The Vine

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The following submission guidelines must be followed for the November 1997 issue. All pieces must:

1. be typed (space according to your preference)

2. include a cover letter which contains the author's name, address (campus or off-campus), phone number (home & work), and the title(s) of the piece(s) submitted

3. not include the author's name or personal information on any pages of written text

4. contain only 1 piece per page

Regrettably, we are unable to accept any piece which does not follow these guidelines. If you have any questions concerning submission guidelines, please contact Editor Heather Ruffalo in the Writing Center (Science 225) at 385-8151. Thank you.

*** Please note: if you would like your submissions returned after the issue is published, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope

First Prize Winner

The Vine

I dreamed the other night a vine grew in my yard. At first it was small, weak, and I though a hard rain would beat upon it stamping out its life.

The vine became twisted, gnarled - attaching to the foundation, then reaching the red bricks. Each day it seemed the vine crept higher - Until I could not stand the vine any more - and fetched my shears. I went for the middle so that I might first pull the top half down. Yanking a midsection of it I clipped it in glee. But as I went to grasp the severed part of the vine I felt the oozing wound and stared.

In dismay I saw it was no vine I'd cut, but a small child's arm. The bottom part of the vine were legs and feet - no clear fluid on my shears, rather they were stained in a bright-colored red. I heard a cry and a scream. I dropped the shears wanting to run, to flee. What had I done? It was only a vine - a creeping vine - I was so sure - Had I only opened my eyes.

-Cassandra Dings