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Each fall, all poems submitted to Waynessence are entered into our poetry contest. In the spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.

Wayne College’s Literary Magazine

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From the Editor

Thank you for taking the time to explore another work of art from many students and staff of Wayne College. Artists, thank you for sharing your masterpieces with us and adding beauty to the world. Staff and advisors, many thanks for all you contribute to this publication.

Every generation has difficulties to face hurdles to overcome. When watching the news it can be so easy to be disheartened by the numerous evils prevalent today. I would like to share with you a quote from Sophie Scholl who was a college student at the University of Munich and a social activist during World War II. This artistically written quote speaks of the beauty of creation that is so stunningly displayed throughout the pages of Waynessence and prompts one to think about life in a deeper way. “Isn’t it a riddle . . . and awe-inspiring, that everything is so beautiful? Despite the horror. Lately I’ve noticed something grand and mysterious peering through my sheer joy in all that is beautiful, a sense of its Creator . . . Only man can be truly ugly, because he has the free will to estrange himself from this song of praise. It often seems that he’ll manage to drown out this hymn with his cannon thunder, curses and blasphemy. But during this past spring it has dawned upon me that he won’t be able to do this. And so I want to try and throw myself on the side of the victor.”

Sincerely, Rachel del Guidice
Editor-in-chief

Co-Advisers’ Notes

Wayne College rocks! Flip through the pages of this semester’s Waynessence and be amazed at the quality of writing, photography, and other artwork by students, staff, and friends of Waynessence. How generous of them to share their talents!

Once again, it has been a privilege to partner with co-advisor John Lorson, Carolyn Freelon, the Waynessence staff, and our dedicated editor-in-chief, Rachel del Guidice. They are a savvy, dedicated team! Wayne College is blessed.

I encourage you, our readers, to participate in Waynessence by joining the staff and/or by contributing work this fall. I look forward to hearing from and working with all of you! Please contact us at Waynessence@uakron.edu.

Meanwhile, everyone enjoy!

Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence co-adviser

It’s always a pleasure to roll toward the Spring Edition of Waynessence with an experienced staff. Our Editor-in-Chief, Rachel del Guidice, humble almost to a fault, seems to have conquered the learning curve with the fall edition and is well on her way to becoming a seasoned leader! With Amanda Holder and Darlene Mullet at the table we’ve benefitted from one of the most experienced staff line-ups we’ve had in years! As always, none of this would have been possible without the tireless work and inspiration of my co-adviser, Dr. Susanna Horn. Enjoy!

John C. Lorson
Waynessence co-adviser
Note: 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.

From the Staff
Special Acknowledgments

- Susanna Horn
- John Lorson
- Carolyn Freelon
- Interim Dean Neil Sapienza
- All the Writing Instructors
- Kathy Hothem
- SOPAC
- Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Staff
Rachel del Guidice
*Editor-in-Chief*

Amanda Lynn Holder
Darlene Mullett

Untitled (Rose)
by Jonathan Kulton
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Heaven</td>
<td>Jane Fink</td>
<td>front cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled (Daisy)</td>
<td>Jonathan Kulton</td>
<td>title page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled (Rose)</td>
<td>Jonathan Kulton</td>
<td>staff page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jurassic Hawaii</td>
<td>Alan Boettger</td>
<td>contents page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Checkmate</td>
<td>Jane Fink</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wayne Warriors</td>
<td>John Constantino</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Parachute</td>
<td>John Argabright</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Study of St. Louis in Winter</td>
<td>Stephanie Baker</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dusk</td>
<td>Ruth Hale</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Branching Out</td>
<td>Sarah Mullins</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Lust</td>
<td>Cody Steigerwald</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peaceful Evening</td>
<td>Jacqueline Ranallo</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lakeside Girl</td>
<td>Abigail Callahan</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nature's Song</td>
<td>Abigail Callahan</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foothills of the Sierra Nevada</td>
<td>Melanie Anderson</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sacred Contracts</td>
<td>Jane Fink</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Color Wonder</td>
<td>Traci Carmony</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raging</td>
<td>Treva Eihinger</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghost Cat</td>
<td>Darlene Mullett</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scared</td>
<td>Michael D. Schafer</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reminiscences</td>
<td>John Argabright</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Sky</td>
<td>Gordon R. Beals</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing Wind! Sing Your Song!</td>
<td>John Argabright</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Angel is Out There</td>
<td>Amanda Lynn Holder</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girl Talk</td>
<td>Stephanie Baker</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Popcornning</td>
<td>Ruth Hale</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoozing Polly</td>
<td>Abigail Callahan</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under the Sea</td>
<td>Sarah Jane Morrow</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fishy Swa</td>
<td>Jane Fink</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Train Ride</td>
<td>Gordon R. Beals</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angkor Wat</td>
<td>Sarah Jane Morrow</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manoa Falls</td>
<td>Alan Boettger</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicken Little</td>
<td>Ruth Hale</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starlight Prayer</td>
<td>Melanie Anderson</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth Yubeng</td>
<td>Sarah Jane Morrow</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Much to do with boredom</td>
<td>Otis Whitmore, Jr.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat in a Box</td>
<td>Otis Whitmore, Jr.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pan-dorable</td>
<td>Abigail Callahan</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spider, the Fly and the Cartels</td>
<td>Cody Steigerwald</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas Countryside</td>
<td>Joy M. Winstead</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riding Into the Sky</td>
<td>Sarah Mullins</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cell Phone Blues</td>
<td>Michael D. Schafer</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella’s Wish</td>
<td>Rachel del Guidice</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled (Dahlia)</td>
<td>Jonathan Kulton</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>time traveler</td>
<td>mark solars</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hold Fast For We Are Strong</td>
<td>Vada Watson</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jardin Japonais</td>
<td>Stephanie Baker</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crystal</td>
<td>Treva R. Eihinger</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Restoration Mug</td>
<td>Jacqueline Ranallo</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Glory</td>
<td>Traci Carmony</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the life of boots</td>
<td>mark solars</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>End of Summer in Amish Country</td>
<td>Gordon R. Beals</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remember Me</td>
<td>MaryAnn Fear</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saluting Uncle George</td>
<td>Abigail Callahan</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My All</td>
<td>Josh Kollert</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biographies</td>
<td></td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gone Fishing</td>
<td>Sarah Mullins</td>
<td>back cover</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Checkmate
by Jane Fink

Wayne Warriors
by John Constantino  Poster made for ORC Championships
My Parachute

My cousin lived the next farm over and we often played together. One day while playing in the barn, we noticed the laundry hanging out to dry. On the clothes line hung a couple bed sheets. We decided one of those sheets would make a very good parachute if we could get it undetected. Mom would never know.

Moving nonchalantly we confiscated one of the sheets and headed for the barn. The plan was for my cousin to grab two corners of the sheet and I would grab the other two corners. We would then jump from the barn loft and gently float down to earth. Well it didn’t exactly work according to our plan. What a jolt. Once was enough. We replaced the sheet on the line after wiping off a little dirt and stuff, hoping it wouldn’t be noticed.

Wrong again.

How do Moms know you’re lying when you say you don’t know what happened and no, you didn’t do it.

We weren’t hurt from jumping out of the barn, but we were hurting and jumping from the corrective action our Moms administered while securing a promise from us to never mess with the washings again.

Yes Ma’am, No Ma’am, No, No, I’ll never do it again. Ouch, ouch!

by John Argabright

A Study of St. Louis in Winter
by Stephanie Baker
As years pile on and dusk draws nearer
I look back on the life I’ve led
Right or wrong, choices made
What ‘ere the price, the piper’s paid
The path is set, the journey follows
    I am content

It doesn’t mean I wouldn’t change
Some things I’ve done or said–
If that could be arranged
Or maybe things I should have done
Or words left unsaid.

And would it change the outcome?
That’s not ours to know
To dwell on things that might have been
Had I a crystal ball then
For looking back is a futile course
Of things unchangeable and sad remorse
Will filter out the sun’s bright rays
And bleak, dark thoughts consume ours days

No, no that will not be my way
I will savor every day
Each raindrop, every ray of sun
In prayers of thanks when day is done
    I am content

by Ruth Hale

Apple Creek, Ohio
Branching Out
by Sarah Mullins
First Lust

Crush
to smother and bury leaving no
trace behind
completely enveloping
and making totally blind.
I wish I could say
that it's me doing this, thing
torturing you
making your heart sing.

by Cody Steigerwald

First Place Poetry
2012-13 Wayne College
Student Writing Awards

Peaceful Evening
by Jacqueline Ranallo  Upper Peninsula, Michigan

Lakeside Girl
by Abigail Callahan
Nature’s Song

There is a God!
Tis it’s true,
See the plants He made,
And the trees He grew?
Or the sky so vast,
With the sunlit hue.
There is a God!
Creation proves this true.

Echoing this tune,
The great mountains shout,
They praise him who lives.
Day and night cry out,
“God created us,”
“How can sinners doubt?”
He who lives and reigns,
Brought these rocks about.

“There is a God!”
Says the soaring bird,
Crying “He is great!”
Singing to our Lord,
And he won’t stop now,
Till his voice is heard,
“There is a God!”
“He is Christ our Lord.”

Flowers still the same,
The moon and stars,
Nature will proclaim,
That God, “You are!”
Who shall miss this song?
Nature gladly sings,
Praising Jesus name,
Proclaiming Him the King.

by Abigail Callahan

“There is a God!”
The lakes too proclaim,
Announcing He who saves,
Shouting Jesus name!
They spread everywhere,
The Creator’s fame
“There is a God”
“Jesus is His name.”

by Abigail Callahan

The gold mining hills of California,
near Knights Ferry

Foothills of the Sierra Nevada
by Melanie Anderson
Sacred Contracts

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 and to the light.

Every relationship then must be an opportunity to transform life in all directions. Yet I have to 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?

by Jane Fink

Color Wonder
by Traci Carmony
Raging

Oceans are loveliest when raging,
White caps rising like specters of souls lost at sea,
Trying to escape their watery graves, then crashing to shore
Only to be returned to their eternal resting place.

White caps rising like specters of souls lost at sea,
Their ethereal forms reaching for the heavens,
Only to be returned to their eternal resting place.
It's vast, black void, a tormented Hell.

Their ethereal forms reaching for the heavens,
With a cacophony of groans from the oceans bowels,
It's vast, black void a tormented Hell,
For man and beast primordial.

With a cacophony of groans from the oceans bowels,
Like the lamented dirge of the sirens song
For man and beast primordial,
Melancholic, yet beautiful to hear.

Like the lamented dirge of the sirens song,
Trying to escape their watery graves, then crashing to shore,
Melancholic, yet beautiful to hear.
The oceans are loveliest when raging.

by Treva Eihinger

Second Place Poetry
2012-13 Wayne College
Student Writing Awards
I’ve got monsters in my closet, 
And monsters under my bed. 
They all have green hair, 
Streaked with purple and red. 

Those monsters tried to frighten me. 
They grunted and they growled. 
They showed their dripping fangs, 
As they shrieked and they howled. 

Those monsters tried to frighten me, 
But I wasn’t scared. 
I had seen my Granny naked, 
And nothing else compared. 

I had seen my Granny naked, 
And lived to tell the tale. 
I told the monsters why I wasn’t scared, 
And the story left them pale. 

The monsters understood me, 
And why I wouldn’t scare. 
Because, there’s nothing quite as scary, 
As seeing my Granny bare. 

I’ve still got monsters in my bedroom, 
But as friends invited in. 
And as for me, 
I hope I never see my Granny naked again.
Reminiscences
A Poem for older generations

Drive-ins and bellhops, what an evening’s delight
In a ’57 Chevy on a Saturday night.
And renting those roller skates that clamped on your shoe
And those strobe lights and music; the evening just flew.

A matinee movie, a quarter at that time,
A box of popcorn would cost you a dime.
At the local gas station the attendants would
Gas the tank, wash the windshield, and check under the hood

A piece of cardboard in the sole of your shoe
Would end the hurt from a nail working through.
Every Saturday evening in the old wash tub,
You add warm water and scrub, scrub, scrub.

In the dead of winter, in a back bedroom
Where heat wasn’t allowed for the cold to consume,
A sadiron heated and wrapped in a towel
Would warm you in bed as the cold wind would howl.

In the next forty years, something frightening is ahead.
As this young generation by their fads they are led.
They’ll be old grannies, sporting all those tattoos,
And Rap for Golden Oldies. Now that’s scary news!

by John Argabright
Sing Wind! Sing Your Song!
John 3:8

Cumulus clouds ride the wings of the wind
To a destiny I do not know.
Rhythmic sounds produced by rain
In puddles, as rivulets flow.

The wind sings with gusto and glee;
Trees clap their hands in delight.
While bathed and refreshed in this moment in time,
As flashes of lightning take flight.

So sing wind, sing your song.
This aria was written for you.
Thunder gives its appreciative applause.
Nature’s sonata all performed on cue.

by John Argabright
An Angel Is Out There

Lying on my bed
On a warm summer night,
Something in my head
Is aching with fright.
At my ceiling, I stare
Hoping that an angel is out there.

I’m trying to fall asleep
While trying to clear my mind.
In failure, I weep
Because the night is unkind.
I want to pretend that the fright is nowhere.
Instead, I wish that an angel is out there.

My body is in pain, it shakes,
And my breath goes away.
I think of my mistakes
And my mind is at bay.
Now I’m lifeless lying there.
I can see that an angel is out there.

The sickness that I’ve had before,
This unexplainable disease,
I will not suffer anymore
Now that I’m at peace.
I’m being carried to heaven with care.
Now I know that an angel is out there.

by Amanda Lynn Holder

Girl Talk
by Stephanie Baker
Popcorning

The box read “a new product called tech-popcorning”
“Use no more than one teaspoon,” was printed under “WARNING!”
Ignoring that completely I measured half a cup
Then, on second thought, . . . I filled it up.

As I added loads of butter, I could scarcely wait.
I had no idea what would be my fate
Popping merrily, that great aroma filled the air
Suddenly, like a windstorm, popcorn was shooting everywhere.

It ricocheted off the ceiling fan into the dining room
In a wild frenzy, I grabbed for the broom
But with all that butter, it slipped right though my fingers
And to this very day, the buttery smell still lingers.

The entire house was filling, so I opened up the door
Nothing stopped the flow, there was more, more, more…
It wasn’t long the fence disappeared from view
The tractor, parked in the yard, was quickly covered too

The roof looked like icing on a giant cake
It’s rumored there’s popcorn floating on a distant lake.
I thought it might be Christmas, everything was white.
All in all, I must admit, it was an awesome sight

I still find popcorn in corners everywhere
In the ceiling rafters, behind the hallway stair.
It crackles when you open the louvered closet door
And in the toes of shoes I always find some more

I suspect there is popcorn in a nest high in the trees
For a few will sail down with just the slightest breeze
I dream about popcorn every single night
Dangling over a white world on the tail of a popcorn kite

Do be on your guard with products that are new
Let someone else try them, it shouldn’t be you
But if you must, follow instructions to the letter
Because if something is good, more is not always better

by Ruth Hale
Under the Sea
by Sarah Jane Morrow

First time scuba diving in Thailand.

Fishy Swa
by Jane Fink

Snoozing Polly
by Abigail Callahan

Taken in Key West, Florida.
Train Ride
by Gordon R. Beals
Train ride on the Cuyahoga Valley Scenic Railroad.

Taken in Cambodia, one of the seven man-made wonders of the world.

Angkor Wat
by Sarah Jane Morrow
Chicken Little

Chicken Little came a-calling
With this wild story that the sky was falling
Everyone knows that old tale of the oak tree
And the acorn that conked her, so you see
I totally ignored her warning of impending doom—Incidentally, I’m writing this from my hospital room
My leg up in traction, my head battered and bound
The path beneath the oak tree is where I was found
I slid on an acorn, flew in the air
“She’s right,” I thought, and said a quick prayer
But I survived and I’m slowly mending
Hearken to the message I’m sending
If that little chicken you should happen to see
Don’t even think about going near an oak tree.

by Ruth Hale
Starlight Prayer

“Wish upon a star”–
    Sky so full of stars, yet all so void,
    Just like empty sockets in a skull--
        Hope, like stars, so near and yet so far

Bitter wind tonight–
    Coat and hat and scarf and mittens on;
    Still they cannot keep away the cold.
        Nothing can keep out grief’s icy bite.

Salty tears of pain–
    In an instant, life has turned around,
    Plans are swept away and dreams destroyed;
        All my hopeful dreams I dream in vain.

“Starlight, star bright” dream–
    If I wish enough, will my life change?
    Will life go to what it was before?
        Yet things are not always as they seem.

Empty, silent stars–
    Wishing cannot make the pain disperse.
    Only time can tell what lies ahead;
        Only time and grace can heal the scars.

Hope past what I see–
    Perfect Eyes can see a greater scheme,
    Perfect Hands reach down and heal my heart.
        There is something greater yet for me.

by Melanie Anderson
Much to do with boredom

Oh, what will man do to pass the time?
Instead of sitting around whining
Perhaps he will sit and just stare
As if no care?
Or will he contemplate
The many mysteries of space.
Perhaps his mind will wander
And then again what will he ponder?
Or maybe just be silly
And act quite dilly.
Perhaps he will dream of wealth
As long as he’s out of self.
Or sit around in self-pity
And missing life as it is in the city.
Perhaps he will realize that life is not about him
And straighten up joining the rest of them.

by Otis Whitmore, Jr.
outside the cold front had rolled in and across the sky the clouds drew their battle lines; finally clashing in blinding flashes and tremendous roars. Sheets of rain pummeled the small helicopters parked on decks across from a fortress of a building in an office park. Oily rain and inky black night beat back the light from the spots mounted at the edges of the decks obscuring everything but the outline of the aircraft. From the third floor Dante Farr could see nothing outside save the two circular decks.

"I think it's clearing up, I'm going to prep for preflight and get suited up," he said to his supervisor Leslie Stratford.

"Stand down Farr, I told you we are not risking this storm. The intel is good for tomorrow, and I want a seamless operation with no surprises. We wait." Stratford commanded. Dante's jaw muscles flexed and his jugular pulsated visibly.

"You make sure to tell every single one of them tomorrow that we waited another day to get them out. Make sure to repeat that intel is still good line."

"One more word and you're off this operation. Get downstairs with your crew and run it again." Stratford said with a metered tone.

The basement of the building could have been the sound stage of a Hollywood studio, and was home to a drama of sorts. It was used as a practice area for the FBI's Hostage Rescue Team. Here, before each mission they would rehearse the plan exactly. Dante loaded a magazine with wax bullets and focused on the role he would play. He tried to clear the image of the girl from his mind. He loaded another magazine subconsciously, then another one, and another. When Virgil Sexton had come up beside Dante, there was a pile of twenty loaded magazines on the table.

"World war three starts today, eh?" Virgil said.

"We are running it again Sexton, stow it and get your game face on."

Virgil had been a SWAT operator for seven years before joining HRT, which was seven more years of experience than Dante had at high risk missions. They had worked together the past three years as equals, but this was Dante's first mission as crew chief under Stratford. He thought he knew what Dante was going through, and left his next joke alone.

"I'll get the other guys down here. And hey, we all want this as bad as you do, but we have to play it smart."

"If it were someone you knew, a wife, a daughter, would you wait until tomorrow?" Dante asked.

"Without a moment's thought I would take off tonight, but then I'd be dead and they would still be slaves. Yeah we're pro's but sometimes that means knowing when not to go too." Virgil said.

"Slaves," Dante thought to himself, "slavery needs to be the only way to describe human trafficking." I'm not even packing cuffs on this mission, due process be damned; I got all the justice those scum need and it measures exactly 5.56 by 45 millimeters. I
don't care if we catch them in the shower, I'll say I thought the soap was a grenade or a knife or something."

From the dark part of Dante's soul, he could feel the white heat of its condemnation towards himself.

"Don't forget that time you took part in a rape, you've earned the same justice," came a voice he knew as his own, but altogether darker.

"I did not rape her. I never have raped anyone. I never will rape anyone. I am not even considering this debate." Dante recited as a mantra.

"You did rape her. Your inaction directly led to her abuse. You were drunk and you thought about it and you chickened out; but someone else did it. That is directly your fault for not stopping it. Guilty." came the voice a second time, louder than before.

"I could not have known if anyone was going to do that." Dante replied sheepishly

"I bet given the chance to do everything over, you would have gone through with it. You would have locked the door and done the deed and maybe, maybe kill her too." The dark voice insisted.

Dante stopped prepping his gear and closed his eyes while he took a deep breath. He held it for several seconds and let it out slowly to the sound of silence in his mind.

"Gang's all here Chief, ready in three." Virgil called out from the entrance where he led in a group of twenty men.

Stratford ended the call on his prepaid phone. He removed the SIM card and battery. He destroyed the card and put the phone in a brown envelope labeled 'incinerate.' He cleared the timer on his desk which read just eight seconds. He felt dirty because he was dirty. He had to be to move the pawns around the board to take the real prize.

The game, he thought, is to let the cartels think they have him in their back pocket so they get sloppy; when they get sloppy the FBI wins big with minimal effort. A failed bust by Farr now could lead to bagging more dangerous prey later. It was a very special game he played and he played it well, he thought. Farr's tactics would take a back seat to global strategy.

"As painful as it is to play both sides like this,” Stratford said, “one doesn’t catch the big fish in the shallows.”

That night Dante dreamt again of that night in college that haunted his waking life. He wasn’t a part of the fraternity, but was invited to celebrate the football team’s win. No one had any idea who the girl was, nor did they know that she was a minor who had snuck in.

It didn’t take many shots before she was blackout drunk, and Dante and his friend carried her up to one of the bathrooms upstairs at the frat house. They propped her up between the tub and the toilet with her face on the toilet seat in case she threw up. When they went to check on her an hour later she had moved herself to the nearby bedroom, or so they thought. They left her to sleep it off.

The rapist was never caught.

The dream ended as it always did. A surreal chase to tackle the shadowy figure he knew to be the culprit. Each time they would pass through a dark alley and the shadowy figure would melt away into the inky blackness, and Dante would wake grinding his teeth and sweaty.

He later dreamt several black widows
dropped down on his face and bit his nose and mouth. He killed the spiders but his face was disfigured and he felt he was about to suffocate just before he was shook awake.

“Storm’s clearing; we’re lifting off in twenty.” Stratford said.

The plan was to capture to a resort in the mountains of the Catskills in New York. There the leaders of the Mexican drug gangs in charge of human trafficking and money laundering were to meet face to face with several of their main African and East Asia clients to discuss business. There they were also to have several dozen girls and boys as young as six years old as a personal gift to the Mexicans, along with the normal assortment of drugs.

This once in a life time meeting on U.S. soil was only possible because the African and East Asian clients also happened to be foreign diplomats with diplomatic immunity. The catch would be tying them to the international crimes against humanity (human trafficking specifically) to try them in international courts. With the cartels and the children slaves and drugs present, it was a cookie jar with all the players’ hands in it at the same time.

The mission was set for just after 0305 Zulu time. Flying was vital to the success of the mission as they needed to enter the building from the top and bottom simultaneously. It also gave them the ability to hunt down any fleeing vehicles, and in a worst case scenario provide close air support with their mini guns and rockets.

Once over the roof of the resort the HRT members fast roped off the helicopters and assaulted through the roof access and down off the sides of the building entering at mid-20. levels through windows. Those that arrived via ground transport entered through the front and rear of the building. The mission was anticipated to take place in no more than fifty five seconds from the moment their boots touched the ground.

Less than a minute after they started they had total control of the building and its surrounding air space. They were in possession of an empty resort.

They would later learn from the owner that there had indeed been several business men from Mexico, Africa, and Asia, as well as “school tour” with them staying there. However, around 11:15 p.m. the whole group of them checked out, leaving in separate vehicles in different directions. He thought it was odd to leave in such a bad storm but as they had paid through the week he didn’t question it.

Dante looked at Virgil and knew where he would be going next, with or without the support of the HRT. He wanted his friend to come with him. Virgil nodded.

“Stratford got his seamless mission, now I get my successful one.” Dante said. “I know he’s flipped sides, and I’m going prove it.”

“Dante, that’s a hornet’s nest you’re about to stir up.”

“Black widow nest, and I know the best way to get rid of one is to crush them all at once.”

by Cody Steigerwald

First Place Short Story
2012-13 Wayne College Student Writing Awards
Kansas Countryside

I drive the miles
A maze of corn and wheat beckons me
I know not what waits beyond the cornflower skies

Pumpkins and family
Scarecrows await my return,
as leaves and dirt roads blow debris behind.

Young faces, new and old
anxiously await me
as the wheels churn the dusty roads.

Trains clank and whistle as
winds blow the tall grasses
and the sun warms the baking wheat.

Plains flat and green
as far as the eyes see,
stretch to yonder skies, never breaking.

Windmills turn
as the oil derricks pump
serving the farmlands well.

by Joy M. Winstead

Taken while riding in the Smoky Mountains.

Riding Into the Sky
by Sarah Mullins
You see them everywhere,  
Every single place.  
People with their cell phones  
Attached to hand and face.

Driving in their cars,  
Or walking down the street.  
People on their cell phones,  
Oblivious, and not at all discreet.

You’ll find them in the stores,  
Behind a shopping cart.  
Yak, Yak, Yak on a cell phone,  
From which they’ll never part.

Dining in a restaurant  
Trying to enjoy a meal,  
But at the next table over,  
Someone’s on a cell phone, working on a deal.

Sitting in a theater,  
The lights turned down low,  
And some idiot is right beside you,  
Cell phone out, and screen aglow.

And how many times  
Must our ears be assaulted,  
By someone’s ringtone,  
So obnoxious, you feel insulted.

But what I find even more perplexing,  
Are all those thumb muscles flexing.  
Please don’t get me started  
On this craziness called texting.

As for me, I don’t own a cell.  
No use and no desire.  
I’ll stand by my land line  
Connected by a wire.

Yes, I detest cell phones.  
That ought to be perfectly clear.  
Sometimes I wish all cell phones  
Would simply disappear.

I wish it could happen  
Some way somehow.  
And, oh by the way,  
“Can you hear me now?”

by Michael D. Schafer
Cinderella’s Wish

There she was
Bent over, like a fragile branch
Broken by the winds of life
Delicately wiping the ashes from the hearth
Wishing as probably most every girl does
  For her night at the ball

Could it ever be her chance?
Every other girl she knew had already passed by
  Year after year, ball after ball
In lovely long gowns
With delicate, wispy curls framing their beautiful faces
Arm in arm with a stately young gentlemen

Would it ever be her turn, she asked herself?
Or is that even a foolish question to ask?
A silly dream to dream
Will she ever be whisked onto the dance floor?

Day after day
She does the same things
The monotony of her life
Has become a dance of its own
Yet she dances it alone

by Rachel del Guidice
time traveler

on my wall is a calendar.
this month it is an october scene
with a new england village tucked in a
brilliant gold, crimson, and russet autumn
interspersed with white pines and a white church
among tranquil houses.
the village is silent from this distance,
but it is not a far walk.

when we descend the hills
these kind folk tell about the joys and struggles
of their lives.
close up
i have been coveting the dodge pickup truck
parked off the corner from the bookstore.
i can hear mrs. emmons in the red house with the tin roof
tell me of her husband’s hard drinking habits.
her neighbor, mrs. parker, in the white 18th century home
will complain that her son eloped with the minister’s daughter,
and the couple that live on bennington street
are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary on the day
i turn the calendar to november 1st.
unfortunately, i will miss the occasion.
the people of the village do not seem to take notice of me,
I am just another traveler passing through
like so many others.
the woodcutters are laying up their store for winter,
carefree children are preparing for halloween,
the teenage boys and girls are busy with homecoming plans,
and dads and sons and daughters are carving jack o’ lanterns.
on porches on this clear sunlit day.
i pass my days at the top of the hill
reading, grading papers,
and gazing as far in the distance
as my angle permits.

i have spent nearly a month here
and must leave on the 31st of october.
i must turn another page in my life.
in november i am heading to cape hatteras
and fish for a month
with the man near the lighthouse
who has cast his line into the surf.

by mark solars
Hold Fast For We Are Strong

Hold fast our ropes are strong.
Hold fast the storm has come.
Hold fast our ship sails on.
Hold fast our help will come.
Hold fast for we are strong,
And hold fast before hope is gone.

We’ve weathered through tougher storms.
We’ve weathered our lives without two.
We’ve weathered through bouts of rain,
And we’ve weathered through dreary days.

I would be no where without you.
I would be alone through days of gloom.
I would have been alone through most my life,
If you had not came at my most turbulent time.

I cannot thank you enough.
I cannot love you more than now.
I cannot imagine you being gone through droughts,
Though now my heart feels so hollowed out.
I cannot imagine life without,
So hold fast my dearest one,
Because our ship has bottomed out.

by Vada Watson

Jardin Japonais
by Stephanie Baker
It was mid-October and the kaleidoscope of leaves, in crimson and gold, held on to their mother tree with great tenacity, requiring gusts of wind to drift them away as quick as the season; while the roses, laden with clusters of brilliant red bloom were not yet ready to succumb and fade away.

The waning sun still warmed the days, but at night the full Hunter’s Moon glinted off the hoarfrost that blanketed the earth with a thick icy carpet. It was on such a night that I was born. My mother named me Autumn Rose.

My mother was half American Indian, her father a full blooded Hopi, and her mother a country girl of mixed Irish and German descent. My mother’s name was Alma, meaning "kind", and she was everything her name implied. She was a kind, understanding woman who treated the earth and mankind with great reverence.

She married Marcus Lee, a tall, reedy built man of Nordic descent. His blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair skin against her ebony braid, soft doe eyes and warm tea stained skin made an odd mix. Genes have a peculiar way of aligning themselves; I have only my mother’s rich brown eyes, all of my father’s fair skin and features, and my Irish grandmother’s red hair.

My next two sisters followed close like lunar cycles. They too are fair and blonde like our father, and their names are as filled with Native American symbolism as mine.

Sister number one was born in June under the Strawberry Moon, so mother named her Summer June. My second sister was born in May under the Flower Moon, and she was named Spring Mae. Mother called us the "sisters three."

My sisters and I grew up like vines entwined with one another, mother finding it difficult to keep us separate and often confusing us by name. Having names like ours bonded us together in a common front against the insults that blighted our world. I asked,

"Mother, why are we named for the seasons?"

"Because that is when you were born," she replied in her kindest voice. "Yes, I know that, but the other children tease us and even the adults laugh when they hear our names."

Mother wrapped me in her arms and said,

"They do not understand the importance of a name, and you are as beautiful as yours, Autumn Rose, never forget that." Mother told us the story of the Three Sisters.

"In Indian tradition the Three Sisters (corn, squash, and beans) are planted together to help each other grow; you "sisters three" will help each other grow strong against the cruel jokes and insults that children and adults hurl at you."

Sister number four was born in December, under the Cold Moon sign. It was after Christmas and deep with snow. Ice hung in fingers from our roof, sparkling like diamonds in the sun, an illusion of warmth radiating from their cold exterior. Mother named her Crystal Noel. She was everything the "sisters three" were not, warm skin the color of acorns and eyes that looked like chocolate drops. Her hair a burnt sienna tipped in red. She was exotic and a reminder of my mother's heritage. Our Mother often called her "Yazhi, "which meant little one in her native language.

Mother taught us how to cook and sew and put up the things we grew in the garden,
while Crystal watched from afar, Mother always saying,
"Yazhi is too young yet, let her play with her dolls and imaginary friends." We often hid her dolls for spite.

The "sisters three" never took Crystal along on those slow meandering days of summer when we wandered the back fields looking to fill our baskets with plump berries, hanging like jewels, because Mother would say,
"Yazhi might get scratched by the bushes, or lost." We resented Mothers protectiveness.

When we ran and splashed in the delicious clear cool creek that coursed through the back edge of our property, we left her behind with Mother; she never complained or showed the sting of our slight, her icy exterior always blanketing her.

In the evenings the "sisters three" chased fireflies. The tiny creatures put on an explosive fireworks display; that beckoned us into the velvet blackness of night Mother would sit with Crystal. We would not allow her to join us in our chaotic ballet, as we danced after the magic lights. Then Mother would say,
"Girls, come sit and look at the stars with me."

She would point to her ancestors burning bright in the sky, watching us from heaven and tell us of our moon signs. Mother with a great gift for gathering information, was a keeper of wisdom. She had an inherent sense of right and wrong, and gave advice in an honorable way.

"Autumn, you were born in the sign of the Hunter's Moon. I named you because your red hair was like the leaves and the blooms on the rose that would not let go, never forget that you are strong and beautiful."

"Summer, your sign is the Strawberry Moon. I named you for the beautiful summer day that was ripe with opportunity. Make your dreams come true."

"Spring, you were born in the sign of the Flower Moon, and people are attracted to your natural beauty like a bee to a flower. You are lucky in life. I named you for the spring and all its bounty of new gifts."

"Crystal you were born under the Cold Moon, and I knew you would face adversity, but you have an inner warmth that glows and radiates outward. Crystal you are bright and strong, you will overcome much, but you must learn to trust others."

"I hope you understand the importance of your names. They were chosen wisely and you will grow into them. Wear them proudly and never forget who you are."

As we "sisters three" grew strong and flourished, Crystal's luster seemed to dull. She grew thin and weak. The mildest joggle appeared violet on her tawny skin.

"Crystal, did you fall and bruise yourself?" Mother asked. "No, I just bumped myself."

"Are you hungry Yazhi?"

"No Mother, my stomach doesn't feel well." She said in a whisper. Many days we found her sleeping, her dolls lying quietly at her side.

Mother's wisdom knew something was wrong, so she and Father took Crystal to a Doctor and then a Hospital in another town. When Mother returned without Crystal, she told us her story, saying,
"Crystal is very sick, she has a blood disorder the Doctors call Leukemia." As Mother told us what Crystal faced, the light
seemed to leave the room, though it was still mid-day. The air became dry and stale, burning my throat; my heart grew heavy as if it were covered in moss and its muffled beat could be heard in my ears. I felt like an autumn leaf being blown by the wind, fighting to hold on.

"When can we see her?" "Is she coming home?" "Is she going to die?" we asked mother.

"Yes, we can all go see her, but I do not know when she can come home, the rest is up to God." Mother replied as she gathered us in her arms.

In the following months we gravitated to Crystal for strength. Her intellect understood everything the doctors told her, even when our grief numbed minds could not. She radiated an inner warmth that drew us to her and kept our sorrow just below the surface. She accepted her fatal disease with a casualness that astounded everyone.

Like the melting fingers of ice on our roof when she was born, we watched her disappearing before us, helpless to stop the erosion of her body. The "sisters three" sat with her and tried to store memories, like seashells, in the bottom of our hearts.

In the final days when her eyes grew dim and her thoughts receded, we huddled around her, stroking her arms or holding her hands, trying to burn the image of her sweet face into our core, lest we forget it when she left us.

When she was gone our grief weighed us down; it tore at our souls, keeping us from seeing the beauty around us. We carried much remorse and shame for not treating Crystal better. Had we made her the "fourth sister," as in Indian tradition, she would have extended our kingdom and made us "a powerful foursome."

One day our Mother called us outside to look to the heavens, so we could see Crystal in a burning star as it burst across the black abyss of space. She is still present within our hearts. We see her face in the warm brown acorns that fall to earth in autumn and in winter the ice that hangs from the trees and the snow that sparkles like a million crystals.

by Treva R. Eihinger

Second Place Short Story
2012-13 Wayne College Student Writing Awards

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Series of ceramic restoration made in my high school ceramics class.

Restoration Mug
by Jacqueline Ranallo
the life of boots

looking at my boots -
leather checked, heels worn, muddy,
with a life to fill.

by mark solars

End of Summer in Amish County
by Gordon R. Beals
Remember Me

If you leave tomorrow
Will you still remember me,
When the sunlight leaves the world behind
And moonlight tops the trees?

If I leave you tomorrow,
Will you still remember
When in flowered fields we strolled hand in hand
And basked in soft white summer sand?

In Autumn when the leaves in splendor fall
Will you think of me at all
If I leave you tomorrow?

We walked in knee deep snow
Laughed, drank hot chocolate
And let our feelings grow– in December
Will you remember?

Or will your memories of me melt away
Like dew drops on a sunny day
When I leave you tomorrow?

by MaryAnn Fear

Saluting Uncle George

by Abigail Callahan
My All

Vietnam was where I seen it all,

So many lives perished before my eyes I do recall,

I willingly chose the few, the proud, the brave and called them my very own,

My mind ceases to remember names, but I can still hear my battle buddy scream as to the tiger he was thrown,

I live with what one can say true red, white, and blue, to only see hurt as I was Not appreciated by a country I called my own,

Yes, I distaste bugs, blood and snakes, but my pain did I hide as a “Recon” I Marched on,

One could say that my fight was unjust, but it was a love for my country that Kept me pressing on,

Twenty-eight months I spent in anguish to fight for my life, only to be told in The end to never wear my uniform,

A Marine I could not do this, but took a stab at a man and around me the Policemen did swarm,

Now I sit an older man and still my fighting spirit is deep within because I Gave it my all,

Don’t judge me now as I can barely hear, but you ask yourself this, how close to Being blown up were you,

Care packages were never sent my way, but rather to my foes as still another “POW” suffered and maybe it was you,

I now wear special glasses, for my sensitive eyes, but still through those Eyes I will not forget Vietnam and being spit on by all,

Very little thanks was given, for my service, but now when I see a young Troop, I stop to humbly thank him for his service to all.

by Josh Kollert
Melanie Anderson is a student at Wayne College, studying Early Childhood Education. (mea40@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 5, 16

John Argabright is a retired metal craftsman now dabbling in prose and poetry concerning life and personal events. (jargabright1@neo.rr.com) pg. 2, 9, 10

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Gone Fishing
BACK COVER
by Sarah Mullins
Taken while fishing in Tennessee.