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TYGR 2008: A Magazine of Literature & Art


Jill Forrestal

Olivet Nazarene University, JForrest@olivet.edu

Leigh Sullan

Olivet Nazarene University

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The background is a large, faded image of a tiger's face. Overlaid on this are several Polaroid-style photographs with white borders. The photos include: a tiger on a log, a staircase, a person in a white shirt, a person in a dark shirt, a sign that says 'ESCALATOR', a building, a close-up of a tiger's face, and a person in a white shirt. The text 'TYGR' is written in a large, stylized, serif font, and '2008' is written in a smaller, simpler font below it.

TYGR

2008

TYGR

2008

A Magazine of Literature & Art

Presented by

Olivet Nazarene University

Bourbonnais, IL

"A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry,
and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that
worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful
which God has implanted in the human soul."

--Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Olivet Nazarene University

One University Ave.

Bourbonnais, IL 60914

<http://www.olivet.edu>

&

The Department of

English & Modern Languages

in conjunction with

The Department of Art & Digital Media

present

the TYGR

A magazine of student literature and art

for the 2007-2008 academic year.



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Lemons

By Alyssa Lytle

Borders

By Elizabeth Borsom

There is *la tierra* of
my family
where the Aztec sun burns
bright
and nourishes the plants
and gives life.

There is the land that I was born,
born to love.
The land of opportunity that is at times
stiff as a porcupine needle
freshly plucked,
but that makes me
proud.

Two worlds, so far
from the other.
I cannot choose, but to stand in
between.
Gringolandia open your arms
And *mi tierra* kiss me on the cheek.
I love...

I Love You

By Sarah Brubaker

Freckles of sunlight filtering through the leaves of the tree above danced across us as a thick, warm breeze stirred the branches. The breeze was better than the heavy still air, but choked the lungs with the pollution it carried. This was of little significance though; I was too busy gazing at the ring on my finger. That piece of chewed up, grimy, purple plastic was the most valuable possession I had ever been given. One of the children who had given it to me broke me from my trance as he squirmed in my lap. I looked down to find the index finger of my other hand halfway up his nose. Trying to pull it out only caused him to erupt in further fits of giggles and I relinquished the fight; it was too late anyway. It may have been a strange reaction to a three-year-old picking his nose with my finger, but at that moment, all I wanted to do was tell him and the other children who had taken over my lap how much I loved them.

About a month and a half earlier I had awakened, eagerly jumped out of bed, and taken my first look over the balcony. I was greeted by a cow foraging in the street below; this was definitely India. The scent of smoke from fires for cooking breakfast lingered in the air, along with the stench of trash on the street. A vendor's cart bumped down the dirt alley as he called "Chaiiiii, chaiiiii," sometimes drowned out by the airplanes roaring overhead. It was early, but it was best to get things done before the heat of the day settled over the city.

My group had no choice but to spend our days out in the heat. We had come to India to build relationships and show people the love of Christ, and we were not going to let a little--well, a lot of--sweat stop us. I am not particularly outgoing, so relational ministry was intimidating for me. It seemed like my teammates were easily able to make friendships wherever we went, but I still felt awkward and out of place. So when they told us that we were going to start visiting a new leper colony, I was thrilled. It was a chance to build brand new relationships and find my place in ministry.

The instant I opened the door to get out of the jeep, her hand found me, and her petite fingers laced with mine. When I finally figured out which child in the group pressing in around me was attached to my hand, my only reaction was to smile. The grin on her face was contagious, and overflowed onto mine. Her black, unwashed hair was gathered up in a little tuft on the top of her head, crowning her dark features. The smile that had captured me was almost too big for her,

causing her nose to crinkle and eyes to scrunch whenever it crossed her face.

Her grubby, faded blue shirt had clearly seen better days, as had one of her eyes, which showed fading traces of blackish purple. She was energetic, so maybe she had run into something, but the reality around us somehow told me that the "something" was a fist. But still, that smile.

There was just one problem: we were there to minister to the lepers in the colony, not the kids from outside. Time and again those kids snuck in, only to be chased out. If something were to happen to them while they were inside those walls, the lepers could be held liable. Maybe if we ignored them, the kids would go away. But she kept smiling.

Day after day, every time I got out of that jeep her hand would find me. Those fingers became like hot branding irons between mine. I could not deny her. God had sent us to India to love the people, so why was I rejecting these children? They were not who I was supposed to be with according to our schedule and ministry plans, but they were there. They were invisible to their society, but I could see nothing but them. And then in one instant, they became my purpose for being there.

The sun was intent on baking us that day as the temperature soared to well over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. We were back at the colony and once again, I was arguing with myself as I tossed children up in the air again and again. *These children are not supposed to be in here.* The lepers had gradually accepted their presence as long as they remained relatively calm, but I still had not. I half-heartedly threw one more in the air, wanting to give these children so much more, but thinking that I could not. *I wonder if they'll leave if I slip into one of the houses.* Then the smile scampered up to me, arms thrown into the air, ready to take flight. Equally from mental and physical exhaustion, I could not muster the strength to get her above my shoulders, so I settled for holding her on my hip instead.

Most of the children wanted activity, so I had never simply held one before. I expected her to wiggle down out of my arms and flit off to someone who would entertain her, but she did just the opposite. The smile changed. No longer loud and commanding attention, it softened and retreated into my shoulder. For the first time, she looked almost timid. Instead of being happy, she was content. Safe in my arms. Loved.

This time it was my turn to smile at her, but my smile had changed too. It was genuine. The rules of my agenda crashed down

and shattered around us as we stood there, arms wrapped around each other. At that moment, I understood what Jesus meant when he said to love "the least of these."

The following days were filled with many discoveries like that first one. The children were not looking for entertainment; those fragile hands were reaching for love. After playing games, we would often collapse in a jumble of bodies and stay there on the ground, too exhausted to continue. I would rest with three or four kids on my lap and a couple more draped over my shoulders.

During these quieter times, their personalities came out, along with their names. The smile was Gunat, Kushubu was a spunky older girl who I quickly bonded with by making faces, and Anju Cardel was constantly trying to find ways to communicate. At times, not being able to speak a common language was frustrating, but our bond went beyond the superficial facade that words can create and moved into the realm of real, lived out love. It meant throwing them into the air until my muscles gave up, continuing to have compassion even when their need for attention became overwhelming, and being content to hold hands in the absence of speaking. Even so, I wished that they could connect the actions with words.

It was the same day that I had been given the ring by several of the younger children, and as we sat there, I wished so desperately that I could say it and that they would understand. One of my friends had taught me how to say the phrase in Hindi, but many times the people we were talking to could not understand our Hindi.

As I sat there with the children under the tree, the urge to tell them overcame my fear. I had to take the risk. All of those little hands in mine, the eyes looking up at me from my lap, the arms around my shoulders; they had to know. So I said it. "Myap tumse pyar karthi hun."

For a brief second, all I heard was the giggling of the little boy with my finger up his nose. My breath caught in my throat. Was it from emotion or the stifling air? But then Anju Cardel leaned around from behind my shoulders. We locked eyes, and she said it back, but in perfect English. "I love you."



Jen

By Peter Kershaw

Observation

By Elizabeth Graper

Warmth beating against my face;
All creation proclaiming its praise,
unable to keep silent,
as Progress calls out from the distance,
beckoning to those who claim resistance.

Pillars planted in the ground,
stretching forth to those around,
caught in the cycle they were made for.
Their glory bursting forth,
Straining upward, Heavenward, North.

An ant scurries on the ground.
Busy, regardless of what lies around.
There is nothing more than this moment.
As it crawls through the grasses,
another season passes.

Age rides by with Wisdom.
New wings are birthed with freedom,
as kids learn to live day by day;
They grow, oblivious, as they play.



Untitled

By Hayley Forrestal

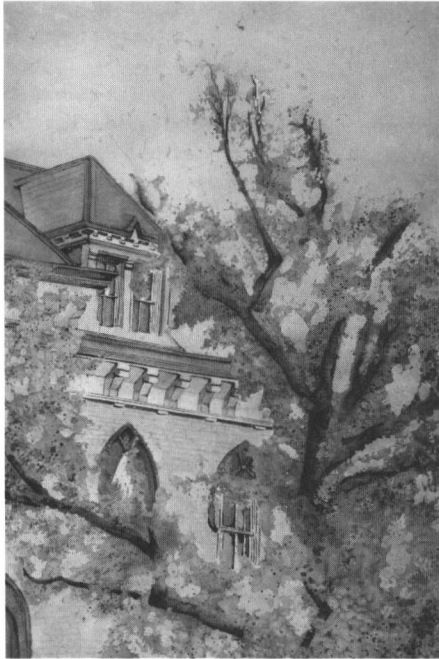
Chance Encounter

By Yvonne Daniels

Hazel eyes
staring
Bonjour Madam,
French flows
from lips.
The richness
of sound
invading.

Hazel eyes
Questioning
Ca Va?
searching for
an answer.
One I'm not
sure I want
to give.

Hazel eyes
Waiting
Bien.
Ayez une place.
A friendship
stemming from
this chance
encounter.



Notre Dame

By Megan Campbell

“Christina’s World” by Andrew Wyeth

By Anastacia Hughes

Crippled legs like
Broken stalks of
Withered grass
Drag behind me.

I’m reaching out
For something more
Than life has given.

Skinny bones covered in
Failing skin.
The blush of youth
Wasted on this dying field.

The open land
Becomes a barrier
My outstretched hand
A feeble cry.

But hope goes on
While I am living
Glass bones
Drag through the field.

The Wonder of Fall

By Christina Joy Berliner

Long the leaves will spin and fall
Or one-day wind will down them all
The pavement is of gold and red
It's on this leafy road I tread

Sapphire skies as deep as love
While autumn's call is heard above
Geese feathers buried in deep blue
It seems the wind has turned south too



Loosey Goosey

By Rachel Small

Reawakened

By Emily Volling

Tears dripped down onto the page I was holding, the ink ran together in the tear-stained spots. My body slumped forward on the bed, my stomach tightening, and each vertebra on my spine pushing out through my pale skin. I was so weak; my body could hardly handle the torture I was putting it through, depriving it of food and then purging whenever I did eat something. I turned my head to look at the mirror, the thing I had come to hate more than anything over the past year and a half. I no longer saw the girl I used to be. The eyes staring back at me were haunted, the skin bloodless. I lifted up my overly large shirt that I wore to hide my body; my abdomen was so flat it almost turned inward; you could have seen my hipbones from a mile away, and my ribs could easily be counted. But I didn't see that. I saw what I thought were little love handles on my sides, I saw the barely pinchable skin that wasn't good enough. I heaved at the sight; my eyes spat loathing as they roved over my body. I couldn't help it; ever since I was molested I heard his voice like a broken record repeating the same thing over and over. I wasn't good enough, I would never be good enough, guys would only like me for one thing, I was nothing. I was worthless. I was only thirteen but my innocence was gone, forcibly taken from me.

The room was dark; my curtains were drawn against the blinding sun outside. I picked up a picture of my family, but it wasn't enough anymore. My mom and I had gotten into a fight that morning and I felt terrible about it. It was that argument that pushed me over the edge and made me realize that no one cared anymore. I had rejected God, I pushed my family away, I wasn't even open with my closest friends. My emotional and psychological pain pulsed through my body threatening to overtake me. I couldn't fight anymore. My body was broken, desecrated and used, an object to be used for his pleasure. Depression ate away at me like a cancer. I was so cold. I couldn't get warm, no matter what I did. The cold stole over my body seeping into every crevice until it consumed me.

I clenched my knuckles as tight as I could. The light scars stood out faintly on my wrists and lower arms from the cutting. That outlet was wearing thin though. Cutting myself just wasn't doing it for me anymore. It was my way of punishing myself; I deserved it. I liked to cut myself; it was a way to get out my anger and frustration. I had never been the type to bother others with my thoughts and feelings, so

I held it in. I held it in until I couldn't take it anymore and had to let it out. Since I thought letting my emotions show was a sign of weakness I hurt myself whenever I let myself become vulnerable or emotional. It was my fault I was molested; I needed to deal with it. And the only way I knew how was by hurting myself; I really did deserve it.

I was sprawled on the floor now, trails of black running down my cheeks and neck. I tried to roll over, but my body felt like it was made entirely of lead. Painfully, I pulled myself off the floor, stumbled across my room and pushed open the windows. The sharp sting in the December wind hit me like a thousand knives. I clawed the screens off and looked down at the ground two floors below; drifts of heavy snow covered the ground. The fall wouldn't kill me; maybe break a leg but not enough to really hurt me. I licked my dry, cracked lips, debating with myself. My vision was getting blurry.

"Why won't it stop?" I whispered to myself. Angrily, I roughly rubbed my palms on my eyes until I saw stars. I couldn't take it anymore. The adrenaline kicked in, and I was on my feet. My heart was pumping so hard as I glided down the stairs, hardly making a noise. I crept into my parent's room after checking that no one was home. I found it. I clutched the cold hard metal against my stomach while I ran up the stairs. I threw it on my bed and paced my room in circles, circles, circles. I grabbed huge chunks of my hair and pulled so hard my scalp burned.

I let out a deep breath; this was it. I scattered my bed with everything that meant the most to me: a picture of my family, my favorite book, favorite CD, pictures of my best friends, and my blankie. And in the middle of all of this I left a poem called "Alone" by Edgar Allan Poe.

And then finally I laid my suicide note on top of everything. I picked up my father's gun gingerly, feeling the weight of it before I pulled out the safety. It would be instantaneous. My hands were shaking. I closed my eyes and put the gun up to my head, my finger poised on the trigger. I thought to myself, *God, if there is any reason why I shouldn't do this, you had better show me right now.*

The moment I thought 'now' my door swung inward, my heart dropped, and I hid the gun behind my back before my dad could see it.

"Emily, what do you have?"

"Nothing Dad, nothing." I was desperately hoping he wouldn't make me show him.

"Let me see your hands," he ordered.

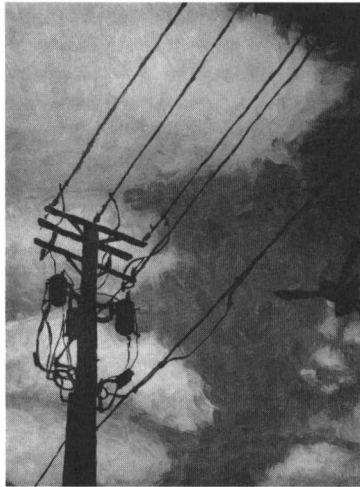
My entire body was trembling when I revealed what I was holding behind my back. My dad held placating hands out toward me.

"Give me the gun, Emily." My shoulders slumped submissively as I gave it back to him. He pulled me into his arms and his voice cracked. "Why?" he asked as he leaned away from me slightly and gently shook my shoulders. I couldn't respond. I couldn't get words around my tears. He dragged me downstairs. My one year old nephew Noah smiled toothily up at me as I came down, and sunlight streamed in through the glass doors and made his white blonde hair shimmer with an unearthly glow.

"Don't you see how much you have to live for?" he asked. When I looked up into my dad's pleading eyes the question came almost automatically.

"Dad? Why did you come upstairs to my room and not knock on my door before coming in?"

"The Holy Spirit," he replied simply.



Powerlines

By Michelle McFadden

Hope's Doorway

By Keitha Wickey

an open, unseeing eye
between cracked and chipping doorposts
staring blindly.

Lifeless, Empty, Forgotten
Peeling paint on the surrounding walls
Gaping signs of neglect
created to keep the elements out
now laying open, letting the stillness in

waiting for someone to stop
to enter
yearning for new life to grace its step
remembering times gone by
children's laughter, dancing feet
birthday parties and family reunions
aching for energy to be put into its dormant hinges

an open, unseeing eye
patiently waiting to be noticed
hoping to have love walk through it again



Untitled

By Valerie Wiegman

Playing Heart

By Elizabeth Borsom

Sing out, sing out great one

I hear you

I feel you

I want you

pluck, pluck, strum, strum

Tell me your story

Tell me your sadness,

your joy.

Tell me a story of anger.

pluck, pluck, strum, strum

Exhilarate me,

infuriate me to where I

cannot breathe.

Soothe me.

pluck, pluck, strum, strum

I want to know you,

But I cannot.

You are too precious for my touch.

pluck, pluck, strum, strum

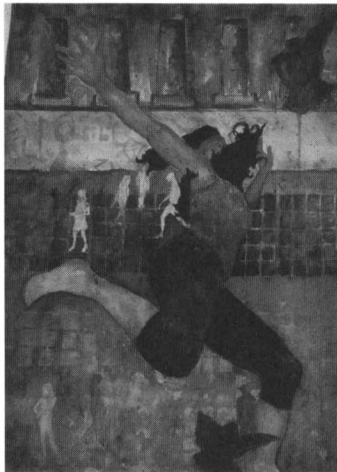
Pappy Don't

By Katherine Ufkin

Pappy don't see me no more.
He gazes onward. Empty face. Blank stare.
His mind a dark, vast ocean, lapping
against an unreachable golden shore.

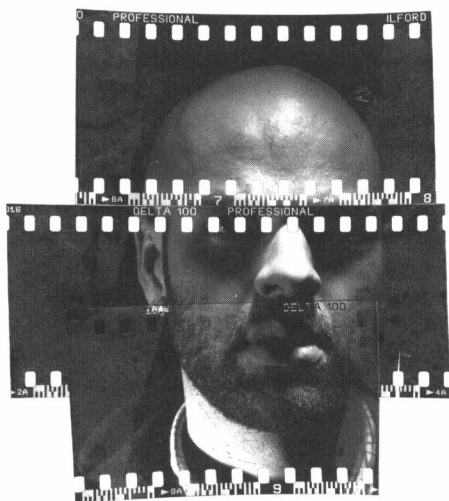
Pappy don't hear me no more.
I talk about my day, does he care?
He won't respond, only mumbling
strange tales of fiction and forgotten lore.

Pappy don't remember me no more.
Red pill, blue pill. Makes no difference.
They can't fix his brain, momma tells me, as
tears fall and my eyes grow sore.



Jump

By Michelle McFadden



Blake

By Ogden Curtis

Greater Love

By Deena Drake

We went for a walk one day. That's when it happened. Isaac insisted that we had to go. "Jess," he had said. "Don't you want to experience an adventure?"

I was hesitant because I knew what the missionary couple had said. I didn't want to take the risk but he just wouldn't let it go. So, we went.

We had arrived in Guatemala two months earlier. Isaac and I were classmates in the Bible school we attended in the States. We both were looking for a summer missions adventure and both happened to stumble upon the exact same opportunity. It was a three-month experience with a young missionary couple who felt called to mentor college-age students aspiring to be missionaries. It was a perfect opportunity and there was no way we were going to pass it up.

When we arrived, we immediately fell in love with the culture. The missionary couple lived right in the middle of a tribe, which was something neither of us had experienced. We threw ourselves into the different ministries there and during our time off, Isaac would explore the jungle and he would always drag me along. I wasn't much for exploring but I did enjoy seeing the sights.

Rumor had it there was another tribe living deep in the jungle. The people we lived with seemed to talk about them with great fear. No one had ever seen this tribe but evidence of strangely marked weapons and unexplained acts of thievery confirmed the fact they existed. The missionaries had even flown planes over the jungle trying to catch a glimpse of where they might be but not one attempt was ever successful. Years ago, one of the missionaries went out searching for them and never returned. It was assumed that he was kidnapped and killed by them. Because of the uncertainty of this, Isaac and I were warned to be extremely careful and constantly on alert no matter where we were. It was a warning I took completely to heart. Isaac, however, seemed less concerned.

It was during one of our explorations one day that it happened. We had gone deeper into the jungle than ever before. I was very uneasy but Isaac kept insisting that we go further. When we found the mask, I knew something was wrong. It was just lying there in the brush—its long jade nose pointed upwards. Its unblinking eyes held an eerie sinister gaze. For some unexplainable reason, we both felt drawn to it. We stepped closer and closer, unable to take our eyes off

it. It seemed to whisper to us, revealing the secrets of ancient civilizations, telling us of the worlds it had seen centuries before. It was evil, yet it was beautiful and inviting. Its spell held our gaze and at that moment, we wanted nothing more than to know the secret behind it.

Isaac reached out his hand to touch it. His movement broke my gaze.

"Isaac, no!" I shouted.

"I just want to touch it," he replied.

"No! We don't know where it came from!"

I threw my arms around him and pulled as hard as I could but it wasn't enough. His fingers wrapped around the edges of that ominous face and pulled it closer. Just one glance and its stare held us once again. We both let out a short breath. We were transfixed for a quick moment until a slight movement before us caught our attention and we suddenly realized we were not alone.

Our eyes slowly moved upward and to our horror, were met with the tip of a very sharp spear. We froze. The man holding the spear was bigger than any man we had ever seen. Dressed only in a cloth tied around his waist, his features were that of a Greek statue. Muscles rippled in every direction. His expression was pure anger. Others quickly joined him, all with spears. We were surrounded.

I stole a glance toward Isaac. He was staring at the mask. The mask! It was theirs and they must think we stole it! Isaac's hands began to shake. He also had the same realization. With a shortness of breath, he slowly stretched out his arms and placed the mask at the man's feet. He kept his eyes solely on the ground below him not wanting to meet the man's stare.

The man grunted to one of the smaller members of the group who responded by running over and picking up the mask. He cradled it as if it were a child. The larger man then looked back at Isaac and me. Neither of us had said one word the entire time. I stared at the man's feet and began to pray.

After several moments, he raised his spear and turned to walk into the jungle. My eyes followed his footsteps. Were we free? I thought too soon. Two men came up behind us and began to tie our wrists.

"No!" I screamed. I began to squirm and fight, trying everything I could to get free. I saw Isaac doing the same. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my captor raising a wooden club, about to swing. I braced for impact but never felt it. I fell into blackness and slowly drifted into nothingness.

It was the shadows that woke me. I thought I was still dreaming. I was inside a small hut built entirely of grass and branches. I knew it was night but the outside seemed to glow with fire. Shadows were circling the hut. The people were having some sort of celebration. I tried to move but quickly realized it was impossible. My wrists were firmly tied to the center post which supported the entire fixture. A sudden throbbing in my head reminded me of everything that had happened. It seemed to echo the pounding of the drums outside. I closed my eyes and tried to make the pain disappear.

"Jess, you OK?" I knew that voice. It was Isaac!

I turned my head as far as I could to look at him. He had been hit too but as I looked into his eyes I knew something was terribly wrong.

"Isaac..."

"Are you OK?" he interrupted.

"My head hurts," I responded.

"Yeah, they hit you pretty hard."

I watched the shadows for a moment. Isaac saw my questioning expression.

"They've been dancing for hours," he said.

"Isaac, where are we?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "We walked for miles. Jess, you're not going to believe this but we're in the middle of a hidden city. This is the tribe the missionaries were talking about. Outside, it's like a scene from a movie. They have roads and villages. They even have a temple. It looks just like the temples the Mayans used to have."

"This doesn't make sense," I said. "The missionaries have searched for these people for years. If they have a city, how is it they were never found?"

"I'm not really sure," Isaac said. "But the jungle completely covers it. The sun only shines on one place in the entire city."

"What place is that?"

Isaac's eyes remained on the shadows. His voice had a defeated tone. "The temple—at noon."

I turned to him. Something just wasn't right. There was something he wasn't telling me but whatever it was seemed to be deeply affecting him.

Wait a second, I thought. A sickening feeling began to fill my stomach. The dancing outside seemed to move faster. "You don't think..." I began. "Isaac, are they really Mayans?"

"No," he responded. "It's some sort of tribal cult. The mask we found represents one of their prominent gods... and they think I stole it."

My eyes widened. "How long are they going to hold us prisoners?" I asked.

Isaac turned toward me. The glow from the outside illuminated his face and reflected the stream of glistening tears falling from his eyes. "You don't get it, do you?" He spoke in an accusing tone. "According to them, I defiled the sacredness of their beliefs. They think their god is punishing them because of me and he has to be made happy."

I looked at him still not fully understanding.

"They're going to kill me, Jess," he said between sobs. "Tomorrow, they're going to sacrifice me."

I refused to believe him. "Isaac, you don't know that," I argued. "You don't know their culture and you can't speak their language! There's no reason that you should know all this!"

"Will you stop your questioning?!" he shouted. "While you were passed out, I was brought before their council! I was tried as a convicted criminal with no one to defend me! Here's something else you don't know. Their chief speaks English! He's the missionary that was kidnapped all those years ago. They've brainwashed him and he's convinced them that he's a god! And now, I must die because of something I didn't even do! I am innocent and there's nothing I can do to change their minds!"

I didn't know what to do. Isaac was furious. I sat in silence for a while and listened to him weep. There was nothing I could do to comfort him. His fate was sealed. He was about to die for a crime he had not committed. I could not bring my mind to fathom it.

What about me? I wondered. *Isaac didn't mention anything about me.*

The silence continued for several minutes. The people were still dancing outside. There must have been hundreds of them, sighing, wailing, and screeching—intoxicated with the spirits around them. It was unbelievable.

"Isaac," I whispered. "Do you know how you will die?"

He raised his head a little.

"At dawn tomorrow, they will take me to the center of the village," he said. "All the people will be there to witness it. The soldiers who captured us will circle around me and cut my skin until my entire body is covered with their ceremonial markings. They said it will take hours. At noon when the sun is shining on the temple, I will stand at the base of it and soldiers will surround me, each one holding his spear. Then, when the priest gives the word, they will push their spears into me all at the same time."

I felt sick. This couldn't be happening. Every horrible missionary story I had ever heard was forgotten. This was it. Isaac was going to die tomorrow. I still could not accept it.

"If you don't mind," Isaac said quietly. "I don't want to talk anymore. In fact, I would like to be by myself from now on."

I understood. As much as I wanted to help him, I knew I just couldn't. I rested my head against the pole behind me. I wanted to cry but tears wouldn't come. It was all too much for me. My head still ached. I was definitely going to have a bruise. I noticed the fire outside was beginning to fade. People were still dancing but the numbers were beginning to dwindle. As I sat there, I suddenly realized how tired I was. I didn't think it would be possible for me to sleep but then again, maybe it was. Maybe things would be clearer for me in the morning. I didn't know what the day would hold for me. Maybe I just wouldn't wake up. Did I really want to see Isaac die? Would they force me to be there? I closed my eyes and began to drift slowly away.

I awoke several hours later to Isaac whispering my name. When my vision became clear, I saw that he was kneeling next to me. "Isaac?"

"Jess, I just wanted to say goodbye."

"Are they taking you...?" I began.

"No," he said. "The dancing has stopped and they've all gone to their huts. I'm going to escape."

"But how did you...?"

"My hands were never tied," he said. "I was waiting for them to leave so I could run." He turned to leave.

"Wait!" I said. "Untie me! I'm coming too!"

"No, Jess," he responded. "It would be easier if just one person went."

I didn't understand. "Wait, you can't just leave me here like this!"

He turned back and kissed the side of my face.

"I'm sorry, Jess."

With that, he was gone.

"No!" I whispered frantically. *He was with me the entire time! Why would he leave me here?*

I pulled and pulled until I felt the ropes cutting into my skin. Tears of pain and frustration began to spill down my face. I couldn't breathe. My stomach lurched and I threw up on the floor beside me. I gasped and heaved for a minute longer. Finally, I took in air through my nose. He had left me. He left me with no promise of rescuing me. He had betrayed me. How? How could this have happened? My

entire body ached. I sat in utter disbelief. It was useless. I could do nothing to save myself.

A couple hours later, a figure appeared in the doorway. It was dawn. The soldiers were coming for Isaac. I began to shake. What would they do to me when they found out he wasn't here?

The man stepped into hut. It was the chief—the missionary who had been kidnapped. I recognized him from the pictures at the missionary base. He was dressed in a long jade robe and covered with gold-colored jewelry. His long matted brunette hair was pulled back tightly from his face. His features were strong. His eyes searched the room. There didn't seem to be a single element of surprise on his face. "Where is he?" he asked me.

I couldn't respond.

"WHERE IS HE?!" he demanded.

"I don't know," I replied. I was defeated. "He escaped last night."

He stared at me. His green eyes seemed to pierce to the very center of my soul. His pacing steps turned toward me and he approached until he stood directly over me.

"He left you here?"

I nodded. Tears threatened to spill again. "He did."

He smiled an eerie smile and knelt before me.

"A betrayer," he said. His eyes seemed to flicker with excitement. The tribesmen with him glanced at each other, each reflecting the same emotion as their chief. At that moment it hit me. They had known all along.

"It appears your friend, Isaac, accepted our deal," he said.

I stared at him.

"He got you into this mess, didn't he?"

I didn't answer. His eyes were almost unblinking.

"We gave him the option of saving your life by dying or saving his own life by running," he explained matter-of-factly. "His hands were never tied because we wanted him to have a choice. He obviously chose the latter."

I was crying now. I didn't want to look into the deceived man's evil menacing face any longer. I couldn't take it.

He stood to his feet. "But as you can see, we now have a problem," he continued. "A crime has been committed and the debt still must be paid."

He paused. My eyes rose a little. Those green eyes were locked onto mine.

"Only one of you remains," he said. "And tomorrow, you will take his place."

"NO!" I screamed in desperation. "No! You can't do this! I've done nothing wrong! I am innocent!" I lurched and kicked trying to break the ropes. They held firmly.

"Please, I beg you!" I was weeping now. "He betrayed me! He is the one at fault!"

"SILENCE!" The man turned to face me. "Have you no compassion? Have you no love? Do you not know your own truth?" He bent down again and whispered into my ear, "Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

I gasped. The man turned and left. The words he had just spoken were the words of Jesus. Those were the exact words I had been teaching the people in the tribe with the missionary couple. My own death sentence revealed to me that I was not able to live out the exact teachings I was giving to others. I had failed. I was defeated. Tomorrow I would die Isaac's death. It wasn't fair. He was the one who led me into the jungle. He was the one who was caught holding the mask! He was the one who had betrayed me!

For the rest of the day and night, I sat and pondered these thoughts. Food was thrown in for me but I didn't touch it. People came into the hut wanting to see the one who would be sacrificed tomorrow to pay the debt to the gods. They jeered and laughed at me but I heard none of it. I was preparing myself for death and when dawn arrived, I was ready.

At the same time as the morning before, a man appeared in my doorway. It was the huge man, the general, who had kidnapped me in the jungle. My eyes met his as he entered the room. Two other tribesmen entered behind him and proceeded to untie my hands from the post. They lifted me to my feet and bound my hands once again in front of me. I was led outside and turned toward the temple. It was just as Isaac had described it—tall and ominous with colossal steps descending from top. We began to walk toward it. People lined the streets in celebration. Their evil smiles stretched from ear to ear. They were laughing, rejoicing. With each step, I felt my life slipping away little by little. I was ready, though, and I was prepared for whatever might come my way.

The longer we walked, the higher the sun rose in the sky. I stared straight ahead of me, the temple looming in the distance. The soldiers on either side of me were leading me step by step. The chief—the

former missionary—stood before us, dressed in his flowing robes. His sickening smile awaited the blood that would be shed that day.

When we approached him, he turned to the general and whispered in his ear. The general nodded and motioned to the soldiers. Suddenly, the binds around my wrists were cut. I looked to the chief in confusion.

“You are free,” he said.

“I don’t understand,” I replied.

“Come,” he said. “I want to show you something.”

My first instinct was to run but something deep within me convinced me to follow him. We walked in and among the people. They were crowded around the temple awaiting what I thought was to be my death. We walked further and further. Rays of sunlight began to glisten the sides of the temple. This was supposed to be the time where the sacrifice was to take place. I was still following the chief. We were getting closer and closer.

When we stopped walking, we were at the base. His outstretched arm led my eyes to a circle of soldiers standing before me, each one holding a spear. As I stood there, the circle opened and I gasped in horror of what I saw. Standing in the midst of the soldiers was the missionary couple who had invited Isaac and me to Guatemala. They stood holding each other, their foreheads resting on each other’s. Their clothes had been taken from them and their skin had been cut in the ceremonial markings. The drums began to pound. The soldiers stood with their spears poised above their shoulders ready for the priest to give the word. A cheer began to rise from the crowd.

No, I thought. No, this was my punishment! They have done nothing wrong! In a split second, my thoughts began to tumble. I was the guilty one! I was the one who deserved to die! All this couple had ever done was love me and care for me. I was the one who had strayed into the jungle! I was the one who had touched what I should not have touched! I was the one who had been sentenced to death, not them!

I stood there unable to speak. The priest stood at the top of the temple with his arms raised to the heavens. The drums beat faster. The soldiers stood poised. The crowd was cheering. Rays of sunlight began to spill through the branches of the trees. My eyes rose and met the gaze of the missionary couple.

“Greater love...” she whispered.

The sun shone directly down. The priest dropped his arms. The soldiers let out a cry and plunged their spears. The crowd cheered

violently but I heard none of it. I collapsed to my knees, unable to grasp the truth of what had just occurred before me.

The chief knelt with me. His hand rested on my shoulder.

"You are free," he said to me. "The blood has been spilt."

My eyes lifted to meet his.

"It is finished," he said.

"My command is this: Love each other as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." --John 15:12-13



Corrie After Corrie ten Boom

By Corrie Wessman

The Wealth of Anne Frank

By Krystal Moench

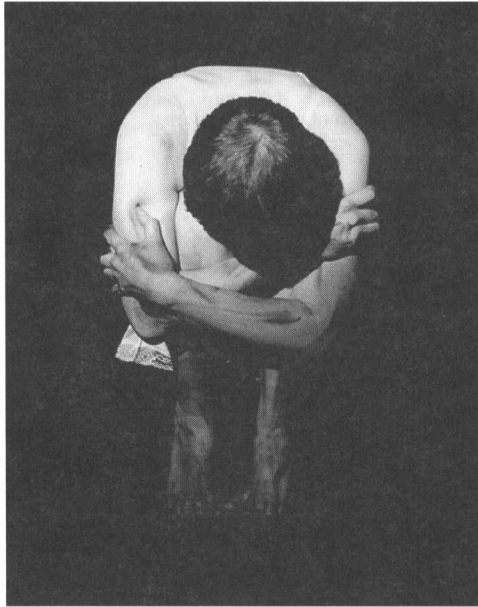
"Nobody need wait a single moment
Before starting to improve the world,"
Was the wisdom of one youth,
Innocent and inexperienced.

Anne.

Not the collected wisdom of ancient writers
The Spensers,
The Shakespeares,
And the Miltons of our time,
Their words ride through the ages,
Raised in epics and sonnets and fairy-tales.

Yet;

Often hidden wealth is stored in the weak of the world,
Those kicked, those scorned, and shamed,
Made obsolete by proud eyes,
Reduced to livestock,
Where death steals them away,
Hatred burns flesh from their bodies,
Their eyes glimmer,
Their ash kicked up by the wind.
And nothing is left,
Their bodies are left to the elements,
Leaving those treasured words behind.
A wealth of wisdom.



Alone

By Arissa Beck

Lack of Me

By Brad Thorp

There is no Me anymore
They've taken me and distorted me to their liking
Disregarded my smile and done what they wanted with me
But that's OK, I let them take over
I welcomed them into my shell of a whole
And they just never left
Do I blame them?
They only did what makes them happy, the New American Dream
"Use everything to your advantage, until it doesn't get you off any-
more"
Once the kick is gone, you can get rid of it

No, I can't blame them, nor can I blame myself
But I do
Why?
Why Blame myself you say?
You can answer me that question
Along with the thousand other questions I have burning within
I'll invite you in too
Each one of them told me they can answer me one of my burning
questions

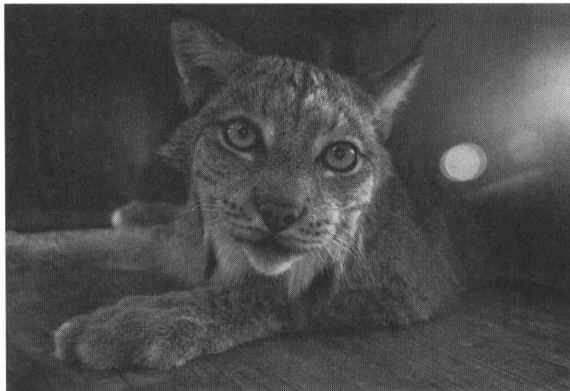
I never questioned them
I won't question you either

So tell me your darkest truth and add to my lack of character
Lack of substance
Lack of Me

The Secret Earth

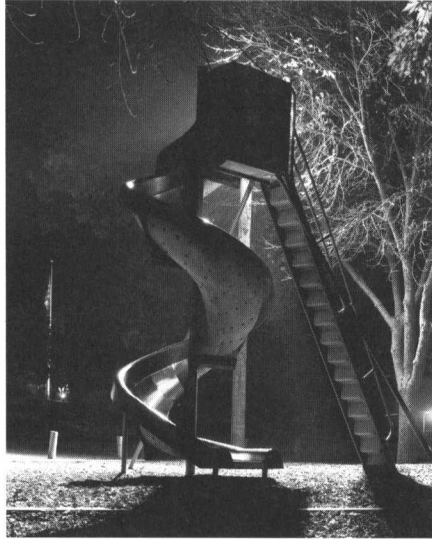
By Anastacia Hughes

The sun embraces me like a long lost friend,
Enveloping my body in its kiss.
I run my hands through the grass
Those tangled locks of green hair.
Just enjoying the feel of the breeze,
Millions of cool moths brushing past my skin.
An ant scurries across my book,
A flesh imitation of the words marching across the page.
The trees reach out their arms
Green fingers silhouetted on my face.
Burning orb of brilliance,
Swaying sea of stalks,
Tiny soldiers of terra cotta climbing
Giant guardians of jade.
The secret earth.



Kodiak, Canadian Lynx

By April Elliott



Let's Play

By Ogden Curtis

Dear Father Hear My Story

by Abigail Gandhi

haughty soul,
please drain my thirst
seeking something, finding
nothing
lost forgotten angel
distorted diet,
wizard weight,
slim model or one yogurt?
one blink,
change lost forever
your eyes: Destroy your voice
listening hazy
dying, crumbling
one word, then
disappear
worthless woman
forever taken
society's saddened stigma
subconscious, no conscious
waiting, wanting
always haunting
disease-stricken wonder
forgiveness lost
self-torture found
Who did love you most?

*Wait child, one child
Hope steps FORTH
in hatred.
No more self-harm
No tortured mind
Will live to see
heart purity
For as love finds, those love lost
You will discover
Your beauty.*

Selling Apples

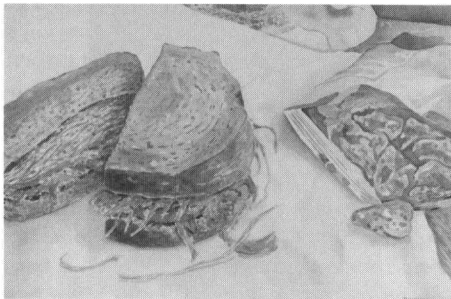
By Sarah Brubaker

Woolen cloaks
wrapped around
ancient bones,
comforting,
covering,
keeping warm,

vail and vow
keep them bound
even now.

Tender smiles,
wrinkled eyes
so resigned,

bartered fruit
as their means
and their end.
Life and death,
bushels full
on a stem.



From the Deli

By Peter Kershaw

Useless Answers to Useless Questions

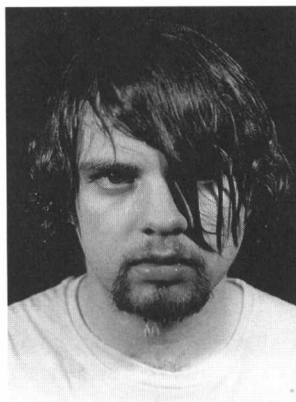
By Lyra Schweiger

Struggling,
Gasping for a ragged breath
Of stale air.
Reaching between the place of
Existing and extinction.

Choking on over-used
Words and phrases
To explain all of the reasons
Why?

"It was his time."
"Everything happens for a reason."
A false sense of comfort
Echoed throughout the conversation.

Despite everything,
Despite this half-hearted solace
He's still gone.



Josiah

By Arissa Beck

My Story

By *Annastacia Hughes*

So, little Miss Goody-Two Glass Shoes decided to tell you *her* side of the story, did she? Well, I'm sure she must have painted a pretty dreary picture, eh? An orphan, left to live with her evil stepmother and two stepsisters, oh woe is her.

Well, I'm here to tell you how that little brat ruined my life. Yeah, that's right. *She* ruined *my* life. But I'm rushing ahead; let's start at the beginning, shall we?

I met Albert, her father, in a pub... I believe it was about ten years ago. And we hit it off. Charming, handsome, rich, who could ask for more? So about a month later we decided to get married and my two daughters and I moved into his country estate. And that's when I met her. Albert's daughter, Ella, was just about the cutest thing you ever saw. Blonde, nice complexion, petite... but that impression lasted just about as long as it took for her to open her mouth.

"Daaaaaaadddddddyyy!!!! I don't waaaannnaaa have a mommy!" she squealed.

"There, there dear," I said soothingly, "I don't have to be your mama right away, let's just be friends. You can even call me Brunhilda if you like." There, now wasn't that nice of me?

"No, you're a poopy head!" Ella screamed. She then promptly kicked me in the shins, yanked my daughters' hair, and ran off.

So, that was my first impression of the devil child. Now, let's fast-forward a few years. Well, Albert didn't stay around long. Only a year after we got married, the man croaked. Sorry if I don't sound too emotional. It's just that after a few years with dear little Ella, I wished I had croaked, too.

First off, the child refused to do chores. Both of my girls cleaned the bathrooms, fed the chickens, swept, and dusted every morning. But Ella, oh Ella, she wouldn't be caught dead doing chores. Even getting her to clean her room was a big production! And oh, how it needed to be cleaned. I swear that child had a fleet of mice living under her bed and a platoon of birds nesting in her closet. Let me tell you, that room *reeked* of animal droppings. But no, she would not clean that pigsty for anything. Even mention it to her and her big blue eyes would well up with tears and she would say something like, "Oh, if only Papa were here, he'd never..." or, "If Daddy knew that I had to clean my own room, he'd...."

Now call me an evil stepmother, or whatever you'd like, but galdarn it if I didn't make her do them anyway. That girl sat in her room eating ding-dongs and playing with rodents all day; she needed something to get her moving. Both my girls did their chores, and it did them good.

And it wasn't only that. I hated the way that girl looked at me. Oh, believe me, I saw it. The way her eyes turned to slits and her mouth quirked up at the corners when she thought I wasn't looking. I was NOT going to let Ella just sit in her room and scheme against me. She may as well be doing the dishes if she was going to be plotting my demise.

She was fourteen when the fires started. They were little at first. A burned doily here, a priceless family heirloom there. It confused all of us, this sudden spontaneous combustion of our belongings. And then it was the dining room table, my favorite armchair, my daughter's bedspread. Interestingly enough, none of Ella's possessions ever caught fire. That's when I noticed the smug look on her face every time we discovered another charred remnant of our bloomers or favorite books. The only thing was, we could never quite catch her in the act of setting our belongings on fire.

That's when the girls started calling her Cinder-Ella. Because that child reduced most of our possessions to cinders! Then one day, when I had come home early from grocery shopping, I saw it. There she stood in the corner of my room, matches in hand. And there were mice everywhere! AND they were wearing hats and shirts! So, she didn't have enough time to do the dishes, and yet she could sew a wardrobe for rats?!

I stopped just outside the doorway and peeked around the corner.

"What shall we surprise them with today, my pets?" she cackled. "Her trinkets? Her favorite bonnet? Ooh! Now what do we have here? ...Dear Stepmomma's wedding dress. Let's see how it burns, shall we?" And with that she started lighting the match.

Dear God! The child was evil! I stepped into the doorway and cleared my throat. "Excuse me my dear, but isn't that *my* wedding dress you're about to torch?"

Cinder-Ella whirled around, her face going from a twisted grin to an innocent frown in a millisecond. I had to hand it to her, the girl was good. "Um, no, *Mother*," the words sounded like poisoned honey. "I was just looking at what a lovely gown it was. So sparkly and blue. And I said *yearn*, not *burn*. I simply... um... I simply *yearn* to wear it."

"Ah, is that so my dear? Well in that case, let me help you put it on. You will look simply ravishing in it for the ball tonight." Two could play this game.

Her voice faltered. "But I thought... you said I was too young... I... really?" Her face went from bemused to suspicious.

"No, my dear. I can see now what a fool I was. Your two older sisters are going; this is a perfect opportunity for you!" Without further ado I took the dress out of her hands and started slipping it over her pajamas.

"Mmmph phferblagm shmagmm!" she said.

"I'm sorry dear, I can't hear what you're saying. The dress is over your head!" And with that I yanked the dress completely over her face and pushed her in the closet.

"MMMMPH FHLEVM MIGINSHIBEN!"

"I'm sorry, Cinder-Ella. I can't seem to understand what you're saying. Maybe it's because you're speaking CRAZY!" I slammed the closet doors shut and locked her in. Then, placing the key in my pocket, I ran out of the room just in time to the carriage waiting outside. Ah, a job well done, I congratulated myself. My daughters looked lovely, we were going to a royal ball, the devil child was locked in my closet... with a set of matches... A SET OF MATCHES!?! That's when I realized I had left little Miss Pyromaniac in my wardrobe with her favorite weapon.

"Driver! Turn this carriage around immediately!" I yelled from the backseat.

"But Mama!" my eldest daughter cried, "We're going to be late to the ball!"

Well, I supposed that nothing *really* bad could happen, right?

Wrong.

Long story short, somehow Cinder-Ella ended up at the ball, in MY dress, seduced the prince, and lived evilly ever after.

I, on the other hand, returned to a pile of ashes where my house once stood. How she escaped unscathed is past me. And not only have I now lost all my earthly possessions, but my daughters and I are ostracized from society. And all because *she* told some wildly concocted tale about fairy godmothers, transmogrifying pumpkins, and a pair of glass shoes. Now, where she came up with that one, I'll never know.

So, that's my story. Sad, but also very, *very* true. And if you ever care to hear the rest of it, feel free to stop by Mimi's Medieval Diner. I waitress there on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

A Tired College Student's Plea

By Katherine Ufkin

Oh dreary college days, you've robbed me
Of a sacred, beloved good night's sleep.
Early morning classes, hear my plea!
I long to lie my head upon my pillow and breathe deep.

My torrid affair with coffee must end.
The procrastination work as well.
You see, it's R.E.M. I must befriend
I'll lose my mind with one more early morning bell.

This I ask, a mere eight hours!
I've had it with catnapping during classes.
Please, no more waking with ice cold showers;
I want to stand out among the dreary student masses.

College, oh College, I desperately beg of you:
Sleep, breakfast, and a shower with shampoo.



Self Portrait

By Alyssa Lytle

A Note from the Editor

A great round of applause goes to all you believers in the production of the 2008 TYGR.

Editors, proofreaders, artistic gurus, and any others who offered their two cents to the anatomy of this TYGR, thank you, thank you, thank you.

Also, extra special thanks to the Department of Art and Digital Media for your donated support and dedication that saw us to the finish line.

Always, a big thanks goes out to Professor Jill Forrestal for your vision and steady guidance.

And finally, thanks to all you who gave self-expression a chance by typing late-night thoughts on your laptops or scribbling afternoon notions or sketches into blank pages of small leather-bound Moleskine journals. Whatever your style, thanks for submitting your work and letting your truest words and pictures surface, giving them a new angle in the light. These moments are what the pages of the TYGR consist of.