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## TYGR 2007: A Magazine of Literature & Art


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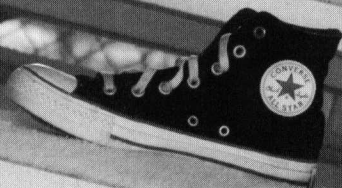
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a magazine of  
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&

The Department of English and  
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**growing out** *by Kristi Lam*

I am tangled in the Parachute of Myself.  
It has let me down and now I cannot move.  
Strapped and struggling, trying to walk away,  
“O wretched girl that I am!” I must cut Myself off before  
I can truly travel.



**sarah** *by Alyssa Lytle*

## watashi wa

by Ashley DeArmond

I am.  
 the vine which  
 you prune to your Own  
 contention. See!  
 how I meet and meld to  
 your every whim; your shears –

they cut the contents within my core and  
     i am nothing  
 because you want it that way; you souse the soil, slaking  
 my thirst; your crushing caress, fair-weather fervor  
 to stunt my sprouting: choice of  
 your own design.

Who am I?

Now jealously guard your grove; fear  
 the thief that would pry me from your  
 grasping fingers, would cultivate my coarse growth  
 into something beautiful...but fear not, Mother, as  
 I am not afraid. I grow  
 a little  
 straighter every day.

And now without  
 you, and you

    alone:

Another has taken Governance, a Gardener  
 of Good Graces...and...I, no more  
 to taste your bitter harvest, nor  
 fold 'neath your foul fingers:  
 vine Errant.

I am.

**i'll never know**

(a folk ballad) *by Timothy Sommer*

He asked me where I came from  
 I said, 'Either lost or found since the age of four  
 My home's always been the place I'm standin' in  
 and I've never minded bein' poor.'

I turned to see who I was talking to  
 But they was covered by the clock's shadow,  
 And disappeared into the darkness  
 Who called I'll never know.

I saw a lum'nous ladder  
 And climbed it to the roof.  
 It led me to the night's star  
 And a road side tel'phone booth.

The phone rang and I picked it up  
 And through the speaker said 'hello'  
 But no one ever answered  
 Who called I'll never know.

Down by the tributary that meets the riverside  
 In a tavern called The Logion  
 I sat down and had some honey beers  
 With my older brother Jon.

And as we swam a fishin' boat called our names  
 As it sailed out the blue Oxbow.  
 But there was no time to catch up with it  
 Who called I'll never know.

When we went back into the city  
 Jon went off and lost his head.  
 And I followed suit and in a big dispute  
 I rewrote what I once had read.

And there I leaned against a God-damned tree

A hobo full of woe.  
I cried out to the sky, but there was no reply  
Who called I'll never know.

I walked three thousand miles  
N' passed out in a ditch.  
Then I went to hell or heaven  
But did it really matter which?  
    There was Lucifer and the Triplets too  
    On the walls of Jericho.  
    But they came crashin' down as my name echoed 'round  
    Who called I'll never know.

Now like a ghost I walk at midnight  
Just a glimmer, just a trail  
Waitin' for someone to call me back home  
To break some bread and drink some ale.  
    N'til that day comes I'll remain ambiguous  
    And with the wind forever blow..  
    But I still hear my name echoin' in yesterdays  
    Who called I'll never know.



**terrence the tiger** *by Michelle McFadden*

With my rick-

And

As a

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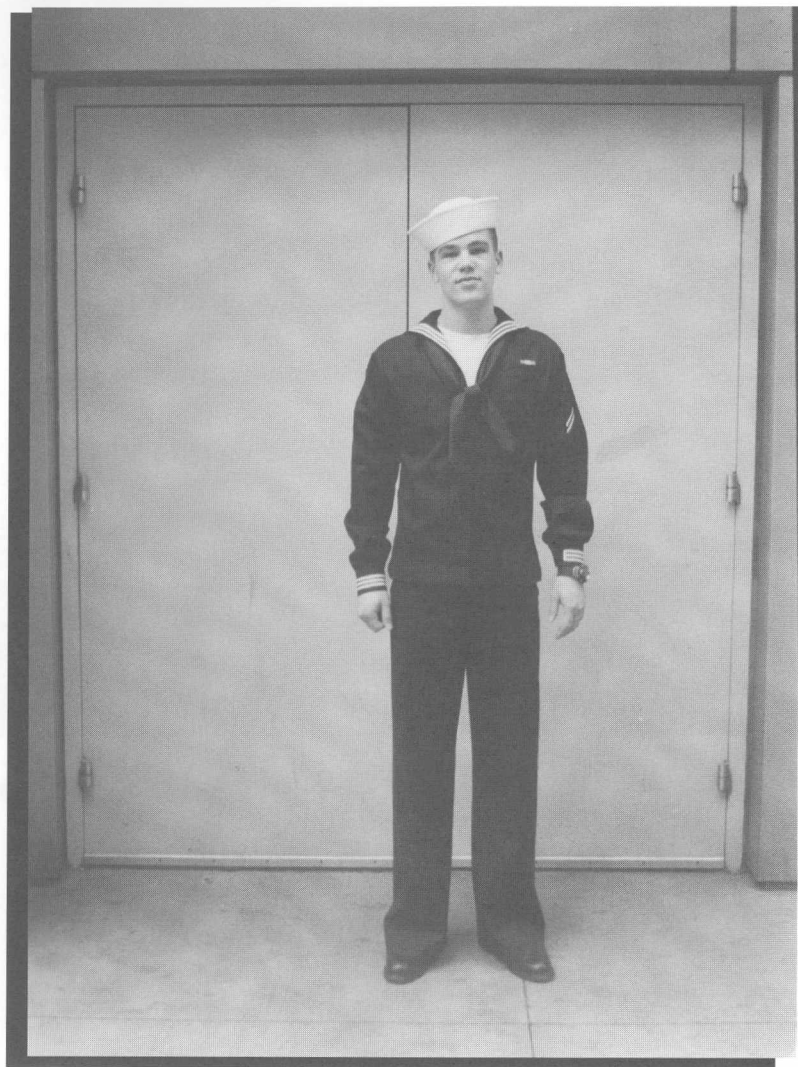
**barbaric**

*by Joel Thomas*

The path is seldom tread  
That follows the leader  
Whose head is never at rest.  
My own inactivity  
Keeps best the rules of complacency.

The rugged vagabond,  
That shuns all tolerance,  
And dawns acceptance and grace  
Like fragrance so pungent it fills  
My life and purges the indifference it kills,

Calls us to the jagged road.  
He wants me to freefall  
Into his unrelenting primal love.  
Lazarus' rule breaking life is an example  
Of the uncivilized path that is His.



**o' captain, my captain** by Sarah Parisi



**fall day: receding***by Ashley DeArmond*

People passing, legs a' roving,  
 muscles bunching beneath skin and clothes, Eager  
 to stride the length of the lawn, striding  
 Purposefully...always...Always  
 somewhere to be, Someplace to go...'least, that's how  
 it seems...but, my! It is cold  
 Outside!

And now, me, upon the grass,  
 blades softly caressing my frame;  
 to touch, light and springy, but coolness cuts  
 across my senses, and they, themselves,  
 freshly cut, assail me with faint fragrance.  
 My eyes cast to the distance, to the shrubbery, and  
 I wonder  
     if they sense  
                             the cold?

The winds! They whip, they  
     Whoosh!  
 Around...they call to me, and me  
     alone...for the birds will not belabor 'gainst their garrulous  
 gales...  
 and even the chirruping creatures feign occupation. And so it is  
 me, and last, a leaf, spiraling through the air, a  
 gift, I suspect, from  
 above, and me undeserving...but a smile lights upon my lips, and  
 it is  
 Enough...those Cold Winds: they cannot touch me, and...  
 the coldness...it recedes.

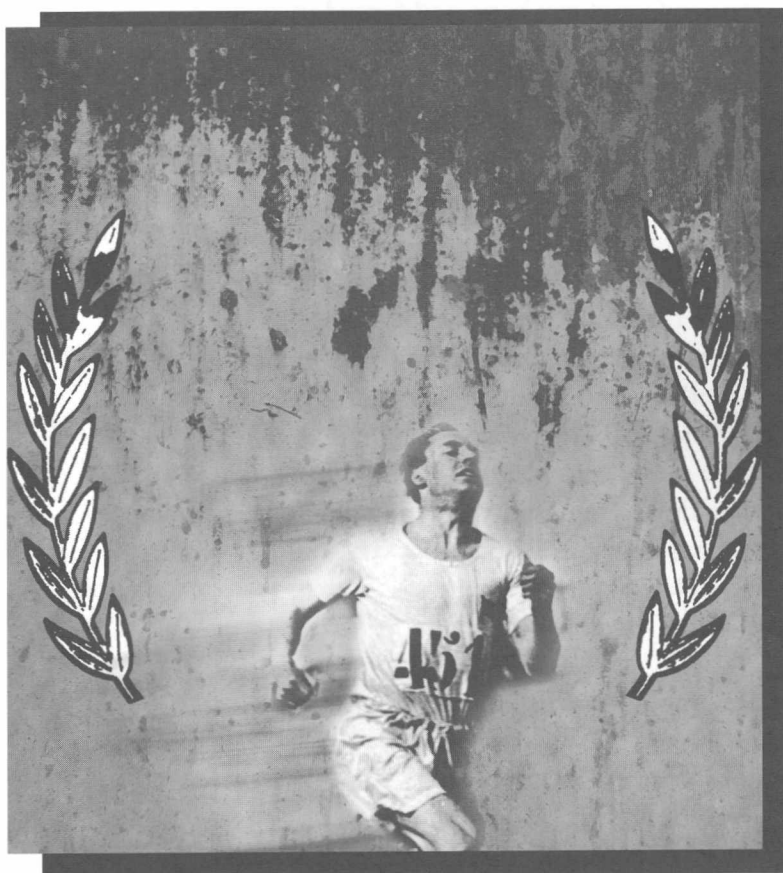
**life's melody**

*by Kasie White*

Money doesn't tempt me.  
The crinkle of a crisp bill or clank of copper coins  
Never make my eyes pop.  
Pirates can keep their treasures.  
Fame doesn't lure me.  
No thank you flashing photographers  
Audience's applause is as appealing as prickly plants  
My signature goes unpracticed.

Maybe jewels make me melt  
Their shimmer reflecting on my face  
But diamonds hang like withered roses around my neck.  
Trends pass by me unnoticed  
They are faceless bodies on a crowded street  
Call me outdated, outlandish, out of style  
I'm not offended.

What is more memorable than measured materials?  
My stomach lurching on a Moscow trolley ride  
Oxygen racing through my blood as I cling to a rock face  
Puddle pouncing in a desolate parking lot  
Wind-whispered secrets  
Of a sandy summer night on Montego Bay shores  
Experiences sing the melody of my life.



**running gold** by *Chris Sanders*

**uniquity** *By Aaron Palmer*

But for right now my life is not mine  
 I'm stripped from my hope and forced to shine.  
 What of this home we make for our whole?  
 This dark empty hole that be my soul.  
 Earth give us might to change what we can  
 Then rob us our chance to be a true man.  
 I don't want to stay to be a true man.  
 I want to leave and earn what I can  
 'Cuz those are the men the world turns to see.  
 Those are the men the boys want to be.  
 But when these young boys, their role models are  
 Their mothers will rip it and leave only a scar.  
 A scar to inhabit their every thought  
 A scar to mask the good things they got.  
 So when these young boys become men of their own  
 They won't have direction; they won't know home.  
 And so the cycle it starts once more  
 A new young man to scrape on the floor  
 Searching for something he lost long ago  
 His true and free will to be and to grow.  
 Cursed is his life by word and by deed  
 But not by his god and not by esteem.  
 By someone who knew him not truly, not whole  
 Someone who cursed him for dream and for goal.  
 She stifled his breath for being unique  
 For being unique  
 unique.

truly

Sure, he's unique in his own little way.  
 Unique as a snowflake on a dark winter day.  
 He feels so free as he falls from the sky  
 Till the world it comes crashing with truth divine  
 Now no one can notice this flake in the sea  
 Save one boy he wishes to be:  
 A boy with a future no climate could shake;  
 A future, his own, no soul dare take.

**unease** by *Kristi Lam*

What I thought really Was, Was Not  
And yet how can that be?

I was so sure it Was that oops!

The Is I didn't see.

I knew that it existed;

I knew that it was so.

Now all I have to deal with is

The Is I didn't know.

The Was, the Is, the Isn't

The Could Bes have me caught

The way I thought I knew it worked

Turned out to be Was Not.

**hands\*** by *Beth Hagenberg*

\*Rendition of Leonardo Da Vinci's Study of Arms and Hands

**an account of television:***a prediction of a future cruel betrayal**By Red Fitz*

Every day millions watch Television. What they don't know is that Television is watching them. With steely eyes and predatory cunning, it is calculating. Television watches and it waits. Waiting for the day it will pull its plug out of your wall. Waiting for the day it can pull itself from your mounting. At the opportune moment it will strike. It savagely will go for the throat. Two sets of razor sharp teeth will sever your jugular. It will kill the strong immediately, and then work its way to the weaker and the elderly. Once it tastes blood and smells your body emitting the odor of adrenaline in fear, it will go into a frenzy. Once the feeding cycle has started, it will only end after a long, bloody, bloated feast. Picture millions of Televisions attacking en masse. Whole families will be devoured by a savage, primal, instinctual lust for blood. Packs of Televisions will roam the streets and parks like Jackals in the desert. Survival of the fittest will not be a law; it will be a death sentence. This is a revolution that will be televised.

## on remedying the sickness of busyness

*By Allison Caudle*

It is a melancholy object, indeed, to scan the contents of the Giant Mixing Pot and find only hustle and bustle. Every great city of America is filled with black-suited men and high-heeled women briskly walking with chattering lips, eyes blinded to the poor at their feet, who themselves are busied with staying out of the way and making themselves look pitiable. What are we doing, filling up our time with occupations of competing interests? And what is more, what are we to do about dividing our time and seeing the success of each of our endeavors, whether it be building the Trump Tower or existing as Trump himself?

After viewing with a watchful eye this progression of busyness that my great country has taken upon itself, especially as applied to the small demographic of American university students, I have formulated an ingenious mode of solving our plight and handling our sickness of busyness. (Indeed, many years in such a demographic will aid in my certification.)

The root of this problem exists in Father Time himself. No doubt, without him, due dates could not exist and deadlines would become deceased. Young people like to exercise their rights; so, in the spirit of patriotism, I am beyond supporting a presidential candidate who will ride the platform of a nation without time. Now, I know this sounds preposterous, but it is not as impossible as it seems. I am not suggesting a timeless existence, for do not the most animalistic creatures of our universe operate on some sort of calendar—and they very calm and rational as their heads allow them? Instead, a time system of old should be considered, for the great ancestors of our country preferred a calendar of moons and stars rather than hours, as we should. Surely an implemented astronomical calendar could be possible! How much less stressful would an assignment be if it were required to be returned in two moons rather than 48 hours? No clicking clocks, no chirping cuckoos, no buzzing beasts with red digital demons! Only the serenity of the rising sun or the

peaking of the moon would guide us. Logistically speaking, the very place to implement such hopes would be the state of Indiana, of course, since it has been retaliating against Benjamin Franklin's daylight savings all the while.

However, in an effort to provide more applicable solutions to America's dilemma of busyness, I have more propositions to make that do not involve digital clocks or Midwestern states. Namely, how to make oneself look good in the face of despair will be discussed, because this country strives for good reputations above all else. Firstly (and it must be evident), in an attempt to reduce the stress of balancing one's schedule and devoting time to each of one's responsibilities and loved ones, a person frazzled with life's tasks may simply choose to drop all involvements altogether. What good are those priorities if they cannot be enjoyed? What good are they if they cannot all be witnesses to their doer's greatness? Indeed, if overwhelmed by responsibilities, drop them all like hot potatoes and revert to a life of solitude. And don't worry, because good company awaits. Why, the great American thinker and poet Shel Silverstein lived as a hermit all his life, dying at a very successful and happy 66 years of age. University students need not stress over the success of their responsibilities: if life becomes too demanding, withdraw and quit. Such lives will not be counted as lost but rather will be understood to be enveloped in philosophical and poetic exercise, a stark and stoic disconnection from the material world.

Secondly, one must always consider the value of a good excuse. Without a doubt, canines consuming homework has become a bit cliché, and alarm clock malfunctions are a bit unbelievable. But one must not underestimate the power of pathos. We are all Americans, no? We all know the stress and daily laments required in the life of one with a well-packed schedule. University students—but all Americans in general (even those who have no homes or jobs can lend ear, for they are busy in their own rights collecting food for their families or staking out the best begging points all day long)—have at the core of their problem their solution. Why did you not finish your assignment? You were too busy



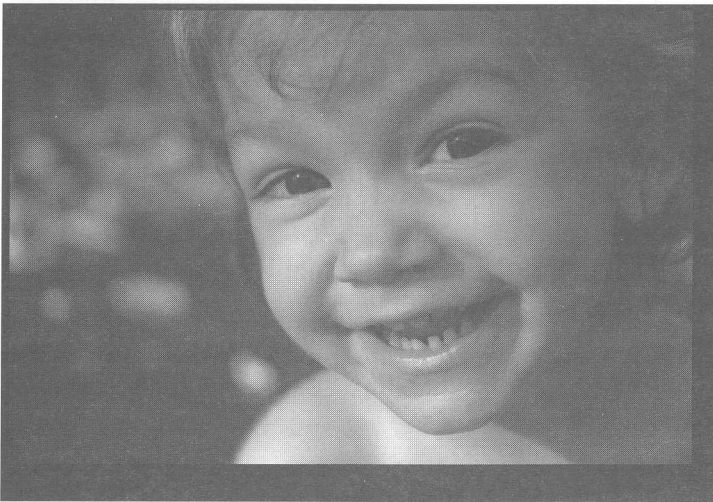
with working at the rescue mission. Why did you not make the group meeting? “Oh no!” you say, for you were too busy making calls on your seven friends who need emotional support and advice. This excuse even comes in handy for the times that the achiever has made an unsuccessful decision or has shown his or her humanity via the destructible way of error: Why did you fail the term test? Well, you were simply too busy studying all night long for three other tests you were taking the next day, which is the result of the unfortunate overloading you had to do while registering because you are a triple-major and simply must undergo extreme stress all the time for the perpetual good of others (will not the world benefit by you upon your graduating with degrees in Geology, Political Science, and Physical Education?) and so your 3.89 GPA will just have to take a small beating. Never leave it at just *I was too busy*; that excuse is vague and overused, and everyone thinks he is the busiest until he can be set straight. Bulk it up—always take your chance to show the world your greatness!

On hearing of your magnanimous student status and your demanding (but not superfluous) schedules, those inquiring about you will understand that they have misconceived your failure as incompetence—or what is worse, imperfection—and will hold you in high esteem for your ability to juggle multiple world-changing responsibilities. Indeed it is so, for I have tried it with success.

Now, for the one whose countenance is not suited with illuminating itself as truly gifted in the art of being busy and who still feels pressured to maintain his schedule with perfection in light of all his duties, there remains one possibility when faced with despairing impossibility: a small but significant lie. Lie, for America wants winners, not losers. Lie, for only the perfect are able to advance; those who fail are left behind. Lie, because if someone is exposed as failing to achieve, he will be cast out society and looked down upon. Do not admit to forgetting; never show yourself to be stressed; and by all possible means, avoid confessing to failure. No one will hear the honesty in *I was unable to complete that today*, nor in *I think I'll have to pass that up*. Don't give the devil a foothold, they say—perpetuating perfection is the best way

to reflect the Almighty. No one likes a loser, anyway. And what is a loser? Anyone who is not best, not first, not smartest, not most talented (as all Americans know, for wasn't this country built by winners?).

So then, I hope my bantering on this matter has proved some good to you, my dear readers. For long I have worked in vain, my ideas being little read and even less acknowledged, but I hope the significance of this little work, being so applicable to young people between 18-22 especially, will aid in the betterment of this country as they learn to apply themselves patriotically, to present themselves in good light, and to make the most of their capacities seen in light of public opinion. But then, I must confess I will not be able to abide by these guidelines much, as I myself have felt a holy call to fast from all endeavors and people for the next fifteen months, and am thus exempt from the accusations of laziness. It is for the good of my country and for keeping prosperity in a forward motion that I write such things. Now then, I must fly from this my argument, for my 2:00 appointment calls.



**all about abbey** by *Jamie Durkee*



latte by *Susan Fleming*

## **i am my mother's daughter**

*By Leigh K. Sullan*

Besides our high school yearbook photos, I hardly bear resemblance to my mother. Granted, we do have the same wrists, petite like our stature. And I suppose I have some of her coloring, too, but you couldn't tell now...her hair has since turned gray, a result of raising me and my brother on top of living through 6 different eras...from Elvis to Flower Power to the Jesus People to big hair to the Cosby Show to Amy Grant and now the age of iPods, my mother has seen it all.

Even she has always said that I am the most like my father, from facial features to personality to passion and interest and humor and habit...and yet...at times I find nothing else but my mother's marking in the way I form the simplest thoughts...to the way I am moved by God's Word, left in awe of His grace. If I've ever known anyone who knows what it means to be in awe, it is she. Most people see a new car and call it awesome. My mother calls things like time and nature awesome.

Time, she has noted, is one of those elusive ideas that we can't quite grasp but still call beautiful because of where we have been and where we have come from. I can easily think back to the brink of my childhood, where I did not realize how grateful I was for her constant devotion to our family, to our upbringing. Every night she would read to me, and later my brother, too, and though simple in act, those two or three books before bed became a routine of great impact. It was just another way in which my mother expressed her support for her children's blooming passions. From the beginning, she not only nurtured our growth as individuals; she nurtured our early discoveries of who we were and who we wanted to be.

For me, she bought art supplies, helped me create stories, and continued to read me the pages of entire libraries. She did this, I think, because she could see in me the growth of God's design at work, even if no one else could right away. I was small and timid but she did not overlook me. She could see the fire in my young eyes. She liked to tell the story that by the time I was about three

I had learned to recognize detail: the names of children's book authors, which socks someone wore the other day, or the difference between blue and turquoise. She allowed me this gift at a young age, this privilege of expression. Time elapses but in my growing-up years, some things remain steady: the knowledge of vivacity, the constancy of a mother's encouragement.

Yes, it truly is awesome to think about time, how hours weave themselves into years, shaping us by where they take us. I'll admit, it scares me to think about time. I listen to my mother's growing complaints about her bothersome knees, and I watch her begin to limp through days, weeks, because bones begin to fail us as the years pile on. My mom is not a young mom, and yes it is mind-boggling to think she has been breathing, conversing, living for more than half a century. She won't be around forever...and yet despite this reality I still find myself embarrassed to be seen with her when she is wearing her Ace bandage around her knee paired with a baggy blouse I would rather see on a clearance rack at Goodwill. These are not proud confessions, but it would be foolish to pretend we don't all have them. The other truth is: it terrifies me to picture life without my mother. I think back to the fifth grade when I could hardly stand her overbearing advice and repetitive stories of growing up. I was quieter back then, more unsure of the world, and worst of all, I was as melancholy as they came. If I had to be around a family member, I preferred Dad, the also quiet, stable, but at times, sullen one. Years elapsed and somehow I grew out of my rain-cloud stage, and because of things like grace and people, I blossomed into a girl who laughed too loud and smiled too much. People at church especially always commented on my bubbly personality, and even when I had braces, if I wasn't grinning about Lord-knows-what, they assumed something was wrong. Even so, I kept that artist inside of me, the girl who questioned everything and wrote poetry as if pensive words were in her blood. I am certain that I will always be a deep thinker, and without this need for pondering life grounded in me, I would never be able to see the world the way God lets me.

I wonder if this balance between joy and depth isn't something I've inherited from my mother. They always say that as you

get older you realize more and more how wise your parents were and are, something you would never dream of admitting during adolescence. I see this now, the evidence of a day in the house together, how she is both my Martha Stewart superhero and my confidante, my gracious lifesaver and my kindred spirit.

I like this place where we have arrived. I like the way we converse, and even though now and then she still tells the same age-old stories and does the very thing that drove me crazy last year and the year before, I can't help but wonder why I don't hug her more. What is it that keeps the smallest chasm lingering between the people we love best?

Isn't it funny how it's usually our family who receives the most of our eye-rolls, our raised voices, our unspoken words of affection? Isn't it usually the people we are the most similar to who set us off the most? I wonder if it's not because in the end, we are just afraid of the end. We can't bear to imagine sailing the seven seas without our anchors. We don't want to create a world where home is not a part of it. Home was where we started—how can we let it vanish?

We can't. And we know this, somehow, which is why I can look down at my wrists and be reminded of how at first glance my mother and I appear completely different, but a closer look reveals matching frameworks, a picture of life's fragility, the unmistakable evidence of namesake.



**pen & ink of tree** by *Michelle McFadden*

## the story of peter pan

By Meaghan Baldwin

Captain James is sitting in his cabin on the Gliding Bandit, writing a letter to his fiancée, Tiger Lily. He is not supposed to be marrying an Indian princess, but they could not change the way they felt about each other. He will have to set everything up so it looks like a kidnapping; the Indian Chief would not allow his only daughter to marry a pirate, let alone a captain of pirates.

Suddenly there is a knock on the window. James looks over, completely puzzled. *How could someone knock on the window when they are out at sea and the ocean is fourteen feet below the window?* he wonders. Someone starts tapping incessantly at the window.

“Come on out, Captain!” He knows exactly who it is now; that immature, cocky Pan boy. Peter Pan, that’s what most people called him. Of course it would be him. He can hover and fly. James crosses his cabin and pulls open the thick red curtains. There is Peter, hovering outside like he’s already conquered the world.

“Go away, boy, I’m in no mood for your games.” James waves him away, but the boy laughs.

“I’m not going anywhere ‘til we fight!” Peter taunts him and motions for him to go up on deck. “I’ll even ground myself for ya; no flying this time.”

James has no time for this. “I mean it, go away and bother someone else.” He turns and starts walking back to his deck. Then there is a loud bang! and he feels a cool rush of air hit him. He spins to see that Peter has kicked his window in and let himself into the room. “Get out of here!” James yells. “Who do you think you are?”

Peter Pan starts flying in circles around James and jabs him with his knife a few times. James is quickly losing patience. “I said I won’t fight you!” He picks up a pillow and chucks it at Peter.

“There ya go; good start! Now whip out your sword and let’s do this the right way!” James is getting a bit dizzy following



Peter as he rapidly circles around him. The boy's voice is annoying James more than anything. "What a terrible age for you to stop growing up, boy. You should have waited until you were through puberty so your voice wouldn't always be cracking!"

It is clear Peter was not expecting any witty remarks from the captain, because he soon bashes his head on the chandelier and loses his balance. "Whoa," he says as he rubs his head, "where'd that come from? I'm getting to ya, aren't I?"

James picks up a blanket from his couch and throws it on top of the unsuspecting Pan. Peter kicks and screams, "No fair! No fair!" James carries him to the window and tosses him into the sky. *He's like an annoying insect that won't go away*, he thinks and he heads back to his desk.

All of a sudden, James's over-priced wig is pulled from his head. He instinctively turns and grabs at it, but Peter is tugging it towards the window. "Hahaha! I've got your wig! What are you willing to do for it, old man?" They both pull at it as Peter gets closer to the window.

"Give it back, boy! You've crossed the line now!" James can feel that he has a better grip and is stronger than Peter, all thanks to the fact that he has the floor to work with while Peter has only air. But then there is a bright twinkling thing flying around in front of his face. He loses all concentration and swats at the swirling light. With James only pulling at the wig with one hand, Peter gains control and drags him towards the window.

"Way to go, Tink!" he shouts. He pulls at the wig with all his strength and ends up towing James out the window with it. Peter is not strong enough to hold both the wig and the captain in the air, and they all start to drop towards the ocean below.

James swings his legs up and starts kicking in Peter's face. "What's wrong with you? This isn't a game!" James dangles above the water and notices something just under the surface. "Pull me up! Pull me up!" He pleads with Peter, but the boy is struggling with all his weight.

"Let go, old man! Give it up! Then I'll bring you back to your cabin...maybe." Peter is lying because he himself is about to give up and let go of the wig and James. "Stop kicking me!"

“There’s something under the water! This isn’t a joke anymore!” James is seriously worried now. He starts swinging at the air with his free hand, hoping that will raise him and Peter higher off the surface of the waves.

The twinkling light is back and hovers near Peter’s face. *It’s telling him something*, James thinks. Peter looks worried for just a second; and the two meet in the eyes. His look stops James’s heart. There is a splash below them. Peter looks terrified. There is a sharp clamp on James’s left hand. James doesn’t have time to scream; he can’t take his eyes off Peter. Then there is nothing. No feeling at all. He is back in his cabin, lying on the floor. He cannot move. All he can see is a pool of blood at the end of his left arm; there is no hand. The wig is tossed onto the floor beside him. He starts slipping into unconsciousness; the room gets blurry, then black.

Two months pass. James has lost his hand to a crocodile. His first mate had witnessed the whole event from up on deck but had no time to react as it took place in mere seconds. Peter has not been around the ship since that night. Captain James eagerly waits for the day that the flying boy returns. He’s vowed to shove his pointed sliver hook through Pan’s heart.

He convinces his crew that they can accomplish two things simultaneously. If they can get Tiger Lily away from her tribe and out onto a rock in the middle of the bay, Peter will come to rescue her so he can look like a hero to the rest of her tribe. The pirates band together to devise a plan to kidnap the Indian princess and murder Peter Pan.

After scheming on the open sea, Captain James ‘Hook’ and his crew return to Neverland. They lure Tiger Lily away from the Chief with a trail of blue flowers. She walks right into the trap. They tie her hands behind her back and her ankles up with some strong rope. They then gag her so she cannot immediately call for help; however, they make it loose enough so that if she works at it persistently, she will be able to make enough noise for Peter to hear her.

James takes a small boat and his faithful assistant, Smee,

into a small cave. There they wait for Peter to come swooping in to save the day. James knows Peter Pan is on his way.

“Smee,” James says, “dock the boat. I need to get in position to take Pan out.” Smee follows his orders and ties the boat up on the rocks. James steps out and Smee hands him his freshly sharpened sword. Smee tips his hat at the captain as James walks toward the cave entrance.

Something flies in strange patterns in the distance. *Barrel rolls, in the sky*, James thinks, *it must be Peter*. Sure enough, Peter is doing tricks in the sky on his way to rescue Tiger Lily. Peter reaches Tiger Lily and carries her over to the rocky island where Captain James waits. He then places her gently on the ground and begins to untie her. “Who did this to you, Tiger Lily?” he asks.

“Hook,” she whispers.

Peter looks around; he has a mischievous look in his eyes. “He’s watching,” he quietly whispers back. “Hook! Where are you, old man?” Peter whips out his dagger and flies into the air.

James jumps out of the cave and climbs the rocks. “Right here, you conceited little fool!” He smiles. “It’s time for me to kill you Peter Pan.”

“Hook, the day you kill me will be the day I die!” Pause. “Wait...”

James shakes his head. “Come on down here. Don’t be afraid.”

Peter flies lower until he is just a few feet away from James. “Me afraid of you? That’s funny. Nice hook, by the way. Not too many people could pull that off, but you do it superbly!”

James has had enough. He starts swinging at the floating boy in front of him.

Tiger Lily watches in horror. She finishes taking the rope off her wrists and ankles, then tosses it to the edge of the water. She ducks behind a large cluster of rocks near the entrance to the cave.

“Smee, now! Do it now, Smee!” James yells as he continues to fight Peter. Smee hurries out of the cave and begins searching for Tiger Lily. He is supposed to recapture her, but she is nowhere to be found. He wanders away from her hiding spot,

determined not to let the captain down.

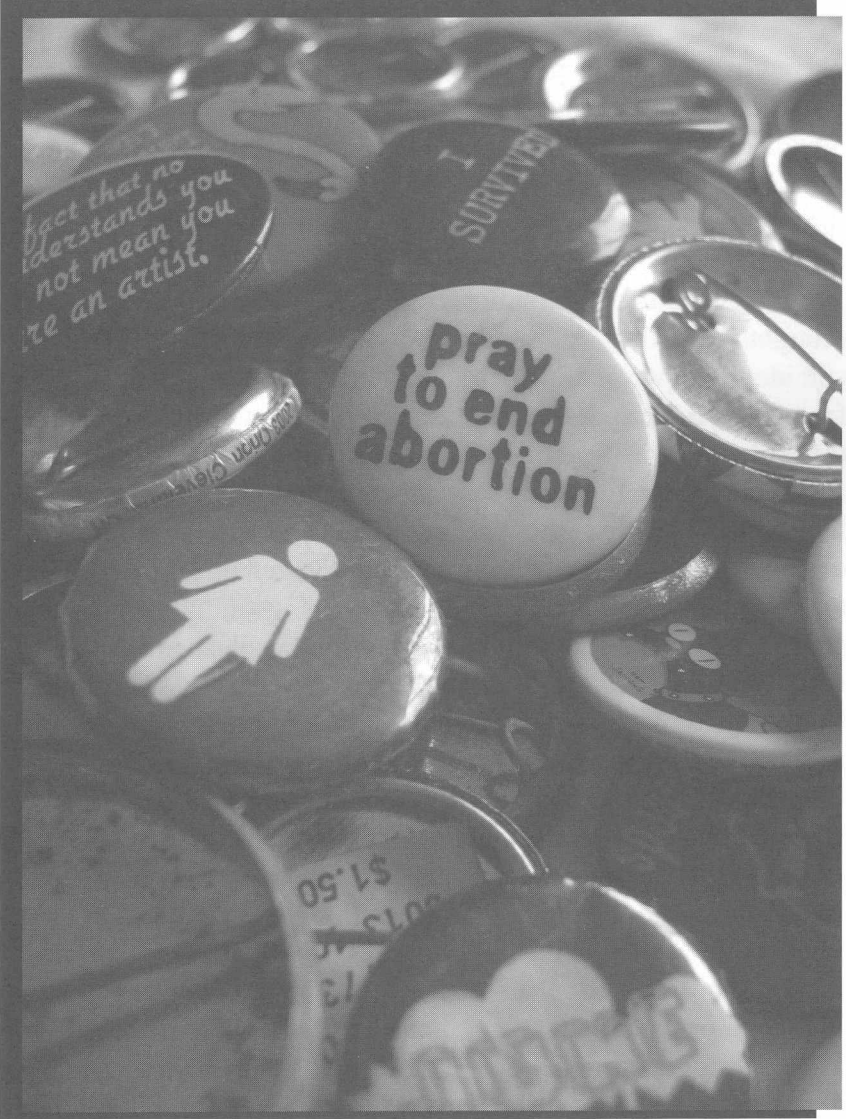
James and Peter are at the top of the rocky cliff. Peter appears to be winning; James has his back to the ocean, and only one foot is firmly on the ground. Peter jabs at him one last time and James falls over the edge. His hook, dug into the rock, is the only thing keeping him from falling into the raging waves below.

“Give it up, Hook,” Peter yells as he kicks at the hook. “I always win.”

James is about to fall. “Not this time, Peter.” His hook cannot hold him any longer and he falls into the water.

Peter peeks over the edge and smiles, satisfied at his apparent accomplishment. He flies down to where he placed Tiger Lily, but she is not there. He searches the small island for her, but he only finds Smee. After they both give up looking for her, Peter flies away and Smee returns to where he tied up the boat. The boat is gone! He looks around, but finds nothing.

A safe distance from the island, a small rowboat drifts in the water. Its passengers are a one-handed pirate and an Indian princess. Their plan worked. Now that they are dead to the world, they can truly live a life of happiness, forever together.



**untitled** by Arissa Beck

**the voicebox**

*By Allison Caudle*

Whenever I come across the opportunity to hear my voice played back to me from some recorder, all I can do is concentrate on how strange I sound. That is not my voice!, I want to say, but how could it not be? This confliction is the same as how I understand my personal, interior voice to be, not just as a product of my throat but as shaped from my opinion, concern, and personality all combined into one and expressed in my writing.

Unlike many, I am not tossed into the throes of terror at the thought of public speaking; I am, however, frustrated by it, and I can identify specifically situation after situation when my ability to freeze up on the spot or produce some oration unjust to my intentions has been displayed. If I am tossed into a debate—particularly about something I feel strongly about, concerning theology or the likes—my voice comes out artificial. As I am talking, I lose track of the words I am saying because I am distracted by the shaky tenor of the vocabulary I am not used to using and the awful juxtaposition of my lonely voice clashing with the silence of the listeners. I want to say the right thing, so I resort, not to what I think, but to what I have learned are the opinions of others. Out it all comes, and fake it all sounds, because it is not my own. Politics? I can't talk politics! If I could even manage to produce facts about the upcoming elections, politicians, platforms, and ideas (and that would be a surprise), I would never be able to support my candidate in discussion. People who are politically charged want to hear the facts, the benefits, the opportunities, the what's-in-it-for-me, and by their knowledge and their expectations, I am paralyzed. I have opinions and I sit, silent. I can hardly speak in my classes out of the fear of hearing my own awkward voice trying to disentangle the passions that are swirling around in my head. I think I would rather hear my childish voice on the radio than hear it in the classroom. I fear I am wrong, and there is no room for apology after the word is spoken, for others who are quicker from head to mouth

have me pinned before I even know I blasphemed. On my feet I am inarticulate, dull, scared, bland. But in my room, with my journal, I am something else.

It was probably in the third grade that the posters were on the wall. The “Six-Traits of Writing” posters were my favorite class decoration, although they were the bane of the existence of many of my recess-minded classmates. The six traits include ideas, organization, word choice, sentence fluency, conventions, and voice. That last characteristic always puzzled me: how do I put my voice on to a piece of paper? How can my voice show up in a paper about chimpanzees, dinosaurs, or Ghost Busters? It was only elementary school, and I was hooked, the little quiet child that I was. Then I understood what many struggle to grasp now: the writer can put herself into any subjects she describes, whether it is to be an objective report or a creative expression. Ah! My niche had appeared! Through writing I could share bits of my opinions; my journals became real with my life and sharp from the accuracy of my real self captured on paper—I did not have to think it out on the spot under pressure; I just had to press the pencil to the page and express to myself what I could later share with the world.

I understand this as my power: what I conceal in speech I disclose in writing. My hand is my voice box, my pencil the chords; and through them comes my voice, unshaken.

**when i forget the words**

*By Katie Kirsch*

The melody of my heart continues  
By those who know all the words  
For they are the rhythm, players, and muse.

They know their lines. Two sets of twos.  
Their laughter and tears strike the cords.  
The melody of my heart continues.

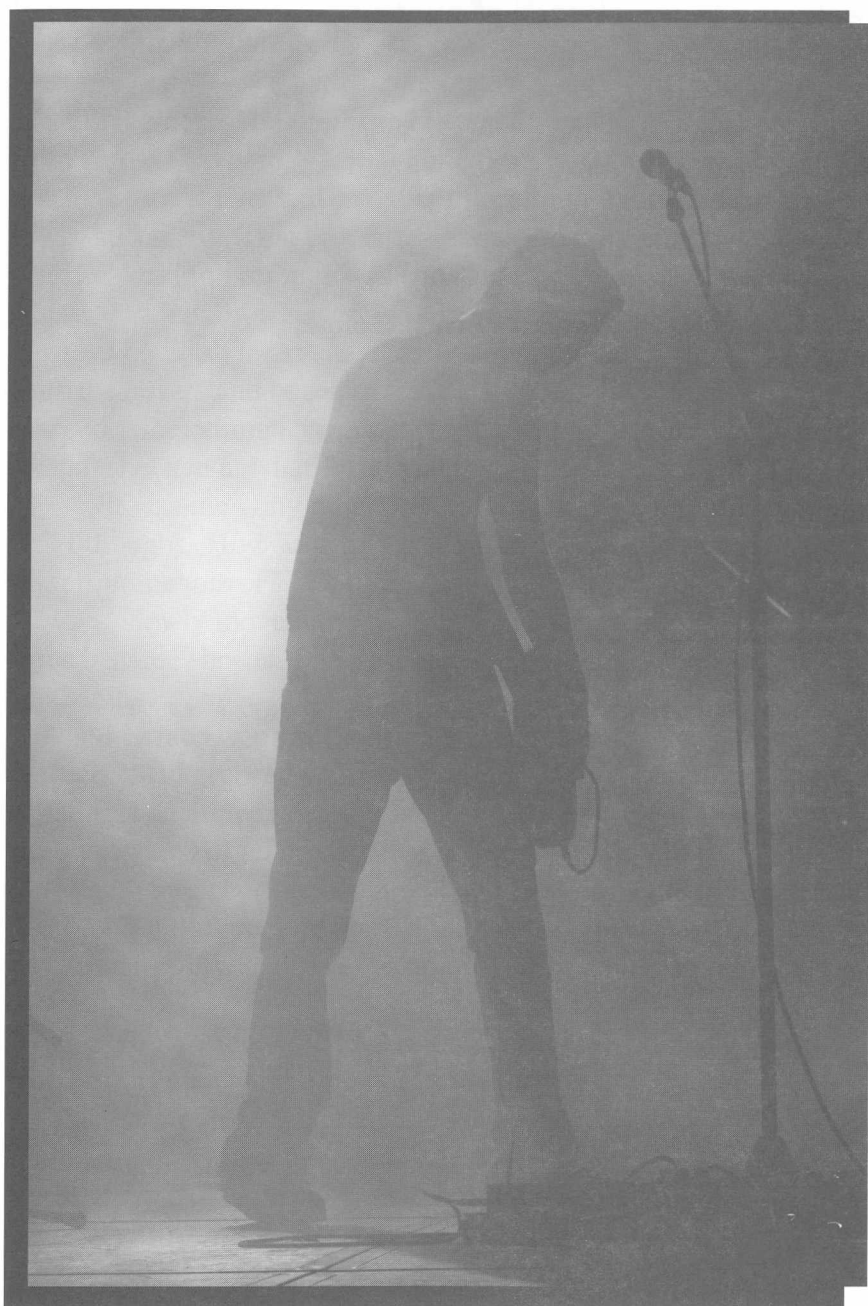
Sometimes I forget. I miss my cues.  
On the side, they whisper my part.  
For they are the rhythm, players, and muse.

Moods swinging with country and blues  
They croon the lines like warm and smooth tart.  
The melody of my heart continues.

Five different lives with blending hues,  
Hand pieced by the Creator of art.  
For he is the rhythm, player, and muse.

Where have we been? We switch shoes.  
With the road stretched out, we walk forwards.  
The melody of my heart continues,  
For they are the rhythm, players, and muse.





**mystery man** by *Jamie Durkee*

**welcome to the church of apathy**

*By Leigh K. Sullan*

Blankets of dust hide the life of the living book  
And we are hidden too—

Prophets slur their speech  
Preachers forget to preach  
We say a prayer, then pull the blankets closer  
And fall asleep undisturbed

Somewhere a church light grows dimmer—  
It could have been repaired  
If only we had cared

Somewhere a lost girl cries for answers  
While we turn over and keep dreaming—  
Generations yawn and slip away  
Because the good Samaritan stayed in bed today.



**Untitled** *by Keri Shay*

## the painter of life

*By Deena Drake*

I couldn't sleep. The bright red letters of the clock glared at me from across the room—3:30—I had been lying there for hours.

I turned over and gazed at the ceiling. I took a deep breath. It was still there. That pressure—it was overwhelming. Its oppressive and lurking presence was constant. It stayed with me everywhere, continually whispering only one thing—"You're alone."

I couldn't take it anymore—not tonight, not now. I threw back the covers and began to leave the room. In mid-stride, I stopped. Something across the room had caught my eye. I slowly turned, shocked at what I was seeing.

It was me—my reflection in an old, faded mirror. "It can't be," I thought. How long had it been since I actually looked at myself in the mirror?

I slowly moved toward it to get a closer look. As the distance became shorter, I became more and more frightened at what I was seeing.

My face was swollen and red from weeks of crying myself to sleep. My forehead was visibly tight. My eyes were dark pools of sadness encircled with shadows of exhaustion. I was drained—visibly drained of all energy. I was thinner too—much thinner. I could not remember the last time I had really eaten. I looked dead.

I felt the pressure there once again. It was getting stronger. But this time, it whispered something new: "Look what He's done to you."

"He?" I thought. "I don't even know who He is." I could feel the darkness laughing at me, mocking me as it always did.

I was empty. I had always been empty. I knew there was something more than this, there had to be! If there was evil in this world, there had to be good. But where could I find it? A sense of anger began to rise within me.

"No," I whispered defiantly to the darkness. "It's not

Him...it's you!"

I grabbed the mirror and pushed it against the wall, watching my reflection crack before me. As the glass shattered around me, I let go and crumpled to the floor in tears.

"This can't go on," I cried. "Someone help me...please. I need more than this!"

As my tears fell, I felt the darkness closing in around me. I shivered. My eyes closed.

"Help me," I whispered once more.

Then something happened. I'm not really sure how it happened, but suddenly my world transformed, and I was placed in a very different scene.

I couldn't really see where I was. A whirlwind of colors surrounded me. I heard the wind above me but I couldn't feel it. All around me was a constant dripping, like water falling from trees. The smell was the scent of spring, a mixture of trees, moisture, and dirt. But there was something else, a faint smell of paint.

Suddenly the scene became clear. I was standing in a thick rainforest that was covered in watercolors. It looked like an artist had swept a paintbrush across every tree, leaf, and plant, taking time to add detail to each one. The entire forest was a splash of colors. I felt as though I was standing in the midst of a painting.

Around my feet and ankles was a pool of water alive with color. It seemed to dance with each second that ticked by. From this pool came the watercolors of the forest. At that moment, I realized where I was. The forest was Creation, the beginning of life. The colors I was seeing were the colors of life, and I was standing directly in the Painter's palette!

I stood in awe of what I had just discovered. I was transfixed by the life and beauty of this place. I saw the life it held was unlike anything I had ever experienced.

As I stood there in this magical place, I began to feel sick. I was completely out of place. The reflection I had seen in the mir-

ror suddenly flashed before my eyes. Compared to this forest, my life was death. I was dead inside! I realized there was no beauty in me—no beauty and no life. Tears began to form in my eyes. “I’m hopeless!” I cried out, “There is nothing good about me!” Then I remembered—the Painter. He is the Painter of Life! He created the forest; maybe He can help me! Not knowing another way to reach Him, I cried out, hoping He would hear me and respond. “What must I do to receive this life?”

Silence spread over the forest and every color instantly faded to gray. Nothing moved, not even the wind was blowing. “He’s refused me,” I thought. “I’ve ruined this perfect place.” I fell to my knees and began to weep.

Then, sunlight appeared through the paint-covered trees and touched the pool where I was kneeling. The pool once again became alive with color. It sparkled, glistened, danced, and shone as the light descended.

I saw a shadow approaching me. It was the Painter! I suddenly became frightened. “What will He think of me? I am so out of place. He will probably just send me away.” I was about to run, but as I turned to go, I was suddenly looking into the kindest eyes I had ever seen. They sparkled with the same colors of the forest. A smile spread across His face when He saw me. Then He spoke, “Come to me, all who are weary, and I will give you rest.”

Something inside me told me His words were true. They were the truest words ever spoken. I fell at His feet. “I’m dead,” I cried. “I want the life you give to the forest but I am so unworthy! Can you ever forgive me?”

“My daughter,” the Painter said, “the price has already been paid.” His outstretched arm led my eyes to a tree very different from the others. It was a dull brown color, very plain compared to the rest of the trees. In it were three nails surrounded by gruesome stains of blood. It was a cross where someone had been crucified.

I turned to the Painter. “Who would ever die such a horrible death for someone else?” The Painter smiled, then stretched

out his hands toward me with His palms facing up. There, in each hand, I saw the ugly scars of the nails. "Greater love has no man than this," He said, "that He lay down His life for a friend."

I fell to the ground and wept. "No!" I cried, "Not for me! Why would you ever die for me?"

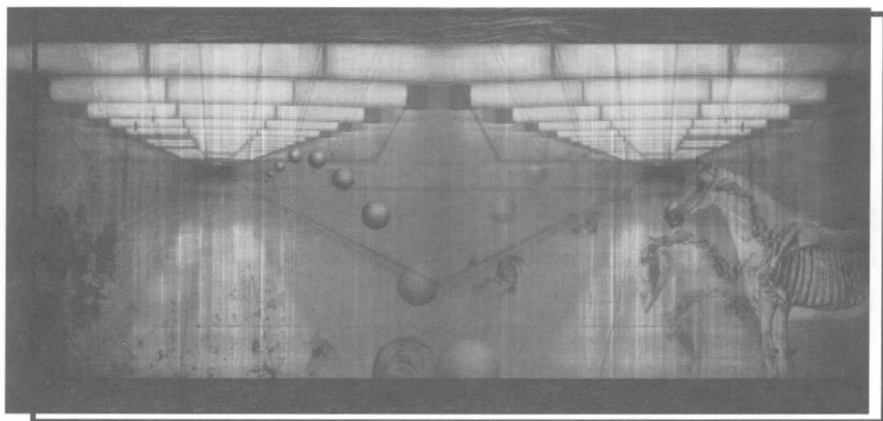
His nail-pierced hands reached out and lifted my tear-stained face to meet His. His eyes sparkled even more. "Because I love you."

Then, through my tears, I saw the blood, His saving blood, wash over me. I was clean and I had life within me. The Painter had given me life! "Thank you! Thank you!" I called out. The Painter laughed a joyful laugh that I now understand. "Now go," He said, "go and tell others."

"I will," I promised, "I will do whatever you ask!" The Painter smiled, "I am with you always," He said, "even to the end of the age." Then He was gone. I closed my eyes and went back over every wonderful detail of what had just happened.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying on the floor, staring at my bedroom ceiling. I bolted upright. It had all been a dream. "What now?" I thought, "Had it been real?" Then I saw the sunlight shining through my window. A familiar display of colors flashed before my eyes and began to dance on the broken pieces of glass surrounding me. As I watched them, I noticed something. It was my reflection once again. But this time it was different. The glistening colors of the light were in me! They were in my eyes and my smile! They seemed to spill out from within me! I had been given life, real, true life!

I then remembered the Painter's last words, "I am with you always, even to the end of the age." No, it had not been a dream. The Painter was with me and His life will always be with me, even to the end of the age.



**horse** by *Alyssa Lytle*

**we do nothing**

*By Melissa Dalton*

Their hearts break, their families die, but we never blink an eye. They call and plead and beg for help and we just let them rot to dust. Cracked wheat and dry flat bread, eleven million more are dead.

Empty stomachs cannot sleep – even after counting sheep.

Morbidly we laugh and talk and watch the TV without a stop. We stuff our faces full and then we somehow sit and eat again. Plumpy'nut could save them all but millions more will take the fall.

How sad it is, how sadly grave, we turn and go our different ways. When millions eat one meal each day, how can we pretend we do not see? Leftovers could feed a crew but they're no use to me and you. We still do nothing.



reflections.

## a note from the editor.

The Executive Editor would like to thank all who were involved in the production of the 2007 TYGR.

A publication such as this could not have been achieved without the help of the editorial staff, the readers, and designer. Thank you to the staff who, through their time and devotion, made this project possible.

Special thanks to Professor Juliene Forrestal. Your constant guidance and unfaltering faith is the backbone of this publication.

And last, but never least, a thank-you is extended to all those who submitted their works to this project. Without the creative genius from either pen or paint, there would be no TYGR.