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### The Vehicle, Spring 2004

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Christina Lee, Erika Olsen, Heather Harmon, Brianne Kennedy, Travis A. Probst, Lavada Rainier, Catherine Apodaca, Sarah Chance, Josh Sopiartz, Willie Griggs, Liz Toynton, and Cara Moran

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Spring

# Véhicule



ALOCO

*Féerie*

LA NOUVELLE REVUE DU MOULIN ROUGE

*Le Véhicule  
Spring 2004*

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# Mother Nature's Potentials

- Christina Lee -

I want to grow like,  
Seeds fed with the purities of Nature's Earth  
And Heaven's Divine.  
Wash my signs of implications,  
To some other fortress aside.  
Cleanse the colon of society's belly,  
Thus when feeding off *my* fruits,  
Every bit of succulence  
Is cherished for its nourishment,  
And benefits towards enlightenment.  
Curve cultures and civilizations  
From the wood of my heart.  
Bleed life from my soul.  
Cry rain drops to,  
Connect the disconnect,  
Love the unloved,  
And purify the impure.  
Carry the tombs,  
Of severely scarred wombs,  
To be kissed,  
By God's lips,  
Cradled by my oceans,  
To be referred by the Ignorant,  
As tokens of love and life's unfortunate,  
Now made fortunate.  
My time is now,  
I need to grow like,  
Those being fed with the purities of Nature's Earth  
And Heaven's Divine.  
Thus I'm inclined to get there.  
Don't hesitate,  
Help  
Or Step Aside.

# *The Elephant in the Room*

*- Erika Olsen -*

---

As soon as you are asked  
"What are you thinking about"  
like abracadabra  
your elephant materializes  
out of thin air.

No one can help you because  
they can't see him--  
you know his  
he knows this  
you see it in each other's eyes.

The only way to make him disappear is to  
speak the unspeakable  
mention the unmentionable  
stare him right in the eye  
and acknowledge his presence--  
then he will have nowhere to hide  
and no reason to torment you.

Unfortunately this means  
you will subject yourself to  
the torment of the people in the room  
and they can form a stampede  
like no single elephant can.



# *Sin of Mortals*

*- Heather Harmon -*

---

Wandering these forests of immortality,  
Wandering these planes of immorality.  
Intoxicated by desires of ecstasy,  
Intoxication from pools of blood.

My intuition is encrypted in these rivers--  
My intuition vanished deep into the moon.  
The entrance into this fantasy  
Is my escape from reality.

Bewitched by desires,  
Entranced by liars:  
Showing me the charms of my wishes...  
Telling of celestial fate.

Trapped in transgressions...  
Trapped from my Savior...  
My blood drips black--  
There is no turning back.

# *Autumn Gold*

*- Brianne Kennedy -*

---

Down the dirty streets  
she walks with hands in pockets  
Her hair blowing in the crisp autumn air.  
The golden leaves are how she sees herself  
one day.  
Effortlessly they dance along the grass.  
However, dragging her feet, she continues  
on her way.  
She falls lazily onto the dew kissed grass.  
Lying on her back she gazes into the sun  
watching the clouds pass and recalling  
pictures.  
Pictures of both times and people so rare  
and wonderful.  
The wind blows  
    she shivers.  
Shaking her head, she rises quickly and  
continues to walk.  
Watching  
    Waiting for her chance  
to shine like the autumn gold.

# *Flight to the Sea*

*- Brianne Kennedy -*

---

Left alone with nothing but a  
dusting of a lingering faith in the  
future.

I close my eyes and envision  
what is yet to come.

While at the same time, stumbling  
over the burdens of my past.

Lifted above the crowd  
and to the murky shore.

Strong wings pull me carelessly  
behind.

A mountain of neverending  
possibilities

but only a molehill of chances.

Suddenly I find myself falling and  
I land seated in the shallow  
waters and drowning in a sea of  
thought.

For the first time it is clear to me.

Everything is clear to me.

I am nothing but a slave to a  
hobby.

Bound chained and captured  
Prisoner to my mind.

# Smile

- Travis A. Probst -

---

Behind  
    the smile  
there is a frozen lake.

Solid  
and never free.

To melt  
it would give  
    anything.

All  
alone  
it will not flow.

For now  
the lake  
is only  
    cold.

# *The Body*

*- Lavada Rainier -*

---

Grandma's bottom lip  
was like a teapot spout  
a warning against making faces  
but the undertaker tucked it in  
so that it was nothing more than  
a thin pink line

Three days in a hospital  
eaten with cancer  
she'd given up eating,  
drinking, speaking, blinking  
The sound of her breathing  
began to take on a rattle  
like the shutter of a jalopy  
before it gives out and strands  
you in the middle of nowhere  
She stops.

I drew the white sheet up over  
her hands, the backs bruised  
purple and the nail-beds blue,  
her arms, thin and scaly,  
her one breast,  
to rest under her chin  
as I looked into her face  
hollow cheeks, cloudy blue eyes,  
mouth a dark 'o' and the two  
dots that purpled her pout

I knew it would be too much  
for me to draw the white further  
The Lord's Prayer had been read

I gathered my things and left the room  
left her--  
a child tucked in for bed.

*Guess*

*- Travis A. Probst -*

---

Life  
is a  
guess.

Much like  
tomorrow's weather.

Will it rain?

Will it snow?

Not even  
the weatherman  
knows.

You'll  
just have to hope

that you make it

home.

*Monopoly*  
*- Catherine Apodaca -*

---

Without a map I crawl blindly  
into the unfolded arms of the  
box waiting for me in the tiny

spot reserved for one. I passed  
Go but didn't collect.  
Happy faced Vermont street

laughs as I stumble  
through chambers keeping  
time with the salty drips

from faucets I can't turn off.  
He stripped me of all my  
properties even though I paid

the luxury tax and kept all the  
houses neat and clean  
with boardwalk flowers.

He turned off my  
Utilities, left me without  
lights or power to rekindle the heat.

The dice roll, I can't run over his  
top hat no matter how fast I go.  
I watch him tear up the

"Get out of Jail" card,  
condemning me to the box  
forever.

The squared circle is no longer  
my home, but the box is--  
he folds it and places it

On the shelf. Someone please  
open the bank and un-mortgage  
me.

*Mourning*

- *Lavada Rainier* -

---

If sorrow was a place...  
a deep well  
in a vast woods  
framed by the ancient roots  
of a thorn tree  
exposed, twisted, curling  
like dark strands of hair  
(bare feet carefully placed  
from root to root  
fear -- slipping in --  
of drowning)  
dark shadows cast by the shade --  
reflectionless pool,  
blacker still  
no bottom, no end  
only the myopic film a top  
hinting at the moment of salt water  
death, pain, grief  
that can't be drunk in completely  
...this is where old tears would gather



*A Premonition  
During My Sister's Pregnancy  
- Lavada Rainier -*

---

She lifts her shirt to show me and  
in my mind swims the worrying  
image of an alien bursting forth  
as I watch it move shark-like  
beneath the surface of a painfully  
stretched eight-month-gestation bubble.  
Smelling blood in the water, she gives me  
a teasing prideful smile and in hushed  
tones commands me to "touch it."  
She takes my two hands in hers  
and places them palm down  
on either side of her warm firm belly.  
There is a pressing of flesh to flesh to flesh--  
a ripple from child to mother that touches me.

# *The Things I Love*

- Sarah Chance -

---

You once asked me, "what is it about me?"  
I'm writing this to tell you  
What your love means to me:

It's the look in your eyes  
The smile on your face  
The touch of your hand  
Your presence  
And your grace

It's your laughter  
Your voice  
Your mind  
The proper grammar I hardly know about  
And it's the way you make me learn  
Whether you know it or not

It's your kiss  
It's your arms  
The move of your hips  
Your fingers in my hair  
The taste of you on my lips

It's how caring you are  
Even when I make you mad  
Your ambitions in life  
That I sometimes wish I had

It's because of you  
That I'm learning everyday  
You're so damn irresistible  
In every single way.

## *Flights of Birds*

*- Lavada Rainier -*

---

Sometimes when the  
white oak wears a wig  
of blackbirds at twilight  
I think about taking flight  
in the morning  
I listen to calls of waking  
then the rush of wings  
and find myself content  
to wait with the bare oak

## *The Slumbering Librarian*

*- Josh Sopiarcz -*

---

At a library lecture on whiteness  
a librarian sits in a tumbling flowered,  
powdered-blue camisole  
sleeping, or nearly there,  
bobbing her head on short jerks  
like a November squirrel's nest  
built within willow boughs.

In a blow, she dozes,  
number two behind her ear,  
falling, like the dyed-blue dandelion wisps  
on her sweater seem to be.



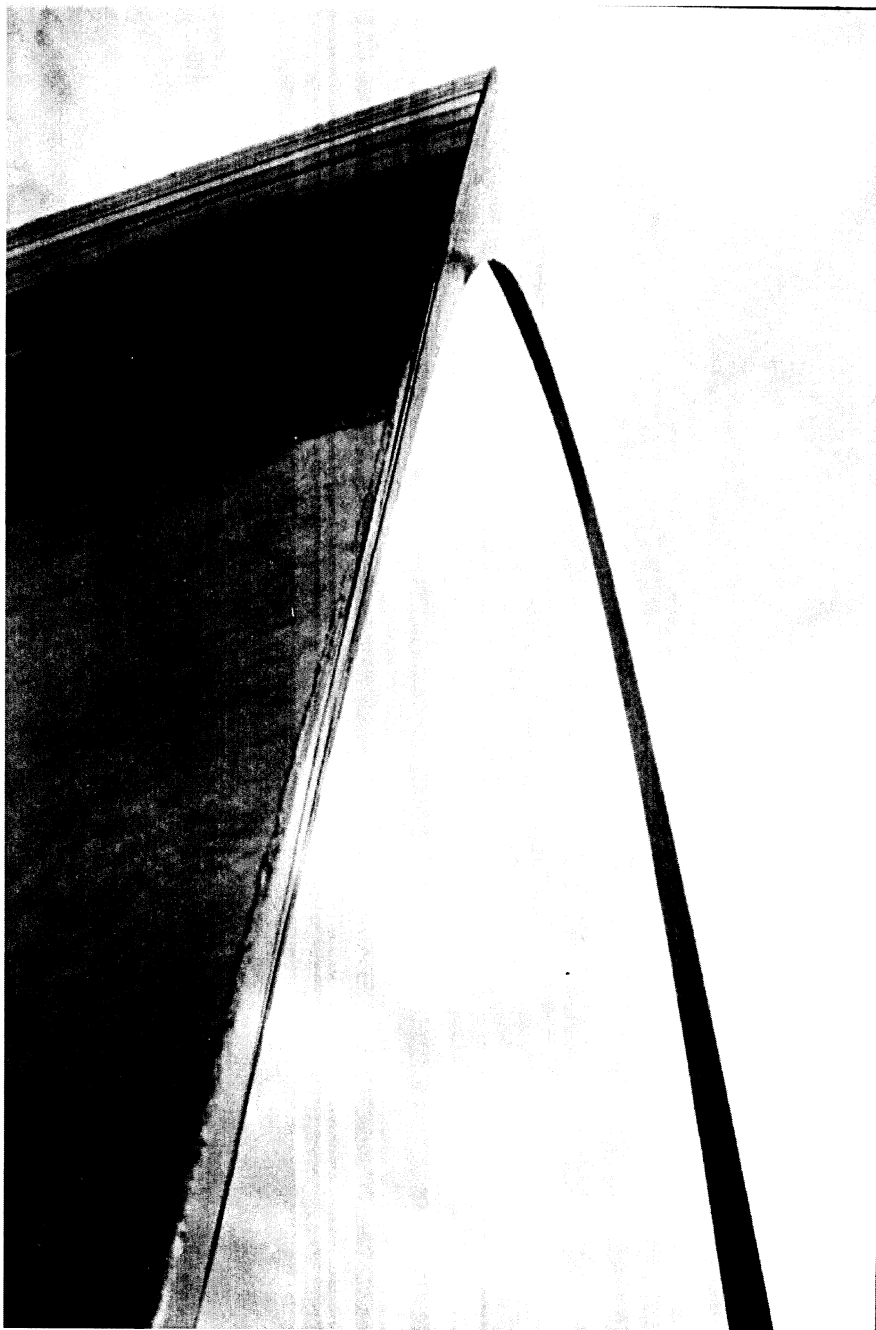
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*Photos*

*Untitled (7)*  
*- Josh Keeley -*



*Untitled (2)*  
*- Josh Keeley -*



*Untitled (3)*  
*- Josh Keeley -*



*Self-Introspection*

*- Liz Toynton -*





# Mother's Day

- Catherine Apodaca -

---

Lights pierce the puffy darkness with pick-up  
stick jabs. Delicate hands cream coffee pure  
white while blue veins crack through thin wrinkled skin.  
Fingers convulse in an arthritic rage,  
fumble plate, peanut butter, fresh baked bread  
and poke holes in still softness with the knife.

Expired silence watches the licked clean knife,  
sits in all closed rooms and waits to pick up  
and swallow the sandwich of today's bread  
like it swallows every day's batch of pure  
goodness that sustains. Then he spits curled rage  
from Father Time on her unprepared skin.

Lips curve at designs of lines on shocked skin  
Empty air cuts cleanly like a sharp knife.  
*But rooms in a home are now all the rage,  
With a view, TV, what a life! Pick up  
the phone, there's no one there. Ah, now bright pure  
sunlight streams in and punctuates the bread.*

*Come and get it. Too late, throw out the bread.*  
The garbage will consume it with chrome skin.  
Besides, the bread is no longer a pure  
respite. Photos smile love that turns the knife,  
she turns away; reflecting panes pick up  
dull resolve, fire it back with hopeful rage.

*Silence listens. Tears swell as the pains rage.*  
*Take the meds now push them down with warm bread  
go down to the rec room now must pick up  
schedule walk wait don't wander if the skin*

*flushes stop put dishes in the sink knife  
too dress warmly they might come today. Pure  
air follows her in a steel circle, pure  
pointed poison erods her flesh, raging  
at the speed of light since pierced by the knife.  
Silence knows she is like the daily bread--  
temporary, wasted. Transparent skin  
covers Mother's thoughts. Her spirits pick up.*

Silence **rages**. She kneads dough...shapes, cooks **bread**.  
*They will come today. She **picks up** the **knife**...*  
**pure** efficient strokes... blue reddens pale **skin**.

*Carol*

*- Josh Sapiarz -*

Twenty-three years ago Carol,  
you bore the crooked child Jeffrey.

His ears have never fully opened.  
His one eye fails, still

he spoke beautifully last night  
although he faced away from the crowd

and no one really heard him  
but myself, and you, and the girl who brought me.

Tell me Carol, have you ever loathed your child Jeffrey?  
Tried to uncurl his stubborn fingers?

Or has it always been love?  
Like last night when you nodded and agreed silently

with your son that cookies for dessert  
at church dinners make the lemonade intolerably sour.

*Perhaps*  
- *Willie Griggs* -

---

Perhaps, my constant gloating  
Is only a cry for help.  
Perhaps, my concern for others  
Shows my love for self.  
Perhaps, I practice excess  
Because I wish I knew no limits.  
Perhaps no one wants to know the future  
Because mystery is comfortable.  
Perhaps women are feminine gods  
Because men pedestalize them.  
Perhaps, I fear failure  
Because there have been those who've failed long before me.  
Perhaps, the darkness vanishes when the light appears  
Only because it has no place to hide.  
Perhaps, war would not ensue  
Because of a nation's pride.  
Perhaps we all live in a world of our own construction  
Perhaps the President's staff should have peace discussions.  
Perhaps there's a systematic approach to the reason  
All men 18 and up must register for the selective service  
Yet must be 21 to enter a bar  
And why the Surgeon General's Warning is on every cigarette  
box  
Yet the tobacco industry is in the upper billions  
And its patrons die from long-term cancer complications.  
Perhaps Bush should ask Congress not to fund the tobacco industry  
Perhaps my views have no value to you  
Because I'm young, black, poor and void of political influence.  
Perhaps, I'm a nihilist  
In a society where the same mouth that has a silver spoon in it  
Also has the scales of justice balanced in his favor

i.e.: there has rarely been an accused member of the elite to suffer  
the cruel hand of  
The American Penal System  
Perhaps, this poem is too long  
Perhaps, I'm too vocal and self-conscious  
To give a damn.

*Poem*

*- Willie Griggs -*

---

At what point does lust become love?  
Is it the moment that you realize  
That your physical attraction  
Is superceded by a somewhat spiritual admiration  
Or when you notice that feeling in your stomach  
Is not something that you ate?  
Or is it just when you are no longer driven by what your human  
eyes can see  
But rather the perception that your third eye gives you.  
Can love be pigeonholed into finite existence?  
Or is it endless in possibilities?  
Truly I have known lust  
I have yet to get acquainted with love.

# *In Longing for Wealth*

*- Willie Griggs -*

---

I can only imagine what it's like to be rich.  
Every waking moment spent enjoying the finer things in life  
Yet feeling a sense of overachievement.  
I can only imagine what it's like to be rich  
Fancy cars, exotic foods, champagne dreams, caviar hopes  
A mansion by the sea  
A woman that loves me for me.

I can only imagine what it's like to be rich  
Adorned in power that is worn like jewelry on Oscar caliber  
actresses  
Surrounded by both nay sayers and well wishers alike  
An endless day that knows no night.

I can only imagine what it's like to be rich  
Clamoring for the days of old  
When I was a carefree child  
And my innocence was not overwhelmed by the constant demand  
To conform to the pressures of the upper tax bracket.

I can only imagine what it's like to be rich  
Driven by unmitigated greed  
Prone to starve the needy  
And feed those whose bellies are stuffed to capacity  
And are drunk on the wines of the world.

I can only imagine what it's like to be rich.

# *Crisis by Design*

- *Catherine Apodaca* -

---

Wielding force, combatants use whisper lightning  
Expediently to swiftly embroil a world  
Anchored in erosion.  
Parcheesi strategy eradicates the  
Others who stand and decry a  
Navigator in control of the die  
Secure in his Superman suit.

Orchestrated outcomes  
Framed in smoke of fossil flames

Mirror the game played out in closed  
assemblies of insurrection galloping  
Shamelessly toward the shapeless  
Shadow of the apocalypse.

Demigods demarcate and determine the demise  
eating the glory bowls of victories  
Sucking the marrow of humanity as  
They extirpate for peace.  
Rifted peoples are urged by reassured smiles to  
Unite in universal support and celebrate the  
Catharsis of iron-clad rule while unbeknownst to  
Them the monster of all that is terrifying  
Insidiously had installed himself  
Over all. Without warning...your  
Nightmare will begin.

*Untitled*

*- Liz Toynton -*

---

No one ever hurt me so--  
Nor had anyone  
Ever loved me so.  
And I wouldn't  
Trade all of my pain--  
To have never spent  
A single moment  
In love with you.

## *Sleet*

- *Cara Moran* -

Sex with your clothes on... I guess that would be the simplest way to describe it. The kind of middle of the night attention your hormones need so you can feel him through your jammies and you're partly asleep, partly curious, mostly not sure what the heck you're doing. So you humor him and let him grab you and fondle and other such non-polite things and you're wondering when it'll pass because it's really doing nothing for you. So you wait and wait for the heavy breathing to even so you can get back to what you enjoy, the cuddling, because it's somewhere between Saturday night and Sunday morning for goodness sakes and there's church to go to.

Sigh. You see, one problem is Valentine's Day is just around the corner, the count down is in something like six days, and I haven't found a gift for the testosterone tot lying beside me with his hand on my midriff. What to get him...what to get... Holidays really have lost their spark; they're more work and stress than anything. It used to be you could just send your lover a sappy-crappy, pink, red, and white card with the long rhyming poem that people don't even read anymore before hunting for the personal note penned in at the bottom. I used to be "I love you Pooky, Love, Cupcake" and then the holiday was finished and the sun would come up the next day. But Mr. Intrusive Commercialism had to bust a move and now flowers and candy barely cut it anymore. Girls have to be so original every time even though they know the guy is just going to run to the Super Wal Mart Valentine's Day Eve at 2 a.m., buy the kinkiest undergarment available, and then a lil stuffed bear that tries to say "Honey you're more than sex, don't worry."

Stupid holiday, stupid boys. I should dump Craig. Maybe I'll just get it over with when he wakes up. Nah, maybe tomorrow. Actually next week proolly; you can't be alone on Valentine's.

I'd guess it's about 8 in the AM right now. Not too entire-



ly early to get up I guess. I poked Craig gently at first, then a little harder. No luck, actually not even close considering all he did as roll over onto my arm, crush it, and start snoring. Oh gawd what have I done? His snoring is the most repulsive racket; it's a wonder he can actually breathe. It's hardly describable but my best comparison is to what I'd imagine a strangled wheezing donkey would sound like.

I lay there tensely wishing it away while wondering how I got here. That middle of the night messing around wasn't typical behavior for me a year ago. Did you know Wal Mart doesn't sell mace? I remember Craig was coming to spend the weekend with me and my girlfriends made me promise to buy mace. Craig is a bit older than I am and not from around here so instantly my friends assumed he was a homicidal maniac with a bloody hook for a hand. I agreed to hunt for mace even though I thought it was dumb; you can have it used against you. I ventured to Wal Mart and asked around where it might be found. Some said the automotive department, some said hunting, and one moron said home fragrance. Unfortunately the cute guy working in the electronics department proved them all wrong and said definitively that they didn't carry it at Wal Mart at all. By the time I drove home I decided that I didn't need it; that I was being creepy having him over. That legendary "spark" was missing. I decided the only real reason I wanted him over was because some carnal part of me wanted to kiss someone. Craig seemed a good candidate. He made me feel wanted and desirable and all those fun things. But I called him and explained to him how I was feeling, how I could easily make up feelings for him where there were none. Of course then he made it all difficult by actually having a heartache. He didn't tell me he liked me so much before! And he went on for 15 minutes making my head all swelly telling me that I was so pure and good, too good for him, and cute, and warm, and smart and funny and a damn good kisser and I wondered why the hell I was breaking up with him; was I insane? I changed my mind again. I do that a lot apparently. He came up the next night for our first official date.

Gawd, I was an innocent ball of purity then. I was so naive. Or was I? I detangled myself from Craig and scooped off the bed. Poking him didn't wake him, perhaps sunlight would. I yanked the pull cord not so silently and the thick curtains flew away like something had scared them. Damn...so much for sunlight. Outside it was quasi sleeting, it was weird because it was a mixture of rain and snow; you could actually see raindrops plummet while snowflakes took their time floating to the lawn below. I suppose Mother Nature is as indecisive as I am today. Craig snored all the louder as I mused.

The phone caught my eye. Oh I was feeling very evil this morning. I placed the cordless on the nightstand by my slumber buddy and hit the "Page" button on the cradle. The phone rang and Craig nearly hit his head on the headboard as he bolted upright. I dashed across the room and picked the phone back up.

"Hello?" I tilted my head and gave my best confused face. "Hellllo?" I hung up the phone in the cradle and turned to Craig. "Must be a wrong number," Craig groaned and fell back into the pillows. I would not let him fall away to sleep again. Another symphony from his nose would make me jump out the window and fall like rain. Instead I climbed on the bed and sat on his belly. "Hey sleeping beauty." I honked his nose. I dunno, I just do that sometimes. "Gonna get up any time soon?"

He reached up and smoothed hair away from my face. It took a few tries because it kept springing free from behind my ear. I hated that I turned into putty every time he did it. And I hated that he probably knew it by now. I'm so incredibly weak. Him smiling at me now, his thick lashes blinking away sleep as he focuses on me. He is so obviously a stud. I loved to just look at him sometimes. Okay, more than sometimes. We don't talk so much; we just act. It was like that from day one. We had such a rough time talking to each other on that first date that we ended up at the liquor store. Drunk people never have a loss for words.

"Nice shoes, honey." The cashier's eyebrows had arched as he nodded at my feet. I had to humor him with a smile. Yeah buddy, keep looking at my sparkly shoes and maybe you won't

notice the guilty look in my eyes. The man swiped the liquor, tapped some strategic buttons, and the register belched as Craig handed him the crumpled twenty. When the man handed Craig a receipt it struck me as funny how hard my brain was working compared to the man's. I was thinking I'm eight months short of legal. I was thinking how much could I have before I was giggly and stupid. I was thinking how well do I know Craig and does he act differently around giggly and stupid girls? Craig is a good guy. I can't remember why he was so insistent that our slumber party needed alcohol though. Did I tell him I hardly ever drink? Did I tell him I'm a good girl? And all the man can think of is "Nice shoes honey" and "That'll be \$11.95."

Finally Craig gave up on my frisky hair and his big hand slid possessively behind my neck. "You know I can't wake up without my kiss from Charming." He pulled me flat against him, his fingers moving into my hair and pressing my face into his as he kissed hard. Hmm, guess I'm breakfast. "What sweetie?"

Did I say that out loud? "Umm, do you want breakfast?" I took the opportunity to pull out of his grasp and jog into the kitchen. "You want bacon? Eggs? What?" I heard bed springs as he got out of bed and then changed into day clothes. He was still zipping and buttoning as he stumbled into the kitchen. I poured orange juice and offered it to him. He kissed the top of my head and accepted. "What else can I get you? I have Captain Crunch and--" He held up a finger to silence me as he chugged the entire glass of OJ, his Adam's apple bouncing. God, that was annoying. He did that with every beverage where most people only did it with alcohol. He slammed the cup down on the counter and inhaled with a smile of victory.

"Actually, honey, I've gotta scoot. I promised to go car shopping with Henrietta. She said she needed a big man to walk around so they don't screw her over with a lemon."

"Henrietta?"

"You remember that house party we went to a couple weekends ago? The costume party? She was Little Bo Peep." I shook my head not remembering. "Anyways, we got to talking

about cars and what was good to buy and she gave me her number and said she'd buy me lunch if I'd help her out."

That SLUT! Craig was walking away from me and I put my juice on the counter and dashed to intercept him before he reached the back door. "Can't I make you bacon, darling?"

One of his big eyebrows arched. "No thanks."

"Omelet?"

"Nothing. Really!" I had backed up right against the door and he reached past me and put his hand on the knob. I pounced. I kissed him intensely, tasting the orange juice and moving his hand from the brass doorknob to my waist. I did everything I knew he liked, even that weird breathing thing in his ear, and didn't pull away till I knew he was mercilessly turned on and blushing. "Want dinner out tonight?"

"Mmkay," I nodded and pulled the door open and stepped out of his way. Feeling victorious I watched my Craig walk down the short path to his Honda. Little Bo Peep my ass.

# Biographies

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**Catherine Apodaca**, English major. *"I enjoy spending time with my granddaughters, Alexis and Kierra, traveling and reading."*

**Sarah Chance**, Recreation Administration major. *"My favorite song is 'The First' by Tegan and Sara."*

**Willie Griggs**, Journalism major. *"I am...[an] avid musician who enjoys writing poetry and songs as a leisure activity....I'm from Chicago, Illinois."*

**Heather Harmon**, freshman English major. *"My interests include writing poetry and stories, listening to music, drawing, reading, and watching movies."*

**Brianne Kennedy**, junior English major. *"[I have] big dreams and a small bank account."*

**Christina Lee**. *No information given.*

**Cara Moran**. *"I'm just a college girl who likes to play guitar, juggle, organize service projects, avoid homework, wear funny socks, and annoy her residents with cheesy floor programs."*

**Erika Olsen**, English major with secondary and middle level teacher certification. *"I am also the Treasurer of Sigma Tau Delta, and have never been published."*

**Travis A. Probst**, Speech Communication major and Creative Writing minor.

**Lavada Rainier**. *No information given.*

# Biographies

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**Josh Reeley.** *No information given.*

**Josh Sopiartz.** *No information given.*

**Liz Toynton,** English major. *"I love photography and writing."*

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*To withdraw myself from myself  
has ever been my sole, my entire,  
my sincere motive in scribbling at  
all.*

*- Lord Byron*

