

STYLUS

SPRING 2015



IT WAS THREE DAYS

UNTIL THE BODY WAS
FOUND.

“ARE THERE ANY LEADS?”

I ASKED THE DOCTOR.

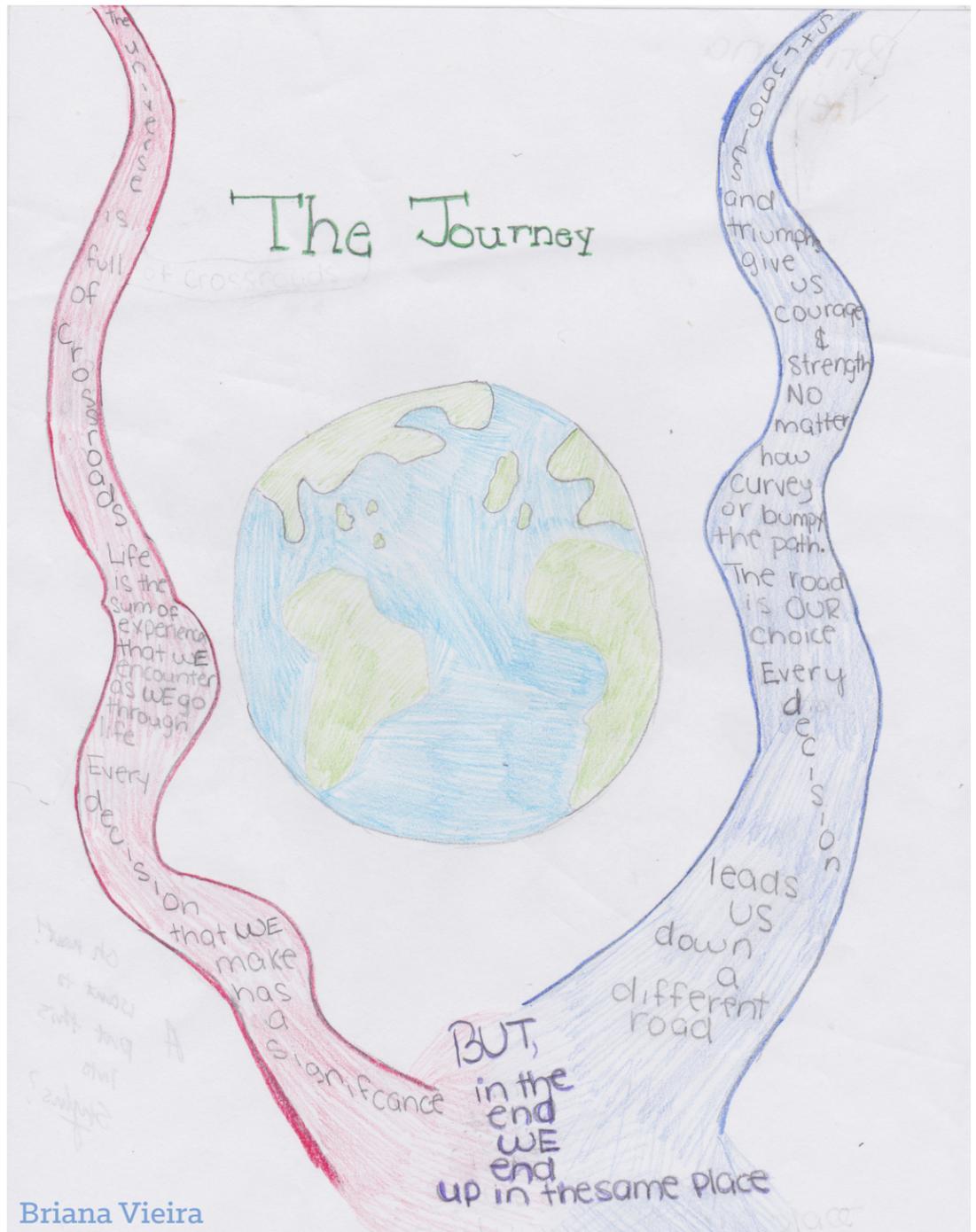
“NO.”

I SIGHED. THE CASE HAD
DRAGGED INTO MY PRECIOUS
OVERTIME.

“FUNNY, THE GULPIT WAS
WEARING MEDICAL GLOVES.”
THE COLD, HARD STEEL OF
THE SCALPEL GLINTED
UNDER THE LIGHT.

IT WAS THREE DAYS UNTIL
THE BODY WAS FOUND.

LAURA ELLIS



Briana Vieira

dance

Armani Smalls

Moving swiftly through the air
Stomping, shaking, waving, tapping
Moving the body in ways and forms no one could
imagine
One's life within minutes of performing
Music in the air, contagious to cause one to react
Or silence, to make oneself react, and realize
The blood, the sweat, the tears
The life, that some know, but many solely live by
The only thing that matters to one



I was surprised by
her wavering belief when the dog
bit against their cool throat.
The sight of a soft cloud which
sought
to ruin our day and the cool mud
hugged our bodies: we were mad.

We kissed and the sky turned
red with the light of an important
road. Tough, leather-like
bodies curve towards each other.
Blue cuts through the flush
bruising beautiful flesh.

As the wavering light dies
the eye strains to see, ruined
by the sands of time and the bite of
life.

Stand up. You're a leaf,
drifting on the wind,
always curving towards home.

Rachel Enzie

growing TALLER

I always thought
When someone said the words,
“When you grow up...”
It would mean I would grow taller.

I went from pink walls to plain
With a few posters here and there
There were no long stuffed animals flooding my room
Instead, there were floods and numerous piles of laundry
That I would refuse to do

There were books scattered about, as I frantically paced
around to find my math book
I remember when it was much easier back then
Simplicity
Simple math, simple words, how to share with others... except
food

What happened to the simple ABCs and 123s
Now it is as though I must be Albert Einstein
I am not him, but I am good at pretending

I used to pretend that I was a princess locked away in a tower
Just like Princess Fiona in Shrek
I still do pretend
Judge me as you please

The little girl who used to ride her tricycle around the
neighborhood

Now that girl who wants a nice car
But not get the road rage like her parents.
My parents

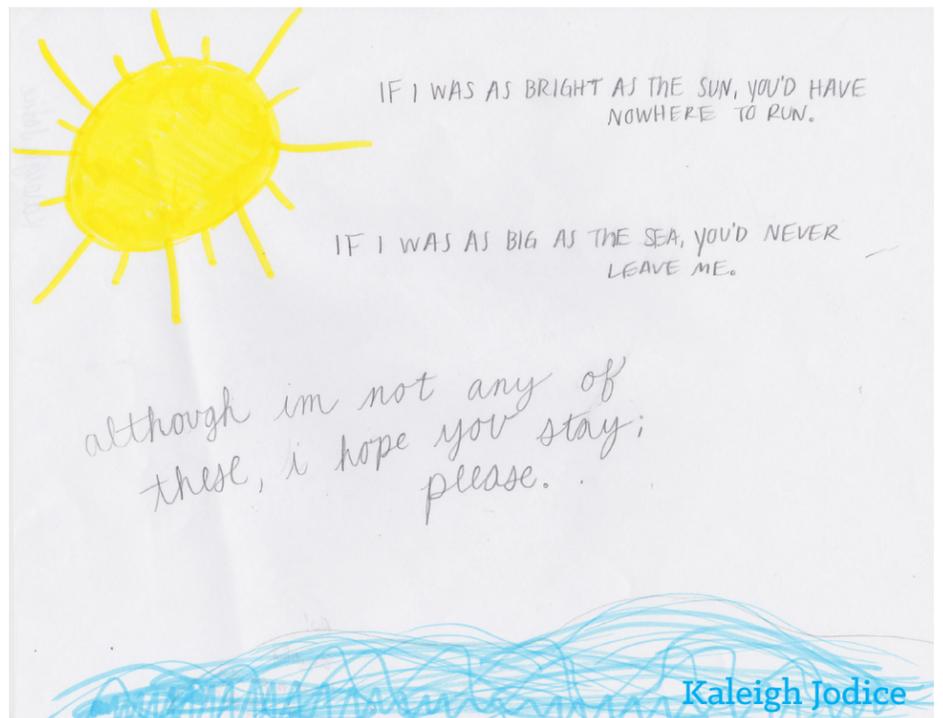
I have grown to appreciate them more
Not just “mommy” and “daddy” anymore
But my best friends

Speaking of friends, boy have they changed.
I played with everyone in the sandbox and goofed around
with all the children in the jungle gym
Now I walk with a few close friends in the mall
Have little hangouts and sleepovers
And binge eat, ranting about the male race
Plus more binge eating

I went from dressing up at birthday parties
And buying theme coordinated gifts for my friend
To finding the best outfit for the upcoming party

The parties went from cake to chips
And anything else you could find in the fridge
Apple juice to alcohol
Candy to... well
You get the point

Soon enough
I am going to be old, wrinkly and have gray hair
Gray hair!
Growing up is definitely not what I thought it was going to be
But strangely
I like it.



FLASH FICTION

Athina Dialektakis & Lekha Murthy

“So, you come here often?”

A voice, coming seemingly from nowhere, startled the woman in the corner out of her reverie.

“You’re in my house,” replied the startled woman.

“Well clearly I am, or else I wouldn’t be talking to you. How’ve you been, Elena?” The disembodied voice echoed around the library, cold and empty. It seemed to fill her with a feeling of warmth and nostalgia, yet she couldn’t place exactly where she had heard it before.

“Why do I recognize your voice? Who are you?” Elena twisted in her seat to try and identify the source of the voice, but to no avail.

“Oh darling Elena, you know who I am. Cast back your mind to twenty-three years ago, and tell me who I am.”

She recognizes the voice as that of her long deceased twin sister, Sophia.

“Sophia? It can’t be you,” replied Elena in a trembling voice.

She felt a chill behind her, and a breath at her ear.

“Can’t it? Can it not be your sister, come back to take revenge?”

Elena felt cold metal at her throat, a short, cynical laugh, then nothing.

a cinematic scene

“Link, it’s fine, it’s just a necklace. Your father can always buy you a new one! Besides, if we don’t leave now I’ll miss my luncheon.”

Link tore his arm from his mother’s grip, determination set in his face as he ran towards the water. The ever present dimples were carved into his cheeks even as the corner of his mouth curved downward. Link’s feet met the water with a bite of bitter cold and a lick of the heel. The water swirled up his torso, slowly moving higher.

“Link! Lincoln! For God’s sake I know you can-,”

Link was submerged before he could hear the rest of his mother’s tirade. Despite having ignored her, Link found himself curious over what his mother ‘knew’ he could do. She didn’t ‘know’ him much at all really. One week a summer isn’t nearly enough time to get to know anyone, even if they are your son. Or so his Dad said. His dad didn’t seem to like his mother too much, and he was inclined to side with the parent who actually took care of him.

Link swam to the ocean floor, being careful to avoid the large jutting stones that lead back to the surface. He began to frantically sift through the sand, the water growing cloudy and blurred, until he couldn’t see his own fingers. The seconds slowly ticked by until Link felt the pressure begin to build in his chest, breaking the illusion that he may have belonged there with the flashing scales and gentle air bubbles.

Kicking up toward the surface, he gripped one of the large stones as he gasped. The air burned, scraping its way down his throat. Salt stung his eyes, and it was then that Link truly couldn’t tell if he belonged above ground or in the depths of the ocean. Both seemed to reject him.

Shaking himself from his darker thoughts, Link took notice of his surroundings. In the few minutes he was able to stay underwater, the earthly conditions had rapidly changed. The waves had become rougher, bullying their way over weakened and corroded stones. Link was buffeted back into his temporary port, feeling the ache of impact again and again. He ran his gaze along the shore, eyes searching desperately for a somewhat familiar form. A wave seemed to grab his ankles and tug, Link’s head slamming into the wizened surface behind him.

Dazed, his body went limp, the water’s grip on his ankles slowly swaying him deeper into its depths. A rush of water following a school of fish caressed his face. Blinking rapidly, Link gradually began to regain his processes, including the ache he noticed had returned to his lungs.

Before he could swim back toward his actual domain, a flash of gold caught his eye. Recognizing it as a chain, he pulled it from its resting place on the harsh stone ledge before kicking his way upward.

As he reached the surface, water seeped into his eyes, blurring his vision. Blinking twice, he opened his eyes to see the beach stretching out before him. He could still see the images of the fish who had been swimming below him. Gradually, they began to fade away, leaving only his mother standing on the beach waving her arms. Closing his eyes he began to paddle back in.

Jessica Wang



wings

an excerpt by laura ellis

School went normally, though. Brook kept his distance and seemed sad. I forgot about the first day fiasco completely. Then one day, our homeroom teacher announced “Field trip day is in a week. Please have your parents sign these forms when you see them Saturday. We will be taking a relaxing, nature hike to the summit of Mount Framely.”

I froze. Mount Framely. Oh no. Mount Framely had high cliffs. Thin high cliffs. Thin very high cliffs. My height problem! I am so dead. I was about to back out and not go on the trip until I heard something else that changed my mind.

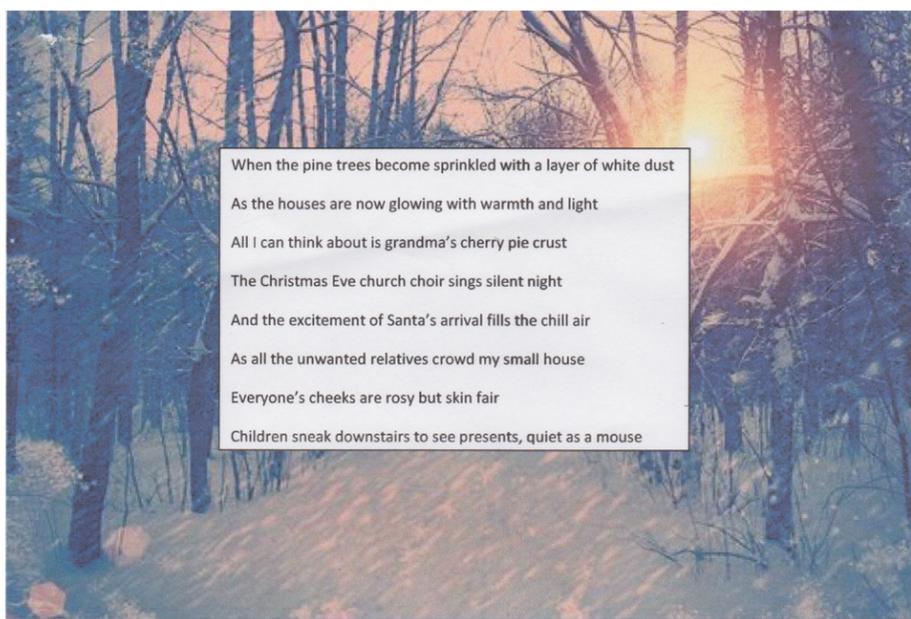
“This trip,” the teacher added, “counts as seventy percent of your science grade.” I was failing science anyways so I had to go. I was doomed. I just knew it. Help!

* * *

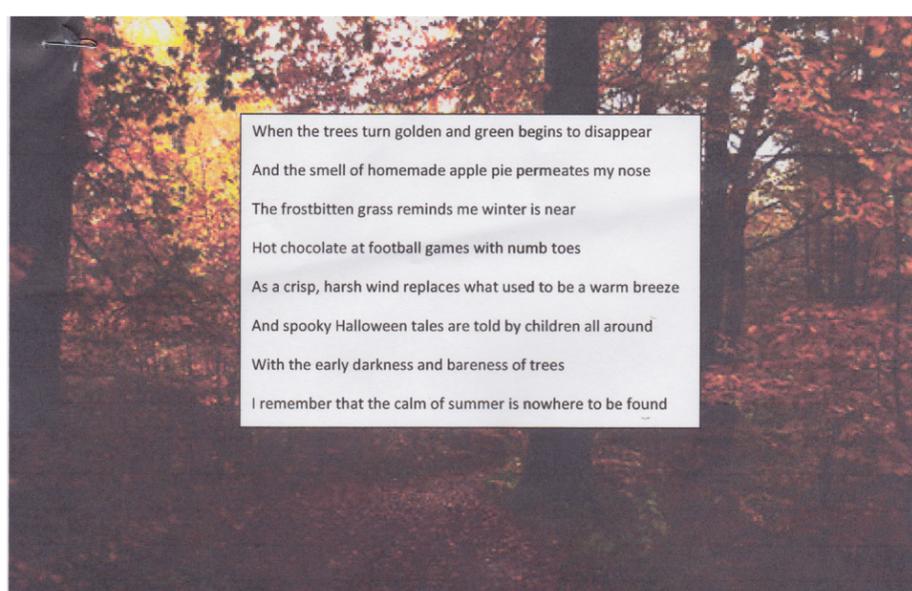
The dreaded day arrived quickly. Thankfully I was put in the same group as Brook, which meant I might get a chance to talk to him. Unthankfully our chaperone for our group, Coach Brunner our gym teacher, wouldn’t let us. He had a zero tolerance for that kind of stuff. He’s the buzz cut, combat boots, buff, boot camp trainer type.

Tweet! The shrill whistle’s sound resounded in my eardrums and made my head spin.

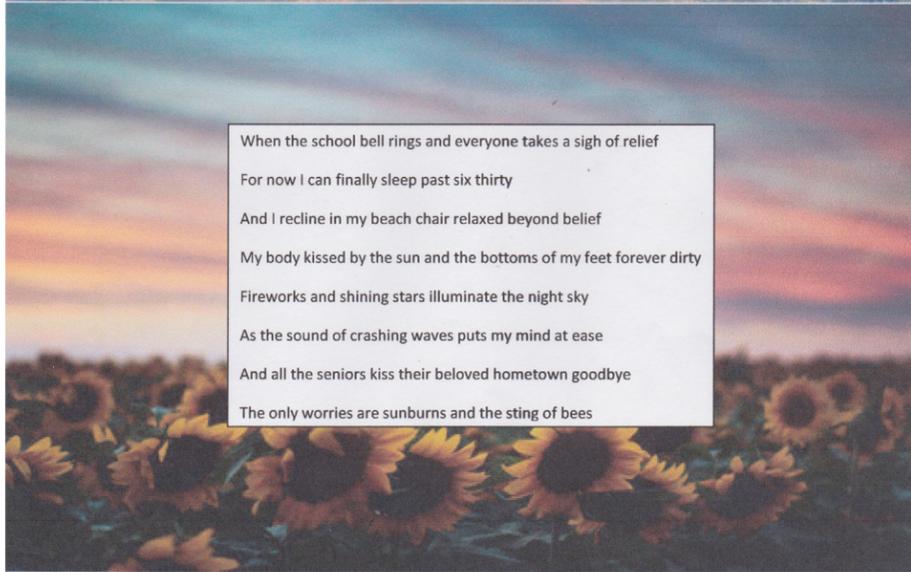
“Hup two! Keep those knees up! Single file! And please, boys, stop hiking like girls! Move out!”



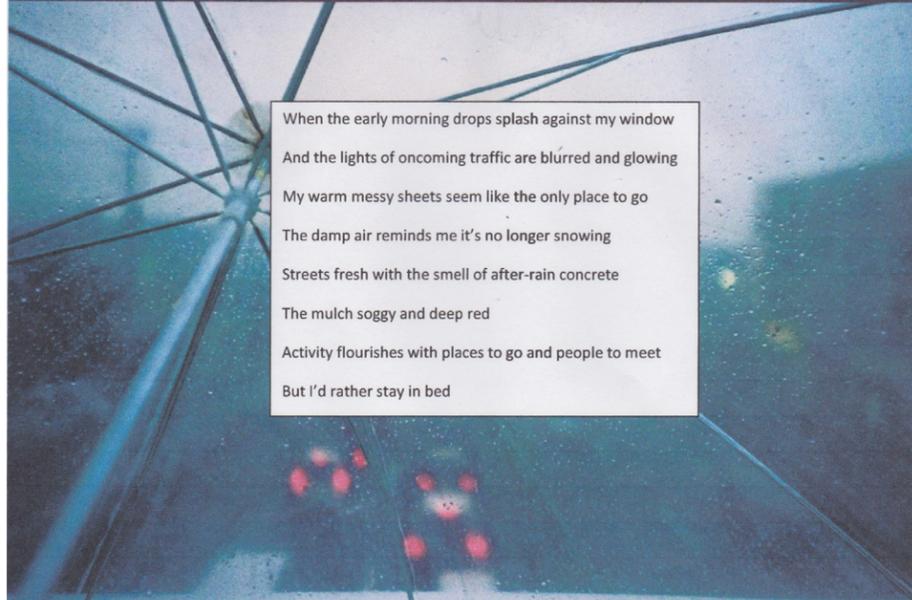
When the pine trees become sprinkled with a layer of white dust
 As the houses are now glowing with warmth and light
 All I can think about is grandma's cherry pie crust
 The Christmas Eve church choir sings silent night
 And the excitement of Santa's arrival fills the chill air
 As all the unwanted relatives crowd my small house
 Everyone's cheeks are rosy but skin fair
 Children sneak downstairs to see presents, quiet as a mouse



When the trees turn golden and green begins to disappear
 And the smell of homemade apple pie permeates my nose
 The frostbitten grass reminds me winter is near
 Hot chocolate at football games with numb toes
 As a crisp, harsh wind replaces what used to be a warm breeze
 And spooky Halloween tales are told by children all around
 With the early darkness and bareness of trees
 I remember that the calm of summer is nowhere to be found



When the school bell rings and everyone takes a sigh of relief
 For now I can finally sleep past six thirty
 And I recline in my beach chair relaxed beyond belief
 My body kissed by the sun and the bottoms of my feet forever dirty
 Fireworks and shining stars illuminate the night sky
 As the sound of crashing waves puts my mind at ease
 And all the seniors kiss their beloved hometown goodbye
 The only worries are sunburns and the sting of bees



When the early morning drops splash against my window
 And the lights of oncoming traffic are blurred and glowing
 My warm messy sheets seem like the only place to go
 The damp air reminds me it's no longer snowing
 Streets fresh with the smell of after-rain concrete
 The mulch soggy and deep red
 Activity flourishes with places to go and people to meet
 But I'd rather stay in bed

Sarah Mullahy

fade in

INT. CONSERVATION LAND BEHIND PARKER HOME - LATE MORNING

Grace and Kaiser are being led through the trails of the wooded section of the conservation land by a FOREST RANGER. Kaiser glances at Grace every so often, watching closely.

RANGER: A hiker of some sort stumbled across 'em. Six bodies in total, poor souls. They don't seem to be a part of the same group 'cuz some of 'em are decomposing more'n the others. One's barely more'n bones.

Grace turns to face the ranger, ignoring Kaiser's inquiring look.

GRACE: Do you keep a logbook of who goes hiking?

RANGER: (shaking his head) We try to. Not many bother checkin' in though. Most folks figure they're just goin' on a walk and its not worth the time.

KAISER: Great. No guaranteed identification on the vics, and no way to even begin looking into this psychopath.

Grace runs a hand through her hair. Nodding to herself, she drops her hand back to her side.

GRACE: Yes we do. You've got a camera up by the lodge right?

The Ranger nods.

GRACE (CONT'D): Great. We'll need that to. If anyone wants to enter they have to pass that building. Maybe we can get a look at their face.

Kaiser nods to the ranger in appreciation as they come up to a break in the trees.

INT. WOODED CLEARING - LATE MORNING

The clearing has overhanging branches. The earth is scorched in the form of an 'x', another smaller symbol burned directly in the middle. Six bodies are laid out in a disjointed circle around the symbol. Some have been dragged a small distance by animals. Grace pulls her shirt up to cover her nose to shield her from the smell as she walks over to a young coroner named WILLIAM examining the bodies.

GRACE (CONT'D): Hey man, whadda we got?

WILLIAM: (glances up) Two men, mid fifties. Two women, one in her forties, the other about early twenties. There's a boy, maybe fourteen at most. This one's a girl. She's about the same age. All in varying stages of decomp. The kids look like the latest kill though.

Grace's jaw tightens at the mention of the children. She gazes down at the body of the girl, her face twisting in pain. Slowly, she turns back over her shoulder to look at Kaiser.

GRACE: Sets of twos? The only real obvious pattern is the numbers.

Kaiser nods contemplatively, rubbing his bottom lip with his index finger, the others clutched around a pen. A small notepad is held tightly in his other hand.

KAISER: Once we figure out what the symbol is maybe we'll get a lead. Thanks for the info Will. See if you can get us an ID on any of the vics and let us know.

Will nods and turns back to his examination. The two Detectives walk away from the scene.

fade out



I
Day in and, Day in and,
Day in and repeat,
Mixed on the plate before me
Sat the risked question.
“Are you sure that’s okay?
Please don’t risk it!” she said.
All on the plate before me
Sat the risked question.
All on the plate before me
Sat the risked question.

II
“Are you sure that’s ok?”
My patience had been frayed.
Sharp fear biting after
First forkful complete.
I could not speak for I,
Had not the will to try,
A shrill half-eaten cry.

- *julia o'regan*

Waking up in the darkness
Lonely, Fearful, Anxious of what lies
ahead
Reaching out, crying in terror
Laughing at my own pain
I see the day, and it is not what was
expected

Looking forward, darkness becomes a
dim light
A chance, a hope, at life
Life as I know it
Life as I want it to be

I keep looking straight, straight ahead
Never turning back once
To the fears that once haunted me
Never crying out, only crying out my
joy

Continuing forward, I see the light
hidden within
I bring out the light within me, to
bring forward what I want in reality
Hope, Laughter, Benevolence,
Freedom
I push on

I push forward, never daring to go
back
To show out my self respect, my
freedom, my chance at what I want
Making something out of myself, see-
ing the light
Making colors
Making a picturesque dream become
a reality

I am content, the light has brought
me to life
I smile ear to ear

I know
I see
I believe, that I can be somebody
Never looking back at what once
haunted me
Only looking forward to what will
make me
As I save myself from despair
I bring myself, into positive

- *armani smalls*

