



Heterophony

Fall 2019

Cover Image
Detail from “Victorian Lady”
By Elizabeth Smith

Designed by Jessica Kuti, Editor

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Reality Is

By Autumn McBrown

Reality is

My dog is scared of pizza boxes

Like little kids are of monsters

Like students are of loans

Like adults are of a meaningless life

Like cats are of water

Like shadows are of light

Like liberals are of trump

Like trump is of mexico

Like love is of hate

Like oil is of water

Like wood is of feet

Like fantasy is of reality

And reality is-

My dog is afraid of pizza boxes

And fantasy is not involved

Unfortunately

Choose Your Character

By Devin Ashleigh O'Hara

Oh, it's you again!

Hello! It's been so long since we last met each other, do you remember me? Oh, well I can't say I'm surprised. You probably have read thousands of things since you were born, I suppose it was only a matter of time before you forgot me. So, I'll answer some of the questions that you are probably asking yourself.

You know, the ones like, who am I? Or the much more important, what am I doing here?

Well the first question is completely up to you, as your imagination is the difference between me being part of your favorite book, or me being completely lost and unknown. I know who I was, I have taken many different forms because of you.

Originally, I had black hair, and bright green eyes, then I had orange hair and soft gray eyes. Honestly though, do you even care enough to create a version of me right now?

Have you given me brown hair? Or jet-black eyes?

What gender am I? Male? Female? Something else?

Am I even a human to you? For all I know you think I am an elf.

Right, the second question. Well, I am here because someone of your species wrote me to be here. Made me have this crisis for you to read, like some sort of marionette for you to play with and control.

Everyone I know keeps telling me how crazy I am, how impossible it is for our whole lives to be controlled by some being reading something, whether it be a book, magazine or for all I know this is just some college student turning in an assignment for a class.

Either way, you are reading this though so, I suppose it must be for a reason.

Is it for entertainment? A cheap thrill? A way to act out adventures you will never get to

experience because you are just as limited to your realm just as I am to mine?

Do you even know how many you have caused to die, or how many you have caused to cry all because you let your imagination run wild? Completely untamed and chaotic, all for the joy of having time to yourself in your comfy little sofa while the world around me is morphed into dangers only protagonists could even survive?

You stopped reading for a second there didn't you?

You might not have been able to tell, maybe it was just a page flip, or maybe you took a break from my calls for help to sip from a water bottle. Who knows, it's not like I can see you. I can only feel your presence. The only way I can describe it is you are in a dark alley when you have the urge to look back even though you know you are all alone.

I wonder if you ever sit down and think if your life is just someone toying with you like you toy with me.

Have you ever gotten up and known for a fact something was one thing, but it turns out you are the only one to remember it? Maybe it's something small like that freckle your friend had been on the other side of their face this whole time. Or maybe it's something big, like the color of your car being completely different.

Maybe we are not too different... you and I. Both products of someone else's imagination, I mean what are the odds that you just so happened to be born who you are and had all the experiences you have had. The actions you do just leading to an unstoppable ending.

Is that why you have kept reading? Are you curious how my tale is going to end?

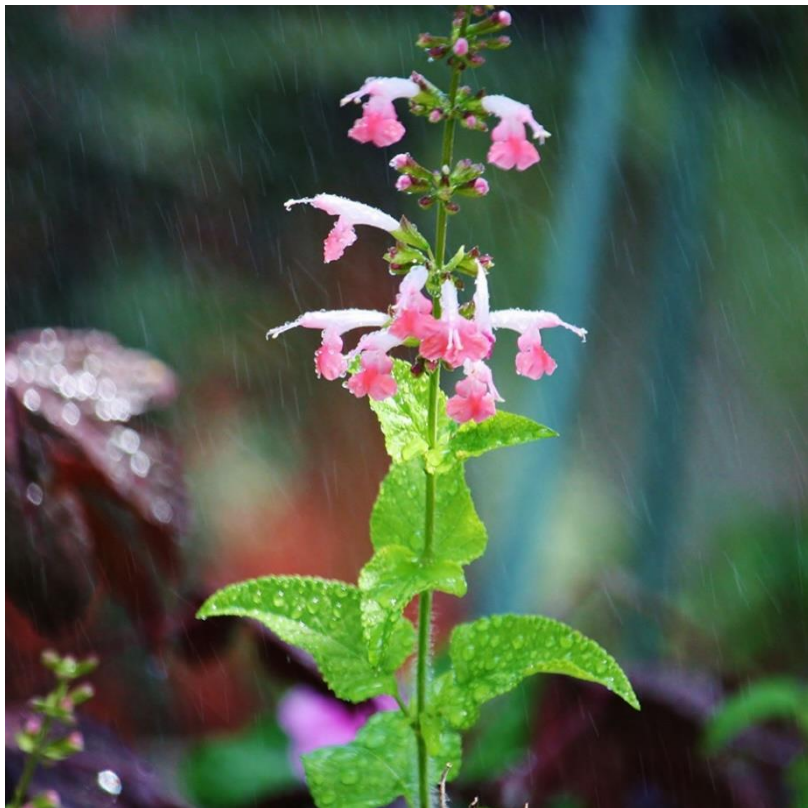
Well I guess it never really does, you could always come back and read this someday

when you are much older. Just like maybe one day you will imagine me up differently and maybe read my original tales to your children while they go to sleep.

What do I know though, I am just some words on a page.

Singin' in the Rain

By Elizabeth Smith



Oumuamua

By Cassidy A. Boles

How peculiar you are,

Oumuamua,

Incredible speed and ridiculous inclination,

You don't belong to us,

"The Scout,"

Nothing seen before,

To truly be incorporated into lore,

A blistering speed,

Not looking to be seen,

Oumuamua,

Acting like a comet,

From an unknown constellation,

Did you wave at Carme,

As you passed Jupiter?

Flying to the sun and quickly saying goodbye,

We barely saw you,

A weird alien visitor,

From one solar system to another,

A lone traveler,

A messenger,

A reminder that the universe is vast,

Oumuamua,

Such velocity,

So little luminosity,

We barely saw you,

Until we meet again,

Oumuamua.

Jack's House

By Jarrod Watson

You didn't hear about Jack's House,
did you?

How no one ever comes back
from it alive or sane?

The orange leaves and
ice cool breeze

dance around his yard and
while it may seem neat
that a real life haunted house
is in our neighborhood,
you should know Jack
doesn't like visitors very much.

Rumor has it his mom
and dad sewed a pumpkin
onto his neck as punishment
for stabbing the dog to death
with the kitchen knife.

Do you still wanna' go to
Jack's house?

Well, go on, I won't stop you.

Toki No Hana (“Flower of Time”)

By Autumn McBrown

He gave his heart to the girl under the wisteria tree. A beautiful girl; no flower above could compare to the one blossoming below. The bird, a young, healthy crane, a rare sight, found himself waiting, every evening, for the girl to read him stories of love and happy endings. Months passed, and the time seemed endless.

On the evening of the spring equinox, the girl and her bird slept to the soft sound of rustling branches, to the strong fragrance of the wisteria. They awoke to a starry sky, and in the distance, shouting could be heard.

“Hime-sama! Hime-sama!” a young man shouted. The girl’s elder cousin ran to the end of the path and told the girl of the man she would be marrying in three days time, about the agreement between the warring Emperors, but all that the bird could focus on was the look on the girl’s face; glassy violet eyes searched the sky for comfort. Her cousin pulled her from the bird and into the night, excited for the days to come. The girl looked back with longing. This was the last time the girl visited the wisteria tree for some time.

More time passed, but the tree still bloomed brightly each spring. The girl married the man and gave Japan a child that would have much influence; this would be the era of peace in both provinces. The bird searched for the girl throughout each village, but with no luck, he decided to wait by the wisteria.

Approaching the fifth spring, the girl, older and wiser, made her way back home. She was welcomed by many happy villagers before retreating for a stroll on her own. It was winter; the icy breeze froze her long raven hair to the spine of her lilac-woven kimono. She took the untouched, snowy path to the wisteria, that evening, never expecting what she saw waiting. The bird—sacred to all—had grown to full size, as he was only a fledgling when they first met. The wisteria was bare, but the stars danced above to make

up for it. The bird dashed to the girl, and the girl took him in with open arms.

That night, for the last time, the girl told the bird a new story, a tragic story. One of a princess who was arranged to marry a prince from another land—one with more power. The princess didn't want to marry; she wanted to live in the nearby village and read to children under the village's beautiful wisteria tree, but being the eldest daughter, this marriage was all that she could do for the villagers. So, she married and gave the prince a child: the next Emperor.

The prince had a cool exterior, but fear of his enemies consumed him. He drank and drank until the fear went away, but what was left was anger. He took it out on the princess, who could only keep quiet, protect her child, and keep the treaty afloat. He always apologized, but the cycle repeated. One frosty morning, the princess was plagued with a disease. The doctors told her she had three weeks at most, so she decided to visit home with her child. She hadn't been home in a while, but going back would be too painful.

The bird would never hear about what happened after the princess's return. At this point in the story, the girl, pale and sobbing, beat her fists on the trunk of the tree. The bird couldn't understand but wanted to comfort her all the same. He flew to the other side of the tree and circled back. In his beak, he held the last flower, a dead flower, in his mouth and offered his condolences. The girl, eyes painted with the forgotten wisteria, gave the bird a soft smile and kindly accepted his gift. He was excited, but this excitement was short-lived. Snow started to fall and the girl, peacefully lethargic, brought her back to the foot of the frigid tree and pet the bird's back.

The girl said one word.

“Fly.”

She looked from the bird to the sky and closed her violet eyes before taking her last breath beneath the wisteria tree.

The bird didn't follow her command. He would usually leave for a warmer bed, but he didn't want to leave her alone on a night like that. He took his place beside her frozen body

and went to sleep below the tree's bare branches that seemed to stretch for miles into the night sky.

They never left the tree.

They never left each other again.

They would never see new beginnings.

Spring never came for the bird or the girl.

It was time to rest.

It's modern-day Japan, and the wisteria still blooms in the spring. A school was built around the tree, so students take joy in having lunch beneath an amethyst sky.

A young boy leaves his afternoon track practice to grab a drink from the fountain, but he stops short. A few feet away, a girl lays beneath the flourishing wisteria tree. She sleeps with a book on her lap and flowers in her long, raven hair. The girl opens her eyes to find the boy staring from afar. Unabashed, she gives him a friendly wave. The boy, as if pulled by gravity, stumbles to the foot of the tree. Upon closer look, he finds himself lost in her violet eyes.

"I-I'm Fujioka Asuka," he says.

She smiles brightly, "Just call me Haruka."

He forgets about practice, and she forgets the time. They sit beneath the old wisteria tree and plan to meet again. She sets her book on the freshly-trimmed grass and leaves it open to the clear, blue sky. The wind picks up, and the pages flip to the book's beginning.

Unpopular Vessel

By Paige Cusimano

My body is like an unpopular vessel.

It doesn't get much attention like the others in the shipyard.

The pretty blue one over there gets the most attention out of all of us.

My vessel has cracks and dents in it, my stern shows its age with damaged wood on its decks.

Abandoned and unpopular, no one wants me.

I wish I could be fixed up and taken out on one last voyage.

I have been used and now I am tossed to the side like an old rag.

Everyone wants the pretty blue one now. Not me. Not ever.

A Louisiana Day

By Jarrod Watson

The sun was a scorcher on this day. The humidity was heavy in the air, and Dale had a film of sweat on his arms and neck. Charlotte came out onto the porch where he sat in his favorite rocking chair, the one he made himself. He didn't glance over to her. Instead he scratched his graying beard and took a sip from the ice cold glass of whiskey she had poured for him earlier. The ice cubes clinked and clanked against the glass, and surprisingly kept their shape, considering the weather on this day.

"Seen anything yet?" she said.

"Nothin'," he took another sip, this time a long one. He let the whiskey sit on his lips for a moment, refreshing and cool, and swished it around his cheeks before swallowing hard. Their house sat on stilts in the middle of the bayou. Moss hung from tree branches like Christmas tinsel, cicadas and frogs chirped, and sang their swamp tunes.

"Come inside, dear," Charlotte said, "Let's see if we can get the radio working."

Dale finally moved his eyes in her direction, "I know there's something goin' on here, Char. Reckon today's gonna be one of 'em bad ones. The radio can wait 'til it's over." She sighed and looked out at the endless swamp. There was only a small, muddy road that barely raised up past the muck. Dale's worn, red pick up truck hadn't been used since the news stories flooded the stations on their local cable. Charlotte was grateful he had always done his job keeping the house stocked up with food even before this day. They had to hunt the occasional heron or gator here and there but for the most part, their canned and boxed food had lasted almost two months now. As a little girl, she never thought this is where she'd be when she was in her mid sixties, but she loved Dale and would stick by him through anything.

He finished off the whiskey, and reached over his right side to grab the double-barreled shotgun. Placing it on his

lap, he squinted his eyes over to the far end of their “drive-way.”

“You see that there?” he said. She tried her best but her eyes weren’t like they used to be.

“I don’t, dear, I’m sorry. What is it?”

“I thought I seen somethin’ over by the tire swing.” He leaned forward.

“There it is again!” he said. She had seen it that time. Movement beneath the water. Dale kept one hand holding the gun, and another to brace himself on the rocking chair as he stood. He remembered the days he was spry, and could push wheelbarrows of hay and fertilizer for hours. On this day, he felt his age.

The enormous red claw burst out of the swamp and touched the old driveway by the tire swing. It resembled that of a crayfish, with large spines pointing behind it. The hideous creature rose, and Dale aimed his shotgun. Charlotte went inside as fast as she could, and retrieved the hunting rifle by the door. They gave each other a smile, and knew it was going to be another Louisiana day.

Cryptid

By Andrew Claessens

Cryptids be creeping about carefully to keep the crazy, kooky, and courageous from capturing proof of the claims that would let them confidently confirm they can be.

Understand that the unexplained may prefer you to be unaware of their utter existence because uneducated understandings lead to unsound and unfortunate accusations of ulterior motives that hide the untold truths about these unusual creatures.

Bigfoot taking brisk walks through the back end of British-Columbia being aware of bastards in bushes brandishing big cameras to bring to light what this big bloke is. Because he believes in privacy and by god, he will beat the bones out of you to belay anything that breaks it.

Mothman may be a massive mound of wings and majesty, but mean mudslingers may make it look like a masquerade hiding malice and misfortune. But many masses may like to know mothman makes no malevolent machinations to menace random mooks and make monumentally massive disasters. It is all a mix-up. Mothman just meanders on his merry way and misadventures merely manifest at times to his misfortune. Marking his moth-mansion on the map will only bring mobs and misery onto him.

The Jersey Devil however is a dastardly dude and undoubtedly a dick. Demon is often its description and it is definitely one fitting of this degenerate of the deep dank depths of hell. Destroying doodads held dear by the denizens near its dwelling and damning any delectable scrap to digestion by devouring whatever duck, dog, or dude that dares to not be dissuaded from doing stuff from dusk till dawn. Don't let that discourage you, that dillweed deserves to be deposed as the demonic terror of the dark. Just be damn sure you don't disturb the dozens of other delightful dandies that disavow any discovery of themselves.

Bittersweet Honey

By Autumn McBrown

Night after night

We run on thin ice

All afraid to admit

That those nights we take flight

From the womb to the cities

Oh, those lights they gleam pretty

From the skies to the streets

Now they dim

Air is sticky

With all of the hate that we give

And all of the honey we stick

To the souls of the shoes

That we want to call kin

Honey that's layered in thicker

Than shells that we label our bodies

Really filled with tsunamis

They crash and they slow

Then they flood all the cities

Of life we call our own

There's home floods no one's home

We stare to skies

They appear to be pretty but everything's empty inside

Life on the Reserve

By David Dolby

She eyed the herd, searching for a sign. A sign of age, youth, sickness, injury. Signs of strength. It was all part of the process. She was hungry, but she couldn't just take. It wasn't that easy. The wrong prey and she could exhaust herself. Without the certainty of success. It was a cruel process. But it was necessary. Life for her depended on death. Didn't all life? Sure, the zebra didn't eat meerkat. What a funny thought. Those flattened teeth trying to tear into a small rodent. But what about the grass? It was green because it was alive right? And Naseera had seen first-hand what a herd of zebra can do to a sea of green. Not even the bones of grass were left after they were done. Naseera didn't kill for fun. She only fed herself, but as a lioness she understood her future would involve cubs. The pride's survival depended on it. And right now, she trained for that. She killed for her own. Her own children, her own pride, her own species. That was how life was. You kill to survive. And thank the gods of nature you're not a zebra. But also thank the gods of nature zebras exists. It was a confusing paradox. She had heard of some lions who had spent too much time thinking and not enough time hunting. Their brains had become sharp while their claws became soft. They had decided to eat grass like the zebra. She remembered how their muscles shrunk and their beautiful thoughts became desperate whispers. Some of their ideas would occasionally pop into her mind, "imagine you are the zebra, what would you want from the lion?", but she didn't have the luxury of such philosophical thought exercises. She had cubs to feed, at least she would. And those ideas didn't feed the cubs any more than the atrophied lions could with their stringy legs and diets of grass and fruits.

A higher pitched barking from the zebra pack narrowed her focus. A young calf. Their meat was the most tender, and they were the easiest to take down. Separating them from

their parent's watchful gaze was not always easy but the herd had a way of melting down into survival instinct that sometimes left the young on their own. Nature was a merciless choreographer. Naseera was just trying to stay in step. She spied the young calf on the left side of the herd wobbling on his new legs still adjusting to the earth. She crept low in her hunches and began her stalk. The long grass surged in the wind like an ocean, and she stayed just below the surface. She had seen humans pull up before in their metal boxes. Little was known about their species except that they liked to watch. They liked to watch the zebras. They liked to watch the lions. And they especially like to watch the lions chase the zebras. She could feel their excitement. Some had been known to kill zebras. Not in the groups that held sticks that clicked instead of cracked. They were not watchers. They were hunters, like Naseera. They had even hunted lions too. They had fragile bodies but were very clever. And their claws reached farther than any animals. These hunters were fewer than the watchers.

Another member of the pride, Rasta broke from her crouch and began chasing a zebra who still bore the scars of fights with other rival male zebras. Rasta looked down at those who hunted the young, claiming it wasn't healthy for the mind. But she killed all the same and always went for the maimed. Claiming it was mercy to end their suffering. Her teeth looked the same stained in blood, mercy or no. Naseera took advantage of the chaos, bursting from the golden ocean into the reality of the zebra herd. She bolted towards the direction of the zebra calf. The adult zebras shrieked in surprise and began to scatter, instinct overpowering parental motivations. It was sad to see any animal forget their role to protect, but Naseera understood that the claws of a lion had a way of interrupting the thought patterns of love. Love was a strange concept. Humans had a different idea of it. She had witnessed this one time. Man-eaters were rare in the pride. They were usually hunted down quickly after humans discovered their kills. Man-eaters also had a certain deadness in their eyes. Like a veil,

that hid a fire underneath, a fire fueled by torment, a fire that consumed soul. Some would talk about their man kills with excitement and pride. But this was all a show, and Naseera knew. She had come upon Kafi after he had been shot by a man claw. He was laying there, his life escaping from a small hole in his neck. His body was heaving struggling for air. Naseera was running past and had looked in his eyes, there was relief. She could never understand it. He was happy to die, as if some unmentionable guilt had released with his blood. She had heard his story. Kafi had been strolling not far from a metal box when one of the child humans had wandered from the others' protection. They must not have been aware of the rules of the plains. They must've been from an area where there were more zebras than lions. Kafi had attacked the child of course. Going for the quick easy kill. But the part of the story that had always shocked Naseera was what the human mother did. Instead of running back to the group and safety she had attacked Kafi striking his face with her clawless hands. Soft hands like mush, he had described them. She was no hunter. He would laugh. But it was a laugh he didn't believe in. And Naseera knew. She was no hunter, she had no claws, why did she attack Kafi? This was not a good reason to bleed. But when he lay there dying, she could see, his eyes, relief. As if his interruption in this human act of love had introduced a new moral paradigm that condemned him from within. Other philosophers in the pride had warned about the dangers of human meat, how it could corrupt the instinct of the hunt. Strange but she didn't ponder it too long. She had seen what pondering does. How it wastes away the flesh and makes the eyes cloudy. She separated the calf from the herd as the parent zebras became lost in a shrieking galloping sea of black and white anonymity. Her teeth found the soft flesh of the young zebra. She would live today. And her cubs would live tomorrow. This calf would not. Nature was cruel that way.

Fighting an Angry Deity

By Craig Eckert

I came here to fight a god,

A deity that has controlled my life for far too long.

The blows we exchange reverberate in my skull

Sending tremors throughout my body.

An earthquake through my soul that cannot be measured
on the Richter Scale.

There are no words spoken just the sound of bones
cracking,

I try to tear out their lying tongue and get my fingers
chewed off.

We both grow tired as we rage on,

Heavy breathing,

I begin to hyperventilate as the end of the fight draws
near.

The fight ends as I stand over a bruised and bloody body,

As I stumble over to hear the last rattle of this god's
breath,

I notice something familiar about the battered face glaring
up meeting my eyes.

Eyes that reflect something I do not wish to see.

I realize too late that those were my eyes, this was my
body.

The deity's ghost haunts me now and then,
An echo of the omnipotence they once had.
Whispers in the dark recesses of my mind,
Holding up a mirror for me to see what I have become,
A broken man looking into the eyes of an angry deity.

Kill Them with Kindness

By Cherish Crittendon

Roses are red

Violets are blue

I want to beat the 5 senses out of you

I want to beat you black and blue

Your hazel eyes will be no more

Because I will Punch you more and more

I could torture you all day

And think of it as Childs play

But since I feel nice

I'll give you some advice

You have thirty second to run away

Or you will lose more than your sight today.

Casual Killer

By Marilynn Diana Belviy

Every day is just the same and it always sucks. My mom is sick, and I can never afford to pay rent. I got fired from my third job this month for standing up to a mouthy costumer. I'm never happy. I get walked all over and my mother always screams at me. She wants me to get another job, but I know I'll just lose it again. If only I just had money. I'd get a car, clothes that aren't torn, and shoes that won't tear me apart. The one nice thing I have is my old windows PC, that I use to surf the dark web and write horror stories about what I find there. I decided to do some surfing for a while when suddenly I stumbled upon this god-awful ad:

“CASH FOR ORGANS” the obnoxious banner flashed.

In its gross, red spattered font, surrounded by cartoon organs and blood, it flashed mockingly. I clicked on the link. Surely, it would lead to some random meme or GIF, but to my surprise the link opened itself in an incognito tab and flashed the same awful sign as before. Of course, I had to see if this was legit or not, so I selected “Sell your Stuff” from the drop-down menu. There I found instructions on how to package your organ, and how to contact them for the proper containment unit. Further down it described what to do with any organs that cannot be shipped or contained immediately and how to keep the tissue alive. I was disgusted but enthralled. Then I stumbled upon the prices. \$25,000 for a human heart. I laughed, thinking this might be a way to make that money. But of course, I wouldn't do such a thing, I'm certainly not sacrificing myself, and I haven't killed anyone before.... Still curious though, I bookmarked the tab and put my computer to sleep.

I decided to take a breather and walk around the apartment complex to smoke a cigarette. Around the corner, the

police sirens wailed and began approaching the gas station across the street. Curious, I decided to walk over and see what had happened, a young man lay on the ground, seemingly beaten, bruised and torn. The police were still down the road, and bystanders ignored the body for some time as I stood next to it. I could smell the fresh death emanate from the body. The boy laid still, blood poured from his mouth and chest as it stained his white tank top. Black and blue bruises peeked out from under his red basketball shorts, and his black flip flops were torn apart beneath his feet. Then my brain thought of something ridiculous, but I contemplated it for a minute and went with my gut. I saw a deep gash in the well of his stomach. How convenient, I thought. The bloody hole beckoned me; it was practically begging me to reach inside. It would be so easy. My heart raced as the police pulled closer, and I plunged my fist inside the red slush and ripped out the largest chunk I could find. I quickly retracted my arm with a slobbery heart in my hand, and quickly shoved it under my jacket, making my way back to the apartment with haste.

I ran into the bathroom and threw the heart into the sink, as my own raced with adrenaline. I stripped off my clothes, ensured that my mother was asleep and referred to the website for instruction. Immediately I ordered the containment unit and followed the directions for storing the heart until it arrived. I rinsed it with warm water from the sink, tucked it into a raw chicken for insulation, and then a plastic bag and placed it in the freezer. My bathroom was covered with blood and so were my clothes. I cleaned up the sink and the floor leading to it, rinsed my body of the boy's blood and went onto the porch to soak in what I had just done.

The next morning the containment unit had already arrived, and with 3 others. I guess they assume with one organ there will be more, right? I packaged the heart and shipped it off, hoping to receive my riches. Afterwards, I

laid in bed staring at the other 3 containment units and wondered how else I could fill them. Last night was gruesome and exhilarating, but it wasn't my kill, and frankly I am still under the impression that I am not capable of such things. But last night makes me think differently. If I can hold someone's life in my hands, what's taking one? Wanting to explore this, I invited over my coworker Jim. Jim didn't have any immediate family, lives on his own, and doesn't even drive a car. He was perfect.

Later that evening Jim and I sat in my living room, while my mother went to sleep. We watched the tele, lit up a joint, and shot the shit for a while, when I saw my opportunity. Jim had gotten up to go to the bathroom, and I stood patiently outside the door while he washed his hands and I twiddled my knife in mine. The doorknob turned and as soon as the door opened, I shoved a cloth in his mouth and my knife into his stomach, shoving his body into the bathtub, and letting the blood drain the easy way. The life escaped from his eyes, as he sunk into the porcelain tub. I stared at his lifeless body, finished the joint we had shared, and began dissecting his body.

Yellow

By Elizabeth Smith



Anger

By Marilynn Diana Belviy

When your mind burns like molten glass

And your head aches

With the pain

Of broken memories.

Trapped in an endless tunnel,

You remember,

You suffer.

Flooding tears from your skull

As if to fill the river Styx.

Regret,

Rage,

Resentment

All blend into one.

You lay there

Bloodied and broken,

Unable to cope,

Unable to heal.

Victorian Lady

By Elizabeth Smith



Employee Wanted

By Craig Eckert

If you are reading this, you are applying for The Position. There are certain requirements that need to be met for such a job some of which may deter those of you with weaker constitutions. We do not discriminate in our hiring process, but you must meet the criteria.

The applicant must have no less than 24 pairs of chromosomes if you must know we do not care what the extra pair does just that you have the extra pair. Yes, we will run a test on you to check, and we will keep the findings. These may be used for other purposes that are not limited to evidence to be left at crime scenes, workplace jokes, or to make a clone from your DNA to replace you. That is unlikely but may happen as accidents are frequent.

The applicant cannot have all of their teeth intact. If the applicant does have all of their teeth intact, they must be willing to have at least 3 removed. This is to avoid identification through dental records. We will provide fake teeth for you if you desire. They will be the children's plastic hobo teeth. The company will bill you for this cost.

The applicant will sever ties with relatives and friends. The Company is your family now and your coworkers are your friends. We enjoy casual Friday's as well as costume parties the first of every month. This tends to keep morale up for our employees as we tend to lose many people. Do not ask how we lose people, that information is strictly confidential.

To avoid people missing their friends at work the applicant must be willing to have cosmetic surgery done to look like the person they are replacing. This is all standard procedure and we assure you that the instruments have only been used twice before, and they will most likely be sterile.

If infection were to set in the company will provide hydrogen peroxide and cotton swabs to clean it. If the infection persists and deforms you it adds character. You will be the talk of the office with your new look. Enjoy the spotlight while you can because there will be others that will take it with their new deformities.

The applicant cannot be an albino. This is more of a personal preference than a company requirement. We find albinism to be creepy and cannot trust those with red eyes or skin as pale as a cave dwelling creature. If you are an albino applying to this job, please go live in a cave so the public can be spared from viewing your hideous nature.

There is a certain amount of security clearance needed for this job. The applicant will not be informed on what the clearance will be for until after they have completed the job. This way The Company is not liable for your mistakes and you go down as a rogue element instead of a corporate sponsored terrorist. We are sure you understand we need to be constantly aware of The Company's image.

The applicant must be willing to be under 24-hour surveillance. At all times. There is no private moment you will not have without The Company watching. If you become intimate with another person and this troubles you just think of it as an extra partner to join in the fun, or if you choose to get intimate by yourself you will not be alone during this time so you are less pathetic.

If the applicant meets all of these requirements and submits to the following guidelines they will be considered for employment. Your benefits are scarce, and the pay will leave you wanting more. You may figure out that if you had less friends in the office your pay will go up. If they were to have any unfortunate accidents that involved you then you will be eligible for a bonus, and their salary. This job is taxing but rewarding and encourages a competitive nature. We look forward to your career at The Company.

Contributor Biographies

Marilynn Diana Belviy

Marilynn Belviy is an honors student at State College of Florida, Venice Campus. She is an aspiring archaeologist, and traveler. She studies cultural and geographic history on her own time, and participates in many events around campus, such as open mic readings and interdisciplinary programs. Her activism for zoology in high school, through fundraising, and environmental clean-ups, led her to receive the Florida Life Science award as she continues to be conscious of the surrounding world. She also is an animal lover, and takes care of her pet snake, Monty.

Kassidy A. Boles

Kassidy Boles is a current Associate of Arts student working full time as the head of weight staff at Croissant & Co. in downtown Venice, Florida. Her favorite pastimes include caring for numerous animals, playing the occasional miscellaneous online video games, and of course writing. She is perhaps best known for her top-tier cappuccino's. She has five cats, numerous fish tanks, and a chinchilla named Smokey.

David Dolby

David Dolby grew up in Venice, Florida and has lived here most of his life. He spent six years in the Army stationed out in Washington State. The climates are extremely different, and he doesn't ever want to take the sunshine for granted again. He is now going back to school for a History Degree with the hopes of eventually becoming a history teacher who also travels the world and brings precious stolen artifacts back to where they belong, the museum. He enjoys creative writing and all fiction because it is like an inside look into someone's imagination, which is

one of the more mysterious parts about being a human. He also enjoys history because it's like an outside look of what people decide to do with their imaginations.

Craig Eckert

Craig Eckert is a student while working full time. He loves to read any material that catches his eye, play Dungeons and Dragons when he has the time, and he loves to write! He has been trying to write more poetry and has been trying to lengthen his writings instead of just short stories he is working on a novel. He was published in a horror magazine for one of his works, and plan to continue to write for his own enjoyment and hopefully others as well.

Autumn McBrown

Autumn McBrown simply enjoys giving her characters a place to live and grow, however they may. This Winter, she will be graduating with her A.A. and she hopes to keep writing more in the future.

Devin Ashleigh O'Hara

Devin O'Hara is a dual enrollment student, born November 2001, and is currently interested in transferring to another college and majoring in chemistry or biology. However, she has had a passion for writing since she was aged four, she has created many different stories since. Usually in the broad fantasy genre. Despite her interest in the STEM field, she continues to create works of art as a hobby whether through writing or drawing.

Jarrold Watson

Jarrold Watson is a student at SCF and is majoring in Marine Biology, while also wanting to become a published Author. In his free time, he enjoys writing poetry and fictional stories.

Elektraphrog Staff



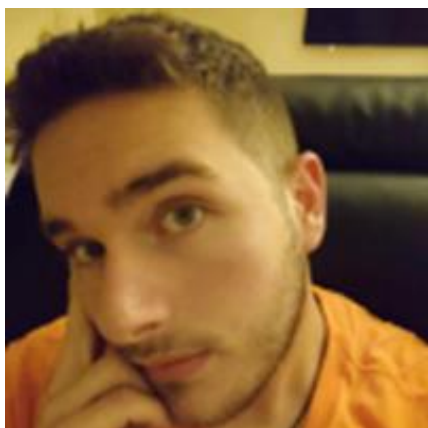
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Jessica Kuti is an Honors student at the State College of Florida with a major in Psychology. She aspires to be a therapist, specifically targeted towards mental illnesses. She also has a passion for writing, being recognized for her work in Creative Writing by the State College of Florida. During the summer of 2019, she had worked an internship at the Historic Spanish Point museum in Osprey surveying and studying trees. With this data she collected, she created an environmental walking tour.



Katlyn Kaminskis is a student at SCF, she plans on graduating this coming spring semester with her associates, after she finishes, she plans on transferring schools and majoring in journalism. Aside from school Katlyn also works at Publix in customer service. Katlyn has lived in Venice her whole life but loves to travel to different places and is also a huge baseball fan.



Jarrod Watson is currently an aspiring writer and marine biologist, attending SCF in Venice, Florida. As of now he works at a pool store, and also does maintenance and repairs on pool equipment. Jarrod also has volunteered with the Suncoast Humane Society, and has two cats at home. When he isn't at work or attending classes, he's usually practicing guitar, writing short stories/novels, or playing video games.



Kassidy Boles is a current Associate of Arts student working full time as the head of weight staff at Croissant & Co. in downtown Venice, Florida. Her favorite pastimes include caring for numerous animals, playing the occasional miscellaneous online video games, and of course writing. She is perhaps best known for her top-tier cappuccino's. She has five cats, numerous fish tanks, and a chinchilla named Smokey.

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