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New Tricks (2014)

John Nelson
Dakota State University

Katie Miller
Dakota State University


Stacey Berry
Dakota State University

Deana Hueners
Dakota State University

Ashley Geditz
Dakota State University

See next page for additional authors

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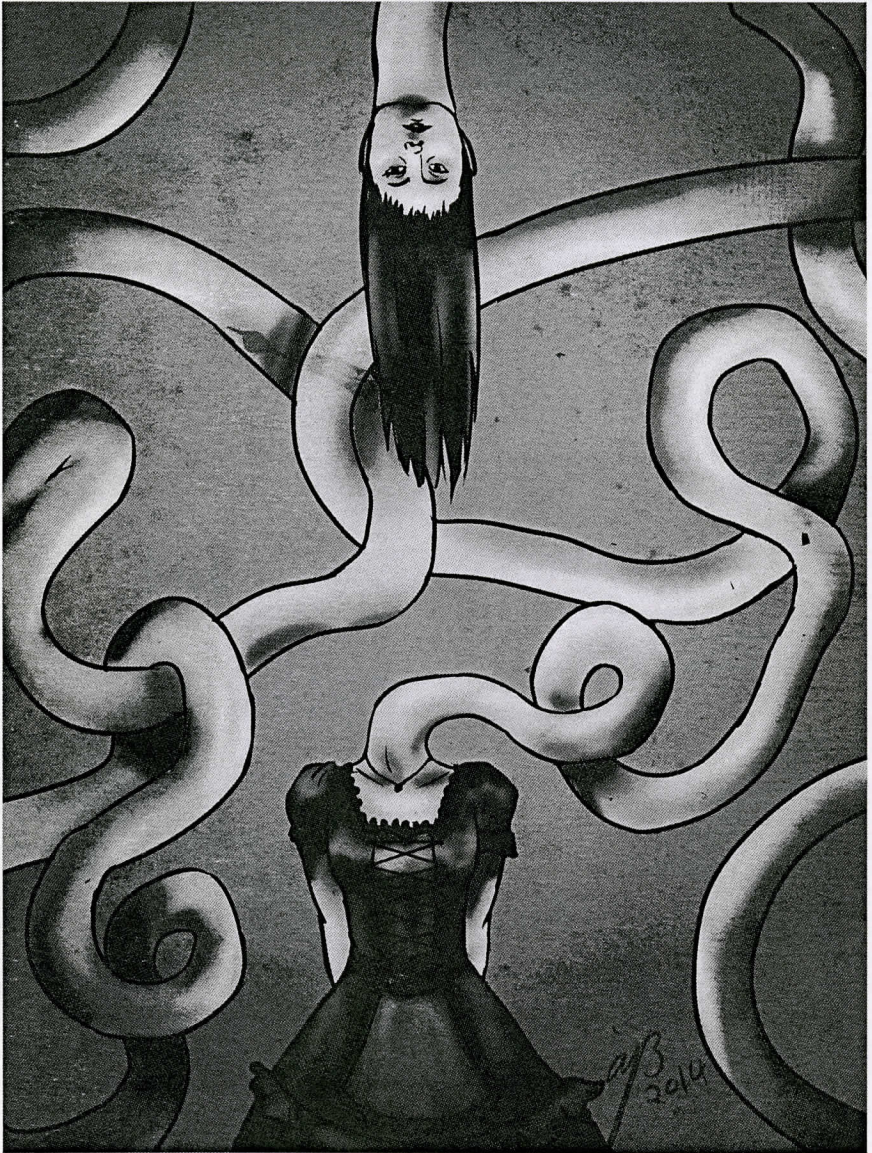
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Authors

John Nelson, Katie Miller, Stacey Berry, Deana Hueners, Ashley Geditz, Brianna Prill, Ashley Rieger, Mary Metzger, Sarah Sproul, and Dillon Dwyer

New Tricks

Sigma Tau Delta



2014

New Tricks is a literary magazine that began in 1992 with a small group of students, aka the Literary Stunt Dogs, gathering and producing student work, and has since evolved into a larger production that includes not only poetry and prose, but also photographs, digital art, and multimedia.

New Tricks is now a product of the DSU chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, an international honor society. The Dakota State University chapter of ΣΤΔ, Alpha Gamma Lambda (ΑΓΛ), was established in the spring of 1993.

2014 Editors

Faculty Advisor: Dr. John Nelson, Professor of English for New Media and Sigma Tau Delta Advisor

Student Editors: Publishing for New Media class and Sigma Tau Delta

Editorial Review Board: John Nelson, Stacey Berry, Deana Hueners, Ashley Geditz, Katie Miller, Brianna Prill, Ashley Rieger, Mary Metzger, Sarah Sproul, Dillon Dwyer

Publication Team: Chelsea Kruse, Brianna Prill, Katie Miller, Sarah Sproul, Ashley Larson, Ashley Rieger, Mary Metzger, Dustin Drew

Cover Art: Rokurokubi by Ashley Burtz

Some of the photographs in this editon are available in color on the website and in the electronic versions.

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Layout Editor and Cover Design: Katie Miller and Sarah Sproul

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Introduction • Dillon Dwyer

It is an exclusive secret if one knows a muse and it is an even more exclusive ability if said person is able to channel her beauty. For most people, seducing a muse is no easy task. It takes a special kind of creative mind to attract the personification of art. Frequently, the rigorous process of invoking one of the muses often involves a set of rituals that resemble courtship displays. Muses demand undying attention and affection from their vessel before they will allow themselves to flow through a mortal instrument and onto a medium of art. In those rare moments, a beautiful process of creation happens and a little piece of the divine is brought down to the Earth in the form of a painting, poem, or epic tale.

It is considered one thing to channel the muses and create art, but it is considered a whole other thing to gather the individual musings of creative minds in an attempt to create a collection of inspired works. With the help of many talented people, that is exactly what has been accomplished in this publication. From collecting and reviewing the submissions to all the technical work behind the scenes, the *New Tricks* team had to call upon their own muses to produce this wonderful collection of artwork, poems, and short stories. It is with much pride and admiration that I present to you the 2014 issue of *New Tricks*. Enjoy!

Somewhere in the Night • Michael Kooiker

Somewhere in the night---
A child cries from hunger,
Screams from a family fight,
A dog barks

Somewhere in the night---
Sirens in the distance,
Loud music from a party,
A gunshot

Somewhere in the night---
Tears fall like raindrops
A little girl hurt,
Hatred in her heart

Somewhere in the night---
A homeless old man
Dies in the cold,
No prayers, no one cares

Somewhere in the night---
A family meal goes astray,
"We can't pay our bills!"
A child pays with pain

Somewhere in the night---
Trying to get away,
A teen smokes crack,
Anguished parents cry

Somewhere in the night---
With no way out and
Depression overwhelming
Wrists cut, spewing blood

Somewhere in the night---
Hope hangs on jagged edge
Human perseverance
Life lasts another day

the lost ones • Jesse Kotilinek

TO SEVEN an opaque bed and
old frames kept the room,
the pictures were dusty except
for the cracked
glass, which remained
clear

a circular imprint former to
the indent- as real as the
toe that ached to
be scratched.
he was a novice marksman,
but regardless, a
target at such
a distance promises
perfect aim...

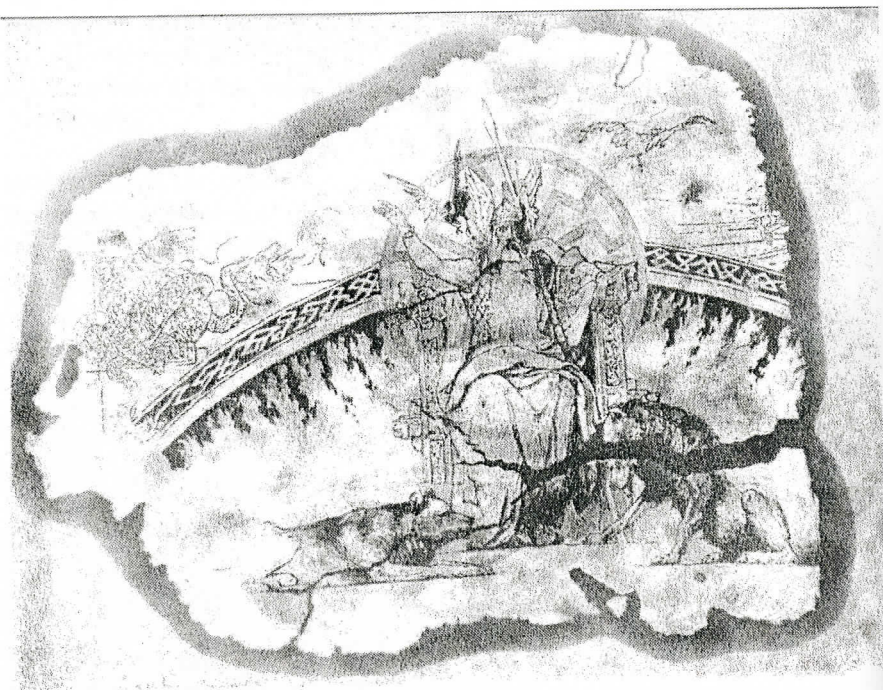
and on
the day after,
(everyone knows
them, the favored
who haven't ever known
anybody)

you never
understood the
significance of a moment or
the lost ones
and so you sit
with your commonwealth
sneer- "what a shame!"
like you
wanted your
faces smashed by
those who thought
the same but
in a different way
pity and absolution
are not one and the same;
neither are grievance and shame in
that instant of ruminance
only your impulses remain.

so, tell me
again-
what the
fuck did you
think it
was?



Untitled • Chris Beadles



Seduction • Shèri Leveille-Rensch

The sordid tongue whispers
Behind petals of languid lies
It manipulates needs and wants
Oozing honey, producing delicate trust
Envisioning love but revealing lust
The ache it leaves beneath the skin
In a crushing urge
A frantic storm of panting moans
A misty sea of sweat
Luscious music
Delirious screams
In the morning
Always after the heat
Then the power of lies exposed
He's only playing at love
Embittered, she hardens – not feeling
Asking only to die

dating profile: yogurt • Stacey Berry

had a dream that you outed me. and we fist fought in the drive. punched you
so hard in the face you
liked to have called me killa. standing there like some rabid dog. all teeth
and personalities. but it was
all real. and i'm looking for you. i am betsy. and i cook real good.



It was a Beautiful Day • Dillon Dwyer

It was a beautiful day
On crimson soaked fields
Eviscerating monsters with my bloody sword

It was a beautiful day
Near the gold mines of Terra Strata
Decimating the loathsome heathen horde

It was a beautiful day
In the holy lands
Destroying temples and plundering the loot we scored

It was a beautiful day
At the mighty citadel
Accepting the title of hero from my Dark Lord

Wasteland Imitation • Chelsea Kruse

Fresh blows the wind to my homeland. There is nothing now but our country. Our country right or wrong. Winter dawns upon unreal cities as the storm approaches quickly. Alcée passionately loves Calixta, their passion a white flame, life's mystery a borderland and fountain of delight. While Désirée is wrongly accused, fate turns upon Armand, revenge served coldly. Rosicky's heart grows weak, "Come lovely and soothing death." For I would rather have Death by Water than have Jenny fall in love with the wrong man and have to be rescued by Slade's widow. Horace Ansely's widow had been lovely but Madame Sosostriis was clairvoyant and wise. Huckleberry, full of trouble, takes up wickedness to save runaway Jim. Winterbourne, who has lived too long in foreign parts, shuns little Daisy. Logic and sermons never will convince Sylvia to tell the heron's secret and give it's life away. Bonté! What did Thunder say? It's howling crash fades to a swampish hush like that of dazzling Nebraska, home of the light blue Palace Hotel where the Swede chooses his own fate. Carrie gazes at the passing landscape As Drouet charms her with flashy words and Her thoughts turn to him and a better time while a man leaves the Yukon main trail and deserts his first fire, "I was booked to make a mistake." "I'm afoot with my vision," now Huck sets out for Injun country and driven by the Trades. Space and Time! Time and eternity. Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season. Tenants of this country listen to me I beg you, "There is no honor above America with me."



Fox • John Nelson

This morning fox flits past the back yard,
His red banner of a tail lifted behind him
As he floats over this late spring snow
And into the field beyond.

I stand by the back door
Leashed to a dog that sniffs
At the same yard, the same turds,
It left there yesterday, and the day before.

I am holding the leash
And the leash holds
Me at one end, the dog the other,
I've taken the leash in my hand,

Placed the collar on the dog,
Around his neck now flecked with grey,
Like my own grey hair,
My own leash with its Windsor knot.

Out beyond the trees the fox is moving,
His red fur silent and warm in the morning air.
He is leaving tracks across the April snow.
He is leaving the yard for the trees.

He is silent where he goes.
He is red. He is leaving.
He has a destination in his genes.
I watch him disappear into the field.

bleeding mascara • Jesse Kotilinek

"i'm sorry
(doesn't do
enough-
when i've
already
jammed
my knuckles
into the
door . . .
opened
my lips
before
i had
the
wisdom
to
disengage
my
tongue
)"

Ode to Queen Mary Jane • Michael Kooiker

She always wins best in show
Dressed in garbs of plastic clear
She burns her way in my brain
Hence my ode, Queen Mary Jane

She picks me up when I'm down
Peaceful lady calm and cool
She's my sunshine in the rain
Hence my ode, Queen Mary Jane

She is a gift from Mother Earth
Thanks to a generous god
Natural as a farmer's grain
Hence my ode, Queen Mary Jane

She can take the day's troubles
And soften their jagged edge
She can ease such awful pain
Hence my ode, Queen Mary Jane

She conquers a sleeping pill
She'll tame down the fearsome night
She will not judge you insane
Hence my ode to Queen Mary Jane

Untitled • Chris Beadles



Madison Tracks • Chelsea Meyer



Saddest Day Of My Life • Ashley Geditz

It was the saddest day of my life
There was not a cloud in the vast azure sky
The blue jays winked as they danced by

It was the saddest day of my life
I zipped up the lace dress that was a little too tight
And stepped into the brilliant Church light

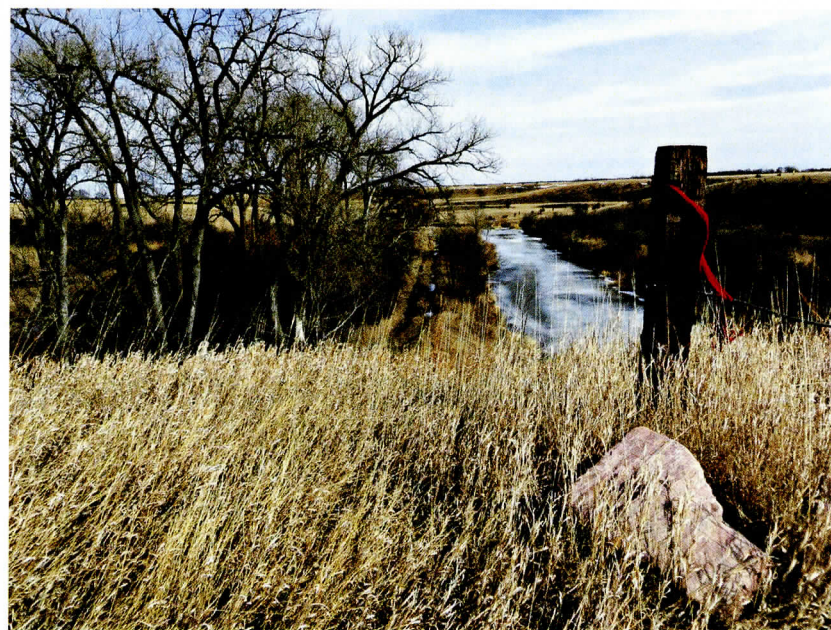
It was the saddest day of my life
Walking down the aisle and seeing his joyous face
Grinning as everything seemed to fall into place

It was the saddest day of my life
As he turned and kissed the woman that was not me
I realized his mistress is all I'll ever be

feathers and foliole • Jesse Kotilinek



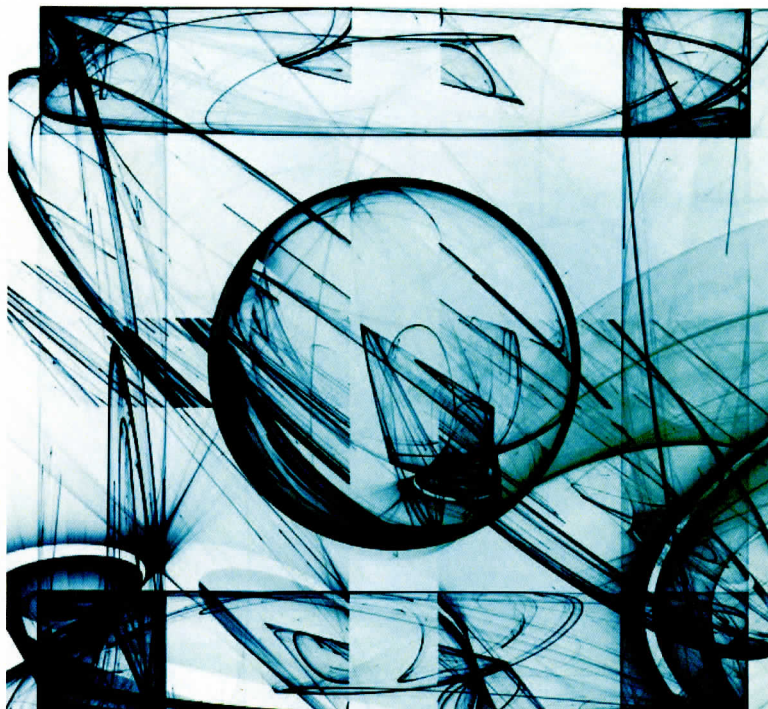
Lost Scarf • Jenna Sorsen



Stranger • Mary Metzger

The blood in her body is red
It kills me to say she is dead
The axe in my hand
Had different plans
I must keep my children well fed

fractured saturn • Jesse Kotilinek



Nothing Goldie Can Say (Parody) • Dylan Winthers

Visiting is grandma Goldie
She speaks to all quite coldly
So often complaining of noise
Made by the children's toys
She hollers, "Quiet down you!"
So often you'd think her blue.
But there's nothing Goldie can say
When you to take her teeth away.

Untitled • Chris Beadles



The Center of True • Dillon Dwyer

I've spoken to God
Allah, and Vishnu too
They want you to come home
To the center of true
The path you take does not matter
It is not a race about who gets there faster
If you run you may stumble, trip, and fall
But it's the journey that matters most of all

Take your time and learn to love
Feel the light from heaven above
Use that light to start a fire
We are here to inspire

how far? • Jesse Kotilinek

i spend all
day holed up
making
calculations. after
doing it for so
long, you
begin to notice
that you can
plug in all the right
numbers for the
formula,

but it doesn't necessarily mean
that you'll always
get a good
answer, or
that you'll
even get
one at all.
a word problem fully
demonstrates this
demarcation:

if in ten
years' time,
i'm typing out memos in
some corporate function
and making math from
seven figures for the
account of
mr. jack-in-giant's-
house (and his
children's-children's
children),

how far
have
i gotten?

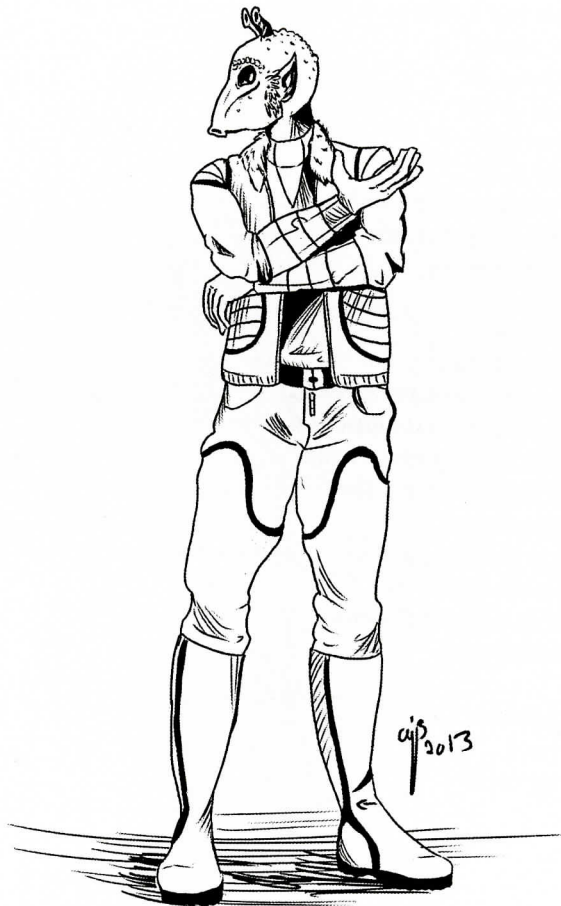


Words on a Napkin • Jenna Sorsen

and yet,

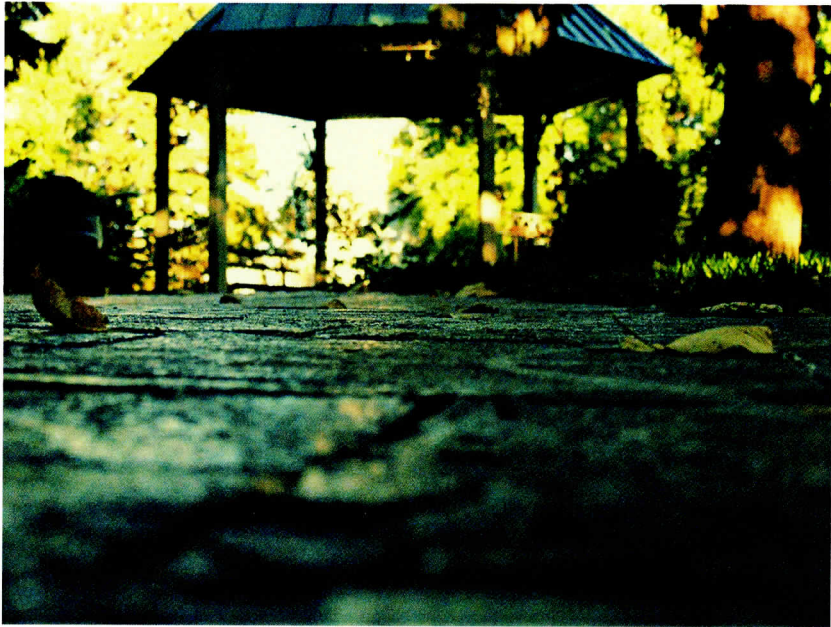
it is at 3:34 am
through blood shot eyes,
rustled up blankets,
and a barely conscious mind
that i reach for pen and paper...
and the most profound muse comes out.

Slenk • Ashley Burtz



Untitled • Chris Beadles





Fluid • Dillon Dwyer

To stretch is to expand
To bend is not to break
Fluid I am
Water for assumptions sake

I flow in the river
Synchronized with the currents
I am a life giver
Creator of the current

The time is now
It's always been
Don't ask how
Just jump in

Composite • William Delaney





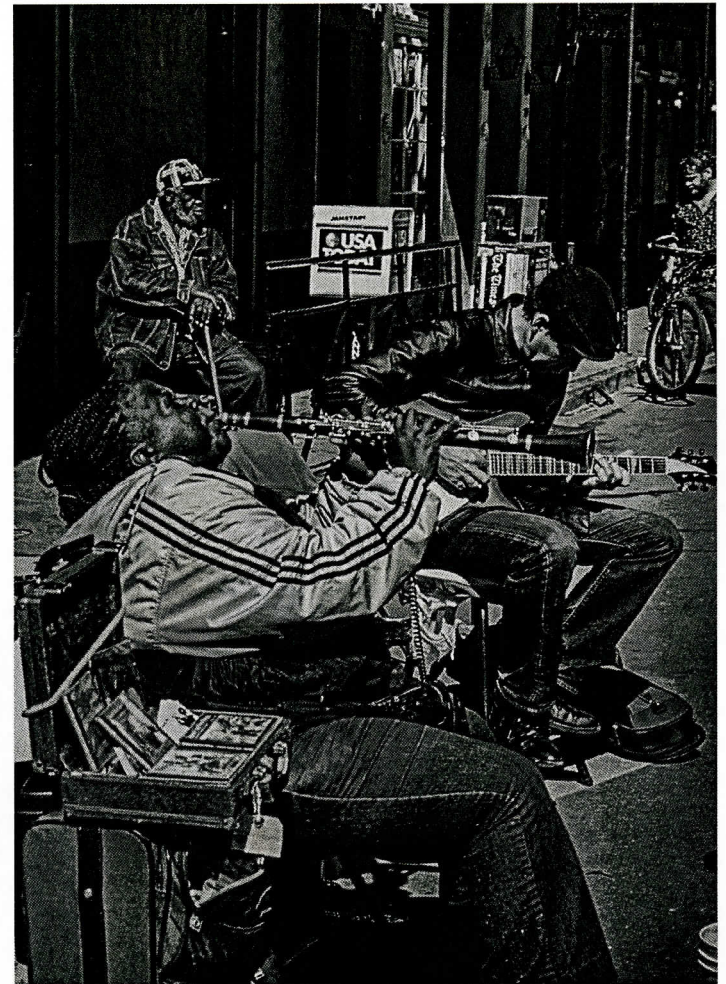
The Brown Bagged Bottle • Mary Metzger

so much depends
upon

a brown bagged
bottle

filled with strange
nectar

atop the writer's
desk.



guts • Jesse Kotilinek

"yes, i have
traversed the
cavern," the cartographer
says; "i will do
everything in my power
to help you find the
way through"

"please..."
i plead, "please
tell
me"

"as you
wish, young
traveler. with
every step
further into
its depths,"

the man continues,
"you will feel the
walls smoothen as
they begin to glaze-
immaculate and unspoiled
by contact

you will sleep on the
bedrock, each night more
comforting as the terra
cotta turns soft, wet
and loam

and after two days the
echo will brighten, rising
steadily upward; this
sound indicates two more
remaining"

with this knowledge,
i undertake a
slow crawl through
the ink-black
tunnel

there was
nothing to be
seen, so

i feel-
(the walls:
smooth as the finest glass i had ever sipped)

i sleep-
(on the bedrock:
soft as the most supple cushion i had ever laid upon)

i heard-
(the echo:
bright as the lullaby of a soprano virtuoso)

two days
later, the tunnel
expands in
a glossy fuschia,
showcasing a
hospital skyscraper
ceiling

and my aching legs stand
and my wanting nostrils fill
with the aroma of
fresh hemlock leaves...

my ascending figure is
a silhoutte in the
blinding sunlight;
i make a dead sprint
toward the cavern
exit

then,

slipping... ...falling.
an anvil
plunge

two fictions

deep,

into the
trench-

everything became
post-mortem at
the precise
moment my
spine snapped
and guts
sp-
ill
-ed

it wasn't until then that i realized

the cartographer
had been
blind
all of
this
time

Aleya • Mostafa Haque

Alamgir had spent practically his entire life on the rivers. But even after so many years, the sight of the setting sun painting the blue-green waters with all the hues of a blazing inferno never failed to amaze him.

It was growing late. The number of *dinghies* grew less by the minute. Yet one glance at his empty basket told him that it was still far too early for him to retire for the night.

Maybe this is a good thing, Alamgir thought; fewer fishermen mean more fish up for the grabs.

Alas his basket remained empty even as the last embers of the day vanished beyond the crimson horizon. As if on cue, a cold breeze began blowing from the west causing Alamgir to wrap his cloak tighter and stare, longingly, at the shore.

Somewhere in that quaint riverside village, amidst the lantern-lit huts, a little girl named Samia waited patiently for her father to return home.

“Come home before supper, Papa”, she had told Alamgir, “Mama’s making beef curry!”

The thought was bittersweet. Raisa’s cooking was considered legendary in the village and, as her husband, Alamgir would vouch for it any day of the week. Yet even were it Ambrosia, he knew that he would not be able to stomach the stew if he didn’t get a good catch tonight.

Between Samia’s school tuition fees and weeks of bad catches, Alamgir’s coffers were nearly dry. Even with Raisa taking up a part-time teaching position, the family had barely enough money to buy rice – let alone purchase luxury items like lentils and meat.

Raisa’s father, Ibrahim the village elder, had “gifted” them the meat. No matter how many times his wife protested and told him she’d bought it herself from the *bazar*, Alamgir knew that she didn’t earn nearly enough to buy this much meat in the middle of the month.

He may have been born into poverty, but Alamgir hated accepting charity. And more than that, he hated being judged. Even now, Alamgir could feel the old *mattabar’s* eyes on him, scrutinizing his every move.

“Is this who I gave my daughter to?” Ibrahim inquired in Alamgir’s mind, “A worthless, river vagabond?”



The thought strengthened his resolve. Alamgir would not go back home till his basket was filled to the brim with silvery *Ilish*. Samia would understand, she was a smart girl. After cashing in his big catch, Alamgir would make it up to her by taking Samia to Dhaka. She always wanted to see the big city!

It was pitch black outside when the first fish drifted into his net; a stout Ruhi whose scales reflected the pale un-light of the waxing moon.

Alamgir hauled up his catch with a boyish enthusiasm. Yet he knew that this wouldn't be enough to keep his family fed for too long. He wanted to sail further upstream. But the darkness had made even the calm waters of the *Meghna* treacherous to navigate.

Finally, just as his resolve was about to falter, Alamgir saw something unexpected – a ball of light shimmering ever so slightly over the water. At first he thought it was just a reflection of the moon above, yet reflections never moved the way it did.

It seemed to almost beckon to him.

Like all boys growing up in villages, Alamgir too had been raised on fairy tales. His grandmother spoke of mysterious night-fairies, benevolent creatures that would show up to guide mortals in dire straight.

Off-course, those weren't the only stories he had been told. There were darker tales, grimmer tales, about the supernatural.

Yet in his desperation Alamgir could only remember the good.

Maybe this Fairy is here to guide me to a better catch, he thought excitedly as he paddled vigorously to reach the enigmatic orb.

As he grew closer to the shimmering light, it started to take shape – becoming more and more humane with every stroke of Alamgir's paddle.

Soon, Alamgir found himself looking at a woman in a white gown, too beautiful to be human. The fabric of her clothes flowed around her as if they were woven from moonbeams itself and her pale skin shone with all the radiance of the stars above.

Her delicate toes grazed the top surface of the still water which held her weight despite reason. Yes Alamgir was too far gone for reason to take hold.

As she looked at him and smiled, all thought left Alamgir's head. Raisa? Samia? Who are those people? All that mattered was what lay before him – all that mattered was this moment.

A shiver went up his spine as his outstretched fingers made contact with her skin and she stepped nimbly onto his boat and they embraced.

For the briefest moment, Alamgir was euphoric – before his reason came back to his mind in torrents: before the pale skin of his paramour began to rot in front of his eyes: before the wraith jumped off his boat, taking him with her.

As water filled Alamgir's lungs and the last breath of life escaped his lips, a faint smile formed on his face.

"I am sorry Samia, looks like Papa won't be making it to supper tonight."

The Pea Patch • Jenna Sorsen

I can smell autumn today, the aroma of cracked leaves releasing their summer cape. Hummingbirds flicker and play by their feeders. Underneath the early September sky, a coolness in the air sends my mind adrift. My mind travels back to when I was four.

As a child once again, I remember staring up at the giant cottonwood. The leaves create splintered shadows, as my young self is splayed across the ground. My thoughts are of Barney and what I'll be having for supper that night. Ignorant bliss is what the adults call this, but I don't know of such a thing yet. I just live it.

I remember my mother, still alive, earthly and whole. She's waving at me from her pea patch. I wave back. Even in my young age, I can tell she is weak. The cancer has spread, and death seems just around the corner.

Today is one of her good days. Her smile is tired, but exuberant. I go back to watching the clouds, my 4-year-old mind creating animals and such out of their puffy, white wisps.

I snap back to reality, and I am 18 once again. I hold the letter in my hand that my mother wrote that day she waved at me from the pea patch. It reads:

September 7, 1999

My Dearest Jenna Mae,

Autumn is approaching. Right now, it's that "in-between" time. Gilded and rusted leaves scatter the ground, yet the trees are still blessed with a bounty of emerald jewels. The cicadas are softly humming their daily trill, and it is midday. I've just finished picking some of my sugar peas out of my patch, but of course as always, not a single one of them made it back to the house. But no worries, they have made a happy home in my belly.

I remember you being in my belly too. You kicked and kicked and were troublesome, but how could we not love you? You were born and were handed to me, sprawling and raw and wet and so beautiful. At that moment, I don't know if I've ever loved anything more. Your newborn eyes searched for me, and I knew right then and there that life had wonderful things in store for you.

You grew up into a smiling baby, bouncing and bubbly. You loved to be outside, and you sure did eat a lot. Soon you learned to walk, forcing us to watch you at all times. Even if you fell, you got right back up and started again,

laughing as you went along.

And then the Big C came into my life like a slap in the face. Your dad and I's first reaction was pure anger at the Lord. Why?! Why me God? I'm only 31, so young. You couldn't have taken a mass murderer or something?!

No matter how much we complained to God at first though, the cancer was still there and it was spreading. The doctors put me straight into the most rigorous forms of chemotherapy and radiation, robbing me of my hair and my breasts. My two physical assets that made me feel most like a woman were now gone.

My soul was still there though. I still got to bounce you on the edge of my hospital bed, instead of my knee, and your father still sneaks me in some of my sugar peas, although I'm not supposed to have them.

After a year of treatment, I was admitted into remission. It felt as if a boulder had been lifted off my back and I was now adorned with a red cape. I would get to see you grow up and I would get to grow old with my husband. All of the things and scenarios that I had been afraid of had now disappeared. I had gone back to teach 2nd Grade. I had gotten my life back, in spite of my bald head. I embraced it though and wore a jean cap everywhere I went. Wigs weren't for me.

But soon, cancer's fingers silently grabbed me again, and this time, instead of just grazing me, they strangled me.

I had a different reaction. I didn't feel anger. I felt acceptance. I accepted the cancer and possibly even death. I know what you're thinking. I should have fought back; I should have tried to beat it. But honey, it had spread too far; the doctors couldn't do anything more. As I write this, I hope that you can understand someday.

Now, I as I sit here, the cancer has spread partly to my brain. I hallucinate a lot, but this is one of my good days. Also, as I write this baby, I know that I will be leaving this earth soon. It's time to get down to the nitty-gritty, the real reason of why I'm writing this to you. Here it goes:

Do not weep for me, child. Your tears will not reach me in heaven, but your prayers will. So pray, my daughter, pray to me. Send me your sorrows and your burdens, and I will lessen them. Send me your joys and triumphs, and I will celebrate with you. When I am gone, know that I am still with you. Remember my favorite poet? He once said something along the lines of, "We



don't have souls. We are souls. We have bodies." My soul is still with you and in you.

I know for certain that your father will take great care of you. I woke up the other day, and I heard you and him giggling in the kitchen. Yes, you two will get along just fine.

So, my love, it is time for this letter to come to a close. Just know that my love for you will never cease. Do not weep for me, remember to pray. I love you, Jenna Mae. We'll be seeing you soon.

Love, Mama

I clutch the letter to my heart, and I cry. Not for my mama, but for her love for me. Yes mama, we will be seeing you soon.

Silent Night • Chelsea Meyer



Contributors

Chris Beadles is from Auburn, California. He graduated from Colfax High School and spent time at American River College before moving to SD. Prior to his enrollment at DSU in the fall of 2012, he spent time travelling and working in the Black Hills and also Truckee, CA. He is a senior, graduating in the spring with an A.S. in Business Management. His hobbies include spending time with his family and enjoying local art.

Stacey Berry, Assistant Professor of English for New Media, found her place at DSU after a lifetime of training as a super-nerd English major, game-girl, comic-book-reader, and all around computer and technology junkie who never quite fit in anywhere. She likes teaching and talking about truth, chaos, and violence.

Ashley "Ashes" Burtz is a Production Animation student at DSU. When she isn't eating, sleeping, gaming, or reading, she spends most of her time working hard in her classes and doing freelance art commission to her many clients. She is involved with many campus organizations and is fortunate enough to be lead graphic designer/advertiser for four of them.

Laina Darger is a third year English for New Media student at DSU. She enjoys reading, writing, and crying over boy bands.

William "Bill" Delaney is a non-degree seeking student concentrating in photography. This is his second semester at DSU. Presently he and his wife live in Sioux Falls although they lived in New Orleans for the past two years where he started to study digital photography. This semester he is doing an independent study with Professor Jones learning black and white film photography which included dark room techniques. Film photography is a new experience for him and he is quite excited about it.

Dillon Dwyer is majoring in English for New Media. He considers the Whetstone Valley and the town of Milbank, SD to be his homeland. Being blessed with a knack for pulling ideas out of his hat and setting the ball in motion, he considers himself a doer of work.

Ashley Geditz is from good old Madison, SD and is majoring in English Education. She is a huge movie buff, and loves watching really obscure/dark movies. She also enjoys reading poetry.

Chelsea Kruse is a senior at DSU majoring in English Education, minoring in Educational Technology and Speech Communication/Theatre, with specializations in Coaching and English for New Media. She enjoys reading and writing poetry and fiction, dabbling in photography, and playing video games when she happens upon rare moments of spare time.

Jesse Kotilinek grew up in a small, unincorporated community called Gann Valley, after which he became a drifter between various other towns beginning at age 12. He is an audio production major and likes to spend his spare time he likes to work on personal projects and sleep.



Mary Metzger is an English for New Media Major at DSU. She enjoys soaking up as much information as her brain can possibly contain and putting it to use in meaningful ways. Her related past-times include writing, reading, producing various forms of artwork, cooking, and occasionally playing videogames.

Chelsea Meyer is a junior at DSU. Her major is Digital Arts and Design with a specialization of Computer Graphics with a Photography minor. She is from Sioux Falls, SD. Her favorite hobby is being outside and taking photographs.

John Nelson writes poetry and other stuff and teaches writing, literature, and new media courses at DSU. He has been at DSU since 1996 and still enjoys his classes. His poetry has been published in Poet Lore, SD Review, and College English, among other publications. He enjoys reading and running, not necessarily at the same time. He'll supply you with more biographical information upon request.

Mike Kooiker is taking classes at both DSU and SDSU. He plans to major in Sociology through SDSU. Madison is his hometown. He dabbled in poetry over the years but was not really interested in it until he took Dr. Nelson's Creative Writing class. His hobbies are writing, woodworking, collecting fossils and relics and playing video games.

Shèri Leveille-Rensch is currently a double major in English for New Media and Professional and Technical Communications. She plans to continue on to graduate school and eventually teach post-secondary English. Her dream is to one day travel the world researching the legends of different cultures and writing contemporary novels based on those legends. Shèri is the mother of a daughter and three sons ages 19, 19, 12, and 9 and lives in Sioux falls with her two youngest boys. Her favorite literary work is Charles Dicken's A Tale of Two Cities.

Jenna Sorsen is from Plankinton, SD and is majoring in Elementary Education at DSU. She has always loved creating things, whether that through painting, writing or singing. Jenna is an amateur photographer and is obsessed with avocados.

Dylan Winthers is from Madison, SD and is majoring in English Education at DSU.

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Dakota State University
College of Arts and Sciences
820 N. Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042