

UWHARRIE DREAMS

Randolph Community College Creative Writing Magazine



Special Valentine's Day

Contest Issue

Spring 2021

Uwharrie Dreams

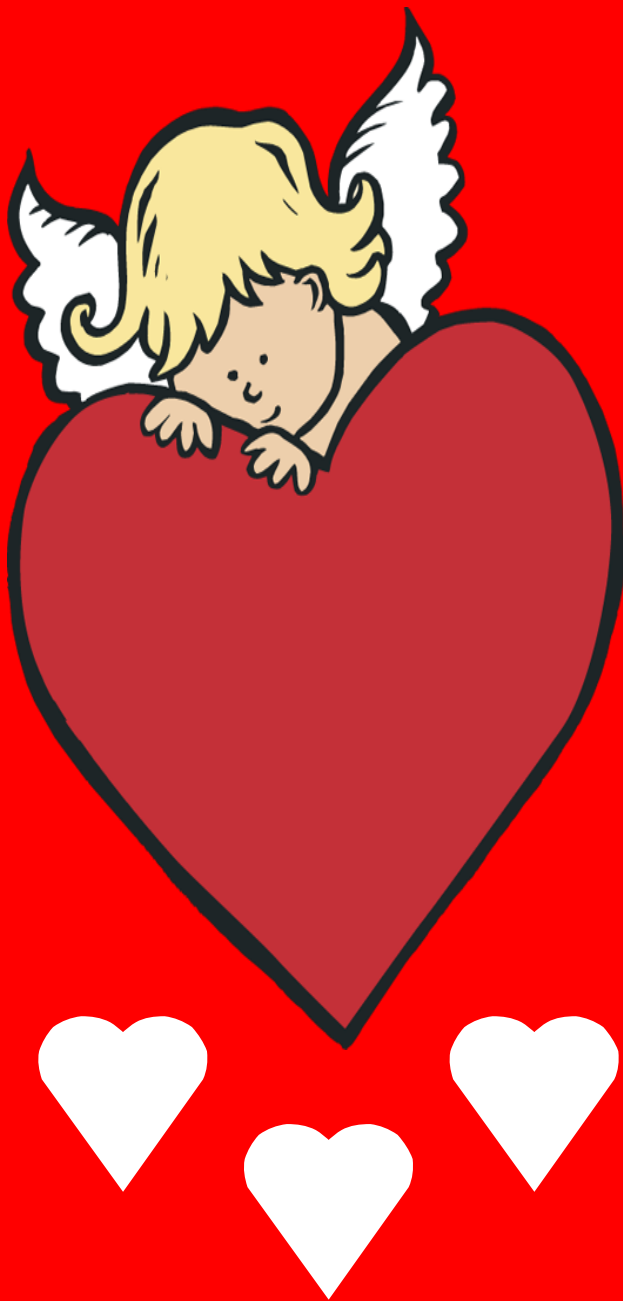
Special Issue—Spring 2021

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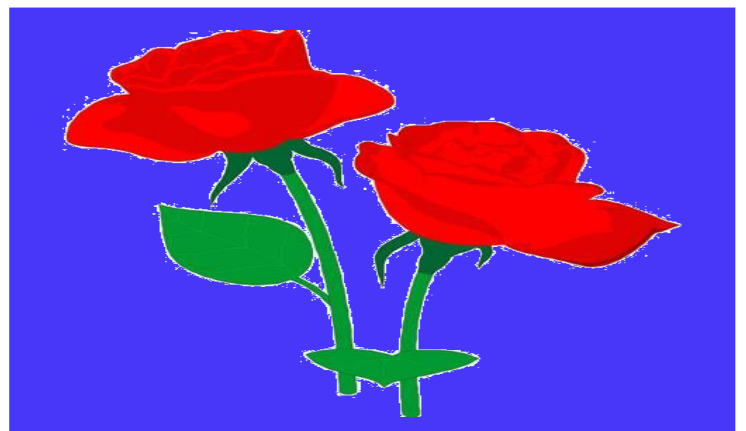
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apart // f.w.

a paperback book comes unglued
at the spine, your dusty fingerprints a
silhouette on which i choke. maybe you
don't know me yet, or maybe you
forgot—

*my body caressed by your old
red sweater;
the erratic, pulsing echo of a
thump-thump-thump
in the gaping heart-shaped hole
beneath my ribs.*

you are the air which i breathe
in the shadows, bittersweet and
gone with the wind. to want you is to
yearn for infinity—to love you is
like chasing the darkness
between stars.

— Sarah Hurley

Emotional Sea

Gracefully sought out in the breeze
Amongst this vast unguarded sea
My love calls for you, contrary to what you believe
Emotions that are ever changing
guided by the moon and her immense tides
Praying you chose to squander that ego you describe as masculine pride
Ultimately permitting your heart to hold mine
Letting love be our guide
Setting aside the discrepancies concerning our endeavors
Accepting us through storms that rage even in the middle of this sea
By loving you, by loving me
Loving each other through the depths of our sea

—by Nicole Degraff

Only You

I have searched the world, a lover to find,
But you, my love, are one of a kind;
I've searched from sea to sea -- every inch of blue,
But none of them, dear, can ever compare to you.

I may hear the sirens' call,
Try, as they may, to get me to fall,
Their songs, nonetheless,
My love for you, can oppress.

My love, hold me sweetly,
I love you, utterly and completely,
Your heart is forever mine,
My sweet, sweet Valentine.

—by Lindsay Hazelwood

My Family's Love

My mother embraces me.
My father encourages me.
My sisters and brothers are there for me.
My grandparents support me.
My family loves me.

—by Elizabeth Alderman

Love Bug

If kisses were raindrops,
I'd send you showers
If smiles were minutes,
I'd send you hours.
If memories were forever,
I'd always send you flowers.
If I could take you on a date,
I'd give you all the powers.
If anyone tried to bother you,
I'd make sure they knew they were a coward.
If you wanted to make goodies,
I'd even buy the flour.
We could even share them with my father Woodie,
If love was for eternity,
I'd send you all of me.

—by Callie Walker

Love

Love is used freely without thought
An indescribable feeling
An emotion of the heart and the mind
Taught to grow up loving
But it's not until the right person
At the right time
That you will truly feel love
You made me understand what that four letter word meant
The feeling
The butterflies
The nervous feeling every time we touch
You
You made it real
You taught me what love truly is
The true essence of what lies between the letters
Love is a four letter word
But this remains untrue
You
A word that without it love would be meaningless
You are the light
The golden staircase
Which sets love free
A feeling of weightlessness
A total freedom of life
If you ask what love is
What it means to me
How it makes one feel
I look at you
You are what love could be
What love should be and forever will be
You are the true meaning of love
My love

—by Lydia Hamilton

Untitled

In the farthest field from the heavens

Where our bones lie 6 feet below

I'll wait and watch as your spirit departs

And know that one day our souls will meet again

Thousands of feet above this frozen ground

Solely a land created by the dreams of the inferior

The clouds will be adorned by the sound of your lute

And my smile will once again captivate your melody

It is with the fondness of you, I realize our love is not meant for this mortal world

And I must walk the concluding golden staircase to meet you once more

To hear the symphonies composed by you for only me to hear

And through all the trials and tribulations

I knew it would always be you

Every moment of reconciliation

And every single coup

Placing new foundations

No walls to break through

I'll meet you at the station

Take the train to Timbuktu

Because we have no obligation

Forever just me and you

If I'm looking at you through rose colored glass, then why do we fight?
Why does every war of words leave me in ruins that rival Greek tragedies?
If I can see all of this, then loving you must be exactly how the universe wants it
Our notions cut through thickened skin, and yet I still lay beside you at night
Because our glass is not rose colored, it is crystal clear
I watch the cynical demise of our correspondence, but I work just as hard to rebuild the scaffold
that holds us up
Because those moments in crowded rooms make every war I must fight, well worth it

—by Bailee Law

You Are

You are my happiness.

You are my weakness.

You are my strength.

You are my anchor.

And for that I'm so thankful.

You call me Mother.

And I wish to be no one other.

You are the light in the dark.

My love for you will never waver.

You are true love.

—by Chasity Craven

Fireworks of a New Dawn

by Lance Davis

“Stop the train! Stop the train now!”

They yelled and yelled at the train begging for it to stop, but luckily for me, the train didn't care what they thought. Well, either that or the train driver didn't hear them. Either way, we had evaded them for now, and that's all that mattered at the moment.

I quickly sat down and watched the distance between us grow farther every second that passed. What will happen if they catch us? What if we don't get away? Many questions flowed in my mind as she moved closer to me on the train's leather seat with a warm smile.

“Thanks, for saving me.” Her cheeks were still red from the summer heat outside.

“Yeah, that wasn't very pleasant.” I looked over at her, “You really don't want to go back that bad, huh?”

She took a deep breath and opened one of the train's windows in between us. The seating of this train cart stretched from one end to the other, with two long seating areas on either side. Even though we were on the middle cart of the three, it didn't matter as we were the only passengers on this train. Boarding the train just before the doors closed on our escape attempt was a fateful endeavor.

With the small window slid open, I watched as her beautiful black hair flowed with the wind. As she glared out of the window at the beach behind us, I followed along. It was the evening, and we could see the bright tangerine sun getting ready to leave us for the day. The sun setting behind the ocean was an amazing sight to behold. Our town was even going to have a huge firework show tonight. Even so, my attendance was questionable going into the night whether I'd go or not. And, after all of this, I wasn't going to go after all.

“My mom...”

Catching me in my thoughts, I answered, “Your mom?”

“She's getting remarried, and today was my last day of school here.”

“You were getting ready to move?”

“Yes. After my father had only died a couple of months ago, she's already gone and found another husband. Moving to another city or town is only going to make things worse for us. I'll have to go to another school and start all over again, again. That's why I asked you to come see the fireworks with me tonight. You were the only one I could've asked, and I'm glad you accepted.”

My face may have brightened up a bit at her comment, but things would be tough for someone in her situation. A death in the family is already bad enough, but a father or mother is a very discouraging and mournful matter to place upon a direct descendant.

Her response: run away. I don't know the full story behind that decision yet, but if it had anything to do with to-be new father, I wouldn't be surprised. With the encounter we had with them before we got onto the train, the girl beside me seemed completely terrified with the idea of going back home with them. After her screaming filled the loading area of the train stop, I couldn't help but get her free from the grasps of her mother. The loathing screams I witnessed were undeniable.

“Do you resent them? Your parents, I mean.”

“It doesn’t matter what I think of them. I’m... we’re free now, all of that is in the past. The only thing that matters now is where we go from here.”

“Where *are* we going, anyway?”

She closed the sliding window so it was only cracked now and sparked up out of her seat. “What about Tokyo?”

“That doesn’t sound too bad.”

“I know, right! I could easily pass for eighteen, right?” She twirled around, showing off her white skirt and long legs. Although we were in the same grade, she was admittedly an inch or 2 taller than me. A model. An idol. She could be whatever she wanted to be. Her pink lip gloss made her look all the more appealing. It wouldn’t be too hard for her to find work as a hostess somewhere.

“You could,” I encouraged.

As she stood in front of me, I glanced back out at the window. On the road not too far from the train, there was a car with someone waving out the window, screaming towards us. As soon as I realized who it was, I quickly stood and tackled her onto the seats. I lay on top of her for a couple of seconds face to face before she spoke.

Her face was flushed a bit, “Huh, what’s wrong?!”

I peeked above the seat to just slightly see out of the window, “They’re following us.”

I could barely see them in the car from this distance, but it looked as if her mother had her palms to her face crying.

“Oh, them still.” She peeked her head up, “This train could go in like five different directions, *I* don’t even know where it’s headed. They’ll never catch us.” The sun had just gone down completely as those words left her mouth, and a few moments later, the car had vanished. The only sight left was the beach’s coast and the rising moon.

“Hey,” I said.

“Yeah, what is it?”

“Do you really want to go through with this?”

She looked straight in the eyes with confidence. “Yes. You’re the only one I need to remember.”

Was I really going to let her run away from her past like this? Was I really prepared to follow the girl admired the most into oblivion for my own curiosities and self-righteous desires?

The answer was simple.

Before we knew it, we started hearing the crackling noises of the night. We watched as the colorful artistry of the fireworks splashed in the sky before our eyes. Our hands were held tightly together as we traveled into the abyss.

A Special Heart

by Tori Watson

“Just Perfect!” she exclaimed as she ran to the front of the classroom. Mrs. Lynn turned around just in time to brace herself before the six-year-old plowed into her legs. “Rosie! What have I said about running in the classroom?” “Mrs. Lynn, I’m so sorry but just look at this heart I made. Isn’t it beautiful?” The look on her face told Rosie that Mrs. Lynn was not mad anymore. She knelt down and took a good look at Rosie’s masterpiece. “Rosie, I think this is the most beautiful heart I’ve ever seen, and I know your mom will absolutely love it.” Rosie grinned and crossed her legs as if to do a curtsy, and went back to her desk. She was so excited about Mrs. Lynn loving her heart that she didn’t even catch the part about her mom loving it. How could she love it? How could she even see it?

Rosie was just three years old when she went to live with Ms. Dorothy. She couldn’t really remember anything before that. She didn’t know anything about her dad. However, she knew she had a mom. She just wasn’t able to take care of her. *Ms. Dorothy does everything for me. She cooks yummy meals, she buys me nice clothes, and sometimes she even lets me help her with her makeup. Ms. Dorothy loves me so much; she would help me with absolutely anything.* “That’s it!” *Ms. Dorothy can help me find my mom, and then I can give her this special heart!*

“Bye Rosie. Have a good weekend.” Rosie leapt off the bus and flew down the driveway just as fast as her little feet could carry her. With only one day before Valentine’s Day, she had no time to waste.

“Whoa there little one. Slow down now.” Rosie tried to speak, but she was so out of breath that she just couldn’t get the words out. “Here, come sit down and I’ll get you a glass of water. Then you can tell me all about whatever it is that your creative little mind has come up with this time.”

Ms. Dorothy waited until the redness had completely disappeared from Rosie’s face before she sat down to hear what she had to say. She knew that nothing Rosie said could surprise her anymore. She had heard it all by now, but she could have never prepared for what she heard next. “Ms. Dorothy, can you help me find my mom, so I can give her this very special heart that I made in class today?” Rosie was grinning from ear to ear as she waved the purple glittered heart that was still wet from glue.

Ms. Dorothy knew this day would come but she didn't expect it to be this soon. How could she explain to a six-year-old that she doesn't even know who her mother is, much less how to find her? Even if she was able to find her, it would take a lot longer than a day.

After thinking for a minute, Ms. Dorothy responded, "Okay Rosie, I can't promise that I will find her, but I promise that I will try my hardest."

"Oh!!!Thank you, thank you, thank you!!" Rosie was so excited. Why wouldn't she be? Ms. Dorothy always kept her promises and she just knew that this plan was going to work.

Later that evening, Ms. Dorothy made a few phone calls but they led her nowhere and it didn't help that it was the weekend. The social worker did have an emergency after hours number, but this request would not be seen as an emergency. Feeling defeated she made her way down the hall to tuck little Rosie into bed. Rosie was still rambling with excitement as she climbed into bed. She was going on and on about how she had chosen the perfect dress to wear, and how the next day she would write a letter filled with all the good memories she had with her mom.

The next morning, Ms. Dorothy didn't look too well. She looked like Rosie did that time that she snuck out of bed and watched television all night long. She had big brown circles around her eyes, and her clothes and hair looked the exact same as they did when she tucked Rosie into bed the night before. Ms. Dorothy had stayed up all night long doing everything she could to find Rosie's mom, but still had no clue as to who she was.

Rosie sat down beside Ms. Dorothy to eat her breakfast. "You make the best scrambled eggs!" This was a comment Rosie made every Saturday. Nonetheless, Ms. Dorothy smiled and replied as usual, "Thank you honey. I'm glad you like them."

Rosie finished her breakfast quickly and headed back to her room to start the letter she would be giving to her mom the next day. She started with...

Dear Mom,

I made a heart for you...

Rosie paused. She didn't know what to write next. She thought about writing about the time her mom was

teaching her how to write her first letter, but wait. That was Ms. Dorothy. Well, what about the time her mom picked her up so she could reach the monkey bars? No, that was Ms. Dorothy too. Come to think of it, all of Rosie's memories were with Ms. Dorothy.

Just then Ms. Dorothy came in the room. Her face smiled but her eyes wore sadness, and Rosie could tell something was upsetting her.

Ms. Dorothy sat down and placed Rosie in her lap. "Rosie, I'm so sorry to have to tell you this, but I have not been able to find your mom. I'm really sorry honey, I know how much you wanted to give your special heart to your mom."

Looking up at Ms. Dorothy, Rosie replied, "It's ok. I found her." She lifted up the special heart. "Happy Valentine's Day Mom."

Love on the Brain

by Meredith Smith

I can't believe what just happened!

I was walking down the street to meet my friends and Ashely's new boyfriend. We had set up the whole lunch date because apparently "this one is special". Don't really know how. I can't get how some girls are so wrapped up in boys.

That got me thinking about how much of a strong, confident woman I am.

Like the other day, when I accidentally pulled out in front of that driver —

and then accidentally hit the brakes instead of the gas —

and they purposefully —

(and quite rudely) —

flipped me off.

I didn't even care. It didn't bother me at all this time. *Confidence.*

I really am down to earth. Most people in a situation as such, would have blown it way out of proportion. Like, they might have started crying, or maybe rammed their car into the other person's. But I don't do stuff like that. I guess I'm just different.

I'm sure everyone walking down the street could tell how level-headed I was just by looking at me. They were probably thinking things like *Look at that intelligent girl. And I bet she doesn't cry when she gets flipped off.*

I was on fire.

I was thinking of what I would have said to that imbecilic driver if they had stayed around a little longer, when I noticed something strange on the horizon. A boy!

He was beautiful.

Instantly, my brain went into survival mode. *Do I look cute today? What's something really witty I*

can say to seem indifferent? I made eye-contact with the new boy and smiled (not many girls do that anymore, ya'know.)

He walked closer.

I walked closer.

Our shoulders were about to pass.

“How’ya doin’.” He said with a strong nod of his chiseled chin.

“Good” I said.

I didn’t break eye contact for a second.

He did the cutest closed-mouth smile and kept walking.

I can't wait to tell my friends a boy flirted with me today!

The Sugar Shack

by Caiden McDuffie

Do you have a place that is your "getaway" from the world- a place where time and trouble don't exist? I have such a place! It is not very far from my home; in fact, I can walk or ride my bicycle there in less than ten minutes. This place is not elaborate or large. It is actually a plain, small, boarded cabin in the middle of the woods. My family, as well as the owners, simply call this slice of heaven, "The Sugar Shack."

At one place in time, it had no name that anyone recalls. However, in June 1994, my parents were married. While their house was being built, a friend, who was also the owner of the quaint little cabin, offered to let them live there. When they returned from their honeymoon, my witty, great-grandfather remarked that the little sugar shack was perfect for newlyweds. Hence, it was named that day!

It is not so much the inside of the house that attracts me although it is charming and cozy. The peace and tranquility that surround it are what draws me to it. On the front porch are two old, paint-bare rocking chairs. I can imagine a pair of elderly lovebirds, such as my grandparents, unraveling life's problems in those little rockers. Many times when I was younger, I would beg to be pushed on the tire swing behind the house; now I am content to gently sway back and forth in the wooden swing attached to a branch of the massive oak tree out front.

The swing overlooks a small pond that is almost shallow enough for a duck to walk across. I have often taken my fishing rod and a cup of worms to enjoy some "me" time away from the world. I can actually "hear the quietness" as I sit on the pier and eavesdrop on the bees buzzing around my head and the frogs croaking on the grassy bank. Sometimes the silence will be broken when my black lab appears from nowhere and crashes in for a quick bath! I often see fearless deer as they survey me casting my line into the water.

Life is filled with challenges and schedules, but I am so thankful I have another world I can escape to. I don't "own" this paradise, but for a time I can assume possession of the exhilaration and splendor it provides. I'm sure I will someday leave my neighborhood for a new location in life. Most material things will be taken with me, but a part of my heart will remain. The memories I have of the little "sugar shack" will go with me throughout life.

When it Rains

by Haylee Sodlink

I always believed that rain was magical. I'm talking like Unicorn magical. And I believed this until one time when I lost my best friend in the whole world to a reckless driver in the rain. This man had stopped and picked up Lucy and brought her to me. She had been hit by a car. I thanked the man for bringing her and he said anytime and if you ever need anyone to call him. He said his name was Alexander. I thanked him and rushed to call the vet to see if they could take Lucy. They said they could so I rushed there, but by the time I got there, it was too late—she was gone. And I remember thinking, *At least I got to say goodbye.*

Later, a few days after I had lost Lucy, I felt like I could not move. I wanted to sleep all the time and never wanted to move. So, I called Alexander and told him I needed help. I knew I needed help so I decided that it was time to tell someone. Alexander said that he would take me to a doctor. And when he did the doctor told me that I had depression and I needed a support system. So, Alexander became my support system and my friend. We would go out to lunch and go shopping together. I started to feel better a little bit each day.

I slowly developed feelings for him and at one point we decided to change it up and went to dinner. For dinner, we went to a really romantic restaurant. It just happened to be my birthday and after dessert, he stood up. At that point, I wondered what was going to happen and he got down on one knee. I said, "What are you doing?" he pulled out a little velvet box. And he said, "Emma Kate, Will you marry me?" I said, "OMG Yes. I will marry you!" I decided then and there that I was going to spend the rest of my life with this man. We got married on June 21 the longest day of the year. Exactly one month after we got married, he got me a puppy that I named Shila. And then we spent the rest of our lives together. We lived happily ever after.



NOTE FROM THE EDITORS:

Thank you all for your contributions to the Uwharrie Dreams Spring 2021 St. Valentine's Day contest. We appreciate all of the hard work everyone put into their submissions.

Congratulations to our winners: Sarah Hurley, Nicole Degraff, Lance Davis, and Tori A. Watson.

We wish you all the very best with your future literary efforts and hope to see more from you in the near future. Look to the Uwharrie Dreams Moodle page for information about upcoming events.

Victoria Davis

Dr. Gregory W. Vance

