



MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE LITERARY/ARTS JOURNAL



VOICES 2018 COMMITTEE

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MISSION STATEMENT

It is the mission of *Voices* to recognize and showcase the visual arts, musical and literary talents of McHenry County College students.

Voices provides a forum for students to practice curation, jurying, editing, and technical production, which enhances the artistic experience and provides real art-world experience.

EDITORIAL STATEMENT

Voices publishes work that reflects the literary, visual, and musical points-of-view of contemporary community college students. Although *Voices* does not organize content thematically, the student editors, who are appointed annually by the faculty advisors in each discipline, select work that represents the contemporary zeitgeist of the McHenry County College community.



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BEST OF MAGAZINE

Voices 2018 is proud to announce Awards for the Best of Magazine

LITERARY:

Ethan Tarlow
A Perpetual Fight

VISUAL ART:

Rachel Garrison
Quantum Perosteus

MUSIC:

Cory Rambuski (Satch)
Richtofen

Voices wishes to acknowledge students for their excellence in literature, music and visual arts.

THE DAN RISCH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship is awarded to outstanding and promising visual art students. This Scholarship is generously funded by Dan's family and friends in memory of former MCC art student Dan Risch.

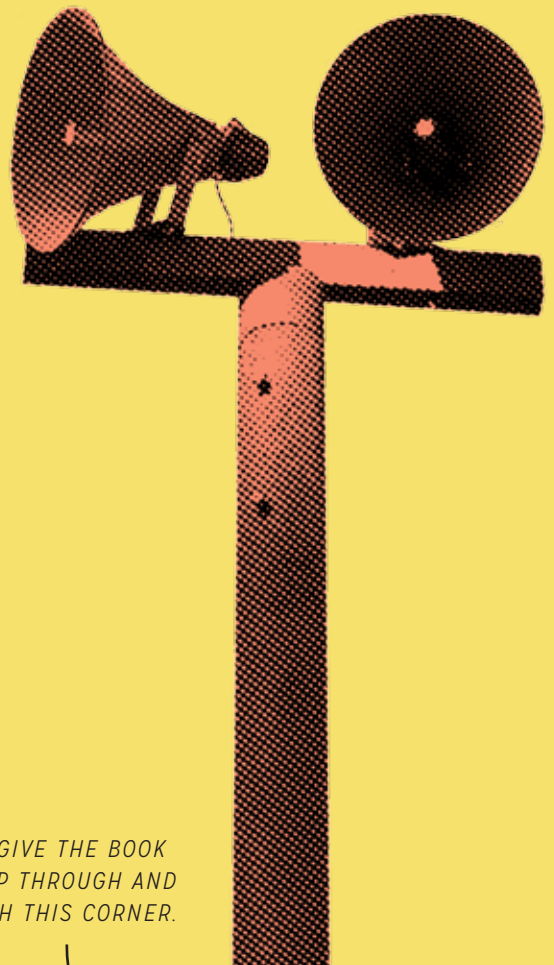
The 2018 Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship winners are:

Jaclyn Walter
Zac Brooks

MUSIC

- 1 **LILLY FERRIS** *Mr. Drama Queen*
- 2 **LILLY FERRIS** *Damaged*
- 3 **CORY RAMBUSKI (SATCH)** *Overwatch*
- 4 **MATTHEW CARTER** *Funk No. 11* by Todd Ukena
- 5 **CORY RAMBUSKI (SATCH)** *Richtofen*

To hear this year's selections go to
soundcloud.com/mcc-voices/sets/voices-2018
or simply scan the QR code below.



P.S. GIVE THE BOOK
A FLIP THROUGH AND
WATCH THIS CORNER.



A PERPETUAL FIGHT

Nothing but a lone, worn candle was lit that November. The young woman from across the street had forgotten who had lit the candle and for days left herself alone about the matter as it continued to melt. She was Alexandra, strong and beautiful. She once had strong connections with her grandfather, Fidel, but lost those connections due to her allegedly compact schedule, solely created for her once hopeful aspirations. She intended to manage in an apartment in a suburban city's downtown area, where the lights were only visible from the windows next door.

The autumn wind seemingly fought with itself as it screamed with a daunting push and pull. I could see Alexandra from my car as I pulled over to spend a night with some old and new friends at the local pizza pub down the street from her apartment. I would always see her just stare at her window, the same one I would always stare at.

Now I was no stalker. My eyes would only wander and my sight would linger once her dark silhouette could be seen. Most people would not admit to such an act, though they do it more times than they deny, because of how malicious and invasive it may seem; however, if you were there, you'd stare just as much—and if not, then longer.

As I was returning to my vehicle after an almost satisfactory night of celebration, I noticed Alexandra staring through her window, looking past all the late night fog in the glass. She wiped some of it off with her sleeve and I could see her face accompanied by what was left from the lone candle. A sudden but gradual breeze began to make its presence

known. She saw me and waved with a strong smile. We had only met twice before that wave because all young people in this area met each other at least once, but sadly not enough.

I waved back and returned into my car. Though she then couldn't see me, she was still in my vision. I couldn't help it. She looked away and tried to get a glimpse of her street's restricted illumination. She tried from all angles but it was all in vain. The light from the stars was barely palpable but they were too distant.

Then the breeze died and the strongest wind that fall fought through her window and slammed her down; then pushed her farther back to the shadowy end of the room. I was so inundated and disabled by some celebratory liquor and the confusion of the situation that night that paralysis seemed to be my condition. I just sat there and watched. I could see her, fighting against the same wind that just flew over my car. She struggled and fought as the dimly lit room began to fade into darkness. The candle was going out. And I only watched, still— still just sitting in that damned car. For a while the window was empty, void of any movement as the wind continued its invasion. Then I thought I saw a visibly white, pale hand come into view, followed by its partner. She finally reached the window and shut it with a loud bang. The attacking wind ceased but the fog returned to her window. I could no longer see her.

I sat there for a few minutes, waiting for a sign— any sign of her. But the only sight was that of the candle light making its exit through a thin line of smoke as it finally burned out.

BEST OF MAGAZINE

RACHEL GARRISON

Quantum Perosteus

OIL ON CANVAS, 40" X 26" X 1.5"



CONRAD LOBINSKY

Hot Buttered

ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 11" X 17"



THESE HANDS

I've been dining with the devil
I've been feeding him my fists
But the more punches I throw at him
The more he gives me gifts
And the more he tests my soul
Fear of death and getting old
And fear of ending up alone
And greed of money and the throne
Uncertain stories to be told
He taunts me I put down my stone
I take a breath

I open the door then I walk out the bank
Cuz I don't need a loan and don't care what you think
Goin' off on my own put my hands in the sink
And I wash off the blood from my fight in the ring
Palms are all callused and knuckles all sting
And I'm finally healing if you're wondering

And these hands,
These hands
I'm so proud of these hands
And these hands,
These hands
I've been workin' hard with these hands



WHO AM I?

I stand before you, a man who has driven through a metaphoric hell in his head. His problems escalated only by his own mental status, his hell derived from the beautiful world around him. I write this to you, not as a cry for help, but as a statement, of who I am, what I was, what I've become, who I'm meant to be.

My life as we knew it, has since changed. I was a confident, borderline cocky kid, a young adult who felt the world was at his feet, who had taken on his bullies, and whether it be through succession or fighting back, had overcome them all. A man who felt he could do no wrong, who wasn't wise enough to see the titanic heading towards the iceberg. A man whose confidence had been based upon the adulation of others.

Now, looking back at it all, I can see just how much growth I needed. They called me immature. They told me I wasn't living for a future, instead just cruising in life. I was going nowhere. And for a while, I believed them, causing me to make decisions, make compromises to my own life.

The old me, needed compromise, needed change, but not the kind I set myself up for. I stopped standing fast to what I believed in, and stood fast to what they believe in. Well, they left me out to pasture, my reliance on others became a real problem. And through the last year, I've learned who I am.

So who am I? I'm a survivor, a mental paramedic to those around him, a last gleam of

light to a dying breed of good hearted human beings who stand up for what's right no matter the oppression. A mature man, whose been through emotional hell and kept going. They called me immature, they told me I was going nowhere, well now I can gladly say with confidence they can all go to hell.

My hopes, my dreams, are for me, no one else. Not a girlfriend, not a best friend. I've learned the number one lesson in life: Making decisions to help me. I can still be the hero, the boy scout who abides by the law, but I can also be the man who puts his foot down and stands up to the bad law, the evil.

So what am I? That's unanswered. My quest, my journey is for me and me only. Who I am, what I am is no one else's business, but mine. I'm an actor, a writer, a therapist, a nutritionist, a fitness trainer, a grocery manager, a music editor, and a radio DJ. I'm a wrestling announcer, a manager, the most hated heel, the most beloved face. I'm whatever I want to be, whatever I need to be. I see just how accomplishable my goals are now.

So what am I becoming? A man who sees the beauty that is around him. Even if my emotions tell me I'm trapped in a hell, I know it not to be true. I know just how beautiful my life is, how beautiful I am. I am becoming myself, the person I should have been confident in being the entire time.

KATHLEEN BERENDT

Waiting

WATER-SOLUBLE OIL, 26" X 22"





ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 27" X 19"

MORGAINE POLIT

Strike a Pose



HALLOWEEN WITH COSTUMED STRANGERS

Jody loved Halloween. It had been her favorite holiday ever since her mother sewed a little witch costume and peaked tall hat for her when she was about seven years old. She now knew the homemade outfit had cost three times as much as one purchased off the rack at Wal-Mart; but, at the time, she had only felt that she had the sharpest costume in the subdivision. She had also loved the Ladybug outfit her dad designed from black and red felt and helped her create with Elmer's Glue while they sat on the tiled kitchen floor. Her dad was such a creative person, yet he had listened to her ideas and let her do most of the gluing of the black dots. Now that he was gone, that memory was even more precious.

And one year she had insisted on being a princess, complete with crown and scepter, although her mother was a notorious "woman's libber." What did Jody know of Woman's Lib and the inconsistencies of life when she was seven years old? Now, as an adult, she had heard about the religious groups who wanted to spoil the fun by painting Halloween as the work of the devil. But in her neighborhood for years, Halloween had been the perfect opportunity to dress up and become someone or something else if only for a few hours.

Now her children were the trick or treaters—old enough to go out by themselves in the safe neighborhood where she and Brad had pur-

chased her parents' old home. Tonight, while her 10- and 12-year-old were ringing doorbells and filling bulging pillowcases, Jody was peeling Granny Smiths for the traditional Apple Crisp some of the neighbors would drop by to enjoy later while the children sat on her living room floor and sorted their stashes of candy. Traditions and rituals were the things that helped her keep her balance, just as she had learned from the fiddler on the roof a lot of years before. *Apple Crisp and Halloween, two recipes for happiness from my youth*, she thought. *I can't get enough nourishment in times like these.*

Halloween felt a lot different this year because her husband, that man she had loved since they met in 5th grade, wasn't home for the holiday. Brad and his National Guard unit had been called to Iraq the previous November, November 6th to be exact, and, very recently and quite unexpectedly, his October 1st discharge date had been cancelled. She hated that her husband's unit had been detained because troop quotas were so hard to fill. After an unpopular five-year war, recruits all across the country were getting weary or wary. She, too, was a little wary; and every time the phone rang or she saw a stranger in the neighborhood, she held her breath. But every day she did faithfully fly the American flag from the standard right outside the front door as a tribute to Brad, who really valued his comrades and the mission, although she strongly opposed this war.

Halloween had never excited Brad as much as it excited Jody, and he had never been one for dressing up. He was more of a “button-down” guy; she, an unknown quantity. Now, in her letters she kidded him saying, “Since you’re on active duty, you’re the one who wears a costume *every* day!” This year she bet, although he would never admit it, he was the one being scared by mortar rounds and rocket-propelled grenades, rather than ghouls and goblins in cheap outfits.

A few years earlier, Jody remembered football players, from the Catholic High School across the street, who had come Trick or Treating right after practice in their lettermen’s jackets and jeans. That hadn’t seemed like much of a costume at the time on those big, burly fellows; but she had welcomed them anyway. The more candy they ate, the less temptation she faced later.

With the first doorbell ring, Jody hurried to greet a round of monkeys, devils, and Harry Potter look-a-likes. She had heard that the Hillary mask was the big seller this year, but none of these children was wearing one—probably the parents in her very Republican County would nix any ideas of Hillary. Jody preferred the goofy homemade and traditional costumes to the Headless Horsemen and bloodied Franksteins. On Halloween she wanted to forget blood and gore. The newspaper headlines provided too much of that for her in real life.

After a quick flurry of “Thank Yous” from the children and her wave to protective parents, Jody returned to her baking. The Apple Crisp had to be shoved into the oven at exactly the right time so that it would still be warm when the neighbors dropped by. She liked the fact that she still baked and cooked. She had never believed that being a “woman’s libber” herself excluded great cooking and baking skills. Being multi-faceted made her a bit of a conundrum to her strictly professional friends; she liked the mingling of old with new. But, once at an American Association of University Women’s meeting, one of her colleagues had quipped (when Jody brought a great pumpkin, chocolate chip cake for dessert), “You can bake?”

Her children and their neighborhood friends had begun trick or treating at about 6 p.m. when the sky still held a remnant of fading light, and hers would probably be home soon. Again this year, Halloween fell on a school night, and the children had to be asleep by 9 p.m. Teachers showed little patience for drooping eyelids or sugar hangovers the next day.

She added streusel topping to the Apple Crisp and pushed the pan into the oven. As she stood and peered out the kitchen window, she saw a costumed twosome approaching. Like the football players from the past, these fellows were taller than the usual trick or treaters, but then this holiday discriminated against no one. She had seen plenty of adult-sized Halloween

(continued on page 16)



JAN BOSMAN

Fiction

outfits, in all shapes and sizes at Costume Treasures and remembered the times that she and Brad had even gone Trick of Treating with a martini glass. She wondered if one of the neighbors was going to try a similar stunt this year.

Everyone needed some time to maneuver the circular driveway, so Jody waited. These two weren't wearing masks, but their faces, as much as she could make out in the semi-darkness, seemed grim and purposeful. Then she noticed the costumes—really they were uniforms—a bit like her husband's most formal dress attire.

As the strangers continued their march toward her door, she stared. These two weren't carrying Trick or Treat bags either, but she saw an official-looking briefcase in one man's hand. Suddenly, she felt ice cold in the oven-warmed kitchen. When the two men mounted the cement steps, straightened their jackets, and rang the doorbell, Jody didn't move. She needed to take only eight steps from the kitchen window to the front door, but her feet were frozen.

Neither of the men was Brad, yet both looked so much like him with their straight backs and well-shaven faces that her heart pounded. The bell rang again. The strangers had seen her—she knew it was easy to spot her in the recessed light above the kitchen window. Finally, she slowly walked the eight steps to the door, opened it, and wordlessly allowed the men into her home. Almost immediately, the one on her left began: "Ma'am, the Secretary of the Army has asked me to express his deepest regret. . . ." Jody held up her hand for silence.

Quickly, she brushed past the two men, slipped through the open door, and removed the American flag that was hanging limply from the standard next to the porch. Without hesitating, she wrapped the flag around its pole and threw it like a javelin as far into the gathering darkness as her strength would allow. Then, she turned and walked back into the spice-scented house.



JESSICA WYMAN

Morning Fog



ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 11" X 17"



SOCCORO MEDINA

La Torre

CLAY, 12" X 7"



ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 11" X 17"



LAURA MCLUCKIE-KHANDAN

Close one eye and open the other

ACRYLIC AND OIL ON PANELS, 29.25" X 41.5" X 41.5"





NO TIME FOR POEMS

I haven't written a poem for days.
I've left no room in each 24 hours
to reflect on blooming lilacs
or overflowing eaves or dropped tulip
petals, yellow and red, pink and puce.

I've been in a rush to fill my gas tank,
fill a leaf bag with last Fall's refuse.
I've been in a rush to cross an item
off of a list, move on to the next item,
make another list and begin again.

How can a poem compete with a rake,
a power mower, or a trowel?
How can a poem compete with loppers
and pruning shears or an eave trough
that needs cleaning?

My poem waits, though. It knows
a moment will come when the rain
forces me inside. Then I'll smell
the fragrant lilacs. Then I'll marvel
at waterfalls cascading over eaves.
Then I'll write an ode to littered tulip
petals, yellow and red, pink and puce.

STEPHANIE WISNIEWSKI
Tranquil Nights Dream



OIL AND CANVAS, 34" X 34"



RACHEL GARRISON

Veridian Hum, 4th Hour



OIL ON CANVAS, 36" X 24" X .75"

YELLOW

I always wondered if serendipity existed
yellow
is new
it leaves a promise
of perpetual tomorrows
yellow
can break through
the cold
it penetrates
yellow
sounds like
innocence
innocent laughter
yellow
feels like
warmth
pure bliss
freedom
to live
in
a barefoot state of mind
yellow
tastes like

honey
or
the bittersweet bite
of lemonade
never boring
yellow
smells like
a fresh daisy field
yellow
looks like
incandescent sun rays
laughing
playing
doing
yellow
became serendipity





AGATE, SILVER, RUBBER, PEARL, 16" X 2" X 1.5"



KAYTI SAULT
Princess Baconbits



OIL ON CANVAS, 12" X 9"

FOR SALE

A steel post, crushed by a bear,
bends at a 45 degree angle over the grass.
The wooden bird feeder hangs off as if
sliding downhill from its former perch.

No seed survives, though small birds
dip and search for nourishment.
A curtain-less kitchen window
looks out at dandelions running free.

A once perky white farm house,
reproduced from Sears catalog,
is crowned by a moss-covered roof
and a tilting television antenna.

An old oak tree missing all but two limbs
leans over rusted metal lawn chairs.
The huge red barn, supported by field stone
walls, stands proudly across the yard.

Only small creatures run in its empty stalls.
An adz, hammers, saws, and sawdust
lie dormant on the carpenter's work bench.
The old calico cat survives in this abandoned space.

A northern breeze gently swings a sign
at the roadside declaring "For Sale".
What stories lie buried here?
What spirit will resurrect them?



EMBER FARNING

Not as it Seems

ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 11" X 17"



JACQUELYN SERAK

Antenna of a Male Moth

OIL AND CANVAS, 16" X 20"



NUMBERS: A NARRATIVE FROM A SURVIVOR

It's not pretty
The world collapses with every action of sin
Every person in denial of their perfection
Every person losing a sense of themselves
In life

#1
She moves, slowly
She hears words of hatred like a dagger
through her arteries
She hears imperfection in voice
Imperfection in actions
Imperfection facing ridicule and rejection

#2
She shares Christmas dinner with her family
2013.
Her inner self could not understand the lack of
control she has over herself the lack of control
she has over her body
The lack of control. Over the cards she was
dealt but didn't get to deal.
The food is flushed.

#3
She falls in love. A boy loves her yet does not
make her feel secure. Yet raises her fear of
rejection. Yet raises her fear
of self-hatred.
She has a secret. She tells the boy.
The boy doesn't leave
But does nothing

#4
She begins a numbers game
This is greater than that. This is less than that
Greater than, less than, equal to, it's all
Algebra.
She never payed attention in algebra.
Or health class.

#5
The girl runs for a healthy lifestyle
yet runs from her rejection
runs from her sin
runs for
control.

#6
The girl becomes weak.
When the boy moved in the girl he wept. "Why
so sad?" She pondered
He only responded, "Bones are not
beautiful."

#7
She wears a winter coat in a warm building
because she is freezing.
She is out of breath on a staircase.
She faints. Yet she is *still* in "control"

#8
Her parents begin to plan her funeral.
The girl weeps for her future.

#9

The girl is hospitalized. Pins and needles.
Weights and vitals. Hospital gown, mental
breakdowns,
anxiety pill shoving itself down your throat so
you won't feel the pain you are going through.

2016. The girl goes to rehab.
She finds herself in victims and survivors, she
finds herself in meditation and mandalas she
finds herself
In recovery and forgiveness.

#10

2017. The girl finds herself
happy.
In love.
And out of control yet accepting the radical
idea of it all.
24 hours ago. Her blood work comes back

Her sugars are high, her cholesterol is terrible,
she is *overweight*
And yet,

She is happy.
And she will recover again.
It's not pretty.
Yet it is possible.



AUTUMN HARVEY

Terrace

FOAMCORE, 4.5" X 25" X 15"





THE GREAT DISTANCE

We stand here together, brothers in arms
And find ourselves staring into evil eyes.
We've wooden crosses as our good luck charms
And ears that're ready for the sound of cries.

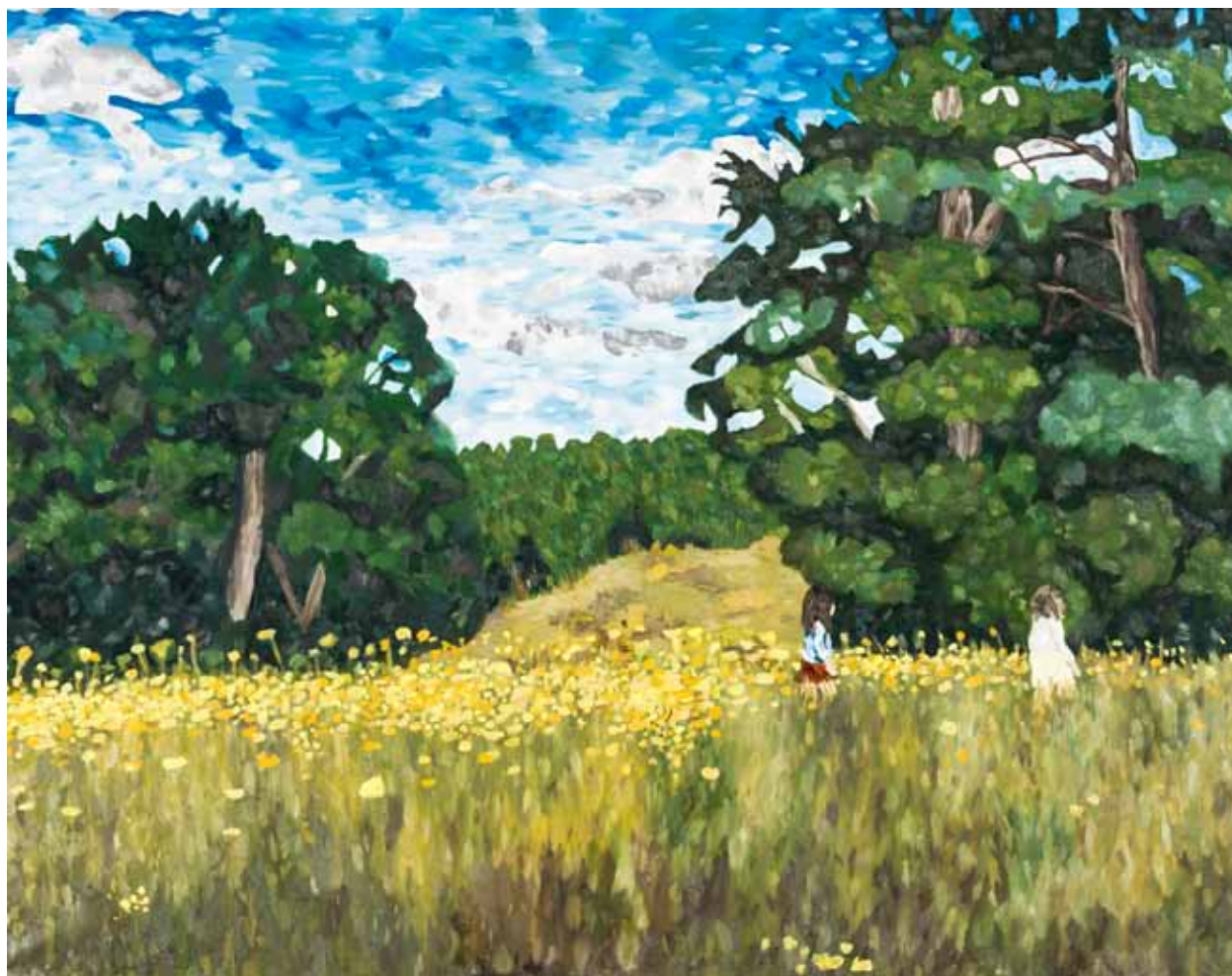
The autumn leaves blow across our cold feet
As the call for muskets is finally heard.
We raise them and show no sign of retreat
And wait for our general's approving word.

Once "Fire!" is heard, the fall turns to winter
And I lose my left and my right brothers.
Without transition I make a sprinter,
Not looking behind, I know there're others

We go charge on valiantly and fight,
For we will not quit 'til that dying light.

AMY WIDHALM
To get Lost with Direction

OIL AND CANVAS, 36" X 48"



DEANNE FERGUSON

Untitled



STONEWARE, 18" X 12" X 9"

ZAC BROOKS
With Open Arms

STONEWARE, 10" X 24" X 8"



EMILY VALADE
Ultramarine Dream



OIL ON CANVAS, 30" X 20"

GLORIA STEWART
Face Palms

ACRYLICS, 30" X 29"

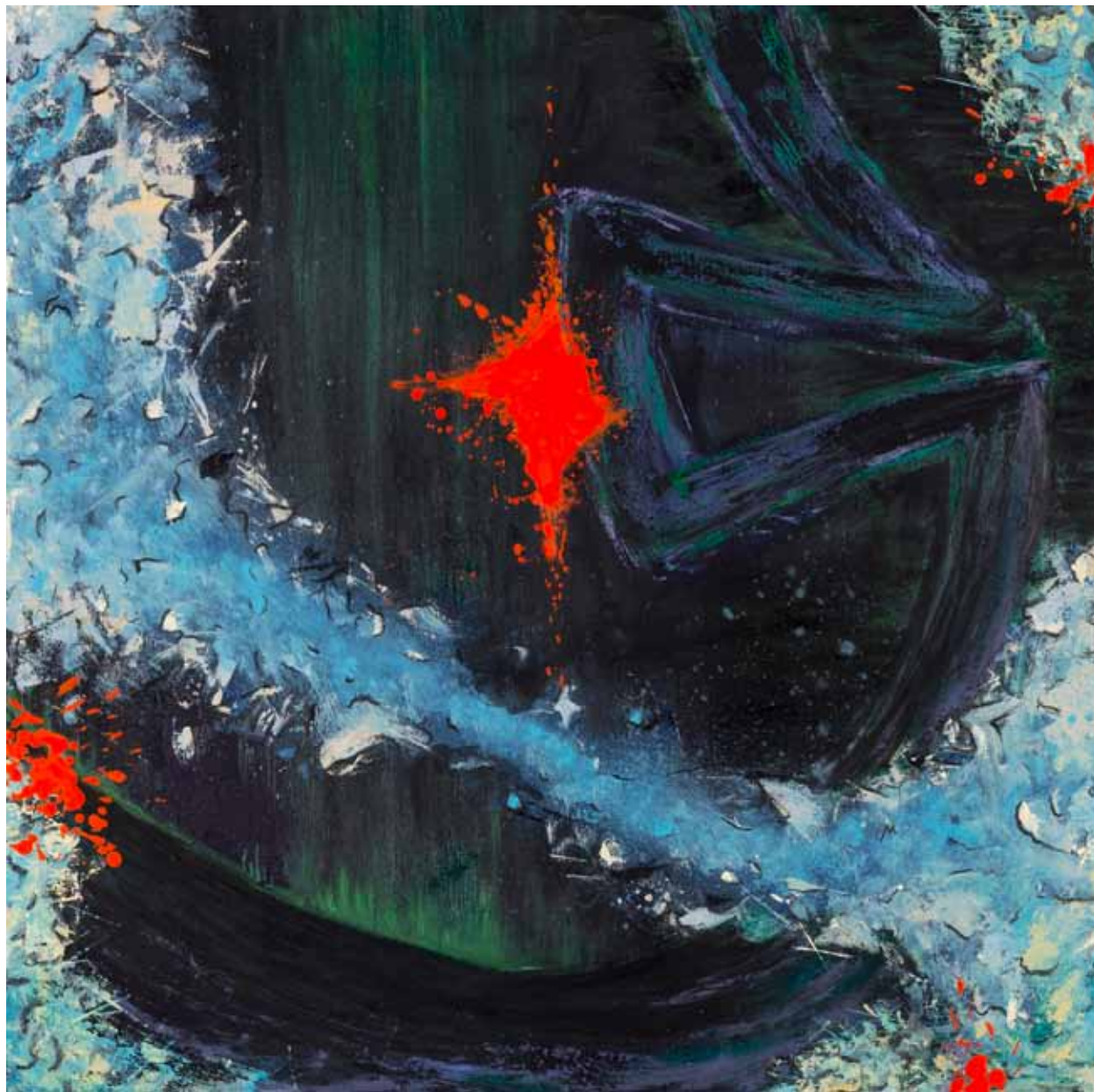


GLORIA STEWART

Branch Out I



MIXED MEDIA, 28" X 22"



OIL AND CANVAS, 24" X 24"



ENDING

It is easier than I anticipated to let go.
No more impatient cat's paws on my face,
in early mornings.
No more serenades with strawberries and
Mozart,
by a cellist boyfriend.
No more standing in the cold, awaiting the
train
on frigid winter mornings.

Memories ebb and flow:
Belly laughs at Annie's loud fart
in biology class.
"Coming out" to my mother.
dinner in the Eiffel Tower.
Professor and bodybuilder Frank
murdered by a tenant.
Dear Debbie, the love I could never have.
David, whom I loved and lost.

I never finished that painting for Peggy,
or patched up the tiff with Diana.
I never visited Machu Pichu.
But, no more chemo, no more radiation.
No more enduring well-meaning drivel
from friends like, "It'll all be okay."

Many seasons and adventures
now packed away in the ether.
A life full of joy and sadness:
true friends and lovers,
grand wines, great food, moving music.

I have heard my last clock chime.
I hear no angel's harp.
I see no bright light.
Will I dream? Hal asked.
It is upon me now, as I
breathe out one last time.

JACLYN WALTER
Idealize



ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 11" X 17"



MARY O'MEARA

Housing Project



CERAMICS, 5.5" X 2.3" X 2"



KATHIE JAGMAN

Graciela



OIL ON CANVAS, 16" X 20" X 2"

AMANDA GLASER
Untitled

ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 17" X 11"



VOICES

MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE
LITERARY/ARTS JOURNAL 2018

Voices 2018 is produced by McHenry County College to recognize and showcase the visual arts, musical, and literary talents of McHenry County College students.

The ideas and the opinions expressed in *Voices 2018* are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Board of Trustees, the administration, the faculty, or the staff of McHenry County College. Materials for *Voices 2018* were submitted by students who have been enrolled in courses at McHenry County College during one or all of the previous three semesters. The pieces selected for inclusion in *Voices 2018* were based on the student editors' opinion of their aesthetic merit. It is the policy of McHenry County College not to discriminate on the basis of sex, age, race, religion, national origin, or handicapped status in its educational programs, as required by Federal regulations. Inquiries regarding compliance may be directed to Angelina Castillo, Assistant Vice President of Human Resources.

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COLOPHON

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VOICES 2018

MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE LITERARY/ARTS JOURNAL

