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*Fall 2024 - Spring 2025*

*Mission Statement:*

The purpose of the RLC Arts Publication  
Lake is to celebrate art in all its forms.

*Issue No. 13*

**Fall 2024 – Spring 2025**

*Rend Lake College*

468 North Ken Gray Parkway  
Ina, IL 62846  
(618) 437-5321  
www.rlc.edu



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"Your Lucky Day - It Really Could Happen"

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275.94

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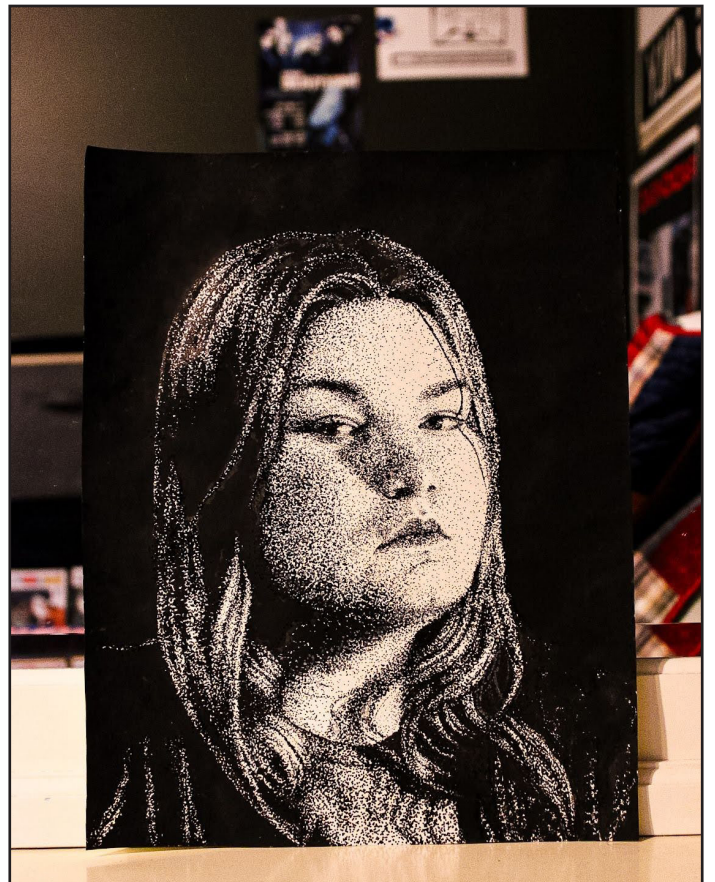
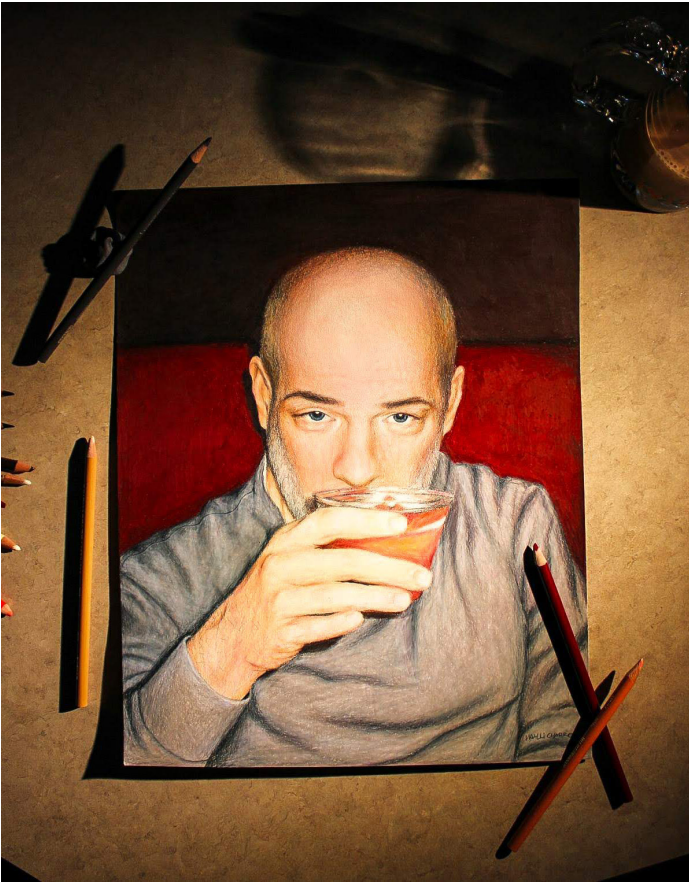


*HQ Edit 484*

**Hayli Charron**  
Oil on Canvas

*Strawberry Punch*

**Hayli Charron**  
Colored Pencil

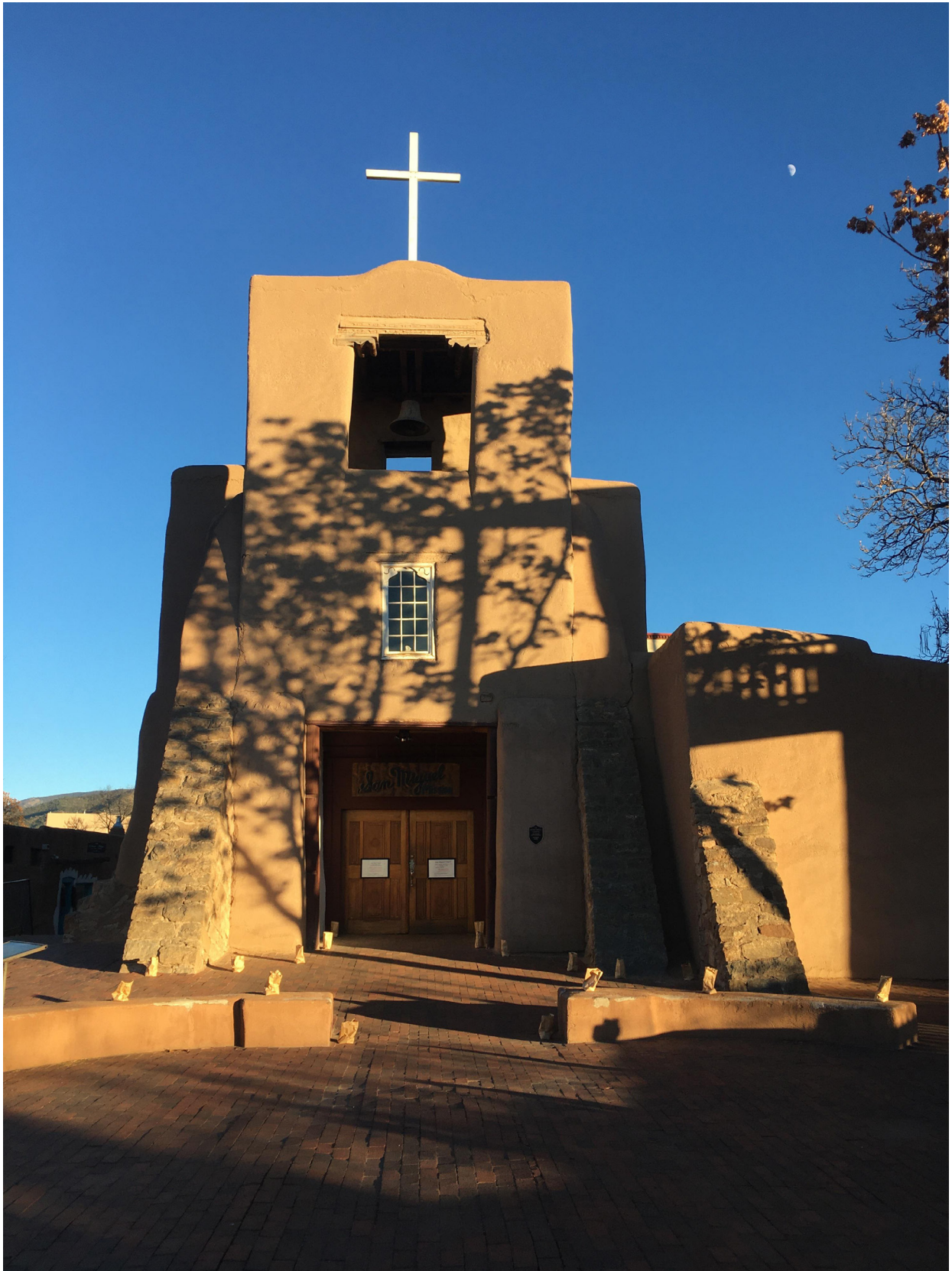


*Brianna*

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Ink



*Fleeting Peace*  
**Sarah Draper**  
Photography



*New Mexico Shadows*  
**Elizabeth Bailey-Smith**  
Photography

# *How to Have an Anxiety Disorder, In Ten Easy Steps*

by Angie Kahl

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## Step One.

Tighten chest, begin looking over shoulder.  
Increase breathing and wonder for a moment why you're angry.  
Realize that you're not angry, but your spine is still starting to lock  
Like you're about to battle a dragon,  
Or run for your life.  
And gods, but the silence of a perfectly quiet day is awful!

## Step Two.

Identify. Realize that this is an anxiety attack.  
It's too late. You're already starting to involuntarily curl into a ball,  
But hey, at least you know.  
From here on out you have two minds.  
Literally.  
One is screaming in terror, at absolutely nothing.  
Everything is about to come crashing down  
On YOUR HEAD.  
Everything is YOUR FAULT.  
You have ruined your life,  
And the lives of everyone around you,  
And now you're going to pay for it.  
You swine.  
The other mind is watching it all from a distance,  
Just asking "Why?"  
"Why is this happening now?"  
"What could possibly have triggered this?"  
"This is ridiculous!"

Pro tip: listen to Mind Two.  
At least you'll laugh when you're too paralyzed to scream.

## Step Three:

If you have a loved one who can apply hugs,  
Now is the time to ask for them.  
Unless you're having one of THOSE attacks  
Where you can't stand to be touched...  
Or looked at...  
Or in the same room.  
If this is the case, skip this step.  
This is also assuming that you are still  
Capable of speech.  
Good luck.

## Step Four:

Breathing becomes a conscious effort,  
And it takes every ounce of energy you have.  
Counting breaths is what they tell you to do.  
In, two, three, four, five, eight, turnip, whale.  
Mind One is now convinced that your brain has finally snapped,  
That you're never coming back.  
You can't even count anymore!  
Mind Two is laughing at your stupidity.  
Seriously, this is kindergarten shit.  
Fuck you, Mind Two.



### Step Five:

Okay, you can breathe again.  
It's fading.  
Each exhale releases a bit of the nightmare.  
Uncurl. Release from fetal position.  
Try to work out how long you were in that.  
Realize you have absolutely no idea.  
Return to step one.  
Rinse. Repeat.

### Step Six:

This will only happen when you have  
Literally no energy left for Mind One to feed off of.  
You can't move. You can't even try.  
You're not locked up anymore,  
It's just that you're too tired.  
Go limp.  
You will anyway,  
Might as well make it intentional.

### Step Seven:

Try to work out what the fuck just happened.  
Fail miserably, because we all know  
Nothing set this off.  
You're sick, that's all there is.  
Wallow in self-hatred.  
You just wasted an entire afternoon  
Because your own brain hates you.

### Step Eight:

Take a nap.  
Whatever you had planned for today,  
Forget it.  
You can't even stand up right now.  
How can you expect to clean?  
Or make dinner?  
Or go to work?  
Oh, sofa,  
You're the only one who understands me.  
I mean you.  
The sofa understands you.

### Step Nine:

Let your brain try to work through the anxiety for you  
By putting you through the most  
Surreal experiences imaginable.  
Baz Luhrman, eat your heart out.  
Wake up.  
You are now so busy wondering  
What was even happening in that dream  
That you can't panic about anything.

### Step Ten:

Try to sit up.  
Try to stand up.  
Try to go through the rest of the day  
Like there isn't something in your head  
That could reduce you to a whimpering wreck  
At the drop of a hat.  
Try not to let anxiety's mischievous twin,  
Depression,  
Turn this day into a double-feature show.  
When one fades,  
The other rises.

Try to realize that no one around you is judging you.  
That probably no one around you knows.  
That probably, someone near you  
Is fighting this battle too.  
Try to tell yourself that if they do judge you,  
FUCK THEM,  
Because they have no right to.



*Cortona Rooftops*

**Elizabeth Bailey-Smith**  
Photography

*Roman Graffiti*





*Mouth*

**Elizabeth Bailey-Smith**  
Photography

*RUNNERS NYC*



# *Art is Made Through Joy*

by Hayli Charron

---

Art is made through joy, heartache, frustration, happiness, confusion, and doubt. You take what you feel and translate that into your work. Don't let anyone tell you your way is wrong or right.

Through my years in art, I've been told my work isn't deep or meaningful enough - that I need to do what others are doing. I ignored all of that. Keep ignoring people, it will take you places.

Follow your heart and ambitions. I'm following mine, and I'm no longer pursuing a career in art. I'm done proving people wrong; it's time I get out of here. Glory to God, guide me on my path forward!

*Don't Go to London*

**Hayli Charron**

Ink





*I Am A College Student Going Through Changes*

**Hayli Charron**  
Oil on Canvas



*Capricorn*



**Jared Roberts**  
Photography



*Going Forward  
in Reverse*



*Autumn Swirls*

**Rebecca Smith**  
Photography



*Beneath the  
Autumn Pines*

# *Aging Gracefully is for Wimps*

by Angie Kahl

The first one arrived on my eighteenth birthday.  
It shone white as the newly fallen snow,  
Right when I was already having a crisis  
Thinking that my carefree child's existence was over,  
And THERE IT WAS,  
Proof of my impending decrepitude.

Because when my father started turning grey,  
He became dignified.  
My grandfather's few remaining strands of silver  
Were his reward for a Godly life.  
The salt of the earth,  
Becomes salt and pepper,  
Until there is no more pepper left,  
And you become dignified.

Dignified.  
Sounds a bit like deity to my child's ears,  
Closer to God.  
Like God.  
Made in God's image.

Man was made in that God's image, not Woman.  
We don't get to be dignified by our age.  
Because when we age,  
We vanish.  
When we're too old to be lusted over,  
We're irrelevant.

I stared at that strand of ice  
Against my teenage rebellion  
Gothic black velvet skirt  
And remembered.  
I remembered my mother finally sighing  
And replacing the box of dye on the shelf,  
Because "What's the use?" she said.  
"My wrinkles give it away now."

I remembered my grandmother's wig,  
The blonde one she bought to hide  
What chemo did to her head  
Even after she gave up on chemo  
Because all of the hair that grew back  
Had been white.

Grandma Norma, sitting quietly for five years  
With two knitting needles  
Clicking away  
While cancer sucked the life out of her  
And all she could do  
Was knit... purl... knit... purl...  
And teach her granddaughters to  
Knit... purl... knit... purl...  
Blonde as a young newlywed,  
Older than seventy years should have left her.  
She wore that wig at her funeral,  
False color was her dignity.

I remembered Grandma Mary,  
With hair colored as red as the blood she coughed up.  
I was too young to know  
What those cigarettes had done to her,  
But they took her away  
And the last thing she told me  
Was that I was too young to be so sad,  
Before she entered the nursing home  
And never spoke again.

My first decision as an adult  
Was not to hide my hair.  
When my mother grabbed her purse  
To make Revlon my birthday present,  
I grabbed a piece of black paper  
And I taped the hair to it.  
And I put the date on it,  
And I put my name on it.  
Because it was mine, and it is still mine,  
And all of its sisters that have grown  
Over the last fifteen years are MINE!

And no, I will not age gracefully  
Fighting the lines of time with magic creams.  
I refuse to accept my fate as inevitable,  
And fade into the background  
Of someone else's story.  
When mine is not done yet.

If Woman cannot be dignified  
And come closer to God,  
Without falsifying our youth,  
Then I will become a Goddess  
And write my own damned reward!

I will name each and every one of these hairs  
After a battle that I have fought.  
This one is my old employer,  
The one who I had to report for sexual harassment.  
This one is the professor  
Who said women didn't belong in his class  
When no one was looking.  
This whole streak over here,  
Well, I'll just name them all  
After the days I spent with  
An abusive boyfriend  
And be done with it.

And I will have a crown when I get old,  
To show that I have outgrown  
A princess' tiara.  
And it will be iron.  
And it will be silver.  
And it will be diamond.

And my daughters, when they come,  
Will know what it is to be a grown woman,  
Not an eternal child.  
And your daughters, when they see me,  
Will see a woman who is not afraid to exist  
Without answering to a man's demands  
Of what a woman should be,  
Because let's face it, ladies.  
No one would choose to do  
What we do to be beautiful,  
To be relevant,  
If someone else hadn't already decided  
We weren't.

And maybe,  
Just maybe,  
Another little girl, all grown up,  
Will remember me,  
When her first one arrives.



# *The Seasons Take*

by Paul Suess

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Autumn's cool breeze is but winter yawning before the chill we dread.  
Warning of urgent work to come, he rises from his bed.  
Fields gold with stalks await the sharpened blades.  
Now lie upon the ground to fill the farmers yield.  
As random, drifting magic descending onto frozen furrows.  
Birds come to glean their meager meal.  
The ice and snow entomb us all. We wait, a battle to unfold.  
Spring comes as angel's breath, its quest against the cold.  
Relentless time upon her side, earth bursts forth with life, her child.  
Great winds and rain she grows — alas, warm summer is her name.  
O great and wondrous earth we try but cannot tame.  
Take heed, hold fast to life, the cool breeze is always near.  
The seasons take — they're at your door, to reap another year.

## *A Boy's Life*

by Paul Suess

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All throughout my years in grade school,  
I thought I was good, so smart, so cool.  
I wore nice shirts, clean pressed pants,  
and loafers with pennies shown on top of each shoe.  
The spelling bees I'd usually win  
and sang sweet the songs we'd often sing.  
And if I must say—  
the girls, they usually glanced my way.

Together we played on the swings and the slides  
during recess, in the playground, a merry good ride.  
Till once in time at grade five or grade six  
the boys were all banished to a separate play yard.  
No swings or slides, just rocks, cinders, and dirt.  
The girls and small boys left to play on the swings.  
Now all we had was each other—  
and plenty of rocks to sling.

Having skipped a grade, so young and so small  
Among older boys so rough and so tall,  
At recess spending my time avoiding the brawls,  
watching the tough and tumble fights,  
hoping to escape them all.  
Till the day came when the bully of the yard  
stared me straight in the eyes—  
grabbed tight my collar and bade me to fight!

There in the boys' yard he trounced me outright!  
Now humbled and beaten (I knew not this then)  
in light of the future, I'd have my revenge!  
At grade six in the classroom we sat in neat rows  
practicing arithmetic and counting our toes.  
The room ever so busy scratching pencils on paper  
and playing with rules.

Around mid-semester he came into our school  
A new student, unkempt and ungroomed.  
His grimy shirt filthy and poor fitting pants,  
with gray socks smelling through the holes in his shoes.  
Imagine the quiet in a well-disciplined room  
become even quieter as if the pin dropped.  
With sixty scrutinized eyes we must have looked stunned.  
Never before had we seen such a sight as he!  
Kindly our teacher introduced him as Daniel  
and politely he was shown to his seat.  
In the middle of the room he sat at his desk.  
And with his self-conscious shame showing through,  
we all felt so sorry for poor Daniel— and his shoes.

The months passed by until . . .  
Sadly, came my twisted revenge!  
There after school, in the boy's yard,  
I now ran with my pack,  
small stuff—the such of after school fools—  
We spotted our prey and as if on cue—

Savagely shouting vile words the hate flew!  
With stones and sticks we threw at poor Daniel  
as he left on his way after school.  
With his chin in his chest, hands in his pockets  
and with his shoulders drawn in tight,  
He did not run and he did not fight.  
Instead Daniel walked slowly, bearing our hurts  
and slunk down that alley behind the school.  
Off into the city . . . of boys so cruel!



*Garden of Abandoned Dreams*

**Rebecca Smith**  
Photography



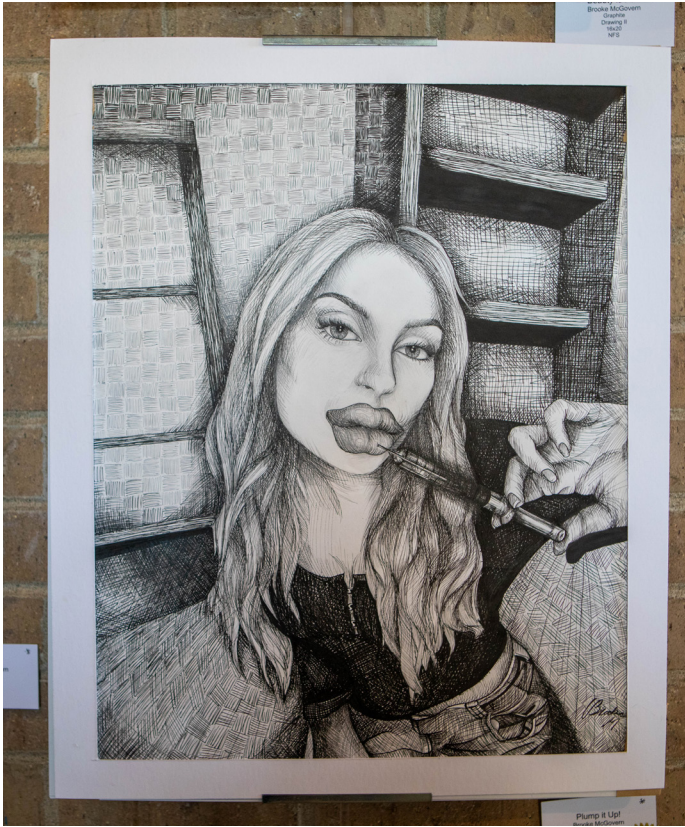


*Sell Your Suit & Tie*  
**Hayli Charron**

*The Watcher a Novice and a Volunteer*  
by Paul Suess

---

Where does the bird hold up the sky?  
Where time tells wisdom to the sun.  
Where mystic songs strike off the clouds —  
With obscure varied cryptic sounds.  
Here a winged celestial voice sings.  
The watchers' vigil there begins.  
While echoed color and feathered mysteries found.  
With a wisp they disappear.  
The watcher is the volunteer.  
A challenge fair remains the game,  
forever novice made again.  
Within this temporal realm of glory.  
Below the sky held high and bright.  
This novel fate befalls each flight.



*Plump it Up!*  
Brooke McGovern

*Welcome The Autumn*  
by Paul Suess

---

Donning autumn's royal colored cloak  
and crown bedight—  
Adorned with fallen glowing leaves  
as titian hair and flaxen husks  
wove with wheat's engoldened sheaves.

Softened ochred gourds  
anchor draggled rooted vines  
beneath the wind-strewn hay.  
The shifting sun of shortened days,  
The fading light and mist and shades of gray—  
Embrace the seasoned autumn,  
spiced with wisdom's sage.

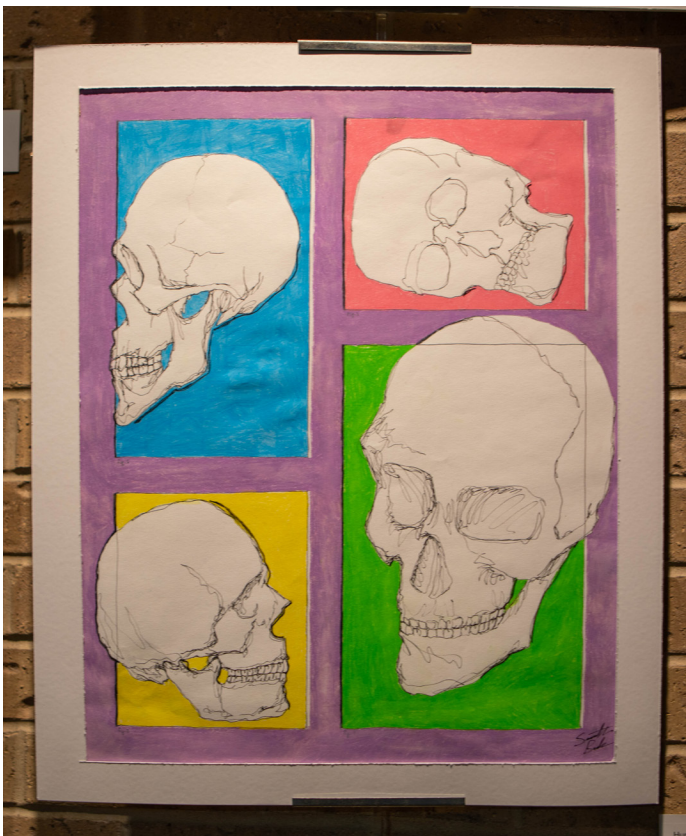
*Totality Eclipse*  
Autumn Travelstead



*Porcelain*  
**Natalia Sears**



*Human Anatomy pg. 649*  
**Samantha Burk**



*Spider Punk*  
**Braden Clem**



*TYPEface Portrait*

Susan Kare , Inventor of Apple  
Macintosh Graphic Interface Elements  
**Emma Thompson**  
Typography



*TYPEface Portrait*

Thomas Midgley, Inventor of Leaded  
Gasoline and Chlorofluorocarbons  
**Joselyn Pace**  
Typography



*Portfolio*

**Hayli Charron**





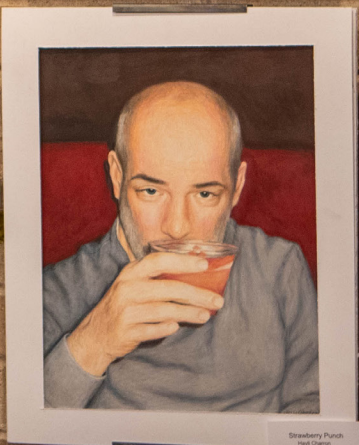
I Am A College Student  
Died Through Choking  
Head Chosen  
1988  
1992



Your Lucky Day  
It Really Could Happen  
Head Chosen  
1991  
1993



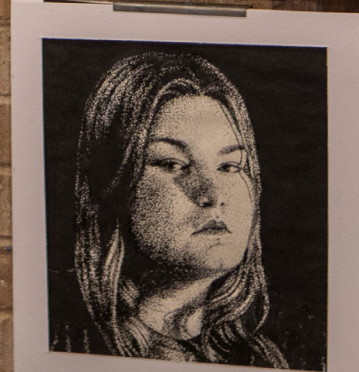
HQ 631 484  
Head Chosen  
1991  
1993



Strawberry Punch  
Head Chosen  
1991  
1993



Don't Go to London  
Head Chosen  
1991  
1993



## *Too Soon Tomorrow*

by Paul Suess

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I must face the fear  
and coming sorrow  
and with the loss, embrace  
and endure this journey  
into fate's tumult braced.

Yet I fear  
and still I fear  
too soon this coming sorrow  
too soon to dance alone  
with shadows of those  
no longer there.

## *Of Rainbows and Gravity*

by Paul Suess

---

Fast dawn the days  
begin anew eternally.  
Toil left in lieu of morrow's light  
remain in weighty gravity.  
Urged on by our days' brief light  
and rainbows' brevity.

## *Rainbow Leaf*

Rylin Huie



## *Take Me to Hawaii*

Josie Walker

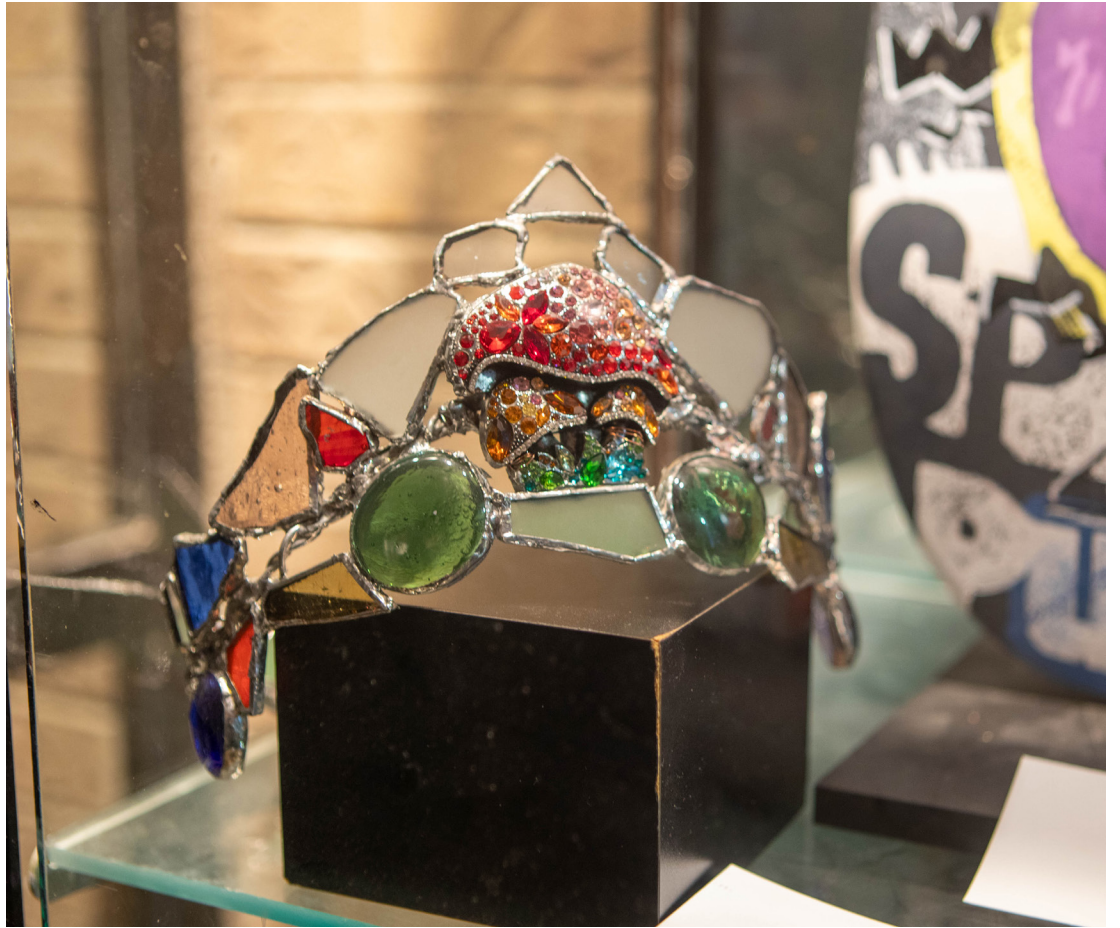
## *An Orphan's Token Lost*

by Paul Suess

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When brings the night and  
all that grieves and gathers  
with looming shadows over me —  
When takes the days of time,  
and life's elusive dole  
becomes as a gamble  
with an orphan's token lost . . .  
Unleashed my fated arrows  
then flew as sparrows  
thrown toward the sky.  
Until this within me finds  
what has borne me on this way —  
Is time then left to blame,  
or, say, myself, to set in shame?  
Have I not a token now to pay?

*Mycelia*



**Kelsey Morris**

*Aranyani*



It was Yule. They didn't call it "Yule," yet, of course. They had another word for it, something sounding much the same, if more visceral. This was before the winter solstice had been about twinkly lights and a baby in a feedbox. In those days, it was about huddling together around whatever light and heat they could muster and just hoping. That was all it was, just the hope that if they made it through this one darkest, coldest night of the year, that every day after that would be a bit warmer, a bit brighter. They might actually survive the winter if they made it through this one night.

The woman had been welcomed into the house. Officially, she had been brought inside because no one should have been left alone in the cold, especially not on the solstice. Unofficially... well, she'd seen how the eldest son had looked at her. He couldn't be blamed, after all. Between her bright red hair and her height, the woman knew she was quite the sight to behold. That was the point, after all.

So she shared their supper, and their ale. She listened to the tales the young man had told of his father's bravery with carefully tailored awe. She entertained the family with tales of her own, about a particular wedding that she had attended once... though she didn't admit that it was her who had been there. She'd only heard about it after the fact, like everybody else had.

Yes, the man's father had been very brave. The battle her host had led had been quite the feat, and it had been a miracle that none of their men had fallen in it. Literally. The father had made several sacrifices to get Odin's attention, and had been rewarded quite well. The son, however... well, he had left a few dead in a sacred grove that he hadn't told his fathir about. That had gotten Odin's attention too.

Of course, Odin couldn't be bothered to deal with this himself. That was why the woman was here. That was why she smiled and flirted with the son while the rest of the family ate and drank themselves into a warm, cozy peace. And when the son stood up and stepped outside, unnoticed by the family, that was why the woman slipped away as well.

"Thokk," the son called her. It was the name she had given him, something she'd come up with on the fly. She liked it, though. She thought she'd keep it for later.

"Shh," she giggled. "Not here, someone will hear us!" She ducked out of his grasp, around the edge of the house. He followed her. He really wasn't the brightest candle on the table, was he? When he got there, she was already disappearing into the trees, throwing snow at him to egg him on. And follow he did. First a few feet in, then a few yards. Around the time the family even noticed the son's absence, he was painfully aware that he had gotten himself very, very lost. And Thokk was nowhere to be seen.

And the man heard howling. It was the darkest, coldest night of the year for other creatures as well as for humanity. The winter solstice was a hungry, miserable time for most of the forest. It only seemed fair that the wolves got a feast too.

The last thing that the man saw before the glowing eyes of the wolves charged was a redhaired figure, no longer that of a woman, waving cheerfully at him. "For the priests!" Loki grinned. "Oh, and tell my daughter I said 'happy Jol,' will you? I do miss her so!"

If you made it through that one night, the future would be brighter.

*If.*



*Ashley Bridge*

**Elizabeth Bailey-Smith**  
Photography



*Blue View*



*Lookout Mtn*

**Elizabeth Bailey-Smith**  
Photography



*Pink View*

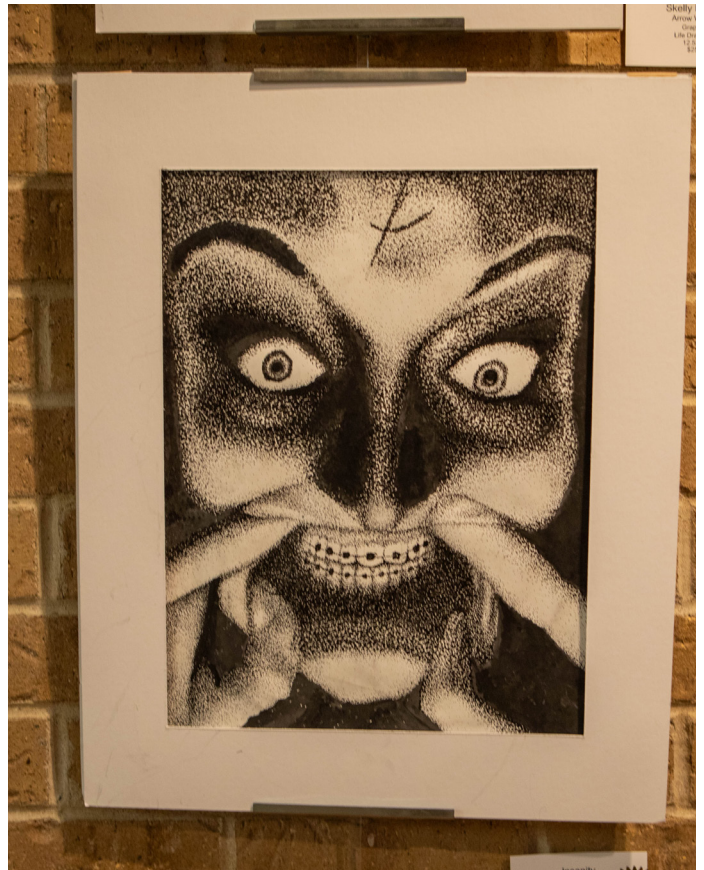
*Finding Hope*  
**Jamie Dewitt**



*Untitled 1*  
**Nico Bernard**

*Sorrow*

**Braden Clem**



*Insanity*

**Arrow Wilson**

*In Motion*  
**Kylie Mosby**  
Photography



*Alley of Bikes*  
**Elizabeth Bailey-Smith**  
Photography





*Untitled*  
**Audrey Whaley**  
Acrylic, Air-Dry Clay,  
Spray-On Gloss Varnish



*Smiling Barn*  
**Cooper Smith**  
Photography



*A Cloudy Afternoon in Lucca*

**Jessica Bertolozzi**

Photography



**"Hey, now. That thing ain't on, is it?"**

"Huh?" Laila said, distracted by her perusing. Like the others she'd been to, this seedy package store's selection was poor. The potbellied clerk pointed a thick, tattooed finger at her head. "Oh! Yeah, no. It's not even real. Just a Halloween costume."

In her search for just the right drink, she'd forgotten about her DIY outfit, which spoke well for its comfort level. The branded yellow jacket with Googol emblem and reflective tape was oversized and the backpack fitted with matching emblem for lightweight props she'd fashioned. Those consisted of a used hardcase backpack, pieces of a broken camera tripod, and a gutted old round ball AM radio with craft 'lenses' added. All painted in the distinctive blue-white-black Googol color scheme, the result was convincing. The camera extended about a foot over Laila's head, so the only tricky part was remembering to duck if navigating a small doorway. With her walking flats on, she was barely five feet tall, so the concern was minimal as was the weight of the pack's other contents, including a handy change of casual attire. "Ruination o' the world's what it is," the clerk frowned, etching deep furrows on both sides of his gray-streaked goatee. "No one can't even take a shit anymore without somebody filmin' it." "Yeah? That why you got these all over the place?" Laila smirked coyly and pointed to a half dozen security cameras positioned around the liquor mart, ending on the one above his shaved head. Catching a glimpse of her own reflection in the lens, that stupid and cherub face she loathed, she quickly looked away. "Smartass," the man running the register muttered under his breath. "Look, you huntin' for somethin' specific?" The 'If not, leave,' portion hung unspoken but inferred. "Nope," Laila mused, dark eyes regaining their mischievous glimmer as she slowly considered the liquor selections on display. "Then again, you don't even carry unspecific of interest. So have a night and give the rest of your Dumbass Dynasty clan my regards." That set the fat man's teeth on edge and Laila thought for a second he might reach across the counter for her. But there were still customers in the store, and she was a lot faster than a midlife bro ranking 'Sedentariat' on the Pursuit Predation scale. So she took her time strolling out. None of which improved her situation. She coveted the position as junior member in her peer group, gratified as would be an underclassman invited to party alongside grad students. That was part of her current dilemma, because after getting invited in last year, she'd pulled out all the stops bringing something special to their Halloween get-together. In that case it was an excellent vintage pilfered from a convent wine cellar. And it earned her definite points, that dusty and intoxicating unicorn she'd found. Special occasions required special drinks. Everyone let

her know they remembered what a hit Laila'd scored last year, and how they looked forward to whatever she'd scare up this time. In trying to impress, she'd spoiled them. Now they expected it.

What the youngster scored so far took time and effort, yet barring a couple additions to the drink card, her selection was bound to disappoint. Luckily the next rundown package store on her list, one in the grungiest part of the city, was a gold strike. Literally. The thin cinnamon schnapps Auroschläger hadn't been produced since the 1990s, yet here was a 750 ml bottle, 107 proof, and containing the signature 24K gold flakes which gave the liqueur its name. Sure, Laila had to wipe the dust layer away to affirm the goldleaf content, but there it was. The price tag may have also been leftover from three decades prior, roughly a tenth of the cost similar bottles sold for online, a quick smartphone search confirmed. Laila tamped down excitement at her good fortune. She adopted a weary demeanor as the shopkeeper rang up the purchase and carded her with a glance at her burner ID before departing sullenly. Once outside, though, she perked and checked her phone again, noting both the hour and all the tweets from her waiting associates. Incomplete or not, what she'd cobbled together for party makings had to do. Even heading their direction immediately, she'd be lucky making it on time. A shortcut shaving ten minutes off her travel time landed her in crumbling tenement territory called the Heights. And it was the last text, one from the diva bee of the group, that spurred her into such a dangerous place. Hannah. The one who'd find fault or else trash the faultless... art, music, theatre...as unsatisfyingly artificial. "Behind, Lay? Remember, fashionably late isn't." Hannah was the reason she turned down the darkened alley for the most direct route. Not Dunbar their resident musician and the youngest of the clique next to Laila. Not Ricky the razor-witted comic. Not Margarete, the quiet and compassionate component of their entourage. Only Hannah with her smug, condescending smiles and pitying expressions. Hannah's text and imagined smirk as she sent it landed Laila in front of a young Latino standing over an older gang member, the prone man's throat cut and still gurgling while the attacker rifled his baggy blue hoodie for crank or goodfellas or whatever pharma refreshment ran the streets these days. Bloody knife still in his other hand, the teen looked up at her with surprising calm, tattoos visible like an ink turtleneck rising to his earlobes, an Edgar cut leaving bushy black bangs just above thick eyebrows. He was sculpted, darkly beatific, in the meager street light surrounding them. By contrast, Laila knew in that lingering moment how she appeared to him. Pale and surprised, big brown eyes made more dopey and doe-like by the

unexpected discovery. Wide mouth hanging open, ginger buzzcut screaming clueless and boyish in stereo. "Sorry," she stammered, confirming the clueless as Laila backpedaled in desperate search of a viable escape route. The killer rose, impressive in stature and in confidence. He grinned and eased forward until understanding dawned. The Googol nine-eyed monster prop now had his full attention. Laila'd read how car- and person-mounted Googol Maps cams had solved missing persons cases, property crimes, and a few cold case murders. Judging how the young killer's expression turned from sure to panicked, he'd read similar accounts. He nimbly leapt the corpse and rushed her. But Laila's recognition of the youth's growing awareness was faster. She narrowly dodged a swing of the blade, slicing where her throat had been seconds before. She bolted back into the alley, headed for the main thoroughfare a block beyond. The young killer was barely a step behind her, and she felt him grabbing at her backpack trying to pull her to him. That inspired a speed burst of her own. Pulling away, looking for the best direction to go, she dashed down a narrow side avenue with spotty streetlight coverage. The killer's rapid footfalls picked up and Laila heard his ragged breathing as he narrowed her lead again. The glint off the knife's blade herded her down another backstreet and straight into an alley dead-ended by a wooden fence with padlocked gate. The darkness here was tactile. Laila desperately jumped and tried pulling herself over the barrier. But her attacker closed, grabbed the leg of her costume, and pulled her down before she could drop to the other side. They ended up in a prone grapple across the filthy asphalt. "P-please...d-don't hurt me," Laila begged, straining to keep the killer's knife hand from driving the blade into her chest. He'd rolled her around and positioned himself straddling her midsection. Now he used his weight advantage to press her into the gravel and broken glass beneath them, though her backpack took most of the damage. "Your own fault, bitch," the teen breathed whiskey fumes into her face. "Bein' where you had no business, takin' pictures." "But...the pics transmit automatically. Instant upload. Googol's already got them. I-if you kill me now...they'll see that, too..." The teen paused a moment, thinking it through. "Before, I was moving. Images might be blurry," Laila pressed her advantage as she saw the fear sweeping through her attacker. "And...and I'd never tell the cops what you look like." That unfortunate choice of words made the youth's eyes bug in renewed panic. He steeled himself for what had to be done before putting both hands on the knife hilt and pushing it down with all his combined leverage and strength. Laila gripped his wrist firmly with one hand and dug into her jacket pocket with the other. From there she drew as syringe and popped the needle cover. The killer was still trying futilely to drive the knife home when Laila grinned at him. A scream tore from his lips as he pulled back, but Laila owned the arm now. She grinned wider and jammed the needle into his carotid before

thumbing down the plunger. The petite woman kept his wrist trapped but also gripped his throat, syringe still dangling there, using her other hand. She applied steady pressure, the killer's cries silenced for lack of air. The drug took hold about then and, between it and being strangled, the teen passed out.

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When the youth woke, it was in a damp basement setting. He slumped groggily, restrained to a sitting position in a bolted metal chair. An old medical cart was beside him supporting a large decanter. A PICC tube extending from his median cubital vein deposited blood in the container, which held over a pint already. Laila came into view and carefully turned a plastic valve, stemming the flow. Five beautifully cut crystal goblets held draughts of the killer's blood. "I call it Blanc Royal," Laila announced, handing a glass to each member of her group and keeping the last for herself. She nestled against their captive donor and squeezed his shoulder through the one-size-fits-most jumpsuit he wore. Hannah, a Rubenesque figure of mature womanhood dressed in impeccable scarlet evening gown and wrap, breathed in the sanguine ambiance of the liquid before dipping a finger in and touching it to the tip of her tongue. Dunbar, a youthful Black man in reality a century and a half-old vampire, though dressed in casual modern street clothes, took the first sip. "Tell us again," he said around a 'mmm' of approval, "about this costume bait?" He nodded at the mock Googol camera prop, now discarded along with its emptied backpack. "Bait," Laila answered and watched each member of her assembly sample the bloody cocktails borne from her original recipe. "Googol World has workers filming in every country, on every street, 24/7. It's a photographic tapestry of human civilization collected over twenty plus years and growing. In that time, it's recorded people doing dirty deeds. The same people now learning how such photographic proof can get them caught and convicted." "So, you wear this façade, wander through a roughneck part of town, and lay the trap. When a scofflaw takes note and gives chase, you lead them down a darkened thoroughfare where would-be predator becomes prey. Brilliant." "Thanks! The concept also draws young and fit specimens, sketchy ones cops likely won't miss," Laila said while giving Hannah side-eye. The 'grand dame' quietly sampled the fare without comment, plucking Laila's nerves like a harpist. "I might've given the herds wandering Dregsland too much credit, though. The lure had me seriously second guessing until this one finally took the bait. The nine-eyed monster had potential, but still. We almost landed a way past it redneck who soaks underage kids for cheap hooch, instead." "'Regal white?' Mmmm, cinnamon schnapps. Definitely adrenalin. But something else, as well. Interesting," Hannah spoke at last. Coming from the oldest of their clan, it was high praise. She took a larger sip and smiled openly, another rarity. Her needle-shaped canines

gleamed in the candlelight. "Delicious. What is that added ingredient, Lay?" "White blood cells."

"Oh, sweet heaven yes!" Dunbar threw back another mouthful of the bloody elixir and paused before swallowing, eyelids half-masted. "Let me understand," Hannah pressed. "You got him intoxicated on the liqueur, then somehow opened the flow of white cells, mixed in copious amounts of adrenaline, and let simmer?" "Give me some credit, huh?" Laila grinned, her own fangs stained with the youth's blood. "I researched pharma R&D for two months until I found labs testing a white blood cell booster called A485. Basically opens the floodgates on leukocytes. Two more months go by, I work my way in and steal a syringe full. The stuff's rare." "Rare as gold?" Ricky asked, licking his lips. "Because that's what I'm tasting along with the rest. And the liqueur...it's raw, potent and unfiltered, yes?"

He never liked talking about his age, unlike Hannah who was brought over in 1607. But his penchant for plain muslin and any trouser material except denim along with his trimmed beard and shoulder-length hair spoke of a likely Colonial American existence. Ex-military almost certainly, which helped explain his gallows sense of humor. "Rarer," Laila laughed drawing herself another cup. "And bravo, excellent taste. Yes. Getting the Auroschläger into his system quickly would have taken more time than I had. So, I boofed him.

Alcohol content passes straight into the blood stream faster because more blood vessels and thinner surface layers down there. Plus no liver getting in the way." "Well. That certainly explains his change of clothes," Ricky answered, and the group laughed as he raised his glass in salute. "Bravas this evening, my dear, are exclusively yours." "The nun vintner you brought us last year," Margarete shared quietly, sipping from her glass. Her dark skin and straight raven hair framed a Native American profile, though her boots, jeans, and denim jacket made for sensible ranch attire. "She was aged to perfection, steeped by the spirits she produced over seventy years. Add in the sacrilegious overtones, and it was obscenely tasty. I doubted you could improve on perfection. But this, this is an altogether new innovation. Osda, agilvgi." "Innovation's always been my strength. Before the embrace, I was a teenager dodging Revenuers and making bathtub gin during Prohibition. Had to keep finding new ways and new tastes with whatever was at hand." Laila nodded reverently to the Cherokee woman, brought over by a Puritan vamp, a witch hunter himself turned by one of his accused with a gift for irony. While the conclave enjoyed each other's company and the flavor of this latest vintage, Margarete leaned against their guest of honor, Felipe according to the ID Laila'd examined, and softly whispered in her native Taslagi. It was tradition, thanking the source of nourishment for giving up its life so the tribe would continue. The reverence and gentleness made Margarete her favorite, a kindred spirit despite age and culture differences. "A toast now, to the founder of our All Hallows," Hannah tapped the crystal with a taloned finger. "To Laila, for showing

us new ways to hunt and new tastes to savor. For one barely a century old, you have earned an honored place among us. Zum wohl!" "Here, here!", "Cheers!", and "Salut!" was echoed from around the circle. Dunbar raised his glass and drained it once again. If Laila's count was accurate, it marked his sixth draught. He licked his lips, ran tongue over fangs. "So delicious. But I fear our hogshead is nearly drained." "Time to prime the pump and run the keg dry, then," Laila said. She let her human appearance pull away, undead creature within baring fully elongated fangs as her jaw unhinged. The others followed, all circling Felipe as his eyes focused before widening with terror. Laila heard the hammering of his pulse quite clearly.

"Last call."

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*Cicadas 2024*

**Faith Blair**  
Photography



## *If These Walls Could Talk*

by Kelley Flanigan

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**If these walls of the old abode could talk**, they would tell a variety of stories that would lead to its eventual demise. They would tell of the three generations that were raised within the home's structure. They would tell of the storms that every generation experienced. They would tell you that, after 125 years, about fatigue the home's come to recognize and is ready to succumb to the elements and make way for a new dwelling to take the mantle. The warmth and love has passed, replaced with cold and emptiness. Now the home just sits on the hill, forlorn and depressed, ever overlooking the land that surrounds it. Its last day on the hill is shrouded in cold air against a surprisingly clear blue sky backdrop. The thousands of yellow and orange maple leaves from the three big oak trees planted generations ago that overlook the house covering the bare ground crunch and split apart underneath the pressure of the random people and machines moving over them. A bulldozer revs to the right of the house, its operator awaiting instructions to begin the daunting task of safely bringing down a staple on the road. Construction workers, family members, neighbors, friends all stand nearby – most of them being there as moral support for each other. Stepping onto the cracked concrete porch, a sun-kissed young blonde woman curls her thin fingers around the peeling white painted banister, encasing it in a vice grip like it would disappear if she lets go. It's cold to the touch, having long lost its luster and warmth. The chipped paint crumbles against the tight squeeze the banister withstands. Thoughtfully, she follows her father as each family member spends one last time saying goodbye to a longtime friend. So many emotions run through her – not only hers but everyone else's. She's trying her hardest not to shed a tear, not to show any outward evidence of how deeply this goodbye hurts. The first thing she sees once entering the house is the middle medium-sized empty living room with its fading old grey carpet and dirty, anonymous fading white walls. The overhead fixture where there used to be a ceiling fan is missing, leaving only the wires hanging. A gas heater stands off to the side like a guard to the doorless two bedrooms that are on each side of it. She looks straight ahead where a small doorless doorway leads to another small bedroom. Spreading her right palm against the wall attached to the front door, she closes her eyes, recalling a moment when life had been full of warmth and excitement. The large Christmas tree stands proudly

against the corner near the door, full of ornaments of various ages and types, strung with lights and garland, splattered with hanging peppermint candy canes. Presents of various sizes and wrapped in various colored wrapping paper blanket the base of the tree. The lights slowly shift among the pre-programmed variety of colors. Along with the Christmas decor gracing this home, the holiday music fills the house. Children run amok; parents chatter amongst one another while helping both keep the children in line and helping with getting the family meal ready; and the grandparents are finishing up one of the many family Sunday dinners. As the children chase one another, red-flushed cheeks show the amount of energy they have. Some kids have dropped to the floor in front of the tree, eager and delightful expressions gracing their faces as they try their hardest not to touch the presents. None of them want to hear the adults yelling at them. The warm scene disappears as she opens her sea blue eyes. The holiday music fades away, only to be replaced with the crunching of dead leaves that have traveled inside the home and the muffled slow heavy steps of the others as they go from room to room memorizing every little detail. She glances at the bedroom to the right – the biggest one of the four-bedroom, one-bath home. A makeshift door – a thick grey wool curtain, the only form of door in the entire home (besides the bathroom) – separates the rest of the home from the large room. Entering the room, she sees the thin raggedy brown carpet and the moth-eaten white silk curtains. A hole in the west side of the room, where a window AC unit used to sit, allows the cold air to pour in even more. The faux wooden panel hugs three out of four walls, they're fading color slowly succumbing to the mold that's grown in the absence of care. She remembers the large queen bed that centered against the north wall where her grandparents slept, remembers clearly the dark oak armoire where her grandma put her clothes next to the gaping hole, the clutter that lined the room, the mirror dresser that hugged the space as someone entered the room, the taller dresser opposite of the other dresser where the small TV and satellite box hung out, the upright freezer. It's like those permanent memories come rushing back, hitting her like a freight train. Remembering the many nights they would go to bed while she stayed up way past her

bedtime, she smiles. They always did let her get away with far more than they would have with their own children. She can only imagine the reactions the rest of the family would have if she'd let slip the many firsts she'd had in this very home. As she makes her way to what they deemed the computer room, she recalls the many times she'd sit at the computer typing away, creating all of the adventures her many different characters had – from encountering the supernatural to protecting the Earth from harm to love. The array of different stories with different settings and stories were stored in a folder with her name on it. For the longest time, they remained safe until she learned about floppy disks (pre-flash drives) and to print physical copies. The easy access her grandma had to easily read them – which the young woman wouldn't have cared – lingered while the older woman played her Solitaire. The young woman is staring into the barren computer room before turning on her heels, moving on to the next room. At one time, her childhood bedroom held a full size bed with a small dresser and bookshelf. Like all of the other rooms, it's now empty of all furnishings. Her hand goes back to the wall, sliding along an invisible path. The smallest bedroom-turned-playroom has the most soft spots on the floor. Having already fought against an upright freezer that leaked, it was only a matter of time until the floor relented to the amount of water it dealt with. As she takes a cautious step inside, she's careful not to step anywhere near the small spots. From the previous times she's been here helping remove contaminated furniture and materials, she's already either nearly face planted or did face plant on the foul, stained blue carpet. It certainly hasn't been fun, and her body still feels the aftermath. When she comes to the large kitchen, she again pauses, closing her eyes momentarily. On one of the many Sundays after church, conversation and laughter can be heard. Ceramic bowls and plates, silverware, glass Coke cups, and disposable napkins rest upon the six-seater oaken table. Resting on a deep teal knitted table runner, a delicious beef roast – spiced with a few standard herbs as well as a cans of mushroom and celery – sits in a green iron cast dutch oven pot in the middle of the table. Draped on either side is a glass bowl of mashed potatoes and a pot of green beans with bits of pork sausage mixed in. A pot of corn sits to the right of the green beans and a

glass cake pan of rolls sits on the opposite side of the mashed potatoes. A small oaken kids size picnic table sits near the door. A couple of kids are eating, barely able to focus on it, while the others grab a roll and take off into the rest of the home, yanking the front door open and running outside. Bikes are grabbed as the kids swing their legs on them and take off. As everyone filters out of the home and holds onto one another, she sighs, glancing at her relatives who chatter among themselves. Stories of their childhood, of the patriarch's childhood are shared. There's laughter and tears. It brings forth a small smile, knowing that these memories of the home that may no longer exist will span throughout the future generations. Memories will eventually be turned into stories told from one generation to the next. Maybe somewhere down the line, a book will be written, transcribing all the adventures her family has had or will have. Within its pages will be the list of lessons Grandpa always joked about putting in a book. Her father nods his head at the construction worker with the bulldozer. As it reels back, her breath hitches, her body tensing. A moment of panic breaks out on her brow, and she's instantly thinking that this spot will be a sore sight that her father or anyone who passes by will have to look at. Maybe they shouldn't do it.

But it's too late to go back now. The ball slams into the structure with such intense force that the part it started from instantly caves in. As it reels back to hit it again, she feels every hit like a punch to the gut. This is a part of her, like an extension of her – at least that's how it feels. It's hard watching the only home that held all of those little moments come crumbling down like a house of cards. As the dust settles, all that is left is broken wood and glass, rusty nails, exposed wire, a warped tin roof, and a busted foundation. What had taken years to build had come down in a matter of minutes. She lets out a bated breath. It's done. A piece of history is gone, left to only be remembered. It's only then when the tears begin to fall. She spots one wall that has managed to withstand the demise, and a smile breaks through. It still hangs on for a moment longer as if it can't quite let go.

**If that wall could talk**, it would have said  
goodbye for the last time.



## *The History of Bedtime*

by Kyle Ingram

---

Traffic is heavy outside  
and there's laughter downstairs  
and you've climbed into pajamas  
and rattled through your prayers  
and there's no hope of staying up  
even if you cried, so you're  
to lie alone in darkness  
and no one really cares  
because they've tucked you  
in til morning and left  
the light on in the hall  
and turned the music down a  
little on the off-chance you  
might call out in the night for  
another glass of water or  
to ask again if bedbugs truly  
bite and the hours lengthen  
out like a predatory cat . . .  
if you wrote a History of Bedtime  
you'd have to mention all of that.

Wise counselors cite patience,  
warm milk and counting sheep—  
there's no end of clever  
stratagems employed in courting  
sleep. But the young are new  
to wakefulness and claim  
they're never tired. Until they  
fill up on experience perhaps  
bedrest is not required.

But when attention falters,  
without appeal or bail, one is  
sent upstairs an hour early  
and the bedroom is your jail.  
They say once yawning was forbidden  
and simply nodding was a crime,  
each would rate a separate section  
in any History of Bedtime.

In all the History of Bedtime  
there has never been a way  
to surrender hard-won consciousness  
and still be assured of another day.  
Old sandman toys with breath-  
passing in and out of mind-  
playing children's games with death.  
The pillow has a tear in the  
ticking, near the seam, and  
every night down leaks from it  
like snowflakes in a dream . . .  
There's no accounting for it—  
it's something that you feel:  
bright day is the illusion—  
it's the Sleeping World that's real.  
What better field of study  
for a multi-volume  
History of Bedtime?

## *In the Vale of Friction*

by Kyle Ingram

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As much a dented wreck  
as what he rode, the  
scissors-grinder (like  
his bike), was coated  
thick with crusted mud  
and batter-white with  
gravel dust and behind  
them both the grindstone  
rolled: aged engine  
of erosion—a granite  
disc suspended by  
a makeshift frame-  
its wooden treadles  
worn so bright with  
use they out-shone  
the travel-polished  
nailheads of the  
scissors-grinder's shoes.

And on his face the  
whiskers grew in  
arabesques and curlicues  
like ribbons shaved  
from rusted iron and  
caught between two  
magnets' rival tides.

And his brains were a  
nest of meshing gears:  
dreaming every day of  
honing shovels, hoes and  
shears, of pursuing  
a lifelong affinity for  
steel, sharpening  
incessantly by  
whetstone, file and  
feel each keen-edged  
implement and blade  
obsessed with all the  
pointed cutting things  
hard-pressed people ever  
made.

But it was the scissors-  
grinder's eyes that would  
cut you to the quick-  
from irises like islands  
in seas so still and thick  
came a gaze that said  
with awful certainty  
that he understood  
he was bound, as an  
agent of attrition, to  
be both the grinder  
and the ground.



*Cattleman*

**Kylie Mosby**  
Photography

*Gold at the End of the Rainbow*

**Rebecca Smith**  
Photography





*Charleston Harbor*

**Elizabeth Bailey-Smith**

Photography

*North Dakota Sunset*

**Cooper Smith**

Photography



# Artist Statements

## Angie Kahl

Angie Kahl describes herself as a “middle aged, punk Hobbit.” She graduated from RLC in 2005 with a degree in art, but after a few adventures abroad she returned to pursue a degree in Automotive Technology. She has turned “DIY” into an entire lifestyle, self-publishing a monthly zine called Flat Broke as well as collecting half-developed skill sets as if they were Pokemon. She spends her time by supporting her family, and by pointing out and mocking the artificial barriers that so many of us are held back by.

## Clyde Hall

I’m Clyde Hall, life-long comic book fan and Elder Statesman of Geekery with interests including vintage toys, horror movies, tabletop RPGs, pulp fiction, and cryptozoology. I’m a comic book reviewer for online site The Beat ([www.comicsbeat.com](http://www.comicsbeat.com)) and a contributing writer at Stormgate Press. My submission to Stormgate’s anthology Pulp Reality 4 was “Wind, Reel, and Print”, which received the 2023 Pulp Factory Award for Best Short Story. Between Stormgate Press and other publications, I’ve had a dozen short stories printed so far with more on the way. I live in Mt. Vernon, IL, with my wife Virginia E. Hall and together we referee furry frenemies Quill the dog and Casper the cat.

## Autumn Travelstead

When I found out that the Totality Eclipse was going to be a once-in-a-lifetime event, I knew I had to paint it. I knew I had to be part of history. Thank you to all of my professors, STARS, and other students that have been behind me and given me the encouragement to accomplish things I never thought would be possible.

## Cooper Smith

Both of these photos (pages 31 & 41) were taken during a hunting trip to North Dakota. It was brutally cold but the landscape was beautiful and allowed for the open and desolate backdrop.

## Kelley Flanigan

Whether it be of good or bad memories, every person and object has a story. This one is a reflection of family, loss, and the ending of a chapter. While it’s told in third person, it’s meant to be in first person so the reader can slip into the role of the woman who’s watching her family’s farmhouse. It’s how I imagined my thoughts to be when it comes time for my father to bulldoze our family’s farmhouse. When I initially was coming up with an idea, I felt like it should represent turning over a new leaf, of letting one thing conclude so that something new could take its place. There are a few moments of many memories I have of the farmhouse. And I wanted to share with the readers some of the thoughts and emotions I will inevitably feel when it happens.

## Elizabeth Bailey-Smith

When my dad, who was a photographer and photography professor, put a camera in my hands around the age of 12, I became very interested in the art form. As I studied photography in college, I learned about the use of light and shadow and the positioning of the image behind the lens, and have always enjoyed focusing on some of those aspects of photography. I miss working with film and how it can be manipulated in the darkroom. Since I no longer have that opportunity, I still play with color and technique with digital images. I like to procure images that may seem ordinary or mundane, but to me are the most interesting and the most beautiful.

### Description of Work:

**Cortona Rooftops:** During a trip to Italy, the house where I stayed had a beautiful view that looked down over the rooftops of the medieval city in Cortona, Tuscany.

**Lookout Mountain:** A scenic view of a famous area in Chattanooga, TN.

**Mouth:** Mouth is a closeup of a fountain in Rome.

**Alley of Bikes:** Walking down a side street in Rome, I passed by an alley but turned around to photograph all the bikes parked alone on the quiet street.

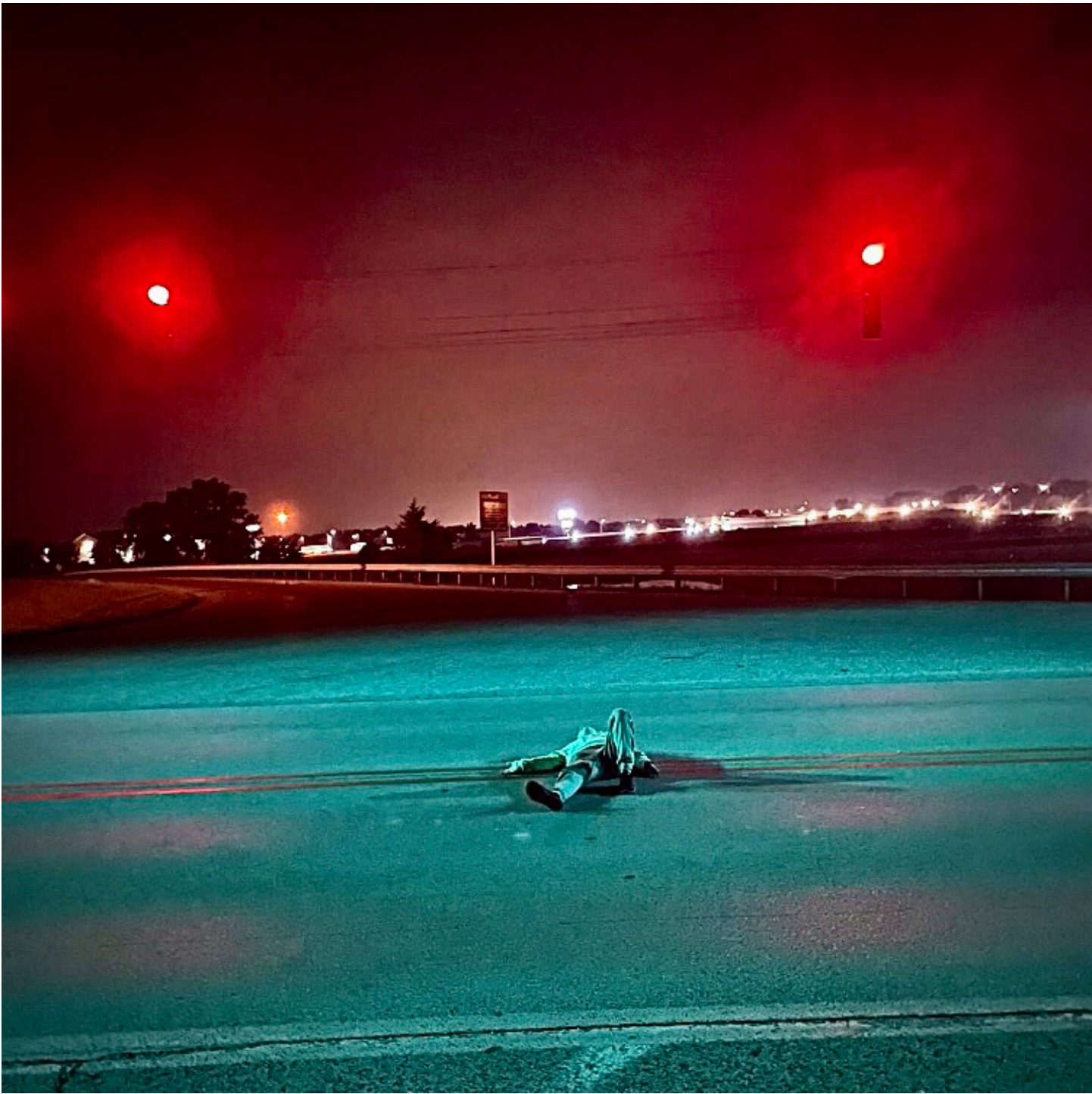
**Roman Graffiti:** The juxtaposition of ancient ruins and modern art was fascinating to see throughout Rome.

**Pink View:** The French Huguenot Church in Charleston, SC has a very rich history to both South Carolina and the United States. Many US presidents have Huguenot ancestry. In 2013, the church went under renovation and workers determined the original color was pink and returned it to the true look as when built in the 1840s. I manipulated the photograph with a computer program to make it seem as if there were artistic brush strokes and create even more pink to pay homage to the pink church.

**Blue View:** While walking down a side street in Charleston, SC there was a privately owned gated garden. Even though I could not enter the property, I was able to put my camera through the gate and photograph the fountain and garden. Because the sky was so blue that day, I decided to use a computer-generated program to manipulate the color to make it take on an even stronger blue color as well as add artistic brush strokes.

**Runners:** While running the NYC Marathon, I stopped to take a picture of the mass of runners, and to capture the moment of the moment along with 50,000 other runners.

**Charleston Harbor:** Looking across the harbor to downtown Charleston, SC there was a literal sea of boats on a cold winter day in February. I loved the stillness of the water and the low blue clouds reflected in the green water. The whiteness of all the boats with the one dark blue boat was also distinct.



*Liminal*

**Kylie Mosby**  
Photography

# 2025 Student Art Show

Purchase Award:

[Chosen by RLC President, Terry Wilkerson]

Autumn Travelstead, "Totality Eclipse"

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Best of Show: [Chosen by Judge]

Kelsey Morris, "Drifting Elegance"

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Foundation Award:

[Chosen by RLC Foundation]

Hayli Charron, "Sell Your Suit & Tie"

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Claxton Award:

[Chosen by RLC Foundation]

Kelsey Morris, "Aranyani"

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Adam Award: Best pen or pencil piece

[Chosen by RLC Foundation]

Hayli Charron "27.5.94"

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Alyssa Award: Most dramatic piece

[Chosen by RLC Foundation]

Arrow Wilson "Insanity"

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Best Portfolio:

[Chosen by Judge]

Hayli Charron

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2D Art Winners:

1st Place:

Hayli Charron, "I Am A College Student going Through Changes"

2nd Place:

Braden Clem, "Sorrow"

3rd Place:

Jamie Dewitt, "Finding Hope"

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3D Art Winners:

1st Place:

Kelsey Morris, "Mycelia"

2nd Place:

Josie Walker, "Take Me to Hawaii"

3rd Place:

Rylin Huie, "Rainbow Leaf"

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Honorable Mentions:

Braden Clem, "Spider Punk"

Nico Bernard, "Untitled 1"

Samantha Burk, "Human Anatomy pg. 649"

Brooke McGovern, "Plump It Up!"

Natalia Sears, "Porcelain"

### General Submission Information:

Everyone in the Rend Lake College district may submit work. You keep copyright to your work.

To improve your chances of acceptance:

Carefully follow the specific guidelines relevant to your submission.

- Be original

- Proof carefully and edit

- All Fiction/Poetry/Non-Fiction submissions must be

typed /in 12-point type/ in Rich Text Format.

Submission Deadlines:

Submissions entered by the deadline will be eligible for publication in the Spring issue of the magazine.

Note: Check specific Contest Guidelines and Deadlines as these may differ from general submissions.

The magazine is not responsible for submissions that do not reach us for whatever reason. It is advisable for writers to verify that submissions have been received.

Writers whose manuscripts are chosen for publication will be notified by e-mail. Be very certain that your e-mail address is correct on the manuscript.

### Fiction/NonFiction Submission Guidelines:

Submit short fiction/nonfiction (2000 words or less).

Nonfiction may take the form of Creative Nonfiction or Critical Essays.

Submissions MUST be typed (ds, 12 point, Times New Roman)

You may submit more than one work at a time, but all should total 2000 words or less. Longer submissions will still be read, but the possibility of acceptance may be impacted.

Submissions must be original. Submissions must include your name, address, Warrior Tag # (if you are a current student), e-mail address and approximate word count of the manuscript. The story or nonfiction essay title and page number must appear on each page of your submission. Submissions will be accepted both electronically and in hard-copy form. Electronic Submissions are Preferred.

### Hard Copy Submissions:

- Should use standard white paper/black ink

- Should follow the general fiction/nonfiction guidelines above

- Each story or essay must be stapled together

If more than one story or essay is submitted, each of your stories or essays must be individually stapled. You must provide a cover sheet with the following information:

(Story/Essay titles -- with the word count of each-- your name, address, Warrior Tag number, and e-mail address.) The cover sheet should be placed on top of the manuscript and all held together with a binder clip. The manuscript should be delivered to the following addresses:

For Fiction:	For Nonfiction:
Peggy Davis	Rebecca Biggs
North Oasis	150 North Oasis 147
Rend Lake College	Rend Lake College
Ina, IL 62846	Ina, IL 62846

### Electronic Submissions:

- Submissions should be in Rich Text format.

- You must provide a cover sheet with the following information:

(Story titles -- with the word count of each-- your name, address, Warrior Tag number, and e-mail address.

- Follow all relevant guidelines above.

- Send submissions to the following e-mail address:

Fiction: davis@rlc.edu

Nonfiction: biggs@rlc.edu

### Poetry Submission Guidelines:

No limit is placed on the number of poems you may submit, but a good general guideline is three. No limit is placed on word count.

Submissions must be typed, single-spaced, in 12 point type, using Times New Roman.

Submissions must be original. Submissions must include your name, address, Warrior Tag # (if you are a current student), e-mail address and approximate word count of the manuscript. The poem title and page number must appear on each page of your submission.

Submissions will be accepted both electronically and in hard copy form.

### Hard Copy Submissions:

- You should use standard white paper/black ink

- If a poem is over one page long, please staple the pages together.

You must provide a cover sheet with the following information:

(Poem titles -- with the word count of each-- your name, address, Warrior Tag number, and e-mail address.) The cover sheet should be placed on top of the manuscript and all held together with a binder clip. The manuscript should be delivered to the following address:

Peggy Davis  
North Oasis 150  
Rend Lake College  
Ina, IL 62846

### Electronic Submissions:

- Submissions should be in Rich Text format.

- You must provide a cover sheet with the following information

(Story titles -- with the word count of each-- your name, address, Warrior Tag number, and e-mail address.

- Follow all relevant guidelines above.

- Send submissions to the following e-mail address: davis@rlc.edu

### Playwriting Submission Guidelines:

The play should be short, running 6-8 minutes or so in length. The play may be a comedy or drama as long as it has a beginning, middle, and ending. The play needs to follow

Aristotle's "Three Unities":

- Unity of time (only a short span of time - no episodes)

- Unity of place (only one setting: a living room or a gymnasium, kitchen, etc.)

- Unity of action (only one plot - multiple plots will complicate the play too much)

There must be a crisis that is happening or has just happened. All characters need to be named in the script somehow (either they introduce themselves or others identify them) All

characters need to be developed and reveal something about their personalities, motivations, etc. All characters need to serve a purpose. A twist at the

end of the plot is often a neat device that may teach a lesson or surprise the audience. The play needs to provide a message of some sort to the audience. In

order to save room on paper, the play needs to be formatted with the characters' names all in caps, and to the left of the dialogue.

The dialogue should be tabbed over from the names about 5 or so spaces:

JOE: I am having trouble, Jill!

JILL: Really? What kind of trouble, Joe?

JOE: (Sits down with head in hands)

I lost my homework, my car keys, my cell phone, and my dog.

JILL: Yes, I'd say you're having trouble.

Stage directions (what the characters DO during their dialogue) must be set off

with

parentheses so show they are not spoken.

Questions or submissions (in MS Word) should be sent to:

Tracey Webb  
webbt@rlc.edu  
618-437-5321, Ext. 1295

### General Graphic Design Submission Guidelines:

All artwork must arrive at our offices on or before the published deadline. High-res digital image (300 dpi at 8½" x 10") entries should be sent as JPG, TIF or PDF files preferred. If work is 3 dimensional, photograph the work and submit

electronic file. Each submission must be labeled with "Designer - Title" All submissions must include in the top right corner of the document (or on a separate cover page/in the body of the email for design piece:)

-Designer's name

-Title of the work

-Designer's contact info (email, address, phone)

1. Email your work to Tarantino@rlc.edu

- In the subject line, type your name and the submission's title.

- If you have more than one submission, type your name and

"Submissions" in the subject line.

- List all of the titles in the body of the email.

OR

2. Drop off hard copies or CD/DVD of your work in Tarantino mailbox

in North Oasis, room 111.

Submission of two works into any one design category. You may enter

as many times as you wish.

All forms of Designs are accepted, including but not limited to: posters, logos, ads, mailers, brochures, packaging, architecture, and more. If you do not follow

the submission

guidelines, your piece may not be considered for publication.

### Fine-Arts Submission Guidelines:

All artwork must be sent to my email (davis@rlc.edu) on or before the published deadline. High-res digital image (300 dpi at 8½" x 10") entries should be

sent as JPG, TIF, or PDF files preferred. If work is 3 dimensional, photograph the

work and submit electronic file.

Each submission must be labeled with:

- Artist's name

- Title of the work

- Medium

- Artist's contact info (email, address, phone)

Email your work to davis@rlc.edu

- In the subject line, type your name and the submission's title.

- If you have more than one submission, type your name and

"Submissions" in the subject line.

- List all of the titles in the body of the email.

Photography Submissions Guidelines:

Please send digital files to davis@rlc.edu

Each submission must be labeled with:

- Artist's name

- Title of the work

- Medium

- Artist's contact info (email, address, phone)

Email your work to davis@rlc.edu

- In the subject line, type your name and the submission's title.

- If you have more than one submission, type your name and

"Submissions" in the subject line.

- List all of the titles in the body of the email.

**The journal is under no obligation to accept submissions in a specific category if none are deemed appropriate for a particular issue.**

