



The Scholar

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Welcome First Year Scholars

Let's meet our new scholars!

Elizabeth "Rizi" Aizer

Hometown: Mount Juliet, TN (originally Buffalo, NY)

"I speak 5 languages and I'm afraid of spoons."

Kaitlin Kristine Blackburn

Major: Computer Science (changing from Psychology)

"I love writing prose and poetry (mostly fiction), and I love horror (hurray for Halloween!)"

Tiffany Brewer

Major: Chemistry (pre-pharmacy program)

"I plan to become a research pharmacist with a concentration in cancer or AIDS medications."

Whitney Coomer

Major: Nursing

"I've live in Martin and I've been here three years but I was born and raised in Dixon, Kentucky."

Brandilynn Jean Griggs

Major: Biology

Tianda Harris

Sarah Grace Henson

Major: Animal Science

"My hobbies include rolling down the auditorium in Gooch Hall and jumping into PC at haunted houses ."

Chelsey Loveall

Hometown: Portland, Tennessee

Major: Nursing

"I graduated from Portland High School as Salutatorian, and competed at the national level in the Nursery and Landscaping career development event for FFA."

Alexis Luckey

Hometown: Humboldt, TN

Major: Biology (Pre-pharmacy)

I absolutely love to go to the river (Tennessee River/Kentucky Lake) to ride the boat and jetski, and I spend most of the summer there.

John Mansfield

William McKinley Price

Major: Accounting

"I am a Cumberland Presbyterian and plan on being a youth minister someday."

Brianna Quinn

Major: Biology/ Pre-Medical

Hometown: Medina, TN

Lindsey (Christene) Slaughter

Major: (BSNRM) Natural Resources Management, w/concentration in Environmental Mgt.

"I have a (fraternal) twin, Leeann, who is attending the University of Kentucky in Lexington studying Equine Animal Science. I am a huge nature freak (I'm on the soil-judging team and in the wildlife society), I love Nintendo games (particularly the Legend of Zelda, Fire Emblem: Path of Radiance, and Super Smash Bros. Melee), and soccer. I love to cook anything for everybody and anybody (I even like to clean. I know, crazy.), and I swear I must be allergic to clothes shopping and malls in general. No, really, I hate it...unless it's Bass Pro Shop or something. Oh well."

Jamie (Nicole) Smith

Major: Secondary Government (that's education)

"I was born in California and graduated from high school in Nebraska...if that's interesting. I probably won't teach; I'll probably go to law school."

Rachel Gail Stephens.

Major: History

"I like cheese, cupcakes, and manicotti. Alliteration is a way I like to pass the time. I like

long walks on the beach, strawberry cheese-cake, and slowdancing in the rain. Ok, so just kidding. I don't know any interesting facts.”

Amy Renee Wilson

Major: Biology, but may change soon

“I once killed my roommate just to watch her die.”

Eric Wilson

Majors: Sophomore History/Political Science

“I really love music, and I play guitar in a local worship group. I am from Martin originally and have really enjoyed meeting and hanging out with USO this year.”

Cody Wood

Hometown: Darden, Tn

Major: Biology (Pre-Mled)

“I want to be a pediatrician.”

Untitled

Mattie Davenport

Never underestimate the power of a little black t-shirt, she said.

I do not accept love given to me, she muttered. I want to work for what I get.

She dropped her head to stare at her shoes when I asked, Do you want to be loved?

I am a crow, hopping around a picnic of love. She mocked herself with her voice and hand gestures.

I snatch up little crumbs of love that may have been accidentally dropped by a careless glutton. Her metaphor stunk, and she knew it, but didn't stop.

Someday maybe I'll bring a dish to the picnic of love, and maybe someday I'll be a person, not a crow. She stopped judging herself and looked me in the eye.

But until then, I will feast on scraps.

Aluminum Prayers

Kaitlin Blackburn

David Benjamin was stretched across the grass, a few yards from the bustling interstate off Loop 360 on the Mopac Expressway. Benny watched the stars twinkle and wondered.

A coke can flew out the window and nearly hit his head, but that was no tragedy. Instead he instantly pinched it from the ground and hobbled back to his cave, two hundred yards. Even from a distance, anyone glancing towards the cave would see the glitter of aluminum on the walls. He placed the can on the inner edge of his collection, using a rusty nail. He had come across three bags of nails one day and decided to put them to good use.

Of course, he only had the strength to have the nail only half an inch into the rocky surface with the can. He smiled at the magnificent arrangement. "Well", he spoke, thinking aloud, "if no one else wants it, I might as well keep the roads clean and myself occupied."

Benny limped to the creek. Some said that factory sewage leaked into the Barton, but that did not stop the old man from drinking and bathing occasionally in its water. He looked into the liquid mirror and sighed.

He was the epitome of a human prune. Rarely staring at his reflection, now he noticed how thin and wrinkly he had grown since his last true look. The moonlight only enhanced the pale skin, mottled with cobalt and crimson lines crawling everywhere. What was left of his hair was a greasy gray with silvery highlights. His eyes seemed to be the only thing left of his past...of his remembering...of his twin brother who had the same deep hazelnut eyes. But he was gone and so was Benny. Even if they were both alive, they were both dead. Nothing could survive the lives they had lived.

"Why are we here? Who will love me when I die? He and I are the forsaken."

Benny took a drink and forgot about his thoughts, his life, his failure.

Food was the issue now. He scanned the grass with his hand. Today, no one had thrown out a half-finished burger or lost a bag of groceries. He was going to survive on Mother Nature.

Then he found it.

He took the grasshopper and stuffed it in his mouth gluttonously. He crunched on its hard shell and swallowed it quickly. "Protein," he reminded himself, "protein."

Sometimes a sickening feeling would take over and he would imagine the cars flying off the road and into his home. Into him.

Sometimes he would remember the old rumors about the creek, or he wondered if the grasshopper or the discarded food was poisoned or diseased.

Then he would pace back and forth saying, "I don't wanna go...not to Hell, not to Hell...please don't."

He thought of it as a prayer. A prayer for every suspicion of death that ever occurred to him.

Benny hid in the cave and watched the sky from afar. The moon was a giant pearl among diamonds. "I used to think you were a giant star, but now I know you're just a stupid rock. And I used to think the grass was just carpet, but it actually lives. Every time I step on it, it hurts...sometimes it dies...does anyone pray for the grass...if God remembers the grass, will he remember..." he stopped and let his hands weave through his hair.

He realized that his only motives were to live. To avoid the dark place. Sometimes people came by to help, but he refused them. He did not want to be betrayed again. He lay on the floor and huddled into the ground and cried from exhaustion, something he had not had the strength to do in many years.

The recently-nailed can on the wall fell and clattered against the stone floor. Benny stared at the piece of paper jutting from the shiny can rim. He took it and unraveled it.

A message was scribbled hastily onto the tattered paper. *You only need to ask for forgiveness and God will welcome you into his arms.*

Benny held it in his hands for at least twenty minutes. Then he dropped the paper, and hunched over his knees. "Forgive me, forgive me..." he repeated over and over. His eyes watered and his body shook with the effort of the prayer.

Then David Benjamin ran onto the Mopac Expressway shouting, "I am saved! I am saved!"

The speeding car did not have time to push on the brakes.

My Typical Day

Bradley Bugg

Just chillin'.
Standing here feelin' good.
I'm kinda hungry though.
Maybe I should go into the house and
get my grub on.
Yeah, I think I will.
Oh, crap!
BEES!!!
Bees, bees everywhere!
They swarm!
Swarm like pedophiles on MySpace!
This is insane.
They're in my eyes!
They must be devil-bees!

And they're so loud!
Sounds like thunder.
Wait a minute...it is thunder.

It's raining.
Raindrops, not devil-bees.
Just rain, but evil rain!!!
I've read about this kinda thing!
I'm melting!
MELTING!!!!!!
Well, maybe not.
I'm losing my mind.
I should have taken my medication
this morning...

Musings

Jennifer Ryan

Recently I've been reflecting on my college career. I've been thinking about the present, and I've been thinking about the past. I decided to compile my thoughts. Some of these reflections may help you; some may not. Some are intended to advise; others, to amuse. Some are deep... most are shallow... But they're all true. In order of epiphany, here they go.

1. It's moving-day at the beginning of the year. I look around at all my belongings. [sigh] I have too much stuff. I always realize this fact most acutely on moving-days. I realize it over the summer, too, when the only free space in my room at home (a mock-biohazard wreck) is a clearing for my door and a 2x2 foot space in front of the turned-down corner of my bed. And then I think to myself, "How did it get this way?" And I remember, "Freshman year..." Ahh, freshman year: the material downfall of so many sweet, unassuming high school grads. The moral of the story is, for those laudable young sages who would listen, when preparing for college, don't go housewares crazy. You aren't moving out on your own. You won't need that broom or that cool closet shelf. You *can* live in a white cell. And don't think for one moment you're independent. Pack one trunk, one suitcase, and *ça suffit*. You will be happier this way.
2. I swear, there is a conspiracy to make binders less capacious while at the same time more expensive. \$2.50 per one-inch binder? Whaaaat??? Binder-makers are robber barons. Let's boycott the madness.
3. Either smoking is on the rise or every smoker in every one of my classes sits right next to me.
4. There is nothing better in life than to stroll down the Elam Center track with the men's tennis team, a buffet of foreign manliness, on one side and the cute little toddlers, a parade of sweet innocence, on the other. Females, if you haven't experienced this, you should try it: 4 P.M. on most Fridays. 'Nuf said.



5. I love having a house with a real refrigerator. Where else can you make a Greek salad with crunchy Romaine lettuce, green bell peppers, creamy avocado, soft, aromatic feta cheese, and aesthetically-pleasing red onions? I feel transported just talking about it. Do you hear the Mediterranean sway? Oh, and of course, all tossed in a balsamic vinaigrette dressing. Ahhh, my salad bowl runneth over. To partake in my gustatory glee, refer to picture .



6. It seems that in every single class, somehow Enlightenment philosophy has a showdown with the basic tenets of traditional Christian thought. And I'm talking *every... single... class*—even chemistry. Keep your eyes peeled, and you just may see the struggle too. Well, after two long years of enduring the perpetual reemergence of the intolerable ideals of the “Enlightenment” (tenets such as, “Man is self-sufficient,” “Man is naturally good,” “Yay for man...God who?”, and “Let’s all get to know the creation with no intent to know the Creator”), I have finally stumbled across a picture that completely expresses my feelings in the matter. Here sits Jonathan Edwards as related in his autobiography, staring with his heart full of awe at a thunderstorm, marveling at the wonderful creation of God. There, in the same thunderstorm, stands Benjamin Franklin, flying a kite with a key attached to the end, frantically trying to understand electricity (and daring nature to strike the fool down—social Darwinism, you know). He could be simply enjoying it, but nooooo. And which representation, if one is to picture traditional Christian doctrine and the other, the Enlightenment, appeals to you? (I must caveat this rather forward mental picture with the qualifier that I do not insult science. Science is a wonderful thing. Rather, I insult foolish motives in a foolish human heart.)
7. It is proud and hopeless, Jennifer Ryan, to think that you will EVER understand why people like Shakespeare as much as they do. Just **give up...**

How to Make a Scholar

Cassandra Hamilton

How to make a scholar:

Ingredients:

- 10 parts Desire for scholarship money
- 9 parts Luck
- 8 parts High test scores
- 7 parts Originality
- 6 parts Eccentricity
- 5 parts Hard work
- 4 parts Drive to serve others
- 3 parts Last minute cramming
- 2 parts Organizational skills
- 1 part Cultural inclination

Preparation:

To make a scholar, start by mixing a cultural inclination with a drive to serve others, originality, and eccentricity. Let this mixture mature partially. Then add the proper proportions of high test scores, hard work, last minute cramming, and organizational skills. Once this mixture has reached the appropriate stage of ripening, add a healthy dose of desire for scholarship money. Apply for the University Scholars program. During the application process, dose the mixture heavily with luck and pray diligently. With the proper preparation of these important ingredients, soon you will have a full-fledged scholar, bent on changing the world for the better (or at least his or her corner of it).

Serves: as many as possible

Dr. Orpheus

Trey White

The Venture Brothers fanart. Pencil drawing enhanced with Photoshop.



A Dedication to Blake Moore

Cody Wood

I wrote this poem as a tribute to my friend who passed away 2 years ago. It was read at the balloon release for his memorial this past September. While many readers may not know who he was, I just hope that by reading this they may be touched in some way, whether emotionally or spiritually.

"A DEDICATION TO BLAKE MOORE"

September 1st was a tragic day,
Many of us lost a dear friend.
He was a great son, brother, and friend all in one,
And greatly loved until his untimely end.

He shall never be forgotten,
He shall live on in our hearts.
Although he was taken from us,
Through love we shall never be apart.

We all feel much anguish
Over the events of that gloomy day.
Through pain and love we are brought together,
For he influenced us all in his own way.

We are not meant to question God's motives,
But when I think of that day I cry,
"Why couldn't he walk away like so many others,
Why did he have to die?"

We all wish we could change the past,
We all wish this wasn't meant to be.
He's gone to a better place, though,
And I know someday again he'll shake hands with me.

I cry because Blake is gone,
But I cry also for the rest of you.
Blake knew that Heaven would be his home,
I pray the rest of you do too.

Everyone please help his family,
Please lift them up in your prayers.

Do all that you can for them,
But most of all let them know you care.

R.I.P. Blake

Goblins and Ghosts

Kathryn Bray

The weather is getting colder, and the leaves are fading from green to orange. This can only mean one thing: Halloween is coming!! I was driving to Jackson last week, and I passed a pumpkin patch on the side of the road. There were hundreds of ripe orange pumpkins, all under \$6! Farm patches are the best; you get an amazing selection for little cost. Halloween is very special to me for two reasons - I have an enormous sweet tooth and I bleed orange. Also, I love to dress up; from the pink power ranger to a unicorn, my Halloween costumes have been anything but plain. For those of us who still feel the urge to get dressed up (and the USO Halloween Party does have a costume contest) I have decided to provide our college crowd with some cheap costume ideas, straight from the Bray costume vault. And yes, I or one of my younger brothers has done each of these at least once in our trick-or-treat career. *Chainsaw*: all you need is a large cardboard box to fit around your midsection, and cardboard cut into a 'saw' shape and covered in aluminum foil; attach this to the front of your box. This costume can also double as a *Mailbox*. *Sea Monster*: simply wear a large sweat suit (preferably green), and shred some fabric (also green) into long strips and attach all over your sweat suit. Complete the look with green face paint. *Cat*: you may think this is simple; wear tight pants and a shirt, make a tail out of some rope, etc, but what really makes this outfit is the mask: cut out a cardboard mask and decorate it with lots of little rubber mice. Be sure to say meow and yum instead of trick-or-treat! *Headless man*: this costume takes more effort than some. Buy an extra large suit jacket and pants from your local Goodwill, and roll some thin cardboard into a tube. The tube sits on your head (cut holes for your eyes) and the suit jacket fastens around the top-you may need some coat hangers to engineer the arms of the jacket. Then, wear the pants as high as they go, and you peek through the 'belly' area of the headless man. Now, these are merely a few creative ideas to get you started. The rest is up to you, but don't forget the little things: a few cobwebs here and there, a carved pumpkin, and a fake knife through your head (worn to Honors) are all great ideas to ensure a spooky Halloween!



The Frustration of a College Student

Zach McCain

“It appears that it is time,” said Andrew, as he walked out of the door. The words echoed in James’s mind as he racked his brain for any kind of solution to the problem. It was as if a large beast was haunting his steps, tracking him through the dimensions of his knowledge and understanding. The stench of the beast kept James from being able to focus as he ran quickly from brain cell to brain cell, searching for that which he desired. He could tell each step that it was catching up with him, making him fear each moment more for his life. It was this that kept him from accomplishing his goal, for he needed time to search and to dig for his product. The irony of the whole situation struck him suddenly, as he continued to run from the beast that was within his mind.

“I can’t do this, for my very soul quakes at the thought of the results,” he thought. “It is not sensible to try to accomplish something while that very thing that motivates me is the thing that keeps me from being able to produce. It is a paradox, for if the monster were not here chasing me, I would not be running to find the answers, yet because he is here, the answers will not come clearly to me. It is amazing the kind of revelations that one will come to about the impossibility of something at the very moment when he needs to accomplish it most.” And so James continued to search, gathering small bits of unrelated material from each short stop and trying to piece them together while maintaining a safe distance from his monster. “If only I could make this into something workable, I would be able to stop the beast behind me. If only I could think of what it is that will satisfy him and make him realize that I can do what it is that he asks of me. If only!”

With this, James lifted up his fist and beat it down upon the desk in front of him, still searching for the answers. The James that was in his brain was sweating and panting with exhaustion, and his eyes were wide with fear. In a struggle to control himself, he stopped at the next brain cell and took a quick breath, but looking back he had seen that this gave the monster precious ground. With each step the stench grew closer, James felt his life running out of him. “If only I had time!” He thought again to himself. Noticing something in the next brain cell, James snatched it up and put it together with the material he had already pieced together. It seemed that this was it; this was what would finally make his work whole. Shaking from head to toe, sweat dripping off of his brow, all of his blood pounding within his veins, James held the creation up to the monster, hoping that this would make for an acceptable peace offering. James knew that if this were not the case, he would be ended. The monster would swallow him in a single bite, and would only forget his face as soon as it was gone, having done this already to so many others.

James placed his pencil down on the paper, handed it to Dr. Andrew Meostoff, and walked out of the room, knowing that he would have to wait to see if the monster he gave his work to would come back to devour him, or if it would add its name to his own.

Billy Price

Art piece painted in acrylic.



Untitled

Katie Price

theres a seductive power
behind the pain-
it commands respect
and it dictates thoughts;
every action is a dance
performed for the pleasure
of the dull pain,
spiraling out of a wound
never to heal;
and the motions become mechanic-
each word is superficial,
and nothing is unique.
every emotion uniform
to one another-
according to the prerecorded pattern
that this life has written for you.
and the empty gains importance--
and the humorless is funny--
and this is how you know.
that nothing matters
except for this dishonest moment
that entices the body
and gives feeling to the numb--
trapped by unreal thoughts
pretending..
evading..
and never real.

Picture Perfect

Rachel Stephens

Posters on your wall scream of inno-
cence,
Happy times of imaginary lives.
The glitz, the glam,
It's all you've ever wanted.

But now the cheap thrills are just glit-
ter,
Covering everything with a sparkling
sheen,
When everything underneath is tack,
warped plastic.
Just like your twisted heart,
As cheap and fake as your idols
Those pinnacles of your make believe
success.

Now in your glass house of regretful
pretend play,
Only the blood is real:
The blood oozing from the open
wounds
Gaping from fake porcelain wrists.

As your house of cards falls,
Starry eyed dreams
Mix with blood and fake tears
Mixing into a hard setting concrete of
Hateful Reality.

Failure is your real success,
Despite the glitz and glam.

Everything you've ever wanted turned
out to be
Someone else's Barbie doll dreams,
Ripped out of your life of obscurity.