THE Legacy

Fall 2014
Contents:
Shelden Breshears........Cover
Rizzo Delaney.........................2
Kyla Gayle Crossland..............3
A.H. Martinez.........................3
Chris Tackett.........................4
Brent Klein..............................7
Erik Burdett.............................8
Audree Williams.....................9
Stephanie Milam................11
Steven E. .................................14

The Legacy Staff
Managing Editor
AJ McCormick
Library Liaison
Amy Pajewski
Faculty Advisor
Dr. Pat Tyrer
Staff Editors
Grant Allard
Bethany Jones
Delinda King
Alex Martinez

Legacy Sponsors
Our thanks and appreciation to our sponsors:

Dr. Jessica Mallard, Dean
Sybil B. Harrington College of Fine Arts and Humanities

Dr. Steve Severn, Department Head
English, Philosophy, and Modern Languages
“I cannot understand how a store of this magnitude would fail to provide a working elevator. Or at least the means to contact someone if one is stuck inside!” Becky from Shoes complained.

“I told ya, they don’t really put phones in elevators. We pressed the damn button. They know we’re in here. This ain’t no movie,” Dave the stock boy said.

“Isn’t any,” she huffed.

“What?”

“There is no such word as ain’t, and you would not combine it with no if it did exist. That would be a double negative.”

“Seriously? I’m trapped in hell with the grammar police.” Dave rolled his eyes and continued nervously strumming his fingers against the cords of his jeans. Three hours in the semi-dark with a bunch of jerks who were either panicking or grumbling. Man he needed a smoke.

“Mommy, I’m hungry,” one of the kids pulled at Becky. She had a whole brood, all proper manners and solemn eyes. Probably scared to death of a mother like that, Dave thought.

“I already told you, Samuel, there is no food. We have to wait for the firemen to come rescue us,” Becky chided impatiently.

“Fat chance,” Store manager Steve piped up. Dave had known him by sight for years, ever since he first started helping himself to the merchandise on the fourth floor. Steve was a bit of a sleaze, good at looking the other way during Dave’s “shopping” trips. For a fee, of course. “They won’t call anybody for this.

Someone from maintenance will be along soon enough.”

The other passengers took the news badly. Some wailed in despair; others erupted in outrage.

“What the hell?” one shopper exclaimed.

“All that overpriced merchandise and you can’t even afford a phone call?” another added.

It went on until Dave couldn’t take anymore.

“Everyone just shut the hell up!” He might have been young but his years on the street gave Dave an intimidating authority. They did what he said.

In the silence, a distinct crackle came from the front of the elevator. Nine pairs of eyes turned in the semidarkness toward Linda from Housewares. Her voluminous bulk wrapped tighter around her large handbag.

“Whatcha’ got there, Linda?” Dave asked.

Linda tried to chew discreetly. It was no use; the bite was too large. They were all watching, their hawk-like stares boring into her. Stray chocolate smeared her lips.

Dave shook his head, sadly. “Thought ya said you was a diabetic, Linda.”

Linda glared back at him, defiant yet weary.

“What a terrible thing to do!” Becky’s righteous indignation filled the cramped car.

The others began muttering agreements, stirring to another frenzy. Dave eyed the mob, knowing he wouldn’t be able to stop them this time.
October concludes with fresh flowers, cuff links, jealous maids, and a diamond ring on her left hand. Husband carries wife over the threshold; the happily ever after ensues. Burnt dinners, financial woes, an abandoned uterus cast shadows on the white picketed yard. Midnight screams and silent regrets fill the holy unity. Inspecting his phone, probing her emails, distrust shatters what God once assembled. Gasoline disperses, and bridges burn. Negotiation and signatures divide material needs. February commences with lace lingerie, cologne, fanning new flames, and a diamond ring she left on the dresser.

---

Serendipity

A.H. Martinez

“Why are you here?”
“I killed my wife.”
“I defended a man who killed his wife. Got him acquitted.”
“Do you remember his name?”
“No, I only remember why I’m here.”
“Me too.”
“What was your name again?”
“I don’t know, what’s yours?”
“What’s that noise?”

“Can you feel that?”
“The burning?”
“No, the stabbing. It’s terrible”
“You said you killed your wife?”
“Yes.”
“Do you here those screams?”
“Is that what that is?”
“Why are you here again?”
“You’ll have to speak up; all I hear is crackling and crying.”
Some time ago, in a little village called Pastel, the town had long since settled down under the star-filled sky. Most folks had retreated to their adobes for the night, with the occasional cart going by, but there were two people who remained at the mouth of an alley; the first was Emilia Gomez, a chubby and caramel skinned thing, round-faced, but voluptuous. In her ornate dress, she did not look like the kind of lady who should be alone at night, yet she stayed to watch someone; brushing her long, black curly hair out of her face, she gazed upon a handsome man, with short, styled black hair and light skin, sitting atop a box and strumming away at his guitar. Emilia knew she was due back home, but that did nothing to stop her from staying for over an hour, clapping and cheering after every song the man finished. He didn't seem to mind at all.

After the man finished playing his latest song, Emilia cheered once more. The man smiled a perfect smile. “I must take a break,” he said, setting his guitar down. He stood up, towering over the short Emilia and stretched his back. “Why don’t you take my seat? Surely you must be tired.”

“Oh, me? No!” The truth was that Emilia’s legs were about to fold under her from being on her feet all day, but she didn’t want him to think she was lazy.

“Please, I insist! How could I call myself a gentleman if I failed to allow a fine lady such as yourself some rest?” the man asked with a toothy grin.

Well, how could Emilia refuse when he put it like that? She plopped herself down on the crate. At waist level to the man, she noticed a scabbarded saber clung to his belt. “So, are you a soldier?” she asked, eyes still on the sword.

He raised an eyebrow at her, but then followed her gaze. He tapped the hilt of his weapon. “Me? Oh, no. The only soldier in the family was my father, rest his soul, and this sword belonged to him. I carry it with me for inspiration. And maybe for protection.” He chuckled.

“So, what’s your name?” Emilia asked.

“I am Jorge. And this,” Jorge held up his guitar. “is Josefina. She’s been the love of my life since I can remember.”

“That’s beautiful,” said Emilia. “Is she an heirloom or something?”

“No. My father bought her for me when I was a boy, thinking she would encourage me to be a talented musician.” Jorge smiled again at her.

“It certainly worked,” said Emilia. “And I’m not just saying that. You’re amazing!”

“Thank you. That means a lot to me, since a perfect stranger has no reason to lie.”

“Oh! That reminds me, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is…”


“But how did…?” Emilia gasped.

“I know? Because I never pursue a target I know nothing about,” Jorge chuckled, reaching into his shirt. He whipped out a pistol and pointed it straight at Emilia’s forehead, thumb on the flint. “Scream and I’ll shoot. Now, move into the alley.”

“Don’t do this,” Emilia croaked, almost monotonously. “I beg of you.” The barrel of the
gun thrusting forward let her know she was not going to take his advice. She marched further into the alley and Jorge followed suit.

“You know, this was easier than I thought it would be,” Jorge chuckled again. “I studied your usual habits and where you walk at what time. I was planning to take you by force, but you were so enthralled by my music that lulling you in was effortless. I was just playing to pass the time! I’m flattered, really. But anyways, my friends will be here with a carriage to ‘escort’ us out. You won’t give them a hard time, will you?”

“Please,” Emilia pleaded. “Just let me leave and I’ll forget it happened. You musn’t do this.”

“Hmm, seems to me you forgot who’s behind the gun,” Jorge giggled. “Now shut up before I lose patience.”

A hard thump echoed in the back of the alley. Jorge whipped around and way in the back, he saw the silhouette of a burly man. Slowly, the shadow moved towards him. “Who goes there?” bellowed Jorge. “Answer or die!”

“It’s not too late. Please, if you surrender now, he’ll take you alive. It will not end well for you if you fight him.”

As the shadow moved closer, Jorge growled. “I said shut up, bitch!” And he smacked her with his backhand. He turned back towards the silhouette and aimed his pistol with both hands. Carefully leveling it towards the chest, he waited for his target to come closer, and then pulled the trigger. The crack of his pistol echoed through the alley.

The silhouette did not even slow down. It took a second to realize his gun had no effect, and Jorge gasped. “What? Impossible! I’ve never missed a shot!” he exclaimed.

“Now you’ve done it,” said Emilia, hand on her cheek. “I tried to warn you. I wanted you to be spared, but you didn’t listen. Rudy’d only kill you if you hurt me or attacked him, and you did both. I’m sorry.”

Light emerged from the silhouette’s head, and Jorge made it out as the jagged smile and slanted eyes of a Jack O’Lantern. As the creature got closer, Jorge saw that it was a massive man, dressed in a button-up shirt and black pants, but most notably was that his head was a large pumpkin topped with a straw hat.

“Cute guardian you have, Emilia,” Jorge snickered. “Trying to scare me with a costume. If I was just a little younger…” He drew his sword, dashed up to the guardian and slashed him from his shoulder to his hip, covering himself in a shower of straw.

Jorge looked up at the damage he caused, an enormous tear in Rudy’s shirt, revealing nothing but straw. “Impossible!” he gasped. “You monster!” He tried to go for another slash, but Rudy’s leather-gloved hand grabbed the blade and yanked Jorge’s weapon from him. Effortlessly, Rudy bent the sword in half and tossed it aside. It hit the ground with a clank.

Jorge stood before Rudy barehanded. He could box, certainly, but what good would that do against a monster? He had no choice but to flee.

Unfortunately, Rudy gave no such option; clasping both hands over Jorge’s head, Rudy lifted the man a foot in the air. Emilia shut her eyes and held her ears. Jorge tried to pry Rudy’s
hands off his head, but despite having a body of straw, his grip was like iron and only grew tighter. The pressure kept coming, worse than any vice, and Rudy showed no signs of letting up. Jorge felt an ungodly amount of pain in his head, and all he could do was scream and flail his limbs. It kept getting worse by the second, and he knew the last thing he would see was the ever-smiling face of Rudy the Scarecrow.

His head splattered under Rudy’s hands like a melon. The now-headless body fell before Rudy released the bloody chunks of skull and brains on the ground. Rudy walked a few feet away from the corpse, then turned his towards it; the flames in his head brightened, then erupted in a plume through his mouth, smothering the remains with fire.

Following that, he came over to the voluntarily blind and deaf Emilia, and put his arm around her. Slowly, he guided her out to the mouth of the alley, then tapped her shoulder, making her open her eyes and uncover her ears. He made sure to keep his bloody hands behind his back, away from her sight.

“You went overboard again, didn’t you? I could still hear his screams. You know, you don’t have to take so much enjoyment out of it. You could’ve just as easily broken his neck,” said Emilia.

Rudy just stood there. Was he even aware of what she was saying? Was he aware of his actions, or was his personality put into him when her father used ancient techniques to give him life? Maybe her father had a sadistic side she was unaware of. She sighed. “But thanks for saving me.”

He nodded.

Just then, a carriage came down the road. As it passed the alley, the man driving it caught sight of Rudy and careened away from him. Rudy looked at its disappearing rear, and then looked at Emilia. “Just leave it,” she said. “We don’t know it’s them.”

Rudy nodded again. She sighed, and then looked up at the towering guardian she had. Her artificial protector. Her terrifying avenger. The bane of all who would attempt to harm her, and stronger than any threat that came towards her. Strong Rudy.
A full elevator at a public mall is a box of crayons. To open the lid would be to look upon a cross section of the world’s hair colors.

We were stuck. Had been for sometime.

“Seriously, anyone got any food?” said the Fat One. He was at the back.

The car was overloaded and our bodies were pressed together tightly, so tightly in fact, if I picked my feet up, they would be comfortably suspended and kicking. As a result, those at the front were unable to turn toward the back and were forced to crane their necks in order to be observant of each other. It felt like a turkey farm. I stood, or was more or less propped, at the front of the car.

“For the last time, shut up about the food! No one’s got any. For Christ sake you’re not gunna’ starve, that’s for sure,” said the Tough One.

“You don’t understand, I’ve gotta’ eat. I’ve gotta’ condition. If I don’t eat it gets bad.”

“No one cares!” said Tough.

“Hey, like, could you two cut it out or something? You’re scaring Kiki,” said the Pretty One.

She stood next to me and not by accident. If it weren’t for her I wouldn’t be here. When I saw the way her skirt kicked up, when I saw how bouncy she was, I couldn’t help but follow. This should only have taken a minute. Get her alone, coax out her number, then to the security station to start my shift. I’d already told Lenny he could take off.

I looked over and saw the puffy face of a Pomeranian pop out of her Coach.

“You’ve had a dog here the whole time? You’ve gotta have some treats or something,” said Fat, a hint of desperation or was that hysteria?

“Look if it will quiet you down…” she pulled out a small yellow and red foil baggy of Beggin’ Strips, but before she could finish her sentence, a huge arm pummeled through the crowd from the back. Like so much water in the Red Sea, the rest of us were thrown into each other to make room. The car swayed, vertigo kicking in hard. The loud moaning of metal filled the space and the crowd erupted with refutation and panic.

“What the fuck,” yelled the Punk.

“It’s going to fall!” screamed the Old One.

It was suddenly very quiet, except for the crunching, like someone breaking branches. It was not machinery giving way or anything whatsoever, it was coming from inside.

I looked over at the Pretty One, foil bag still in hand.

“Where’s Kiki?” she said.

I craned my neck back. From the corner of my eye I could just make out the big, sharp grin of the Fat One, face smeared in flecks of gore and fur, eyes black, skin gray, deep heavy breathing. The smell of copper poisoned the air.

“Still hungry,” he whispered.
After Thanksgiving

How does it feel to be the only one outside at night with the Christmas lights up too early and too bright?

You smoke your cigarette and decide: Not too bad. Not too bad at all - Just a little lonely.

[Untitled]

Winter has teased us with its presence and the farmer across the road has passed away and no one has harvested his crops. All the corn has died in the cold.

Somewhere in the field is my brother laying still with the breeze shaking the stalks above him while he waits for the stars as if he has never seen them.

November

He sits outside to the sounds of the wind and watches life depart from the land.

A cigarette burns. It lays forgotten in his hand.

The trees begin to sleep and he thinks of Eliot and what he would say to the man.

Perhaps it would be that while April is the cruelest month November will always be the hardest.
It was quiet. Impossibly quiet. The leaves that fell on the ground never crunched. No breezes ever rustled in the trees. There were no animal noises; in fact, there were no animals at all. Not a single plastic grocery bag fluttered in a treetop. The forest was completely silent.

The forest was secluded, untouched, concealed in time. Nothing had changed in hundreds of years. Not until today.

Jim grinned. The thermals had shot him over the top of the Dentrecut Crater, a small crater in the middle of the Carpathian mountains that had never been reached due to the high altitude and sharply pointed edges. However, Jim Hennway had managed to parachute in to explore this pristine and untouched forest.

He slowly descended into a thicket of trees. The sight astonished him. The greatest biologists in the world had agreed that no plant life existed inside the crater. They would be completely baffled to see such a well-developed forest hiding behind the jagged rim.

His parachute hung quietly in a tree. He cut his string and fell to the ground, cushioned by the thick undergrowth.

He was too excited about his discovery to notice much else about the forest. Jim Hennway had finally reached one of the last unchartered corners of the world before any of his associates! His name would finally make it into the history books, and his reputation as an explorer and cartographer would be cemented. He would laugh in the faces of the people that called him incompetent. He ran, skipped, and leapt through the forest, blind and deaf with joy and euphoria until he stopped, panting in the high altitude.

Jim sat beneath a tree and breathed deeply, finally taking in the full scene. The trees were tall, with thick trunks and plentiful green leaves. The forest floor was blanked with tall, lush grass. The main feature of the forest, however, was the moss. Several spongy inches covered the trunks of most of the trees and nearly the entire surface of the walls of the crater.

This place was incredible! Photos taken here would sell fantastically, he'd be called upon to give tours to powerful people, he could write a memoir and make a pretty penny. But first he needed to call his pilot and let him know that Jim had made it fine.

Jim pulled his radio out of his pocket, punched the proper buttons, and listened for the familiar buzz of the radio static. It never clicked on.

The light was working. Nothing seemed broken. He tried again, and when the same thing happened, he threw the radio against a tree. Even though it bounced off the hard trunk, there was no hard thud of its contact.

Jim tried to click his tongue in disappointment, but nothing happened. He tried listening for familiar forest sounds. He heard no whistles from birds or water drips, no howls from a wolf or whip of the wind. He brought his fingers up to his ear and snapped, hard. Nothing.

He turned to the tree he leaned upon, found a place free of moss, and raked his nails across it. Not a sound. He could clearly feel the vibrations travel across his fingers, but nothing reached his ears. He tried to talk, moved his lips,
moved his mouth, yet nothing happened.

Could he have gone deaf? It was a possibility… but he would have, should have noticed, wouldn’t he? This was wrong.

His skin started crawling. Maybe this place was not fit for life. There was nothing here that was not a plant. Perhaps coming here had been a grave mistake. He shivered.

He sat for what seemed like ages. He strained, trying to hear anything, any noise, any sound. He shouldn’t have come, he should’ve listened to reason, listened to people when he could listen to anything at all. The silence kept creeping in, reverberating in his head, until he finally tried to scream. He felt the air rush out of his lungs. It never reached his ears as sound, and it never returned to his lungs.

It was quiet once again.
Suicide without Intent

Stephanie Milam

Over 900 people committed mass suicide in Guyana,
    After their profit,
    Jim Jones convinced them to drink the kool-aid,
    Laced with Valium, Phenergan, and Cyanide,
    Mothers injected the venomous concoction into their infants mouths before taking a lethal dose themselves,
    Jones theory was life brings out more demons than death,
    And I believe him,
    We’ve all got those skeletons dancing with innocence in our closets,
    Limbs intertwined between the dirty socks and dusty yearbooks,
    Our past has a way of keeping us awake at night,
    Recounting nightmarish realities and regrets,
    Pulling the covers up to our nose,
    Praying the door at the foot of our bed stays closed,
    And when we finally fall asleep?
    Pipe bombs and AKs invade our dreams because that’s all they talk about on t.v.
    Public tragedies,
    Small town communities,
    Shaken by the terror of a weapon and a teenage boy,
    The victim being the boy,
    As if guns kill people,
    And evil grows in the barrel of a shotgun waiting to lodge in the aorta of a sixteen year old girl studying biology in the school library,

But evil isn’t a bullet,
    Evil is a parasite feeding off of weak minds and lost souls,
    And the colony at Guyana was a cult town,
    Birthed from the mind of a psychopath,
    Followers faithfully and willingly gave up everything for Jones,
    A psychological phenomenon,
    Similar to Stockholm syndrome,
    We are all hostages of this life,
    Feeling sympathy towards life itself,
    Even when life beats us,
    Leaves our hearts broken and dreams bruised we tell ourselves it will get better,
    And when it doesn’t?
    Our demons come out to play,
    Casting shadow on the light,
    Allowing greed, lust, and jealousy to control our actions,
    All because we drank the kool-aid,
    We believed every word they ever said,
    The lies that all the bad stuff is waiting on the other side,
    And last time I checked not living pretty much means you’re dead,
    So fearful of losing life you forget to live and end up losing more life than you had to live,
    Suicide without intent.
Online Dating Profile
Stephanie Milam

I
don’t want love--I want a smooth talker,
I want the lies to roll off of your tongue like
the sound of my name does,
When we are alone and there’s not a single
soul blowing up your phone--soft and slow,
I will believe every word,
Every line like “baby you are mine, all mine,
forever”
I want a renaissance man,
One who can discuss why our government
is truly in shambles,
Knows that ignorance is not bliss,
But adores my mind and is fine with all of
my dramatic lines,
Loves him some good wine,
Drinks red for the benefit of his heart and
speaks romantically for the benefit of mine,
I want a handyman--one who can not only
lead the way to the bedroom,
But actually builds me a bedroom,
Like the kind who gets excited when I pick
up the right kind of screw driver,
Rewards me with some musky kisses,
Craftsmanship is gentle on the lips and
burly is easy on the eyes,
Wraps his arms around my chest,
Rests his head upon my neck,
Sings me some Johnny Cash or George
Jones every night on the telephone,
I don’t want love--I want identity,
Like hipster but I’m no hipster,
Labels are too mainstream,
I want to know who I am not worry about
what I will be,
Occupation?
There’s no box for poetic composer or living
life just being me,
Perfect date?
I want to count stars while looking through
the sunroof of someone’s car,
Not trek through hot sand on a beach,
Music?
I want to make a song reference without
people thinking I’m a freak,
Whether it’s top 40 or MGMT,
So Miley Cyrus and Andrew Vanwyngarden
can realize they have more in common than
one might think,
Biggest fear?
Somewhere between heights and spiders
should be a box for jaded because that’s the
most dangerous of all,
I don’t want to turn into Taylor Swift, writ-
ing every time someone hurts me,
But I want to know you’re trouble when you
walk in,
I don’t want you to be just another picture
I burn, and I definitely don’t want to be your
Juliet,
I want to take you on a journey with me,
Because none of these questions or cookie
cutter answers accurately describe me,
Let’s take a back road--keep things nice and
slow,
Listen to me sing along to every cheesy
song that comes on,
Laugh with me when I’m dancing in the
passenger seat,
Pick a song, any song,
Call it our song,
Bring me flowers—no roses, just daisies,
I don’t want love--I want to be in love.
Temporary Home
Stephanie Milam

A

s I travel down the road,
Farther from the house built from memories
of you and I,
Fenced in by red brick reminding me,
There’s a reason our past shouldn’t seep
through the cracks of loose ends,
So I fill in the gaps with anything to numb
the sensation,
Of the last memory,
Fumbling for direction,
Hoping this path I’ve chosen will take me
to a home,
Somewhere still unknown,
As I wander,
Fields of time pass me by,
An optical illusion,
Takes me back to the county roads,
The touch of your hand,
If only for a second,
The warmth of the sun,
If only for a moment,
The smile that welcomed me into your
home,
Another flake of snow,
And I wonder,
If you still daydream of our car rides,
When we first met,
When we shared the stories of our scars,
As if to make our past mean something,
Now,
I am seeing,
The damage in my flesh,
Waiting for someone to share it with,
I am praying,
Some part of me will become religious
enough to maintain faith in a future,

Blurred and dreary,
Long gone are the defined lines of my
dreams,
Dreams of solidity and familiarity,
Gone are the visions of a red door,
Your strong arms carrying me,
Over the threshold of our home,
Gone is the comfort a steady beating shelter,
Here is the reality.
Here are the wheat fields where I live no-
madically.
Here is my temporary home.
I couldn’t have imagined that a little breakthrough could lead so far. It seemed so long ago already. {Ascension} was the first to revolutionize the process of implanting augmentations. Moore’s Law took over from there. The race for the safest and most powerful augmentations began. Within two years, you couldn’t even tell that a person had any work done, unless they chose to reveal it to you. They became more subtle.

First they were a luxury for the elite. CEO’s, billionaires, the eccentric type. A little chip could speed up their thought processes, making one person greater than an entire think-tank. Of course this only made profits increase and showed that these augmentations were not only worth the risk but beneficial.

As time passed, the process became so standardized that the cost of upgrading yourself became so cheap that anyone could afford to get implants to assist them in everyday life. First they were small enhancements. In a warehouse, what used to take 20 people, now only took 5. They could tap into a network and create a collective conscious and pass down orders. Nano-machines that were more efficient than our own blood cells would be implanted into these workers. They would reciprocate inside, doubling the amount of energy they had, almost completely removing basic human needs by creating energy from every possible place it could.

Companies began to fund funnel money into “upgrading” their workforce.

Why spend money on a machine incapable of independent thought when you could have a cybernetic human control everything without even breaking a sweat? It was the smart and economical way to do things.

This however was years ago. Now, although they kept their human forms, they are barely organic.

{Maybe something about conception of new people?}

I stared out the window of my personal office. Looking down on the result of my breakthrough. What was I thinking? As I stood up, my body ached, it constantly reminded me of my fragility. I didn’t mind though. At least I was still human.

There weren’t many of us left. It was impossible to compete with someone who’s mind was devoid of the primal instincts embedded into us by our ancient ancestors. Being emotional had now become a recreation. Just like old practices like eating food, or sleeping.

The only reason I was still in this building as of this moment is because {Ascension} felt obligated to keep me on the payroll. My mind was fading with age. Maybe in my prime I could keep up with these things, but now especially, I was incapable.

I stared out the window of my suite and the reflection of an old man looked back at me. Wrinkles riddled his face. All this funding meant nothing. I had more money than I could ever spend. But, there was nothing that I could spend it on. I had been too busy chasing the tail my dreams to ever start a family. And if I had, they probably would have abandoned their humanity just like the others. Thoughts like these were all I had left.

I was filled with remorse. Every second I
spent looking at this place it only made it hurt that much more. If I could do anything to correct this. I would. But how?

The door to my office announced a visitor.

“Come in,” I said.

The door unfogged and slid open. (Boss’s Name) walked in with the horrid emotionless face that all of “humanity” wore.

“There is a project that I thought you might be interested in Bronwell,” he said, formalities were long gone, “The project is classified, hence my abrupt appearance, the project is located in the usual location,” He turned and walked out. This happened often. They would be on the verge of breakthrough on a new product and he would come by and invite me to witnesses the unveiling. They knew I had nothing better to do.

They treated me like what I was. Human. Am I the only one who remembers the time when that meant something? I should be the one looking down on them.

With nothing better to do, I headed for the hanger. A universal access code was given to every employee, every time they used it to get into a door, it would be encrypted by an algorithm that only employees could know. This is probably the only thing that has kept my mind from completely fading away. For the others, they could instantly calculate what the new passcode was, but for me, I had to do at least 20 minutes of calculations just to get into the lavatory.

Still, if it wasn’t for these daily problems, I think that I would not be able to even exist in this world.

After a few quick calculations I let myself inside the hanger. It was silent. It always was. In this world talking was rarely done. When they were at work they were connected with their project group. They could instantaneously share thoughts and ideas. Most of these things didn’t need a home. They were like worker bees, whose sole purpose in life consisted of pushing the boundaries of science even further. They buzzed around the center of a hulking piece of machinery. I wondered what they could possibly be working on now.

A worker stopped, looked at me, and handed me a slate. The slate detailed all the data that the workers shared between each other. Of course no one bothered to speak to me. The slates were an archaic device, it served as a type of memory card that could catalogue a near infinite amount of information. To think this device was younger than five years old and already it was obsolete. Only pure humans would have any use for it. We were both obsolete in this world.

I began to read the almost limitless information that had been compiled. The information would get compiled and condensed into main ideas. This screen was flooding with new information, it would be impossible to read without this feature. “Mass condenser (MC),” I read. What were the applications of this device?

I began to read on. “Test 1: MC appears to pull on and create a sphere of compressed mass. Gravity levels spiked during initial test. Further notes: One lab member critically injured, crushed by own weight while in proximity of MC.”

This is impossible. “Test 2: MC distorts relative
time as suspected. Control and test both show that time was slowed down before the device was crushed under the gravitation of MC. Further notes: approximation of maximum time reduction in field is 20%.”

Why would they possibly be concerned with going into the future? Life expectancy was estimated somewhere around 180 years if you were fully modified. They must have even further reaches in mind.

“Test 3: Successfully sent 5 grams of graphite through closed time-like curve.” They had succeeded in traveling back in time. This had to be impossible. “Package was transported to a hidden location and recovered by our operatives,” What could they possibly be planning to do with technology like this.
Submit to *The Legacy*

2015 Submission Deadlines

**Spring:**
Feb. 6: *Beloved or Bloody Valentines*
March 20: *Spring Edition*

**Fall:**
Oct. 16: *Weird Stories and Dark Tales*
Nov. 13: *Fall Edition*

**General Guidelines**
- All written submissions should be sent as a .doc, .docx or .rtf attachment to legacy@wtamu.edu with the following information given in the body of the email:
  - Your full name.
  - Your name as you wish it published.
  - Your major and class standing (Freshman, Sophomore, Graduate student, etc.) if a student, or year of graduation if Alumni.
  - Your department if faculty or staff.
  - Contact Information: email and phone number
  - Additionally, identify the genre of work you are submitting in the subject line.

**Fiction Submission**
Each writer/artist should submit no more than one work in each category with the exception of poetry for which you may submit 3-5 poems (see specific guidelines for each genre below). Send each genre submission in a separate email, identifying the submission type in the subject line of the email. By submitting your work, you authorize The Legacy to use your submissions as necessary for the publishing and advertising of the journal.

  Fiction, Drama and Creative Non-Fiction
  Submit up to three works in this category, each in a separate email. Works should be double-spaced, not exceed 4,000 words, and contain no identifying information such as your name, ID#, etc. Submissions must be fully edited for spelling, grammar, and mechanics. We will reject spectacular pieces if they are not properly proof-read.

  Poetry
  Submit 3-5 poems in a single email as attachments, which should not exceeded 40 lines each. Some exceptions may be made – please contact the editing staff.

  Please include with your submission any formatting restrictions. For example, if line 4 should be indented by .25” and line 5 should be indented by .3645”, please specify. Unless your end stops are obvious, please state where they should be. If no specifications are given, the staff will assume that no special formatting is required and will format the poem as they see fit for printing.

**Art and Photography**
Submit 3-5 photos in a single email, as attachments. All artwork should be 300 ppi. Submissions must be in JPG or TIFF format. Three-dimensional work should be submitted under this category.

NOTE: The Legacy retains the right to edit selections for publication for grammar, mechanics, spelling, typos, incorrect word use.