

PN
45
C656
1993-94
(



PN 45 C656 1993-94
Carroll College
Colors

Colours

*Carroll College
Helena, Montana
1993-1994*

**Editor-in-chief
Witney Williams**

**Faculty Advisor
Ann Bertagnolli, Ph.D.**

**Special Thanks
Ed Noonan
Kim DeLong
Margaret Skokan**

Cover by Michael Harvey

CORETTE LIBRARY CARROLL COLLEGE

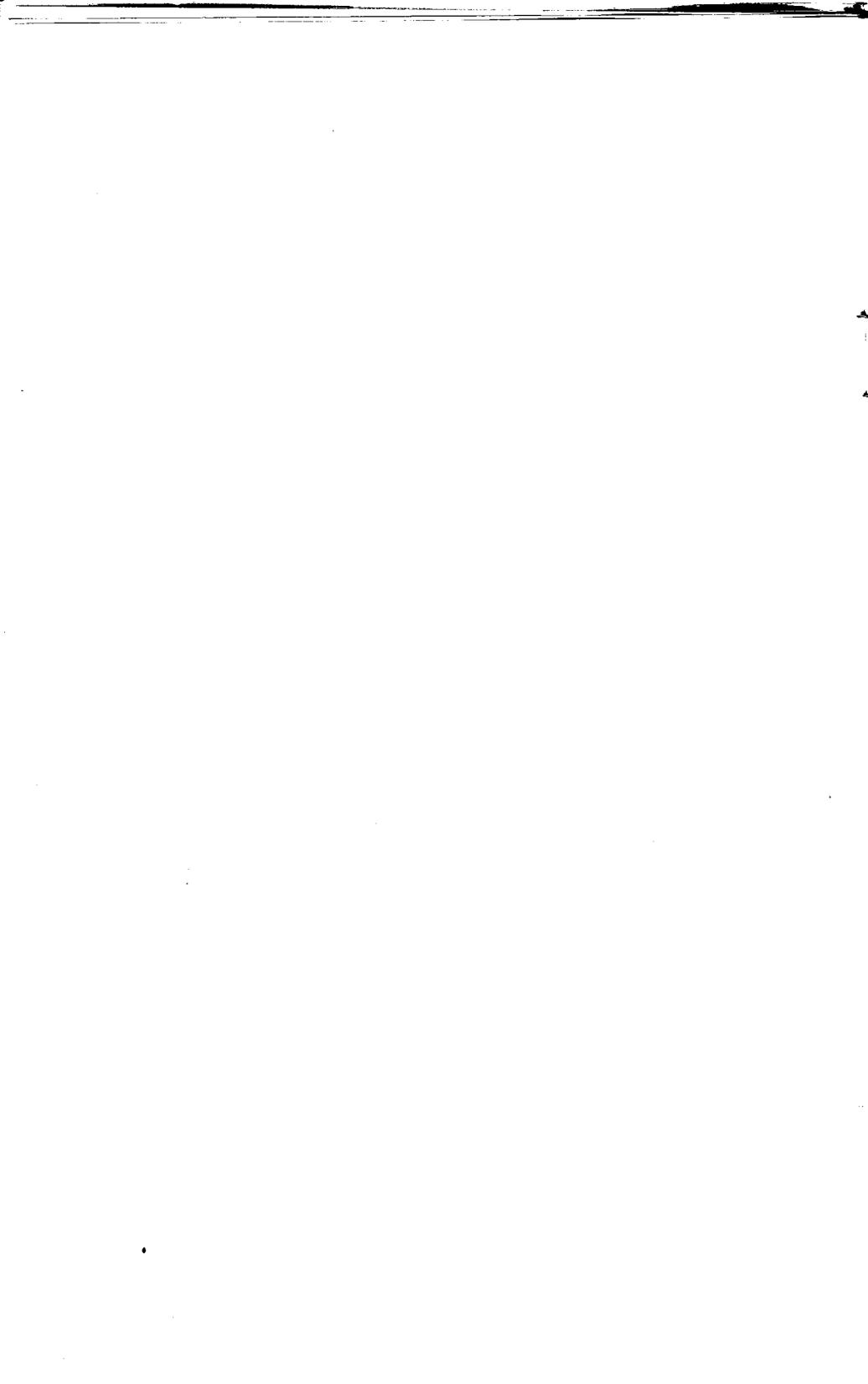


3 5962 00149 907



Introduction

I feel like typing .
I just want to write and write and write.
I want to tell you what I feel.
I want to relate to you what I understand right now.
But words are crappy.
I can show you.
Reach out to me,
feel the space between your fingertips and mine.
Feel the heat swirl around your fingers as my skin approaches.
Don't touch!
Heat presses against our palms and seeps into our pores.
And just before we touch the heat explodes into a bright blue flame.
Everything merges.
For that instant, only the heat exists.
Our hands clutch each other,
but we feel only a flood of heat between us.
And we think, "How weird, I can't feel my hand."
It's gone.
In a flash, the cold air forces the heat out through you fingers
and you can feel the heat deperately grasping
for the hair on you skin.
You stand and look at me from a different place.
And now you understand what I want to say.
How would you type that?



P
O
E
T
R
Y

詩

Waiting

He adjusts his chair,
wonders why she's not there

in the restaurant—it's eight
already. She always makes him wait

but not this long. He smiles
at the waitress, then stares a while

at six empty shot glasses, brown with rum
from an hour before. "She's got some

nerve," he gripes, "bein' so late. But I can live with that—
her nose is too long, her chest too damn flat

and I can't stand all her fussin' with her hair—
one thing for sure, it gets her nowhere.

That bitch is everything wrong with my life,
and God help me, don't give me a knife

if she shows up now—I might lose control.
But then again, what could damage a soul

as evil as hers? She's a partner to Satan—
I won't be caught waitin'

any longer." He sucks another drink
from an empty glass, gives the waitress a wink,

checks out her ass. She shakes her head and says, "Give it a rest."
"I'd like to," he sighs, "but she brings out my best."

-Garrett Franz

The Old Man

An old man sits with yellow nicotine fingers
And coffee stained teeth
He reflects about his life
All the things he wanted to do
He now wishes that he had
He is in the December of his life
As he sips his coffee
He looks around his rustic, solitary house
He stares out the window
Watching the wind blow through the trees
and he knows that soon enough
He will be part of it
He will be the cold, bitter wind
That bites at the young children's faces
With all their nieve hopes and dreams
They too will realize what it is all about
When they do they will also be too old
To do anything about it
He will release his sorrow as he plays his song
Whistling through the trees
The old man brings his shaking hand
To his withered lips
He takes a deep breath of smoke
As he coughs it out he watches
The light blue plumes foat away
He feels and is very feeble
So this is what life is all about

**Solitary confinement without a crime
When he cries himself to sleep
He dreams for the last time**

-Scott A. Smith

Kare

I went out alone to Kare Kare Beach
And stood in the surf watching the sun.
The waves pulled at my feet,
breaking the sand underneath them.
Like a lover or a friend I've ignored,
I could not forget and I swam in the water away from shore.

You were there with me at Kare Kare Beach.
We lay in beds of grass and solid rock, watching the stars.
We played and ran on the beach even when the wind moaned
and the rains whipped at us, screaming to hold us back.
Nothing could hold us back.
Your smile was the fuel I needed and I kept my demons away.

I stood on a cliff at Kare Kare Beach.
You were with me as the water crashed beneath our feet.
And for the first time I felt fear, doubt, my old mates.
"Jump!" you cried, "We're alive!"
You jumped and I watched you drop into a patch of water.
I stretched out my arms and felt my body move.
And I fell into an embrace of blue.
And I laughed out loud.

-Casey Brown

Punching Thin Air

I drop, kneel—
back straight,
bowing in a white uniform,
eyes on my teacher.

Back straight,
I stretch my legs,
eyes on my teacher,
counting in Japanese.

I stretch my legs
till my face drips.
Counting in Japanese,
I punch thin air

till my face drips,
my arms tremble.
I punch thin air,
scream from my gut.

My arms tremble,
lose their meaning.
Scream from my gut
spirit shouts that

lose their meaning,
but they help distract me—
spirit shouts that
echo in my head.

But they help distract me
from the trembling
echo in my head.
I lose myself

From the trembling—
I drop, kneel.
I lose myself
bowing in a white uniform.

-Garrett Franz

Space

I see the space between the bubbles.

I feel the space between my ribs and my arm,
when I raise it to the side.

I hear the space between the last sound of one word
and the first sound of the next.

I realize that space cannot be divided,
only saturated.

-Witney Williams

Black Celebration

A masked ball at the brink of midnight...
Twilight intercedes as the
Moon beckons namelessly.
A magnificent edifice
Embroidered in splendor
Within it dancing fools
Fools of the heart
Clothed in grandeur
Ashamed of the lowly amid evoking society.
A place of imagination,
Dreams of a paradise unknown
Though invaded and revealed
When fools like you or I
Become drunken from its intense feeling.
But are we fools
Or just lost souls
Nourishing desires amicably?
Amnesia sets in
Oblivious to the outside world;
Images glide past us
Amidst the darkness
Within the shadows of reality
The shadows of no doubt.

-Margaret Skokan

Daily Grind

A surrealistic travel
Through swirling concepts
Bombarding me and claiming truths

Crying, wailing, screaming-
My offering of frustration
Energy oozing awaiting opportunity

I spent my time seeking answers,
but I kept running into myself.

-Janelle F. Munson

Leo

I saw sunlight and smoke wrap around a face.

The light lounges over his soft features
and I can feel the velvet touch on my finger tips-
followed by stubble.

The dirty window filters the light, illuminates him.
Rays would have chopped up his face.

The smoke twirls up to his forehead,
exists momentarily as a swirl of white hair,
and then leaps into the air.

The scent of tobacco warms my nostrils
and heat rushes from the back of my head
to the back of my eyeballs.

Together, they bathed him in warmth and softness.

They beckon him to dance in the heat
and I feel his energy pressing against my legs, shoulder,
and my cheek bones.

He is Leo, and he is of the sun.

-Witney Williams

Sunday Best

Sunday three o'clock
little girl
on the bannana-seat bike
wears mud
on her checkered dress
Sunday best
brown
wet streaks splash
her back
she laughs
doesn't care
about the white tights
buckled shoes
ribbons from her mother
in her hair
she rides in circles
through puddles
Sunday best
wet

had he seen
swerved
she'd be there

-Garrett Franz

But Not Tonight

Nightfall shines
Enveloping the shimmering rays
Of days past
Encompassing those who lurk
Searching for a way out.

Seconds seem like hours,
Hours like eternity
For those who's terrors
Become reality within the realm
Of utter nothingness.

Prayers invade the
Ever listening God
Begging endlessly for the
Secure blanket of reality
Embroidered within the dawn.

Soon the light reappears;
Confidence broadens instantly.
Those who once lurked become achievers
Wanting all but the blackness
That will invade again.

-Margaret Skokan

A Savage Night

In the darkness, I hear the call.
My body tenses, veins bulge, muscles quiver.
A guitar sounds in my head.
Immediate response from the gut,
Needles, fingers of ice run up my back.
A drum sounds, my heart slams in my chest.
My feet are moving and I explode out into space.

Hands reach out.
I grab them and squeeze, swing up and extend out.
I'm tossed.
I'm falling.
I land on wood and leap into the fray.
The music builds, voices roar and I cry out in ecstasy.
Joined by all and fearless, we move as one.
The energy wants to consume us, yet we skirt on the edge.

Hold the balance!
Hold on, my friends!
Hold on tight!

-Casey Brown

小説

SHORT
T
O
R
I
E
S

Josh

Garrett Franz

The thin-legged spider skittered across the rust and brown kitchen tile, swerving first towards the cereal cabinet, then the sink. Josh, resting on his elbows, used a hand broom to keep the spider from escaping, placing sudden walls in its path as it frantically tried to find a pathway to escape. Josh grinned, whisking the bug this way and that, coaxing it closer with each new wall to his smiling face. He glanced occasionally at his ten-year-old brother Sam, whom he had ordered to watch the event.

The spider was slowing down, stopping occasionally. Josh giggled and reached out his hand, pinching his victim across the belly. With the spider between his fingers, he rolled over onto his back, examining it, then dropped it into his open mouth, still grinning. He chewed for a while and made a loud gulping noise as the bug slid down his throat. Then he jumped to his feet and headed for the living room, where he threw himself on the couch and turned on Saturday morning cartoons.

Sam didn't move. He didn't speak.

He just stood there, wondering how much time he had left.

Sam had first encountered evil at the age of three, on a family vacation to Mount Rushmore. A little red-headed girl, maybe seven or so, had grabbed Sam's chocolate marshmallow ice cream cone and dropped it off the observation deck, then walked away. Later, in the car, Sam had started crying. His parents had tried to explain that it wasn't personal—she was probably just a mean person. But *mean* hadn't seemed like a big enough word for a girl who would wantonly destroy a little boy's ice cream cone. There had to be a bigger word than *mean*.

After that, Sam avoided ice cream at all costs.

"Experiment time! Experiment time!" Josh pounced on to Sam's bed and tied Sam's hands and feet together with kite string, then dragged him to the bathroom and put him, face up, in the bathtub.

"Where're Mom and Dad?" asked Sam.

"Out." Josh was sitting on the toilet, thumbing through an Encyclopedia.

"Where did they go?"

"Away." Josh found the page he was looking for, and started reading.

"Josh, let me up. I gotta go to the bathroom." Sam started to wiggle his tied hands and feet, rolling back and forth in the tub.

"Don't worry about it. Struggling will only slow this down."

Sam looked up at Josh's face from the bottom of the green tub. "Josh," he pleaded, "I really gotta go. I'm serious." Josh looked down at him and smiled, then stood up from the toilet seat and reached for the faucet which hovered above Sam's head. He turned it just slightly, then sat back on his seat, watching.

A drop of water came splashing down in the center of Sam's forehead. "Hey! What are you doing?" cried Sam, eyes now transfixed on the water fixture overhead. Another drop dangled from above, then landed on his forehead. He winced.

"Chinese water torture," explained Josh, proudly. He held up the encyclopedia and pointed to a picture. "I can't figure it out. They say here they just dropped water on a guy's head until he either gave information or went nuts."

Josh watched Sam's head as another drop fell, fascinated. "Sounds crazy to me."

"Jossshhhhh!" hissed Sam. "I gotta go *bad*. Like right now, okay?" Another drop hit. His bottom lip was quivering, and he started whimpering in the tub, trying not to cry.

Josh put down the encyclopedia. "Go then—they say this takes a few hours." He sat back on the toilet and crossed his legs. "So." He rested his elbow on his knee and raised his eyebrow. "What have you done with the secret documents?"

Further interrogation regarding secret documents and hidden treasure continued until Josh heard the garage door, at which point Sam was dutifully released. Their mom found Sam in his room, crying uncontrollably, wearing yellow-stained pants. She asked him if he was crying because he was embarrassed about his pants, and he nodded yes, and she hugged him. But his pants had already been dry for an hour.

As Sam stood in the kitchen, he knew it had begun. Only a week earlier, Josh had crept up behind Sam at recess and whispered, "I'm going to eat you. This weekend when Mom and Dad leave, and

the babysitter's sleeping." He knew Josh wasn't lying. Sam had marveled for some time at the fact that he was still alive—it had been two years since the "water" incident, and that had only been the beginning.

That afternoon, Josh watched "Real Stories of the Highway Patrol" while Sam and their mom sat at the kitchen table, getting ready for Sam's fourth-grade spelling bee.

"Spell 'autumn,'" said his mom, glancing at the word list as she kneaded a ball of dough the size of a cantaloupe.

"Autumn," replied Sam, after a pause. "Capital A-u-t-u-m-n. Autumn." He looked at his mom.

"Right, except I don't think you need to capitalize it."

"I thought seasons had capital letters."

"I'm not sure. We'll ask your dad when he gets home. How about 'bearable?'"

Josh's voice came from the couch in the next room: "What are you gonna ask Dad, mom? I'll bet I know it."

Sam's gaze fell on the ball of dough in his mom's hands. He wondered if bread dough would rise in a person's stomach. He pictured himself exploding from bread

dough, and Josh picking up bits and pieces of him and shoving them in his mouth, like a hyena he saw on PBS.

"OK—is 'autumn' capitalized?" called back his mom.

Sam watched his mom's fingers puncturing the ball, pushing the air out of it, flipping it over. He thought that Josh would really hate that, having to eat like a common scavenger. He would *hate* that.

"Of course it's not capitalized." Josh popped his head over the back of the couch. "Did stupidhead think it was? Your youngest is brilliant, mom. A real genius." His head disappeared.

"Stop it, Josh," his mom sighed. "Don't worry about him, Sam." She glanced at the list again. "Did we do 'bearable' yet?"

Sam nodded.

"OK then, let's see—how about 'buzzard?'" Sam glanced at the couch, then back at the bread. He wanted to capitalize it, but he decided not to.

After dinner that night, their dad announced that he and Mom would like to talk to Josh for a few minutes, alone. Sam put his napkin on the table and headed for his room. "We'll be just a few

minutes, OK Sam?" Sam nodded and disappeared into the hall.

Fifteen minutes later, both his parents knocked on his door and walked in, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Sam," said his dad, very seriously, "We've talked it over, and Josh feels like thirteen is old enough to be left in charge for the weekend. We'd like to give him that chance. How do you feel about that?" He took a cigarette out of his shirt pocket and put in his mouth.

Sam's head turned to his mother, eyes wide. She reached over and took the cigarette out of his dad's mouth, glaring for a moment, then turning back to Josh. Placing her hand on Sam's shoulder, she said, "I know you and Josh don't always get along that well, but Josh says that won't be any problem. He really does love you, you know. He's just at that age. And if you guys have any problems, we've let Mr. and Mrs. Crawford next door know that we'll be gone, and we'll leave you guys their number." She smiled at him and tilted her head like he was four years old, being told not to put his hand on the stove. He tried to smile back at her.

"That's the way, big guy. This really

helps us out. You watch, you two'll probably have a blast as soon as we walk out the door." His dad mussed up his hair, walked out of the room, and closed the door behind him as he gave Sam a 'thumbs up,' a new cigarette in his mouth. Minus the smoking, he reminded Sam of a game show host.

No one else came into Sam's room that night, which made him glad, because he started to cry as soon as the door shut. He cried until he fell asleep, face down in his soaked Snoopy pillow, and dreamt that the faces on Mount Rushmore were eating each other.

Sam's mom and dad pulled out of the driveway at about four o'clock that Friday afternoon, with plenty of time to catch their flight. Sam and Josh stood in front of the garage door, waving, until the car turned the corner at the bottom of the street.

Josh smiled. "So," he said.

Sam kept staring at the street. "So," he replied, almost in a whisper.

"You scared or what?" asked Josh.

"Maybe." Sam felt his pants pocket, then turned and walked inside. Over his shoulder, he muttered, "Road Runner's

on.”

“Oh yeah, right.”

When Josh came up the stairs to the living room, Sam was sitting in the middle of the couch, cross-legged, eating an apple. Josh jumped over and snatched the remote control from Sam’s hand, changed the channel, and sat down on the floor. “Road Runner. What a stupid cartoon.” He glanced back at Sam.

“You don’t like it because the road runner’s too smart to be eaten.” Sam sat up straight, holding his breath, trying not to look at his brother.

Josh wheeled around on his butt.

“What did you say?”

“I said”—Josh’s face was deep red as he stared at the opposite wall—“that the coyote’s too dumb to catch the road runner. He’ll never win.” He relaxed a little, and bit into the apple.

An irritated grin spread across Josh’s face. “Did you ever stop to think that maybe I’m a little smarter than some dumb coyote, shit-for-brains?” Sam didn’t answer. Josh turned back to the TV, which was flashing a telephone number across the screen. The back of his neck was turning red. “I coulda got you a long time ago, twerp. Mom and

Dad won’t even care when I do. They asked me to, you know. They wish they’d never had you.”

Sam slid off the couch, staring at the back of his brother’s head. He wished Josh was dead. He pictured how everyone would feel sorry for him if Josh died, and how they’d probably let him stay home from school and they’d give him presents, and he wouldn’t even care. At the funeral, he’d wear red and purple and yellow and green, because black shows respect for the dead. He wouldn’t even take a bath.

Walking backward to his room, Sam tripped on some boxes next to the stairs, then quickly stood up, trying not to cry. He could hear Josh laughing to himself in the living room, and could see his shoulders shake. Sam left the boxes where they were and retreated to his room, and shut the door behind him.

From his bed, Sam could hear David Letterman signing off, and then the television going silent. He heard the remote control hit the couch. Josh’s feet went from the carpet of the living room to the linoleum of the kitchen. The fridge opened, then shut. More walking. Josh

was whistling some made up tune. A drawer opened, then the rattling of metal against metal, then the drawer slammed shut. The whistling floated down the hall, under the crack in the door, into Sam's head. It was moving towards him.

The two quick knocks on the door jolted Sam to sit up in bed. Josh opened the door right after the second knock and flipped on the lights. Immediately, Sam covered his eyes, moaning.

"What are you doing, shit-for-brains?" asked Josh.

Sam sat upright in his bed, squinting. "I asked you a question."

Sam stared for a few seconds at the spelling book on his lap, then at Josh's feet. "Are you gonna eat me, Josh?"

Josh grinned and nodded his head. "Yeah, I'm gonna eat you. What do you think of that?" He took a step forward.

"Josh," said Sam, shoving his right hand underneath the Snoopy covers, "I think you better . . .not." His lips trembled as he spoke, and his nose was running.

"Well, I think you better . . .shut up," mimicked Josh, and he dove for Sam's bed. As he landed at the foot of the bed, Sam pulled out their mom's Ginsu

cleaver from beneath the covers. Josh watched, stunned, as Sam laid his left hand on the spelling book and brought down the cleaver on his pinky. Sam pulled his left hand away and sat on it.

With his right hand, he picked up the dead finger from the red book and thrust it under Josh's nose. He didn't cry. "Here! Eat it! It's all yours, Josh—eat it!" Josh fell off the bed, and Sam threw the finger at his head. "How does it feel, Josh? I'm too smart for you, you dumb coyote!"

Josh's face was white as he picked up the finger. He examined it blankly in his hand, shaking his head. "You shit-for-brains."

Ten minutes later, Sam was in the front seat of the Crawfords' car, his hand bandaged in a purple towel from their bathroom. Mrs. Crawford was holding his hand up while her husband drove. She kept telling him not to be nervous, that the doctors and nurses in the emergency room would take good care of him. They might even give him some ice cream.

As they drove past the blur of a green light, and some buildings Sam didn't

remember, he imagined holding an ice cream cone, licking it. Maybe vanilla. He pictured a spindly-legged spider crawling across his hand and onto his ice cream, and getting stuck there. It curled its legs under, trying to get off the sticky white ball, but it couldn't. Sam imagined bringing his mouth down over the spider, sucking it onto his tongue just like the stuff at the bottom of the cone. That would taste pretty good, thought Sam. He knew he was a lot smarter than some dumb spider.

Sunrise

Margaret Skokan

Off the crisp, pale, blue Atlantic glistens a hint of the sun's orangish-yellow rays. The clouds begin to uncloak themselves from their black, luminous cape, wearing only stark white cotton underneath. A crispness about the air tingles in your lungs as you take a deep breath, cleaning out all that may be impure. A light breeze couples the silhouette of a dancer on the milky white sand.

Along the shore stands an aged white two-story house with an attic. Black shutters frame each hazy window, scratched by the grains' playfulness. The left hand shutter of the attic window hangs crooked, attached only by one set of hinges. As the sun continues to unveil its radiant light, a man's shadow appears through the attic window. Anyone peering through that window from the outside can sense the darkness. That musty scent of your grandparents' cellar flashes through your memory and you swear that you could taste and smell that "oldness" now. The man sits on a cold, metal folding chair, rusted by nature's moisture, chemistry and time. The man's long brown hair parts down the middle

and hangs limply on each side of his emaciated face. He sits and thinks; a blank wall never looked so good.

A working mind, a longing heart, and a lonely soul dwell within his worn out frame. He questions the beginning to this new day and dreads the uncertainty of the future. Why does it have to be this way? Loneliness prevails. He experiences only memories anymore. These bottled up feeling decay any hint of happiness which might be left. Something his brother secretly told him one day continually runs through his head. He said, "You are afraid of who you are. You are afraid of who you do not want to learn to be."

As the man sits and ponders these words, he notices a caterpillar crawling along the dusty windowsill. It inches its way, slowly but surely, searching for a safe place to spin its cocoon. The man compares his own life to that of the caterpillar.

"This attic is my cocoon, my hiding place," he says to himself. "But why is it that a caterpillar changes and grows into a moth? Why can't I change in the same way? I would love to just fly away with a new identity," he mumbles. "I know why. The loneliness and fear take control. The loneliness and fear keep me away from myself."

The Rescue

Colleen Dunne

I turned off my little red alarm clock and crawled out of my warm sleeping bag, stepping onto the cold, wooden floor of the cabin. I looked out the window to see that the morning was gray, but somewhere behind the late spring clouds and early morning mist there seemed to be promise of some sunlight. At 7 am I was not in the mood for a fun day, yet the group of summer camp counselors I worked with planned to spend the day hiking and enjoying scenery. The hiking was intended to allow the thirteen of us time to get to know one another while taking advantage of the spectacular wonders of nature. Youth camps had not yet started at Legendary Lodge and the newly hired counselors had spent the last four days in training and camp orientation. We were full of energy and anxious to have fun. Despite the early morning I managed to get dressed, grab my camera and meet everyone else to begin a day that would bring an adventure full of excitement and friendship.

We packed our lunches and piled in cars to set off for the hike that we would

talk about for the rest of the summer and maybe for years to come. On this hike we were going to Morrell Falls, an area set back in the mountains of Western Montana near the Bob Marshall Wilderness. There is a walking trail that leads into the mountains and ends at a spectacular waterfall. Along the way there is abundant wildlife, two lakes created by natural spring runoff and a creek created by the falls. The walk into the falls took an hour or more. Along the way we laughed, sang, talked, fished and explored the area. Although rain was pouring down on us, the day was peaceful and enjoyable.

We explored the falls like a group of children by climbing to the top, walking in the creek and exploring the forest near the area. Once we were tired and hungry we ate our lunches and began the walk out. Somewhere along the way the group managed to become separated, but this did not worry those of us still together. After all we were adults and knew the path we had just travelled. We did spend a minute yelling for Jonathan who was fishing downstream a little way. We figured that he would meet up with us along the trail. So as with the walk in, we

continued to tell stories and laugh with one another.

We met up with a few more from our group at the first of the two lakes. Brad, Elizabeth and Bill had been fishing and enjoying each other's company when we came across them. At this point, we were still looking for Jonathan. No one had seen any sign of him, so we decided to wait a few minutes. After about fifteen minutes had passed, we heard someone running through the bushes. We turned and saw Jonathan with an upset look on his face.

Jonathan was short of breath and completely soaked when he reached us. We demanded an explanation as to where he had been and what had happened. He took a minute to catch his breath and, while pointing to the fanny pack attached to his waist, he pointed to the area of the lake where the creek entered. We were still a bit confused as to what had happened, so we asked again. "I lost my camera," Jonathan said, while gasping for breath. "Somewhere over there where I was fishing." Well, our immediate thought was, "we can't leave a camera out here in the forest, without looking for it."

We immediately began to organize a search party by dividing ourselves up. Bill, the camp director, walked ahead on the trail to warn the others about the camera, as well as to begin barbecuing steaks for dinner. We were in an emergency situation, but had not lost sight of our priorities. Back at the lake, half of our group went to the entrance of the creek to look for the camera while the rest of us stayed on the opposite shore to wait and watch. We were all hopeful, but inside we knew that there was little chance for the camera to be found.

I was a part of the group that stayed back to watch and wait for the camera to be found. I watched the search with intensity, as did Elizabeth and Brad who were there with me. In the spirit of the Catholic summer camp we worked at, we said a few prayers for the lost camera. The situation did not look good. From across the lake we could hear shrills from those who had stepped in the ice cold water to search for the camera. At this point the camera had more chances of sinking than surviving, but still we waited as the search continued.

After it looked that Jonathan, Kevin, Jolie, Jack and Dyana were about to

abandon the search, Brad spotted something peculiar floating in the water. My first thought was that we were looking at a piece of garbage, but out of boredom we continued to watch the floating object. It was coming closer to us as it was moving with the current. Brad picked up a rock and threw it at the object. We looked at each other and said at the same time, "NO WAY!" We were looking at the camera floating toward us.

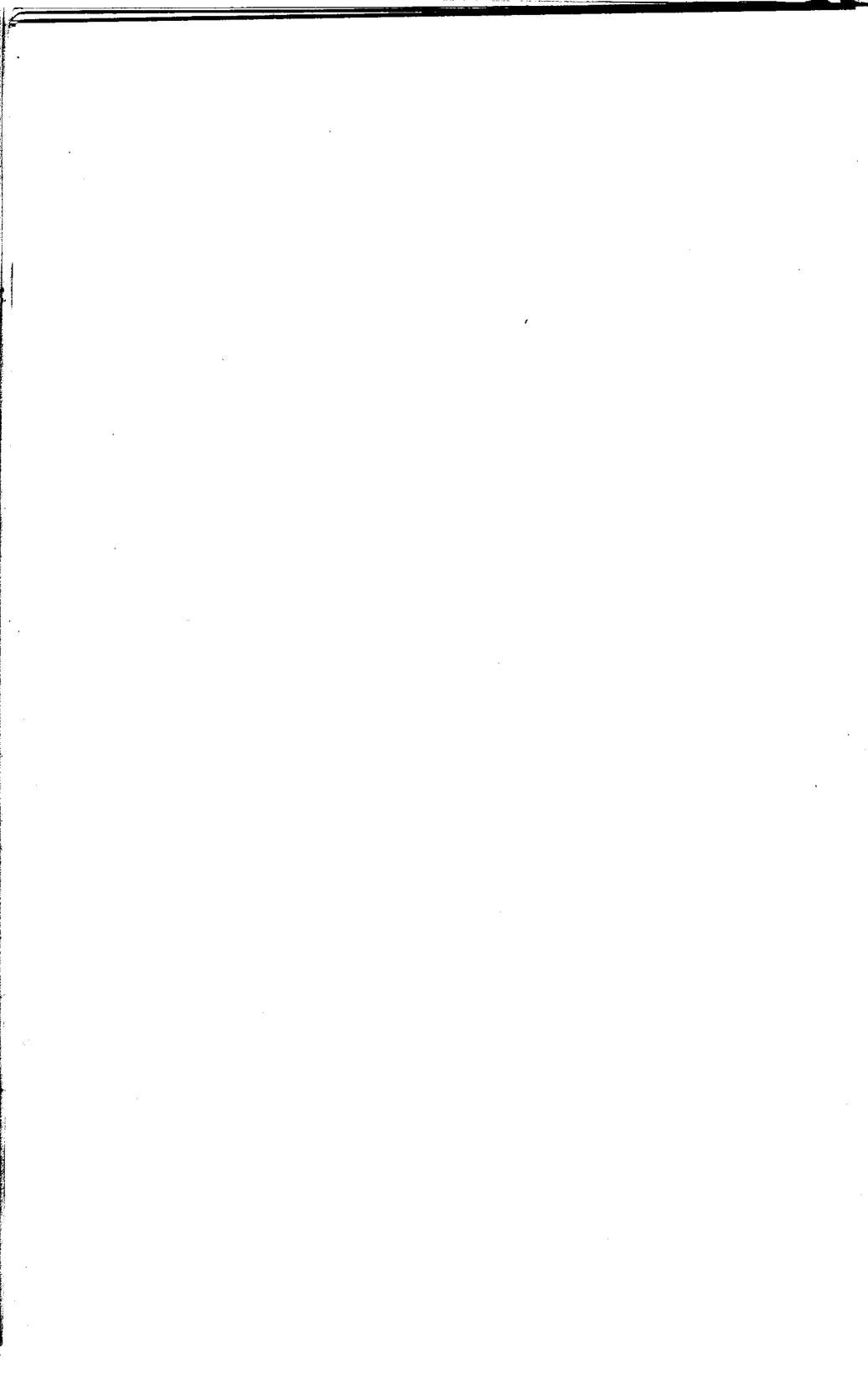
We yelled across the lake that we had spotted the camera and began to plan our rescue. It was easy to see that the camera was floating toward us, but moving with the current which was soon to start moving away from us and out of the lake, down the stream. I quickly began to unlace my Nike hiking boots and pull off my socks. "I'll get it." I said, without thinking of what the temperature of the water might be. I ran toward the lake and stepped in just as the camera started moving faster with the current. At this point, all that mattered was the camera and I was determined to grab it. I grabbed a stick and continued into the water. It was cold, no doubt about it. I took a few more steps into the water feeling the sharp rocks on the bottom of my feet, my Levi shorts were beginning

to get wet and the camera was almost within reach. In one movement I took the stick and reached for the strap of the black camera case. I barely grabbed hold of the strap, as the camera was about to move into the main part of the current and get taken down the stream. I had done it, I had rescued the camera.

At that moment I was cold, but overly proud about my first camera rescue. The moment was exciting as I stood in the middle of the lake holding a cold, wet camera. As I looked up to show everyone that I had grabbed the camera, I saw them running toward the shore and heard them asking how the camera looked. Well of course it looked wet, but I had confidence that it would be o.k.

As with most stories, this one too has a happy ending. The camera was fine after a trip to the photo shop and the pictures on the roll of film turned out. As I think about why the camera rescue was important, I remember what being a counselor at Legendary Lodge is all about. I felt really good about what had happened that day. Not because I had jumped in a lake to grab a camera, but because I had jumped in a lake to grab a friend's camera.





Conclusion

In my view, the purpose of *Colours* is to provide a medium in which Carroll's literary artists can publish their work. The authors in this magazine should, indeed, consider themselves artists.

I hope that the readers of this edition of *Colours* take the time to consider the role and importance of art in the world. Art is the expression of self. It is the articulation of an individual's perspective on life. Art welcomes diversity, acceptance, respect, and individuality. Art reconnects us to one another.

If there is an instant in which the reader connects with the author in the course of a poem or short story, we artists have done our job well. I invite the reader to share in our experiences. Perhaps through seeing the world from another perspective, we will be better able to embrace diversity. We can then move forward together.

CORETTE LIBRARY CARROLL COLLEGE

