



ODYSSEY 2004

As artists, we create poems and stories from swirling words in our minds, capture images in a photograph or turn canvasses in masterpieces with the stroke of a hand. We find inspiration in the world around us and in turn inspire others. We see no race, creed or color; we define life as we know it and as we have never experienced it before. We reach to heights of the human spirit to share with others the breathtaking splendor that we find. We pour blood, sweat and tears into our work and put it out there for the world to see. We are the definition of human spirit.

I invite you to take an odyssey into the minds and souls of the students at Lake-Sumter Community College.

Marilyn M. Aciego
Editor

Odyssey Winners

Fiction

First Place

Kimberly Paquette - Christmas Miracle

Second Place

Betsy Green - Pooh and the Beanstalk

Non-Fiction/Research

First Place

Sandra Cook - One Christmas

Second Place

Patricia Polando - Yo, Ho! Yo, Ho!

A Pirate's Life for Me

Third Place

Patricia Polando - Smart Vodka Advertisements

Poetry

First Place

Jon Napoles - The Tavarama Skatinator

Second Place

Jon Napoles - Groves

Third Place

Christyle M. Pate - World Collage

Honorable Mention

Shazia Mirze - We begin to begin again

Painting

First Place

Sandra Cook - Thelma and Chainsaw

Second Place

Mikel Anne Simms - Me Too

Third Place

Sandra Cook - Nitro

Drawing

First Place

Sandra Cook - My Son Sky

Second Place

Mikel Simms - Tyler

Third Place

Sandra Cook - Pottery

Honorable Mention

Joseph T.K. Hogan - Alligator Head

Mixed Media

First Place

Mikel Simms - Fish

Second Place

Mikel Simms - Me

Third Place

Lindsay Fitzpatrick - Alone

Honorable Mention

Lindsay Fitzpatrick - Dawn

Computer Graphics

First Place

Sandra Cook - Chelsea Series 6

Second Place

Sandra Cook - The Art Festival

Third Place

Sandra Cook - Chelsea Series 7

3-Dimensional Art

First Place

Eddie Bacha - Remedios Ud Arbe Makaki

Second Place

Katherine Miner - The Door to Death

Third Place

Amanda Whitford - Father Nature

Honorable Mention

Jessica Leigh Hellmer - Greek Water Bearer

Color Photography

First Place

Rachel Williams - A Different Drummer

Second Place

Sandra Cook - Chelsea Series 2

Third Place

Oriana Russe-Rivera - Rana

Black & White Photography

First Place

Cyndi Williamson - Blowing Bubbles

Second Place

Alecia Vanderhoof - Three Kids

Third Place

Rhonda Bell - Today the Sun Still Shines

Honorable Mention

Katherine Miner - Graffiti

World Collage

By Christyle M. Pate

Poetry - Third Place Winner

Are you inside looking out,
Or outside looking in?
The world of the mind expands
Much farther than an infinite
Of the real world.
Could it be
That everything we think of as our world
Can simply be contained in a tiny box,
Compared to the endless space
Existing within the human mind?
Maybe it is our purpose.
Maybe our world is a form of containment
And life support for the human being,
And the countless worlds it is capable of creating.

E-DIMENSIONAL

Greek Water Bearer



JESSICA LEIGH
HELLMER

ANGELA
MARIE BOGGES



Busting in Clay



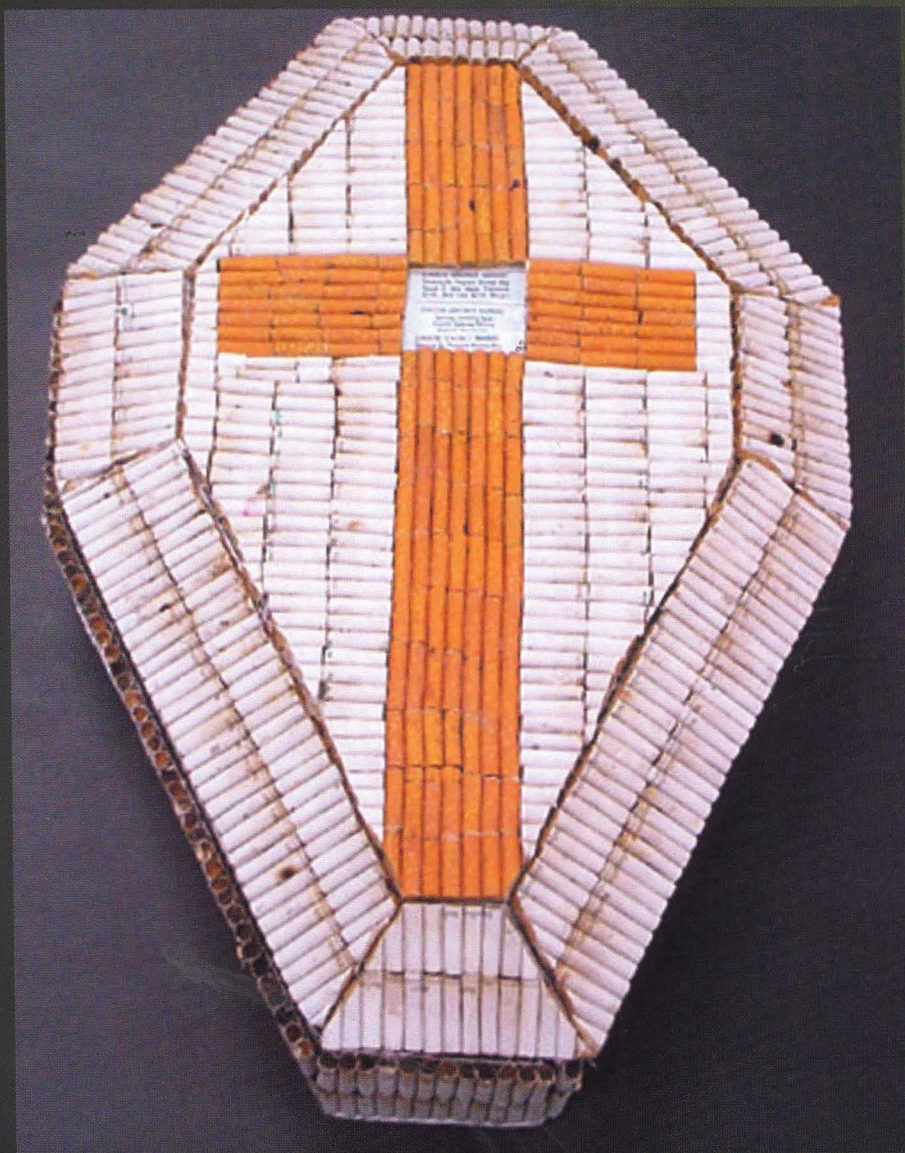
KIMBERLEY HELLMER

Insight



Orchidaceous

JOANNE MATHIEP



KATHERINE MINER

The Door to Death

The Tavarama Skatinator

By Jon Napoles
Poetry-First Place winner

You got peep show jeans
And you know what that means
You've fallen on your ass

(He's so righteous)

You got blood on your joints
And your shoes have the blues
Like the challenger

(He's so gnarly)

You got a dark brown mop
How 'bout that Misfits pin?
You're a stud on a belt

(Damn he's rad)

You look like a pole
Bust that rock and roll
With those pog-like flips

(He's a slammer)

He gets mad cheekies
And lights 'em up like tikis
When mosquitoes come

(Hot hot West Nile)

You ride up on your dead tree
Like a caucasian horse
Kinda like that dude Atreyu

(Honest injun)

You stay away from poison
(Not the 80's band)
Your'e Mr. clean

(squeak squeaky deak)

You're a robot boy
And a farmer too
Growing couch potatoes

(And Saturday cartoons)

He skates so soft, so gentle on the horizon. Like a caveman discovering the wheel. Learning to fly like penguins never did. How long will this golden youth last in his uncertain life filled with hormones, high school dances, and cheap Japanese cartoons? Will he be prom king? Will he go to Harvard?
Fuck no, he's gunna skate

Skate like the wind!
And the moon!

He's a living machine with a on track no 8-track! Wait!
A cassette tape mind and it set on fire by his curiosity
to be as cool as a cat could be with his dogs.

He's is the last of the dinosaurs
He is my brother

(The Skatinator)

B & W
PHOTOGRAPHY



CINDI
WILLIAMSON

A Boy and His Dog

Blowing Bubbles

CINDI
WILLIAMSON





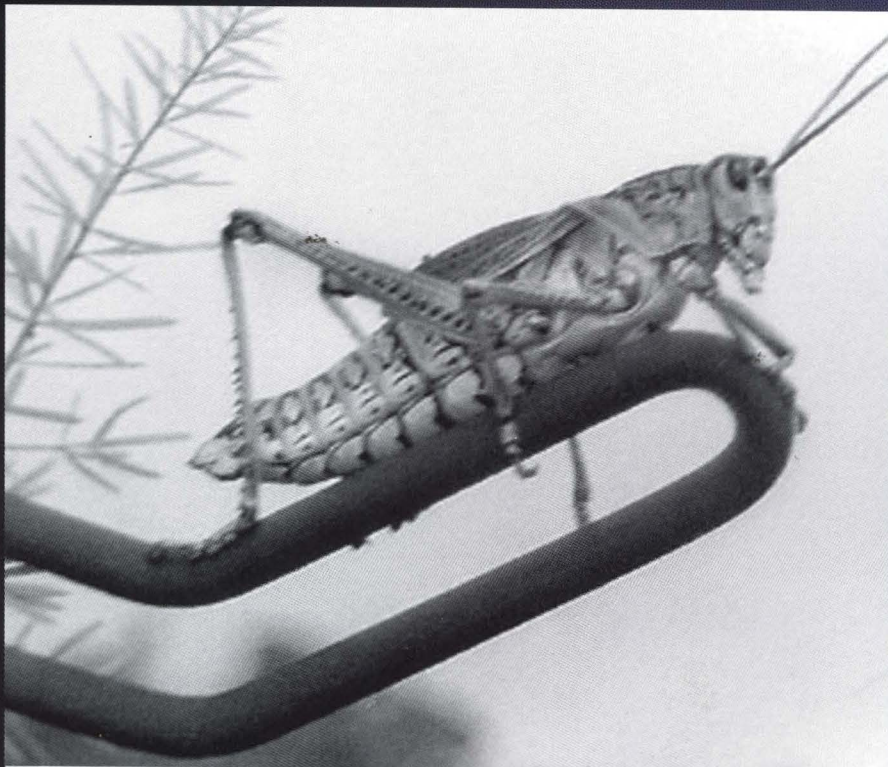
ORIANA RUSSE-
RIVERA

Bottles and Windowsill



ALECTIA VANDERHOOF

Three Kids



Grasshopper

Collecting Pollen

AMANDA
WHITFORD

CYNDI
WILLIAMSON

We Begin to Begin Again

By Shazia Mirze

Poetry - Honorable Mention

We begin to begin again
We sail
from different shores
we cross distant seas to see
we end up together
in a timeless world, where the clock ticks
with little time
and less to waste
we do our best in haste.
Life plays games
people are lost
life goes on,
we live our lives lonely and lost,
looking up to the cold familiar distance of the stars
from warm sands of change
with aching souls, heavy hearts
we begin to begin again.
New land, new people, new promises, new love
new knowledge, laughter and love.
We begin to begin again.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY

RACHEL WILLIAMS



Chelsea Series 2

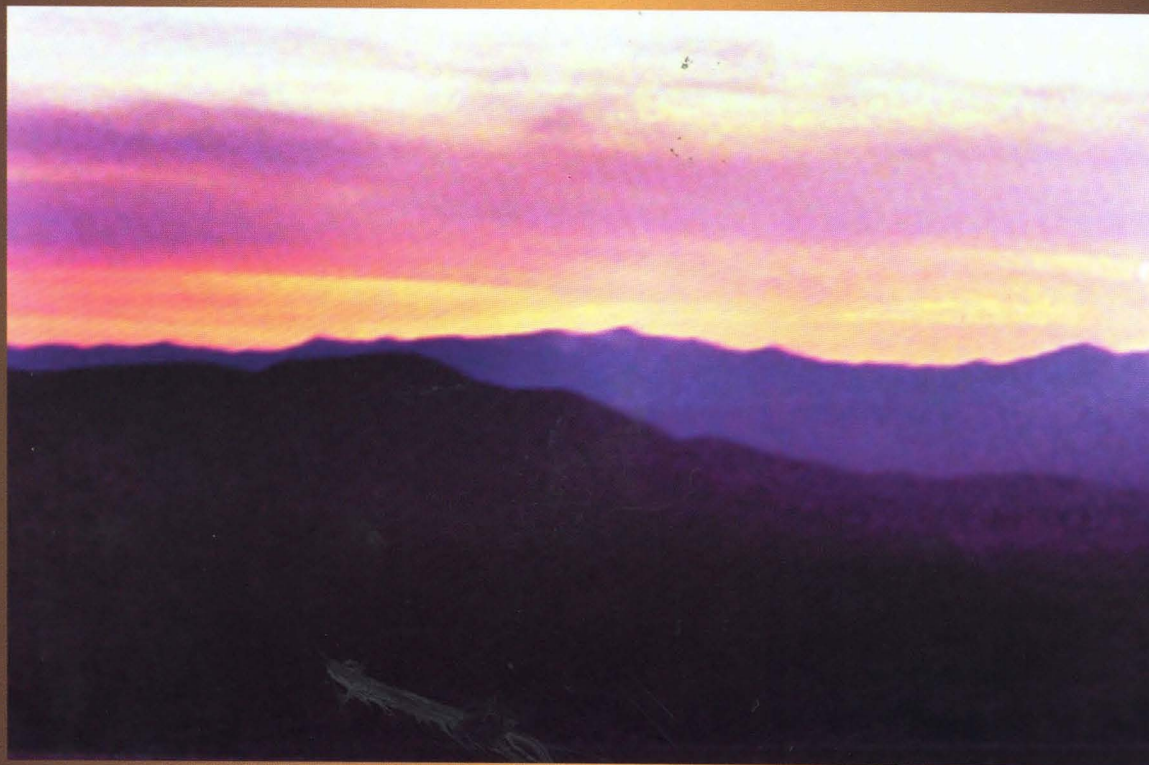


SANDRA COOK

RACHEL
WILLIAMS



Where the Time Goes



Sunset

JUSTIN GEORGE
WOMNATH

JACK STENART



Her World



RACHEL WILLIAMS

A Different Drummer

Darkness of Rage

By Carl D. Rainey Jr.

Within the pit of the human soul stirs the dark spirit of rage
Stillness comes to your essence as the storm takes the stage
Existence as you have known it changes before your eyes
Silence covers all around as the spirit takes the dive
Flesh rises up to take its rightful place
Ruler of this underworld within the human race

Swords are drawn the battle is on to rage within the spirit
Voices rise echoing through time driving you bit by bit
Images flash as they swirl through your mind reminding of days past
Anything, everything, whatever it takes for claiming the keys of the task
Hurts and pains of years gone by make themselves known anew
Illusions of justice, the right thing to do, all to take over you

Beware of the beast buried deep within, for its voice drips venom against all men
It lies and cheats it seeks to deceive a path without purpose a road without end
The darkness covers our eyes like a veil as it leads us through the depths of Hell
Vengeance is mine it reminds you all day as the winds push us forward as if by a sail
Take it from one who failed to see the permanent struggle once it is free
I thought it was right I believed what I seen, but in reality I only lost me.

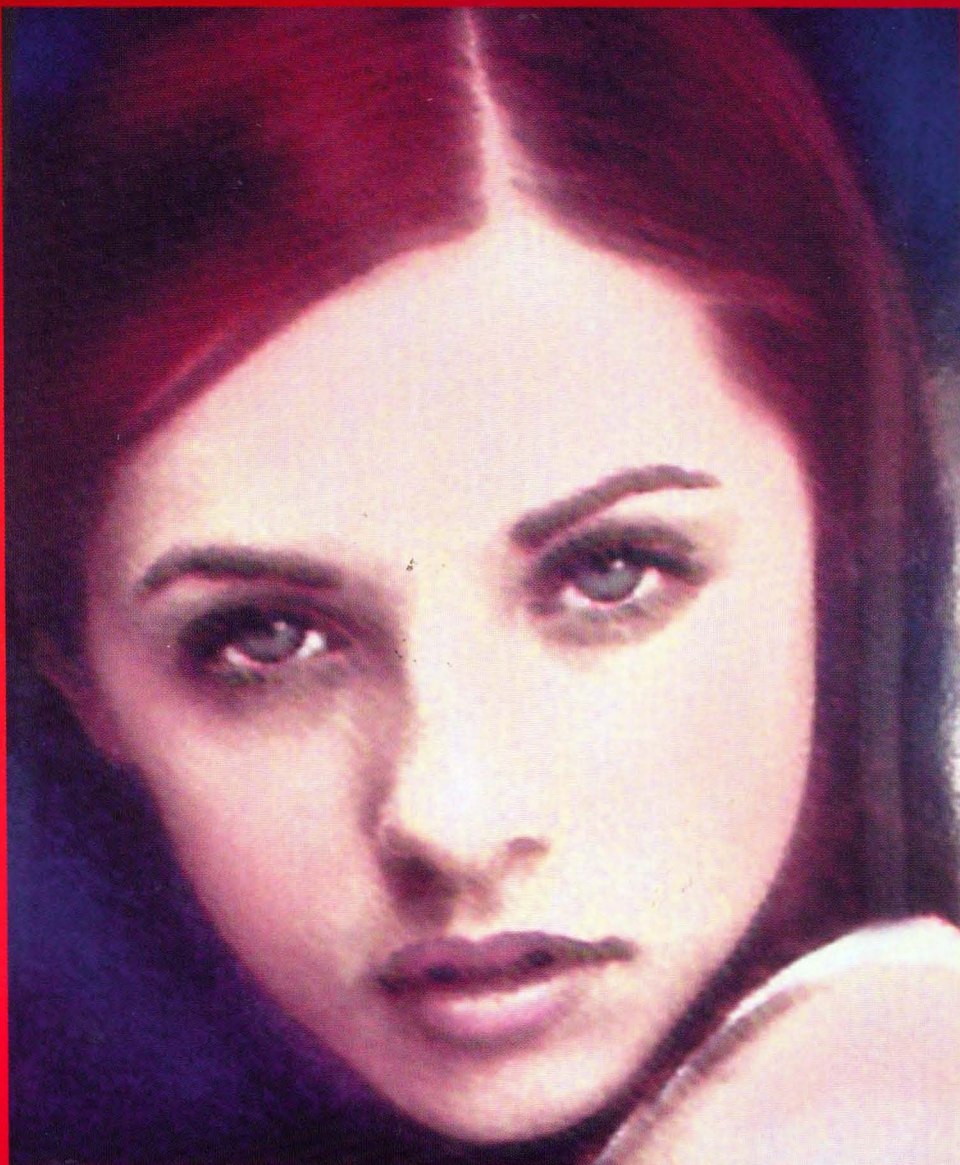
COMPUTER GRAPHICS



SANDRA COOK

Chelsea Series 7

SANIDRA COOK



Chelsea Series 6

If Only He Were Whole...

By Mike Ibel

Poetry

Time is not the only constant in his life. There also exists a hole that has never truly been filled. Plenty of the fault lies within his consciousness. He often finds himself in a state of mental paralysis. He knows what he wants yet failure takes hold quickly due to lack of motivation. The hole in this instance is the absence of someone to share with, cry with and to love. The timeline of his existence has never had the inclusion of someone who would be the keeper of his key to happiness. He's had few chances at reaching a level of contentment, only to spiral further down into the recesses of misery. Though he jokes, laughs and conveys a sense of well being, nothing is further from the truth. Creating laughter for others is his way of coping. The sound of people laughing as a result of his natural gift of humor is like a temporary desensitization of the pain-filled emptiness he feels inside.

He works hard to mask his true feelings and often wonders if something is wrong with him. Truthfully, he ranks himself as one of the nicest, gentlest souls there is. He knows he often comes across as a negative, mean-spirited person. The fact is, he finds negative emotions much easier to embrace than positive ones which he so desperately needs. Love is so hard for him to deal with outside his family circle. He has so much love built up inside it scares him. The chance to give it to someone who would not only accept it, but also return it fully is something that has just been a dream.

Each day that passes subtracts more time for him to share the love he has. It is sad that being alone has become comfortable and acceptable. It is all he has ever known. He has nothing else to compare it to. There is one thing he has done many times over to help relieve some of the miserable moments. The simple act of shedding tears has become his outlet. The male often thinks that a public display of tears somehow diminishes their masculinity. Though he finds that to be false, he often finds weeping in private to be his preference. One of the best ways he has found to shed his tears is to stand in a downpour. No one sees the tears when you're crying in the rain. He needs to break the chains of complacency and strive to find that special someone that would occupy that void that his heart contains.

Alas, that is easier said than done. His track record speaks for itself. Fear of rejection all too often overpowers his will to pursue happiness. His walls are very high and not easily scaled. He needs help breaking them down and to be loved for whom he is. It would be hard to change him into how others think he should be. He is what he is, nothing more, nothing less. He hopes someday he can taste the sweet fruit of togetherness rather than once again bite the bitter pill of loneliness. If only the pain could be replaced by the sheer warmth that only love can provide. If only he were whole...

DRAWING

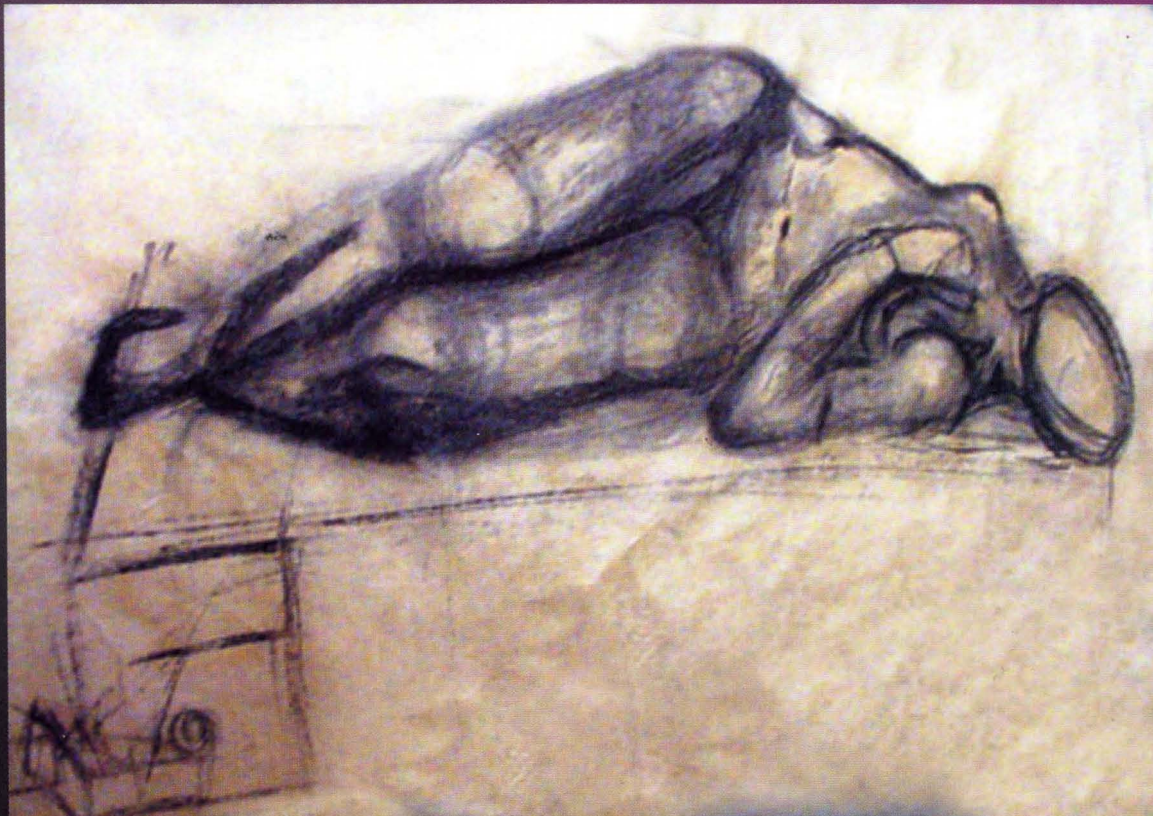
LSCC Odyssey 2004, 21st Edition



KATHERINE MINER



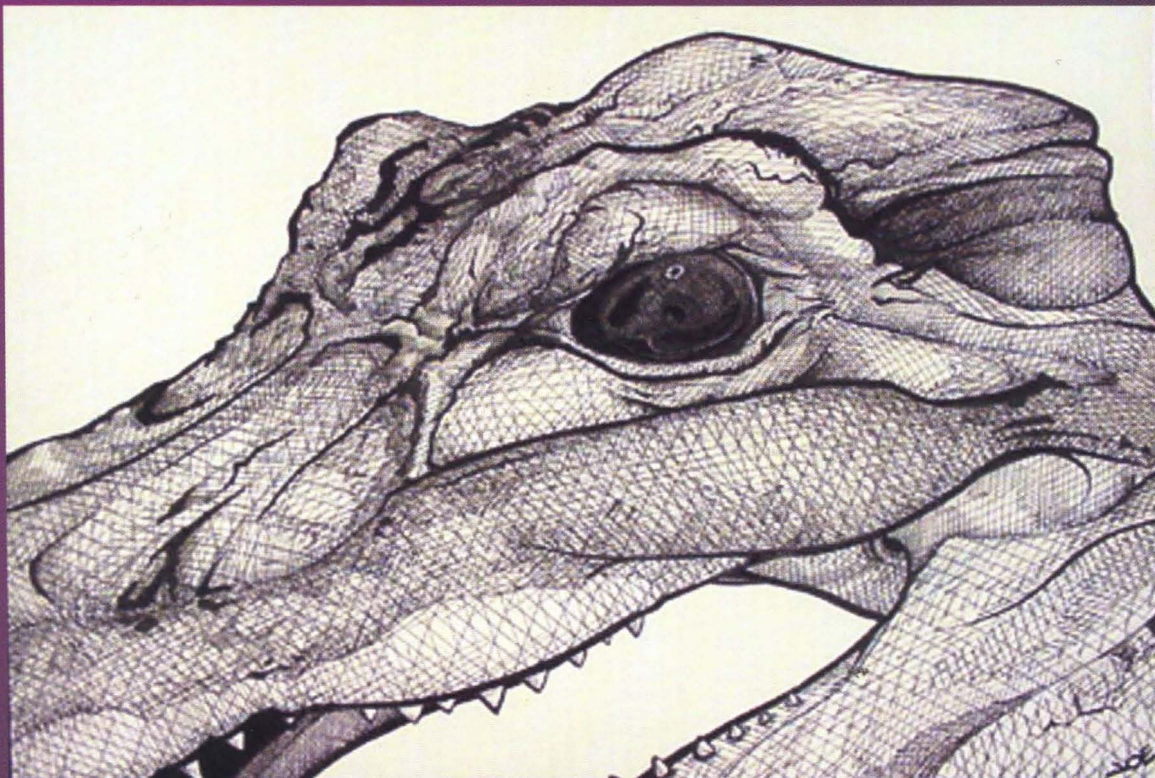
Pair of Nudes: One Standing, One Sitting



KATHERINE MINER

Lying Nude

Alligator Head



JOSEPH T.K. HOGAN



SANDRA COOK

Tyler



MIKEL ANNE SIMMS

Death Upon Us



JOHN ADAM MCINTIRE

I Wonder If: The Story of Reverend Jim

By Alex DiPasquale
Fiction

As Jenny read through Jim's baby book, she saw that his first full sentence was, "Mommy, I'm a bad boy." She wondered why a parent would teach such a thing to a child. At that age they're like computers, she thought. Their thought process is based on our input.

Jim was about forty-five years old; he had dark brown eyes, a long gray ponytail and a scar across the right side of his face.

"He told me that he got it playing on the monkey bars when he was a kid," Jenny said. "Most people think he got it some other way. It's caused him a lot of trouble. I guess his parents never took him to the doctor, so it never healed properly. I don't know if they knew any better, but they marked him for life; a life that can be understood by simply looking at his face. You know, he loved them to the end," Jenny said.

"I guess children crave attention, good or bad," Frank said stoically as he sipped his coffee.

"There was a time before he became 'The Reverend,'" Jenny said. "Jim looked for action, and action found him, whether he liked it or not." Not that he's an ordained minister mind you; it's just a nickname they gave him. He'd lost a few teeth in bar fights and had the words "A Bomb" tattooed on his right hand. The deep lines on his face make you think he was older, a lot older than he really is, but they're a tribute to the life he's led. He always has a smile on his face, but his eyes tell a different story. The eyes never lie. The poor soul doesn't realize that he's a victim."

He has a comfortable little place with a chair that we pulled out of the dumpster for him. On the wall is a picture of a young Jim and his dog Smokey. He was a good dog, but he's long gone now. Jim said Smokey was one of the few things that really loved him, but I think Smokey was one of the few things that Jim really loved. Not that Jim has no passion; he likes helping people. Jim's one of those people that when someone needs advice, they go to him. That's why they call him "The Reverend." He says he's here to help the weak and the meek. He's saved a few souls since he's been here. You can thank his parents for that, Jenny said. "He wouldn't be here if not for them."

"Jim's been here a long time, but his time is up, "He'll be going home soon," Frank said, as he finished his coffee. "He's served his flock well."

"I hate to see him go," Jenny said sadly. "We need positive role models here. Now that his wild days are over, he helps the young ones. Remember that kid, oh, what was his name? Helton, I think, Jim helped him to understand, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you'. If anything, Jim tries to save others, though it's too late for himself."

"Is it ever too late?" Frank asked.

"I don't know." Jenny said as she looked at the clock. "It's almost eleven."

You could hear the people who had gathered outside waiting for Jim becoming more impatient as the time got closer to eleven o'clock. As Frank got up to refill his coffee cup, the lights dimmed momentarily and the crowd cheered for "The Reverend Jim."

After an uncomfortable moment of silence, Jenny said, "This is why I became a social worker, to help people before it gets this far."

"I wonder if his parents had told him that he was a good boy, if things would have turned out differently?" asked Frank, who had a solemn look on his face, the face of a warden who has overseen a hundred or more executions. "In cases like this I always feel that we executed the wrong person."

MIXED MEDIA

Nude Sitting on a Chair



KATHERINE MINNER



KATHERINE MINER

Art is My Identity

Nike Song

*By Jon Napoles
Poetry*

Where's my beat-up Nikes?
I want my MTV
And the rest of everything
The way it used to be.

Everywhere's the same
Played out like cassettes
It makes me want to huff gasoline
And smoke a cigarette.

And I know, that's the way things go, these days,

And I hate the late nineties, up to 2003
And I feel sorry, for myself.

Every ones a poser
In a scene that's two years late
Homo, emo, we'll go vegan
Chuck Taylor's and a patch

Put me in a microwave
Melt my brain like warm ice cream
Sell me to some homeless babies
To buy pre-faded jeans.

But I know, it's an all-time low, these days,

And I hate the late nineties, up to 2003
Brush my teeth with a revolver and blow my candles out.

Music sells Pepsi
And TV's reality
And why pay a cable bill,
When you can film the neighbor's dog.

Worthless lives on cell phones
Collecting minutes and throwing stones
And there's too much
Foam, in my beer.

PAINTING

Arabia



JESSICA LEIGH HELLMER

Ibis



SANDRA COOK



SANDRA COOK

Thelma and Chainsaw



Chris and Nitro

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