

A lush forest scene with tall trees, green leaves, and sunlight filtering through the canopy. A large fallen log lies in the foreground.

Lander University's Student Journal

New Voices

2023 Edition

New Voices

2023 Edition

Editorial Staff

Faculty Advisor: Professor Laura Martin

Poetry Editor: Karey Boland

Fiction Editor: Hannah Cooper

Nonfiction Editor: Carolyn Carpenter

Academic Writing Editor: Blair Wasser

Art Editor: Theo Mutter

Designers: Abi Johnson and Bryce LeCroy

Social Media Coordinator: Bryce LeCroy



@lu_newvoices



@New Voices



Table of Contents

Awards.....	1
Acknowledgements.....	2
Book Feature.....	30
Art	
<i>Wild Growth</i> by Abby Bell.....	3
<i>Kite Flyer</i> by Lauren Talley.....	6
<i>A Passing Butterfly</i> by Bryce Lecroy.....	10
<i>Large Dendro Slime</i> by Victoria Goins.....	14
<i>Leaves on a Koi Pond</i> by Sierra Thoreson.....	17
<i>Colorado Sunrise</i> by Allison DeVore.....	23
<i>2011</i> by Asia Childs.....	25
<i>State of Decay</i> by Jacob Harry.....	28
<i>Ad Astra</i> by Katherine Walenceus.....	36
<i>Untitled</i> by Zoe Starr.....	39
<i>Copacetic</i> by Rebekah Marcengill.....	42
<i>La Vida y La Muerte</i> by Ashley Garcia.....	46
<i>Night Vision</i> by Erin Anderson.....	49
<i>Lizard on a Flower</i> by Marcie Johnston.....	56
Fiction	
<i>Burn</i> by alumni Robert Maynor.....	4
<i>Salty Foam</i> by Hannah Cooper.....	18
Non-Fiction	
<i>For the Love of Running</i> by Carolyn Carpenter.....	7
<i>A Personal Essay</i> by Bryce Lecroy.....	11
<i>Healthcare System in the United States</i> by Rida Hirani.....	26
<i>Personal Philosophy</i> by Glenn Williams.....	37
<i>My Ancestral Home</i> by KJ Jenkins.....	43
<i>Killer Interest</i> by Katherine Wagner.....	50
Poetry	
<i>Stupid Little Gremlins</i> by Autumn McDonald.....	15
<i>The Clouds of the South</i> by Alex Phillips.....	24
<i>Comfort Food</i> by Joshua Neff.....	29
<i>You</i> by Emma Avant.....	40
<i>My Body, Gutted</i> by Lauren Talley.....	47

Awards

Congratulations to:

Hannah Cooper

Winner of the 2023 Creative Writing Award

KJ Jenkins

Winner of the 2023 Dessie Dean Pitts Award

Sierra Thoreson

Winner of the 2023 Art and Design Award

Abby Bell

Cover Artist

Acknowledgements

The New Voices staff would like to thank Dr. Andrew Jameson, Dr. Misty Jameson, and Professor Dusty McGee-Anderson for all their time and effort they have put into the past New Voices' literary journals. New Voices wouldn't exist without their dedicated time and effort.

We would like to thank the English Department and the Art Department for encouraging student writers and artist to submit to their work to New Voices and for supplying the funds for all of the awards.

We would like to thank all of the professors who encouraged their students to submit to New Voices.

We would like to thank Lander Printing Services for printing all our flyers promoting New Voices and for printing New Voices.

We would like to thank Melody Johnson in all the wonderful ways she has helped us.

We would like to thank Professor Blokhina for coming into our class and teaching us about the basics of designs.

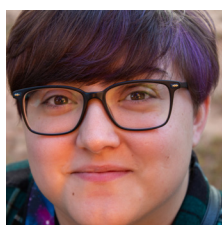
We would like to thank Robbie Maynor, our alumni writer spotlight, for submitting his amazing story to our journal. We couldn't be more honored to feature his short story.

We would like to thank Professor Martin for being our fearless leader throughout the process of making New Voices. We really could not have done this without her. We walked into this class at the beginning of the semester with no idea how to create a literary journal, and she has led through every decisions we have had to make. We couldn't thank Professor Martin enough for everything she has done for us.

We would like to thank everyone who submitted their work to New Voices.

Wild Growth

Abby Bell



Abby Bell is from Abbeville, SC who is a senior in the Visual Arts program. After graduation, she hopes to pursue a Master's Degree in photography that focus on the relationship of light and all that it touches. Abby has had two of her works presented in the Lander's annual Juried Art exhibit in 2020 and 2021. In the 2020 juried art exhibit, she won first place in in the drawing category.

Burn

By Robert Maynor

Your way with fire is not a gift, but a skill, like a carpenter's way with wood, honed over time. Begin with a dollhouse, before long, a town. Eat fire, breathe, spit.

Now the city's burning is reflected on the surface of its porcelain-still river. The cotton wreaths all set aflame. Hung from the door of every carriage house and chapel, another warning, like bodies hung from oak limbs. No need for them anymore. Two hundred round fires, halos of flame.

The city fathers are running for the boats, pulling their most precious belongings behind them in wagons. Marble statues, antique lamps, a silver cup. Over the deck ramps, they struggle with knots they've never done or undone. Before tonight, this harbor was just another hotel.

Fires sweep the streets, converge. The city howls. Ambulance bells, human voices, frantic horses, crackling wood. A wretched song sung once and never again.

Like the girl, when you were young, that August day Momma walked you into the city. The houseflies were biting, and the sweat dripped down your legs. She was standing on the edge of the sandy road—the skin of her bare feet cracked and peeling—selling roses weaved from palmetto leaves for ten cents each. Beauty in their duplicity. They looked like one thing but were, by nature, another. You pulled Momma's pant leg and requested a dime. She asked for what. Before you could answer, a policeman on horseback approached the girl, one hand holding the reins, the other resting on his truncheon. She fled into the woods, trailing roses as she ran. She shouted over her shoulder. *Burn*. Something more might've come behind it, but you couldn't make it out.

That evening, you met Daddy at the door as he came in from work. You told him about the girl and asked why she ran away from the policeman. Daddy said the girl should never have been there in the first place, harassing travelers in and out of the city. He combed a strand of hair behind your ear, kissed the top of your head, and told you to go help Momma with supper. As you walked into the kitchen, you saw her strike a match to light the stove. You realized when the girl yelled over her shoulder, those cracked and peeling feet kicking up dust, she wasn't talking to the policeman. *Burn*. She was talking to you.

Now it's nearly done. The city fathers sob as their boats drift from the harbor. Ghostly faces at the gunwales. Open mouths, gloomy holes in the firelit night. A city lost to fire, a life let out to sea. You watch from this bridge you know will be last to burn.

A crowd is gathering in the marsh, that muddy in-between. Casting shadows across the spartina. You hope the girl with the cracked and peeling feet is among them. You hope this is what she meant. All the sudden, it's hard to be sure. But you had to do something. For the rose. The one you picked up off the ground after the girl disappeared into the woods and the policeman rode away. The one you smuggled home in the pocket of your dress like a fortune, like destiny. *Burn*. This pile of ash. Come morning, cry smoke. *Repair*.



Robert Maynor is a writer and conservationist from the Lowcountry of South Carolina. He graduated from Lander University in 2015 with a B.A. in English. His writing explores the complexities and contradictions of life in the rural south. As a conservationist, he works to protect and enhance many of the same landscapes, waterways and rural communities that inspire his writing. Maynor's short stories have appeared in Blood Orange Review, BULL, The Carolina Quarterly, and CRAFT, among other outlets. His work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and he is the past recipient of the Larry Brown Short Story Award and the Coker Fellowship in Fiction from the South Carolina Academy of Authors. His debut novel, *The Big Game Is Every Night*, is forthcoming from Hub City Press in Fall 2023.

Kite Flyer

Lauren Tally



Lauren Talley is a senior Mass Communications and Media Studies major. Alongside her work as a writer and photographer for the LU Forum Newspaper, she has written screenplays featured within the Lander Film Festival and the Digital Media Showcase. Her latest film festival entry, “Restless,” won Best of the Fest Screenplay. Lauren is currently studying abroad at the University of Winchester.

For the Love of Running

By Carolyn Carpenter

You played soccer in elementary school. You were the smallest kid on the team, only four feet tall, only forty pounds, skin and bones. You didn't want to play soccer. The ball seemed like a small monster that wanted to eat you whole.

Your dad was determined. He was the coach of your little REC league team.

You were the worst soccer player. You were scared of the black and white ball, the small monster that continually seemed to attack. You couldn't seem to get away from it, the small monster, since it kept following you around the field with that menacing stare.

You only wanted to run around in circles. The other aspects of soccer, the shoving kids, the small monster, was not your cup of tea. Your dad put you in as a defender.

Your least favorite part was the moment the kid five times bigger than you charged, and you were supposed to kick the monster away from them, away from the goal.

You cowered, terrified of the monster and the kid, and your dad began yelling, "What are you doing, Carolyn? Kick it away!"

You panicked and pranced towards them timidly. Then, bam! They ran into you, knocked you down, and you immediately felt terrible because you knew it was your job to just kick the damn ball, that evil, small monster, away. You failed.

You were the worst soccer player.

You always wondered why your dad insisted you play soccer since he knew that you didn't love it, not like he did. You barely touched the monster. All you ever did was run around the field. So why did you play soccer for six years?

You ran cross country when you were in high school. You weren't the smallest kid on the team. Most of the girls on the team were skin and bones, but you weren't. You were five feet four inches and one hundred twenty pounds, and you weren't the smallest kid on the team.

You wanted to run cross country. You were determined.

Your dad wanted you to run cross country. He was determined. He was your cross country coach.

You weren't the best runner, but you weren't the worst.

You loved the feeling of running, your hair being blown by the wind, your blood coursing through your veins, your heart pumping and beating BA-BUM BA-BUM BA-BUM.

You loved the feeling of digging your feet into the thick, white sand, into the thin, black dirt.

You loved the feeling of moving, getting your anxiousness and restlessness out.

You loved the feeling of finally being able to breathe, of finally being able to get out of your head.

Your favorite part about cross country was the moment when the gun went off in a race, and a flood of runners began to move.

You spurted out as a pack at first slowly as you began to acquire mileage, you drifted apart. You ambled as your own pace, not worrying about the people beside you and worrying about the people beside you at the same time.

You continued to trot as fast as you could, wanting to get a PR (personal record). You crested down the hill, around the corner, up the hill, around another corner, down another hill, up another hill. You rushed pass people, and people rushed pass you.

And once you saw the finish line, you began to pick up your pace, crashing towards it. Once you sprinted through the finish line, you stopped, your legs feeling rubbery and restless and tired all at once. All you wanted to do was to hug your dad and to gulp down a cup of water.

You weren't the best runner, but you weren't the worst.

Your dad had always been your coach. You'd always had his patience and understanding, his laid-backed personality, to guide you in your athletic pursuits.

You ran track and field when you were in high school. You weren't the smallest girl on the team, but you also weren't the biggest. You were five feet and four inches, one hundred

twenty pounds.

You were hesitant to run track. Your dad wasn't the coach. He was the boys' soccer coach for the high school. You had to run under a different coach.

You weren't the best runner, but you weren't the worst.

You ran in the distance events, the 800s, the 1600s, the 3200s. You still loved the feeling of running, but you hated having to sprint. You didn't like running on the hard, rubbery track against the harsh wind.

Your least favorite part about track was the moment the gun went off in a race, and the pack began to flow. The track wasn't very big, and if you didn't watch it, you'd get stuck in a whirlpool of people. You raced the 1600. You ran through the harsh wind, the fight between you and it a fierce battle, spreading a stinging, red pain over your bare arms and legs.

You're on your last lap, and you raced faster. You sprinted pass a few people, and a few people sprinted pass you. Then, it's over, and you didn't have to move anymore.

You weren't the best runner, but you weren't the worst.

Your dad has always been your biggest motivator in doing sports. He gave you the confidence to put yourself out there and to compete whether he was your coach or not. You may not have been the best athlete, but you weren't the worst.

You stopped running when you were in college, the pain in your feet becoming too overwhelming. You began to attend cross country meets that weren't for you but your younger sister.

Your sister wanted to run cross country. She was determined.

Your dad wanted your sister to run cross country. He was determined. He was her cross country coach.

She wasn't the best runner, but she wasn't the worst.

She began to enjoy everything that you loved about running. You began to feel jealous of her being able to talk with your dad about running, about cross country. You wanted to run. You wanted the attention of your dad, but now it was all hers.

Your favorite, but least favorite, part about cheering on your sister was the moment the gun goes off, and the pack of girls began to move. You stand still on the sideline, cheering your sister's name, wishing it was you who was running the race.

You had to wait several minutes in order to see your sister run by once, and then, the wait began again for you to see her the second time. After what feels like forever, she popped out of the woods and made her way to the finish line. You jumped and screamed, hoping that she gets a PR. You felt jealous when she gets close to your PR.

You didn't know how to reign in the jealousy you feel about your sister running cross country. You wanted to feel happy for her, to be proud of her, but you didn't know how to with the jealousy bubbling up every time she mentions anything about running or cross country.

You know that you wouldn't have this jealousy forever. Your sister is graduating high school in June 2023. She won't run cross country in college, and who knows, maybe she'll be like you and won't even run for fun in college. You know that you have to wait a few more months for the cross country season to be over and for the jealousy to dissipate. You only have to wait.



Carolyn Carpenter is a junior English major at Lander University. She is a part of the Honors College and is a tutor at the Writing Center. When she's not writing, Carolyn enjoys reading, watching TV, and spending time with friends and family. After college, Carolyn plans on getting her masters degree and eventually PhD in English.

A Passing Butterfly

Bryce LeCroy



Bryce LeCroy is a Honors College student who is attempting to major in English. In his free time, Bryce enjoys playing instruments, reading books, and taking photographs. One day, Bryce hopes to be able to craft worlds with words and publish his very own book.

A Personal Essay

By Bryce LeCroy

Those three words terrified me as I stared at the screen in front of me. I had just had the most brilliant idea, but it had been lost somewhere during the act of lifting my hands and placing them on the keyboard. I let out a sigh.

12:43 AM 2/18/2022

I guess I should start writing, huh?

It had been close to three hours since I first sat down with the intent to finish my essay, yet I was still trying to find a place to start. However, this lack of writing was not for lack of trying. The night before, I had attempted the same thing with a similar outcome. I would think that I had an idea, but would either lose it in translation or give up on writing for the night. It just felt like I couldn't get any of my words to "feel" right. As I stared deeper into my computer's soul, I decided to open up my Google drive and reread some of my past, half-done essays. I hoped I would be able to find some inspiration in my unfinished works.

The first essay I looked at, which was written about my grandfather who had passed away, felt too much like a sob story. Originally I had wanted the essay to be a happy story about how my grandfather had inspired me to write. I wanted to weave a tale about how I had always dreamed of mimicking the gracefulness of my grandfather's hand as he meticulously added cursive to a page. However, the piece had quickly taken a turn for the worse. By the second page, the story had become less about my inspiration and more about the despair I had felt in the months after my grandfather had passed. While there may be a time when I share that part of my story, I think that, while writing this essay, I was just not ready and able to do justice to the emotions I had felt during that time.

I realized that I was looking for something specific in my writings to inspire the piece in front of me. Unfortunately, this piece just did not have that something. So after attempting to work for what was probably less than five minutes, I decided it was time to take a break. I leaned back in my chair and let out a satisfied breath in celebration of my lack of progress.

When working on anything, I try to take very frequent breaks due to being easily distracted. I clicked the Chrome browser icon at the bottom of my monitor and started to type in an address. *Chess.com* was the destination, and bullet games were the attraction. A bullet game is the terminology used for chess games where each player has a one-minute timer. I often play this game mode as the fast gameplay seems to help calm my nerves and allows me to focus. *I'll probably play just one or two games...*

Win
Win
Loss
Win
Loss

"It's time to look at the clock," a feeling in my gut told me after losing my final game.

2:12 AM 2/18/2022

A little over an hour had passed. Somehow I wasted almost an hour playing chess.

Riperino. It is time to go back to my original plan, I guess.

I once again clicked back into my Google drive in an attempt to try to find inspiration for my writing. I opened the next unfinished essay on the list.

To me, this piece and the first piece had similar problems. After attempting (and failing) to write something I felt proud of with my first essay, I decided I could maybe share more of the emotion I wanted to portray by diving deeper into my childhood. So in this second piece, I decided to write about my experiences with my stepfather. My stepfather was an angry man who liked to drink. In fact, there are very few nights in my childhood where I remember my stepfather being sober. He would drink, yell, and tell me how worthless of a child I was. After this, he would go to my mother and scream at her. He would tell her that my worthlessness was her fault. If she would just put her foot down and try harder, I might become something when I am older. But again, this story felt like a sob story. I didn't feel like I did a good job conveying the emotions I had felt at the time. I felt like I was just crying onto paper and hoping that the trauma itself made the reader feel enough to make it seem like the piece meant something.

I decided it was time for another break. I still didn't know what I was looking for, but I felt like I wasn't going to find it here. Instead of chess, I decided this break would be taken by playing a game called Super Auto Pets. The goal of this game is to use randomly rolled characters to build a team that is better than anyone else's. You have ten lives, but to win, you have to get ten wins before losing your ten lives. If you lose, your entire team is erased, and you have to start back at square one. Sounds fun, right? *I won't find any inspiration in this one. How do you make a story like this not sad? I'll just play 'till I win. It won't be long...*

3/10 Wins
4/10 Wins
7/10 Wins... *So close!*
3/10 Wins
1/10 Wins... *Yikes.*

“Hey buddy, what time is it?” The voice in my head chimed as I failed to win another round.

3:01 AM 2/18/2022

I let out a sigh. *I guess I should start writing, huh?*

In one motion, I closed the tab holding Super Auto Pets and opened the tab that had my google drive. As I began to search for the next essay to stare blankly into, I saw my phone light up with a notification. Curious as to what it could be, I left my google drive where it was and decided to look. Surprisingly, it was a three AM upload on YouTube from one of my favorite content creators.

If I don't watch this now, I will just sit here and think about watching it until I actually watch it. It's not that long of a video...

3:29 AM 2/18/2022

Ok, the video is over. Finally, I can start actually writing this paper, I thought, half trying to convince myself that I would write my essay. *Back to my original plan.*

I opened up my google drive and then tabbed out to play another quick game of chess.

I guess I should start writing, huh?

I didn't know exactly when this paper was due, but I knew I would have to turn it in sometime today. If I didn't start writing something of substance soon, I knew I wouldn't be able to finish my story in time.

I think I might just get up, stretch my legs, clear my mind, and then try to get this bad boy started.

4:40 AM 2/18/2022

I sat back in my chair and looked at the time. At some point during my walk, I decided it was a good idea to lie on the ground and watch Stargate on my phone.

This essay will be the death of me. If I just had a topic!

I thought back over the past few days and tried to think of anything that might give me some sort of inspiration. I felt myself beginning to overthink, but did not want to give leeway to my thoughts due to fears that I might begin to “underthink” the assignment.

Then I had it. An idea popped into my head. Not an overthought idea or an underthought idea, but an interesting idea. I sat forward and began to write.

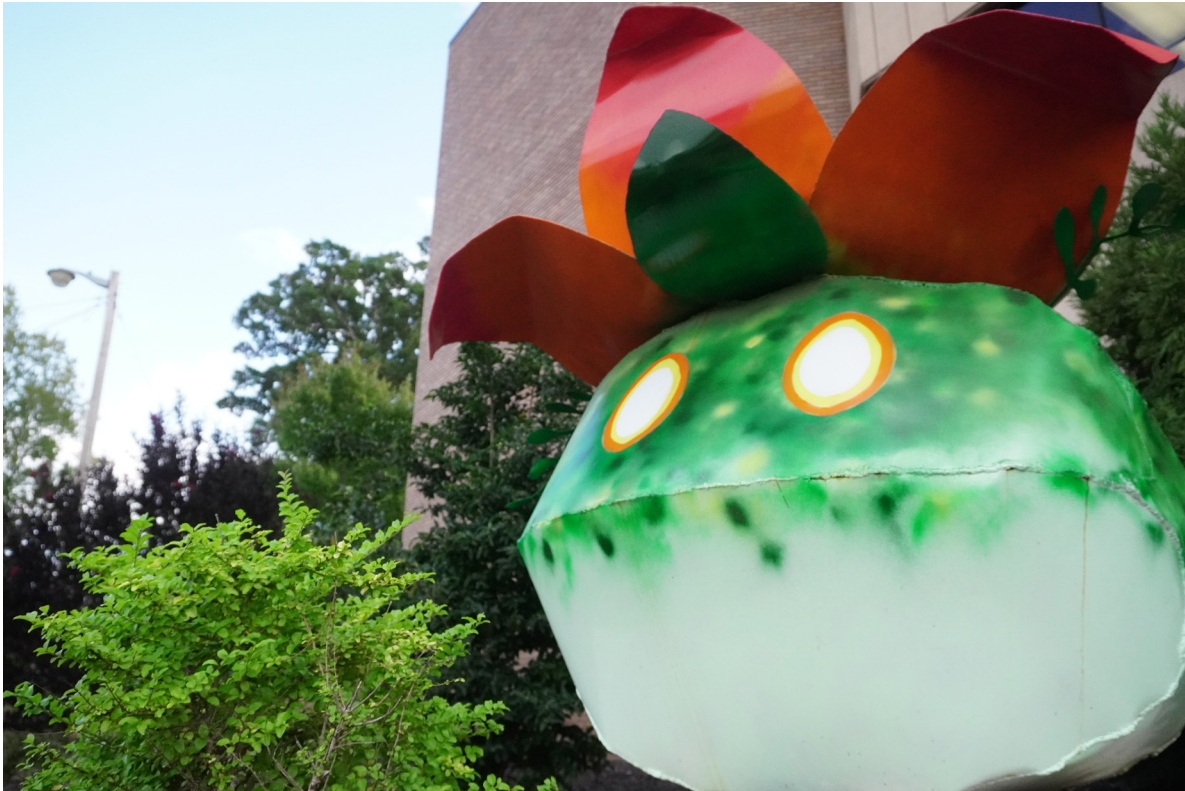
“A Personal Essay”



Bryce LeCroy is a Honors College student who is attempting to major in English. In his free time, Bryce enjoys playing instruments, reading books, and taking photographs. One day, Bryce hopes to be able to craft worlds with words and publish his very own book.

Large Dendro Slime

Victoria Goins



Victoria Goins is a senior pursuing her Bachelor of Design with an emphasis in Graphic Design. She also enjoys making ceramic work, cosplays, and various crafts. Her work has been featured in the Student Jury Exhibition for two years. Her work has won two merit awards, an A&W award, and she received second place in computer graphics for Breadbox.com in 2022.

Stupid Little Gremlins

By Autumn McDonald

Here come the gremlins
ripping pages from my books,
and thoughts from my mind.

Why do they always, without fail,
show their disturbing faces when
work is to be done?

They are always pushy and insistent,
so whiny, demanding, degrading,

This sounds bad. Do it better.

you can't do this.

Do they team up against me alone,
or everyone else too?
who is the gremlins' enemy?

Do they fight against creation
and progression?
or the creators, progressors?

What or who or why
do they fight so
incessantly, disruptively

How do you fight gremlins?
they are so many, while I am so few.

But, I guess
in the end,
you just have to.



Autumn McDonald is a freshman who is currently majoring in English. When she graduates she is planning to get her master's degree in Library Sciences at the University of South Carolina. She plans to be a librarian and intends to publish more in the future. Autumn primarily writes short-fiction stories, nonfiction papers, and occasionally poetry.

Leaves on a Koi Pond

Sierra Thoreson



Sierra Thoreson is a senior graduating in Fall 2022. She is a Psychology major with a minor in painting/drawing and human services. She is the vice president of the Lander Animaniacs and involved in History club. After graduating, Sierra hopes to go on to earn her Master's degree in Art Therapy.

Salty Foam

By Hannah Cooper



I am a fraud. I have spout so many lies that even I have started to believe them. The first day I was told the news, it shocked me. I wanted to tell my parents and cry in their arms; I wanted to scream out all my frustration and terror. But I decided to wait. I needed to wait. What kind of daughter would I be if I just dumped the news on them out of nowhere? Everyone would have been a wreck. Not a single person knew the truth, and I found peace in that.

I was able to take time and think about what I wanted to do with my life. I had no one forcing treatments down my throat, looking at me like I was going to die, and telling me they would pray for me. I was able to continue living a normal life until I was ready to decide what I thought would be best. I enjoyed my peace, but I knew it was going to come to an end.

The doctor's office didn't hear back from me, and I made the dumb mistake of forgetting I was a minor. So, they decided to get in contact with my mom. I knew the doctor was only looking out for me, but it caused my peace to disappear. It turned into screaming and crying then worry and confusion then hospital visits and multiple IVs. My parents couldn't understand why I refused to go through with treatment. They wanted me to live a long happy life, but I knew I was going to die.

I went through with treatment for a few weeks because my parents made me feel so guilty for not wanting to. I was told I was being selfish and stupid for the decision I made on my own. My mother wouldn't look or talk to me until I told her I would start treatment. My father was upset at me for not taking action with my condition, but he wasn't as dramatic as my mother. He sat down with me and listened to my point of view, but ultimately, he still did not understand.

I started to feel like a burden to my parents. I felt like I was being suffocated in a slowly shrinking cage. I was being kept like some science experiment for everyone to poke and stare at. There was never a moment of peace with my mom coming in to check my temperature and open my curtains for me to get Vitamin D; my dad coming in to make sure I had eaten and to change out the vomit filled trash can; both coming in on the days I felt the most fatigue to help me brush my teeth and shower.

So, when I was able, I drove to the coast early Tuesday morning. I made sure to leave at 4 a.m. so it would be a few hours before anyone knew I was gone. I only brought two things with me: my cell phone and a bottle of Jack Daniel's whiskey from my dad's liquor cabinet. The drive was cold and dark without the sun warming the planet with its rays. It felt as if I was the only person awake at that moment. It made me think about how peaceful the world would be if us humans never existed. Once I arrived at the beach, I grabbed my

phone and whiskey from the passenger seat before walking down the shoreline to find the perfect spot.

The beach smelt of salty foam and seaweed. The only sound being made came from the waves hitting the rocks on the shore. Not one bird dared to scream its song of goodbyes as it fled South. I sat on the gritty sand, staring off into the ocean shoreline, searching for a sign from the universe. A sign for what? I wasn't a hundred percent sure. I buried my toes in the sand, moving them every now and again to make sure I could still feel them. The perfect pedicure, ruined. What was once painted with a lilac purple was now painted with broken shells and wet sand.

The sun began to rise not long after I made my spot in the sand. The sky started to be filled with shades of oranges, yellows, and reds. The clouds started to drift in the sky, making way for the masterpiece the sun created. It always surprised me how powerful the sunrise made me feel. Like I could do anything if I just believed hard enough. It gave me a sense of hope. I could feel my eyes start to water from the brightness of the sun, but it felt good to cry because of something beautiful for once. Everything just seemed to disappear in that moment: the sadness, the worry, and the guilt. I felt normal again.

Once the sun had fully risen, every human seemed to scatter the beach like ants searching for food. I sat there watching children build sandcastles and chase after the seagulls trying to sneak snacks. Teens raced to the water with their surfboards, hoping to catch a big wave only to wipe out on most of their attempts. Everyone was enjoying their time at the beach, even the mothers that had to force their children to put sunscreen on before having their fun. It brought back fond memories from my childhood.

Every summer, my dad would drive us here and we would rent one of the beach houses for a week. The days were full of swimming, hunting for seashells, having picnics, and playing beach volleyball. The nights were my favorite; we would go out onto the beach and look for little sand crabs. Then, on the days me and dad would wake up early enough, we would go watch the sunrise and sometimes catch dolphins passing through. Mom never minded missing out since she wasn't a morning person. We always made sure to take pictures to show her once we arrived back at the house.

I soon started to feel a little tired from the lack of sleep and the heat from the sun, so I decided to bring my knees to my chest and rest my head on top of them. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. Everyone has their happy place that they go to in order to take a break from this stressful thing called life. This right here, this beach, is my happy place. The sounds of the waves, the warmth from the sun, and the smell of sunscreen are all things that bring me peace. They're all things I hope are in the afterlife, or wherever I end up.

"Umm, excuse me?"

I lifted my head from my knees and was met with a tall, shirtless figure standing in front of me. My face felt warm, but I couldn't tell if it was from the sunburn on my face or the pretty boy in front of me. "Yes?" He had a confused expression on his face as if he was staring at some odd sea creature. I soon realized he was the lifeguard on duty by the red

swim shorts he was wearing that had LIFEGUARD written in big, white letters.

“You aren’t supposed to have that out here on the beach.”

“What?”

“The whiskey, that is prohibited on the beach. You’re going to have to leave or else you’ll be written a ticket.”

“I can’t leave yet! I have to-“

“I’m sorry, but it’s the rules.” He turned and started to walk away. I couldn’t quite tell from the hair falling in front of his eyes, but he seemed to be getting annoyed. There’s probably at least ten to twenty people a day that cause him the same problem. I’m different from all those people, though. I have an excuse to be here like this.

“Wait! Umm, I have cancer!” As soon as the word left my mouth, I regretted it. Hearing the word pass my own lips for the first time made it feel like new information. I went months without saying it, in hopes that acting like it wasn’t true would make it go away. I could tell the word affected the lifeguard almost as much as me.

He stood completely still, but I could tell he was shocked by the way his back muscles tensed. He slowly turned his head to look at me until we were making direct eye contact.

“You’re being serious?”

“Yes.”

His body seemed to untense, and he let out a breath of relief. “Oh, that’s good. Wait, not good that you have cancer! I was worried that you were lying about having cancer, so you don’t get in trouble. But you shouldn’t be bringing alcohol to a public beach whether you have cancer or not... I feel like I’m being the biggest asshole right now.” He covered his face with his hands to hide his embarrassment.

I couldn’t help but feel guilty for playing that card just so he would let me stay. I came here with a plan, and I needed to fulfill it. “It’s okay, I’m not offended. I feel bad for even telling you I just... just didn’t want to leave yet.” I had to busy my eyes because I felt too shameful to look at the boy anymore. I looked down at my feet that were still buried in the sand. It was now much warmer than when I first arrived, so the sand felt nice in between my toes. I started to wiggle them until I saw the tips of my big toes start to appear. It reminded me of the little sand crabs that would poke their heads out to see if their surroundings were safe for exploration.

The boy soon walked closer to me and sat down in the empty space beside me. We sat there in silence for a minute. Him looking out towards the ocean while I tried to cover my toes back up with the warm sand.

“What’s your name?” He asked, finally breaking the silence.

“Dawn.”

“Well, that explains why you’re such a morning person.” We both let out a small laugh that seemed to break the tension that was hanging in the air. “What’s yours?” I asked.

“Finn.”

“Well, that explains why you’re a lifeguard.”

It was nice to talk to someone that didn't jump right into the topic of my condition. Almost as if I never blurted it out to him. "What made you want to come to the beach on a random Tuesday?"

"I was born on a Tuesday."

"That sounds somewhat poetic. I've never really thought about anything that deep. Wait, what day was I born on?" Finn placed his hand on his chin and looked as if he was in deep thought. I doubt he would be able to figure it out without a calendar from his birthyear; no one really remembers the day they're born. "I got nothing." He places his hand back in his lap in defeat.

"It's okay, you can look--"

The vibration on my leg made my heart sink. I most likely knew who was trying to reach me. Finn gave me a confused look; probably waiting for me to finish my sentence. "Hold on one second." I slowly retrieved my phone from my pocket. All I could do was stare at the caller ID. I couldn't answer her call or else my peace would be ruined again. "Are you not going to answer? There could be an emergency." Finn pointed at my phone. I threw the phone in the sand and placed my hands over my face. Was I really about to do this? Tell this cute, random stranger all my dirty laundry?

"Okay um, I'm going to tell you this, but you can't look at me or else I'll get nervous."

"Okay I won't look at you."

I can see between my fingers that he shifted his gaze back to the ocean shore. This wasn't going to be easy to say out loud, so I needed to pretend I didn't have an audience. I took a deep breath to prepare for the worst. "My parents don't know I'm here. I left without them knowing because I came here to feel like I had a normal life again for a short while. After I had my fun, I was umm going to finish off this whiskey to give me the courage to... walk into the ocean." I slowly removed my hands from my face and looked at Finn. He sat there, completely still. Not saying a word, but I could tell he was shocked from how his eyes had widen and his mouth hung open a little. I knew it was a lot to tell someone that you were planning to kill yourself, but selfishly enough, it felt good to get it off my chest.

"Finn?" I waved my hand in front of his face to get his attention.

"Oh, um sorry! I was just taken back by that; I didn't really know what to say."

"Just don't try to talk me out of it."

"What? No, no I wouldn't do that... not that I want you to die or anything! It's just that's a lot to ask of a person, like what do you even say to convince them to not kill themselves?"

He was right. What was I expecting for him to say? To give me some amazing speech that would make perfect sense to why I should continue living? We don't live in a fairy tale where all our problems magically get solved. Real life is hard and there aren't always happy endings. But does that mean the rest of the life wasn't happy?

My phone continued to vibrate in the sand. Finn was staring at it as if he was desperate for someone to answer it. I looked down to see a new caller ID displayed on my screen. I

nervously picked up my phone and answered it. I could feel the sand scratching my face as I placed it to my ear. “Hello?”

“Hello! Honey where are you? We’ve been trying to call since we saw you weren’t in your room. Why haven’t you answered? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Dad. I’m safe, I promise.”

“Your mother has been worried sick. She was seconds away from calling the police and sending the SWAT to come look for you.”

I let out a little laugh. Of course she said that, she’s so dramatic. “They wouldn’t send the SWAT just to look for one missing girl.”

“They would once your mother got a hold of them.” Hearing my dad banter really made me miss him. He always found a way to crack a joke during a serious time. Even through his jokes, I could tell he was extremely worried about me and my safety.

My chest started to feel heavy as tears brimmed my eyes. “Dad?”

“Yes honey?”

“I’m sorry for having cancer.” I couldn’t help but let the tears stream down my face. All the guilt, worry, and sadness were rushing back to me. My whole body started to shake uncontrollably from the crying. Everything was just a mess, and I didn’t know how to fix it.

“What? No, no, don’t be sorry for that. You have nothing to be sorry for, okay? We love you so much no matter what and we are always here to stand by your side.” I couldn’t talk, I couldn’t catch my breath. My emotions were finally having the chance to be released after being held in for so long. With as many tears as I was producing, I felt like I was going to drown in them.

A light pressure became present on my back. I glanced at Finn who had moved a little closer and was rubbing my back softly. “It’s okay, just cry.” He gave me a soft smile that would make any girl’s heart flutter. I sat there and cried, with Finn on my right and my dad on the phone, until my eyes decided to take a break.

Once I was finally able to catch my breath I spoke, “Dad?”

“Yes?”

“Can we rent a beach house next summer?”



Hannah Cooper is a senior English major with an emphasis in Professional Writing. She is a member of the English Club and the Animeniacs here at Lander, and a member of the International English Honor Society, Sigma Tau Delta. Her poem, “The Depths,” was recently published in last year’s issue of New Voices and she hopes that one day she will have one of her pieces published in a national journal.

Colorado Sunrise

Allison DeVore



Allison DeVore is a senior design major, an honors college member, and enjoys all kinds of photography. She loves taking photos around Lander's campus and for the Art and Design Department.

The Clouds of the South

By Alex Phillips

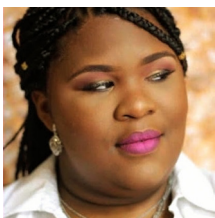
The people in the kudzu
take trains that go nowhere
and laze on lifeless porches
waiting for the rain.
Mythic giants smothered by endless green blankets
are quiet under the sun,
but whisper through the cicada rattle
as you lay down your head.
They are giraffes and dinosaurs and skyscrapers
in the city streets,
but old gods in the quiet sticks
that only tell you of their magic
when you are as still as them.
They tell you the lives of the graves they've smothered
and of the initial-carved trees
that will never meet another pair of lovers,
and of the overgrown paths
that will never again feel boots stomp along its dirt.
You hear the laughter of the schoolhouses
enraptured by leaves
and the bustle of the mill
buried in vines.
Old gods to whom you can't pray.
Old gods for whom no hymns are written.
But old gods that watch over you,
waiting for the sun to set,
waiting to tell you "goodnight."



Alex Phillips is a junior professional writing major from Greenville, SC. When she isn't tutoring in the Lander Writing Center, she devotes her time to reading and writing Southern gothic and horror fiction. Through her work, she gives almost every ounce of glory to God, saving a few ounces for the teachers and professors that have inspired her along the way. This is her first publication in New Voices.

2011

Asia Childs



Asia Childs is a sophomore majoring in Digital Media Production and minoring in painting/drawing. She is a member of the Animeniacs here at Lander. A piece of her artwork has been featured in the 2021 Student Juried Exhibition and her piece titled 2011 currently hangs in Lander's library.

Healthcare System in the United States

by Rida Hirani

A nation's sustainability depends heavily on its healthcare system. A well-developed country has an advanced and properly managed healthcare system that caters to all the basic health necessities of the country's people. When asked to consider the major problems facing the country, the healthcare cost and drug addiction top the American public's list of priorities. According to US News, America's healthcare system ranks No.22, down seven spots on the list as compared to 2020 (Luhby). This is an important issue for Americans, but it is of vastly greater importance to older Americans and those with disabilities or underlying health problems who find themselves more dependent on medical care. Therefore, this is the time when our government should start taking adequate measures to improve our healthcare system.

One of the major challenges faced by our citizens is high healthcare prices. Money can buy almost any product or service deemed necessary by the consumer. This is an alarming thought to those with thin pocketbooks and the reason why a considerable percentage of people do not really bother to maintain their health. Higher prices may require us to raise more money to help someone, and higher prices may even reduce the number of people that we are able to help. However, if health care is unavailable or if it is rationed, no amount of fundraising will buy the necessary services for our patients. This will inevitably leave more people without care, and it will greatly increase the financial burden on the government as it tries to fill the gap.

In addition to high healthcare prices, the shortage of medical staff is the second major problem faced by the United States healthcare system. Imagine for a minute, what would happen if we convinced one-half of America's doctors to retire? This instant shortage of doctors would result in long waits, and those doctors remaining in practice would raise their rates significantly. In seven states, all in the South except for New Mexico and the District of Columbia, at least 30% of residents living in high-poverty areas have little access to proper healthcare facilities. *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel's* analysis of data from the largest U.S. metropolitan areas shows that people in poor neighborhoods are less healthy than their more affluent neighbors but more likely to live in areas with physician shortages. Having closed hospitals in their vicinity, and the available ones are filled with less reputable doctors, proves that "Early death is the simplest measure of compromised health" (Thomas). Moreover, unhygienic conditions lead to the spread of several communicable diseases like malaria, chronic diarrhea, dysentery, etc.

The third challenge that our country is still trying to cope with is COVID-19. The rapid spread of COVID-19 has shaken every individual to the core. The effects of this pandemic on the U.S. healthcare system will be felt for decades. Not only the poor have been

greatly affected, but people of the upper classes have also faced major financial and health crises. It's unclear whether the country is out of the acute phase of the pandemic, as the new variant is pushing case counts up again. Efforts to continue ramping up vaccination rates have stalled as some outright refuse to get the shot and others have trouble getting access to and education on the process. Despite the availability of vaccines, more COVID-19 waves have hit many healthcare workers with despair. Multiple studies show burnout among providers is sky high, and some report leaving the profession or considering doing so.

The following are possible strategies to improve the aforementioned problems. First, the government should keep a check on hospitals in areas of poverty which should be provided with proper doctors and medical staff. Secondly, the cost of vaccinations should be lowered and made available in every locality. Starting health awareness campaigns, especially in rural areas, can reduce the medical illiteracy rate among people and encourage them to maintain a healthy lifestyle. Last, instead of retiring doctors, what if could magically double the number of

well-trained and qualified physicians? There would certainly be little or no wait to see a doctor, and prices for an office visit would drop considerably. The increased supply creates better availability and reduced prices.

For now, all such plans look good on paper. However, sustainable development is achievable through the process of devolution. If implemented effectively, the strategies can help eradicate the problems. In reality, it may be that the problems may not be wiped out completely, but what can be achieved is an improvement in the healthcare system.

Works Cited

Luhby, Tami. "US Comes in Last in Health Care Rankings of High-Income Countries." *CNN*, Cable News Network, 4 Aug. 2021, <https://www.cnn.com/2021/08/04/health/us-health-care-rankings/index.html>.

Thomas, Lillian. "Health Care Facilities Are Leaving Poor City Neighborhoods." *Governing*, Governing, 21 Apr. 2021, www.governing.com/news/headlines/health-care-facilities-are-leaving-poor-city-neighborhoods.html.

Tolan, Tom and Glauber, Bill. "Milwaukee Area Tops Brookings Segregation Study of Census Data." *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, 2010, <https://archive.jsonline.com/news/milwaukee/111898689.html/>.



Rida Hirani is a freshman pursuing a bachelor of science degree in the area of medical biology. She has received a professional and civil award for her participation as an attorney in Mock Trial. Additionally, she has earned the Global Seal of Distinction and Gold Seal of Biliteracy for mastering a foreign language.

State of Decay

Jacob Harry



Jacob Ray Harry is a 3D-BFA junior here at Lander University. He has previously had art accepted into the Peach Belt Conference 2022 art exhibition with his piece “Adaptation of Fashion”. Jacob mostly specializes in polaroid photography and the manipulation/transformation that can be done to them, but he also specializes in making functional ceramic work.

Comfort Food

By Joshua Neff

I remember you
sitting on the sofa
beer in hand
when you told me
you'd never love me.

I'm not your blood
just another man's cub.

Is that why you took us to get pancakes
making me watch
as your daughter
poured too much syrup
fork and butter
while I wonder
if you'll feed me too.



Joshua Neff is a junior who transferred into Lander from Greenville Technical College with an associate's. He is majoring in English with plans for grad school afterwards, where he can become one of those humble book shepherds who get paid nowhere near what they deserve. His life missions are to prevent libraries from going all digital, write stories for video games, and to write at least one average quality novel.



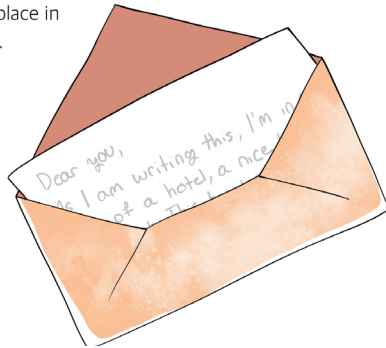
Carolyn Carpenter is a junior English major at Lander University. She is a part of the Honors College and is a tutor at the Writing Center. When she's not writing, Carolyn enjoys reading, watching TV, and spending time with friends and family. After college, Carolyn plans on getting her masters degree and eventually PhD in English.



Audrey Poltorak is a senior here at Lander studying Bachelor of Design. Starting as a visual art major, with a graphic design emphasis, she knew that design was her passion. When the BDes degree in Graphic Design started she quickly switched over to continue to develop her skills. Along with being enveloped in graphic design work, she is in her second year of Lander's equestrian show team. She wants to pursue a master's degree in logos and branding to further her passion to help businesses advertise.

Dear You,

As I am writing this, I'm in a lobby of a hotel, a nice hotel, at the beach. This beach isn't the beach of your childhood. This beach could become the beach of your adulthood. Who knows what the future could bring? This beach is the home of your boyfriend, someone you love very much. I write this to remind you of the memories you had at your favorite place in the world: the beach.



1

Do you remember Dad digging a gigantic hole in the sand, a hole big enough for your little body to sit in? You sat in that hole, in the crusty, wet sand, waiting for a wave to reach you and pour itself into the hole.



2

Then, when Ada got stung by the jellyfish...



7

... you bolted out of there, having enough of the ocean and the other unknown creatures in it



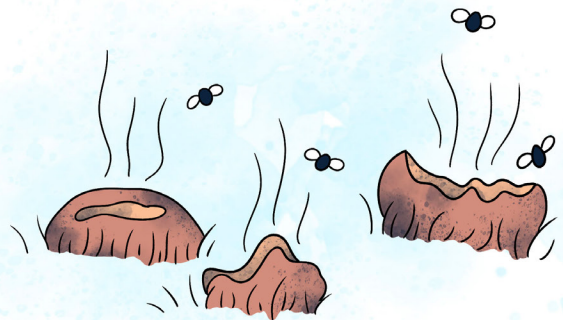
8

Do you remember the beach house with the rotting cantaloupe in the backyard? It was the summer after your eleventh grade year, and it smelled like death every time you went outside.



You tried to stay in the water with her, not wanting her to be alone and feeling sad that you wouldn't be able to swim with her next summer.

19



20

The Process

Carolyn Carpenter's Thoughts

I wrote “The Beach” as an essay to capture the highlights of my memories of family trips to Edisto Beach. This essay shows that while I’ve had fun times at the beach with my family, I may not be always able to go, and in the future, I may go with the family that I’ve created.

I was very excited to see the final project. When Audrey showed me the final project, it exceeded my expectations. While the characters did not resemble my own family at all, it was honestly amazing to see how she imagined and captured them. I think the best part of this book project was showing my family the final project and seeing their reactions. They loved it. They thought the essay was well-written and the pictures well-drawn. They laughed at the dissimilarities to themselves, and they generally appreciated being featured in both words and pictures in a book.

When I write, I write mostly for my audience, though I do write a little for myself. I want my audience to experience and imagine the world that I’ve created, and it is different for everybody. Having my essay illustrated allows me as a writer to see how someone else perceived my work. It gives me a peek into someone’s head and how they see something that I’ve created. I think Audrey’s art transforms my essay into something more relatable to a wider audience, and it makes me appreciate that these experiences are and are not solely my own. Someone else can and probably has had these experiences that I’ve written about in my essay, even if the experiences are not exactly the same.

Audrey Poltorak's Thoughts

This project diverges from my typical work as I usually work with vector art with measurements and certain points, while this project was faster and done freehand. I often don’t create stylized characters, making this project a bit more of a challenge with having to keep all the characters a consistent style, size, look, and overall feel. I chose “The Beach” because it was a heartwarming memory of childhood that I could relate to. I felt certain feeling portrayed throughout the story could be showcase with my style.

I knew I wanted to make the overall design softer to look more like a child’s drawing as the story was about the memories of a kid being at the beach and enjoying her time with her family. I also wanted to keep the color pallet very limited because I did not know specific details about the memories, having a limited color scheme overrides the need to be accurate, making the creation easier.



Catherine Baker (Whitmire, SC), is a life-long consumer of writing and literature of all forms. For many moons, she has found her haven deep within the pages of a good book. Having graduated from Lander in Spring of 2022, she was a devotee to the English Department and strived to utilize the resources provided to her during her time there. Having access to supportive professors, stimulating classes, and academic showcases have all helped light the way for her to peruse her passions. She now continues her education at Indiana University enrolled in the Luddy School of Informatics' MLS program, specializing in Rare Books and Manuscripts. Upon graduation, she plans to work alongside museums and archives to preserve important creations of literary history.



Yulia Imai was born in Spartanburg, SC and grew up in Greenville, SC. She transferred from Greenville Tech where she received her Associates in Arts and is currently a senior BDes in Graphic Design student at Lander. Her favorite things to work on are typography and illustration. Before pursuing graphic design, she was mainly a traditional 2D artist and dedicated to figure skater. In her free time, she enjoys going back to the ice rink and watching Netflix.

As a child, the concept of Winter always seemed magical and exciting.



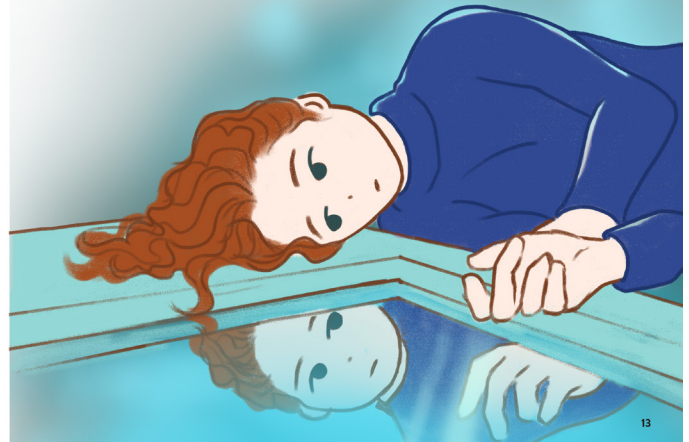
Winter was when white snow covered the ground, resembling the Christmas "winter wonderland" from movies I would watch repeatedly.

"Seasonal affective disorder", or SAD for short, is the medical term. But most people know it as Seasonal Depression. However, I believe SAD is a fitting name because that is precisely how I feel during those cold months.



12

But SAD is more than being sad. SAD is losing your will to wake up each morning to go out and bear the cold. SAD is your body feeling depleted of serotonin due to lack of light exposure. SAD is feeling shameful about the number that appears on the scale because your body naturally retains more fat during the winter. SAD is so much more than feeling sad. But if I had to put a name to what it feels like, I guess sad would be fitting.



13

However, during seasons filled with days spent by the water, tan legs that have been kissed by sun, and car rides with the windows rolled down and the music turned up a little too loud,



I cannot help but to feel more alive.

22

23

The Process

Catherine Baker's Thoughts

"Winter Blues" was written for similar reasons any essayist decides to immortalize an idea: it is an attempt to take experiences that exist only within us and share it with others through the utilization of language. Experiencing seasonal depression is something I, along many others, are forced to face every year. Being able to produce a story on this surreal reality helped me not only to channel what I was feeling when I wrote "Winter Blues", but also provide others with an outlet for connection and expression when they cannot find it within themselves.

Going into this essay, I had very little experience with writing creative non-fiction and felt nervous about working alongside others who seemed better equipped for the task. Throughout my 4 years at Lander, I had managed to produce countless academic research and analysis papers, but writing about my own personal experiences seemed to be too alien for me to grasp. There were many points during my writing process I began to question: "Am I doing this right?"; "Am I getting too personal?"; "Is this too sad to share with others?". However, utilizing the classes writing workshops and listening to the feedback provided to me by my peers and professor aided me in completing a seemingly impossible task. Having the opportunity to work alongside the Media Department and designer's to produce physical copies of our essays and seeing my story illustrated was an experience like non-other, and I shall be endlessly grateful to have had the opportunity to see my work be brought to life.

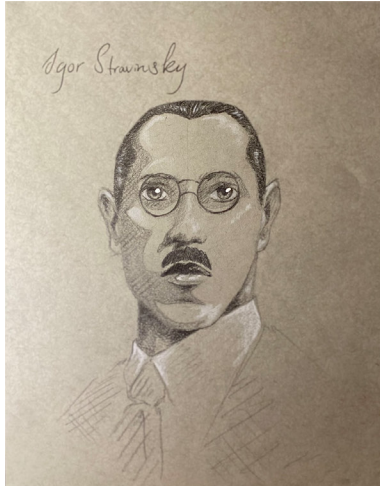
Yulia Imai's Thoughts

This project was one of the biggest illustration projects I have ever worked on. I loved reading illustrated books as a kid, so getting to collaborate with students in the English department to create one was super exciting. I was drawn to Catherine's essay "Winter Blues" for a couple of reasons, one of them being that I had just wrapped up a project with the theme of winter. I felt that choosing an essay with a theme already in my mind would be beneficial to generating good illustration ideas. Another reason was that I related to the depression that the protagonist experiences during the winter. "Winter Blues" brought on the challenge of how to show somebody mentally affected by the bitter cold season, so I reached out to Catherine for her insight. She described Seasonal Affective Disorder as something heavy almost comforting at times but mostly something that felt like a nuisance.

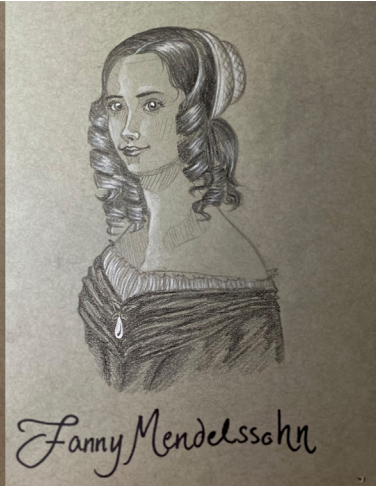
Taking those words into consideration, I chose to portray SAD through a frosty, almost ghost-like figure that would cause the protagonist to have symptoms whenever it lingered around her. Colors like blue were used to symbolize sadness and pink was used to symbolize a happier state of mind. I was granted a lot of creative freedom regarding the character designs, so I drew the protagonist in my usual style which is reminiscent of simple-looking characters in manga or anime. Overall, I genuinely enjoyed bringing Catherine's essay to life and learned so much about how to interpret a story into fitting illustrations!

Katie Walenceus

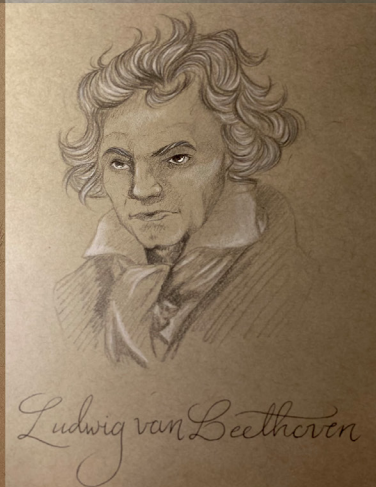
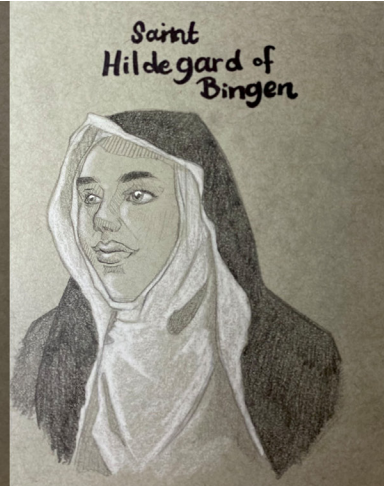
*Ad Astra Per
Bellum Et Languor*



*Ad Astra Per
Societas*



*Ad Astra Per
Ecclesia et Tempus*



*Ad Astra Per
Bellum*

*Ad Astra Per
Languor*

*Ad Astra Per
Societas*



Katie Walenceus is a senior at Lander University, studying music performance with a vocal emphasis. Upon graduating, Katie will be attending Lander University again for a graduate degree in emergency management, starting in Fall of 2023. She also plans to join the United States Coast Guard as an officer, using her ten years of competitive swimming experience, to serve in emergency management or homeland security.

Personal Philosophy

By Glenn Williams

As a second-degree student, majoring in Humanities, I have deep concern for my fellow humans. My sixty-seven years on Earth have given me experience interacting with a broad spectrum of humanity and human conditions. I have friends of all colors and walks of life, and I relish the diversity of my friendships.

I am a white, middle-class male, raised in the Jim Crow South. Racism was engrained in me. I grew up watching black men work in jobs that no white man wanted or had the physical stamina to complete. As a child, I rode in the front seat while the black maid rode in the back. I peeped into “colored” restrooms and smelled the uncleaned toilets. I always had the clean water fountains and the clean public toilets. I sat in the main auditorium, while black people sat in the balcony.

Although I never questioned the status quo, I was never- and am still not- comfortable with my white privilege. Justice was always important to me, and I saw no justice in segregation and the humiliation of black people. My religious instruction taught that all people were equal in God’s sight, and of that, I am convinced.

My recent experience at Lander University has had a profound influence on my philosophy and world view. I was in the inaugural class of History 250: Civil Rights, Mays’ Legacy, taught by Dr. Kevin Witherspoon. Reading the autobiography of Dr. Benjamin Mays confirmed my feelings about the misguided and totally wrong treatment imposed on people that built this nation while shackled and chained. I am profoundly sorry for my part in this atrocity. I firmly believe that this confession and subsequent repentance must be carried out by all white people in order to begin a healing process that includes reparations. The conversation must begin and continue until a solution is reached. White people must recognize that black people cannot continue to be ignored.

As a professing Christian, I believe that we, The Church, must also confess that we did nothing to prevent the atrocities imposed on black people. The obvious racism and color separation each Sunday at church services testifies to the slackness of the very Body that professes love of God and neighbor. If this slackness can somehow get tightened, our disease of racism can be healed. Jesus could not have attended an “all white” Church. The Bible gives this description of Heaven: “*After this I looked, and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count, from **every nation, tribe, people and language**, standing before the throne and before the Lamb*” (Rev. 7:9). A racist would not be comfortable in Heaven. There can be no racists in Heaven.

Like Martin Luther King, Jr., I dream of a world where the color of one’s skin has no bearing on human relationships. I dream of a future with all people truly loving each other,

and respecting each other, even through disagreements. These dreams, however, will only be achieved through action. I plan to live the remainder of my life working to repair the “crack” in humanity caused by the atrocity of human slavery imposed by my forefathers.



Glenn Williams is a second-degree senior majoring in Humanities with a minor in Religion. His first degree was a Bachelor of Science in Forest Management, from Clemson University in 1977. Since Retirement as a forest consultant, Glenn enjoys building and remodeling houses in Greenwood. He has enjoyed his experience at Lander, and was inducted into the History Honor Society, Phi Alpha Theta.

Untitled

Zoe Starr



Zoe Starr is a Freshman at Lander University. In preparing for college Zoe took Ceramics, Photography, Drawing, Design Foundations, 3-D Design along with a few writing courses like poetry. Zoe's goal for the future is to be able to create books for children and young adults.

You

By Emma Grace Avant

You never text
You never called
You didn't try, no
Not even at all
You didn't even put up a good fight.

We pass like strangers in the night
This is so messed up
Cuz I see you and I know
You see me too.

My fantasies got the better of me
I feel like a fool
I fell in love with your potential before falling in love with you
You had me going, I believed it could be
Until you couldn't cope with the thought of losing me.

My fantasies are everywhere
They're tearing me apart
How could you say that I don't care?
When you're the one that seemed so far.

Are you sure you loved me as much as you claimed?
Because when I left, I'm the one you blamed.

You said forever and always
Was that true was that real
or was that one of your fantasies
that I wanted you to reveal.

It's tearing me apart being like this
You're breaking my heart being like this,
I never wanted to hurt you

I see you hurt
I see your tears
Why is this the first time after all these years?

My fantasies got the best of me
I looked past all your imperfections
Did I fantasize about your affections?
It all became just a little too much
Oh, it all became just a little too much.

My fantasies got the best of me
I feel like such a fool
I fell in love with your potential before I ever even thought of loving you
I'm losing my mind
You were one of a kind
But I just can't be around you anymore
Cause when you lost your mind about losing me, you quickly shut the door to me.

I wish my fantasies were never a thing
Because of all the heartache that they bring
My fantasies got the best of me
I'll always miss what we could be
But you were never in love with me otherwise you'd see
You've been hurting yourself, not me.

I hide it well, but this is not what I saw in my fantasies
Not anymore, oh no, not anymore
You're not who you used to be
You're only you in my fantasies.



Emma Grace Avant is in her freshman year at Lander University, where she is on the Track and Field team, is a Graphic Design major in the Honor's College, and was recently given the opportunity to sing at a fundraiser for Lander's Bear Necessities food pantry. In the past few years she has found a passion for writing music and poetry.

Copacetic

Rebekah Marcengill



Rebekah Marcengill is a senior psychology major at Lander University. She is a research assistant in Dr. Southard-Dobbs' Stress and Cognition lab and a supplemental instructor in psychology 101. She plans to get her doctorate in cognitive psychology and become a college professor. She is also a painting, drawing and ceramics minor. Her poem "Ant Behavior" was published in a previous edition of *New Voices*.

My Ancestral Home

by KJ Jenkins



Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

St. Stephen South Carolina on Old Mill Road. Three bedrooms, two and a half baths. A front room that no one sits in but holds the prettiest of plants and glass figurines. But this house has held so much more than that. It has held so much more than me. This house was the temple of my father and my aunts and my uncles. This house is the church of the word of Julie Jenkins. This house is the stronghold of Christopher Jenkins. This house was built by the hands of the man who lays his head in the sheets of the king size bed. This house is the first of many, a long lineage of prosperity. This house borne first generation of college graduates, who borne second generation society advocates.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

Settled between hot southern concrete mirages and woody country forest. Summers where I perfected the art of sidewalk chalk. And temped my fate on eight wheeled death traps they call skates. Where grandma stored her wigs in the tops of closets on beauty store foam heads. Where Papa Jenk sank into his favorite chair in the house, snoozing nightly to the 'Golden Girls'. Where butter beans filled my belly and became my favorite vegetable. Where jasmine rice went with every meal after breakfast, especially for supper. Where bubbles were blown off country porches in the humid starry nights.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

A town of county accents and blaring train horns. And knowing the best place to find my grandfather is at the gas station getting coffee. Remembering my manner and wearing a complacent smile as the congregation compliments my latest growth spurt. A place where Wednesday nights are designated for Church. A place where everyone knows my grandmother. A place where everyone went to school with my father.. A place where I lost countless pairs of socks that my mother would complain about. A place where I rode lawnmowers in the setting sun, despite my grandmother's protest.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here my father let me drive for the first time on the old country road. The pastel slime green trucks shuttered under my inexperienced left clutch foot. My father's breath shuttered along with the car. He sat, shifting uncomfortably, hands ready to grab the steering wheel at a moment's notice. I eased my foot off the clutch and did my best to replace the pressure on the gas. The delicate balance of a manual drive excited me.

Unfortunately, I could not make it far enough down the road without the truck stalling and

my father throwing in the towel.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here that our family gathered for Thanksgiving, wearing masks in the house. Sitting oddly far away from each other. Timidly making conversations about the economy and the falling price of gas. We had never been so close and yet so far in the small confines of my grandmother's living room. And for the first time since Uncle Ricky's passing, we ate outside. Sharing laughs from table separated by fear of contamination and love.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here Mother rested while my military breed father fought the woes of Hurricane Hugo. The storm had followed her from the safety of Beaufort to the unsuspecting victim Charleston. She told me how the winds howled outside the house and whistled at the windows. A storm before me and my sister's time, that swept around the sea to make acquaintances with the south.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here Jacquin, my only sister, who spent two weeks driving us around. Grandmother forced her to drive over every bridge in town. She even made her drive the 25-minute to Mocks Corner to make sure she covered every base. When we got home after those two weeks, Jacquin could drive over any bridge without a flinch.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It is here time slows down just enough to notice it all at once. Where my grandmother refused to walk with her cane, fondly named Vana, and clutched the red stripe of the IGA cart with bony fingers old fingers. Compensating with slow elderly steps that only a woman of age of seventy-eight could get away with.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here cookbooks became list ingredients, and their instructions mere suggestions. Over gas powered stoves that *tick,tick,tick*, until you got the spark just right. In the small confines of my grandmother's kitchen. Hips bumping into each other as we pass tasting spoons and stir bubbling pots before they can spill over.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here the *Golden Girls* played from dusk till dawn. Lighting the dim corners of the overstuffed living room, reflecting off the glass photos frames, making light dance on the ceiling.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here fuzzy long carpet tracked down the hall to the bathroom with the faded blue tile tub that I washed off country dirt before bed.

Let me tell about my ancestral home...

It was here I sat with my sister, short legs dangling from the swing, enjoying the cool humid night air.

Let me tell you about my ancestral home...

It was here I let the city fade away.



Kamryn Jenkins, or K.J, is a rising senior at Lander. She is majoring in Media Communications with minors in Public Relations and Graphic Design. She was accepted to read her research essay, “The Itemized List of Being Black in America”, at the Sigma Tau Delta 2022 Conference in Atlanta. She enjoys writing poetry and personal essays for both class and hobby.

La Vida y La Muerte

Ashley Garcia



Ashley Garcia is a senior 3D BFA student. She enjoys sculpture and ceramics, and she has received the ceramics award two years in a row. She has also experimented with many other mediums, one of which is photography. She is influenced by surrealist works of art and sets out to incorporate narrative and metaphor within her own work often referencing themes of death, nature, or religion.

My Body, Gutted

By Lauren Tally

Pushed through double doors, I am hit with their one-sidedness—

Truth is a foreign concept today

In the operating light,

My shame is on display.

Sedated, heart stopped

Told he is caring for my health

Impossible

I am being cured by a man sicker than myself:

Dr. Deluder

Darkened eyes, lips upturned

Trails a knife down my chest

Misguided patience

Making me an easy conquest for

Dr. Defacer.

Bloodied hands form melodies with my ribs then call them “out-of-tune”—

Though I received it first from man

I would ask why he does this, but

I know it’s because he can. He’s

Dr. Defier

Immobilized, heart detached

Others invited in

All here to tell me that

Surviving means to sin

Say, I was “*kissed*” by plyers

Given the “*gift to please*”

Pushing me towards silence

In a wretched attempt to ease

Dr. “*Daring*”

Haphazardly stitching my broken body back together
Numb to the needle as I wish to be to fact
Caresses my scar with his trigger finger
To see how I'll react
Dr. Defeater

The crows are cawing
They have been since the start
Murder witnesses murder—
The desecration of my now-black heart



Lauren Talley is a senior Mass Communications and Media Studies major. Alongside her work as a writer and photographer for the LU Forum Newspaper, she has written screenplays featured within the Lander Film Festival and the Digital Media Showcase. Her latest film festival entry, “Restless,” won Best of the Fest Screenplay. Lauren is currently studying abroad at the University of Winchester.

Night Vision

Erin Anderson



Erin Anderson is a senior from Columbia, South Carolina. She is hoping to apply her experiences as a student at Lander to becoming an art teacher. She is a part of the Art Alliance club on campus. Erin loves to travel. Her favorite activities are painting and drawing; she also enjoys taking photos at night or at sunset. Her work has previously been displayed around campus and inside the library.

Killer Interest

by Katherine Wagner

On one lazy Saturday in 2020, like most of the world, I was looking through streaming services trying to find something I would like to watch. It was getting rather difficult because I had watched pretty much everything that interested me. Then, I came across a movie that I had heard of but had not watched: *Extremely Wicked, Shockingly Evil and Vile*. This movie led me down a rabbit hole of serial killer movies, tv shows, and documentaries for the rest of the day. Waking up the next day and realizing how I had spent my Saturday both excited and unnerved me. How had this happened? My fascination with these horrible people led me to a question I had, but never thought to answer.

Why are people fascinated with serial killers?

Extremely Wicked, Shockingly Evil and Vile was a movie released by Netflix in 2019. The movie was about Ted Bundy (played by Zac Efron) and told through the perspective of his (former) girlfriend Elizabeth Kendall (played by Lily Collins). It followed the pair through their lives leading up to, during, and after Bundy's trial and conviction. The movie itself is standard, but the casting of Zac Efron as Ted Bundy caused some concern.

Bundy, in his time, was considered a very charming and handsome man. He was so charming that even though women knew there was a murderer out there, they would still get in his car and go with him. His charm and looks were major contributions to his success as a serial killer. Those same attributes were also what led to so many women falling for him during his trial. Some women who showed up to the trial had dyed their hair brown to match his victims to get him to notice them.

The casting of Zac Efron was controversial for that exact reason. By casting someone who is seen as a "sex symbol" by many could lead to a renewal of all those feelings and may have brought up a buried truth. There were women who found Ted Bundy attractive – that is how he managed to commit his crimes. These exact feelings were shown in an article by Refinery29. The article, "Netflix's *Extremely Wicked, Shockingly Evil and Vile* has too much sexy Ted Bundy" mentions multiple times that the author understands where the movie was trying to go, but states how it never really got its message across of Bundy being a monster. Instead, it sets up the audience to become enamored with Ted Bundy all over again – just like in the 70's.

I do remember this too. I remember seeing on Instagram and Tumblr the edits trying to make Efron's Bundy look so attractive and "boyfriend material." Once, I even saw a comment on a post that said something along the lines of, "If he asked, I would let him kill me." That is not an okay thing to say at all and just shows how blurred the lines between reality and fantasy can get.

"Why Do Killers Like the 'Night Stalker' and Ted Bundy Attract So Many Fangirls?"

is an article on Oxygen.com that brings up the idea of Hybristophilia. Hybristophilia, as defined on Wikipedia, “is a sexual interest in and attraction to those who commit crimes, a paraphilia in which sexual arousal, facilitation, and attainment of orgasm are responsive to and contingent upon being with a partner known to have committed a crime.” This seems like an attractive scapegoat for any woman who needs to justify her romantic attraction to a serial killer to others. However, the article also mentions how most women who find serial killers attractive say and believe they have hybristophilia do not. In fact, according to Dr. Katherine Ramsland in a 2012 article titled, “Women who Love Serial Killers,” many of those same women could just simply be categorized as “love-avoidant.” This means that those women simply just look for relationships with men that they can never have because they are scared of intimacy.

Another point Dr. Ramsland brings up in the article is the idea that women who go after these killers could just be following basic biology. They see these men as strong – this implies that they can protect and defend their relationship. That some women may see these killers and find the almost mythical partner that will provide more for them than any “normal” man can. These women may, deep down, simply want the power that goes along with being the partner of “the most notorious guy in the yard.”

While these theories may explain some women’s fascination, they do not explain men’s fascination or women’s who are not attracted to the serial killer but are just purely fascinated. One article I found in my research put the answer very plainly. In the article, conveniently titled, “Three Reasons Why People Are Fascinated by Serial Killers” the author Anna Mathews listed three reasons she found as to why people are fascinated with serial killers and they are very plain and simple.

One reason she put forth is that people try to understand what they cannot explain. This is a very simple idea that can be applied to any areas of life, but I never thought about applying it here. Oftentimes, people find a topic or learn something that they want to know more about. This often leads to a deep dive into whatever topic that the person is trying to understand, exactly like what I am doing with this essay, because humans have this basic need to try and understand the world around us. In an interview with Astrophysicist Mario Livio – Livio says, “Very often we are afraid of things we don’t know much about or we don’t understand, and if we become curious about them and learn more about them, then we are much less afraid.”

Personally, I always want to understand something as completely as possible. Whether that is with my school subjects or just some random article about how to make origami crane – I have to figure out how it is done. Whenever I watch or listen to stories about serial killers, it scares me. It scares me that another human being could do such horrible things to a person and yet I keep going. I keep consuming media about serial killers, and I cannot get enough. It almost feels like a drug in a sense. If I see a podcast or YouTube video about a killer I have not heard of before I immediately feel the need to watch or listen to it. If I cannot watch it right away, I put it in my Watch Later or My List so I can easily find

my way back to it and satisfy the “itch.”

Within her article, Ana Mathews cited another article titled, “What Drives Our Curious Fascination with Serial Killers?” This article from Psychology Today, written by Dr. Scott A. Bohn, talks and tries to explain public fascination with serial killers. One line I found very appropriate was this in which Dr. Bohn states, “Exaggerated depictions of serial killers in the mass media have blurred fact and fiction. As a result, real-life killers such as Jeffrey Dahmer and fictional ones like Hannibal “The Cannibal” Lector have become interchangeable in the minds of many people.”

This brings up another interesting point. If serial killers weren’t so often portrayed and hyped up in tv shows and movies, would they be as popular as they are?

I have consumed a variety of media regarding serial killers in my life. From Youtubers like Bailey Sarian, Kendell Rae, and BuzzFeed Unsolved to TV shows/movies like *Mindhunters*, *Dexter*, and *Hannibal*. However, one show I find myself watching consistently is *Criminal Minds*.

For those who have not seen it, *Criminal Minds* is a show that follows a group of FBI agents who work in the FBI’s Behavioral Analysis Unit (BAU). The unit goes around the country helping local police investigate serial murders. The show ran for 15 seasons. A re-boot, named *Criminal Minds: Evolution* will premiere on Paramount Plus November 24, 2022.

Personally, I believe I have seen the entire show at least 3 times all the way through. The main characters are intriguing, yes, but it’s the plot surrounding the killers and what they do that really keeps me watching. Episode after episode, I watch just thinking about how they could do that to a person, and what makes them want to do that in the first place. It feels like I am right there with the BAU team trying to catch these killers and save innocent people. That I am trying to understand these serial killers just like the main characters seem to.

Most of the episodes follow fictional killers with fictional stories. However, some episodes are based on real life murders and serial killers. One of the most notable being the season one episode, “The Tribe” in which a cult in New Mexico was trying to start a race war against the Native Americans who lived in the area. This is in obvious reference to the Manson Family who through their Helter Skelter plan tried to start a race war in the late 60’s.

One fictitious serial killer that was extremely important on *Criminal Minds* was George Foyet. His serial killer moniker within the show is “The Boston Reaper.” He stabbed couples in their cars, like the Zodiac Killer. Summarizing George Foyet’s journey, he manages to evade capture by the BAU multiple times and was only caught after killing Special Agent Aaron Hotchner’s ex-wife and almost murdering his son as well. This penultimate episode titled “100” is considered by many fans to be the saddest and best in the series.

One reason it is given that title is because of how emotional it makes both the characters in the show and the audience. Special Agent Hotchner is one of those stoic characters that does not break down often, if at all. This episode is one of those very few

times you see Special Agent Hotchner basically lose it and nearly kill Foyet for what he has done to his family. This had a deep impact with viewers and is still referenced to this day across multiple fan platforms. The audience sympathizes with him as they witness first-hand how the families of the victim's feel and react to the news that their loved one is gone.

So, why do people not react and sympathize like that all the time? Why do people who are fascinated with serial killers never focus on the victims? Many people know the names Ted Bundy, John Wayne Gacy, Jeffrey Dahmer, and Richard Ramirez. Yet, most of those same people could probably not name a single one of those killer's victims. If we were to focus more on the victims instead of the serial killers themselves, would we still be as fascinated?

So often both the media and the public focus on just the killer. We sensationalize what they did without ever really focusing on who they did it to. Victims of serial killers are most often women, not to say that there are not male serial killer victims; it's just that the media/the public focuses mainly on the female victims. The ways that the media so often portrays the victims in contrast to their killer is quite different. The media so often hypes up the killers as these horrible, awful, almost otherworldly monsters that it makes them into myths rather than people. The problem with this is that it undervalues the victims and, in many ways, objectifies them.

None of us can ever imagine how horrible and scared the victims felt in the moments before their death at the hands of their killers. All we can do is sympathize and know that they are no longer suffering. Yet, the media turns their suffering into a spectacle. So often, they release extremely detailed and graphic descriptions of what happened to the victims. Other times they have actors do reenactments of the crimes and with those, release the graphic pictures they obtained of the real crime. All of this is in the name of entertainment.

The public revels in it though. We watch the shows, documentaries, and the cheesy reenactments. We are excited by the violence and think, "Thank goodness that didn't happen to me." It is again, never about the victim. It's either all about the, often male, killer and what was going through his mind and why he would do such a thing or how thankful the public is that it didn't happen to them. The media never truly focuses on the victims and making them side-characters or something to be thrown away.

In a way, we could just be protecting ourselves. By not thinking about the victims, we don't have to confront the reality of the serial killer. Ignoring the victims allows us to continue the fantasy in our minds that serial killers only exist on our television or through our phones – that they don't actually affect the real world. Leading us as a society, to just pretend that they are not real, both killer and victim. Thinking about the victims, we are forced to confront the truth that serial killers are, in fact, real and not these mythical monsters we have made them to be in our minds and in the media. By confronting the truth of all the pain serial killers inflict, we admit to ourselves that they truly affect the real world in many horrible ways.

As a society, we value those with power and cast aside those that don't. Those with

power are often charming, good-looking, and very persuasive. They portray and carry themselves as something larger than life and that attracts everyday people. By doing this, it allows for those in power to take control and be able to do whatever they want. They blind society to their faults by ramping up the charisma and good looks.

However, the victims of those in power are often the exact opposite. They are not larger than life or seen as mythical by society. They are the normal everyday people who are like everyone else. They go through life just like the rest of us, one day at a time. Victims are just like everyone else - the only thing that makes them victims is that someone with more power than them decided to hurt them.

This is another reason society looks down on victims. Society, in a way, looks at a victim of any crime and sees someone who was “stupid” enough to get trapped by another more powerful person. The victim is sympathized with briefly after the victimization happens and then is left behind in favor of their abuser. This is because the abuser is a person with power and thus has the charisma and charm the victim does not in that moment to entice the public to look at them.

We get so wrapped up in the fantasy of power that those without power are forgotten. The public spent a lot of time covering how Bundy was so attractive and how charismatic he was. The attention was all on his “powers” and how he got his victims. Yet, all they really said about his victims was what they had in common to make them the victims of Bundy. They focused on his power and not those he took power away from.

As a society, we can no longer put the serial killer on a pedestal and ignore their victims. Instead of romanticizing the serial killer, remember and respect the lives that they took. The lives that were not very different than ours before they were taken from them. If we stop putting those in power in this mythical, unattainable place, then maybe fascination with them would stop. We, as a society, need to acknowledge that serial killers are just people and that they have achieved this level of fame by our own doing.

I do not believe fascination with serial killers will ever stop. People will continue to research and try to understand them. No one can stop that. It is a basic human drive to be curious. However, it is my hope that the next time someone sees a serial killer tv show or movie and gets so wrapped up in the charismatic killer – that they remember their victims and how they are treated by society. Then, maybe, public fascination will dwindle, and serial killers will no longer have power over us. We will have power over them.

Works Cited

Bonn. Scott A. “What Drives Our Curious Fascination With Serial Killers?” *Psychology Today*. Sussex Publishers. 23 Oct. 2017 <https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/wicked-deeds/201710/what-drives-our-curious-fascination-serial-killers>

Cohen, Anne. “Netflix’s Extremely Wicked, Shockingly Evil & Vile Has Too Much Sexy Ted Bundy.” *Refinery29*. 1 May 2019. <https://www.refinery29.com/en-us/2019/05/231467/ex->

tremely-wicked-shockingly-evil-vile-review-ted-bundy-netflix-movie

“Criminal Minds’ The Tribe.” IMDb. IMDb.com. 8 Mar. 2006. <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0759098/>

“Criminal Minds’ 100.” IMDb. IMDb.com. 25 Nov. 2009. https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1539650/?ref_=tt_ch

Extremely Wicked, Shockingly Evil and Vile. Directed by Joe Berlinger. Performances by Zac Efron and Lily Collins. Netflix. 2019.

Franz, Julia. Interview with Mario Livio. Science Friday. 11 August 2017. <https://www.sciencefriday.com/segments/probing-humanitys-endless-why/#segment-transcript>

“George Foyet.” Criminal Minds Wiki. https://criminalminds.fandom.com/wiki/George_Foyet

“Hybristophilia.” Wikipedia. Wikimedia Foundation. 4 Apr. 2021 <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hybristophilia#:~:text=Hybristophilia%20is%20a%20sexual%20interest,to%20have%20committed%20a%20crime>

Lealos, Shawn. “15 Criminal Minds Episodes Based On Real Cases.” Screen Rant. 13 Apr. 2022. <https://screenrant.com/criminal-minds-episodes-based-real-cases/>

Mathews, Anna. “Three Reasons Why People Are Fascinated by Serial Killers.” Intellectual Takeout. 25 June 2019. <https://www.intellectualtakeout.org/article/three-reasons-why-people-are-fascinated-serial-killers/>

Ramsland, Katherine. “Women Who Love Serial Killers.” Psychology Today. Sussex Publishers. 20 Apr. 2012. <https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/shadow-boxing/201204/women-who-love-serial-killers>

Tron, Gina. “Why Do Killers Like The ‘Night Stalker’ And Ted Bundy Attract So Many Fangirls?” Oxygen Official Site. Oxygen. 13 Jan. 2021. <https://www.oxygen.com/true-crime->



Katherine Wagner is a junior nursing major from Union, SC. She is a member of Gamma Phi Beta, Lander University Student Nurses Association, The National Society of Leadership and Success, and Lander Players. On campus, she works as both a tutor and in campus recreation. Outside of school, Katherine loves to read, sing, and spend time with her family.

Lizard on a Flower

Macie Johnston



Macie Johnston is a sophomore Psychology and Spanish double major. Growing up, she tried every art she could. She saw wonder in the world around her; each color, plant, animal, every sign of life was a treasure. Photography became like a second nature. Whenever there is anything that catches her eye, she stops what she's doing and pulls out the first camera to take a picture, most often the camera on her phone.

The background of the entire page is a photograph of a forest floor. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating a pattern of light and shadow on the ground. The ground is covered with fallen leaves, twigs, and small green plants. A large, dark log lies horizontally across the lower third of the image. In the center, there is a semi-transparent green rectangular box with a thin black border. Inside this box, the title 'Artist & Authors' is written in a large, bold, black serif font. Below the title, two columns of names are listed in a smaller, bold, black serif font. The names are arranged in two columns, with the left column starting with 'Abby Bell' and the right column starting with 'Erin Anderson'. The names are listed in descending order of length, with the longest names at the top of each column. The names in the left column are: Abby Bell, Lauren Tally, Bryce LeCroy, Victoria Goins, Sierra Thoreson, Allison DeVore, Asia Childs, Jacob Harry, Katherine Walenceus, Zoe Starr, Rebekah Marcengil, Ashley Garcia, and Robert Maynor. The names in the right column are: Erin Anderson, Marcie Johnston, Hannah Cooper, Carolyn Carpenter, Rida Hirani, Glenn Williams, KJ Jenkins, Katherine Wagner, Autumn McDonald, Alex Phillips, Joshua Neff, Emma Avant, and Robert Maynor. The name 'Robert Maynor' appears at the bottom of both columns.

Artist & Authors

**Abby Bell
Lauren Tally
Bryce LeCroy
Victoria Goins
Sierra Thoreson
Allison DeVore
Asia Childs
Jacob Harry
Katherine Walenceus
Zoe Starr
Rebekah Marcengil
Ashley Garcia**

**Erin Anderson
Marcie Johnston
Hannah Cooper
Carolyn Carpenter
Rida Hirani
Glenn Williams
KJ Jenkins
Katherine Wagner
Autumn McDonald
Alex Phillips
Joshua Neff
Emma Avant**

Robert Maynor