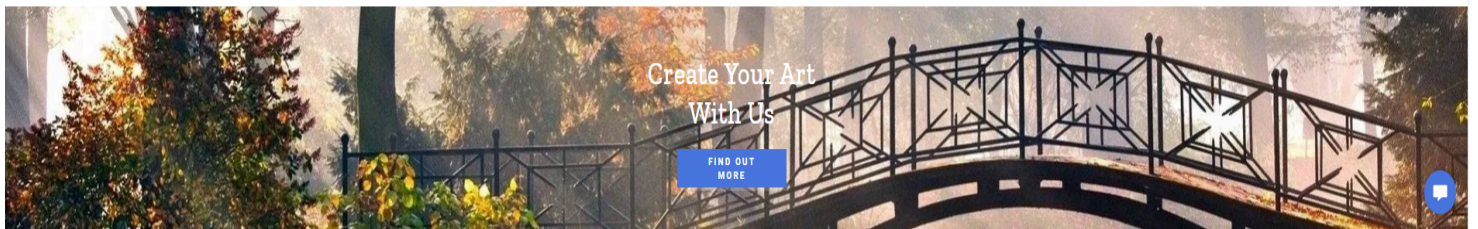


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The WINTER
Issue: Fairy
Tales
Feb/Mar 2021

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THE CARDINAL ARTS JOURNAL

A project of the Division of Languages and Humanities

Gadsden State Community College

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Creative Writing

Check out poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction from students, community members, and employees at GSCC!

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VIEW

GUEST EDITOR SPOTLIGHT



Megan Beam

As I've read, observed, and participated in professional writing communities, I've found a common thread that disturbs me: it's the word "qualified."

What qualifies me to write what I'm writing?

In my creative practice, I strip this word of value. Qualifications are not what we are after.



We are after the wild creature inside of us – the one that bubbles up in bizarre places with a narrative behind every curtain, peeking around every corner, running back into the enchanted forest before we have a chance to ask it its name. We creatives – we are not out to simply become masters or collectors of qualifications: we are portal guards, otherworldly gatekeepers, tamers of dragon fire.

I am someone who has a lot of ideas all the time. Everything inspires, everything lights up. Annie Dillard says this in her work, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*:

At the time of Lewis & Clark, setting the prairies on fire was a well-known signal that meant, "Come down to the water." It was an extravagant gesture, but we can't do less. If the landscape reveals one certainty, it is the extravagant gesture is the very stuff of creation. After the one extravagant gesture of creation in the first place, the universe has continued to deal exclusively in extravagancies, flinging intricacies and colossi down aeons of emptiness, heaping profusions on profligates with ever-fresh vigor. The whole show has been on fire from the word go. I come down to the water to cool my eyes. But everywhere I look I see fire; that which isn't flint is tinder, and the whole world sparks and flames.

This is what the experience is like for me, constant spark and flame. The whole show has been on fire from the word go. And it makes for such a beautiful image.

It also makes for a truly sweltering mental life. And chasing down one spark is hard enough, but then fanning it into flame (not to mention managing said flame, should it expand) while trying to manage other sparks that may or may not get away from me... You get the picture. It can become overwhelming in zero time flat. This is where most people quit. Because who can deal with that kind of chaos all the time without serious brain stretching and some kind of mental-core strength situation? And we haven't even gotten to the deep seeded emotional territory most of those flames reach or originally reside in!

My hope is that creative work becomes for you, reader, an amalgamation of ways to manage the fiery extravagancies you collect here or there or maybe everywhere you look. And hopefully even this short work is a catalyst of what flames you will fan for yourself and for each of us. Please, don't quit on your sparks.

About Megan

From Gadsden, Alabama, with the fire blood of a seeker pumping through her veins, Megan Beam is a writer, educator, mystic, friend, keeper of strays, giver of damns, and an advocate for mythical creatures. Professionally, she's worked as a florist, a managing editor, an English teacher, a Religion professor, and currently, a Grown Up Fancy Corporate Manager of Things People Say and How They Say Them while reviving her writing workshops for the physically distant age of her local writing community. She is a published poet and scholar, with work ranging from Broadside Print (narrative feminism) to Yale (Comparative Literature Conference). Megan tells the whole truth, as much as she can say at once. Sometimes with words, sometimes with gourmet pastries from scratch, home-grown herbal tea, and in all her ways she is ever asking, "What is this story *really* about?"

Check out an excerpt of Megan's work below, and at the following links:

https://www.amazon.com/dp/B086SFY7GC/ref=cm_sw_r_fm_api_glt_T1TNNM98TQH30RC898KF

https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08NGQLHH2/ref=cm_sw_r_fm_api_glt_9YWXXG4YSYXWG33XGJV4



Contest Winner Announcement

THE CARDINAL ARTS JOURNAL ANNOUNCES CONTEST WINNER

The winner of the CAJ Fairy Tale contest is **Katie Bohannon**, for her narrative poem submission "Adolphine".

Coming in as First Runner Up is **Jackson Layton's** short story "The Crystal City"

Congrats to both writers!



WINNING SUBMISSION

Adolphine

Long before they emerged from the shadows, before the Beast of Gévaudan
A transformative, bloody curse was placed upon unfortunate souls of man.
Whoever this curse inflicted, broke their bones beneath the fullest moon
Transforming these men into wolfish beasts, even to death they seemed immune.
I tell you this, because a kingdom plagued by such a curse is where our tale began.
In the days of old, the wolfmen hid the beastly darkness in their souls
Walking as kings and nobles, they daily dawned their humanly roles
Some wrestled the beast within, relied upon gemstones to prevent their turning
Digging their nails into their fists, they resisted the animalistic yearning
But a curse so monstrously powerful is never easily controlled.
In these days of which I speak, there lived a queen so lovely and young
She bore the countenance of eternal spring, with an intelligence never unsung
Elegantly dripping down the staircase, she cascaded as delicate English rain
With a gentle spirit and a loving heart any man would find himself blessed to gain.
Though her kingdom flourished from her touch, like a viper her husband stung.
Now Adolphine, the noble queen, had but one slight imperfection
That numbed her wiser judgement, enfevering her as a ghastly infection
Impressionably innocent she was, yet distressingly naïve
She possessed a foolish, hopeful heart that was easily deceived
For all her better sense was blinded by her undying affection.
Adored the king, did she, adored him quite too much
For Adolphine became imprisoned by love's inescapable clutch
So forcefully love's gripping hands wound tightly round her throat
Til blurred vision masked poor decisions; to him her life she did devote
Satisfied with his wandering eyes, charming smile, and gentle touch.
Now it was common throughout the castle, that the knights would often jest
And murmur amongst themselves of the king's frequent, lovely guest
"Did you happen to see the maiden, sneaking from the chamber of our king?"
"I suppose swearing an oath under God to him means nothing."
"If marital fidelity were the holiest of trials, the king fails every test."
Yet amongst the laughter, amongst the jeering, amongst the mocking voices
A certain knight narrowed his dark ferocious eyes, seething at the king's faithless choices.
He turned upward the rusted pewter tankard, ale guzzling warm upon his tongue
Wrath arose him from the crowded trestle table, vengeful songs in his heart he sung.
"When I am finished with the king, they will no longer wish to rejoice."
As this knight slammed down his tankard, a shuddering silence engulfed the scene
Rollo thundered out of the hall as a powerful, relentless machine
The dumbfounded king's men he left behind looked nervously about
What of Rollo's pure intentions? They spoke of their alarming doubt.
"Rollo the feared, Rollo the dreadful," they whispered, "Brother of the queen."
Appointed by his sister, Rollo gained his place at court
Repressed his violent temper, adopting chivalry for sport
For years he lived as a noble, for years he restrained himself mute
Yet no longer could he ignore a consumptive fire so enraged and absolute
Back to his primal beastly nature he must resort.

Rollo stormed through stone hallways, charged through the shadowy black
Wondered if the king were worthy of this unforeseen attack
He ripped banners baring the king's crest to the frigid floor
Until at last he arrived; chest heaving as he stood before the chamber door
Armor clattered behind him in the distance, but Rollo did not look back.
The king's bolted door flung open, the maiden's scream pierced through the wicked night
Rollo ripped labradorite from his finger as horrified lovers were paralyzed with fright
Seconds passed, and the maiden gasped, as the knightly Rollo vanished from before their eyes
Man transforming into a deadly beast, Rollo's fury fed on their hysterical cries
His teeth grew long as dripping, sharpened fangs as he growled and bore to bite.
The moonlight flashed upon him, illuminating such a terror to behold
Fur black as rabid ravens, wild eyes blazing amber gold
Jawbone of man elongated into a wolfish, canine snout
His fingernails transfigured 'til lethal claws he did sprout
Between the beast's snarling, snapping jawbone, the lovers' lives he did hold.
The beast lunged at her first, the king toppling frantically from shredded sheets
Amidst the shrieks and cries he trembled, recoiling in sorrowful defeat
Yet, suddenly a thought at once sprung into the spineless king's mind
A chance for his own redemption, the possibility to deliver mankind
As Rollo slashed, thrashed, and tore, to his wardrobe did the king slowly retreat.
Cautiously, carefully, afraid to utter the slightest sound
The king reached inside the wardrobe, from his shivering place upon the ground
And seized his loaded crossbow, calming his panicked thoughts
His kingdom would discover the power behind the secret he once sought
Our fearless king, they'd praise, Slayer of Wolves he would be crowned.
To address this secret, dear reader, we must reveal the king's prior quest
How for months he ravaged his kingdom, for over certain knowledge he did obsess.
He searched mercilessly, he threatened—drug suspicious women out by their hair
From their homes, the people wondered if it were the beasts they should beware
Til at last he found his answer—the way to kill a werewolf best.
See all these months he scavenged, scouring for a glimpse of truth
Shoving village men into the mud, frightening the huddled, starving youth
Frustrated with useless remedies, unsatisfied with empty solutions
The insatiable king followed every lead until he found his absolution
In the quiet, peaceful country, a priest obtained a werewolf's claw and tooth.
In secrecy, the king sought after the holy man who supposedly slayed the beast
Taking with him one trustworthy knight, Leander and the king rode swiftly east
But both were surprised, when they entered the priest's forest home
Both were astonished to find the priest had not killed the werewolf alone
For it was Leander's grandmother who ensured the wolf was truly deceased.
"I have carried this burden with me, born the weight of such obligation
My entire life I've watched them infiltrate and plague our nation
While Leander's grandfather was ignorant of the knowledge I possess
For to reveal the werewolf's secret would ensure a sin I must confess
That I discovered the beast's weakness through loving one of the curse's creation."
At the elderly woman's words, the king swallowed his revulsion
For his desperation to know her secret fought his desire for compulsion.
"I am ashamed," she continued in grief, "to admit my former actions.
But long ago I was naïve, young, and easily deceived by such a dark attraction.
He spoke of how he suffered for me, for me how he would gladly change.
But I soon became aware of a beast that cannot remain constrained.
For though he spoke of faithfulness, though he mused of true love
That wretched beast, that lurked beneath, warred till it rose above.
I pleaded for the man I once adored, but the wolf had him enchained.
After the accusations, after the village suspected he was to blame

After the accusations, after the village suspected he was to blame
For the murders of the innocent, in secret to me one night he came
'We haven't much time,' he murmured, for he knew his end was near
But his own death was not the tragedy my love most deeply feared.
What he spoke next ensured my safety, lest the wolf forgot my name.
'Forgive me, he pleaded, I have destroyed our happiness from the start.
I'll tell you how to kill the beast that has driven us apart.
Take a weapon of silver, but crafted of silver the weapon must be
For silver's power repels the moon which strengthens creatures like me
Though you aim the weapon at my chest, know the wolf lives not in my heart.'
Think not of my mistakes, nor what became of the man I gave my affection
For I betrayed his trust to ensure my village's protection.
I gave the priest who sits before you now this deadly information
As he assembled the village hunters, I dwelt on false love as consolation.
Leander's grandfather was one of the men who rid the village of its beastly infection."
You see dear reader, it was this moment, that sealed Rollo's demise
For it was Adolphine's brother the king so terribly despised
Prior to his quest, the king had begun to suspect Rollo of wicked doing
Something about Rollo was strange, a dark suspicion worth pursuing
A plot to confirm the king's suspicions one night he did devise.
You see, he followed Rollo one evening, when the moon was round and bright
Concealed himself in the shadows, as Rollo basked in the silver starlight
Watching with confusion, the king saw Rollo discard his ring and clothes
Then vanish into the frigid, wintry air before a horrific creature arose
Throwing back his blackened mane, the howl he uttered turned the king a ghostly white.
Now you know, reader, for months the king did cunningly prepare
Waiting for the perfect moment to catch Rollo unaware
The king's eyes filtered upward, as he steadied his shaky breathing
He gripped the loaded crossbow, drowned out the torturous screaming
"I will end you, beast," he whispered, "by my crown as king I swear."
Across the castle, Adolphine jolted awake at a devastating howl
So monstrous and dastardly, she knew the cause must be something foul
She leapt from her bed at once, for she dreaded her recognition
Of the voice that uttered such a cry, and worried for his current condition.
She ran as a banshee amongst the darkness, a sheen of sweat upon her brow.
At last, she came upon knightly hoards blocking the king's chamber door
She fought and shoved through armored masses until she collapsed upon the floor
Adolphine's vision blurred with stinging tears, her lips fell silently apart
Trembling hands covered her face as she saw the silver arrow in his heart
On her knees, Adolphine stared at Rollo's lifeless figure 'til the king would have no more.
"Take her away," the king ordered, "Can you not see she is distraught?
She is in shock at such unspeakable terror her brother could have wrought.
He went mad, my love, I tell you—I only acted in self-defense,
For the loss of my noblest knight, your brother, I cannot recompense.
We will speak no more of this dreadful night, you shall give it no more thought."
Leander bent downward gently, helping the forlorn queen to her feet
On the walk back to her bedchamber, he felt he did tortuously mistreat
The queen and her brother, for he was the only knight to know
That the king organized Rollo's demise, for which Leander's guilt ate him hollow.
Leander stopped before the queen, softly touched her shoulder, whispered discreet:

"Your brother was not a man, nor was he mad the moment that he died.
Though our king speaks of self-defense, the self-defense the king contrived.
For he knew your brother's secret, the devastating wolf that lived within
Despite the king's adultery, he wished to snuff him out, expose his cursed sin.
My guilt consumes me like that beast, therefore in you I must confide.
The king thought of nothing but his victory, nothing of whom he might hurt
Nor did he realize that upon Rollo's death, to his humanity he would revert.
I can no longer serve a king who betrays the woman he claims to adore
Though my own family is guilty of the same offense, these actions I abhor
It is because I find him unrighteous to you this confidence I do assert."
Time passed after this exchange, and it was time that became the queen's muse.
Adolphine never mentioned her brother's death, nor the king's dreadful ruse
She sat silent and pretty upon her throne when Leander renounced his knightlihood
She was apathetic when he returned to the country to make a living cutting wood
When the king ordered Leander's arrest, she sweetly smiled and did not refuse.
"Allow me, my king, to be the one who beckons him out from hiding
For one of my handmaidens tells whispers of where he has been biding.
To a peasant cottage near the forest, that is where he often goes—
An elderly member of his family lives there, his father's mother, I suppose.
If I were to visit, he would surely arrive; Leander's admiration for me is abiding."
At Adolphine's words, the king was elated!
He grinned mischievously, saying, "It's as if it were fated!
My queen, this scheme—I must say I am impressed.
Such deviousness from you, I would have never guessed.
But do allow me the privilege of adding to what you just stated.
Travel to his grandmother's home, you shall, but let us disguise our motivation.
Let the ancient hag and her grandson think that honor is your inspiration
Take along with you a basket ordained with sweets and riches
Devoted to his noble service of a kingdom whose queen he bewitches
At the declaration of your admiration, my arrival shall be the plan's culmination."
So Adolphine set off to the elderly woman's cottage, with the king not too far behind
He watched her on horseback in the distance, reveling in the scheme he designed
"Foolish, pitiful Leander, how troubled and how baffled he will be!
To discover who is truly visiting him...not the queen, but me!"
As the sun sank into a violet sky, the king laughed at how the stars would align.
It was far past sunset when the king arrived at the cottage; night had settled in
He dismounted his horse, flashing his accompanying knights a wicked grin
But as they entered the cottage, the king and his six men,
They found the dwelling abandoned, uncertain for how long this had been.
Trudging off towards the forest, the king and his knights' search did begin.
Snowflakes fell ever so softly, as they walked beneath the looming trees
The king glared amongst the blackness, 'til a sharp pain brought him to his knees
His side singed ferociously, and he reached upwards to find
A single silver arrow pierced in his flesh—one of his own design.
It was then that it all happened; the peaceful night chaos did seize.
Picked off so horrifically quick, like plucking petals from a flower
Seven diminished into a single soul within a minute of the hour
For while these ignorant men had been searching
In the shadows, a pair of amber eyes had been lurking
A howl ruptures his ears as the king buries his face and cowers.
"My king! My king!" he hears her voice, calling out his name so sweetly
He arises to see Adolphine etching towards him gently and discretely
"Thank God you are alright! I've been given quite the fright!
Has Leander turned against us in the bleakness of the night?"
He embraces her, then chastens her, for his scheme was ruined completely.

Yet instead of appeasing his distress, Adolphine tenderly takes the king's hand
Placing an object in his palm, whose familiarity demands
That the king's eyes trickle down and look, at the gemstone glistening in the moonlight
Incased in Rollo's labradorite ring, the king feels the sudden chill of fright
Perhaps not his scheme, but someone else's was unfolding just as planned.
"Pray tell, my queen," he whispers, "Have you seen the others with whom I came?"
Adolphine's delicate fingers trace a necklace of labradorite quite the same.
"My love, haven't you heard?"
With innocence she coats each word,
"The forest is filled with creatures, monsters, and beasts who are most certainly to blame."
Adolphine rips the necklace from her throat, into the snow she tosses the stone
As the king's wavering voice asks, "Why are you in the forest, all alone?"
But he was alone himself, the others had since met their demise
And in his heart he wished not to compel, the flash of amber in her golden eyes
As she responds with a grin, the moonlight revealing a darkness upon her skin,
"Oh, my beloved, I wish you hadn't had such a longing to roam—
For now I fear it's much too late for you to make it safely home."
These are the final words Adolphine spoke to her king, who was never again to be seen
Rather than mourn his loss, the kingdom rejoiced in their noble, righteous queen
Who would live on to experience true love, and marry the woodsman Leander happily
Who would live on to rule the kingdom with elegant grace in blissful harmony
Who from that night onward fashioned the decree
That man and wolf should live together peacefully
Just as Adolphine from the beginning believed things should have been.
Remember this, dear reader, lest you forget your reason
Faithlessness appears virtuous only for a season
Remember this, dear reader, you do reap what you sow
Best you never plant such seeds you later wish not to grow
Thorny consequences strangle souls sworn to treason.
A final note I might mention of her tale, and listen closely if you would.
It refers to the evening of the king's scheme, so pay attention as you should.
Whilst walking into the forest, as the moon illuminated the night
A passerby is said to have witnessed Adolphine wearing a cloak of snowy white.
Though when she returned, her cloak was a bloody crimson—her heart full of good.
Yet many still shiver when she walks by, and whisper, "Red Riding Hood."



Fairy Tale Contest First Runner Up

BY JACKSON LAYTON

The Crystal City

I saw it again, my home and our history. The sunlight made the city's walls and buildings glimmer. Even as the moon took the sun's place the people who lived there did not require lanterns. The light was so bright they hung black curtains upon their windows. Every night The king, Sulla, would walk upon the balcony and stare at the beauty that laid before him. He adored the city almost as much as he loved his family: Marcus, his eight year old nephew that I tutored, and his daughter who was called by many the living embodiment of the city for her beauty not just in feature, but in kindness as well. One day Sulla held a council. A nobleman had brought news of a ravaged looking people moving close by the city. "Their clothes are torn, their hair matted and are gaunt beyond any recognizable human features." Said the nobleman. "I would be an evil man if I were to be in a position to help these people, but not do so. Let alone deny the beauty of this city to everyone except ourselves." the king replied. "Yes, but I spied weapons among them." the nobleman added with concern. Alas, the king would hear no more "They shall forget those tools as they will their horrid past once we have taken them in."

Their eyes glimmered like the walls themselves just from looking at them. The ravaged band of people had finally been brought to the city. The king, his daughter, Marcus and I were among the forefront of the citizenry that awaited them. "Who among you all have been chosen as your leader?" Sulla inquired. Three men stepped forward. The one in the center was the first to speak. I am Cassius and to my right is my brother Ariovistus, and to my left is my son Casca." I believe I was the only one to catch the stare between the king's daughter and Casca. It was cheerful as the city itself. However, Ariovistus, who was crueller in features than his brother, disturbed the harmony. "Where are we to stay within these walls, and when are we to be fed?" The king was the only one unnerved by the slight. He embraced the three and replied. "If you would follow my companions, but my friend you no longer need your weapons." Ariovistus clenched the axe within his hand more tightly. "We would be most grateful, your honor." Cassius said softly.

As time passed Casca became my next student. I taught him just as I did Marcus and I hid away the secrecies of the princess and Casca reuniting alone. Cassius also became a member of the king's council. But, not all were content. Sparse pockets of violence erupted throughout the city. It was Ariovistus who had orchestrated these and after a time he was captured and brought to the king. Most advocated for his banishment and while his brother looked away in shame. Sulla however, pardoned him. "Please my friend put your horrid past to rest and indulge in the splendor of this city. All were shocked by this, but Ariovistus saw this as weakness and waited. "Ride west and do not look back." The pain on Casca's, the princess's, and Marcus's faces were clearly visible. "Look after one another." I said. "What about you?" "Think nothing of me. Now go." It was the first time someone left the city with the intention of never returning. I rushed to the King and around me people fought like wild animals. The blood of many splotched the streets and walls. The light was blotted out. I found Sulla with an axe buried in his back and Ariovistus standing triumphantly. "Murder!" Cried Cassius who had just entered. "You have betrayed the savior of our people." Ariovistus was dismayed and he was doomed.

Years past and I alone of the original inhabitants was spared and was kept on the council to teach Ariovistus's son. Cassius became a close friend of the bottle and Ariovistus spoke rarely. The blood, no matter how much anyone tried, would never be removed from the city. The crystal city dimmed. One day a rider arrived informing Ariovistus of nomadic horse people moving close by the city. "They will most likely pass by and we shall go unnoticed." Said one. "Perhaps, but I will not take a chance with my people's safety. Assemble the warriors. Him and his host would leave forever. A sole survivor made it back to the city, but was unaware that he had led the nomads to us. The nomads' leader held Ariovistus axe triumphantly and pronounced: "You all now serve me, the khan of these lands. Our will

is your will." We were doomed.

More years would pass and the city fell into ruin and it's people into bondage. The new ruler kept me, Casca and his nephew around as jesters. I was old now, the streets smelled foul and the nights were now truly dark. But one day an army appeared from the east. It was grand and instilled fear into the overlord who sent the three of us to negotiate with the leader of the army. When I entered the tent I was in disbelief to see Marcus himself. Now a grown man and stoic in every expression. He knew who I was and we exchanged our tales. "Those who have mocked this city's greatness will pay, but first with my uncle's betrayer's." He moved to have Casca and Ariovistus son executed, but I stopped him. "Your uncle cherished kindness and nobility. These two have become as much family to me as I am to you." A tear fell from Marcus's eye.

The overlord surrendered without a fight. The city's populace were spared, but forced to leave. Marcus ordered the gates to be sealed close and laid a curse upon those who dared enter the walls. As we left dark clouds hovered in the sky and a heavy rain fell onto the crystal city. The blood and grime were washed away. Who was blessed? Shall the city lay hollow forever? Perhaps when the dead men walk again.



More from Local Poets and
Artists

"DROPLETS"

by Leslie Worthington

Once we might speak of droplets of rain,
Of wine or figurative sunshine,
The sweat of excited anticipation.
They were lovely little beads,
A speck of something so precious,
Possession of just a "let"
Not even a whole "drop"
Might be divine.
A let of love over valleys of affinity.
But now
They are deadly, unseen
Harbingers of spread and death,
Tear – drop - lets.
We mask and run
At the thought of speech.

PHOTO AND ART SUBMISSIONS GALLERY

"Royal Street Gate"
by Jennifer Boozer



"Fairy Tale Castle Scorched by Dragon Fire"
by Vernon Jase Jelks



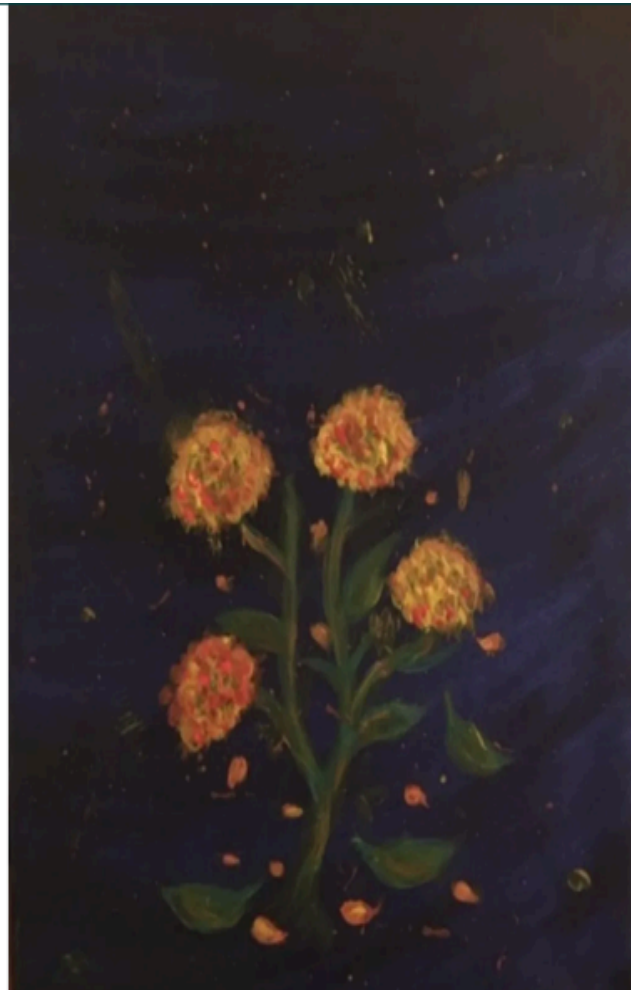
"Lady Evelyn's Meadow"
by Amanda Coleman



"Lady Number 1"
by Wren Gaines



"Flowers at Dusk"
by Wren Gaines



Untitled
by Monay Etheridge



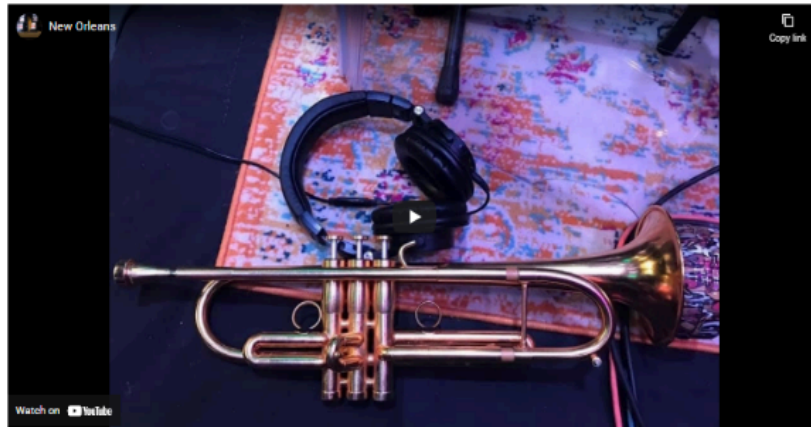
"DRAGONESS' REVENGE"

by Holly D. Oswalt

Arise, oh Winged Beast, into the open air.
Dragoness, hide not defeated in your smoky lair.
Open your sharp, scaly eyelids to peer down with disgust.
See your clamorous attackers' smallness.
Do not satisfy them with sulking and tears.
No! Awaken their somber, subdued fears.
Remind them of who you are.
Leave a deep, hideous scar!
Gnash your teeth within flesh!
Take back your fighter's reputation afresh!
Their pretty shields cannot defend them!
Can you hear their pitiful battle hymn?
Readying their swords, they know not your bite.
Spread your magnificent wings and take flight.
Reject fear as you swoop on prey!
Force these so-called knights to run away.
Do not allow them to keep you hiding.
Send broken men on frightened horses riding!
Thrash their troops with your robust tail.
Let them find your bones firm and un-frail.
Lift fools by hooked talons and drop them to their deaths!
Help the villains discover their last foul breaths.
Do not permit them to mount your head upon some castle wall!
Destroy your persecutors once and for all!
Hurl fire through towns from the sky.
Enjoy the lively view from on high.
Yes, drink the burning vision safely in the air.
Then make this charred battlefield your new lair!

VIDEO PERFORMANCE BY GADSDEN STATE SHOW BAND

Fairy tales transport us to other worlds—and so does music. Check out this performance by GSCC's own Show Band, playing "New Orleans" with Tank and the Bangas.



CREATE MORE!

Try out the prompts at the sites below to jump start your creativity:

Get out of a creative arts slump:

<https://www.artworkarchive.com/blog/29-artistic-prompts-to-get-you-through-a-creative-slump>

Creative writing prompts:

<https://thinkwriten.com/365-creative-writing-prompts/>

Journaling prompts:

<https://gina-alvise.com/2016/01/creative-journaling-prompts.html/>

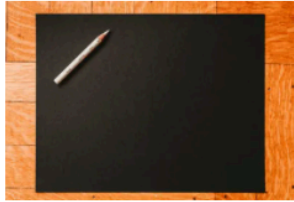
Prompts for creative nonfiction:

<https://thejohnfox.com/2016/06/creative-nonfiction-prompts/>

Kids' creative writing prompts:

<https://www.journalbuddies.com/creative-writing-2/creative-writing-prompts-for-kids/>





Katie Bohannon

Katie Bohannon is a native of Gadsden, AL. She obtained her Associates Degree in English from Gadsden State Community College in 2017 before furthering her education at The University of Alabama, where she graduated summa cum laude with a Bachelor of Arts in English and a minor in Creative Media. Katie has served as news editor for *The Messenger* since December of 2019, where she enjoys sharing stories rooted in her local community that spread positive news.

Jackson Layton

Jackson Wayne Layton was raised by a single mother and three older siblings. He was raised in Cleburne county Alabama, but feels much greater pride in his country than anywhere else. *Lord of the Rings* will always be cited as his first love in story telling, and no other story will ever take its place.

Leslie Worthington

Dr. Leslie Harper Worthington is Dean of Academic Programs and Services at Gadsden State Community College. She has an EdS from Troy University and a PhD in English with a concentration in Southern Literature from Auburn University. She is a recipient of a Quarry Farm Fellowship from the Center for Mark Twain Studies. Her book Cormac McCarthy and the Ghost of Huck Finn was released in 2012 and her new book Seeking Home: Belonging and Representation in Appalachia was published in 2016 by the University of Tennessee Press. She has also published several scholarly journal articles and creative writings. Dr. Worthington has three children and three granddaughters who are often the inspiration for her poetry. She lives on "the Mountain" in North Alabama.

Jenn Boozer

Jennifer was born in New Orleans, LA and has always had a deep love of photographing New Orleans and its surrounding areas. She is excited to share this photo with you, taken on Royal Street inside the French Quarter. She is currently a resident of Gadsden, wife to Brian and mother to Stella.

Vernon Jase Jelks

GSCC student, community member, and local artist.

Amanda Coleman

Amanda is a part time photographer, full time mom, & is currently studying Elementary Education. She lives in Gadsden with her husband, Jason, and daughter, Evie, who is the source of most of her inspiration.

Wren Gaines

Local student and artist, Wren has been creating since she could hold a crayon in her hand. She is a talented and hard working middle-schooler from Gadsden, AL.

Monay Etheridge

Community member and local artist.

Holly D. Oswalt

Holly D. Oswalt has been writing poetry and short stories since childhood. Her loving husband is very supportive of her traveling to perform at open mic poetry shows. She encourages everyone to find some artform to express their emotions through, because writing has been a fun, creative outlet, as well as a healing balm.

FOR MORE ON FAIRY TALES AND THE CREATIVE LIFE

Fairy Tales

Check out this Smithsonian article about fairy tales:

<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smithsonianmag/fairy-tales-could-be-older-ever-imagined-180957882/>

What's with the Shoes?

Check out this Racked article about the symbolism of shoes in fairy tales:

<https://www.racked.com/2016/5/24/11689794/magical-shoes-folklore-fairy-tales>

Creativity and Well-Being

Check out this Scientific American article on the connection between living a meaningful, creative life and well-being:

<https://blogs.scientificamerican.com/beautiful-minds/the-creative-life-and-well-being/>

CONTACT US: CARDINALARTSJOURNAL@GADSDENSTATE.EDU

QUESTIONS or COMMENTS

Name

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