

# The Novice

*a literary and arts journal*



2016

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2016

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# The Novice Staff

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## Editorial Focus

*The Novice* is a space for innovative and thought-provoking creative work by emerging and established artists. Published at Silver Lake College in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, *The Novice* seeks to create dialogue across the literary and visual arts.

## Why *The Novice*?

Ernest Hemingway wrote, “We are all apprentices in a craft where no one ever becomes a master.” Readers and artists connect through the pages of *The Novice* to partake in the pursuit of lifelong learning. There is always more to learn about the human experience; we are all novices.

Submission guidelines for future issues are available at  
[www.thenovicejournal.com](http://www.thenovicejournal.com).

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**POUND**  
**Tom Montag**

these bricks  
to gravel --

three cents  
each. This is

how we feed  
the children.

## **TO ANOTHER POET**

**Tom Montag**

A slow bird hit by a fast car.  
This is not something you'd see.

This is not a song you'd sing.  
These are not words you'd use,

this prayer for lifting the finch.

**LONGING**  
**Tom Montag**

You think maybe  
birds singing  
  
the sun up.  
Maybe the sounds  
of traffic, men  
  
and women  
heading to  
  
work. Maybe  
the wind pulling  
everything  
  
to the distance.  
You think maybe  
  
sadness, as if  
sadness sings,  
  
too. Nothing is  
so near to us  
  
as nothingness.  
Where you go,  
  
there you are.

## **WINTER BARN**

**Tom Montag**

Don't walk in the barn  
at night. Cows are there

breathing in the cold,  
breathing out ghosts.



**REPOSE**  
**Cheyenne Smith**



## **FALL COLORS**

**Debi VanDenBoom**

Fire burns red sumac  
Ocher, amber autumn leaves  
Road trip's vivid hues

## **BEST KISS**

**Debi VanDenBoom**

It was not my first bliss,  
It won't be my last reminisce,  
But it was my best kiss.

Best because out of loneliness,  
It brought me back to togetherness.  
Complete and whole in oneness.

Not my first bliss,  
Not my last reminisce,  
It is my best kiss.

You initiated.  
I participated.  
Not anticipated.

Part of my bliss.  
Something to reminisce.  
For now it will be my best kiss.

**GROW GIRL**  
**Samantha Deeley**



**billy's choice**  
**Alison Ruzek**

im in the closet daddy  
you won't look for me in here

im in the closet daddy  
as you fight with mommy dear

im in the closet daddy  
the fighting gets so loud

im in the closet daddy  
i pray i can't be found

im in the closet daddy  
i want to stay and hide

im in the closet daddy  
but mommy needs me by her side

im not in the closet daddy  
as I run out to the room

im not in the closet daddy  
now you hit me with the broom

im not in the closet daddy  
im with mommy on the floor

in not in the closet daddy  
blows can't hurt me anymore

## HOW SOUND TRAVELS

Emilie Lindemann

In the womb,  
the waves were muted.  
I used cardboard megaphones  
to sing your name.

*Imagine a church bell.*

*Press your ear*

Now,  
we stretch earphones  
across uneven pavement.  
Mama and baby both listening  
to blue water, blue waves, blue walls of cement.

*against a solid surface.*

*& close your eyes.*

Untethered  
we are serenaded.  
Her clear voice wavers and winds:

*When a wave moves*

*from one medium to another...*

Wrought-iron fences,  
museum parking lot lines,  
a lithograph, serigraph, Spirograph map

of so many zebra stripes  
streaking the screen  
while you sleep in your collapsible stroller.

*a series of vibrations*

**JOLLITY**  
**Emily Cattani**



**YOU**

**Emily Cattani**

The clock ticks alarmingly out of place.  
Murderous upon the wall  
Keeping track of the violent seconds I have lost tempo-  
Screaming to its own beat

My brain bleeds a million colors,  
but only black and white show up on withered pages  
Scattered and messy like a storm on fire

Keys cold, shaped in the utmost perfection  
Hitting my branches-a shock to life and when chemicals of melan-  
choly cross, divide and conquer

I am changed.

A transformation unseen, unmentioned and lost under bright lights  
Mold me I am clay  
Bend me I am a tree  
I may twist and deform in your embrace, but I will not snap or  
break  
Take me under your wing and  
I come out strong

The white is happiness, the black sadness...  
the spaces  
in between  
are untold and exemplified journeys of  
Joy and anguish  
Transporting me to new heights  
With you I shoot for the moon and I land on the stars  
Your gravitational pull so strong I can not resist



You insist on insisting that I find solace somewhere between the  
depths of your A and your brilliant C  
I meet you center, front and facing-at middle ground  
Parallel with you  
A monstrous beast  
I conquer you with motivation reaching higher than a kite

Love, hatred, oppression, homage  
All these things you can't hear but  
Your maker-your expresser-your player...makes them come to life

Swiftly running, waltzing at the most pompous of balls, walking  
into the unknown, pausing in grace, trembling in fear, tremoring  
with the breaths of this earth, smiling in the sight of beauty, consol-  
ing a grieving heart, intensifying in nature

Then

Stopping for significance...  
It may be the end but the beginning has just arrived  
You are  
Breathing, living  
These are the moments when you take my breath away  
There is life in your sound and boldness in your refinement  
The biggest instrument must create the biggest of sounds  
It is just you and I  
Your purpose is of value  
Of much Precedence

And in this moment,  
I will make you proud  
This is final and  
I am totally serious...

And may you shine above the rest-  
My Dear Grand Piano

**TO MY DEAR FRIEND. . .**

**Emily Cattani**

**March 12, 1934**

Forget me not

Forget me never

Until the seen will sink forever...

I thought and thought of you in vain

Until the only thing I could do was sign my name

—BettyAnn Grey

**March 16, 1934**

When you get old and gray and cannot see

Put your specks on and think of me!

P.S. – I should have ended with “write to me.” Please do, doll!

—Elmer VanDeli

**April 7, 1934**

In future years when this you see,

I wonder what your name will be?

In future years when you may be

Only just a memory

For it is you I have always loved

—Kenneth Hart

**May 9, 1934**

You can fall from windows

You can fall from above

But...the highest fall you will ever have

Is to fall in love.

—Your Cousin, Evelyn Schnell

**May 21, 1934**

Think of me on the ocean.

Think of me on the lake.

And please remember when you get married—

Send me a piece of wedding cake!!

—Yours always, Norman Vorpaul

**July 3, 1934**

When ever an ‘eight’ is out of date

Think of a lad who was waiting at your gate

Happy days with you with which I not regret

I never will.

For-get-me-not...

—From your classmate, Archie Broker

**July 27, 1934**

Sugar is sweet

Violets are blue

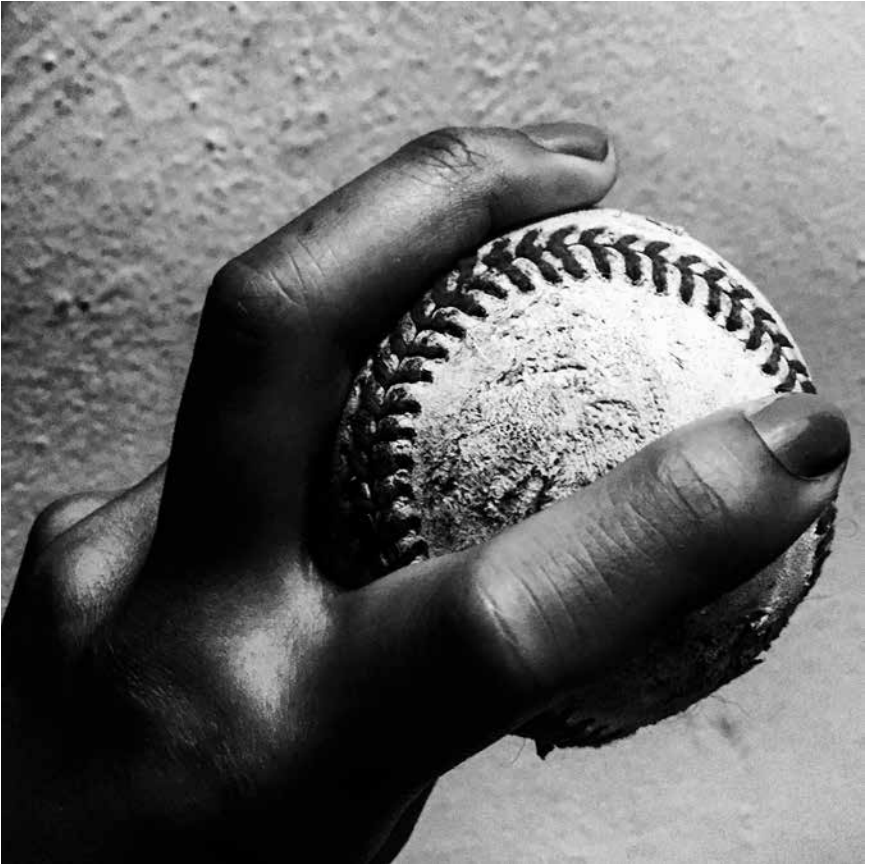
Roses are red

And lilies are white...

Please forget me not with all your might

—Your confidant, John Straightor

**STRIKE**  
**Emily Cattani**



## LOVE THAT TIES

Jared Koch

“It doesn’t wrap around that way silly!” Bree giggled, swatting my hands out of the way.

“I’ll do it.” She said, starting to undo my knotted tie-ball, taking control of the whole tying procedure.

I’ll admit, I’ve never really bothered to learn how to tie, well, a tie. I mean, that’s what your girlfriend is for, am I right?

I winced as the tie got a little too tight for my comfort.

“Honestly Jeremy,” Bree huffed, “how did you ever manage pulling off a respectable look with those tying skills?”

“Well, you know...I have people for that.” I joked, leaning in to kiss her but she ducked away, pulling the tie through its last loop, her eyes gleaming with amusement.

“Not so fast,” she taunted, yanking the tie tight. “Isn’t there something you want to tell me?” She smirked.

“Oh no,” I said, shaking my hands in front of me, backing away.

“Not gonna happen.”

“Say it.”

“No!”

“Say it!” She demanded grabbing me by my tie and yanking me, stumbling towards her.

“Alright! Alright.” I conceded, my hands raised in surrender.

I looked down at my shoes, anywhere but into her amused, triumphant expression. I took a deep breath. “You’re the best girlfriend in the world. Thank you for tying my tie.” I muttered at supersonic speed.

I chanced a look at her dazzling face to see a massive grin on her face.

“See? Was that so hard?” She asked.

“Yes. Excruciating even.”

Her blue eyes narrowed. I braced for impact. “Ow!” I complained as she playfully elbowed me in the arm.

Nearly as soon as I yelped, she grabbed my tie, pulling me close to her and planted a loving kiss on my lips.

I leaned into the kiss, enjoying the moment. When we at last broke apart, I just stood there with a crooked smile, staring off into space.

“You know...maybe I should let you fix my tie more often.”

“Mhmm, come on Romeo.” Bree commanded, grabbing my wrist, yanking me along with her towards the door. “We’re going to be late for the reservation you made if we let anymore clothing mishaps delay us.”

Locking the door behind us, we hurried over to Bree’s navy blue Ford Fiesta. I held the door open for her. Bree gave a nod of her head in appreciation, a small smile emerging from her lips as she slid into the driver’s seat.

Man, I just live for that. Every time Bree smiles, it makes me want to melt; makes me forget what I’m doing sometimes.

*BEEP!*

The high pitched car horn brought me back to reality.

“Well? Are you just going to stare at me all night long, or are you getting in?”

“Staring.”

She laughed. “Get in Jere. I promise, you’ll have plenty of time to stare at the restaurant,” she winked.

We prayed a brief prayer, thanking God for a great evening, then took off for our dinner-date.

I guess there’s something to be said for arriving fashionably late. Although, in my case, it was just arriving late. Fashion and I aren’t exactly friends. I mean, I’m “ruggedly handsome” as Bree puts it, but without her help, I would be a fashion mess. I just never put much “pizazz” into what clothes I wore, I only cared if it was comfortable.

Thank God, literally, for what Bree brings to my life. And I don’t just mean a sense of fashion. She brings this creative flair with her, spontaneous and fun, and smart (sometimes too smart!). But most importantly, she has a great love for God and it shows in all that she does.

“Table for two. Jeremy Conners and Bree Trulier.” I said to the receptionist as we hurried inside Borinelli’s Italian Restaurant. We were shown to our table, upstairs on the veranda. A warm summer breeze rustled by, the sun began to set. The sky was breathtaking. We took a seat opposite to each other and picked up our menus, each quietly deciding what to have.

After a minute of silence, I lowered my menu.

“Megan, I’m so blessed to know someone like you.”

“Someone like me?” She asked still looking down at her menu.

“Yeah, someone as awesome as...well...you know...you.”

She looked up.

“What about me?” She asked playfully, twirling her hair between her fingers.

I chuckled. “Alright...we’ll play it your way. A girl like you, or – or more appropriately, a woman like you.”

She stopped twirling her hair, and focused on me.

Her gaze made me shift in my seat. I continued, “Bree... you’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me – well besides being born-again and stuff – I don’t want to get the Big Guy upset you know...”

Bree smiled.

“...your just so much fun to be around, you light up the world around you. Not only that, you’re smart, kind – you believe in me when no one else does. You laugh at all my stupid jokes, and you have this horrible habit of making me look respectable...” I gestured to my tie. Bree giggled.

“...and, you’re extremely beautiful...but most importantly, you love God with all your heart, and it shows in everything you do...and I guess what I’m trying to say is – ”

Before I could even get out another word, Bree grabbed me by my tie and yanked me over the table towards her as she kissed me.

Wow. Talk about meeting a guy half-way.

After about a minute, she pulled away, releasing her vice grip hold on my tie.

“Yes.”

## LOVE THAT BAKES

### Jared Koch

Baking is a lot like life. The whole thing might seem daunting, but each day, each step, is manageable.

POOF! ... Most of the time.

I chanced a look to see the aftermath of what looked like a nuke of flour had exploded. Wispy puffs of white powder fell slowly through the air.

I laughed. Nothing is ever dull with Jeremy around.

“Um... whoops?” He shrugged sheepishly.

That’s my fiancé, completely coated in a blanket of white.

“Here. Hold still.” I ordered as I carefully wiped his face with a dish towel.

“Still think we should make the wedding cake ourselves?” I asked.

“Absolutely. Flour nukes and all. I’m just glad this is your kitchen and not mine.”

My eyes narrowed. He braced for impact.

“Ow!” He complained as I playfully elbowed him in the arm.

Before he could say anything else, I planted a loving kiss on his lips.

“You know Bree... maybe I should mess up your kitchen more often.”

“Mhmm.” I smirked. “What step are we on?”

“Hmm...” Jeremy glanced over at the recipe. “Step... four”

“Thank goodness” I replied.

“... of 15.” He finished.

“You have got to be kidding me! I don’t think my kitchen can survive 11 more of your steps.”

“Woah! My steps? I seem to recall somebody smashing nearly all the eggs.” He challenged, pointing a stubby wooden spatula at me.

“Don’t you point at me!” I played along, unsheathing a spatula from the utensil holder.

“En Garde.” I challenged.

“Oh, it is ON.” He replied.



Our ensuing duel must have looked like something straight out of the *Pirates of the Caribbean*, jumping on counter tops, flinging hot pads and... oh no.

I had routed Jeremy back towards the sink but he had a mischievous look on his face.

“Wait! Not with all the flour –”

Before I could finish, Jeremy blasted water from the kitchen sink in my direction.

I ducked away behind the counter, the water just missing me but it was too late.

“Um... whoops.”

That’s my fiancé, one who was in big trouble.

He started backing away playfully. “Okay... first of all, God says to forgive, and...” I kept advancing.

“God? A little help?” He joked.

I hugged him and we both laughed.

“So you forgive me?”

“Of course ... but you’re cleaning up my kitchen.” I said, gently poking his chest.

He gave me puppy eyes.

“Fine... I’ll help you.” I conceded.

“Have I ever told you how amazing you are?” He asked.

“It doesn’t hurt to remind me.” I smiled.

That’s the way we are together. We agreed early on to be glad and rejoice in each day that God has made, to see the best in each other, and approach every situation with child-like fun.

Before any more words could be spoken, Jeremy gently wrapped his arms around my waist, mine about his neck, and we kissed.

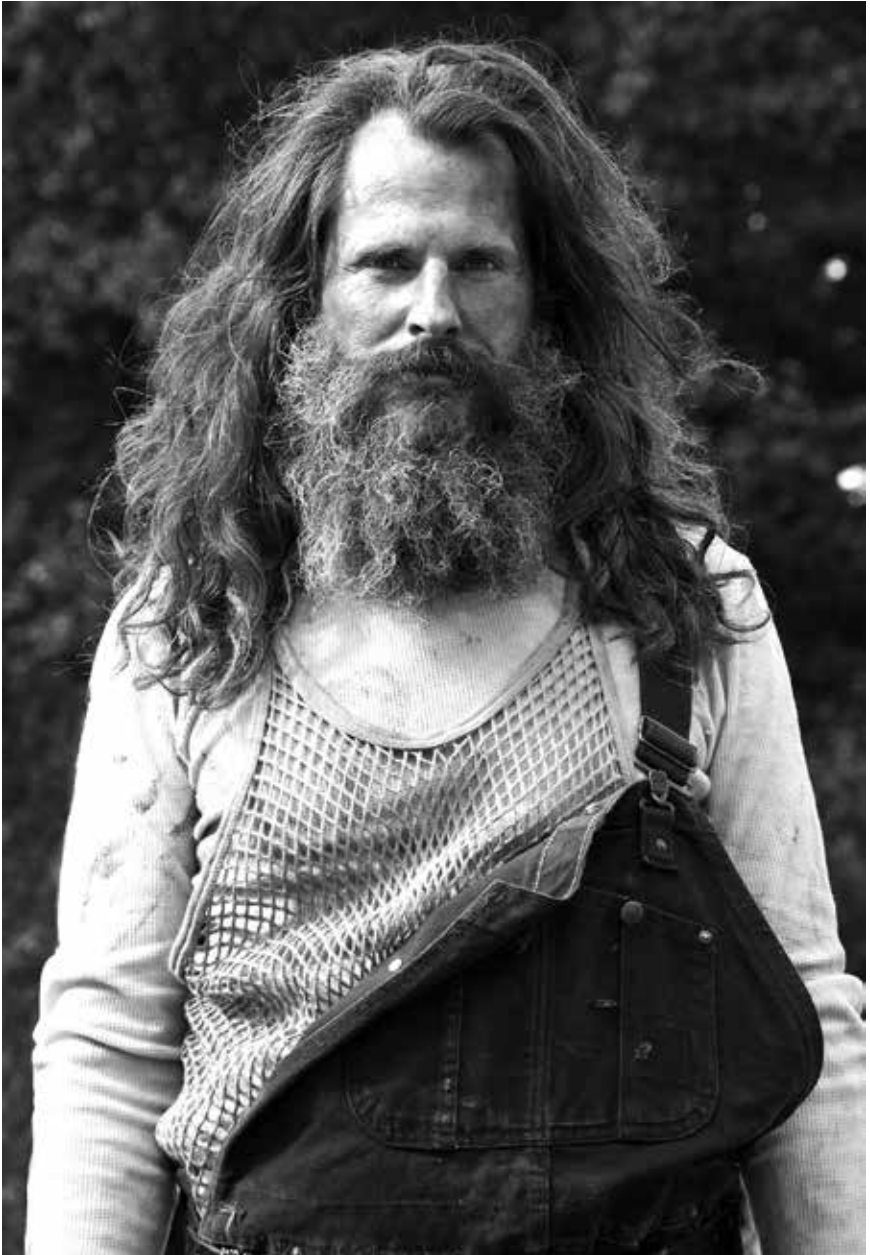
Like I said, baking is a lot like life. The whole thing can seem daunting maybe even messy at times, but each step with God, His love, and child-like fun mixed in makes the best of even the messiest of things, including a nuke of flour.

“Yes.”

**STYLING PURPLE**  
**Jessica Martínez**



**DREADS**  
**Jessica Martínez**



## **WHEN PEOPLE ASK. . .**

### **Catie Minter**

When people ask me where I am from I start an internal attack of anxiety. My mind goes from zero to one hundred in seconds. My heart begins to pound and I feel like my whole body is in tune with just my heart beat.

When people ask, I debate which city I will actually call home. I debate what past I want to confront and what emotions I want to resurface. I decide what mental battles I want to explain. I decide which are the most important to share.

When people ask why I am not open and willing to share all about my past, my mind races like a sports car down the track. I have to tear open the wounds and pour out all past tears. Little do the askers know it is about past times that I am unsure of which to open back up.

When people ask how my family raised me it has a simple answer. We were told wrong from right and allowed to make decisions on what to do. We had a mother like a sister and a father like a brother, and my sister was like a friend. I was raised as a typical cradle Catholic and sent to traditional private schools.

When people ask me how I love my friends so much I have to say it is just from having a lack of love from previous friends and cities. Having the structure of a string that gets twisted in the realities that life throws at me. Having the broken realities shining like the sun back at me instead of true realities shining out from me. Having moved countless times and experience making new friends and having some around me that love me for who I am and where I have been.

When people ask how I stay so positive, there is only one thing that comes to my mind. My faith is a beacon of hope like a lighthouse for a lost ship. When I believed I needed my faith was when my mind was crying out like a lost child for help. I had realized the mental battles I had gone through and was needing the support to move forward. I had been told things in three years that I had never heard in any of the places I was ever from.

When people ask where I want to be in the future. I say inspiring others and working to improve people who have been like me in the past. I say continuing to heal my self inflicted wounds from my past issues of anxiety.

When people ask me how I see my own reflection, it takes me more time to answer than the questions before. I feel like I am looking at a shattered mirror that is still cracking and is a constant reminder of the times I have been shattered by experiences of previous cities. The little pieces that are so small but so major that will never fit back together, but end up creating a new beauty wanting to soar forward and reflect the good times.

When people ask what I had gone through and where I am from, it takes me a second to gather and censor what I am going to say. It is like playing 52 card pick up with a life that has only been 17 years long. I have to put together this deck in my life to not come off crazy but not come off too shy. I have to describe my family, my 5 moves, and my countless schools I have attended. I have to re-experience the bullying and go back to where I am from. Where I am from my faith remains strong and I am allowed freedom to express myself.

**DEAD FISH**  
**Fernie Torres**



**WATER**  
**Dennis Koenigs**

Man has long been drawn to water  
Even the smallest cell  
Of it we're made  
We live

Man has long been drawn to water  
Long he's lived on its shores  
Navigation  
We work

Man has long been drawn to water  
It's a destination  
A vacation  
We play

Man has long been drawn to water  
As it flows it soothes the soul  
Baby baptized  
We pray

**TREE OF LIFE**  
**Dale Van Minsel**





## CARE FOR CREATION

Lydia Matthews

A bolded creature, powerful and elegant  
Dances with the clouds as it glides through the sky.

Suddenly, a cough of  
Putrid black smoke  
Fills the air, invading the atmosphere.  
A falter  
Beating wings slow...  
Until they stop, and begin to fall: a hideous descent into the  
Carnivorous city where stands the eagle's enemies-  
Towering smokestacks.

A delicate flower, budded and new, sprouts from the moist earth, its  
baby stem  
Reaching,  
Struggling,  
Determinedly toward the sun.

Suddenly, a monstrous roar erupts,  
A wicked blade whirs, and a lawnmower  
Chops the new life to pulp.

A peaceful forest walks over the earth, shielding its inhabitants and  
giving life to all.  
The vibrant greens mingle  
A tasteful color wheel in God's hand.  
The trees shake in laughter  
As a breeze tickles their leaves.

Suddenly, a massive machine bulldozes  
Its way into their flesh.  
A silent forest now, but for the  
Desperate cries  
Of cracking wood.

A lazy river gurgles along, enjoying the warm sun on its back  
Which glints and sparkles in the light.  
Happy frogs hop along rocks  
And minnows frisk  
Through the clear water as it  
Glides peacefully, monotonous,  
Like a heartbeat.

Suddenly, putrid slime,  
Vicious goo  
Is flung into the water,  
The poisonous chemicals  
Toxins and wastes  
Gleefully spreading  
Throughout the river,  
Turning its heart to cancer.

A glorious mountain range reaches high,  
Communing with the heavens.  
The peaks stand tall,  
Proud  
Intimidating.

Suddenly, loud voices, cranes  
Robotic brute force slams cruelly  
Digging for oil.  
The mountain shakes,  
Wavers  
And collapses in fear  
From triumphant existence to  
Cowering defeat.

**FLIGHT**  
**Megan Baradic**



**PATIENCE**  
**Megan Baradic**



## CHRISTMAS LOVE

Rebecca McLafferty

Emma's trembling fingers pulled the gray shawl close about her shoulders. She caressed the dog-eared paper tag, remembering...

She could almost hear them. Neither her brother's laughter nor Skipper's barking could be silenced while the horse drawn wagon stood motionless in front of their log home. Mama's smiling face peeked outside, her eyes glistening while her husband brought home his treasures.

Oh, the treasures. Papa had given Emma the ornament, the most beautiful gift she had ever received. It represented every dream of her youth. Everything that could never come true.

Had it ever been real? Emma looked at the penned message, long since faded and smeared. But no matter. She knew it by heart. She cleared her voice before speaking aloud, something she hadn't done in days. She clutched the paper to her heart. Clearing her throat, her wavering voice recited, "Ornament hanging on my tree, bring the gift of joy to me."

Joy. People laughed and sang so much more this time of year. She heard it from a distance and it warmed her heart, but not her cold, stiff fingers.

The threadbare shawl had fallen loose and she pulled it together. Yes, even she would celebrate Christmas, through her memories. She gazed upon the fragile ornament displayed on the discolored doily.

Satisfied, she turned away and shuffled to the small table. With trembling fingers, she lifted the simple package wrapped in coarse paper. Her gnarled fingers trembled while she untied the string. Today she would feast on these few precious bites. It wasn't mama's fine cooking, but it was a far cry from dried berries or fish scraps.

Her pursed lips smiled ever so slightly, remembering mama's pot roast smothered with potatoes. After hours of simmering over the fire, its aroma would waft through the cabin until everyone's mouths watered.

She lowered herself onto the old dilapidated chair that squeaked beneath her weight and gazed at the delicate snow falling beyond her grimy windows. The snowflakes danced, bright and delicate. Magical.

Her knee throbbed and she rubbed it. The frigid street had been icy early this morning, but she refused to think of it. Not today.

Settling the unwrapped meal on her lap, her attention returned to the ornament on the wooden crate in front of her. It was her one possession from the other world. Painted on the side stood a young girl gazing at the Christmas tree, smiling happily.

Tears spilled onto her wrinkled, weathered cheeks. How could memories make her both happy and sad? Wasn't it a lifetime ago that her life had been full of love?

A lifetime ago, yes. But what about today and tomorrow? Could there still be hope for tomorrow?

Tomorrow she would pack away her ornament and the doily and the memories that came with them. They would be buried deep within the old, rusty tin. Christmas day would be over, but she would always remember the love. Always.

**FOUL TREATMENT**  
**Kristina Carroll**

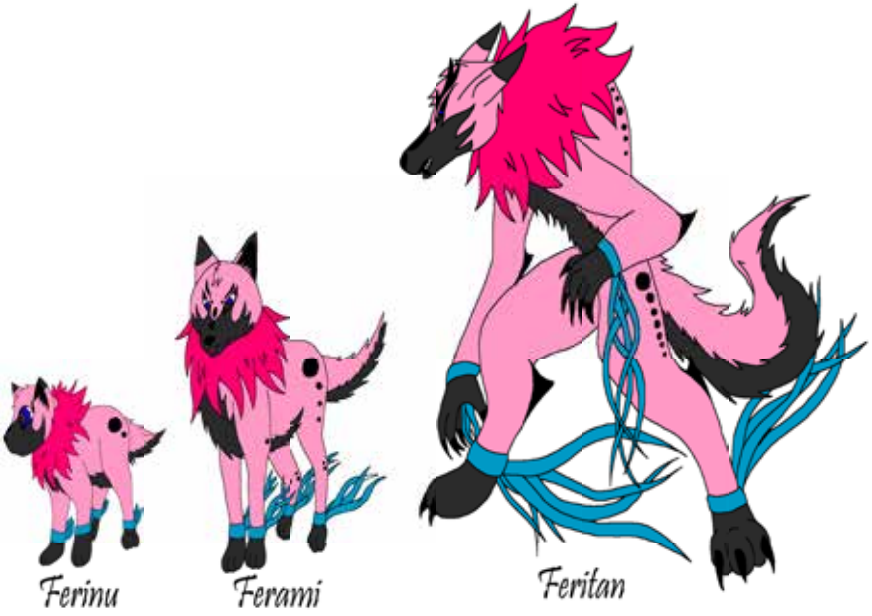
This is a poem about the noblest of beasts.  
That is what they think at least.  
Yes it is true,  
I am telling this poem from a Thanksgiving turkey's point of view.  
"Gobble, Gobble" is that what they think we do all day.  
Tsk, that is a silly way to waste a day.  
But, alas, that is not the only injustice they do to turkey-kind on that  
fateful day.  
First, they get us nice and plump.  
Then, they butcher us and we fall dead on our rump.  
Next, they strip us of our plumage—every feather.  
Hey now, that does not make things any better.  
Then, they stuff us with some unknown food called dressing  
And then they dare to pray for a blessing.  
So as it approaches Thanksgiving Day,  
We turkeys have one thing to say:  
"Be thankful while you are on your eating binge,  
That we turkey have not taken our revenge."

**UKULELE WITH CAT**  
**Dionne Landgraf**





**FAKEMON**  
**Miranda Chase**



## CREASES

Allan Jaeger

I am white in the corners and grey in the creases  
I stand here before you and fall into pieces

A swirl in my head, a stammer in my voice  
I'm afraid of speaking but I have no choice

I'm tired of this insanity, the pain in this world  
It has turned brother against brother and boy against girl

It has created a fake vision of a true being  
Idolizing and stealing giving life no meaning

I speak my word even if they don't matter  
I'm tired of being ignored like all I do is chatter

I've got pain in my heart, pain so deep  
It would make you want to awake up from this horror, and want to  
go back to sleep

I have pain and so do you  
You have dealt with things no one could deal with too

A loss of a friend  
A break of a heart  
A horrible fight  
A terrible start

But there's always light at the end of the tunnel  
So hold strong and keep hope  
The only thing that keeps us alive  
So you can wait for that right helping hand lending ear and thrive

A little happiness goes a long way  
And life will be better in the right day

So give that helping hand or lending ear  
To be that person to help others and let them throw away their fear

We can be the light we can't see in others  
To bring boy to girl and brother to brother

So my creases fade away and I give you adieu  
Hoping what I said touches one of you

You are all beautiful and don't you forget it  
Be that light to others so the whole world can spread it

**HAND**  
**Miranda Chase**



## Contributors' Notes

**Megan Baradic**, from Pewaukee WI, is an Art Education major at Silver Lake College. She enjoys traveling, music, art, reading, and hiking

As a child, **Kristina Carroll** wanted to create stories and poems for children. Over the years, her writing became a hobby. Kristina is dual-majoring in Mathematics and Information Science Technology.

**Emily Cattani** is a Music Major studying piano here at Silver Lake College. In her spare time she enjoys photography, writing, running, and gardening.

**Miranda Chase** is a second-year student at Silver Lake College. She enjoys working on art whenever she gets the chance. Miranda finds interest in working with different mediums and learning new processes.

Silver Lake College alumnus, **Samantha Deeley**, is an artist pursuing her career as an art teacher. Her mediums of choice include ceramics, sculpture, drawing, and mixed media.

**Allan Jaeger** is freshman at Silver Lake College. He is currently undecided about his major. He likes to write poetry in his free time, and is inspired by the world around him. Allan enjoys being inspired by spoken word artists like Nego True and many others. Besides writing poetry, he likes to spend time with friends and family.

**Jared Koch** specializes in being fun, uplifting, and insightful. He has a passion for writing stories and poems with an Optimistic-Christian viewpoint that are always a beam of light and something to aspire to. He is a senior with a major in Information Science and Technology but loves learning and dabbling in all areas of life and shares what he has learned in his own light-hearted way.

**Dennis Koenigs** is a non-traditional adult student majoring in Business Management. He has four children ranging from 16 to 25 years of age and has been married to his wife Donna for 28 years. Dennis enjoys and appreciates the format of the classes at SLC and the interaction between students and faculty.

**Erin LaBonte** is an assistant professor of art at Silver Lake College. She has exhibited her works locally and internationally. LaBonte loves to travel and creates art wherever she goes.

In *Ukulele with Cat*, **Dionne Landgraf** imagined a figure four inches tall interacting with the world through music. The viewer is invited to enter into this small world. The challenge was to create a composite image of two merged photos. Dionne adjusted shadows, tonal range and angles. The goal was to create a visual illusion of a scene that appears to exist, but did not actually appear through the camera lens in a single moment in time.

**Emilie Lindemann** is an assistant professor of English at Silver Lake College. She is the author of six chapbooks, most recently *The Livija Letters* (forthcoming from Hyacinth Girl Press). Emilie lives on a dairy farm with her husband and their son, Oliver.

**Jessica Martínez** is a proud part-time parent to her niece Zuri, who she calls as a term of endearment “Pancha Belly.” Since Jessica graduated from SLC, she has become a pro at being able to change Zuri’s diaper in under a minute in a half. Zuri is Jessica’s number one art student.

**Lydia Matthews** is a sophomore studying Piano Performance and Pedagogy with a minor in English. She enjoys writing as a pastime and has a deep appreciation for literature. “Care for Creation” was inspired by her love and concern for nature.

**Rebecca McLafferty** is a wife, mother, and grandmother who writes primarily Christian fiction, devotions, and book reviews. She co-founded Pens of Praise Christian Writers and is a member of American Christian Fiction Writers and Lighthouse Christian Writers. McLafferty enjoys mentoring other writers and speaking, and can be contacted at [rebeccamclafferty.blogspot.com](http://rebeccamclafferty.blogspot.com) where she writes under the tagline of “Deep-Dish Country Fiction.”

**Catie Minter**, from Manitowoc, WI, is an Art major at Silver Lake College. Through this poem, she looked at her short life of 17 years and created an experience for the reader/listener to understand an experience someone has when they are asked where they are from. Catie is pretty new to writing poetry so this was a chance for her to open up and explore. At 17 she would have never imagined writing this for people to read.

**Tom Montag** is most recently the author of *In This Place: Selected Poems 1982–2013*. He is a contributing editor at *Verse-Virtual*. In 2015 he was the featured poet at *Atticus Review* (April) and *Contemporary American Voices* (August) and at year’s end received Pushcart Prize nominations from *Provo Canyon Review* and *Blue Heron Review*. Other poems will be found at *Hamilton Stone Review*, *The Homestead Review*, *Little Patuxent Review*, *Mud Season Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Third Wednesday*, and elsewhere.

**Alison Ruzek** lives on a farm in the Town of Kossuth with two mastiffs and a nine-year-old 800 lb. pig named Ollie. She is a gardener, arborist, mechanic, baker and mother of six. When she is not planting, canning, fishing or plowing snow, she works as Deputy Coroner for Manitowoc County.

**Cheyenne Smith** is an illustrator from Northeastern Wisconsin, currently attending UW–Milwaukee’s Peck School of the Arts. Working with traditional media, her work explores elements of the natural world in a surreal, introspective fashion, evoking nostalgic color and deeply emotive organic forms.

**Fernie Torres** is a freshman majoring in studio art and psychology at Silver Lake College. She enjoys taking naps, going hiking, seeing flowers, and going for long walks on the lake.

**Debi VanDenBoom** is a warrior, teacher, preacher, prophet, and advocate who dabbles in poetry. She holds a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Interdisciplinary Studies with an emphasis in Business Communications and is completing an Associate’s Degree in Information Technology as a Computer Support Specialist. Seminary studies are the next part of her journey as she works towards ordination as a Deacon in the United Methodist Church.

**Dale Van Minsel**’s art work involves creating unique images mostly using the iPhone and photo apps. He has always enjoyed creating images depicting “altered landscapes” and “possible dimensions” using whatever medium was available at the time but iPhoneography and photo apps really allow him to create unique images without cost or equipment limitations. Dale’s work has been in both national and international exhibitions.

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where no one ever becomes a master.”

— Ernest Hemingway



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