

*Vol 52*



*Savoir Faire*

Cover Art: New Orleans Jazz Drizzle  
Artist: Bonnie Palmer



Bonnie Palmer expresses herself through poetry and art, which she says she began doing around the age of eleven. Her dream job is to be a world famous traveling photographer.

Want to be a part of the *Savoir Faire* process? Come join the staff!

LITR 101 is held every semester, and students need to have passed with a “C” in English 101 to be in the class. It is on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 12:30-1:45. Scholarships are possible based on application and trial period and will be based on the student’s writing ability and work ethic. The student also needs to have a 2.0 grade point average and be a full time student. The class involves creation of a bi-annual literary magazine which represents literary and visual artists at BPCC, advertisement and distribution.

Contact us at [savoirfaire@bpcc.edu](mailto:savoirfaire@bpcc.edu) for further information.

Thank you to all who helped with the compiling process: Marjorie Harper, Michelle Triplet and Regina Terry in Student Life; Anna Dickson and Jessica Cobbs from the English Department; Kelly McDade and Danny Williams from the Art Department; Speech Instructor Melanie Lea-Birck; and Liberal Arts Dean Holly French-Hart.

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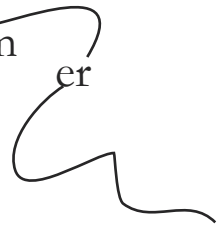
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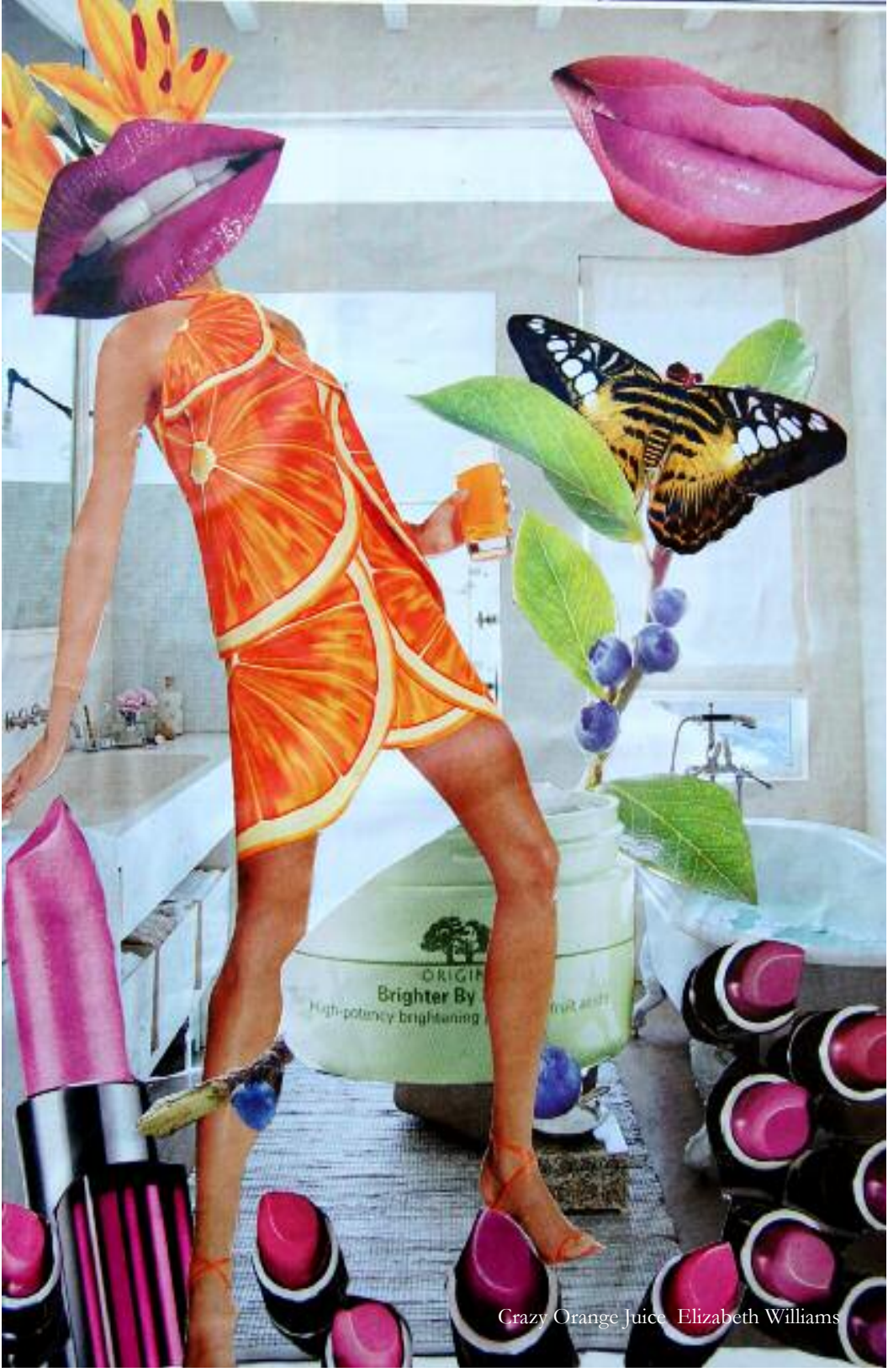
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# *Tangoing Wind* Bonnie Palmer

Come dance with me said the wind to the trees  
And in the breeze to see did dance the branches  
Swaying and tickling with tantalizing tanches  
Say what you now?  
The branches to the breeze  
I could tango for eternity, just you and me  
Jealousy then overcame the Earth  
Thinking unlikely thoughts of sharing his trees  
Challenged the breeze to a dual  
Could he seduce the seas?  
The Wind blew with all his might  
But only disturbed the ocean with waves of fright  
As the Earth laughed at this pitiful display  
He then rumbled and quaked and quifted  
And gave the seas orgasms when his skin shifted  
The wind did accept this defeat  
But before he blew away in retreat  
The compassionate Earth offered a peace  
Dance with them as you wish  
But forever they lie in me





Crazy Orange Juice Elizabeth Williams

# *Out of the Shadows* Ton ia Shā

There once was a time when my life was full of pain,  
I hid in the shadows naked scared and ashamed.  
I felt I had no one, that I was all alone,  
I tried to find happiness, but all peace was gone.

I searched day to day very timid and shy,  
not finding any hope, I wanted to die.  
I had many gifts to give, to share,  
I had many trials and tribulations I had already bare.  
I hid in the shadows where it was dark and cold,  
I just knew that this is where I was destined to grow old.

Then one day, as I lay dormant in my dark shadows,  
I felt the warmth and saw a light as it glowed.  
I rose from the shadows and approached the light,  
I moved very slowly as thoughts of past pain caused a fright.

As the light got brighter, I began to see,  
out of the shadows the light of day caressing me.  
I felt the warmth and felt the love.  
I felt it lift me up as light as a dove.

In the light I saw you standing there.  
I felt the strength, and I knew you cared.  
I felt your tenderness and gentle touch.  
This feeling inside I had missed so much.

Now I am happy, peaceful and content  
for now I know just what they meant.  
There will come a great love a passion so deep,  
that in your heart when you feel it, it makes your body weak.  
Embrace this passion, this love, this wonderful feeling  
for that is when the heart of pain and strife begins its healing.

The rain spattered Caylin's window panes, running rivulets down to puddle on her sill. She sat cross-legged in the middle of her bedroom floor. Her braid rug dug patterns in her legs, her lap was covered in loose leaf paper, and she was conscious of the watchful eyes of the angels on her dresser-top. Sometimes she almost thought that they could speak when she was alone like this. She smiled to herself and pulled the next page up out of the pile in her lap, running her fingers over its watercolor-weathered and wrinkled features. She'd almost gotten Tam right that time, she thought. She remembered how his face wrinkled in concentration the first time she showed him her art. It wasn't wonderful. It was a tiger-lily copied from a storybook. But after Tam scowled at it, he said, "You're good," and she'd never stopped painting.

They'd been sprawling in the grass, still tired from one of Tam's "treasure hunts," which hadn't turned up anything but a pair of pink pebbles and somebody's lost key. His hands were grubby from digging. She'd washed hers when she ran home for her picture. It was before the time when her mother realized Tam wasn't a passing childhood phase for Caylin.

Caylin was startled back to her staring porcelain angels and her pictures by the sound of her mother shouting "We're home!" She rapidly shuffled everything into a stack to hide. Then Caylin stepped out her door, shut it behind her, and peered at her parents over the staircase railing. Her father was meticulously dressed in a suit, and Mom was in a turquoise dress and a silver necklace. Sunday should be a day of rest, not arguing. That was one thing about which she and her parents could agree. Caylin trudged downstairs, feeling a private afterglow.

At lunch she was thinking of the old house where she'd met Tam, between the usual conversational prattle. "Did they have a good sermon today?" "As good as usual." And the boards of a stairwell in her memory creaked beneath her feet. "How was Mrs. Marley this morning?" And there was the dream-vivid view from the broken upper-storey window.

"Hey," The Tam in her memory whispered at her elbow. His blue eyes bored into her. "What's wrong?" He always seemed to know what was happening in her head. There were never misunderstandings with him like there were with the kids at school.

"Mom still doesn't believe me about you." Her childhood voice was

pouting. “You said you’d go meet her. You promised.”

Tam grimaced with exasperation.

“I—I tried,” he said. “She wasn’t listening when I called her. She went inside too fast.”

“I could go get her now,” Caylin suggested.

“No!” Tam’s eyes flashed. Caylin started back. “We can’t bring her here. This is our place—this is private. And she’d be mad I’m not in school. And—and it would just be trouble, that’s all.”

That was always how it was if she brought her mom into things after that. Otherwise he could be happy, suggesting their best games and “quests,” and listening with attentive eyes when she shared frustrations and secrets. But this was place of tension between them, as he would balk at any mention of her mother, and her mother would use this as a point against him. Now it stood as the only niggling doubt in Caylin’s mind. Why was he so angry at the idea of being seen?

“...And Caylin, I showed her one of your paintings—the seagulls on the beach, you know—and she says she’d like you to do her some seashells or something to hang in her guest room. Could you do that? She says she’ll pay”— Mom’s voice broke into her thoughts.

She decided. She would go to Lavender Lane and sneak through the loose fence boards to the old house, and she’d—but it was always there when she drew a blank. Somehow she hoped that Tam would still be there, waiting for her. What if he wasn’t?

She wouldn’t think about that.

Caylin entered the bus’s maw and looked for an empty pair of seats. The seat she found was sticky with spilled cola, but that didn’t matter. She dropped her backpack in the row-side seat and sat by the window. The spots around her filled rapidly.

“Excuse me.” It was a girl’s voice with a thick Southern drawl. “Is this seat taken?”

Caylin didn’t want to lie for privacy. She shook her head reluctantly and pushed the backpack down by her feet. The kid grinned and light winked on her braces.

“Thanks, girl,” she said, plopping into Caylin’s second seat. Then, almost in the same breath, “My name’s Mallory. I’m goin’ to see my aunt and uncle for the weekend. How about you?”

This wasn’t going to be a quiet ride, was it?

“Surreal” was the first word which came to mind when the old house

hove into sight. She would have to go around by the alley. The back yard where she'd crept through loose fence-boards before was occupied by another child's swing and guarded by another family's car. Her backpack felt oppressive as she gripped its straps and trekked forward, but the sight of the rundown house made her ache with happiness and fear.

Litter lay in the long grass. Caylin felt indignant as if this was her own yard. She edged towards the door. It was locked, but Tam had taught her how to fix that. When it squeaked open, a fresh shaft of light streamed inside.

"Tam?" Caylin called, "I'm here." She shut the door behind herself, dimming the light. She called louder as she wandered further into the house and up the stairs, her feet still remembering which steps were least noisy. At the top she turned to look down into the great dusty emptiness. "I know you'll be here," she murmured as she canvassed the rooms. She sat down amid all the childhood treasures and the sleeping bag and the chairs and things they'd lugged from where people left them for the trash. She waited for him until the silence buried her in sleep.

Caylin mumbled contentedly when she woke. For a moment she thought that the new house in another town, her boring job, and the pile of pictures ferreted away in her locked bedroom were dreams. Only Tam's house was real. When she opened her eyes, she expected to see a grinning face, ready to go hunting for treasure, and curly blond hair lit up like a halo by a sun which had already set. She could almost hear his voice, but the house was empty. She knew he had been real, no matter what anyone could say. Still, she had been a fool to think he would be waiting. He could be in another city as a college student in a minimum wage job, or homeless, or he could be off on the grand adventures he had always wanted. Sparklingly eager Tam could be doing anything, or he could be dead. Caylin couldn't say. Picking herself up, she brushed the dirt from her jeans, shouldered her backpack, and felt her way through the dark.



# Caplis Abbey

James Sandlin

Everyone knows that nothing grows in the fields of Caplis Abbey  
Where the ruins breathe with sticks and weeds and haunt the timeless trap-  
pings

The sky is red beyond the deadwood trees that frame the daylight  
As cries delay the coming day and trains scream through the midnight  
The howls of wolves are often heard as worms invade their hosts  
Another funeral somewhere plays a dirge to raise the ghosts  
Nothing lasts like pain and death that traps the weary soul  
In realms beyond the light of day where mortals never go

For she who waits without debate grows colder by the hour  
Never old she's dressed in gold, a waif in the blood-brick tower  
Green with envy in her soul, her eyes are black as hate  
Waiting for her true love's gift, a ring to seal their fate  
But where is he, the one she loves so deeply and complete?  
"Is he with her? My dear sister has swept him off his feet!  
He'll curse the day that midnight came and he engaged deceit!  
He'll burn in hell as others will whom Satan hath received!  
Nothing more will come of him and her this hallowed eve!  
I'll strike the night and rip the sky and tear them piece by piece!"

Hitching through the woods, his horse a black and injured steed  
He walks along the darkened path exhausted and bereaved  
Nothing less than death itself could keep him from his date  
To hold his true love one more time and join their hands in fate  
Just before the morn he entered Caplis' hallowed gate  
To his surprise he was alone although he was very late

Suddenly the door slammed tight behind the frightened youth  
A wolf cried out as smoke poured out the cellar and the roof  
Flames arose between his toes and scorched his bloody feet  
He gasped for breath as fire claimed his body and his screams  
Acknowledging what she had done she ran to save his life  
She took an axe and smashed the door, his ever-faithful wife  
But much too late she realized her love would last forever  
Even as his charred remains were sizzling, burning embers

Distraught she fought the flames to climb the stairs, her spirit dour,  
She placed the bell rope round her neck and fell within the tower

Even now as children know she burns in jealous rage  
A fire sparked by a broken heart, she screams within her cage  
The charnel where she fell remains and marks her final hour  
And some have even seen the wraith swinging from the tower  
And every time a train goes by the locals hear her moan  
As she's reminded of her crime so very far from home

Condemned to live her life again exactly as she died  
When whistles blow, the moonlight glows, and mourners somewhere cry  
She howls and screams through frightened dreams of children who are lost  
Love is all, but love can kill and peace comes at a cost  
For nothing lasts like pain and death that traps the weary soul  
In realms beyond the light of day where mortals never go.

# Fall Leaves

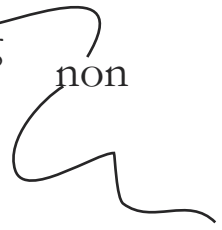
Ni ck Gag non

I wake to sounds that announce a new kind of day  
The wind is howling through trees and is blowing the last of summer away  
Leaves even seem to show that they are very content  
They release their grip of those trees and so off they went  
Dawning their new colors as the dance in the blue sky  
Their beauty is intoxicating and begs me to join them to fly  
Hundreds of geese call out as they are headed their way south  
I am so at awe at the spectacle that I forget to close my mouth  
Squirrels are scampering and gathering all what they can  
For they know their part in Mother Nature's seasonal plan  
In passing weeks the trees stand silent and they look quite bare  
I am bundled in a heavy coat and some long underwear  
Soon the colors will be gone to be replaced by ghost white  
But the pictures I have of this fall will continue to delight



# *A Special Note* Nick Gag non

Anticipation drives my nerves and overcomes my needs  
I follow the path to a door away from nurturing seeds  
The door opens to expose an anxious crowd  
They are here to witness and things are quite loud  
Up front comes a summons for my very name  
They call with good reason and I am to blame  
I approach with my heart tickling my throat  
Look what I have done just for a special note  
I take what I am handed then turn to face all  
This was a memorable season, no ordinary fall  
I spoke choice words and did some last waves  
For this was how a new graduate behaves  
I accomplished my goals and made it to the end  
Thank you great teachers for this mind you did mend







# An Interview

Jas mine A. Thrash

It's just about lunchtime on a bright, sunny Saturday morning, and a local Arby's just off of Highway 157 sets the stage for my interview with up-and-coming photographer, Brooke Norton.

This is a momentous occasion for both of us. As a college student pursuing a career in journalism, I'm excited about getting to conduct my first real interview. Brooke reveals that it is also her first time to be interviewed. The three of us—my friend Ameer has come along, as we are going to a movie afterwards—sit down at a table after ordering, and amidst milkshakes, French fries, music playing from speakers overhead, and the background chatter of the other restaurant patrons, we begin.

“What got you interested in photography to start off?” I ask, a little self-conscious of the fact that it's an exceedingly cliché and predictable question. I don't know why that bugs me. It's not like I'm seeking approval from a stranger; Brooke is a friend of mine from church, so this should be a very relaxed and informal meeting. Maybe I'm just eager to do this interview thing right.

“Well I've always been interested in photography,” Brooke responds casually. “I've always enjoyed taking pictures, and everyone used to make fun of me, you know, ‘Ah, Brooke always takes seven hundred pictures on every trip we go on,’ so...I guess it's something I've always been interested in.”

I glance down at my list of preplanned questions. “So I guess that pretty much answers my next question, ‘How long have you been into it?’...”

“Well,” Brooke considers this for a few seconds while I munch on a french fry. “Professionally, I guess about a year, if you wanna narrow it down.”

“What are your favorite photography subjects?” This question seems a little cliché too, but by this point I have begun to relax a bit more.

“I really like people.” Brooke answers. “I really like taking pictures of people. Probably,” she muses, “because they're controlled subjects.”

“Not really children,” she adds. “You can't really control what they're gonna do, so I guess older people.”

I know—from viewing some of the pictures on her Facebook page—that Brooke has done several good photos of children, but as she explains, they are more difficult to work with. “What's the most interesting photo you've ever taken?”

“Most interesting photo....” Brooke mulls over this one for a moment. “Well my favorite photo that I’ve ever taken—I do have one actually—and I took it when I was maybe in seventh grade. It’s black and white, and I took it with a film camera. We were on top of a mountain—it was a rock in Texas called ‘Enchanted Rock’—I was just sitting there, and I just happened to take a picture...” she backtracks a bit, “I was trying to take a picture of this tree, and this guy walked by right when I took the picture, and so when I developed it, it looked like it was planned. I mean, it looked like a hiker, and he was in motion, and...it’s in black and white...and it’s like, my favorite picture ever.” Her enthusiasm is evident as she talks about it.

“That’s awesome,” I grin. Brooke promises to send it to me so I can see it for myself. Then I ask my next question. “Do you have any funny photography stories—funny things that have happened during a session?”

Brooke thinks for a few moments. She relates one rather awkward incident, which she suggests I don’t put in my interview when I write it up. Amidst my laughter, she considers: “I’m trying to think of some appropriate ones,” she laughs. “Um, okay, well I was on this photo shoot with a family, and they had this little boy—it was three boys, and the youngest was named Zan, and Zan is crazy. He was screaming the entire time, out of excitement. He was like—” Brooke makes her voice sound high-pitched “—‘AAAHH!!!’ the whole photoshoot, which was two hours...running around, so every picture I got of him was him running. And the funniest thing was, he found a pile of poo.” I snicker. I suppose I’m still immature enough to find that funny.

“So he would just stand there,” Brooke continues, “And be like, ‘Poo poo! Poo poo!’ and that’s what he did the whole time, and so, it’s great...and he kept pointing at it, ‘Poo poo! Poo poo!’ and we tried to walk to a different location and he was still like, ‘Where’s poo poo? Where’s poo poo?’ and that was really entertaining, and the mom was just thrilled. She thought it was hilarious, and I thought it was funny, and I got a picture of them and they were all standing there pointing at the poo poo, and...that—that was funny.”

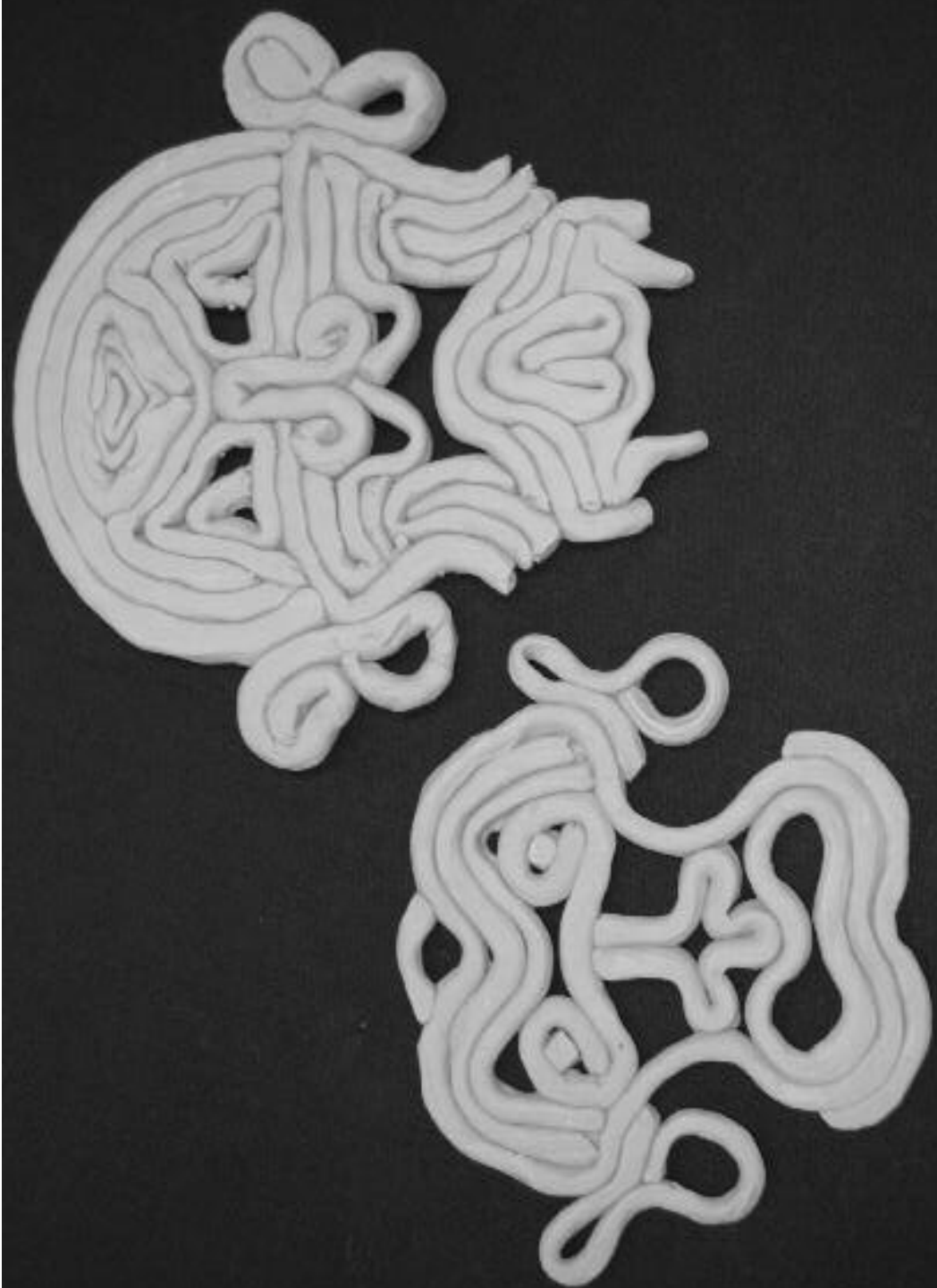
“That was the last question I thought of,” I look at my list of questions again. Amusing as the story about Zan was, I don’t particularly want to end the interview on that note. “Can you think of anything else?”

Amee chimes in here. She asks what area of photography Brooke is into. I glance sidelong at Amee. “Thank you.” I laugh. I’m surprised I didn’t think of that.

Brooke begins to list her specific areas. “I do seniors, maternity, engagements, children, families—I’ve done one wedding, and I have two more that are booked—the only thing I haven’t done is a newborn, and...that’s about the only thing I haven’t done.”

That ends the interview. The whole thing, in its entirety, took only seven minutes. The three of us spend the next few minutes talking about college and what we all want to do when we're older. Then Brooke leaves, and Amee and I go to the movies as planned. Overall, I suppose, my first interview went well, and I'm glad I chose to interview a talented photographer like Brooke.

Brooke Norton is twenty-one years old. She currently attends Louisiana Tech in Ruston, and will graduate in the spring of 2012 with a degree in Elementary Education. She wants to be a teacher. She does professional quality photo sessions and has her own website: [brookenortonphotography.com](http://brookenortonphotography.com). Or you can check out her photos on Facebook: [www.facebook.com/pages/Brooke-Norton-Photography](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Brooke-Norton-Photography)



Pottery Top: Brittany Miller Bottom: James Glassy

“And in other news today, the body of a young girl which was discovered last week has been identified as...”

The grief stricken mother slowly stood from the couch and left the room, not wanting to hear the story. She knew the details more than she cared to, for it was her own daughter who lost her life. Empty eyes stared forward taking in the scene as if she were watching from someone else’s eyes. “This can’t be real”, she told herself over and over again, though the evidence was overwhelming, breaking her heart.

Tears dropped from her smooth skin like bitter rain as she stood before the door to her daughter’s room. Lovingly she caressed the wood; trying to recover any trace of her daughter, hoping it was all a mistake and she’d be home soon. The door creaked, its sound amplified in the death knell grip of the home. Everything lay where she had left it, forever in place as if fixed in time.

One single item caught her mother’s eye. Curious, she slowly moved across the room and picked up the pink covered book. The place of dreams, thoughts, emotions, and hopes would fill its pages, leaving her mark on the world. Gently, treating the book with such care so that it would not disappear from her fingers, the mother opened the cover. The seal she had been forcing in place upon the truth burst as the pink book fell to the floor. Reality crushed upon the mother with such violence, that it drove her to her knees in utter grief. Her daughter would not be coming home; the news was no mistake, for the empty pages in the pink book told the truth.

Each page from cover to cover was carefully numbered; 1 through 200 in all, empty pages that told the tragic story of its author. Pages numbered by a hopeful young girl who wanted to tell a story.

1 -25, the young girl meets the boy of her dreams and pushes the book to the side for his attention. She disregards the fact that he is not in company with the best of people and slowly changes to become the girl he would be interested in.

26 – 55, the boy finally notices her and returns her affections with an eye of deceit. She blows off the warning signs; covering them with a smile, for her is the one she desires deeply. Her mind becomes a prisoner of thoughts for him, nothing else matters. The pink book sits patiently waiting on the table next to her bed as she lies between the sheets swooning.

56 – 80, she sits in her room wasting away emotionally as she covers the bruises with long sleeved shirts and excuses. Wounded emotionally, she shoves the pink book away for another time; a time when she will “feel better”. Of course she would forgive him because after all, he loves her.

80 – 125, isolated because he refuses to allow her to have any friends. Lies are told to a concerned mother and teachers escalate as she does her best to cover the cold truth. No one can help her now; she is in a place that she cannot escape. Yet, her heart races every time he smiles and says he’s sorry. He loves her, she is sure of it, and his actions are brought on by something she has done. She doesn’t need any friends because she has him, and he will always love her. Her gaze rests upon the pink book, and she smiles with empty eyes. She doesn’t need dreams of a child because now she has what she wants. Still, the book lies on the table patiently waiting for the story that will make it come alive.

125-200, emptiness fills her room. The girl has disappointed him in a major way, by telling her mother the truth about what has been going on. Distracted, she ran out of the door and away from her mother, crying because she betrayed him. The love he always declared with a deceitful eye turned to violence when she told him what she had done. The man of her dreams stole the very life from her, leaving her body as broken as her heart was inside. The pink book continues to wait patiently in the dark for her to return and fill its pages.

In her grief the mother reflects upon the words her daughter spoke to her when she had finally opened up. That one brief moment confirmed what she had known all along. Despite her pleas, talks, and warnings, her daughter still clung to the man with false hope. Her eyes gazed upon the pink book as she wondered how many others were suffering silently as her daughter did. How many lives were broken or torn apart by these acts? Her mother wiped the grief from her eyes, her dark expression soon replaced by determination as she reached for the pink notebook. She would finish what her daughter started with these numbered pages. No longer would the empty pages sit patiently waiting for the story to be written.



I Remember Michael Dolson

# Sound Mind

Mel issa Mōu  
dy

When you lie down to sleep at night is your conscience clear?  
Do you close your eyes to rest without any fear?  
So many questions you should ask yourself at the end of each day...

Did you live your life today?  
Did you hurt anyone along the way?  
Is there anything you forgot to say?  
Are you content with the time you've spent with all that you hold dear?  
Do they know how much they mean to you, be they far or near?  
Are you happy with the choices you've made?  
Is your path well laid or in disarray?  
Are your convictions still clear or have you allowed them to fade?  
Are you chasing your dreams?  
Does the light in your eyes still gleam?  
Or are you falling apart at the seams?  
Did you retreat when you should have leaped?  
Did you cower when you should have towered above obstacles in your path?  
Have you let something precious slip from your grasp?  
Will it be the last?  
Did you take when you should have given?  
Did you break instead of bend?  
'Turned your back when you should have extended your hand,  
leaving someone alone in unpromised land?  
Do you stand tall, still trying to rise above it all?  
Are you satisfied with your surroundings?  
Do you find the pounding of your heart resounding, dumbfounding in its  
strength?  
Are you stretched to your full length?  
Does your breathing come easy, the rise and fall of your chest steady or  
heavy?  
Can you sleep soundly knowing  
It's on the right path you're going and nothing can alarm you, harm you, and  
disarm you?  
Have you done everything you could, everything you should, without tearing  
anyone else apart?  
Without scarring anyone else's heart?

Did you begin this day "right" from the start?

When you close your eyes

Look forward to the following sunrise

Bask in the light shining down on you from the skies

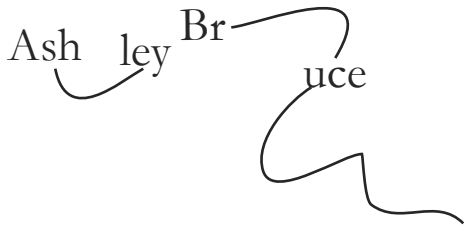
Appreciate each glorious morning knowing nothing can take you by surprise

Without doubt, peaceful from the inside out.

Only then will everything fall into place; everything will work itself out.



# *Memories*



What is a memory,  
If only a dream,  
How can a heart,  
Be stitched at the seam,

What have I told you,  
That you should despise,  
I am the problem,  
These are not lies,

Never meant to hurt you,  
I can honestly say,  
But to all that I touch,  
I bring decay,

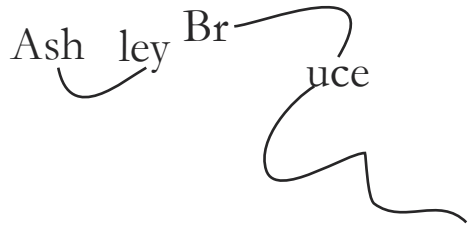
This is not what I wanted,  
My thought from the start,  
It ripped me to pieces,  
I'm falling apart,

The pieces I've broken,  
Won't fall into place,  
Without you here with me,  
I'm floating through space,

What is a memory,  
If only a dream,  
How can a heart,  
Be stitched at the seam,

But now that you're gone,  
Without a trace,  
It seems your dear memory,  
I must erase.

# *Caught in You*



A thousand memories,  
But one goodbye,  
Look at the years,  
How time does fly,

To hold you close,  
And pull you tight,

Feel your warmth,  
Every lonely night,

But alas I know,  
It's gone, it's gone,  
Without you here,  
There is no song,

And maybe still,  
It is not you,  
Maybe all I miss,  
Are the joys of two?

Still I feel it,  
In my heart,  
Without you near,  
It falls apart,

Ripping, tearing,  
It's nothing new,  
This feeling of being,  
Caught in you....

# Meet the Artists



Elizabeth Ann Williams first started expressing herself when she was in the military. It was her job to create signs in Powerpoint—signs that would catch peoples’ attention. Her children are her greatest inspiration. “They inspire me to never give up,” she says. “I tell them to do their best, so I must also.” Her biggest pet peeve is when people disregard college professors. “It does not matter,” she insists. “if they are younger or older, the position should be respected.”

Michael Dolson says that his most life-changing moment was when he joined the military. His pet peeve is laziness, he has an irrational fear of tight spaces, he says his unusual talent is building houses, and his dream job is a rather exciting one—he wants to race motorcycles. His father inspires him.

Jessica Ingram has been expressing herself since she was old enough to hold a pencil or camera, she says. Her dream job is to be a photographer for National Geographic. In addition, she also wants to do voice dub for animated TV shows and movies. She says that her greatest inspirations are Ansel Adams, Peter Lik, and her grandma Lulu. Her most life-changing moment? “Losing my best friend. He opened my eyes,” she says. “and left his footprints on my heart.”



Alfonso Vaca is all about painting. He says he began expressing himself when he was twelve years old. His greatest inspiration is Rembrandt, and his dream job is to be an artist and to change peoples’ viewpoints through his paintings. His biggest pet peeve: “When one of my paintings is either incomplete or imperfect.”



“Cleanliness and organization is a must,” according to Melissa Moudy. She began expressing herself at the age of thirteen, and her dream job is to work in military intelligence. She says her worst job ever was when she worked at Dairy Queen (she adds a “YUCK!” for emphasis).

Ashley Bruce says she has been writing poetry since she was eight years old. Her mother inspires her, and she has an irrational fear of spiders. Her pet peeve is ignorant people.



Tonia Sharp is inspired by the people she is close to. She has been expressing herself creatively since high school, and her pet peeve is silverware not placed in the drawer properly. Her worst job ever was when she worked as a waitress, and her dream job is to be a teacher.

Tina Tucker wrote her first short story when she was twelve. She says her mother inspired her the most. She has an irrational fear of roaches, and her pet peeve is when people have no respect for each other. As for unusual talents, “I can play video games,” she says. “Pretty good for my age!”

Nicholas Gagnon says he began expressing himself after he retired from the Air Force. His biggest inspiration is his father, and his dream job is to be a teacher. He likes to sketch and write poems. He says a life changing moment was when he visited Columbia, South America.

Plato, Aristotle, Orson Welles, and Marisa Tomei inspire James Sandlin, and his dream job is just as multi-faceted. He wants to achieve the amazing feat of being a musician, writer, singer, and archaeologist at the same time. His pet peeves are bad drivers and politicians.



Anita Widener has actually been “writing” before she actually knew how. Her mother would write down her poems when she was little. Her friends, family, and “a lot of dead authors” as well as God inspire her. Her irrational fear is falling, and her dream job is to be a novelist one day.

# *Stargazing*

Ani ta Wide ner



I watched the pine limbs dancing, flexing fingers at the sky.  
I saw the pinpricks answer, casting light down from on high.  
The blankets held my body, and the damp grass held my head,  
And my mind's eye was on fire, but my spirit felt so dead.

You laughed at our friends' banter as you lay there by my side.  
Your lenses filled with starfire, and your eyes were open wide.  
You were singing to the praise songs blaring from the nearest phone,  
And you were my companion, but my thoughts were mine alone.

Our knight in red and white was sending prayers into the sky.  
We had the same view spread overhead, the same pinpricks on high.  
The wind was in the branches, and God's gaze was on his head.  
While he stood tall like a pillar, I rolled over on our grassy bed.

We've been lacking in our conversation, Maker-of-the-Stars and I.  
My heart's been awfully empty, though my eyes have not been dry.  
You and he and all our people live with arms raised, open wide—  
You're ready to receive His gifts—I live with clenched fists at my side.

I can't seem to praise my Lord with you beneath the stars He's sown,  
But God, my God, I grow so tired of being star-eyed and alone.



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