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2015 Fall Micro Chapbook

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QUIZ & QUILL

FALL 2015 MICRO CHAPBOOK

QUIZ&QUILL

OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY'S STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE

MANAGING EDITOR Josh Brandon
PAGE DESIGNER Lydia Crannell
SECRETARY Sarah Carnes
FACULTY ADVISOR Shannon Lakanen

STAFF

Sami Beers	Gyasi Hall
Josh Brandon	Hayley Kirst
Sarah Carnes	Claire Lober
Amelia Christmas	Lily Mann
Viola Constable	Yoshi Maroscher
Maverik Cox	Lillian Mills
Lydia Crannell	Claudia Owusu
Alexandrea Futo	Rebelah Perry
Courtney Getz	Alexandra Putnam
Marissa Gould	Steven Schroeck
Casey Hall	Claire Winslow

SUBMISSION POLICY

Q&Q prides itself on publishing the highest-quality creative work. Therefore, every precaution is taken to assure a writer's anonymity during the selection process. Only the advisor of Q&Q knows the identities of those who submit work to the magazine until after staff members' selections are finalized.

CONTACT US

Send all inquiries to quizandquill@otterbein.edu.

COVER ART

"Autumn Leaves" by Linda Bein



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The Infinite Almost

Lillian Mills

We're almost
Too sweet
We're rotten.

We're almost
Too ripe
We're bleeding.

We're almost
Too swollen
We're no longer

Whole.

I Fell in Love

Emily Roberts




I fell in love,
underwater,
yesterday;
holding my breath,
and knowing that if God hadn't
made the air,
I would be dead in minutes.



Christmas Eve 2014

Lydia Crannell



Kitchen table talks til 3a.m. with brother
5 glasses of rum to pretty the truth

Mom knows?
Yeah, she thinks it's a phase.

It all burns going down.



Super(Villain)

Yoshi Maroscher

Words have power. My dad taught me that. It was a Saturday morning, back when Saturday mornings meant television and a bowl of cereal. I wasn't more than six years old when I turned to my father. I can imagine my tiny face scrunched up, perplexed by the puppets dancing across the screen.

"Dad, how can a letter bring me a show? It's just a letter."

His grin was full of parental affection as he peeked over his newspaper. "Well baby, letters make up words. Words have more power than most people realize."

My eyes wide with wonder, I turned back to the television. The cautious reverence in his voice had shifted my world view. The way he said "power" had given me goose bumps. From that moment on, I imagined letters and words flying through the air, from mouths to ears, becaped and determined to save the world one syllable at a time. The superheroes of my childhood weren't colorful, bitten by radioactive insects, or made into government experiments, but they were no less powerful to me. They fueled my imagination, my passion for literature, and my journey to university.


I just wish I had thought of the consequences earlier. I know all too well that nothing can exist without its opposite. As that one word flew out of my father's mouth and into my ears, I could barely keep my grasp on the phone in my hand. "...Cancer..." and just like that the villain appeared. Dark and grotesque, oozing a wealth of suffering to all it encountered, this word threatened to obliterate all of the strength and happiness this man had brought into my life.

The foundations of my world, held for so long on the strength and power of my father's lessons, crumpled before my ears. My word, the only one I had left, choked out in a sob, fell to the ground in a tiny pathetic heap. Its cape was tangled in a noose around its neck as the tears from its eyes began to wash away the very ink with which it had been created; "Dad..."



Starlight


Lillian Mills



Your inky spine tangled
Around my restless limbs.
I kiss dew from
The muddle we've made.
Your eyes glowing
A constellation between
Sleep-filled lids.

Song for Ventura, California

Gyasi Hall

The background of the page is a light, textured surface with faint, stylized illustrations of leaves in various shades of gray and blue. The leaves are scattered across the page, some appearing to fall from the top, creating a sense of movement and atmosphere. The text is centered in the middle of the page, providing a focal point against the subtle background.

God made the West so our bones
would have someplace to dissolve into.
The waves eat parents out there.
I'll drive my brother home tomorrow.



The Twists and Curves of this Summer Air

Emily Roberts

The twists and curves of this summer air
can only imply that life exists
completely out of nothing,
or perhaps everything,



Body Map

Casey Hall





From the Highway

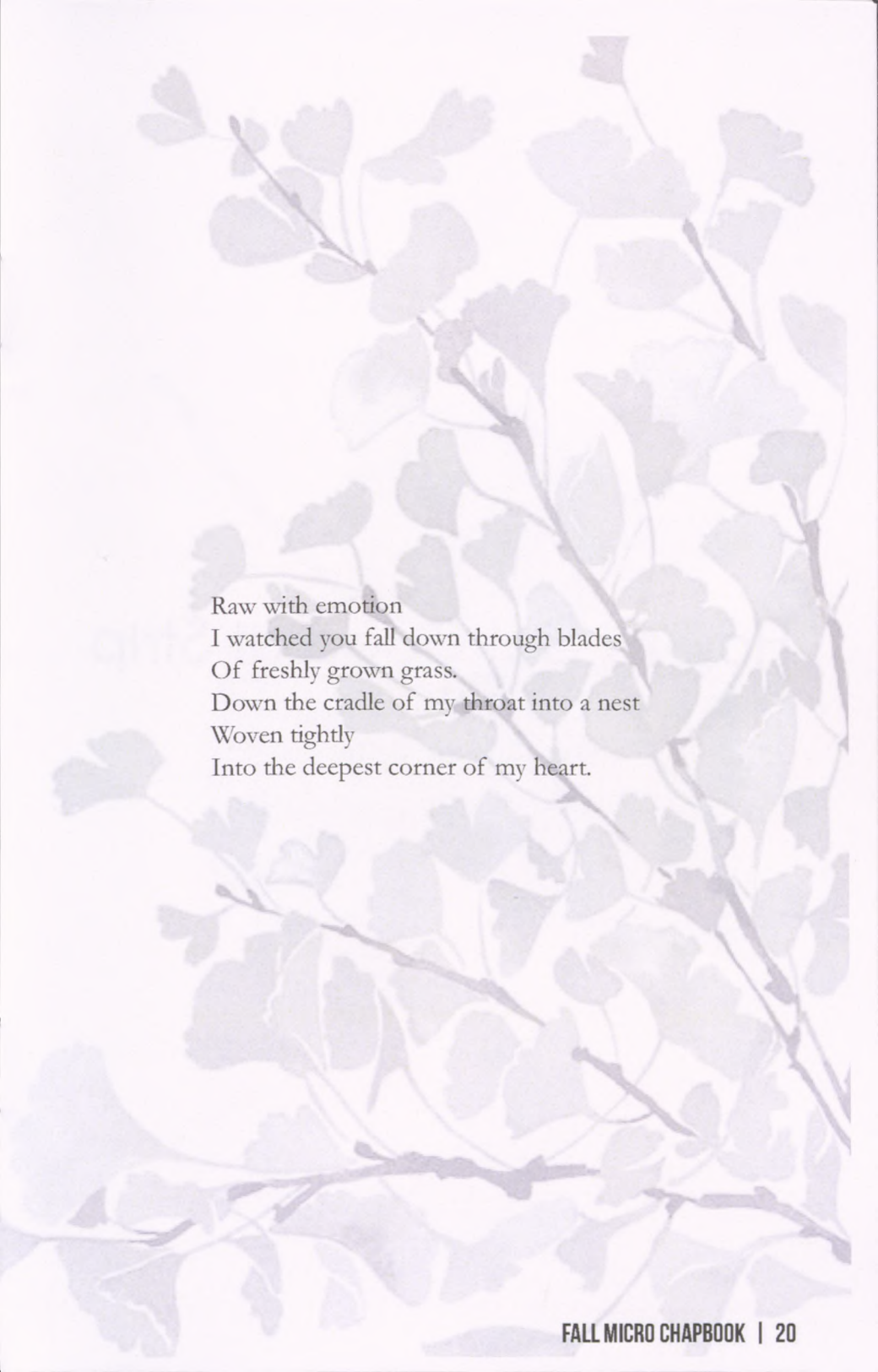
Emily Robert



From the highway,
late at night,
the endless cornfields
might as well be endless oceans.
And if that is true,
anything can happen.

Grass Nest

Lillian Mills



Raw with emotion
I watched you fall down through blades
Of freshly grown grass.
Down the cradle of my throat into a nest
Woven tightly
Into the deepest corner of my heart.



How to Get Good at Strip Solitaire

Gyasi Hall

Ask the brick walls how they got used to
people always leaving them.
Then, make something
with your hands.

