



YOURS  
TRULY

CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL  
2013 EDITION



# AN OWL AND A BIRCH TREE

- REMI KATO



# EDITOR'S NOTE

*There is an old saying that claims "A picture is worth a thousand words." I have long believed in the power of the photograph, but as a writer, I've always felt that words best capture the human experience. Whether you prefer text or images, all art tells a story. As you peruse this magazine, I hope you will enjoy engaging in those stories as much as I did.*

*Why are publications like Yours Truly so important? Is it because it's more convenient than driving to an art gallery or cheaper than buying local art? Art is meant to be shared. When we read a story or look at a piece of art, we make connections between that story and our own.*

*Whether it's with the stroke of the brush or the point of a pen, the stories we tell have the capacity to change the people who see it. We write, paint, or pick up a camera to express ourselves. In doing so, we affect all kinds of people, many of whom are strangers, who look at our work and see a reflection of themselves.*

*For twelve consecutive years, Yours Truly has been supporting those interconnections by compiling visual and literary art from members of the Cascadia and UWB community and publishing it for all to see.*

*I give a big thanks to all those who participated this year in submitting your visual and literary work to Yours Truly. All of the time and effort we have spent is worth it because of you. Thanks also to our marvelous advisor Chris Gildow, our number one fan, who month after month dedicated his time to ensuring the success of Yours Truly. Our Student Life Advisor, Aaron Tuttle, supplied us with the resources and support we needed to produce the magazine and release event. Special thanks to staff members Meagan, Jesse, Ryan, Allena, Remi, and Kaleb for all your efforts to make the twelfth edition of Yours Truly a reality.*

*Throughout this magazine there are images that tell stories and stories that paint pictures. Each is unique and powerful in its own way. Working on Yours Truly, I have realized that there is no such thing as good art or bad art. There is just expression. Expression is everywhere; it's in the words we speak, the pictures we take, the books we read, and in the architecture of the buildings we learn in. Expression cannot be judged, only interpreted, and its value is based on the message it sends rather than the money it is worth. It's difficult to put a price on something as unique as Yours Truly, that's why it's free. However, if a single picture is worth a thousand words, then a magazine like this must be worth millions.*

Yours Truly,

Hillary Sanders  
Editor-in-Chief



BABY LADYBUG  
- RANDI BURGESS

# PACEMAKER

- DAVID HUMPHREY



# AMNESIA

- ERICA COLLETTE

Remember looking up  
into the black sky  
seeing that moon and thinking

I am such a **grain**

in the

g r o w i n g f i e l d s

of dark space

Thinking

am i holy

to Be Here

staring

Wondering how, why, when

wow



could you ever have been oblivious  
to the infinite stretches and mystery  
behind the clouds and blue sky

The supernova yelling SHIT!

as it fell apart

while you stepped on an ant with a smile

the particles that were pulling together in rotation,

saying *let's be!*

while you cried on a friday, feeling lonely

the mass that was swallowed into a funnel of question

while you looked over your classmate's shoulder for the answer to problem seven



# DUALITY

- JESSEE MELLINGER



# MIDNIGHT SIGNATURE

- LAFE PETERSEN



UNTITLED  
- MARISSA O'CONNELL



# TAKE ME BACK

## - HILLARY SANDERS

Take me back to the days  
Of simpler times and simpler ways  
Not stuck in the haze, caught up  
In the hype.

Take me back to typewriters  
No screen, just the constant  
Click, click, ding!

No undo, no backspace,  
No cut, copy or paste  
Our mistakes aren't that  
easy to erase anyway.

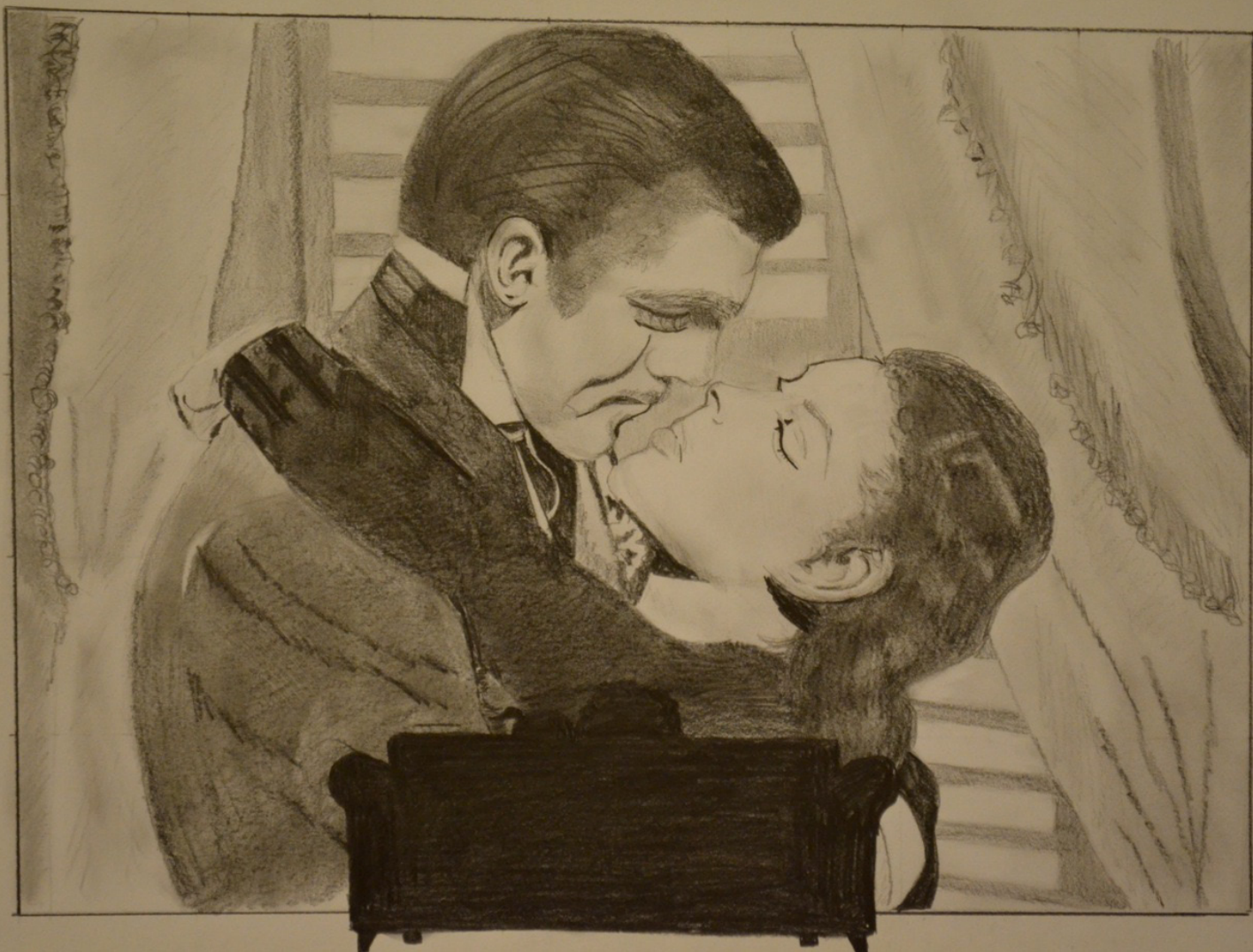
Take me back to the moment  
when dinner wasn't just about food  
It was family.

Take me back to a time when people  
Actually appreciated  
The power of a phone call  
To hear a voice not read a text  
Right before crossing the center  
Line into oncoming traffic.

Take me back to the days  
Before Myspace, before Facebook  
When bullies couldn't hide  
Behind a screen name  
Before some lame YouTube video  
Led to fame.  
Now take me forward,  
To when being different is in,  
Being gay isn't a sin,  
And people aren't hated because of  
The color of their skin.  
Take me forward  
To a better tomorrow  
Today.

UNTITLED  
- GRACE MOONEY





SCREENING WITH GRANDMA  
- MARYAM BHURGRI



# FACED WITH NATURE

- JENNA GRAHAM

# I STARE AT THE TREES AND THE SOFT GENTLE BREEZE - ANDRE MAINES

I stare at the trees and the soft gentle breeze  
The majestically beautifully free flowing leaves  
Take me back to the timeless days spent climbing trees  
When my body consisted of dirt and skinned knees  
In the days with no cell phone, no wallet, no keys  
We would all run outside and be happy, at ease  
With no problems, no setbacks, no stress to relieve  
I embrace those fun feelings and set myself free





CIGARETTE WOLF  
- NINO MASCORELLA



MIRROR  
- RITA LIN



# SUBARBOREAL

– GEOFF HOEFER

This cul-de-sac sits  
like a strip of scorched earth.  
A gray and barren growth,  
save the shards of cellulose  
preserved with paint and pesticides,  
stagnant and cemented.  
Life here is stuck,  
clear cut.



# ROOFTOPS

- CHRIS GILDOW





# AFTERNOON ON THE ARNO

- RIKI SCOTT

# TIME IN A BOTTLE

- BEN NELSON

The tears don't cease  
They furrow, they crease  
There is no tomorrow  
Through this epoch of sorrow  
What have I caused?  
What have I lost?  
To take a break, I tip the bottle  
But the pain goes full throttle

A knife's cut could end it all  
But I hear her sobbing down the hall  
She needs me, I need her  
Can we get through this together?  
Do I want to? The question remains  
Peace is there, with open veins  
Waiting to cloak me in embrace  
To wash away and take sorrow's place  
But sorrow's skin is so comfortable, so secure  
Turn away from peace, with sorrow I endure  
With this bottle, sorrow I'll drown



But it'll come back around  
I am a bathtub, water circling the drain  
I pour in more liquid and the sorrow is back again  
This Coriolis effect tortures me  
A promise – hiding a mockery

A sob racks my body and my mouth asks “Why?”  
Why, my child, from us did you so quickly fly?  
Every moment so precious, why did I squander?  
If only I could hold you in my arms a little longer  
Put down the technology  
Get on the floor on hands and knees  
Wrestle, chase - choose toys to play  
I would give all I have for one more day  
If only I say those words so few  
Over and over again and one more time: “I love you”



MOTHER RESTING  
- HANNE LORE DEREN VUJDEU



*Hanne Lore*

# BALLERINA PRINT

- DIANE DAGANAY





# IF ONLY

## - HILLARY SANDERS

If only I had no regrets  
Or had more money to my name  
    If only  
    Love was simple then  
    We wouldn't have to play these games  
        If only  
        Nature could talk  
        And people could stop to listen  
            If only  
            He hadn't kissed me then  
            I wouldn't have reason to miss him  
    If only  
    There was no war  
    And more time in a day to read  
    If only we could stop asking ourselves  
    If only, then  
Maybe finally, truly,  
We'd be free.





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WINTER  
- LOK POON

# WINTER SUN

## - SUNNY BURNS

Gold dust filters through  
bare branches stretching into the cold  
making stripes on the concrete snow below.

Beaming earnestly,  
Yet, numbed fingertips  
get no relief...

Shafts of light, warming mood and soul,  
but crystalline snow remains  
each breath a chilling gasp---  
Hypocritical Winter Sun.



SMILE OF THE HOLLYHOCKS  
- RIKI SCOTT



# AFTERIMAGE

## - HANNAH KANE

At first it was just colors, a sudden wash of monochrome. The frames were fuzzy black like the fur on a bumblebee. I blinked to try to get it out of my eyes, but it stayed, dark and dreary. I was fourteen when it started, on a walk to clear my head. It did the opposite.

It wasn't until I was sixteen that I was fully blind.

Well, no, not fully. It comes back when there are people around, my sight. Or, I suppose it would be more appropriate to say, when people aren't around, I become blind. It's fine when I'm with my friends or family, or outside in the streets, 20/20—but when I'm at home with no one but myself, it's nothing but black. No light, no shapes, no color. A night sky without any stars or moon. It's scary when I'm alone. My other senses sharpen and cut in ways I can't stand—sound hurts, touch sends shivers like an ice cube down the back of my shirt.

Since I met Simon, I'm alone less. He comes around when my roommate is out. I think she texts him, but I don't ask. Only kiss him and thank him.

He likes looking at me, I've noticed. I like looking at him too. His hands often find mine in a shy way that's more admirably sly than sneaky. They slip into mine like a silent e or b at the end of a word. Sometimes it's so comfortable I don't notice right away. He likes my name the same way I like his hands. He'll say it repeatedly in a string, like a mantra, or a prayer. Admittedly, I never liked the sound of it much, but it's good in his mouth. He makes it better, romantic, beautiful even.

"Am I your boyfriend," he asks in that queer way of his.

None of his questions are questions. At least they don't sound like it, as if he's forgotten an inflection. Always flatly stated in a manner that makes you wonder if they are meant to be answered at all. Sometimes they are, but he'll move on as if he's thought better of it or found

a reply somehow through the way you flicked your wrist or tilted your head or licked your lips. He tends to talk a lot without pausing for too long, but quietly, intimately.

I expect him to answer the question himself like he often does, so I wait, until I notice that he's been holding his breath in anticipation. I look down, see our intertwined fingers. Grinning, I give him this, "Only if I'm your girlfriend." It's settled with a smile and a squeeze of my hand.

He likes to remind me he's there in little ways like that, as if assuring me that he won't leave. No one else does that. They just look sad and apologetic when they go. Simon doesn't, and I like that about him. Brave-faced, he always whispers in my ear, "I'll be back," and gives me hope like a light in the darkness.

When I drowsily emerge from my room, grateful for my still-lingering sight, I can smell something cooking, hear it sizzling. It's the first time Simon's stayed the night since becoming my boyfriend, and I think I could get used to having him around. I plunk down at an already-set table adjacent to the kitchen to watch his shoulders shimmy with enthusiasm as he flips something with a spatula. He's only half-wearing his clothes, as though he's not committed to them, with his hair disheveled and sticking out every which way.

"Mornin'," he greets, without looking back on me, tongue poking out of the corner of his lips. "I'm making breakfast," he adds, glancing at me with a childish grin.

"You're making grilled cheese," I correct, fishing around in the cabinet for a plate. "And it's, like, 3 in the afternoon."

"First meal, still breakfast," he insists earnestly, sliding the sandwich onto a plate and handing it to me with exaggerated finesse.

"The inventors of brunch would find some fault with that," I reply around a mouthful of bread and cheese as he sits down beside me.

"Put that down, I get half, you ran out of cheese," he comments as he snatches my breakfast from my hand, brandishing a knife to cut it in half, or some semblance of half, since my fraction comes out much smaller than his ("Chivalry is dead!" I cry, stealing the knife from him to cut it proper) before leaning in and retorting, "The inventors of brunch were a bunch of lazy, no-good, no-

account, yellow-bellied, lily-livered idiots who needed an excuse to skip a meal.” He takes a violent bite of his proportioned half for emphasis.

“Wow, Simon, tell me how you really feel,” I giggle.

He kisses my temple. “For you, always.”

I wrinkle my nose. “Cheesy.”

Shrugging, he explains, “It’s the sandwich talking.”

Laughing, I nudge his leg with my knee. Still chewing, he positively beams.

“How long are you staying?” I ask softly, nonchalantly, because it doesn’t matter, whatever.

“Not long. I’m picking up Darla’s shift,” he admits reluctantly, his mouth a grim slash.

Nudging him again, I silently let him know I don’t mind. I have to be alone sometime. Everyone does. But one day, it’s going to be less than it is now; one day I’ll pluck up the courage to invite him to move in, or get our own place, or something—all I know is I don’t want to be away from him for any longer than necessary. Today isn’t the day though, so I block the words with another bite of sandwich.

This time, when Simon leaves, standing outside my door, he holds my waist and leans in. His thumb brushes against the underside of my breast, causing the air in my lungs to hitch like a small hiccup. Happily, I hum a little when he kisses me goodbye and compliments my blouse. He even uses the word “blouse,” bless him.

He murmurs into my lips, “I’ll be back.”

Nodding, I tell him goodbye. I know he’ll hold true to that promise he always makes; he never lies. I’m beginning to feel he doesn’t know how—and I’ve gotten worse at it since meeting him.

I close the door behind him. It’s times like these where my sight stays a while, the without only looming over. It won’t stay, I know it won’t, but those few minutes alone, with sight, are remarkable. As it leaves me, I am strangely content. Groping in the dark, his smile stays like an imprint, an afterimage etched on my retinas, a rerun projected on the insides of my eyelids.



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UNTITLED  
- JULIA TILTON



SUNFLOWER

- TORI SANEDA



# LEAVING THE DREAM HOUSE

## - DIANA SAVAGE

We have been together for a long time, but I'm ready to move on.

I can no longer stand your collection of neck scarves, your clammy plastic flat feet or your pastel Bermuda shorts. I have decided to be with full-sized G.I. Joe.

He doesn't compete with all my accessories, and he is an American hero.

Please don't feel bad - if I ever run into full-sized Spiderman, I'll be leaving Joe too.

Hope you have a lovely day.

I left the keys for the pink jeep under your tuxedo.



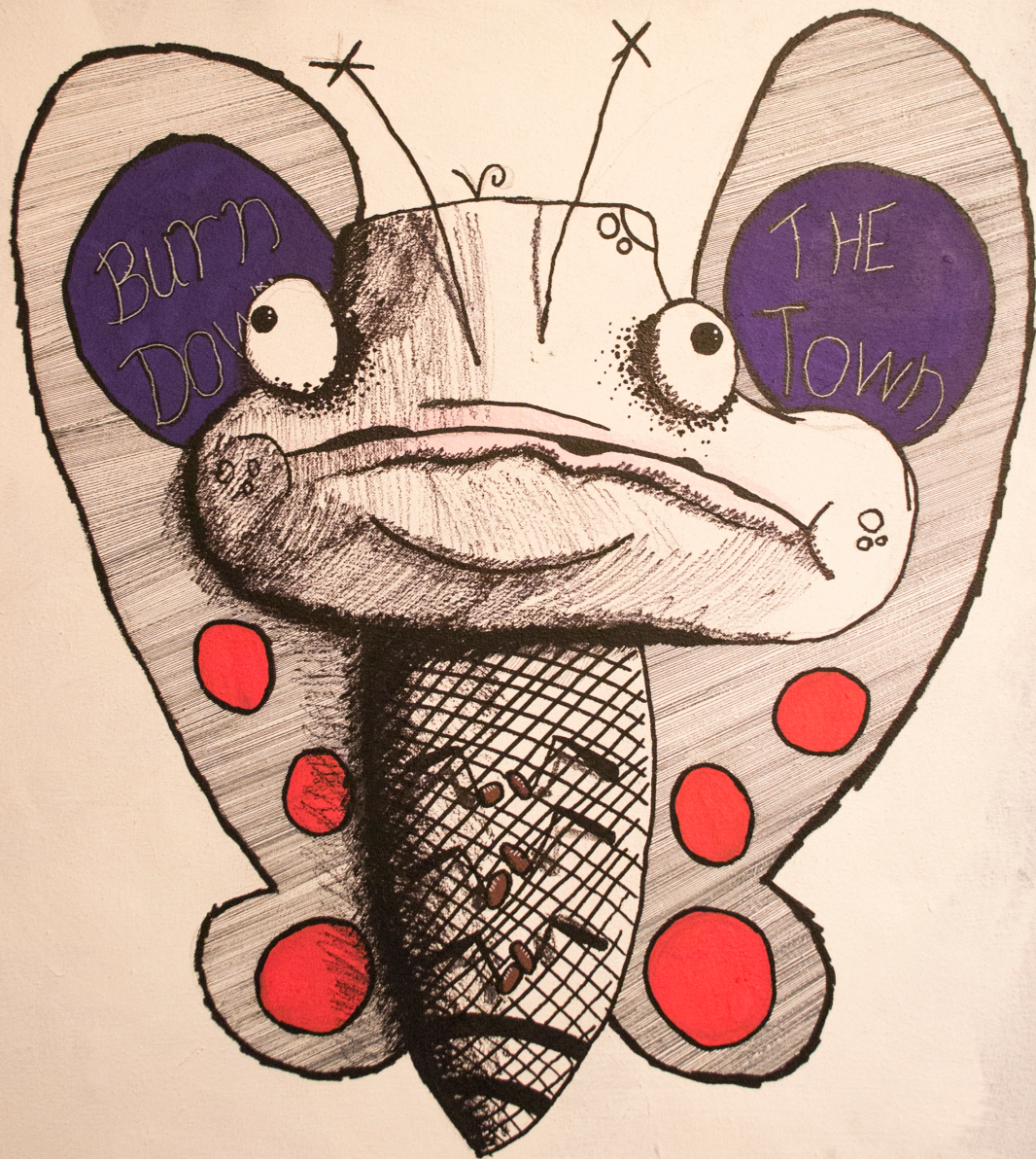


LOST IN RASTALAND  
- MARISSA O'CONNELL



SEASIDE MEMORIES OF A  
BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY

- AARON ANDERSON



# ROUGE

## - ROUGE

This rouge is not on my face  
This rouge is not where it belongs  
It dwells in my eyes, lips and sacred parts

Vodka was the drug  
Maybe something else  
Clear, unknown, controlling and intrusive

It hit me quick and fast  
I didn't notice it till the time had come

In the beginning I told you once,  
I will not lay

After a few turns on the clock  
You pulled out your lock

You took me when I was weak  
So Naive, dumb, and young

I may have said yes  
But my body screamed No

I was tighter than a choke  
Not ready, not wanting to perform



Hours after you made me leave  
I looked at what you left me in between

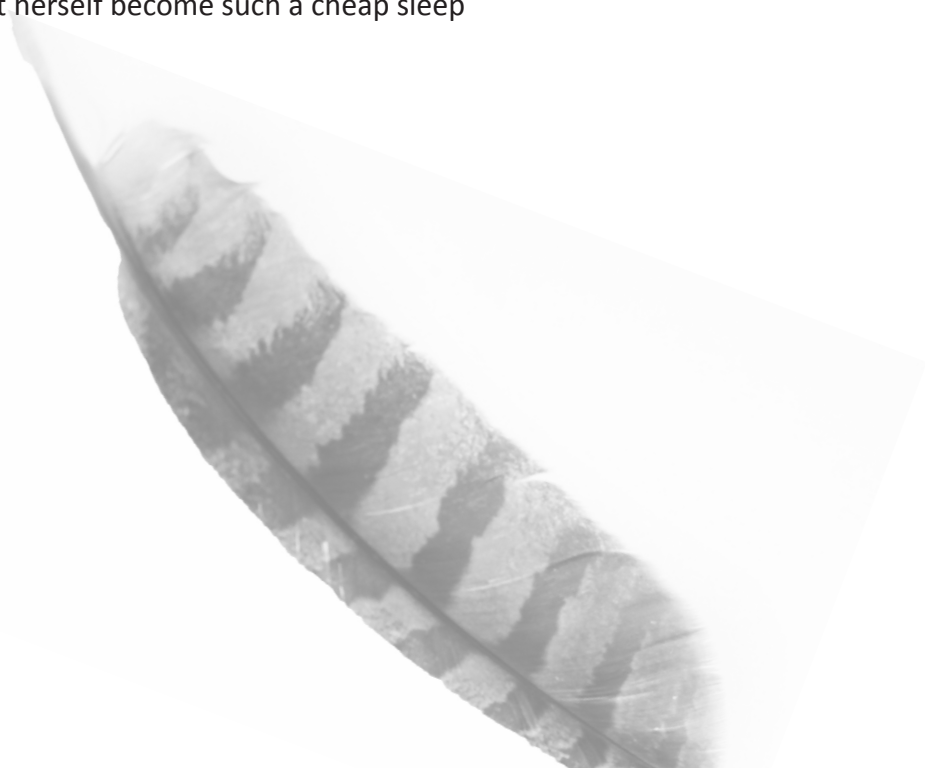
In the white chair I sat  
With rouge dripping from my sad limp hands

Its darkness and meanings made me weep  
It was my entire fault, which is what I thought indeed

This rouge was not what it should have been

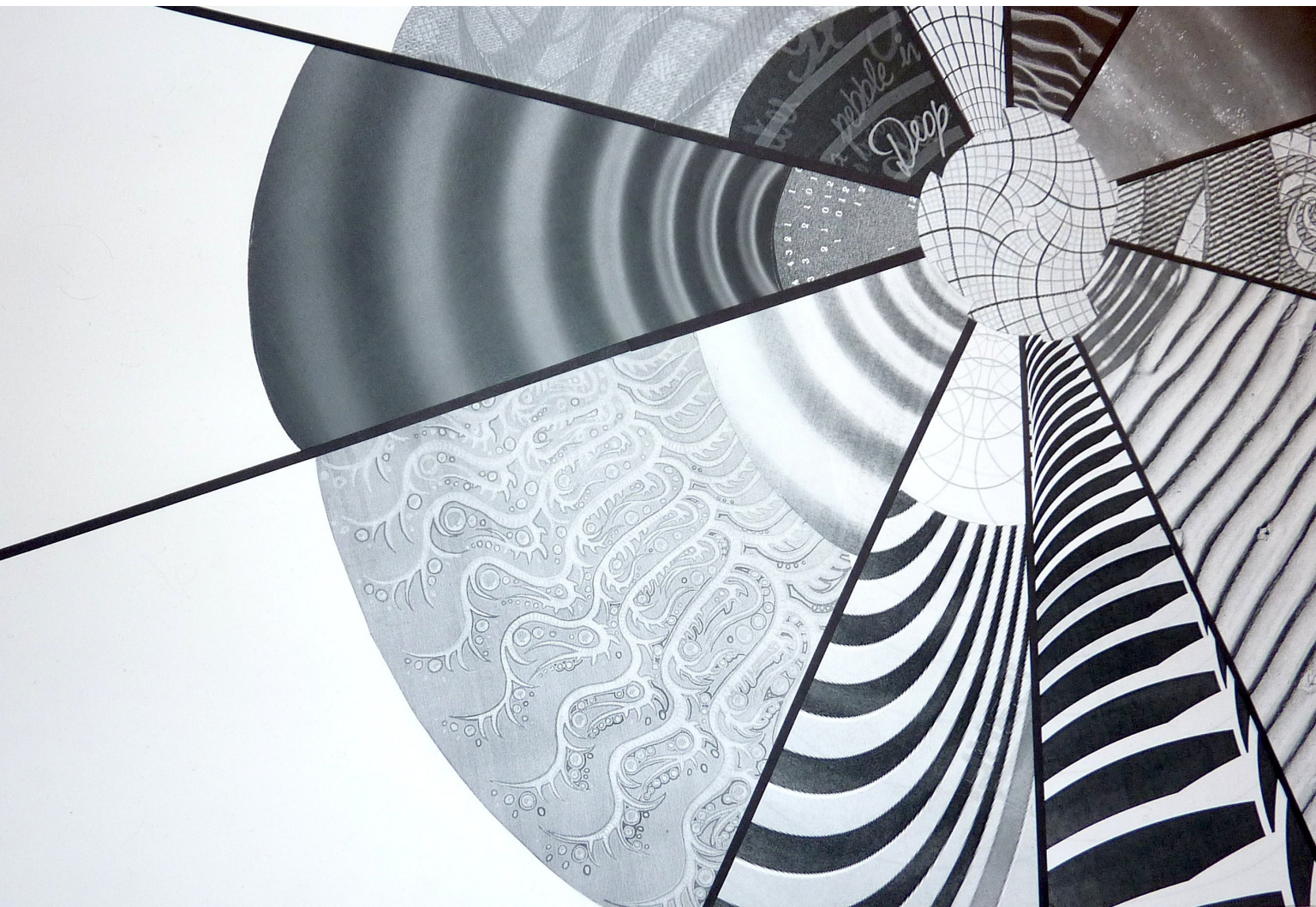
Not a first kiss or blush in a cheek  
Not from passion or love  
Not from any good intent or emotion  
Only from manipulation and sexual greed

How can rouge become so silly and so weak?  
That she let herself become such a cheap sleep



# SPIDER WEB

- JESSEE MELLINGER







# EVERYTHING DROPPED

- ALLENA BASSETT

# INTERLUDE

## – KENDALL WIGGINS

What I wouldn't do for understanding.  
An end to all this contemplation  
speculation hesitation retreat  
Running blind with scissors.  
An end to convincing myself I'm not scared.

Always walking with a sheet over my eyes  
I see only the moment.  
I swim in ecstasy when I step and don't trip—  
I fall flat on my face at every curb.  
But I must go—walk run leap  
skip dream miss  
Or stand afraid and surrounded by all that I fear.

Forget running with scissors  
I'm running with a Swiss Army machete.  
How much of a brain do you have to not have  
For living to be easy?





WINDY PILLOW  
- RUOWEI YIN



# METAPHORS GALORE

## - HILLARY SANDERS

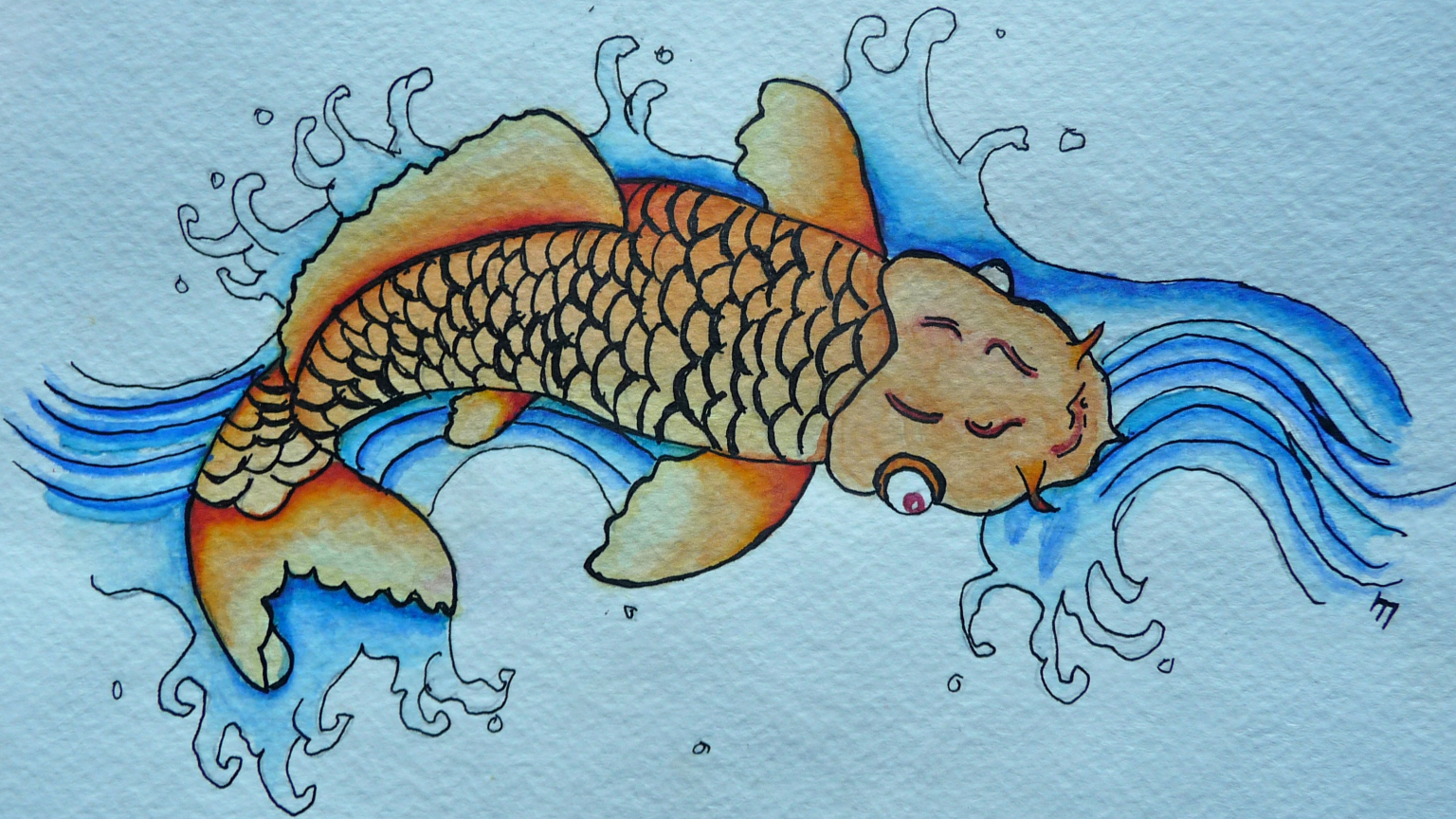
I am the mast to your sail  
The shell to your snail  
Your hammer to nail  
As a ghost is to pale

I am your popcorn to movie  
Your hippie to groovy  
I am your bowling to pin  
As dimples are to chins

I am the page to your book  
As bait is to a hook  
I am your forest to your tree  
And the fish to your sea

So if it's my heart that you wanted  
Then reel the line in, cause you caught it





UNTITLED

- MARISSA O'CONNELL

# PLENIPOTENTIARY

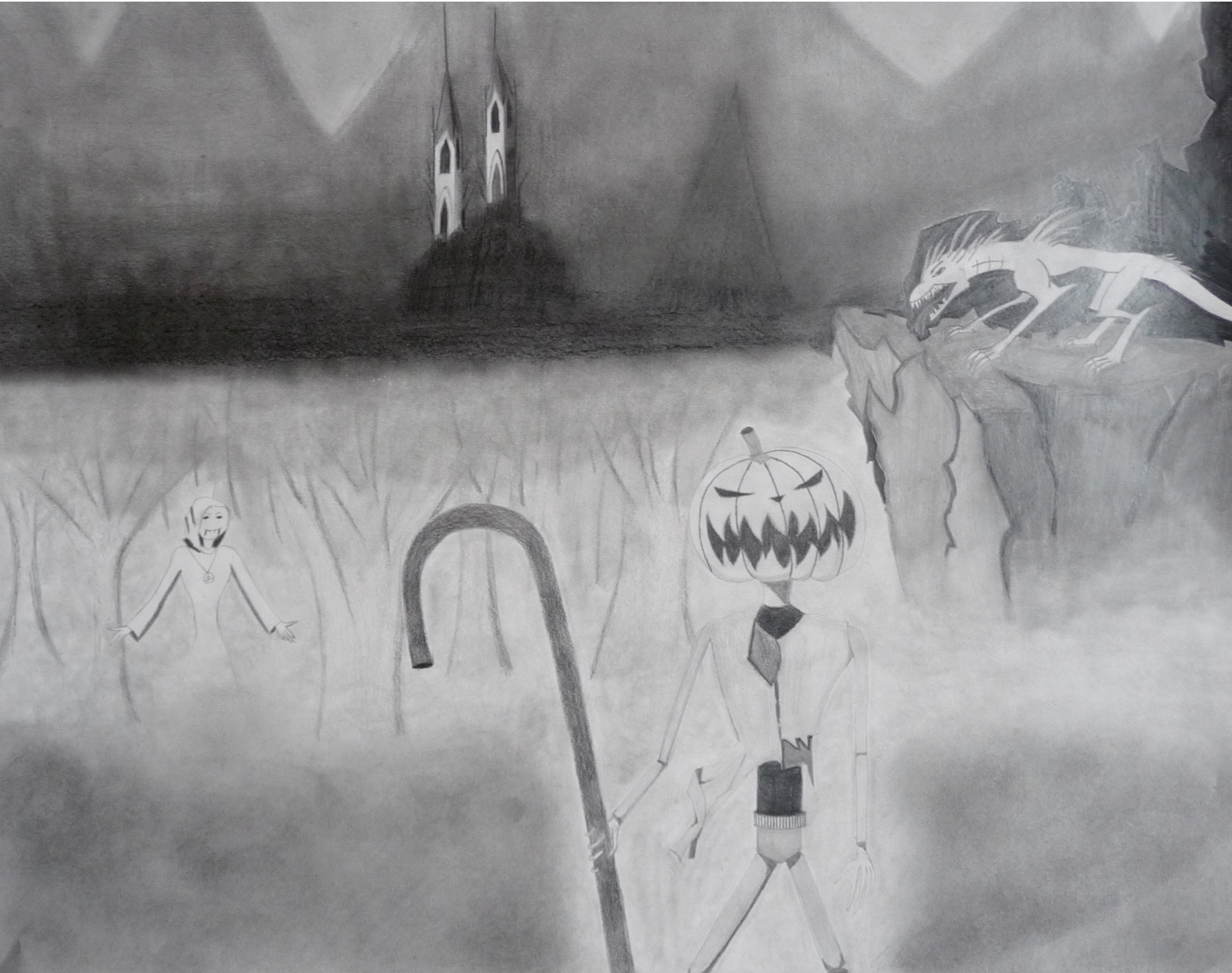
– BEN NELSON

Such auspices in our land have never before been seen  
Wouldn't you have to agree with me my sweet queen?  
"What are you talking about, you sound like a fool  
I'm not your queen, and this isn't a land, it's high school"  
Pay her no attention my subjects loyal  
Such female hysteria is common in the blood royal  
We are here on this special occasion  
To, the fires within us, re-emblazon  
Soon I, your king, will depart for lands far  
To wage battle, conquer and raise the flag of our Pelican star  
To my second-in-command here, my young chick-ling  
Plenipotentiary will be given, with all the responsibilities it brings  
So now we raise our glasses in a toast and as our huzzah  
Drink, then flap our arms and cry out "sqwaaah!"  
"You are the worst boyfriend ever, you stupid jerk  
I'm leaving you; I'm tired of this so-called quirk."  
Oh, my queen, wait, where do you go?  
What is the problem? Is there something I should know?  
"Yes, first you embarrass me in front of the entire cafeteria.  
Second, here is a kick in the groin for 'female hysteria'."



# PUMPKIN KING

- EDDIE RUSU



# LEAVES

- JESSICA KAVANAGH







UNTITLED  
- MATTHEW IKUMA

# DNE

– ERICA COLLETTE

make limits that suit you, button you up  
ready for a dress party and judge it by the clothes.  
you'll be unique, a magnet for those  
who find you different,  
but there's a few questions i'd like to pose  
why do we place such value on that which separates us, rather than that which  
unites us? defining ourselves like we are words? what is to a name?  
why define?  
you're divine!



URSULA

— MARISSA O'CONNELL



# AN ODE TO THE WALL

## - MADDIE GRIMSBY

Gain power, over power, defeat and conquer  
when the time is right  
the big puppet figure goes to his quarters  
to pray for a sleep that will never come  
starring at his defeated reflection he sinks  
he sinks into the rich soil that he feels entitled to  
and is devoured by the roots of humanity  
the roots that were ruthlessly stripped away from those who praised it  
and in turn killed by the converters  
these mass murders are now labeled as accomplishments in textbooks sold to their  
youth  
he rode shotgun in their souls to see their totem poles of morals turned over  
and made into broken homeless spirits to make way for greed  
greed was seen by the eye and taken in by the heart  
he fell asleep that sunny night  
with a smirk imprinted on his face





PILLS

- NIKHIL CHANDWANI



CHAOTIC DREAM  
- MARYAM BHURGRI

UNTITLED

- MARK WINTERS



PASSAGE  
— KENDALL WIGGINS

Moist earth compresses delicately around  
The finest curves and gentle slopes,  
(What care required! What hallow sound!)  
As strands collect and wind to ropes.

And you descend,  
you descend

Held aloft by pillows of air—  
Although being swallowed and suffocated—  
A passage deep, a journey fair;  
Leave the land above to be desecrated.

And you descend,  
And you descend

To fallow lands and purest scenes  
With vines creeping—supporting, withholding,  
Hyacinths to reach for desperate means  
Before darkness falls, their petals folding.

And you descend,  
And you descend

Upon a cloud through streaking sun,  
A soft smudge (the growing shadow below)  
Beckons worm and beetle, their small hearts won,  
To welcome the cloud, cold specimen in tow.

And you descend,  
And you descend

Settling, veiled by pallid dust,  
Thrice blanketed—body cloaked in haze.  
A journey ended, as all surely must  
After wandering lost in an endless maze.

So you descend  
So you descend.





A DAY LATE AND A  
DOLLAR NIGHT  
- LAFE PETERSEN



# DANGEROUS WORDS

– BREEANNA WEATHERBY

David's amplified guitar strumming was hitting her, pushing her out of the window, like the notes were telling her to jump. Or were those his words?

"Will you get away from the window?"

Dahlia's glossy eyes glanced to David's innocent grin. She saw the corners, naming them Calm and Condescending.

"You know I love to watch the sunrise." She said.

He lifted his hand out to her, grasping the air for her body.

"It's too hot to sit by you right now, baby," was her only reply.

"You are always looking out windows. I always expect you to open your wings and fly away." She didn't mention the fact that flying away was exactly what she wanted.

He continued to pick at his guitar and eventually fell asleep. Dahlia sat watching the sunrise. As she saw the rays pour over the hills she could feel her body swaying slightly from side to side.

She knew this sway well. The floating was taking her into her favorite state of numbness. The muggy Las Vegas night air felt cooling. A breeze gasped passed her sweat soaked skin. She felt as if she was falling. The thought crossed her mind that she couldn't be sure if the lightness was from her last snort of Oxy or if it was a true feeling. She knew the answer the moment her bones exploded on the pavement below the eighteenth floor window she had been leaning out of.

It hurt, but only like running into a screen door you didn't realize was in your way. By the time Dahlia hit the ground her overdose had taken enough effect to save her from the pain.

*I don't even think I tried to catch myself on the railing.*

## VASEFUL WITH FLOWERS


-HANNE LORE DEREN VUJDEU



HOME FOR SOME,

ADVENTURE FOR ALL - LAFE PETERSEN





UNTITLED  
- MARK WINTERS



OPENING NIGHT GLOWS  
- ALEX HUBER

# A MISSED FRIEND

## - KALEB STANLEY

Potent pain 's pitiful;  
Shock is but a game.  
Feverent fear 's futile;  
The bluff has been quite lame.

Exorbitant euphoria 's edgeless;  
The hollow occasions are empty.  
Abundant adrenaline 's asinine;  
The action is not very tempting.

Sweet serene sorrow,  
How I miss your embrace.  
Whole-hearted horror,  
Your warmth couldn't be encased.

Violently vicious void,  
Though you, I saw everything.  
Twisted tranquil tragedy,  
For me, will you not again sing?







PETITE FLEUR  
- RANDI BURGESS



CLOSING IN  
- DAVID HUMPHREY

CALLING FOR HEAVEN  
- JESSICA KAVANAGH



# FATHER O' MINE

- AMANDA WALKER

It's unfortunate that you couldn't be the person I knew you to be.

It's unfortunate that I believed you would be my guide and help me through the toughest tides.

It's unfortunate that life got too hard and you gave up on me and ours.

It's unfortunate that I am alone, fatherless, because you are a coward.

It's unfortunate that my time tables did not align with yours; thus creating friction in our flammable duet.

It's oh so unfortunate that life didn't follow your plan and that I had to become the man.

It's unfortunate that you gave up.

It's unfortunate you gave up.

It's unfortunate that we no longer exist.

Too bad, oh well, I'm pissed.

It's unfortunate but I'll get over this.

BELLA NOCHE  
- SERGIO ORTEGA





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THE AGE OF GRACE  
- RIKI SCOTT

# OVER BUDGET

## - JESSICA WEBER



there's a room where the words are kept separate from feelings.  
the door is coin-operated and two cash machines flank each  
side of the building, guarded by black-clad men in matching wool caps.

you have to move slowly and maintain eye contact  
or the coins won't dispense.

there's a room where the feelings are kept separate from people.  
a chain-smoking woman is perched above the doorframe and she judges  
the ratio of pain to pleasure to ensure an imbalanced equation.

you have to move slowly and maintain eye contact  
or her long salty hair will strangle you as you pass through her legs.

there's a room where people are kept separate from their minds.  
white zippered suits are required and hang in rows suspended from  
the ceiling while identical children monitor the singular available ladder.

you have to move slowly and maintain eye contact  
or they won't hold it steady for you.

there's a house filled with dressing rooms where you try on  
emotions kept separate from histories,  
but with price tags.



AUSTIN  
- STEPHANIE SHERLUND





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MYSTERY  
- RITA LIN

# DISCOVERY

## - HEATHER ARMSTRONG

Three sets of eyes  
    focused on the brown blur.

Lots of giggles and  
    nudges.

Intently watching for  
    a break in the trees,  
so the line of sight  
    can be clear.

More movement and jostling  
    causes me to lose my spot.

Finally, he springs out of  
    the tree  
flapping smoothly across the  
    road,  
directly into our view.

No binoculars.

Just eyes  
    wide open.

With mouths  
    not speaking.

Bodies  
    not moving.

Lungs  
    not breathing.

Amazed at the size  
and majesty  
right in our own front yard.





# GIRAFFA CAMELOPARDALIS

- RYAN DORSEY



# SIX FACETS OF A ROOMATE

## - ERIK FENNER

### -Family

He spends hours on the phone. "How are your kidney's today, Margaret? Uh huh, and your blood pressure?"

When I met Simon I thought Margaret was his grandmother, a woman who sat around all day waiting for her caring, consistent grandson to call. I had known Simon for months before I asked how she was doing and he gave me a puzzled look. "Nana? Why would you ask about her?"

"Margaret, isn't your nana's name Margaret?" I asked.

"Margaret is my sister."

"So, an older sister? Is she adopted?"

"What? No. She's my sister-sister, she's eighteen."

"Is she sick?" I asked.

"No. What?"

"Then why do you always ask her about her kidneys?"

"To make sure she isn't sick. I care about her." He said this so matter-of-fact, it made me feel ashamed. I wasn't asking my friends and family about their kidney health and Simon made it sound so, common. Had they been wondering why I had been uncaring all my life? Was it proper to question a family member's circulatory system? After talking to Simon, it was hard to say. He was so confounded that I did not ask about my family members' organ health, I thought I had to try. "Hey dad, how are you?" I said, on the phone.

"Good, how are your classes?" He asked.

"Oh, classes are going well. How's your spleen?"

"My spleen? What? My spleen is my business."

"It's just—"

"Don't ask stupid questions, Erik."

"Alright."

"Talk to you later, son"

“Oh, Okay. Bye.”

That’s another big difference between Simon and I, goodbyes. My goodbyes are quick, simple. If there is an “I love you” it’s prompt and awkward, the way that it should be. When Simon says goodbye to his mother it takes ten-minutes, longer than the entirety of my calls, which are also far less frequent. In Simon’s farewells there are goodbyes, I love you’s, I miss you’s, you’re so beautiful’s, I adore you’s, you get the idea. Simon and his relatives sound like new lovers, new lovers who met two days earlier, with Simon about to head off to war. He follows most of his calls with a vodka-orange juice, like a post-coital cigarette, something to calm all of the surplus endorphins swarming his body.

### **-Humility**

Simon wears a U.C. Berkley t-shirt to bed. He has never gone to Berkley, and he is all but a football fan. I didn’t think much of the shirt until he brought it up one evening. We were sitting on the couch, watching TV when he turned to me and asked, “Do you ever ponder why I wear a U.C. Berkley shirt every night?”

“I guess it’s crossed my mind.”

“Good,” he said. “They are the only college that turned me down.”

“Then why do you wear it?”

“Have to keep the vanity in check. It reminds me that I am not prefect.”

“You need a reminder?” I asked.

He turned back to watching to show.

After a few minutes I said, “Maybe I should get a Cold Stone Creamery shirt. It’s the only job I’ve ever applied for and didn’t get. They said I sang the jingles too well.”

He kept his eyes on the screen, “I’d recommend it.”

### **-Relaxation**

When I come home from work late, and Simon is getting ready for bed, he’s apt to be watching one of three movies. In order of likelihood, they are: Harold and Maude, Rosemary’s Baby, and The Day After Tomorrow.

Depending on which movie he has chosen, I know what kind of mood he’s in. If Harold and Maude is playing, he is most likely missing his family or going through some romantic interest. He cues up Rosemary’s Baby when he wants to calm his nerves and relax for bed, and he watches The Day After Tomorrow when he wants to be soothed to sleep, the end of the world really settles his mind. Personally, I turn to the Star Wars trilogy when I need to watch something familiar, but most

often I watch *The Office*. I'd like to think that I align myself with Jim, deeply in love with Pam, but I know that's not true and that I watch it because I associate with Michael Scott, desperate for friendship. I am now on my fourteenth round of watching the series. Simon tries to tell me that it's the same thing, re-watching a movie and re-watching a TV show, but, well, I don't see the connection.

Simon has an interest in older women, mostly on screen. In an effort to keep Maude all to himself, he now owns thirteen DVDs of *Harold and Maude*. His intent is to one day own every copy. When we moved into our apartment he brought our landlord, a woman in her sixties, a box of tea and a flower arrangement. "I just really want her to like me—I mean us." After a few months living together, my Netflix suggestions changed. There's now an entire category of suggested shows and movies called, "Psychological Dramas with a Strong Female Lead." another new categories is, "Understated Dysfunctional-Family Dramas." I have to admit I have watched, and enjoyed, a few, but I am not ready to buy my landlord a Valentine's day present in June, yet.

### **-Playtime**

When Simon tells me about the games he played as a child, I feel sorry for the children who lived next door to him. I played games like freeze tag, hot lava monsters, and sardines—real American classics. Simon played games like bubonic plague, typhoid fever, and his very favorite childhood game, Ebola-Zaire.

Ebola-Zaire was a game of his invention. The children of the neighborhood would cram into his playhouse and Simon would diagnose them with either Ebola-Zaire or Ebola-Sudan, two strains of the deadly virus. The children would then all be given a vaccine, but it was hardly deemed effective in Simon's playhouse. The children with Ebola-Zaire would die first, as they had contracted the more aggressive strain, and after much groaning and writhing on the floor, Simon would begin to deem children dead. He would then usher them into the afterlife by kicking them out of the playhouse for the rest of the day. This resulted in the common phrase for the neighborhood children, "Aw, come on, can I please have Ebola-Sudan?"

As Simon reminisced, and explained the game to me, he described it as, "kind of like *The Bachelor*, but with microbes instead of roses." I'd just like to note that when I think of a deadly virus, I don't relate it to a romance reality show.

### **-Siblings**

Simon was a child that knew what he wanted from life, he was very specific. When Simon was four he and his mother were in their yard planting bulbs. His mother asked if he would like a younger brother or sister?

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"No," Simon said immediately.

"Why not?"



“Because you can’t give me the kind I want.” He said. Understandably his mother was a bit thrown.

“And what kind is that?” She asked.

“I want a Japanese baby brother,”

“Oh, well...you’re right, Simon. I can’t do that,” she said and they continued gardening.

When I was four, I would have never asked for a Japanese baby brother, and even if I had I been so precise, I wouldn’t have known that my mother couldn’t provide me one. In all likelihood, I would have asked my mother for a baby Wookie, and if that weren’t possible, an Ewok at the least.

Simon and I had different goals as children. I spent my childhood making blanket forts and crepe paper spider webs in our basement. Simon spent much of his time studying flashcards and SAT prep books, while growing salmonella cultures to look at under one of his three microscopes. Which, as a high school student might not be all that strange but as a second grader, yeah it’s weird.

### **-Happy Hour**

Today, when I have a few drinks, I tell people how much I love them, try to dance too hard, and I laugh loud. Simon plays “Capitals” when he drinks, every time he drinks. It is a pretty simple game, first you drink a fifth of vodka and then you list state capitals as proof that you are not drunk. If his audience is not reacting positively, which is often the case, the game can always be stepped up to world capitols. This is when I enter the game, and begin asking for the capitals of international cities that I, when drunk, feel are countries.

“Hey, Margaret. What is the capital of Zaire?” Simon hollers into his phone.

“Simon, I brought it up on my phone, it’s Kinshasa, you were right.” I say

“Shhh...I’m talking to Margaret, she’s going to tell me the capital of Zaire.”

“It’s Kin-sha-sa,” I say.

“She says it’s Kinshasa. Hey, Margaret, do you remember that game we played, Ebola-Zaire?”

“Exactly,” I say. “Let your sister get back to her party.”

“Goodbye, Margaret. Hope your kidneys are doing alright... I love you too, take care, goodbye.”

“Simon will have another vodka and orange-juice,” I say to the bartender.





GOAT AT GLACIER PARK  
- CATHARINA WHIPPLE

# DUALITY

- JESSICA KAVANAGH



# BONES

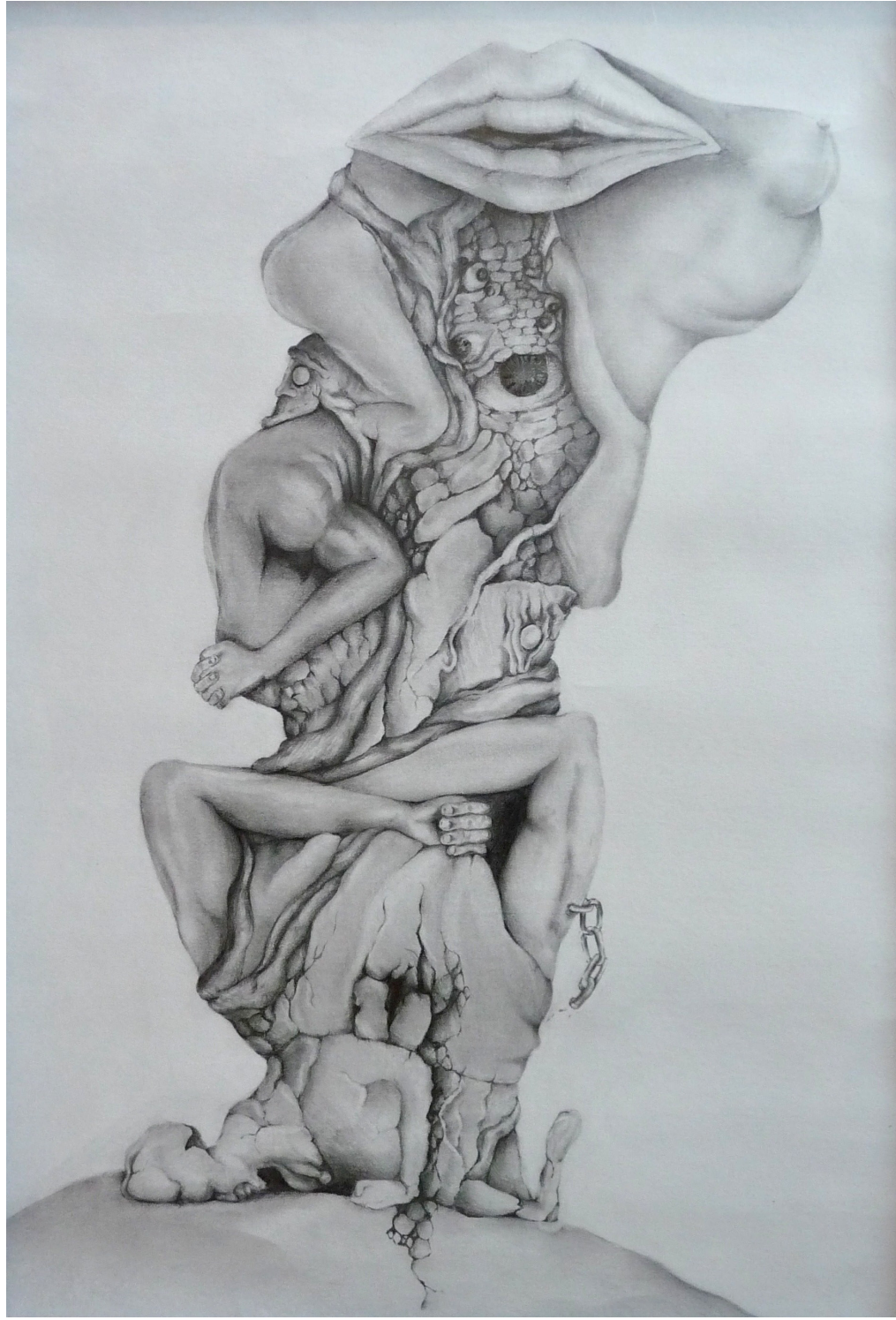
– SUE SELMER

At a certain time on the freeway  
I would sometimes notice  
a recycling truck, loosely filled  
with a jumble of rusty ribs  
protruding above the concealing sides.  
I wondered what unusual construction  
had clothed these curving frames,  
now traveling to another purpose.

One day in passing I glanced aside,  
and read the brutal sign on the door:  
“Rendering Works,”  
and recoiled from the truck and its cargo:  
the bones of butchering.



BUILT OF WORRIES  
- IRENE SONG





# IN MY PLACE

– T.B. PENN

This poem flows out of me because it's essential for me, to be, truly who I am for whom I write, Which plight I took upon myself to express the, inner manifestations of my best emotion.

Though to some the notion of what seems to be, no more than cliché, I must say, I've long been in this array of, What I can't get enough.

It's tough, I must admit, to put into, some type of rational thought, the irrational feelings I've fought to keep, but for me it works out fine. I'm only trying to keep myself, before I flee, to be, with one who is, less than what I anticipate; lest, I betray one I love for many I loathe.

Finally, however, I will be betrothed to, whomever roves the barren landscape of a new canvas, and then, this seemingly random flow of uncharted thought will be brought to its unfinished destination.



# RULES

- ELIZABETH TYGERT

I know how to stay alive,  
Some lessons are hard learned,  
The rules to survive,  
Right to know them has to be earned.  
Look out for yourself,  
Other people will just get you trapped,  
Don't mind anyone else,  
They tangle you till your wrapped.  
Always be alert,  
Listen to instincts, flight or fight,  
That's how you avoid getting hurt,  
Stand up for your life, its your right.  
Kept it all inside,  
Emotions are a weak link,  
They take you for a ride,  
Don't bother to stop and think.  
Your secrets are your own,  
Why would you share,  
Make your mind their only home,  
Mind and heart to make a lovely pair.  
Trust is impossible,  
People watch their own back first,  
Some may seem pleasurable,  
But to be betrayed hurts the worst.  
It isn't always easy,  
It's usually quite hard,  
Life might make you short of breathe and weazy,  
In the hand we're dealt,  
We don't always get the easy cards.





CUCOLORIS  
- RUOWEI YIN





IF OLYMPIANS HAD  
BEEN SLAVES - ALLENA BASSETT

# ALL SOULS' DAY

## - BRIAN STONECIPHER



Two perfectly symmetrical cave mouths yawned open on a relatively flat plane of rusted soil, a pair of black pits that could only lead to the underworld. They were the gods' homes, the path that would lead a stray soul to find the dead and the divine. From them came the winds of the world; given birth by the secret whisperings of the gods that only the deepest pits of the Earth could handle. The winds from these caverns came from the north, the region of death, and howled forth into the world of the living as they made their escape from their birthing grounds. Cool winter air whistled through sacred spires that rose above a void, wrapping around empty space as if they had once held something there, within. It swirled around a traveler, trying to steal away the rawhide hat he wore pulled down firmly over his forehead. Who was he that wandered lonesome among such places as these?

A long leather cloak around his frame obscured the bandolier of bullets stretching across his chest, next to which sat a silver star encircled by bronze. US Marshal, it read. On his belt was a revolver, on his back a pack of supplies. His boots clicked with each step, his body covered in the red soil of the land. He paused to lower the bandana he had wrapped around his mouth, gazing down at the skull that was grinning up at him from the Earth's embrace. The ribs jutted up awkwardly into the air, though the marshal found his gaze locked with those two eye sockets, perfectly symmetrical and yawning open into darkness. He shook his head and continued on his path, towards the village that stretched out across the valley just before him, blind to the silent breeze that urged him onward. The sun burned at the bottom of the horizon, cold winds enticing it further and further away from the land of men.

Lanterns lit up the buildings all around the Marshal as he made his way towards the central square, watching with apprehension as each man and woman made their way past him. From ballasts, from the roofing, and from the windows all hung small, candied skulls. They were garishly white and grinned with the emptiness of death, all of them decorated with bright colors and little jewels, as if they were dressing them up. Those passing by wore masks on their faces, fashioned into the likeness of skulls one and all. Across the market square, a group of men in elaborate dress struck up a tune on their instruments and began to sing.

They too wore masks, beneath their wide hats that were covered with intricate designs, whilst little gems hung from the brim and clattered together when the men moved. The Marshal pushed through the crowds, eyeing each individual as he passed. He was not home here, he was likely not welcome. One tall fellow wearing a broad guise that was bedecked with golden teeth turned to face the Marshal, swinging out his arms as he spoke, "¿Qué hace usted aquí, americano?"

The Marshal took a step back and tapped his badge, "You know a man named Calavera?"

The tall man laughed loudly, "You looking for Calavera, pendejo? He's there!" The man flourished his arms and pointed to a passing man wearing one of the masks, with his arm

around a young woman in a dazzling dress.

The music was pounding away at his head. Calavera was the man he was here for, a thief that had escaped across the border. The Marshal was not a man that let his marks escape – he had never been this far south, though. He struck out after the couple the man had pointed out, only to catch a glimpse of a mask moving by out of the corner of his eye. He spun to find the passing mask, before he jerked involuntarily in place. Pale, rotting lips around leering dirty teeth, a nose broken to the right, a forehead with two scars crossing over each other – almost hidden by the flakes of greasy brown hair. The skin was lacking all color, drawn out and stretched over the bones like bleached parchment that was beginning to break away and decompose. The face, or mask perhaps, was gone within the crowd once more, within an instant. The Marshal stared at that empty space before he snapped away from his thoughts and turned to pursue the couple that had been pointed out to him. His mind was playing tricks on him; the lack of fresh air was getting to him, making him see ghosts. Here, it was salty with the tang of bodies pressed together. James Hammond was not in this crowd, no matter how distinctive that sight had been. James Hammond had died two years ago in Texas, when the Marshal caught up with him and his gang of murderers. The scar was from James' first confrontation with the Marshal. It began in a saloon and ended in an alley, with the Marshal bleeding into Texas' dusty soil. James was dead. He was sure of it.

“Calavera!” He cried out as he weaved through the crowd, bodies passing him in a colorful blur. Those around him let out a ‘hey!’ at his cry, as if he were orchestrating their celebratory dances.

“Dia de los Muertos, cien calacas vió!” The cry came from the singer of the band as they worked away at their instruments, the clash of sound growing ever more frantic and loud. In the mass of bodies, the Marshal caught sight of the couple he was tracking, spinning together in a frenetic dance of the dead. Golden leaves, marigolds, fell down about them as they danced together in a small space they had carved out for themselves. The Marshal reached for them, grabbing onto the man's jacket and pulling.

The man spun away, tearing himself both from the Marshal's grasp and from the confines of his jacket, which went flying out wide to flutter across another group of revelers. The Marshal's eyes grew wide and his revolver flew into his hand, his breathing hasty as he lined up the sights on the man that had met his gaze. His flesh was pockmarked with scars from old childhood sicknesses and he bore a twisted grin that lit up his eyes – one blue, one brown. That same sneer had terrorized Tombstone years ago, the reign of Jules the Bloody as he and his meat cleaver left a gory trail throughout the town and the surrounding territories. The Marshal had shot him down finally, in a graveyard just outside the city. The jacket swirled up to block the Marshal's sight for just a moment, before it fell still to the ground. The wretched face of a long dead man was gone and the Marshal realized his hands were shaking. He slid his revolver into its holster and briefly wondered if it was Calavera playing tricks on him, or his own frayed nerves. It had to be his nerves. He was sure of it.

A boisterous laugh echoed in the marshal's ears as the large man with the golden toothed mask swung by once more, pointing off into the crowd. Having no other choices, the Marshal dove into this new domain, seeking out Calavera in the cacophony of sound. The skeleton that he pursued turned and spun apart from the female, whom suddenly clasped the Marshal and began to lead him into a dance. She smelled of marigolds and freshly baked bread. He noticed now that she had painted her skin to mimic the look of bones and the empty spaces between them. Her mask was cold as it pressed to his cheek and he was released, flying back into another

section of the crowd.

“Día de los Muertos, cien calacas vió!” The cry went out once more, the crowd responding with a resounding ‘hey!’. The marshal put a hand to his revolver, shoving through the crowd once more to find a place of relief. He needed a respite, just a moment to take stock of the situation. Calavera was here somewhere, just outside of his reach. A woman passed him by, throwing marigolds into the air to rain down onto the Marshal and the other participants. He pulled his weapon free, comforted by the heft and weight, reassured by the reality of it as he brought it up into the air and pulled the trigger. A deafening roar sounded as a bullet ripped through the sky, as if it were the words of a god spoken aloud.

Once the ringing in his ears died down, he opened his eyes to hopefully find a clear path through the crowd. To his shock, he found that the music was still playing, the people were still dancing. It was as if they had not even registered the shot. He slid the revolver back into his holster and moved along the edge of the crowd, seeking an escape. Along the way he found a group of people slowly trickling to and from another part of the village – the town’s graveyards. He went that way, simply in the hopes that fewer people would allow him to find Calavera. He told himself it was all to find Calavera, though he desperately wanted some space and room to breathe. Somewhere he could find air that didn’t taste of salt and alcohol. Somewhere colder.

Gravestones lined the paths around him, rising up and out of the murky darkness. Cast in shadows from the far off lanterns, hung high above the graveyard all around its perimeter, they stood like silent sentinels over infertile soil. Candies, decorations, colorful skeletal dolls, and marigolds were decorated all over the tombstones. Not far away, a few men were dancing and singing in Spanish, enjoying their personal celebrations. Elsewhere, a couple was standing above a grave, smiling, speaking aloud – probably sharing stories over some passed loved one. A woman passed by, staring forlornly behind her mask, with that omnipresent deathly grin oriented at the Marshal.

“Tome esto para recorder.” Her voice was soft as she pressed a marigold bloom into his palms. She walked by and he turned to continue his search, only to hear another thunderous retort. He fell to his knees and coughed into his fists, the marigold lying on the pathway where his blood fell onto the petals. He thought the sight oddly beautiful. His head turned upwards and he finally caught sight of the man he had been hunting, hiding behind another of those skull masks, the pale pate shining in the lantern light. He slowly strode over, stopping to kneel just beside the Marshal, tapping a small pistol against his knee as he did so.

“Adiós, amigo, it was fun while it lasted, eh?” Calavera reached out to push the marshal on the shoulder lightly, watching the man crash backwards against the ground. He pushed up the mask to wink at the marshal, before standing and walking off. The Marshal could hear his footsteps retreating into the distance, the far off cheers of the crowd, the singing of the band – “Día de los Muertos, cien calacas vió!” A procession of skeletal masks filed past the Marshal as he lay still against the cold ground. He felt it build up within him, the sudden throb of pain causing him to cry out as his body reported to him the extent of the damage. The marshal turned his head to cough a wad of blood out, retching faintly as shudders wracked his body.

For some reason, the Marshal’s pain-flooded mind couldn’t focus on anything but images of home. He could feel the sun scorching against his skin; he could hear the wind howling through red rock canyons. His heart ached for those places now, the unforgiving deserts hemmed in by

the ridges and the rock. There, the blue sky stretched all the way to the horizon, where it would meet the morning light, melting the sun and the earth together until they were indistinguishable. The dirt was on his tongue all the same, removed only by the touch of fresh mountain melt. The taste of that cool, refreshing water was so close that for a moment, he thought he was home. He wasn't going back home, was he?

Things flittered before his eyes as he struggled to remain aware, remain conscious. He heard the tapping of drums and saw a coyote standing on two legs, dancing as it moved through the fog that hung before the Marshal's eyes – the creature's hands and feet were human, but the rest of it as canine as any other coyote. It was bedecked in gems and jewels, it wore a headdress that he had never seen before, one that stretched about the forehead and held feathers close to the head. A man followed the strange creature, tapping away at a drum. He closed his eyes and listened. Somewhere nearby, he heard someone speaking – heavily accented, but understandable. It sounded like Calavera, speaking to someone far, far away from the here.

The Marshal felt weightless, as if some cosmic hand was lifting him from the earth and bringing him up into the heavens. He was swinging gently back and forth, though when his eyes finally opened he found himself near face to face with a skull, leering at him from out of the darkness. Arms on his legs, arms under his shoulders – they were carrying him somewhere and he was too weak to protest. He jerked around as much as he could, trying to see the man carrying him from the front and found that the fellow looked identical to the one that bore him by the legs. He heard it before they arrived, the steady chugging of a train ready to depart. Maybe they were sending him back home – he could only hope so. A pair of lights shone in the darkness ahead, and they passed through them, giving the Marshal a single furtive glance at the train's engine.

The engine loomed before him, a mighty grate before it shaped to push aside anything that was on the tracks – they were skeletal fingers laced together, prepared to grab the earth, to pull the massive iron behemoth forward. The pair of lights peaked out from the center of the final touch, a massive skull affixed to the front of the train. They lit up the insides of the skull, shining out from the eye sockets whilst the grin opened up as if to devour the world as the train crawled along. Little dolls hung along the sides, trinkets from their ghastly celebrations. The Marshal felt himself thrown onto a bed within the train, his eyes burning with the light of the train's baleful glare. He weakly managed to speak, "Where?"

"North, gringo, very far north. Mictlantecuhtli will decide what to do with you, once Xolotl gets us there!" The man speaking laughed loudly and the train began to pull away from the station.



4 P.M.  
- VIOLETTE LIU

# WHILE YOU WERE AWAY

- ALLENA BASSETT



# PALEOCENE DAYDREAM

- JESSEE MELLINGER

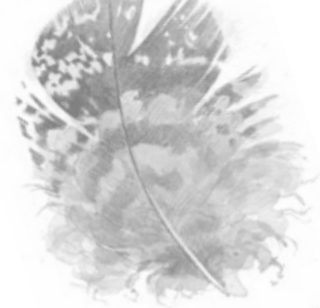






SOAP LAKE LANDSCAPE  
- CHRIS GILDOW

# THAT MOLDY PIECE OF FRUIT ON THE COUNTER – HILLARY SANDERS



I observed the object before me with slight trepidation. It stared back at me with an ugly green look on its face. It wasn't a look of murderous intent or bitterness, but a look of sorrow. The week-or-so old pear lay slumped at the edge of the fruit plate. Rot had decayed its bottom and it sank wearily, as if melting into the surface below it. I was hungry, but not for a moldy pear. I knew I needed to get rid of it, but the little voice in my head begged for sympathy for the disheveled piece of fruit, for it was not his fault he was not eaten. Just as it was not my fault time had simply slipped by too fast.

I didn't notice how quickly the pear had begun to lose its fresh appearance until fruit flies started to circle above it like vultures. Now I had no intention of eating the pear, the thought was especially unappealing. I am sure biting into it would feel like biting into a banana slug with a skin condition. Maybe it would taste similar to an old salty sponge.

It was then, while staring at the pear, that I recognized it as the time I wasted. I wished I could go back to the time when I first bought it, so I could pack it in my lunch the day after and save myself the regret.

The sad and simplistic truth was, I forgot about the pear. It happened so fast, like how you never see the minute hand on the clock moving. It sneaks up on you.

Eventually, I came home one day after school and put the pear in our compost bin. It calmed me to know that my neglected pear would go on to bigger and better things, like yard mulch or something. Still, I could not forget the dark lesson the pear had taught me. Humans are no less susceptible to the effects of time than a piece of fruit.

UNTITLED  
- MATTHEW IKUMA





PAPER CRANES AND A MOON

- REMI KATO

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# STAFF

HILLARY SANDERS  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Hark! This horribly handsome and hilarious half-hipster is seemingly harmless. However, beneath her harpy mane of honey-colored hair is a headstrong, hyperactive, Hillary Clinton wannabe, who, like Sherlock Holmes, is always hungry for a challenge!

In all honesty, I am no hero. A harbinger of hope, perhaps, a healer of the hectic and horrid world in which we inhabit, sure. I am the hombre with the how-to on handling hazardous situations, but hero, no.

The heart of the matter is that I am hereby humbled to have had the opportunity to help publish Yours Truly. What you hold now in your hands is a piece of history, an exhibition of hard work, hot off the press, and hand-crafted for your happiness.

Enjoy.

MEAGAN THOMPSON  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



I grew up on Star Wars, Star Trek and I'm a massive Firefly fan. I loved drawing but I have no idea what the future holds. I'm interested in layout design after gaining experience as the Editor of my high school Yearbook. I look forward to what life has in store for me in the years to come and hope I get to meet Nathan Fillion some day!

ALLENA BASSETT  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Allena's favorite modes of art are writing, dancing, photography, and the occasional splash of watercolor painting. Right now she is wrapping up her Associates with the plan of moving onto the University of Montana where she will obtain a double-major in Anthropology and Journalism. She wants to use journalism as a medium for advocating social justice issues; being part Cherokee, she has a strong pull towards the Native American community and the issues of injustice facing them today. She also tried to not take for granted the sacrifices made by women and people of color in order for her to lead the life of greater freedom she does today. She hopes to pay it forward to the next generation. Her favorite Disney movie is brave; favorite thing to do on a summer day is alternate between swimming and reading on the shore; favorite place in the world: her bed.

REMI KATO  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Remi can be called a shy artist with curiosity. She loves to find culture diversities and nature in Arts. When her experience in Japan and the U.S. create harmonious ideas, she always enjoys the discovery. Art gives her a goal to pursue. This book is one of the examples. Also, she met great artists through the process to create this book. She is so happy to be a member of "Team Hillary". Her pursuing for a discovery in Art will be continued...



JESSE MELLINGER  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Jessee is a born and raised Pacific Northwest granola girl who can't get enough of the city. One part optimism and two parts sarcasm, she loves joshing with her friends and making the best of every day. Having recently taken an interest in poetry, Jessee enjoys writing in small, fit-in-your-palm journals and lengthy visits to Open Books on Wallingford, followed by downing five Dick's Drive-In burgers (you read correctly: five).

Jessee is happy to have worked with such a wonderful editing crew and is proud to present the 2013 issue of Yours Truly to our readers.

RYAN DORSEY  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



I am interested in all aspects of life. I paint often and everywhere. I like to think about philosophy and the questions that plague modern society. All in all I love people.

CHRIS GILDOW  
ADVISOR



I was born under a dark cloud (live in Seattle). Always seem to be hurrying to a place in order to relax.  
Most satisfying moment: seeing art students blossom under their own creativity.  
Motto: Onward and upward with the Arts!



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# SUPPORT YOURS TRULY 2014

*Starting fall quarter, we will be advertising for entries to Yours Truly magazine. Students and staff can submit their visual and literary pieces for consideration in the publication which comes out spring of 2014. We are excited to announce the addition of the Yours Truly Production class, which will be offered winter and spring quarter 2014.*

*For submitting your entries to the magazine, email each of your works as a separate attachment to: [cascadiacreativearts@gmail.com](mailto:cascadiacreativearts@gmail.com). Follow the below requirements when submitting:*

- *Please sign your name in the email the way you would like it to be shown in the magazine.*
- *Include titles for your work(s).*
- *Maximum of four submissions per person.*
- *No prior or simultaneously published work please.*
- *Visual submissions should have high effective resolution (at least 300 dpi, 3x3 inches)*



*Check out the pictures from the Yours Truly magazine release event 2013 online!  
<https://www.facebook.com/YoursTrulymag>*

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