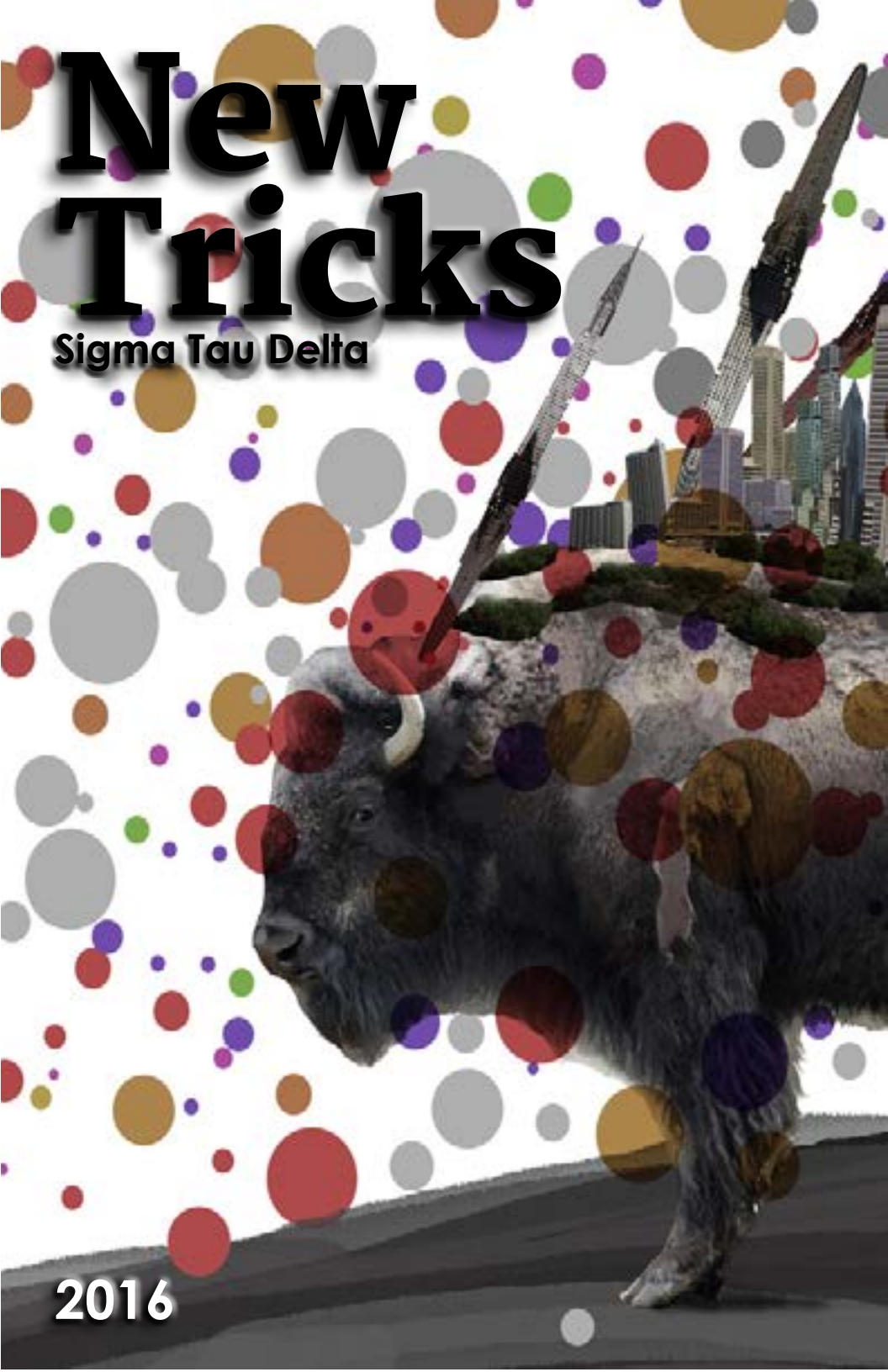


New Tricks

Sigma Tau Delta

2016





New Tricks

25th Anniversary

New Tricks Publication
Dakota State University
2016

New Tricks is a literary magazine that began in 1992, when a small group of students, known as the Literary Stunt Dogs, started to gather and produce student work. It has since evolved into a larger publication that includes not only poetry and prose, but also features photographs, digital art, and multimedia.

New Tricks is now a product of the DSU chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, an international honor society. The Dakota State University Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, Alpha Gamma Lambda, was established in the spring of 1993.

Faculty Advisor: John Nelson, Professor of English for New Media and Sigma Tau Delta Advisor

Publication Team: Brittany Vlaminc, Tanner Bowman, Paige Lampe, Jennelle Pueppke, Courtney Eley, Tracey Booze

Student Editors: Paige Lampe, Tanner Bowman, Brittany Vlaminc, Jennelle Pueppke

Web Design Team: Courtney Eley and Tracey Booze

Layout Editor and Cover Design: Paige Lampe and Jennelle Pueppke

Editorial Review Board: John Nelson, Stacey Berry, Dustin Drew, Jared Lampe, Paige Lampe, Ashley Geditz, Chelsea Meyer, Tanner Bowman, Brittany Vlaminc, Jennelle Pueppke, Kaitlin Schneider

Cover Art: Stabbed Bull by Zhe Ren

Videos can be found online.

This literary magazine is published by the Alpha Gamma Lambda chapter.

Sigma Tau Delta
820 N. Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042



Visit *New Tricks* online at new website www.new-tricks.org.

Copies of this publication may be ordered from the above address for \$5.00 each, plus \$2.00 postage.

Table of Contents

Foreword	1
Acknowledgements.....	2
Snowy Path	Lindsey Pate 3
Follow The Devil Where He Leads	Justin Erickson..... 4
Have You Ever	Ashley Geditz 5
Piccadilly Night	Thomas Jones 6
On the Ceiling	Keegan Struble 7
Shakespeare: The Poet of Posterity	Jared Lampe..... 8
Dimension	Jared Truman 9
Iron Man	Chelsea Meyer..... 10
Floating Thoughts	Obatola Layiwola 11
Abyss	Galacia Barton..... 12
Silly 3453	Michael Kooiker 13
Deer	Galacia Barton..... 14
Tree and Water	Samantha Braun 15
The Fall	Ashley Geditz 16
The Beauty within the Pages	Laura Otteson..... 17
A Soldier's Promise	Brittany Vlaminc..... 18
the moon man	Jenna Sorsen 22
To the Book on My Desk	Kaitlin Schneider 23
Master Amendment	Haeun Yoon 24
Dreams	Obatola Layiwola 25
Hope	Thomas Jones 26
Surrealism	Chelsea Meyer..... 27
Bog Immersion	Alan Montgomery 28
My Big Fat Oil Field Wedding	Brianna Sumption 29
The Caretaker	Justin Erickson..... 33
Contributors	34
Donors	36

Foreword

25 years ago, a group of students began the Literary Stunt Dogs, a club for students who wanted to establish a way to share poems, short stories, art pieces, and photography made by the individuals in the community of Dakota State University. Then, in spring of 1992, the first issue of *New Tricks* was published.

Today, the 2016 Literary Stunt Dogs are proud to bring you yet another engaging and entertaining issue filled with works created by students, faculty, staff, and other DSU members. In addition to the print copy, we are now offering our works online as well.

Please enjoy all this issue has to offer, and take a closer look at these works and many others that have been published on our website, www.new-tricks.org.

Acknowledgements

First off, I want to thank my fellow students, Tracy Booze, Tanner Bowman, Courtney Eley, Paige Lampe, and Jennelle Pueppke, for their efforts in advertising, gathering submissions, editing, and designing not only the book, but also the two new sites that were established for this year's publication. I would also like to thank Andrew Meyer for his contribution to the advertising process.

On behalf of the 2016 Literary Stunt Dogs, we would also like to extend our greatest thanks to Dr. John Nelson for his contributions in the production of the magazine, and to DSU's Sigma Tau Delta chapter and Dean Benjamin Jones for their continued support of the magazine. Thanks are also in order for the 2016 editorial review team and Deb Pauly and her staff at the DSU Production Center for their efforts in the publication process. Thanks to Chris Francis and the Madison Area Arts Center with their help in hosting the release party.

Finally, we would like to thank the many individuals who submitted and contributed to this year's publication of *New Tricks*. While it is clear that DSU is known for its focus on technology, *New Tricks* illustrates that this campus is full of creative people.

Brittany Vlamincck, Editor-in-Chief

Snowy Path



Follow The Devil Where He Leads

Listen how the coffin sighs beneath soil
Soft, but shrill, but sweet, but bold,
The ripened fruit shall one day spoil
As then,
As now,
'Til the many suns grow cold.

Now we cower like a hostage to his captor
Embittered by the tastes of war,
But drums and horns call forth the rapture,
Listen? Hear! The call of cavalry four!
Fear nothing in death but all in life,
Only flint and steel can scorch our pride
Remember these words and hear my cry,

I shall follow the Devil where he leads,
I shall follow him down and then
I shall die!

Have You Ever

Have you ever tried
to describe
a color
without giving the name?

It tastes like the burnt parts
of the sun, all rust and metallic.

Women paint it on their pouty
lips and smear it on lovers' faces.

It peeks out of the underside of the horizon
at dawn, unbearably quiet.

Then rages to full roar when
dusk begins to traipse the endless sky.

It pulses and it races
while it breathes light into the air.

And smells like morning peppermint
on the breath of a lover no longer there.

Piccadilly Night



On the Ceiling

There it is,
On the ceiling.
A blemish in a sea of white.

Is it dust?
Chip out of the plaster?
Is it alive, something moving?

It's moving?
Imagination?
There's more, they're everywhere.

All over,
Across the ceiling.
Only shadows from the light.

Shakespeare: The Poet of Posterity

To Shakespeare
That poet of posterity
The master of love
The master of stories
The master of words
Your living record
Has yet to die
If it ever will
You have defeated sluttish time
And Mar's sword
Like in your sonnet 55
Your memory
Has outlasted
Those gilded monuments
Of Princes and Kings
You have fought
Gainst death
And have been remembered
Yes, you, William Shakespeare
Will live in Posterity

Dimension



Iron Man



Floating Thoughts



Abyss



Silly 3453

I'm baffled by the man
Telling me I can't when I know I can
Poetry makes me rhyme all the time
Hapless but free of crime!
Years from now I just can't know
Even rhyming words in tow
Can I not stop this goofy stuff
Rhyming words in the buff?
So, don't give me poems to tell
Cuz you know they'll sound like hell
You'll think what I say is a bunch of crap
I'm going now to have nap

Deer



Tree and Water



The Fall

I met a boy in the summer heat
His emerald eyes could not be beat

He told me he loved me in the fall
I then began to build my walls

We played it like it was just a jest
Which put my quivering nerves to rest

But his face of stone in winter sting
Did cause my trembling hands to wring

He told me he loved me in the fall
Those words now haunt me most of all

The Beauty within the Pages

The tempting voice that implores you to escape into the timeless
realm of make believe
The attractive whiteness of the seemingly endless phenomenon
The intoxicating aroma that lifts from the white abyss.
The beautiful calligraphy that guides you deeper through a fantastical
world.
This is the moment you've been waiting for – the moment where
You can finally escape your world into this unreachable Neverland.
It opens the creativity in you that has been enclosed for so long.
It keeps you guessing and hoping and desperately praying for more
But when that final piece of expression comes sneaking upon you
Your spirit descends from a once divine and delicate place
And brings you back to the intensity of reality
And for a brief moment, you plunge back into the memories that flood
Your mind of the place that you so desperately want to be
But is too far away from the place that you are.
Until the next time.

A Soldier's Promise

She hadn't seen the sunlight in three days and if Megan could have it her way, she would never see it again. But the Easter sun rose through the shades, and her mother's plea to join the family for church got her to move from her bed of tissues, photos, and a crumpled-up, grey sweater with the word 'army' written across it in big, bold, black letters.

It had been ten months into Ian's deployment – only two till he came home – when the soldiers knocked on his parents' door to deliver the news the one that every family desperately hopes to never receive. Megan had been visiting his family when the soldiers came. It did not seem real, and Megan was in denial for two weeks until it had hit her that he would never return. The denial was replaced with an empty, dry feeling as Megan realized not only would he never come home to her, but their future together had become no more than a fantasy.

Her bed had transformed into her greatest support system for weeks following that day. It was the only place she could be with Ian – deep in her dream world where he could still reach out his arms to hold and love her as he did before. But sometimes those dreams morphed into night terrors that left her screaming his name until her parents or sister woke her up. Her family tried to help. They were supportive and took care of her, listened and held her when her sobs would not cease. They knew the pain would remain, but they had hopes that she could at least one day get to a point where it was bearable.

* * *

Megan showers and dresses, avoiding those outfits that hold memories of Ian, but after three years of dating it's hard to find something that doesn't. She pulls the copy set of his dog tags around her neck and drops them under her shirt. She slips the ring he had given her before his departure into place on her left hand. She attempts to put on her make up, but as she notices the foundation and powders only emphasize her puffy eyes and dry skin – she washes it off. Ian always said she was prettier without make up anyway.

In the car, her mother and father sit in the front seat while Megan and her younger sister share the back. Easton Corbin's "I Can't Love

You Back” plays on the radio; the deep voice ringing through in a melancholic, nostalgic tone as the singer muses of lost love. As the song’s lyrics sink in to find meaning in the hearts of everyone in the vehicle, her mother changes the station. But it’s too late – tears welled up in Megan’s eyes. Her father suggests turning back home, but Megan speaks, her voice weak and shaky, asking to keep going.

They reach the church shortly. It is tall with narrow, stained-glass windows and wooden crosses that top each of the towers of the building. As they walk to the doors, Megan’s mind wanders back to the last time she had attended this church. She had worn a black dress and heels. In front of her, all she saw was Ian’s wide smile and his Army Blues in the photograph hung up next to the closed casket and, as the funeral carried on, she remembered begging God that it was another soldier’s body in the casket and that another family would have to feel the pain that continued to throb in her chest.

It has been a month since the funeral, but just like that day, she walks through the doors and finds that the once comfortable, happiness that used to generate from the many familiar faces within the church has been replaced by a foreign, uninviting feeling. She begins to take deeper breaths as anxiety makes a nest inside of her. Her mother’s hand gently takes her own and guides her to a pew.

The church quiets as mass starts, the smell of burning candles fill their noses, and the mash of various voices coming together to sing of angels and following God’s son rings through the church, but Megan only vaguely notices these things as her mind continues to wonders.

She remembers the first time she met Ian. It was the summer, about four years ago, during her sophomore year, when her family moved to town. She had been walking around her new home town when she noticed the church. The gothic structures were intriguing and she felt as though it was calling to her. She had always been fond of the quiet, serene sound of an empty church and when Megan opened the big doors she found it almost as she expected. In the third pew from the front, a boy sat looking up at the altar. She walked up to the front and sat in the same row on the opposite side of the aisle. Megan stared at the altar.

After a few minutes, she peered at the boy and found him staring at her. She remembers she had quickly looked away and that her cheeks became hot. The boy stood and walked to the pew in front of Megan. He sat and turned to look at her, but Megan avoided eye contact. The boy had been cute - brown hair and green eyes and a build that

screamed sports player. He asked her for her name.

For hours, they sat talking and joking, discussing their likes and dislikes, their families, where they’d been, and where they wanted to go.

After a while, Megan didn’t remember why she had to leave, but as they started toward the door she had asked, “Ian, why were you sitting in here?”

“Well Megs,” he started. His eyebrows furrowed and his eyes became full of frustration, a look she came to adore throughout their time together. “I came here looking for answers.”

“To what?”

“My future, I guess. I can’t figure out what path to take. I thought God would guide me.”

“Did you find your answers?”

He paused as they had reached the door. He looked down at her with a sudden clarity. “I think I may have found one.”

It was cheesy, but it was also a memory she cherished. From that moment on, Ian had become her world, and now, her world was gone. Her life was full of questions now, and she doubted anyone, even God, could ever answer them. Megan felt that the best parts of her had been stolen away from her. She was left with nothing but the bad.

* * *

The priest blesses the congregation and Megan and her family walk solemnly to their car. Behind her, someone calls her name. Ian’s mother, Sophia, walks up to her.

“Megan, I am so glad you came to mass today,” the chunky woman pulls Megan into a hug and Megan tries to wrap her limp arms around the woman. “I was going to give this to your parents, but I’m happy I was able to give it to you personally. Before leaving, Ian, my baby boy, wrote letters to a few people. I found them in his room the other day while packing up a few things to bring down to the shelter.” Her glossy eyes stare at a small letter in her hands with Megan’s name written in Ian’s handwriting, she hands the letter to Megan and continues after a short breath. “In mine, he had asked that I let you help in making decisions about his things. I’m hoping you would be willing to spend some time with me over the next week.”

Megan’s throat grows tight as she tries to speak, but nothing comes out save for the tears that have start running down her cheeks. A tear lands on the envelope in her hands as she stares at the pointed letters written across it.

Noticing her difficulty, Sophia says, “Call me if you’re free next week,

the moon man

okay, dear?" She begins to turn away, but something holds her in her place. "Megan, you truly are an extraordinary young woman. You're strong and beautiful and brave. Ian always told me that there was just something special about you." Tears begin to run down Sophia's face, holding for a second within the creases around her mouth, and her voice cracks when she says his name. "I consider you my daughter as much as he was my son. I want you to know that, and I know he would have wanted that, too." She wraps her arms around Megan again, and this time, Megan clings to her tightly. Sophia turns and walks away.

Megan's heart warms at Sophia's words. But the letter, stiff in her hands, weighs heavily on her mind.

When they reach home, Megan races to her room, and carefully, gently opens the letter. His handwriting was chicken scratch, but she recognized it as if it was her own.

Hey Megs,

If you're reading this, it probably means that I didn't make it home. And it also means that I didn't make it to our wedding. Megs, you're my world. I could not imagine a day without you and I had hoped you would never have to imagine one without me.

Babe, I want you to know that the time I've had with you has been so special, and I wouldn't trade it for anything. You made me laugh and you made me think, and you helped me become the man I am, the man you always believed I could be.

We always promised each other that our love would never end – forever and always, right? Well Megs, I'm promising you now that even if my soul leaves this Earth – my heart will always be with you.

Anyway, I'm sure they've got a bench somewhere up there for this lonely, old romantic. That's where I'll be. Waiting.

Megs don't forget who you are. Although you believed that I was what made you better, the truth is that you were always the better half of me. Keep your head high and your heart open.

I love you Megs.

Ian

She can hear his voice in her head reading the letter to her. It is deep and melodic, just as the voice of the country singer from the radio. Her eyes take in the words over and over, until her tears blur out every one of them. She closes her eyes and feels the salty tears run down her cheeks stinging the dry skin as she holds the letter to her heart.

"Always and forever, baby."

the dark creeps upon
the dignity of the day,
stealing its glorious light
and tucking it away.

the last sliver of sun
drops into the unknown,
the black has lengthened,
shadows have grown.

night holds me
in an opaque embrace
as my flighty feet
carry me to the meeting place

hearts beat
and blood flows,
of this love
only the night knows.

we are
lovers under the moon.
we hold onto this dark,
for the light will come too soon.

bodies create
a chaotic coven,
arms laced
and hearts are woven.

To the Book on My Desk

To this tenacious tome, I revel in your effulgence!
Your tough hide conceals the secrets contained within your insides.
You manage to instill terror with your mass.

O, but compare your exterior to your interior,
And you seem even more spectacular!
This crisp, wan pages hold your ever-flowing but never truly living
 lifeblood –
The narrative spread across those leaves often makes me question
you, but I am not hindered by your complexity!

No, I see your mass and know that inside,
Entire worlds, no, galaxies await me!
With a simple turn of the page, I can turn
Over a new or old leaf, leaping wherever into time you might take me!

Your magnificent leather hide may make you
Seem horrendous, but that will not stop
Me from cracking you open and seeing
Everything you have to offer, all of the
Knowledge and adventure instilled within!

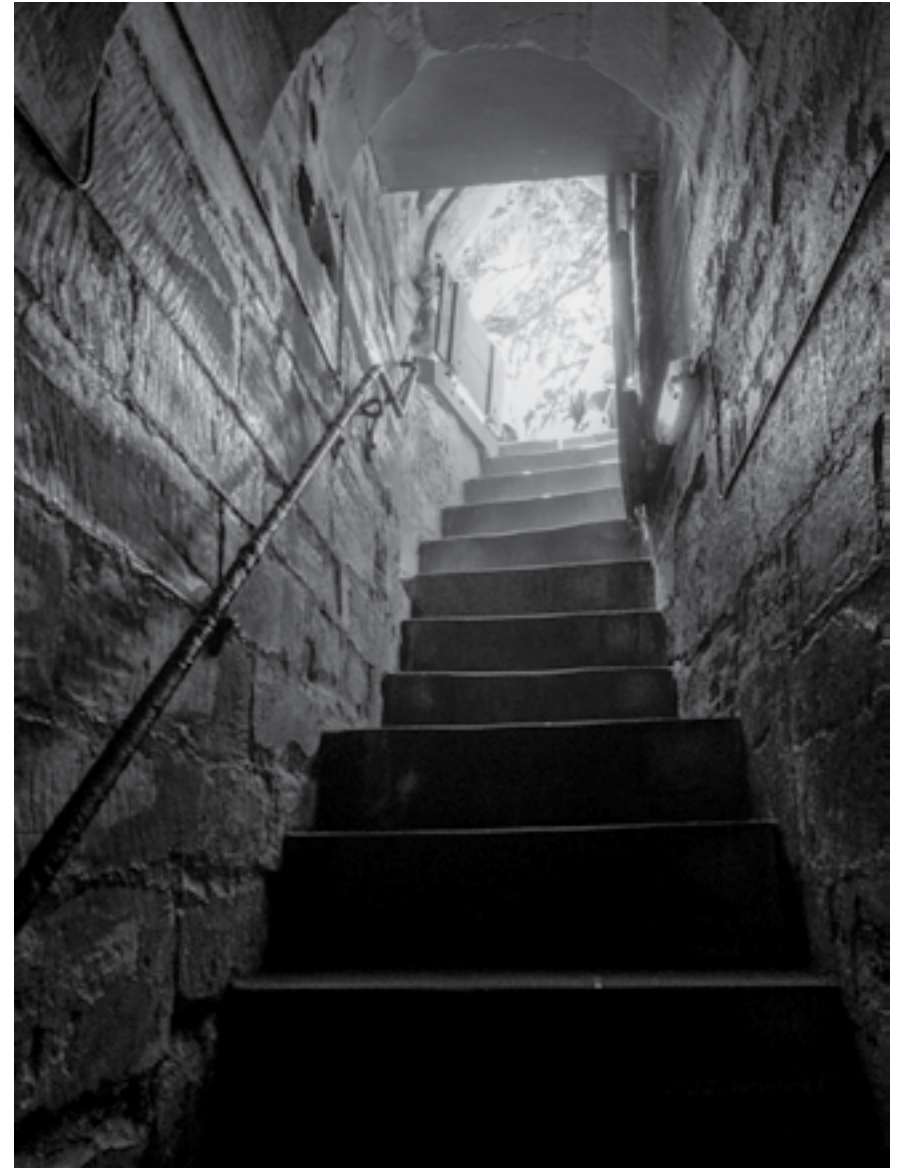
Master Amendment



Dreams



Hope



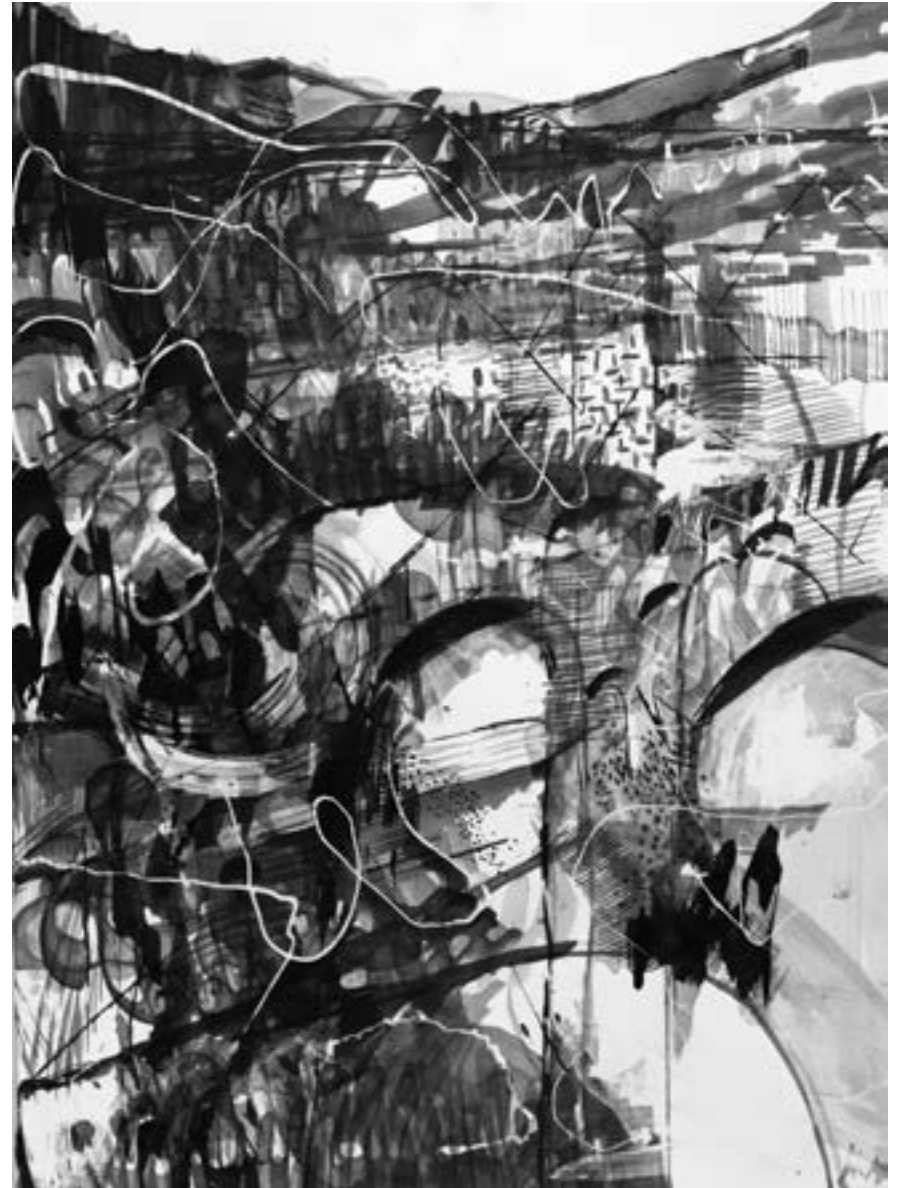
CHelsea MEYER

Surrealism



ALAN MONTGOMERY

Bog Immersion



My Big Fat Oil Field Wedding

On an otherwise ordinary April Thursday, my almost sister-in-law and I drove from South to North Dakota so I could marry my fiancé six weeks before my wedding. Like all of my wedding plans, it was made impulsively with questionable logic.

Nine months before our New Year's wedding date, my fiancé, James, and I decided to get married in nine weeks, for no particular reason except that we were tired of not being married and had no other plans for Memorial Day. We called our families and asked them to abandon any Memorial picnics or parades and join us for a destination wedding at an all inclusive resort in brutally hot Cozumel, Mexico. By some miracle, everyone agreed, including those family members we hoped might perhaps be unavailable.

Conveniently, the Presbyterian denomination allows female pastors, so we asked James's sister, Reverend Michelle, to officiate our wedding. I expected this to be a symbolic role, as only a Mexican judge speaking Spanish can perform a legally binding marriage in Cozumel. Imagine my surprise when the reverend called to announce she was driving from New York to South Dakota to marry James and I six weeks before the wedding. It seemed to mean a lot to her, so I said, "sure," which is how I ended up in Williston, North Dakota, on a Saturday morning waiting for Dirty Mike to finish his English muffin and witness our marriage vows before heading out to inspect an oil rig.

James moved to North Dakota when his Uncle Brian recommended him for position managing the North Dakota branch of an oil well tubing inspection company. Brian's son, Dirty Mike, moved up with him to work at the company and both boys moved into Brian's house before his drunken ranting and raving each night drove James out of the house and into another town. Still, we first asked Uncle Brian to serve as James's "best man," not out of courtesy, but because he refused to speak to James's father for a decade when he didn't ask Brian to be best man. Fortunately, we delayed our wedding a day and Brian needed to fly out to New York, so we were left with Dirty Mike and Aunt Connie as our witnesses.

When I arrived at their home to get married, Dirty Mike was wearing sweatpants splattered with oil. You mustn't think I cared about

anyone's wedding day best. I got married in an Under Armour T-shirt and running shoes. I noticed Dirty Mike's sweatpants because they were the company sweatpants James had given me six months ago that Mike mistook for his own and irrevocably stained with oil, a memory I was meditating on from the couch as I watched he and his mother sign our marriage license.

Because we drove two hours to Williston, we had no choice but to dine at the much-anticipated, newly-opened Culvers, where I ate better food at my "reception" than at every other wedding I've attended. Of course, it still wasn't quite as good as the South Dakota Culver's in my hometown, but as the only Culver's in North Dakota, it was a treat for James. As my treat, I shared a giant chocolate Oreo volcano waffle cone with my new husband, an indulgence, which, in turn, made me nauseous the entire two-hour trip back from Williston because I don't eat milk products. Yet, oblivious to my upcoming suffering, I enjoyed my chicken tender kid's meal, and it crossed my mind, as I was eating, that I had succeeded in throwing out almost every expectation of the modern wedding.

I am the oldest child in my family. I am older than my brother and sister. I am older than all of my cousins. My parents were both oldest children. Being the oldest endows one with certain inalienable rights and privileges. When we were toddlers, my grandparents gave my cousin, Brock, and I toddler-sized vehicles. I got a minivan; he got a truck. Being six months older, I was also six months bigger and stronger, so when he got in the driver's side of his truck, I got in the passenger's side and slid him right back out the door. Taking things by force is a right and privilege of the oldest. Other privileges include staring in the first family events – baptisms, graduations, and weddings.

Before I changed my wedding date, Brock's wedding was scheduled for six months before mine. Again, I pushed him out the driver's door, flat on his ass. I re-scheduled my wedding for one month before his, leaving him only three months to change his date. My dad volunteered to tell his sister, Brock's mother, about my date change. I asked him to make sure everyone knew we would be first, as a matter of family pride. Apparently, it didn't need rubbing in. "It's the first thing everybody has said when I told them." I wanted to tell Brock myself, but his mother beat me to it. When he accused me of "wedding sniping" him, I sent a text back quoting the legendary, fictional NASCAR driver, Ricky Bobby: "If you're not first, you're last."

At Christmas, one year before my original date, Brock's fiancée,

Kelsey, wanted to discuss “The Wedding Planning Checklist,” of which she has half-way through and I should be just beginning, as wedding planning takes a full twelve months. Customarily, when a girl is engaged to be married, she must embrace wedding planning as an all-encompassing one-year hobby. I embraced a different hobby that I took exceptional pleasure in – answering all inquires about my wedding with lectures on why the wedding industry is ruining marriage, manners, and society-at-large. For the sake of family unity, I spared Kelsey most of the rants, but I did respectfully explain to her that I would not be joining her in any of the following tortures: individually wrapping color coordinated M&M candies in 200 miniature tulle pouches, searching for ribbons that are neither plum nor dark byzantium but eggplant, shopping for one eggplant dress that seven body-conscious bridesmaids will agree on, hot gluing rhinestones and beads on 50 centerpiece vases, and hand-lettering 200 dip-dyed lace invitations. The list goes on.

Since I’ve been engaged, most women find my wedding planning progress to be the most interesting thing about me, and they ask me questions. I cherish two favorites: “Where are you registered?” and “When is your bridal shower?” I am floored that Miss Manners has allowed for these two things, and I’ve enjoyed the platform to share my indignation. How is it acceptable to not only have a party, the purpose of which is for people to “shower” you with gifts, but then to also give strict and specific demands as to which gifts you expect to receive? Showers are parties to celebrate a girl getting married at another party where all the guests will celebrate again and bring another gift. People are literally having a party to celebrate a wedding, which is itself a party to celebrate a marriage, though apparently not enough of one. I’ve never understood it and never heard a satisfactory answer as to why women who have lived on their own and cooked for themselves for several years need all new housewares when they marry. Has everyone been eating off paper plates since they left home? When people are especially persistent about their need to give me a wedding gift and my obligation to tell them what it should be, I ask for grapefruit spoons. (And I really do want a set. They are like all-purpose camping utensils for classy wealthy people.)

While offending people who ask about my wedding planning takes up a chunk of my time, it certainly doesn’t make up for all the time I could be spending making tedious and unnoticed table centerpieces, learning calligraphy and flower arranging, ordering expensive but

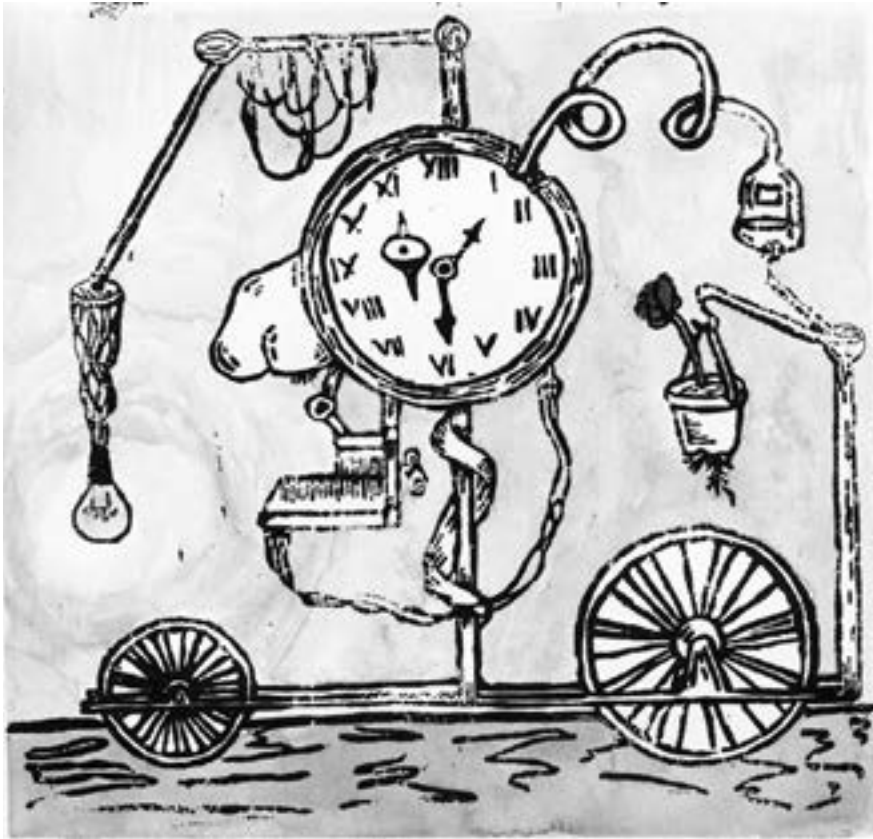
disappointing catered food, debating the merits of different stationaries, and purchasing party favors that nobody will actually take home. It has also spared my fiancé from the biweekly bride-to-be meltdowns that I’ve heard secondhand from Brock. Instead, I’ve been able to spend my time doing the things I consider important – finishing another semester, assistant directing a high school play, applying for summer jobs, and continuing to spend time that doesn’t revolve around my wedding with my fiancé, family, and friends.

As I was driving back to South Dakota for school, after getting married on Saturday, I realized that my sister-in-law’s plan put me in wedding limbo. Technically, I’m married, but I’m still finishing school in South Dakota and waiting for the symbolic ceremony in front of our families in Mexico. I have a marriage license, but no ring. My name is changed only on one piece of paper. For the next six weeks before my “wedding,” I have no wedding-related stress and preparation to deal with. The resort takes care of the details. I can’t even be nervous about legally binding myself with another person. It’s all taken care of.

Perhaps I went about getting married in a way too eccentric and spontaneous for most brides, but I believe I succeeded in not getting so caught up in planning a princess-perfect wedding that overshadowed the truly important things.

And I’ll be damned if I wasn’t first.

The Caretaker



Contributors

Galacia Barton is a graduate of DSU.

Samantha Braun is a student at DSU.

Justin Erickson is a DSU student from northern Minnesota, currently studying Production Animation in Digital Arts and Design. He can frequently be found pacing back and forth in the Trojan Center, listening to black metal and ruminating on the past.

Ashley Geditz is an English for New Media major at DSU. In her free time, she enjoys guessing the endings of movies and then ruining them for her friends. She is so accurate in her predictions that some have called this gift a super power. She also enjoys reading and spending time with her family.

Michael Kooiker grew up in Madison, SD, and is taking courses at DSU while working toward a degree in Sociology through SDSU. He appreciates many forms of art and dabbles primarily in woodworking, writing, and drawing.

Jared Lampe is an English for New Media major at DSU. Originally from Dell Rapids, SD, he enjoys playing video games, reading, writing, and watching television and movies.

Obatola Layiwola is a Computer Graphics major at DSU. He spends most of his time learning and developing his digital graphic techniques and playing video games.

Chelsea Meyer is a senior with a Computer Graphics major and a Photography minor. She enjoys being outside taking photos, spending time with her family and friends. She is looking forward to graduating in May.

Alan Montgomery is an Art professor at DSU.

Laura Otteson is a senior, graduating in May with an English for New Media degree and a minor in Religious Studies. She grew up in Volga, SD, where she spent her free time reading, writing, and spending time with her family and friends.

Lindsey Pate is a DSU student working toward her degree in Elementary & Special Education. She grew up in Canton, SD. Lindsey enjoys playing volleyball and taking photos.

Zhe Ren is a Digital Arts and Design professor. He was born in Tianjin, China. For the past few years, he has exhibited his art work nationally and internationally.

Kaitlin Schneider is an English Education major from Bladen, NE. During her free time she reads novels, tries to write her own, and enjoys watching movies and television shows. Also, she is secretly Batman.

Jenna Sorsen is a student at DSU, majoring in Elementary Education. You can usually find her eating avocados, taking pictures, reading, or hiking.

Keegan Struble is an English for New Media major from Deadwood, SD. He enjoys consuming and contemplating stories of multiple formats and mediums, along with creating his own. He also enjoys lonesome walks, coffee, and living in his head.

Brianna Sumption graduated in the fall of 2015 with a degree in English for New Media.

Jared Truman is from Beresford, SD. He is a senior at DSU, studying Graphic Design.

Brittany Vlaminck is an energetic and hard-working individual. She is president of DSU's Sigma Tau Delta chapter. Her free time is spent zombie hunting, playing with her stuffed penguins, or watching horror films. She aspires to be a book editor following her graduation in May of 2016.

Haeun Yoon is a Graphic Design student at DSU. She grew up in South Korea and came to the United States to study. She spends her free time painting, drawing, and taking pictures.

Donors

This publication is supported by generous donations.
Many thanks to our kind supporters.

DSU English Club
College of Arts and Sciences
Tom & Kim Jones
John Nelson & Deana Hueners-Nelson
Stacey Berry & Andre Jordan
Susan Langner
Ethelle S. Bean
Kenneth & Casualene Meyer
Kathryn Callies
Rise Smith & Eugene A. Fosnight
Angela Behrends



Sigma Tau Delta
Dakota State University
820 N. Washington Avenue
Madison, South Dakota 57042

