

ELENTRA
PINOZA



Elektraphrog Staff



My name is **Craig Eckert**, I am a science major and hope to study insects or fish. I enjoy keeping fish tanks and helping my fiancé raise moths. I have been to Europe and Australia and have lived in Florida most of my life. Though I have visited various places my heart is in Cold Spring, NY which is a small town right on the Hudson River. I also enjoy writing and I am an officer in our schools creative writing club; Swamp Scribes.



Hi! I'm **Kirstie Hosek**. I'm originally from a suburb of Chicago, Illinois but have lived in Florida for a long time now. The beach is my sanctuary. Sometimes I miss the cold, but then I realize sand is much more preferable than snow. I love making jewelry, art, and writing. I am getting my AA and hope to move on to my Bachelor's in a field I enjoy. I look forward to this very busy semester and wish you all good luck!



Hi everyone! I'm **Ashley Stevens** and I'm your average, hope-to-be author who likes reading (duh), and eating flowers under the moonlight. I raise native saturniidae moths from eggs to their stunning adult forms. They play an important role in pollination, so be kind to them please or I won't like you. You can catch me gazing wistfully at the moon, or with my nose in a book. You'll probably see me frantically writing and then tearing up said work shortly after. You might even hear my shrieks of anger over some game I'm playing. It happens. I also am deep into astrology and the occult. Animals rights are a huge passion of mine. And that's about how brief I can be about myself. It was great working with everybody and seeing so many good submissions!



I, **Alexa Truitt**, presumably began my journey as a writer with looped crayon scribbles in stanzas on the living room walls. Soon enough, I started writing stories about the controversial friendships between dogs and frogs, which progressed into angsty poems about love and rejection. During High School I was the copy editor of an award winning literary magazine. The same magazine published two of my poems the year following my role as an editor. My eagerness to read and write follows me into college as I plan to major in English, although this decision can also be attributed to my complacency in the working class. While I prepare to transfer to University of South Florida-Tampa, I reside in North Port, Florida.

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Post-Madonna

By Joshua Parker

Inviting lily pads skimmed closer to the edge,
the reflection they cover, they seem so sure of
suffocating a face that I see no more of.

His shadows echo through distant memories.
I sleepwalk to the bus stop, feeling so Decemberly.
Deep blue was the energy,
I should have felt it synesthetically,
before we ended things,
and skimmed off separately.

By midnight,
the streetlights had become spider webs,
the tear was more than retinal.
Unsteppable boundaries leapt,
the changes more than chemical.

I thought I'd saw your reflection
at the edge of the retention pond
then, I thought,
if I was a different animal,
and left some imprints in the sand,
yes, right there by the bank.
Would you have felt my hands?
Would you have felt my thanks?



Untitled By Stacey Hicks

Bastard

By Nick Powenski

I push my way through the crowd, head down. The marketplace is packed, and the people feel extra aggressive today. I snort in disgust as town guards sit idly as fights break out. Fights have become increasingly common since the King ordered for more food rationing for the general population.

That is the story of the whole city. Every man and woman for themselves as intervention from the guards is nonexistent. People are taught how to defend themselves from a young age.

I had to learn quicker than most. Growing up, I was different from the rest of the children, and they hated me for it. People from the city have unmistakable features: light bronze skin, dark hair, a smaller frame, and height. I, on the other hand, am pale, have hair so fair that it's almost white, and tall, even as a child I towered over the rest of the children.

It started as harmless insults and teasing that I had been able to ignore, but escalated as I got older. That's when I had to begin to learn how to defend myself.

I make my way to a quiet alley, not far from the marketplace, and push open the only door there. The room beyond is dimly lit, but I can just make out a figure seated in the far corner.

"Well?" I say. "Surely you didn't ask me to come here so you could admire me? I'm not that handsome, Rorik."

Rorik doesn't smile at my joke.

"Have a seat," he says, gesturing to an old chair next to the door. "It's time for you to learn the truth, Kingsley."

"About?" I say, after a moment's silence.

"Your real parents."

I inhale a shaky breath. My biological parents are a mystery to me. I asked Mother and Father about them before, but they are always tight-lipped about my past, much to my frustration.

"What would you know about my parents?" I lean in closer to Rorik.

"More than you might think. Use your brain, Kingsley. Who do you think protected you when you were just a baby? Who do you think brought you to your family here and begged them to take you in?"

I shake my head. “I always thought Mother and Father had found me.”

“Never mind that, it’s not why I brought you here. Your father, Kingsley. You are the son of King Ecsteil.”

I wait for Rorik to burst into laughter, to jump up, to clap me on the back, to say it is all a cruel joke. He doesn’t. He gazes fiercely at me, as if challenging me to call him a liar.

“I don’t understand.”

“King Ecsteil had an affair, and you were the result,” Rorik’s voice is grim. “He ordered for your death when you were born, Kingsley. I was tasked with carrying out his orders.”

“You were in the Circle?” I look at him in shock. Rorik, one of the gentlest people I know, once an assassin for the King.

Then, I think back to training sessions Rorik put me through. His swift and graceful movements with a sword, his ability to move soundlessly across the ground, his seemingly endless knowledge about self-defense. I always assumed he had learned from the streets, but now it makes so much sense.

He nods, “It’s not something I’m proud of, Kingsley, I don’t often speak of it. Anyway, I couldn’t bring myself to do it, to kill you. You didn’t deserve to pay the price for the King’s mistakes.”

“I owe you my life, Rorik. Thank you.”

He dips his head slightly in acknowledgement.

“What about my mother?” I ask.

“A peasant. A beautiful, remarkable woman, but you know how this city is. A peasant will always be a peasant. Ecsteil felt that his name would be shamed if it were discovered that he had fathered with her. I imagine your mother’s probably dead, Kinglsey. I’m sorry.”

I rake a hand through my hair. My heart feels as if it is about to burst through my chest, and a terrifying, evil hatred churns somewhere deep within me, hatred for this man Ecsteil, a man I don’t even know, a man whose fate, somehow, impossibly tangles with mine.

“I want to kill the bastard.”

Rorik smiles slightly.

“I thought you might say that. I have something in mind. Maybe all those years in the Circle can be used to do something good for once. We need to get the support of the city behind us. It shouldn’t be that difficult, Kingsley. Most of the people are



against the King, all they need is a little shove in the right direction.” He points a finger at my chest. “You are that shove.”

“What’s the plan?”

“Rally as many people behind you as you can. I’ll be there to help, but you must be the focus. Make no mistake. You must become hope for these people. We attack the castle in three days, so don’t forget to tell them to come with their weapons ready.”

#

I stride toward the castle. A menacing blade hangs from its sheath at my waist, and it bounces against my thigh familiarly as I walk. Rorik, beside me, leads the way to the quietest entry point into the castle. Behind us, over fifty men and women Rorik and I had managed to persuade.

The Circle once had tight security over the castle, according to Rorik, but had vanished over time. Years of no attacks or threats led to more complacency and arrogance.

Rorik slows down and holds out an arm to signal the rest of us to stop. He taps my arm and points to a small station next to a gate in front of us where a single guard patrols. His loud snores echo around the area. Rorik nods, and I whip a knife from my belt and throw it toward the man’s exposed neck. The man falls with a thud as my throw connects. Two of our parties scale the ladder to the station and crank open the gate.

We’re in.

Torches light a narrow hallway that widens slightly as the walls turn into rows of bars. I realize that we’ve entered the castle through the dungeon. Weak moans come from the other side of the bars, and the stench is unbearable. I quicken my pace.

We reach a set of stairs, and Rorik turns to me. “This is where we part. I’ll lead the others to end the Circle, for good. You get to the King. Take those stairs, and go through the first door you come across on the right. That will lead you to the spiral staircase. You shouldn’t run into anyone. Good luck, Kingsley.”

All I can muster is a nod as Rorik turns away and motions for our party to follow him. My heart pounds as I climb the stairs and go through the first door like Rorik said. It’s one

thing to say you want to kill the king, going through with it is another story completely.

There's no going back now, though. I reach the top of the spiral staircase, and the door to the King's chambers looms before me. After a moment of hesitation, I open the door slowly.

I draw my sword and make my way over to the King's bed. He is an old man far past his prime, grey strangles the color out of his hair and beard, an ugly scowl plasters his face, even in sleep.

I level my sword to his throat.

"Don't move. It would be a shame for you to die before I even get the chance to introduce myself," I say. King Ecsteil's eyes fly open in confusion and rest on the blade in front of him, eyes crossing.

"Who are you?" he asks, his voice thick with sleep. His terror and confusion is palpable. My fear melts away. The power I hold over this man dangerously intoxicating.

"You don't recognize me, father?" I reply, a cruel grin twists on my face.

The Queen stirs from her sleep and asks King Ecsteil if I just called him "father".

"I don't know what's going on dear, this boy is crazy," King Ecsteil says, but his eyes tell a different story. He puts the pieces together.

"Yes, he is my father. The King having an affair and fathering a son, from a peasant no less, imagine that!" I laughed sharply. "He tried to have me killed at birth," I add.

"I did not try to murder you!" the King's voice is strong and catches me off-guard for a moment. "You were stolen from me. If you only knew how many men I sent out to look for you, to no avail."

"Liar. Rorik revealed to me that you ordered him to kill me out of fear for your family's honor," I say, but doubt begins to creep into my mind. Could King Ecsteil be telling the truth?

"Rorik?" King Ecsteil roars with laughter. "Is that who is feeding you these lies? Rorik was banished from the Circle for unspeakable things he did many years ago. His word is worth nothing."

"Silence!" I shout, pushing my sword forward slightly. King Ecsteil grimaces as a trickle of blood runs down his neck. "You are a pitiful excuse of a king. You neglect our city and its people, you order a food ration for the rest of us while you eat like

a pig.” I say, flicking my sword briefly toward a platter of food at the foot of the bed. “You live in comfort while your people must fight to survive and live in constant fear of the Circle.”

“Forgive me. I am not a perfect man, but know that I love you. I always have loved you. My biggest regret is when I let you out of my sight, and you were taken,” he says, his gaze proud even in the face of death. “You have your mother’s hair. You look so much like her,” he adds.

I watch him for a moment. This is not supposed to be difficult. Perhaps King Ecsteil tells the truth, and I had been snatched from him, and he does love me, and I should give him mercy. I lower my sword.

Then, anger at this man’s treatment of his city and people, anger at the abuse I had to endure as a child because of this man, anger at the way my past and identity had been stolen from me because of this man, and trust in Rorik’s word over this man, surges through me at once, and I swing my blade up and down toward the king. *I’m not a perfect man either, father.*

The Queen lets out a piercing scream as King Ecsteil’s head topples to the floor.



Blue Heron of Light By: Strawberrycomics

One Hundred Angels

By: Lee DiPillo

My heart is on my sleeve.

Instead of helping,

It makes things worse.

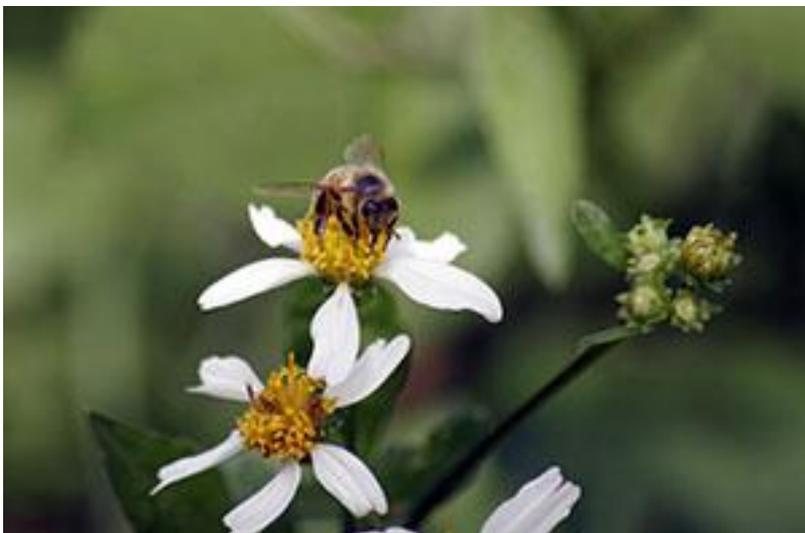
Wings grow heavy

And haloes fade.

Angels fall asleep.

One hundred

Given up.



Busy Bee By: Tina A. Timmons

Homeschooling

By: Alexa Truitt

We find Mother dead in the kitchen again, slumped in the soup pot with her arm on the burner. The fire alarm goes off, but we smell the smoke beforehand. Of course, she's dead. She's waiting for the soup to be finished.

We line up with our bowls as my dad uses her as a spoon to stir the gunk. He says it's not ready. He sticks his finger in the pot like he's going to run his fingers through her noodle hair, but he checks the temperature instead. He can't quite get it this way. The drawer beside her is filled with junk like pre-made notes Mother scribbled for our lunchboxes, bags filled with hair from our first haircuts, tissues crumpled with our toddler boogers, and a thermometer that Dad uses to stick under her armpit. Every time, we ask if the pumping red is mercury, and he says "no" but we want it to be. How cool would that be? A planet under our mother's armpit.

Dad resets the timer, and Mom perks up, looks around with one eyeball lazy, checks our foreheads, lifts a spoon to our mouths and urges us to taste. We don't, because Dad is supposed to taste first. He says it tastes "lovely", and after making love in the soup while we watch, he herds us into the living room to watch the news. We can't focus, even though he's bound to quiz us on current events, and debate with us about politics. The smell of the soup reaches the living room, and we wonder if Mother has added the red sauce, even though she normally screams as she's doing so. If the news has taught us anything, it's that tragic events happen without us seeing and grow silent by the next day.

Tomorrow, the same thing happens, except she doesn't reset. No restart. This time, her breasts are in the soup and they've shriveled into raisins. Dad doesn't like this, and for some reason, neither do we. He pulls her head up by her noodle hair and opens her mouth without much effort. The remaining two teeth plop into the pot and clink at the bottom. This is never a good sign, but she's finally smiling wide enough for us to see it- not necessarily because she wants to.

After setting her back in the pot, he motions us to take our assigned positions. My older siblings grab the ginger, basil, and spoons to set the table. I play as Dad's right hand and pass him the bird's beak paring knife from the set he received for Hanukkah, a knife a day. Skinning is our least favorite part. We don't care about the raw insides, unless we're watching the news or beating the eggs.

Next, he reaches for the turkey baster, and he's glad to see that I have it ready. He eyeballs each one of us to add suspense as he walks up behind her. He knows this is our favorite part, but today he doesn't let us practice. He's probably in a bad mood since she didn't last as long.

I'm always careful with the boning knife. Everyone takes turns sharpening it. We aren't allowed to use a blade sharpener. Dad says it's too progressive; instead, we use rocks, something we sometimes add to the soup.

He pours her into our bowls when the soup reaches 180°. We prey. We laugh. We don't worry. Our new mom walks through the front door. She kisses our foreheads and asks how everything tastes. We don't answer. She knows what to do and so do we.

Mirror

By: William McDonough

It is a fearful thought indeed
As we gaze into our future
And memories heed
To the mirror
In its coldhearted stare
Time's baggage
In every glare.

And yet,
This mirror did deceive
For in its heart
It could conceive
And reflect
Who you desired to be
Not as you are
But lies to please.

So owner after owner
Found their way
From life
To mirror
Where they could stay
In their lies
Satisfied with the mirror's

Artful disguise.

And their eyes

Well they would stray

From their wrinkled hands

To their younger day

And content

With reflected lies

In self delusion

Each viewer died.



Skyline by: Kirstie Hosek

Everyone was Ants

by Kyra Galbreath

Out of all the things that happened that day, waking up in a hospital room with a killer headache was unexpected to say the least. There was an IV in my arm and a heart monitor next to my bed. I was trying to remember what happened, but all I could think about was heat. Everything was hot, I couldn't breathe.

"Alcohol poisoning." A voice to my right said. I hadn't heard anyone enter the room and it startled me. My heart rate spiked for a moment before going back to a steady beep. As if this day couldn't get any worse, the voice belonged to a little girl that had managed to sneak her way into my room. A little girl with blonde pigtails and bright blue eyes. She was smiling like she wasn't standing in a hospital.

"What?"

"It's why you passed out," she said before giggling. It was that cute giggle that only children can do. "It's kind of like that joke! You know the one," She stopped giggling and stood up straight, pulling the most serious face she could. "Why did they put a fence around the cemetery?" The little girl paused like she actually wanted me to answer the question, but I was still stuck on the fact that there was a three-year-old girl in my room that spoke as clear as any adult would. "Because people were dying to get in!" The she laughed. She didn't giggle, she laughed, slapped her knees and everything. It was the funniest joke in the world to her.

"What are you doing here little girl? Where are your parents?" She stopped laughing and wiped tears of joy out of her eyes. The smile on her face slowly fell and she looked out the window up at the sky.

"Mommy and daddy aren't here." She turned back to me and her smile reappeared, but it wasn't cute. It was creepy. I felt like I was in a horror movie. She took it upon herself to sit in the chair next to my bed.

“Okay, did your parents leave you here? Why are you in my room?” All her attention was focused on swiveling back and forth in the chair until she stopped to look out at the sky once more.

“We were on a plane and there was a robot.” She said. “We were really high. Everyone was ants.” I was so confused. Whatever was in the IV bag was making me hallucinate. There wasn’t a little girl in my hospital room, I was just imagining her. I reached out for the call button, but she didn’t want that. Before I could even lay a finger on the button her hand was on mine.

“Don’t do that.” She said.

“You need to go. A nurse will help you find your mom and dad.”

“My parents aren’t here; they were on the plane.” I was getting sick of her games. How did she get in here?

“Nurse! Doctor! Anybody!” I said as loud as I could. The little girl just swiveled back and forth in the chair once more.

“They’re not going to hear you.” She said. What could she possibly mean by that? “There was an emergency down the hall. Some dude had a heart attack.” I sunk down in my pillow.

“Do you at least have a name kid?” I asked. I figured if I was stuck with her for a while I might as well get to know her.

“My name is Dana. D-A-N-A,” she stopped swiveling. “and you’re Gemma, can I call you Gem? Or Jewel? That’s what Emmet calls you when he talks about you.” That burning feeling was back. I had to take a deep breath.

“How do you know Emmet?” I asked her. It suddenly clicked. Emmet’s exactly the type of person to do something like this. “Oh, I get it. He’s the one that sent you in here. So who are you? His cousin?” Dana nodded.

“Emmet’s my friend, he talks about you all the time. He sent me here to talk to you.” I rolled my eyes.

“Why didn’t Emmet come to talk to me himself?”

“Because he’s stuck.” She said. I laughed and then I coughed because I felt like there was smoke in my lungs, but the feeling went away quick.

“Stuck in traffic? He could have just taken the subway to get here. Or he’s probably just stuck at work. He’s always working overtime.”

“My goodness you’re stupid.” She said, putting her head in her small hands. “I was just talking to Emmet. He said he saved your life and he told me to tell you not to waste it!”

“Saved my life? What are you talking about? Emmett never saved my life.” Dana huffed and leaned forward, getting right in my face.

“Did you hit your head when you fell? You were at the cemetery visiting Emmet when BOOM. You fell flat on your face. It was kind of funny. Hence why I told the joke.” It was kind of funny, yet she told me this information with a straight face.

“I’m here because there was a fire. I probably passed out from the heat or lack of oxygen.”

“Gemma, do you see any burn marks on you? You weren’t in fire. Not this time.” She said. I looked at my arms. There was nothing there. Distantly, I heard the heartrate monitor speed up.

I remember walking to Emmet’s office when the building shook. Then there was panic. So much panic. The ceiling was coming down. Emmet grabbed my arm and we ran into the chaos. Someone knocked me down, my ankle was hurt. Emmet picked me up and he carried me as far as he could until he was hit by a falling beam.

“Gemma, you have to keep going!”

“Not without you! You have a family to get back to!”

“Gemma, go! The building isn’t going to hold. Run!”

“Gemma, hon, you have to stop! Come back to me! Calm down!” I was back in the hospital. There was a nurse standing over me.

“Where’s Dana? Where did she go? I have to ask her something!” The nurse put a hand on my shoulder. Her

scrubs had teddy bears on them and they were smiling like everything was fine.

“Who’s Dana? Gemma, please breathe. Calm down. Breathe.” She took a deep breath in and I copied her. In, out, in, out.

“There, that’s better. I’m going to go get the doctor. I’ll be right back okay? You just keep breathing.” The nurse was gone. I took the time to remember what happened and why I was at the hospital, but all I could think about was the fire.

“Gemma, I’m Dr. Cline,” he said. “You were found at Arlington cemetery. You were brought in with severe alcohol poisoning. You’re lucky you didn’t go into a coma.” He flipped a page on his clipboard. “It looks like you’ve been drinking for quite a long time. You have extensive damage to your liver.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I said. “Where’s Dana?” He looked up from his clipboard right at me.

“Is Dana a relative we can call?”

“No! She’s the little girl that snuck into my room! She was just in here talking nonsense about Emmet being dead.” Even as I said it, I knew it sounded crazy.

“Gemma, the grave you were found at was a man named Emmet. He died in the first tower on 9/11.” He said it gently. That’s when it sunk in. It wasn’t a fire. It was the day of September 11th, when the first plane hit. Emmet did save my life. I felt tired and wanted nothing more than to go back to sleep. It was probably because the teddy bear nurse was back and putting something into my IV. I didn’t even see her come in, but I didn’t care. Just before I shut my eyes, I looked past Dr. Cline. At the entrance to my room stood two people. One was Dana and the other was Emmet.

After a Game of *Grand Theft Auto* By Alexa Truitt

Puddles of Crayola red
scribbled over wide-ruled notebook paper.
Dodge the vigilant mouthed vibrations
and hand motions of cops and robbers.
Hands wrap around programmed weapons
as thumbs whip joy-sticks.
Darwin's theory is corrupt by steel against skin
and lead through teeth.

Behold the Reverent Angels

by Pete Greci

Behold these wicked, racing thoughts –

Memories of the beast!

honor fell to ruin

on his transgressive midnight feast.

Behold the reverent angels

seeking refuge from the fire

they left the damned to burn

when overwhelmed by their desire.

In time one disciple opened his eyes

and a private hell was born,

at last that man could clearly see

the path of those forlorn.

But where hides former beauty?

Had faith and piety been in vain?

When the price was his soul

that would ransom his love –

while his lust remained, untamed.

Behold the reverent angels,

praise and homage always theirs

both man and nature adored them

from beneath their Holy fare.

Now watch those sexless ghosts
as they groom their flightless wings
their feathers are singed by fire –
their thoughts fall upon... sinful things.

They, too, once sought forgiveness
before man or myth were born,
then scattered their pulsing desires
throughout the raging primeval storm.

So now the moons awakened
and the locusts have begun to sing
as one silent man finds refuge
beneath a charred
and broken
wing.

Still praising his gentle angels,
he seeks the pardon they never knew!
From eternal star's they have fallen –
And now
like them...

he's fallen too.

Behold the reverent angels.

Dreamer by William Wilson McDonough



Hard Getaway

By: Danielle Bui

I couldn't help but wonder why my coworker told me not to flinch, giggle, stare, or even breathe if I were to go to my boss's office. She told me that if I were to be sent into "The Office", then all I had to do was nod, agree, then leave. Do not ask questions. Do not say a word. Do not even fart either. I might as well sew my asshole shut if I want to be quiet. There were rumors in the building that once the employee left "The Office" the employees looked like they were scarred for life.

And I mean FOR LIFE.

I remembered my former best friend Maria that used to work here too. She was a total bitch, but she was the most fearless woman I had ever known. Maybe it was her Hispanic roots that made her that way or something. I used to have a huge crush on her, because her Double D tits are so out of this world. I remembered attempting to touch them, but reminded myself that she was married. However, after she left "The Office", her terrifying expression forever lingered in my memory like a sucking leech. Her brown eyes widened as her mouth quivered with fear. The structure of her dark hair reminded me of one of the pink Trolls. Even her polished nails were fucked up. She hated having her nails ruined. The fearless woman I knew was gone. By the time she saw me, she was speaking to me in Spanish for the first time. I didn't know what she was saying, but one word I knew how to say in Spanish was "Whore". And trust me, she indeed said it in the middle of her sentence. Now I want to know. Badly. What was in that office that got everyone spooked in this building? What was our boss hiding? I felt that he was hiding too many skeletons in his closet. Literally. My fingers sprawled across the keyboard as I stared at the dead screen in the middle of high noon. Bar graphs. Infinite line graphs, colorful charts, possible numerals and endless mourning whine. Wine. No. I just whined. God I need wine. Ding! I just received an email. I don't know who it was, but my hand eagerly went for the mouse and clicked

on the tiny envelope that was about to be revealed. It's my boss. No it's "The Office".

Ding! Ding! Ding! Hundreds of emails popped up in front of my co-workers computers. They all opened it then looked at me in horror. Oh great I'm next. I got up and quietly passed down the aisle as they silently looked up at me without a word. What? Not even a "Good luck?" or "Hang in there buddy?" Crap, they were a bunch of pussies anyway. Each step I took was one meter away to my anxiety level. My anxiety was slowly killing me. What does my boss want from me? What will he do to me? The anticipation was a lot worse than getting fired.

My sweaty palm turned the warm bronze knob. Yup someone's been here before. By the time I got in, the first thing I laid eyes on was, penis. Penis posters. Penis love seats. Penis shaped desk. Penis inflatables. Penis action figures?? Even the wall is the color of my-. Never mind. I closed the door behind me to ensure that the other co-workers didn't see the elongation of his penis ruler. "Sit down please." I slowly sat on the penis love seat and tried not to flinch. Giggle. Stare. Or breathe. "Are you comfortable?" He asked. I told him that I was fine, but the chair felt a little hard. We started talking and I couldn't help, but gaze at the penis bobble head next to him moving up and down and side to side. It kept moving. And moving. And thrusting. Oh god why can't it stop? By the time I looked at him he was wearing his penis hat. I had this idea of throwing rainbow hoops over his penis hat. He asked me if I have any more questions. I looked at him knowing that I need to deepthroat my questions.

"No sir, I do not," I said.

"Are you sure? It seems that you do," he said.

I have never felt this uncomfortable in my life. "No, nothing sir," I said. Something squeezed me. A penis inflatable coiled around me like its prey. I frantically searched around until both of my arms crunched together like an hourglass. I'm trapped. What the fuck? Ah, shit no, no, no, no, no. By looking down, his veins appeared to be thicker than the air I'm accidentally breathing.

Contributor Biographies

Joshua Parker I am lover of poetry. These two poems were written after the suicide of one of my closest friends.

Alexa Truitt I write and/or malfunction. Error.

William Wilson McDonough My name is Will and I like to write. I hope you enjoy it.

Pete Greci I'm a student at SCF studying sociology and written communication.

Lee DiPillo I'm a dual-enrolled high school student who loves fiction writing! It's one of my favorite hobbies and one day I hope to publish some form of novel (hopefully more).

Danielle Bui I am Danielle Bui and a sophomore at State College of Florida. My goal is to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree in Radio and Television at University of Central Florida in Orlando, Florida. I am inspired to pursue this degree, because I myself find it captivating when it comes to editing, producing, recording and directing. I decided to learn more about these techniques myself due to curiosity. I took Introduction to Film and Television in Bradenton and English Composition I and II to understand the digital aspects of filmmaking and perfecting my writing. That was when I realized that I want to be behind the camera and write scripts. Therefore, in order for me to get to that school, I am studying at State College of Florida to receive my Associate's Degree in May 2017 before applying to this university. Upon graduation, I will make a career in the film industries such as CBS films or BuzzFeed Motion Pictures.

Nick Powenski is a student at SCF who lives in Venice.

Tina A. Timmons I am a mother of 3 and a student working towards my AA right now. My passion is photography. I look forward to starting a career soon but until then I just shoot for fun.

My name is **Emily Dame**, a very small fan base on Youtube and Deviantart know me as Strawberrycomics. I mostly work digitally since that is the easiest way to network myself. For now I've been strictly focusing on my school work and working towards getting my A.A. to be a full-fledged comic artist, but I have posted pages of my webcomic, Cannibunny + Dokibear, on Tumblr. I'm also working on a webcomic which is yet to be released with my wonderful fiancé, Nick Catanzaro, who writes many interesting stories we plan to release.

Stacey Hicks I am a freshman in college here at SCF, and I love the Florida weather and the sunshine. In my photography I am to capture the relaxed and sunny vibes that draw so many people here from all over the country. I feel that Florida is such a unique and bright place to live, with all of its bright sandy beaches and warm evening sunsets that leave lasting memories in the minds of its visitors.

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