

ASUN LIT PUB

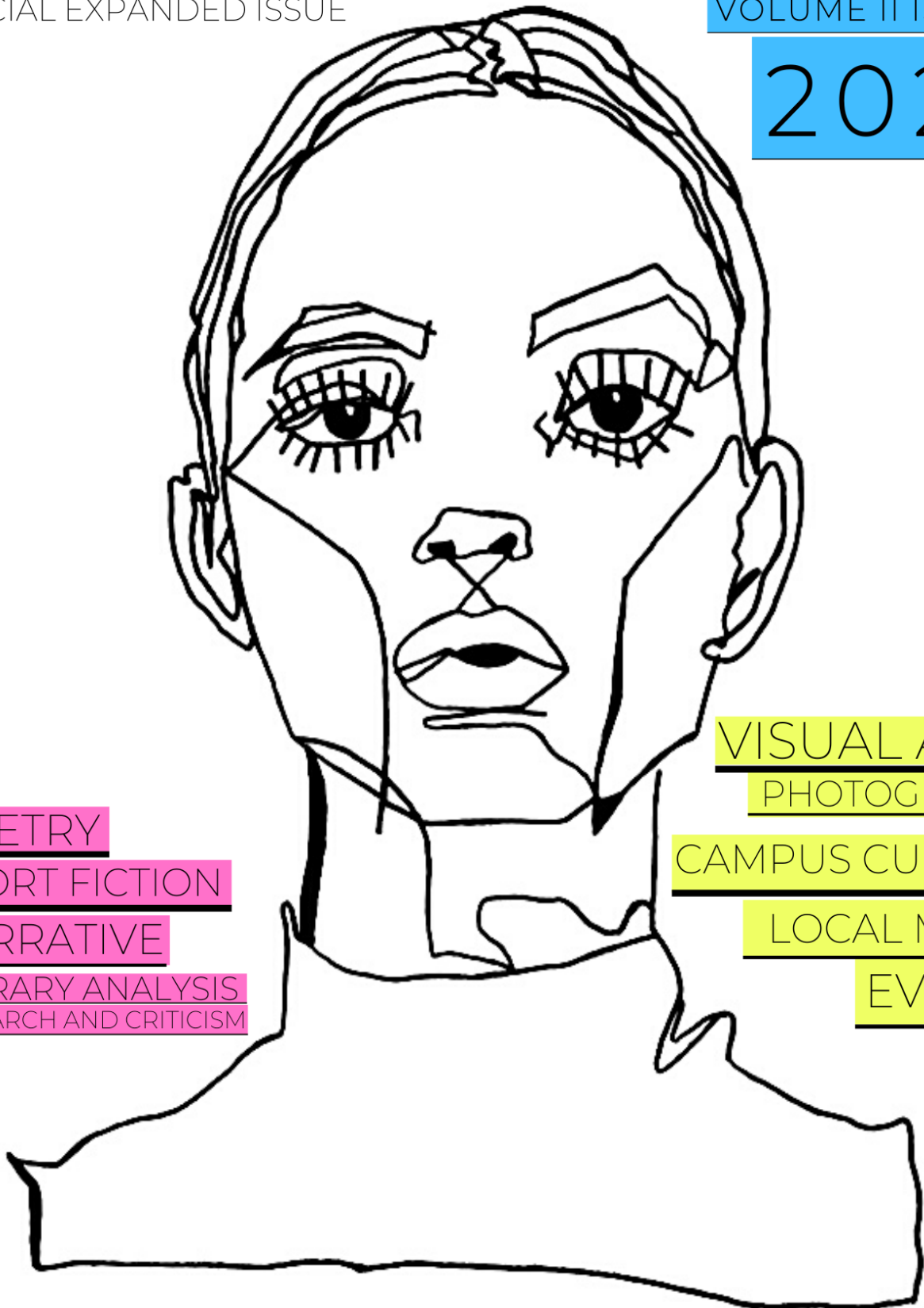
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT LITERARY AND FINE ARTS PUBLICATION

SPECIAL EXPANDED ISSUE

VOLUME II ISSUE II

2020

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST: BEAU JONES



POETRY

SHORT FICTION

NARRATIVE

LITERARY ANALYSIS
RESEARCH AND CRITICISM

VISUAL ARTS

PHOTOGRAPHY

CAMPUS CULTURE

LOCAL MUSIC

EVENTS

STUDENT TALENT AND COMMUNITY ARTS

ASUN LIT PUB

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BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist

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ASUN LIT PUB



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHANIE KEYTON

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BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist

INTRODUCTION

This publication includes works of poetry, short fiction, narrative, literary research and criticism, as well as photography, visual arts, and cultural events throughout the communities of Newport, Jonesboro, and Marked Tree.

This special expanded issue of *ASUN Lit Pub* features academic and creative submissions curated during the spring and fall semesters of 2020 at Arkansas State University-Newport and showcases the outstanding accomplishments of some of our most successful students alongside the inspiring creative work of faculty, friends, family, and other talented artists, writers, and musicians working in the communities our campuses serve.



BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist

ASU-NEWPORT MISSION

Arkansas State University-Newport provides an accessible, affordable, quality education that transforms the lives of our students, enriches our communities, and strengthens the regional economy.

ASUN



SPECIAL THANKS

The editorial staff of *ASUN Lit Pub* would like to extend wishes for a wonderful retirement and express our gratitude to Dr. Sandra McRaven Massey, Chancellor of Arkansas State University-Newport, for her years of dedicated leadership and service, gracious community engagement, commitment to diversity and inclusion, and her generous support of this publication.



DEDICATION

IN MEMORY OF

NOAH REEVES
SYDNEY SUTHERLAND

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Payton Ford is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She enjoys reading and creative writing in her free time.



Andrew Moses is a concurrent student at Arkansas State University-Newport who studies art appreciation. He is one of the featured student artists in this issue, and his hobbies include drawing and painting.



Morgan Mann is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport whose interests and hobbies include science, academic and creative writing, reading, painting, and playing Dungeons and Dragons.



Jesse Walton is a current student in the agricultural technology program at Arkansas State University-Newport who enjoys hunting, fishing, camping, and creative writing.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Marie Pratt is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. Marie is a mother of two who enjoys reading, creative writing, and spending time with loved ones.



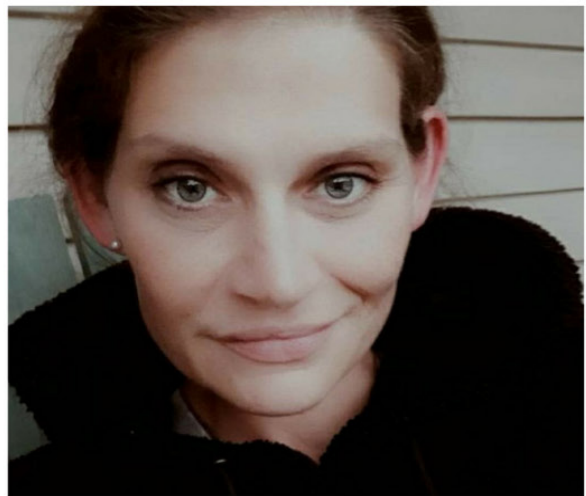
Noah Roberson is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport who is active in student leadership, serving as one of the student ambassadors on the Newport campus. He is interested in academic writing and enjoys hunting and fishing.



Rachel Poole is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She and her husband are studying to become ministers, and she enjoys bible study, reading, and creative writing.



Kelsey Walls is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She enjoys literary discussion, and her other interests include music, creative writing, photography, and spending time with friends and family.



Lisa Madison is a current student at Arkansas State University -Newport. Lisa is interested in creative writing and sharing her experiences living with bipolar disorder. Her goal is to express herself and advocate for others in order to help reduce the stigma often associated with mental illness.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Melanie Clark is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She enjoys academic writing, reading poetry, and participating in literary discussions. When she is not focusing on her studies, Melanie likes spending her free time with friends and family.



Aggie Dawson is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport who aspires to have a career in physical therapy. She enjoys literary discussion, and her other hobbies and interests include agriculture, photography, baking, and culinary arts.



T.J. Emison is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. He enjoys hunting, fishing, camping, and spending time with friends and family.



Emily Tennyson is a member of the Spring 2020 graduating class of Arkansas State University-Newport. She has earned an Associate of Arts in General Education and is currently studying physical therapy at Arkansas State University. She enjoys academic writing, hiking, and spending time outdoors.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Nathan Campbell is a concurrent student of Arkansas State University-Newport and a senior at Bay High School. He is one of the featured student artists in this issue and has participated in several local exhibitions including Through a Child's Eyes, Inspired by Bradbury Art Museum, the Hemingway-Pfeiffer Exhibition, Day In the Life Art Exhibition in connection with Mock Trial, and the Veterans Foreign Wars Auxiliary Competition.



Summer Way is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. Her interests and hobbies include literary discussion, drawing, painting, reading, and creative writing.



Sarah Clemons is a former student of Arkansas State University-Newport who enjoys reading as well as creative and academic writing.

Jeremiah Walton is a current student in the agricultural technology program at Arkansas State University-Newport. He enjoys creative writing, outdoor sportsmanship, and spending time with friends and family.



Aaron McAllister is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. He enjoys creative writing and fishing in his spare time.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

To our community of readers,

I began thinking about what to write in this letter one afternoon in April of 2020, shortly after the campuses of ASU-Newport had closed, and we were busy making the transition from in-person classes to online instruction and learning. I was working remotely, trying to help students adjust, not knowing when it would be safe to return to campus or if this issue would ever go to print. The global pandemic was worsening by the day, and our nation was anticipating the contentious 2020 general election. I sat on my patio for a while that afternoon, listening to sparrows and blue jays twittering and jeering amid the fragrant, blossoming branches of a tea olive tree. I was worried and uncertain about the future but grateful that my husband and I were still healthy and employed, and I felt fortunate to be safe at home that day with my cat that lay on the tiles in the sunshine.

T.S. Eliot wrote, "April is the cruelest month." That April, some of the darkest days of 2020 had already passed, but many were still to come. That day on the patio was not long after the fatal shooting of Breonna Taylor and just weeks before the death of George Floyd and the historic protests against police brutality that would follow. The untimely deaths of ASU-Newport students, Noah Reeves and Sydney Sutherland, the devastating loss of life and economic hardship of the pandemic, and witnessing the continuing violence and bitter division within our nation have made each month of 2020 feel cruel, but despite the pain, and despite what is lost, this issue shows some of what our brightest students and talented contributors still have to offer.

While working from home, my dear friend, Patrick Dailey, a former instructor of English at ASU-Newport, shared a video of himself playing the piano and singing a beautiful rendition of "You Can Never Hold Back Spring" by Tom Waits. It was one of many at home performance videos that momentarily brightened some of those troubled days, reminding viewers of the perennial blooms of the human spirit that cannot be curtailed. As I finish this letter, it is near the end of this dreadful year, and an end to the pandemic seems to be in sight. Soon, spring will return. The intellect and creativity of our students and contributors flourish as they have always, and we are pleased to share their outstanding and inspiring work with you.

Best regards and well wishes,

Emily Pasmore Doyle

Executive Editor
Assistant Professor of English



PHOTOGRAPH BY MEL CHANCE



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

POETRY

CONTRIBUTING POETS

NICOLE SYLVIA
JEREMIAH WALTON
PAYTON FORD
MARIE PRATT
JESSE WALTON
GAYLEE SPURLOCK
LISA MADISON

MISS YOU, WARM SHADOWS

NICOLE SYLVIA

Featured Community Poet

I've never yearned for anything
like growth season
Spring!
Spring! If you don't come soon,
we're all going to drown
in tornado lakes of seawater
Spring- our skin is dry,
brittle
and riddled with goosebumps
that I can't soothe
like a fresh meadow does
I can't retrieve
craving for car rides
or stop missing the wildflowers

DESTINY WYSS
Contributing Community Photographer

I WISH I WERE A CHILD

JEREMIAH WALTON

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

I wish I were a child
With star-bright eyes
Eyes that look at the the world
with wonder
And only see with love
But I am an adult
With war-torn vision
At times seeing
only what causes pain
and suffering
Missing the joy
I wish I were a child
With soft, small hands
Hands that wrap themselves
around the smallest finger
And hold tight to their security
But I am an adult
With rough, scarred hands
Feeling calloused
by hardships and hard work
Missing the blessings
I wish I were a child
With stubby legs
Legs that wobble
after chasing dreams
And have room to grow
But I am an adult
With large, tired legs
Aching from strenuous labor
with little reward
Missing the pride
I wish I were a child
With a wild imagination
An imagination
that reaches for the sky
Without caring
what others think
But I am an adult
With little imagination left
Wondering only
what I have done to myself
Missing the purpose



BIRDIE MARIE BOWEN
Contributing Community Artist

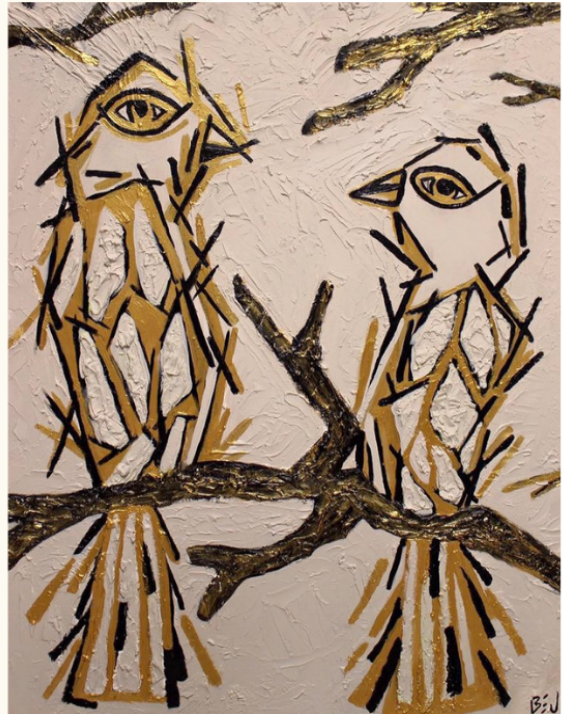
HEARING

PAYTON FORD

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Hearing

The birds are chirping loudly
in the bright morning sun.
Why do you sing so loudly?
Does the sunshine warm your souls?
The honeybees are buzzing
as busily as they can.
What is your hurry?
Why the urgent need?
The cat is meowing
for a bowl of something to eat.
Would you like milk today?
Would that please you?
What do you say?
What shall make you happy today?
The dog barks at something although
I cannot see.
What are you barking at?
What do you see?
The squirrels in the tree
squeak and bark as they leap
from branch to branch.
Yet ears, you cannot understand
their conversation.
Oh, how you long to know what they say.
The train blows its horn
as its wheels clack down the tracks.
Oh ears, how often you confuse me
with your pickiness.
Soft whispers often make you curious,
but shouts make you seek refuge
in a quiet place.



BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist

SONS

MARIE PRATT

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Raising sons
is not always smooth.
They are two of a kind
but nothing alike.
Both made of armor and steel
and tougher than any wall
Trump could build.
One face of the Sun.
The other face of the Moon.
Both day and night
with diamond stars for eyes.
One of lightning.
One of thunder.
You will hear or see them
for they are their own storm.
I say raising sons is not always smooth
like butter on a biscuit.
They are indeed a complete meal.
Even though
they may be spoiled milk sometimes,
They will always be the best last bite.
So as I cook them their favorite breakfast
this morning
I feel the warmth on the inside,
but I know that just outside,
there is the chaos
of a storm.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KITTY HATCHER



TUBED

NICOLE SYLVIA

Featured Community Poet

There is no marrow
in the bare bones,
dependency
on smart phones,
Xboxes,
or earrings.
There are no tendons left
in factory cut out T-shirts
or Doritos Locos tacos.
No way
I can drape the splendor
of a satisfying ensemble
around my tissue
and disguise a robe
as my skin.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

SEE!

MARIE PRATT

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

See!

Oh, what beautiful,
young,
blue eyes of yours
Seen so much but not nearly enough.
Blue skies, green trees,
bright toys and faces.
Yet all we see when we see you
is blue
diamonds
Happiness, sadness, and excitement
just by seeing it.

You see it all.
You do not have to touch it
to see it.
You feel all that you see.
What you have seen is what you have felt.

You might not like what you see.
Violence, hatred, evil
Must you see it all?

BODIES OF WATER

PAYTON FORD

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Fog on the water
looked similar
to clouds of cotton.
The ocean water was wrapped
in a blanket of blue.
The sand was snow white beside it.
Some saltwater fish are bright
neon colors.
The river ran fiercely swift.
The pond was morbidly still.
The water in the lake felt eerily cold.
The pool water drained,
creeping slowly
out onto the ground.
The creek trickled
down rocks of a natural fountain.
The drops of rain splashed
in dirty puddles.
The ground was slippery and wet.
The waterfall roared and bounced
off the rocks below it.
Rain droplets banged
upon the tin roof.
The stream moved effortlessly
down a twisting pathway.
Full bowls of cloudy soup
look similar to the dirty puddles.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARAH WEBB

THE RIVER

JESSE WALTON

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

As deep as the valleys
Mellow as the eddies
Both swift and slow
like the Amazon
The water is like a bull
waiting to charge
In the stream there are fish
swimming around the cypresses
The fish leap like antelope
The bank is a wall
a barrier
The mud is thicker than peanut butter
Murky water is dark and scary
Trees reach for the heavens
The cypress knees
The fallen trees
are like booby traps in the channel
The turtles on the bank lying like rocks
The boaters drive it like a drag strip
The river can be deadly like a cobra
but a thrill for many

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE



RUN FROM FIRE

GAYLEE SPURLOCK

Contributing Community Poet

The weapon that is my tongue
will wound you.
It will strike sharp
and power drive into the soft flesh
of your insecurities.
My teeth will mark you as mine
and scorch the flesh of your heart
as it beats faster and faster.
The small of my back will cradle
the tender markings of your soul,
and the scars along my body
will echo a path of self-destruction.
My body is cold,
and I will siphon the heat
out of your pores
to warm
what little bit of blood
is left within my heart.
Just enough to keep me alive.
Just enough to keep me feeling
in this dimming existence.
My hair will wrap around your neck in your sleep
and create a noose for you to hang your heart,
and while you revel in the warmth of my kisses,
the world around you will ignite with obsession,
and I will dance naked in the flames.
The movement of my hips will mesmerize you,
and you will not notice when you catch fire too.
As the flames lick every inch of skin
my tongue has kissed,
you will be paralyzed,
and you will know what it is to fall in love
with a wolf who does not run from fire.



CALLI PERKINS

Featured Community Artist

THE FENCE

LISA MADISON

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

There He is...
I knew He was coming,
but we had not set a date for His arrival.
He knocks on the door
I wonder if I had remembered to lock it.
I don't make a move in hopes He doesn't see me...
He knocks again, just a little harder than before.
He uses both of his hands on my glass window.
He uses them as binoculars
in order to see if I am home.
He knocks again... aggressively!
He must have seen me because he calls my name.
He knows I don't appreciate this
because He has done it before.
Does He forget or dismiss the things in my life
that are important to me?
Does He see the invasiveness
that causes me to neglect others?
Why does He do this?
I am angry how His own personal invites
make me want to hide in my own home.
Then I remember the new fence I had built.
It is made of cedar boards, screws not nails,
posts cemented into the ground.
A fence that gives me solitude
and a place of veneration.
I must remember to be very quiet
so He doesn't see me.
I must be as still as possible
so He doesn't capture me.
I move as cautiously as possible!
My heart races as my hands shake
because I try to avoid His company.
After a long, tedious, and exhausting
creep of motions, the joy of exhilaration overtakes me.
I can now bow out of the door leading to the fence
in order to escape His presence.
I twist the door knob, and the door opens and closes
without sound or discovery.
Then..."Oh' Lisa,"
What was I thinking?
The fence I worked so hard for is now a cage.
As I shake my head mindless, He pops His head up
and over the fence I had built,
He says, "there you are..."



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHANIE KEYTON

STAY INSIDE

NICOLE SYLVIA

Featured Community Poet

I take a mental inventory
of what they'd need to grab, to leave
sooner than later

We are all in our homes
Remaining
seated as instructed, and perhaps,
in silence except for the echoes of sirens

I'm positively- informed.
These days,
it's better to be silent.

It's a backpack, a pair of rain boots,
a leftover bag of peanuts and bread,
dried beans,
my half smile.

Just one week ago,
I couldn't let go of the rest
the shield
that blocks esteem for life

These days, they set curfews
dystopia seems safe-
better behind a windowless wall.

Today a tornado destroyed
a beauty store, a book store,
and two dozen homes.
Today I dropped the shield.

Already blockaded
from hugs,
scents,
their powerful smiles,
their tastes,
their service.

Positively- informed,
a voice whispers:
We can stay positive.
We can stay positively- informed,
but we can't stay inside.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARAH WEBB

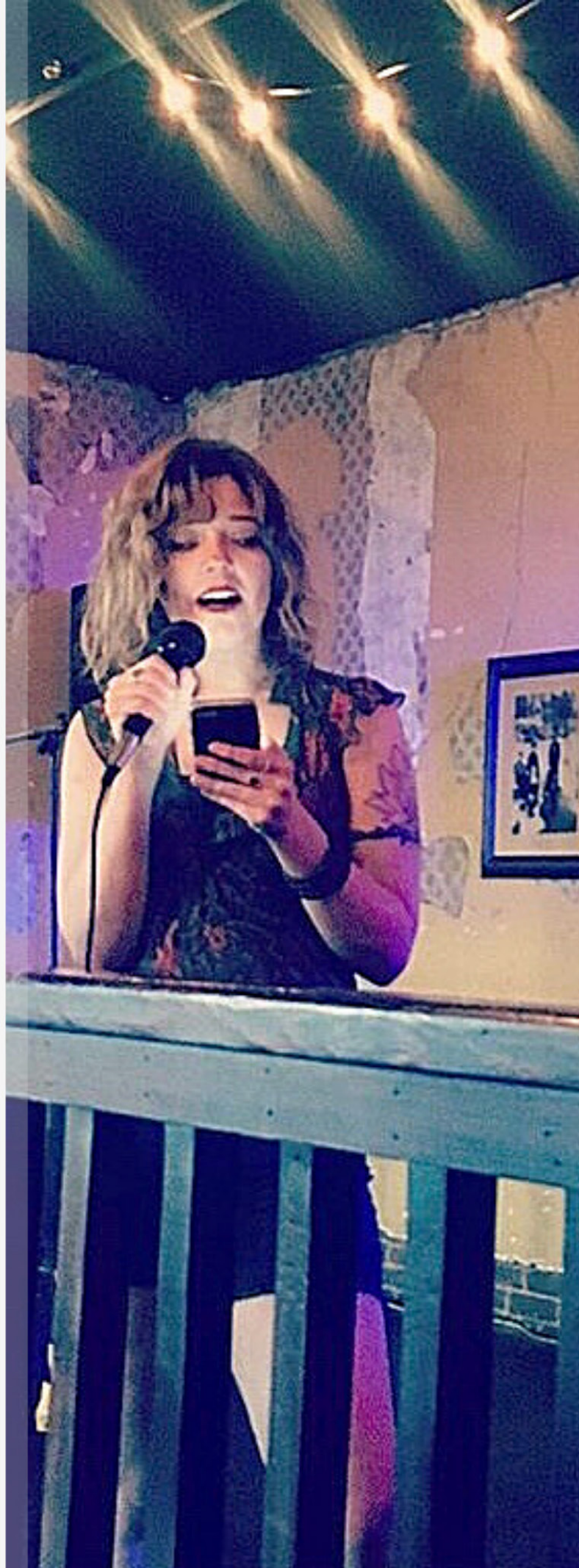
FEATURED COMMUNITY POET

NICOLE SYLVIA

Nicole Sylvia is a local poet who lives and works in Jonesboro, Arkansas. I first heard Nicole read her poem, "To Be a Lady Nicknamed Disparagement" at a Downtown Slam event in the fall of 2018 and was struck by her fresh and honest poetic voice and the poem's disillusioned, cynical tone. In the inaugural issue of *ASUN Lit Pub*, we were pleased to feature that poem along with "Running Away," a resigned but resilient perspective on romantic disappointment and "Not Your Land" with its unmistakable sense of place and poised but biting social commentary. Nicole also contributed to the second issue what has come to be one of her signature poems, "Creativity is Food," a contemporary take on the age-old convention of poetry composition about the creative process of writing poetry. In this issue, we are delighted to feature three more of her poems, "Stay Inside," "Tubed," and "Miss You, Warm Shadows."

It has been a pleasure getting to know Nicole and learning more about her work. Her dedication to her craft and her desire to create opportunities for poets to come together and be heard is inspiring, even though she laughed when she once told me in conversation, "I don't really want to be the face of poetry in Jonesboro." She might not want to be the face of poetry in Jonesboro, but like so many others, I am grateful for the work she has done, hosting numerous poetry readings as well as poetry and creative writing workshops at local venues. To learn more about her work and to receive information about future poetry events, follow Nicole Sylvia on Facebook or email us at asunlitpub@asun.edu.

Story by Emily Pasmore Doyle





SHELBY TARVER
Contributing Community Artist

SHORT FICTION AND NARRATIVE

FEATURED STUDENT AUTHORS:
SARAH CLEMONS
T.J. EMISON
PAYTON FORD
T.J. EMISON
MORGAN MANN
AARON MCALLISTER
RACHEL POOLE
SUMMER WAY

My Own Way Out

Sarah Clemons

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

It was a gloomy morning as I sat on the school bus. There were only a few of us on board, and we were finally stopping to pick up our final passenger before we headed to school. The bus squealed to a stop before waiting for one guy to shrug and make his way onto the bus. I did not really know this student. I had also never really cared to know him. All I knew was that he was a quiet kid like me. He cared as little as I did to get to know people. He was dressed for the weather for sure. He wore a black hoodie and a pair of gray sweatpants. He was also carrying a big black duffel bag that appeared to be heavy. I looked past him toward his house. It was an average house, I guess. It was not huge or small. It was relatively clean as well.

A bit of movement from the roof caught my attention. It was a barn owl. It turned its head to me and caught me looking. We stared into each other's eyes for what felt like too long. Next thing I knew, we were moving again. The owl's and my gaze never broke until we could no longer see each other. The guy from before was making his way to the back where I was. He sat down beside his friend on the seat behind me on the bus. It was a normal day as always, but the air felt heavier than usual. As I stared out the window, I heard the two guys behind me take turns talking. I usually minded my own business, but I could not help but listen to their hushed conversation that day.

"Hey... ya ok, man?" "Yeah, I'm fine." "So what all happened?" "What do you think happened?" "... so um, did ya bring what ya said ya were?" "Shhh. We don't want anyone to know." "No one's around to hear." "That one girl's in front of us." "She's asleep." "Check!" I heard them shuffle behind me, so I closed my eyes. I felt one of the boys pull on my leather seat and lean over it to look at me. When I felt them let go of my seat and fall back onto theirs, I opened my eyes.

"Yeah, she's asleep. So where's the stuff?" "It's in the bag behind us. Perks for being in gym, I guess. Did you bring what you were supposed to bring?" "It's in my backpack. See?" I heard a zipper being pulled open. "Nice. These are great. No one will know it was us." "Hey, open your bag. I wanna see everything." "Fine." I heard them get up from their seats and move back one. Their talking was much quieter and muffled. As I heard one unzip the other bag, the other gasped.

"Wow, dude, where'd ya get all these. There are so many." "I told you, he had a lot of them." "Will he know that ya took them?" "Probably not until after the fact." "Ya think we'll get caught?" "We'll be finished before that happens." "Whatta we do if we get caught?" "Do whatcha want. I have my own way out."

There was a long silence after that was said. I waited and waited for them to continue talking. The waiting made the bus ride seem to drag out longer. My eyes began to get heavy. I was about to doze off until I heard one of the boys clear his throat.

"Do we really want to do this?" "You getting cold feet now?" "No." "If you don't want to do it, then why don't you hightail it out of there before it begins." "No, it's fine, but what about all the others?" "What about them?" "They didn't do anything." "If they get in the way, that's their own fault." "Well I'm gonna try to avoid them." "Do whatcha want. I don't care as long as we get the main ones." "Ok. When do we want to do it?" "We'll do it at lunch. Everyone will be gathered there and can see." "Why can't we just do it in the locker room, where the main ones are all together by themselves?" "We're. Doing it. At. Lunch!" "Alright..."

Just like that, they were done talking. Not another word was said during the ride. All I heard was the constant rattle of the bus and the wind howling past the windows on the outside. In the distance, I could finally see the school. As we approached, I replayed their conversation in my mind. I guessed that they were most likely planning some stupid prank or something. When the bus came to a stop, I looked out the window. We were in the school parking lot. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the two boys rush past my seat and push their way to the front of the bus. They were both wearing gray sweatpants and black hoodies with their hoods covering their heads. I could barely see their faces. After they got off, I stood up and made my way to the front. When I stepped onto the pavement, I saw the boys walking to the gym. Then I turned toward the school and stopped in my tracks, a little nervous.

For the first time, I realized how awful this place could be. It was a school that believed that bigger meant better, the more sports you played, the cooler you were, and the more money you had, the more friends you had. It was a beautiful school building. However, sometimes the most beautiful places have their ugly parts inside. Most people either do not see it, or ignore it, but some are enticed by it. That is what I was afraid of when I looked over at the building. I took a step toward the school, but then I looked back in the direction of the gym where the boys had gone. Those boys seemed enticed.

I looked to the school once more and noticed another owl perched on the roof of the building. It was a great horned owl this time. It turned its head to look at me, with its bright sunflower eyes. It stared me down, as if daring me to enter the building on which he chose to perch. At that moment, I was unsure what was going to happen that day, probably just a prank, but maybe something worse. There was no way to know for sure, so I turned around and began to walk back down the way the bus had come. I could feel guilt turn in my stomach for not warning any others, but then again, maybe I was wrong, or maybe I had the same feeling the boys had.

At that moment, I wished that I could have cared more. I wanted to warn others of what might happen, but I could not bring myself to say a word. I even stopped walking for a split second. My body begged me to turn around and go tell someone, but I did not think anyone would believe me. I was just a quiet girl. There was no need to fuss about what I had to say. Worse yet, if I was wrong, I would be considered crazy and just asking for attention, more embarrassed than I already was. To remain a quiet girl did not seem so bad. I remembered the boy's words to his friend, *Do whatcha want. I have my own way out*, and I continued on my path back home.



SHELBY TARVER
Contributing Community Artist

A Modern Fairytale

Morgan Mann

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

“And for all the bad little boys and girls, Baba Yaga flies after them in her thick black cauldron, steering it with her giant magic ladle, and GOBBLES THEM UP!” Mum yells, her bony fingers wagging in the air. She nearly looked like some sort of a haint with her gaunt features in the low light of Aisling’s little flickering nightlight. Aisling pulled her blanket up to her face silently, and peered out with her eyes just barely uncovered. She blinked her large hazel eyes in the low light of her flickering glim. At that, Aisling’s mum scoffed. “Scared Aisling? Psh, that’s why you shouldn’t ask for bedtime stories. You can’t even take them, no matter how many times I tell them. G’night Aisling.”

She was back to her normal self, face careworn but still gaunt. There were valleys in her face that the light never really entered. Was it a maw to hell perhaps? Aisling would stop to think on it later. That little detail was one of the only things she would remember further on in her life. Well, that and the screaming. Always, nearly as soon as her door was shut, it started. Aisling did not have time to fear haints and spirits. She tucked her head under her pillow as the screaming began. That Man was hollering at mum again, and mum was not hollering back. Why did Mum never holler back? She sure hollered back at Aisling often enough. The young girl tried to drown it out in the pillows, and then pulled the covers over her head too, leaving her body covered only by the thin white nightshirt she wore every night. Aisling shivered. It did not really matter whether it was from cold or from fear.

Only tonight was different than all the other nights before. Aisling never really remembered it clearly afterward. It was like she was somewhere else, in the little flickering nightlight’s gingerbread cabin perhaps, where being gobbled up by a witch was less frightening. Or perhaps she was simply asleep. She hoped later, as a young woman, that she had been asleep. However, it sure felt like she heard a crash. Sometimes she thought that she had got up and went to her door, stepping her bare feet onto the scraped down and grimy carpet. She swore she could remember each step as she went to the living room, and saw... *No, she couldn’t be remembering that.* The paramedics said that they had found her in her room, after all, asleep.

The next morning, Aisling was standing in a pale pink room, with many beds. She tried each one out, her blond hair tied up in a fresh braid for once, and decided on the smallest bed. She was tugging on a new pair of pants (not hers, a little too small) and a new shirt (not hers, a little too big) and trying to fit a new pair of shoes on her feet. They were not hand-me-downs, and they were neither broken in nor big enough for wiggle room. They hurt her feet a bit.

Each morning she woke up and tugged on the clothes that were not hers. She half expected the three bears to come in while she was slumbering and kick her out at any moment. She was not sure how to feel. *Was she living someone else’s life?* Aisling could imagine herself falling into a Rip Van Winkle sleep after which she would wake up to a whole new world. *Or maybe she was currently still asleep and dreaming.* She could imagine herself as Sleeping Beauty, asleep and waiting for a prince to show her true love so that she could wake up again.



SHELBY TARVER

Contributing Community Artist

Aisling tried repeatedly to make sense of her baffling new surroundings. Nothing she had learned in life before could be applied to this place. She finally decided that she must have fallen down the rabbit hole. Not long after beginning her stay at the bears' house, Aisling was taken to visit a nice playroom and was expected to talk to someone. After a few months of going to the nice man with the fancy words and the pretty candy-striped button up shirts, people stopped being angry at her for not speaking back to them. When the candy-striped man asked her why she would not speak to anyone, she wrote for him in the delicate cursive she learned two years before, *Rumpelstiltskin stole my voice*. That was the only explanation that made sense to her. She chose the purple glitter pen out of the ones the candy-striped man had given her, and he let her take the whole set home.

There were very few things that Aisling understood, and it went on that way for a long time. After a while, she did not see the candy-striped man as often anymore, but sometimes he would talk to her about her reasons for hiding canned food under the bed she had chosen, or the time she hit a young boy because he was stomping on her toes. Obviously, he was the big bad wolf and needed to be forced not to hurt her little piggies! She wrote this to the candy-striped man in her delicate script, in bright emerald green ink. She loved her little pen set because each one shimmered and wrote in a parasol of shiny color. She felt like those pens were her very own magic wands.

After a long while, people started showing up to the little yellow house with the lacy white curtains to come see her. Aisling was never sure why the people came to see her. Most of the people left after they realized that she would not speak. Some of them left after they realized that she liked to play catch and video games. They always left with frowny little pinched faces that made Aisling pout. They did not have to like her. She did well in school, she was the best catcher on the softball team, and her gamer score was quite good now that she had access to the little bears' game system and a myriad of games. She was getting used to this, but gingerly. She always expected the three little bears to come home and kick her out of this place. She was Goldilocks, after all. This was not her home, not her bed, not her porridge.

One day, Aisling woke up from a good rest. She pulled on the clothes that were not hers, tied up her hair, and then went to school. When she returned, there was someone there holding one of the bears. *She was a witch!* The woman was an anachronism with her frilly black dress, tall black boots, and fancy black hat with cobwebs of white lace. Aisling could see the concerned expression on the woman's face, but her skin was saggy under her jowl. The light from the curtains fell, dappled on her face, showing the deep crags that light could not tumble into. Her hair was black and frizzy, and she had a little gap in her front top teeth. She looked at Aisling with twinkling walnut eyes, belying her cunning and wit in Aisling's mind. The witch grinned, showing all her teeth, and immediately, Aisling balked and shuddered. The magic spell was broken, and Aisling turned for the stairs, running for the little bears' room.

After a while, there was a gentle knock at the door, and one of the bears came into the room. Aisling could not see because her head was tucked under her fluffy goose down pillow. "Aisling, dear, there is someone here who would like to meet you." She huffed and held the pillow tighter to her face. "Please Aisling, my dear, this nice lady would really like to meet you." Finally, Aisling harrumphed, and then kicked the coverlet off, throwing the pillow on the ground. She did not like to have outbursts and tried not to have them often. The candy-striped man had taught her how to make magic spells that would keep them from happening. She had tried, but they did not let her complete the magic spell this time, so it did not work. Aisling's face fell, and she was led down the hallway by Papa Bear's gentle hand. She went down the steps and then stood there, feeling pale and sick as the witch leaned over her twisted spoon. *It was Baba Yaga, coming to take her away!* She just knew it. *She had been bad, and now the witch was coming to take her!* She knew better than to attempt to scramble away, since that had never worked before, and instead went into that little nightlight again in her mind as the woman bent down to ask her some questions. "Hello Aisling, my name is..." the voice faded out quickly. By this point, Aisling was already barely paying attention. *Perhaps that was why Baba Yaga kept coming back, over and over again.*

Finally, Papa Bear and Mama Bear decided to kick her out, or maybe Baba Yaga had stolen her away from them, but she found herself looking at the little yellow house with the white lace curtains, holding a small satchel of the things that were hers but not really. Baba Yaga grabbed Aisling's hand up in her frail, old hand, and Aisling was surprised to feel that they were warm, but she still had to fight the urge to run. She went instead into that little nightlight in her mind. Aisling was corralled into a big black vehicle, and she was sure that it was the big black cauldron from the story. She could scarcely breathe, afraid that the fumes of the cauldron would get into her lungs and choke her. They drove over hill and dale, came around the mountain a few times, and finally the cauldron stopped.

Baba Yaga stepped out of the vehicle, leaning on her giant twisted spoon, and then opened the door. For a moment, Aisling stared into the air at nothing. “We’re home, Aisling!” she said, grinning again. Aisling stared at that gap in the woman’s teeth for a moment, and then grabbed her little satchel. She felt guilty for stealing the bed, porridge, and clothes from the bears, and now Baba Yaga had taken her away from them. Aisling stepped out of the vehicle, her hard-won, broken-in sneakers touching the leafy ground. Each leaf had at least one hole in it, some more than that. They reminded Aisling of the lace in the curtains at the bears’ house. She wondered how long it might take her to run down the mountain as she finally took a breath, looked up, and followed Baba Yaga into the house.

The house was made of gingerbread! That was what Aisling had thought as she was welcomed inside. She was afraid to eat anything or to touch anything. There was so much food everywhere. She had never seen so much in all her life! Baba Yaga cooked her a breakfast in her big witch’s kitchen. Aisling kept her eyes on the witch’s oven, with its glowing green markings. They were magical runes, and Aisling did not want to be pushed into the oven by the witch. She reluctantly ate some of the breakfast, pushed the rest of it around, and then went to school. She did not want to be trapped there forever for eating a single gumdrop, or for Baba Yaga to eat her up for eating too much of the gingerbread house.

One day, after she came home from school, Aisling decided to do something about the strange feelings she had about the house. Instead of going directly into the house, she searched around it instead. After a while, she heard a noise. She looked up from her position on hands and knees in the sticky loam and saw Baba Yaga standing there. “What are you looking for, Dearie? I have a snack for you.” Aisling stood up, and then wrote on a slip of paper in red ink, like blood, *Where are the chicken legs?* She knew that Baba Yaga’s gingerbread house ran on chicken legs in her mum’s stories.

Baba Yaga chortled, and then smiled. “If you want chicken legs for dinner, sweetie, we’ll have some!” Aisling frowned, but took the apple that Baba Yaga handed to her. She was not going to eat it. Witches’ apples were always poisonous. However, she did not want to let Baba Yaga know that she had caught on, so she held it in her palm. It felt dangerous, but it had a beautiful red shine. Later, they did have chicken legs, but Aisling was not impressed. She could not help but be angry at Rumpelstiltskin for taking her voice from her. People could not understand her just from her writing. However, she did eat a little more that night than usual because she felt like the witch had already thought that the apple would kill her. Therefore, she probably had not poisoned the chicken legs. Afterward, Aisling went up to her room, and carefully hid the apple beneath her bed. The witch must have found out that it did not work because one day when she came home from school, the apple was not there. Aisling made sure not to steal food from the gingerbread house or to stow anything away under the bed anymore. *That must have been why the bears had kicked her out.*

Slowly, Aisling got used to the place. It took years, years of going to visit the candy-striped man every so often, years of going to school and coming home without fail, and finally years of hugging her adopted granny. The first time had made both of them cry, but Aisling decided it was a good kind of cry. Shortly after that, Rumpelstiltskin gave her back her voice, just in time for high school. She saw that the house was not really made of gingerbread, the car was not a cauldron, and the twisted spoon was just a cane. Aisling felt like a faerie’s curse had been lifted from her eyes, and she was able to see things more clearly. Her therapist had told her that she could come in when she felt like it now, instead of every couple of weeks. She was beginning to feel normal, *almost.*

One day while they were trying on new clothes at the store, Aisling’s adopted granny exclaimed, “Aisling, you are so cute, I could almost just eat you up!” She leaned forward and pinched her cheeks jokingly. A shiver went through Aisling’s spine, but she did not want to go back into the nightlight again. Some days were still hard, and at times, she could almost feel Rumpelstiltskin trying to steal her voice again, but mostly she felt more like Jack on the beanstalk, climbing and climbing. She wanted to go on adventures, perhaps slay a giant, or get a golden goose of her own.

Silverstone: Reconnaissance Report

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On a distant planet in the vast galaxy, an astronaut named Kali who had been sent by the Solar Habitants and Diseases agency glanced outside the front window of her east-facing mobile home. She saw the sun as it began to emerge from the horizon, penetrating the sky like a needle through fabric.

She could hear the muffled annoyance-filled neighing of the planet's horse-bird, or Bise, as the planet's locals called it. She felt the vibrations as its hooves slammed against the ground due to it throwing a temper tantrum like a toddler. The animal, along with the plants and locals, was the reason why Kali was there on a recon mission. She sat down at her small desk with a steaming cup of coffee that she placed to the right of her closed MacBook. She opened the laptop, entered her password, and opened her Notepad application. She began to type her daily report. Her fingers tapped away on the keys. She paused briefly to glance outside at her surroundings, and she was sure to include anything that resurfaced from her memory. Kali took note of the usual Christmas cookie smelling triangular flowers and the huddle of Floppers, which were native bunny-frogs. Her almond-brown eyes, however, caught a slight glimpse of something spiky and tree-like off in the distance. She slowly rose from her chair with the wheels squeaking as it complained about the movement. She swiped a memo pad from the side table by the door, turned the doorknob, and shot down the stairs.

Kali stepped outside into the warm atmosphere and let her feet lead her toward this strange object. It looked to have fruit hanging from its branches as she inched closer. This strange tree had glowing, glossy rocks surrounding its base, which acted like a barrier from harsh weather. With a deep inhale of the breathable space air, she noticed that the air smelled like a freshly baked blueberry cobbler today. The air's smell made her stomach gurgle loudly. Her brain and stomach were making a connection, telling her she needed to eat. The sun was high in the midnight-purple sky, shining like a golden-orange basketball with fiery shadows surrounding it. One of the inhabitants of the planet approached Kali from the south. The creature's voice sounded like an angel singing as it greeted Kali. It spoke in the planet's native tongue, which was constructed of clicks and whistles. Kali glanced over her shoulder to see that it was Apollo.

She was called Kal by the inhabitants of this planet. The planet was known to the locals as Silverstone. Kali and the alien named Apollo conversed, talking about the weather like any other normal day. Apollo was a silver and tan hued alien. He reached out and touched his palm to Kali's face. His hand, though moist, gave off a warm feeling almost as if it had heaters underneath its surface. The sun was beginning to lower toward the horizon when the ceremonial horn began to play in the distance. The horn sounded like a dog whistle, causing Kali's ears to throb with intense pain. Kali and Apollo's heads turned toward the sound, their eyes squinting against the sun. She quickly jotted down that the spiky branches of the tree-looking plant that stuck out from the aqua-green ground had magenta, star-shaped fruits hanging from their pointy tips. Apollo began walking off since the sounding of the horn usually indicated an announcement was about to be made by the planet's Queen, Circe herself.

Kali yanked one of the star-shaped fruits from the tree, took a large bite, and noticed the fuzzy texture of the fruit's outer layer. The juices were sweet, but Kali's facial expression turned at the sudden, sour aftertaste. The bridge of her nose wrinkled up as tears gathered in her eyes. Kali jotted in her memo pad, *Sour star tree?* since she did not know what to call it. She and Apollo went to hear the queen give her announcement, and after she dismissed everyone, by the time Kali exited the building the sky was lit up with neon orange, purple, and pink stars. The moon was creamy white, and the night sky looked as if it had been cut perfectly, as to reveal an underlying layer. Kali headed back home, practically jogging, due to the snarls and growls of the native, rabid hedgehog-wolves, which were called Pawrolers. Once inside her small mobile home, she noticed that her MacBook had powered off while she was gone. She quickly logged in again and finished typing her report.

Silverstone is a beautiful, unique planet with friendly natives, weirdly named and mixed animals, and strangely shaped plants. Apollo is just one of the planet's many friendly native inhabitants whom I have met. Today, the queen announced that she would consider forming an agreement with Earth, partly due to my respect toward her and the planet. I also found a spiky tree with magenta colored, sweet –tart star shaped fruits. I am glad that I am among the first astronauts sent out on this reconnaissance mission. My daily reports about my findings surely will indicate that I recommend this planet as a vacation spot for Earth's inhabitants.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

The Unchangeable Circumstances of Skylar Morrow

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Early in the morning, the sky was dark and the bright, fiery sun hid behind the dimmed, moody clouds. The wind was hot and harsh as it blew past Skylar. Looking off in the distance, she could see the oak trees swaying back and forth in rhythm. The humidity in the air made her hair look as if she had just crawled out of bed. She bent over and pulled her staticky blonde, straight hair to the top of her head. She twisted her hair with her pointer finger in a circular motion and held the bun in place as she used her right hand to fasten the messy bun with an elastic. She pulled on the sides of her bun to make sure it was tight and secure. Skylar heard a clap of thunder echoing from afar. She pulled her rose gold iPhone out of her blue Nike hoodie pocket and scrolled across the screen until she found her weather application. After scrolling up and down the page, she became wide eyed with amazement. The weather was showing to be clear and bright that day. Since it was early in the morning, and the sun had not taken its highest place in the sky for the day, Skylar was sure the storm that was brewing would cease before it began to get dangerous.

Reaching her destination, Skylar unlocked a green, heavy metal door. Pulling the door open had always been a challenge for Skylar, and after a few moments of trying, she was successfully inside the red bricked building. Skylar walked down a long, narrow hallway and entered a red-tiled locker room. She unlocked her old, blue locker that was full of patches where the blue paint had peeled off and took out a black and yellow jumpsuit. Yellow was her favorite color. For Skylar, it stood for a beautiful and bright life. This color was never dull or sad. Yellow brought happiness to her mind, and the life she lived required every sense of joy she could maintain.

Skylar had been raised in a home where mental and physical abuse seemed to be all her parents knew. Her father forced her to clean all the time and bullied her like he was a kid in high school. Her mother always over dramatized and seemed to be too self-involved to take much notice of her daughter. Skylar had grown up miserable, depressed, and hurt. After losing her grandmother just two months before, her life seemed to be falling into a downward spiral. Grandma Claire was the only family member who truly cared for her and had always done all she could to show Skylar love and happiness.

After Grandma Claire's passing, Skylar's parents became alcoholics, and she moved into the red garage in the backyard near the pool of their home. She was barely fifteen and did not have the means to care and provide for herself. The garage stood as a peaceful place for Skylar after coming home from a world full of chaos. Leaving home was not an option, unless she wanted to have cops looking for her. She could not afford to have the word *runaway* under her name. It would provide her with a bad reputation for the times when colleges would look up her background information. As a broken girl who wanted an opportunity to escape the bondage of her parents, she needed colleges to be interested but not alarmed.

Skylar grabbed her deep gray sports backpack and slung it over her back. She squinted in pain as the metal clips on the bag slammed against her backbone. She had been diagnosed with scoliosis two years before and was on a regimen of taking medications for the pain every day. After fastening the straps around her stomach, and double-checking them to make sure they were firm and secure, she smiled. Skydiving had always been the one thing Skylar did that made life bearable. For the few minutes she spent falling from the heavens, she was at peace and everything around her was bright. Every time she jumped from the shining white aircraft, she screamed out into the spacious sky. A sense of relief and freedom would wash over her each time. It was as if nature took away her stress and worry for a small window of time. Skylar ran down the hall to exit the building. The closer she inched to the weighty door, she could hear more clearly the rain clashing against the tin roof. She suddenly felt a rush of disappointment sweep through her body as she cracked open the door. Spider lightning streaked across the sky, and the wind was blowing trash cans and yellow traffic cones across the damp pavement.

Why does nature hate me? Consumed by sorrow and anger, Skylar went back to the locker room and slothfully changed back into her regular clothes. A picture slowly fell from her locker to the tiled floor. The magnet on the back of the photograph had broken loose from the frame as it clanked against the hard foundation. She picked up the frame and blankly stared at the image it held. Warm tears rolled down her cheeks, and her face became hot, almost as if the sun was shining directly on her. Falling to her knees, Skylar clutched the picture to her chest and screamed. The photo possessed a moment in time when life itself stood still and was flawless.

Why can I not be free from the pain? God, why is my life a disaster? Skylar had reached her breaking point and was done fighting. She was not going to hide her shattered heart and continue to have a confused mind any longer. She had to do something about it. Throughout her childhood, she had to keep her feelings, emotions, thoughts, and pain locked inside. Confiding in friends and adults was not an option for her. She lived in a turtle shell and was ready to break loose. Being a kid and having a normal, happy life was something she longed to reach out and grab, though it never gave her an open door to take hold of it. Thoughts of suicide began running through her mind. Just one accident would end the suffering and torment. Life would be over, and she would never have another problem. Skylar could not shake this thought that seemed so inviting. *Should I?*

Walking out of the locker room, Skylar felt her chest tightening, and her head began to spin. Why could she not stop herself from walking? It felt as if someone else was controlling her thoughts and movements, as if she were in a video game. *One foot in front of the other.* Seconds later, pain began to spike throughout her temple. She kept the photo in her hand as she pushed past the thick door and exited the building. She was drawn overpoweringly toward one of the planes positioned on the spacious lot. Skylar boarded the bird as fresh water dripped from her body, forming puddles across the carpeted floor as she walked to the pilot's quarters. Skylar sat down in the soft, inviting chair and started up the plane's engine and began driving forward and increasing the speed. She had been taught the controls, though her instructor had yet to introduce her to lifting the plane off the ground. Her mind still seemed to be in the grasp of another unknown source that held the remote to decide her fate.

Grabbing hold of the black, leather handle, she lifted the little plane off the ground and slowly led it upward toward the angry clouds and blinding lightning. Once she found a fairly calm spot in the dimmed sky, Skylar let go of the controls and darted toward the exit. Without using her better judgement, as if she had any left, she jumped from the plane and plummeted toward the earth like a meteorite. She immediately regretted her decision, and as she fell closer and closer to the ground, panicking and attempting to yell for help, she knew no one would be coming to her rescue. Her entire life had been full of loneliness and abandonment. The rain was beating her on the face as she dove forcefully downward. Reaching up to her chest, Skylar began pulling vigorously on her shirt, pleading for a parachute string to be there. Before she had another second to act, she hit the ground with full force, wet dirt forming a heap around her. On impact, Skylar's mind went midnight black, and for this young girl, it seemed to be the end of her tale.

The room was pearl white, and confusion ran through Skylar's mind as she lay on an uncomfortable white bed. Pain shot up the veins in her right arm, and she noticed an IV that had been inserted into her tender skin. *I'm in the hospital? How did I get here? I'm alive?* A gasp echoed through the room. Frightened, Skylar jumped. She did not expect anyone to be with her, and assumed that a casket would be her bed by this time. A figure sat in a brown, wooden chair in the far corner of the room. Her eyes had a dirty film over them, and it was difficult to make out the face of the figure in the chair. As the figure stood, and walked toward her, Skylar froze and slurred her words. "M...M...Mom?" Her mother sat on the side of the bed and gently caressed her cheek. Warmth slowly moved through her face and down her spinal cord. *Why does my back ache so?* "Skylar? Your eyes are open. Can you see me?" "What is going on? Why am I here? Mom, is this real?"

Her mother's eyes became watery, and clearing her throat, she spoke in a calm and careful tone. *How could she tell her precious daughter that she was in a nearly fatal head on collision, her father had passed away trying to save her life, and she had been in a coma for months?* The details of these tragic memories did not need to be relived, and Skylar would not be able to process anything. "Skylar, you need rest. Your body has been through strain and stress over the past few months. Yes, this is real. Everything will be explained when you have the strength. You are in the hospital, and I am right here with you." Skylar wondered if her mother knew she had tried to throw herself to her death from the enormous, angry sky? "I know what happened to me. You do not have to hide it, Mom. Waking up here seems unreal. This must be a dream. No one can survive a fall like that."

Puzzled, her mother stared into her eyes. "Fall? Honey, you did not fall. Your father was taking you to soccer practice, and a drunk diesel driver slammed into the car. Your dad did everything he could to shield your body with his. In a split second, your father acted, and he saved your life. The impact destroyed the car, and when paramedics arrived, they found you bloody, severely injured, and barely breathing. You were not awake when they found you. Somehow, your father's hand ended up clutched to yours. He did not survive the impact. Acting as a cushion for you broke his neck. I know he does not regret this. It is a lot for you to take in right now, baby. He loved you so much. Losing both of you would have ruined me."

Skylar was silent. Everything felt so real, and she could not remember any of what her mother explained. "How long have I been here?" Looking sympathetic, her mother clenched her teeth together. "Four months. I know it seems impossible, but let me assure you, it is true. Skylar, we need to focus on keeping you awake right now. How I have missed hearing your soft, precious voice. I have to go find the doctor for you."

Widening her eyes, Skylar glanced toward the side table beside her white, rickety hospital bed. She snatched up a framed photo sitting by her bedside after recognizing that she had seen this image before. Suddenly, a lightbulb came on in her head. The memorable and comforting picture had fallen from her rough looking locker and landed on the smooth, slippery floor in the locker room. Remembering every detail from that place, Skylar was convinced from her memory that the actions she remembered had happened. She could almost remember what the floor sounded like when she walked.

In the picture, her grandmother sat in a rocking chair, holding her high above her head as if she were Simba from the *The Lion King*. Skylar looked no older than six months. Both of her parents stood behind her grandmother, kissing and embracing each other. They looked to be in love. The photo may possibly have been set up to give off the impression of a happy family. Confusion ran through her mind as she attempted to unravel the mystery hanging in the air. In the locker room, Skylar longed for the happiness entrapped in this frame. She was sure it had not been her life. In this hospital, she would never know the reality of her past. It was as if her life had been written in a book, and the pages had been turning quickly by the hand of an unknown and mysterious figure. She was just a character. Life felt as if she had just woken up from having a nightmare, and her mind had processed everything wrong. Trying to come up with reasons for everything was too much and made her head throb. Even if she guessed the truth behind these tragic events, her mother would never tell her.

After some time had passed, Skylar was released from the white tiled room full of needles and memories she wanted to forget. Her future held many medications, and she longed for the day that she would not need them any longer. She could feel her body slowly getting better day by day as she attended therapy sessions. The destruction that had brought her down this difficult road would never fade from her memory, and it haunted her dreams whenever she tried to rest.



SHELBY TARVER
Contributing Community Artist

Big Lake

T.J. Emison

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During duck season, it is so cold that it feels like ice is gathering on my body making it stiff and hard to move. When I first drive up to the boat launch to put my boat in the water, it is completely calm. The water looks like glass. Some mornings, there is a layer of fog sitting on top of the water, but it is not so calm for long. Duck season only lasts for sixty days out of the year. These sixty days are the most secretive days a duck hunter has. These sixty days will turn friends into enemies and an honest person into a liar.

The reason is what every duck hunter knows, that if I tell anyone besides the people I hunt with, then word will spread like wildfire and every hunter I know and even some I don't will do anything they can to get in the hole you have found before you do. I never tell someone I don't hunt with where I hunt or how many ducks I killed until after the season has ended, unless it is someone I really trust. To someone who has never hunted before, being out in the middle of the woods, cold, tired, with no cell phone service sounds like it would be a drag, but trust me, being out in the middle of woods is a beautiful sight. It is also a beautiful experience, and here is why.

There are tall white oak trees growing in the calm water. Being careful with every step is important because one never knows what is below the murky water. One step can feel like pillows under my feet due to the soft muddy soil, and the next step I might be trying to catch myself from taking a swim due to the roots and logs under the water. Leaves from the trees are floating around moving only when the wind blows. The smell from the nutrient rich soil can also make its way to the top of the water, smelling like a fresh bag of fertilizer. The power from the wind is also greatly underestimated. The wind can make this smell go away, while also making leaves rustle. The leaves are not the only thing that linger on top the water. Sometimes there are things you cannot see beneath the surface.

I can feel the fatigue hitting my body, like a speeding car against a brick wall. Every muscle in my body is aching from the duck hunt the morning before. The decoys on my back, my trusty shotgun, and even the bag I have full of shells and snacks is getting heavier with every step I take. Birds are always chirping, and squirrels are always playing in the trees up above making it difficult to hear the ducks I am hunting. There is constant splashing from my buddies walking through the water. Throwing decoys attracts the ducks by making them think there are others down on the water. Gunshots constantly going off make it sound like a war zone while we are traveling through the trees.

Finally seeing the sunrise, while standing behind a big cypress, I try to hide from the ducks. I have a duck call in one hand that I will use to get them close enough to shoot with the gun I have in the other. That is the best feeling a duck hunter can have, and seeing a mallard drake bobbing and weaving through the trees is one of the best sights. I watch and focus as I finally raise my gun and let that first shot fire. *Boom!* The duck folds up and hits the water with such force, I can almost feel it myself.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STACY MOONEYHAN

Associate Professor of Early Childhood Development Education Arkansas State University-Newport

My Grandparents' Place

Summer Way

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

The maple trees were a variety of colors, from orange to red to yellow to the slightest hints of pink. The Brahman cattle were grazing just beyond the other side of the narrow, dirt road. The sun was just rising, and the air smelt of fresh grass and creek water. As I gazed into the large, open field to my side, I remember running and laughing in it as a child. I can almost still feel the grass, its stains soaking through the worn knees of my school jeans. In the far edge of the field, just at the corner of our land, stood a rickety old barn. Although I had been in the barn a hundred times, it always gave me an eerie, unsettling feeling with its lack of paint and its lopsided structure. The only inhabitants of it, however, were an old blue tattered tarp and an ancient lawnmower. The dark, orange clay in the driveway would always stick to the bottom of my shoes as I would make my way into the house. I do many memories where my older brother was not towering over me as we explored every inch of the surrounding woods. I will never forget the coyotes howling, the screeches of the mountain lions, and the tracks we constantly followed from the Grizzly bears. When it rained, we would run as fast as we could down our homemade trail through the woods to the breathtaking waterfall at the end of the path. When it down-poured, the waterfall would overflow, rushing and tumbling under the tin bridge down the road, washing away our problems with it.

The house was small, white and full of character. Without that old house, the acres of land, the surrounding fields, the cows, and the family that resided there, I would not be the person I have come to be. As well as being the homeliest place I will ever visit, it was also the home of my mother, her mother, and her mother before her. The house had been in my family for four generations and will always remain a blessing and safe place to me. I was the ship, and the house was my anchor. This is the place where I grew up, learned, loved, experienced, and explored. In a way, the place itself raised me.

The seasons changed like my mother would make me change. It never failed. I would be playing in the dirt. It was a constant drive of exploration for me and my brother, a thirst for knowledge, imagination, and creation. We even did crazy things like climbing the fence across the road, trespassing to walk with the cows, and jumping into the shallow, freezing creek. The needs for thrill and adventure were ever present in my childhood.

This house also held countless memories of mine including holiday-get-together meals, laughs, arguments, and the endless lessons I had learned in my time there. The wind was a hug from a familiar friend. The moon and stars were my navigation home. The house was my den, where I was created. The freezing creek that ran behind the house was a pool of new chances. The flaming red cardinals made it a mission to wake me up daily, chirping right outside my window. The neighbors were my unofficial parents as well. On summer days, I would sometimes bring Mrs. Barteo a handful of lilies along with a cheek-to-cheek grin. When it grew colder, the birds stayed tucked in their nests, and the honeybees were gone. The frigid air cut through me like glass. The days hung like the clocks on the wall. Those summer days seemed like nothing more than a memory or a picture on the fridge. The purple morning glories that my great grandmother had started, that crept up the latticework in the front of the house were wilted and ugly. The ground was hard and blanketed over with thick frost. Any small outdoor task, like checking the mail at the end of the driveway became a chore, but this isn't about the weather. The biggest chore of the house was to walk into that room.

The outside air had nothing on the smell of that room. It was the first bedroom on the left off the narrow, dimly lit hallway. For a long time, whenever I would walk past the doorway, a gloomy weight bore down on my shoulders accompanied by a bone-chilling breeze from nowhere. The room stayed silent for the most part, but sometimes I could hear a mother humming a deep, soothing lullaby. Some nights, I would wake up around three in the morning to the sound of her repeatedly crying out my name. That voice will haunt me for the rest of my days.

This morning, it was the bright white flashing lights and, "Mommy there's the bus," that broke my flashback. The excitement from her voice gave me no choice but to smile. Although my brave mother is gone now, it is my turn to show my girl everything this place has to offer, knowing she will not have to explore this world on her own.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARAH WEBB

Associate Professor of Life Science Arkansas State University-Newport

The Sound of Thunder

Aaron McAllister

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

My attention is brought to the gray blanket of clouds as I hear the quiet drum of thunder coming from the sky. I continue to drive on down the bumpy dirt road, and my thoughts start to drift toward the large mouth bass of my dreams. Hopefully the rain waits for me to leave so I can fish for awhile, and maybe I will catch myself more than a good view. I can see even darker clouds farther down in the sky. It is a beautiful day for the wind to blow my worries away while I fish. I hope the rain stays clear, but the fish do not.

As the bright sun begins to fade away behind the clouds, I walk to my boat with my pole in my right hand and my tackle box in my left. I place my box and my pole into the boat so I can unhook the boat and get going. I walk around to the sides to unravel the ropes that keep it in its slip. When I get inside and start it up, I smell the familiar scent of gasoline. I take a little breath and pull out so I can start fishing.


My favorite fishing spot is not too far away, but just far enough to where I cannot be seen from the dock. As I approach the spot, I stop the boat and let the wind carry me the rest of the way. I splash the trolling motor into the water so I can navigate the windy waters more easily. I grab my pole, and throw my first cast. As I reel in my favorite crank bait, I hear a small roll of thunder. The warm sun has been covered by a thick field of clouds, but it has not started raining yet. The more I fish, the more the thunder rolls but just quietly enough for me to enjoy its sounds and the view of the water.

I cast my lure out again between two trees and a fish decides it wants a bite. As I am reeling, I feel a tug so I jerk back hard. I set the hook pretty good and reel it in fast but controlled. As I get the fish up by the boat, I grab the net and put him in it so I can bring him aboard. I place my hand on him so he will stop flopping, and I try and remove the hooks from his mouth. I grab him by his lip and hold him up to take a picture, and I slowly place him back in the water so he can grow up because I want to catch him when he gets bigger. When I get my line back in the water, I hear the sound of thunder again. It has gotten darker but still no rain. I hope it stays this way.

As my mind wanders about the day I've had, I feel another jerk, a strong jerk, so I retaliate with an even stronger tug. I reel fast and controlled again, but I feel it swimming higher. I can see the large-mouth bass rise to the surface. He jumps out of the water and flails in the air. I see how large he is, long and fat. As he falls back into the water, I see my brightly-colored lure leave his mouth, and my high hopes for a personal best quickly fade. I reel in the disappointment that I caught, and as I check my hooks for any bends from the behemoth, the thunder rolls again. The clouds grow even darker, but still no rain.

As the time moves on, the fish do too, so I decide to pack it up and call it a day. I make my way back to the dock, tie up, grab my stuff, and walk back to the truck. When I get in and shut the door, I decide to roll my windows down. On my way down the bumpy dirt road, the thunder decides to join me in its own way. Most people would probably prefer a nice sunny day, but as I gaze upon the dark hanging clouds, the gloomy look of the afternoon gives me a certain calm feeling that brighter days do not offer, and I drive a little more slowly to admire the beauty of the trees reflecting on the water.





LITERARY ANALYSIS, RESEARCH AND CRITICISM

CONTRIBUTING
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PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

Post-War Class Division and Universal Injustice in Graham Greene's "The Destroyers"

Noah Roberson

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

The story is based in England after the end of World War II. Most of the buildings within the neighborhood have been destroyed due to a bombing known as "the Blitz." Amid the rubble stands a house owned by Old Misery. The boys plot to take down this house first by gutting the insides and then tearing down the outside structure. Many readers question why the boys would want to do this to the old man. Throughout "The Destroyers," Graham Greene provides social commentary on class division and the injustice of post-war destruction as he reveals the underlying motivations of the characters and the reasons behind the events that take place.

The boys, or the destructors, as they are called in the title, decide to destroy Old Misery's house for their own reasons. Trevor, referred to as T., has his own personal motivations for his desire to see the destruction of the house. The gang ultimately wants respect from other gangs throughout the city. They are fueled by the possibility of making headlines in the papers. T., on the other hand, is driven by the fact that he wishes to see Old Misery's circumstances reduced like they have been for his father, a former architect, who has come down in his social standing in the years since the war has ended. Through context and characterization, it seems that Greene is trying to convey the message that life is unfair to everyone. Not only were there bombings that destroyed all the other houses in the neighborhood, but the narrator also reveals that T.'s father "came down in the world" after the end of the war. Therefore, from the perspective of the gang's new leader, bringing down Old Misery's house would be a form of justice for a man who seems to be living a cozy life in his perfectly fine house, while every house around him has been reduced to nothing but rubble.

While T. proposes the idea of destroying Old Misery's house, there is some hesitation from Blackie, the original leader of the gang. Blackie says that they will not have enough time to destroy the house before Old Misery's return from his bank holiday. T. fires back with the insistence that they have several members in their gang, and Old Misery will be out of town for two days. After the first day of destruction, T. and Blackie are together in the partially demolished house. T. pulls out some money that was tucked away under Old Misery's mattress, his savings. Together they burn the bills one by one. The reason they do not take the money and run is because of something the boys had said from the beginning. They are not thieves. Their mission is destruction. Therefore, they destroy the money along with the house.

None of the boys seems to have much sympathy for the old man. Even though Blackie seems somewhat hesitant with his comment about not having enough time, he goes through with the plan anyway. During the second day of destruction, Blackie does say at one point that they have done enough damage, but T. wants to do even more. After Old Misery's unexpected early return, the boys lock him in his outhouse for the rest of the night while they finish their job. Even though T. brings him food and a blanket, the boys come across as disturbingly cruel and uncaring toward the old man. At the end of the story, the lorry driver takes off and is surprised and amused by what occurs seconds later. As he drives away, the structure of the once standing "crippled house" that the boys have tied to the back of his truck comes crashing to the ground. He steps out of the truck and begins to laugh. He says to Old Misery, "There's nothing personal, but you got to admit it's funny." He says this because to him, it is nothing personal, but it is humorous because one minute the house was standing, and the next minute, it joins the rest of the fallen down houses around it.

One simple moral to this story could be the importance of locking one's doors so kids do not break in, destroy the house, and burn one's life savings. After reading and analyzing the story thoroughly, however, readers could also infer that the author is trying to show the more universal message that life is unjust. Even though Old Misery's house had made it through the bombings, and he seemed to be relatively well off, the boys, like life itself, are cruel and unfair to the old man in the end. The reason Old Misery's house meets the fate it does is because the boys not only wanted fame and respect, but they also wanted some form of justice. At the end of the story, the working-class lorry driver does not laugh out of meanness. The lorry driver's reaction shows the theme Greene means to convey, that the destruction really is nothing personal because life is unfair to everyone at some point.



The Destined One: Fantasy and Marital Realities in Anton Chekhov's "The Looking Glass"

Aggie Dawson

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

In "The Looking Glass," Anton Chekhov uses symbolism of a nightmare in order to portray the idea that the fantasy, many young women had during the nineteenth century and many women still have today, of the "destined one" does not encompass the reality, hardships, and grief of married life. Throughout "The Looking Glass," Chekhov depicts the conflict of a nightmare. He uses the nightmare and the mirror to symbolize the gap between reality and fantasy in order to show the protagonist's possible future as a married woman, along with the devotion, fear, tragedy, and loneliness this future could include.

An important moment of conflict in the story is when Nellie sees her reflection in the mirror and starts daydreaming, which leads to the nightmare. Nellie daydreams about the "Destined One." She has always hoped and dreamed of having a husband, but she has a terrible nightmare that he has fallen desperately ill. "Without uttering a word, Nellie sat down and began to cry. She wept bitterly, shaking all over." In the dream, Nellie fears losing her husband, her destined one. She travels a long and difficult journey trying to find a doctor who can help her sick husband, only to find that the doctor also has typhus. She fears that her husband will die before her, and then she will be lonely once again with the added pain of grief. She also envisions the hardships the marriage could possibly have endured by that point such as financial struggles, the stresses of raising children, and even the possible death of a child.

In the beginning of the story, Chekhov implies that Nellie is lonely because she "was sitting in her room, gazing with exhausted, half closed eyes into the looking glass. She was pale, tense, and as motionless as the looking-glass." The mirror is symbolic of Nellie's possible destiny. At the beginning of the story, Nellie is looking into the mirror fantasizing about her future. Nellie wants to find the "destined one" and seems to think that she cannot be happy without being married. Ironically, by the time she awakes from the nightmare, she feels a momentary sense of relief that she has yet to marry. The nightmare Chekhov depicts breaks from the fantasy of marriage and shows what fearful realities come along with the joys of married life. Nellie's struggle to get to the doctor's house and her act of begging the doctor for help show the desperation and fear of loss that accompany the devotion Nellie has for her husband.

Although this story is told mostly through Nellie's dreaming, the nightmare invites readers to appreciate the differences between fantasy and reality. The mirror itself is a wonderful symbolic object that emphasizes a less idealized version of Nellie's future and the impact of it. In "The Looking Glass," Chekhov shows that it is natural to fantasize about "the destined one," but in reality, there will also be hardships, tragedy, and grief, even in the most loving and devoted marriages.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

Wordsworth's Treatment of Nature: a Source of Wisdom and Connection to the Divine

Melanie Clark

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

William Wordsworth's treatment of Nature, his most beloved subject, varies throughout four of his most anthologized poems. His treatment of Nature includes the role of a nurse, a foster mother, an anchor, and many others. In "The Tables Turned," the speaker claims that by sitting outside and remaining still and passive, one can become wiser than by reading a book. The speaker says, "Let Nature be your teacher. She has a world of ready wealth our minds and hearts to bless." The last part of this line signifies Wordsworth's view that Nature cannot only impart wisdom, but may also bless with morals the hearts of those who seek that wisdom. In "Expostulation and Reply," Wordsworth portrays Nature as a mentor offering more wisdom "than all the sages can." The speaker claims that people can learn of God, humanity, and morals, and can better relate to others by communing with Nature, claiming, "how blithe the throstle sings! He, too, is no mean preacher."

To say that the throstle is "no mean preacher" suggests that even songbirds can teach people about God, just as well and sometimes better than the average preacher can. In "Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth describes Nature as "the anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul of all my moral being." This is a beautiful line that captures the importance Wordsworth places on Nature. By calling Nature an anchor, the speaker implies that his memories of Nature keep all of his purest thoughts in place, providing a sense of stability and comfort. He is glad that he and his sister have similar memories of the beautiful natural setting around the abbey to think back on when they cannot actually be there. Being a guardian of the heart and of all his moral being, Nature helps the speaker to know right from wrong and to keep this knowledge safe in his heart.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

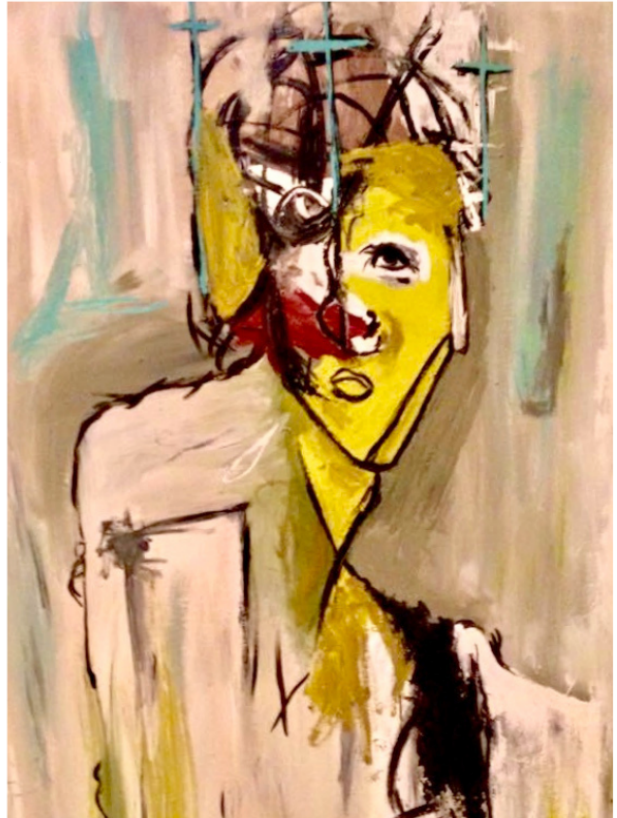
For Wordsworth, comfort and healing are brought upon a person by pondering how everything beautiful in Nature is connected to God. Nature's beauty heals broken hearts by letting people feel connected to its creator, and this sense of wonder at Nature's splendor inspires prayers born of curiosity. Communion with Nature and passive reflection help those who are lost to know that they are a part of Nature themselves. In "Intimations of Immortality," Wordsworth explores the idea that within Nature's beauty and mankind's perception of it, there are hints that there is also a supernatural afterlife. This poem focuses on the differences in how children see Nature and how adults view it. The speaker introduces the idea that "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," meaning that when we arrive on this earth, the memory of where we came from quickly fades. The speaker believes that this is why children view Nature's beauty in such a special way because they have just recently left the divine realm of its creator, and although they cannot understand it before they forget it, they still have a sense of closeness with Nature and with God. The speaker also states that Nature "make[s] her Foster-child forget the glories he hath known," which is another hint that if humanity comes directly from God, thereto we shall return when our time on earth is finished. The role Wordsworth gives to Nature in this poem is not only a reason to believe in a spiritual afterlife but also a personal connection to the divine.

Enlightenment in Retrospect

Emily Tennyson

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Immanuel Kant explains the ideals of the Enlightenment in his essay entitled, “What Is Enlightenment?” He promotes the idea that mankind should be free to think for themselves, which was one of the central values of the Enlightenment. Kant states, “Enlightenment is man’s release from his self-incurred tutelage.” In Kant’s view, enlightenment could eventually free mankind from the inability to use their own reason and understanding. According to Kant, the natural state of mankind is to think freely for oneself. During the 18th century, it was the social norm to accept what was told to the public by authority figures without question. Kant, however, believed that this is not the natural state of mankind. He states, “As nature has uncovered from under this hard shell the seed for which she most tenderly cares – the propensity and vocation to free thinking. . . .” Kant uses the image of the seed that nature is caring for to represent the free thinking that is possible in the natural state of mankind. Kant believed that when allowed the freedom to do so, it is natural for mankind to question what they are told and to generate personal understandings for themselves. Kant also introduces the motto of the Enlightenment: *Sapere Aude*, Latin for “dare to know,” which supports Kant’s belief that it is natural for mankind to want to think freely.



BEAU JONES

In *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, Mary Wollstonecraft states, “I may be allowed to infer that reason is absolutely necessary to enable a woman to perform any duty properly.” Wollstonecraft is making the argument that it is essential for women to become educated, in order to use reason instead of feelings to navigate their lives and to fulfill their responsibilities. Wollstonecraft reinforces the Enlightenment ideal that mankind should value reason and intellect over emotion by promoting the argument that women should have the opportunity to become educated so as not become slaves to their passions.

Goethe offers a different perspective that reveals the emotional and spiritual limitations of Enlightenment thinking in *The Tragedy of Faust: Part One*. Goethe’s masterpiece is a critique of academic and intellectual culture, which is therefore a critique of Enlightenment values. In the beginning of Part I: Night, Faust is listing all of his academic and intellectual achievements, but then he goes on to say, “With what result? – that nobody knows, or ever shall know, the tiniest crumb! Which is why I feel completely undone.” Faust is explaining that even though he is so well rounded in intellect, he still feels unaccomplished. *Faust* is a critique of academic and intellectual culture because Goethe depicts what a life can become if that life is only centered on academia and intellect. Faust spent his entire life studying and becoming educated in many disciplines, but this did not fulfill him. He is unhappy and suicidal at the beginning of the play because he feels that there is no point to life. Faust states, “Oh misery! Oh am I still stuck here in this dismal prison?” Faust is comparing his earthly life to a prison because that is how miserable he is. He feels that his despair is insuperable and that nothing will ever make him truly happy. Through the spiritual and emotional void Faust feels despite his intellectual accomplishments, Goethe implies that if Enlightenment ideals are followed too strictly, and humanity only centers its attention on academia, intellect, reason, and rational thinking, there will be great discontent among mankind.



AL TAYLOR
Featured Community Artist

CAMPUS CULTURE AND COMMUNITY ARTS

FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST
ANDREW MOSES

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTISTS
BEAU JONES
CALLI PERKINS
AL TAYLOR

FEATURED COMMUNITY MUSICIAN
DALANIE TAYLOR

ASUN COFFEEHOUSE EVENTS
MOVIES IN THE PARK



BEAU JONES

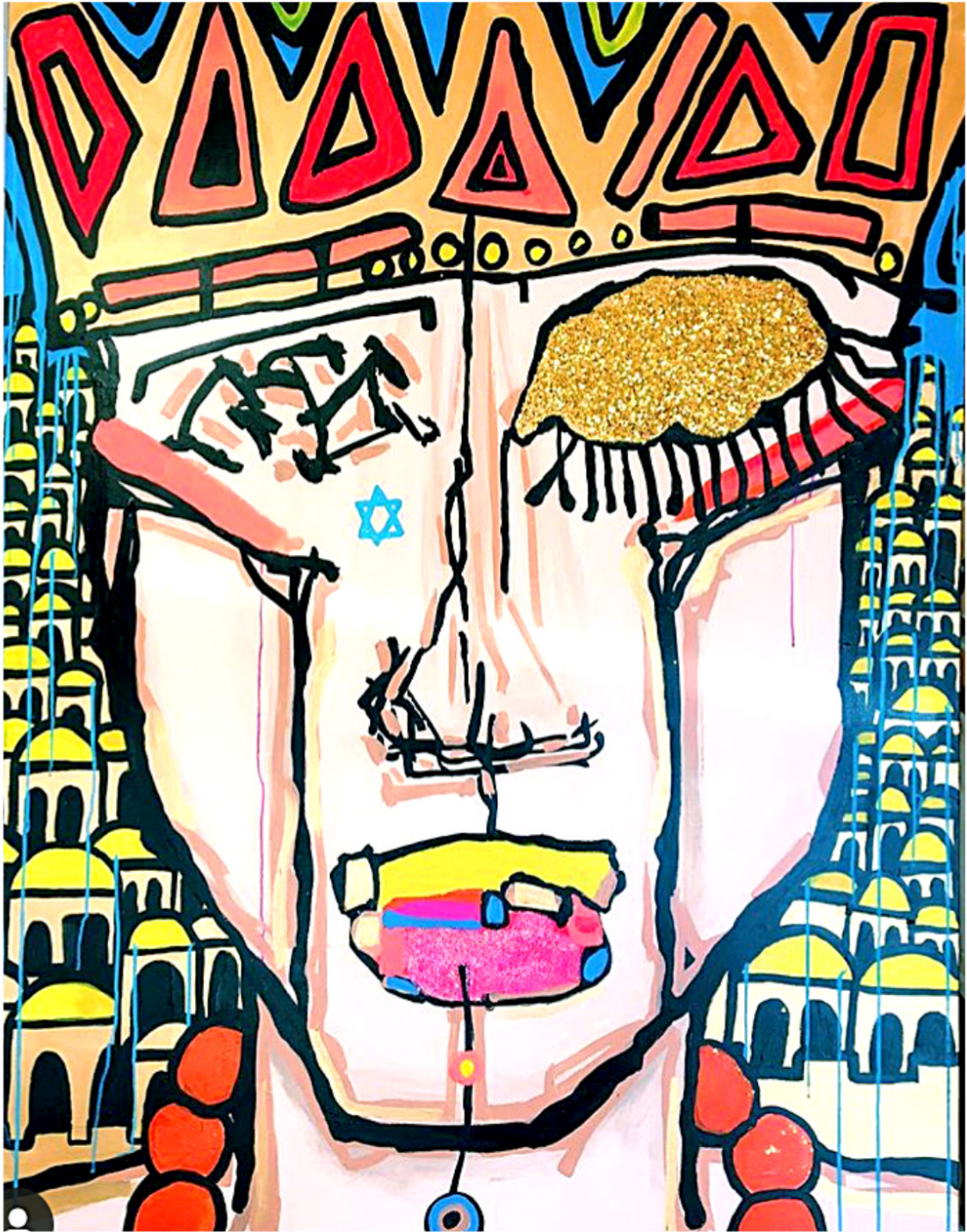
CONTRIBUTING VISUAL ARTISTS

BEAU JONES
BIRDIE MARIE BOWEN
ANDREW MOSES
NATHAN CAMPBELL
CHENOA SUMMERS
CALLI PERKINS
SHELBY TARVER
AL TAYLOR



ANDREW MOSES

Concurrent Student of Arkansas State University-Newport



BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist

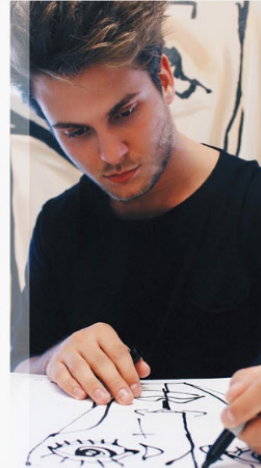
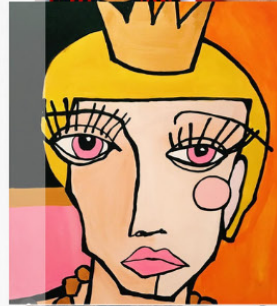
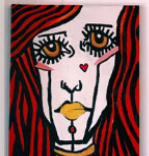
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

BEAU JONES

Beau Jones is an abstract painter and mixed media artist who lives and works in Jonesboro, Arkansas. He has enjoyed success in recent years as the owner and operator of BeauTox Art Studio in Jonesboro and has been commissioned to create works for several local businesses and art buyers across the region.

I first met Beau in the summer of 2019 at the annual Delta Arts Festival in Newport, Arkansas where I learned that he is a former student of Arkansas State University-Newport. He was selling pieces and networking with other local artists and art buyers in the area and jokingly called himself an "art school dropout."

Since he began his career as a professional artist, Beau Jones has been named best local artist by *Occasions* magazine, has shown at a number of successful artist showcases at local venues, and has been the featured artist at three solo exhibitions at Art House Gallery in downtown Jonesboro. His first notable series of paintings was a collection of abstract faces called *BEAUTOX*.



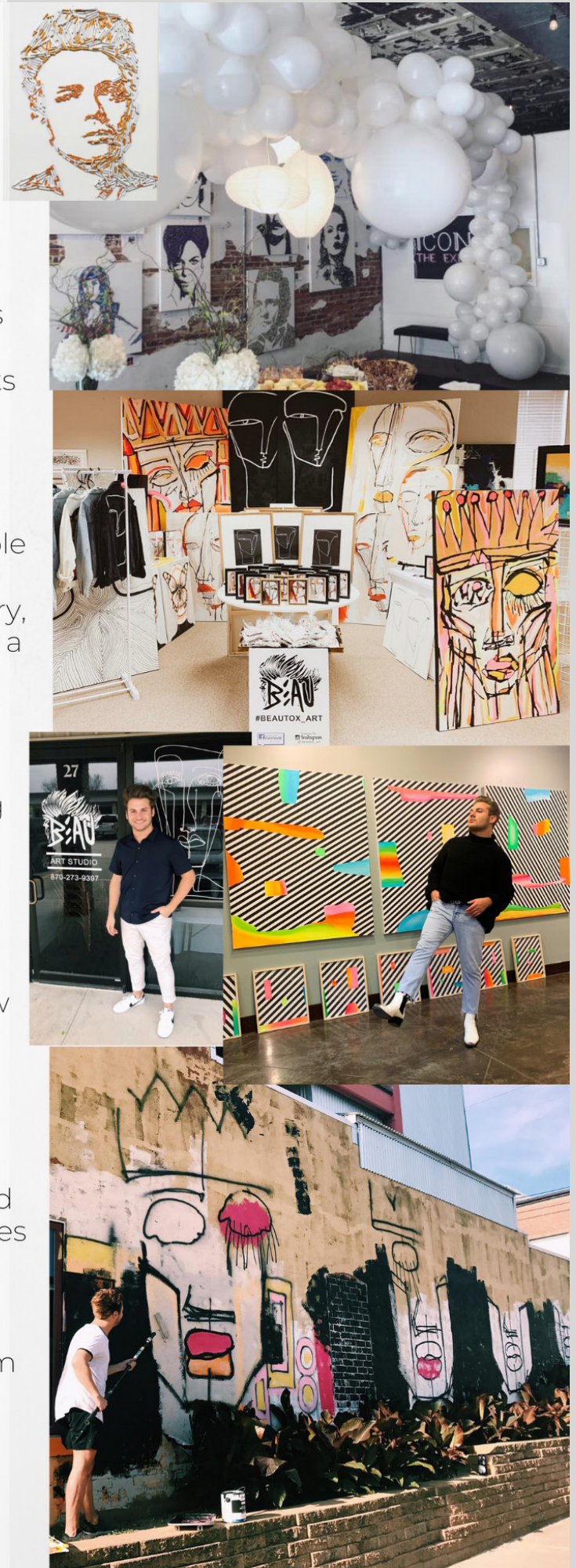
While continuing to work in the style of large abstract portraits and brightly-colored faces, Beau Jones has expanded his work to include a series of *KINGS*, large portraits and faces reminiscent of the *BEAUTOX* portraits with the additions of crowns and religious symbols. In 2019, he began creating mixed media portraits of public figures called *ICONS*.

Art House Gallery has hosted two events showcasing the *ICONS*, in which Jones uses objects and materials associated with each notable person (such as cigarettes for James Dean, firework packages for Katy Perry, and nails for Christ) in order to create a distinct, graphic image of the figure against a white canvas background.

Beau Jones also has created a line of custom painted denim jackets, home decor items, and gift wrapping paper designs, and has painted multiple murals in downtown Jonesboro. In the fall of 2020, he was featured in a third solo exhibition entitled, *In Your Face*, at Art House Gallery, and hosted a holiday art show during which he debuted a selection of watercolor nudes and a new series of fluorescent pop art pieces at Brick and Mortar in Rogers, Arkansas. We are pleased to feature a broad selection of his works on the front and back covers and throughout the pages of this issue.

To learn more about Beau Jones and his work, follow him on Instagram and Facebook @beautoxart.

Story by Emily Pasmore Doyle





BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist



ANDREW MOSES

Concurrent Student of Arkansas State University-Newport



CALLI PERKINS
Featured Community Artist

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

CALLI PERKINS

Calli Perkins was born and grew up in Jonesboro, Arkansas. She took an interest in drawing as a child, began painting during high school, and went on to Arkansas State University to study graphic design, where she also honed her skills in charcoal drawing, as well as acrylic and oil painting.

In 2018, Perkins and local artist, Shannon Lamb, founded an artist support and event hosting organization called the NEA Artist Collective. The collective helps artists connect with art buyers who wish to support local artists. The group members have hosted several artist showcases at venues around Jonesboro and are working to expand their efforts to include exhibitions across Northeast Arkansas.

Artist Statement

My work explores the relationship between life and death as well as nature and man. With influences Georgia O'Keeffe and Salvador Dali, realism in texture studies and exploration of dark subjects fascinate me into creating work that is challenging and rewarding.

Ever since I was a teenager, I have been fascinated by the endless oscillation of the universe and the organic beings that it gives and takes. The need to challenge my ability to take a two-dimensional surface and make it bend into third dimensions with only pigment drives me to dig further into each work. This is a process that often dictates what the subject matter itself will be, a tribute to the possibilities of the physical world.

For more information on future events and services for artists, follow @NEAArtistCollective on Facebook or email neartistcollective@gmail.com





CALLI PERKINS
Featured Community Artist



CALLI PERKINS

Featured Community Artist



AL TAYLOR
Featured Community Artist

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

AL TAYLOR

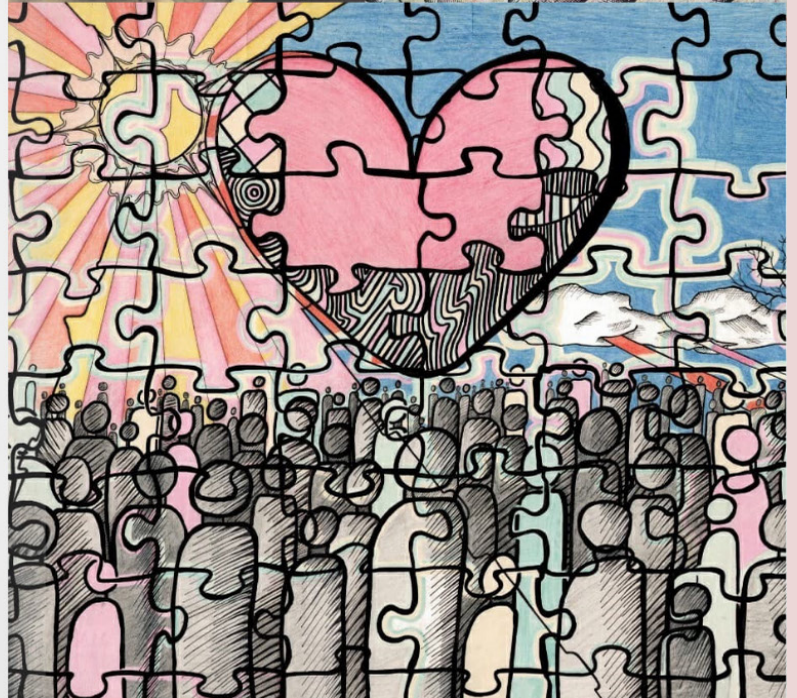
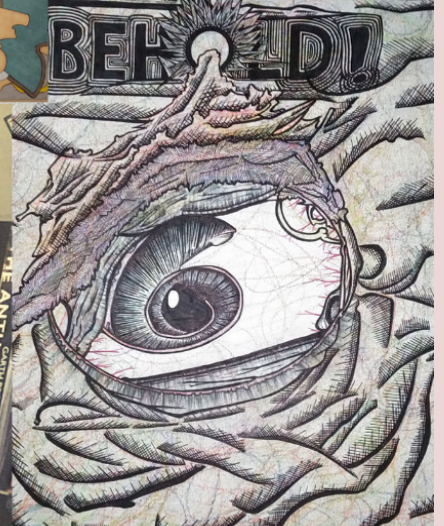
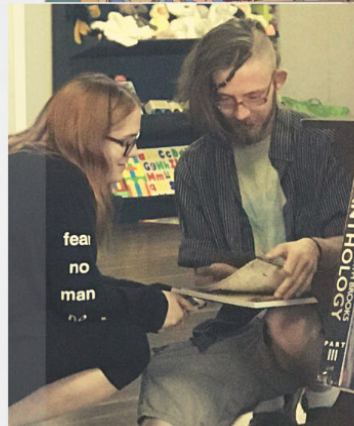
Al Taylor is a mixed media artist who lives and works in Jonesboro, Arkansas. His work "The Road to Awareness" was featured in the second issue of *ASUN Lit Pub*. Since then, Taylor has shown pieces at several events hosted by the Northeast Arkansas Artist Collective and collaborated with local artist, Ari Grace Fish, to create the piece entitled, "A Growing Community."

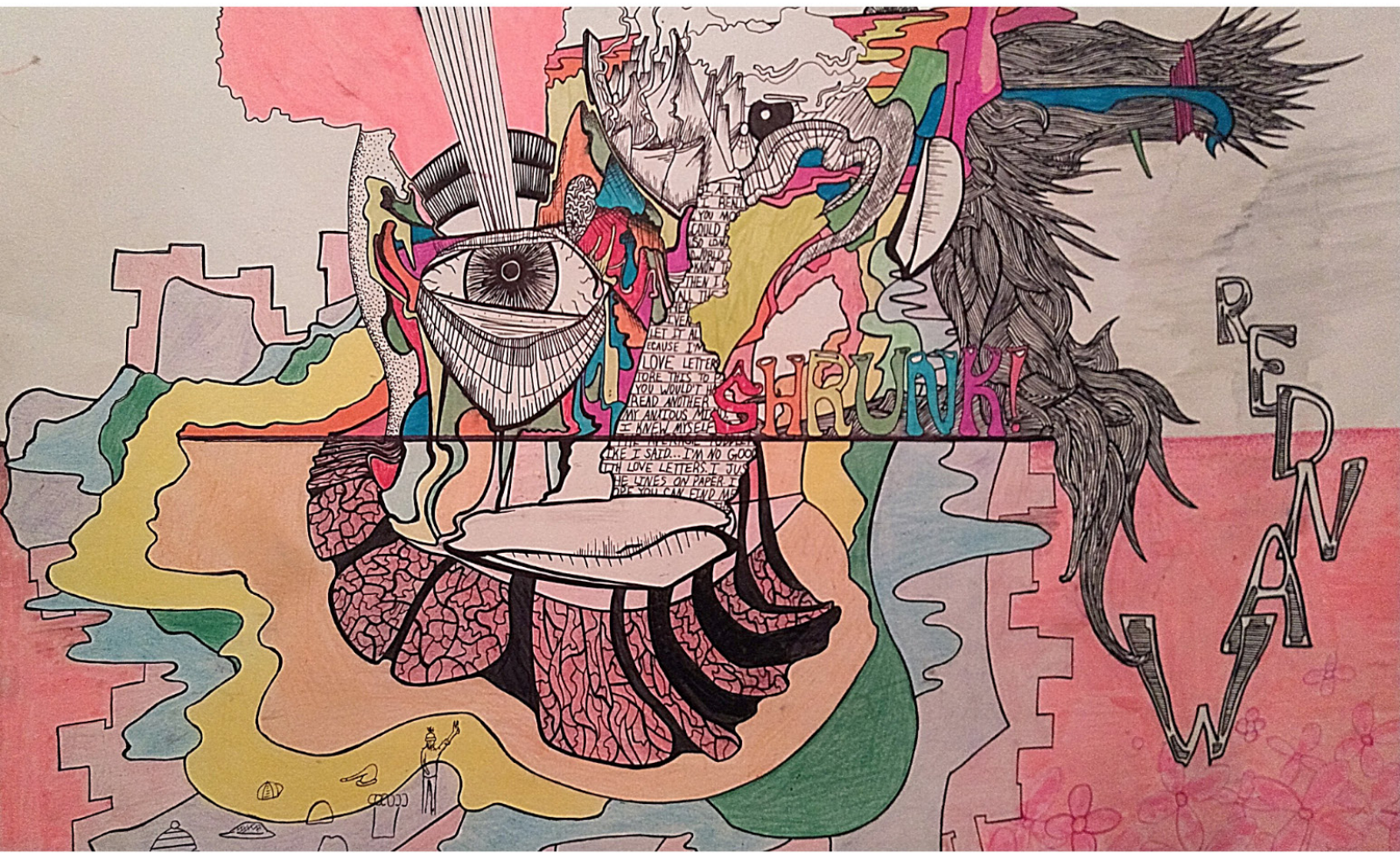
In February of 2018, Taylor created Young Hat Gallery, a venue where local artists and artisans can network and collaborate in both creation and marketing. In addition to his creative work, Al Taylor also is committed to increasing autism awareness in his community and plans to expand his work and goals into the field of education.

"In a neurodiverse world," Taylor insists, "we must set a different standard because the natural state of expression is indistinguishable from all we may know through older words."

Artist Statement

Be it natural expression or rebellion against the borders of my school assignments, I have always felt most at ease when placing a pen to paper.





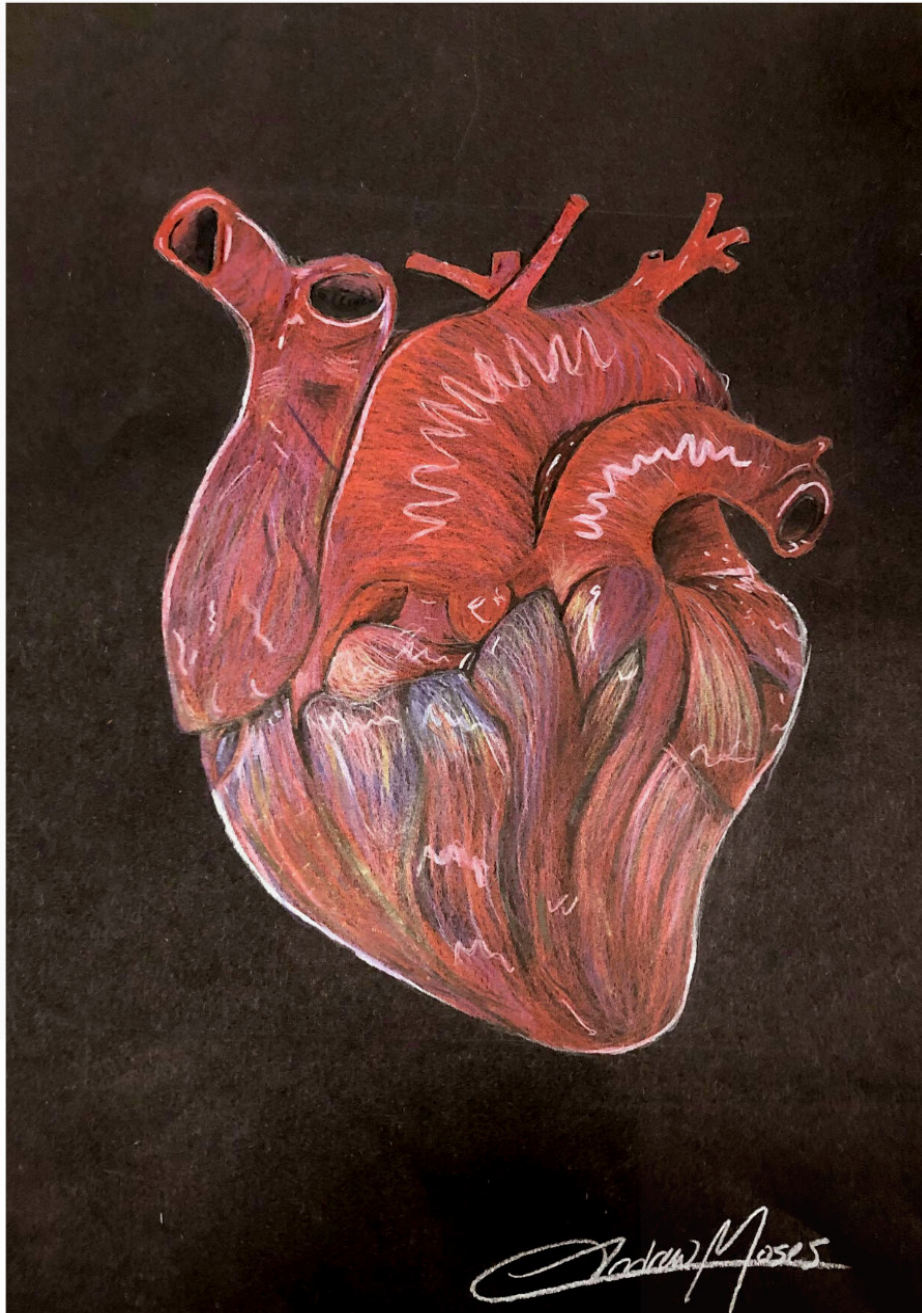
AL TAYLOR
Featured Community Artist



AL TAYLOR

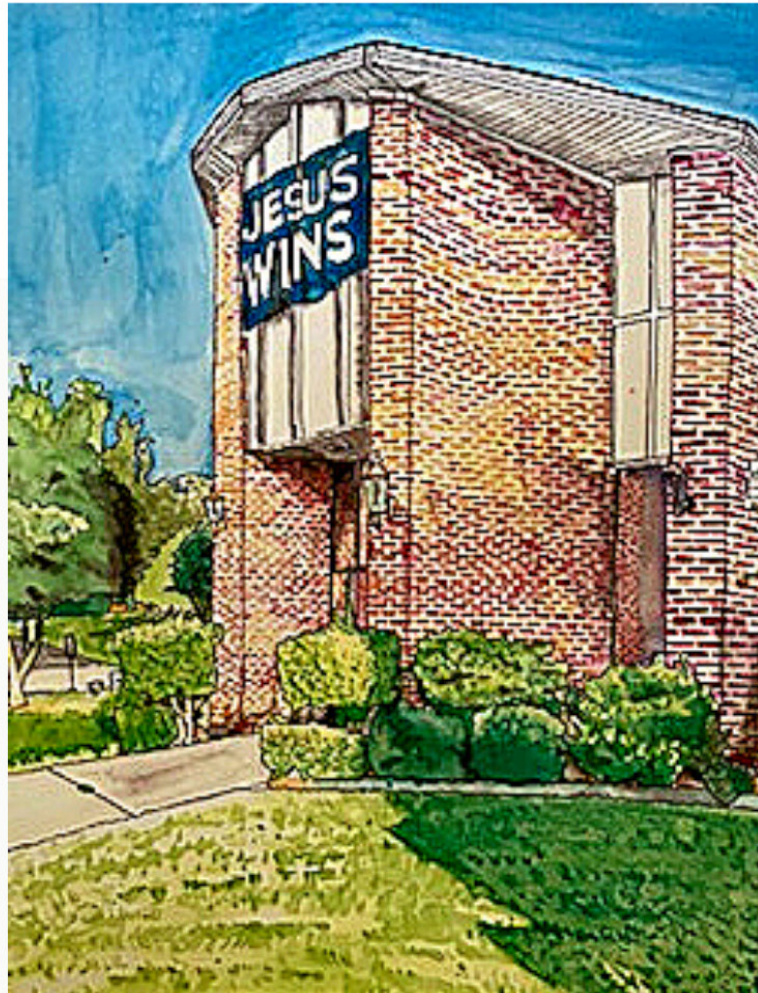
Featured Community Artist

Collaboration with Ari Grace Fish



ANDREW MOSES

Concurrent Student of Arkansas State University-Newport



NATHAN CAMPBELL

Concurrent Student at Arkansas State University-Newport



CHENOA SUMMERS

Instructor of Math and Physical Science
Arkansas State University-Newport



CHENOA SUMMERS

Instructor of Math and Physical Science
Arkansas State University-Newport

CHENOA SUMMERS

Instructor of Math and Physical Science
Arkansas State University-Newport





STEPHANIE KEYTON

Assistant Professor of History
Arkansas State University-Newport



AL TAYLOR

AL TAYLOR
Featured Community Artist



CHENOA SUMMERS
Instructor of Math and Physical Science
Arkansas State University-Newport





CHENOA SUMMERS

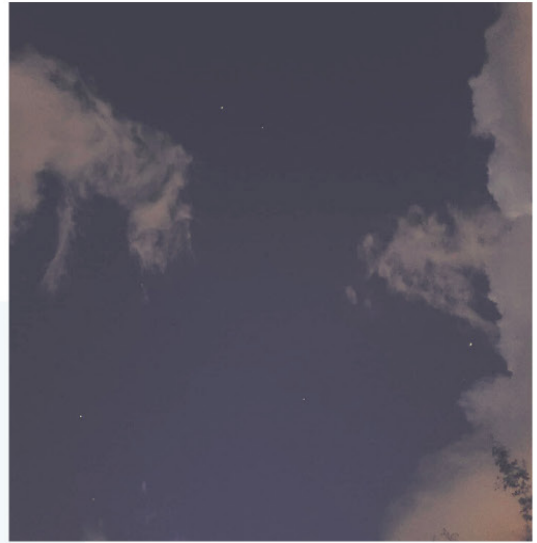
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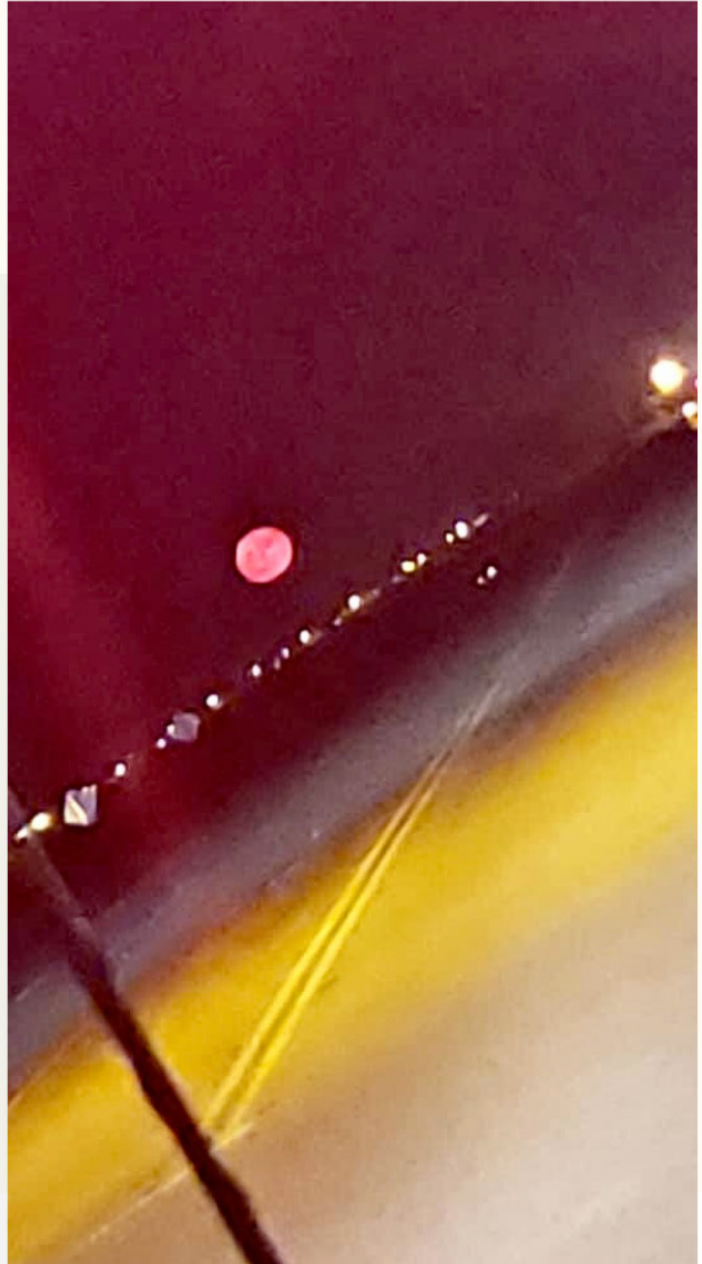
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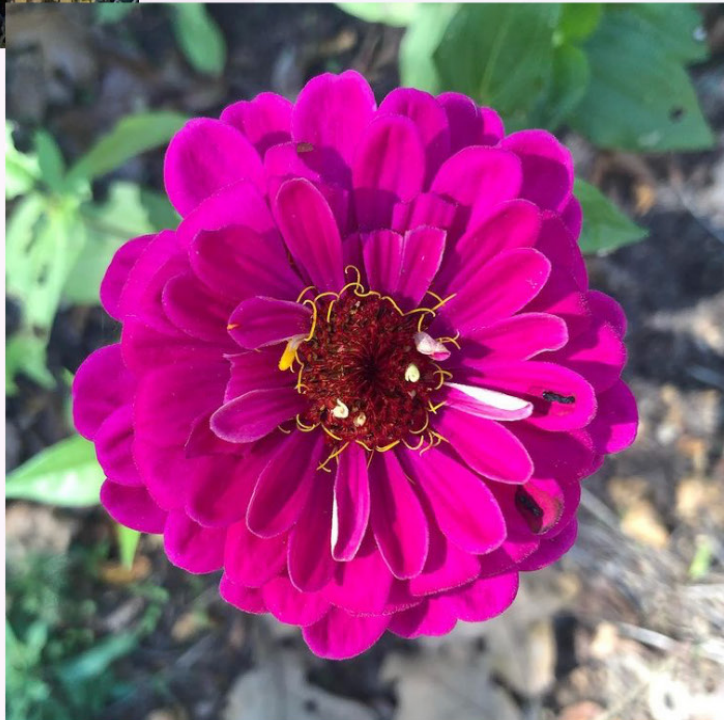
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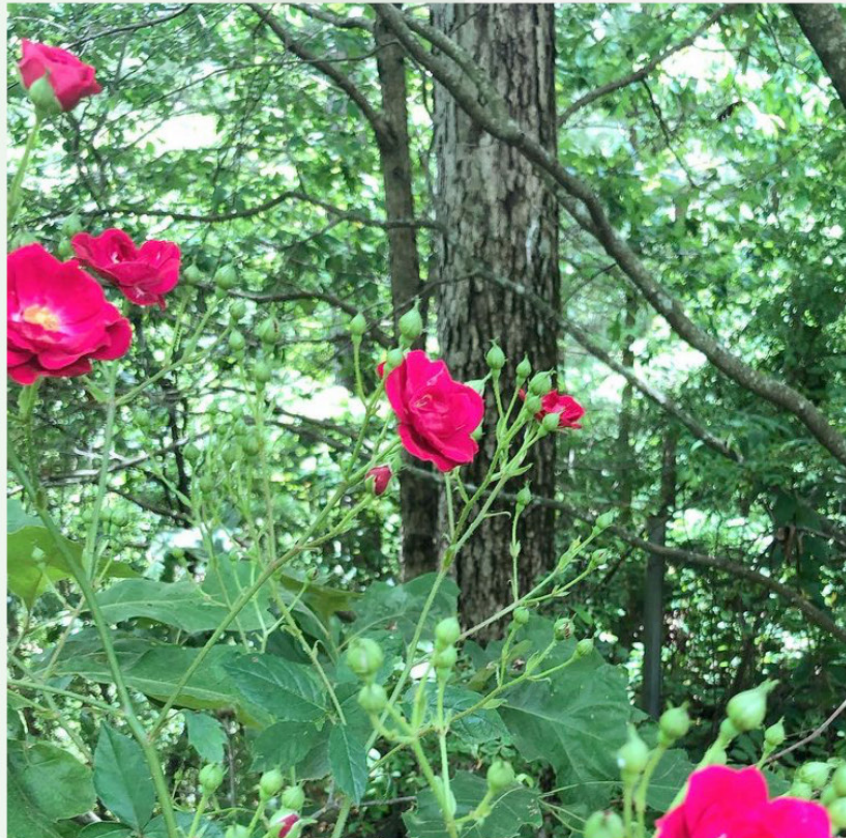
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PHOTOGRAPHY



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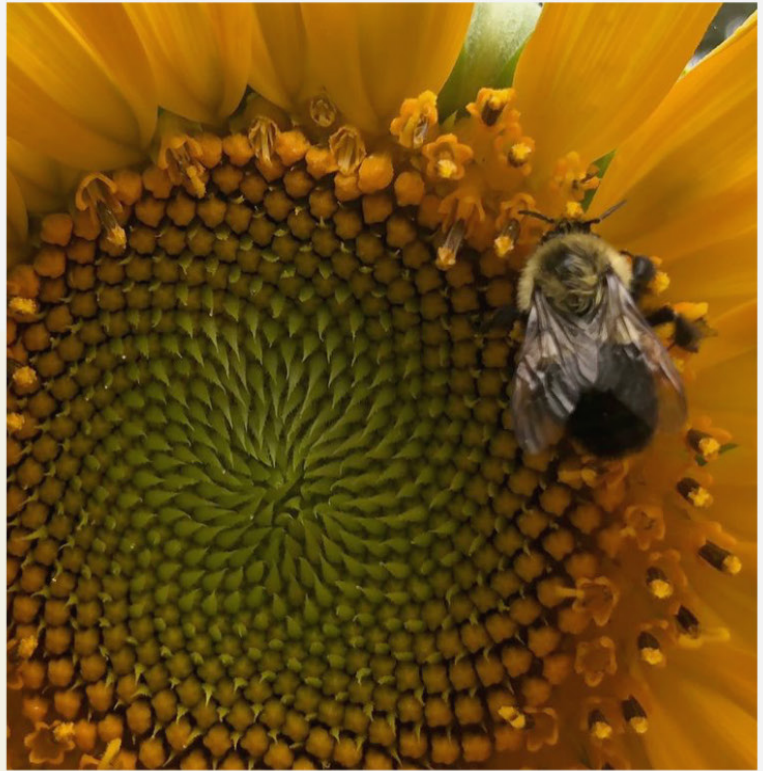
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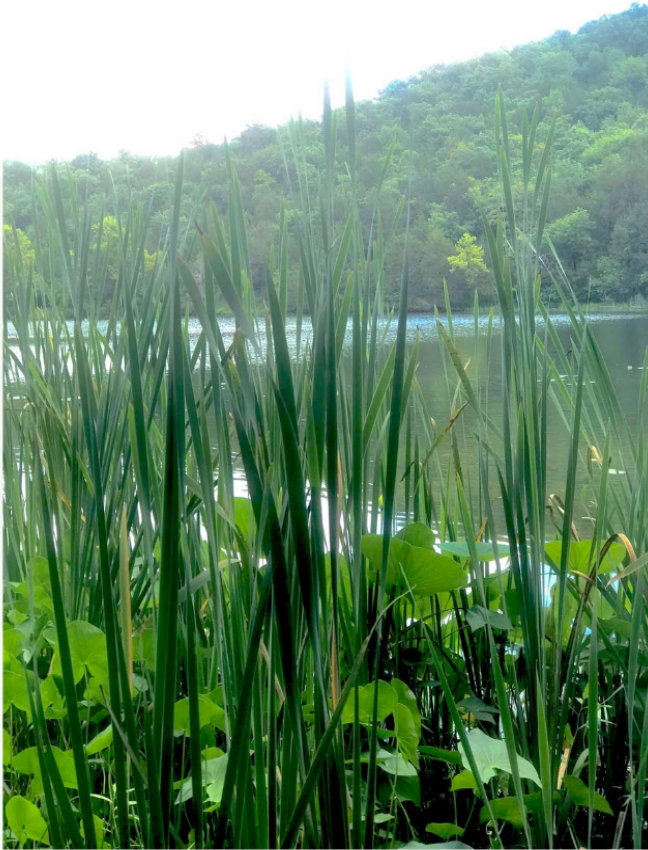
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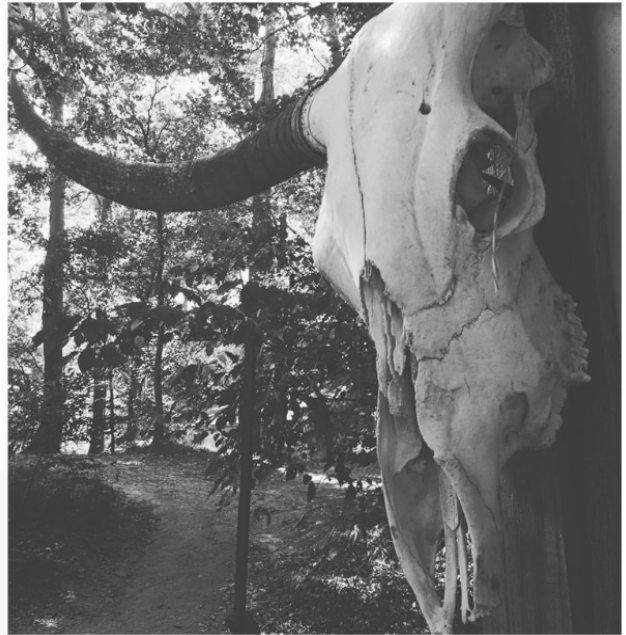
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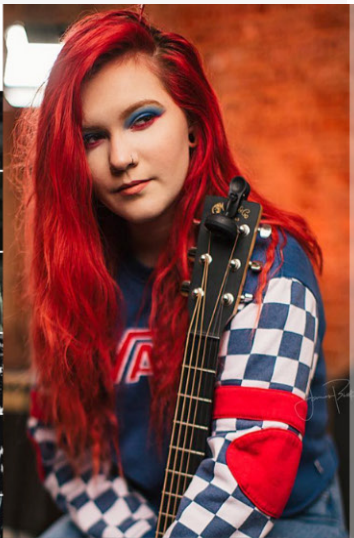
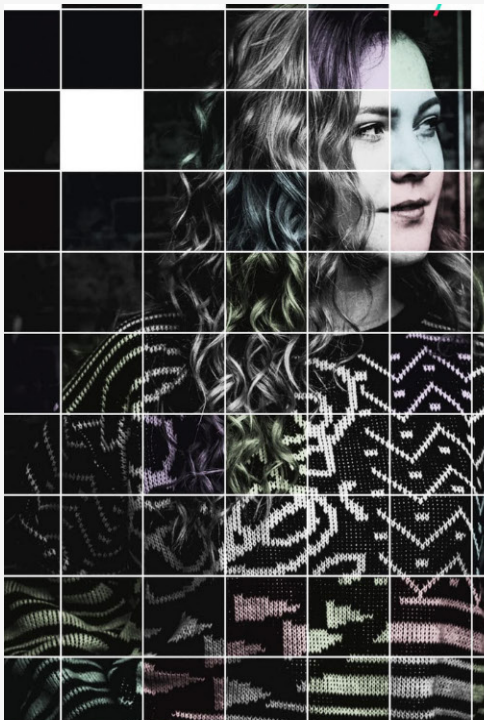
Assistant Professor of English and Philosophy
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PHOTOGRAPHY

MEL CHANCE

Assistant Professor of English and Philosophy
Arkansas State University-Newport





FEATURED COMMUNITY MUSICIAN

DALANIE TAYLOR

Dalanie Taylor is an independent local musician, working in Jonesboro and throughout Northeast Arkansas. She grew up in Southeast Missouri but has resided in Jonesboro for many years with her husband, four cats, and what she calls "the cutest dog you'll ever see." Two of her most notable musical influences are Norah Jones and Stevie Nicks, and she enjoys music from a wide range of genres. Taylor's skillful guitar playing, along with her wistful vocals have made her a favorite performer at local events and venues where she plays a mix of originals and covers.

One of my first memories of hearing Dalanie Taylor play and sing was at a local Sunday Jam in downtown Jonesboro featuring several local bands and musicians. She took the stage in the crowded, noisy room where she surprised listeners with a cover of Outkast's "Hey, Ya!" She kept the choruses steadily energetic, but her elegant phrasing and the warm, haunting timbre of her voice imbued those familiar verses with the romantic and poignant tone of her lovely originals such as "Feel This Way," "Just Kids," and "Is It Me?"

When asked about her success as a singer-songwriter, she remarked, "I've been fortunate enough to become a full-time working artist, doing what I love every single day."

Artist Statement

Music has always been a huge part of my life. Growing up in a household with all musicians, playing instruments, humming, and singing all came naturally. I never could picture doing anything else. From the time I was eight years old, when I finally talked my Dad into letting me have my own guitar, I could never seem to put it down for more than a few hours. My goal in playing music as an adolescent was to have fun. It soon became a side gig to earn extra money for school functions, clubs, etc. My goals these days stretch beyond what I ever could have dreamed when I first started playing.

Now, I am looking forward to releasing my own original music soon. I have gained such an incredible fan base and following in the NEA area. I could not be more thankful for all the goals I have already achieved with the help of all the people who have supported me. What is even more amazing is that my goal of having fun never has changed. I still have fun every time I walk in to play at a restaurant, wedding, or charity event. Every single gig is a new adventure and a new chance to meet people and hopefully give them some soul-healing music for a few hours.

To learn more about Dalanie Taylor's music and for booking inquiries, you can find her on Facebook and Instagram @dalaniemt.

Story by Emily Pasmore Doyle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BICKHAM AND EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION

AT ASUN



WHAT IS THE MISSION OF THE COUNCIL FOR DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION AT ASUN, AND WHAT DOES DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION MEAN TO YOU?

BEING PART OF THE ASU-NEWPORT COUNCIL FOR DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION IS SUCH A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO LEARN AND GROW WITH OTHER PROFESSIONALS ON CAMPUS. ACTING AS CHAIR FOR THIS YEAR'S COUNCIL, I WANT TO CONTINUE TO SUPPORT THE COUNCIL BY BRINGING AWARENESS OF DIVERSE ISSUES ON AND OFF CAMPUS THAT OUR STUDENTS AND EMPLOYEES FACE ON DAILY BASIS AND CREATING SAFE SPACES ON CAMPUS FOR HEALTHY AND EDUCATIONAL TALKS SO THAT WE CAN GAIN BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF EACH OTHER AND BECOME BETTER ALLIES MOVING FORWARD.

Christopher Cross



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WHY IS DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION IMPORTANT TO THE STUDENTS, FACULTY, AND STAFF OF ASUN?

DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION (D&I) IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PROGRESSION OF ANY WORKPLACE OR COMMUNITY. A DIVERSE AND INCLUSIVE WORKPLACE IS MORE INNOVATIVE AND ALLOWS TEAMS TO BUILD TRUST AND A COMMITMENT TO THE ORGANIZATION. A COMMITMENT TO DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION SETS THE STAGE FOR BETTER EMPLOYEE PERFORMANCE, BETTER RETENTION RATES, AND A MORE COMPETITIVE AND PROFITABLE INSTITUTION. A DIVERSE AND INCLUSIVE COMMUNITY WILL GROW AND THRIVE, BECAUSE IT WILL BE SEEN AS A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE AND PROSPER. BECAUSE WE LIVE IN A WORLD COMPRISED OF MANY DIFFERENT CULTURES, WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN FROM EACH OTHER AND RESPECT THE UNIQUE QUALITIES OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL. ACCOUNTABILITY IS KEY AND MUST BE WOVEN INTO THE D&I MISSION AS WELL. A FOCUS ON DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION IS LIKE A BEAUTIFULLY HAND-CRAFTED QUILT - IT IS MADE OF MANY COLORS AND PATTERNS, AND WHEN SEWN TOGETHER, IT IS STUNNING.

Sheila McNeal



OUR GOALS ARE TO IDENTIFY, CELEBRATE, ADVOCATE, AND RESPECT EQUALITY (I.C.A.R.E)

WE IDENTIFY DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION BY:
 ADMINISTERING EMPLOYEE CAMPUS CLIMATE SURVEY
 DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION IN EMPLOYEE ONBOARDING AND EXITING PROCESS
 OBSERVING AND FINDING SOLUTIONS TO DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION CONCERNS

WE CELEBRATE DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION THROUGH:
 CULTURAL EVENTS
 RECOGNITION OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS
 AND INVOLVING ASUN FRIENDS AND FAMILY

WE ADVOCATE DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION THROUGH:
 SHARING IDEAS ELECTRONICALLY
 PROMOTING A CULTURE OF ACCOUNTABILITY
 COLLEGE COMMUNICATION

WE RESPECT EQUALITY IN DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION THROUGH:
 EDUCATING IN SMALL GROUPS
 FACILITATING CROSS-CULTURAL AND CURRENT EVENT CONVERSATION
 DISTRIBUTING D & I POSTERS
 COORDINATING BOOK READS

The logo features a large black circle on the left containing the text 'ASUN Coffeehouse Events' in white. To the right of the circle are five vertical black lines of varying lengths, extending from the top and bottom of the page. The background is white.

ASUN Coffeehouse Events

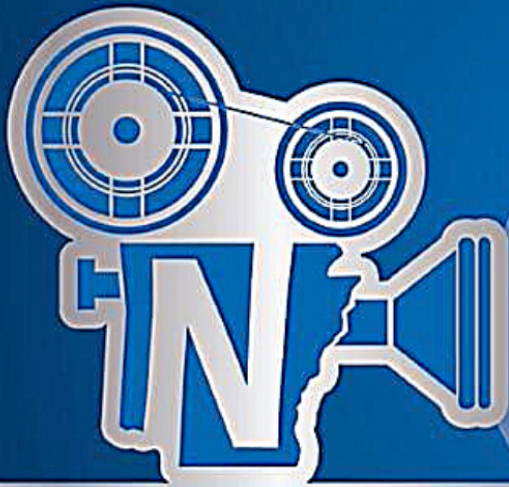
Join us in future semesters for

Coffee
Poetry Readings
Live Music
and Campus Culture

Admission-free cultural events
open to students, faculty, friends,
family, and community members

Presented by Veronica Manning, and the
ASU-Newport Coffeehouse Committee

Performances Welcome!



ATTRACTIONS



MAY 29



JUNE 20



SEPTEMBER 12



OCTOBER 3

ASUN

2020 MOVIES IN THE PARK

DOWNTOWN • NEWPORT, AR



DRIVE-IN SHOWINGS

BRING YOUR OWN
REFRESHMENTS
AND WATCH THE
MOVIE FROM
THE COMFORT
OF YOUR CAR!

SHOWINGS
WILL
START
AFTER SUNSET

COME TO THE
SHOW WHILE
CONTINUING
TO PRACTICE
SOCIAL
DISTANCING!

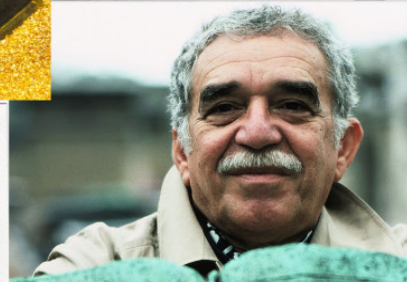
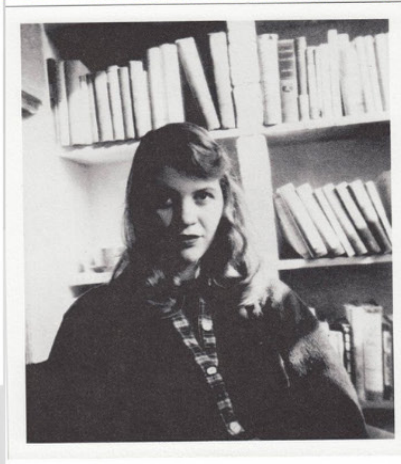
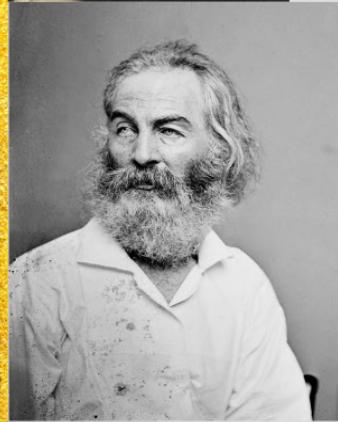
ALL
MOVIE
SHOWINGS
ARE
FREE TO THE
PUBLIC!

HAVE FUN
STAY SAFE

CHECK OUR
SOCIAL MEDIA
FOR EXACT
TIMES EACH
MONTH!

FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT
NEWPORTARCITY.ORG/TOURISM/REGIONAL-OPPORTUNITIES/

INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE OF THE WESTERN WORLD II



ENG2013

CREDIT HOURS:
3.00

INSTRUCTOR:
EMILY PASMORE DOYLE (E PASMORE)

CATALOG DESCRIPTION:
A STUDY OF LITERATURE FROM THE ENLIGHTENMENT TO
POSTMODERNISM, REFLECTING THE MAJOR PHILOSOPHICAL,
RELIGIOUS, AND LITERARY CONVENTIONS OF THESE TIME
PERIODS AND MOVEMENTS.

THE NORTON
ANTHOLOGY
WESTERN
LITERATURE

VOLUME 2



COLOPHON

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and Assistant Editor,
Tina Fuentes.
The layout was designed
using Adobe InDesign,
Adobe Creative Suite,
and the design applications
Phonto and Canva.

BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist



BEAU JONES
Featured Community Artist

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