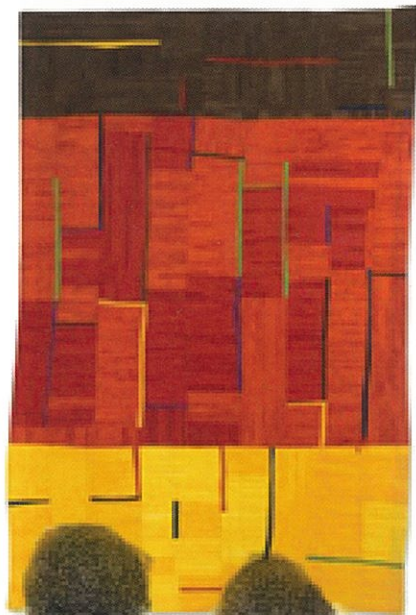
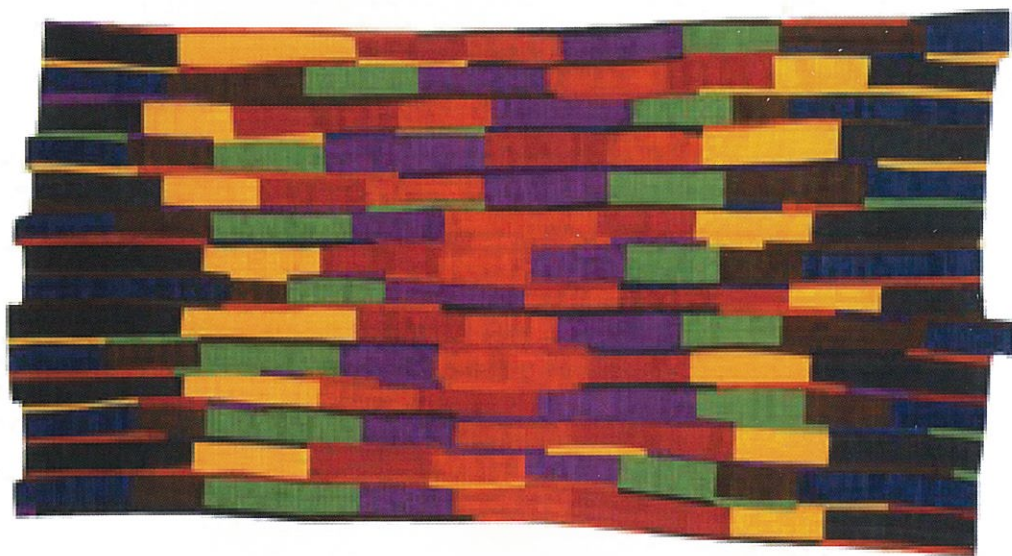


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PERUGIA ROOFTOP ART
DAREN PITTS REDMAN

[sic] Volume IV

[sic] is a compilation of literary and artistic pieces submitted by students, staff, and faculty of Ivy Tech, as well as members of the community. All views expressed by the contributors do not necessarily reflect the views of Ivy Tech. In addition, contributors retain their rights to their materials.

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Special thanks to Ashley Bayer and the contributors, past and present, for helping to create [sic]. This will be the last edition of this literary journal as titled [sic]. We look forward to the possibilities that future editions will bring.

"Hats off to the ones who put it all together."

--Les Claypool

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Poetry

Back Roads

By Kayla Sims

Loose gravel,
Trampled by bums of the Bowery
Quavering cobblestones,
Clamor to retreat
From the perilous scuffles
Of these skid-row streets.

Chafed slates,
Chapped like the cheeks
Of industrial slaves

Crudely paved brick
Chiseled by the wind
Red and calloused as
Palms of masonry men.

Shattered windows
Reveal broken homes
Of the nameless faces
These crumbling walls bestowed:

Cockeyed stares of faltering men
Screaming bastards
Mothers who are but crying children,

Startled rock pigeons
Lift the phantom cloak
Allotting my own reflection,
To echo these back roads home.

An Awareness Wiki-Acrostic A Found Poem

By Benjamin Warren

A pandemic
(from greek: pan "all" + demos "people")
is an epidemic
of infectious disease
that is spreading
through human populations
across a large region; for instance a continent, or even
worldwide.

Immune system
is a system of biological structures and processes
that protects against
disease
by identification of
pathogens and tumor cells
and the subsequent
killing.

Deficiency:
a lack of something.
example:
there is a
deficiency
of oxygen in the air
and we shall soon
suffocate.

Synthetic latexes
are used in coatings. natural
rubber
is the most important
product obtained from
latex
... for everyday
use.



Beloved Never

By Carol Phillips

Blithe-full blue-gray eyes
and a sparkle
that saddens her promenade—
a moon-eaten love-girl
thinking giving
is love,
but she cannot give.
A pining heart
misused by others.
So she stands
a mythological beauty
a Prometheus-Galatea.
“Away!” I say
“Go away!”
Only she is away,
has been long now,
just a body-shell left,
her mind buried
in her spirit
of the past. . .
 . . . and the future.

Our Broken City

By Cecily Dibble

I'll stay stuck in this broken city
To restore what's been torn and twisted
Watch life's characters burn their paths out

That lonely, bright man was so pretty
Before his surrender, tight fisted
I'll stay stuck in this broken city

My neighbor, beautiful and witty
Needs love for this town, but resisted
Watch life's characters burn their paths out

My best friend left for New York City
Through our small town grasps, she insisted
I'll stay stuck in this broken city

Swapped his broken town for mine, pity
Fresh disaster, chose, and enlisted
Watch life's characters burn their paths out

We've formed a welcoming committee
Lost town, but we're loved and assisted
I'll stay stuck in this broken city
Watch life's characters burn their paths out

God Forbid

By Austin Davis

somewhere there is a girl in class who is listening to whispering
somewhere there is a boy sitting in a church feeling worlds
collide, somewhere there is a girl who wants to bring the love of her life
to prom but cannot, because her kind of love is
disgusting, somewhere, somewhere right now
a boy is shaking alone,
hiding from his tormentors

people today who see the hate have questions, but are told
don't ask
men and women see the double standard, and are told
don't tell

leaders, including our president, are shocked at suicide rates
with horrific expressions they plea, it's time to do something
with pen in hand I will speak in my microphone, and you will wait until
I'm finished

babies don't let out their first cries and already know how to hate
sudden interest and shock is pointless, and late
save your breath, save your speech, save your good tie, too
the ones left mourning know,
these bullies learned it from you

they watched as you told us to be seen and not heard
they watched as you watched, and you didn't say a word
they watch you, too, preacher, priest, and pastor
they listen as you spit hate on the floor and the plaster
they watch, you, big government, as you decide who will marry, who will adopt
they heard about the brave soldier, and how for his love he was dropped
they can hear you, too, parents, the words that you pour, spit, and drag
and the people you bring with you, the queers, and the fags
so listen up, presidents, law makers, and teachers, you, mothers
hold close your friends, your sisters and brothers
save your breath, save your speech, save your good tie, too
the ones left mourning know,
they have learned it from you

in america the beautiful, we are free to say what we say
blacks and whites learn together and play
a muslim and christian can turn their separate ways and pray
we are free to work, and quit, and collect, and pay
we can hope for tomorrow and work on today
but gods forbid you even mention you're . . .

Lost

By Jessica Russell

New York, New York
loud lights, bright noises
of the street below
the thunder, ceiling fan

rattling

The view outside
people, neon, stars
outside so pretty
inside so bare

A lone

torn up red chair
a small side table
needs a book, keeps it level
a woven rug

faded

A girl alone
at the end of her
short, desperate rope
hanging from a

rafter

Love to Love

By Cecily Dibble

I love to love you
From far away
I love to remember you
And the way you take compliments
By biting your lower lip and looking to your upper left
You never knew how to take compliments

I love to love you
From over here
I love to examine you
And the way you ramble when you're nervous
The smallest things always made you nervous

I love to love you
From down here
I love to ask you questions
Like "What is the definition of postmodern?" or "Do you love me?"

You never could sort that out
I love to love you
From back here
I love to drag behind
Begging for your love and cursing you for growing
You always were detached

I love to love you
From up here
Where my heart is taller, and stronger than yours
Where I can step my foot on the top of your head and say "I love me"
You always hated feeling small

I loved to love you
Before I loved to love myself
I'm sorry I have no room for you now
I'm much too busy, loving myself from
far away, over there, down there, back there,
and up here

Pickles

By Stephanie Kennedy

When I was smaller than I am now
My older sister bored
Me, young, gullible.
They'd hide around corners
And in deep voices,
Deep, British voices,
They would make my dog talk.
British?
?

"Pickles, why?" I would ask.
"I was born in Europe," she might explain.
Even without the accent
Her voice was much,
Much, much
Deeper
Than I'd expected.

Prime

By Billy Arnold-Clark

Seeming to obey no law
Other than that of pure chance
She was a mystery
Into which the mind will never penetrate
Inspired by movement
Of free and unequal durations
In her stunning accuracy
Sequenced by sweet indeterminacy
Her body hard and indivisible
17 perhaps 23
Solemn and sealed
Distinctly divided
Two legs two eyes two breasts
Too creative
Self-confessedly haunted
By more elegant truths
Than that of fundamental mathematics



Show Day

By Stephanie Kennedy
By Lindsay Weil

Your bright eyes,
alert ears,
your mane all up in bows,
your hoof patter,
not skipping a beat,
cantering to every jump,
deep breathing,
tucking your legs,
head forward.

A second of flying,
a second of freedom,
a second of pure joy.

We walk, we trot,
we canter, we're judged.

Spring Harvest

By Jaymes Young

And now the laundry billows on the line
Since dew replaced white frost on the lawn.
Snow has melted from the winter of her mind,
Revealing new sprouts by the light of dawn.

The sun peers as much as the clouds allow.
The birds sing songs of life and new meaning.
Love, once frozen, sets yellow tips aglow.
The bee tends tulips with honey and sting.

The shrub hangs like a funeral shroud.
Revenge slithers like a venomous snake.
A secret sowed from barren ground,
Harvested now, a treacherous mistake.

The wind blows warm begging its own pardon,
For Ms. Daschle lies dead in her garden.

Drama

Costa Rica

By Jaymes Young

Cast:

Brad Levingston

Mrs. Windham

Setting:

The living room of Mr. Brad Levingston and Mr. George Windham

Time:

The present

It is night and the living room is dimly lit. Mrs. Windham, a matriarchal woman in her sixties, is busy scouring the room, pausing from time to time, evaluating various objects. Some items she picks up and puts into a box that rests on the glass coffee table. She pauses when she comes to a picture of two men, arms around one another, smiling out from a tropical destination. Brad, an attractive, well-dressed man in his forties, enters from back stage, he is holding two coffee cups. He stops and looks at her staring at the picture.

Brad: Costa Rica.

Mrs. Windham turns suddenly towards his voice, clumsily replacing the picture on the buffet. Brad begins to walk in her

direction. She looks past him, around the room, anywhere but AT him.

Brad: That picture was from our Christmas in Costa Rica. The first Christmas we were together, just before we moved here.

Mrs. Windham bristles slightly, but stands straight.

Brad: 22 years ago, just after you and Mr. Windham refused to see him any longer...because of...me.

Brad approaches her and offers her the coffee cup, a bright colored mug with a palm tree painted on it. She takes it.

Brad: How was the funeral?

Mrs. Windham looks at him for the first time, visibly clearing a lump in her throat and then nervously sips her coffee. She looks at the coffee, then looks up at Brad in surprise.

Brad: Cream. Two sugars. Just the way he took his coffee.

Mrs. Windham turns away from him, becoming nervous. She sets the cup down on an end table and begins to pace around the room, trying to busy herself with the task at hand.

Brad: He always wanted a big service. Nothing too formal though. Something more like a social gathering, he'd say. One last party with his closest friends and loved ones. (Brad

begins to pace behind Mrs. Windham). He made me promise once to bury him in a Hawaiian shirt. We had a big fight about it. And of course I relented in the way I always did when it came to George.

Mrs. Windham picks up a vase and walks towards the box on the table.

Brad: An antique...

Mrs. Windham pauses for a moment then puts the vase in the box.

Brad: ...we picked it up during our trip to Martha's Vineyard, the year before he got sick.

Mrs. Windham turns her back to him, touching her mouth with her hand.

Brad: Of course, you probably didn't know that...about the funeral. It was more than likely some solemn service in the traditional Protestant way. Whatever Mr. Windham wanted...of course he was busy challenging the will...so the planning was probably left to you.

Brad moves closer to her. She moves away and begins to pick up items at random and put them in the box.

Brad: Some last vigil in hopes of saving his soul. I don't suppose many of the Windham family were there to pay their last respects though. Of course no close friends...no

death notice published...no obituary.

Mrs. Windham has become more agitated, her pace has quickened and she has involuntarily begun to weep.

Brad: *(Following behind her, matching her hurried pace and getting as close as possible, as she picks up random objects and puts them in the box)* Maybe just grave side services, Mrs. Windham? Nothing to call attention to the dearly departed, once prodigal, wasted-life son...huh, Mrs. Windham? Did you know what poem he wanted read at the service? What music he wanted played!? I did! He told me, several times. Made me swear not to let you... 22 years! Not a word. 10 years since his diagnosis. Surgery, radiation, chemo, experimental drugs from Holland. Two remissions and countless numbers of letters returned marked returned to sender...not a word from any one of you!

Mrs. Windham picks up a lamp from the end table, jerking the cord from the outlet. They both stop and stare at one another for a moment.

Brad: *(indicating the lamp)* A birthday present...for my 35th.

Mrs. Windham places the lamp on the coffee table next to the box and turns and sits in the high back chair next to the end table. She sips her coffee, Brad moves to exit but stops next to her as she places her mug back on the table. He picks up the mug and holds it out to her.

Brad: Costa Rica.

She moves her head towards him, peering at the mug.

Brad: We were merely two kids just out of college. Could barely pay for the trip. George spent our last dollar on this mug. I got angry with him at the time. Who knew it would be all that's left of our life together. You'll pick this place clean like vultures on a carcass...auction the rest I suppose... sell the house... just leave the bones here to rot.

Mrs. Windham opens her mouth to speak, Brad cuts her off.

Brad: (*whispering through tears*) OUR home--OUR life for almost twenty-two years.

Brad exits, pouring the coffee into a potted plant on his way out.

Brad: (*offstage*) The movers will be here tomorrow. I'll be out by Thursday.

Mrs. Windham rises, rubs her hands over her jacket, straightening herself. She moves determinedly back to the table, picks up the lamp and moves to place it in the box. She stops herself and stands motionless for a few seconds. She then moves back to the end table, placing the lamp back in its place. Mrs. Windham sits once again in the high back chair and begins to weep.

Stage goes black.

Stories

A New Hope

By James Camden

Long ago and far away—okay, maybe that wasn't the exact vernacular. I mean, you have to interject the extra "long" and the necessary "in a galaxy far..."—but you get the gist. I was a sheltered youth of *almost* four years old and would turn the age tide any day. I was not privy to any type of peer pressure: my peers were the adults in my life whom I clung to relentlessly—their adult world and their adult words—struggling constantly to comprehend, process, and incorporate their elaborate vocabularies. And then there was my younger sister, who only spoke in forced two-and-a-half-year-old code. So I had no touchstone or cultural pressure to be enamored with or interested in during the 30 second television promo I had seen where there was a golden droid kicking a beeping blue and white trash can, and there were flaming swords of illumination, and spaceships with laser weapons, and high speed atmospheric chases! I made my desire known that this alone was what I wanted to celebrate my womb emergence anniversary. Just please-oh-please, take me to see *Star Wars*!

Today, there are entire subcultures dedicated to this type of cult-inducing phenomenon. But in 1977, the mythos hadn't yet been created by these obsessive, basement-dwelling geeks hell-bent on christening the film and its successors as the end-all of cinematic experience. I was just a kid in footy pajamas, watching commercials. So I made my plea and got it: my first trip to the movie theatre.

I stood in the lobby, looking into the theatre as it filled slowly. Grandpa, Grandma, and Mama got the necessary

concessions as I milled about, becoming nervous. What was this place? Upon the screen was a single shot of Earth, rotating slowly into the empty vastness of space. I became scared and reconsidered my quest as possibly too much to handle. But Grandpa Joseph grabbed my hand, and we took a seat.

I stared in awe as the gospel spelled out onto the screen before me. I lifted my legs at the sight of Jawas clad in brown, dusty hoods, staring out with mechanically glowing eyes. I became convinced that they occupied spots beneath my seat, ready to take me to their mobile garages and make me a robotic slave laborer. I gasped at the destruction of Alderaan. I shivered at the ruthless menace that was Darth Vader. I giggled at C-3PO, and I cheered in triumph at Luke Skywalker's single-handed X-wing shot to destroy the Death Star. And Grandpa Joseph was right there with me the whole time.

After the show, we went to the grocery store to pick out the breakfast cereal I was to consume the next morning (a vital element to any child's day). The choice was an easy one: Count Chocula! Not only did it contain Christ-like powers of turning the milk into chocolate milk, it contained inside a sticker of an image taken from—oh yes— *Star Wars: The Motion Picture*.

The next morning, rather than sift through the rubble of the cereal, Grandpa got out a big mixing bowl and poured the contents of the box into it until emerged, like a holy relic, the plastic-encased sticker that the exterior advertising on the box so rightfully promised. Grandpa Joe took the sticker, a brilliantly captured still of an X-wing fighter exchanging firefight—the dreaded Death Star in the backdrop—and placed it carefully onto the wooden cabinet that hung over the kitchen cupboard.

A few months later, my mother had to unexpectedly fly to Florida. My grandfather was on vacation when he experienced an

aneurysm. He wasn't expected to live. He didn't. I remember staring at the moon—that dreaded Death Star—on the nights that Mama was away, wondering if there was anything anyone could do. They flew his body back to Indiana, where I would attend my first ever funeral.

At first I didn't understand why my mother and grandmother cried as my little two-and-a-half-year-old sister searched the house, going room to room to find my grandfather who would never again make an appearance. I looked at the cabinet. I stared at the sticker upon the brown face of it. I absorbed it into myself. I remembered.

My grandfather never got to see me grow up. He never watched me grow facial hair or poked fun at my changing voice. He never offered relationship advice or discovered disappointedly that I drank or smoked. But we had a shared thing that I will take with me forever. Still in that house, a silent monument is faded. Upon that brown wooden cabinet, sticking like a barnacle, is the X-wing fighter, shooting lasers at an unseen opponent.

I watch *Star Wars* at least once a year. I mean, hell, it actually is a great movie! I'm a geek, admittedly. But I know something a legion of devout weirdoes, Luke Skywalker, and creator George Lucas don't know. Every time I see the closing credits, I know there's a name missing: Joseph Macy, my grandfather.

Heroes and Hair

By Jason Hillenburg

When I am twelve years old, my heroes are larger than life. I am a child during the 1980's and action heroes, science fiction characters, and professional football players loom over my consciousness. Professional wrestling fires my imagination as well. Not the type of wrestling bursting with buffoonish superheroes full of impossible ethics or their mammoth foes, but rather wrestling that is more credible with the emphasis being on physical action over visual appeal. I know that wrestling is athletic theater about good versus evil, but it deepens my blossoming fever for drama.

I want to be like my heroes. I want to be as strong as they are and have all the girls. I want to have the money they have so I can buy anything I want. I have my cousin paint my face like a tag team called The Road Warriors. I read articles in wrestling magazines about a former heavyweight champion, Bob Backlund, who is a legitimate former NCAA amateur wrestler from Minnesota. He is smaller than the typical professional wrestler of his era and is a virtual human tank of muscle and sinew. I see a picture in one magazine of Backlund hoisting a Japanese wrestler high into the air. His strength is astonishing. He defeats much larger foes and, despite his size, stands as tall as any giant in my eyes. His head sports a severe crew cut and I want the same. If I have a crew cut like his, it will help me defeat any foe. If I have a crew cut like his, it will help me stand as tall as any giant. I will be a champion wrestler and grapple with anything that comes my way. A crew cut will make me as strong as my heroes.

When I am sixteen years old, I have different heroes and

want a different hair cut. Instead of the military severity of a professional wrestler's crew cut, I don't want my hair cut at all and instead will trim, sculpture, and treat it so that it blooms into a lustrous blonde mane extending far past my waist. I will learn to play rock lead guitar and augment my bluesy, slashing chords with wide swings of my hair. The distance I feel between myself and women will disappear in a potent crimson brew of adolescent sex and power chords.

I am thirty five years old. My hairline is deep into an inexorable march towards the top of my head. Combing my hair is a dodge. Each slow swipe through my hair conceals a forehead higher with every passing year and the two basic styles left to obscure my age are parting my hair more and more to my left side or else straight down all around my head. Male vanity is an ugly thing. I equate the movement of my hairline with an emptying, clouds of electricity draining away from a life that once crackled with fury. When I am twelve years old, my heroes are larger than life. When I am thirty five, my heroes are that twelve and sixteen year old boy who reign over a reparatory of memory.

If You Believe In Magic

By Jessica Russell

So, my brother really isn't a magician. I know you're thinking, "That's a crazy thing to say!" But just listen.

Today while looking in our attic for my dad's old box of marbles to take for show and tell, I found a really thick book that was all dusty that said, "**50 EASY MAGIC TRICKS.**" When I opened this book it was like opening the door to a big, yellow, book-shaped time machine—one that took me all the way back to when I was just five years old.

My brother had thought he'd show me his skill and demonstrate a magic trick. He made a big deal about how he had "just discovered he was magic!" and that "he couldn't believe what happened!" He set up all the props he needed and began his mini-show. He did the old salt-shaker-disappears-while-under-the-napkin trick. It's needless to say my five-year-old mind was completely blown.

The book explained to me exactly how it was done.
Cheater.

I had naively praised him and made him feel good about the trick he had learned. I was genuinely amazed! I made him feel so good, in fact, that the next week he perfected another trick to entertain me. This time it was the quarter-behind-the-ear trick. The same thing happened. He did the trick. I was amazed. I let him know that I was so happy and proud that MY brother was magical. MY brother was able to make things disappear and reappear on command.

The book clearly explained this one, too.

Liar.

He kept me in awe of his fantastic abilities for a few months and during those months we were both happy. I was entertained; he got to show off to an impressionable audience (aka me); and he got the benefit of a new reputation in our neighborhood and school from me talking about it.

I told all my friends.

I told all my enemies.

I even told animals.

If they had working ears and would sit still long enough to hear about it, they knew.

MY brother was a magician.

Then after a while I noticed he wasn't showing off as much as he used to. Now I had to beg him to show me a new trick. Sometimes he would, and other times he'd say, "It takes time to learn and perfect a new trick." I didn't want to wait; furthermore, I felt a REAL magician should be able to do magic ALL the time.

And now I know.

The truth:

He's a sham.

A 50 easy trick pony.

Stupid Girl

By Jaymes Young

The test had not taken long. Dylan and Christina had taken their turns in the testing room. It was administered in a cramped office, folders piled on a small shelf behind the testing counselor. A radio in the corner played "Stupid Girl" by Garbage. After a few probing questions concerning sexual practices, it was just a few quick swabs to the inside of the cheek from the plastic testing device to complete the test. The testing counselor then put the removable tip of the device into a tube of solution and announced she would have the results in twenty minutes.

Dylan and Christina sat in the corner. They looked strikingly out of place amongst the disheveled patients crowded into the four rows of plastic chairs that made up the waiting room of the Johnson Family Planning Center. Dylan, a handsome man, was still dressed in a shirt and tie. Christina, tall and blonde, was dressed in a short black skirt and a low cut, hot pink blouse, ruffles bordering her ample cleavage. She stared intermittently between her Blackberry and the dingy yellow tile in hopes of avoiding eye contact.

You pretend you're high. You pretend you're bored.

"So then," Dylan chatted nervously, "I had to get a ride to pick up my car at Jeremy's house...."

A young child, who had been wandering around the waiting room, stopped in front of Christina, smiling at her. Christina pushed a speed dial button on her cell phone and brought it up to her ear. She then reached for her purse with her other hand and moved it between herself and Dylan.

"Who is Jeremy?" she asked, waiting for the person on the other end of the line to answer. "Is that the guy you hooked up with?"

Dylan gazed at Christina with a bewildered look for a moment and then reached into her purse to retrieve a piece of candy.

"Who? Oh, no. He's just this guy I met."

Dylan reached out towards the young child and presented him with the candy. The child took it and then ran off towards his mother.

"Can you say thank you?" his mother urged. The child buried his face into his mother's lap.

"You're incurable, Dylan," she muttered, looking away from him.

"What?" Dylan asked sheepishly. "We really haven't done anything yet."

"YET. You know, one day you're going to have to grow up and join us adults in the real world."

"I'll leave the provincial married life to you."

Christina ended her call with a frustrated push of a button. She bit her upper lip, turning her head away from Dylan.

Dylan eyed her for a moment, "We're supposed to get drinks later. Is David coming?"

Christina and David were married the summer after they all graduated from college. As Christina's career in architecture grew over the years, Dylan managed to make a living at one job or another, never quite finding his place. As Christina and David made a life together, Dylan continued to party, going through relationship after relationship. Christina and David had their share of issues, and Dylan made it quite clear that he did not like David.

She looked over at Dylan and hoped he hadn't noticed the tears welling up in her eyes, "No, I don't think so."

You pretend you're anything. To be adored.

Christina had called David several times on the short drive to the clinic. Each time she reached his voice mail. She could never recall the exact messages she left for him that day—only that they were desperate attempts for answers.

And what you need; is what you get.

"It's been five years, Dylan," Christina said gazing out the window. "Brad is not coming back. He left you, and he's not coming back."

"Oh, please. He has nothing to do with this."

"Doesn't he? We've known each other our whole lives, Dylan. You can't keep running."

Dylan looked away from her and scanned the waiting room. In the opposite corner was a large screen television playing a closed circuit health program attempting to both placate and educate the masses about nutrition. Along that wall two small tables had been set

up with various games and play sets for children. A large bulletin board, encased in glass, took up the opposite wall. The board was filled with various announcements: prenatal and breastfeeding classes, a teen crisis hotline, information regarding social service assistance, a public service announcement about testing for sexually transmitted diseases, and the hours for the walk-in HIV/AIDS testing. It occurred to him in that moment that not much had changed there over the years.

"I'm kinda' nervous," he said, almost in a whisper.

Christina jerked her head towards him and stared directly into his eyes, "You probably should be."

Don't believe in love. Don't believe in hate.

Dylan's call had come in at five in the morning just over three months previous. David answered and immediately handed Christina the phone at the sound of Dylan's voice. He was crying and apparently drunk. He had no idea where he was or how he had gotten there. He especially did not know the naked man he woke up next to, although he recognized him from the club where he had been a few hours earlier. Christina managed to calm him down enough to talk him through locating a piece of mail in the man's living room. Once she had the address, Christina sprang out of bed and jumped to the rescue, just as she always will do where Dylan is concerned.

"You know you can be such a stupid bitch sometimes, Dylan."

Don't believe in anything, you can't break.

The automatic doors slid open. Christina looked up in anticipation and then slid back down in her chair, deflated. Dylan watched a woman enter in her dingy pajama bottoms, her belly protruding from her t-shirt. She held the hand of a small girl. The child was all of three. A boy, probably two years older, trailed behind them. Christina looked at Dylan. Seeing the judgment in his eyes, she winced and turned away. She knew what he was thinking.

"What about you?" Dylan asked, never taking his eyes off of her.

The first time Dylan and Christina had occasion to visit the Johnson Family Planning Center was during the summer between their junior and senior years of high school. Christina had just found out she was pregnant. She was too afraid to tell her parents, and when the father of the baby had refused, Dylan came along to hold her hand through the difficult decision.

Christina glared at him, "David and I have been together for seven years!"

"That wasn't really my question was it?" Dylan retorted, looking deep into her eyes.

Dylan and Christina locked gazes. All the years of friendship, secrets only shared with one another, and hours spent crying on one another's shoulder over some boy flowed between them.

A nurse approached them, "Sir? They're ready for you."

Dylan stood, his eyes still locked on Christina's. He turned to follow the nurse. Christina watched him disappear down the hallway. She grabbed her coat and exited the building, pausing near the entrance outside to fish out her pack of cigarettes and lighter. She lit the cigarette first and then fumbled with her coat to put it on.

She wondered to herself why she had not yet told Dylan. They had been friends since childhood. She wanted to tell him. She just couldn't explain to herself why she was unable. They had always been there for one another. Lately however they had begun to grow apart.

What drives you on; can drive you mad.

Moments later, the automatic doors slid open, and Dylan emerged carrying his pea coat and scarf.

"Negative," Dylan said softly as he reached out and straightened the lapel of her coat. "They're ready for you now."

Putting on his jacket, Dylan turned and began walking towards his car. Christina called after him. He stopped and turned to face her.

"He'll come back, Christina. Whoever she is this time, he'll get bored and come back. He always does. It's just another test."

He wrapped a scarf around his neck and stopped her before she could form the words.

"I might be a stupid bitch, Christina, and you might be a judgmental bitch sometimes--but I know you. We've been best friends for twenty years."

Dylan turned and continued walking to his car.

A million lies to sell yourself, is all you ever had.

Christina threw her cigarette to the ground and smashed it with her foot. She then turned and entered the clinic once more. As she walked

into the waiting room, the nurse was there to meet her. The nurse smiled at her, and Christina followed her down the hallway to the counselor's office.

You stupid girl, can't believe you fake it.

Christina had known something was wrong the moment she opened the front door earlier that day. She stepped into the living room leaving the keys in the door. Something was different. She slowly walked through the living room, still carrying her laptop and briefcase. She called for him. There was no answer. David always arrived home before her. She glanced around the room, her mind unable to capture everything that was missing. The two empty spaces on the wall in the living room went completely unnoticed. She paused at the counter separating the living room from the kitchen. It was the object lying alone on the counter that caught her attention; a solitary key in the place where their picture once was. She dropped her bag and bolted down the hall and into their bedroom. The sight stopped her abruptly like a foot to the chest. She grabbed the frame of the door to steady herself. The closet had stood open and half empty.

All you had, you wasted; You stupid girl.

Outside in the parking lot Dylan sat in the driver's seat of his car. His head rested on the steering wheel while his hands clinched it on either side. He began to sob.

Moments later Christina paused before the testing counselor's desk as their eyes met. Something in her face told Christina this was not just another test. In a flash, all the missing items from their living room, everything she had overlooked between her and David, all of the lies and deceptions--all of his affairs--came sharply into focus.

"I'm afraid it's not good news," the counselor said. "You're HIV positive."

Christina landed with a thud in the chair. In that moment, the office door flew open, and Dylan launched himself into the room, catching Christina in his arms. David would never return, never account for his actions. But Dylan would always be there for Christina, just as she was always there for him.

Stupid girl.

The Elusive One

By Samuel Childers

The streets were still polished from last night's downpour. Only the sound of car tires trying to keep a grip on the slick roads broke the silence. It was looking to be another gray and gloomy day as John Hawkins weaved through mindless human traffic, stopping first for a cup of coffee at the donut shop he'd been going to ever since his old days as a man in blue. Next he made his way to a raggedy news stand, flipping the old man a coin after grabbing the daily paper. Immediately tipping back his coffee, he abruptly took it away from his lips, his eyes widening as he read the headlines: "Nuremberg Trials to Begin Soon." His mind suddenly flooded with haunting memories.

A chilling wind caused Hawkins to pick up his pace, and he entered a small deteriorating brick building. The paper folded under his arm, he stopped in front of an etched glass door sifting through his deep trench coat pockets. He fumbled with his keys before opening the door. It was an unpleasant surprise every time he walked into his so-called detective agency. The stark lonely feeling in the room epitomized how he felt about his life. Head down, he sluggishly approached his desk. Rather than reaching for a file or dialing the phone, he once again searched in the depths of his pockets only to pull out his stainless steel cigarette case. He gently lifted one out. As Hawkins lit up, he opened a desk drawer, pulled out an ashtray, and laid it on the table. Reaching back into the same drawer, he extracted a framed picture.

Kicked back in his chair, feet on the desk, and fiddling with his lighter, Hawkins clutched the picture. While gazing at the photo, a movement drew his attention away from his deep concentration. He looked up to find a shadowy and very curvy figure standing on

the other side of the door. *It's a woman. Is she lost or something?*

After a hesitant and subtle knock, the door opened and in walked a woman gripping her handbag. A newspaper was peeking out of her bag. Almost spellbound, he quickly set down the picture and straightened in his chair. He almost forgot to greet her. As she began to speak, he had to force himself to stop staring and pay attention.

She said she was Irene Miller, and before he could introduce himself, she began to speak. Lulled by her British accent and soothed by the sound of her soft voice, he tried to listen as she described the boarding house she ran and the war widows who lived there. Noticing her piercing blue eyes were full of tears, he searched for a nonexistent tissue. The alarming term "Nazi" drew his attention sharply to her plight. She explained that she and the widows were frightened by the presence of a Nazi war criminal living in their midst.

He immediately questioned if she had gone to the police. She claimed she was too afraid of what she'd found.

"I went into his room on Monday to clean, like I do every week." She continued, "and as I pulled the linens off the bed, papers came out of nowhere and scattered everywhere. I felt terrible that I had made such a mess, so I rushed to pick them up, and as I collected them I noticed that his passport had a different name on it. The next thing I saw truly terrified me: it was a picture of this boarder, except he was dressed in an SS uniform. I don't know much German but I was able to determine that he had been a high-ranking official of the Waffen-SS. Shouldn't he be a part of these Nuremberg Trials?" she quipped as she reached towards her newspaper. "I just don't know what to do, I'm scared for the widows, I'm scared for myself, I-I just--I really don't know what to do."

Stunned, Hawkins felt as though he had been thrust back into the war.

"Yes," he said without confidence. "I can look into it and see

what I can find out about him, but it'd be helpful if I could interview him."

"Oh, no, no," she sharply replied. "I really wouldn't want him to suspect anything. But would it help you if you could see his room? He works regular hours."

He agreed and made plans to come the next day around noon. After she left, he wandered to his desk and picked up the picture again. It was Hawkins' battalion, and this time he was overcome with a sense of guilt, a sadness that was now turning into anger.

"I thought I was done with this when I left Europe," he muttered to himself. "Now these goddamn Nazis are over here."

Hawkins determinedly put on his hat and sharply exited his office. The next morning he awoke with a sense of purpose for the first time in years. After entering the boarding house, Hawkins passed the old ladies knitting. They gawked as he walked to the kitchen. He found Irene looking out of place. She was dressed in a bright red dress, her blonde hair flowing endlessly. He noticed she seemed tense.

Skipping the pleasantries, he asked, "Is he at work?"

"Yes, he is, but we must make haste."

Irene quickly led him up the stairs and stopped at his door.

"This is it," she said unlocking it.

Hawkins slid through the doorway past Irene and stood there for a moment. Being in this room didn't feel right, or maybe the unnerving idea of a Nazi's presence put him in a funk. He could feel Irene's eyes boring into his back. He snapped back into reality. Glancing around, he saw the corner of what looked to be a photo peaking out of a dresser drawer. His look at the photo confirmed Irene's fears. Whoever the man was in the picture, he was definitely a Nazi--uniform and all. Almost everything else that he needed to find was easily discovered. *Shouldn't this guy be trying to hide his past? Surely this guy isn't stupid enough to leave incriminating evidence*

out in the open. . . .

Whatever the case may be, the evidence was there. Hawkins didn't speak much German, just a few basic demands, but the pictures, articles, and documents were all there. Hawkins swiftly left for the police station, five or six blocks down the street. Things moved smoothly from there. The police agreed the boarder was dangerous and went to arrest him. Hawkins was more than willing to accompany them.

The sirens blared briefly and the tires screeched to a hasty halt outside the brick boarding house. A female silhouette in the Nazi's window quickly disappeared as the light in the room was extinguished. The normal arrest followed and Hawkins watched as they led the Nazi into the paddy wagon. The man was Hans Lechner, a Nazi official and military commander of the Waffen-SS. He was responsible for numerous war crimes, including organized mass murders. The widows stared at him with a sense of justice. Irene, still quite visibly afraid, also watched closely. Hans sluggishly walked through the living room, briefly glancing at the old women, stopping only at the sight of Irene, who instantly turned her head away.

After the arrest, the widows and Irene sat numbly exchanging small talk with Hawkins. Irene offered to make tea, then suddenly remembered she was out. Hawkins, not wanting Irene to walk alone at night, said he would go to the store or accompany her, but she said that he should stay. He reluctantly watched her leave and tried his best to entertain the widows. Nearly an hour later, they all wondered where Irene could be. Hawkins checked his timepiece and pulled back the curtains to see the street.

"Shouldn't we call the police? This isn't like her to be gone for so long," a widow said.

He agreed and went to use the only phone in the house. It was in Irene's room.

As he entered her room, an unsuspected and chilling

breeze confronted him. Placing the phone to his ear, he suddenly discovered a photo at eye level on her bulletin board. It took a minute for his mind to register what he saw, but things soon fell into place. The woman in the picture was Irene. She was wearing a devilishly gorgeous black dress. The old photo showed her at a fancy night club enjoying dinner with a number of uniformed officers surrounding her. Odd, it seemed to him, yet what caused his eyes to widen further was the fact that Irene was surrounded by a table full of men in SS uniforms, their arms around their women. Obviously, she knew these men. She was enjoying herself. His mind stopped.

His eyes bored into the man three seats down. *No, it couldn't be.* It was the man of the hour himself, Mr. Hans Lechner. Things began to make sense. She'd used him to plan her escape, and it was executed perfectly.

Hawkins picked up a photo I.D. with the name Irene Friedmann under the picture. She hadn't wanted anybody knowing about her past, even if she wasn't a war criminal. The chances of Lechner eventually remembering an old friend's mistress proved too risky for her.

Irene, thinking that Lechner had finally figured out who she was while he was being arrested, had decided not to wait around for the end results of that ordeal. Detective Hawkins, now knowing the truth, let out a deep sigh, lit up a cigarette, and departed the boarding house. As he slowly walked down the street, a cloud of smoke followed closely behind. He disappeared into what looked to be another cold, gray, and gloomy day.

*Contributor
Biographies*

James Camden

James is a Computer Information Technology major at Ivy Tech, with a focus on computer security. He enjoys reading, drinking, singing, and songwriting in the band “Rip Owczarski and the Morning Afters” (shameless plug)—and staring off blankly into space. He is nowhere near as good of a dancer as he fancies himself.

Sam Childers

Sam lives in Bloomington, Indiana. He went to Bloomington High School North and graduated in 2009. Sam was born in Richmond, Virginia, but moved to “Hoosier Country” in second grade. He has never been published before, but has been writing in his spare time for the past few years now. Sam credits movies for really getting him into writing; the whole screenwriting process, creating dialogue—it’s what he loves.

Billy Arnold Clark

Billy has always been fascinated by words!

Austin Davis

Austin Davis is a sophomore from Lowell, Indiana, studying Psychology.

Cecily Dibble

Cecily is 23 years old and was born and raised in Bloomington, Indiana. She is now attending her third semester at Ivy Tech-Bloomington. She is working on General Studies at the moment, but is using all of her classes as a means to explore options and pin down a career goal. Cecily’s recent English classes have driven her to rediscover the passion for writing she had when she was young.

Jeanne Ellen Dutton

Jeanne is not a student at Ivy Tech, but an instructor at the Center for Lifelong Learning.

Jason Hillenburg

Jason is 35 years old, a lifelong Bloomington resident, and he recently became a father for the first time. He is majoring in Paralegal Studies and plans to attend Indiana University to pursue a Master of Fine Arts degree. He has been writing since his pre-teen years and fiction is his passion, though he writes in and enjoys many genres. He is a voracious reader who has been known to drive thirty miles away for a single paperback. If asked, Jason advocates boxers over briefs.

Stephanie Kennedy

Stephanie is a student at Ivy Tech.

Carol Phillips

Carol was born and raised in South Bend, Indiana. After graduating from Indiana University, she taught special education. Then she switched gears to work at the telephone company, where she met her husband. They have three grown sons. After retiring from SBC in 2005, she was better able to explore other areas of interest such as hiking, folk dance, and classes at Ivy Tech through the Senior Scholars program. She currently supports people with disabilities through her part time job at Options. Since high school, Carol has found writing to be a wonderful outlet for expressing inner feelings and thoughts.

Daren Pitts Redman

Daren creates quilted wall art. She chooses cottons, silks, and bamboo to hand-dye, and paint, and she uses the shibori technique with brilliantly colored fiber-reactive and natural dyes. She then intuitively rotary cuts the fabric and sews it together, incorporating many pieces to make her art quilts. Since moving to Brown County, Indiana, in 2000, the surrounding colors of the trees and flowers are the values and shades she chooses to mix the dyes in her studio behind her home she shares with her husband, an avid gardener. Currently she is photographing her travels, which include buildings and ceilings in Tuscany and Spain, and trees and flowers in Brown County State Park.

Jessica Russell

Jessica was born and raised in Brown County. In 2007, she graduated and moved to Bloomington where she currently lives with her husband and two kids. Jessica is a stay-at-home mom and student. She is getting her major in Computer Programming. She hopes to someday work at Pixar making movies. The majority of her spare time is spent with family and friends or listening to music.

Kayla Sims

There are many ways to describe Kayla's life; however, by the time this is published it surely will all have changed, except that she will continue to write. Her best work is what is written between the lines.

Benjamin Warren

Benjamin is from Paoli, Indiana. He likes wrestling, reading, writing, photography, politics—the left half—philosophy, and arguing. Benjamin is not sure what he wants to do with his life to the point of not knowing what to major in at Ivy Tech.

Lindsay Weil

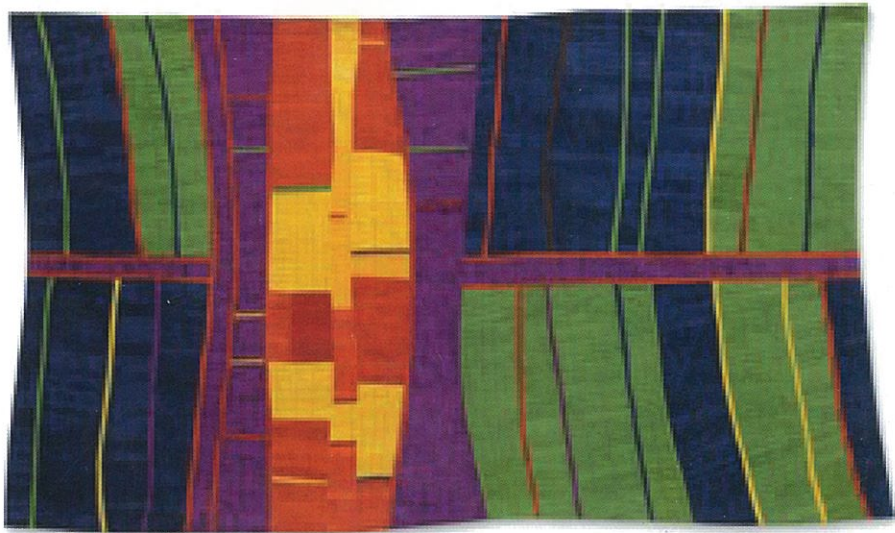
Lindsay is currently a sophomore here at Ivy Tech-Bloomington with hopes of transferring to a four year university. She was born and raised in Bloomington, Indiana. Lindsay was home-schooled and graduated in 2009. In her free time, she enjoys riding and showing horses and writing poetry.

Jaymes Young

Jaymes is originally from Indianapolis, Indiana, and has called Bloomington home for the past ten years. He is the father of three. He is currently enrolled in the Liberal Arts program at Ivy Tech Bloomington and hopes to complete a BA in Social Work in the very near future. He is a writer and HIV/AIDS activist.



JUDY'S LILIES
JEANNE ELLEN DUTTON



WINDOWS ON THE LAKE
DAREN PITTS REDMAN