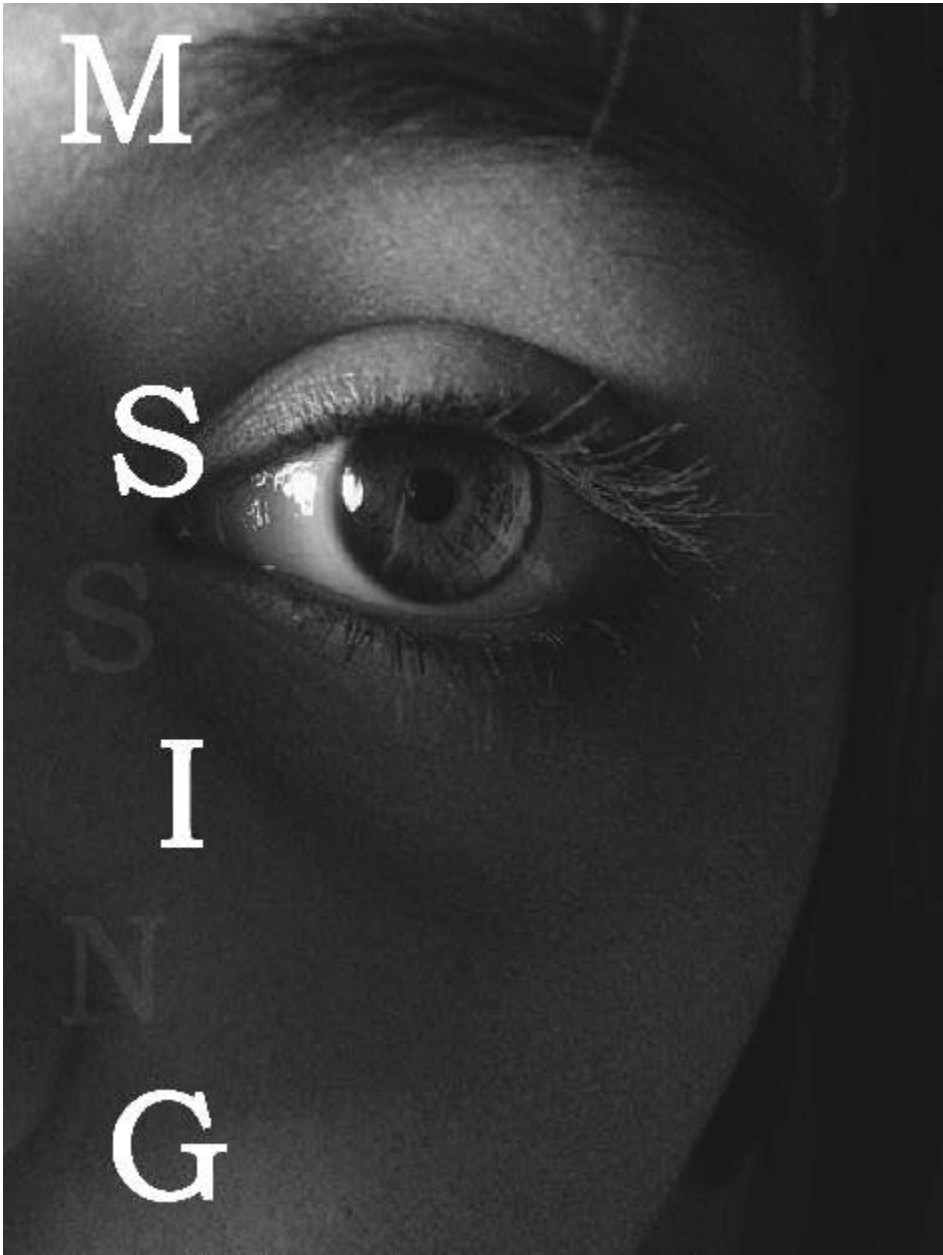




ARGENTUM

2010



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ARGENTUM

Welcome to the Spring 2010 issue of *Argentum*. Within these pages you will find a sampling of the exceptional writing and artwork of the talented students and staff of Great Basin College. We think you will agree that this latest issue of *Argentum* illustrates the continued need for a quality literary and art publication to showcase the abundant talent at GBC. We also know that there are many more writers and artists out there who have something to say and we hope to see their submissions for the 2011 issue. You as the reader play the final and essential role of honoring the creative process of each of these artists; for that we would like to say thank you.



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by the generosity of*

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Special thanks to Gail Rappa and Barbara Moss.

Old Bridge



Melissa Mirabal
Digital photo

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Procrastination

Sidney Starbuck
Pen and ink



Math, Bobby Knight Style

J. Alba

*“What are you?
Some kind of
math superhero?”*

“Uhm, like shouldn’t that be positive square root of 13?” asked one of the students.

“Yes, you’re quite right; thank you for the correction,” said Athena Smythe, embarrassed by her error. Teaching at the Cranium Institute for Higher Learning certainly had its challenges.

“She confuses me when she makes mistakes,” said another student to her friend in a stage whisper. “She expects us to get it perfectly, but she makes errors all over the place.”

“Give me a break,” snapped Athena. “It was one mistake out of the hundreds of calculations we’ve done today. Besides, do as I say, not as I do.” Athena, stunned, stared at her students; she could not believe those words had come out of her mouth.

On that dismal note, class ended. “Wow,” Athena thought as she was walking back to her office. “I am the poster child for bad teaching. I wonder what other bad teaching techniques I could incorporate? Humiliate students? ‘I said *add* ten idiot.’ How about a chair hurled across the room in response to an addition error? Just call me Athena “Bobby Knight” Smythe.” Athena smiled to herself.

Later, as she was making what felt like her millionth copy of the next day’s exam, Athena thought, “I shouldn’t have let those girls get my goat, but it really was only that one mistake. Besides, I’m only human; I’m not some sort of super math machine. I wish I were though. How cool would it be to solve all math problems perfectly?”

Pow! Snap! “Hey, what’s with this copier?” asked Athena. Kapow! Suddenly an electrical current jumped from the machine to Athena’s head. Athena’s eyes glazed over as math formulas and graphs filled her head. “So beautiful,” she mumbled as a drop of drool dripped from the corner of her mouth. Finally, the electrical arc released her, and she collapsed on the floor.

“Holy cow, are you all right?” said Joe McNab, her colleague from the office next door. “I heard a commotion and then saw wisps of smoke coming down the hall.”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” said Athena shakily. “I guess the copier blew up. Huh, what’d you say?”

“I didn’t say anything. Are you sure you’re okay?” said Joe.

“I just keep hearing voices.” Athena paused, cocked her head, and concentrated intently. “Oh no Joe, someone is about to commit a negative error on the corner of 1st and Main.”

“Negative error? What are you talking about?” shouted Joe, but Athena was already gone, hair askew and soot all over her face.

Athena sprinted to the corner of Main Street. She hadn't had so much energy in years. "Young man! I say young man! Negative times negative is always positive," said Athena with more authority than she had ever mustered in her life.

"What? Who are you?" asked the startled young man staring at the disheveled woman accosting him. "And how did you know I was thinking about a math problem?"

"No need to thank me, just watch those negatives, son. They're tricky business."

"What are you? Some kind of math super hero?" asked the man sarcastically.

"Huh, yeah I guess I am," said a thoughtful Athena as she sped away.

On Pine Street, Athena was on the trail of something big. She could hear all manner of mathematical errors coursing through her head, but one voice in particular captured her attention. It was a young girl working on algebra, and she was close, very close. The girl's thoughts bombarded Athena's mind: "If I multiply x times x , I'll get $2x$, then..."

Oh the agony. Athena gritted her teeth in pain; she could stand no more. She hurled a brick through the girl's window and yelled, " x times x is x squared, not $2x$!" Another math wrong made right. A sense of well-being permeated Athena's soul.

Her respite, however, was short-lived. Bad math abounded everywhere—an addition error on 2nd and Fir, a decimal foul-up at Walmart, an incorrect limit of integration on Sewell Drive, and so on. Yeah, she had had to knock a few heads together, and she really was sorry about that guy in the wheelchair on Elm Street, but at last, the streets of the city were safe for the mathematically righteous.

At midnight, an exhausted Athena finally straggled home. "I know I don't have super strength or the ability to fly," she said. "But Superman and Green Lantern ain't got nothing on me. I will use my super math hearing and increased endurance to cleanse this town of mathematical ignorance. Math evildoers, I am watching." Grinning to herself Athena thought, "Bring. It. On."

Arch Angel



Karen Blair
Digital photo

Fueling Around

Hal Jordan

It was such an easy assignment.

Everyone knows that the emotional energy of earthlings makes the best fuel.

Lieutenant X135 stands in the airlock of the orbiting ship and steps into the interdimensional transuniversal portal. In less than a minute, he enters the earth's atmosphere, decelerates, and lands gently and gracefully on some sagebrush.

He untangles his lanky frame from the branches, unzips his protective skin-so-tight suit ("guaranteed against atmospheric burn and small debris"), and scans his new temporary planet.

The sun is just peeking above the horizon, spreading a purplish splash across the dawn sky. He had, of course, studied the earth and knew about the yellow sun, but he had had no idea how vibrant the colors of earth would appear. "Very lovely indeed," he thinks as he observes the color of his pale green skin in the morning sun.

Suddenly a ping sounds firmly in his head. Zartz! He had forgotten to turn off his internal thought communicator. It's Commander Z, of course. Even her ping sounds angry.

"Lieutenant X135, we did not send you on this mission so that you could admire yourself in the golden sun of your new planet. Grab your ready-when-you-are pack and get going. You do remember your mission don't you?"

"Yes ma'am," responds X135. "I'm to blend in with the earth inhabitants, suck their emotional energy for fuel, and..." Hiss! Pop! "Warning: The transmission window has now closed. Next contact in two earth hours."

He'd better get moving or Commander Z would be most upset if he failed to accomplish his mission. It wasn't his fault that they had had to stop for repairs and were now short on fuel. Really, anybody could mistake the reverse thrust lever for the plutonium fusion recycle switch. Still, he was happy to be on his first solo mission and away from Commander Z. It was such an easy assignment. Everyone knows that the emotional energy of earthlings makes the best fuel. He would secure the highest quality fuel and prove to Commander Z he belonged at the National Academy for the Advancement of Cosmic Projects.

Well, to work. He reaches into his ready-when-you-are pack and pulls out the *1012 Earth Disguises* microchip and loads it into the reader on his neck. He selects the café au lait skin tone, black hair, and green eyes with jeans and a flannel shirt to complete his disguise. As the microchip projects his selections onto his body he feels a warm tingling sensation spread over his limbs. "I look fantastic—just like one of the images on the spacenet," he thinks. Next he opens his vial of language pills, pulls out the giant blue earth English pill, and swallows. He feels a moment of nausea as the language center of his brain activates. He had heard that English was the most difficult

language in the universe to absorb. It tastes bad, too. No matter. He has places to go, language to speak, and clothes to wear. Look out earth; X135 is on the move.

A short distance away, X135 spies a roadway. He follows it knowing the road will lead him to a population center. Suddenly, a dump truck pulls to the side of the road. A woman leans out of the window and yells, "Hey stranger, would you like a lift?" X135 accepts her invitation after his personal protection unit has scanned the woman for any signs of evil intent.

"I'm Darla. What's your name stranger?" asks the woman.

Zartz! He had forgotten to select an alias. He sees a sign out of the window.

"Uhm, my name is Interstate 80," he says, very proud of his quick cover.

"Interstate 80? That's an uh, well, uh an interesting name. Are you called I-80 for short?"

X135 is uncertain how to respond to Darla, but he has noticed that with Commander Z, at least, appearing to agree creates less trouble. "Yes, that's right," he says. "Say, Darla, this is a nice gas combustion machine. You have lots of dials and knobs in your cockpit."

Cockpit? Gas combustion machine? "Uh, thanks I-80. Where are you from?"

"I'm from France." X135 begins to push and turn several of the knobs and dials.

"Just like the controls on my ship," he thinks. Suddenly, music blares, the windshield wipers scrape, and the back end of the truck lifts and dumps all manner of debris on the roadway. Darla swerves off the road and crashes into a fence.

"I-80, what are you doing? You could have gotten us both killed. Look at the traffic jam you have caused."

The meter on his emoticon is unbelievably high. X135 activates his collection disc. Whir, pop. Darla faints. This is so easy a Denebian molepar could do it. He was so glad he hadn't wasted any time reading Commander Z's boring field manual. X135 exits the

truck and scans the crowd of angry drivers behind him. He has never seen meter readings so high. Commander Z, watch a pro at work. Whir, pop. Whir pop. Whir pop. Drivers begin to notice the line of passed out people forming behind X135. "Hey what's going on?" shouts one of the drivers. Whir, pop. He faints.

A crowd is now rushing towards X135. His personal protection unit beeps. X135 activates his internal thought communicator and runs. Transmission is still down.

The crowd is getting closer. X135 feels a rock hit his neck. He looks down at his green arm. Green arm? He realizes the skin and clothing projection has been disrupted. "Hey, that guy is green," shouts someone from the mob. X135 picks up his pace. Ping! Finally. "Commander Z, please activate the interdimensional transuniversal portal."

"In a spot of danger are we? You will report to me the second your foot hits the airlock."

X135 arrives on the bridge, out of breath, collection disc in hand.

"So, Lieutenant, shall we review your recent record? Reverse thruster broken, angry mob, damage of earth vehicles, exposure of identity. How did you ever manage to find time to collect energy with such a full schedule?"

"Commander, I think you'll be quite pleased. My collection disc is completely full."

Commander Z grabs the disc and puts it in the fuel distributor. An awful smell fills the air. "Lieutenant, fuel generated by angry emotions gives off a most unpleasant gas, as was clearly stated in your field manual. I think it would be safe to say that you will be spending most of your foreseeable future chemically cleaning the fuel. Oh, and don't count on going on any missions any time soon."

"Commander Z is so crabby," thinks X135 on the way to the lab. "I'll show her; I'll be the best fuel scrubber in the known universe."

A small explosion sounds in the lab. Commander Z doesn't even bother to look up. She knows who is responsible.

River of Gold



Patricia L. Anderson
Digital photo

The Wind and the Windmill

The wind pushed down the canyon
In the early morning light
He was in a surly mood
And he was spoiling for a fight

He bullied ferns and evergreens
Sent leaves and pine boughs flying
Through mountain halls he wailed and groaned
Like something up there dying

On down the hills, past fields he went,
He blustered and he spat
Knocked down a row of corn stalks
And pinned its ears down flat

He blew across the pasturelands
And sailed across the plain
He brought the clouds, but gave no pause
To drop their precious rain

Then saw an old familiar sight
And detoured for a while
To stop before a windmill
Where he smiled a breezy smile

“There you are, old friend,” the windmill sighed
“You’ve been away too long.
I need your help most urgently
You must repair this wrong.”

“My rancher’s fields are parched and brown
His livestock may all die
And at bedtime when they have no drink
He hears his children cry.”

*“I don’t do many favors,” said the wind
But for friendship’s sake I’ll grant this boon
And interrupt my mischief
Though I must be leaving soon.”*

Wind circled ‘round the windmill’s tower
And spun its blades with ease.
Life-giving stream beneath the ground
Raised by his steady breeze
*“I’ll stay long enough to help you
Fill your rancher’s ponds and tanks.
Just hold your rusty blades in line
No need to give me thanks.”*

*“I’ll be gone to Texas soon
A black tornado in the sky
In the gulf I’ll be a hurricane
Folks pray I pass them by.”*

“You’ve been around forever, Wind
You’ll live much longer still
Unfettered freedom you possess
You wander where you will.”

“I remain here, where my bolts are fixed
I know where I belong
But you will never know your place
So you must sing a lonesome song.”

*“You may be right, my creaky friend,
But give me what is due
If I’m not welcome elsewhere,
Then I’ll come back here to you.”*

Richard Hooton

Virginia City



Wyoming Rossett
Digital photo

The Ditch

Lynne Morris

Wispy acrid smoke, stolen cigarettes, a solo pack
Secret verdant hideout behind the empty lot
Shared adolescent secrets of boys, dreams, fears
Shade upon leafy shade in summers suffused with one-ness.

Running from forced siblings
From teasing, hitting, tormenting
Hidden cool brown water, peril or sanctuary?

Best friends forever, now forty-four years distant
Cheek by jowl McMansions disguise the sentinel fence
Neighborhood watch warnings of dangerous swift current
Snakes, glass shards, bogeymen demonize this hidden place.

Secret verdant hideout, shade upon leafy shade
Hidden cool brown water flowing through time and space
Despite efforts of folly, the meandering ditch still waits.

Holly



Breann Stoner
Charcoal and
graphite on paper

A Guide for the Interplanetary Traveler: Earth and Beyond

Hello, Friends. Do you find yourself longing to travel but are hampered by your retiring nature?

Rene Stark Are you afraid of being the only one of your kind for a million parsecs?

Or perhaps you have taken a new job that requires mingling in distant galaxies, and you are uncertain of the appropriate protocols.

Friends, worry no more. We at *Travelers Abroad, Inc.* have developed a guide specifically for the reserved traveler. In just seven easy lessons you will be traveling with the confidence and ease of a Jovian space explorer. Are you ready to begin your new life? Let's get started.

*In just seven
easy lessons
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Lesson I: Children

Avoid children. If it is necessary to go where there are children, keep as wide a berth as possible. Do not be alarmed if children stare, point, exclaim loudly about your differences, or begin to cry. Examples: "Mommy, why is that man so ugly?" "Daddy did she have an accident?" "Mommy that man has three eyes!" Keep walking and maintain a neutral facial expression. It may be helpful to remember that some species eat their young.

Lesson II: Dangerous Compliments

Beware of the backwards compliment. Examples: "I didn't know the humanoids from Alpha Centauri could be so smart." "You are a credit to all Martians." "Some of my best friends are from Astrozon." Keep moving. If you are stuck in a conversation, merely nod and try to change the subject while walking to the nearest exit.

Lesson III: Stereotypes

Avoid playing into interplanetary stereotypes. The following is a list of some of the more common stereotypes to watch for.

All Saturnians are lazy.

Males from planet M114b have a weakness for earth women.

Martians lack intelligence.

Earthlings are violent.

Many travelers find it tiring to continuously display model behavior. What if you truly are a lazy Saturnian or an intellectually-challenged Martian? No problem. You only need to *look* like you are not a stereotype. Carry a book at all times. If your facial features permit, try wearing spectacles. Just remember that most stereotypes set the standard for behavior extremely low. With just a very small

effort on your part, you will be able to overcome such negative images and be considered a credit to your particular species (see Lesson II: Dangerous Compliments).

Lesson IV: Touching

If you have different skin, hair, or fur from the beings of your adopted planet, you may find other species always wanting to touch you. This is particularly true with their young (see Lesson I: Children). Some may ask first, some may not. Remain calm. Typically these encounters are harmless and of short duration. In egregious cases, firmly remind your host species that you are not an animal in a petting zoo. Imbibing strong spirits may also help.

Lesson V: Good Manners

You may be the only member of your species on a given planet. Beings will draw conclusions about your entire race based on your behavior alone. Try to be courteous in your encounters. We are not suggesting that you cannot fend for yourself, rather do so in a way that is polite, yet firm. Examples:

Host species: She was harder to find than a Centaurian in a woodpile.

Response: Perhaps you did not know that that expression is outdated and considered rude. Please refrain from using it in the future.

Or

Host species: Give a Vulcan an inch and he'll take a mile.

Response: Vulcan mind-meld then run.

While maintaining good manners is tiresome, refrain from violence except in extreme cases.

Lesson VI: Identity Confusion

If you happen to be traveling with other members of the same species, do not be concerned if other beings cannot tell you apart. Stand out by wearing different colored clothing or by adopting a facetious nickname like "Smiling Jack" or "Ol' Green Joe."

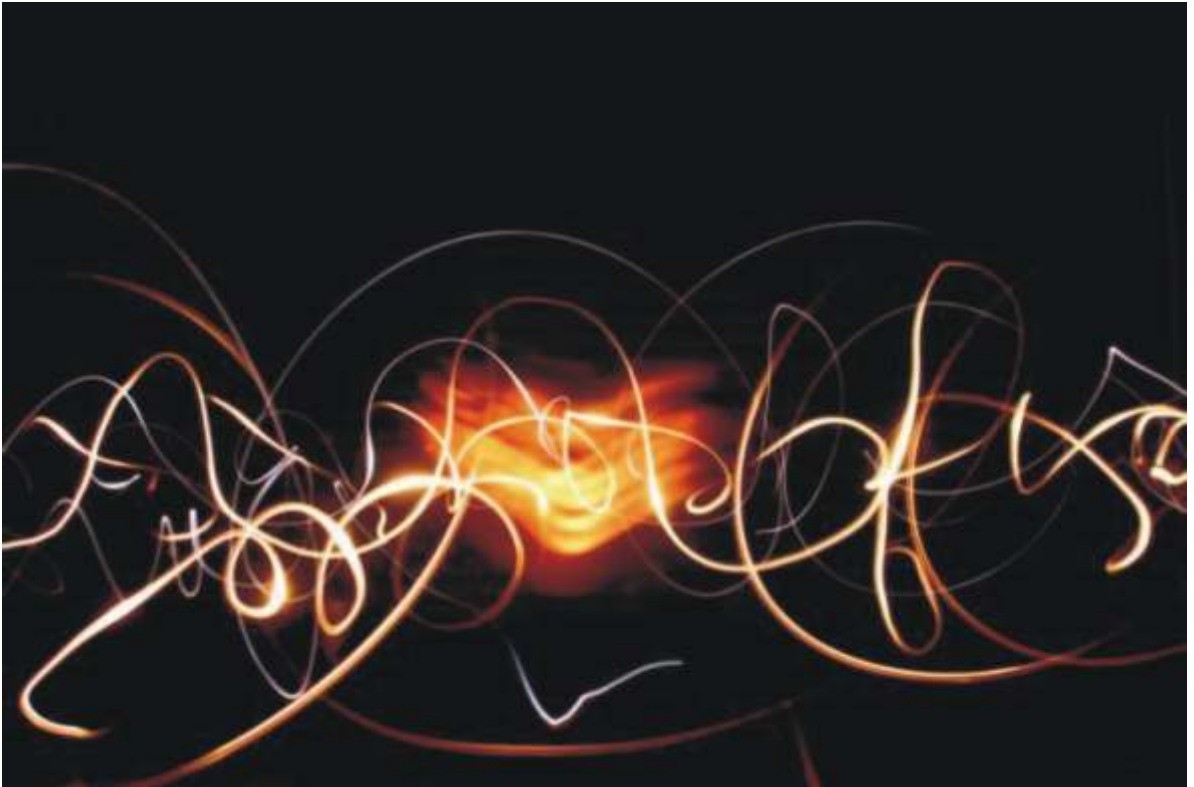
Lesson VII: Racial Epithets

If you travel frequently enough, the probability is high that some being will hurl a species-specific epithet your way. **DO NOT REACT.** Keep your expression neutral and carry on with your business. Most often this will occur when there are others around to bear witness. Ignore the stares and do not give in to the sense of shame and humiliation. A covert counterattack is best. Examples: sugar in the warp core, identity theft, arson. Stalking is discouraged.

Conclusion

We hope you have found our guide helpful. Most of the beings you will meet will be friendly and open to new species. For the others, just follow our lessons and you will be well on your way to a rewarding travel experience. (Note: *Travelers Abroad, Inc.* is not responsible for bodily harm, prison sentences, or deportation from planet.)

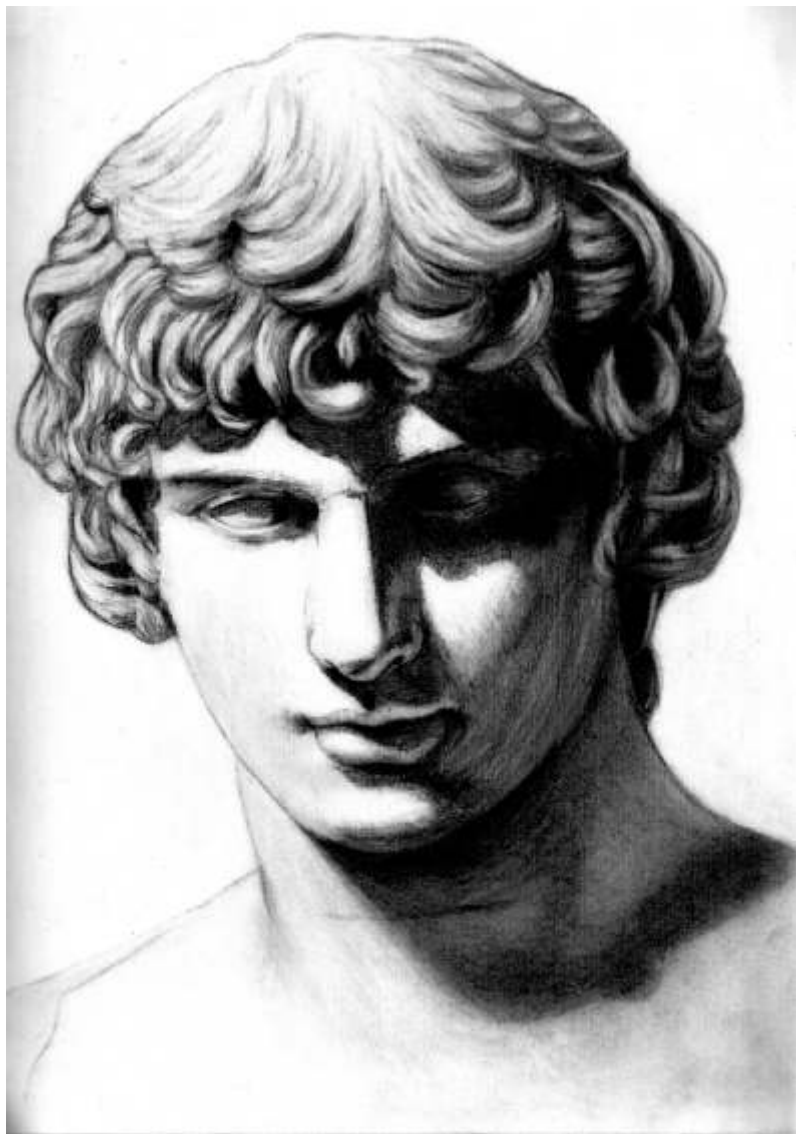
Victor Face Graffiti



Karen Blair
Digital photo

Antinous

Breann Stoner
Pencil on paper



Dinner at the Golden Corral

Diana Prince, aka Wonder Woman, and Clark Kent, aka Superman, meet at a Golden Corral restaurant where Superman knows there is a great senior discount.

Jen Moore

Clark: Diana, it's been ages since I've seen you. You look terrific.

Diana: You're aging pretty gracefully there yourself, Clark.

Clark: I can't remember the last time we saw each other.

Diana: I think it was back in 2004 during that Brainiac incident. You remember. He built that doomsday device and almost destroyed the earth, all the while talking on and on and on about his nefarious plans. If I had had to hear about his evil minions one more time I swear I would have crashed my invisible plane into the side of a building. You always did have the most talkative villains Clark.

Clark: Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, I remember now. Brainiac almost got the best of us that time, but the forces of good triumphed once again over the forces of evil.

Diana: Really, Clark, you sound like a comic book.

Clark: Me? How about you? "Merciful Minerva give me strength." Please.

Diana: Alright, alright. Hey I saw you on TV last night tossing that burning oil tanker into the sky. How can you still do that? I practically killed my back the last time I lifted a train.

Clark: For me it's my knees. Five ibuprofen, some Ben-gay and a heating pad, here I come. It's not like the old days, is it Di? Remember how we could fly all night and be bright-eyed and ready for work the next day? Now I need a good four hours sleep each and every day, and don't even get me started on my digestion.

Diana: Well, it's finally happened. We've started talking about our bodily processes. Hey, did you happen to catch that "60 Minutes" interview with Green Lantern?

Clark: Yeah. He still looks good. You know, I've never told anyone this. I've always thought his ring was a little lame. I mean it's great that he can use his willpower to make his ring do miraculous things, but c'mon the thing is completely ineffective on anything with the color yellow. Yellow? Really? Yellow is only one of the most common colors in the universe.

Diana: This from a man who faints at the sight of kryptonite. Cut the guy some slack.

Clark: I do not faint at the sight of kryptonite. You know that it robs me of my strength and...

Diana: Clark, I'm teasing. Between you and me, I think you're right about his ring.

Clark: What do you hear from the Flash these days?

Diana: He's still in denial about his drinking. You should talk to him Clark; he always listened to you.

Clark: I keep meaning to...he just looks so pathetic now.

Diana: Not everyone can age as gracefully as you. I must admit; I always did like the cut of your jib when you would fly off into the sunset.

Clark: Why Diana, that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me. Since we're confessing...it was absolutely scintillating watching you deflect those bullets with your bracelets.

Diana: And now we're becoming sentimental. Promise me Clark, if I start wearing muu muus, wrap me in my golden lasso and put me out of my misery.

Clark: Only if you'll lock me in my Fortress of Solitude if the word "bowels" should ever pass my lips.

Diana: I promise. Well, I've got to run.

Clark: Good to see you Diana. Next time let's fly out to our old Justice League Headquarters and have lunch at that little diner around the corner.

Diana: Deal. Take care, Clark.

Clark: You too, old friend, you too.

Los Muertos 1



Meachell LaSalle Walsh
Photograph

The Final 10

Lora Minter

*Within seconds,
years of disaster plans
and community drills
were tossed aside....*

It was Christmas Eve along the northern coast and Callie Murphy knew that the snowflakes and crackling fires of her Montana childhood would not be a part of this California holiday. Instead, her family would celebrate by strolling along the beach in the sun, and eating cotton candy on the pier.

Callie, her husband and their three boys would join the carolers along the boardwalk and let the mild ocean breeze lift their songs to the lighthouse on the hill.

From her front window, Callie could see four lanes of traffic rushing down Main Street as last-minute shoppers jostled for scarce parking spots. She was thankful her list was complete and the gifts were tucked under the tree.

Suddenly her two older boys called out from their secret hideaway. They loved spending time in the small room hidden beneath the stairs. She'd stocked it with books and down comforters and their favorite snacks. The boys had added Legos, stuffed animals and dozens of Star Wars action figures and transport vehicles. They would spend hours there involved in battles and rescues of their own making. It gave her some precious one-on-one time with Casey, her 11-month-old, who was napping down the hall.

"Mom, come and look. You gotta see this," yelled Adam.

"I'll be right there," she said, turning from the window, hoping her husband would get off early today. He'd agreed to pick up dinner from the family's favorite diner ten miles down the road. She glanced at the clock. It was 4:15 p.m.

A jarring screech of sirens broke the afternoon peace. The blare of the tsunami warning horns located three blocks away sent terror through her body. Heart pounding, she ran back to the window, watching as pedestrians sprinted out of shops and raced to parked cars. She was horrified to see cars jumping the median and cutting across lanes in a panic to reach Willow Street, the main artery leading from the beach to the bluff. Within seconds, years of disaster plans and community drills were tossed aside as panic turned Main Street into something resembling a Los Angeles freeway at rush hour.

Callie's mind kicked into high gear. She was cautious by nature and had participated in the drills, driven the fastest routes to the bluff, and stocked her car with an emergency kit. She knew she had anywhere from 10 minutes to 20 minutes to get to high ground once the alarms sounded.

Adrenaline coursed through her body. She ran to the baby's room and scooped him from the crib. It was only as she reached the secret

Los Muertos 2



Meachell LaSalle Walsh
Photograph

hideaway that she froze, remembering that her car was in the shop and her husband was on the coast road. Tears of frustration flowed down her face.

“It’s not fair,” she thought, “I’m the butt of jokes because I’m safety conscious. The kids hate it when I make them wear bike helmets and Mike’s made fun of me for years for making him take the snake bite emergency class.”

Spinning around, cradling the baby, Callie ran to the garage. Mentally she ran through items she could use to get the three small boys through the lush vegetation behind the house and up to the top of the hill two miles away. Baby buggy? Three boys were too heavy—the wheels wouldn’t take the weight. Little red wagon? They wouldn’t all fit. The mountain bike? Even if she could fit two in the bike seat, there was no way could she hold the baby and navigate the trail. Run? She could carry the two small boys, but there was no way six-year-old Adam could keep up for long.

A sob caught her throat and she clutched the sleeping baby tighter. “I don’t want to be caught outside where a wall of water will rip them from my arms,” she thought. Glancing through the garage window, she scanned her neighbor’s empty driveway. They had driven away a week ago, off for a holiday visit to Vermont.

Willing her body to slow down, her heart not to break, Callie closed the garage door only to hear her sons calling, “Mom! Come and see!” Glancing at the kitchen clock she realized that five minutes had passed. Her brain registered the reality that despite all her careful planning, all her emphasis on safety, her boys had only a handful of minutes left to live.

She walked to the living room and grabbed a book off the table by the Christmas tree. Tears streaming down her face, she looked at the star on the tree top and the colorful decorations glittering in the sunlight. Tinsel danced in the soft breeze.

Cradling the baby, she crossed the hall. Poking her head into the secret hideaway, she asked, “So, what should I see?”

Taylor waved a Lego creation at her, proudly pointing out the wings of a flying machine he’d dreamed up himself. Adam pointed to a pyramid in the corner surrounded by jungle trees.

Climbing into the room and closing the door, Callie tucked the baby into a nest of blankets and asked, “You guys want a special story?”

The boys shouted an enthusiastic “yes” and she opened a family heirloom, a book she’d been read when she was a child.

“’Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house....”

Callie struggled to keep her voice calm and peaceful. She hid her tear-streaked face from the boys.

“... not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.” She listened for the crash of waves hitting the front of the house, guessing it had been about 10 minutes since the sirens sounded.

“His eyes—how they twinkled; His dimples how merry...” she said, then paused, adding, “Let’s blow daddy a kiss.” It was another family tradition—blowing Daddy a kiss when he wasn’t with them.

Adam puckered up and let loose a smack into the air in the direction of the front door. Tay gave a quick kiss to his palm, waved it into the air all the while begging for the story to continue.

She hoped she’d have time to finish. Another minute and she raised her voice, attempting to block out the crashes she heard from outside.

“But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,” She grabbed the boys and pulled them to her side, reaching for the baby as the light blinked out in the hideaway. She whispered, “Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.”

Los Muertos 3



Meachell LaSalle Walsh
Photograph

Nevada Rain on Aspen

Abigail Penny
Digital photo



A Long Walk to Eden

Where do you go when there's nowhere to turn
And all the doors are shut?

Nicole Freeman

What do you do when you've run out of room
And all your ties are cut?

What do you say when it's been said before
And words have lost all meaning?

How do you feel when you're all alone
And you have no reason for being?

Fear not, troubled one,
For you've been here before
And you may pass by again.

You've missed your turn,
Got lost on the way,
But you're not where you began.

You've gained wisdom and insight,
You've loved and learned.
Remember, there's good times ahead.

Stay strong, "Don't sweat the small stuff,"
It's a long walk to Eden
And it's worth every step you tread.

Night Dreaming

Ashley Nelson

I looked out the ice-bitten window
And darkness consumed the bright sun
Only to catch the pinpricks of the rays.
A white globe is at waning stage.
This is the time the Spirits of the Past visit.
Longing stabs ruthlessly at my heart
As I wish to relive past moments.
I hold on as long as I am able to,
But moments vanish as the sun reconquers darkness.
The Spirits of the Past shall come again
When I have need of them and call.
May they live as long as I live and
Let it be that one day at the end
I may become a Spirit of the Past as well.



