

Much Ado About Nothing: A Modern Take

Susan McConnell,
Hannah Talbee, and
Michelle Motil proudly
present...

Much Ado About
Something
A Modern Playwrite

Introduction:

We here at Morpheus
have decided to bring
Shakespeare to cam-
pus!

What you are about
to read are two scenes
from one of Shake-
speare's comedies
*Much Ado About Noth-
ing*.

This play focuses on
two main relationships,
and the one we've cho-
sen to focus on is that
of Beatrice and Ben-
edick, the bickering
duo who are so self-
aware, they deem
themselves above con-
vention-- and each oth-
er.

So, here are two
separate, yet very simi-
lar scenes involving
Beatrice, Benedick,
and their friends. In
these scenes, the re-
spective friends of the
couple are ensuring
that they become just
that: a couple.

Men:

Setting: Williard
Suite

Women:

Setting: France
Hall bathroom

Don Pedro=
Pedro

Hero= Hero

Leonato= Leo

Margaret= Margie

Claudio= Clay Ursu-

la= Sula

Benedick= Ben Be-

atrice= Beatrice

(Story cont. pg. 3)



MORPHEUS CON- TEST WINNERS

• *Essay Category*

"Analysis of Sexist Mar-
keting in Photos" and "The
Chrysanthemums." By
Susan McConnell and
Alexis McClinans respec-
tively. Pages 9 and 11

Poetry Category

1st place: Rachel Peters,
"Fade" Page 12
2nd place: Alexandria
Wick, "Always Will Love
You" Page 6
3rd place: Susan
McConnell, "Gay Equality,
Everywhere!" Page 6

Fiction Category

1. "Travis" by Alexandria
Wick Page 4
2. "Enim Inperitum" by
Josh Hilgenberg Page 14
3. "Moon"
by Rachel Peters Page 7

Hannukah Cheer

Light the first of eight
tonight—
the farthest candle to the
right.

Light the first and sec-
ond, too,
when tomorrow's day is
through.

Then light three, and
then light four—

every dusk one candle
more

Till all eight burn bright
and high, honoring a day
gone by

When the Temple was
restored,
rescued from the Syrian

lord,

And an eight-day feast
proclaimed—

The Festival of Lights—
well named

To celebrate the joyous
day

when we regained the
right to pray
to our one God in our

First Place Winner in Poetry for “Fade” page 12

Rachel Peters is a first-year Heidelberg commuter from Clyde, but thanks to dual credit opportunities in high school, she entered college as a sophomore. Due to her love for writing and literature, she is double-majoring in English Writing and Adolescent/Young Adult Education with a concentration in language arts. She is always working on self-impelled writing projects and is in the process of reading a book. However, when she isn't reading or writing, she spends her spare time singing and

browsing through the Internet to find new and unique music to suit her peculiar tastes. She has also had some recent experience with politics: Starting last summer, she spent about four months leading up to this year's election working as an unpaid intern for Bill Young's (the democratic candidate for state representative) campaign.



Caption describing picture or graphic.

Second Place Winner in Poetry for “Always Will Love You” page 6

Alexandria Wick has always loved writing. She grew up in Findlay, but she moved to Tiffin three years ago. She has never really been a sporty person, but she is involved in softball. Alexandria loves painting, writing, and animals. Ever since she was little my mother told her she had quite the imagination, and she has not lost it as she grew up.

When she was in middle school and she read Shel Silverstein's

“Falling Up” she fell in love with poetry; and she has been writing ever since.

“To catch the reader's attention, place an interesting sentence or quote from the story here.”

Third Place Winner in Poetry for “Gay Equality, Everywhere!” page 6

Susan McConnell is a second semester junior and is the Editor in Chief of the Morpheus.

She has been writing since she was 12 and it has been her passion since. She is an English-Writing major. She has a blog called, susanmemovies, at Wordpress. She won third place in the Poetry portion for her sensual and syllabic poem about Gay Equality. She is a

co-third place winner of the Essay portion for her Sexism in Marketing essay. She plans to be a writer as her profession, possibly in the technical writing field or in editing. But in later life might go to graduate school to study Library Science.



Caption describing picture or graphic.

Much Ado About Nothing Cont.

PEDRO: Do you guys want to grab some food or not?

CLAY: Sounds good to me... Leo?

LEO: Yeah man, let's get some grub.

(Ben looks up from his iPod as the door closes.)

BEN: Finally, some time for myself. Grrr... And that moron left his laptop open. I'm not fixing the blown battery again. Ugh.

(Ben sits down at Pedro's desk, looks at the screen, and places his hand over the mouse pad.)

BEN: Uhhhh... Dafuq?

(Ben is silent as he reads the page).

PEDRO: Hey Clay, Leo told me about Beatrice having a crush on Ben.

CLAY: I never really thought she would like anybody.

LEO: I can't believe it either bro. But... him? I mean, I thought she hated his guts?

(Ben, who is still reading, speaks to himself out loud.)

BEN: Huh?

PEDRO: I don't know. Maybe she's lying.

CLAY: It's possible...

LEO: True, but she's not a Theatre major. She can't act worth a damn. :P

PEDRO: How do you know?

LEO: Dude, just ask my sister...

CLAY: Good idea, she would know.

PEDRO: Okay, but back to Beatrice- I thought she would be single forever!

LEO: I know. I still can't believe she likes Ben. Of all people... O.o

PEDRO: Has she told him?

LEO: Naw. She hasn't told him. Probably never will.

CLAY: Yeah, that what your sister said. *winks* But she won't tell him. They have this weird cynical flirting thing...

LEO: My sister says she hasn't been sleeping. She's a bit worried about B.

CLAY: Speaking of a letter... that reminds me of something.

LEO: My sister said B did write a letter. She got to read it, and saw *everything*. Lol

CLAY: Yeah.

LEO: She ripped it up because she knows if he wrote her some sappy BS she'd laugh at him. :P

CLAY: Then she cries. Too much I might add. Heard she has a stock of ice cream in the freezer. lol

LEO: Yes. My sister is getting worried about her... :/

PEDRO: Someone needs to tell a somebody... Like, idk, Ben?

CLAY: Why????? He'd make fun of her...

PEDRO: That would be a real douche move, you know... if he made fun of her. She's not bad. I like her.

CLAY: She's super smart.

PEDRO: She's smart... except for the falling in love with Ben part. That was stupid.

LEO: Since shes a Rhos Bud, I feel obligated to feel sorry for her.

PEDRO: Damn, if she liked me... ;)

CLAY: Hero says B is simply miserable. It's a Catch 22 or something. Idk

PEDRO: Look, I'm just saying Ben can be a douche.

CLAY: Well, at least he's good looking for a douche. I mean... I'm not, ya know...

PEDRO: ... Yeah, he's pretty good-looking- for a dude.

CLAY: And he's smart...ish.

PEDRO: Yeah... he's not too stupid.

CLAY: He's also brave. He switched his Major to Philosophy with a Theatre Minor.

PEDRO: Yeah. And he doesn't get pissed off TOO easy. But when he does get pissed... Still, he generally tries to avoid conflicts.

LEO: For the most part he's okay. But when he's not... he's something...

PEDRO: Definitely. Especially if you listen to him. But... Should we spill the beans to Ben or not?

CLAY: Nah don't tell him—let B work it out.

LEO: But she'll just get her heart broken..

PEDRO: Well, I'm sure Hero will keep us updated. Even though he doesn't deserve her.

LEO: Dude, let's go. They have potato soup. NOM.

(Ben finishes reading, and is now leaning back in the computer chair with a confused look).

BEN: I think they're serious. I mean, they would make that a joke, but they brought Hero into it, and she wouldn't joke about her best friend like that. They seem to feel bad for her... based on the way they talked about me.

I mean, I didn't think I was that bad, but I guess not... I never really thought much beyond hooking up, but I guess it could work. They said she's pretty, and that's pretty damn true. And smart- except for liking me evidently. And virtuous... well, I think she's the only girl I know

Alexandria Wick

Travis

Not a lot of high schoolers have an imaginary friend. Most kids get rid of them when they are eight or nine. My parents started to worry about me at the age of ten, they told me “Alice you have to get rid of this ‘friend’. That’s the only downside of having a psychologist mother, and a dad who is a doctor; they are always reasonable and stern. That is the day I stopped talking about Travis. I still spoke to him, but in my mind; I still saw him, but I never said a word. My adventures with Travis have been endless, but my real world friends have not. The last friend I had, told me I was a bully, and put it on the bathroom wall. I am not what you call a people person, neither is Travis.

Mom called me to get ready for school. I closed my eyes tighter and got up. I walked over to the corner in my room where Travis sleeps. I punched his arm lightly and woke him up. He then bit my arm in reply, he doesn’t like it when I wake him up. My bedroom was a mess, as usual. Travis got into my secret stash of cookies last night, I could tell by the crumbs on his mouth.

Why does he always have to get into my stuff?

Walking down the stairs I smelled toast and instantly my stomach grumbled. Eating quickly mom told me we had to hurry because she had a patient waiting for her. I grabbed my bag and walked out the door. Travis and I played two truths and a lie in the backseat of mom’s car. I could barely contain my laughter, he was being extra silly today. When the car arrived at school I walked down the hall and to my locker. Travis likes to stay outside when I am in school, he says the fresh air does him good. I looked out the window and there Travis was! He was pretending there were steps outside by acting like he was going down them (I know he was just crouching down though).

The principal called my name over the intercom. I almost forgot that I had an appointment today. My mom was in the office waiting on me so we could walk to the car together. “*Tell her that you hate her and you wish she were dead.*” Travis whispered in my ear. *No, I can’t do that it would hurt*

mom so much. Travis lifted his hand threatening, and I blurted it out. “Mom, I hate you and wish you were dead.” She looked at me in disappointment, I hate telling her bad things that Travis says. I love Travis so much, and ultimately the good outweighs the bad; and I know I can’t afford to disobey. We arrived at the doctor’s office, and went into the room. My dad was already there; I guess he drove separate; he probably had a lot of operations today. Travis was doing jumping jacks on the doctor’s desk and I accidentally let out a little giggle. The doctor came in and started talking to my parents, except I don’t know what he said because Travis was doing puppet shadows by the window.

First, he made a bunny, then an eagle, and a deer also. I looked over and my mom was crying, her face was all puffy and gross looking. She was shaking her head furiously and mumbling. Travis stopped playing and looked at me confused.

“Alice what is schizophrenia?”

I told Travis that it was something only crazy people have. The doctor looked at me funny and asked, “Alice, what are you looking at?”

I shook off his comment and turned back to Travis. *Why do you ask that question Travis, why? He wouldn’t look at me and just shrugged his shoulders.*

“No reason, come on let’s play thumb wars.”

For just a millisecond I got a funny feeling in my stomach, but that’s all I needed. “Mommy, why are you crying?” I said as I walked over to her. She stared at me and turned to the doctor saying, “How soon can we start the medicine?”

Mom said the pills would make whatever I was seeing go away. I guess she forgot all about my childhood friend. She handed me the small white capsule and stood there. “Aren’t you going to leave?” I eyed the medicine suspiciously. Mother gave me a stern look and I took that as a no. So, Travis disappeared; and my life was boring. I had no friends, and class was no longer entertaining. I hoped mom would let me skip the small pill or horror; but every night she stood there until I swallowed.

3 years later, Alice is 18.

Travis and I walked along the winding path in the park. I am so glad I got out of the house, no more meds, no more rules. I am on my own, free at last.

(Hallway of France Hall. Margaret, Sula, and Hero open the bathroom door. The girls make their way to the sink. Hero stops, taps Margie on the shoulder, and gesticulates towards one of the shower stalls. Hero then pulls Margie out of the bathroom and into the hall).

HERO: Margie, now's our chance. Beatrice was in that shower—I recognize her shower stuff-- but she doesn't know that we know it's her. We should do something. You know, and I know, that Ben and her were meant to be... so let's make her think he likes her.

MARGARET: Yeah, I see her stuff.

HERO: Let's not talk about anything except how Ben is totally in love with Beatrice.

SULA: She's gonna fall right into it.

HERO: We have to make it *so good she can't possibly not listen and think about it*.

SULA (loudly): Are you *sure that Ben likes Beatrice*?

HERO: My fiancée says he is!

SULA: Are you supposed to be talking about it?

HERO: Bah! I mean, it's for his own good!

SULA: Why? Do you not think Ben deserves Beatrice?

HERO: It's so hard to get to her heart; she's so... protective. I think she's scared to love.

SULA: True. So, why would you tell her when she'll just make fun of him?

HERO: That's true, which is a shame... Ben is a gorgeous, perfect, funny guy. Still... Beatrice isn't the kind of girl to give any guy a chance. She seems to enjoy making fun of them and ignoring how amaz-

ing they are.

SULA: Yeah, yeah. She does that a lot.

HERO: But really though. I want to tell her, but I can't, because she won't believe me. Honestly, she'll just make fun of me.

SULA: But you should tell her and see what she does.

HERO: No, I don't think so. Instead, I'm just going to try really hard to convince Ben that she's not the right girl for him. There are more fish in the sea, you know?

SULA: Don't say that! I'm sure she's smart enough to think this through.

HERO: He's a handsome guy. And my Clay likes him!

SULA: Don't get me wrong, but Ben is smarter and cuter than Clay.

HERO: Yeah, if you say so.

SULA: So you agree! Hey, when are you getting married, again?

HERO: After graduation! You're going to help me get ready, right?

(aside) SULA: She definitely heard all of that!

HERO: I bet it works!

(The girls leave the bathroom. Beatrice steps out of the shower in a towel).

BEATRICE (muttering): Oh my god... Ben likes me? He really, really, likes me? No way, it can't be... I never noticed. I notice everything. And I don't make fun of him all the time! Okay... maybe... Well... I guess I can work on that... I mean, maybe if I'm a little less "protective"... I mean, my friends kept it from me because I evidently make fun of people... I'll just... I'll tell him! I'll tell him I like him!

Always Will Love You Alexandria Wick

She screamed out in agony,
Why, oh why have You not seen me.
You are no where to be found.
I know, because I looked around
Take Your forgiveness and preaching ways
and leave me.

....

Oh child; oh child, why can't you see!
I am everywhere and everything from sea to sea.
The stranger on the path helping you walk.
Always the extra ear in case you want to talk.
I am the sun with all of the bright rays
and the breeze blowing your way.
I am here, I am there, I am with you every-
day.
I do not know why you turn your back.
I've always tried to pick up the slack.
Don't forget I will still be here if you want to
come back
Waiting, watching, and hoping
That you, child
will find your way home,
and call my name once again.
So, hear this daughter
and remember.



Gay Equality, Everywhere!

Susan McConnell

Gay Equality smells like Pheromones
What smell would you expect at a wed-
ding?
Pheromones attract you to who you love
Does it matter if it's two guys or girls?
It takes like cake that has two bride toppers
Which tastes just like a "normal" cake, I'm
sure
What were you expecting, something pu-
trid?
You should eat it no matter who's on top
It looks like gays kissing without judgment
Two straight people kissing are never
mocked
You should smile when you see either kiss-
ing
You can even be jealous, we don't judge
It feels like a finger with a ring on
If you like it you should put one on it
Why do you want to stop the happiness?
We would not stop yours, why would we
do that?
"I pronounce you husbands, you two may
kiss"
"I pronounce you wife and wife you may
kiss"
"I pronounce you husband and wife, kiss
her!"

Moon

Rachael Peters

The Moon is what keeps the Night Side of Earth alive. Ever since time seemed to stop, leaving the Earth and Moon motionless beside a shrunken, yet all-powerful sun, we have lived in a divided world. We do not have detectible years because Earth does not travel around the sun as it used to. We do not have detectible days because Earth's rotation has stopped. As we live in galactic purgatory, some want to burn and die under the sun, for they cannot fathom life in the dark – but they don't understand the supremacy of the Moon. It gives us light. It watches us. While our Moon offers love and protection just as the God who made it, the fiery sun destroys.

It's only natural that the Moon would be seen as a sacred figure on the Night Side. It's only natural I'd love it so thoroughly.

Usually about once a month, the community holds a festival to honor the Moon's presence. Even though the only stage we see of the Moon is the full Moon, no one ever forgot its ancient cycle, and on the days where we were supposed to have a new Moon, we celebrate that the Moon loves us enough to save us from total darkness.

Such was the case on this particular day. My family and I just left the woods next to our house and exited once we found the clearing. My twin sister Torah and I led the way as our parents trailed behind, for we were always excited to visit the Starling family, whether we were going to gather and praise the Moon or not. Their family was a bit larger than ours, for Mr. and Mrs. Starling had four children: Antonio and Eric, who were adults, and Everett and Averia, who were closer to my age.

Averia greeted my sister and me first, and despite her relatively serious manner, a smile stretched across her lips tonight. There was nothing she loved more, it seemed, than the Moon and the God who made it. In turn, the Moon seemed to pour extra light where she stood, illuminating the auburn in her hair and reflecting the green in her eyes in a catlike manner.

The truth was that I loved Averia.

"Toro," she called over to me. "Would you mind helping me light all the candles and incense? My brothers seem more intent on eating everything in sight and wrestling like children than to prepare for our prayer. We have about four minutes to midnight and sometimes the lighter doesn't work properly."

"Sure," I told her, and followed her to her front porch. All the incense sat on the ledge, and it consisted of reed sticks propped up on little plate-like surfaces. The sticks and different colored candles encompassed much of the available porch space. So much was there that it wouldn't be possible to light it in a house and not become dizzy from the overwhelming smell. She lit half and I lit half, and we both backed away in order to avoid the ridiculously strong scent and let the breeze take it.

"Averia!" one of her brothers called from afar, towards the woods. "Henry's here!"

Of course, Averia left my side to be with her tan, bleach-haired friend from the Light Side of Earth. I probably rolled my eyes at her quickness in leaving me, but an ache resonated inside. How could it be that someone so alien to our ways holds such a special place in Averia and her family's view? As I walked toward the circle of people, I observed Averia's brothers chatting with Henry and pushing him around as though he'd become one of their own. I watched Averia watch Henry, and my twin surveyed my expression carefully as I met the group, about half a minute away from praising our Moon.

"Are you okay?" Torah whispered.

I just shrugged my shoulders and looked on. We all held hands in our circular formation, gazed upward, and began to recite hymns written in the Moon's honor. The process is always ritualistic and chant-like. I stood between my sister and my father, and we were right across from Averia and Henry. Even though he was from the Light Side, he displayed a sense of understanding for our practices. I started to wish he didn't, and I also wished he wasn't holding Averia's hand. Of course, we all joined hands once we gathered in a circle, but here was something in the way that they were standing that punched a hole through my chest.

They stood significantly closer together than the rest of us; it almost looked like an empty space

(Moon cont.)

everything different. I realized that the Moon only brings light when I'm content. Otherwise, it is the stone cold reminder that I'm not in control. It makes me feel small, weak, and unable. A higher power that can create the world we live in and the objects around it watches us all, and all I thought about was Fate forcing Averia away. There isn't much a man can do about these things because we live in such an enormous world with something as grand as a Moon above our heads.

My thoughts drowned out the prayer, but I knew what they were saying from memory. Everyone around me chanted, and Henry's thumb ran over Averia's hand in a loving way. I suddenly became very aware of my gag reflex.

With that, our ritual concluded and the circle was broken, leaving Averia's brothers to hoot and holler to the Moon in a wolf-like manner amid incessant giggling. Averia and Henry's hands remained intertwined, and I could barely take it anymore. I turned on my heel and edged downhill toward the woods we came through about ten minutes ago, and my twin followed me. To be truthful, I wanted to be alone, but then again, loneliness sounded somewhat dreadful. Torah was the only one who knew of my infatuation with Averia. If I needed to talk, it'd have to be with her.

I reached the line of trees, which cast long shadows in the moonlight, and stopped so I could look upward at Averia and Henry, two romanticized silhouettes outlined the blanket of darkness.

"Everything they do, every gesture is subtle. It kills me," I said. My voice sounded ragged and exhausted.

Torah didn't say anything in response to my rage. Her eyes were sad and watchful under her mahogany bangs, and I could tell that she was searching for something to say.

"It's like... It's like they don't even need to express it any further. They don't say much. They don't try and go off somewhere alone. They don't make a show of their affection. They just stand there because they just know they're in love with each other, and both of them know that the other one knows it too. They don't even have to make a reminder of it."

"You don't know that, Toro," my twin cut in as if lecturing me. She sounded like our mother. "The fact that they aren't so overly affectionate may mean completely the opposite; they may not feel much for each other at all."

"You and I both know that's not true!" I spat. "And Averia's parents never said anything about Henry being more than a friend."

"That's because their feelings have pro

gressed at such a gradual pace that Averia's parents probably just saw it as natural evolution. There isn't any need to announce something like this when I think everyone knew it from the start. I can't believe they're letting someone from the Sun Side morph in as part of their family!"

My voice wavered a bit by the end of my tirade. The fury was so prominent that it put a lump in my throat and gave me a headache. Torah definitely couldn't say anything now because she knew what I was saying was true; anyone who didn't see the obvious connection between Averia and Henry would've been blind. I wished I was blind.

"Just go away," I told Torah. "Tell everyone that I'm not feeling well."

Reluctantly, she nodded and strolled back to the Starling house, leaving me alone with the Moon far above my head. The Moon sees everything underneath it on the Night Side of Earth, but I wondered, *does it really care about me? If it did, then why would it let me suffer as I have ever since Henry came here for the first time years ago? But it didn't matter. The Moon's supremacy reigned over mankind; it reigned over me, and I couldn't help but feel both love and hate. For a brief moment, as I walked through the woods, I had hope. I thought that Averia would surely*



love me someday, for there'd be a way for me to make her see what's inside my heart.

Analysis of Sexist Marketing

Susan McConnell

There is a time and place for gender specific marketing. We should be able to tell the difference between feminine products and male. For example, women need tampons and men need jock straps. In general however, the difference in products should list the word, "female," or "male," if there is truly a difference in them. But the color of the package and its imagery should not matter. Gender specificity is relative. Some hygiene products have aspects to them that only work for female or male bodies, but some can be gender neutral. But when it comes to things that aren't as important, marketers should not decide for their consumers what is acceptable for men or women. Really what is the difference between GI Joes and Barbies? Can't we call both of them dolls? Why do boys get to call them, "action figures?" It could be argued that this is subjective. In my opinion, there is little room to deny the photos' appalling gimmicks that show what is wrong with gender specific marketing is that it is stereotypical.

The picture [omitted] is of children's alphabet charts. These charts teach them the letters and give them images whose titles start with that letter. The alphabet charts are colored and categorized in the most stereotypical ways. One is labeled, "for boys," the other, "for girls." The boy chart is blue and the girl chart is pink. The boy chart uses relatable terms like astronaut, firefighter, lion, robot, and pirate; whereas the girl chart uses relatable terms like butterfly, fairy, nurse, rainbow, and unicorn.

Apparently boys and girls interests are textbook. The compiler of these charts felt that the terms for each letter fit the chart for the certain gender.

Boys do like the terms specified to them and same for girls. But marketing to children like that starts the image to them what is expected of their genders.

There is no reason that this product has separate alphabet charts for boys and girls, at least not in the stereotypical colors for boys and girls. Not all the terms on the charts are all that gender specific. They could have compiled neutral terms and colors. The non-gender specific terms on the charts include giraffe, ball, violin, and teddy bear. Some commonly neutral colors are red, green, yellow, orange, and purple.

It has been the system since the mid twentieth century that blue is for boys and pink is for girls. But it seems innate that boys think blue is cool and girls think pink is that equivalent. But more often than not girls like blue, and some boys are confident enough to like pink. Judith Warner wrote about a young boy who picked pink zebra patterned slippers for his new school shoes. His mother worried he would be picked on and he was. But it did not bother him. He didn't pick them because they were pink or that he related more to girly styles. He liked them because, "they were made of zebra," and he likes those (Warner).

There is a product by a company named Diva that produces endives. Jean-Michel and Francine Schryve went to Quebec to start this business. It has a feminine name and the imagery on the packaging is clearly of a woman in an apron and stilettos carrying a covered dish. Their brand name, "Diva" is a play on the word endives. But their package imagery is a female silhouette that suggests their idea of what a "Diva," is. Commonly divas are dramatic artistes who are hard to work with and have a great presence.

But this endive company thinks a diva is someone who wears six-inch heels while cooking endives for their family or guests. The covered dish and apron aren't too alarming, but the perfect coif of the lady's hair and her sexy shoes are. If you really nit-pick, that woman is awfully skinny. She has toothpick arms, an almost flat buttocks and an hourglass waist, which appeals to society's idea of beauty.

According to Diva, "We need to stay on top of the latest developments in production, packaging and marketing. We must also work hand-in-hand with the various distribution networks, so endives are looked upon as an interesting product to market – one that will meet clients' needs and expectations in terms of taste, packaging and format. We prefer a fresh product that is harvested and packaged every day throughout the year, because nothing is more important to us than consumer satisfaction" (Corporate Mission Statement, Diva). While their business management is worthy of approval, are they satisfying consumers with their package art? Why do we even need that imagery?

Diva's image of a diva is quite 1950's-60's. It looks like the theme song cartoon from the television show, *Bewitched* (1964-1972). *Bewitched* was about a witch who was expected by her husband to give up that part of her life and be a proper wife. In the cartoon she is cooking for him in her heels, per-

(Sexism cont.)



This product above is proclaimed as, “Men’s Bread.” I assume they think there is something particularly manly about, “...organic flax, organic pumpkin seeds, and organic sesame seeds.” Both men and women like organic products. There are health benefits to them and some people are dedicated to those products. The imagery on the packaging is of a male figure hoeing a garden, and another male figure bicycling.

Aside from how the figures appear masculine, they aren’t exactly performing male specific tasks but rather, physical traits. That may refer to a specific type of man. The title suggests it is the bread for all men. But I suppose specifying the type of man in the bread’s name would be too complicated.

French Meadow Bakery promotes their product on their website, “Savor a slice any time of day. Men's Bread® is delicious toasted, grilled or for a sandwich. Men's Bread® has been clinically tested by the Glycemic Institute and is certified as Low Glycemic for Diabetics,” (French Meadow Bakery). Nothing in that description from the French Meadow Bakery website explains why it is specifically, Men’s Bread. If this Bakery is specific to any kind of consumer, it is those who prefer organic and/or gluten free. That is a good product to produce, but it does not explain the name.

It could be that when French Meadow Bakery says it is Men’s Bread, they actually mean something non-gender specific. Sometimes products like tents are referred to as some number man capacity. They don’t mean only say, three men could fit, they mean either gender and when

they say man they mean person. In language men and women have a gender specific title like monsieur and senorita, but a group of both genders is referred to as a plural of a man title. Calling it a, “Person’s Bread” would be confusing or mocked for pointing out the obvious. But the bakery that produces this bread does not explain in any way, shape, or form, why they named it what they did. None of their other products have gender specific names. The next image appeals to women, but it is a bizarre choice to make this product gender specific.

The product pictured above [omitted] is the most baffling one of all. The advertising shows a fairy surrounded by hearts with a pink castle in the background. The product is called, Fairy Hearts. The brand name is, Billy. One would think this was a female specific product.

But this product is an advertisement for turkey and pork sausages that are cured and cooked with no artificial flavors. This is in no way a gender specific product. Yet the Billy business felt that it deserved a feminine touch. The fact that it is sausages isn’t obvious at first glance. It is completely upstaged by the name and imagery. This makes no sense.

Getting to the root of this marketing decision is an awkward road due to wording sensitivity. I would research if women really like sausage, but I know what I would find would be sexual innuendo, and not a study on what kind of meat women like. Again, searching for info about that would lead me to inappropriate websites. There is no logic in this advertising. It is also odd that it is not shelved in a refrigerated area of a store. It is poorly protected from germs and pathogens. It should be in a can or a tighter sealed plastic. No one would buy this. There is not a boy version of this product as far as can be found.

What all these pictures do to draw the viewer is that they are heavily gender-specific but mostly trafficking in gender stereotypes. They are supposed to appeal to only one gender. But what it conveys is that the marketing is sexist.

Advertising is making strides to not stereotype and is neutral. But sexist advertising still exists. Telling your consumer what is appropriate for them is a subjective business. You can’t define

The Chrysanthemums

Alexis McClimans

“The Chrysanthemums” by John Steinbeck is a very interesting story; it’s one of my new favorites. It’s full of emotion: passion, longing, love, heartbreak, and disappointment. The main character, Elisa, is especially interesting. She is intelligent, has an admirable passion for her chrysanthemums, and is fighting against the norm of her society. Elisa is fighting to be seen as equal to men, not inferior. Elisa’s struggle is at times very evident, and then other times you see her rebel in smaller, less noticeable details in this short story. One of these details is revealed when Elisa is first introduced. Denise Dickman mentions in Steinbeck’s “The Chrysanthemums”: “A Woman Bound By Society”, “Her figure is described as ‘blocked and heavy’ because she is wearing heavy gloves, heavy shoes, a ‘man’s black hat,’ and a big apron that hides her printed dress” (Dickman). To me, this is one of the ways Elisa tries to gain equality. She dresses in manlier clothing while working hard in her garden to help prove that women aren’t always delicate little flowers in pretty dresses. They can work hard and get dirty just like any man can. Elisa lives in a world dominated by men and that doesn’t sit well with her. Elisa seems to be an independent woman; she can take care of herself and strives to be seen as equal. In the world she lives in men are considered to be on top, they make the decisions, they are always in charge, but Elisa doesn’t agree with this standard of normal.

Elisa is fighting against what was considered normal in her day. So, people, men in particular, see her in a way she disagrees with strongly all the time. I believe this makes her a bit edgy especially when she thinks her capabilities are being questioned because she is a woman. I think we see this when Elisa is talking to her husband, Henry, in the beginning of the story. He mentions what a strong crop of chrysanthemums she has, and how he wishes she’d “work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big” (Steinbeck 11). Following that comment it says that Elisa’s eyes sharpened. I think she was trying to decide whether or not Henry was being serious or just kidding because she’s a woman. Most people of her time would think that she couldn’t possibly succeed in the orchard because

she is a woman.

Henry seems to treat Elisa very well, but Elisa mystifies him. He doesn’t quite understand why Elisa wants to be treated like an equal, but I think he at least tries to treat her like one. It’s hard for Henry to know exactly how to treat and talk to Elisa because, for one, he has to do something not normally done—treat her like an equal—but also do it while trying not to take her femininity away. This is made even harder because, even though I believe Elisa may know in part that Henry tries to treat her as an equal, part of Elisa still expects Henry to not think of her as an equal because that is what she is used to and that is what society says is normal. I also think that is where her skepticism comes from when Henry makes his comment about the orchard.

Elisa has to work twice as hard as any man to maintain her masculinity just to be possibly considered as an equal. This is very challenging to maintain for Elisa at times, and one of those times is when the tinkerer starts using her passion for her chrysanthemums against her.

When the tinkerer first asks if Elisa has anything he can fix or sharpen for her she insists she has nothing to do. After all, she can fix her pots and sharpen her own scissors; this is another example of how she tries to look masculine. When the tinkerer starts to seem interested in Elisa’s chrysanthemums, though, all of her resistance melts away. In my opinion, this is where Elisa’s masculine image begins to fade away; this is where her resistance is broken.

Elisa starts out being described at very masculine, assertive, and that shows her fight for equality, but starting with her encounter with the tinkerer you see the fight go out Elisa in the way she is described. Once the tinkerer has manipulated Elisa’s emotions by making her passion for her chrysanthemums surface her image is softened and she is described in a feminine way.

The first example of this is after the tinkerer has told Elisa his spiel about the woman wanting chrysanthemums, “Her eyes shone. She tore off the battered hat and shook out her dark pretty hair” (Steinbeck 16). Another example is when Elisa dares to think about reaching out and touching the tinkerer’s leg, “Kneeling there, her hand went out toward his legs in the greasy black trousers. Her hesitant fingers almost touched the cloth. Then her hand dropped to the ground. She crouched low like

(Chrysanthemum cont.)

I think Elisa is startled by how easily she lost her hold on her masculinity. Which explains Elisa questioning Henry when he says, “Why—why, Elisa. You look so nice!” Elisa asks, “Nice? You think I look nice? What do you mean by ‘nice’?” Henry replies with, “I don’t know. You look different, strong and happy” (Steinbeck 21). When Henry compliments her, Elisa is wondering if he is purely looking at her beauty, her femininity. By the end of the conversation Elisa seems quite confident; the fight is back in her. “She grew complete again. ‘I’m strong,’ she boasted. ‘I never knew before how strong’” (Steinbeck 22).

Sadly, Elisa is built up just to be knocked back down. Once Elisa sees her flowers on the road, discarded like trash, she begins to crumble; her fight is once more fading, but she does her best to keep it together. She asks for wine at dinner, something to help ebb the pain, and asks about the fights, considering the distraction. In the end that kind of betrayal is just too much for her, and she breaks down. She is once again described in a fragile, feminine way. “She turned up her collar so he could not see that

she was crying weakly—like an old woman” (Steinbeck 23). This story is just about one day in Elisa’s life. This is important to remember because the reader can’t necessarily define Elisa’s character solely on this day. We all have bad days and it’s because of this that the interpretation of Elisa is left open a little wide.

This is a remarkable short story in my opinion. It is filled with emotion and Elisa is a very unique character. Her struggle is admirable and inspiring. Steinbeck wrote this story in a way where interpretation could go several ways and that makes it all the more intriguing. I fell in love with this story from the first time I read it; I don’t think I’ll ever forget it.

Recourses

Dickmann, Denise. N.p.. Web. 11 Nov 2013. <<http://www.lonestar.edu/chrysanthemums.htm>>.

Rachel Peters

“Fade”

Kaleidoscopic thoughts
Reflections of everything
All at once

Mirrors of time
Cracking with age

A slow decay

Clocks still tick
But time is unimportant
As we run

Fog is thick
But my mind is clear
All at once

Moments of magic

Bring a greener world
To surround me

As we fade
Subconsciously
Under the sun

(Travis cont.)

ran over to the drinking fountain and got some water. Turning around I did not see Travis, I looked all over and I could not find him. I arrived home, got the mail, and then got some milk out of the fridge. *I hope Travis comes home soon, I am starting to get worried. Travis has never run away before, and why would he?*

Looking through the mail I stumbled upon a letter from my mom. I got the letter opener and opened the letter wearily.

Dear Alice,

You can imagine how upset I am that you left us. I suppose that now you are an adult, you can handle adult situations. When you were four months old your father and I

decided to do an experiment together. We decided to study the effects of stimulated mental illnesses. What better subject than our own daughter? So we had a colleague of ours, Travis Hilinger follow you around and stimulate an "imaginary friend." He was actually pretty good at it to. At least to my knowledge he never exposed himself to other people. You should thank him actually. The only people who knew were our family and your doctor. Those sugar pills cost us a fortune though so you really should repay me. Unfortunately the experiment failed because you did not develop an actual mental illness. Due to the discontinuing of the experiment we let Travis go, he will of course receive a severance package though. Hope you come and visit us! Don't forget that I expect grandchildren soon, wink! Love ya.

-Mommy

"I can't believe her!" I cried out in fury. I ran over to the news stand and got out the phone book; Travis Hillinger, 46 Fremean St. I got into my beat up Chevy and sped away. I could hardly drive as I wiped angry tears away from my face. "I'm gonna thank him mother, I will thank him all right" I whispered to myself. I could have had a normal childhood! I could have had friends! I looked down the streets quickly. Down in the South side of town I couldn't find the street, so, panicking I took out my GPS. I parked at the end of the street and got out of my car. Looking in the trunk all I could find was an old softball bat. It was all a blur to be honest. Walking down the street, banging on the door, then hitting Travis. Watching him gasp for air I screamed "You were never my friend! You knew all along! I could have had a real life!" I hit him twice for every

A Bit Of Christmas Spirit For the Break

Christmas gift suggestions:
To your enemy, forgiveness.
To an opponent, tolerance.
To a friend, your heart.
To a customer, service.
To all, charity.
To every child, a good example.
To yourself, respect.

-Oren Arnold

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring-not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

-Clement C. Moore

Enim Inperitum by Josh Hillgenberg

Ignatious stood behind the immense glass window in his office. He took his usual, powerful stance: his hands behind his back and his feet at shoulder width, pointing directly forward. His long, dark grey overcoat hung precisely six centimeters above his leather boots which shone like two dark stars. His over coat was buttoned over his clean, white button down shirt, a rare article. The dozen gold buttons and ocean of untainted grey fabric hid this, however.

Ignatious turned his head over his broad shoulders. He glanced behind his back to see two small, trusting eyes gleaming up at him. Amicus, Ignatious' chocolate brown Great Dane, had found his way into the Imperial office, which satisfied the man. Amicus was Ignatious' loyal hound for nearly fifteen years; and his new post would not separate them. As of last Monday, Ignatious Inoculus had been voted High Chancellor of Manere, a mountainous region where the clouds were always pulled over the light of the sun like a thick, fleece blanket. The High Chancellor looked out over the vast city. He saw the citizens going about their business. They all walked at a steady pace; most did so without interacting with the world around them. It was like a bee hive- organized locomotion. Everyone had a job to do. There was always something to be done for the sake of the Empire. Ignatious loved Manere. He loved the mountains, the valleys, the rivers and seas, the traditions, and all the citizens.

Ignatious made Manere his life. The lunch bell sounded. Ignatious watched excitedly as the whole city dropped what they were doing, left their workplaces and moved to the dining hall. He enjoyed watching the people transition together harmoniously like an enormous assembly line. The Chancellor was like a small boy on his birthday, observing the festivities with wide eyes. He was about to depart for his meal when something caught his eye- a glint of something strange.

Ignatious stared intently as a man wearing a blue sweater swam against the flow of the people. It was not the fact that the man was defying the norm that ignited his curiosity, but the color of his clothing which entranced Ignatious. It was deep and warm and inviting. There was a sudden knock on the office door, jolting him back to reality.

"Are you coming to lunch?" It was Ignatious' idol, ex-High Chancellor, and now advisor, Stewart Ivy. Ignatious was in the act of scratching his hand behind his back but abruptly lost the urge.

"Yes, give me only a moment," Ignatious replied calmly with no trace in his mind of the blue sweater.

The Empire of Manere was fairly new. It had been in power for sixty-three years and its power was still resisted by some. There were several splinter factions who aimed to overthrow the Chancellor and the Empire, but none achieved more than small protests or marches and were all swiftly

stamped out by the staunch hand of the Imperial military. Usually when these groups sprouted up, evidence would be uncovered by the Agency of Imperial Detectives revealing that the groups' leaders had all murdered loyal but quiet citizens of the Empire who never disobeyed. Ignatious found it somewhat ironic that he had not met any of the victims but did not think into it. The killers would be exiled and the hunger for justice would be sated. It was what the Empire desired.

In a week's time, Ignatious had developed the habit of ritualistically gazing out the window over the city. During that week, he saw the blue sweater man again. He stepped closer to the window to get a better look, but the man stepped into a dark alley; the sunlight was blocked completely by the clouds.

Amicus rose from his position at his master's feet, curious as to what interested him. Ignatious paid no heed to Amicus' whining. The man opened what seemed to be a hatch in the ground and slid inside imperceptibly. No law abiding citizen would partake in such activity. A secret such as this could not be kept from the Empire. Ignatious was sure. This man was a rebel.

He put a hand on his telephone hastily, this sighting must be reported, he thought. But he stopped a moment and played out the consequences of his actions in his head; he would never see the magnificent sweater again if he did this. Surely this morsel of information would mean nothing.

“Reports of rebel sightings have grown within the past weeks,” he said gravely, “something must be done to eradicate them once and for all.”

“Indeed. I have been contemplating the same notion.” Ignatious replied subliminally. “What did you have in mind, Chancellor?” “I propose a hunt. The rebels are beasts and we shall treat them as such. Every man, woman, and child who dare raise a hand against the Imperial regime shall become game and the good people of Manere will be their hunters. Any successful sportsman should be rewarded handsomely.”

There was murder in the streets, in the work place and in the dining hall. The Hunt was said to be the final stand against the rebels. “This will smoke them out of their holes and turn them against each other,” Ivy told Ignatious.

Greed and disloyalty were the weapons of the Empire: the mighty swords with which it cleaved the defenseless rebels. The slaughter of the Hunt went on for a year. Ignatious saw the rebel regularly during this time.

Part of him hoped that he would not be caught but perhaps change his ways and Ignatious could stare into the blue realm forever. The thought consumed him.

Ignatious looked through the window penultimately, one cloudy day. Amicus slept at his feet. Ignatious could see the blue rebel nowhere. This was the day and time he always went into the passage. What was wrong? Amicus woke abruptly and barked over and over. He tugged at the tail of Ignatious’ overcoat and

whined. Ignatious began scanning the city again, disregarding Amicus’ insistent and abnormal barking. Where could he be? All of a sudden, Amicus’ barking stopped.

A blue swaddled arm nestled itself around Ignatious’ neck and another wrapped around his arm which promptly chained his hands together. The fabric felt like it looked. Despite the situation, Ignatious was smiling, strangely and pleasantly. He knew not why. The entire situation was perverse yet calming. “You stand here in your observatory and you think yourself a god,” the rebel spat, “You’re nothing but a coward and a despotic bastard.”

Ignatious was quiet- speechless. “Say something,” the rebel plead. There was a hint of disparity behind his fury. Ignatious thought he heard the rebel weep.

“The Empire will not stand for this,” Ignatious sputtered out slowly and unsurely. He looked out over the city through the window once more and was blinded.

The sun was creeping out from behind the clouds. It was unbearable at first; he squinted his eyes slightly. The more he looked, however, the easier it was to gaze over the Empire he loved so much. It looked so dark and grey. He was confused at first; he thought he must be hallucinating. He smiled again. He wondered why.

“There is no Empire.”

The rebel kicked Ignatious through the immense glass window. The fragile glass faltered easily under the force of Ignatious’ strong build and the cracks

spread faster than any idea or invention. Ignatious plummeted like a rock to the ground far below. The man looked again at his Empire as he fell. The people were assembled in the streets and work ceased. The journey to the bottom felt as if it was an eternity. Ignatious pondered what would happen to Manere without him. He smiled a third time. He grinned and giggled giddily like he had not since he was a boy and then- he landed. There was a piercing crack that could be heard for miles. Ignatious lay on his back, mangled. The people hesitantly gathered around and looked down on him. Amicus emerged from the offices and curled up beside his master, whimpering. He did not bother his master. Ignatious lay in a pool of crimson blood. He was smiling and the people knew exactly why. The sun shone down and the people could see now where it was dark before. The rebel stood where an immense glass window once clouded judgment. A snug breeze welcomed him. He took his usual, optimistic stance: his hands resting on his hips. The rebel lifted his head unto the heavens and he smiled through tears.

*Morpheus is the God
of Dreams.*

*Dreams are often
called “the gateway to
the soul” and many
stories come from
them.*

*We hope you find your
next favorite story
here!*

**Find us on
Facebook!**

Morpheus

Oh, Morpheus, give me joy till morning

For my forever painful love:

Just blow out candles' burning

And let my dreams in blessing move.

Let from my soul disappear

The separation's sharp rebuke!

And let me see that dear look,

And let me hear voice that dear.

And when will vanish dark of night

And you will free my eyes at leaving,

Oh, if my heart would have a right

To lose its love till dark of evening!

-Aleksandr Pushkin



