

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

---

The Vehicle

Student Theses & Publications

---

Fall 2004

### The Vehicle, Fall 2004

Ryan Maney

Megan Rankin

Anthony Travis Shoot

Clementine

Jonathan M. Cook

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://thekeep.eiu.edu/vehicle>

---

#### Recommended Citation

Maney, Ryan; Rankin, Megan; Shoot, Anthony Travis; Clementine; Cook, Jonathan M.; Dwiggin, Katy; Johnson, Sarah; Apodaca, Kitty; Carlin, Annette; Lyons, Greg; Habel, Alisa; Doughty, C. Alan; and Anderson, Joshua D., "The Vehicle, Fall 2004" (2004). *The Vehicle*. 81.

<https://thekeep.eiu.edu/vehicle/81>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Theses & Publications at The Keep. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Vehicle by an authorized administrator of The Keep. For more information, please contact [tabruns@eiu.edu](mailto:tabruns@eiu.edu).

---

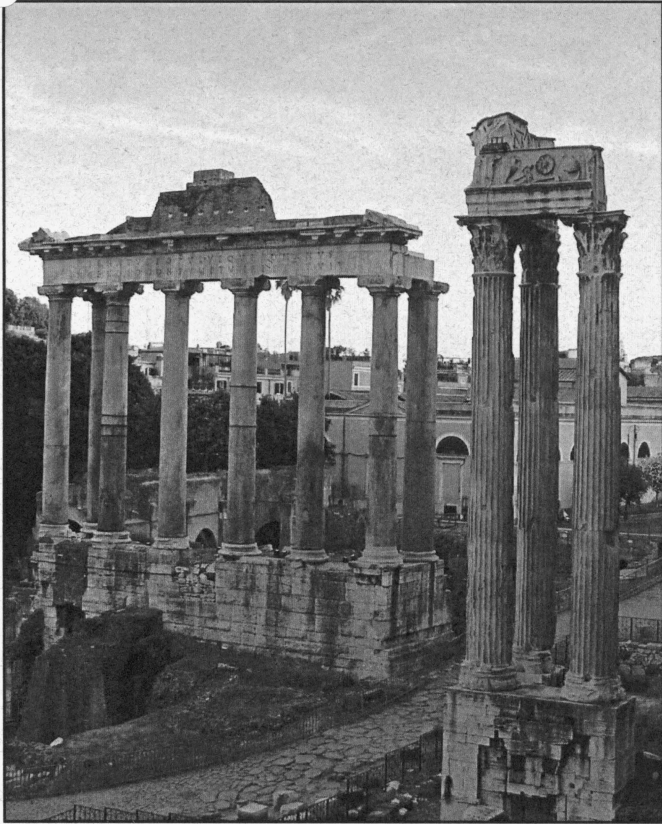
**Authors**

Ryan Maney, Megan Rankin, Anthony Travis Shoot, Clementine, Jonathan M. Cook, Katy Dwiggin, Sarah Johnson, Kitty Apodaca, Annette Carlin, Greg Lyons, Alisa Habel, C. Alan Doughty, and Joshua D. Anderson

Archives  
LH  
1  
.V4x  
2004  
Fall

# The Vehicle

## Fall 2004



...The poet's voice need not  
merely be the record of man, it can  
be one of the props, the pillars to  
help him endure and prevail.

The young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid: and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed — love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he learns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure: that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

-William Faulkner

# Credits

---

Editor.....	Jessica Summers
Associate Editor.....	Natalie Kuchar
Reading Staff.....	Catherine Apodaca Laura Blankenship Katy Dwiggin Krystal Hering Natalie Kuchar Lauren Ochs Jessica Summers
Layout and Design.....	Jessica Summers
Editorial Advisor.....	Tim Engles
Layout Coordinator.....	Stephen Haas
Printing Advisor.....	Bonita Rodebaugh
Student Publications Advisor.....	John Ryan

\* \* \*

Published by.....Student Publication Department  
Eastern Illinois University, Charleston, Illinois

Printed by.....Copy Express

# Table of Contents

---

Six-Billion to One Against Ryan Maney.....	5
May 25th, 2004 Megan Rankin.....	6
Summer Delivery Anthony Shoot.....	7
A Young Family, Smithland, Kentucky. October 1935 Clementine.....	8
Untitled Jonathan M. Cook.....	9
October 23, 2021 Ryan Maney.....	10
Last Night Katy Dwiggin.....	11
Untitled Megan Rankin.....	12
Clever Disguise Sarah Johnson.....	13
conspiracy against grandma Clementine.....	14
Thunder Kitty Apodaca.....	15
Untitled Jonathan M. Cook.....	16
Self Portrait Annette Carlin.....	17
Leaves Anthony Shoot.....	18

# Table of Contents

---

Untitled	
Katy Dwiggin.....	19
The Woman I Almost Understood	
Greg Lyons.....	20
Flesh and Sand	
Jonathan M. Cook.....	21
Lunch Date	
Alisa Habel.....	22
Like and Unlike Everyone Else	
C. Alan Doughty.....	23
Thankfully Swayed	
Sarah Johnson.....	24
A Warm Winter Day	
Joshua D. Anderson.....	25-26
Oak, Maple, Sassafras	
Clementine.....	27-30

Six-Billion to One Against

By Ryan Maney

Left-over stew, boiling over,  
reheating for another stale meal,  
is unattended and burns.

A baby is crying again.  
An unfinished cigarette delays the mother  
like the scotch that made her father late.

In a filling station a man with rags for clothes  
is buying a lottery ticket. Pure gold.  
His smile filthy.

The placenta follows the child.  
That horrid muck:

A cruel joke like gum stuck in hair  
that doesn't come out without scissors  
or dog shit that can't be shaken from a shoe.

After birth doctors slap babies,  
listen to them scream for the first time,  
before saying with a smile, "It's breathing."



Untitled

By Megan Rankin

Death is:

Seeing the reflection

Of your tennis shoes

In the polished headstone-

The deflated mound,

The four-months grave,

Where the grass hasn't grown again,

And the cruel mower tracks

Over his head

Seem like they will never

Be hidden.

Summer Delivery

By Anthony Shoot

Outside the rotting trailer  
A little girl  
Plays  
Dirty faced  
With a broken bicycle

An old car  
Rattles with the "BOOM,  
BOOM"  
Of too much bass-  
I keep walking

A woman answers the door  
Hollering,  
"Get back, get back"  
To children and dogs  
Her white sweatshirt  
Stained orange in spots  
Snoopy on the front  
"Joe Christmas"  
Across the bottom

She hands me money  
For the pizza  
Plus a dollar-  
Her hands  
Crocodiles

A cigarette in her mouth  
Burns filter  
As she mumbles  
"Thanks"  
Without looking at me

As I get into my car  
The little girl  
Smiles big  
And waves big  
As she runs up to the door  
Her mother has already  
Closed.

A Young Family. Smithland, Kentucky. October 1935.

By Clementine

she faces the camera  
longing to trade her thin cotton dress  
for a warm one  
longing to trade the baby for new shoes

*Mama says:  
Jen, you're a mother now.  
Put your hair in a bun.  
Nurse her until you're dry.  
Clean the house.  
Hush that child  
so she doesn't disturb him.*

he glares to the side  
remembering her in a blue dress  
she now uses for rags  
remembering how they used to  
make love in the barn

*Papa says:  
Son, you're a father now.  
Work from dawn to dusk.  
Gather crops.  
Sell your dreams for  
ham hocks and lard*

she looks behind them  
their accident in a white bonnet  
barely five months

*They say:  
Don't cry little one.  
Your mama and papa  
love you so.*

married too young  
baby too soon  
bills to play life's too hard

*They say:  
Life's hard  
Suck it up ol' boy.*

Untitled

By Jonathan M. Cook

Let us talk, you and I, about the world.  
And if we talk, let us talk like men, and not  
So many flies sipping martinis at midnight,  
Staring at the crowds as they walk on by.  
We once drank coffee on Main Street and talked about Vico and  
lovers,  
(Round and round and round we went)  
And I said, You are a clever fellow, aren't you.  
You tipped your hat and we laughed.  
A short drive to the country, to the empty lot overgrown with dan-  
delions  
Where we'd smoke and read our futures in the cards.  
You are doomed to live lives of uncertainty, they said,  
And we laughed.  
Time is time and time goes on.

Let us go, you and I, into the world.  
And if we go, let us go like men, and not  
So many peacocks with things to prove.

October 23, 2021

By Ryan Maney

i cleaned the house today  
fixed that damned drain  
shuffled feet across carpet and  
shocked myself  
on the doorknob  
made phone calls to  
answering machines  
but left no messages.  
drew a picture.  
read a book.  
watched television.  
jerked off.  
drank some whiskey.

after all that I still felt  
like a glass  
neither half-empty  
nor half-full

## Last Night

By Katy Dwiggin

He sits in the rocking chair  
with shaggy hair and sideburns  
playing his grandpa's old, green,  
acoustic guitar,  
wearing two thin rubber bands on  
his right, strumming wrist.

His baggy, draping, gray pajama pants  
and bare chest HEAVING,  
muscles DEFINED,  
veins PULSING – make beautiful music.

I gaze in quiet, omniscient observation  
in a stocking cap worn over  
lightly-tussled hair,  
curly, wavy,  
in *his* wife-beater  
and boxer shorts  
wondering how I can become

those strings he grazes  
so GRACEFULLY,  
so PASSIONATELY,  
so GENTLY, so GENTLY.

Untitled

By Megan Rankin

Ten-years old and I was there  
sitting way out in right field,  
watching the shadow  
of the ball on the ground  
and being startled only  
by birds. The dandelions,  
picked for crayons, turned my  
Canvas Keds into canaries,  
as I hopped up for a changement  
and fluttered my feet, twirling  
in the sun.

Clever Disguise

By Sarah Johnson

Closely I watch,  
Perched on a wooden bench facing Harlem Avenue.  
A dark haired man, six feet passes by.  
Sophisticated style,  
White collared shirt tucked in,  
Stiff, freshly ironed pants,  
Brown suede jacket,  
Tamed male.

I admire his class.  
He nears the local strip joint.  
*Exotic Ladies: Free Lap Dances* plastered on window.  
He walks in.  
Wild animal.



conspiracy against grandma

By Clementine

talk of grandma's  
future fills the air like  
turpentine smothering me

i choke on

*we could sell her  
car so she can't drive*

and

*we can't put her  
in the nursing home until she  
loses her mind*

i stare red-faced

they want to take  
her wheels  
and with them  
her wings and  
tie her up with cords

she's

*too much too handle*

*a burden*

*not going to last long*

we watch her unwrap  
her Christmas gift  
and put the red bow on  
her white head

they whisper in hushed voices

talk to her like  
she's a child

tell her  
she can't

scold her when  
she cries

they tell her  
*we'll see you soon*

and then  
don't visit her

we sit

she pushes her  
hand on mine squeezes  
looks at the angel topper with the  
Christmas tree up her ass

## Thunder

By Kitty Apodaca

His voice pushes me

    Against the wall. Words batter  
my ears, bruise my heart.

Hot tears race raindrop spirals  
down windowpanes drowning my

response. Menacing

    Thoughts hurricane together,  
puddle in deep dry

rivers of new memory

    I don't want to flow. Ever.

## Untitled

By Jonathan M. Cook

While lying in bed  
While lying there  
I never try  
And when it's done  
I never ask why  
When I go down  
Since we're here  
This is it

you pick at me beard.  
you seem at peace.  
you never care,  
we roll apart.  
you never say no:  
back you go.  
we might as well.  
all there is.

I'm alone inside  
Do you fake  
The wheel turns again  
This is bliss  
You're gagging on me  
But with each taste

and alone inside you;  
or just displace?  
you're back on top:  
this is all I will know.  
I'm drowning in you,  
I seem to forget.

You're not in love  
When we kiss  
I open my eyes  
When we touch  
I'll crawl through the dirt  
And once you've come

neither am I.  
you part your lips.  
there's no one there.  
I know when it ends.  
on my hands and knees,  
when will you come again?

We're never in love  
And when we cry  
Summer goes away  
But when it comes

we never feel,  
it's because we can.  
winter comes too late,  
it comes just like us.

Whisper something in my ear;  
Nothing could be easier than this:  
Being merely you and I.

What could be easier than this?  
I remember every time I try.

You say

*The Devil wears a white suit.  
The Devil wears a white suit  
And he feels just like this.*

## Self Portrait

By Annette Carlin

Her rough, rugged hands  
Can toss a bale of hay  
Like it was only a feather pillow.  
But they can glide across a baby's face  
With the feeling of silk.

They can pour a mug of beer,  
Or they can pour a glass of tea.  
They can cook fish they just cleaned  
Or they can create a gourmet meal.

They can throw a punch  
If she needs to defend herself  
And they can hold and comfort her man  
When his grandpa passes on.

They can draw the most  
Beautiful pieces of art  
Or they can build a wood fence  
From the trees they chopped down.

They clench into white-knuckled fists  
When she's nervous or tense.  
They're graceful and elegant  
When she's calm and comfortable.

The calluses on her palms  
Show what a hard worker she is.  
And the ring on her left hand  
Shows how she loves and cares for others.

And right now, he hands are being held  
By the hands of her man  
As they dance their first dance  
As husband and wife.

Leaves

By Anthony Shoot

When I die  
I want to be buried  
Under dry leaves  
In the dip of woods  
That my tree-house  
Overlooked  
And the vine  
Swung freely  
Over.

Untitled

By Katy Dwiggins

She is a tiny thing,  
a woman of four feet and ten inches  
(shrinking by the day).  
Oversized glasses  
shading blue, cataract eyes  
and gaudy jewelry  
protecting pace-made heartbeats.  
Her unkempt snowcap  
is no matter amidst  
the oxygen lines  
and metal rods.  
“Come closer,” she says  
with a mischievous, pale grin  
and gooses my behind.

The Woman I Almost Understood

By Greg Lyons

The waves slowly sing across the shore, swoosh  
across the ivory sand, repeatedly  
the chorus calls and drums against the rocks.

The water rolls across the ocean's skin,  
and I, above the waves, am not alone  
as we nod ceaselessly through the tide.

She floats with me out deeper than I dare.  
Her black hair scatters across the surface,  
like a spider's web, entangling the sea.

I wonder how she floats out there, alone,  
further out than any other swimmer.  
I doubt she even knows: I am right here.

I fight the waves, pushing the water to  
my sides as I swim to her, to welcome  
her, as I reach to her and say "Hello".

She waves me off and says to my surprise,  
"Por favor, senor, no hablo ingles."

## Flesh and Sand

By Jonathan M. Cook

I walked alone along the shore, waiting  
For a man who claimed to know everything,  
Who spoke in circles of rivers and heroes,  
Who knew of day and night.  
But he never came.

*Explain your answers*, I finally asked the sea,  
Whose breath was clam and constant.  
*Explain the world you know.*  
But she only continued to breathe,  
Her waves breaking against the shore.

I walked to the store, with sand in my shoes,  
To buy a pound of flesh, or maybe more.  
Through smoke and tea shades, the ape stared at me,  
Light reflecting off his shaven head,  
Lips spread wide for fat yellow teeth.  
A feather floated through the air as I paid,  
Purple and glinting, leaving a little light before leaving.

In the back room, in a box with a seat and shadows,  
Cherry the harlot let her string fall.  
A carefully placed twenty, between fur and fur, and  
She pressed against me.  
*You smell of gardenias*, I said, and she laughed.  
*Who am I?* she asked,  
Her eyes closed, her hand to my face.  
But the blood swelled in my mouth, and I tasted cotton.  
I knew only that she stretched out along me.



Lunch Date

By Alisa Habel

Frayed nerves served over a bed of field greens and fried chicken  
Bubbles of anticipation float in a Styrofoam cup  
Suppress the minute voice in the mind  
Where slivers of doubt become razors  
This terrible gnashing of teeth interrupted by dual mastication  
Conversation flows  
A Formica table passes secrets and salt  
Dining on a gnawing irritation  
Filling the gullet  
But never spilling past the lips  
For that would be bad manners  
And still, uncomfortable with this feast  
The carnivorous act seems right  
Feels natural

## Like and Unlike Everyone Else

By C. Alan Doughty

I love to laugh  
Just like everybody else.  
Like everybody else,  
I like comedy.  
However, unlike them,  
I enjoy it only if it is worth a laugh,  
Not gross or sleazy;  
Comedy is funny,  
And there is a difference.

I like a good scare  
Just like everybody else.  
Like everybody else,  
I like horror.  
However, quite unlike them  
I enjoy it only if 'tis scary,  
Not gory or vile;  
Horror is scary,  
And there is a difference.

I like emotion  
Just like everybody else.  
Like everybody else,  
I like drama.  
Of course, there is always a catch  
I like it only if 'tis passionate,  
Not action-packed or thrilling  
Drama is emotional,  
And there is a difference.

Glory to the great Films of old  
In their exquisite taste  
And down with the smash hits  
Labeled falsely!

Thankfully Swayed

By Sarah Johnson

You tiptoe around my weaknesses  
Until you are let in by an unfortunate fault in me.  
You speak and I swoon like a child over a new puppy  
Spewing words from Days of Our Lives  
Quoting meaningless phrases  
Unknowingly gambling away my dignity  
And wasting your time.  
I have a hunch that you are a used car salesman,  
Only out for one thing,  
But I still listen, lost in your cheap persuasive jargon.

People like you should become poets  
Turn your smooth talk into something more concrete—  
But you are lacking one thing  
The drive to become something real.

Temporarily swayed,  
I now know,  
There are too few people like me,  
And too many of you.

A Warm Winter Day

By Joshua D. Anderson

It was a warm day in winter,  
When, while still waking in my bed, with the light of the fresh  
sun shining  
    in, and the cool morning air filling the room.  
A starling approached my open window, and perched upon the  
sill;  
Timid, its head turned quickly, and he moved side to side as if in  
panic,  
And he peered within, wondering what to do, and what might  
reside inside,  
    just beyond the threshold on which he stood;  
I watched him, keeping myself very still, admiring his curiosity,  
as we  
    shared a glance,  
And I wondered about the world outside from where he came,  
The morning, the clouds, the breeze lifting up and up;  
Then, without warning, the bird turned and flew away out of  
sight, and was  
    gone.  
Later, driving through mid-day, with the sun high and only slight-  
ly to the  
    west,  
The windows down, the air blowing inside and messing my hair,  
but warm,  
    for winter, and yet still cool,  
The sky blue and white,  
I chose a path through the only country I knew at close proximity,  
Down narrow gravel roads that bend around dead fields of crops,  
naked  
    earth,  
And space—space to breathe, to move slowly, at will, without  
life's normal  
    hurry,

I passed a gigantic lonely tree, which had seemed to survive its  
peers,  
    standing tall and still and empty, with only it's twin shadow on the  
ground behind it to keep it company, dark and just as big,  
And I passed an old house, far older than myself, with the paint  
long-gone  
    from its outer walls, and the yard abandoned and a mess,  
with a line of  
    clothes flapping lively in the wind between two small  
trees;  
I thought I should be sad, although the day was so nice I could  
not help but  
    smile, and pressed on  
Past the skinny, frozen creek that the sun was warming, melting,  
slowly  
    Bringing back to life, when the water would move again;  
I drove, through the country, through the afternoon,  
Feeling the rare day against my skin,  
And looking at the world outside,  
Until I had run-out of road on which to drive, and I disapprovingly  
turned  
    homeward, hoping for tomorrow.

## Oak, Maple, and Sassafras

Clementine

I admit, I'm a country girl. No matter how far I get from southern Illinois where farms and fields make up for the lack of malls and restaurants, I find myself missing the blackness of the night, the trees in the wind, and the shiny blue dragonflies making tiny rings in the pond.

\*\*\*

When I was younger I spent the day at the pond behind my house. I made myself a sack lunch, peanut butter sandwich with strawberry jam and a large yellow apple, grabbed my one-person tent and walked down through the water-way, surrounded by walls of tall green corn stalks, to the pond. I drug the tent up hill and stood looking into the clouded blue-brown water. Mom has since told me that her dad had dug the pond years ago, but at the time I imagined it a place where the Indians once collected water for cooking and for their horses.

I pitched my tent and stayed on the pond bank all day, laying in the sharp fescue, playing my toy flute, and walking through the maple grove. I tucked my jeans in my purple socks to protect my ankles from any poison ivy, like Dad taught me, and was careful not to touch anything that crept across the floor of the woods or up the tree trunks – insect, animal, or plant. I imagined myself an Indian squaw and picked juicy blackberries off prickly bushes, putting them straight into my mouth. Feeling a stomachache coming, I quit filling my cheeks and continued on my way.

The wind blew through the trees and tickled the leaves, sending a rushing roar like the sound of the ocean through the grove and across the fields. Touching the bark, I examined the green moss and sticky sap oozing like amber syrup, trapping ants and small black bugs. I stretched as high as I could, sometimes standing on a fallen tree, to touch the quivering leaves, trying to remember what Dad said about oaks. "There are white oaks, red

oaks, and black oaks. You have to look at the leaves, the bark, and the tree itself to tell the difference.”

\*\*\*

When I was in fourth grade I had to collect and dry leaves for a science project. Mom volunteered Dad to help me. Standing outside with a notebook, pencil, and a canvas bag, I waited on the front porch, excited about spending the afternoon with him. He came outside grumbling, “The lawn needs to be mowed,” and drug me by the shirtsleeve out to the front yard. He walked too fast, so I had to run to keep up with him. We started at the driveway and worked our way to the backyard.

Snapping a red leaf off the bottom limb, he laid it in his thick, wide palm, the leaf delicate and small. “The spring after you were born I planted this maple tree when it was as small as you were.” He handed me the ruby leaf, “This here’s your tree Krystal.” Like I was picking up a precious stone, I carefully took the leaf and put it into my bag and wrote on my notepad, “My maple tree – red leaf.”

We worked our way through the yard collecting oak, sweet gum, hickory, redbud, and crabapple leaves. I recorded the names, hoping to remember which leaf went with which name. Glancing at his watch Dad gave a sigh, “Well, since we’ve wasted the afternoon, let’s walk down to the woods and get you a pecan and a sassafras leaf.” I smiled and skipped to keep up with his long strides.

He quizzed me as we walked past maple and oak trees and told me to “Mind where you step. There’s poison ivy around here.” “You see this here?” he said pointing to a place where grass and vines were matted down. I nodded. “This here is where a deer slept last night... Well, at least I think it was a deer.” He scratched his head. “It could have been a coyote, but I’m pretty sure it was a deer since it’s a big spot.” I stood in amazement at the thought of deer and coyotes in our woods.

Dad snatched a pecan leaf and on the way out of the grove

he explained to me how you could make tea with the roots of a sassafras tree. I looked at the tree and its leaves – some looked like mittens, others like gloves. I remembered Mom boiling the roots until the water turned a brown-pink.

We hurried back to the house in silence. I tried to put the leaves with the names I had written down and Dad was trying to decide when he was going to mow the yard.

\*\*\*

I came home from college for Thanksgiving break not looking forward to the chaos of dinner preparation or the inevitable after-dinner-conversation about my lack of a relationship and lack of plans for life after college. Dad didn't like any kind of confrontation, so I suggested we go for a walk to "work off the turkey." Dad was newly diagnosed with high blood pressure and was supposed to walk everyday, so Mom never thought twice when we left after clearing the dishes off the table.

He took off down the water-way at a brisk pace. "Dad, slow down." He looked back over his shoulder, "I'm trying to get my exercise. C'mon, you can keep up."

My dad graduated high school and continued working with Grandpa on the farm. College life and higher education was as senseless to him as learning another language. He didn't need a college education when his future was on the farm. Although he was content working outside, farming, and doing odd jobs, he wished he could have given us more, wished we could have traveled west for a change of scenery, wished he could replace his rusting ford truck. He used to help me with multiplication and division and told me about farming on our Sunday afternoon drives, but he never asked me about my college classes and didn't know I wrote poetry. But he taught me about the trees that keep me going home.

We made it to the grove in record time. Trying to impress him, I pointed to an old tree and proclaimed it an oak. "Is that right?" He smiled and nodded, half proud, half wishing there was



still something he could teach me. After identifying five trees I noticed he had gotten quiet, so I asked him about the line of trees between the two fields ahead of us. I could see the muscles in his face tighten and shift, like he was digging facts from deep under a gnarled tree. He began slowly, "When I was about fifteen your grandpa and uncle Dale and me cleared all of this here land. It used to be full of trees and blackberry briars and honeysuckle in the early summer, but dad needed it for farm land." He slowed his pace. "We planted in the spring, farmed in the summer, harvested in the fall, and fell trees in the winter. It took us five winters to clear it all." His face was covered with regret and I understood why as I looked out over the bare land studded with broken corn stalks and tried to picture it thick with trees. Dad farmed the land until he had to file bankruptcy in the 80's. Now he rents the acres to a neighbor in order to pay off the 20-year-old debt. How beautiful it must have been in the spring and fall.

We walked along the tree line, shuffling through the scarlet and gold leaves on the ground. Dad picked up shotgun shells and put them in his pocket to throw away when we got back and I watched my step. Going down a hill, he put a strong hand on my shoulder. "Don't move." I stopped dead in my tracks. "You see that down there? Straight ahead." I squinted trying to see what he was talking about. "Right there Krystal. You see that buck? There's a buck and a doe and I think there's a little one too." I saw the buck leap into the brush and the doe followed, but the fawn stood watching us watch her. She stood there for the longest time and then finally joined her parents. Dad patted me on the back, "Let's head home."

Dad hunted squirrel, quail, and rabbit, but never deer. He told me they were just too beautiful to shoot and eat. There was something human in the way they looked back with those dark eyes. Dad saw something in the maple grove, in the deer that bed down there for the night, something that he could only express by teaching me the names of the trees.

# Biographies

---

Joshua Anderson, English major.

Kitty Apodaca, English major.

Annette Carlin, elementary education major.

Clementine, no biographical information given.

Jonathan M. Cook, English graduate student.

C. Alan Doughty, sophomore English major.

Katy Dwiggins, English major.

Alisa Habel, art major.

Sarah Johnson, senior English major/

business administration minor.

Greg Lyons, English major.

Ryan Maney, senior English major/creative writing minor.

Megan Rankin, English graduate student.

Anthony Shoot, English major.

EASTERN ILL. UNIV. LIBRARY



**3 2211 131231671**