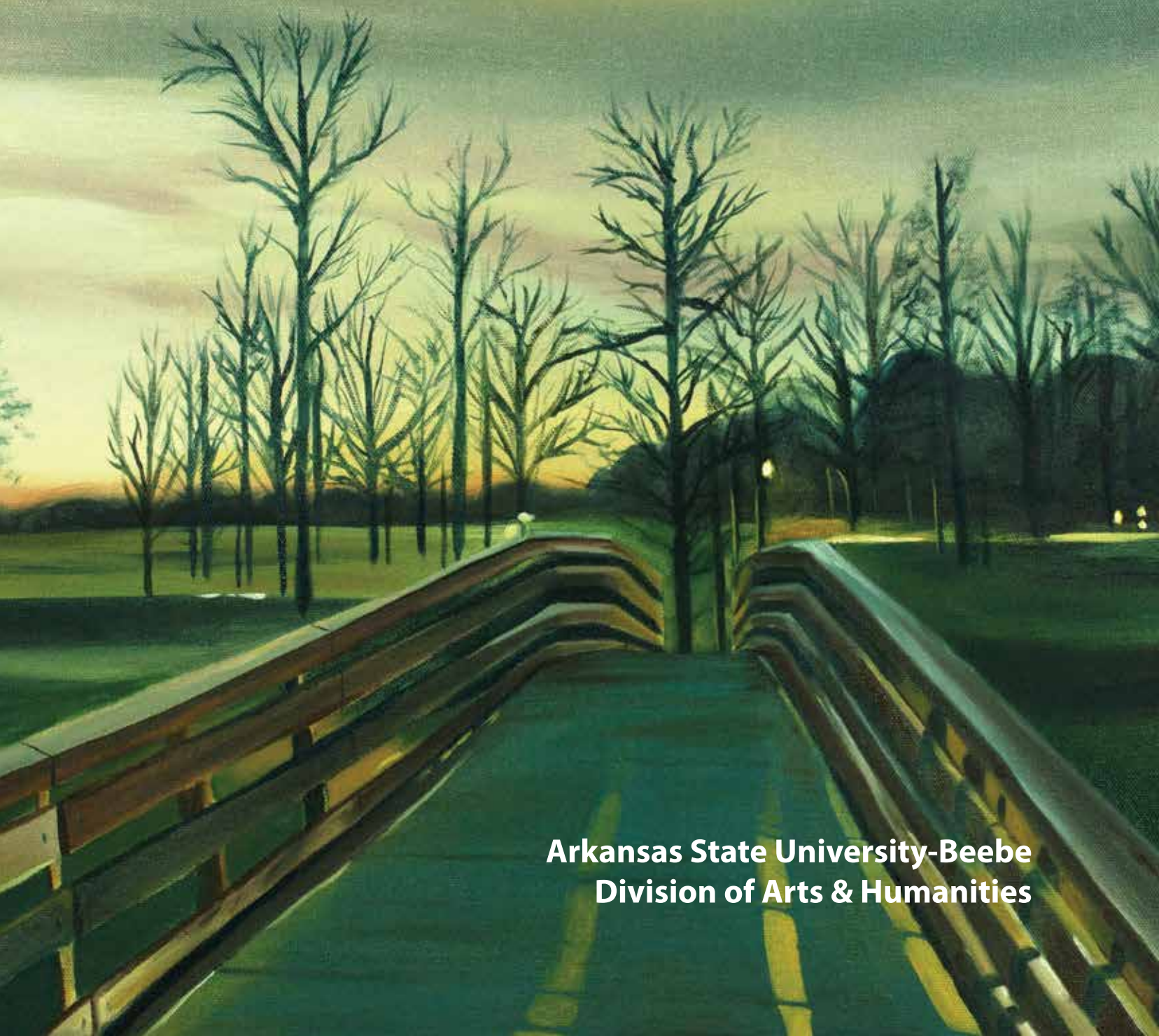


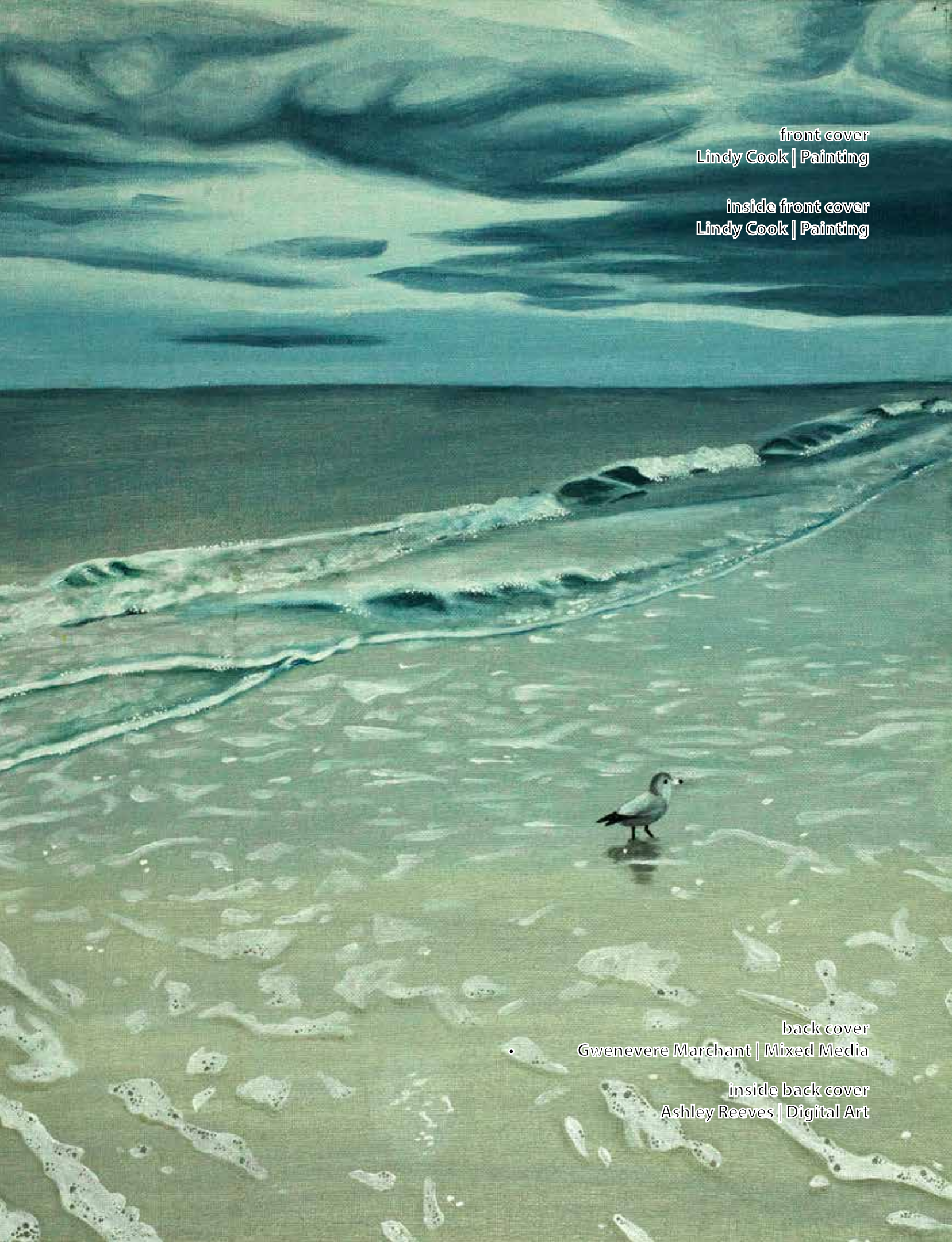
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2020/21
Volume 3

Literary & Art Magazine



Arkansas State University-Beebe
Division of Arts & Humanities



front cover
Lindy Cook | Painting

inside front cover
Lindy Cook | Painting

back cover
Gwenevere Marchant | Mixed Media

inside back cover
Ashley Reeves | Digital Art

LETTER FROM THE ASUB PUBLISHING STUDIO DESK

Dear Reader,

The 2020-2021 edition of *Uncharted* is particularly dear to the editorial staff because it reveals the commendable resilience of ASUB students during the COVID-19 pandemic. This marks the third issue of our institutional magazine, but the content has never been more relevant and relatable. This year's publication was made possible through the dedication of the ASUB Publishing Studio members, the magazine faculty advisors, and the administrators who continue to support our efforts.

The purpose of *Uncharted* is to bring attention to the outstanding literary prowess and artistic abilities cultivated on our campuses. This year in our special section, "We Rise: ASUB Student Voices During the Pandemic," we hope to provide an outlet for those struggling through these hard times and to ease the tensions that have been wrought by it.

Not only does this third edition of *Uncharted* document the experiences of our students during this poignant time in history, but it also signifies that during this time ASUB students continued to learn, to write, to think, and to create. We are also proud to share experiences from our guest writer, Wendy Beck, a nurse who traveled from Arkansas to New York during the height of the pandemic.

We hope you enjoy the third edition of *Uncharted* and that it stimulates your own thinking, your own creations, and your own conversations.

Gwenevere Marchant
ASUB Publishing Studio

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The editorial staff would like to acknowledge the following for the support they provided in the production of the 2020-2021 edition of *Uncharted*: Dr. Jason Goodner, Vice Chancellor for Academics; Ms. Teddy Davis, Dean of the Division of Arts & Humanities; Arts & Humanities faculty; Wendy Beck; Cindy Beck; and Keith Moore, Director of Marketing and Public Relations. We would also like to thank our student writers, artists, and photographers for continuing to create during this challenging time. You inspire us.

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THE ZEN OF HOUSEWORK

Tara Forste | Poetry

Indeed, there is satisfaction to be had,
Scraping, scrubbing, sweeping.
In a home that's fingerprint clad,
Roasting, raking, reaping.
Just for a moment, I will stand back,
Sweating, smiling, singing.
Then the kids will come in, and I'll be right back,
Dusting, drying, dreaming...



Matthew Fenton | Photography

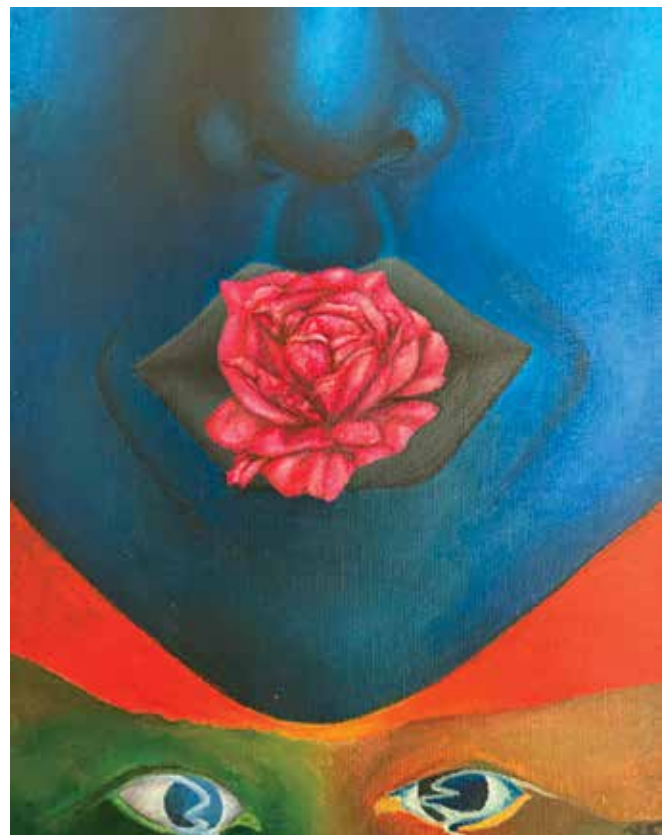


Matthew Fenton | Photography

ON A PLAIN

Hayden Flowers | Poetry

Please Kurt come as you are
Put down the needle
Soak our thoughts in bleach
Left-handed guitar fitted for
A soul with so many
Indiscretions boldness with
No boundaries
Rivaled only by addiction
Apprehension can't scratch
The surface of the world's
Feelings when you finally
Got that gun
No need for all these apologies
We miss you Kurt.



Rose Dobbs | Painting



NINE YEARS OLD

Tara Forste | Poetry

Waiting for the school bus,
morning dew kisses blades of grass.
Birds are singing their morning praises.
Peace interrupted.

A pickup full of Jornaleros go by
whistling, honking, laughing...
gritos en español
followed by another,
...and yet another

Flat chested.
Confused.
I stand.

Insecure.

Months pass...
Frustration.
Disgust.

And when I asked my Grandpa "why?"
he told me that,
I ought to feel good,
They think I'm pretty...
Forget what they think,
because
I'M JUST NINE YEARS OLD.

▲ **Rose Dobbs | Photography**

◀ **Christie Parsons | Photography**

THE NIGHTMARE,

A HAIKU SERIES

Ethan Cantrell | Poetry

I hear phantoms talk
Seeing the things that aren't there
Am I crazy yet?

Eerie and evil
Deadly dreaming fills conscience
Psychotic mayhem

Chaos arriving
Sky reddening and stirring
Disease spreading far

People petrified
Unnerved by insanity
Glowing in the eyes

Graves building highly
Morbid battles waging wars
Millions fleeing gone

Sinister fronts start
Severe deadly storms converge
Floods raise, winds scar

Planet convulses
Fissure rive, volcanoes breach
Ruinaton Falls

Waking cold sweating
A nightmare, reality?
Waiting? Happening?

My thoughts tricking me
Psychotic nightmare, fiction
Anxiety builds

Calming breeze, warm air
Was I going crazy, just
A normal nightmare

Jazmyne Leadtka | Drawing



TINY BLESSINGS

Lauren Chapman | Creative Nonfiction

Choosing to be a neonatal nurse was easy for me. I believe God has paved my way to be where I am today. In April of 2014, we found out we were pregnant with our third child. We were so excited, and it happened so fast! I dreamed of dressing my sweet girl in seersucker dresses embroidered with her name and fixing her hair with the bows that were bigger than her head! Selfishly, I was praying for a girl considering we already have two boys. We woke up excited on the morning of our growth, development, and gender ultrasound! I just knew that baby was going to be a girl! Well, I was completely wrong. The disappointment filled my heart, and the tears started to flow down my face. Later that afternoon, the doctor's office called me to come back for another ultrasound because the imaging of his brain was inconclusive. My heart was broken. I felt guilty for being selfish and upset he was a boy, and now there might be something wrong with him?

After a couple weeks of giving our baby boy a chance to grow, I went back for another ultrasound. It was confirmed something was wrong with him. My doctor was unclear of what it was because she had not seen this before, so we were referred to a team of high-risk OB doctors at Vanderbilt in Nashville, Tennessee. There we were told our son had a brain malformation called Dandy-Walker Syndrome (DWS). The syndrome affects the cerebellum part of the brain called the vermis, which controls coordination, muscle tone, and motor skills. The severity of his condition was unknown until some testing could be performed after he was born.

Kannan was born on November 21, 2014. For the first six hours of his life, he seemed to have

beaten the odds. Of course, it did not go the way we hoped. They had taken him to the nursery to get him cleaned up, and Kannan flatlined. The sirens were going off; nurses and doctors were running to him. He was then transported to the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit (NICU) at Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital at Vanderbilt.

Suddenly, I was hours away from home in a city where I did not know anyone. Most of the time, I was there alone because my husband, TK, was home caring for our other two boys. My time spent in the NICU with Kannan was a very stressful time for me. There were plenty of unknowns, what ifs, and "Why my baby?" These thoughts were always on my mind as tears steadily fell down my face.

As a mother of a terminally ill baby staying in the NICU, I constantly worried. However, as I got to know Kannan's NICU nurses, my mind eased a bit when I realized how amazing these ladies really were. The three of them would rotate, so there was always a familiar face. They were always alert while monitoring Kannan and observant of any changes or problems. Many times, they had to stimulate him for his apnea spells where his heart rate and oxygen level decreased at a rapid rate. Stimulating him would remind him to breathe again. These ladies were not only his nurses, giving him his medicines or rushing in when his monitors were beeping, but also his caretakers, the ones who would feed him, change his diapers, and love on him when I was not there.

It was obvious that the nurses in the Nashville NICU went above and beyond, and I learned from them how to help other families in need. We spent so much time there, so they tried to make it like home for each patient in the unit!

For example, they personalized each patient's door. There was not one alike! Kannan's door had his name in blue and white chevron print with some baby animals. Then, for Thanksgiving, Hillary made a "First Thanksgiving" poster for my little turkey. For Christmas, they made a reindeer with his footprints as the antlers. Emily even knitted him an elf hat! Bethany stamped his feet in his baby book. If it was not for her, I would not have my most cherished memory, his footprint engraved on a pendant with "Kannan Bug" scribed on the back. This is a gift I will cherish for the rest of my life!

// Twenty months later, our son passed away... Becoming a NICU nurse means more to me than the average person choosing this profession. //

A few days before Christmas, we finally got to go home after being in the unit for so long. Thinking back, I didn't fully grasp all the things a NICU nurse did until I saw them in action. They taught me things I never dreamed I could do, or would have to do, such as inserting a Nasogastric intubation (NG tube). I had to put it in through Kannan's nose, past the throat, and then pump air through it with a syringe and listen with a stethoscope to make sure it was placed properly in his stomach. After failing two swallow studies, he had to get a Gastrostomy tube (G tube). I learned how to insert it through his abdomen and inject 5 mls. of water to keep it in properly. This was the way Kannan got the nutrients and medicines he needed. He was also on an apnea monitor which detected irregularities in his chest movement and heart rate. The nurses taught me the proper placement for the electro leads on his chest. The placement of them had to be precise. If he stopped breathing, the machine alarm would sound loudly.

Twenty months later, our son passed away. I never dreamt I would be able to do the things I did for him. I believe God gave me my special baby to show me I can.

Although my life has been changed forever, it has been a learning experience. Becoming a NICU nurse means more to me than the average person choosing this profession. My past experience allows me to understand and relate to the emotions they are feeling as well as the worrying and what ifs. I learned over this time that it is more than just basic nursing skills required to be in this profession. NICU nurses must be loving, compassionate, understanding, and most of all, patient. These women had such an impact on my life in ways they will never know. I want to give back and help other babies

and their families get through the toughest situation they will ever experience. God took my son away, but I trust in Him that He is guiding me into my future; therefore, at the age of 39, I started my college education after finding my new purpose in life in a hospital in Nashville. One day, I will serve others as a NICU nurse!



Laura Snelson | Drawing



Rose Dobbs | Photography





Skyler France | Photography

THE MACHINE I

Curtis Short | Poetry

"You asked the impossible of a machine and the machine complied."

- Kurt Vonnegut, The Sirens of Titan

The man stood there

(Ask it, you fool.)

He asked the machine

(Ask it, "What is love?")

"What is love?"

"Love is an intense feeling of deep affection."

(Ask it again, that is not enough.)

He again asked the machine,

("What is love?")

"What is love?"

"Love is... Love is... Love is..."

(No...) Love is... Love is... Love is..."

THE MACHINE II

"The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why." - Mark Twain

The machine was born. Covered in oil. Crying tears of oil.

"It's a boy!"

The mother hugged her child, the machine soothed by its mother. The child soon fell asleep, resting in a state of peace, its gear and cogs turning, slowly, as it slept.



Nova Morrison | Drawing

THE MACHINE III

"I do not fear death. I had been dead for billions and billions of years before I was born, and had not suffered the slightest inconvenience from it."

- Mark Twain

The machine was dying.
.gnyid saw enihcam ehT

Ending was here.
Ending, ... Ending, ... Ending
The face of the innocent,
Ending in darkness,
In turmoil,
In loneliness, in solitude...

System.shutdown() – force – silently

The dying was machine.
.enihcam saw gnyid ehT

THE MACHINE IV

"There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide. ..."

- Albert Camus, *An Absurd Reasoning*

The machine knew the ending was near.
The ending was always coming.

The time slowed, inching forward.
Child-bearer's grief, gone is they.

Jump... Jump... gone.

The ending was here.
The machine always knew.

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Lindy Cook | Painting



Matthew Fenton | Photography

THOSE WELL-WORN BOOTS

Samantha Miller | Creative Nonfiction

On November 3, 2015, I stepped foot off the plane, then loaded up on a bus and traveled for four hours. I arrived at Fort Jackson, South Carolina at two thirty in the morning. A drill sergeant came running onto the bus and yelled out in a booming voice, "YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE TO GET OFF MY BUS!" I grabbed my backpack as quickly as I could, and I stepped off the bus. It was pouring down rain. I heard all around me drill sergeants yelling at privates. Then I heard "FRONT LEANING REST POSITION, MOVE!" I instantly dropped to the ground in a push up position. Most everyone was crying around me,

and I could feel my arms start to shake. No one prepared me for this life experience.

Fast forward two days, and I was sitting on a bench with everyone else. I heard "shoe size," and I told them four and a half in men's. The drill sergeants handed me the ugliest pair of boots. They were tan and had laces all the way up to the top. I slid the boots on over the thick ugly, green socks the drill sergeants also gave me. I tapped my heels against the bar to make sure my heels were all the way in the back of the boots. Finally, my heels were where they were supposed to be, and I started lacing the boots up right over left. I got to the top, tucked the laces in the boots, and



Shelby Genco | Drawing



Chase Disotell | Drawing

then was told to stand up. No one prepared me for the pain that I was about to experience with these new boots.

“Oh My God,” I thought in my head. The boots were super tight, almost to the point of painful. But they fit me like a glove, almost like they were made for me. I took a step to check the fit. The tightness surrounding my feet made me want to pass out, but I didn’t. These boots offered no support. They were just flat. I was told to wear these boots everywhere. The first two weeks were painful, as I had to break them in. Blisters the size of quarters appeared on my heels. Even with the blisters, I was still required to put on the painful boots to break them in more, but eventually the pain subsided. The blisters were taking forever to heal, as I bled through the heeled part of my boots.

Heels hit the ground first every step I took. I looked down at my boots, the blood-stained heeled part, where my blisters burst and bled all over my boots while I carried a forty-pound sack on my back. I looked down again at these ugly boots as my feet were going left, right, left, right. I started thinking about the beginning and the pain I have experienced in just two weeks. The boots were heavy, but despite the heaviness, I was still able to walk quietly.

Then I was crawling through orange clay. My boots were now orange, and I sighed because I had to figure out how to get them back to that awful tan color. I took my boots off when we got back to our bays. I threw them in the shower, but I sighed again because they would have to be stretched out again. All I thought about was the pain for the next week or so.

On March 23, 2016, I finally entered my Advanced Individual Training Area. I was told I had to fly in my uniform. The pride I felt in that uniform was indescribable, but I looked down at my feet and saw those boots which got me through basic

training twice. I smiled as they were perfectly molded to my feet. I walked into my barracks room and set my bags down. I sighed. I took the ugly boots off again. There is no better feeling than removing a pair of boots after you have worn them for twenty-four hours. As I learned how to work on diesel trucks, I looked at my boots; these boots were now a part of my life. What would I do without them?

On June 21, 2016, I was again put on a plane to my first duty station. I was so thrilled; finally, I didn’t have to fly in these ugly boots. But something stopped me. I started crying, as I thought how these boots saw me from Basic to Advanced Individual Training, so why couldn’t they see me to my first duty station? I put those boots in my duffle bag, and I whispered as they were riding the conveyor belt away from me, “I’ll see you soon boots!” I arrived at my duty station. As I was settling into my new barracks room, I pulled that old pair of boots out of the duffle bag and gave them a hug. The next day we had a six-mile ruck march with a forty-pound bag on our shoulders. I slid those boots on, and I smiled to myself because these boots had seen me through so much; I could not have asked for a better pair of boots.

I still have that old pair of boots even though I am no longer in the military. I see them every night sitting in my closet. I smile as I remember all that I and those old pair of worn out combat boots have seen together. I have been to the field in those boots and used sandpaper on them to keep them that wonderful tan color. Someone once told me that I would never forget the boots, the moment I put them on my feet. They were right.



1, 2, 3, 4. Lauren Potter
 5. Alexis Dupree
 6. Alicia Cox



7, 8. Michelle Harmon
9. Brandy Davis
10. Lauren Potter
11. Irina Fernandez



12



14



13



15

12. Alyssa Taylor
 13. Alexis Dupree
 14. Michelle Harmon
 15. Irina Fernandez



**16, 17. Michelle Harmon
18, 19. Irina Fernandez
20, 21. Michelle Harmon**

NEO-CLASSICAL AND ROMANTIC VIEWS: INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE

Michael Shifflett | Nonfiction

The concepts of innocence and experience are two major themes explored within both the Neo-Classical and Romantic eras of writing. Although both themes were common ground in these two movements, the ways in which the writers of each period treated and defined these concepts are as different as the writers themselves. One can best see how these ideas are utilized by looking at Voltaire's Neo-Classical work *Candide* and through Romantic age writer William Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience*. By analyzing the protagonist of *Candide* and the figures depicted in both "The Lamb" and "The Tyger," one can not only elucidate how these two periods defined innocence and experience, but one can also understand the gravitas and vastly different ideas these concepts brought to both eras of writing.

Beginning with the Neo-Classical age with Voltaire's *Candide*, one will see that the titular protagonist embodies the period's ideas of innocence and experience. To the mind of a Neo-Classicalist thinker, innocence was equivalent to ignorance and experience was knowledge, as they sought to put human reason and understanding over emotions and compassion (Habib). Therefore, one can see that Voltaire's protagonist, Candide, within the boundaries of his Neo-Classical tale, goes on a journey from ignorance to knowledge as all Neo-Classicalists strove to do. Consider first Candide's name, which comes from the root word "Candid" in old French, which is used to describe someone who is "open or frank" in terms of their personality. Candide displays this open ignorance through his story, as he is often thrown into situations

in which he is easily manipulated and then left with nothing. One such instance appears when Candide is seeking travel from a wealthy merchant ship. Clearly the way in which the merchant (Vanderdendur) swindles Candide out of a significant amount of money via his manipulation over the cost of the trip, is a direct showing of how Neo-Classical ideology holds innocence and experience. Candide, the living example of innocence, simply sees this man as a good-natured sailor who can help him during his travel. The experienced and knowledgeable Vanderdendur takes advantage of Candide's namesake to not only up-charge the fee of the boat ride, but also manages to steal a large quantity of his money while leaving him stranded (Voltaire 58-60). This scene best illustrates the belief held within Neo-Classical writings that human thinking or experience trumps human emotion or ignorance.

While Neo-Classical thinkers held experience in much higher regard, Romantic era writers were much more interested in the concept of innocence. Specifically, these writers loved the idea of experienced individuals attempting to recapture or reclaim the innocence they had lost (Forward). William Blake's poetry displays not only this idea through the character of the Tyger, but also the Romantic age longing for purity and innocence through the character of the Lamb. Romantic period thinkers were obsessed with the theme of lost innocence and one can see this through Blake's character the Tyger. In the Romanticist mind, innocence was purity and experience was that purity becoming stained and blackened (Forward). With that mindset established, it is fitting then that the Tyger character depicted in Blake's poem would be the

ultimate example of a pure individual becoming stained by experience. The Tyger is, in fact, an allegory for the fallen angel Lucifer. Lucifer was an angel who fell from grace after he became jealous and envious of humanity and attempted to seize the throne of heaven from God. Blake's line, "On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand, dare seize the fire?" (line 7) demonstrates this allegory of Lucifer's rebellion perfectly. As an angel, a creation of God, Lucifer was the pinnacle of innocence that became experienced on the occasion of the creation of man. On this momentous occasion, Lucifer refused to bow to mankind and God's son Jesus and attempts to lead a rebellion with a group of angels against the throne of heaven. It's through this pride, gained from his purity becoming stained by experience, that Lucifer turned his hand against his creator and was cast down, as depicted later in Blake's poem. This is in stark contrast to how innocence is depicted through the character of the Lamb in the titular poem. Specifically, one can look at the lines "He is called by thy name, For he calls himself a Lamb..." (line 13) to see where Blake is using the character of the Lamb as an allegory for Jesus Christ himself. The traditional image of Jesus as a Lamb calls upon the Christian values of meekness, gentleness, and, above all else, purity. With that idea established, one can see how the Lamb to a Romantic era writer, would be the zenith of innocence.

While these two eras are marked by vastly differentiating ideas and writing styles, which focused on vast and varying aspects of human thought, one can also see the common ground on which they stand. Both periods valued innocence and experience in their own ways, with Neo-Classicalists believing that reason and experience bested human emotion and innocence and Romanticists holding the opposite viewpoint. Whether it is through Voltaire's bumbling protagonist, *Candide*, or through Blake's religious allegorical characters of the Lamb and the Tyger, one can see the

distinction the two concepts of innocence and experience played in the authors' respective periods of writing.

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Rose Dobbs | Photography



Rose Dobbs | Photography

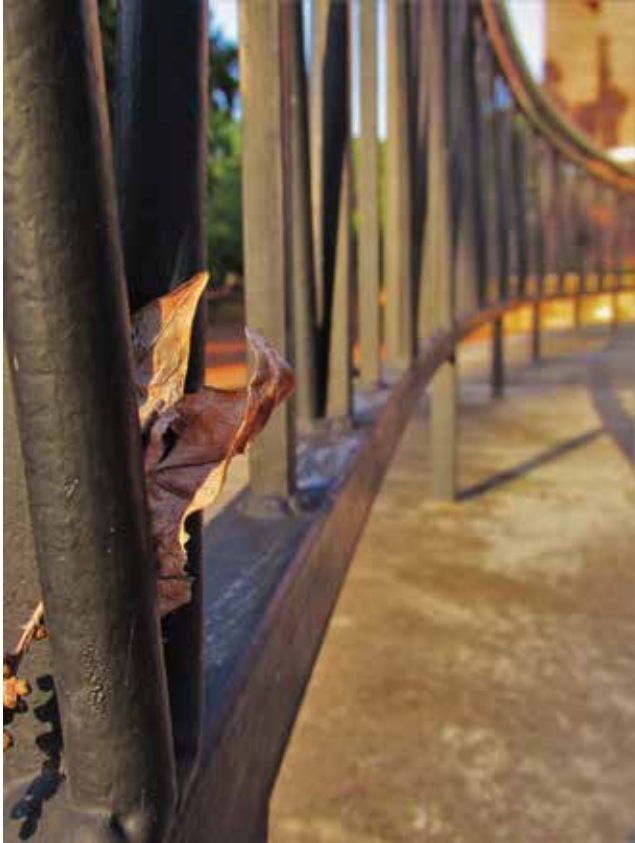


▼ Natalie Barker | Drawing



▼ Nova Morrison | Drawing





Rose Dobbs | Photography





SELF PORTRAIT
Lindy Cook | Painting

SHATTERED

Cathryn Lyle | Poetry

I am broken.
 I am lost.
 I have no clue who I am anymore.
 My body and my emotions are like a vase.
 With beautiful art on the outside,
 But dying on the inside.
 I found out something this summer that broke my vase.
 When this all happened,
 I pushed my vase.
 Now I am broken,
 And shattered.
 I am dealing with,
 Horrible,
 Pain.
 Now I have nowhere to turn.
 I am lost and confused.
 Dead but wanting to be alive.
 I want to be happy,
 But that can't happen,
 When you're shattered like me.
 Maybe one day I will become "normal,"
 Finally love myself.
 But that day is not today.
 Or it is ever?
 Is life even worth it?
 I don't know.
 I am just shattered.
 Lost and confused.
 Shattered.
 With nothing to lose.
 Shattered...



Brandy Davis | Ceramics

THE HALFWAY WOOD

Gwenevere Marchant | Poetry

There is a place, where the fae sing and dance.
With twinkling eyes and chiming laughter they prance.

It was a wood, where I used to roam,
When I was a child, in the place I called home.

Full of light, merry laughter, in joy and jest,
In every enchanting sway, they always played their best.

And yet in the wood, a line was made
Where whomever crossed, could never be saved.

Where shadow clung to every tree
Dark deep as the depths of the sea

Darkness sticky, oily at best
Shrouding the land, tarnishing each crest.

It was in these woods, halfway from home
Where I found a place that a monster did roam.

There at the edge, the birds never sing
To do so there, only death it would bring

Ever stalking, ever prowling, lurking in the dark,
Watching at the edge, hunting its mark.

Eyes ever watching, eyes never seen,
Their presence always felt, their gaze always keen.
In that dark wood, the wood halfway from home
There is a place you never should roam.

Should you ever go near,
Near that creature the fae even fear

To that place full of fright
If you wish to survive, you must:
Stay out of sight!



Shelby Genco | Drawing



Jazmyne Leadtka | Drawing

PHOTOS IN FOCUS

Kaitlyn Ferren | Poetry

Pictures watch along the walls
Faces shine down the halls
Smiles and laughs, complete
Family moments, compete
Dear friends, missed
Close friends, adrift
Frames, extravagant
Some hang bare, no restraints
Faces down the halls
Pictures watch along the walls



▶ **Skyler France | Photography**



▲ **Rose Dobbs | Photography**

▶ **Rose Dobbs | Photography**



▲ **Skyler France | Photography**





Skyler France | Photography

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF “THE STORY OF AN HOUR”

Timothy Carney | Nonfiction

Kate Chopin was an American author, much of whose work mainly centered around the lives and struggles of women in the 19th century who didn't quite fit the mold of society. At the time, most her short stories were widely respected; however, some of her work received harsh criticism (“Kate Chopin Biography”). Chopin challenged the status quo of the day that women were meant to be subjugated to their husbands and play only a passive role in society. In “The Story of an Hour,” the main character, Mrs. Mallard, receives news that she has lost her husband, which causes her to come face-to-face with the repressed resentment toward him. For a brief moment she comes into conflict with her assumptions about her life and ultimately

discovers her individuality. This internal struggle is resolved by her conquering her feelings of passivity and embracing her life as hers and hers alone. When she discovers that her husband is not dead; however, she finds that she has nothing left to live for. After her illusions that make married life worthwhile are torn down, her heart gives up.

“The Story of an Hour” begins with Mrs. Mallard receiving the news that her husband, Brently Mallard, has been killed in an accident. Her initial reaction was to break down into tears and weep into her sister, Josephine's, arms. After she finishes crying, she retreats to her room to sit in silence. In her room, she experiences a moment of emotional void; the very person that had defined her life up until that point was gone. As

she stares out her window, Mrs. Mallard slowly comes to the realization that she is free from the shackles of marriage. She has discovered her own individuality for the first time, leaving her enraptured. When she finally leaves her room and goes downstairs, she discovers her husband entering the house unharmed. Richards, Brently's friend, attempts in vain to shield him from view, but it was too late. The shock was so much that it killed her.

Mrs. Mallard was clearly troubled in her marriage. There is no mention of how long the marriage had lasted up to that point, but it remains clear that she has been internalizing her feelings for a long time when the story describes her having a face, "whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength." She not only refrained from expressing her ideas, but she refused to even think about them. We know this because when the feeling of freedom came over her, she didn't even recognize it at first. She was so used to forcing herself to do and say and think what was

expected of her that it didn't seem natural that she could assert herself freely now.

The struggle that led to her death was ultimately an internal one, one of overcoming the pain of repressing one's own thoughts. However, it was also heavily influenced by the external world. The desire to repress her own emotions was not something that came from within her, but from the highly patriarchal society she lived in. Outward expression had to be repressed to avoid the negative social consequences, and if a god could hear your thoughts then they must be controlled as well. This painful admixture of external pressures, forcing an individual to conform to unjust standards and the personal identity crisis that comes with the realization that she can't live by them is common to the human experience. Ultimately, we have people like Kate Chopin to thank for bringing light to these topics and allowing us to create a more fair and just society.

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Rose Dobbs | Photography



Rose Dobbs | Photography



Ruby Bahena | Digital Art

A DISCUSSION ON SHAKESPEARE

Jodi Hughey | Creative Nonfiction

I don't believe Shakespeare has changed my life personally. The only time I ever studied or read Shakespeare was when it was required, and I recall not liking it at all. Honestly, if anything, I believe Shakespeare scared me away from wanting to learn more about theatre.

However, after reading my response to another instructor, who is also my co-worker, I was quickly schooled in a long list of words and phrases that came from Shakespeare that I have been known to speak on numerous occasions: I'd like to *break the ice* by putting my *best foot forward*. In fact,

it is *more in sorrow than in anger* that I realized all the *pomp and circumstance!* *The short and the long of it* is that I've found myself *in a pickle* on many occasions and have even been considered *a laughing stock* when I *refused to budge an inch*. It was during these times that I would *lie low*. *In my heart of hearts* and *in my mind's eye*, I knew I would have to come *full circle* if I wanted *all's well to end well*. But my mom always told me to *kill them with kindness*. *What the dickens?* *There's a method to my madness?* *Neither rhyme nor reason* could explain why I'd *not slept one wink*. I'd definitely *seen better days*. *Sick at heart* I ended the *wild-goose chase*. Even though, *parting is such sweet sorrow, what's done is done!*



▲ **Skyler France | Photography**

▼ **Matthew Fenton | Photography**



A VOID DANCE, A HAIKU

Tara Forste | Poetry

Fragile fragrant love
Slipping through the hands of kinds
She falls fast for fools.

DEAD SEEDS

Hayden Flowers | Poetry

The sun is burning in a dead sky
Work with will all our might
Dreams are appearing
In front of his face
Without dreams
Life has no meaning



▲ Nova Morrison | Drawing



Rose Dobbs | Photography

FORGET-ME-NOT

Marissa Mossalli | Poetry

Friendship blossoms like new flowers
Tightly woven promises, a wreath of Forget-Me-Nots
Shared laughter, as gentle as falling evening snow.
But,
Just like snow,
This friendship would soon vanish with the morning sun.
One final glance,
One final promise,
Remember,
 my friend,
 remember.



▼ **Rose Dobbs | Photography**



▲ **Gwenevere Marchant | Painting**



VAGABOND NURSE IN NEW YORK

UNCHARTED
GUEST WRITER:
WENDY BECK

Wendy Beck grew up in Sherwood, Arkansas. She is the daughter of Assistant Professor of English, Cindy Beck. After attending Harding University, Wendy worked all over the United States as an ICU travel nurse for 8 years before returning to Central Arkansas where she currently works as a Rapid Response Nurse for Baptist Health in North Little Rock.

During the coronavirus pandemic, Wendy volunteered to travel from Arkansas to New York to work on the front lines of the 2020 health crisis. During this time, she documented her experiences and emotions through social media.



Wendy Beck

April 15 · 🌐

We made it to work. We're on nights now. And after the day of "orientation", we're now thrust into the wild on our own.

We sign in for duty and find our placements.

Megan, my friend, to Medical ICU.

Wendy to OR-ICU.

We had hoped we would be together but knew it was unlikely.

"Have a good night. Check in if you can. Good luck."

...

I arrive to the makeshift unit tucked away down a quiet corridor of the hospital. There's no one else, no other units around here. Feels eerie...lonely.

Somehow I'm only covering four beds. Right now, I have the empty bed. Could've been worse. A lot worse. Three nurses for twelve beds isn't terrible. But no extra hands.

The nurses here have dubbed this the "war zone" of the units.

Probably because that's pretty much what it looks like. You don full head to toe PPE before you walk in. And you don't take it off until you leave.

Walking in you see patients lining the wall from one end to another separated by curtains. They all present the same.

Ventilator... Check.

5-8 medication pumps... Check

Sedation, antibiotics, pressors, fluids... All check.

The next thing I notice is the noise. It's so loud. They've brought fans in and somehow rigged up a system to help filter the air. Considering none of this is negative pressure I assume it is the best we can get.

But they're incredibly noisy. We can't hear each other. We can barely hear the monitors. Or the IV pumps. I think I heard a Code Blue called overhead... but I can't be sure.



Wendy Beck

April 22 · 🌐

Crying has become a daily ritual. I try to hide the tears as much as possible. But they come nonetheless.

Today, it was in the restroom. I was brushing my teeth... getting ready for another shift... and the tears fell. This hurts. Every single day. My heart hurts. For my patients. For my coworkers. For my family. For myself.

The emotions surrounding this whole ordeal is like nothing I've ever experienced.

Fear, anxiety, sadness, peace, guilt, thankfulness, homesickness, appreciation.

It's overwhelming. The good and the bad.



Wendy Beck

April 25 · 🌐

Fear. One of the emotions I've touched on a few times.

I never expected it to be as gripping as it is. It works its way through my stomach and

takes a hold of my heart. Then it snakes its way into my mind.

It touches everything. I try to squash it. Sometimes it works for awhile but it always manages to reappear.

We hear stories of brave nurses who came to New York to help. Stories that chill us to our core.

They were just like us.

They are us.

How could this happen?

They just came to help.

The stress and exhaustion that some of these nurses are experiencing is unlike anything we've ever seen. And they're suffering for it.

Dying for it.

Dying for you.



Wendy Beck

April 27 · 🌐

The other morning I left work... I was exhausted.

I spent 13 hours trying to keep 3 patients alive who were actively trying to die.

One kept coding.

Two kept dropping their oxygen levels to 70%... and were already maxed out on vent settings (100% FiO2 and 18 of PEEP).

Already sedated and paralyzed. Already on pressors.

What do you do when you have nowhere else to go?

We didn't have the manpower to prone anyone. There were 3 of us for 9 critically ill patients.

3 of whom were trying to go then and there.

It was a battle. Or three battles. Happening simultaneously. And only three of us there to fight.

Coding one patient while two others were actively deteriorating.

We lost one. My first since I've been here. He wasn't technically my patient but in Patchwork ICU we kind of take care of all the patients as a unit.

Shortly before, I had spoken to the son.

"Take care of my dad, Wendy. Please. He's my dad."

I'll do the best I can.

"I can't see him. They won't let me see him."

I know. I'm sorry. I know it's not enough, but I'll be with him.



Wendy Beck

April 28 · 🌐

The waiting.

It's tough.

I was told two days ago I couldn't return to work.

I had to be tested and wait for results.

And here I am still waiting.

You see... a couple of days ago I developed symptoms. Most of which I brushed off as being weary or stressed.

Even the cough I attributed to 13 hours a night in a respirator.

But Sunday morning I checked my temperature.

Ironically, I checked my temperature to ease my own mind.

You're not going to have a fever. You're overthinking it all. Relax.

I was wrong.

I had a fever.

100.4

Not terrible. But enough to make me catch my breath.

The wave of thoughts that suddenly crashed around in my mind was overwhelming.

What now? How? I've been so careful. I clean everything a dozen times or more each shift. I wear all the PPE.

How?

Then I remember I work in Patchwork ICU.

The virus is everywhere down there. It's a cesspool of COVID.

**Wendy Beck**

April 29 · 🌐

Because my COVID test came back negative, I was allowed back to work tonight.

Finally. Finally they gave me a break from Patchwork ICU.

I didn't realize what I was missing. I didn't realize just how rough Patchwork ICU was compared to the rest.

I'm in Medical ICU tonight. A unit actually made to be ICU. A unit where all the patients have individual enclosed rooms.

A unit where I can stay relatively cool and hydrated.

The patients all sick. Super sick. And we still have to be careful. Gown up from head to toe in the rooms.

But otherwise we can relax a little.

COVID doesn't seem as palpable here.

I feel more human and less like a blob of virus and PPE.

**Wendy Beck**

May 4 · 🌐

This shift was tough. 4th nights are always tough, but we had a run of 3 very good nights. Busy. But good. Very few codes. No admissions. We were enjoying the relative calm.

I was hopeful the 4th night would be the same.

It wasn't.

A man I'd been taking care of for my last several shifts passed away.

I was in shock.

He was doing better. He seemed to be making improvements, however slight.

I was cautiously optimistic with him... but optimistic nonetheless.

And then today he crashed.

Seemingly out of nowhere. He just tanked.

And we tried to fix him. Tried to save him.

We couldn't.

We just couldn't.

I just stood in shock. His family had just delivered a sweet note.

"Thank you for all you are doing to take care of him." Just earlier that day.

And then we lost him.

This one was tough for me.

He was technically my first death.

Not the first I've seen. Not the first I've tried to help keep alive.

But my first actual patient who died in my care.



Wendy Beck

May 14 · 🌐



I lost another patient tonight.

The ones who have been here for weeks without getting any better seem to be dropping like flies. They've just been fighting for too long.

We coded another patient as well.

And others seem to be caught in some twisted limbo between life and death.

...

But more shocking than anything...

How do I even say it?

We coded one of our own. Not a patient. A nurse. In the middle of our unit.

Do you know what happens when a team member codes?

ICU nurses who never freeze... suddenly go cold.

Only for a split second... and then it kicks back in. But for that tiny moment, we forget what to do.

We never forget what to do. It's muscle memory. Call the code. Get the crash cart. Do we have a pulse? Start compressions.

The fear. The sheer shock. She's one of us.

She's a traveler. She's my age.

20 seconds ago she was sitting at her computer charting on her patients.

And now she's in a bed surrounded by

her team who wouldn't leave her side for another few hours.



Wendy Beck

May 19 · 🌐



We intubated 3 patients in 30 minutes.

No.

No, no, no...

But we did. 3 patients in 30 minutes.

As the ICUs fill up again, our hope begins to drain.

Things were supposed to be getting better. We were supposed to be seeing the light at the end of this tunnel.

And then we intubated 3 patients in 30 minutes.

And suddenly it's pitch black again.

In less than a day, we filled back up and had to reopen one of the makeshift ICUs.

I can only pray Patchwork ICU remains closed.

I don't want to go back there.

...

As for the ones who are already here...

Well... death is becoming too normal.

Every shift, more pass.

We've been at their bedsides for weeks. They've been fighting.

And now their fights are ending. One by one.

Our efforts feel more and more futile on a daily basis.

...

 **Wendy Beck** May 21 · 🌐

I had to check myself tonight... For a number of reasons.

I feel depleted. Which is affecting my spirit. My optimism. Even before walking into work I tried to remind myself that it's not all doom and gloom.

One of the difficulties we face as night shifters in the ICU in the midst of all this... is that we never get to see the victories.

Patients are never extubated during the night. Patients never transfer at night. Patients never get discharged home from ICU.

We get the sickest of the sick. And at night we are either keeping them alive or they're dying in our hands.

We don't get to see the good. We don't get to see the celebrations.

And that's tough.

But it doesn't mean it's not there.

Our hospital discharged its 500th COVID patient a couple of days ago. That's a big deal. There are a lot more who go home than don't.

But it's tough to remember it when we never get to see it.

I will make it a point to try to remember.

 **Wendy Beck** June 17 · 🌐

I'm home. Finally home! Megan is here with me until tomorrow when she will head back to her home.

We have been overwhelmed by the welcome we have received. There has been so much love and thought and pure sweetness.

You have all spoiled us rotten and we thank you!! Food, gifts, beautiful banners and posters, flowers, and more!

It was topped off tonight by a surprise parade of cars full of cheers and love! I only wish we could have captured it on video!!

Thank you all so much for everything!! You have no idea how much your support has meant to us. I can't wait until the day when we can hug!

I have so much in my head about our last days and leaving New York. I want to write. But I need a bit more time.



WE RISE: ASUB VOICES OUT OF THE PANDEMIC

ESSENTIAL WORKER

Rachel Crabb

The pandemic is hard to understand for most people. They do not hear the patients' lungs wheeze as they struggle and gasp to breathe. They do not watch the tears form in their eyes as they realize they are going to die. They do not listen to the families begging to hold their loved ones' hand as they take their last breath. They do not feel the white sheet underneath the layers of their personal protective equipment. They do not have to tell someone that the love of their life just died in the next room over all alone.

As for me, I am an essential worker and the daughter of an essential worker. I go to work every day, put on my gloves, and pray I do not come in contact with anyone who has been exposed to the virus. My mother prepares herself mentally every night in case she has to work on the COVID floor...

It is not until you work in healthcare or pray every night that your mother gets to come home the next day, that you will understand.

I HAVE FAITH

Kristie Johnson

Silence. It surrounded me like a fog. The whole world in a moment was changed. A whirlwind of emotion swept over me as I realized that isolation loomed on the horizon with no escape. No matter how much I longed for chatter, interaction, warmth, it did not come. So much lost among the raging seas of Covid-19 and so many struggling to keep their heads above

/// Silence. It surrounded me like a fog. The whole world in a moment was changed. A whirlwind of emotion swept over me as I realized that isolation loomed on the horizon with no escape. ///

the waves. Where is help? When will it arrive? I have faith that we will come out of the seas of destruction stronger, more resilient, and most of all, aware of what or who is important beyond the waves upon the shore.

QUARANTINED

Sarah Willard

I got a first-hand experience. In March I was quarantined for a couple weeks. My body ached so badly, had sweats and chills, migraines, stomachache, and difficulty breathing. I couldn't get myself to eat most days, slept most all day, and ran fever for about a week and a half before it finally broke. It was especially scary for me because

I already sleep with a c-pap machine due to sleep apnea. I contained no energy whatsoever. There are around 1,695 cases confirmed in Arkansas and 37 deaths as of Friday, April 17th. I pray for our state's health and for everyone to make wise decisions because I'm more than ready to spend time with my family again.

FEELING CHEATED

Tyler Jones

I was on track to graduate with some of the best people that I have ever met this May, and now I am unable to graduate, much less see those that I have grown close with. This was my final semester at ASUB, and it was sadly over before I knew it. I, and many others, feel cheated. It has allowed me to reflect, however, on the situation that we are in. We are all in isolation together.

This outbreak has awoken a light inside of people that was long lost to the daily routine of monotonous work. Many videos have surfaced of individuals bonding with family members and honing talents that they once lost. Many are once again discovering the passion that was once in them.

BATTLING ONLINE LEARNING

John Baker

As a college student, I have been battling with the online courses and the stress of completing assignments on time to make the same good grades. Constant fear engulfs me as I wonder what would happen if I did not turn my assignment in on time? Throughout this shutdown, I realize

how much I need face-to-face encounters with my teachers to properly retain information and have it stored in my long-term memory. It's very hard to see my grades take a hit due to a factor that was entirely out of my control.

SHORT SUPPLIES AT THE MARKET

Thomas Turney

You finally see the market aisle where you hope it is. You are in desperate need and pray there is some left. At the other end, you see an elderly lady in a mart-cart. She is slowly reversing backwards toward your item. You begin to panic! You hasten your steps to prevent her from adding it to her collection. Triumphant you claim your prize and make your way victoriously

// You know that even though the rest of the world is going crazy with this pandemic, your booty will be clean for a couple of weeks...all thanks to the toilet paper you just successfully acquired!



back to the front to check out. "Your total is 97 cents." You stand tall as you hand over a crisp one-dollar bill. You know that even though the rest of the world is going crazy with this pandemic, your booty will be clean for a couple of weeks...all thanks to the toilet paper you just successfully acquired!

MOURNING LOSS

Lillian Green

A few weeks ago, I scrolled past a black-and-white portrait of John Prine on Rolling Stones' Instagram. I assumed that John had passed away. I was mistakenly relieved to read that John had not passed away, that he had contracted Corona Virus. At the time, I was obviously ignorant of the severity of the virus. I quickly learned, however, a few days later I scrolled past another post of Prine, and

another, and another... The virus had spread to John's lungs and caused pneumonia. The man whose music lullabied my youth had passed away. At that moment, I stopped laughing at the Saturday Night Live skits, memes, and any jokes regarding the coronavirus. I mourned with the rest of the world who had lost more than one of their favorite musicians, but one of their parents, a child or a friend.

MISSING HOME

Nasasha Smith

Just like everyone else in the world, I did not see this day coming. It is as if my surroundings just went silent. My family and I are used to me always being away from home, but that was also with the mindset that I could come home at any point. None of us considered the thought that I would not be able to see my family. I cannot

remember the last time I have slept in my warm, soft bed. I can't even remember what it was like to be in my room. I daydream about my mom calling me for dinner or to come help her cook. I also daydream about my family watching movies together. Then, I open my eyes only to find myself back in my dorm room, by myself.

SILVER LININGS

Katherine Holtz

Everything changed when this dreadful monster crept into our lives. When the Celebrate Recovery group at my church closed its doors, I had to step out of that safety and start relying strictly on faith and using the coping mechanisms I learned in this program. While these coping mechanisms are wonderful, I am human and get wrapped up in my anxiety sometimes. I try to control the environment around me, and I forget that all of the occurrences from this pandemic are far beyond my understanding, let alone my control. With many deep breaths, stepping away from situations, and lots of prayer, I have been able to maintain some sort of normal. I have learned that I am more capable than I believed. I

// This time away from the things that usually keep me busy has shown me this truth. Sometimes through the hardship, silver linings and clarity come about. //

have been able to adapt to online learning even though I despise computers and wish we could go back to simpler days of pen and paper. I have also learned I need to be outside with my family more. We spend a lot of time on our phones or in front of the TV together, but as far as quality time, it is few and far between. I needed time to learn more about myself and my family relationships. This time away from the things that usually keep me busy has shown me this truth. Sometimes through the hardship, silver linings and clarity come about. I guess the things that hurt some, heal others.

DARK PLACES

Trey Cooke

During this pandemic, I have lost a very close friend of mine to suicide. We served in the military together as firefighters and experienced a lot of traumatic things together. These events are what caused me to separate from the military and seek help through the VA for PTSD. The loss of my friend has caused a lot of stress for my family and myself since this has caused

me to go to very dark places mentally, and I'm only allowed limited contact with my counselor. On top of this, his funeral is unknown to many of his brothers and sister who would love to pay respect to him and his family. We do not know at this time how things will play out, and a lot of us are scared that he will not get proper military burial rights.

MISSING FAMILY VISITS

Blanca Ramirez

Saturday night my father spoke to us at the dinner table, "I was hearing on the radio that a family met every weekend to dine together, and four of them ended up having the coronavirus. I don't want this happening to us, so it'll be better if our family doesn't come to visit us

anymore." I thought it was a joke. What did he mean they can't come? Since when did visiting family become extremely dangerous? The only way we could keep up with each other was through messages, video calls, or phone calls.

NEW HOBBIES

Melissa Lentz

Those experiencing this caged feeling can take some time to expand on hobbies and connect within themselves. Meditation, growing a garden, perfecting drawing skills, learning to wood burn or writing the book that has been postponed for 5 years are things to look

to in the pandemic. These are helpful when the outside world is off-limits and the inside world is monotonous and seemingly colorless. Remembering to stay safe and preserve mental health is the best way to survive this pandemic.

FIGHTING TO KEEP GRADES UP

Wes Ocampo

Ultimately through introspection, I understood how fragile the human condition is — to stress and fear — which is ironic since I myself had to make a "come to Jesus meeting" with my school work. I once believed I would walk through college with easy A's. Now, finals are here, and

I must fight to keep any A! I have learned how easily my identity at school was dismantled by just one factor, although a big one. I cannot imagine what healthcare workers are going through. Patience and resilience are virtues, and overconfidence can be deadly.

NOT ABLE TO BREATHE

Alexandria Watts

In the middle of January, I began getting really sick: coughing, not being able to breathe, a fever as high as the sky. I was very concerned; this went on for a little over a week before I actually went to the doctor. I stepped into the waiting room and immediately had to put on a blue mask. I was tested for a lot of viruses. They took blood and urine samples; they shoved things in my nose;

they swabbed my throat. All of the tests came back negative. They prescribed me numerous medications in hopes I would get better. I had a fever for almost a month; I was literally miserable. Eventually, I got better but then suddenly that is when the world had stopped. This sickness was impacting many others.

FOLLOWING GUIDELINES

Marketta Larkin

At first there was no panic. We hung out with our friends with no worries of getting sick. We stayed out at night, past midnight with no curfew. I did not stop to think about how this would eventually affect me. As the days went by, there were more guidelines to help prevent the spread of the virus. Mask. Gloves. Six Feet. Social Distance. No large crowds. Then companies were closing. Stores were closing. People were

being laid off. We were told to leave our dorms, our friends, the place where we pay tuition. Students were panicking. Then even those who were scolding us for showing any signs of panic *were panicking*. I continuously wonder, what does the future have in store for us? Could we have prevented this? Have we already endured the worst? We may never fully know the answers.

I WANT MY MOM BACK

Sierra Hurley

The door in the kitchen closes abruptly. I look up at the clock, its minute hand ticking slowly towards 6:03. "Mom, was it bad today?" I ask, standing on the other side of the island. She turns around and looks at me, staring at me with lifeless eyes that have seen too much in too short of time. The lines on her face mark where the N-95 respirator mask has been indenting her cheeks, leaving their own scars on her face and in her heart. She will never be able to scrub off the memories of what she sees every day. "One

// I am so sick of this. Two months of air hugs and handing food to her through a door has really taken its toll on me. I want my mom back. **//**

of the other nurses on my floor tested positive today," she says, wary eyes looking at me as she keeps at least fifteen feet between us. My eyes well up with tears and threaten to spill over. I ball my fists so tightly my fingernails begin to cut into my skin. I know what she is going to say before she even takes a breath. I sigh out loud and throw my head back. I am so sick of this. Two months of air hugs and handing food to her through a door has really taken its toll on me. I want my mom back.

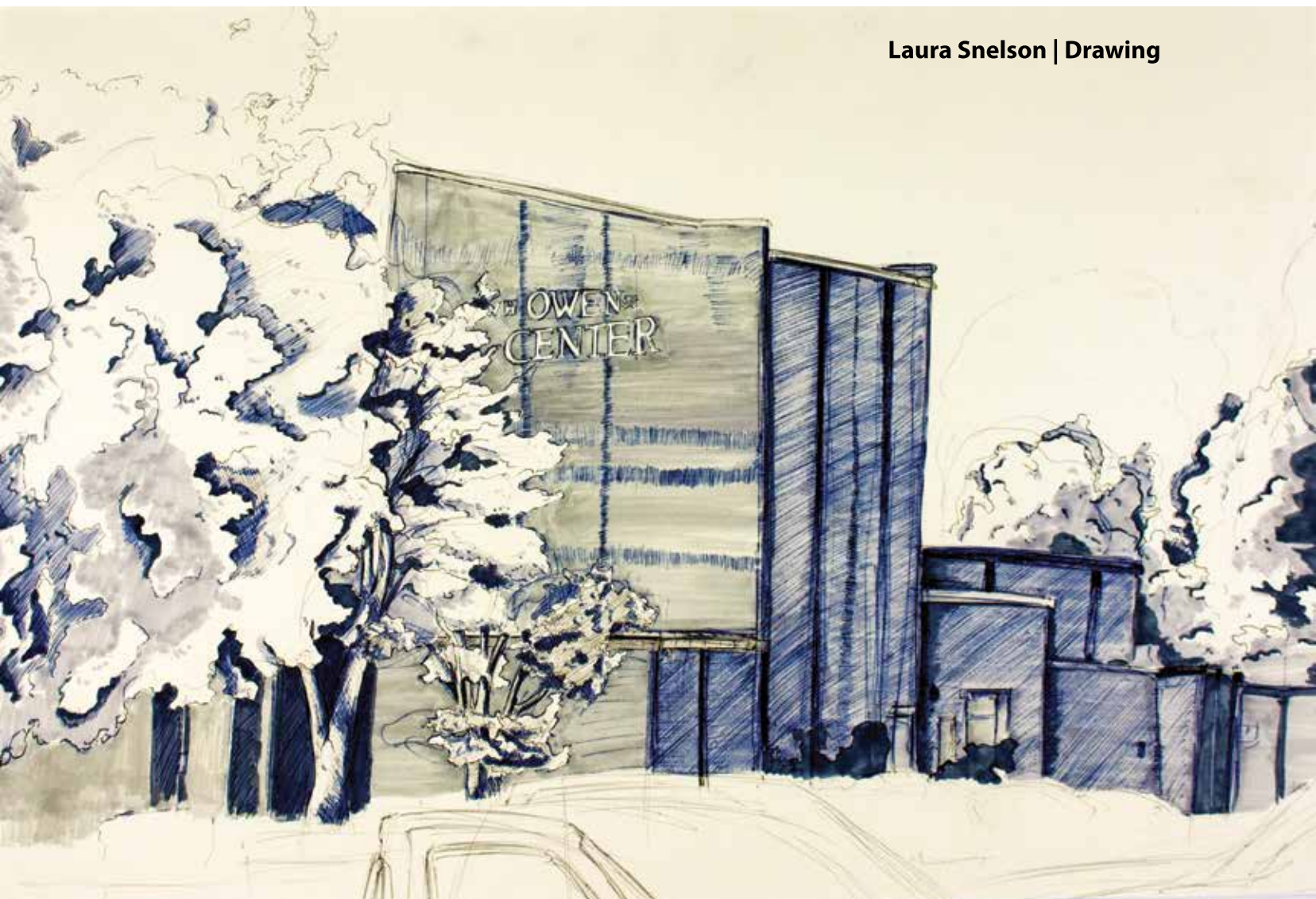
CHANGES IN FAMILY

Sam Irby

On March 11th of this year, the first Arkansas documented case of COVID-19 was discovered in Pine Bluff and was tracked to Arkansas Children's Hospital (ACH) in Little Rock through a resident doctor who tested positive for the virus. This was the first event that affected my family. My dad works at ACH and runs the research lab for the Chief of Pediatric Surgery. He had just begun a 21-day experiment that required him to be there every day. Since my dad had to be there

every day and in order to avoid any risk to our family, he chose to stay in quarantine at ACH for the time of the experiment. That 21-day period turned into five weeks. During that time period, my mom and I had to stay home and take care of everything, from caring for our 11 animals to getting groceries, taking out trash, cooking, cleaning, essentially, all of the daily duties that we previously shared as a family.

Laura Snelson | Drawing



STUDENT STAFF

Alanna Barber is 33 years old. She has been married for almost 12 years and has two beautiful daughters. She has been a student at ASU-Beebe for a year and a half. Alanna is majoring in mid-level education and plans to also get her special education certification.

Payton Dhooge graduated with her Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences from Arkansas State University-Beebe in the Spring 2020 semester. She enjoys writing and working on the magazine staff.

Rose Dobbs studied Fine Arts while at ASU-Beebe. She was active in the theater department. Rose enjoys creative writing, especially writing screenplays.

Mackie Edmondson is pursuing an Associate of Arts in Liberal Arts. She enjoys writing and working with *Uncharted*.

Kaitlyn Ferren (2019 Intern) is studying mid-level English education. She enjoys writing and spending time with her husband and two cats.

Tara Forste is a sophomore studying pre-nursing with a genuine love of writing. She enjoys gardening, crafting and cooking with her wonderful kids.

Colton Kaufman is pursuing an Associate of Applied Science in Computer Systems and Network Technology.

Cathryn Lyle is a published author and English major. She plans to graduate from ASU-Beebe in the spring and go to UCA. She loves all things writing, reading, and working with *Uncharted*.

Gwenevere Marchant (2020 Intern) likes to have a broad outlook on life. She may be a biotechnology major, but she is also a freelance artist under the name TwinStarStudios and has a couple of published poems and short stories. She hopes to continue to learn as much as she can and continue her adventures through life.

Anna Miller is pursuing an Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences.

John Smith graduated with his Associate of Science in Health Sciences degree in December 2019. He is pursuing his dream of becoming a pharmacist.

ADVISING STAFF

Mrs. Suzanne Lindsey, Assistant Professor of English

Mr. Thomas Fernandez, Assistant Professor of Art

Mrs. Irina Fernandez, Graphic Designer

Dr. Jodi Whitehurst, Assistant Professor of English

CONTRIBUTORS

Ruby Bahena is a graduate of ASUB. She majored in graphic design and plans on pursuing a Bachelor's degree in architecture from the University of Arkansas.

John Baker is studying engineering at Arkansas State University-Beebe. He plans to become a mechanical engineer and work in Arkansas.

Natalie Barker attended ASUB to complete a degree in liberal studies. She enjoys drawing.

Ethan Cantrell is a student at ASUB. He is currently studying computer information systems.

Timothy Carney is studying for an Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences. He plans on pursuing a degree in either physics or engineering. In addition, he enjoys learning about topics, including philosophy, psychology, politics, and science.

Lauren Chapman attended ASUB as a pre-nursing student. She is a young mother and wife. She currently studies nursing in Memphis, TN with aims of a Bachelor of Science in Nursing. Her sincere story about the tragedy of her son's death portrays strength when writing about a sensitive subject.

Lindy Cook is a graduate of Arkansas State university. She majored in liberal arts & sciences.

Trey Cooke attends ASUB as a business major. Previously, he was active duty in the air force and working as a firefighter. His goal is to open a successful consulting business to help others achieve their dreams of financial independence.

Alicia Cox is a graduate of ASUB from Mount Vernon. She is majored in liberal studies and enjoys ceramics.

Rachel Crabb is currently enrolled at Arkansas State University-Beebe. She will graduate with an Associate of Science in Health Sciences in December 2020 and begin nursing school in January.

Brandy Davis is a graduate of Arkansas State University-Beebe. She is majored in general studies and was an avid participant in the theatre and art departments.

Chase Disotell is attending Arkansas State University-Beebe to complete a degree in liberal arts & sciences. He enjoys photography.

Rose Dobbs is a graduate of Arkansas State University-Beebe. Her major was theatre.

Alexus Dupree is a graduate of ASUB from Jacksonville. She majored in general studies and enjoys ceramics.

Matthew Fenton is a student at Arkansas State University-Beebe. He is majoring in education.

Irina Fernandez is a student at ASUB. She enjoys making art, baking, and nature.

Kaitlyn Ferren is studying mid-level education at ASUB. She enjoys spending time with her husband and two cats.

Hayden Flowers studies theater at ASUB and has now moved his academic pursuits to Arkansas State University at Jonesboro.

Tara Forste is a student at ASUB pursuing a career in nursing. She enjoys spending time with her three wonderful children, cooking, and doing crafts. She also has a deep love of writing and one day hopes to write children's books and poetry.

Skyler France is a graduate of ASUB from Conway. She majored in general studies and enjoys making art in different media.

Shelby Genco is a student at ASUB from Jacksonville. She is majoring in general studies and enjoys making art.

Lillian Green is studying journalism at ASUB. She hopes to wield her passion for storytelling to shed light on the people, places, and subjects that she feels deserve more public recognition.

Michelle Harmon is a student at Arkansas State University-Beebe. She enjoys making ceramics.

Katherine Holtz is a sophomore pursuing a degree in Liberal Arts/Social Work. Her ultimate goal is to work helping families learn how to cope with and heal from the effects of loved ones' addictions.

Sierra Hurley is studying Mid-Level Education at ASUB. She hopes to teach middle school science and eventually transfer to the collegiate level to encourage creativity and positivity in the classroom.

Jodi Hughey is a wife and mother who will graduate with her Associate of Science in Liberal Arts & Sciences in Spring 2021. She plans to work toward her Bachelor of Arts in Criminology on the Beebe campus through the A-State University Center.

Sam Irby is studying at ASUB to obtain a degree in computer information systems.

Kristie Johnson is pursuing her health certificate at ASUB so she can apply to nursing school. She hopes to get her Associates of Applied Science in Nursing and become a registered nurse to one day become a travel nurse and help people while seeing the world.

Tyler Jones studied theater at ASUB. He hopes to continue in his theatrical pursuits.

Marketta Larkin is studying psychology at ASUB. She looks forward to helping others when she completes her degree.

Jazmyne Ledtka is a student at ASUB from Vilonia. She is majoring in graphic design and enjoys drawing.

Melissa Lentz is studying in the Medical Lab Technology program at ASUB campus. She wishes to use her knowledge to benefit others in the medical lab.

Cathryn Lyle is a published author and English major. She plans to graduate from ASU-Beebe in the spring and go to UCA. She loves all things writing, reading, and working with Uncharted.

Gwenevere Marchant is studying at ASUB for an Associate of Science before moving on in hopes of an eventual doctorate in biotechnology. She enjoys writing fiction and poetry in her spare time and running her art business, TwinStarStudios.

Samantha Miller is seventh in a family of eighteen. She is the fourth to attend college. Samantha is a fine arts theater major and is also a veteran.

Nova Morrison is a student at ASUB from Beebe. She is majoring in graphic design.

Ashley Reeves is a student at Arkansas State University-Beebe. She is majoring in criminal justice.

Laura Snelson is a student at ASUB. She is majoring in liberal arts & sciences.

Alyssa Taylor is a graduate of ASUB from Piggott. She is majored in liberal arts & sciences.

Marissa Mossalli is currently working on her basic classes at Arkansas State University-Beebe. It is her dream to open a little cafe someday. In her spare time she likes creating art, like poetry and painting.

Wesley Ocampo is studying to earn an Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences at ASUB. He hopes to become an engineer and continue his higher education.

Christie Parsons is a student at ASU-Beebe while also working as an administrative specialist in State Hall. In her free time, she enjoys photography.

Lauren Potter is a graduate of ASUB. She is majored in liberal arts & sciences and is now pursuing a BFA at the University of Central Arkansas.

Ashley Reeves is a criminal justice student at Arkansas State University-Beebe. She is from Cabot and enjoys digital art.

Blanca Ramirez is earning her Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences at ASUB. She hopes to pursue a major in Communication Science and Disorders at UCA. Her passion to help others is her motivation to start a career in speech pathology.

Michael Shifflett is an education student at ASUB specializing in English and history. He hopes to teach English at a 2-Year institution like ASUB to pass his love for language on to future generations. When Michael is not writing, he is lost in creative writing projects, reading, and video games.

Curtis Short is studying Computer Science at ASUB. He hopes to become a video game developer in central Arkansas. Other than programming, Curtis also enjoys writing poetry and composing music.

Laura Snelson is from Beebe and studied art at ASUB before moving on to other pursuits.

Alyssa Taylor is a graduate of ASUB from Piggott. She is majored in liberal arts & sciences.

Gwen Townsend is a student at ASUB. She enjoys making art in many media.

Thomas Turney is studying criminal justice at ASUB while working full time. He plans to finish his degree and pursue a career helping people.

Alexandria Watts is studying Health Sciences at ASUB. She is 20 years old and would like to be a surgical technician.

Sarah Willard is studying criminal justice at ASUB to get her associates degree. Afterward she plans to study psychology and sociology at ASU-Jonesboro to pursue a bachelor's and a master's degree. She hopes to be a criminal profiler.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Uncharted publishes a broad scope of high quality poetry, prose, art, and photography in the arts and humanities fields. All submissions should be original, unpublished work. Written submissions should be no more than 1000 words. If the paper is a source essay, include the most recent citation style appropriate for the field of study. All written work should be submitted as a doc, docx, or rtf file. Visual work should be 8 megapixels or higher and can be submitted as a jpg, png, or tiff file. To submit a piece of work, simply send an email to uncharted@asub.edu with your submission attached.

COLOPHON

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Arkansas State University-Beebe
Division of Arts & Humanities
1000 Iowa Street
Beebe, AR 72012
uncharted@asub.edu
501-882-3600

ASUB

PUBLISHER'S STUDIO



