

# STAFF

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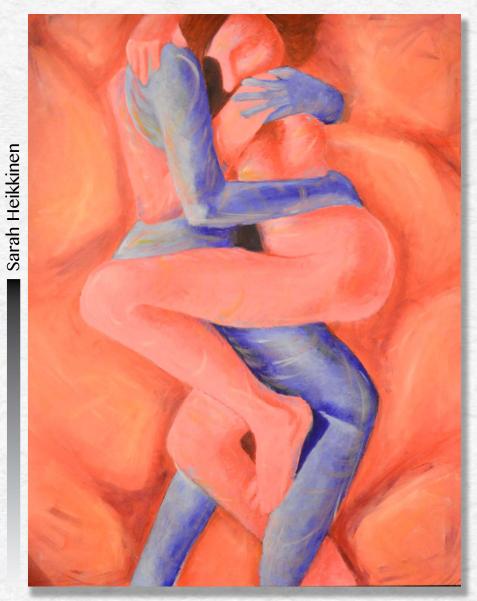
Quill and Brush is a student-operated club that creates and publishes art and literature for Three Rivers Community College. Open to students, staff, and faculty, this bi-annual magazine is published free of charge and made available every semester throughout the TRCC campus

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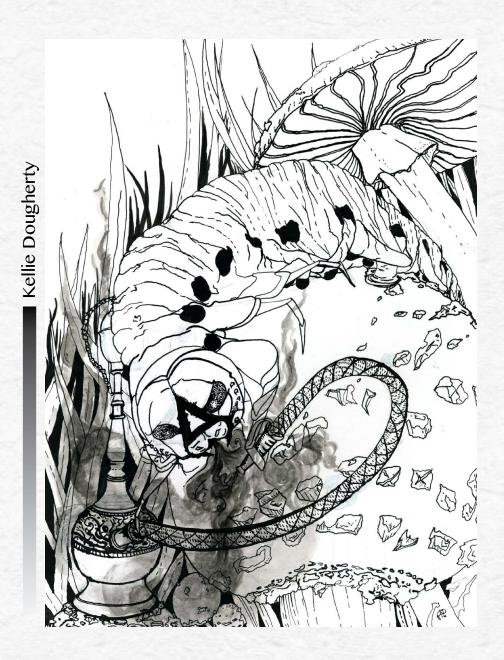
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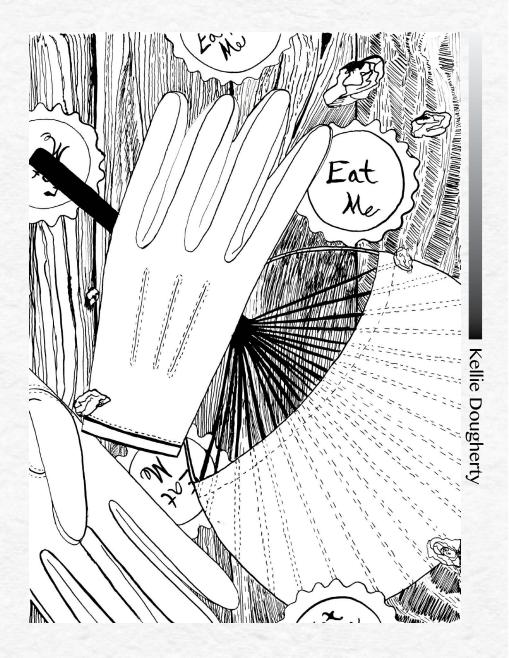


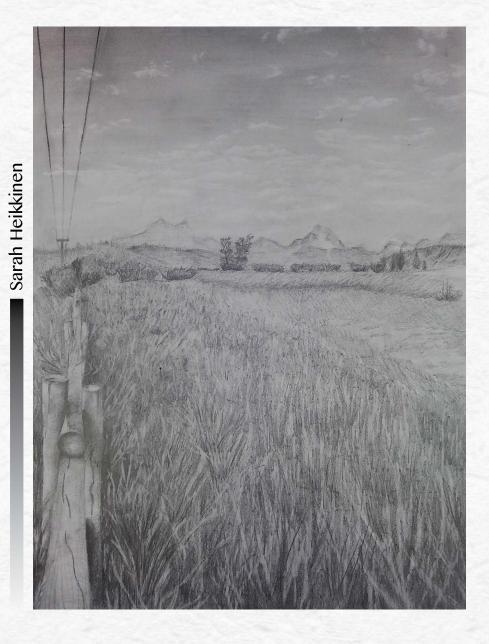
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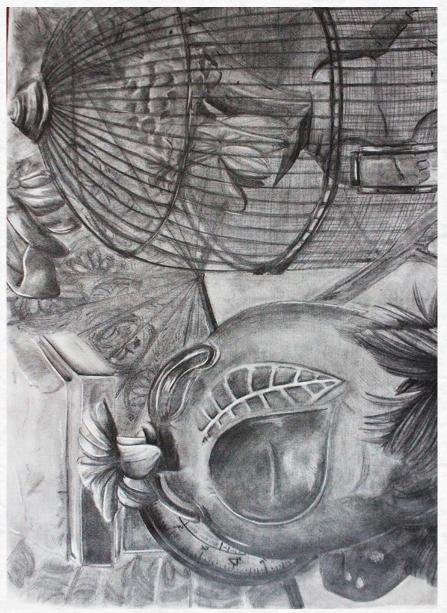




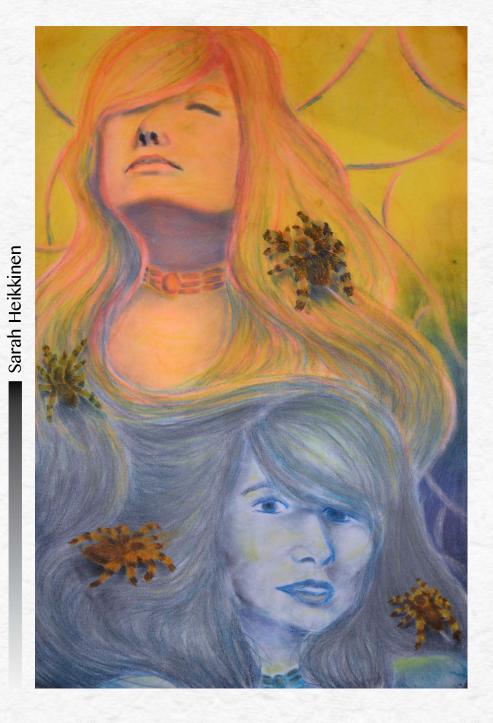


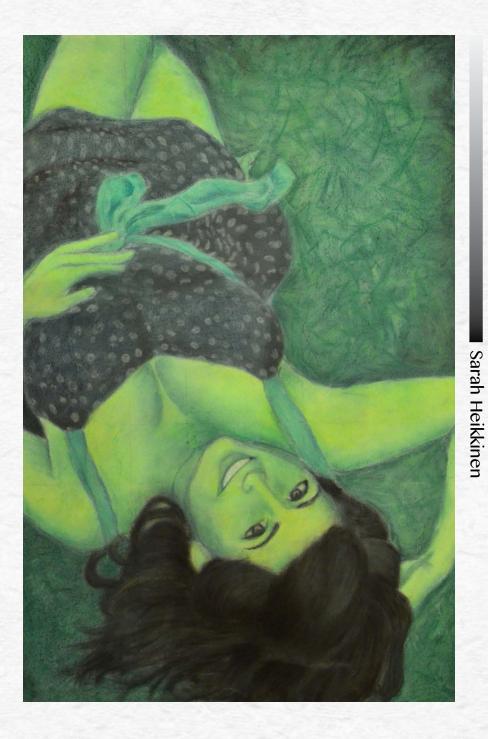




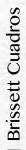


Brissett Cuadros





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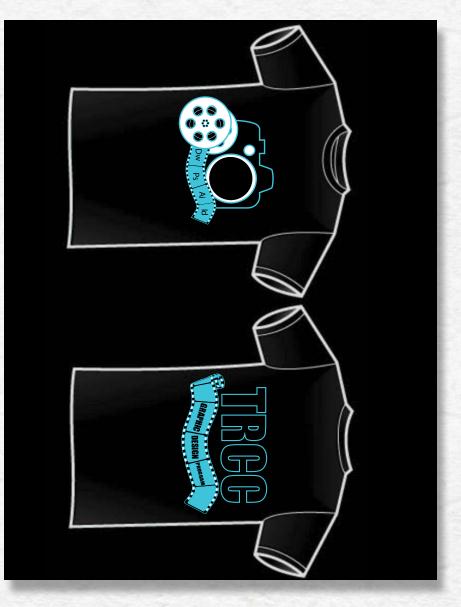
**Brissett Cuadros** 



Sarah Heikkinen

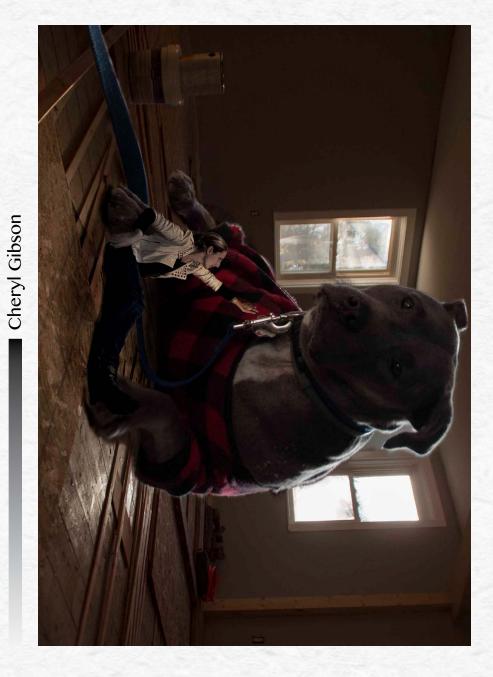


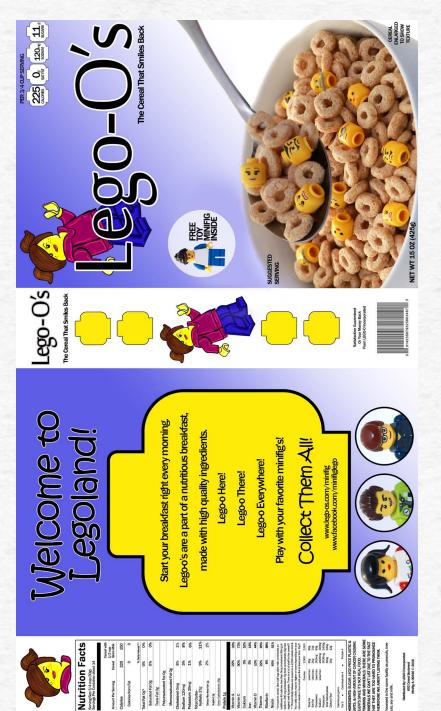
# **DIGITAL ART**



Chelsea Ahmed

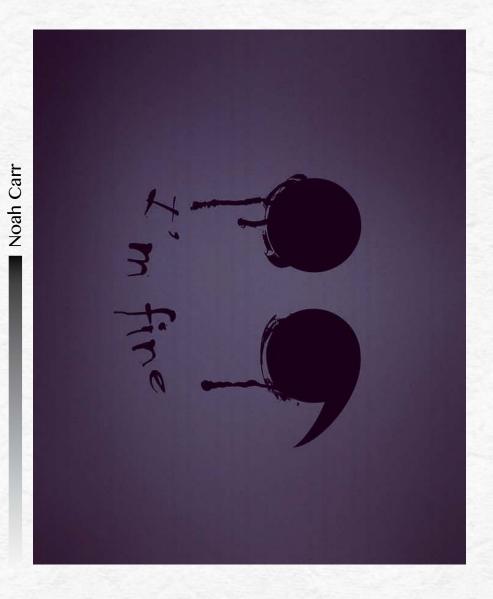






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Chelsea Ahmed



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The Bolt Home Gym System is a one of a kind powerful machine that allows you to be the boss.

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If you are not 100% satisfied with your purchase, contact customer service within 6 weeks of delivery.





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 4 Hours of Exercises ranging from beginner to expert levels.



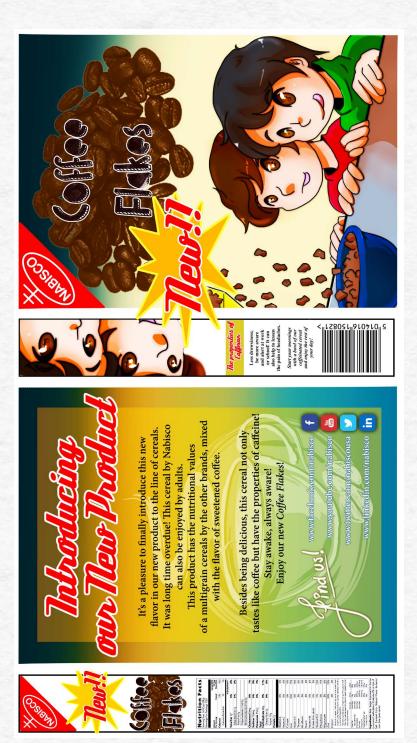


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Functional Trainer Home Gym Workout System





**Brissett Cuadros** 

# PHOTOGRAPHY

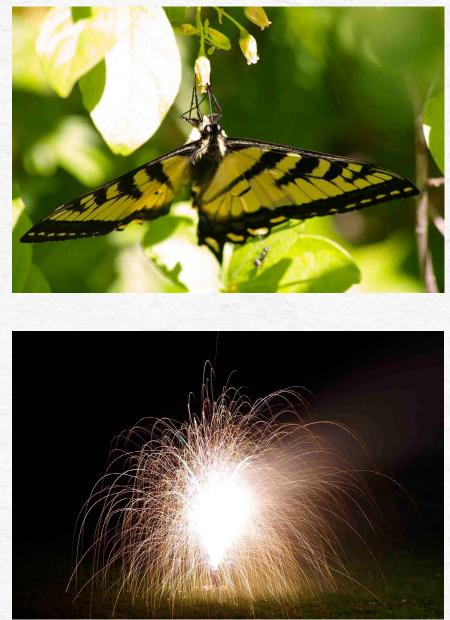


Mark Dunning

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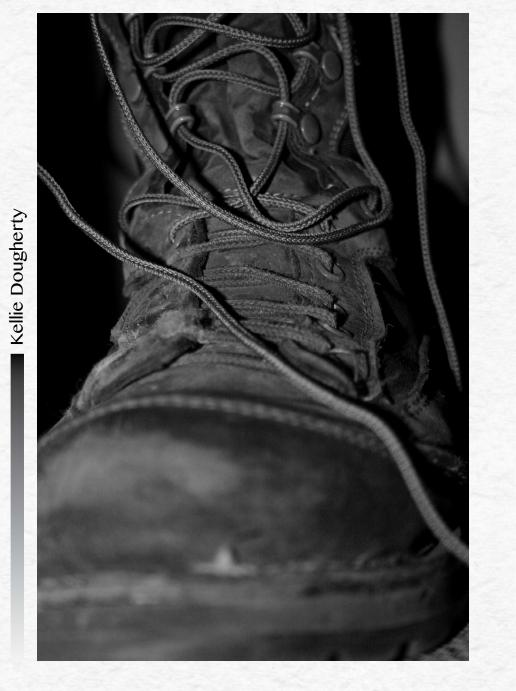


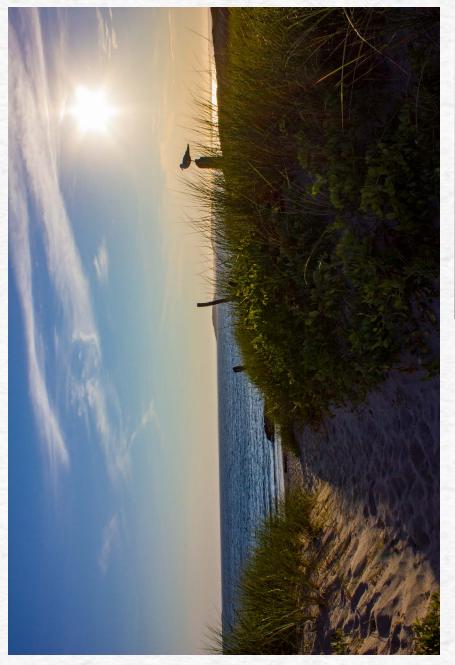


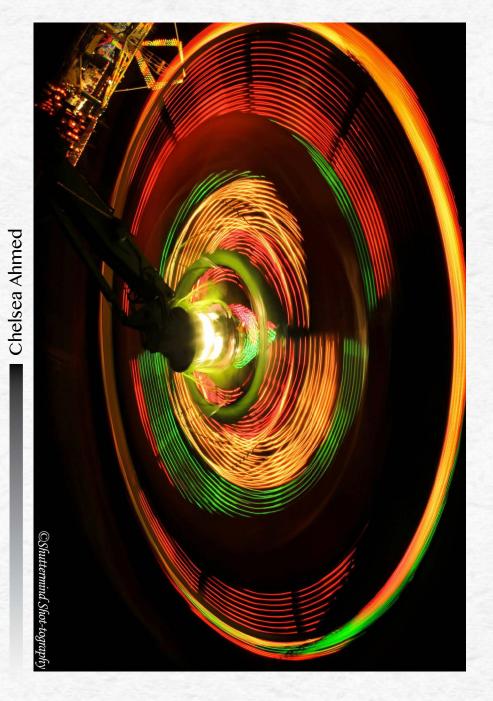


I Kevin Amenta





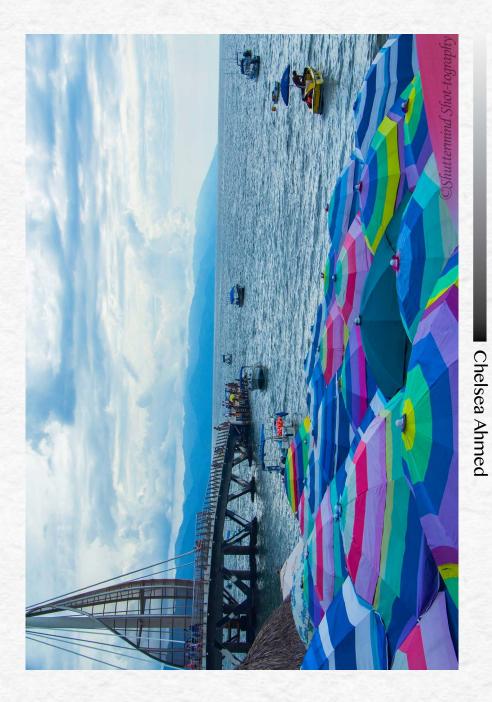


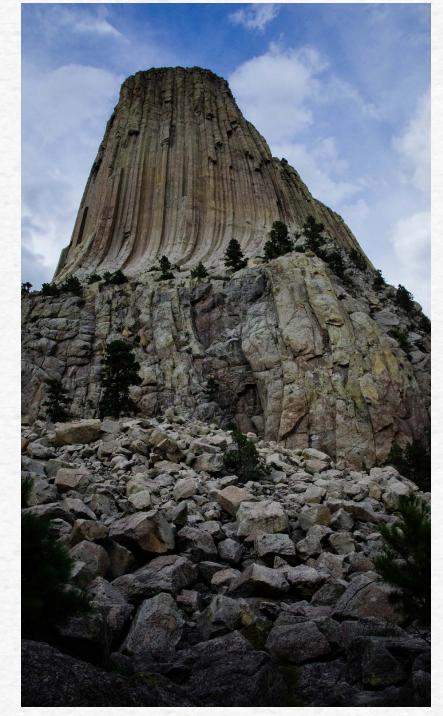




















# LITERARY

### Castles of Sand by Matthew Rogers

Things don't really change. They all remain the same. New rules but not the game. It happens now and then. From our own demands. And it will happen once again. As the new turns to old in their castles of sand.

Tearing down the walls. We've built as time goes by. What will we install? Who will stand to try? And a new age is born. Another promised land. But as time goes on. The new turn to old in their castles of sand.

Have you ever believed that tomorrow will be a much better day? And you'll be relieved when your sorrow has gone and you'll be on your way. Have you ever conceived that the cause of your troubles will come to an end? I don't think I'd worry too much after all they're just castles of sand.

### The Sea It Calls Me ("Cascade" poetry form) by Barbara Stanley

I love to walk down by the sea, So many treasures on the shore. To gain the peace that I have lost, The sea it calls me, more and more.

I walk along the water's edge, No other place I'd rather be! Sandpipers scurry to and fro, I love to walk down by the sea.

When waves recede and seaweed parts, you never know what is in store! Sometimes you'll see a school of fish. So many treasures on the shore.

In gazing down at ebb of tide, I watch the puddles, tempest-tossed. It's where the tiny crabs may hide, I gain the peace that I have lost.

I brush the sand from off my feet, I look once more upon the shore. I can not wait to come again! The sea it calls me, more and more.

## The Struggle In My Mind (Villanelle Poetry Form)

by Barbara Stanley

Sometimes I have a struggle in my mind, although I think it started in my heart. I wish more people would try to be kind.

To help someone when they are in a bind, Instead of always tearing them apart. Sometimes I have a struggle in my mind.

I'm thinking this way almost all the time, I've had this feeling from the very start. I wish more people would try to be kind.

If we look, I am sure that we will find, We human beings can choose to be quite smart. Sometimes I have a struggle in my mind.

To ignore this, you would have to be blind. Blind to the feelings deep within your heart. I wish more people would try to be kind.

Take this to heart! I know that you will find, There is no better time for us to start! Sometimes I have a struggle in my mind I wish more people would try to be kind.

### A silent goodbye

(Poem/prose) By Christopher Hartman

I saw you yesterday, on the corner. You were walking with your friend. You didn't even notice me. I was tempted to go up and say hi We had been friends, hadn't we? But I didn't. I don't know exactly why I didn't- after all. when would I see you again? Yet it didn't feel right, pulling you off your path, getting you tangled up in my mess. No, I couldn't do it. I kept walking, thinking. There was a time you'd call out my name, wave me over, ask me how I've been. We'd stand there in the wind and watch the trees, making small talk. But something happened, something gradual and insidious. The erosion of friendship, like muscle atrophy. We talked, then texted, then letters, then nothing. Nothing came back. I never saw you again. Until yesterday. On the corner. Where I walked on by, Saying a silent goodbye

### Life's Little Pleasures (free form) by Barbara Stanley

It's that time of day again..... Can you feel it?

Close your eyes and take your shoes off, wiggling your toes in the warm, moist sand, feeling it shift under the weight of your body...sinking...sinking...

And the gulls crying, flying overhead, scavenging for any scraps that were left behind in the late afternoon exodus.

They're all gone now... No one left but you and I.

Standing on the edge of the universe, the sticky, salty water drifting.... up and over our toes... flowing around us, and wavering... but for a moment. Only to recede back into the foaming froth from whence it came.

I open my eyes now. Oh yes! It is time! You must also open your eyes, or you will surely miss it.....

That precise moment in time that we came here to witness.

As the gulls fly down the beach to keep the night fishermen company, I lean over to gently push the breeze-blown lock of hair from your eyesyou must not miss a thing. Oh, it is here! I reach for your hand to squeeze it, as if to say, "See? What did I tell you? Isn't this the very best sunset you have ever seen?"

And you squeeze my hand back, and grin, as if to reply, "Yes, but you said that the last time... and the time before.... and the time before....

The colors are breathtaking. As the wispy clouds meander across the face of the setting sun, they seem to linger but a moment.....

Just long enough for us to remember ourselves... and lift up the camera-

to take

the picture.

