

Morpheus

2009



1st place visual arts

Photo by Liz Kurtzman

About this publication

Welcome to the Fall 2009 edition of Morpheus, Heidelberg College's student writing magazine.

This year's issue follows the precedents we established in 2007:

- 1) We publish the magazine electronically, which allows us to share the best writing at Heidelberg with a wide readership.*
- 2) The magazine and the writing contest are managed by members of English 492, Senior Seminar in Writing, as an experiential learning component of that course.*
- 3) The publication combines the winning entries of the Morpheus writing contest with the major writing projects from English 492.*

Please note that Morpheus staff members were eligible to submit entries for the writing contest; a faculty panel judged the entries, which had identifying information removed before judging took place. Staff members played no role in the judging of the contest entries.

We hope you enjoy this year's Morpheus!

Cheers!

Dave Kimmel, Publisher

Editor-in-Chief-Alyssa Sullivan
Contest Director-Aimee Lupinski
Business Manager-Elizabeth Shrider
Layout Design Director-Jonnatha Mayberry

Special thanks to our contest judges:

Dr. Douglas Collar
Professor Chris Tucci
Dr. Leigh Makay
Dr. Ruth Wahlstrom
Dr. Marc O'Reilly
Dr. James Hagemeyer

Please note: The open book picture used throughout this publication is from
uiwp.uiuc.edu

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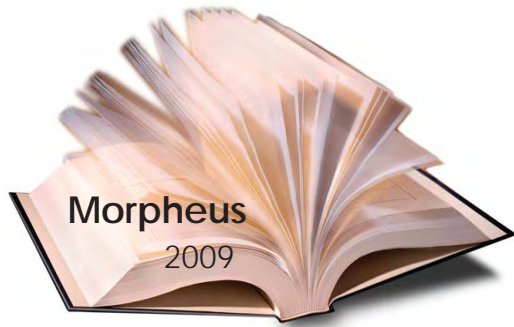
Morpheus Writing Contest

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Contest Winner Biographies



Rachael Drapcho

Rachael Drapcho is a freshman English Writing and Spanish major from Greenland, New Hampshire. She is involved with the concert choir, chamber singers, HoPE, World Student Union, the Kilikilik, and Amigos de Arise. She's not so ashamed about her obsession over manga, Rocky Horror, Will and Grace, Mika, John Green, and Japanese rock. She writes not only to express herself, but also to express the beauty of silent thoughts. She wrote twenty-five pages about making a sandwich. Yeah. That's right: a sandwich.

Katelyn Cabe

Katelyn Cabe is a freshman from Coshocton, OH. She is majoring in Vocal Music Education and minoring in Theatre Arts. She is involved in the Heidelberg Concert Choir and is a member] of the Ohio Music Educators Association. Katelyn enjoys writing because it allows her to indirectly express truths about the world, without being judged as if she had said them out loud. Her guilty pleasure is watching anime when she really should be sleeping or studying. Some interesting facts about Katelyn is that she writes a great deal of fanfiction. net and does all her best writing at night because she has Delayed Sleep Phase Syndrome.

Elizabeth Shrider

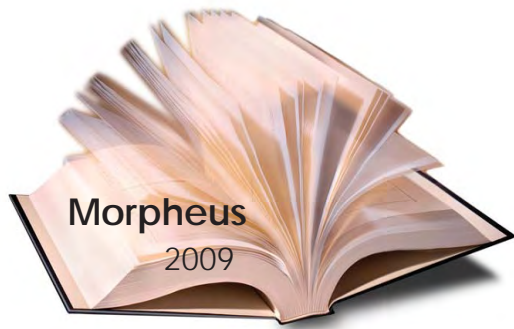
Elizabeth Shrider is from Mt. Blanchard, Ohio. She is a Senior Public Relations and English writing double major. She is involved in Women's Basketball, SAAC, and Sigma Tau Delta. Elizabeth enjoys writing because it is easier than math and science. Her guilty pleasure is coffee; she literally cannot survive and function without it. One interesting fact about Elizabeth is that one of her legs is 2 cm longer than the other one!

Molly Finch

Molly S. Finch is a senior English Literature major from Woodville, OH. When not reading or writing she is found working at the local Woodville pharmacy, Pills 'n' Packages. She enjoys buying ridiculously expensive bottled drinking water (that tastes no different from any other water) and playing her alto saxophone.

Aimee Lupinski

Aimee Lupinski is from LaGrange, OH. She is a Senior English writing major with minors in both music and literature. Aimee is involved in the Philalethean Society, Honors Program, Heidelberg Concert Choir, and is an Alpha Phi Tau lil' sis. She also works at AJ's Heavenly Pizza. She says enjoys writing because it is the foundation to everything we know. For instance, history would not be possible without documentation of it (hieroglyphics count as writing). It allows for one to connect with another on a level that is unattainable through conversation. Aimee's guilty pleasure is watching Ghost Hunter shows, and Tough Love. She has traveled to Scotland, Germany, Austria, and France.



Brent Holmes

Brent Holmes is from Hilliard, Ohio, a suburb of Columbus. He's a junior Communications Media Broadcast Major minoring in Film. He's involved with the Alpha Phi Tau Men's Fraternity, WHEI-TV 10, And the Heidelberg University Jazz Ensemble.

He likes writing because... he uh... makes pretty words come out of his fingers and stuff. Sometimes he writes about things. Sometimes those things are interesting. He enjoys that.

One of his guilty pleasures is making up guilty pleasures that he truly has no interest in, such as thinking deeply about what the life cycle of curdled cheese would be like to experience as well as what he would do in a weird, alternate world where the nationalistic optimism of the 1950's were preserved to the present day. Oh God and David Bowie. That's not guilty though.

An interesting fact about Brent Holmes is that his name backwards is spelled Semloh Tnerb, which he always thought sounded like an ancient Celtic snake god who sits in bars now cursing St. Patrick for kicking him out of what was originally /his/ homeland. I mean come on, some dude shows up at your house and kicks you out, THEN HE GETS A DAY NAMED AFTER HIM. Not only that but it's a day where everyone loves to go out and get way, drunk, I mean COME. ON. Semloh had a way better feast day. Everyone wore snake hats and gave the reason why they loved potatoes. But then the potato famine hit and everyone thought it was just too morbidly sarcastic. If you asked Semloh about it though, he would say that it still was an important day. October 1st by the way.

Matt Echelberry

Matt Echelberry is known by most Heidelberg students as "Mclovin." He came to Heidelberg from Bucyrus, Ohio to pursue a degree in English Writing with a minor in Film Studies. As a sophomore this year, he is the Entertainment Editor of THE KILIKILIK. He is also a member of Sigma Tau Nu fraternity, where he acts as secretary and rush chair this semester. During the New Works Festival, he will be appeared in "Unbound" and "Video Star." One of his guilty pleasures is dark humor that most people find offensive. Something most people don't know about him is his ability to recite almost any line from the movie "Pulp Fiction."

Matt enjoys writing because he can express raw emotion in ways that he could never articulate through the spoken word.

Poetry

1st Place

Reflections While Watching Spongebob

Matt Echelberry

2nd Place

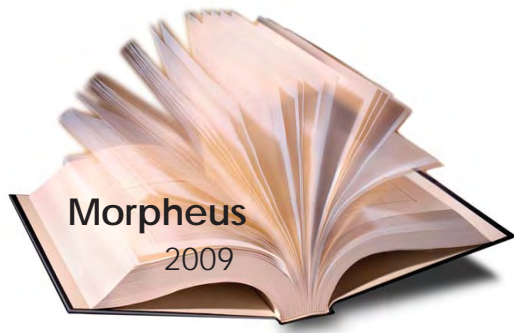
Credo

Aimee Lupinski

3rd Place

Cicadas

Rachael Drapcho



Reflections While Watching Spongebob *By Matt Echelberry*

I find myself watching my nephew

As he watches Spongebob.

I can't help but wonder what he sees

In an annoying yellow sponge wearing pants.

Is it right for kids to learn their values

From a creature with no spine?

Who works minimum wage as a fry cook?

Who failed his boating exam 100 times?

Then again, who am I to judge?

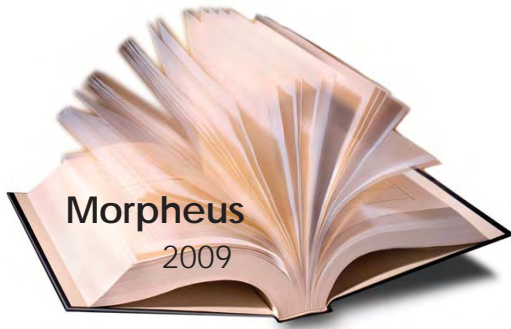
What if Spongebob is more entertaining than me?

And I am just another fish

Swimming with the sharks.

Credo—

By Aimee Lupinski



I believe
there is no such thing as immaculate
conception. Own up to it—
you knocked her up.

I know I will never reach Nirvana because I
take too much joy in indulgences—
chocolate, wine—your girlfriend.

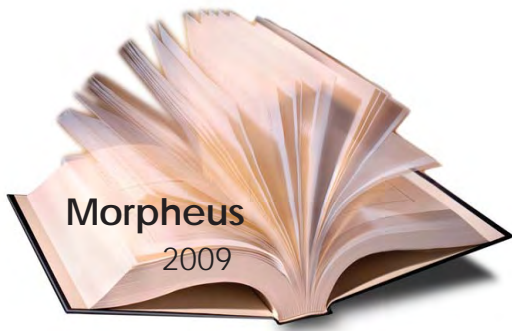
I believe
pearls are always classy;
in the Jackie O. way,
not Marilyn's.

I've come to learn the rumors
about hands, and feet, and noses aren't
true—all the time.

I believe
In a thing called love—
Just listen to the
rhythm of my heart.

I know that people will
never figure out how to drive,
clean the lint trap, or accept diversity.

I believe
Cats don't have nine lives.
It's a shitty musical, And they don't
always land on their feet.



Cicadas

By Rachael Drapcho

I lived in a town with brown grass and cicadas that would sizzle like electrical cables. Around three o' clock every day, my brothers and I gathered in that twenty feet of dead grass to stare up the grey pavement, x-raying through the mirage of strong sun, and wait for something. In summer, we'd wait out there with a crinkled Lincoln in our faded Levis, anticipating that old Entertainer. But we lived twenty miles off Cleveland, and the only people who knew kids lived in Ann Marie's old brick house were the Church pastor and his wife, but he went to the Home months ago. Anyway, we figured that white truck would whoosh past one day, so we went out there. Then, August came and went, and by the time September came around, we'd stroll to that dusty patch and stare at the elm across the street, but its leaves only turned coffee-stained, not like those ones in that old calendar Mom kept from New England. The leaves wilted and dusted the yard across the street like dead bugs, and I'd bring my rake and sweep them for Fran in October because who knows what would happen if she got a rake in her hands. And then November came, and it brought the wind, so we'd wear our fleeces and stare at the sky to try and find a white spec matching up against the ivory clouds. We gave up because our faces turned as white as pillow cases, and we always caught that first spec out the window. And the snow melted, and, in spring, we'd go out to our lawn and watch the grass get as green as it would ever be in the next year. Around three o' clock every day, my brothers and I sat and watched for something new to happen. But what we really watched for was that blue pick-up, the one we'd lost when I was four, the morning that daddy left to go to work at the plant. But we never saw that pick-up. Not once. We only saw an elm tree, a brown horizon, and a sky that told us to keep waiting.



2nd Place Visual Arts

Photo by Aimee Lupinski

Fiction

1st Place

The Real People

Brent Holmes

2nd Place

Scatter

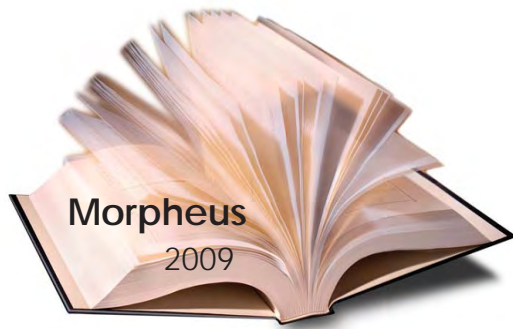
Brent Holmes

3rd Place

Fashion Fiasco

Katelyn Cabe

The Real People *By Brent Holmes*



I dream about writing real people. People with minor foibles, minor senses of importance; moving about in the life they call their own without time to seek inwards. I'm tired of introspection.

Like Angus. He moved around his bookstore with all the grace of an automaton. His red fur covered hands dancing across the keyboard with such measured tenacity, such tender speed whenever someone asked him where a book was.

Kurt Vonnegut. Fiction. Alphabetized by last name.

He tells this to Mona, because she wants that feel of Vonnegut again. She can remember when she was younger the heady delight she gained from Cat's Cradle; how she described it to all her friends simply as "Acid" but inwardly holding it closer to her heart, like a child with a facial deformity. Strange, but loved unconditionally.

That was 8 years ago though; and she's since read every book by him. She knows he died, so she doesn't expect anything new. She just wants to stand and look at the covers. She just wants to remember.

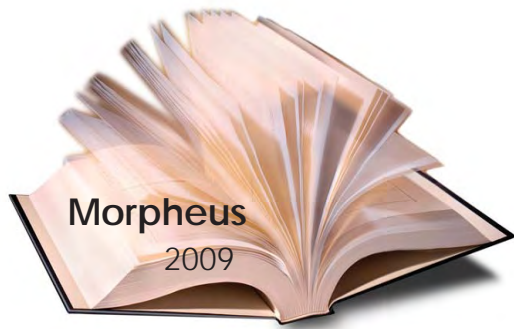
Real people... that I make up. I live next to a drug addicted lesbian named Charlotte. At night I can hear her scream at the top of her lungs how everything about her has shriveled up into the burnt charcoal remains of a life. WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME?! Lit on a funeral pyre of mescaline and Southern Comfort. GOD MAKE IT STOP!!!

I can't console her though. I have a penis and I assume she hates me for it. PLEASE SOMEONE LOVE ME!

Mona stood in front of the books respectively; as if addressing the grave of a stranger. Tenderly, she reaches out and picks up a book, Cat's Cradle. She traces the giant purple "V" on the cover with a slight grin. Angus watches her, sensing the same feeling of hallowed respect. She puts the book down and starts to wander around the bookstore, memories of her former life flooding towards her like a collage of snapshots. A notebook. A rock concert. Listening to David Bowie with Shawn. She misses the feeling of creating worlds; people, situations. Even if she only did it in small doses, she missed the sense of command she had over her created realities. But now she feels like a barren womb. Sucked dry by age and modern responsibility.

Angus recognizes the look on her face, and wears it along with her.

Breaks in routine. Tiny punctures in the fabric of the everyday. That's what I like to write about. It assures me that things can still happen to real people; that life isn't on repeat. I don't want to show how blanketing reality can be. How impenetrable.



I'm 20 and live in a run-down apartment by myself. My parents pay me to stay here because they said that I was ungrateful and needed to learn how to take care of myself. I prefer it this way. I hate my parents. When I was 15 they admitted my big sister into a psych ward and paid them to keep her there. There's nothing wrong with her, they just couldn't stand to deal with the rebellious acts that she preformed almost daily and with a fey-like glee. She taught me how to write.

When Mona began to leave, Angus stopped her. Do you miss him? He asked. Yes. She said, after a slight pause. But, she continued, I don't miss him as much as I miss what he used to give me. Angus nodded. He missed himself too.

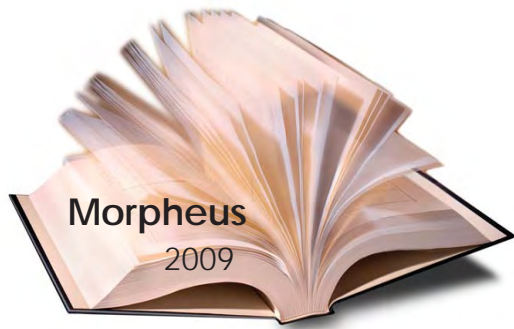
Charlotte knocks on my door and asks if she could come in and stay a while. She asks quietly, like she always talks when she is around me. I let her in without saying anything and she sits down on my couch and starts to watch reality TV. I was making dinner so I made her some as well. Soup. Are you a vegetarian? I ask her from the kitchen. She doesn't say anything for a while before saying No. I make two bowls of steak soup and sat hers in front of her. We sit in silence and watch the TV. She doesn't touch her food.

Mona works at a pizza parlor downtown called "Little Italy's Own", even though there was no Little Italy in the city. She waitressed there and wore a ridiculous outfit that was stripped in red and white. She was good at her job and was tipped well for her service. However she didn't gain any satisfaction from it At the end of the day she was only reminded of the little bits of her life that she had to give up in order to survive. Her big plan was to run away from home and live as a vagabond. But college came, and with it a greater sense of what she told everyone to be maturity, but what she inwardly thought of as cowardice.

Charlotte is far from beautiful. Maybe at some point in her life she had been, but now she's painfully skinny, a dried husk of a woman with dark sunken eyes that wore black bags under them. Small sections of her short hair have started to fall out and she wears old, elegant looking dresses with rips and stains in them. She always has a cigarette in her hand and it is always lit, or about to be lit. The only thing that seems new on her person is the black purse that she carries her cigarettes in; it's shiny and well cared for, enough to seem suspiciously stolen. She had dropped out of school when she was fifteen, and even though she's 24, she looks like she's 40.

I despise Charlotte. Real people would never meet someone like Charlotte; she would stay crouched in the shadows, appearing only as an occasional worry. Not coming back night after night to sit and watch TV and say nothing every time. We're watching TV again and I'm eating alone (I eventually learned to not waste the food on her). I'm not sure what we're watching anymore; it seems like all the shows these days meld together into some sort of VH1 mush.

Thank you. Charlotte says it without glancing over at me at all, but there is a weight of sincerity behind it that can't be ignored. She takes a drag of her cigarette. You're welcome.



When Mona went back to the bookstore, Angus watched her as she went straight to the Vonneguts and grabbed at each one, piling them high in her arms. He went over and took a few off her stack and carried them with her to the front desk. After she bought one copy of each of the books, Angus asked her, Why are you buying all of these? I thought you had read them. I have, she said, but I want my kids to read them when they're old enough. I want them to feel the same way I used to. Angus helped her take the books to her car, and as she drove away, wondered how much it would set him back to do the same.

As the days went on, Charlotte began to look sicklier and sicklier. We began to talk more often, and she shared with me the details of her life over cigarettes on the fire escape; how her parents had abandoned her when she had went 'out' to them, how she ran away with her girlfriend only to be left abandoned, once more, in the apartment next door, about the various unsavory things she did for money in order to buy the things that kept her going, but killing her... Charlotte would never procreate. She would be the last remnant of any trace of her on this earth after she died, and she knew it. A bloated, disgusting waste of carbon decaying in the ground. She carries this most prominently in her eyes, which have a dead looking glaze to them.

When she came over one night, she noticed that I had a guitar propped up in the corner, near my computer. Do you play?

I only really know David Bowie songs.

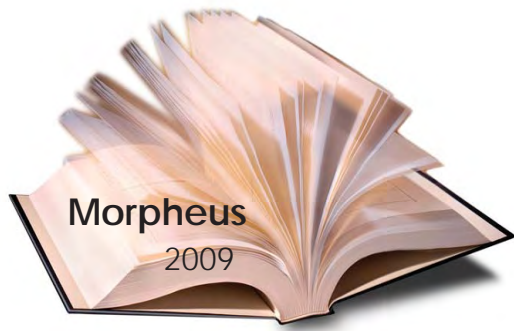
Would you play one for me? I nodded and she lay down on the couch as I sat on the coffee table with my guitar.

What do you want to hear?

I don't really care. I sat for a while and tried to remember what songs I knew. But something began to nag at the back of my head and I started to play. It wasn't a David Bowie song, but my fingers just knew where to go, so I went with it.

I'm making this one up as I go, I admitted to her. She looked confused, but nodded, in a half-tired manner. She looked like she was about to fall asleep.

I sang. I sang about the real people, about Angus and Mona, about how they grew up in the suburbs being happy, how they were better than us, wrapped in the security of the everyday, kept safe with their jobs and family, the future of their children bright as a tunnel in front of them, cuddling with their minor foibles and minor importance. How they ate their food each day with that infuriatingly bored look and with wanting eyes. How they wanted so much and could get all of it with just enough reaching. I sang as she fell asleep.

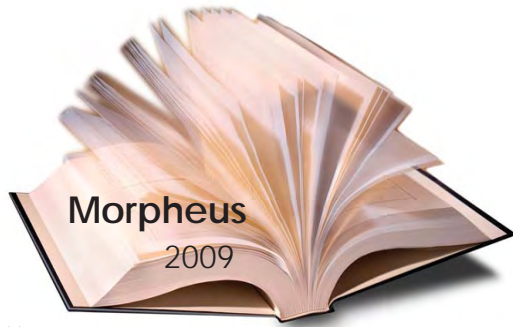


And when I thought she had died, I kept singing, realizing that real people didn't die on couches, listening to someone play guitar, so she hadn't been real. Just another writer's invention. A husk of thought laid out to dry.

When the real people came to take her away, I told them all about her, and even though I had given them her name, she still wound up as a Jane Doe as they packed her into the ambulance to take her wherever the nameless dead go. Apparently Charlotte wasn't even her real name.

Scatter

By Brent Holmes



...
...
...

The sunset looks pretty.

Put on the tie, move the papers. Get the water from the cooler. Laugh at Jonas' jokes, no matter how terrible. Dana from accounting has a thing for you, let it go though, TRUST ME. These piles are for outgoing work, the other is things you need to do. When you're done with something, put it in the outgoing.

The doc says to Shelia "there's nothing we can do."

"I just can't understand how this could happen to us" she says, weeping into her pillow. Her back is towards me and outside the sun is coming up, the light from the window silhouetting her body. I stand like a dupe in my underwear in the bathroom door.

Don't ask too many questions about the things you do; you've got a cubicle and that's enough. Some people don't even get that.

"... It's a condition that is becoming more common in people; many in the medical field are attributing it towards the line virtual reality programs; it makes you scatter everything around- like a box of puzzle pieces: and you're trying to put the puzzle together but all the pieces look like they fit together" *Laugh. Laugh. Laugh or die you bastard.*

I don't really think it's that big of a deal.

...
...

Everything's so calm out here- I can think again... I think.

"

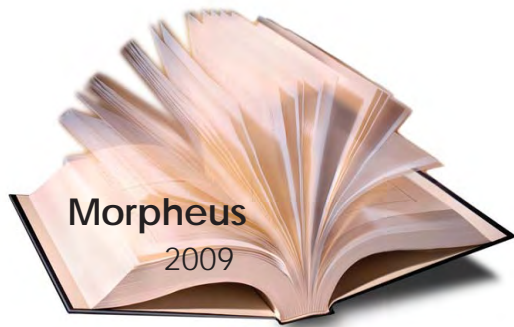
He says there's options, you can jump off a cliff- that's what you're doing to this business! Damnit, you're fucking it up!" Laugh, laugh, it's a joke. "It's a very serious condition. The most you can do is jump off the cliff.

"We can still go out to the sea, right?" "I'd have to take you there- the way this thing works, you'd be half way there then think you're going to the supermarket a week ago."

June fourteenth, 2033. End

March third, 2008. Start

May ninth, 2033; diagnosis: **"...not good"**



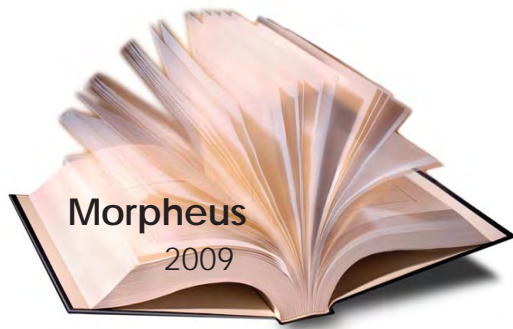
I hate doctor's offices, you complain about a few headaches and getting a little confused every now and then and all the sudden your wife is rushing you off to see some overpaid shrink are you okay honey? with a medical degree to crack open your head and *I still expect to see those reports on Sunday, irregardless* Ir-regardless isn't a word, see?... It's not in the dictionary. **throw a wrench in and try to put the gears back in place. Why am I so sweaty?**



18

Fashion Fiasco

By Katelyn Cabe



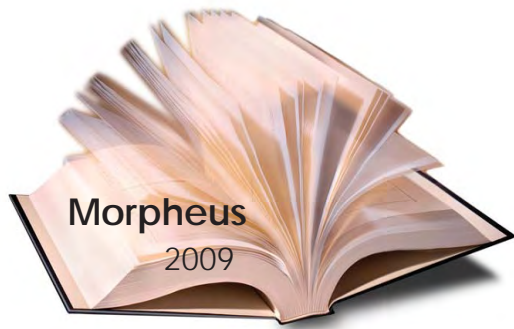
That was when disaster struck. Whether it was the effects of the freely flowing wine, or the insensible height of her heel, Anne stumbled as she stepped forward to greet me. She fell directly into my arms, and I immediately caught her. This would have normally been an event of little consequence, but unfortunately, she was holding a small glass of claret. What would have been magnificent to taste was not so magnificent on my favorite vest. I was dismayed, and Anne was frantic. "Oh, Brendon, I'm so sorry!" she cried, dabbing at my chest with a dainty handkerchief. I wasn't sure where she had pulled it from, but it was a detail of little consequence.

I gently stepped away from her, grimacing at the stream of scarlet wine that ran from my vest. I excused myself to the restroom to try to mop up the mess, to no avail. The wine had soaked into my vest; I would need professional help to save my favorite eveningwear. I gave my regards to Anne once more and unobtrusively left the banquet. I drove home, dropping my vest off at the cleaners on the way. I was disappointed to leave the party, but it couldn't be helped. There was no way I was going to socialize with a huge blood red stain on my vest. I went home and fell asleep.

The next day, I went to pick my vest up at the cleaners. I was happy to see it was good as new! I was just trying it on to check for shrinkage- you should always do this, by the way, once you take it home they won't reimburse you for any damage- when suddenly, a man burst through the swinging doors and demanded all of the cashier's money. I was caught by surprise, but was luckily hidden by dressing room doors, so the criminal and cashier couldn't see the stupid look on my face. Or shoot me, which seems much more important now that I think about it. The cashier, being a man of little courage but great mental acuity, handed over the money with little resistance, and the criminal left in a hurry.

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To this day, I do not know what came over me. For in that moment, in a very uncharacteristic burst of bravery, I burst out of the dressing room and gave chase, strategically making use of a nearby laundry cart. I pursued the charlatan for a block, dodging trash cans, light posts, and a fat man with his little dog. You would think that when a pedestrian saw a finely dressed man swooping toward him atop a Sunshine Center Laundry Cart, he would get out of the way, but no matter. Finally, I saw I had the ruffian cornered. The side road we had careened into came to a dead end at a dumpster and a brick wall. The thief spun around, looking frantically for a method of escape. There was no way out. I swooped down on him, a hawk closing in on his prey. With a huge crash, I smashed into the criminal, causing both of us to fly into the nearby Dumpster.

I am glad to say that I caught the ruffian. The police were summoned by a flustered pedestrian who had seen a madman careening down the sidewalk in a Laundry Cart, and arrived with great haste. The thief was taken to jail for burglary. I was obligated to pay a fine for Creating a Public Disturbance and Destruction of Public Property. I missed Anne's next party because the press had cornered me inside my house. However, none of these things bothered me. The only thing I truly regretted was that when the burglar and I had flown into the Dumpster, I had ruined my favorite vest.

Literary Academic

1st Place (Tie)

Innocence vs. Experience

Molly S. Finch

1st Place

Phonology

Aimee Lupinski

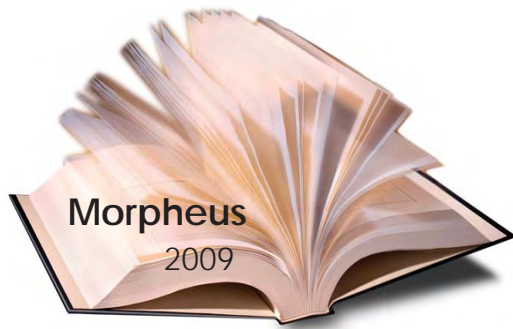
3rd Place

"Under The Lion's Paw"

Elizabeth Shrider

Innocence vs. Experience

By Molly S. Finch



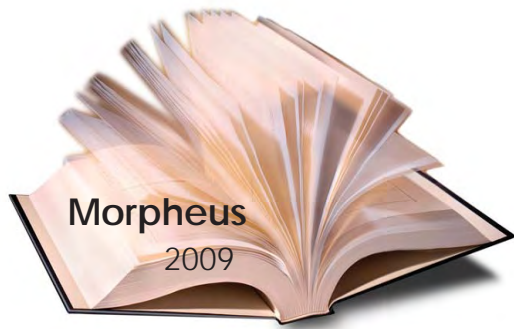
Blake's contrary poems found in *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, both titled "Nurse's Song," are very different from one another, though the stories are the same. Both poems are about a nurse watching the children she cares for play outside. The poem found in *Songs of Innocence* features a nurse who watches the children with a fond eye and who gives in to their pleas to keep playing outside. This poem has sixteen lines, with more dialogue and substance, whereas the "Nurse's Song" in *Songs of Experience* has only eight lines and is much darker. Rather than focus on the innocence of childhood, it creates a much gloomier atmosphere.

The nurse in the poem from *Songs of Innocence* speaks fondly of the children and claims that her "heart is at rest" (3) when she hears the children outside laughing as she watches them at play. She seems to understand childhood and the desire of the children to keep playing outside. When they plead to be allowed to stay outside, the nurse agrees and lets them stay outside. Even when she asked them to come inside, she promised them more play the next day, when the morning came again and it was light outside once again.

The nurse in "Nurse's Song" from *Songs of Experience* speaks in a darker manner than the first nurse. In the first stanza the nurse is watching the children play on the green. Along with the sounds of the children, the nurse notes "whisperings are in the dale" (2). This provides an eerie, dark tone in comparison to the *Songs of Innocence*. The whisperings could mean danger and perhaps the nurse is simply being overprotective as opposed to mean. In the third line, the experienced nurse reflects on her long lost youth. The children make her look back on her youth, recognizing that it is gone, as opposed to the innocent nurse who looks at the children fondly and pays attention more to them than to herself. The children in this poem are not quoted at all, or if they did, this nurse chose not to share. The second nurse simply tells them to come in. In comparison, the second nurse could be the one that children would consider not as "fun" or "nice."

The categories of "Innocent" and "Experienced" explain the reason for the different portrayals of the nurses. The innocent woman is more focused on innocence personified: children. She herself sounds to be innocent, by allowing the children to stay out and allowing them to focus on their play rather than insisting they go inside. The nurse that was experienced insisted that they go inside and even declared that they wasted their day and their spring with playing. She can no longer relate to the children and sees their play in the sun, now "gone down" (5) to be time wasted.

The attitudes of the two nurses are complete opposites. The poem from *Songs of Innocence* emphasizes the beauty of the outside world: the green hills, the flying birds, and the sheep on the hill. The nurse not only seemed to appreciate the children but also the beauty of nature. It did not bother her to stay outside while the children continued to play. The nurse from *Songs of Experience* did not focus on the beauty of nature. Her face went "green and pale" (4) as she thought back on her own childhood. Having one's face go green is usually a symptom of sickness, as is going pale. Thinking back on her youth was not a positive experience for the nurse. Had she a fondness for her own childhood and for the outdoors, she might not have brought the children in so early and would not have considered their play to be a waste.

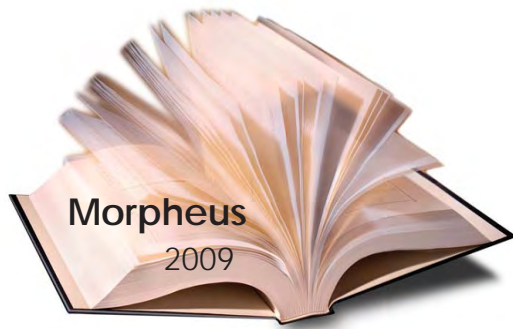


The experience in the “Nurse’s Song” of Songs of Innocence seems to be more pleasant than the song from Songs of Experience. Experience hardened the nurse of the experienced poem. The children more than likely went to bed disappointed because they were called to come in to play before they were done playing in the sunlight. The first nurse’s charges were happier for being allowed to play outside longer. Though they might not have comprehended it this way, the nurse was able to relate to them and find her own serenity in the outdoors while the children found their happiness.

Blake’s two poems were a perfect contrast to each other by providing examples of both innocence and enlightenment, showing the reader just how happy innocence left the nurse and her charges and how sad and strict the experienced nurse behaved. Though it was left unsaid, it can be implied that experience isn’t always a good thing. Experience, in the case of Blake’s two poems, hindered children at play and insisted that “your spring and your day are wasted in play, and your winter and night in disguise” (10).

Phonology

By Aimee Lupinski

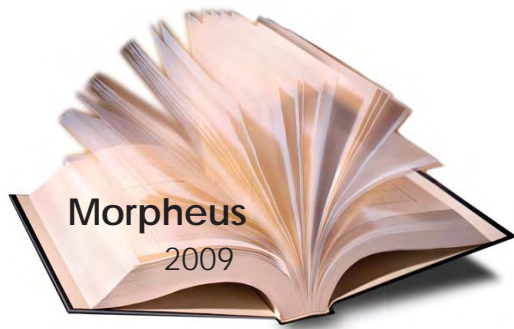


Due to certain dialects in the English language, often times words have more than one correct pronunciation. While native speakers still spell the words correctly, they adapt certain sounds. In some cases however, over the course of time, words become misconstrued, and they take completely different pronunciations, and in some cases, become entirely new words that still hold the same meanings. There are also words that are spelled different than they are pronounced, which causes problems for children when they are initially learning how to spell words properly.

When people talk in the English language, they have a tendency to scrunch all of the phonemes together. By doing this “rapid speech,” it causes morphemes to be dropped or changed, but native speakers are still able to understand the meaning of the word or sentence. The following examples are first the phonetic transcriptions of the sentence, and then followed by a phonetic pronunciation. Both examples are taken from Dane Cook. The sentence “what are you doing?” is phonetically transcribed as /w ^ t / a r / y u / d u I ŋ /, but it is pronounced as “what’re ya doin?” [w ^ t r y ə / d u I n]. The second example is the sentence, “Just coming on into my lane.” The phonetic transcription is /J ^ s t / k ^ m I ŋ / n / I n t u / m a y / l e n/, but it is pronounced [J ^ s / k ^ m ə n / n I n t ə / m a / l e n] in rapid speech English.

Often times in the English language, there are words that are pronounced differently. Despite how the vowels are changed, the spelling of the word remains the same. There is a popular love song that expresses the differences in pronunciation called “Let’s Call the Whole Thing Off” by Fred Astaire, and that is where the comparison of “potayto” and “potahto” begins. There is one vowel adaptation in each of the following words. The word “potato” may be pronounced /p o t e t o/ or /p o t a t o/; the word “tomato” is the same with different consonants. The vowel that acts as a variable in these words is “a,” which is pronounced /e/ or /a/ pending on the dialect. Despite the pronunciation of the words, there remains only one correct spelling. A native speaking, educated adult spells potato the same regardless of whether the vowel they stress is /e/ or /a/.

Each of the following examples has only one vowel that may have a different pronunciation. The word “neither,” or “either” works the same for this comparison, may be pronounced /n i ð r/ or /n a y ð r/. Unlike with “potato,” one of “neither’s” pronunciations contains a diphthong, which is where two vowels are combined to form one morpheme. The final two examples, “pajamas” and “milk”, simply reiterate the descriptions already provided. “Pajamas” may be pronounced /p ^ j æ m ^ z/ or /p ^ j a m ^ z/. They are not called by that term very often by the adolescents in today’s society, but the baby boomer generation is still using the word consistently. The term has been replaced by the youth in society by an abbreviation “P.J.s.” The other example is the word “milk;” most people pronounce it /m I l k/, but certain dialects, typically they are more West Virginia based, pronounce it [m l k].



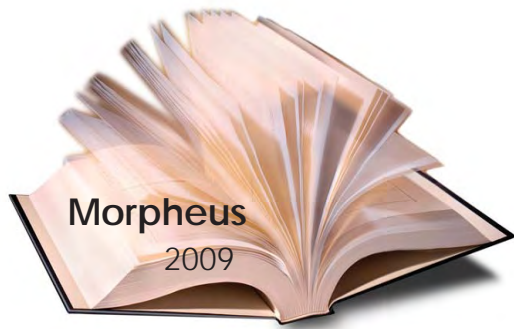
In the original pronunciation of the word, there are three vowels that combine to form the abbreviated version, “mayo” or [m e y o]. There are also a number of words in the English language that are mispronounced, and misspelled. These words do not have the dialect as a reason for variance in pronunciation; they are blatantly mispronounced. One of the most common mispronunciations in the English language is the word “et cetera.” While it is two separate words, native speakers will mesh it into one word. Therefore, / t / s t r ^ / becomes [k s t r ^]. Despite the mispronunciation of the word, it is usually spelled correctly. The same statement is true for the next example; often times the word “wasn’t” is pronounced [w ^ d I n t]. The appropriate pronunciation is [w ^ z I n t], however, due to the emergence of slang, the /z/ becomes transformed into a /d/. However, there are many words in the English language that have been skewed so far from their real pronunciations that they are no longer the same word as the original word from which they started. A few examples of this idea are the words “mayonnaise,” “utmost,” and “supposedly.” First, the word “mayonnaise” has gone from a literal reading and pronunciation to a distorted one. Whereas the term typically reads as /m e y o n e z/, it has been twisted into [m æ n e z]. Like the examples in the aforementioned, only the first vowel has been changed.

The word “utmost” has been distorted so far that it has become a new word, “upmost.” “Utmost” means the highest, the only association that the word holds with “up” is the high regard. This example differs from the others because it is changing a consonant sound as opposed to a vowel. The word changes from / ^ t m o s t / to [^ p m o s t], so that the /t/ becomes a [p] instead. It becomes an easy switch to make in the consonant sounds because the sound /t/ and /p/ are both voiceless consonants that focus in the front of the mouth. While /t/ is created by the tongue against the teeth, /p/ uses only the lips.

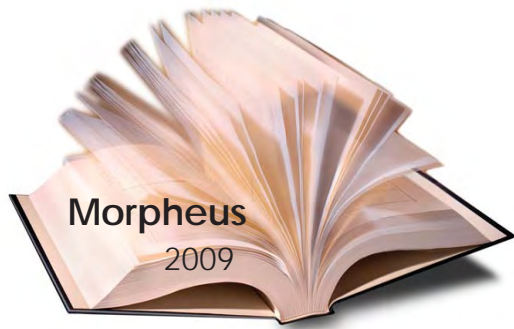
Beginning with the words “phone,” and “knife,” they contain one of the largest issues for children to overcome, the silent consonants that appear when written, but not when spoken. In “phone,” the sound /f/ appears as “ph,” which does not make sense in a child’s mind. The word is pronounced [f o n], and typically a child would spell it either “fon” or “fone.” Likewise, in “knife,” the “k” is silent and the sound goes straight to /n/. The word is pronounced [n ay f], but if read from a page a child may pronounce it [k n ay f].

Similarly, the words “cheese” and “carrot” cause issues for children for two reasons; first, like the previous examples, the word sounds different than they are appear when written, second, the double letters appear. For a child, they may write “cheese” as “cheze,” which would make sense because it is pronounced [č i z]. “E” makes a long “e” sound when by itself, so a child may not think to add a second “e” to the word when spelling it. “Carrot” is similar to this because a child may spell the word “kerit,” which is how it is pronounced, [k r I t].

The English language is one of the hardest to master because of all of the adaptations it’s native speakers have made to it. There are words that have two different pronunciations based on the dialect, but the spelling is not altered. There are words that have one correct pronunciation, but the native speakers have distorted it into either a mispronunciation or a completely new word, but are still generally spelled correctly. Of course, life would be incomplete without the hassle of words that are pronounced differently than they are spelled. All of these words and sounds create the English language as it stands today.



Finally, the word “drawer” brings up all sorts of problems for children. The word is pronounced [d r o r], and that is how a child would probably spell it, “dror.” The problem that this word does not appear like it is pronounced at all. The “a” vowel sounds like /o/, and the “e” does not make sound between the “w” and “r.” The only consonant that does not create it’s typical sound is “w.” For a child, words in these last five examples are a nightmare because they are not spelled the way they sound, and they cannot sound the word out to spell it. It becomes a learned trait where they simply memorize the words that do not appear as they are pronounced.

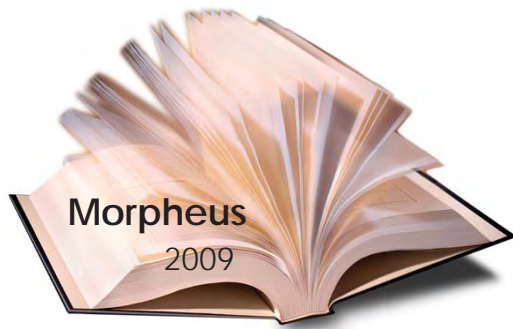


“Under The Lion’s Paw” *By Elizabeth Shrider*

“Under The Lion’s Paw” by Hamlin Garland is a compelling story about a young family struggling to make it in the rough conditions of the west, during the time of expansion. This short story, although it is fictional, tells the true story of many people who struggled to make a life for themselves out west. It is easy to see that achieving the “American Dream” is not as easy as it oftentimes seems. Here, you can see that Hamlin Garland recognized the many pitfalls and hardships that the working men of the west had to overcome in order to one day experience success for themselves and their families. Interestingly enough, many of these struggles still exist in culture today, in various ways. Perhaps, “Under The Lion’s Paw” is the timeless tale of struggle between the working classes and the upper classes.

Since we were young children we were all taught the value of hard work. Everything from cartoons, to comic books to short Bible stories told in Sunday school all emphasized working hard. An excellent example of hard work is illustrated in the Bible, concerning Noah building an ark to save himself and his family from a great flood that would destroy all living creatures. God came to Noah one day and told him that Earth had become too corrupt and that he was going to flood the Earth and kill off all of the unrighteous people. However, God was willing to spare Noah and his family, if he was willing to build an ark to save himself, his descendants and enough animals to repopulate the Earth (New International Version, Gen. 6 11-21). As you may know, Noah accepted the challenge and built the ark. The flood came and, indeed, all of the population was eliminated, except for those who were saved by Noah’s ark. In this story, Noah dedicated a great deal of his life to constructing an ark to fulfill the wishes of the Lord and in the end his hard work paid off, because he and his family were spared from their inevitable death.

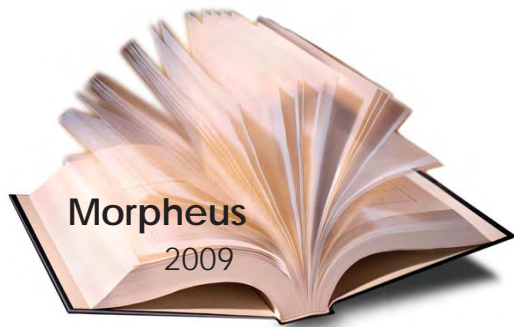
Although we were commonly taught that hard work will get you ahead in life, that is not always the case. As one reads through, “Under The Lion’s Paw” it is easy to see that hard work is a quality that is emphasized as a very admirable trait. The majority of the main characters in the story are very hardworking individuals, all of which comprise the working class. As the narrator describes the work of the Haskins, “They rose early and toiled without intermission till the darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor” (Garland). It is clear that the Haskins are willing to work for what they get. Butler, on the other hand, does not feel the need to put in any work whatsoever. When asked if he still takes a plow out to his fields himself, Butler responds: “I don’t haff to” (Garland). In this story, Butler represents the upper classes, or those who live privileged lives, without actually working for what they receive. It is extremely easy for the reader to come to conclusions on how Garland feels concerning hard work: he obviously values it greatly and feels that hard work is the only real way to get ahead in life. As you can see in the story, in the end Butler ends up losing face because he tries to get too greedy.



Another important aspect of “Under The Lion’s Paw” is a general understanding of the society that surrounds the story. Land speculation was a very common practice in the time period in which the short narrative was composed. Land speculation is defined as “engagement in commercial transactions that involve risk with the hope of profiting as a result of market fluctuations” (Webster’s College Dictionary 1177). In other words, speculators would invest in a high risk purchase and hope to sell it for more than they paid, making a large profit with literally no work. Butler engages in land speculation in our story, he agrees to let the Haskins family live and work on one of his purchased farms, with the intent that they will one day purchase the farm from him. However, always looking to make a profit, Butler attempts to take advantage of the work that the Haskins put into the farm by raising his selling price after he learns of all of the improvements made to the property. Haskins most likely thought he was dealing with an honest man because of all of the hospitality he received from Council and the surrounding farmers when he was struggling. I’m sure this scenario was not uncommon in the time period that the story was composed: a wealthy landowner taking advantage of a poor farmer, simply because he can.

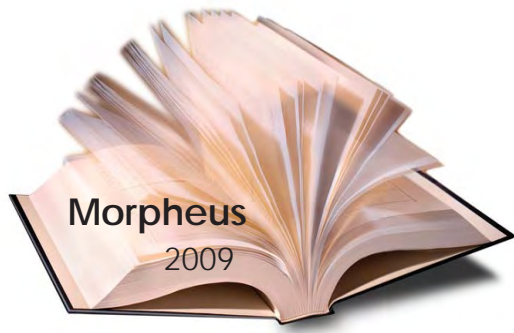
It is obvious that the Haskins’ were simply trying to live the “American Dream.” They were hard working individuals who were always struggling to get by. They lost their previous farm as a result of grasshoppers, not bad farming techniques and knew it was time to move westward. Haskins told Council, “I couldn’t help thinkin’ of all that land back here that nobuddy was usin’ that I ought ‘o had ‘stead o’ bein’ out there in that cussed country” (Garland). Haskins moved westward to achieve the “American Dream.” “In the West a man’s homestead was his cattle, and on it he could live and raise his family and be self-reliant and ingenious and independent and free. Every man in America with spunk and imagination could provide himself a farm: could wage his own war on poverty and win it” (Decker 357). The Haskins’, like all western settlers felt that moving west was their chance to start over and make a better life for themselves. However, as we learned in the story, life out west was not as easy as it seemed. “The western home seeker had had the deck stacked against him from the outset, that pioneering was neither idyllic nor profitable” (Decker 358). It was not easy to move out west and build a farm from the ground up; no matter how hard one was willing to work. Under these circumstances, hard work did not always equal success.

By nature, land speculation was a somewhat corrupt business to take part in. Traditionally, land speculators are seen as scheming individuals, seeking to make a profit regardless of the ill effects to those surrounding them (Decker 359). In our story, the Haskins’s were taken advantage of by a greedy land speculator, Butler. The sad truth is there is nothing that the Haskins’s could do to protect themselves. The law would inevitably favor Butler, the wealthy landowner, not the poor farmer who was struggling to survive. It is clear that Garland uses the symbol of a lion’s paw throughout his work to show his distaste for the entire business of land speculation. Traditionally, lions are symbols of “greed, political corruption and social oppression” (Teorey 42), all of which apply to Butler. He was a greedy man, who was obviously corrupt and openly oppressive to those who he permitted to use his land. Throughout the story one can see that Garland’s imagery implies that “honest, hardworking individuals were overmatched by these industrial and financial ‘lions,’” (Teorey 45). Furthermore, Garland “urges those individuals not to give up, but to unify and fight the beasts of the American economic and political jungle” (Teorey 45). As one can see, Garland is advocating for the poor farmers who are struggling to survive. He wants them to be able to achieve the “American Dream,” yet he realizes that this dream is often-times unattainable; regardless of how hard one is willing to work.



Personally, when I read “Under The Lion’s Paw,” I am reminded of my home town. I live in a farming community, so I am very familiar with the “poor, struggling farmer” stereotype. Although they are few and far between, I would like to point out that it is possible to live rather comfortably off a farming income. However, when questioning myself as to whether my values coincide with those of this particular literary work, I find that my values for the most part are the same as those presented in the story. I was taught that hard work is the only way to get ahead in life, and always work to attain what I want, much like the workers of the story. It is actually quite sad to reflect on the idea of hard work in today’s society. It seems that those who work hard are always the people who end up in last place. When one considers the people we, as Americans, look up it is apparent that these people do not truly deserve our admiration. We admire and idolize people who do very little work and end up with large rewards. Every child wants to be a singer or actor because those are the people who are living the “American Dream:” nice car, enormous house, everything you could ever want. You don’t ever hear children say, “I want to be a public school teacher in rural America, so I can work hard my entire life and never have anything to show for all of my toils and frustrations throughout the years.” Don’t get me wrong, my mother is a public school teacher in rural America, and she is very happy, however, the majority of her work goes unnoticed.

In today’s society it is also not uncommon for a wealthier person to try to take advantage of a struggling soul. There are dozens of “Get Rich Quick” schemes, several of which are simply scams, which leave people worse off than before they tried to improve their lifestyle. Honestly, people would be better off if they just accepted the fact that they were going to have to put in a great deal of work in order to live the life they desire and not try to get ahead by taking a shortcut. Although it doesn’t always show, I still feel that hard work will equal success. It may not be success in the form of the lifestyle in which you live, but you will experience success nonetheless. Even if it is just the knowledge that you worked hard to get where you are today, even if it is not where you desire to be, that is still success to me. Works Cited



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3rd Place Visual Arts
Photo by Liz Kurtzman

General Nonfiction

1st Place

*We've Got Magic to Do:
The Fall Production of "Pippin"*

Aimee Lupinski

2nd Place

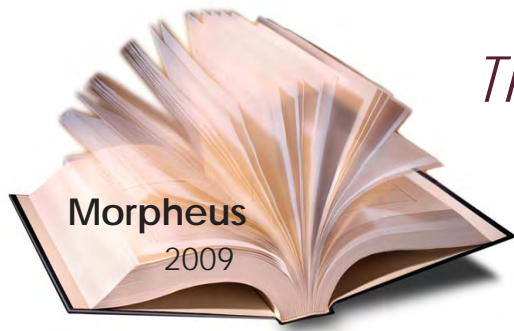
Getting Past the Abuse

Elizabeth Shrider

3rd Place

Car Trouble

Elizabeth Shrider



We've Got Magic to Do: The Fall Production of "Pippin"

By Aimee Lupinski

"We've got magic to do as we go along our way." Jeff Meyers Jr.'s voice will be echoing through Gundlach Theater as the fall production of "Pippin" opens. Meyers, cast as the role Leading Player, launches the show with the help of the Band of Players.

The musical, directed by Christopher Tucci, director of theater, is set to open October 8 at 8 p.m. It will run from Thursday, October 8, to Sunday, October 11; the final performance on Sunday begins at 2 p.m. For those who are unable to attend these performances, there is also an open dress rehearsal on Wednesday, October 7, at 8 p.m.

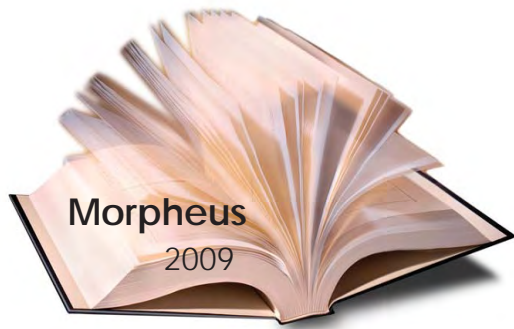
"Pippin," written by Roger O. Hirson with lyrics and music by Stephen Schwartz, is a comical performance focused on the son of Charlemagne, Pippin, played by sophomore Brett Meadows. Throughout the musical, Pippin is on a quest to find a purpose to his life—his own "corner of the sky." According to MusicalSchwartz.com the musical opened October 23, 1972, on Broadway and ran for nearly 1950 performances.

Pippin goes through various means of finding his fulfillment such as war, love, and politics. Jeff Meyers explained: "[Pippin] is led by a band of players along this life path, and, he finds by the end of the play, it is difficult to find fulfillment in just one thing." Meyers, whom you may have seen as Snoopy in "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown", takes on a different role as Leading Player, who, as Meyers describes it, is "the orchestrator of the whole quest of helping Pippin find his fulfillment."

It is a common consensus among the cast that "Pippin" is a difficult show to produce for such a small community like Heidelberg. Dr. Michael Anders will be directing the orchestra of six members because, as Tucci stated, "the music theatre major requires students to use live music." With nineteen members in the cast, and sixteen members of the crew behind the scenes, there is a lot of preparation occurring for the performance.

Stage manager, Alyssa Sullivan teetered on a ladder while she hung lights in preparation for the performance as she explained: "I'm really excited about this show just because the set is so intricate." There will be trapdoors, flashes of fire and smoke, which is incredibly elaborate for Heidelberg's growing theatre program. a lot of the show, but trust me when I say it's by far the most unique role anyone could encounter."

Sullivan also noted that this type of performance is uncommon for Heidelberg. Her favorite word to use when describing "Pippin" is avant-garde. "It's very modernized. Normally in Heidelberg theatre we do everything by the books, and by what the script says. What's fun this year is that we're actually changing it around and modernizing it so that people will actually understand it. It's gonna be good."



Unlike past performances at Heidelberg, the stage layout is created so that all characters may be seen at all times. No matter where your eyes wander, you are able to see the different characters. This technique allows for the audience members who attend multiple performances to see the improvised moments of the show.

Sullivan laughed, “You could watch Brent Holmes one night and he’ll be doing one thing, and then watch David Glover the next, and he’ll be doing something completely different... You’ll catch something new every time you watch the show.” If you have never seen a musical before or even set foot into Gundlach Theater, make “Pippin” your first experience. As Meyers explained, “This show is different from a lot of shows in that musicals are technically seen as “The Sound of Music” or “The Music Man.” People who wouldn’t have heard of theatre at that point would probably think of these shows first, and it’s not the manner of this show at all. Because this is a musical that deals with twists and turns and you perceiving it one way and your neighbor perceiving it another.”

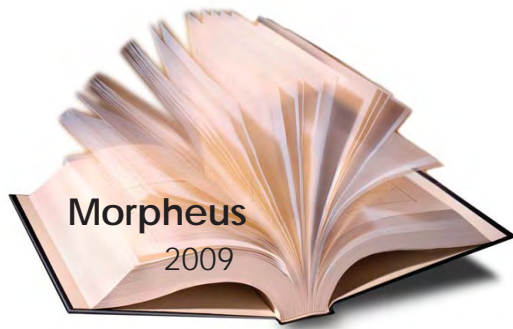
“This is quite literally something you’ve NEVER seen before. I can probably guarantee that no-one on the Heidelberg campus has ever encountered a show quite like this before. You just have to look around and see members of the cast dyeing their hair to know that this... it’s something special,” Holmes stated with his newly dyed bleached blonde hair.

As he sat on a step to the stage, Tucci showed his excitement for his first musical at Heidelberg; “It ties into Heidelberg’s tagline of “building your success” because just as students here at Heidelberg build their own success, Pippin must, on his journey to fulfillment, find his own success.”

“Pippin” opens a new door for Heidelberg University, not only in its efforts to further its advancements in the theatre department, but also to connect on a personal level with each audience member. As she climbed around the set, Sullivan made a final comment; “You’ve never seen anything like this at Heidelberg, at least I haven’t. I’m a senior here, and I’ve never done a show like it before.”

Getting Past the Abuse

By Elizabeth Shrider



For Kay Main reliving her tragic childhood is painful, but something she does to prevent the abuse that happened to her from happening to another young victim.

She walked into the room and sat down on what is possibly the coziest couch ever made. The walls surrounding her were covered with pictures of her children and various nieces and nephews. Before she opened her mouth to tell her story, one would never guess that she was the victim of both sexual and verbal abuse as a child.

As Kay Main sat in the living room of her two-story home, located in a rural village, she spoke of how she was abused sexually and verbally as a child. Kay was abused sexually for a few years; however the emotional abuse continued until she was 38.

The sexual abuse started shortly after Kay's mother remarried. Kay was the second of two children at the time the maltreatment started; her older sister, Pat, was in the hospital recovering from a back surgery.

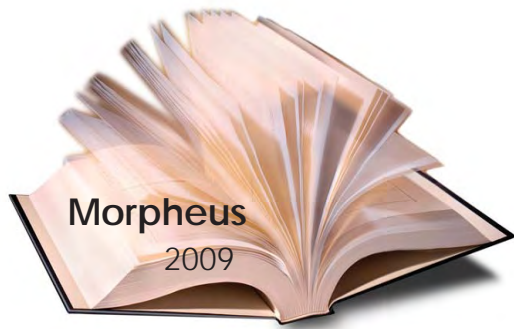
Kay recalls being sent to her room for misbehaving as her mother, Emma, was leaving for the store. Shortly after her mother left, her stepfather, Leonard, came into her bedroom and exposed himself to her and swore Kay to secrecy. Kay informed her mother of the incident when she arrived back home, and after confronting Leonard, Emma scolded Kay and told her to never talk about it again.

The abuse continued for four years, until Emma and Leonard got a divorce. "The abuse made me feel like I had to have done something to deserve it," Kay stated. "My own mom didn't believe me, but really I didn't feel she cared enough to do anything. I felt then, and I still feel now, that having a man in her life and not having another divorce was more important than her daughter."

As Kay looked back on her experience, she recalled being separated from her extended family. "As soon as Leonard came into the picture, he forbid us to see our dad or our grandparents," Kay stated. "We moved to a new town, a new school...all so he could keep this tight little web around us. He even moved us into the country so we were more isolated. He also burned all the pictures of my dad, so it was just his sick and twisted little world."

Kay was not the only one to be sexually abused by her step-father; her older sister, Pat, was also abused, but the abuse started much later. Pat was in and out of the hospital because of troubles with her back, and then in a full-body cast. Kay and Pat didn't discuss the abuse that they were both experiencing for a long time. According to Kay, "He [Leonard] had always promised me that he wasn't doing it to her [Pat] and he told her that he wasn't abusing me."

Unfortunately, although the sexual abuse stopped, the pain did not subside. "I wanted to be loved, but didn't feel like I was good enough for that," Kay recalled. "I was not a pretty person and I came from the wrong side of the tracks, so to speak. I just felt like I was not good enough for anyone or anything."



Shortly following the end of the sexual abuse, Kay began to experience a different form of abuse from her mother, Emma. Kay was forced to take the role of mother from the time she was in sixth grade until she left for college, raising her twin siblings, Amie and Lenny, that her mother had with Leonard, and later Shane, a brother from another marriage.

Kay would spend her evenings caring for her brothers and sisters, having no social life to speak of. Kay recalled that her mother was “unstable then so often she spent the weekends screaming about all the things I did wrong and telling me that she hated me and wished I was never born.”

Kay then decided that she was going to change her life and become what she wanted to be. “I had a choice: I could be weak like her [her mother] or a failure like him [her birth father, who died from alcoholism shortly after the sexual abuse stopped]. Neither choice worked for me,” Kay recalled, “so I went to college.”

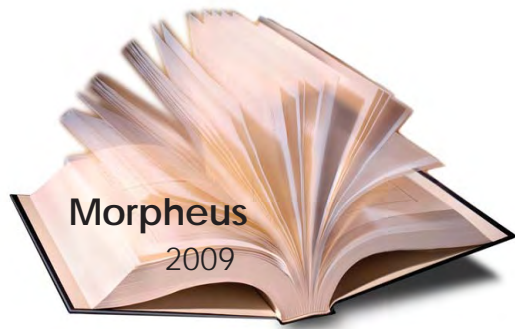
Now a second grade teacher at a rural public school, Kay decided to become an educator so she could possibly prevent future generations from having to endure the abuse that she did as a child. “I decided to protect everyone I could from whatever I could,” says Kay. “I want them to all feel safe and secure all day long even if they have to go home to mean parents.”

Kay has reported child abuse on several occasions; however, the abuse has never been bad enough to have the children removed from the homes. Kay is sensitive to not only physical abuse, but verbal and emotional abuse as well. “Sometimes I know the child is being verbally or emotionally damaged in the home, but there is nothing to do except try and talk to the parents in a way that will educate them a little and yet not make it seem like I know anything.”

“Abuse is all about the abuser,” Kay stated. “It is all about what they want, what they can’t cope with, and their feelings. They are selfish and sick individuals. It is the poor abused kids that suffer in silence. There is always the fear that you will tell someone and they will think you deserved it. If only you were smarter, better behaved, cuter...the sad thing is it takes years for the abused to realize that even though it happened to them, it was never about them. They were the victim...just a part of the sick world of someone who uses their power over someone who has little or none of their own.”

Kay is one of many survivors who have beaten the odds. According to Prevent Child Abuse, Ohio, “Survivors of abuse are six times more likely to become abusive parents.” Kay is now a loving parent and spouse and a respected educator. Kay was able to place the abuse she experienced in her past, forgive her abusers and become the type of person she wanted to be.

“You have to forgive to be able to be free from the abuse. You have to come to the point where you know the hatred you feel is hurting you more than them.”



Car Trouble

By Elizabeth Shrider

I was in love with Elaine. She was an apple red 2004 Hyundai Elantra, fully loaded with a moon roof (I name everything I own; therefore a car is no exception). It is safe to say that the day my parents purchased Elaine for me was by far the happiest day of my life.

Obviously, because Elaine was so deeply loved, there were rules concerning her. Now that I look back I realize that I was completely psychotic and everyone most likely thought I was an idiot, but at the time every single rule made sense. The first, and most important rule, was that I was the only person permitted to drive her, with the exception of my parents, who were paying the car payment, so I really could not stop them. There was absolutely no eating or drinking of any kind while riding in Elaine, and more than once, dirty people were denied transportation.

Furthermore, if you were a passenger in Elaine, you were to treat her with the utmost respect.

Unfortunately, my time with Elaine was cut short. We only spent one sweet, sweet year with one another before the unthinkable happened: we were hit by a bus...in a parking lot...and yes, this is a true story.

Elaine and I, accompanied by three of my girlfriends, were making a trip to Columbus to do a little shopping. We had safely made it to the promised land, err the parking lot, when I let my guard down and did not notice that I was driving on a two lane road. I went to make a left-hand turn from the outside lane, turning right into a large metropolitan bus.

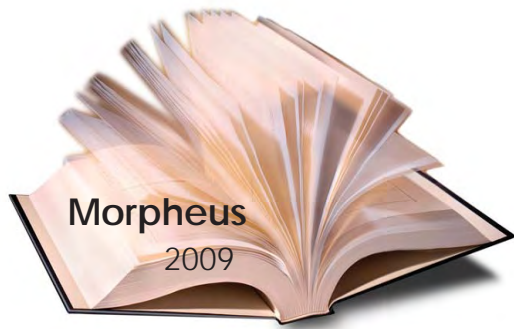
Yes, I got hit by a bus, in a parking lot, going around eight miles an hour.

Luckily, no one was injured, except for my dear Elaine. She sustained substantial damage on the driver's door, pushing the entire steering column to the right. The heavens started to cry as soon as the accident occurred, or, I guess one could say, it began to rain.

So here we are, two hours away from home, with a wrecked car, in the rain, in a parking lot. Of course I did what any reasonable person would do: I called my daddy so he could make it all better.

The mall security came and we all had to fill out accident reports. Finally, we were cleared to leave the scene and go shop, although none of us really felt like shopping. But alas, there's nothing like retail therapy to mend a broken heart.

I soon discovered that there was glass from a broken window everywhere; including places one should never have glass: down my shirt, in my shoes, in my skirt, stuck to my butt, in my hair-
EVERYWHERE.



Needless to say, my parents came to the mall to tow Elaine and a few frazzled girls back home. I must admit the worst part of the entire situation was waiting to see what would happen to my beloved Elaine: would she be fixed or totaled?

I can joke about the entire situation now, but at the time I was an emotional wreck. One night, as I was lying on my bed crying over the possible loss of my dear Elaine, my sister made a comment about getting a new car. In my state of despair I cried out, “She’s not dead yet!” and fled from the room to find comfort.

I found none. My family thought I was being foolish. Many tears were shed over Elaine, each confronted with laughter from my friends and family. We had a deep connection, and I will always hold a place in my heart for her.

Disclaimer: I do realize that I was being overly dramatic and now that I have a new car (no comparison to Elaine) I also realize that it is just a car...but we had a deep bond that no one can ever understand.

Senior Seminar in Writing Major Writing Projects

Kelly Anderson

Growing up Down

Sam Dailey

Growth of Heidelberg: A Student's Guide to Campus

Dennis N. LoConti Jr.

Coming Out

Aimee Lupinski

Smoke Clouds on the Georgia Breeze

Jonna Mayberry

The Not-So-Rich Student's Guide: España

Elizabeth Shrider

Finesse: Practical Advice for the Everyday Woman

Alyssa Sullivan

Ode to Gundlach

Growing up Down

Kelly Anderson

Thirteen

They never taught us this
Of the blood, the pain, the breaking
Never mind the neglected foreplay
They never even mentioned that
But school kids talk of this and that
Though it never seemed a great concern

There was never talk of bondage,
Of rape, of mutilation, of families gone silent
Or anything about incest
There was never any information
On what to do when scared
Or when you've got no one to turn to

They never mentioned of an age
There never was a single glance
Towards me of just thirteen
Who walked about with broken lips
With a limp to show it off
And a rug burn on my cheek

High School

They're all masked and blind
Avoiding bruises on my neck
Shaped in the form of fingers
I sit in silent mourning
Wishing for better and haven
But it's not coming
Cause they've all got masks
Blinding them from others' plight
With earplugs clogging listening
I sit in silent mourning
Anticipating this years end
Who is slow to come
But it's ok
Cause I won't use a mask
To hide my hoping
For someone's seeing eyes
And unclogged ears of listening
Without a mask to hide their truth

Starting

It started in the basement
On cold concrete floor
Mother had taken brother out
With sad eyes shying away from me
I didn't know what to expect
Certainly not what happened next
I shook, I trembled, I quaked
As I tried to protest
But they didn't care
Called me a slut, whore, their doll
Did with me as they saw fit
Though daddy didn't touch me
He enjoyed it greatly
Laughing so hard when he exposed himself
And saw my streaming tears
Uncle simply hit me
Then shoved it down my throat
Before he shouted in triumph
Laughed as he left our house
Returning whenever he saw fit
And daddy encouraged the games he played
With ropes and whips and plastic worms

Escape

There's no such word-
better to say it's a lie-

As they mock me,
the one inside me
and the one recording me

Spitting out the words most hated
the truth of this destiny

Drained

it's been three years
and I can't fight it
not anymore in this house
nor at school
a lack of sanctuary
so I day dream

visit Morpheus everyday
in the day
escaping in my own way
away from the pawing and leering
the averting of eyes and ears

it just
tires me
and leaves
me with
the feeling
of being
Drained

The Family Business

**A cop's the role dad plays
while uncle plays at law
Mom pretends innocence
while sister hides her bruises
Don't know what's going on
all I know's that sister's sad
Father's sick and uncle's perverse
as mom pretends innocence**

Hello Uncle

**She leans against the window pane
Cold with snow burns her cheek
Pressed against a winter window
And moving with brutal love
Of insanities lust gone wrong
Gasping beside her ear
Clogged with daydreams of escape
From realities harsh crush against
Her blood soaked women-hood
Blankly waiting for the spill
Signaling an end to winter's
Harsh window pane against her cheek**

Disgusting

A worm
Wriggling, slimy
Inside me
Inside my canal
Pulsing and making me
Sick
It also made me bleed
Oh how I hate those
Nasty, swollen worms
Shoved up in my canal

Mütter

sis taught me this word as she learned German
and for some odd reason I like it a lot
not so much now, no, not really
cause when I first heard sis scream
she was already sixteen
and I know who she screamed for
it was you Mütter, Mütter
yes you, Mother, Mother

AppliCatioN

I've got it hid beneath the pillowcase
folded in a book of prose
that none would want to read

i filled it out with shaky letters
Praying none would find it
before sneaking to the post office

i waited day and day again
clutching onto hopes last thread
Trying not to let it fray

I found my clammy fingers slipping
bringing my eyes closer to dullness
and just as the thread broke

i finally received the reply
Creating ground beneath my feet
as i hid it beneath their noses

i've accomplished my one true wish
as i open a thick envelope
Displaying conformation and information on where i now could go

goodbye little brother

*peace has come to take me away
away to Massachusetts' heart
a heart where dreams won't haunt me
me who screamed in agony and fear
fear because our father stood
stood and watched with glee
glee from uncle raping me
me who was thirteen
so thirteen hours I will spend
spend on the road to an education
an education where nightmares won't be present
present as I wish you could be
be here beside me as I sigh goodbye
goodbye to you, my little brother*

Something I'd never had before

I stared in awe at my sanctuary
Nothing like the pictures I'd seen
And that's when I meet her
The girl who'd live with me
Kind and caring she gave me first choice
Something I'd never had before
With a simple smile we drew close
Till it happened
A nightmare of screaming, begging, and pleading
Which she quickly woke me from

In despair I feared she'd leave
Eyes cast down she just held me
Stroking my hair and providing a warmth
Something I'd never had before
She didn't leave me
Not that night, nor the next
Instead she combined our beds
Held me close to fight the dreams
Till it happened
I caved in and told my story

Her eyes grew cold, distant
Before she made a promise
One which I could not believe
She took me home for a break
And did the deed I had dreamed about
Before stealing away from the house
Taking us, my brother and me,
Running to the border
Escaping from that hellish hole, never to return
Something I'd never had before

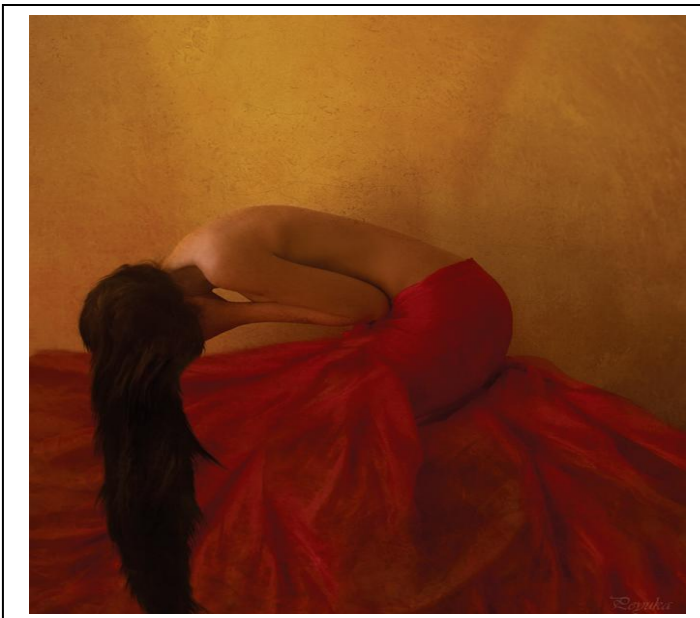
She Told Me So

the night she Confessed it all
was the night it awoke,
my Bloodlust
something my parents had Feared,
but it doesn't matter
'cause here's a girl who needs me
as the Monster that was feared
rises to the surface
to do a little deed
which could Save this girl - and her brother -
from such agony
and push us on the Run



Sweet Wine

I took her home, with a bottle of champagne
Assisted with the table
Setting up the evening meal
None of them even saw
The little dust quick to dissolve
And as the champagne flowed from glass to throat
I ushered her to pack some bags
For her brother and herself
My little treat began to affect their weak defenses
Sending them off within the hour
To the realm of dreams
Though dreams they would not see
For as they dosed I set my plan
Found the rope and bound them tight
Took them to the basement
Pushed her brother out the door and told her I'd be done
At least within an hours time
So wait for me down at the mall
And so she did, leave me that is
To what ever I'd devised
Luckily she never heard the screaming and the wails
As first one and then another
Woke from their enforced slumber
I smiled as I looked at the tools and choose my favorite one
With the father I choose the
Oops, I don't think they'll put that in the papers



DON'T

don't show my brother the blood on your hands
don't leave us behind to deal with "mother"
yes, you claim she's no real mother
don't let the world see your blood soaked fork
don't leave the eyes on the floor
it's creepy with the gouges in their center
don't show the world my wounds
don't leave the bodies with evidence
I couldn't stand to see you go
don't let my brother know their crimes
don't leave me with a swelling womb
I don't know if I can take it without you

Untitled

He would whisper through choked sobs
'Sorry, sorry. I'm so sorry.'
To his sister's dreaming body
Then it's too much

He looks out the window to the night
With mocking stars and silent moon
Wishing he could kill the world
Take all her pain away

He fights it, he fights it
The malice building up
Going right for the jugular
Trapping him in rage

He jumps at the hands
Blocking all the sights and holding his abdomen
Keeping him from jumping towards the pool
Tipping him back to fear

He listens to the voice
Cooing in his ear
Calming savage urges
Telling how it's already done

Mexico

A hot sky pulsates above
A dry earth cracks beneath
A pain brings screaming life
A love cannot be killed
A life must now be lived

Old versus New

It was white and plain
Humble in a neighborhood
Where there was no crime

Yeah right

Here is so much better
Friendly faces and fewer lies
A better place to call our own

Clichéd? I know

At least there's four
With care and love for all
Along with jobs a plenty

Yes, we still fight

It's better here than it was there
Cause at least there's some freedom
And no means no

She won't let it be any other way

Baby

Nine months later

Such a long time
Such a short time

It's been nine months

Since he raped me
Since she saved me

Nine months, give or take

Of running till we're lost
Of running till we're free

Nine months

And now she's here
With my eyes and his hair

Nine months of worrying

But I can't let her go
Cause I can't seem to hate her

Nine months is all it took

Now there's four instead of three
And a little extra happiness

Dreams

Sometimes I wake to her screaming
I check on her brother
Then I go to her

She's begging for reason
She's pleading for her mommy
She's fighting for a stop

Sometimes I wake to his weeping
He can't stand his sister's crying
I can only hold him

He's begging for reason
He's pleading for his sister
He's fighting for forgiveness

Newspaper Clipping

I found the newspaper discarded in the hotel lounge
On my break I flipped on through it
Then did a double take before falling to the ground
Luckily no one was about
And as quick as I could I hid it in my spot
Went to work for another five hours before heading home

I showed my sister who held the baby -
Only two months old -
I took the baby from her grasp
Grateful when she let out a gasp and dropped the paper
On the floor it scattered
Leaving one distinctive article drawing all our eyes

The headline read *GRUESOME MURDER OF THREE*
And spoke of a family supper
Where wife and husband sat with his brother
Over thanksgiving dinner
Found dead at the scene of this disgusting crime
The picture of a comfy home place in the middle

Reminded the two of the life they had fled
With the girl the police
Would never be able to find
In a small little town
Located in a haven
Down in Mexico

Remember, Remember

Staring at the frozen moon
Settled in blue raspberry ice-cream
Slipping into memories
Speared through with fear
Spiked with pain

But it's alright
Behind her wait's the three
Brother who works so hard
Baby silently sleeping and
Blood stained savior

Kitty-Cat

My little bundle of joy
At merely five years old
Knows just how to twist my heart
When bringing a kitty home

I know my brother
He'd prefer a dog
But it'll be just fine
Cause he adores his sweet-pea niece

The major question is
Will she agree?
I think she likes cats, and kids,
Ah, she's home and there's the cat

Looks ok, she doesn't mind
A smile on her face
Bringing peace to my mind
And then she names it: Dan

Cleaning

*Dan dances about the broom
Meowing, purring, being a nuisance
Lonely while the baby sleeps
Missing attention since brother's out
Waiting for her return
Then she'll have all the attention
She could possibly ever need
But she earns her keep
Dashing after a streak of white
Running from the room I'm sweeping
Reappearing with a gift
A small white mouse for dinner tonight*

What?!

There are days

Days I hate the most

Days where I remember

Days with icy fingers

Days cast in memory

Days of chains and whips

There are days

Days I cry the most

Days where I forget

Days with sunny rays

Days cast in future plans

Days of fields and giggles

There are days

Days I love the most

Days where I'm ok

Days with clouds and sun

Days cast in present tense

Days of now and new

How Long?

We talked of it the other day
My friend, my brother, and I
Of all the years that now have passed
Of how old she is, her smile, her schooling
We talked about the truth
Recounted the years now far past
We realized the simple fact
That time had passed and it was time
To fully realize that the hunt was over
They wouldn't find us

Growth of Heidelberg: A Student's Guide to Campus



Sign in front of University Hall (photo by Sam Dailey)

By: Sam Dailey

Author's Note

History is all around, but most of the time people don't take the time to delve into it. Many of the most fascinating stories are actually true.

When I chose to further my education by choosing Heidelberg College, now Heidelberg University, I knew that the school started in 1850 but other than that I knew next to nothing about the school's history.

Heidelberg has much to offer the students, faculty, alumni, and citizens of Tiffin, especially when speaking about history. Beeghly Library houses many volumes of *The Heidelberg Monthly Journal*, the *Argus*, and *The Kilikilik*, as well as almost every edition of *The Aurora*.

More than that, though, is the collection of information that can be found in the Heidelberg Archives. Located in the basement of College Hall, the Archives is a great place for finding information about the buildings, sports teams, literary publications, literary societies, and much more of Heidelberg's and Tiffin's past.

At the beginning of the 2009-2010 school year, I had the privilege of writing an article for the student newspaper, *The Kilikilik*, on how it received its unique name. It was only during the research stage of writing the article that I learned about the Archives.

After writing the article and hearing many people state that they had been very interested in the topic and hadn't known that much about Heidelberg's history, I was inspired to do a little more digging. Specifically I looked into the first six buildings of Heidelberg's campus. The first six were the foundation of the school, and even 159 years later, five of them are still standing and being used by Heidelberg.

Even more than that though, I wanted to write something that would be beneficial to future students. Heidelberg has a lot to offer in regards to classes, organizations, and the buildings that begin to feel like home. By including information about the current uses of the buildings on campus I hope to give incoming students an idea of where they will live, go to classes, and spend time with friends.

The First Six



Founders Hall from the front (Photo by Sam Dailey)

The Home of it all: Where Heidelberg Began

The first building built for Heidelberg College has gone through many changes over the years and has had many different purposes. Now called Founders Hall, the building was once used as a residence hall, offices, classrooms, and literary halls, all at the same time!

Designed in 1851 by Jeremiah H. Good, a founder of Heidelberg College as well as a math professor, the building was first known as College Ediface. This name only lasted until 1886, when it was renamed Old Heidelberg due to the construction of College Hall. When renovated in 1930 it was renamed again in honor of those men who started the college 80 years before, and it has been known as Founders Hall ever since.

When Good originally designed Founders Hall, it was to be five stories, made of brick, and was in a plan of Colonial style and Greek Revival. According to E.I.F. Williams *Heidelberg Democratic Christian College 1850-1950*, the building plans listed it as being 104 ft. long and 47 ft. wide. There were to be three full stories, a basement, and a half-story attic, making five stories total.

After completion the building would have 30 students' rooms, six recitation rooms, four halls, two ante-rooms, and two literary society halls.

The marble cornerstone of the building has 1851 etched in it because that was the year the basement was built. According to E.I.F. Williams' *Democratic Christian College* an estimated four to six thousand people attended the ceremony for the laying of the cornerstone. At that time the number of attendees was twice the population of Tiffin.

In his book Williams also mentioned that those in attendance included members of the Philosopher and Excelsior Literary Societies, trustees, officers,

faculty, members of the student body, the city council, the board of education, and other citizens.

Due to a lack of funding, the building was not completed until 1858, and they were unable to build the cupola that would have adorned the top of the building when facing the front.

From 1858 until 1944, Founders was used as a: men's residence, academic offices, classrooms, and literary halls. In 1944 the building became a women's residence hall.

According to the Spring 1972 Heidelberg Alumni Bulletin, for the 1972-1973 school year, President Leslie H. Fishel, jr. said that Founders would no longer be used as a residence hall. Instead it was to be used as an "enlarged theatre, faculty offices, a bookstore, and classrooms, with space to accommodate an overflow of students from residence halls if necessary.

Ever since 1974, Founders has been the home of the Speech and Theater Arts Department. During a renovation in the mid 1970s, Founders was attached to the newly built Gundlach Theatre.

There was also an archaeology lab in Founders Hall basement from 1983-1993.

Today Founders' Hall houses WHEI radio and TV, *the Kilikilik* office, classrooms, faculty offices, Founders' Little Theatre, the green room, and a box office for events held in Gundlach Theatre.

Many of the communications courses, as well as courses for the theatre arts program are held in the building. For a great number of students the time spent in Founders is because of their work with WHEI, both TV and radio, or because of their time spent working with the theatre department's numerous programs held in Gundlach.



The Octagon House located across the street from University Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

The Strangely Shaped House Built by a Mathematician

Though today it stands empty, many students still know The Octagon House. Located on E. Perry St., The Octagon House was built in 1851 and served as the home of Jeremiah H. Good and his family. Jeremiah lived in the house until his death in 1888, and his wife Sarah continued to live in the house until 1904.

According to information found in the Heidelberg Archives, it is believed that Jeremiah Good designed the house to allow for more space and light. During the 1850s it was popular to use the octagonal shape for houses, schools, churches, and barns.

The Octagon House, along with Gerhart's house and Ruben Good's house, became a part of Professor's Row.

From 1965-1968, Heidelberg used The Octagon House as a women's dormitory.

The Octagon House was purchased by Clair Forrest, who lived in the house from 1976-1977. It has remained vacant ever since.

Heidelberg bought the house from the Clair Forrest estate in 2006. and today the building stands empty.



The Art Department, located next to Brennemann Music Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

From President's Home to Art Department

Shortly after Jeremiah Good began work on The Octagon House, Ruben Good purchased a lot right beside him. The trustees of Heidelberg College then gave E.V. Gerhart, a professor and the first president of the college, a \$1000 loan in order to build a home. The trustees wanted Gerhart to live close to campus.

Gerhart lived in the house until his resignation in 1855. The trustees bought the house, which was then occupied by President Mouses Keiffer from 1855-1864.

The house was then purchased by Dr. Herman Rust, a professor of theology in 1866. Dr. Rust, then Rev. John Rust and his wife Mary lived in the house until the late 1930s.

Until the 1950s, a foreman by the name of Thomas Lloyd lived in the Gerhart House.

In the 1960s, the house was divided into furnished rooms and renamed as "The Echoes."

When Heidelberg repurchased the property in 1970 it became the German House, which was not only a residence area, but also held German language study areas.

In 2004, it became a Cooperative Learning Community House. Then, during the 2009-2010 school year, the Art Department moved from its former home in Krieg Hall to the Gerhart House.



The Brynton Honors House (Photo by Sam Dailey)

A New President's House

Created as a home for President George Williard in 1868, what was the new President's House is known today as the Brynton Honors House.

The two story brick home has eleven rooms and was built in a Victorian, Colonial Revival style. The designer of the house is unknown. When it was completed, the President's house cost \$4250.

In the history of the building, six Presidents and their families lived in the home: George Williard, John Peters, Charles Miller, Clarence Josephson, Nevin Harner, and William Wickham.

There has only been one change to the exterior of the building and that was the front porch which—according to the Archives—was destroyed by an explosion on June 1, 1935.

The building was used as the President's House until 1969. In 1970, it became the Development House and was used as Development, Alumni and Church Relations, Information, and Publications offices.

In 1996, the building changed once again and became the Honors House.

Today the Brynton Honors House is a quiet study area for all students who qualify for the Honors Program. There is a computer room with a printer, a bathroom, a room complete with snacks and a coffee pot, and a couple other study rooms located inside the building. Only Honors students are allowed into the building unless the non-Honors students have permission for working on a project with an Honors student.



The Boarding Hall (Photo courtesy of the Heidelberg Archives)

A Hall of the Past

From 1873-1926 there was a residence hall known as The Boarding Hall, or the Ladies' Boarding Hall.

Construction for this building began in 1872 and the cost was estimated at \$7,800. According to E.I.F. Williams' book, once completed the Ladies' Boarding Hall had "rooms to accommodate twenty-six women, a large dining hall, and six rooms for the use of the family of the person in charge of the building."

According to the Heidelberg Archives, ladies were expected to room and board in The Boarding Hall, where they would be under care of the faculty. The cost to live there was \$150 a year.

The Boarding Hall served as a women's dormitory until Williard Hall opened in 1907. Then Seminary students lived there until the seminary moved to Dayton, OH. After that time, The Boarding Hall was used as a men's dormitory.

In 1918, the Student Army Training Corps used The Boarding House as a barracks and mess hall.

After World War I, The Boarding Hall was unoccupied. In 1926 the decision came to raze the building. It was considered to be too great of a cost to renovate. They saved good bricks and lumber for use in building The Commons, what is now known as the Great Hall in Campus Center.



University Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Changing Names, Changing Times

When arriving on Heidelberg's campus, one of the first sights is that of the tower in College Hall. It has become a symbol of the school but it was not always that way. In fact, College Hall was only the second building on campus.

College Hall was constructed from 1884 to 1886, almost 30 years after the campus's first building was erected. When in the planning stages it was estimated by the Board of Trustees that the new building would cost \$40,000. However, by the time they finished in 1886, the cost had gone up to \$60,000.

Peters and Burns, a Dayton firm of architects, prepared the plans for what would become College Hall. Work began in fall 1884. On April 22, 1885, the cornerstone of Italian marble was laid on the foundation.

There was a celebration held on that day, where students, faculty, the Board of Trustees, and the citizens of Tiffin were invited to be a part of this historic moment. According to E.I.F. William's book *Heidelberg Democratic Christian College 1850-1950*, at the ceremony President Williard announced that "Tiffin had raised \$14,000 of its \$15,000 quota; the church at large \$22,000 of the \$25,000 assigned to it, and that over 3,000 names were on the list of subscribers."

A Bible, a copy of the Heidelberg Catechism, the Constitution of the Reformed Church, the Articles of Incorporation of the College, President Williard's History of Heidelberg College, the College catalogue, a historical sermon on the Theological Seminary by I.H. Reiter, documents relating to the Literary Societies, pictures designed and executed by "The Fisherman," Dreams of the Fisherman, and Minutes of the Ohio and General Synods were all placed in the stone of College Hall that day.

College Hall was finished and ready for commencement week in June 1886.

However, due to a shortage of funding, the building did not receive a heating system until November 1886.

A fact to note on the structure of College Hall is that the four sides of the building face the four cardinal points of the compass.

Since its construction in 1886, College Hall has had a great number of uses, including being the main administrative building, holding the campus library, a laboratory, some classrooms, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. rooms, the music conservatory, the art department, and a museum. Rickly Chapel, the President's and Dean's Offices, the Excelsior Men's Society Hall, and the Heidelberg Men's Society Hall have been located in the same location ever since College Hall was opened.

The library in College Hall was believed to have been on the second floor, and it opened in 1891 when it was decided to combine the numerous libraries and place them under the management of one person. Parley E. Zartman, Class of 1889, was hired as the librarian. In the October 1891 issue of The Heidelberg Monthly Journal, the Library's hours were from 8 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 5 p.m., except for Sundays, where the hours were from 8 a.m. to 12 a.m. At first students weren't able to take material from the library, as it took Zartman several weeks to catalogue and classify all of the books.

The laboratory was located in the basement. According to the February 1889 Heidelberg Monthly Journal, there were two rooms dedicated for use as a laboratory. The larger room had two working counters that could accommodate 24 students, and the counters held a cupboard below and drawers above for storage use. Students had Bunsen gas burners, test-tube racks, ring stands, funnels, flasks, and more in regards to supplies. The smaller room had cupboards and was used to store supplies and chemicals. At the time the laboratory was created, there were sixteen students pursuing Laboratory work.

One of the most important features of College Hall is the Tower. According to the Fall 1992 Heidelberg Bulletin, a new carillon was dedicated on September 12. In the article it stated that the 1955 model carillon had not been fully operational for 10 years. A contribution by Marian I. Larkin of the Class of 1930 made it all possible. It was said that the carillon could hold 72 songs in its memory, and that the master memory held patriotic songs, "Sweet Alma Home," and "Old Heidelberg," though there were plans to add more after the music department grew accustomed to operating the carillon. There were to be six different voices heard when songs were played: Cast bells, English bells, Tembrel bells, Celesta bells, harp bells, and an organ chime.

Over the years, College Hall has been known by many names. When first built it was called The New Building. Then it became College Hall, and when Heidelberg became a university, the building was renamed to University Hall. At one time it was even known as University Building, or "U Building."

Today University Hall is the home of the President's Office, Business Office, Registrar's Office, Admissions Office, Financial Aid Office, classrooms, fraternity halls, administrative offices, the Mail Room, the Print Shop, and Heidelberg Archives.

Residence Halls

Undoubtedly one of the most important places—other than the classrooms—for students is the residence halls. Students sleep in their room, watch TV, relax, and hang out with friends. In the course of a school year more time will be spent living in the dorm room than at home.

When it comes to the residence halls it is important to remember that there are rules that must be followed so it is important to pay attention to what can and cannot be brought to school. Candles are not allowed in any residence hall. Microwaves are permitted in all residence halls except for France. Quiet hours are also enforced and are extended on weekends.

Resident Assistants (RAs) and Resident Coordinators (RCs) also live in the residence halls to help enforce rules and make the year easier for all residents.



Williard Hall, a junior/senior residence hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Williard Hall

In 1905-1906, the cornerstone was laid for Williard Hall, which was to become a women's residence hall. According to E.I.F. Williams' book, *Democratic Christian College*, the reason it was to become a women's residence hall was because when he became president, Dr. Miller was interested in women's education.

During his time in office, President Miller also recommended that a Dean of Women be appointed. As the new women's residence hall was being constructed, it was decided that it would be called Williard Hall, an apt name as the last women's residence hall had been built while George Williard was president.

The style of Williard Hall was Modern English Gothic, and was said to blend in well with the Victorian Gothic style of College Hall. The three story residence hall included a reception room, parlor, dining room, kitchen, literary society halls, hospital rooms, and a gymnasium.

In January 2000, a fire started in the attic of Williard Hall. No students were harmed in the fire, but the building had to be repaired. After salvage and reclamation efforts, the college was able to welcome students in fall 2000, according to Philip B. Harner's book.

Williard Hall is still home to the upper-classmen. There is a huge lounge in the basement as well as a nice laundry facility. Senior Sarah Ward said that Williard is "one of the best dorms to live in, unless you're on the first or second floor and have people running around in the room above you. The walls are a bit too thin sometimes."

Cottages

Due to an increase in young women, the college needed more housing. In 1912 they received a gift from Sarah A. Keller, a large piece of property with a cottage on it. Because of her donation, it was named Keller Cottage.

In 1917 the Home Economics house was purchased in order to make a residence hall for Conservatory women, and the name was changed to Conservatory Cottage until additional residence halls were built and it reverted back to the Home Economics house.

Today there aren't cottages, but there are apartments and Cooperative Learning Community (CLC) houses. Apartments are located beside Brennemann Music Hall, down the street from King Memorial Dormitory, and a few blocks away from campus at Riverbend Apartments.

Junior John Weber, who lives in the Clinton Ave. Apartments said that it is "the most lively time you'll ever have with dead folks upstairs." The reasoning for this statement is that the building used to be a funeral home.

A CLC house is for a group of students who are interested in community service. In order to qualify for a CLC house, students fill out an application and choose a community service project. Then, over the course of the year, they must have a certain amount of community service hours.



France Hall, the all-female residence hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

France Hall

On October 3, 1925, the cornerstone for another new residence hall was laid. Work on France Hall had already started but the cornerstone ceremony was saved for Homecoming Day. When finished—according to *Democratic Christian College*—France Hall was to “accommodate seventy girls in the individual rooms and to furnish dining facilities and halls for two women’s literary societies.”

As with other buildings such as Founders’ Hall and College Hall, a copper receptacle in the cornerstone held items such as the Bible, a student handbook, the latest issue of *the Kilikilik*, and a glass plate provided by Dr. Kleckner.

There are three floors to the residence hall, with rooms to accommodate one, two, or three girls. A lounge is located on the first floor with a piano, a TV with a DVD and VHS player, and chairs and couches. France Great Hall is now used for private dinners, occasional classes, a practice room for the Heidelberg Dance Team, and for various events on campus.

“Living with only girls is great until all the drama starts,” said Sarah Ward, a senior at Heidelberg.

As with many different campuses across the country, Heidelberg has its own ghost stories. One of the most prevalent, though never confirmed as having any basis in truth, is that of Ellen, the ghost of France Hall. She supposedly hanged herself from the fourth floor after her boyfriend left her to attend a dance with another girl. Ellen is said to be very protective of all of the residents of France Hall. “Ellen takes good care of her girls,” said Marylynn Tuck, a sophomore who has lived in France both years she has been at Heidelberg.



King Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

King Memorial Dormitory

Built in 1954, the King Memorial Dormitory was built to house 180 male students. Unlike other residence halls, King was created as two three-story structures with a one-story central building.

Today, it seems as if a majority of the students who live in King are athletes. The central building holds vending machines, a pool table, mailboxes that are not used anymore, and tables and chairs for students to use as a hang out place.

Marisha Sullivan, a freshman, said, “King might be the “ghetto” of Heidelberg, but you'll never lack for a good piece of gossip. And lots and lots of drama.”

Sophomore Sisi Minton said, “At least it's warm...all year round...”



Brown Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Edson J. Brown Residence Hall

In 1960 another residence hall was built for women. Made out of gray limestone, the building was to hold 125 students.

Brown lounge holds a piano and a few couches. In past years it also held a big-screen TV and students would regularly watch movies and sports games. Today students go down to Brown Basement where there is a huge student lounge with a big-screen TV, couches, chairs, and two pool tables.



Krieg Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Sara D. Krieg Residence Hall

After a large donation from Sara Krieg, a residence hall was built for men. In 1964 the four-story building opened with space to house 160 men and also included lounge areas and dining facilities.

Krieg Hall is a freshman only residence hall, as well as one of the farthest from campus. This may be beneficial to students who wish to keep off the freshman 15.

“You'll never be closer to your floor mates, but if one person's got drama you'll all know by morning,” said Sisi Minton, a sophomore who lived in Krieg her first year at Heidelberg.

Krieg Hall is good for a sense of community for freshman students.



Miller Residence Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Charles E. Miller Residence Hall

In 1966 Miller Residence Hall was built to accommodate 194 upper-class students.

Miller Residence Hall is for sophomores, juniors, and seniors. There are two bedrooms joined together by a bathroom so the rooms are considered to be suites. There can be one or two people in each bedroom, though there are four triple rooms meaning there are three people in one bedroom and two in the other bedroom.

“The room set ups are ridiculous, but sharing a bathroom with only 3-4 other people is great. Until you have to clean it yourself,” said Sarah Ward, a senior who lived in Miller her sophomore year.

Campus Buildings



(Above) Pfleiderer, the Center of Humanities (Photo by Sam Dailey)

(Below) Beeghly Library (Photo by Sam Dailey)



Library and Pfleiderer

In 1852 there were several libraries on campus. The Seminary Library was said to hold 2,000 volumes, while the libraries of the Irving and Excelsior Literary Societies held several hundred volumes.

In 1891 the libraries were combined and moved into the newly created College Hall.

Andrew Carnegie donated \$25,000 for the creation of a library, an odd feat as he had already given a library to Tiffin and Carnegie had never before given funding

for two libraries in one city. The cornerstone for the new library was laid on Wed. June 14, 1911. According to E.I.F. Williams, the “first and latest college catalogues, copies of the church papers and newspapers, and a commencement program” were placed inside the cornerstone.

The Andrew Carnegie library was dedicated on Oct. 1, 1912 and held 40,000 volumes. According to the book *In Service and in Faith* by Philip B. Harner, “the library contained a spacious reading room, offices for the librarians, three levels of stacks with a capacity of 60,000 volumes, and six seminar rooms.”

In 1967 a larger library was built in a more modern style. Beeghly Library had room to hold 200,000 volumes. In Harner’s book it was said the new library was also to contain an “audio-visual room, a seminar room, mechanical and technical areas, small tables and study carrels, periodical and reference collections, the Rare Book Room, the Besse Collection of Letters, and lounges for students and faculties.”

After the creation of Beeghly Library, the old Carnegie library was renovated from 1970-1971. It reopened in 1972 as the Arthur B. Pfleiderer Center for Religion and Humanities. The building was to hold a new chapel, classrooms, and offices.



The Auxiliary Gymnasium aka the “Tin Gym” (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Gymnasiums

The original gymnasium was built in 1893 as a combination gym and museum. In 1952 it was renovated and then converted to a student center, which became known as “The Castle.”

Beside the original gymnasium was the Auxiliary Gymnasium, built in 1948; it was a structure sided in aluminum. Both gymnasiums were located near the Armstrong Athletic Field behind France Hall. Today the Auxiliary Gymnasium is called “Tin Gym.”

During President Wickham's time at Heidelberg, the Seiberling Health and Physical Education Building was built. The dedication took place on Oct. 13, 1951 though the building wasn't completed until 1952. The main area of the building was 111 ft by 114 ft and was named Sayger Court



Seiberling Gymnasium (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Science Halls

On Founders Day in 1911 the cornerstone was laid for the Science Hall. This building was made possible by a donation from Mrs. Della Shawhan Laird. The Science Hall was dedicated on June 11, 1913. According to Williams' book, "the four-story building [was] equipped with the latest apparatus."



Laird Science Hall under construction (Photo by Sam Dailey)

In 1964 the Science Hall became part of the Science Center after the

completion of Bareis Hall. The new building of the Science Center was to provide facilities for the chemistry, mathematics, and physics departments. The Science Hall was also renovated to be equipped for the biological sciences and geology, and then it was renamed Laird Science Hall.



Bareis Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Commons

The College Commons, built in 1926, utilized some of the brick and wood from the old Ladies' Boarding Hall. When the cornerstone was laid on October 3, 1925, it held the exact same articles as were placed in France Hall's cornerstone—in fact the ceremonies were held on the same day.

When it was first built, the Commons held a dining hall that could accommodate 240 students, a lounging room, reception room, a modern kitchen, and storage rooms.



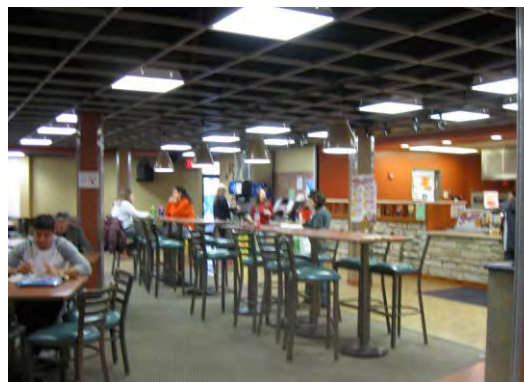
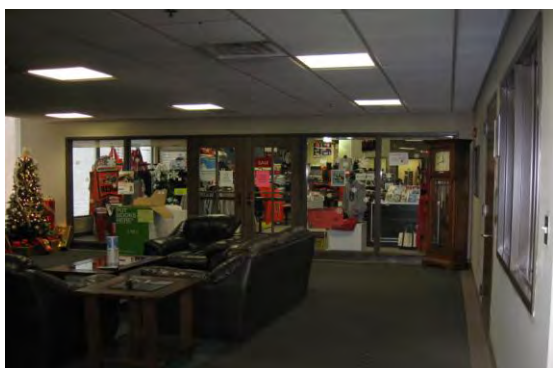
Campus Center (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Commons was dedicated during commencement in June, 1926.

In 1971, a renovated Commons had an addition of two-stories. The addition included a cafeteria with 250 seats, the student activities offices, meeting rooms,

and recreation areas. The name of the building was also changed to Campus Center. One of the main decorations of Campus Center was that of class banners, which were hung in the cafeteria and in the Great Hall.

Though the College Bookstore is now located in Campus Center, it had two other homes. First it was located in the basement of College Hall. Then, in 1977, the College Bookstore was relocated to a wing in the Edson J. Brown Residence Hall. When Campus Center was renovated in 1999 the bookstore moved once more and has been located in Campus Center ever since.



(Top L to R: College Bookstore, and workout center, Bottom L to R: Campus mailboxes and Rock Creek Cafe) (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Campus Center lies at the center of the campus. It is where students go to get their mail, to purchase their textbooks, and to hang out at Rock Creek Cafe. There are also regular events held in Wickham Great Hall as well as Campus Center lobby. The Academic Success Center is also located on the main floor of Campus Center and is where students can go for help with their homework assignments, and for figuring out their four year plans.

There are several computers throughout the building for students to use. The Office of Resident Life, the Berg Events Council office, the Dean of Students' Office, and a couple other offices are all located on the second floor of Campus Center.

The mailboxes, workout center, Security Office, Stoner Health Center, and Rock Creek Cafe are all located on the bottom floor.

Music Halls

At a December 1948 meeting, the Board of Trustees decided it was time to enlarge the Conservatory of Music. The new building was known as the Music Hall.

In 1971 the Music Hall was expanded once again to create more practice rooms, classrooms, and a concert hall. This newly expanded building was renamed Brenneman Music Hall.



Brennemann Music Hall (Photo by Sam Dailey)

“Once you're part of Brennie, you're always part of Brennie. It will be like a second home to you, and when you find out it closes up earlier on weekends you're going to go absolutely crazy because you can't finish up a project or rehearse just a few more hours for Perf. Class,” said sophomore Sisi Minton.

Sophomore Marylynn Tuck said, “One of the black holes on campus. Once you go in, you never come back out.”

Marisha Sullivan, a freshman, commented, “You'll laugh, you'll cry, you get massages by the dozen. But you'll never leave.”

This is true, especially for music majors who begin to feel that they live in Brennemann more than they do in their own residence hall.



Aigler Alumni Building (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Aigler Alumni Building

Purchased from the Tiffin Board of Education in 1961, the College Hill School building was remodeled to include classrooms, language laboratories, and faculty offices. The building's was renamed to recognize the alumni of the school, especially Allan G. Aigler who served as a trustee from 1926-1960.

In 1991 and some classrooms on the second and third floors were changed into offices. As an added bonus, during the renovation, the building was air conditioned.

In 1994 a computer laboratory was added, and a psychology laboratory was included in 1996.

Today the Aigler Alumni Building houses classes for the Psychology Department as well as the Political Science Department.



Krammes Service Center (Photo by Sam Dailey)

Krammes Service Center

Built in 1971, Krammes Service Center is located where the Armstrong Athletic Field was once located. Krammes was built as the center for all service operations and college maintenance.

At the same time as Krammes was built, a 200-car parking lot was also created adjacent to the Service Center. The parking lot was made possible by a donation from the National Machinery Foundation of Tiffin.

Krammes Service Center is the main center for all of the janitors and maintenance men. Any student who has a problem in their room, such as a broken heater or anything else like that, only has to get a hold of Krammes and they will fix the problem.



Hoernemann Refectory

Hoernemann is the campus cafeteria. It has hours for continental breakfast, hot breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Students will get a meal plan on that will be put on their student ID; they can choose between 10 meals a week, 14 meals a week, and 19 meals a week.

Hoernemann offers a wide variety for meals, from the hot line, the soup bar, the sandwich bar, the specialty bar (typically pasta, stir-fry, baked potatoes, omelets, quesadillas, or pancakes), and the pizza bar.

Conclusion

This has been just a brief insight to Heidelberg University and the buildings of campus. Hopefully it gives an idea of the different options for living arrangements, buildings on campus, and some of the different services provided to students.

As always, if there are any questions, a student can ask almost anyone on campus. Since Heidelberg University does have a relatively small campus, most anyone will know the answer, or have an idea as to where a student could find an answer.

Coming Out

By

Dennis N. LoConti Jr.

A common situation taken from the lives of college students
in an effort to explore the importance of being one's own
person and not censoring your behavior and personality for
the sake of others.

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Cast of Characters

<u>Andy Blake:</u>	Male College Freshman
<u>Frank Halloway:</u>	Andy's Roommate
<u>Jimmy Simmons:</u>	Frank's Friend
<u>Roger Greenburg:</u>	Member of Zeta Chi Fraternity
<u>Susan Morris:</u>	Female College Freshman
<u>Jess Townsend:</u>	Male College Student

ACT I

Scene I

The stage is set like a college dorm room, messy and unorganized. The lights are dim. We see FRANK laying still on his bed, holding a basketball in his hands. ANDY enters from stage right. A single spotlight shines on him as he hits the stage.

ANDY

Directed towards the audience;

They say that your college years are supposed to be the best years of your life. I'm not so sure who said that, or if they were even thinking coherently when they said it, but so far, my college experience hasn't really been too exhilarating.

ANDY moves towards the desk that is set on stage and begins to type up something on the computer as he looks back and forth from an open book on the side of his desk. FRANK, his roommate, begins to throw the basketball up in the air and catch it.

FRANK

So buddy, you think you'll finally come out with me tonight?

ANDY

I don't know Frank, I got a lot of work to do. This English class is really killing me.

FRANK

Dude, it's Friday night, you've got the whole weekend to get that shit done.

ANDY

Yeah, but I still think I should get it done now. Besides, I may want to revise it later this weekend. I think I'm just gonna stay in tonight.

FRANK

Andy, we have lived together for six weeks now, and not once have you even left this dorm room on a Friday or Saturday night. Whats the deal, man?

ANDY

I don't know, partying just isn't really my thing.

FRANK

How the hell would you know, man? You've never left the damn room except to eat and go to class!

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I just don't think I would enjoy it.

FRANK gets up off the bed and sets the ball down. He walks over to ANDY's laptop and closes it.

FRANK

That's it Andy, you're coming with me tonight.

ANDY

Frank! What the hell are you doing? I didn't get a chance to save that!

FRANK

You only wrote one page. I am not gonna sit here while you waste your college experience sitting in front of your God damn laptop. Were going out tonight, now go take a shower and get ready!

ANDY looks at FRANK for a second and then at his laptop. After a moment's hesitation, he gets up.

ANDY

Fine Frank, you win I'll go with you tonight. But that doesn't mean I'm gonna enjoy it!

FRANK

Damn right you're coming, and you'll have a good time too. I promise you that.

Scene II

ANDY puts on a bathrobe and leaves the room to go take a shower. FRANK is left there alone. He picks up his cell phone and dials a number.

FRANK

Hey Jimmy, it's Frank... Yeah, man whats up?... Not too much here. Hey listen, you got any idea who's doin' what tonight?... Frat house? Which one?... Zeta Chi?... Yeah I know it, it's the big brick one down the street from James Hall... Sweet man, what time you headin' out?...An hour? Awesome I'll see you there. And by the way, I think I finally got Andy to start comin' out of his shell... Nah man hes a good dude, just give him a chance... Ok man, I'll see you in about an hour... Later...

FRANK hangs up the phone and starts getting himself ready for the evening. He changes shirts and starts to comb his hair when ANDY returns, hair still a little wet from the shower.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

There you go. You're gonna be a hit with the ladies tonight, just as soon as we get you into the right clothes.

FRANK starts going through ANDY's clothes and pulls out the most stylish thing he can find which clearly doesn't meet his standards.

FRANK

Don't you have anything better than these? Where did you get this shit, Wal-Mart?

ANDY

What's wrong with my clothes?

FRANK

Never mind, these will just have to do.

FRANK throws the chosen attire to ANDY who begins to get dressed.

ANDY

So, where are we going tonight Frank? And please don't tell me it's the Beta Alpha house, those guys drive me up the freaking wall sometimes...

FRANK

Nah, we're not goin' there. I gave Jimmy a call and he's headin' out to the Zeta Chi house. I told him we would meet up with him later.

ANDY

Zeta Chi huh? I haven't really met any of those guys yet. Have you been there before?

FRANK

Yeah, this place is totally cool. Much more of a chill place than anything else. I think you'll enjoy it a whole lot.

ANDY

We'll see.

FRANK

Alright Andy, you ready for the first real night of your college experience?

ANDY

I suppose I'm as ready as I'm gonna be.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Hold up, get that shitty attitude out of your head right now and stop thinkin' so negatively. We're gonna have a great time tonight. Trust me.

ANDY

Alright Frank, let's get out of here.

FRANK

Come on you nervous bastard.

FRANK walks out the door and Andy follows. Before ANDY closes the door he looks back wondering if he is making the right decision. ANDY delivers this next line directly to the audience.

ANDY

I sure hope that this won't end up being one of those things that I regret doing later.

Scene III

The stage is set to the Fraternity House of Zeta Chi. There are levels to the setup of the stage. The bottom level on stage right is the living room of the house. Two beer pong tables, a couch and some chairs are set on the stage with beer cans all over the place. The upper level contains a hallway on stage right, and a bedroom on stage left. The bottom level on stage left appears to be outside. ENTER ROGER, a member of Zeta Chi, talking with JIMMY, FRANK'S friend. Random party attendees hold private conversations in the background.

ROGER

Nice job back there Jimmy. I haven't seen a freshie bong a beer that well in a long time.

JIMMY

Thanks Roger, Hey, check it out, here comes Frank!

ENTER FRANK and ANDY. FRANK is clearly more comfortable in this situation, whereas ANDY appears very nervous and out of place.

JIMMY

HEY FRANK! Over here!

FRANK makes his way over to JIMMY and ROGER to greet them. ANDY looks around the house and falls a bit behind, then realizes that FRANK has walked away and quickly catches up.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Hey Jimmy. Whats up Roger?

ROGER

Not too much Frank. Simply enjoying yet another Friday night devoted to the art of getting shitfaced.

FRANK

Yeah I hear you on that one. Roger, this is Andy, my roommate.

(whispered yet clearly FRANK wants ANDY to hear it)

It's his first college party, so go easy on him haha.

*ANDY holds his hand out to shake ROGER'S hand.
They shake.*

ROGER

Andy huh? Nice to meet you Andy.

ANDY

You too Roger.

ROGER

Well guys, there's plenty of beer, so help yourself. Meanwhile, I got a lady waitin' for my presence to grace her eyes again. I'll catch ya later.

EXIT ROGER

FRANK

You guys want a beer?

JIMMY

Do you even need to ask?

FRANK

Guess not, Andy you want one?

ANDY

Eh, not just yet Frank.

FRANK

Well, too bad, cause I'm gettin' you one anyways.

EXIT FRANK

SCENE IV

JIMMY makes conversation with ANDY, but he clearly just want's FRANK to return with the beer as soon as possible.

JIMMY

So, Frank finally got you to come out with him huh?

ANDY

Yeah, he's been trying for the last few weeks, but he apparently won't take no for an answer anymore.

JIMMY

Well, it's good to see you comin' out man. It's not healthy to stay all cooped up in your room all the time.

ANDY

I suppose you and Frank are right. I mean, going out every once and a while can't be that bad.

JIMMY

Totally, here comes Frank with the beers.

ENTER FRANK

FRANK

Order up boys!

JIMMY

Nice, Frank. Woah, where the hell did you find the good beer?

FRANK

You just gotta know where to look dude.

ANDY

Are you sure that we're allowed to have this beer? Everyone else seems to be drinking the cheap stuff.

FRANK

Don't worry about it Andy, it's just beer. Besides, all we have to do is pour it in these red cups, and poof, it's now "cheap stuff." Roger did say help ourselves didn't he?

ANDY

I don't know about this Frank.

JIMMY

Andy, shut up. Frank, you're a genius. Lets go see who else is here. I was out back earlier and Susan from my bio class was outside. MMMHMMM She's so gorgeous!

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Susan Morris?

JIMMY
Yeah dude, she's so fine its unbelievable.

FRANK
I would totally wreck her.

ANDY
Geez guys have a little decency would you? Susan is really nice girl.

JIMMY
Yeah I bet she's real nice, once you get her in the sack!

FRANK
Hahaha good one Jimmy.

ANDY
Cut it out guys.

JIMMY
Stop being such a bitch Andy, we're just kiddin'. How do you know her anyways?

ANDY
She went to my high school. I've known her since I was five.

FRANK
Oh yeah? You two ever hook up?

ANDY
No. We've always just kinda been good friends.

JIMMY
Good friends huh? You sure you were never good friends with benefits? Hahaha.

ANDY
Yes I'm sure.

FRANK and JIMMY walk through the door to the outside part of the stage. The lights on the outside part stay dimmed. ANDY stays back a moment.

ANDY
Susan Morris? Here? Tonight? Guess I may need this beer after all.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY takes a long swig of his beer before he exits through the door after JIMMY and FRANK.

Scene V

ENTER ROGER and SUSAN in the upstairs hallway. ROGER is leading SUSAN to the bedroom.

SUSAN

Roger, why are we going upstairs?

ROGER

I have something I want to show you.

SUSAN

What's up here that you want to show me?

ROGER

It's a surprise. Close your eyes.

SUSAN closes her eyes. ROGER opens the bedroom door and the two of them enter the bedroom. ROGER guides SUSAN to the bed and she sits down.

SUSAN

Roger, what are you doing?

ROGER climbs on the bed and begins to kiss SUSAN's neck.

SUSAN

Roger, stop it.

ROGER ignores SUSAN's request and begins to feel up her breast.

SUSAN

Roger, I said stop!

SUSAN opens her eyes and turns to face ROGER.

ROGER

What's wrong babe? I thought we were having a good time?

SUSAN

We are, but I told you that I'm not ready for that yet.

ROGER

Come on babe, they are just tits'.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

I don't care, they are MY tits, and I told you how I felt and you ignored me.

ROGER

I'm sorry babe, I was just tryin' to have a little fun.

SUSAN

Well, if that's the only way you can have fun with me then you need to find another girl. I'm going back downstairs.

SUSAN walks out of the bedroom. ROGER is clearly frustrated but is not giving up.

ROGER

Dammit...

ROGER gets up and follows SUSAN. Lights fade out.

SCENE VI

The lights fade up on the outside part of the stage. ANDY, FRANK and JIMMY stand around a small bonfire with a few random party goers in the background. JIMMY is talking with a clearly intoxicated college girl and FRANK is in conversation with JESS. ANDY stands there silently drinking his beer. Clearly he is the loner of the group. ANDY delivers the next line to the audience and then returns to the current scene.

ANDY

Actually, this isn't as bad as bad as I thought it would be. Maybe Frank was right all along. Then again, maybe it's just the beer talking.

ENTER SUSAN.

SUSAN

Andy? Andy Blake is that you?

ANDY

Huh?

(awkwardly)

Oh! Hey Susan.

SUSAN

Andy Blake you show up to a party and you don't even say hi to me. What on earth were you thinking.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Well I heard you were here but I just hadn't seen you yet.

SUSAN

Well, you still didn't bother to come find me.

ENTER ROGER.

ROGER

There you are!

SUSAN

Oh, hello Roger.

ROGER

I was wondering where you ran off to.

SUSAN

Well, like I said, I came back downstairs, and found Andy here.

ROGER

You two know each other?

SUSAN

As a matter of fact we do.

ANDY

We went to high school together.

SUSAN

Oh Andy, don't act like that's the only way we know each other. Andy and I lived next door to each other all through elementary and middle school.

ANDY

Until she moved right before high school.

SUSAN

My mother got remarried and we moved across town. Luckily, I convinced her to let me stay in public school. She wanted to send me to some private girls school, but there was no way I wanted that.

ROGER

(Sarcastically)

Well, it sounds like you two were the best of friends. Wanna go play some pong Susan?

SUSAN

That's ok. I think I'll stay here and catch up with Andy. I think Jimmy and Frank may want to play though.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

I see.

(Clearly not happy with the situation,
but unwilling to fight it.)

Well boys, either of you think you can take me down in
pong?

JIMMY

You're goin down Roger.

FRANK

Get ready to feel like a loser!

ROGER

Silly freshmen, you guys never learn.

EXIT ROGER, FRANK and JIMMY.

SCENE VII

*SUSAN and ANDY sit down near the fire and have a
conversation, which SUSAN clearly leads. ANDY is
obviously nervous about the situation.*

SUSAN

So Andy, I didn't expect to see you here. How do you
know those two?

ANDY

Well Frank is my roommate. He kinda dragged me here. I
was working on an English paper and he closed my laptop
and told me I didn't have a choice.

SUSAN

Have you ever been here before tonight?

ANDY

Nah. To be honest I haven't really gone out at all
since I've been here. How about you?

SUSAN

I've been here a few times.

ANDY

I see. Roger seems to have taken quite a liking to you.

SUSAN

Yeah, he's a nice guy and all, but I'm pretty sure all
he wants is to do get in my pants.

ANDY

Isn't that a little contradictory to the term "nice
guy?"

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

I suppose you're right. What's it like living with Frank? I hear he can be quite the handful.

ANDY

It's not too bad. He can get a little loud sometimes, but he's generally a good guy. He doesn't always think before he speaks but so far his intentions always seem to be in good places.

SUSAN

That's good though, at least you have a roommate who talks to you.

ANDY

Yours doesn't?

SUSAN

Not at all. In fact, half the time I don't even know if she even exists. She rarely goes to class and almost never sleeps in our room. To be completely honest, she's kind of a slut.

ANDY

Plus side, if she's never in the room she can't bother you.

SUSAN

Good point. Still, I would like to have someone to interact with on a regular basis when I'm in my room.

ANDY

Yeah that's totally understandable.

(pause)

So, I don't mean to pry into your personal life or anything, but do you think that you and Roger will turn into something serious?

SUSAN

Wow, Andy.

(clearly surprised he asked)

How bold of you.

ANDY

Sorry, I shouldn't have asked that. It's not my business.

(SUSAN Interrupts)

SUSAN

Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I'm sorry Susan.

SUSAN

Stop apologizing. You have nothing to be sorry for.

ANDY

Yes I do. I have no right to ask you about that part of your personal life. It's not my place.

SUSAN

Andy, shut up.

SUSAN leans in and kisses ANDY, who is completely shocked at what is happening. SUSAN stops kissing him and they stare at each other.

SUSAN

Roger may be one of the most popular guys here, but like you said, he's a little contradictory to the term "nice guy." It's time I grew up a bit Andy.

SUSAN gets up and walks inside the house leaving ANDY outside.

ANDY

I can be your nice guy!

(SUSAN, who shows that she can hear this line, continues to walk away, waiting for ANDY to follow her. ANDY delivers the next few lines to the audience.)

She kissed me. Did you just see that she freakin' kissed me! You know what? Coming out tonight has turned out to be pretty great after all...

ENTER FRANK clearly in the beginning stages of intoxication.

FRANK

Dude, you won't believe it. Jimmy was beating Roger 5 cups to 0, and then Roger went on fire and hit every cup!

ANDY

Wow Frank, that's totally amazing... but I got..
(FRANK INTERRUPTS)

FRANK

I know Dude, it's crazy. Hey, Andy, you havin' a good time tonight man?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Well I can't say I'm having a horrible time but...
(FRANK INTERRUPTS AGAIN)

FRANK

Good dude I'm glad to hear it. Hey what's goin' on with you an Susan eh?

ANDY

What makes you say there's something going on between us?

FRANK

Andy, don't even try to deny it man. A. you made it clear you liked her when we first mentioned her name. and B. did you see how quickly she got rid of Roger?

ANDY

Well, to be completely honest, we started talking, and I asked her about Roger, and well...

FRANK

Spit it out Andy!

ANDY

She kissed me.

FRANK

HELL YEAH! Way to be man. Where is she now?

ANDY

Well, I would tell you but you keep on talking and preventing me from catching up to her.

FRANK

Shit man go get her!

EXIT ANDY and all the other party go-ers with the exception of JESS go into the house.

SCENE VIII

FRANK is left on stage with JESS. For a moment neither of them say anything. FRANK looks around to make sure no one is there. JESS then walks up to FRANK and kisses him on the neck.

FRANK

Jess, not here. There's to many people.

JESS

What are you so worried about Frank?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You are the only one who knows about me. Not even my family knows yet.

JESS

What's wrong with being who you are Frank? What is so scary about coming out?

FRANK

I dunno. It's hard to explain ok?

JESS

No Frank, no it's not. I know exactly what you are going through. If this is who you really are then you need to come right out and say it. You need to be proud of who you are.

FRANK

But what if people won't accept me for who I really am?

JESS

To your true friends, it won't matter if you are gay or straight. You are Frank, no matter what.

FRANK

I dunno. I guess I'm just not ready to be that bold about it yet.

JESS

Well when you are... you come and find me.

FRANK

Jess, wait.

JESS

No Frank, I'm done waiting. I've been waiting for a month now. If all I am to you is some dirty little secret that you are too embarrassed to tell anyone about, then you can forget about me.

EXIT JESS.

FRANK

I want to tell, I'm just afraid...

Lights dim across the stage. Exit FRANK.

SCENE IX

ENTER JESS. The lights come up on the living room of the house. ROGER is still playing beer pong against Jimmy. Both of them are clearly intoxicated, but determined to battle it out to the end. There is a dry erase board with a score of 9-9 written on it behind the table. There is one cup left on each side, the next one to make it wins.

ANDY

Jimmy, have you seen Susan?

JIMMY

Yeah man, I'm pretty sure she went upstairs for somethin'.

ANDY

Thanks Jimmy.

ANDY rushes upstairs. The beer pong battle continues. ENTER FRANK, who stands behind JIMMY. Clearly FRANK cannot stop thinking about what JESS has just said, and is no longer interested in the game going on.

JIMMY

Frank, dude check it out man, me and Roger are tied 9-9 and we both have one cup left. It's a fuckin' shootout!

FRANK

You get him Jimmy.

(in a sarcastic and unemotional tone)

Just as FRANK says this, Roger appears to make the final cup.

ROGER

KOBE!

JIMMY

Fuck man.

ROGER

Only one rebuttal my friend.

JIMMY

Yeah, I know.

(Jimmy takes the shot, and misses)

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

Game, Set and Match!

JIMMY

This isn't fuckin' tennis Roger.

ROGER

You're right, it's not. But in this house, it's just as important. Drink up Freshie. Now. Where did Susan get off to? I know I saw her come in but I didn't see where she went.

JIMMY

She's upstairs. And I think Andy is with her.

ROGER

What? What do you mean Andy is with her?
(clearly not happy with this knowledge
and said with emphasis on the word
ANDY.)

JIMMY

Yeah, She came in and went upstairs. Then Andy came in and asked me where she went, so I told him. What's the big deal? They're like best friends from high school or something. It's not like they are makin' out on your bed or somethin'.

FRANK immediately remembers what ANDY told him earlier and hurries towards the stairs. Roger notices him and gets in his way.

ROGER

You stay out of this one Frank.

ROGER makes his way upstairs followed by FRANK, JIMMY and JESS. They reach the bedroom door which is locked. Instead of knocking on the door, ROGER kicks the door in, revealing SUSAN and ANDY who have clearly been kissing in the room.

ROGER

What the FUCK do you think you're doing asshole?

SUSAN

Roger don't.

ROGER

Shut up you bitch. What the fuck makes you think you can come into my house and kiss my girl in my room?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

She's not your girl.

ROGER

What the fuck did you just say to me?

SUSAN

Andy, let's get out of here.

ANDY

I said, she's not your girl.

(ANDY stands up and faces ROGER)

ROGER

Oh, you're gonna pay for that you little prick.

ROGER makes towards ANDY and hits him in the face. As the punch connects the stage goes to a blackout. SUSAN screams. The stage grows quiet.

SCENE X

The lights come up on a hospital room. ANDY is laying in a bed with a hospital gown on. SUSAN is sitting by his side with her head in her hands.

ANDY

Wha.. What happened?

SUSAN

Andy? Oh Andy!

SUSAN hugs ANDY and begins to cry. ENTER FRANK and JESS.

FRANK

You had one hell of a night buddy.

ANDY

Is this what hungover feels like?

JESS

Only when your night of drinking involves making out with the girl the host of the party you were at has been trying to get with for weeks.

FRANK

And he ends up knocking you out.

ANDY

He knocked me out?

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Big time. One punch dude. You were down for the count. But I'll give you this, you stood up to him. Until you were unconscious at least.

FRANK

You grew some balls last night Andy, maybe not the smartest time to grow a pair, but you did anyways.

SUSAN

I thought you were very brave.

SUSAN kisses Andy on the cheek.

ANDY

Really?

SUSAN

Well, I'm here with you and not with him aren't I? Do you want something to eat Andy?

ANDY

Actually, yeah I'm starving.

SUSAN

I'll be right back. I'll go see if the nurse can get you some soup or something.

EXIT SUSAN.

FRANK

You know Andy, I originally intended to teach you a lot last night.

ANDY

Oh you did Frank, you totally did.

FRANK

Listen to me for second. I haven't even told my family this yet...

(pause)

JESS

You sure you're ready for this?

FRANK

Absolutely.

ANDY

Ready for what?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Like I said, just listen. Last night you finally came out of your shell. You left your comfort zone and did something new and different for you. The one thing that you didn't do however, is change who you were. You never became someone else. I have been pretending to be something I am not for a long time now.

ANDY

What do you mean Frank?

FRANK

Andy, I'm gay.

ANDY

You're what?

FRANK

You see Jess, I told you he wouldn't understand.

ANDY

Frank, its not that I don't understand. I'm just surprised really.

JESS

(to FRANK)

I told you.

FRANK

So it doesn't bother you that your roommate is gay?

ANDY

Of course not. Why did you keep it a secret?

FRANK

I haven't been able to tell anyone until now. I haven't felt comfortable with it. But then I realized that I was asking you to do the same thing. I wanted you to come out of your shell and have a good time. But at the same time I refused to come out of mine.

(FRANK and JESS hold hands)

JESS

But were gonna leave you with Susan and go make up for lost time. If you don't mind.

ANDY

That's fine with me...

JESS

We kinda figured it would be. Besides, we can leave the double dating for later. Today, it's time we both had our first dates.

(CONTINUED)

EXIT JESS and FRANK.

ANDY

(to the audience)

Well, I have to admit that was not at all what I expected when I left the room last night. However, I can't say that it was all bad. Frank is right about everything though. It is a good thing that I have finally broke out of my shell. If I hadn't gone out last night, I certainly wouldn't have seen Susan, and I definitely would not have kissed her. Granted, I wouldn't have this splitting headache either, but overall, I think the pain from this one will be worth it. I'm happy for Frank as well. He must have been dealing with his insecurity for a while now. It's great that I was able to help him overcome it. As for your college years being the best years of your life, I have to say, things are finally looking up.

ENTER SUSAN with a bowl of soup.

SUSAN

Soup's up! Hope you like chicken noodle.

ANDY

I'll take anything as long as it's from you.

SUSAN sets down the soup and her and ANDY share a long passionate kiss as the lights fade to black.

Smoke Clouds on the Georgia Breeze

Aimee Lupinski

The Georgia summer night was warm with a gentle breeze that whipped the stray hairs against my face. I took one final hit off my cigarette; it was only a butt by this point, and the filter couldn't keep my fingers from burning. Flicking it quickly, I chased it in the wind and stomped its embers out. Turning to go back inside, I glanced at the ashtray, and felt a sense of guilt. Head lowered, I walked to the electronic doors, and thrust my hands into the pockets of my cardigan.

The iridescent lights made my eyes squint when I stepped inside. I'm not sure if it was the lighting, the nicotine racing through my system, or the lack of sleep that had me feeling lightheaded and weak. Pulling my cardigan tighter around me, I shuffled my feet down the hallway back toward room 516; how ironic the number should correspond with my birthday.

As I opened the door, the scent of death wafted over me. I wanted to stop breathing so the smell would go away, and for a brief moment—I did. Except when I stopped breathing, the idea of the scent was still there. It consumed my body and I was unable to escape its undoubtable inevitability to control me.

My trance was broken by the sound of my three year old's voice as she looked up at my mother, who lay sleeping in the generic medical bed, "Nana?"

"Mmm?" Mom's eyes were closed as she lay resting. The sound that came was strained and weak.

"Nana, are you dying?" The words seemed to just pop out of the child's mouth.

I immediately jolted, and felt my eyes widen. "Carlee!" The sound escaped my lips, and it came out as a harsh whisper. I knew my daughter had no concept of death or illness. The closest thing that she had to compare death to was the continuous massacre of my daylilies by our neighbor's cat. Carlee sat on a sea foam shaded chair as she combed her doll's hair. Sea foam green chairs...what type of decorator would choose something as hideous as that?

"Let her be." Mom rasped at me. She had turned her head slightly so she was angled toward Carlee. As I gazed at the two of them, my throat closed off. Carlee had gotten her blonde curls from Mom, but you wouldn't be able to tell anymore. Mom's hair had gotten so thin I had to use a baby brush to comb it. "Lee, come on up here an' sit with me." She forced the words so they could be audible. My mind began to race through all the possibilities of what was to come in the next sentence Mom would utter.

Carlee jumped up and went to the side of the bed. Mom pushed the button to allow for an upright position. Tossing her doll on the sheets next to Mom, Carlee grabbed hold of the white sheets and hoisted herself, wiggling to get under the covers. Mom's arms folded around Carlee enveloping her;

they were speckled with years of aging, and I could see the shades of purple, green, and yellow from the IVs and blood tests.

Her gnarled fingers clasped together with an accompanied sigh. I noticed her thumb rubbing Carlee's arm; it was a tactic she had always used when I was upset to calm me down. As I grew older, I realized that this was her way of showing affection—Mom never was one to say how she felt.

Carlee fell asleep soon after climbing up into her grandmother's arms; it was a wonderful power that Mom always possessed. When the thumb rubbed against your arm, it was for certain that you would be out in a matter of minutes. She finally spoke; her voice was harsh from the build-up in her lungs and the rawness of her throat. "Janie, where are my cigarettes? I need to smoke." Her voice was clear and quiet to ensure that my sleeping child would not wake.

"Mom..." I heard my own voice crack. "Mom...you know they banned smoking inside years ago." I knew there was no point to fight her on the grounds that she was sick and should not be smoking, so I chose to state the facts.

"Oh hush Janie. There's no reason I can't." I smiled at Mom without meaning to. She was always so bullheaded, which is probably why Dad always said I got it from her. Mom already knew I wouldn't let her go smoke. We found ourselves in this debate each time I visited for the last two months.

"Mom, no." There is no easy way to tell your mother no; the woman who raised you, spanked you with that wooden spoon from the kitchen when you behaved poorly, the one who helped you on every school project you had since grade school.

Settling back against the bed, Mom sighed heavily with a sincere grunt of disapproval. I watched her eyes close slowly, as her breathing became relaxed and rhythmic. She lay like that for what seemed like an eternity, but when I unzipped my purse to grab a book to read, her eyes fluttered back open. They darted around the room as if she was trying to remember where she was. Finally, we made eye contact.

"Janie? I wa...I need to tell you somethin'. It's been somethin' I've been meanin' to do for the longest time." Her face was somber, and confusion crossed my face; I looked at her with my eyebrows crunched together in an inquisitive manner. Mom never told me much of anything; everything was always on a need to know basis. She continued, "It's a story that I've never found the right time to tell you, but I think now is." Her voice was quiet, and she spoke with harshness in her voice, but the tone she used was gentle. I worried she would send herself into a coughing fit, so I poured her a glass of water.

"All right?" I responded, setting the water on the table to her right, still baffled. Mom never told stories; she had barely read me stories as a child.

"Janie-girl, just listen. You know right well I don't have a whole lot of time. Now why don't you just listen." The last part wasn't a question, with Mom questions were always made into statements. She had the tone, too. I heard it come out even through her weakened voice. Whenever I doubted,

questioned, or argued with her the tone came out from the fragile woman. The tone was usually accompanied by “don’t you [insert wrongdoing here] young lady.”

Mom and I were never really close, as a matter of fact, when I was younger, we barely spoke. I went to college across the state, and I was just so busy that we never had a chance to talk. I’d call her up now and then, but not nearly as much as I should’ve. Often time, when we did talk, she would tell me something I already knew, but didn’t want to hear no matter what the situation was. While other girls’ mothers were taking them to buy their first bra, mine was hurrying me off to violin lessons so I could be the perfect child. Instead of listening to my rants about boys, she would sigh. Mom always was one to say there were more fish in the sea—and she was always right, but sometimes a little girl just needs her Mom.

“It was a Friday night in late July of 1940; I had just broken it off with a beau of mine...” Mom started talking. She rested her head against her pillow. She had made sure I brought her pillow from home because the ones that were provided felt like “flat rocks” according to her. A faint smile crossed her face as she spoke. It seemed as though she hadn’t even thought about the story in a long time.

“His name was Jerry Montgomery; your grandmamma set me up with him. His father owned the Crawford County Country Club. How’s that for a tongue twister? Anyway...we called it the quad. I remember the first time he an’ I went there for a social. He was such a wretched boy, with pimples all over his face an’ two bucked teeth, but your grandmamma made me go on at least one date. Just to keep the family happy, you know? Well, I’m pretty sure they were bankin’ on me marryin’ that boy, but there wasn’t no chance I’d take that one sittin’ down.”

~~~

The sound of the band playing “String of Pearls” rang from the large white clubhouse as a black Chevrolet rolled up. A short man in a tweed jacket stepped out, and he stopped to look at his reflection in the window to make sure his coarse red hair was in place. It was shocking that he would check it at all because the mess on top of his head was so matted down by gel it couldn’t move. He strolled to the passenger side door and opened it. The young woman waiting in the car looked at his pale sweaty outstretched hand in disgust. She extended her arm as he helped her out of the Chevy. She pulled her hand away when she was standing, and straightened her dress. It was white with blue poka dots that matched the same deep blue of her eyes; her porcelain skin glowed flawlessly in the moonlight.

“Miss Caroline, you are the most pretty gal I’ve ever seen.” The boy said wrapping his arm around her waist.

“Jerry, get your filthy hands off of me. You know right well that I am not interested, nor will I ever be interested in you.” Caroline shook his arm from her waist, and politely took his arm. It was only as a gesture of proper etiquette.

“But...I thought you and I was hitting it off real nicely.” Jerry stammered. Caroline rolled her eyes, but allowed Jerry to lead her in to the dance.

The clubhouse was decorated with red, white and blue streamers for an added patriotic effect. As Caroline and Jerry walked in, they were swarmed by girls. "Carrie! I'm so tickled you could make it!"

"Did he not get you a corsage?"

"Want some punch? I think Bobby Jones poured some of his daddy's gin in it."

Caroline looked at them blankly. "If Bobby Jones put gin in the punch then, by golly, I'll have one." She pulled a cigarette out of her purse and lit it, taking a short puff.

"Miss Caroline, would you like me to get you that cup of punch?" Jerry turned to Caroline and spit out the words as though he was out of breath. Caroline cringed from the way he smelled; he reeked of alcohol. Jerry Montgomery was the town's biggest alcoholic, but his parents would never admit to it because it'd put their reputation at stake.

Caroline took a long drag on her cigarette, and exhaled before she responded with a "Yeah, sure." She excused herself to the powder room because she couldn't stand the girls that surrounded her. They were all children; they laughed, joked, and still played games with their imaginations. Caroline scoffed at them as she adjusted her hair in the mirror, she was a woman who was beyond that. Why, she was twenty-three years old; it was high time she settled down with someone, but there was no chance in hell that it would be with Jerry Montgomery.

She grabbed her powder case from her blue handbag, and gently dabbed her nose. Blending it in, Caroline felt better, and was now ready to rejoin her repulsive date. As she opened the door, she heard someone say, "Y'know...you are the prettiest girl here tonight. I'm wonderin' if a guy like me would be able to convince you to have a dance with me." She spun around, but didn't see anyone she knew. A hand gently grazed against her arm, pulling her around. Caroline found herself face to face with a young man, maybe twenty-six or seven years old, with russet hair and bright baby blue eyes. They couldn't actually be face to face because he was a solid foot taller than her.

Caroline smiled, "That, sir, is the second time a fella's told me that tonight."

"Only the second? Well, damn. I was hoping to be the first, and the last." The man wore a black jacket, which, Caroline immediately decided, was much more attractive than Jerry's tweed one. He took her gloved hand and bowed to it.

"Did you know that kissin' a lady's hand is a sign of impure intent?" The man started. "I bowed to you, and didn't raise your hand to meet my face because it's me showin' you respect."

Impressed, Caroline grinned showing her pearly teeth through her red lips, which accented her pinked cheeks. "And what is your name, sir?"

"Robert Harris." Caroline gazed at his smile. His eyes squinted each time he smiled, which she admired. She couldn't possibly enjoy the company of a person who did not genuinely smile. Looking at Robert Harris, she was incapable of breaking the eye contact they had established. "So..." he continued

speaking as though she had no effect on him. "Might I get a dance later? I mean, provided your beau don't mind?"

Robert broke the eye contact; he didn't bother to wait for a response from her. Instead, he turned and walked to the punch table. Caroline was awestruck. Despite the stranger's rude and yet very polite behavior, she found herself intrigued by him.

Caroline spun around on her heels, and marched up to Robert, who stood at the punch bowl with a glass in his hand. "Excuse me, but did you just walk away without gettin' my response?" The expression that crossed her face expressed profound annoyance in his action.

Setting the cup down, he shoved his hands in his pockets, Robert shrugged giving a sheepish grin. He chuckled, "Well, if you hadn't come after me, then I would have known you weren't interested. Now, because you came after me, I am assuming that you would've accepted because who chases down someone they're sayin' no to?" He tilted his head to the side in anticipation of her response.

Caroline blinked a few times, shocked at his response. "Maybe I wanted to let you down nicely."

Robert removed his hands from his pockets, and extended one toward Caroline. "Well, Miss...I'm sorry I don't know your name. Can I explain my reasoning while we dance?"

She placed her hand gently in his own, and allowed him to lead her onto the floor for a slow dance. "I suppose I could allow that." Caroline couldn't resist grinning.

Robert spun Caroline in a circle, and she felt her dress flare out slightly before Robert pulled her tight against him. It was evident right away that Robert was no dancer, because he kept to a confined box on the dance floor and refused to stray. Everything else was all Robert Harris. Caroline soon learned he could talk a peach off the tree.

Caroline felt herself melt into the stranger's arms. She could feel his muscles tighten and relax as he carried her around the dance floor. Her head rested on his chest during "I Don't Want to Walk Without You." Robert's hands were calloused, which made Caroline smile; she had always wanted a hardworking man. He cleared his throat, which directed her gaze back toward Robert's face. His eyes danced across her face, "Now Miss, I told you my name. You might as well tell me yours. After all, we're dancin' together ain't we?"

As he looked down at her, a lock of hair dropped on his forehead. Reaching up, Caroline tucked it back up where it belonged. Her silk glove caressed his face, and she could feel that his cheeks were warm. "Caroline Johnson." She smiled as she drew her hand away. She realized they had stopped dancing; "Why'd we stop?"

Robert took her hand in his own, "Well, Miss Caroline, I just couldn't focus on the dancin' anymore since you've got a name that rolls off your tongue real sweet...like molasses." They began dancing again just as the song was ending.

"Would you like some punch?" he asked her.

"Why, yes, thank you. I'm feelin' a little bit warm in here." Caroline fanned her face with her hand briefly to emphasize the point.

"All right." He guided her to a seat out on the balcony. As he sat her down, Robert crouched to eye level with her, "Now, you promise me you're gonna wait here 'til I come back? Because some other fella' might come up an' try to dance."

"I won't budge from this spot." Caroline giggled. She was smitten without even knowing the boy. Watching him walk away, she laughed while Robert took a few steps, then dramatically turned to ensure she was still in the same spot.

Shaking her head, laughing, Caroline shooed him toward the punch table, and as she did she felt a hand clamp around her arm. Jerry, still holding her arm pulled her towards him pressing his lips against hers. Caroline screamed and attempted to pull away from him, but no one seemed to hear her. "You're comin' with me." He sneered at her. Jerry cursed to himself as he dragged Caroline out of view, muttering to himself, "I'll teach you to go off with some other fella', you whore."

Trying to writher out of his grasp, Caroline choked out a few words, "Jerry....stop....help!" He pushed her against the railing that fenced the patio. Forcing himself against her, Caroline realized she had underestimated Jerry's strength. Staring into her eyes, Jerry paused for a moment before hitting her across the face. His face was reddened, and his anger became more intense the longer Jerry had Caroline in his grasp. She could tell by the way his grasp on her became tighter and tighter around her arms.

Caroline reached up to scratch at Jerry's face, but she couldn't writher out of his grasp. He held her arms at her sides, and yanked her toward him again. Caroline gagged, and began coughing. She could smell and taste the alcohol on his breath. Jerry held her at arm's length and shook her back and forth, hard. He finally snapped, "What the fuck is wrong with you? Girls like you don't get to go on dates with people like me. You should've considered yourself lucky."

Jerry pulled his fist back to strike her again, but Caroline let out a piercing shriek. Hitting her once again, he released her from his grasp. "Help, someone!" Caroline screamed as she pushed herself up off the concrete.

"Hey! What's goin' on out there?!" A voice bellowed as a man emerged from the doorway. Jerry veered away from Caroline, and turned toward the door. Robert was standing in the doorway with clenched fists. Jumping from the ledge of the patio, Jerry made a break for it. Robert chased after him.

Caroline pulled herself up, wincing as she touched her face. She tasted blood in her mouth, and when she spat, she cursed Jerry. Caroline dusted off her dress because she was accustomed to the beatings because her father was an alcoholic. She didn't wait around to see what Robert did to Jerry, instead she ran into the powder room with a hand covering her face.

Crimson droplets seeped into her white gloves as she hid her face. Luckily, the powder room was next to the door. Her head was pulsating. The room was full of women fighting for a spot in front of the mirror. When they saw Caroline, however, they rushed to her aid.

"Sugar, what happened?"

"Are you all right?"

"Should we phone Doc Baker?"

Caroline brushed them away; she wasn't about to let children help her. Instead she turned to a girl, around her age, who went to the same church, "I 'preciate it ladies, but I'm quite alright. Just got into a little tiff is all. Ain't nothin' to be alarmed about. Linda, have you got a handkerchief I could use?"

Nodding her head, the girl opened her handbag for the cloth. Linda sat Caroline down on a chair by the sink as Linda ran the cloth under the faucet.

"Oh, Miss Caroline," she gasped as she began dabbing away the blood, "What happened to you?"

"Just crossed the wrong man, I s'pose, Linda." Caroline grabbed Linda's hand and squeezed. "Thank you." She whispered.

"Don't you fret, love. You're damn lucky you didn't get blood on that white dress." Linda smiled.

Caroline gave a slight chuckle, wincing as she felt her eye start to swell shut. Linda dabbed at the gash diligently. "I do believe you're right."

Stepping back, Linda smiled at Caroline. "Well, you're gonna have a real shiner, but you'll be all right."

Caroline examined her face in the mirror. Sighing, she hugged Linda, "Thank you again. I'm gonna get on home before Momma starts to worry." Pushing open the door, she turned back to Linda, "I'll owe you a handkerchief. See you at church?"

Linda nodded, smiling, "Mhmm. See you then."

Caroline emerged from the ladies room to the same dance she had left, with the exception of a few stares. As she lit a cigarette, she felt someone touch the small of her back. Immediately, she could feel her body tense up.

Robert spun Caroline around so she faced him. "You alright?" Robert's expression was of both anger and concern. Caroline looked down at his hands, and saw that the knuckles on his right hand were covered in blood. Nodding, Robert sighed with relief. Caroline wrapped her arms around him, wincing slightly from the bruising.

"What happened?" Robert asked.



"I just refused a dance." Caroline smiled slightly. They held each other for a moment, before Caroline looked up at Robert. "Robert, could you walk me home? It's gettin' late an' I don't want Momma up worryin'."

Caroline knew that there would be hell to pay when she got home for the night. Her mother had been planning for her and Jerry to get married, that way they would be eternally involved in that country club lifestyle.

"Miss Caroline, I'd be happy to." Robert said, extending his arm. As she linked her arm within his, Caroline felt an instant sense of security.

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There was a knock at the door, "I'm sorry, Miss Caroline, but I've got to do some diagnostics before you get to sleep." The orderly was a kind young woman named Alicia. She had been working the graveyard shift the past few evenings.

Mom held out her arm; she knew that the blood tests were endless. I hoisted Carlee out of her arms, and lay the sleeping child in my lap. Gazing down, I noticed how much she had grown.

"Damn hospital dwellin' vampires." Mom looked at Alicia. "How're you doin' tonight darlin'?" She smiled. Everyone in the room knew Mom was joking—well sort of. Mom never liked doctors. I never was quite sure why, but for as long as I could remember Mom would put off going to the doctor until it was absolutely necessary.

"Oh, I'm alright." Alicia said pulling a syringe from her kit. "The baby's at home with the chicken pox now. We think she got it from one of the other kids at preschool."

Mom looked at me, "I remember when you had the chicken pox. You itched like crazy. I put you in an oatmeal bath, calamine lotion, everythin'. I had to tape socks over your hands at night just so you'd stop scratchin'."

I held my arm up to examine it. "Yep. I still have scars from the ones I scratched."

"All done, Miss Caroline. I'll be back in a few hours to check on you. Do you need anything?" Alicia placed the vial of blood in the rack.

"No, no, dear. I'm all right, but a cigarette would be real nice."

Alicia laughed and shook her head, no. "I would, but I'm not lookin' to lose my job anytime soon."

Mom settled in the bed, "Always worth a try," she mumbled.

"Mom? What happened after you asked Robert to take you home? Didn't you cry?" I asked. This was a side of Mom that I'd never thought existed.

"Oh, sure I wanted to cry, but my mom and daddy were folks who didn't cry. Not ever..." Mom had a big smile cross her face, "Oh, Janie...I was so taken with Robert. He was a true gentleman. I was lookin' forward to tellin' Momma and Daddy that we were goin' steady...or am I getting' ahead of myself? Where was I?"

I could see that Mom was growing tired, and I wanted to suggest that she attempt to sleep, but she continued talking before I could make the suggestion.

"Robert walked me home that night. He even gave me his jacket because I was gettin' chills. You keep in mind, I had already been on the date from hell, and had that encounter with him...I think now-a-days Jerry Montgomery actually started some sort of business. Or maybe he was the one who became an accountant for some place over in Texas? Or was it Oklahoma? I haven't heard from him in probably thirty or forty years..." Mom started rambling as she lost her focus.

"But what happened with Robert, Mom?" I found myself creeping to the edge of the chair. Just like Mom said she had, I was falling for Robert.

"Well, we were walkin' down the street happy as two Junebugs in June, and we stopped. Robbie, that's what I called him, took my hands in his an' pulled me close." Mom's eyes closed, and she wrapped her arms around her frail body. I could tell she still remembered exactly how it felt to be held by him.

"He pulled me tight an' held me. My face was swollen up all kinds of colors. My head was still pounding, but because I was with him, it somehow didn't hurt so bad. Oh, Janie-girl...I remember he looked me in the eyes and said to me, 'You're still the prettiest damn peach I've ever seen. An' if it's all right with you, I'd like to call on you tomorrow to see you.' He took my face in his gentle hands," Mom raised her frail hands and touched where I am assuming she had been hit, "and he kissed that gash on my forehead."

I began to wonder why she chose to tell me this story. Robert seemed like the perfect match for Mom, but my father's name isn't Robert; it's Frank.

"That boy walked me six blocks home that night." Mom said nodding her head in remembrance. "He held my hand, too. He was such a doll. When we got to my house, I wouldn't let him walk me up my stairs because I was so scared. He an' I were standin' at the picket fence on the edge of the yard."

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"Caroline?" Robert turned to face her and smiled, "Next time I think you'd be all right to dance with some other fella'. I feel crazy awful about what happened...but I've gotta ask...he didn't..." Robert's face became serious once again, and Caroline could feel his grasp on her hand tighten slightly.

Her jaw tensed, "No, Robert., he didn't."

"All right. I don't know what I'd do if I found out this guy did..." His grasp eased slightly. "Now I've gotta ask somethin' else...Miss Caroline, I was wonderin' if you'd wanna go to Jupiter's with me once you're feelin' better."

A smirk crossed her face as she opened the latch on the gate; she stepped to the other side and set her hands on top of his, which were resting on two of the pickets. He was warm; Caroline shivered as a chill creeped up her spine. Leaning in to him, Caroline whispered, "Pick me up next Saturday at seven?" Quickly pecking Robert on the cheek, she ran up the front steps of her house.

Robert smiled, and called out, "I will, Miss Caroline." As he jammed his hands back in his pockets, he turned and walked back toward the Country Club.

As Caroline closed the front door, she heavily exhaled with a smile across her face. Biting her lip, she saw her mother walk toward her from a large chair in the living room. "What in Sam-hill happened to you?" She asked with hands perched on her hips.

"Momma, I ain't in the mood to talk 'bout it. I just ain't."

"Caroline, don't you take that tone. I worked awful hard on gettin' you that date. What happened at that dance? I already got a call from Pauline Montgomery sayin' Jerry came home early. An' who was that boy out there with you?"

Caroline sat down on the stairs, and started crying. "That boy's name is Robert. He walked me home. Jerry said he wanted me; he was drunk. When I tried to get away, he hit me. He was so liquored up."

Mrs. Johnson stared blankly at her for a few moments before she spoke again. "Child...you're damn lucky your father isn't home. You get a cold towel to put on that face. We gotta get that swellin' down. Jerry's a nice boy, an' we're bankin' on you two gettin' married. You owe that boy an apology. You'll be lucky if he even talks to you again after this."

Clenching and unclenching her fists, Caroline stated slowly and clearly, "Momma...I ain't doin' it. Y'all curse and damn me to hell, but ain't no man gonna touch me like that. I've got every right to dance with any man I please."

Mrs. Johnson raised her hand to slap Caroline, but she paused. Dropping her hand, she sighed. "Get on up to your room. We gotta get that swellin' down."

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Mom was getting tired, her eyes started to droop, and she was forcing herself to stay awake. Her head had been bobbing up and down as she fought to stay conscious for the last fifteen minutes.

"Mom...why don't you lay back and sleep a while? It's getting late and I need to get her home." I knew, too, if I didn't get Carlee to bed, she would throw one hell of a tantrum the next day. "I can come back tomorrow when I get off work?"

Settling in her bed, Mom sighed heavily. I knew she was agreeing with me. She didn't want to stop the story, but she was too exhausted to be her normal argumentative self. "All right, but I need you to stop at the house an' get somethin' 'fore you come back."

"Sure, what do you need?"

"Go upstairs, an' in my room on the bureau grab my copy of *Pride and Prejudice*."

"I can do that." I said as I woke Carlee. She cracked open her eyes slightly; turning to another angle, she fell back asleep. "Carlee, don't you wanna say night to Nana?" I asked her, but there was no response.

Hoisting the sleeping brick into my arms, I stood up to leave. "Get some sleep, Mom. We can finish the story tomorrow..." I hesitated for a moment, and leaned down to kiss her cheek.

Mom didn't make any response to the action, she merely looked at me and said, "Don't you forget my cigarettes either."

I smiled at her persistence, and as I opened the door to leave, I shut off the lights. "Good night, Mom." Walking out of the room I whispered, "I love you."

Carlee felt like a large sack of laundry in my arms as I walked down the hall to the elevator, I thought about how long it had been since Mom said she loved me back...

The school day went by slowly, as they always do. My seventh graders ran amuck during class, and they learned absolutely nothing because they are seventh graders. I thought eighth period would never end. When the final bell rang, I felt as though I was in high school again. I hurried to gather my things, lock my door, and I practically ran to my old Chrysler Town and Country. It was a race to beat the parents and school buses so I didn't have to wait to get through the traffic. Fortunately, today I was successful. Score: Janie – 1, Buses – all the other days in the year.

Carlee was staying with Nolan for the evening. By the time we got home last night, it was so late, I tucked Carlee in, told Nolan about Mom, and fell asleep. I began my trek to Middleberg General. I had just turned on to the highway when I realized I had forgotten Mom's book. Pulling out my cell phone, I called Mom's room. I was never big on new technological advancements, but ever since Mom got sick, I wanted the hospital to be able to reach me at all times. The phone only worked in some places, but it was better than nothing.

She picked up, "Hello?"

"Hey, Mom. I'm on my way over, but I forgot your book...I can bring it tomorrow?"

"Well..." Mom's voice trailed off, "I really would prefer to have it tonight." When she said the word prefer, I knew I had to get the book. Prefer, in Mom's language, doesn't mean there is an option, instead it is a polite command.

I signaled right so I could get off at the next exit. "All right. I'll stop off and grab it. Be there in about an hour."

"Okay, thanks." Mom said before she hung up.

Glancing at the clock, I realized why Mom was so short on the phone, The Price is Right reruns were on. I swear that all elderly women must have a shrine for Bob Barker hidden in their basement for as much as they worship that show.

When I arrived at Mom and Dad's place, I opened the back door to find Dad working on a large model boat at the kitchen table. "Hey, Dad." I went to hug him, and was greeted by a bizarre adaptation to his glasses. He had jerry-rigged his bifocals so they had a magnifying glass, and a flashlight attached to them.

He stood up to embrace the hug; Dad was much shorter than me now. The osteoporosis had definitely taken a toll on his body; over the last twenty years, his back became more hunched. "Hey, Janie." He sat back down at the table, focusing on the tiny model pieces.

"Making a new model? What is it?" I said picking up the box and reading it over.

"Mhmm. German U-Boat." He responded. His eyes were squinting to focus on the small pieces.

I set the box down on the table. "Daddy, are you really coming to see Mom today?"

"Yeah..." Dad spoke, but he seemed more engaged in the model. "I'll be out later. I've got an appointment at four."

I wanted to tell Dad how much it bothered me that he wouldn't go see Mom. Dad had been cooped up in the house since Mom got sick. It was as if he was shutting down, and he wasn't able to focus on life anymore.

As I approached the bureau, I saw *Pride and Prejudice* resting on her jewelry box. Both were collecting dust. Mom always hated dusting; it would always become a part of my punishment just so she didn't have to do it. I picked up the book, and then peered into the jewelry box. All of Mom's jewelry was neat and organized. She had never been one to wear any jewelry, with the exception of her wedding band.

I stopped in the kitchen on my way out and kissed Dad's balding head. Dishes were piling up in the sink. I was afraid to examine them any closer out of fear that there was mold growing on them. "I'll see you later, Janie. I'll be there after my appointment." He said without looking up. Dad didn't know that he was repeating himself. Over the last year, Dad had been slowly losing his memory.

"I love you." I said, closing the door behind me.

He spent all of his free time doing puzzles, or intricate models. I looked around the house, and matted puzzles in frames lay all over the floor because he couldn't bring himself to put them on the

walls. Model cars, buildings, and battleships covered the fireplace mantle, bookshelves. Last time I was over, I think I saw the White House in the bathroom. Dad refused to stop because as soon as he did, he would have to accept that Mom was dying.

On the way to see Mom, I stopped to get a fresh pack of cigarettes. When the attendant asked what kind I wanted I replied, "Salems." Immediately after I said it, a confused expression crossed my face. I don't smoke Salems; I smoke Marlboros. Mom smokes Salems, she had for as long as I could remember. Accepting my mistake, I purchased the cigarettes.

I packed them, and opened the box. Sticking one in my mouth, I lit it, taking a long drag. It had been a long day. I began to wish Nolan was with me. He always seemed to be able to calm me down when I got tense, I think it's partially because he always showed me that affection that I was always missing from Mom.

When I entered Mom's room I experienced the same sensations I had the night before. I suppose some things will never go away. Mom was sleeping, and The Price is Right was no longer on, but Wheel of Fortune was. Leaning down, I kissed her forehead; she didn't stir. I shuddered at my sea foam nemesis as I walked to it and sat down. I couldn't remember the name of the host of the show, but everyone knows who Vanna White is. My memory didn't want to work no matter how hard I tried to remember. Maybe it was Ted something or other? I had bought a few vowels before Mom woke up.

She shifted in the bed, and blinked at me. "Hey, Mom. How're you doing?" I asked from the aquatic hued monstrosity.

"Ehh..." Mom grunted. "Still here."

"I got your book. Dad says he'll be coming after his appointment." I set the book on the nightstand next to her bed.

Mom smiled a little when she reached for the book. Her frail hands explored the leather bound cover. The title was stamped on in golden letters. It was beautiful for a book. "This was my favorite book when I was a girl." You could tell from the way it was worn that she had read it over and over.

She opened the front cover and focused on the title page. Her fingers brushed against the paper. I noticed Mom's blue eyes had welled with tears. She didn't say anything for some time. Finally, I got up to see what she was upset about; inside the book in scrawled out writing it read:

My darling Caroline,  
You and me are as perfect as Elizabeth and Darcy.  
You are my soul mate, and when I get back, we're getting married, if you want to.  
All my love, Robbie.  
Ps- I actually read the book, too.

"We were plannin' on getting' married, me an' him..." Mom still focused on the book. "But when the draft hit us at home, there wasn't anybody who was safe anymore...It was aroun' August of 1942, an' WW2 had been goin' on for 'bout two years. All the boys were up an' enlistin', an' if you didn't enlist yourself, you could bet your bum you'd be drafted." Mom's hand still ran over the writing Robert had left. "Robbie wanted to enlist so badly, but I just wouldn't let him. We fought tooth an' nail over it. Deep down, I knew he'd eventually go on an' do it, an' by golly...he did."

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"Robbie, I don't want you goin'." Caroline whispered as she wrapped her arms around his waist. Caroline and Robert sat in an old wooden boat on the lake. Robert shipped out the next day, and the two chose to have a peaceful final day together.

Robert stroked her hair gently; "I know, Care."

"Momma says you better be careful. You know how she's been since Daddy got drafted." Caroline pulled away and noticed a large wet spot on Robert's shirt where her tears had fallen. "I can't handle both you an' Daddy bein' over there fightin' them damn Nazis."

Robert pulled her back toward him, "I know...I know." He hadn't much to say since they'd gotten in the boat. Caroline couldn't figure out what was on his mind. His eyes shifted down to Caroline, "You look mighty pretty tonight, Miss Caroline. That's the same dress you wore when I first saw you."

Caroline nodded, "I know. I figured it'd be fittin' to wear it tonight."

"Still pretty as a peach..." Robert smiled. "Care...I got you a lil' somethin' for while I'm away." He turned around to grab his bag.

"Oh really?" she said, wiping the tears off her face.

"Yeah. It's just somethin' to keep you busy." He pulled out a leather bound book with gold lettering. It had a blue bow on the top.

Robert handed it to Caroline. She gently removed the bow and examined her gift. Her face glowed with a smile as she read the title.

"Robbie, this is my favorite! How'd you know?"

"Care, you mention that book often enough, I'd be dumber than shit if I didn't know...Why don't you read me a page or two?" Robert's smile grew broader as Caroline opened the book to the first page. Her eyes grew wide as she read the page.

"I figured this way you'd have the book to read, an' once you've got that done, you might as well start plannin' the weddin'. It's my promise that I'll come back to you."

Caroline clasped the novel to her chest, and kissed Robert. "I will." She smiled as she kissed him. "I will, an' you best keep your promise."

"You know I don't make no promises I can't keep." He wrapped his arms around Caroline.

The two lay down in the boat, and gazed at the sky. Robert rolled over, and cupped Caroline's face in his hands. He kissed her over and over as though he was starving for it. As he held her, Caroline's fingers swept over the buttons on his shirt. She began unbuttoning them, fumbling slightly.

"Are you sure 'bout this, Care?" Robert asked with concern in his face.

"Positive." Caroline smirked, pulling Robert back toward her, continuing with the buttons.

The next day before they took him to the train station, Robert and Caroline sat outside on the front porch, sipping on lemonade. When it came time to leave, Caroline had tears streaming down her cheeks; she wrapped her arms around his neck, and gently stroked his hair. Through the tears she choked out a whisper, "I love you. I am goin' to miss you so much."

His eyes were red and swollen from crying. Robert nodded his head, and without much emotion he said, "I know." It was as if he didn't know what to say. "Caroline, I'll be seein' you." He said for the fourth time, and as he grabbed her hand, he allowed it to drop as he walked away.

Caroline stood on the porch, waiting for him to come back. She kept hoping it would all be some sort of joke, and Robert wasn't truly going off to fight. As she watched his car disappear down the street, she finally realized that it wasn't a joke. Robert was gone, and he wasn't coming back, not for a long time. She crumpled on the ground, crying. How was it possible that the one person she had come to love more than anything could be gone so fast and so easily?

Robert was there through everything; he knew how she wouldn't go ice-skating on a pond because she was too afraid it'd melt. He knew that she didn't actually sing hymns in church on Sunday, but instead made parodies to them. Robert knew her backwards and forwards, and now he wasn't there.

The day after Robert left, Caroline sat down at her desk and wrote a letter to him. She hoped he would receive it soon, but she wasn't even sure where he got sent.

My darling Robert—

You've been gone for a day, and it's seemed like an eternity. My heart feels like it's breaking because neither of us knows how long it'll be until we see each other again. I started reading the novel. I think that you'd better get home fast because I read pretty fast.

I told Momma today about our engagement. She's so excited; she agreed to help me plan the wedding. Of course, you'd already talked to Daddy; Momma says you asked him almost a month ago for my hand. I was thinking, what about a late summer wedding; we could have it in September? I guess it'll depend on when you get home, but hopefully the war doesn't last too much longer.

I want you to stay safe over there. And don't go talking to all the pretty German girls. You've got yourself a girl right here in Middleberg, Georgia, that loves you a hell of a lot. Write me when you can, and come home to me soon.

All my love,

Caroline Harris

It was a solid two months before Caroline received a letter back from Robert. She had begun to worry about if he was still alive. When the postman brought a letter to her door that Thursday afternoon in September, she felt her heart skip a beat. She ripped open the envelope and the letter inside was mud covered, but it was from Robert.

Dearest Caroline,

Got your letter yesterday. We're in France now. I can't write much because we're down in a bunker. Sorry about all the mud, I know you hate dirty things. You should see me now, I'm sure you'd crinkle your nose at me. I can't remember the last time I showered.

A September wedding would be great. I hope your mother doesn't make any poor choices, but I trust you. Care, I miss you, more than I could have imagined. This place is hell, and I want to get out of here. Bombs are going off everywhere, and you go days without sleep. When you can sleep, all you hear is artillery fire.

I'm sure you've finished your book by now. Why don't you take yourself down to the bookshop and get a new one? Put it on my tab; Mr. Hendricks won't mind.

I like how you signed your name. Better get used to it, darling. You've got to live a lifetime with my last name once I get back. I've got to get going, but I love you Caroline.

Your Robert

She could tell the last bit was scrawled out really fast. The last two lines were smudged, but Caroline beamed like it was Christmas. Robert was alive. Her eyes swelled with tears, as she gazed at the pen marks until they blurred on the page. It had been so long since she had seen him, the pen marks on the page made him real again, and it made her know he was still alive. When she stepped back inside, she immediately got out her stationary set. The sooner she sent the next letter, the sooner she would hear back from him.

Robert—

It's so good to hear from you! It's been so long since I heard from you. The suspense is unbearab—

Looking at the paper, Caroline scrunched her nose. She couldn't send that to him; Robert already knew that it was unbearable for her. Crumpling the paper, she tossed it in the garbage can. Grabbing a new sheet, Caroline began again.

Robert—

It was awful nice to hear from you. France must be beautiful around this time of the year. I know back here at home Momma is all excited about the wedding. Since Daddy's been gone she's been awful lonely. She's really taken over on it. When you come home you'll be in store for a wedding fit for the Rockefellers.

I finished the book long ago. When I went to Mr. Hendrick's store; he wasn't there. I guess he decided to up and fight, too. But I did buy a new book, I haven't a whole lot of free time. The Red Cross has been asking for all sorts of volunteers. Right now I'm helping with the boys who come home wounded. Don't you worry any, I show every single one of them your picture. Oh darling, I hope the war ends soon so you can come home and we can finally start that family.

All my love,

Caroline Harris

She placed the letter in an envelope, folding one of her handkerchiefs, she spritzed it with the perfume. Adding it to the letter, Caroline sealed the envelope. She skipped down the stairs, and placed it in the postbox at the end of the drive.

Every Sunday after church, Caroline sat down and wrote to Robert, and every day without fail when the postman would arrive, she would skip down the steps to see if he returned any of her letters. As the months passed, though, her skip became a more sullen walk.

Robbie—

I hope you're doing well. President Roosevelt said we're doing well in the fights. Darling, I think we're gonna be starting that family sooner than I thought. I know we didn't expect it., but depending on when you come home, I need a bigger dress for the wedding. You should see my belly, it's getting big.

I told Momma. She's changed ever so much since this all started. She's not happy about it, but she knows we're engaged, and so I think when you come home we'll bring her around, and she'll change her mind.

Robbie, you're going to be a Daddy. Isn't that fantastic?! Come home soon, darling. Christmas is coming soon. Momma and I decided to buy bonds instead of the tree. Your mom is coming over for Thanksgiving dinner, too. Stay warm, love. I love you.

All my love to you,

Caroline Harris

(and Baby Harris)

It after New Year's before she heard from him again. Caroline was on her way back from the Red Cross, and as she opened the mailbox, there was only one letter. Grabbing it, she read the envelope. She felt as though her heart was going to beat right out of her chest as she ripped it open.

Caroline,

I sure hope you and the baby are doing well. It's taken forever to get your letters. It seems like every couple of weeks I'll get one. Darling, your letters are what have been keeping me going. I didn't anticipate a war being like this. I found Tank one day; he and I were together for a while. The artillery fire was so bad, though he didn't make it. Care, I've never seen someone I know die. Pray this war ends soon.

I hope the baby is doing well. Do you know what you want to name him? I'm really hoping for a son. I can't wait to come home and play ball with him. I love you, Caroline. I'll be seeing you soon.

All my love,

Your Robert

Robbie—

I can't wait for you to come home and see her. Jane is the prettiest baby I have ever seen before in my life. She looks so much like you. Momma was there with me for when she was born. The doctor said she's damn near the healthiest baby he's ever seen. I decided to name her after your Mother.

Darling, I still can't wait till we are married. Once you get back, we're all going to be one big happy family. Just you wait and see. I hope you aren't too upset that Janie isn't a boy; I know how badly you wanted a son.

You remember Lawrence Rudy? His wife got word the other day that he died. Robbie, I don't know what I'd do if I lost you. I watched Mrs. Rudy drop on her front porch just down the road. She hasn't come out of her house since. I made her some casserole the other day and took it over, but she wouldn't let me come in. I can't say I blame her. I took Janie with me, though. Seeing the baby brought a slight smile to her face.

Most of the town is accustomed to her now. They've all been waiting for her to be born. She's going to be baptized this coming Sunday. I was so worried Reverend Martin wouldn't perform the ceremony because of the whole us not being married thing, but I think in the situation, he has become more accepting lately.

Come home soon to your new family, sweetheart. I love you, Robbie.

Yours eternally,

Caroline and Jane Harris

~*~

"I didn't know what happened to him, though. All of a sudden he stopped writin'." Mom's shoulders heaved up and down with her sobs. "He just disappeared." She opened the novel, and gathered a stack of about ten or so papers inside of it. Looking them over, Mom cried, "These were his letters to me." I wasn't sure exactly how to react.

The lump in my throat was rising, and I felt as though I was going to be sick. My father wasn't truly my real father.

Mom tightened her grip on the letters. It was as though she still couldn't accept that Robert was gone. Her eyes were red from crying, and I felt mine begin swell. I didn't know if I wanted to cry because I learned that Robert was my father, or because my mother was finally expressing emotion.

I fell back into the sea foam mass and buried my head in my hands. I wasn't sure what to feel. My father, the man I had called Daddy my entire life wasn't truly the man I thought. "What happened?" I asked. My mind was racing; why didn't Mom search for him? Did he die?

"I don't know Janie, I really don't. His letters kept gettin' further and further apart because of the way the war was goin'. His Momma never got any word that he had died, so I kept on believin' he'd come back to me. She died before the war ended, and so you weren't ever old enough to know who she was. Your grandmamma was an amazing woman. I remember she'd come by with toys and clothes for you all the time..."

I wanted to hug my mother, but she had folded into a ball. "I waited 'til after the war ended to stop writing. I must've wrote him 'round two hundred letters just tellin' him 'bout how much you were growin' up. Janie-girl, you look so much like your Papa. Robbie would've been amazed at the woman you've become...He never wrote back. I'm not even sure he got the letter about when you were born. None of my letters ever got sent back, so I always was thinkin' he got them."

I heard the door open behind us; it was Dad. He walked with his cane, with his coat draped over his other arm. He shuffled over to Mom, and kissed her forehead, "Hello."

Mom was in a trance, she didn't acknowledge Dad. Caroline Peters had checked out, and Caroline Johnson was still back in the 1940s with Robert. I opened my mouth to question Dad about everything Mom had told me, but he set his coat down on the edge of the bed, and beneath it, there was a small worn shoebox. I wanted to know why neither of them ever said anything. Dad had always known because he married a single mother.

"Jane...she told you, didn't she?" He murmured. "When you came in an' got that book today, I knew your mamma was finally sittin' down to tell you what really happened. 'Cept I've got a little somethin' to add....somethin' you both have to know."

Dad picked up the shoebox, and placed it on Mom's lap. She looked down at it, and wiped the tears off her face. When she opened it, her hand immediately clasped over her mouth to stifle the scream she let out. Inside the small box, lay a stack of letters tied neatly with baling twine. They were all addressed to Mom, from Robert.

"He started writin' again after the war ended," Dad started. "We had met, an' you were a mother without a husband. I loved you from the second I saw you, Caroline, but I knew that I wasn't ever goin' to be the one you truly wanted. I hid the letters, an' when I decided to ask you to get married, I decided I couldn't ever show you them. I knew you'd try to go find him, but I couldn't let you go, Caroline." It was the first time I could remember seeing Dad cry, he tried to hug Mom, but she pushed him away. She opened the letter on the bottom of the pile; it was the first letter that Robert had sent.

Caroline and Jane,

I'm sorry it's been so long, darling. Our company got attacked and we were MIA for the last three years. Finally, the Allies got through, and Hitler committed suicide. Did you hear about that? Baby, I'm coming home. I can't wait to see you and the baby. The only thing that's been keeping me going is the thought of you and baby Jane. I promised you I'd come home, and goddamn it I am. I tried calling, but the phone's disconnected. Don't you worry; I'll find you and Janie when I get back. Can we call her Janie? I think it's really nice sounding. I should be home in the next few weeks. It'll take a while to get all the papers and such in order. Caroline, I know you've been waiting for me to come home, but I'm doing it. We'll finally have that family. All three of us will be together for the first time. I just hope Jane will recognize me as her daddy. I put in a picture that I had taken so Jane can see. I couldn't remember if you had one or not. Darling, I can't wait to see you. I love you so very much. Just a few more weeks!

Faithfully devoted,
Your Robbie

Dad approached the bed, but Mom lashed out, and tried to hit him. "Get me out of this bed. Now! Frank how could you? How dare you?" I almost felt bad for Dad because I knew he loved Mom. I watched the two of them, and Dad submitted to her. He sat down in a chair next to Mom, and he fiddled with his wedding band.

Looking over at Mom, Dad had tears in his eyes, "Caroline, I never mea..."

"I don't want to hear it. I don't want to hear anythin' else from you. You're a lyin' sack of horse shit." Mom blurt it out so fast that I almost didn't have time to catch what she was saying.

Dad's head dropped back down, and I watched his body shake. I didn't move to comfort either of them because I wasn't exactly sure which one to go to. My mind raced through everything Mom had said. Sitting down in the ugly chair, I stared out the window and I could the lump in my throat start to rise. My stomach was churning as though I was going to vomit, which I hadn't done since my first ballet recital. Mom and Dad were both there, and I was so scared to go on stage, I crawled under a table and threw up. For a moment, my mind raced back to the recital. I recalled Dad holding me in his arms as he walked to the car to take me home. I glanced at Dad; this man who loved me as his own, and I felt a tear slide down my cheek. It didn't matter to me that Robert Harris was my biological father. My name is Peters, same as my Dad.

"Janie..." Mom cried out, "Janie, give me a cigarette, an' don't you give me no backtalk." Mom had drool hanging from her chin from crying. Her nose was running like a faucet, and she attempted to wipe it away. I ran my sleeve against my eyes to dab away the tears. My fragile mother stood up, and I helped her put on her sweater.

We stepped into the hallway, and I grabbed a wheelchair. My trance broke when the elevator arrived on the floor with a ding. I knew that I shouldn't have let her have a cigarette, but I rolled her to the elevator anyway. As we exited the hospital, it was dark outside. We could see the bugs swarming around all of the lights in the parking lot. I grabbed the pack of Salems; I knew that it had been a sign. I handed Mom one; she had swollen red eyes now from crying so hard. As soon as I lit our cigarettes, Mom took a long drag.

"Janie?" I heard Mom whisper my name.

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I didn't think it would've mattered. Frank's been a damn good father and husband, but you're mine and Robert's. I want you to know I've always loved you. It's just been a hell of a hard time. You're so much like him..." I knew Mom didn't understand why Dad had hidden the letters from her for so many years.

"Mom, I love you, too."

I felt a sense of closure with her as I heard her say those words. My mind was still racing, but I knew who my mother was. As I watched the smoke clouds get carried away with the warm Georgia breeze, I glanced at Mom. Through everything she'd been through, I saw her in her true light. She was no longer my sick, dying mother—she was Caroline, the beautiful country girl in a white dress with polka dots.

[The not-so-rich student's guide]



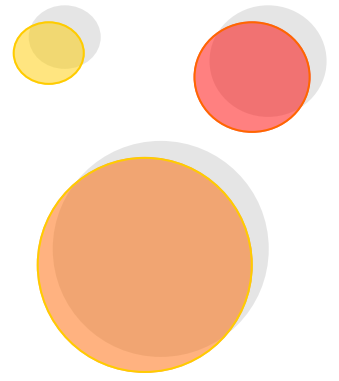
España



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Dear Reader;

As a junior in college, I had the privilege of studying abroad in the city of Alicante, in Spain. This was by far one of the best experiences of my life. I fell in love with the culture, the food and the customs. I ate what the Spanish ate, went to a Spanish College, and went out to the bars along with the Spaniards.

Spain has so many great things to see. There are art museums, cathedrals, unique stores and wonderful restaurants. I have written this guide in order to encourage College students and also graduates to explore Spain.

Because this guide is written with students in mind, it takes into account that students generally have less money to spend while traveling than the average person.

I have tried to give you every bit of knowledge that I acquired while in Spain, and hopefully you will have a blast using it.

Viva España !

Jonna





[The Basics]

(A little about Spain)

“Every country gets the circus it deserves. Spain gets bullfights.

Italy get the Catholic Church. America gets Hollywood.” -Erica Jong, American Writer

Spain uses the Euro. To find out the exchange rate of the Euro versus the U.S. or other currency, go online to find a currency converter. A good converter can be found at : <http://www.x-rates.com/calculator.html>.

The culture of Spain is very different from the American culture. It is important to understand some of their customs and mannerisms before you visit the country.

Spain was under a dictatorship run by Francisco Franco from 1939-1975. If you think about it, 1975 really was not that long ago. Under this dictatorship, the people of Spain were given few rights. Divorce was illegal, everyone was required to speak the Castellano dialect of Spanish and no other dialect, women were expected to do nothing else other than serve their husbands and produce children, and the media was extremely censored and monitored.

After facing all these rules for so long, it makes sense that Spain is the way it is today: open, free, and at times, a bit crazy. If you go out for the night in a city, it will be typical to see men dressed as women. Sex toy shops seem to be on every-other block. But generally, other than the few rebellions that stand out, Spain is pretty similar to big-city life in the United States.

Yet, don't think that Spain is all big-city life. The country is full of beautiful, coastal villages with sidewalks paved in cobblestone. There are orchards and miles and miles of grass and wildflowers. Spain is the perfect mix of a face-paced lifestyle and simple country life. The great thing about Spain is that you can go wherever you want to-city or country or village-and it won't take you long to get from place to place.

While traveling in Spain you will notice that there are many different dialects and languages that are spoken in the country. The people of Spain speak mostly Castellano, which is the Spanish that people are usually familiar with, but they also speak Euskera, Catalan and Valenciano. Even if you are an expert in Spanish, there may be some places where you won't understand everything.

The people of Spain are usually pretty used to having tourists around-especially in the bigger cities. In big cities, it is generally easy to find people who speak English in the main restaurants and stores—but it is sometimes harder to find English speakers in the villages and smaller towns. Only 30% of the Spanish population speaks English, so it is generally helpful to have some knowledge of Spanish while visiting the country-especially if you plan to voyage away from the main cities. Sometimes it can be helpful to have a Spanish phrasebook with you if you don't know much Spanish (I have also included a few important phrases in the back of the book).

[Safety]

Spain is a very safe country. The main thing that tourists need to be cautious of is pick-pocketing, which can be a problem in any country. Make sure that if you carry a purse or backpack that it is deep and has a strap. Also it helps to have one that goes underneath your arm, so that your arm holds it in place. Don't keep money or any objects in your back pockets. Some travelers feel safer buying one of those holders that fits underneath your clothes and goes around your waist, these can usually fit your money and any important cards.

Later on in the guide I talk a little about Hostels. Hostels are safe, but there have been instances of problems, just as there are anywhere. If you come across anything strange, report it to the authorities immediately.

Laws

It is important to touch on a few laws in this guide. Spanish laws seem much more relaxed than American laws, but they still need to be followed.

Alcohol: the legal drinking age in Spain is 16. Those under 16, however, may purchase alcohol if they are accompanied by their parents. It is definitely not a good idea to drink and drive in Spain because you must have under a 0.05 in order to not get in legal trouble. The safest bet is to simply get a cab if you plan to drink.

Legal age of consent: in Spain the legal age of consent is only 13 years old, which is shocking to most Americans. In Spain it can be difficult to tell how old people are because young teens often dress much older than they are. Because of the fact that most young teens look older than they are, try to avoid sleeping with people you have just met—a rule that is a good idea to follow even here in the States!

Drugs: in Spain, you can smoke or grow anything you want in your own house, but possessing or taking drugs in public is illegal. If you are caught carrying drugs on the sidewalk, for example, you may be subject to a large fine or jail time. However, if you are carrying under 50 grams of any drug, you will not be violating the law because that amount is considered to be for personal use alone.

For more information visit www.gomadrid.com/practic/local-laws

[If you do get into trouble]

Because Spain is so safe, I never had to use any of these phrases...but just in case, here are some Spanish phrases.

I'll call the police.

Llamaré a la policía. (*yah-mah-REH ah lah poh-lee-SEE_ah*)

Police!

¡Policía! (*poh-lee-SEE_ah!*)

Stop! Thief!

¡Alto, ladrón! (*AHL-toh, lah-DROHN!*)

I need help.

Necesito ayuda. (*neh-seh-SEE-toh ah-YOO-dah*)

It's an emergency.

Es una emergencia. (*ehs oo-nah eh-mehr-HEHN-syah*)



[Transportation]

The main modes of transportation in Spain are: intercity rails, taxis, buses and the metro. For longer trips from city to city, some people opt to take an airplane. Following is a summary of your options while you are traveling in Spain.

[Intercity rails]

This is your best bet for getting from city to city, as long as the distance is short. An hour -and-a-half long trip from Alicante to the village of Altea, for example, usually only costs about €10 round-trip. Tickets for the intercity rails are purchased wherever an intercity rail station is located. To use an intercity rail you simply put money into a machine which gives you a card that you scan when you get on and off the train.



[Buses]

Most towns have a bus system. These busses generally run from about 6am to 10pm (or 6:00-22:00, since you will be on military time). Buses are a cheap way to go if you just need to get around town. If you are staying in town for awhile, you may want to purchase a card which you can put money on ahead of time. That way you can just scan it every time you get on the bus. If you only want to take a few trips on the bus, however, the best plan would be to just pay each time. Your average trip will cost about €1.25, so buses are extremely affordable.

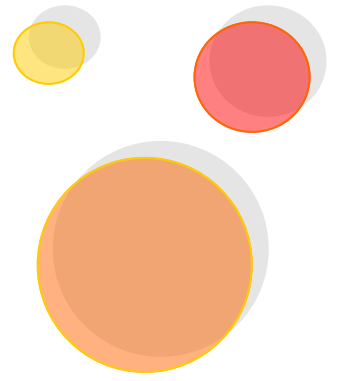


[Metro]

Metro trains are different from the intercity rails because they only take you within the city, not from city to city. These are pretty much the same as the metro trains in cities like New York. The cities of Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia have a metro line, and it is a smart idea to take advantage of them if you find yourself in these cities. They cost about the same as riding a bus, but are quicker and generally more comfortable than busses tend to be.



[Transportation]



[Taxi]

Taxis are the more expensive route, so they should be avoided if at all possible if you are on a budget. The exception to this is at night. If you go out for the night and don't have friends to walk back with (or even if you do) by all means, get a taxi! It is never safe to walk around a city you are not familiar with at night, especially alone, and the busses generally only run until 10pm. When you get to a city, make sure that you have the local taxi's number on hand, or at least know where to find a taxi to hail. Taxis in Spain always have a green light displayed on top—do not get in a taxi without this light because it may be a fraud. Taxis charge by the distance they drive, and it is to tip 5-10%.



[Airplanes]

Flying is a good option if you are going long distances (like from Seville to Valencia). Generally, airfare is a lot cheaper once you are in Spain than it is if you are purchasing them while still in the United States. You can get flights for under €100 in many cases, as long as you are only flying from one city in Spain to another. This is generally cheaper than taking the train for long trips, so it is a great option.



[Walking]

Of all the options that have been discussed, walking is always going to be your cheapest option. You can see a great deal of sights along your walk and as long as you are not going long distances it is a great option. Try to grab a map of each city you visit and learn how to navigate in Spain. Remember that street signs in Spain are often posted on a building, like the picture to the right.

For more information on traveling in Spain visit: http://www.spain-info.com/Living_in_Spain/Spanish-Public-Transport.htm—Public transportation info.



[Food]

[Tapas] Spanish appetizers.

Examples of tapas are tortilla (a mixture of egg, potato and onion), small bocadillos (sandwiches), and various toppings on slices of French bread.

Tapas are a great option for saving Money. At many restaurants you can pick out which tapas you want and pay per tapa—usually you pay less than one euro per tapa. Also, at some restaurants tapas are free with the purchase of a main course.



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[El-Desayuno] Breakfast.

This meal is generally small in Spain, but usually consists of toast or a pastry and coffee. Spaniards don't eat the large breakfasts that Americans are used to, but the coffee is amazing.

Pastries and coffee are both very affordable in Spain. For coffee, order a café con leche if you like milk and sugar in your coffee or a café solo if you prefer to drink it black.



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[La Comida] Lunch.

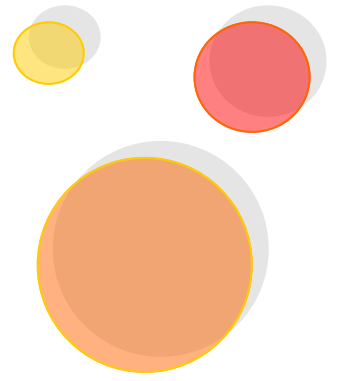
Lunch is the largest meal of the day in Spain. Because the Spanish have a "siesta" from around 2pm-5pm, they have plenty of time to eat a large meal. This meal usually consists of soup, salad, and a main dish which usually contains meat, seafood and/or beans. There is often some sort of dessert after this meal.

It is a law in Spain that restaurants must provide affordable lunches every day. This is so that workers can eat, but the rule can be taken advantage of by anyone. This meal usually includes either soup or salad, a main dish, bread, a dessert, and a drink.



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[Food]



[Merienda] Snack.

Because of the Siesta, lunch is eaten late in Spain. After lunch, Spaniards return to work and usually work until around 8pm. This means that people are usually hungry before dinner; so many people snack at home or take a snack to work.

Try to buy some groceries to save money. Snacks are easily purchased at the grocery store. Spanish grocery stores are abundant and offer endless choices—you may even find some American fare.

[La Cena] Dinner.

Dinner is eaten between 9pm and midnight in most Spanish homes. This works out perfectly for the youth of the home who want to eat right before they go out for the night, but most Americans are surprised that even the elderly stay up this late to eat. This meal is always smaller than lunch, and it is often a combined plate which contains meat and vegetables or seafood and vegetables. Paella, a rice dish, is a common meal for La Cena.

Dinner specials are still going to be a little more pricey. If you want to save money, this is another meal that you may want to purchase at the grocery store. But, make sure you try eating out for la cena at least once!



[Tips]

Americans are usually still on their time when they get to Spain, so when your stomach starts rumbling you head to a restaurant. The only problem is, the restaurant may be closed just when you are hungry until you get used to the Spanish meal system. You can of course buy some food at the grocery store, but that will not help you get used to the Spanish way of life. Try to live the way they do during your stay—immerse yourself in Spain.



[Culture]

Spanish culture is bright, vibrant and energetic. Of course there are the bullfights, flamenco dancing, and fiestas. These are the well-known cultural aspects of Spain-the tourist attractions. While these things are interesting and a great experience, it is also important to stop by the lesser-known attractions of the country. While in Spain, it is important to take in as much of the culture as possible.

[Museums]

Spain holds some of the most amazing art in the world. There are so many things to see in Spain that it can sometimes be overwhelming. I can not possibly list all of the attractions in Spain, but the following is a list of the most affordable and most interesting (in my opinion) museums in Spain.

[Museo del Prado-Madrid]

This museum holds works by Diego Velázquez, El Greco, Goya, Peter Rubens, Rembrandt, and many more artists. The Prado museum is one of the most well-known museums in the World and holds numerous classic paintings, religious pieces, and masterpieces.

Open from Tuesday to Sunday: 9am – 8pm

Cost: from 6-8pm Tuesday through Saturday, and 5-8pm on Sundays, admission is free. Otherwise, regular admission is €8, but for anyone under 25 years of age, admission is only €4. This price generally does not include special exhibits, just the permanent collection.

Website: www.museodelprado.es

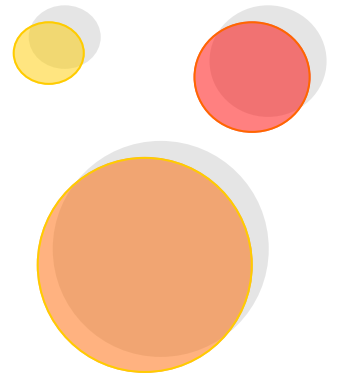
[Reina Sofia-Madrid]

If you prefer to see more modern art, the Reina Sofia museum is the place for you.

Open from 10am-9pm Monday through Saturday and from 10am-2:30pm on Sundays. The museum is closed on Sundays.

Cost: On Sundays, admission is free. Also, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays admission is free from 7pm-close. On Saturdays admission is free from 2:30-close. Otherwise, general admission is €6 for general exhibitions and €3 for special exhibitions.

Website: www.museoreinasofia.es



[Historic Sites]

[La Alhambra-Granada]

La Alhambra is an ancient Arabic city and it is also a world heritage site. In the IX century, La Alhambra was a bustling town which was safer than most other towns because of the walls which surround it. The architecture, gardens, and artwork are all incredibly beautiful and unique.

Hours for the Alhambra depend on the season, so check the website for more details.

Cost: general admission is €12, but booking in advance saves you €1. The Alhambra is not particularly cheap, but it is well worth the price of admission.

For info visit: <http://www.spain.info/TourSpain>

[The Gaudi Tour-Barcelona]

Palacio Güell

This beautiful building was constructed by Gaudi at the request of Eusebi Güell who wanted a new house. This palace is an architectural masterpiece and is also world heritage site.

Park Güell

A park with sculptures and vegetation designed by Gaudi.

La Segrada Familia

This is probably Gaudi's most famous building in Barcelona. The amazing building is still under construction, and has been since it was built in 1882, but the design of the building is stunning.

These building are free to see, so don't miss them if you are in Barcelona!

Website: <http://www.barcelona-tourist-guide.com/en/gaudi/sagrada-familia.html>

[Traditions]

Flamenco

Flamenco dancing is a Spanish tradition that is especially popular in Granada. If you find yourself in Granada or in another town where a Flamenco show is offered, try to go.

Bull Fights

Although bull fights are associated with Spain, a great deal of Spaniards don't enjoy or support them. Many bullfights are violent and cruel to animals. Although I do not personally support them, they are easy to find in Spain and it is understandable that some visitors would be interested in seeing this infamous "art."

Night Life

If you **choose** to go out while in Spain, keep drinking to a minimum. Although the legal drinking age is 18, it is never safe to drink more than a couple drinks in a country that you are not accustomed to.

The night life in Spain is much different then in America. People generally go out to the bars at around midnight or later, and the clubs don't get busy until about 3am. There are many clubs and bars to choose from, including gay bars and disco clubs. The internet is a great resource for finding clubs in large cities, but as far as the scene in smaller towns, you may need to talk to locals to find out the best places. Sometimes it is fun to go somewhere the locals go, instead of only hitting the bars geared towards tourists and study-abroad students.

Note: it is common for Spanish men to shout “complements” at women as they pass by. Although this is typical in Spanish culture, if you ever feel uncomfortable, feel free to tell them to stop in Spanish.

Leave me alone in Spanish :

Déjame en paz. (*DEH-hah-meh ehn PAHS*)

Don't touch me in Spanish:

¡No me toques! (*noh meh TOH-kehs!*)

If at all possible, however, it is a good idea to simply ignore the comments and continue walking.



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Inside a night club in Madrid.

[Shopping]

(from a woman's perspective)

If you like to shop, Spain is definitely not a bad place to be. Spain, like America, has certain times of the year when more deals can be found. Usually after the holidays deals are at their high point. When I arrived in Spain to study abroad in January, for example, it seemed like every store had 75% of their products on clearance. Even when country-wide sales aren't in session, however, there are plenty of deals to be found.

There are some chain stores in Spain that can be found around the world. H&M, for example, is common in Spain. While I was in Spain, I tried to avoid stores that we have in America because I wanted unique clothes, but they still have great buys.

My recommended shopping stops for clothes are: Blanco, Zara, Mango, Corte Ingles and Bershka, but the possibilities are limitless.

As the author of this guide I find it only fitting to have a photo montage of myself, so I have included that below. No, in reality this montage is to show you the clothing I was able to find while I was in Spain. Skinny jeans, boots, and flowy shirts are all Spanish staples. The women of Spain are constantly trying to out-do each other, so be prepared to see a lot of what we would call over-dressed women.



€10 shirt
€15 boots



My favorite
Spanish
store.



Showing off
our Spanish
boots!



€10 flats
€20 jeans

[Accommodations]

[Hostels]

Hostels are cheaper alternatives to a hotel or motel and are abundant throughout Spain. Most hostels are actually quite nice (don't let the scary movies tell you otherwise!) and the money you will save is a great perk. The best way to find a hostel is your friendly neighborhood Google.com. Just Google hostels in the area you plan to visit and you can most likely find one in close proximity to your destination. Frequently you can even find reviews of the hostel online, so you can see what other students thought about it.

Hostels are a great idea also because often they are in great locations for students. While I was in Madrid I stayed in a great hostel with a friend which we found online. The room was adorable and it was right in the center of Madrid. We were within walking distance to the Real Madrid and the Plaza de Madrid. When we wanted to go out for the night, there were lots of things to see right in our "backyard."

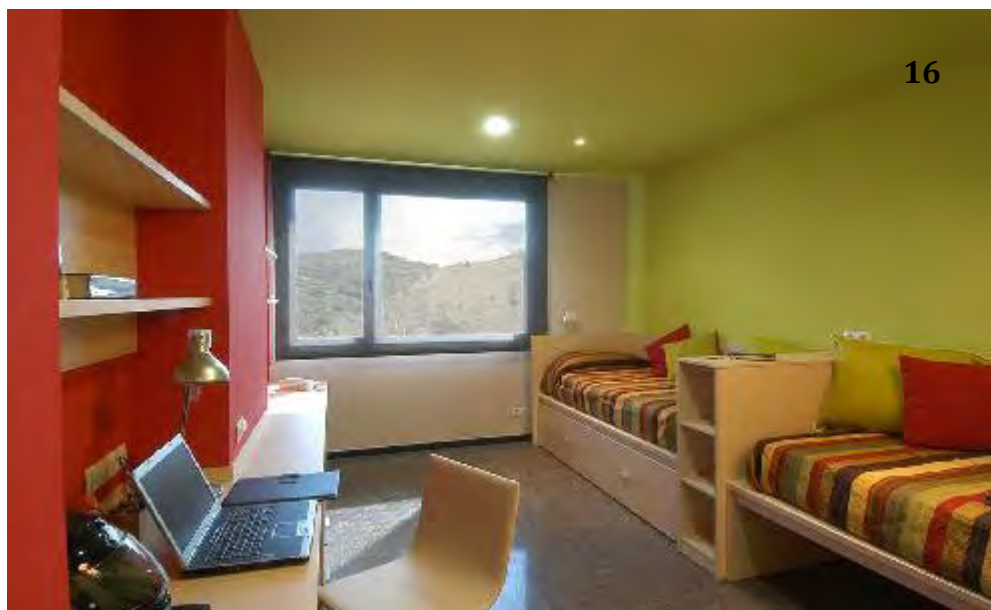
Price: hostels generally run from around €22 to €50 per night, depending on it's location and the quality of the accommodations. Often, some of the cheaper rooms are actually very nice.

[Check out]

Hostelworld.com

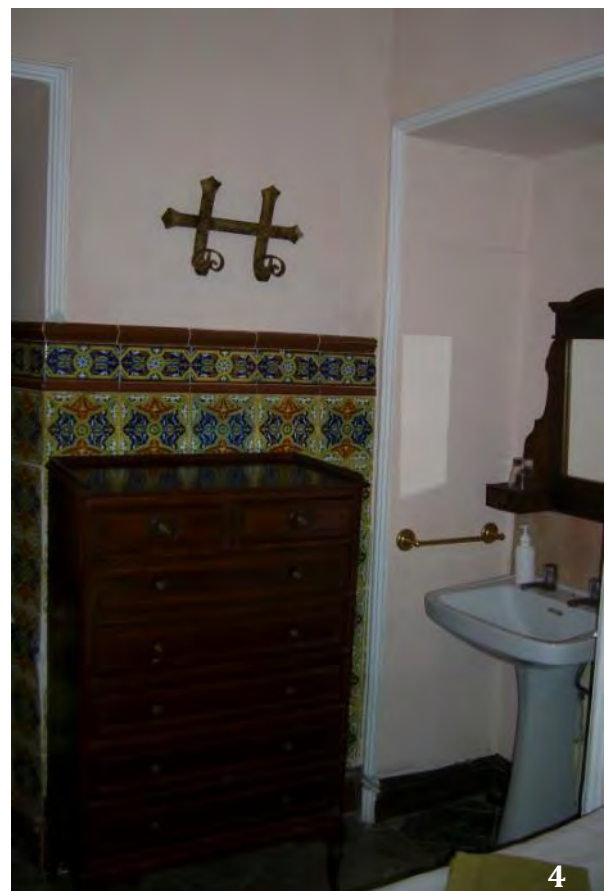
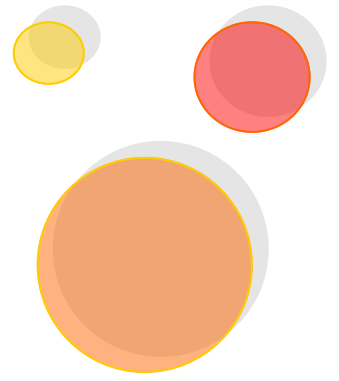
Hostels.com

Hostels.LonelyPlanet.com



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[My Hostel Chronicles]



1. A beautiful terrace at a hostel in Palma Mallorca
2. Inside a quaint room in Madrid
3. The bar at the hostel in Palma Mallorca
4. Inside the room in Palma Mallorca (most hostels don't have sinks in the rooms).

[Explore]

[Cities]

Cities are pretty hard to miss in Spain. The must-see cities are as follows, but there are many more to check-out, so do some research!

Don't miss:

Madrid— It's Spain's capital, has the palace of Real Madrid, the Prado Museum, and so many more attractions!

Barcelona—Barcelona has a completely different atmosphere than Madrid. A lot of people say they like it even more than Madrid because it is so laid back. A large number of the late artist Gaudi's works can be found here.

Granada—Granada is the city most influenced by the Muslims in Spain. The city is most well-known for the Alhambra palace which was built by the Moors, but the city has a great deal of culture to offer. The food and Hookah bars in Granada are a great reason to visit alone...but make sure you see the Alhambra!

[Islands]

Spain has the Balearic Islands and the Canary Islands. Both are known for their night life and parties, but the beaches make them a great tourist attraction.

If you do have extra money for airfare, it costs about the same amount to fly to one of the islands as to fly to a location in the mainland. Another option is taking a boat.



The Canary Islands

[Explore]

[Coastal Towns]

There are a number of beautiful coastal towns in Spain. Sometimes these towns are overlooked because of the larger cities , but if you have time to explore these towns, they are truly amazing.

The pictures below are from one of my trips to the old fishing village of Villa Joiosa, just south of Alicante. I went on the trip south on a whim, but was pleasantly surprised to find a totally new scene in this coastal town. The big cities of Spain are great, but the laid-back atmosphere of these towns is not to be ignored. A lot of times these villages are where people go to retire, so it's not the night life that should draw you here.

These towns have great seafood, beautiful beaches and adorable boutiques. If you want some out of the ordinary souvenirs, this is a great place to buy them.



Villa
Joiosa

Small-town
Charm



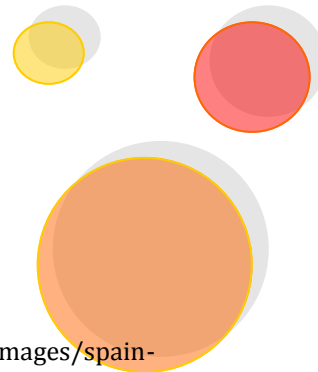
[Useful Phrases]

- **Hello/Hi** Hola (*OH-lah*)
- **Yes** Sí (*SEE*)
- **No** No (*NOH*)
- **Have a good day** Que pase un buen día (*keh PAH-seh un BWEHN DEE-ah*)
- **How are you? (informal)** ¿Cómo estás? (*KOH-moh ehs-TAHS?*)
- **How are you? (formal)** ¿Cómo está? (*KOH-moh ehs-TAH?*)
- **Fine, thank you** Muy bien, gracias. (*MWEE BYEHN, GRAH-syahs*)
- **What is your name? (informal)** ¿Cómo te llamas? (*KOH-moh TEH YAH-mahs?*)
- **What is your name? (formal)** ¿Cómo se llama usted? (*KOH-moh SEH YAH-mah oos-TEHD?*)
- **Who are you? (informal)** ¿Quién eres? (*KYEN EH-rehs?*)
- **Who are you? (formal)** ¿Quién es usted? (*KYEN ehs oos-TEHD?*)
- **My name is** _____ Me llamo _____ (*MEH YAH-moh _____*)
- **I am** _____ Yo soy _____ (*YOH soy _____*)
- **Nice to meet you** Encantado/a (*ehn-kahn-TAH-doh/ehn-kahn-TAH-dah*)
- **It's a pleasure to meet you** Mucho gusto. (*MOO-choh GOOS-toh*)
- **Please** Por favor (*POHR fah-BOHR*)
- **Thank you** Gracias (*GRAH-syahs*)
- **You're welcome** De nada (*DEH NAH-dah*)
- **Excuse me (getting attention)** Disculpe (*dees-KOOL-peh*)
- **Excuse me (begging pardon)** Perdone (*pehr-DOHN-eh*)
- **I'm sorry** Lo siento (*LOH SYEHN-toh*)
- **Goodbye** Adiós (*ah-DYOHS*) / Hasta luego (*AHS-tah LWEH-goh*)
- **I speak a little Spanish.** Hablo un poco español. (*ah-BLOH oon POH-koh eha-pah-NYOHL*)
- **I can't speak Spanish (well)** No hablo (bien) español (*NOH AH-bloh (BYEHN) ehs-pah-NYOL*)
- **Do you speak English? (informal)** ¿Hablas inglés? (*AH-blahss een-GLEHS?*)
- **Do you speak English? (formal)** ¿Habla usted inglés? (*AH-blah oos-TEHD een-GLEHS?*)
- **Is there someone here who speaks English?** ¿Hay alguien que hable inglés? (*hai AHL-gyehn keh AH-bleh een-GLEHS?*)
- **Help!** ¡Ayuda! (*ah-YOO-dah!*) / ¡Socorro! (*soh-KOHR-roh!*)
- **Good morning** Buenos días (*BWEH-nohs DEE-ahs*)
- **Good afternoon / Good evening** Buenas tardes (*BWEH-nahs TAR-dehs*)
- **Good evening / Good night** Buenas noches (*BWEH-nahs NOH-chehs*)
- **I don't understand** No entiendo (*NOH ehn-TYEHN-doh*)
- **Could you speak more slowly please?** ¿Podría usted hablar más despacio por favor? (*poh-DRYAH oos-TEHD ah-BLAHR MAHS dehs-PAH-syoh pohr fah-BOHR?*)
- **Could you repeat it please?** ¿Podría usted repetirlo por favor? (*poh-DRYAH oos-TEHD reh-peh-TEER-loh pohr fah-BOHR?*)
- **Where is the toilet?**
- ¿Dónde está el baño? (*DOHN-deh ehss-TAH EHL BAH-nyoh?*) / In Spain: ¿Dónde están los aseos? (*DOHN-deh ehs-TAH lohs ah-SEH-ohs*)

[These phrases are courtesy of http://wikitravel.org/en/Spanish_phrasebook , visit this site for more useful phrases.]

[Pictures used in this guide]

[Other than my own]



Cover Pictures:

Flamenco Picture-http://www.xioskrant.be/wordpress/wp-content/2009/10/flamenco1_080524042157133_wideweb_300x316.jpg

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finesse

practical advice for the everyday woman



december 2009

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HEY--It's fine...



Photo: stock.xchng

- To give the ugly sweater your crazy aunt knit for you to your roommate who always steals your clothes.
- To say "No thanks, I'm watching my carbs" when your grandma offers you a burnt roll...and then take two pieces of pumpkin pie.
- To exclaim, "I have always wanted one of these!" when you receive the Master 3000...while you have no idea what it actually is.
- To tell your boyfriend that you will not accept any gift with a cord.
- To wake up after the turkey is in the oven, the table is set, and all of the side dishes are made.
- Demand you get a kiss at midnight on New Year's Eve.
- To wear your pajamas all day long...you are taking a break from everything after all.

Dear Lizzy

Dear Lizzy,

I am a college freshman and I have a really difficult time using our community restroom...and when I say really difficult time I mean I can't take care of business if there are other people in the bathroom. Please help so I can stop waking up in the middle of the night to poop!

-Problems with the Potty

Problems with the Potty,

You are not alone! Most people have difficulties adjusting to "taking care of business" in front of others. You do, after all, go from using a completely private bathroom to an oftentimes more-than-public restroom. I would suggest finding a restroom somewhere in your hall that only is one stall and using it if you really need to go and are too embarrassed to do so in front of your hallmates. Otherwise, just remember, **EVERYONE POOPS!** You aren't doing anything that every other girl, and boy, in your dorm isn't doing...it's just another part of the college experience!

Dear Lizzy,

My roommate is very comfortable with herself, to the point that she no longer sees it as necessary to wear clothes in our room...ever. At first it was just sleeping naked on occasion, then she began to "naked nap" in the middle of the afternoon and now she lounges, studies and snacks naked! I can't take it! How do I nicely suggest that she at least puts on a robe?

-Never Naked

Never Naked,

I applaud your roommate on being comfortable in her own skin—but alas, we must also consider those around us. I would suggest you simply sit down and talk with her about her constant nudity. Perhaps you could compromise and suggest that she only sleep and nap naked--that way she gets her naked time in and you don't have to avert your gaze all day!

Dear Lizzy,

I can't stop spending money! I am always tempted to spend, spend, spend! Fast food, online shopping, movie tickets and cover charges are wiping me out! Please help me before I completely demolish my savings!

Shopaholic

Shopaholic,

The first step is admitting you have a problem, so you are on the right track. It's hard to be at college and not spend money all of the time, so here are a few suggestions:

- Don't even think about shopping online! It's so easy to just click and buy that half the time you don't even realize what you are buying! If you must buy online, give yourself 24 hours to think about your purchase. We've all opened up a package and thought "Why on Earth did I buy this?"
- Ask yourself, "do I really need fast food right now?" Chances are you don't. Everyone knows that there is nothing quite like Taco Bell after a hard day, so try to at least limit yourself to once a week fast food splurges. Your wallet and waistline will thank you.
- Why not rent a movie instead? You may not see the newest release, but nowadays, video stores have all sorts of sales and promotions going on...have all of your girlfriends chip in and rent a movie—you'll save so much you can even get popcorn!
- Food for thought: parties are free, bars and clubs are not. Why not gather a group and hit up a party? Not only will you save money, but parties are also great places to meet people!

Have a question for Lizzy?

Email her at: eshrider@heidelberg.edu

This is real...

Embarassing Stories

Bee Booty

I have been terrified of bees as long as I can remember, so you can imagine my displeasure when, during my senior year of high school, our gym became invested with the stinging creatures. One day, before volleyball practice, we were stretching as a team and I went to sit down and BAM--I sat on a bee. Of course I was wearing spandex, and is common with volleyball players, no underwear, therefore, little protection. The bee stung me on the right butt cheek, and I have never felt that level of pain on my butt. To make matters worse, I had to go to the assistant coach and tell her what happened, and she made me go put medicine and a band-aid on my butt...making practice extremely uncomfortable. My butt swelled and I was the 'butt' of all the jokes for the rest of the season.

Naked Fun Run

I live in an upstairs apartment, with a hallway spanning the entire length of the apartment. One night, my girlfriends and I were just sitting around watching T.V. when we started joking around about doing a "Naked Fun Run" through the hallway of our apartment. It started out as just a joke, but then people started getting really serious about it! I thought it sounded like harmless fun, so when my roommate dared me to "Naked Fun Run" I hopped right up and striped down. After all, it was just us girls and I didn't see any harm in a little naked fun. Just as I was walking to the end of the hallway to begin my run I heard the door open behind me, almost too scared to look, I turned my head to see my roommates' boyfriend! There I was standing butt naked in the middle of our hallway! Mortified, he quickly slammed the door closed and gave me time to sprint back and cover up. We laugh about it now, but I vow to never participate in a Naked Fun Run again!

Genie Lamp

My parents had just bought me and my sister both new cars. I was pretty much used to driving my old car I had come to learn what all of the dashboard signals meant, and I knew when it was time for fuel treatment, etc. I just assumed that there was a universal language among cars, and if I knew how to take care of one vehicle, I could take care of any. I was wrong. I was driving to work on a steamy afternoon, when my air conditioner started blowing out warm air. I was slightly alarmed because warm air equals frizz and I didn't want to look insane upon my arrival at work. I looked at my dashboard for any hint as to why my air was going berserk and a little genie lamp appeared. I didn't really give it a second thought, because I am an idiot and my old car never had a genie lamp. I just thought it was a special feature in my new car--periodically a little genie lamp would appear, sort of as a good luck charm for the owner, giving me good fortune for the day. I noticed that the genie lamp was appearing almost daily on my commute, either to or from work, but never gave it second thought, that is until I was on my way home from a college open gym with one of my teammates. We were almost halfway home when the genie lamp appeared and the air conditioning turned to heat. I explained about the genie lamp to her, and when I concluded she looked at my dashboard and said, "Umm that's your oil light and your car is overheating!" Needless to say, we had to pull over and my parents were not pleased when I told them about the "special feature" of my new car!

Free Show

My freshman year of college, I lived in an on-campus dorm, on the second floor. We had huge windows, and I happened to be living in a room facing out to the street. One day as I was walking back from class, I realized that you could see directly into my window and see basically everything in my room, so I took a mental note to not do A.) Anything weird with the blinds open and B.) Never be naked. Well, one afternoon I took a shower after working out and walked back to my room to get dressed and of course, the blinds were wide open. I stepped on the futon to close them, and as I reached up to pull the cord, I dropped my towel. So there I was standing directly in front of the window, butt naked--with cars driving by and people on the sidewalk.

Shop Smart

Christmas money? YES!! But how do you avoid purchasing things you don't need? Ask yourself these simple questions before buying anything and you'll be sure to avoid the dreaded buyer's remorse!

Do I actually need this?

Of course you do, otherwise you wouldn't even consider buying it, right? Wrong! We oftentimes convince ourselves that we need things, when in actuality we could do just fine without.

Am I buying this because it's on sale?

Chances are, if you say yes you are in love with the price, and not the item itself.

Does it actually fit?

Buy pieces that fit you now...not ten pounds from now...now.

How often will I actually wear/use this item?

Simple trick: Divide the price of the item by the number of times you estimate using it—if it's under \$1 per use, go for it! If it's over \$1, you may want to reconsider.

Is this a trendy piece that will be out of style soon?

Be careful with uber-trendy pieces...many times they are not worth the buy. Opt instead for classic things that you will wear over and over!



Photo: stock.xchng

1. Bold Statement Jewelry

- Necklaces, bracelets, earring—who cares! Pick one piece and make a statement. Pile on the bangles, go for the big chunky necklace or wear the shoulder-grazing earrings! Just be sure to only pick one bold statement piece—too many accessories ruin an outfit.

2. Belts

- Winter doesn't have to mean frumpy! Throw on that oversized cardigan—then belt it for a more polished, put-together look! And don't stop with sweaters: belts emphasize your curves and update whatever outfit you choose!

3. Boots

- Baby, it's cold outside! Warm up your tootsies with a great pair of boots! Worn over skinny jeans, boots can answer all of your winter footwear problems, without sacrificing functionality for fashion!

4. Blazers

- Don't know what to wear to that holiday party? Try a blazer! A simple neutral blazer and jeans always looks chic. For a more trendy look, try pairing your blazer with something sequined and your outfit will be sure to shine!

5. Barely-there Beauty

- There is no need to plaster on makeup. Your cheeks are already rosy, so skip the blush—just sweep on some mascara, eyeliner and lip gloss and let mother nature do the rest!



Photo: stock.xchng

How To:

Pull an All-Nighter and Not Die

We all have been there: the final is tomorrow and you haven't even begun to study. Many people think grabbing the biggest cup of coffee in the world and hitting the books is the answer, but that may not necessarily be the case. Read on for tips on how to actually pull off an all-nighter.

Avoid Caffeine—many people think consuming large quantities of caffeine is the only way to stay awake to study, but it may actually inhibit your studying and cause you to crash before you have accomplished all you need to. Instead, drink ice cold water. The cold will keep you awake and drinking water will force you to take bathroom/study breaks.

Take Breaks—Reward yourself and your brain for studying. Take a 10 minute break at least once an hour.

Keep the temperature low—Cold air will keep you awake and alert, while warm air will make you want to snooze.

Be aware of your surroundings—It is easiest to study at a desk or in the library...studying in your bed, on the couch, laying on the floor, etc. probably are not the best options.

Move around—change up your surroundings. Moving locations will refresh you and gear you up for another round of studying.

Change subjects—If you are cramming for more than one test/subject, switch up subjects hourly, so you don't tire yourself going over the same things over and over.

Realize when it's time for sleep—Recognize when you reach the point where you are no longer retaining information...you might as well get some sleep and try again once you've rested a little.

Sledding, without a sled.

College kids are poor. Too poor to go out and buy a fancy sled for an afternoon of winter merriment, so why not use things you have lying around your dorm? Just be careful: some suggestions are not exactly street legal!

- Garbage Bags
- Cafeteria Trays
- Rubbermaid Totes
- End Tables
- Sleeping Bags
- Cookie Sheets
- Toilet Seat Covers
- Table Cloths
- Place Mats
- Leftover Wrapping Paper
- Laundry Baskets
- Garbage Can Lids
- Cardboard
- Wax Paper
- Posters
- Inner Tubes



Photo: stock.xchng

Bediquette

We all know that sleeping in an X-Long twin bed alone can be a challenge, so how are you supposed to share? Here are a few tips and tricks to help make your bed sharing experience more, ummmm, enjoyable?

Spoon.

This may seem like common sense, but if both of you lay facing the same way, with your bodies fitted together, there will be more room in the bed. Laying opposite of one another will just be uncomfortable.

Lay against the wall.

Again, it seems like common sense, but the wall can act as a support to keep you and your partner in the bed. Leaning against the wall also allows you, or your partner, to scoot all the way to the edge of the mattress, creating more space, so that no one falls off.

Use 2 Blankets.

No one wants to fight over who gets the covers. Something as simple as using two blankets can save a lot of arguments.

Do NOT loft your bed.

It doesn't matter if you plan on doing an "extracurricular activities" in bed or not—lofting beds is just not a good idea. Would you really want to be under your roommate while she's "getting to know" anyone better? Yeah, didn't think so.

Make your bed more inviting.

Dorm room beds suck. They are hard as rocks, squeaky and have had quite a number of owners before you. Invest in a mattress pad, extra pillows and a soft comforter to make the best of a not-so-good situation.

Invest in a futon.

Futons fold out to be the size of a full mattress. You are supplied a twin bed. You're in college, do the math.

Inform your roommate of any "visitors."

A sock on the doorknob, a note on the marker board or even a simple text—please, just inform your roommate of any overnight visitors that you may be having.

Top 10 Holiday Movies

in no particular order...

ELF—Who doesn't love a little Will Ferrell around the holidays...and we must always be reminded of the four basic food groups: Candy, Candy Canes, Candy Corn and Syrup!

National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation—It will make you thankful that your last name isn't Griswold. (And if it is, our sincere apologizes)

Miracle on 34th Street—Sparkling diamond? Check. Santa Clause? Check. Adorable movie about love and Christmas? Check.

Dr. Seuss How The Grinch Stole Christmas—Hands down the best holiday movie from childhood.

A Christmas Story—"You'll shoot your eye out." Enough said.

The Family Stone—Besides boasting a star-studded cast, a flick that makes you appreciate the family you have.

It's A Wonderful Life—In case you're in the mood for a good cry.

Home For Christmas—Jonathon Taylor Thomas and Jessica Biel make for a hilarious and heart-warming depiction of the holidays and college students.

Love Actually—"I am Colin. God of Sex. I'm just on the wrong continent, that's all."

A Christmas Carol—Just a little reminder to not be a grumpy, heartless person—or you will randomly have three ghosts come visit you and then, naturally, change your ways.



Photo: stock.xchng

TITLE IX



Photo: Heidelberg University Sports Information

A problem of the past?

Discrimination is an issue of the past, right? Many of us like to think that all men and women are treated equally that may not necessarily be the case.

In an effort to balance gender inequality in education, Title IX was passed in 1972, stating that men and women, boys and girls, must be treated equally in every aspect of educational programming that receives any form of federal funding. Title IX focuses on ten key areas, according to titleix.info, including: access to higher education, athletics, career education, equal employment, math and sciences, standardized testing, education for pregnant teens, healthy learning environment, sexual harassment and technology. Commonly, with Title IX the focus is on equality among athletic opportunities for men and women.

Before Title IX was passed into legislation, there were not many options for female athletes beyond cheerleading, which many argue is not even a sport. Simply stated, Title IX demanded that women be given equal opportunity to participate in organized athletics, not necessarily in the same sports, but equal opportunity. According to the Women's Sports Foundation, Title IX simply requires that men's athletic programs and women's athletic programs receive equal supplies, facilities and service.

Although gender equality has progressed, it is estimated that at least 80% of colleges and universities are currently not fulfilling the guidelines set forth by Title IX, according to womenssportsfoundation.org. At Heidelberg University, for example, men and women are given equal opportunity to participate in collegiate athletic events, but are not awarded equal facilities. "The majority of the men's teams have their own

locker rooms," states Heidelberg University senior, Stacey Richard. "As a member of the women's basketball team, we have to share a locker room with the volleyball team, whereas football, men's basketball, men's soccer, and wrestling all have their own locker rooms. The softball team is also forced to share a locker room with the women's soccer team."

The goal of Title IX is not to hinder male athletic programs, but rather to enhance opportunity for female athletes.

"It just isn't always fair," states Richard. "There are some very obvious differences between the men's and women's teams here." According to Richard, nearly every men's varsity sport at Heidelberg University has been given a full-time assistant coach.

"None of the women's teams have full-time assistant coaches, rather women's teams are forced to rely on graduate assistants to keep the programs going," stated Richard.

"I hope to see reform sooner rather than later," states women's basketball head coach, Marcie Alberts. "I could definitely use a full-time assistant coach, but it isn't up to me, first I must be given the funds to do so."

Beyond coaching and locker rooms, it appears that the men's athletic teams also receive preferential treatment at Heidelberg University. "Not that it is really that big of a deal, but whenever both the women's and men's athletic teams travel, the men's team almost always receives superior transportation," according to Richard. "We normally have to take the smaller bus on road trips. It would make more sense to rotate busses, but that is not the case."

Are the amendments within Title IX being broken at Heidelberg University? "I don't know that things are necessarily better at any other Division III schools," stated Richard. Female athletes are on their way to equality, "all things take time, we can't expect the situation to be turned around completely in 40 years, but there is always hope for the future," stated Alberts. "I hope that by the time my daughters are in college, Title IX will no longer be an issue...at all."

Capricorn Dec 22—Jan 19

The stars align and are in your favor. Been dying to go skiing? Do it—you won't break any bones! Want to jump off a 50 foot bridge? You won't die! Be daring this month and take as many risks as possible because, chances are, if you wait till next month you will find yourself in a world of pain...

Aquarius Jan 20—Feb 18

Sorry to break it to you, but this is not your month for relationships. If you're in a relationship, hold on for dear life because things are not looking up for you anytime soon in the dating world! Make a trip to the pet store... you might as well get a jump start on being the cat lady.

Pisces Feb 19—Mar 20

Things are looking spicy for you this month! Jump on anyone of the opposite sex you see...the stars don't align like this every day, so be sure to take advantage while you can!

Aries Mar 21—Apr 19

Be smart financially this month. It may seem like a good purchase idea, but in the long run, you'll wish you opted "No" on the Wham Bam 3000! when the credit card bill comes, and you have yet to figure out exactly how to wham and bam.

Taurus Apr 20—May 20

Just do it! ...and I mean everything. You will experience uncharacteristic willpower this month, so just go with it. Tackle the projects you've been putting off, because we all know that if you don't know them now, they will never get done!

Gemini May 21—June 20

Let loose this month! Your inner crazy needs a little air time, so dust off your freak flag and let it fly! Don't worry what other people think! Go crazy and have a good time!

Horoscopes

Cancer June 21-July 23

Single? Not for long! Dating? Prepare to take things to the next level! The planets are in focus to give your love life the boost it needs...just be careful—Cancers are hot, so be sure to go for for people who can handle the heat!

Leo July 24-Aug 22

Watch out—everyone is going to hate on you this month. That promotion you have been working for all year? Forget it. The raise you rightfully deserve? Not going to happen this month. You might as well forget about being happy, because it's just not in the stars. Sorry.

Virgo Aug 23—Sept 22

Have you heard of this place called “the gym?” I suggest you make it your month's goal to frequent the gym and get in shape. You don't want to be fat forever...and trust me, everyone will notice the holiday weight.

Libra Sept 23—Oct 22

You may want to avoid manholes this month. Luck is not on your side, my friend. Either invest in a bubble, or stay on your toes all month because the universe is out to get you! Don't say I didn't warn you.

Scorpio Oct 23—Nov 21

We all know you're a freak, now can you prove to us that you can be normal too? This month, try to act professional and classy—it just might be the change that you need to get ahead!

Sagittarius Nov 22—Dec 21

Get ready for career lift-off! This month is your month for job searching...and getting hired! Impress them with your killer resume and sit back and watch the offers come rolling in...just be careful—some jobs may seem like a perfect fit but in the end will make you hate your life.

ODE TO GUNDLACH

By: Alyssa Sullivan

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

It all began when I was a freshman, searching to find my place in a small university. The party scene had turned out to be unsatisfactory and the loneliness of laziness just wasn't working. So one fall day this bored lonely girl wondered through those rusting doors and I found myself in one of the most magical places a human being can ever go. This place where someone's darkest dreams and wildest fantasies can come true. The theatre. The loud rock music boomed over the sound system as I entered through the welcoming doors. They looked more like the back doors of a warehouse than the intriguing entrance to a theater, but all the same I walked through them. With the first scent of saw dust and old paint I knew I was home.

The curtain was opened and people scattered across the stage building the set for the upcoming musical. The carpet that covered the floor of the audience was an odd maroon; I would eventually figure out that it was from years of wear and tear and dirt that the carpet looked so tattered. The corners of the stairs barely existed, so many audiences had passed through this room that they could not withstand their scuffling feet. I looked up and saw something that I had only seen in other people's theatres and not my own, lights. I saw the massive instruments that

hung high above me all over the ceiling. I wondered how one would get up to those lights, and it wouldn't be too long before I found out.

"Can I help you," the sound of the low voice broke my trance and I looked down at the stage. Standing before me was a Santa Clause meets a Harley Davidson rocker guy. His big belly made me feel welcome but his long hair and beard threw me off guard. Then the glasses brought me back to Santa Clause. I knew that he must be John Spahr, the former Navy Seal and technical director that I had been told to see about getting involved with the construction of the set.

"I was wondering if I could help out with building the set for the musical," I asked.

After a long pause his beard began to move again, "I think that could work..." he replied rather sarcastically. All the same, the black shirt and jeans and his sarcasm made me happy. He was like that teacher that you always wanted to bullshit with but never could. By the end of the year he would become like somewhat of a best friend, a father away from home who I could to and talk about the stresses of my life.

I was unprepared to be welcomed so quickly. No questions asked. No form to fill out. He just welcomed me, he actually welcomed anyone who was willing to devote time to the theatre, but I didn't care. He wanted me to help, and that was exactly what I intended to do.

However, I was not ready to start that day, "I don't think I can work in these shoes," we both stared down at my black flip flops that barely protected my feet from the soft carpet below.

"Nope, you are probably right about that one," John said, and he began to laugh at me. His chuckle forced a laugh out of my now red with embarrassment face. "Just come back on Thursday, we'll still be here."

They would still be there. Two days later I would be back, and John would still be walking around the stage monitoring everyone learning to use the tools. My experience with

building was minimal, and it became evident how much I still had to learn on that Thursday afternoon.

But all good things take time, and it did take time for me to become accustomed to the theatrical lifestyle. I stepped away from that old stage after only a few weeks of working construction for *Secret Garden*, the musical that would premiere that October. The groups that I had left the theatre for I thought would become life long bonds, but instead they left me in the dust come spring.

I soon realized that the theatre was still there, it remained after all the rest left. The red curtains never moved but with each show that passes they seemed to change. The plush folds and crimson layers hold so many stories behind them. Tales of love and death and lies and disseat. When second semester approached I was ready, I knew where I wanted to be.

I needed to find myself find my place on the campus and that was not with the active members of the events committee or the outdoorsy mountain bikers of the adventure club. My place was not with the roommate that seemed to drain every ounce of energy I had and every guy on Heidelberg campus of their sex drive, plus steal belongings that I had worked so hard to get. It was not even in the arms of a man I thought I had loved. My place was on that stage. In the old and dank theatre with the cracking walls and the leaking ceiling, it was in the heart of the bustling shows and the quietness of the empty room. My place was in the theatre.

When spring semester rolled around all I wanted to do was to get on the stage. Sadly my chance had passed, I had missed the auditions for the next show, *Fools*, a comedy centered around a town cursed with stupidity, the protagonist is a school teacher and it is his determinations that leads to the release of the town from the curse. Now I had to wait in the wings, but it was in the sidelines that I found what would soon lead me to my calling. In the days

that preceded *Fools* I met the current lighting director Jenna Rohr through one of the theatre classes I was taking. I had to become a part of the technical crew for THR 219, an area of theatre I had never really experienced. This lighting director would show me the other side, the side that I would end up falling in love with.

One cold February tech Saturday I wondered over to the theatre early in the morning and met Jenna. I journeyed to a new room that I had not seen before, the lighting closet. It was a mess, a chamber filled with broken lighting instruments and colorful lighting gels, boxes littering the floor and garbage everywhere; the lack of organization in the room made me itch. I followed Jenna up through the ceiling of this room to a new level, and it was there that I saw it, “the spider.” “The spider” is a rig that crawls across the top of the theatre and makes it possible to adjust and focus lights for shows. It is one of the most terrifying jobs and experiences one can ever have, being suspended twenty feet in the air and swaying in this mechanism is not for the faint of heart. But of course there was Jenna, who seemed to not notice that her body was hanging out over the basket with no safety harness, using her feet to attach herself to the basket. I was fascinated at how similar this college student was to the action hero Laura Croft, Tomb Raider risking all odds to focus the lights.

The experience of working with lighting was new and somewhat intimidating so in the I chose not run lights for *Fools* but I did run sound, and somewhere in the back of my mind I knew I would return to the lights, just not yet. During this show I met some of the boys that would turn out to be the men that would walk beside me on my journey through the theatre, Shawn and Dennis, together we would share stories and jokes and occasionally a cigarette break. But it was during *Fools* that Shawn, Dennis, and I would begin our career as Light Booth Musical Performers.

For every musical that we worked on together it seems that in many cases we knew the dances and songs better than the actor. I specifically recall working in the booth for *Into the Woods*, fall 2008's musical, and for the final song I stood at the front of the light booth and danced to the final song, while Shawn and Dennis sang backup for me. During a kissing scene in *Fools* we would play one of our first pranks. Our two leads had been having trouble getting comfortable kissing each other, so to make the process even worse one night while running sound I set up a kissing effect that I planned to play when they locked lips. Sure enough the scene came and as soon as their lips touched, "MWUAH WOW!" blared over the speakers. The actors stood dumbfounded because they could not break character but at the same time could not move on. I had never seen two people's faces turn so red.

Even with the success of the show I still felt as if there was something missing. I had finally felt accepted somewhere; I had found my niche in the Heidelberg society, but there was still something off. I wanted the stage, I craved the feel of the lights that I had focused, to feel them focus down on me and warm my nervous flesh. To feel that rush of wind as the curtain opens and there you are center stage all eyes on you and all you have to do is remember that first line. My chance came with an audition, as it does for so many. There are no words to describe the feeling you get at your first college audition. Your heart pounding. What do I do? Should I be funny? Will they like me? Have the plays I did in high school really prepared me for all this? But I got the part so none of that mattered anymore. Whether I was good enough, pretty enough, funny enough, it didn't matter I got to be on the stage. That Friday afternoon when I saw my name on the cast list it was like I could touch the world. It was like there was no drug that could ever make me feel that way again.

I had gotten the role of Chubby, a spunky old woman who tanned just a little too much. It was a different role than I was used to playing, but I didn't care, I got to be on the stage again. The show was *An American Daughter*; it followed the story of a woman running for Senate who faces some problems with the media and her life at home. The rehearsals were simpler than those that I went through in high school, as was the director. Dr. Groetzinger was an interesting man to say the least, very dedicated to craft that he loved so much. Eccentric is a word I could use to describe him but the list of adjectives goes on and on. His salt and pepper hair and ear to ear smile was the best part, his different easy of teaching and directing were the challenging parts.

The show he had chosen was for an older audience and I loved it, I was in college and I felt so cool because I got to smoke and swear in a show. Thinking back I can see how silly that sounds, but to a freshman, being in college was the best thing ever and all you wanted was be cool. That show would come and go but my place in the theatre would become a constant. When the show was over I was forced to move on from the theatre for a brief period of time, but I knew when the summer was over I would be back.

In that semester I would find other things that mattered to me. My education, my true friend, my family, my sisters, but nothing...nothing would compare to the way the theatre welcomed me with open arms and no questions asked. No bid was needed, no form needed to be filled out. In this place you are accepted just because you accept it, you are wanted just because you want it, you are respected just because you respect it, and you are loved— just because you love it. In the theatre you are welcomed with open arms because where else are you allowed to be a complete stranger to even yourself for a few nights out of the week

WHAT CAME NEXT

The years that follow are a blur, a run of shows and events that move as one solid picture. There are moments that stick out in my mind, but I have done so much that I am not sure if the time line is accurate. The times when I felt happy to be a part of the stage and the times when I wished I could give it all up just to have my life back, those are the things I remember.

Sophomore year brought me the title of Assistant Lighting Director, the Lighting Director who trained me had graduated and gone and I was determined to spend the next three years working to take her place, even if that meant dangling twenty feet above the ground like a big chested action hero, I was going to do it. I worked under Junior Casie Scott, and learned the tricks of the trade from John Spahr. While my training continued as a technical person, I was still unable to give up the spotlight of being on stage, the adrenaline of having all eyes on you for even the briefest of moments, so I took the very small role of Liat in *South Pacific*, that year's fall musical. The story followed a nurse who was stationed in the South Pacific during World War II. She falls in love with a native Englishman who is older than her and is later torn from him when he goes off to war. My role was the daughter of "Bloody Mary" a crazy Tonkinese who uses the Americans for profit. Liat was the love interest of Lieutenant Cable, the brave soldier who would end up blurring enemy lines with his love for Liat. By playing this character I would experience my first on stage kiss.

I can clearly remember that moment. Our director had never made us practice in rehearsal so when it came to finally kissing it felt very awkward. I did not enjoy it because the boy playing cable started feeling a little too confident and tried slipping me the tongue, also my current boyfriend was sitting in the audience both nights. It was uncomfortable and weird, but the best part of being on stage and acting is that no one knows how bad it is except for you. The audience

believes that you are really in love with that person because they want to and they believe that the kiss is passionate and loving, when in reality it is messy and awful.

Later that year I took the stage again as the quirky may fly in *Time Flies*, a role that I have yet to live down. It is hard to after playing a species of insect whose whole purpose in life is to meet, mate, and die; it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the play was about. Following that show I switched to a more serious type of production. I became part of the chorus in the Greek tragedy *Medea*. The best part of that whole show is that all the musical interludes were from anime movies that the director liked. It still makes me laugh thinking back to when I delivered the serious line of the Greek tragedy over the music of Japanese action movies.

It was not the actual plays that brought me closer to the theatre though, it was the experiences of being involved with them. First semester Sophomore year I took what would be my first trip into what are known as the catacombs. A series of different rooms that used to serve as the original radio station before it was moved to the third floor of Founders. It currently contains all the different prop and set pieces for the shows. While I wandered through the dirt ridden rooms I felt my first twinge of fear of the theatre, and was happy that I did not have to go down there alone—yet. For so long I considered the theatre to be magical and happy, I never stopped to think of all that sadness and horror that still lingered in that old building. It was then that I noticed when you walk through Gundlach you are never alone, there are always ghosts wondering on the heels of your feet.

GHOSTS OF GUNDLACH

My time at Gunlach while short in comparison to its length of existence was eventful. The situations that have transpired in the theatre are never ending, but the ones that occur when

the lights go out and you are there by yourself in the dark, are the ones that seem to stick with you the longest. If someone ever had doubt that ghosts exist all they need do is spend a night in Founders or Gundlach Theatre, they will be sure to introduce themselves as they did for me.

For the first two years of being in the theatre I had always felt uncomfortable when I was alone. The building has so many memories, it is impossible to say that something has not remained. When you sit in the dark room and stare at the stage it is almost as if the ghosts of characters past journey to their old stomping ground and put on a show for you.

There have been moments when I would hear them, though. It did not happen until I had to start spending time in there on my own on a regular basis. When I became lighting director Junior Year I had my first run in with the ghosts of Gundlach. I was writing the light cues for *Into the Woods*, that year's fall musical. When I hit the "Normal" button to shut off the lights, I felt it, the cold chill that goes down your spine when you know you are not alone. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up and I stopped breathing for a moment.

For anyone who has never been in the theatre the door to the light booth is on the opposite side of the entrance, which is where the light switch is. When the lights went out and all that remained were the stair lights, my chest became heavy with fear. When I finally did start walking it was like when you walk up the stairs out of a dark room, no matter how you try you always skip that last step to get out of the darkness faster. It was like I could feel someone watching me, trying to size me up. I tried to stay calm and walk, for some reason I wanted to show whatever it was that I was not scared of it, even if my entire body was screaming to move from a walk into a sprint I was determined to stay calm and show that ghost whose boss.

Finally, after what seemed like a mile I reached the light booth. I closed and locked the door behind me because while in most cultures ghosts don't use doors having the door locked

made me feel a little better. Also I figured if one of the other theater employees felt like being a jerk and try to scare me this would be a good time to do so, and I wasn't going to make it easy for them by leaving the door unlocked.

In the theatre the light board has control over everything, even the house lights (which are the lights that illuminate the area where the audience sits). After that night I was always sure to turn control of the house lights over to the board before I turned them off. That way when I flipped the switch I would not have to walk across the room in the dark. And no matter what I always lock the door to the light booth behind me.

A few weeks later I had made my way up to the booth with no problems. Of course being in the room on my own was still unnerving, but I was ok. Sitting in that booth staring down onto the stage I heard the sound of someone walking around the house, which is the portion of the theatre where the audience sits. I called out, but no one answered, thinking it was one of my fellow classmates or a theater employee I turned on all the lights and walked to the edge of the platform to see who was in the audience below. But there was no one there. The room was empty, the chairs untouched.

With fresh fear in my gut I hesitantly walked back to my seat, again feeling the cold chill of not really being alone. I got to my chair and as soon as I sat down the sound system turned itself on and began to play the radio broadcast from the prior year's musical *South Pacific*. The fear had turned to pure terror, but being bull headed and stubborn I continued with my work. Constantly wondering if after each black out, when the lights came back on, somebody would be standing on the stage that didn't belong there. For the remainder of the time in the room I heard the footsteps, even to this day when I am in the theater alone I hear the footsteps. As if a friendly

ghost is just stopping by to make sure I am okay, still sizing me up. I guess I'm a little tougher than it thought I would be.

The ghosts are there, they scurry around the rooms and halls of the old building. When walking out of the costume room late at night, I still often feel as if someone is walking beside me. When I pass across the threshold of the building I still can't help but look over my shoulder at the windows on the door, half expecting to see someone staring back. I often look up to the windows of the costume room late at night and while the room is dark and I can't see a thing, I still feel as if someone is staring back. I learned to deal with the ghosts, or maybe they just learned to deal with me.

BACK TO BUSINESS

In my Sophomore year the theatre would receive its new light board, a mile stone in the advancement of the theatre's equipment. My ability to understand and program the board would be what would place me ahead of the rest in the years to follow. Hours of sitting with Casie and John playing with buttons and programs would teach me how to run a show with the push of a button.

That year I would run the lights by becoming lighting director for Gundlach Theatre. My first show would prove to be one of my most challenging yet, *Into the Woods*, a fantasy that follows the story of famous fairytale characters and puts a twist on what happens after the story we all know and love ends. Not only did I have to work with a different director, Dr. Schuetz from the music department, but I had to work with a different director who wanted a lot of big things. It was my ability to tackle these challenges and produce a light plot unlike any other that had been produced in a long time would be what cemented my place as a force to be reckoned with. I strove for excellence and that is what I achieved.

The coming of the new school year also brought with it a new director of theater as well. Professor Chris Tucci would come with new ideas and goals for Gundlach Theatre that not all were ready to accept. My first taste of working with him would be for the second production that fall, *High School non Musical* as an actress. His methods were different and strange to me, but I worked with them none the less, hoping to take some type of knowledge away from this new person. I did, thankfully, by the end of the production I had learned to be a different type of actress a freer and more natural actress, and I had learned to relinquish control. I had to stop trying to control everything as I had done for the musical and let someone else take over the light board.

By second semester my life had change, I was growing up and the amounts of responsibilities were growing with me. I began to feel rebellious against the theater that had put so many demands on me the semester before. I stopped giving my all to the shows, and in a way disappeared from the burning lights and hollow sets of the theater. They gave me an assistant to help with the lighting, but that didn't really help. My motivation to stay was gone, the stress of school and the pressure of impressing the new director of theater proved too much. So to maintain my sanity I took a break from that place. I let go, and I walked away with my head hanging low and feeling somewhat defeated.

I didn't not stop coming to the theater, though. When the sun would go down and the theater would go silent I would sneak back through its locked doors and sit in its welcoming arms. The broken chairs would crumble under the weight of my body, but I didn't care. I needed the sweet smells of old paint and intoxicating memories of past shows. Cause when the shows are over and the people all leave, that is when the theater is at its best. That is where the magic is. I would imagine the shows that had passed by and remember how it felt to be a part of those

shows. When there was no one asking me to do something or be something I felt free. In that empty silent room I felt like somewhat of my old self again.

Often I would climb up into the rafter's high above the stage and stare down at the distant world below. I called it my secret place, even if everyone knew about it, no one knew about me escaping to it. High above the bright lights and loud actors, where no one could touch me because no one could reach me, I found solace. But while I loved the place something had definitely changed.

I cried often that year because it was the first year the theater and I got into an argument. For so long we had been such close friends we had played together and laughed together. Then we started to grow apart, we started to grow into different people, and come second semester junior year I no longer knew the theater I had loved so much. I had to remind myself that year what it was that made me fall in love with that old room. I sat in there for hours, alone, just thinking about that place. I had to find a way to make the changes work. When the end of the year rolled around and I received the award for Novice Technician as well as Best Actress in a One Act I remembered why.

It was because I loved to be in the there. There is no place else where you can be rewarded for acting like an idiot, for wandering around in a penguin hat and green pajama pants. The theatre had changed and I had to change with it. The scenery was different but the heart of that old room was still the welcoming arms of the old friend made me feel so happy, so loved. I loved the cracking floor boards and leaking roof that everyone complained about. I loved the challenge of working a show and the rush after it is over. I could not deny that I needed that place as much as it needed me. I wouldn't abandon it, because it never abandoned me.

NOW

Now here I sit, a senior at Heidelberg University, it isn't even a college anymore. I am not that little girl, I am not looking anymore because what I was looking for I found. I was looking for acceptance, a place where I wouldn't be judged for the odd and spastic things I do, and I found it here. I found it in this theatre.

I will never know all the things that have transpired in Gundlach, all the laughs, all the tears, all the shattered dreams and reached goals. But somehow, sitting here in the light booth, looking out over my haven, I know it all. I have been here for four years, four years of spending ridiculous hours in this room. Four years of killing myself because I was always rushing to a show or rushing to a rehearsal. Four years of working so hard to sometimes feel like it wasn't worth it at all. Four years with a list that seems to never end of shows:

Secret Garden

Fools

An American Daughter

South Pacific

Time Flies

Medea

Into the Woods

High School Non Musical

Miracle in Rowanda

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown

Below the Belt

Pippin

Killadelphia

New Works Festival

Kinsey Sicks

Irene Bedard

Now it has all come back to this. This spot. This light booth. This chair. That curtain. That stage. Everything has come back to this moment. I have finished my journey through Heidelberg Theatre Department. I am no longer the lost girl struggling to be a part of something, I am a found woman and I have become the something. No longer do I look for someone to help me, people are now coming to me for help. It took a long time and a lot of hard work, but here I sit, looking down on the stage that gave me a place to call home.

Today the ghosts don't bother me; they are just another part of being in this magical place I call home. Those who are looking for someone to journey into the dark labyrinth of the catacombs come to me because I no longer fear the monsters that go bump in the night because for some reason I think they fear me.

I am the theater manager yes, but I feel as if I have become so much more. How can you say thank you to a place that only exists in your imagination? How can you describe a feeling that you aren't sure you really felt? All I know is that being a part Gundlach Theatre has been one of the most rewarding experiences of my whole life. I have learned so much, not just about lighting or sound or construction but about myself. I have grown into someone that people respect, because I demand it. I have become someone that people notice, because I stand out.

I know that when I walk across that stage and out those doors the theatre will be no different, and in a few years most likely no one will ever remember that I was there. So how do you say goodbye, when you barely had the chance to say hello?

Hello to Gundlach Theater, thank you for shaping me into a strong and powerful woman. Goodbye to the people and the place, I will cherish every memory I have of you. When I make my way to my next theatre, I will be sure to take the lessons that you have taught me, and never forget the journey that you and I took together.

This is my ode to Gundlach Theater, a place that accepted me when I thought no one would. I will always love you, and I will never forget you.