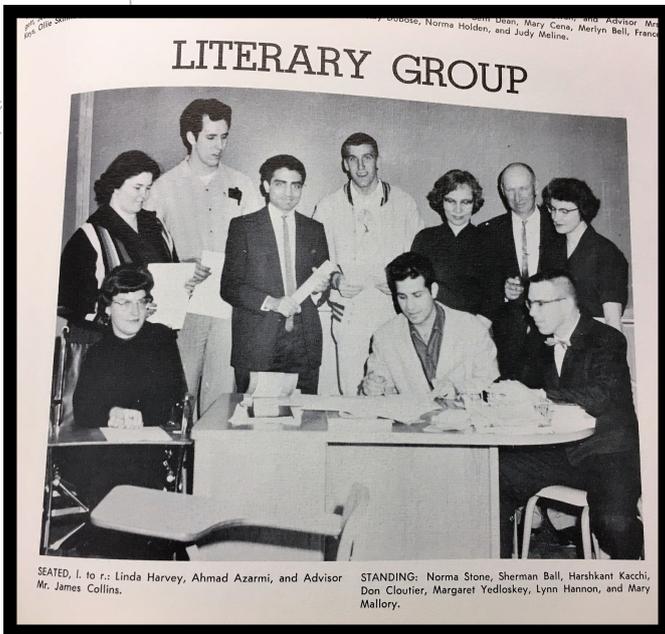


THE LEMURIAN REVIVAL

PUBLISHED BY THE COS WRITERS CLUB

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THE LEMURIAN REVIVAL

The Legend Returns

Once upon a time, in 1957, College of the Siskiyou was born. When our beloved institution was a mere six years old, the very first COS student publication came to enlighten us. Student writers and artists combined forces to produce The Lemurian, published during the spring semester of 1963. We were inspired by this modest journal typed using an actual typewriter (a Remington or Underwood, we'd like to imagine), with a spine held steadfast for fifty-five years by a mere two staples. We were moved by this humble, yet passionate, collection; so much so, we've awakened a revival. The COS Writers Club presents to you, dear reader, The Lemurian Revival. A new collection of works by COS students, faculty,

and staff. We invite you to join us now on a journey deep into the tunnels of creative expression and emerge with us to revitalize a new legend as epic as Lemurians finding a home inside our very own mystical Mt. Shasta. We hope to inspire more of our COS community to join us in future editions and submit their own artistic and literary works.

Excerpt from The Lemurian's (1963) opening article titled "The Lemurian Legend":

Creative writers at College of the Siskiyou, located at the foot of Mt. Shasta on the Shastina side, have decided to call their publication "The Lemurian." The title is appropriate for a number of reasons. The fabrication of myths is primarily a literary business. All sincere mythological creations are attempts to concretely encompass the real and point toward the ideal. Behind every durable myth there is a concealed core, a pillar of actuality, and it is not primarily the fault of the fable nor of the myth maker that we are so often willing to accept a shadow of the truth in place of plunging painfully into the heart of the matter.

15 RANDOM QUESTIONS FOR SARAH KIRBY

INTERVIEWED BY: BECKIE HOBBS, OCTOBER 12, 2018

SARAH KIRBY IS AN ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR AT COS, FREELANCE WRITER, AND JOURNALIST.



Sarah Kirby with the San Gimignano, Italian countryside extended behind her.

Sarah Kirby was born and raised in Kansas. She found herself in California after following her heart which is a wild and crazy ride that she is still enjoying. One of her favorite qualities about Siskiyou County is its natural beauty mixed with good-natured folk. Currently, she is learning to play the ukulele, and she is writing a young adult fiction novel. She feels honored to teach English at College of the Siskiyous, and she is constantly inspired by those who she teaches and works with.

1. If you could be a magical creature for one day, what would you be?

A forest nymph.

2. What is something about you most people don't know?

I studied classical flute for 15 years. I started in 6th grade and played all the way up to my undergrad university where I was in a flute choir. And oddly enough they had a Master's Degree in Flute Studies because our music professor actually had her PhD in Flute Studies.

3. If you could eat only one food item for two weeks straight, what would it be?

Pizza. Veggie pizza. With mushrooms, olives... and honestly any and all vegetables. As long as there is plenty of cheese. Oh, and fresh basil and rosemary, and garden tomatoes if they're available.

4. If you could have a dinner party with five authors, who would they be?

Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson), Zora Neale Hurston, Raymond Carver, Walt Whitman, Elizabeth Gilbert. I'm sure Elizabeth would love to be there too if the others could attend.

5. Where is the weirdest place you have ever been?

"Ripley's Believe It or Not" museum. Also this BBQ joint in Wyoming. They had board games from the 1920s and only served three types of food, one being a pulled pork sandwich with pineapple. But in order to get served, you had to order by saying the exact name of the sandwich they had created, like the Hawaiian Pig or something.

6. Where is the coolest place you have ever been?

Dante's House Museum in Florence, Italy. All three parts of The Divine Comedy [the Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso] were represented through the tiniest writing of the text on the walls of three rooms. I have also been to Dorothy's house at the Wizard of Oz Museum in Liberal, KS. My dad helped with building it when I was a kid.

7. If you could lucid dream, would you and why?

Yes, and I do. It's usually around 5am when it happens and I try to make the dream more exciting, like a tropical island with a buffet of delicious desserts, or a massive rock climbing adventure, which I would never do in real life.

8. What is the worst job you have ever had?

Cleaning CPR mannequins for the American Red Cross with bleach. I still remember when I got my 10 cent raise from \$5.35 to \$5.45 an hour. I guess I did a stellar job and my boss felt I deserved a raise.

9. If you could take Sasquatch out to lunch, where would you go?

I don't know if he's a beer & nachos kind of guy or if I'd throw him into a fine dining scene. But I'd probably take him to some kind of burger joint, although I'd love to see how he responds to the fine dining experience. Even though I'm vegetarian I'd still take him to a BBQ or burger joint. But who knows, maybe he's a vegetarian too?

10. What would your autobiography be called?

"Fabulously Uncertain" or "A Beautiful Paradox".

11. Spotify or Pandora? And what are your top 3 playlists?

Spotify: I'm a recent convert from Pandora. Morning Jazz, Feeling Happy, Funk. And I love classic Hindu music, like sitar, and also Spanish guitar. I like music without words mostly, oddly enough. And funk, too.

12. If you didn't have to work ever again, what would you do?

I would just write and travel and volunteer.

13. Where is the highest elevation you have hiked up to?

I think I just did that this summer at St. Mary's Glacier in Colorado. I think I was at around 12,000 ft. And I want to summit Mt. Shasta one day.

14. Describe the color lavender to someone who is blind.

Natural, relaxation, couched in waterfalls, light rain, and stillness.



15. Finally, and most importantly, what do you think about garden gnomes?

I have lots of garden gnomes around my house and sitting in my house plants. I love them!

Join Sarah and a group of other friendly writers at our club meetings--Tuesdays at 3PM in the ASC Fishbowl!

AND NOW, A POETRY BREAK:

watch me drain and spill,
 feel the release as silent noise escapes,
 sometimes a whisper, sometimes a shout,
 left to confess the deepest ponderings,
 each stretch and tangle unique to a person.

we try our best to paint a thought,
 it doesn't matter if no one is looking,
 this is an art only for present appreciation.

my only wish is for an eager hand to put my
 ink to use.

—handwritten fairytales: the biography of a pen

- jzi

Dill

She turned the green cylinder in her hands.

Little bumps flowed under her fingertips,

like the reading of braille.

She scrubbed it harder,
trying to
create a new, smooth, skin.

The wrinkled hands covered hers,
helping,
pushing the brush up and down-
just so.

The boil, simmer,
she didn't know until she was told
that too much time in the pot
would cause them to spoil.

She placed the cylinders in the
vinegar jars,
plucking at the dill
just the way the wrinkled hands did,
The official close of the lid,
time would transform the
consistency.

A few years later, the forgotten jar-
opened.
Would not only embrace the palate
with pickle
but emerge her memory with dill.

Reminding her of the wrinkled
hands that helped,
focusing her on hers that still hadn't
but wanted
to teach the process,
to cover someone's hands,
so they wouldn't forget hers.

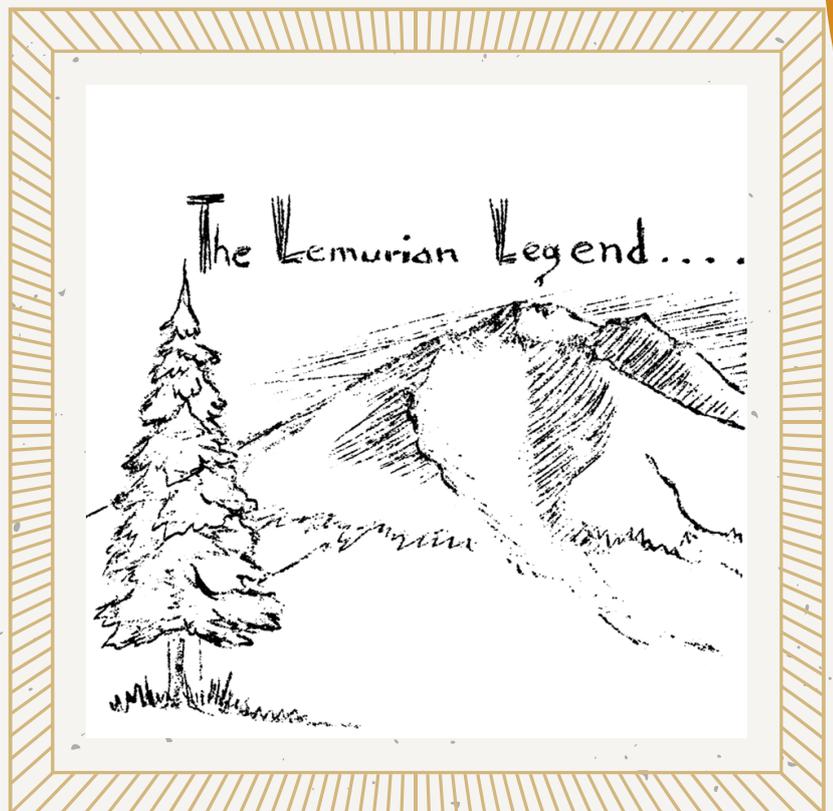
-Sarah Kirby

Our Siskiyou Grand

4

Our secret here our sacred spot
The seasons change from day to day.
Stars at night explode with life
Coyotes call to hunt about
Blooming color delights our senses
Frosty chill to summer swelter.
Smoke filled air with burning eyes
Water wheels spray thy mist with cattle grazing day
by day.
Town folk smile and say hello and wave a passer by.
Volcanic lava crystal snow capped Mountain soaring
Big blue sky eagles soar.
Logging timbers arome the air
Hot springs minerals healing heat.
Clear crisp rivers flow with fishers frenzy
With water rich and land around
Shhhhhhhh don't tell about our sacred ground
Our Siskiyou Grand

-Erin Newlin



- Artwork from *The Lemurian*, Spring 1963 (Courtesy of the COS Library)

mitochondria
the powerhouse of the cell
my true energy
—haikyuu - jzi

Short Story Submissions

(And More Poetry...)

5

Zinc by Mary Allen

Relax, a calming voice said in the back of his head against the soon to be chaos. He loved this moment. Nothing here was final. He opened his eyes and saw the vast space before him, which would soon be filled with gasoline, people, and mechanical bikes. Those beside him revved their engines, trying to intimidate him. He didn't care.

The somewhat official flag-bearer brought the flag down and moved out of the way as almost all racers started toward him. Neither the racers, nor the gambling observers, had specified a specific route before this. Suckers, Zinc thought to himself in the back of his mind. He had thrown his motorcycle into reverse, to the amusement and annoyance of the crowd, which is why almost everyone bet against him. He gave a few apologies, but kept going back, only pretending to try and switch it forward. Once he was out of sight, he got off the makeshift track, put his bike in park and proceeded to balance himself with one foot on the seat and one on the cold silver metal that connected the two handles. He stood nice and tall and looked at the other bikers going around the track, and sure enough, they were taking the long route to the finish. He scoffed at them.

"I hear you're the smart one," a voice said from behind him. It was a very deep sound that could come from someone who would be much larger than Zinc, yet it also sounded like something his uncle would say, but then again, his uncle had practically raised him and would know him. He turned around, and sure enough a sturdy muscular guy was behind him, holding up an FBI badge.

Zinc smirked and said, "Let me finish this race, then I'll answer your questions, if you are okay with that, or if you want, you can let the actual favorite win and get nothing".

"That's unnecessary. All I want is info," the agent replied angrily. Zinc's attention was back on the racers at this point.

Once he knew the man was done talking he said calmly, "Meet me tomorrow, 10:30 PM by Lincoln," Zinc replied, taking his seat once again and driving right past the agent.

He navigated the streets until he was on one parallel to the finish. Once he could be considered as "coming from the right direction" in view of the audience, he turned onto a road that just happened to cross the street he needed. Then he turned onto the finishing stretch and crossed the finish line unscathed. He was first with the next finisher being 30 seconds later. He smiled. No one suspected a thing, as far as he noticed.

thumbs. "they're so opposable," mom said. they're to grip things close.
indexes. used to locate. a love on one end with emotion steady in the palm.
middles. not for anyone. this one is confused.
rings. shared with someone dear. "what's their story?"
pinkies. made for promises. the only ones we can trust.
hands. made to hold.

—anatomy of growing romanticist - jzi

Just the Escort

by Brittney Bringle

6

I couldn't remember much about my death. Rain. The sound of a machine gun. Screaming. Then, I was staring at my unresponsive body on the ground. I watched blood pool underneath my head until I couldn't stand to watch any longer. I could handle dead bodies. That wasn't the issue. I had witnessed the deaths of numerous people, some of them friends, but there was something particularly unsettling about looking at your own dead body from the outside. The battlefield still roared around me. I called for help, but everyone seemed to ignore me. It was like I wasn't there. It didn't take long to realize that they genuinely couldn't see or hear me.

A friendly face greeted me when I turned around. He stood out for several reasons. He was the only person not wearing a military uniform. Instead, a perfectly tailored, black suit hung on his lanky frame. I looked around. No one, apart from me, seemed to be able to see either of us. He walked towards me.

"Hi. Your time is up, I'm here for your soul, blah blah blah. Don't try to argue; trust me, you'll get nowhere," he greeted, his tone casual. It sounded like a phrase he had repeated time and time again.

I raised my eyebrows. "You can see me?"

A smirk appeared on his features. "How do you kids say it now? 'Well, duh'."

I crossed my arms. "I'm twenty-one years old."

"And I've been around since before there were years to count. Trust me, you're a kid. So, let's go."

"Go? I'm not going with you. I don't even know who you are!"

"Me? Simply put, I'm Death. I have other names, too. Sometimes people call me Grim Reaper. The Japanese -- they call me Shinigami. It means 'god of death'. I always liked that one -- thought it made me sound cool." He chuckled lightly, and a warm smile spread across his face.

"So I'm -"

"Dead, yes." He said it as casually as if he was telling me I needed to tie my shoes.

"I always imagined the Grim Reaper...differently."

"Yeah? You were imagining something like this?" Death asked. Suddenly, his suit transformed into long, black robes with a hood that draped low and hid his face. A large scythe appeared in a hand that withered to bone. He put on a booming, intimidating voice. "Ask not for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee!"

He must have seen the terrified expression on my face, because he snapped his fingers and reverted back to the modern, less-intimidating appearance. "Heh. Too much? Sorry. I'll back off. To be honest, I don't know why humans tend to depict me like that. I can choose how to present myself. I chose this appearance because the whole robes-and-bones thing tends to freak people out, which makes my job a lot harder."

"Fair enough -- but I wasn't talking about your appearance. The way you act is different than how I imagined."

He arched an eyebrow. "How d'you mean?"

"You're...nicer."

Death shrugged. "Well, sure. Why wouldn't I be nice? People forget: I'm not the bad guy. I don't take people's lives; I'm just the escort."

"But...I don't want to go!" I was shocked at how whiny my own voice sounded. My training to keep a brave face and not show any signs weakness had been unlearned in an instant. I didn't

Just the Escort, Cont.

even have any logical argument in my defense, just that simple plea.

He rolled his eyes. "Alright, fine. If you want to find the way to the afterlife on your own, be my guest." He shoved his hands into the pockets of his blazer and started to walk away.

I chased after him. "Wait, stop! That's not what I want."

"Well, come on, then! Start walking! I've got things to do, places to see, souls to reap."

"But..." Thoughts of the life I was leaving behind started to fill my head. "My family...My parents---"

"---will be fine." He interrupted. "Come on."

"I can't say goodbye to them?" Even though he could easily dismiss the people I loved, I was unable to.

"You said goodbye before your deployment, didn't you?"

"That was different. I thought I would be coming back." My voice came out quiet and shaky, betraying how small and child-like I felt.

"Well, I'd love to give everyone a chance to say goodbye to their loved ones, but it doesn't work like that." Death smirked. "Tell you what, if you bring me a turkey leg from Valhalla, I'll bend the rules for you."

"Seriously?"

"No." He absentmindedly stepped over a body. Already, the battlefield was starting to feel faded and distant.

"Is that where I'm going, though? Valhalla?" I asked.

"Doubt it."

"Then can you tell me where I am going?"

He stopped. The battlefield had completely disappeared. The familiar violent scene around us had been replaced by nothingness and a single, black door. "Why don't you find out for yourself?" Death stepped aside and gestured to the door. It tugged on me like a magnet. I knew what I was supposed to do. My fingers curled around the knob. My mind said to move forward, but my feet wouldn't listen. I was frozen. I wasn't ready to say goodbye. Death stood behind me, patiently waiting. My grip on the doorknob tightened until my knuckles started to turn white.

I walked through the door.

I'm a host.

Days come where life feels hopeless, where the true nature of the word manifests its own fog. I have only come to realize some, how important it is to open yourself to few. Hearts persist and minds resist, but we have matter--no! A soul! She lies writhing within me. She curls up when she's scared, she uses me as a safe haven. I'll endure anything for her. I am her guardian, her defense. She brings me to my knees when things are rough. She gives bits of herself to me. Sometimes it hurts. Sometimes it gives me strength.

Days come when life is vibrant, where the fog is lifted. Only milky skies and slices of sunset rise high above me. Minds resist and hearts persist! My soul, she stirs. She gets excited at little things. Her passion spills over my eyes. I am her expression, her release. Her strong will wants to give herself even more. She has no words, but her sweet melody rings loud. I rise to my feet. No straight-jacket could hold me in. She gives one hundred percent of herself to me. Sometimes it comes in waves. It always gives me strength.

I'm a home.

- jzi

Snippet from "Before Crisis"

by Queen Mara &
Meredeth Rein

It was her first time leaving Lujiang and traveling into Wei territory with her father; Xiaoqiao would've shared this experience with her older sister, but unfortunately, Daqiao was bedridden and ill. She'd caught the sickness from Xiaoqiao, which made her feel bad - but the younger Qiao was reassured by the older Qiao that she would be alright, and encouraged her to go with their father, and so Xiaoqiao obliged. Qiao Xuan was going to meet up with an



Artwork by Nova; Twitter: @saltymcjustice

old friend, he said. He promised that one day he'd take his two lovely daughters to meet this said friend; and that day was today, although he was one daughter short.

The father and daughter waited in the throne room for their host. Qiao Xuan noticed that Xiaoqiao was becoming bored of waiting so long.

"Endian," he was one of very few people to use her given name. "Why don't you take Luoyue to explore the area while I wait for Lord Cao Cao? I will come find you when he arrives - but please, do not stray too far from the palace grounds."

"Yes, Father, I understand." Xiaoqiao replied, making her way outside the palace and into the stable, where she and her father left their horses. Xiaoqiao opened up Luoyue's gate and guided her out of the stable.

"Hmm, what's there to take a look at, Luoyue?" she asked her faithful companion. The horse nudged her mane against the young lady's cheek and had her face an apple tree that was close by. Xiaoqiao laughed at the contact. "Hehe, Luoyue, are you hungry? Alright, let's grab you something to eat."

Xiaoqiao approached the apple tree with her favourite steed and looked up at the branches. The apples looked very fresh and shined against the sunlight that hit them; very healthy for anyone to eat! There was only one problem about the apples: they seemed to be too high for her to reach. "It's okay, Luoyue, I'll get them!" Xiaoqiao started to extend her slim hands up the tree branches, but there was no luck. She proceeded to get on her tippy-toes; her finger tips didn't even touch the red fruit. The next step was to try jumping, but Xiaoqiao (despite no one else really being in the area) thought she would be making a fool out of herself for doing that. The only thing left was to simply climb up. The voice in the back of her head told her no, she would dirty herself, thus embarrass her dearest father and she would get hurt. However, Xiaoqiao just couldn't resist Luoyue's begging face - it hit Xiaoqiao right in the heart. "Don't worry, you'll get your snack, I promise! I'd do anything for my best friend." She smiled at the horse.

The young woman rolled up her sleeves and wrapped herself around the tree. Climbing was not

Before Crisis, Cont.

going to be an easy task, but that meant nothing to her. What mattered more was that Luoyue could eat.

She proceeded to climb up, slowly and very carefully, until she reached a marvelous branch with enough apples to fill up Luoyue's stomach. Xiaoqiao moved towards the branch and climbed on, safely, until she could sit herself on the branch and scoot a bit to pick the apples. She picked out three of them and dropped them to the ground for Luoyue.

"Is that okay, Luoyue?!" Xiaoqiao shouted below. Her horse neighed in delight, translated as 'thank you' in horse language, Xiaoqiao figured. Xiaoqiao was glad that she could be of good help. Only one problem remained...

"...Um... how am I going to get down...?"

XXX

Bringing the Emperor into Xuchang under the banner of Wei opened a copious amount of doors, however it also provoked mixed reactions and discontent. Many insinuated that it was a ploy to usurp the imperial throne; even some within Wei's own ranks were wary, though it was those who knew Cao Cao most that understood the path he walked—even if it made him out to be a tyrant, he would proceed and see his ambitions through.

He was beginning to make preparations for his own ambitions—such as alliances and minor truces to support future endeavors in the name of the Emperor, and it was through such actions and planned activities for the future that would prove his path to be the right one. While his ambitions were his own, they did not go without the cultivation of others. The official Qiao Xuan, for an example, was one of the few who realized promise in Cao Cao's youth, and it was the same man who suggested he pay a visit to the government official Xu Shao for evaluation. It was the foreshadowing words from Qiao Xuan and the evaluator that enabled the birth of the hero of chaos: 'a hero in chaotic times' they said, 'but a villain in times of peace'.

It was the announcement of Qiao Xuan's unexpected arrival that carried Cao Cao through the bustling streets of Xuchang, strides smooth, pace even. His movement through the residential and public sectors into the quieter quadrant reserved for officials and government workers was swift; eyes forward, phoenix-emblazoned mantle billowing gently behind him. As he drew close to the steps leading upward into the Emperor's palace, he paused at the feminine chatter with a quirk of his brow, and from a distance he observed. With a careful shuffle of his own steps, his initial path was derailed and rerouted towards a healthy apple tree, and to the young woman who put the needs of her noble mare before her own.

With his pace slowing, Cao Cao first approached the contented horse, a gloved palm extended towards the end of its nose to announce his presence without startling it, and only after recognition did he turn his gaze skyward, and into the entwined limbs and leafy greenery of the tree's canopy.

"Xiaoqiao, I presume?" He announced firmly, reaching up towards her to settle the palm of his hand beneath one of her dangling feet, "you have your father's features. I have heard much of you." A second hand met with the first, and strong fingertips pressed gently against the back of her heel, though before proceeding any further, he prompted:

"May I?" The pad of his thumb rolled up against the delicate tendon above, curling carefully beneath the slipper's mouth and against her skin, "I do not wish to see you come to harm, my lady. Please, allow me to assist you." . . .

To be continued...

Gwen's Ghost by Kayla Steele

When she was young Gwen was told her sight would never be the same as everyone else's. She wasn't exactly blind but there was no color in the world and every person she ever saw was a strange distorted shadow. The doctors had no real name for it since she could see details on inanimate objects but she couldn't even describe the details of her mother's face. The first time Gwen ever saw a color was when she was eight years old and met the woman who stayed in the church attic.

Gwen went to the church every Sunday with her mother for morning worship and would wander off during bible school, she could never sit still for extended periods of time. One summer day she thought she heard crying from above so she decided to investigate. Eventually she came to a heavy ornate door that she vaguely remembered being off limits. Gwen hesitated not wanting to get in trouble for going up despite warnings from father Joseph but the crying was coming from there. Squaring up her shoulders she told herself that someone could be hurt, that came before any stupid rules about doors.

The door took all of Gwen's body weight to open and lead to a narrow set of stairs covered in cobwebs and dust. The first step she took creaked ominously and Gwen froze for a moment considering turning and running away. Just as she lifted her foot to turn there was a loud sob and the girls heart ached at the very thought of leaving someone so sad alone. Forcing herself to move she climbed the stairs feeling the walls closing in and forcing herself to keep breathing despite her claustrophobia. At the top there was a tower room attic.

The room itself was simple and small with a single chair and a ladder that lead up to the bell that was no longer used. The chair was placed next to the window that was so dirty it would take hours of cleaning just to get light into the room. In the center of the room sitting in that chair was the most beautiful woman that Gwen had ever seen. She had pale skin, light hair, and wore an old fashioned wedding dress. Somewhere in the back of her head Gwen knew something was wrong but she was so focused on consoling the woman that she ignored her instincts. The bride's tears stirred something up in the child's heart and she knew she had to do something.

Gwen approached the woman leaving little footprints in the dust on the floor. "Excuse me ma'am are you ok?" The woman startled and turned to the child looking at her in surprise. "Me?"

"Yes, there's no one else here for me to be talking to."

The woman stared for a few moments before smiling widely. Rather than speak the woman put out her hands and touched the side of the girl's face, staring into the childish blue eyes.

Gwen brought her hands up to clasp the woman's pale fingers. "Your hands are so cold! You should get some gloves." The woman watched Gwen trying to warm her hands with her much smaller ones making the woman

Couples Costume Troubles



Gwen's Ghost cont.

cry even harder.

"Why are you crying?" Gwen tilted her head to the side in confusion. "Don't worry about it dear, it's just been a long time since someone was concerned about me."

The woman smiled at the girl fondly. "Tell me, what's your name? How old are you?"

"My name is Guinevere but everyone calls me Gwen and I'm 8 years old. What about you?"

"My name is Claire and I turned 20 a while ago." The woman looked towards the window despite the fact that it was much too dirty to see anything outside. Gwen looked too, trying to see what the woman might be seeing but couldn't. Frustrated she finally asked. "Miss Claire? What are you looking at?"

"I'm not looking at anything, I'm waiting." Gwen tilted her head in confusion but Claire didn't elaborate so she decided to ask.

"Waiting for what?" This made the woman tense and pull her hands from the girl's.

"My fiancé and I are getting married here but he's late."

"Is he? The priest didn't say that there was a wedding today."

The woman sighed "He's very late." Her hand went up to her throat. "So late."

"Then why don't you call him?"

The woman shook her head violently "He won't come. Stop asking me these things. Please." Her tone was starting to get hysterical. Gwen did the only thing she could think of. She grabbed the woman's hands and held them.

"If he isn't here maybe you should go find him?"

The woman just scoffed. "If it were that simple I would. But I don't even think I can leave this room."

"Why not? Let's go look for him together. We're not even supposed to be up here so we should go down now!" Gwen pulled her hands trying to get her to move.

"I am sorry little one, I can't." Gwen felt tears of frustration pooling up in her eyes. The woman just gave a soft smile and pressed her lips to the girl's forehead. "I think it's time for you to go."

Startled the little girl looked up at the woman angrily. "No! You have to come too!"

The woman just shook her head sadly and looked away from Gwen again. Gwen opened her mouth to argue more but father Joseph burst into the room looking worried.

"Gwen! There you are! Everyone has been looking for you, what did you think you were doing coming up here, it's not safe! And why are you kneeling in the dust you're getting all dirty."

While speaking he grabbed her by her wrist and started dragging her to the door.

Gwen looked behind her in confusion seeing Claire waving goodbye sadly. "Father shouldn't we take the bride with us?"

The father froze and looked at the child "What bride?"

"The sad one here in the attic" the face the priest made was strange.

"There is nobody in the attic and even if there had been there are no weddings to be held in church today."

Gwen just blinked "But father that can't be right Miss Claire was sitting in the chair."

"Gwen there was no one there and lying won't change the fact that you were breaking the rules."

The priest started pulling again and soon Gwen was returned to her mother waiting in the pews. Her mother pulled her close and cried out words about missing her daughter and thinking that she was lost and what she would do if she was gone. As the words of relief turned to scolding Gwen tried to tune out her mother, her mind still on the beautiful woman in white. . .

To be continued...

SNEAK PEEK: ELECTROMAGNETIC SOUL VEHICLE

Speaking of Lemurians...!

The COS Performing Arts department will be showcasing a brand new musical in **January 2019** never seen before! Get ready for a wild ride into Lemurian lore and more with "Electromagnetic Soul Vehicle"! Our Performing Arts faculty have partnered with Dave Theno, local area musician and teacher, to give you "an epic adventure that will take [you] to the lost city of Telos, located deep beneath beautiful Mt. Shasta."



Baby Dragon by Dori Mondon-Freeman

When I was first learning how to stretch my wings
in spaces appropriate to my size, I was a fearsome thing.
I hadn't learned how to properly breathe and exhale.
My annihilation was sloppy, only mythical in proportion.
Catalyst, I thought, but no. Cataclysm.

In learning to walk I trampled gardens, broke the china,
incinerated houses, left charred bodies in my wake.
Oblivious, I grew through this path of destruction,
burned bridges and cleared space.

The lifespan of a dragon stretches over eons.
This wingspan is still adjusting to place.
I am looking forward, braced for flight,
another new process, more danger ahead.
I seek a home for these flames.

On Friends

13

I have this weird problem with trying to be friends with everyone. Even you, the person reading these words, right now. If I met you in person, I'd probably get your snapchat, and let's hang out sometime.

I really enjoy making relationships with people and finding their unique beauty and learning about them and relating with them and becoming part of their lives and being impactful and all those things. Ew that sounded cheesy and gross lol, we get the idea.

If everything was as simple and fun as I just put it, I would be friends with everyone that I encounter. Well maybe not the creepy stalker in Walmart.

But people are really complicated, dynamic, and unpredictable, which makes relationships complicated.

Take a two person friendship:

Two people, each with personalities, habits, characters, emotional states, physical appearances, families, lifestyles, quirks, tastes, influences...

Now add in differences, likenesses, how long you've known each other, which one wants the friendship more, which one is the introvert and which one is the extrovert of the friendship...

And we wonder why it's so tough to stay friends with someone long term.

Over the past year, I've really gotten to bond with some people, let others go, and nurture other friendships. I decided to reflect on everything I've learned and compile it all into one big giant thing:

* Forced friendships are fake friendships. Nice, cliché, cute quote. My sister reminded me of this when I admitted to her how much I was going to work to "build" a friendship with someone. But... they never talk to me ... they never express interest in talking to me, want to hang out with me, or want to do

things with me. If I had been thinking, I would've let it go. And to you, reader - If someone doesn't want to be your friend...I'm sorry but they're most likely the ones losing out.

* Friendships are usually the result of simply being with another person, talking with (not at) them, and doing things with and for them. It's not hard to tell if someone is talking at you. They don't really care that much about what you say.

* I can't be besties with everyone, *teardrop* something I learned the hard way. I have a particular (and probably not unique) tendency to try to make life long friends out of all my friendships. But I eventually had to accept that doing all the work wasn't really fair. (Ok, I usually try to do more than my share just because I like to). But (listen up, me) don't overdo.

* One day I decided to package up my happiness and balance it precariously on top of all my friendships – and before I knew what was happening it was bouncing all over the place. When one friend didn't turn out to be a friend, my happiness was broken. When one of my friendships just ran its course and we slipped further apart, my happiness rode off into the sunset with them. Happiness can be found from friendships but it can't be built on them.

* Friendships are not a stepping stone or a building block of life. They are a result of good construction and strong foundations. If I live my life and build it on the right things and on a strong foundation, I'll have something strong and solid to build relationships on...and when those relationships fall through, I'll still have something solid under me.

So friends *hahahahaha, you're soooooo funny, go choose your friends wisely and make sure your friendships are not fake. Oh, and feel free to take any unhealthy relationships out to the trash.

- f.d.y.

Lessons from Mulberry Street

by Brenden Short

14

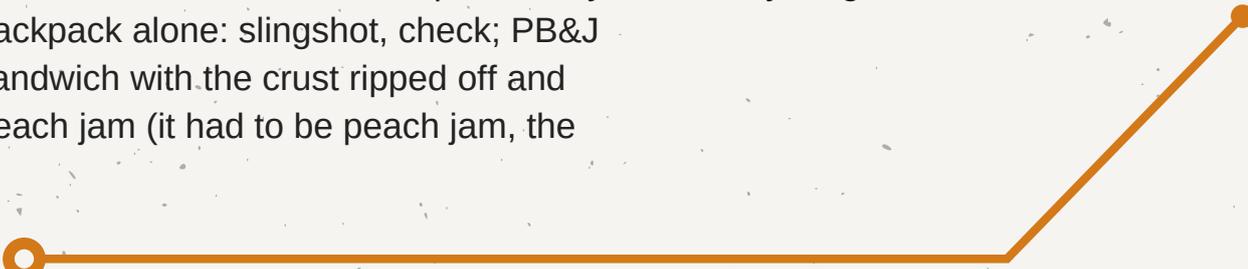
I had been told my whole life: “don’t go down Mulberry street!” I never quite knew why, though. I got the impression that the adults around me were rather worked up about it, but I could never gather why. I had heard the stories, that no one ever came back and all that mumbo jumbo, but it seemed there was something deeper, something more they weren’t telling me.

So, of course, I had to go down Mulberry street. There was no other choice. What did they expect would happen when they told a twelve-year-old boy all of that?

So, I went. All of my friends were too scared to come with me, so I packed my backpack alone: slingshot, check; PB&J sandwich with the crust ripped off and peach jam (it had to be peach jam, the

best jam), check; my lucky toenail clipping, check; and, of course, a jar of newly opened mayonnaise—you would be surprised what you can do with mayonnaise.

I snuck out of the house in late-afternoon, right when the summer-time sleepies would be hitting everyone, and made my way to Mulberry. I could feel the anticipation and excitement rising in my chest, stronger and stronger as if I was in free fall! Then, I noticed, I was in free-fall! That was three days ago. I am still falling. What did I learn from this whole experience? Mayonnaise can’t solve everything.



roles in reverse

by Lila Knutilla

she climbed counter tops

just to be tall

so her eyes could meet her mother's

when times got rough

and her mother would fall

she'd rush to her mothers aid

cupping her tear-stained face

and brushing the pain away

with the stroke of her little thumb

she'd lean down to her mother

and kiss her forehead reassuringly

and whisper,

“you’re going to be okay now,

i’m here for you mommy,

i love you”

-her mother bruised easily,

so she always kept band-aids in her pocket

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- Anime Club
- Club Spectrum
- Coffee Club
- Multicultural Club
- Writers Club
- Performing Arts Club

tiny angels flutter about,
present only in the low hum of
their wings,
stripes make up their many
halos,
the sole source of our vitality,
they're vibrant as the sun,
the closest thing to true light,
somewhere halos fall,
neglected and fewer,
tiny angels continue to
persist.
—dim illumination is still
hopeful - jzi

A whirring, a rushing
High above my head
Like waterfalls in the sky, gushing

Treble notes of needles, tingling
Constant, swinging

In cool shadows, under trees tall
I stood, looking up, feeling small

On many childhood hikes,
That is how I learned
What wind sounds like

~D.E.T.S.P.

-Brenden Short

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