

Arts Society of Eastern Students Presents

Eagles Nest

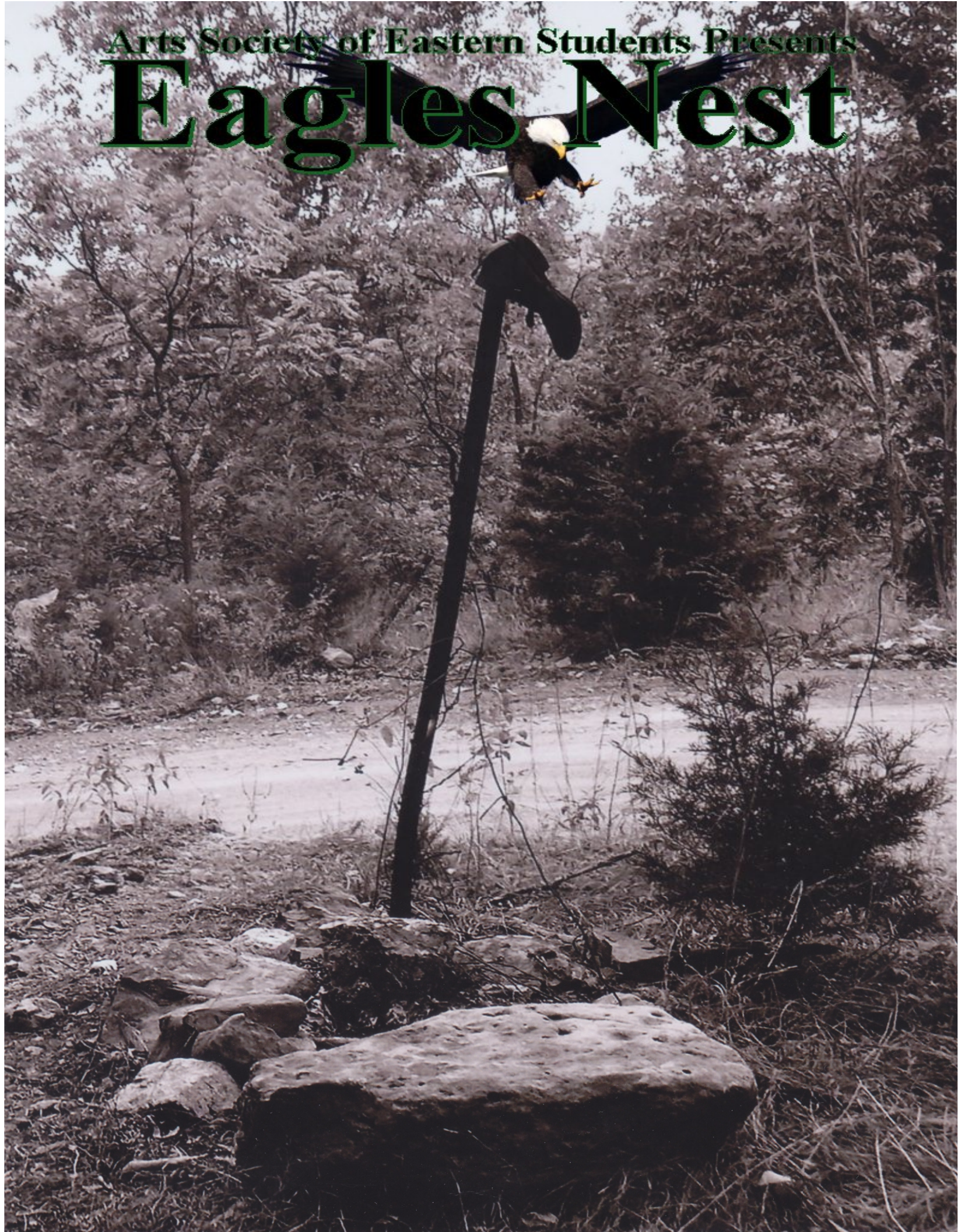




Photo by Christina Kimble

POETRY

Finger Prints
Hassie Smith

Existentialistic, Lucid
Dreams
Anthony VanMeter

Thugs of the Night
Sandy Pryor

SHORT STORIES

The Rising Sun
Jane E. Bacilio

West Virginia Beauty
Robert Williams

Shadow
Blayke Hall

PHOTOGRAPHY

Shoe on a Stick
Christina Kimble

Butterfly
Stacy Vance

Butterfly
Leandra Folio

Cliffs
Christina Kimble

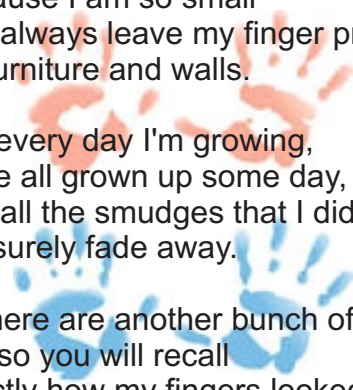
Canyon
Stephanie Clouse

Finger Prints
By Hassie Smith

I know you get discouraged
because I am so small
and always leave my finger prints
on furniture and walls.

But every day I'm growing,
I'll be all grown up some day,
and all the smudges that I did
will surely fade away.

So here are another bunch of them,
just so you will recall
exactly how my fingers looked
When I was very small.



Shadow

By Blayke Hall

There once was a girl who was a loner. She had no interest in anything and did not know where she belonged in life. This girl was little, only seven-years old. Everyone else was out having fun, playing sports, and making lots of friends. She lived on a farm, and her animals were her best friends. One day, as she was walking down her old dirt road with her dogs by her side, passing by her nanny's blue house which was right next to her own, she stopped at this old building where her family kept their chickens. As she was feeding them, her nanny yelled for her to come eat her dinner. She turned around and ran up the road as fast as she could, for she was very hungry. This little girl loved to run and soon found it to be her passion.



Photo by Leandra Folio

Running is something that she never thought she would be good at. Actually, she never really thought about running. She did know that it made her very tired and out of breath. When she got to her nanny's house, she asked her if she ever thought about running. She didn't really get an answer, so she just sat and thought. Days went by and the little girl just kept thinking. She then realized that maybe, if she ran every day, she wouldn't get tired anymore. There was a mile long dirt road that ended at the main road, which she began running up and down; of course, she didn't run the whole mile. Her dogs would run with her, and she imagined that she was racing them. They never seemed as if they were tired; then again, they were dogs.

The girl grew older and was now in middle school, and she heard that there was going to be a track team. She had never heard of this before and was very curious about it. So she went to the gym where there was a group of kids. The lady who was in charge explained that track was when you ran and would compete against each other. The girl had a huge smile on her face and signed up immediately. When she arrived at practice the next day, she had no idea what to do. There were people running short distances and some running longer distances. The little girl had run up and down a road that would be considered a longer distance. Her coach, Bill Hunt, told her she would run the mile and would become very good at it. So she began to practice

very hard every day. She would go to the track and run four laps every day with her parents timing her. Her first meet was coming up, and she would finally start competing with other girls.

Continued on next page

West Virginia Beauty

By Robert Williams

Nearby is an old passageway that leads to a timeless existence. When I first enter the deep sheltered path, I sense a feeling of nirvana. The rich colors of the plants and trees are so soft and silent they scream to you with delightful bliss. I look around in disbelief and contempt of nature's beauty. The dirt and decomposing leaves send mixed aromas, revealing a belonging to the past, present and future of this timeless place. A small number of flowing plants arise with no remorse from rich soils infused with decaying elements. Traveling deeper into this escape of reality, everything seems so simple but is revealed to be the complex miracle of nature. Paying close attention to the floor on which I walk, I find myself encountering creatures that assist in making every division of this potential wonderland perfect.

Continued on Page 5

Existentialistic, Lucid Dreams

By Anthony VanMeter

What is this I've stumbled in to?
Malevolence fitting as perfectly as a glass shoe,
Allowing a desolate wasteland condemned by mistakes,
To strip away the morality of my existential grace,
Longing for the vividness of my lucid dreams,
To take me away from my reality,
So I may heal a heart, inside a broken man,
And attempt, once again, to take fate by the hand,
To finalize the chapters in life's grand scheme,
So that I may, at last, feel complete.

Imagine she was in a horrible storm, in the middle of nowhere, and was running away from somebody. The touch of the rain and the sound of the thunder would encourage her. Her breathing at times would become uncontrollable, so she would breathe in for three strides and out for three strides. It would relax her in a matter of seconds. Her mind was one of a race horse. She would become extremely nervous before a meet and would always worry that something bad would happen. She had to clear her mind and let everything go. If she thought about it too long, everything would be ruined.

Running taught her many lessons. She learned how to read people, make friends, and accept failure. Anytime she would arrive at a meet, she would smile and say a simple hello. She never had a bad attitude or acted like she was the best, for she knew that anything could happen during a race. While on the starting line, she would shake everybody's hand and wish them good luck. When she was waiting to race, she would examine every competitor. It would tell her if they were scared or confident, whether they were ready or just there because they had to be. When the gun would go off, she would run her race. There were only two things that could happen: she could come across the finish line first or be the loser. No matter the outcome, she always would say good job to the girls and accept her fate.

She also learned a lot about herself. If she felt sick, she knew running was not a good idea, or then again, maybe it was. Sometimes running was the only thing that would make her feel better. She knew if she was ready to compete. If her heart wasn't in it that day, she would choose not to run. If her legs were heavy or her side had a stitch, she knew something had to be done; she knew she would have to rest most of the day. Gatorade was her drug and stretching was her main priority. Before running came along, nothing seemed

important. She just went through life day-by-day.

This girl is now heading off to college to run many more races. She is done with her middle school and high school running. If anyone comes up to her and asks what she's been doing, her first answer is running. It is her life; she lives and dreams running. At times, she thinks she hates running and will dread it. But in the end, she is glad she has her shadow to race anytime something goes wrong. Running always listens to what she has to say; it never judges her.

Thugs of the Night

By Sandy Pryor

Thugs of the night
Their eyes burn bright
They hold trouble within their sight
Faces covered in soot
They flee on foot
As the sirens blare,
and the people glare
Thugs of the night
They pray for light



Photo by Stephanie Clouse

West Virginia Beauty cont . . .

Crossing between two strong standing white oak trees that act as a threshold, I emerge into another section of nature's spiritual place. While being "less alive" than the previous grove, it has its own beauty of insects scurrying about the area covered in bull and cedar pine trees. While having a darker and gloomier aspect, these woods have an abundance of life that works to keep the forest alive. I find a lizard that appears to be watching my every movement. It doesn't seem alarmed but well guarded. I approach it with a gentle grace, as not to frighten it away. Within seconds, I find myself

only inches away from this marvelous reptile sitting on part of the fallen tree it seems to inhabit. Watching every curious movement made by the creature, I find myself relaxed and filled with an inner peace. I speak to the multi-colored, scaled creature in a soft tone, assuring it I mean no harm. It almost seems to understand me as it tilts its head for a different view of me. After a few hours of enjoying this spot, along with a broad conversation to the lizard about myself and my problems, I decide I'd bothered it long enough and needed to be moving on.

Investigating off the trail I was traveling, I veer toward a gully which contains a stream. The stream flows seamlessly over stones and earth, which help guide its journey to a larger babbling brook. The aquatic life is very lively as I sit motionless considering personal thoughts. Sounds and visuals help my thought process. While I live life in a stressful manner, I see that the simplest things in life can aid to relax the most agitating of situations. Silver minnows dart around in a pack, all moving as one unit; this extravagant act fills me with a feeling of assurance and meaning. A black salamander catches my attention as it exits the water and perches on a flat rock. It lies motionless for several minutes warming up on the pleasant spring day and then crawls under a larger rock; I assume this is the home of the black creature with red spots.

I notice an animal trail moving up the ridge, so I follow it for a ways. The steep incline is made up of loose-fitting earth; this makes walking up it difficult. Deer have no problems since they have hooves to scale the ridge with ease. I look at the tall oaks that seem to reach for the blue sky. The sky is so blue and clear, like a calm ocean with birds. I focus back on my path toward the top and find a feather from a turkey. I study the brown streaks that turn into white horizontal stripes on the top. The way some animals have a break-up camouflage pattern amazes me. Many times I'd miss seeing an animal if it hadn't moved while I was looking in its direction, much like the lizard. I notice some black in the feather, which also adds some mystery. The top was near, so I press on.

Cresting the top of the ridge, I realize a power line passes through part of the land. I walk to the opening to see what is visible. Reaching the opening, I find that I was higher than I had once thought. I can see fields, ponds, mountains, among other things. I take in some sights very carefully to feed my curiosity. As I watch the larger pond, I can make out some movements. Ducks and geese swim around with no motives. I wonder what it would be like to be one, just for a day. They enjoy the sun and dunk underwater to wash off, and I think about how that would be an enjoyable time. I glance around more and see the cows grazing in the pasture. The calves seem to play with one another while scampering about. The mothers, never far from their calves, graze around the fence line. Just at that moment something catches my attention. It is a large deer passing through. The whitetail

seems to not notice me at first, until I move just a tad. That causes it to jerk its head and run away. It seems to have mud on part of its body, like it had rolled in the creek to cool off. At this point, I sit down to enjoy the view. I can see Saddle Mountain to the left. This excites me because Little Mountain is just down from it; I love to spend time there. Straight ahead I can see Haltermen Mountain; I've spent some time there watching Bald Eagles. I watch clouds in the distance that look like giant cotton balls floating around. This is the point I realize how lucky I was to be experiencing this. The sights are so beautiful and breathtaking that I can't look away. Looking away would have helped me see the army of red ants I had upset when I sat down!

I feel the pain in numerous locations of my body. The pain is like a bee sting, many bee stings. This causes me to not only look away but to jump up and brush the remaining insects of extreme pain off. Off to the far left I see an ant mound and a trail from me to them. I decide to walk to the other side of the power line to find something less painful to enjoy. I tread very lightly, as to not cross the path of any more fiery insects. I headed towards a road I assume the power company made for maintaining the poles and lines. While walking up the forty-five degree incline, a ridge top becomes visible. I head higher yet to reach the top that seems both sunny and grassy. When I reach the wood line, I am awestruck by the site I had found. I smile as I look across the ridge.

I find what seems to be an old orchard when I reach the top. I'd heard stories of this old orchard. This was the first time I'd ventured in this set of ridges. The grass is greener than I've ever seen although the trees slowly wilt away into dead memories of the past. I've found it, my Eden, my sanctuary which I must help to restore to its formal beauty. I will make a memorial for the person who has passed away, the original creator of this plot. My mission comes to me as clear as the minnows swimming as one, clearer than the lizard that trusted me. I will give back to this land as it has given to me. The lifeless vegetation of this area will be removed. Thick patches of poison ivy and oak will be tainted, making way for fresh young clovers and wild flowers. Fruit trees and berry bushes will replace brush that has blighted the orchard. With all this buzzing in my head, I feel joy and excitement like I haven't in years; and so, the renovations begin.

The next day I load up my four-wheeler's wagon, so I can head to the site with a chainsaw and hand tools. A friend comes with me this time; help is always needed when it comes to a large project. We start cutting trees that have taken over the area. The trees are stacked in brush piles to provide a bedding area for local wildlife. A nice size area is cleared within hours. The easy part is done; cutting out the dead woodland and cedars was a breeze, but now I have to fertilize the ground. Using a small garden cart, I haul fertilizer from the land owner. Using a shovel, I fling chicken manure around to add the nitrogen needed to produce healthy plant growth. A tiller or plow of some sort is now needed to mix in the fertilizer. I happen to have a small plow I use with my four-wheeler to provide food plots for wild life in other areas.

Many people can walk around an area and leave it almost untouched, with no lasting impression or positive effect. A proud outdoorsman not only enjoys nature's beauty, but also has a positive impact on the land we use and depend on.



The Rising Sun

By Jane E. Bacilio

The rising sun gave birth to a new day in Springfield. The sky, colored in different shades of blue, was clear, except for one small dark cloud that slowly hovered above. The birds were serenading the breaking dawn, and Miss Mary was out and about tending her annuals. She was an elderly lady that had been the town's midwife in her younger days. Her small frame stooped over her flower bed. The annuals were her pride and joy; each bloom was named. She had Sharon, Rose, Ruth, Naomi, Elias, Johnny, and Little Laz to fill her life with joy. She often commented, "Life renews itself. We all have our season," as she would tend to them as if they were her children. From down the street came a young boy scrambling to where Miss Mary stood. He whispered something in her ear and off the pair went with urgency in their step.

Across town, people were gathered in the traditional ceremony of farewell. Natalia Pastor had

been a lovely lady with black hair and eyes of violet, but her beauty had faded and now her time was gone. She was often thought to be eccentric and would tell tales of long ago as if they had happened just yesterday. Slowly, she was laid to rest while the mourners wept. Miss Mary never went to funerals. She would simply say, "Life renews itself. We all have our season." No one ever quite understood what she was talking about but assumed that she was talking of her beloved flowers, for she was quite old and spoke often of things that no one could comprehend.



Photo by Stacy Vance

The morning's light beamed through the window of Lucy's bedroom. It gave promise of a new day. Lucy was upon her bed twisting and moaning, and the sweat was upon her brow. The time had come, but she was all alone, except for her young son. She bid him to go for help, and quickly he ran out of the house and up the street. The bittersweet surrender of her body caused her to groan. She prayed aloud, begging for mercy, and then all of a sudden, Miss Mary stood above her and with a sweet voice comforted her. One last push and all the agony was released in the form of a perfect little miracle. She looked down at her newborn daughter, with hair of black and eyes of violet, and smiled. A look of recognition flashed in Miss Mary's eyes, and then she said, "Welcome home Natalia. Life renews itself. We all have our season."

left to right: Jeremy A. Rice-Gladhill•*Marie Williams - special thanks *•Robert Williams
Anthony Shook II•Curtis Hakala•Cameron Mallow•Paula Worden
Seated: Stephanie Clouse•Frank Skavenski



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