

FINE ARTS MAGAZINE

Volume 1, Issue 33, Year 2013


DEVISTE
ADMINISTRATIVE USE ONLY
University of the Philippines
A Catholic and a Secular University

Cover Artist: Zachary Krope
Title: Frank
Medium: Acrylic, laces, fabric

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T C

Visual Art Category

Special Category: Zombies

Student Drawing and Illustration

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Faculty, Staff and Alumni Painting

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Student Photography

Second Place: Dead End Kevin Hernandez p. 35

Open Submissions

Student Drawing and Illustration

Honorable Mention: T

Writing Category

Open Submissions

Student Fiction

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Faculty, Staff and Alumni Fit

L E

We invite you to enjoy the 33rd issue of Windows Fine Arts Magazine! We are proud to present an award winning musical composition, an array of visual art, and diverse literary pieces to engage your imagination. We hope you find true insight and vision in all of these outstanding works.

We owe our deepest thanks to the many people who have made Windows in both its online and print versions. This magazine would not be possible without the support of Br. James Ga ney, President of Lewis

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Andante. Good Natured and friendly.

Horn 1

Horn 2

f *F* *p* *f*
(play three times)

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S C : "Z "

First Place
"POWDER KEG"
by
Joseph Kurpiel

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e knocking was very faint from the depths of Henry Melbane's basement. He had lost himself in his work. Hours, maybe days, had probably passed since he had isolated himself from the world. is thumping was the first evidence of an outside world he had been given in some time. He considered shrugging it off but decided getting out of the damp, secluded nature of his work might be good for his mental sanity.

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through. His hands were torn and bloody but free of their constraints. Nobody immediately noticed as he barreled past the agents and headed straight for the Hazmat team. He bowled through the Hazmat team in order to reach his son, knocking two of them to the ground. The agents began to chase after him as he lifted his son over his shoulder. He ran only a few feet before he felt the sharp sting of teeth dig into him. He felt his son land on top of him as he hit the ground. His muzzle must have been knocked free during the struggle. The smell of fresh blood was overwhelming to Christopher, causing him to ferociously eat away at Melbane's neck. The world became more distant with each lost drop of blood. It wasn't long before all light was replaced with a black void.

The Hazmat team looked on at the massacre. Shepherd had stopped running to draw his gun. As the others watched, he fired one round, putting an end to the carnage, and then fired another one so there wouldn't be more.

"You okay?" Mathieson asked his partner on their drive back to the office. "I mean after...what happened back there."

"You mean shooting at the zombie child and his mad scientist father?" Shepherd clarified. "Yeah, I'm fine. It's not the first time I've shot somebody, living or dead, especially dead. I've been doing this job for a long time. Before the outbreak I worked in violent crimes. I saw a lot of murders, a lot of shootings, a lot of senseless death. After the initial outbreak, things didn't change very much — a lot of death. The only real change was the monsters. They were more real. I'm not referring to the zombies. They were terrifying but didn't do all that much damage. They bit a few people but didn't do quite the kind of damage we did to ourselves. Most of the deaths weren't from the zombies. Yeah, millions were killed initially from the virus, but a lot of deaths were from people rioting . . . from panicking. People trying to survive, killing other people also trying to survive. It wasn't until we reorganized and rebuilt society that the killing began to stop. By then the monster had come out. The real monster." They had arrived at their office. Shepherd put the car in park and unbuckled his seatbelt. "Don't worry though. You don't need to put that in the report," he said as he got out.

Second Place
"DEAD CHILD"
by
Martin Romo

I remember the day when the world went to shit. Every night, when I go to sleep, I relive that moment like I am stuck in some sort of time loop, forced to experience that dark episode over and over and over again. I remember it all very well.

I was a young police officer at your typical suburban setting. I was one of the top dogs in my area. I took my job seriously and worked hard to earn my position. The locals loved me, and the thugs feared me. Overall, I was at the top of my game, ready to take on any challenge I came across, or so I believed.

It was a cold, late October day when the incident happened. The leaves on the trees had already changed and they started to fall, creating small mountains of leaves for the children to jump on. I always liked being around children, and they were one of the reasons why I joined the force. I did not like to see them suffer as I did when I was young. A drunk, abusive father and a crack addict mother are not the best influences for a young child, so I promised

myself that if I ever got out of this hell hole, I would protect any other child from suffering. I stuck to that promise ever since.

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coats, and also a man carrying a white and red umbrella. There was a small caption in the picture that read: St Roman Hospital Cancer Research Team — For the Development of a New Hope. I had a hunch that the hospital was some involved in all of this, but I did not pay that much attention to my instinct.

When I reached the second door, I saw a small corridor with three rooms. One of the rooms had a barely open door, but that was enough to allow me to catch a glimpse of a small figure inside. I realized it was a small child, the little girl from the pictures, and I quickly walked towards the room. I opened the door and saw her kneeling down with her back towards me, but I also saw a female: the woman I saw in the pictures, lying flat on the floor with her guts scattered all over the floor. This was a very traumatic experience, and I assumed that the little girl was crying because of this shocking sight. I then approached her to provide some comfort.

As I was about to lay a hand on her shoulder, the girl quickly snapped and tried to bite me. I quickly retracted my hand before she could touch me. I was baffled at her reaction. I knew she was in shock but did not expect a bite from her. I moved a couple of steps, and I told her I was going to take her to a safe place. The little girl then got up, and what I saw next would haunt me for the rest of my life.

What I saw was no innocent girl but a creature of some sorts. Her cute little face was gone and instead an aberrational look took its place. She also had the same complexities as the man downstairs; her eyes were dilated and pale. She was completely covered in blood as well. I also noticed a small injury in the arm that looked similar to bite marks. She had in her hand a piece of intestine and was chewing on something. I soon realized she was not mourning her mother but feasting on her remains. She then took a huge bite of the flesh and finished munching on it with great gusto. This made my stomach churn, and it almost made me puke, but I had to keep my composure, for I had to deal with this threat.

The little girl then started walking towards me and the way she walked was both strange and frightening. She did not walk like a normal person, but limped with much difficulty. I was in shock. I did not know what to do, but my instincts did. I realized I had my hand on my Glock 22, ready to draw it out of its holster. Could I have the guts to point a gun at a little girl? I did not think so. I promised myself that I would protect the innocent, especially children. I could not draw a weapon at her, but I had to do it.

“See this? This is a gun and it is very dangerous,” I said while walking back to the end of the corridor,

bizarre happened. She got up.

The girl got up as if nothing happened to her. I noticed where the bullet hit her. It went through her heart! How could this be? Nobody can survive a clean shot to the heart, but she did. I did not know what to do. I was panicking. I shot her arm, but she did not react to it. I even shot her in the stomach as a last resort, but that did not work. What the hell was she? No human could have survived that many shots, but then again she was human no more. I only had one last place to shoot her: the head.

I did not want to do it, but I had to. I had to for my sake and the sake of the community. What if she managed to get out of here? Will she spread what turned her into a monster? How many innocent lives could be lost just because I did not stop her? I cannot do it. I said to myself that I would protect the innocent, especially children. There had to be another way, but I could not figure one out. This was my only option, and I had to do it. I had to kill her.

She was very close to me when I lifted my gun and pointed it at her head. She pressed her head into the barrel of my gun. I took one last look into those rage-fueled eyes, and I saw something strange in their reaction. I saw the little girl, not the monster, standing in front of me. I saw her with a very happy smile. She whispered something to me. She whispered, "Do it."

Bang! The shot exited the barrel with full force. The bullet went right through her head. I saw brain matter, blood, and skull fragments come out from the back. She fell and landed on her back. This time she did not get up. I was paralyzed. I could not believe I just did that. I could not believe I killed a little girl. I could not stand the sight of her dead body. I quickly ran down the stairs and exited the house into the backyard where I finally collapsed.

I could not cope with the fact that I killed an innocent little girl. As I was lying down, I heard my radio crack. I heard dispatch say that a huge riot broke out of St. Romero Hospital, and officers in the area needed help. She stated that the rioters were slow but extremely hostile. She also stated, in a very perplexed voice, that the rioters were eating anyone who got in their way. That woke me up. I realized what happened in this house was just a minor incident compared to what was going to happen next. I got up and went to my vehicle. I turned on the ignition and started driving away from my town. I knew if I went to the hospital, I would have to kill more innocent people — more innocent children — another innocent little girl. I could not do that again. I could not. I left my town as fast as I could, for I knew one thing for sure — that the perfect world I knew was slowly turning into shit.

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First Place
 "A Zombie Love Poem"
 by
 Kyle Kotas

<p>Love, we could not escape the collapsing camera sign. The crash called forth the flesh torn faces hiding in the alley's shadow— a bell for feasting.</p> <p>Love, if the metallic doors would only lock and hold on the gluttonous hoard. Would we have had the time to make it to the stairs and outrun the newly dead?</p> <p>I can never shake this question, Love.</p> <p>We ran across the blood stained carpet. I stumbled over the bellhop's intestines, crashing into the half-full luggage cart. You forced yourself back through the violet corridor,</p>	<p>dragging me away from the clawing hands, your bicep catching a disjointed jaw.</p> <p>I understand — you pled your heart for me to leave you behind, a decoy for the carnivorous crowd, but I held you against my shoulder, hobbling a three-legged race.</p> <p>You said you wouldn't hesitate to put a barrel to my temple, or a hatchet through my aorta in order to save my suffering soul like saving a cancerous cat. However, to your misfortune, I could not do the same for you, Love.</p>	<p>— 0</p> <p>∩</p> <p>—</p>
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Second Place
 "WHAT if EDWARD, ACTED By MR. PATTINSON In One Of the WORST
 CINEMATOGRAPHIC DECISIONS Of HIS LIFE, WAS A ZOMBIE?"
 by
 Deirdre McCormick

<p>With well preserved eyes he molests the tissue paper folds, running the length of his last body: beer cooler chilled, it was decaying even in spite of being pumped past capacity with methanol and silicone derivatives.</p> <p>the traces of these essential</p>	<p>embalming elements wafted with Twizzlersweet sundries, drifting lazily from every needle its plank straight abdomen and each marbled appendage.</p> <p>His new hunk of flesh was instead butcher fresh, a standing rib roast:</p>	<p>tender, meaty, precious cut, carved from a block by the hand of a man and soul of a God.</p> <p>Aeons of fighting forged a corpse still gamy and lean with the tness—[p]lay witness to the waning of a specter marrow.</p>
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<p>_____</p> <p>he had plans to rip through fascia, tear ne little rips in the webbing that winds and lines the viscera.</p> <p>Ⓢ</p> <p>He would stagger along, at least fifteen feet behind,</p>	<p>unsuspecting, unrelenting, waiting for that post rigor minute when hesitations fall at.</p> <p>After too much time spent lapping up interstitium and dragging sullied sarcomeres</p>	<p>along, he would pull on the skin of his most recent victim, hoping to find his ill, feeling neuronal charged heat from the inside out.</p>
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<p>Let us go crazy into the re ember orange sunset. All ages should run and hide in fear of us. Crave, crave those corpulent craniums.</p>	<p>Insufferable creatures that rise from the ashes; Our decomdle co0-12(o)13((u)13)13((u))-15(s)89 -1brcdl OOant, Let us go crazy into the re ember orange sunsetR5(g)5(s a)-2</p>
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ough foolish people think we are inferior,
Because we zombies are revenant,
Let us go crazy into the re ember orange sunset.

Bothersome humans, our primary meal, criticize our
stench of atrophy,
But the humans have a questionable odor as well.
Why, oh why do we have to eat them?

Now I know that it's uncanny that I eat people's brains, more shame.
But I promise, none of which is for my personal gain. From terrorism to slavery to the great world wars, _____
It is simply for survival and for my family to remain. Humans remain responsible for the deaths of many more.⁶
I apologize now if I have caused you any pain. So before you judge us zombies, I want you all to know
Although, I truly feel that zombies are not completely at hate us or love us, we are not humanity's biggest foe.⁷
blame. So if you want to know the root of all terror,
roughout our world's history, humans have caused I suggest that humans just look in the mirror. _____

1 shot, 2 shot, heads on the floor.

"We must leave this room
Before all are doomed." Barricade the windows. Seal all the
doors.
Grab the guns from under the floor.

Spraying my bullets as they break through the door,

the journey goes on.
Hopefully no more respawn.

But they come at us faster.
This is becoming a disaster.

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First Place
 "YOU ARE HOW?"
 by
 Adam Smetana

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How does one answer a generic question? With a generic answer? Now, that's just too easy. It is the kind of thing I think about in every conversation I have with my distant family when I see them twice a year. It is also the kind of thing I think about when talking with fellow schoolmates throughout the year. You know the ones—the kind of people you're friends with but aren't really friends with. The kind of people you only talk to because you share a class with them or a major. The kind of person who is most likely to come up to you in the hall and proceed with a standard, lifelong question of "How are you?"

That is a question that we can never get away from no matter how hard we try to switch up the formula. For the past five years I've been trying out, "Hey, how's it going?" and "What's going on?" These never seem to click as much as, "How are you?" and I wish I knew why. These inquiries do seem to have a bigger sense of urgency than just "How are you?" but maybe they aren't specific enough. I guess "How are you?" is the generic question to ask when wanting to understand another one's mood. It's also a question that is in desperate need of answering, yet it seems to offer no logical answers. Let's play the honest game real quick, so I can protest that I in particular despise the consistent answer of "Good" in response to the "How are you?" question. It's the answer for those who put forth no effort and have no cares they wish to share. That's why I use it sometimes. However, I do whatever I can to throw in an "alright" or "pretty good" or "fantastic."

Maybe there aren't any good answers to the question to begin with. The best answer might be not answering it at all. The response I get will never affect me one bit or succeed in moving the conversation along any better than it was to begin with. Next time, I'll just smile and give a nod of approval. Or I'll really turn the tables and give a "never have I felt so empty and lonely because the twelve cats on my porch can't even comfort me in this dark despair which engulfs my life and mindset to the point where I have no reason to carry on." Now that might be the route to go. Standard answers are out the window.

The only time I want to hear "How are you?" is if I haven't seen someone in months. If I saw you yesterday and you ask me that question the next day upon seeing me, I might say, "A little bit worse than last time because I keep encountering people I don't like." All joking aside, no one likes to hear the same answers all the time. No one wants to hear the same merciless questions all the time either. It's like if you were to go up to your nephew at the Smith Family Christmas Party (I chose generic family names for examples to avoid hitting too close to home for anyone) and ask them how school's going. The sarcastic teenager response would be "Oh, it's going," and the brainless college

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command. It also requires the conversation partners to figure out, on the spot, the most important and relevant thing they can come up with about their current situation. Unfortunately, demanding this from a college student will turn into 20 minutes of them complaining about their classes and teachers. This is conveniently followed by how busy they are with their part time job licking envelopes in an office. They are just so exhausted from getting up at 10:00 a.m. every day. Welcome to the complaints of a college student! Ah, what a refreshing dialogue.

OK, I guess I can't blame everyone when I likely do the same thing once in awhile. The art of a conversation is a difficult subject to learn because certain manners must be followed by everyone involved, and this doesn't include just walking off halfway through the other person's sentence. Maybe the "How are you?" bothers me because I don't always find it sincere, and that is the main thing that we want from a conversation. It seems too easy to ask someone

of her cane. Her lips, small and soft to the touch, were once filled with passion and then tender family love. All these amazing features are now a memory.

In addition to her beauty, her personality was incredible. No matter what she was doing, she always put people first. Keep in mind that being a wife, and raising and taking care of ten children, twenty-six grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren was not an easy task, but she did the best she could. She always put other people first and talked to my friends as much as she could despite her inability to understand and speak English. Her voice was very soft and monotonous, not aggressive in any way; she always sounded as if she was singing a Haitian lullaby. Even when she was distressed, her voice remained even and calm, and never clearly expressed her mood.

ird Place
“MY WEARY SOUL”
by
Matthew Dutton

A dam — a strong, sturdy, impenetrable wall that serves as the fortification to your life. Here you stand on one side feeling safe, protected, and filled with hopes and aspirations of a successful future. On the other side sits an endless sea of darkness that is pushing and pressing against the walls of the dam hoping to engulf you. For most of you, your dam will hold throughout your life. Occasionally, there may be cracks in your foundation, or perhaps an overflow where the dark sea manages to spill over the dam for some time. Though the experience is different for everyone, the darkness will likely disperse in time, or the dam is capable of being quickly rebuilt and refortified to be even stronger than before. Yet for some, the dam breaks without warning and there is nothing you can do to stop it.

Once that dam broke I was enveloped, overwhelmed by a darkness that I did not even know existed in my life. I kept reaching my hand up from beneath the waves, but I was tossed and turned and thrashed about, leaving gasping to catch my breath. I struggled there for what felt like years. I would try to pry myself out only to be pulled to the bottom. Yet still every time when I have thought I was at the lowest point of the dark sea, every time when I

Minooka had socialized me to be more American because it made it easier to fit in. On the other hand, this assimilation has had some negative effects, which I have recently experienced.

In more current times I have had trouble committing to particular political views because of my ethnicity. For example, in the last election many people found that immigration was a problem. Although I agree that undocumented workers should make some type of effort to come to this country legally, I know that it is easier said than done. Many immigrants in recent years have been migrating from Mexico. Mexico is a poorer country and has corrupt local governments. Many people want better lives and will use any means to come to this country. I also understand that it is a very long and expensive process to become documented. My father is a resident of the United States because he married my mother, who is a citizen. The dollar amount to begin the process is extremely high. Another problem that was present in the last election was abortion. According to Mexican tradition and culture, abortion is never acceptable. The people of Mexico are highly religious and due to this spiritual tradition many share a pro-life view. I disagree with these traditional beliefs and believe that abortion should be up to the woman. If the woman deems herself to be an unfit mother for any reason it should be her choice whether she gives birth or not.

In addition to difficulties caused by my divergence from traditional Mexican political beliefs, I also often experience social problems that relate to my Mexican-American heritage. For example, because of my tanner skin people assume I can speak fluent Spanish. This is not true. My Spanish is choppy and not good at all. They also think that the stereotypes of Mexicans apply to me. These are also not true, but many people believe they are. I am an American just like any other citizen. I follow the norms of American culture. There might be a few differences between ideas, but if I were to have white skin there would be no difference in my life.

The real and biggest problem that is the hardest for an Americanized young adult is pleasing everyone. As I have heard before, I need to be more Mexican than other Mexicans and whiter than whites. I believe this is because of the great differences between each ethnicity's life experiences. Growing up, poorer Mexicans, I feel, are more envious of people who come from the same background. I also feel that whites dislike when someone of another color has more material success than they do. Although it is in human nature to envy others, some envy is rooted in skin color. I know that these circumstances exist because I have dealt with them on many occasions. I have thought nothing of them until writing this essay.

All in all these are my opinions. It does not make them right, and it does not make them wrong. My purpose was not to offend anyone but rather to inform people about how many second, third, or even fourth generation Mexicans feel. Like I have stated before, my friends in Minooka have some of the same beliefs as I do. This is not because we think we are better than anybody, but because we grew up in an environment that made us this way. Like the saying goes, we are all products of our environments. Before a negative thought about a Mexican immigrant runs through your mind, think of what he or she has possibly been through and how he or she has been socialized.

F , S A C N E

First Place
"FUNERAL FOR A SPIDER"
by
Claire Marie Temmerman

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Exactly one week after my mom died, my niece had her high school graduation party. Alysha welcomed me in with a hug, and then turned her leg slightly to reveal her grandma's death date beautifully scripted on her ankle in Greek.

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My nephew, Brian, also loved his grandmother dearly. One time he and Alysha visited her nursing home room, and Bri captured a cellphone picture that took my breath away. Beaming at her grandchildren, Mom's unmitigated joy could not be contained. is radiant love, so rare in the nal rounds of her cancer, became my mom's obituary photo that heralded the depth of what she treasured most.

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I left Alysha's celebration with a tiny, Chilean, rose hair tarantula in a plastic pint container, and Brian's instructions and assurances that she was easy to care for. at's how on May 28, 2011, with mom's nal remains still in transition, baby Clae Fe came into my life.

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As this little spider grew, so did my bond. First, Clae Fe stayed in my kitchen in a small, blue, plastic house with laboriously bored air holes. en I found a large sh tank in a garage sale, and Larry handcrafted a secure,

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way down to her ballerina flats.

The interview had gone relatively smoothly, but Annabelle had seen Izzy draw in a sharp breath when she had told her how she worked late hours, and Izzy's brow had creased when she mentioned the fact that she smoked. "We just make sure to keep it outside." Izzy aimed her words down at Annabelle as if she were a dog doing her business. "And don't throw them out into the shrubs. I don't like cancerous plants," Izzy had spat, showing her discrimination towards individuals who engaged in smoking. But during the past two months that Annabelle had been living there

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constricting her breathing. Once the black leather corset was loosened, she pulled it over her head full of honey colored waves. The corset was thrown in the general direction of her hamper, and she was finally able to lean forward to unzip the boots and slide them slowly off of her muscularly sculpted legs. Comfortable now that she was able to breathe, she made her way to her bathroom, still walking on her tiptoes out of habit, to start the shower. As she let the water run to heat up, she proceeded to strip down out of her work clothes; the sneakers, silk thong, leather skirt, silk top, and lace bra landed in a pile on the bathroom floor. Before she stepped into the shower she tested the temperature of the water with her hand, hot enough to steam the mirrors that lined the inside of the shower instead of typical (n)

before she goes back to the room she used for the job, she stops in the room next door to receive her client's second half of the payment; the first is given as soon as she accepts the job. A Mr. Johnson was waiting in the next room for her to collect her payment for disposing of his competition for a new promotion at Microsoft. Satisfied that the payment had been collected, she returned to the room and began to clean. All of the plastic covers were garbage, she would have to torch them later, but for now they would go into heavy-duty garbage bags, which eventually made their way into her Buick. The furniture was wiped down again and the room was cleared out.

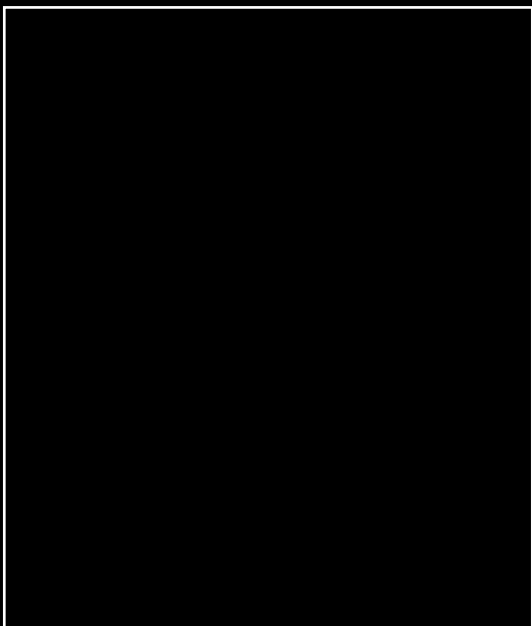
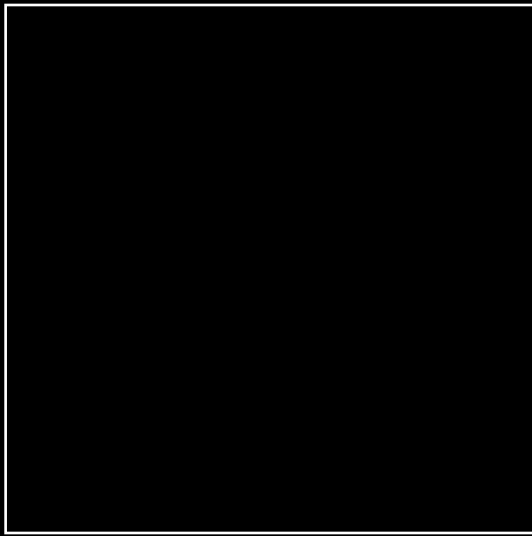
The other job that night did not go according to plan. The man she was hired to exterminate was not as easily distracted as her typical clients. He had demanded more touching than dancing so she had to swallow her distaste for men for a little while. He liked it rough — a little too rough, which became clear after he flipped her over and she realized that this time he had thrown her too far, and her head landed on the corner of the nightstand. Luckily, he had heard the loud thunk over his own grunting and stopped in order to see if her face had been harmed; she took opportunity to snap his neck before he could start up again. His large body had fallen on top of her, forcing her to use her full strength just to push the dead weight of his body off of hers before she was able to breathe again. Shuddering in the hot water, she focused back on the mirror and tried to forget about what happened; actually having to have sex with a man was a risk she took every night she worked, but she tried to avoid it as much as she could. Men were repulsive and vile creatures — she had learned that when she lived on the streets; men want one thing, and one thing only. She resumed wiping off enough of the steam so she could examine her face; she looked deep into the mirror, but her reflection was not the one looking back at her.

"Be gone harlot!" the voice echoed through the shower. Annabelle just stood and stared back at the woman in the mirror whose voice grated at her ears. The woman in the mirror stared right back at her waiting for a response. Annabelle could only see the face, for the woman's hair was covered by a habit and the rest of her body in the robes of the church. Her skin was sagging and wrinkled on the cheekbones and the chin; the eyebrows were thick and unkempt, but the eyes were what Annabelle couldn't look away from. Pure white, they were lacking the iris and pupils; there were no imperfections or shadows, just two orbs of white light in the sockets.

Annabelle tried to blink away the image, but the nun spoke again: "I said be gone! You are not welcome in this dwelling." After she spoke the words, her hand reached out past Annabelle to turn the water off. Annabelle felt the newly dampened robe sleeve brush against her skin. Instinctually, she leapt out of the shower and wrapped herself in her white towel before bolting from the bathroom. She managed to make it back to the bedroom when the voice carried on yelling, drawing the attention of her housemates. "Harlot! Succubus! Blasphemer! You are not welcome!"

Annabelle found herself surrounded by her four housemates, her back to the bathroom doorway where the nun was now standing. Not sure how to explain herself or the nun that was now standing behind her, she was partially relieved that Izzy spoke first: "Sister Terese has spoken. You are not worthy of our holy sanctuary."

Cast out again, Annabelle packed her bags and made her way down the winding staircase and out onto the porch. She lit another Virginia Slim before she started down the driveway, smoking and playing with her fleur-de-lis zippo and sighing to herself, "Just like everywhere else." At the edge of the driveway, she stopped to look at her reflection in the lighter before she started walking towards her storage unit with her Buick Enclave. This time her face was the only one staring back at her.

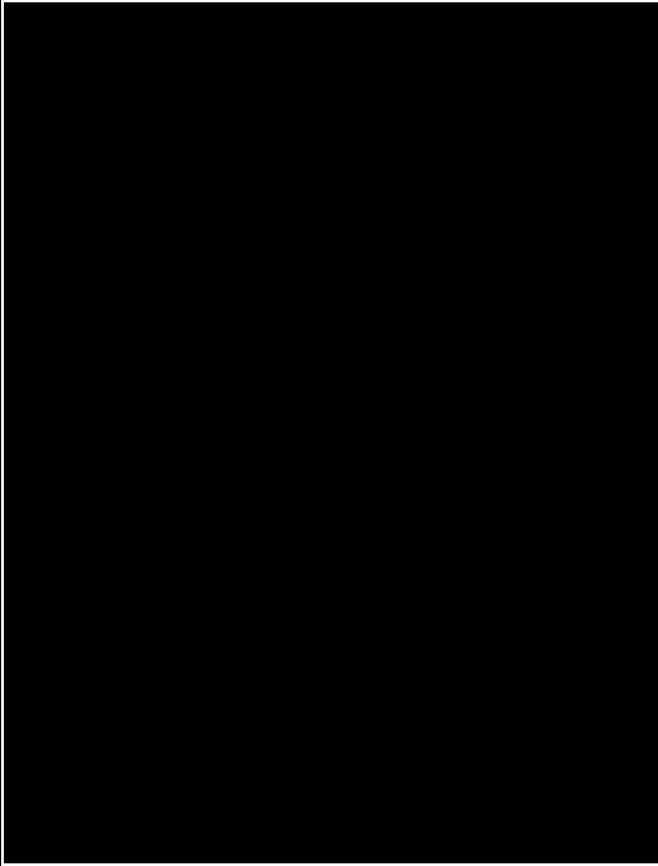


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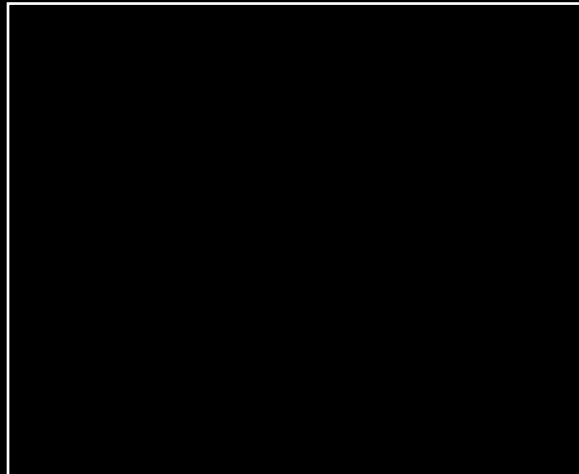


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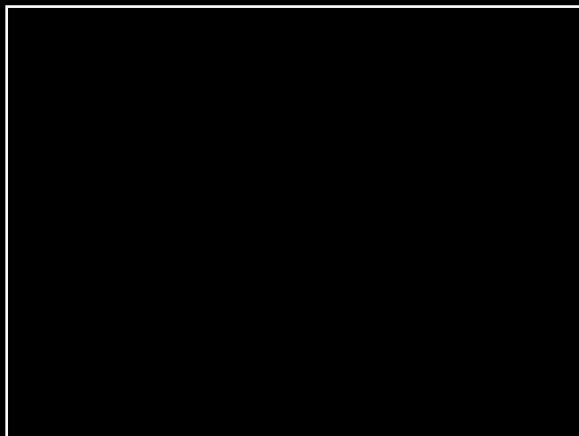
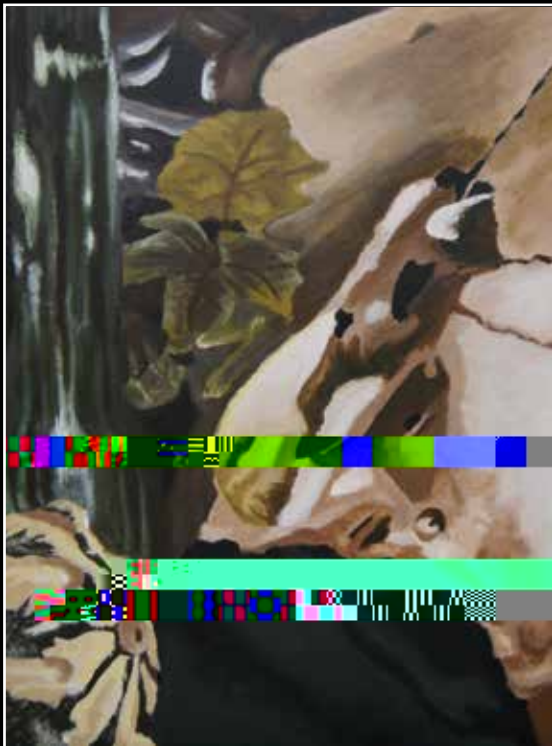
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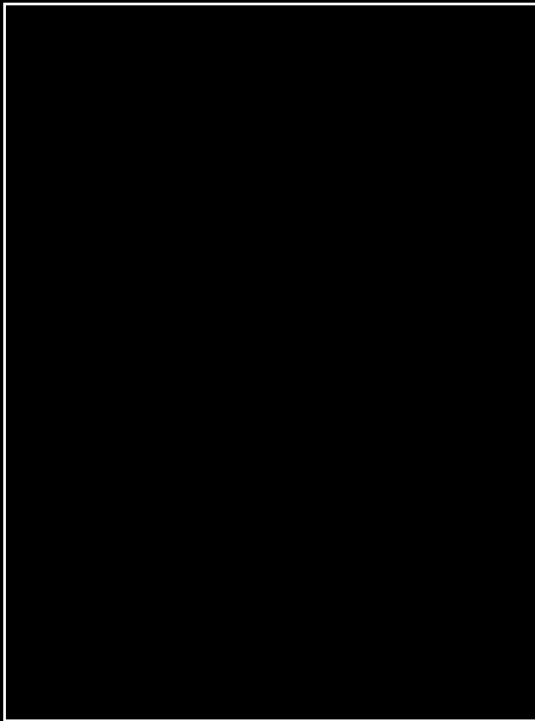
First Place Zombie Category Student
Drawing: Monster by Alyssa Davidson.
India ink and watercolor.



First Place Zombie Category Faculty, Staff and
Alumni Painting: Hell by Zach Krope.
Bones, oil, yarn, glue, chain link.



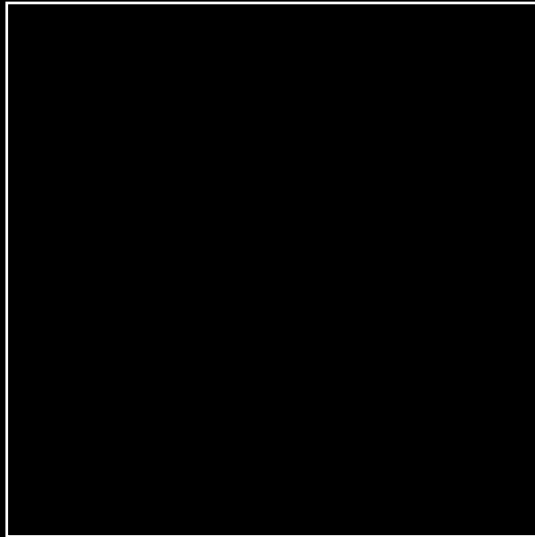
Second Place Zombie Category Student
Photography: Dead End by Kevin Hernandez.
Photograph



First Place Faculty, Staff and Alumni
Photography: Reminiscence by Dr. Clare Lawlor.
Photograph.



Second Place Student Photography:
Fall Road by Audrey Heiberger.
Photograph.



Honorable Mention Student Photography:
Mellow Yellow by Erin Hupp.
Photograph



First Place Student Painting (tie):
Waiting #3 by Connor McLennan.
Spray paint, oil, watercolor, acrylic on hardboard.



Honorable Mention Student Photography:
Sunset by Marvin Gomez.
Photograph

Second Place
"Masked"
by
Kyle Kotas

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Now that I think about it, I should have suspected something wasn't right. There were all these small things that were skewed. The way the shadows danced across His face, skipping over His bright gold eyes; or the way His voice didn't quite line up with his lips, like an old VHS with the soundtrack half a second ahead of the video. Well, then again I was drunk. The biggest hint should have been the train. I've never seen someone object so strongly to a twenty-minute train ride. Well, that's not right; I should say He was so persuasive about taking the bus. But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Halloween: the day everyone puts on a mask and goes out to have fun. How could this be a bad day? I took the day off from work, no papers to push and no asses to kiss; this was the life. I was even lucky enough to be invited to a party by this cute little girl at the bar, April. "7 o'clock. It will be nice to see that cute face of yours. It's costume, so wear something fun." A wink and she was gone. I haven't been to a party in months; I needed this night, but a costume? The last time I wore a costume was in college when I crashed a sorority house party with my roommate.

_____ at's when I rst saw Him, a man in a silver suit. Weird for a costume party, but I guess not too obscure.
_____ Hell, I am in a raggedy hoodie and face paint. Anyway, I got lost in the house among all the bees, witches, supersto
_____ and creatures, and so did He. But his piercing, bright eyes resonated in my brain; it seemed as if He knew a secret
_____ was judging me because of it. I'm pretty sure the house had more bodies colliding into each other than Times Squ
_____ on New Year's Eve. I think I saw April only once more that night. Despite all the people and the volume of the music
_____ the party wasn't very exciting. I was faking my way through a conversation with a zombie about football when He

ird Place
“EARTH, ETHEREAL”
by
Christine Sellin

Men may know many things by seeing;

but no prophet can see before the event,

or what end waits for him.

- Sophocles

I eyed the lens of my Canon. A smudge resembling a small mushroom clouded an image I had captured only minutes before, and I wanted to undo the damage it had brought upon what could have been, quite literally, a “picture-perfect” landscape. With a few twists of my wrist, I procured a wipe from the camera case, brought the

silently drifting back behind the mountain in spectral speckles, the cross soon faded. All of Earth and heaven stood still for a split second, and hell soon made its ascent.

It was then that my flesh caught a flame. My skin, the hue of bruised strawberries and scorched oak, dribbled down my bones, exposed to the air as my body burnt into an ashy existence. As the camera molded and melted its metal hinges and the memories enclosed within it into my blazing hand below, I cried tears that, as they fell, stung my cheek muscles, burnt and unearthed. I knew that my eyes, by now bulging and bursting from their sockets and drooping downward, would very soon see no more.

As my world darkened and these eyes began to die, I was left with one last image – the last judgment for me and the entire world.

It was clouded by a mushroom-like smudge.

Honorable Mention
“WELL-TIMED CLASSIC”
by
John Morris

As his fingers slid down the keys as if they were the back of a woman, the crowd anticipated his next move. Finally, reaching the key he wanted, he began playing a classical Gershwin piece. For the next five minutes, the crowd forgot their tonic and gin; they forgot the spouse they had left the night before and their home in the alley down the street. For the next five minutes, all was forgiven and reality was lost. The keys struck each string like it was a little piece of heaven, and the man playing was God himself in human form. When the music sadly came to an end, and the happiness faded. As every person came back to their senses, a man stepped in from the alley and took a seat at the bar. A regular, he ordered his usual whiskey and took part in listening to the young man play. As the pianist decided to play a more modern piece, the regular listened and dreamt of his younger days, fantasizing about women, lust, and a drink. Once again, the playing stopped and the young man began to count his tips. At this point, the regular pulled out a revolver, aimed at the young man, and ended something that could have been beautiful. The crowd stared in awe and

to pay, and he was never to play piano again.

Now, forty years later, he sits in his bedroom awaiting his end. He had just killed an aspiring new artist tha

kinds of soft beverages, and many more delicious foods which are too numerous to list in one sitting. We were having a fun time until it happened.

I was playing catch with my dad with our Frisbee. I saw black suits everywhere. I told my dad and mom that we had to go. "OK, but don't make it too obvious," said my dad in a quiet way to my mom and me. We moved slowly but constantly. The black suits caught on and ran after us. We ran our fastest, trying to get to our car. The main black suit stopped us with a van, near the area of our car. As soon as we saw him, some other black suits came out of the van.

We tried to run away, but another van pulled up with more black suits. They captured my parents. "Go away, son! Run," yelled my parents in unison. Before I could make one of my spectacular escapes, they shot a dart into me. When I woke up I was in the downtown Metra train station, badly bruised. Maybe they mugged me and dumped me off? Man, I hate black suits! I had nowhere to go and nobody to take care of me. This is where my journey begins. First, I have to find someone to adopt me until I get my parents back.

Part One: The Beginning

Chapter 1: I Would Just Sleep Here Tonight

I took the train all the way to Steger, Illinois. I was extremely tired. I had no food or water. I prayed to God that He would keep me safe through these tough times. I walked down one street until I came upon this wonderful house. Luckily they had a barn, so I just hid in the hay and called it a day. No pun intended. I thought it was kind of catchy. Catchy like a simple jingle like "Mary had a little lamb." Forget that I ever said that. Anyways, I slept like a baby on the hay. The animals didn't even care. If I wanted to, I could have made it into a little nativity scene for myself. I hope I wasn't so dirty that the animals thought that I was an animal.

In the morning, this nice seventeen or eighteen-year-old girl came into the barn. "Dad, someone is in the barn," the girl screamed. I woke up and confronted her.

"Please don't turn me in. I have nowhere else to go," I said. The girl and I talked for about a good hour or so. She had a beautiful body, light brown eyes, thick dark brown hair, and a wonderful angel-like smile. Her body was so sexy that her curves had curves. Forget that last part.

"So you're saying that your parents were kidnapped," the girl said. I almost forgot to tell you that her name

“Mom stop,” said Cierra in a playful manner.

“Shut-up, I don’t want to be a pig,” said James, smiling, and we all laughed. If you ask me, James was half way there with his little potbelly. We were about to go; Cierra was driving.

“Mrs. Cortez I don’t know...” Mrs. Cortez cut me o at mid-sentence.

“It’s OK. I already told every teacher that we just adopted you for the time being. Mr. Watkins, the

team of and were about to be their dinner if we did not run.

We zoomed through the hallways. I bumped into Cierra and her group of friends. I have to admit that her friends do look kind of sexy. "Where are you and Derrick going?" asked Cierra in a playful and yet concerned way.

"We pissed off some of the jocks," I said frantically.

"Derrick, I'm telling mom," yelled Cindy, who was Derrick's sister. She was born a couple of seconds after him.

"Mickey is kind of hot," said Christiana Martinez, and the group of girls giggled and talked to each other. I found out who the principal was. It was one of the black suits who took my parents.

"We can't go this way," I said and I turned to go down the hall. I saw the jocks in full force ready to pounce on us. Derrick and I sneaked into an art classroom. It's a good thing that no class was meeting in the art room at that time. We avoided possible bruises from the jocks who gave up on finding us for now. Now I had to find a way to get home without being seen. At the end of school, I jetted through the parking lot before they spotted me. I had texted Cierra that we needed to go, and I was going to explain it to James and her soon.

Chapter 3: I Spy With My Little Eye

In a black van sat the CIA head chief, Je Cooper. He had a sinister smile on his face, watching his fellow comrades trying to take me down before I got to the car. The teachers came out screaming, but the CIA held them back. I was running as fast as I could. I was trying to throw objects at the men trying to take me down. I hit two of them with a stop sign. They finally got me, put a bandana over my eyes, tied my hands behind my back, and tied my ankles together.

"Hello Mickey, how is everything?" I could recognize that voice from anywhere. It was the ugly son of a gun Cooper himself in flesh and blood. They untied my ankles and tied them to the chair that I was sitting in. They also took off the bandana. The van was empty except for the driver and passenger seat, two metal chairs, and a small TV. I sat in one of the chairs. I couldn't move anything with my mind. They kept on beating me. The worst came from Cooper himself at the end. "Join our side and we won't kill you or your precious little parents," said Cooper sarcastically, pointing towards a small video monitor in the van. I noticed that there were two individuals in a silver cell-like room. I looked closely and identified them as my parents. I was extremely pissed off now.

"I will never join your side. You have no class and you disgust me," I said angrily, and I spat at Cooper's face. Not a bad comeback: it felt like I was the king of the world, but that changed quickly. Blood was all over me. It was on my clothes and face. Cooper wiped the spit off with a towel. He then knocked me in the face real hard. That was one of the worst parts of my day, getting hit by a CIA agent. He hit me so hard that I almost could not feel my face anymore. They drove to a corner and threw me out of the car.

"Hey, boy. If you try that again, you won't have a head anymore. By the way, if you try to chase me, your dad and mom will bite the bullet. Just think of joining us. Honestly, what do you have to lose?" said Cooper, smiling, and then he closed the van's door and they were gone.

Everybody ran up to check on me. Tears were in the girls and female teachers' eyes. The boys just saw the ugly scene as if it was a comedy. "Dude your face is so messed up," James said, smiling with his friends. Cierra and her girlfriends pushed James and his friends out of the way to help me out.

“Move out of the way you bastards. James what is wrong with you,” said Cierra. Some teachers brought me to the office.

Christina whispered to Cierra asking, “Are we still having the slumber party?” Cierra smiled and replied, “Yes we are.” After that incident we went to Cierra’s car.

Cierra talked to me all the way to the car. “Is there something that you need to tell me?” asked Cierra. I just looked down.

“No, not right now. I will tell you about it later, OK?” I told Cierra. She just left it at that. I did not want her to see that. Somehow our past always catches up to us in life no matter what, good or bad.

In the car, James started to make fun of me. “Hey, you look...” Cierra cut James off abruptly at mid-sentence. She turned around and yelled at him. “James shut the hell up before I shut it for you. I will jump back there and whop the living daylight out of you. You would be bleeding for days.” Lesson number one for me about Cierra: never piss her off.

James whispered something: “At least I don’t have anger-management.”

She turned off the car and was about to beat him up if it were not for me stopping her. “Cierra it is OK; I will talk to you at home, I promise. James please give it a break for now,” I said. It is a good thing I know how to talk to the ladies. To calm her down, I held her hand and she embraced it and smiled at me. I could see the fear and love she felt for me in her eyes. We got home in ten minutes.

Mrs. Cortez saw my eye right away. She had a day off from work. “What happened to you Mickey?” asked Mrs. Cortez. The real Principal McArthur explained everything to Mrs. Cortez. At least the black suit imposter of the principal did not kill him. He was left unconscious in a closet. If it were not for one of the teachers, he would have died from suffocation. “We will have to make a plan,” said Mrs. Cortez. I felt extremely sad for her. She is probably not used to seeing a seventeen-year-old boy who got beat up by the CIA. Matter of fact, I know she never saw a seventeen-year-old boy who got beat up by the CIA, except for me of course.

“Mom, can I go to Jerry’s house?” asked James.

“Sure, but you should invite Mickey with you,” said Mrs. Cortez politely.

“No, man. He will stay with me and the girls when they come over,” said Cierra; how could I say no to such a beautiful human being? Is that even a question? My answer is hell no. When it comes down to choosing between video games or hot girls my age, I will pick hot girls any day.

“Suit yourself. I got dibs on some of the girls,” said James and we all laughed.

“James, make sure that you’re on your best behavior. I will drop you off at his house,” said Mrs. Cortez, combing her hair and putting on her coat. It felt good to be alone with Cierra.

Cierra hugged me and cried. “I don’t want anything bad to happen to you,” said Cierra. I rubbed her back to calm her down. We then went upstairs to her room. I explained to her everything that was happening to me. She was wearing a white tank top, blue short shorts (blue, by the way, is my favorite color), and some pink footie socks. “Let me get this right. So your parents’ captors want you to join them?” Cierra asked. I couldn’t lie to her because she could tell that her eyes could read me if I were lying. I told her that everything was OK. “My poor baby,” Cierra said jokingly and she kissed me on my lips. “I’m going to go call the girls, OK?”

When the girls got there they nurtured me. Good thing that most of them weren't persistent like Cierra to find out answers about my life. "We have to clean up your face," said Christina, smiling at me. I couldn't wait till that was over. I hate rubbing alcohol. We played board games, watched TV, and I explained to some of them about my odd story. That was a bad idea. I told one and she told someone else.

"Wow, so are you an alien working for the CIA?" asked Cindy Verlander, astounded by my story. Is this girl dumb, or is she just playing around? We all laughed.

Mrs. Cortez made us a delicious Mexican dinner. After that we watched scary movies. The good thing about

(your time, since I transcend time). Administrative costs are another matter. The bureaucracy of divine spokespeople is burdensome and costly and some of them without naming names are taking advantage of sick leave, overtime, and PTO days. My view has always been: you die and you get immediate care for your immortal soul. But the system now is that my spokespeople get between you and me and you have to fill out unnecessary paperwork; and their presence is both intrusive and self-serving. I must warn you that the most terrifying nine words in any language are "I speak for God and I'm here tdko6:

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- 2. Noah's Arc (Disney)
- 3. Vengeance (just kidding, that's mine, I sayeth) _____
- 4. Common Sense (to be added liberally, like salt in bad tasting soup) π
- 5. True Universal Health Care (applicable to all beings in the universe—I was troubled when I saw ET, extraterrestrials apparently weren't covered). ω

V. Residue of Estate

Forgiveness is the principal residue of my estate. Just as you breathe in and out, forgive. Just as many times as you blink your s

π



Honorable Mention
"THE LIVING ROOM CHAIR
by
Dana Skwarski

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To most,

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It is nothing more than a chair.

Once placed here,

First Place
"A Red-tailed Hawk"

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First Place

across the United States. However, the presence of drug treatment programs for offenders is not plentiful. is is

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The bargaining process requires adequate timing and preparation. In his work, *The Practice of Unionism* author Jack Barbash illustrates the importance of preparation: “The art of collective bargaining is truly the art of timing and maneuvering. You have to know when to move. By maneuvering, I don’t mean compromise. I mean the ability to leave yourself elbowroom. At the point you’re rigidly locked, everyone is in trouble” (184). Unions need to anticipate the time it may take to negotiate an agreement.

Unions begin negotiations when a contract with an employer is about to expire or a deadline has been set for strike action. At this point, parties begin to make their demands and counteroffers. The negotiation process opens the door to discussion and members voice their opinions. When parties reach a point of complete agreement, the new agreement or contract is taken to the membership to be ratified. If the memberships reject the contract, the union committee reopens negotiations. In some cases, the union committee puts pressure on members to reject the contract; this action puts more pressure on employers to give in to the demands of employees. When the final agreement is ratified, it is submitted to the international union for approval (Randle 84-85).

However, not all agreements are resolved through discussion. Unions sometimes use decisive weapons such as strikes, picket lines, and boycotts to give meaning to collective bargaining; these are all union weapons against an employer’s rights to decline union demands. Strikes are perhaps a union’s most powerful weapon in bargaining with employers; they are the last resort for unions if an agreement could not be reached. Strikes can also occur as a way to reopen a contract section by either party, most typically a wage section. Unions use a boycott as a way to bring an employer to terms through an organized campaign and attempt to convince consumers to not buy a product, pressure employers to not handle a product, or pressure other companies to avoid negotiations with the employer. Unions may also use picket lines to pressure employers. A picket line is an act by which a union assigns employees to walk in front of an establishment. Picket lines are used to call attention to a dispute, demonstrate the discomfort of employees, and draw away customers (Barbash 213-232). Strikes, picket lines, and boycotts are used when an agreement cannot be reached through meaningful discussion.

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compensation regardless of occupation. However, unions have been more successful with some demographics than others.

Research conducted on union-nonunion wages and union density for white men, black men, white women, black women, private-sector employees, and public-sector employees showed that the union movement in the U.S. has been less successful for white women and most successful for black men. White women have lower union-nonunion wage gaps and lower union density than other groups. Union-nonunion wage gaps were lower for public-sector workers than for private-sector workers, while union density is considerably higher for public than private-sector workers (Pencavel 151-154). Although unions succeeded in increasing the compensation of employees, unions were more successful and present among black and public-sector employees.

Through the use of various strategies, unions have been successful in increasing compensation. Unionized workers receive more wage increases than non-unionized workers. Although unions have been more successful and prevalent with certain demographical groups, unions still remain present and powerful.

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Plea-bargaining is not as simple as the process appears to be on TV. A lot more goes in to deciding whether or not a plea is necessary. David Neubauer and Stephen Meinhold, the authors of *Judicial Process: Law, Courts, and Politics in the United States* discuss the complexity of plea-bargaining. To summarize their definition, plea-bargaining is when a person pleads guilty to a charge in order to reduce the charge, the count, or the sentence (Neubauer and Meinhold 254). This means that a defendant charged with a crime has two options. He can go to trial or plead guilty. If the defendant's attorney feels that he has a weak case, he would typically encourage the client to plead guilty. According to Neubauer and Meinhold, "one common type of plea-bargaining is charge bargaining, wherein the defendant pleads guilty to a less serious charge than the one originally specified" (254). This means that a defendant could plead guilty to something like murder in the second degree rather than murder in the first degree, which would result in a considerably lesser penalty. This could seriously diminish the amount of prison time a person may experience. In addition, Neubauer and Meinhold discuss two more types of plea bargains: count bargaining and sentence bargaining. In these cases, a defendant respectively either pleads guilty in order to have the number of charges reduced, or he pleads guilty in order to have the overall sentence reduced (255). In some cases, defendants may have many charges against them, so it makes more sense for them to plead guilty in order to have some of the sentence reduced. This helps keep the court system from being overloaded with minor crimes such as defacing public property. Instead of going to trial, it is more logical for the defendant to plead guilty, which would probably result in a less severe punishment, depending on the scale of the offense. Through this process, defendants have a chance to get some charges dropped in return for advice.

be to reduce the crime rates, but as that is easier said than done, the next best solution would be to reduce the sentence for said crimes. If less severe criminal offenses are pled out, then those offenders could receive a lesser penalty.

In addition to saving space in prisons and also reducing the amount of smaller cases in the justice system, p

everybody involved in the trial. Court costs can increase every day the trial continues. Trials take a long time and if cases are severe and detailed enough, then the trial may go on for a much longer time. If a trial were to be completed enough, then it is possible that costs incurred would be upwards of thousands of dollars. Many people cannot afford to pay such costs and a trial would not only harm the defendants themselves, but it would also harm the families of those paying for the trials. Defendants can choose plea-bargaining in order to reduce these costs and save the time that would be consumed by a trial. In order to save defendants and the court systems a lot of money, plea-bargaining is something that needs to be allowed.

As Thomas Dye and Susan MacManus, the authors of *Politics in States and Communities* argue, "It is very fortunate for the nation's court system that most defendants plead guilty. The court system would quickly break down from overload if any substantial proportion of defendants insisted on jury trials" (318). Although this is a topic that is hotly debated in the legal world, it is clear that plea-bargaining should be maintained. Many people see this as a way to let people off the hook for the crimes they committed; however, it is evident that there is much more to this issue than meets the eye. This is not a way for criminals to walk away without having to do any time in prison; rather, it is a way for people to receive lesser penalties for lesser offenses. This is a way for many courts to save time and money while at the same time saving prisons across the country valuable space and reducing the chances of overcrowding. Across the country, attorneys and judges alike support plea-bargaining in most cases. They feel that this relieves an insurmountable pressure on the justice system. It is apparent that this is a necessity in a changing country and therefore plea-bargaining is something that should be allowed in the justice system of the United States of America.

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First Place
“THE VERTICAL FARM: TOWARD A REINVENTION OF SELF-RELIANCE”
by
Dr. George Miller

Fifteen thousand years ago there were no farms on our planet. Today, the farmland of the world is equivalent to the continent of South America. There will be even more demand for farmland in the near future as the 7 billion human inhabitants will expand to 10 billion by 2050. Then, it will take the land mass of South America plus the land mass of Brazil to feed the additional billion. To irrigate the farms of today, 70% of the available freshwater on the planet is required. This is especially troubling in light of the looming water crisis in which water may become as valuable as oil and the lack thereof in areas of the world such as the fecund Central Valley in Southern California will spell their extinction. Then there is the issue of transportation: in the United States, 20% of fossil fuels are used to transport crops and are a huge factor in global warming. Finally, the deforestation required for traditional farming undermines the biodiversity and symbiosis of the planet.

In *The Vertical Farm: Feeding the World in the 21st Century* Dickson Despommier makes the case for the

much electricity as all U.S. utilities generate in an entire year is based on all farming becoming vertical and does not account for possible inventions that minimize costs.

Lighting for plants in the vertical farm will also be a fundamental challenge. Tungsten generated a fluorescent light that failed to emit wavelengths to promote plant growth. LED lighting gives off narrower wavelengths of light (400 and 700 nanometers) requisite for photosynthesis; OLED lighting is superior because it can reduce wavelengths to exactly what plants require. Since the majority of plants are shielded from sunlight, multi-storied farming requires artificial light, but solar-powered electricity would require an area 20 times the area being illuminated (not too practical in cities where space is at a premium). This is why urban rooftops and vertically integrated greenhouses (glass-encased

the government subsidized hybrid car program when he took office in 2009. The lesson must be applied to

Honorable Mention
 “READING AND WRITING IN THE 21st CENTURY”
 by
 Colleen Farrell

Reading and writing has changed drastically in the 21st century. With so much reading and writing done on the Internet, we as teachers need to figure out how to adapt to this changing world of literacy. No longer are students simply reading and writing by using a pen, paper, and a book. In the modern world, they are texting, blogging, emailing, and using Facebook, Twitter, and MySpace to read and write. It may not seem like reading and writing, but it is. The National Council of Teachers of English (2007) state, “English/language arts teachers need to prepare students for this world with problem solving, collaboration, and analysis – as well as skills with word processing, hypertext, LCDs, Web cams, digital streaming podcasts, smart boards, and social networking software – central to individual and community success. New literacies are already becoming part of the education landscape” (p. 1). We need to utilize 21st century ideas, and bring them into our classroom in order to keep up with the changing times. We cannot pretend that things are not different; we must be willing to adapt to change and to learn new things ourselves.

Our students need to know and utilize several skills in today’s world. Today, students are still being asked to master basic, factual knowledge in the classroom and then are assessed based on this knowledge. This is a 20th century way of thinking, which means that schools are stuck in a time warp. As Collier (2008a) notes, “To continue teaching only this curriculum prepares students really well for 1985 – unfortunately, that’s not the world they’re living in” (p. 7). These kinds of ideas do not need to be abandoned, but today’s students need to learn 21st century skills too (Collier).

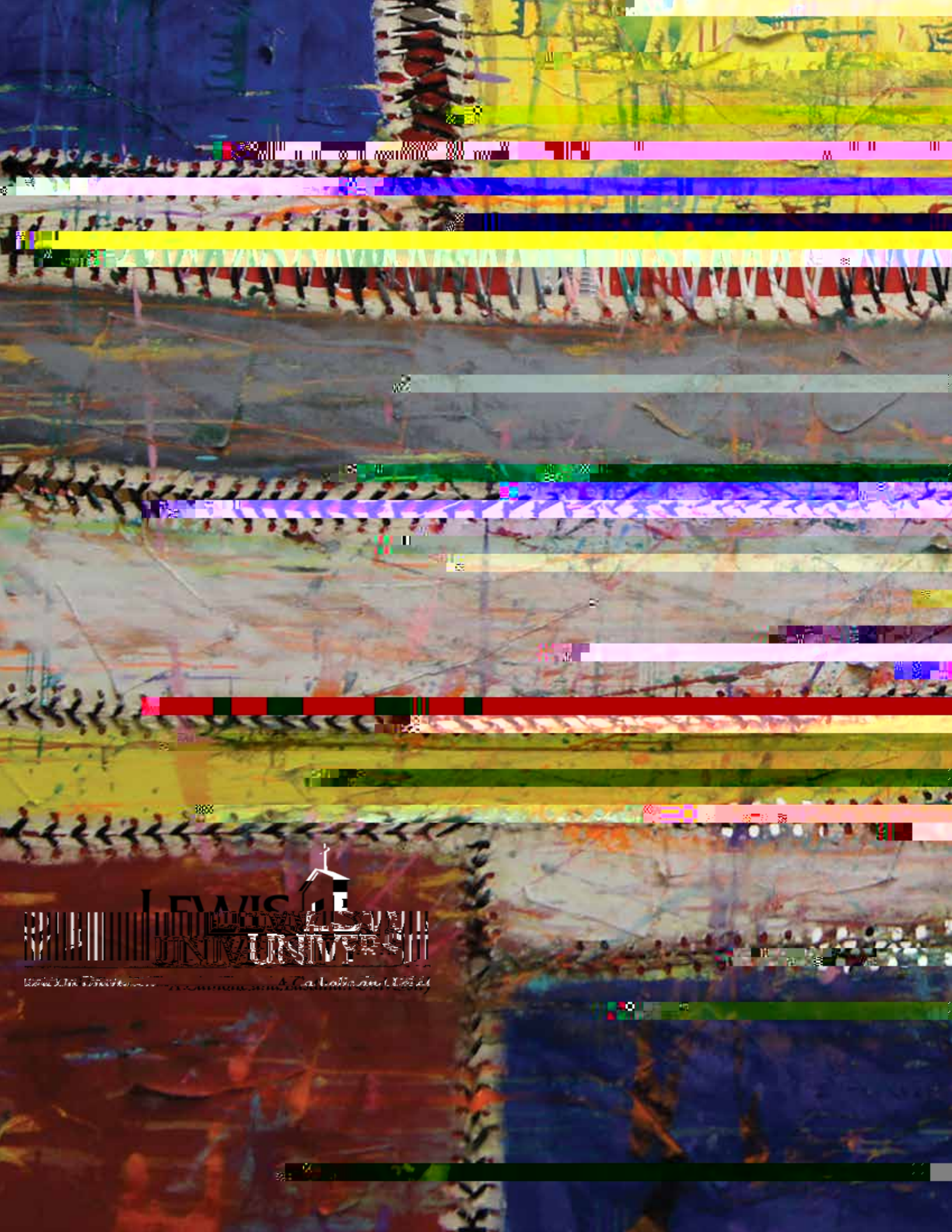
There are a variety of important skills that students need to learn in today’s classrooms. Instruction “needs to engage students in exploring problems that are intrinsically interesting to them, that have no quick or easy solution but are open to a variety of solutions and/or interpretations, and that are complex but not too complex or abstract for their particular level” (Johannessen & Kahn, 1997, p. 2). Another skill students need to understand and implement is collaboration. Student to student collaboration is important because “it helps students gain a greater understanding of other perspectives...As students’ ideas are challenged by others, they revise and refine their thinking” (p. 3). This encourages students to become more open-minded because they are able to change their views and see the bigger picture. Communication is another important skill: “The literacies necessary for the 21st century provide students with different ways to represent knowledge and communicate that knowledge to others” (Shoemaker, De Oliveira, & Angus, 2010, p. 77). This ability to express themselves in various ways makes students more sophisticated and mature because it expands their horizons and opens their eyes beyond the classroom setting. The ability to analyze and evaluate information critically is one crucial 21st century literacy. Students may know how to work technology with ease, but usually at a surface level. They need to be shown “how to navigate the digital age, how to mine the information overload for meaning, and how to make wise choices” (Shoemaker, De Oliveira, & Angus, 2010, p. 77).

if they are not properly implemented. Teachers need to be trained in how to use new technology, so it can be put to use in the classrooms in the best possible ways. Another challenge is that many teachers are resistant to the new ways of the 21st century. Teachers are not necessarily the experts in the classroom anymore, and that is a status many of them do not want to give up. They feel they are losing their power (Collier, 2008b). Another challenge is reluctance/hesitancy. Collier believes that “you have to use it first. You can’t teach it if you don’t use it” (p. 13). Teachers need to make the leap and learn how to use new information.

Reading and writing has changed drastically in the 21st century. This new way of learning can be overwhelming, but there are many ways in which teachers can include new literacies and teach students the skills they need to read and write proficiently in the 21st century.

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