



gacy

17

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PAT TYRER.....

THE GUEST POETS

MADELINE LEEAH

OLIVIA LUTZ

THE LEGACY

Sponsors & Staff

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BLIND

ly Holt

ty in mind,
man rights.
ne were left behind.

words unkind
wful sights.
ty in mind.

ored kind,
n the fight.
ne were left behind.

e who worked the grind,
ever-ending nights.
ty in mind.

ere love was blind;
hites.
ne were left behind.

ts to be refined
then delights.
ty in mind,
ne were left behind.

By

Abandon fear; surrender
Unspeaking now, to ter
The battle's won; there

Let obligations evanesce
The bestial burdens sle
Abandon fear; surrender

Travailing without torm
Emancipated nomads v
The battle's won; there

The liberated citizens u
Amassing to pronounc
Abandon fear; surrender

The conflagration takes
Detachment melts awa
The battle's won; there

The darkness withers,
Retreating out of sight
Abandon fear; surrender
The battle's won; there

MY LOVE

h Artis
ay sits still
head
gives way to chill.
adow sill
wisps of red
ay sits still.
her thrill.
o me be wed
es way to chill.
ad my fill
I shed.
ay sits still.
nst my will
ed hole of lead
es way to chill.
final kill
er do I dread.
ay sits still
es way to chill.

MASQUERADE

by Corbin

I met Cassandra at a party in the crowd, not quite an outsider's group. Our gazes met from across the room. Her smile, she crossed towards me through the horde everyone seemed to ignore as if she had some kind of connection with the dancing shadows cast in between one person and the next in the inky gloom. Suddenly she smiled and my heart skipped a beat.

"Hey," I started. "Would you dance with me?" Cassandra accepted with a smile and I stepped into the crowd, though it seemed like I was stepping into a mine. We moved with the music and she became one. Her lurid green eyes and a hint of a smile played at the corners of her mouth. She asked me to kiss her, so I did. We stayed until the music had died away and she left.

h the woods with only the
steps. Cassandra shivered, so
oulders and drew her close.
w you something.” she said.
rn to lead. I followed her into
rough brush, until I couldn't
The night air had a static feel-
is about to hit. The trees
tripped of their leaves. Sud-
You're gonna like this.” She
antly I could see. The trees
in a grey sea of rotting flesh.
ue masks devoid of feeling or
y death and decay. Jaws hung
the teeth to create disturbing
oudy and aimless. Dark blood
their half exposed skulls.
e laughed.

“Do you recognize them
the nearest cadaver. “They're

I was awestruck with ho
glazed over eyes stared back a
the nearest one, and then step
move had brought me closer t

“What's wrong?” she ask
bling horde of dead surround
crowd.”

Then something change
us for the first time. Every on
turbed remains towards us, o
Cassandra. A look of doubt cr
the calm facade she had main
bled back from the nearest co
another. She screamed.

I bolted away through th
dead. Luckily, they were not a
on their ex master. When I ha
of the swarm, I looked back.

up by thousands of decaying
English members of a dark con-
art like a victim in some zom-
shipped in the worse way pos-
d some ancient texts, or may-
the end it doesn't make a dif-
of what had once been hu-
human resemblance, ripped
n, the only thing that re-
er was her humanity. I can
my sleep.

LIVING N

By Carol

I think the first time I
when I was around four years
four, because when I was five
before that, we lived in a hous
rendous pink bath tub, and I
bathtub and wishing that the
and that everything would jus
that way pretty often, but I do
tive on it anymore. I know no
would be able to drown mysel
drugs or something to make m
simpler stuff: car wrecks, hea
wouldn't be so bad.

I think it is morbidly fu
they are proud of me, or they
be so successful. I just nod an
and hope they don't see the v
I appreciate your statement, l

not beyond hammered drunk.
trying to rip my own skin off
my best friend already hid the
they do not make gift cards
for calling the ambulance
whole bottle of my anti-
king to me the next day”? I
more of a market for that
my life being “undiagnosed.”
in the middle of the storm it
the sun comes out and you
e. All my pills are pretty
my head calling my name any-
the white face though. She
looks on as I sleep. The
I’m tired or stressed too,
taught me that the feeling of
y will stop. I just need to

Honestly, the worst pa
and events. Some things com
time I ripped off all the Chris
tree and tried to throw it off t
cause holidays suck. But othe
like the time I apparently hea
had to be restrained. I’ll be st
someone, and it’s like I’ll tun
won’t remember what I said,
even real. What if I’m not act
they know I’m crazy? Are they
pretending? I’m so damn con

You would think that s
reprieve. It is not. Sleep evade
sometimes even days. When
one hour or ten hours, I neve
and I remember most of them
where this little Malaysian bo
in the dark string that when s
melted my soft tissue, muscle

om some unknown com-
off of this blonde teenage
ormation. I remember Every.
sonality Disorder. I have al-
Apparently the suicide rate
mpted seven times, and am
ceeding so far. Hell is very
appen after you die.

INCANTATION

By Martin

All words are incantations. The
powerful magic of words rests
their magic. Words are natural
in fact, so crucial to its construction
rible power. We don't think of
them. How dangerous can the

So, we welcome them.

minds, into our souls, without
with the danger inherent in the
ic. The real magic, the true the
cepted all along, in the inherent
words, words: once apprehended
purged. Once heard, words live
power. Hearing them gives the
not to happen. We don't think
ment that makes words work
us. Words are ghosts. They ha
us. They are not things that w

our psyche, it becomes an in-
ant it. Or unincant it. A pre-
c *post facto*. Once we have a
precisely, it has us. And since
ompletely. No recourse, no es-

016. Dr. Cleave A. Bodison,
Lubbock, TX, examiner of
siting.

. Male. 54. Occupation: Lin-
ersity. COD: GSW to left
ruling: Suicide.

Bodison. "They said upstairs
al signs that he was thinking
egin the primary survey?"

ditional too," Ision responded

as she inspected the corpse for
"Temporal lobe. Why not the t
in the mouth? Have you ever

"Well, I've seen the wound
fore," Bodison mused, "but it's
you know, because of ... a sec
ecuted from the temple. This
erate. The entry wound is stra
clearly perpendicular to the sk
rectly across from the entry wo
parietal lobe like it would be if
change of heart."

"No tats or piercings," I
luses on the fingers of the left
musician."

"Probably," Bodison rep
that he taught some kind of m
while. I remember my son tal
friends who go to college up th

"Cleave," Ision said unco

at suggest that Dr. Knowles

“Perhaps,” Ision said d

it could be?”

Bodison: “No one, now

he shoot himself on the left

Ision: “Maybe he just h

and this was the only way to g

n good question.”

professor, right? This wound

lobe. Wernicke’s area. Look

th a probe, “you couldn’t

ike’s area if you, um, tried.

ome sort of sick irony? Some

contains vocabulary, right?”

that mean? If he’d have gone

been no way to know that he

e left side. Choosing Wer-

e sort of professional difficul-

stairs. I mean, if he meant to

e how to do it.”

D A LIE

in K. Miller

as true,
ck and blue.

noble cause
flaws

would stay,
yday.

still so fine
its evil sign.

I became so weak,
ct so meek.

ould return
watch me burn.

as true,
ew.

I thought my fight was noble,
Now that I've lost, I know the

My dreams reveal the lie's int
The love it stole my heart mus

Alive once more, my heart beg
No longer slave to that which

I rise and vow to live this way
I've learned it is okay to shut

I loved a lie I once believed w
That time has passed and now

THE TEXAS

Pittman

land,
desert sand
land without rain,
I curse you
for your dust
thought or shame?

cracked lips
I wish to split
though you might die
I am still
I wish you grew tall
What meat did you supply

I had naught
I only sought
a place far away
where I am
in this barren land
I have to stay

desert sand
this is my land

THE I

By R. B.

On bended knee, beneath
I whispered, "Please, a
Though unbesmirched
Upon my hands - thou
Farewell to Smiling Sun
Salute the thirsty, sapling
Entombed, your season
Awaiting resurrection.
Lament the lifeless age
Unhearing ears make
The brokenhearted ho
Disjoining each from e
Take vengeance in the
Thou self-accursed wr
Dost thou belong - inv
To gag on muck and k
-rows that were wroug
For, tears could never

1. So comes the reaper hence
justice plucks the weed.
monoliths that guide
on his holy path,
eously oneself.
pieces something new.

OLD MA

By Pat

Pete Jurgensen had been
I could remember. He'd never
ening to "shoot" Max, our old
him in his yard, and yelling at
we played hopscotch on the fr
thought he'd kill anybody. Boy
Aideen used to say. That was t
Gran Aideen, who lived in our
did. About a year after Pete sh
Gran Aideen went in to the nu
her hip. "That's all she wrote,"
in the ambulance. I visited her
went to college and then on ho
She'd been the biggest influen
trusted ally, especially that su
Pete Jurgensen was arrested f
hood memory that's as clear to

It was still early evening

out shootin' some fella. I was
Ronny Callahan 'til the street
made me come in the house
and a hollerin', even though the
et; wouldn't even let me look
them sheriff's cars came near
That was Gran. Never did let
' and stopped any funnin' as

le want to know about are
s," she'd say, "George Bernard
hers I reckon. She was always
ne from havin' any fun.

hat feller. That's what the
straight through the heart. I
all over. Me and Ronny could-
see all the blood 'n guts. Once
ors cleared out, me and Ronny
ee what we could. So right af-
out, climbin' out the winda

which was on the second floor
Ronny's ma and pa were always
he snuck out easy. We didn't
had some kitchen matches in
bushes next to Gran's, crouch
case anybody come nosin' around
next to Ronny generally sat on
tryin' to catch anybody who n
She'd sit in her rocker and sm

"If you rock with the g
make no noise," she'd tole us
the wood, you wake up the ha
wanna wake up no haints, so
from rockin' chairs. It was ha
less she was smokin' her pipe
whenever she sucked in a chu
decided she weren't on the po
startin' up moanin about his s
when I run into him when we
were loose 'cause he done los

so he says his injury is prob-

sue me. I don't know iff in

him my skate key no how.

ld Pete's real quiet like

one in there. Old Man Pete

e was sure nuff certain

nding guard. Ronny knows a

s cause his folks let him

me all about.

winda and lit a match tryin

o much and we was near to

time we ran outa matches.

us set on the back stoop

xt. Ronny said maybe the

stupid 'cause it wouldn't be

ies was in there.

ered from the back door.

, just as loud. We sure were-

ourglars, the way we was car-

ryin' on.

"Go on in," I urged Ronny
there holdin' onto the handle

"I am, I am," he said. I
I pushed my way past ole Ronny
en. There wasn't no lights an
our matches, so we just stood
to adjust. A little light shone
it didn't near reach the kitch

"Where'd you think O
Ronny whispered.

"Darned if I know," I v
nuthin'."

"Maybe we should jus

"Heck no," I said. "Do
n' guts no more?" Ronny still
the kitchen door, and I suspe
he said he were, even if he ha
shows. Old Man Pete's house

back of the livin' room. The hall
bedroom was on each end
e.

when when a loud crashing
dead.

whispered to Ronny.

methin' off the counter.

loud as I could. "Just don't

Ronny back.

with Ronny followin' close.

didn't even see as much as we

the livin' room, all the cur-

weren't no light even flickerin'

along the hall, huggin' the

latch.

as loud as I could.

," Ronny said out loud like we

was just talkin' normal.

"Shh!" I said. "Ronny, y

"No, I ain't skeered; I j
that's all.

"Well I aim to see when
wait on me?" I asked, now talkin'
in the kitchen at Gran's.

"I reckon," Ronny said.

I continued down the hall, mo
felt the door jam. I waved my
feel nothin' 'cept air. Even with
see nuthin' but dark.

"The bedroom door's o
botherin' to whisper no more.

"Can you see any blood

"Nope. Cain't see nothin'
ness and immediately felt my
me. I landed hard and let out
of my other foot with my knee

head onto the hard wood floor.
to the floor. I felt the back of
death,” I hollered.

ny called from the kitchen
to where I was lyin’ on the

lled. “Get help!”

ng real dumb, I thought
probably make me fetch so she
re near to dyin’, she’d be all
t like I lied there forever be-
n’ up the stoop. The kitchen
n tell Ronny to git on home.

ett, you in here, boy? Speak

fell and broke my own leg,” I

. The hall light came on near-
own the hall.

“Give me yur hand, bo
helpin’ me get to my feet. My

“I’m bleedin’ bad, Gra
hand to the back of my head.

She turned me toward the lig

“Ain’t yur blood.”

I glanced back at the spot wh
layer of sticky, dark red bloo
walls of the hall where peppe
Pieces of what looked like fat
and the ceiling. I felt the war
gonna be sick, and I began to

Gran took my hand in
saying another word. From t
us, she never brought up that
was a night I never forgot. Th
dark side of curiosity.

Originally Appeared in Dou

snow

by Meljac

...iously,
...etlight,

...e with you

...akes flicker
...tside,
...eflection.

...ped
...houlders,

...n Spanish,

...man moved
...soft light.

SMALL

By Madeline

Grade 8, St. Andrew

Let us listen to a tale about the
A tale about the monsters, and
light.

A tale about a small town, rep
And all the big and little flam

There's a little cast of charact
really must meet.

A biography of sorts has been
Enjoy yourself and pay attent
You're never sure just what yo
later.

Let us talk about the GIRL.
She was a mystery herself,
those big brown eyes weren't
Every word a careful sentime
No one really knew
why she came and what she s
and when she left she left wit

s a martyr.

tist,

eil mark

ery call for help.

eter Pan,

ere he went

ER.

s and teeth,

ll town, the monster

ng that you would

pretty,

1.

5

And you're too afraid to stop it

So you act like you believe it.

You might be asking how it fits

all this nonsense talk of men and

There's always been a plan for

And I promise when I say it.

This poem makes you think a

Close to your heart I hope you

We must return to the story,

to see what will soon happen.

We must return to the words

and learn to imagine.

The tale begins on a path in the

where wolves and ravens roar

The boy was lost inside a thicket

where the roads were not well

He found a castle deep in the

and fell asleep to next to nothing

He slept for weeks, for months

He was dead to the world, and

The boy started to vanish, and

3

on, and threatened to lock it.

,
monster and man.

e evening,

rt set on saving.

,

ngeon the metal.

boy in the cell.

, he'd rather just suffer.

y someone would want

in this dark dungeon.

t, and love and passion?

some people are hostage,

cured just by loving.

wanted to stay. He couldn't re-

when you've been gone,

It's like walking out from the

There's too much to see and y

you just want to close your ey

But this girl told the boy that

The monsters would come to

but when you keep a door lock
side.

She took his hand and led him

she was dying herself by tryin

A martyr is someone who dies

And this girl believed that the
ter.

The boy grew up strong and th

but she smiles in the thicket w

She saved the boy and that's a

in the woods alone and conter

As for the boy,

He went back to the small tow
room,

but now the boy knew that the
worn.

LECTIVE

ia Lutz

negative place.

saying

going great,

use

ly not.

ciety is still rude,

nough

ational people.

w?

out

l

ers explore

s

ruth.

ere is

e

d struggles.

believe that

in every day.

s think that

negative place.

t think

?

So

Do you

The world is a n

I will alwa

There's good

Some people

problems an

an

all the

The t

is

the newspap

al

abo

ho

there are inspir

Even th

it seems like soci

it's real

Beca

everything's

So quit

the world is a n

FREEDOM

na Brea

and, a sea
sts of tangled mane
God they're free.

e and he
colored plain.
and, a sea.

er see
neir reign,
God they're free.

of ancient trees;
refrain.
and, a sea.

ever be
beasts remain
God they're free.

bay and cream;
ts again.
and, a sea
God, they're free.

WTF FI

By Martin

WTF Files. There should be a
and an examination, required
a dumpster (Figure 1) to have



Dumpster etiquette is a lost art. How do people use dumpsters? They don't. They put the bags in. Right in Front. They put the trash piles up in the front. They leave an empty space you can't access. They pile up in the front of the dumpster. A basic dumpster really doesn't have a function of trash that piles up in the front. It won't even close because the trash is in the front of the dumpster when closed. It's rude, unthinking, untutored.

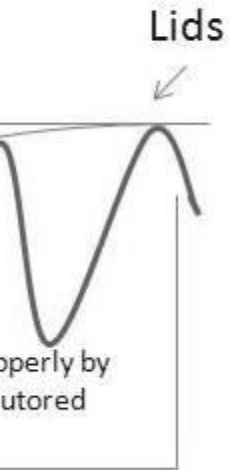


Figure 2:

l Dumpster
 et really dirty or you have to
 ou have to use your trash
 empty space created by THE
 UP IN THE FRONT OF THE

trash to the back of the
 e, especially when it's emp-
 t the front nearly as rapid-
 e room for everyone who
 it followed this simple
 mplexed. Your neighbors
 l like usual, and then rather
 ch can lead to trash piling
 ter), they can give it a little

fling. The fling, then, propels
 dumpster where there is more
 piling up in the front, which
 the dumpster rather than lea-
 can't get to behind the trash
 the dumpster because they ju-
 rather than giving it a little fl-

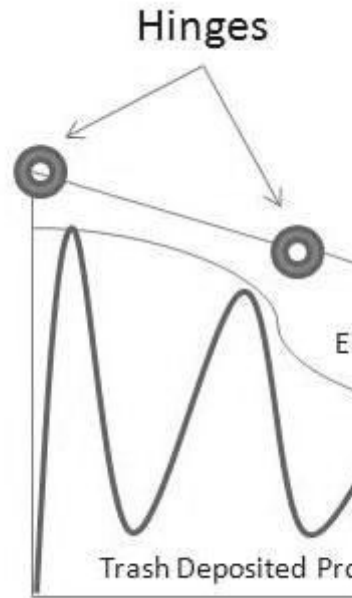


Figure 3: Diagram of Properl

Consider how much more ea-
 discard, at mid-week say, the
 ancestors to walk upright if t-
 the back rather than just dro-
 piles up) a few days before th-
 scribed. Wouldn't that be ni-

Dumpster etiquette. Try it.

Quick Overview

E. Tyrer

you notice about Canyon, streets are numbered. The blocks are numbered, as are the streets. Streets that run north-south are “streets” and streets that run east-west, although they’re identical in name, are “avenues.” Although anyone can identify an address by street name and block number, an avenue. This makes finding a specific location a long journey.

There are boulevards, but these are numbered as streets and avenues. There are named streets that exist as boulevards. There are few wide streets. The identifying language of streets, part of the Panhandle, is “avenue.” Whether you’ve lived here or not, you can be told that the address is “two blocks south of the old Victorian house from the Connor house.” As streets tend to be known by the name of the house, e.g., the Parker house where the parents of Quannah Parker lived, this is the case for at least two genera-

The second thing you notice is the impressive number of leeches crawling along the city at regular intervals. They separate the original city from the new city to the north. Although there is one street that crosses under the tracks, most residents have to wait for the trains to pass, having to wait for the sometimes hourly inter-train intervals. Over the years there have been accidents caused by trains; some were fatal. I remember joggers wearing headphones who were run over past the end of the first train. I remember being ultimately run over by a car in the opposite direction. You’ve been

Located in Randall County, Texas, the Confederate General Horace Ransom Canyon, fathers misspelled, Canyon was named City, named then and now for the second largest canyon in the world, the Grand Canyon. For those who have been here, attention, driving down into Canyon, you can be situated in the prehistoric canyon. Dusty and nondescript during the day, it becomes surprisingly green and lush after a day of drenching rain. Wind is common, but rare. Scattered in backyards

es. Since the city's trees
ame week each year, either
r due to an early frost, no
g aspect of Canyon is that
n horizon to horizon are less
nywhere in the city, and for
pretty nice place to live.



THE Leg

THANKS AND A TO OUR S

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