

MERIDIAN COMM. COLL. LIBRARY



3876000065661

808
M54
2001

LITERARY REVIEW

Literary Review
2001

Cover & Guest Photographer: Amber Winford, a 2001 graduate of the MCC Graphic Communication Technology Program, won first place in the cover design competition. Also, several of her photographs are included as illustrations in the *Review*.

About the Cover: This year's *Review* cover is a collage of pictures taken by MCC faculty and administrators who have been awarded Study-Travel Grants funded by the Meridian Community College Foundation. These grants are presented to those MCC personnel who are judged to have worthy study/travel requests. The *Review* staff would like to express appreciation to the following grant recipients who provided their photographs for this college: Dr. Kathy Baxter, Richard Dixon, Kathy Foley, Dr. Jeannette Murphy, Steve Owen, Cheryl Shannon, Diann Sollie, Rowena Saucier, and Cathy Webb.

808
M54
2001

10.

Faculty Advisor _____ Steve Owen

Publication Advisor _____ Laura Davis

Editor _____ Tori Martin

Cover Design & Photography _____ Amber Winford

Graphic Communication Technology:

Faculty Instructor/ Advisor _____ Sean Boykin

Featuring GCT Sophomore Art,

Layout & Design: John Doby - *Reflections*

Contrast

Matt Garner - *Uncle Geb*

The Highest Bidder

Karl Green - *Mangled Melodies*

The Highest Bidder

Jennifer Houston - *Well-Worn Whispers*

Chris Hunter - *Between Sleep and Awake*

Leanne Jackson - *The Passion*

Well-Worn Whispers

Jennifer Kopf - *Silent Cockatiel*

Bye Bye Bad Times

Well-Worn Whispers

The Highest Bidder

Gwen McShepard - *In Another Country*

Kemo Scott - *Mawmaw*

Keely Smith - *Love Defined*

Elusive Beauty

Well-Worn Whispers

The Highest Bidder

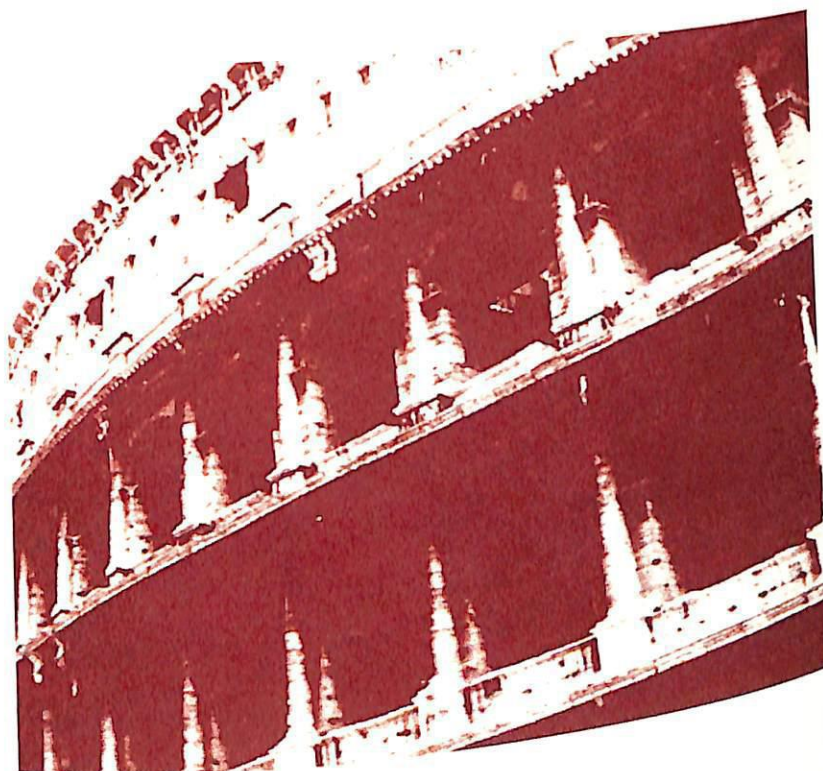
Mark Quimby - *The Highest Bidder*



66912 MERIDIAN COMMUNITY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Literary Review Staff

Table of Contents

Credits	1
The Passion	3
Love Defined	4
In Another Country	5
Elusive Beauty	8
The Highest Bidder	9
Contrast	15
The Silent Cockatiel	16
Bye-Bye Bad Times	22
Between Sleep and Awake	25
Mangled Melodies	26
Reflections	29
Well Worn Whispers	30
Uncle Geb	34
Mawmaw	35
Contest Winner	36
About the Winners	38





How I fight your mighty arms that encompass
Me, desperate to prove no need of you.
You woo me with words of eternal love
That I rebuff in mocking defiance
Scornful of your heartsong beating true.
The nail scars speak of your sacrifice in love
Yet I turn calmly away, afraid to believe.
Why do I pause to contemplate your offer
Of a passion for me so real?
Must I be shown the very gates of heaven
To prove the reality of your vow—
Or linger like Thomas doubting, denying
The truth of your words, through ignorance and fear?

The Passion

Sue Ammon

I'll tell you what affection is...
 In sonnet, story and one word.
 To define passion is none of magic,
 Simple to explain
 And never sound absurd.
 And love?
 To love... as a child...?
 So trustingly
 and slightly wild.
 To love...as a parent...?
 So knowingly
 and yet beguiled.
 To love...as a wife...?
 In all the tight corners
 where dreams are piled.
 But define it....
 I cannot.
 And love you?
 Is that what's sought?
 The warm desire,
 to give, to be
 a part of you and you of me.

And is it love?
 True,
 but we both see,
 'Tis but a part of living's fee.
 Extracted from us...
 A price to pay.
 For tend'rest moments
 each fine day.

Still, there are many kinds of trees,
 and birds, and songs, and melodies.
 And midst them are
 those bright, true strains
 That touch emotion
 when life wanes.
 And so, I'll tell you
 All these things
 And make you know I deeply care.
 But you must admit.
 We are aware...
 that love wears
 no true coat or leaf.
 And even may be found in grief.
 Yet, I can tell you
 A white bird is a dove
 And those are nimbus clouds above...
 And so, explain this all to you...
 And still not define...
 love....

Love Defined

P.J. King

Clara had spent the week throwing away, had filled big trash bags with personal, revealing papers which must not be left upon the earth for someone to find. She had put important documents into her PC and saved them with a password known only to her nephew. Now she would tackle the file cabinet. There, among the old junk, she found a thick folder of "literary masterpieces:" bad poetry, unfinished short stories, tributes to the dead, rejection slips, etc. Here was a poem about a dog that got killed-sweet dog. Bad poem. Pain and loss-she had written about it all back then. This stuff would have to hit the wastebasket, of course. But all of the old suffering, she reflected, had passed with the years. She had simply forgotten how devastating it was at the time.

Clara picked up a page entitled "Harpeth River Valley." Good heavens! This event occurred at least thirty or forty years ago. She should have long since thrown this away! Oh, yes, she did indeed remember the occasion, though somewhat vaguely. But, for years, she had given no more than a casual thought to the person-now dead- in fact, who had shared that experience with her. Could it be possible that she had once been so wild with passion, with "the fire, the sweet hell within," as Whitman described it? This, Clara had certainly forgotten.

During the past week, she had been struck again and again with the way events and people themselves fade with the years-some, more and some, less. Had the memory of all emotions, not just the suffering, vanished with time? Here it was-the era in her life when she had felt pure, unmixed joy. Had she developed so many safeguards against heartache that she had become too "Wise" even to remember such feelings? She began to read this old yellow sheet of paper that recorded one of her forgotten days of simple rapture, and soon she was lost in the aura it recalled:

Above the Harpeth River Valley

"Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away..."

It was a sleepy Sunday morning and the rest of the town had stayed at home in their beds. But you and I had brought our passion out of doors, our every pore alive like the green woods around us. "I know just the place," you said; "It's in the clouds." We left the car and ran toward the trail that led up the spine of the little cone-shaped mountain, to our new intimate rendezvous. We found the trail's entrance easily, though it was hidden among a thick stand of trees and bushes. They sheltered such a dark and private spot, a cricket's hideaway, that I almost ventured, "Why not here?" You almost heard me, but there ahead lay the patch of sun that began the ascent.



In Another Country

LaVonn Benson



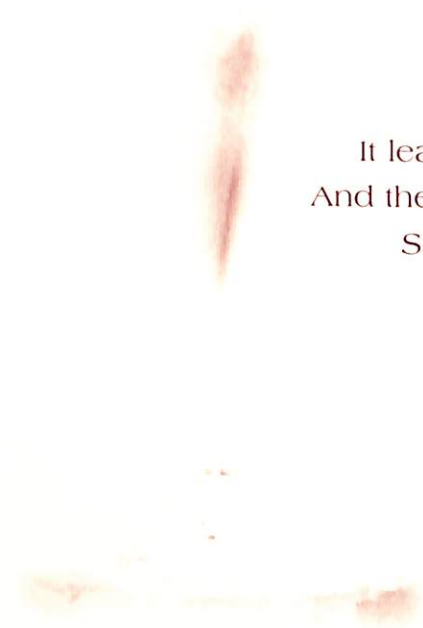
And there it was, bright
against the black of the night—
That lovely starry blackness
That destroys, yet amplifies, exactness;
One moment all's a technicolor blur,
And the next every cold particle is there;
And it was beauty.

Elusive Beauty

Chad Nicholson

It was a strung-out light of halo,
Ethereal, lovely and searing
As a minor-keyed Santana solo,
Mocking me, distancing, nearing
Mockingly evading my silver pen's
Capture: I'll almost have it and then ...
And it was beauty.

Flashing like lightning at twilight
In my mind's eye's inner light
It leaves me drained with its vampire kiss
And then I awake, and something's not right,
Something I had, but that I now miss...
And it was beauty.



No one noticed the little white haired lady when she entered the hall and took a seat on the front row. She had been there earlier in the day and walked among the tables of china and glassware to be auctioned. Some of the tables held trays of old jewelry, hat pins and other trinkets valued by young ladies of years past. There were groupings of antique chairs, small tables and a few pieces of wicker. She loved old wicker.

Janie Cox had had her share of lovely things when she was young. She had lived in a time when the lives of the young people from the prominent families were filled with parties, dances and other social events, and young debutants always competing to catch the eye and heart of the most eligible young men. Janie's mind went back to those days.



She was an only child.

Her parents had been generous with their love and attention. Almost too much so. At times, she felt their protectiveness would actually suffocate her.

Janie was a lovely girl with large blue eyes and gold curls around her face. Her tiny waist was the envy of all her friends.

The summer of her eighteenth birthday, her parents allowed Janie to visit her grandparents in another town. She made the trip by train. It was her first time to soar.

The train had not traveled far when Janie noticed a young man across the aisle

The Highest Bidder

Jo Ann Brown

from her. He was handsome in a different way than the boys Janie knew at home. His dark hair fell on his forehead and seemed to want to hide his dark eyes. He didn't seem to mind that she had caught him staring at her.

Janie kept sneaking peaks at the young man. He seemed to be drawing something on a pad. When their eyes met, she didn't turn away.

He got up and stood by her seat. "My name is Beau Dixon. Do you mind if I sit here with you, Miss-?"

"Cox. Janie Cox. No, I don't mind."

He showed her the pad he was holding. He had sketched the face of a young girl with ringlets of curls around her face. Her eyes were open wide, and she had a hint of a smile. Janie was surprised at how well the young man had captured her likeness. Beau told her he was an artist. He had spent a summer studying in Paris and had his own studio in the same town where her grandparents lived.

"Tell
me
about
yourself,
& it's
yours."

he
no
longer
Seemed
like
stranGer

"Would you like to have the sketch?"

"Oh, yes! Could I?"

"Tell me about yourself, and it's yours."

At first, Janie was shy telling this stranger about herself, but soon she was talking comfortably. She told about her home, her parents and that she was going to visit her grandparents.

She even told him how happy she was to be traveling alone for the first time. They passed the time pleasantly and reached their destination in what seemed an unbelievably short time.

He no longer seemed like a stranger.

Janie's grandparents were standing on a platform with loving smiles of welcome on their faces. Grandpapa held a bouquet of yellow and white daisies. He was so dear.

Janie eagerly introduced her grandparents to Beau, and hoped she was only imagining their disapproval. She knew even then that she intended to see more of Mr. Beau Dixon. She had never before met anyone as exciting as this young man.

Beau was permitted to call on Janie one afternoon. They sat on the porch in Grandmama's beautiful wicker swing, under the watchful eye of Grandpapa. Grandmama served lemonade to them, but Janie knew she would never be allowed to visit Beau's studio. She felt she would have to find a way to see the studio. Beau talked of his paintings with an excitement Janie longed to understand and be part of.

The auctioneer was beginning his instructions to those wishing to be bidders.

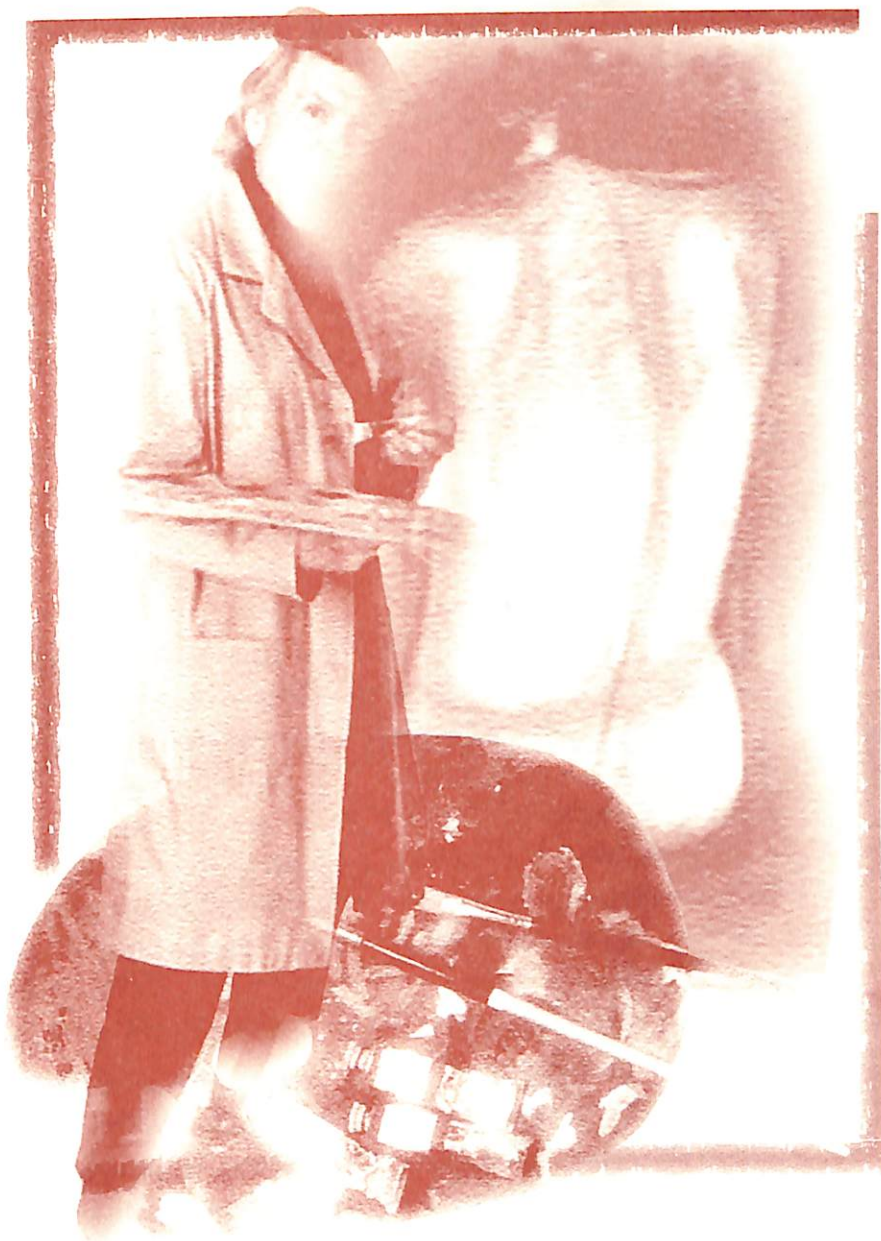
"Everyone must sign the register and receive a numbered card. I can't take your bid without your number."

Janie clutched her card tightly. Number 5. She had been at the door when it opened. It hadn't taken long for her to find what she had hoped would be here.

"Janie, one of my dearest friends, Mable, lost her husband during the night. I'm going over to be with her and help out with things. I'll probably be all day. You'll be on your own. I'm sorry, but Mable does need me."

"That's all right, Grandmama. I'll probably spend the day at the library. I'm sorry about your friend."

It didn't take Janie long to dress and find her way to Beau's studio several blocks up the street. Beau opened the door to Janie's knock. He seemed surprised to see her, but she felt he



was pleased. He held a wooden palette covered with globs of colored paints. As Janie explained she was on her own for the day, she looked around the room. Canvases hung on all the walls. Some were propped in the corners, and two large easels held canvases.

One of these canvases had a sketch of a young lady. She seemed to be looking over her shoulder at something. Beau quickly dropped a cloth over this canvas. The other canvas was a painting of a bowl of fruit. An apple, perfectly rounded in a luscious red, looked so real Janie felt she could reach out, take it in her hand and eat it.

she felt She was in a Different world...

There seemed to be magic in the way Beau had used the colors of his palette. She loved the many shades of yellow, blue, red, purple, umber and sienna. The smells of paints and oils – all this and the nearness of Beau had an intoxicating effect on Janie.

"How much am I bid for the lovely piece of carnival glass? It is a signed Norwood pitcher. Very rare. I have \$50. Do I have \$75?"

The lady sitting by Janie raised her card. She had to do so one more time to get the pitcher for \$125.

The auctioneer picked up a book. "Who will open the bidding for this old book? It is a first edition in very good condition." Beau had many books scattered about his studio. Janie had looked at some of them filled with pictures of paintings by the old masters.

Grandmama spent a lot of time consoling Mabel. Funeral arrangements had to be made, food brought in, and family notified. Then she felt Mabel should not be left to herself after Harvey had been laid to rest and the family had departed. It would be depressing for Mabel to be alone. This gave Janie time alone. She found many reasons to visit the "library".

She felt she was in a different world when she was in the studio with Beau. It was warm and safe and at the same time exciting and a little scary. She felt she could never tire of watching Beau paint– the way he held his brush– the little frown he had when he couldn't get the exact color mix he wanted; and the way he smiled and touched her cheek when he was pleased with his work.

Janie realized she was spending too much time with him. Yet, she couldn't help herself. She was deeply in love with him and was shocked at how far she had let the relationship go.

One day as Janie reached home after spending time at the studio, she realized a young girl had been walking a short distance behind her for some time. After she

went upstairs to her room, she heard Grandpapa talking to someone near the front door. She didn't know what was being said, but sensed that Grandpapa was upset. When she looked out her window, she recognized her as a lovely dark haired girl she had noticed several times standing in a doorway across from the studio. She always seemed to be watching the studio.

That night after Janie went upstairs to her room, she heard Grandpapa talking to someone near the front door. She didn't know what was being said, but sensed that Grandpapa was upset. When she looked out her window, she saw the figure of a girl pass under a streetlamp as she walked away from the house. The figure looked like the girl who walked behind her earlier.

The next morning, instead of Grandmama's usual greeting, she announced, "Your parents will be here today to take you home. You should get your things together."

Janie couldn't bring herself

to ask why. She knew why. Her grandparents had learned where she had been spending so much time from the mysterious girl who talked to Grandpapa.

The auctioneer held a hand mirror. "How much for this beautiful old sterling silver hand mirror? It is monogrammed with the letter 'D.'" Janie had a mirror much like it. Hers had belonged to her mother, and it bore the letter "C". It had been a silver anniversary gift from Janie's father.

The "C" was fitting for Janie. She had never married. For several years after her quick departure from her grandparents', she

had held on to the hope that Beau would come after her. He never did.

Janie settled into a life that made her reasonably content. Her "children" were students she had taught; some still cared enough to keep in touch.

It was one of these students she met on the sidewalk outside Kelly's that fateful day last week. While she and Sara chatted, and Janie admired Sara's baby lying in its buggy, a young boy rode by on a bicycle. Before Janie could tell him he shouldn't ride his bicycle on the sidewalk, he had pushed a sheet of paper in her hand.

Later at home, Janie looked at the paper. It was a flyer telling of today's auction in Collier. As she read the list of items offered, there it was: "Painting by local artist, Beau Dixon." Janie felt a hush come over the room when the auctioneer held up a painting of a nude young girl. Her lovely face was surrounded by blond curls, and her blue eyes seemed to look directly into the eyes of the viewers as if in an attempt to keep their eyes from lowering to the perfect young body.

"The next item for bid is this painting from the private collection of a local artist, Beau Dixon. Mr. Dixon passed away last year. He was a very successful artist at one time, painting mostly portraits. This painting is signed, but not dated. The model is unknown. Who would like to open the bid?"

A young couple opened the bid timidly with, "\$100."

"\$200."

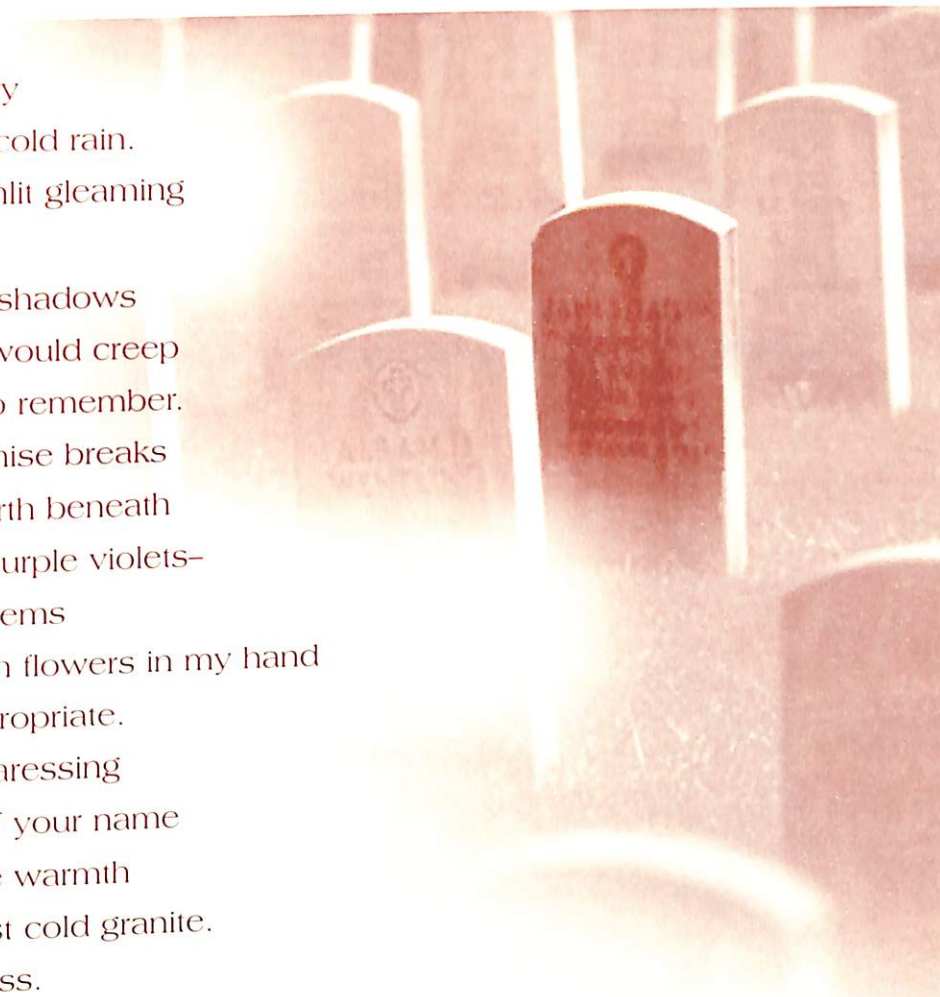
"\$300." The bidding rose quickly.

"600." This from a smartly dressed lady in the second row.

"One thousand dollars." Janie made her bid. Three words, but the auctioneer could feel the emotion in her voice. He looked at Janie a few seconds, then dropped his gavel.

"Sold to No. 5. The little lady in the front row for one thousand dollars."





It would be easier
If the day were dreary
Draped in sheets of cold rain.
Instead, blue sky sunlit gleaming
Mocks my grief—
Its brilliance erasing shadows
Into which my soul would creep
To hide, to mourn, to remember.
Spring's eternal promise breaks
Through the dark earth beneath
Your gravestone in purple violets—
Nature's own prize gems
Making the stiff silken flowers in my hand
Seem cheaply inappropriate.
With fingers lightly caressing
The carved letters of your name
I am repulsed by the warmth
Of living flesh against cold granite.
This morning will pass.
A spark of hope speaks to my soul
That you are not eternally lost from me
Though a darkening gulf separates
My reality and yours.
Mine, all gray on this spring day—
Yours, sun-drenched eternal joy.
And though I remain even now
In grief's blackest night,
In that place of gloried brilliance
You shine in light.

Contrast

Sue Ammon

Silent Cockatiel

Dan White



He awoke to find himself lying on a slightly cool floor. A small amount of moisture surrounded him where he lay naked upon the cement. As he slowly regained consciousness, he began to take in his surroundings, or at least as well as one can in a pitch black room.

The man rose from the floor only to discover sharp pains all over his body, as though he had been beaten within an inch of his life. Fear and panic took over his damaged body as he

began to be overwhelmed by the realizations of his surroundings. The man began to slow down his breathing, which had become quite heavy since the terror of the situation first hit him. He realized that his situation could not be helped by his going insane at this point.

He made his first decision at this point— to discover the dimensions of his prison. Scrambling from one side to the other, he found his room was not much larger than a small bedroom.

shaped in a perfect square, or as perfect as he could tell. He had no way of knowing the height of his cell, only that it was out of his reach even if he jumped. Within the room there were two exceptions to the perfect symmetrical design. Waist high on one wall was a small metallic cylinder that protruded at an odd angle pointing toward the ground. On the exact opposite side of the pipe there was a grating that was fashioned perfectly into the ground so he could

not feel any edges except for the square pinkie-sized holes that covered the small 20" by 20" section of the floor.

These discoveries worried him as much as any because, with the exception of the grating, there was no way in or out of the cell. So the man sat in the darkness and took up what would be his most common of all past-times during his simple stay within his cell; he sat and thought. He wondered about the basics of the room and everything he had learned about it so far. Then he began to think of himself. At this point he took note of his injuries.

he
could
not
reMember
his
own
Name

His head had been shaved, along with his face, but when he started trying to remember what his hair and face looked like, he drew a blank. Then he realized that he couldn't remember anything about himself. He could not think of a single thing he had ever done outside of the last few minutes, if that was how long it had been. Within the darkness he couldn't be sure; not a glimmer of another person existed inside his head. He kept digging deeper, trying to think of anything he could remember from any time other than here in this cell, but he couldn't. As hard as he tried, this man could not remember his own name.

how
utterly
alone
he
was
withIn
the
cell

This pushed him over the edge. He began to cry, slightly at first, and then faster and faster, accelerating into maddening sobs that shook his whole body from head to toe. To his very core he felt his sanity being rocked by these discoveries. The wail coming from his mouth echoed like a thousand sirens within his cell, driving the point home over and over again of how utterly alone he was within the cell.

For a long, immeasurable time, he cried until another noise joined him. A slight gurgling sound came from the wall with the metal tube. With great effort he shoved his self pity into a corner of his mind, already feeling like such a fool for having let his emotions overcome him in this fashion. He dragged his naked body across the cold, smooth floor toward the gurgling pipe.

After crawling a few feet, he began to feel a cold, creamy moisture underneath him flowing toward the drain. At this point he realized the whole flooring must be slanted toward the drain. He reached the pipe after what seemed a decade of crawling. Here he found the origin of the creamy liquid. It was oozing from the end of the pipe onto the ground. He put his finger underneath the pipe and caught a little of it on his finger. First smelling it and then tasting it, he discovered the substance tasted like a very disgusting ground wheat that had been mixed with water.

The taste, although rather bland, was tolerable, and it reminded him of one particular pain— a sharp, stabbing pain in his stomach, one of hunger.

At this point his hunger overtook him, and he put his mouth over the end of the tube and began to gulp the rest of the grovel that would become his only food source, but today he would not eat much. Almost as soon as he put his mouth over the end of the tube, it switched to just water, which he also gulped down. After a few moments that too stopped. He then jumped up and ran toward the grating where he knew the food was flowing and began to lick it from the floor. Over his head he faintly heard the sound of something moving, but he kept on eating.

a sharp
stabbing
pain
of
hunGer

Powerful water hoses have always been used as a way of keeping people at bay and cleaning them if necessary. Prisons and police forces use them for riot control. As the man ate, he felt his first taste of his true physical torment—a blast from a high-pressure water hose. The blast hit him square between his shoulder blades and sent him head over heels back toward the wall with the metallic tube. He slammed face first into the wall, making his brain rattle inside his skull, and yet the torment was not yet over. While the blast kept him pinned to the wall, a few other water hoses turned on and began to sweep away the mess that the tube had spewed across the floor, and the mess that he had made. As the other water nozzles stopped, the original nozzle continued pelting him and beating his skin until he could feel layers of it being peeled away because of the hoses' incredible pressure. As suddenly as it began, it ended.

In pain, out of breath, and angry, the man slipped off the wall, bleeding slightly from his mouth and back. At this point he heard the sound of something moving near the grate. Out of natural desire to be free and to strike back at whatever had done this to him, he lunged for the grate as hard and fast as his broken body would allow. Fingers flung out, sprawling in hopes of touching anything new. His fingers dug into the holes of the grating, all that is but one. It stuck out over an edge. Suddenly the grating began to slide forward, pulling the man along with it.

As the two pieces of the grating rejoined, they found a slight but easily displaceable object in their way. With one sharp slice, the grating cut the man's index finger off at the middle joint. The man screamed in pain, jerking his hand back and breaking his thumb and forefinger in the process. Tucking his destroyed hand beneath him, he fell to the ground and passed out from exhaustion and pain that could, as far as he was aware, be all that he would know for the rest of his life.

The man
sCReamed in pain, jerking back
his hand

Time has a way of wearing people down and turning them into things they least expect and often loathe. Trapped within the cell, the man began to think and work through the interesting situation he found himself in. His memory still blank, recalled no reason for his imprisonment. He also held to the concept of escaping, and received many a near-fatal blow for his numerous attempts. He still had no help from his hand because of the severe blow it was dealt in his first vain attempt to escape. He sat waiting for what he calculated to be the time for his next cleaning. Though nearly insane, his mind found a way of keeping time, and he was certain that during the cleanings there would be an opportunity for escape.



Over the incredible amount of time he spent in his cell, he began to recognize a pattern in his eating and washing. He would be bathed, he believed, every sixth time he ate. The room would be cleaned every twelfth time, and the grate would be opened every twenty-fourth time the room was cleaned. This he believed was to be the twenty-fourth time. He had gotten to this point three times before but failed to make it to the grate before it closed. This time he was ready.

This
he time
was
ready

He had figured out that before the water nozzle began to spray, he would have a small warning brought about by the sound of the water beginning to move through the pipes. However, the grate would not open until he was sufficiently trapped against the wall by one of the nozzles. Twice he had been able to dodge the initial blast only to be caught standing on the still closed grate by the skin-peeling water pressure.

He believed if he could maintain his composure long enough to listen to the flow of water over the rushing torrent that would be beating him into the wall, he could hear the other nozzles kick in which would allow him a few seconds to roll out from under the nozzle and make a mad rush for the open grate. He believed if he could pull this off, then he would be able to escape to whatever lay below the grate.

The sound of the tube beginning to pump its contents out for him to eat interrupted his thoughts. He walked toward it and began to eat what he hoped to be his last meal in this hellacious cell. He quickly gulped down the cold mush that had been his every meal since his arrival here so long ago. How much he had changed since his arrival. Hair that was once shaved

to the scalp now hung below his shoulders, and he had a beard that was of an equal length. Fear gripped him again as the realization of leaving this place settled into his mind. He had no idea what was waiting for him at the bottom of the grate. Quickly, he pushed these thoughts and others into a dark corner of his mind. Anything must be better than this place.

The gruel stopped flowing and he knew it was now time to see if all he had planned would really work. He heard the pipes begin to fill with water, and then, just as suddenly as the very first time, the water sprang down upon him, drilling him into the wall. Pain shot through his body as he felt the still raw skin on his shoulder begin to peel for yet another time. The rushing torrent nearly drove him insane, and it took all of the strength he had left to keep from giving in to his desire to stop listening to the water in the pipes above. At the height of this internal struggle, he heard and felt the momentary slack in the pressure. He rolled to his right, landing in a crouch on his feet. The water immediately began to move in to follow him, but for once he was a step ahead of the water. Diving forward with all the speed and power his broken body would allow, he threw himself into the open grate. Joy overwhelmed him as he believed himself to have finally conquered the room around him. For the first time since his stay began, he smiled.

In life people never really get what they want. And often get what they don't want and what they least expect from the oddest of places. As the man went head first into the grate, a blast of water from somewhere within the blackness inside the grate launched him back out and into the air so high that he actually touched the ceiling of his cell. He then plummeted into a broken heap on the floor below him. He came down directly on his right shoulder which broke under the pressure of his fall. Moments after he settled, the water nozzles reconfigured on him, launching him back against the wall and forcing his broken shoulder against the cold wall that had become so familiar to him during his stay.

For the
First time since
his stay
began,
he
smiled

The water eventually stopped, and the grate slid back into place. He lay there in agony for some time, fighting back the tears and the anger. All the time he had spent in this place seemed to cascade upon him, forcing him to let go and allow the surge of bad memories to swarm out of the dark corner of his mind where he had forced every single one of his failures to hide. The pain and the anguish were overwhelming, and in his grief and insanity, he screamed out the first words he had uttered since he found himself in this place. He screamed, "Let me out of here! Please! Someone let me out!"

let me Out of here!

A small set of cracks appeared on one of the walls. Light slowly began to pore from the cracks. More and more light came through as a piece of the wall pushed forward and moved to the side. A blinding torrent of another kind met him here, like something from a long-lost dream or a story that was once told to him about something he had never seen. For what seemed like the first time, he saw the light. He sat huddled in the brightness, crying and hiding his eyes, trying to stop his crying as he realized what had just happened. He began for the first time to remember who he was and how foolish he had been.

Bye Bye Bad Times

Marlana Sonnier



I hated
it there

Childhood is supposed to be the happiest days of a person's life, but for me it was a real-life nightmare. From age three to age twelve, I lived with my mom and her boyfriend and his family in an old shack. I hated it there. Being so young, I wanted to have fun, go places, and have plenty of love. That never happened. As a child, I was ridiculed by my classmates for the house I lived in and what I wore. I got yelled at for nothing all the time. I saw my brothers get hit, and I had to take care of my mommy when she got "sick," which was often. I felt so deprived of ever living the life of a normal kid. Then one day everything changed.

"Wake up, girl. It's time to go to school," I heard a voice say. It was just an ordinary school morning to me. I got up, made my bed, and went to the bathroom to do my ordinary routine. My brothers, Mark and Paul, were already ready when I got done, so I grabbed my books, and we started on our way to school. Usually in the morning, we would ask someone to drive us (the buses didn't pass by our

house), but we got tired of everyone's lame excuses for not taking us this time, so we walked.

We were always happy to go to school because we got a little freedom, and although we didn't have many friends, we had some. As we stepped foot in the school, the bell had just started ringing. We told each other, "See you later," and went our separate ways.

My first period class was computer literacy. That day we were typing paragraphs from our books. As I was typing, I had this sudden feeling that something extraordinary was going to happen. I just brushed away the feeling and kept typing. About thirty minutes later, I heard, "Mrs. Mason, would you send Marie to the office for checkou?" I was shocked! I gathered my books and ran down the long hallway

to the office. There, I met my Aunt Alice and Aunt Sandy. Both of my aunts were from another part of Louisiana. My mom was with them, also. I was looking at them like, "Could you please tell me what's going on here?"

My mom noticed the look and said, "Wait until your brothers get here." My brothers walked in just as shocked as I was. My Aunt Alice said, "We're taking you kids with us, so you can start all over again."

"You will be staying with your Aunt Alice," said Aunt Sandy.

"Right now I want you to get all your stuff out of the lockers and say goodbye to everyone," said Momma. After I heard that, I didn't know how to feel. I felt happy, sad, and amazed all at the same time. My brothers and I hugged our aunts and headed back down the hall. I went to clean my locker and tell my friends and teachers goodbye. As I hugged my best friend Christy, I started crying. She told me that she loved me, and she would never forget me. As we walked to the cars, we all embraced each other. My mom said, "Everything will be okay now."

After I said my goodbyes, I walked around the school for one last time. I went back to the office where everyone was already waiting for me. My brothers had the biggest smiles on their faces. I will never forget those smiles.

I felt Safe

The blue Camry was small, so we had to squeeze in. My Aunt Alice was driving, my mom was on the passenger side, and Paul and Mark and Aunt Sandy and I sat in the back seat. For a long time during the drive, everyone was crying tears of joy. But Mom wasn't crying. She was trying to be strong for us. As we were riding, all I could think of was all my close friends, and memories I was leaving behind. Aunt Sandy was praying aloud that no one would come and try to stop us.

After a long and bumpy ride, we arrived at my aunt's house in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. As the car came to an abrupt stop, I could see my cousins running out of the house to welcome us. When I went into the house, I could smell a sweet fragrance of home. I felt safe. My cousin, Rita, showed me the house and told me how much fun we would have together.

Her little white house consisted of three bedrooms, one bath, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen. After my brothers and I got familiar with the place, we all sat around the table to eat gumbo. We were very hungry, so nobody did much talking at the table. After we ate, we went into the living room and talked about the old days and how things would be different now.

every
thing
will be
okay
now

At around eight P.M., it was time to go to bed. Mark, my oldest brother, slept on the couch, and Paul, my youngest brother, sacked out on a sofa bed. My mom slept with Aunt Alice, and I bedded down with my cousin Jessica. I couldn't sleep much that night. I kept thinking, this is all just a dream. After a while, I began to get sleepy. As my eyes closed, I heard a voice say, "Everything will be all right now." I began to feel safe, secure, and ready to see tomorrow. Then I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

this is just a dream

That day was the most important day of my childhood. It was the day I first realized that things could change for the better. It was the day I got to be a kid, and I got the love I always needed. I always blamed my misfortune on my mom. I blamed her for letting my brothers and me suffer all those years. Now, years later, I have learned that my mom couldn't help the situation. She tried to get away several times, but her attempts always failed. I found out that the times when I thought she was sick, she wasn't. She was being abused, and I didn't realize it. I never knew until much later. Now my brothers and I have a better life. We can live again!

I will always remember that day, always and forever.



Rocking, rocking
Slowly in the black morning
My son's warm, full cheeks hungrily push me
pulling, pulling me
back to sleep

Stillness
hugs me to the bed
Silence heavy in my ears
Then a queer absence in my arms
washes over me
loosening my head and limbs

With a rush
panic fills my breast
In murky darkness
my hands blindly
pat the covers
frantically searching
the empty folds
Examining my husband's
foreign face and shoulders
with my fingertips
for signs of newborn breath
that is not there

I can't find him
I've lost him
Where's Connor?
Where's Connor?
He's in his crib.
Go to sleep,
snores my husband

Oh, yes
He's in his crib
Safe in his crib
yes

Then a chirp- a call
distant, distant now closer
Pulls me back to awake



Between Sleep and Awake

Linda Barloon

Mangled Melodies

Dalette Newell

Music is part of our world of sound—an art based on the organization of sounds in time. The Middle Ages brought with it Gregorian chant, the official music of the Roman Catholic Church. Its monophonic texture conveys a calm, otherworldly quality. Ushering in the Baroque Period was the realization of the importance of instrumental music which changed an otherwise monophonic world into that of polyphony. This transition brought about a renewed interest in music, unveiling a world whose tone color burst into that of a rainbow; however, along with this euphonious evolution came many controversies. What began as sacred had become distorted, substantiating the biggest fear of the church—that musical quality would become ritualistically pagan with bewitching qualities. Joyce Carol Oates' short story, "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," examines and unfolds the parallel of music in young Connie's life to that of her innocent search, impending seduction, and subsequent assumed demise.

In this musically-colored, psychotic thriller, Oates introduces, through the story's two main characters, a gamut of personalities ranging from the naive to the neurotic. Connie is a 15-year-old girl whose beauty serves as a reminder of youth that attracts the undesirable attention of psychopath, Arnold Friend. Friend, a demented 30ish-year-old man driven by personal demons, pursues this child, half his age, by using what is arguably a universal tool of manipulation—music. Connie's gullibility was resultant of the dissatisfaction in her own life. Due to many indiscretions in her family unit, her household could be considered, in modern terms, dysfunctional. With a selfish mother who was insanely jealous

of her young, beautiful daughter, a father whose life consisted exclusively of working, reading, and sleeping, and a sister who was "the example" by which Connie was assessed, the albatross of desolation carried her away in its grips in search of higher ground—or what she perceived that to be.

As her quest began, fifteen-year-old Connie and an inconsequential friend spent a night out on the town looking for "a music that made everything good" (446). Oates describes this music as that which one would hear in a church service, leading the reader to assume Connie's motives were pristine. In a distance stood a restaurant, a hangout, a place of solace. Upon entering, the girls' demeanor was "as if they were entering a sacred

building that loomed up out of the night to give them what haven and blessing they yearned for" (446). There, they found a sanctuary, a refuge where music continually hovered.



For Connie, music was "something to depend upon" (446). This music-filled place of safety infused her with a self-confidence that she obtained from no other source—as long as the music was in the background.

the power Music of collided different two worlds

Her newly acquired sense of savoir-faire led her to accept an invitation to somewhat of a "date" in a young man's car. As she and her recently acquainted male friend, Eddie, began their stroll through the restaurant's parking lot, "her face gleamed with a joy that had nothing to do with Eddie or even this place; it might have been the music" (446)—a music that brought beautiful melodies, pleasant harmonies, and a mysterious feeling of dissonance as her eyes unknowingly scanned those of her future nemesis. As curfew struck and Connie rode off, she "couldn't help but look back," (447) just as Lot's wife, longing for what was, and realizing that at a distance she could no longer hear the music.

The struggle for control over Connie continued. The morning after she recounted boys she had met over summer vacation whose appearances vaporized into merely a faceless idea, "a feeling, mixed up with the urgent insistent pounding of the music," (447) though audibly no music was heard. Connie was a daydreamer whose innocent ideas of youth were interwoven with the kind of love "promised in songs" (447) taking her as its slave. Connie succumbed. A melodic omnipresence was notable even in the music's absence. Oates reveals Connie's fixation as she writes of her inability to bear the silence of an empty house. In an effort to drown out the stillness, she tuned into the "XYZ Sunday Jamboree" where she sang along with "record after record of hard, fast, shrieking songs" (448) with additional highlighted interjections by "Bobby King." As Connie began immersing herself physically and mentally "in a glow of slow-pulsed joy that seemed to rise mysteriously out of the music itself," (448) she became enraptured. At this point in the story, the music's effect on Connie was cabalistically desirous to her. Brought out of her tune-induced trance rather abruptly by the sound of crunching gravel, Connie realized that a foreign vehicle was approaching her house. Recognizing the familiar sense of dissonance experienced at the restaurant, her heart began pounding as she stood frozen at the kitchen door staring into eyes obscurely familiar to her. The vehicle came to a sudden halt. Exiting the car and standing before her, his hair disheveled, and grinning at her as though she were a piece of meat, he introduced himself as Arnold Friend, speaking in "fast, bright monotone" (448).

Connie's pretense of inhospitality evaporated when she heard the music—the same music coming from Arnold Friend's car was playing in her house—same radio station and the same disk jockey! Connie "couldn't decide if she liked him or if he was just a jerk" (448-449), but at that moment, the power of music collided two different worlds.

he
couldn't help
look but
baCk

As the seduction began with music in the entrancing background, a neurotic Arnold Friend began telling a captivated Connie that he knew all about her, her friends, her family, and where she had been last night. Oates states, "He

spoke in a simple lilting voice, exactly as if he were reciting the words to a song," (450) a song filled with lyrics very familiar to his spellbound subject. As he continued, crony after crony rolled off his tongue in the form of a reverberating chant. Connie's defenses crumbled as this human metronome "began to mark time with the music" (450) by hitting his fists together. Mesmerized by his requiem, the music from her radio began to merge into the music playing in the car. At that moment, that which was once unfamiliar to Connie took on a form of familiarity—the clothes he wore, his crafty smile, the "sing-song way he talked," (451) and his rhythm-keeping efforts to hold the constant music behind him. As if under hypnosis, Connie hazily concluded that Arnold Friend "had come from nowhere before that and belonged nowhere and that everything about him and even the music was so familiar to her" (452) that it "was only half real" (452). Arnold's familiar words serenaded Connie "with a slight rhythmic lilt," (453) impersonating a song of the previous year telling of a girl who returned home to her boyfriend's arms.

Finally, her will broken, she succumbed to the deceitful charms of the musical undertones, which tore her from her world of innocence and propelled her into a world of seduction. Arnold's final lyrical dirge underscores her downfall: "My sweet little blue-eyed girl," (456) he crooned in a "half-sung sigh" (456). Connie's brown eyes didn't seem to matter to her or to him as the symphony tuned up.

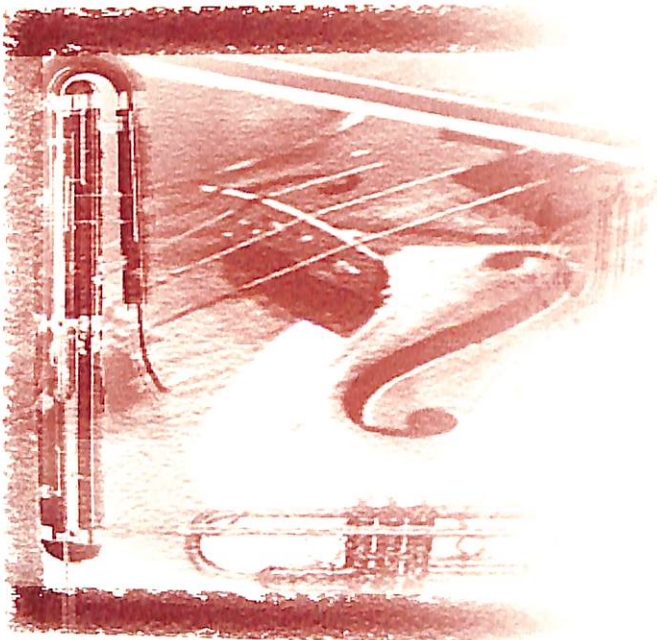
On a journey that began so innocently, desiring what she did not have—love, attention, completion—Connie's outcome was rather satirical, attaining only what she could assume to be a relative definition. In her flirtation with void-fillers, this naive young girl plummeted into a world of deception via the vehicle of music. Melodic undertones coupled with the psychotic exploitation of lyrical elements define the outcome of this work through the stages of Connie's innocent pursuit, her relinquishment to the music, and Arnold Friend's manipulation, bringing her to the point of her weakness, all working together to result in a progressive loss of innocence. Though penned in 1966, Oates' fictional writing conveys

a timeless predicament faced in twenty-first century society—the quest to find fulfillment at any cost.

Works Cited

Holy Bible. New International Version. Genesis 19:26.

Oates, Joyce Carol. *Where Are You Going, "Where Have You Been?"* Leah Jewell (Ed.), *Literature and The Writing Process.* Upper Saddle River, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1999: 445-456.



In her mind the children play.
Looking past the fog to her memories, she wonders...
Do they feel her loneliness? her pain? her despair?

Her little children only yesterday
played joyfully at her feet.
Then suddenly, they were grown, their lives their own,
leaving her with the need to be needed again
and no recipient of all she has to give.

Quietly, resolutely, she makes her way to the porch.
She sits, rocking idly from early morning to afternoon,
but her mind is searching, seeking as if it were a lost treasure
those baby days that have slipped away
as easily as a dandelion on the wind.

Though she is still, there is no rest from the longing,
nothing to satisfy the need she has within.
For the very thing her heart desires,
this thing she cannot describe,
is woven into the fiber of her yesterdays.

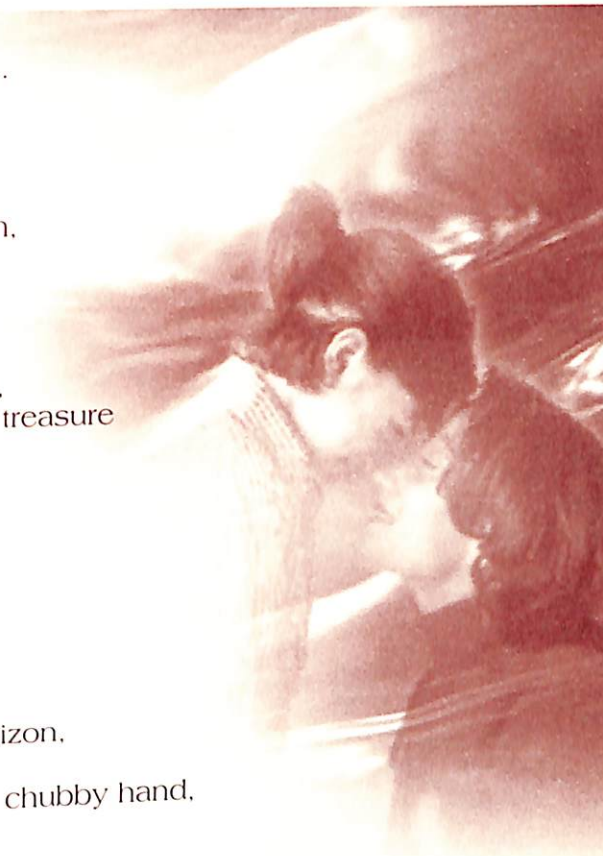
As the sun sinks low, she steals away toward the horizon,
her only covering the patchwork of days gone by.
She walks, remembering like yesterday—a tiny face, a chubby hand,
or the softness of curls against her cheek,
but unable to remember the way back home.

On some long-ago afternoon, she let chores sit undone
while they played hopscotch or sang or read aloud
childish stories, games, songs.
Was it just a few minutes ago, or forty years?
She isn't sure. It makes no difference.

And now, she needs them much more than they need her.
Now, as tears find their way through wrinkled grooves,
she pulls the quilt of her memories tightly around her.
Lost in the thoughts, or are they regrets?
She cannot tell them.
They have outgrown her, and she thinks,
slipping into the land of remembering,
that they are still there.

In her thoughts— the only ones she has now,
she sits beside them.
There are no tears here,
no chores to distract,
no skinned knees or broken promises.

Here, there is only... a bright, sunny day, her children at play,
their happy voices singing out in joy.



Reflections

Linda Farmer

WELL-WORN WHISPERS

Linda Farmer

It never fails. Fall always brings, along with foliage, football, and freezing temperatures, memories of growing up in our large family. There are times when, if I let myself, I can be transported by the simplest of things. Looking through a catalog at winter coats, the smell of burning leaves, or the feel of a frosty morning can whisk me back to a time when problems were dragons the "grown ups" slew, and togetherness was the embodiment of my security, my guarantee that no matter what else happened, my sisters would be there.

My sisters and I shared many things while growing up, sometimes willingly; other times not. Being the youngest of four girls, the thing I shared most, treasured even, was wearing their hand-me-down clothes. I realize that to a kid today it



would be the ultimate insult to have to wear clothes that someone else had worn. Given the fact that much of what hangs on the racks of today's chic little shops looks as though it's been passed through several siblings, today's kids would still consider it the kiss of death in the prep world to be caught wearing something their older brother or sister once wore. Imagine the embarrassment of arriving at the big game or cruising the strip, and someone yells out, "Hey, I thought you were your sister! She has a shirt just like that!" Translated, that says Ee-uuu! You're wearing your sister's clothes! Or, maybe, "You're trying, in vain, to look like your cooler older sister!"

But for me, being identified with my sisters meant being noticed at all, and that was good enough for me. They were my 'advance team,' going on before me, blazing a trail along untamed social frontier, and I was, in fact, awed by them. Any publicity or notoriety they had earned in such a small community school meant sooner or later someone would link us together, breaking the ice for me and giving me a reputation-by-association. I was used to it, and quite insecure in foreign situations, those rare occasions when I had to stand alone, wearing only my own identity and feeling quite exposed.

Not only fashion, but I learned about hair and make-up from them too. Copying their actions was only a part of it, although I practiced that religiously. To gain their approval and be allowed to hang around them, no sacrifice was too great. This was especially true of my oldest sister, my "surrogate mother," who was nine years older. I was her pet, and proud of it! It took me places, or rather, she did, and just going along was an enviable thrill. I was nearly grown before I realized that the reason I got to go was part of a deal with our father that allowed her to "date" as long as I tagged along!

...wearing ^{only} ^{my own} identity & ^{quite} feeling eXposed

Once, I submitted to a haircut from her that, in that generation of Twiggy, might be considered reserved; however, having six inches of my small head of hair lopped off was a drastic change, to say the least. When you factor in the gaps from my turning from side to side, trying to look in the mirror for a glimpse of the new me, the resulting haircut was quite a bob! I don't think I had a haircut again for a very, very long time. But for that day, my hair offering worked. My sister-god was pleased, and I got to wear her coveted

yellow velvet bow in my new 'do! Most of my handed-down clothes came from my second-oldest sister. Even though she was six years older, we were both 'chubby' and wore clothes designed to camouflage our ample figures, much like descriptions such as "Pretty Plus" disguised words whose meanings were fuzzy to a young child. "Let's look at the tent dresses!" is what I'd hear, when what I really wanted was to wear stretchy stirrup pants and body suits like my other sisters.

But shapely we both were, and it bonded us together. Only we understood what it felt like to have our few fashion choices limited even further by having to wear matronly, slenderizing women's clothing long before our ages caught up with our bodies. We shared more than clothes that didn't fit; we each knew the pain of not fitting in, and looking alike became the common thread that united us during the wide gap of our childhood years.

my mom must have been a miracle worker

Mom must've been a miracle worker to have dressed four girls alike as often as she did, and she has the photographs to prove it. She had identical twin brothers, aunts, uncles, and cousins, and always wanted twins herself. Yet, despite six pregnancies, the twinning gene suddenly recessed after four generations. And when the older two sisters moved into junior and misses sizes, we younger two were her last hope, her vain attempt at twinning. Though she dressed us alike as much as possible, the result was far from identical!

The sister I copied most was two years older. Maybe it was because we were nearer the same age that we were closer in other ways too. One look was all it took to see how very different we were, but nonetheless, my secret self longed to look like her, at times to be her.

Style, something she was born with that I was not, is what she personified to me. For hours on end, we'd lie on our bellies on the floor, poring over the Sears or Penney's catalogs, playing "Pick." Our favorite indoor game, we'd turn page after page, revealing more and more of ourselves as we began to define this aspect of our personalities. Clothes, toys, furniture, we even "picked" kitchen appliances and tools; what we chose didn't matter, nor did the fact that we'd already

"picked" from those pages before. I learned early on how to match colors, fabrics, and designs by watching what she'd pick. Her combinations always looked right, an artistic eye she has to this day. She thought I was so sweet because I always let her go first, but secretly I was watching, taking note of what she picked, defining and aligning my own ideals with hers. And when we were older, I still watched what she picked, taking note of her choices of fashions and friends then, too.



I suppose that's why, on a cool fall morning, thumbing through a catalog is a nostalgic trigger point for me. Just to think of how cute she looked in her new corduroy jeans and body suit takes me back to junior high, when the most important thing in our lives was what we were going to wear to the ball game or fair:

"Oh, please let me wear your new sweater!"

"Only if I can use your leather purse. I promise I won't scuff it!" "No way! You know how you are." "Please? I'll even let you use my cologne and wear these earrings."

"Well, okay, but you'd better be careful. Could I use your boots, too?"



And in the stillness of a fall morning, when the only other sound is the soft rustle of leaves as they gently break away from the tree, I can very clearly hear the familiar sound of my sisters' voices floating on the breeze.

I can hear the familiar sound of my sisters' voices

Uncle Geb

Jennifer Hermetz

Overalls and muddy boots—
Uncle Geb's daily attire.
At five-years-old, I don't know
If I would have recognized him
Had he worn a dress shirt and a belt.
Then he would not have been Uncle Geb anymore.

Thin and wrinkled
With hands worn and callused
From digging potatoes—
Hands that held life—that held me.
Hands filled with crevices like rows of corn or potatoes.
His hands taught mine to live on a farm like he did,
Feeding the pigs in the fly-ridden heat,
I felt important because I could be like Uncle Geb.

And when he smiled, his small eyes almost disappeared.
When he smiled, I smiled too.
He always had a treat—vegetables for Mommy and Daddy
And candy for me.

But it all ended.
One phone call and he was gone.
No warning and no one was ready.
But maybe Uncle Geb was.
Maybe he was ready to let his hands rest
And let the hands of those he loved remember him.
Forever.



Her long grey strands
Were held back with combs.
Picks so delicately pushed,
Deep into her mess of fine hair.

Youth was in her eyes,
Though her hands shook
With some fierce force
Controlled by the master of age.

Antiquity was shown
With each wrinkle.
And with each wrinkle
A different key to some past adventure
That earned its way into the folds of her skin.

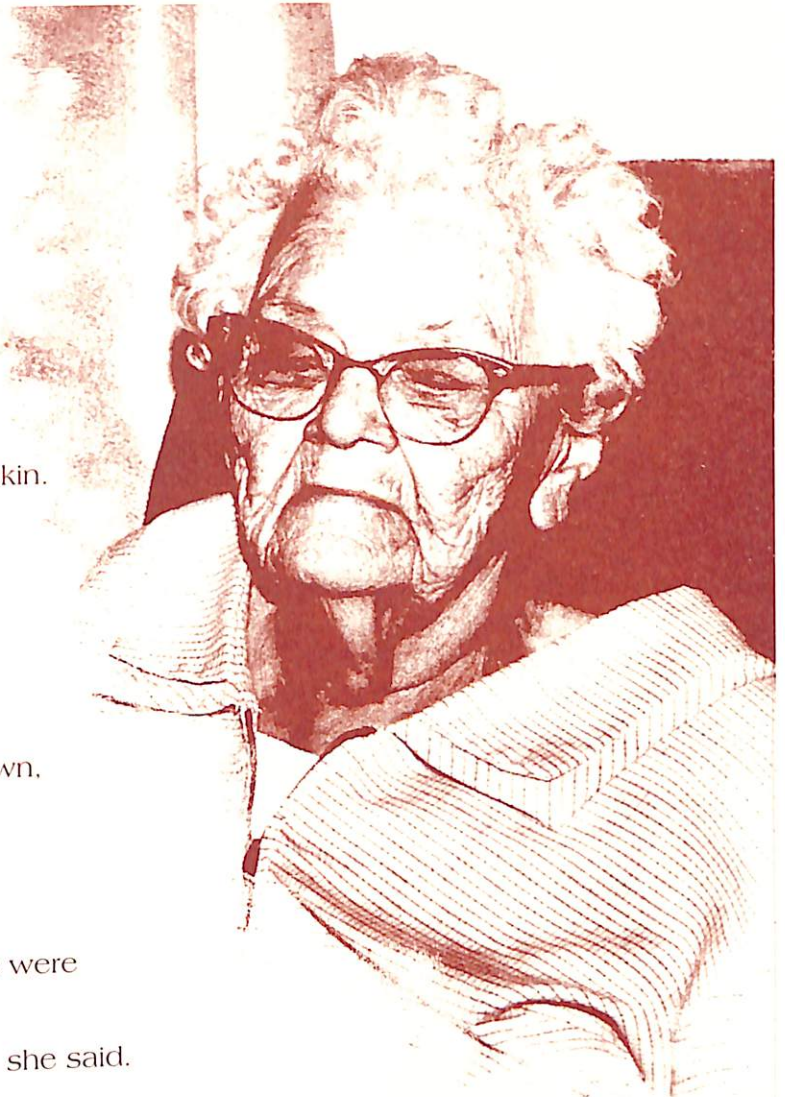
Even now I can remember,
The smell of baby powder.
Clouds of the soft aroma
After a bath in the sink.

She would sit for hours,
Patiently, with a six-year-old,
Whose hands were as unsteady as her own.
Cutting out dolls from the sales papers
While drinking cran-apple juice
Left over from the breakfast
Of wheat germ and twenty pills.

I would listen to her talk while the clothes were
Hung up to dry and we sometimes sang
while I passed the pins.
Prayer was the answer to life's problems, she said.
And she would, for a long time.
After she fed Red the leftovers:
Gigi-grits and kitty-cat pancakes.

I remember sitting at the table for long spans of time
Because food had to be chewed 32 times.
But sometimes, when she wasn't looking,
I would swallow before 10.

She smelled like peppermints and heaven.
And the angels must have rejoiced
For such a wonderful addition
The day I was pulled out of class
For the long trip to church.
Her house was cleaned the next day.
And I left with my toothbrush in the plastic bag.



Mawmaw
Mawmaw

Sarah McClure

CONTEST WINNERS

Poetry

1st Place - "Mawmaw"

by Sarah McClure

2nd Place - "To the Graduating Class of 2001"

by Sally Stacey

3rd Place - "A Blanket's Verse"

by Pascha Brown

H.M. - "Uncle Geb"

by Jennifer Hermetz

H.M. - "Elusive Beauty"

by Chad Nicholson

high
school
diviSion

Short Story

1st Place - "The Silent Cockatiel"

by Dan White

2nd Place - "The Bride of Piney Woods"

by Elisabeth Ann McLain

3rd Place - "Houston"

by Daniel Pickett

H.M. - "Emotionally Involved"

by Jenna Talbert

Essay

1st Place - "Bye Bye Bad Times"

by Marlana Sonnier

2nd Place - "The Palace of Ham"

by Kyle Stribling

3rd Place - "Brave"

by Tanja Parson

H.M. - "How Centrifuge Led to My Success"

by Rachel Thrash

mcc
divisiOn

Poetry

1st Place - "Love Defined?"

by P.J. King

2nd Place - "Window to the Soul"

by Melodie Norman

3rd Place - "The Night I Changed the World"

by Tami Phillips

H.M. - "Forgiveness"

by Cheryl R. Pickard

Short Story

1st Place - "Highest Bidder"

by Jo Ann Brown

2nd Place - "A Walk in the Woods"

by Richard Harrison

3rd Place - "Dust in the Wind"

by Cindy Alday

H.M. - "Wings of Change"

by Adrienne Blackwell

Essay

1st Place - "Queen City"

by P.J. King

2nd Place - "My Creepy Honeymoon Cottage"

by Margie Fain

3rd Place - "Forgiveness"

by Jeri Reeder

H.M. - "Bad Made Good"

by Christopher Moore

Poetry

- 1st Place - "Reflections"
by Linda Farmer
- 2nd Place - "Dreams Often Seem Like Reality"
by Lori K. Bielefeld
- 3rd Place - "Tree Silhouette"
by Victoria Lovelace
- H.M. - "Between Sleep and Awake"
by Linda Barloon
- H.M. - "Tug of War"
by Shywanda R. Moore

Essay

- 1st Place - "The Car House"
by Frankie Germany
- 2nd Place - "Well Worn Whispers"
by Linda Farmer
- 3rd Place - "To Run"
by Victoria Lovelace
- H.M. - "The Power of Love in Song"
by Jimmy Smith

community diVision

Short Story

- 1st Place - "In Another Country"
by Dr. LaVonn Benson
- 2nd Place - "The Longest Row"
by Linda Farmer
- 3rd Place - "Green Apples"
by Frankie Germany
- H.M. - "The Christmas Cat"
by Dr. Robert Berg

Judges

Dr. James Barloon, MSU-Meridian Branch-High School Division
Sue Ammon, Meridian High School-MCC Division
Barbara Hanna, Philadelphia High School-Community Division

2002 Literary Contest Rules can be found in the Meridian Public Library & MCC Libraries.

Special Thanks:

The Meridian Community College Foundation provides funding for Study-Travel Grants and the Review's literary contest.

Featured Writers & who they ARE

Sue
ammOn

"The Passion" & "Contrast"
Sue Ammon, the *Review's* guest community writer, enjoys writing poems that capture events and people who have influenced her life in meaningful ways. She recently retired from teaching English at Meridian High School and is MCCer Dr. Richie McAlister's sister.

"In Another Country"

Dr. LaVonn Benson, a retired English professor, has recently returned to Philadelphia, MS. Her Ph.D. is from Peabody College (now Vanderbilt University). A recent work of hers has appeared in Washington State University's *Frontiers*, a journal featuring women's studies.

Dr.
la vonn
benSon

jo ann
broWn

"The Highest Bidder"
Jo Ann Brown has been writing for only three years. In that time this dedicated member of the MCC Writers club has placed first and second in the *Review's* literary contest. When she is not writing, she enjoys expressing herself through oil painting.

"Reflections" & "Well-Worn Whispers"

Linda Farmer, a registered nurse from Meridian, serves as the MCC Writers' Club president. She has won numerous awards in the *Review's* Literary contest and is presently awaiting publication in a *Guideposts* subsidiary publication entitled "Angels on Earth".

linda
fArmer

jennifer
heRmetz

"Uncle Geb"
Jennifer Hermetz, daughter of MCCer Dr. Bob Hermetz, wrote her honorable mention poem for the *Review* in her Advanced Placement English class at Meridian High School. Among her many honors is Meridian's 2000 Junior Miss and winner of the Schillig Academic Scholarship at MSU.

"Love Defined"

P.J. King has recently moved to Florida. She has recieved the honor of winning the first place awards in poetry and essay in the MCC Division of the *Review* Liteary Contest. Other honors include publication of her prize-winning one-act play in *The Community College Writer*.

PJ
kinG

"Mawmaw"

sarah
mcClure

Sarah McClure is the daughter of MCC librarian, Rita McClure. Besides winning first place in the Review's contest, she was a 2001 Valedictorian at Meridian High School as well as a member of the National Honor Society and Who's Who Among American High School Students.

"Mangled Melodies"

Dalette Newell is a first place formal literary essay winner who recently has been published in the journal, *The Community College Writer*. A 1982 graduate of Meridian High School, Dalette presently is enrolled in MCC's Associate Degree Nursing Program. She serves as Grace Church's music minister and is self-employed as a medical transcriptionist.

dalette
newEll

"Elusive Beauty"

chad
niCHolson

Chad Nicholson, a graduate of Lamar High School, plans to major in English. He enjoys writing both poetry and short stories.

"Bye Bye Bad Times"

Marlana Sonnier lives in Shubuta and attends Wayne County High School. She plans to major in business and has thus far won a national journalism award and first place in the *Review's* literary contest.

marlana
sonNier

"Silent Cockatiel"

dan
White

Dan White, an avid fantasy reader and poet, develops his High School Division first place story by presenting a dark fantasy about a lone prisoner and his suffering. As the son of a Southern Baptist Minister, he has attended many schools including Clinton High and West Lauderdale his senior year.

Featured Designers

& who ^{they} AREjohn
doBy

John Doby, a graduate of Wayne County High School, plans to either teach graphic design or work as a freelance designer. He enjoys all forms of art, including music and poetry.

Matt Garner attended Quitman High School before coming to MCC. He hopes to settle in Quitman and start a graphic design business.

matt
GarneRkarl
greenN

Karl Greene is from Energy, Mississippi. He was home-schooled and plans to relocate to a larger city and continue his education while working in the field of graphic design.

Chris Hunter attended Meridian High School. He enjoys traveling and art. After graduation from MCC, he hopes to continue working in graphic design.

chris
Hunterjennifer
Houston

Jennifer Houston is a sophomore Graphic Communication Technology student.

Leanne Jackson, after coming from MHS, entered MCC with plans to receive an Associate of Arts Degree in Graphic Design. Her next educational move will be to work on a degree in marketing.

leanNe
jacksonjenniFer
kopf

Jennifer Kopf, a former MHS graduate, thoroughly enjoys drawing and painting. After MCC, she will transfer to Memphis College of Art where she will work on a bachelor's degree in graphic design.

Gwen McShepard entered MCC from Meridian High School. Her hobbies are reading and swimming. She wants to work in some area of graphic design after college.

gwen
mcShepardkeMo
SCOTT

Kemo Scott, a 1999 graduate of MHS, loves art and plans to move to Lewiston, Indiana, where he will continue his graphic design career.

Keely Smith was home-schooled. She will use her graphic design skills in a family business, Stewart's Signs, based in Collinsville.

keely
Smithmark
quimBy

Mark Quimby came to MCC from Clarkdale High School. After MCC, he will free-lance in a big city until he builds his portfolio. Final plans are to work for a large design firm.

MERIDIAN COMM. COLL. LIBRARY



3876000065661

Meridian Community College Library
910 Highway 19 North
Meridian, MS 39307

GAYLORD M

MERIDIAN

COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Meridian Community College does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, national origin, sex, disability, religion or age in admission or access to, or treatment or employment in its programs and activities. Compliance with Section 504 and Title IX is coordinated by Quinn Carlisle, Dean of Student Services, 910 Highway 19 North, Meridian, Mississippi 39307.
1-601-484-8707. Fax: 1-601-484-8635. Email: qcarlisl@mcc.cc.ms.us