

STAFF

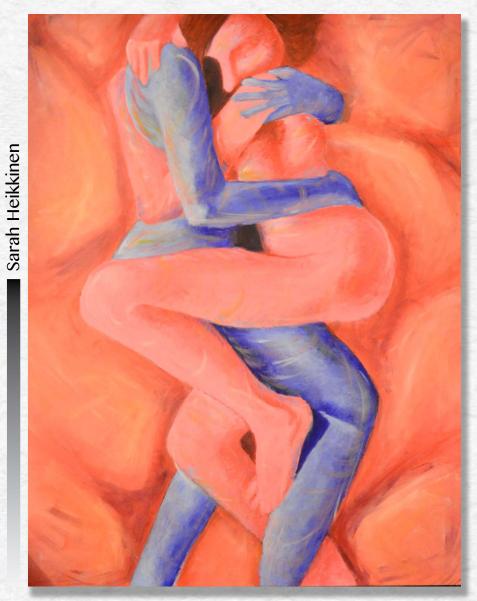
President Brissett Cuadros Vice-Presidents Cheryl Gibson and KellieDougherty Art Editor Kellie Dougherty Literature Editor George Simones Secretary Cheryl Gibson Designers Anna Estrada, Cheryl Gibson, Kelly Dougherty, Brissett Cuadros Members Marissa Cassel Advisor Kevin Amenta

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

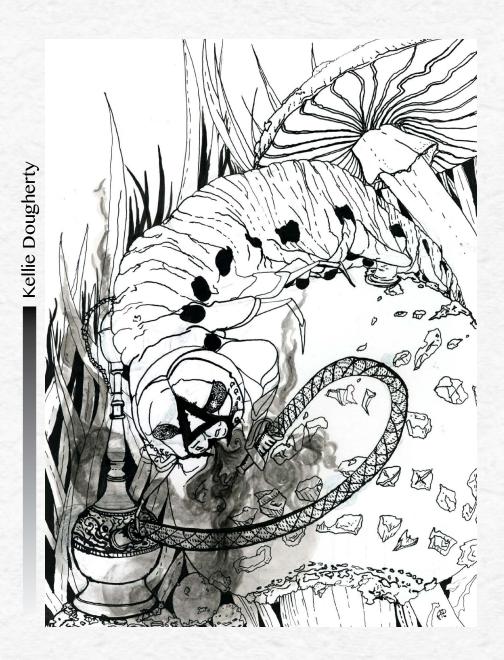
Ahmed, Chelsea1	6,19,21,30,33
Amenta, Kevin	
Carr, Noah	20
Cassel, Marissa	
Cuadros, Brissett	.9,12-13,17,23
Depina,Raeshawn	
Dougherty, Kellie	
Dunning,Mark	
Gibson, Cheryl	
Hartman, Christopher	
Heikknen,Sarah4,8,10-1	1,14-15,27,34
Kelly, Allison	
Rogers, Matthew	
Stanley, Barbara	39-40,42-43

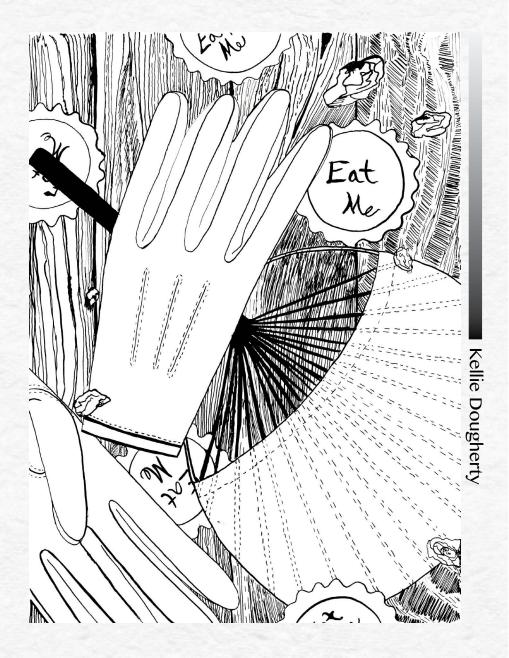


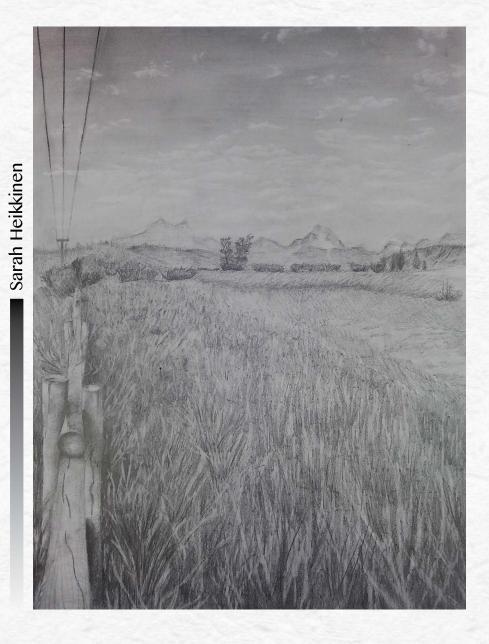
FINE ARTS

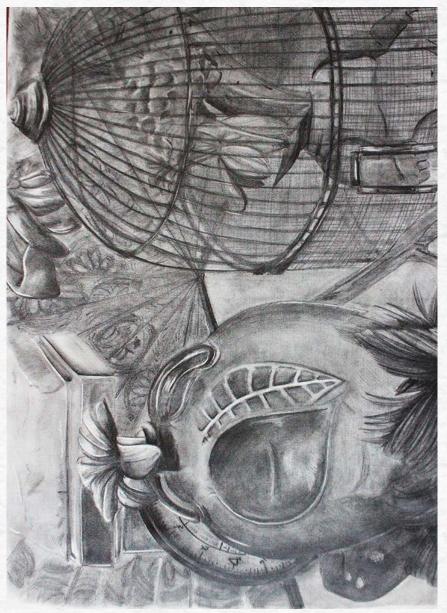




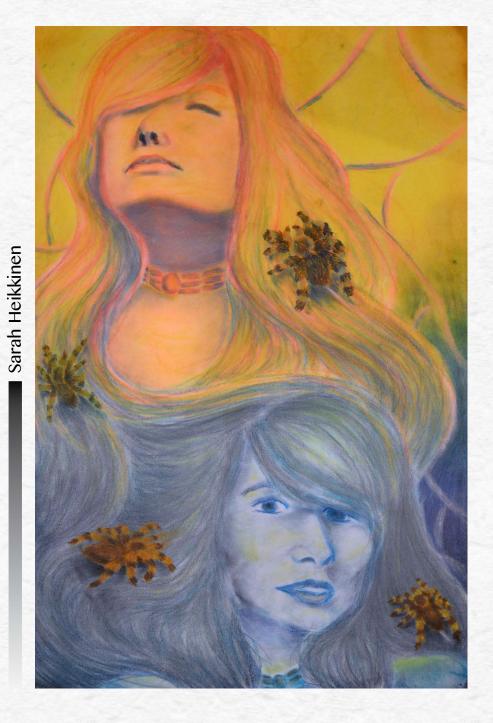


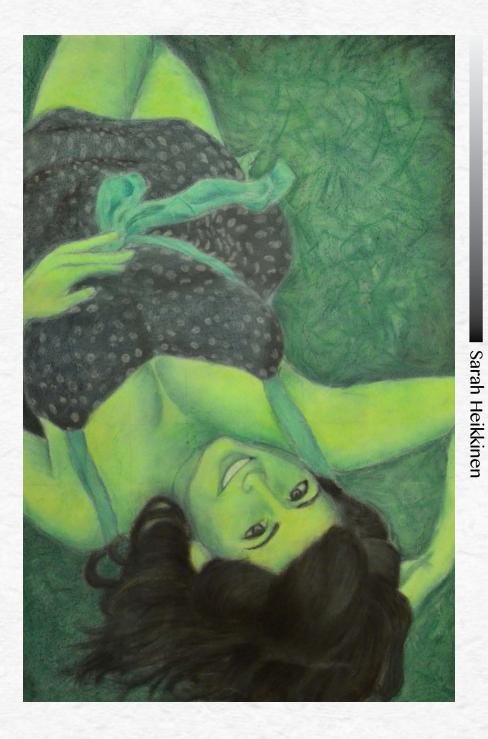




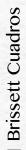


Brissett Cuadros





- 11 -







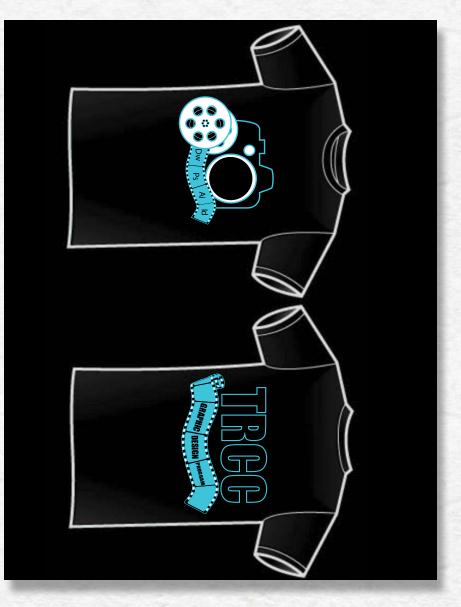
Brissett Cuadros



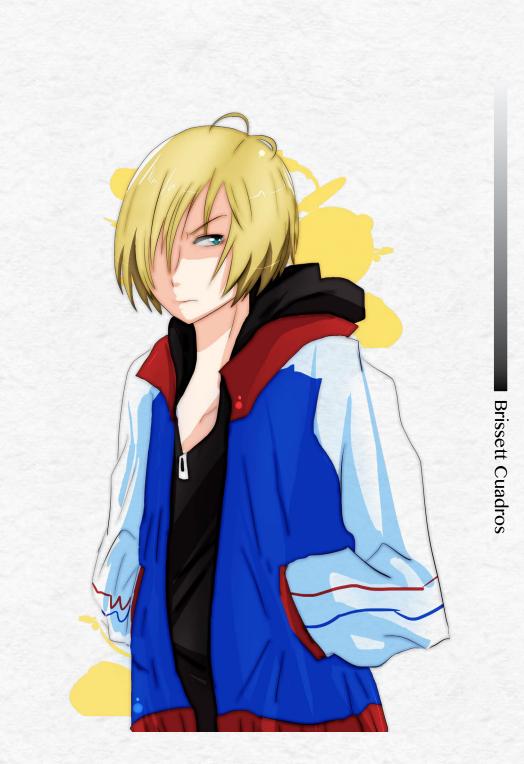
Sarah Heikkinen

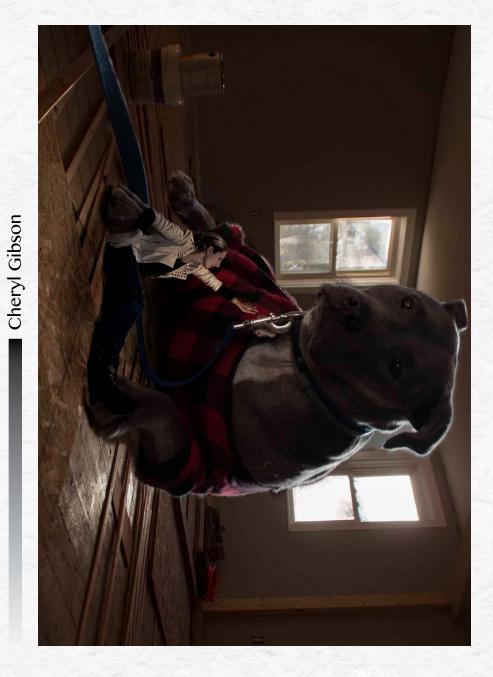


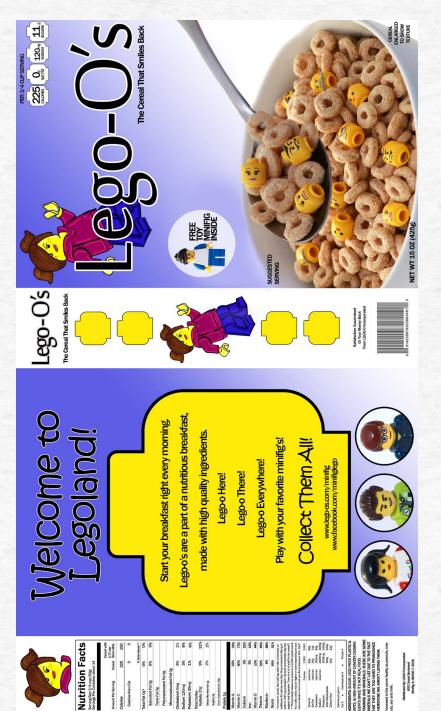
DIGITAL ART



Chelsea Ahmed

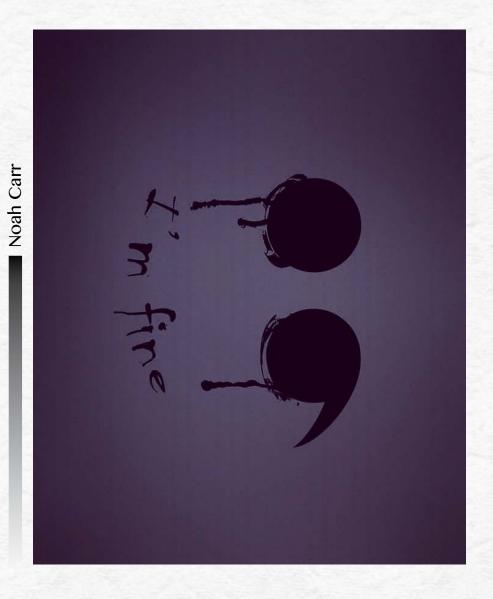






- 19 -

Chelsea Ahmed



BUILD A BETTER YOU!



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

No more horrible gym memberships!

Become the confident and strong person that you always wanted to be!





Product Features:

Offers a wide range of targeted exercises which means that you'll get stronger and muscular much faster with this system. This machine is constructed with tough steel tubing and comes with a durable vinyl seat. 40 different combinations of exercises! Some Assembly Required Capacity: 300 Lbs

Muscle Group Routine:

Triceps & Biceps ● Upper & Lower Abs ● Gluteus Maximus ● Achilles Tendon ● Hamstrings ●



ONU

4 Easy Payments of \$199

Financial Benefits:

More reasonably priced than the leading home gym system!

Most leading systems overcharge their customers. They pay over \$1000 for the same equipment.

Maintenance Benefits:

The Bolt System easily stores under any bed, which means that it won't take up space in the house.

Clean up is easy! Wash down machine with a damp cloth of soap and hot water.

One year guarantee for all of the parts.

Returns:

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





Buy the Bolt Home Gym System

 4 Hours of Exercises ranging from beginner to expert levels.





Exercise Enterprise (800)942- 3348 284 Eastern States Blvd St.Louis MS. 85942 www.bolt.exerciseenterprise.com



Functional Trainer Home Gym Workout System





Brissett Cuadros

PHOTOGRAPHY

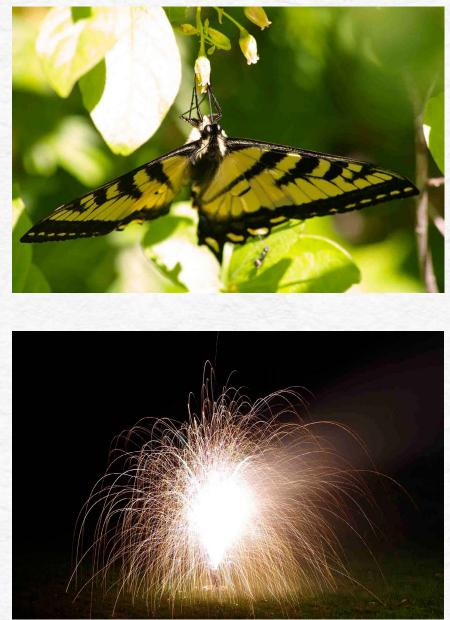


Mark Dunning

- 24 -

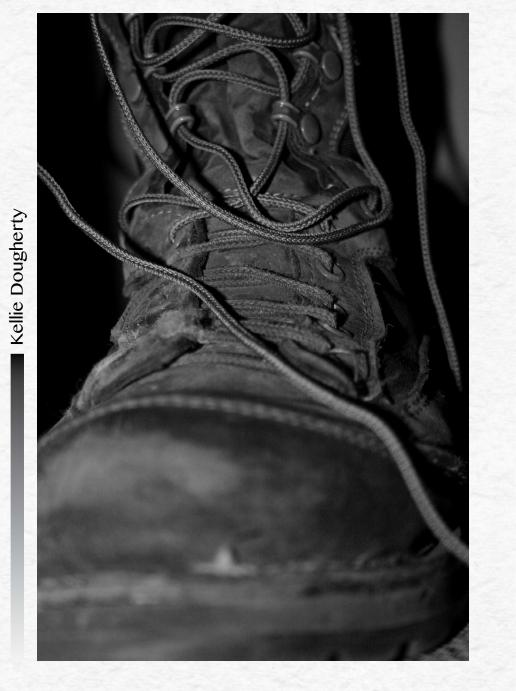


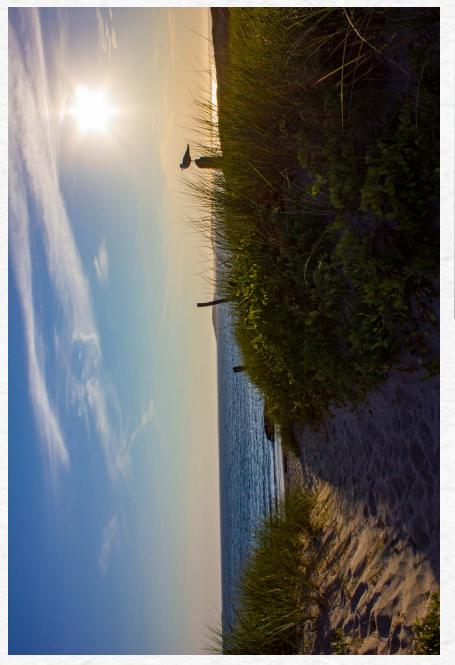


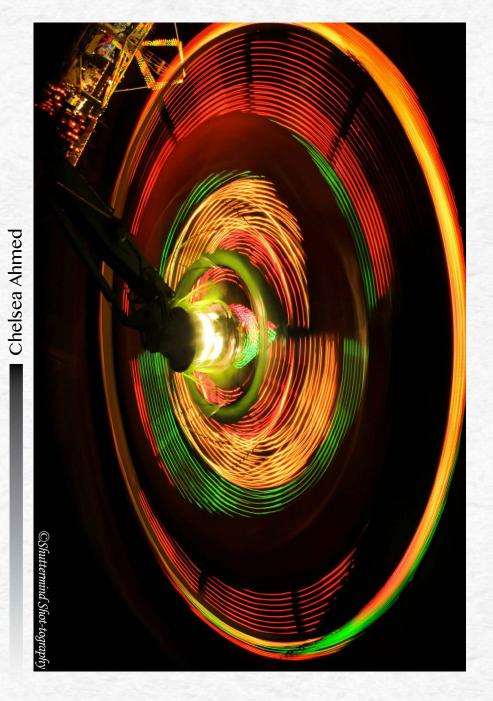


I Kevin Amenta





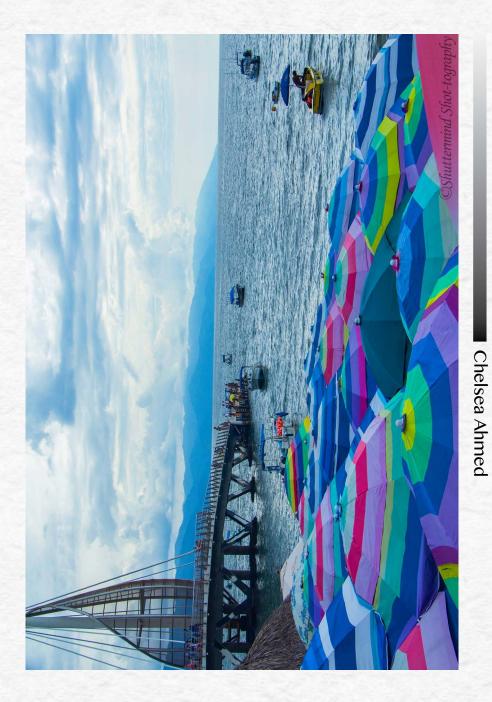


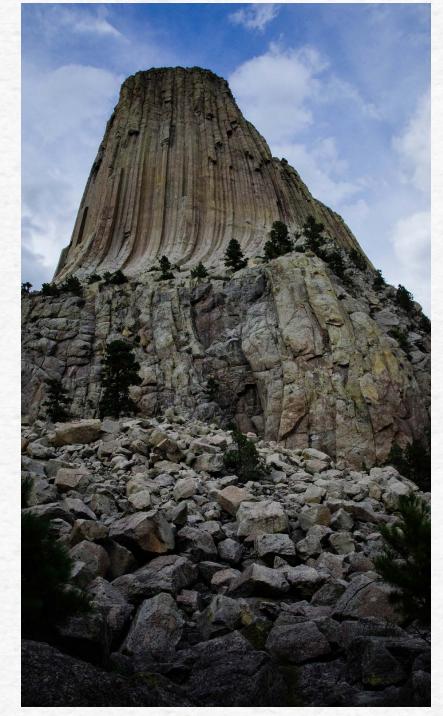




















LITERARY

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.

