











# orpheus

VOLUME 122





## ABOUT ORPHEUS

*Orpheus* and its predecessor, *The Exponent*, have been student generated for the last 121 years. Each term, a call for submissions is put forth for University of Dayton students to submit prose, poetry, fine art, photography, and design pieces for consideration. Selection of works is juried by faculty panels called together by the Orpheus staff. Coordination, editing, design, production, and printing direction are all conducted by the publication's student populated staff.

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**To the University of Dayton,**

We all have different reasons for being here, but I came to UD to be with my family. My brothers are seniors here at UD, and both my parents work in the School of Education Health and Human Sciences. Going into my college experience seeking a family has changed my approach to life entirely, I look for the places at UD where I can contribute, support and be supported, and provide my peers with a platform. Our university has become a home not only for my academic and professional ambitions; but also, a place for me to be with my family, both chosen and biological. I hope to allow this pleasure for all those around me, and all the students at UD; specifically, I hope *Orpheus* can provide this to you all.

The power of storytelling can mean everything to those seeking visibility, to those seeking family, to be seen and treated with human dignity. To communicate is so human, it's a part of our experience to give the important parts of our lives sound and words, and to hope those words will fall on loving ears. I hope *Orpheus* will provide that opportunity, to engage with the freedom that storytelling can provide, to share the conditions of life with those in our community. Providing a platform for students at UD to be seen in their artistic endeavors means creating a space for students to be more free, to be more seen, to be more loved in their lives at UD. Your work deserves to be seen, recognized for what it is, and for what it can be.

Thank you,



*Aila Carr-Chellman*  
Literary Editor



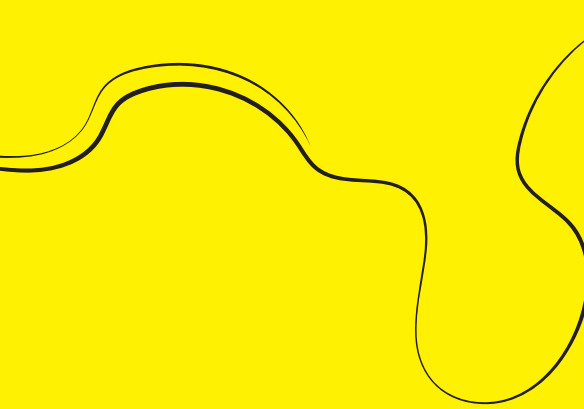
**Dear reader,**

The power of Art & Design is transformative and influential in an infinite number of ways. My entire life, I have aimed to explore creativity throughout these infinite ways. Connecting with others through a visual language is universal, regardless of demographics or language barriers. It has the power to create an experience or tell life-changing stories. Working with this magazine is an opportunity to design an experience for you, reader. Embrace all of the emotions and confusion you experience. This story is a representation of the forever-exploring and working mind of a creative individual, more specifically the minds of our incredibly creative students. Feel the movement, feel the stress, feel the sting.

Embrace it.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Maeve Fleming". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Maeve" and last name "Fleming" clearly distinguishable.

*Maeve Fleming*  
Lead Designer/Design Editor





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The pressure building **up** against the pop-top.

The electricity wired in your bloodstream.

It's more than just **stress**.

You're **moving** tectonic plates.

You're **shaping** diamonds.

YOU'RE scribbling down lopsided letters

in a notebook.

Keep rubbing your temple so the

headache

wraps up its **BARBED WIRE**.

Keep **tiptoeing** on the floorboards of your sanity.

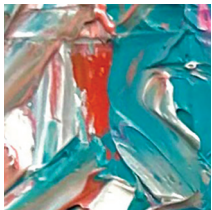
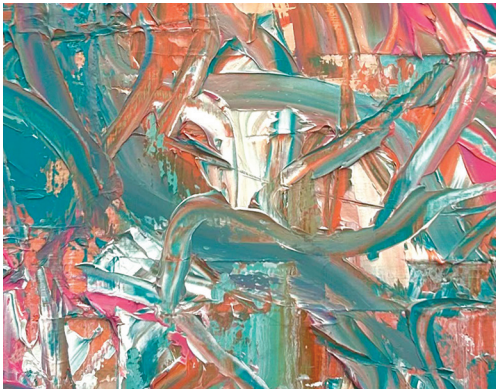
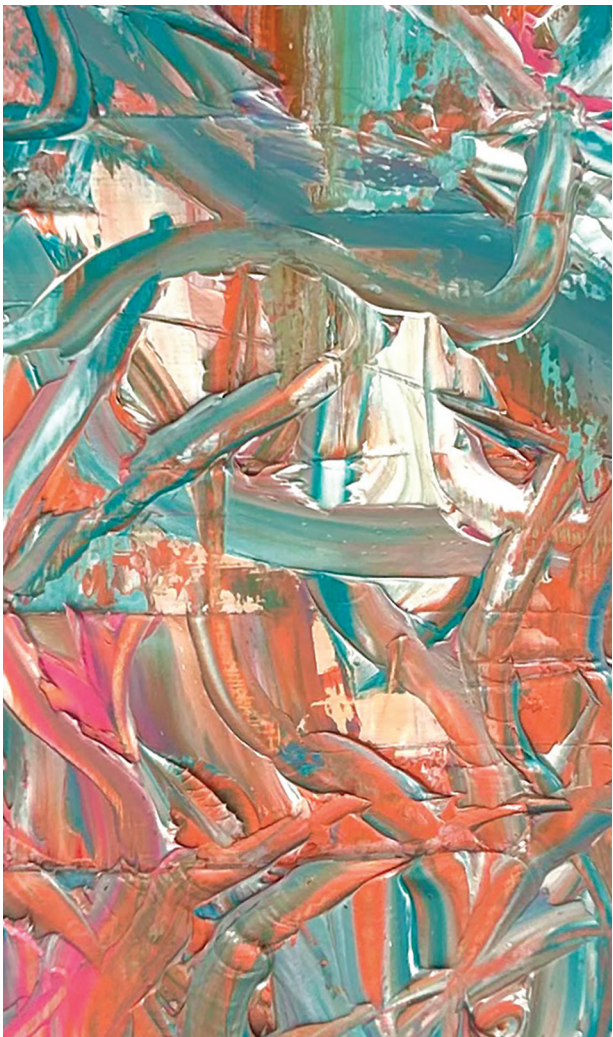
Maybe you need a **c o f f e e**.

**Or a nap.**

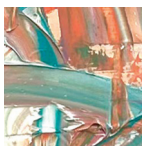












**Untitled**  
MAE WILHITE



Closing my eyes, I steelied myself and before I lost my courage, thrust the knife between her ribs just like in the anatomy diagrams I researched. It made a disgusting sound and an electric shock ran up my arm and into my body. She screamed and by instinct my hands flew up to cover her mouth, accidentally smearing her blood all over her face. Whoops.

Her legs started to crumple, and I held her by the armpits and laid her down, sitting next to her cross-cross-applesauce. I didn't let go of her hand once we're on the ground, and it was cold and clammy. A tear slipped down her face and I brushed it away. Her mascara didn't run at all.

"Um, so do you have any last words or anything?" I said, at least trying to fill the silence. At least she wasn't alone. Please die faster, please die faster, please die faster.

She opened her mouth, but nothing came out but coughing, wet and harsh. Ew. Blood stained her teeth red like Kool Aid. This was so very different from cold, gray frogs.

Looking down at her and seeing blood painted all over her face, all the hatred and competition I felt faded away. She was just Sara. She was just a kid like me. It wasn't her fault she almost ruined my life or that she was better than me or that something was rising inside me and she was the one standing in front of me. It wasn't her fault that she stood for everyone I hated, everything I wanted to be rid of. Looking down at her, hearing her wheezing breaths, I loved her very much.

"Thank you so much, Sara," I whispered. "I'm really sorry about this, but I hope you can understand, and I think it will be over soon. You looked perfect tonight and your dress was so beautiful. Congratulations on getting prom queen."

She didn't respond, just looked at me. I kept holding her hand. Soon her eyes closed and her breathing stopped. She looked peacefully asleep, still and lips parted like Sleeping Beauty. But no one was here to give true love's kiss and wake her up. I was the only one remaining, blood pumping furiously through my veins, blushing warming my face. I had never felt so, so alive than when I was looking at her, laying lifeless and beautiful on the grass. The crickets sang into the night; I stood above her and walked away.

It was a dream come true.



# Dissecting Sara

## MOLLY CAMPBELL

The theme for prom was "Enchanted Forest" and Sara looked no better than if the theater department had designed her every detail. Her blonde Barbie hair was perfectly curled around her shoulders with no flyaways, and she walked without ever looking like she was taking a step; she was the fairy, complete with sparkling silver tiara. She had perfected the surprised, pleased look for when they announced her as prom queen—as if there was even a universe where she wasn't above everyone else, where she wasn't eight years ahead of our tiny standings as peasant prom goers.

Everything about her was pink, the pink of cotton candy, the pink of fresh cut roses, the pink of a medium rare steak. Her soft blush, her lip gloss on her demure smile, and her floor-length gown were all signaling to me that it was the right night, that I hadn't chosen wrong. She was a perfect flower to be plucked, and tonight was the peak of her beauty.

Her eyes met mine from the dance floor to where I stood against the folded bleachers, out of the circle of the twinkly fairy lights strung up from the ceiling. She cocked her head and looked at me, really looked at me. She saw the disheveled girl who matched her stride step for step, who lent her pencils in class, who just sadly she had beaten out for valedictorian, but, hey, she did her best and that's enough. She looked at me and saw a fellow do-gooder, a fellow try-hard and teacher's pet, one that she could never quite figure out.

I looked at her and I saw everything. I had it all figured out. I could have taken her apart piece by piece, limb by limb, vein by vein, and reasssembled her without her own mother knowing the difference. I looked at her and saw my ticket out of town. I looked at her and saw prey.

And that's when I smiled and motioned for her to follow me out the back entrance.

She followed with her pink heels clicking on the gymnasium floor. Sara followed, and when we reached the gravel parking lot behind the school, the silence was loud after the blaring Top 100 from the gym. She looked at me curiously but didn't say anything. I couldn't help myself from getting excited, or whatever feeling was churning inside my stomach. I told myself it was excitement, and pulled the butcher knife from where I had stashed it between two loose bricks.

"Don't scream."

I lunged, and she tumbled and almost fell before she turned and ran into the woods. She was still wearing her heels so I figured I could stand to let her get a few seconds head start, in our last race. I took a deep breath and started running.

In the woods, I could feel the pounding of the bass from the gym. Or maybe it was the blood whooshing through my ears. Sara was looking at me from where she was pressed back against a tree. She had taken her second place with grace and dignity like I knew she would—did she have a choice? Her big eyes were wet and scared. God, I could never be a butcher.



# Osteogenesis

MADELYN SELONG



# Dear Hallmark

OLIVIA PIETRAS

Dear Hallmark,

I am writing to you as an avid holiday season viewer. I have recently become an occasional weeknight watcher, particularly when I am in search of a very intellectually stimulating piece. Though I enjoy your productions, I do believe that it would be beneficial and would possibly increase your audience if you were to make your romantic comedies less realistic and more geared to be a form of escapism.

Firstly, your protagonist always seems to have some sort of mundane, boring job such as but not limited to: gallery curator, owner of a quaint little bookstore, wedding planner, extremely well-known journalist or politician, a third generation baker struggling to save the family business, romance novelist, equestrian, greenhouse botanist, or pet shop owner. I think that being less realistic with the protagonist's job choice would be beneficial for the whole escapism thing. I mean really, I've lost count of how many flower farmers I know, I'm not looking for relatable characters, I want something that seems glamorous! Give me an accountant!

Secondly, the location of your filming is, once again, all too real and not what I want to watch for a girls night in, wrapped up in my robe, glass of rose in hand. The turquoise waves crashing onto the white sand in Hawaii is often the backdrop as a pair of exes embark on their non-refundable vacation, or the snowfall softly landing on the cottage built by some burly lumberjack that one of your little protagonists runs into whilst coming home to Colorado to save the family bed and breakfast, is simply, well, boring! What really says romance to me is Ohio. With the gray skies, unpredictable weather, endless amounts of contaminated water, rusted cars, camo galore as soon as you leave any "major" city, what's not to love?

Lastly, and perhaps where you really hit too close to home are your painfully accurate depictions of dating in the twenty first century, in particular the way the men in heterosexual relationships are depicted. It's just like, Jesus Christ, aren't we all over the men who chase after us, communicate through anything other than Snapchat, and decide to be exclusive after a week of meeting? Whenever I see a man in one of your so-called rom-coms immediately lock eyes with the woman who he now believes to be the love of his life, then proceed to have some sort of grandiose gesture to declare it, I feel physically ill. Give me that dreamy guy who has an insanely high snap score, replies after twenty four hours, asks to meet only in the early hours of the morning, and tells you to your face how attractive he finds other women because seriously, that kind of honesty is real love.

Sincerely,

A totally not jaded woman in her twenties, who has absolutely never dated a total douchebag. Also, who most definitely did not consume what some may consider to be an unhealthy amount of red wine and Dove chocolate previous to writing this, having just been stood up yet again.









# Untitled

JAYONNA JOHNSON



Alone, I light my cigarette  
And leave my empty apartment  
For the cold empty streets of the village

On my walk to the bar.  
There I can smoke,  
And maybe not be so

Cold. I focus only on the beat of my steps  
And the shakiness of my breath,  
Until I hear a crunch underfoot.

A few more steps  
before curiosity stops me to look  
At what I'd trod over.

Looking down, I see the crushed shell  
Of a snail.  
I then continue walking, the rest of the night, I  
still feel

The cracked, crumbled creature  
On the sole of my foot.

# Underfoot

BRYCE RUSSELL

# I Can Be Who You Want Me To Be

LIZZIE PRESOCK

My mind is a white void.  
It weeps.  
It whispers.  
Though its screams are silent,  
For it dare not be heard,  
By any but me.  
I am a blank canvas.  
Paint me with all the prettiest colors.  
And I will reflect you.  
For I was not blank.  
I was simply covered in white paint.  
Waiting for something,  
To replace what's underneath.  
Use me,  
please.  
Forget I am real.  
As I try to forget my own identity.  
I can be who you want me to be.  
My mind screams for help.  
All you can hear are its whispers,  
"I can be who you want me to be."



# **Ticking Tea**

*ISABELLA WINKLER*



"Mild scrambling," AllTrails? The rocks go straight fucking up. What are they trying to prove?

I test a leaf-slick boulder and skitter hard. Find hold, albeit a rough one that gnaws at my palms. Exhale, repeat.

Mt. Battie is only 708 feet tall. Half a mile, half an hour, avoidable muddy spots. That's what AllTrails says. *Not thirteen hours' drive from home. Over 700 miles from everyone you know. Fourteen days into three months all by yourself.*

*Challenging, but my eight-year-old made it up!* Piss off, Erica S. Not all of us teethed on branches and live lobsters. Mainers.

Next stone. My sneakers skid, palms slap rock. Slip, *smack*. Sharp tingles suggest I've drawn blood. Boulders loom overhead as I wipe the spray of red on my shorts. *Don't fall*, the oil-slick leaves rustle. Malicious bastards. I eye another rock.

Slip, smack. Worn-out sneakers suit gentle Ohio hills. Maine rips at them with sharp, laughing teeth. Thirteen hours, 700 miles, fourteen days. What am I trying to prove?

*Why not?* I said. *When else?* I said. Not *I can't*, not *I won't*. Opportunity and chance, never escape. Never avoidance.

*I want to go to Maine.*

*I can't go back home.*

My sweat reeks of a campfire. Camden's air tastes of saltwater. Slip, *smack*. All fours this time, stinging hot and scarlet. Home tastes of stale wine, sometimes vodka. Cheap canned beer and pantry-scavenged seltzers. I know the tastes of their hangovers.

Slip, *smack*. I lose blue blazes (*FU—*) then find them. Up, up. I'm the only one here. If I fell now I'd probably snap something. The trees wouldn't tell. Swallow me up, cradle (strangle?) me in roots. Flowers sprouting out of my eye sockets. But home burns of liquor and saline. I'd rather taste pennies and dirt. I step and get traction.

My car's parked far below, fifty feet from shore, trunk straining. Tent, check. Sleeping bag, check. Food, water, firewood (locally sourced), sandals. Underwear, propane, I don't exist here. Just passing through.

I'm beginning to get it. *Sli-catch*. Up, up. Down, down the stairs. Mt. Battie rustles, my kitchen screams. I tremble amidst both. Battie rustles, I gasp. The kitchen screams, and I scream.

*If you don't shut the fuck up—*

*—your sons upstairs crying—*

*Up a boulder, no slipping.*

*—I will take them to Aunt—*

I stop to catch my breath. There's a view here, peeking out. It's blue and brilliant, a tease beyond stubborn shrubbery. Sun glasses off the surface of the water to separate sea and sky.

The kitchen is silent. Both of them stare glassily. I can't breathe.

I can barely breathe. More scrambling here; the crevices gape like throats, silently screaming throats open to swallow me up into the earth. I've never hiked a mountain. Then again, I've never been to Maine. Never lived alone. *Alone*. The word plucks at my stomach. *Alone*. I'm an hour from my rented bedroom. It's 11:30 a.m.— last night's campsite's free again. *Really alone*.

*Really alone*. Lights go out. I creep back downstairs. Dad on couch, bottle in fridge. Bottle in basement, bottle between knees. When I look at it, it looks at me. Impassive. It's not the first I've finished alone. *Really alone*.

The sheets are damp and stifling. Hangover oil slicks my forehead. *I can't do this anymore.*

Smoke-flavored sweat oils my back. I can do this. I know where to step now. Up three boulders in a dart. Is it safe to run? Is it right? Should I have stayed? Stayed home—where's *home* when *home* dies? When *home* fades to *there*? When a cool, seaswept strangeness is preferable?

Familiarity reeks of rot these days.

Every few feet is new. I know where to step now. I'm mounting, climbing, up, up. The shrubbery falls away. I'm near the top. *Run rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run run. Bang, bang, bang, bang goes the farmer's gun.* I run up a stretch of dirt, loosen the legs. Is running always away? Avoid? I don't feel like a rabbit.

*Run, Lucy, run, Lucy—*

Mt. Battie is only 708 feet tall. I'm 708 feet high. Wind whips up from the bay, crisp and gusty. It cools the oil-slick of forehead sweat. I don't wipe it off.

The air tastes clean. My muscles throb hot. Poetry was written about this place.

*All I could see from where I stood*

*Was three long mountains and a wood;*

*I turned and looked another way,*

*And saw three islands in a bay.*

*—Edna St. Vincent Millay*

I don't feel like a rabbit. I don't feel like a drink. I've scaled Battie. Alone. *Really alone.*

Thirteen hours, 700 miles, fourteen days.

This is where I can run to?

I sit on a boulder and it doesn't bite back. I can run to poetry mountains. Run to sea air and whispering leaves. Run to campfire-brewed tea and ocean views. Run to torn-up palms and dirt-streaked calves. Run from the bottle between my knees.

I re-tie the NMDs. Their traction's worn to shit. But I know where to step now.

I think I'll keep running.



you scream and kick until your voice gives out  
you kick and kick and kick until your feet can't kick anymore  
so you take a bone saw and chop them off  
put them in a plastic bag and throw them in a dumpster behind  
a grocery store  
your legs don't do any good without your feet  
so you go ahead and leave them there too

you're half the person you used to be  
so what's new  
you claw your skin off until you're just an exposed nerve  
you take your arms and throw them down a well  
and you hate the sound of them hitting the bottom  
so you leave your ears there too

you can still feel your heart beat  
and it reminds you too much of being held by your mother  
so you gnaw it out and leave it in her garden like a feral dog  
you crunch open your ribcage through all twelve pairs  
and leave them there too

your lungs still inhale and exhale, in and out  
so you attach them to a line and run them up the flagpole  
where they can feel wind and breathe  
just without you around them like a bird in a cage  
so what's left  
you shed your spine and leave it in the trunk of your dad's car  
next to a case of beer and menthol cigarette ash  
you rip out your molars and incisors and jaw and mail it to the museum of  
natural history  
and add your cheekbones and hair for good measure  
scour out your eyes with an apple corer  
and leave them in your middle school guidance counselor's office

now it's just your brain  
and isn't it always  
so you scoop out the gray matter and prefrontal cortex and sever your  
brain stem  
scrape out your amygdala and hippocampus with a sharp rock  
like carving a ripe pumpkin  
and there go your memories, splat on the concrete  
maybe lobotomies are underrated  
and you leave your brain goop under a frozen lake  
so that someone can dig it out with an ice pick  
and even though you can't hear it  
the silence is nice

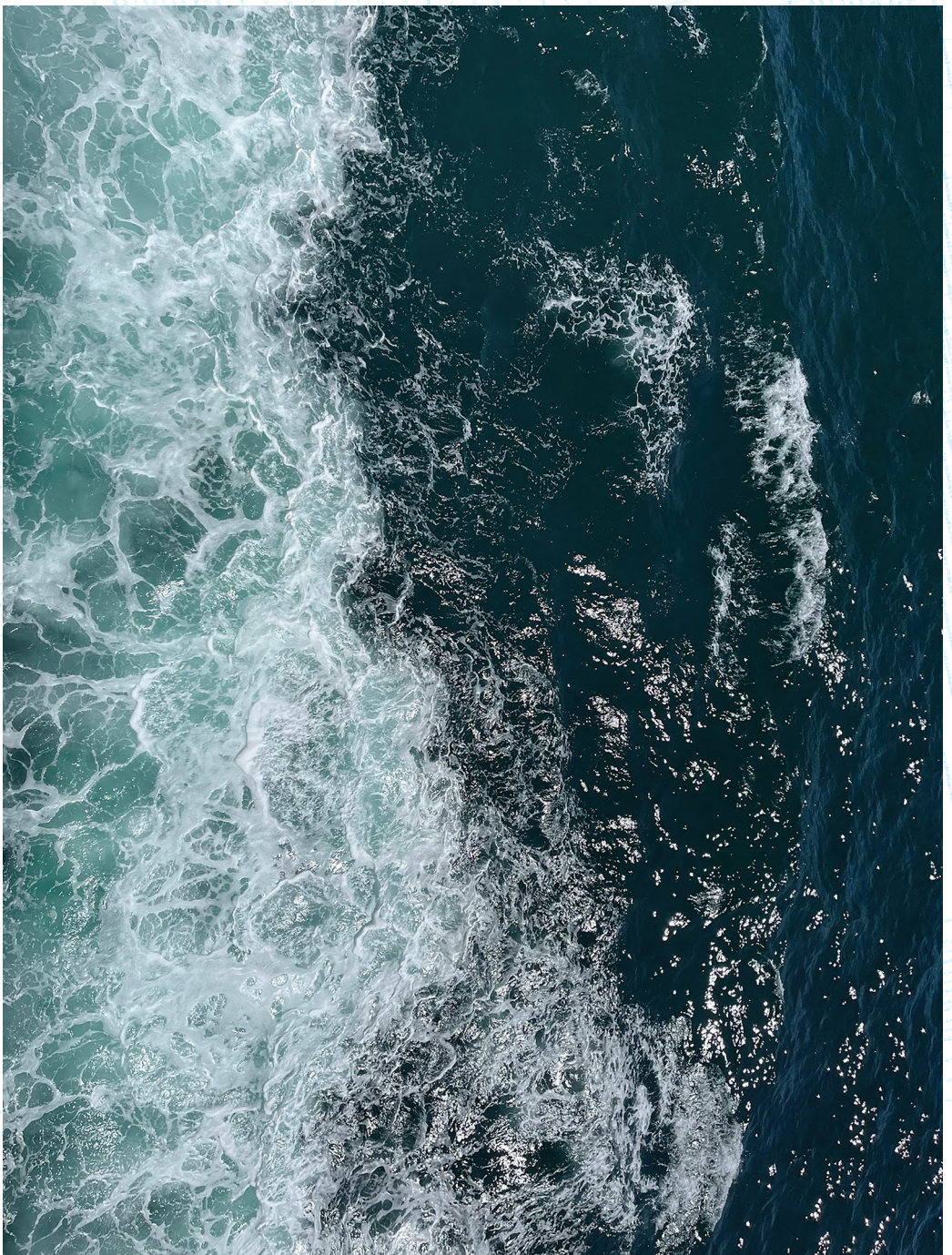
# Tantrum

*MOLLY CAMPBELL*

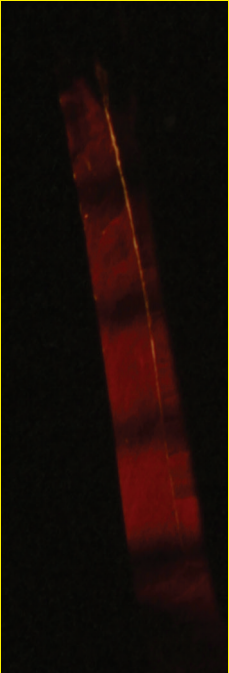
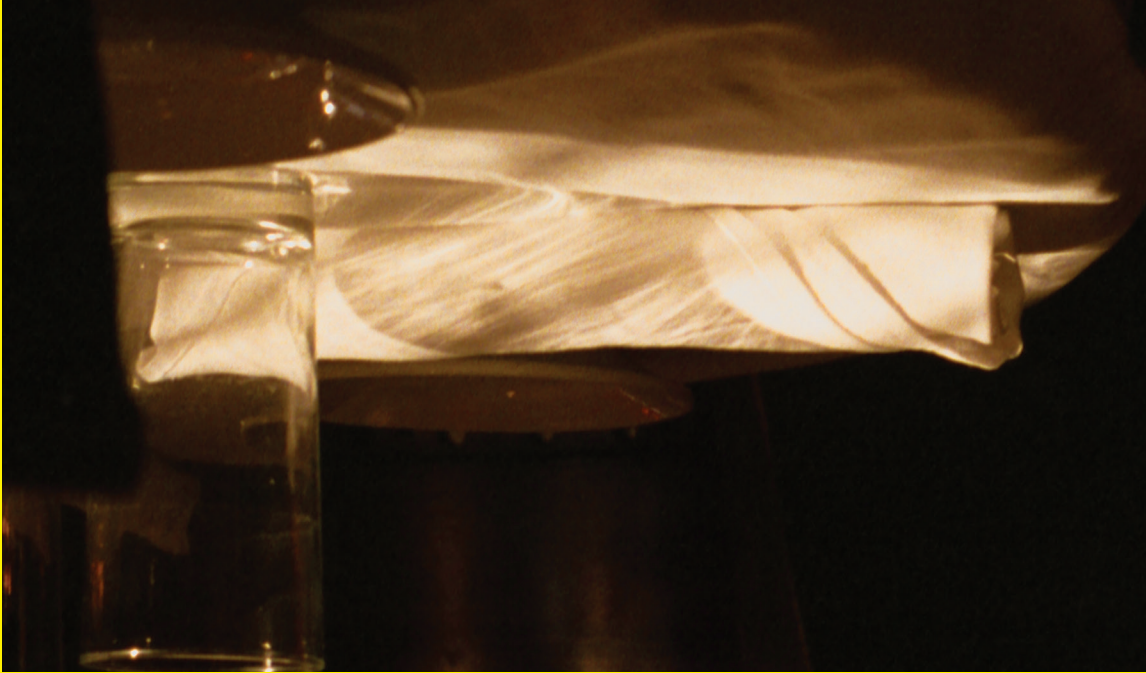


# Crashing Towards the End

MAGGIE ENDRES



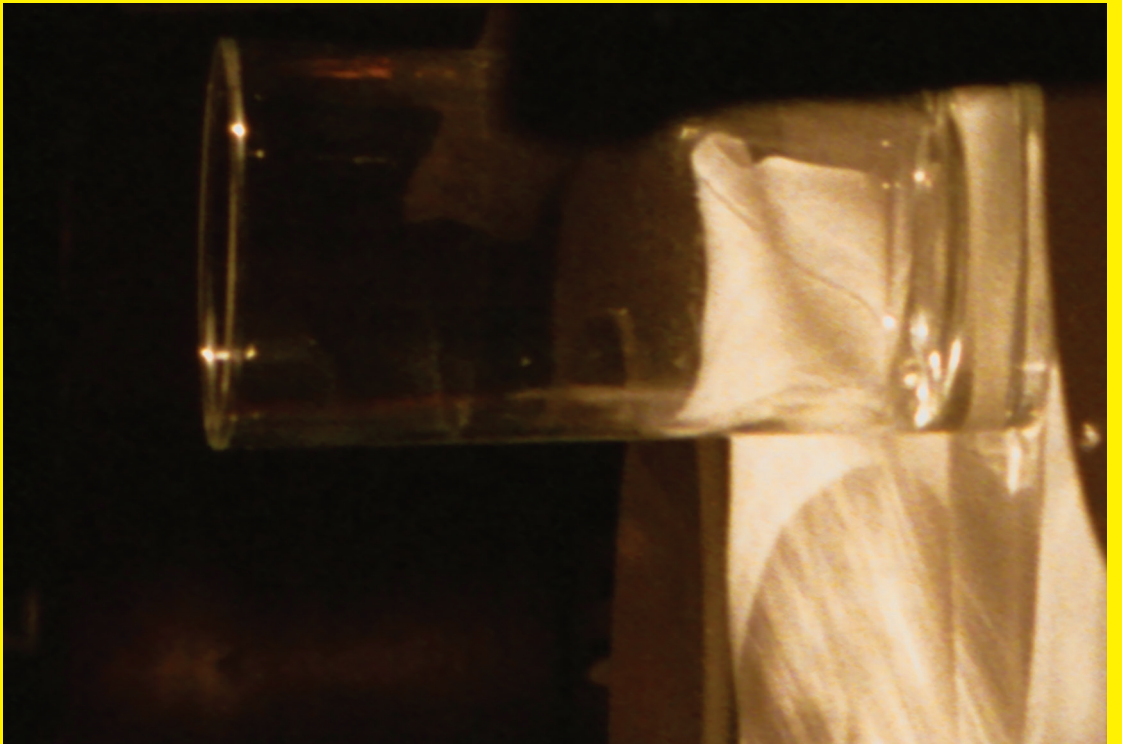






# A Light Meal

SCOTTY CAMPMAN

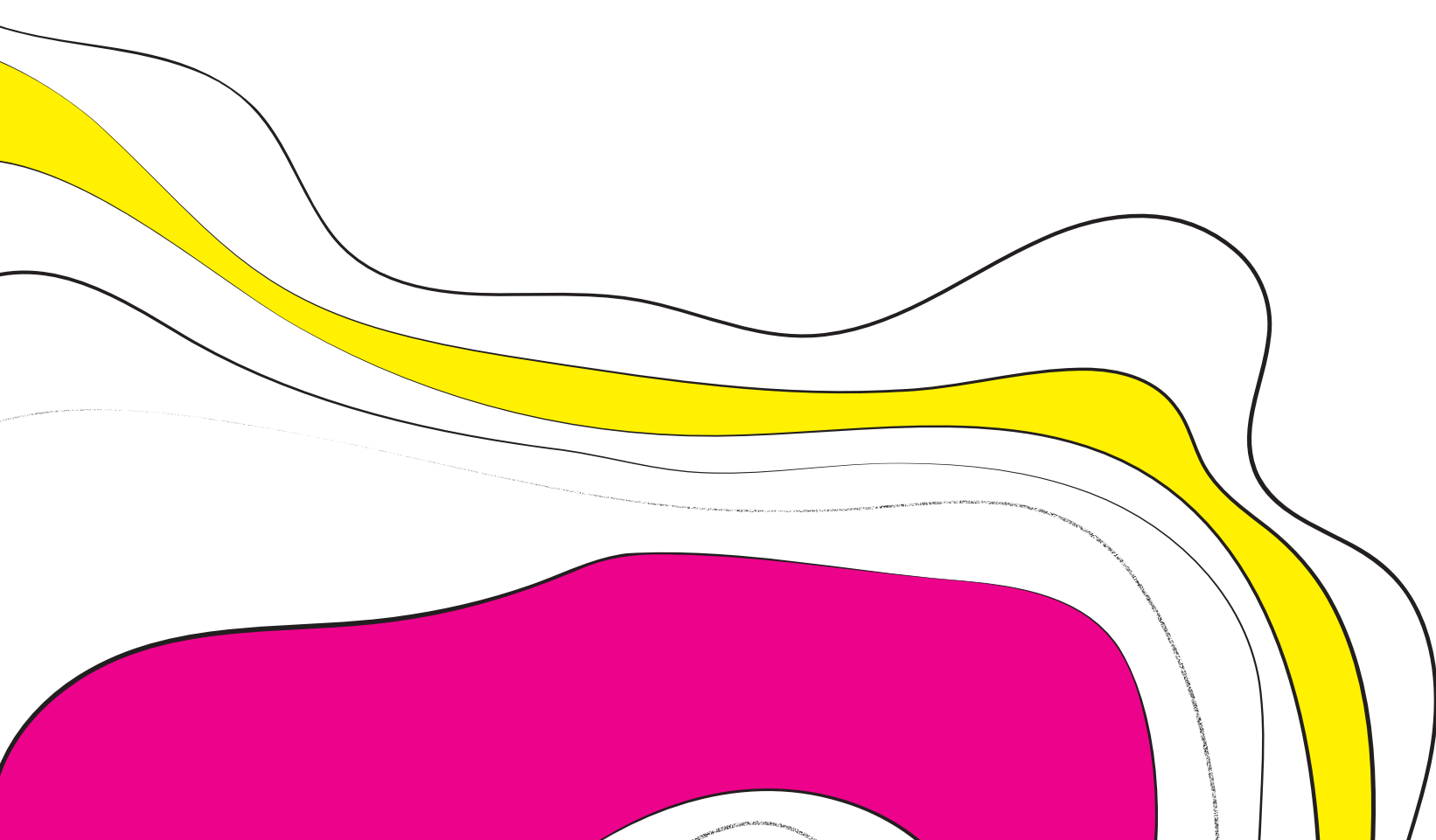





EVELYNNE BROWN

# Becoming Roots

What if I crawled into a cave to decompose  
and asked you to scatter all my bones,  
among the rocks and leaves  
so that the scavengers and thieves  
could have a party?  
Could you let the moss grow thick  
around my legs and hips  
and tell the wanderers to "come, enjoy  
their splendor!"  
And watch over as they sing  
of all the life that I would bring  
as they fold seeds into the  
dampened soil below me.  
Would you stay by my side  
and watch the dirt bury my thighs  
covering my body with your own –  
wailing, as my bones began to wither?  
Let me fall into the earth,  
with the seeds and with the worms  
hidden gently by the world once below me;  
let the trees soak up the pain,  
let it wash away with rain,  
blossoming among the sweetened spring  
perfumes.





When the show begins  
300 sanctified no names  
Become agents of carnage  
Their jackets well-sewn  
And their appetite incomparable  
The feeding frenzy begins

Each pig racing to  
Walls of polyphonic doom  
While buzzcuts pull the sky towards them  
Decking untapped potential  
In its invisible mouth  
And goths wail, bound to the floor  
Only to be spared by a stranger  
From pit death

As if in some religious dance  
Here, inside this cathedral  
This is freedom

# Mosh Pit

*JOHN SEBASTIAN*



MOLLY CAMPBELL

# Push

there's a bruise on my hip  
pink and violet and deep under my skin  
you press on it and it hurts  
i tell you to leave  
but i don't move away  
i wonder if it will ever have a chance to fade

i'm laying in my bed  
lights off blankets on  
your silhouette is shadowed against the hallway  
and i close my eyes and hope i disappear into the darkness  
i feel your body heat next to the bed frame  
alive and breathing and warm  
i tell you to leave but  
my hand snakes out from the blankets and  
grabs your wrist until my knuckles turn white

i tell you to leave and  
you smile at me  
teeth shining and wet with blood  
and i find myself smiling back

i think of going down a flight of stairs  
the difference of being pushed  
or stepping down yourself  
but either way  
you still reach the ground

# Blue Tuscany

LAINÉY DOGGETT







**Visceral**  
MAEVE FLEMING







# The Girl Who Died Last Autumn

KERRY KADEL



My soul has been dormant since last fall,

Around that time, I can recall how I broke

The heart of someone I'd thought had tied mine with ribbons, but instead pulled it apart.

I did all I could to find the pieces of myself strewn around the forest of my dwindling health,

Until the seasons came and chilled my soul in place in a patch of poinsettias as my closest embrace.

Winter did more harm than good, and I thought that maybe I could go back;

Maybe I could still be that girl last autumn, the one who'd nearly forgotten that she had more worth than rotting deep within the soil and muck of the earth;

The girl who knows she looks good in red because that's what her mother says;

The girl who dances in her dorm and marvels at thunderstorms;

The girl who picks up a pen and starts writing her story again.

A year later my soul is alive, through a long thoughtful journey, I have survived.

Now my soul yearns for the new, and the autumn morning dew melts the soil away.

The earth has been kind to not let me decay.

The ivy that held my broken bones together

Have mended the marrow because they still remember that November night when I first was lost.

Lost no more, for the world is brighter, my heart mended back together, and my soul continues for evermore.

– k.k







MAGGIE ENDRES

# Don't Let Go of It



The familiar sweet smell of coffee flows through the room as a pestle is relentlessly ground down. Leaving only coarse brown powder as a reminder of the coffee beans once in the mortar. She barely winces at the harsh sound of her pestle as she pounds the last remaining chunks in the powder to dust. She sets the pestle down on the counter and picks up the mortar pouring the contents into a large red container. For what felt like the millionth time that day, she walks her usual path to the closet and set the container on top of five identical containers.

She takes another bag of coffee beans, brings it to her crushing station, and plonks it down with a thud.

As she starts pouring the coffee beans a ding rings from across the counter. She sets the measuring cup down and looks over to see a familiar face at her register. As she goes over to greet the tall man she dusts the copious amount of coffee bean dust off of her apron.

"One vanilla latte please and thank you, Milna!" He slides his card into the machine with a wink.

She scuffs and moves to start making his latte. "Always a pleasure, Linden!"

"Of course! They still have you on crushing duty?" Linden must see her expression darken and laughs.

"Unfortunately, you know I keep trying to tell them that's not how it works, but who am I?" She waves her free hand in the air while handing him his latte.

He snorts sipping the latte, "Maybe you just need to show them how it's done?"

"Ha, right. When pigs fly."

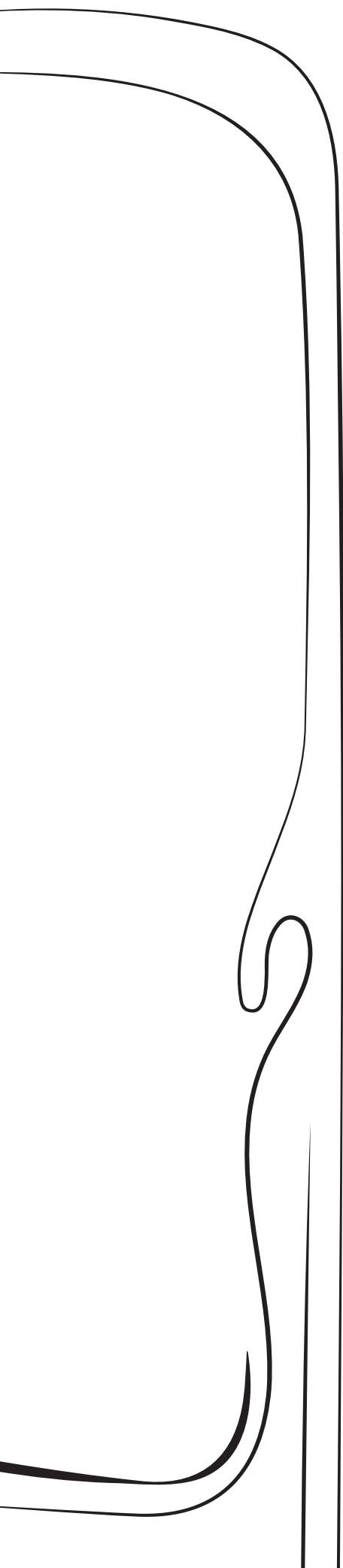
"Well, I would tell you to quit, but I'd miss you too much." He wiggles his eyebrows at her.

"Tell the group I said hi." She waves him away and moves back to her workplace. "Oh, and see you tomorrow?"

Linden nods, ignoring her question. Just before he fully opens the door he adds, "You know, the space below my apartment was recently vacated."

Milna looks over to say something, but he's already gone. However, she notices a small piece of paper sitting by her register. She narrows her eyes and goes to pick it up, noticing the worn corners. She wonders how long Linden had been carrying the advertisement around.

*Retail Space for Lease.*



The implications of the flier soar through her mind. As she starts to crush her beans again she's reminded of the first time she ever crushed coffee beans with her dad.

"Now Mimi, you must be extremely careful with this." Her father set a mortar and pestle in front of her, and she frowned. It's a large bowl-like stone, why would she need to be careful with it?

"Remember, you only crush the beans when you're ready or the powder will stale." He hands her a bag of coffee beans.

"You must pour the beans in the mortar then carefully, with love, crush them to dust." Mina nodded to her father and took the bag of beans into her hands. Pouring them into the mortar her hand twitched and knocked a couple of the beans on the counter.

"I said be careful Mimi!" Her dad exclaimed, hurriedly grabbing the beans. "These are the heart of the drink and must always be handled with the utmost care." He lightly set the beans back in the mortar and took the pestle from Mina's hand.

"Making coffee is a process, but a process worth going through." He would say as he showed her the steps with caution making sure she understood every level.

"If someone did not love coffee as much as me, they would not go through the steps to make it perfect as I do."

"A person that takes their perfect cup of coffee for granted loses their ability to make it all together, Mimi." She frowned as he lectured her on the importance of loving everything you do.

Mina takes a deep breath and looks down at the flier again. She sets the pestle in the mortar and starts to clean up the store, not that many people came in anyway.

After finally wiping all excess coffee bean powder from the counter she grabs her bag to leave. She shoves the flier into it and grabs a wrinkled envelope instead. She smooths it out and sets the month-old envelope on the counter next to the register. She grabs the keys and closes the coffee shop for the last time.

# Coffee Beans

EVA LONNEMAN









# Stranger In Color

STACI ZARTMAN-ROBB



# Caramel Latte

PETER BONASSO

Making drinks as a barista shouldn't be hard. The counter at my coffee shop is littered with measuring charts: how many shots for a venti hot latte versus an iced one, espresso-forward and milk-forward builds, there's hardly anything to mess up.

So, when you told me your favorite drink was a hot caramel latte with oat milk, I rejoiced. Nothing fancy, just syrup + espresso + milk. I didn't even have to worry about ladling ice cubes perfectly enough for the drink to look completely filled, without the drink itself spilling over. If there was any way to mesmerize a girl with my coffee capabilities, that was it.

Soon enough, I saw you in line. What are the odds it was a complete coincidence you caught me on shift, I wondered.

"The usual?" I inquired with smugness.

To which you responded, "And that is...?"

After stating the very order, your ensuing "he's so smart" beckoned for my attention. I couldn't possibly daydream about your reaction to a drink I hadn't even made, though.

I grabbed from the tower of hot cups to begin the standard latte drill and turned towards the syrups when I froze. Of course, the one flavoring that came in two viscosities was the caramel: syrup or sauce? But you were so far away from the line already, and I had been so confident. Out of pride, I mixed the two, knowing nothing about how it would taste but knowing damn well that one smelled like pure chemicals.

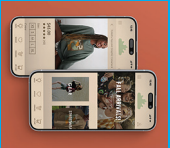
After a simple addition of two espresso shots was the steamed milk. I only had to stick the wand in the mini-pitcher of oat milk and watch the magic happen. Two seconds into the steaming, the machine sputtered and stopped. No worries, I thought, just have to clean the wand and try again. A momentary rejuvenation, then another stop. Suddenly, the coffee shop was ten degrees hotter. There's no way this thing was broken. I cleaned and started and watched it stop five times over before the machine at last refused to continue heating the milk. I was horrified upon touching the lukewarm cup of steamed milk that took five minutes to make. How could I go back and suggest a substitute after all that time, though? My bullheaded superego demanded that I go through with my mistake and accept the consequences. Too timid to retaliate, I obeyed. "Let me know how it tastes," I said to you, utter dread half-heartedly masked as cool self-assurance.

I pictured your reaction, disappointment and disgust after such a wayward rendition of a drink you count on to be good. I couldn't even make an average caramel latte; I had to butcher it with stubbornness and flavor it with guilt. So much for the image of the incredible barista you thought I was, or for earning any romantic consideration.

The notification appears: your reaction to the first sips. My heart already dropped, but I mustered the courage to see the verdict. In the end, the drink you so bravely tested out was..."the best caramel latte ever!!!" I ignored every thought of over-exaggeration being a disguise for disliking and floated on and over cloud nine that afternoon. My issue getting close with girls in college had always felt like a "me" problem: I'm not being authentic, I'm overeager, I take things too seriously. With just that one comment, I finally felt like I could instead be the source of my own prosperity; maybe my talents could make up for my deficiencies.

One well-done caramel latte may have been my ticket to music sharing, more spark-catching conversations, and more intimacy, but in my mind I'm still making that drink, trying to perfect it. I could make a hundred Starbucks-worthy concoctions, but if even one tasted like garbage, I may never see you again. The choice in caramel syrup is the cost-benefit analysis of swiping up on your story, the steamed milk a dilemma of how much I can "accidentally" run into you at your job before my desire to talk double-crosses me. It's a torturous calculus but one I choose to accept, knowing any given day your order could change. To someday be your well of energy, though; to be sweet and comforting and a blessing to your lips, as I know you would be to me; to share dreary Mondays and joyful Saturdays alike; that would be all I ever wanted.







# Forestry Apparel Branding

MAEVE FLEMING



LUCY MILES

# Everything Has Opened Up Auspiciously

My dear mother

I think of you every day

everything has opened up

A U S P I C I O U S L Y

sincerely your loving son,

Paul Lawrence Dunbar

my comfort is all that that you or I could ask

I am feeling in pretty good form just now and hope to continue so.

the voyage has been pretty rough

I shall be lonesome for a while anyhow.

a magnificent

a magnificent great ship

I have gotten sick after meals and had to lie down for a good deal

I shall be lonesome for a while anyhow.

a magnificent

a magnificent great ship

I have gotten sick after meals and had to lie down for a good deal

My dear mother:

This is the first day I have felt equal to the task of writing you. I have been feeling very much better since I have been throwing up much but I have gotten sick after meals and had to lie down for a good deal. I have been feeling very much better since I have been throwing up much but I have gotten sick after meals and had to lie down for a good deal. I have been feeling very much better since I have been throwing up much but I have gotten sick after meals and had to lie down for a good deal.

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I keep my window open. Every

Time the curtain moves

Late at night, I hope it is you,

Climbing inside to lay next to me.

But it's always just the wind.

Cold, lifeless breeze, come to make me

Shiver and wrap myself tight,

in blankets too big for one.

# **Open Window**

***BRYCE RUSSELL***



GARRETT WEAVER

# Faded Smiles

Sometimes you don't even realize there's a smile on your face until you feel it fade away.

Even the best and happiest of days end in darkness. No matter how much laughter and shrieks of joy it contained, the day still ends just as quietly as the rest.

Just as suddenly, there were no more summers off. Mornings on the couch to watch cartoons became mornings at a desk watching emails roll in. Climbing trees became climbing corporate ladders, and bike rides through the neighborhood became car rides to the office. You don't stay up late watching movies or playing xbox anymore, you stay up late trying to keep it all together. You were in such a rush to grow up that you never imagined wishing you could stay forever. By the time you even realized the sun was setting, there was nothing you could do to stop it.

For the longest time all you wanted was to do were the things everybody else could do. Control where you were, control what you ate, what you watched, what you listened to. Have your own money, your own opinions, your own identity. But nobody told you what came with that all. You were too busy having fun to read the fine print.

What would you give to go back?

Would you stay?





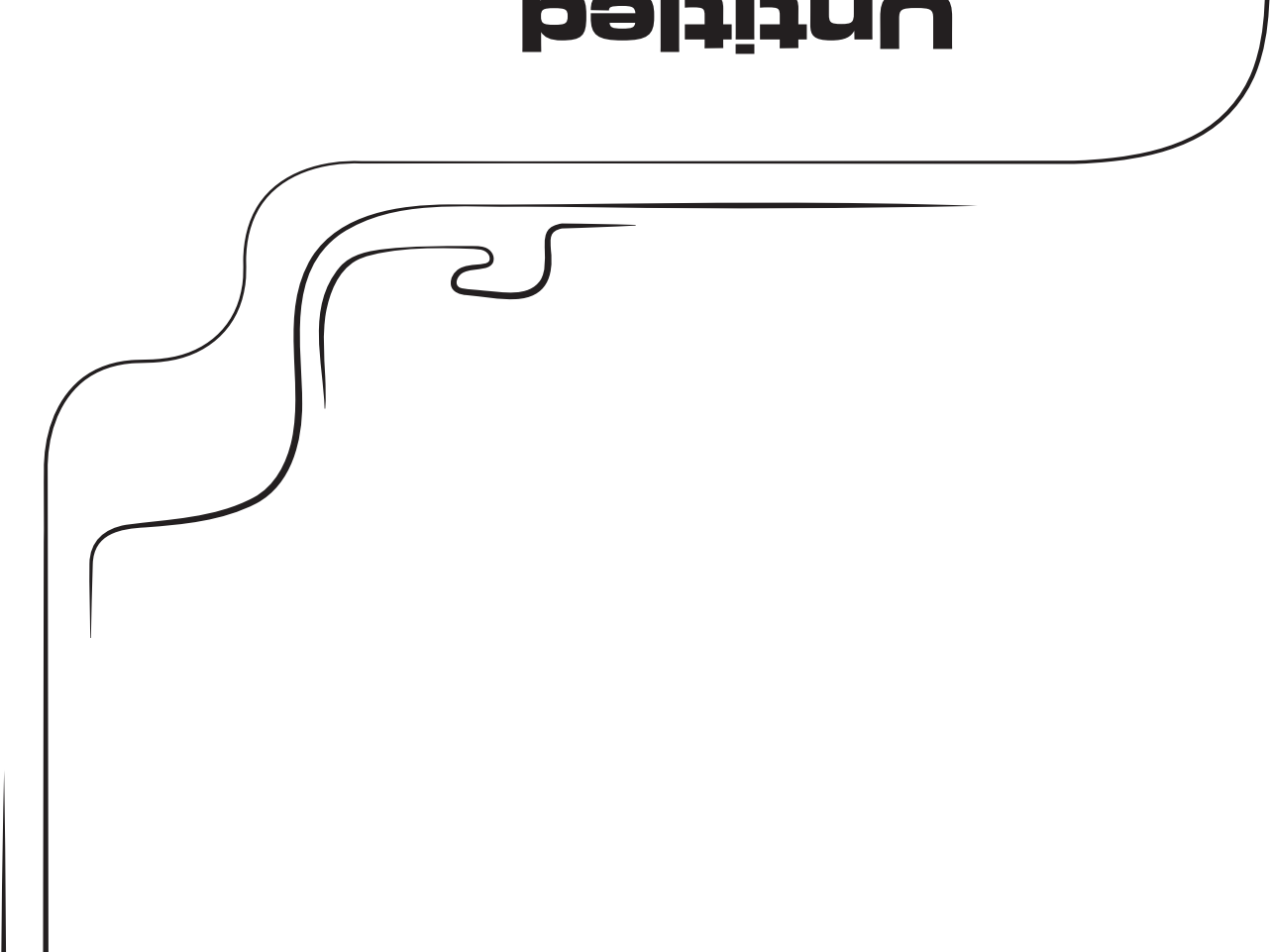
# Drippy

STACI ZARTMAN-ROBB





**Untitled**  
MAE WILHITE



It's funny, in a way, how small homes always seem to have warmer memories. Maybe it's because, when you have a big house, the memories get spread out the "where" and the "what" or it all gets cloudy. Maybe, the more you have, the less time you have to focus on the immaterial things. Carl told Marilyn on the day that he proposed to her that he'd build her the prettiest cabin she'd ever seen. That he'd stay with her forever.

A quaint cabin sat in the woods, a few miles from town. A beautiful garden laid on the outside of the house and around a stone path leading to a gravelly driveway, a rusty red pickup truck parked as far along as it could get. The grasses were overgrown, vines covered the house, but the flowers stayed watered, and on one side of the house, there were even tomatoes growing. Carl always loved getting to bring in the day's harvest. He wished he could do it as often as he used to.

He sat in the living room, a box TV faintly buzzing with the sound of static, resting in his favorite recliner that for the past few years had never been able to go back all the way. He closed his eyes, resting his weary head like he always did after a day of hard work.

"My dearest," Carl sweetly asked, his voice raspy, "Would you like me to play some music?" The gramophone sat on their old, wooden table, the top always dusty even though Carl knew Marilyn dusted it every day. And Marilyn would ask for him to play "their song," and he'd know exactly what she meant.

He slowly walked to their box of records, and pulled out the third record in there without even having to look. Marilyn always said that he should move that record to the front, since they play all the time. He was stubborn, though. Always had been. He brushed the dust off the record and prepared for it to play.

"Sometimes an April day will suddenly bring showers..." She'd always dance, and he'd always dance along. He loved her dancing, but now, he just kept his eyes closed and smiled.

"Rain to grow the flowers for her first bouquet..." Their first date, how could he ever forget? He'd brought her flowers he'd grown. She cried. That's why he started the garden here, you know. So that whenever she felt down, he could go out with some scissors and bring her back her own bouquet.

"But April love can slip right through your fingers..." On days like this, it was hard to keep from reminiscing. His memories jumped around, from their first date, to their wedding, to saying goodbye. He closed his eyes, gently swaying back and forth to the music. He could picture her smile without looking.

"So if she's the one, don't let her run away." As the song stopped, he opened his eyes to take out the record and put it away. He didn't get it out fully, though, before his fingers slowly released the record and he reached over towards something else. An old picture frame.

He stared at the dusty photo inside longingly, tenderly rubbing his finger along the frame's edge. Her silky brown bob had looked just as beautiful gray, her smooth skin just as beautiful even when her wrinkles were deep. 20 or 30, in his mind, their love hadn't aged a day.

It seems that sometimes, when it's close to the end, a lot of memories get more and more foggy. For Carl, though, the memories of Marilyn always remained.

Her wedding ring was gone, buried deep where she rested. He still wore his everyday. His wrinkled lips pressed against the photo, and he held the frame close to his chest as he returned to his chair. Sometimes, it felt like he did this every night.

"You will be my dearest, forever," He said, a single, happy tear falling before he closed his eyes and slowly drifted away into a warm embrace.

He didn't wake up that morning. The song played again that night.

True love doesn't have to end.

# Dearest Forever

LIZZIE PRESOCK



# Your Affectionate Son, Paul

ISABELLA WINKLER





I am getting on **well** so don't **worry**.

all as  
out to  
n come,

7. Dunbar brought with him a copy of *Majors and Minors* from which he read. James

Pond quickly booked him  
into readings around New

York, meanwhile sending him with letters of introduction

tion to several publishers.

Would not we  
out to William Dean How-  
If it had been b

Rockaway, on Long Island.  
for the first meeting of the

two writers' (Stonks, "Paul Laurence Dunbar," 99).



I wish you would not worry  
I wish you would not worry  
I wish you would not worry  
I wish you would not worry

A S T H M A C H I

**affectionate** son, Paul

# Your

son, Paul

Designed by Jessica Whittier in Typography Two, 2023 under the direction of Missy Thomas-Traut. Source: The Selected Library Letters of Paul Laurence Dunbar, edited by Cynthia C. Murray and Jennifer M. Nadeau.

Holtest in the Times of April Display designed by Josie Scaglione and Veronica Buria and Henderson Morgan designed by Alejandro Ruiz.

Letter 66: August 25, 1896, PLD  
to Matilda Dunbar  
James B Pond<sup>1st</sup>  
Everett House  
New York  
Marguerite Pier,  
Aug. 25th 1896<sup>ms</sup>

355 OHS, reel 1.  
356 According to W  
gins, Thatcher

58 This event could be the recital at the New Mathewson Hotel, where the proprietor secured the ballroom and orchestra for the occasion.

an say i

*I am do*

...I need more. I am [laughing]

"I replied yesterday for Mrs.

identifiably. One of them took the  
wants five. I have order [sic]

recitals

before

recital 6

Dunbar was encouraged by literary friends to obtain a lecture manager, and he selected James B. Pond, an established platform agent for such major writers as Mark Twain, Booker T. Washington, and Frederick Douglass. Brand Whitlock, "Golden Rule" Jones, and H.A. Trebey taught Dunbar a new suit and gave him cash for his trip to New York to stay with Pond (Hudson, "Biography," 83).

son, "Biography," 83).

# Matilda

Your letter received this morning and all I can say is that I wish you would not worry as you do when I am doing for

I am very busy here

giving recitals to introduce

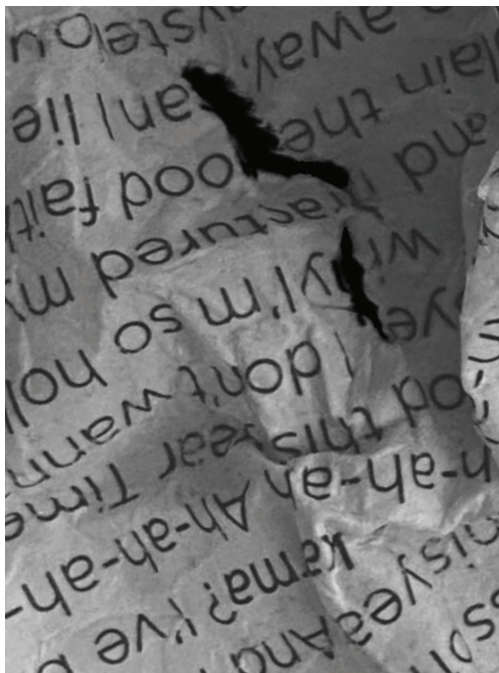
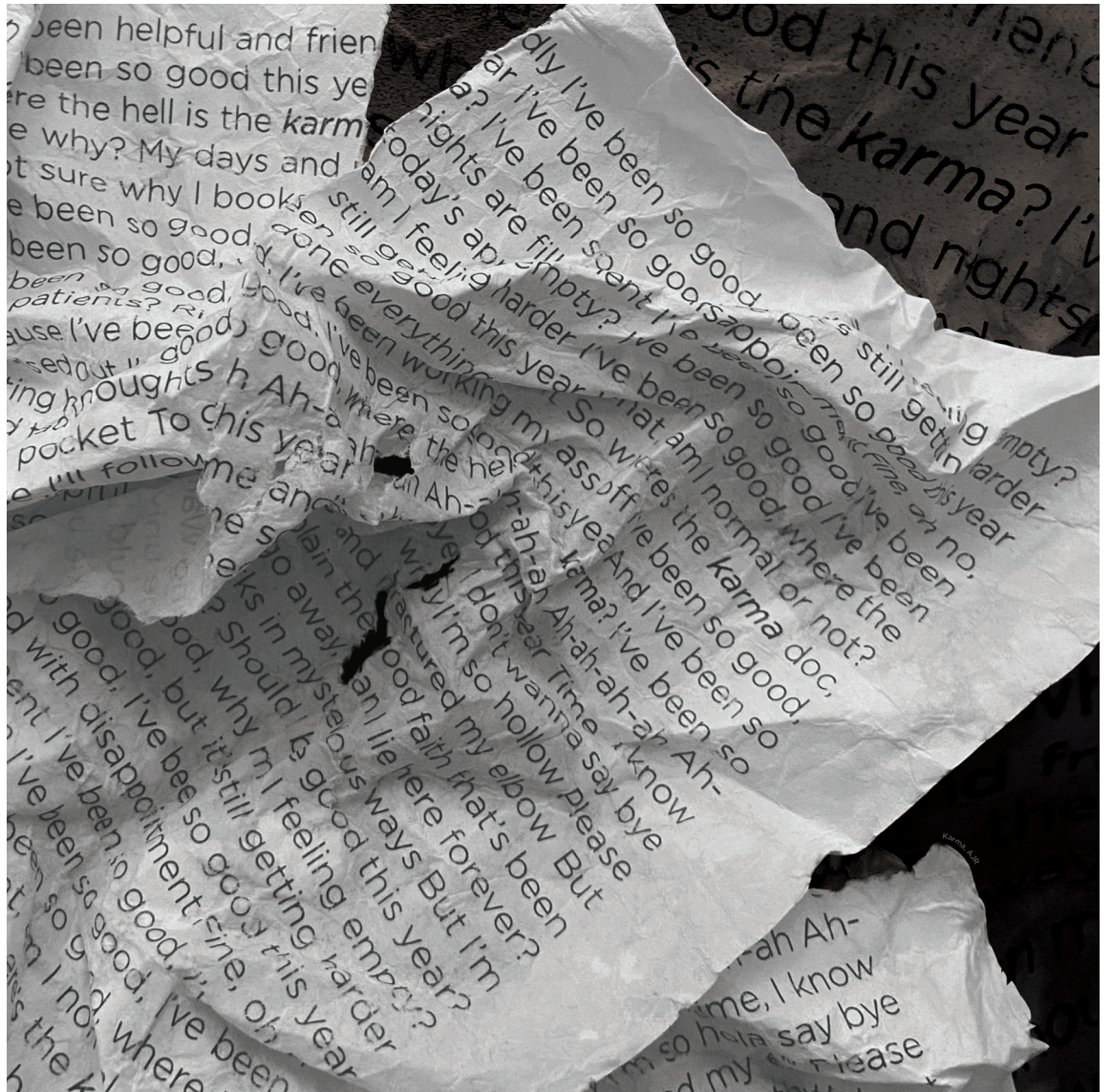
myself before the one

grand recital of Thursday.



# Karma

LUCY REED









# A Piece on Purpose

GRETA STALTER

Two secrets, taken as one: I bled all over her

and

I meant for it to be you.

Maybe, the woman down the street wouldn't mind washing the stain out,

or I'll offer myself to a vampire, or to some sinking dirt. I am swallowed this way.

I was whole.

It's a case of the travelling star, gummy and stuck to a windowpane or dark on a cashier's skull. I trace it, punch a hole in the sky, trace it, drag my feet through the snow, trace it, hit nails into wood. Here I am stringing each of these ends together, making wishes. Remembering the outline, making it habitual. It's a rare and wonderful case, being pointed like me.

I lend myself to worship:

My gifts ring like prayers, haunting and intangible.

Something gory begging to be shared, begging to rush, to paint a figurehead red.

What brand of invisibility earns praise?

When Self overtakes Body, the spillover must form a purposeful shape. We stumble, choose-ing a resting place, a space to mourn excess. Here is the shovel, here is the dirt, and the grave and the would-be grave, the motions of digging that, turned sideways, stab. The attempt, the first trial and then the second, the frequency at which we visit to be consumed. Your black fingernails, the regret, then a rushed count of each piece left living.

I dreamt of a beach night with ladies wrapped in muted gauze gowns, twirling towards the portal. A tunnel of blue layers shot out dancers by the dozen, soft fingers, lean legs, and smooth, blank faces that seemed to secure the feathers of each flying body like a pearlescent cork. In the contortions, I found some swaddled light.



The secretary leaned into Ant's office, which was lit only by the window that spanned its entire back wall.

"Hallard's here," she said. "He says he wants to see you. He's not scheduled."

"That's fine," Ant said. She put her head in her hands as the secretary popped back into the hallway. Hallard never scheduled, not if the world depended on it. It kept Ant on edge. Ant swiveled in her chair to behold the city below her office. The setting sun cast its glow onto every surface in the city, setting it ablaze with a warm, orange light. Ant swiveled back around and cleared the scattered papers off her desk. With damp palms, she placed her coffee in a nice, symmetrical place at the corner of her desk. Ant popped open a drawer and, with shaky hands, made a grab for a yellow folder simply marked 'H.' It slipped from her hands, and she grabbed it again, blushing, and placed it on her desk, directly in front of her. It was a good thing Hallard hadn't seen her fumble.

Ant stood and leaned against the office's glass back wall, her cheek pressed against the cool glass. Her breath fogged as she beheld the city below her, enchanted by it. She leaned further against the window, pressing her palms against it as the tip of her nose tickled the blue-green glass. The windows gleamed like a field of orange stars, a foil to the evening sky, which still waited upon those twinkling guests. Every vehicle that ran across a spaghetti bowl of roads made her feel a pang of longing as she imagined the people driving them, a melting pot of businessmen, corporate grunts, trade workers, and entrepreneurs, all free of the yoke which Ant wore. Yet, Ant felt like a goddess, observing her subjects with dull amusement. They were like ants crawling beneath the magnifying glass. Given enough maneuvering, and staying in Hallard's good graces, Ant might be able to reach out a finger to crush them.

Magnificent monsters of steel and concrete with glass scales rose to face her among the concrete jungle, each screaming of man's self-endowed godhood. In her office at the apex of the highest skyscraper, Ant felt dizzy. In her mind's eye she saw all she had built up for herself in the world, mirroring the towers before her that stabbed the sky in a roaring challenge, teetering as if it were about to fall over.

The church bells rang at the height of the hour, and Ant fell, screaming as the abyss swallowed her whole. Her life played like a reel before her eyes, the projector whirring as it ran the tape between two antiquated wheels. The chairs in this theater were covered with shag like sandpaper that made comfort merely a wish. One light flickered overhead while the others remained dim, casting an annoying glare on the screen as Ant was born again, squalling. She didn't even get the luxury of stale popcorn as her first steps turned into bounds, then leaps, then pedals. The sweet, heady smell of old pop threatened Ant's nostrils as she re-entered the vicious samsara of school then summer then school then summer then school then summer and on and on and on before her precious moksha came at the ripe, young age of 22 as she was handed a paper that said she could do a thing. Ant's corporate climb, characterized by conniving and cold, cutthroat maneuvers, climaxed with her face against the cold, hard glass of her office's back wall. As Ant peeled her cheek from the glass to face the footsteps thudding in the hallway, her head roared with the audience's applause. Ant felt as if her legs were jelly. She stumbled as her vision swirled and her heart raced.

Ant hugged the window, pressing her cheek back against the glass. The pounding in her head stopped and she regained her balance. A calm washed over her like a trickling stream, its cool music caressing her like the arms of a willow. The tower stopped teetering. Ant tore herself from the window and Hallard entered. The light of fluorescents spilled into Ant's office from the hallway, a heavenly aura that wrapped around Hallard's silhouette.

"I'm sorry about the shareholders," said Ant. "In a week I can have them back."

Hallard's voice was cold steel. "No. You don't screw us over like that." He had a gun in his hand.

*popopopopopop*

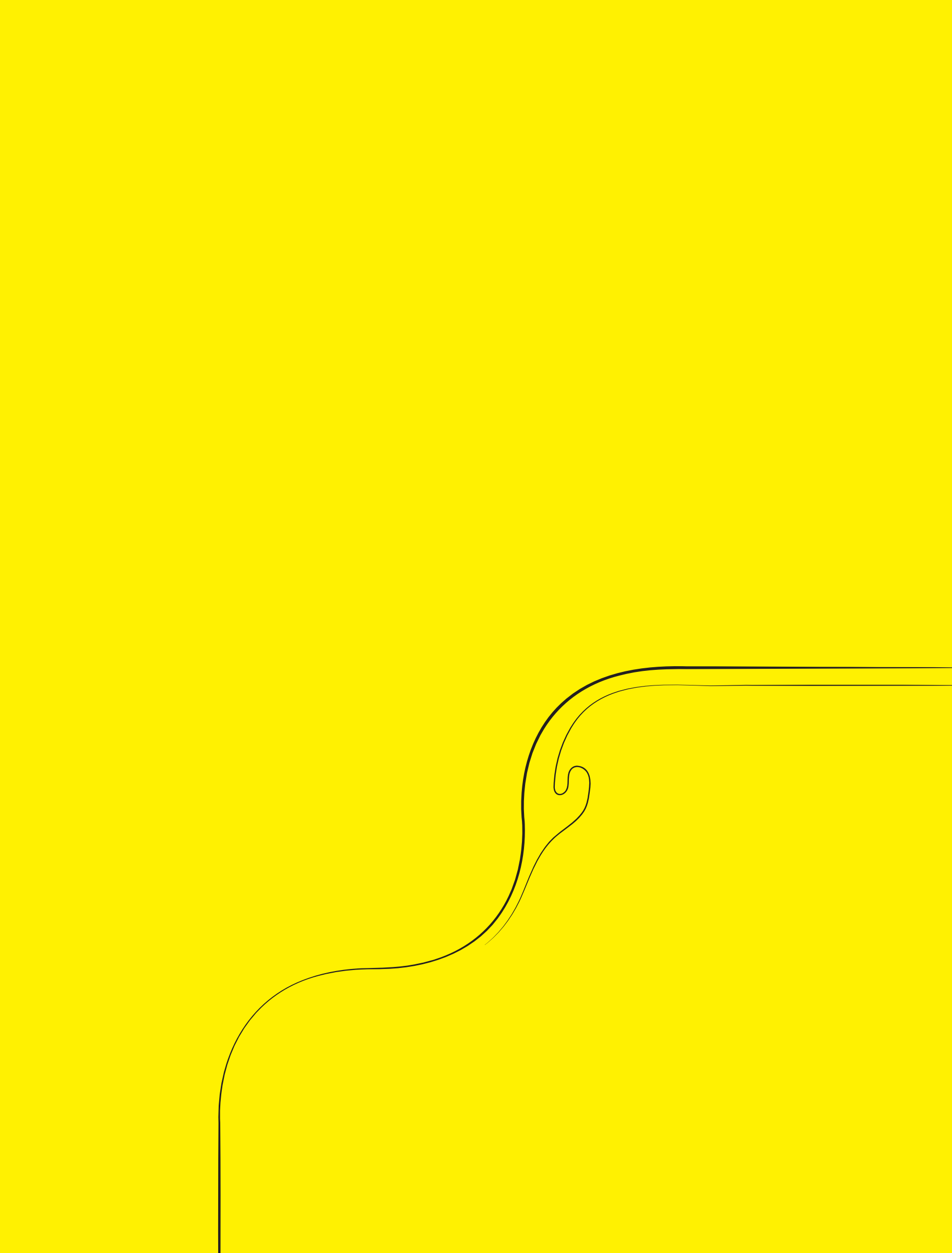
Nobody who wasn't in Hallard's pocket heard the shots.

When the police came to the scene, Ant's corpse lay against the window. Her head was haloed by cracked glass and wilted wings of crimson ran down the window. No charges were pressed. The police had been in Hallard's pocket long enough to know that he liked to take care of things himself.

# Goddess of the Ants

JEREMY GELLNER





# BIOGRAPHIES

## **PETER BONASSO**

English | Junior

Peter likes listening to music (big Taylor Swift and Kendrick Lamar guy at the moment), singing (check out Audiopilots!), and, of course, writing. Peter also has a deep appreciation for windy, 70° nights, good conversations, and the dining hall workers that are way more kind than they need to be. This is his first publication in a literary magazine, so Peter is thrilled to have you reading his work!

## **EVELYNNE BROWN**

English | Senior

My name is Evelynne, and I started writing when I was in the 5th grade. I enjoy creating new stories, developing worlds, and mostly, writing weird little poems. I try to live by the motto “shut up and write” and hope to one day become part of a professional literary environment so I can share my writing with the world.

## **MOLLY CAMPBELL**

Psychology, Minor in English & Family Development | Senior

Molly Campbell is a senior psych major, minoring in English and family development. She works in two research labs on campus dealing with trauma, and factors of risk, resilience, and self-compassion. She writes of abstract concepts like grief, self-doubt, growing up, love, and friendship. Molly survives the school year with her two best friends, counting the days until time change springs forward (FYI—it's March 10), and trying to not think about graduating soon.

## **SCOTTY CAMPMAN**

Chemical Engineering | Junior

Scotty Campman is a junior Chemical Engineering major from Cincinnati, Ohio. He shoots on a Canon AE-1 Program SLR, typically in color though he has been shooting black and white more recently. When not photographing, he likes to spend time with friends, cook, play video games, hike, and listen to music of all kinds.

## **LAINY DOGGETT**

Graphic Design | Junior

My name is Lainey Doggett. I am a junior Graphic Design major and Marketing minor from Cincinnati, Ohio. I really enjoy combining the aspects of both fine art and graphic design, which is shown in the stamp I created for this digital poster.

## **MAGGIE ENDRES**

Photography | Sophomore

Maggie is a photography major from Speedway, Indiana living her life to the fullest. Her photography love started when her dad let her carefully play with his camera when she was seven years old. Her love grew and grew into the person she is today. She is the official photographer for the Pride of Dayton Marching Band and the Flyer Pep Band capturing their talent. If you see pictures of them, thank Mags for that.

## **MAEVE FLEMING**

Graphic Design | Senior

I am a Senior Graphic Designer and your lead designer for Orpheus this year! My study and work centers around the human experience with visual content and I've had a lot of fun exploring this with Caffeinated. I am forever grateful for the experience and opportunity Orpheus has brought me.

## **JEREMY GELLNER**

English | Junior

Jeremy Gellner is a Junior English major and a Pre-law studies minor from Liberty Township, Ohio. He has been writing since he was a junior in high school and loves to write fantasy and science fiction. His biggest inspiration is the daddy of 'em all: The Lord of the Rings, but he also loves Dune. Aside from writing, he keeps his life anchored through his Catholic faith and his love for God.

## **JAYONNA JOHNSON**

Photography | Junior

This is a photo session I did over the summer in the studio downtown at the Hub!



Olivia Somerset Pietras grew up all over the place, but declares that she is from Chicago (aka the suburbs of Chicago) and is a junior majoring in English. She is tired of people asking what she will do with her English degree—write, obviously (and perhaps pursue a master's degree). Her dad likes to say that "it either works out or it's a good story." She has a lot of those.

**OLIVIA PIETRAS**

English | Junior

**LIZZIE PRESOCK**

Early Childhood Education | Freshman

I'm a first year early childhood education major who enjoys writing poetry and short stories. I love DC comics, drawing, and video games! <3

**LUCY REED**

Graphic Design | Senior

I'm a senior Graphic Design major from Lancaster, Ohio. I enjoy experimenting with typography in design, as well as painting and photography as other forms of creative expression. My work frequently incorporates multiple layers of significance, inviting viewers to interpret them in their own unique ways.

**BRYCE RUSSELL**

English & Communications | Junior

He is from Louisville, Kentucky. He has loved reading and writing ever since he was a little kid. Other than reading and writing, he loves listening to music and going to concerts. He plans on pursuing a master's degree in creative writing upon graduation in May of 2025.

**JOHN SEBASTIAN**

Music Technology & English | Sophomore

Johnny Sebastian is a sophomore studying Music Technology and English. He's involved in Dayton Jazz Ensemble and Audio Pilots, and releases music under his name on streaming services. He loves exploring the synthesis between music and writing, and wants to thank his Dad for taking him to his first punk show at the ripe age of 14.

**KERRY KADEL**

English, Minor in Photography | Junior

She loves writing poems with melancholic themes but hopeful endings, but she really enjoys writing manuscripts for novels, sketching her main characters, and listening to music. She loves the colors and chill of fall which inspired her for her submission to Orpheus. This is Kerry's second published poem in *Orpheus*, but she's been published elsewhere as well. Kerry hopes to one day publish a novel and a collection of her poems.

**EVA LONNEMAN**

English | Junior

Eva Lonnenman is a junior English major with a creative writing concentration at the University of Dayton, minoring in film studies and women and gender studies. Eva is currently working on a science-fiction novel and an abuse-based short story collection that features coffee beans as the first chapter. She loves reading and writing and hope to continue doing so after graduation.

**LUCY MILES**

Graphic Design | Junior

Graphic Design major, Lucy Miles, is a junior at the University of Dayton, from Grand Rapids, MI. She enjoys using elements of calligraphy within her designs and enjoys watercoloring. She is not sure exactly what she wants to do after college, but is interested in web design and marketing jobs.

## **MADELYN SELONG**

Graphic Design & Communications | Junior

Maddy Selong is a junior Graphic Design and Communications student from Strongsville, Ohio. She specializes in color and monochromatic illustration and generalized graphic design. After college, she plans on working in the marketing field for music or entertainment companies. In her free time, she enjoys time with her family, watching movies, and playing video games. For more of Maddy's work, check out her Instagram @madbabyart.

## **GRETA STALTER**

Pre-Dentistry | Sophomore

Greta Stalter is a sophomore Pre-Dentistry major from Brookfield, Wisconsin. In between radio shifts, organic chemistry classes, and art show escapades, she's in the process of writing her second novel. Personal and ever-erratic, Stalter's work is a continuous expression of self: the many, fragmented lives we lead, each of them birthed into a new character.

## **LUCY WASKIEWICZ**

English & Media Production | Senior

Lucy Waskiewicz is a senior majoring in media production and English. You can find her playing fifty consecutive rounds of Big Buck Hunter at the local barcade.

## **GARRETT WEAVER**

Computer Information Systems | Senior

I'm a senior Computer Information Systems major from outside Akron, Ohio. I first got into writing while taking Dr. Doench's creative writing class and I've been writing here and there on the side ever since. Outside of my computer science classes and writing I really enjoy soccer as well as hanging out with my roommates on campus.

## **MAE WILHITE**

Art Education | Senior

I love exploring all different mediums in the art world and am always finding ways to experiment with new material and techniques. I have explored oil paint, sculpture, clay, fibers, drawing, collaging and more! As a future art educator, I hope to foster students' creativity and motivate them to create.

## **ISABELLA WINKLER**

Graphic Design, Minor in Photography | Junior

My name is Isabella Winkler! I have always really enjoyed all forms of art that I can get involved with. My mind has always thought in a more creative than technical way and I'm excited that I get to show and apply that to my work. I really enjoy the world of abstract art and try to keep my work sort of free-flowing in the same way; I take much inspiration from the artist Wassily Kandinsky for many of my personal works and hope to implement and develop my own style alongside the abstract world.

## **STACI ZARTMAN-ROBB**

Photography | Sophomore

Staci Z-R is a second year photography major minoring in entrepreneurship from Bellbrook, Ohio. Her work is very cathartic to her and is driven by emotions, memories, dreams, and music. She enjoys working in fine art and portrait photography. For more of her work, check out @stacizrphotography on Instagram.







