Vernacular
Vernacular is a literary and arts journal created by the students of Sage College of Albany. Since 1969, Vernacular has published the very best work in Fine Arts, Graphic Design, Interior Design, and Literature from the Albany campus. Our mission was to strike an equal balance between the four disciplines. In turn, we bring the students together to foster community amongst the school. Following in the footsteps of our precursors, we strive to create a book that reflects work of significance. We intend for the 44th edition of Vernacular to become an attainable foundation for future pupils and graduates.

The content of the publication is selected through student submissions. Out of the 475 submissions we received, the finest works are presented here. Without all the participants, this book would not be possible.

Vernacular embodies our work, emotions, and ability as Sage students. The objective of this publication is to demonstrate the skill and ambition that will drive us in our future careers. This year, we aimed to make a cohesive publication that reflects the creative spirit and dynamic nature of Sage College of Albany.

We invite you to experience the radiant minds expressed in the 44th edition of Vernacular.

Kyle Avery
Art Director

Andrew Parkes
Editor-in-Chief
Pretty Feet
m4w - 53
(Albany) I miss your lovely feet so much. I thought I was a "good little slut". Where did you
Environmental Currency
Michelle Hebert
Digital illustration

MRI Series: Multiple Sclerosis
Kimberly Pultz
Acrylic
Pain
Kayla Coons
Photo manipulation

Nina
Taylor Carota
Digital photography
Sometimes, I Get a Good Feeling
Kailee McKeon

When I left you the sky was dark with clouds.
They opened up and rained on me.
I got into my car and drove away.
Red light after red light after red light.
Traffic was stuck.
Stagnant.
All I could see were two black SUVs
the rear end of one. The other on my left.
On my right, a large white van.
I was trapped.
Eventually, I got out of your city.
It poured on the highway.
Water came up off the road in a binding mist.
I took the exit for my own city
Across the river
My new home

The sky was beautiful bright blue
The clouds seemed so soft
I wanted to fly up and fall asleep
I could sleep on those clouds
Not twist and turn like I did in your bed
As I drove the lights turned green for me
Letting me go
I encountered one red light
But when I did, a flock of birds, hidden in the grass, took flight
I was stopped to watch something beautiful
I arrived home at 3:33
Today was only half bad

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Rainy Day in Poughkeepsie
Jordan McClendon
Digital illustration
We immortal?
Kayla Coons

i sleep so sound i breathe so easy
this smell so sweet, these statements so false
your words so unconvincing your voice so small
i would rather slip through your grip then to feel. your embrace
i am the only one who can set myself free. this wrath does not exist
this restraint on my mind. i will not let it take hold
my body is mine.

seeking delusion, and finding solace, in the trees
take a bite of my apple, won't you drink. from me
i give you this invitation
i promise a touch so gentle, i'll bathe you. in my fountain
sooth your blood of its pollution
cleanse you of this rage, this fire
rid you of their fumes

or if you rather. sip from their poison
listen to ominous words. dragging you farther
you are no immortal, your sundered body will sink.
stumble so deep, you would be lost

before you consume such deception, swallow some reason
reason being the only prophet, honor belonging to you

i am not fooled. not by the pretender
i do not feed on such garbage and waste
i seek such release

Typographic Oath
Harley Bleizhoffer
Graphic design
Particles
Melody Mead
Photography

The Graphic Painting
Michael C. Hotchkiss
Acrylic
The Departed
Kathryn Dahlgren
Digital illustration

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Untitled
Kat Souza
Digital photography

Transformation
Lindsay Kirk
Raku ceramics
Fear
Stephanie Riddle
Pen and ink

Nervous
Brendan Potts
Ink and colored pencil
Death of a Bear
Hailey Verenini
Acrylic paint

Snow White and the Seven Dwarves
Alicia Dyke
Micron pen
**Untitled**  
Kyle Avery  
Screenprint on aluminum

**Vertigo**  
Christopher Galindez  
Screenprint
noon
I found the wing of a bird, broken yet intact, down the road from my work. The bird was nowhere to be found, but I imagine is suffering somewhere. Like myself in worry, as I carry it back to seal in a jar, so no else will find it.

midnight
A lost love found me under a lamp talking to myself. She was lost too, fearful among the overbearing buildings and pale tattooed employees, whose hair is forever graying. We never made eye contact, as our eyes were dark, and too many nights have passed for clarity to be shared. She walked right past me on her way to “The Point” with a hairless boy carrying a satchel of empty aluminum cans, band-aids and a mixture of crushed leaves, lint and tobacco. As leaves fell around from asphyxiated summer trees, I turned and fell into a hole within a shadow, filled with ash and photographs of myself sleeping.

morning
I woke up to the sound of an image I had taken a few months ago falling off the wall, the frame shattering. The picture was of two friends who are now far from here, holding a mirror up to the grass below them. They are laughing at me and my camera and the novelty, while in the back of my mind I cannot help but remember the sealed jar under the bed and the fear it contains and how I never washed my hands after picking up the broken wing. As the polaroid image elevates out of my camera a smile dampens my fear and we wait for the image to fall off of the wall.
TypeLubber
Haleigh Knapp
Graphic design

Bonobos
Elisabeth Morreale
Interior design

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Nocturnal
Lindsay Kirk
Conté crayon
Detective
Heather Schwendner
35mm photograph

Please Don't Shoot Me Down
James DelValle
Photo manipulation
Moss Man
Brendan Potts
Ink

Little Treasures
Caitlyn Kenney
Charcoal
**Creature Culture**  
Heather Schwendner  
35mm photograph

**Crazy Smiles**  
Stephanie Riddle  
Pen and ink with Photoshop

**Previous page**  
**Desire**  
Jess Ward  
Monoprints
FOR THE USE OF ALL NATIONS.

I begin with the letter “M” (Mike), they say he is

White at the hoist and RED at the fly.
the tricolour.

the fiery,
the Yellow pennant.

“I am on fire, I cannot carry out your order.”

Leak, Wreck, Enemy, War, &c., FALSE START- he stuttered

“Thorold.” just a nickname, ask “M.”

And then there was JEW-lee-ett and ROH-me-oh...
-with all the wrong signals-

“Do not overtake me.”

- M

For the Use of All Nations
Anonymous
Child Play
Rebecca Hanson
Acrylic

Wilt Whitman
Kelly Ann Raver
Soft pastel
Wishful Thinking
Sarah A. Williams
Monoprint

Sand Castle
Jordan McClendon
Digital illustration
Tea Party
Taylor Carota
Digital photography

Squid Under Water
Katherine Caradine
Acrylic and mixed media
Outlets
Rebecca Hanson
Mixed media

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Strolling
Jessica Blessing
Digital photography

Lord Ganesh
Tina Mahadan
Watercolor
Bad Apple Album Cover
Haleigh Knapp
Graphic design

Adventurous Kitty
Shequile Perry
Woodcut
See you soon then
Down a road that never started and continues with no end
Finally answering pointless question lingering with unspoken after thoughts
There was no easy way,
easy became difficult when the moon turned clear and stars fell flat
I cared about what life meant,
and what accompanied the hollow nights and bleak mornings
You say picture a future,
how can it be so,
when tomorrow has sorrow and sorrow ends in tears
So yes, no matter what I do,
I’ll always be the saddest person you were ever meant to meet in a lifetime
Painful choices with faces of hurt and hunt,
crowd around looking for kept promises in the distance
What’s it look from the outside,
more corrupt and bewildered by man or just anything at all
**The Concrete**
Emily Host
Graphic design

**Little Miss Sunshine Titles (Stills)**
Christopher Galindez
Motion graphics
Warmth
Brooke Battista
Acrylic on canvas

Fertile Ground
Amanda Miller
Monoprint
The Winter of the Butterfly’s Voyage

The Winter of the Butterfly’s Voyage

The Winter of the Butterfly’s Voyage
Ray Charles
Lindsey Wood
Graphic design

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Book Cover Triptych
Krystal Hinckley
Graphic design

How To Train Your Dragon (Stills)
Rachael Cattel
Motion graphics
Nkula
Christine Woods
Oil on canvas

Toothbrush, Screw, Button
Jared Schafer
Charcoal
**Old Man**  
Haleigh Knapp  
Digital photography

**Why?**  
Melody Mead  
Graphic design
Gondole Gondole
Ebony Dallas
Digital photography

Boogie
Stacey Hawkins
Photo manipulation
The Greatest Show on Earth
Alyssa Schaff
Linocut

Sister Act
Rachael Bushey
Linocut
How To Be A Cat (Stills)
Rachael Cattel
Interactive design

The Blue Spectrum
Jackie Zysk
Watercolor
Hankins Creek

**Travel Poster**
Victoria Wilcox
Digital illustration

**Tornado**
Jordan McClendon
Digital illustration
Chronicles of Riddick Titles (Stills)
Hailey Verenini
Motion graphics

Galaxy
Rachael Cattel
Digital illustration

Growing Up Triptych
Christopher Galindez
Screenprint on padded fabric
Bill Waters woke up at 6:01am. This was exactly one minute later than he was supposed to wake up. To you or me, this would hardly have been a big deal, but time was everything to Bill Waters. On his apartment wall, he had a framed knit sign that read “A stitch in time saves nine.” It had belonged to his grandmother. When she died and the family was purging her house of things that couldn’t be salvaged, Bill found that sign in an old cabinet. It was incredibly dusty and worn down, but he couldn’t bear to let it go. This was a long time ago.

Now, Bill Waters took this proverb to heart, and 25 years later, still lives by it. Bill was early to absolutely everything. Doctor appointment at 4pm? He’d be there at 3:45, co-pay ready to go. Date at 8pm? He’d be at your door at 7:30. He had never been late to anything in his life, and he never intended to be.

So, Bill woke up at 6:01am to begin his day. He woke up in bed next to his girlfriend. He looked at her disdainfully while she continued to sleep. She had no appreciation for time. He thought that she was becoming fat and miserable, and she thought he was becoming fat and miserable. In reality, they were both becoming fat and miserable.

You see, Bill’s luck had recently taken a sudden and ferocious nosedive. He lost his relatively cushy job at the state, and now he worked as a pizza delivery man at DiMazzio’s Italian Ristorante. It’s a nasty, steamy place that somehow stayed afloat despite its very obvious health code violations and reputation for mistreating its employees. Sadly for Bill, this was the only place within a fifty-mile radius that was hiring. It was deliver pizzas for minimum wage, or nothing.

Pizza it was.

Bill was running a full minute behind schedule, which to you or me wouldn’t be a big deal, but time was everything to Bill Waters. Everything was off by just a single beat. Bill tried rushing to put his pants on, but he accidentally got his zipper caught on the fiber of the pants and had to struggle with that for another minute. Now he was behind by two. This vicious cycle continued as Bill went through his morning rituals. The stress of being behind the clock disoriented him, and that caused him to lose even more time.

When Bill was finally was ready to begin his day, he was about 6 minutes behind schedule. This made the rest of his day searching for jobs online rather stressful. When it was time for him to leave for DiMazzio’s, he had calmed down quite a bit, but still felt like something was not right.

After suffering through his commute, Bill arrived to DiMazzio’s, only four minutes early instead of ten. This was distressing enough, but worse yet, it was a terribly busy night. It was Friday, and as you know, there’s no time like the weekend for pizza. So Bill made his delivery runs and always arrived earlier than expected.

About thirty seconds before DiMazzio’s stopped taking orders, the store received a call from out in the rich neighborhood in town, where the residents were notorious for being ill-mannered and horrible at tipping. Bill was unlucky enough to have to take the run, because technically his shift wasn’t over, and as we know, DiMazzio’s is notorious for mistreating its employees.

So Bill left, determined to arrive early and get the night over with. However, fate was not so kind to him. When Bill was almost to the rich part of town, he ran over a dead opossum that was in the road.

There was really no way around it, as both sides of the road had gaping potholes that could easily take a tire right off of a car. This caused his tire to violently explode. Bill pulled over, distressed. He was on the clock, and Frank DiMazzio was a cruel, cruel man. If Bill didn’t arrive on time, he would be greatly chastised, and possibly fired. DiMazzio’s old, Italian voice echoed in his head. “You get the pizza to the customer on time, or we’re gonna have words, meat. Understand?”

Bill, being somewhat of a handyman, was able to quickly change the tire without much issue. Thankfully, the delivery car had a spare. This whole affair took him about fifteen minutes. He was to be to the house at 10:44pm, and now is was 10:38.

Bill sped the rest of the way to the house. When Bill arrived to the house, which was gigantic and gaudy, it was apparent that a house party was occurring. Spoiled rich teenagers were outside, drinking alcohol by the pool. Bill went to the front door and rang the bell. He was greeted by a young man and a few of his cronies.

“How’s it going tonight, guys?” Bill asked affably.

“Uhm, really sorry, but you were a minute late, dude. We timed you.” The young man pointed to his watch. 10:45PM.

“Actually, sir,” Bill said, checking his watch, “It’s only 10:43pm. I’m really good about time.”

“Dude, my watch says 10:45. You’re late. I’m not paying for this crap if it’s late.”

Bill leered at the young man for a few moments. “I’ve never been late to anything in my life, sir,” he said.
The young man was wearing a fancy polo shirt. His watch was shiny. It could have been chrome. It could have even been platinum. His shoes appeared to be brand new. They were white with not so much as a single spot of dirt on them. The young man stood there, with his fingers still pointing to the watch.

“That pie’s on the house man, you were late. So we’ll be taking that.”

DiMazzo’s store policy was if a pizza arrives late, it was free. It was painted on the side of the delivery car. A minute late and it’s on the house!

The young man stepped forward and grabbed the box, but Bill yanked it away.

“Listen, kid. I’ve had a long, long day,” Bill laughed uncomfortably. “Let’s not do this. I’m not late, I’m actually never late, I’ve never been late to anything in my whole life, so please just pay me for the pizza, and I’ll get going.”

The young man looked agitated. “Didn’t you hear me, jackass? I said I’m not paying. You were late.” He pointed to his watch yet again.

And that was the moment where Bill Waters snapped. Nobody could ever accuse Bill Waters, to who time was everything, of being late. It was just too much for him to handle. Like a self-assembling tent, his building anger and stress snapped itself from its constraints and let loose into its full form within his belly and came flying out of his mouth.

“You little bastards realize how much work and time really goes into a pizza?” The teenagers looked at him, baffled. “Well, first off, somebody needs to knead the dough—wait! Before that, somebody needs to make the dough.” Bill opened the pizza box, grabbed a slice, and began to casually pluck off slices of pepperoni and toss them in his mouth.

“After that, sauce has to be made. Sauce is made from tomatoes. Tomatoes don’t just appear, you see, they have to be grown. Some poor farmer has to break his goddamn back to get these tomatoes out from the ground all intact, and even if he doesn’t break his back, he’s sitting on a tractor for God-knows how many hours. And all the spices, too. Spice doesn’t just magically appear in a field. It’s imported, from all over the world. Across oceans. People have to sail or fly across the ocean to get that spice here.”

The students continued to stare in confused silence.

“Oh, and then, cheese! First, you need a cow. You need a momma cow, then you need that momma cow to squeeze milk out of her udders. Who do you think does that? Some poor guy who probably makes next to nothing. Then, that milk has to become cheese.” Bill paused for a moment. “I don’t quite know the logistics behind that specific scientific process, but I can almost guarantee some poor guy has to go through Hell to get the milk into cheese, is what I’m trying to say.”

The students remained speechless. Bill’s voice began to rise.

“So now we’ve got cheese, dough, and sauce. After it’s been driven across God-knows-where to the pizza shop, the pizza chefs have to make the pizza. They work all damn day and all damn night in a hot, steamy kitchen putting out pizzas like a friggin’ assembly line.” Bill had taken another slice of pepperoni and put it in his mouth.

“And finally, you have me. You have the pizza delivery man. I used to have it all you know. A lovely girlfriend. A well paying job. Now I drive all around this city until god-awful late hours of the night, bringing pies out to ungrateful little pieces of crap like you. I’d say that you guys got the better end of the deal, huh?”

The young man looked stunned. He started to open his mouth to say something, but Bill wouldn’t let him. Bill picked the last piece of pepperoni off the slice and flicked it into his mouth.

“So here’s what I’m going to do to your pizza, partner.” Bill took the pizza and placed it on the ground, positioning it underneath the rear-left tire of the delivery car. He got into the car, turned the keys and started the engine, and put the car in neutral. He put the emergency brake on, and slammed his right foot on the gas as hard as he could.

The car began to rotate violently counter-clockwise in a sloppy circle. The tires screeched and smoked as Bill peeled out on the pizza, and the cardboard box was utterly destroyed in the process. Bill looked in his rearview and saw bits of marinara sauce and cheese fly violently into the group of teenagers’ faces. They all flinched as it hit their skin. They looked absolutely horrified with their jaws dropped, but they didn’t say a word.

Continued online
Lord Brahma
Tina Mahadan
Watercolor

Circus
Alyssa Schaff
Linocut
Welcome to Mississippi, where the white flags flames, and drains the hot springs
Lady Cahir came riding, the waterfall opened the aroma of bones
Ham, peas, carrots, a dangerous lava
Burns the silver horse of freedom.

Creationism and the right hand of light
a fork is bright, it cuts in spite
From a brick laid oven, wrath of the knight
dinner for two, the vessel and the mate

Steam rises, the gentle ship capsizes
and we seek a recue from a lost pie crust crumble
a simple tear at our sleeve a new flag is born

one last frantic wave
PEACE
HOLD
White cloth avenge us

The Steel Trident takes the last bite.

Peace and ham pot pies
Shianne Dierkes
We smile and experience internal bliss, until dark
unbeknownst things orbit
into our light
We fight the seduction of cynicism because of hope
But yet if we look into our souls we’ll all find a bit of
darkness that creates
beautiful things
We breathe in, we breather out
Our eyelids flutter open with hopes of seeing
beauty in inconspicuous things
our heart has yet to conceive
We sip poison; love
Without it we grow weary and our minds wither
With it we thrive and do the unimaginable
Some of us dream of a constant light, that’ll pull us
out of the abyss that has
become a pool for our thoughts
Otherwise; we face emptiness eclipsing our souls,
every time we begin our
perpetual pursuit of happiness, and gravity seizing
our smiles, confining our
eternal bliss

Warped Ones
Destani Collins
The Guest House
Liz Puckey
Pen and ink with Photoshop

Alexandra Lauren
Olivia Sullivan
Mixed media
Rough Sensuality
Rachael Bushey
Woodcut

Blue Monk
Brendan Potts
Ink, color pencil and collage
Relics
Jackie Zysk
Linocut

Sticks & Stones
Andrew Parkes
Graphic design
Untitled
Karina Vasquez

I’ll be waiting
I wanted to check
To diagnose you
Looking for somebody special
I don’t know what it’s called
Krabby Patty and Lemonade
In New York it’s very normal for that
It’s like a tradition
I was gonna punch him in the nose right now
For me no
It wasn’t a big deal
There’s a wig in the toilet
Poor girl
He knew what he was doing
I lost three months in that
Now like that too low
I can’t stop staring at his pimple
And what else
Way Out
Amelia Morgan
Digital photography

Previous page
Age and Beauty
Olivia Sullivan
Monoprints

Crash
Ariel Smullen
Digital photography
Odorless, colorless, tasteless. Wet wet water. Water is wet. Wettest water is best, or feels the best. Clean water tastes delicious or tastes like nothing. Saliva is water or is made up of water. Sweat is composed of water...eventually or at one point. Dirty water is still wet, with more bits and pieces, with more than three molecules. Thinking about three old apple cores floating in a puddle. Birds flocking down to gobble up leftover bits. Apples and water and saliva and dirty birds.

What exactly is water? Everyone always assumes that water is what it is. But actually, we are water, with water, or without what we are...we are wet. Think about that, I have no idea what molecules are. What exactly are molecules? Why do I shower in molecules, that when combined to flow down a designed path to precise destinations will erode rocks? Will water erode me? Aren’t I made of water? Are my insides eroded? Rock beds along riversides look completely different today then they did a million freaking years ago. How cool. In a million years will water erode my insides? Rivers erode these ginormous fossilized rocks...dinosaurs couldn’t even do that. Why can water? Is it because it’s wet?

I’m going in circles, but it’s so tempting to keep going. Is it because it doesn’t taste like anything? What if water tasted like something...there’s an idea! Water tasting like sweet cocoa beans; would sweet cocoa beans then all of a sudden taste like nothing, or taste like water? I thought water was nothing? What actually defines water? Just because it has physical properties and molecules stripped of impurities, can that really label what it is? Water binds things, binds them together. It loves and dissolves mistakes by washing away evidence. Therefore, it bullies me. I’ll bottle it then drink it all, so it can love and bully my insides. Silly water.

How about I define it: wet stuff used by all. It’s just stuff, no arguing. I hate people who argue. They are dirty water. Most water is dirty, it’s so hard to get it pure, but water in New Zealand is handsome. It’s so clean. I’m jealous of that water, like how I’m jealous of Kona Deep. Water is a humanoid. It can exist what it hungers to be. Water can be icy (like humans unfortunately). Fire is an understatement, because water takes care of it. Take that fire! Unique snowflakes, snowfalls, snowstorms: they are in the world of wet and feel classy. Each snowflake gets “dressed” in their latest gown. Beautiful water wetting the tip of my nose. You also have those gross classless snowflakes that spread germs. the germy things in life can’t dance well. They fall on my nose and make me cringe. I only go dancing with the wet classy things. Dasani makes lovely snowflakes.

Seriously though, water is beautiful. It can’t be ugly. ugly is always beauty. Water loves putting on cherry apple lipstick, with a small hint of red rose undertones. I’m watered by these colors. My relief, my desire...same thing, thrilling, water is thrilling. What water is not? Impossible to define. Water is everything. I’m proud to say I’m H2O filled! It’s drastic, I know, like small intoxicated butter-flies drowning; Drip, drip...drIP. PLop. Drop, wet. Wet water wonderlands. Buds, life, love. Water loves, lives, and is alive. Always presentness.

Wonderland Built by Water
Mackenzie Riley

Wrath
Lindsey Wood
Digital photography
Out There
Alyssa Schaff
Mixed media

Travel Game Kiosk - Victoria Train Station
Kara Mathews
Cardboard and paper model
Deer Mask
Sarah A. Williams
Mixed media

Nightmare Part 2
Victoria C. Shave
Photo manipulation
Dea Matrona
Patrick Cuthbert
Paint and pen

Waste Infographic (Stills)
Andrew Parkes
Motion graphic
Tangled Movie Poster
Hailey Verenini
Digital illustration

Previous page
The Armory - Sage Bookstore
Liz Puckey
Interior design

Lion
Melody Mead
Digital illustration
If you morphed the channels?
Nena Cummings

If you’re ordering it today,
Viewer discretion is advised.
What you can and can’t show on Television and Internet
Find out if what people are experiencing is out of the ordinary.
Looks right to the time period.
This is an intimidating atmosphere.
There is no end to the injustice!
Never follow the same results.
Well this wasn’t called for!
This...is the calm before the storm.
I have so many things to say...
Somebody’s at the window,
And then there’s a murder and he gets arrested.
I’m sexy and I know it!
That’s my son!
It’s much more convincing you than them.
Eventually, the lion gives up.
His best players may be freshmen and sophomores.
Girls run their fingers through their hair all the time.
I really love the songs!
I could literally care less about someone’s opinion when we’ve been doing this for years!
Food brings people together.
I am here with Aldous Snow.
You got a concussion on that teacup ride when you were six!

That was our secret!
Oh right, that makes perfect sense, turn right go left.
A symbol of deep-seated racism.
You’re funny man.
“Life is so hard!” “I know, and you’re just a beginning woman.”
I told him I was pregnant and engaged.
Like it’s so awkward.
And they’re back with their families.
And I knew in my heart that someday we’d be together again.
That’s it, that’s the top of the building right there,
And it’s so beautiful.
Get happy, get Geico!
To get you back on top of your game,
Woulda kicked my ass!
That’s one hot deal...
OMG look at that bag!
And it’s so beautiful!
Okay that was crazy, I didn’t expect that
Very nice touch, very nice
Positively entertaining
I’d be set for life.
Well...that explains it!
It’s all over
Mozart
Christine Woods
Oil on board

Letter Forms Study
Jason Carnegie
Graphic design
Reflect
Ariel Smullen
Digital photography

Breath
Amanda Miller
Raku ceramic
The room is so loud
But nobody’s there
Nobody cares about
Your Hair,
Your Air,
Your Prayers,
You can’t be anything when locked in Solitude
Nobody follows you
Dork, Loser, Fat ass, Faggot
One day he had it
Grabs the pistol out of dad’s jacket
Feels viable reason to jack it
Sticks it in his waistband behind his back pocket
Walls down to the courts where all the cool kids
rock it
He cocked it
Let off four mid sentence
Left the bullies on the floor now he’s begging for
repentance
But that’s the irony when you kill off people who
bother you
Left himself in everlasting Solitude.

Solitude
DJ Poole
Concrete in this peculiar creation,
Existing to sense fortune,
Silver-tongued beams of daydreams,
Sanctification into plumbs of time,
Reaching astral pits,
New with flashes of incandescent remains.

**Lucid**
Alexa Potter
Sheldon
Kathryn Dahlgren
Digital illustration

When the smoke settles, the heroes can rest
Alicia Dyke
Intaglio
Tubricate

Words: Lubricate
Harley Bleitzhofer
Graphic design

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Universal Cell
Patrick Cuthbert
Paint and pen

Curve: The Concept Bar
Elisabeth Morreale
SketchUp and Photoshop
Between the Earth and Sky
Krystal Hinckley
Digital photography

Autumn Sunflowers
Kelly Ann Raver
Soft pastel
Hunger Games Title Sequence (Stills)
Andrew Parkes
Motion graphics
**Pink Slime Gourmet**
Kelly Ann Raver
Graphic design

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Christine Woods
Oil on canvas

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Liz Puckey
Pen and ink
Feast
Marisa Cavanaugh
Graphic design

Marie Antoinette (Still)
Jess Ward
Motion graphics

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Chelsea Weber
Archival inkjet print
Empty
Brian Williams
Digital photography

Still Life
Lindsay Millett
Oil on canvas
The Winter of the Butterfly’s Journey
Raul Ramirez Fuentes

'A masterwork—Fuentes weaves an incredible tale of longing, hope and fury.'

Book Cover
Chelsea Meissner
Graphic design

Cave of Wonder
Mariah Feulner
Photography
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We would like to give thanks to all the students who submitted to *Vernacular*. Without them, we would not have a book. We also give our thanks to Benchmark Printing, who have been nothing but accommodating. Without their service, you would not be holding this book in your hands. Finally, we also give thanks to our faculty advisor, Chris St. Cyr. His guidance and insight helped us to deliver nothing but the best. Thank you all once again for another successful edition of *Vernacular*!