



HEMETERA 2018

Introduction

Welcome to the 2018 edition of "Hemetera," the Regis College literary magazine. "Hemetera," from ancient Greek, means "our own." This is a collection of works from Regis College students and the Lifelong Learners at Regis College (LLARC).

Every year, the editors and designers establish a theme. This year, the submissions spanned an entire continuum of emotions and sentiments. As editors, we realized that the submissions mimicked the ups and downs of life. This edition of Hemetera implicitly focuses upon the emotional turbulence that is associated with the human experience. This can be seen through poetry, prose, and drama focusing on turmoil, trauma, and recovery. Our work even comes full circle through this rollercoaster ride of affections, as the cover can also be found on the final page.

The students of "Hemetera" profusely thank you for your continued support. We truly hope that you enjoy our labor of love and find relief within these pages.

2018 Editors

Rob Hardy, 2018
Lauren Mercer, 2018
Christian Tapia, 2018
Kelly Veloso, 2018
Elaine Kearney, 2020
Adrianna Kinney, 2020
Emmett Perkins, 2020
Molly Perkins, 2020

Faculty Advisor

Julia Lisella, PhD

In 1946 a “doughty seedling poked its vigorous head” into the Regis community with the emergence of the new literary magazine Hemetera, meaning “Our Own” in Greek. The magazine was founded as an opportunity to spotlight the creative talents of the student body. Published annually by the students of Regis, the magazine welcomes submissions of poetry, prose, artwork, and photography.

POETRY

This Great Ship

Rob Hardy (2018)

Not a mile from the autumnal shore

The ship gulps down water.

Men sprint, and scream, and stop

Some men sit, and wait all the same;

Smoke billows from the hull

Charring the morning sky.

From golden tree top canopies,

And cast in morning sun,

Her down comforter eyes steal mine;

She fills me with a sense of wonder

That everything I knew was real, in fact was not

Autumn is a stark siren song

That song which dances across

The morning breeze;

And carries with it a token leaf

That floats wearily across the waves

In ways this great ship cannot.

Looking down at my hands

Frozen, and lethargic,

I am hollowed by the fact

That they are not wound up in yours;

For yours are warm, and strong

And a home for the drowning.

A Mausoleum for Feeling

Rob Hardy (2018)

I wish souls could stretch from our bodies
And touch between us.
Uttering secrets we may not have known ourselves.
Teachers of the unsung goosebumps
The kind that show when I see your face.
Now melodrama is the candelabra that lights
The narrow passageways which just may
Guide me to you yet.
And diving deeper, the idea of your smile,
That chandelier,
Stands the hair on my neck.
I push farther, deeper into the catacombs,
Of feelings buried after life-long wars.
Wars fought for this one,
Or that one,
And no one.
But you're not no one.
You're Aphrodite,
You're Athena,
You're Apollo in the sky.
So, still perhaps there's a war to be won,
Or a Great Peace to be learned,
Following a flickering light
With a hope to ignite a fire.

The Power of a Hand

Mary Costantino (2020)

A Hand

- what is it?
- is it bone, tissue, skin?

- attached at the end of our limbs
- bringing function and movement

- such a little thing but brings forth so much power
- especially when grasped with another

- fingers wrapped around each other
- entwined, unable to escape the other's hand

- bringing so much power and effect
- fearful, I am not when another is holding my hand

- why?
- Because I am supported, I am comforted, and I am filled with joy

- just for a moment I feel as nothing can happen to me
- nothing could ruin this moment of peacefulness

- wrapped up and consoled in someone else's presence

-no other emotions (besides love) can make its way to my
heart

-oh the power of love
-coming from just a hand.

Time

Stephen Garanin (LLARC)

Thinly veiled orange moon sitting ornament-like
upon a bough of pine.

The eerie cry of a lone whippoorwill searching
for a mate.

They seem to pause, as if pushing time aside.

A sigh, a shiver and once again proceed
into their fate.

Lightning

Stephen Garanin (LLARC)

A plum-pink suffuses an ever darkening sky.
The valiant dusk fights to last a bit longer.

The sun warmed clouds from the day fly.
Crows wend their way through twilight stronger.

Black now the heavens as if in hiding.
To see a single star would put my soul at ease.

Though on such a shadowed eve, the lightning
Makes Fear the thing to appease.

Parting Ways

Elaine Kearney (2020)

She put my hands
on her face,
begging for a caress,
and she
implored me
not to leave.

12/10/2017

Elaine Kearney (2020)

Don't get me wrong,
I love the nights
when the muses come to me
and I crank out
poem after poem,
and finally face my emotions.
I love those nights.
I do.

But know, muses are not
delicate goddesses.
They are not fragile.
They do not glow
and sing into your ears -
lighting up your eyes
and inspiring your hand.

No.

They are demons
that scream and shriek
until it feels as if
your brain is being grated
with sandpaper.

That's why we write;
we'd rather be writers than madmen.

But god,

oh god,
I wish I could sleep.

Broken Home

Maresa Malcolm (2018)

I come from a broken home, but I am not broken.
Growing up, my sister & I lived joyfully believing that our
parents,
Were, in fact,
S o u l m a t e s.
At the prime age of 18 this testament is shattered.
“Love is a myth,” my sister tells me with hollow eyes.

Years later and relationships are still Olympian-level
jigsaw puzzles to me,
Mazes without exits,
& road trips without maps.
The omnipresent question: is love in the cards for someone
like me?

One day, after many long, tiresome months of searching
for the answer:
It clicks.
Love is everywhere.
It is in the friends we keep,
The experiences we are present in,
The places we go.

I find myself on Long Beach Island,
My mother's most treasured spot.

I pick up a broken sea-shell, and say out loud:
“You, piece of time and space, separated from microcosms
of yourself...you are love. You have suffered long and hard,
and through it all, you are love.”

I am not broken.
I am the preceding joke to my best friend's laugh,
A line in my father's favorite book,
And warmth in between two long lost lovers.

Love exists, and because of it, I am not broken.

Love At Last, Finished

Maresa Malcolm (2018)

I have sought you for centuries
Our magnetic souls have lost,
Have learned, have triumphed
And found one another in a million universes.
What's one more?

Under dim, neon lights our eyes lock,
And at last, every live wire in my being
Ceases.
You are home. We are home.

Words fly between us
How many light-years have we been separate?
Initially I am too enthralled by your darling eyes.
But the night spirals to a finite hour,
And the puzzle is missing nearly every piece.

I am the girl you fell in love with when you were 16
& you are the boy forever remaining 16.

Untitled

Sarah Michaud (2021)

the ocean waves
crash before me
come and go
violent and calm

my thoughts
are a tsunami
and suddenly
i'm pulled under

The world seems
painted in a
mask of blue

a deafening
thick of
swelling silence

the heaviness
taking over
the burning for
air in my lungs

i want to leave
this body
escape this drowning

i can see the surface
but i can't
seem
to reach

resist it
this isn't real
but everything
is falling
apart
everything
feels like
it's burning

no!
it can't be real
just a bad dream.

Dear Love

Judcine Felix (2018)

Dear love,

*There are a few things I've been wanting to say to you for
awhile now*

*Things that make no sense to me and make me wonder
how cruel you can be*

Why is it that you hurt?

*That every time someone thinks you're there, that it's just a
trick or your sister's lust*

That when she traps us, it makes us look like fools because

We thought we were in love but we were far from it

Or why do you make yourself so hard to get?

*Is it worth hiding in the shadows of the one person we
would never expect?*

That one person that we would not look twice to?

No, how about when you're there at first sight

*Now that one I don't get, that for some people it's easy but
for others we have to search*

High hell and waters to find you

When we want you so much

That everything in our body needs you

But when we find you we never want to let go

That when you find us all the better

*And when we realize that it truly is you, the joy that fills us
inside*

Okay, maybe you're not all that bad, and maybe some of us look

For you in the wrong places

That the places we looked, no the places we wanted you to be present

You disappeared, or you just simply never made an entrance

That our mind created an elaborate image that featured your elegant face

And when we assume you're there but you're not

It is tragedy, it is embarrassing

It causes friendships to suffer

It causes us to feel as though we are not worthy of your presence

Your presence that we see in everyone around us

But us, that maybe there is something wrong with us but

Maybe it is best for us to wait for you to come sweep us off our feet

When we least expect it

You know just like the movie screens

In the end you are something beautiful when captured

A treasure to not be taken for granted

A blessing to not be taken so lightly

Because in a second you can be stolen from us

That you are so precious, so deadly, so heart wrenching, so annoying, so, so

So amazing

You're a funny thing, when pondering the game you play never leaves us in checkmate but gives you the glory

Because you are everything, that you alone know your power, and how addicting you are.

In the end we can't live without you

Because you make the world worth living, which is why I thank you.

Sincerely,

A life

Bitter Fruit

Molly Perkins (2020)

There's a vengeful heat
rising from below,
cracking the terracotta ground
like old pottery.

The surging heatwave
feels like the wolfsbane breath
of the beast that guards her,
raising goosebumps on her skin.

She leaves dark footprints
as she walks,
damp from the silty river
she waded through.
Flowers spring up
in her wake,
standing like the rushes
cradled in her arms,
but the heat
shrivels them to dust
before they bloom.

In such a dread place,
she expected to taste
sulfur or blood,
but she only tastes

pomegranate seeds,
sweet and bitter drops
that could grow
and make more
for her harvest.

If only
there was somewhere
to plant them.

Before The Hurricane

Molly Perkins (2020)

As I walk below it, the tree above
Creaks like the bones in my hands sometimes do,
And I wonder again if it will fall today.

It's been cleaved in half by snowstorms,
Hundreds of little quiet specks drifting down
And staying
And weighting
As if the tree has been halved by silence.

It isn't a muffled sort of day today.
The tall grass around the tree rustles,
And the gravel of the dirty road,
Covered in the gritty ends of cigarettes
And nut shells discarded by squirrels,
Crunches as my sneakers walk on it.

I say goodbye to the tree,
Congratulating it on another day
(Even though it looks weird to the cars
Passing by me)
And continue on to the tune of
Cicadas trilling above.
I noticed them a few years ago,
When I thought they were too

Exotic for my little town.
I found a cicada skin clinging
To one of the pine trees one summer;
I crackled it between my fingers

As I freed it from the tree
And regretted it.

There's a cricket singing in the grass
And a snake stirring near its home
By the stone wall.
Both leave when I come near,
And I feel a little bad for scaring them.
I want to tell them not to run,
Because I'm the one
Intruding on their homes.

When I reach the river,
I love the sound of its water rushing.
The blue heron calls,
A rough, loud, undignified squawk
As it flies away, wings spread blue and beautiful.
When I first heard its call, it made
Absolutely no sense to me.
Such a mysterious, poised bird
And such a horrible birdcall.

I remember that on the day before
A hurricane, the black water swelled

Onto the riverbanks,
White crests rushing, rushing
Past the slick rocks
With a surging monsoon sound
Closer to the bridge than ever before
And the heron stood silent on one stick-thin leg
Just watching
As the torrent passed around him.

He was silent then, and dignified,
And boring in a way,
But now he shouts at the top of his lungs.
It isn't a muffled sort of day today.

Human Evil?

Angie Jones (2021)

What if I told you that the things that make humans great
are the same things we condemn each other for
The same things we are afraid of
The same things we strive for
The things we live for
Being human is easily the most beautifully heartbreaking
thing to ever be experienced on the earth
The idea that a powerful being in the sky is the reason you
choose to do right and not wrong
Heartbreaking.
Loving without hesitation and expectation, a pure raw
emotion
Beautiful.
Competing against one another for an outcome that is
neither beneficial nor harmful
Beautifully heartbreaking.
The separation between humans and other animals who
have roamed the same earth is that we as a species are
walking contradictions
Far too complex for even the smartest of us to understand
Why is it that humans are psychologically designed to lie,
but lying is looked down upon instead of acknowledged as
the true sign of intellect that it is
We create and destroy all in the same instance

Natural substances, gifts from earth, for our benefit, but we take and manipulate them in order to replace irreplaceable bonds

Then we threaten the replacement in order to reconstruct the bond that was lost

Unfortunately when something so major so pure so human is lost there is nothing there can be done to regain

We create unrealistic emotional and physical expectations and beat ourselves down, but continuously pressure these unobtainable standards on others

"In individuals, insanity is rare; but in groups, parties, nations and epochs, it is the rule."

Evil is philosophically described as the destruction of one's destiny, but if every being is in charge of their own destiny does that make us evil or does it make us foolish to give a name to an unavoidable clause?

Man and God

Adrianna Kinney (2020)

I

I saw Icarus beside me, laughing with golden hair, golden eyes, and a golden voice.

He sings with delight at the freedom of the green grass and the blue, blue ocean washing at our feet with gentle waves.

He is young and so am I. We run on the heels of our youth and under the warm sunshine of the high noon sun.

How I see the light in his ocean eyes and I wonder how he fell so far?

II

I am lonely and the sky remains as dark as it always has.

The bright eyes and the bright sun are hidden behind dark clouds, ever present since the white sails have blown far away from the sweet, gentle waves we once knew.

Icarus has gone, too far from my sight, and has taken the sun with him as he flew away with his father and the king.

A panic rises in my chest and the dark surrounds the bay.

III

He has reached too far into the sun, where he has always existed.

He is no longer as young as he was, and neither am I, but he is as bright as he once seemed with golden hair, golden eyes, and a golden voice.

Icarus, always blessed by the sweet tongued Apollo, tried to reach his patron with his man-made wings upon his back.

I cannot reach him as his wings melt and he falls.

IV

Man and god, I and Apollo, weep for our Icarus.

I no longer see the sun.

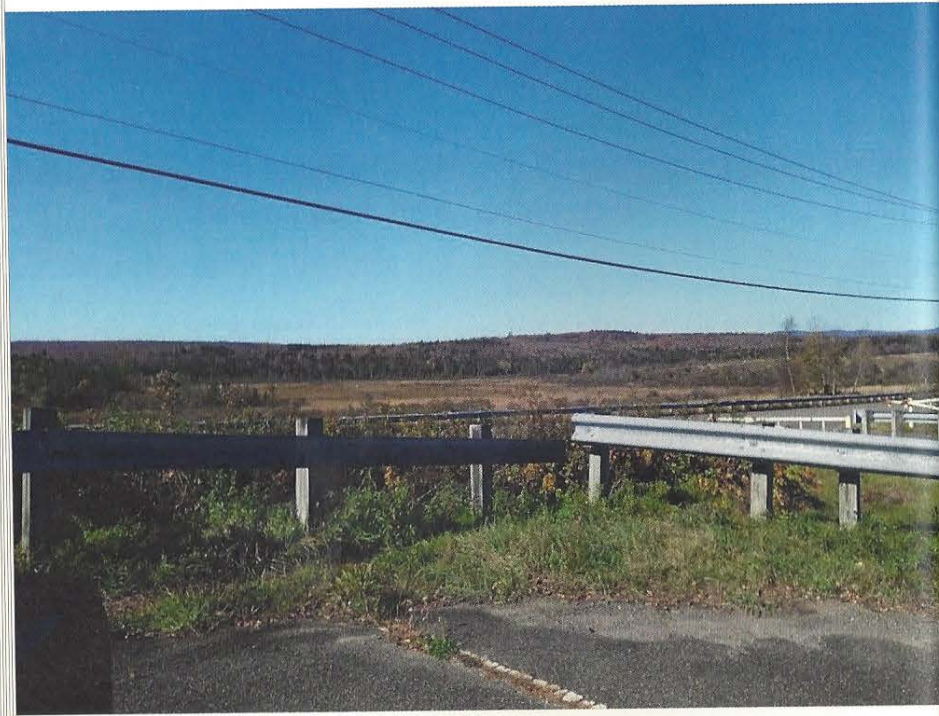
Apollo no longer sees the world.

Gold has gone.

Love and the Flavor of Citrus

Emmett Perkins (2020)

do you ever feel like a ripe tangerine,
pliant and ready to be pulled apart at the seams?
i am soft. i have never been softer
than when your hands hold me,
cup me,
grasp me.
and i sit in your sunlight
and i am held gentle and tight,
and i ripen,
i ripen.
and then you pull at my skin,
winding and whiling away layer after layer
until i am stark,
all my flesh laid out.
you kiss me then,
and i ripen,
i ripen.
wrap yourself around me with your simple words
and i am yours,
and yours,
and yours.



Antonio Rich (2020)



Antonio Rich (2020)



Chelsea DiMauro (2018)



Haley Schulte (2018)



Crystina Lathrop (2018)

PROSE

Transitions

By Virginia Slep (LLARC)

Bernadette is gone. She was my friend, faithful and true, always there when I needed her, regardless of the time of day or the weather; and I would have been content to have her stay with me forever -- but the State of Massachusetts proclaimed that our relationship had to end. So after nearly nineteen years together, she left me. Well, she didn't exactly *leave me*. I traded her in. My 1996 Ford Explorer is gone.

Bernadette was mostly in excellent health, full of life and vitality, but a few parts of her body had started to age a wee bit. Well, more than a wee bit. They had started to fall off. In the garage. When she was just standing there. For a few years now I had been forced to shop around for an inspection station that would focus on her working parts and not look too closely (in other words, ignore) the few little rust spots that were appearing. But this time, official word came that she could not pass the state inspection again, so her death knell had been sounded.

Gary is thrilled. He's disliked Bernadette since shortly after I got her, and for at least fifteen years he's been pestering me to get something else instead. He said she rode like a damn truck. I said it was because she was a truck. He complained that she took every bump in the road as if she owned it. I said that was because she did. Every time we would go out somewhere, he would point out this car or that one, suggesting that perhaps I'd like to trade in What's-Her-Name for one of those. I told him that Hell would freeze over before I'd part with Bernadette. (Notice how cold it's been for the past few weeks!)

Finally, I was forced to look for a replacement for Bernadette; and I found Anastasia. It was love at first sight, a match made in heaven -- more or less. Anastasia is a 2014 Ford Escape -- bright, ruby red -- and I've been assured that Ford has done whatever it was they should have done to Bernadette to assure that this car won't rust. She'll last twenty years, easily, they tell me. (I hope I last that long.)

Anastasia handles so easily, accelerates just beautifully, parks in places I could never fit Bernadette into. She's a joy to drive. But I have to admit that Anastasia is -- well -- *different*, and the learning curve has been a bit steep.

Now, I realize that in Bernadette, I'd been driving around without much in the way of "technology" for nearly two decades. Just about everything that happened in Bernadette happened because of something I did: I turned on the radio, the wipers, the headlights. I adjusted the seat, I switched to four wheel drive. Not anymore.

Anastasia came with a "technology package" -- or something like that -- which means that she reads my mind and probably knows what I want before I even think it. It's a little creepy. I get the sense that there's someone keeping an eye on me:

- I can't lock the keys inside Anastasia, because she knows they're inside, and she won't lock.
- If I approach her with the keys in my pocket, she senses that I have the keys and she unlocks the driver's door as I get close.
- If it snows, she knows when to switch to fourwheel drive.
- If it rains, she knows to turn on the wipers.
- She knows when to turn on the defroster, the headlights, the high beams.
- To open the rear door, I just stick my foot under the car -- but then she waits for me to back up out of the way so the door doesn't hit me. ("Well, don't just stand there!! Move!!")

Why does she need me?

I sometimes wonder -- if I go down to the garage with an empty egg carton for the recycle bin, is Anastasia going to sense that we're out of eggs and go slipping off to Stop & Shop without me?

But it gets even more bizarre: Anastasia and I can talk to each other.

- I can tell her to raise the temperature inside the car, and she'll ask what temperature I want.

- If I tell her I want the radio, she'll ask what station. If I ask for 1030, she knows it's an AM station; if I say I want 99.5, she knows it's FM.
- If I plug in a phone and ask her to call Brian, she'll call my son in Charlotte.
- If I tell her to take me to Kevin, she'll give me directions to Durham, NC.
- And no matter where I am in the country, if I say "Home", she'll give me directions to Wayland.

Anastasia is bright and beautiful, full of energy, vitality, and purpose. But I get the feeling that she's just waiting for me to make some stupid mistake. I can almost hear her saying, "Virginia, for heaven's sake! How many times do I have to tell you how to open that rear door? Get a grip, girl!! Pay attention when I'm talking to you!!" or "Of course you're late! I told you not to take Route 20 during rush hour! When are you going to listen to me?"

Back when I learned to drive, it required some skill: there were no power brakes, no power steering, no directional signal, no air conditioning, no radio; there was a clutch, a gearshift, the high beam button was on the floor. (Having a heater in your car was something new.) You really had to know what you were doing back then, and being a skilled driver was something to be proud of.

I'm having trouble making the transition from skilled driver to semi-skilled person in the driver's seat. I hope Anastasia has enough patience to see me through, and that she doesn't decide to just trade me in for a newer model, the way I traded Bernadette.

First Days

By Virginia Slep (LLARC)

The first day of the school year has always been a momentous occasion for me, whether as a student or as a teacher. I can't think of any other aspect of life that offers so many fresh starts. Each September of my childhood offered a clean slate: a new teacher, a different classroom, a chance to make new friends and to be reunited with old ones -- or perhaps just a chance to avoid that pain-in-the-neck boy who sat behind me in fourth grade and always put his muddy feet up on my clean sweater. The first day of school always offered so many possibilities.

When I was growing up in North Reading, the process of getting ready to go back to school was filled with excitement. Mother would take me to the shoe store in Reading Square where I could select my new shoes (usually in a dark red color with the gruesome name of "oxblood"). I would try them on, then stand against a sort of big box and put my feet into the slots. The salesman would turn on a green light, and as if by magic, the salesman, Mother, and I could look down as the machine x-rayed my feet to see if the fit was proper. We're told now that the radiation dose was astronomical, but I don't know of anybody who ever developed cancer of the feet from those machines.

Then Mom would take me to a children's clothing store a few doors down Main Street and let me choose a new outfit or two. During the years when money was tight, my Aunt Esther in Philadelphia would make a new dress for me. This was a bit complicated, because although Aunt Esther was an excellent seamstress, she rarely saw me. Mother would send her the pattern, the fabric, and my measurements; and the resulting dress would fit just right everywhere except at the neck. For some unknown reason, Aunt Esther always made the neck a good bit wider than the pattern required, and I would feel very self-conscious -- and a bit chilly -- every time I wore my new dress.

Each September, on the first day of school, my best friend, Ginny, and I would set out together. It was a short walk -- we lived only about a half

mile from the big old Batchelder School in the center of town -- but it was hard to walk in the stiffness of our new shoes and the unfamiliar feel of our new clothes. We carried our new pencil boxes and lunchboxes and perhaps a new notebook. So much newness; so many unknowns; so much promise.

On the first day, the school always smelled of floor wax, and the floors were polished and glossy. The classrooms were tidy with the desks all lined up perfectly; the blackboards were clean and black, the chalk pieces were brand new and long, the book shelves were neatly lined with books. Even the pencil sharpener was empty and clean, and seemed eager to go to work. It was all so alluring; the pull was almost magnetic. Who was this new teacher? What was she going to teach me? What was in all those books? I could hardly wait to get started. The new school year was like a gift that must be unwrapped slowly, but I wanted to tear off the wrappings and savor it all at once.

The end of school in June was always much-anticipated and very welcome. The teacher had taught all the lessons; I knew what was in the books; the blackboard was now gray and the chalk tray full of chalk dust and little broken bits of chalk. The floor was grimy, our shoes were old, and the school smelled of bologna sandwiches and sweaty kids. We were worn out and so was the school.

But both we and the building would recover, and soon it would be September again. Whether as a student, as a teacher or as a mother, most of my life has been tied to the academic calendar. Many people mourn the end of summer, the end of the growing season, the coming cold weather and darkness. But I love the feeling of newness and anticipation that September brings. I love seeing all the new pencils and pens and notebooks on display in the stores; and I usually end up buying a few whether I need them or not, just to savor the promise they hold.

Home of My Own

by Eoghain Connor Darragh (LLARC)

My residence is a three-bedroom, 2 ½ bathroom ranch house at the end of Richmond Drive, a cul-de-sac in Boulder, Colorado. It is a lovely home. At least, it feels like home. I just signed the lease for my twenty second year. I have done a lot with the place since Dad begrudgingly helped me move in so long ago. He wanted me to continue graduate studies. I was ready to go to work.

He had told me several times in his usual gruff voice, "Katherine, you should get your PhD."

I could only say, "I know." It was never a good idea to argue with the man.

Yesterday morning, I was sitting on the couch in my living room waiting for Mother to pick me up. I heard the car horn and started for the door. The horn sounded again, two impatient beeps.

"Dad must be driving," I thought out loud as I let myself out the front door. My gut reaction brought me up short. I just stood right there for a minute or two. A wave of sadness swept over me. The feeling was surely real enough even though my father had been a nasty old man. My younger sister Carole and I were never good enough for him.

It came to me there on my front porch that now would be a good time to make peace with his memory. I reminded myself that he was not unpleasant all the time and he was my father. Perhaps, he did not have the knack for interacting with children. Some adults just don't.

It was also true that it would have been impossible for him to compete with Mother. The cheerful woman could organize exciting playtime with any bunch of children even if one of them was my recalcitrant little sister.

Mother was a first-grade teacher. She loved doing arts and crafts with her pupils. She was great at calligraphy. She could forge George Washington's and John Hancock's signatures, so no one could tell the difference. What's more, it should be noted that Dad's handwriting on the occasional nice note about us was a little too perfect. It was Carole, of course, who first noticed the discrepancy.

She asked me, "Do you really think Dad wrote this?" Carole was about eleven at the time.

Mom and Dad had friends from work and church. Mary and Fred Foster were particularly close to our parents. Frederick Foster was an attorney who did some work for our family. My parents choose not to use Mary for their taxes even though she was known to be a very competent accountant.

The Foster's relationship and dispositions were the opposite of Mom and Dad. Fred and Mother were the nice, friendly people. Mary was as cranky as Dad. The two couples saw a lot of each other. I was never too sure why because Mary's constant criticisms of Fred would seem to make their time together rather unpleasant. Dad just ignored her comments. He and Fred were best friends from college.

Mom sympathized with the man she called dear Freddie. Mom and Mr. Foster did things together. They played golf. They met for lunch. They did other things together that we might have been ignorant about.

Dad was never interested in their bowling night or in whatever activity they asked him to join. Mary also declined her husband's invitations to come along. She preferred to stay home and sulk. Dad did not show us any sign of jealousy. However, I could not be certain that Carole's cynical view of Mom and dear Freddie was wrong.

I could feel Mother's eyes on me as I stood there on the porch. "Katherine, are you OK?" she called from the open car window. Her voice startled me, and I hurried down the steps.

It was impetuous Carole who had leaned on the horn when they arrived to pick me up. She was driving. Mother was in the passenger seat. I opened the back door and got in. We were on our way to make the arrangements for Dad at the funeral home.

"Let's stop for lunch at Season's 52," Mother said.

"We are already late." Carole craned her neck to look at me in the rear-view mirror as if it were my fault.

"I was ready and waiting when you pulled up," I said. "Mom, aren't we supposed to be at Rourke and Lee's at eleven?"

"I called and told Eddie that we would stop by at about two," Mother answered.

Edward Rourke and his wife were another couple in my parents' circle of friends. He was one of the owners of the funeral home.

"Carole, take us to the restaurant." Mother's voice was firm. Carole did not object. It would not have been a good time.

"Sorry we were late, Katherine, but I had to get Amy and Leo to school and check in at work." Carole was apologizing to me.

She was even taking the blame although I detected a bit of the old "if you had children you would understand" attitude in her voice.

"No problem." I tried to sound as conciliatory as I could. "I know carpooling is a burden."

Carole agreed, "That's true. You and I had it good. We could walk to school." Bandelier Elementary was just around the corner from the family home.

"It was a good school too," I filled in.

"You're right, much better than where they are now," Carole lamented.

When we got to the parking lot at the restaurant, Mother said, "Pull into that space close to the door. I have Dad's handicap hang tag."

Carole being Carole tacitly refused and parked the car in a legal space about ten places away. Her everlasting righteousness could be exasperating although I must admit that I am afflicted with a bit of the same.

Mother did not say anything. All of us were spry enough to stroll the extra "mile" into the nearly empty restaurant. Mother asked for a booth near the window where we could have a little privacy. She ordered three very dry gin martinis. Carole could only sputter her objections.

"Just sip at it if you don't want it," Mother said.

I loved the idea of martinis at lunch but wondered, "Mother, what is going on?" Before I could catch myself, I added, "Dad would not approve."

"Maybe he would." Mother answered me. She handed Carole an envelope.

"What's this?" Carole asked in a suspicious tone.

"Just open it," Mother replied. "Here's one for you too, Katherine." She handed me a similar 8½ by 11 brown envelope with my name on it.

I pulled open the top and took out the deed to my house. "I don't understand. Did you buy my house?" It slowly dawned on me. I whispered a scream, "Are you giving me my house?"

"Your father wanted you to have it. Carole gets the family home. It is worth a bit more, but she must keep me in the master suite rent free for the duration. They need the space and the school."

"The Purchase and Sale Agreement is dated last week. It has Dad's signature on it." I could just make out the writing through my very moist eyes.

"Yes, it does."

"Are you sure that nasty old man agreed to all of this?" Carole asked.

"I am certain it is what he wanted. We concluded the arrangements with Mr. Foster just before your father died."

"Wow!" I murmured. "Um, Attorney Foster was in on this?" I tried not to sound too suspicious.

"I just know your father wanted something nice for both of you," Mother asserted.

"OH! It has my signature on it too," I whispered.

Carole took a closer look at her document. "Mine, too. I don't remember signing this."

Mother pretended not to hear. She said, "Season's 52 makes really tasty roasted tomato flatbread." Mother was hiding behind the menu, but I could see her smiling.

Carole looked at me with the sparkle in her eyes that reminded me of her as a cheerful, bubbly little toddler. A tear ran down her cheek.

Hunger

By Ariana K. McCormack (2020)

Hunger. The very thought, the very annoying part of my mind and stomach that derives every part of my day. Hunger is something I feel as soon as I wake up. Hunger is something that is always on my mind. Hunger used to be something I always ignored. Hunger for doing well. Hunger for food. Hunger to be happy. Hunger for me is a lifestyle. A lifestyle that I have never seemed to get accustomed to. Hunger derives my every thought, action, and most importantly my emotions. I no longer ignore my urge of hunger. I continue to nourish myself and carry forward in each day with a full stomach, full mind, and a positive attitude. I no longer ignore my sense of hunger. I feed my driven attitude, my stomach, and instead starve the self-hatred, the negative thoughts, the loneliness, and the unwillingness that I once consumed myself in. It is time to be fulfilled in order to exist.

The Face of Hope

By Mary Brandt Kerr (LLARC)

In twenty-one days the children arrive. In the dead of winter, ten days before Christmas, fleeing from civil war in a food desert to a coldly alien land of plenty, the children will be here.

Akur has been advised to make a list of what she needs for herself and her four children. She doesn't know what she doesn't know. She's never dressed a child to go outside to play in snow, never prepared a meal over anything other than a wood fire, never paid a utility bill, never enrolled a child in school, never made a bed on anything but a mat on the earthen floor. Her children will arrive bearing nothing but the clothing they stand up in.

The journey from South Sudan to Boston will be long -- her children's first on any kind of transport other than their own feet -- or their mother's. And there's a further wrinkle: Akur's visa was approved for a date nearly one year before her children on the usual USCIS (Citizenship & Immigration Service) take-it-or-leave-it basis. Rather than go to the end of the line for several more years, Akur and Kuol chose to leave their children with her mother for the year. Another baby born during this past year will be a surprise: the children arriving in Boston have never met their little sister.

This family reunification process has taken more than ten years -- three of his children were not even born when Kuol started researching the labyrinthine bureaucracy. And it has been expensive: taking unpaid leave from his low wage jobs, he has made many trips to Africa to complete the paperwork and accompany his children for their interviews at the American Embassy.

After arriving in 2001 as one of the young, orphaned refugees dubbed by the media "The Lost Boys of Sudan" Kuol followed the instructions of the resettlement agency to "learn the language, learn the culture and get a job". Finding a minimum wage night shift job almost immediately, a few months later Kuol started school at Quinsigamond Community College and was soon also working part-time as a math tutor. "Education is my mother

and my father" is how Kuol described his laser-sharp focus: he had no one and nowhere to call home. The soldiers attacking his village slaughtered his parents, his siblings and all their livestock -- he was six years of age the night he fled alone into the jungle.

Four years after arriving in this country and having earned his American citizenship, Kuol had a new goal: bring his family to safety from the South Sudanese war zone. In those very early days his family consisted only of his childhood sweetheart, Akur, until his son Mabior -- now 12 years-old -- arrived.

Today he has bought yet another air ticket, setting out on his final journey back to Sudan to guide his children through their international air travel.

Differences will be many for this young family as they leave their lives near the equator and join big city American life in the middle of winter. During the time spent living here, Akur has learned that sometimes Americans are not always kind, do not always return a greeting and she must teach her children to look at people when they speak, lest they be considered "untrustworthy." Her son especially -- already gaining the height of his 6-foot-7-inch tall father -- must be careful because Akur has seen in her first year here that Americans are sometimes angry -- or it could be fear -- towards young black men.

Despite the radical changes her family is about to undergo, Akur is a happy woman. Instead of one meal of gruel every day at 2pm her children will have enough to eat, a warm place to endure the coming winter as they move from their home near the equator, medicine if they need it, and a free school to attend. There are many good differences: she doesn't need to warn about fierce animals outside the thorn tree fencing, nor teach her children to recognize hidden bombs that can maim or kill, lying on the dusty pathways as they collect firewood.

As with any departure there is a bittersweet tear tracing down her heart -- she knows there are things this new American life lacks: the nearness of her neighbors who stood with her through all her lonely years, the people who clasped her hands to their heart as they said farewell one year ago.

Akur has hope: on Dec. 16th her family will be reunited for the first time at Boston Logan airport. With her brightly shining eyes cast down in modesty, she says "this must be good." She is ready to live in peace.

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Roar

By Ariana McCormack (2020)

It was that time of the year, when the ocean made its mark on the small town. The ocean is an endless body of water while the town stands still trying to rebuild itself each year. The ocean crashed into the town, destroying it piece by piece.

Ben was ready for the storm this year. He fixed up his shop and donated supplies to the local church where the town took shelter each year. The rest of his family was gone.

The wave crashed. And that was it.

"I cannot believe it has been a year and we are still rebuilding. Your family would be proud," said Jennifer.

"I wish they were still here," said Ben.

Ben's family was on their way to the church when the ocean decided to mark its yearly mark on the town. The town was lucky to have been in the Church at the time, but Ben's family was not that lucky.

He was left with the general store. He had nothing but the general store. Ben made sure that the town had more supplies each year to better their chances of survival. These people were not going to leave. It was their home. The only problem was that the town did not know when the storm would hit. It was never at the same time as the time before. They only had an idea of when it would hit.

Usually the ocean would eat up the part of the town that was closest to the water when a tropical storm arose, but last year was different. The waters of the ocean ate up more of the town than usual. This made it difficult for the townspeople to rebuild.

Last year was the first year of fatalities.

A family, almost completely gone. Their memory is brought up during this particular storm season. Ben wanted to make it his mission that no one would die this year, but the only problem was that he could not guarantee it. Ben became troubled after the death of his family and Jennifer was the only one to get through to him.

Tide of Life

By Stephen A Garanin (LLARC)

Early morning mud and rocks are still visible. The scene is eternal; a primordial pool of possibilities awaiting full ripening. Add a dash of nutrients, soon set upon by an unhurried but expectant burst of energy. In the distance a quietly muted rumble, be it surf or passion is unknown. Within the hoped for conjoining, a new life starts.

Tide, the silent sluice of water slides over soft and firm features, alike. They are retired in a youthful pattern of joyful exuberance. All items are washed and covered in a bubbly delight of hide and seek. There is a subtle harnessing of toddler-like energy via a gentle channeling; a parent guiding a youngster through the inquisitive times. The close association and bonding show the promise of a rapidly evolving entity.

Larger and savvier, but not yet mature, the outside influence of wind stirs the calm measured movements. A single wave, then many, break upon what remains of stoic rocks and ledges. The teenage testing of strength and independence has arrived, a stand against both parents and society. All are looking, searching, reaching for a place and purpose in their environment.

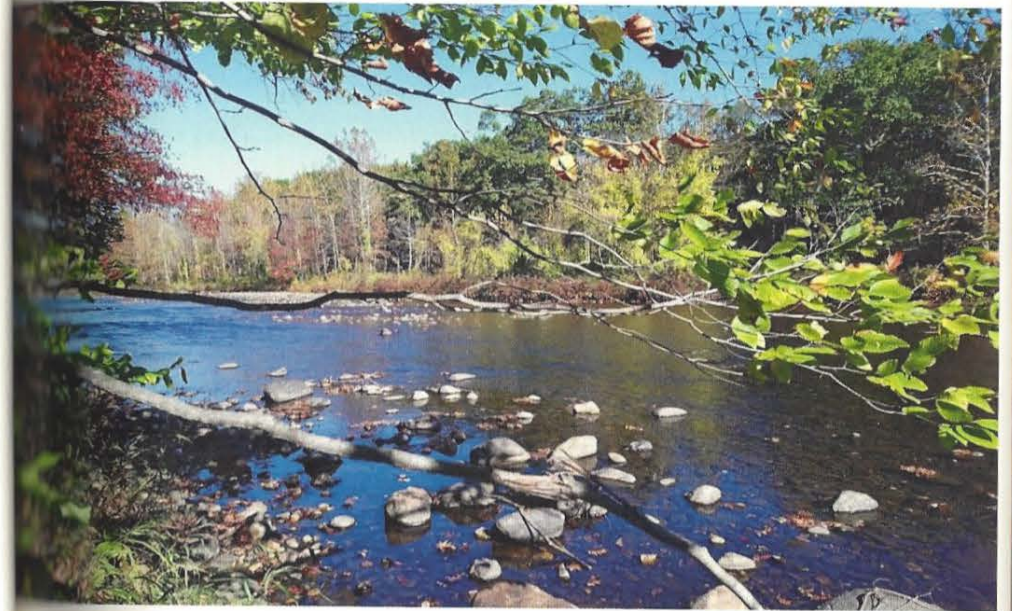
Nearing the shoreline, looking, learning, leaning in many directions; this early harbinger hints at a maturity that is not yet fully formed. There is a calming of the frenetic pace of becoming. Life is brought to the edges, then a bit further. Bits and pieces of detritus are left among the rocks of society. They are unwrapped gifts to be acknowledged and savored by those who encounter them. Special gems found by those that form the grand experiment...peaceful co-existence.

Fully formed, one with the surroundings, the sustainer of life is ever present; collecting, concentrating, creating. The power of maturity is found within its productivity and continuity. Reshaping by word and action is an important facet in keeping up with the ever-changing needs of the world, thus further uniting all.

The giving and sharing continue unfettered. At times, external influences will redirect the ebb and flow of the sum of the parts. It is then that everyone and everything is tested, pushed to the extreme. All are called upon to remain resolute and steadfast in the face of unasked for hardship, moving beyond the turbulence, changed, yet remaining the same. The structure is now different, but stronger and better prepared to meet the next challenge.

After the productivity of maturity, a tiredness begins to influence activities. The mature time slowly starts to seep away. Physical qualities, in one instance, and ideas in another, are tugged at by the unending cycle of nature. Both are transforming slowly and inexorably, back farther and further from the idyllic state of equilibrium. Those items and designs that did not find fertile purchase are soon swept away; possibly to be used in another place and time. There is a decline of pulse, a reduction of vitality. Though offering snippets of wisdom and sustenance, the tide of life has turned and is fast receding, all but completing its all too brief transit.

Exerting a last pull, the creative juices flow, but interest in making a difference is no more. There has been a scribing upon the landscape of the essences of a generation about to realize an end to their tasks. The journey resolves with the quiet passing into the grander whole, only to be born again with the next turning of the tide.



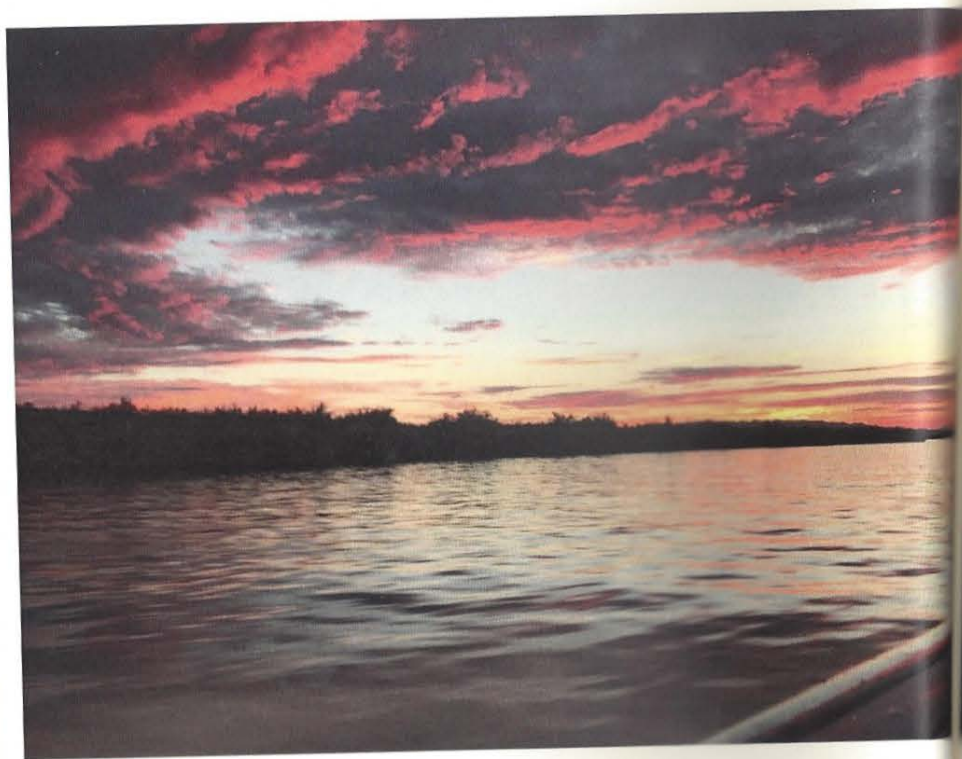
Antonio Rich (2020)



Chelsea DiMauro (2018)



Crystina Lathrop (2018)



Haley Schulte (2018)



Crystina Lathrop (2018)

DRAMA

In the Footsteps of Giants

Emmett Perkins (2020)

s1: Present day.

[A man enters. He is stick-thin and looks as if he could use a sandwich. He has a patchy beard, blonde hair, and a paint-stained shirt. He paces the length of his studio, running his hand obsessively through his hair whenever he finishes a sentence.]

Daniel: A fat lot of good you've done me. All the hands in the world can't stop you once you'd gotten started. Bunch of bullshit, it is... yeah, I know. I should've blended it more—well, excuse me! I was just—it's called being an artist, Charley, you wouldn't get it. Don't talk to me like that. Christ, it's too early for this.

[Charley steps into the spotlight on his side of the stage. He holds a cell phone to his ear; it's an iPhone, whereas Daniel is using a Blackberry with a slot-out keyboard. Charley's case is cracked. He is bathed in blue light where Daniel is bathed in yellow.]

Charley: You're running in circles, man.

[He and Daniel run their hands through their hair at the same time.]

Charley: Colors don't matter when the painting is shit. ...Yeah, I know you like to call yourself a modern-day Van Gogh. You're just like him. He couldn't sell a painting to save his life, either!

[Charley hangs up.]

s2: 2 days later.

[Daniel's beard is a little scruffier, and his hair seems unwashed. He sits at a coffee shop, trying to drink a cup of coffee; he manages a face at the taste and adds cream. Charley enters.]

Charley: Hey, Danny-boy. ...You okay? You don't look good.

[Daniel glares at him, and Charley sticks his hands in his pockets.]

Daniel: I wonder why. [He speaks softly, more sigh than speech.] I've given up painting.

Charley: Oh, no. Don't do that.

Daniel: I thought you said you could smear birdshit on a canvas and it'd be better than anything I've done.

Charley: ...Well...

Daniel: See what I mean! I've got no confidence because of you!

Charley: What do you want me to say? In three months, you'll be living out of a cardboard box with no one to blame but yourself.

Daniel: Throw yourself down a well.

[Daniel exits.]

s3: The next day.

[Charley dials, frowning, but sighs a little bit in relief when Daniel picks up.]

Charley: Listen. I'm sorry. You hear me? I'm sorry.

[Daniel hesitates for a long moment, then there's the click of a receiver. Charley sighs.]

s4: 5 years prior.

[Daniel looks young, less scraggly. He is bright, fresh, all big-eyed wonder

as he stares at a print of Van Gogh work in a museum.]

Daniel: Someday I'll be just like you.

s5: Present day.

[Daniel, laying on a couch, staring up at the ceiling it's one arm across his stomach and the other hanging down, knuckles brushing the floor, speaks.]

Daniel: Okay, Google. How do you tie a slip knot?

Siri: Pulling up suicide hotlines...

Daniel: No, that's not what I asked. A man would be insane not to kill himself.

[Daniel looks at the length of rope in his hands thoughtfully.]

Daniel: How much is too much?

[Charley bursts in, the door slamming back into the wall. There is no doorjamb. The sound echoes in the ensuing silence.]

Daniel, hoarsely: Get out of here, Charley.

Charley: You wanna be just like Van Gogh, huh? First, get your fucking facts straight. He was a drunken, suicidal loser! Well, look in the mirror, pal. Here you are. You're Van Gogh.

Austria and the Boy (A Monologue)

Erin Moore (2018)

Picture it Austria 1874,

A boy whose father was an iron smith and mother who held no title, set off for America in search of a better life. My name is Gus Steiner, the fifteen-year-old came to the big city. Fast paced, up and coming New York. One of the first jobs I had was in the construction of a bridge, that was all it was to me. Until the big unveiling that was on May 24, 1893 where I realized the magnitude of what had been accomplished, the Brooklyn Bridge had been constructed. I along with hundreds of other men had built something that would stand a lifetime. After those years in construction I shorted my name from Gustavus to Gus in a way of Americanizing in the hopes of getting a stable job and decent housing.

When those things didn't happen, I took off for a different location but with little money and no family I took aboard a train in the box car. Making the trek from New York to Pennsylvania where I worked the steel mills. Living in Pennsylvania was just the opposite of living in New York, everything seemed in slow motion. I worked for 5 years before hopping on the next train to Georgia, the Carolinas and then finally Maryland. I settled in an area called Rosedale where I worked at a steel factory and made wine with the flower and fruit that grew near the house I built. There was a set of tracks right at the end of my property so if they wind ever blew I could hop on and go where ever my heart desired. Four years later I met my wife Margret we then had three beautiful children and remained on the property and had our eldest daughter and her family stay with us on the property.

Auf Wiedersehen

Excerpt from The Reading Room

Richard Leone (LLARC)

Carmen Fisher 42, widowed mother

Carla Lansing 40, Carmen's sister

Robbie Fisher 18, Carmen's son

Mrs. Constance Doherty 58, customer

Lila Jackson 54, customer

Scene Four

Fifteen minutes later

*Robbie is standing next to Carmen who is sitting at the kitchen table.
Carmen is slightly dazed but coherent.*

Robbie: Ma, are you going to be alright? You scared the shit out of me. What went on in there?

Carmen: Robbie, hold on, give me a minute.

Robbie: I called Aunt Carla when I heard you talk gibberish.

Carmen: Oh, God!

Robbie: She's coming over.

Carmen: What the hell did you do that for?

Robbie: I didn't know what else to do. You were out of it.

Carmen: This is all I need.

Robbie: Ma, I had to do something.

Carla enters stage left, crosses to Carmen.

Carla: What happened? You look awful. Robbie said you passed out.

Robbie: I was looking for her and found her in there on the floor

Carla: What were you doing on the floor?

Carmen: Will you both shut up?! I'm alright now.

Carla: Did someone try to hurt you? Should I call the police?

Carmen: No, it was nothing like that. I've had a psychic breakthrough.

Carla: A what? Oh my God!

Carmen: Can you both sit down now? I want to explain.

Carla and Robbie cross and sit down at the table.

Carmen, continuing: Mrs. Doherty was worried about her daughter. She hasn't heard from her in a week. She needed to know if she was okay.

Carla: Constance Doherty came to see you. Why didn't she call the police?

Carmen: Yes Carla, twice. The second time she brought a teddy bear from her daughter Sheila's room like I asked. When I held the bear I could sense Sheila's presence. The feeling was so strong and powerful that it inhabited my body. Those people have taken her medication away.

Carla: What people? What medication?

Carmen: Her seizure medication. This group on the Cape is telling her she no longer needs her pills. They can cure her seizures.

Robbie: Is that what she had that day at the garage?

Carmen: Yes.

Carla: Robbie knows Sheila.

Robbie: She had a flat tire and I fixed it for her.

Carmen: I remember you said she had books in her trunk.

Robbie: Yeah, I had to put her old tire in the trunk and saw some kind of holy books.

Carmen: What kind of books?

Robbie: They had crosses, things like that on the cover. Some kind of weird name — The Society something.

Carla: This sounds creepy to me. Did Constance Doherty tell you about her daughter's seizures?

Carmen: No, she didn't. I sensed it from the photo she showed me.

Carla: I thought you just read palms and tarot cards.

Carmen: I can do more than that, Carla.

Carla: How can you know all this about Sheila?

Carmen: I just do.

Carla: This is pretty far-fetched, you have to admit.

Robbie: Ma was pretty strung out, Aunt Carla. She was talking funny. I don't know what was happening to her, but something wasn't right.

Carmen: I'm okay now, Robbie.

Robbie: I didn't want you to get sick, too.

Carmen: I'm sorry I scared you. You did the right thing calling Carla.

Carla: What is Constance Doherty going to do about her daughter?

Carmen: I don't know. She thought I was making it up.

Carla: I don't know if you should have told her what was going on. She already thinks you're, well you know. You could be wrong, Carmen

Carmen: I'm not wrong. Her daughter is in trouble. Just once I wish you would support me instead of trying to make me feel like a freak. You think what I do is voodoo. You're ashamed of me. But I'm good at it. Today, I proved to myself that I'm even better than I thought. I have to deal with

fucking neighbors who laugh at me but I hoped my sister would be on my side. I'm sure you and Dad are having a good time laughing about it. What I do is not a joke. Peter believed in me but he's no longer here so I guess I'm on my own.

Robbie: I believe in you, Ma.

Carmen: I hope so.

Carla: Alright, I'll admit I have a hard time with it. I have to live in this town too. I hate being the sister of a palm reader. I have to hear the nasty remarks from customers. How do you think I feel?

Carmen: Can you back me up this one time? I'm telling you Constance Doherty has to get her daughter away from those people. I wish Peter were here. He'd figure out something.

Robbie: Dad dealt with all kinds on the police force

Carla: How are you going to convince her?

Carmen: I don't know. I think she may know more about her daughter than she let on.

Carla: What do you mean?

Carmen: I need to speak to her again. Robbie, how do you think Dad would handle this situation?

Robbie: The police won't help Sheila Doherty unless she tells those people at the Cape to leave the premises and they won't go.

Carmen: But if Mrs. Doherty told them to leave and they don't then she can call the police.

Robbie: Yeah, that's how she can help Sheila.

Carla: But she doesn't want anything to do with you.

Carmen: Will you stop saying that.

Carla: Alright, who else knows her that can help us?

Carmen: I bet Lila Jackson knows her. Maybe she sent her here?

Carla: That busybody gets around.

Robbie: I saw her Lincoln parked out front this morning.

Carla: I have to get back to the restaurant for the dinner crowd. I don't want to get any more calls from Robbie. I know you don't want to hear this but you're getting yourself in too deep. This is Mrs. Doherty's problem, if she doesn't believe you that should be the end of it.

Carmen: She has to believe me if she wants her daughter back safe and sound.

Carla: For your sake, let it go, Carmen.

Carmen: I have to trust my feelings.

Carla: *Rises and crosses to the door.* Sheila Doherty is a grown woman. She can take care of herself.

Robbie: I don't know about that, Aunt Carla?

Carla: What do you mean?

Robbie: She seemed out of it that day at the garage, like she was thinking too hard. I felt sorry for her.

Carla: I have to run. Give me a hug, Robbie. *He rises and hugs her.* I'll call you later. *Exit.*

Robbie crosses the door.

Carmen: Where are you going?

Robbie: There's something I gotta do.

Scene Five

An hour later.

Carmen is holding the door open to the reading room. Constance Doherty enters.

Mrs. Doherty: I didn't want to come back here. Your son persuaded me.

Carmen: Robbie! That's where he went. I didn't know.

Mrs. Doherty: It doesn't matter. He told me what happened after I left; how he found you on the floor and that I had to believe what you said about Sheila. He insisted that I listen to you. *Pauses,* Are you certain that they have taken her meds away?

Carmen: Yes I'm sure of that.

Mrs. Doherty: How can you know for sure?

Carmen: I felt it. It was as if was right there in the room.

Mrs. Doherty: It doesn't make any sense. *They both sit.*

Carmen: You have to believe me. You need to find your daughter and get her away from this group that can cause her harm. These people are telling her they can cure her of her seizures. She's not safe there.

Mrs. Doherty: Who are these people? How did they get there?

Carmen: I don't know. Maybe she invited them there. Robbie saw some kind of religious books in the trunk of her car. Do you know anything about that?

Mrs. Doherty, hesitating: I did see one when I was searching her bedroom for the teddy bear. It was under a box in her closet: *The Society of Purity and Light?* She didn't want me to know. She's so gullible, that's why I always keep tabs on her. What are these people doing to her?

Carmen: You have to go to the Cape and find out.

Mrs. Doherty: Do I need to call the authorities?

Carmen: You have to see for yourself first. You can demand that they leave the property, if they don't than you can call the police.

Mrs. Doherty: How do you know that?

Carmen: My late husband used to be on the force.

Mrs. Doherty: I see. *Rises, crosses then turns around.* Sheila will be alright. I'll make sure of that.

Carmen: Good.

Mrs. Doherty pauses for a moment: How much do I owe you?

Carmen: You can pay me when you get back.

Mrs. Doherty: Yes, I'll remember. *Exits*

Scene Six

Two days later

Robbie is drinking a soda at the kitchen table. Carmen enters.

Carmen: When did you come back?

Robbie: A few minutes ago.

Carmen: How did it go? Did he ask you about your last job?

Robbie: Yeah, I told him the truth.

Carmen: You told him you fought with the boss.

Robbie: I said we didn't see eye to eye.

Carmen: That's what your Dad used to say.

Robbie: Yeah, I remembered.

Carmen: So, was he interested?

Robbie: He asked me a few questions about my experience. I told him I been working on cars since I was ten.

Carmen: What did he say to that?

Robbie: He thought it was funny.

Carmen: So do you think he's going to hire you?

Robbie: He'll let me know in a few days. One of my high school buddies works in his shop. I'll think he'll put in a good word in for me.

Carmen: That's good.

Robbie: You look tired, Ma. You're not sleeping?

Carmen: Not really. I can't stop thinking about Sheila Doherty. I drove by the house again. There was just Mrs. Doherty's Buick parked in the driveway. I didn't see any other car.

Robbie: Sheila drove a Chevy Nova.

Carmen: I didn't see it. *Pause* I rang the bell this time. She owes me money.

Robbie, surprised: What happened?

Carmen: Nothing. I kept ringing the bell but she never answered the door.

Robbie: You better forget about her. She doesn't want to be seen with you.

Carmen: I want to know if Sheila is okay.

Robbie: Ma, maybe she couldn't get those people to leave. What if they left and Sheila was okay and blames you for sending her on a wild goose chase?

Carmen: I don't think so. This is what happened; she drove Sheila home in her car, that's why there is only one car in the driveway.

Robbie: Yeah, she probably didn't trust her to drive by herself.

Carmen: We're both starting to think like Peter.

Robbie: Yeah, we are. This is what Dad would do — talk it out.

Carmen: I know in my gut that Sheila's back home. I feel it.

Robbie: I trust your feelings, Ma.

Carmen: Constance Doherty would never tell anyone what I did for her. She knows no one will believe it.

Robbie: I know what you did for her. I bet her daughter's back home in Westfield.

Carmen: We'll find out it's just a matter of time.

Scene Seven

A week later

Carmen and Lila are sitting at the table in the reading room. Carla begins to place the tarot cards on the table.

Lila: So this is going to be my last reading.

Carmen: That's what I said.

Lila: Are you moving?

Carmen: No, I'm going to work for my sister at her restaurant so I can make some money. *She looks around the room.* I don't know what I'm going to do with this room.

Lila: Keep it the way it is. You know what they say about working with relatives.

Carmen: I'm going to give it a try.

Lila: Maybe your sister will let you do some readings at the restaurant?

Carmen: *laughs,* That will never happen.

Lila: I guess I'll have to tell my friends so they will know.

Carmen: Please do that for me. *Pauses* Make sure you tell Constance Doherty too.

Lila: Why her? She would never come to a psychic; she thinks I'm ridiculous. "Nobody can tell you anything by reading those silly cards," she says.

Carmen: How is her daughter, Sheila?

Lila: How do you know about her?

Carmen: I'm a psychic, Lila.

Lila: Constance won't let the poor thing alone. She goes everywhere with her now since she came back from the Cape. Constance won't say a word about it but I heard it had something to do with her medication.

Carmen: I'm sure Mrs. Doherty was quite upset.

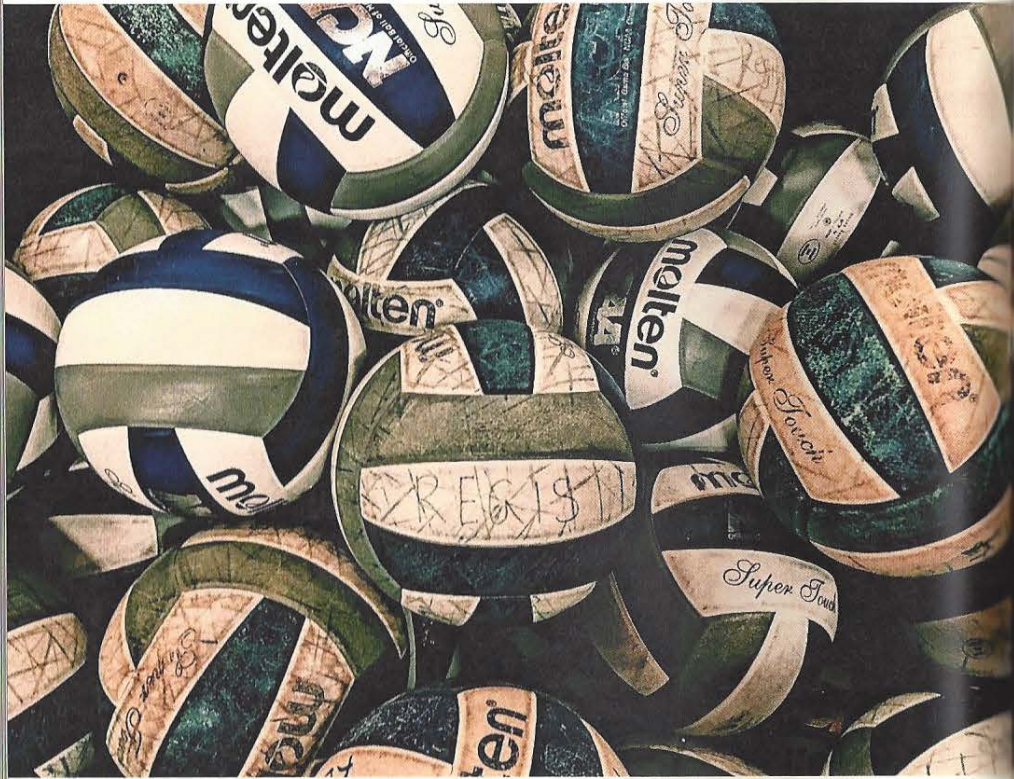
Lila, quizzically. Do you know anything about this, Madame Carmen?

Carmen: The next time you see her tell her she owes me sixty bucks. *She begins placing the cards on the table.*

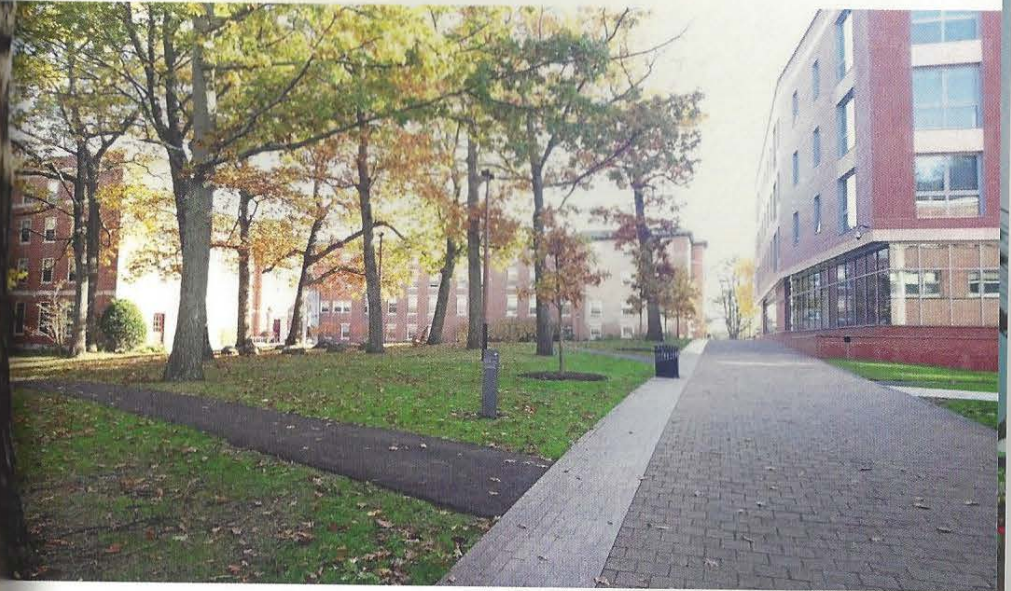
Curtain



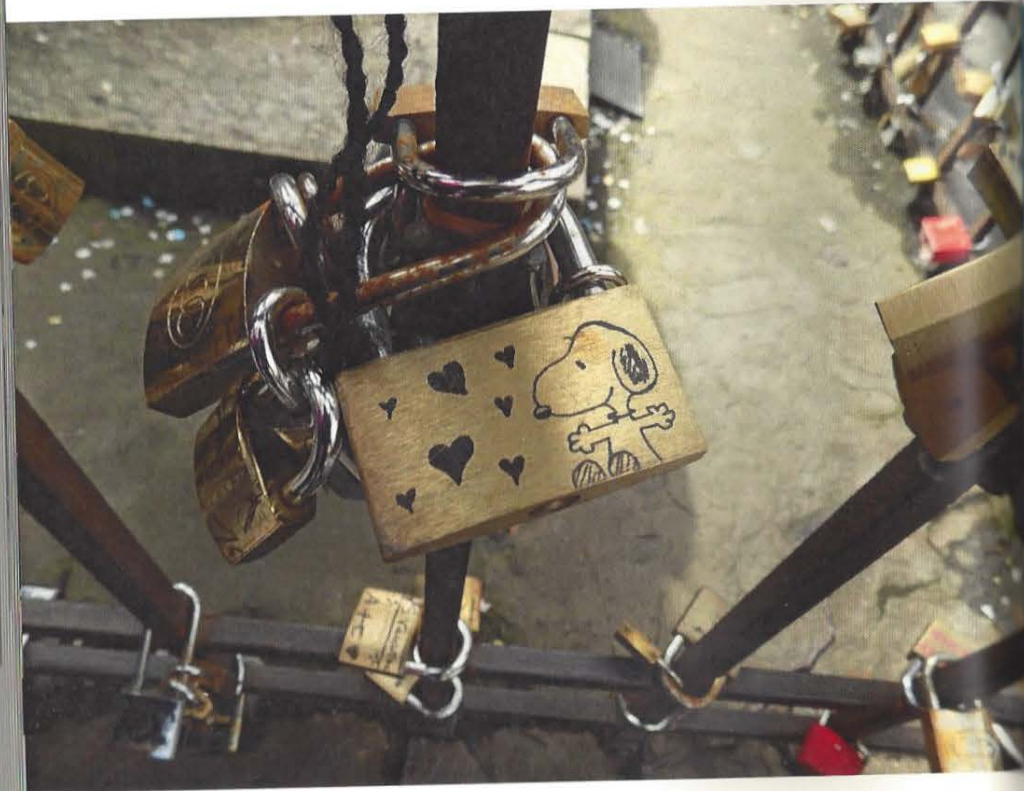
Chelsea DiMauro (2018)



Crystina Lathrop (2018)



Antonio Rich (2020)



Chelsea DiMauro (2018)



Haley Schulte (2018)

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Our edition of Hemetera includes a cover by Hayley Schulte (2018). The title of each work is written in the font "Bitter" in size 24. The name of the author is also written in the "Bitter" font, size 16. The body text of each entry is written in "Slabo 27px" font, size 14. The margins are set at 0.25, with a width of 5.6 and a height of 8.6.



The 2018 "Hemetera" Designers

