



BlueRidge

COMMUNITY AND
TECHNICAL COLLEGE



**THE
OUTLET**

BLOOM WHERE
YOU ARE PLANTED

Arts and Letters, 2018

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		by Jessica Leake.	

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JUDGES' BIOGRAPHIES

Selection of Arts and Letters

Douglas Kinnett and Gary Bergel juried and selected the visual art works published in this edition of *The Outlet: Bloom Where You Are Planted -- Arts and Letters* and/or exhibited in the Blue Ridge CTC T41, T60, and Student Success Center Art Spaces at the Technology Center or at the Pines Campus in Morgan County. **Dr. Kinnett**, a well-known regional painter, is also the former Coordinator of the Art Education Program at Shepherd University. **Gary Bergel**, a multidisciplinary exhibiting artist, is a member the Blue Ridge CTC adjunct faculty and a member of the Berkeley Arts Council.

Sandra Baker, Kathy Cox, Deidre Morrison, Jim Ralston, and Billie Unger juried and selected the literary pieces published in this edition. **Sandra Baker**, Instructor, is an active member of the Cultural Events Committee, a member of the West Virginia Writers, Inc., and has written fiction herself. She has published short stories in the *Artworks Literacy Magazine* and past issues of *The Outlet*. **Kathy Cox**, Associate Dean of Humanities and Coordinator/Assistant Professor of English, has published three poems in *The Outlet* in the past. She has written an unpublished novel in which every chapter opened with a poem. **Deidre Morrison**, Assistant Professor of English, launched *The Outlet* in 2009. As the Founding Faculty Advisor to the Blue Ridge Residential Writers Group, she designed the original cover art, developed the magazine's layout, solicited submissions via College-wide contests, and funded printing through club-sponsored activities. **Billie Unger**, Liberal Arts Program Coordinator and Professor of Communications, has published art and literature in *The Outlet* and oversaw its production from 2009-2013. **Jim Ralston**, Assistant Professor of English, teaches creative writing at Blue Ridge CTC; he recently published *Lyrics for a Low Noon*, the second of his full books of poetry.

ART WINNERS

First Place

Hawk Eye

by Cayla Clark

Drawing

Pg. 25

Second Place

Conditioned By Television

by Christopher Houck

Mixed Media

Pg. 42

Third Place

Face

by Emily Marion

Drawing

Pg. 41

LITERARY WINNERS

First Place

“Laundry Day”

by Cassidy Barbee

Pg. 14

Second Place

“My Father’s Last Garden”

by Katherina Muller

Pg. 9

Third Place

“4 AM”

by Bianca Ison

Pg. 24



STAINED GLASS

by Richard Eaton

BUT IN TRUTH

by Chris McKinley

Let us meet at the root
of all that has ever awed us,
with the impossible history
of the cosmos before us,
where we can tunnel through the edge of space,
and as self-conscious stardust embrace
all the oblivion before us.
Does it not implore us
to speak meaning into it,
to bear our primal humanness,
our trembling hearts as sacraments
to the emptiness before us?
What better place to emit the glowing rush
of that force whose word is Love?



MUM'S THE WORD

by Billie Unger

Digital Photography

MY FATHER'S LAST GARDEN

by Katherina Muller

My father's last garden
is wild now,
but the daffodils
still bloom,
like clockwork,
every spring;
and
wobbly bricks
still encircle it,
defining
what was once
a piece of him...



UNTITLED

by Billy McPherson

Acrylic on Canvas

OCEAN NOSTALGIA

by Valerie Browne

Swish, swish,
It is sand
In my feet.

It is the sound
Of the sea
As the waves
And shore meet.

It is the cry of the gulls
Whom their brethren greet.
It is the snapping
And flapping of white
Sail sheet.

It is salt.
It is fresh.
It is bright.
It's a treat.

It is the perfect place
To take a seat,

To sit back
And watch
The moon's
Gravity feat.

To bask in blue skies
And sun all ablaze,
As daydreams
Crest brainwaves
Fleet by fleet.



ARCHITECTURAL ALCHEMY - TEMPLE SERIES

by Doug Kinnett

Acrylic on Canvas



ELEGY TO MATT SHEPARD – TEMPLE SERIES

by Doug Kinnett

Acrylic on Canvas

LAUNDRY DAY

by Cassidy Barbee

I was five when my mom taught me how to do the laundry. It was an old top-load washer that used to dance across the foyer if it was too full and groan loudly when it was on the delicate setting. She taught me about whites and lights and darks and sheets and towels. She taught me to use one cup of detergent with half a cup of fabric softener. She taught me how to properly fold clothes to minimize wrinkles and make getting dressed easier. She taught me that sometimes, stains won't go away.

So, at five I gained my first taste of independence and responsibility. I hadn't known that she was preparing me, hadn't known that laundry was considered a chore, that this one step would ready me for months without her help. No, laundry for me was bonding time with mom, time that I could spend laughing at dumb jokes and meaningless chatter. Then she told me she had to go.

I hadn't known what cancer was, only knew that my mom was sick. I didn't know that an illness could lead to hair falling out and lives being lost. I didn't know that while she was lying in a gown too big and smelled like bleach, it could be the last time that I would ever see her.

During her illness, going to school was hard, but I still went at my mother's request. If she was fighting for her life, then I had to endure hours of endless ramblings of subjects I already knew. My friends would come to school in pretty outfits, skirts that puffed out when they twirled or ribbons braided in their hair. I asked how they knew how to braid. "My mommy did it for me," they would respond, with gummy smiles and spotty teeth. My dad learned how to braid my hair that night.

Then my mom came home.

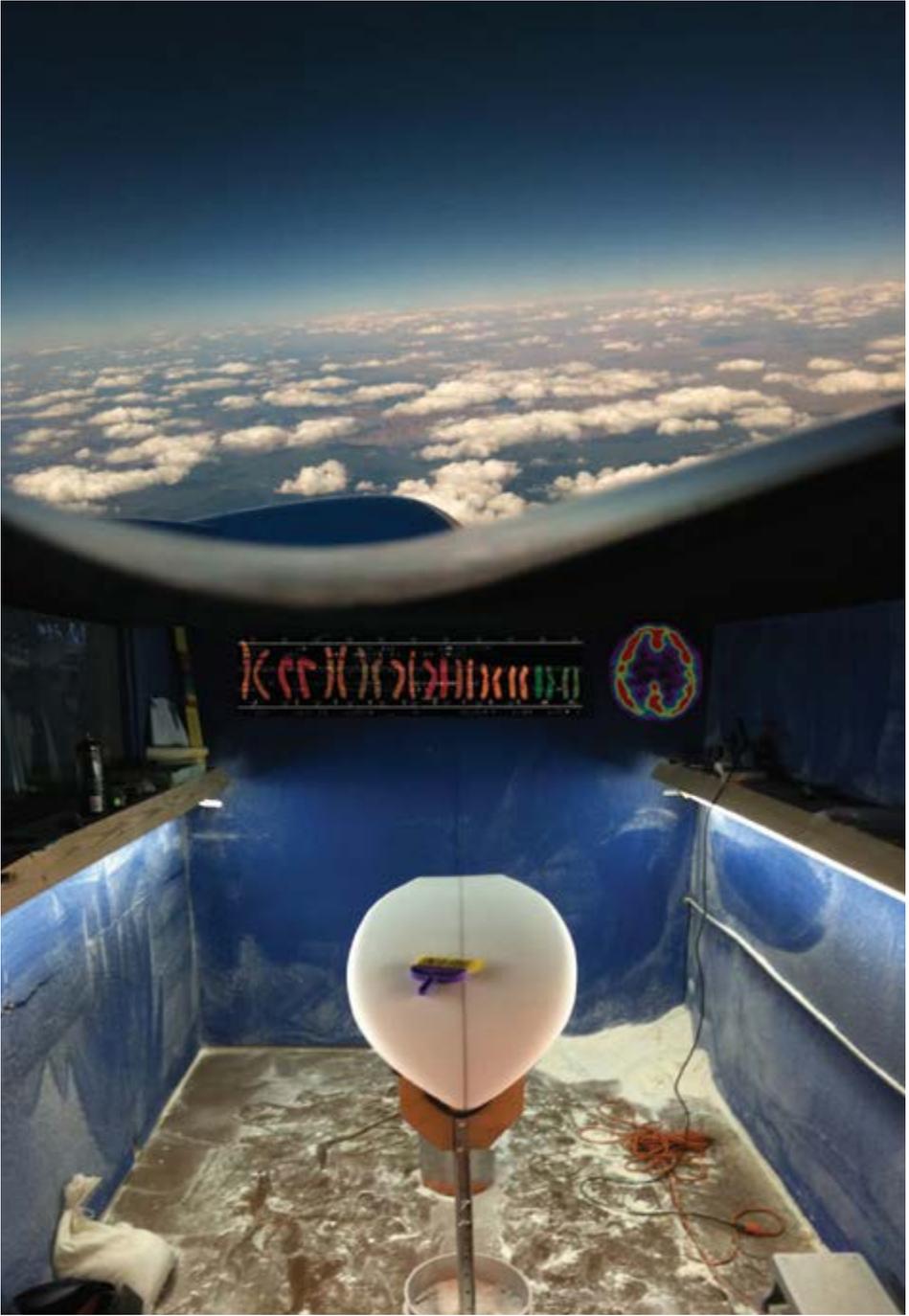
She had dark bruises under her eyes, as if the cancer was psychically beating her up, and I guess in a way, it was. My dad and mom had matching haircuts; something at the time that I thought was cool. She stayed in pajamas and couldn't go to the grocery store with dad and me, her immune system and confidence too weak to go out of the house.

There were days after the chemotherapy, when she just stayed in bed. She would have a pink scarf wrapped around her head, as if covering the baldness would somehow make the situation more normal. I would get dressed up, in a Lizzie McGuire inspired skirt that went too far passed the soles of my feet, and a shirt that showed a tuft of my stomach, putting on shows in a hope to cheer her up.

I'd put sticky marshmallows on my face, covering my chubby cheeks and small dimples, in one more attempt to make her smile. Once I got her to laugh. For the first time in weeks I heard her hoarsely wheeze with a smile on her lips, and I thought that maybe, just maybe, it was going to be okay.

Now, thirteen years later she has her hair back, although more gray than it used to be, and she smells like that perfume that I hate. She has the scars from her battle, two surgical reminders of what she overcame. But I remember when she was lost, when she had almost given up. And now I cling too heavily on other worlds, on books and characters that could never truly die. I shut off my feelings, sometimes that faucet dripping occasionally, but rarely for the right people.

My room is now covered in dirty clothes, piles and stacks thrown together in a heap on the floor. I spit in the face of responsibility as months go by before I am forced to wash them, and even then it is reluctantly. I can't recall many lessons from my childhood, but my mother was right when she said that some stains just won't fade away.



IN THE SHAPING ROOM

by Gary Bergel

Original Photography / Digital Collage

IN THE SHAPING ROOM

by Gary Bergel

Slicing through clouds shrouding the Imperial Desert we glide, then touch down with one and a half bumps. A safe landing. I'm in San Diego.

So grateful for a visit with family, and for the sunny, warmer West Coast.

Strolling and enjoying the still funky, surf town feel of Ocean Beach – “OB” as the residents know it, and as visitors soon call it.

Son Ian, skilled carpenter by trade and skilled surfer by passion and practice, guides me through a tour of the OB Surf and Skate shop – he's building out new displays.

At the end of a dark musty hallway he takes a left turn and disappears. I follow, take the left, and enter a never-before-seen room partially lined with cobalt blue tarps.

I “dissolve” into the bright blue/white light. I stand transfixed in the weird chamber.

In the center floats a white surfboard, nearly sculpted, brushed clean, resting on its raised finishing stand. Powdered fiberglass has recorded the shaper's “dance” on the floor. More white powder is piled, blown like snow, into a rear corner.

The scene is surreal, yet serene – ethereal. Even spiritual it seems.

“Whose board is that,” I ask? “It's mine dad,” Ian answers. “Just about finished.”

Suddenly, it all comes together . . . every human is like that surfboard being shaped.

Life is our Shaping Room.

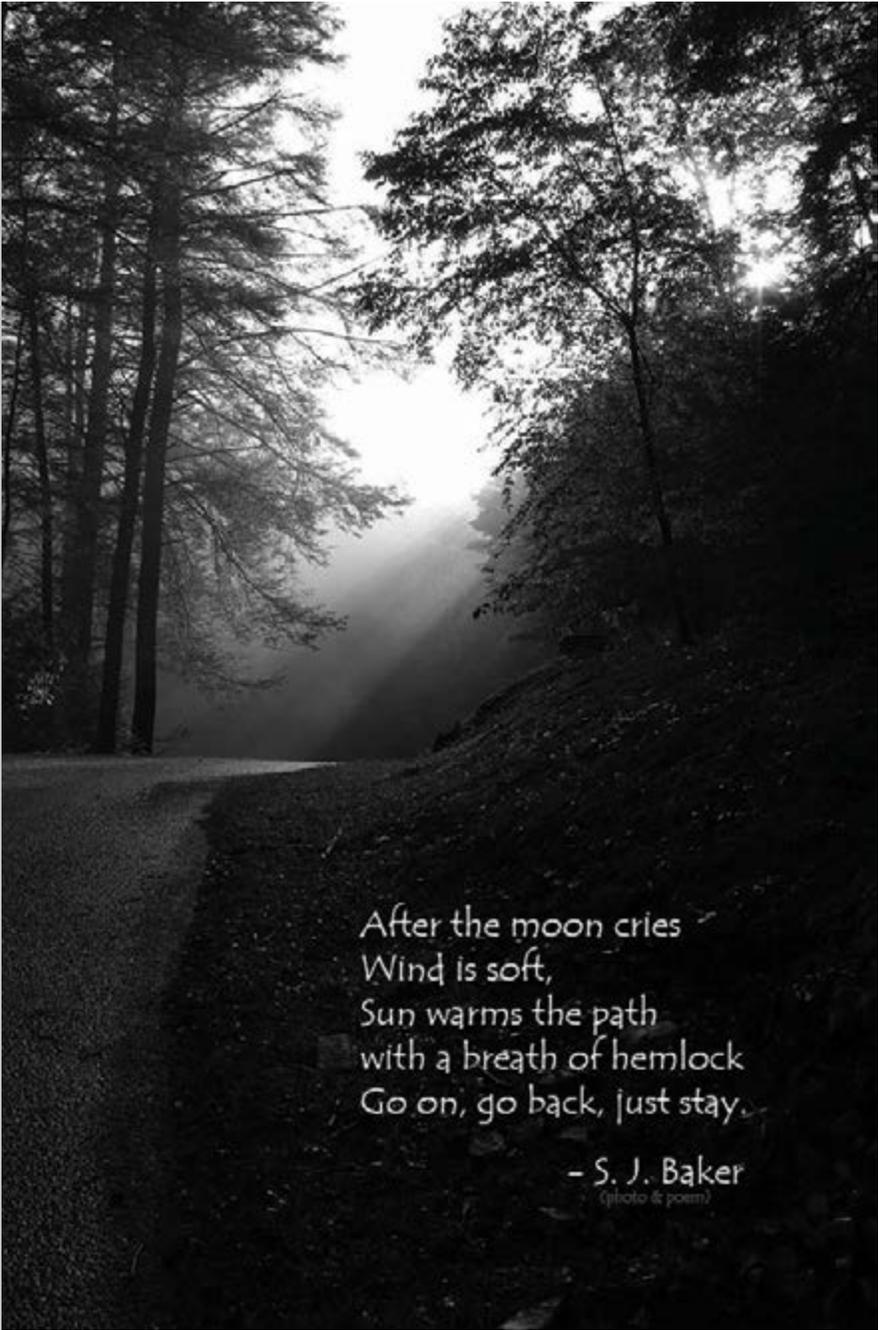
And, unless we learn to appreciate, accept, surrender, and yield to the shaping tools we will not be able to catch, nor successfully ride Life's many waves. Some of them challenging and even painful, but others majestic, maybe scary, sometimes sublime.

Like catching, being captured, sucked down into, and riding inside the tunnel of a massive roiling wave!

Lulled, but then pulled into and transported by liquid cobalt power – personal Liberty.

Possible in this wondrous Life!

A Gift.



After the moon cries
Wind is soft,
Sun warms the path
with a breath of hemlock
Go on, go back, just stay.

- S. J. Baker
(photo & poem)

PHOTO & POEM

by Sandra Baker



MARGUERITE

by Howard Jefferson
Oil and Oil Pastel on Canvas



LILACS

by Paula Kneram
Digital Photography



HARD LABOR

by Sandra Baker

Digital Photograph

LILY

by Kathy Cox

I will be a sort of person
Who lights up with the sun,
And dances in the dark,
And drifts, like a lily on a lake,
Now shady and white,
Now yellowed in warmth,
More rooted than a Redwood
For all my petal circles
And deeper than the water snake
For all my fragrant stillness.

I will have the sort of world
Where ripples move me wholly,
Currents touch me deeply,
And I float all alone,
Part of the planted world
And grown up out of water,
Tangled with my friends,
Mingled with my lover,
But open as a lily
Quiet on her pads
Who rocks with slightest wave,

Who centers any lake,
A being from the water,
Unabashed and bright
Against the murky cool--
Angel made of swamps.



UNTITLED

By Veronica Wuertzer

Digital Image

4 AM

by Bianca Ison

It's too damn cold at 4 am,
but at least it's calm and quiet.
Not to mention there's bills to pay
so I don't get to stay in bed.
I enjoy the quiet, though;
it makes me think of Mass.
The silence echoing like congregations
murmuring psalms and hymns in prayer.
Before blaspheming bluebirds
and falcons feigning pleasantries,
stars dot the skies and in my mind's eye
I trace ancient constellations
and wonder.
How many have stood here before,
staring at this same sky?
At least as many as will stand here later.
There's peace in that: to know you're small.



HAWK EYE

by Cayla Clark

Drawing



BIG TALBOT ISLAND, FLORIDA

by Amanda Carrell

Digital Photograph

CRAZIES AND DRUGGIES AND DRUNKARDS, OH MY!

by Bianca Ison

My downstairs neighbors haven't killed each other yet. Some of us work at eight o'clock, but they obviously don't. I don't either, but that's not the point. It's almost 3am on a Thursday and I'm staring at the ceiling in bed listening to a man's voice repeatedly screaming: "I HATE YOU!"

I'm sure they hate you, too, I think. I hear a plate being thrown against the wall. I'm debating whether to call the police or wait for one to kill the other. The police they didn't do anything the last few times, so everyone's waiting for something horrible to happen. I only ever hear the one man's voice. After an hour or so the screaming stops and the whole apartment can sleep again.

I wake up around noon to the smell of pancakes and the sound of one roommate, Cookie, yelling threats over the phone. I saunter into our little common room (which includes the kitchen, living, and dining room) and notice a face imprint on the balcony door. I'm sure it's my ex-roommate's stalker again, as it's too short to be Cookie and my other roommate is gone until Saturday. What could make a guy so obsessed that he'll climb the outside of a four-story building I'll never know. I keep a steel pipe in the door's sliding track, just in case. It's a shame Cookie hasn't crossed paths with him at night. He could scare him off.

Cookie's at the table by the entrance, selling opiates and zany bars to a haggard looking blonde woman with sunken eyes.

"Mornin', Mama" he says to me, "I made breakfast." He gestures towards the pancakes on the counter, gives me a quick smile, and returns to his business transaction.

"Thank ya, dearie," I say. I grab a stack and plop down on the couch. I ask him what all the yelling was about; it turned out to be something about money. You never mess with a drug dealer's money, and someone's about to learn that the hard way. Cookie will be gone tonight, back to Detroit. While it'll be nice not having to share my food, I'll miss the security. I've got no problems with cops, but since living here I've learned they can't (or won't) do a damn thing until it's too late. As much as I hate that I'm stuck with a drug dealer every now and again, it's surprisingly decent security. Sometimes you have to make do with what you've got. Before I leave for church, I pack him what's left of the pulled pork for his trip and tape the utility bill to the fridge with a note that says: *Don't forget about the money for the overages!*

It's my group's week to clean the chapel, and only three of us come. There's always ample volunteers to help, they just don't show up. I included the black sheep of our parish in my group, and that's probably why the others stopped coming. Ingrid is a sweet woman, probably in her mid-forties, and a recent convert to our faith. She also claims to have visions which has made her unpopular. Even Jesus hung out with lepers, and she's a volunteer who shows up. In one of her visions, a friend was corrupting a young priest who left last year. A lot of parishioners pushed to have her banned from our church after that one. Maybe her visions are real, or maybe she is as unhinged as everyone thinks. The friend in question confessed to me her constantly calling him by his secular name, flirting, and even walking in on him in the shower. At least in that vision, Ingrid wasn't wrong. God works in mysterious ways, sometimes His ways make me need a drink.

I have a parking pass from cleaning the church, so I walk to the pub. It's karaoke night. I make my way up to the bar and decide what to order based on whose bartending. It's the woman whose name I can never remember. She makes one decent cocktail, something like a Tom Collins, and shots. I occasionally glance up to watch a drunk performer belt their heart out. There isn't much more fun to be had than watching drunk men sing Disney Princess duets together. A drunkard will try to sit down and have a non-sequential conversation with me. I just shake my head and point at my ear, so they give up and leave. I look ahead to see my most recent flame sitting across from me. He doesn't wave. Instead he moves next to me and puts his arm around me. He tries to kiss my cheek, but I pull away.

"I've missed you," he says.

I don't answer.

His drinking got worse when I stopped seeing him. That's what the grapevine tells me, anyway. We never made a serious commitment, although we did agree to keep the fun between us. There was no longer an *us* when I started finding hair bands, bobby pins, and other feminine knickknacks that that weren't mine at his apartment. He openly admitted it. He'd get jealous when other guys had platonic conversations me, but he could chase up other women's skirts. I didn't feel the need to argue about it; it was just for fun after all. Still, I was sad to drop him. It seemed like it was becoming more than just fun. I remove his arm from around me and head out the door. It's almost closing time and I don't trust myself not to leave with him.

By the time I get home, it's almost 3am and the mystery man is screaming his hatred for someone. On the table is my note with two twenty-dollar bills for the utility overages: one for me, and one for my real roommate. It's sad that the most reliable and trust-worthy person I know is a drug dealer. I pocket a twenty and go collapse on my bed. After all, some of us work at eight o'clock.



BOOK OF SMILES

Antonia Capriotti

Prismacolor Pencils

ROSES ARE JUST ROSES

by Savannah Dailey

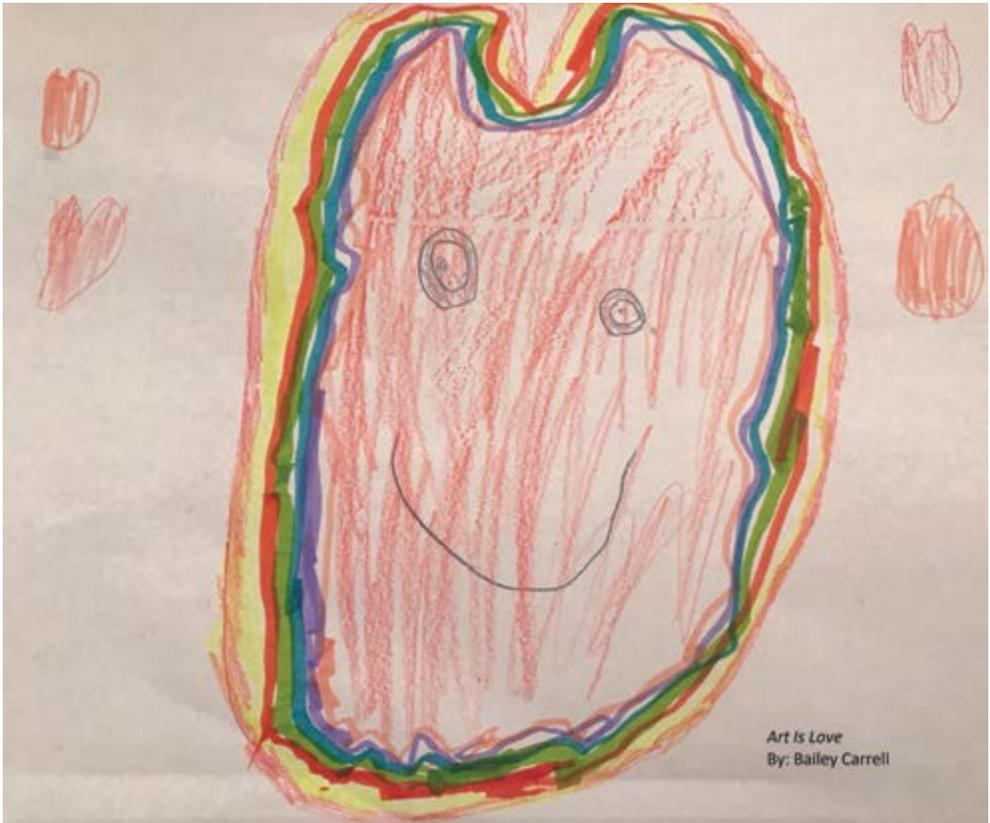
Red roses smell of romance,
yet my mother often said,
“Yellow roses are my favorite,
since they smell of happiness.”

White roses are very pure.
Although my aunt prefers,
the enchanting scent of purple roses
to put in her abode.

Orange roses are desired
by my gran who loves them so.
But green roses fill her mind,
when her soul is full of sorrow.

Pink roses shine of love.
But my sister knows
the blue rose of mystery
is exclusive to behold.

Roses are just roses,
as I am only me,
yet black roses I do love
with the darkness that they seep.



ART IS LOVE
by Bailey Carrell
Drawing

SPRING TRIBUTE

by Chris McKinley

Could there be a better way
for this great day to be?
The spring is true,
the heaven's blue,
tall green grasses
sway and sway.
Just between you and me,
I'm not sure who I am anymore.



TIGER

by Cayla Clark
Drawing

FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

by Chris Houck

I am a weary man
trapped in life's ups and downs,
searching for my last chance at life.

I roam from town to town,
hand in hand with other lost souls like me.
Chaos and confusion as far as the eye can see.
Once more, fear takes hold, and takes its toll.

While day after day, year after year,
time still runs its eternal race,
continuing without regard.

Once young, and now old.
Just untold memories remain;
reflections of the hopes and dreams not taken;
having never really lived at all.



PICASSOESQUE

by Christopher Houck

Acrylic on Paper

HOW? BECAUSE I

by Chris McKinley

I know that you have smiled
when the wind has touched your cheek,
for it has known you from every angle,
held you perfectly,
brushed across your face,
filled your every pore,
and moved away.

FAMILY DINNER

by Lisa Wood

“You gotta be kidding me,” Nick said as he turned onto the dark road... a road that looked just like the last one, and the one before. He had been driving for an hour into the deep woods and across state lines for a girl he had just met. *Come to dinner* she had whispered in his ear the week before. *Meet my family*.

Already?

They had only been out on a few dates, had only spent maybe 7 hours together, but who’s counting? She talked about cavern hunting (who can resist stalactites and stalagmites?) and great skiing when he got there, but that wasn’t the reason he said yes. It was her. She wore such a sweet smile when she asked him to come, looked so perfect in her tight jeans and loose sweater. She felt so warm when he hugged her close and felt her form underneath all that knit, so he said sure. It didn’t matter that her family dinner was the same day that he was celebrating a win with his buddies, sending him in the other direction from her folks’ house and adding 45 minutes to an already long drive.

Amy.

All that mattered was the smile she would greet him with when she opened the door and the warm hug that waited for him.

Assuming he could ever get there.

The drive from Fairfax was the easy part. He knew his old stomping grounds well enough to make it most of the way out of Northern Virginia and over to Warrenton, where the city lights were a distant memory, but that was as far as he could go without help. It didn’t help that there was no Interstate to get onto. The closest one would have put him a half hour out of his way, so he braved the side streets and back roads, relying on his GPS and, after a while, instinct. GPS, God love it. Such a great tool when it works. But like that early-adopt model he won at a casino in the late 90s, the one that had to be suction cupped to his windshield and that sent him into the Baltimore harbor every time he made a turn off Pratt St., the route his phone gave him was no use. It kept rerouting as if the mountains surrounding the sleepy hamlet grew up overnight, making a once usable road impassible. Nick had gotten so sick of hearing that unaccented, mild-mannered female voice telling him to make a U-turn, that he closed the app.

White’s Taxidermy on his left. Margie’s Good Eats on the right. Coincidence?

Nick would have laughed at his joke if he hadn't already told it before. He was sure he passed a similar combination a few towns back. Taxidermist Tull and Jake's Steak. Forever Pets Taxidermy and The Rib Shack. It was funny the first time, but not anymore.

Nick pulled into a gas station. He was happy to find one of those big chain stations like the ones he was used to at home. The drive itself was starting to look like one of those low-budget horror movies – he didn't need to add a broken down, one-pump station with the stereotypically grimy gas jockey to the mix. He and three other people filed into the brightly lit convenience store at the station. He listened as the person in front of him asked for directions to the ski lodge near where Amy's family lived – the same one that had a hot chocolate with his name on it waiting by a warm fire. The route sounded like the one he had just come off, long and twisty, and dark. When it was his turn, Nick told the attendant – young and clean, thank you very much – that he was looking for directions to the same place.

“But where's the highway,” Nick asked after being given the same directions the woman before him got. “There's gotta be something that cuts through these mountains instead of sticking to the back roads.” He picked up a candy bar and laid it on the counter. “I feel like I've been driving around forever.”

The young man nodded imperceptibly, his eye twitching under the patch of oily hair visible beneath the rim his red service cap. “I wish, but there's nothing like that,” he said a little too eagerly. “This is the best way to get out to the ski lodge, especially since it's almost dark.”

Nick smiled at him incredulously. That's why he wanted the highway! The afternoon light was fading fast and he did not relish the idea of driving around the woods on winding roads in the dark. He did not want hitting a deer to be in his future.

“There's gotta be something. I mean, there's no way trucks take these narrow streets to deliver to you. What do they use?”

The attendant rang up his candy bar without looking at him.

Nick tried again. “I saw lights, but I couldn't get to them.”

Giving Nick his change, the attendant said, “I don't know. But the directions I gave you will get you to the ski lodge in about 2 hours.”

The attendant held out his bag with hands that looked like they could be shaking. Just a little, but it was there. Nick shook his head, thanked him, and got back in the car. Two hours? He'd been driving for an hour already and the GPS said it was just about 2 hours away from where he started. Could he really be that far off course?

Nick looked in the direction that the attendant told him to go. Two of the three

cars that came in with him headed that way. The other car, a guy in a button-down shirt open at the neck and dress slacks driving a non-descript black sedan that screamed company car, went the other way. Nick climbed into his own car and turned it on fast. He could feel the attendant's eyes on him, beseeching him to go the way he had been told, but Nick ignored the sensation as it crept up his back to caress his neck. He followed the company car even as the gas station attendant screamed, "No!"

Leafless trees.

Asphalt.

Dead grass.

Repeat.

There was nothing. Not even a boarded-up house to break up the monotony. Nothing at all. Nick had caught up with the other rebel and was right behind him. The man had even made a saluting gesture to him in his rearview mirror – just two compadres bucking the system. It was getting late. At 4:30, it was almost completely dark. There were no streetlights on the country road, but Nick could see some off in distance. The road traversed a lazy hill. If he could just get down to those lights, Nick was sure he'd find a way to cut through the spiderweb of back roads and take him where he needed to be. Amy's family lived in a college town – there were bound to be major routes leading to it. He just needed to find one.

Oh crap, Amy!

She had to be worried. Nick picked up his phone and noticed she had called twice already. When? He had the phone with him when he was in the gas station and it had been sitting in the cupholder the whole time he was driving. It never rang.

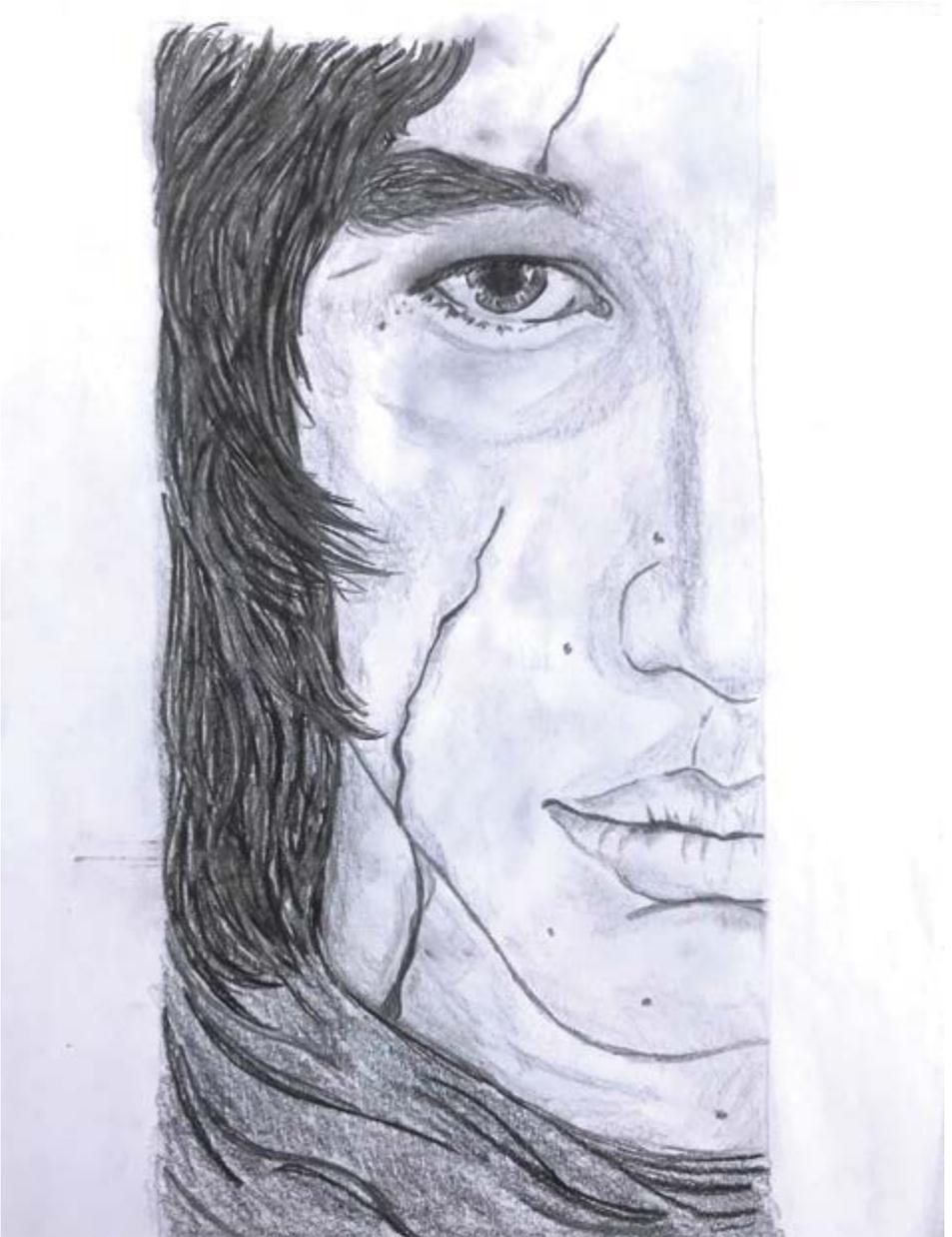
"Technology," Nick said out loud, "Gotta love it."

Nick dialed Amy's number and heard nothing. No ringing, no beeping, no 'all circuits are busy' message – nothing.

He looked at his phone, taking his eyes away from the road for a second to see if he had missed a number somehow. He had just added her number to his favorites list, but now he wondered if he had put the number in wrong. Nick didn't see the front end of the company car disappear like it got sucked through an invisible portal. The man threw the car in reverse and it lurched backwards. The doors seemed to stretch, pulling away from the side panels as if running from a magnet. The metal pulled like salt water taffy, stretching in long lines of silver and black. The back tires spun against the asphalt, digging for purchase but finding none.

Nick didn't hear the tires screeching on the road, nor the muted screams left behind like an echo as the man travelled through the barrier. He didn't notice the

country road rippling as it engulfed the non-descript sedan, the facade rising and falling like paper in the wind to reveal a glimpse of a black core that seemed to pulse with life. He never saw how flat the landscape was, how it mirrored itself every few yards, like cheap floor tiles keeping pattern. Instead, he heard the unaccented, mild-mannered female voice of his GPS telling him to turn around to start route guidance, only this time she was screaming.



FACE

by Emily Marion

Drawing



CONDITIONED BY TELEVISION

by Christopher Houck

Mixed Media



UNTITLED

by April Smith
Digital Image

THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR ROOM

by Andrew Ducommun

I hear you making a fuss next door
In the room we don't own anymore
You've been throwing pretty pennies
And every pretty picture of us away
Loving you hasn't been no easy holiday

I'll work it through someday, I'll work it through

I waited in our room for hours
Still your skin's thicker
Than it's ever been
I'm still counting down
All the hours and the days
Our empty picture frames
Could never commemorate

I'll work it through someday, I'll work it through

Will I feel your touch ever again?
Our greatest songs
Come from the ones that
Always hurts us in the very end

I'll work it through someday, I'll work it through

Now I'm lying wide awake every night
Talking to all of the stars
About all the love notes I have of you
That's tearing us apart
I've been sitting alone
In the dark side of your room
Wondering what to say
And wondering what to do
The scars I now bear across my skin
Now a reminder of who we once were

Our hearts keep on spinning
Yet nobody's winning the war
Now I'm trying to move on
But every fight we have
Now only lasts all night long



WHEN I SAW

by Anthony Jones
Acrylic on Paper



STAIN CABINET DOORS AT VA CENTER

by Gary Bergel
Digital Photography



SUNFLOWER

by Abbagail Badley

Drawing

LETTING GO

by Andrew Ducommun

You were a rare flower, one that never bloomed
Thorns for hands, your eyes
Precious diamonds that I had once admired
I didn't want to believe it at first
But for months it was true
The way you danced
And the way you moved
Captivated my heart to the very end

I wanted you to know
It was hard letting go
When I couldn't let go
Of you

You stood about eight feet tall but I would have never guessed
The way we loved each other opened doors for new mistakes
Our love wasn't perfect
There were secrets to be made
And promises to break
But you knew better than to believe
In all of those fairy tales
Your Mother told you
When you were young and in love

So I wanted you to know
It was hard letting go
When I couldn't let go
Of you

I wanted you to know
It was hard letting go
When I couldn't let go
Of you



DARK CARNIVAL

by Dominic Dowdy

Digital Image

CURB SITTER

by Gary Bergel

Martinsburg, WV / corner of King and Route 11

Young black
Sad summer curb sitter
Dreds pulled into ponytail
Why are you sad?

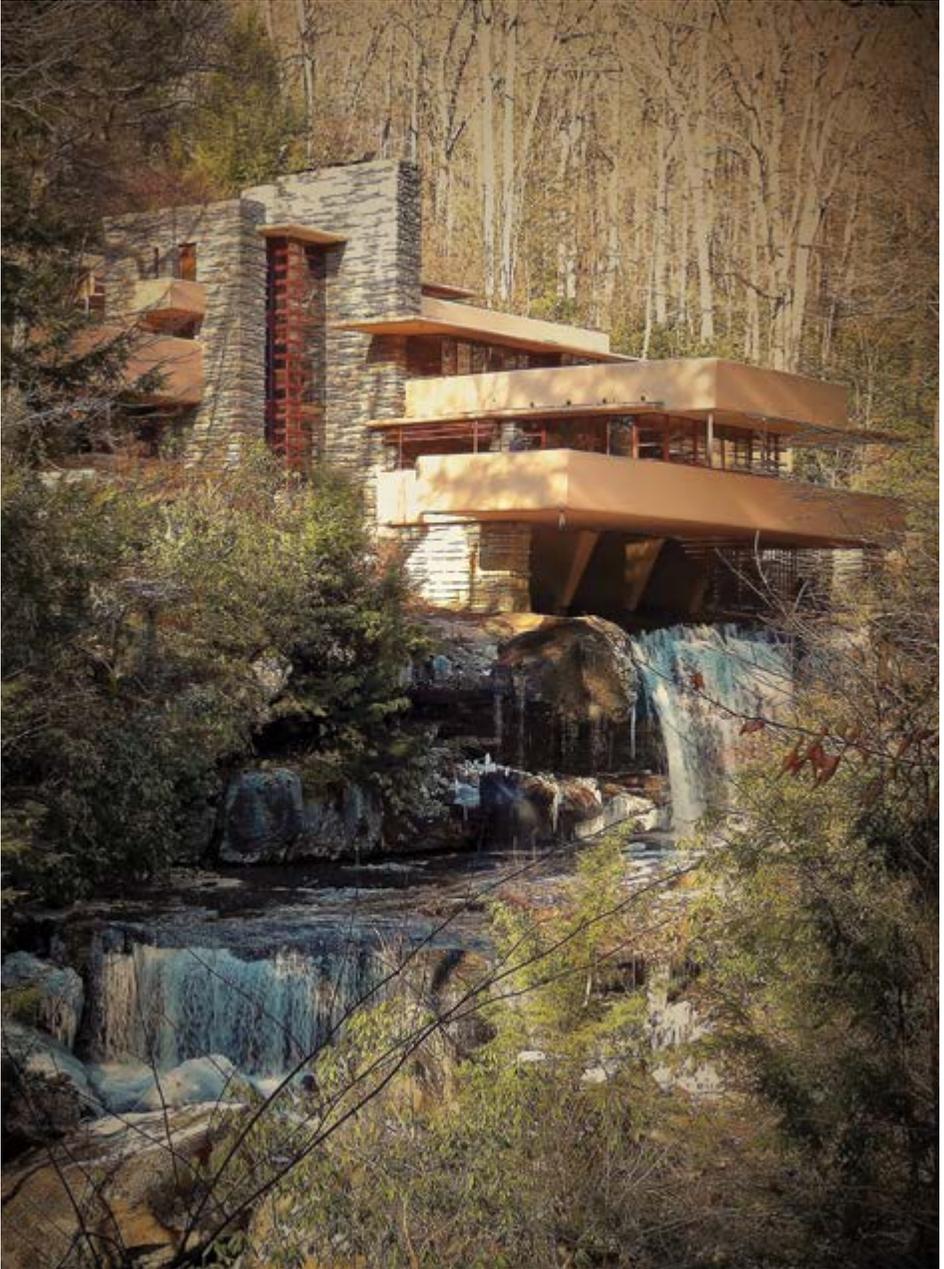
What are your days pulled into?
What have your days pulled you into?
What were you doing before you sat down?

Were you with someone?
Were you loving?
Were you hating?
Were you lost in your head?

Are you buzzed?
Are you bummed?
Are you on the down low?

Curb sitter – I'm a curb pic shooter
As I turn the corner with cars behind I cannot stop
I cannot digitally capture you
I cannot even pause to ask you

But I do ask
And your eyes answer
You want to be somewhere else



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, KAUFMAN HOUSE

by Howard Jefferson

Digital Photograph



CAESAR

by Emily Marion

Drawing



ARTPAINT

by Makenzie Francis

Digital Image



UNTITLED

by Nylah Bannister
Digital Photograph



SAMUS ARAN

by Ethan Minnick

Digital Image

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