

# TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present

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Article 1

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2023

## TYGR 2023 Issue

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et al.: TYGR 2023 Issue

V O L  
U M E  
2 0 2 3

# TYGR

S T U D E N T  
A R T     A N D  
L I T E R A R Y  
M A G A Z I N E

**OLIVET NAZARENE UNIVERSITY**



V O L  
U M E  
2 0 2 3

# TYGR

S T U D E N T  
A R T         A N D  
L I T E R A R Y  
M A G A Z I N E

**Olivet Nazarene University**  
One University Ave  
Bourbonnais, IL 60914

**The Department of Art and Digital Media**  
in collaboration with **The English Department**

Cover Art:  
**Raquel Gonzalez**

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# TYGR STAFF

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**OLIVIA LEID**

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**K O L E  
EL-TALABANI**

**K A I T L Y N  
T I B B E T T S**

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**I S A B E L L A  
B R A D Y**

**R E B E C C A  
L I N H A R D T**

**E M M A  
E D E N S**

**D O R R I E N  
M A P E S**

As humans, we are shaped by stories. Each artist and writer has the power to shape minds and form worlds through the power of the written word or visual medium. That is the reason we create - to tell stories. Whether it be about a stranger or our own lives, everyone has a story worth telling. We all have thoughts, emotions, and memories that work their way into our being. Stories make us who we are today and give us a chance to offer something to the world and to the people who made our stories possible. Each of our artists, poets, writers, and beloved readers have a story worth sharing.

With the finalization of this TYGR, we came to appreciate the work and dedication of each member of our team. TYGR would not exist without the effort and talent of the writers and artists within these pages. Thank you for being a storyteller. Thank you for sharing a piece of yourself with the world.

We would also like to graciously thank our staff, each of whom has put in considerable time and effort in making this year's TYGR magazine a reality. Thank you to Professors Seals and Hoag for your support, patience, and guidance throughout this process. Each of you has contributed a necessary part to the completeness of this TYGR.

Last but not least, we would like to thank you, our dear readers. You are the reason for this magazine, and why our team can keep bringing you impactful stories. May this TYGR deepen the depths of our experience and unfold new horizons. May it express the laughter, loss, joy, and beauty of life. These things are what make us human and shape our stories.

So, take a deep breath, relax, and enjoy this part of our story.

# F R O M T H E EDITORS

SHANNON      RAJCHEL  
K A L E I D O S C O P I C  
K H L O R I N E  
2      0      2      3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
2400 X 3600 PIXELS

## TYGER

william blake

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? And what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

MARISSA      HOEPPNER  
A      DOOR      TO  
ANOTHER      WORLD  
2      0      2      3  
DIGITAL      ARTWORK  
3300 X 4200 PIXELS

## NARNIA

naomi h. mcmahan

Giving a solitary speech in the middle of the concrete floor. Rubbing a mini duck between my fingers, naming it Miracle in the hopes it will become one. "I am a teenage..." Duck? Human? Platypus? What am I, again? "I am a teenage... caterpillar!" Did I botch the audition? It didn't matter; they welcomed me like they already loved me, and that meant everything. At least I tried.

My nervousness was worth it. Here I am, in another world, surrounded by strangers. Our rehearsals together grow our friendship. The play becomes our lives. Our task brings us together:

for His glory, not our own. The magic forms us into a family.

I am asked to do things I thought I was incapable of: hold very still, become devilish, daily murder my friend, say no to invitations, let my grades suffer, sacrifice precious sleep. All in the name of theater. It taught me that I could.

Leaving begins with tears. Thinking about that day I was a teenage platypus... no, caterpillar. Now I'm a Tree, and I'm proud of it. A magical Tree that dances for her King in a wintry forest. A Tree that bears her leaves proudly, wherever she might walk.

At the closing show in our magical world, we look into our family's eyes and say, "You did great." "You changed my life." "Don't forget me."

I suppose you can't stay in magic forever. It's only meant to teach you a lesson and send you on your way. That lesson was the caterpillar, and my new family, and that I could. That lesson was that we had to leave the magic, but we could bring it with us, cradled in our souls. Because once a king or queen, always a king or queen, and that, perhaps, is the deepest magic of all.





LINNEA, MY ROOMIE

naomi h. mcmaahan

Sh(even tho) e (arly)

S t

r e t

C h(um) ES(cape)

Li(c)k(ing-clean)e A

T

an(Lin)d go(ing)

(rol)es b(e)a(uty) ck(rackers)

2..

S

L

e

e

P

# DAWN

lillian roberson

And just like that  
a magnolia was blooming.

As if the day before had not been just one more episode in a saga  
that's dragged on too long, a story of a bleak existence that no one  
really wants to hear especially not the main character.

It was a stormy night, following on the heels of a stormy day that  
was the tenth or twelfth consecutively at least  
and there was no good reason why when the empty early morning  
silence was replaced by the rising agitation of an inglorious dawn,  
the first omen to mark the day was

a magnolia tree blooming bright  
against a slate-toned thundering sky.



MARISSA      HOEPPNER  
RISING   IN   THE   EAST  
2      0      2      3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
6000 X 4000 PIXELS

# TREATY OF FALLACIES

madison thompson

When an abuser's power is taken away  
They will do anything to control me again  
Do not tell me I am cold hearted for not giving it back

When an abuser's power is taken away  
They make treaties filled with fallacies  
Do not tell me it is my job to accept it

When an abuser's power is taken away  
They will tell everyone it was my fault  
Do not tell me that I could've changed the outcome

When an abuser's power is taken away  
It is the hardest thing to remind myself  
That I do not owe them anything



MADISON		THOMPSON	
TREATY	OF	FALLACIES	
2	0	2	2
DIGITAL		ART	
3FT	X	3FT	





MARISSA      HOEPPNER  
SNOW      ON      SAND  
2      0      2      3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
4000 X 6000 PIXELS

## PATIENCE SLOWLY SET MY MIND FREE

chase negley

Patience upon patience, the wait leaves me shaking inside. I know I can't rush the healing, so patience upon patience is where my health and peace reside. If I just take care of this wound, that is my brain and broken heart, my life which I can't imagine will prosper, so with patience upon patience, I will let it be. Letting time combined with wisdom won't save this whole damned world, but with patience upon patience, my saving grace, it may just be.

# WHY YOU SHOULD STAY AWAY

kaitlyn tibbetts

my eyes  
are        *so heavy*  
i have to carry them  
in big, purple bags  
and those bags  
are        *so heavy*,  
my arms are falling off  
from the weight  
and with my arms  
              on the  
              ground  
i have to kick them  
              around  
with my legs  
to *keepthemclosetome* —  
and with all that kicking  
my legs  
get *so worn out*  
i have to  
      drag  
          my feet  
to get along  
and with all that dragging  
the soil  
behind  
      me  
is all torn up by  
my soles . . .  
      and don't even start with me  
      on souls —  
      i'm just as worn  
      by that interior load.  
          (not that i'd ever  
          let you [try to] carry it)

et al.: TYGR 2023 Issue

JOSIAH    C.    FOX  
MORNING            FOG  
2        0        2        2  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
2448   X   3264   PIXELS





## A WONDERFUL LITTLE LADY

chase negley

Oh, what a wonderful little lady, I'm so lucky to get to call her my mama. Ain't a bad bone in her body, she's never hurt nobody, for she has a funny little heart of gold. She'll bamboozle you in good nature, she has no one else to entertain her, my sister and I moved away, and both our daddies are dead. Her playful nature lets her still have fun, you'd never guess it, but this year she'll turn seventy-one. Laughing is her medicine, and she's always dodged most illness, for she takes the task of play upon herself. She doesn't ever mean no harm, just gets a little rise from a stranger here and there, it's neither here nor there. I sure count my blessings, for I'm the lucky man to call that angel my mama, she never fails to get the last word in and tell me "Love you more." She has lost three husbands, not sure after the tragic one first if the others loved her right, she deserved more, but she seems to sleep alright. Hear me when I say she may only be five feet tall, but she's as strong as an ox. The weight of her burdens never stood a chance with her vigor for life and that funny little heart of gold. She may not know all them book learnins, but her repertoire runs deep. She can tell you all about how to be kind and to love one another, she's the kindest soul I know. How lucky am I since I'm her baby boy. It flows like water, the pride I carry inside, and God told me Himself, it ain't boastful to say she's number one.

RAQUEL	GONZALEZ		
WHEN	IT	ALL	FADES
2	0	2	1
DIGITAL	SOFT	PASTEL	
24FT	X	18FT	



LAUGHING  
IS HER MEDICINE

JOTHAM      DRAYTON  
BRIGHT SIDE OF THE MOON  
2      0      2      3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
6000 X 4000 PIXELS

## MOONBEAMS

emily grisham

Every night I see her dancing in my dreams.  
Her hair flows like moonbeams,  
Her dress dappled with stars.  
She slowly turns to face me,  
Tears lining her lashes  
Before pirouetting off on pointed toes.

Every night is the same dance in the light  
It's always such a sight  
Dancing ballet in silence  
I want to talk to her  
And ask for her name  
But I cannot speak, and she smiles sadly.

Every night I watch her patiently in turn  
Her soul calling out in yearn  
Looking for someone not there.  
One night she collapsed at my feet,  
Weeping silently yet gracefully  
Beads of stars falling on the floor

Every night her dance is changing,  
Adapting, and morphing  
Pantomiming the story of her loss  
They were shining and bright  
Flowing cape a radiant sunset,  
Wrapping around the two when they danced

Every day they danced and every night she danced  
Chasing each other in circles, romanced  
In this eternal interlude  
One night they vanished,  
She, left alone,  
Kept her fouettés to herself



Every night after I heard of her sad tale  
She still continued to dance without fail  
And I mourned with her grief.  
When the nights ended  
She left like always,  
So I searched for her love, unrequited.

Every night I find nothing and no one  
I have lost count of how much she spun  
Sadly I tell her the news  
Slowly stopping in her tracks  
She reaches for my hand,  
And smiled sadly.

Every night she stopped showing up in my dreams  
I never saw her flowing hair of moonbeams  
Or stars flowing off her in waves.  
Her goodbye was fresh and burning  
But her gift never left me,  
Their story, engraved deep in my soul.

## DREAMS FROM THE CAVERN WALL

ash aurig

Beyond a world you beg to keep,  
Beyond the whispering fireside,  
Fall into the ancient starlit cave  
Rebirth and ruin await

If lucky, pray you see the nymph  
Shimmering in the spring flowers, unchained  
Ankles click with each willowy sway  
Each clod of soil labouring to release my dancer,  
Marking her birth with a grave.

Tensed joints, reigned in with a sinless pride  
A thousand tendons begging to be free  
What ten millions of hand that steal  
In the city far beyond the glade of trees  
Taught her mouth to redden and crust with blood?  
My swaying mist-maiden lusts not for an unnatural meat  
(Poisoned water showed lithe fingers to slash and sharpen her teeth)

Would she accept each gift, hold me safe as her own,  
If I turned to slaughter the predators  
Sear their eyes with my sword?  
Or would my warrior weapon desecrate her meadow home,  
Set her choir of wildflowers alight  
Send her deer into motion, her flocks of dark birds into flight?

A fool trusts the prey-eyes of my elf-maid not to burn bright  
Infused with hubris innate in man am I  
Never would a sinner reach their fingers for the woodland sprite  
But  
Only lovers risk the fear of the hunted and their infecting bite

When they tell that ashen remains  
Lie eaten  
(Decaying)  
Underneath the charred bending oak  
In my wildfire meadow tumbling down to the lake  
Do not search for my body, eaten by worms  
My chest stilled forever  
Or my crumbling bones covered in burns

You may see their eyes speak  
Wounded lies  
Unsoftened into a clay flower,  
Pinching until I broke  
Buried in pots of a few fearful hearts  
Watching the tempest that washed and tore me away

Here they sing dirges for the living  
In favour of the dead creature behind me  
Never meeting with the soil to ask how my soul has fled  
Weeping for someone withered and mended  
Recreated in some other spirit's fluttering light

My heart is uncaged  
The mist-queen sweeping through the night, unscathed  
I follow in her dancing flowered footsteps, flowers spring from her hooves

Sufficeth to say: caught in the net of her quickened eye  
Sufficeth to pray: on my weakening knees she steals my life  
Sufficeth to sing: tragic tales of her lyrical breath  
Liquifies my lungs with the consuming mold  
Stealing my flesh, melting my soul in the kiln  
So the wild spirit of old comes and makes a new creature out of me



JOTHAM DRAYTON . THE LIFE OF REPHAEL .2023 . PHOTOGRAPHY . 4249 X 2833 PIXELS



JOTHAM DRAYTON . THE GOAL OF LIFE . 2023 . PHOTOGRAPHY . 5113 X 3449 PIXELS

## RUNNING

aaron curtis

The last lace tightened around my foot.  
Grounding me, securing me, strapping me in for  
For the next 4 miles with a crack and a push, we were off  
Yet a question remained.

The moisture from our lungs clung to the air  
Our feet stamped the ground as we jostled and jolted  
Blurs of green, red and blue fell behind as I ran ahead  
Yet a question remained

The question wasn't training.  
I'd done that well.  
The question wasn't shoes  
These were brand new.  
There was a commotion behind and  
I returned to the race  
Yet a question remained

We ran past squirrels up in their lofts and  
White fences defending their turf  
We rounded a bend and a checkered banner stared me in the face  
Yet a question remained.

As the ribbon crossed my chest the question hit my mind.  
Was I running toward a goal  
Or away from something worse

Now as the medal rounded my shoulders  
Another question remained.



RAQUEL		GONZALEZ	
YOU'RE	MY	WISH	
COME		TRUE	
2	0	2	1
DIGITAL	SOFT	PASTEL	
18IN	X	24IN	

## EVERYONE FEELS SOMETHING

aaron curtis

Everyone feels something. But never me.  
You're all alone can I sit in this Seat?  
The pain pops up at the worst times you see.

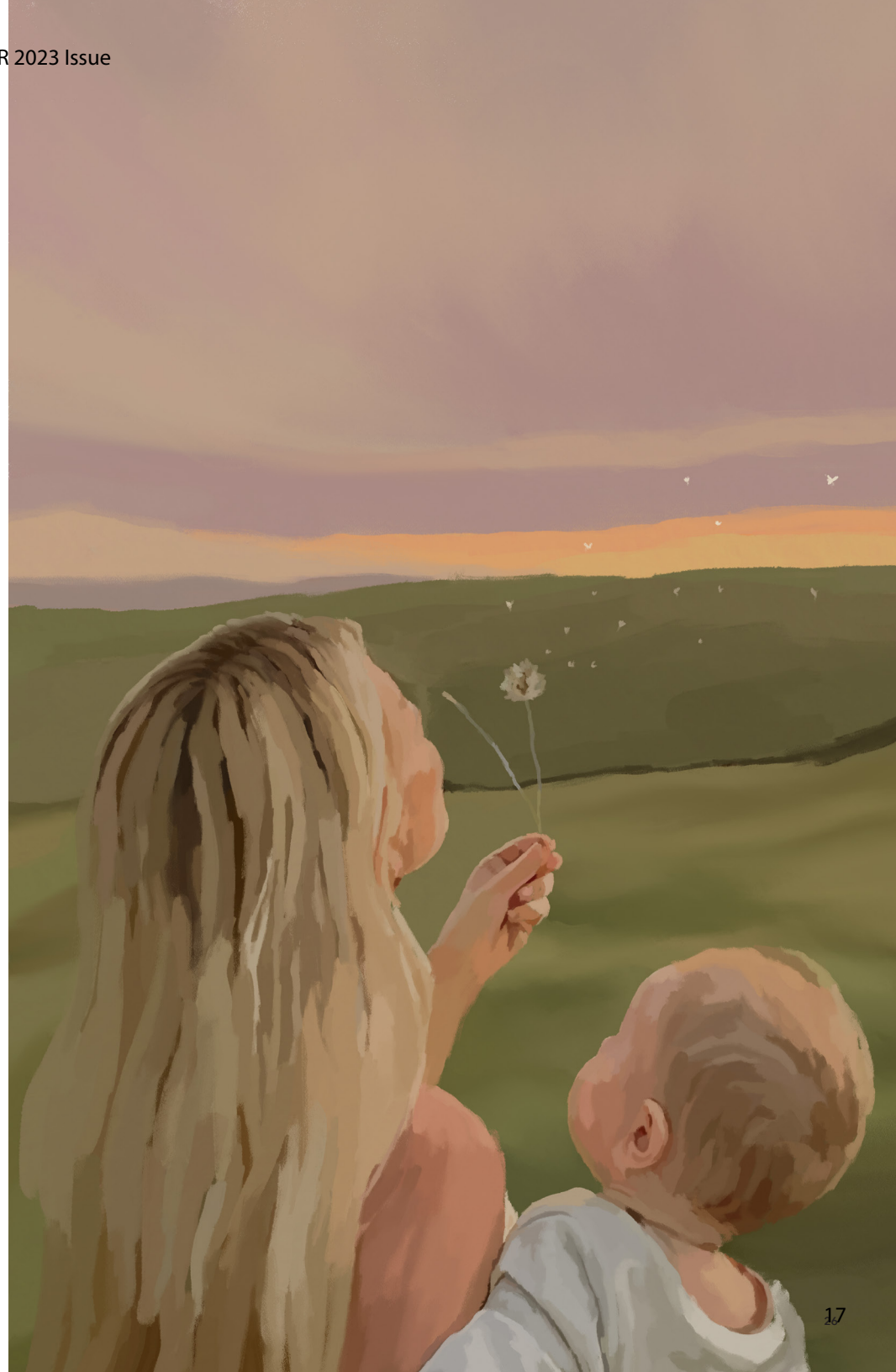
I've been where you are with nowhere to flee  
And think why am I here? I can't compete  
Everyone feels something. But never me

I think back to the swing on the birch tree  
on that day, I wish to never repeat.  
The pain pops up at the worst times you see.

Our emotions are dead like a banshee.  
They are hard to explain, never concrete.  
Everyone feels something. But never me.

Don't isolate. They will not hear your plea.  
You'll feel alone, abandoned, obsolete.  
The pain pops up at the worst times you see.

You're six. I'm twenty-one. I don't think either of us will understand until we're thirty-three.  
I'm always here to listen. The ability to talk to one's younger self was a treat.  
Everyone feels something but never me.  
The pain pops up at the worst times you see.



## THE PAIR REFUSED TO FALL

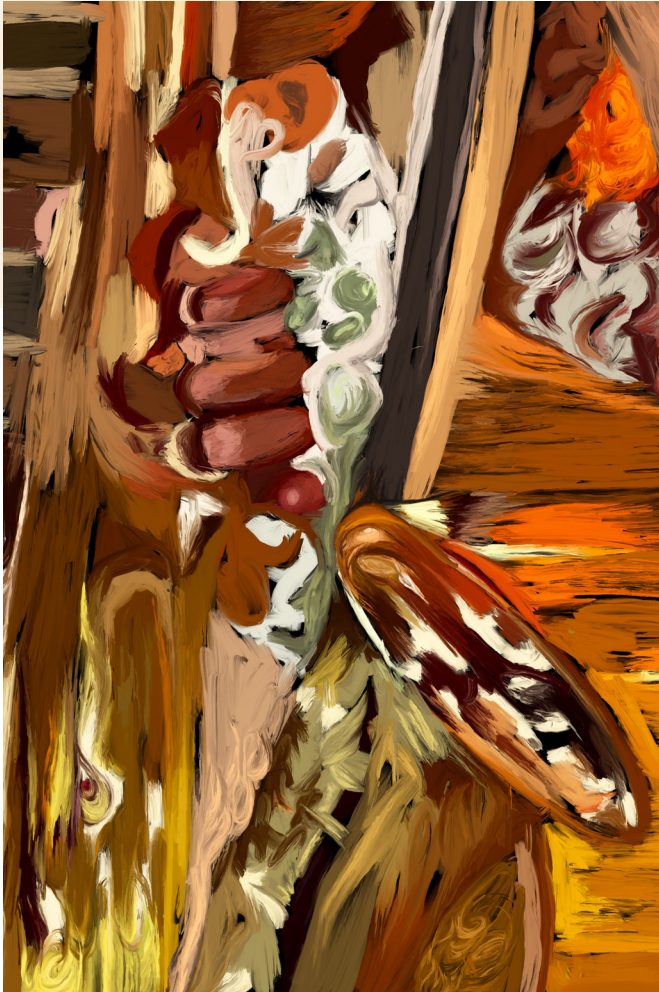
dorrien i. mapes

Be Beast or Man  
Rage or Religion  
Bluchers blade  
Or fires flame  
The Pair Refused to Fall.

Vicious bite  
Or switches' swat  
From calf to cross  
Dog to moss  
The Pair Refused to Fall.

Come strong wind  
Or rapid rivers  
Bloody battles or  
Blistering blizzards  
The Pair Refused to Fall.

on anything for anyone  
at any time or anywhere  
they simply would never dare.  
before their own loss of love  
The Pair Refused to Fall.



OLIVIA	LEID
STICKY	KEYS
2	0
2	3
DIGITAL	PAINTING
24IN	X 36IN

# CHRIST IS THE SUN

rachael devries

Christ is the Sun on a frozen prairie  
Where all is dead and cold  
Icy hearts so ornery  
Are melted all to gold

Christ is the Sun on a frozen field  
Like grasses stretching high  
If your evil heart you'll yield  
He'll sweep you to the sky

Christ is the Sun on a frozen plain  
On winter waging war  
Hallelujah Jesus reigns  
Satan crushed forevermore



SHANNON	RAJCHEL
FREEDOM	COLLAGE
2	0
2	2
P H O T O G R A P H Y	
3000	X 2400 PIXELS

ICY HEARTS  
SO ORNERY  
A R E  
MELTED ALL  
TO GOLD





SHANNON      RAJCHEL  
TEXTURES   OF   SIESTA  
2      0      2      3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
2400   X   3600   PIXELS

## ON FIRE

brooklyn marshall

The day has gone haywire.  
Anxieties conspire.  
Been hit amidst the crossfire.  
My plans begin to backfire.  
The fear feels like barbed wire.  
But God's great love, I admire.  
Put on his armored attire.  
Our battles were won prior.  
Jesus- our justifier.  
Let stress and worry expire.  
His plans for us are higher,  
For God is our supplier.  
Seeking God- my desire.  
His peace we can acquire,  
For our faith is on fire.

## JOINING THE STARS

emily grisham

Joining stars amidst puffs of clouds  
Achieving the special peace  
I can never seem to achieve

Leaving my human flesh behind  
To dance with gentle lights  
getting a chance at a reprieve

The stars above seem so high  
And shared among us all  
Always wondering how to measure up

One in a crowd of many  
Seemingly unspecial  
Beating hearts refusing to pump

Sharing secrets with the stars  
Tears falling wordlessly against cheeks  
The stars never fail to listen back



JOTHAM      DRAYTON  
THE FATE OF A PIRATE  
2      0      2      3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
5773 X 3849 PIXELS

I THOUGHT  
THAT IF I HAD  
GLOWING SKIN  
AND YOU  
COULD SEE  
MY RIBS...  
THAT IT WOULD  
BE ENOUGH  
FOR YOU TO STAY

## FULL AND SWEET

raquel gonzalez

it was the pretty and the pleasure  
the perfection to measure.  
every inch  
every hair  
every stroke of paint on my face  
was all an effort  
to be loved.

i thought that if i had glowing skin  
and you could see my ribs  
no wrinkle  
no stain  
no reason to change  
that it would be enough  
for You to stay

so i sacrificed the chocolate i loved  
and ate like a child.  
went the extra mile  
did another set  
drank the pills  
hoping it would  
make me beautiful to You.

and as it hurt, and I felt the pain  
of what it cost to be her,  
i lost my soul  
and the will  
to live another day  
and i watched me break  
into a million pieces.

but the more i walk with You  
the more i see  
Your grace  
Your gentleness  
is holding onto me  
no need to strive for that love  
because i found it in You.

You fed me Your love  
and because of it i am full.  
it is sweet  
it is soft  
it is all i need.  
so don't let go of me  
because in You, i am finally free.

# OUT OF AIR

elizabeth treadway

Depression  
Feels like  
Running out of air.  
Like you are walking  
Alone  
In the dark  
Without a destination in mind.  
Waiting  
For your lungs to be filled  
And the lights to turn back on.  
For a hand to reach out and hold  
To be pulled out from the darkness.

MICAH                      NEELD  
D R I V I N  
2        0        2        3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
1080 X 1620 PIXELS







MARISSA HOEPPNER . SEAGULL AT SUNRISE . 2023 . PHOTOGRAPHY . 6000 X 4000 PIXELS



MARISSA HOEPPNER . SNOWY EGRET . 2023 . PHOTOGRAPHY . 6000 X 4000 PIXELS

## DISTANT MEMORIES

ava r. gorman

The balloons fly into the sky  
Like distant memories  
That float away as time goes by  
As in your reveries

But hazy is this distant dream  
That is so far away  
For times of innocence now seem  
To have been led astray

For dark is the shadow of time  
So colorless and gray  
As over time, with dirt and grime  
Old memories decay

A childhood full of memories  
Yet so few still remain  
To act as old serenities  
To ease your future pain

You reach out for them, arms up high  
Wanting to hold them fast  
But know that even if they die  
Their impact will still last



SHANNON      RAJCHEL  
SHADOW      STEPS  
2      0      2      3  
P H O T O G R A P H Y  
2400 X 3600 PIXELS

## KNOCK KNOCK

tate j. walters

I stood, bracing myself against the hotel door as multiple loud bangs shook it, filling the room with noise. My ears rang as I locked the door and grabbed a nearby chair to barricade the room. I moved, holding my head in pain, towards the center of the room. I looked into the mirror at the man behind me, breathing heavily and nervously wiping my damp palms on my denim pants. The man was wearing a black, professional-looking suit with an American flag tie.

"Why is this happening to me?" I asked him.

"You're too important. They can't keep you alive. You're too much of a danger to them. You know too much."

I let out a long, sustained groan of frustration as the knocking on my hotel door kept getting louder. I put my head in my hands because the pressure relieved some of the pain from my throbbing head. I ran over, looking through the peephole to again find no one.

"They're messing with me. They want me to think I am going crazy so that nobody believes me. They're hiding out there."

"They'll kill you if you leave the room." The man said, loading his pistol. "You have to defend yourself." He pointed towards the assault rifle on the hotel bed.

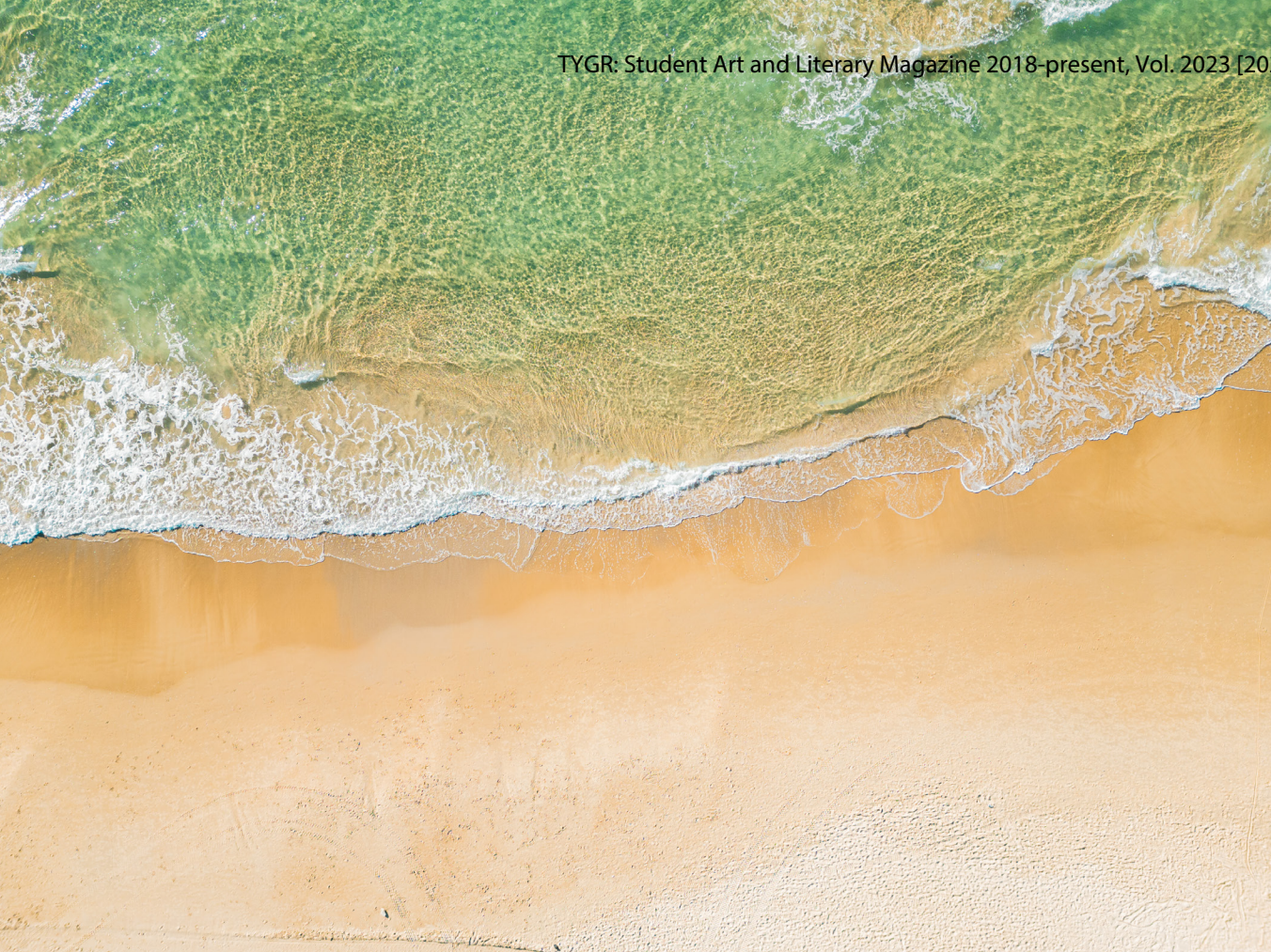
I walked towards the bed, grabbing the weapon. I knew what I had to do. As I walked to the door I knew that I had to defend myself against those who meant me harm. By this time, the knocking had stopped. I looked back to make sure that the man was with me.

There was no man. Only me.

I nudged the door open slowly, pressing the cold metal against my cheek. I knew what I could do to make the knocking stop.







## BEHIND THE BACKYARD

rachel carter

The weed-filled patio sprouts up  
after running down to the grass  
where the dead meadow starts and ends.  
It stalks and stirs—those standing sticks  
which used to be tall grass in the summer  
When it was still alive but on its deathbed  
Fallen over itself, twigs tangled in a tomb  
The trees are starting to stand alone  
as the mowers and plowers take away  
the sticks and dirt and grime in the summer  
Even though it's still alive, even though it breathes  
It was repulsive to the family—branching fingers  
reaching out to uproot our patio.  
But it was beautiful to me, all brown and prickled  
Rotting in the winter, and taking raspy breaths  
when spring returns as it sneezes dirt and dust.  
Now it's flattened, no longer a reeded, short forest  
tall for the mice and snakes within its stout trees.  
Now it's just the trees and just the dirt.  
At least we can see that hidden lake  
and the train tracks on the other side.  
It used to be hidden by our little mouse forest  
Just a pasture now—once a prairie on its knees

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THEIR PRAYERS AND EMOTIONAL  
SUPPORT DURING THE ENTIRE  
CURATION PROCESS.

MARISSA HOEPPNER FOR BEING  
SWEETER THAN THE SWISS  
CHOCOLATE SHE BROUGHT ON THE  
MOST STRESSFUL NIGHT AND FOR  
PROVIDING INVALUABLE CRITIQUE  
ON COVER CONCEPT ART.

MICAH NEED FOR BEING THE BEST  
CHEERLEADER AND SHARING HER  
CREATIVE EYE.

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