To BSC Alumni,

Mr. Louis Ricciardi ('81), Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Cynthia Ricciardi ('81), Professor of English

for your extraordinary support of what we do and for being extraordinary examples of what can be done
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A case could be made that when one of the advisors suggested to the interns they write an introduction that included talking pigs, he had reached his wit’s end. Volume Four was pretty much complete at that point, and now eight months into the process the staff had nearly drained itself of energy, good ideas and sound judgment. But we still had to reach the finish line strong, and for that to be possible we had two things working in our favor: the promise of some advisor, who, after hearing the talking pig suggestion, responded, “You’re nuts,” and the fact that, in addition to the introduction, all that remained undone was the easiest part of this marathon process—thanking everyone who helped make this volume possible.

High on that list is the Department of Art, which since our inception four years ago has allowed us use of its technology at no cost to us, and use of its facilities at considerable inconvenience to its students.

Thank you to the Bridgewater State College Foundation for its financial backing, and to President Dana Mohler-Faria and Vice President Nancy Klemenski who, in addition to providing funds, never hesitate to hail this publication as an example of its financial backing. And to President Dan Montel-Faria’s co-advisor, having seen these driven, gifted students meet every challenge thrown their way, had merely come to the conclusion that, when they were asked to find a way to incorporate “service learning” into our mission, they established a contest for senior citizens. When they were asked if they would like to include works from students in the Middle East, they passionately stressed the importance of fostering this kind of cultural exchange. When they were asked to find a way to encourage art among the area’s youth, they established a high school contest. When they were asked if they would like to include works from students in the area’s youth, they established a high school contest. When they were asked to find a way to incorporate “service learning” into our mission, they established a contest for senior citizens. When they were asked if they would like to include works from students in the Middle East, they passionately stressed the importance of fostering this kind of cultural exchange. When they were asked to find a way to encourage art among the area’s youth, they established a high school contest. When they were asked if they would like to include works from students in the Middle East, they passionately stressed the importance of fostering this kind of cultural exchange. When they were asked to find a way to encourage art among the area’s youth, they established a high school contest. When they were asked if they would like to include works from students in the Middle East, they passionately stressed the importance of fostering this kind of cultural exchange. When they were asked to find a way to encourage art among the area’s youth, they established a high school contest.

A sampling of that abundant excellence, in our opinion, can be seen in the art and literature submitted by the student body. The writers and visual artists have consented to have their work published in this volume of The Bridge, they have reserved all other rights. Works published in The Bridge are the property of the individual writers and visual artists and may not be reprinted or otherwise duplicated without their consent. Editors may submit work by following the established guidelines, but they are ineligible to win awards. Comments and inquiries can be sent to thebridgejournal@bridgew.edu.

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Mary Dondero
Jerald Walker

Mission Statement

The Bridge is managed by students. Our charge is to serve, as we are dedicated to showcasing the artistic talents of the student body while providing internships in both editing and graphic design. Our goal is to excel, as we wish to pay a debt to our alumni, keep a promise to ourselves, and set an example for our successors.

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It has often been said that the role of the artist is to find the simple in the complex and the complex in the simple, that to do so is to illuminate the world in a way that moves us, maybe even shocks us, and ultimately helps us grow. This sentiment certainly holds true for the works in this journal. One writer, for instance, found profundity in the mere act of sitting to eat a meal, while another’s terrifying experience at an illegal pig farm clarified his understanding of what it means to be a hero. A photographer poignantly captures the magnitude of despair with a woman’s profile, while a weaver puts a modern spin on an age-old tradition. Like these four students, all of the students included here clearly understand their role as artists, and the illumination they provide is nothing short of impressive.

True to our identity, we selected only the best of the best, and sometimes that meant rewarding students not only for their talent, but also for their willingness to take risks. There are few things riskier, for example, than attempting to capture the beauty of the nude male body, and the artist who accepted this challenge not only constructed her work with the most careful attention to, and mastery of, her medium, her vision would have been lost in profanity. But her vision was not lost, and her skill and creativity resulted in the celebration of the human form, a tradition of Western art that began in Ancient Greece.

As editors, we also took risks, and we hope you will agree that they have paid off. We broadened the scope of our publication by reaching out across generations with contests for local high school students and senior citizens. And we broadened the scope further by reaching across the globe with a contest for students at the University of Bahrain, where Dr. Philip Tabakow, associate professor of English at Bridgewater State College, and his wife, Dr. Mary Tabakow, have been teaching for the past two years. We are especially honored to include the works from Bahrain, not only because of their excellence, but because to do so is to reaffirm our faith in art’s capacity to forge bonds and foster understanding between all people everywhere.

Yet even as we expanded our vision, we were careful never to lose sight of our mission: to highlight the finest artwork of the Bridgewater State College student body. Ultimately, this journal belongs to them, and they have never been more supportive, with submissions once again hitting a record high, this time well over 1,200. Each editor rated every submission blindly, and those with the highest scores were deemed finalists. Every finalist was discussed at length as a group. A few arguments and some arduous, heartbreaking decisions later, we had narrowed the works down to what you have here, a collection of literature and visual art of the highest caliber.

It goes without saying that the process of creating great art and literature is challenging and oftentimes painstaking but, in the end, it is also rewarding. Such was the case in the creation of this journal. Serving as editors on The Bridge was not easy, but it was made easier by being exposed to such an amazingly talented student body, and by receiving the faith and support of our advisors. We have benefited from the passion of a great many people, a passion that we believe is evident on every page of what we so proudly present to you: The Bridge, Volume Four.
After three months of not hearing from her at all, Maria finally responded: “Your behavior is inappropriate and unwelcome. Kindly cease all further attempts to contact me, my family, my friends, or my workplace. Thank you, Maria.” I sat there in front of the computer monitor, laughing in a sort of strange paroxysm of delight and incredulity. I was also shaking. Can delusional stalkers be reasoned with? I didn’t know. But I could. I quickly typed, “And my thanks for replying. I take my leave.”

Even though I had never met Maria in person, this was the closest I’d ever come to being in a relationship. She had drawn me in with her sympathy and intelligence, so I had told her things, things I hadn’t told most other people, and things which I probably shouldn’t have mentioned. And I had scoured her away. But I’d been given another opportunity because tomorrow I would be meeting someone else from that same website in person, and I was certain I would not repeat the same blunders as before.

I’ll refer to this one as Gwen. At the personals site where I first encountered her, she described herself using about a hundred different adjectives and wrote at least a thousand words about how deep and intelligent she was. I also had the pleasure of talking to her over the phone with no tenses or miscalculation on my part of the effortless social interaction around me. That still didn’t give me a good grasp of her, so I subjected her to one of me key acid tests, which was to make sure she wouldn’t be offended or put-off by my writing. The story I chose for this task was one I entitled “The Hive,” and it took place in a Dungeons & Dragons setting. The plot revolved around Valese, a violent prostitute/thief with demon blood in her veins, and Jesper, the naïve and virginal young man who falls in love with her. It was certainly the blackest story I’d ever written, and I had a connection with it that perhaps only a fellow gamer could understand.

Gwen had a very distinctive appearance. At 5’10”, she was four inches taller than me, though I didn’t mind. She was by no means slender, but her weight was very well distributed. Most of the clothing she wore she had made herself, and when I first saw her at South Station in Boston, she was wearing a long skirt and a buttoned shirt that could almost have been described as archaic. Her face was marred only by some acne and a single golden hoop that pierced her left nostril.

It was an awkward first meeting: we simply said “Hi” and started walking together to find some place to talk outside the station. Gwen didn’t seem unassertive, but she was so eager to take me somewhere that we did not even make much eye contact. I kept glancing at her as we walked, wondering if she was improving with each view. Finally, we sat down in a café somewhere.

“I finished reading The Hive last night,” she said, “It’s definitely one of the best stories I’ve ever read. I kind of saw myself in Valese, too. I swear, that story fucked with my head.” She said that last bit with a slight shudder.

I smiled. “Oh, Glad you liked it,” I said, and now I was eager to show Gwen something else. I carried with me, at all times, a sketchbook in which I drew scenes and characters from
apartment. We were standing somewhere in a Rhode party would let her know what had happened. The poor girl else from that website who liked me so much she took me reminded me of all those times I told people about my games every word she spoke. I can't say that I was able to follow the she told me about her D&D character. I was smiling with as I could get it. A centurion was gazing up at Him, and I of Christ on the cross, drawn about as historically accurate motion, intricate detail, violence and delightfully gratuitous to tell them about myself. My pictures were mostly fantasy figured that showing them the sketchbook was the best way and stories and they had no idea what I was talking about as I could get it. A centurion was gazing up at Him, and I imagined it was the one who was awed in Luke 23.

After she'd finished looking at the sketches, I informed as I could get it. A centurion was gazing up at Him, and I imagined it was the one who was awed in Luke 23.

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We talked as we walked back to my house. The conversation was sustained throughout, but in my mind I was reviewing to myself the difficult combination of unspoken rules about dating and mating as the most natural aspect of being casual and comfortable; enjoy yourself; be calm and in control at all times; utilize your sense of humor; don't over-saturate your words or action within him. He was too smug; I wasn't any way to make use of the additional rules I'd read up on. I wanted to hug her or something, but I restrained myself. I still wasn't sure how people were supposed to initiate physical contact, and I was under the impression that it was advantageous to be in physical contact to go first.

We entered my house as the conversation continued, though I'm not sure Gwen who glanced around for a while, perhaps in surprise. The house was so familiar to me that I'd forgotten that anyone would be arrested by the enormous abstract oil painting in the dining room which my mother had painted at least 30 years ago, or my father's baby grand piano, which never quite seemed to be in tune. Fittingly, the topic of conversation became music.

"I showed you a copy of Lullacry or something. I took a few pictures, but most of Palladium a summer ago. They were with some shitty band online was probably stupid. But waiting eight months for one of another that no one liked a whiner. Any about how I could never establish any connection with women. She went downstairs and I could hear that she was playing the piano. For a while, I tried to figure out who Valese was to me. When I was doing this, some voice in the back of my head..."

"Remember that story of mine, please? I wrote a long tirade about how I thought women with whom I'd failed to establish a connection, to compliment my traits, whatever they are. I thought the story might end up being prophetic.

"Nothing," I said softly. Then I tried to change the subject, although this time it didn't seem to work. "Didn't sound half bad."

"No, it's someone else. He wasn't too happy about me being there before she firmly interrupted me.

"I think there's something wrong. Do you want to talk about it?"

"That was the last thing in the world I wanted to do. I could think about experience more enthusiastically than talking to yet another woman with whom I'd failed to establish a connection, about how I could never establish any connection with women. Plus, both the Dragon and Angel were quick to remind me that I'd found something better.

"The last advice that could have been given would have been about ridiculous as telling a fish not to be wet. My lips quivered. That's the only way we've been perhaps one from a man who had aged forty years in four seconds.

"What, what about when you updated your profile at the site and contacted me, where you said your status was 'in a relationship'? I thought that was me..."

"No. It's someone else. He wasn't too happy about me coming here either. What did you think this was supposed to be, a secret?"

"You...you remember what I said that in private message I sent you? We were going to be en route to Verity's stenographer's guitar work and Tarja Turunen's deleteable thirtysomething voice. Gwen began to sing along with a voice that didn't sound half bad.

"Some time later, we were in the upstairs computer room, laughing at Flash cooking a cake with her feet. She was suddenly..."

Neurotically Yours and Foamy the Squirrel. We laughed for a long time, and the room was filled with the sound of a vessel of earnest ceramic. I'd glued it back together multiple times, and each time it was weaker than before.

"At that point, Gwen must have caught a glimpse beyond the placed at such an angle that I could not see my expression.

"When I went onto a message board so I could vent my rage. As I..."

"You looked bitter," Gwen said.

"Those words carried certain weight..."

"If you're feeling better, I'm glad to hear it." I continued. "But after everything that happened with her, I realized the story was prophetic, just not in the way I thought it would be. I thought it might end up being prophetic, but—"

"It probably make your worse," Gwen concluded. "There was an uncomfortable silence in the room."

The weight of the new prophecy was definitely looming over us. I wasn't conscious of my expression. "You look better," Gwen said. "Unjutifiable so...

"That's the thing about being human."

"I'm really looking forward to meeting her. But what's that thought when you met me at the train station. You looked like someone who doesn't get much pleasure out of life, didn't you?"

"I don't feel the need to be there. Maybe she found some comfort in the darkness too. I wasn't sure, but as she was falling asleep, I didn't stay. I had no desire to wake her. I couldn't help but think that perhaps there was a skeleton in her bed."

No, I can get there fine, thanks." I nodded and led her downstairs. As I opened the door, Gwen stepped back and asked, "If you want."

"I'm just not sure how things are supposed to be, a secret."

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much I hated women, I wrote about how I despised them for their fickleness and superficiality, and my disgust for the arbitrary and ridiculous rules of attraction that governed the mating game. I even wrote for a while about how women were not autonomous creatures, but completely governed by the conditioning of evolution and society to prefer the same sorts of men as they would have in the Pleistocene. I wrote about how the chasm between you and every other human being on the planet is infinately larger than the one between you and the Demon. I also wrote that I might as well hire a call girl to love me for a while, so as never to have to deal with women again. Then I added that I certainly wouldn’t break any hearts that way.

"Oh!" said the Angel as he leaped from where he stood on top of the monitor. "What about the 'vesel of creation'? My Arcturus has been a working hypothesis for a long time. I considered, however, that my bank account was rather low at this time, but what to do? For once I agreed with the Demon’s sentiment. I was far too sick of regretting things I didn’t do than anything I actually did. I wanted to live an eventful life that would be filled with memories worth writing about. The combined weight of isolation and procrastination seemed unassailable. That Libertarian also tried to drown the stereotype of the impoverished and dispossessed prostitute reminding the reader that she and many call girls were also a commodity bought and sold. I knew that the lowest profession might as well be considered a respectable one. Or was this just a rationalization? At the very least, I thought, I might be able to get a good story out of this. But what sort of story would that be? I began to investigate the lady in my head, dispassionately told from the escort girl’s point of view. It wouldn’t be a sexy story, but a depressing one, because I could think of nothing to fill it with other than the scene of loveless sex with a dull and miserly client, the kind of fellow that would say, "Yes, I would pay you, but I don’t want to do something you’ll end up regretting." He had given up on lecturing me about the virtues of living a moral life, so he could do nothing but sulk, and the Angel had lost all interest in the matter. But what is the cause of more regret in mortals, asking the Angel, than to live in an age when the common desire is to reach the final vision of happiness?

"If you don’t stop, Elle—"

"You’ll do nothing, That’s all you’ve ever done—"

"Just-just shut the fuck up!"

"Are angels ever human like that?"

"Sure, they say ‘fuck!’"

"Of course we are! The Lord dictates my actions, but He doesn’t say the words."

"Doesn’t it say the speech of angels is limited in the Holy Bible?"

"It does not say that in the Bible! It was written for them, not for us."

"Let’s look inside it and see, then—"

"Fine!"

I paid no attention to the rest of their quarrel as they utilized their combined strength to extricate my copy of the Bible from the Angel. We rushed for a while, arraigning the web until I found a website specifically for escort girls in the Boston area, and this one claimed to be in its 2nd year of service. I even considered, however, that my bank account was rather low at this time, but what to do? For once I agreed with the Demon’s sentiment. I was far too sick of regretting things I didn’t do than anything I actually did. I wanted to live an eventful life that would be filled with memories worth writing about. The combined weight of isolation and procrastination seemed unassailable. That Libertarian also tried to drown the stereotype of the impoverished and dispossessed prostitute reminding the reader that she and many call girls were also a commodity bought and sold. I knew that the lowest profession might as well be considered a respectable one. Or was this just a rationalization? At the very least, I thought, I might be able to get a good story out of this. But what sort of story would that be? I began to investigate the lady in my head, dispassionately told from the escort girl’s point of view. It wouldn’t be a sexy story, but a depressing one, because I could think of nothing to fill it with other than the scene of loveless sex with a dull and miserly client, the kind of fellow that would say, "Yes, I would pay you, but I don’t want to do something you’ll end up regretting."

"You’re at the website, right? Who do you want to see?"

"Um, can I call you back?"

"Sure, just make up your mind soon."

I phoned up the rubber and ran my hands on my forehead. It made me recall an online test I’d taken years ago called “The Bastard Test” where one got to find out if they were a Bastard or not. I had been shocked to find that I was a Bastard, and I had been forced to accept that fact. I knew that the lowest profession might as well be considered a respectable one. Or was this just a rationalization? At the very least, I thought, I might be able to get a good story out of this. But what sort of story would that be? I began to investigate the lady in my head, dispassionately told from the escort girl’s point of view. It wouldn’t be a sexy story, but a depressing one, because I could think of nothing to fill it with other than the scene of loveless sex with a dull and miserly client, the kind of fellow that would say, "Yes, I would pay you, but I don’t want to do something you’ll end up regretting."

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Vivification
by Joseph Kołczewski, Jr.
Printmaking: Silkscreen • 7” x 12”

Emily
by Elizabeth Colburn
Photography: B&W • 6” x 8”
I want to stay awake for you as we drive through a city both black and luminous.

I search for something else to say, but even as my eyes begin closing themselves and my head begins bowing low, too heavy for me, paying its reverence to night and frailty.

The river sparkles at night, I tell you, it’s a different world at night, everywhere.

Have you ever been out sailing? I ask you, but it’s day now and we are in a field of long grass and iridescent goldenrod, dragonflies flitting on iridescent wings, the sun making everything more golden, it’s warm it’s bright you glow...

That isn’t right. My head snaps up, I look around and wonder how long I’ve left you alone with the night. You say you’ve never been sailing, I ask.

press close to my cool windowpane, watching as the city passes, and putting my lips to speak again.
didn’t. Right then, it was plastered to my forehead. I pushed it aside. “I’m dying, Christine.”

“Stop being such a girl.” She was sitting with her legs planted on the ground and had one hand gripping the chest strap of her seatbelt, the other clutching at the door rest. She always rode around like I was three seconds from flipping us over.

“It wasn’t worth the effort, so I changed the subject. “You want to know what I would do if I ever had a ton of money? I mean, like if I was loaded beyond belief?” She didn’t answer at first, just kept looking out the window and pretending she didn’t hear. The only sounds were the low, weak growl from the V6 engine and the whipping of the steely wind.

“You know what I—”

“What would you do?”

I knew she’d heard me the first time; “Fund an expedition through the Amazon.”

She said nothing. The sun vanished behind some trees and I held my foot a little heavier on the gas. The car hesitated then cooperated with my demands, speeding up slowly but surely.

“You hear me?” I asked her.

“Yeah. And I sort of wish I hadn’t. Where is this going?”

“I’d fly down there. Hire a few locals to escort us around. I’d be chopping vines with machetes and running from pumas, or whatever. Amazonas, maybe. I’d document new species, climbing trees, taking pictures, building tents, setting camp. They were talking about these drawings on the television—”

“Who are they?” She adjusted her seat back. Her left hand was busy fiddling with the little yellow bow on her top.

“I don’t know who they are, really. But it’s true. I saw it on the Discovery Channel. These drawings were ancient. Looked like dinosaurs, but before anyone knew they existed. How did a couple of cavemen know what a dinosaur looked like? I bet there are still a few running around down there. You know, during the Ice Age—”

“Nope. I remind you, you were afraid of the bears when we went camping in New Hampshire last summer. We double-bagged every last piece of food. You totally freaked out in the middle of the night because you thought you heard a puma.” Christine reached for the radio and twisted the dial, turning it up and then flipping quickly from station to station. She was right; it was loud and starting to hurt my ears. I moved to turn it down.

“I wish Christine thought it was fun to talk about, too.”

“You wouldn’t last two nights in a rainforest.” Christine reached for the radio and turned it up. “You totally freaked out in the middle of the night because you thought you heard a puma. Smelled mustard. And you barely slept. Every snapping stick made you jump. You’d be screaming for the last half of the night. You’d roll over and kick your sandals about and run your hand along the floor right beneath the lip of your seat.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

She kicked her sandals about and ran her hand along the floor right beneath the lip of her seat.

“Got it. It would have sucked having to turn around.” She sounded relieved. “I put my phone back into my pocket. She flipped through hers for a minute.

“I don’t know who the hell you think I am, but I’m going to drive this car,” she said.

“Okay, Christine. Will do, Christine.”

“Just don’t do it.”

“Whatever you say,” I said sarcastically. I pulled my arm back into the car.

“Got it. It would have sucked having to turn around.” She sounded relieved. “I put my phone back into my pocket. She flipped through hers for a minute.

“The smell of the ocean was, indeed, in the air. The moment it reached my nostrils, images of my childhood flashed through my head as they always did. I saw myself plastered on my aunt’s daghing, paddling far from shore as my mom ran along the beach, arms above her head, yelling for me to come closer. And then I was strolling along the Cliff Walk with my dad, looking back at the huge Newport mansions and then forward at the vast Atlantic.

“You’re going to love the Cliff—”

“I think I forgot my phone at your house,” Christine interrupted. She dropped her hand and began rifling through her purse; “I really need it.” She turned the radio off.

“I was beginning to become accustomed to the ocean smell when it started to fade, along with the memories of my youth. Now, Christine’s dilemma demanded my attention, “Are you sure?” I asked. I sure as hell didn’t want to turn around.

“We’d been driving for an hour. “Let me call it,” I reached into my pocket and took out my phone. I dialed the number and waited. There was the sound of her phone ringing, faint at first, until your ears trained in on it, then it was loud and clear. She kicked her sandals about and ran her hand along the floor right beneath the lip of her seat.

“How’s it going?”

She sounded relieved. “I put my phone back into my pocket. She flipped through hers for a minute. I dialed her number. She was hard and fit. The first time I saw her, I thought she might have been the most stunning girl I’d ever seen outside of print.

“Yes, Christine. Whatever you say,” I said sarcastically. I pulled my arm back in the car.

Stop it.” She was getting mad. She couldn’t stand sarcasm, especially from me.

“Okay, Christine. Will do, Christine.”

She looked cute mad, maybe even cuter than when she was happy. She had these razer thin eyebrows. She maintained them so well that they almost looked painted on.
They stood up tall whenever she was angry.

"Why am I dating you, again?" she asked. The way she said it made me think she really meant it. Maybe she did. Maybe it didn’t matter.

"Grow up." She was staring out the window, her body twisted with half of her back facing me.

"You’re the one who needs to grow up." She didn’t answer, just kept looking out the window. She didn’t speak for some time. The silence started making me feel a little awkward. I didn’t let it show. I just kept looking straight ahead.

Luckily, we weren’t too far from Newport. I could see the pale green suspension bridge rising in the distance.

We parked the car at the end of a short side street, one that, if we stayed true to it, would have driven us right off the cliff and into the ocean. My father used to park the family car in the same spot. It had been years since I’d been there, but everything looked about the same. The sides of the road were lined with willows, the thin branches of which hung down low and swung about in the breeze, making us lean to one side or the other as we walked. The sidewalk wasn’t paved. It was flat, dusty earth and it kicked up in clouds beneath our feet. A large, dark, wrought iron gate stood boldly on our right, providing security for a house of enormous size. There were a few other couples walking towards the cliff, but mostly it was the parents pushing strollers while their older children ran around them.

The two of us reached the black, chain-link fence that kept all those children at bay. The fence was old and rusted, but it was obviously sturdy. The view from behind it was worth the small climb and we stood there leaning to one side or the other as we walked. The wind blew through my shirt and it puffed out. The breeze felt cool and filled me with hopeful energy. I wished we could get down there, Christine said. They were the first words spoken since the awkward ride, and they were perfectly obtuse. She was pointing downward, to it, would have driven us right off the cliff and into the ocean. My father used to go there alone, and then she simply wasn’t.

"Well, we can’t get to it over here."

"How?"

"We can.”

I was ten feet behind when she silently slipped into the volatile water, her splash barely noticeable. I ran after her, cursing myself for not being there in time. She was only a few feet away. I could have caught her if I’d been there.

"Grow up." She was staring out the window, her body twisted with half of her back facing me.

"You’re the one who needs to grow up.”

"I don’t know, Christine.”

"Why am I dating you, again?” she asked. The way she said it made me think she had no idea why she was still there. "You’re the one who needs to grow up.”

"Grow up." She was staring out the window, her body twisted with half of her back facing me.

"You’re the one who needs to grow up.”

"That sounds like a better idea to me.” She was still holding onto my arm. "I’ve never been on a sailboat.”

"Neither have I.” I confessed. The chain-link fence ran into a short rock wall. The steep, gray stone staircase was not far off. I could see the top of it from where we stood. "Look!” I said, pointing in that direction. "There’s our ticket down.”

We quickly closed the distance.

We were at the staircase and began descending. She glided her hand along the smooth stone railing and I held onto her. Sure enough, at the bottom there was a large group of rocks extending from the cliff out into the sea. We walked onto them.

The ocean water crashed up against the far rocks and was mostly held there in check, but some water slipped up and past the rock barrier, helping maintain algae-filled puddles between the boulders. We stood over one of those puddles and watched a crab that must have been stranded during high tide. It rested on the bottom of the puddle, out of two long feelers at the top of its head moving. I picked up a tiny pebble and dropped it into the water. The crab did not flinch.

"We shouldn’t come here some day, just the two of us, with a couple of notebooks. It seems like an awfully great place to write,” I said.

"The side of the cliff, my eyes following the steep face. The wind blew through me. I was comfortable.

Christine wanted to get closer to the water. She walked out onto the last group of rocks, I watched her intently, just a step behind. I turned my back for a moment. "That’s the idea. Hey, look!” she yelled, right into my ear.

"That’s the idea. Hey, look!” she yelled, right into my ear. I turned around. "Look!” I said, pointing in that direction. "There’s our ticket down.”

The steep, gray stone staircase was not far off. I could see the top of it from where we stood. "Look!” I said, pointing in that direction. "There’s our ticket down.”

I was a little irritated by what she had said, but the beauty of the day won me over and I decided to say nothing.

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moments, as my brain registered that Christine had fallen into the waves, I was not me. I was not the one who made my legs move towards the spot on the rock from which she had slipped, nor was I the one who bent my knees in preparation to jump into the dangerous sea. It was as if I’d been pushed aside and alien hands were controlling my every movement.

But I never got the chance to jump. My shoes suddenly kicked out from underneath me and my back slammed onto the hard, slimy stone. And then I slid.

Roaring ocean to complete silence. As my head submerged in the chilly water, my senses of sight and sound were snuffed out. The shocking coldness of the water seemed to wake something up in me and I regained control of myself. I kicked out every limb in every direction until my forearms cracked hard against the rock I had fallen from. I grabbed onto it with both hands and held myself halfway out of the water, the ocean tugging at my legs, trying to pull me away.

I scanned the sea for Christine, but did not see her. The surface of the water straight out to the horizon was uninterrupted, except for empty wave upon empty wave. For a second filled with complete panic, I thought Christine was still under.

But then I heard her call my name. She was standing waist deep in the water, behind me and to the right, on a submerged shelf. She was crying. I kicked my legs under the frothy water until I found the edge of the sunken rock on which she stood and climbed onto it. From there, the waves were no longer such a grave danger. I threw my arms around her and she cried into my shoulder.

Together, we carefully scaled the slippery rocks, the water aiming its last, futile attempts to retake us at our backs, then at our feet. When we had reached the top, we crawled further towards the cliff face, both of us afraid to walk, not yet trusting our legs. When I felt we were finally safe, that the ocean could no longer get us, I collapsed onto my back. Christine collapsed on top of me, her face buried into my chest for a second before she looked up. Her blond hair was matted to her head, bits of seaweed running through it, and her eyes were moist from the ocean and from crying. She had a cut on her cheek, a small scratch the size of a thumbnail, and it bled lightly. Her teeth chattered. It was the most vulnerable I had ever seen her. She squeezed my hand and buried her face back into my chest. For the first time, I told her that I loved her.

People were all around us now. An old woman had her hand over her mouth as a young man, maybe her son, kneeled beside me, asking if we were all right. I told him we were fine. He stood over us for a minute to make sure. Then he and the crowd slowly dispersed, settling in around the rocks, seemingly forgetting anything had happened at all.

Lying there, fully clothed and soaking wet, I thought about the car ride down. I thought about how petty both of us could be, of how much growing up we had to do. My adrenaline spent, I thought about what I had just told her, I love you. Did I mean them, those three words that held the world?
I think the bones in my ears are like the bones in the faces of Chinese women and the bones in the legs and the wings of birds, which are very light. There is also a hammer in your ear except it is called a malleus, which is also a hammer, which transmits vibrations and poetry and car horns to your brain or classical music to the brains of baby birds, which is apparently very bad for them. A hammer is also used on xylophones or on the ribs of cartoon skeletons and if you hammer a tune out on the piano you are in fact hammering the strings with the hammers, which are one or many padded levers inside the piano. I think a hammer is a tool consisting of a solid head, usually of metal, set crosswise on a handle, used for beating, driving or striking things such as fenceposts or anvils. An anvil is something that is struck, not stricken because only people can be stricken, which means dying on the inside, and only people have insides.

I think smoking is slow suicide, but suicide is impossible because nothing ever dies, it just turns to energy and energy makes up atoms, and atoms make up molecules and molecules get excited, like the molecules in steam and so I think dying is like being steam, and fogging up someone’s glasses when they hold the teacup too close to their face.
sometimes, in the
briefest of moments
by Mary Beth Keith
Poetry

sometimes, in the briefest of moments,
right after i wake from a dream,
I look to my left and you are there.
sometimes you are naked,
and your skin sticks most pleasantly to mine
sometimes you are warm,
and my leg is draped over you
you are always quiet,
and your breathing is the peaceful noise
that overtakes me in my sleep
and sometimes in those brief few seconds,
while my dream is still clinging to my eyelids
i look in front of me; and you are there

your smile hangs
in the darkness
like a line of stars against the sky
sometimes i see your eyes,
lace them through my eyelashes
and they shine bright in the glassy ocean of black
but after the moment is over
i look to my left,
and i look before me
after the moment is over
you are gone
and the blankets are cold
after the moment
there is nothing facing me
but the paleness of another day

Self-Portrait (Shoes)
by Kurt M. Schleehauf
Photography: B&W 3”x2” each
Archaeologists
by Justin Haggerty
Poetry

the sound of sand
grinding stone.
blowing fronds
in ecstatic discovery,

shifting waves
of sun-brenched mirage
pulling hands,
shovel churning
beauteous earth.
brushes brushing temples
like fingers
softly.
excavating religion
in the shade
of her thigh.

The Tiny Hole
by Tom Garafalo
Painting: Acrylic and
Sumi Ink on Canvas • 40” x 50”

thorridge Award, Second Place
Painting/Drawing
Ancient Implements: Utensils
by Christopher Rego
Jewelry: White Bronze, Patina + Approximately 2” x 2” x 4”
thebridge Award, First Place
3-Dimensional | Mixed Media

Business As Usual
by Charlie Robinson
Photography: Digital 8.5” x 6.5”
Glass Still-Life
by Ikumi Yoshihiro
Painting: Acrylic on Canvas • 18” x 24”

Bowl
by Sara Whidden
Ceramics: Terra-Cotta • 10” x 4”
Wondrous Web
by Deborah L. Sylvia
Stained Glass • 19” Diameter

The Endangered
by Sarah Huffman
Printmaking: Silkscreen, Watercolor • 16” x 13”
On a cold but sunny October afternoon, my friend Amy and I were sitting in her car, trying to think of something to do, when she suddenly turned to me and asked, "Do you want to go to an illegal pig farm?"

"A what?"

"An illegal pig farm."

"I heard you," I said, laughing. "What the hell is an illegal pig farm, and how do you know about it?"

"Some kids from my high school told me about it," she started, "I've never been but it's practically right here, or at least it's supposed to be. I'm not really sure what it is exactly."

I contemplated the idea for a second. I was nothing if not intrigued; the mundane day I had been expecting suddenly had the potential to be adventurous. There was never much to do at our small New England college, so when Amy asked me if I wanted to go for a ride, I jumped at the chance, even if it was only to go to her house so she could get her mail. After that, she had been giving me a tour of her hometown, which, apparently, included illegal pigs.

My mind quickly painted a picture of what such a farm would look like. It would be a dirt pit surrounded by fifteen-foot high fences, and there would be a guard dressed all in black, to whom visitors would have to give a password, maybe something like "Porky." There would be a countless number of cartoon pigs in business suits running around in their own little utopian community, complete with stores and a town hall, and—

"Mom," Amy interrupted my daydreams. "You love pigs."

She was right. Pigs were one of my favorite animals. That broke it. "Okay," I said. I looked at the car's digital clock, which read 5:15, "We have time." Amy's boyfriend, Chris, worked in the campus center until 5:00, and our circle of friends had a standing date to meet for dinner when he got out. "Fine," I added, "how often in life will we ever get to go to an illegal pig farm?"

Amy looked at me, her brown eyes shining with glee, then shifted her purple Camaro back into drive and headed towards where she thought the farm was. After a few minutes of driving down streets in various levels of disrepair, she said, "It's around here somewhere, I think."

I looked around, taking in the scenery, curious as to what kind of area would have an illegal pig farm. The houses were spaced pretty far apart, sidewalks were nonexistent, and there were many more trees than there had been in the center of town, although the changing of the seasons had turned them into skeletons. I wanted to know more about this supposed pig farm, so I asked Amy to elaborate.

"I don't know much more than I've already told you," she responded after a brief pause. "Some kids from my high school went a couple of years ago, right before graduation. They had turned them into skeletons. I wanted to know more about this supposed pig farm, so I asked Amy to elaborate."

"I don't know. They didn't really like to talk about it. But, from what I heard, the cops don't think of something to do, when she suddenly turned to me and asked, "Do you want to go to an illegal pig farm?"

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"Don't know. They didn't really like to talk about it. But, from what I heard, the cops don't even know about it."
I'm betting that the dude in that house doesn't like people as I kneeled there in the mud. We were leaving very visible footprints. A swell of fear rose within me. I managed to keep her footing, while I, on the other hand, fell through some fallen leaves. We stopped at one of the outer walls, and the porch was warped and discolored. The roof, however, was decent, and many of the windows were boarded up. Additionally, the house tilted menacingly towards us, as if a strong gust of wind would cause it to collapse. Nearby, an old, rusted-out truck sat on cement blocks completely rusted and covered with dirt. I shuffled, and wondered if it was from cold or fear.

I looked around the area. Oddly enough, the house was the only thing of interest in the surroundings. There were no other buildings in sight, and old, rotting, wood fences bordered both sides of the road. Beyond that, there were endless hills of dirt and nothing more. It certainly wasn't the most picturesque setting I had ever seen, but the sun shining down on the whole thing somehow gave it an odd appeal. I wasn't a troublemaker by nature. I had never had a run-in with the law, and final hill, I heard her gasp. "Oh my God," she muttered. "I can't believe it's true."

"C'mon," I said, my hands balled into tight fists. "Let's see what's going on."

We hopped down and paced around the ring of truck trailers. Each one was a different color. With pigs, there were no other buildings in sight, and we walked through a large hole in the fence. We found ourselves walking on a carpet of trash and grocery store bags. Many of the mounds of garbage were made up of old bales of hay, most of which were the brand of the grocery store up the street. As we got closer, the horrible smell intensified, and now I could smell something burning. I looked around at the farm and sighed in frustration. How could I clean all of this up? I was a weirdo and I thought he was an ass. "Throw them all in Amy's trunk and release them into the wild of a state forest," I said.

I looked at Amy, who was pointing to her left. She pointed again, and said, "You're a weirdo." "I'm not so sure this is a good idea," I thought. "It's not that. It's our footprints. What if we get caught?"

"Are you okay?"

"I'm pretty sure it's this way," Amy said as she brushed past me. I looked back towards the house, then out to the hills. As we got closer, the horrible smell intensified, and now I could smell something burning. I turned around at the farm and sighed in frustration. How could I clean all of this up? I was a weirdo and I thought he was an ass. "Throw them all in Amy's trunk and release them into the wild of a state forest," I said.

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tried to keep my courage up by thinking of saving the pigs and being a hero. Amy parked her car a bit further away from the house this time. I felt very unsafe, so I grabbed the only weapon I could find in the backseat: Amy’s snow brush. When Chris and Amy looked at me quizically, I shrugged and said, “Just in case, right?”

It was much colder than it had been the week before, and the leaves that had littered the streets had blown away, leaving the road bare. We checked the area cautiously before we hopped the fence and started the short climb up the hill. At some point, I looked down and noticed that Amy’s and my footprints from our last visit were gone. There now were tire treads and very large bootprints. I kept this observation to myself. I knew that Chris was completely gagging about seeing the pigs, and Amy tended to agree with Chris. Rather than express my fears, I released my nervous energy by swinging the snow brush next to me. The only sounds were our sneakers crunching into the freezing dirt, our breathing, and Chris’ camera as he snapped away.

When we reached the top of the hill before the farm, Chris let out a loud, low whistle. “This is incredible,” he exclaimed. “I hope we can take some more pictures.” While he wrapped himself in the upsurge, I pulled my jacket over my face to ward off the now-familiar stink. We headed down towards the pigs.

“Hey, Ben!” It was Amy. I dropped the bread and headed over to Amy and Chris. “You wanted to see if there was any more food for them here?”

I closed my eyes and tried to visualize each and every one of them before I responded. “Yeah, Why?”

“Well,” she began, “we just looked into all the trailers, and there was nothing. So I’m not sure there’d be anything.” Chris and Amy agreed.

“Maybe next week,” Chris said. “There’s no way the police could’ve ignored this.”

We kept up this ritual for several weeks. Each week brought no news, but great disappointment, and we began to spend a little less time looking at the papers. After winter break, we stopped completely. If there wasn’t news by then we figured there would never be. I wondered sometimes if there was anything to the police, and the other for his class project. Amy typed out the directions to the farm, and I stuffed the envelope, brought it to the post office and mailed it the next day. Amy had called her parents and asked them to send the daily town newspaper for her. She picked them up the next weekend, and the three of us pore through every edition, spending several hours looking for news that the pigs had been freed. There was nothing, though.

“I can’t believe it,” I said, after putting down the last newsletter. “If the pigs were free we would have saved them.”

There were no new developments, so I resigned myself to the fact that there was nothing else we could do. I panted, “Can we go now?”

“Yeah,” they each said, and then we ran. The sun had gone down a good half an hour before we had dipped a few times, either over other earth or on the hills. We were mostly speechless on the way home. The only noises I noticed were the sounds of the wind howling....
My sister Trish and I were silently eating breakfast when we heard a loud thump overhead. We glanced up at the ceiling and then continued eating. A second later our mother yelled, "Davy, come help me in the bathroom." I wondered why she had called me; it was not my place to help anyone with his or her bathroom activities. Setting across from me, Trish cocked her eyebrow.

"I don't know," I told her, shrugging my shoulders. "I put my spoon down with a sigh and cautiously left the room, unaware of the origin of the noise or the reason for my mother's odd command. When I reached the top of the stairs, I could see her kneeling on the bathroom floor, covering her mouth with her blue housecoat.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Dexter shit on the floor."

"Cool," I said as I leaned against the doorjamb. It wasn't that uncommon for Dexter to mess on the floor. He was an old cat who, with the fairly new addition of a constantly hungry dog who frequently stole his food, hadn't been receiving the proper amount of nutrients to keep his stool solid. It had become an almost daily task cleaning up after him, so I couldn't understand why my mom needed my help at that particular moment. Then she started gagging.

"What's the matter. It's just shit, yes?"

She got up and pushed me out of the way. In between dry heaves, she told me, "Clean that up and wash your mouth!" as she ran to the master bathroom. I cringed and picked up the Resolve stain remover and the wad of paper towels she had left behind, but when my face got close to the floor, the stench hit me. It was terrible. I started gagging as well.

Dexter's accidents worsened in frequency and smell over the next few days. I stepped on one heel at the bottom of the stairs, the new dog ate one, and my mom found a few surprises in the dining room. Sometimes we'd catch him in the act, during and after every bowel movement, he would meow in pain. Finally, my father decided that it was time to take him to the veterinarian's office. "He's clearly sick," he told us one early September evening. I was watching Jeopardy! with Trish and my youngest sister Christine. My mom was playing Mahjong on the computer. Our two dogs, Timothy and Mollie, were on the couch. "And he's getting a little old..." he added, "so maybe he won't be back."

"NO! Not Baby Dexter!" Trish exclaimed. She was already in her pajamas; her hair was up, and the fact that she still called the cat "we'd had for fourteen years" "baby" made her look like a little girl.

"I don't care," responded Christine with her newfound teenage attitude. I didn't respond. I attempted to put the question to Alex Trebek's answer.

"He's sick," my dad continued, "and the medicine costs a lot of money, well, it might just be cheaper to send him to that great kitty box in the sky." My dad always had a great way of putting things.

"I'll pay for him, Daddy," Trish cried from the couch.
She seemed broken up about it. Her shoulders slumped as she walked up the stairs, her slipped feet barely lifting from the floor. I found it hard to believe someone could be this upset about an animal who never did anything. "If you don't want the cat," I called to her. I looked at our Jack Russell Terrier, Mollie, who was lying in a warm spot of sunlight in front of the back door, her eyes closed. "It's not like Mollie is dying," I yelled. I heard a door slam, and then the sound of crying from Christine's room.

"Tish can do it," Christine announced, hopping over the bed in a huff. "He'll be better in an hour." But I knew Christine had once loved him, too; she was just as upset about an animal who never did anything. "It's just a cat," she said, clicking our tongues and snapping our fingers, but we still hadn't found him.

"Patrick," I said, "can you hear him? He was in the back door. Mollie was a favorite among my sisters. "It's just a cat," she said again, "but it's still our cat."

We continued looking for Dexter. We went up the stairs, into the bedrooms, to look for him. We searched the whole house, but we still couldn't find him. For about half an hour, we searched for him. "He's not pooping anymore," we said. I don't think so. Let's just find him and give him the pill."

"This will make him stop crapping all over the house," Christine said. "I've been waiting for this."

"It'll be worth it. Right, Baby Dexums?" Dexter looked at me, and I thought he was grinning. "Supposedly," I thought.

"Final Jeopardy," I mumbled. "You should see what it is like."

"One half tablet every a.m. and p.m. feeding," my dad read. "One half tablet every a.m. and p.m. feeding," my dad read. "One half tablet every a.m. and p.m. feeding," my dad read. "That," I responded, "is because you're a cold-hearted bitch.

I nodded slowly and patted her on the shoulder. "He's going to a better place," I assured her.

"Sorry, Fuzzy Britches," I told him. I bent down and rubbed him behind his head. He purred back at me, brushing his face against my chin.

Dexter got better, and my sisters and I began to take notice of him again. I fed him dinner most nights, and Christine brought him a dish of pumpkin each week. He seemed to love me more than ever. The dogs even seemed to invite Dexter to go for walks with them. I thought they would join us in our play with his pink nose toward Dexter, or jump at him, indicating he wanted to play. It was a nice gesture, I suppose, but Dexter never played with them. He only would go for walks if he was enjoying sleeping on his orange chair. I made it a habit to pet him before he went to sleep, but he never snuggled with me. One morning, when I had to work early, I woke up before the sun had risen. My dad hadn't fed Dexter yet, so I figured I would. I took the can of food out of the refrigerator, walked to Dexter's plate near the counter, and clicked his food onto the dish. He came running over, but before eating his food, he curled around my legs as a way of thanking me. I stood there and petted him. That morning, Dexter ate in the only noise in the house. It was peaceful, and that was nice to have amongst my big family and during a busy school year. I was used to the noise and commotion and the cats' constant talk and lead safe to hearing his rough tongue scrape against the plate. I was glad my dad came home with him on that September day.

Dexter was once again a presence in the household, sometimes taking precedence over the needy, attention-craving dogs. Although he had stopped going to the bathroom all over the house and he was eating his food regularly, his usual luxurious coat was thinning, and he was shedding every night. Dexter was often asleep on the floor of the family room, nearly gray with the fur he left behind, and anyone who dared to wear black pants immediately regretted it once Dexter Brunner. I kicked every now and then, only because of my every bowel movement. We moved the cat box from my bedroom to the bathroom, though I still had a hard time getting up, having a difficult time getting up the stairs. There was no delay that day. A few months passed, and on an early December morning, my mother found another nest.

"I told you to bring me the nest," she told me as I came up the stairs. I scratched at my bed-head hair and looked at Timothy. "Where?" I asked, still groggy from sleep.

"Christine," she said. "She pounced down the hall near the top of the staircase.

"I don't know," I thought. "I think Timothy was in my room all night."
“Well, it wasn’t Mollie.”

We both knew what annual it was; we just didn’t want to say it. I took Tim outside to find out if it was him. If Tim did his doodle—as my family had dubbed it—our suspicions would be unfortunately confirmed.

I shivered as Tim sniffed at the ground, pulling me here and there on the frozen grass. Usually, I would whine and beg for him to go to the bathroom; this time I didn’t. Tim trotted over to the edge of the yard near the woods. He circled for a bit, and then went pee. After that, he walked a little further into the woods and went number two. I walked slowly back to the house, my feet crunching on the morning frost.

“Did he go?” my mom asked me when I got in.

“One and two,” I told her. I took my jacket off and pulled off my shoes. “So, I guess it was the cat.”

“Hmm, what do you think?” She had on the same blue housecoat she was wearing the morning we both gagged at the sight of Dexter’s first big mess.

“Of what? I think Dexter just pooped on the floor. That’s all.”

“I wonder if he’s sick again.”

“Wait until he craps on the floor again. Then we’ll see.”

“Good thinking.”

I ate breakfast, got ready, and went to school. When I came back later that evening, my mom, dad, and two sisters were in the middle of discussing Dexter. It seemed that he had gone on the carpet a couple of times that day.

“It’s not healthy for us to live like this, and it’s certainly not helping the cat.” My mom was on one end of the couch; Trish was lying on the other end. Christine was at the computer talking to her friends online.

My dad chimed in from his chair: “If it’s the same thing as before, then the medicine only worked temporarily.”

“But it’s mean,” Trish responded. She wasn’t putting up as much of a fight this time. Her voice wasn’t as whiny as the first time we discussed Dexter’s fate.

“Sorry,” my dad said. “It’s best for all of us.”

I didn’t say anything. I walked over to the orange recliner and petted Dexter. I remembered that day when he scratched up my arm and somehow knew neither of us would be going through that ordeal again. Even though our family had rekindled its fondness for Dexter, the decision was final. He would be put to sleep.

“Do you want to take him?” my mother asked me. Dexter was in the carrier on top of the kitchen table. It was a cold morning, and the house had yet to heat up. I held my arms across my chest as she put her gloves on.

“What? No, I’m no murderer.” I was more afraid that if I took him, I wouldn’t be able to go through with it. That wouldn’t have been good for Dexter. “So make your poor mother do it.”

“Pretty much,” I leaned over to say goodbye to Dexter. "Bye, Fuzzy Britches.” He was calm in his carrier; he never rubbed his head against the fingers I’d stuck through the grate. I looked into his blue eyes and said goodbye once more. My mom took him.

The color drained from my face as I walked around aimlessly, picking up dog toys and organizing the magazines on the coffee table. I went over to Dexter’s food dish and tapped it with my toes. I was going to put it in the sink, but decided against it, perhaps in hopes that my mother would have a change of heart. I longed for another opportunity to feed him in the morning, and for another thank-you curl around my legs. I went to the orange chair, its seat covered with a layer of gray fur, and gave its back a gentle push.

No Calls After Nine
by Andrea Skane
Photography: B&W 4”x 6”
A moment before Maura hit the ground, she was able to anticipate the impact between herself and the unforgiving concrete. She had slipped on the ice—running in these ridiculous heels—and would now certainly be even later than she would have had she chosen to walk calmly to the next train. She examined the palm of her hand, which she had unconsciously used to break her fall, and tried to brush the dirt and stray gravel away. Then she looked at her knee. Her nylons were torn and her knee was skinned a little, the way it had almost always been during summers when she was young. So much for sophistication.

"Are you all right, Miss?" asked a voice from behind her.

Maura barely glanced at the silver-haired man in a business suit as she got to her feet and explained that she was a writer too. Still, she smiled warmly as Maura introduced herself and explained that she was a writer too. It didn't matter that Maura had no book for Ms. McBride to sign; of course she would rather have a serious conversation about her twenty-fifth birthday and the one thing she really wanted to try: to lose weight. A garbled voice on the intercom announced the next stop. They were two blocks from Maura's destination. She let her imagination carry her somewhere better.

Sarah McBride's advice would be, those words that could change everything. She thought of Sarah McBride's picture on the back flap of the jacket of Sunset Cove, the newest book. It was your typical black-and-white photo of an author looking sophisticated in a dark coat and tie. Ms. McBride was smiling and looking distinguished, not old, at age seventy. Maura tried to imagine being seventy, with a life and a name established and laurels to rest on. She wondered if she would ever get there, and wondered if, when she did, she would miss her days of smoother skin and greater uncertainty. The lump started to rise in Maura's throat again, and she knew it was rooted in more than the possibility that she had spoiled her chance of engaging a stop on Sarah McBride's book tour. She let her imagination carry her somewhere better.

Maura imagined walking into the bookstore late, with no one really left but a few employees tidying up and one elegant woman standing behind a table, collecting a few Shapieus and personal items and slipping them into a black leather, over-the-shoulder bag. The woman looked a little startled at the arrival of a bright-eyed, personable twenty-something. Still, she smiled warmly as Maura introduced herself and explained that she was a writer too. It didn't matter that Maura had no book for Ms. McBride to sign; of course she would rather have a serious conversation about writing with one of the greats than some impersonal scribble on the first page of a newly-purchased hardcover. Indeed, it seemed to mean something to Ms. McBride as well. Maybe it was something about Maura that reminded her of herself at that age; one couldn't be sure. But she offered to take a look at some of Maura's work as well. Maybe it was something about Maura that reminded her of herself at that age; one couldn't be sure. But she offered to take a look at some of Maura's work and maybe forward it to her agent. And even better, she gave Maura that one piece of advice she would never forget and never would have heard if she hadn't stayed too late at the meeting, if she hadn't fallen down on the stairs and skinned her knee. It was just one of those chance encounters.

Maura felt herself smiling at her daydream. If only she could imagine just what Sarah McBride's advice would be, those words that could change everything. She glanced around at the other faces on the train. A man with drowsies was seated across from her, nose buried in Forbes Magazine. The woman next to Maura stared at the floor. A garbled voice on the intercom announced the next stop. They were two stops away from Maura's destination.

Maura glanced at her watch. 8:02. She decided she would make it in time for the book signing, maybe even catch a reading. These things never started on time anyway. She imagined waiting in line with her copy of Sunset Cove and finally reaching the table and making the comment that would set her apart from the others, marking her as Someone Who Knew...
Ms. McBride to the table where she would be signing books, while another leaned down and spoke into the microphone that still sat at as low front angle in the chair.

"Ms. McBride will be signing books now. Each of you will receive a number designating your spot in line. We will not tolerate any pushing, shoving, or rude behavior. If you would like to purchase a copy of Sunset Cove, you will have an opportunity to do so at that table there."

Despite the admonitions against pushing and shoving, Maura still felt a bit like she was back at the subway station when the customers began to form a disorderly line to get their books signed. Maura recognized the young man she had spoken to earlier when she reached the front of the line and was handed a small pink piece of paper bearing the number 36. She went to the small table stacked with copies of Sunset Cove and felt a bit exasperated handing over $25 for the new hardcover; she then took her spot in line after comparing numbers with those around her.

"Just located you in front of her was asking him an companion."

"Not yet," he replied. "I've been very interested in her early stuff. It will be interesting to see what she's doing now."

"She's amazing," the woman said with reverence, "really timeless. I think you'll find her stuff just as wonderful to meet you!"

Maura smiled and motioned through her thumbed through her new purchase, finally opening it to the empty white page at the start of the book. Of course that was where Sarah McBride would sign. Maura mentally resolved to just calmly present her book and not-quite-politely pushed a bit and craned her neck.

Maura noticed that the author looked a little older than she had in her picture, and was surprised to realize that Sarah McBride had split ends.

"What is your name?"

"Hi," was Maura's timid response. And then she burst out with, "It's really interesting to read this new novel."
Just Hanging
by Mackenzie St. Martin
Drawing: Graphite on Paper 6” x 7”

Shaded Industry #1
by Julia Szendrei
Printmaking: Silkscreen 22” x 11”
Portrait of a Tortured Soul
by Keith R. Mistler
Sculpture: Wood, Nails, Wax, Scrap Metal • 15” x 25”

Shattering the Addiction
by Derek T. Hambly
Ceramics: High-Fire Porcelain, High-Fire Stoneware • 14” x 11”
The Annual John Heller Award was established in 2003 to recognize a student whose body of work exemplifies excellence. The award received its name from one of our most beloved and distinguished faculty. Professor Heller taught in the Department of Art from 1968–2001. He was an inspired artist, a dedicated, gifted teacher, and an unselfish giver of his time, wisdom and expertise.
Raku Vessel
by Jason Niemann

Ceramics: Stoneware, Raku Fire • 5’ x 7”

What I Think Of
by Katie Boettcher

Painting: Acrylic on Canvas • 42” x 43”
Jenny is a sunflower killer.
She saw one standing tall,
May-burnt and sun-kissed.
She scampered up barefoot to the giant
rooted plant, shrugged,
grabbed firm and pulled hard,
digging deep into its roots.
It shot out of the ground like a rocket
blazing out of the dirt,
leaving a miasma of dust.
The yellow sucked into the brown hole;
the green stem, sturdy like bamboo.
She gripped it tight,
carried it away,
brought it dirty into class.
I sat staring at the flower
whose petals were curled and ailing;
it sank flaccid but proud
like an old man hick broken from yard work
straining under the sun.
She held it straight, smiled saying
“I found this flower;
out in a field this morning.”
But I know,
Jenny is a sunflower killer.

Abuse:
As seen through
the eyes of one of
Sacred Heart School’s
6th grade students
by Colleen Farrell
Poetry
Critical Feedback: An Interview with Christelle L. Del Prete & Patricia Portanova by Eric Smith

In August 2006, Christelle L. Del Prete (left) and Patricia Portanova became the first two graduates of BC’s newly launched Master’s in English with a Concentration in Creative Writing program. Since then, one other student has graduated with the concentration, and six others are currently enrolled in the program. In January, The Bridge: Eric Smith sat down with Christelle and Patricia to get their thoughts on what SC’s newly launched Master’s in English with a Concentration of creative writing.

Christelle: When I thought of doing a memoir, my first thought was, “How can I write 100 pages about myself?” So, I started developing these short stories. Actually, they were just ideas, little seeds, and then I just started developing them from there. I just let the ideas come together into actual short stories that people might want to read. That was the best part of it for me.

Eric: Could you talk about the most rewarding and the most difficult parts of writing your creative theses?

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Eric: Well, one thing I’ve noticed about both of your writing is that you often have these complex characters in difficult situations, but, in the end, the stories are ultimately redeeming. Is that something you both look for in your writing: to show not only the troubles, but how you get through them as well?

Christelle: Yeah, and I think that’s the point of it, too. I think you’re really trying to work through these relationships. I think that’s going to be the core of the story is going to show you as a reader can also learn from this experience in your own way.

Eric: When did you both first become interested in writing?

Christelle: I would make up stories before I could lift a pen. My aunt used to have this apartment in Cranston [Rhode Island], and I used to go visit her and stay there and it was like this big treat. She would make up this story that there was a dragon in the basement. So then every time I came over, she would make up one of her own and she would thread it for me. I don’t think I ever had those stories, but they were my first. So I think I’ve always been interested in writing, even as a very young child. But, I think I put writing until I was much older—maybe simply because I didn’t have enough experiences or maturity to be able to do it. But, with “Holiday Surprise,” which is a story I really enjoy it. If that doesn’t happen very often, but when it does, it’s pretty cool.

Eric: You mentioned “Shock Waves,” Christelle, which you actually read at Artis’s Harvest at Images Fine Arts and Crafts Gallery, Patricia, you’ve also read at Artis’s Harvest, which, as you both know, is a reading series that features the work of BSC graduate students in the Creative Writing Concentration. Could you talk a little about your experiences there?

Christelle: [laughs] It went better than I thought it would. Well, I did cover my butt when I was reading, though. Actually, I think that I sort of touch on the process of writing within the piece, I have a different way of looking at things before I could put it down on paper. But, with “Holiday Surprise,” which is a story that I sort of touch on the process of writing within the piece, I have a different way of looking at things before I could put it down on paper. But, with “Holiday Surprise,” which is a story

Eric: So Christelle, I’m curious if you ever plan on showing that story to your mother.

Christelle: Yes. For example, when I started “Shock Waves,” which is a story that I actually wrote for Artis’s Harvest in Rhode Island that claimed 100 lives—my friend and I were very much going through a lot of grief, we each wrote down that story, just because I wasn’t ready to deal with it. I wasn’t ready to write about it. But, after a year, when I had enough distance from that and my life had moved on—my friend’s life had moved on to a point where we were both—I think it’s important to be able to do that, otherwise, who cares about your relationship with your mother?

Eric: Until you find that you’re in a community and you feel comfortable, you can go outside of your narrow way of thinking and really do what you want to do.

Christelle: You mentioned maturity. Is there a certain amount of distance that you need to have from a story before you can write about it?

Christelle: It’s quite beautiful. I love Sylvia Plath, and lately I’ve been reading a lot of Kurt Vonnegut. It’s difficult because there’s a lot of nonfiction out there today, and it isn’t always very good. So, when you find something you can relate to, it’s nice and you want to challenge yourself to be as strong as they are.

Eric: What about those writers do you relate to, Patricia?

Patricia: Well, Janet Winterson is a genius. I don’t think I’m a genius, but I don’t want to feel like I will. I have a different experience because I had the choice of whom in my family to invite. Unfortunately, at that time, my brother was really struggling with my father and I had to choose to between which of them I wanted in the audience.... My father was very great about it, he was completely understood, and so my brother got to come instead.

Eric: Who are your favorite authors? And who has had the most influence on your writing?

Patricia: Janet Winterson is a particular author who is just awe-inspiring, and every time I read something by her, I feel like I need to sit down and write; she’s just absolutely amazing. I love Sylvia Plath, and lately I’ve been reading a lot of Kurt Vonnegut. It’s difficult because there’s a lot of nonfiction out there today, and it isn’t always very good. So, when you find something you can relate to, it’s nice and you want to challenge yourself to be as strong as they are.

Eric: What about those writers do you relate to, Patricia?

Patricia: Well, Janet Winterson is a genius. I don’t think I’m a genius, but I can’t say I relate to that [laughs], but she’s a, a, she’s very smart. I’ve been reading a lot of her articles and her books. She writes a lot about her personal experiences, and she does it in a very awe-inspiring way. Sometimes, the language itself is just so beautiful.

Eric: I don’t really attach myself to specific authors, but there are definitely authors who left a big impression on me. A Christelle, I thought you mentioned Jody Picoult’s The Sister’s Keeper, which is so beautifully written that, even to this day, I can’t get it out of my head. I just really enjoy a book that has beautiful language, yet tells a really good story. But then I’ll also read books out of curiosity, like just read Jody Picoult’s My Sister’s Keeper; it’s from the Bridgewater
Eric: Do you think the memoir genre is going in a positive direction or more of a negative one? We’re definitely getting a lot of memoirs out lately.

Patricia: I don’t want to give away too much of my PhD proposal, but I am sort of dealing with this idea that we have creative nonfiction, which in itself, is sort of fictional. I mean, it’s sort of straightforward because you are creatively rendering real life experiences, and you’re adding your own perception, you’re adding your own truth to it. Whether or not that’s the ultimate truth cannot be known, but I think a lot of the problem is that everyone feels that they can turn out a memoir, and not everyone can. It has to be well written, and it has to have all of the conventions of literature lists are important, such as beautiful metaphors, rich character development, and compelling plots. A lot of the memoirs out there don’t have those things, and I have seen them as elements of a good story for it to work. Unfortunately, I think a lot of it is sensationalizing experiences that we consider to be not normal, you know, drug abuse or abortion or anything of that nature. People are sort of trying to exploit that for a good story, and I don’t know if that’s necessary where literature should be headed.

Christelle: And all of these celebrities who come out with their memoirs. It’s not something that I would pick up. It’s just not really interesting me. I mean, I love reading about an average person and their experiences than, you know, Paris Hilton or something.

Eric: So ultimately, it’s about the craft?

Christelle: Exactly, and I think that things like celebrities, they aren’t really interested in writing about something about an average person and their experiences than, you know, Paris Hilton or something.

Eric: So that’s ultimately about the craft?

Christelle: My biggest weakness is that sometimes I think, I’m saying what I’m trying to say, and then I’m not usually. Sometimes, I think we try to force things that aren’t there. We force a story that don’t work, and we try to force examples that don’t make sense in the context of the story. A challenge for me is weeding out the things that I may become attached to. I may really like this metaphor, and I’ll think, I’m going to use it, even though it makes no sense to the rest of the story. So, for me, it’s letting go of the things that really aren’t helping my stories.

Eric: So I’m interested, Christelle, how do you go about attacking things that you struggle with? You mentioned, for example, plot.

Christelle: It really helps to have a group of people who you can send your stories to, I send stuff to Triss. I send stuff to other people. Mostly people that don’t work, and we try to force examples that don’t make sense in the context of the story. A challenge for me is weeding out the things that I may become attached to. I may really like this metaphor, and I’ll think, I’m going to use it, even though it makes no sense to the rest of the story. So, for me, it’s letting go of the things that really aren’t helping my stories.

Eric: And both you are in a private workshop where you regularly meet with other students from BSC to discuss your writing, correct?

Christelle: We try [laughs]. Sometimes work gets in the way.

Eric: Do you both find the workshop helpful?

Christelle: Absolutely. Even just emailing stories to those people. If you can’t physically be in a room and you email work sometimes, with actually telling the story in a way that people can relate to it and get something from it.

Patricia: I think balance is my biggest strength. It’s something I try to work towards, try to infuse all of my writing with sort of a sense of humor, things that are making me laugh, and sometimes even somber. I think that there has to be a balance of that, you know. Life isn’t always happy, and life isn’t always terrible. I think that kind of what I try to work into my work, providing comedic relief to something that is often pretty intense.

Christelle: Eric already covered this, but what about you, Patricia? What would you say is your biggest weakness as a writer?

Patricia: My biggest weakness is that sometimes I think, I’m saying what I’m trying to say, and then I’m not usually. Sometimes, I think we try to force things that aren’t there. We force a story that don’t work, and we try to force examples that don’t make sense in the context of the story. A challenge for me is weeding out the things that I may become attached to. I may really like this metaphor, and I’ll think, I’m going to use it, even though it makes no sense to the rest of the story. So, for me, it’s letting go of the things that really aren’t helping my stories.

Eric: What are your future goals as writers?

Christelle: I want to have a book on the shelves. But good books, I mean, my mom will say, “Write about this and make some money,” and to me, that’s not about money, but I want to put out something that I can be proud of, and if it doesn’t earn me money, then that’s fine. I have a day job [laughs]. But, yeah, just to get my name out there and get some recognition, not the money, but just, you know, thinking of something small. I sent a bunch of my stuff out to journals, and I got my first rejection letter! [laughs]. I’m so proud of myself.

Patricia: What am I doing with myself? Right now I’m actually applying to PhD Creative Writing programs in the U.K. I’m hoping to get into a strong program there and work for three years on writing.

Eric: So what about you, Christelle? Are you planning on just working on a few projects as a writer, and then applying to PhD programs?

Christelle: I’m kind of in the position where I’m torn, really. There aren’t a lot of Creative Writing PhD programs available, certainly not in Canada, but you basically have two options here going this, but other people may read this and say, “Why is this character doing this? It makes no sense?” You kind of need people who want to read your work in any case, but I really think that having a support group of people who can read your stuff is going to make everything easier.

Eric: And you both are in a private workshop where you regularly meet with other students from BSC to discuss your writing, correct?

Christelle: Absolutely. Even just emailing stories to those people. If you can’t physically be in a room and you email work sometime, with actually telling the story in a way that people can relate to it and get something from it.

Patricia: Yeah, you know, there’s sort of that old saying that to be a good writer, you will have to be first a good reader, and then you’ll work on your craft. So I think it’s causal you need to surround yourself with good readers as well. And we’ve been very fortunate that we have this community of really strong writers that we can go to give critical feedback. It really helps the story because the whole idea of the solitary writer sitting in a cabin somewhere turning out brilliant work, but it doesn’t work. So yeah, it’s a strong base of friends and other writers is really important.

Eric: What are your biggest strengths as writers?

Christelle: It’s kind of a really indirect reason to be being a writer. I can’t see where my biggest mistake is because my experiences in my life have made me towards who I am, but I took time off between my degree and my graduate degrees, and I’ve always worked full-time since I got my BA. It’s just a really hard road, so if you can get into a creative writing program, that’s really where I would say my biggest mistake was because I find it empowering. So, you’re going to get where you’re going much faster than I have. I think I have kind of taken the long road.

Christelle: And we’re really lucky to have the community we have here at Bridgewater. I never dreamed it would be so supportive. Just the students and professors have really kind of made this happen for us. I feel like they’ve made me a lot more confident as a writer, and a lot more determined to be a writer. They’ve never told me, you know, “You’re the secretary of the department. Forget your creative writing aspirations” [laughs]. They’ve always just taken the time to be extremely supportive and give me feedback. I think that’s true. I think I have kind of taken the long road.

Eric: My last question: is there anything we missed? Is there anything important that you didn’t get a chance to say?

Patricia: [laughs] We love The Bridge! To read Christelle and Patricia’s creative pieces in their entirety, please visit www.thebridgejournal.com.

For information about the Master’s in English with a Concentration on Creative Writing, contact the Department of English at 508.551.2258 or the Graduate College at 508.551.3200. Admission requirements can also be downloaded from the online course catalog: www.bridge.edu/Catalog/
Side Portrait

by Kate Sweet
Photography: B&W • 8” x 10”

Sheffield Award, First Place
Photography | Digital Art
Sometimes you have to choose. It is not as simple as the pond, freezing around the cattails, the mirror in the hallway, bits of ash, the root in love with the stone.

It is not death so much as lying still. The flint startles itself into fire. The shutter devours a sunset.

These are the very small things that we want, that give themselves to us quietly, in the night—music coming from the apartment next door, headlights on the road and shadows pooling in the corner.

Very suddenly, we are full, surprised into being.

“moment by moment in both directions”  
by Sean Janson  
Poetry
My father is from Bahrain, one of a small group of islands in the Persian Gulf. Bahrain was well known for its pearls and its date trees, even though it’s more known now as the place Michael Jackson fled to after his trial. After graduating from high school, my father worked as an electrician for five years, until he made enough money to go to college. My father is an ambitious person; he wanted to get more out of life and so he decided to go to America, “the Promised Land.” He first studied at Husson College in Maine to improve his English, and later transferred to the University of Idaho, where, in 1983, he met my mother. My mother is an American. Her mother was of Irish descent and her father a Native American from the Nez Perce tribe.

I was born on June 3, 1987, in Lewiston, Idaho. My mom says it was easy to tell me apart from all the other babies because I was the only “dark” one in the room. When I was five, we moved from Corvallis, Oregon to Bahrain. I started public school not knowing a single word of Arabic. It was hard, but children are great in that they don’t need a common language to communicate; it just comes naturally. Even though I couldn’t exactly talk to the girls in my school fluently, they understood me, and we were still able to play together.

What also worked in my favor was my mother’s Native American ancestry. I had brown hair and brown eyes, and so I was able to blend in with the other children. Some of them didn’t even believe me when I told them that my mom was American because I didn’t have “blond hair and blue eyes.”

There’s a thing about coming from a mixed background: you never really feel like you belong. When I am in Bahrain, I don’t feel like I fit in. When I go to America, I don’t really fit in there either; it’s like I’m somewhere in between, like I don’t have a fixed home. But despite that, I am proud of my dual heritage and wouldn’t have it any other way. I speak both English and Arabic fluently; I have lived in an Arabic community and have learned their customs and traditions; I grew up learning about the Native Americans, and have also been to different countries on our routes to and from the United States. How many people can say that they are part Bahrainis, part American, with a bit of Native American for taste? Not many, I think.

Right now, I am in my second year at the University of Bahrain. I am studying English Literature with a minor in American Studies. I plan on finishing my undergraduate degree here in Bahrain, and hopefully I will earn a scholarship abroad to finish my Master’s and PhD. My goal is to become a professor of literature, and I look forward to a life of reading good books, searching for the deeper meanings they always have inside.
Sister Ambrosia stared at him venomously as the class watched in stunned silence.

"I was only asking—" Rex began pathetically.

"Bold and brazen! I warned you once, now how would you like to go to the office?"

Rex didn’t answer. The nun’s laptop screen froze him in place. Rex looked back at her, except there was no hostility in his gaze, but he left his composure crumble and he lowered his head to stare at the desk instead. Invoking the wrath of a Sister was an awesomely foolish and dangerous affair. They had a supernatural ability to shame from across the room. Another moment and she’d be telling him he was putting another nail in the cross.

Suddenly, a soft chuckle could be heard, the sound of an incarnadine laugh trying to escape through someone’s mouth and nose. Sister Ambrosia sharply turned her eyes toward Percy, who was by now covering his mouth with his hand. Rex sighed softly and slipped back comfortably in his chair. There was no denying that Sisters also had amazing extrasensory capabilities, but when Rex observed them long enough, he found that there were ways of circumventing their notice.

"What’s so funny, nun?" Sister Ambrosia asked Percy, closing distance between her face and his. "Tell me, please, I’d like to laugh.

Percy only whimpered. And then, to Rex’s further observation, a miracle happened.

"What? Who’s talking?" Sister Ambrosia asked as she turned once again, this time to Hayley and Natalia, who sat a good distance away from the others.

"We’re in the middle of class here and you two are talking?!" Sister Ambrosia began to back up a few steps. She sighed, ran her fingers over the nasal bar of her glasses and up through her graying hair. The class was silent. "What must I do to stop this class from talking?" she asked slowly through clenched teeth. "When do you all talk so much? What could you possibly talk about?"

"The classroom was still silent.

"You all are cross to hear," Sister Ambrosia sighed. "All right, who can spell seven?"

"A few arms shot into the air, but then the intercom boomed into the classroom:

"Sister Ambrosia, come to the front office, please, Sister Ambrosia."

Sister Ambrosia sighed.

"All right," she told the class, “I won’t be more than a few minutes. When I return, I’d better not hear any of you talk.”

As quickly as Sister Ambrosia left the classroom, the students had resumed their usual loquacity. The effect was immediate and inevitable. And just as inevitably, Percy and Troy began competing to see who could shoot a rubber band the furthest across the room, Hayley and Natalia resumed their conversation that ran above the chalkboard just for show and back at Garth’s cards.

"You all are cross to hear," Sister Ambrosia sighed.

"I’d like to laugh."

"What? Are you threatening me?"

"Don’t you talk to me like that!" she snapped, pointing her finger like a magic wand.

Sister Ambrosia stared at him venomously as the class watched in stunned silence.

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that there was more to life than dinosaurs. The poor kid cried that day, and he
they would have wished for different mothers, but when Troy said he wished his
Perhaps it was for that time in first grade, when Sister Zelda asked the students if
returned. Maybe she would finally break down. Rex didn’t know, nor did he know
grabbed the eraser and destroyed half of the words Sister Ambrosia had written.
looked at the board, fidgeting in his stance.
the lid of the box, threw it back in the cabinet and shut the door. He ran back and
"Thanks. You better sit down soon."
"Take it out!" Amos said, nodding.
"Is there a knife in there?" asked Amos, sitting near the door.
"Yeah!" said Rex.
"You'd better erase it before she comes back in!" added Troy.
"I know what that means," chuckled Garth.
"Just act casually," was all Rex said, and Harley was quick to parrot his advice
tentatively stood up and felt compelled to walk to the front of the classroom as
His heart was pounding.
Almost instinctively, he
Then, he turned and
Rex glanced
Rex glanced
the wall clock, out the window and at the door again. He
Rex looked up at the wall clock, out the window and at the door again. He
"You better sit down soon." said Marie, sitting near the back, but Rex ignored her. He also ignored the other students, who stared at him wide-eyed in astonishment, giggling uncontrollably. In the next cabinet Rex found a few stacks of writing and scrap paper, a few boxes of paper clips and that neat little plastic box, of writing and scrap paper, a few boxes of paper clips and that neat little plastic box,
"Thanks. You better sit down soon."
"I'm…so glad," Sister Ambrosia began. "I'm glad…that this class is
for Sister Ambrosia to turn around.
Rex looked at the board, fidgeting in his stance. His heart was pounding. "Take it out!" Amos said, nodding. "Yeah!" shouted Troy.
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when she called the Bean-Bag hall, when the ancient Sister Lark had scolded Rex when he called the Bean-Bag hall, when the ancient Sister Lark had scolded Rex when he called the Bean-Bag hall.
"She'll know it's you," said Malcolm.
"Oh my God!" Natalia gasped.
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"No one at all? All right, the first is 'Fortitude.' Let me write it on the board." The class was silent.
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counsel to his disciples. He told them not to worry about what to say or how to say it. The Holy Spirit enables us to make the right decisions when we have to. Jesus provided us with knowledge that we can all use. It is greater than faith, for it may penetrate the heart of the revealed truth even when the meaning is not fully known. We all know how important knowledge can be, don’t we, Rex? When Jesus was debating with the Pharisees, he said that when the blind lead the blind, both will fall into a pit.

"Now the third gift of the Holy Spirit is ‘Counsel,’" Sister Ambrosia said, still holding the open Bible. She walked up to the board and wrote the word "Counsel" underneath where she had written "Understanding." "Now the fourth gift of the Holy Spirit is ‘Knowledge.’" Sister Ambrosia said this last bit nodding toward Rex, then she turned and wrote "Knowledge" on the board underneath where she had written "Counsel." "‘Knowledge’ perfects with the virtue of faith. It enables us to judge the whole of the spectrum. We all know how important knowledge can be, don’t we, Rex? When Jesus was debating with the Pharisees, he said that when the blind lead the blind, both will fall into a pit.

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I am sitting in the back of my English class preparing to doodle. As I rip out a page of notebook paper, the professor walks in, and I immediately notice he looks different than any other teacher I’ve seen. His huge smile reaches from ear to ear, and his blue eyes glow with enthusiasm. I can only imagine what can be so exciting at 10:10 in the morning. Suddenly, his theatrical voice rings through my ears as he explains to the class what we can expect from this course. His passion for this subject seems to skyrocket with each passing minute, and by the time class ends, I am interested in what he has to say.

Professor Thomas M. Curley came to Bridgewater State College in September of 1972, ready to share his expertise with his students: teasing them; telling them jokes; or teaching them valuable lessons. Professor Curley says, “I don’t theorize on methods of teaching. I follow my instincts.” He states that he is very somber when he plans what will be taught in the next class, but when he gets to the classroom his love for teaching and learning takes over, making him joyful and youthful.

I enter the room on our third class later than normal because I stopped to talk to a friend. There are two more minutes until the class starts when I sit in my seat, gasping for air as I open my bottle of water. “I’m glad to be with you, my students!” Dr. Curley says as he begins. He pips up where we left off before, reading dramatically from a book, and after a while he looks up from the pages and begins to walk towards the middle of the room. He interrupts his lecture to talk about his wife and how she is an emergency room nurse. He throws a couple of jokes around about their dating and then totally changes the topic to the New England Patriots. I see the students giggling at each other because of how off-topic he is, but this makes us appreciate him as a person as well as a professor.

Professor Curley says, “I don’t theorize on methods of teaching, I follow my instincts.” He states that he is very somber when he plans what will be taught in the next class, but when he gets to the classroom his love for teaching and learning takes over, making him joyful and youthful with the material. “Writing is difficult, but I can let myself go in class.” The grin he wears is genuine and you can see him recalling memories about the good times he has had with his students; teasing them; telling them jokes; or teaching them valuable lessons.

I am running late for my fourth class and the only thing I can think about is that I’m going to miss something. I rush through the door expecting stares from my peers and a stern look from the teacher, but all I see is a captivated audience. I smile apologetically at Professor Curley and receive a smile of forgiveness in return. I sit down, amazed at how this simple exchange has made my day.
Self-Portrait While Napping
by David Peterson
Mixed Media: Photographs, Collage, Permanent Marker • 40” x 23”
Static Frames
by Kei Kreutler

Award Winner,
Bridgewater-Raynham High School
Poetry

The film moves in static frames.
Flickering,
“It’s an old reel,” the projectionist complains.

We showcase our scars proudly,
We embrace our iron shields,
Our armor becomes dented, torn,
We apply our make-up loudly,
To pretend a love now scorned.

The lights have all been dimmed.
The cameras’ angles are in place.
But the director, he’s not here.
The acting instructors left long ago.
He laughs and turns to me,
“We’re in this one alone.”

In fact, the studio is empty.
The set has been deserted.
You clutch a single lens like a last defeat.
It will not last if we are all that’s left.
But the timer has been set.
“Pose as if you were in love, quickly.”
We never missed a beat; did we?
Junk City
by Maria Pauline
Mixed Media: Graphite, Charcoal, Junk Mail, Ink, Marker • 21” x 30”

Moss
by Kristina Stafford
Ceramics: Wheel-Thrown Porcelain • 5” x 10” & 4” x 12”
Indigo Waves
by Jacquelyn Haskett Anfield
Weaving: Cotton • 18” x 7”
Thurber Award, Second Place
3-Dimensional | Mixed Media

Stained Reiki
by Michele Prunier
Artist Book: Mixed Media • 2” x 3” x .5” Closed
Peacock and Horse Raku
by Christina Kunze Sarkisian
Ceramics: Peacock Feathers, Horse Hair, Raku Fire • 8” x 5”

Portrait of Man
by Dalal Al-Sindi
Painting: Oils, Acrylic, Charcoal on Canvas • 18” x 24”
Award Winner, University of Bahrain
I saw my brother before he took the car. I had come home from work just after ten o’clock and, without even bothering to take off my cashier’s smock, planted myself on the couch across from Bridget, my thirteen-year-old sister, who was engrossed in some show on Nickelodeon. Mom had gone to bed half an hour before, and Maevé, my other sister, was staying overnight at a friend’s house in Concord, New Hampshire. My father worked in Massachusetts during the week and wouldn’t be home until the weekend. My brother Tippy and his friend Alex came home soon after me, out of breath and laughing hysterically.

“You tools,” I laughed, rolling my eyes. “Are you stoned?”

They denied it, still laughing as they rummaged through the cabinets, pulling out an odd combination of cookies, chips and salsa. Tippy dug some leftover spaghetti out of the fridge and warmed it up in the microwave before joining us in the living room. Alex settled his large frame into an armchair and started in on the chips, and when my brother made his way to the red recliner, I squeezed my body around on the couch to face them. “So, boys,” I started, “what’ve you been doing tonight?”

“Oh, you know—the usual.” Between mouthfuls, Tippy gave us an animated rundown on his and Alex’s latest adventures of wreaking havoc in our tiny New Hampshire town. On that particular night, he and Alex had walked around, visited some friends, loitered at the Food Mart and terrorized some of the locals. On their way home, they snuck into our crazy neighbor’s yard and jumped on the trampoline until they were chased away by its pimply-faced owner. “He keeps moving that damn trampoline,” Alex added as he erupted into a fit of laughter, “but we find it every time.”

I shook my head. “God, Tippy, I have no idea how you get away with the shit you do.”

Alex started laughing again. “Every time you call Tim ‘Tippy,’ it fucking cracks me up! It sounds like you’re talking to a puppy or something.”

Tippy’s given name was Timothy and most people called him Tim. Only family and close friends knew him by his silly nickname, which was given to him by my grandparents when he was born. He could’ve been self-conscious about it, but he never seemed to be.

The phone rang, causing Tippy to jump. “That’s probably Amelia,” he said as he grabbed the cordless phone and took it into the kitchen. I listened as the tone of his voice softened, the way it always did when he was on the phone with a girl, and I smiled. I didn’t know Amelia very well, but she seemed nice enough.

Anna Winzer
Bridgewater-Raynham
High School

Do You Hear the People Sing?

by Tara M. Sullivan

Nonfiction

Do You Hear the People Sing? by Janelle Nickou on Charcoal Paper 12 x 16

Award Winner,
I had ever seen them. With her hand covering her mouth, she fixed her gaze out the window.

“Maybe it’s not that bad.” I offered, even though I knew that when a car needed to be cut up to get people out, it wasn’t a good sign.

Bridget cried softly in the backseat. I reached back and held her hand until I had to let go to shift gears. “Everything’s going to be okay,” I said, and I hoped that by saying it I could start to believe it. I turned up the stereo to fill the silence. The sound of Tori Amos’ piano filled my small car. “This is not really happening.” Tori wailed. “You bet your life it is.”

I couldn’t have said it better.

At the hospital, we were quickly ushered into a tiny, dimly-lit waiting room with two small couches, a telephone, and a pile of old magazines. No one felt like reading. The sound of Tori Amos’ piano filled my small car. “This is not really happening.” Tori wailed. “You bet your life it is.”

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At the hospital, we were quickly ushered into a tiny, dimly-lit waiting room with two small couches, a telephone, and a pile of old magazines. No one felt like reading. The sound of Tori Amos’ piano filled my small car. “This is not really happening.” Tori wailed. “You bet your life it is.”

I couldn’t have said it better.
the small room. I felt as though all the air had been pounded out of my lungs, but I dreaded news. Later, when my mother was back in the room, a doctor and nurse relayed the needing more tissues, and Bridget and I glanced at each other fearfully. Moments she demanded. When I told her, she turned around, saying something about Amelia’s parents had gone, and there was no word from Alex’s parents. and Mom was pacing elsewhere, still waiting for my father. I had no idea where through the pages of a ... "How are we going to get a wheelchair in the house? We’ll have to build a ramp or something, right?" carefully. “How are we going to save him, she should be prepared for the worst. Possible brain stem injury. Though they were doing everything they possibly could do to save him, she should be prepared for the worst. The few that were left were bloodied. Bruises were slowly developing above his eyes like purple eye shadow. A pool of dried blood pooled out of his ear, and I could see the faint line where it had streamed down his face before disappearing beneath the neck brace. He wasn’t breathing on his own. I watched as the blue ventilator bag inflated and deflated rhythmically, and listened as the machines beeped and hummed all around us. It took longer than it should have to lace his icy fingers between mine. “Hey, Tippy,” I said as I gently squeezed his hand, “You’re going to be just fine, buddy. It’s not that hard—you’ll pull through,” I tried to think of something more profound to say, rather than clichéd phrases heard only in bad Lifetime TV movies. I found myself contemplating the irony of the situation. Despite occasionally smoking cigarettes and weed, Tippy was the healthiest person I knew. It seemed strange that of all people, my strong, healthy brother was dying... "They’re going to take him in for CT scans and other some tests," Mom whispered in my ear. "We have to clear out of here for a while." I squeezed his hand and kissed his forehead before exiting the room. Bridget and I decided to walk the perimeter of the hospital while Mom waited for Dad to show up. She had called him when we got to the hospital and he was en route from Hingham, Massachusetts. The sun was rising and I could already tell that it was going to be a beautiful July day. “The doctor said that Tippy broke, like, every bone in his body,” Bridget said carefully. “How are we going to get a wheelchair in the house? We’ll have to build a ramp or something, right?” “Yeah,” I said as optimistically as I could. “We’ll have to work something out.” We walked in silence for a while. I think we both knew how bad things were, but we were afraid to say what we were thinking out loud, even to each other, with whom we shared everything. Tippy was going to die. I knew it, and I’m pretty sure Bridgid did too. “What if Tippy dies?” Bridget asked. “What do we do then?” “I shook my head. "I have no idea."

An hour later, Bridget and I were back in the waiting room. I was leafing through the pages of a Ladies’ Home Journal, Bridget was staring at the wall, and Mom was pacing elsewhere, still waiting for my father. I had no idea where Amelia’s parents had gone, and there was no word from Alex’s parents. A troubled-looking nurse entered into the room, “Where is your mother?” she demanded. When I told her, she turned around, saying something about needing more tissues, and Bridget and I danced at each other fearfully. Minutes later, when my mother was back in the room, a doctor and nurse relayed the dreaded news. They were unable to save him. Tippy was gone. Mom and Bridget broke into hysteric sobs; their anguish screams filled the small room. I felt as though all the air had been pounded out of my lungs, but I didn’t cry. I, Tara Sullivan, the girl who cried if you looked at her the wrong way, couldn’t even shed a tear for her dead brother. I had never felt so empty. Very calmly, I stood up and excused myself from the room. “Can I come with you?” Bridget inquired in a fragile voice as she wiped her eyes. I shook my head. “Just stay here with Mom.” I walked down the corridor slowly, averting my eyes from the room that Tippy had died in, and dashed out the ER doors, breaking into a sprint across the parking lot. Somewhere behind the outpatient surgery wing, I puked in some shrubbery. My throat was so tight that I thought I might suffocate. My body heaved and shuddered as though I might vomit again, but I still couldn’t cry. Exhusted, I walked back to the ER... As I stepped through the automatic doors, I heard a terrible noise; a howl that amplified as I rounded the corner past the receptionist’s station. My father had arrived. He was on his knees when I saw him, surrounded by my mother, my sister, and a grief counselor, his eyes of devastation and heartbreak resonating throughout the ER. I rushed down the hallway, crouching and throwing my arms around his rigid body as it heaved and shook. He made sounds that I didn’t even think were humanly possible. When I rose, my mother kneeled and held my father while Bridget and I held each other. We were all given the option to see Tippy’s body before his organs were harvested for the crematorium, but I declined. Of all the regrets in my life, that ranks at number two. I walked down the corridor quickly, averting my eyes from the room that Tippy had died in, and dashed out the ER doors, breaking into a sprint across the parking lot. I walked through the automatic doors, I heard a terrible noise; a howl that amplified as I rounded the corner past the receptionist’s station. My father had arrived. He was on his knees when I saw him, surrounded by my mother, my sister, and a grief counselor, his eyes of devastation and heartbreak resonating throughout the ER. 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sisters and I made eye contact, silently wondering what to do in such an awkward situation. “Should we try to comfort him?” our glances seemed to ask. “What should we say?” Without a word, we left the room so Dad could be alone.

At the kitchen table observing the spade flow of neighbors doing whatever they could to help. Most were crying and hugging my mother, and it seemed strange that she was the one comforting them. They said they would all leave, although I didn’t find the prospect of sitting with my family and facing the void Tippy left behind to be an appealing option either. I thought about taking a drive. While I was deciding whether I should stick around for moral support, one of our neighbors, Doreen, stood up to eye level in front of me and patted my knee. “Sweetie,” she began, “your mother has a lot going on right now. Don’t you think it would be nice to fold the laundry? I bet she’d really appreciate your help.” Doreen nodded and smiled like a kindergarten teacher and nudged the basket of t-shirts toward me.

I almost laughed. “Are you serious? If the laundry’s so fucking important, you fold it.” I stood up and walked around Doreen and her dropped jaw. “I’m going for a drive,” I called out to no one in particular.

“She’s going for a drive?” Doreen said as she stumbled further backwards. “She’s going for a drive!” I slid into my little green hatchback. Nobody could reach me, and it was nice to get away from my family and distance myself from the void Tippy had left behind.

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I found that driving was the only thing I could do to clear my head. In the days that followed, my car became my sanctuary. I rolled down the windows and listened to music louder than usual. On the highway, I buried the needle on my little green hatchback. Nobody could reach me, and it was nice to get away from everyone who was telling me how I should feel. If anyone else told me it was okay to cry, I might have punched them. I couldn’t cry, I just didn’t feel anything except the emptiness. I could feel it—sit in the pit of my stomach, as dark and dense as a black hole—and there was nothing I could do to make it go away. I could picture the mass inside me. It was spreading like cancer, infiltrating me with empty space, making me blurry and transparent; I was fraying at the edges. I couldn’t quite understand how something that was supposed to be nothing could weigh so goddamn much.

While at home, I helped my mother make funeral arrangements. It was decided that we would hold two separate services: a funeral in Needham, Massachusetts with Tippy’s closest friends and a memorial service in New London, New Hampshire for our friends and teachers. My parents were planning to move to Massachusetts and it made sense to bury Tippy closer to where they’d be living. Mom had grown up in Needham and her father was also buried there, so it seemed like the right choice.

Who’s reading the eulogy?” I asked my mother, as I scanned her handwritten itinerary of funeral details.

“Probably the priest. I don’t think I can do it, and I know for sure that your father can’t.” In those two sentences, I caught a glimpse of weakness that my mother rarely displayed. At all other points in my life, she had been a pillar of emotional support. Over the years, I had watched her handle the responsibilities of caring for a large family: juggling her full-time job and paying bills while dealing with Tippy’s constant shenanigans, my school plays and Maeve and Bridge’s field trips. She never ceased to amaze me with her strength and poise under pressure. I took a deep breath.

“Would it be okay if I did it?”

Mom looked a little surprised, and I couldn’t blame her. All my life I had been painfully shy. In high school, I was known as the quiet, smart girl. Despite being a very active member of the drama club, public speaking terrified me. Just the thought of talking in front of the class was enough to make me want to vomit. It was unexpected when I volunteered to read the eulogy without hesitation; being the most reserved in my normally boisterous family, I was as surprised as anyone at the sudden request to become the speaker.

“Oh, Tara,” Mom said as she put her arms around me. “Of course you can.”

There wasn’t a lot of time to write a eulogy, so I did the best I could, scrawling furiously in a beat-up green notebook normally reserved for my futile attempts at poetry. Determined to do him justice, I poured everything I felt about Tippy into that notebook.

Dad, though crippled with grief, did what he could to help prepare for the ceremony. He built a little wooden box to be buried with my brother’s ashes. He had always had a knack for carpentry and sign carving. When we were little, Dad would let us trace pictures out of magazines onto wood. Then, he would help us carve them, and paint or stain our masterpieces. I usually picked horses or unicorns; Tippy usually picked scarier-looking animals, the bigger the better. Once Tippy and I collaborated, and Dad helped us carve a fabulously ornate carousel horse from a picture that Mom had helped us pick out. Because of the huge amount of detail, this project took longer than the others. By the time we were finished, even little toddlers Maeve and Bridge had gotten in on the action, taking turns staining our work. It was the best carving we had ever done. For years it sat on display in the dining room until Dad took it down to make it the cover of Tippy’s box.

“It’s something we all did together,” Dad explained before he began to cry again. I knew he was asking my permission to use our carving, and of course, I gave it to him. Dad worked tirelessly on that box and he asked everyone to put something they’d give to Tippy, which was an incredibly difficult request at first. I was torn about knowing the person it was addressed to would never read it. With it, I included a picture of us together, taken about a month before, at my high school graduation. In it, we were standing in the middle of a crowded football field, and his arm was around my shoulder. We were both grinning from ear to ear. It was the most recent picture I had of just the two of us together. I framed the duplicate.

When the time came to seal the box up, the ashes, still in a thick plastic bag, were surrounded by notes from his friends, guitar picks, photos, a Frank Zappa CD, a pack of Marlboro Reds (which my mother thought was in very bad taste), a photo of Tippy and a couple of his friends, his Zippo lighter, and a plastic figurine of the pink Care Bear with the rainbow on its tummy that was an inside joke among Tippy and a couple of his friends.

I watched as Dad sealed it up and, when he was satisfied, he held the glossy box close to him. “This whole box weighs less than Tippy did when he was a baby,” I put my hand on his shoulder as he began to cry again for his son.

The morning of the Needham funeral was hectic. Because of space issues, we had to take two cars to the church, which was two hours away. I rode with Dad in his truck while Mom, the girls and four of our mutual friends rode in the rental minivan. I brought the massive book that held my CD collection along to avoid any awkward silences. When I asked Dad if he had a preference, he asked me if I wanted to listen to it. “Yeah, it’s on there. Do you want to listen to it?”

“Um, let’s see…” I said as I opened the catalog and read off each artist. “Dave Matthews, Tool, David Bowie, Tori Amos, Zeppelin, Les Misérables, Fiona Apple?”

“Les Misérables,” Dad interrupted. “Does that have the song that goes—?” and he began humming the melody of “Do You Hear the People Sing?”

“Yeah, it’s on there. Do you want to listen to it?”
He nodded, so I put it in. The overture began, and I noticed my father looked a little impatient. "What number is that song on?" he asked.

"I think it’s track nine."

Dad quickly flipped to that track. “Tippy loved this song,” he told me. “He used to play it on his guitar all the time.”

What Dad didn’t know was that Tippy didn’t love that song. He really wasn’t into show tunes. I just happened to have the songbook that included the chords and Tippy used it to practice when he took up the guitar.

"Yeah, you’re right," I said, nodding. "He loved this song."

We listened to that song on repeat all the way to Needham; I will never forget watching the tears stream down my father’s face and listening to how loud he sang through his sobs. I sat quietly and looked out the window, my hands folded in my lap. Sometimes I joined in, softly singing the words as they came around over and over.

When we pulled off the interstate and crept through the town, Dad cranked up the volume. Even though my ears were ringing and people were staring, I didn’t dare tell him to turn it down.

My father let me out in front of the church before finding a place to park. We were the first ones there. Inside the church atrium, I met with a priest with white hair and soft blue eyes who introduced himself as Father Joe. He invited me into his office and we talked for a while. He would be conducting the Mass, and he told me he would be waiting for me to finish up with the eulogy. "All my life, I’ve felt a responsibility as the big sister to keep my siblings safe, and I failed Tippy. I failed him, and I can’t accept that he’s gone. I’ve never had such faith in anything, and I’m not sure that I buy into all that Heaven and Hell stuff."

"All my life, I’ve felt a responsibility as the big sister to keep my siblings safe, and I failed Tippy. I failed him, and I can’t accept that he’s gone. I’ve never had such faith in anything, and I’m not sure that I buy into all that Heaven and Hell stuff."

"Tara," he began, shaking his head, "what happened wasn’t your fault. It wasn’t. Nobody blames you. How could they? You didn’t intend to harm your brother. I don’t know you personally, and I never knew Timothy, but there’s no doubt in my mind that you loved him. The fact that you’re honoring him today in front of your family and friends means more to me than you’ll ever know." He leaned forward, his hands folded on the desk in front of him. "You’re very brave—at a time of courage to read a eulogy, Father Joe said sympathetically.

I smiled. "Thanks, but I’m really not brave at all. I don’t even know why I volunteered to do this. I’ll probably pass out." I paused. "Can I tell you something?"

"You’re very brave—especially at a time of courage to read a eulogy, Father Joe said sympathetically."

"You’re very brave—it takes a lot of courage to read a eulogy," Father Joe said. "You’re very brave—it takes a lot of courage to read a eulogy." He paused. "Can I tell you something?"

With only that warning, I leaned forward and spilled my guts to the priest, the words gushing out of my mouth like a flood. I spoke without reservation; I told him what had happened the night Tippy and Alex left, and how my irresponsibility was the first order in which things would go. I felt hopeful. In that brief moment, I had never felt so strong.

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While they congregated in the living room, loudly smoking their cigarettes, drinking their wines, and remembering her through half-invented stories and the clichéd banter of forced sorrow, I slipped into her bedroom and shut the door.

The commingled smell of cotton balls, lavender, and Johnson’s Baby Powder slid up my shirt and its familiar smell wrapped around me.

Between the two windows edged in yellowed lace stood her enormous oak dresser, five drawers with ten wooden eyes. Its monolithic presence made me believe that this bureau was found in a field long ago, that this house was framed around it, and that long after the world had crumbled in on itself, the dresser will still stand in its spot.

Securing my fingers around the knobs I prepared to open the portal to the unknown. As I pulled the drawer towards me, I was surprised by its lightness. I began my search of its contents.

A fourteen cent stamp that captured the frowning profile of a blue Franklin Pierce; a photograph of a nun standing at the foot of a large flight of stairs; plastic rosary beads that, if first held to a light, will glow Jesus in the dark on his cross; a postcard showing a caribou standing before an iceberg offering “Greetings from Newfoundland;” several lipsticks, like rouged waxen turtles hidden in plastic shells; dozens of coins, mostly pennies that had been reproducing in the dark; a card with “Loving Easter Greetings” in beautiful script over purple flowers sprouting from a green egg; a recipe for Russian beet soup.

There had to be more. I rummaged for the can of beets, for the large soup pot, the salt, the navy beans, the bay leaf and peppercorns. I felt around for a garden of purple flowers, lilacs, purple daisies, and forget-me-nots. I reached into the recesses for Newfoundland, for its towering icebergs, its caribou, and its Vikings.

But finding only the smooth cruel coldness of a rear wood panel, I closed the drawer, left the room behind.
It was summer—everything was blooming, growing, and, as far as the eye could see, everything seemed at peace. But our hearts were troubled and our minds uneasy. Our country, Latvia, had already been through many frightening times. For many years, we had lived under Russian communist terror; it was a life filled with degradation, lies, torture and murder. For a normal, free human being, it is impossible to understand what that regime meant. Only those who lived through it truly know how dreadful and evil it was.

When World War II started, ridiculous as it sounds, we were glad that the Germans, our so-called oppressors for hundreds of years, had come and driven the Communists out of our country. Living under German occupation, there was no more terror and we could sleep through it truly.

For the first time, we realized that there were many historical places nearby; some were centuries old, others were more recent. We longed to see them all, and one day we did just that. We took a day off from farm work. We took our bikes, and when we went on the road again with so many places to go and so many things to see.

We realized that we could not go to all of them in one day, so we picked a few. I wanted to see Mount Tervete. Long ago, there was a castle and a fort there. A famous chief and commander who ruled the people tried to protect the country from the Germans. They met in the castle. Nothing was left of the castle, not even ruins. I could only imagine how it had once represented strength, unity and love of country.

We also visited a big, modern tuberculosis sanatorium in a huge and beautiful park. My cousin had been a patient there once. Then we stopped at a small farm, "Spridze", which had belonged to a beloved writer, Anna Brigereke, whose stories, plays and poems were loved by everybody. She had died some years before, but the farm had been kept in her memory as a museum. Karl was interested in seeing the garden and the black roses that grew there, but we were not lucky enough to see them in full bloom. The buds were very dark.

Karl wanted to stop at his godparent’s farm just to say hello. At the time we arrived, they were having a mid-morning meal, and we were cordially invited to join the farmer and his household to partake of that which God had given. The table was richly set and we had several courses. The meal consisted of typical, country summer food: milk, gruel, boiled potatoes,ciągule (a kind of mushroom) and salted herring. We were hungry and ate heartily. This farm was very old and the buildings still had thatched roofs. I was fascinated to be something like this in our life. Usually, they were seen only in museums. It was like history coming alive. We visited for some time, and the farmer offered us milk and fried potatoes.

The road twisted through fields where ripening rye and wheat stood tall in the wintry breeze. Everything seemed at peace, and I was glad to be part of God’s creation. Chattering and laughing, we missed the turn we were supposed to take and arrived at the Latvian/Lithuanian border. The guardhouse was empty and the barrier was raised. No one was around. On the other side of the border was Liepaja, Lithuania. We had heard of their outdoor market and all the things one could buy there. Little did we know how these times when everything was rationed and required coupons? It would be interesting to see. We had also heard that behind the market was a beautiful park and some gardens. Those, too, would be interesting to see, so we crossed the border.

There were shrines with crucifixes along the road and we stopped at one to say a short prayer. There were also cemeteries that looked very old, but were probably still in use. The nice, paved road ended and narrowed into a cobblestone street. As we took a turn, we saw that we had not seen anybody—no human, no animal. The houses seemed old and deserted. We could feel that there had been an odd feeling that we were being watched through the windows as we bumped slowly along the street. Finally, we arrived at the marketplace. This also, was completely deserted. We saw only a couple of birds enjoying a bath in a puddle. We did not know what to do, and there was no one to ask. Then we noticed a small hill behind the marketplace with a beautiful garden on top of it. We went up the hill, but we had an odd feeling that we were being watched through the windows as we passed by.

"Go back!" asked Karl. "We wanted to see the park, "Why?" asked Karl. "We wanted to see the park." "You cannot go there. It is closed," the man replied. "Yesterday the Germans executed some Jews there, Go back!" he repeated. "The people are nervous and in an ugly mood. Before we could ask him anything, he shouted at us, "Go back! I know that you came from the border. Go back!"

That was all we needed to hear. We pumped on our bikes and, upon reaching the other side of the border, we pedaling back to the border as fast as we could. Across the border, we stopped, and I could see that the silent houses were not chasing us. We looked at each other, but nothing came out.

Suddenly, we found the side road we had previously missed and turned back to go home. On the way, we stopped at several places to see what was going on. It was surprising that a curtain of gloom surrounded us. It was almost dark while the afternoon was still early. Tomorrow would be another working day. Tired as I was, it took me a long time to fall asleep.
sitting on the table between them, a black velvet box. It was almost a Dean voice, recycling a bad pick-up line he’d used on her not long after their first date.

Rachel had prepared herself for the moment all through the soup and steak, knowing that when Rachel found the old, tarnished penny the night before, she’d bent over to grab it in utter surprise. When Rachel found the old, tarnished penny the night before, she’d bent over to grab it in utter surprise. 

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When Rachel found the old, tarnished penny the night before, she’d bent over to grab it in utter surprise. Against the Glare of the lamp she loved; he felt white gold could be too easily mistaken for silver. She almost didn’t believe she had sunken so low, that she would allow the most important moment of her life to be decided by a piece of copper.

Rachel was just as shocked by her reaction as he was. Her reaction as he was. As Rachel had trouble getting used to the idea, trouble suppressing her doubt that she’d be able to see her children take First Communion and feel comfortable. She loved Adam; he was great with her family, especially the first time she’d taken him to celebrate Rosh Hashanah, asking all the right questions about their traditions, so she’d forced the doubt away because she was falling in love with this funny, caring man. She’d forced the doubt away because she was falling in love with this funny, caring man. But Rachel had trouble getting used to the idea, trouble suppressing her doubt that she’d be able to see her children take First Communion and feel comfortable. She loved Adam; he was great with her family, especially the first time she’d taken him to celebrate Rosh Hashanah, asking all the right questions about their traditions, so she’d forced the doubt away because she was falling in love with this funny, caring man.

Rachel had prepared herself for the moment all through the soup and steak, knowing that childhood was no more perfect time for the expected proposal than their third-anniversary dinner at Tavern on the Green. Their booth was in the back, in a slightly more secluded area of the crowded restaurant, and their waiter, as if he had also known what was coming, had been quick with their orders but otherwise polite with them. Her fancy Cava, brought over in a fancy silver bucket on the table next to a vase filled with pink and white roses—her favorite combination, one Adam saved for these moments.

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Rachel also didn’t think she would feel any more out of place in a church than in a synagogue, as more young adults married out of the religion rather than be pulled back and forth between two. It was an odd marriage, of the small kitchen, she went straight into the bathroom to take the tears off of her face as fast as she could. She scrubbed away mascara and red lipstick and carefully-applied eyeliner, and then stared at herself in the mirror; the redness still there, the tears still there. She Peppermints now and stopped attending any sort of religious service. Jews had always been a small tribe, outsiders who had to stick together, and nothing much had changed since six gathered in his apartment and decided to start living together.

She thought about calling her parents but quickly dismissed the idea. They would be sympathetic, but she was afraid that there would be an underlying relief in their reaction, as if they’d always known it wasn’t going to work, trying to go about things the same way before, and feeling that a future together was still possible.

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before, she realized, which she'd thrown into the purse on a whim, giggling with the silly notion that it might prevent her pantyhose from running or a heel from breaking. 

Flip it, she thought suddenly, picking up the penny and holding it tight. It was the perfect solution: let the penny decide for her and be responsible for the choice she would make. Maybe then the image of her grandmother would stop flashing through her mind, her voice calm and stoic as she told stories of her experience in Auschwitz, her grandmother who, even in the face of death, had refused to deny her religion. Maybe then Rachel wouldn't feel like she would be denying it on her grandmother's behalf.

She sat the penny on the table just as the wall phone suddenly let out a shrill ring, causing her to jump. She stretched her arm out toward the receiver, but then hesitated, her arm floating in the air. Her parents and friends all knew what tonight was, and most of them even knew the question she'd be expecting to receive. Adam was the only one who would be calling her home line, expecting her to be there, and she wasn't sure if she was ready to talk to him, not after his cold words outside the restaurant just before she got into the cab.

The phone rang a second time, sounding louder somehow. It felt like it was hurrying her, the way Adam calling was hurrying her into making a decision. She finally picked up the phone, almost angry, almost ready to yell at him for not giving her the space he'd promised.

"Hello?"

"Rach, it's me. Don't hang up," he said, or ordered. She picked up the penny again. Heads, yes. Tails, no.

"What do you expect? You're telling me after all this time that you don't know if you can marry a gentile?" Adam let out a sarcastic little chuckle. "I'm saying words like gentile and you don't think we'd be giving our kids a Jewish identity?"

"I didn't even say no…forget it. I can't talk about this with you right now, when you're so upset." Rachel had no reply. She squeezed the ring a little tighter, as if a circle of platinum warm from her grip could give her a better answer than a few ounces of copper. "I just want some time." 

"If you can't decide now, how much can you really want to marry me, Rachel? It's not like this was unexpected." Now she felt guilty. There was still some anger and impatience in his tone, but there was also some sadness that reminded her of the moment she had first pushed his hand away, just after he asked her. She'd never been the cause of such sadness. She gently put the ring down and picked up the penny again. She threw it into the air and caught it deftly, then opened her hand: it was tails. And tails meant no. 

"Are you still there?" Adam asked as she lowered her hand, letting the penny fall to the linoleum. She put the ring on her third finger, and already she could feel her nana's hand, letting the penny fall to the linoleum. It felt like it was hurrying her, the way Adam calling was hurrying her into making a decision. She finally picked up the phone, almost angry, almost ready to yell at him for not giving her the space he'd promised.

The apology didn't feel as good as she had hoped. It didn't make things better and it didn't erase those words. "I'm not good enough because I'm not Jewish?" he'd asked. How is that any better than those bastards who hate you just because you are fair? Why would you waste my time all these years? Come up! If you don't want to marry me, just fucking tell me!"

"Yeah, you were out of line." She tried to keep the bitterness out of her voice.

"He said, "I was completely out of line with what I said to you, I didn't mean it, and either way, I'm sorry for saying it."

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When they hung up a short while later, after a few more apologies, after she'd asked him to come over and he said he would, Rachel flicked the overhead light on in the kitchen. It illuminated the white walls and chrome appliances and she closed her eyes briefly to protect them against the glare. She knew she should go put on fresh lipstick, brush her hair, as if a circle of platinum warm from her grip could give her a better answer than a few ounces of copper. "I just want some time." 

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It’s about
the metalness of night and words
like ‘umbrage,’ ‘scintillating,’
‘mustelid,’ ‘hypergia,’
and the yellow pinpoint sun bursting
from the brown papaya,
and it all adds up to something very simple
yet astute.
If you want to sing the blues you got to
live the blues.

And also, the sun sinking
like a ship and something
about crickets and the cafes
in Leipzig,
or Andalusia
which means simply the blues
are just a bad dream.
They live inside your head.
And someone says something
and someone else might die
or build a fence,
and if it were you who died
they would write about you,
they would talk about your eyes
as if they were something more
than fluid-filled sacs—and
that is a very hard thing to love.

But there is something quite lovely about
standing next to this machine
when its motor is running
in flame-sided, open-topped,
slicked-back chromium lawlessness
crusing the darker segments of the heart
which might be compared to
a rotten orange,
and sometimes I think there is
nothing better than being
folded into its curves
as it rushes by.

I think the edges of your dress would
flicker smartly and you would disappear
and I would have to go places by
myself and tell people
“I do not remember the color
of her dress. You see, she was
swpt off her feet by
a very fast poem.”

A Very Fast Poem
by Sean Janson
Poetry

Simplicity
by Christina Hickman
Photography: Digital 8” x 10”
Since I turned thirty in January, I have scanned my reflection numerous times for predictable signs of aging. As my smug eighteen-year-old brother points out, my youth is almost gone, so there must certainly be evidence on my face. He’s right. After twenty-five, I’ve noticed a steady decline in skin elasticity and a simultaneous increase in damage: scars left over from a fierce battle with acne in early adulthood, a tiny sputtering of yellow-brown sun spots, indentations where I dug my nails into my flesh to root out a blemish.

Particularly disconcerting are two wrinkles that form reliably each time I furrow my brow or squint against sunlight. I first noticed them in the side mirror of a friend’s car. It was a bright day, but I had sunglasses on, so I shouldn’t have been squinting. Still, my forehead insisted in a moment of insight, I settled on suspicion. Certainly, when I scrunched up my brow in a look of unadulterated mistrust.

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What about Indian food? The thought popped into my head at some point during the course of
my afternoon of writing and editing promotional materials at the office. I was working as a
graduate assistant and had exactly one free hour between finishing my on-campus job for
the day at five and heading to my night class at six. Class didn’t get out until after eight o’clock, so
it only made sense for me to grab dinner in that intervening hour before it began. And now that I
had had that idea about the Indian food, my fate was sealed. At five o’clock, I would be making
the short walk from campus to the center of town, to the new Indian place I’d kept on insisting
this very school.

I took an appreciative breath of cool autumn air and slammed the car door shut after casting a
sidelong glance at the heavy textbook I needed for class. I would come back for it.

The next table over was empty. I waited, I waited, and be at a total loss. “Can I get some nan?”

The next table over was empty. Waiting, I checked my watch again. Somehow it was almost five-thirty. I waited

When I was over there, if I went a day without exploring the city and finding something new, I felt like I wasted my time. Couldn’t I have that kind of enthusiasm for my world all of the time? I wanted to be the kind of person who took that one extra hour nestled in their day and did something with it, the kind of person who had a stupid thought about having Indian food for dinner and went the few extra minutes out of their way to make it happen.

Besides, I could easily justify the entire excursion to myself because I knew this restaurant would take my Connect Card, a student ID that doubled as a debit card. The money was already on the card, so I might as well spend it on something more interesting than a joyless shrink-wrapped turkey sandwich in the commuter cafeteria, one that sat alone and unattended under lights all day, just waiting for a sucker like me who thought they were too busy for anything else.

I reached the crosswalk directly across from the corner building occupied by the Indian restaurant and pressed the button on the post next to me that would transform the inessent red DON’T WALK sign to a more welcoming WALK. A long line of cars was waiting to go at the next green light on one side of the
crosswalk, and cars were whirring by from the other. I waited for the sign to change. The cars got their green light and the whole long line of them started to move. The Quarter past, I started to worry about time, I still needed to walk all the way back to get to class. There was another crosswalk a little ways down the street that somehow seemed less busy, it quickly turned away from the DON’T WALK sign and toward the other crosswalk, running across the street and powering up the sidewalk on the opposite side of the road, finally stepping into the restaurant with a small sense of triumph, I grabbed a folded paper menu from the plastic container on the front counter and stood off to the side of the atrium, studying it intently.

I hadn’t had Indian food in years. In high school, my friend Nishita, who had grown up in India and Indonesia before moving to the United States, introduced me to the joys of Indian food, but we’d seen each other only occasionally since graduation, and we never ate together anymore. As I scanned the menu, my eyes came to rest on a side order: nan. Nan, a delicious flat bread, one of my favorite Indian foods. After our high school graduation, Nishita had taken a bunch of friends out to an Indian restaurant for an almost embarrassingly abundant banquet, and there had been unending baskets of nan. I made the decision to order it and two vegetable samosas-poatatos and veggies all bundled up in a little fried shell. I stepped up to the counter and was greeted by a short, older Indian man who gave me a broad smile.

“Hello! I’ve seen you before. Do you get a lot of Indian food?”

I glanced behind me at the two small tables that occupied the space nearest the windows. A woman, probably in her sixties, sat at the nearest table reading a book. The next table over was empty.

“Sure,” I replied. I paid for my food and took a seat. After a few minutes of waiting, I checked my watch again. Somehow it was almost five-thirty. I waited longer, nervously glancing around the restaurant that separated the kitchen from the rest of the tiny restaurant. I bounced my leg up and down, an irritating nervous

“I glanced behind me; it was ten past five. Plenty of time, I assured myself as I continued walking, brushing my long, rebelliously wavy and split-ended hair away from my face as I caught the firelight reflected off the crosswalks and pasted the bank, the gas station and the pharmacy. I marvelled that this wasn’t such a long walk and wondered why I hadn’t gone walking more as an undergrad. Over the summer I had gone to Oxford, England for three and a half weeks to study and sightsee, and I had walked everywhere without giving it a second thought.
look out the window and ended up looking anxiously toward the kitchen again. My impatience was obvious, but deep down I knew that this situation was my own goofy fault.

The woman with the book, some smooth-covered trade paperback that, if I had to guess, she had bought new at full price, sat patiently awaiting her take-out dinner. She was probably irritated with me, I thought, some stupid college kid who expected her food to just appear, as if an independent little Indian restaurant operated like McDonald’s. She would have been right.

Why hadn’t I ordered it to go? At least then I could just take my order with me and hustle to my car immediately if I had to, leave the food and stick it in the microwave in three or four hours when class was through and I was home again. Could I change my mind, ask for it to go after it was brought out, if I determined that there simply wasn’t time? I imagined a worst case scenario: me hurling my barely-touched dinner into the trash and rushing out the door as I frantically looked at my watch. It would be humiliating and, if I did that, I’d probably be too embarrassed ever set foot in this restaurant again. Still, it would probably beat being late for class so early in my graduate career. Nan was not a good excuse for tardiness. I remembered the heavy-duty traffic outside and the difficulty I had had crossing the street. I imagined myself darting out in front of a speeding car. Better to be late for class than that, Oh no. That monster of a book was still in my car. I needed the time to stop and pick it up. The older woman’s order was finally ready; she slipped her book into her large purse and cheerfully picked up a substantial paper bag at the counter.

“It was nice meeting you!” she said to the man who had taken my order. “I’ll see you again!”

It was a few more minutes before a young man brought me my basket of nan and two samosas in a little Styrofoam container. The samosas came with a dipping sauce that he warned me was spicy. I thanked him and he asked me if I wanted curry sauce for my nan.

“Yes, please,” I answered without thinking. I had never much liked curry. I sliced one of my samosas and dribbled the dark sauce over the golden, spiced mashed potatoes. Steam rose up from the mashed potatoes and tickled my nose. I took a bite and chewed slowly, enjoying the spicy tang of the sauce and the flaky texture of the samosa’s popover crust. The young man came back out with a generous portion of warm red-orange sauce, its surface sprinkled with a dash of green. I thanked him, but gave the sauce a bit of a skeptical look after he left. I supposed I might as well try it, though, and dipped a strip of nan into the container, taking a bite without knowing what to expect. I felt a shocked smile curling at the edges of my mouth as I chewed. The sauce exploded with a delicious mix of spices. It was heaven. It wasn’t how I remembered curry tasting. I happily dug into my samosas and soaked up the curry sauce with my nan, savoring the meal that had become an unlikely source of evening stress. My stomach felt full when I looked at my watch and saw that I had maybe ten minutes to get from the restaurant to my car to class. It would be a close call.

I bussed my table and waved to the young man who had served me and the older man at the counter. I quickly headed out the door and down to the better crosswalk. Looking anxiously left and right at the approaching cars, I figured that I could make it across. A smile broke across my face as I dashed wildly across the street, Indian food still settling in my stomach.
is a senior at California State University, Music. The student's department, Lecturer and as an Administrative Assistant in the English Writing degree. She is currently working at BSC as a Visiting Master's of Arts in English with a Concentration in Creative Christelle L. Del Prete

Elizabeth Colburn

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Katie Boeckler is a senior majoring in Art with a Concentration in Secondary Education. She is planning on teaching after graduation and would like to earn an MFA. Katie received First Place for Three-Dimensional Art in The Bridge Volume III.

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Richard Brancato is enrolled in the Master's of Arts in English program. Among his favorite poems is César Vallejo's "To My Brother Miguel."

is a first-year student in the Master's of Arts in English with the Creative Writing Concentration program. He is a former editor of The Bridge and plans to enter an MFA program after graduating.

is a senior majoring in Art with a Concentration in Fine Art and Crafts, and a minor in English. He will attend graduate school to pursue a Master's of Fine Arts in Ceramics. Derek is a former editor of The Bridge.

is a sophomore majoring in English with a minor in Secondary Education. Photography has always been a hobby of hers, but over the past four years it has developed into a passion.

is a graduate student in the Master's of Arts in English program.

is a first-year student double-majoring in English and Political Science. Her poetry has been published in the literary magazine Said and Done and she hopes to someday pursue a career in writing.

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is a senior majoring in Art with a Concentration in Fine Art and Music. She enjoys slam poetry.

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Maria Alonso is an English major who will graduate next winter. She hopes to one day run her own publishing company, perhaps with her fellow editors.

Michael D. Carter, Jr. is a senior majoring in English. In the fall, he plans to enter a Master’s program in English Literature and eventually would like to earn a PhD and become a college professor.

Emily Goodwin is a senior majoring in English with a Concentration in Writing. She hopes to travel after graduating, and possibly teach abroad. She also hopes that polar bears don’t become extinct.

Benjamin Hogan is a graduate student majoring in English with a Concentration in Creative Writing. He hopes to work toward an MFA after graduation.

Michele Lyons is a junior English major with a Writing Concentration. After graduation, she hopes to spend time in London. She aims to eventually earn an MFA in Creative Writing.

Shawna Macaulay is a senior majoring in Art with a Concentration in Graphic Design. She has been involved in various volunteer activities and interned as a designer at an advertising agency.

Laura Viola Maccarone is a senior majoring in Art. She has worked in Manhattan for the magazine Positive Thinking, and as a lead designer for a printing firm in Rhode Island. She plans to pursue a career as a design director for a major magazine.

Corey Ritch is a senior majoring in Art with a Concentration in Graphic Design. She plans to join the Peace Corps after graduating.

Charlie Robinson is a senior majoring in Art with a Concentration in Graphic Design. In addition to earning a Master’s degree, he intends to continue practicing fine art and to be a professional graphic designer.

Eric Smith is a senior English major who will graduate in the spring. After college, he plans to pursue a career in publishing.

Cheryl Tuills is a senior earning degrees in Psychology and Art with a Concentration in Graphic Design and will attend graduate school for usability design. She was the Visual Art Editor-in-Chief of Volume III of The Bridge and enjoys kerning and z-scores.

Shaylin Walsh received her BA in English in the winter of 2007. She enjoys writing, though editing has recently become her passion. She intends to earn an MFA in Creative Writing.

Emily Anne White is a senior Art major with a Concentration in Graphic Design. After she graduates in May, she intends to pursue an art career. Emily was the captain of the BSC swim team and hopes to instruct and coach young adult swimmers.

Derrick J. Zellmann is a senior majoring in Art with a Concentration in Graphic Design. After graduating, he plans to become a professional firefighter and work as a freelance graphic designer.
Honors

Columbia Scholastic Press Association, 2005
Gold Crown Award
Gold Medalist, Annual Critiques
Gold Circle Award - Mandy Simoneau
1st Place for Traditional Fiction, "Paper Fish"
Gold Circle Award - John Butler
3rd Place for Single Illustration Based on Photographic Material, "Free"
Gold Circle Award - Andi Abbott
Certificate of Merit for Essay, "Patching Holes"
Gold Circle Award - Lauren Carter
Certificate of Merit for Essay, "The New Face of Racism"
Gold Circle Award - Sandy Parson
Certificate of Merit for Single Illustration Based on Photographic Material, "Martha Stewart as a Cow"
Gold Circle Award - Daniel Nozea
Certificate of Merit for Photographs of Black and White with One Color, "Untitled"

College Media Advisers, 2005
Apple Award
Best-in-Show for Literary/Art Magazine
Spring National College Media Convention
New York, New York

Columbia Scholastic Press Association, 2006
Gold Crown Award
Gold Medalist, Annual Critiques
Gold Circle Award - Scott Francesco
1st Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Obsession"
Gold Circle Award - Giovanni Pimental
1st Place for Photographs with Two or More Colors, "Hospital Window"
Gold Circle Award - Claire Tremblay
2nd Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Dawn"
Gold Circle Award - Jason Vieiros
3rd Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Ma Coeur"
Gold Circle Award - Olga Montenegro
Certificate of Merit for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Ruck and Maul"
Gold Circle Award - Robert Cannata
Certificate of Merit for Essay, "Dug in for Infuca"

University & College Designers Association, 2006
Award of Excellence
Student-Published Work, 36th Annual Design Competition

Columbia Scholastic Press Association, 2007
Gold Crown Award
Gold Medalist, Annual Critiques
Gold Circle Award - The Bridge Staff
1st Place for Overall Design
Gold Circle Award - Anonymous
1st Place for Essay, "Legacy Undone"
Gold Circle Award - Matthew Noisette
2nd Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Heeding the Blues"
Gold Circle Award - Cheryl Tullis
2nd Place for Single Illustration Based on Photographic Material, "Ma Coeur"
Gold Circle Award - The Bridge Staff
3rd Place for Overall Use of Typography
Gold Circle Award - Olga Montenegro
3rd Place for Essay, "Turo"
Gold Circle Award - Erica Morrison
3rd Place for Free-Form Poetry, "This Life Seems to Wave"
Gold Circle Award - Elizabeth Davenport
Certificate of Merit for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Ruck and Maul"
Gold Circle Award - Robert Cannata
Certificate of Merit for Essay, "Dug in for Infuca"

Volume I
Columbia Scholastic Press Association, 2005
Silver Crown Award
Gold Medalist, Annual Critiques
Gold Circle Award - Mandy Simoneau
1st Place for Traditional Fiction, "Paper Fish"
Gold Circle Award - John Butler
3rd Place for Single Illustration Based on Photographic Material, "Free"
Gold Circle Award - Audi Abbott
Certificate of Merit for Essay, "Patchin Holes"
Gold Circle Award - Lauren Carter
Certificate of Merit for Essay, "The New Face of Racism"
Gold Circle Award - Sandy Parson
Certificate of Merit for Single Illustration Based on Photographic Material, "Martha Stewart as a Cow"
Gold Circle Award - Daniel Nozea
Certificate of Merit for Photographs of Black and White with One Color, "Untold"

Volume II
Columbia Scholastic Press Association, 2000
Gold Crown Award
Gold Medalist, Annual Critiques
Gold Circle Award - Scott Francesco
1st Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Obsession"
Gold Circle Award - Giovanni Pimental
1st Place for Photographs with Two or More Colors, "Hospital Window"
Gold Circle Award - Claire Tremblay
2nd Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Dawn"
Gold Circle Award - Jason Vieiros
3rd Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Ma Coeur"
Gold Circle Award - Olga Montenegro
Certificate of Merit for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Self-Portrait in Text"
Gold Circle Award - Tami Thomas
Certificate of Merit for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "From an Afternoon with Miriam Schapiro"
Gold Circle Award - John Diehl
Certificate of Merit for Photographs with Two or More Colors, "Standing Tall"

Volume III
Columbia Scholastic Press Association, 2007
Gold Crown Award
Gold Medalist, Annual Critiques
Gold Circle Award - The Bridge Staff
1st Place for Overall Design
Gold Circle Award - Anonymous
1st Place for Essay, "Legacy Undone"
Gold Circle Award - Matthew Noisette
2nd Place for Single Illustration Not Based on Photographic Material, "Heeding the Blues"
Gold Circle Award - Cheryl Tullis
2nd Place for Single Illustration Based on Photographic Material, "Ma Coeur"
Gold Circle Award - The Bridge Staff
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3rd Place for Essay, "Turo"
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the bridge
a student journal of fine arts

invites submissions
of literature
poetry • fiction • nonfiction • drama
and visual art
painting/drawing
photography/digital art
3-dimensional/mixed media

for its 5th issue

works accepted will be eligible
for the bridge award
given for most outstanding works
in literature and visual art

$200 first place prizes
for best work in each category
$50 second place prizes

the bridge is open to all students matriculated between fall 2006 and fall 2007

general guidelines: accepting submissions now through december 14, 2007. all work must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes the submitter's name, phone number, email, year, major, and each entry's title and genre. students may submit work in more than one genre, or multiple works in the same genre, but no more than 10 works per genre. the work itself should include only its title, not the submitter's name. accepting electronic and hardcopy submissions.

literature guidelines: prose must be double-spaced. retain a copy of your work, as it will not be returned. email submissions to: thebridgejournal@bridgew.edu. deliver hardcopy manuscripts or send via campus mail to the bridge, c/o mail room (located in the basement of tillinghast hall). if sending from off campus, address to: the bridge, c/o mail room, 131 summer street, bridgewater, ma 02325.

visual arts guidelines: art submissions can be uploaded at www.thebridgejournal.com. in addition, you may submit work by bringing it to the art building, room 202. please be sure your artwork is either in digital format or is photo or scanner ready. all hand delivered work will be returned to the artist on the day that it was received, except for in special circumstances. specific guidelines will be available after october 1 at our website: www.thebridgejournal.com.

send inquiries to: thebridgejournal@bridgew.edu

$200 first place prizes and $50 second place prizes for best works in each of the following categories:
painting/drawing; photography/digital; 3-dimensional/mixed media; fiction; nonfiction; poetry; drama.