Do you have some creative fiction or poetry buried deep in your hard drive or written in a notebook that's collecting dust?

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Hannah Clausen on the completion of her Honors Thesis

EXPLORING THE INTERSECTION OF THE WRITTEN AND THE VISUAL

SNIPPET FROM HER WORK:

“As a poet and photographer, I have always been interested in the different ways that the visual and the written represent an image or idea. My mind functions in that duality often as I create works both visual and written nature, so the opportunity to dive deeper into that connection and overlap was exciting to me. To write ekphrastic verse or dual-media poetry about my own photographs was to dive straight into the heart of it, producing creative work about a creative work to explore how each medium encapsulates an idea or scene.”
In the wood and by the stream, there held this evening talk. It was there that stood a bear, beaver, hare and hawk.

The beaver slapped her tail, WHACK! To gather the attention. Of all the fawn, who’s it then, against this streams retention?

Hopping from the lawn, the hare is first to voice opinion: Stopping flow is wrong, streams are not solely your dominion.

Where’s your care for those downstream? He asks with true intent. Ask the hawk, for he can see, maybe he shall give consent.

The hare speaks truth, swooped down the bird, to see this, it is easy. From there above, the picture’s clear that, water, it flows weakly.

The beavers mind sat swimming, to formulate replies: But on other side its brimming, this you can’t deny.

The stream swells full, it’s here that others may reside. The bear, she said, eats fish from streams that are not dry.
She eats with cubs, I’ve seen her do it, tell them how you dine. It is true, agreed the bear, of this our stories do align.

If not for dam, the fish move quick, too slick for cubs and I. If up to me I’d add some sticks, the beaver’s work is our ally.

The vote is even, said the beaver, pleased at what was said. Take note, I don’t believe in either, points weren’t truly tread.

I make my dam and not for pleasure, for this is how I live, So which of you has built a home from which others did not give?

Is it you, the hawk, whose nest is made from your own down? And to the hare, was it not the same when den was dug from ground?

As it seems then who’s to say that my home should be banned? Without the give and take of nature, it is all who will be damned.
Scrooge was a foul old man who wrapped his cold, uncaring heart in chains. Chains of greed, Bigotry, Contempt, Apathy. Selfishness. He detested the world, and was alone. Until the night his long-dead partner Marley appeared.

A hideous spectre forced to walk the earth forever, Marley was damned. Scrooge is destined for this fate unless he agrees to face three ghosts. One would take Scrooge back to the memories he’d buried. One would show Scrooge the world of joy and friendship he’d rejected. One would force Scrooge into the dreadful shadow of the future he’d forged.

Three ghosts of Christmas: Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Yet to Come. All offering Scrooge a single gift—a chance. A last chance to give love. A last chance to join life.

Alaska, 1974. Ernt Allbright came home from the Vietnam War a changed and volatile man. When he loses yet another job, he makes the impulsive decision to move his wife and daughter north where they will live off the grid in America’s last true frontier.

Cora will do anything for the man she loves, even if means following him into the unknown. Thirteen-year-old Leni, caught in the riptide of her parents’ passionate, stormy relationship, has little choice but to go along, daring to hope this new land promises her family a better future.

In a wild, remote corner of Alaska, the Allbrights find a fiercely independent community of strong men and even stronger women. The long, sunlit days and the generosity of the locals make up for the newcomers’ lack of preparation and dwindling resources. But as winter approaches and darkness descends, Ernt’s fragile mental state deteriorates. Soon the perils outside pale in comparison to threats from within. In their small cabin, covered in snow, blanketed in eighteen hours of night, Leni and her mother learn the terrible truth: they are on their own.

Xiomara Batista feels unheard and unable to hide in her Harlem neighborhood. Ever since her body grew into curves, she has learned to let her fists and her fierceness do the talking.

But Xiomara has plenty she wants to say, and she pours all her frustration and passion onto the pages of a leather notebook, reciting the words to herself like prayers—especially after she catches feelings for a boy in her bio class named Aman, who her family can never know about.

With Mami’s determination to force her daughter to obey the laws of the church, Xiomara understands that her thoughts are best kept to herself. So when she is invited to join her school’s slam poetry club, she doesn’t know how she could ever attend without her mami finding out. But she still can’t stop thinking about performing her poems.

Because in the face of a world that may not want to hear her, Xiomara refuses to be silent.

In the spring of 1708, an invading Jacobite fleet of French and Scottish soldiers nearly succeeded in landing the exiled James Stewart in Scotland to sell him to the English. But Xiomara has plenty she wants to say, and she pours all her frustration and passion onto the pages of a leather notebook, reciting the words to herself like prayers—especially after she catches feelings for a boy in her bio class named Aman, who her family can never know about.

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San Pedro Island, north of Puget Sound, is a place so isolated that no one who lives there can afford to make enemies. But in 1954, a local fisherman is found suspiciously drowned, and a Japanese American named Kabuo Miyamoto is charged with his murder.

In the course of the ensuing trial, it becomes clear that what is at stake is more than a man’s guilt. For on San Pedro, memory grows as thickly as cedar trees and the fields of ripe strawberries—memories of a charmed love affair between a white boy and the Japanese girl who grew up to become Kabuo’s wife; memories of land desired, paid for, and lost.

Above all, San Pedro is haunted by the memory of what happened to its Japanese residents during World War II, when an entire community was sent into exile while its neighbors watched. Gripping, tragic, and densely atmospheric, Snow Falling on Cedars is a masterpiece of suspense—one that leaves us shaken and changed.
People say Beartown is finished. A tiny community nestled deep in the forest, it is slowly losing ground to the ever encroaching trees. But down by the lake stands an old ice rink, built generations ago by the working men who founded this town. And in that ice rink is the reason people in Beartown believe tomorrow will be better than today. Their junior ice hockey team is about to compete in the national semi-finals, and they actually have a shot at winning. All the hopes and dreams of this place now rest on the shoulders of a handful of teenage boys.

Being responsible for the hopes of an entire town is a heavy burden, and the semi-final match is the catalyst for a violent act that will leave a young girl traumatized and a town in turmoil. Accusations are made and, like ripples on a pond, they travel through all of Beartown, leaving no resident unaffected.

Beartown explores the hopes that bring a small community together, the secrets that tear it apart, and the courage it takes for an individual to go against the grain. In this story of a small forest town, Fredrik Backman has found the entire world.
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