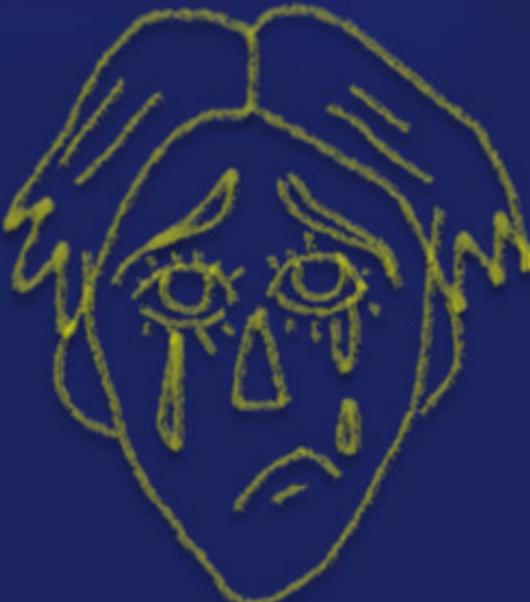


THE INKWELL EMOTIONS



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THE INKWELL

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NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

As the Christmas season approaches we are filled with many different emotions. Each of us faces our own personal mix of them, including stress, determination, and joy as we approach finals.

We know that emotions tend to get the better of our judgement and our sanity at this time of year. So, here's to a healthy way of working through those emotions and, perhaps, making something beautiful out of the chaos.

-- THE INKWELL STAFF

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FELICITY'S EMOTIONS

Danielle Agate

Anger

“What the hell is wrong with him?” Felicity demanded loudly as the guy who shoved past her walked away. Her roommate Anna shrugged.

“Maybe he didn’t mean it.”

“Then he should have apologized.” Felicity huffed.

“You’re right. He should have.” Anna agreed.

“People are so rude... and they’re idiots.”

“Don’t let it get to you.” Anna said, opening up the door to the dorms. “It’s not worth it.”

“Fighting the good fight is always worth it!” Felicity declared, walking up the stairs.

Sadness

“No!” Felicity cried as Clint Eastwood turned the corner and drove away into the rain. “Don’t let him go!” Meryl Streep began to sob at her inability to follow and Felicity shoved her face into a pillow, unable to hide her own tears.

“Be quiet!” Anna hissed from her bed. “Some people are trying to sleep!”

“I’m sorry.” Felicity composed herself. “It’s just that he left and she didn’t get out of the truck.”

“Goodnight Felicity.”

Excitement

“I kind of look good.” Felicity commented as she inspected her army jacket, aviators, and bloody hand. She turned to Anna, who was putting on her gold earrings. “What do you think? Do I look like a person who would kill several pimps and bouncers?” Anna glanced at her.

“The spitting image.” She replied.

“Yay!” Felicity squeaked. “Now I just need a picture to disturb my Mom with!” She handed her phone to her friend.

“Stand up against the door.” Anna commanded, and Felicity did so, taking one picture with her arms at her sides, and one with her left hand making a shooting motion at her head. She sent both pictures to her Mom with the caption,

“You talkin’ to me?” Her text was instantly met with the reply,

“Don’t get crazy.”

“I’ll try.” Felicity typed back. She looked up at Anna, who was adding the finishing touches to her Athena costume. “Do you think I’m a little sick?”

“Perhaps.” Anna shrugged. “But then, you wouldn’t be Felicity if you weren’t.”

Humor

It was 3 am. Felicity turned her head to Anna who was also still awake.

“If an elephant is choking, do you give them mouth to trunk resuscitation?” Anna sat up in bed.

“What?”

“You know.” Felicity gestured. “You grab the trunk and blow. And wasn’t that dirty?” Anna grabbed her phone from the desk.

“I am looking that up. I am looking that up on YouTube.” After a few moments, she sighed. “Noth-

-ing.”

“Did you honestly think there would be?”

“Yes.” Anna replied. “YouTube has everything.” Felicity glanced at her clock.

“I’m not sure if it’s too late or too early for this conversation. But, in any event,” She got up and wrote mouth-to-trunk resuscitation on their mirror. “It will forever be immortalized on our mirror. Until we wash it off at the end of the year off course.” Anna rolled her eyes and collapsed onto her bed.

“Good luck with your 8 am tomorrow Felicity.” And with that, she shut the light.

Confusion

“What is Pon Farr?” Felicity asked Anna as they sat in the cafeteria.

“It’s part of the Vulcan reproductive cycle.” Anna explained through bites of pasta. “Essentially, Vulcans have an overdose of adrenalin in their blood that can only be tempered by having a fight to the death or finding a mate.” Felicity’s fork fell to the table with a clatter.

“You mean Spock has a libido?” Anna rolled her eyes.

“No. He simply has to get rid of the excess adrenalin in his system.”

“Spock has libido.” Felicity smirked. “I didn’t know he had it in him.”

“Whatever Felicity.”

Despondency

“Are you okay?” Anna asked as Felicity buried her face in a pillow.

“She’s dead.” Came the reply.

“Who?” Felicity curled up into a ball.

“River Song. I just met her and she’s dead. I don’t even know her and she’s dead.” She looked up at her friend. “I think that Moffat just presented me with an episode that I will never be able to watch again.” Anna looked thoughtful.

“Yeah, probably.”

“Fantastic.” Felicity rolled over to her side. “I think I’m just gonna check out for a bit.”

Anxiety

“You’re cleaning.” It was a statement, not a question. A jarring one at that. Felicity was picking up piles of clothing off the floor.

“My parents are coming up.” Realization dawned on Anna.

“Okay. When you’re done, I’ll vacuum.” Felicity began to frantically organize her desk, and then got down on her hands and knees cleaning the floor. “I think it’s safe to eat off of.” Anna said from her desk. Felicity rolled her eyes.

“You don’t know my Mom. If there is one thing to be found wrong, she will find it. She’s been bugging me about my laundry for days. She hasn’t been up here since she dropped me off, and yet she knows that my laundry isn’t done.”

“Your laundry is never done, it’s doesn’t take a genius of deduction to make that complicated discovery.”

“Not helping.” She began dusting off their bookcase.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you nervous before.”

“It’s my Mom.” Felicity stood, brushing off her leggings. “She emits anxiety up to 50 miles. It’s beginning to take effect.”

Love

“I’m in love.” Felicity sighed, flopping onto her bed. Anna didn’t even avert her gaze from her laptop screen.

“Care to elaborate? To whom is this emotion directed?”

“Paul Newman.”

“Yes. Well, he’s dead. I don’t think you’re going to have much luck on that front.”

“Why?” Felicity moaned. “Why is he dead? Why is he a pile of dust at the bottom of a grave?”

“Because he was born in...” Anna paused to look him up. “1925.”

“Old enough to be my grandfather. Older than my grandfather in fact.” Felicity sighed. “All of my favorite men are either dead or fictional.”

“I’ve noticed.” Anna continued with her homework.

“Han Solo, Robin Hood, Gregory Peck, James Garner.” Felicity adjusted her position. “I am going to be alone forever.” Anna shrugged.

“At least you’ll have your books.”

YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU DO

Gabriella Minos

What is it,
that makes me give you
chance after chance
what is it, that makes me
want you, only you

What you do, you do not know
You don't know that I...
how could you not, looking the way you do
Your skin and neck, your face
your silky hair and perfect teeth

Over and over I let you abuse me
I know what comes next,
time after time
like a ticking clock,
repetitive, predictable;
still I'm surprised each time

And you, just you
Invading my thoughts and dreams
stealing the sleep from my eyes
and the serenity from my heart

You creep in between my bones
you play like a child in the woods
residing in my soul, where it is warm and safe

But you aren't there, it's not you
inside my veins

WORDS

Gabriella Minos

When the words you speak don't match the actions you take,
your lovely little words
get swept away in the wind
before they can reach my ears.

Your voice becomes a vile shot of poison
you force down my throat; the electricity from your fingers
becomes as strong as the touch of a taser.

Your pretty reflection becomes the ghouls and goblins
I once feared as a child.
And your kindness turns to plastic,
a mask in the shape of your face.

Your words mean nothing to me. They matter as much
as a tear, rolling down my cheek
leaving a trail of salt and disgust in its' wake.

You became as meaningless as a face in a photo album;
a face that someone will one day ask about.
And my response will be —
I don't remember. You will disappear
into my past and I will be happy; finally,
because you and all your beautiful torture
and your sick games and your eloquent mind fucks
will be gone. Forgot.

My brain will finally heal, my heart will be released,
and I will be alive.

PIECES

Katherine Klima

We were the discarded pieces of a puzzle. You know, the ones you can't seem to fit into a pretty picture even though they should have a place. If you just collect these various pieces from different puzzles, and put them together, you get a mess because let's face it none of these pieces should belong together. But then you fool around and create a shape out of the pieces. It's not perfect, but to you it's beautiful. It's unforgettable.

MEMORY

Katherine Klima

Happiness was nonsense. The way that something as simple as a deflated ball could cause us to laugh so much that tears ran down our cheeks.

Excitement was a corner. The one with the three tables and a bench we'd spend every weekend at.

Carefreeness was when no one went to slow dance so we all got up and started to spin each other around.

Closeness was the New Year's Eve when we all stayed up together through a call, even though were were miles apart.

Anger was those stupid fights. The ones that made no sense. The ones that tore me to pieces.

Unity was getting back up again. That when you're drowning, there's a hand reaching out for you to grasp.

Bittersweetness was graduation. We were finally free. We had our lives ahead of us.

Sadness was watching everyone disappear and suddenly realizing everything you've just lost.

Hope is praying that those ties will never be severed. That every time we reunite it'll be at full force.

Love is belonging. Knowing that everything you do for each other is worth it.

CRISIS NO. 007

Alyssa Vigorito

you
suggest we bottle up
my experiences and sell them
as dessert wine,

now I keep colorful apothecary jars of
bottled up emotions
on my mantle

haven't you seen them?
do I have to smear them on your bedroom wall, you fool?

BLOOD AND BETRAYAL

Brownyn Kelly

I'm only a China doll that's been pieced back together; however, I feel my edges cracking along new faults that divide my being.

A guttural sadness pervades my veins; it twists my stomach into bow-tied knots laced with doubtfulness and numbness. I'm not sure which deep recess of my body it comes from but I vaguely know how to corral it back into its corner. In a week's time, I've been promised that my heart will stop bleeding and I can continue on - No longer will my shirt bleed through the bullet holes that scar my chest.

Maybe I just need to bleed; a leech on my arm to draw out all my diseased blood.

I'm bleeding,
and bleeding,
and bleeding;

This thick sticky red substance that comes out of my heart to be sent out into the world is now landing among the blossoming flowers in my garden. I lose too much and feel as though I might faint. My vision goes black.

Reborn. My eyelashes are thick with crunchy mascara as they flutter open. My lips part slightly for their first breath since death took me away. The air scorches my lungs and the sun blinds my eyes that lack a dark pigment used to protect one's soul from the outside world. Healed and renewed. My angels protect me and my demons give me motivation. I am invincible. My feathered wings that protect my body now form a hazy glow around my soft skin.

HAPPINESS

Bronwyn Kelly

Blue
is a color between violet and green,

Ice Blue
eyes staring into mine as you lean,

Navy Blue
sheets covering your form,

Teal Blue
waves remind me where I was born,

Sky Blue
paint brushed onto my sunset,

Slate Blue
puddles won't even make me upset,

Blue
is not a color of woe
but a color of life;
You live as you go.

WHAT IF?

Katherine Grosso

I swear it was 11:58 the last time I looked at the clock and now it's 11:57. What's up with that? My foot is tapping, I'm biting a nail—doing just about anything to keep from sitting still and alone with my thoughts. He said he'd be here at midnight and I'm sitting on my couch waiting, dressed in skinny jeans and a cute strappy top, ready to go when he gets here. Or not exactly ready...

I'm thinking—a lot of thoughts really. Like what if he's a serial killer? What if for the last couple months, I've actually been talking to the next Ted Bundy? Unibomber? Sex trafficker? Oh Christ. My dad's no Liam Neeson—I mean he sells watches for God's sake. If I end up like Taken that's it, I'm gone, game over for Anna. Could my sweater vest wearing, piano-playing dad take on the Albanian mob like that? I don't think so. I really don't have a chance in hell if this all goes south. I still cry when I have to get shots, if I get taken and they try to get me addicted to heroin or something, I'd die before I even have a chance at overdosing.

11:58PM. Then again, it could be fine, right?

I know I *shouldn't* go, but maybe... it could also work out right? I know him. I've been talking to him for almost a year. I recognize the sound of his voice as it comes across the phone lines, like he's right next to me even though he's 600 miles away. It's definitely going to be him when I walk through that door, for sure. Without a doubt.

11:59PM But, what if it's not?

Maybe I'm being Catfished. How mortifying would it be if I ended up on that cheesy MTV show for the whole world to see? I've never video chatted with him before. That's a sign isn't it, not video chatting? I can picture it now, the big reveal. He's not even a he or worse, he's actually a 50-year-old man trying to rob the cradle.

12:00AM. *You're just being paranoid.* When I get nervous, I have this terrible habit of talking to myself like I'm a third party. I'm glad that's one of those personal things no one can hear, or else I might sound crazy. I feel like everyone must have some sort of system like that but at the same time I do recognize that mine might be just a tad more robust than most. I tend to go a little overboard and jump to extremes, go off on tangents... *Focus*, I tell myself.

I take a deep breath and adjust my position on the couch across from the clock as I try not to look at it again. I know him. I've been texting, talking and flirting—I feel my face flush—with him via many, varied forms of social media for ten months and I knew him well before then. There's really no chance he's not who I think he is—who I know he is. He's referenced how we used to hang out before he moved, very specific things that only he would know: *Remember that time we skipped French and spent class talking out on the soccer field?* I mean, I'm friends with his mom on Facebook for crying out loud—it's the real deal.

I look at his last message on my phone:

See you in 14 hours :)

I cover my face with my hands, dropping my phone on my lap, and I feel it heat with embarrassment. He's definitely the same Ryan Carter that has been my crush since the third grade. The same Ryan Carter that I haven't seen since his family up and left our nice neighborhood in Buffalo for even more middle-of-nowhere Janesville, Wisconsin, four years ago. I know he's Ryan Carter and I'm Anna Peeler and that's why I'm so afraid. Definitely not because I really believe he might be an undercover serial killer, but because I really believe that he isn't.

I'LL FIND THEM SINGING

John McGovern

I've seen my fair share of sadness
And of happiness on the way
I've heard the call of the silent
Growing louder every day

It hits the walls and echoes
Reverberating in my mind
Mingling the tears and the laughter
Of a soul confined

And when I look out of my window
To find the walls are raised
I draw the blinds and find myself afraid

But the birds I'll find them chirping
When the night rolls away
And I look out to see the dawn approaching

The streets are full of people
I know each and every face
From the old to the young
And those not yet living

They walk with quiet dignity
With every footstep a bit of grace
But in each of their hearts
They cry for an embrace

I find myself no different
And I find I am afraid
To break down the walls and admit my soul is yearning

But the birds I'll find them chirping
When the night rolls away
And I look out to see the walls weak and breaking

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inkwellliterary@gmail.com

and be sure to check out our weekly
section in Fairfield's campus newspaper
The Mirror!

Thanks to all of our readers and writers!

-- THE INKWELL STAFF

COVER ART
Jessica Romeo '17