

The Scholar

October 2010

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A Note From Your Editors

Welcome back to Scholar-land! (Oh wait, we've been stuck here for a while, haven't we?)

Since I'm sure you've all been anxiously awaiting this next installment in the Scholar Chronicles, I won't take up too much of your time. We had a good round of submissions this month, most of them poetry. Good to know the Scholars at UTM have been inspired by life and love and literature and so inclined to share those inspirations with the rest of us. Also, Paige and I are proud to announce the addition of three junior editors to the staff of *The Scholar*—Charles Busby, Payton Mink and Allison Sprague—so you will soon have the opportunity to see their creative editing efforts as well as mine and Paige's.

And so, with no more ado, we offer you, (dramatic pause) *The Scholar*!!!

IMPORTANT STUFF YOU SHOULD KNOW

- Monday, November 15 : Registration begins
- Tuesday, November 16 : Thanksgiving dinner at 6:00 p.m.
- Monday, November 22 : Tree decorating in the TN room at 4:00 p.m.
- Wednesday, November 24 : Go home for Thanksgiving. Stay home until Sunday night.
- Tuesday, December 7 : Council meeting
- Thursday, December 9 : Scholars Christmas party at 6:00 p.m.; Big and Little Sibs to exchange final gifts
- Friday, December 10 : LAST DAY OF CLASSES!!
- Monday, December 13 : EXAMS START!!

Morning in the Cottonwoods

By: Holly Bopp

In the deep cool darkness before the woods awaken
Listening to the creatures of the morning stir,
As the sun climbs over the cottonwoods
A sound breaks the silence,
It is momma and her fawn going for a morning stroll.

As they slowly walk by
A slight breeze begins to blow,
Momma detects the scent of a hunter;
She flags her tail,
They slowly tip away.

After the Storm

By: Brittany Bishop

Tumultuous, violent, the day breaks,
The sound of shattering glass encircling.
Each hour drifts by with less ferocity,
And the sun shows through.

As the mist slowly burns away,
A hint of color begins to appear.
The minutes pass, the time fades,
A rainbow becomes the centerpiece of the sky.

A sign of joy, peace, and love,
A gift from God, a promise of
Everlasting hope.

Photo courtesy of Thomas Waltz at blogspot.com

Four-legged Wisdom

By: Christine Hassell

As I reunite with my best friend,
He seems so happy to see me,
"Life has been stressful" I say,
My absence not taken personally.

He listens to my story,
As we get ready for the day,
I wish again that he could talk,
Convince me it's all gonna be okay.

I saddle him up, we go outside,
Run all my worries out.
The ride puts things in perspective,
As I remember what life's all about.

Enjoy a friend, enjoy a ride,
Breathe in the natural air.
Always keep your faith and love,
Let the wind blow through your hair.

Let tomorrow worry about itself,
Everything will surely fall in line,
I don't have to have all the answers now,
My life, my mistakes, they're mine.

I am reminded as I race through that field,
When you're lost and don't know what to do,
Sometimes you have to stop thinking so much,
And go where your heart takes you.



Photo courtesy Christine Hassell

Come To America My Lady

By: Silvia Romero

Foreign lady, will you come and be my love?
America is the land everyone dreams of.
Come my black haired lady
To a place far less shady.

You may feel like a stranger,
But to you my heart, I'll surrender.
Your love is my greatest treasure.
Come to America, a place of pleasure.

There is no need to feel alone,
There is much diversity in this new home.
It does not matter the color of your skin.
There is much within.

She beckons you to come, the Lady of Liberty.
So come my fair lady and be a part of the land of the free.
My glorious flag is flying so high,
For you to come, as time passes by.

Lady, America is the land of dreams and opportunities,
Where I will make your dreams realities.
Beloved lady, come to the land of the free,
Where you will be with me.

Foreign lady, will you come and be my love?
America is the land of love.
My land of pleasure,
But you are my greatest treasure.

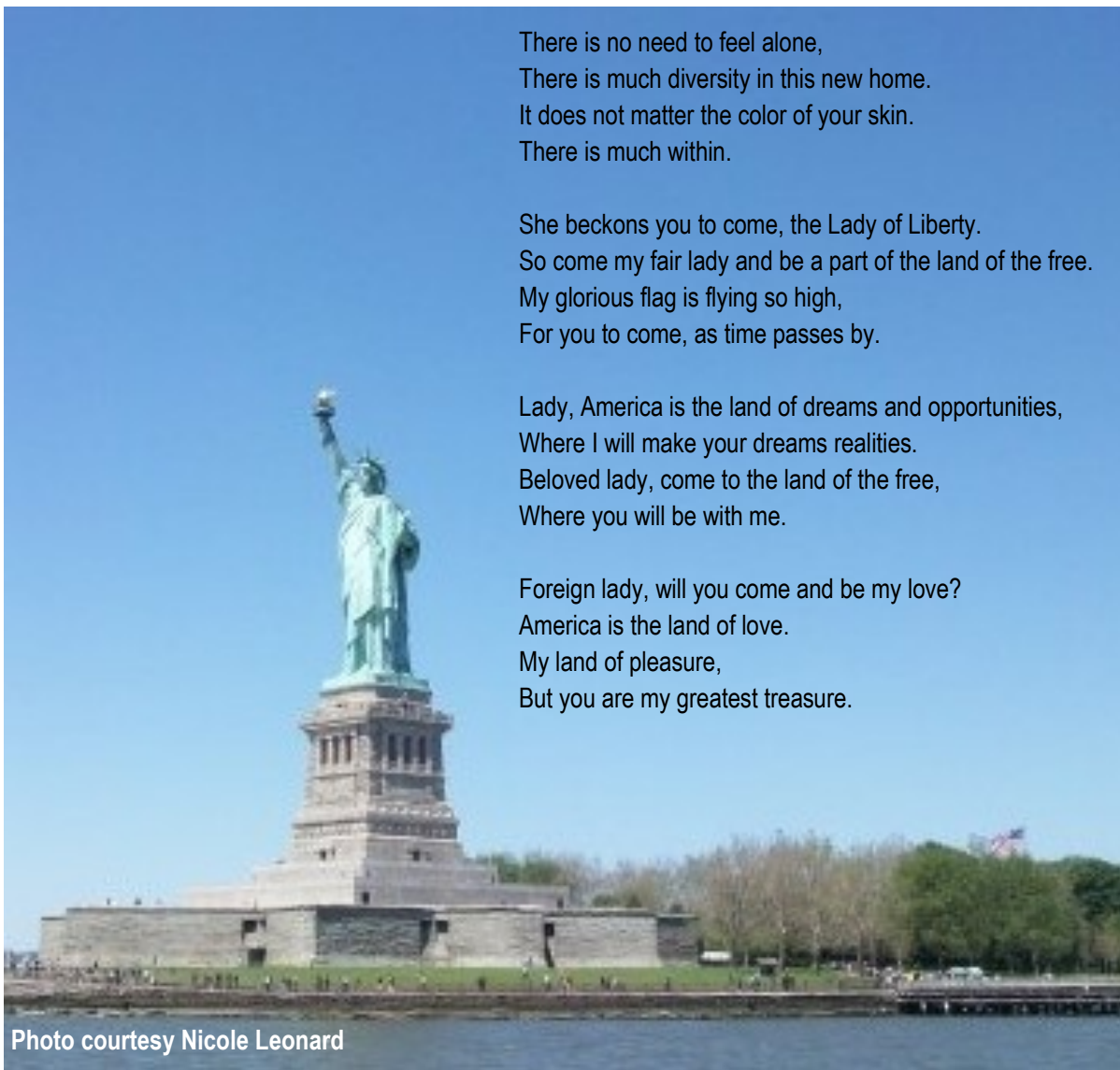


Photo courtesy Nicole Leonard

The Horrifying Speech

By: Katrina Moeller

Why couldn't I have been stuck in traffic or abducted by aliens or something?

I've been dreading this day ever since I was given the "honor" to give a motivational speech at the yearly seminar for the company I work for. Oh sure, I've given presentations in front of my project group, but that was only an audience of about twenty-five. Here in a few minutes, I'm going to have to give a speech I wrote myself to an audience of over five hundred!

I know exactly what will happen: I'm going to trip on my dress walking to the podium and rip a huge hole in it. After that, I'm going to freeze and stand there mouth agape for five minutes or until everyone starts to boo me, whichever comes first. When I finally get my voice to work, my tongue is going to go numb and only a bunch of babble will come out, that is, if I can even remember my speech. I can already hear everyone's mocking laughter. Then it will be time for my grand finale: when walking off-stage, I'm going to misjudge the step and do a glorious face plant. Boy, I can't wait until next year's seminar: "Hey, aren't you the woman who totally flubbed up the speech last year? Haha, I still show that clip to my co-workers when we need a good laugh!" Geez, glad I could make a lasting impression.

For the last week, my friends and co-workers have been telling me to imagine everyone in their underwear or look off into the distance so I don't think about people looking at me. Right. The last thing I need to do is try to imagine everyone in their underwear, because then I'll feel like I'm in my underwear. As for looking off into the distance, I'll look like a deer in the headlights. There goes my boss onto the stage to introduce me.

"Here to give the motivational speech is Ms. Cap...Chris...C...Ca...excuse me, Ms. Catherine Smith."

Great, my stage fright is contagious. Now even my boss who has known me for four years messes up my name for the first time ever. That's a bad omen if I've ever heard one. Ok, let's get this slaughter-fest over with. I'm not tripping on the steps or over my own feet, so far so good. Hey, I made it to the podium without falling! Maybe I can do...oh yeah, hundreds of people staring at me. Great, my tongue has been replaced by sand and what little saliva is left is peanut butter stuck to the roof of my mouth. That spot light might as well be the August sun over this desert of a stage. Is it raining? Oh wait, no, that would be buckets of sweat. My heart is going to beat its way out of my chest. I bet everyone can see it through my dress.

What did my college public speaking teacher say to do to relieve stage fright? Take a deep breath, hold it and slowly release, ok check. Clench my fists, then release, check. Shake the nervousness from my body, check. Then close my eyes and go to my happy place. Aw, what cute little puppies...oh no! I've stood here doing nothing for too long! I need to say something.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen. First of all..."

There are more people here than I thought there would be. All I can see is an ocean of hungry eyes picking me apart like vultures on a carcass. I can't do this. But wait, there's my best friend Mary! She's smiling really big and winking. I'd better look away before she starts to make me giggle like she always does. Now I see my co-worker Jacob. He's giving me two thumbs up. That's Jacob, always supporting me. Now that I think about it, I'm friends with many of the people here. Oh no, why are some people crying? Is my speech really that bad? Great, now everyone is standing up, about to leave no doubt; that or throw rotten tomatoes at me. Everyone is lifting their hands. Yep, it's the tomatoes. I better brace for impact. I hear the smacking of rotten tomatoes all around me. I didn't know everyone had such bad aim. Wait, that's not splatting tomatoes, that's *applause*! Hold on, I finished my speech? I don't even remember reading it. And those aren't tears of boredom or disappointment, those are tears of joy!

"Wonderful speech, Ms. Catherine! Truly inspirational and so wonderfully written! Such passion and emotion; I dare say one of the best speeches I have ever heard at our company's seminar!" My boss is covering the microphone with his hand. "And, uh, by the way," he says under his breath, "I apologize for messing up your name. Even after all these years, I still get stage fright."

"Eh," I tell him, "it isn't so bad."



My Muse

By: Erika Pugh

My Muse

How I Adore

Your Lovely, Luscious, Luminance

My Neurotic, Naive, Necrotic Nymph

You help me experience what's **real**

While you simultaneously encompass me in *illusions*

Your fleeting firings send butterflies to my stomach

When uncontrolled, you send erratic convulsions throughout my body

You have helped me experience so many joys and comforts

And you have caused me so many trials, tribulations and tears

Yet you are the one who makes me everything that I am

The one that I shall love and cherish until my heart ceases beating

You are my beginning and my end, my joy and my pain.... my Muse.

Proverbial Alice

By: Kerry Durso

all this under a Cheshire cat moon

i observe the lights and sounds i know

this all too well, that it's too soon

to hear what i am listening for

all this under a Cheshire cat moon

gone are the days when the name

brought tears to my eyes and itself to

my lips

i wish i knew you Cheshire cat

i see your face and when i look

you sing to me a song of mockery from

your smiling teeth in the sky

Cheshire cat moon you never lead me

anywhere

i your proverbial Alice to your

unwarranted malice.

Love is...

By: Cayce Wood

Love is warmer than a log fire on a cold winter night.

Love is that person whom you forever want to hold tight.

Love is as gentle as a summer breeze.

It moves a man to propose on one knee.

Love is the friends who brighten up your life.

Love is the lasting bond between husband and wife.

Love is your family whom you hold so dear.

It sometimes even brings you to tears.

Love is purer than a white dove.

Love is God's gift from above.

Love is brighter than the sun.

Love leads two souls to become one.

Love is like a prayer, which in hard times gets you through.

Love is...only you.

Photo courtesy Microsoft Word clipart

Combination

By: Brandon Smith

What can you say?

All I know is it's like flipping a page

You try your best to do what you may

But all of it sinks into an endless rage

No love lost, no love is found

Being alone in the woods

Cut the ropes no one is bound

Freedom is in the goods

Brandon Smith was asked to give a short explanation of his piece for the benefit of our readers. Here is what he had to say:

"Every other line of the poem tells a different story but the main inspiration came from the song "No Love" by Eminem feat. Lil Wayne."

Interview with the author

We hope that helps!



Enough

By: Amanda Cain

Never Enough.
Never Smart Enough,
Never Pretty Enough,
Never Good Enough,
Enough is Never Enough.

The Past is Gone -
What's Done is Done.
Enough is Enough.

Smart Enough.
Pretty Enough.
Good Enough.

You are Enough.
Intelligent, Beautiful, Wonderful
No nonsense –
Enough is Enough.
You are more than Enough.

Morning as Usual

By: Elizabeth Stokes

Beep, Beep, Beep, The alarm clock yells,
Telling me it's time to get out of bed right now, o swell!
How I dread your call so early every 'morn,
The relationship between me and my bed you have now torn .
But wait, I have one more option to choose :
I can simply press that lovely button we all call snooze .
So with delight I get five more minutes of rest
To cuddle up in my warm little nest .
However, after repeating this times seven or eight .
I wake up to find myself running late!
So I hop out of bed with the quickest of speed,
And scramble to grab all the things that I need.
No time is left for a shower to do,
So I quickly spray my hair with a bit of dry shampoo .
I pull on my shorts, and a t-shirt and hat,
To the clock I look and 7:45 is where it's at .
Just enough time for me to make it to class ,
When running through the quad I skip the sidewalks and take the grass.
As I walk into Chemistry at 7:58,
I promise myself tomorrow I won't be late.
But in the back of my head I know this is not true,
For waking up to my alarm clock is something I've never managed to do.



Photo courtesy Microsoft Word clipart