

a magazine of art and literature - 1994

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Editor . . . . . Christopher Redwood

Co-Editor . . . . . Alfred Penn

Staff . . . . . Julia Barsi  
Steve Grosse  
Phyllis Hoffman  
Nonglack Homhumane  
Jean Pierre Pujalt

Production Layout. . . . . Christopher Redwood

Secretarial Assistant . . . . . Dorothy Stundtner

Advisor . . . . . Mark Price

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ANOTHER year has passed, and another fine collection of art, literature, and photography has been compiled in this years edition of SIGNATURES magazine. SIGNATURES represents some of the finest creative talent at RIT. Congratulations to the students published in this years edition. Also, thanks to all of you who submitted work to the magazine. We hope you will continue to do so next year.

As in the past, many great poems, short stories, photographs, and art passed through the hands of the magazine's staff. The judging process this year was not easy. All submissions were judged blind; names were unknown to the staff members involved in the voting process. After careful consideration and debate, we assembled what we feel to be the best collection of student art, literature, and photography. We feel this years edition of SIGNATURES magazine is the best to have been produced in many years, and we hope you enjoy and respect the work of your fellow students presented here.

Thanks to the SIGNATURES staff for the time and energy contributed to this project. Thanks to the magazine's advisor, Mark Price and Secretarial Assistant Dorothy Stundnter for all the wonderful input and assistance given to the magazine. Thanks to all the faculty and staff members at RIT who assisted us in this creative endeavo and for the support of the College of Liberal Arts, Center for Creative Funds, & Student Government. A special thanks to Maura Daly for her time and dedication to our efforts. Finally, thanks to all of you who contributed to the magazine. Remember, the real credit goes to all of you out there ...the poets, writers, artists, and photographers of RIT. Congratulations, and thanks for another year of spectacular work.

God Bless!

Christopher Redwood  
Editor

Alfred Penn  
Co-Editor

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**R**OB ACKLES is a fourth year Graphic Design student . His poem *Ode to Sorrow* is the poetry winner for this years issue of SIGNATURES. Congratulations Rob!

**M**ARCY BADERTSCHER is a third year Professional and Technical Communications student. Recently, I had the pleasure of hearing Marcy deliver a speech in RIT's public speaking contest held this spring, and I was impressed with her style, poise, and speaking manner. Although Marcy's speech earned her second place in the public speaking contest, her short story entitled *Life and Death, Blessing and Curse* earned her first place in this years issue of SIGNATURES magazine. Congratulations Marcy!

**D**AISEI KONNO is a third year Imaging Science student interested in digital imaging processing and remote sensing. Daisei has many interests, including watercolor and musical composition. Daisei lived in Japan for 10 years before he moved to the United States. His inspiration for his untitled piece came while reading the Japanese Poem Tale of Ise included in his work. Dasei is the art winner for this years issue of SIGNATURES. Congratulations Daisei!

**B**URT MILLER is a third year Advertising Photography student whose main passion is creating images. Burt really enjoys photography. With computer technology at his fingertips, Burt is able to elevate his talents to a whole new level which allows him the opportunity to create images "more accurately and realistically". Burt sees his photography taking him "into the realm of social commentary" because he "looks at society as a whole", and he is striving "to create the one image that will speak of the essence of society". Burt's piece entitled *Goddess of Time* is the photography winner of this years issue of SIGNATURES. Congratulations Burt!

## Ode to Sorrow

**A** drift on the wings of dream and though  
I find myself taken to a foul place,  
a dying kingdom at the edge of sense  
and all senses. In the distance I see a solitary  
figure standing alone, calling out  
in silent defiance to the night.  
as I draw near, I see my fellow traveler  
to be a tired old man in tattered rags  
that barely cling to his withered frame,  
clasping a gnarled wooden staff to his body,  
leaning heavily upon it,  
driving it deep into the crumbling doll,  
wispy white hair caught like smoke  
in a sudden breeze that fills the air  
with choking dust and ash.  
the darkness comes.  
a bitter wind,  
thick with the smell of death  
and the chill of the grave  
washes over me, rocking my body  
in silent waves of thunder.  
all around me lay the bodies of the fallen,  
rising like black roses from the ground,  
their lifeless eyes staring  
into the sky of blood  
that lies silently above them.  
in the horizon a cloud of dust arises  
and three horsemen fly forth,  
sheathed in armor of iron and ice,  
riding through the deadened skies  
atop the ancient steeds of demons,  
born on dark winds and storms,  
all shadowy muscle, ebony and fire,  
bladed weapons glinting dully  
in the deadened light of their vacant eyes.  
in their wake lay barren wastelands  
where the dead walk only in dreams,  
mouthing their songs into silence.  
kneeling amid the bones,  
the harvest of countless deaths,  
I hear the cries of the dying children  
echoing silently throughout my mind,  
the silence is deafening.  
resigning myself to fate,

I watch through closed eyes  
as their blades sweep through him,  
his clear blue eyes, a shock against  
the darkening crimson skies,  
echoing a mournful ode to sorrow.  
damned be the wicked light of dreams  
that shows me their cursed faces,  
for, as if in some cruel parody,  
I see that their faces are my own,  
twisted with dark lust and rage.  
through deepening tears my darkest nightmare  
springs to life, crying out my name.  
in my hand a bloody sword appears.  
and my lamp, which I held forth  
to fight the coming of the night  
appears as a severed head,  
the silent eyes reflecting a haunting image;  
my mighty steed becomes as pale  
as the whisper of a distant memory,  
my robes as black as night.  
in agony, I realize that I  
am the cause of this suffering,  
that I am the forth horseman,  
a dark rider of the promised last day.  
death rides a pale horse.

*Winner:*  
*Robert Ackles*  
*4th Year*  
*Graphic Design*



*Art:*  
*That Special Bond*  
*by Cheryl Kerr*  
*2nd Year*  
*FADL*



## *A Weaving*

**C**REATED with invisible hands;  
Woven with hope and tears.  
Between an ivory stand  
That sees and hears  
The dreams that are thought.  
Binding with the endurance of time  
And the love that is sought.  
Giving both a reason and rhyme.  
Designing a paradox of doing  
what the heart fears and needs  
The beginning of us going  
And building with small deeds.  
The weaving that is ours;  
Created in mind with many things.  
With time spend in minutes or hours  
To bind the heart of us in strings  
spun in an array of colors  
Fragile, fine, strongly bind.  
In a sense, we are lovers,  
We have what others seek to find.  
The heart and mind are one  
uniquely separate, but whole  
Together are we, and alone.  
Watch a weaving unfold.

*Jennifer Wong  
4th Year  
Social Work*



## Waiting

(Dedicated to Vincenzo)

I don't know how long it has been  
Since I'm stranded  
I've taken my wild flight  
Into the lonely night.  
And since you're not around  
I've found  
There's nothing to hold  
But embracing the sweet cold  
There's nothing left but the falling rain  
And the strangers that remain.  
My heart is somehow torn  
In the undying storm  
I'm wanting  
But I'm waiting  
I'm burning  
But I'm almost dreaming  
And I'm out of breath  
Out of step.  
Somewhere in between  
The skies began to weep  
It began to snow  
And I wonder if there will be any tomorrow?  
And it's such a long night  
Before I start to close my eyes  
I feel something holding me back  
But the wizard's spellbinding charm  
has been cast  
Mystical unicorns dance  
And fairies enchant.  
I hear their sweet voices  
whispering haunting tales of pain  
I heard someone call my name  
Taunting me with the truth that needs to be  
spoken  
The last echo shall be broken  
But, I thought I heard someone laughing  
Was it mockery?  
I am being betrayed  
All the while you're withering away  
I cast off the lies  
That begin to tantalize.

Time left something behind for me to trace  
I count every wrinkle in the face  
Of deception  
Deadly temptations  
Will live within me  
Loneliness will stay with me  
And I won't sleep at night  
For the rest of my life.  
If time only listens to  
the oppressed beating of my heart  
If time is trying to tear us apart  
Before the end  
I swear - I won't let it happen then.  
And all that I'm left with  
are the flickering embers  
Ambers  
That glow in the caves of your eyes  
So how can I ever let them die?  
Memories that intrude  
Death dreams elude  
In silent remembering,  
I still believe...

Amy L. Kielon

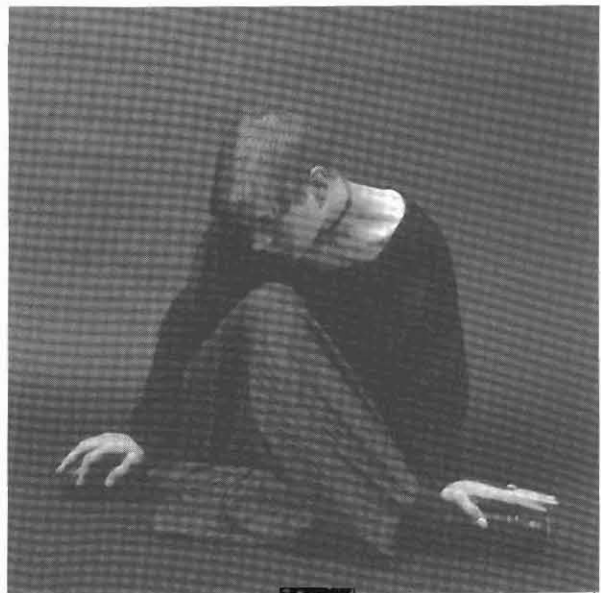


Photo: Untitled  
by Annari Linardi  
3rd Year  
Photo Illustration



天雲のよそにのみして経ることは  
我が居る山の風はやみなり

天雲のよそにも人のなりゆくか  
さすがに目には見ゆるものから

THERE ONCE WERE LOVERS WHO PARTED. SHE FELT UNEASY IN HIS PRESENCE. ON THE OTHER HAND, HE SHOWED NO EMOTIONS. UNSETTLED BY THIS, SHE RESPONDED HIS SILENCE WITH A POEM, "YOU ARE LIKE A CLOUD IN THE SKY. I REACH FOR YOU BUT YOU ARE BEYOND MY GRASP." THE MAN WROTE BACK SHORTLY THEREAFTER, "THE WINDS ARE TOO STRONG SO THE CLOUDS MUST MOVE ON." IT WAS RUMORED THAT SHE HAD FOUND A NEW LOVER.

-from THE TALE OF ISE



There once were lovers who parted. She felt uneasy in his presence. On the other hand, he showed no emotions. Unsettled by this, she responded his silence with a poem. "You are like a cloud in the sky. I reach for you but you are beyond my grasp." The man wrote back shortly thereafter. "The winds are too strong so the cloud must move on." It was rumored that she found a new lover. -from THE TALE OF ISE

Winner: Untitled  
by Dasei Konno  
3rd Year  
Imaging Science

## M A S K S

SOMETIMES they're plastic  
happy, angry, sad  
with strings or sticks to  
hold them up  
Some require a simple  
slip over the head

Which do you prefer?

They come in red, yellow  
luscious rainbow  
white or black  
for the more conservative  
politically correct

Which do you prefer?

eye color your choice  
of mutant diversity  
lips as thick as a pencil point  
nostrils as wide as a butterfly

Which do you prefer?

A lifetime warranty  
till death due you part  
ashes to ashes dust to dust  
No water or soap could remove  
this deception  
which builds layer upon layer  
pushing the heart in it's own little  
pocket  
This product will confine  
but not destroy  
or reality back guaranteed

Which do you prefer?

*Shelly Pitter*  
*3rd Year*  
*Medical Illustration*



*Winner: Goddess of Time*

*by Burt Miller*

*3rd Year*

*Advertising Photo*

# THE MISSION

**L**ONG before light glimmered off a pool of primordial soup,  
Prior to the time of consciousness,  
The Powers of Essence created a Plan.

The Plan was to test all things to make them worthy.  
The Plan was self generation.  
The Plan was self governing.  
The Plan was all inclusive.

Everything, from dusk to dawn,  
Plant and animal, stars and planets, must follow the Plan.  
There were no exceptions.

For the plants and animals it was simple; be what they were intended to be.  
To the stars and planets, it was the same.  
To free thinking beings, ones with choice, the process was to execute a simple task.  
A task to struggle with.  
A task that cannot be ignored.  
A task that had meaning to all yet not to those who did the task.

The Powers put us on this planet for one special part of the Plan.  
To help us with the task, each of us was granted a Soul.  
To avoid the lethe, we had to gain our Souls passage through the Plan.

To some, the task was easy.  
To some, it was as simple as the wind blowing through a tree.  
To some, it was sacrificing your physical existence.  
To some, it was keeping a vow.  
And to others, it was a quest to change the world however small their world is.

First things first.  
Only a special few believe they had a Soul.  
And of those few, realize they had a mission.  
And of those few, live to tell that it was complete.  
And of those few, offered more than what was expected.  
And of those few that did more than expected,  
Offer the chance for others to gain knowledge of their Soul.

I just realized I have a mission.

*Ralph F. Donatelli Jr.  
Farmington, NY*

## *A Question of Fate*

**W**hat makes me want to do  
the things I do? Is this my  
lot, is this to be my fate?  
Should I perform the act, should I abate,  
Or is my existence all planned on cue?  
Are life's colors a composite of hues, Or  
is it like black and white, love and hate?  
Can it be a son, daughter, lover, mate?  
Should immoral answers be old or new?  
Where's the Creator with His point of  
view? Can I substitute His Reality? Is my  
soul, my spirit a part of You? Must I  
prostrate myself from wooden pews? Do  
I dominate my own destiny, Or just dic-  
tate a child's morality?

*Ralph Donatelli  
Iarmington, NY*

## *The Voices*

**T**HE voices...  
Do you hear them?  
They keep telling me what to do.  
I'm trying to understand...  
Yes, I'm trying to understand too.  
They're not always very clear.  
They're actually rather confusing.  
Some grip my heart with fear.  
Lately, I've begun to notice.  
Perhaps, you should ignore them.  
They're always there...  
Perhaps, you should listen to them.  
Why? Why are they always there?  
Why won't they go away?  
One of us should leave.  
Perhaps, I'll see you another day.  
You must be going?  
The voices...?  
Do you hear them?

*Eric Bartlett  
3rd year  
Photojournalism*

## *ETERNAL ILLUMINATION*

*A* light in the distance.  
Two eyes which seem  
like random points of brilliance  
That show the universe inside.  
Mind voices that hear all that ebbs and flows  
in the currents of air  
Speak quietly,  
In tones of color that only the separate self can recognize,  
And understand.  
Selves join,  
And grow into one stronger whole  
A new world created.

*Pamela Hubbard  
2nd Year  
Environmental Management*



*Art: Untitled  
by Rachel Potts*

## *A Promise of Forever*

*I* often think about you  
And all that I had to leave behind.  
Actually, you're not just what I think about-  
You're all that runs through my mind.  
Sometimes, I wonder if you think about me,  
And sometimes I dream that you do.  
I dream that I'm not just a passing thought,  
But that I still mean something to you.  
I still think about you,  
And I dream that you dream about me.  
I wonder if you dream about our past,  
And I dream that you dream about a future with me.  
I remember all of our hopes and dreams,  
And now I hope that you remember them too.  
I hope that you remember my love for you,  
And how I promised forever to you.  
I've meant all I've ever said,  
And I've kept every promise I've ever made.  
I need to know if you meant what you said-  
That your love would never falter or fade.  
At one time, I had to leave your side,  
But now I've returned looking for that love.  
I pray that you remember what we said  
When we declared our love to God above.  
Now, as I slowly approach your door,  
One question runs through my mind:  
When I walk through that door,  
What will I find?

*i'm glad you're my friend*

**W**ITH you i can be me  
you accept me for what i am

[all of my faults

you teach me to laugh at

the faults i consider

most embarrassing.

i'm glad you're my friend

and so i thank you

thanks for caring

thanks for sharing

thanks for loving me as me.

i'm glad you're my friend

with you there are no walls

with you there are no barriers

with you there are no faults

just acceptance

with you there is life

with you there is love

i'm glad you're my friend

and again i thank you

thank you for all of the

wonderful things

things, that to you, seemed

so little

thank you for loving

i'm glad you're my friend

*Mecca Brooks  
3rd Year  
Film/Video*



## *In God We Trust*

*H*OMELESS people  
they're the *people*

*we would rather not see.*

Homeless people  
*they have no identity.*

It's yesterday's trash  
we've left them to eat.

It's **no wonder**  
**they're dying in the street.**

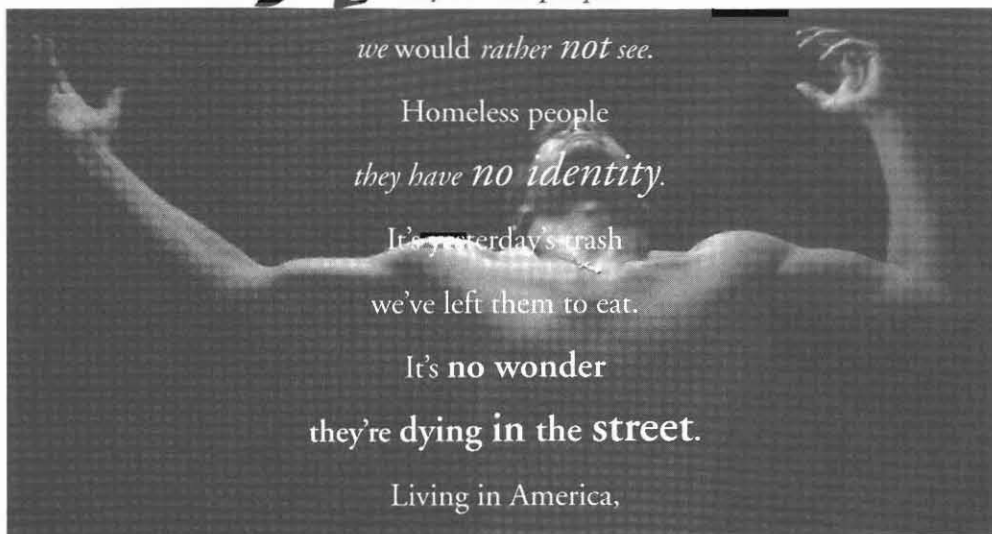
Living in America,

homeless people

are *truly free.*

Outside  
they have **NO** constitutional **rights.**

Homeless people  
we just let them be.



*Tracy Avgerinos*  
*4th Year*  
*Photo Illustration*

*Photo: RELIGION*  
*by Rudd Hardedy*  
*Graduate Studies*  
*Imaging Science*

## *While You're Away*

*W*hile you're away  
I lie alone  
The room dark and stifling  
My world still and lifeless  
The bitter taste of sorrow  
Stagnant on my lips

Yearning for your presence  
Eyes closed  
I envision you —  
As if to imbibe  
In deep refreshing draughts  
The beauty of your being

Finally —  
you appear;  
I reach out  
Straining  
Nearly touching  
basking in your warmth

Again, alone,  
Suffocated by the stale air  
My face streaked with pain  
My soul ravished by need;  
For serenity and completeness  
Only your touch can bring

*Vince Cuciti  
2nd Year  
Mechanical Engineering*



*Photo: Untitled  
by Anmari Lindardi  
3rd Year  
Photo Illustration*

## *Victoria*

*I*F suddenly she were here  
I would not reach out  
Nor tell of my love  
Nor kiss her soft lips gently

Rather, I'd be still  
Hesitant  
to move  
to speak

Afraid to ruin  
The most  
Perfect moment...  
In time

*Vince Cuciti  
2nd Year  
Mechanical Engineering*

## *Come Winter*

*M*Y Mother got a rose bush,  
to water and prune each day

My Mother got a rose bush,  
to manipulate every which way.

My Mother got a rose bush,  
to chase her cares away.

My Mother got a rose bush,  
thick with thorns, much to her dismay.

Thick green thorns, to prick her as they may,  
thick green thorns to frighten my Mother away.

My Mother got a rose bush,  
with delicate red flowers, delicate red flowers  
sure to make My Mother sneeze.

Come winter,

My Mother's

sure to let her rose bush freeze.

*Tracy Avgerinos*  
*4th Year*  
*Photo Illustration*

## *Return*

*T*WO stone angels guard the gate  
Their hands reaching out  
As if to beseech the passerby to enter  
And stay awhile.

The road is one way.  
The journey ends with a mound of earth,  
A piece of stone,  
And a flood of tears.

But perhaps there is a higher gate,  
Guarded by angels,  
Where a new journey begins  
and goes on forever.

*Pamela Hubbard*  
2nd Year  
*Environmental Management*

## *The Illusion of Reality*

**W**ITHOUT words,  
and without silence,  
the wonders of life begins.  
words have no substance  
and yet, reality is based on them.  
mere points of reference,  
words lend reality to everything  
and still, they are nothing.  
these words are like the snowflake  
that melts before you.  
from perception to the lack of it,  
the world opens up before me.

*Rob Ackles*  
*4th Year*  
*Graphic Design*

## *Virginity*

**A** never reached goal,  
A universal picture of beauty.  
She is placed in the distance,  
Never to be touched by human hands.  
A pure woman held far away.  
But she has been violated  
In the worst way.  
Touched in an unpure manner,  
Virginity taken in one large swoop.  
And the picture of purity  
Is no more, though no less.  
A beauty she remains.

*Ken Speich*  
*1st Year*  
*Computer Science*

## *Dark Haven*

*a*bove the whispers of wind across the land  
I hear the screams of the hawk  
shattering the skies,  
unraveling silence,  
proclaiming the hunt in furious shrieks of joy.

knowing only hunger,  
it soars upon the winds and thermals of its birth  
to the borders of the heavens  
where the darkness takes shape,  
shadows dancing and swaying  
in a graceful dance of death.

fearing neither light nor dark  
the hawk flies undaunted  
into the deepening crimson,  
the first dark in the light's silence  
that is spreading like a stain  
or an unholy growth above the slumbering lands.  
the darkness becomes a haven  
where we all can take refuge  
in its deep and soft embrace

*Rob Ackles  
4th Year  
Graphic Design*

1 9 7 6

**T**HE power of it made me cover my ears.  
not so much to escape the noise  
but in an attempt to somehow  
steady the earth my small body stood upon.

my sister couldn't have been any older than one or two.  
she was outright scared,  
but i do not recall tears.

the gas tank was purple  
with red white and green trim.  
i couldn't read the words on it  
but if i could have  
the clean white bold  
helvetica type would have read  
harley davidson.

i am four.  
i am sitting on the leather king and queen seat  
father received from mother as a gift  
for some long forgotten occasion.  
i am reaching forward just to barely  
reach the handle bars.

the bike is parked under our car port  
in atlanta.

the engine sits like a shiny chrome mirror  
mounted right onto the bike.  
the entire sunny georgia day can be seen in it's reflection  
and i am squinting as they take my picture.

*John Hutchinson*  
*4th Year*  
*Fine Art Photo*



## *Eulogy*

**S**TOP.  
Bury my sadness next  
to my baby, who was born,  
and lived love's life too fast.  
This sadness should sleep  
forever.

Wait.  
I wish to speak.  
do not add to the Earth's great claim  
this life, that saw not the coming of the  
spring;  
I am not ready.

Go,  
my baby, to where it never rains,  
and where life may find its final friends,  
but bear with you my efforts, and our memo-  
ries,  
and learn from them.

Now.  
Lower death's elegant case  
and smile,  
with hope that life may come again,  
and grow,

*Ben L. Amsden*  
*4th Year*  
*Economics*

## *Way of Life*

**W**HERE am I going? I don't quite know,  
Down to the park where the green grass grows,  
Up the steep hill where my effort shows,  
Through the woods where adventure flows,  
Anywhere, anywhere, I'll go.

Where am I going as the road passes me by,  
Long ones, short ones through the country they lie.

Where am I going as the trees pass me high?  
Tall ones, short ones, where the birds always fly.  
I keep on going as it gives me a high.

Weightless and effortless I keep running on,  
Gliding and sailing as I stride along,  
With a feeling inside of a new dawn.  
And you'd see me passing by and say,  
"There goes that crazy kid just like any other old day!"

*Rick Kent*  
*2nd Year*  
*Nutritional Management*

## *Dark Secrets*

**Q**UICK! HIDE THE LIGHT.  
For the darkness shields the secrets of an empty heart.  
Cold and painful is the night  
For its black cloak muffles the screams and cries.  
Painful is the light should it reveal the hidden.  
For only *ignorance* creates the dark  
Painful truth brings the warmth of the light.  
Revealed would be the shattered souls  
Preyed upon by the cowardly who hide with shadows.

**Quick!** Bring the light.  
See what blind eyes can't.  
Broken spirits of the innocence.  
Fearful shalt the predators become  
When light penetrates the lair.  
Weak shalt it become with truth.  
Blindness was the defense,  
Pain and selfishness its nourishment.  
Bring the lost ones into the warmth of the light.  
Healing shall only begin where the light touches.

*Jennifer Wong  
4th Year  
Social Work*

## *No Ordinary Lover*

**S**HALL I compare thee to a summer's day?  
No, I think I shall not.

Because a summer's day is but one amongst many,

Because a summer's day is far too ordinary,

Far too vapid and mundane.

I could compare thee to the stars or to the heavens above,

But again these things are pervaded with a dull commonality.

You are much more than these simple things.

You are something that is yet unfound, beyond definition.

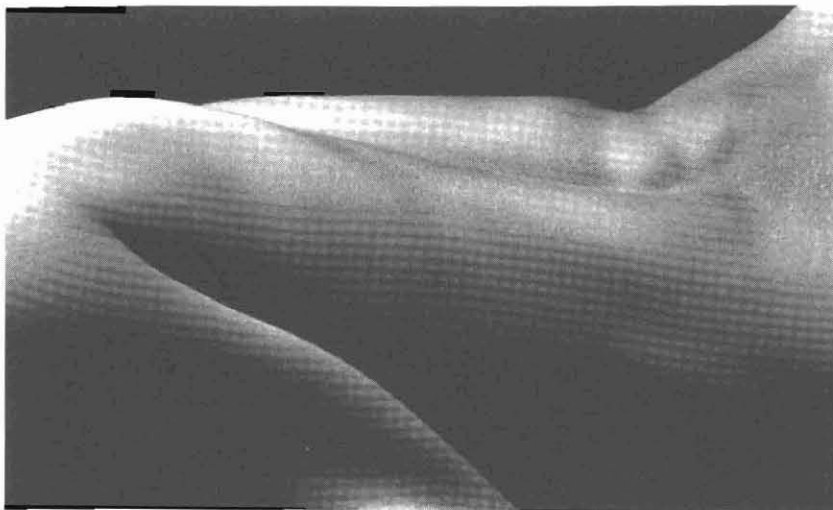
Something so wonderful and intangible

It remains to be discovered.

You are something unknown but beautiful,

Something that makes loving you so easy.

*Louis DeTulleo  
4th Year  
Biotechnology*



*Photo: Untitled  
by Shannon Miller  
4th Year  
Advertising Photo*

## The Newspaper

**A**T a quaint house with white picket fences  
Hiding among the cascades of Fall—  
Picturesque!—a door opens  
To let in moody Aurora,  
And in her wake  
Is the fresh newspaper  
Laying briskly on the doormat.  
Mr. White Rich Man picks it up, casually,  
Blind to the paroxysms  
Of the headlines  
Screaming genocide somewhere.  
He whistles, musing  
Over a listless blurb  
Announcing matrimony  
In Hollywood.  
He contentedly thumbs through the pages:  
Look, a ghetto murder here,  
Something about DWI snatching away the lives  
Of newborn babes, some young minister  
Shot down like a rabid dog,  
Richard's grim-visaged War running amok,  
Immaculate Justice raped by perfidious Law,  
But oh good, thinks Mr. White Rich Man,  
My stock has gone up.  
He folds the newspaper up,  
Goes back inside his quaint house.  
Upon finding his breakfast not yet done,  
He curses his wife,  
Brands her an ungrateful whore.  
Dear God, her eyes beg, not again!  
She shrinks away, helpless,  
Seeing this vulture rend  
Savagely into her living carcass.  
Her tired arm feebly lifts itself,  
Already dull to these brutal poundings;  
She plaintively peeps, coughs up  
Courage in bloody geysers,  
And the fallen newspaper so bedecked in red—  
Like dead Banquo—  
Its sundry stains smothering  
The gasps of the once-potent print,  
Blotting out  
The most ghastly statistics of all.

*Ethan Sinnott*  
1st Year  
Illustration

## *Yesterday's Gods*

**Y**ESTERDAY'S Gods  
Swallowed people whole  
and painted their likeness  
on yellow paper memories  
old images, torn not cut.  
Yesterday's Gods  
danced a feverish love song.  
Always they rejoiced  
and the sorrow of human mourners.  
Dark Gods  
they chose to show  
their pale sky faces  
in the company of men.  
It was a celebration of twisted fates.  
Gods and men together,  
they crawled and pounded the floor.  
Hades,  
in his underworld anger,  
woke with an open mouth  
and digested them  
like a winter stew.

*Tracy Aegerinos*  
4th Year  
Photo Illustration

## *Untitled 59*

**I** was offended.  
extremely offended  
because you did not believe me.

I told you that I could change.  
that my skin would melt  
like hot candle wax  
and form into various shapes.

I was once a circle.  
but I could not get myself  
to stop.

I was once a dragon.  
but I agonized because of the heartburn.

I was once a queen bee.  
loved it.  
yet, nothing lasts forever.

I am now me.  
The me that you know.  
But I will change  
and then you'll believe me.

*Clarissa Cummings*  
4th Year  
Film/Video

## *The Lawyer*

**G**RINNING like dead Yorick,  
The Lawyer—  
In his flamboyant crocodile suit  
Reminiscent of the Used-Car Salesman—  
Insists that he is but  
A mere servant of fickle Justice,  
*Turned deaf with the almighty Dollar*  
To the sorrowful cries  
Of the Innocent.  
The phone rings, a serf's smart salute,  
As the Lawyer fiddles  
(That little satyr!)  
With his nice black book,  
Ornately throned  
Behind the splendor of magohany  
While elsewhere a rapist,  
*Poor misunderstood soul,*  
Prances free, thanks to some vague Latin  
As his accuser can only  
Purse her lips  
As if swallowing black bile.  
The Lawyer rattles off  
Every constitutional right  
That do apply to remorseless butchers,  
Hoping for a percentage  
Of the TV movie royalties.  
The phone impatiently shrieks,  
To whom the Lawyer sweetly cajoles,  
Expecting some wealthy heir  
To some legendary lineage;  
But au contraire,  
It's a distraught plebeian—  
Some petty matter  
About this sweet young retarded boy  
*Molested repeatedly*  
At a respectable group home.  
The Lawyer,  
*Pillar of the community that he is—*  
Lets his voice drip sourly,  
Garbles out legal jargon,  
Which begets two final words:  
MY FEE!

*Ethan Sinnott*  
*1st Year*  
*Illustration*

# *Sunday's Child*

I was born on a Sunday, during the annual Dragon festival, and when my Auntie Junja held me, she proclaimed, "Aii! The Spirits smile on this one!" informing my parents that I was a 'good luck' child. This pleased them, for at first they were somewhat disappointed in the fact that I was not the son that they had expected. My father named me Mei-Sung, after his grandmother.

Auntie Junja's prediction turned out to be true, as I seemed to have a natural ability to excel. When I was three, Auntie Junja taught me to read and write Chinese, and my mother enrolled me in dancing and piano lessons, and arranged for a school tutor to teach me English. This was very extravagant on my parent's behalf, as we were not by any means rich. My father, Hishero Wu, was an woodworker for a contracting company, and my mother, Jing-Po sewed lace doilies which she sold in the marketplace. We lived in a modestly decorated flat in the outskirts of Chinatown, in Vancouver, B.C.

I grew up an only child, surrounded by the adoration of my parents and my Auntie Junja. It was no mystery to me that I was supposed to be a child of exceptional skills and knowledge, as Auntie would often tell me that I would grow up to be a famous doctor, or lawyer, and that I had the luck of the Spirits behind me. After starting school, I would always be in piano recitals, dance performances and plays. My schoolwork was prominently displayed on a bulletin board in our living room, and the trophies from my recitals and spelling bees were put in a glass shelf in the foyer, where visitors could not help but notice. Mother and Auntie Junja would boast to their friends over a game of Mahjong and tea of my latest accomplishments, and how much work it was to clean the ever increasing number of trophies. Their friends would nod, and tell them that they were indeed blessed to have such a wonderful child. As a result of this, I was somewhat naive, and I grew up to believe that my talents came naturally, and that Auntie Junja's "spirits" would always help me, regardless for what efforts I gave.

When I was 11, my father received a job transfer, and we moved into the upper flat of a townhouse in South Vancouver. I was not at all pleased by this change of affairs, as I missed my old friends back in Chinatown. My mother would twist my ear when I complained, and tell me to stop being so insolent. I ended up starting fifth grade in a new school which was just a few blocks from our flat. Every day, I would walk down the front steps, and there would be the Widow Sung, grinding soybeans to make into tofu. At first, I was wary of her, as she would glare at me when I passed, but I grew accustomed to her, and would always greet her when I left in the mornings, and in the evenings when I returned from my lessons and tutoring. She would always look up at me, and say "Truth and honesty towards parents will reward, but untruths will cause tongue to fork like snake." Or she would say, "Robin who sings for self is heard by no one, but robin who sings for others is heard by everyone." I would always nod at her, and smile, but the meanings of her nonsense words were lost on me. I believed that she was either crazy or senile, or perhaps both.

On my first day of school, I was introduced to the class, and was not surprised to be placed in the honors section at the front row. Some of the students looked at me scornfully, or even enviously. Whether because of my genius or my upbringing, I did not know. I was a native Canadian, but being of Chinese ancestry I still felt like an outcast.

One day during lunch hour I was sitting at a picnic table in the quad, enjoying one of the last warm days of autumn when a girl who sat at the back of my class sat down at my table and began eating her lunch. I said nothing, and kept my eyes down as I took slow, small bites of my sandwich, chewing thoroughly before swallowing. The girl, who had brassy red hair and milky skin which was covered in too much cheek and eye paint, looked at me and said "You're that new kid, aren't ya?" I kept my eyes down, but nodded my head. "I'm Sandi Wright" she said, "What's your name again?"

"Mei-Sung Wu" I said quietly, hoping that she



would not make fun of it.

"Well, Sally," she said "you don't mind if I call you Sally, do you?" I shook my head, still avoiding eye contact. "I'm wondering what you are doing after school today. I'm heading over to the mall, wanna come along?"

I started to tell her that I had to go to my spelling lessons, but she interrupted. "Oh, come on, Sally! You've got to live it up! You can study that spelling any old time. Don't you want to have fun?" I nodded. "Well then, just tell the teacher that you have to go home early. It's as easy as that."

After class, I told my spelling tutor that my mother was not feeling well, and that I had to go home early to help take care of her. As a result, I would miss my spelling lesson. I prayed that she would not see through my lie. She told me that there was no problem, and that I was such a good child to be concerned for my mother's welfare. I stammered a thank-you, grateful that my dark coloring did not give away the burning red that I felt in my cheeks. That afternoon at the mall, I tried to enjoy myself, but felt guilty about lying to my tutor. Sandi told me to stop being such a fuss-budget, and to forget school and concentrate on having a good time. We went to the soda fountain for a drink, and she introduced me to a group of her friends. We sat down, and I was shocked when Sandi opened her book bag and took out a package of cigarettes, and proceeded to light one before offering the pack to me. I shook my head and she shrugged, and then passed the pack to her friends who happily lighted up. I was asked about my background and where I lived and I told them, again keeping my eyes averted. "Sally's not much of a talker," said Sandi, "I'm aiming to teach her how to cut loose, she sure looks like she could use it!" She laughed along with her friends, and I laughed as well, trying to fit in and not feel embarrassed. Returning home from the mall, Widow Sung looked at me, but I ran inside the house before she could say anything. Inside, I avoided my parents questions on how my day was. I told them that my tutor said that I did very well on my spelling lessons today. Auntie Junja looked up from her tea and beamed at me.

The rest of the month, I hung out with Sandi and her friends. I enjoyed the feeling of excitement when I was with them, and the knowledge that I was doing something forbidden. I explained to my

spelling tutor that my parents had decided to get a private tutor for me at home, therefore I would no longer be coming to study with her. She told me that she wished me the best and looked forwards to seeing me perform in the inter-school spelling bee which would take place the next month. I nodded, and told her that she could come and watch me win. Indeed, my mother and Auntie Junja had told all their friends from their Mahjong games about the upcoming spelling bee, and how I would bring home the winner's trophy again this year. Father even invited some of the men that he worked with to come and watch. On the eve of the spelling bee, mother presented me with a new red and white polka dot dress that she and Auntie Junja had made for the occasion. She clucked and hummed as she put it on for me, and said how proud she would be when I won, and how everyone would say how lucky she was to have such a fine daughter. I smiled, and told her that I had been studying especially hard with my tutor at school.

On the stage at the spelling bee, I was particularly confident. I was sure that Auntie's "Spirits" were with me, and that I would once again bring home a trophy for mother to put in the foyer. Waiting for my turn, I was surprised to find myself struggling to spell some of the words that some of the other students were being asked to spell. When my turn came, I found myself stammering, but spelled the word correctly thanking Auntie's "Spirits".

During the next elimination rounds, I again found myself having trouble, but I blamed it on jitters. After all, Auntie's "Spirits" had never let me down. Finally, it was down to me and two other students, a boy from my honors section of class, and a girl from another school. When my name was called, I stood up and looked at my Mother, Father, and Auntie Junja, who were all grinning, and loudly spelled the word that I had been given. I saw Mother's face fall. Father averted his eyes, and Auntie Junja covered her face with his hands. I could not understand what was wrong, but when the emcee told me that my spelling was incorrect, I was stunned. I numbly stumbled back to my chair and sat down. Mother and Father both tried to smile at their friends, and told them how hard I had practiced, and that I had worked very hard. Their friends simply nodded and left. My tutor from

school, who happened to be sitting next to Auntie Junja remarked that with all the help that I had been receiving from my private tutor at home, I certainly should have won the contest. I could do nothing but look at my shoes. Driving home, Mother and Father did not speak to me at all. I looked at Auntie Junja, but she avoided my eyes. I did not understand. Why had the "Spitits" not helped me? Why were Mother, Father, and Auntie not speaking?

When we arrived home, Father went straight to his bedroom, and Mother and Auntie busied themselves making tea. I started to ask them what was wrong, but stopped, and left the room. I walked outside, and Widow Sung was still there, grinding her soybeans. I sat down beside her. She looked up to me and said, "The swan who thinks he is a frog sees more than the frog who thinks he is a swan." Then she turned away and resumed grinding her beans. I sat there stunned, and felt my skin wrinkle and turn green, and my tongue fork.

*Dyniece Stone*  
*1st Year*  
*NAPS*



*Photo: Untitled*  
*by Shannon Miller*  
*4th Year*  
*Advertising Photo*

## *Untitled 58*

*i* like myself  
when i'm by myself

to notice what i usually don't  
a laugh.  
equivalent to aluminum chimes.

i like myself.  
i like the who that i am.  
i like the me that i've become.

what i think at times takes me by surprise.  
i evaluate the pupils of the sphinx and contemplate why bees buzz  
i like my presence, glowing  
made with particles of wit and style.

i amuse myself with the thoughts of impotent turtles  
and i laugh  
to myself  
by myself

and relax  
enjoy my own company. moon up. moon down.  
and most of all i'm excited by the idea. and the knowledge.

that i am a me quite unique.

*Clarissa Cummings*  
*4th Year*  
*Film/Video*

*a n t a r e s*

*i* *t is blue*  
the exact blue  
of the sky on a day  
that you don't need a jacket,  
even well into the night,  
even on the back of my little red motorcycle.

*it is not the blue of science.*  
that pale blue is not to be trusted in these matters,  
assuming that science is a pale blue,  
though i suspect that it is.

*it is not the same blue of her truck*  
that blue is all wrong.

*it is the blue of a clear night sky,*  
one that you could look up and easily see  
the rival of mars shining as the red heart of scorpio.

*John Hutchison*  
*4th Year*  
*Fine Arts Photo*

*time*

*f*or me  
time is  
unstoppable  
uncontrollable

time  
outlives  
us  
outdoes  
us  
as i sit  
and  
worry  
and  
grieve  
and  
think  
time  
moves  
on



*Mecca Brooks  
3rd Year  
film/Video*

*Photo: Untitled  
by Karen Scanlon  
3rd Year  
Painting*

## *Life and Death, Blessing and Curse*

**M**y fingers are poised on the keyboard. I feel almost an ache in my joints, as if each keystroke is laborious. I type slowly and methodically, making many mistakes. If I write of my experience, that will surely make it real. I will have to think and remember and feel all of the emotions that were drained from me, starting from the moment I stepped off the elevator.

Today I visited the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, DC. Now, several hours after leaving the museum, I find that I am still experiencing a certain numbness. I am conscious yet unconscious, a turmoil of emotions without expression. I have had the same cold stare in my eyes since I stepped off the elevator this morning, since I stepped on to the plane in Washington, and off the plane in Rochester. Now I sit in my own home, and I wonder when it will go away. Will I dream of the museum tonight, with hollow cheeks and dark lifeless eyes staring at me while I sleep, bulldozers clearing land of thousands of lifeless corpses, and people standing by and watching? Will I disappear in the night, never to return again, my fate never to be known? Will I be consumed by hatred and anger, succumbing to the very ideals that I am trying to speak out against? There are so many things I need to tell, but I cannot relive the experience right now. I must feel love, see beauty, and experience life again before I can go back into the darkness to recall my day in the Holocaust.

It is a few days later. In my mind, I am walking through the exhibit. I can see all of the other visitors in the museum with me. It is crowded today. Suddenly, the visitors become the ghosts of prisoners, wandering amongst the images of the hell on earth that they endured. I

am surrounded by angry, lost souls. I see a display of striped uniforms, some still bearing the symbols and numbers assigned. A black triangle, a pink triangle, and numbers that were given to replace identities. The uniforms...the last articles of clothing that were once worn by the tortured souls that surround me.

I now see how easy it is to embrace hatred and anger. The German people did. The prisoners amongst me did. I did, as I walked through the corridors. I found myself thinking that the German officers who were tried and convicted and sentenced to death should have instead been rounded up and stripped of their lives and identities, then slowly and torturously worked to death while living in the abominable conditions that they condemned the prisoners to live in. How easy it is to hate! It is never right though. Now as I write, I feel the souls of the prisoners with me, watching me, shouting at me to tell their story. Then perhaps if I do, they will find peace. I am hoping that I will.

It has been almost two weeks since I visited the museum. I have thought about how I want to tell this story. I could start at the beginning of the museum and follow it through, sharing details of the exhibits. I have realized though, that I cannot remember all of the details after the first floor; I can't remember moving from the second floor to the third floor or which exhibits were on which floor. I feel a strong urge to go back to the museum, as if something is calling me. I feel as if I missed something very important. During the past two weeks, the images have faded and I no longer feel haunted by the spirits, yet I am compelled to return. I have planned a trip to Washington for my spring break to try to find the answers.

It is two months later. I am sitting in the Hall of Remembrance at the end of the museum exhibit. It is a beautiful white marble hall in the shape of an octagon. At the far end, a flame burns eternally. The room is flooded with warm sunshine from the skylights in the ceiling. It is bright and open and quiet. Now I know, finally, why I was called back here. It was not to wallow in the horror or sorrow of it all. It was not to revisit the corpses and the horrific images of death. It was to see the survivors, the courage, the will to live, the kindness, and the love that has come from the telling of this story.

I walked through the museum deliberately and with a purpose, although it was unknown to me for most of the time. I knew that I would stop where I needed to. The spirits were gone, or at least they did not follow me. Now I have found my peace at the end of the exhibit, in the testimony of the survivors, in the solitude and calm of the great Hall of Remembrance.

This is where I came to be, this Hall of Remembrance. This is why I returned. Now I do not feel the pain, the suffering, or the anger that followed me home before. There is no ache, no sorrow, no haunting. A peace has come over me, one that is a resolution to this journey. Carved in the marble about the flame is a quotation. There is no doubt in my mind that I read that quote the first time I was here. Then, I was overwhelmed by what I had just seen. I could not embrace it. Now, I understand.

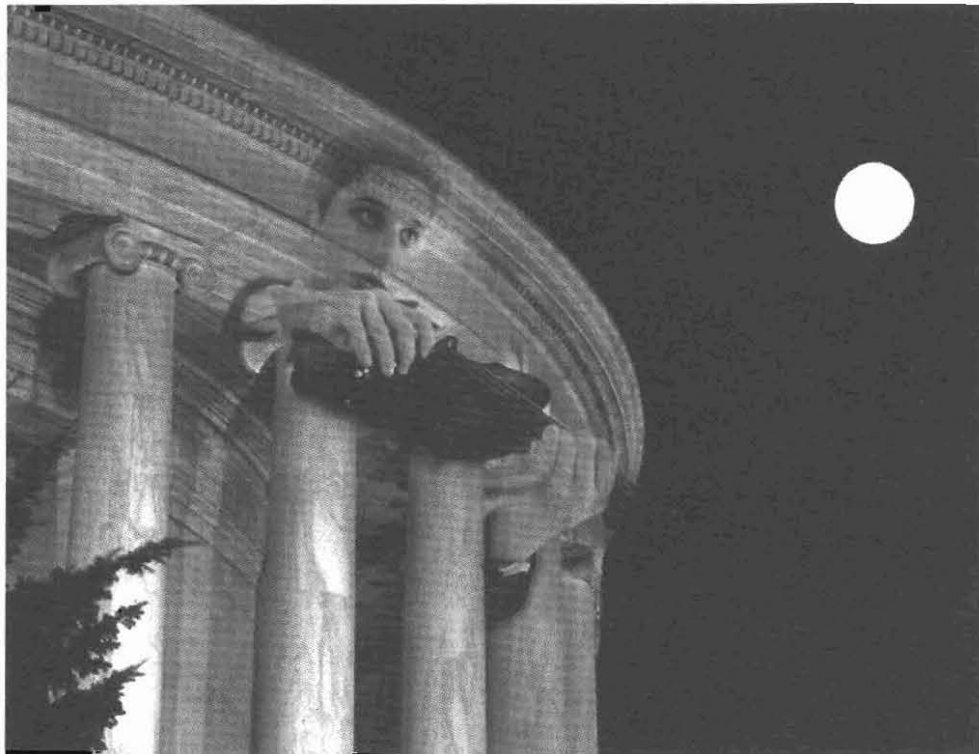
I CALL HEAVEN AND EARTH TO WIT-  
NESS THIS DAY: I HAVE PUT BEFORE  
YOU LIFE AND DEATH, BLESSING AND  
CURSE. CHOOSE LIFE—THAT YOU AND  
YOUR OFFSPRING SHALL LIVE

Deuteronomy 30:19

This time, I chose life.

*Marcy Badertscher*  
3rd Year

*Prof. & Technical Communications*



Untitled  
by Burt Miller  
3rd Year

*Illustration Photo*

## *THE SOUL OF A MAN*

*T*<sup>HE</sup>  
Soul of a Man

Runs deep down inside

It's an inner feeling that he just can't hide.

The Soul of a Man does not play him for a fool

When his inner feelings flow; that is his greatest tool.

When he's feeling bad, it cries for inspiration. When he's feeling sad,  
it cries for salvation. It's his greatest source of protection under any kind  
of attack. The Soul of a Man, White, Yellow, Red, Brown, Black. It is the foundation  
of his actions, and his reason for living and believing. It cries out to God when there's  
no hope left. The Soul of a Man never grows old, it never gets sick, it never grows cold.

When the flesh is dead and gone, The Soul of a Man lives on. It lives gleamfully and  
happily, while the dead flesh rots on. It is the root of his existence, the master  
of his flesh and bone. When the flesh and bone are tired, it commands it to  
take him home. The Soul of a Man never sleeps, nor abandons or leaves him.

The Soul of a Man never tricks or deceives him. The Soul of a Man gives  
you comfort and security in a world full of hatred and boisterousness  
and scrutiny. The Soul of a Man gives him true dedication, gives  
him true aspiration, gives him true education. It is the root of  
his drive towards excellence and superiority. It is a strong  
protective shield against vulnerability and inferiority.

It gives him true love in the sense of liberty. It

gives him true pride in the sense of dignity.

It gives him true honor, in the sense of  
self-worth. It give him true respect  
that speaks louder than words.

The Soul of a Man gives

him true sanity in a  
world gone mad.

It keeps him  
from  
vanity.

It keeps his thoughts pure and clean with integrity. It keeps his mind free of dishonesty and iniquity.

It gives him the choice between good and bad, between right and wrong, between happy and sad.

*Jermaine O'neil Jackson*  
*3rd Year*  
*Business Administration*





*Art: Brotherhood*

## THE BIRTH OF FLIGHT

**E**NEMY of society, friend of the soul  
He slips into the woods, escaping.  
The cold dark night's silence  
Broken by the mob.  
Torches cut through the darkness  
Pitchforks and axes gleam in the forest.  
Anger, fear, and hatred swim in the pouring rain.  
The hunt is on.  
Through the trees they drive him  
Creeks, swamps and gullies did he cross  
To evade the herd.  
Trapped, surrounded, nowhere to flee  
Upon the cliff, a step from the edge.  
A bolt of lightning rips through the  
Air illuminating the distant mountains  
He turns and stretches his arms  
Eclipsing the storm.  
Fingers forming feathers.  
Arms fall away revealing wings.  
Talons replace toes, gripping the flesh of all.  
Eyes see more than is visible.  
Ears hear more than can be heard.  
Dripping rain boils on his hot body  
And covers him in a sleek coat.  
The swarm, stung by horror, charges  
And stops in the beat of a wing.  
Dust mingles with the horde  
Dancing around their faces.  
Wings flap with fiery fury.  
Blood pounds through his soul.  
Vanishing in a flash of lightning  
He flies away, leaving only  
His cry to freedom.

*Steven Grasse  
1st Year  
Electrical Engineering*

## *T H E F O R E S T*

**T**he silence settles all around me.  
Not a single sound causes ripples in the still air.

I feel the give of the soil beneath my feet,  
soft and cool,  
and the light is so unreal it makes the trees stand out in 3-D glory.

I am here seeking myself,  
A shadow that is forever running just a few steps ahead.  
I cannot catch it.

Silent and calm, spirits surround me and whisper their mysterious dreams into my ears,  
And I feel reality slipping further away from me.  
The quiet is like a living thing,  
And it haunts me.

This woodland dream becomes my dream,  
And I am captured,  
Held in a tender grasp that holds me here  
in the forest.

*Pamela Hubbard  
4th Year  
Environmental Management*

## *T H E   D A R K N E S S*

*D*EEP within a rawness lives, craving all without regret;  
Consuming waves of passion, lacking all human respect.

A purity of evil, a desire without blame;  
Perching silently dormant, pondering vulgar and shame.

A phantom without substance, a spirit without a soul;  
Yet as physical as stone when accomplishing a goal.

No emotions, no remorse, self protection rules supreme;  
Uncontrolled and so random, you would think it's just a dream.

Armageddon at it's call, unleashing all that is just;  
Doesn't care about the fact turning everything to dust.

We are lead to believe goodness and light rule the earth;  
Life displays it's awesome strength when observing a new birth.

Yet internal to each heart a darkness stalks sight unseen,  
Waiting patiently to strike with an unrelentless scream.

*Ralph F. Donatelli, Jr.*  
*Farmington, NY*

## *Silver Memories*

Somewhere in the attic of dreams  
Lie my grandmother's fine silver.  
I remember the day she gave away  
Her Christmas tree and her memories too.  
She gave away all that she had  
I think she knew what Fate gave her  
I think she saw the future  
And said goodbye, only I didn't know it was time.  
Silently, she drifted away,  
Like a breeze in the night.  
Slowly, she wastes away,  
Almost like a forgotten memory.  
Until the day I saw her again,  
The face looked so familiar...  
She could not speak what she wanted to say.  
The eyes that were once hers were replaced by a bewildered look.  
The day finally came on a cold, rainy day  
The day that she finally lost it all.  
I only took a few seconds  
Just to see what was left of her.  
The tears still keep flowing like the rain that day,  
I cannot stop myself.  
I remember her so clearly of when I was younger,  
Of how she used to be.  
She is finally gone  
Like a whisper in the blackest night.  
All that she left behind  
Was her likeness in my face and her fine silver.  
I pack her memories and everything else away  
To pray that someday  
I'll have the strength  
To find her silver somewhere in the attic of her dreams.

*Amy L. Kielon*

# Dual Reality

The starry night shown down from the sky for all to see, on the same bitter night on which Seamus just happened to be outside. The air was biting cold, with just enough wind and humidity in the air to make one freeze his ears off. But Seamus wasn't freezing his ears off, he liked the cold. Instead, he was just taking a walk outside to clear his head and try to get some perspective on his life. He was seventeen, but far more embittered by life than most people twice his age. He was just one of those people that seemed to have far more experience than should have been possible. Seamus didn't know why he seemed to be so old; only that he was. It seemed to be one of the many banes of his existence. Banes of his existence were the cause of his walk outside on that cold December night.

Around two o'clock in the morning, fate brought Seamus to a bench in a secluded park. He had never been there before, but for some reason he was drawn to the bench as if a siren were calling his name. He sat down on the bench and was so entranced that he didn't notice his pants were slowly freezing to the bench. He just sat there in an almost drunken stupor. He was oblivious to all that was around him. He wasn't fixated on anything; he just wasn't aware. He sat there for a half hour, with his mouth open, the drool crystallizing in the cold night.

Around two-thirty, someone else was strolling along that same park. Ruby was extremely bored that night, and for some reason thought that a walk outside would somehow take the edge off her boredom. And for an even stranger reason, she was drawn to that park, a park she had never been to before. Ruby never did anything impulsive. She was as down to earth as any other girl her age, which happened to be eighteen. But for all her levelheadedness, she was out walking about the park on a cold December night.

Around three o'clock, the two strollers-in-the-night met each other for the first time. Both were taken aback by what they saw.

Ruby saw Seamus and sighed a little sigh. He was tall, with large blue eyes. His hair was short and jet black. The rest of him was fairly lean. After a quick once over, she came back to his eyes. They were different. They made him seem older than what his body indicated. He looked as if he had been through a lot. He had wisdom and experience she surmised. Experience in what, she wondered. That thought scared her, but in a little way intrigued her. What was his story? Why was he here so late at night? What was his name?

As soon as Seamus saw Ruby, his heart stopped beating. Her outside was incredible. Her hair was the purest brown he had ever seen, her eyes a sparkling blue. Her smile was faint, but still suggestive. The way she held her head exuded great confidence, but not snobiness. She had somewhat of a regal ambience about her. She seemed above anything petty or evil. To Seamus, it seemed as if all the good in the world was concentrated right here on the individual that stood before him. He gasped a little in admiration of her appearance.

It was two full minutes before either of them uttered a word. As is par for the course of such encounters, it wasn't either of them that broke the ice. It was the snow that fell from the trees because of the wind. They were both covered in the powdery stuff.

"Are you all right?" Ruby asked first.

"Yeah, I guess I'm okay. It was only snow after all."

"You're right. Hey, we haven't been introduced yet, have we?"

"I don't believe we have, but I believe I would like to."

"Well, my name is Ruby Skiller. I live a couple of towns over."

"Really, well my name is Seamus Vaughn. I live right here in this town."

"Well, we'll have to meet sometime."

"Yes, we shall."

And with that, they walked off together and forever. You see the cold brought them together to be happy for all mankind's sake."

Yeah, right. Like that ever happens to anybody in the real world. Allow me to introduce my self. My name is Seamus Vaughn. Yeah, yeah. I know. It's the same name as the character of the story I just narrated. Alright, so I wrote it. And so what if I did? I know the truth about the real world. The real world sucks. The real world hurts. The real world kills. It kills people, animals and spirits. I used to believe in the real world, but now I know the real world doesn't need people. It needs only itself. It doesn't care about me or anyone. It took me years to learn this, but once I did things seemed a lot clearer. My whole education started in January of my senior year. Things seemed like they would be on the up and up. But soon I was to learn the cold, harsh reality of life.

As it was customary for me, on a Tuesday night I was working at the Gillmore Library. I had worked there as a bookkeeper. The pay was lousy and so were the hours, but it did give me access to a wide range of books. In those days I spent quite a lot of time working in the library. It gave me a sort of escape from the real world. All I had to do was go there, grab a book and just zone out of reality.

On that particular Tuesday, though, something happened that made sure I wouldn't zone out that night. The event? She walked in. The aforementioned happened to be Sheilla Trum. Sheilla was one of the most popular girls at school. She had looks, money and connec-

tions. What more did someone else need to be popular? All the guys wanted to go out with her, including me. I never had a chance with her, really. After all, I already admitted that I spend large amounts of time in the library. What do you think that did for my social standing?

That night, when Sheilla walked in, she looked like she had a purpose. She was dressed to kill, and looked like she meant it, literally. She walked right over to me and started to speak to me. At first, I understood nothing, still recovering from the shock of having her actually speak to me.

"Seamus. Seamus Vaughn. Funny seeing you here."

"Actually, I spend a great deal of time here."

"I know. that's why I was being sarcastic."

"Oh" I said, thoroughly embarrassed.

"Say, I bet you know the library pretty good, don't you."

"Uh, yeah, I guess I do."

"Well, I need your help on a research paper. Could you help me?"

"Well, yeah, I guess I could."

"Well, great then."

And so it was that night my life with Sheilla began. At first I was just her study date, a person she could always come to for answers to any question. I would help any way I could. Her entire aura had me in her complete control. I was like a puppy to her. I couldn't help myself.

Eventually, our relationship grew to be more than just a scholastic arrangement. I had always wanted to go out with her, but it was just because of her popularity, not her. Once I got to know her, I felt like I really wanted to go out with her. Around me she put away all the petty high school fronts. She was herself. I think she began to feel that I liked her for her, not for her reputation or social standing. It sounds

lame, but it is true.

It was two weeks after we met at the library, that she popped the question. We were in my room at my house, as usual, studying as usual. She was doing really well at her physics, when she suddenly stopped.

“Seamus, can we talk?”

“Well, I guess.”

“This is gonna sound stupid, but, will you go out with me?”

“You mean like a girlfriend/boyfriend thing?”

“Well duh. Of course.”

“Uh, I guess.”

“You guess? What kind of answer is that?”

“Sorry. Honestly I was a little scared that you wouldn’t go out with me.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re so popular and I’m not.”

“Ah, forget about it.”

“Us going out?”

“No, the part about me being popular. Just forget I’m popular.”

“I’ll try.”

“You do that.”

And with that she kissed me on the cheek. That meeting began my romantic relationship with Sheilla. Later as I was about to call my friends, Sheilla told me not to tell anyone that we were seeing each other. I asked why, and she told me that that way we would be left alone by jealous or obnoxious people. I meekly agreed, because I didn’t dare lose something so precious to me.

Two weeks later, it ended as abruptly as it began. My parents were away on vacation and left me the house all to myself. I had a few friends over during the day, but night were reserved for Sheilla. She came over on a normal night, just to be with me. We usually talk for a while, before messing around, but this time she

was all over me, before I actually said a word. We started making out, as I would call it, passionately. I thought things were going pretty good.

My life ended as she began to speak and started to pull away from me.

“Damn, you’re not much of a kisser. In fact, if I think about it, you’re not much of anything. Why am I with you?”

I was speechless, esteemless and apparently womanless as I listened to her talk some more. She really didn’t like me at all it seemed. She didn’t know why she ever went out with me. I didn’t either at that point.

She walked out without even saying goodbye to me. It was just a cold, back-turned-to -me walk out. She left me in the middle of making out. What went wrong? I was damned if I knew.

The next day I found out why. She found someone much more popular than me to share her life with. I stared at her and her new boyfriend. She would not reciprocate the visual contact. I tried to laugh, but the mirth wasn’t there. I was heart-broken. I lost the little self-esteem I still had. I lost the girl I was immensely fond of. I lost her because I couldn’t kiss like her new beau. Complexes that arose from this incident were to affect me for the rest of my life.

My little story about Sheilla and me proved to me that life isn’t fair, is mean and most of the time messes up the happiness that few people ever actually feel. I am really fed up with life, until a new girlfriend arrives. Then maybe things will look a bit better. I once thought anger was the answer. Then alcohol. Then smoking. Nothing worked. So now I sit and think, waiting for the one time that I will be happy again.

*Jeffery X. Izbel*  
1st Year  
Computer Science



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"Well, I guess."

"This is gonna sound stupid, but, do you go out with me?"

"You mean like a girlfriend or something?"

"Well duh. Of course."

"Uh, I guess."

"You guess? Well, I guess for another month or so, that?"

"Sorry. He was a little scared that you were going out with me."

"Why?"

"Because you're not." "Not?"

"Ah, forget it."

"Us going?"

"No, the party was being popular."

"Just forget it."

"I'll try."

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