

FREE
(DOM)
ARTS

The
Winston
School San Antonio



FALL 2015 V.6
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Headitor's Note

Since its start, this year's *Freedom Arts* staff has worked in a way both industrious and artful. In any given meeting, a beautiful machine can be heard purring away in U168. It's inimitable, like a collaborative Zen-garden, in the sense that nothing else but what's in our sandbox matters; we've been able to drop out of the commotion outside the walls of 168 and create something pleasing to read, to look at, even hold, thanks to Lisa and David McBurnett at Norton Lewis Printing. This team has been exceptional, and their work shows through in what you now hold. They are a truly dedicated bunch of artists and go-getters. I'd be at fault not to mention two in particular—Morgan Carolin and Matthew Alsip. Morgan and Matthew have shouldered (and will continue to do so) the down and dirtiest tasks that *Freedom Arts* can offer: designing the mag, and training to lead the team eventually. These efforts are all, of course, supported by the creative charity and mentoring of Mr. Paschal Booker, Mr. Tony Salinas, Mr. Richard Rodriguez, and all of our fairy godparents in the magical Land of Advancement. My thanks also go to Dr. Tom Jefferson and Dr. Valerie Reese, who have generously footed the costs for all of our events. Last, but in no way least, our hearts go out to the most important group, Winston's writers and artists; you make this endeavor possible. This magazine is truly yours, and we encourage you to invest all of your genius and creativity in it. You won't regret it.

Arthur Trickett-Wile

The Story of a Caddy

William Stouffer

Ahead of time, if you are thinking about a guy who carries your clubs around, that's not what I am. I'm a 1928 series 341-A Cadillac, but I've been through a lot more than most cars might ever go through. I've been around for 46 years, and I'm not just going to keep all of my secrets to myself.

To help you understand why I am telling you this story, I'll work backwards through my story. Firstly, I am about an hour away from being crushed into a block of metallic scrap. Secondly, my entire engine block was destroyed in a spectacular crash, but I'll get to that.

I was constructed in Great Britain in 1927. I was almost immediately put onto a cargo ship for North America. I thought to myself that I would be one of those cars that just owned the road as they drove by, but I didn't expect my owner to own the city.

Al Capone was his name. My owner. I was a special order, packed with the latest technology in armor. I knew what was going on the moment that gunfire began. I expected to be full of holes by the end of every heist, but I was only left with simple scratches. Al Capone would always replace parts that were dented or broken, but he was not a preventative person. While Capone cared for my appearance, he didn't care if he hurt me in the process.

As the year 1932 came around, I was put into a police auction. I don't think that they understood that I was an armored tank that could beat a police car in a durability test, but from how they did things around there, it didn't look like they cared about much else either. As I was driven up to the platform, the auctioneer began his regular routine of describing what I was and what I did, but as soon as he said "Al Capone," the paddles shot up. \$40,000! \$50,000! \$200,000! The winning bidder took me home for \$200,000.

My new owner's name was Thomas Riley. As soon as I we arrived at his house, I could tell that he really wasn't financially fit to care for me. He parked me under his rickety car port and brought out some off-brand car cleaning liquids (for reference, car wax wasn't really around at this time). While I did feel loved by Thomas, I felt bad for him. He would go to work every day and work harder than most people do, but he was never acknowledged for any of his hard work. He came home with empty pockets every day, but still cared for me with his own hands.

Now, Thomas was a DIY person not because he wanted to do things himself, but because it wasn't as expensive. As time progressed, Thomas got married and had a son and a daughter. The wife's name was Laurie. She always cared about how old or how obsolete things were. She always nagged him about getting a newer car, but Thomas always had the same answer: "There isn't anything wrong with the car. It's just a bit old." Their son's name was Max. Max was your typical kid. He liked trucks and dinosaurs, but I always knew there was something strange behind all of that stereotypical guff in Max, but I couldn't quite tell what it was until later. Max's sister, Rose, was anything but a rose. She would always get into trouble, but somehow get out of having any punishments. That always drove Max crazy when it happened.

The 1950s came, and in 1956, when Max turned 17, he was given a car. Can you take a guess which car that was? Me. I was given to Max as a birthday present. I could tell almost immediately that he did not like me. He always complained about how old I was and that I didn't have much torque. While this may have been true, I had a job. My job was to move people, not race around the Indianapolis Speedway. I did try my best to impress and he did his best to get used to me.

I think we finally bonded in the year 1960. Max never complained past that point. After 1965, though, he started to modify me: new exhaust, new engine, racing tires, lower profile rims, and the lot. I felt different, but better. Max was really happy with my

power output now, but everything changed when he met his first serious girlfriend.

Max found a girl named Tracy. She was an exact opposite from Max. I couldn't believe that they were together. Max stopped caring about modifying or caring for me, and instead was blinded by this impressive-looking girl. I felt like their relationship was being led by Stevie Wonder. They couldn't see the signs of a bad relationship, so Max took it to another level—sex.

Before we get into the question of how I know this happened, I'll have you know that people have sex in cars, too. I won't go into the dirty details, but to make a long story short, they broke up; but, when Tracy found out she was pregnant, well . . . let's just say that wasn't easy to explain to the parents. As punishment, they took his car away from him and sold it.

So, here I sit, in this junkyard awaiting my demise. I cannot feel bad for myself, for I have had a long life. I have had many good and bad experiences in my 673,924 miles. I hope you will remember my story, for it may have taught you something. If that story hasn't taught you anything, though, remember this: every bump in the road is just another experience to learn from. Your memories are what make you. If your memories are lost, you are lost. Influence something so that you will be remembered; otherwise, you'll be forgotten like the rest of us cars. Our memories will not carry on, but the memories that we help create will.

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Bliss

Julie Holloway

Homework waiting
I can't think
Friends arrive

Distracted
Not by them
Distracted
By him

Daydreams
Memories
Happiness

Cordial greetings
Time to leave
So much to do
Today is the day

Go to class
Go to work
Lunch on the way

Safety first
Seat belt on
Don't drive too fast
Plane has yet to land

Sitting
Reading?
No . . . I'm peeking

Glass doors slide
I jump
Sigh . . . a stranger
When will it be him?

Glass doors slide
I jerk
Sigh . . . yet again

Glass doors slide
Sigh
It won't be him
I don't look up

Pounding
Goes my heart
It was him!

I'm in his arms
He swings me around
Squirms of delight
Sets me down

Lost in his eyes
Kiss on the nose
Holding me tight
He is mine

I am his
Finally home
Bliss



Melting

Emily Kelly

Magma: The Darkness Slayer

Matthew Alsip

The universe was quiet, untouched, and clean. No ship had entered its realm in centuries. Just then, a quaint ship came out of hyperspace. The minions of darkness felt its presence. The darkness saw big letters on the side of the ship, D.O.D, Defenders of Darkness. The intact universe was about to become a battleground.

15 years earlier

With the threat of an enemy invasion, the planet Yighopp was preparing for war. Many organizations were hiring men to defend the planet. Some men were not soldiers, but simply businessmen. Among them was a medical boss named Magma J. Qazy, who had been forced into the military by his father Blazer Qazy, a hero in the War of Rewf. Magma had no experience in mil-

itary knowledge, but was willing to fight to defend his planet. He wanted to join the N.R.O.W. (New Recruits of War), but his father wanted him to join the most advanced, tough organization, the Defenders of Darkness. Magma was reluctant to join experienced people who might boot him out on the first day, but he gathered his inner strengths and went to the D.O.D recruitment booth.

After a long talk with the recruitment officer, Magma was finally able to enlist. He was assigned to the Alpha Recruits, who were people just like him, with no military training. He could not believe how tough military training was. Holding a plank position for 10 minutes and running for 4 miles was something that he could not do. Still, he persevered and pushed through all of his pain and within a few months, he became the most athletic person in the Alpha Recruits.

When he was resting and eating in the quarters, Magma got to know a lot of people in the Alpha Recruits. One of them was Devin Jilop, who people called "Firechief." Firechief liked Magma because of his fearless and tough attitude, but their friendship would not last long.

General Gusto, the commander of the D.O.D., thought that Magma was too strong and too physical to continue training with the Alpha Recruits. He transferred Magma from the Alpha Recruits to the Gunslingers, a squad ranked third in the D.O.D. Magma was devastated to leave Firechief behind, but the Gunslingers welcomed him because of his athletic and bulky demeanor. Magma thought that he would excel in the Gunslingers because of his ability to learn and remember techniques to fire weapons faster. The Gunslingers squad trained a lot with guns and weaponry, but not such much in physical workouts. Magma worried that he might lose his muscular strength, but Gusto told him it was unlikely.

5 years later

After five years with the Gunslingers, Magma had not excelled at weaponry, but he had done well enough to use such weapons as energy rifles and futuristic sniper rifles. One of the reasons that he was not doing well was because he was distracted by a sniper code-named Sunshooter. Sunshooter thought that he was better than Magma and that he would move up. To keep Magma from overtaking him, he would yell out a word and tap him on the back to make him miss his shot. Magma was tired of failing because of “unfriendly behavior,” so he went to Gusto and told him about this.

Gusto felt sorry for Magma and he told him that he should have come to him sooner. Magma asked him how his squad rank was, and Gusto said that he was able to move up to the next squad, the Bladewielders. Gusto told him that his old friend Firechief was on the Bladewielders because he had made an almost impossible shot with a sniper rifle. Magma quickly took the offer and packed up his belongings and went to the Bladewielders’ sleeping quarters.

The first thing Magma saw when he entered the Bladewielders was his old friend Firechief sitting on the bed. Firechief ran over to him and gave Magma a big hug.

“I’ve missed you, buddy,” said Magma.

“Me, too,” said Firechief.

Both of them spent the rest of the afternoon talking about their recent experiences. Firechief told Magma that the Bladewielders focused a lot on acrobatics and physical workouts. He thought that Magma would breeze through the Bladewielders and move up to the best squad in the D.O.D, the Nova Defenders. Magma wanted Firechief to help him in the workouts, but Firechief told Magma that he was going on a scout mission to a suspicious asteroid which might hold a darkness base. Magma didn’t worry; he thought he would only be gone for a few hours, but Firechief said that he would be gone for a week, investigating other vague bases. Firechief promised Magma that if he made it

home, he would help him train. After their conversation, Firechief left and took off in his ship.

Magma spent the next few days learning how to do the workout routine with the Bladewielders. When he was eating or sleeping, he would think about Firechief and how he might be fighting the darkness or just cruising around in his ship. On the sixth day after Firechief's departure, the Bladewielders were called to meet in the office of General Gusto. Everybody thought that they could get new weapons, since their weapons were old and falling apart. When they entered the office, General Gusto was sitting in his chair, quiet and depressed. The Bladewielders got quiet in turn, and Gusto spoke up.

"I regret to inform you that Firechief has perished in a ship explosion. We will, of course, honor him."

Magma burst into tears, and so did the General. Magma thought that he should train extra hard and push on to honor his lost friend.

9 years later

Magma had been with the Bladewielders for nine years. He was beginning to get bored and lose his muscle. The General felt the same way. Usually, a person had to pass a test to move up to the next squad. However, the General felt that Magma had already passed the test, so he met with Magma after a brutal pull-up contest.

The General spoke: "Magma, do you think that the training with the Bladewielders is boring?"

"Yes," said Magma.

"Then, I will move you up to the Nova Defenders, but be warned, some people might try to hurt you, so be careful."

"I will."

Magma entered the Nova Defenders quarters with spirit. The Nova Defenders were initially shocked to see someone who

did not have to pass the test to rank up, but when they realized it was Magma, they gave him the best bed in the cabin and some awesome weapons. He got advice from Kickly Retro, the captain of the Nova Defenders, that they focused on weaponry and skill in battle. Magma was ready.

In his first challenge, Magma outshined all the rest of the Nova Defenders by shooting all of them in the head (not to worry—they were wearing helmets) on the first shot in a practice battle. Magma became quite well-known after that. The General even promoted him to second-in-command. After a few more battles, Magma's fellow Nova Defenders asked him how he had transformed so much in so little time. He said, "I have no idea, but the military was my destiny, after all."

For the next few weeks, Magma continued to outshine everyone in practice battles and was soon promoted to captain of the Nova Defenders. Kickly Retro was mad at first, but then realized that an awesome shooter should be captain. Magma led his team to the top of the leaderboard in practice battles.

1 year later

Many news reporters had reported that the darkness was getting closer. The D.O.D. took the news seriously and trained extra hard to prepare for war. After a recent scout mission, the General learned that a small army of the minions of darkness was heading towards Yighopp. The General rapidly began getting people to push back the darkness. He wanted a small band of men to push back the darkness on a remote moon, where a base might be, located near Yighopp. Magma was chosen as commander of the mission, along with a few Gunslingers, Bladewielders, and Nova Defenders. A couple of days later, they boarded a ship and flew off into space.

The darkness could sense their presence. They were prepared for an invasion against the D.O.D. As the small, silent ship

approached the untouched moon, they felt a poison clawing into them. Magma felt the worst of the pain, and he was nervous. Magma found a good spot to land and readied his small army to battle the murky darkness. The hatch door opened and the men saw what the darkness had done to the moon. Covered in a black substance, they slowly trudged through the substance until they found a big crater, which had dark fumes coming out of it. All of them realized that they had found the main source of the darkness. Then, they heard screeching and vile noises coming from inside the crater. The minions of darkness had emerged.

Magma and the other recruit got their energy swords ready and charged towards the massive army. The minions of darkness fielded their strongest fighters and, as the energy blade of light touched the skin of the darkness, it formed something that was hard to describe. The men of the D.O.D. were getting beaten, but Magma was in the worst shape. The darkness had pierced his armor and infected him with the darkness. He was weak, but with his remaining strength, he lashed up and slammed his energy sword down, knocking out a portion of the darkness army. His soldiers had retreated a safe distance away, but one Bladewielder managed to cut through the darkness defenses; he took the dark-infused Magma and raced back to the ship.

Magma was barely breathing; he had been crushed. His injuries were unlike any other: a light black, strange claw mark had pierced him and green blood was spewing from his wounds.

"I . . . I've failed you guys . . . I can't be around much longer . . ."

Suddenly, Magma collapsed back onto the bed, gasping for breath. Soon, he took his last breath. He had perished by the darkness. His crew broke into tears for the rest of the trip home.

Gusto cried; he did not know that the darkness was that powerful. Magma was put in a gold and platinum coffin and laid to rest in the Nova Defenders garden. Magma would always inspire others to follow his path.



Big Beast

Emily Kelly

How It Came to Be

Ronnie Price

One day, as Zach Galifianakis was flying through the galaxy to find a new planet to call his home, he flew into the Milky Way for one of those delicious candy bars. As he flew into the galaxy, the first thing he saw was our kick-ass sun; he needed his killer shades, just so he could look at it. Once he saw the sun, he also found the planet that he would call his home; its name was Wankashona, or in human speak, "Earth."

As Zach flew over this new land, he thought, "This could be more than just a home for me; it can be a home for All. His new planet needed a little work and some wildlife, but nothing was too hard for our Mr. Galifianakis. He had made planets before, but none like this one. His previous planet creations included Squid Planet, Planet Planet, and the always famous Wonder Planet.

Zach found his new planet to have the most potential. However, he needed to change the fact that his new planet

was only one big piece of land. It also needed to have some life. Furthermore, he knew that some things would have to change in his personal life, in order for him to take care of his planet. He certainly would need to stop all his partying ways.

In due time, Zach started in to work on his land. First, he had to make the oceans; he used the tears of his enemies to fill them, which is why the seas are so salty. He found the land too flat, so he called his friends from Sumo Planet to stomp in the valleys and canyons. Then he brought his friends from Mole Planet to punch the rocks from underground to make his mountains.

Zach found his planet to be way too barren, so he created the dinosaurs. Making his dinos went on for about a month. One day, as he was making his dino-creatures, he created his favorite dino ever, the mighty pterodactyl. Zach found this animal to be most excellent for travel. This is when Perry and Zach first met.

Zach raised Perry to be a blue-ribbon animal. As an example, Perry was the first animal to win an intergalactic taco-eating contest. Zach would ride him to all the planet owners' conventions, but Zach did not think of himself as the owner of his planet—he thought of himself as the father of his planet.

When Zach got back from a convention one day, he found that his dinos had overpopulated, so he created meat-eating dinos to help with population control. With this change, he was finally able to take a break and just relax. He went to all the good parties and just had a good time. One day, the Duke of Fanlit and he were messing around on the moon, making a fire mix-tape. They didn't know that the mix-tape was so fiery that fire rained down on the dinos and killed them all.

When Zach went down to check on his beloved dinos, he found that they had all died after he rained fire on them. The only one left was Perry. It took Zach almost a million years to forgive himself. He spent most of his days just sitting on Earth, waiting to see if any of his other dinos would reappear. Sadly,

none but Perry remained.

As Zach sat there in the middle of nowhere, he decided to split up the lands all over again. He said, "Hey, I could make people just like me, and I wouldn't be lonely anymore." With that, he got to work on making humans.

Soon, Zach had filled up most of the planet with people. He found that most people all had different ideas about life, but none of them knew about Zach; they didn't know who made the planet or who, for that matter, made them. Zach was okay with that; he didn't want to freak anyone out, due to their lack of brain cells. If his little earthlings were to meet him, their heads would explode in wonder.

As it happened, there was only one man who had the brain cells to understand Zach, and that man's name was Abraham Lincoln. Abe and Zach became close friends; they would sit out on the White House lawn for cups of tea and other fine goods. When Lincoln was shot, it put Zach in very sad place. He found that no other humans could handle his conversations.

In the first decade of the 21st century, Zach decided to live among his humans. He became an actor, something he had wanted to be ever since he found out what acting was. He loved the human people and he wanted to make them all smile. He still watches over us as the father of our planet, but he also wants to be one of us.

Father Galifianakis gave me the power and the story to tell all the people of this world. He finally wanted to tell us that he made this planet; that is why he made his Book of Gold. He wants all of us to read it, so we will know how to live happy lives. He would like to thank all who have believed in him.

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New Headmaster

Rebecca Brown

I have never had a liking for ant farms. If those things break, you'll be in trouble, but if it is Dr. K's dream to move to Tierra del Fuego to raise ant farms, who are we to deny him? With his surprising retirement, it was my duty to find the next headmaster. I had three prime candidates in mind: Mr. C, the Italian; Mrs. Lane, the lover of purple; and last, but not least, Mr. Salinas the Sponge Bob-watching, pickle-loving Art Man. As you can tell, the descriptions of these wonderful candidates were just too perfect, so it was indeed a hard choice. Nevertheless, as always, I tried to use my exceptional choosing skills to make the tough decision.

Our first candidate was Mr. C. He is a man of many words—when you can understand him, of course. He has rather a thick accent, but have no fear: you understand him when he repeats himself for the fifth time. Even though he would make all the kids talk with his accent when at school, I'm sure it would be a good learning experience for us all. Math would, of course, be the top subject at the school, so at all times a calculator would have to be in your hand. I'm pretty sure he would send us to Italy to pick up the accent and to try the fabulous food there. He is a very orderly man, so the job of being a headmaster would not discombobulate him too terribly much. Also, he has a high tolerance for kids, which I think is marvelous.

The second candidate was Mrs. Lane. History here, history there; history would be everywhere. I do not need to tell y'all that history would be the main topic at school. On Fridays, I'm sure Mrs. Lane would let us ditch our uniforms and dress up as our favorite historic figures. This is a wonderful way to get in touch with your history side. I hope you like purple, because that's what you would be seeing and wearing. It's a very relaxing color, so your headache from all the purple would not be too bad, and the singing from down the hall would calm you down to the bone. Sing-

ing gospel is a liking Mrs. Lane has, so a mix of history and gospel songs would be quite customary. And, of course, chocolate would be a common thing, too! I had no doubt that Mrs. Lane would pass chocolate out to people in the hallways as a sort of peace offering.

Our third headmaster candidate was Mr. Salinas. I hope you love pickles, because they would likely be both our lunch mainstay and our school mascot. The pickle juice would be made into popsicles or simply served as the school beverage. I have to say, it's an . . . experience. There would be no such thing as weird noises at school. You would have to master the art of the pterodactyl noise, which Mr. Salinas can do so well. Art would be the main topic at school, so you would always have to bring your colored pencils and your jar of pickles. Paper, on the other hand, is a joke. You would be able to draw on the walls or on the floor; it would be entirely up to you. Sponge Bob would be shown merely for Mr. Salinas's love of it. I have no doubt at all that there would be casual dress day every day. Uniforms do not really speak to him. I would not call Salinas-ville chaos, but rather a creative sort of place.

Choosing Winston's new headmaster was indeed a difficult choice. All three candidates were capable of being headmaster, but only one could be victorious. After much deliberation, I decided that Mrs. Lane will be our new headmaster. She is organized and she is great with kids. Her ways are not as strange as the others, and let's face it, she gives out free chocolate. With all of her fine qualities in mind, I hereby declare that Mrs. Lane, the purple-loving, free chocolate-giving, gospel-singing teacher will be the new headmaster of the Winston School San Antonio.

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Art Rising

Will Endersby

The Arctic Tree Frog

Jonathon McIntyre

The adventure begins now. I am groggily hopping along with my wee tadpoles, who just learned how to grow legs; we are headed to the boat that will bring my army and me to the new land. As I board the vessel, I give a final love-filled ribbit belch to my family and the rest of the colonies in perfect, blissful unison with the rest of us. We push off the island, on the order of our queen, and stare back at our loved ones—wives and such—with their beautiful neck blobs inflating and their slime-covered skins glistening in the wonderful blistering sunlight. This is the last time I will ever share a moment with them for the rest of my life.

As we travel on our journey, we start to lose hope of finding the Promised Land our scouts said would be there, especially when we see the forsaken hell-hole we thought was going to fulfill our hopes and desires for new and better lives. As the alarms

sound off that land has been spotted, I feel a sudden chill down my fat, and I lose my goose bumps. After our boat lowers anchor offshore, we all dive into the water with a graceful leap, coating the top of the disgustingly clear water with our skin mucus. I am the first one to hop onto a land that is oddly white for sand and freezes my webbing, already iced over from the cold water. I find it hard to move as I look around and notice beastly figures in the snow. At first I think they are rocks of some sort, until they stand up and waddle with the speed of a crocodile stealing from one of our frog markets, surrounding us and gazing at us with fierce intensity.

The monstrosities have bright orange points on their faces, which open and shut quickly as the alpha of the group speaks to the others in a tongue I do not recognize. As one of them slowly waddles to me, I back up quickly, drawing in my tongue and releasing poison from my tough skin. Instead of fear, I detect curiosity, which is confirmed when the black and white being touches my tongue. He dies instantly. The others then try to waddle away as we mercilessly butcher them with grapeshot cannons and fully automatic poison dart blowguns.

One week later, as we are hopping through the snow, the last four remaining officers freeze to death. I am worried I will be taken with them, but instead I am surrounded again by the waddling abominations who charge at me and spear me through my blob fat. As I breathe my final breath, I look up at my attacker and utter the most passionate ribbit I have ever given to anyone, to which he responds by cutting my neck in half and devouring what remains of me. I am now in frogitory, waiting for my final judgment and writing this story, hoping that my colony never goes looking for me.

Meanwhile, as I look into the crystal globe in the middle of the chamber, I see my family hopping onto the frog-forsaken place and approaching the monsters with kindness and affection, as they are swiftly murdered and roasted as dinner. They are then

reincarnated as flies and eaten by the royal guards back at the palace and sent to hell, since the frogitory chamber was still full of my army.

I wake up in dryness, no sweat on my skin whatsoever, breathing calmly and quietly. My lover wakes up and asks what is wrong and I tell her nothing is wrong, to just go back to sleep. Tomorrow, I will wake up and sail to the jungle's coordinates revealed in my dream.

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Sparkly Grass

Emma Price

My Encounter at McAllister Mansion

Ian McGinnis

It was a cold, dark, dreary night; the moon was barely a sliver and clouds were gathering to cover what was left. I looked around the dirt road I was on, and sighed in mental exhaustion and frustration. I was officially lost. My car had broken down about a mile back, my phone had no bars, and now I was trying to find somewhere to make a phone call. I'd say it couldn't get any worse, but those clouds covering what little there was of the moon were rain clouds. As the wind picked up and the thunder began to roar, I saw something up ahead; it was a mansion. It was old, but looked sturdy, and I figured the risk was worth it, especially as it began to pour.

I ran to the mansion, and was almost soaked by the time I got to the door; the knocker was a giant bat with its fangs bared. Charming. Since my back was still being pelted by the rain, I figured it was worth a shot. I used the heavy knocker on the door; it was answered by—what I believed at the time—the most unnerving butler ever. He was short, but stood tall, despite his morose nature. He had large, thick glasses, snow pale skin, and a permanent scowl on his face. In a gruff, Cagney-like accent he answered the door asking, "O' are you s'posed to be?" I was taken back initially, but quickly responded, "I-I'm terribly sorry, but I was wondering if I could use your phone. My car broke down a few miles back, and then it started raining." The butler's scowl seemed both depressed and annoyed. "I'll see wha' I can do." The butler slammed the door in my face, and I waited for him to come back. After a few minutes, he came back and said, "The maste' will see you, miste' . . . sorry, who was it?"

As I walked through the mansion, I felt a constant uneasiness. It might have been the fact that the power was out in the mansion; it may have been the long shadows cast by the butler's lantern, but I think it was the fact that I felt like I was being

watched. As we entered a room with a large fireplace, I saw a pair of legs, one over the other, protruding from a chair facing the fire. The butler cleared his throat to announce our arrival. The legs straightened out and pushed their owner up. A young man, grinning from ear to ear, ran over to meet me. He shook my hand vigorously and said, "Pleasure to meet you! The name's Thomas McAllister!" I stumbled in my words (partially from shock at his energy, but also from his hand-breaking grip) and said, "Uh- pleasure." The man finally let go of my hand and said, "Been awhile since we had guests! Come, come, have a seat!" Despite his average build, the man seemed incredibly strong, as he practically shoved me into a chair close to his, half facing his and half facing the fire. On the one hand, at least this man was happy to have me; however, he also made me as uneasy as did his butler. We talked for several hours and he kept stopping me at random intervals. He kept asking me questions about things going on in the world and stopped me half a dozen times to describe things, which may have seemed odd, but not in his case. I looked out the window; it was still pouring. I was stuck there.

After what seemed like an eternity, McAllister gave a yawn and suggested we go to bed. I was all too glad to be relieved of my strange host. The butler was simply ecstatic to show me to my room; it was a rather large room with a giant grandfather clock and a terrifying energy about it, but I reminded myself it was only for the night. I finally managed to get comfortable in bed and began to drift off, the ticks of the clock growing slower and slower to me. I didn't dream, or if I did, I don't remember those dreams. I do, however, remember waking up terrified as the grandfather clock went off. I slowed my surprised breathing and counted the sound of the bells: 1 ... 2 ... 3 ... 4 ... 5 ... 6... 7 ... 8 ... 9 ... 10 ... 11 ... 12 ... it was midnight. When I finally slowed my breathing to normal, I started to hear something. At first it just sounded like the wind, but I realized very quickly that the noise was voices; many of them. The whispering grew to a murmur, then a chatter,

and before I knew it, the room was filled with voices now shouting from every angle. At first, I hid under the sheets, but the noise grew and grew, and I could no longer take it. I flung the sheets off, jumped out of bed and began screaming as loud as I could at them. "SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!" The noise ceased and I was left alone in the room, the only sound my heavy breathing and the tick of the grandfather clock.

After a pause that seemed an eternity, I heard a rattling noise. I turned to see a picture shaking on the bed stand. The next thing I knew, it flew right at me. I ducked before it hit, but that was the least of my worries. The windows began to open and shut at such a quick rate I thought they'd shatter, the chairs started sliding every which way across the floor, and the hands of the grandfather clock began to spin like a top. I flung the door to my room open and sprinted to the stairs. However, as I was running down the stairs, something behind me tugged the rug covering them. My feet slipped behind me, and I held up my arms to cover my head. I tumbled down what felt like a hundred stairs, then my head slammed against the floor. The last thing I saw as my vision blurred was a shadowy figure standing over me. At that moment, it was apparent to me that I was going to die.

Surprisingly enough, I awoke on the floor of the mansion; my head felt like it was a drum that had been overused. I instinctively reached behind my head, but I realized that my head wasn't lying on the floor; it was on a pillow. I realized that there was also a blanket on me. I stood up, wondering what had happened. I pulled out my phone, and saw that I had a signal. As I walked towards the door, I called a tow truck and told him where to find my car and me. I waited on the stairs outside of the mansion; I wasn't going back in there. The tow truck was taking forever, so I decided to go for a walk around the mansion. As I approached the back of the house, I noticed something very white, showing like a beacon in the sea of dead grass. I walked up to it, and saw that it was a marble headstone. My heart began to beat rapidly, terrified of

whom might be buried there. I walked around it to see the writing and engraved on the headstone, clear as day: "Here lies Thomas McAllister. August 27th, 1789—February 27th, 1852."

I never set foot on the McAllister grounds again, nor do I intend to in my life. I realize now that the intention of the spirits was to not kill me, but let me live so I could send a message; hence, I now write this cautionary tale to warn you. So, heed this warning, reader: should you ever come across that forsaken mansion, stay away! Whatever resides in the house may not be purely malevolent, but it sure as hell isn't kind. You may shrug this tale off, but for those of you wise enough to take advice when it's given, please listen to it. I may have survived my night at McAllister mansion, but that doesn't mean that the spirits may be as forgiving to their next visitor . . .

($\frac{F}{\nabla}$)



Hot Tamale

Emma Price

Stay at Home Dad

Tij Jefferson

Hi there! My name is Satan, and I'm the proud father of several billion bundles of demonic joy. You may think its weird, me being a stay at home dad and all, but in reality, it's actually really fun. Since my wife Jessica makes quite a bit of money, I'm free to stay here with the kids. Jessica swears I'm inept, but any of the kids will tell you that my blueberry pancakes are to die for. The only downside is having to deal with the Jehovah's Witnesses, every other week or so. There was one instance in particular that stuck in my mind. It was fairly late, and I was preparing dinner for the kids when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it to find a pallid-faced man standing there.

"Hello there, Sir," he said, his whole body quivering. "I would like talk to you about our lord and savior Jesus Christ."

I stood there perplexed. "You do realize who I am, right?" I asked.

"Sir, all I know is that your house is the only one no one has ever visited. I decided I should come here and at least say hello," He responded.

"I am Satan, Lord of Demons, and King of Hell. Thank you very much for saying hello, it has been quite a while since we had visitors."

The man somehow seemed to get paler. "Is that so? Oh my, look at the time. I really must be going."

Now, I know what you're thinking. Every run-in with the Jehovah's Witnesses is like that. But what's special about this one was what happened afterward. The next day I opened the door to find a priest standing in the doorway.

"Can I help you?" I asked.

"Yes. I was told that this house was tainted by the devil, and I have come to cleanse it." He responded.

"Who on Earth told you my house was tainted?"

"A Jehovah's witness informed me. It seemed he had run out of people to turn to for help."

"And what did this man say was going on in this house?"

"Oh, you know usual demon stuff. Everything from human sacrifices to projectile vomiting to lechery."

"I can't believe that someone would accuse me of being disloyal! I would never do anything like that to Jessica!"

"You're not the one being accused. It's Jessica that's been doing those things."

"!"

"I'm sorry, were you not aware of your wife's extracurricular activities?"

"No!"

"Well then. This has gotten kind of awkward, so I'm just gonna go."

After he said that, he turned and left, and the only thing I could think was that there was no way he was telling the truth. There was no way Jessica could be doing such horrible things. I decided that the best thing to do was go to the store like I was originally planning, and talk to Jessica later. I needed some time to think. By the time I got back, Jessica was already there, talking to Asag about a poor grade he got in geography. When she heard the door close, she turned and smiled to me. I smiled back, but for the first time it felt fake. As she walked over, I couldn't help but wonder what she was hiding.

"I'm glad you're back. Asag really needs some help with his work, and I have some stuff I need to take care of," she said.

"Sure thing, but after that, I need to talk to you about something," I said.

A few hours later, I finally finished helping Asag. He was having a hard time, but he was really excited for next week, because they were going over mountains, and he loves mountains. As I headed up the stairs, I could hear Jessica moving something heavy down the hall. When I got to the top, I saw her with a gar-

bage bag.

"Jessica, can we talk?" I asked.

"Of course. Just let me throw away this garbage first."

When she got back, she was covered in mud, and carrying her favorite shovel.

"What was it you wanted to talk about, honey?" she asked.

"A priest came and talked to me this morning, and he said that you have been sacrificing people, and projectile vomiting, and being promiscuous. Please tell me that's not true," I said.

"No, it's all true. Yesterday I sacrificed the Joneses, and I was going to sacrifice Old Lady McGee, but I had a report that I needed to send to Mr. Smith, so I didn't get the chance to."

"Then what was in the garbage bag?"

"Garbage."

"Then why are you covered in mud and holding a shovel?"

"While I was out there, I decided to plant the lemon tree you bought last week, and it was big enough that I needed a shovel to dig the hole."

"Oh, that's gonna be so nice when it grows up."

After that, she showered and went to sleep while I read my book. I had a hard time getting to sleep, though, because I was feeling guilty for ever having been suspicious of Jessica. Sure, she had her slight flaws, but she still loved me, and more importantly, I still loved her.

$\left(\frac{F}{V}\right)$

**Brushes
A Gallery**



How Did I Get Here?

Megan Jordan



The Burning

Ashton Venzor

The Devil in the Details

A Scavenger Hunt

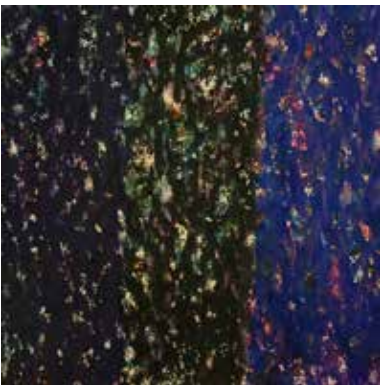
Coffee Arts Fall 2015

As you go through the gallery, match these details with their art piece.

Fill in the name of the work (top line), and the name of the artist (bottom line). Happy hunting.





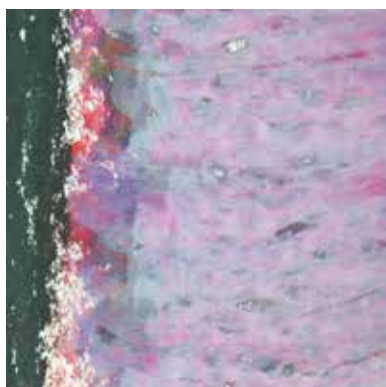










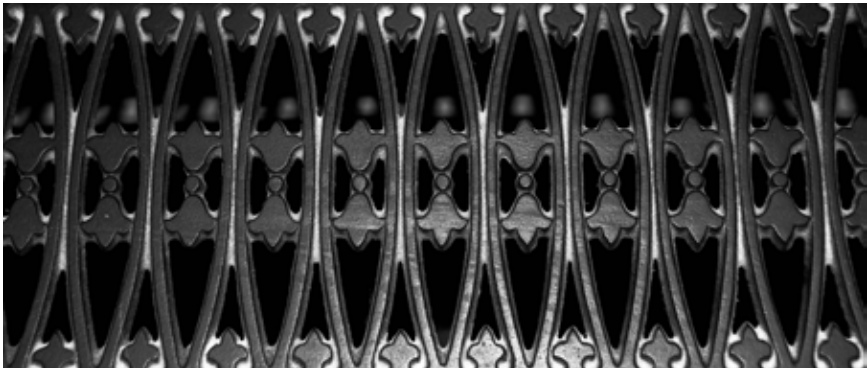


**Lenses
A Gallery**



Hidden Image

Emily Kelly



Grilled

Emma Price



Light Seeking In

Emily Kelly



Windy Weeds

Emma Price

**Lenses
A Gallery**



Wooden Mountains

Medora Levy



Old Faithful

Emily Kelly



Rolling

Morgan Carolin



Clones

Elizabeth Shaw

Humans of Winston

Steve Yocham



Q. What is the meaning of life, to you?

A. The meaning of life. (Pauses.) You are born, you grow up, you learn along the way, and try to find a career that you are happy with, and you live your life.

Q. There are a few things that you believe we should accomplish in our lives. What do you think determines what those things are?

A. How much energy you put into accomplishing something. What you put into accomplishing a goal is what you will get out of it.

Q. In your opinion, what is the ultimate goal in your life?

A. One goal I have is (pauses) to make another person better. For my entire life, I have tried to do this with friends, family, and co-workers. For example, I try to accomplish this goal every morning with the cross-country runners. My goal is to help those runners better their times, and be satisfied with the effort that they are putting into it, because whatever they put into it, they are going to get out of it.

Q. If you can tell me, what is your strongest memory?

A. The strongest memory I have is probably a fishing trip that I took with my dad. It was snowing, and we went upriver as far as we could, so we could catch some white bass. As we went around a corner, the boat's motor stalled, allowing the boat to drift back. As it did, a tree branch knocked me out of the boat. I grabbed onto the boat, as I felt myself hit the water. I was holding onto the

boat, and I was not afraid, but my dad was terrified. He was in his 50s at this point, but he ran the entire riverbank until he could get to the boat. He jumped into the boat, and he actually pulled me out, and that's when I knew that my dad loved me a whole lot.

Q. What do you see in the future for humanity?

A. (Takes a breath.) If you listen to the news reports, it doesn't look too great. (Sighs.) I listen to the news quite a bit, but I have my own belief that if you can change one person, hopefully they can change someone, and it continues as a chain reaction. So, I'm hoping for a positive outcome rather than a negative. I hope so, because I want my kids to have the same opportunities as I did. It is up to us as individuals to determine what comes next. If you have a negative outlook on things, nothing positive can happen.

Interviewed by Arthur Trickett-Wile

No One Tells You

Martha Day

How hard love is.

How it takes all your time, all your mind, all your body.

How once you start loving,
you sacrifice your pretty shape
and your line-free face

to the one you think deserves them.

Give away your aspirations
and fall into formation.

Forget the sound that quiet makes, because the bellows
of your passion
drown out the whispers
of your common sense.

How everything you thought you knew about life and living
is turned upside down,

inside out and you have to learn to deal with the filth of human nature,
or bury it with ignorance.
But, ignorance is misery.
I'd rather know when I'm being deceived by duplicity,
than be placated with a fairy tale of fidelity.
No, no one tells you how love will break you into fragments one by one,
reshape, re-mold, redo
until you no longer look like you
and the light filters through
all your missing pieces,
and splits into a spectrum of every hue
as it splashes to the floor.
No one says anything about the incessant ache you feel
at every thought of gentle fingers
tracing the outline of your face,
your breast,
your soul.
How every throb of want makes blood gush
through poorly blocked fractures
and you are left brittle,
hoping you do not crumble
beneath the next blow—blow away the dream of love!
Do not be trapped into thinking that every kiss will wake the princess.
This is not your favorite Disney movie.
Love is not romantic.
It is brutal.
Exhausting.
Terrible.
And it is worth everything.

Stranded

Sergio Medellin

"What's going on . . . where am I?" he said, as he groaned in pain. His vision focused around him, and he saw a scene of terror, with bodies lying around the floor and motionless in their seats. Looking down at himself, he saw that he was still in his seat, strapped in by his belt. "Oh God, why is this happening to me?" he said in despair. He struggled to unbuckle himself from his seat for five minutes and finally broke the buckle. Stumbling out of his aisle, he nervously checked the plane, to see if there were any other survivors.

After checking the whole plane, he thought, *I am all there is . . . nobody else is alive.*

I have to find resources, food, water, and shelter.

He grabbed anything from the overhead luggage that he thought would help him. As he rummaged through bag after bag, collecting snacks, water bottles, and so on, he couldn't help but think about how he got in the situation. It then hit him that he couldn't even remember his name. "I have no memory of anything before the crash," he said. After collecting all the supplies he had and storing them in his backpack, he wanted to see if there was an emergency axe in the cockpit. He kicked the door down and looked on the walls; he found the one and broke it out of its casing. Leaving the crash site and looking up at the sky in the middle of an open forest, he thought that for sure he had the worst luck.

I should start to look for shelter while I can before it gets too dark, he thought, walking through the deep and seemingly endless forest.

After walking for fifteen minutes, he thought he was deep enough into the forest to make a camp. He set his bag down and drank some water. He then took out the axe and started chopping away at a tree. He started to get exhausted, but he succeed-

ed in felling the tree. He cut it into several logs, so he could make a small shack of sorts, in a few days. As it got darker, he thought that he was done for the day, and he gathered pine needles. He put on a log to fuel the fire, with a pile of pine needles all around it.

He pulled out a lighter; flicking it, he carefully set the pine needles alight and started blowing air to stoke it.

He sat down, exhausted from the sheer hacking and gathering, and wondered, *Am I some sort of Boy Scout?*

Too tired to dwell on the question, he lay down on the tough cold ground, and fell asleep.

"Your time has come," a voice said in the darkness . . .

"Who are you?" he replied.

"A messenger of sorts, you might say."

"Do you have a message for me, then?"

"I already gave you the message," the voice continued.

"My time has come . . . what does that mean?" he asked, confusedly.

"You will find out soon enough, Jason," said the voice, mysteriously. Abruptly waking up, his eyes open and darting all around him, he asked, "Is that my name?"

He stood up and brushed off all the leaves and dirt from the night before. "Was it all just a dream?" he said, doubtfully. "Well, at least I think I know my name, whether it was a dream or not," Jason said with hope. *Maybe, the rest of my memories will come back to me, little by little*, he pondered. *But, for now I have to search for survivors who may have also fled the crash site.* He started searching the island, but it had an eerie feeling to it; it did make him feel better that he had an axe in hand to defend himself. While walking through the woods, he heard a shift in movement among the trees. He started seeing shadows zooming past trees. He thought his mind was starting to play tricks on him, but he had only been stranded for a day so—how could he already be losing it?

He closed his eyes and opened them again, in hopes that he was not still delusional; it seemed to have worked. Continuing on, he found a trail of footsteps that led a little deeper into the woods, so he decided to advance. The trail led to a dark cave filled with who knows what. Jason rummaged through his bag to get his flashlight and turned it on. He walked deep into the cave for about ten minutes; that's when he started to hear something. They were the same whispers from his dream, telling him to kill himself. "I've got to get out of here!" Jason cried, as he turned the other way and started to run. At the entrance of the cave, he felt weak and fell to his knees. A sharp buzzing sensation filled his head and blurred his vision, as he blacked out . . .

He woke at his campsite, startled and frightened at how he got back there without any memory. There was a new trail of footprints leading back to the crash site from which he fled days before. Feeling more vulnerable than ever, he followed the trail, anticipating that he might faint at any second. When he arrived at the crash site, he couldn't believe his eyes—the plane was gone. No trace whatsoever could be found, including the missing carcasses and the luggage and debris from the crash. He yelled at the top of his lungs, "What is going on here?"

"You should know by now, and if you don't, you are just lying to yourself," said a voice mockingly.

"I am . . . stranded."

$$\left(\frac{F}{\nabla}\right)$$



Sand

Morgan Carolin

Sever the Strings

Arthur Trickett-Wile

God's gift to humanity
Avoids insanity
Been headed that way for a while
Running from thoughts
Head in knots
No matter of knowing
Simply denial
Hear the dogs barking
Feel your heart beating
Smell the blood flow
See yourself screaming
Taste the defeat
And know your death
With the close of this memory
Draw final breath

Yet the thought's manufac-
tured
Or so it would seem
Not repression
Merely a dream
And this mind is a house
For only your eyes
Can see through the mir-
ror-mask
Perceiving God's lies
Threatening your sanity
Or so he thought
For with fingers of string
Much trouble he brought
A whirlwind up-spiral

To inherit his throne
When he steals the sanity
Which you called your own
For he is the complex
Spinning Earth on twine
We all fear the day
That his story unwinds
From Heaven
From Hell

From the drawing room
You've got a choice
Insanity or tomb
Swallow the knife
Kill the god of illusion
Burn down his facade
And relieve the confusion
The ultimate choice:
Sanity or life.

$\left(\frac{F}{\nabla}\right)$

Sever the Strings

Arthur Trickett-Wile

Another day, another memoir, thought Hans Faust as he sat at his desk. He was torn between naming his latest work *Dead Dog Diaries* or *Ode to Morris*.

His life was largely worthless. He was aimless, helpless, and a mediocre writer at best. The last time he'd been published was twelve years ago, when he submitted a poem to the literary arts magazine at his high school. He was two years graduated, but he begged the professor to submit it, claiming that its message was "an inspiration for all human youth." The professor put it in, mainly to get Hans to go away.

"Let's get some coffee, Morris." Morris was his dog. Hans talked to him, another dull facet on the pathetic jewel that was his life. He talked to his dog because he was lonely. Despite the smell, Hans couldn't get around to burying him.

“How about a walk, Bud? I could use some exercise.”

Flies buzzed around Morris, who had been dead for about forty-eight hours. Evidently, poor Hans was such an inept multitasker that he couldn't juggle writing dreck with feeding his dog. Pitiful, really.

Hans stood from his chair and stretched. His pudge bulged against his vee-tee, which was tucked into an ill-fitting pair of Bermuda shorts. This tasty ensemble was complete only when Hans perched his feather quill behind his ear, and donned his yellow house slippers.

So out he went, in his Sunday best, feather quill and all. His smile hinted at his vanity—how he loved his tasty outfit. Hans dragged Morris behind him.

“Oh, see how the lay people admire us, old boy,” he exclaimed to his companion's carcass. After wandering about for some time, Hans made his way to a quiet park, found a bench, and sat on it.

“What a pleasure it is to be so free! What a lucky man am I!”
Morris decomposed further in response.

The birds sat in the trees, confusedly observing this spectacle. Their confusion was common; Hans confused everyone. To him, that was okay, for he was as confused with himself as the rest of the world was.

Hans had alienated all of his family; he was alone and he knew it. He was quickly spiraling towards insanity. This he also knew, but he managed to be happy, in light of his grim realizations. Happiness was not a matter of knowing; it was simply denial. He could call himself sane for as long as he could keep his head unexamined and his thoughts unbothered.

A woman walked curiously around the late Morris, and sat down next to Hans.

“Are you all right?” she asked.

“Relatively,” he responded.

“You're a liar.”

"You've got poor social skills. Are *you* all right?"

The woman seemed puzzled, but her face showed a mild epiphany, and she relaxed onto the bench.

"Relative to me, I'm fine," she stated with a smile.

Hans stared at her, eyebrows furrowed and taken aback.

"Get off my bench," he said.

"No," she replied.

Hans was curious and scared. How this woman lacked clemency. How could she know just what to say, to frighten him so much?

"How—"

"Because I can read your mind," she said.

He was speechless.

"I can read your mind, Faust," she said again.

"I can't imagine why you'd want to."

"I couldn't want to if I wanted to. It's not a matter of want that controls the psyche, Faust. Can you control your insanity? No; nor can I control my telepathy. We're not so different, you and I."

Hans was beyond frightened at this point.

"Come, Morris!"

Hans got up and started to run. He broke into a sprint, Morris in tow. He tripped on the leash, and then fell and skidded on the pavement, knocked unconscious.

The woman calmly walked over to Hans, and took the leash from him. After dragging Morris off to a secluded bunch of bushes, she sat in silence for a moment. She stood up and walked over to Hans, whom she dragged out of the park by a leg. She took him to a small flat, lit only by candles. She extinguished all but one, which was on the dining room table.

At this point, she stood above Hans and peered into his thoughts.

He dreamt of his mother and father. He relived the night that his father sent him to his room, for stealing his mother's

doughnut and calling her a raging lunatic.

Hans awoke with a jolt.

"Oh, God!"

"My name is Willow, by the way. Willow Rose. Nice to meet you, too."

"Wha—"

"You're welcome. I dragged your unconscious body out of the park, remember?"

"I'm sorry! I—"

"I know that you don't, of course. I can hear your thoughts. And I know that you forgot that, too."

I think this is quite unpleasant, thought Hans.

You start all of your thoughts with I? she thought in return.

No! I—

Shouldn't be self-referential at all. Such a waste of energy.

Makes sense, he thought back.

There it is.

What?

The succinctness. The precision of what.

Yes.

Hans felt uncomfortable. His worst nightmare had metastasized into reality in front of him. Someone was messing with his head, from the inside. He was losing his safe place—the only place where he could dodge life's punches and drift away to sleep at night. He had to kick her out.

Leave, he thought.

What?

Get out. Now.

No.

This is my home.

Stop saying—

No! This is my place where I live, where I am free, where I can be at peace, and I will will you out.

Go ahead.

As Hans sat painfully in silence, his eyes twitched, fighting to stay closed. He began to sweat profusely, and his breathing sharpened. He thought of the most horrendous memories that he could bring to mind. Willow simply watched. Though at this point he was too petrified to actually do so, he was running in his head.

He saw the house over the hill. He could hear the dogs barking. He saw a figure on the porch. It was his mother. He heard the drunken bellows of the man behind him. As he ran into her arms, he felt the warm blood spatter on his shirt, the weight of his mother on top of him, his heart beating as if someone were about to pull his head off. Resignation, his father's footsteps, passing out

...

Wake up. Too close for you? she thought.

Too close for you, maybe?

What?

That was manufactured. I'm not as helpless as you believe, Willow Rose, my dear Conscience.

I'm not your—

But, yes, you are! You're a manifestation of my thoughts, and you're not real outside of my head. Without me, you are meaningless and aimless!

I think something needs to be clarified; in my self-reference, my first and last names are not arbitrary. Hans is my outside view of Faust. Faust is my view of self, and how others view him. A superimposition of these two elements with one name would be insane, for only sanity is present in experiencing the events of life by means of a body and a mind separately. But Hans and Faust aren't normally possible. They are only a whim of me—Frank.

Sanity is humility, the feeling of a corporal body to weigh you down, to judge yourself by—to have temptations and needs and goals. But, all of that is a marionette on the end of my toe; less

than on hand, but yet trouble underfoot. And, as I laugh, I spiral you up to grow large, grow to my size, take my throne, for I am the God, I am the complex. The world spins 'round for the string on my fingers I have twisted tight, and I'll never stop my fingers of string, for heaven, hell, and my drawing room are all but the signs of suffering, at the hand nailed to the cross of the marionette master.

So, as I danced my puppet, Faust argued with his Conscience, as he also fought madly with Hans. Faust saw the façade of his Conscience, but I couldn't let him will her away. I needed Faust to lose his mind entirely.

So, why are you here, if I've willed you away?

Because of Him.

Who is Him?

Frank.

Um.

Frank is the god of delusion.

Okay.

He considers insanity the path to the truth; while he manipulates you, he is honest about what he wants.

So, he wants me to be Frank?

Exactly.

Makes sense.

He is mine. I can see Faust looking at me through the teary lenses on his eyes. They dangle and sparkle like my diamond earrings, and like the earrings they will become too much for his eyes to wear, and they will fall away.

I wonder if this puppet master's strings work both ways.

What?

If he can damage me, then why can't I reverse the manipulation and control him?

How foolish this one is. You will feel your way into my snare. This game's been over since before it started. I can win by removing your sanity. But you can't restore mine. The rules to this game of mind are simple: lose it to win.

"I can hear you!" Faust screams, as he looks at me. "I can feel the strings pulling me, but I can't give in to this. My life is here on Earth, outside of my head, so beautiful and intricate that it is beyond complex!"

He's talking to me. Good!

"I can hear your narration!" cries Faust.

"What?"

"I can see where your strings attach! I can feel your pulse in their pull!"

"You can't win, Hans Faust. If you live, you live in my world. You'll live in this knowing state of terror. My motives are all that drive me. I am inconsolable. You will not banter with me on morality."

His eyes were teary with blood; red with pain.

"I remember the day we were born, to be Frank with you, Hans!"

"You're a liar."

"No. I remember when I was only Faust. I felt the warm amniote around me, in the darkness of the uterus."

"All but what you remember by my misguidance and disgrace."

"Then I felt you. I felt the entrance of my Conscience, Willow Rose, and with her a terrific sense of sin. I knew as an unborn soul that I would be cursed by your silver tongue and silky strings, at the top of your crucified hand's cross, and that I would wear the

mask of Hans. But I will not die as Hans Faust, to be Frank. I will die as Faust, and you will die without a host to feed on.”

“You’ve got no chances of that, for I own you for all your life.” (He’s pathetic. I’ve won.)

“All my life, but not in death,” said Faust.

“Oh, but how I rejoice for your perfect health!”

I see him focus hard, and a knife materializes in his hand—small, sharp, and shiny.

As I open my mouth to plea with my foolish puppet, he does the same, but with the intent to sever his strings.

Faust swallows the knife and after a minute of intense pain, he relaxes, closes his eyes, and is no more.

*Now I alone can feel this;
This unborn mind so queer
I feel my own insanity
An eternity I'll spend trapped here
Without corporal presence, no possible vanity
My mind alone will bear
Insanity—*

$\left(\frac{F}{V}\right)$



Sad Bench

Medora Levy

Linear Temptation

Olivia Shaw

A dark pane of glass and a tear-stained face stares into the lonely night,

The glass so solid, but the omnipresent hypothetical looms,

The sound of the shatter a memory not yet created.

Should the glass break, freedom would ensue,

Should it remain solid, all that is safe and trusting will remain within grasp.

False promises float just beyond the glass,

I can, I will, I should, I won't,

The cold of the glass permeates the skin,

Now those false promises are thoughts,

I can, I should, I won't,

But the warmth of the light before the glass is equally alluring,

The promises of the light outlined with the gleam of the dark behind the glass,

I can, I should, I will.

Why, then, are we compelled to approach the glass?

Is it the human delusions of supremacy that thrusts us toward temptation?

Where is the allure in a false promise?

A tear-stained face pressed against a pane of glass,

So desperate to escape,

Escape what?

It is not light that derives these tears,

Is it not the very object of scrutiny?

Why does grief intrigue?

It does not discriminate, the glass,

Perhaps it is the impassive manor in which it stands erect,

Will it shatter?

The Lady in Red

Veronique Sarosdy

I love being outside. It's one of the few things I can do now without needing anyone else to help me. Someone must wheel me out onto the back porch, of course, but after that's done, I'm free with my thoughts. I like to think about the birds that splash in the small water fountain in the center of the yard, and the butterflies of different sizes and colors that land on the blooming bougainvilleas. Besides lilies, bougainvilleas are my favorite flowers. Oh, there go my thoughts again, drifting along as easily as the spring breeze. That's alright, though. I want them to be free. If I can't be free, then at the very least my thoughts can. In my thoughts, I can walk by myself, feed myself, and even color my hair again.

My name is Lucero. I forget how old I am. All I know is that I'm trapped. I live in a house with others who are trapped as well. Younger people are keeping us here. They pretend to be nice to us when there are outside people here, but they're not always like that. Sometimes they threaten us and are rude to us. They couldn't care less about us. I cry about it almost every day, praying to God to get me out of this hell. One of my few salvations is the backyard. When I am left there alone for a bit every now and then, I let my thoughts run free. I allow them to wander, to take my imagination and me far away from this house. Perhaps a trip to the Bahamas. Or maybe a week in New York. If I can't be free, then at the very least my thoughts can.

I have other comforts as well, when I am not allowed outside. I find solace in reading the Lord's Bible, which I must keep hidden from the young people in the house, lest they take it from me. I also enjoy company. Sometimes people will visit me, and I love those occasions. I don't know who visits me, but they're always kind to me. I cry at their kindness, and beg them to take me away from here, to take me home. But they assure me that I am

home, and that I'm safe. They're wrong, but it's not their fault that they're wrong; the young people in the house put on a good act. My visitors may not be able to see through them, but God can. I find reassurance that He's watching them and judging them from His kingdom. I know that when I enter His kingdom, I will be happy and free, far from what I am now. All parts of me will be free, not just my thoughts. But right now, if I can't be free, then at the very least, my thoughts can.

I must go back inside now, as one of the younger people tells me that I must do so to get ready for bed. I don't want to go to bed, though. I want to remain outside as long as I can, to feel as free as I can before going back into that prison. But as I don't have control over my wheelchair, I have no choice but to helplessly sit there as one of the younger people comes out. She's smiling at me. What a nice smile. I can't help but smile back. Her teeth are white and shiny, whereas mine are . . . do I even have any teeth left? I think so. Oh, there go my thoughts again. I stop smiling as she wheels me back inside and into my room. She helps me get into bed and pulls the blanket over me. She tells me goodnight, turns out the lights, and leaves. I now wait patiently for my daily visitor to arrive, hoping that she comes.

I do not know her name. I know nothing about her at all. I call her the lady in red, because of the beautiful red dress that she wears. Everyday she wears the same dress and has her hair styled the same way, in a simple up-do. At least once a day, the lady in red visits me. No one else acknowledges that she's in the house, so they must all know her. I never know when she's going to visit, nor does she ever speak to me. But, she listens when I speak to her. She'll smile and nod at what I have to say, laugh if I say something funny, and cry if I cry. I enjoy her company, for she makes my thoughts feel free when I speak to her. If I can't be free, then at the very least my thoughts can.

There she is now! I must have been too deep in thought, as I didn't see her enter. She's standing by the door, smiling at me. I

smile back weakly, but as best I can. "Hello. How are you today?" I ask. She just nods, not saying anything. "That's good," I continue. I start talking to her about my day. She always politely listens, even if what I have to say is terribly boring. I tell her about how I think that the younger people tried poisoning me at dinner today, and she looks at me sympathetically, as if she understands. I ask her what I ask her every single time she visits me: to get me out of this prison. I ask her, very politely mind you, to take me home. Her face turns sad, as it always does when I ask the question. I'm begging her now, and I start crying. She puts her hands to her face and cries as well. I hate to upset my visitors, so I quickly compose myself and look up at her to apologize, but she's gone. She has a tendency not to tell me when she's leaving, but that's alright. I know that she'll be back to see me tomorrow. I'm rather tired now, so I'll be getting some sleep. Goodnight.

"Lucero, look who's here to see you!" I look up from my wheelchair to see three young women standing at the doorway by one of the younger people. I smile at them, and they smile back. They're strangers to me, unlike the lady in red, but regardless, I love visitors. The two younger girls come over to me. "Hi, Grandma!" they say. I look at them for a moment. I'm their grandma? Hm. I don't . . . oh, yes I do! Of course! "Hi, *mijas!*" I say happily. I recognize them now. They're my youngest daughter's daughters. Each of them takes one of my hands. I squeeze them. My daughter comes over to me and asks how I am. I tell her about how I'm in a prison, and how I want to go home. "You are home, Mama," she says. "No, *mija*, I'm not," I tell her. She reassures me that I am, and goes to talk to one of the younger people. Maybe she'll take me home!

I start talking with my granddaughters. They're very nice girls. The older one makes me laugh, which is nice. I—oh! There's the lady in red! She's never visited while others are visiting! I have to introduce my granddaughters to her, I'm sure she'd love to meet them! I motion over to where she's standing and ask the

girls, "Do you see her?" They look around for a moment before looking back at me, confused. "Who, Grandma?" The younger of the two asks. "The lady in red." I point over at the lady in red, who's standing by my closet. The girls shake their heads. "There's no lady in red here, Grandma. Maybe it was someone else you saw earlier," says the older one. I look over at the lady in red, who looks sad for some reason. "But, she's right there, look!" I say, bewildered at how they can't see her. No one could possibly miss that red dress. But, they just shake their heads, assuring me that no one else is in the room.

My daughter is coming back into the room now. Surely she must see the lady in red! I ask her, but she gives me the same response her daughters do. I don't understand. I look at the lady in red and ask her politely to introduce herself to my family, but she doesn't move. She just keeps looking at me with sadness on her face. My family looks to where the lady in red is standing, to where I was talking. They must see her now! I look back and forth between them as much as I can with my old neck, but none of them react. It's as though they don't exist for one another. I'm crying now. I suppose I had already started crying, but hadn't realized it. I ask the lady in red once more to introduce herself to my family, but to no avail. She's crying as well now.

My family is trying to calm me down, and I wipe my eyes, upset with myself for upsetting them. My granddaughters stay with me while my daughter leaves the room. She's probably going to talk to one of the younger people. Oh, I was right. She's coming back into the room now with the younger person who brought my family into the room earlier. My granddaughters gently tell me that they'll be right back, and go over to their mom and the younger person. I can only hear bits and pieces of their conversation. It may be about me, but I can't tell for sure. Wait, what was that word? I think that I've heard it before. Oh God, I hope that the conversation isn't about me. It can't be. I can't believe it. I don't believe it. Or more likely, I don't want to believe it.

Maybe they're discussing the lady in red? Yes, that must be it. I must have heard the word incorrectly. It's silly of me to make such extreme assumptions about what I may or may not have heard. I look over at the lady in red to ask if she can tell me what the others are talking about, to confirm or deny what I thought I heard. But she's gone. I'm sure she heard some of the conversation, so I can just ask her the next time she visits. She must know what was really said.

I lie in bed now, hoping that the lady in red will come to visit me. After my family left earlier this week, I waited to see if she would visit again during the day. She didn't, so, she'll probably visit me now at night as she did last week. This is the longest that she's ever gone without visiting me. I wonder where she is. I have so much that I need to tell her. If God were to send someone, now would be the perfect time, and the lady in red would be the perfect person. I look around, just to make sure that I didn't see the lady in red when she came in. But she's still not here. I have to talk to her, now more than ever. I need to tell her what I overheard in that conversation earlier, and see if she knows if I'm right or not. I need the lady in red to come, so that I may have someone to talk to, someone who seems to understand. As I'm waiting for her, the word rolls around and around in my head, like a cassette tape stuck on repeat. I pray to God that I'm wrong about what I heard. The single word pounds in my head, like a drum. I can't stop thinking about it. I will surely go mad if I don't have anyone to talk to about it. I hope that the lady in red comes soon. That word just won't go away. One single word, that sent shivers down my spine the instant I heard it . . .

$$\left(\frac{F}{\nabla}\right)$$

God's Poison

Martha Day

Cancer, a wildfire spreading deep within.
Soulless devils ravage her sacred body.
Day and night, she trembles with hopeless fear,
wondering, "Why art thou, God, drowning me in tears?"
Cancer surges over the firebreaks; firebreaks cut with a scalpel.
Hopeless soul bleeds—loathing— "O, how I despise thee, pain!"
Watching her wither away by inches—what a horror!
My love for her shan't fail.
I dream her cancer shall not prevail.
My heart, the core within me, feels empty.
Oh! My eyne filled with despair!
Tell me, why doth love have to be unfair?
Cancer not only annihilates the victim;
Tis another human heart being cursed by God's poison.



Heaven and Hell

Diego Morales

Spaculty Fonsor's Note

If it has smelled like a mega-dose of teen spirit in the upper school hallways these past few months, look no further than classrooms U168 and U167 for the source of that redolence. *Freedom Arts* has always been a cause for celebration, but it has always felt—charmingly so, mind you—a bit like a cottage industry, despite the fact that founding editor Robert Hook's original vision was for a monthly magazine coming in at about 200 pages per issue. I was frankly daunted (okay, horrified) by such a prospect, but thank goodness current editor Arthur Trickett-Wile was not around at the time; if anyone is capable of matching Robert's ambitious delusions, it is the inimitable AT-W. Arthur is a genius of both vision and organization, and his commitment to this magazine is unparalleled. He has assembled a team that is a thing of beauty, and you owe it to this team's members and yourselves to pay them your kindest regards. The highest compliment I can pay to Arthur and his conspirators is that I have never felt less necessary in my role as faculty editor. In their good hands, I'm confident that I can soon draw down my six-figure editor's pension, prop my feet upon the nearest hassock, and snooze everlastingly over whatever Pynchon tome is at hand. My thanks to Rich Rodriguez for continuing to stoke the visual fires, and to Tony Salinas for generously bringing his design gifts to the beautiful magazine you now hold.

Paschal Murat Booker

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Thank you, *Freedom Arts* staff

$$\left(\frac{F}{V} \right)$$

