



2005 *Odyssey*

"Art for all seasons"

LSCC Odyssey 2005, 22nd Edition

This is another season in our lives. These years we experience here at this institution are a time in our lives that should not be wasted, we need to look around and take the environment in everyday as we experience it. This is a time that we can explore our minds and learn from what surrounds us. This magazine is an outlet for the artist in all of us. Here are a few of the artists that walked these passages and saw art in the everyday life from the frog on the sidewalk to the frustration of that test next week. They saw the beauty in the person in the chair next to them, or the horror of the outside world. They took an idea and put it in some form for the rest of us to learn from.

*Jack Stewart
Editor*

Odyssey Winners

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3- Dimensional Art:

- 1st Place- Tea with Dali
Nikki March
2nd Place- Terra- Cotta Love
Nikki March

Black & White Photography:

- 1st Place- Gazing Through Fence
Eric Steinberg
2nd Place- Just Another Tobacco Store
Angela Boggs
3rd Place- Transparent Butterfly
Cyndi Williamson

Classical Music Composition:

- 1st Place- Three Renaissance Dances
Ronald James Kenny Jr.

Color Photography:

- 1st Place- A Day on the Beach
Ashley Herby
2nd Place- Fall Splendor
Shelly Estenson
3rd Place- Horse-n-Around
Ashley Herby

Computer Graphics:

- 1st Place- Freedom Forfeit
Joel Hughes
2nd Place- Purple Day
Richard Potts

Drawing:

- 1st Place- Faces
Richard Potts
2nd Place- Bloomin
Patricia Polando
3rd Place- Rough Seas
John Adam McIntire
Learning Mandolin
Richard Potts

Fiction:

- 1st Place- Writing Wrongs
Patricia Polando
2nd Place- The Jesus Trip
Alice Marie Spicer
3rd Place- The Seraph's Wing- In the Beginning,
There was Light
Kevin Bedard

Mixed Media:

- 1st Place- What? In the Eyes of Whom
Mallory Taylor
Enigma
Eric Steinberg
2nd Place- * Untitled
Lindsay Fitzpatrick
3rd Place- Brave New World
Eric Steinberg

Non-Fiction/Research:

- 1st Place- Childhood Companion
Patricia Polando
2nd Place- The IQ Controversy
Alice Marie Spicer
Everyman: The Real Action Hero
Alicer Marie Spicer

Painting:

- 1st Place- Diversification
Joel Hughes
Anemone
Elizabeth Haynes

Poetry:

- 1st Place- Manic Depressive Plum Trees
Jon Napoles
2nd Place- Dirty Laundry
Alice Marie Spicer
3rd Place- Trash Novel
Patricia Polando



A Day on the Beach

By: Ashley Herby

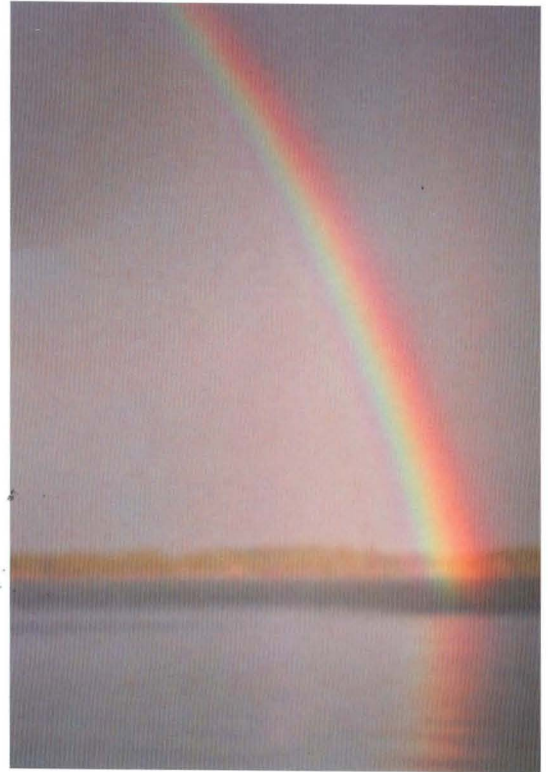
Horse-n-Around

By: Ashley Herby



Seeing Double

By: Colleen Bechtel



Purple Day

By: Richard Potts



Anemone
 By: Elizabeth Haynes

Life

*It's okay
 when things don't go my way*

*It's just fine
 when the car in front of me drives too slowly,
 even though it made me miss the green light*

*It's no problem
 when my work won't give me the day off*

*It's alright
 when my sister gets angry with me,
 even though it's not at all my fault*

*It's okay
 when I turn the radio channel too late and miss my favorite song*

*It's just fine
 when I don't understand you,
 even though you're just not making any sense*

*It's no problem
 when I have an awful hair day,
 even though I'm going out that very night*

*It's alright
 when I miss out on an A by three-tenths of a point*

*It's okay
 because that's life*

By: Jyllean Williams

Play on words

All things are seen differently.
 A prism scope of hope.
 But let me bring my sight to light
 To light the fires of my inside insight.

None may know what no
 Man may understand
 For what is known
 Has already been planned!
 Again a gain seems so plain
 When it is made out of pain.
 Self is so easy to surpass
 like a look took through a pane of glass.

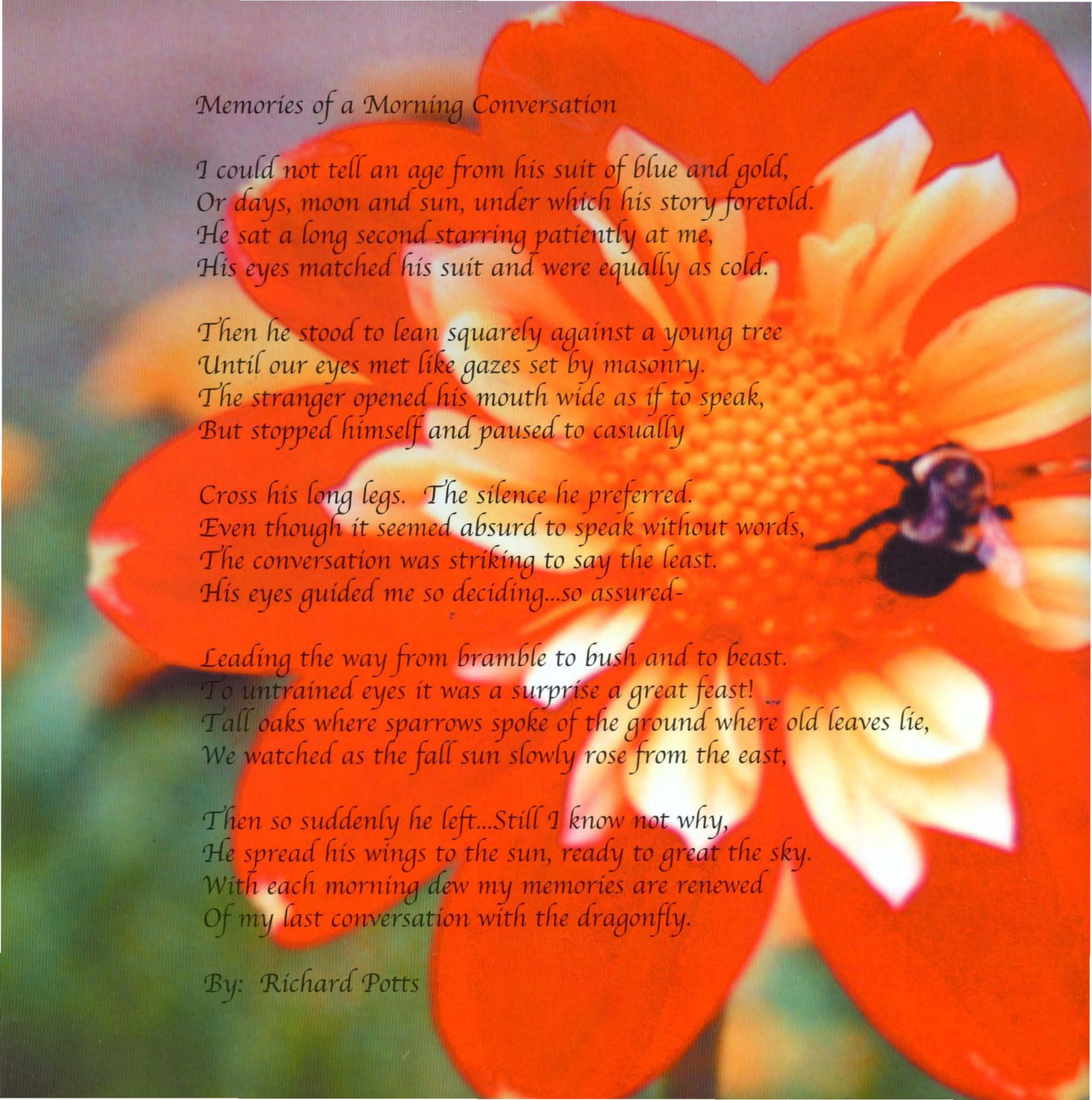
The seams seem to ream-
 Splintering,
 Shattering under the weight.
 Wait.

For time will unwind all fate-
 undone or begun-Wind of change!
 Taking hold to estrange
 a strange world, whirled in chaos.
 Pushed to the ledge's edges
 A shade made of discontent-
 To see the sea that should not be
 To see, to be, great rhapsody!

If you mind the mind of mine
 I assure you, you are as sure
 In saying insane things
 As I, in the eye of a lie.

Can you state the state
 That instigates fate-
 Or relate why you wish to berate
 Or relate why you wish to be? Rate
 What the opinions will say
 And know forever this is your day.
 Though the truth is absurd,
 We are all to play on words.

By: Richard Potts



Memories of a Morning Conversation

*I could not tell an age from his suit of blue and gold,
Or days, moon and sun, under which his story foretold.
He sat a long second staring patiently at me,
His eyes matched his suit and were equally as cold.*

*Then he stood to lean squarely against a young tree
Until our eyes met like gazes set by masonry.
The stranger opened his mouth wide as if to speak,
But stopped himself and paused to casually*

*Cross his long legs. The silence he preferred.
Even though it seemed absurd to speak without words,
The conversation was striking to say the least.
His eyes guided me so deciding...so assured-*

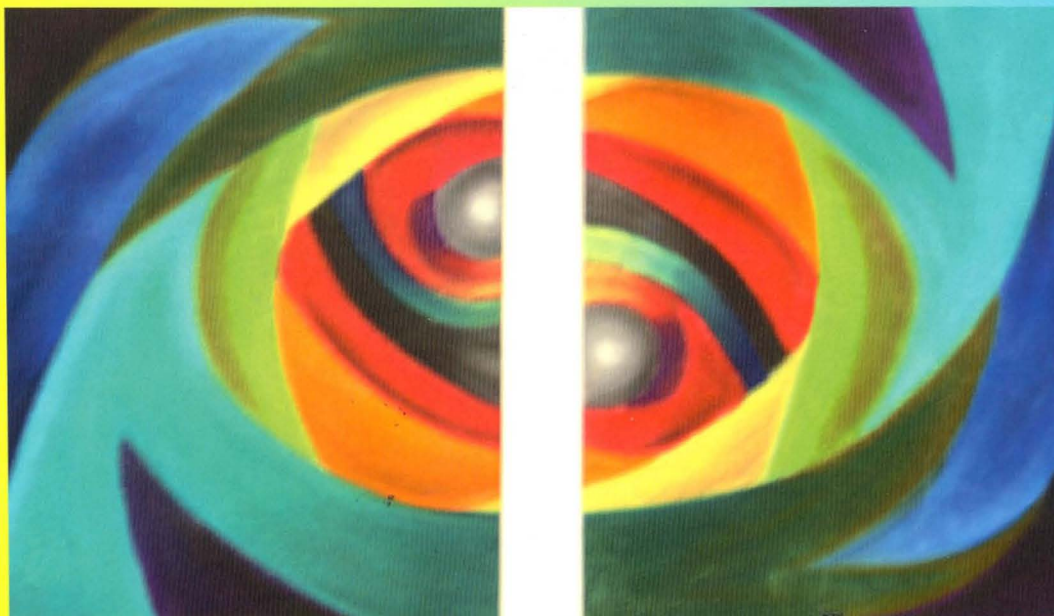
*Leading the way from bramble to bush and to beast.
To untrained eyes it was a surprise a great feast!
Tall oaks where sparrows spoke of the ground where old leaves lie,
We watched as the fall sun slowly rose from the east,*

*Then so suddenly he left...Still I know not why,
He spread his wings to the sun, ready to greet the sky.
With each morning dew my memories are renewed
Of my last conversation with the dragonfly.*

By: Richard Potts

The Morning After
By: Colleen Bechtel





Untitled
By: Lindsay Fitzpatrick

Whoop Me
By: Ashley Herby



*Transparent
Butterfly*
By: Cyndi Williamson



Rough Seas
By: John Adam
McIntire



Beloved Captain
By: Patricia Polando

Just Another Tobacco Store

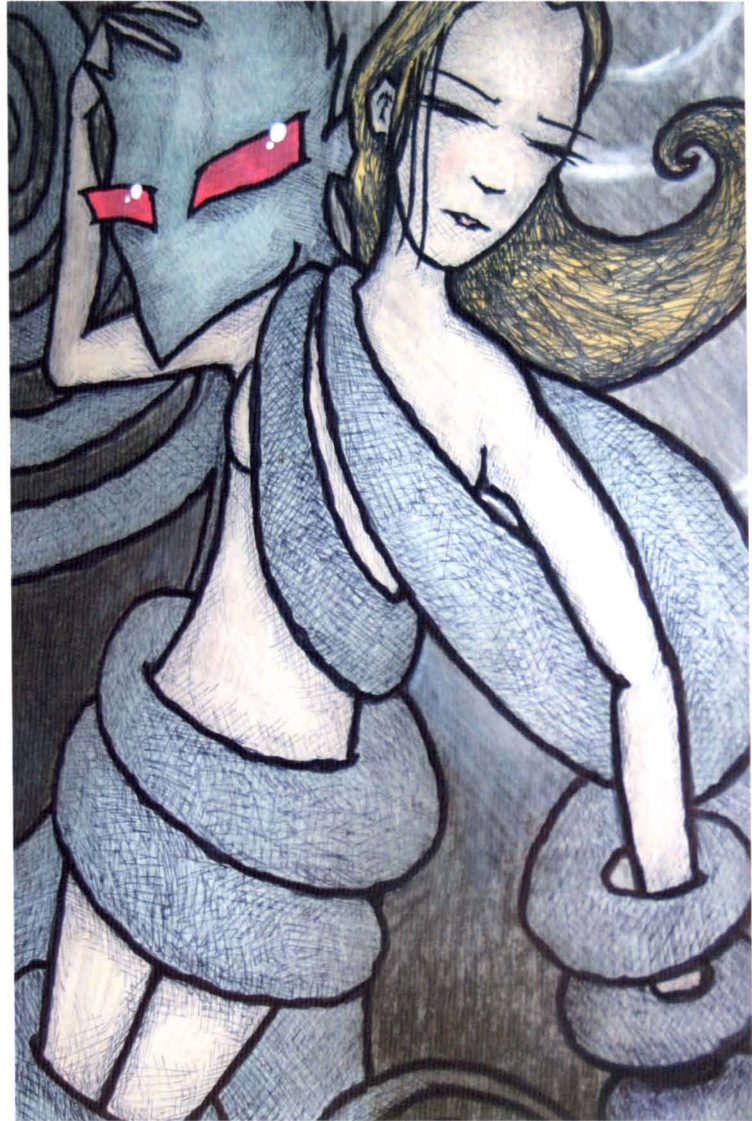
By: Angela Boggs



Gazing Through Fence

By: Eric Steinberg

Enigma
By: Eric Steinberg



Writing Wrongs

By: Patricia Polando

in a way that makes sense," Hank but-
evokes images of triumph: of greatness.
But it wasn't always this way. Ed was
just like any other normal kid growing up
in Feasterville, Pennsylvania. No one
there could ever imagine the great achieve-
ments this young man would accomplish.
Because no one gives two shits!
asdfsghajshajshajshajskd Struggling with
the chess club. Blah blah blah. Met
his future wife at a basketball game. Tra
his father when Ed was only seventeen,
little Eddie Cunningham became the man
of the house and surrogate parent to his
younger brother, Sammy. The sacrificed
many luxuries to help his mother, Clara,
provide for the family. Clara was very
close and devoted to her son, Eddie. And
he to her. The shock of uncovering the
secret knowledge that her eldest boy, her
pride and joy, Eddie, killed his
own father and her husband put her into
a coma. And again, no one suspected Ed
Cunningham when his mother mysteriously
smothered in her coma and died. The
corner . . .

Edward R. Cunningham was always
on the verge of becoming. His latest books
kept gradually acquiring better and better
reviews yet somehow each had failed to
crest the best-sellers' list. He was going to
be big, he just knew it—this newest story
was going to be the one to do it. And now
Hank with his idiotic projects.
He started the coffee pot with the obligato-
ry grumble and filter ritual. Soon he
would have "tired help" to do this crap for
him. He leaned his slightly overweight
bulk on his knuckles against the kitchen

Edward R. Cunningham—make it work.
"Okay, okay. Start again—make it work.
Make it work!" Leonard reassured himself.
Edward R. Cunningham: The very name

Why had he agreed? He reviewed
the material that Hank had sent and it
was all too boring. Edward R.
Cunningham had had a decidedly
uneventful existence thus far beginning in
Feasterville, Pennsylvania. President of
the chess club. Blah blah blah. Met
his future wife at a basketball game. Tra
his father when Ed was only seventeen,
little Eddie Cunningham became the man
of the house and surrogate parent to his
younger brother, Sammy. The sacrificed
many luxuries to help his mother, Clara,
provide for the family. Clara was very
close and devoted to her son, Eddie. And
he to her. The shock of uncovering the
secret knowledge that her eldest boy, her
pride and joy, Eddie, killed his
own father and her husband put her into
a coma. And again, no one suspected Ed
Cunningham when his mother mysteriously
smothered in her coma and died. The
corner . . .

Edward R. Cunningham: The very name
into his typewriter. Then he began:
at the new blank page he had just inserted
was less than two weeks away. He stared
frustration at the typewriter. He needed
some air. This mundane biography was
suffocating him. If he wanted to keep his
sanity he would need a break.

Leonard Monaghan was always
on the verge of becoming. His latest books
kept gradually acquiring better and better
reviews yet somehow each had failed to
crest the best-sellers' list. He was going to
be big, he just knew it—this newest story
was going to be the one to do it. And now
Hank with his idiotic projects.
He started the coffee pot with the obligato-
ry grumble and filter ritual. Soon he
would have "tired help" to do this crap for
him. He leaned his slightly overweight
bulk on his knuckles against the kitchen

Leonard Monaghan clenched his
jaw. It was like the proverbial pulling of
teeth. This would be the seventh time he
tried to begin writing the biography.
"But I'm a fiction writer."
Hank," he told his editor over the phone
four weeks previous.
"Jesus, what the fuck does that
mean, Lemmy? Hank Spade retorted
impatiently, "Michael Critton writes
great nonfiction. What about Patricia
Cornwell? Stephen King? You're twice as
good as any of them and they have the
balls to write outside their genres."
"That's what they do when
they've run out of ideas," Leonard thwart-
ed the challenge on his career daring and
literary manhood.
"You think you're so hot you're
never going to run out of ideas?" Hank
swatted Leonard's reply with an alternate
approach: demeaning his skills.
"No, I'm just saying that my
barrel isn't empty yet, that's all."
"Well, I'm sorry but we're com-
mitted to this project now and it's top pri-
ority for the moment, they want this bio-
graphy out for February when
Cunningham announces he's running for
office."
"I can't fucking believe this."
"Do it, Monaghan. Then we'll
print whatever other bullsht you come out
with."
"With all of the research I have
to do for this Cunningham biography, I
won't have time to write any other 'bull-
shit'."
"That's the beauty part,
Lemmy—you won't have to do any
research. We've got all of the facts and
seven hours of taped interview. All we need
is your skilled brain to put it all together

"Hank continued his egocentric monologue,
but his words were far away, unimportant."

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counter. He breathed lingeringly. What I need to do is just sit down for about a week straight with no visitors and no distractions and just finish this stupid book. If I do I can get on to write the one and I will be complete and whole in my career goals. Just suck it up and do it, Leonard.

He poured the coffee and noticed the time on his microwave: three a. m. Shit. And he had an appointment at six thirty. How could he possibly have lost track of time like that? Screw the coffee—he needed a few winks if he was going to function in the morning. Ed Cunningham was a "very important man" and would "not tolerate a tardy author." He turned off the coffee machine and decided that the usual formalities such as changing into nightclothes or organizing his workspace were suddenly superfluous.

Sleep stalked him all the way to his shabby, unmade bed. It seemed as though he had only had his eyes closed for but a moment when the alarm clock beckoned him to awareness. Five-thirty a.m. He gave himself the minimum amount of morning preparation time in order to maximize his REM time yet he never the less showed up at the publisher's office ten minutes later than he should have. And he began to panic rather dramatically. Damn, this was all really doing a number on his nerves. Wouldn't be surprised if I developed an ulcer. He took the speed-retarded elevator to the seventeenth floor and walked down the hallway to his editor's office: Hank Spade. He pulled on the door to find unexpected resistance: locked. What the hell? He cupped his hands like wings on the side of his face and pressed them against the door's murky etched glass window. Dark contrasting shadows of windowpanes and blinds, but no silhou-

ette of human presence observable. What on Earth is going on? He sighed sharply, annoyed. Replacing the alarm of tardiness, a new panic emerged within him: Did he have the wrong date? The wrong time? The wrong office? The wrong building? The wrong planet??? He pulled out his cell phone and hit the number seven speed dial to Hank's mobile line.

"Hank Spade," he answered on the first ring, his voice was expectant like he was waiting for Leonard—or someone—to call.

"Yeah, Hank it's me. What's going on?" Leonard demanded, "I'm at your office for the meeting. Where are you guys?"

"Oh Christ, Lenny, I forgot." Forgot? Forgot??? He sounded on edge. "Listen, we just got some upsetting news." "Yeah?" Someone had better be dead.

"You know Ed Cunningham's mother has been in a coma, right? Well she died last night."

"That's terrible," Leonard sighed, trying to sound as sympathetic as possible. Truthfully, he was agitated that he had woken up early and dragged his tired ass all the way downtown for a meeting that was bloody canceled without anyone even stopping momentarily to inform him of the fact or the reason.

"Yeah, apparently there's also some foul play afoot. You see, she was smothered and I'm at the hospital front desk waiting on word from the police." "What?" Leonard's sight almost faded to black.

"Shit-for-brains nurses won't let me past to see Clara. And on top of that Cunningham's gone missing—no one's been able to find him."

"That's impossible." He felt like he was receiving all of his sensory perception through a giant mold of impenetrable gelatin.

"Tell me about it," Hank complained, oblivious to Leonard's crisis, "I'm publishing this asshole's biography and I'm not allowed into the room." Hank continued his egocentric monologue, but his words were far away, unimportant. Leonard felt the hallway begin to spin. He sucked on some freeborn oxygen and laid his palm to his sweat-distressed brow. Just a coincidence. Totally unrelated.

"Listen, Hank," Leonard feigned normalcy, "I'm gonna go back to the apartment and get back to work since there's no meeting today. Please keep me updated."

"Sure thing, man," Hank hung up.

Leonard's mind was a blizzard of randomized thought on the drive home. He was so mentally preoccupied that home seemed to arrive more quickly than usual and he almost didn't notice his turn in time.

The first drops of rain had plopped onto the ground just as he drove into the parking garage and even though it was still well before noon, the sky was gloomy and foreboding as twilight. Leonard entered his now darkened apartment. He flipped on the grand room light switch, but even that didn't seem to help clear the dimness. As he laid his coat over the couch arm, he saw his typewriter crouching on the desk in the corner of his eye. He began to feel dizzy again as he warily stepped toward the work desk. He reluctantly peeked over the edge of the keys and read with uneasiness the words, which he had written the night before. He was

“He heard the dull thud and splatter synch with the
keystroke of the period.”

simultaneously disappointed and satisfied to find his prediction correct: the fiction he had interjected into the Cunningham biography had come true. But was it just a coincidence? Of course it is. He burned to know for certain, yet a nagging at the back of his mind told him to throw the damned thing out of the tenth story window. He reread the words and digested them. It happened exactly as he had written it. Or nearly so—for it remained to be seen whether Cunningham was the culprit in the smothering of his own comatose mother.

Leonard cautiously sat in his swivel chair with an ominous squeak. He lighted his fingers to their proper resting places on the keys. He was undeniably curious. He started a new paragraph: Leonard arrived home and sat at his typewriter.

No shit, Sherlock. Try something big, significant. And preferably something that hasn't already happened. He began again: Thunder shook the building.

The rumbling was long and intimidating like the growl of an unfriendly mutt. Leonard's guts trembled and his tightened jaw pushed his face into a wince. Although he had expected the event, it still managed to catch him off guard. His head ached with frantic thought or so he imagined until he realized that he had forgotten to breathe. Once he was able to continue filling his lungs at a moderate pace, he began to doubt the typewriter's power again. After all, the sky had already been dark before he arrived home. That thunder could have just been a coincidence. Or! Perhaps Leonard was clairvoyant and it had nothing to do with the typewriter at all.

He sat back in the bendable support of his cushioned swivel chair and searched the room from his perch. He eyed the half-empty cup of cold coffee on the kitchen bar. Okay, that'll do. He started another new paragraph on the typewriter: The coffee cup crashed to the floor.

He heard the dull thud and splatter synch with the keystroke of the period. He spotted the broken ceramic shell and the glistening liquid crawling along the old wood floor toward his couch. Spectacular. His heart was pounding in his ears so loudly that he didn't notice the fist knocking at his front door. And when he did realize that there was an entity awaiting entry to his home, he noticed the rhythm beat in time with his galloping pulse. He approached the door and opened it with nervous apprehension.

"Lenny, how ya doin'?"

Cunningham said silkily. Leonard was flabbergasted to a state of muteness. He nearly pissed his pants.

"Uh," he began to recover, "Mr. Cunningham . . . won't . . . won't you come in?" he asked trying as hard as possible not to betray the fact that he had no desire for Cunningham to come even a millimeter closer to him or his home.

"Call me 'Ed,' Leonard,"

Cunningham entered the apartment quickly, surveying the grand room, the open office to the right, the dim modern kitchen to the left. Once he seemed satisfied, he turned to face Leonard, who expertly blocked Cunningham's view of the work area and especially the typewriter.

"I just got the news about your mother," Leonard forced casual concern, attempting to smother his increasing fight-or-flight inner voice, "What a blow."

"What?" Cunningham looked perplexed, his digits clenching and unclenching, his eyes continued to dart toward the opened blinds out to the gradually flooding streets below. "Oh, right . . . right," he recovered, a politician's smile fixed to his face. "Well, you know these things happen. And they're often meant to happen too."

"So what brings you to my humble abode?" Leonard pleaded, "I mean why come to see me when your mother's death is currently being investigated by the police?" Cunningham's eyes blinked in surprise and then narrowed in suspicion. As soon as Leonard saw Cunningham's facial reaction to the question, he mentally chastised himself for having asked it that way. Can't you just for once think before you speak? No. Why? I'm scared shitless, that's why!

"Well I suppose it's relevant to the biography—I figured you would want to interview me about it; to bring the story up to date," Cunningham was almost convincing in his reply, but the fact that the smile on his face never ceased throughout his answer confirmed Leonard's suspicion that he was lying through his teeth: literally. Also, Leonard noticed, Cunningham was periodically glancing around the room and out the window. It reminded him of a predator after the kill, protecting his spoils. Is he using my apartment as a hideout from the police? He certainly seems worried about being seen.

"Can I offer you a cup of coffee or tea?" Leonard tried distraction, then desperation: "Unless of course, you wanted to use my phone to call your wife . . . or . . . or a taxi? Perhaps you want to be with your family at a time like this?"

"Hm? Oh, uh, coffee would be great, Lenny. Thanks." Cunningham put on his television smile and assumed his I'm-the-sort-of-guy-you-can-trust stance.

Leonard offered Cunningham a seat on the sofa, which he declined with a one-handed wave gesture. Leonard then backed into the kitchen serf-like, determined to keep his eyes on the potential serial killer who just happened to be on the run from his latest murder and using Leonard's apartment as a hideout under the guise of a casual business excursion.

Leonard began the coffee pot for the third time that morning; simply reheating the concoction he brewed last night. Cunningham looked on his progress like a gymnastics coach, continuing to grin stupidly whilst the gears behind his stare clicked toward another agenda. Leonard was forced unwillingly to turn away in order to take two clean coffee mugs out of the cabinet next to the fridge and set them on the counter. The sight that he beheld only a second later when he turned back to check on Cunningham's whereabouts in the grand room filled him with such terror that he felt his bowels loosen significantly. Cunningham was holding up the typewritten biography page.

Leonard was too stunned to move.

"What's this?" Cunningham dragged out the "I" in "this," sounding like the schoolmaster who has found a cheat sheet in Leonard's desk bin.

Cunningham approached Leonard menacingly. All Leonard could do was stand there impotently, his eyes dancing to and fro. His instincts told him to move further into the kitchen and use

the bar as a shield, but his brain argued that the move would only trap him.

"So you think I killed my mother, do you, Leonard?" Cunningham spat, looking more and more like a lit jack-o-lantern: his grin no longer communicated false pleasantries, but now harm-intending malice. "And how in the blazes did you know about my father too?"

"I . . ." he shook his head in the negative, his mouth hanging open like a trap door. Leonard, whose life's work had always been saying the right thing in the right way suddenly couldn't remember how to construct the English language.

Cunningham left Leonard no time to answer, he charged forward grabbing Leonard by the shoulders and throwing him roughly out of the kitchen into the grand room. Leonard felt stabbing pain in his side and cold liquid soak his shirt. He gasped in surprise and pain, his eyes winking in horrified disbelief. Cunningham stood over him and slipped his cool dry hands around Leonard's throat, constricting his airway to near suffocation. Leonard's eyes bulged and his mouth tried to capture oxygen to no avail. His hands instinctively clutched and clawed at the vise-like hands around his neck. Just as Leonard was sure he was going to black out, he realized what was causing the stabbing pain in his side. The broken coffee mug.

He removed his right hand from his attacker's immobile grip and swept the floor with his fingers blindingly, searching. He felt the handle of the coffee mug, now disjointed and jagged on one end. "Goodnight," Cunningham cooed, eyes saucers of morbid fascination.

With a swift motion that contained all of

the strength left in Leonard's entire being, he thrust the jagged coffee handle over and upward into the eyes of his opposition. Immediately, Leonard's neck was liberated as Cunningham's hands went up to reach for his stinging eyes. Leonard's breath returned beginning with a long and burning wheeze. He turned over on his belly and scrambled away from Cunningham, toward his typewriter. Knowing exactly what needed to be done, he kicked his swivel chair out of the way and crouched over the keys to type hurriedly:

Leonard woke up; it was all a dream. As the blanket of unconsciousness began to close over him, Leonard looked toward the kitchen and saw Cunningham's staggering form, the side of his face striped unevenly with yellow lined wounds spouting globs of blood running down the cracks of his face and into the gums and teeth of his unfaltering grin. No matter how great his terror was, Leonard could not keep his eyes from closing and he passed out.

He was startled by his work phone ringing with its rapid high-pitched tones: N'UH, N'UH N'UH N'UH N'UH! He moaned; his arms and face ached. He realized that he was sitting at his desk, with his arms folded over the top of his typewriter, the side of his face pressed against the keys. The phone demanded his attention again; this time he registered the meaning behind the annoying sound. He picked up the receiver groggily.

"Hello?" he groused.

"Lenny!" Hank barked, "What the hell are you doing at home? It's seven o' clock and you're already half an hour late for the meeting! And Cunningham isn't exactly thrilled. In fact, he down right pissed. Hello? Hell-ohhhhh!"

"What a nightmare," Leonard shook his head, "Sorry, Hank it won't happen again—I'm on my way."

"You had God damned well better be." Hank hung up.

Leonard sat up abruptly and clambered across the apartment into his bathroom and switched on the light. He turned on the faucet, scooped up some cold water and splashed his sleep-warmed face to harsh attention. He looked at his own reflection in the mirror and saw the imprint of his typewriter keys on the right side of his face: "H J K" was in purple-red on his cheek backwards. What a psychotic dream that was. I need to learn to not stay up working so late. He began to unbutton his shirt at the collar and noticed the reddened streaks lining either side of his neck.

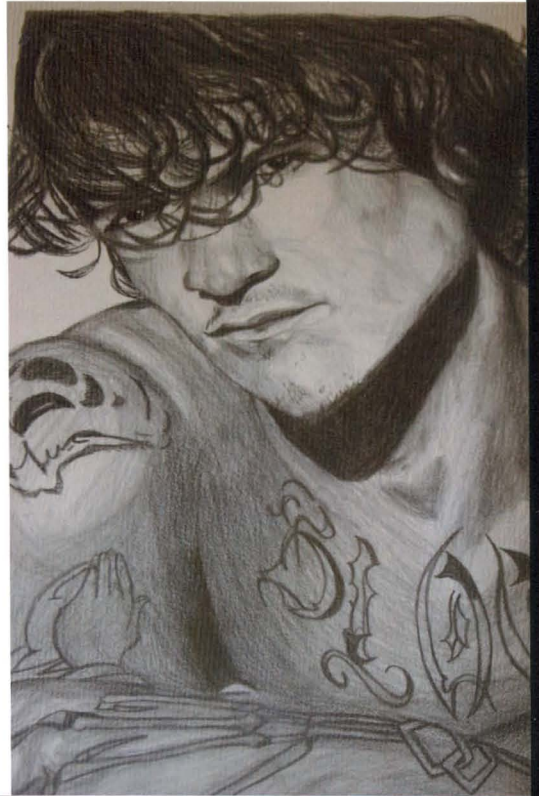


What? In the Eyes of Whom

By: Mallory Taylor

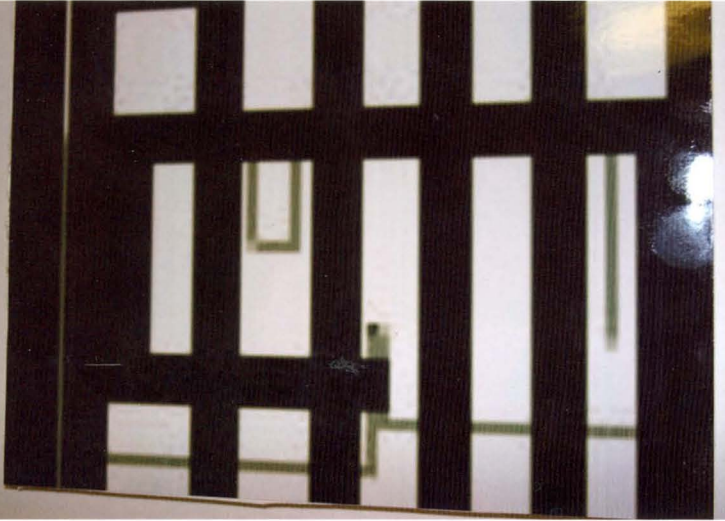
Freedom Forfeit

By: Joel Hughes



Bloomin

By: Patricia Polando



Manic Depressive Palm Trees

Lady luck's got cheating eyes out for another man
And father times dealt another rotten hand
And your good times break like a damp cigarette
And the sun leaves you looking like clothes put away wet.

Over seas there's rockets leaving psychedelic trails of after
glow
That look like fiery chariots pulling up to towns below
Serving as full blown taxis, were the meters never rest,
Or complimentary valet parking for souls that don't digest.

Mummies do the thriller in a homecoming dance mirage
There's a band using guns for air guitars in the lords
garage
Cheap jokes march threw spilt milk and righteous satin
blood
Youth is put in a hefty bag, you're just another dick in the
mud.

Death is writing pen pals, like electric snakes in the sky
Widows drink the good shit so they have fire to cry
God cant answer his two-way, he's on vacation in the breeze
He left the house, the dog, the car and gave four caballeros
the keys

There goin' to a beach where water ain't so wet
The palm trees are manic depressive and hufungus camel
spiders run
Under pale blonde days and yellow ribbons of the sun,
that hang like toilet paper from a tree.

Brothering tears smear ink and run like scared piss down
a leg.
The bad kids like the back of the bus but won't have time
to play.
Fire works light bad breath sky like a bright Disney
parade.
Fear is in a sweat suit waiting, saying, "you better be
afraid."

Your Amazons in flames and believe me she's getting laid.
The pawn shops got your soul in hoc for at least 3 more
years.
Headless architects are preaching to keep your blue jeans
and your hair
rapid noise makes eerie silence; you wish AC-DC could be
here.

Hide your cocaine eyes behind mirror tinted aviators.
Give your self hooker knees from saying good night
prayers.
In the morning Ask your self was it worth it, while your
loaded on a fence.
Tell your ma' you love her, for your swan song while it
ends.

Semper fi
Born to die
First to know, last to go,
I heard a cry Out loud, A man said kill em' all
and let the good lord sort them out.

By: Jon Napoles

Terra-Cotta Love

By: Nikki March



Tea with Dali

By: Nikki March

Faces
By: Richard Potts





Farewell
By: William Snell

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Brave New World

By: Eric
Steinberg



Diversification

By: Joel Hughes





Too Much
By: Casey McLaughlin

Learning Mandolin
By: Richard Potts



Longbay Wisdom

A Warwick trail, I did travail 'till I arrived at Longbay fair.
Then on its sands I clasped my hands and spoke aloud this prayer.

"I ask of you o' mighty blue who beat upon this land.
I've fought and tried but trying failed. What strength is there in man?"

The ocean strong still sang its song but uttered not a word.
Yet its roar once deep seemed at once to sleep and I knew that I was heard.

"Thank you o'sea for hearing me. My tale is not unknown.
That blessed dove, my wife, my love, lies crying in our home.

Because of me, she cries great sea. But what am I to do?
I've hurt her deep and made her weep. Please help I beg of you."

The ocean stormed and a great wave formed and crashed onto the shore.
And down I rolled into water cold. I rose and spoke once more.

"What's this o' sea, why strike at me? What more can one man bear?"
Then my eyes flew wide and I knew inside, it all at once came clear.

"The strength of man is nothing, without the strength of woman too.
I shall drown my pride and ask my bride what it is that we shall do."

By: Scott Perry



Anticipation
By: Jack Stewart

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Lake- Sumter Community College.

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