

A painting of a stone staircase in a forest. The staircase is made of large, flat stones and is flanked by a rustic wooden fence with yellow-painted railings. The forest is lush with green trees and foliage, creating a sense of depth and tranquility. The overall style is impressionistic with visible brushstrokes.

# HARMONY

Literary & Arts Magazine

2023 - 2024

## OUR MISSION

*Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* is dedicated to enhancing the cultural and intellectual environment of Culver-Stockton College by providing an outlet for creative and artistic contributions to the campus community.

## EDITORIAL POLICY

*Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* is published by a student staff and supervised by a faculty advisor. The staff encourages all Culver-Stockton students, faculty, staff, and alumni to submit artwork and literature for possible publication. Submissions are presented to the entire Harmony staff as anonymous work, and the staff then reviews and selects pieces for publication.

**Disclaimer:** The content of works published in *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* does not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the editors, staff, or Culver-Stockton College.

**Trigger Warning:** The works contained within this edition of the *Harmony: Literary & Arts Magazine* may include sensitive topics and language regarding mental health, identity, abuse, and more. We advise that you be responsive to your own mental health and safety while reading this edition.

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SCAN THE CODE to reach our website  
harmonymagazine.org  
Read the FULL LENGTHS of  
Bunkers, Benchwarmers, Aftermath,  
Tumbleweed, One for your troubles and  
Explorations of a Deep Sea



## Aftermath - CASSIE WILLIAMS

Aftermath started as a project for my honors capstone, and developed into a passion project. I found myself wanting to dive deeper into the psychology of an abuser, while also manipulating the audiences mentality. This was supposed to take theory and use it against the audience to make them question everything they just watched.

(This play contains sensitive content and reader discussion is advised.)

## Bunkers - HAYDEN ROBERTS

Three American soldiers in the Kosovo War drink and mourn the loss of their fallen comrade.

(This play contains depictions of alcohol use, profanity, and heavy subject matters.)

## Explorations of a Deep Sea - BRIANNA DINNON

Explorations on a Deep Sea was inspired by a trip to South Carolina, where I had seen the ocean for the first time in my life. I wanted to captivate the feeling of discovery of something dangerous yet beautiful, as most of the ocean is. The piece takes you on a deep dive of unexplored waters, through a violent storm, and ends with a calm night on the surface with the Northern Lights shining beautiful colors across the water.

# STUDENT AWARDS

Each edition of Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine there are at least two works chosen by professors to be nominated for different awards in both visual and written arts.

## Guy Cooper Poetry Award

I choose “I am from” by Janeigha Stutesman for the Guy Cooper Poetry Award because its verse takes the conventional theme of life and illustrates it with emotion and imagery that resonates deeply within the reader. It brings out truths of the human condition, inviting the reader to reflect on the struggles and joys of life. I also would like to give a shoutout to Morgan Zavoral’s “One More Day” and Julia Svegin’s “I Once Was a Little Girl”.

-Professor Ralph Buckner

## Rutherford Award

The work that I chose for the Rutherford Award is the painting “I Don’t Know How You See Me” by Morgan Zavoral. The dialogue of a figure looking out and also looking within recalls the painting by Manet “A Bar at the Folies-Bergère”. I also liked the contrast of the value-based self-portrait on the warm cardboard background, as well as the compositional choice to have tiny portraits swirl around the primary figure. Congratulations to Morgan and all of the artists that submitted work.

-Professor Scott Arthur



## “He Fell Laughing”

MORGAN ZAVORAL



## “Flying: A True Passion”

KEONA HIRALES

The sky blue as can be  
For miles and miles  
Nothing matters all the way up here  
Nothing but smiles  
On the faces of young and old

The world below  
So far away and distant  
As space and time begin to blur  
The flights of cities beam from below  
Everything seems to fade  
Reality is delayed

With each passing moment, I embrace  
The beauty of being all the way up here  
My mind starts to wonder  
Looking through this window  
The sun embraces, my warm face

Here I can find my peace  
All the way up here nothing else matters  
My destination is unknown  
For here I find I see and feel life's wonders

## PREVIEW “Swan Song”

CASSIE WILLIAMS

The music flowed through the empty studio, bouncing off the walls and mirror before her. She stood awkwardly- This was always the worst part. The build up to the release. She stole a glance at the door, still shut and hiding her from prying eyes. Good. Violins faded away to a lone oboe’s wilting melody. It built and climbed higher and higher until it hit its peak, and her body melted away from reality and became one with the music. She just moved, ignoring the steps her teacher had forced into her brain; the variation so many ballerinas before her knew, the steps so many feet had taken. That piece of history faded away and she just moved.

It was slow at first. It always was. The idea of someone stepping in and watching while she lost herself was a fear in the back of her mind. Soon that fear would disappear and she would be herself no more. The brass flew into the song, stealing the lilting melody from the oboe and making it darker, more ominous. She followed suit, her moves becoming bolder and her fears, her frustrations faded farther and farther away, following the notes until they were gone. Brass, violins, it matter not, she went where the music took her.

From one corner of the dim room to the next. From the back to the center. Her steps flew, but she was not in control of herself. There was little trust in her life, very few things that were certain, but her body would protect her- the muscles would stretch how they needed to, her bones would stay strong, so long as she stayed within her limits, there was nothing she could not do.

## PREVIEW “Tumbleweed”

HARRISON SNAADT

This town attracted a putrid sort of human being. The sort that would sooner speak with bullets rather than words. Some fateful soul struck gold just in the middle of Deadwood in the middle of the decade, and sure enough, it would sound off the mating call that brought them all here. Matthias Sanderson despised that lot with every fiber of his being, along with anyone who would dare trespass upon the sort of serenity he had come to cherish. This unsuspecting town had boomed so suddenly, so many crowds seeking untold riches, all of it was about to suffocate him. For even the slightest whiff of air, the only option was to struggle. Sanderson may not have thought of himself as the violent sort, but when the moment came, he would fight to his teeth and leave the other guy with his missing.

The mustachioed sheriff, Seth Bullock had given Sanderson a most peculiar nickname from the way he fights. “Tumbleweed, sir?” Sanderson asked. “You ever notice whenever you crash one of ‘em rotten critters over, they up an’ bounce like tumbleweeds.” Bullock replied. “Kiddin’ aside Matthias, my crowbar hotel would be a lot less welcomin’ without ya’ my boy.” There was a sincerity behind the proud laugh of the tall lawman. Under the employ of the sheriff, Sanderson felt more honored than he ever thought he was worthy of, and to think it came from the most unusual suspect. Despite his notoriously intimidating presence, Bullock was hospitable when taking office amidst more trying times than ever. The young man felt respected by Bullock, more than anyone other than his own family, and yet he felt so out of his element. That nickname, “Tumbleweed.” Was this a reputation that he wanted? In this lawless sea that West America had been drowning in, the young man swam to the one vessel he could tell would persevere any tide in Seth Bullock’s. It was the rational thing to do, Sanderson found a means by which to fend off any sort of danger with guidance from him. He thought of Bullock’s infamously sharp glare that his grey eyes could cut through anyone with. Whether he was there for convenience, for desire, or for reputation, the young man failed to find answers.

## “I once was a little girl”

JULIA SVEGIN

I once was a little girl with a big dream,

Who used to hope to join a good team.

I once was a little girl who would take my family for granted,

I believed they didn't care even how much I ranted.

I once was a little girl who cared too much what people would say,

And I used to tend to stay away.

I once was a little girl who thought everything in life was good,

Never really got how few things I understood.

I am now a girl who followed my dream,

I am so happy that I could scream.

I am now a girl who treats her family as I should,

Because they have been with me, in bad and good.

I am now a girl who chooses to walk my own way,

Despite the consequences I might have to pay.

I am now a girl who is seeing what life means,

And know that everyone has things behind the scenes.

I hope to become a woman who keeps following her dreams,

No matter how hard it seems.

I hope to become a woman with a family close by,

Because if not, she'll probably soon see the sky.

I hope to become a woman who speaks for her rights,

Even though she might start a few fights. I

hope to become a woman who becomes a wife,

Who can give her children all the things I had in life.

## “Queen” BRADLEY COLLINS





# JOIN THE TEAM

Includes

- 0-2 English Credits
- Creation of the  
Harmony Magazine

Tuesday  
Afternoon  
Every  
Semester

Eng. 215/415  
Practicum in  
Literary  
Magazine

Herrick 206

# “The Way of Life”

JACOB THAR

Little brother, Little brother  
Do you wish to play hide and seek?  
Big brother, big brother  
If you hide I shall count all week.

Little brother, little brother  
Do you wish to play tag?  
Big brother, Big brother  
Let's start right away, I will not lag.

Little brother, little brother  
Do you wish to sleep in my bed?  
Big brother, big brother  
I shall lay on the floor where I can rest my head.

Little brother, little brother  
You lay around all day.  
Big brother, big brother  
I'm getting old, such is the way.

Little brother, little brother  
Your hairs grow gray.  
Big brother, big brother  
I grow older still, such is the way.

Little brother, little brother  
You do not eat.  
Big brother, big brother  
Getting old is not so neat.

Little brother, little brother  
They're taking you away.  
Big brother, big brother  
Don't worry, it's okay.

Little brother, little brother  
I haven't got to say my goodbyes  
Big brother, big brother  
I love you.

## “Taken”

BRADLEY COLLINS



## “Split”

BRADLEY COLLINS



## “Suicide Squad” AUTUMN HOOD

There is three members in my squad,  
Death was always on our side,  
We walk on the bridge between life and death,  
We will hate each other if we ever left.

There was Autumn, Damari and Jackie,  
We never experienced being happy,  
We lost the desire to live and fight,  
We all were in darkness and became  
each other's light.

Our battle scars started to fade,  
No more razors or a sharp blade,  
No more long sleeves and cuts to hide,  
We decided to talk and confide.

There is three members in my squad,  
Life and happiness is on our side,  
We walk on the bridge to the side of the living,  
Little do we know this was our new beginning.

## “Beauty of a Flower”

ALAYNA CHANDLER-GUTIERREZ

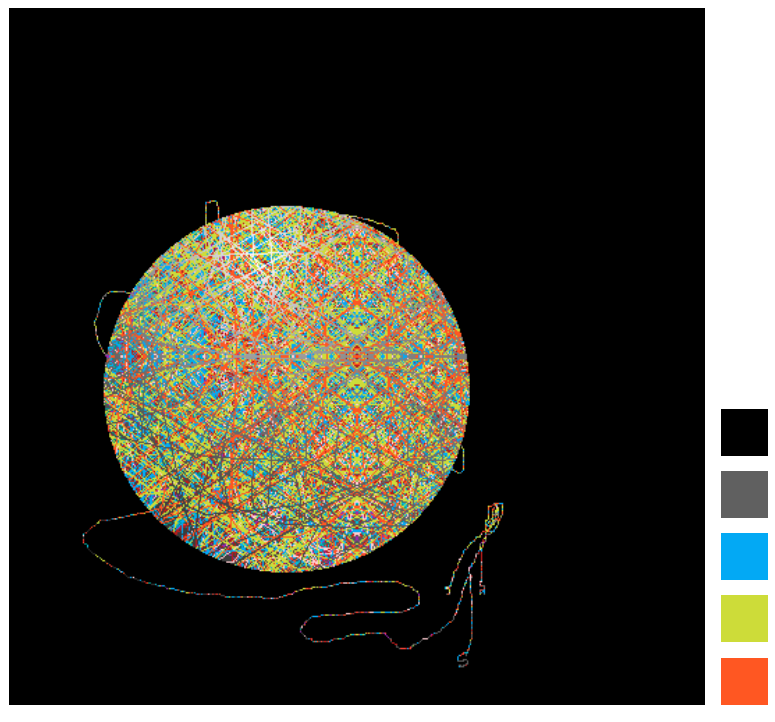
As we grow older the similarities between humans and flowers become apparent.  
Emerged in soil with little independence and required care.  
There we lie so helpless and unbeknownst,  
Coaxed with necessary nutrients to grow our parents tended to our needs. Weeds  
growing left and right attempting to steal our might,  
Frightful and lost as we grow into a sprout,  
Throughout this phase we search for answers which leave us doubting what could  
amount. Out comes the pedals as we grow older, finding ourselves becoming bolder.  
Who would've known how beautiful you'd become  
From the seedling in the soil to a unique flower, similar to no other.

## “Melancholic Sunset”

ROWDY JACKSON



## “Yarn Man” WILLIAM QUEEN



## “Lemon Boy” MORGAN ZAVORAL



## “Cycle of Pleasure”

WYATT MCCULLOCH

their purpose served  
their worth shown  
their value proven  
their worthiness declined  
In My Life.

threads of the shirt  
caressing tentatively:  
to be noticed,  
to be understood,  
to be valued.

instead to be  
slit & discarded  
without second thought:  
their transparency  
pierced & neglected.

Futile now,  
I've had My way  
exploiting & indulging,  
appeasing & scoffing,  
boasting & reveling.

# “Destruction and Grief Go Hand-in-Hand”

CRYSTAL DEORNELLAS

All around her were bats of every color and the blood red one caught her eye. Baseball bats, the metal variety especially, could cause a lot of destruction. Crushing through fake plastic, glass going to shards, pieces of what was previously whole turning into unrecognizable pieces of nothing. Destruction had been her whole life.

Empty hallways and storefronts stretched in any direction she could choose, the only other occupants being the people she was traveling with. First thing her bat swung into was a huge flatscreen, the biggest one her eyes could find. Glass littered the floor, landing on her boots, scattering to the further corners of the aisle.

How disappointed her sister would be right now.

Irrelevant—dead people cannot judge her actions. Judgmental stares were reserved for between two living people, not her dead best friend that never even judged her in life. Keeping herself underneath the judgmental opinions of others was never her thing.

Lengths of time passed, exact minutes and seconds blurring and becoming indistinguishable, as the urge to destroy herself was taken out on anything in sight. Maiming these other useless objects was the better option. Nerves lit up with pain and fire in her hand, red dripping and staining the glass shards and tile. Oh, broken glass was much sharper than she remembered it being.

Pacing the aisle for a moment she looks at what used to be a wall of TVs, but is no longer anything but an aisle full of the evidence of Amelia’s misery and loss. Silence overtakes the space with the bat still at her side, and God does Amelia hate silence. Rage is always so much louder than reason, and she has been filled with it since the day she was born.

Silence leads her to self-inflicted destruction and wrongfully ignored realizations. The bat falls from her hand, grip slack, and the metallic clang fills her ears with a following echo. Ugly thoughts race around inside her head until they make her dizzy trying to keep up with them. Vodka in her mouth, the burn in her throat would be a numbing oasis.

Walking away from the shattered TVs, she leaves the storefront, and the emotions she meant to leave with wreckage stubbornly follow in stride. Xscape Arcade lights up in front of her, adding to the neon glow ambiance of the dim hallway. Yabber could be heard, slowly increasing in volume as Tempest got further down the hallway. Zany little Olivia was the source of the sound Amelia found as she came into view, and as she tried to draw Amelia into a conversation that was dampened out by the things running through her mind, they simply walked past the store full of her grief.

## “Indifferent Dalliance”

JOHN MCCULLOCH

### “I Am From”

CRYSTAL DEORNELLAS

I am from  
A white house, and grandma’s car in the driveway everyday after work,  
dependable. Unlike the family car that sits in the garage.  
One mirror missing, only one of its many problems.  
The dirt under our swing set always has glass shards,  
even after our mom cleans it up for the hundredth time.  
My favorite tree sits in the furthest corner of the yard.  
Innocent memories live here with no idea what’s to come.

I am from  
Library shelves full of bound pages.  
A distraction from my world, escaping into different worlds.  
Characters full of strength, wisdom, and humor  
Page after page, getting lost in their stories.  
Present in every part of my childhood that I can remember.

I am from  
A teacher entered my classroom in third grade.  
Talented and gifted program for the next five years.  
The smartest in the room without even trying,  
praise was handed to me like candy.  
A bright A written at the top of every paper,  
and awards received at every end of the year ceremony.

I am from  
An uneasy feeling in my gut constantly accompanying me through life.  
Things in the house not spoken about, to others or each other.  
The thoughts of everything that could go wrong served as my shadow.  
Attached to many people who disappeared without a goodbye,  
the uncertainty is still with me to this day.

I am from  
A lifelong goal finally realized.  
The relief that comes from long-withheld escape.  
A new location that proves that what I’ve been searching for is real.  
Looking out your window and realizing you left everything behind,  
like you have been planning to do for years.  
Seeing the next chapter of unknowns in your life and smiling.

their purpose served -  
showing worth  
proving value  
declining glory  
in My life;

threads of the shirt  
caressing tentatively -  
to be  
noticed,  
understood,  
valued.

Instead  
plucked and discarded,  
no re-evaluation:  
prophesied doom.

Futile now that  
I’ve had My way -  
ravenous for variety:  
hunting and gathering  
casting and reeling  
ebb and flow.

The inevitable cycle  
of detachment.



## “I Am From”

JANEIGHA STUTESMAN

I am from  
Log truck and drugs,  
Run down town,  
Grey skies and riding bikes,  
Nursing home, and softball fields,  
Family is always around.

I am from  
Long sad night to long drives,  
Sunny skies, and hot days,  
New people and no more family,  
Adventure into adjusting,  
More sad nights.

I am from  
Tight on cash, to going out,  
Spending time on the dirt,  
New adventure i would never I thought,  
Oklahoma, Florida, Washington,  
Places I want to watch and play at.

I am from  
Screams and yelling,  
To hopelessly in love,  
To knowing my people and knowing what I want,  
The drive I know I have,  
The effort I know it will take.

I am from  
To more sad night with no one around,  
To new friends,  
With new adventure i wouldn't have thought,  
Knowing I am here for the right reason,  
In love that little me got to carry out her dream.

## “I Can't Keep Giving”

CHEYENNE SMITH





## “Loathsome Perfection”

WYATT MCCULLOCH

blonde locks  
flow effortlessly  
sowing femininity -  
here You are  
at her docks.

green windows  
illuminant souls  
reflective Earth -  
no lust grows,  
mine doesn't glow.

slim waists,  
love handles -  
complimentary figures  
breeding scandal  
mine not embraced.

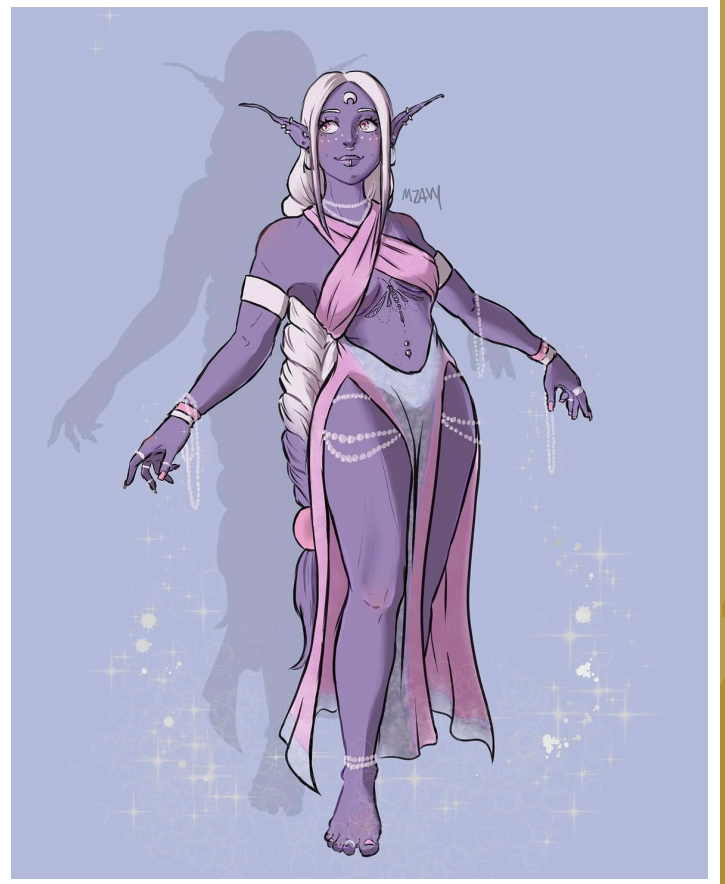
easily lost  
inside us:  
Rapunzel manes  
ocean globes  
wineglass proportions;  
the captor of Your lust -  
Who do you stand beside?

she becomes  
Your vice:  
sandy blonde strands  
teal sea orbs  
hourglass stance  
Your vicarious paradise.

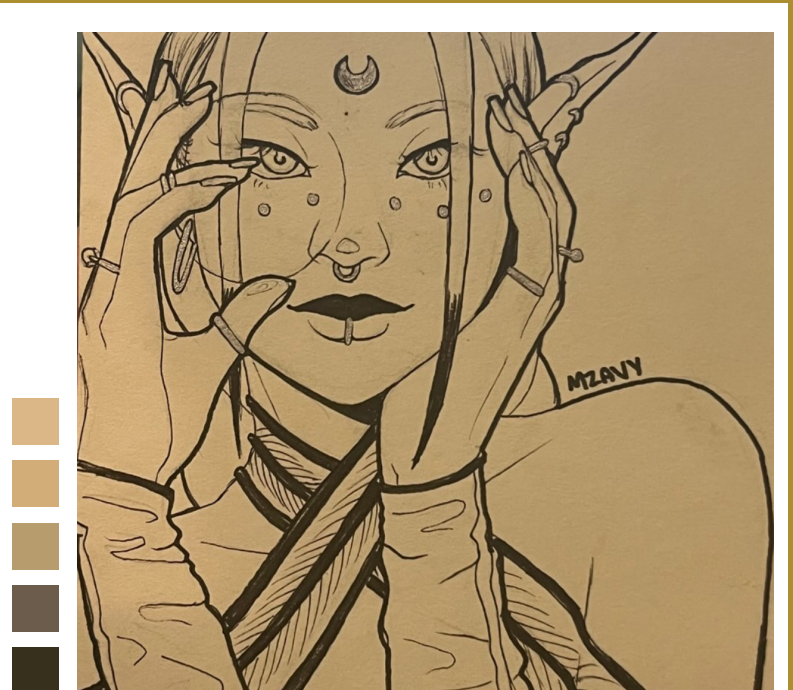
and here my stance,  
identical whore  
identical form:  
when is pretty  
pretty enough?

the social construct  
i cannot destruct.

## “Celestial” MORGAN ZAVORAL



## “Bubble” MORGAN ZAVORAL



## “Roses” RANDI GREEN

Roses are first thought of with love,  
They can mean so much more than that.  
They can mean happiness,  
They can mean sadness,  
Most of all they mean peace.

When you see a yellow rose,  
You are looking at a symbol of joy and friend-  
ship.  
A pink can say admiration and gracefulness,  
Put them together and you have happiness and  
gracefulness.

They can be full and big,  
Or small and empty.  
Many colors,  
Or just one.

The world may change around a rose,  
But the rose and it's meaning will remain.

## “Immolation” ROWDY JACKSON



## “Facade” WYATT MCCULLOCH

all of these thorns            under my dress  
causing the stress, watering  
the horns

all the bruises hiding  
the scars under the stars  
all your muses

and the stones  
chucked  
at me.

## “Frozen Bridge” ROWDY JACKSON



## “Stay With Me”

WYATT MCCULLOCH

i needed you:  
he drug me  
up the stairs,  
the same bedroom he drug you to -  
here you lie  
awake and asleep  
still unable to save me.

Physically a child,  
mentally adult -  
was it a crime for me  
to want to  
be free?

Please take it easy,  
i begged.  
i accepted the inevitable  
as you lie beside me,  
both helpless -  
your's voluntary.

How much does it take  
for you to listen  
to me?

i told you  
he couldn't be trusted;  
the ripe age of six,  
mind not yet shrouded  
by the fumes  
by the debris  
of destruction.

Won't you Stay With Me?

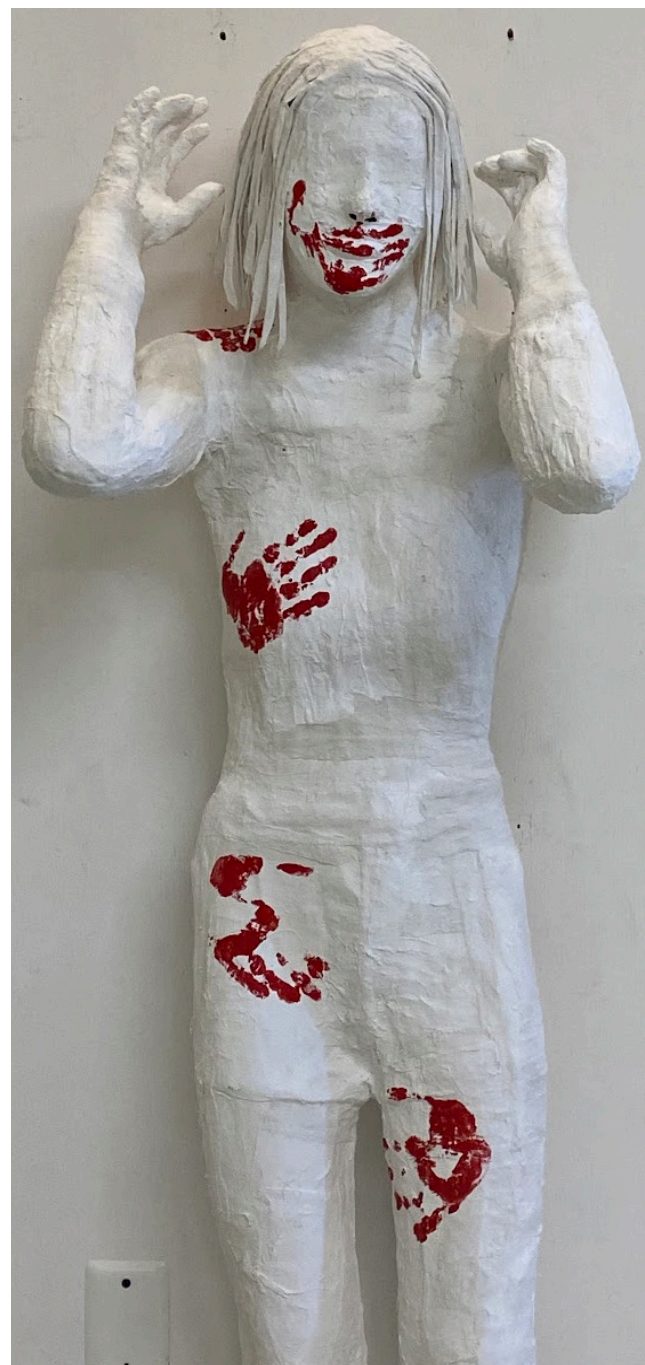
This is our song,  
spoken when you awoke -  
but were you ever  
asleep?

Now I see the ulterior.  
Now I feel the drug.  
I hear the Voice compelling  
me to shore, beseeching me  
Surrender.

And here you come  
flaunting white flag  
daunting the wind;  
fading away,  
expecting Me to exemplify  
what you have failed to.

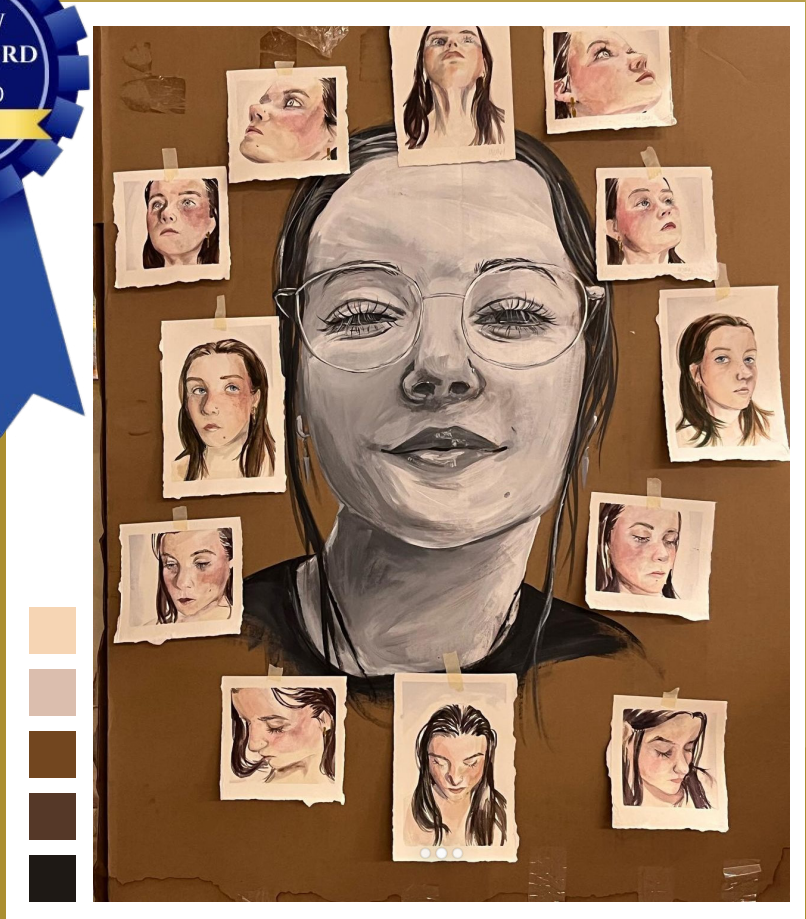
Is it my fault  
to want Motherly Love?

## “Consent” CHEYENNE SMITH



# “I Don’t Know How You See Me”

MORGAN ZAVORAL



## “What Got In”

KEATON STRANGE

Sun shining through the blinds  
Birds shouting through the sky  
Cool breeze racing through the window  
Shaking and shivering, she started to cry  
And asked could you close the window before I die

With a sigh, a yawn, and a reluctant yes, he struggled out of bed  
Saying whoever left the window open must be brain-dead  
With worried looks on each other’s faces  
Both of them now confused  
They thought we are just nut cases  
But it couldn’t have been us, we were both snoozed

Pale now and sick in the face  
He asked her what was wrong  
Shaking her head, she said don’t move from your place  
But it had been too late  
He had already sealed his fate

“Converse Ad”

MORGAN ZAVORAL



“Starbucks Billboard”

MORGAN FRANKENHOFF



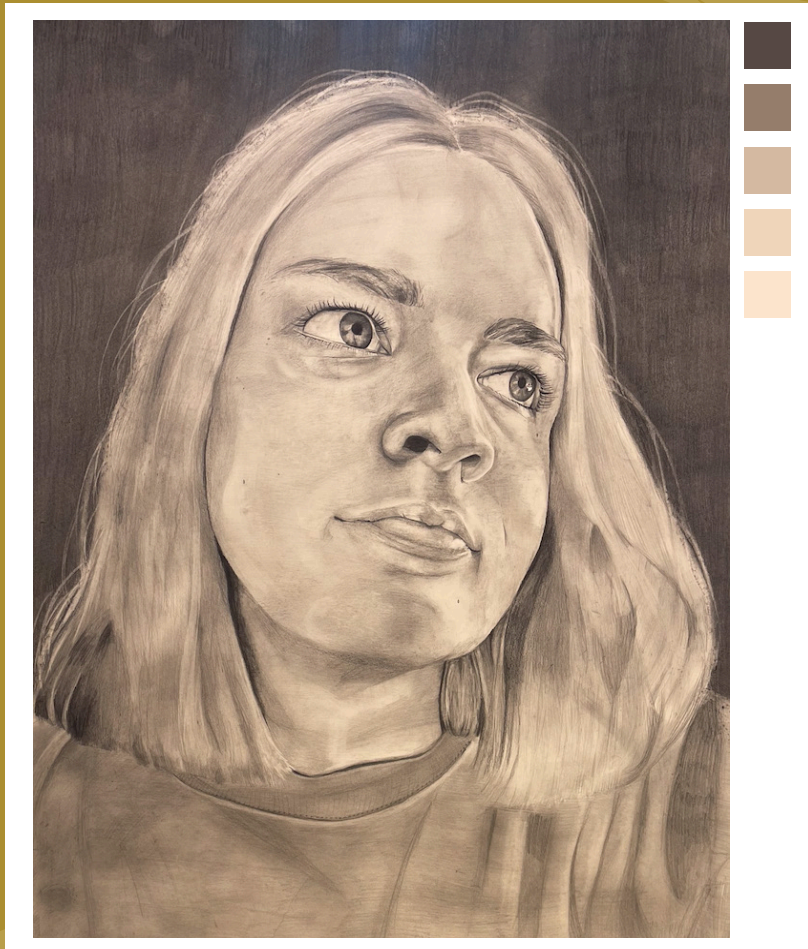
“STL Street Sign”

MORGAN FRANKENHOFF



# “Self Portrait”

MORGAN FRANKENHOFF



# “Courageous Soul”

TABITHA HAXEL



“Great Leap Forward” ROWDY JACKSON



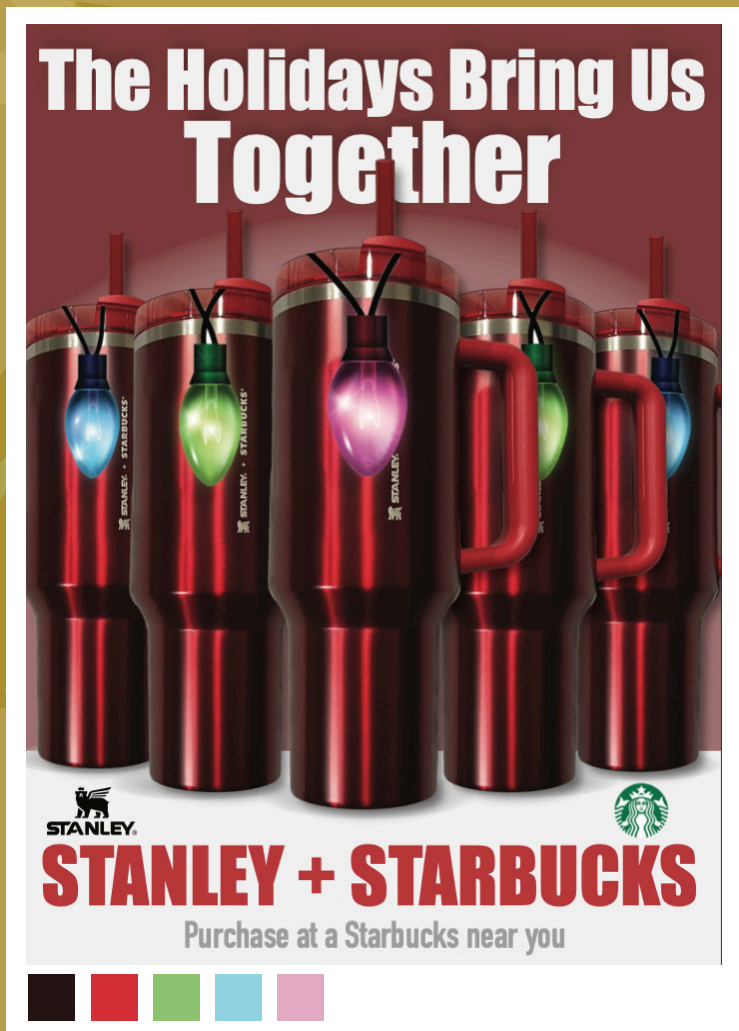
“Venetian Street” ROWDY JACKSON





# “Stanley/Starbucks”

MORGAN FRANKENHOFF



# “Avenir”

MORGAN ZAVORAL

Avenir, designed by Adrian Frutiger in 1988. A smooth, legible, and versatile font created for nothing more than modernity. Considered one of his finest works by Frutiger himself, Avenir is usable for next to anything its designer desires. From mundane highschool presentations to corporate business proposals, what could you do with Avenir next?

Avenir Light  
Avenir Light Oblique  
Avenir Book  
Avenir Book Oblique  
Avenir Roman  
Avenir Oblique  
Avenir Medium  
Avenir Medium Oblique  
Avenir Heavy  
Avenir Heavy Oblique  
Avenir Black  
Avenir Black Oblique

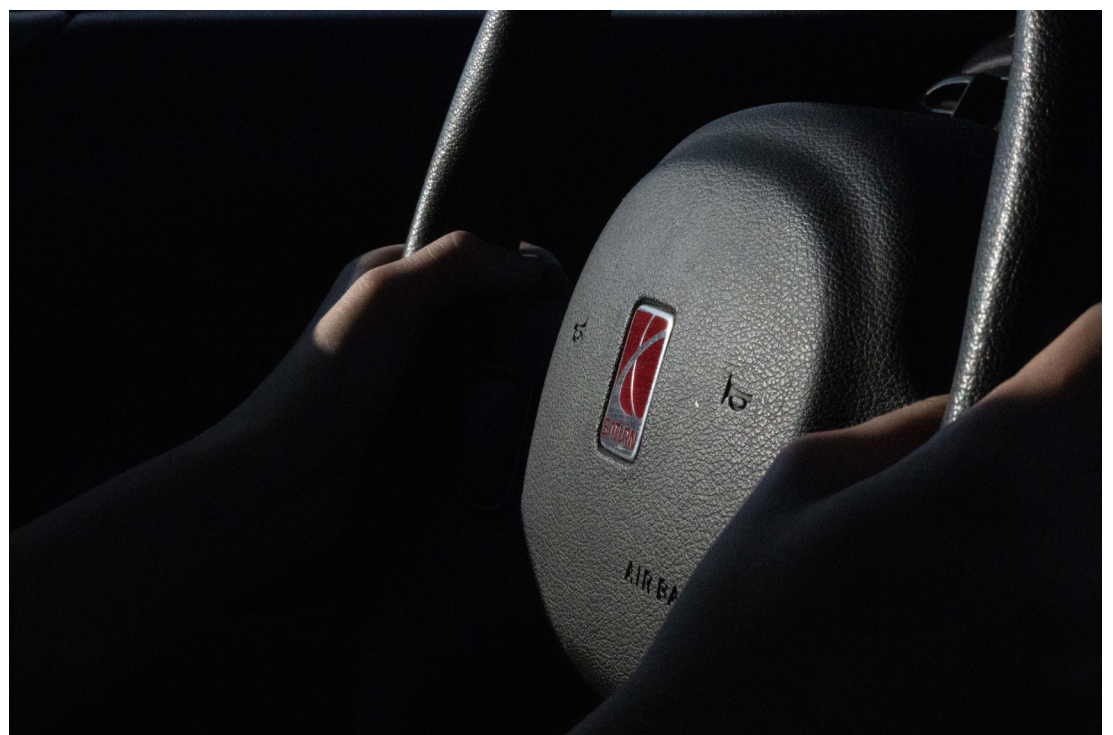
Adrian Frutiger  
**AVENIR**

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# “Annoyed Mouse” BRADLEY COLLINS



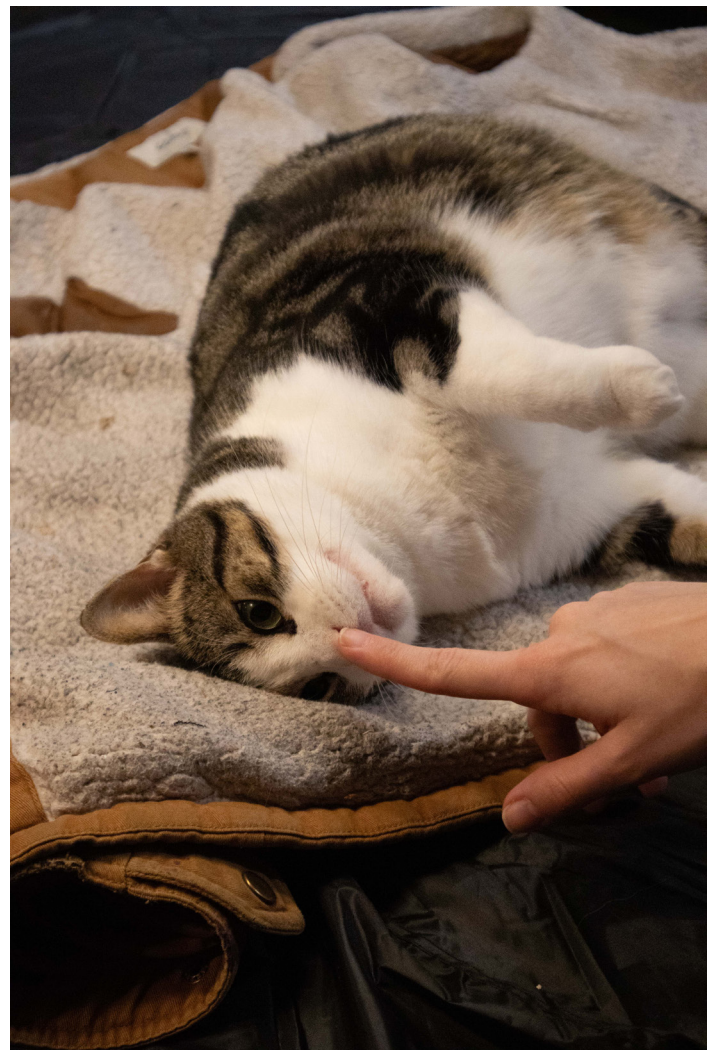
# “Wheel” BRADLEY COLLINS



**“Gene”** ISABELLA MITCHELL-WHEELER



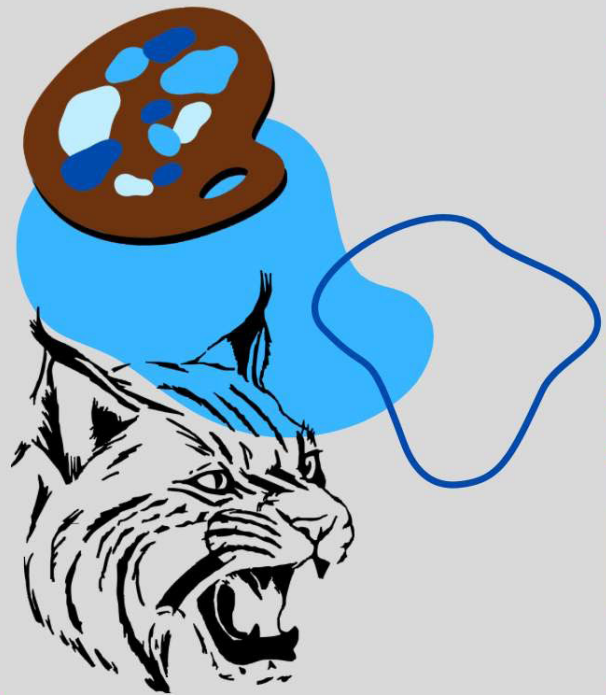
**“Boop”** BRADLEY COLLINS



JOIN C-SC



# ART CLUB



**MEETINGS WEDNESDAYS  
DURING LUNCH IN  
HERRICK 106 @12:00PM**

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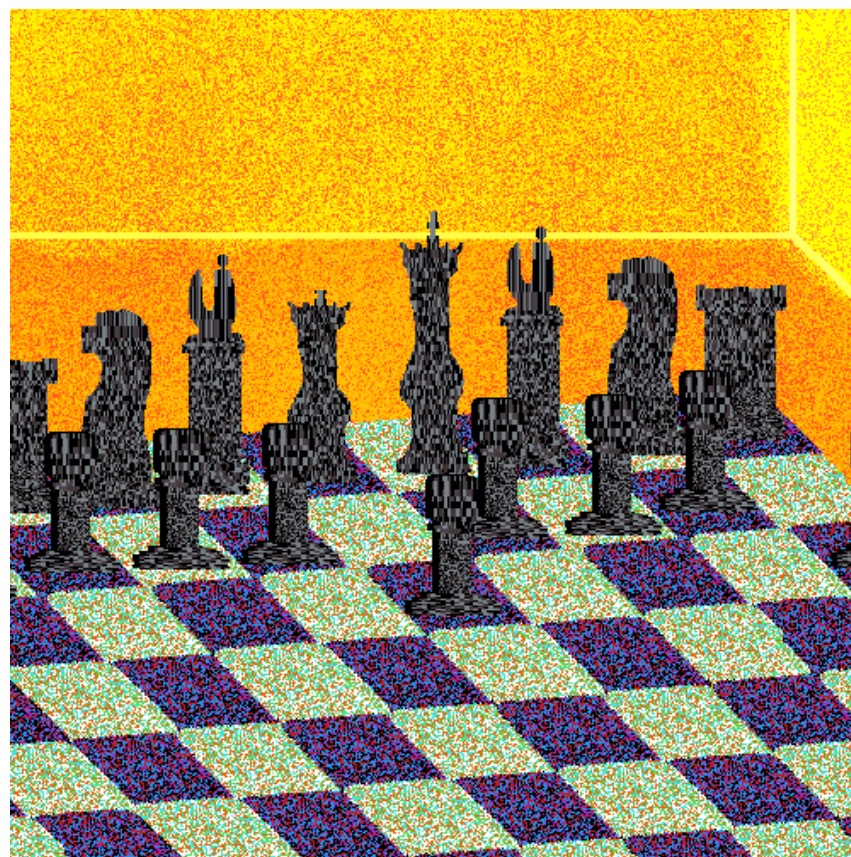


# “Maned” MORGAN ZAVORAL



# “Chess”

WILLIAM QUEEN



## PREVIEW “Benchwarmers”

DANARRIA THOMAS

One, two, three, four, five, and six. He called out the names of six girls. I was not one of them. I knew my name was not going to get called. I was not his favorite, and I was not his daughter either. He loved her, there was no way she was going to sit on the bench. The coach’s daughter, a bench warmer? Nah, it wasn’t going to happen. He had to make himself feel good. He could at least say that “I taught her better than that,” whenever she fucked up. Unlike the rest of us, who were used as pawns, holding places for whenever his favorites could not perform. We were tossed in like sheep among the wolves, left to be devoured. It was like we were supposed to use telepathy to his mind for the play-by-play of what he wanted us to do.

He held us to a higher standard than they were. Bad pass - bench. Bad set - bench. Bad serve - bench. And if they messed up? The clapping of the hands began, “Oh, come on!” His favorite line. I wish I had heard that line before I was subbed off. Unlucky to say, I never heard it. It was just one bad touch and off I went. It was one bad touch for them, and his favorite line would be repeated several times. They would of course play two more sets of the game and by then we would have already lost.

The worst part of the loss was hearing about it in the locker room for the after-game talk. It was a summary of what we had done wrong and how it could have been prevented. To me and many others, this summary was very biased and opinionated. All of the things that “could have been prevented” were things that he neglected to see during the game. He could have easily swapped a girl or two, but he did not. In the end, he was the real reason we had lost the game that night.

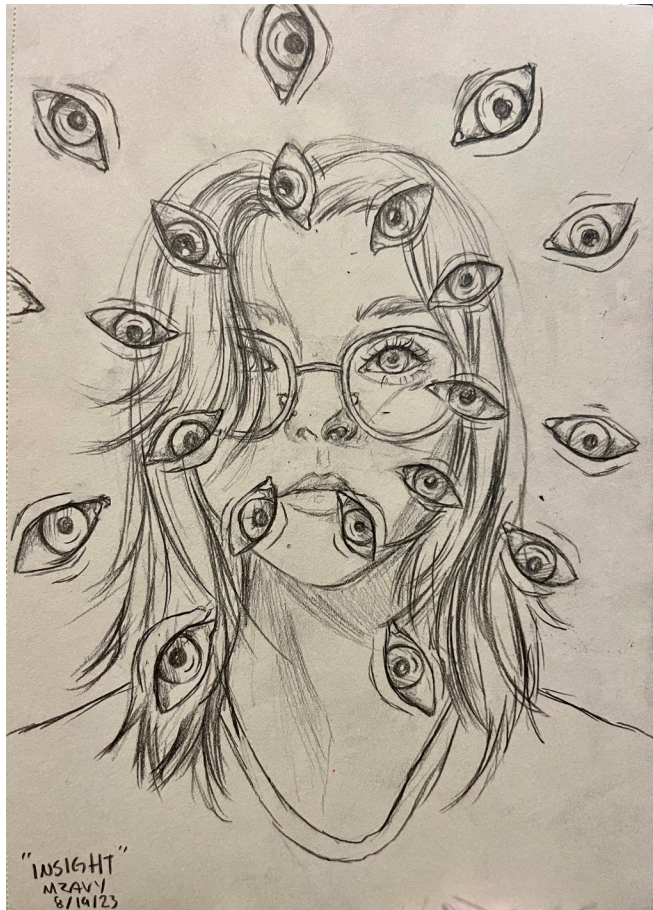
## “Driftwood Beach”

ROWDY JACKSON



## “Insight”

MORGAN ZAVORAL



## “Crack In The Storm”

ROWDY JACKSON



## “One More Day”

MORGAN ZAVORAL

One more day

Another day gone by,

this bed has become my friend.

I no longer hear the ticking of the clock,  
for time doesn't pass for me anymore.  
The days remain still and the weather is dry.  
My mouth is so dry

Another day gone by,

there has grown a yearning within me.  
I feel as if,

as if something is speaking to me,

attempting to rid me of this sluggishness that pokes  
and prods at my vulnerable soul- out for the world  
to take pictures of as if it is an animal with no own-  
er

My soul remains out in the open

Another day gone by. Dry

Another day gone by. Yearning.

Another day gone by. Sluggish.

Another day gone by. Vulnerable.

Another day has gone by  
Another day

One more day.

## “Hazy Chicago Skyline”

ROWDY JACKSON



## “Florida Rain”

QUINN HEWITT

By noon clouds have announced their afternoon shower  
They stumble over one another and form a thick dark quilt  
Patterned by the ripples among the clouds borders,  
Blended together by the dark rippling grays of many shades

As the rain falls and collects in the street  
As it forms itself into a small lake on every corner of the neighborhood  
When it dries up and leaves nothing but curious catfish behind  
Ill count my stars and say my prayers so that rain may come again

As the rain falls and collects in the field, white socks shed a tear  
A hundred brothers, brought together by unrelenting heat  
Relish in the cold rain, and run inside, not out of fear  
Out of ecstasy, a respite from an unrelenting practice

The rains lullaby beckons me to sleep  
I'm thankful for it when it comes  
Only an hour, but several pass  
And as I open my eyes after the afternoon shower I  
ll still get a chance, to admire the setting sun.

It bids its goodbye over the neighborhood wall, brick and viney  
Light slipping through the blinds, fewer and fewer lines on the wall  
The last line counts down, only its glow from behind the wall remains  
As it slowly wanes and continues its descent  
Its final message resonates, with a dim glow in the horizon throughout the night



## PREVIEW “One for your Troubles” BRENDAN PHILLIPS

First came the heaving and stumbling as the urge took hold, pulling its victim into a dark alleyway and hunching him over as vomit rushed out his mouth. He'd felt it coming, the pit had grown larger by the minute in his chest, not going away no matter how much he held it off, and even with the bile streaked along the side of a building rather than in his stomach, nothing was changing. Not now, anyway. The kid who'd been the unfortunate victim of himself took a step back from the mess, getting up against the wall across from it instead and sliding down as slow as what he'd left opposite him. Small raindrops trickled down from the sky above, making the kid half-consider staying outside to feel clean, but it seemed unnecessary. Thank the Lord above, he thought, since his slick patterned shirt was spotless, the nonsensical but regal shapes shone brightly in the little light the overcast evening offered. He looked back to the opening of the alley, spotting a trenchcoat-clad man standing and tapping his foot while staring at him.

“Finished in there?” he called, crossing his arms as he noticed he'd been spotted.

“Go to hell!” the kid yelled back, chucking a random can he found on the ground toward the man, not even making it close to him.

The man sighed and started walking closer, “Son, if you don't get your shit together, I-”

“Ain't your goddamn son, don't even use those pretty lil' words on me, cause I ain't hearing it!”

A moment of silence passed between the two of raw tension before the man coughed to clear his throat and scratched his collar.

“My apologies,” he started, passive-aggressively at that, “Jorge, if you don't get your shit together, I'll have to ask just how dedicated to this you are. Don't lose motivation now.” Jorge glared at the man as he kneeled down to get at eye level, smiling fakely and putting a hand on his shoulder. This man, Detective Corrigan, had a painful-looking smile indeed, his top set of teeth the only things you could see as they gripped onto his lower lip, while the upper lip folded back leaving his cheekbones bulging out. If it was meant to disturb Jorge, it always worked, but he'd never tell. Corrigan picked up Jorge from under his arms as if lifting a baby, then walked off, beckoning him to follow with a quiet hand gesture.

Both walked around the corner into the building Jorge had graced with his mess: a diner, run by a rotund, yet cheerful-looking man who had nothing better to do right now than watch these two characters darken his doorstep. Corrigan waved to the man, who gave a nod and turned to his coffee machine, already having prepared a pot for the pair.

“Better be the strong stuff, Keith, I ain't had a wink o' sleep since yesterday,” Corrigan said as he and Jorge took their seats at the counter.

“Only the strong stuff with me, officer,” Keith assured, pouring both of them a mug. He glanced at Jorge, “You got a better schedule than this turkey?”

“Hm? Oh, I dunno, pry' not,” Jorge replied, darting his eyes to the floor.

“You're both some crazy cats, but who am I to judge the man?” Keith gave a knowing look to Corrigan before sauntering off to the back. The radio was the only sound in the diner now, intriguing Corrigan enough to have him turn to acknowledge the machine like it were a person. Jorge didn't bother listening, just stared blankly into his coffee, too deep into his thoughts for his own good.

# “Tainted Pond”

ROWDY JACKSON



# “The Photographer”

ROWDY JACKSON



# Congratulations!

*Harmony Magazine*


*was awarded*

## FIRST PLACE

*by the*

**American  
Scholastic  
Press  
Association**





The 2024 issue of Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine was created using Apple computers. The layout was created using Adobe Creative Cloud software. Stock images are from Adobe Stock. Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine was printed in CMYK color mode on 8.5 x 11" paper. The body font used for this issue is Adobe Garamond Pro. The finished publication was printed by Priority One Printing-Mailing in Quincy, IL. The back cover was designed by Morgan Zavoral. Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine is a free publication funded by Culver-Stockton College and available on the Culver-Stockton College campus. Student Population : 1100+,

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MZAV