Editor's Page

Working with everyone who participated in making this year's edition of the Chestatee Review happen has been a wonderful experience. Having been in the same creative writing class with most of the contributors and actually seeing how their writing progressed and evolved, I can honestly say that I feel that this volume contains some of the best writing that the school has produced. Thanks to all of the staff who helped us out and to all of my friends in F.A.L.C. (Film and Liturature Club) for all of the meetings, writing sessions and margaritas that made this the quality work that it is.

-Jason Hanline

There was so much to take in this semester; so much good writing but so little time. I have been very pleased to have been able to be a big part of the production of this year's Chestatee Review. There are so many good participants and contributors this year.

-Claudia Martinez-George
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Sun Over Lake
Photograph by Claudia Martinez-George
Water Hole

There were puddles of stone and a grassy deep.
It would be too bright if it weren't for the trees.
Equations of the branches monitor the shine,
changing as easily as the wind can send.
The terrain is splintered warmly
where the unseen bask and let it be.
Down the side of where I was before
it seems there's something more.
The ground is shifting, wait I see.
Revealed by the drifting of a couple crucial leaves,
a water hole winks, curious of me.

One step closer was all I took
when a big gust came and had its way.
Scales of beast and loss of breath,
fallen into some creature's nest.
Walls of brightness, that's how big
these whales of goldfish towered,
wide-eyed, swarming, all around
I think they liked what they had found.
Oriental orange and goldish brown,
vision daring its way further down.
They were getting bigger and uncomfortably.
But I had no fear and I knew no pain,
only a calm, familiar as rain.

There was a reason I could breathe
with perfect calm aquatically
but I did not know why
or I could not remember.
By the twos and threes they rose to meet
my sinking faceless graces.
Looking to the bottomless,
I swam in the direction.
Something great was approaching.
It was all I could see.
Nothing but a living ground
coming up to greet.
And I still did not know why.
Then I came eye to eye.

Rick Jordan
White Bunnies
Graphic Art by Erin Armstrong
Rabbits

I tried my best to place my small feet in the footprints ahead of me. We walked the length of the irrigation creek on that cold morning hunting wild rabbits. I was in my snow boots, toboggan hat and the big brown mittens that my mother made me wear. "They do a better job keeping your hands warm out there and if you don't like it, then you don't have to go." I had heard her earlier asking my father if I really was ready to join him yet. "Don't worry, he'll be all right." As we left she told us to be careful and choked a bit when she said have fun.

The air bit at my face, made my nose run and sun, still a little low in the sky, reflected off the snow and made my eyes squint. But it didn't matter, I was still excited and didn't pay much attention to all of those things that would have normally made me whine and grumble because today I got to go out with the big guys. They were finally able to see that I was big enough to help carry all of the hunting stuff and that I could keep up with them just fine as they walked. I wouldn't even be in the way. I was determined that I would show them.

The snow that I had to plow through could have been a walk down my street as far as I was concerned. My legs were plenty big enough I told myself; I could handle it. In the field, everything looked completely new to me, even though I had seen it all my life. I noticed how the snow made the plowed field look enchanted, like the places in my story books. The icicles that weighed down the branches of the brown, lifeless scrub brush trees on the banks of the creek were the cut glass of the fancy lights that hung in church.

The ground was a blanket of light that glinted and sparkled in prism patterns. I looked at the thin sheet of ice on the small creek and wondered how the crayfish that lived in it could sleep through the cold. Up ahead I saw a few fuzzy white tails bolt out from cover and speed away from us. My uncle pointed his gun and tracked them as they ran but they were just beyond his range. "Well, at least we know they're here."

I could have run and caught them myself my heart was beating so fast. I was the greatest rabbit catcher in the whole county, I was a runner on the staring line. I would catch every last one of them.
The report from the shot gun in my father's hands
struck my ears as if I were hit hard with a baseball bat.
In my mind, the runner who just a second ago
was about to snatch a rabbit from the ground had
just tripped on a rock and landed hard on his chest.
Something was screaming at a high pitch, but from where?
All I knew was that it hurt and refused to stop. When I
covered my ears with my brown mittens it was still there just as loud.
My father said something to my uncle but his voice came
from underwater. Where was I? I was drowning in
snow up to my chest and couldn't find the shore.
I stood there, a pillar. My father spoke to me but
I couldn't understand what he said.
I had to focus hard to comprehend it.
"Go on in and fetch it son."
Like waking from a dream, I nodded my head slowly
and turned to go. I looked down and saw my boots covered in the
mud of the field that mixed with dirty snow.
Raising my head I saw the leftover stumps and cornstalks that
were scattered over the field and poked up through the snow like
iron bars between me and the creek where I had to go.
I stumbled to the tree line of the creek, crawled in under
the brush and through the weeds, over sticks and dirt.
There I found the rabbit by the bank of the creek, its eyes
still wide and staring. I sat for a long moment staring into
those eyes, those black eyes. Its white tail, now dotted red,
was no longer standing upright. It wasn't running from
me; why wasn't it running away from me?
I kept looking. It almost looked as if it were crouching, about to
take off, but I knew that it never again would.
My nose and cheeks hurt.
I began to shiver.
It was cold.
"Hurry up son."
I grasped it by its ears and lifted. How limp it felt,
more like a sack of pebbles than an animal.
I crawled out from under the brush and branches, cleaned the
mud from my knees and handed it to my father.
As he took it from me I looked up at him and smiled weakly.
He held it up to examine it and nodded approval.
After he put the rabbit down on the ground,
he stood up and patted me on the head smiling back at me.
"Good boy."
I walked out from the shadow of the trees and into the sunlight. There I began to feel a little warmer; I supposed that I really did catch a rabbit.

A voice interrupted my thoughts from behind me. "Kinda scrawnny isn't it?"

I turned and glared at my uncle; what did he know? He didn't even have one yet.

I crouched beside my father as he got out his knife to dress our prize. As he sliced it open lengthwise along its belly, I saw steam rising out from the cut and could see the different dark reds and browns that were inside.

Never before had I seen anything like it. It was so different from the white cotton stuffing in the rabbit that sat on my bed. In fact, it was nothing like the rabbit that sat on my bed. As the different bits fell onto the ground, my father explained to me how it was to be done. Don't cut too deep; try not to cut anything on the inside or it will be harder to clean out. Do it just after you shoot it so that it will keep longer. It also kept my mother from having to see it when we got home so that she would have an easier time cooking it up for us.

When it had been cleaned, he picked it up and closed his hand around its neck and twisted. With a few pops, the head came off and my father placed the carcass into a bread bag that my mother had given to him earlier that morning. "This way she won't think of it as a bunny."

He looked at me and winked. The head was tossed to the ground and as it came to a stop, again I saw those eyes, still wide and staring, looking up at me.

I sat there for a long moment staring back into those eyes, those black eyes, like tiny marbles. I moved around to the side of it. Those eyes weren't looking at anything; they weren't looking at me. "Come on son, keep up."

I looked up and saw my father continue up the side of the creek. Stepping over the head, I followed along and tried my best not to lag behind, making my own footprints in the snow.

Jason Hanline
Yellowstone, Christmas 2003

The forest is white; pine trees, pine trees, pine trees.
I walk along the path leaving a trail behind.
I watch as my breath flows out like frosted smoke.
A group of deer approach the clearing, patches of grass,
I stop and watch as they eat.
My hands and feet are like lead.
Pulling my coat over my face, I draw my body heat.
My hair becomes a raven kite as a cold wind rushes through.

I peer through binoculars,
A wolf approaches,
Concentrating on the deer ahead,
He pauses a brief moment, and then leaps forward.
There is a flash of fur and quickness of hoof,
A single young doe is left behind.

Fur caught in the thicket, hoofs sinking into the snow.
The wolf moves in quickly,
He circles her; she flails,
Fur and skin separate,
His fangs digging deep into her neck,
A gush of blood flows,
Like a new well.

Binoculars down, I look away
But the fight for life,
An invitation to observe,
The doe’s blood covers the snow,
Open jaws full of razors ravage flesh to another purpose.
The forest is white; pine trees, pine trees, pine trees.
Branches
Photograph by Claudia Martinez-George
Oak Tree

I wait for every leaf
To turn a brilliant red.
Once autumn reaches its peak,
I am on fire.
Many humans pass by and stare,
Until the day I am naked and the
Only thing covering my branches is
A cold morning frost.

Lauren Coffee
Seduction

Fingers lift pizza between mouth and plate.
Thin tangles of cheese stretch from child lips
Smiling a tomato grin, he abates
Any maternal urge from taking grip
Of me. Childlessness has served adulthood
A cup of calm in which I watch life’s leaves
Swirl around me. His saucy fingers would
Hold too tightly onto mine that I need
For grasping time entirely my own.
His laughter climbs over the fragile rim
Of my solitude. “You are joy on loan,”
I say, and give the teacup back to him.
Persistent in his food encrusted plea,
His fingers reach, a gentle touch. To me.

Angelina Bellebuono
Hummingbird
Graphic Art by Erin Armstrong
Mother’s Hands

Like Mother’s hands
Leaves are veined.
They are passages from one main branch
Like fingerprints swirled into motion.

Mother’s hands are
The brown sugar and cinnamon of love,
Soft and light
Like a breeze.

They are the hands of a mother.
Self-conscious but involuntary,
Mottled and clasped
Upon a mother’s lap.

Claudia Martinez-George
One Last Saturday with Dad

My dad came into my room at a quarter till seven.
He stepped over the week's worth of jeans, tank-tops and towels
ignored the smell that comes with dirty laundry,
and glanced over the dresser top cluttered with
change, hair bands, and jewelry boxes
of rings, bracelets, and earrings that
I'll never be girl enough to wear.
He needed help moving a fence
off a new road's right of way.
It was going to be a hot day,
a record breaker the newsman had said the night before,
ninety-three at least.
I put on a wife beater, a pair of Carhartt's, boots and
pulled my ponytail through a Georgia Bulldog hat,
grabbed a Hot-link biscuit off the stove
and left to meet Dad in the truck.

We were working behind Maw Maw's old house.
Dad remembered picking cotton here on
the gently sloping hills, now dotted here and there
with thistles, a new annoyance to farmers.
Stopping for a drink in the creek
that's shallow but never dry.
Toting burlap sacks,
stuffed to the hilt with seed-filled cotton burs,
to the mule driven wagon to take to the cotton gin.
We drove to the back pasture, and parked at the corner post.
I finished my biscuit and got out the wire stretcher, barb wire, and ties
out of the truck while dad cranked up Old Faithful, a yellow Case
loader/backhoe.
After tying the chains to the metal posts,
Dad pulled them up with the loader bucket.
I drove the savable ones back into the ground
ten feet from the right of way line
with a man-powered post driver.
Once in the ground,
Dad and I worked together stretching and tying
the barb wire to the posts.

The morning conversation was light,
consisting of the usual:
*Need to tilt that one to the left, they're looking cattywampus.*
*Pick up the pace, we're wasting daylight.*
*Move that back a little, you're getting them out of line.*
*Tighten that strand up; we don't need cows blocking traffic.*
The late-morning sun taking more out of us
than water and cheese crackers could put back in,
we stopped for lunch.
By then my arms were heavy, hands blistered, back damp with sweat.
We had thirty posts, twelve feet apart, strung with wire.
Lunch was going to be short, as our day was getting longer.

Dad and I always ate at a place called Ma's, or
The Redneck Café, as we called it.
When we walked in the door, the loud hum of boastful chatter
barely penetrated the smell of burned grease
that stuck worse than a swarm of hornets.
We sat in corner booth.
I removed my hat and retied my ponytail,
then ordered a double bacon cheeseburger
and an extra side of fries.
Dad had the same.
Like the restaurant, this was tradition.

The food came out hot, greasy and good.
*When are you leaving?*
*Next week.*
*It's not too late to change your mind.*
*And go to the junior college?*
*It's closer.*
*No, I'll be okay.*
*I know... You need anything?*
*No, I have everything I need; clothes, money.*
Alright, but you'll be here to help round up August's cows to sell, right?
Right.

With the sun hot for an early afternoon, we talked less.
I drove the posts in the ground in a methodical way.
Bang, bang, bang was the only noise I heard as the driver slid up the post and I used all my strength to bring it crashing down. Up and down.
Up and down. All day long.
My face was beaded in sweat.
My hands slipped off the handles of the driver, causing my knuckles to rake down the nubs of the post.

_Damn it._
I surveyed the damage.
Two knuckles showed white, no skin, ready to bleed.
I shook my hand,
As if wanting to spread the pain to some place bearable.

_Shit._
Dad looked over.

_How many fingers you got left?_
_Eight._
_THAT's enough._
_I know, I'll be okay._
_I know._

Around four my work had become rhythm
and I had become numb
to the fire in my fingers.
I was tying the third strand of barb wire on post 46 when Dad asked:

_You sure about this university?_
_I want to go, it's a good school._
_Why not the junior college?_

I started working the fourth strand.

_It's ugly._
_I like it._

I just looked at the footage left to move,
the sun blaring overhead and the almost empty water barrel.
By eight my arms were weary, hands bruised, back aching.
My face was streaked with dirt and dust.
My stomach growled,
and I was tired.
We finished the fence, put the tools away,
and sat on the tailgate of the truck.
The sun was setting,
everything was cast in its purple-red rainbow.
I stretched my aching muscles.

_The junior college is a good school._

_I should have been born a boy._

Dad laughed.
It sounded good.

_A boy would have given up hours ago._

_Kassie Davis_
Knee Deep

Knee deep in ivy, I found a headless Barbie,
A water gun, razor blades, and an old pocket knife.
Why wasn’t I afraid
As I am now to walk in tall grass?

Now I am afraid
As afraid as I would be now of the wood piles
Behind our house, behind three neighboring homes
Shared like a secret

“Keep off it. Don’t play there.”
Mothers with eyes wide as saucers.
“You’ll fall in and never be seen again.”
Hands on hips and a pointing finger shaken like a threat.

My sister and I stole the grapes from the neighbor’s little vinyard
And beat up the neighbor’s fat granddaughters.
My scalp ached later as my mother dragged me in by my ponytails.
We’d laugh until Dad got home with his belt.

Claudia Martinez-George
Chairs by GC Pool
Photography by Todd Bentley
Screened Doors

A pregnant cat settles herself to groom,
Against the tire of our old green Falcon.
I watch it from the kitchen window, chewing on my nails.
My sister chops onions in time to mother's music.

Javier Solis belts out "Sombras nada más entre tu vida y mi vida,"
His sad love song penetrates my hair and clothes.
Like the odor of garlic browned in butter.
Oily butter, burnt on, hard to wash off.

A brick building across the street overlooks the 101.
Our neighbors used to be so weird.
The kids' mother next door answered naked, when we knocked.
She stood there barely dressed behind the screened door.

I can still hear the slap of wood on wood when mother called us in,
She let the porch door pull its weight back against its frame.
My sister laughed wide-mouthed as the neighbor's fat Chihuahua,
Hung on its leash like a bloated black rat, and she twirled it round and round.

Hot summers found us caged like lions on our front porch.
Baking our dreams like cookies and hoping to taste them
Cooled in the same summer nights.
Restless for tomorrow.

An old leaky water hose and the industrial plastic on concrete,
That dad brought us home.
Was our version of slip and slide.
My knees were always skinned and scabbed.

Until the windows were opened,
And the doors closed behind us.

Claudia Martinez-George
Writer's Block

The pencil plots to put
its thoughts on the paper.
But the paper is shrewd,
distracting and disarming the pencil,
staring it down like a wolf staring
down its prey, freezing the pencil's lead,
snickering at its attempt.
The pencil taps its eraser fitfully on the verge of exploding.
It tries a sneak attack and quickly
manages to scribble down a few lines before
the paper cuts off its river of inspiration at its source,
keeping the pencil at bay with taunts and jeers.
The pencil breaks its lead against
the paper like waves on rock.
The paper laughs.
But the pencil knows,
water can erode anything over time,
and there's always more lead.

Jason Hanline
Fragile
Photography by Matt Jarrard
Ogre

I woke up on the wrong side of life today.
Stomping, cursing, irritable,
Doors slamming, throwing glaring
Looks at everything that moves,
Everything that relies on me
Making tails curl under and
Cheeks wet and having nothing
To pin it on but myself.

Jason Hanline
Loosen the Knots

Slip off your thoughts
Like clothes.
Loosen the knots and slip
Into something more comfortable.

A sip of mix.
Liquor and juice,
In the evening to unwind
Your head off your shoulders.

Disconnect like a power plug.
Shut off like the night from a thug.

Claudia Martinez-George
Masked Pain
Photography by Matt Jarrard
Myron

The last time I saw you
Was at work Friday night.
You teased me about boys
And asked me to dance for
Your tables. I called you a
Dork; you always made me
Laugh. When you left, you
told me that you’d see me
Tomorrow, then you
Went home and took
Too much.
Overdosed.

Andy and I are coming
To see you this afternoon
At three.
Most everyone from the
Restaurant will be there.

Ryan says he’s sorry,
But he hates funerals. He
Hasn’t been in church in
Over two years. It’s
Nothing personal.

Amy won’t talk about you.
I understand.
I guess.

Jennifer cries a lot. She’s
Sorry for yelling at you.
She doesn’t really think
You’re a dumb-ass. She
Only yelled because you
Scared her when you took
All those pills at once.
I think she’s the real
Dumb-ass, Myron.
She knew that you did too
Much, but she didn’t go get
Help for you. We all feel
That way, but no one says
Anything to Jen. She feels
Bad enough. That still
Doesn’t bring you back.

I accidentally picked up
Your check yesterday. I
Almost always do that
Because of our names –
Finch and Greene –
(Alphabetical order)
The pages get stuck
Together, you know? I
Didn’t realize it until I got
In my car; I was crying too
Hard to go back inside. I
Guess I’ll return it today.

After I watch them bury you.

*Tabitha Fields*
Campus Pedestrian

The heavy traffic is daunting
But I don’t have a choice.
Look left
Look right-
Take Off.
I merge into the thick of it
Speeding up so I don’t get
Run over
Hey there!
Watch it!
I get stopped in a cluster
Of jerks who don’t need to
Hurry up
Take off
Whoa!
I race against the clock
Knowing I can’t be late.
Again.
Well uh...
(damn)

Jason Hanline
A Good Laugh

My good moods are a good laugh
They are a perfect shade of lipstick
Ice-cold IBC root beer,
And money to spend.
My bad moods are warm mayonnaise,
Paper cuts,
Heart burn.

Claudia Martinez-George
Greed

Candlelight in the window,
And the fire dances.
Everything is still except for bullets of water
On the tin roof as if someone
Spilt a bucket of pearls.
All living creatures,
Deer, mice, rabbits, dogs, cats, crickets
Begin to jump
Every plant reaches high
To grab every droplet of water
While birds and rabbits seek shelter,
I sit inside wishing it would stop.

Lauren Coffee
No Title
Graphic Art by Lina Alvarez
Elegy for Grandmother

I did not know her well
Yet I know of who she was.
Italian.
Born in a crevice rock house
In a village carved of stone,
Built on a foundation of dense, crusted bread and olives
Soaked in brine.
Needing more,
She found a way here.

She found her way
Beyond the braying of mules below la cucina
Into the land
Where shoemakers, bread bakers, bricklayers and factory workers
Could own two-story homes and buy Sunbeam bread,
and make better lives for their children.

She found her way to America
Where she could have seven children
And raise them on eggs and dandelion greens,
(And Ricky’s crusty bread baked fresh
Daily in a brick oven, like back home,
Ricky’s papa said.)
Raise them in a house that is made of wood
And needs painting,
In a country that never could understand her accent
Or read her sentences scrawled in
Cryptic combinations of two languages because she
Never really learned either of them.
She didn’t need to.

She found her way into being a
Wife
Mother
Grandmother

She found her way into a Protestant neighborhood
Filled with smells of onions and hamburg,
as she would call it,
and processed American cheese.
But the flavors of her homeland
were stronger than her desire
To belong somewhere.

She found fennel and garlic and basil
She found a priest and Saint Anthony
She found a small square of earth to plant
hot peppers and eggplant
and she worked them into
The woman who she grew to be.

And from her, I come.
In her eyes I searched for
Fragments of her story
That I needed in order to write my own.
And although I did not know her well,
I know that in her simmering sauce pot
Of tomatoes and basil, she found her way.

And through her,
I find myself.

Angelina Bellebuono
beauty-1: the quality or aggregate of qualities in a person or thing that gives pleasure to the senses or pleasurably exalts the mind; LOVELINESS-2: a beautiful person or thing; especially: a beautiful woman-3: a particularly graceful, ornate, or excellent quality-4: a brilliant, extreme, or egregious example-5: a quantum character that accounts for the lifetime of the upsilon p-also: a particular characteristic

Eye-1: a: an organ especially in vertebrates that is lined with a pearly or foveate layer within and surrounded by the vertebrate organ o: an organ of vision b: an organ or part of an organ that is used to sense light d: the organ of vision kept in the eye of her Galen: beauty tended in the eye of a: the part or head of the head of bone BONE-2: the vertebrate olfactory organ or somet ool-5: the nose of the face a: the nose a: the part of the face that protrudes from the nose for a target: ACCU b: used of horse c: the nose of a horse, horse's nose d: a limb of a labiate corolla b: the edge of a hollow vessel or cavity b: a projecting edge-1: the beveled upper edge of the mouth of an organ-2: the sharp cutting edge on the end of a f

Funny Face
Graphic Art by Erin Armstrong
My Friend with HIV

His sister beat him up
The day he came to tell his family
Who he'd been, who he planned to be.

His mother aged.
I could see the lines on her face,
Like the well-ironed creases of her husband's pants.

She did everything and she tried everything
But the veneer of perfect was no more.
Before she knew, I felt she knew.

She always voiced her hope that I'd be his girlfriend.
And in her broken English she would say, "You have baby with my son."
I would smile, uncomfortable and amused.

I knew their son long before they did,
Living in him like a cancer waiting to spread.
I felt like the dam that broke the day he told them.

His news was old and weather-beaten blues,
A ratty hat of worries that he wore.
And I was there to help him lift it off his chest.

Claudia Martinez-George
Flame

Fire had always intrigued him. Maybe that was what had brought him to this point. Stacking boxes beneath the table, setting up the flimsy overhead tent, making certain that the product was displayed appropriately, greeting customers. He scratched his stubbled face (He'd been too busy packing boxes to shave), and rolled his head around a bit to stretch out the muscles in his neck. This packing and unpacking wasn't the kind of work his body enjoyed. But candle making had been his idea, so here he was, peddling candles.

Such was his life.

He set up a row of candles on the table, carefully grouping the scents and sizes to include a variety of what he had made for the show. Victorian Impressions was his favorite scent. He thought of his mother when he smelled the mixture of rose and honeysuckle. She had always favored roses, both for visual and olfactory appeal, and this candle almost caught the scent of rose that he remembered from his childhood. He made his candles from scented wax that he poured carefully into Mason jars, and his candles smelled good even without being lit, but fire made all the difference.

Three of the candles didn't look right, he noticed. The labels were rippled. Donna probably forgot about pressing the labels a little at a time as she was applying them to the jars. She seemed to be forgetting small details pretty often these days.

Last year, she'd forgotten his birthday. Not that a husband's forty-third birthday is any remarkable event, but after they had both worked their way
through two cups of coffee, orange juice, and toast that morning at breakfast and she hadn't mentioned the occasion, he had to speak.

"What time will you be home tonight?" he had asked, lifting his coffee cup to his mouth, but not drinking the tepid liquid.

"I don't know."

"Will you be cooking dinner?" He glanced over at her as he lowered the cup and set it down on the kitchen table, a flea market find from several years back. He had saved them a good bit of cash finding that table, and at the time, Donna had told him that she loved its primitive feel. Lately, though, she had been covering the table with a tablecloth that her sister had given her. It must be in the wash today, he thought, noticing the table's rough wood that had captured a few stray toast crumbs and a drop of condensation from his juice glass.

"I wasn't planning on it. There's soup in the freezer." She picked at the hem of her rumpled nightshirt and stared out the kitchen window.

At that moment, he knew she'd forgotten his birthday. He hated soup, and even worse, he hated soup that had been frozen, thawed and reheated. His mother had always told him that the freezing process sealed in the flavors, but he disagreed. Even his mother's vegetable chowder, the only soup he enjoyed, tasted strange after the shortest visit to the freezer. No. Donna had definitely forgotten.

He had spent that evening making a new candle. He called the scent memory. He used a bit of rosemary mixed with lavender, and since that time last year, the scent had become his favorite. He thought he had heard that rosemary was for remembrance, but then he had forgotten to check.
As he was tucking in the ends of the fabric that covered the display table, he remembered that he should look up the facts about rosemary in his herb book. He was expecting people to start showing up soon, and he wanted to have his candle display ready. He still needed to light a candle; he always lit one, sometimes two or three, depending on his mood, but always at least one. He chose one that had a bad label, and he reached into his pocket for his lighter. His jeans were getting loose. He didn't mean to lose weight, but with Donna staying at work late most nights, he mostly just forgot to eat dinner. Dinner had been a time they had held sacred when they were first married. After rushing home from work, they would spend hours in the small kitchen of their apartment, eating cheese and crackers, and anything else "fancy" that their tight budget could afford.

Working as a secretary never made Donna much money, but she'd always said she didn't really care to have a career. He had worked as a welder, which brought in most of their cash, but one weekend, after he and Donna had gone to a craft fair on the outskirts of town, he had an epiphany.

"Let's learn to make candles and sell them at arts and craft shows," he told Donna. He didn't know why he had chosen candles as his product, but that was the precise image he saw in his head. Candles. In Mason jars.

She had been sitting beside him on the couch, her legs stretched out over his knees. She looked at him without blinking.

"What?"

"You know. Let's get a camper and travel around selling candles. We could add a bit of adventure to our lives."
"I didn't know that you wanted adventure."

"Don't we all?"

Donna hadn't answered, and when she bought him a book on candle-making the following week, he thought that she had bought into his plan.

The lighter was disposable. One of those cheap deals that took three flicks before igniting. He had always carried a lighter, even before he'd gotten into the candle business. During his years of bar-hopping, he had discovered that pretty girls always smoked, but rarely carried cigarettes, and even if they did, they certainly didn't have a light with them. Ever. That was how he had met Donna, actually. He'd lit her cigarette. He sometimes wondered how many men had met their wives this way.

He lit one candle, setting it down carefully on the rickety table. The wooden kitchen table at home would have been perfect for his display, but for reasons of mobility, sheer practicality, really, he used an aluminum folding table with fabric draped over it. The fragrance of roses drifted through the tent, and he noticed that the crowd this morning would be mostly young mothers wrangling toddlers and pushing strollers. Could be good business, he thought. Or not.

When he had started going to shows, Donna was eager to help. At home, she would pour and label candles, and a few times, she even helped him come up with new scents. Tropical Obsession had been her idea, after a trip to the beach had resulted in a busted bottle of suntan lotion in the car. Coconut had overtaken their lives, it seemed, for even after a being in the car for only the briefest time, everything smelled of coconut. And
every time Donna would go into a store during that coconut time, clerks and customers would comment on her choice of fragrance. She never divulged the truth to her admirers, but she did concoct the scent and choose the color for Tropical Obsession. He had never cared for the aroma or the pale peach hue of the candle, but teenage girls did and always begged their mothers to buy a candle or two. Beaches do strange things to young people, he supposed. And maybe older ones too, for the mothers never resisted.

But Donna had not been so interested in making or selling candles lately. Coming to shows meant sitting in a camp chair in all kinds of weather, which didn't suit her hairstyle or her clothing choices. She had never been one for people watching or idle chit-chat, always preferring to stay silent instead of talking of the weather or the latest TV show. And basically peddling candles just didn't seem to be her thing, he reasoned. She could do other things. Her current job even had her traveling a little, helping the company do some off-site training seminars. She just helped set up the conference rooms and register people, but she seemed to enjoy the time away from home.

"What scent is Memory?" a woman asked as she pulled her little boy off the ground and dusted off his overalls.

Even though he had not checked his facts, he told her the meaning of rosemary, anyway. She would never check; she would be too busy with Junior for the entire life of any of his candles—they had good burn times,
but it would be more than 24 hours before this fellow grew up. But she
did inhale deeply when he lit a Memory candle for her.

"Nice," she said, holding the toddler's hands down as he reached for the
candle.

"No," she told the child. "It's hot. Open flames are dangerous. Stop
reaching." She pushed his little arms down again.

"Hold flame?" the toddler begged. "Carry it."

"No," she said, again. "Little guys have so much to learn about life."
She shook her head slightly, then asked to have two candles wrapped.

"Sure," he told her, "and I'll throw in a pack of matches and the fine
print about candles...you know, in case the little guy starts reading young."

He smiled a little as he watched the woman walk to the next table where
the man was selling birdhouses made from old cans and license plates. The
little boy paid no attention to the items, but he continued to reach for the
bag with the candles inside. Another one intrigued by fire, he thought.

The house was dark when he arrived home. He didn't unpack the truck;
he would do that in the morning before the heat from the sun could have
an effect on the candles. He flipped the light on in the kitchen, but he saw
no sign that Donna had been there or made dinner. Although his stomach
rumbled a bit, he opted for a glass of water instead of food. He had no
taste for anything specific, anyway, and breakfast time would arrive soon
enough.

The plug-in nightlight in the hallway illuminated his steps. Glass in
hand, he headed towards the bedroom, yawning and shaking his head, as if
to wake himself from a stupor. A lamp burned in the room, and a sliver of
light peeked out through the crack below the door.
"Donna?" he said.

But she did not answer.

She was not in the room. Neither was her nightshirt nor her perfume. Her toothbrush was missing from the bathroom, and her special face soap was not in the shower. He discovered these things quickly, and he understood their import.

But he was having difficulty understanding why thousands of the small warning labels that belonged on the bottoms of the candle jars had been thrown willy-nilly into the center of their queen-sized bed. He couldn't understand why each tiny label had been highlighted, so that the words, "A burning candle should never be left unattended" were blazing bright orange in the middle of each stark, white label.

And it would be many, many years before he wondered how a fire he had never even noticed had burned out of control so quickly.

But by then, he no longer peddled candles or played with fire.

Angelina Bellebuono
Imperial Highway

I found James in his bedroom, feeding his piranhas. He would feed them live goldfish. I watched a few times before. They won't feed unless they are left alone, but sometimes James turns off the lights and we watch, lying on his waterbed. There was something ethereal about the light swish of his waterbed as we each committed some movement to the moment by simply breathing. The light from the fish tank was enough to give us a good view of the piranhas chasing and biting fins and pieces off the goldfish. Once the goldfish was a finless, tail-less stump, the piranhas moved in on it and it was completely eaten up.

James wasn't much taller than I. In fact, I think I must have been at least a good half-inch taller. I wanted to touch his soft hair and tell him to look at me, but he just stood there looking at the piranhas, and I didn't do either. The bedroom in his apartment sat opposite the bathroom, and just down a small hall you'd see the small kitchen with its dining room to the left and its living room to the right, and then you were basically out the front door.

There was no backdoor.

"Hey." I finally said.

"What's up?" He did not look at me. He just stood still, eyes on his piranhas with his hands in the pockets of his baggy jeans. I could see his boxers.

"Well...uh" I could not find where to start. I wanted to tell him to move with me, to break away from this and start a new life with me. I wanted him that way. I also liked the status quo. No strings, no commitments, in this environment there was no room for heavy one on one scrutinizing.
The relationship could neither grow nor dwindle. It was a comfort zone. But there had to be more than this, I was sure.

"Where's my Tu Pac cd?" Angie walked in and caved my opportunity. She hit the blunt she had in her hand and passed it back over her shoulder to Aaron who walked in behind her. He hung on her like a heavy mink coat and I knew that the attraction would end sooner than he would imagine. Angie did not like to feel trapped.

Angie had known James most of her young adult life, and they were really great friends. She had set James and me up to get to know each other.

"I don't have it. Someone borrowed it." James made eyes my way, but I knew he was teasing because I did not have it intentionally. I never borrowed it. He'd forgotten it at my place when he'd stopped by the other night.

"I want to hear the Erykah Badou cd that's on right now." I said, not looking up. I had taken the blunt from Aaron and hit it a couple of times. I was focusing on the blunt and my lighter following a roach across the rim of the piranha tank, waiting for a chance to brush it off. James had just had this place exterminated. I dropped ashes in the tank and forgot all about it. James nudged me playfully for littering the fish tank.

"Let's make a run to the store." James said, smiling as our eyes met. I smiled back. We made our way back out to his living room just as Erykah Badou was singing "the world is mine when I wake up, I don't need nobody telling me the time."
I squeezed myself into the loveseat next to Derek to wait for James to get himself together to leave for the store. He looked at me again.

"What'cha sittin' down for? We're about to go to the store." James smiled. Angie standing next to him mimicked him by making her top lip disappear. I smiled back trying not to laugh. I looked away before my smile turned to laughter.

"I know," I said. "I am waiting on you to get your shit together so we can go."

"Hey Derek! Hey dawg...we need to make a beer run." James turned his attention to Derek. They called him Knick-Knack. "I need some beedies too."

"Yo Knick-Knack.....Derek!" J-Boy exaggerated by making his voice deeper. J-Boy was usually the clown of the bunch. He'd been sitting around playing video games with James before I came over this evening. His eyes were like laughter, glistening with mischief. He was always ready to cut you down, laugh at you or laugh with you if you had someone to laugh at. "Well I gotta go, my peeps. You guys be safe." He winked at us as he went out the door.

Derek was asleep again. Derek fell asleep like this all the time. Angie said it was because he was so fat. We'd have forgotten he was there if it were not for his immense size. He had to weigh at least four hundred pounds. They woke him up to keep him in the game.

"Derek! Ey! Knick-Knack?" James tried to project his voice using his hands like a tube in front of his mouth.
"Wh...Whuz crackin' ya'll?" Derek's thick voice surfaced from slumber. He was right next to me on the loveseat. His fat thigh held me snug between him and the armrest. His eyes barely opened. He let his head roll forward. His head was full of big lazy curls covered in hair grease. His collar was damp and his hairline was starting to ooze. He looked like a black Stay Puffed Marshmallow Man with a jerry curl.

"Hey dawg...we about to make beer run." James' top lip disappeared into a smile and I nearly laughed thinking of Angie making fun of him. James' father was Black, and his mother was Mexican. He was very light. His skin was even lighter than mine. His hair was soft like lamb's wool, and it was not very dark. It was almost an ash brown. He was mostly quiet, but when he had a few beers in him, he would open up and actually seem like he was happier. His mother abandoned his father and him when he was just a very small child. I asked him once if he remembered her, but his reply was not too clear and the only part I caught was that he had a picture of her somewhere. "You want to go with us?"

"Sure." Derek sat up and pushed off the couch with much effort. He'd caught some speed and had to take a few steps before he steadied himself on his feet. He looked around the room. His head looked as if it could just roll right off his body. His neck was not visible. His arms did not hang at his sides; instead they rested on the large folds of fat that hung over his thighs. Derek was a student at a university in Louisiana. This was his summer off. I assumed he traveled by plane to get back to Los Angeles from Louisiana, but I imagined he occupied two seats.
"Are you going to go?" He rolled his head in my direction. His smile was like two swollen sausage links. Derek flirted with me a lot. It would go nowhere.

"I am." I stood up, diminished not in stature but girth next to Derek. I had to talk myself to my feet.

I felt as if I was moving in slow motion, as if I was floating outside myself, choreographing my every move to keep from falling. We made it to the door and let ourselves out onto James' small front patio. It was full of weeds growing from the cracks in the concrete. The worn fence sagged low enough to be useless for privacy. I dragged the gate open and it screamed in protest as my heels hammered at the concrete. The rush of traffic on Imperial Highway crept into my ears like an eerie hallow echo. It was a mad rush of blood, surging in a giant ear. I hugged my arms around me as the cold air penetrated my thin blouse. The cold air flirted with my skirt and tickled my bare legs; it sent shivers up my back. I ran to the car and dumped myself behind the wheel and waited for Derek to get in the car. Aaron and Angie were right behind him. They raced around him and climbed into the back seat. James also squeezed himself into the back seat, exactly where we could see each other in my rearview mirror.

"Watch out, here he come." Aaron laughed himself into a fetal position readying himself for Derek's weight.

"Shut up!" Angie looked annoyed and thumped him on the head with her middle finger. Derek slowly worked his weight into the car, and surprisingly enough the car barely quivered. My car was roomier than I thought. He had closed the door easily and I drove off.
We drove down several blocks and pulled into Tommy T's parking lot. We poured out of the car slowly, and Derek hoisted himself out. We all turned yellow under the failing street light. The usual early morning crowd was out doing a last minute run to the liquor store, stocking up for the rest of the night. James had the beer and the beedies. Angie had her diet Pepsi and cheese popcorn. She had the munchies again. Derek bought more blunts and he bought me a bottle of 151 and a bottle of coke. I was busily packing a pack of Marlboro Reds against the palm of my hand. The clerk eyed us suspiciously, but she never asked for identification and we did not offer it.

We gathered our things and got ourselves back into the car. I had to pee, and I told everyone to hurry up.

"You know I juz be teasing you when I flirts wid'ya?" Derek smiled at me and squeezed me against his fat thigh, his big hand against my hip.

"I know." I put my arms around him as far as they would go and let him carry me the rest of the way to the car. "But you know I still love you." I told him and I meant it in an honest caring way but not they way I felt about James.

"Get a room!" Angie punctured our endearing moment. I looked around at her just as she was curling her lip up again to mock James.

"So, you'n James hookin' up or what?" Derek continued as we got in the car and drove down the other way on Imperial Highway back to James house.

"Maybe" I glanced in the rearview mirror. James was looking at me again; he shook his head and smiled.
I just looked at him.

"Look at that," Derek went on. "I see you guys lookin' at each other in the mirror."

All I could do was smile.

"He jus' scared is all. You intimidates him." Derek leaned into me.

"You don't scare me none. I can take you on." He winked and we laughed.

"You crazy, Derek." James noted.

Aaron and Angie stayed quiet until we stopped at a red light. We were just about a block away from James' house, but there was a bit of traffic that barely inched forward when the light was green, so we got stuck at a second red light. Police sirens and lights were seen and heard up ahead. When the light turned green again, we caught sight of a man in a wheel chair being given a ticket. He had been wheeling himself between cars while traffic was stopped, asking for spare change. His hair was sticking out like cotton candy squeezing out of a baseball cap. He was dirty and his skin and clothes all looked the same color under the flashing of police car lights. As we drove off I noticed he had a brown paper bag on his lap. Perhaps it was the remnants of his last spare change run. In the rearview mirror I could see the police car drive away and the man in the wheel chair rolled himself back out onto Imperial Highway. He was narrowly missed by oncoming traffic. James, Aaron and Angie were watching out the rear window.
"Tha' fool's crazy. He 'bout to get hit by a car." James muttered as he turned himself away from the rear window. He looked disgusted.

"On Imperial Highway. What kind of place to die is that?" Aaron asked himself because none of us had an answer. What kind of place was it to live, I asked myself. I'd be moving soon if I decided against staying. James knew. I wished I could have had a chance to talk to him. It was the first night I'd mustered up enough courage to even think about it.

We parked in the same space in front of James' house. Derek was still trying to get himself out of the car and I had to pee too badly to wait. I let James lock my car and he gave me his key to get in his house. The metal screen door made such a racket as I unlocked it. Only the light from the television was visible through the tiny metal holes. The house was warm.

I disappeared into the bathroom.

Moments later I emerged and headed straight into the kitchen to get my drink together. I grabbed a glass and poured in the 151 and very little coke. I returned sipping my drink. I felt my nasal passages clear and the warm sensation dropped into my stomach. The smell of beer, cigarettes and a blunt burning wafted around me, and the smoke burned my eyes. My stomach growled, but I had no appetite. Angie was munching away at her popcorn. She made it look better than it really was. I took another drink and got comfortable. It was just what I needed. I fished through my purse for my lighter and lit a cigarette. I watched the smoke as it exited my nostrils; at first it was two defined smoke puffs and then slowly it mingled into one big haze.
The stereo played, the television was on mute, and we all sat silently staring at the inaudible faces. I tried to read their lips. The music was loud. Louder than anything that could be bothering you. It was easy to fall into a lethargic trance and forget yourself for the time being.

Angie had finished her popcorn and was sipping her Pepsi slowly. She teased again and imitated James' smile. He looked at her and back at me and got up and went to his bedroom. Angie and I shrugged at each other. We knew we had probably annoyed him.

I got up to follow him. I could not put my finger on what attracted me to him. I felt compelled to search him out and try to get his attention.

I stopped short of being in the doorway to his bedroom. I was able to see him, but he did not appear to have noticed me. He was sitting in the dark on the edge of his waterbed with his hands on his lap staring blankly into his fish tank. The goldfish he'd dropped in with the piranhas was now a finless, tail-less stump. The piranhas moved in on it, and it was gone in no time.

In that light he was washed out, featureless, his hair sticking out. I imagined him sitting in that wheel chair rolling down Imperial Highway begging for beer money; a broken man, dirty, all one color from the red and blue police car lights. Imperial Highway, what a place to die, I thought. I started to go into his bedroom but didn't. He never saw me there watching him, and I never saw him again.

*Claudia Martinez-George*
Interview: Dottie Blais

Dottie Blais is Assistant Professor of English at Gainesville College. She received her MA in English from the University of Georgia and has taught English, Drama, and Creative Writing at several colleges, including Kennesaw State University and Georgia Perimeter College. Her plays have been produced by theatre groups in Georgia and Michigan, including the Dunwoody Stage Door Players. Currently, she is working on a new full-length comedy based on Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Professor Blais graciously granted The Chestatee Review an interview about her writing.
Interview Thursday, February 19, 2004
Professor Dottie Blais

Q: How long have you been a writer?

A: I've always loved writing, as early as childhood when I began writing little poems.

R: How did your writing career first begin?

A: I don't consider myself as having a writing career. Teaching has always been my primary profession. Writing in my life has always been an avocation I feel compelled to do in a good way. It's somewhat therapeutic for me, as well as being artistically motivated.

R: Did acting help your process?

A: Yes, particularly in the development of my playwriting interest. From the time I was very young I've always had an interest in the performing arts beginning with an interest in music. My first degree objective was in music. It wasn't until I was a much older adult that my writing came to the forefront.

R: What was your first attempt with playwriting?

A: I wrote a romantic comedy called Telephone Tag. It was very ambitious for a first play because I incorporated a split set. In other words the lead actors had their apartments on opposite sides of the stage. The timing of the dual scenes was incredibly difficult. There had to be something happening on both of the stages at all times. I learned a few things after writing that play, which is not to split your stage. Through perseverance the play was produced in Michigan.

R: That's really impressive to have your first play produced.

A: At the time I was heavily involved in the theater, so I had a lot of contacts. It is necessary for one to be involved in theater because you need the contacts for collaborative work on the play. If a producer is willing to take a chance on a new play s/he needs to know you pretty well as a playwright. You've got to be someone they are able to work with and be part of the team.

R: How did it feel to watch your characters come to life on stage?

A: What was most exciting for me was seeing how independent the interpretations were. When I write my own vision of what the characters are like and how they will be
portrayed, it's rarely the way an actor brings the character to life. I find it very exciting to see those differing interpretations.

CR: **Do you like to have full control of your play?**

DB: I know there are playwrights who do like to have that kind of control, but I don't want it. I want the creativity to be collaborative between the director, actors, and myself. For me this is important. I don't want the production to be limited to my own vision.

CR: **Who were some of your writing mentors that influenced your stories?**

DB: Neil Simon influenced me as a mentor by way of his play *Broadway Bound*. I had a lot more focus on that particular play because of my position as assistant director. At the time I was working with a community theater group which brought a professional director in once a year. This particular time we had a director from New York. As his assistant I was constantly taking notes and being used as his sounding board. This was the inspiration I had for writing my own play because I became attuned to what Neil Simon was doing in the play in a way that I never had before.

CR: **What other works have you done besides plays, and have any of them been published?**

DB: Having my plays published is not a big concern for me at this time. My primary focus is to have my play writing produced. The play has to have a production history, and prove it's stage worthy before it's published. A play goes through many revisions, always, and a publisher will not consider it until there is a production history along with a stage version. Just to say you had it produced wouldn't be enough. Another important aspect is to always send reviews to show some critical acclaim. A publisher has to be shown positive responses before he/she considers publication.

CR: **Do you use any particular techniques in developing your characters and story lines?**

DB: To date, my plays have mostly come from practical necessity. I remember very vividly one play was written because of an audition I attended. The lobby was filled with women my age and there were very few men. There were a lot of talented actresses who weren't working a play. From this I was inspired to write a play with a female cast only. The great challenge of writing that play was having nine individual voices. What I had to do was cast the play in my head, with actors I knew. I then used my imagination in seeing them play the roles. I knew a lot about their voices, so that gave me a gallery of voices to work with, rather than just having something to imagine out of my own, which was limited to Dottie in various forms. I had to do quite a bit of
layering but it did work. The challenges came from having the characters in ages ranging from eighteen to seventy with different speech patterns and diversities. I wrote it as a comedy and made the setting in a spa where the women were frequently together. My acting skills allow me to put myself in someone else's skin which helps in my translation to creating characters for a play.

CR: Have you ever experienced writer's block?

DB: To me the greatest writer's block is that initial plunge. The hardest part is to sit down and begin to think. This is why I tell my students it sometimes helps to focus in on something mundane, like checking commas. Choose something very mechanical so that it doesn't seem so daunting. You can also begin with something from the previous scene which is very focused to get you immersed into the characters again. I'm sure you've heard the advice, "You should never stop writing when you have nothing else to say. You should stop when you know what's coming next." This doesn't always work well for me because the next day when I come back to that particular spot it doesn't seem as hot as it was the day before. I back up and try to immerse myself in something that doesn't seem so important, allowing me to branch out from there which is the best approach for me.

CR: Do you collaborate on any of your writing?

DB: Yes, but that doesn't mean I would allow anyone to slice my work into a thousand pieces. What I am very open to is an actor telling me he/she is having trouble with a line. Many times what they are asking for is more explanation for why a line was written a certain way. Sometimes I'll ask for what their response might be in that situation. If I find it conveys the meaning better and it works, I'll change it. There are times I'll make an explanation for the line, and suggest the actor try it again by approaching it differently. In other words, that particular line is an intricate part of what's happening, and I'm not eager to take it out without a valid reason. I've had actors suggest lines and ad-lib things that I subsequently used which became their contribution to the creation of a particular character, and to the creation of the play. In this way they enjoy playing the role more because it's a role they are truly shaping. That's true particularly for a new play when everything is being molded into final forms.

CR: How does being an English professor influence your writing? Or does it?

DB: In many ways, it makes it more difficult because I wear a different hat as an English instructor. When the creative writing process begins, I sometimes try on several hats before arriving with the most creative one. It takes time shifting into a different ear and it's not always easy, particularly if there isn't time. I look forward to blocks of me where I can be more creative and immerse myself into the process. I enjoy the summer because that's when I do the bulk of my writing.
CR: What are some of your favorite pieces of literature and why?

DB: It depends on what I am the most enamored with at the moment. Currently I am working on a new play from Shakespeare. I've been working on it on and off for awhile. There have been a thousand things or more done on Hamlet, but I still like what I'm doing, so I'm going to continue it. My current project for the summer is to complete it.

CR: What advice do you have for aspiring writers today?

DB: Nothing truly innovative or new. Just keep writing, writing, and writing. There is no substitute for the writing process; whether it's good or bad, it doesn't matter.
Contributors

Angelina Bellebuono is a staff writer for the Morgan County Citizen and Lake Oconee Living magazine. Although journalism is her bread and butter, she is working on a collection of short stories and essays. In her non-verbal moments, she clicks a camera, hoping to capture moments in time.

Lauren Coffee graduated Fall 2003 with a degree in Journalism. She plans to further her education by obtaining a degree in Photography and possibly Webpage Design. She hopes to combine her skills in journalism, photography and webpage design so that she may have many different job opportunities. She would enjoy working at an advertising agency, working as a photojournalist, or owning her own photography studio.

Kassie Davis is a Journalism Major. She is thinking about changing her major to creative writing and hopes to one day publish children's stories and poems. She plans on attending a four year university to finish out her decided major.
Candice Felice is a Journalism major. She hopes to enter into the professional arena of Broadcast Journalism and become a published writer in the area of writing fictional novels, plays, screenwriting and short stories. Her plans are to complete her four year degree at either North Georgia or University of Georgia in the fall of 2004 in Creative Writing.

Tabitha Fields is an early childhood education major with a minor in Spanish. She hopes to have some of her fiction and poetry published someday although she currently writes for her own amusement.

Claudia Martinez-George is an English major. She hopes to become a published writer of poetry and short stories. She also plans on writing a novel. She plans to continue her education at a four year university preferably in Creative Writing.

Jason Hanline is an English major and plans to finish his degree at North Georgia College. Currently he plans on becoming a high school English teacher. In the past he has played in a rock band, been a student filmmaker, a freelance journalist and has written short stories and poetry. "The future is wide open."
Rick Jordan plans to major in film, hoping to one day be a director of his own work. He enjoys creative writing a lot, as well as poetry, although he feels he is better as a musician and an artist. He plays the keyboard, enjoys tennis, hiking, and the outdoors. He aspires more than anything to constantly roam the most exotic destinations of the planet.

Melissa Turner is an English major. She plans to continue her education at Brenau University. She hopes to travel to France to put to use the language that she has spent five years learning and to follow in the footsteps of Ernest Hemingway. She plans to pursue a career in medicine or publishing.