

CITY BRINK

*Harry S Truman College
Literary Magazine*

Volume 2

Fall 2013

CITY BRINK

Harry S Truman College Literary Magazine

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Dear Readers,

As an editor, I am trying to bring to you writing that is fresh, new and powerful in the second edition of a literary magazine that will be seen, read, appreciated and talked about by many people. I hope to bring to you all outstanding, creative and engaging work in a publication that is appealing to all of you, one that you will want to explore in depth. This literary magazine is indebted to all the participants, authors and artists who made it possible to have this publication. I hope you enjoy reading and exploring the second edition of *City Brink!*

Atiya Wawdiwala

City Brink Student Editor

Dear Readers,

It is with great pride I bring to you the sophomore edition of *City Brink*. Within this literary magazine you will find the exceptional work of your fellow students and faculty members and I can only hope that you delight in reading the magazine as much as I enjoyed the process of its conception. Thank you to all of the contributors for your creativity and your willingness to showcase your talents, to our faculty advisors for your guidance and support, and lastly thank you Dear Reader, for making this all possible.

Rachael Carter

City Brink Student Editor

I like to listen. I have learned a great deal from listening carefully. Most people never listen.

-Ernest Hemingway

Dear Readers,

In its second incarnation, the *City Brink* editorial team enjoyed a larger number of submissions. The art from our community shows a desire for a creative outlet, and we thank everyone for contributing. This year also saw the growth of student interest as two editors, Atiya Wawdiwala and Rachael Carter, were essential in soliciting work and finalizing the look of this version. Additionally, Professor Matos is a new faculty advisor and poetry editor for *City Brink*. We are fortunate.

In many ways, the second issue is the most important. As the magazine continues to forge an identity, choices must be made which affect the magazine for its lifetime. The cover was one discussion, and we had to work hard to decide whether to keep one cover for the duration or change it annually. We decided on the latter. This is possible because a large number of artists have given us a wide array of choices.

This year I chose a simple Hemingway quote because I am reminded that creativity can still be attached to a selfish desire to be heard. A necessary desire. We want creativity. We nurture it in students, friends, and family. To that end, many people write expecting other people to read their work. But they do not read the work of their fellow writers. This is, to me, the height of stagnation in a hyper-thinking, tech-obsessed society. This is why it is a great joy for the team of editors to bring you a community of writers; and I urge you to flip through the pages and enjoy. I give you the sophomore installment of *City Brink*.

--Joshua Thusat, Communications

Valentine's Day

by Andrew Wetmore

When the Chevy hit the black lab
and sent him off to the side of the highway,
his back leg was broken.
The passenger saw and instant tears came
as she turned down the radio.

The driver held on to the steering
wheel with his left hand,
a vestigial digit attached to his pinkie,
and used his right palm to activate the signal
and pull onto the highway's shoulder.

The passenger threw her box of
heart shaped candies into the back seat,
but she was too overcome to step out
of the car and follow after the driver running
back to find what he had struck.

When he returned, he looked south
and waited for a semi to pass before
ducking in and fastening his seat belt.
He handed her a fast food napkin,
then he shook his head, and,
looked over his shoulder, signaling back
onto the highway.

Blood of the Bull

by Andrew Wetmore

"The glass gallon of milk
has gone sour, Norma Jean," I said.
The power lines have been
down for days.

"We can have cooking sherry
or well water when the fire
has finished heating
our cold bread and beans."

It was a storm of ice
encasing the pines and oaks,
the driveway gravel
and the burgeoning grass.
"Stop that," she said "you know
my name ain't Norma Jean."
She rose, "I've hidden something
away just for this occasion."
And she disappeared into
the pantry, moving cans
of baking powder onto lower shelves
and pushing away bags of flour.

"For an ice storm?" I asked,
"They only happen once a century."
She came back with
a bottle of red wine.
"Blood of the Bull," she said
and then cracked the bottle's neck
on the granite counter
and brushed the green shards
of glass on the floor.

"Storm of the century," she said
and poured us both a long swallow.
I shifted the beans around
on the plate before touching
the cup to my lips.
"Not bad Norma Jean," I sighed,
and raised up in a mock toast.
She laughed and drank,
"Once every hundred years."

Ice Walk

by Chloe Bolan

sister and i
walk an icy alley
in almost stilettos
from the funeral home
to her SUV

our childhood
was an ice walk
until we got into
our grandparents
cadillac and drove to adulthood

we cling like honeysuckle
to each other's black wool coats
sister says, walk pigeon toed
we turn out toes in and
prick our way over ice

it's instinctive
before we were five
we pigeon-toed over
daddy's post-traumatic stress
and mommy's narcissism
without falling

we're tough as ice
don't give us any heat
we won't know how to
handle that

Gold Rushed

by Chloe Bolan

newsmen first tagged the 1890s gay
but gramps tagged them gray, then black
as '93s panic spun the market into a mud hole
sucking in the gullible, unlucky, lazy—
just about everybody, gramps said;
then way up north in the Klondike, a Mr. Harper stumbled
onto gold

gramps and other southlanders swarmed like boll weevils
to the cotton-white ice floes of the Yukon River;
shrewd Canadian farmers sold them horses
too skeletal to plow snowdrifts;
within a winter week from Skagway to Bennett
twisted newly-christened Dead Horse Trail

gramps crawled over horse haunches
then caught a dog-ride to Dawson
to get grubstaked for the gold fields;
drinking, dreaming dunes of gold dust,
gramps still hearkened to the old sourdoughs
who taught him how to build a fire

before the trek, the guys and gramps—
although he never said so—
good-byed French Marie, Klondike Kate, bottom-line Lil:
gents, Lil said, if you're not ready, don't get in the line.

under frostbit stars and fool's gold sun,
mushed on by greed, the yellow fever of the age,
some lost fingers, feet, heart; some got crazed, axed,
strangled;
suicide was simple: make a snow angel and sleep

those fortunated by fate got gold flushed
but turned an unpolished eye to Seattle, Portland, old San
 Fran
and spent their dust bags in the new frontier,
making housewives out of whores, outshining all their ice-rot
 Arctic peers

as for gramps, he lived to trill the tale
but he went gold bust

**Interpretation of Asher Duran's
'The Picnic'**

by Tamara Beridze



Oil on canvas

Design

by Chloe Bolan

When I was twelve, my best friend Hilly and I would study her twenty-two year old sister Linda with the same intensity we applied to our joint science project: mapping the stars. Only that project, aluminum foil stars in a sky of black poster board, was worthier of a design contest than a scientific one—as was Linda. Because, to me, she was complete feminine design. She was Audrey Hepburn-slender in the time of Audrey’s first stellar burst upon the silver screen during the golden age of the 50s. But unlike the somewhat sexless Audrey, Linda wore padded bras, and that was design number one.

Linda was math-bright, but since women didn’t pursue financial degrees then, she got a teaching certificate and pursued a financier instead--a broker to be exact--Stephen the third. Who himself was pursuing an advanced degree and who came with a name of long standing, unblemished credit, and skeletons safely cremated in the closet. The perfect husband. Design number two.

She tempted him with her padded voluptuousness and then pushed him away; when that didn't get the desired results, she toured Europe and teased him with photos of European waiters falsely identified as sons of titles and tycoons. She never said there was someone else; she just acted like there was.

Then one autumn afternoon as Hilly and I sat on the edge of Linda’s bed, she plucked from her top dresser drawer a ring box. “Look, girls,” she said, snapping it open. Her marquise-cut diamond in its dark velvet bed eclipsed all the glory of our science project’s starry night. So, this is what Hilly and I were to aspire to, I thought—although Hilly would eventually flash an emerald engagement ring and I an

heirloom ruby, and both of us would make the wrong choice in fiancés, too.

Later that day, while Hilly and I were making anonymous phone calls to boys in our class (long before prank-busting caller ID), we stopped in mid-dial to watch Linda leave for the country club in her black dress, padded bra, stiletto heels, and blind-the-world-white diamond. She winked at us. So did Stephen the third, her betrothed. All we could do was blink—we were busy with our own designs. Only they all backfired since none of the boys we called ever asked us out.

I didn't go to Linda's wedding, but I remember babysitting her first child. She was beautiful—all blond and pink and swaddled in summer white. Unfortunately, after a good burping, she dribbled strained plums all over the appliquéd angel on her cotton kimono. The word "indelible" popped into my head. But Linda never reprimanded Hilly or me. She just cooed to her baby, "Did my little precious get her pretty white kimono spoiled by those mean old plums?"

The baby was design number three, followed a year later by design number four: a son, named after his father. Linda's fifth design was to own a house in an old, exclusive area of an old, exclusive suburb-- far enough away from Chicago to have a whiff of country, but close enough so Stephen could commute. She ended up in a new subdivision built to blend in with the older area. Close enough.

By the time Hilly and I were college juniors, we focused on our own designs and were amazed to see how much they intersected. Our husbands became good friends, our children were as close as cousins, and we only lived fifteen minutes away from each other. Then one day the geometry changed and Hilly's family moved to Phoenix. I was bereft. At first we called each other all the time, but then we only called on holidays, and finally only on our birthdays. Like Earth and Mars, we were twin planets that eventually drifted into divergent orbits. Which is why I didn't find out about Linda's

devolving marriage in its early phases. “Stephen’s been drinking for years,” Hilly told me when I called to wish her happy thirty-fourth. “He’s a binge drinker,” she said. “It takes a long time to track that type. That’s what Linda told me.” Then I heard a few muffled snuffles from Hilly, but all I could envision were Linda’s big Audrey Hepburn eyes struggling against the tears that ran down Hilly’s face.

When Hilly called to wish me happy thirty-fifth, she told me Linda was getting divorced. I almost dropped the phone. Was this the path to middle-age? Watching designs disintegrate? “Stephen found someone to share his martinis with,” Hilly said. An heiress with an unfaithful husband, children raised by nannies, and boring charity balls to oversee.

One night Linda drove to the old section of the suburb, where the heiress’s stained glass windows framed a view of Lake Michigan curling up on her riparian rights. Linda rushed past the maid, up the winding staircase, down the cavernous hallway to the intimacy of a palatial sitting room/bedroom. Her rival languished Camille-like on a queen-sized bed. Bottles of green medicines and aloe-drenched tissues overflowed her nightstand, testifying to her winter cold. Linda was all set to sit down and deliver sophisticated phrases like “we’re mature adults here,” “these things happen,” “still, you both must stop,” when all she could spit out were fishwife phrases like “rich and spoiled,” “husband-stealer,” “Afghan in heat.” What happened, I wondered? She reached for the moon and caught it, but then turned it over and recoiled at its dark side. Years later I realized how much Linda wanted Stephen—not for the children’s sake, a comfortable life, or social acceptance, but for herself—because she loved him in that primal way that women who scheme for the men they want love them—down to the marrow, down to the DNA.

Stephen remarried, of course, but not to the heiress. In fact, I met him in a restaurant once with his second wife

and her overweight son, who obviously needed a father, or at least a coach. She was younger than Linda and resembled Stephen's two strawberry blond sisters, both dull and decorous. Stephen wasn't drinking anymore--hard liquor had left him with some health problems, but he seemed so bored. Because of sobriety, I wondered? Or because he'd married his sisters?

Hilly got divorced about this time, left Phoenix with her kids, and moved into a tiny house a few blocks from Linda and a twenty minute drive from me. The dark matter of their finances became illuminated when they both needed to work. But luckily they found jobs in the same advertising agency and became great sister-buddies. I was more or less their satellite. I remember Hilly telling me Linda was studying for an MBA. She was fifty-two. "She should find a new husband," I said. "Men her age are hard to find," Hilly said, "and Linda has to think about her own survival." "But that's how she'll survive," I said. "Why should she lose her freedom?" Hilly asked. Freedom was last on my list of needs, so I asked her: "Wouldn't security be worth the headache of marriage?" "What really concerns me," Hilly said, ignoring my question, "is that Linda smokes too much and she doesn't exercise." I repeated my "husband as solution" theme, but Hilly wasn't listening to me; she was chastising her cat for his three day prowl.

Six months later, when Hilly was helping me through the shock of my widowhood and forcing me to leave the cloister of my home, she invited me to go downtown to see a musical. I reached her house as a snow storm was working itself up into a blizzard, so we skipped the show and I spent the night. In the morning Linda called. Her condo was an igloo, she said. She didn't mind speaking in frosty balls of breath, but her oldest daughter was visiting with her husband and children, and could they stay until the heat was back on?

They kept on their winter coats and filled up Hilly's cozy living room. Linda, Hilly and I sat on one couch and

gazed at Linda's beautiful and serene daughter, who sat in the midst of her three pre-school children while her husband looked on adoringly.

A year later Linda's daughter had another baby—"to save her marriage," Hilly said. There's a design that never works, I thought, and obviously her husband hadn't been looking on adoringly—he was just defrosting. A few months later, he lost his job and Linda wondered what else could go wrong in her daughter's life. And then her daughter was diagnosed with a form of leukemia that needed massive amounts of blood to confront it. Linda, Hilly, and other relatives gave freely, but a tidal wave of blood couldn't stem the red tide of cancer, and so Linda's daughter died at thirty-eight, leaving her babies behind her.

Immediately after the funeral, Linda collapsed with a stroke. At the hospital they also diagnosed lung cancer, but what were these distractions to losing her eldest child? I thought back on Linda's early designs as a mirror catching the sun—brilliant at first, but too hot to hold. So the mirror shattered and all that was left were flashing fragments, too many to count or piece back together.

Even so, the galaxies keep spinning. So one perfect summer morning, Hilly became a bride again, and I was her matron of honor for the second time. She even wore Linda's daughter's wedding dress—a champagne colored, tea length, lacey configuration sparkling with seed pearls. Hilly and her fiancé, her grown children and friends walked to the park, and with the sun in attendance, Hilly looked like a bride for all time. Ever beautiful, recurrently pure.

My one task at the reception was to sit with Linda's family, including her ex-husband Stephen, since Linda was too ill to come. I used all my charm to resurrect their dreams before the muse of tragedy became a guest in their separate houses, and all my self-deprecating wit to keep the wolf of grief from the wedding feast. Yes, I had my designs, and as

designs go, this one escaped my control. A week later, Stephen asked me out.

I tried to convince myself it wasn't a date because we were meeting at an art fair, and maybe if Stephen weren't still handsome, intelligent, and charming, I wouldn't have needed to. On the other hand, if he didn't have all that magnetism, I probably wouldn't have gone. One weak moment can be forgiven, I told myself. But not two. The next time he asked me out I said no. I didn't tell Hilly till years later because she and her new husband lived in San Francisco, and so the Earth/Mars syndrome had set in.

The next time I saw Linda was at a brunch given for Hilly who was visiting from the west coast. I sat on the coach next to Linda, an elegantly aging Audrey Hepburn. She'd overcome her cancer, but not the effects of her stroke. Linda filled in a conversational lull with a story. "I went to that place," she said and looked puzzled. "You know," she said to the group of eight women, "where they have food on the uh—" She pantomimed reaching for something. "Shelves?" someone guessed. "Yes," she said. She pantomimed reaching again, but added a walk around the room and back to the couch. "A grocery store," someone guessed. Linda nodded triumphantly and I thought of going to the bathroom but I was wedged into the farthest corner of the couch where an escape would be obvious. By the time Linda got to the middle of what should have been an anecdote but was now a saga, I realized I was the only one listening. She must have sensed my desperation because she tried to speed up the story, despite an irretrievable vocabulary. "So I told him about it and he said..." She shrugged because a gesture's easier than a word. She waited for my response. Should I laugh, cry, nod? I couldn't look puzzled or she might try to clarify the ending. My head was aching. I couldn't follow her ... design. Hilly handed me a cup of coffee with a compassionate wink and asked Linda if she'd like a cup too.

Later Hilly told me Linda's friends didn't call her anymore, but she still called them and left bubbly messages on their voice mails that burst into senseless pops of joy.

Five years later Hilly called me from San Francisco. "Linda's dying," she keened, "and I'm flying back to Chicago tonight." The next day she called me and said Linda had died before she got there, but on the plane, she suddenly awoke and felt Linda's presence leaving this world. "And she didn't want to linger," Hilly said. "She just brushed by me and went on her way." I heard the hurt in Hilly's voice. And then sobbing.

I let her sob and remembered the last time I saw Linda. Hilly's youngest daughter had been married at an idyllic place outside Missoula, Montana; the reception was held on the grass by the shores of a little rippling lake backed by a jagged mountain. In the late afternoon, guests were rowing boats and swimming or drinking and dancing. At dusk, Linda emerged from the water tying the sash to a thin white robe over her bathing suit, and we talked. "After all I've been through," she said. "Still, I look out the window at night and see—" She pointed to a twilight sky. I knew she was fishing for "moon" but the sky would make her point. She put her hand over her heart. "Beautiful," I said, though it was too feeble a word—mapping the stars had taught me that. "Mysterious," I corrected myself, then added: "Yet, we know there's a design." "Design," she echoed, and for a second I thought we were back in her bedroom looking at her engagement ring. So many of her designs had crumbled since then, and yet they'd all transformed her. Whatever the explosions of her life, she smiled at me in the coming dark beneath a ring of new-formed stars, and I understood the violence of the universe, the beauty that it birthed.

Lake Michigan at Dawn

by Jordanka Lazarevic



Oil on canvas

Alone This One Night

by Hulliams Kamlem

I've counted the stars
clouding your window horizon
as the dawn broke in
you were there
willingly unheard
shadow or gasp
starring at my glued eyes
-as the wind whirled a suave melody
thinking things of yours
and perhaps...
of mine

Dark Vein Chicago

by Hulliams Kamlem

in memory of Devon Fields and all victims of gun-violence

We never bought lives
Ain't got no money for that
We, who've learned to live beat-up
Now we sell lives for two, ten, or no reasons
It's cheap – It's ours
The teaching has left the board for our hearts
Let's fight for a corner
Gunshots
Heads shaking all over
More hustle
Gunshots
Screams
Time goes by
Now we eat from our flesh and drink from our blood
Golgotha city
Now we are what the crooked past wanted us to be
What's left to say?
Cheers of sorrow!

**Love Letters
from a Lost Galaxy**

by Anthony Canela

Golden Beams
Bring memories of dawning dreams
Calm and serene, yet to come
As the sun rises upon the yawning scene

Bouncing off the gossamer that is
The tussled confusion of your hair
Eyelids flutter open as apertures welcome the blurry focus
Hoping to capture those precious moments

Fair maiden floating upon nightingale's wings
Let us transcend space and time
And lose ourselves within each other's
Frame of mind

Desires rise with levitation
Whispers cry for exhalation
My spiraling arms expand and
Fully envelop that feminine Speakeasy mystique
Until we meet and implode with ecstasy
Forming black holes that throb with
The penmanship of love letters from a lost galaxy

Penetrating your metaphorical fortress
With invisible forces
Such as centrifugal courtship
Hidden within Trojans'
Invincible horses
Gallop across galaxies
Gallantly romancing your every breath and wish
Laden with heaven's kiss
Upon thy fair maiden's lips
Resides my name in bliss

Alvin Ailey Dancers

by Nellie Bekker



Oil on canvas

A Letter to My Ancestors

by Rachael Carter

It's me,
your descendant,
sister from the Sunflower State.
I march behind you
"Real cool"
your pen, the torch
that lights my path.

It's me,
your bloodline,
daughter in a field
of wheat.
I dance in your footsteps
and lean into the lens
beneath your Learning Tree.

It's me,
your Renaissance child,
poised not to take
your place, but sit
at the table
and drink your wisdom.

Merry Pagan

by Amber Morgan

"Silver Bells! Silver Bells! It's Christmas time in the city." Christmas time in the city of Chicago is a charming event, especially when you're a child. It is the holiday of all holidays. The flashing lights and metallic decorations make the entire city look like a circus. There are life-sized toys on display. Christmas carols are played in every genre of music at all the department stores and restaurants. The whole city becomes relaxed for the month of December because everyone is drunk off of holiday spirit. Adults turn into children and forget about the mundane things in life. Children are relaxed because school is almost out for winter break. No one cares that the weather man forecasted temperatures below zero because cold weather and snow are a major part of this holiday, but as a child I was standing on the outside looking in on all the fun because I didn't celebrate Christmas. At the age of four, one night I was sitting in the parking lot of a department store with my grandmother as I watched the nighttime snow fall from the sky like white glitter. I asked if I was going to get any presents from Santa Claus and she told me, "We don't celebrate Christmas for a reason and you won't fully understand until you are older." I didn't press the matter because at a very young age I knew that my grandmother was like an unmovable rock, so I cried in silence in the back seat.

At five years old, I asked my grandmother, again, if we were going to celebrate Christmas. In the back of my mind I thought that maybe that year would have been different, but nothing had changed. The only thing that had changed was her response to my question, which was, "Christmas is based on a lie." My grandmother noticed that I did not care about not celebrating any other holiday, so she asked me what I knew about Christmas and why was it so important to me? I didn't have an extensive vocabulary at that age, so I summed it all into one sentence, "I want presents and it's the prettiest

holiday." She agreed it was a beautiful holiday, so I said, "Let's celebrate it! I'll give you a present and you can give me presents." She laughed at me because she noticed that I was smart enough to plot and scheme to get presents (plural). After that she furthered her explanation as to why we didn't celebrate the holiday, and I remember her saying, "traditions have an origin and the origins are usually violent ones too." After she made that statement, she noticed that I was still too young to understand, so she didn't continue. Christmas after Christmas kept passing and I kept on trying to persuade my family to participate. Until one year, I was in history class and a teacher made the same statement that my grandmother had said when I was five, "traditions have origins and the origins are usually violent ones." I didn't understand what that meant, so I took it upon myself to figure out the origins of Christmas. I went back to my grandmother and asked her, "What is so wrong with Christmas? Why can't we celebrate it? You told me it was all based on a lie and you told me it had a violent background, so why does everyone celebrate it then?" Christmas came from many pagan backgrounds, and it's a ball of confusion wrapped into one holiday.

The Christmas tree plays a vital role in the tradition. It is a universal sign that Christmas is near. Everyone decorates their tree according to their own preference, but every tree has the bright star at the top of the tree. Most people tell their children that the star was a guide for the wise men to find the baby Jesus Christ so they could shower him with gifts. Although the star a guide to the birth place of Jesus, in actuality, the star also helped King Herod to find Jesus and have him killed. Not only did King Herod try to have Jesus killed, but once he was outwitted, he had all the young boys younger than two killed in all of the surrounding districts. When my grandmother told me that, I was in shock. So I said, "Okay! Let's not celebrate that part of Christmas. Let's just celebrate the Santa Claus and present giving portion." But

little did I know Santa Claus has a violent and confusing origin as well.

After my grandmother had finished explaining about Jesus, she started singing, "You better not shout. You better not pout. You better not cry I'm telling you why, Santa Claus is coming to town." Odin and Bishop Saint Nicholas are two names that are often related to Santa Claus. Of course Bishop Saint Nicholas is the preferred rendition of Santa Claus because he was a man that gave gifts to people and left money in children's shoes. Odin was a magical mythical god from Norse mythology that was known for a lot of things, but he loved war and battle. He rode through the skies on his eight legged horse and he had one good eye. As she explained this to me, she asked how many reindeer Santa used for his sleigh. I listed all nine of them and said, "Odin had one flying horse compared to Santa's nine reindeer." She asked, "How many legs does the horse have?" It still did not make sense because in my mathematical mind, it was eight legs to nine reindeer. It wasn't equal. She said that Santa originally had eight reindeer and Rudolph was added later. She dissected the holiday all the way down to the mistletoe, explaining that the mistletoe is nothing but a parasite that feeds off the life of another tree. Why do people make out under it?

Adding to this confusion, America snags any opportunity to capitalize and feed off of its consumers. Many people are disconnected from the history of our holidays, as if most traditions never existed. When my grandmother told me the gruesome details and facts about Christmas, she told me, "Now, go celebrate Christmas." But I didn't want to anymore. I no longer felt like a child. In fact, our little conversation made me decide to go the extra mile and do more research on all of the holidays. I've never explained my reason for not celebrating Christmas in detail because I didn't want to be seen as *The Grinch that Stole Christmas*. Although I personally do not celebrate Christmas, this experience taught me a valuable lesson. Know the history of what you celebrate.

**Interpretation of Macgregor's
'Good Going'**

by Tina Falkovich



Oil on canvas

Love is Beautiful

by Omero Siller

Love does not have enough time.
And when you lose that person
You feel your time has been vain.
It makes you feel less
It's always a guess
Embrace what you have
Keep it with you for as long as you can
For when the pain begins
You'll always have the past.

Hood Blues

by D'Andrea Crossley

Red lights blue badge loud siren
Folks all screamin' and cryin'
In the streets Black Baby dyin'
While that pig over there steady lyin'
Tellin' Mr. Man Black Baby was armed
Straight A student never done no harm
Except bein' brown when Chicago is warm
No more worry 'bout roommates or dorm
Pig said oink and pulled the trigger
"The world is less one nappy-headed figure!"
Call Pastor Jackson and two grave diggers
Black Mama's baby gone, Pig's getting bigger

Six Quarters

by Derek Lazarski

Always take six quarters with you down to the laundry room. Keys in right pocket, six quarters in left, basket on hip, not overflowing with clothes, loafers on and off you go. It's only a buck and a quarter a load, but you always want that extra quarter with you. Never know when one's going to slip out of your hands and wind up under a machine. It happens on the bus all the time and I always say, "You shoulda brought an extra quarter" but I let 'em on anyway.

For the most part, the laundry room is clean, save for the spiders and soggy wood smell. Only two washers and two dryers, so you don't usually run into more than one person at a time, if you see anybody. Laundry machines make people seem like ghosts. You go down to switch your load and you find other clothes have magically jumped from one machine to another. Of course, you assume a person did it...

Mostly there's no conversation, but I've talked to dudes bitching about how other guys have pulled their clothes out and left them on the table and advised teenagers about how laundry sucks but you gotta do it. Make pleasantries with people. Even asked a woman if she "necesita usar la maquina" only to have her begin jib-jabbering away in Spanish to my dumb smiling face.

But there was one guy I met down there once, I never seen him before and I haven't seen him since, was this Romanian guy, round face, snow white hair, eyebrows like black mustaches. Had my basket on my hip and eleven quarters in my pocket and was strolling in when the broad outline of his back caught me in its shadow and stopped me.

When I stepped closer I saw he was staring at the dryer, his white face a damp cherry red.

"You lose a quarter?"

He snorted at me. Seemed constipated. "Damn machine! Stole five quarters!" Looked like he wanted to kick it. "It was all a plan!"

The last comment threw me off. "I've got an extra five quarters on me..." I shouldn't have, they weren't extra. They were the only eleven quarters I had upstairs—I checked—but I already had them in my hand in front of me.

"It might eat them again. It planned it!" He pointed at it like it was a criminal he caught red-handed. Gave me a weird feeling.

"They might have to call maintenance on that dryer. It's fine. I'll give you these five quarters right now and you can use the other dryer. But listen, I need you to go grab some other quarters from upstairs for me because these are my last eleven."

When the number registered it puzzled him. "Why eleven?"

"In case one drops."

He was less confused than stunned by my generosity when I jingled the five quarters into his pudgy hand, like no one had ever done a single thing for him in his life. "You just leave the other ones on the ground behind the washing machine in a neat stack. I'll grab 'em when I come back down."

"Sank you."

I loaded my clothes into the washing machine and left, but he followed me into the elevator. It was unintentional. "Floor?" I asked, but I'd hit five already. Apparently we lived on the same floor. He looked suspiciously at the elevator buttons when the machine's grinding started, but then he just looked down, despair hanging off his face. A face of clay pummeled by the hands of time.

"Weather's hot," I said.

He nodded. "Elevator hot."

"Used to always take the stairs. I'd take 'em two at a time to be quick, build my thighs up. But it made my wife

nervous. Thought it was unsafe. Then one day I slipped and snapped my ankle doing that. She was right."

He hadn't looked up. It made my story sound stupid. I had to finish it. "Don't take the stairs much anymore."

His eyes were large dark orbs. "When older with joint pain is very hard."

We got off and walked in opposite directions, him around the corner and me down the end of the hall. "Sank you," I thought I heard him say again, but the words died halfway down the hallway. I kicked my loafers into my shoe tub and unlocked my door.

We have people on our floor from all over the place so at dinnertime the hallway's like you threw a hundred rancid peppers in a pot and cooked them till they burned. That night the smell made me want to skip dinner but I forced myself to make it anyway. Fried potatoes and eggs. My apartment has a good cross breeze so it airs out easily. I sat there frying them while wondering if he was going to put the quarters down there for me. I really didn't have any more, and I wasn't sure if he understood me or not. I would seriously have to go to the gas station for change and I was already there that morning for smokes.

I gave him 25 minutes and then I smoked a cigarette in the doorway of the fire escape, so that'd be a half hour total. Didn't see him use the elevator.

While I smoked I thought about the story I'd told him. My wife always liked correcting me on things like that: taking the stairs two at a time, closing the bathroom door all the way, smoking. It made me think of the few times I really blew up at her, that time I shattered the coffee pot, that time I stormed off for the night, that stuff I said during the divorce.

Makes me wonder what deserve means. The more I look at it deserve is just a way of using self-pity to label your life. Sometimes, on nights after long days of driving, when I'm trying to fall asleep to the city's night sounds, I hear the cracking rattle of the coffee pot's shards, I hear the scream, I

hear her voice. "Why did you break that? Why did you break that? Why did you break that?" Repeating like a bad song. Doesn't matter if I deserve it. It's what I have now. What is just is.

When I went back down to the laundry room he was nowhere to be found. After a deep breath, I peered behind the washing machine and saw three quarters laying there among the dust, not stacked, one heads and two tails. Did he leave them for me? I only had the other quarter, making me two bits light on my dryer charge.

So I found myself on my hands and knees, on the nasty painted gray concrete, looking for one under the machines. He was right. It didn't feel good on the joints, and as many decades as I am he was plenty older than me. I shuddered at what my joints would be like at his age.

The only quarter I found was under the dryer his clothes were in. I hesitated, but didn't want to go to the gas station, so I stuffed my fingers under and scraped with the tips till I grabbed it.

I already had my buck and a quarter in the other dryer when I heard footsteps and he appeared in the door, counting quarters in his hand.

"I already got it," I said, starting the dryer. I'd forgotten it hadn't worked for him, but it worked fine for me. When I turned, he was just looking down at them in his hand, and then he started to look up at me but I was already walking past him. I nodded, but I didn't look at him. I know his big dark eyes were looking at me.

They were not his quarters I found behind the machine, I realized in the elevator, and when its big old engine kicked on to haul me to the fifth floor, a despair filled me as well. I was wishing I had looked at him as I left, that my eyes had met his, had wished I was there for what he wanted to say to me.

I wished I had because that's how I want to tell this story to my daughter. When I drive out to see her every

weekend, she and I go for pancakes and talk about how school is going, what games she plays at recess, what stories she's reading when she falls asleep. When we watch movies in our motel room I tell her stories from the bus, people helping other people, children acting up, people getting into fights. But I've never told her this story about the laundry room.

Her mom and her mom's husband have her in a great school, but it isn't anywhere near me. I don't bring her back here, but if I did I know she'd like the cross breeze in my place and the way you can see the rooftops from the fifth floor. She'd leave her little shoes in the shoe tub outside and we'd watch monster movies and play board games.

And I could teach her to do laundry. The laundry room's not that dirty. Show her how much detergent to use, how much a load is. And I'd make sure she'd always have six quarters for a load. I'd say, "Always make sure you have a little extra. You can't ever be sure that a little bit won't slip away, and that little bit might always be just less than you need."

But what little girl wants to come to a smelly rotten tooth of an apartment where you can find shell casings in the alley every week and people at the bus stop begging for a quarter with smiling gums? The drunk dregs who're always climbing on the bus, slouching in the corner, stinking the place up. People who shriveled up long ago. Like damp clumps of lint clinging to whatever they can. Nothing for a little girl to see.

My heart wrings inside me when I think that I never looked that man in the laundry room in the face because the next morning all the shoes in the shoe tub outside my door were neatly arranged, the laces tucked in, my work shoes polished to a shine. It was all I thought about as I drove the bus the next week, and the more I thought about it the gesture of it made me wonder if the man had, at some point in his life, actually done something bad, terribly bad, worse than anything I've done, and my mind would wander to stories you

hear about eastern European war criminals hiding in America their whole lives, and I wanted to go knock on all the doors on that end of the hall to find him and say to him, "I know regret. You can't run from yourself. But beneath everything we've said or done, everything we hate about the people we've been there's something else, deeper. Something that doesn't need judgment. Something that can always live free."

Because I think it's really true. For him, for me, for the meth-heads at the bus stop, for the bureaucrats and the bankers, for the divorce lawyers and their children.

I have to believe it's true. It's all I've got. Anything extra I lost when I didn't look in that man's eyes that night. If I had I might've learned something faster, and I might be proud of this story, and I could maybe tell it with the courage of a father. But that would take more than I have.

A place where you end up

by Haddon Pearson

It's my favorite bar a few miles outside of town. There are always people there who didn't drive thought it's too far away from anything or anywhere to have walked. It's sure dark and hard to see inside but it's like a place you have lived for years you can navigate along by touching the back of a chair or the edge of a table as you go. The food is just awful but the drinks are cold beyond icy and the jukebox plays and plays and you don't have to put any coins in it.

Frank gave up his ghost here, such that it was, when his kidneys finally gave out. Actually for a long while before this he and his ghost would sit side by side quietly sharing drinks. After Frank's body was carried off his ghost remained behind and shuffled about, but Frank's ghost wasn't any more interesting than Frank was when Frank was alive. The ghost was a curiosity and we didn't mind so much having him around until we realized that other people's ghosts were leaning out of their bodies to talk to him.

Seeing a guy quietly having a drink, lost in his own thoughts, and watching his ghost tilt out to chat with Frank's ghost was too disconcerting so we ganged up on the specter and ran him up the flag pole out front. You can't see him very well in the day but at night with a spot light on him it's pretty impressive, especially when the wind is going.

The songs play on and on. We move the chairs a bit and the ice in our drinks clinks around and slowly ceases to exist. Marissa gets wildly drunk and admits that she saw her

husband take his medication and then she didn't stop him when he forgot this and went to take it again and then again and later that night he stroked out. We'd all seen the bruises on her so nothing was said.

Drunken confessions are pure expressions of a weighted conscious, a heavy soul desperate to lighten its burden. By day repression, shame and guilt holds secrets in place but at night with liquor they slip and crawl out. Is a drunken confession as valid as one stone cold sober? We don't know and certainly aren't in any condition to judge, (lest not we be judged).

So, for those few short moments when she spoke those words she was unburdened, unweighted. She probably doesn't even remember saying it but her secret became ours to carry along with her. No one ever mentions it, perhaps that she told us, even as intoxicated as she was, flattered us, that she trusted us (US!) with such. It became a bond of sorts as there are all sorts of emotions and events that will bind people together in one way or another.

It is the most unacknowledged, yet intimate of gifts and we have all done it: to say nothing, to not mention it, to entirely let it go and pretend it never happened. Yes, there are times to talk about things and deconstruct them or to illuminate them and find the deeper meanings. It's fine to speak up and tell someone you love them but oddly, you can express your love in your own private way by not saying a word and letting something drop off the edge of the world forever.

If we kiss someone on the forehead as they sleep do they

know? Do they remember? Is this a lost gesture or does some part of them understand? Does that bit of affection, fleeting though it may be, remain in them? If not, an unrequited kiss may show more devotion than any armful of flowers. With the flowers there is the giving, the recognition of the gift, the shared event of it. The smallest, gentlest of kisses so as not to wake, with expectations of nothing in return, not even acknowledgment, is far more vast than it will ever be credited with.

But back to Marissa, we never said a single word any of us, ever. And we all knew that for the one that did break the silence the rest of us would drag him out into the woods in the back and do incredibly terrible things to him. We all had our own secrets and would want the same done for us if it came down to it. Meanwhile, under a table in the back, two wolverines fight for their lives - if only against each other.

Imagine That

by Julie Dockery

suppose I told you
you blew into wind;
you caught up to running;
you kept time inside a metronome;
you grooved in movement;
you added a pixel to a picture;
you captured a frame in a film;
you calmed a decibel of sound;
you got go;
you slowed speed;
you angsted anxious?

Biking in Paris

by Rachael Carter



Games We Played

by Sarah McLaughlin

In first grade, we played clap-clap games. Fast as lightning, singing loudly, brown hands, pink hands, knuckles red and sore, again and again and again. Miss Mary Mack was the easy one, the first game we learned. Miss Suzy was the naughty one. Cece My Playmate, an affirmation of friendship. *And we'll be jolly friends/Forever more/One-two-three-four!* We played numbers. Sequences of clapping, slapping the palms, the backs of our hands, brushing fingertips only to whisk the hand away, slap a hip, snap, start again. Call the numbers out. Concentration, concentration, finish a set: four. Say the right one. Sixteen. Faster and faster till someone slipped up. It didn't matter who made the mistake. Me and Aurora, a race against the clock, reveling in our skill, both exhilarated, rising to the challenge. We can do this. We're the best. Faster, faster. Oops sorry. Don't worry about it. Start again. We're getting better, together. Best friends.

Lay your hands on top of mine. I flinch, you pull your hands away. You lose. I'm fast as lightning and slap your hand. Your turn. No, you cheated. No, I'm just faster. When she gets me, she slaps too hard. She's bored. She'd rather play another game. She's taller. Ready? Interlock fingers above our heads, reaching as high as possible, arms straight. Go! Arms arc outward, down toward the ground, all strength bending friends' fingers backward. Her arms scoop under, I lean forward to keep my wrists from overextending. I can't compete. Searing pain, but I can't back down. Just say mercy! No. She twists harder, I writhe in pain, my face contorted. Mercy! What? She'd hold on just a little longer.

One, two, three, four/I declare a thumb war. You cheated! You're just saying that because I won. Okay, whatever, let's play again. She was stronger, but I was trickier. I would bait her, pretending to give in, laying my

thumb down for her to attack, only to slip it out of reach and come down on hers.

In second grade, we played war. We started in the early morning playground time before we had to line up for school. My king beats your ten. You first now. Ace! 2. Well, at least you didn't get one of my high cards. The wars lasted for days, we'd keep our half, third, or quarter of the deck in our book bags until someone won, fair and square. Our wars lasted for years.

In third grade, my mom arranged with her mom for me to go to Aurora's after school. She was single and worked long hours. So did Mrs. Martinez, a lawyer. Her dad kept loose track of us in the afternoons, becoming furious if we chewed with our mouths open. *Ay, Papi, no importa*, she'd groan. When he was out of earshot: You don't know anything. We watched TV, we invented games for ourselves. We climbed trees. Best friends, on an adventure. One time we gathered up the flower petals fallen from the trees along Edgemont Street and filled her backyard with them. It took us several trips to go from her Third Street house to Second and Edgemont, the halfway point between our homes. When we had a soft ground cover of petals, we had a wrestling match. I got pinned every time. Let's play something else.

Our games got messy. Once on the playground, we had both been trying to be first in line to lead the class back from recess. It started with words, our skirmish, but ended with screaming, scratching, pulling hair, separation, reprimand.

The games got more elaborate. When she would come to my house, we'd do creative projects that often got us into trouble. Making "brownies" by mixing Nestle's Quick and milk and putting it in the oven. A quarter covering up the oven light so my babysitter wouldn't find out. We spent hours building a maze for my hamster out of paper. Constructing obstacle courses for ourselves. Picking berries from the tennis courts and turning them into ink that spilled on my

mother's carpet. Scolded together. *And we'll be jolly friends/forevermore/One-two-three-four!*

In fourth grade she went to private school. That was the year I was devastated by a haircut a few inches too short to flatter. She told me I looked like a boy. We'd talk on the phone incessantly. I'd make a joke and she'd laugh hysterically—I'd continue, encouraged, only for her to say that she had just seen something really funny on TV, and what had I been saying? Summer camp together at her school. We'd play four square on the playground. Being king was all that mattered.

One, two, three, four. In fifth grade her mom added me to the family's country club membership so I would have a place to go on long, hot summer days. This cost \$5000, Aurora informed me. We were both on the swim team. We swam against the others, we swam against our own best times. We swam against each other.

In sixth grade we played new games. She transferred to an all-white, all girls' school on the blue-blooded Mainline. She was the only Martinez. We walked down Edgemont Street, our original path. We were more on her side than halfway. I thought she'd want to see a picture of my boyfriend, since she didn't have one yet. She said he was skinny. What did she think of my new style? She said I was turning into a hippie granola. I had to ask what granola meant. I fastened her new uniform kilt over my clothes and hooked my thumbs in the waist. Look at the inches I have left over! I couldn't stop laughing. She grew silent. What's the matter? She only glared. We walked around the block, not on the way to anyone's house, not on the way to anywhere we had hoped to go. She wouldn't answer. Why are you so mad? Okay-fine-sorry, whatever it was. No words. She went home. She stopped returning my phone calls and she didn't speak to me for two years. Mercy! Okay, mercy. I said *mercy*. You win.

20 Steps to Staging Your Home

by Carlo Matos

--After Kristina Marie Darling and Carol Guess

1. Whisk away half an owner.
2. Float potential buyer away from walls.
3. Anchor kitchen table to a petty window.
4. Ignore the carpet revenant sulking in the corner.
5. Increase voltage at least 50% per person, per day.
6. Extend beige into greige, or if possible, sage green—the color of nature.
7. Press buyer into service.
8. Prefer odd numbers; normal numbers are full of mischief.
9. Keep powder room dry!
10. BYOM: Bring Your Own Munitions.
11. Kill all imaginary children. It's time.
12. Love your nude distance.
13. Refinish all projects.
14. Be wary of “unfurling fern fronds herald”*
15. Add new hardware—always.
16. Be careful to mark rigged accent walls.
17. Force largest in back, smallest in front.
18. Remember “holly branches heavy with berries look smashing in winter”**
19. Place a bowl of lemons by the sink in case of emergency.
20. Reinforce perimeter to boost curb appeal.

*See HGTV's “15 Secrets of Home Staging”

**See Fox News's “21 Staging Tips for Selling Your Home Fast”

Original Still Life

by Felipe Martinez



Oil on canvas

Passage

by Myrna Manners



Oil on canvas

Contributor Biographies

Chloe Bolan

“Ice Walk”
“Gold Rushed”
“Design”

Chloe Bolan is an adjunct faculty member at Truman and BIR and has taught in many colleges and universities. She writes plays, poems, and short stories and has recently added novels to her agenda. She’s won grants, a fellowship, and other honors. Her philosophy of writing is to adhere to the naked truth under the cloak of fiction.

Rachael Carter

“A Letter to my Ancestors”
“Biking in Paris” (photograph)

Rachael hails from Kansas and has been writing since she was 11 years old. She currently is working towards a degree in Creative Writing and has a strong addiction to pie.

D'Andrea Crossley

“Hood Blues”

D’Andrea Crossley is a freelance writer and student at Harry S Truman College in Chicago. Raised in Las Vegas, NV, D’Andrea has worked as an on-air personality and closet comedienne. Her latest project is an erotica anthology she is compiling that will be published mid-2013.

Hulliams Kamlem

“Alone this One Night
“Dark Vein Chicago”

Hulliams Kamlem was born in Cameroon and has been living in Chicago since 2010. He will obtain his Associate of Arts (AA) by the end of Fall 2013. He has a passion for literature, which has brought him to different places and influenced both his perception of our beautiful and perfectible world and his own writing. Mr. Kamlem has published works of literature in English, Medumba, French, and German.

Derek Lazarski

“Six Quarters”

Derek Lazarski is the Writing Center Coordinator at Truman College by day. By night, he is writing fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. He always takes an extra quarter with him to the laundry room.

Carlo Matos

“20 Steps to Staging your Home”

Carlo Matos has published four books. His poems, stories and essays have appeared in many online and print journals like Menacing Hedge, Atticus Review, and Paper Darts. He teaches English at Truman College by day and trains cage fighters at night. After hours he can be found entertaining clients at the Chicago Poetry Bordello. For more about his work, see carlomatos.blogspot.com.

Sarah McLaughlin

“Games we Played”

Sarah McLaughlin holds an M.A. in Linguistics from Northeastern Illinois University and teaches academic readers and writers here at Truman College. She is a teaching consultant with the Chicago Area Writing Project, where she was challenged to develop her own writing so she could better teach it to others. During the semester, she reads student writing exclusively.

Amber Morgan

“Merry Pagan”

Haddon Pearson

“A place where you end up”

Haddon Pearson writes intermittently and labors under the heavy realization that we can't all be Paul Auster or Richard Ford, and yet the tapping continues and the self published chapbooks pile up. A few of these (and other efforts) can be seen at: www.goo.gl/iDeRO

Omero Siller

“Love is Beautiful”

I started writing poetry when I was in high school, it didn't get much more into depth when I got here at Truman. My poetry is about love a very strong emotion. I also write about break up and how it is handled in many different ways. My inspiration comes and goes, my muse is love so when I feel love, poetry flows easily. When I feel hate, that is when the emotions other than love go into my poetry. I like to thank Dr. Matos for teaching me how to better my writing.

Andrew Wetmore

“Valentine’s Day”

“Blood of the Bull”

Andrew Wetmore is a sophomore at Truman College, focusing on English Literature. He is perhaps better known for the music he has made with several bands in the Chicago area, most recently The Gold Harvest. Currently he is finishing a second collection of poetry with the intention of publication.

ARTISTS

Students in the Oil Painting Techniques and Watercolor Painting class, taught by Stephanie Roberts, have widely varying levels of experience -some are beginners, having never picked up a paintbrush, and some have been painting for decades and take the course to strengthen their technique and participate in feedback with other artists in the structured setting of the classroom. Many of the students in the art course are pursuing degrees in other disciplines, but feel that painting provides stimulation for their creativity, builds their confidence, and even helps their performance in other classes.

Betlihem Teshome **In the Rain - after Jeff Rowland**

Tina Falkovich. "Interpretation of Macgregor's 'Good Going'"

Tamara Beridze "Interpretation of Asher Duran's 'The Picnic'"

Nellie Bekker "Alvin Ailey Dancers"

Felipe Martinez. "Original Still Life"

Jordanka Lazarevic "Lake Michigan at Dawn"

Myrna Manners. "Passage"

Special Thanks

The City Brink Team would like to thank the president of Harry S Truman College, Dr. Reagan Romali, who has generously supported the efforts of faculty and students in creating this publication of *City Brink*. She shares the same hope that the magazine will continue to be an established creative platform for our students, faculty, staff and community. Also, we are grateful for the hard work of Stephanie Roberts, whose art classes have yielded so much wonderful work. We have a deep gratitude for additional assistance we received, for the second year in a row, from Emily Belknap, who helped compliment the cover artist with the magazine title. This magazine would never be without them. However, the central focus for the magazine is our students, and this publication is dedicated to Rachael Carter and Atiya Wawdiwala. We wish them the best in their endeavors, and this sophomore publication will always be a reminder of your work here at Truman College.

Call For Submissions

City Brink is an annual literary magazine that accepts fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and art. Fiction may be in the form of short story, book excerpt, or one-act plays. Personal essays and literary nonfiction are both part of the nonfiction category. We do NOT accept submissions that have been recently published or are about to be published. **Remember to identify the genre of your submission in the subject line of your email.** This request is for one-time rights in electronic form and hard copy that we will print in small quantities from time to time. The author expressly waives any and all claims for any such damages against Truman College and City Colleges of Chicago. We welcome any unpublished work from both established and new writers. In all cases material submitted must be edited and polished.

This is an annual publication to be made available during the fall of each academic school year (between August and December of each year). The current issue will remain on-line until a new one is made available. There will be no profits made from this publication. Thus, we do not pay cash or in-kind gifts for submissions whether accepted or not accepted for publication.

Guidelines:

Word count is generally up to 2,500 words, but exceptions may be made for longer pieces. Pay special attention to ensure that your manuscript looks exactly how you want it to look before submitting it. If your work is accepted, we will print it the way that it is. **Minor changes (perhaps a few words) may be considered, but we will not make major revisions after submission.**

SUBMISSION STYLE GUIDE:

1. Manuscripts should be submitted as Word attachments and must be able to be opened using Microsoft Office. **Art** should be submitted as a JPEG file.

2. Submissions should be *single spaced in 12pt Times Roman font* only without text embellishments in the body. If the integrity of the piece requires embellishments, be sure to inform us.

3. Genre (poetry, fiction or nonfiction) and word count must be included at the top right side of the page, along with the writer's name, telephone number and email address. Do not include headers or footers on the manuscript. Remember, we do not accept previously published work.

4. Please include a brief writer's bio with your submitted piece.

We will NOT accept manuscripts when guidelines are not followed. **We do not require first rights.**

Email Submissions to: **jthusat@ccc.edu OR jdockery1@ccc.edu OR tmatos@ccc.edu**

Call for Editors

As a student literary magazine, we invite you to consider contributing to City Brink by becoming an editor. If you are interested in becoming an editor for City Brink, please consider the following expectations. You can send an e-mail to either tmatos@ccc.edu, jdockery1@ccc.edu or jthusat@ccc.edu with “Student Editor Applicant” in the subject line.

As a student editor, you will...

- be available to meet at least twice during the semester to discuss the progress of the magazine (though more meetings may be requested).
- meet with students (and student organizations) to solicit submissions and publicize the magazine.
- help create flyers and/or necessary brochures.
- possibly work with us to improve our online presence, including the publication of City Brink on the Internet.
- edit submissions, especially in August and September.

We are uniquely interested in students with computer design skills with ideas for progressing the magazine’s appearance online.



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