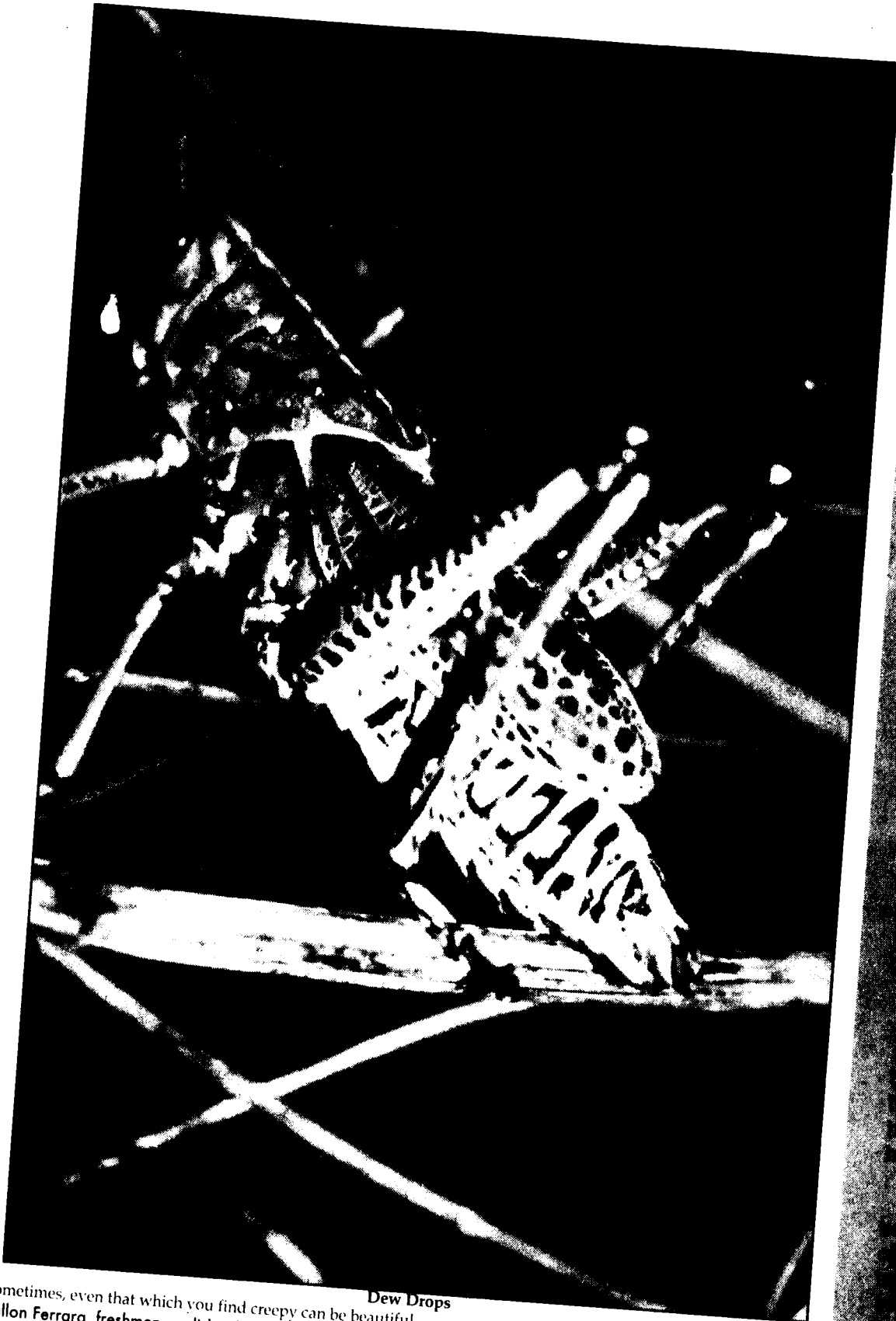


an exhibit of Behrend students' expressive thoughts



Sometimes, even that which you find creepy can be beautiful.  
Fallon Ferrara, freshmen english education major

Dew Drops

## The Desert Magician

Nathan Carter  
sophomore creative writing major

Southern New Mexico. People don't normally come here to cause trouble. Matter of fact, the crime rate has gone down significantly since the early 1900's. I've been sheriff in these parts for, oh I don't know, a good thirty years, I suppose. I've kind of lost track over the last few years. The desert will do that to you. It's certainly too bad the Mexicans don't get that way. Some say they're used to it; the heat, the bright, the dehydration. Frankly, I don't know how anyone could be used to it, but the locals around here have come to realize that they are a much happier people. Regardless if they're just setting up a stand somewhere just north of the border to sell self-made treasures or not, they have always had a greater tendency to have a smile on their faces. I don't know what it is. I suppose if I was Mexican, the peculiarity of the Spanish language would drive me to smile, but that's neither here nor there.

The story I was trying to get at was of old Hopper Munson. You know the grocery store owner over near Brook's Bakery in Larkin? Hell, Larkin's the only moderate form of civilization we got around here; that and this old Ford truck of mine. Damnedest thing is Hopper was telling me that this guy thought he was some sort of magician or something. I ain't ever heard anything like it, myself, but I trust Hopper a whole lot farther than I could throw him. Around here, trust kind of comes with marriage and he married Sara, my sister's oldest. Patrick's the only one I ever didn't believe that tradition with, and it's only 'cause he married my daughter, Heather, and left her nothing but a screaming baby in her arm. He stole her car, her purse, even the damned dog I hear. Sad thing about it is she doesn't talk to me anymore, probably because I got a little hot off the collar and said something along the lines of "you shouldn't have married him". I apologized but she wasn't having any of it. Maybe it's all for the best, I don't know. I guy can hope, right?

Anyways, I'm getting off my rocker again. I've been trying to tell you about Hopper's visitor, the guy who thought he was some sort of magic man? So, Hopper poured me a cup of that good old grocer's coffee and sat me down in the stock room. They got a little table back there. I ain't ever seen anything like it before, but I paid it no mind. I was more in touch with the odd stone Hopper was holding.

"He said the stone 'uz a piece of a bigger stone," Hopper explained, the dark brew pouring from pot to cup. "Then, he made some weird chipmunk sort of sound. I wasn't quite sure what that meant, but then he threw the rock at me, or whatever this thing is."

"He assaulted you?" I questioned. The coffee was hotter than I had expected and I felt it trace my esophagus and land bluntly in my stomach.

"No. I dodged it. I've always had them Munson reflexes, you know that, Sheriff," he replied, and we had a good laugh. I let him control the discussion to an extent. I'd never been one to pressure a victim, or victor as he was about to explain. "And naturally I pulled my double-barrel from under the counter and pointed it right between --"

to be continued in the next Showcase

Mark Madrid  
junior english education major

## Counting Sheep

...type of conversation that would make  
...the past 40 hours and had  
...Mary and Jake exchanged  
...wrong "with their  
...you alright, honey?" Mary

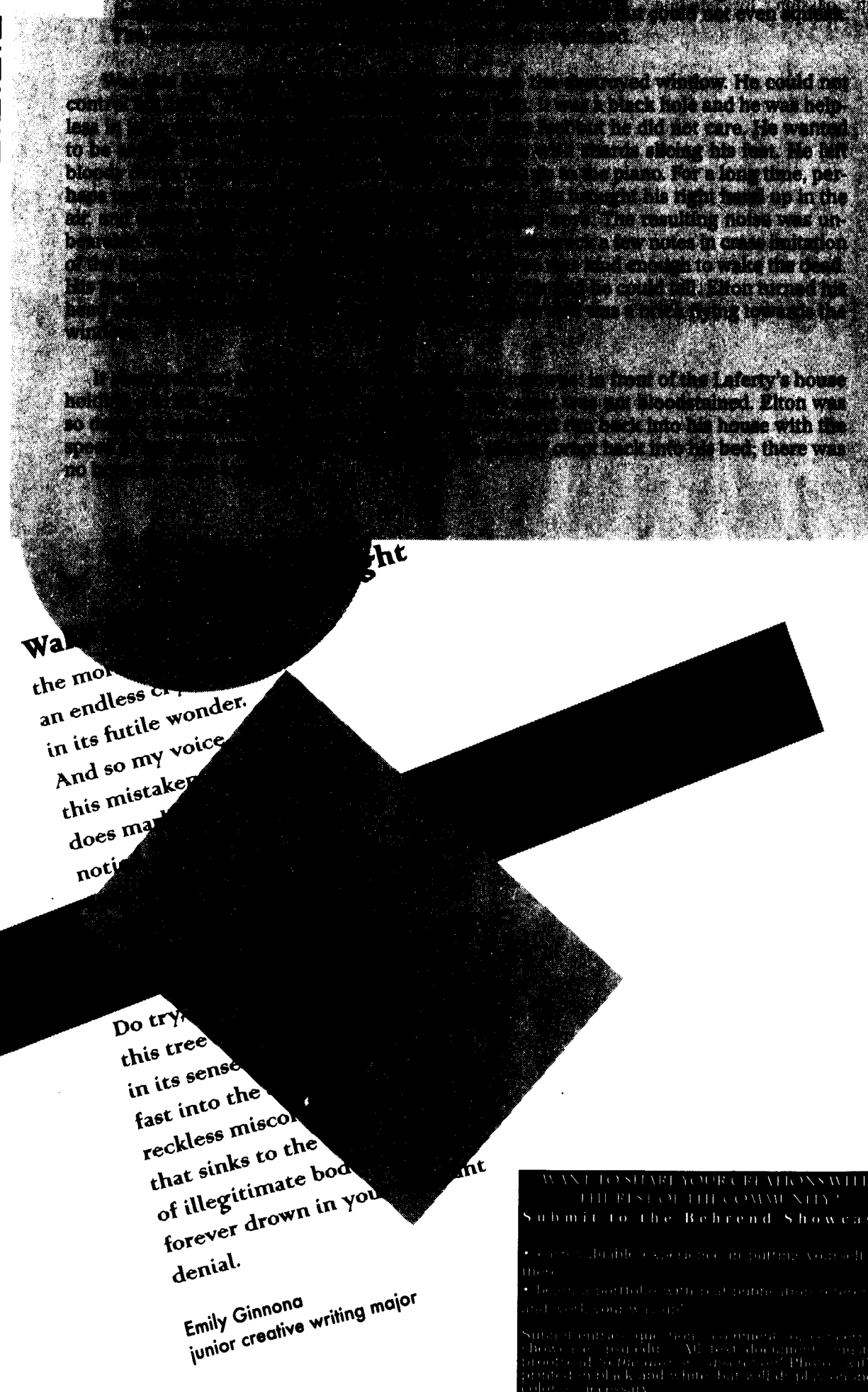
"Mary, I guess," Elton said. He was starving.

...had a long day on no sleep, kid. Getta  
...tone that was quite  
...excused himself. Every part of him  
...he got into his room.  
...were sleeping. Elton watched the  
...he rolled over to try and sleep.  
...smaller but—what was  
...noise grew a bit louder  
...what that noise was. It

...wide open. Some  
...it gnawed at his  
...The piano piece had  
...he could picture being  
...high notes. It sped to  
...it walked a dangerous  
...However, would not

...front door towards his neighbor's  
...The lights were off, but the piano was  
...surrounding every fiber of his  
...Each crashing note, each  
...window. "Hey! Do you  
...read 2:33.

...and looking into the same  
...no light. A horrible  
...the piano being the only  
...the window.  
...with a woman. Chad  
...the room.  
...even a couple



WANT TO SHARE YOUR CREATIONS WITH THE REST OF THE COMMUNITY? Submit to the Behrend Showcase!

- create a double-column piece, including yourself on the top.
- be sure to include your contact information (phone and email) on the back.

Submit online and then a confirmation will be sent to you via email. All best documents will be printed in the magazine. Photos can be printed in black and white, but a color photo can be printed if necessary.

Emily Ginnona  
junior creative writing major