**Dew Drops**, Bethany Klotzle
WAYNESSENCE
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Each fall, all writing submitted to Waynessence is entered into our writing contest. In the spring, awards are given for the artwork or photographs that appear on the spring Waynessence front and back covers.
NOTES

CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
It has been a real pleasure being a part of the Waynessence tradition. The credit goes to you for sharing your stories, talent, time, artistic genius, enthusiasm, and loyal support. Happy reading!

— Laine Frantz

CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
Hello again readers! Our autumn issue of Waynessence brings you the reader into a varied world from a new perspective on the well-known Charles Dickens Christmas theme to the second and final part of the Viking shield-maiden fantasy. There is also engaging poetry along with an assemblage of excellence in photography and original artwork. We encourage new writers and artists to submit your essay, poem, original artwork or photography to future editions.

— Scot Long, Ph.D

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SPECIAL THANKS
A special thanks goes to the hardworking Word Processing Team for their expertise in making this publication a reality.

The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.
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What Disney Says A Hero Is, Nicolette Kaiser

Does anyone here have a responsible hero here?

At least all of your heroes didn't trade their voice for a pair of legs all for some magic?

Where's the logic with all of this hero nonsense?

Mine is a pair of love birds, a genie, a mindless carpet, AND a monkey! Why me?!
After dotting every i,
And crossing every t,
The letters had a party,
It was as easy as ABC.

Everyone was invited,
Not one letter was left out.
Directions were enclosed,
Just follow the scripted route.

Pronunciation got the party started,
His longhand was all write.
The band was kicking out the numbers.
Their compositions, a pure delight.

Now letters can make a good impression,
But they never like to brag.
Everyone knows who everyone is,
So no one needs a name tag.

A-Line skirts were the popular choice,
Among all the female letters,
While the men looked quite dashing,
Wearing their V-Neck sweaters.

The consonants and vowels were dancing,
They were grooving to the Alphabet.
The upper and lowercase were on the same page,
And playing a friendly game of typeset.

But then somebody spiked the punctuation,
And things got out of control.
The letters became intoxicated,
And went completely off the scroll.

It all went downhill from there,
The letters were turning aggressive.
A loose apostrophe teamed up with an “’s,”
And they became quite possessive.

A neighbor called the cops,
There were letters running wild.
They were all hooked on phonics,
And the proper charges had to be filed.

The letters spent the night in jail,
There was no mystery or suspense.
They knew they were in trouble,
Charged with a Capital offense.

The letters were ashamed of themselves,
Showing both remorse and repentance.
But the judge threw the book at them,
And made the letters write their own sentence.
The man I hallucinate about
Is a man I think about
From time to time
As a loved one
My mothers’ father
I hallucinate a memory
Sitting on a bench
Within his house
And I sit in his lap
And we look out to the street
Seeing cars travel by
He speaks no words
Probably ‘cause I don’t remember any
For earth swallowed him on my third year
Help me understand the purpose of loss; the pain and the meaninglessness.
The sadness and emptiness stick to me like an ill-fitting mask that I hope to shed.
Are there sacred contracts we know nothing of and have no privilege to see?
Perhaps a wake-up call to realize what we have, what to do with our treasures, and how to better share our gifts ordinary and extraordinary; a test to look away from the darkness to the light.
Every relationship then must be an opportunity to transform life in all directions.
Yet I must question, what are my sacred contracts with you, with others, and with the universe?
Are there sacred contracts we know nothing of and have no privilege to see?
★ Dutchess, Victoria Furin
I’ve watched you from afar
you’re always a shadow in my dreams
Dreams of boots and hats and horses
how to win you – my grandest scheme

Watching you work sends chills up my spine
your brawny shoulders, handsome chest
I wanna lay my head on you and rest
my lost cowboy

Lost cowboy, here is your lost cowgirl
Wearing my boots with the little toe curl
I watch and dream for you
I wanna be your cowgirl

Come and find me on your wild horse
take me away into the desert
Out there we’ll set up a little ranch
Away from the world with no cares and remorse

Late at night I gaze at the silver moon
wondering if you’ll notice me soon
You’ll take me away in your rusty old truck
and in your arms I will forever be stuck

Standing in the shadows, waiting in the dark,
finally you come, lighting up my night
With your perfect smile being the flame of light
finally you have come to take me away

Lost cowboy, here is your lost cowgirl
wearing my boots with the little toe curl
I watch and dream for you
wanna be your cowgirl

I love you, my lost cowboy
Now love me, your lost cowgirl

LOST COWGIRL
By Katie Simkanin
CAR ACCIDENT
APRIL 25, 2019
By Katie Simkanin

We’re stopped, waiting for someone to turn left on country route 585
When all of a sudden life changes forever
About to step on the gas and go
Then all of a sudden a great white van steals the show.

We never looked behind us
We never knew what came.
Thank God we had no idea
Or else we would’ve been in much more pain.

Suddenly we felt a jolt, not tremendous but little,
We both shouted “Whoa” and then felt the car go still
A nanosecond later we were hit again,
Then came the horror as we spun into the other lane.

As we were spinning for ten seconds I had many thoughts...
Oh my gosh this is it, I’m dying
Jesus save me
The other lane – we’re going into the other lane.
I heard the back windshield shatter
Then saw the backseats collapse with a great clatter
The long, deep grating sound.

Then the nightmare ended, as still as we were before
My sister and I both climbed out, unaware of what we were to endure
She climbed right out I kicked my door open and then we stood
surveying the damage, and nothing looked good.

The smell of gasoline and oil were heavy – spilled all over the ground
Pieces of our little Acura TL lay scattered around.
The car was spun around, facing traffic in the oncoming lane
We stood in shock, staring at the car in the slight rain.
An off-duty cop jumped out to help
My sister told him everything while I wrestled backpacks from the wreck.
We both were thinking... what the heck?!
WHO HAD DONE THIS?

Still there’s no police, we uncontrollably scream, shake, and cower.
A little red car pulls up, a teenage boy comes over
Gives us hugs, comforts us, calls the police.
He was among the few who came to help in our most desperate hour.

Then finally, after much too long, the man comes over
The one who smashed into us
He takes a look at the car, asks us casually if we are okay
Does not even apologize – and leaves a searing, permanent scar.

He was not even overly concerned
Looking at two teenage girls who turned
Up alive from this horrible, nonsensical crash.
What would we have done if someone was in the smashed back?

Finally the police and emergency vehicles came
We cried and yelled and swore, telling the crash story the same.
How it was not us, we were sitting there, waiting to go straight
And how we almost knocked at heaven’s gate.

For hours we sat in that EMS truck
Screaming, howling, crying from the sudden recent trauma.
How dare he? How dare he? And not even apologize?
The reason for crashing? No reason was all the police could devise.
He said he was not distracted but didn’t see the car
Which had brake lights on that spring day
What’s sad is that he never said he was sorry
To two frightened teenage girls in their first car accident

They loaded the Acura onto the tow truck to take it to the junkyard
Watching it leave our family was exceedingly hard.
I remember looking out the window, crying “He did that! He did that!”
And my sister devastated, because she loved and took care of that Acura.

Just like that, a blink of an eye
Our lives could have been extinguished and we could have died
Because of a foolish action of not looking when he drives.

April 25 could have been a very different day
But God’s great mercy and angels kept our lives at bay.

We will triumph over this trauma
We are stronger that the 55 miles-per-hour force that struck us.

Yes we miss the little black Acura
The machine that kept us safe and we walked away alive.
But I am thankful that we drove it for this reason
And that it perished ever nobly, and I am thankful every day.
Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Monument, Cynthia Long
Feared among nations, the Scandinavian Vikings have established a name of fierce, cruel, and savage warriors, thirsty for treasure. Tora lives in a Viking village, and she marries Skarde, the boy her parents selected for her. While the women are expected to mind the village and raise the children while the men are at war, Tora longs to accompany her new husband to battle as a shield maiden – a female Viking warrior. One night, as her tribe is preparing for a raid, unbeknownst to Skarde and her parents, Tora dresses up as a man, accompanying her brave warrior-people on a raiding adventure of a lifetime...

“You have your sword and shield ready, Felman?” Skarde whispered to me. “I still think you remind me of someone.”

“Yes,” I said, blushing a little. I pawed at the axe dangling from my waist. “Let’s go!”

Raising his battle horn, the chief blew a battle tune, and we screamed a terrifying yell and charged the fortress, intent on conquering.

The nobleman and his company must have sighted us, for they fired arrows from the towering embrasures, but we used our large shields and effectively dodged them as we advanced toward the heavy doors with torches, swords, axes, and shields in hand.

Skarde smiled at me. “Good luck!” He exclaimed as he brandished his torch.

“You too, my friend,” I replied as I drew my sword, excited to see what was inside of the castle.

Suddenly, the fortress’s doors flew open. Oftentimes, Viking raiders would terrify their weaker opponents to the point of which the victims would simply open the doors and let us enter. Such was the case of this unfortunate nobleman.

All 200 warriors charged into the fortress, smashing cabinets, yanking ornate tapestries from the wall, and throwing art pieces down to the ground, and stomping on them. All the while, we shouted in our Nordic tongue, terrifying the helpless nobleman and his family.

Skarde and I ran up the stairs and burst into a large room, where a group of twenty frightened children huddled together screamed in terror when they saw two fierce Viking warriors throw open the doors—swords held high, shields protectively placed across our bodies.

I let out a commanding shriek, hoping to scare the children even further, but, hardened and thirsty for treasure as I was, I could not slaughter...
them. I could run my sword through a grown man or a grown woman and not feel anything, but children...

“Wait. We’ll decide what to do with them,” Skarde told me, sensing my hesitation. I hoped he did not think me less of a warrior—even a shield maiden!

The children stared at the two warriors brandishing swords, fear written in their eyes.

“Hold there!” I ordered, gesturing for them to sit and wait. “Come on—we can tell the chief there are children up here. Let’s go grab some treasure.”

“Agreed.” Skarde followed me down the stairs toward the chaos. “Chief! There are twenty children upstairs!”

The chief turned around and hurried upstairs, accompanied by a few other warriors. We had captured or killed almost all of the nobleman’s household, confiscating the loot in rough burlap sacks that some of the men were hauling back to the ships. Two warriors in the corner by the fireplace lit torches to burn the place after we left.

“Skarde! Hurry—see that tapestry in the corner? Grab it!” I hollered, pointing to an illustrious tapestry thrown in the corner. “It can be your gift for your wife!”

“Skarde!” I gasped, seeing an archer from the balcony above us. He turned away, bow in hand.

“Yes, yes!” Skarde ran to take the tapestry, and then I saw him fall to the ground.

I let out the fiercest yell I could muster and chased the archer. I ran toward him, anger blurring my vision. At the top of the stairs, I raised my sword and plunged it through him in revenge for Skarde. Blood spurted everywhere, and I left his body to be burned. Concerned, I ran downstairs to find Skarde.

“Skarde!” I gasped, kneeling beside him. Even though we were warriors, we still maintained a capacity for love. “Are you all right?”

Skarde looked up at me and grunted. “He got me in the heart. I’m not going to make it.”

“I know.” I took a deep breath. “I’m not Felman—I’m Tora, your wife. I wanted to accompany you to battle. I wanted to learn to love you and be a shield maiden.”

Shocked, Skarde raised his hand and lightly touched my face. “You’re brave, Tora... I cannot believe it. You hid it so well from me and everyone. And now, I will honorably die in battle. There’s nothing better than this.”

I leaned down to kiss him. “I’ll take your sword home and make you proud. May your soul depart and be with Thor and Odin in Valhalla (Viking heaven).”

Skarde nodded. “Thank you, Tora. You’re a brave shield maiden, and warrior.”

And then, he closed his eyes and was gone.

I stood, took his sword, and ran back to the boats, the tapestry tucked under my arm. Even though I barely knew Skarde, I loved him. Although our marriage was short and bloody, I would always remember him. In my first battle I had learned to love fiercely and to lose courageously.

As we sailed back toward our village, loot in tow, I removed my helmet, letting down my hair, and then I dropped Skarde’s sword in the river, where it quietly disappeared beneath the surface, the cold water encapsulating the sword as it sunk to the bottom of the river, forever to remain.
Sometimes, the seasons change. You don’t notice at first, but the leaves begin to grow brighter, and then die. A cold breeze sweeps along, a not-so-gentle reminder that the world grows colder.

Like the world, people have seasons. I’ll never claim to have known the warmest summer days, nor will I claim to suffer in the most frigid nights. What I am certain of is that I am in a season of change, a season of uncertainty. I am in fall.

Fall is a season of harvest. Where things once planted are dug up, and taken out, to protect them from the impending snow. And much like the farmer, I have had to dig up some things very close and dear to me.

One of the things that I’ve had to save in this season is my happiness. I’ve learned that there are times to be happy, and times when it’s impossible to be joyous. But what is important is saving seeds to plant again, when the time is right.

Another thing I wish I could save is my downtime. But as the colder weather sets in, school demands an ever increasing amount of attention. Some days, it will take everything you need and more. And those are the days when you wish you could just give up. But yet, winter moves on.

An unexpected snowstorm struck my family early, when my grandmother suddenly required more care than usual for us to provide. Dementia and Alzheimer’s are not kind diseases. Indeed, snow piles up faster than expected.

My life is in winter right now. Fall means many things: death, coldness, and silence, and yet the worst has not come. Winter sets in, and is the final breath of the world. Darkness sets in and then it’s almost impossible to imagine warm days, and yet memories of such times are what keep me above freezing.

The lie about the season we call winter is sometimes hard to disprove. We always think winter lasts forever, that it will never change. But the thing about winter is that it is necessary in our procession of seasons. Winter is something so brutal, icy, and slippery that we think there must be no way to get out. And it’s true that it is impossible to outrun winter. The only way to get back to warm days is to survive through the cold.

Winter is a time of sharpening. When things die, they make room for the new things that will come in the spring. Frigid weather can cut you
down to the core of who you are. Winter teaches us something about ourselves; we can endure.

We can endure a breakup, days with nine hours of studying, or running another errand for your grandmother. Humans are made to stand up to the elements, to adapt, to overcome. There’s a reason we make shelters; we strive to live on. It’s that glimmer of hope that keeps us moving.

You’d never guess the temperature of my life by simply looking at me. You also never know what season others are. For those of you who are in spring and summer, I applaud you. But to all in the darkness of winter, know you’re not alone. But together, we’ll make it to spring. After all, that is how seasons work.
“If however far away, he were watching the lingering moon with a heart at all like mine, surely this clear sky would be filled with clouds.” — Izumi Shikibu

*Heart Cloud,* Nicolette Kaiser
THE WAY I SEE IT

By Nicolette Kaiser

You don’t see the moon the way I see it
   What you see is an object
   That sits among the stars
   I see an Ivory beauty
Hiding its cracks and dark side from the world
   As the dragon’s tail of astronomy
   The beacon in the sky

You don’t see the moon the way I see her
   I see the way her curves edge
   So perfect and smooth
   I see the way her ivory porcelain skin
Gleams in the midnight sky, so milky and bright
   I see the way she smiles, so pure and humble
   Down to her dear mother earth
   I see the way she dances across the sky
   So elegantly in tune with life
That is how I see my lovely bright moon
   In all her glory and perfection
   Oh, how I envy her eclipsed prince,
   so dark and beautiful
Forever by her side, Comforting her always
   Among their children of stars

★ Blue Time, Nicolette Kaiser
Mothra, Nicolette Kaiser
OCTOBER
By Nicolette Kaiser

These rich autumn colors
Speaks of undying love
Do you think of me
From the scent of marigolds
Or is your thoughts
To sympathized sadness
Do you think of me
In this autumn land

★ Railroad Tracks to the Sky, Scott Hartman
WHY?
By Katie Simkanin

Why do I feel nowhere bound?
Why do I feel so close to the ground?
Why do I feel low instead of high?
Why do I feel so far from the sky?
Why do I feel that no one cares?
Why do I feel that I cannot ever dare?
Why do I feel so alone and sad?
Why do I feel bitter and mad?
Why do I feel that so many are fake?
Why do I feel I always give and never take?
Why do I feel my head's just above the water,
ready to drown?
Why do I feel like everything is going to crash down?
Why do I feel the salty tears rolling off my face?
Why do I want so badly outta this place?
Why do I feel so often out of hope?
What can I do with these feelings to cope?
THE SANCTUARY

By Nicolette Kaiser

The trees reached unseen by anyone
But myself
For I hide away
Safe and secure
In the sanctuary of greenery
From such prying eyes
Of greed and envy.
There were no alabaster staircases in Julipville. Only clapboard sided houses with tall red-brick chimneys that belched smoke from October to May. Methuselah Dunford lived in one of those houses, and in spite of his given name, looked quite youthful for a middle-aged man thanks to his blue eyes, dark complexion, and rugged features.

He often hung out at the local café hoping to convince the lovely waitress Sarah of his eligibility as a suitor. She had auburn hair, high cheekbones, and a radiant smile that affected an atmosphere of something more than a place to eat lunch or dinner. For many customers the enchanting presence of Sarah transformed the otherwise mundane restaurant into an actual destination.

Methuselah was known around town as a bit of a character—no, not the town drunk or the town idiot, those positions were already filled. Rather, Tuce, as he preferred to be called, was undeniably quirky in his own gentlemanly way as a collector of old, worn out clichés, and thus became the town eccentric.

Sarah brought freshly brewed coffee to Methuselah’s table and poured him a cup, a welcome respite from the frigid late autumn weather.

“Good morning Methuselah,” she said, with her usual glow of genuine warmth.

“It’s that Vinnie fellow, isn’t it? That’s why you won’t go out with me,” offered Methuselah. “Why, he’s absolutely stuck on you.”

“Sure, I like Vinnie, but not in the way you imagine,” Sarah replied.

“Weren’t you two at the Skyview Drive-In movie last month?”

“Yeah, I suppose. A girl's got to have a little fun and Vinnie’s a nice fellow if you get to know him.”

“And pardon the interruption, but the word around town is that you and Vinnie were like
two peas in a pod at the drive-in,” Methuselah countered.

Sarah blushed and looked away, pensively.

“Vinnie does get a little too friendly at times, which is why I bring lawn chairs to the Skyview,” she replied.

Methuselah paused and fidgeted in his seat.

“What if I told you I have a new hobby?” he hastily remarked.

“Okay Tuce,” she humored him by using his endearing nickname. “What’s your new hobby?”

“Thanks for callin’ me Tuce,” he answered in his own sincere way. “I’ll tell you my new hobby when I think of it.”

“I’ve got work to do,” she said without any humor and began walking away with her graceful shoulders square above a slim figure.

“Wait!” he half shouted.

Her patience was growing thin as she slowly turned around toward him.

“What is it Methuselah?”

“I collect things,” he explained.

“Okay, so…” Sarah pondered over what Methuselah was up to now.

“I collect love poems,” he paused and became speechless for a moment, trying unsuccessfully to hide his embarrassment.

Then Methuselah brought out a paper bag from under the table and dumped out more than 100 folded pieces of paper. Julipville suddenly became a warmer place in the midst of the seemingly interminable November cold spell.

“They’re all poems about you and I wrote each one.”

Sarah reluctantly picked up one of the folded notes, opened it and read the poem inside. She liked it.

“Okay Tuce, What are you doing Friday night?”
The high school religion instructor pointed out during a lecture that all the peoples in the world are inherently worth the trouble of caring for them. One student was adamant in her thinking that such altruism simply wasn’t true. She explained that older folks and those who are stuck in bed with an illness that is not likely to get better, lose their place in society. To everyone else, they become less useful.

“What, then is their purpose? Suffering like that has no meaning,” she said, “and you have to be useful to have worth to others.”

As another student in the classroom, I could feel my worth in her implied tone, and I looked down. Yet I was just following the conversation as my language skills perked up.

My downcast eyes noticed the teacher’s posture. It was saddened, and his silence almost angry. Eventually, he removed one worn and nearly retired shoe and with it in his hand, spoke these words: “la gente no son como los zapatos.” *

I realized I could look up again.

*people are not like shoes
EVERYBODY LOVES NICK KNACKS
By Michael D. Schafer

Everybody loves Nick Knacks,
He makes people smile,
And although small in size,
Nick Knacks has lots of style.

He's full of warmth and charm.
And loves to hang around.
He'll decorate a wall,
Or anywhere a shelf is found.

He'll brighten your décor,
With his aesthetic ways.
He knows what you like,
Which he proudly displays.

He works as a dust collector
And sometimes disappears.
He can get buried in his work,
And not be seen for years.

But Nick Knacks likes to show off.
He loves to be seen.
He always appreciates a good dusting
It keeps him feeling fresh and clean

Yes, everybody loves Nick Knacks,
He can fill an empty space.
But beware, once he gets inside your house,
Nick Knacks will be all over the place.
CELL PHONE ADDICTION

By Michael D. Schafer

There's an addiction sweeping the land
That no one's talking about.
It's reached epidemic proportions,
And addicts can't do without.

When I say that addiction is cell phones,
People roll their eyes and shrug.
Yet cell phones are just as addictive,
As any kind of drug.

Users can't put them down,
A digital attachment to their hand,
Addicts shop for dealers,
Who can keep up with their demand.

With glazed eyes on a screen,
They can't see where they're going
Accidents are commonplace,
And their numbers are growing.

Cell phone use in cars,
Has led to many wrecks.
Friends don't let friends,
Drive a car and text.

It's easy to get hooked.
The need they feel is real.
With the world in their hands,
They're lured by its appeal.

Cell phones are addictive
There are junkies all around.
So people just say no,
And put those cell phones down.
Hawaii: Kauai Na Pali Coast, view from a helicopter, Colleen Teague
To get me to shut up, he said he’d punch me in the mouth, but I always shut up.

If he didn’t want me to see my family, he would call them and tell them I was sick.

He would text rude things to my friends from my phone
to make them think I didn’t want to hang out.

Once, he drove me 110 mph down the road while under the influence,
but he didn’t hit me.

Another time, he arbitrarily gave me five dollars to go grocery shopping,
but I had to come home with all the fixings for a salad.

I was about a dollar off.

A lady in the checkout behind me provided the extra buck.

And once, when we ran out of milk, he insisted I walk to the store instead.

He sat behind the car on a lawn chair so I could not back it out of the driveway,
and timed me.

There was also the time our roof needed cleaned.
He had me climb on top and clean off the debris,
and laughed when I couldn’t get back down.

In the beginning, he had me put all the utilities and cable in my name,
but he would spend all the time watching the TV.

And in the end, to ruin my credit,
he opened up cards in my name and confiscated the bills from me
until they were well past due.

In retrospect, people will invariably ask:
But did he ever hit you?
Now, that’s an easy one.

No, he did not, he did much more.
★ Tide Out, Nicolette Kaiser
Hers’
is not to settle in
but transcend the left behind
- A transition in trip & travel -
that transfers one on a transport track
which triumphs o’re typical terrestrial existence:
Experiencing the tempo & texture of traipse & trodden trails
traversing time
Herself
* Does This Leaf Make My Legs Look Green? Victoria Furin
★ Arachne’s Web, Atalanta Kelsey

★ God’s Country, Atalanta Kelsey
A CAROL FOR OUR TIMES

By Bruce Crissinger III

The Bull Market was dead. Scrooge knew that. He had read its obituary in the Wall Street Journal. The irrational exuberance of the market had been simply that, irrational. Yet there were many ways to earn money with...in the White House for another term. Scrooge was still trying to get over the fright he had had about the possible outcome of the election and its consequences.

Government by the people? All the people want are bread and circuses, or in this nation McDonald’s, Pizza Hut, and some reality TV. Let them think they’ve made the decision. Democracy, what a farce! The illusion of democracy; however, that’s a good thing. It lets people believe that they are in control and if they are in control then they and no one else is responsible for their lives, their destiny, and it’s not the business of the government or any social service agency to try to even out the score.

Scrooge ate his usual frugal meal, oatmeal gruel in a crockpot. He was dispirited from the week’s business fluctuations. Alan Greenspan, the former chairman of the Federal Reserve, had warned the consulting firms he advises about the dangers of inflation, and yet Scrooge’s oil stocks were making a huge profit. On his way home Scrooge had had to suffer the indignity of being assailed on every street by those relentless bell ringers asking for donations.

“I earned it,” he scowled. “Get a job.” Unemployment was at record lows and many employers especially in the service industries were scrambling for workers, at minimum wage. “People don’t want to work,” thought Scrooge as he finished off the tasteless gruel with some past-sell-by-date cheese, and, exhausted, went to bed. He clicked on the Bloomberg report, and soon felt sleep overpowering him.

Suddenly there was a spectral figure next to his bed. He tried to call 911, but nothing worked.

“Don’t be afraid, Scrooge,” said the figure, who seemed to know him. “I’m a friend.” And suddenly Scrooge recognized the familiar face. “Warren, you gave me such a fright.”

“I’ve just come to review your life, your past.”

“You mean like an IRS audit?” said Scrooge. “Something like that, but much friendlier. It’s something even more precious than your money, though you may not know it, and at no cost.”

“That’s what they all say,” said Scrooge, sighing and remembering some of Warren’s investments mistakes of the past few years. “What do you mean by we?”

“All in good time, all in good time. Remember time, the long term, the prudent investor’s best friend.”

Then he pointed out how Scrooge had wisely chosen to be born into a family of means, and attended the right eastern prep school and Ivy League university, both of which later provided him with the kind of connections he needed to get the inside information about companies that would yield him the most profit with the least taxes.
“Yes,” affirmed Scrooge. He had certainly come by his money first through inheritance, and then from sound investment practices. Advisers had enabled him to guard his capital and maintain a carefully balanced portfolio. Scrooge hadn’t dissipated his resources in useless spending supporting noble causes, as Warren Buffett and Bill Gates had done. Scrooge had wisely taken the advice of Ayn Rand, who in works such as Atlas Shrugged, impressed upon him the value and wisdom of rational self-interest.

He read Milton Friedman and Paul Volcker, but never Joseph Stiglitz or the abhorrent John Maynard Keynes! Nor had he wasted any money on an expensive marriage that would have led to an even more expensive divorce. Romantic love was for the poor. As Gatsby put it: “the rich get richer and the poor get children.” Tracking the rise and fall of the Dow was much more exciting to Scrooge.

Christmas Past commended Scrooge for selling most of his stock portfolio just before the housing market crash then reinvesting after the market lost 2000 points. This was the greatest stock market bargain sale in the history of Wall Street, and just as quickly as he had appeared, Christmas Past was gone.

Then the next vision appeared.

“What, Laura?” remarked Scrooge. “Did you save money by buying clothes from the Good Will in Martha Stewart’s neighborhood? You’re really dressed up.”

“Heed my warnings and heed them well,” he said. “What is done cannot be undone.”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44
“Enough with the clichés,” said Scrooge.

“Do not stray from the path. So far you have chosen wisely, profitably. Scrooge and Marley is a well-recognized multinational company. It held its market share by exporting most of its production overseas and hiring accountants with a talent for deception. Remember that for you, only money has been important and the only thing to do with it is to make more. Pay attention before it’s too late,” – at which point Christmas Future showed Scrooge a beautiful, well-maintained residential area, not lavish, not ostentatious, but comfortable.

“How could there be worse?” grumbled Scrooge.

“What your life would become: greatly humbled, a simple apartment in a senior citizens complex, and most of your vast savings gone to the improvement of the lives of others.”

Scrooge screamed the scream of the damned.

“Scrooge, listen to me. That was the future you might have had and will have if you forget this vision and my advice.”

With that the last ghost vanished as quickly as the first had come and Scrooge pondered what it all might mean. “Health insurance for everyone, help to pay for a college education, world peace – no one mentioned world peace, but I can’t imagine that that part of the agenda wouldn’t have come up too if I hadn’t asked the ghost to come back to the present. What a nightmare that ghost has shown me tonight.”

It had all been so disturbing. Scrooge lifted again his glass and offered a toast, though he was alone:

“May my stocks be profitable, every one.”
Herbert Marcuse (1898 – 1979) was born in Berlin and received his Ph.D from the University of Freiburg where he studied under Heidegger. He became associated with Theodore Adorno and the other members of the Frankfurt School. Being both Jewish and a Marxist, he understandably left Germany in 1933*. However, he made his greatest mark as a professor in the 1960’s and early 70’s at the time of the student movements that developed in opposition to the Viet Nam War. Speaking at numerous campuses during those years, he was greeted with an enthusiasm now reserved for rock stars and celebrities. Widely assigned in many university courses and an academic best seller (sounds like an oxymoron), *One-Dimensional Man* was the Ur-text of the student movements at that time.

Marcuse wrote in the tradition of Hegel and Marx. Hegel’s theory of history is based on dialectical progression in the form of thesis
and antithesis. To borrow terms from Isaac Newton, this is a process of action and reaction between two opposing sides. Marx wrote of the inevitably of class conflict, specifically between the capitalist owners of production and the workers whose only asset is their labor. Having left Germany after the failed revolutions of 1848, Marx lived and worked in London, then the epicenter of world capitalism. Marx envisioned a historical process by which the workers, known as the proletariat, would throw off their masters and create a dictatorship of the proletariat and obtain political power. Marx’s theory was encapsulated in the motto: “From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.”

The totalitarian regimes in Russia, China, Cuba, North Korea and elsewhere who have claimed to be Marx’s adherents or heirs should not be confused with Marx himself. Building on Marx, Marcuse conceptualized the workers’ oppression in terms of a constant need for ever more consumer goods, a phenomenon which has only been increased by the “advancement” of technology with the ever-expanding plethora of electrical devices, too familiar to need any enumeration. Having heard Marcuse speak in person in 1974, I tried to imagine what his lecture might be if his spirit returned to the haunts of academia today:

Despite their ringing endorsement of critical thinking in university catalogues and its prominent presence in the course objectives sections of course syllabi, critical thinking and critical enquiry remain elusive goals in university education. Students ask: “What do I need to get by?” A professor’s rapturous flight into a line of thinking might well be met with the response: “Is this going to be on the test?”

The same kind of process that created a homogeneity of culture has produced a more functional education. On site teaching and learning might be seen as a waste of labor in keeping with this industrialized model. On-line classes might be likened to on-line shopping, available anywhere and at any time for a price. Buying an education (rather than receiving one or being invested in the process of learning) resembles buying from Amazon with just a few clicks. Education has become a manipulation of externals with little or no impact on the self. Critical thinking has been replaced by selecting from options a,b,c, or d to find the right answer, unambiguously stated, with a click of the mouse.

Colleges and universities can likewise do more with less, less physical space, less maintenance, fewer facilities, and most especially fewer faculty, the task relegated to faceless, nearly anonymous adjuncts. The totally digitalized curriculum is always available as knowledge or what now passes for it has become commodified, packaged.

Consumerism has created the one-dimensional university at the expense of critical thought. Rather, universities are teaching job
training, which may not seem unreasonable due to the high cost and ever burgeoning burden of student debt. The student can develop skills with the hope that technological change will not outpace education and render them unemployable as workers.

One-dimensional man or woman no longer has the critical thinking ability to distinguish between True Needs, required to sustain life, and False Needs, which consumers are programmed to desire within broad categories of commodities. Consequently some are bound to their jobs to acquire things, consequently working long hours to pay for excesses and therefore confined by the corporate culture. e.g. the newest name brand of everything. This has become especially true of electronic devices, e.g. Apple, Samsung, and even a potentially resurgent Nokia. Ikea, Walmart, and Sam’s club have become cathedrals and the late Steve Jobs, Steve Wozniak, Bill Gates, Mark Zuckerman, Larry Page and Sergey Brin your most admired citizens, your patron saints. Others are worn down in pursuit of life’s basic necessities. In either case one must work rather than live, being unable to be engaged in other productive activities, such as reading, thinking, and appreciating culture. Marx’s definition of the opium of the masses has become gadgets such as phones, the internet, the cult of celebrities, popular culture, and literally opioids, even here in rural Ohio. People are working more hours, but wages are stagnant.

Technology has created the semblance of a comfortable existence for many, but the individual is trapped working either for ever more material goods or mere survival. However, in an understandable evolutionary fight to adapt for their survival, rather than being institutions of higher learning in the humanistic tradition, universities provide job education with an ever diminishing focus on the higher self, remarkably in keeping with Marx’s concept of workers who has nothing but their labor. Thus, this is a technological society of mass consumption and production with vast inequality in terms of income and opportunity, lulled into submission.

“Danke und auf wiedersehen.”

Marcuse has departed and I hope to have been his faithful scribe.

*With our ever deceasing knowledge of history, I fear I should write a footnote to explain the significance of that year.

Work Consulted:
An Autumn's Morning, Atalanta Kelsey
Major Ragain

Some decades ago, so long ago that I still had all working parts, I shared an office at a large Midwestern university, known to all, with a highly skilled, congenial, and well-regarded poet (not all of these qualities often go together). Twelve years my senior, he had the experience of teaching at a traditionally black college at the time of the MLK assassination, witnessing the turbulent times of the late 60’s of convulsive social change and reaction that led many to the pursuit of other ways of philosophical and religious thought and practice.

While I knew him, I would often see his car in the parking lot with a sticker reading: “My Karma ran over my Dogma.” I never commented on it to him but pondered often as to what it might mean. What is Karma? The sense that one’s actions in this life determine the next. What is Dogma? A system of beliefs. My conclusion was that this referred to an individual pursuing the way or path of Buddhism who had fallen short and consequently experienced some unnamed consequences. But I never really felt satisfied with this answer and continued to seek the correct interpretation.

By chance some time later, I ran into Maj at a restaurant and realized this might be my only chance to clarify the mystery. After the usual social pleasantries, I asked Maj directly: “I have always wanted to ask you what that bumper sticker on your car meant: ‘My Karma ran over my Dogma.’”

He gave me a genial, subtle smile, paused, and said, “My daughter wrecked that car recently.” Pause. “It was just a joke.”

Such are the consequences of a lifetime spent interpreting texts.

My Kinsman

For a long time whenever called upon to provide the name of a next of kin, I would write in “Cheetah,” from the old Tarzan movies. Jane Goodall says we share 95 to 98 percent of our DNA with chimpanzees and that was good enough for me, actually the best I had because I have no relatives to speak of, or rather who will speak to me. But Cheetah died at age 80 in 2011, poor fellow, and leaving me at a loss. Now I just leave it blank or say “unavailable.”

Maybe I could find some through Ancestry.com.

Jobs

My father used to tell this joke about a man who was complaining to a friend about his job (a familiar scenario) working for the circus: “All day, every day I have to walk behind the elephants with a broom.” Gentle reader I will leave the details of this occupation to your imaginations.

To this the friend replied: “So why don’t you just quit and get another job?”

Incredulous, the man tossed his head in the air and replied, “What and give up show businesses?”

Not to compare the university to a circus or
the broom to the pen, but one does sometimes become disheartened. But we'd never give up because of our love of teaching. Or to add a corollary as expressed by Woody Allen:

“There’s an old joke - um... two elderly women are at a Catskill mountain resort, and one of ’em says, ”Boy, the food at this place is really terrible.” The other one says, ”Yeah, I know; and such small portions.”

I will leave my meaning to your interpretations.

Of course the elephants are gone from the circus and rightly so. With the development of technology, maybe adjuncts will be gone too, so that in the near future the students can complain: “The computer gave me a B-.”

Fiber

In an iconic scene from “the Graduate” a friend of Benjamin’s parents advises him with one word: “Plastics.” I, however, would like to offer a similarly simple solution to weight loss: “Fiber!”

I have not always been this sylph-like figure wafting through the halls of Wayne, admittedly with a geriatric stagger. Indeed over the course of my life (pun on courses) my weight might be likened to the vagaries of the stock market, more akin to the irrational exuberance of the 90’s rather than the crash of ’29 or the dot.com bubble. Or to put it another way, for much of my life I might have been accoutered in a jumpsuit designed by the polymer engineers of Goodyear, several of whom were my students. Incredibly 30 years ago in Der Spiegel I read about a “fett sparsam”— fat sparing or low-fat diet then being followed by Pavarotti. I remember eating air-popped popcorn and raw cabbage and it worked. I lost 30 pounds easily, but with the schedule and time pressure of teaching, grabbing, and eating, it returned like the swallows to Capistrano, the Buzzards to Hinkley, or the checks written by Bernie Madoff. Years passed. Around 2013 in the annual cycle between plenty and penury, and anticipating being impecunious, I ordered 25-pound bags of both barley and rye from Bob’s Red Mill and added in some legumes. But with the high fiber diet, the weight dissolved, abandoned me like Rhett did Scarlett. But to lay my cards, or rather my cookies on the table, I do fall short of Caldwell Esselstyn’s ideal. I can’t fool the team at Word Processing or the generous cook who shares her confections with them.

A man’s reach should exceed his grasp, or what are oatmeal raisin cookies for? Oatmeal raisin has been my raison d’etre, but by continuing to focus on fiber, the weight remains off.

*I may have lost weight but not my pretentiousness.

Author’s Note

I would like to thank my readers for encouraging my contributions. I liken myself to the great prima donnas from the golden age of opera (most notably Nellie Melba) who would announce their retirements and embark on a farewell tour, and then the next farewell tour.
1—My grandmother taught me basic German, beginning with counting and the alphabet, and her sister, a German teacher until 1917 (Phi Beta Kappa but no university position because she was a woman), left me the legacy of her German library. Also for too short a time when I was still a child we had a German housekeeper. We would go around and she would point out objects and tell me the words for them: Das Bild, picture, Das Klavier, piano. In German musical nomenclature what we know as B is H and B flat is B. Thus, Liszt could compose the cleverly titled Fantasy and Fugue on the Theme B-A-C-H. More often, however, she would corner me and disparage Hitler ending with the phrase, “Nit dee people, Brrrruce, nit dee people.” Though I knew her such a short time, I think of her often, wishing I could go back in time and ask her how she survived two world wars, as well as the inflation and starvation of the 1920’s.

2—As a young child, I had no access to classical music on the radio. However, there was a huge stack of shellacked 78’s that had been my great-grandfather’s, featuring artists from the golden age of singing: such legendary names as Caruso, Tetrazzini, Shuman-Heink.

Around age 8 I joined the choir of the Episcopal Church, as it was just across the street from my maternal grandmother’s house. There I sang Bach, “Awake thou wintery world,” “Jesu, joy of man’s desiring,” Mozart’s “Avé Verum Corpus,” Handel, the ubiquitous “Messiah,” as well as a mainstay of the Anglican church, the works of John Stainer, now forgotten. At the same time, weekly exposure to the sonorities of the Book of Common Prayer must have laid the ground work for my interest in literature and a passion for style.

But this was no sanctuary, no refuge from the world. Its legacy was not only music and language, but also aggressive physically bullying. Just look the other way. Let them sort it out for themselves. But I could never escape it, because everywhere I went, my personal characteristics went with me.

Thus are our joys ever mitigated with our sorrows, and to look at childhood with unreserved nostalgia must require amnesia.

3—Before the food leviathans, there were small, friendly, conveniently located neighborhood stores that one could pop into for a few easily found items. The grandfather, an Italian immigrant, managed, his sisters worked the cash registers, and his grandchildren stocked the shelves, cleaned up, and whatever task that was needed.

In such a store I observed a woman in what we would now call middle age riffling through the produce section obviously frustrated at not finding what she wanted. She turned to me
and in a few words of limited English, asked if I could help her. I couldn’t understand what she wanted but ascertained that she was Polish. Not knowing any Polish, I made a guess and asked her in German if she could speak German. Her face lightened and we had a brief but memorable conversation. She was in the United States, her first trip, to visit her daughter and meet her recently born grandchild.

It pays to know something about history. I have no idea what vegetable she was looking for.

4—Most of four decades ago when I was in a graduate program and teaching, a student who had been absent waited after class to explain why. Simply put: he had to go to the Cleveland Clinic as he had a congenital hole in his mitral valve and it was getting bigger. He was subdued but matter of fact. His was tall and extremely thin, his skin ashen and florid pink. Over time I picked up a few details. His activity was restricted, but not so much as one might have expected. He played tuba in the marching band and pickup basketball in the gym. He was an average student. Later I read his class evaluation (recognized the handwriting as writing on a computer was years in the future). His comments were brief and not laudatory, which coincided—in retrospect—with a pervasive negativity.

The next semester in late winter I met him again on a crowded campus bus in the back near the exit and sat near him. Our proximity forced us to engage in a few words of conversation. He wasn’t doing well in his current writing class. “I wish I had you for English this semester.” He rang the bell and stood up, his body long, lean, and lanky. “I gotta go,” and after exiting the bus, proceeded to a fast run on the sidewalk. Watching him, I whispered his name and said “You know you shouldn’t run like that.” And he collapsed. He lay there. What could I do? I was no longer near him. A passerby saw him and pounded frantically on the door of the closest house. The bus turned and I could see no more.

Later just by absolute chance in the student center I overheard a still distraught paramedic say, “I thought we had him. In the ambulance we got a heartbeat, but he died on the way.”

What had he meant by “I gotta go?”

5—Respice finem.

I have often pondered a study on the writings of Agatha Christie done about 12 years ago that systematically demonstrated her encroaching dementia or Alzheimer’s by analyzing the decline in her vocabulary and increase in the use of indefinite words and phrases.

Looking back on my own writing, even from my 50’s, I can see the change, even without the statistical analysis.

Soon I will be able to enter medical school, my mother’s long-held wish, but obviously not to study but to be studied. Somewhere there is a medical student, probably Asian or Hispanic, probably first generation, probably female, who will know me better than I ever knew myself.
Bixby Creek Bridge, Big Sur, California, Cynthia Long
The incessant drizzle finally came to a merciful end as several visitors found their way to the old German castle downtown. Its proprietor Maximilian Schenk held weekly séances on the top tier of the tower, an imposing and salient feature of the castle’s early Gothic architecture. Puddles of rainwater reflected the rustic brick exterior of the edifice, with muted hues yielding to the humid night air.

Gaslights along Third Avenue cast eerie shadows upon the tower façade. Inside the six guests took their places around a sturdy oak table, most looking for a sign from a lost loved-one.

Attending for the first time, two of the younger séance participants and self-anointed wizards, Arno and Beloit, were capable (or so each thought) of conjuring up the unknown and unimaginable powers that lurk beneath the threshold of consciousness. Yet, the others were unaware of such a plan.

Soon the lights were dimmed and all seven earthly souls began their chants with Maximilian calling out for Eliza’s grandmother Sarah.

Silence enveloped the room.

More chants, punctuated by more silence.

Then suddenly the air grew cold and a humming softness filled the octagonal chamber! Eliza’s gaze was directed toward the east where Sarah’s ghostly image appeared in the full moon.

“You are the beloved one,” said a voice from afar.

An absolute, infinite peace filled Eliza’s heart as she felt unconditional love emanate from the moon’s aura whereupon the image of Sarah slowly vanished. Others in the room felt a comforting warmth overpower the drafty confines of the tower. Arno and Beloit did not, however, experience a similar joy as their fellow spiritualists and frankly were quite bored. They diabolically signaled to one another.

“It’s time,” offered Arno.

“Yes—bring on the Beringer,” replied Beloit, escalating from a whisper to a brazen shout.

“What the hell is a Beringer?” Maximilian asked, although a little annoyed. “This is a séance, not a circus of the grotesque.”

Without warning the octagonal ceiling became a swirling cloud of colorful, yet foul-smelling gasses.

The Beringer appeared and then belched out in a booming voice...

“Excuse me, but I was taking a sauna bath when you peons summoned me!”

His ethereal presence was at once magnificent and hideous. Onlookers, including the two stooges, were too stunned to speak and then, just as abruptly, the Beringer vanished.

Without a word, Maximilian escorted Arno and Beloit down the two flights of stairs and outside to the edge of the portico where he tossed each one into the lawn like ragdolls.

“And don’t come back,” he yelled after them as the two scurried away like rodents into the night.
Known as the Lyric Theater, its Art Deco marquee glistened beneath the overcast sky unabashedly promoting another regional live band. Grand Haven, as it were, loves its old theater—the only one in town that hadn’t been torn down for a parking lot or a pizza shop.

Simon runs the theater with a cadre of dedicated thirty-somethings who manage to bring in everything from a demented stand-up comedian to an avant-garde performance artist. In fact, Trixie, the main co-conspirator for the grand old theater, would often butt heads with Simon regarding his rather unconventional taste in entertainment. She considers herself more of an old-school aficionado of classical music and dramatic theater.

“That simply won’t do,” Trixie hurriedly explains, “The last performance artist you brought in here spent 45 minutes peeling a banana. I really thought the banana was going to rot before she got off the stage.”

“Gee, thanks for your vote of support,” Simon shrugs. “With friends like you, who...”

“Spare me the soapbox,” she groused back with a look of stern conviction.

“Okay, though you gotta admit that she did have a certain style,” Simon counters, cleverly in his defense—or so he thought.

“Her only style was the skimpy jumpsuit and that wild anime makeup,” Trixie giggles. “She looked like a cartoon hipster.”

“Well, she did draw a full house,” he says, thinking out loud.

“Yeah except ... you know what, let’s head over to Bernie’s for happy hour,” she suggests.

They resume the conversation in the spacious upscale lounge next door to the theater. Trixie had known for quite some time that she was falling for Simon. If only he would adopt a little more refinement, she thought, as Simon slurped his foamy beer.

Trixie drank in the ambiance of the elegant surroundings, along with her Napa Valley eight-dollars-a-glass red wine.

“Now that we’ve made something of a mark in the live theater business, we need to take a leap of faith,” she says, offering a toast to Simon.

“You know, that cartoon hipster reminds me of anime, with spiky-haired magicians and post-apocalyptic chaos—all the youth who grew up as consumers of Japanese animation just can’t get enough,” Simon explains.
Not convinced, she was nonetheless intrigued. “Where do we get these anime acts that will actually draw at the box office?”

“Of course, the stars of anime are imaginary. We just need to find stage artists who imitate some of the better known anime characters,” he further rationalizes.

“Anime aside, we need to branch out and open our doors and pocketbook to something more elegant with actual audience appeal,” Trixie says with a twinkle in her eye.

“What you have in mind?”

“So, in the meantime, let’s do what other theater owners are afraid to touch—fine arts,” she continues with an affectionate smile. “How about we bring in the award-winning playwright Albert Welty? We can get him to narrate one of his awesome three-act, theatrical masterpieces. It’ll help put Grand Haven and the Lyric Theater on the map.”

Simon smiles back, as if listening attentively, offering an unsolicited suggestion.

“Then we’ll follow it up the next week with that guy who can make his tattoos disappear and then reappear—right on the stage!”

Without warning, she scowls at Simon and then quickly walks out of the lounge.

Finishing his draft beer, Simon signals to the bartender for another. As the late afternoon quietly turns toward dusk, the neon lighting above the bar appeared all the more surreal. Just then, Simon heard an old familiar voice.

“Is that you, Simon?”

“Well, if it isn’t my old buddy Carl! How ya’ been?”

“Good, I suppose. You still in the theater business next door?” Carl asks, with some amount of doubt.

“Sure, still at it... although I’m taking the rest of the afternoon off,” he explains. “You remember Trixie? She and I had a business meeting here this afternoon that didn’t go so well.”

“Yeah, I remember her. She was always a lot of fun,” Carl replies.

“So, what brings you to Grand Haven, Carl?”

The two old friends catch up on each other’s lives for the next several hours, not really keeping track of time. At first, they barely notice as a woman in full anime costume walks in and sits at a nearby table.

She’s wearing a blue vest with a matching blue oversize bow tied to long blonde hair that swirls...
in multiple directions. She also has on brown suede boots that go above the knee and a white skirt topped by a light blue waist bandanna. Her makeup gives the impression of a pale complexion beneath very dark and emboldened eyes.

With her big eyes, the young woman flashes a smile at both men.

Curiosity got the better of the two friends.

“Who are you supposed to be my dear?” Carl asks respectfully.

She pretends to ignore them initially, as she summons the waitress.

“Oh, are you gentlemen talking to me?” she asks.

“Yes ma’am,” the two utter in unison.

“I am Lucy Heartfilia from the anime Fairy Tale series,” she offers.

“That’s quite the outfit,” Simon remarks.

“Are you on your way to a costume party?”

“No actually. I’m just out and about trying on this new image,” she explains. “It’s referred to as cosplay, which is a portmanteau of the words ‘costume’ and ‘play.’”

“Portmanteau?” Simon queries.

“A combination of two words forming a new word like ‘brunch’ or ‘motel,’” Carl volunteers.

“Oh, I get it. Like Carl and Simon make Carly Simon,” Simon says devilishly.

Both Carl and Lucy Heartfilia get a good laugh.

“Well, not quite,” Carl says.

In the meantime, Simon is mesmerized by the anime cosplay image of Lucy Heartfilia at the next table.

“Carl, she reminds me of someone, but I can’t figure out whom?”

“Neither of you recognize who I am?” she ponders the situation for a few moments. “This must be a better anime outfit than I thought.”

Finally she takes off her wig and reveals that she is Trixie.

“That’s it,” Simon roars. “You’re the next act for the Lyric!”

“Oh no, you’re not talking me into that gig,” says Trixie.

“But you’d be perfect,” Carl interjects.

Trixie pauses and then capitulates.

“Recruit a few more anime cosplay players and I’ll do it. We can do some original skits for the audience and see what happens.”

Saying goodbye to Carl, they walked back to the Lyric Theater, holding each other’s hand.
Grand Canyon from North Rim, Cynthia Long
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