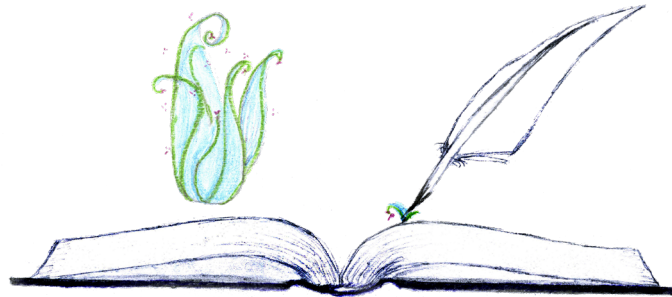




SUB~CREATION

Wheaton College | SPRING 2018

In association with



SUB~CREATION

Wheaton College | Spring 2018



WhInklings



Contents

Editor's Note	7
Contributors	8
Staff	11
Cascade	12
by Delaney Young	
Falling Heart	13
by Sam Wilson	
Mama Wolf	14
by Taylor Schaible	
A Worm Redeemed	18
by Charles Nystorm	
Didn't Planet	23
by Grace Ritzema	
Prologue to "Commoner's Curse"	24
by Carolyn Greco	
ThistleWolf	35
by Carolyn Greco	
Emmeryn's Fall	36
by Kathryn Humnick	
Ranting / Reveling / Writhing	40
by Delaney Young	
Unicorn	41
by Carolyn Greco	
A Glimpse into the Wishing Well	42
by Kyra Mohn	
Samson	44
by Sam Wilson	
The Retrovirus from Hell	46
by Charles Nystrom	

Contents (cont.)

The Badger, the Owl, and the Blacksmith	50
by Beth Potterveld	
Merchild	64
by Carolyn Greco	
Submission Guidelines	66



Dear Reader,

In putting together this issue of *Sub-Creation*, I found myself considering the tension between human significance and insignificance. We are insignificant as finite beings; small and lowly creatures in the cosmos. Yet, through our identity in Christ, each of us is redeemed and valuable to God.

Creating is one aspect of how we can reflect the divine in a small way. I hope that you enjoy the creations in this journal, whether writing or artwork, as much as I do.

Special thanks to Erik Reck for his work on publicity, to Beth Potterveld for her editorial and design guidance, and to everyone who contributed to this issue. This publication is greatly indebted to Laura Schmidt and the many wonderful people in WhInklings and the Tolkien society. It has been an honor to work on this publication.

Sincerely,
Claire Reck

CONTRIBUTORS

Carolyn Greco ('18)

Carolyn is a melancholy faerie-prince who lives in a castle above the forest, weaving together roses and thorns. Like the Lady of Shalot, she can only see things by reflection. She is both a contributor and the art editor for this issue.

Kathryn Humnick ('20)

Kathryn is a sophomore English Writing major. She likes to write true things, and loves using fantasy as a means for that. She once sprained her ankle while sword-fighting with sticks in the woods somewhere in Germany. Later when she wrote an essay about it for gym class, her teacher thought she had made it up.

Kyra Mohn ('19)

Kyra is a junior Philosophy with Political Science major. She primarily likes to write poetry. She loves playing with different forms of storytelling and finding ways to combine words to paint a picture the reader is not expecting. She won a hula-hooping contest when she was ten!

CONTRIBUTORS (cont.)

Charles Nystrom ('18)

Charles is a senior Biology Pre-Vet major. He enjoys writing about the natural world. He often tries to shift away from a mundane and lifeless perspective of nature to a fantastic and beautiful perspective, which is how he thinks God made nature to be seen. He shares a birthday with his two favorite Christian thinkers, George MacDonald and his twin brother John.

Beth Potterveld (alumni '11)

Beth likes to write fantasy stories, of short or epic length. She also likes to write down any theological breakthroughs that bring her closer to peace with God (because if she doesn't write them down quickly, she completely forgets and her life is back to shambles the next morning). Although she has studied Spanish, Latin, Greek, German, Hebrew, ASL, and Elvish, she only speaks English.

Grace Ritzema ('21)

Grace is a freshman undeclared Psychology major. She likes to create cartoon-style digital art, mostly doing character design. Once she accidentally dislocated her jaw three times in the same day.

CONTRIBUTORS (cont.)

Taylor Schaible (graduate)

Taylor is a graduate student and studies History of Christianity. She enjoys writing fantasy and fairy tales. She's also absolutely, definitely not a werewolf, she just really likes rare steaks and long walks in the moonlight, okay?

Sam Wilson ('18)

Sam is a senior Graphic Design/Illustration major, and he likes drawing things from nature. His first language was Indonesian.

Delaney Young ('20)

Delaney is a sophomore English Writing major. She enjoys writing poetry and song lyrics. She is excited that next semester she gets the opportunity to study and live in France!

Staff

Carolyn Greco ('18)

Bio on page 8.

Beth Potterveld (alumni '11)

Bio on page 9.

Claire Reck ('18)

Claire is a senior English Writing major. She enjoys writing fairy tales and poetry. Her favorite genre to read is children's fiction. She can often be found working on an art project. She enjoys being a part of the WhInklings, and served as the editor-in-chief of this edition.

Elizabeth Williams ('20)

Elizabeth is a sophomore English Literature major. She mostly loves to read but also likes to write poetry from time to time. She enjoys painting portraits of friends and family.

El Wong ('21)

El is a freshman with an interest in writing whose major is currently undeclared. She likes to write realistic fiction, fantasy, poetry, rants, and the cursive capital letter F. Gibberish was her first language.

Cascade by Delaney Young

This is how it feels after everything ends:
I've knocked my head too many times,
Trying to pull myself out of the smallest casket I've ever called love.

The corners of my mouth are heavier now,
And every bone you threw me was hollow inside.
This is how it feels after everything ends:

How long did you plan to let me drown?
My eyes spent months adjusting to your darkness.
I've knocked my head too many times

Against yours, wracked to raise our lost cause.
The two of us were running in opposite directions,
Trying to climb out of the smallest casket I've ever called love.



"Falling Heart"
by Sam Wilson

Mama Wolf by Taylor Schaible

The first child she takes in is a ghost.

Not that she's surprised. You have to expect these sort of things when you move into a dilapidated Victorian house twenty miles from town. And that's exactly the sort of house she wanted: big, far from the city noise, huge backyard to run around in, and no suspicious neighbors threatening to call the cops every full moon when her condition makes itself known. It's perfect for her, Victorian ghost child and all.

She didn't even realize he was there at first. It was the subtle things that tipped her off. Lights flickering, doors opening and shutting by themselves, objects occasionally being found in places she definitely didn't leave them. All dead giveaways in a big, quiet house like this. A quick trip to the library and perusal over a book on local history revealed the answer.

His name was Peter. He died a hundred and fifty years ago at the age of eight, from neglect.

Tonight, she takes down an old storybook from the shelf and sits on the sofa, book open across her lap. She can feel a presence in the far corner of the room.

She lifts up the book. "Would you like me to read you a bedtime story, Peter?"

Peter slowly fades into view. He looks like he was taken directly out of a vintage photograph, his colors muted, his form out of focus somehow. He slowly steps forward and perches on the couch. She can see the faint outline of the couch cushions through him.

She reads him the story of Peter and the Wolf. After all, you have to maintain a sense of humor in situations like these. He seems to appreciate it, because the next night, the book floats into her lap and he appears next to her.

The second child she takes in is a fairy.

She finds her in the woods during a full moon. Years ago, the idea of encountering someone else at this time of the month would have terrified her. Now she knows that the trick is just to eat a hearty meal before hand. No impulse to eat people alive if your stomach is already full.

At first glance, the child looks human. Her otherworldly features only become apparent upon closer inspection. Her ears are just a little too pointed, her skin a little too pale, her fingers a little too long, her eyes a little too bright. Her parents must have kicked her out once they realized she's a changeling.

She carries the girl back to the house, wraps her in a warm blanket, makes her a cup of hot co-

coa. Peter watches curiously from the doorframe. The girl watches him right back, unafraid.

"You're safe here," she tells the fairy girl, "What's your name?"

"Bridget."

She quickly fairy-proofs the house, keeping anything iron out of reach and remembering to leave out a cup of milk every evening. In return, Bridget proves to be a great help around the house. Her instincts deplore a messy space, so she is constantly cleaning. There's space for a garden out back, and she quickly takes it over. The plants grow bigger and stronger, as if Mother Nature herself planted them. Bridget grows bigger and stronger too.

After that, it seems like the children are crawling out of the woodwork.

There's the dryad boy she finds during a trip to the city. His little sapling had squeezed its way up between the cracks in the sidewalk somehow. He wheezes as he talks, the smoggy air choking him. Luckily, she's got a big yard he can plant his tree in and a big house he can sleep in at night.

There's the witch girl she finds trying to hitchhike across the state. She's the first person the girl has encountered who wasn't afraid of her and the power she hasn't learned to control yet. After a long conversation, the witch eagerly asks if she can stay at the big house. It's got a big kitchen to practice potions in, a library to store spell books, and a spa-

cious backyard that's perfect for broomstick-flying.

There's the mer-twins, a boy and a girl, whom she finds washed up on the beach while taking her children on a day trip. He has an underdeveloped fin, nearly a death sentence in an ocean of predators, and she refuses to abandon him. All they want is a safe harbor. As she piles her family into the car, she makes sure to buckle the twins up securely. Once they get home, she sees about making the house wheelchair-accessible. And installing a pool.

The house is filled with sound now. There are kids running through the halls, playing in the backyard, splashing in the pool. She almost forgets what her name is. Everyone just calls her Mom.

Every evening, she takes the storybook down and reads from it, her children piled around her. Peter still insists on sitting next to her. She can't remember a time when she was happier.

All wolves need a pack after all. But not all packs need to be made of wolves.

A Worm Redeemed

by Charles Nystrom

.....

While tending to his garden plot,
A novice found something odd:
Around the roots of his potato plant
Were hundreds of tiny white pods.

He ran to the abbot, potato in hand,
Saying, "Father, what can this be?"
"Ah," he replied, "You seem to have found
Our potatoes' enemy.

"The wilted stalks and yellow leaves
Came on while the eelworm ate.
Now the mother has finished producing her eggs
And resigned herself to her fate.

"In death, her body becomes a shield
For her children until they mature.
Then, next spring, when the eggs emerge,
They'll infect our potatoes once more."

"Why would God create such a creature?"
Asked the boy incredulously.
"It loves its children well enough,
But the plant treats carelessly.

"Wouldn't it be best to care for the plant,
And after the harvest is through,
Save some to be sown for next year's crop
And the rest to be eaten as food?"

"How could such a parasite
Be part of His perfect plan?"
After thinking a moment, the abbot rejoined,
"If not a worm, how a man?"

"Is the relationship between God and man
So different from that of the worm and its host?
Though utterly dependent, mankind is at war
With the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"Just as Christ died on our behalf,
Renouncing his own agenda,
So too the potato withers away
For the sake of *Globodera pallida*.

"If the Spirit can transform a sinner
And God his sins forgive,
Cannot this worm be also redeemed
From the life it used to live?"

"And when in heaven we embrace our Father
Who alone can make us complete,
Why shouldn't the eelworm join us there,
Having learned to properly eat?"

The boy thought for a while, then heaved a sigh:

“I guess what you say is right....
Yet still, my potatoes are no better off,
And now I am the parasite.”

The abbot laughed, “If we both are worms,
Then we have good company—
With such did Christ identify
When he died on Calvary.”

“But I am a worm
and not a man,
scorned by men
and despised by
the people.”

~Psalm 22:6



"Didn't Planet"
by
Grace Ritzema

Grace Ritzema 

Prologue to "Commoner's Curse"

by Carolyn Greco

A long time ago, in a faraway land called Laishem, a fairy named Falenda lived alone in a high tower with a single window. She lived alone by choice, not by necessity. Her tower stood in the woods on the outskirts of a thriving kingdom, and travelers often knocked upon her doors, seeking shelter and comfort. And sometimes the villagers, passing by to their daily labor, would hammer upon the great doors and call up to her, asking her to join them in their work, or in their festivals. But to all who knocked, the heavy oaken doors remained shut; the travelers and townspeople, hearing no reply except the echo of their own knocking, would shrug, shake their heads, and go off about their work or their play, and leave the fairy undisturbed for a time.

Now it came to pass that the queen of that country gave birth to a daughter, and the king desired to have a grand christening party for her. He sent out invitations to all who lived in the kingdom - every human, fairy, or talking animal - and opened up his whole palace and grounds for the festivities. The townspeople were overjoyed, and on the morning of the christening, they swarmed around Falenda's tower, and set up such a pounding and hollering outside the doors that they were sure she would have to make some response. And so she

did; a single flowerpot sailed over their heads, and shattered on the ground behind them. At this the villagers let out three cheers; one, because the fairy had noticed them; two, because none of them had been injured by the flower pot; and three, because now they felt that they had done their duty, and were free to go to the christening party. And so, laughing and cheering, they picked up their garlands and christening presents and danced off happily to the palace, carrying the pieces of the broken flowerpot with them as a token of their accomplishment.

Falenda watched them go from a small peep-hole beside the window, which she used whenever she did not wish to be seen. She watched until the last villager skipped out of sight; then she turned and made her way to the far side of the room, away from the light at the window, mumbling irritably to herself. She shuffled through a large stack of papers on the long wooden table, and eventually emerged with the King's invitation. She read it over again, squinting to make out the writing in the semi-darkness. Falenda had never been fond of parties, especially christenings, and she was in no mood to venture out of her quiet tower, and into the kingdom to watch the merriness of the townspeople and courtiers.



But then a faint smile slowly spread across Falenda's face, and she laughed in the darkness. She had heard of several christenings in the older ages that had been more to her liking than most; christenings in which some fairy had given the royal child a curse instead of a gift. Why might not she do the same thing? Surely she had as much magic as any other fairy. Falenda grinned as she looked around at the shelves and shelves of rare spells and enchantments. Yes, she knew enough magic to give ten royal children the most interesting curses of their lives, let alone one. She crumpled up the invitation, laughed gleefully, and hurried to get ready.

Now, Falenda was not a wicked fairy, as fairies who curse royal infants often are. She was only rather ill-tempered, and very intolerant of disturbances. She had locked herself up in the tower so that she would not be distracted in her study of magic, and the frequent (but well-meaning) interruptions of the villagers were a constant source of irritation for her. Her mood was especially bad on this day, for she had spent half of the previous night trying to summon fire, and the other half looking for a spell to restore burned paper. She had found the spell shortly after sunrise, and had set her library back in order; but no sooner was the mischief of the night repaired than the flock of villagers had descended about her tower, banging and cheering, demanding her presence at the princess' christening. Her natural irritability, her lack of sleep, and her hatred of disturbances all combined to put her in an exceptionally bad temper this morning; and it was this, more than

any genuine wickedness, that led to her decision to curse the princess.

But then a thought occurred to her, so sudden and unpleasant that she stopped dead in her tracks and let out a cry of disappointment. She could not curse the infant princess - she must not! For was it not clearly set down in fairy law that no fairy could lay a curse of any kind upon a mortal, unless sorely provoked? And, as a subset of that law, in finer print: "that no fairy shall curse a child of a king at a christening party, unless she had not been invited to the said christening party." Falenda glowered darkly at the crumpled invitation, lying on her floor among the cobwebs and broken quill pens. She had received an invitation; by law, she was unable to curse the princess. She sank down to the floor in a perfect agony of vexation, and opened her mouth to let out a loud howl - but suddenly checked herself. It was common for the king to forget one of the fairies - whether this was an intentional custom, or whether it was just monarchical forgetfulness, she did not know - but there were enough fairies in the kingdom that one of them was bound to be forgotten, and there was enough pride and shortness among fairies in general that there was a pretty good chance that the princess would be cursed, even if it wasn't by Falenda herself. This thought comforted her, and she composed herself, threw a bulky old shawl over her shoulders, and went out to harness her giant pet muskrat to its chariot.

The king's palace, when Falenda drove up, was a picture of joy and vivacity. The stone walls were covered with brightly colored banners, and garlands of flowers hung from the bannisters and windows. Laughter and singing filled the air, mingling with the scent of the flowers and freshly baked food that the townspeople were bringing to the feast. Falenda hopped out of her chariot, handed the reins of her giant muskrat to a very surprised page boy, and walked up the great marble steps to the courtyard. She stood at the door for a second, looking at the colorful throng beneath her; then the trumpets sounded, and the crier called out, "Falenda Thornthistle of the Fairies!" The people looked at her in surprise – they all knew who she was, but many of them had never seen her before, since she had lived in the tower for so many years. Falenda put on her best scowl, hunched her shoulders, and glowered her way through the crowd, looking so angry that the townspeople were afraid to stand in her way. The crowd of people annoyed her, and the crier's voice grated on her ears; so Falenda left the outer courtyard, and pressed on to the inner gardens of the castle.

There she found the other fairies of the kingdom, dancing merrily upon the grassy floor, laughing with beautiful bell-like voices, and spinning about in swirls of colorful, iridescent gossamer. Several of them saw her enter and came over to welcome her, but her angry glares soon sent them away again, shooting hurt glances over their shoulders and wondering what they could have possibly done to offend her. Other fairies who knew her better nodded and smiled at her from across the

garden, and shrugged at her unmannerly scowl. One fairy, a stripling boy with dragonfly wings, cart-wheeled up to her, stood on his head, and sang out "Old Thornthistle, mad as a whistle, hair all a-bristle!" He was up again in an instant, and skipped off before Falenda had recovered her wits enough to cast a spell on him. She pulled her scowl down lower and drew her eyebrows together, looking so threatening that none of the other fairies dared to meet her eyes, and the stripling boy quailed from across the garden. Falenda gave her head an angry shake, hunched up her shoulders even more, and bundled off to a cold stone bench in the corner where she could watch the festivities without taking part in them.

Soon the luncheon bell rang, and fairies and villagers alike poured into the great dining hall and took their places about the great table. Falenda found herself sitting next to Raenna, a fairy with golden hair and a sweet, rosy face.

"How are you, Falenda?" asked the fairy girl, "I haven't seen you around recently."

"Rotten party, isn't it?" growled Falenda, helping herself to a leg of cold roast lamb.

Raenna laughed. She had known Falenda since they were both little fairies, and did not mind Falenda's oddities as much as the others did. "Why do you stay here, if you dislike it so much?"

"Because I want to see if someone curses the princess," was the blunt reply.

Raenna laughed again, a clear, rippling laugh, like sunlight on water, so sweet and sudden that it always caught Falenda by surprise.

"Why, who should curse her? We all love our king and queen - why should we do them wrong?" She turned her bright gaze to the dais, where the royal family sat; the king and queen on great chairs in the center, and their son - a child of about four or five - sitting on a high stool beside them. The princess' cradle stood on the other side. They seemed the very picture of an ideal royal family - kind, wise, and content - happy in their own joy, as well as in the joy of their subjects.

Falenda looked back at her plate, scowling hard to retain her bad mood. "Because usually in christening parties, one of the fairies is forgotten, and then the child is cursed."

"The child shall not be cursed today," said Raenna, with a smile.

"How do you know? Was no one forgotten?"

"No, somebody was."

"Who?"

"Myself."

Falenda threw up her hands in exasperation. "And you're not going to do anything about it?"

"I've already talked to the Lord Chamberlain, and he got the servants to set an extra place for me, so it's all taken care of," said the fairy girl, laughing merrily at Falenda's astonishment. "See here," she said more seriously, "I can see you're annoyed at something - why don't we go out for a stroll in the queen's gardens, or in the royal painting gallery? You'll feel better if you get away from this crowd - you're not used to it."

"I don't want to look at flowers or paintings, confound it!" snapped Falenda, "I want to curse the princess and eat my luncheon in peace. Leave me alone."

"As you wish," said Raenna.

Falenda returned to her food, cutting and hacking the meat with renewed vigor. She knew her friend was right, but it irked her to be given good advice, especially when she should have thought of it herself. The meal was soon over, and the gifts were presented. The villagers brought their food and their homemade gifts, which they bestowed lovingly upon the good king and queen; and the fairies brought their gifts, rare and precious stones, fanciful curios, and special blessings. Nothing went wrong - not a single fairy or mortal stood up to utter a curse. Falenda stood in the back, fuming



angrily, looking about for an excuse to cast a spell on someone. When the young prince, running around among the guests, happened to tread on her toes, she turned him into a cheese souffle - but fortunately for him, Raenna was watching, and was able to change him back before anyone ate him.

The party was a huge success, as far as the king and queen were concerned. The townspeople were delighted with the new princess, and their gifts had been both beautiful and useful. The little prince was happy because the festivities had given him a chance to run around as much as he pleased, unheeded by his nurses. The princess herself was happy because everyone around her was happy; she was too little to understand more than that. And so all the people and fairies went off happily to their homes - everyone, that is, except Falenda, who was thoroughly disgusted with the day's proceedings, and felt as if she had been cheated out of watching a good show. There really was nothing like a proper cursing - all the people standing on tip-toe, every eye fixed on the speaker as she uttered the fatal words; then a universal gasp as the child's doom was pronounced, followed by the wailing and yelling. Several knights would jump to their arms, but the fairy was always gone by then, vanished in a cloud of smoke - impossible for the king's men to chase. Falenda mused over all the spectacular christening curses she had heard about, and thought again of how splendid it would have been to cast one herself, and how rotten it was that the king had remembered her, and cheated her out of the chance.

Her mind was so deeply occupied with this pleasant subject that she forgot to watch where she was going; and that is how she did not see the peasant woman resting by the road, and did not notice the peasant woman's child until she caught her toe upon it, and fell sprawling.

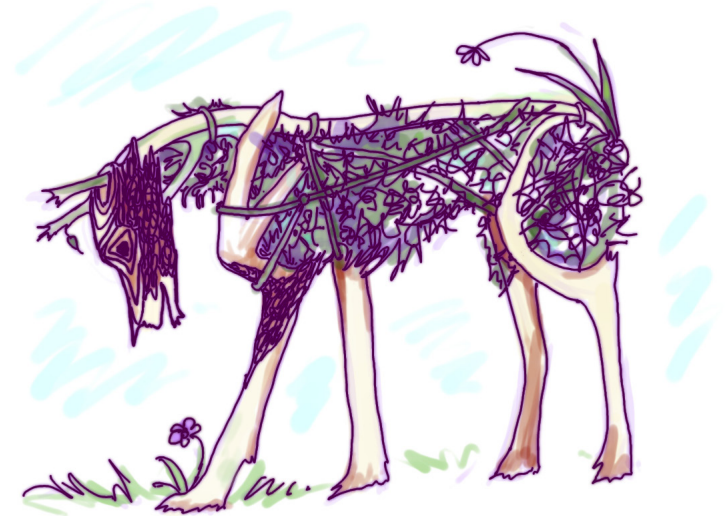
"Oh, I'm terribly sorry! Are you alright?" exclaimed a soft voice.

Falenda spit the dirt from her mouth and glared up at the woman, too angry to make a coherent reply. What had she tripped over? She glanced around the darkening forest, looking for some root or stone that might have caused her fall, but there was nothing in sight. She noticed a lump stirring beneath her cloak. She lifted it up and saw the child, a dark-haired girl of less than two years. "Is that yours?" she asked, pointing to the child.

"Yes," replied the young mother, frightened by the tone of the fairy's voice.

"Well - confound it all!" exclaimed Falenda, unable to contain her temper any longer, "Why can't you people keep your children off the paths? They're always underfoot - always messing up perfectly good plans - always in the way! Well, I intend to put an end to this." The young woman picked up her child, shaking like a leaf. "From now on, your child shall fall up instead of down. She shall no longer crawl along the ground, but shall lie on the ceiling, where she will be out of the way, and will never trip people again!" The fairy pulled a slim wand from beneath her robes and waved it, uttering the words of the curse - and the young mother cried out in alarm and, holding tightly to her child, turned and ran back to her cottage. But the curse was

complete - the child's gravity had been reversed - and now Falenda turned back to her tower, still slightly miffed, but feeling a good deal more satisfied. True, it was not often that commoners were cursed; but had not Falenda been "sorely provoked?" Falling on one's face after a particularly bad day was enough to provoke anyone. And Falenda was rather proud of the curse she had chosen. It had been used before at a christening (which was why it had been on her mind) but she thought it was particularly well suited to her own circumstance. And so she returned to her tower, extremely pleased with her evil deed, feeling that she had properly avenged herself for her day's disappointment.



"ThistleWolf"
by Carolyn Greco

Emmeryn's Fall
 Excerpt Recovered from a Book on
 Arenlay History
c. 34 of the Erien Age
Original author unknown

The distance between our stars was not always so great, nor was our planet always so far from the glittering mass of constellations above us now. There was, not so long ago, a time when we could bend our necks, lift upwards our faces, and glimpse the very heart of a star. I say¹ heart not merely as metaphor, for these angelic beings possessed a form much like our own which at its center held the source of light. These stars shone on the sea and on the dry earth and on the people below who sang songs about them and danced dances.

There was a certain close star given the name Emmeryn², and her light was of silver, white and pure. It shone brightly on the earth but not so fiercely that her form could not be seen beneath its brilliance—the form of a maiden in a silk gown. Many of the people of Arenlay³ gathered to see

1 Scholars believe the entirety of the book may have been originally received as a series of lectures which was recorded by a scribe.

2 Or *Emmery* meaning *She of grand glory*. May also read *Emaria* meaning *She whose glory is not her own*.

3 It is unclear if Arenlay here refers to the

her as she drifted in the expanse, singing songs to bring her near and holding festivals of great honor. She moved freely, for stars were not fixed as you might understand them now. They were not caught in crystal spheres or gravitational pulls, not bound by any limits of our comprehension.

But there was a certain star caught in hatred. She did not care for the earth nor the adoration of its inhabitants. Her belief was that stars shone for their own glory, and she despised having their form so open to viewing. This star, Erimesse⁴, brought rebellion in the expanse. Many of the stars retreated from the earth so that it became dark and distant. Emmeryn, standing alone, would not be so moved. She gave her beauty to the world and paid dearly in the end.

Nothing Erimesse could say or do drew Emmeryn further from Arenlay or its people. Desperate, she devised to throw the silver star down to them instead. A violently-hurled meteorite drove Emmeryn down so close that she fell from the sky to the surface of the earth and began to be extinguished, her light damaged and separated from its home. The silver light began to fade, and her figure melted like wax.

It was the people of Arenlay who felt the loss greatest. Their beloved star had fallen and all light from

whole earth or its central kingdom as at the time of recording the name was being used interchangeably.

4 Meaning uncertain, likely derives from *Erimesse* as meaning *She of enough within*.

the heavens was lost. They gathered to mourn her. A vast many people came to her where she lay and wept greatly for her. Their tears captured her dying light and laid it on the ground in puddles. Soon their weeping turned puddles to ponds and ponds to lakes. Some feared that the whole ground might be turned to ocean. But still they wept and caught her fading light in their tears so that it shone back with double brilliance. All across the land people gathered, and wherever they came together a lake began and grew so that the whole earth was spotted with them. Because of Emmeryn's purity there was no salt in their tears so that the lakes were as clean and pure as her soul. But still she faded, and soon her final bit of light, her heart, was caught in the tear of a child and shed into what is now called Mirror Lake⁵.

And so it came that lakes were born, but light was lost. For four days the world was plunged in darkness until, in deep mourning, the sun himself drew close to look on. For Emmeryn had been in the strange way of stars what we might call his daughter. He came close to the earth to cheer it with his golden light, hiding his form under the light's brilliance so that broken hearts could forget they had ever lost something so beautiful. In time he brought the moon close, to reflect his own light on its silvery surface in remembrance of Emmeryn. Soon too he called the stars into new constellations, into Caritan

⁵ Believed to be the same Mirror Lake identified in the Mirian Era texts which lies between Howk's Range and Kingdom's edge (see map of Areliay, 217 M.E. Iros Shilan).

and Elomer⁶, into the Neverarrow and the Woman of Mer. But the sun kept this beauty far from the earth, the stars too distant to be seen in true form. He performed all this, lest by some glimpse of a star's heart a reminder would be found, and the world would weep once more for Emmeryn the lost star, drowning the earth with their tears.

⁶ Also known as *Night's Guardian* a name given to the constellation in the Premirian Age. Text recovered by Kathryn Humnick.

RANTING / REVELING / WRITHING

by Delaney Young



there
 is
 no
 prettiness
 in
 pain,
 no
 art
 in
 being
 shattered
 no
 poetry
 in
 feeling
 plain.
 true
 sadness
 never
 flattered
 a
 human
 being.



“Unicorn”

by Carolyn Greco

A Glimpse Into The Wishing Well

by Kyra Mohn

In a thousand years
when wishes are our currency
and death is but a temporary, tactile illusion...

...where will love find you?
Will she find you by the willow flowers
or underneath the daffodil tree
or in the depths of the cloud-filled ocean
or deep in the forest of hollowed out shells?
Could she hide between the bluegrass and the
 graveside of your mother
or will she wait patiently for your wandering boots
 to lead you back to her heart?

...where will you find joy?
Slipping through the fingers of the beggar on the
 corner
or nestled in the curls of a bubbling, bouncy baby
or higher in the sky than you thought you'd ever
 climb

or in the words of the passersby floating through
 her home?
Might she disguise herself as a demon crashing,
 smashing through
the hearts of those who thought they knew exactly
 how to keep her?

...where will hope find your children?
Will he burst into the open door you left when chas-
 ing charity
or find them clinging to your shoulders, giggling up
 a storm
or lose his grip on their shining thoughts as they
 scramble into the sunlight
or jump through hoops in an eternal attempt to
 keep them looking upward?
Should he stay awake, aware of all the terror that
 encroaches
or slumber through the pain and rise up only when
 you call?

In a thousand and one years
when wishes are no longer our currency
but death is still a temporary, tactile illusion...

...where will you find me?



“Samson”
by Sam Wilson

The Retrovirus from Hell

by Charles Nystrom

All have heard the story of how our first parents fell;
But have you heard it told in relation to their cells?
The Fall took place in flesh as well as in the soul;
When Eve bit in the apple, sin entered in the whole.

Life is something strange—you know it when it's there.
It grows, it knows,
It feeds, it breeds,
Its fragrance fills the air.

Death is deceptively simple—it often takes a guise.
It fakes, it breaks,
It bends and rends,
Its world is built on lies.

When Satan fell down from heaven, he took the form of a snake,
For snakes are wise, with open eyes.
They slither in, unseen by men,
With venom in their wake

But after our parents turned red with shame, and Satan the battle had won,
He shed his skin and entered in
Their cells as death now manifest—
The primal *virion*.

His capsid was his pride: a dark and lonely shell.
He sat inside and tried to hide,
His face deformed—a coiled worm—
The nucleic acid from hell.

Now in the form of a virion, he approached our parents again:
Like airborne plague, the deadly egg
Flew in their lungs and swiftly clung
To a goblet cell membrane.

This cell of our first parents was perfect, yet naive:
It did not fear as he came near
But let his protein pierce the membrane;
Thus death did they receive.

Just as Satan had finished his work, he heard the voice of God.
Outside, the two that he had duped
Received the curse which they deserved
For flouting God's holy law.

And so what once was perfect was shown corruptible.
The virus spread as humans bred
And all mankind were now born blind,
Though not incurable.

For though the virus was deep inside the genome of every cell,
God had decreed from woman's seed
To raise up one to overcome
The virion from hell.

When the long awaited Messiah was born, his body looked just like ours;
Yet the virus of sin had not come in
Though Satan tried with all his might
Christ's body to overpower

When in the desert, Satan found Christ's mind could not be swayed,
He hatched a plan to kill the man
That might restore to life once more
Any who followed the Way.

When Jesus writhed upon the cross, then did Satan's plan succeed:
With his final breath Christ breathed in death,
And the virus which no man could fix
Invaded the promised seed.

When viral proteins met his cell receptors, Christ's membrane did not resist:
Satan boldly knocked with his key in the lock,
"Let Death win! Pay the penalty for sin!"
And the key in the lock did twist.

Rejoicing, the RNA burst inside and began to reverse transcribe
Until it found the cell had bound
Viral RNA to the nuclease
Of the enzyme CRISPR/Cas-9.

That day, Death learned the terrible truth that even a virus can die.
It could not replicate on its own,
Nor settle down and make a home;
It was dead, an imitation of life,
Nucleic acid that, when cut by a knife,
Was revealed a living lie.

Now imagine Paul's meaning when he commands "be transformed by the
renewing of your minds":
By Christ's DNA, our cells are remade
In the image of God which until now was flawed,
Restored by the power of Christ's CRISPR/Cas-9.

Now you've heard the tale of the retrovirus from Hell
Which cursed our parents' bodies when they ate the fruit and fell.
Yet God cares for all his children, both their bodies and their souls—
He came to heal our broken genes that we might have life in full.

***“The thief comes
only to steal and
kill and destroy;
I have come that
they may have
life, and have it
to the full.”
~John 10:10***

The Badger, the Owl, and the Blacksmith

By Beth Potterveld

Way back when, before the hills got dusty, Badger was tired of falling out of his tree every morning. He did as all badgers before him had always done at night. He used his big front claws to climb a tree, found a hollow, and curled up to sleep. But every morning, he would forget he had climbed up high and tumble to the ground before he could catch himself. It was the darnedest thing, and Badger just couldn't think of any way to avoid a bumped nose and bruised bottom at the start of each day. At least no one would see the bruises and smudges against the sleek black fur that covered his entire body and face.

One spring day, Badger was walking off his morning bruises when he came to a part of the forest he did not recognize. There were daffodils here and crocuses, even though there had been clumps of snow where he had slept. The air was warmer too; Badger could suddenly smell the delicious scent of soil and all that lived in it: grubs, worms, voles, truffles.

He was just about to scurry off to find one of these, when ahead of him, he saw a young child crossing her arms at a tree. She adjusted the crown of flowers on her head and planted her feet. Then she reached out a hand toward the blossoming end of one of the tree's branches. Sparks and tendrils of

light trailed from her fingertip to the blossom, which quickly ripened into an apple. Blossoms turned to apples all along the branch. The girl smiled and reached for one. But she was too short. She jumped but still couldn't touch them.

"Could I help?" Badger asked the girl.

"I'd be much obliged," the girl answered.

Badger trotted up to the girl and stopped at her feet. The two blinked at each other for a moment, and the child made some quick glances between the apples and Badger. Badger waited, not sure how he was going to help, but happy to be of assistance whenever they figured something out.

"Perhaps you could climb the tree," the girl suggested. "Then knock down that apple for me."

"Oh," Badger exclaimed. "I can do that."

Badger quickly climbed the tree and wriggled down a branch, apples plopping to the ground beneath him. Soon he got far enough down the limb for his weight to bring the apple she had wanted within the girl's reach. She plucked it and smiled at Badger. He smiled back and braced himself as he let himself down from the tree the way he usually did. KA-LUMPF!

"Oh dear," the girl said, kneeling down beside him as he kicked his stubby legs to right himself. "Are you hurt?"

"No, thank you kindly for your concern," Badger assured her. "I'm used to getting out of trees."

"But can't you just climb down the tree as you climbed up?"

Badger stared at the girl. That was a thought.

The child giggled at his obvious bewilderment. "You're just not that bright are you, Badger?"

"I never have been told that I am."

The girl giggled again and asked Badger about his life. Badger happily chatted with her, gabbing away many hours. The girl showed Badger lots of clever new ways he could climb trees without falling from them, and ways to smell out food.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you, ma'am," Badger said. "I've never learned so much in my life until today." He raised a hind leg to scratch behind his ear. In the light of the lowering sun, his fur looked fairly gray. Darnedest thing, Badger thought to himself. "It is getting late, though. So I should go find myself a tree for the night."

The girl thoughtfully stroked a draping bundle in her lap that Badger hadn't noticed before. It was sleek and black. "Badger," the child asked, "have you ever thought about using those great front claws of yours to dig a hole to sleep in instead of climbing up into a precarious tree?"

Badger's eye widened and his jaw went slack. "That sounds mighty cozy!"

When Badger returned to his familiar woods that night, he was eager to find his nephew Little Brock and show him all the girl had taught him. "Badger!" said Little Brock as soon as he saw him. "Why is your face all streaked?"

Badger trundled over to a nearby stream to see what Little Brock meant. Certainly Badger's face showed a shocking change. Wide white stripes ran from the tip of his nose back over his head and down his body. Badger studied himself in the stream for a minute more, then shrugged. Darnedest thing.

"Come on, Little Brock," Badger said. "You must see what I have learned today!"

Long ago in a far off land, Owl was tired of all the other birds making fun of her ignorance and shortcomings.

Robin tittered at her for her nest being so poorly constructed. "Any proper bird should know how to make a decent nest," Robin would say, looking down her beak at Owl's scant twigs and crumbly dobbing. Robin made a show of cozying down into her nest as Owl delicately perched on hers, knowing that it (and the bush it was in) didn't hold her weight very well.

Heron mocked Owl about her beak. "It's so short. How can you properly stab anything at all with a beak that short?" he would say, pointing a pinion her way. "And it curves too! Ha!"

Sparrow whistled at how aloof Owl was. "Any proper bird would know to flock with its own kind," Sparrow would say. "'Birds of a feather...' as the saying goes." Owl wanted to be friendly with the other birds in and around town where she lived, but she didn't see the point of hopping around on the ground for tiny grubs and seeds that she wasn't going to eat. Plus, she never had anything to add to the chatty parliament of the well-informed smaller birds anyway, since she was dull and slow.

Even her fellow birds of prey made fun of her. "Such a picky eater!" Hawk squawked. "You'd think a great big owl could handle a little rib bone." Owl hid her face under her wing, knowing it was true. While the falcons and hawks would devour their kills, crunching up all but the longest feathers, Owl had to pick around the skeletons of her mice and pigeons, wary of getting even a mouse leg caught in her throat.

One day, after a particularly sharp jest from Wren, Owl gave a sad hoot and flew off into the forest. She flew and flew, just wanting to get away from all the cruelty. Flying in and out of the trees began to lighten her mood. She perched to catch her breath and noticed she was in a part of the forest she didn't recognize. The leaf canopy had changed from this morning, from warm reds and browns to cool greens and yellows. Buds replaced nuts, though a chilly breeze still blew.

She branched from tree to tree, looking for someone to point her back home. When she saw a humble cottage, she flew to its window, hoping the person who lived there could understand Owl-speak. She had hardly gotten a glimpse inside (there was a hearth, a small person, a desk) when a girl wearing a crown of flowers opened the window.

"Owl! You're just the one I wanted to find!" she said. "Please, I need one of your feathers."

Owl hung back. She just wanted to get home, and plucking a feather would hurt.

"Don't worry," the child said. "I can put it back. Just one feather for just one moment."

Owl was moved by the girl's plea, and held out her wing. The girl gingerly held it, then plucked a long feather almost more quickly than Owl could see. Just as quickly, the girl blew tenderly where the feather had been pulled, cooling the sting of Owl's gift.

The girl thanked Owl and invited her inside to see how she used the feather. Owl hopped in to sit on the desk. The girl hurriedly went about the cottage, snatching a bit of leaf off a hanging bundle here, a pinch of powder from a dusty jar there, dropping each bit in a small pot that was simmering

over the hearth. Soon, she pulled out a knife and sharpened the end of Owl's feather into a quill. With this she scratched some strange lines on a leaf of paper. After the ink dried, she used the paper to wrap four horseshoes. These she tied with string—cat gut, as Owl could tell from the way it glistened and wiggled. The whole package was lowered into the simmering pot.

"There!" the girl said, dusting her hands and turning back to Owl. "Let that sit for a couple hours, and the horse who wears those shoes will trot as stealthily as the cat prowls and gallop as silently as the owl flies."

"Oh," Owl said. "Do I fly with a particular silence?"

The girl seemed surprised at Owl's question. "Of course! Had you not noticed? You are much more silent than other birds as you swoop down for prey."

Owl fluffed out her feathers in surprise and pride. She pranced back and forth on her feet, mumbling engrained demurs. She had never thought she did anything better than the other birds.

"Let me put the feather back now," the child offered. She picked up the feather and stared at it for a moment, then waved her hand over it once, twice, three times. She placed it back on Owl's wing and made it hold with a kiss.

Owl chirruped happily and stretched out her wing a time or two. Everything felt right, though it was odd that that one feather was now white.

"Thank you again for your feather, Owl," the girl said, smoothing down her hair which glistened

with the exact same brown as Owl's feathers. "Can I help you in return at all?"

"It would be very kind of you to point me back in the direction of town. I must return to my nest and my flock. It's not much of a nest, and they aren't much of a flock, but it's where I'm supposed to go."

"Really?" the girl asked and invited Owl to tell her about her home and the other birds. She listened with sympathy and interest as Owl poured out all her woes. "Owl, it sounds like there is much I could help you with. I will gladly teach you many things that can help you hunt and nest and eat. There is a cost to such wisdom, though. You must give me the color of your feathers."

"If you can tell me anything to get the other birds to stop laughing at me, I will give you every feather I have!"

The child laughed. "We don't have to go that far! Come, sit by the fire and learn."

She taught Owl many things, speaking together late into the night. To stop the Robin's teasing, Owl learned how to find hollows in trees to use as nests, and her tail turned white. To stop the Hawk's laughter, Owl learned to bite through joints, swallow the bones, but then bring them back up again as the other raptors did with just their prey's fur, and her legs turned white.

"I think you will find your life much more fulfilling now, Owl," the girl said.

"But there is much more I wish to know," Owl said. "Please, I don't want to stop until I know everything you can tell me!" The next lessons were much harder. Owl had to learn confidence in the talents

she had, so that the jeers of the other birds did not sting. She learned to use the hook of her short beak to hunt in the forest just as well as the Heron used his long, straight bill in the reeds. She learned to move away from the town because her sensitive hearing worked perfectly in the forest. She learned her ability to see in the dark was rare and would allow her to hunt at night if she wished, when the mice and rabbits were less suspecting.

When the girl was finally done teaching Owl all she could, there was not a dark feather on Owl's whole body. "I thank you, kind maid," said Owl. "Now I must return to my own kind. I must impart to my kin the wisdom you have generously shared with me."

The child stood to shake out and fold up a fluttering brown cape which Owl had not noticed before. She put this in a heavy wooden box, and let Owl out through the window. "Farewell, Owl," she said. "Your former home is that way."

When Owl flew back to town, most of the birds hardly recognized her. They all flocked to see her new feathers. "Gather 'round!" Owl called them. "Gather 'round, all you perching birds and waterfowl, all you birds of prey and those that strut on the ground. The wisdom which I have just bought, at no little price, I now offer to you."

And so Owl taught all the birds who would listen. Crow was not interested at all; Eagle stayed until he went bald; another owl who lived near the barns stayed the longest. Then, with some hidden bits of wisdom only she knew, snowy-colored Owl flew off to the solitude of the tundra, to live her life in contemplative solitude.

from long days of work and long nights of anxious thoughts. He had steady repairs and commissions. But what if that changed? His wife would soon have their first child. But what if the labor was difficult? What if the baby fell ill? What if the child did not grow? He knew he would happily work with the strength of his arms to provide for his family, but not everything could be solved with blacksmithing, nor even with the money which blacksmithing raised. He could hardly articulate what it was he feared being unable to do. He simply knew he was not ready to care for his family as he wished.

One night when these questions plagued him, he stood from bed with a sigh and stole out of the house as quietly as he could so as not to disturb his sleeping wife. A walk in the woods often worked to clear his head. By the light of the full moon, he made his way to the treeline and in by a deer trail. Twigs crunched under his tread, green leaves brushed his blond hair. He hardly noticed as he let his mind wander faster than his feet.

He thought nothing of a swift stream as he hopped across it, until he realized he did not recall seeing it before. He paused. He didn't recognize this part of the forest. He took tentative steps farther in. Twigs sank into mud beneath his feet as after the spring rains, colors shone oddly bright in the moonlight, and yellow-green shoots poked from the tips of branches and caught his hair.

He turned to extract his locks from the brush and saw a path, and coming down the path was a girl who looked to be only ten years old. Her crown of white asters and her silvery gown shone in the moonlight. Her bare feet, making quick steps, could

be seen as she lifted her skirt in haste. She pulled up short when she saw the blacksmith, and caught her breath with a laughing smile. "Did you too forget which clearing it was exactly where the fauns said the dance of the full moon would be?"

He stared in amazement.

The child's breath slowed and she recognized him for a stranger to this land. "Man," she named him. She waited as the blacksmith slowly came to realize where he was and what she was. Her eyes stared into his and seemed to read there his troubled state. "What is it you seek?"

The man knew her for a fairy. He knew that kind well from the stories his grandmother told him as he had bounced on her knee. He knew her power to aid, her power to confound, her power of whimsy and madness. Carefully, he considered his answer to her question.

"Fairy," he answered. "I seek the way—I seek only—" He sighed and dropped his shoulders. "Presently I seek my way home, for I wandered heedlessly into your realm. But when I was home, I sought the forest to find peace for my soul's restlessness."

The girl looked up at the man calmly. "Then let us walk, O Man. And I will help you find what you seek." They walked together through the woods, over many hills and dales. It seemed the girl had knowledge that stretched to the dawn of time, and the blacksmith listened well. As she spoke, the girl's nimble fingers wove a blond thread into a ribbon, a kerchief, a shawl.

"This knowledge, Man, should protect your family as your child's life begins," the child said as

they reached a clearing. "But there is one more thing you must learn tonight, to aid you against your restlessness."

"Teach me, Fairy."

"Dance with me." The girl held out her hand to the man. They had arrived at the dancing lawn where the fauns capered under the full moon. Though his feet were clumsy next to her dainty tread and his hands rough in her milky smooth fingers, the man that night learned a dance of Fairyland to soothe his wandering mind.

The music of the forest eventually slowed, and the faun's hoof-beat dragged to the pulse of a sleeping breath. The blacksmith savored the peace in his limbs, closed his eyes, and when next he opened them, he was waking to the dawn in his bed beside his wife.

Before breakfast was done, his wife had noticed a change in him as he went about with well-practiced grace. "What is this new way about you, love? I would think all those questions you kept worrying about had left your head. But you seem to have worried yourself grey all in one night too."

He inspected a lock of his hair, which true enough, had lost its color. He wondered at this, and told his wife all that had happened to him the previous night. She would not have believed it, but for the calm certainty that had come to rest on her husband. The fairy-wisdom served them well in the next weeks and months, when the baby came and life grew and changed.

Others in the village began to notice the blacksmith's new abilities too, and grew to con-

fide in him. He advised them as best as he could, and when he was stumped, he took to the woods again. Always he wished to return to Fairyland for another draught of knowledge, and he hoped the woods would bring him there again. But often before he found Fairyland, he would find the answer he had been puzzling out and return to the village to share it.

But on occasion, he would find himself in a part of the forest he did not recognize, and would soon meet the girl with the crown of flowers. Together, they would walk and muse and discuss and question and ponder. On those occasions, he would return to his village seeming far older than when he left, but also far wiser.

Many years passed, and the blacksmith gained much wisdom from Fairyland. He also lost the color of his hair, and the smoothness of his cheeks, and the range of his joints, and the strength of his limbs, and much of the hearing of his ears. Slowly, he walked with the girl in Fairyland one spring evening.

"Fairy," he asked. "Why is it that it is always springtime here in Fairyland? And how is it that I have aged so much, and you have not changed since we first met, decades ago?"

"Man," the girl answered, "surely you know by now, I have you to thank for it."

"I do not understand," he said openly. He knew enough not to fear saying so.

"In exchange for the wisdom I have given you," the child said, "I have taken your youth and made it my own. It has kept my realm young and vibrant."

The blacksmith stopped short, looking at the fairy with new eyes. The girl smiled sweetly at him,

but he grew troubled. She had been his companion these many years, a confidant to him as he had been to his friends. "This was all an exchange? You have used me for your gain?" In younger days, he might have been angry, but now what felt like a betrayal simply knocked the breath out of him as though his heaviest hammer had struck his chest.

The girl's pleasant smile set to a thin line as she considered her words. "O Man," she began with a heavy voice. "I do apologize for not saying sooner. Truly, I thought you knew, and it pains me that I have strained our friendship." She paused to gather her thoughts again. The girl nodded and, taking the blacksmith's arm, pointed him toward a quadrant of the darkening sky. "Did you know Badger used to be fully black? I taught him to dig a set and now his blackness stands forever as the velvety background against which the stars of Fairyland shine." The man looked at the constellation the fairy indicated and marveled. "Wait," the girl said. "That black was from Polar Bear." She turned him to face a different constellation. "That one is from Badger." She gazed at the darkness and smiled at the memory.

"The feathery, downy brown of my hair" — she lovingly stroked a plait— "is Owl's. And surely you recognize your own golden hair in my finches and wheat fields."

The man looked back down at his gnarled hands. "You have taken so much from me."

"I have given you wisdom. And you have given me vitality. Man," the child grasped his hands and sought his eyes, "you know many who have

lost the color of their hair, and the smoothness of their cheeks, and the range of their joints, and the strength of their limbs, and the hearing of their ears but have not wisdom, do you not? Your youth and vitality will be lost to you, by your will or no. But you, O fortunate you, have traded your youth for a worthy prize. Here in Fairyland, your strength makes all the land evergreen. I and all my kin will live on to impart wisdom to your son and his son and his. We thank you for your gift in the best way we can: by sharing with you some of the wisdom we have gained through all the ages of time."

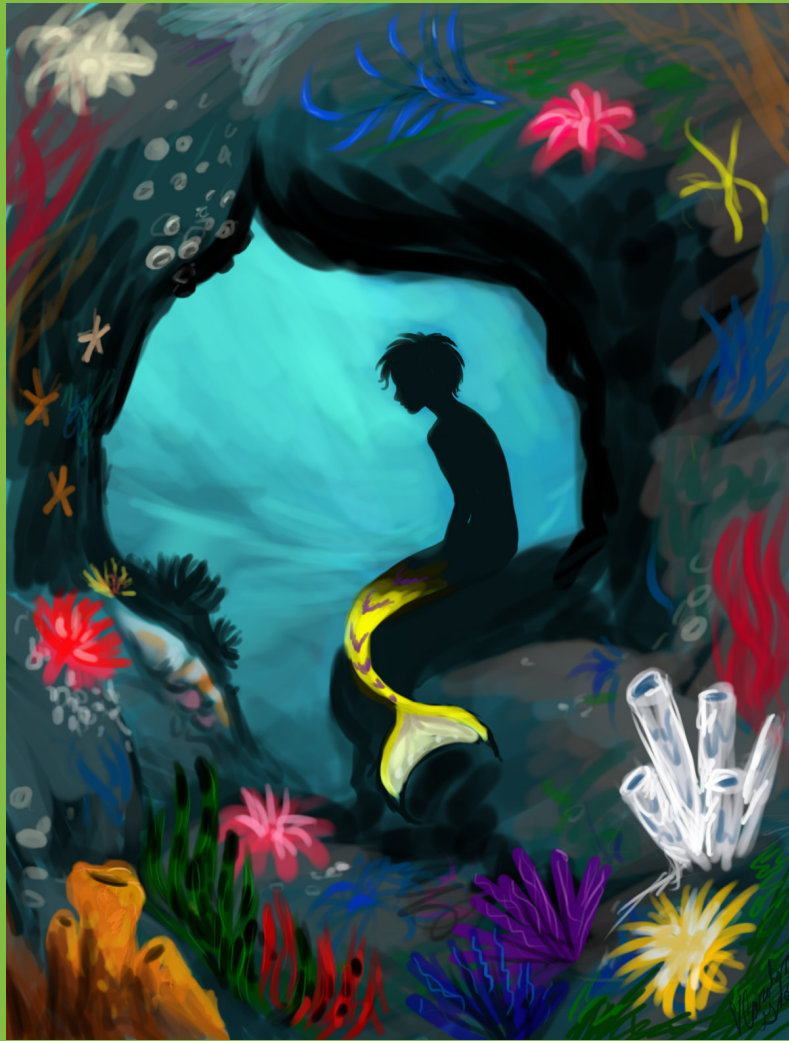
They knelt together for a long time, clasping hands as the blacksmith pondered all the girl had said that night and all the nights before.

Finally, the man let out a shaking breath and with gleaming eyes said, "Let us still be friends, Fairy. I thank you for your gifts, and I see you have used mine well."

"Be at peace, O Man," the girl said and kissed his forehead.

The blacksmith opened his eyes again to his room. He could hear his grandchildren running about, hassling their mother as she tried to prepare for the day. He knew just the story to tell them to keep their attention and give his daughter-in-law a few moments' peace.

"Good morning, little rascals! Did I ever tell you how the badger got his stripes?"



“Merchild”
by Carolyn Greco



SUB~CREATION

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

- We welcome submissions from any member of the Wheaton College community, whether student, faculty, staff, or alum. Only two fiction pieces from any one author may be submitted per issue.
- For copyright reasons, we must limit our published selection to original characters and worlds only. Please, no fan-fiction or fan-art.
- While the journal's main emphasis is on fiction, we will also consider poetry, non-fiction, essay, and art for publication.
- The journal will only publish genre fiction. The genres included are:
 - Science fiction
 - Fantasy
 - Mystery
 - Action/Adventure
 - Horror
 - Western
- We are interested in any mix of these or similar genres. If your piece falls under a genre we missed, please contact us and ask about it. We will most likely welcome your story!
- Short fiction is preferred, but chapters of longer stories may have the opportunity to be published serially.
- Essays and other non-fiction submissions may be on these genres themselves, authors who write in them, personal experiences with genres, reviews of popular works of genre fiction, etc.
- Art submissions must have as their main subject something to do with the target genres. Please submit your work as a high-resolution PDF.

Deadlines

Submission deadlines are:

- Fall semester—October 31
- Spring semester—March 30

We will accept submissions at any point during the semester, but only those submitted before the above dates will be considered for the current issue. Submissions should be e-mailed as attachments to *SubCreation@my.wheaton.edu*. If your piece is too big for an e-mail attachment, simply contact the same address for further instructions. Please include your full name and Wheaton e-mail address with your submission.

Contact Us

You can find out more about the journal and our community of writers at our website and our Facebook page. Just Google "Wheaton Sub-Creation," and there we'll be. Also feel free to e-mail us at *SubCreation@my.wheaton.edu*.

Cover design by Claire and Erik Reck.

