Lone Star College–Kingwood
STUDENT LITERATURE AND ART MAGAZINE

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The StarBursts editors would like to extend our sincerest gratitude for all the submissions this year and for making the 2018 edition of our magazine possible. Our campus experienced a tumultuous 2017 school year as students and staff dealt with devastating losses from Hurricane Harvey, both at home and on campus. We would like to reflect on the remarkable resilience the Lone Star College – Kingwood community has demonstrated as we rebuild. We also offer a heartfelt thanks to the faculty and staff for overcoming the challenges the community faced. In addition, many thanks to those who helped us along the way with our publication. As always, our goal is to provide a creative forum to showcase the talents of student writers and artists in an effort to better connect the Lone Star College community. We hope readers feel and share the impact of this kinship on campus and beyond.
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After Harvey

Tessa Cotera

A home of knowledge broken down
Dreams of wisdom cast to the ground
When nature cried its fearsome wrath
   It left behind a mangled path.
Classrooms lost in flooding waters
Homeless now the sons and daughters.
   No place left to teach or lecture
   Nothing left of architecture.

That mighty storm laid us low,
But we weren’t destroyed by nature’s blow.
   As one we rise above the loss
   Together we will bear this cross
   We will rebuild all we can
   And what we can’t, we will re-plan.
Time will pass and we will grow
As we pass down what we now know

That we have strength within us all
   Together we can each stand tall.
The pursuit of wisdom won’t be lost.
   We’ll recover at any cost.
Students and teachers stand together;
Through both sun and stormy weather.
I Am Me

Heather Monday

I am not the world, I am me.
I leave behind unique whorls of laughter and experience.
I water my path with the intertwined tears of compassion and grasping frustrated gluttony.

For look at this world—so vast and precious—
I could lose myself in its blue and green.

I am not them, I am me.

I proclaim an eclectic gospel of value and purpose.
I sow the fields before me with generous hopes and honest flaws.

For see into these people—so many and broken—
I could lose myself in their pain and joy.

I am not him, I am me.

I pour out a pure vintage of vulnerability and fear.
I erect grottoes to tenderness and consumption.

For attend to this man—so alive and mortal—
I could lose myself in his whim and smile.

I am not him, I am me.
Young Brother, Old Mother

Hallie Faust

A child rejects affection
The cat receives all the more
Rivers in my mind at such a connection
I miss the days we played before

It wasn’t often, I know
Your heart, wrapped in thorns
What I cannot mend gives me woe
But know at the sight of you I am torn

Thorns stab both ends
Those outside, those within
I pray at least for a rose to ascend
Where have your smiles been

I can help he who is lost
But joy wants not to be found
Reaching out I am but slapped away
I want to run but, crossed
Is my path and I cannot stray
Bring me home oh light of day

A mother of age cannot handle
Two bleeding fires alone below the mantle
I choose to help what is due
To those I loved and once knew
Beauty

Lauren Cravy

PEOPLE
They notice everything
The flaws, the distortions, the defects, the faults, the weaknesses
But they don’t notice ME
My accomplishments, my capabilities, my efforts, my talents, my strengths
PEOPLE
They don’t notice the positives
The negatives are more important
But why?
My accomplishments, my capabilities, my efforts, my talents, my strengths should
Plow through those negatives
They should protect ME from those negatives
The negatives that
Become
ME
My flaws, my distortions, my defects, my faults, my weaknesses –
Plunge me into darkness
THEY drown me deeper and deeper into
The bottomless abyss of DEPRESSION
Building up my insecurities and
Mangling my happiness
PEOPLE
They believe that they are just being honest
They believe they are doing me a favor
But NO ONE should feel this way
My accomplishments, my capabilities, my efforts, my talents, my strengths make me
Powerful
They make me who I am – who I want to be - BEAUTIFUL
They make me feel BEAUTIFUL inside and out
Building confidence and
Mending my happiness that
PEOPLE
Try to take away from me
They are the ones that want to be
BEAUTIFUL because they themselves do not
Meeting people is like walking down the street and waving at them on their porch. “How ya doin'? Nice day!” Some invite you up and it’s all, “How’s the kids?” and “Drop by anytime,” while drinking a lemonade. Then one, oh lovely day, they invite you in.

But the door into a soul opens up to wide vistas, unknown hollows, neglected gardens, and lonely graves, while we expected to sit in a parlor, or at least a den—someplace with walls.

So, we move onto a couch and pretend to be in a predictable environment. “Could I bother you for a coffee?” “I like what you've done with the place.”

Why don’t we run for the horizon, splash in the stream, and carve our initials in a tree? When someone invites us in, they might have a gate or two—“Let’s wait ’til later to go in there.” But they probably also have a box of shiny rocks and trinkets to show us. So, if we would walk out into the garden and ask to see, they, all shy, but bright-eyed will show us glinting memories, velvet mossy regrets, and the strange colors of their hopes. Then maybe...—Oh joy—they’ll want to see our hopes too! ☀️
The Bully
James Slaughter

I used to be afraid to speak up
Since the kid next to me is never nice
I would always get picked on by Matt
And if I tattled he won’t think twice
Matt would always pick on younger kids
He would find the weak ones to attack
I was tired of facing Matt’s wrath
I thought I had to stand and fight back
My own heart was swallowed by revenge
I was to give his face a good punch
But a teacher already found out
Matt was stealing money during lunch
Matt maybe the lowest of the low
I’m happy I’m not on his level
Picking a fight was not the answer
Even if he is the red devil
The Call of the Void

Aaron Taylor

To become a legend
His world must abruptly end
First, the leg is impaled
In gruesome pain, he whaled.
What are you doing?
He began brewing
No, no don’t mind the hurt
Stay alert, said rather curt
Before the other, a plead
To stop this is his creed
What must be accomplished?
He lied there astonished.
What will this amount to?
He will not see this through
Finally coming to his senses
Just slight consequences
With his gored leg now free
Regaining sanity
Leaving his hidden ritualistic place
No longer feeling like a basket case
But alas, this was what he envisaged
Ultimately he slowly diminished.
He accomplished what was destined,
To at last become a legend.
I passed a somewhat friend today. And as our eyes caught, we nodded, smiled, and murmured, “Hello. How are you? Fine. Fine.”

I didn’t realize that death had come to visit her, and she didn’t take the time to introduce him. So, he just hung out in the background.

Maybe I should have seen his reflection in her eyes, or sensed his nagging presence in the tightness of her smile.

I could have told her of the time that he pulled up a chair to my table, and of how very long he stayed. He had an annoying habit of prodding me in the side at every traffic intersection, and every time my children left the house.

But perhaps, she wouldn’t want to hear, because after all, how could I know what he is saying to her.

He does have interesting thoughts regarding love, and memory, of regret, and eternity. However, as a house guest, he is invasive.

He lies in one’s bed and talks incessantly half the night or even all night. Then, through the day, he adds too much salt to every dish, delays every errand, and laughs at the most inappropriate things.

I pray that he leaves her very soon and delays his return until she is grey and bent. Perhaps then, memory and regret in the early watches will be a welcome pursuit.

Perhaps then, he too will be tired and gentle, polite and slow.
On the side of the mountain there stood some woods. Deep in the woods there was a burrow. In the burrow lived a fox. The fox had a shiny red pelt and he was proud of it. Each morning as the fox came out of his burrow, he would stretch and say “My! How lovely my fur looks in the morning sunlight!” The birds up above would twitter and chirp, gossiping to themselves about the vanity of the bright red fox.

“Oh! What do you say, birds?” The fox called every morning, “Isn’t my fur the prettiest in the forest?”

“Oh yes, oh yes, Mr. Fox!” They sang back, “The prettiest fur!”

“And isn’t my fur the softest in the forest?”

“No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Fox! Please do not eat us!”

Such words always curled the fox’s lips up in a cruel smile, showing off sharp, white teeth. Next, the fox pranced down to the clear pond, where he admired his reflection for a very long time. Here he would meet with deer and raccoons and possums, and would carry on conversations with them.

“Isn’t my pelt at its best today?” He would crow, twisting his tail around him.

“Of course, Mr. Fox,” they would say, keeping their distance. Of course, as soon as they were out of earshot they expressed their distaste for such a vain creature.

One morning, the fox happened upon a strange sight. As he paraded to the pond, the leaves around his feet rustled and shifted. Ears pricked in surprise, the fox shoved his nose into the leaves, then jumped back with a yelp. “My nose! My tender nose!” he cried rubbing it. Out of the leaves bumbled a hedgehog, spikes pulled over her eyes and a hiss rumbling from the quills.

“What on earth!” The fox cried, “What an ugly brown creature! How dare you prick my nose?”

The hedgehog glared up at the fox. “Why would you go sticking your nose in my bed?” She shot back grumpily.

“Because I wanted to see what was under it!”

“I was under it, now you see!”

“I’ll have you know,” the pompous fox said, head held high, “I am the most loved and beautiful creature in this forest. Such a lowly creature as you should not dare to speak to me so!”

“Most loved, huh? I seem to recall Mrs. Doe and Mr. Buck talking about how rude you are.”

The fox looked enraged. “What! The audacity! After all I’ve done for them!” With that, the fox slinked off to find the deer.

Mr. Buck and Mrs. Doe were grazing near the forest’s edge. The fox marched right up to them, ears pinned back.

“I heard that you two were speaking behind my back!” He barked.

“And I see you’ve been gossiping,” The buck said, lowering his antlers.

“If you cannot say something to my face, do not say it at all!” The fox gekkered, puffing out his chest fur.
“Oh, we can say it to your face,” the doe crooned, “We have no fear of you.”

“Then tell me! Do you not think I am beautiful?”

“Oh, your coat is quite pretty,” the buck said, “It is your personality that is not.”

This struck the fox speechless. He had never considered that anything more than looks was important. With a huff of disgust to cover his lack of words, the fox dashed off. “Surely not everyone thinks of me this way,” he thought to himself as he went through the woods. He found the hedgehog once again.

“Why, you!” Fox spat.

“Yes, me,” Hedgehog grumbled back, upset to have been woken in the middle of the day.

“What else have you with your ugly little ears heard?”

“I heard that not one animal in the forest likes you, Mr. Fox. Pretty you may be, but an ugly heart turns the prettiest face repulsive.”

This offended the fox greatly, and he blundered about, cursing to himself. Finally he stood tall, tail lashing about. “If you creatures do not appreciate such beauty,” he wailed to the forest, catching the attention of the other animals, “Then I will leave! I will find some place better, a place where I will be truly appreciated for who I am!” The forest became alive with the muttering of animals. “Good riddance,” the forest whispered, “What joy to be free of a nuisance!”

His pride hurt, the fox dashed off through the forest, to the edge, across the wide field, and jumped over the brick wall border of the woods. With a cry of surprise, the fox found himself tangled, helpless, in some barbed wire. The metal pricked his skin and plucked his fur, and no matter how he struggled he only became more entangled. “Oh help, help! Won’t anyone come to my aid?” he cried to the sky.

From the forest’s edge, the animals emerged. The buck approached first, the doe by his side and the hedgehog perched on his head. Behind him lingered the other animals, possum and raccoon and birds.

“Why should we help you?” Buck asked, “You who have never bothered to care about us?”

“Because I am stuck!” wailed the fox, “I am stuck and my fur is being ripped to shreds!”

“So we help just because we must?”

“Yes! You must, you must!”

The buck exchanged glances with the other animals, and they all nodded. Mrs. Hedgehog spoke up. “We will help you on one condition.”

“Please! Anything, anything! Just get me out!”

“You must be kind to the other animals. Be helpful and considerate. Never boast of your beauty again, and we will help you.”

Desperate, the fox agreed. “Yes, yes! I promise!”

Satisfied, the buck used his antlers to loosen the wire, and the hedgehog gnawed him free of his predicament. From then on, the fox kept his promise, and never boasted of his beauty again— for in fact, there was no longer anything to boast about. The wire had pulled his soft fur out in clumps, leaving him patchy. Though the fur did grow back, it was not the same—coarse and lighter in color, leaving his pelt dappled and scratchy. However, the fox hardly noticed. In keeping his promise, he made new friends, and he was finally happy. “You’ve become a beautiful person,” Mrs. Hedgehog complimented him, “For you are beautiful when you do beautiful things.”
Sometimes It Takes Death to Start Living

Jessica Innes

It was an icy day in Fairfield Bay, Arkansas; the most cliché weather for a funeral if you ask me. I had been a zombie for the past week. I couldn’t sleep. I couldn’t eat. My mind was in a constant scramble. The funeral wasn’t for me, but somehow, I felt like the one who had died. We all come to a point in our lives when we have to face the fact that our parents are not going to be around forever, but I never would have suspected that I would have to realize that at the mere age of seventeen.

I stepped out of the car. The sharp March air stung my cheeks as I trudged toward the funeral home. My stomach churned with each click of my heels on the stone pavement. As I neared the quaint building, I could spot my family. My weepy eyed Aunt (whom I hadn’t seen in years) embraced me with a warm hug. After a moment, I awkwardly reciprocated her gesture, and the rest of my family members overwhelmed me with their sympathies. After a series of uncomfortable exchanges, we decided it best to step inside to retreat from the cold. Entering the funeral home, the smell of cut flowers and musty antique wood washed over me. Although the environment was meant to be one of comfort, I could not shake this eerie feeling from my gut. Everything was so surreal, and I could not wrap my head around the finality of my mother’s passing. She was alive a week ago. She was breathing and talking and living just a week ago. Thoughts of confusion swirled around my head as I absent mindedly socialized with the guests. Growing tired of talking, I plopped down next to my brother on the vintage floral-printed sofa in the center of the room. I hadn’t spoken to him in five years because it was difficult to maintain a relationship with him; much of the mental illness my mother suffered from in her life was inherited by him. I had no words to exchange. We just sat there in silence as the funeral guests bustled around the parlor.

A few minutes passed and he wrapped his arm around me. I wanted to get up and walk away because this gesture did nothing but make me squeamishly uncomfortable. I’ve always been the type to put barriers up when around certain people, and he and my mother were no exception. I was distant towards them because their behavior scared me. Because of their
mental instability, they often lashed out and acted strangely. I could feel my face heating up, but I was frozen. I did not have the heart to tell him to leave me alone, so we remained sitting for what seemed like hours.

After a while, people began to file into the viewing room. I was deeply conflicted about whether or not to see my mother's body. The thought of looking at her in such a grotesque state made my skin crawl, but prior to the funeral, I had been told that I might regret not seeing her one last time. I made up my mind and timidly made my way into the room. Everyone had already taken their seats, and I could feel dozens of eyes on me as I approached the casket. Every vein in my body seemed to pulsate as I stared deep into the disfigured face of what was once my mother. The embalming process was not kind to her. Her face was swollen and appeared to look like it was molded from wax. Her graying hair was matted and styled in a way I had never seen. I could only bear to look for a few seconds. Holding back a torrent of tears, I shuffled toward my family, seated in the front row of the crowd. I hid my face in my hands and tried my best to silence the unrelenting sobs.

I sat in quiet reflection. Every heated argument, every declined phone call, and every excuse I made in order to avoid interaction circulated through my brain. She was my mother. She was mentally sick, but she was still my mother. Looking back on how I treated her absolutely disgusted me. Although unpredictable and sometimes frightening, she did nothing but try to love me. I had let the bad moments with her outshine the good. As a result, I became inhospitable toward her. Regretful does not even begin to encapsulate how I felt at that moment, for I took her presence in my life for granted and constantly hurt her with my bitterness while she was alive.

At that moment, I decided that I was going to change my behavior for good. My frigid nature was not intentional; it was a defense mechanism, but nevertheless, it was unacceptable. From that point on, I decided that I was going to try to open my heart to the people I love, and fully embrace them despite their flaws. I snapped out of my self-evaluation to the sound of the eulogist clearing his throat into the microphone, and slipped into a state of serenity as he spoke. ☿
A Burning Desire

Amanda West

When the fire started, she gazed upon it with a small smile. She held the match in one hand and the gasoline in the other. The intense heat caused her to back away. The boy came and threw his papers into the flames and they both watched as the flames grew. The girl, Jessica, and the boy, Caleb, sat on a log and looked on as the flames bit at the dark night sky.

“Now what are we going to do?” Jessica asked. They had just graduated high school and were burning the remains of their classwork. Long nights studying for tests that won’t matter in the future, assignments that brought them both to tears and all their stress flying into the night sky as sparks and burning to ash at their feet.

“I guess we go to college now” Caleb trailed off. Caleb and Jessica and been best friends since the first day of kindergarten when Caleb offered Jessica his last animal cracker. That was the beginning of their thirteen-year friendship. They had tried dating freshman year but saw that it didn’t really work for either of them, although, Caleb still harbored feelings for Jessica. He had planned to tell her before they left for college until Jessica said she had changed her college and was no longer attending the same school as Caleb. After some thought, Caleb decided he was going to change schools as well because he couldn’t imagine his life without seeing his best friend every day. He wanted to surprise her, so he hadn’t told her. He wanted to wait until move in day to surprise her in her dorm and tell her about his feelings.

Jessica let out a loud sigh and thought to herself about the last 13 years and how Caleb had been there for her through everything. She had secret feelings for Caleb and wanted to tell him but didn’t know how to do it, so she devised a plan to surprise him. Jessica told him that she chose a different college than him, but she hadn’t. She chose the dorm next to his and was going to surprise him on move in day and confess her feelings to him.

The two sat close to each other, watching the flames die and the logs glow, both imagining their next two years together at different schools.
ART SUBMISSIONS

911 Tears
Izix Nevares
Let Go
Marcela Macias
Look Fear in the Eye
Magan Porter
Walking Through Disaster
Magan Porter
Main Street,
Houston, Texas
Joseph Hemphill
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Beginning of Spring
Best in Show—2D
Acrylic on canvas
24 x 36 in
Iris Varianti
Tooth Mold
First Place—2D
Acrylic on canvas
18 x 24 in
Emili Whitelaw
Car Project
Second Place—2D
Charcoal
19 x 25 in

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Out of the Wood
Third Place — 2D
Paper Collage
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12 x 11 x 7 in

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#2 Bowl with Red
Best in Show
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14 x 12 x 5 in

Angela Corson
Bamboo Vase
First Place — 3D
Stoneware
10 x 10 x 20 in
Tom Hunter
Five Elements
Second Place—3D
Pottery
2 x 3 x 8 in

Danae Daniels
Green Bottle
Third Place—3D
Raku
3 x 3 x 6 in

Tom Hunter
Broken Odometer
Aaron Taylor

Knocked awake by a bump in the road, I lurched forward and fell back into the burgundy vinyl seat, releasing a cloud of stale dust that must have accumulated over millennia. While thrown into a dry cough, I looked around the cabin of the vehicle. Thousands of glossy black switches set in grid form on a wood grain dash, at least 3 radios with the microphone cords tangled amongst themselves, and a big sticker that read ‘WAY OF THE ROAD’ planted on the dashboard were all before me. I looked over at a large, burly man with a thick red beard wearing a brown Carhartt over a flannel at the wheel. My eyes widened to the size of saucers.

“Who are you? Where am-?” I started until this terrible ringing in my head pushed me back into my chair as I writhed in pain.

“Howdy. Glad you’re awake. What do you remember?”

“I didn’t remember anything.”

“Let me fill ya in and I’ll just jump into it. I was driving on my way to pick up someone and I ran into ya on the 5. So since I totaled yer car, I had to take you instead.”

“What are you talking about? I feel fine.” I was lying in hopes of him pulling over at a gas station and letting me out. I continued, “See? Don’t even have a scratch on me. If you could just let me out, I’ll call someone.”

“Well, that’s because you’re dead now, son.”

“Then how are you…?”

“I’m a transporter of sorts. Ya see, I was on the way to pick up someone else who was gonna die but then there ya had to go and get yourself killed speeding!”

The ringing in my head grew sharper as he spoke. I had no defense, I was going about 95 late at night. At this point, I didn’t want to argue. I only had questions for him.

“So…you’re transporting me?”

“Yup, that’s right.”

“Where to?”

“Depends on how ya handle this.”

I took some time to collect my thoughts and looked around. The trucker began rowing through the gears with his big, meaty fist around the shifter as we gained speed. What does he mean how

(Continued >>)
I handle this? Am I being tested? Tested for what? I’ve led a good life. I went to school and got high marks across the board, married my high school sweetheart, got a big house, some pretty sweet rides, what am I missing?

“So what’s your name?”

He looked over at me, pushing his frown out from behind his beard and upwards at the headliner of the truck cabin. “Can’t ya read?” He scolded. “C-A-R-L. Carl! The nerve.” It was spelled out in big, golden patches on the ceiling. Who the hell does this guy think he is?

“Sorry for trying to be friendly.”

Eyes glued to the road, he shot more daggers over at me and snorted. Do I even bother? Should I keep pushing for more? I don’t know what to do. I don’t even know how to feel about any of this. I’m dead. And yet all I want to know is who this guy is.

“How long have you been at this?”

“Been at?”

“Transporting, I guess?”

“Well this thing has been broken for decades, so I guess that long and then some.” He pointed at his odometer. It had 12 slots for digits instead of the usual 6 and they were all rolled over. That’s more than 1 trillion miles. Does he even use miles? Just how old is this guy. No way he’s over 45. But he’s been driving for decades? Every question seems to jumble my thoughts more and more or as if he were hitting the brakes at 90 miles per hour with every answer.

As I was racking my brain around the perplexity of this situation, he finally broke the silence. “And you are?”

“Uh… human?” I replied.

“No, smart ass. Your name. What’s your name.” His voice grew louder with irritation.

“Oh, my name!” I nervously laughed and answered my name as if I were in trouble with a teacher I had never met. “It’s Charles.”

“Charles, eh? You know, I was actually on my way to pick up a Charles in LA. What’s your last name.” He began to stare at me with these eyes that seemed to burn straight through my own and out of the back of my head. Originally, I wanted his attention and some answers. Now, I’m not sure that was such a good idea.

“Miller.” I said as my surname trickled clumsily out of my mouth. He came to a screeching halt and pulled off to the side of the road and turned the engine off. The way he looked at me, I
thought I was done for. His eyes were the size of two moons and his mouth seemed like it was going to swallow me whole. Is Charles Miller a cursed name or something? I don’t get it. “What’s the matter?”

“You poor son of a bitch.” His lips tightened at the corners as they turned into a malicious smile. “I just feel bad for ya is all. What are the chances.”

“…What are you talking about?”

“You’re the who I was looking for. You’re the package I’m supposed to pick up.” He erupted into a spine-chilling laughter. My heart has never known such a fear or dropped so low. Who’s he transporting me to? That awful ringing in my head felt like it was draining the very life out of me.

“Why? Why me? I’m just a normal guy who was in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

“Why do ya think you’re here, kid?”

“Haven’t the slightest clue.”

“What were you doing on the 5 heading north?”

“I just had to escape LA for a little while. I couldn’t handle it. The city was starting to get to me. My home life was wearing on me. You could say that I couldn’t maintain any more. The monotonous cycle of work, home, and sleep was getting to me. Nothing was different. Nothing was going to change. I just had to drive. I don’t know where I was going to go, I just knew I had to go.”

He let out a snicker and a smirk. Carl snapped his fingers to get my attention, put his finger up to his temple, then pointed at his sticker. “Way of the road, bud. That’s just how she goes and if ya don’t like the road, ya change paths.”

What felt like an eternity passed as we roared down the highway towards God knows where. The trees on either side of the road were dancing ominously in the wind. Raccoons, possums, and armadillos were lit by Carl’s piercing headlights as they sat on their hind legs watching us pass by. Not the most warm welcoming committee but not the worst, or so I would hope.

“Wanna know why you’re here, Chuck?”

My mind began to race. Okay, Miller. Think. What did you do to deserve this? What words are going to lunge out of his mouth towards you? “Fill me in. I haven’t the slightest clue Carl.”

“Well.” He shot me another one of those jarring, fearful Carl smiles that he seems so readily to show. “Let’s just say we know.” The pavement before us began to crack and the animals began to howl.

(Continued >>)
“What do you mean? Know what?” My body began to shiver a little bit. The cabin grew colder. Or maybe that was just me. I don’t know.

“You were going to kill your family, weren’t you?” Carl let out a chilling holler. The ringing was amplified and I tucked my head into my knees in hopes of escaping the pain. How does he know? I didn’t tell anyone. Not a damn soul. I brought my head up once the ringing would allow me to and saw a buck standing on it’s rear hooves, letting out a blood curdling sound that no animal should be able to make. I rolled down the window and peaked my head to keep watching as the buck brought its two front hooves down hard onto the earth below it, shattering all that was behind us.

“…just who are you, anyway?”

“I told you already. I’m a transporter.”

“Transporter for who, exactly?”

“It doesn’t like to be named.”

“Well what was all that shit you told me about changing paths earlier, Carl? I changed paths. I fled LA to flee my impulses. I couldn’t kill them, but I needed to kill them. I couldn’t take it anymore. I couldn’t take seeing their overly optimistic, stupid faces anymore. I just had to do it, but I don’t have the instincts of a monster. So why the hell am I here if I didn’t do anything?”

“Because we think you do.”

“What?”

“It beckons you. We know you let your feelings fester into something more than what it should have ever been. You lost sight of what you wanted and let your disgruntlement turn into something much, much more hateful. And yet nothing was wrong.”

“Wherever you’re taking me, I don’t want to go, dammit! I didn’t actually do it!”

“My, my.” Carl flashed a smirk over at me. “Afraid you don’t have a choice. All you once knew is gone because you made your decision.”

The rig started barreling down the highway at breakneck speeds. The number of animals on the sides of the road tripled as if they were gathering for a ceremony. We were quickly approaching a large hill when the pavement ran out. I’m not sure how we were able to keep traction on the
dirt road, but there’s not much I’m sure of at this point, as I’ve turned into a shell. A void of regret. A man that was longs now for what he once knew. How did I let myself come to this?

My hands were shaking violently as I thought I was losing consciousness when Carl nudged me on the shoulder. “Got your seatbelt on?” He croaked.

Before I could even utter a word, we were sent flying off of the hill with a dark abyss below us. Our suspension felt like an eternity in this metal behemoth of machinery that was sure to drop in an instant. But we weren’t dropping. We were floating in place. That’s when I saw it. That buck from earlier was walking over to the passenger side slowly with it’s black eyes fixed on mine. The closer it got, the more I could make out of it. The antlers were imperfect with scratches and stained with fresh, red blood that glistened in the moonlight. It’s brown coat was patchy and also riddled with blood like the antlers. Only a few yards out now and I can’t stop trembling. I’ve got to get out of here.

“You’re never getting out of here.” It spoke. It was only a few feet away and I can now see the evil in those eyes much like dark matter. “We’re taking your vessel. Feed me your hate.”

“Honey, please wake up. Please, you can’t leave us yet.”

I shot up and gasped heavily for air as my eyes started welling up with tears. My arms were covered in bandages and I couldn’t feel my legs. An IV was hooked to my left forearm, and I was wearing a hospital gown.

“Rachael, what happened?” I inquired.

“You hit a deer, sweetheart. A huge, 300-pound black-tailed deer, actually. You must have hit it so hard that it sent you flying out onto the road. Oh my god, I’m so glad you’re okay.” Rachael wept and threw her arms around me. I let out a whimper from the pain. “Sorry honey, I couldn’t help myself.” She apologized.

“It’s alright dear, I’m just glad everything is okay.”

She left the room temporarily to fetch a nurse to possibly get some food in me. I was starving and was even willing to eat hospital food. Thinking of Carl and the buck caused me to jump in my bed, laughing to myself as my head fell back onto the pillows. “What a trivial thing to conjure up.” I thought. “And yet, I wonder where that all came from.” The lights flickered for a brief second and before my eyes, I could see a black sludge filing down the IV. I scratched my left arm, near where the IV was set, watching the fluid in a delirious uneasiness as it fed into me and further losing my grasp on reality.
SCENE 1—MORNING

[Lights up on Lot leaning on a wall with his head hanging low and holding a bottle of alcohol, noise of heavy traffic fills the background. A woman passes by and notices Lot drinking on the ground]

WOMAN: Excuse me sir?! You are in a public place! Please take your drinking somewhere more private!

[Lot lifts his head and raises his hand holding the alcohol. He is about to tell her off but instead takes another drink. The woman takes a step back]

WOMAN: Oh my Lord! I’m so sorry! I did not realize I was standing in front of a hero!

LOT: Is that what they call me?

WOMAN: Of course! You’re Lot, the ‘Legendary Orc Slayer’! I feel humbled just standing in front of you!

LOT: You really shouldn’t. I’m Lot the ‘Drunk [hiccup] Peasant’, but I would love to take a woman like you back home!

WOMAN: [gasps] I am a married sir! My husband is a soldier fighting the Orc Army in Gomorrah!

[The woman tries to walk away.]

LOT: (Lifts his head and looks at the woman) Gomorrah?

WOMAN: (Looks back at Lot) Yes and I am awaiting his return.

LOT: (Puts his drink down and staggeredly gets up) I am sorry that it had to be I to break the news to you. Your husband was killed yesterday. The city of Gomorrah was set ablaze and everyone there died a painful death.

[The woman clasps her hands over her mouth and begins to sob.]

WOMAN: How would you know? My husband could still be alive!

LOT: I was there. Nobody could’ve been saved. I… I am sorry.

WOMAN: SHUT UP! YOU’RE JUST TRYING TO DECEIVE ME SO I COULD GET INTO BED WITH YOU! I… I… UGH!

[The woman leaves the scene with her fists clenched and audibly sobbing. Lot sits back down and takes another swig]

LOT: Sorry you had to hear it from me.
SCENE 2—AFTERNOON

[Lot remains in the same spot as before. Instead he is eating a loaf of bread. As he is eating a military personnel shows up and talks to Lot.]

GENERAL: Lot?

[Lot throws his head down.]

GENERAL: Well Lieutenant Lot, it’s been awhile since you have checked into headquarters to report on your mission. This won’t look good on your report.

LOT: Sorry General, the city of Gomorrah is destroyed, along with all of its inhabitants.

GENERAL: What’s wrong with you? You serve for the Military of God… a soldier should not make God’s loyal soldiers look like a bunch of drunk bums. You must uphold military orders and serve as an example of what one of his disciples should look and act.

LOT: My apologies, but I don’t believe I, or this army, will be met in the gates of Heaven…

GENERAL: HOLD YOUR TONGUE LIEUTENANT! Take back what you’ve said for we are loyal servants of our almighty Lord! Those orcs are heathens! They defy Christian Law and they will be met in the fires of Hell!

LOT: What happened to Gomorrah was not an act of God! It was an atrocity caused by a blind follower and his twisted Military.

GENERAL: SILENCE!!!

[The General grabs Lot by the arm and lifts him to his feet. Lot gets up only to fall back down on his butt.]

LOT: (Takes another swig of alcohol) Consider my disobedience my resignation from the military.

GENERAL: Why?! The destruction of the city was the will of God! The people there were nothing but low life.

LOT: General… for a servant of God you talk as though the people had no purpose in God’s Kingdom. Everyone is a child of God.

[The general takes a seat next to Lot]

GENERAL: This isn't like you. Lot. Why have you changed?

LOT: I used to be like you, General. A loyal dog of the military. So when YOU gave me the orders to destroy Gomorrah, I just took it as another job. But after I summoned fire to rain down on the city, I observed the destruction that followed. (Takes another swig)

GENERAL: And?

(Continued >>)
The orcs were quickly eliminated, but the people didn’t die so quickly. I watched as men, women, and children run in circles, shrieking in agony. Some would try to roll around to extinguish the flames. It was pointless, though. Fire continued to rain down and they kept on burning. The stench of burnt flesh filled the air and the city became nothing but a pillar of fire.

General: Please… enough.

Lot: Do you understand now?

General: I do. I will talk to the council and… you will be honorably discharged from the royal army.

Lot: Don’t. Having such accommodations would be insulting to me, God, and to the people of Gomorrah.

General: I see, but what will you do now?

Lot: I refuse to use my magic for any reason. I will live the rest of my life in guilt and I will remain in the city of Sodom reflecting on my past.

[Lot hands the General his bottle of alcohol and the rest of his bread]

Lot: Please take these, for I do not deserve the luxuries of drinks and warm meals. I will live like squirrels, finding whatever scraps people drop on the dirt roads.

General: You deserve a better life than this. You are a servant of the Almighty God.

Lot: The Lord is looking at me as a monster. I’m no better than the Devil himself. So please, I want to remain here and await for God’s holy punishment. Truth be told I look forward to it and I will welcome it with open arms.

General: You have gone mad Orc Slayer.

Lot: Perhaps… It could be one of God’s many punishments.

[The General takes a swig of Lot’s drink and gets up onto his feet]

General: This is the same wine we drink in communion.

Lot: (Sighs) So it is.

General: (Stares at Lot for a couple of seconds) I must head back to the council before I waste anymore of their time.

Lot: It would be best if you never talked to me again. It would look bad if an esteemed general were caught associating with low life such as myself.

General: You are more than that to me.

[The General walks off stage leaving Lot by himself with no food nor drink to drown his sorrows]
SCENE 3—NIGHT

[Noise fills the background even more as panic fills the streets. Red lights fill the night sky as the Orc Army approaches the City of Sodom. Lot remains seated in his spot and a soldier of the Holy Army runs and finds him in the street]

SOLDIER: YOU THERE! YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS CITY! THE ORC ARMY IS APPROACHING!

LOT: Please soldier… leave me here. I am waiting for orcs to come so I can finally see the fate God has planned for me.

SOLDIER: Wait! You’re the Orc Slayer! Why aren’t you doing anything to destroy those damned orcs?

LOT: The only one damned here is me. I have gone against the word of God and I am awaiting punishment for my insolence.

[The soldier draws his sword]

SOLDIER: You will most certainly go to Hell if you do not get out there and destroy the orcs like you did in Gomorrah!

LOT: Hell already has a place for me. The Devil has reserved some time in his schedule for what he will do to me.

SOLDIER: You can’t just sit here though!

LOT: Have the citizens evacuated the city?

SOLDIER: Yessir, but we must defend the city so the Orc Army does not take control of it! It is our sworn duty to God!

LOT: Be careful of what orders you follow soldier. Even the Holy Army’s orders can be against the word of the Lord Almighty.

SOLDIER: Shut up!

LOT: I must insist that you leave this city as soon as you can.

SOLDIER: I SAID SHUT UP!!!

[The Soldier bring his sword up to swing at Lot, but a soldier from the Orc Army runs in and stabs the soldier from the Holy Army and kills him]

LOT: Hello there.

ORC: What?

LOT: I said “Hello there”. I’ve been waiting for my punishment for quite some time. It took a lot less time than I expected.

(Continued >>)
Orc: I know you! Are you planning to destroy me like you did to our grunts in the city of Gomorrah?

LOT: No. Are you a grunt like the ones I have slain?

Orc: Don’t insult me! I am the highest ranking officer in this Army!

LOT: My apologies! I want to be kind to the one sent to kill me.

[Lot gives a big smile]

Orc: Why are you grinning Orc Slayer? Most would defecate themselves at the sight of me!! Do you have no fear?

LOT: Only a little. Truth is I have been waiting to die for about a day now. I only fear what Lucifer has in store for me.

Orc: If you know you will die, why didn’t you kill yourself? That would’ve made the process much easier for you and I.

LOT: That would only send me deeper down into the depths of Hell. Not like I could get much lower, though.

Orc: You humans have some pointless ideals.

LOT: Why haven’t you slain me yet? I thought orcs are supposed to be ruthless killers taking orders from the devil himself.

Orc: That is ridiculous. We are tribal people who only fight when our people are threatened or attacked.

LOT: Wow, I’m going deeper than I expected.

Orc: So have you prayed to your “God” and made any last wishes? Or do you wish to talk more since you are so comfortable with that.

LOT: I think God knows exactly what I am thinking. And in a sense I know what he is thinking. I will suffer for generations after my death. I might as well get it over with.

Orc: As you wish Orc Slayer!

[The orc draws his sword up to Lot’s neck]

Lights

— End of Play —
The Witching Hour

Brianna Noël Jones

I. Setting: England, All Hallows Eve, Castle Bedchamber

II. Cast:

- LORD CHARLES—Prideful, Angry, and Snob. Black Cloak. Black clothes
- LADY CATHERINE—Sweet, naïve, and childlike at first. Royal Blue Cloak. Nightgown
- SIR CEDRIC—Narrator and lover to ISABEAU. Brown Cloak. Brown pants and Bloody white shirt where stab wound is.
- TRISTAN—Newborn son to CHARLES AND CATHERINE
- ANNE—Newborn daughter to CHARLES and CATHERINE

Isabeau: I am the daughter of a rich baron. My Lord Father has betrothed me to a Duke, Charles, a man that I cannot stand; he is cruel and cold. I see the way the female servants flinch and run as he enters a room. I’ve heard the tales at court, how he drinks and beds women as if it were a sport. He expects me to be an obedient wife; the kind that is a porcelain doll who smiles, never talks, and will let him rut between her legs when he is not with some whore and turn a blind eye to it. I feel as if Charles is King Arthur and I am Queen Guinevere. Luckily I have found my Lancelot—Sir Cedric, Charles’ half brother. Cedric, is the opposite of his brother; he is kind, knowledgeable, and devilishly handsome. I will go away with Cedric tonight, to Rome or Paris. We will raise the baby I carry within happily. Oh how I wonder if I carry a beautiful girl or a robust boy...

ISABEAU puts her hands over her stomach. ISABEAU waits in the dark for her lover to meet her; she wears a cloak and holds a bag ready to run away. Cedric sneaks up behind her to grab her waist, making her jump away with fright. ISABEAU turns and slaps his arm. CEDRIC wraps his arms around her waist, and ISABEAU wraps her arms around his neck.

Sir Cedric: Did I scare you my love?

Isabeau: Yes you did. I thought you could have been one of my father’s men, or worse, your brother’s.

Sir Cedric: You worry too much Beau. No one knows that we are leaving. We covered our tracks; by the time they know, we will be married and living far out of their reach.

(Continued >>)
Isabeau: I hope you’re right. I have this feeling of terror that will not leave me.

Sir Cedric: Then let us be away to the boat.

_The lovers turn to leave, only to have a dark figure come up behind SIR CEDRIC and stab him in the heart. SIR CEDRIC falls down dead. ISABEAU cries out, falls to her knees, and gathers him in her arms. The dark figure is revealed to be Charles._

Charles: Running away with my bastard brother, tsk tsk my lady. Tell me Lady ISABEAU, what did he offer you that I could not?

Isabeau: Love, he offered a love you could not give. You heartless devil. God will never forgive this act of petty vengeance for your pride.

Charles: I am no devil. I am a righteous man wronged by his brother and betrothed. This is not vengeance; this is justice.

_Charles grabs Isabeau by the hair and holds the knife to her throat. He dramatically slits her throat. Isabeau slumps forward dead. Charles leaves stage left. Catherine comes out stage right. She walks toward the dead lovers, a look of horror dawns on her face. She kneels before the lovers and then leaves the stage._

Isabeau and Cedric get up and go out Stage right.

_A bedroom is set up with a small bed, a rug, a chair, a dresser, and a pitcher of water. Catherine is on the bed with one of the baby dolls on her chest. The other baby doll is in the crib. Cedric comes out with a bloody shirt where he was stabbed. He goes center stage._

Sir Cedric: Nine months since the death of me and my beloved. The hour has struck Eleven Thirty, thirty minutes before All Hallows Eve end and All Saints Day begins. My prideful brother LORD CHARLES and his lovely wife LADY CATHERINE have had twin children, a son and daughter. The birth of the twins has taken a toll on the poor Catherine and the boy is stillborn.

_Lord Charles saunters in Stage Left into the chamber holding a goblet of wine. He looks in disgust at his new daughter in the crib. Lady Catherine lays moaning in pain from the birth and onset of the fever. Charles paces with the goblet of wine in front of the bed._

Charles: God has blessed and cursed me. (Takes a sip of wine). He blesses me with a beautiful and virtuous wife and a son. (He walks to the left side of the bed and runs a hand through Lady Catherine’s hair.). Now he has cursed me with a useless girl, a stillborn son and has decided to take my sweet Cat away from me with childbed fever. (Drinks heavily from goblet). What have I done My Lord God? Have I not been a good devout man? (Throws goblet down in anger).

_Lady Isabeau comes in with her slit throat, as a ghostly figure._

Isabeau: A man of God, what humor is this?

_Charles turns angrily towards the dead woman._
Charles: How are you here harlot?

Isabeau: All Hallows Eve, the veil between the living and the dead is thin on this day.

Charles: Why are you here Isabeau, to bask in my misery?

Isabeau: Mayhap. I am enjoying the fact you are miserable. (Deep sigh). Though I am deeply saddened that my sweet sister CATHERINE will be joining me in death. Ironic is it not that you killed both of us. You slit my throat and now have killed Catherine with your seed.

Charles: You deserved your death, acting like a harlot with my bastard brother. Sweet Cat is nothing like you. She is a deeply loyal wife.

Isabeau: (Laughs maniacally) Mayhap her dying and your stillborn son is your fault. You sinned against God.

Charles: (Points a finger at ISABEAU) Liar. I attend Mass. I go to confession, and I keep the Priest in a fine Church and good food in his belly.

Isabeau: That means nothing you fool. Have you confessed the murder of two lovers and their unborn baby?

Charles: No, I never confessed because it was not a sin. You and my bastard brother did me wrong, plotting to run away together. I would have treated you like the queen I thought you were. If I had known you were with child, I would have cut it from your belly and strangled it with its cord as you bled out.

Isabeau: (Smirks at CHARLES) Your pride, anger, and sins have killed Catherine and the babe. (Under breath to the audience) So you think.

Catherine: CHAR-LES.

Charles: I am here my sweet Cat.

Catherine: Our daughter my love, is she alright? And our son?

Charles: No sweet Cat, our son has passed from this world. Soon our daughter shall join our son. She is weak like her brother. She will soon join him in heaven.

Catherine and Isabeau: Liar

Charles: My Cat, I would never lie to you. You are my darling wife that brings me joy in all things.

Isabeau: Sparing poor Cat, telling her that her fat and healthy daughter will soon be dead. Tell me CHARLES. Do plan on killing your daughter? I did not think you were that heartless.

(Continued >>)
Catherine: You’re a lying pig. You told my father that ISABEAU and her guard SIR CEDRIC were murdered by Highwaymen. But I saw you that night. I followed Isabeau. I vowed vengeance over their bodies. It was so easy to fool you with the naïve innocent demure.

Charles: No, No you are delirious from the fever. (Backs slowly away from the bed in fear)

Catherine: (coughs weakly) Oh no dear husband. My head’s clear. Is she here, my lovely BEAU? Sister, my darling Sister, my revenge will soon be complete.

\[ \text{LADY ISABEAU goes to the other side of the bed and kneels so she can stroke} \]
\[ \text{LADY CATHERINE’s hair} \]

Lady Isabeau: Oh Sweet Cat, how can you have your revenge? You are on the brink of death, soon to join me in the afterlife.

Lady Catherine: Oh sister, the healers warned me that it would be dangerous for my delicate body to birth a child. My plotting began as soon as I found out I was with child. I began putting poison in CHARLES’ wine. He drinks so much of it, it has been slowly killing him.

Lord Charles: YOU BITCH (He lunges for LADY CATHERINE, but falls back into the armchair out of breath and dying.)

Lady Catherine: You see my love, the poison is now taking effect. Is it burning husband? As the poison slowly and painfully kills you, you’re suffering are you not? (LORD CHARLES nods painfully). Good, my heart is glad. My revenge doesn’t stop at killing you.

Lady Isabeau: I wonder what else my Cat has in store for you?

Lady Catherine: (Laughs hysterically) the babes that I have given birth to are not yours, but another one of your bastard brothers looking for money. He came one night when you were away at court. I took him as a lover for one week. And why not dear husband? When you’re not in my bed, you rut with any whore that gives you her time. Your bastard brother was a better lover than you. You should know that. His son will take over your legacy.

Lord Charles: (Mockingly)-The little bastard you birthed is dead. How can he take over?

\[ \text{LADY CATHERINE sits up with the baby and starts rocking it weakly, while mumbling.} \]
\[ \text{The baby suddenly starts crying.} \]

Lord Charles: This is madness. How?

Lady Catherine: Witchcraft my love. I sold my soul to the Devil for my power. I signed his book and he gave me the tools to act out my vengeance. With my powers I restored the innocent
soul of my sister’s child to this tiny body. Once we are dead my love and our souls rotting beside each other in Hell, Isabeau and Cedric with take over our bodies to live the life that was stolen from them by you. You should have let them go Charles, but your pride could not handle it.

LADY ISABEAU: Oh Sweet sister thank you. Your revenge is perfect.

SIR CEDRIC enters Stage left, goes behind the armchair to wrap his arms around LORD CHARLES.

Sir Cedric: Ah brother, I may have been born a bastard to a common whore and our Lord Father. Soon I will have everything you inherited and took for granted. The lands, riches, and a beautiful family. A boy to inherit and a girl that will marry into nobility. I will find her a noble man, unlike yourself.

LADY CATHERINE: You both must hurry, before All Hallows Eve ends at the stroke of midnight; place your locket and cross around our necks. So that your souls will enter our bodies as our souls are dragged to the depths of Hell.

LORD CHARLES screams and struggles before dying in his brother’s grip.
LADY CATHERINE mumbles some more before laying her head on the pillow.
SIR CEDRIC takes off his cross and puts it around LORD CHARLES’s neck and
LADY ISABELLA takes off her locket to put around LADY CATHERINE’s neck, then both go off Stage Right. The cross and locket indicate that CEDRIC AND ISABELLA have taken over the bodies of CHARLES AND CATHERINE. Lights darken, LORD CHARLES has moved from the chair to pick up the baby in the crib and goes to lay beside CATHERINE, who is holding the other baby.

CHARLES/CEDRIC: What should we name our robust son and our beautiful daughter, my love?

CATHERINE/ISABEAU: Hmm for a boy I was always fond of Tristan, from the old poem Tristan and Isolde, a brave knight that fought for his lady love.

CHARLES/CEDRIC: Tristan is perfect. He will be Lord Tristin one day. And for our beautiful daughter, I do like the name Anne. A sweet and simple name for our little lady.

CATHERINE/ISABEAU: Then Anne she will be. Lord Tristan Charles and Lady Anne Catherine will be their names. For we cannot forget our loving siblings for giving us the gift of life, Cedric darling.

CHARLES/CEDRIC: Of course my BEAU, whatever you want.

The lights dim out to black for the ending of the play
Sandra leaned on her driftwood stand, arms crossed with her hand under her chin for support, watching drowsily as the few amount of tourists walked down the boardwalk. She began to remember a time when there were so many people that would visit her sleepy coastal town that it was difficult for anyone to navigate the boardwalk. They would approach her stand with an inquisitive look on their faces, taking a gander at what she considers her prized possessions. Children would tug at their dad’s unbuttoned Hawaiian covering their searing red bodies, begging to buy a shell. They would say things like, “Look dad! This one’s deep blue and spindly!” There were dozens of shells that were sold daily and she’d meet each customer with a passionate smile, proud of her treasures that she had collected.

To Sandra, each shell was precious. Priceless. Each one was unique and beautiful in its own way. How she treasured them so. She loved being so close to the sea and everything about it. Sandra would gather the shells at night, using the light of the moon as her guide. Oh, how she loved to feel the sand between her toes with the salty wind against her cheeks. Oftentimes, she would sing a song her mother taught her, one that people would stop to listen to and wonder if they were dreaming. She would sing that song just about every time she felt true elation. Elation for her life and elation for her seashells. Now with the number of tourists yearly dwindling, she sings much less.

She noticed a weakening in sales about two years ago. Fewer people were going to the boardwalk, and the ones that continued to go were talking only of Happy Happy Happy Land, a new amusement park that was built further inland. It was the first indoor amusement park of its kind in her state. The dialogue at her stand had even changed. Instead of the kids desiring shells, they instead were pleading to leave the boardwalk and go to Happy Happy Happy Land instead. And that’s what they did. That’s what mostly everyone did.

The few people that continued to approach her stand were indifferent, rude, and uncaring for the beach. However, a young boy ran up to her stand to gaze upon her treasures. She looked into his eyes. His eyes were reminiscent of the ocean themselves. They were vast, stormy and unknowable. It made her feel restless. Odd that a boy would possess eyes such as those.

As he ran back down the boardwalk towards his father, she began to hum to herself. 🎵
The Untold Story of Adderall: Focusing on Adderall Abuse Among College Students (Abstract)

Monica Argumedo Rendon

The purpose of this study is to analyze the growing amount of Adderall abuse among college students in four year institutions across the United States. According to a National Survey on Drug Use and Health performed in 2014 and 2015 from the Center for Behavioral Health Statistics and Quality, of all types of illicit drug use in the year of 2014, 9.6 percent was Adderall, compared to Ritalin, which only constituted 1.6 percent. This research was conducted by cross-examining a series of articles in journals, such as the Journal of Medical Internet Research, and national websites and statistics, such as the National Institute on Drug Abuse. The severity of Adderall abuse is prominent; in order to prevent abuse of this drug institutions need to implement programs in their campuses. The results of this study reveal limitations in statistics; instead of interpreting how some students are affected by Adderall, some statistics examined and observed the quantity of students affected. The deficiency of current statistics with which to compare information shows a lack of importance given to the issue at hand and, therefore, should be addressed immediately considering the steady rate at which Adderall abuse is rising, especially among male college students.

Keywords: abuse, Adderall, institutions, illicit, prevent, program

Ms. Arugmendo’s research was presented at the 2017 Great Plains Honors Council Conference and won the Dennis Boe Award for Research Papers.

Conference selection is based on a three factor rubric that includes Honors Day scores, Honors Director scores, and Honors Faculty scores.

To read her research in its entirety, please visit our website at www.lonestar.edu/starbursts.htm
Women in Pornography (Abstract)

Elizabeth Matthews

The purpose of this study is to find a solution to the rising problem of the physical and sexual abuse of women in the pornography industry. This research was conducted through examining past restrictions in Hollywood, interviews with actresses in the documentary *Hot Girls Wanted*, and the work of Robert Jensen that reveals the parallels with pornography and the societal definition of masculinity. The examination of these works divulge the recurring trend of mistreatment and dehumanization of women in the pornography industry due to a lack of regulation. Pre-code Hollywood reveals how censorship has failed in the past; however, this failure occurred due to lack of enforcement and changing social values. The mistreatment of women in the porn industry has been a present issue for several decades, but with the internet and as the popularity of porn has risen, more women are being subject to abuse and dehumanization. This study reveals underlying problems within the pornography industry and suggests a solution to resolve the mistreatment of women in the industry. The producers of pornography films have minimal restrictions on what they are permitted to portray on camera and on the treatment of their employees. Some prominent feminists, such as Andrea Dworkin, believe pornography should be banned altogether; however, pornography is a form of free speech, so the Supreme Court refuses ban pornographic material. Therefore, the solution is to set new regulations on the pornography industry that give women more protection for their bodies and respect from their employers and co-workers.

Ms. Matthews’ research was accepted for presentation at the 2018 Great Plains Honors Council Conference in March 2018.

To read her research in its entirety, please visit our website at www.lonestar.edu/starbursts.htm

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