A Note from the Editor &
a Well-Deserved Dedication

Welcome to the twenty-second edition of Creative License, an award winning literary and arts magazine published annually by and for the students of Georgia Perimeter College. As usual, our students have compiled an edition filled with substantial, thought-provoking poetry, fiction, artwork, and photography. If you are fortunate enough to be holding this beautiful, glossy magazine in your hands right now, you can find more copies in each campus library and Student Life office, and with each campus Faculty Advisor. You can also check out the Creative License Website: http://depts.gpc.edu/creativelicense.

I admit that the quality of art reproduced in an online publication cannot rival the polished, high-resolution look found in the hand-held magazine. However, while we will continue printing high quality hard copies for limited distribution, Website access means that we no longer need to worry about getting one of those magazines into the hands of every student in the college. Financially, it is not feasible. The online version complements the printed version as a valuable classroom teaching tool to promote learning and unity among the various campuses and centers of the college. In addition, it provides a global introduction into the unique perspectives of GPC students and their communities. We are proud that Creative License is solely compiled of student work, which showcases the college’s richly diverse culture.

On a personal note, I want to acknowledge and thank the faculty advising team who put in countless hours each semester to make sure that all tasks are completed in a timely manner. Their dedication to serving our students can be seen on every page of this magazine. As Faculty Editor, and on behalf of Georgia Perimeter College, I am so proud to dedicate this 2015 edition of Creative License to you, the Faculty Advisors, in recognition of a job well done.

Alpharetta & Online: Lauri Goodling
Clarkston: Shellie Welch & Amber Brooks
Decatur: Armida Gilbert & Phillip Mosier
Dunwoody: Lynn McGill
Newton: Theodore Worozbyt

Sincerely,
Deborah Byrd

The magazine accepts any original, previously unpublished art form that can appear in print: poetry, fiction, drama, art, photography, or musical scores. The magazine cannot pay for material selected for publication except with a free copy of the issue in which it appears.

For more information, contact the Editor (Humanities Dept. of Newton Campus, 239 Cedar Ln., Covington, GA 30014) or a Campus Advisor.

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Rob Watts, Interim President
The Changing of the Tides
by Heather Evans

I never wished to be as turbulent as the sea

Full of vigor

And drowned out songs of old ghosts

Steady the currents may go

Will the tides be high or low?

I never wished to be as unpredictable as the sea

Gray some days

With its stormy gaze

And sometimes bright

Water as blue as the sky
A quiet roar of Atlantic waves crash into Jekyll’s shore
like a ghostly rustle of wind through wet forest. Gnarl
of trunk, root, and branch weave into sand as if to grow
again. Strewn on Georgia’s southern coast, discarded,
this tree is newly molded by salt and ocean breeze. He
once stood as a mighty Live Oak draped in Spanish
Moss and soaking up the sun through hundreds of dark
green, leathery leaves. He bore thousands of hearty
acorns that fed Gray Squirrels neighboring nearby.
Rain seeped into the soil and quenched his root’s
thirst. That same soil that birthed and nourished him
eroded. It gave way to tan-gray rocky sand; a bed
he now rests in forever among graves of his
brothers. Life after death brings a family of American
Oystercatchers that nest in his bough and a Loggerhead
Sea Turtle that lays eggs in his shadow. The light from
over Saint Simons Sound glints in hatchlings’ eyes
as they, too, make their way towards the big water.
Remake of The Annunciation by E. Burnes-Jones, by Jamie TR.
The Small Rage
by Beckett L. Cantley

I am in a hotel room in Buenos Aires. I stand on my desk and look down on the floor. I am silent. The beast knows he's been caught. There is no exit. I can hear his little feet. They move, shuffling from side to side. Is he under the desk? If I move to look I risk startling him. He must think I am not here. That I've left. The maid came in before and I said nothing. I just stood on top of the desk as she made the bed and restocked the fridge. She paid no attention to me. Not a word. I waited until she left. I have never seen the rat, but I know he is here. When I sleep I can hear him. He comes from the corner by the doorway to the bathroom. He waits till I am absent, or asleep. Then he devours my magazines and books, and my luggage. He has never touched the furniture, though. Maybe the rats have grown so large and numerous that they have cut deals with hotel management. Some stipulation in the contract saying not to eat furniture owned by the hotel, but the guests’ items are a free for all. Whatever revenue the hotel loses, the rats pay in return. Rodents have their ways.

Yesterday morning Carlos Alvarez said he was going to come up to my hotel room at six o’clock in the evening and bash my head in with a hammer. A hammer with three strike marks on the handle.

He meant it when he said it, too. He said it just so; “I’m going to come up to your hotel room tomorrow night at six o’clock and I’m going to beat your head in with a hammer, this hammer,” he said, and he pointed at the hammer in his hand, with the three strike marks. Three marks, for three dead people. Carlos is a pretty serious guy. I thought I would clear out my whole day so I could stay nice and tidy in the hotel room, just waiting for him. I woke up, went down to the bodega in the center of the hotel, retrieved some items to make breakfast, came back to the room,
and ate breakfast. Then I bathed, read the paper. Turned on the television around eleven, watched a local football match. They call it football down here, so interesting. I heard some violence happening in the street, so I opened my window and inspected. Someone had gotten in a car accident. I had hoped for a riot; people love those kinds of things.

I had thought about calling Francesca over for some fun. After the television went out around two, I started to lose interest in hunting the rat. I had some hours left before my death, why not enjoy them? But then I did not deign to ring her up. Maybe the heat has gotten to me. Never experienced a climate this absurd. Sweltering, even when I’m wearing nothing. I’ve been naked since five. That’s around the time when the heat is supposed to die down, but no luck. Not even on this day when I’m supposed to die. I’ll open the door to the murderer. He’s an old friend of mine, too. No sense in refusing to open the door for an old friend. If I refuse to open it Carlos will just break it down. Why waste the good owner of the hotel’s time with installing a new door? He’s going to have to lose out on a lot of business once news of my shattered, bloodied body is thrown up all over the city.

I wouldn’t be much of a shock, though, really. Which hotel in Buenos Aires hasn’t been the residence to a mutilated corpse? People get cut up with chainsaws all the time around here. The owners are all on the hook. Carlos probably knows the owner of this shanty personally. He’ll probably walk in with Carlos and present himself. He’ll probably pay extra to watch Carlos beat my brains in. How funny it will be. How sad. The real Martin Fierro, except he owns the law. I came down to Argentina to become a gaucho, to run the game and rule the roost. Now I’m going to die in less than fifteen minutes. The anticipation is killing me faster than Carlos is. The clichés are exorbitant.

When reading this note, one may ask, why not leave? Why not get on a plane, get to another location, or jump in the ocean? Why stay? Well, because this is my fate. I am determined to die at six o’clock this evening, in Buenos Aires, Argentina. I cannot deny the forces of nature which make it true, which make it my destiny. I am not a god, and I am not Fortuna. Not even Boethius could escape his fate. I cannot choose to leave, because it is not a choice that exists. I can only be here, in this hotel room, nowhere else. It’s just my death and I. I’d be a fool to deny that.

So I’m standing here, naked, staring at the hotel room door. I have no weapons, and no clothing. I am the same as I was when I first came into the world. The clock says six. I think I can hear the rumblings of someone outside the door, the sound of the lock being penetrated. I am ready. I said I would open the door; all he has to do is knock. Will he please knock? I can be no other person, and I can have no other fate. It is time. Carlos said six, and fate cannot be late. But when I look at the clock once more it is no longer six o’clock.

“T’m going to beat your head in with a hammer, this hammer.”
Self Portrait, by Christina M. Johnson
Reach for the Sky, by Sarah Jessica Dunn
Take me back to when the water could settle across the shoreline. I could trace shapes across your backside. Your favorite booth at a coffee shop with laughter bouncing off brick walls hugging our ear drums. Your face electric with lights every night. My mind recalls such sudden images like a famous picture book from my days as a child. You smiled.

I admit.

I haven’t read in months, cause of the constant reminder that my narrator is absent. Absent like white snow in red summers. I guess you could return. Like the cracked leaves in November. I’ll be in our favorite booth. Waiting for her.
Haunt
by Felix Alegria

I would catch her.

Catch her reading her novels as she haunted my sight like the very ghosts she read about. How could her solid presence stay cemented in my memory strands when not one word intertwined between us? I had the ability to cough up vowels and syllables hoping they’d attract her attention. Spring said I couldn’t have her. But I swear on all my little belongings by Fall she shall be mine.

In due time.

If not? I’ll rewind. To the moment I noticed her fingers running through her brown locks of hair as she turned the page. Maybe she has a favorite café? A park bench at the end of the street? In due time. I shall become her timeless classic. A book for the ages.
I've seen things.

Objects to burn our very eyes that sudden shade cannot withhold. Weeks shall pass and every possible moment we shall encounter will mirror the heartache that cuts our eyes. I will win in the end of days, but history will show he has kissed her.

Now she is gone.
I am no fan of secondhand.

I love her thin coat and cigarette smoke. Her finger through in her short hair, one stroke.

Beautiful as a desolate island. Remote.

How can a large one not appreciate her small company? Wishing for a week away. With you I've tallied up the many nights I've been away from your perfection. She has granted me protection. Remove my restraints from this estate. Put me on a plane. I'll crash land into your daydream. Tell me where it hurts. I'll sow every seam.
Lady in Red. by Jamie TR.
Dream Walk, by Nigel Glover
Road to the Jungle, by Nikki Farmer
Colors of my Life, by Naureen A. Bhamani
Sitting in My Own Understanding, by Dominique Claggette
When Mom was a Baby, **by Zoe Yuchan Zhang**
Olivia Bee, by Sarah Jessica Dunn
Politics of the Family  
by Barry M. Switay

Our kitchen was painted light blue 15 years ago. Now, various dings and splatters have made that light blue quite inconsistent. In places it resembles a map, with little stains and scrapes like floating islands on the wall near the stove. After years of looking at them, I’ve grown to recognize the islands, and even appreciate them. These stains are no longer gross. I guess because of familiarity, I’ve forgotten their origins: some batter or dish from long ago. The hard maple floors, installed by my grandfather’s steady hand a decade ago, still fit together just as smoothly as they did the day he finished. Although they are worn a little here and there, the color hasn’t faded at all and they remain strong. I saw very early on that when my grandfather did anything, it was done right the first time. Not once had I observed the need for his projects to be revisited or repaired.

I opened the microwave, where the salty smell of turkey bacon was escaping. My nearly scrambled eggs and the toaster’s metallic ding signaled that my dinner was almost ready. Few things are as satisfying as breakfast for dinner.

As I inspected the turkey bacon, I could hear the front door unlock.

“The shit’s about to hit the fan, Barry,” my mother said, walking in. The door shut loudly, as if to punctuate her sentence. The absence of a “hello” or “how was your day?” immediately sparked my interest. With my mother, it was never what she said that communicated her mood, but what she didn’t say. I knew her well enough to know this.

She immediately walked past me and into the laundry room. I stayed in the kitchen, out of sight but within earshot.

“Ummmm…What does that mean?”

My words were slow and calm, controlled as usual. They traveled from where I stood, through the lavender hallway, and into the laundry room as she opened the dryer door. The laundry room, now interfering with our communication, muffled her response.

I closely monitored my eggs.

“It’s about Granpadie…”

I could tell by the way my mother spoke, bothered and serious, that she didn’t want to tell me what she meant.

I have never met anyone else who called their grandfather ‘Grandpadie.’ It made me feel a special connection to him. He was
certainly a unique man and deserved a unique name. I always had a deep respect for my grandfather and believed that no matter what any ones else's did, Grandpadie would always be superior. I was brought up on detailed stories regarding his months aboard aircraft carriers, his years hunting tigers while attending a boarding school in the Himalayan foothills, and his surviving a plane crash in Central America. These stories made him 10 foot tall. They were always told in an adventurous tone. Occasionally new—always noble—details, previously forgotten, were rediscovered and assimilated.

I waded through my mother's response for what seemed like a long time. Had he died? I mean the man was 81. I've always known my grandpa to be such a hard worker, and so deceptively strong, that even as a young man I've had trouble believing that pruning the dead, reaching limbs off the massive pecan tree that sheltered our back yard was a task that could be adequately performed by anyone else. Sometimes my dad and I did it without his help, but the result never seemed quite as respectable; there were always a few mangled limbs left, threatening to fall so that it would take us several attempts to achieve what my grandfather was able to complete with one. To think of his death was to grapple with the possibility that the methodic and exhaustive raking of every last leaf on our lawn, and with it exemplary yard work, would cease.

I looked down and noticed my eggs were getting dry.

"Is it bad?"

I knew the answer before I opened my mouth, but I wanted to know what sort of bad we were dealing with.

"Is Grandma ok?"

As long as they had been together, I couldn't think of my grandfather without thinking of my grandmother. She was the one person I knew that possessed a more genuine sweetness than my mother. I had always respected her as the family matriarch: she organized the family get-togethers, raised my mother and her siblings while my grandfather was out to sea, and told the most interesting stories about our family history.

My mother and her parents had always been quite close and she was still adjusting to their somewhat recent move to San Diego. In fact, my mother and grandmother had just returned from a trip to Italy. As often as they could they took mother-daughter “bonding” trips to distant lands.

My grandfather's thirty-five years in the Navy gave my mother the opportunity to live in all sorts of cool places while growing up. Between her birth in Puerto Rico, scuba diving on Guam, and spending her teenage years on the beaches of southern California in the early 70s, I always imagined growing up in a Navy family was really cool. It certainly gave her some great stories. This last year had been the first in which she didn't live a few minutes from her parents.

My mother had not yet responded and I was becoming anxious and impatient.

"I mean, is he ok?"

As I spoke I shoveled my eggs onto a slice of toast that was resting on a blue plastic plate. The turkey bacon was carefully—precisely—arranged on top of the eggs; then a piece of cheese, and toast on top to complete the sandwich.

"Well, he's not dead…"

This sort of answer bought her time to think. I was pretty sure that her immediate trip into the laundry room was not really motivated by a necessity to clean clothes,
but was her way of calming down before telling me what was going on. I imagined her in there, calculating exactly how to present “the shit” to me. My mother’s words were frustrated. Her tone seemed to imply that, while he was still alive, everything else was shot to hell.

I left my sandwich for a moment and entered the hallway, stopping about halfway to the laundry room.

“Why do you say it like that?”

She didn’t respond. When my mother was anxious or frustrated she would try to hide it. She always presented herself as if she had things totally under control.

As I heard the dryer cycle begin, I released a heavy sigh, hoping she would hear it.

I figured she would tell me the rest once she got her thoughts together, so I sat down at the kitchen table with my egg sandwich. I was more focused on what she was about to say than eating, so I let the sandwich sit.

As I glanced around the room, hoping I would somehow magically “figure out” what was going on, my eyes rose up and focused on a professionally framed picture of my grandfather in his flight uniform. Taken in the 50s, this picture reminded me of a portrait of Thomas Jefferson or someone. He stood in front of a B-29 Superfortress with his flight helmet by his side. His face was serious, in command. The wooden frame was beautifully carved. It always struck me how a piece of wood could be transformed into something so perfect, and that all the dings and bug bites in the tree could simply be carved away, as if they were never there.

The photo was pale and faded and had the yellowish hue that old pictures somehow acquire. It hung in our kitchen, surrounded by other photos of our family, I suppose because my grandfather has always symbolized something. He was the definition of patriarch: able to fix any sort of motorized anything, retired Navy pilot, successfully married for 57 years to my grandma, the list went on.

I took a bite out of my sandwich. By now it was cold, the bread was starting to get soggy and the turkey bacon had lost its crunchy consistency.

I heard her push the button and the washing machine began to fill up with water. To me, the button and rushing water signaled that she had her thoughts together. As she rounded the corner, emerging from the lavender hallway into the light blue, island-spattered kitchen, I looked away from my once fabulous dinner and at my mother. Her eyes were puffy, like she had wiped them several times. Tears, once wiped away, were coming back as she opened her mouth to speak.

“Barry…”

Walking towards the table, she took a deep breath, as if to summon strength. My attention was absolutely dialed in.

“…Grandpadie has been having an affair.”

It took a few seconds for this to register. She took a seat at the opposite end of the table.

“What?”
I heard her words clearly. I just needed them repeated.

“Grandpadie has been having an affair with another woman!”

As she spoke again, two decades of idolization began to crumble.

“Uh—are you sure? I mean… how do you know?”

“Your grandma found some emails that…”

My mother ran her hands through her hair, then wiped both her eyes. A tear ran down her cheek, as if it had been waiting until she wiped her eyes to fall.

“Emails that what? That’s not the same thing— I mean an affair is more than sending emails to someone! What sort of proof is there?”

I found myself defending him, working without evidence from the “benefit-of-the-doubt” principle. It seemed inconceivable that Grandpadie could have done something like this.

“Barry, I know goddamnit! The emails were from another woman. She was talking about what a good time she had with him two weeks ago when your grandma and I were in Italy.”

She had to stop to breathe again. The courage summoned by the first breath had to be renewed.

“He went all the way to Rhode Island to stay with this fucking lady!”

My mother was clearly angry. For the first time I saw her as something other than the strong, sweet lady she had always been. Standing before me, in tears, hurt, was a little girl. I had this illusion that since she was an adult, she was stronger than this. The thought of my grandfather having an affair was

“The emptiness seemed to swim deeper and with more intensity.”

troubling, but how deeply it hurt my mother—this little girl in tears in front of me—produced a burning soreness in my throat that I was unable to swallow. I was silent, in shock. I could feel a deep emptiness swim through my body.

“This isn’t the first time this has happened” My mother’s words came with noticeable difficulty. I had always seen her keep it together, yet in the last 5 minutes I had seen a 40-year regression.

“When I was in 7th grade—I’ll never forget this—I saw him kiss another woman.”

She paused. I was dialed in, hyper focused. The emptiness seemed to swim deeper and with more intensity. I felt my heartbeat pick up speed.

“I was walking home from school—this was when we lived in Rhode Island—I saw him kiss a woman that lived three or four blocks away. I asked him about it later that night, and he lied straight to my face. I’m absolutely sure it was him: it was in his car, he had his uniform on, I’m positive it was him. And this has happened a few times since then. My mom always takes him back!”

I looked down at my sandwich.
“The last time this happened was about 20 years ago. I guess I just made myself believe that he was done with it. I just hope this doesn’t kill your grandmother, Barry.”

The effect of this upon my grandmother had not yet occurred to me. I looked up at my mother’s tear soaked face. Her look seemed to say, “See Barry, there are things you don’t know about our family,” yet at the same time, “don’t judge me.” It was as if she resented me for not knowing.

“I really didn’t want to tell you all this, Barry.”

I let silence fill the room before I spoke, trying to get my head around everything.

“Why?”

It seemed that I was reluctantly let into something much bigger than myself, something that had been deliberately concealed from me.

“I didn’t want you to think badly about your grandfather.”

“But…”

I wanted to protest, but could think of no point worth arguing. In truth, I couldn’t blame her for trying to protect my grandfather’s image, and this—the truth—would certainly have tainted my view of him.

“I’m not really sure what to say.”

My words were slow and my tone expected pity.

My mother looked at me, then at the hard maple floor. I could tell she felt some sort of indirect shame.

“I just know how important Grandpadie is to you and I didn’t think it would be right to tell you. I mean he’s 81, Barry. When he dies I want you to remember him in a good way, not as the liar and cheater he is.”

The thought of eating my egg sandwich now made me sick.

My mother’s phone rang. She stood up and walked over to the counter to grab it.

“Its your grandmother.”

She looked at me with those hurt eyes and walked out of the kitchen to answer it upstairs.

Now alone at the kitchen table, I leaned my head back in the chair and closed my eyes. There was no way to recapture the image I had held of my grandfather before tonight. The pecan tree and leaf-cluttered front yard seemed stupid things to worry about. The strength that had once been a source of respect for the hard maple floor, now, upon reflection, seemed an undying testament to its sinister resilience.

I had other things to do, but sitting and thinking was most attractive. My gaze returned to the framed picture of my grandfather. I wondered who had taken this picture. Who picked out this carefully crafted wooden frame? It didn’t really matter. It wasn’t me.

I picked up the plate and forced the sandwich into the trashcan. It seemed like a waste, but I just didn’t want it. As I walked over to the sink, I looked at the splatters on the wall. “Maybe it’s time to clean these off,” I thought. After putting my empty blue plate in the dishwasher with the other dirty dishes, the only thing left to do was clean the dark metal skillet I had cooked my eggs in.
Because I Can

by Justin Beaudrot

Years of cigarette smoke lend a garish yellow hue to the light that struggles to illuminate from beneath cheap plastic shades. One lamp hangs above a wood table still sticky from spilled beer and an overturned shot glass. The sickly sweet smell of Pabst Blue Ribbon and Jack Daniels Honey whiskey leads me to the bar. There I find torn leather seats on unstable stools lining the U-shaped altar. Murky cherry wood in need of new lacquer is littered by used coasters with worn Samuel Adams ads and a half-filled ashtray.

Christmas lights line the corner where I sit, offering a little more to see. Chalk names are scrawled all over the walls. I see “Jessy” written off to the side with seven tally marks just under her name. In all these years, I’ve never asked what they could mean. Football and UFC play silently on the TVs while mostly old 80’s songs play from the digital, touch-screen jukebox.

The small, hollow pain in my gut tells me
I should eat, but I strike a match to light a Marlboro Full Flavor instead. Its burn will soon ease that ache. As for the itch, I fight the temptation to order my usual. Fourteen months is far too long to give in now. However, I can still imagine the searing spirit of Tanqueray enveloping my insides. I can remember the first moments of imbibing and absorbing its rubbing alcohol aroma that drew me in and locked me down to that dive. I can, just as easily now, call the bartender over and make that classic request of “Tanqueray, neat.” I can.

I smother my half-finished cigarette into the half-filled ashtray. I stand and walk by the other torn stools and that slick table, led by Christmas lights and yellow bulbs. It’s easy to find the door, now. I walk right out, because I can.
Powers of the Air, by smithcreativ (Ron Smith)
20 Acres of Beautiful

by Nina Natasha Borg

On a small ranch, I sit on 20 acres of beautiful,
but the ugly memories rot there.
Shhnk, the shovel hit the dirt.
Ffffp, the dirt flew, tears flooded my eyes.
Again, Shhnk, Ffffp. Digging.
Thunk, he rolled him into the hole carelessly.
He didn't fit, jumping, snapping, he crushed my heart.
His poor bones snapped like peanut brittle.
The doll I held provided no comfort.
The dirt was the color of the Columbian coffee he drank to get sober.
I wailed and protested against the horrid jumping, his back hand stung.
Slap, shrink, slither, I sulked to the ground.
The smell of blood and fear mixed with my rage.
He pretended to be sorrowful, but his laughs lured me happily to hate him.
I wiped my split lip. I tasted the iron of my words.
The car took my best friend, quickly, silently to his end.
I ran screaming, undressed in front of them,
the television blaring “Leave it to Beaver” when the truck pulled up
with my best friend lying still.
I clutched his blood soaked fur as the kind neighbors lifted him from the back.
“Happy family? You call this a happy family?” I thought, seething
while he pretended, for them, to be concerned.
My dog lay mangled in the hole made too small by his laziness,
while her useless voice yapped at him to finish. He did not listen.
I laid beside the hole in the wet pokey grass.
#$%!!!**@# and other raging profanities issued silently from my lips.
The smell of the fresh cut grass mingled with wet dog and earth.
He is just in a deep sleep, I thought, the void is in my heart.
I hate Columbus Day, now, even though my name is Nina.
It’s bitter like vermouth, which she poured in his martinis.
I ran in the dark and they asked me, “Where are you going?”
Why? I screamed. I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!
I sit on 20 acres of beautiful and the back hand still stings.
I wanted to see heaven, I wanted to go there with my friend.
I walk the path from where I used to sleep, with my friend
at my feet, in a small ranch on 20 acres of beautiful,
past the spruce that marks his final resting place,
at least her yapping yielded something,
to the river’s edge and look down into the dark water.
I see us swimming there, forever at the edge
of 20 acres of beautiful.
The starchy guts
of a squished and abandoned French fry
spill onto the sizzling pavement.
The grease saturating this unlucky potato
sparkles in the sunlight.

A curious ant slowly advances,
like a lion stalking a wounded gazelle.

As the 2:00 PM sun bleaches the golden crisp
into a sickly yellow mush,
the hungry ant strikes.

Initiated by the lone insect,
the merciless plundering of this fried polysaccharide
invites several fellow black ants
the size and color of coffee beans,
to join the campaign.

Amongst the red smear of smashed ketchup packets,
rancid chicken bones,
and faded lip-stick-stained cigarette butts,
this wounded and exiled fry
sparks a micro-riot
in the dirty McDonald’s parking lot.
Recognizing my omnipotence,
I’m tempted to dump out my sweet tea
and release a cold deluge onto this murderous feast.

But…

This is entertaining.
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**Art**
“Sitting in My Own Understanding” by Dominique Claggette, page 18

**Short Fiction**
“Politics of the Family” by Barry M. Switay, page 21

**Photography**
“Winter Scarf” by Elbert Ivory, Inside Cover

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