

41ST
EDITION

THE TUSCARORA REVIEW

A FREDERICK COMMUNITY
COLLEGE MAGAZINE
OF THE CREATIVE ARTS



Mission Statement

The mission of the Frederick Community College magazine of the creative arts, *Tuscarora Review*, is to provide an annual showcase for the outstanding literary and visual art created by the College community.

Submission information for the 2022 edition is available at:
www.frederick.edu/tuscarorareview

Pictured on the front cover:

MOVIE STILL *Digital*
Mackenzie Peterson

The **Tuscarora** Review

Editorial Board and Support Staff

Faculty Advisor

Ramón Jones, *Assistant Professor, English*

Co-Editors-in-Chief

Justin Gamble and Mollie Howard

Design, Layout & Production

Lori Schulman

Production Staff

Cheryl Peterson, *Academic Office Manager, English Department*

Photography

Wendell M. Poindexter, *Professor & Art Program Manager
& Art Center Director*

Printer

Graphcom Incorporated, Gettysburg, PA



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Jacqueline Widey



NARRATIVE *Charcoal*

Fiona Torok

Message from the Editors

Well, another year has passed us all by. A year of Zoom meetings and wiping down every surface that we come in contact with. It has definitely been a challenging year with chaos around every corner. On a brighter note though, there have been plenty of talented artists and writers who wanted to make their voices heard in this 41st edition of the *Tuscarora Review*. These creative individuals want to make sure that their voices are heard amongst all of the confusion and we, the editors, wanted to spread that voice in this edition.

Since we are all still off campus, it was a bit harder to get together to talk about the works submitted. With our binders in hand, filled with all your wonderful submissions, we would meet over Zoom and go through each piece with care. It was a wonderful experience getting the chance to read each and every piece that was submitted and we tried to include as many as possible. We also hope that you readers enjoy the interview with Paula Chipman, the Department Chair for Communications, Humanities, and Arts at Frederick Community College, who is, unfortunately, retiring.

The theme for this edition is belonging. Many of the pieces show characters that are either already within a place where they feel a sense of belonging or are searching for that comfort. I think that we can all agree that this past year has been testing us to discover where we belong. Whether that is with friends, family, or just within the safety of our own houses, during these times it is important to feel a sense of belonging as opposed to isolation.

It is important to thank all of those who were willing to submit pieces to the *Tuscarora Review* this year. It goes to show that no matter what happens in this world, nothing can stop the creativity of the students at Frederick Community College. It is also important to thank Professor Jones, a figure whose hard work and enthusiasm for the *Tuscarora Review* makes every edition better than the last.

It is with great pride and pleasure that we present the 2021 edition of the *Tuscarora Review*.

—JUSTIN GAMBLE & MOLLIE HOWARD, *Co-Editors in Chief*



ITEMS THAT FIT IN YOUR HAND *Charcoal*

Fiona Torok

Dedication

In the words of Emily Dickinson, “Unable are the loved to die, for love is immortality.” We dedicate this edition of the *Tuscarora Review* to the 500,000-plus Americans who have succumbed to the Covid-19 pandemic. They were mothers and fathers, daughters and sons, brothers and sisters, friends and lovers; they were ours, and we mourn every single one. Art and writing are forms of creation and we channel our feelings into something that adds to the world. This is our way to commemorate those that we have lost.



MOVIE STILL *Pastels*

Kera Bowie

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***Editor’s Choice:** Selections in fiction, poetry, and two-dimensional art are judged according to emotional and intellectual depth, strength of observation and imagination, energy, freshness, and precision of language, and/or technical accomplishment.



ACTION/REACTION/INTERACTION *Digital* **Taylor Moles**



A CALL TO ACTION *Charcoal*

Fiona Torok

Sailing

ALEXANDER BULLOCK

The salty breeze carried through the air as the waves crashed over the bow. The captain hobbled down onto the deck as the first mate barked orders at the world-weary crew. Climbing into the rowboat, the grey-haired sea dog pulled his peg leg over the side of the moldy boat.

“All right, captain?” the sailor in the boat asked as they took their seats.

“Aye, lower her down,” the captain muttered back.

The two rowed along in silence as the captain stared back at the ship, pondering what he was going to do next. He looked up at the stars. On this crisp, clear night he could see all of them in their magnificence and he wondered how many of his ancestors once gazed up at this same beautiful creation of nature.

The port was abuzz with the sound of drunken revelers. A young boy, perhaps twelve, was sitting on the side of the dock waiting for late arrivals, but by this hour all the pirates that mattered were either in the pub or in the brothel, so the typical security was not needed.

“Ahoy, lad,” the captain shouted, startling the boy, who had been drawing something in the wet sand.

“Evening, sir,” the boy croaked back, tipping his tri-corner hat.

The captain told his mate to handle the details of docking and marched straight into the town, his eye fixed on the Black Handle, the oldest pub in town if you believed the proprietor. The little pub stood at the end of the row and anchored the commercial district. There was a bank on one side where sailors could trade the various I.O.U.s that had long taken the place of real money. On the other side was a row of small shops, selling mostly salted pork and spices, along with large bags of rice and sugar. Occasionally there would be vegetables, but they were often too expensive for your run-of-the-mill scallywag.

The captain gave a quick nod to the guard at the door, who returned a smirk and a wave. He stepped into the crowd and gave a quick look around. It was the usual lot who never seemed to have anywhere else to go. In the corner, a group of young men were singing a song he didn't recognize, and the floor was already covered in a layer of spilled ale.

The captain made his way through the drunken crowd and sat on a stool at the end of the bar.

"What can I do for ya, mate?" the bartender asked, not bothering to look away from the glass he was washing.

"Scotch. Rocks. And make it a double," the captain muttered. "Say, where's old Jacky, he working tonight?"

The bartender stopped wiping and lowered his hands. A couple of customers looked over as well and the captain knew what the bartender was going to say even before his handlebar mustache contorted to make the words.

"Jacky died last month. One of the customers didn't want to pay his tab. Words were exchanged. Then shots were exchanged. Both dead. Over a lousy couple ales." The bartender shook his head. "What a waste of a life."

The captain's heart sank like a boulder into a river.

"Aye, it was an awful spectacle," a raspy but familiar voice chimed in from behind. "I was the one had to tell his widow. Man, she hollered something fierce. Now I've seen my share of tragedy, but that'll stick with me till my dying breath."

"How are ya, Henry?" the captain asked the newcomer glumly as he sat on the adjacent stool.

"Well, now, that notwithstanding, I've been alright," the man said, scratching the side of his head, covered in long, matted hair.

The captain pretended not to notice the lice-infested nest as he took a swig from the drink that had just been placed in front of him. The two stared at each other for a moment before drinking their spiced rum in total silence. It was tradition on the captain's ship to honor a fallen shipmate in this manner. It had started after a particularly nasty battle that left his ship in tatters. The crew had to make it past a pair of Spanish galleons in the dead of night under a cloak of silence and a new moon. Thus, the tradition was born.

The two men shared a couple more drinks and joined in a sea shanty before calling it a night. The pair stumbled out of the bar, with the captain tripping over the bottom stair and falling into the horse trough. They made their way to the inn but not before harassing a pair of young lovers who were taking a stroll and had apparently lost their way.

At the desk, the captain was just sober enough to recognize a friendly face. At least, he thought it was friendly, but she wasn't quite as thrilled.

"Good evening, my deary," he slurred, barely intelligible.

"What do you want?" the maiden replied with a snort of derision.

"Why I'm just a weary traveler looking for a respite," the captain replied as his partner suppressed a chortling laugh.

"You know the rules, old man. You need to square up your debts with the boss," she muttered as she turned back to her writing.

The captain sighed and the two meandered up the creaking wooden stairway to the office on the far side of the building. The flickering candlelight reflected off the golden sign which read "Samuel H. Worthington, Proprietor."

The captain knocked but got no reply. He opened the door and the shrill creak woke the man who had been in a deep, snore-filled slumber. The man rubbed his eyes and wiped away spittle from his mouth as he raised his head. The man blinked for a second until his piercing black eyes recognized the visitors. Then he gave a devilish grin.

"Well, now," the man said with an air of deep satisfaction. "Look what the cat dragged in."

"Easy there, Sammy, we ain't looking for no trouble," the mate replied, trying to ease the tension that was quickly filling the room.

"I thought you'd swore to high heaven to never darken my door again. 'When horses shit gold' were your exact words if I'm not mistaken."

"Well now, ya can't be takin' everything a silly old codger like me says as gospel truth now can ya?" the captain replied.

"No, I suppose not. But that doesn't settle us up. You owe the biggest tab I've ever seen in my fifty-seven years. Nah, can't let that slide. I just can't." Samuel rang the brass bell that had been sitting

on the table next to him and a few seconds later a pair of dark figures appeared in the doorway. When the captain saw them, he let out a deep gulp. The two were like mountains, at least six-foot-five each. What little parts of their bodies that weren't covered in scars and burned flesh were covered in tattoos. But none of that mattered. It was the little black circle on their right shoulders. That was were the sign of the Black Legion, an elite group of former British sailors-turned-mercenaries. Only the best of the best even knew of its existence, because they liked to keep their sins a secret. These weren't just heavy thugs; they were properly trained killers-for-hire.

"Now, now, let's not get hasty," the captain started pleading. "I'm a businessman too, ya know. And we've come back to town in search of buried treasure."

His friend's eyes widened in shock, mixed with just a touch of resentment.

Samuel rolled his eyes for all to see and got up to pour himself another brandy.

"No, really. Look, I've got the map right here," the captain explained as he tore off a hidden patch from inside his cloth jacket and revealed an old piece of parchment. He unfolded it carefully and put it down on the table.

Samuel raised an eyebrow as he took a gulp of his drink and perused the page. He sighed and went to stare out the window at the now clear moon. "Ya know," he began, "back in Ireland we had a story. Always my favorite. There was once a young boy who crossed a border every day with a wheelbarrow full of manure. Now the guard, trying to catch smugglers and maybe snag a little bribe for himself, would always inspect the wheelbarrow diligently. But he found nothing, so he let the boy pass. That afternoon, the boy came back, still with a barrow full of manure. So he inspected again but found nothing. This same thing happened again the next day. And the day after that. And on and on for years. Why the guard went almost mad trying to figure out what the secret was. After fifty years, the boy, or rather a man now, announced this would be his last trip. Now the elderly guard asked: 'Alrighty, I must know, what were you smuggling?' With a smile, he said simply: 'Wheelbarrows.'"

"Well that sure is an interesting story, but what's it got to do with me?" the captain asked, confused.

"It means the guard wasn't able to see what was staring him in the face the whole time. It means: I don't trust you'll ever get me my money, even if you had it. Which," he paused to sit back down triumphantly into his green leather chair, "you never do."

Everyone in the room laughed as he finished with a grand but obscene gesture. To the captain's surprise, his friend had joined in the joke.

"Nah, captain, I'm afraid your luck's run out. You've been able to con your way through your whole life. Your promises mean nothing. And you don't even see the hate in your men's eyes when you spin your web of lies."

"Well come now, that's not true," the captain shouted defensively.

"I'm afraid it is, old friend," a voice said from the doorway.

The captain's heart stopped as he spun around to see Jack Hartsock standing in the doorway.

"Jack," the captain stammered. "They told me you were dead."

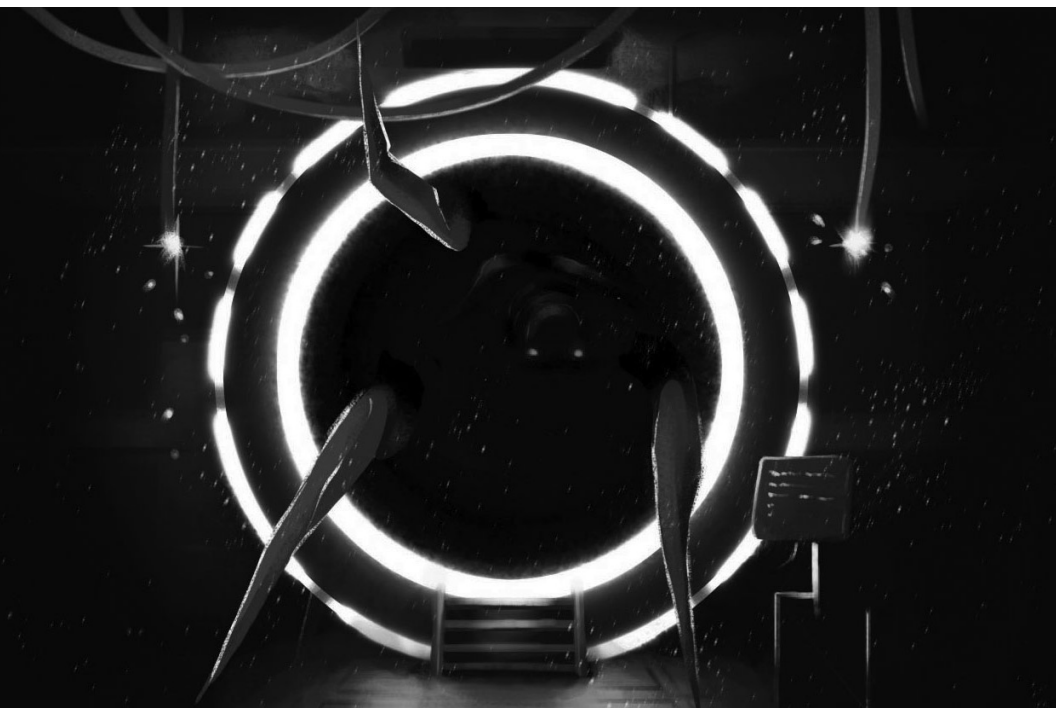
"And you'd have liked that, wouldn't you," Jack replied, as cold as ice. "You put on a nice performance back there in the bar. Too bad I was tipped off about the assassin you hired to cut me out of my share of the loot. After all, I was the one who found that map in the first place. Easy way to trim down your expenses."

"But who told you?" the captain asked as his eyes darted around at the men closing in.

The captain never actually saw the knife that severed his artery, but he knew it came from the pocket of his friend, who was now covered in a streak of blood on the left side of his face and body.

"We told you, captain," the friend said as he cleaned off his blade. "You got away with it so long, you never saw your enemies coming, even when it was right in front of your face."

And with that, the captain breathed his last as his soul left his body and entered the endless abyss. ■



MOVIE STILL *Digital*

Mari Ward

The Test

ALEXANDER BULLOCK

“I’m sorry, I can’t play outside today,” Remi answered with a pang of regret. “I have my test tomorrow, you understand.”

His friends were too young to take the test, but they understood. They had another full year to be kids before the process began. Remi sealed the airlock and the decompression chamber behind them reopened as they hopped back out into the dry red dust of Martian Colony 24601. As they went, their skin-tight suits attracted the dust from the planet’s surface and they vanished into the haze.

He walked back into the kitchen where his mother was cooking his favorite meal: lamb stew with a side of rice and beans. It was usually rehydrated nutrition packs except for special events when Martians would cook so-called “real” food.

And this was certainly a special occasion. Remi was about to take his S.A.T. For a Martian teenager, nothing was more important. Centuries ago, it was rumored, almost everyone took the test. Nowadays, only a select few were invited. Those lucky few would get the chance to go back to Earth and attend university. Earthlings were lucky: non-graduates could live out their days in relative comfort, collecting a universally distributed food and energy ration. On Mars, however, everyone had to earn their way. Those who failed were condemned to a lifetime of hard labor in the platinum mines.

“Remi! Quit wasting time and get back to your studies,” his mother snapped and pointed down the corridor to his quarters. “You know that your quantum mechanics is not where it should be and you don’t have a second to waste.”

“Mother, I am best in my class at Q.M.,” he pleaded, bordering dangerously close to disrespect.

“You might be the best on this hellhole, Remi Michael Trin, but Earth is something else entirely. They think we are all a bunch of backward ruffians. If you get in, you’ll have to work twice as hard to be thought half as good. You mark my words, young man,” her voice trailed off as he got to his desk.

An hour later, he wiped his eyes and got up to stretch his legs. He let out a deep yawn as he went to the window and stared out. Through the white metal frame and reflective tempered glass, he could just make out the local space ball court floating in the distance. All his friends were there and he wished he was too. Then, he felt a twinge of guilt. Some of his friends were too young, yes, but most had been simply passed over to even take the test. He was ashamed that he wanted to have fun while they were probably doing everything possible to keep their minds off the dreary future that awaited them.

And with that, Remi caught his second wind. He was determined to make the most of this opportunity. Not just for his sake, but for theirs.

By the time the rest of the family wandered in for breakfast, Remi was already at the table. His father beamed with pride as he found his boy's face buried deep in his Exo-Linguistics textbook. Sasha, Remi's little sister, made the unfortunate decision to ask Remi a question. She was quickly corrected by their mother smacking the child across the mouth before she started the third word.

At 0900 the next morning, the transport arrived to take Remi to the testing facility at the Ministry of Education. When he got on the bus, he looked around and saw Freddie Graves, a boy who lived down the street. They had always been courteous to each other but had never really hung out. Remi nonetheless decided it would be a good distraction.

"Hey, Freddie," Remi said as he sat next to the blond-haired boy.

"Nervous, Remi?" the boy asked with a sarcastic but friendly tone.

"Nah, I'll wipe the floor with them," Remi replied, trying to hide the quiver in his voice.

The transport hummed along as more nervous-looking teenagers climbed aboard and the driver ticked off the names on his tablet. When they got to the site, they shuffled into an empty room and sat in the metal chairs in front of a podium. By Remi's estimation there were perhaps two or three hundred students altogether. Remi started doing the math but realized it was pointless. The number who passed varied slightly year-to-year, but it was usually eight to twelve students who would get to study on Earth. More importantly, everyone had been studying their whole lives. As a result, the math was simple: he had to be perfect.

Remi was assigned his room and sat down in front of the screen to begin the math portion. He took a deep breath, put his face in his hands for a moment, then looked back up and pressed “Begin.” The first question popped up and Remi knew the answer almost immediately. This was a computer-adaptive test, so whether he got the first question right would determine what the second question was. If it was harder, he could be sure he was on a good track. If it was easier, he would have a panic attack.

Sure enough, the questions kept getting harder. There was one that seemed a little easier, but Remi was a master at calculus, so it may have just been him. After a few more questions, the test suddenly ended. Test duration varied by student, depending on how they were doing. Remi was virtually certain that he got the last one right and that was a very good sign.

But he couldn’t be sure. Not until he got the result. It was common knowledge that students who started making travel arrangements in their minds would later have mental breakdowns upon receiving the bad news.

By now it was lunchtime and the students made their way into the makeshift cafeteria for their hour-long break. Remi looked around to see a lot of long faces and thousand-yard stares. A pair of twins in the corner were crying hysterically and were being comforted by a proctor. But Remi kept his mind on his mission. He grabbed his ration and sat next to Freddie, who had an air of smug satisfaction as he spoke to a group of boys Remi didn’t recognize.

“I aced it. No problem,” Freddie bragged as Remi sat down. “How ya doing, Remi?”

“Oh, yeah, I nailed it too,” he replied, hearing the hollowness in his voice.

Remi looked across the room and his heart stopped in his chest. Two tables away, Annabelle Torres, whom Remi adored, was chatting with a pair of their classmates. Remi didn’t know she had been invited to the test. Why hadn’t she told him? It made sense; she was brilliant after all. And beautiful too. Remi wondered how anyone could be so perfect. He froze as she looked back and gave him the warmest smile he’d ever seen before blushing and looking away.

So as soon as the proctors came in to announce the resumption of the test, he made a beeline back to his screen and pretended not to see Annabelle as they walked past each other. Remi sat down, smacked himself hard on his right cheek, and hit “Resume.”

He got three questions into the last section before a giant red X appeared on the screen in front of him. Thinking it must be some kind of error, he raised his hand for help. He turned around to see a stern-looking proctor marching towards him.

"Mr. Trin, you have been caught cheating," the woman said before even reaching the station. "This examination is terminated, please come with me."

Remi was speechless and wiped a tear from his eye. In his mind, he could see his future crumble to dust. He tried to protest, but couldn't force his mouth to say the words. Remi gathered his backpack and followed the proctor out of the room. It was only a few hundred yards or so, but it felt like the walk lasted for hours. As he got on the transport, he covered his face with his hands and started thinking about how he would explain this to his parents.

A few hours later, a group of administrators were sitting around a large conference table discussing the students one by one as their files and test scores popped up.

"Trim, Remi," the computer announced as the boy's image and profile appeared in front of them.

"Ah, yes, I was so hopeful about this one," an elderly bald man said as he leaned back into his chair. "Such wonderful grades, perfect on the test, great extracurriculars. Such a shame."

"I know," a woman replied, "what a waste. I always hate it when it comes down to that, especially with our most promising. Too bad my false accusation didn't warrant a more forceful response. But we gave him plenty of chances. He didn't approach the hologram of his crush. Chimed in only after other students started bragging about their performance. No, no. He was what we have always feared. A pushover. A follower."

"But in light of his exemplary performance on the test, shouldn't we give him another chance?" chimed the new guy at the table. But all he got were blank stares.

"They're all smart, that's why we invite them," the old man said as he leaned forward in his chair. "But a few questions here and there won't make the difference in their lives. It's character and determination that separate the wheat from the chaff. Sure, he got more questions right. Who cares?" ■



5 MOST IMPORTANT THINGS *Graphite* **Amanda Smith**

His Name Was M

JUSTIN GAMBLE

I threw my backpack onto the bench next to me, making sure that the spot was taken up. The chilled air felt better than the usual stale, lukewarm air indoors that traps you in a cage while you are forced to listen to someone drone on for over an hour about English essays due tomorrow and how to format them properly. It was a relief to be outside of the building and getting ready to go home. The only thing between me and my salvation was my ride, who had been running a bit later than. This meant that I had to stay outside by the parking lot a bit longer than I had wanted.

There was a white van parked in front of me. It was wide, so it also provided some decent coverage. If I couldn't see anybody then maybe they couldn't see me. It's not like I want to be a complete jerk, but when someone comes up to me and starts talking, I just know that I'm going to mess up and say something stupid. From there, it would only take a few words before I made another person think that I was a jerk, loser, creep, or all of the above. All I needed was to last through the next few minutes....

"Hey," some guy blurted out in a wobbly tone.

Oh no. Was that voice intended for me or just someone attempting to talk to someone else? What are the chances that it was intended for me to NOT hear? There were only a few other people in the area, so the odds were pretty slim that it was someone talking to someone else.

"Is this seat taken?" asked the figure standing about a foot away from me as he pointed at my backpack on the bench.

The guy was not much taller or older than me. If things started going poorly, I could probably run. If I had to push him, I know I'm not very strong, but maybe it could buy some time for a getaway. It wouldn't be the first time I've had to escape an interaction. Pushing would definitely be a last resort. His blue sweatshirt's hood didn't even cover up his face or hair. I could see the brown hair, peering out from under the hood, like a set of eyes whose gaze was prying into my mind. Maybe he wasn't there to talk to me. Maybe he just needed a place to sit and that's all.

"No," I muttered as I moved my backpack away.

Obviously, the seat was occupied. My backpack deserves a good, uncomfortable bench to sit on too. Never mind... if someone wants to sit down, then I'll be the one to give up the seat. This also gives me the opportunity to move now, since this location has clearly been compromised. I rose from the bench and got ready to head back inside so that I could patiently await my getaway ride. As I went to walk away, the voice spoke again:

"I recognize you from the game corner in the student lounge."

ABORT MISSION! Operation Get Inside was unsuccessful. How did he recognize me but I didn't recognize him? I turned back around to get a better look at him, and, after further analysis, there was still no clear memory of this figure.

He didn't even sit down. Instead he shifted forward and began to step towards me, each step closing the gap between me and any chance of survival that I had. Was this the end? Was this really how my tale comes to a conclusion? I didn't have much money on me so there really wasn't a reason to beat me up. Maybe I had done something in the game room that he didn't like. Had I said anything to anyone that could've been even slightly offensive while in that room?

No, I hadn't. In fact, I sat as far away from the other students as possible. There was no reason that this person should be talking to me.

"My name's M. What's yours?"

"J," I stuttered hesitantly. Ok. I could clearly see that there was no way out of the situation at hand except to play along.

"Did you recognize me? I was the one with the console plugged into the TV. I was playing some classic Sega games?"

What was this guy going on about? Was it important that I remembered him? But when I thought about it, he did sound kind of familiar. While I didn't recognize his physicality, I did recognize his voice. That witty tone of honed charisma.

"Yeah. I remember you. What kind of games do you like? What kind of Sega games do you know? Check out these pixel sprites that I designed for one of my games...."

Before I knew it, we were having a full-on conversation. I learned that he was actually at FCC for the same amount of time that I was, 2nd semester. I learned that he was just looking to make

a new friend and noticed me all alone. I stayed quiet and let him do most of the talking. I was a much better listener than speaker but that was ok because I could tell that he liked rambling.

My phone went off.

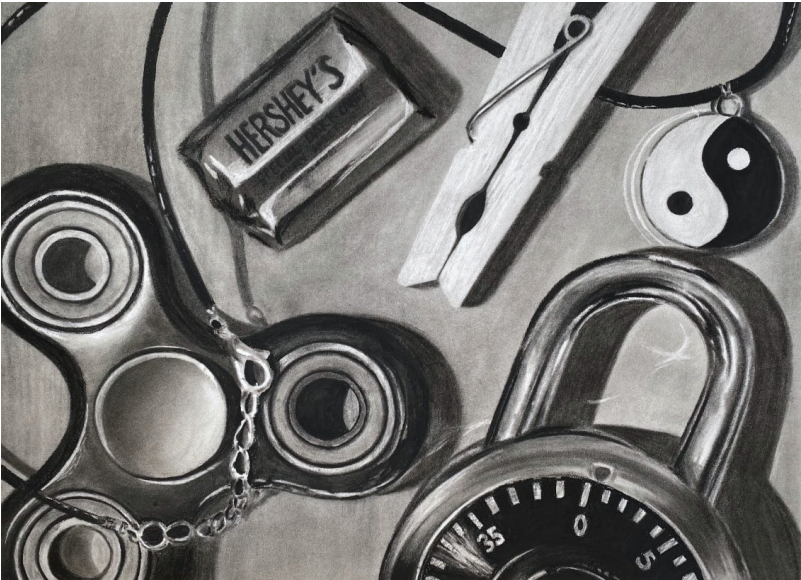
“My ride is here. I have to go.”

“Ok, J. It was nice to meet you. Let’s exchange phone numbers.”

Why he chose to talk to me out of everyone here I’ll never know. I’m just some dude in a black hoodie and some black sweatpants that doesn’t talk to anyone. I don’t think that I could ever understand how someone could see me and go *Yes! That’s who I want to talk to today.*

“I’ll text you so that we can keep in touch,” he said before I walked away.

That was the end of that. ■



ITEMS THAT FIT IN YOUR HAND Charcoal Amanda Smith



NO UTERUS NO OPINION *Digital*

Taylor Moles

Anxiety

TYLER VIRTIS

This is how you push a cart. This is how you greet your customer. This is how you ask him how his day was and if he found what he needed. “But what if he isn’t satisfied?” This is how you take the blame. This is how you apologize. This is how you fill the shelves, and this is how you line up the cans. This is how you bag their groceries. This is how you use the hook to tie down the carts. “But what if I don’t want to use the hook?” This is how you follow orders. This is how you put on a happy face even when you’re angry. This is how you store the bread and the chips and the eggs. “But what if they don’t fit?” Then you are the one at fault. This is how you speak to your superiors; everyone is your superior. This is how you give it your all, even when you don’t have it all to give. This is how you go on your break. This is how you rest. This is how you get your groceries. This is how you drive home, how you sleep, how you come to work the next morning. “But what if I can’t come into work the next morning?” This is not our fault, it’s yours. This is how you grovel for a day off. This is how you feel about missing work. This is how you’ll make up for it. “How do I make up for it?” You’ll do what your told without question. You’ll smile till your cheeks tear, and then you’ll be scolded when you stop. This is how you smile at people you hate. This is how you lock up your contempt. This is how your fellow man will treat you, and this is how you’ll like it. “They’re shouting at me again.” This is how you quiet down and do your job. “I hate my job.” This is how you get your paycheck. “Fair enough.”



FRONTLINE ANGEL *Watercolor*

Jean Peterson



A CALL TO ACTION *Digital*

Mackenzie Peterson



**DID
YOU
VOTE?**



A CALL TO ACTION *Digital*

Mari Ward



ACTION/REACTION/INTERACTION *Digital*

Miche Rouch



NARRATIVE *Charcoal*

Paige Bernard

The Skeleton

NICHOLAS STEPHEN

The Topsy Pixie is the place to go after a hard night's work of confronting mankind with phenoms beyond their comprehension. Dull colors masked by garish neon strobes were the bar's only decoration. It was the inebriated, trans-dimensional patrons and she-devil dancers that kept the atmosphere lively. It is the place to go to meet all the anti-anthropocentric, misanthropic demons and tentacled blobs of cosmic gelatin anyone could ever wish.

Beyond all the dissent, indescribable horrors sits a figure of virgin white. He is made of sharp, calcified scaffolding, his orb noggin a milky pearl. His cadaverous complexion is made unobtrusive by a room full of optical noise. Appearing to rather brood over his untouched pint of dark elixir, he sat at the bar, as he did every night, the music rousing his fleshless hide, sirens and succubi dancing through his empty dead, a lit cigarette between his teeth that he can never taste.

Interview with Dr. Paula Chipman

TUSCARORA REVIEW EDITORIAL BOARD

This year, we, the editors for the *Tuscarora Review*, had the opportunity to interview Dr. Paula Chipman. Dr. Chipman is a teacher who is unfortunately retiring from Frederick Community College after thirty years of dedication to her students. She grew up in a small farming community in Kansas and from there got to travel and meet many people who helped ultimately lead to her teaching career at FCC. She has had an abundant amount of influence on each and every student and teacher she met and it is sad that we have to say goodbye to such a great professor. We hope you enjoy.

Tuscarora Review: If you could have dinner with any artist who would it be, and why?

Dr. Chipman: I would probably choose Renee Fleming who's a classical singer who has pretty much retired now actually. But she's someone I've always admired. She has a background of coming from parents who were music educators in the public schools. Renee has risen to great, great heights in the classical music field and has written a book that I've read and it spoke to me about singing and teaching and I have a lot of her CDs. It's a voice I like.

Tuscarora Review: As a teacher and musician, what experiences made you who you are today?

Dr. Chipman: My mom was a piano teacher and my dad's family all sang so I came by some musical talent somewhat naturally. I started out playing piano and found that I got really nervous going to play the piano and would forget things. Probably in eighth grade, instead of playing the piano and accompanying groups, I got to actually sing in a little group and I thought, "Oh it's much more fun to sing; you only have to control one thing instead of all these

fingers." So then I started singing. I did a lot of performing in church. Then, in high school I did a lot of stuff with the choir, and I was a featured soloist. I was kind of a big fish in a small pond because it was a pretty small high school. I actually taught and played saxophone. I also taught instrumental lessons to younger kids and I taught some piano lessons. I don't remember teaching any voice lessons, but at that time I sort of got the bug to teach a little. I went to college originally majoring in Music Education with the idea that I would actually direct a high school choir. That was my first goal in life.



I went to the University of Kansas and I had taken voice lessons through high school, but when I got to university I took pretty intense study with a teacher and she got me on the opera bug. To be fair, I'd never really done the opera side of things, and so I did some of that. I did some performing at the University of Kansas. When I did my student teaching, I decided teaching might not be what I wanted to do in a public school and it was my voice teacher that encouraged me to go on and apply to a graduate program in vocal performance. I moved from there to Arizona and did a degree in vocal performance pedagogy, which is teaching of voice. It's more individual studio teaching rather than public school classroom teaching. So that was instrumental in my development. From there I taught some college at Rice University in Houston. I got to teach applied voice, but then I decided to go to Europe and do some performing. I lived in Europe for four years and did a lot of performing in opera and classical music there. I came back to the United States with the idea that I would like to get a full-time college position where I could both perform and teach and so that was the path I took. It was a real opportunity. I auditioned for a program in Europe for aspiring opera singers. I got a Rotary scholarship actually to study there and to do some study that next fall at a school. That just opened up things and I just decided to stay

in Europe and audition and make a living as a performer. I pretty much did—I mean I wasn't famous, but I was able to make a decent living just performing so it was well worth the experience.

Tuscarora Review: What made you want to be a teacher?

Dr. Chipman: Like I said, back in high school I enjoyed just the one-on-one teaching that I got to do. When I did my student teaching, the classroom teaching in high school was really not what I was great at. It just wasn't. I decided that I had that music education degree to fall back on to always teach in the public schools if I needed to or could go back to that, but I pursued teaching more as working on a one-on-one individual lesson which has been the crux of my teaching. That's how I started teaching at FCC, just as an individual adjunct teacher to teach individual voice lessons. Then I moved over to classroom teaching, which I liked a lot in the College. So I taught live music theory. But the one-on-one teaching is always what I've come back to and have a real affinity for and by that, through FCC continuing education program, I've taught kids as young as six and I've taught adults all the way up to eighty. I've done a lot of individual teaching and I've had my own private studio in my home for a lot of years, so the individual teaching is really my passion.

Tuscarora Review: How did traveling influence your life both in and outside of teaching?

Dr. Chipman: Oh a lot because, again, I will have to tell you that I feel privileged to have gone to the places I went. Coming from my background, it was just something that was never expected. The first time that I was in Europe would have been when I went for that summer program in Austria and then lived in Vienna, Austria for four years. I did a lot of traveling with performing groups to Europe in different places, while I lived there, so I got to perform in Italy. I performed in Germany, Austria, Italy, but then the really cool trip I got to take was—and I'll just tell you about this because it's just easier to talk about it—a trip to Japan. It was actually an around-the-world trip to commemorate, if that's the right word, the dropping of the atomic bomb. So it would have been in 1985. I went with a performing group from Austria with Leonard Bernstein as the conductor. We did two different pieces, but it was to promote

world peace in some ways. We traveled and performed in London, Athens, Greece, Budapest in Hungary, but then we did concerts in Hiroshima in Japan, so that was a wonderful experience. I was in a choir but I was also the alternate soloist. I was chosen to [be] a rehearsal soloist so I got to do some of the rehearsals as a soloist with big name conductors and that was a pretty cool thing to do.

The other thing about that trip is that I was one of maybe two or three Americans in the group. It was a group of choir and orchestra primarily from Austria. It was an experience to be in Japan. We did a memorial breakfast. August was when the bomb was actually dropped and to be sitting there in a moment of silence, as one of two or three Americans, was just something that was moving... humbling... it was quite an experience that I've just kept with me. I'm a big proponent of liberal arts education and I really think that we just learn so much from the study of other cultures. Being able to immerse yourself in that was just an experience that I was lucky to have.



Tuscarora Review: What kind of influence do you think your students have had on you over the years?

Dr. Chipman: This is one of the things that I'll just emphasize is that because I do a lot of individual teaching through FCC. I have five boy students for this semester, so I work with all of them for just one hour a week for lessons. Also because I've been a program chair for many years, I advise students one on one and our program's relatively small, so I develop a close relationship with music majors. Part of it is because I want to and part of it is to mother, if that's the right word, but I want to make sure that they're taking the right classes; I keep on top of them that way and I always have. I have many students that I am so proud of and students that I've



had for a long time. Some of my students I started with when they were eight or nine years old and they took lessons for me through the FCC continuing education program until they were through high school. I have students that I have taught through continuing education that take the classes year after year, so it's a long-term relationship with some students. I am excited about a student's individual progress. I have found that I've gotten as excited about the

students that have come as high as they could come at their level as I have about students who have achieved great things according to the world. You know we certainly have students who have gone on and done great things with their music and are now working in the music field and that's super exciting. I also had "marginal" students go on to do well in their own personal lives, those who gained that self-esteem, self-confidence, and all the things I think that that music helps people do. I've been teaching forever [at FCC] and I've had lots of students. I had a student who called to take lessons and said that her mother had me as a teacher and thought I was one of the best teachers ever. It's always nice to hear that you've made an impression in some of these lives, one way or the other.

Tuscarora Review: What ways has your teaching style evolved over the years?

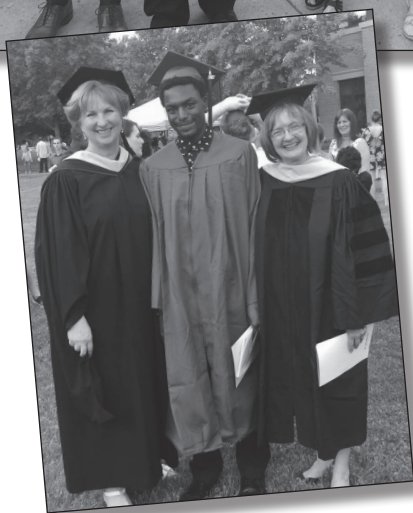
Dr. Chipman: I transferred in terms of what I taught and I can't tell you exactly when because I've lost track of my progression at FCC. I started as an adjunct teacher before I became full-time. When I became a full-time faculty member I was teaching mostly, and I was

doing some program management, but then I became department chair, so I was teaching less in the classroom. I've kind of done different things, but when I moved into the classroom part at FCC where I was actually doing the teaching, I taught some general education music classes and I taught music theory classes primarily. But when I moved into classroom teaching, one of the things I think about is the individual, work that I'd had with students, which was my primary background. I still kind of focused on the individual and tried to relate to their personal learning styles.

It became a much more personal relationship, I think that I developed in the classroom. One of the things that I've learned as I've taught is that my experiences as a student or even the experiences in my life are not necessarily my best gauge of what today's students are experiencing in their own life, so I become much more aware of them, what they're bringing into the classroom and that their experiences outside of the classroom aren't really what I grew up with. I grew up in a different part of the country, I wasn't rich, but I mean there are students at FCC that struggle much more than I did in terms of financial things, I didn't work when I was in college, so I've just grown to really appreciate community college students a lot. I wouldn't give up teaching in community college for anything; it was the right fit for me. When I got the job I wasn't sure that that was necessarily true because I had dreams of teaching at some prestigious music school and life didn't work out that way, but I would say part of my passion was to have been involved in community college. To realize that what we do is really important, in music and other places, but how we shape students is important and has been a big thing, in my own life. That's all a student can hope for is further teachers to relate to them and understand their circumstances. There's a really high level of musicianship that the community college student may not have, so you have to figure out where you fit in.

Tuscarora Review: How has Covid-19 or the coronavirus pandemic affected you as a teacher, a professional educator, or just you personally?

Dr. Chipman: Many ways, because music was actually profoundly affected by Covid because the whole idea of music and making music is either performing for other people or making music with other people and none of that was really able to happen with



Covid. At FCC, none of our ensembles could meet. We went all online, so my voice teaching is totally different because of the latency issue with online teaching and I'm used to being able to play things on the piano, having students sing along, but that can't happen. The

latency issue was a big issue

and also just the sound quality coming through, because if I'm teaching voice I'm really paying attention to the sound. Zoom got better with sound as we went along, but it's not the same as individual, face to face, or one on one lessons. Voice is particularly affected because early on in Covid there were many studies that said it was the airborne particles that could spread more. It was in a

concentrated stream from singing. In early studies of a choir, I think it was in Washington, where you know sixty people of 100 got Covid, so voice became a real issue in terms of singing in church or singing in groups.

I also perform as a paid musician in a church and I've done that, for many, many years; I was a soloist at a church in DC and that all just went away, so I did a lot of virtual recording in my living room. I'm still doing that. I'm doing a bunch of stuff for Easter because artists are still meeting online here in DC (I actually live in the District of Columbia), but anyway I'm doing a lot of recording online. I had planned to do a big retirement recital at FCC this spring and to invite colleagues, current students, and former students to come back and perform with me. I thought it would be a lot of fun to perform with the jazz band group because jazz isn't something I've done a whole lot of and I thought well might try to do this before I retire. Of course that's not happening, so that's how it affected me both personally and professionally, the music department, a lot at FCC, we've made it work. I'm proud of my faculty and we've done a lot of virtual things with our ensembles, but it's not the same thing and it's a little daunting. All of that has just gone away, and I was lucky I didn't have a big financial impact. But it's certainly affected the people I care about. So I know I can't lie; Covid has been a big factor in many things.

Tuscarora Review: What is your favorite memory of working at FCC?

Dr. Chipman: This is where thirty years becomes a little daunting because you can't remember. One memory that does come to mind is when Professor Burmaster came to FCC. She began to promote our music department, I would say there wasn't a lot of college-wide recognition of the music department until she came. She had actually written to me the summer before she started about whether we could have students perform at the convocation, which takes place at the beginning of each semester at FCC; it's required for faculty and staff. That became a big thing, so I would present students to perform, and it was a lot of fun because I could show off the students and get a lot of kudos back from faculty members or other staff about how they enjoyed hearing our music students.

One time I performed at a convocation that was sort of a concert for the 50th anniversary of the FCC. At that time I put together a concert of music that was happening during the year that FCC came into existence so we did some 50s music, but we also did some things from musicals that were popular or that were being performed on Broadway during that time; one was *West Side Story* and *The Music Man* was another. That concert was a whole lot of fun. That's one of my one memories. For the celebration of what we're going to sing so many years later I got together with people that had performed with me at the concert ten years ago and we did a reprise of a big quintet from *West Side Story*. It was a lot of fun because I brought back a student that had been with us at the time, I used faculty that were there. We performed this big quintet, and it was great because for a lot of people that might have been the first time that a lot of them had actually heard me sing. They weren't used to me singing, they were more used to me just being a music teacher and administrator, so those are two memories that come to mind.

Tuscarora Review: If you could say anything to the students and faculty of FCC what would you say?

Dr. Chipman: Thank you comes to mind. Thank you... thank you for being a big part of my life because FCC was students and colleagues. I grew. I grew into the job. I grew to respect, my students and the sacrifices that they made personally to come to FCC and to work in music. I'm so proud. So proud of the students that I've been able to help along the way. And, really, I would have to say I'm very proud of the music program itself. It grew and developed a lot while I was there. I had a part in that. I wasn't the whole part by any means, because my predecessors had a lot to do with that, but we're a pretty respected music program for a community college, and I think I would have to say that, the best is yet to come. You know, it really is. The foundation is there and I'm just excited to see where it goes from here.

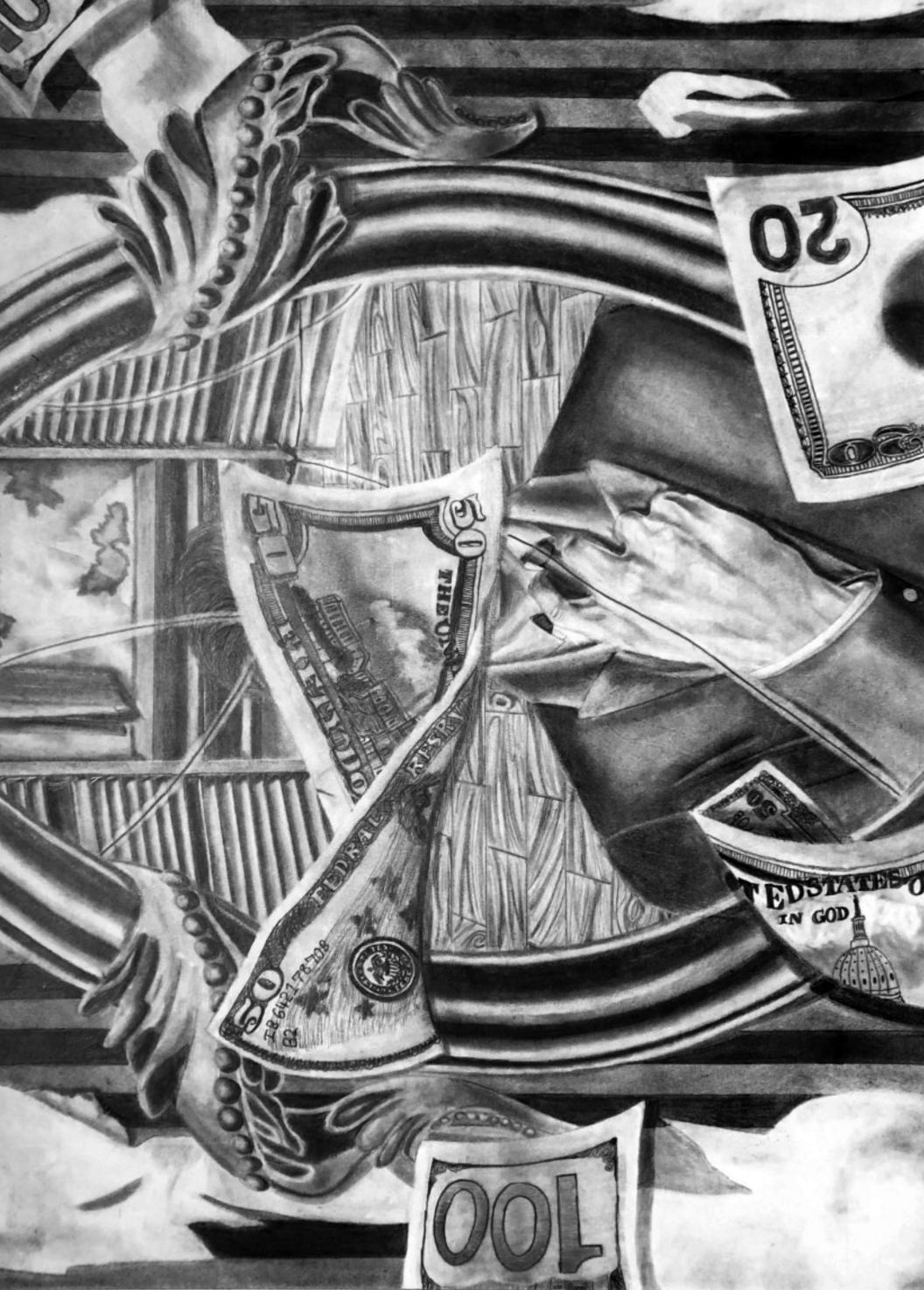
Tuscarora Review: Thank you for your time!

Dr. Chipman: You're welcome! ■



NARRATIVE *Charcoal*

Amanda Smith



NARRATIVE *Charcoal*

Victoria Salters

For The **Win**

MORGAN WHIPP

Walking into that convention center for the first time was a nerve-wracking trip. The big convention hall filled quickly with the excitement everyone was feeling. Seeing everyone in their blue corduroy jackets walking together with their chapters was a sight that cannot be unseen. While we waited, I looked over to a poster that read, "We are the Future Farmers of America!" I did not feel like it, though. I felt small in the boisterous room. The bustling crowds of FFA chapters and advisors were overwhelming. I paced around while we waited in the main hall, trying to recall the various animal breeds and practicums we spent months practicing. Out of all the events I could have chosen I chose Veterinary Science, one of the hardest FFA events. Hundreds of people filled the main corridor of the convention center, everyone waiting to go into their events. Being a first-time competitor I felt proud to be wearing that jacket and representing the Linganore (Frederick, Maryland) FFA chapter.

Competing against people who had done this competition numerous times before did not help either. In the room the competition was held in, other competitors would walk up to a question on the table, have one look, and move on. I started fidgeting around, second-guessing myself at every question. The room started spinning, my hands started getting sweaty, and the thick jackets were not helping either. I would look over to my other teammate for support but she was doing her own thing. I was really on my own and could not talk to anyone else or ask for help. That did not help at all. All those months of studying and working hard for this moment and I froze. I took a breath and realized why I was there, because this was it. This was what I wanted to do with my life. Veterinary science was something that interested me and was something I enjoyed. I knew exactly what I was doing, I just had to do it. I took a breath, began writing, and stopped second-guessing myself.

The next day was it. The day they were announcing the winners. In the back of my mind I knew we were not going to win.

"Hey, what did you get for number twenty-seven?" I asked my teammates when we were walking to the auditorium for the awards ceremony since I had a feeling that I got it wrong.

"Oh, I said it was the Crile forceps," one teammate said and the other two agreed.

I definitely had not said Crile forceps.

My teammates seemed to do a lot better than I had. At this point I was just happy I did it. Something that was completely out of my comfort zone. All four of us went in and sat down and waited. Just waited. Our event was the last to go. It was the biggest event they had so winning was certainly out of the picture in my mind.

We had waited for what seemed like forever. They eventually started announcing our category and whittled it down to third place. Wasn't us. "Ok we definitely didn't win." I leaned over and whispered to my teammate. Second place was called. It happened to be the team everyone thought was going to win, but for some reason they did not. I looked down at the ground shaking my head. *Well, we did the best we could.* Another glance over to my team and I saw the same expressions on their faces, coming to terms with the fact that we were not going to win.

Then it was time: "And in first place... Linganore FFA!" We did it. We really did it. We had just become the top veterinary science team in the state of Maryland. My team and I jumped up and ran to the stage, tears in our eyes, and collected our award. All that hard work, long hours, and long practices had paid off. Not only that but, I had finally felt like I did something right. Knowing that this was what I wanted to do with my life and that I was good at it was a feeling I will never forget. After everything and seeing the competition and what we were up against I was certain we would lose. But we proved everyone wrong. Next was Nationals in Indiana. ■



ITEMS THAT FIT IN YOUR HAND *Charcoal* **Victoria Salters**



BRITISH FOLKLORE *Watercolor*

Miguel Moreno

Grain Elevator

TREY BUTTE

North of Chicago a decrepit barn lay,
Silo filled with fresh grain and hay,
How I wish I could go back and play,
But those days have long since gone away.

Grain to the knee,
Any priorities absentee,
For I am at home,
One day I will return and roam.

One day I will return,
To that old red barn,
And I will take the old Ford on one final trip,
The cab is missing, all that's left is a bench, so you try not to tip.

The summers spent seemed to never end,
But now there's other things to attend,
The farm has been sold,
All that's left is the wild grain withered and old.

Perfect Child

HAYDEN WALDIEN-CRAIG

You wish for the perfect child?
One who never talks back?
One who is soft spoken and mild?
One who's diapers smell like lilacs?

Your child is the best, the brightest.
Because she listens to you, is you.
Mirrors you, not changed in the slightest.
She never cries, never catches cold or flu

Can you see the others? Running in the halls?
Tracking mud across their parents' rugs.
Like wicked spirits, not a care but for their own call.
Trailing mess, shrieks, and snot, the little slugs.

But not your lovely little girl
She is the perfect child, remember?
Beautiful, elegant, the clam's best pearl
The world lives and falls by her measure

I have for you this perfect child.
She is made of glass, posed in eternal rest.
All of her best qualities tempered, exiled
Because no perfect child like this exists.

A perfect child will keep you up until 6 AM, then wake up at seven,
At which point you will arise and pour them their cereal,
The perfect child will see the candy store as a kind of heaven,
Screaming at you as you hand her the last bag of Cheerios.

The perfect child is not perfect for you.
Quite the opposite in fact.
But at the end of the day, at the end of your life
You will thank her for those late nights.
Thank her for those tantrums in the streets.
For the birthday cards, for the laughter they have brought.

Because this is what makes her perfect.
She is herself, no matter the mold or the wear of years
The perfect child is born with their first breathe,
And no mess or late night will change this.



5 MOST IMPORTANT THINGS *Graphite*

Victoria Salters



MOVIE STILL *Digital*

Sabella Barron



FOSSIL FUELS



RENEWABLES



A CALL TO ACTION *Digital*

Zach Frenyea

Colophon

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Frederick Community College

7932 Opossumtown Pike
Frederick, MD 21702
frederick.edu

CONTACT Ramon Jones
240.629.7837
rajones@frederick.edu

