

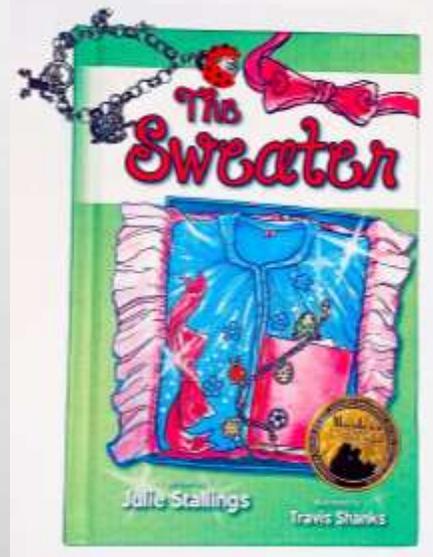
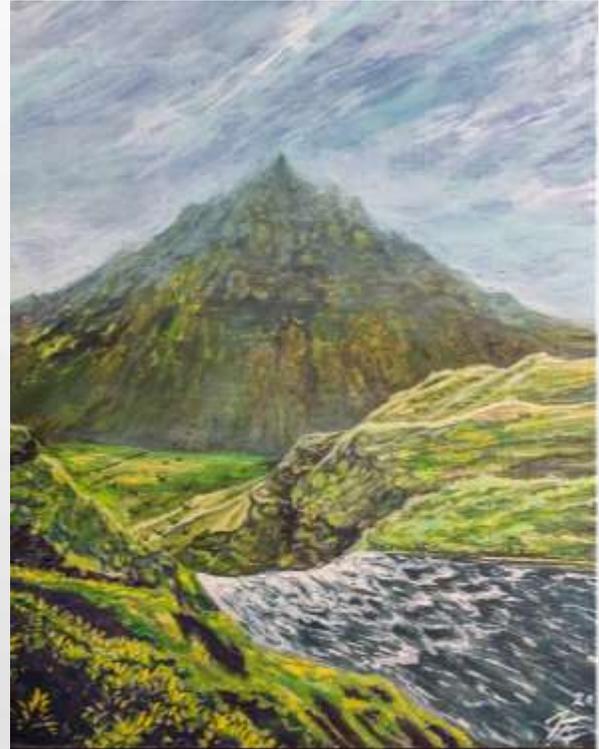
# HENDERSON COMMUNITY COLLEGE CREATIVE SHOWCASE

FEATURING THE CREATIVITY OF HCC'S FINEST



# TRAVIS SHANKS: ILLUSTRATION SUBMISSIONS

TRAVIS IS A PUBLISHED ILLUSTRATOR WHO USES WATERCOLOR, INK, ACRYLICS, AND OILS TO CREATE HIS ILLUSTRATIONS.



# MARISSA CLARK: WRITTEN SUBMISSION

## Seven Years Later, Epilogue

My cheeks are wet, my eyes burn, my body shakes.

I'm about to give the performance of my life.

Curtain call.

I heard that song the first time I spent the weekend in your dorm.

Soundcheck.

Rhode Island is beautiful.

Cue the lights.

What if your friends hate me, I thought to myself.

Don't worry.

Wine coolers and Down With Love.

Your secret is safe.

Stop.

Now when I hear the first note, I turn it off.

Why did you stop loving me?

My eyes are wet, my eyes burn, my body shakes.

I'm giving the performance of my life.

Enter stage left.

Do you remember that summer, I remember that summer.

Spotlight on me.

Two twin beds, hardwood floors.

Monologue.

I wish I could just stay with you, I thought to myself.

Don't worry.

What did I do, what did I say?

I'm leaving.

Stop.

It would be the last summer we'd spend together.

Why did you stop loving me?

My cheeks are wet, my eyes burn, my body shakes.

I just gave the performance of my life.

Exit stage right.

Is this the part where I lie for you, convince myself you're still here with me.

Curtain call.

Seven years later, epilogue.

End scene.

You're nothing more than a memory, I thought to myself.

Don't worry.

Lies - you're a nightmare, constantly taunting me.

I'm fine.

Stop.

It hurts.

You left me alone with our memories on replay.

Why did you stop loving me?

## Winged Victory

Exploring the forgotten cobblestone streets of Paris.

The sun is warm against my rose skin, faintly creeping through the blooms on branches above.

The sounds of the city set the tone, along with birds singing their songs.

The May breeze gently kisses the loose strands of my honey hair, lightly stroking my clavicle.

I can smell the bakers creations as the day begins.

Fresh croissants are my favorite.

I pedal faster, the cotton fabric delicately brushing against my body, craving the masterpieces that await in silence.

"Bonjour!" I say through a smile to passerby escaping reality like I.

Click clack, click clack - my Mary Jane's echo through the halls.

I breathe in the untold stories of the maesters who came before me.

And there she is, in all her breathtaking beauty, the Goddess Nike.

The marble is crisp as my bare legs find their new home.

Charcoal dances around, a marionette on the smooth parchment that once lay in my satchel, trying to capture every last detail of her sensual, yet majestic silhouette.

## Writing This Was One of the Hardest Things

I open my eyes to the sound of the birds outside my window, the sun slowly climbing the wall.

Somehow I'm covered in blankets.

I don't remember falling asleep covered in blankets.

It's little moments like this, a perfect morning feeling.

# MARISSA CLARK: WRITTEN SUBMISSION

The walls are a mixture of beige and yellow.  
Changing with the daylight softly radiating  
through the window next to my bed.  
The air is perfect - warm, yet crisp.  
The aroma of lilac and pine gently glides in  
with the early morning breeze.  
I listen to the wicker ceiling fan spin steadily.  
One, two, three - I count the spins.  
I blink the dizziness away enough to quietly  
slide out of bed, trying my hardest to avoid  
the creaks.  
"Are you awake?" I whisper.  
From under the magic blanket, a  
faint, "Mhmm."  
We tiptoe to the kitchen, careful not to  
wake anyone.  
The Fourth of July picnic is this afternoon.  
I feel a scratchy kiss on top of my head; I  
can smell his cologne.  
Blueberry muffins, glazed donuts, chocolate  
milk, coffee.  
Sometimes he surprised us with Munchkins  
too - this was one of those mornings.

Paint my skin green.  
I envy those who were lucky enough to get more of those  
mornings with you.  
Tears come early in the morning, late at night.  
When the world is at its calmest, most still time.  
When I'm alone with my thoughts.  
I dust off the candle that's called my bookshelf home the last  
eleven years.  
My hands tremble as I lift the silver covering, smelling your  
cologne as if I were seven years old again.  
I try so desperately to cling to whatever memories remain.  
Wishing for another scratchy kiss.  
One more "I love you".  
Through the rainstorm, I return the silver covering to it's home,  
afraid of losing the essence of you.  
Keep a weather eye on the horizon.  
For my red balloons, and whispers to the night sky.  
I love you to the moon and back.

# MARISSA CLARK: WRITTEN SUBMISSION

## Chapter Thirty

I disappear behind costume jewelry and old skating costumes, packing for my travels to the Secret Side where forgotten memories are locked away. Blue's Clues, Barney, Gullah Gullah Island. Blanket fort peanut butter and fluff sandwiches. The moon and shooting stars dance across whales doused in blue lava as the fish of gold swim in their underwater sanctuary. I can still hear the songs of classic 90's country play softly on the radio.

Late summers spent bike riding around the cul-de-sac with the Spice Girls playing on my walkman. Wandering through the Western Woods of a small New England town. Rainbow butterfly clips hold my sunkissed hair away from my silver lake blue eyes and my bobcat grin. The warmth of my sunflower jumper after swimming with the dolphins at the 4th of July picnic feels like a safe haven. I can still smell the Banana Boat sunscreen and his cologne.

Lip Smacker kisses and Lisa Frank secrets. TGIF makeup parties in my old room, now yours. Boy Meets World, Sabrina the Teenage Witch, Step by Step. We danced in the moonlight, wishing for this moment. Light as a feather, stiff as a board. You reminded me of a pop star that night with the cascading balloons and ribbons that hung in the skylight spotlight

Junior High is weird and full of awkward phases. Who are we? Rock climbing adventures in the old factory down by the river. We used to be friends, but then you changed, or I changed, or maybe both. Now we don't speak. I felt beautiful for the first time at my 8th grade formal, and even more so when he asked me to dance. The Music Man - "Pick a little, talk a little". We walked hand in hand to the auditorium that day. I was terrified, you were my best friend. Ice cream celebrations on opening night. We survived.

Misty is my confidant, the only one who knew how far I was willing to go. It wouldn't be the only time those thoughts penetrated my mind. I can hear sails and feel the waves beneath her, the one who was named after me. Senior High is even more weird and full of drama I didn't ask for. He told me he loved me, but it was nothing more than a school-girl, summer camp fling. I hated saying goodbye, and I hated you for making me do so.

I crave the smell of sea salt in the air, instead I smell nothing. I try to escape this place, clinging to my past self. I'm trapped. The more time that passes, the more the memories of you fade. I've lost myself. Who am I? Misty is my confidant, the only one who knew how far I took it that summer. I would try again, and again, and again, and again.

I packed my life into boxes after graduation. What I couldn't take with me would collect dust in the barn over the next few years. University is a strange world. My identity is not my own. I'm only seventeen. I don't know what I want for breakfast, so how can I know what I want for the rest of my life. Those thoughts return and I try again. The next few years are a drunken haze. I'm alone.

I journeyed back to New England hoping to find myself. I did when I met you. Sunflowers are Peter Pan's favorite flower. I could finally smell the sea salt in the air again. Midnight conversations sitting on the rocks, watching lost souls fall off Rainbow Road. Hysterical laughter about boy bands on the football field behind your house. We saw the neon lights together on our first adventure, and where we stood was holy ground. I love you so much.

We met during my drunken haze, my chosen sister. The roads I spent so long traveling lead me to your small town. You've always been so kind, unlike so many others. Reba and Barbra Jean. Have I finally found my niche? Those thoughts no longer taunt me. I can breathe again.

There was a time I dreamt about this day. Celebrating with strangers in the streets of New York City. Saying farewell to one life, and hello to another. Chapter thirty. How I got here is my narrative, no one can take that away from me. And what's to come is still being written.

# HUNTER ROBINSON: VIDEO SUBMISSION



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y6KB5vz2ARc>

# JENNIFER CONNELL: ART SUBMISSION

TITLE: "SEASONS"



# KIMBERLY NORMAN: LYRIC SUBMISSION

I'm picking this cotton so I can go  
Lord put a light in my soul.  
I'm picking this cotton so I can go  
Lord put a light in my soul.  
Lord turn this water into bread,  
so I can lay my lazy head.

Oh Lord! Nights I can see  
putting a little heaven down on me.  
Oh Lord! Nights I can see  
putting a little heaven down on me.  
Fresh to start  
with god in my heart.

Farmers in a rush  
I'm the soul he can trust  
Farmers in a rush  
I'm the soul he can trust  
Working till they bled  
hands always a beet red.

Turning this water into wine  
I'm not getting paid a dime  
Turning this water into wine  
I'm not getting paid a dime  
Farmers and what they yield  
always putting in another field

**THE HCC STUDENT GOVERNMENT  
ASSOCIATION WOULD LIKE TO  
THANK ALL THE CREATORS WHO  
SUBMITTED THEIR WORK!**

