

Spring 2019

Nevermore

Franklin Pierce's Literary Journal



Cover Art By Angela Christian

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NEVERmore

Franklin Pierce's Literary Journal

Editor-In-Chief

Kyana Brizuela

Assistant Editor

Brigid Kluft

Editorial Board

Desiree West

Tyler Comeau

James Bruno

Kim Dilozenzo

Shannon Haynes

Editor's Letter

In my sophomore year, I decided that I wanted to be an English major with a concentration in Creative Writing along with a minor in Fine Arts. I did not go into college being completely sure of what I wanted to do. But thanks to the many experiences I've had and the professors who have helped me along the way, my path after college is a bit clearer. After graduating in 2020, I hope to publish my own novels and even work on illustrations for graphic novels and book covers.

I was first introduced into the editorial board in the spring semester of my freshman year. At the time, my good friend Gabby Gleiman had been the Editor-In-Chief in charge of publishing *Nevermore*. One day, she casually mentioned her duty as Editor-In-Chief and informed me of her search for students to be part of the editorial board. Intrigued, I decided to take part. Since then, I have been a part of *Nevermore's* editorial board for another five semesters, looking over the amazing work that students on campus continue to send in. Being on the editorial board for all this time brought me great joy; it allowed me to feel more connected to writing and even more connected to the Franklin Pierce community.

When Dr. Decker suggested that I be the next Editor-In-Chief for *Nevermore* for the spring semester of my junior year, I was completely ecstatic. This time, after being one of the editors, I got the opportunity to contribute more to *Nevermore*. *Nevermore* has played such a large part in my career as an English major. Now, being editor, I am beyond excited for this new experience in editing and publishing. For that, I am thankful to Dr. Decker for guiding me to this amazing position, Dr. Dangelantonio for all the guidance along the way, Brigid Klaft for being the Assistant Editor and helping me bring *Nevermore* to life, and of course, Gabbi Gleiman, for being the one to introduce me to *Nevermore*.

Kyana Brizuela
Editor, Nevermore

Assistant Editor's Letter

The editorial board last semester was my first tangible experience with *Nevermore*. Before then, it had been little more than a shadowy presence lurking over my head, reminding me that I should be more involved with the making of it. I am so glad that I finally have the chance this year to do just that.

As an English major who jumped tracks to creative writing very late in the game, I must say that the managing of *Nevermore* has been a very good introduction into the world of editing and publishing. I've learned quite a lot just this past semester about marketing, editing, and even graphic design. There is so much hard work that goes into each edition of *Nevermore*, and I'm delighted to say that I have added my blood, sweat and tears to the running of the journal.

I owe an enormous dept of gratitude to Dr. Dangelantonio for guiding me along with steady confidence. Without her expertise, I wouldn't have known where to begin. I also want to thank Editor-In-Chief Kyana Brizuela, for allowing me to share in the creative process and decision making this semester. Without her kindness and generosity, this letter would not exist. I am deeply grateful for the chance to have worked with these wonderful women this semester, and to present to you the results of our efforts.

Brigid Kluft

Assistant Editor, Nevermore

Nevermore is a student-run literary journal produced every semester. It showcases Franklin Pierce University students' poems, short stories, photography, and drawings. A new editor is selected every semester. The editor chooses their editorial board, sets deadline dates for submissions, creates the final journal, and brings it to press.

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Lunenburg Nova Scotia

By James Bruno



Untitled

By Anonymous

As I lay here thinking,
How beautiful the snow looks
But it's too cold for touch
Like the mirror
My image is wrong
Nobody wants to touch me
My mind is ice cold
Nobody wants to look at me
I have lost myself in the winter
Give back your heart to itself,
As it grows warmer
My smile grows larger
With a bright glow
There's nothing to hide.
I saw you again this spring,
With your hair grown out longer
I finally found myself again
With the flowers blooming
It took 21 years to find and talk
to the stranger who has loved you all your life,
Summer time came around
And you were happier than ever
You found yourself
And what makes you happy
I ran into you all the time
Laughing together
Smiling together
The memories were impeccable
I found a new love that summer,
whom you ignored for another, who knows you by heart.
School was starting again
The trees were changing colors
And I was starting to forget about you
Your smell, voice

It was all starting to go away
I wrote to you many times but never
Got the chance to mail them to you
You started to disappear
I put them away, and now it was time to
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf

Blue
After Vincent Van Gogh
By Desiree West

Everything around him is blue
He is a pale yellow barely shining
The sadness surrounds him like a halo
Settling into the folds and creases of his coat
And he wears it with reluctance
A smile behind his eyes desperately wants out
To appreciate flowers and sunshine
And feel unbridled joy
And never stop shining
If only he could shed this blue coat.

Delirium

By James Bruno

I often spend my days imprisoned in a trance contrived of my own
free will,
thinking back, seconds slipping past like pennies paying
for this delirium, this kaleidoscopic existence,
and when I blink, I step into a world where I can once more
see her hair, sunlight unfolding
or gold-spun chaff whipping in the wild wind,
and I can almost feel her skin, her gentle touch
on my arm, now just a shiver spider-crawling
though me, a tremor tumbling down the ridges of my spine
until I once more become a scream in disguise of a split-second
silence between breaths
—and I’ve only now begun to notice how the ground stirs beneath
me
every time I think of her, tectonic plates shifting to make mole-hills,
and mole-hills into mountains, and I wonder if this boat we’d once
sailed so steadily
had always had a set course,
—and if that were so, I’m curious to know if there was always an
iceberg waiting for us
just around the bend, ready to capsize us and send us to the sandy
shore,
fragmented and fractured and new,
drinking in gasping breaths of oxygen that no longer fuels the
flickering fire
that had once kept us warm when we were cold,
leaving us to the un-rectifiable ruin and rime of a world without
each other’s light to guide us
home, like two ships lost in the night, screaming SOS into the void
that is all
that’s left of us.

Facetune

By Elizabeth Coughlin

I saw a picture of myself that a not-so-close friend posted on her social media today. Everyone in the picture had some kind of editing, and the closer I looked I saw I had been edited too, quite a lot actually. I saw the curves of my body taken in, and my face glossed over. I saw the gentle lines in my face disappear, and in their place a porcelain figure. The girl in the picture wasn't me anymore. She didn't have my bushy brows that I see in the mirror every morning, she didn't have the arms I see passing by glass. Who was this? I had never seen anyone like her before. She was me, just pretty.

But wasn't I pretty before?

I looked at the contrasting pictures. My waist was so small, my regular width was suddenly twice what it felt like usually. I looked in the mirror, and then back at the picture. This girl saw the parts of me I have had my whole life, and decided they were too ugly to be in her picture. I was ugly because I was not slim. I was ugly because I had red marks on my face. I was ugly because someone saw my flaws and made them so clear to me I couldn't stop looking at them. I see them all over me, like a rash.

I don't want to come off as judgmental. If you have a nose job because you wanted to look different and would be happier with it different, I support that. If you want bigger boobs get bigger boobs. But if you want your friends to be skinnier, don't edit pictures of them so you will get more likes on your Instagram post. That's where I would draw the line, I guess.

If you do not like the girl in your picture, please paint another in your brain. Give her the lines on your face. Give her her own bucktooth smile. Give her every beautiful part of you, not just the parts that the world wants you to have, give her every part you actually have. Look at the picture again, isn't she beautiful?

So I have to put the faceted picture of myself down, and paint someone new in my head. Hairy arms, bushy brows, yellow teeth. Blue eyes, nice nose, bright smile. I opened my eyes in the mirror. And I was beautiful.

I didn't need an app on my phone for that.

We have to remember that just because someone wants us to be different than we are, we don't have to be. Yesterday I skipped the gym, I had a coffee for breakfast and a bad night's sleep, so I was going to take a break. I went to dinner with my roommate and ate a hot dog.

"Betsy did you for real skip the gym and are eating a hot dog?"

Of course I was. Of course I was eating the hot dog, I was fucking starving. I had a cup of coffee six hours ago and nothing else today, why shouldn't I eat the hot dog? Why do I need to hate my body so much that I siege her of food?

My friend Cole told my roommate to shut up, and told me to eat my hot dog. It was appreciated, his remark, and the hot dog. The people around you are not always going to cheer you on, they should, but they won't. So even if a whole table of people comment that your body needs to be thinner, for what I am not exactly sure. Instagram, I guess, but are we really going putting our friends down, editing their bodies to be pleasing to us, and then not eat for months...just for a picture on Instagram? Even if they all go to the gym everyday, take a break, watch a movie, eat some ice cream? Stop seeing your body as something that has to be perfect, and start seeing it for what it really is. Bumpy and curvy and discolored and beautiful. The parts that are still there after the flash goes off. The parts that will be there for you much longer than people who want to change the parts of you that make you whole.

Drawing

By Desiree West

A thin stick of charcoal
Between my fingers
Capturing lines and curves and the
Distance between them.
Each small stroke
Finds a way to
Greet the picture in my
Head and
Invites itself to
Join the fray
Knowing, better than I do, the
Likeness it will come to be.
My hands dance across the stage that is the
New, white paper
One twirls around
Pirouetting to form the
Quick turns of the lines. The other follows,
Racing to create a
Shadow here, a clean line
There.
Until the picture is no longer
Veiled. It comes together
With each line
Xyresic or otherwise,
Yelling their part to make a
Zealous symphony.

Too good to be true

By Ashlyn Sperry

Tiptoeed kisses and soft smiles
Fingers graze
the back of my hand
Hiding
the smile beneath my hair.
I can't meet his eye.
Nervous laughter surrounds us
I don't know how to
open up.
How do you tell someone
everything you're
afraid of when you
can't
admit it to
Yourself?
Tear stained shirts
The salty aftertaste resides on my
lips.
Clutching his
tee shirt as we fall asleep
Trying to cling on to the
moment
To him
Before you
wake up from this
dream.

Evensong By James Bruno

For years, I saw her
the way everyone else did,
like a ray of sunshine following a night
of deep darkness,
or the personification of that feeling
of sunshine on your skin
after an eternity of snow,
mistaking each and every counterfeit laugh
for one of genuine production.
And it wasn't until
the day I first opened my eyes
to what she could really be
that I truly realized
what she'd always been.

She was a fragment of the night,
like dust-chilled mist
in the afterglow of a heatwave
or lamp-lit darkness,
sodden with the scent of rain-soaked asphalt,
and when she spoke,
she did so with the warble of nightingales
bred from an oblivion of shadows and stars,
come to sing the hymns of evensong
while her eyes told a truth
that even her trusted lips could not.

So when she told me
at nightfall that she could not love me
as I had prayed,
I merely offered her a smile
and invited her to dance
because even though the darkness
was lacking of the light,
did not mean it was underservant of affection,
and simply because she claimed
that she could not love me
didn't mean that, underneath it all,
she did not.

Sunset Over Georgia

By James Bruno



Our Hero in the Sky

By Laura Spicer

It was the eighth grade when my world hit rock bottom for the first time. I was around thirteen years old when I came home from school to find my dad's car in the driveway, and our front door wide open. I rushed off the bus with a gut feeling in my stomach that something was wrong. I soon saw my dad and brother both sitting in the living room, holding back tears. They told me how my grandpa got very sick and has not gotten better. We all packed into the car and headed over to meet my mom at my grandparents' house. My mom had decided to stay over to keep a close eye on him and help my grandmother as well. When we arrived, my grandfather had to be put on hospice as a stomach bug overpowered his immune system.

We each took turns taking care of him and sat next to his bed side. I continued to hold his hand and tell him everything was going to be okay. I prayed and prayed that he would, by some miracle, fight the battle and come back to us. The faith of my thirteen-year-old self seemed to slowly fade as I knew our time together was getting shorter and shorter. His favorite place to go was Dunkin Donuts. He would always order two jelly donuts and a hot coffee. The extra jelly donut would be for my grandma. Everyone working at that particular Dunkins near his house, knew him and loved him. He would always walk from their home in Newton to the downtown Dunkins for his daily exercise. My family decided to have him try to taste the coffee one last time to see if he had any cognitive/behavioral reaction left in him. Surely enough, my mom put some coffee on a spoon and fed it to him. It was a slight miracle for a moment where he smiled, and gave us the thumbs up. We then passed around a jelly donut (his favorite) and each took a bite of it for him, due to the fact he could not swallow. I remember my aunt, who was a nurse, leaving the house to show my cousin the way to the highway as she was headed back to Maine. When my aunt had left, that was the moment he decided to leave us. Since my aunt and him spent much time together, I do not feel he wanted her to be there when he left.

The moment my grandpa passed away changed my life. I never felt such heavy grief or sharp pain in my life before. I did not know how to react except to cry, a lot. Seeing my grandma rush out from her bedroom wearing her night gown and curlers still in her hair, into the living room where he had passed, stopped my heart for a moment. Knowing my mom had just lost her father, broke my heart. The tears streaming from my siblings, parents and aunts faces, broke my heart again. I wish I could have helped everyone in that situation, but I could not do anything. I still remember my aunt coming back as soon as we called her and listening for a heartbeat. She soon said, "He is gone" as we all stood around him, holding him and crying. My thirteen-year-old self did not know how to deal with the pain. The pain I felt then differs from the pain I feel now. As I am much older and look at the world differently. I know now bad things do happen, and no matter how much of a good person you are, as my mom would always tell us, "Life is full of peaks and valleys."

The funeral and wake shortly followed as we all said our final goodbyes. It was a time where we all shared the good times we had with him throughout the years. Since I was a young girl, I could not remember as much as I do now. A memory that kept replaying in my mind as I was praying to god that heaven would take good care of him was when my siblings and I tried to see if he would notice our feet shaking while sitting. It may have been the funniest recording we have on my sisters' old memory card. My grandpa was a very straightforward type of guy; if he did not like something he would speak up. I believe this stemmed from him being a commander in the Navy. It was only after his passing where we learned about all of his brave and painful experiences. This one particular time my siblings and I went to visit our grandparents and we were all sitting in the living room. As a joke, my brother started to shake his feet/ leg to try and see if my grandpa would notice. We then all began to repeat the motion, and soon enough he said, "Will you quit shaking your damn legs" as we all started to crack up laughing. Although that memory is small it portrays the type of relationship we all had with him, a loving but also fun relationship.

Seven years ago, I lost my first relative – my grandpa. As the years pass on, I have a greater appreciation for my family as I now realize they will not always be here. Even at such a young and immature age, I made a promise to my grandpa that I will try to love grandma not only for myself but for the two of us. Ever since that day I have been taking care of my grandma as much as I can to make sure she is alright. Grieving has no expiration date, as there will always be a missing piece in your heart when someone you love leaves.

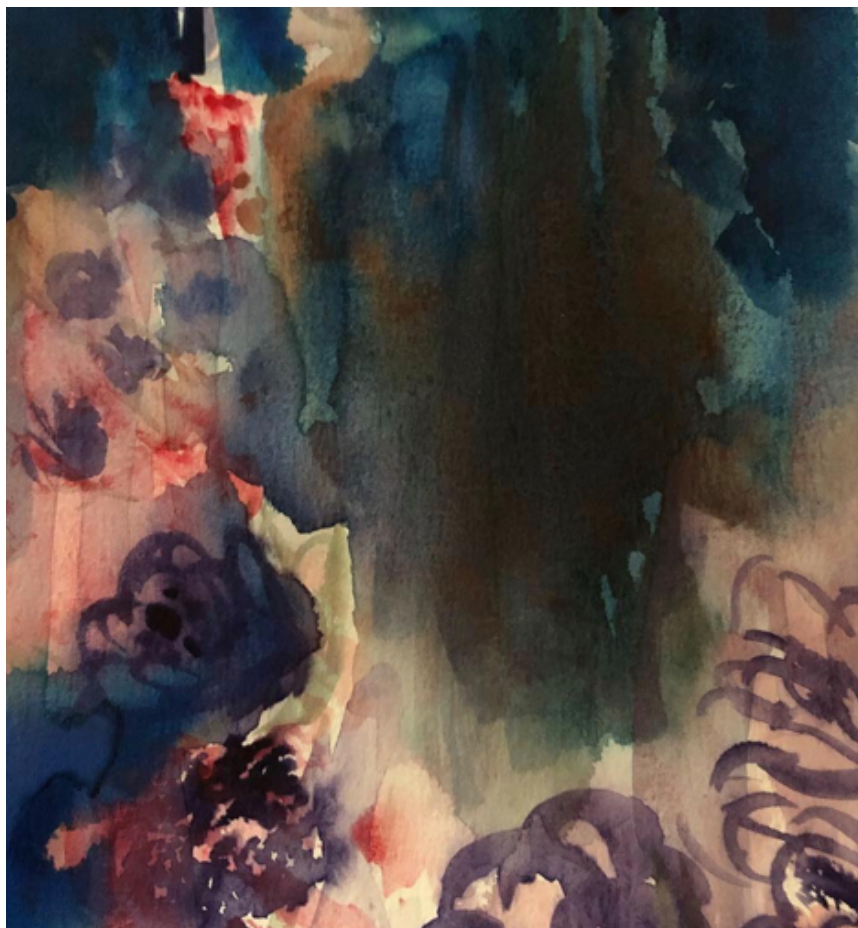
I am now a junior in college, Grandpa, and have been wanting to ask you something ever since you had left us. I hope to someday become an elementary teacher; I wish I was able to ask you if you thought I was capable of getting there someday. It has always been a dream of mine but as a kid I did not consider the possibility of it not coming true. What if I do not pass all of the required tests? What if I get nervous talking in front of a whole classroom? I wish you were still here so I could ask you this simple question. Our family has been doing well, Grandpa; Mom and Dad are still working hard to make sure we have the life they always wanted for us. I can tell it can be exhausting most times, but the love of our family is what gets us through those tough times. Everyone else is doing well, too; busy with grad school, working full time, promotions and much more. We all wish you were still here to watch us grow up. After the realization that God needed you to be okay, it was time to take the pain away, and take you to a place where you could protect and look over us. I came to accept that someday we would meet again. If you are reading this grandpa, please give me a sign that I will become an amazing teacher who will help my students learn to love themselves, love what they are learning and realize their importance in this world. I will continue to watch over not only grandma, but the whole family as well. Thank you for being our “hero in the sky.” Take care of yourself.

P. S.

Are the jelly donuts and coffee better in heaven or here?

Flowers On A Rainy Evening

By Kyana Brizuela



Sad excuse for relationships

By Ashlyn Sperry

Three years later
and you're the longest relationship
I've ever had.
The thought of you still sends shivers down my spine.
I've never been more fascinated with the idea of burning myself
alive
until the moment I couldn't take the haunting
feeling of your hands stealing
pieces of me you weren't allowed.
I used to believe in a god
until the only time I got on my knees and prayed- begged god to
disappear your every trace from my memory,
but images of you are scorched in
my mind, and I don't think I'll ever forget the way your hot breath
felt on the side of my face
that morning.

Just the Beginning

By Ashlyn Sperry

Hair tucked tightly under a
baseball cap.

I've never been a fan of
brown eyes,
But I've always looked for the
beauty in the simple ness-
the way the
sun shines down and
kisses the side of his
face.

Fingers interwoven with my own. Nervously playing with the tip of
his fingers.

I hope he doesn't notice
I'm holding my breath.

Honey swirls
in the mid-depths of his
coffee filled irises. I catch a glimpse from the corner of
my eye,

I hope he doesn't notice me
staring,

engulfed by a big hug

I didn't realize I
needed,

I hope he doesn't notice
I'm

falling,
and trying hard to stay on my
feet.

34 Charles Bancroft Highway

By Brigid Klaft

I – Home

They've torn up your boards
and ripped down your trees,
reshaped the forests
where we used to play.
Pulled up the lilac
that bloomed every spring
and put a wood bench
on top of its grave.
Are you still the same?
The place that I love?
The porch is all new
and our pool is gone,
with the hands we left
pressed in the cement.
The rosebush mowed down,
the play set destroyed,
blackberry brambles
burned into a cloud.
Say; how many times
have you been rebuilt?
Three times in my life,
but never so changed
that I could forget
you are still my home,
though shaped by new hands.
You protected me,
hid all my secrets,
and helped me to grow.
It saddens me now
I must let you go,
but life will move on
and we both have lots
of things left to do.

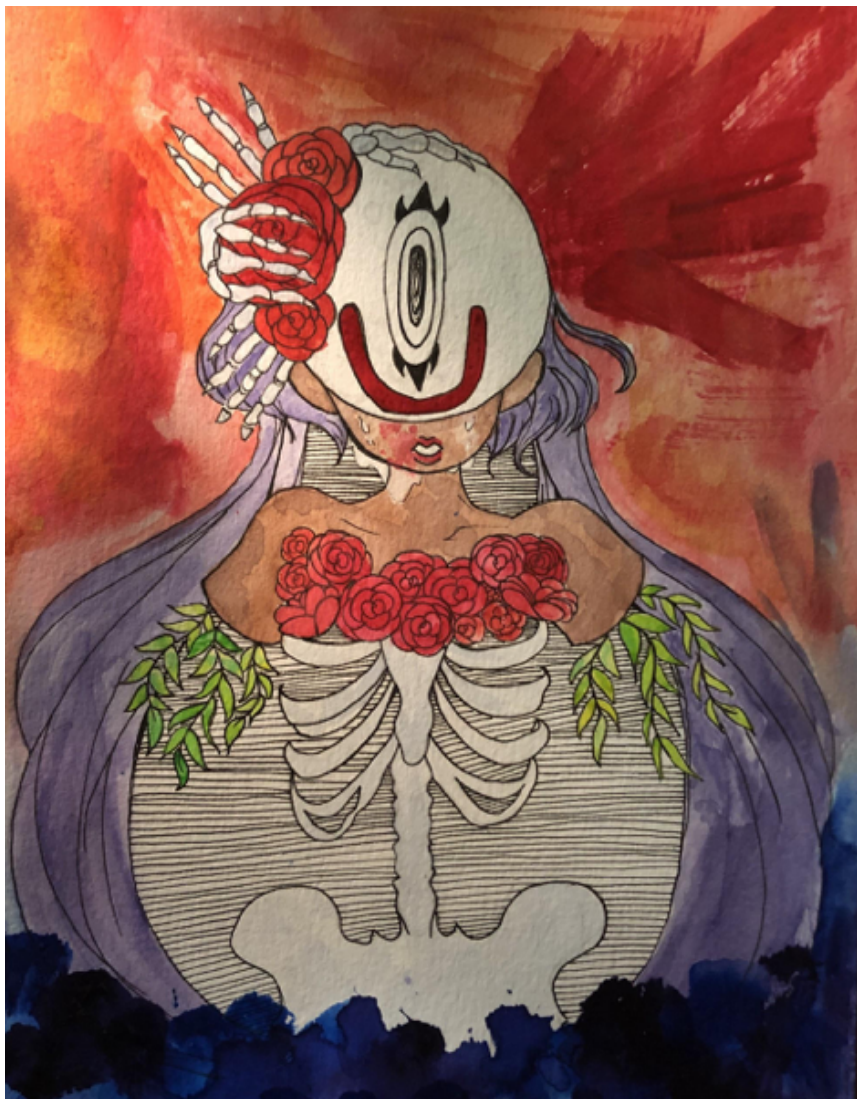
II – December

Dead grass;
Gray – and yellow.
Cold, but not
Cold – enough.
No snow just yet.
At least – not enough
to stick.
Please – give me
A Christmas
from my childhood.
White –
Innocent –
Stockings at 5 am on
my bedroom floor
and a 12 foot tree
that I helped tie up.
Give – me – icicles!
Snow days where the
only heat was from
the fireplace – and
the gas oven.
Slumber parties by the
fireplace – 7 blankets –
3 siblings; I am squished
in the middle, drinking
hot chocolate –
through a cinnamon stick.
I want –
a white – Christmas.
Not Dead Grass.

III – Snippets

I see. I remember.
Bright red strawberries
perform flawless butterfly strokes
in a bowl of milk and sugar.
Frayed rope sways gently
in the breeze.
A tire full of rainwater and love
hangs heavy and abandoned.
For 15 years I watched that tree grow.
A gift for Father's Day.
It will grow without
my eyes to encourage it,
and every spring
the wildflowers will appear.
Much has changed.
Much will stay the same.
I bow my head
to the passage of time,
but I still see. I still remember.
And it will always hurt.

La Payasa
By Kyana Brizuela



The Shanty Town of Hanover

By Tyler Comeau

In November 1985, the protesters built a shanty town out of wood, cardboard, and plastic in the middle of the College Greens courtyard. They would spend hours at the shanty town, some sleeping there overnight, to replicate the living conditions of black South Africans. The group of young people from Hanover, New Hampshire, and students attending Dartmouth College were protesting the school's \$63.4 million investment in American companies doing business in South Africa. The four shanties stood well into the winter of 1986. The protesters were mercilessly taunted by students who walked past the shanties, but this didn't stop them from chanting, singing, and speaking out against the horrors of apartheid. My Dad was one of the protesters. He would play his guitar, his fingers numb from the brisk, winter air. He would play Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young whenever he could. The weather had been brutal, but when it got decent enough, Dad didn't need to worry about his guitar breaking. He sat in a rickety old chair, leaning against a shanty next to the glow of a flaming barrel, playing by over a dozen of his closest friends.

I always had a deep appreciation for my Dad. From a very young age, intentionally or not, I constantly tried to emulate him. From the way he talks, to his taste in music, to the way he sticks his hands in his pockets as he walks. We have a bond that I can't say most people have with their parents. Whenever I'm stressed out or need someone to talk to, he's a phone call away. As close as we are, however, my Dad rarely talks about himself. The only things he usually mentioned were that he moved around a lot, went to several Pink Floyd and Grateful Dead concerts, and was involved with protests as a kid. I never knew many details. For my college English class, we were told to write about someone we knew that experienced something historical. I remembered this one time when my Dad mentioned in passing that he had protested apartheid in the 80s. I approached him one afternoon, he was sitting on the couch wearing a green t-shirt and a pair of jeans. I told him about the assignment, to which he wasn't sure if he had much information to offer because it had been so long. Regardless,

he agreed to an interview and we walked together into the dining room. As he sat down, I noticed my Dad was reading an article on his phone. He skimmed through it, took in a deep breath, and exhaled, “alright.” I had no idea of the full extent of this story.

Segregation laws had been in place to deny economic and social equality to black South Africans since the colonial takeover of South Africa by England and the Dutch Empire. Apartheid, however, was established in 1948 after the National Party of South Africa, a political party founded on white supremacy, was elected into power. A shanty town is an area consisting of shacks, or “shanties”, made from plywood and scrap metal. During the era of the Apartheid laws, non-white South Africans could only operate businesses, own land, and live in areas designated by their race, and most black South Africans were forced to live in shanty towns. There were also segregated public facilities, differing education standards to disadvantage black South Africans, and heavy restrictions on the types of jobs that non-whites could get. Many of the black activists that spoke up against apartheid were imprisoned and tortured by the police. During the interviewing process I wondered, *how did my dad learn about any of this in 1980s New Hampshire?*

“I’d always been interested in a lot of issues, social issues, growing up. A lot of my friends were very into it also.” Dad grew up in Hanover, and at the time there weren’t a lot of African-Americans living there. He often hung around college students when he was in high school because he didn’t get along well with kids his age. The few black students in Dartmouth often hung around the same friend groups as he did and quickly became friends with him. Through conversations with the college students, he learned a lot about social justice and felt he got a greater perspective on issues than many people around him at the time.

“When you see something unjust, especially to that magnitude, I feel it’s your duty to stand up because if you do nothing you’re actually helping it, and I couldn’t really allow myself to do that.”

My brother Teagan and I were diagnosed with Autism at the age of four years old. From a very young age, both my parents were very supportive of us and encouraged us to pursue what we were passionate about. At the end of elementary school and the beginning of middle school, we were harassed, not only by peers, but by a lot of my teachers. I would constantly be blamed for having panic attacks and a lot of them would punish us for stimming at school. Self-stimulation, or stimming, is where people with sensory processing disabilities, like autism, do repetitive actions to help calm themselves or clear their thoughts. In our case, we usually hopped in place or paced around rooms. One music teacher told me and my brother couldn't audition for chamber choir because of our stimming, and that we were "two *very talented* bulls in a china shop." When I finally told my parents the full extent, they decided to take action against the school. At one point, it was very likely that my parents would file a lawsuit. One of the things my Dad tried to teach me at the time was to speak out when injustice like this happens. When I was twelve years old, I gave my first public speech on my experiences being an autistic student. I talk about some of my worst experiences in public school at a time when a lot of people had maybe heard of autism but didn't know what it is. My parents took me to speak at conferences, autism conventions, and even to the Intrepid Museum in New York to speak about how schools and public facilities could make their environment more inclusive for people on the autism spectrum. In my English class, my classmate Shannon said to me, referring to my activism, "I don't think you give yourself enough credit." I'm not sure why, but I have a lot of difficulty writing about how much advocacy work I've done. Considering I didn't know my Dad's story for about nineteen years, I think it's fair to say we share an issue of being too modest.

During the protests, my dad was a high school graduate living with his family. He was a "townie", a non-student volunteer from Hanover. Normally, events on Dartmouth's campus were open only to Dartmouth students, however this protest was different. People unaffiliated with the school could sign up and volunteer to stay at the shanties and listen in on discussions. My Dad knew about the protests because he had already been close friends with

the students that started it, as well as some of the other townies.

“I started by just showing up and listening to them, listening to what was going on, joining in some of the chants, just appalled by what was going on with apartheid at the time... We had listened to some people who came and talked, who had been there and witnessed it and we had some college students who were very well spoken.”

In the early months of the protests, Dartmouth responded by announcing that they would decrease their investment in South African companies by \$2 million dollars. Very soon after the shanties were made, the dean of Dartmouth College, David McLaughlin, issued a statement saying, “I might prefer that the structures not be on the green, but that in no way infers a lack of sympathy for their views or the way in which they have been conducting themselves.” Despite mild enthusiasm from the administration, the campus community had a very negative attitude toward the shanty town protests. People would call them names, an alumnus visiting campus once yelled at them to say, “you ruined my weekend.” Tons of people would honk at them as they drove past, some to congratulate them, some to boo at them. Of the people who harassed the protesters, the worst had to be the students from *The Review*, a conservative newspaper team on campus. They would constantly tell the protesters “This isn’t fair. This is our Greens too.”

“They hated us. They hated the protests, they thought *apartheid was a good thing because it was making tons of money.*”

At 3 am, the morning after Martin Luther King’s birthday in 1986, twelve students from *The Review* forcibly dismantled the shanty town with sledgehammers and a crowbar while two students slept inside. While the protesters inside were not harmed, three of the four shanties were destroyed in the attack. The next day roughly 200 students rallied outside of the shanty town in opposition to the attacks. The attack devastated the protesters, but they continued to come to the Greens and stand by the remains. A picture can be found online of the shanties weeks later, torn to shreds with bits of cardboard cluttering the ground. A white sheet was draped across the ruins that had spray-painted writing saying RACISTS DID THIS.

A few weeks later, Dartmouth college decided to dismantle the shanty town after the Town of Hanover had ruled that the construction violated zoning laws. The protesters were warned to evacuate the shanties but refused to leave. On February 11th, after standing up to a line of bulldozers, the protesters were arrested. Dad said he was just staying at the shanty town a couple of nights prior but decided to spend time at a friend's house to rest and get showered. Dan drove through downtown Hanover. While passing the town fire station, Dan saw eighteen of his friends in handcuffs in front of a fire engine. The firemen all had familiar faces from his experience as a volunteer firefighter. Dan pulled over and got out of the car and asked what was happening.

"They tore down the shanties!" One of the protesters exclaimed. Dan looked at his friends, then at a fireman he recognized.

"Well, can I be arrested too?" he asked.

The article my Dad was reading was a headline from The New York Times: DARTMOUTH SUSPENDS 12 FOR ATTACK ON SHANTIES, published February 12, 1986. After the shanties were demolished, Dartmouth led a full-scale investigation into what had happened. The four students that lead the attack on the shanties a month prior, including the president of The Review, were threatened with expulsion while the other perpetrators were each suspended for one or two terms. One of the protesters punched a police officer while refusing to leave the shanties and was suspected to do jail time. The eighteen protesters were all taken into police custody but no charges were filed. My Dad feels that the exposure from the national headlines helped spark a conversation about apartheid in America, at least down the road. At the end of the interview, I asked Dad what his thoughts were when apartheid was finally abolished in 1991.

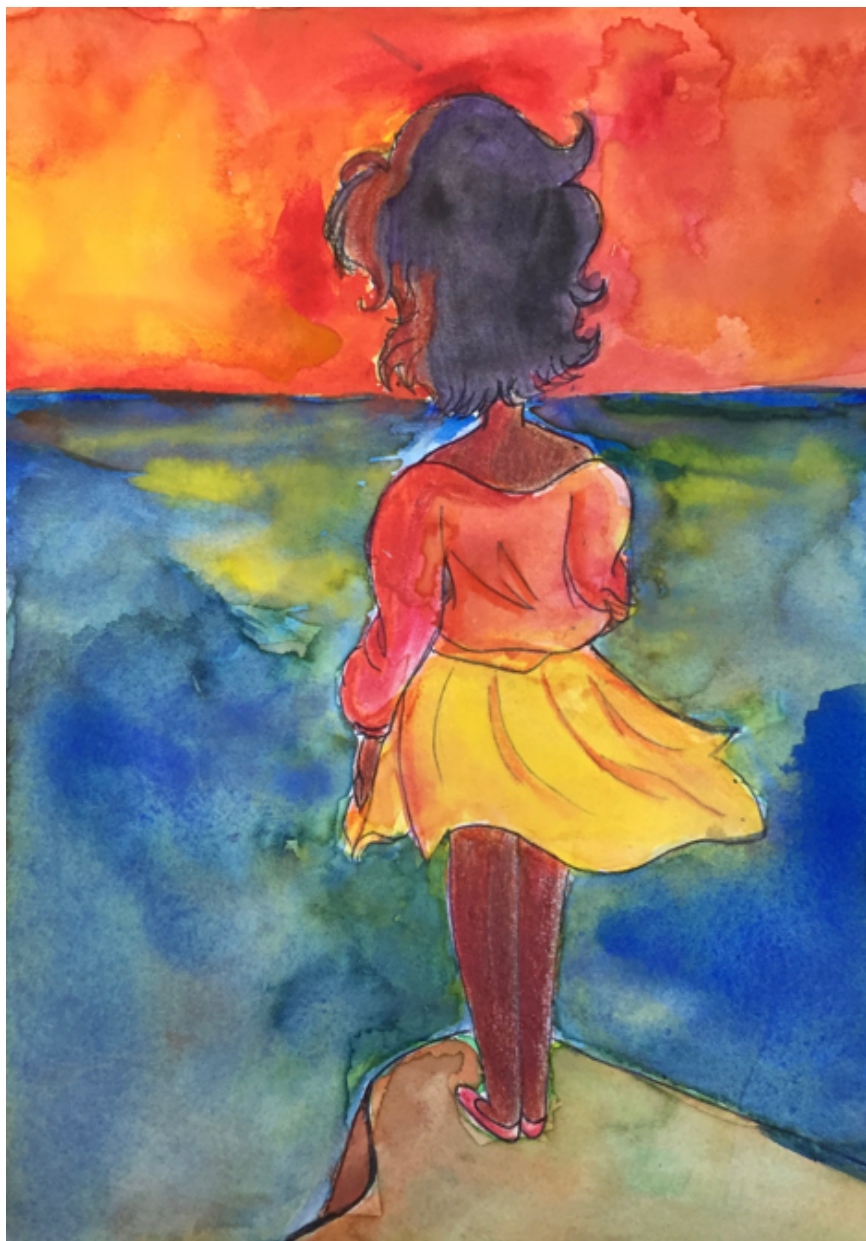
"It was about time...I was no longer a part of that movement, simply because I had a wife and a child and at that point was doing family stuff...It was a great day, and for Mandela to be released and eventually become president. It's astounding, really, that he went from being in prison for standing up against apartheid to actually being the president of South Africa at one point.

That's just amazing. I just wish a whole bunch of people, Stephen Biko in particular, who died for the cause had lived to see it."

In recent years, my Dad has fallen on some pretty hard times. He's been working as an Assistant Manager at Rite-Aid, and has been having some health issues. He was recently diagnosed with a disability called vertigo, occasionally he has overwhelming dizzy spells that constantly make him stop in his tracks to wait them out. His superiors at work have not taken kindly to this, constantly blaming his inability to work at times to a bad attitude rather than his health. Not only has he been physically hurting, but I think he's been hurting deeply on a mental level. His condition has made it increasingly difficult to play guitar. When he's not working, he'll tell me he wants to get all his original songs recorded before it's too late. After our interview was over, Dad started to reminisce on his experiences with the protesters.

"God, I hadn't thought about that in so long." I recall him saying to me as he poured himself a drink. He started bringing up his time at the shanty town more in the weeks to come. One night, a couple of weeks after the interview, he started playing me the song "Biko" by Peter Gabriel. Gabriel wrote the song about Stephen Biko, a nonviolent apartheid abolitionist who was imprisoned, tortured, and murdered by South African police in 1977. My Dad found the song highly inspirational in his youth and played it constantly at the shanty town. One line in the song goes "You can blow out a candle but you can't blow out a fire. Once the flames begin to catch the wind will blow it higher." After playing the song on the guitar he's had since 1984, he turned to me and said, "And you reignited that fire in me."

Sunset
Kyana Brizuela



Coin

By Julia Crane

Sometimes I feel like Julia and I are the opposite sides of the same Julia-coin; she got all of the things that I didn't. She had brown eyes, I have blue. She was tall, I am small. She had a little sister, I have a little brother.

She was hospitalized for a year for being sick, and I don't remember the last time I missed a day of school for having so much as a cold.

Julia was fearless.

When she and I got our ears pierced together, she volunteered to go first. She, Emma, and I brought our toy bunnies with us, and she squeezed hers tightly in her lap as the smiling young woman pressed the gun to her ear and squeezed it as if she were doing nothing more than using a hole puncher on a stack of papers. Julia seemed nervous, but she didn't make a sound when it happened. She walked back to the two of us and our moms, saying that it didn't hurt her at all.

When our families went on vacation together at a beach house in Marion, Massachusetts, a nail cut her knee open while she was playing football with her dad in the yard. I stood next to her as she sat on the counter, her foot in the sink, blood trailing down her leg. Yet she didn't cry. She didn't complain about the pain at all. The only time she showed fear was when her mom was debating whether to bring her to the emergency room to get stitches, and that might have been the only time in her entire life that I ever saw her panic. But her mom drove to the local CVS, got some butterfly bandages, and she was perfectly fine.

How did you do it, Julia? How did you act like these things didn't bother you? How did you get a cut that size in your knee, get it bandaged up, and then continue to run around on the beach like nothing ever happened?

Being with Julia made me braver. When we got our ears pierced, I was certainly nervous, but seeing how little she was affected by it made me brave enough to go next. When she cut her knee, I was terrified for her, but I was able to suppress it enough so that I could stand at her side and be there for whatever she might need. When she was hospitalized at the age of twelve for severe

aplastic anemia, I was worried, but I was able to carry on with my life and post to her every night to tell her that I was thinking about her and wished her well.

Sometimes it feels like when Julia died, she took all of that fearlessness with her. Maybe it isn't her fault, and all the girls at school who refused to include me were what made my self-confidence plummet. Maybe it was just the fact that I had lost my role model, the one who showed me how to do things and do them right before I even attempted them.

Whatever it might be, I have felt the opposite of fearless since she died. I didn't even speak for a week after it happened. I was given a tiny blue stone on that day, and I clutched to that stone like a lifeline, pouring all of the words and thoughts into it that I would never say or think aloud.

I've always been shy, but it kicked up a notch when she died. I never attempted to make new friends when I went to a new high school, only tried to rekindle old friendships from preschool and elementary school. To this day, the only reason I have friends at college was because my dad introduced himself to the parents of another girl in my class. My best friend pokes fun at me because she is the only person I open up to about anything, yet when I do, I say things like "I'm fine, everything's fine" and do the surfer hand gesture to distance myself from whatever is troubling me. I refuse to ask my roommate to turn the light off at night. I won't go and meet someone casually, especially an adult someone, unless there is time and space carved out for me and I will be letting someone down if I don't go. If someone offers me a drink, I'll decline it, even if it feels like I'm in the middle of the desert and haven't so much as seen water in two days.

How did you do it, Julia? How am I supposed to ask for things? How did you ask my mom for a glass of water when you came over to my house? How did you ask me if you could pretend to be the waiter when your family came over for dinner, and take our orders using my pen and my notepad, the same notepad I've kept all these years and laugh at whenever I find it?

What happens if one side of a coin just... disappears?

It's not just the social things, either. In the summers, Julia

and her family would take me to their family beach on Candlewood Lake, where we would hunt for gems in the sand, adventure on the rocks, and go out on their boat. I learned how to water-ski with Julia, and though I haven't gone since, the thrill of standing up for the first time and feeling the water rush beneath my feet is one of the most exhilarating memories I have.

This year, I am going to the Dominican Republic for spring break. I signed up for the trip because even if I haven't been acting as adventurously since Julia died, the desire to travel and to be somewhere else is constantly bubbling in me. It is the first time I will be outside of the country in my entire life, and I am doing it without my family to guide me.

In one of our pre-trip meetings, one of the adults on the trip gave us personality tests and described each personality type. When he was explaining my type, he said, "This type craves physical and emotional comfort. So, someone like Julia is probably going to be excited for this trip, but anxious about the details. She's going to want to know what we're doing, where we'll be staying, what we'll be eating, where we're sleeping. Does that sound like you?" I just nodded. Because every single night since I got accepted to go on the trip, I've wondered about what my sleeping situation will look like.

But I am extremely excited for the trip. This is something unlike anything I've ever done before, and sometimes I am stunned that I had the courage to take this opportunity, and that I've had the courage to keep taking it, instead of backing out like so many people on the trip have.

I don't think one side of a coin can ever disappear. Though you might not physically be here anymore, you live on in my memory. Every time I remember something we did together, or some time you were brave, or that crazy laugh of yours, I write it down. Your memory is the other side of my coin. It is the thing that gets me up in the morning and puts me to sleep at night, no matter my location. It is the thing that has me make meetings with teachers, even if it throws me into a fit of anxiety to do so. It is the thing that makes me raise my hand in class, and finally accept that glass of water, and apply for expeditions to the Dominican Republic. Your memory is what inspires me to be all the things you were in life, the things I never thought I could be.

Bloom
By Kyana Brizuela



“Notice Me”

By Marina Sousa

I'm lost in his brown eyes
They don't look at
me.
Caught in the sparkle of his smile
While it flashes away from
me.
Tangled up in his brown curly hair
It wasn't combed for
me.
His voice echoing through my head
It wouldn't be said to
me.
I get crossed up more than his opponent
Because he's avoiding
me.
Is there something
wrong with
me?
No!
I'm done
I won't look for your soft eyes.
Wipe that perfect smile off your face.
Leave your hair majestically untamed.
Keep your funny thoughts stored away.
Leave your cute little tricks on the court.
I thought I was
ready for a little
One on one
But you're still at home
looking to ball-up with someone
To be Honest
You are..
Not
that big of a prize
I wanted
you
To notice
Me...

Bright Eyes

By Desiree West

Tangled hair falls into her bright eyes,
they shine as if they are unaware of her
pained past. They haven't noticed the
riot directly behind them.
Singing so sweetly they can't hear the
dismal chorus echoing between her ears.
Wayward thoughts tear her apart but her
crooked smile and sunny eyes
missed the memo.

Summer

By James Bruno

I always hated the summer until I met her.
The heat, the bugs, the boredom. I hated it.
Hated that I could go anywhere, do anything,
and I had nowhere to go, nothing to do. Until
I met her. It was casual, a brief meeting of the eyes;
she'd look away and I'd look at her. I'd look away
and she'd look at me. It was simple, brief, the way we met,
and yet I don't recall much of the summer after.
I remember her presence, her standing there next to me,
so close that our knuckles brushed when we walked.
I remember lying next to her in the grass where she fell asleep,
closing my eyes just so I could feel closer to her. And
I remember knowing that, when summer ended, she'd be gone.
A world away. So I taught myself to hate the summer even more.
And yet, I clung to it, to her, to every single second that brought
us together. I remember when I used to drive her home, I'd drive
so achingly slow just so that I could cling to every last moment of
us
quickly slipping through my fingers—and she'd sit back with
her arm out the window, feet on the dashboard, fingers tracing
currents in the air,
almost as though she were holding on to it, too. Daily—I saw her
daily.
On land. In the water. In the day and in the dark. Every time I
closed my eyes.
And to this day, even though she's gone now, like a ghost, and
even though a part of me still wants to cling to her, cling to the
phantom
that's blown away, just a memory now, a smile at the back of my
mind,
I've never loved the summer more. Because I met her.

**Battery-Point Breakwater
Lighthouse
By James Bruno**



Contributors

Laura Spicer is a junior here at Franklin Pierce. She is in an intro to creative writing course with Professor Pam Bernard, who introduced Laura to the possibility of her writing being featured in *Nevermore*. The narrative Laura submitted is about a painful experience of losing her grandfather at the age of 13. For Laura, this piece really hits home and has an important place in her heart. She is glad to get the chance to share it.

James Bruno is a senior Creative Writing major at FPU. He is a part of three different honor societies on campus, Sigma Tau Delta, Pi Lambda Theta, and Alpha Chi, and he is the Vice President of FPU's chapter of Sigma Tau Delta. James is graduating a year early so that he may travel through Europe and gain worldly experience over the course of the next year.

Julia Crane is a sophomore Health Sciences major with a Chemistry minor. She loves reading with a passion and has always loved expressing herself through writing. She is excited to be taking a course that allows her to develop and improve her writing and also has encouraged her to submit her writing to a more public platform.

Tori Scholtz is a senior health science major with a certificate in women in leadership. She will be going to grad school in the fall for physical therapy. She loves all things science, but she also loves to read and write. She has way too many books and reads too much YA. She writes in her spare time and is finally taking a creative writing class for a free elective in her senior year.

Desiree West is a sophomore at Franklin Pierce, studying English. She is originally from a small town in South Dakota. When she is not working, going to class, or doing school work, she spends her free time reading and writing and enjoys art and music. She is also a member of Sigma Tau Delta.

Kyana Brizuela is a junior majoring in Creative Writing with minors in Visual Arts and Sociology. Spends her free time drawing and thinking up new ideas for novels.

Marina Sousa is a Freshman at Franklin Pierce University. She grew up just outside of Boston, MA. She grew up playing baseball but was kicked out of the league for being a girl. She then began playing softball, but that came to an end with an ankle injury. She began writing poems to fill the void. Her passion for learning and need for change lead her to move to Rindge, New Hampshire where her college experience began. Upon arrival Marina has made many lifelong friends and learned many important life skills while also continuing to write poetry.

Ashlyn Sperry is a junior here at Franklin Pierce, double majoring in Elementary Education and Special Education, and minoring in English. In her free time when she isn't doing homework, she watches a substantial amount of documentaries on Netflix, attempts to catch up on her must-reads book list, writes whenever writers block isn't an issue, and trying out new recipes in the kitchen. She is also a member of Sigma Tau Delta.

Tyler Comeau is a junior Communications student at Franklin Pierce with minors in English and Visual Art. Tyler is a self-advocate for the rights and representation of people with disabilities and an aspiring filmmaker. He is a public speaker and activist, having spoken at several colleges and organizations with his brother Teagen Comeau about their experiences as individuals on the autism spectrum. He is currently President of the Gender and Sexuality Acceptance club at FPU as well as Student Government Representative for Gamer's Club and former Director of Pierce Media Group Digital.

Brigid Klaft is a senior Creative Writing major. She is the assistant editor for this volume of *Nevermore* as well as a contributing writer. Two semesters ago, she switched from Literary English to Creative Writing, and is very glad to have done so. Writing creatively has always been a large part of her life, as well as her ambitions. She will be graduating with of Bachelor of Arts and a certificate in Women in Leadership this spring.

Angela Christian is a senior with a major in Psychology, minor in Fine Arts and Forensic Psychology (plus a women in Leadership certificate). She is a passionate art lover who believes that self-expression is a language everyone can speak. She hopes to continue her education and work towards a graduate degree related to Expressive Arts Therapy.

Submission Guidelines

Nevermore accepts up to three poems per person (one per page),
up to 2,000 words of prose (fiction, non-fiction, essay).
Photographs and drawings must be sent in as a .png file.

Please email all submissions to:
nevermore@franklinpierce.edu

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SIGMA TAU DELTA
INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH HONOR SOCIETY

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