Olivia Montgomery wants to be a photographer for National Geographic someday and is inspired by Art Wolfe. Her pet peeve is a messy car, and she has a reoccurring dream about falling off of a cliff.
Acknowledgments

There are people in this world that have something inside them, some indefinable part of their soul that demands expression. Whether the medium be oil and canvas, pencil and paper, the mighty pen, or the all seeing camera, the students at BPCC have many things to express. Savoir Faire brings these expressions together for you to adventure through and enjoy. So sit down with a cup of coffee with this thing, yeah? Take a walk through other people’s minds and maybe something crazy will happen--Like being inspired to express something of your own.

Thank you to all who helped with the compiling process: Marjorie Harper, Michelle Triplet and Regina Terry in Student Life; Anna Dickson, Jessica Cobbs, and Ciehtia Adams from the English Department; Art Instructor Kelly McDade; Speech Instructor Melanie Lea-Birck; and Liberal Arts Dean Holly French-Hart. We would also like to give a special thanks to past volunteers from the Division of Cyber Information Technology, Pam Milstead and Annette Shows.

The Savoir Faire Staff

Dedicated to Danny Williams for drawing out BPCC’s untouched talent and directing it down our path.
Inside

Our Journey of Now     Amanda Carter  4
Untitled                 Ryan Westerfield  6
Screams of My Soul      Yaneiris Alegria  7
The West               Jacob Champ  9
More Than a Fish Tale   Terry Lewis  10
William’s Eyes

The Wall
Cezanne’s Still Life With Apples    Alex Sauer
Willow Tree                        Ashley Bruce
(Winner of the Savoir Faire Writer’s Award)
Cezanne’s Skull Study
The Devil’s Nursery

Places of Memory          Antonio Kemper
Key To My Heart           Kelly Bayett
Walls                    Michal Tegan Batton
Old Red Barn             Jessica Ingram
The Game                 Jim Sandlin

2
For more information about how to be a part of the *Savoir Faire*, contact us at:

Bossier Parish Community College  
6220 East Texas Street  
Bossier City, La 71111  
318.670.6000  
savoirfaire@bpcc.edu  
http://www.bpcc.edu/savoirfaire/index.html

Want to be a part of the *Savoir Faire* process? Come join the staff!

LITR 101 is held every semester, and students need to have passed with a “C” in English 101 to be in the class. It is on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 12:30-1:45. Scholarships are possible based on application and trial period and will be based on the student’s writing ability and work ethic. The student also needs to have a 2.0 grade point average and be a full time student. The class involves creation of a bi-annual literary magazine which represents literary and visual artists at BPCC, advertisement and distribution.

Contact us at savoirfaire@bpcc.edu for further information.

**Fishing**  
Will Tuft  
28

**You Used What Kind of Shot?**  
Shane Stephens  
29

**Courage From The Beach**  
Brittany Buckner  
34

**Picasso’s Guitarist**  
Alex Sauer  
35

**The Poetic Hour**  
Donald Koebel  
37

**Meet The Artists**  
38
Chasing thoughts of future plans, we contemplated
tapestries more complex than we knew, the innocence
of smooth cheeks and soft palms forming
mountains and valleys at a whim.

Our sandcastles are worn smooth now 'neath
many moons and tides, but we proudly live still
in the crumbling halls of our youth,
ignoring the leaks which spring to life by storm.
Long ago laboriously we laid each tile
sealed with the naive passion of misled souls;
now the foundation is cracked as our lips
but darling we repair it once more.

And as the passing days age all around us,
ever will we heed the weeds which threaten
to unravel our stronghold for we were intertwined
before time with roots of our own and of our making.
Hard we rage against a generation which would
see us fall with our dying values and long does
the journey seem to where we would be.

But let us wipe clean the salt from our eyes;
look around and behold! We have always been
in our sought after palace of grim, gray stones
and cold ivy blanketed walls with stained glass windows.
The winter warmth and summer rain; rusty rooftops
and well worn rags; the pauper's soup and wearily worn paths -
all have trudged their way into fond memories like the
paths etched in the palms of the babes who will become us.
The Insert Art: Untitled
Artist: Ryan Westerfield
Screams of my Soul  
Yaneirys Alegria

I grew in an apartment with my mother, father and my brother, Jean Pierr. My brother was a year older than me, and we looked alike. We used to tell people that we were twins. We both had noses like big strawberries, big and shiny eyes dark as the night, and eyelashes that moved like waves in the sea. My brother's white teeth were similar to a Listerine model's. We used to think that we were lucky for having the perfect family and living the perfect life until our parents divorced eight years ago. Jean Pierr and I were against the change. Years later, I moved out to my new little apartment along with my fiancé and my brother. At my twenty years old, happiness knocked at our door when my first baby was born. It was May 10, 2004, the first time I used all the strength in my soul and voice to scream at the world.

Months later, on September 9, 2004, my brother and I planned to visit our mother. Jean Pierr was having a bad day, but I was feeling like a flower in the middle of spring because my son had turned five months old. After the bus, we had to take the train for forty five minutes. My concern and desperation started when Jean left the house before me. A neighbor told me that Jean Pierr was walking down the street. I simply assumed that he did not want to wait for the bus. I felt the breeze blowing across my face, and I knew I would meet him at the subway station.

Suddenly, my heart was beating fast; something was dying inside of me. Desperation had invaded me; the bus ride felt as if I had been riding for hours. Every red light in traffic bothered me to the point that I wanted to run, and for no reason, I lost the desire to keep going. I did not know if it was from the anxiety or from the blue sky turning deep grey. As soon I arrived in the subway station, I saw the crowd of people walking out, thousands of faces with sad expressions, some were worried, others angry. I was confused and had to stop for a minute. An old lady that I had never seen before came straight to me; her warm hand held my arm. I could see the disappointment on her face when her sweet
voice sent me into a coma. When the lady walked away, some weight pulled my shoulders; my feet and hands were cold as an iceberg, and the world around me moved even faster. All I could hear was the beat of my heart. An electric current flowed from my toes through my head which left a feeling of heavy blood in my veins and a nut in my throat. Promptly, a whisper into my head echoed “JEAN PIERR.”

Without feeling my legs, I ran into the station. I was looking for an answer, but all around me were a devastated driver, an empty subway and some firefighters. I walked into a room in which two witnesses were explaining what just happened. Fear seized me, but my hope helped me to ask witnesses some questions that could clear my mind. One man had blood splashes on his clothes, and his answers were like needles getting into my ears. Another witness was sitting on a chair shaking and crying, but she was more precise, answering me until she looked at my face. Her face turned pale. Her eyes expressed horror, and an explosion of tears soaked the hall in which she stood.

After a while, the subway started to work again. I could hear the noise from the little grey room where I was waiting. I was surrounded by three chairs, a water dispenser and two subway workers shooting questions as if I knew what happened, but my feelings kept shaking my whole body.

A few hours later, everybody walked out of the room because my fiancé arrived to pick me up. In that moment of silence by myself, I felt a need to pray, but I just repeated the same words over and over. As soon as my fiancé opened the door, I tried to explain why I was there, but I could not. He had a melted face and watery eyes. He looked into my eyes and told me the most painful words I had ever heard. My brother had committed suicide. From that day, without Jean Pierr, it has been just me against the world. It was on September 9, 2004, the second time in my life I used the strength in my soul and voice to scream at the world.
Some mornings we would drive the quarter mile or so from our driveway to the dock, but this morning like most others we would walk. It was a still summer morning, and up to this point there was no sign of the sun. With the gravel grinding beneath our feet, we left the boundary of our outstretched porch light and began the day’s excursion. To a ten-year-old boy from Bossier City, being at the boat dock before daylight was pure excitement. I was spending the weekend with my grandparents, and that meant bass fishing with my Pappaw.

The darkness of that dirty road only lasted seconds as we approached the parking lights of our community’s boat house. Even though there was some lighting, we were still very careful as we made our way down the long, wooden walkway above the water, past the other boats, and to our stall. The dock had been flooded many times, causing things like our shoe strings to be caught on raised nail heads as we dodged gaps created by washed away and broken boards.

Once we arrived at our stall, the boat had to be prepared to leave the dock. The boat was suspended in air by cables, one at the front and two on the back. Each cable was connected to a rusted overhead metal pipe, about the diameter of a cyclone fence post. At the front of the pipe was a handle like a huge wagon wheel that was used as a manual crank to lift and lower the boat. Pappaw grabbed the wheel releasing the chain that held it in place, sending the boat crashing into the previously undisturbed surface of the lake. We stepped down into the boat carefully as it sloshed and swayed with our movement, making it difficult to step without breaking a rod or falling over the side into the uncertainty of the dark water below.

As I took my seat at the back of the boat, he climbed in the front. I awaited the deep metallic clank of the solenoid engaging the starter. By now the sun’s light had begun to peek out over the mossy cypress horizon. We began our slow taxi in reverse, out of the stall and onto the fog-covered runway that would lead us to our first stop. He called the
place the “Boat Road,” a drop off just beyond the first visible row of live cypress trees.

He killed the main engine and then gently guided the foot operated electric trolling motor over the front of the boat and onto its mount. He picked out his rod and reel. He had more than one, but it seemed he always chose the same one. The plastic motor oil worm was normally his lure of choice; it was about six inches long and green with red glittery spots throughout. In the water it looked more red than green. He checked his reel to see that it was in good working order and gave me instruction on how to use mine. He would say, “Just take your time boy, the slower the better.”

The surface of the water by now was like a dark and fog covered glass as he pulled and guided that worm across the bottom of the lake. It was like he could see below the surface as easily as he could see above. Years of fishing this lake had made him a master of the underwater terrain, and if I could keep my lure out of the trees long enough, he was going to catch a bass. His chair groaned as he leaned forward, feeling the sensation of the tugging fish in his hands. He slowly began gathering the slack from his line. Then he jerked back violently, as if he were trying to pull the fish right from the depths of the lake’s bottom and into the boat with one mighty tug. His rod tip bent toward the surface, the drag on his reel screeching as he fought the fish into submission. “Get the net boy,” he said, as I peered anxiously over his shoulder awaiting a glimpse of the morning’s first prize. Once the fish was in the boat and on the stringer, he returned to his task.

I caught fish that day, but not as many as him. He never bragged on his fish though, only on mine. There was more to this trip than catching fish; it was a teacher instructing his student in the school of life.
William's Eyes

Heath Williamson
The Wall

Just as beauty is destined to fade,

So are the stones that we have laid,

This wall we’ve built, it cannot last,

It’s falling, and it’s falling fast,

It crumbles slowly, disappears,

It won’t hold back, all the tears,

Nothing lasts forever more,

Love is something much like war,

So chain me to this crumbling wall,

For I refuse, refuse to fall,

If I am all that holds it up,

Just maybe it could be enough
Cézanne's Still Life with Apples

Alex Sauer
If I were a wispy willow tree,
Would you smile up at me,
Sit beneath my shady leaves,
To feel a soft and gentle breeze?
Know that you don’t have to dwell
On secrets you could never tell;
Whisper them softly, only to me,
For I will be your willow tree.
Cezanne's Skull Study

William Godfrey
You fuss, whine and squirm in your swaddling. It has become loose, and you do not like it; it has made you uncomfortable. Either that or you are tired of the restricting wrappings around you. Again, you fuss, whine and squirm. Soon a man comes to your crib and peers in over the railing.

“Shh, shh,” he says softly as he reaches down to pick you up. He appears to be a nice man, well-dressed and groomed, but that smell! You do not calm down and begin to wriggle out of the blanket wrapped around you as he lifts you off of your small mattress. His cologne smells of sulfur, and your baby nose does not like it. The man, whom is the devil, knows this and tries to quiet you. “Shh, shh,” he repeats as he bounces you in his arms. “Here let’s tighten your blanket again.” He gently pushes your arms back inside the wrappings and tucks them tightly. With that you stop your squirming and begin to quiet down, but not entirely.

“Do you see what you have on your blanket?” The devil asks coyly and hushed. He cradles you in his arms and slowly walks over to a rocking-chair. “See?” he says, gently poking at spots on the blanket around you. “You have a little car, a little boat, a little computer, a little house, a little phone, and little bills of money falling everywhere.” Your crying subsides some more. The devil sits down in the rocking-chair. He starts to rock the chair back and forth slowly to calm you down more. “Shh, shh.”

A huge picture window behind him lets bright moonlight from outside stream into the nursery. “You should go back to sleep, you know. Staying awake may be uncomfortable for you.” You look at him with half-lidded eyes, and he looks at you. “There. That’s it.” He looks pleased at your approaching slumber. “Do you want a bottle?” he asks.

The devil reaches over beside him to a little, round table and grabs a glass baby bottle full of some liquid. “Here,” he says as he puts it to your mouth. You open wide and receive it. “There you go.” A smile is on his
face. “Drink some insolence.”

You down the liquid and afterward make no fussing sound. You now fight to keep your eyes open as they attempt to close. “Good,” says the devil softly. The gentle rocking aids your sleepiness; you are still fighting it but it is proving more difficult.

The devil sees that you are resisting going into slumber and suggests, “Let me sing you a lull-a-bye, alright?” He looks away from you, thinking of one to sing you to sleep to. All this time he is still rocking. “Okay.” He softly clears his throat and then begins the lulling tune he knows and sings so well,

Hush-a-bye, Christian,
Wrapped in the world,
Soundly in slumber,
Fingers all curled.
When the bank breaks
And the stock market falls,
Down will come your hopes,
Your dreams and all.

The devil possesses a pleased smile that you are now asleep. “That’s right. Put your hopes in the world; it is best...for me.” His rocking comes to a stop. He slowly and gently rises from the rocking-chair, but still rocks you in his arms as he carries you back to your crib. “Yes, stay asleep. That’s it. Stay in worldly slumber.” He grunts happily, but then his tone starts to change towards anger as he continues, “That way you are weak and will always stay a baby to me. That way you will not be so in touch with Him!” You stir some, and the devil drops his voice back down to a gentle tone. “That way you are in stupefying slumber and cannot fight me much or stay so in touch with Him.”

The devil lays you down all wrapped up and asleep. He stares at you for a moment, smiling wryly, before he turns and stalks away from your crib. He reaches the door of the nursery, gingerly opens it and begins to slip out but stops and puts his head back into the room and says
mockingly, “Sleep soundly, little children of God.” The devil then shuts the door on you and many of your brothers and sisters in Christ, all sleeping in the cribs in the large nursery, all bellies full of insolence, and all hearts treasuring the things of this world above Jesus Christ.
I built these walls of steel
to protect me like a cage.
I told you what you wanted to hear
and made you walk through my maze.
I needed you more
than I wanted to show,
and without me telling you
how could you know
That I was cold and frightened
thinking you might run away
when you finally heard the words
I'd been longing to say.
I wanted to ask you to be patient,
to please help me break free,
To hold my hand for years to come
and save me from me,
But I was coming undone,
feeling alone even by your side,
and so I pushed you away
when you found what I had to hide.
That I'm the one who's scared
to love and be loved.
I'm the one who usually runs
when push comes to shove.
So I'm sorry for it all,
every word that cut through you,
and after all the tears and pain,
I see a different view.
I know the feelings that I've hidden,
tucked away in the back of my heart,
are the ones I couldn't show
and they're what tore us apart,
But I built these walls of steel
that hold me like a cage...
Now I'm left without you
lost within my own maze.
Ethereal Night speaks the forgotten spell
To a crying apparition broken by love
And the spiral indignation of incendiary voices
Which fuel his destruction and splash through his blood

Meekly he stirs the infinite emerald wave
Like a mystic enthralled by the potion he brews
His pathological sighs move the dead-pale-pearl moon

Lasting by moments conjured by circumstance
His mind raids the potential of the last dying day
Which gives its final breath so eternity may live

In the new born sun arise thoughts of new men
Like fire on water and guns on old friends

God is born lonely beyond elements unknown
Jealous of Nature that clings to its own
So using the Word like a lighthouse for boats
He frantically calls for order out of chaotic dreams
And from difficult perceptions, ghosts crawl from the screams

Justice, Truth, Harmony, and Hope
Sleep well and unattended as the elements of Maat (May-at)
Are constantly at war in a dangerous world
That adapts to destruction but is tormented by peace
Pre-ordained, perhaps, by the fear of perfection
And the dire implications of becoming believed

From the depths of the Earth ascends the madness of God
To placate the pain of His solitude and vision
The life of the Sentient and all that remains
Begins in the abyss and soon sheds the terrain

A totem of evolution holds dominion over fate:
Extinction and Deliverance,
Salvation and Pain

By increments imperceptible a new era begins
As it has from the start—Silver, Iron, Bronze, and Gold
The tears of the Sun against the Powers of Old

Man is abhorrent like a famine in Eden
And judged like a traitor by criminals and heathens
But for all of his carnage Man's capacity for Heaven
Is only eclipsed by his desire for sadness—
Never taking a chance to unfold his own genius
He dies in the night among the company of demons

So, should I be and do I dare dream?
And to what purpose and end should I suffer
The cold, mean prodigal scene?
Though God may exist and I may deny,
What spoils await in the growing afterlife?

I do not care,
For I am true, altruistic, and thus—black and blue
The cycle of life four billion years long
Does not end with me I'm just playing along
In a symphony of service to an unmartyred dream
Where the individual effort is more than it seems

I care not for trophies or carrots to chase
And don't live in peace in fear of my fate
All I control is Love and Respect
For myself and the world I help to invent

In the ethereal nightmare primal terror is king
But I persevere forward toward the glorious thing
Beyond Good, beyond Evil I will forever stake my claim
In the name of the Dead,
I resign from the Game.
Sometimes, the funniest things come from the most serious of circumstances, like the first time dad and I went turkey hunting. To call it a worst case scenario would be an understatement.

Ever since he started listening to Randy's - his younger brother’s - hunting stories a few years before, my dad fell in love with the idea of going turkey hunting. The problem was, between being the manager and part owner of a mini storage, manager of the Times newspaper, and being a single parent, he never had any time off. After looking at his schedule and seeing that, for the sixteenth time, he didn't even have Sunday off, he said "Enough is enough!" and hired another secretary to try to lighten the load, and it worked. For the first time in three years, he had the whole weekend off. After that, he spent every weekend for six months getting ready for the upcoming season learning how to turkey hunt. By the second week, he was hooked. It wasn't long before he got me hooked, too!

So one day, Dad came up to me and said, "Hey, Shane, guess what? Turkey season is opening this weekend! I am going to meet your uncle Randy at his hunting camp to see if I can get one. Want to go?"

"Absolutely," I said.
"Great! We'll be leaving early Saturday morning."
"Cool. I just hope I don't oversleep."
"Don't worry. I'll wake you up first thing."
I smiled. "Ok. Just remember to set your clock. You're forgetting a lot lately."
"I am not!" He tried to look hurt but couldn't pull it off.
"Whatever you say, old man," I laughed.

We had planned on waking up at 4:30, leaving at 5:00, and getting there at 6:00, a half hour before sunrise. We didn't wake up until 6:00! So, moving like my life depended on it, I showered, gathered my gear, and we on our way in fifteen minutes. We were half-way down the road when dad realized he forgot the shells. We couldn't turn back, so we stopped at a Wal-Mart to buy some. The problem was, being the
greenhorns that we were, we forgot what kind of shot to get. We guessed that the bigger the number, the bigger the bb's in the shell, so we bought the largest numbered shot we could find, 7 1/2 shot.

After all the delays, we didn't get there until around 7:30, one and a half hours later than we had planned. We were getting our gear on when - wouldn't you know it - Uncle Randy came strolling out of the woods with a turkey over his shoulder and a grin stretching from ear to ear.

"Where have you two been?" he asked.
"Long story," dad said drily.
"You missed a big flock down by the trammel."
The trammel was a small ridge at the far end of Uncle Randy's camp that he and I scouted the previous spring.
"That figures," I muttered, disappointed.
"Are you still going in?" Uncle Randy asked.
"Yep," Dad replied, "We'll find another spot."
"Try the creek bed. I saw some tracks going through there last week."
"Sound's good! We'll try it."
"Good luck!"

We started walking up the road that snaked through the forest that made up Randy’s forty acre hunting camp. As we were walking, I was stunned at how beautiful a day it was. It was a perfect 57 degrees, the sun was shining, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. There were birds of every species singing every tune imaginable, flying in all directions. Squirrels were hopping from tree to tree, running after each other in an endless game of chase.

By the time we got to the creek bed, it was around 8:25 and, even though we got there late, Dad and I both had a good feeling that we would see something.

The creek bed ran north to south in a gully between two tree-covered hills with a little clearing on the west side of the creek and the trail to the east side. Just on the edge of the clearing was a mound of leaves, twigs, and earth which had gathered from flood waters over the years.
The mound was a perfect spot to hunt because no matter which way they came from, we could shift from one side of the mound to the other and have a clear line of fire.

We figured our best bet would be to set up on the east side of the mound, facing the clearing to the west. As we were setting up, we realized - with much disgust on my part, for I was the one to remember them - we forgot our face masks and our gloves, which was a big problem because turkeys are known for their exceptional eye sight. All we could do was pray that the mound would provide enough cover to keep them from seeing our hands and faces.

After about an hour of calling with no answer, Dad started to get bored, so he decided to have a little fun by making some crazy sounds with the turkey call. The sounds that came out of that caller were unimaginable. Ten minutes after the "Turkey in Distress" calls started, as I like to call them, we finally heard something answer that sounded like the growl of a mountain lion!

"What in the world was that?!!" we exclaimed in unison. Silence was our only reply.

"What was that?" I repeated.

"I don't know," Dad replied, "But whatever it was, I don't think it was a turkey. Let's keep calling for a while and see if it does it again."

"Okay."

We sat there and kept calling for 5 minutes when it answered again, but this time it was closer and sounded... well... different. I don't know what it sounded like myself, but Dad claimed to the day he died that it sounded just like Bigfoot! We kept calling for about fifteen minutes, and the answers kept getting closer until they sounded no more than 200 yards off. By then, we could tell that the "Bigfoot" was actually a gobbler, a male turkey, and that the growl was really him gobbling. We kept calling him, gradually luring him in closer and closer, until we could just barely see him through the brush to the northeast. At first, it was one, then two, three, four. Then they came into the clearing, a flock of six to eight turkeys, lined up in single file, a twenty to thirty pound gobbler in the lead. We couldn't believe it! We actually did it; two green-
horns like us actually called in and lured a flock of turkey’s right to us on our first time out!

The lead turkey was maybe forty yards away, too far for our shotguns to be effective, too close to try and call them in to range. We had no choice but to sit there and hope they didn't spot us. Slowly, cautiously, they moved forward, inch by inch, periodically stopping to look and listen, sensing something was wrong. We waited until they were 25 yards away, within throwing distance, and got ready to fire. I could feel the adrenaline rush into my body. My mouth was dry and my palms sweaty. I felt my pulse pounding in my forehead and my heart jump into my throat, and just as they came into range...BANG! I fired my single shot 12 gauge, and Dad fired a shot from his three round 12 gauge pump! We felt sure that after sending two shots worth of bb's at the lead turkey that he would be on the ground, motionless. When we looked up, however, the thing was staring right back at us, trying to figure out what was going on, and after about two seconds, the whole flock took off running and left us sitting there with our mouths hanging open like idiots, wondering what went wrong. It took a full minute for us to snap out of our shock, and when we did, the only thing we could say to each other was "What happened?"

We decided to forget about trying to follow them since they would have been in the next parish by then, so we started heading back to the car. After we got there, we were so disappointed we thought about going home, but decided against it and drove to Uncle Randy's cabin, which was ten miles east of the camp. When we got there, he was already eating lunch, so we picked up a plate, grabbed some grub, and told him what happened. After listening, he was just as confused as we were.

"Did you say you left your shells at home and stopped to buy some more?" he asked.

"Yeah" dad replied.

"What kind of shot did you use?"

"7 1/2 shot."

"You used what kind of shot?"

"7 1/2. Is that the wrong kind? "
“Of course it is! You’re supposed to use 4; 7 1/2 is rat shot. The bb’s are probably stuck in the feathers.”

The laughter didn't stop for five minutes. It just goes to show that even a disappointing hunt can be a memorable one.
Her tender feet pressed in the sand;
Her mind wandered to a foreign land.
She breathed the air and felt the mist;
Temptation to stay she must resist.
The waves played and caressed her feet;
She felt her heart – it skipped a beat.
Her eyes stared forward--there was much to fear;
The seashells caught a lonely tear.
Sunlight danced upon the waves,
Unknowing of the strength it gave.
The time before her courage lacked,
But this time she would not turn back.
All was not lost – a lesson learned,
But the wound of yesterday still burned.
Today is robed in grief and sorrow,
But there is still time to change tomorrow.
Before her lay the goal she’d reach,
Behind her lay her footprints on the beach.
Alex Sauer began painting two years ago when she took a class right here at BPCC. She wants to be a graphic designer in the film industry and paint on the side. She enjoys going to the rodeo on the weekends and training her horses.
The dark house in early morning
When the mind is unbound,
Where dreams and ideas are soaring,
And my world is nearly without a sound.
Before the blooming of the flower,
This is the poetic hour.
Meet the Artists

Amanda Carter began writing and expressing herself artistically in 2009 at the age of 24. She gets her inspiration from Gandhi, Emerson, and her friends. The worst job she ever had was working at a call center. Amanda’s dream job would be “To somehow become wealthy discussing theology and philosophy all day.”

Kelly Boyett grew up with a pencil in her hand and watching her mother sell personally made oil paintings. She hates sloppy work and hopes to succeed as a professional artist someday. She has hopes of dedicating her life to artwork since the devastating loss of her husband last year.

Ashley Bruce gets her inspiration from her mother. Ashley’s irrational fears are the dark, heights, and spiders. Her dream job is to someday become an artist.

Heath Williamson began expressing his creativity at a young age, being inspired by his grandmother, and later on by the teachings of Mr. Williams and Mrs. McDade. He fears not worrying when it is actually needed and hates selfishness and ignorance. He hopes to be involved in music and teaching one day and is proud to pursue happiness over money.

Jim Sandlin’s inspiration is Orson Welles. His pet peeve is politicians, and his irrational fear is fame. His dream job is music and archeology.

Michal Tegan Batton started expressing herself when she was young by playing pretend and loved being able to decide how the story will end. Her pet peeves are people without common sense or a concept of a world outside of their own. Michal dreams of “becoming a writer that moves people.”
Yaneirys Alegria started expressing herself creatively in her English classes. She has been and is still inspired by her own life experiences. Her biggest life changing moment was when she moved to the U.S. four years ago.

Terry Lewis Jr. is inspired by his wife and Jesus Christ: “Jesus because when I think of what he went through, it makes my problems seem small, and my wife because of her tremendous character.”

Shane Stephens began expressing himself when he was only five years old. The worst job he has ever had was cleaning out his uncle’s chicken coup, while his dream job is to be a part of the U.S. Army Rangers.

Donald Koebel has been expressing himself creatively since childhood. He gets his inspiration from life and the people he comes in contact with. “I would like to write throughout my life, and Lord willing, I will.”

Anthony Kemper began expressing his creativity in Photoshop about six years ago at the age of fourteen. He hates disorganization and messiness, and he hopes to open his own graphic design business one day.

Brittany Buckner started expressing herself at the age of nine or ten. She gains her inspiration from her father, and her pet peeve is people who don’t think for themselves. Her dream job is to one day become an author.

Will Tuft would love to get a graphic design job at a motorcycle business, so that he could combine what he does with what he loves. Regarding his new wife and stepson, he said, “Nothing has had a more positive change in my life.”
Any great work of art... revives and readapts time and space, and the measure of its success is the extent to which it makes you an inhabitant of that world--the extent to which it invites you in and lets you breathe its strange, special air. --Leonard Bernstein
Jessica Ingram has always been motivated to work hard for her dreams. She hates, rightly so, when her Yorkies yelp extremely loudly at nothing. She would love to be a voice actor for animated movies and already has different voices she uses for conversation. Sometimes she even finds herself accidentally talking with a British accent.