

**LITERALINES**

VOLUME VI

SPRING 1999

# LITERALINES

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*THE LITERALINES FACULTY EDITORIAL BOARD  
assembled and staring at a blank screen in pursuit of perspective and  
inspiration.*

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**VOL. VI IN MEMORY OF DAVID SANCHEZ AND BERNARD RICHART**  
Cover Art: "Perspectives," David Sanchez, 1970-1998.

# CONTENTS

<b>Photo: Angels</b> Sandy Rilenge.....	4
<b>Angels in the Graveyard</b> Laurie Rude .....	5
<b>The Dis-Ease</b> Ann Kristin Sanchez.....	6
<b>Restless Nights</b> Arvilla Ater .....	7
<b>Heaven and Hell</b> Angie Richart .....	8
<b>Drawing: Country Scene</b> David Sanchez.....	11
<b>Notes to Myself</b> Arvilla Ater .....	12
<b>Half-Ass</b> Ann Kristin Sanchez.....	13
<b>When No One Believes</b> John Whitcomb.....	14
<b>The Cage</b> Anonymous .....	15
<b>The Old Country Bridge</b> L. Paul Tracy .....	16
<b>Photo: The Old Country Bridge</b> L. Paul Tracy .....	17
<b>The Refuge</b> Laurie Rude .....	18
<b>Photo: My Little Corner</b> Debbie Sexton .....	21

# CONTENTS

<b>Waiting on Mary</b> Arvilla Ater .....	22
<b>The Pen and Ink of Winter</b> John Whitcomb .....	23
<b>She Knew What We Wanted</b> John Whitcomb .....	24
<b>Pilgrim</b> John Whitcomb .....	25
<b>Photo: Alone</b> L. Paul Tracy .....	26
<b>Maybe Next Year</b> Jennifer Phillips.....	27
<b>Shadows</b> Angie Richart .....	31
<b>Photo: Death Camp</b> L. Paul Tracy.....	32
<b>The Dark Side of Light</b> L. Paul Tracy .....	33
<b>A Poem for Bernie</b> Angie Richart .....	38
<b><u>Literalines</u> Student Production Staff.....</b>	39
<b>Biographical Notes .....</b>	40
<b>Acknowledgements and Photos.....</b>	42

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## **Statement of Policy and Purpose**

**The *Literalines* Editorial board accepts original works of fiction, poetry, black & white photography and line drawings from students at IUPU Columbus and IUPUI. Each anonymous submission is reviewed by at least three members of the English faculty and judged solely on the basis of artistic merit.**

Angels



Sandy Rilenge

## **Angels in the Grave Yard**

Are there angels in the grave yard,  
that place of quiet rest,  
and do they stand  
in defense of man  
if only he were best?

Are there angels in the grave yard  
where granite boulders mark  
the spot of ground  
where we lay down  
our memories, then depart?

And if so, do they stand there  
for all eternity  
to guard a soul,  
or to keep it whole,  
or to wait for you and me?

Are there angels in the grave yard?  
Are they standing by the gate  
to show the way  
or to make you pay  
or ensure you won't be late?

If there's angels in the grave yard,  
are they lonely through the night?  
With the morning sun,  
does someone come  
to release them on to flight?

Those angels in the grave yard,  
they must not see or feel,  
or have a clue  
of how much you  
made life, for me, seem real.

So, angels in the grave yard,  
I think you should go home!  
No need to try  
answering Why--  
Alone is still alone.

**Laurie Rude**

*The Dis-Ease*

Oh, how you must feel alone, my love.  
Oh, how much better he looks, they say.  
    Strange, isn't it?  
They must immune themselves to it.  
    But why?  
We look it in the eyes every day.  
    It is almost a child—  
    Delicate and free to grow,  
The third partner in a love triangle of mixed emotions,  
    The uninvited guest.  
    How can we ask it to leave?  
    So we treat it well.  
Dutifully pamper it with knowledge,  
And continue to pretend that it is really okay.  
    But I want it to go,  
To be careless and free and youthful again,  
To taste the beads of energy that drown your soul with glee,  
    No worries, just carefree.  
    But indeed,  
    I'm drowning in my own pity.  
Wake up! Wake up! I scream.  
Maybe it is all just a bad dream  
    But I know,  
It is really the sharpness of reality.  
    So we unite.  
You carry the sword to fight.

Ann Kristin Sanchez

## **Restless Nights**

Where do you go  
when you're too tired  
to sleep?  
Not to bed  
where you toss and turn  
fitfully  
as the glaring red numbers  
of the clock change  
minute after minute.

What do you do  
when you want to cry  
but no tears  
come  
and you can't swallow  
the knot in your  
throat  
or rid yourself of  
the ache in your chest?

Who do you call  
when it's after 2  
in the morning  
and you know that  
no one in your family  
and none of your friends  
are pacing and muttering  
poems  
in the dark.

Why must life be  
so tangled, matted  
like a child's hair  
that hasn't been  
brushed for days?  
So impossible to comb  
that you want to  
take the scissors  
and just  
cut it out.

**Arvilla Ater**



## HEAVEN AND HELL

An eerie, hollow sound escaped the limp, lifeless body as it hit the ground with a thud. The little girl's beloved friend, Elsa, was once a beautiful, vibrant feline with long, shiny, yellow hair. Now, the cat was almost unrecognizable with an eye protruding from its socket and blood matted in her fur. A rugged man with bulging, bloodshot eyes scraped the mangled corpse from the asphalt and threw it over the rusty, barbed-wire fence into the field as if shoveling manure. He thrust the shovel towards the frail child, and she cowered behind it with her head bowed. The child's father spit tobacco on the cat's ear and grinned devilishly.

"You might have to dig two or three holes to fit all of ole' Fluffy in," he chuckled.

The girl's muffled sobs rapidly escalated into uncontrollable crying. Her father walked toward the barn and then abruptly jerked around to glare at her. "Quit your damn bawling," he hollered, "and get that cat buried before the dogs drag it all over the yard." Abby quickly gathered up her dear, departed friend and lowered her gently into a trash bag. The pale, nervous child laid the cat's body in her rusty, red Radio Flyer wagon and placed the shovel beside it. She propped up her Mrs. Beasley doll in the back of the wagon and began the long walk to her secret place in the woods, her Heaven on earth.

Although the distance from the house to the edge of the woods was less than a quarter of a mile, the large hay field was an endless western prairie to an eight-year-old with a mission. Abby paused long enough to wipe her eyes and nose on her dirty T-shirt before continuing her journey. As she regained her composure, she began to mumble to herself, "I hate you, you mean old daddy," wrinkling her nose and contorting her face in a twisted manner. "I'm going to run away and then you'll be sorry," she sputtered, increasing her stride and speed with wild determination.

As they reached the woods, Abby paused a moment to scratch her legs. The weeds had thrashed her tender calves, leaving red streaks and a few irritated chigger bites. The woods were very thick with brush and briars, but after a short search, she managed to find the trail that had been worn down over the past three years. She had discovered the hide-away when she was five years old while hunting rocks. There was a creek that ran from the road, all the way through the woods, and finally ended in a neighbor's pond two miles away. She pulled the wagon down the primitive trail with great effort, breathing heavily and listening intently for the sound of running water. A patch of white daisies swayed in the wind, and Abby wished she could join them in their joyful dance. She carefully picked a few of the largest flowers and arranged them on Mrs. Beasley's lap. "Hold these real tight, Mrs. Beasley, and don't let them blow away, okay?" Abby pleaded.

Mrs. Beasley was Abby's best friend and the only person who had ever seen her secret hideout. To others she was only a doll, but to her Mrs. Beasley was a constant source of comfort and companionship. A nice nurse named Celia had surprised her with the doll when Abby was in the hospital with asthma one year during Christmas. Mrs. Beasley was the best present Abby had ever received, and she couldn't remember who she had talked to before her friend came along. She told Mrs. Beasley everything, and the smiling doll with large glistening eyes listened intently. Abby had many animal friends on the farm too, but they never lived to be very old. Either her father got rid of them, or they were killed on the highway that ran in front of their old, white farmhouse.

It was a cloudy day, and the woods were exceptionally dark. The large branches seemed to reach out for her, and she ducked to avoid their clutches. The wind whispered warnings and the leaves rustled with invisible footsteps, leaving goose bumps on Abby's arms and causing her to shudder. The trees were wicked witches, chanting her name everywhere she turned. But she couldn't let Mrs. Beasley know she was frightened. Mrs. Beasley didn't think she was afraid of anything -- well, except maybe her father. But just when Abby was ready to turn around and run, she saw the towering beech tree standing before her like a guardian angel. She smiled and ran with the wagon toward the clearing she knew was directly ahead. "We're almost there, Mrs. Beasley," she acknowledged with a sigh of relief.

Abby stopped suddenly, causing the wagon to roll against her legs as she plunged into the light. It was like discovering an oasis in the middle of the desert. Colorful, fragrant wildflowers covered the ground, birds chirped, and deer and squirrels scattered. The vast circle of greenery covered almost two acres, surrounded by trees and blackberry bushes that bore large, luscious berries. "Oh -- isn't it beautiful!" Abby whispered to Mrs. Beasley. "I wish we could stay here forever." The spring-fed creek ran along the backside of the clearing. The water was cold and clear and made a rhythmic, gurgling sound as it swiftly tumbled over the rocks that covered the bottom of the creek. Abby had spent hours searching the creekbeds for new specimens for her rock collection. There were rocks and fossils of every size, color, and texture to spark a child's curiosity. In the far corner of the clearing, the creek narrowed and fell, forming a small waterfall before disappearing into the shadowy woods. There, a huge oak had fallen across the creek after being struck by lightning the previous year.

Abby loved to sit on the log, mesmerized by the water, the trees, and the gentle breeze that stroked her cheeks. Whether daydreaming, reading, or just listening to the birds sing, in nature's presence she felt a sense of belonging, security and love. Here, everything was pure, kind, and beautiful, and her worries seemed insignificant. Here, she didn't have to act like a quivering mouse, hiding from the ominous predator and scampering about in paranoia. Abby's father hated her and didn't want her around, so she obliged him by spending as much time in the woods as possible. This was Abby's haven from the real world, where no one hit her or screamed at her, and peace and happiness seemed to be a natural part of life as much as the flowing creek.

Beside the creek was a mysterious hill, or Indian mound, she liked to believe, about three feet high and ten feet across and somewhat flat on top. There was a strange, bluish grass covering the surface that appeared to grow horizontally and never very tall. Small, purple wildflowers abundant here spread throughout the grass creating the look of a perfectly woven rug. When her dog, Brownie, a male Pekinese, had died two years earlier, Abby knew the hill was destined to be his resting-place. No other place could be as perfect and as close to God. From that day forward, all of her deceased friends were given a home in the celestial cemetery.

Abby found a large piece of sandstone at the edge of the creek, and using her pocketknife, she carved "*Elsa*" across the marker. Below the name Abby wrote, "*Killed April 1975.*" She had made tombstones for all of her special friends using sticks, rocks, boards, and bark. Abby loved and respected animals much more than people. Her friends were loyal and good, but like Abby, they sometimes became frightened and lonely and just

needed some affection. And sometimes they did things they weren't supposed to because they didn't know any better. But, unlike her father, who was incapable of love and tenderness, she forgave them and loved them anyway.

Abby decided to place Elsa in a corner next to Chester the turtle. She dug the shallow grave and reluctantly lowered her stiff friend in the cool earth. "Goodbye Elsa. I hope you will be happy here," she choked out. "I'll miss you." She beckoned to Mrs. Beasley, "Could you say a prayer for her? I'm not very good at that, you know." She folded her hands and squinted her eyes in deep concentration before covering the hole and setting up the tombstone. Abby meticulously arranged the wilting daisies over the sandy grave and sighed in resignation. Emotionally and physically exhausted, she climbed upon the fallen tree to rest, pulling off her shoes and socks and dangling her tired feet in the cool water of the creek. Eating blackberries, she thought about her friends in Heaven and wondered what it was like to die. She had prayed many times that she could join them, but God seemed to ignore her pain and loneliness. She had prayed for new parents once, and to be pretty and smart and good, so that her father would love her. But most of all, she prayed that her mother would come home, and that she would hold her and tell her how sorry she was for leaving. But deep down, Abby knew that would never happen. Her father told her she was ugly, stupid, and not worth coming back for, and she believed it. That's why her father drank so much, because he had to take care of her. She was a lot of trouble and didn't deserve a real family.

The sun peeked out from behind the clouds, and Abby sighed with relief. This meant the journey home would be less frightening. Rays of sunlight fell on the clearing, and she stared at the cemetery hoping to see Elsa. Abby had always felt that sunbeams meant the sky was opening up and angels were descending upon earth to take the spirits to Heaven. How lucky Elsa was, Abby thought, that she was able to go live somewhere nice. If God wouldn't let her go with Elsa, then she would run away and find a better life too. But she realized it would be a difficult task. She had never left Denton County, let alone, Iowa, and she knew her father would beat her badly if he caught her. She had nowhere to go and no one to take care of her when she got there. The only adult she knew was her teacher, Miss Moody, and she was a prudish hag who didn't like children anyway, especially tomboys like Abby. No, there just wasn't anyone. The forlorn girl knew she could never leave; she was too small and weak and stupid. Besides, who would take care of her animals? There would be no one to feed them -- and bury them.

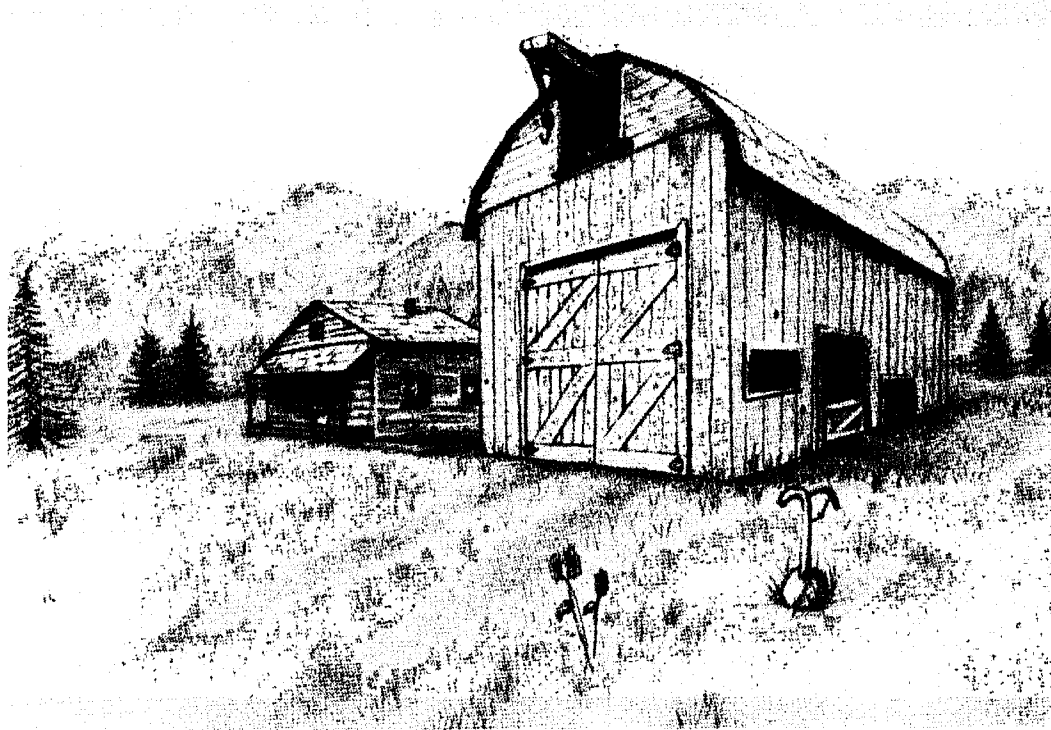
A gray squirrel had approached the child's still form and stopped to eat its lunch on the log beside her. She tried not to move or breathe, watching in amazement as the beautiful animal maneuvered the acorn round and round in an attempt to open it. The squirrel was a strong, self-sufficient creature. It lived in the trees, gathering and storing food and surviving harsh winters through its own hard work and strong will. Fast and smart, the squirrel avoided predators and seemed happy with its lonely, meager existence. Abby smiled, realizing she was also a squirrel, smart and strong, in her own way, and very independent.

She wasn't a quitter like her mother. She would stay and win her father's love; she could make him proud of her. The winters were brutal, but the summers helped ease the painful memories. With the help of her secret paradise in the woods, she would survive. Here, she had nature to protect her, friends to comfort her, and dreams to sustain her.

Abby's thoughts were interrupted by a distant echoing voice calling from the edge of the woods. "Abby...Abby, where the hell are you?" She gasped, terror gripping her soul as she scrambled off the log before he found her. Abby turned and sighed, stealing one more glimpse of the beautiful clearing. "I promise to come back soon," she stammered, tears streaking her freckled face. She gripped the wagon tightly and forced herself to follow the dark path back to Hell.

**Angie J. Richart**

### **A Country Scene**



**David Sanchez**

## **Notes to Myself**

Wake up,  
the alarm went off ten minutes ago  
do not oversleep.  
Don't you know  
that the children need  
to get ready for school  
and that the dishes need to be washed  
and how about that pile of dirty clothes  
overflowing the hamper?

Run here, run there  
pay the bills, pay the bills.  
Study hard. Remember that test,  
that assignment, that thing you had  
to read? Did you get anything out of  
the teacher's lecture  
did you take good notes  
no pressure, it's only your future that  
depends on it.

Change clothes, go to work  
the day is not over  
stand on your feet for hours, smile,  
wait on all of the customers  
be patient, try not to worry  
call the sitter, make sure the kids  
are fed and bathed and in bed  
lean against the counter and get relief  
for your aching back.

It's late, go home  
the kids are already sound asleep  
kick off your shoes; sit down in a chair  
put your head in your hands  
and try not to cry. Things will get better  
they will, they will.  
Now pour yourself a bowl  
of cornflakes and milk, eat it in the dark,  
and call that supper.

**Arvilla Ater**

## **Half-Ass**

Your art is with me.  
So are your typical phrases.  
Like the way you said,  
“Don’t do it half-ass.”  
Or, like the days you told me to,  
“Stop and think about it.”  
I rushed. I wanted to make everything perfect.  
I didn’t want us to live half-ass.  
I didn’t allow myself the generosity of what we had.  
Like Abbie, our child-like dog,  
The way we would rhyme words together,  
And the days that you would make me eat  
Because you knew that I would get sick if I did not.  
In our chaotic world of disease,  
You found comfort in your ability to tease.  
As I face the pain of knowing that you are not on earth,  
My passion is your work.  
Your hands deformed, yet still so gifted.  
In your art, I see your spirit lifted.  
Today I have stopped to think,  
Your drawings are our link.

**Ann Kristin Sanchez**



## WHEN NO ONE BELIEVES

It's a slow dance unending  
a constant upending  
the cold rivers rush  
no reply when you're sending

When no one believes you

It's the doctors caressing  
you know, slowly dressing  
"you're crazy"  
is what he's thinking

When no one believes you

Your joints full of ember  
say "I can't remember"  
or carry myself to bed  
no longer a contender

When no one believes you  
the page lies forgotten  
mouthfuls of cotton  
wishing to never wake  
your fields and mind rotten

And no one believes you...no one

**John Whitcomb**

**THE CAGE**

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!**

**anonymous**



## **The Old Country Bridge**

As I sit in the shade of an old country bridge,  
I think of the stories it could tell . . .

I think of farmers coming home at the end of the day.  
On horse and wagon and tractor they passed,  
Too busy or tired to notice your quiet strength.

I think of the cars and coaches you carried  
On their journeys to new homes and Sunday church  
And all the worlds to be explored

I think of the deer that have looked up  
to see laughing children cross you  
with books and shoes dangling by tied laces.

I think of the men that crossed over you  
On their journey to distant wars.  
In monuments' stone the names who never returned.

I think of the water that has flowed by you,  
Of its joyous union at journeys end  
And dolphins leaping in the light of the setting sun.

I think of how overgrown your lane has become.  
Too old to repair, you sit silent and unused,  
A monument of steel and rust and times long ago.

Most of all, I think of the new bridge coming  
And how someday it will be old and silent  
And if in its shade a tired traveler will sit  
And think of many things.

**L. Paul Tracy**

**The Old Country Bridge**



**L. Paul Tracy**

## The Refuge

It happened on a day like any other day. It was a Saturday in late April. I was sixteen years old and bored out of my mind with school and the small-town stuff of Seymour, and my parents raggin' on me all the time. Bob, a friend of mine who was twenty-two, had gotten me a twelve pack of Buds, to help break the boredom, you know. Bob was OK, but some of his friends were kind of scary. They lived out of a pick up truck down at the White River and slept on the sandbank or under the interstate overpass if it rained. I don't know where they went in the winter. They were a rough crowd, always carrying knives and getting into it with the police and stuff. But Bob never let them bother me, and he didn't charge me extra for the beer, like a delivery fee or anything. My parents had no idea I hung around with Bob, or had any idea about anything else, for that matter.

So, anyway, I worked at a greasy spoon downtown after school. It paid enough to keep me in gas for my '61 Plymouth, and get some beer occasionally. I was a loner, see, and I didn't date girls or do that after school junk the other kids did. I usually worked and drove around. But anyway, this Saturday I had off and so I got Bob to get me the beer, and he took two for his trouble, which kind of annoyed me, but what could I say, and then I went cruisin' by myself.

I ended up out at the Wildlife Refuge. I liked it there, and often went out there to walk around and pretend I was the park ranger or other weird stuff. I knew most of the names of the plants and trees, and the different ducks and geese that came and went, depending on the season. The big Canada geese came in for the winter, and then a whole new crowd came in for the summer. The summer crowd was noisier. I liked the woods in the springtime because the ground and the air were alive with movement. The reptiles were coming out--first the lizards, then the snakes, the turtles, and the frogs. The ground was damp from the thaw and the spring rains. The May apples were up but not yet in bloom. The birds were going crazy with singing and sunshine, like they do in the spring. I felt really good, walking in the sunshine, open and free, like it was my refuge, too. I hardly ever saw any other people out there, except maybe a car going by once in awhile.

That day, I drove past the raspberry bushes bordering the dirt road, and the wild plum tree that I sometimes checked in June for ripe fruit. I ate them, even though they were usually sour, but it made me feel self-sufficient, you know, like I could take care of myself, live off the land. I fished, too, but since I don't like to clean the fish cause you have to kill them, if I catch any I let them go. That's the best part-- letting them go and watching them swim away. Anyway, I drove on out nearly to the end of the road, the boundary of the refuge, to the small pond I called frog lake. The dark pond had lots of frogs in the summer, and the cattails bordering the south edge

were always loaded with red-winged black birds. They've got a real pretty song. I parked and walked around the pond to a hiking trail already fringed with the green of spring and dotted with those little white starflowers. I walked a long way, finished one beer, and started on the spare I had put in my jacket pocket. The sun was warm and the air was cool. It felt good to be out of the house, off from work, and out of school. I don't know how long I walked, probably over an hour, but I came upon an old, gray, weathered outbuilding that I had never seen before. Curiosity got the better of me, and I stepped quietly around the side, trying not to make too much noise on the twigs and stuff, in case I might see a deer. The back side of the building was completely open, so I stepped inside only a couple of feet, to let my eyes adjust to the darkness. The building looked empty, yet I got this creepy feeling down the back of my neck, and for the first time, I felt my aloneness. Something fluttered in an upper corner, and I dropped, my knees bent and my arms up over my head, like something might fall and hit me on the head. When I looked up, and then stood up, I saw a white face with two big black eyes, and a brown and white feathered body. It was a barn owl. I remember thinking that owls only come out at night, but then I thought maybe this was his house where he slept during the day. We looked at each other awhile until our fear kind of trickled out of us. But the creepy feeling started down my neck and down my spine, and my hair raised up on the back of my neck and my forearms. I felt as if someone else were there besides the owl and me. I drank the last of my beer and threw the bottle towards the corner, where it landed with a "clink" sound, as if it had hit some rocks. The owl let out a screech, and spread its white wings three feet broad and flew over my head and out of the building. My heart raced, and I could hear my heart beat inside my head. I hated that. But I wasn't really scared. I was just kind of jumpy.

Something made me think twice about that beer bottle. It didn't make sense that I would worry about someone finding it, and it hadn't broken, so I can't explain why I walked over to pick it up. But I did, and when I bent over to pick it up, my hand just stopped and hovered over the brown bottle, like a dragonfly hovers over the green moss on the lake, like a helicopter. It was like I was looking right through my hand. Next to the bottle was something whitish, something long, like a bone. I took a step backward and looked. There in the semi-darkness lay the remains of a human body. There were no clothes. But there were fingers and toes, and ribs sticking up through patches of leathery skin; and legs, and black beetles where the belly should be; and worms and dirt and teeth and hair. My head rang between my ears, like the time I had lost too much blood after my arm got hung up on a barbed wire fence. "Oh my God, it's a person. It's somebody," I thought. There weren't any flies or anything, like you see on dead animals sometimes, and it looked like it'd been there awhile. I stood there like stupid for I don't know how long, my stomach pumping in spasms. I tried not to heave. OK, maybe I did once. Then I noticed the skull was smashed in on one side. A murder! I turned quickly around to look behind me. No one there. I got my

dumb feet to take me out and around the building. No one there. I was paranoid, just knowing that someone had killed somebody right there at that spot. I shook my head, which was beginning to quiet down a little. "No way," I thought. I had to be sure. I checked my steps back to the open side of the building, and cautiously walked up to the bones. It was true. It was a person. I reached down for my beer bottle and stood up, wondering what to do. A big, black raven called from the old wooden window, causing me to jump and squeeze the bottle in my hand. His shiny eyes looked at me accusingly, and he bobbed his head up and down as if to say, "Yes, I see. I see."

I turned and ran. I think I might have screamed. But not out loud; probably just in my head. Yea, my head was screaming. I ran until the path widened, then I threw the bottle as far as I could, and ran until I had to stop for the pain in my side. I got my car keys out of my pocket. God, my hands were cold. But I felt better holding the keys, more in control, you know, 'cause I knew I could leave. I walked the rest of the way to my car. The back tires threw rocks as I left that place. I was so scared that I left the other eight beers in an alley and just went home.

A hot shower did nothing to warm my cold, paralyzed body. The image of that body in the dirt was frozen in my brain. A mocking voice inside my head told me, "A dumb kid out drinking probably didn't know what he'd seen." I knew I should call the police, but they weren't exactly friendly towards guys like me. I couldn't ask my parents what to do. They would just totally freak out. Besides, they would probably think I'd killed that person. Never trust your parents to be a character witness for you, because they always think the worst of you anyway. I thought about who it might have been. The hair had been kind of long, so it might have been a girl or a woman. What if it was someone I knew? Someone here in town, maybe, or someone from someplace far away and no one knew where they were? And where were her clothes? Maybe she had been raped or something. I had to tell someone. That night I lay in bed, but I couldn't close my eyes; because when I did, I saw that raven looking at me, bobbing his head up and down, saying "I see. I see." The truth was, I HAD seen, and I knew I had to do something about it.

Early the next morning, while my parents slept, I went in to the kitchen and made myself a cup of instant coffee. I had never drunk coffee before, but it seemed like the thing to do. I swallowed half of it, then picked up the phone and dialed the police. Two officers came to the front door within twenty minutes of my call. They asked me a lot of questions. I told them where the body was, and they wanted me to ride out there with them. As we were going out the door, my mom had gotten up and come out just in time to see me leaving with the police.

"Freddie, what're you doin'?! Where're you goin' with my boy?" she asked the officers.

"We're just taking him out to show us something. Ma'am."

"Well, he better not be in any trouble." She glared at me, and then asked the officer, "You bringin' him back here?"

"Yes, Ma'am. If not, we'll call you from the station."

My mom's distrustful eyes darted their anger and disapproval towards me, but I looked at her straight on and said, "I'll be right back."

"Oh, I see," she said sarcastically, in response to my new found assertiveness.

I shut the door. I knew she didn't see, and I hoped that my refuge rested in telling the truth.

**Laurie Rude**

**My Little Corner**



**Debbie Sexton**

## **Waiting On Mary**

He said. "I'm waiting on Mary"  
and a warmth rushed over me.  
It was the way he said it, gentle,  
unhurried, as if he'd been waiting  
on Mary his whole life, as if he  
hadn't regretted one second of it.

He went on to say that he'd been  
waiting on Mary for 49 years--  
almost 50, that it was nearing their  
golden anniversary.  
Mary heard him, and she turned  
to smile at him, only for a second  
before turning back to the merchandise  
upon the store's shelves.

He continued to stand by the cash  
register and talk to me - the cashier,  
and there was no impatience in his eyes  
no restless shifting of his feet  
no heavy sighs, no tension in the soft lines  
around his mouth. He only watched Mary  
as she moved through the store

and he only made a motion to leave  
when she was ready - only after making  
sure that she'd seen everything she had  
wanted to see. A knot formed suddenly  
within my throat as I watched him  
follow her out the door. "I'm waiting on  
Mary," he had said...and I thought,  
Maybe someday someone like that  
will wait on me.

**Arvilla Ater**

## THE PEN AND INK OF WINTER

coming up roses, green fades in  
spring wades in washing out the pen and ink of winter  
bare white feet  
shoes in hand, loving sand  
made hot by long days and shadows returning  
feel it burning your skin, twelve o'clock high

coconut sunblock  
black skin, blacktop  
BBQ, bus stop, tan lines and drawn blinds  
feeling like your last step  
will see you hit the street, Jack  
melting like a pink scoop, strawberry vanilla  
in the heatwaves on a manhole cover  
find your lover  
blow a buck and duck into the wonder  
of the movie house, a sticky blouse pulls loose  
cool air circulating, hands hold waiting  
wishing it would never end...the end  
oh well, back to hell, Harlem, and Main Street USA

but don't be too fast  
to wish it away, soon is the day  
chilled to the bone, can't get warm enough  
in the pen and ink of winter

**John Whitcomb**



## **SHE KNEW WHAT WE WANTED**

Y'all ain't from around here...are ya  
creaked from her bottom jaw  
like an unhinged porch door

She knew what we wanted  
her desert floor face pointed the way, quietly  
God himself couldn't have rendered better direction

She was that place, that land  
cacti and hole dwelling nocturnal  
steady in her gaze  
she knew what she wanted

The yellow brick road  
into the great "out there"  
where lay the joys and lusts of man  
Daddy told her bout it  
long time ago

her cheeks remember  
but her eyes still wonder bout the lace never worn  
the child never born  
and the love she never knew  
She knew...she knew what we wanted  
and shut the door

**John Whitcomb**

## **PILGRIM**

In a western town  
Indian children play with fire  
staring in the deep blue  
they speak their tongue

Language lost in time  
spirits moving in the night  
speaking to the very old and the very young

Europeans called them savage  
in the sight of God  
in the name of God they killed their people off

So am I proud to be a pilgrim  
In a land that freed its children  
freed its children from its native land?

In the Eastern sky  
the lights of Boston fill the night  
shining through a broken window into her eyes

seventeen months old  
no way to fight the cold  
she'll die an unrecorded death with no funeral

Her people came from Kenya  
born to slave  
in the new frontier of the free and brave

So am I proud to be a pilgrim  
in a land that freed a children  
freed a children from their native land?

**John Whitcomb**

**Alone**



**L. Paul Tracy**

## Maybe Next Year

"Damn pager," Morton Holloway muttered under his breath as he sped up his car. Sometimes he wished he could just throw away the pager and ignore the hospital emergencies, but he was too greedy for the money that being an around the clock doctor brought in.

The number on the pager was followed by 911, which meant it was an urgent emergency. To save time, Morton decided to take the shorter way to the hospital and turned onto a nameless country back road. The road was narrow, barely wide enough for two cars to drive on at the same time, and was only paved with dirt and rocks. Looking away from the road to check the time, he paid little attention to where his car was going. Morton only saw the hitchhiker after he had already run over him - only after he stopped the car and looked into the rear view mirror to see what had been hit.

*You hit him,* Morton heard an inner voice say. *You hit him. You killed him. You.* "I don't know that he's dead," Morton answered the voice out loud.

*He looks dead, and if he looks dead....*

"It was an accident! It's not like I aimed for the guy!"

*But you did hit him. You killed him, and if anyone finds out it will go on your record. The newspapers will say, "Dr. slams defenseless hitchhiker with car! No more money for him!" It'll hit harder than a malpractice suit.*

"I didn't mean to hit him!"

*It will go on your record,* the inner voice, which sounded strangely like Morton's mother, said again. *Who will go to a doctor that runs over people? You'll be ruined. BROKE, Morty.*

"It was an accident. People will understand."

*Ruined.*

Morton sat in silence, pondering the situation. What if people did stop coming to see him? He loved money too much to lose his patients.

*Drive away,* the inner voice whispered. *No one will know. No one uses this road. No one.* "I hit a deer," Morton whispered. "They'd all believe that. I could say I hit a deer," he said, slightly nodding his head, shifting the car into drive.

*You'll be a hero for coming into work after such a harrowing accident!*

"Just a deer," Morton said, a small smile starting to come to his lips; this was getting easier to think about.

*"Good ol' Morty," they'll say. "Such a determined doctor! Let's give him a raise!"*

"A raise," Morton said, smiling. "Patients will multiply," he gasped, marveling at the image of it in his mind. "Pay will multiply. It'll triple! I'll buy a new sports car. Hell, I'll buy two of them! Red ones...."

Morton glanced up into the rear view mirror and saw that the fallen hitchhiker was starting to get up. Slowly. The man was dragging himself toward the car.

*Put the car in reverse, Morton. Hit him again! No one will know. No one.*

"I'll know."

*So? You'll forget all about it when you get that new red sports car, won't you?*

Before Morton could give himself time to think, he put the car in reverse and pushed the gas pedal down. He drove until he felt the thud of the body against the bumper, and then drove away as fast as he could. It wasn't a hard thing to do.

Morton went to the hospital, performed the surgery, went home, and never once gave a second thought about what he had done until he was lying in bed and unable to sleep. He should have guessed it would bother him a little bit, but what was done was done, and tomorrow he was going to visit the car dealership.

The days passed quickly, and with each day the hitchhiker went further and further from Morton's thoughts. It wasn't hard to forget. No news reports came about him, whoever he was. Heavy snows came with that winter, not only hiding the body, but the entire country road. Morton's fears of the body being discovered shrank more and more until they completely vanished. Forgetting the faceless man was not a hard thing to do.

A year passed. The night before the anniversary of the hit and run, Morton had a dream about the hitchhiker. It was the first thought he had had of the man in months. In the dream, Morton was driving down the country road, the same road, only this time there was a street sign that labeled it "Infinity." His eyes stayed fixed on the road sign until it was no longer in sight; then he saw the hitchhiker in front of him. He was just standing in the road in front of Morton, staring at him.

"It's either you or me," the hiker told him. "You or me."

That was when Morton awoke from the dream, the one time he was glad to hear the alarm clock ringing in his ear. Shaken by the dream, Morton decided to take the day off from work.

9:00 PM

Morton's pager went off at nine o'clock sharp. He looked at it, annoyed. It was a 911, he had to go.

It would have been quicker to take the country road, but no, Morton was not about to do that. He drove straight, planning to get on the highway. Several feet ahead he saw a flashing yellow light and stopped the car.

"Detour?!" he cried at the road crew worker.

"Yes sir," the worker answered. "Horrible wreck up ahead. You'll have to take the backroad."

"That backroad?"

"Yes sir."

"I can't take that road!" Morton cried. "There must be another way!"

"There isn't. It won't kill you to take your little sports car through some mud. It will wash off. Go."

Morton hesitated several minutes before making a U-turn onto the country road. It was then that his headlights flashed on a small road sign that read, "Infinity."

Morton's heart skipped a beat.

The hitchhiker's voice rang out in Morton's head, "It's either you or me."

What did that mean anyway? Morton wondered.

"Nothing," he answered himself. "It was just a dream and dreams mean nothing."

*Freud didn't think so*, the familiar voice sang.

"You shut up," Morton snapped, then began to laugh. "I need a dog, or a carpool or something. Here I am talking to myself."

Morton leaned over and turned on the radio. He heard a D.J.'s voice burst out: "We've got a hard-hitting night of tunes for you tonight!"

As he lifted his head, Morton saw him. There he was. Walking straight toward the car. Morton yelled, slamming on the brakes, but the car did not stop. It hit him. Again. He had just run over the same man again.

"How is that possible?!" Morton yelled, bringing the car to a screeching stop.

He had seen the hitchhiker's face this time. The shock and the fear. Morton knew that he had seen his face, too.

*Now he knows who to look for.*

Morton pushed the inner voice away. That was too much to even begin to think about.

Morton put the car in gear and began driving away.

"Someone must have found him and brought him to a hospital," Morton whispered, trying to rationalize the situation. "Why was he out here again? Didn't the fool learn anything!"

The next day, as Morton sat on his living room couch, he couldn't help but think about the hitchhiker. Had someone found him the year before? They hadn't taken him to the hospital Morton worked in if they did.

Around eleven-thirty, his morbid curiosity won and Morton drove back to Infinity. He parked the car in the exact spot he had struck the man and got out to look around. There were no signs of an accident. No blood, no skid marks, nothing.

"Did I imagine the whole thing?" he asked softly.

*Couldn't have.*

"I must have. I must have fallen asleep and had another dream. That's it."

Another year went by, another dream came, and again Morton decided to stay home. And, once again, the 911 page came at exactly nine o'clock. Morton's annoyance was now turned into nervous fear as he set off for the hospital. He came upon another detour, and had almost the exact same conversation with the road crew worker.

"Have we met before?" Morton asked him.

The worker looked confused. "I don't think so."

"Yes we have. Last year there was another accident just like this and I saw you working."

"It couldn't have been me," the worker said. "I just moved here two months ago."

(It's either you or me.)

"Are you sure?"

"Listen buddy, I ought to know. Now get going."

(You or me.)

The hitchhiker had been more forceful in the dream that had come the night before, Morton thought, turning the car around.

*Of course he's more forceful – he's tired of you hitting him.*

Morton laughed softly. "I'm going insane," he whispered.

This time he struck the hitchhiker while switching radio stations; he didn't want to hear the D.J. talk about a hard-hitting night of tunes. And, this time, the man's body hit the windshield. He kept his dark brown eyes fixed on Morton until gravity threw him away from the car and onto the ground. Those were some angry eyes – accusing eyes. Morton got out of the car and looked around for the body. He had thoughts of trying to help the hiker this time, but he couldn't find the body anywhere. Then, suddenly, there he was, right in front of Morton's face, silently glaring at him. The hiker had to use the body of the car to sup-

port himself, but he was quickly making his way closer to Morton. Before he took the time to know what was happening, Morton ducked back into his car and fearfully drove away.

*It's never going to end.*

"It has to end," Morton gasped. "The guy is getting too aggressive!"

Yet another year passed, and the same routine started up again. Morton was not all that surprised to receive the page or see the detour. The thought of just not answering the page came to mind, but if the cycle ended and he didn't respond, he would lose money.

*No more sports car.*

He decided that he could end the cycle this year by simply not hitting the hitchhiker, and he didn't think that would be so hard to do.

Morton turned onto Infinity, as it felt like he had done a hundred times before, and decided that to make sure he would not hit the hiker, he would drive in the opposite lane. He pulled into the lane slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on the other lane. Morton knew he was earlier than usual, as he hadn't talked to the road worker, so he would have to drive further to see the hitchhiker.

"Once I pass him," he told himself, "I can get in the right lane and everything will be fine." He almost laughed out loud, watching the other lane; it seemed so simple. Morton's eyes were so focused on the other lane, that he never spotted the semi headed straight for him – the truck that had normally gone by while Morton sat arguing with the road crew worker.

The truck hit him, head on, and then continued down the road. Morton's car caught fire, rolling out of control, and landed, upside down, in a ditch. Outside of the car, over the roar of fire, Morton could hear a set of lone footsteps approaching.

"I can't get out!" he yelled. "The car is going to explode!"

"I see that," a male voice responded; he sounded calm and pleased.

Morton suddenly knew who was standing outside of his car. It was him. Morton's life was in the hands of *him!*

"Help me!" Morton cried.

The hiker leaned down far enough so Morton could see him smile, then straightened and began walking away from the car. It wasn't a hard thing to do. Walking away was not a hard thing to do at all.

"Maybe next year," was the last thing Morton heard.

**Jennifer Phillips**

## SHADOWS

*I hear your name sometimes,  
a wincing whisper of hope  
lurking behind locked memories  
of shadowed sorrows.*

*I know I shouldn't listen, but  
for some reason I still do.*

*I talk to your poignant picture,  
questioning, angry, then hurt.  
Dark curls complement elusive eyes,  
murky reminders of a shadowed soul.*

*I know I shouldn't miss you, but  
for some reason I still do.*

*Warm embraces on cool nights  
shaped shadows on the wall.  
Love made and casually ignored;  
discarded with yesterday's news.*

*I know I shouldn't care, but  
for some reason I still do.*

*I cuddle my child close to me,  
Oh, how much he looks like you.  
Dark curls contrast glowing eyes;  
a sunny smile chases away shadows.*

*I know I shouldn't pity you,  
but you know -- I really do.*

**Angie J. Richart**



## Death Camp



Burial detail – liberated Nazi death camp, Germany (1945)  
Photo by my father

To remember the past can teach  
Only when seen in the light,  
Even if all we have are photos  
And their unspoken legacy.

**L. Paul Tracy**

## THE DARK SIDE OF LIGHT

"I don't like this! I don't like this one god---, uh, one bit!" Paul stammered and caught himself halfway through his curse, his anger not sufficient to forget the icy stare that came from Auntie's eyes when somebody cursed. He had already seen the glare in Auntie's eyes halfway through his outburst.

"You can't stay here. Draggan's goons will sweep into town at dawn and...." Paul stopped in mid-sentence, looking away from Auntie to the gaping hole in the far wall and what lay beyond. The cold and fading sunset cast a dismal pall on the remnants of the town. Serb paramilitary forces had blown it to rubble, killing most of the residents that hadn't already fled. Colonel Draggan Gagovic, the Serb commander, loved to use his artillery to terrorize the unarmed Croats and Muslims that stood between his glory and an ethnically pure United Serb Republic. His gunners had done their job well here.

Paul walked over to the gaping hole as if to examine what was left of the house that Annika and her parents had been so proud of only a few short hours ago. Paul and Auntie's relief team had spent most of the day in the relative safety of the massive stone walls of the town's jail, just across the street from where Paul now stood. Auntie was sitting on what was left of the couch that had been the main piece of furniture in the room. A fluorescent lantern now bathed the room in a sterile, white glow. A kerosene heater a few feet away from her feet kept the chill of the still, winter air at bay. Across her lap lay the comatose Annika, her fragile and broken three year-old body strapped to a make-shift backboard retrieved from the rubble.

Annika's neck was broken at the fifth vertebrae. There was nothing Paul or the relief team could do; Annika was going to die. They couldn't even move her now without killing her. There was no medical doctor on their relief team since Doc Wissmann had been killed; it wouldn't have much mattered if they had a doctor with them. They were out of the drugs that could stop the swelling in Annika's spinal cord that would eventually cause her breathing and heart to stop; just another body for Gagovic. Draggan had made great strides towards his goal in this town; the body count was well over a hundred. The relief team had exhausted their medical supplies in the first nine hours of panic. Darkness was the only thing that had stopped the shelling. Paul had thought of the sickening analogy to a game of baseball; game called on the account of darkness except this was a game of "Everybody Dies." Even the score-keepers and umpires weren't safe in this game. One hundred and fifteen journalists had already died covering this war; some were friends that Paul had known only too well. Hell, the Serbs had even killed eighteen Pakistani UN peace-keeping troops three weeks earlier and hadn't suffered anything more for it than empty threats of more "sanctions."

Paul couldn't get the image out of his mind of Anikka's smiling face as she had cuddled in his arms while he used his poor Croatian language skills to tell her silly children's stories he had made up. He had made her laugh by mispronouncing "little bug" when he told a story about the sneaky "tomato" that crawled around and tickled little girls on the cheek when they weren't looking. Paul had forgotten his problems as Annika had giggled at his stories; it had been like bread to a starving man. The two of them shared a moment of paradise together; that's what paradise was...just nuggets scattered amongst the

debris field of life. Paul had comforted Annika in his arms and in that comfort the two of them had found a little nugget of paradise while Auntie and Sylvia had worked with Annika's parents to try to save her grandfather's life. Paul had no medical training and he wasn't good at handling massive wounds.

Paul longed to go home but the thought just gnawed at him because he knew he couldn't leave. He made his living as a photo-journalist off this miserable Bosnian war. He didn't like it but he had no choice; he needed the money to pay his lawyers back in Brussels. When everything was said and done, none of his "fellow journalists" would be caught dead in a place like this either if it wasn't for the money. They were all just a bunch of war whores. He had nearly screwed himself out of his only chance to ever see his son again when he was fired from his job at UPI for saving Talitha from the Serb sniper that had killed her parents. Score-keepers have to be neutral, you know, or at least that was the bullshit that his ex-boss had dumped on him. All he could do now was freelance human interest work for the French press. The French seemed to be the only people that really cared about what was going on here.

Paul found himself reliving the moment again; cowering in fear behind the hulk of a burnt-out truck, staring at a little girl screaming in terror as she stood in the street while her parents convulsed in their death throes at her feet. He had run the sniper's gauntlet in the near-suicidal attempt to save Talitha but he couldn't get the guilt out of his mind that there might have been a way to save her parents if he had acted sooner. "No-o-o!" he cried out feebly as he reached up and steadied himself by grabbing onto the top of the door frame. The flashbacks were wearing him down emotionally and physically; he couldn't remember the last time he had slept well. He mortally feared sleep, having become a prisoner of his nightmares. War was 99% boredom, fear and misery but that 1% of the time that was terrified horror replayed in his mind and dreams like a cassette player with auto reverse and no off button. Paul relived the scorched hands that reached up from the mass grave he and Sylvia had found. He relived his friends Eric and Patrick dying as the Serb rocket slammed into their transport jet. He relived Doc Wissmann screaming in his arms after a land mine had torn him in half.

"Are you OK?" asked Auntie, the glow from the lantern illuminating Paul's trembling hands as they gripped the top of the door frame so hard that blood started to drip from his heavily bandaged hands onto his forehead. At the sound of Auntie's words, he dropped his hands to his side and looked up at the door frame now smeared with his blood. He stifled a sick laugh. Remembering the Biblical Passover, he thought it absurdly ironic that his blood be smeared above the doorway. "No Passover here," he said softly. "Everybody dies." His tortured mind also thought maybe it was a baptism, having self-anointed himself in the blood of the damned. He turned to look at Auntie. "I'm... fine," he managed after a moment of silence. "I'm fine."

Auntie could tell the desperation in John's voice; she didn't need her gift to tell her that. She remembered the vision she had had of Paul and Sylvia with their children, thousands of miles away from here. She had seen Paul's son and knew that Paul would succeed in getting his kidnapped son back. She had seen a little girl as well and thought it must have been Talitha. Paul and Sylvia had both doted on the little orphan girl in their care for the last three weeks. Talitha was the common link that would forge the final bond needed between the two of them.

She could sense that Paul would either refuse to leave them there alone or come back after them. Either way, Paul would die. Since it was a sense and not a vision, Auntie knew that it was a destiny that hung in the balance of what was to happen now. In her seventy-four years, Auntie had never done what she was about to do; she was going to use her gift of second sight to change a man's destiny. "Paul, please come here."

Paul walked slowly over and looked down at Auntie's hands as they cradled Annika, weathered brown and wrinkled like old saddle leather. How many times had he watched in awe at the power of those hands to comfort the scared and the dying. He recalled the article that he had read where researchers had used DNA studies from tens of thousands of women to reportedly prove the existence of Eve, the mother of humanity, in an area that was now East Africa. "Eve must have had hands like Auntie's," he thought.

"You know that Sylvia loves you!" Auntie stated, never having been one to mince words. Paul blushed as he looked down at his own bandaged and bloody hands. "That's crazy. I'm a married ..."

"You were married!" Auntie shot back quickly, lowering her head and looking Paul square in the eyes over her spectacles. It was the look that Auntie gave when she was mad and not to be trifled with. "I used to be married, too, you know." Paul was well aware of her late husband Henry; he thought often of how sad it was that Auntie and Henry had never had children. "I had thirty-five years with my Henry, but he's been dead for twenty-one years. You and Annika are my family now. Your wife, Jillian, died three years ago. Sylvia and Talitha are your family now."

She gently let go of Annika's hand and extended her now free hand towards Paul's, much larger but no less white than Annika's. The moment their hands touched he was overwhelmed with the sense that this was the last time he would see her. Auntie had been a spirit guide for him, something he had never accepted or even believed much in until being overwhelmed now by the pending loss. His legs nearly buckled under the weight of the knowledge that Auntie was going to die. He saw in her eyes that she knew and was accepting that her time had come. Auntie now knew that he also had the gift, undeveloped and not as focused as hers but he had it none the less.

"I'm going to tell you a part of your destiny. I ain't never done this before for no man because I know that everything happens to the Lord's plan and ain't up to me to change what He wants. Now you just keep quiet and listen. I've seen you and Sylvia together, thousands of miles from here, with your...children. Now you know why you have to leave here. They need you...your son...needs you!"

"David?," he blurted out as he looked into Auntie's eyes. He wanted to say more but just then Sylvia came in through the doorway, a look of exhaustion and quiet desperation on her face. They had fourteen wounded and sick orphans in their care now and her mind was preoccupied with getting them to the relative safety of the UN convoy in the hills.

"The UN commander says we've got to leave now if we're going to make the rendezvous," Sylvia said nervously, referring to the young American lieutenant that was leading their evacuation from the town. Sylvia glanced at Auntie and then at Paul as she realized she had interrupted an important moment between them. She didn't like leaving Auntie there any better than Paul did, but she had known Auntie for years, long enough to

know there was no changing her mind. The children now were the most important thing.

Paul stood motionless for a moment just staring past Sylvia to the gaping hole behind her. Then, without speaking or looking back, he walked out of the house and climbed into the open cargo area of their HUMVEE. After a few moments, Sylvia emerged from the house, walking slowly through the frigid night air towards Paul. "Don't you want to ride up in front?" she asked. "It'll get awful cold back here."

Paul looked up into her eyes for a long moment before saying, "No, I'll be fine here. I...just need some air to think." Sylvia shook her head as she climbed into the driver's seat. Starting the noisy diesel engine, she let out the clutch slowly as she pulled the vehicle around to the rear of the convoy that had already begun their slow and noisy exodus from the now almost deserted town. "He'll get plenty of air...that's for sure!" as she thought of what the wind chill must be back in the cargo area. She was worried to obsession about Paul but she figured it would be best not to push things for now.

As Paul looked back on the shrinking sight of Annika's house, he could no longer control the rage that boiled inside him. "Goddammit!" he cried into the darkness from the heaving perch in the back of the HUMVEE. He was about to curse again when he realized that Sylvia was less than five feet away, even if she couldn't possibly hear him through the rear cab window over the noise of the diesel engine. Instead of cursing, he screamed like a wounded lion; an eyes-clenched-shut, gut-vomiting bellow. He raged at the thought that the goddamned Serbs had him wishing that he had never held little Annika in his arms, that he had never known that her family was still in the house only because her gut-shot grandfather couldn't be moved without killing him, that he hadn't frantically dug through the rubble until his hands were bloody while Serb artillery shells fell like acid-rain, that he had never found her broken but still breathing body.

All Paul could think of now was killing every Serb bastard that served under Colonel Gagovic. He envisioned himself ripping the missile launcher from the hands of the goddamned Serb that killed Eric and Patrick that day six months ago at the airport. He wanted to crush those wrists with his own grasp, savagely twisting and ripping every finger from both hands. He wanted to ram and twist that rocket launcher through heaving guts like an old post-hole digger through hard-scrabble. He wanted to wedge the impaled body high in a tree, ripping the eyelids from the corpse so it could stare down in death on a world of its own creation.

He thought of that goddamned Gagovic, the master of this ethnic butchery. A fast death would be too good for him; oh, he lusted to kill Gagovic with his own hands. He wanted to slam Gagovic's body against stone walls until his head split open, spraying brain matter like a syphilitic dog taking a piss. He wanted to rip open Gagovic's chest, using a jagged rock to hack through the ribs. He wanted to spit on Gagovic's still beating heart before ripping it from his chest and shoving it down his goddamned throat. Paul was oblivious to the pain in his bloodied and bandaged hands as they clenched the seat tightly to keep him from flying out of truck. He now sat quietly as he stared back toward the direction they had come from.

\* \* \*

The fuel in the heater was gone hours before dawn; the wind slowly started to pick up as a storm front approached. In less than an hour, savage gusts of wind howled through the broken house. The bitter cold cut right through Auntie's coat, even with the blanket she

had wrapped around her upper body and Annika. She felt strangely warm and peaceful as she softly hummed a lullaby remembered from her childhood.

Shortly before dawn, Annika eyes moved slightly in the pale glow from the lantern. Auntie interrupted her lullaby to gaze down at Annika's face.

"I'm cold, Mama...I'm so cold," Annika whispered meekly without opening her eyes.

"Sh-h-h-h-h, it's OK, my little one. Here's another blanket," Auntie replied in perfect Croatian as she pulled the blanket from around her own shoulders and laid it gently on Annika.

"Go back to sleep, child...it's time now for both of us to sleep."

The wind continued to howl outside, unseen beyond the dim glow of the lantern. As dawn approached, a freezing rain began to fall, lightly at first, and then in blowing sheets. The first pale light of dawn found the cold, dispassionate landscape encased in a sheet of ice.

It was the dawn of another day.

**Writer's Note:** On January 10, 1999, Draggan Gagovic died when he tried to kill French UN peace-keeping troops that had been sent to arrest him for war crimes. The Serbs in the region responded with days of violence in their anger over the loss of their "patriot."

**L. Paul Tracy**

**To my dear and devoted husband Bernie:**

Confined by bitter torment, endless struggles, and diminished pride,  
--I merely existed, like a cold, hard rock, buried beneath layers of thick, stagnant  
mud.

Uplifted by your illuminating praise, emphatic encouragement, and undying love,  
—I blossomed, like a fresh spring flower, with renewed hope, vigor and beauty.

Our time was brief, but our love everlasting. As best friends and lovers, parents  
and soul-mates, we share a bond that death cannot diminish;  
memories that time will never fade; and a love eternity can only strengthen.

Rest peacefully, sweet Bernie.

Watch over us and guide us in the path of goodness you faithfully followed,  
so that we may join you in Paradise.

I love you and miss you, and will hold you dear to my heart until we can be  
together once more.

You are my life, my love, and the person I most want to be like.

Rest peacefully, sweet, sweet Bernard.

Know that you made a difference in life, and you will not be forgotten in death.

Your spirit and your love live on in all of us.

**Angie L. Richart**



## Literalines Student Production Staff



**Ellen Kirk** is a freshman at IUPUC, majoring in journalism. She specializes in personalized poetry and loves to write. She says she writes to save her life, and that writing has been an essential outlet in her life since her early years. At IUPUC, Ellen contributed her talent to a class publication called The Freshman X-Files for Debra Winikates' X151. Ellen sent out the acceptance letters for Literalines in record time.

**Angie Richart's** biography appears in the Biographical Notes section of Literalines. Angie was an inspiration to all of us to put the magazine together this year. She distributed the notices for submissions, put up posters, and filled us in on the printing process. She recently lost her husband Bernie, her "greatest fan," in a tragic car accident; she asked that Literalines use the picture of her and Bernie with the poem for her husband which is included in this issue.

**Debbie Sexton** is in her sophomore year pursuing a degree in English. She fills her hours with the Writing Center, mentoring, and, occasionally, homework for her current classes. Debbie does a fantastic job in the Writing Center and in the class she mentors—she also managed to put in a lot of work on Literalines. She chose this picture because, as she says, "My truck matches my hair."



**Dana Turnbow** is a sophomore English major. She has an eight week old Golden Retriever puppy named "Sweet Pea." Dana types like a professional and did a fantastic job for Literalines this year. She is seen in the photo at left attending a Halloween party.

Some thank-you's to other staff:

**Laura Jordan's** schedule didn't allow her to do as much work on the magazine as she would have liked. Still, she held the fort (the Writing Center) during some of the times when Debbie Sexton was trying to do more than two things at once! Laura is a junior majoring in speech communication and minoring in English secondary education.



## Biographical Notes

ARVILLA ATER is an English education major in her sophomore year at IUPUI. She is a single mother of two children, has two jobs, and goes to school full time. Between everything else, she has written historical novels, short stories and poems and has been published in Children's Digest and last year's issue of Literalines.

JENNIFER PHILLIPS is a freshman at IUPU Columbus who plans to major in psychology. She hopes to use her degree for counseling people on a one to one basis. She has been writing books since she was nine years old, but only recently started taking steps to get her work published. She writes about anything from real life issues to supernatural stories, as well as poems. Her hope is to have many of the books she has written published one day.

ANGIE L. RICHART is a senior, secondary education English major who is currently student teaching at Columbus East High School. She has been a tutor in the Writing Center, a member of the Literalines staff, president of the Education Club, editor of IUPU Connections, and a student ambassador. She recently lost her husband Bernie, her "greatest fan," in a tragic car accident; she asked that Literalines use the picture of her and Bernie with the poem for her husband which is included in this issue.

SANDY RILENGE is a "professional student" at IUPUC. In her other life she works as a career advisor with the Academy at Atterbury Job Corps. Her hobby is attending IUPUC. When she graduates with a B.S. in Psychology, she plans to attend graduate school. Mark Twain, Pat Conroy, and William Shakespeare are her favorite authors and when she is not at school, she is at work (there is no rest for the weary).

LAURIE RUDE believes that life is just a journey, and that the two worst kinds of troubles are guy trouble and car trouble; that time, age and money are irrelevant details, and that chocolate can go a long way to alleviating a multitude of ailments. (Writing is like breathing, and pays almost as well.)

ANN KRISTIN SANCHEZ says, "Writing allows me to explore my life. I write poetry. I am a faithful journal writer. I write to be in touch with myself and others. Writing is very powerful to me. As a young widow, I accept and embrace writing as a positive way to cope with the loss of my husband." As a senior student at IUPUC, Ann is currently completing her bachelor's degree in general studies. She is beginning to pursue her exploration into natural medicine, where she has found "writing to be a healthy alternative to the negative side of life."

DAVID SANCHEZ passed away on November 2, 1998. Ann Sanchez writes, "He left me with so many precious memories. As I watched him suffer through three years of illness, I admired his ability to live in spite of his disabilities and failing health. David was a creative man, never failing to use his talents in his art work. He was also a very gifted thinker and writer. David was an honor student at IUPUC, and he will always be remembered by those that love him as well as by those whose lives he touched."

L. PAUL TRACY is an English major here at IUPUC. Known aliases: Mr. Bodacious, Ziffim Pizzitz, Fretted Fender, Spot T Cash, Ben A Nonamoose, Joe Bagodonuts, Larry Unknown. Last seen attempting humor while plankton at the bottom of the engineering food chain. Approach with caution.

JOHN WHITCOMB is a resident of Nashville, IN, and is an Art Ed. Major. A life long musician and songwriter, John has traveled the U.S. and Europe playing a wide variety of musical styles. John has a wife, Terri, and three children, Zach, Tabitha and Amber.

### Acknowledgements

The *Literalines* Editorial Board and Student Production Staff gratefully acknowledge the ongoing support and encouragement of the IUPU Columbus administration, especially that of Dean Bippen and Lynne Sullivan. Additional thanks go to Tom Vujovich of Pentzer Printing for his patience and helpful advice, technical assistance and another job well done. Thanks, too, to Vicki Welsh-Huston and Christopher Brandon for computer assistance.



The IUPUC English faculty at work on Literalines selections

**Ellen Kirk**



**Debbie Sexton**



**Dana Turnbow**