

**IVY
LEAVES
ART &
LITERARY
JOURNAL
VOL.83
2009**

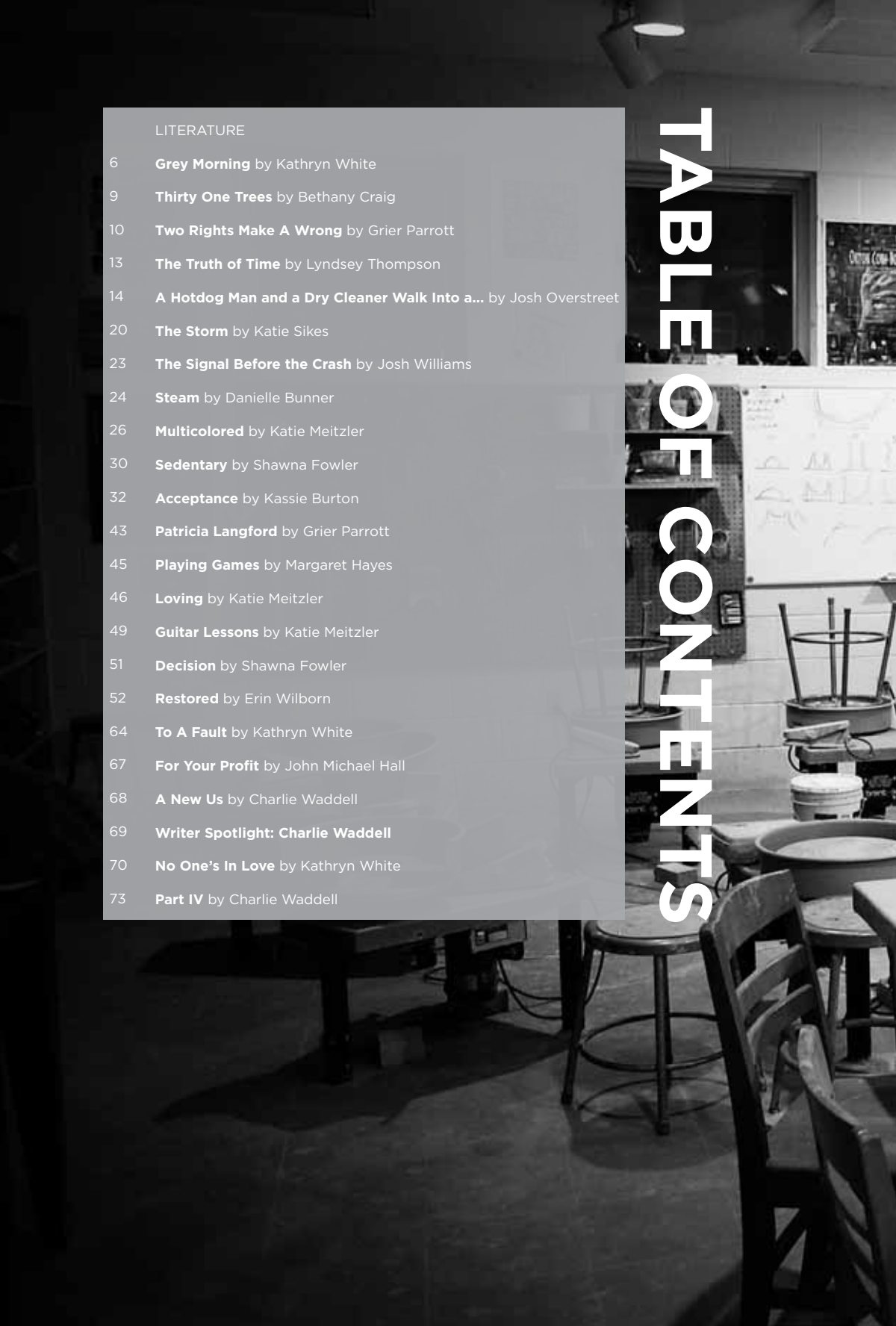


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(+) FIRST
AID KIT

FORE WORD

There's always a certain exhilaration in crossing state lines, in watching road signs flash past and loom ahead. There is something slightly dizzying about the notion of things left behind—and, more dizzying, things to come. This spring marks a state line for *Ivy Leaves*, a shift in direction. With the accomplished legacy of past years behind us, the editorial staff and I are excited about the opportunity to navigate the journal's future. We have the sun glinting in our rearview mirror, the map completely unrolled. We can envision *Ivy Leaves* ten years from now, a serious journal thick with quality fiction and poetry.

This year, we have shouldered the task of broadening and narrowing—adding short fiction for the first time in the journal's history and honing our selection process, a process made difficult by the record number of excellent submissions. We are pleased to offer poetry, fiction, and visual art that speaks in contrasts, shadows, and subtleties to hint at small quotidian truths that point us toward that which is, or can be, authentic in each of us. We have this year expanded the journal—we wanted more pages—and we hope we've done more than that: we hope we're building a community of readers, writers, and visual artists. We've crossed a line, and there are miles ahead.

Kathryn White
Literary Editor

Grey Morning

Kathryn White

On the morning of my last first
day of school, the sky pales. It stretches
flat and colorless above the crowd,
blazing our individual paths to class.
The air is taut. The sky presses down on us,
bulging under the weight of something to come.
All the freshmen, like tourists, look uncertain without
the reassuring fanfare of sunshine and blue skies.
They are so very young and brave, their backpacks
loaded down with new books, much heavier than
the sum total of all they know.



Prest-O Change-O
Leigh Hill



Blush

Kyleigh Daigle

Thirty One Trees

Bethany Craig

Who would have thought
that after surviving the Depression,
outliving two sons,
and losing my husband to the War,
I would have ended up here.
I traveled the world when he passed on,
looking for something
to help me forget.
But here I am,
forgotten and disappearing
into earth's rhythm.
Every morning the sun warms
the granite over my head,
drinks up the dew,
and bows to the bleak night.
And I am alone
in a field of the nameless--
left to rot
under the shade of thirty one trees.

Two Rights Make a Wrong

Grier Parrott

She sat in the exact middle of the bed.
The center was the gray area in her mind—
where black and white and right and wrong,
all ran together. It was their treaty,
their compromise.
They silently agreed—
signing their names on dotted lines.

The bed was their gray area.
Their agreement was the start
of her unraveling—
it was different for her.
She sat in the gray,
he sat in the black and white.
It was different for her.



Subtle Reminders
Carter Stuart



Penguin Classics Book Cover Redesign

Savannah Jane Springer

Winner, 2009 Gold AAF Greenville ADDY Award

The Truth of Time

Lyndsey Thompson

The clock watches us,
and we watch it.
The light is slowly getting dimmer
and I must admit
these creases and these crags
seem to be more cozy
than that bodily fountain of youth!
Yet, I am still not comfortable with the
hands slowly stopping.
Getting old is not what I fear,
but the moldy dirt on the ground.

A Hotdog Man and a Dry Cleaner Walk Into a...

Josh Overstreet

Two guys owned two shops in two spots across from each other in a small town. One shop was a hotdog/burger place while the other was a dry cleaner. The two shops had gone in simultaneously on the same day of the same year. The two shop owners were very good friends who had grown up together in small Kingsville. The hotdog man and most of his staff would have the dry cleaner do their laundry, and in turn the dry cleaner would get most of his and his staff's meals from the hotdog man. This understood agreement had been going on since the two first went into business, and they had little or no trouble with each other.

The trouble began, as most trouble does, with love. The dry cleaner's son had fallen for the hotdog man's daughter. The unfortunate part was the hotdog man didn't much care for the dry cleaner's son. "It is nothing personal," the man would say, "but the boy has no prospects or aspirations for his future. Surely he wants to go off to college, get a degree and not be stuck in a dry cleaner's store the rest of his life." Well, as you can imagine the dry cleaner did take offense to this, saying that his son had a good head on his shoulders, but he just lacked motivation. "The boy has worked for me since he could walk and has always been reliable," the dry cleaner said and went on to ask "what's wrong with working in a dry cleaner anyway?"

Well, neither party spoke for a while. Even when they would get their dry cleaning and food, both parties simply nodded at each other. And, of course, the young couple seemed to fall deeper in love by the day, much to the disappointment of the hotdog man. The hotdog man was so upset by the union he began to have his dry cleaning done at a place across town. The dry cleaning man, unable to fathom why the hotdog man was acting so irrationally, went across the street. He was soon met with the strong verbal abuse of the angry hotdog man. Though the hotdog man was half the size of the dry cleaner, he was a formidable man. He wove his insults so artfully and so cunningly that the dry cleaner had no defense but to call the man an old goat and storm out of the door. The dry cleaner began to get his food at the Asian place down the way.

Now the young couple began to see each other on a fairly regular basis, a fact that irked the hotdog man to absolutely no end. He got to the point where he would occasionally forbid his daughter to see the dry cleaner's son. The dry cleaner, however, could not have been happier by the pair, though for the simple reason that it plagued his former friend. He would encourage them as if by doing so drove a knife that much deeper into the hotdog man. The hotdog man, seemingly beaten by the dry cleaner, turned to desperate measures. The hotdog man, like the dry cleaner, was a savvy businessman and began to have the across town dry cleaner leave coupons with his store that he would hand out to his customers. This seemed to be a critical blow in the quickly escalating feud.

But the dry cleaning man was quick on the draw and would not be beaten. He retaliated by having coupons for free egg rolls from the Asian restaurant up the street. Thus began an economic tug of war between the two businessmen. Every sign or flier one would put up, the other would put up two and so forth. When the dry cleaner would go and eat lunch on his bench outside, the hotdog man would eat on his just to make the other miserable even if he himself was miserable. No pedestrian dared to cross in front of the two men's eyes for fear of being burned; the glares were so malevolent and intense. One elderly townsman even once swore up and down the gaze stopped his pacemaker for a moment.

The feud was becoming more and more known over the entire town and the small businesses started choosing sides by putting coupons in the respective stores showing their support for one side or the other. It escalated to the point that the preacher of the church the hotdog man and dry cleaner attended starting doing sermons about brotherly love and kindness. The well-meaning preacher was cut short though by several of the older members of the church who the two men knew and had influence. The preacher soon started preaching about spiritual warfare and did not attempt to intervene again. No one around town attempted to intervene because the feud had actually made businesses flourish over the several months it was going on.



Stupid Fat Hobbits

Andrew Higgins

The two young lovers were also flourishing. Because the hotdog man was too busy trying to beat the dry cleaner, he completely forgot about the two. They were free to do whatever they wished so, they went to the movies, they drove around the town, and they walked up Main Street, though avoiding the two shops because the daughter thought it best not to try their luck. One day, after the son got home from his walks with the young lady, the father told him he was buying a new space to expand the dry cleaner. The son was shocked because he knew his father wasn't much of a risk taker. "Why Dad?" he asked. "Well, son, it's somethin' I've been wanting to do since the place first opened, and I'd like to see that old goat try and beat me by opening another store." The son, however, could see the true reason behind this risky business move.

The hotdog man's daughter, upon hearing the news from the dry cleaner's son, began thinking. "Maybe you could have your dad make you the manager of the new store?" she asked him, "Then maybe my father will see you are a hard worker and might start warming up to you." The next day the son went to talk to his father about the girl's idea. The father liked the idea but he gave it his own little spin. The dry cleaner normally was an honorable man, but the feud brought out the worst in him, like his new idea. "How about I make that little girl of his the manager of the store? Ha! That will really burn that old goat's rump." The son just hung his head because he was too stunned to make a response.

"That little girl", however, did have a response. She accepted the dry cleaner's offer without question. The girl loved her father, but she always wanted to try her hand at running a business for herself. The dry cleaner was ecstatic; the son just continued to be stunned. The hotdog man was furious at his daughter and even more furious at the dry cleaner. "What a low life, under handed, back stabbing..." the hotdog man kept going on about his enemy, "First he buys new property and then hires my own daughter from under my nose." Of course, it seemed the dry cleaner had finally won with his ploy, but the hotdog man was not one to admit defeat so easily. One afternoon, while at work, the hotdog man found something interesting in the daily paper. "Ha! I can beat that old fool at his own game!"

The dry cleaner was inspecting his new property with his new manager, when he saw "that old goat" walking by, closely followed by the dry cleaner's son. The dry cleaner rushed out the door and confronted the man.

"What are you doing here, you old billy goat?" he asked the man, "and why is my son with you?"

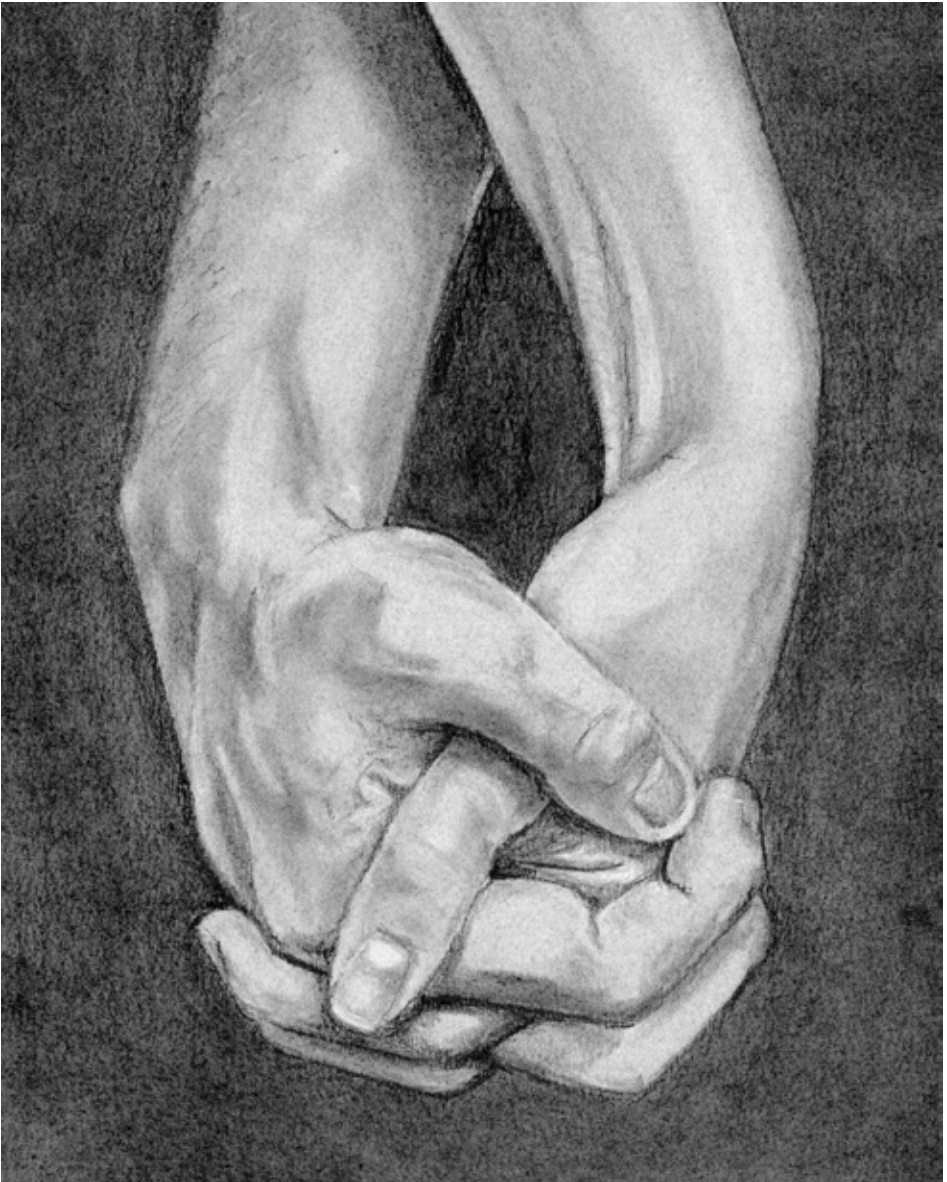
"Well you old fool, I have also acquired some new property to expand my business and I'm goin to hire your boy here ta' look after it for me." The dry cleaner was stunned, not unlike his son a few days before. The son proudly smirked at his father as he embraced his new boss's daughter. Somehow the two maintained their relationship in the constant

war between the two men. The two men bickered for what seemed to be hours over the fact they both now had two properties and they hired each other's children to run the new stores. The two young lovers, however, were talking and joking as opposed to the bickering of their fathers. When the two old men were done with their verbal boxing, the two pairs left the property and went their separate ways.

About a year later, the two properties were a new dry cleaners and a new hotdog place. The hotdog man's daughter was running the dry cleaner, as planned, and the dry cleaner's son was running the new hotdog place, also as planned. The two had a tradition already where the new dry cleaner would get her lunch and dinner from the new hotdog man, and the new hotdog man would bring his laundry, when he remembered to, to the new dry cleaner. This tradition remained even when the two got married, he would cook the meals and she would do the laundry. The marriage seemingly ended the feud between the two fathers but there was always an unseen tension between the men when the two families were together.

One day, the old hotdog man had just come off a very hectic lunch rush when the old dry cleaner walked into the restaurant. He sat at the counter in front of the hotdog man and ordered his usual, something he hadn't done in several years now. The hotdog man took his order and brought it out a few minutes later. He leaned on the counter and said "You know, I got a couple a shirts that need some stains removed. The darn place I take them to now just can't get it done." The dry cleaner looked at the man and smiled.

"I'll take um' and try some new stain remover I just ordered." The two men started laughing and went on laughing for a good while.



Unity
Elizabeth Tate

The Storm

Katie Sikes

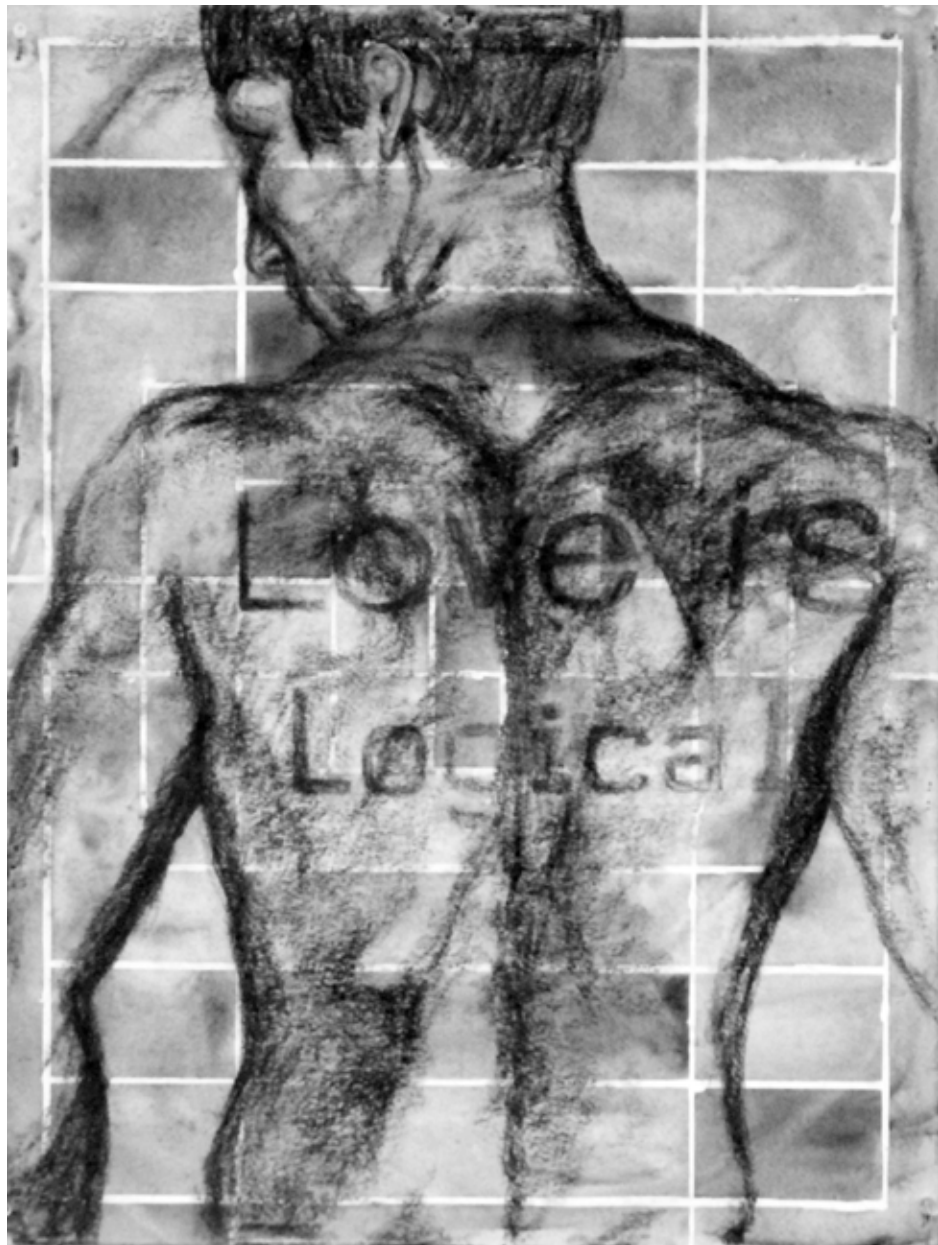
Smoke rose from crumbling, dilapidated chimneys.
Moss hung from roofs like untamed hair.
Rocking chairs rocked with the wind and old screen doors creaked.
Whirlwinds of leaves blew as the blustery weather grew stronger.
A drizzle began to fall.

Lanterns were lit, and old men in black raincoats stood on their porches,
studying the fixed drumming of rain.
Beads of water glistened in their white beards as they boarded up their windows.
A train was heard in the distance,
quelling the sound of incessant hammering.

Shadows bounced from one tree to the next,
dodging the invisible drape of rain.
Children and their parents sat by their blanketing fire,
as weariness sagged from their eyes.
Profound rain continued to fall.

Hunched backed trees' skin grew soggy and their leaves became brittle like paper.
The crackling fire put old men with their pipes to sleep,
as thunder continued to light the sky.
The whistling of crickets began to be heard over the diminishing downpour.

The throb of rain grew weak and thunder had no light.
Darkness became day and the sky was empty of reluctance.
Wood was removed from windows,
as luminosity peaked through the crevices of windows.
The storm grew pale and died away.



Compartmentalized
Melanie Smalley



lil' monsters Baby Food

Savannah Jane Springer

Winner, Judge's Choice 2009 AAF Greenville ADDY Awards

Winner, 2009 Gold AAF Greenville ADDY Award

The Signal Before the Crash

Josh Williams

This is the signal before the crash
The writing on the wall
Its our only chance to make it work
Before the sky begins to fall

Its the reflection in the mirror
The twisted view of self
The feeling you get inside your heart
That there's nothing to your wealth

See the scarlet tint there in the sky
The warning to us all
Its the art that only God can paint
To make us feel so small

This is the signal before the crash
One last chance to carry on
If we'll only turn our eyes
And see the lighthouse through the fog.

Steam

Danielle Bunner

There's a hiss in the city street,
steady like the beat of a heart,
the seeping steam cries out for freedom.
The cry is constant, unified with others,
a plea to escape the darkness
of the underground cage.
In the busy noise,
in the rush of a purposeless life,
it goes unnoticed.
After all, it's just a manhole
and the steam moves up toward the sky.



Orion Books Cover Redesign

Kristina Connell

Winner, 2009 Gold AAF Greenville ADDY Award

Multicolored

Katie Meitzler

Her porcelain white hand clings
to his dark brown one,
ignoring the sound of angry voices
that want to her pull her away.
She plunges her roots
deep into the ground.
Branches emerge,
from beneath her back pocket,
and stretch up her back.
He wraps his arm,
a thick branch,
around her waist.
White flowers on her branches
fade into red, green, purple, and blue.
A large bloom
stains her back purple
and green leaks onto her leg,
no longer porcelain white.



Untitled
Andrea Berg



Anticipation (top)
Resign (bottom)



ARTIST SPOTLIGHT CARTER STUART

Although I am the subject of these paintings, they are not self-portraits. They are inspired by women's fashions of the late 1940s and early 1950s. In donning period clothing and makeup, the attempt was to capture the eras' essence. In addition, the poses reflect the "star-like" quality seen in photographic portraits and movie stills of the time. They also appear as candid snapshots of bygone days.

Ultimately, life is about people and the emotions we experience, whether they are fears, hopes, or dreams. My process recognizes that emotions remain the same regardless of period or generation. The images catch a fleeting moment of ageless emotion, momentarily fixed and yet timeless. By continually representing myself as many characters from these decades, my goal is to unite the viewer with emotions provoked by the painting despite, the differences in era.

The depth, richness and elegance experienced through oil painting is a transcendental process. Using oil as the emotionally expressive medium becomes an element as fundamental as actual color or texture. In this series, time is used as an element that provides context, atmosphere and dimension, aiding in further understanding of each paintings' subject matter. The message of the painting is neither period costume nor the style of hair (things that vary as time passes), but the emotions that eclipse the ages themselves. My work steps into the idea that there are things past worthy our attention.

Sedentary

Shawna Fowler

We talked.

I enjoyed it.

Will anyone
remember me?

We talked often.

I cannot forget—
those lost years.

We don't speak—
not anymore—
but I still
think of it.

Time has passed by,
but I can't
seem to move.



Knobby Bowl #1
Maggie Irwin

Acceptance

Kassie Burton

"How do you like this one?" Callie pulled back the fitting room curtain revealing her slender, pear-shaped body covered with a royal blue, crystal studded prom gown. The silky fabric hugged her curves in all the right places, flowing like a river to the floor. Clear crystals dispersed throughout the fabric glinted in the mirror as she spun to show Tabby the V-shaped neckline. Her porcelain skin shone with specs of glitter leftover from the first twenty misfits she'd tried on.

"Callie," Tabby said, "that one is gorgeous. You should definitely get it." Tabby's eyes looked up at Callie and then down to the poufy red salsa-style dress she was wearing. Her curly, mousey brown hair would never shine quite as bright as Callie's blonde locks. No dress would ever fit her as well as this one fit Callie. Her plump middle would never allow it to. She was ugly.

"I think this is the one," Callie shouted excitedly. "Are you getting that one?"

"I guess," mumbled Tabby. She didn't feel like trying anything else on.

The two girls made their way to the register. Callie walked with a smile on her face and Tabby with her brown eyes glassy from the tears she'd been holding back. Callie placed her purchase on the counter and handed over her mom's credit card. Tabby wondered how she would ever measure up to those standards. The standards outlined in the Seventeen Magazine laying over there on the dress shop jewelry table. The standards that Callie never had to worry about. The ones she'd already met. She's a popular, gorgeous, pageant queen from a rich, cookie cutter family that every guy wants to date. Tabby threw the red chiffon fabric of the dress she'd settled for onto the counter and pulled out her babysitting money. She couldn't believe she'd been talked into this. She wondered what her parents would say once she told them about her purchase. Times were tight, and she was supposed

to save every penny she could. Tabby tried to wipe the thought from her mind and somehow succeeded. The two girls grabbed their bags and headed out the door.

The summer heat seemed to consume them as they made their way through the parking lot and hopped into Callie's shiny red Volkswagen Beetle. What a great graduation present, thought Tabby. Her only wish for graduation was for her parents to stop arguing. Some people just have it all. Tabby's parents had been on the brink of divorce for some time now. Every day when she came home from school, she opened the front door slowly, praying she wouldn't find her mother in the floor weeping again with black and blue marbled knotted spots across her body. Callie never had to worry about that either. Her parents taught Sunday school together and were both Christians. Tabby wasn't even sure if her parents knew what being a Christian meant. She'd tried to tell them once, but that conversation had ended with her father jabbing his thick fingers into her bony shoulder. He'd said, "There is no God, Tabby. If there was a God, we wouldn't be here right now. When will you understand that?"

The silence broke with Callie's voice and Tabby's mind returned to the ride home.

"You're gonna have so much fun tonight, Tabby," she said as she turned the radio down and set it to the newest Christian station. "The prom is just something you have to do before you graduate, and I won't have you never experiencing it."

"I don't even have a date," Tabby whined. "I am pretty sure that is a necessity to make the night fun."

"Don't worry about it. You'll have me and Jake. We're your dates."

"No, I am your third wheel." Tabby rolled her eyes.

"No, you're not a third wheel. We want you to come."

"I'm coming. I just don't want you guys to think you have to stay with me the whole time because you don't."

"Stop worrying. You'll be fine. There are tons of girls there without dates every year."

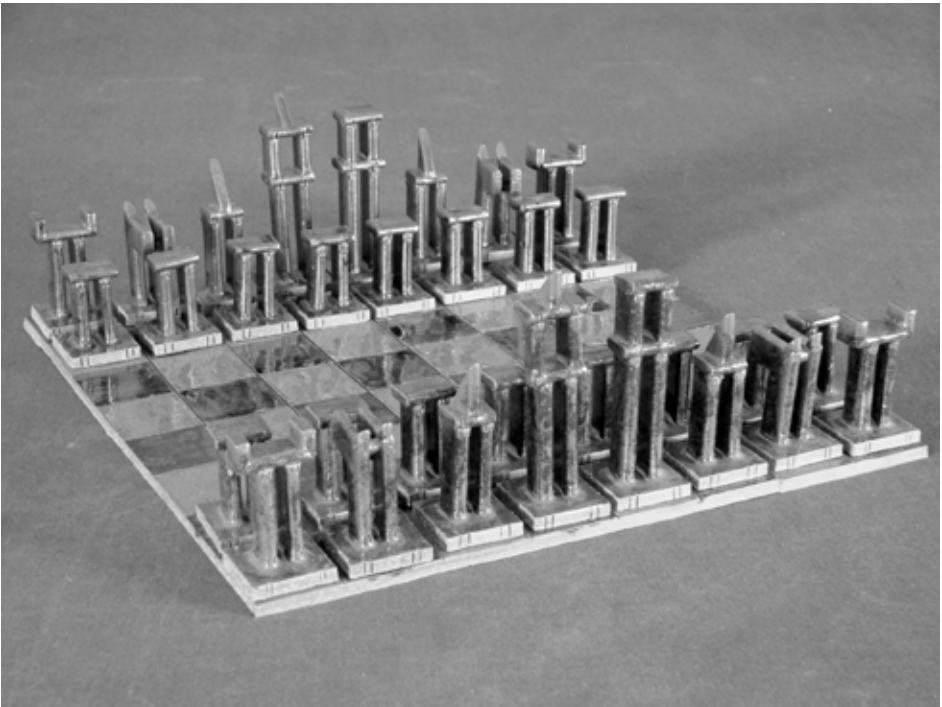
Silence fell back on the car. Callie turned the radio up. Tabby knew that Callie meant well. She and Jake were always trying to get her involved in things. She was reaching out to her as she had since they met. That night, out her bedroom window, Tabby could see the sign for the annual New Year's party for youth at Cross Creek Baptist, the church was just down the road from her house. That night, her parents were in the middle of what they like to call "a disagreement" again, so Tabby decided to go for a walk and ended up down by the church.

The light of the youth room shone through the window. People filled the area and it looked so warm to her. She couldn't quite place the feeling. The faces inside were so full of joy. They were smiling, hugging, and laughing. She hadn't felt that way in the longest time. She could tell that those people were a special kind of family. They were everything she wished her family could be, so she went in. Tabby had been amazed that Callie Hammond was first to approach her when she had mustered up the courage to step inside. Everyone at school wanted so badly to be her. Tabby normally hated girls like that—the perfect ones. Callie was different and that is what sparked their friendship. She didn't treat her like the other girls at school did. She seemed genuinely concerned about her. She accepted her.

The car climbed the bumpy hill to a winding driveway that led to Tabby's shabby, one bedroom home. She and her parents had moved there after the layoff. Her dad still hadn't found a new job. They were stuck in this faded brick structure, overgrown with vines climbing its outer walls and bushes covering the walkway. Tabby had no bed. There was no room for one. She slept on the old couch in the living room. Even when they'd purchased it, the tan fabric was rubbed in three large circles along the seat from years of use. It had come from the local thrift shop. Most of the holes in the fabric had appeared since her family had gotten it. Some of the foam-like filler was now protruding from the holes in every direction. It was somewhere to sleep though. At least that is what Tabby tried to tell herself.

"All right," said Callie, "We'll pick you up at eight."

"Sounds good," said Tabby. "See you later. Thanks for taking me to get a dress." Tabby spoke hurriedly in an effort to get Callie out of there before she saw too much of her house. She was embarrassed by it and everything in it, including the people.



Chess Set
Brannon Wilkie

"You're welcome." Callie smiled, as if she were glad she'd helped.

Tabby hopped up the four wooden stairs and opened the door to the kitchen. Her mom was there, thankfully not crying this time.

"Hey Mama," Callie said as she kicked off her yellowed white tennis shoes and left them by the door. The orange tiled linoleum was wet and her socks immediately were soaked.

"Hey, be careful, I just mopped," her mom warned. "What's in the bag?" The question Tabby didn't want to answer.
"It's a dress."

"A dress for what?"

"Prom, Mama, I am going to the prom."

"Better not let your dad find out. How much did you spend?"

"It was just fifty dollars. I got the cheapest one I could find."

"Tabby, you know your father has no job. We asked you to babysit to make a little extra for the family, not to go and blow it on some overpriced prom dress."

"But Mama, I didn't have anything here to wear and I really want to go this year. Besides, Callie's mom bought me a ticket so that I can go with her and Jake. I actually saved us money"

"What are we becoming—a charity case?" her mom snapped. "Don't take anything else from that girl. I don't want to owe nobody."

"We don't owe her, Mama. She wanted to buy my ticket, I never asked her to."

"You've got them thinking we don't take good care of you."

"No, Mama, I don't. They just care about me. Callie is my friend." Tabby began making her way to the living room. The shaggy brown carpet began drying her socks little by little. She plopped down on the old couch pushing her pillow aside and looked at her watch. Four hours to go.

Tabby stared into the mirror at her stone brown eyes, wondering how she would ever make them pretty enough for the night. She remembered the eye shadow that Callie had given her for Christmas that year. It was a pearlescent white color. She figured she'd try it since it was all she had. Tabby caked on the powder until it sufficiently covered her

imperfections, creating a shimmery glow below each brow. Afterward, she buffed her face to a light tan color while monitoring her progress closely in the mirror. She went into her mother's room and swept some of her dollar store mascara onto her lashes, being careful not to overdo it. The completed look left her almost unrecognizable as she had never worn makeup before.

Tabby made her way over to the white dress bag, still crumpled up on the kitchen table like an old, abandoned t-shirt. She pulled the sheer red fabric from the bag. Her mother watched as she stepped into the precisely ruffled dress and pulled it up her body wishing she were a size 4. The haltered top was beautifully accented by her hair, which was spun into a soft bun on top of her head leaving only a few curls to frame her face. She had learned this style from her dance teacher in related arts at school. Her ears were adorned with the diamond earrings she inherited from her grandmother and she wore clear shoes with crystal accents.

"Tabby, you look beautiful," her mother said as she approached her, laying one hand on her shoulder.

"Thanks, Mom," said Tabby, "I hope everyone else thinks so." As she spoke, Tabby could hear the deep rumble of Jake's Ford truck pulling into the driveway and so she made her way outside. The crystals on her shoes glistened in the headlights. Callie jumped out of the passenger side door. "Oh gosh, Tabby, you look great," she said.

"You too," Tabby said.

Tabby, Callie, and Jake arrived at Pinewood High School's gymnasium just a few minutes later. Tabby was getting more and more nervous as they passed each and every house on the way. The building's walkway was lit with Tiki torches and lights danced on the girls' faces as they walked down the entryway. The molding around the doors was lined with rich greenery and white speckles of lights. Tabby felt like she was entering a whole different world. Blue and white garlands were draped from the ceiling with lighted trees seemingly promenading around the dance floor. The lights above flashed all sorts of shades of red, blue, orange, and green. The rainbow of color passed across Tabby's face, and she could feel the heavy base pulsating through her body. Students swarmed the floor dancing circles around one another, most with their dates.

Tabby made her way over to the nearest table and sat her purse in a chair. The round table was covered with a shimmery blue table cloth and was accented with paper snow and clear rocks that looked like ice melting on the fabric. She had made it—the first time in a long time she'd actually gotten to do something she wanted to do. And her dad didn't know—so he couldn't stop her. Callie grabbed her arm and proceeded to pull her onto the dance floor for the "Cha-Cha Slide".



Sacred Beauty

Andrea Berg

"Wait a second, Callie. I don't know this dance," Tabby said frantically.

"You will now," Callie smiled and took her hand, her feet skipping across the floor, "It goes like this."

Callie pointed out each step to Tabby as she moved across the floor to each beat of the music. Tabby looked at Callie's face and saw pure joy. She wanted to be like that. She stepped behind Callie and began following her every move. She could do this. Her mind let go, her body took over and she floated across the floor like she never expected she would or ever could. The ruffles on her crimson dress fanned out into a gorgeous ball gown. Just as the song came to a close, a short, brown haired young man approached her. His stubby appearance stood out to Tabby as that was how she pictured herself.

"Would you like to dance with me?" he asked. Tabby's heart turned flips in her chest. She'd never been approached by a guy before and this one was pretty cute if she had to say so herself.

"Ok," Tabby timidly replied. The young man took her hand, and she could feel his fingers press lightly on her back.

"Just follow me," he said. "One, two, step, step. Three, step." The two moved gracefully to an old country love song. The boy's voice faded as Tabby caught on. She could see Callie out of the corner of her eye leaning heavily against Jake, looking up into his eyes. Maybe she would be able to do that some day. She dreamed of that fairytale feeling. The one you see in the movies. When the prince and princess are dancing and everyone else seems to disappear. Before she knew it, the song was over and she looked around at the many other couples crowded around.

"Thanks, that was so much fun," she mumbled to the mystery guy. "I'm Tabby."

"Stephen."

"Hi, Stephen, nice to meet you. What year are you?"

"Junior."

"Me too," Tabby said. She could sense the awkwardness in the air around her and in his eyes as he looked straight ahead nervously. She was glad that she was finally out and meeting new people and she didn't want to mess this up. She knew that if it was up to her parents, she'd be stuck in the tumultuous hole she lived in for her entire life.

"It's really nice outside," muttered Stephen.

"Yep. I was glad it cleared up for today with everyone getting ready and everything," Tabby didn't really know what to say. The flipping

she'd previously felt in her heart made its way across her entire body causing her to tremble. Sometimes she didn't know why the idea of making new friends scared her.

"Want something to drink?" Stephen seemed concerned.

"Sure, it's getting really hot in here." Tabby made her way to the round table she'd come from earlier and waited patiently for Stephen to come back.

"Here you go." Stephen handed her a clear cup of bright red punch.

"Thank you," Tabby said, amazed that someone besides her mom or Callie had done something for her. As she took the first sip of her drink, Callie made her way back over to the table and sat down.

"Are you having fun, Tabby?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. This is Stephen." Tabby timidly introduced her new friend.

"Hey, Stephen. I'm Callie."

"It's nice to meet you, Callie. Your friend Tabby here is quite the dancer." Tabby's face turned candy apple red. She wondered if he liked her.

"Oh, is she?" Callie smiled.

"Yep, best I've come across all night." Stephen lightly touched Tabby's hand.

Before Tabby could react, the DJ began making an announcement.

"What's up, Pinewood?" he shouted. The crowd erupted with noise. "It's time to announce this year's prom king and queen." The roar got even louder. A drum roll made the table shake and Tabby sat hoping that Callie would win it. After all, if anyone deserved it, she did. She was perfect, but had tried to reach out to others who weren't so lucky. She crossed her fingers under the table.

"Your 2005 prom king is... Parker Sullivan." A largely built football jock made his way up on stage. The crowd sat in silence waiting for the next announcement. "And your 2005 Pinewood High School prom queen is... Callie Hammond."

Tabby's face lit up like a child who was just given a surprise. Callie smiled sweetly and took Tabby's hand. Tabby looked around, confused as to what was going on.

"Come with me," Callie said. Tabby did as she was told and allowed Callie to drag her onto the stage. The walk seemed to take hours and

Tabby's stomach began to turn. She knew that everyone was looking directly at her and wondering just as she was—what is she doing up there? Tabby figured that Callie was nervous and wanted for her to be there with her—that was ok—she was her friend. The principal walked over to where the two girls stood on the left side of the stage. Tabby felt the spotlight warming her skin, and the nervousness she'd felt eased as the faces in the crowd faded to black.

"Congratulations, Callie," Tabby whispered as the principal placed a glistening crown on top of her silky blonde hair.

Callie smiled and quickly stepped forward. "I'd like to say something if you don't mind," Callie said into the microphone at the front of the stage. It sounded as if a radio blasting with loud music had just been turned off as the crowd fell completely silent. Tabby smiled; it didn't surprise her that Callie wanted to thank the students for voting for her.

"I'd like to give this crown to the queen who truly deserves it. The girl that has overcome more obstacles in her short life than most of us ever will." Callie shouted into the microphone, "Everyone please give it up for Tabby Brown!" and Tabby stood in shock. She felt as if she were someone for once in her life. It had finally happened. A stream of tears reluctantly fell from her eyes.

Callie walked over to where she stood. "Here you go, Tabby. You deserve this more than I do." Callie gently untangled the crown from her waves and placed it on top of Tabby's kinky, dark, pulled-back head of hair.

"But, Callie, I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything." Callie smiled, "You are truly beautiful and it's about time you realize that. I want you to, and God wants you to."

Tabby could hardly see through the tears, hardly cry through the laughter. Yes. Beautiful. Callie said so.



Penguin Classics Book Cover Redesign

Stephanie Wilson

Winner, 2009 Best of Show AAF Greenville ADDY Award

Winner, 2009 Gold AAF Greenville ADDY Award

Patricia Langford

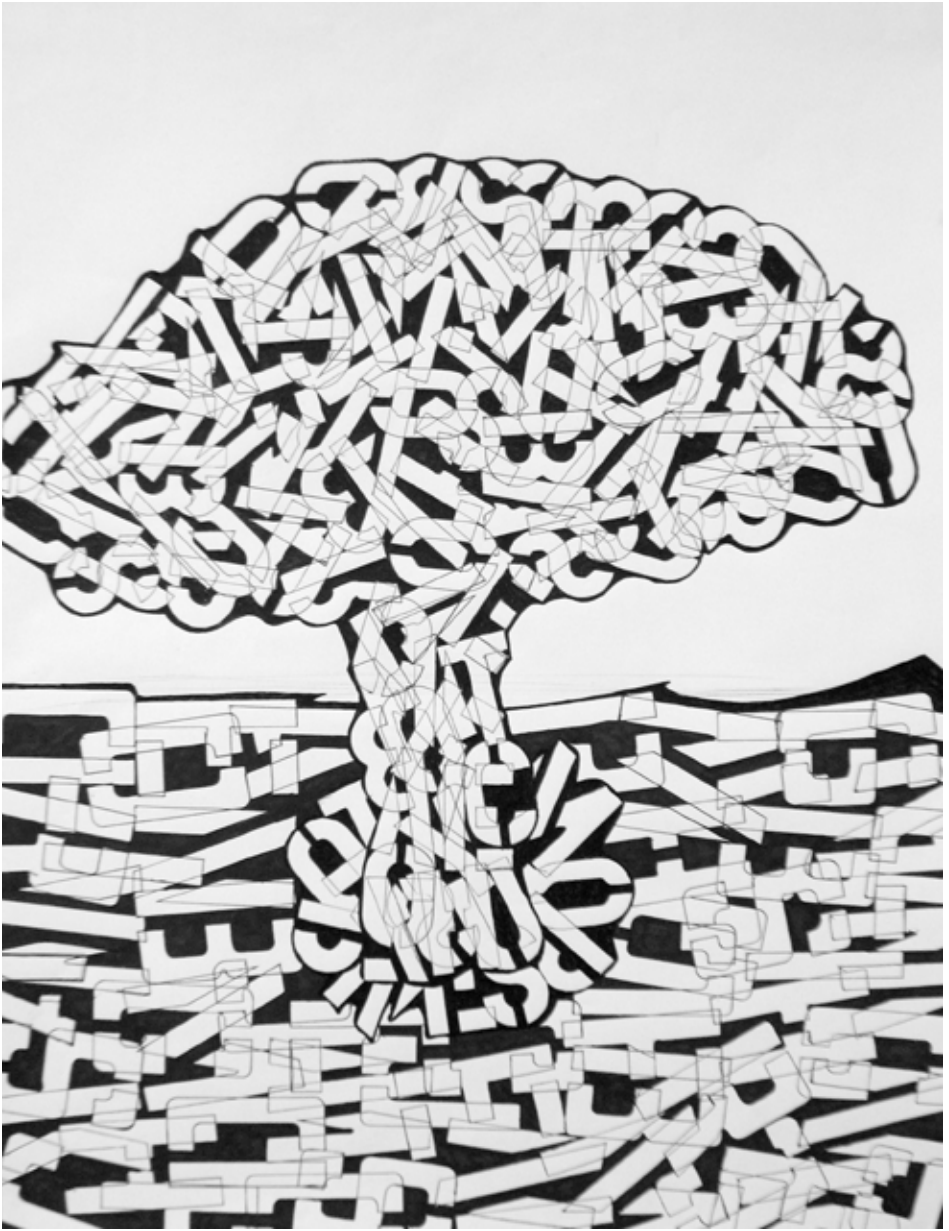
Grier Parrott

I was a child for the final ten years of my life,
my mind eaten, changed, destroyed.
I used to be your wife—spontaneous
and flirty; my red hair drove you crazy.
We always loved driving with the top down,
the sun beating down onto our bare arms and legs.
The children loved our vacations,
and I enjoyed your constant company.

Things changed when I changed.
I wanted to go home, you wanted me to stay.
You wanted me with you—I was your wife.
But I had become a coiled and bent version of her.
I started making trouble for you. I fled countless
times, taking teacups, painted porcelain cats,
things of importance, but always forgetting you.
I was only trying to make it home.

I was so sure my mother was waiting for me
on the front porch, calling me home for
dinner. You always found me wandering,
unaware of time and place. You dragged me home.
I left you in the wake of my tantrums and tears,
ignoring your pleas—"Please don't leave again, Pat,"
you said. "This time you'll stay," you said.
"Poor Mom," your daughter said. "I barely knew her."

I drained you of everything, muddied your thoughts and dreams.
I exhausted you then, but I used to give you life.
You remember me from different times. You
know I was different, pleasant, fun, you remember.



Words = Sword

Andrew Adams

Playing Games

Margaret Hayes

Pick a word, he says.
Subtle, I say,
although I don't know why
this comes to mind.
Separate, he says.
He, too, knows not why.
We each add lark
for the one who sings
outside the window.
This game needs to make
some sense, I laugh.
I say, trip.
He ask, you mean voyage?
No, I say.
I mean fall or stumble,
knowing how many times I've failed
when words weren't used for games,
and how words hurt
when life wasn't quite this simple.

Loving

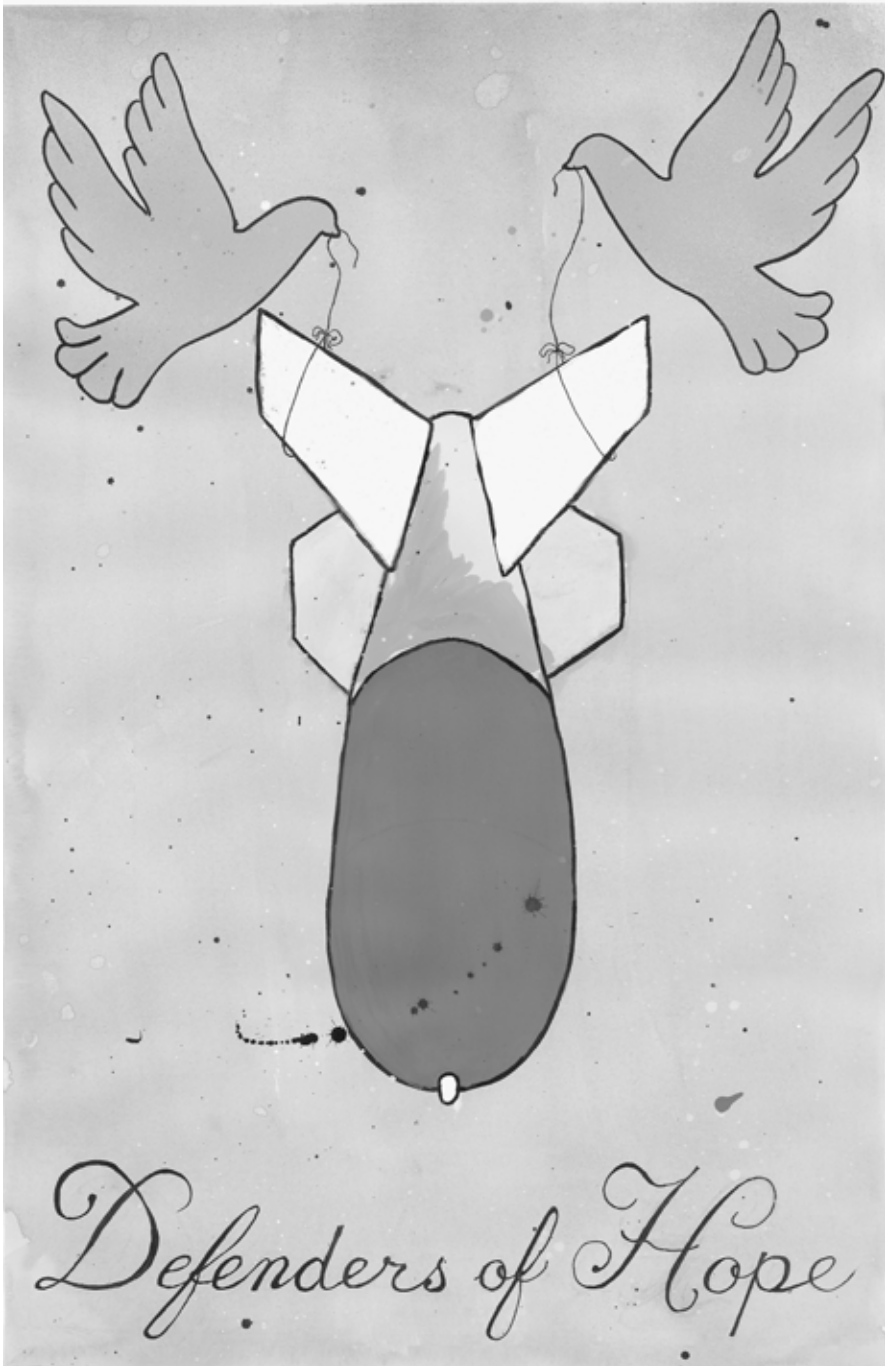
Katie Meitzler

I loved my children
brought them home
to infants' cradles in a white nursery,
silent except for their cries,
while I rolled a cigarette downstairs.

I loved my children
when I overdosed each week
with an extra Benadryl,
so I would sleep
through their cries at 4am.

I loved my children
when I sent them off
to the neighbor's house each day
wanting them to spend the night
so I could relish in the quiet.

I loved my children
when God heard my prayers and
let the other driver hit me.
I loved my children
when I took my hands off the wheel
and hoped they would remember me
as loving.



Defenders of Hope

Wellington Payne

Winner, 2009 Tate Publishing National Illustration Competition



Dashboard Drummer

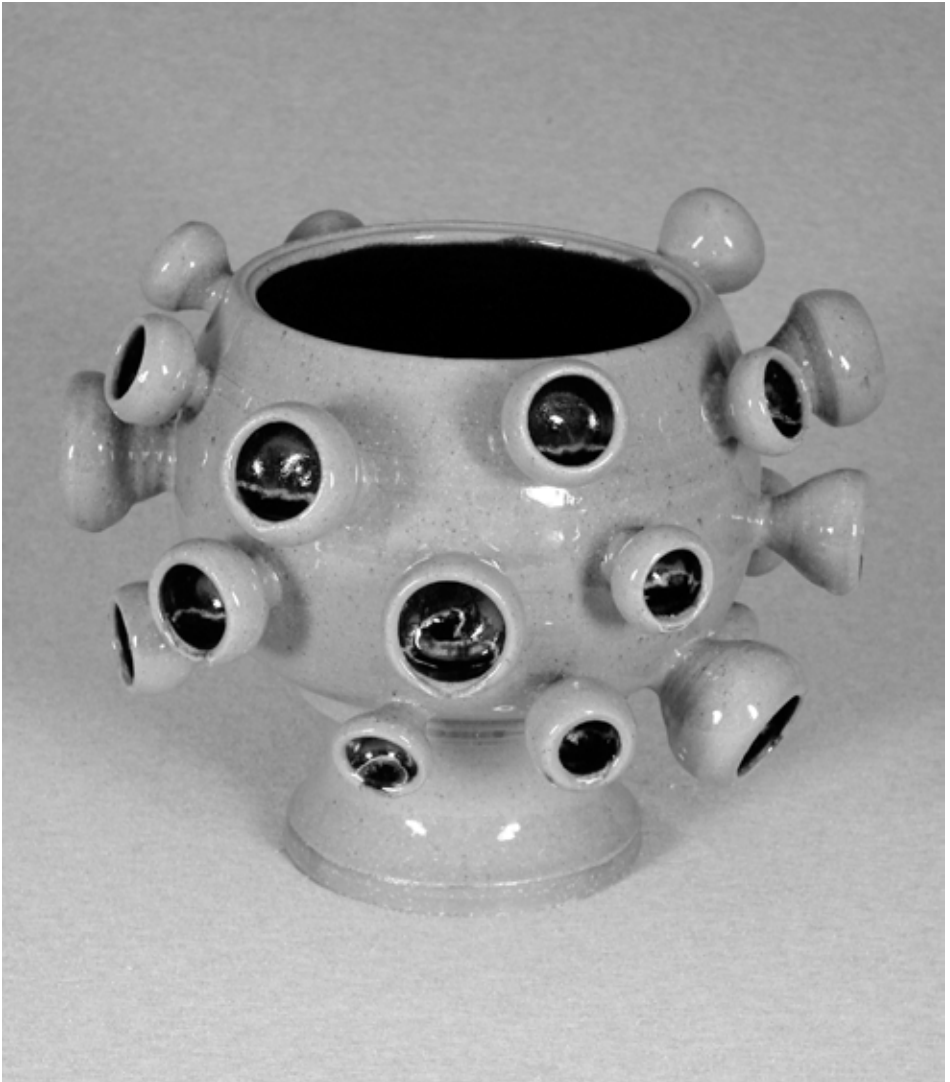
Kelly Johnson

Guitar Lessons

Katie Meitzler

I lied to my best friend on a Sunday.
She called hoping for squeals of excitement,
but instead I said Do you want a cookie?
Enthusiastic and barely noticing my curt remark,
she tried to tell me the whole story
when I said my dad needed the phone.
He sat on the couch watching football,
and I stepped back into my church dress,
ready for the evening service.

When we left church that night,
my sarcasm was over and
I couldn't stop my hiccupping sobs.
I prayed her guitar would get smashed
or stolen by home burglars.
Her fingers, I secretly wished,
would stiffen with newly developed arthritis
or even miraculously shrivel up.
Every Wednesday I prayed she would be sick.



Knobby Bowl #2

Maggie Irwin

Decision

Shawna Fowler

I've defeated her—
my other Self—
after a struggle
sickeningly brief.

As I laid—
crumbling at my feet—
I couldn't hold back
the tears.

Restored

Erin Wilborn

Eliza stepped out of the gate into a crowd of strangers, each one with their own worries and destinations in mind. She shifted her bag on her shoulder and looked around for a woman that she'd only seen twice in her life, but didn't really remember. As she searched the crowd someone bumped her from behind, almost knocking her off her feet. She recognized him from the plane. You could tell he was one of those business types who only care about money and themselves by his \$300 suit and the constant talking on his cell phone. As she followed him with her eyes, she saw her, Marie, a woman of about 75 years old with short gray and white hair that went to her shoulders wearing jeans and a shirt with different colored flowers on it. Marie smiled and waved as she started toward her. She gave Eliza a big hug nearly knocking the breath out of her. Finally, she stepped away and held her at arm length.

"You are so beautiful. You've probably heard this all your life, but you look just like your mother."

It was true. She had heard this all her life. She has her brown hair and hazel eyes and on occasion she's been told that she even has her personality. She's always been told this, but she's tried so hard not to be her mother.

"Thank you, Marie."

"Aw, come on now honey you know you can call me granny or Granny Marie if you prefer. Everyone does in town. They are just going to love you. And I know this is a big change for you, but if you give this place a chance, I think you'll love it too. Now, I guess we should probably get your bag from the baggage claim, right?"

"Right...Granny Marie." She said the last part softly, just trying out the new word. It was definitely going to be something to get used to, but everything in her life was going on that list.

They got her luggage at the baggage claim without too much difficulty, but then spent thirty minutes trying to find Granny Marie's station wagon. When Eliza at last set her eyes on the prize, she was rewarded with a car that had chipped paint, no air conditioning, only one side mirror, and a radio that only gets three stations. It was the crappiest car that she'd ever seen. Eliza was just glad that she didn't have to drive it.

Once her luggage was put in the back and they found their way out of the maze of parking garages and parking lots, they headed out of the city towards the small town of Lincoln, Kansas. Eliza wished they could have stayed in the city. It wasn't as big as Chicago, of course, but it was closer than a small town in the middle of nowhere.

"So, you're 14, right?" Granny Marie looked over at her. Eliza could tell that this was the beginning of the conversation that was supposed to make this whole situation seem less awkward.

"Actually, I'm 15. My birthday was two months ago at the end of April."

"Of course, I knew that. So, does that mean you have your permit? That must be exciting. Maybe I could let you practice driving the truck to church on Sundays." She winked then and changed driving hands. Eliza could tell that she was getting more comfortable, but she still had a while to go. She just smiled and nodded.

After a few moments Marie went on. "You know, I think you're really going to like Lincoln. I know it ain't a big city like Chicago, but once you see all the fields and forests and flowers you're just going to fall in love with it. And you'll appreciate God's gift of nature even more than you do now. You know, I've been farming all my life and it ain't easy, but it teaches virtue and discipline. It also keeps you in great shape." She laughed a short laugh and then turned to look at the car that was passing us.

Eliza didn't know much about farming, but she could see that Granny Marie was right about the last thing. Granny Marie may have been about 75 years old but she looked 65. She had a certain edge about her that said that she was tougher than she looked and she shouldn't be messed with. This was not the woman that Eliza was expecting to meet at all. Of course, she didn't really know what to expect. She seemed nice enough though a little head strong. And she could tell that she was really trying to make this work. But Eliza wasn't ready yet and she didn't think that Granny Marie was ready either.

Eliza looked out the window and watched the trees being replaced slowly by fields of something or other. It didn't really matter to her. It was the same pattern over and over. First there was a cow pasture and then a corn field and then a wheat field. Over and over it went until she finally looked away realizing how dull this place was really go-

ing to be. They had been quiet for about an hour now. Granny Marie was tapping her hand on the steering wheel to a jazz song playing on one of the three radio stations. Apparently the only stations anyone could pick up were a station that played jazz music, a classical music station, and a sports station. Granny Marie said she didn't really like either of them but she picked the one she liked the best considering the choices and now she can't live without her jazz music. Eliza couldn't really hear the music because the windows were rolled down. She was glad her hair was short so it wouldn't get into her eyes so much. When the song ended, Granny Marie turned off the radio and tried conversation again.

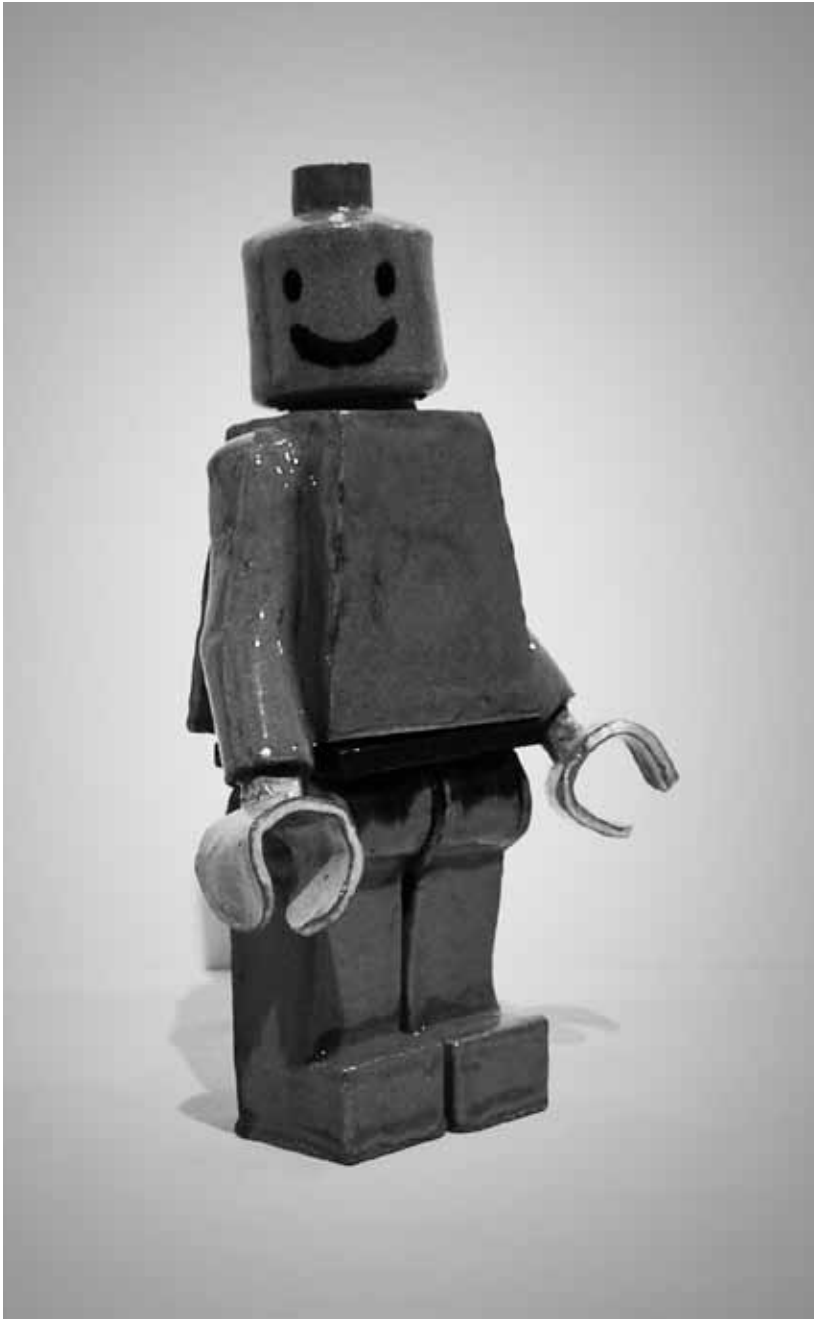
"You know your cousin Taylor will be staying with us this summer. She's six and, boy, is she a handful. I'm sure that you two will get along fine though. She's your mother's brother's daughter. You've never met Cooper have you? I'm afraid none of us have been around since your mother passed. Distance shouldn't be an excuse but we made it one. But it wasn't just that. Your father didn't want to see any of us after your mother died." Granny Marie kept glancing at her. Eliza didn't know what to say. Marie had just mentioned a man that she did not want to think about and she did not want to stay on the subject.

"You don't have to explain things. Things happened the way they did and we can't change that." She paused. "So, are there a lot of kids in Lincoln?"

Granny Marie looked at her with a small smile. "Well, I'd say there are around fifteen or so. Used to be a lot more of course, but they all grow up so fast. I'm sure you'll make friends in no time. Ah, now see that mailbox right there on the left with the giraffe painted on the side? That's our place." She turned past the mailbox onto a dirt road that seemed to go on forever. Eliza rolled up the window because dust was blowing in. Through the dirt she could see fields going on for miles on both sides. One side was a corn field and the other was a cow pasture. There were several cow clusters here and there spotting the terrain. Some were sitting in the shade of the trees from the hot summer sun. As they drove closer, the forms of a house, barn, and stables appeared.

Eliza could tell that the house was an old one that had simply been remodeled over and over again. It was a white two story that needed repainting with light blue shutters. The roof needed some new shingles, but it wasn't too bad. The house had a porch that covered the whole front and a side of the house. The barn was white and brown and in the same shape as the house, but the stables seemed newer with a fresh coat of paint and new model. When they pulled up, Eliza took everything in with a deep breath and then almost choked from the smell. She could definitely smell that they were on a farm.

As she was getting out of the car, still gagging from the smell, a girl, who she assumed was Taylor, ran towards them holding a Barbie in



Voltron Futura
Cameron Ridenour

one hand and a brush in the other. Granny Marie met her halfway and hugged her.

"Granny, you're back! I missed you. I drew you a picture while you were away."

"That's great, honey. I'll look at that later, but right now I want you to meet your cousin Eliza. Eliza, this is Taylor."

"Hey. It's nice to meet you Taylor." Eliza wasn't really sure what to say to a six-year-old.

"Hi. I couldn't wait for you to get here. We are going to have so much fun this summer. I hope you like playing Barbie and we can go horseback riding and fishing if you want to. I always wanted a big sister." Taylor had a big smile on her face. She was rather cute with her dimples and missing tooth. She was wearing her light brown hair in poorly braided pigtails that were halfway out and overall shorts with a pink t-shirt underneath. This kid was definitely going to make summer interesting.

"Sounds good. But I should probably unpack first." Eliza gave her a smile and looked at Granny Marie for some support.

"Right, well, we should get you settled in. Now, Taylor why don't you go find your daddy and tell him that me and Eliza are here."

"Okey dokey" Taylor said with a thumbs-up. As she turned to walk towards the stable, Granny Marie gave her a love pat on the bottom. She turned and giggled and then skipped towards the stable again.

"I can see what you mean about being a handful. She's cute, though." Eliza grabbed one of her bags out of the back seat and tossed it over her shoulder. Granny Marie already had one and was getting another. She was definitely strong.

"I'm glad you think so. Her cuteness helps make up for all the trouble she causes. But she's worth it. And she already loves you. I hope you realize that." Granny Marie was heading for the house with two suitcases in tow. Eliza went to grab the last one when another hand reached it first.

"Let me get that for you. Hi, I'm Travis Ford. I'm head of tendin' to the fields and such here at the Prater Farm." He lifted the bag over his shoulder and put out his hand, gesturing that Eliza should go ahead of him. Travis Ford was quite a sight. He was about 6'3" and very broad-shouldered. He was a big man, but with muscle not fat. Eliza guessed that he was in his mid-thirties. But the most surprising thing about him was his combination: Hispanic with the purest country accent that she'd ever heard.

"Thanks. I'm Eliza Winchester. Marie is my grandmother." She walked towards the house, looking at it more closely. When she got to the porch, she noticed that all the chairs were mismatched. Some were rocking chairs and some were old lawn chairs that consisted of many different colors. At the end she could see that there was even an old recliner sitting between a table and a swing. Travis came up behind her and she went on into the house.

The front door led into the foyer with the kitchen off to the right and the living room off the left. The stairs were straight ahead. The walls were beige with many tiny purple flowers lining the top and bottom. Eliza could see the wallpaper peeling off in some corners of the rooms. The floor was hardwood and creaked when she walked into the living room. The furniture was of a modern style and included a sofa, two chairs, a coffee table and no TV. Instead, there was a fireplace and an old fashioned radio off to one side.

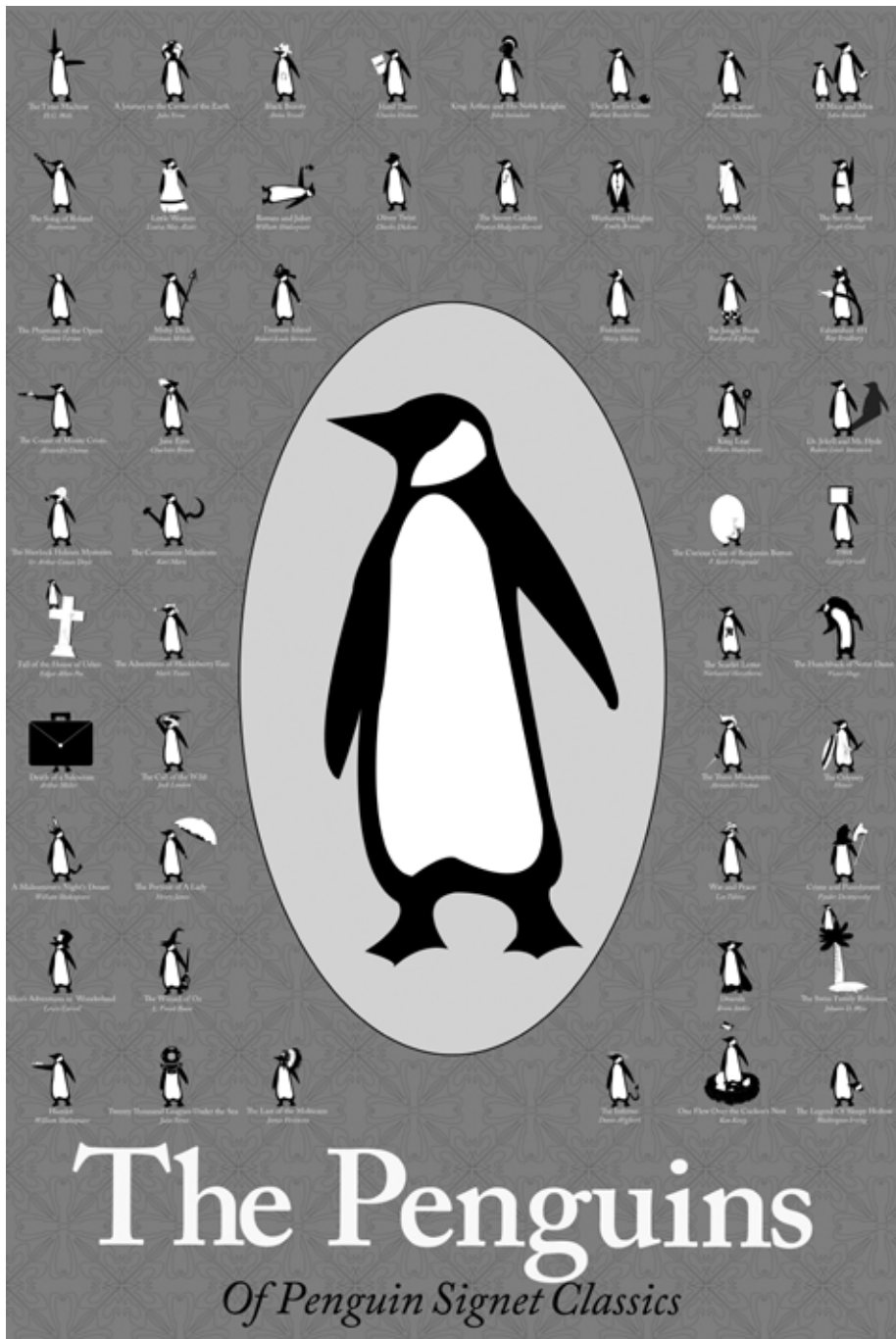
"Eliza." The voice came from upstairs. Eliza just realized that Travis must have already gone upstairs to her room with her bag. Granny Marie called again before Eliza followed suit.

There were four bedrooms upstairs and two bathrooms. Eliza followed Granny Marie's voice to the room down at the end of the hall. The room was an average size though slightly smaller than her room in Chicago. The walls were pale blue with wood paneled floors. The bed was full-size with a dark mahogany backboard and nightstand. There was a window across from the bed showing a view of green fields as far as the eye could see. Next to it was a dresser with a jewelry box on top and a picture of her mother. Granny Marie was standing beside it.

"Eliza, this was your mother's room when she was a little girl. I thought it was appropriate since you're going to be staying here. Well, I guess I'll let you unpack and get settled in. Dinner's at six and just holler if you need help with anything." Granny Marie smiled and touched Eliza on the shoulder as she walked out of the room.

Eliza walked over to the picture of her mom and just looked at it. It was like looking at herself. But she didn't like to dwell on the past, so she turned away and began to unpack. It didn't take very long because she didn't have that many things. Most of it was clothes, nothing real sentimental from her life in the city. She looked out her window and saw all the men that work in the fields coming in. It must have been time for them to go home and eat dinner with their families. As she watched, the sun was just beginning its journey to the other side of the earth to start a brand new day in a brand new place.

"Eliza? Watcha doin'?" Eliza turned around and saw Taylor standing in the doorway. She was holding a different Barbie now, one with short black hair on one side and long hair on the other.



Penguin Signet Classics Redesign

Andrew Adams

Winner, 2009 Gold AAF Greenville ADDY Award

"Just looking out the window."

"Well, Granny told me to come get you for dinner. We're having chicken and taters and peas. But I don't like those. Daddy says they make me strong but I still don't eat 'em. I just pretend that I do." She came closer and motioned Eliza to bend down. When she did, Taylor put her hand up to her mouth and whispered, "I just hide them in my napkin and then give them to Henry later."

"Who's Henry?" Eliza sort of felt honored that Taylor was disclosing this secret to her after only knowing her for a couple of hours.

"Henry's Granny Marie's bulldog. Don't worry, he doesn't bite. He'll eat anything you put in front of him. Well, come on. And we got to make sure that we wash up first." She grabbed Eliza's hand and led her into the first door on the left. Behind it was an averaged-sized bathroom with a sink, toilet and shower. There were several toys in there, too. Eliza supposed that they would be sharing a bathroom. It couldn't be that bad, right?

After washing their hands with enough soap for four people instead of two, they went downstairs and into the kitchen. The smell hit Eliza with such a force that it made her eyes water. It was an amazing aroma of different spices and herbs and that kitchen smell that's always there no matter what you're cooking. Eliza had only smelled it once in her life. It was when she stayed over at her friend Melissa's house. Her mother had cooked their meal of meatloaf and various vegetables. She even made a red velvet cake for dessert from scratch. Eliza couldn't believe that she had made it all by herself but then all her meals consisted of take-out or going out to restaurants. Eliza thought that it was just a mother thing and, since she didn't have one, she couldn't have it.

"Hey, girls. Dinner will be ready in just a few minutes. Why don't you grab some plates and set the table." Granny Marie was just taking a whole tray full of biscuits out of the oven with the end of her apron. She had her hair pulled back with a headband to keep it out of her face while she cooked.

"Okay, Granny." Taylor tried grabbing all the plates at once from the counter, but Eliza managed to get there first before she caused them to fall and break.

"How about getting the silverware, Taylor?" Eliza said. She smiled and shrugged and went over to the drawer and pulled out a handful of forks. Eliza noticed that there were six plates to be laid out. After she was done, she went back into the kitchen and asked Granny Marie who else was eating with them.

"Oh, well, there's Cooper of course and Travis is going to be joining us tonight. And the new boy that started today as Cooper's assistant in the stables. His name escapes for the moment, but between you and

me he seems rather cute.” She winked at Eliza and then laughed. Eliza couldn’t help it and joined in. She was surprised when she did it. It was like something inside her was released and she already felt like she’d been here all her life. Granny Marie looked relieved that she had finally made a connection with her granddaughter.

They were still chuckling when the men came in from outside. Travis entered first, followed by a tall thin sturdy man with short brown hair and goatee. He had on overalls and big working boots that were so worn she couldn’t tell what the original color was. She assumed that this was her Uncle Cooper. She could see some resemblance to Granny Marie, but she could definitely tell that he was her mother’s brother. The boy who came in last was so dirty Eliza wasn’t sure what he was wearing. He seemed to have dark curly hair and was only a foot taller than her. She guessed he must be either fifteen or sixteen. He looked exhausted from his first day of work but he also had a smile on his face saying that he enjoyed every minute of it.

“Hey, Mama. Hmmm, that smells good. Hey, princess, you been good for Granny Marie this afternoon?” Cooper said as he came into the kitchen and picked up Taylor.

“Uh huh. Daddy, daddy, this is Eliza, my cousin. She’s so cool. She’s going to play Barbie with me after supper.”

“Is she really? Well, that’s great, sweetie. Nice to meet you. I guess I’m your Uncle Cooper.” He shifted Taylor to his hip so he could reach out a hand to shake. Eliza shook it and said, “You, too, Uncle Cooper.” There was another word that she was going to have to get used to.

“And what happened here?” Granny Marie gestured towards the boy using dirt as a blanket.

“Aw, Charlie here just got too close to Milky Way and she run him right over the fence into the Bishop’s mud hole. Can he rinse off in the back bathroom?”

“And you might want to give him so fresh clothes too, ‘cause you stink, boy.” Travis took off his hat, waved it in front of nose as if to wave away the odor. He was laughing too. Charlie looked down and if he wasn’t covered in so much dirt, Eliza would say that he was blushing.

“Now, Travis, he does not smell that bad, and of course you can clean up. I’ll lay out some of Cooper’s old clothes for you when you’re done, honey.” Granny Marie led him toward the back of the house.

“Thanks, Granny Marie,” Charlie said, being careful not to touch anything while he was following her.

After Charlie got cleaned up, they sat down to dinner. It was a sight that Eliza had only seen in movies. Everyone was talking at once while

still managing to pass different dishes around the table. Granny Marie was sitting at the head of the table with Travis at the other end. Cooper was sitting next to him with Taylor in between him and Granny Marie. Eliza was on her other side sitting next to Charlie. Cooper was telling a story about this crazy man who kept trying to ride a horse that only let women ride him. He refused to believe this “rumor” as he called it and kept trying to prove them wrong, but he never did and had plenty of broken bones to show for it. At the other end of the table, Granny Marie was listening to Taylor tell of an extravagant wedding that she gave between her Chanel Barbie and her Tony Van Rubber Barbie only to have it be broken up by a stampede of giant circus elephants. Eliza sat listening to the two stories intermingling and just took in the moment. It was very different from the quiet meals she had with that man who talked on the phone most of the time or just didn’t talk at all. That was only half the time, though. At the others, he wasn’t there at all so she would go out with her friends and probably wouldn’t eat at all. Not this time though and not ever again.

“Hey, could you pass the biscuits please?” Charlie was looking at her and Eliza realized that he was talking to her. He really did look kind of cute once all that dirt was off. She was right, his hair was dark and curly and now she noticed how blue his eyes were.

“Sure.” She passed him the biscuits, while grabbing one for herself and started towards the butter.

“So, you’re Eliza right? Where are you from?”

“Yeah, and you’re Charlie?” She asked. “I’m from Chicago, Illinois.”

He nodded with a mouth full of chicken. “Whoa, what are you doing way over here? Are you just visiting or something?” It was hard to tell if he really wanted to know or if he was just making small talk.

“No, I had to move here because I suddenly didn’t have any parents to take care of me. Granny Marie got custody of me because she’s my closest relative.”

He looked at Eliza like he was expecting her to say more, but he got the hint when she didn’t say anything else and changed the subject. “Oh, well you’re going to like it here. Everyone is real friendly and, since it’s summer, you can try just about everything there is to do around here and see what you can do.”

A bark of a laugh came from the end of the table. Travis and Cooper were laughing at a joke that Cooper just told. Eliza didn’t know what it was about, but their laughter in turn made everyone else start to laugh too. After dinner, the men did the dishes while the ladies went out on the porch and watched the night. Taylor was playing with her Barbies, now doing the second wedding of Chanel and Tony. Henri was beside her, full from his meal of peas and squash.

"So, what do you think? It's not much, but it's home." Granny Marie was in the recliner, rocking slowly back and forth with a rhythm like the ocean.

"It's different," Eliza said. "Not a bad different though, a good one. I feel good about it. I guess that's what a real family feels like, huh?" She looked over at Granny Marie and smiled.

"I know that you came here under bad circumstances, but I am so glad that you did. I love you so much, sweetie." Granny Marie reached out her hand. Eliza reached hers out, too, and they sat rocking and holding hands.

"I love you too, Granny."

Eliza was surprised to feel tears rolling down her face. She hadn't cried since her mother died. She had refused to because it showed weakness and you can't be weak in a world that is so cruel. But it wasn't as cruel as she thought it was. Here, in this place out in the middle of nowhere, there were good people who loved and cared for one another. People who worked hard for their families and were rewarded with more than just money. Eliza had finally found her heart in Lincoln, Kansas.

After the boys were done in the kitchen, Travis and Charlie had to head home.

"Hey, Charlie you need a ride?" Travis called from his camouflage truck.

"No, that's ok. I think I'll walk. It's nice out tonight and it's only a few miles," Charlie said waving.

Travis shrugged and got in the truck. When he cranked it up, country music broke through the quiet of the night startling some of the animals sleeping outside.

"Eliza, why don't you walk Charlie down the driveway?" Granny Marie asked with a sly smile on her face. Eliza gave her a look that said she knew what she was doing.

"Oh, you don't have to. I'll be fine." Charlie said.

"No, it's fine. I don't mind. And like you said, it is nice out here tonight." Eliza walked off the porch and motioned him to come on.

Charlie gave in and followed her. They walked quietly for a few minutes. Each one able to hear each other's breathing. Eliza looked up at the sky as they walked. She couldn't believe how many stars there were. The lights going down the driveway hardly concealed them at all. In the city,

the lights hid the stars from view trying to replace them. The vastness of it took Eliza's breath away.

"Amazing ain't it?" Charlie said.

"Yeah, it really is. In the city you could hardly see the stars at all." Eliza looked from the stars towards Charlie. He was looking at her too. His eyes twinkled from the streetlight a few feet ahead making them look like blue diamonds.

"You know, there's a really good place between here and my house that has an awesome view of the stars. Do you want to go check it out?"

"I don't know. I'm only supposed to walk you to the end of the driveway. They'll know if I'm gone longer. Plus it's dark, I'm new here, and I wouldn't know my way back." All lame excuses and they were true, but Eliza really wanted to go too.

"Aw, come on. I'll walk you back to the head of the driveway afterwards so you won't get lost. And if we run there it won't take as long." He had a pleading look on his face and she knew that he just wanted to have some fun. She wanted some fun too. He smiled at her, asking for her answer. She replied by running as fast as she could to the end of the driveway.

He soon caught up and said, "No fair." Then they both laughed and kept on going.

The place they went to was right where Charlie said it was, right in between his house and Granny Marie's house. It was also as gorgeous as he said it was. Out in the open with no lights around at all, the stars lit up the sky with a million tiny dots. They were both lying on their backs in the grass catching their breath from running. Charlie showed her a few constellations, but he didn't know that many. She didn't care, she could see her own. There was a horse here, a rabbit there. Then she saw two hearts together. She teared up a little, but she refused to cry in front of Charlie. She shivered a little even though it wasn't cold. "Are you cold?" Charlie moved closer to her and put his arm around her. Eliza wasn't sure if she was comfortable with this, but the arm felt comfortable there and so did he. "Didn't I tell you it was worth it?" They jogged back to her driveway, then Charlie grabbed her hand. "I had fun tonight, Lizzie."

Lizzie? She liked it. "I had fun tonight, too."

He kissed her hand and strolled off into the night.

Eliza smiled and stood staring at the spot where he disappeared. Then, with a start she realized that Granny Marie was probably wondering where she was and walked hastily back home.

To A Fault

Kathryn White

You spat your goodbyes, I cried.
I did not turn left—I turned right.
You drove a mile ahead, blindly,
one tail light dark, one bright. I kept
me a secret, kept myself long distance—
a phone call, transatlantic, and the black
cord of road stretched between us.

I let miles melt minutes, inches.
The spiral telephone cord grew taut
as I twisted it nervously in my hand.
My car came closer now, a shadow,
and you felt tension, suspicion. I followed
harder, straining against the wheel.

You stopped suddenly and I slipped
into a collision. My fingers bulged
and purpled with the black cord
coiled tight around my hand. I dented
your bumper and delayed your departure
and was dragged away in hysteria and tears.

I bought a new car,
and I don't need a map.
I'm still following you.



Traffick Sign

Kristina Connell

Winner, 2009 Silver AAF Greenville ADDY Award



Yet Fallen He Still Plays The Melody

Molly Hyder

For Your Profit

John Michael Hall

Forever often,
But not too often,
Your voice rolls about
In my head.

A cup and a die,
Turning and falling.
A mixture of certain chance
And dumb-luck probability.
It rings and cracks clear
In my selective ears.

I am left feeling
That I felt you.
Brushing my arm,
And parting my hair
Whispering that sweet chaos.

Of words that burn and blister,
And oaths that cut and carve.
Scars rest on top of scars,
Sealing off the wounds
That have long since bled out
And yet, continually they taste
A new infection.

I fall upon your verse,
Unruly as it may be.
You know me far better
Than I ever cared
To know myself.
And still I am made a prophet
For your profit.



WRITER SPOTLIGHT CHARLIE WADDELL

At the age of ten, I began writing my first short story. This story, “The Corporation,” was about a corporate building that had been abandoned for a newer, more technologically efficient building. The main character was a ghost, essentially the building personified, who traveled the halls of the deserted building lamenting the life once contained within its walls. Intermittently, the ghost would travel to the new building and attempt to interact with the workers. It did not work and I never finished this story.

After I quit working on this short story I did not write again until the age of thirteen. It was at this age that I got my first guitar and began writing songs for my band’s first big album. The album never came to fruition and even the very existence of the band was debatable, though I still hold that we practiced enough to be considered as real as any other group. In any case, the idea of recording and performing my own songs got me writing once again and my earlier established themes could be found in my lyrics.

After my band’s untimely “break-up,” (two members of the group got jobs at a local fish camp, and the other three discovered we were too lazy to work around a suddenly clustered schedule) my writing began to leak into the pages of journals and notebooks. During this period, I continued to write songs but wrote mostly straightforward journal entries. I started many notebooks, but when I lost a close friend, my journals morphed into coping and, sometimes, defense mechanisms. Even as my thoughts piled onto page after page I never filled a single notebook.

Today, I continue to write anywhere and anytime I get the urge. I carry a notebook and pen with me at all times and have, on occasion, had miniature breakdowns when one of these items was out of my reach. I still write journal entries within the confines of my various notebooks, but now short stories and poems find homes in these pages just as often. These pieces often focus on contemplating universal themes, such as loss, longing, and redemption, from a different angle (though this is obviously easier said than done). But something about empty pages, change, the future has always appealed to me. This allure keeps me writing and nudges me softly into tomorrow.

A New Us

Charlie Waddell

it was the idea of you i was in love with.
it is this idea that breaks my brain into
separate pieces. like stomach acid on
barbed wire or eight year olds on dance
floors, i could not quite figure you out.

you were the beginning of a sad dream.
i remember everything but you. last week,
i drove by that park we used to smoke in.
there were little children playing hopscotch
in the sand (and i thought the world was going

to hell). there was a tiny old lady transfixed
by a danielle steel novel on that bench by the
swings. and then, there were a couple of kids
smoking under that tree—our tree. a new us.
and right now i'm throwing up in the room

you were raised in. i'm throwing up and i'm
thinking, *God, why won't the sun shine today?*
and i'm thinking, *why does my accent give me
away?* and this was the first time i'd ever been
to michigan. i cannot imagine a new summer.

Part IV

Charlie Waddell

you always walked much faster than i.
something about your short, punctuated strides—
your flats clicking against the hardwood—
points of exclamation, reference in my mind.

i think you knew i needed a reference point all along.

you left me in your wake and i watched
the night with jammed printer and ruddy cheeks;
it was something i would have to learn—
the way your roommate likes the blinds, geography.

shortcuts to a new job and finding your way home.

your pace became a type of mood index,
at least, when paired with my gait it became such.
i found i could judge my whole world
simply by watching you stamp away, saunter back.

there are things i can't remember but will never forget.
i can feel them. somewhere. they are there. i hum along.



Something So Sad and Beautiful

Savannah Jane Springer



Blessed Past

Molly Hyder

No One's In Love

Kathryn White

A dress lies puddled on the floor,
her favorite dress, her standard dress—
another in a series of repeat disasters.
She abandons it in foreign bedrooms,
the zipper undone, left hanging careless
like the mocking smile of an open parenthesis.

An expert in the mechanics of undressing—
buttons released, a clasp unlatched, the
cold quick glide of a zipper—she's in
love with the sharp irrevocability of that
final, breathless tug. It's both the tease
of potential and the surety of letdown.



The System, Unnatural Selection

Kelly Woodall



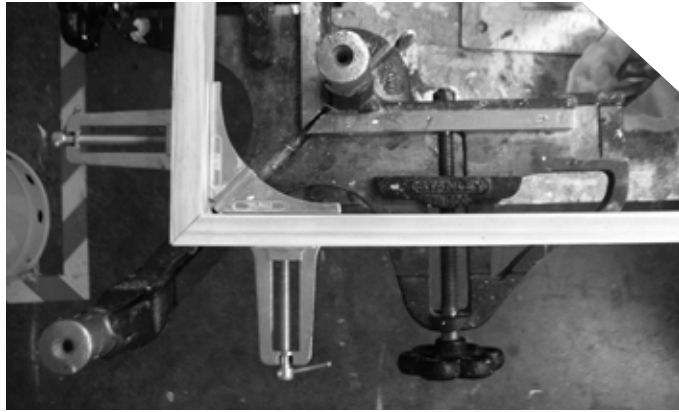
Presentation No. 2

Kelly Woodall



Untitled
Andrea Berg

AFTERWORD



Each day, all around us, one can see the bright rejuvenation and progress of spring. Perhaps now, more than at any other point of the year, is the suitable moment to appreciate the fresh renewal and expansion of another perennial time honored tradition here at Anderson University, the *Ivy Leaves Art & Literary Journal*.

Since its inception in 1925, AU students have utilized the publication as a forum for artistic expression, both visual and literature. This year marks the 84th year since the annual first went into circulation, and in that time, 83 volumes have been published (one year went without). The journal was originally named *The Orion*, but in 1964 a competition was held by the student body to select a new moniker. *Ivy Leaves* was chosen, and that name has remained; a title that has come to be synonymous with excellence.

The 2009 edition of the *Ivy Leaves Art & Literature Journal* represents a leap forward for the publication. Like AU itself, the name *Ivy Leaves* proves to be an apt title, as this version has grown nearly four times that of past editions. This escalation was necessary, partially due to an expanded emphasis on fiction and short stories, as well as to afford a more worthy showcase for our award-winning visual arts and graphic design area.

As the cold disappears and the sun's rays become warmer next spring, we hope you will anticipate the arrival of yet another version of *Ivy Leaves*. During the subsequent twelve months we will continue to cultivate and develop the journal, while reverently grasping to our roots. We fervently hope that you enjoyed this edition as much as we did creating it.

Prof. Tim Speaker, March 2009
(Special thanks to Dr. Wayne Cox for his historical perspective)

IVY LEAVES

Art & Literary Journal

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THANK YOU

The *Ivy Leaves* Staff would like to thank Professor Nathan Cox, Dr. Wayne Cox, Dr. David Larson, Dr. Danny Mynatt, Professor Teresa Jones, Professor Peter J. Kaniaris, Barry Ray, Dr. Jo Carol Mitchell-Rogers, Professor Tim Speaker, R. Dean Woods, Provost Susan Wooten, Anderson University, AU Fine Arts Center, Apple Corporation, Adobe Products, and Hoefler & Frere Jones.

We would also like to thank all of those who privileged us by submitting work. We appreciate your courage and willingness to share your imagination, your talent, and yourselves with us and the world.

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Founded in 1925, Volume LXXXIII

PUBLISHED BY LULU.COM
in association with Southlawn Press

BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
The *Ivy Leaves* Staff
at Anderson University

The Anderson University Art Department is
accredited by the National Association of
Schools of Art and Design (NASAD).

316 BOULEVARD
ANDERSON, SC 29621

WEB

andersonuniversity.edu
auvisualarts.com
stores.lulu.com/ivyleaves

PRODUCTION NOTES

Design:
Ivy Leaves Design Team

Photography:
Andrew Higgins and Savannah Jane Springer

Printing:
Lulu.com



Today and tomorrow
never ends because
artists expression will
be immortal in the deep
core of my human soul.

-Unknown

