroom.

Stepping silently around the bed to Brad's side, she watched him snore for a while longer. Then, she took the handle of the big black pan into both of her fists and raised it over her head. With all her strength, she brought it down decisively upon Brad's curl-covered head.

Elizabeth smiled serenely then and climbed back in beside her husband, between the designer sheets Brad had chosen for their bridal registry. She gently lifted Brad's left hand and brought it to her mouth. She bit off his pointer finger and chewed it, gnawing reflectively on the bone. Not bad, she thought. She leaned down to his warm, wet face and tried a taste of his ear. It's a little tough, kind of chewy, maybe I should marinate these, she thought.

She picked up the phone next to the bed and dialed her boss' personal extension. His machine answered, "Hello, you've reached the desk of Dr. Bill Murphy. I'm away from the office right now. Please leave a message and I'll return your call."

"Hello, Dr. Murphy. This is Elizabeth Pastore. I won't be in today. I haven't been feeling too well. It must have been something I ate." She giggled into the phone, hung up and went back to her breakfast.

*Susie Fields*

---

**Timeless**

I've found a place of bright night skies  
Where I can go and be  
Myself and no one else  
Nothing but what is me.

I sing my songs in my place  
Of quiet, magic, night,  
And dance alone on moonlight's lace  
Until Aurora's light

Peeks slowly o'er the curve  
Of earthly voluptuous land  
And she speaks to me in poetry  
And I understand.

She tells me I am beautiful  
And amazing and unique  
And kisses my soul with light fingertips  
Of pure unstained mystique.

I am my goddess  
I am my god  
I am everything  
I am the moon  
I am the stars  
I am that of which I sing

Again my songs, in my place  
Of starry, quiet, night,  
And know that I am the chosen one,  
The fire, wind, and light.

*Katrina Seymour*

**Breakfast Cleanup***Second Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest*

I saw you from the government green,  
Wrapping my arms and breakfast table.  
You were so delicate, so lovely—  
A young girl picking stones, one by one,  
From our runway to the war, to Hitler.  
That's the way things are done in China—  
One by one.

I swirled my coffee to the hum of the  
Propellers leaving and arriving at  
Our Vatican of Americana, stretched flat and proud  
Like a picnic on your father's land.  
It was a young pilot that crashed  
And ended my feast of chalk-dust eggs  
And spread you and your father  
Out on the land of your people  
Like shredded manure.

They took my eggs and gave me  
A half-filled sack for cleanup—  
"Utilize all supplies to exhaustion," they tell me . . .  
I would have preferred  
A fresh sack.

I found your silky arms first,  
Sleeved in burlap and dyed freshly red  
Like the inners of my mother's  
Cherry pies.  
I held your hands like handles  
As I lowered your tender arms down upon  
The scraps from our chef  
As I bagged you up  
And then looked for more.

Your torso still held your legs  
Twisted as the tails of a kite.  
As I bent to cover your new ugliness,  
I vomited on your chest  
And saw more eggs.

---

I knew what part was left for my search  
So I offered to clean the wreckage of the crippled plane  
I didn't want to see your eyes or touch your hair  
That were once so beautiful.

On my new hunt, I found the propeller,  
Spattered with the red butter of you and your father.  
I ran my finger down the blade and remembered Dracula.  
Then I saw him—the chef—  
He was helping with everyone.  
He found your head and was  
Swinging it by its hair,  
As he walked to his sack.  
I ran and snatched you from his ignorance  
And held you like a freshly born lamb,  
Gently resting you in the curve of my arm.

When I got to my sack,  
I grasped your blood black hair  
And lowered you down like a wreath  
On the honored dead.  
Your head squared nicely  
In the safety of your lap,  
And you made a kind of temple  
Like the one that once stood  
Where the mess tent is now.

As I completed you, the truth tore my gut  
And I had to vomit again,  
But I couldn't—  
I had nothing in me, except my American tongue.  
So, I let out every fowl, poisonous word I knew  
As the cook and soldiers in perfect stillness  
Watched and listened.  
When I was finished,  
There was a moment of silence,  
(but just a moment)  
Until everyone went back to cleaning up  
The mess from breakfast.

*Aaron J. Thompson*

**Yteicos**

These walls encase a window  
that lets the only light in the room.  
This window is "protected" by bars  
that only a few people can see.  
These walls were made by my father  
and all his father's fathers.  
They built it so exactly square  
so that only certain light would enter  
at certain times of the day.  
They built it to everyone's admiration  
and surely everyone liked it.  
No one ever exited the window  
No one ever dared.  
Everyone heard of this great room  
and traveled miles to see it.  
They all looked in astonishment  
even though it was nothing astonishing.  
It was square. It was a room.  
Everyone smiled  
because everyone else did.  
They all told their friends  
because everyone else did.  
Soon everyone came to see this great room  
with this great window.  
Everyone decided to live there  
and raise their kids there.  
Before long, everyone lived there  
because everyone else did.  
Some were happy with the walls  
Some weren't.  
Some wanted to leave through the window  
but they never did  
because no one else did.  
These walls have remained  
since the day they were built.  
Until someone climbs through the window  
they will always remain.

*Stephen C. Tobin*

---

## **My Autopsy, Thank You**

***Second Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest***

In the hollows of my chest  
Between my heart and other assorted pieces of viscera  
Was there ever really enough room for my soul?  
When the scalpels plunge into me  
Dancing between veins and arteries and bone  
Will the surgeons laugh, or speak in monotone?  
Am I just my flesh,  
A chemical soup or a sausage sack?  
Is my soul everything between the spaces of my vitals  
Or is it these things too? Or none of the above?  
Please doctor, as you poke and pry  
If you should find any answers for me  
Whisper them in what's left of my ears  
Or carve them next to: RETURN TO SENDER  
with my name attached  
Using your stainless steel razor sharp letter openers  
Feel free to rummage through and push aside  
whatever's in the way.  
As for the fluids that I drip on you  
I can't help it anymore.  
I'd say I'm sorry, but how can I,  
If my fears and loves and cares were trapped inside  
this mortal heart  
When it was blown out of the cavity of my chest  
Into the streets for strangers to slip in?

***Bryan Worra***

---

**Here I Stand**  
*Co-Third Place, Quiz and Quill Essay Contest*

Sometimes I just sit and stare at the wall, wondering where my destination lies - wondering if I'll make it another day and if I do, will I look back at yesterday with regret or a feeling of accomplishment because there are so many things I want to do? Will I be able to do it all, half, or none of it? When I moved to Columbus a year and a half ago to attend DeVry, I thought I knew it all. I'd come here and go to school five days a week and party six. School was the last thing on my mind. Dope dealers were on the street with their fancy cars, plenty of money, and all of the women. I'd drive by and say to myself, "That's where I want to be—where the action is!" So into the middle of the action I went. That summer, the kid from Fort Wayne who knew it all learned a little. The type of life drug dealers lead isn't all fun and games. Each hour of their lives is filled with fear. Every time a squad car passes by, the heart accelerates and sweat begins to pour. The slightest foul-up and months, years or even the rest of their lives could be spent in jail. So why do they do it? I'll tell you why. I'll tell you why I did it. A simple five-letter word answers both of these questions whipping through your head. We do it for the money—for the things that money can buy. They don't steal, kill and disrespect one another because they enjoy it. I don't get up and go to work every morning

---

because I enjoy it. We do it for the money.

Right now I work at Scandinavian Health Spas. I am a Program Director there. My job is to market and sell their memberships. They don't care how we get people signed up as long as they make money. The job is stressful because it is high-pressured sales, which starts with the President of the club who sends it on a one-way trip through the different levels of the company till it reaches the Program Director who then passes it on to the consumer. I eat, sleep, and dream Scandinavian. My life revolves around my job. It is almost like I don't have a life. The owners of the club could not care less about us as people. Their only concern is that we generate business. I guess that my point is the human aspect of life has turned into a narrow tunnel of thought geared toward personal wealth and material things when what should be important is personal growth and helping others gain personal growth within the mind and self.

There is no doubt about it, money plays a major role in a person's make up. But money does not make the formation alone. The things that you can buy and do with money are also very important factors. If you are able to travel to other cities and countries because you have a comfortable income, your perspective about people from other countries and those around you changes. Just in our football team's little five-day adventure in Germany, my mind has expanded to lengths I never knew existed. Columbus and

Westerville are hardly even dots on the map of this world. I'll never view home in the same way I did before I left. This world has so much to offer to the human mind that no man could ever grasp all its different cultures in one lifetime. The only thing one can do is grab hold of the things that one comes across that grab one's interest and enjoy them to the fullest. Life is so short that if you wait too long you just might miss them. Without money it would be very difficult to travel to other lands and seek out new and exciting things.

\*

\*

\*

The largest part of my individualism was created by television and my peers until I reached the age of nineteen. Television is a child's best friend when there is no one for him or her to play with. People on TV are heroes or role models for children, and I was no exception.

After you begin school and make new friends, though, you have a new set of standard values. You want to fit in with your peers and be viewed as an equal or just one of the gang. Therefore you begin to think, act and dress the way your friends from school, whom you associate with, do. I feel this takes away from a person's self-confidence and originality because he is not becoming the person that he wants to be. He is becoming the person society wants him to be.

The media can have a huge effect on people's actions and thoughts. We rely on daily news coverage to see what is going on around us. The average American follows the daily news without question of accuracy and truth from the reporters who are finding the stories. One story from a reporter in a well-known local paper, stating something negative about a company's product, can cost a business millions of dollars. After reading that section in the newspaper, 9 out of 10 Americans would stop consumption of that product without further question and would even go so far as to use the newspaper to prove the validity of their decision because of their strong belief in it. I don't think people should be such robots, letting the media tell them what to believe. I'm going to try take the next step, find out more about what's really going on before I make that kind of decision.

The media are an excellent way to get information to the people but sometimes they are used to mislead. For example, the economy is in a very bad state right now. The American dollar is low and there are very few jobs available. There have been over 100,000 layoffs in the year 1992 alone. Not just the unskilled workers but also well educated citizens who have been at their position for as long as 20 years. Yet the daily news constantly assures that things are getting better. A lot of people have no idea what type of economic slump America is in because of the truths the media keep hidden from us, just as they hide us

from ourselves.

My personal goal is to approach every situation and person with an open mind, never doubting that person's abilities or that situation's possibilities.

The overall makeup of each individual is a result of influences on that person. I feel it is a shame that money has such a large effect upon the destinies and happiness of the American people. Money is the most influential role model. Some will beg, rob or cheat for it. Money may have a lot to do with where my destination lies. What a shame.

***Damien Woodson***

**Soon*****Third Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest***

We have made a tender tempered bond  
In knowing of each other's heartfelt hands.  
We seek our needs in souls entwined on sands  
Of loneliness and lifeless dunes; beyond  
The words that spoke of nights we dreamt of us  
In touch; across the space and time between  
Our wintered lives, like memories of green  
Returned. I have made my mind thee thus,  
That love wants like a child to grow with years.  
Though you and I may long for once ago,  
I've eyed our wood-grained patterned lives to know  
There is no end of my love for you, my dear.

We live like parallel lines together; with each  
One's fate and faith, our bond betwixt has reach.

***Scott Gottliebson***

### **A Quiet Repose**

A quiet repose  
    inside . . .  
like still summer  
    dusk,  
Contentment and peace  
    but without—  
        fulfillment  
as a troubled journey ceases,  
    being able  
        to reflect and  
            decide,  
To forego and live  
    without  
        but with more,  
Waiting for a time  
    of perfect attainment  
        until  
A unity of logic  
    and desire are present  
        just for me.

***Matt Madison-Clark***

---

## *Contributors*

**Matt Madison-Clark**, a senior music major, says "What I write comes from inside me, it is an expression of my inner thoughts."

**Greg Davis**, a senior writing and language major, says, "if it ain't broke, throw it against the wall and push it down the stairs."

**Candy Dickerson**, a senior nursing major is "a true lover of the arts in a world of science."

**Daniel P. Driscoll**, a sophomore speech communications/history major, thinks, "Dr. Seuss played the greatest influence in my life."

**Kim Grossi** is a senior nursing major.

**Susie Fields**, a senior business communications major, writes she is an "ADP student who wants to abandon 'real life' for writing."

**Scott Howard Gottliebson**, a senior English major, says cryptically: "Abba dabba dabba, umpt tee dumpt do dah!"

**Kelley Grant** is a senior writing major who wants to "become a hermit after graduation."

**Chris Grigsby** is a junior English major whose excuse is: "Sorry! Fresh out of brain cells...."

**Nancy Ketzler**, a sophomore history major, whose poem had honorable mention, says "Accept people for who they are not what you want them to be."

---

## ***Contributors Continued***

**Stephanie Lane** is a Continuing Studies student who loves the smell of wet wool—"please, let it snow, let it snow..."

**Katrina Seymour**, a sophomore English major, cries out that "life has beaten me with a wet noodle."

**Jodi Susey**, a senior English major, knows "the time will come for all of us to face what we'd rather not see."

**Iva Steward** is a sophomore art major. This is her second cover design for *Quiz and Quill*.

**Stephen C. Tobin**, a sophomore English major, quotes, "What can I tell you? Life's the length of this play. Perhaps God gave the answers to those with nothing to say."—Savatage

**Aaron J. Thompson**, a senior English/philosophy major, says, "don't trust narrators; they lie...don't trust writers; they lie, too. Don't trust anyone—we all lie."

**Damien Woodson**, a sophomore business major, gives this advice, "control your life and don't let it control you..."

**Bryan Worra**, a second year public relations major, says, "without heart, it's not art."

