

# The Inkwell MODERNITY

FALL  
2020



# **The Inkwell**

## **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

BRANDON ROBLES '22

## **ASSISTANT EDITOR**

NATHAN SCHMIDT '21

## **TREASURER**

NICHOLAS GALE '23

## **NOTE FROM THE STAFF**

Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, The Inkwell has suffered a drought of new writers in the 2020-2021 academic year. This edition represents the continuing effort of The Inkwell's staff to provide Fairfield University with an outlet for creative writing. The Inkwell remains open for more members for the next semester in contributing works.

## Table of Content

### POETRY

<b>Earth's Demise</b> - Amanda Lupinacci '21	<b>3</b>
<b>Same Page</b> - Amanda Lupinacci '21	<b>4</b>
<b>While It's Hot</b> - Nathan Schmidt '21	<b>5</b>
<b>2525</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>6</b>
<b>The Wildcat That Did Growl</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>7</b>
<b>A Conservation In The Dark</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>8</b>

### ART

<b>Death the Dainty</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>9</b>
--	----------

### FICTION

<b>2020 Gets Even Weirder</b> - Nathan Schmidt '21	<b>10</b>
<b>Danger On The Sidewalk</b> - Nathan Schmidt '21	<b>11</b>
<b>My Drug Has Always Been On The 70s</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>12</b>
<b>The Lickety-Splits</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>15</b>
<b>To The Men Who Never Saw Space Man</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>16</b>
<b>Le Pays</b> - Brandon Robles '22	<b>17</b>
<b>The Genie</b> - Nathan Schmidt '21	<b>18</b>
<b>Good Grief...Yeast</b> - Mary Bevans '23	<b>19</b>

**“Earth’s Demise” | Amanda Lupinacci ‘21**

Infernos igniting all around  
Dressing our planet in a cloak of haze  
Yet no one reacts, humans are much too proud  
The problem will be addressed at a later date

Waters crawl closer to shore  
Drowning the soil beneath man’s toes  
Cautiously rising, hunting for the next city to absorb  
Let’s put this off and make it tomorrow’s woe

The hum of air conditioners are audible through autumn  
Sweater weather is postponed  
Thermostats reach astonishing highs as mother nature turns

**“Same Page” | Amanda Lupinacci ‘21**

We understood what was happening  
Mutually agreeing it was something to neglect  
There wasn't a way we could both be captains

If we were to last a single day  
I would be content since it meant you tried  
We were on the same page,  
If only you read between the lines.

**While It's Hot | Nathan Schmidt '21**

There's no joy like a loaf of fresh-baked bread  
The moment that cannot be taken twice  
When knife meets crust before the heat is shed  
With curling steam escaping from the slice  
Against a seasoned baker's wise advice  
To let the loaf complete its bake inside  
The heat escapes, but for a worthy price  
To taste the tender sweetness so decried  
And for the stolen moment, trade a baker's pride.

**2525 | Brandon Robles '22**

Choose Life  
Choose Liberty  
Choose something about Happiness  
That's what the Past-People thought of

Choose Nature  
Choose Industry  
Choose 83 ways that the Past-People  
screwed up and stranded  
us

Choose Smog  
Choose Toxins  
And something about Uranium  
PU-36

The Past-People made us  
Back in the Way-Then  
So now as we trek through You-Tah,  
Already gone a dozen men

Past the Grand Valley  
And the Vegas of Las  
Somewhere in Nevada  
Whatever that was

Two-Sun, Callie-Forna, Shee-Ka-Go  
Words that meant something  
Far back from 2525  
When they were all alive

I miss a feeling I didn't have  
But those Past-People did  
Maybe there's still some  
In 2525

## **The Wildcat That Did Growl | Brandon Robles '22**

In the tundras of some frozen land  
Laid a wildcat frozen and starved  
Across the distance did it see  
Two morsels plump and tasty

Its stomach began to growl  
As a wild animal went starving  
The meat had driven itself away  
Far back into the tundra

The tower that was there was  
Tall and looming  
Over some mound  
That it called its mountain

Growls turned to roars  
Grinding into groaning  
And then to a soft whimper  
For some food at last

The wildcat laid frozen and starved  
Of any changes or escape  
Nevertheless, it lives  
As long as the tundra remains

Whimpers turned to roars  
And roars to howling  
But no one heard it,  
Only the wind



**A Conversation in the Dark | Brandon Robles '22**

Yo what's up?

everything is great. Hbu?

...

Fine. same as you

Yeah?

Of course yeah

Haha don't be an ass

Dude i haven't seen you in school today

...

Everything is fine

I didn't say anything

y u gotta hate

have u been drinking?

...

no everything is going my way

everything is FINE

you gotta tell me what's up

...

I'm hearing something outside

plz don't watch

did someone get shot?

trying to go to bed

...

WTF is going at your house?!

you don't have to see.

The cops are going in your house.

Don't.

...

WHO IS THAT GUY???

Tried to bust in, dad shot him

are u alright?

...

are u still out there?

...

Dude?

See u tomorrow man.



Death the Dainty by Brandon Robles '22

“Cancer sticks,” Death mutters to herself, “Better hope he’s not another Lazarus to watch over.”

**2020 Gets Even Weirder | Nathan Schmidt '21**

The alien was just like I'd heard about in all the stories. Green skin, lanky body, huge dark eyes tilted inward by 45 degrees, big cranium for all his hyper-advanced alien thoughts. He pointed his glowing raygun at me and said in a droning alien voice, "Take me to your leader."

I frowned. I was afraid he'd ask that. "Well, that's a complicated task. Do you want the rightful president-elect of the United States, or the president who says his election was stolen from Him?"

The raygun glowed brighter. The alien said, "Neither, puny earthling. Take me to Jeff Bezos."

## **Danger on the Sidewalk | Nathan Schmidt '21**

There's a hooded stranger following me.

I noticed him when I got off at the train station. Here I am, walking the sidewalks alone at night, my carry-on case rolling behind me. Any other night, I would be annoyed by the inconvenience.

Tonight, I'm scared.

The man is coming up closer. I'm considering dropping the case and running. I feel so unsafe.

But it's too late. He's about to overtake me. I turn around.

"Hey!" I exclaim, holding out a hand towards him. "Social distancing."

"Oop. Sorry," he says, backing off to six feet. "Anyway, give me all your money."

## My Drug Has Always Been The 70's | Brandon Robles '22

“What do you mean this isn't real? It was all a dream?”

“Mr. Desmond, I'm telling you that it is a dream. It's just-“

“Just what?”

“Just not *your* dream.”

I looked at the figure with a straight face. He was garbed like some monk of Dada. His clothes made no sense, the colors all clashing with one another, the pictures that were stuck to his forehead. I didn't want to know where he came from, but I knew he was from some zany far off-world.

“What do you mean ‘not my dream’? Look, here's my memories. My life, my family, are you telling they're all part of some dream too?”

The odd man looked at me, saddened. The pictures on his forehead went from random nonsense to things that were negative, depressing even. A broken heart, a heavy sickness, somehow the Black Plague in a ballet recital.

“Yes Mr. Desmond, you're part of my dream.”

I swung a right hook at him, expecting to break his jaw or my hand. But all I saw was my hand going right through him. I wasn't doing the slightest bit of damage to him.

It never even fazed him that this imaginary man tried to hurt him. He just went on.

“I saw your family from that white house. At least I think it's white, it's so dirty that I took a blind shot in the dark about that. You always seemed happy with your family, so I figured maybe I could imagine what it was like every day.”

He just stood there explaining to his creation its origin, not caring at all about my feelings.

“I came from another plane of existence, where we can’t really interact with people. They can’t see or touch us, and we couldn’t do anything to you either.”

He was a deity of some sort, some being of a higher power.

“I dreamed that you had a happy marriage, two great kids, and an exciting job. I made you go on adventures because that’s what the families I saw on TV do.”

He compared my life to something anyone could watch on basic TV.

“But then, I met the real you. My god, you were a monster.”

That I didn’t expect.

“Your happiness was a fake smile you put on every day. Your kids grew up being drug dealers because that’s what their father did. And I could guess how your wife died of an overdose.”

That I didn’t want to hear.

“So I tried to keep dreaming, watching more television, reading happy books. But I couldn’t, Mr. Desmond. I just couldn’t.”

This man gives me the guilt the real me probably never had.

“After the real Mr. Desmond had that shootout with the police, I couldn’t keep believing in a fake reality. That’s why I’m here. To pull this dream off of life support.”

My wife wouldn’t stop asking me “Eggs and bacon, honey” while my boys ran around in circles for the past two hours.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t make you real.”

The world around me turned into shards of glass shattering bit by bit. I could feel the heat of the lethal disintegration pulling me apart. I leapt for my family, the last thing I would ever remember.

“Eggs and bacon, honey?”

“I love you, Delores.”

And the dream became nothing, and nothing became the man’s dream.

## **The Lickity-Splits | Brandon Robles '22**

It was sometime after I got out of my Biology class that I noticed the massive crowd swarming around the Dunkin Donuts stand. People were going raving mad, shouting as their feet stomped on puddles of spilled coolattas. Quite frankly, it was all absurd.

“Hey, what’s going-” was all I could say before someone splashed some weird drink around. Most of it was hitting everyone else, but of course, I had to get the lot of it in my mouth. The second the taste registered, I keeled over and hauled myself to a nearby seat.

It was the worst drink I had ever had. God, did people actually pay money for this? It was as if someone had crammed pure cocoa into mushrooms and pancake batter. Rest assured, pure cocoa is *the* worst taste out of those three as I was still trying to catch my breath.

“Leo, Thanksgiving Lickity-Splits!”, shouted an employee whose disgust was plain as day. He had those same reservations I did, for what sort of man would make that kind of branded poison.

God, I hate Dunkin Donuts. And so should you with their drinks. Food’s alright, though.



## **To the Men that Never Saw Space Man | Brandon Robles '22**

To the Men that Never Saw Space Man

I've wondered where you were when Space Man came hurtling towards Earth. The impact of his arrival messed up Oklahoma, but no one ever noticed or cared. You should have seen how he stopped a train with his bare hands. We never knew why he did that.

All he does is jump over buildings and outrun dogs. If that's all you want to see, then I guess it'd make you a newbie traveler. Mom always said he doesn't even stop crime. She thinks he does it for the attention.

We always think he might have a super enemy or something. Maybe an Earth Man or a Star Man. I dunno, we were too busy laughing at the thought of Gas Man. But we all loved Nicky's idea: the Moon Man. We drew pictures of what he would look like. Sammy thought he would look like a man-shaped piece of cheese. Greg thought he'd have a moon for a head. I just thought he'd look like an astronaut.

Anyway, the Space Man just struck another home-run. If any of you are reading this, then we had a scientist launch this letter in a bottle rocket. Hope you guys know a Moon Man.

- Jerry Tompkins, Age 13.

## Le Pays | Brandon Robles '22

Man, I didn't actually expect country music to be bad. Not like it sucks or anything, but it kind of does. I mean, who actually enjoys that Wild West stuff when we have rap and indie.

Anyway, during this interview with some obscure singer, Marley Robbins I think, he kind of just went on about how country changed his life and stuff. I was just procrastinating from my class projects, so I thought why not?

Then he started coughing. The interviewer wasn't bothered that much because we all get some stuff stuck in our throats. Except Marley coughed up some tiny cowboys, and they were all singing a bunch of country music. Marley got freaked out and swept them all under his stomach pouch, at least that's what I think it was.

So Marley kinda climbs on top of his chair, yodeling in some weird language that might have been Portuguese or German. The lights go out, Marley's gone, and now there's this tear in space-time stuck in some concert house in Nevada.

Good news, the cops found the mini-Marleys. Bad news, they're all grown up and started their own publishing company, BrrgYrrns Recordings.

I wish I had just worked on my English presentations instead of witnessing that.

## **The Genie | Nathan Schmidt '21**

I like the inside of my lamp. It's a really cozy space. Genies don't need furniture like regular mortal beings, but the topology of the hollow brass tubing is just really pleasing. I like watching it gleam when the sun passes by over the shelf I'm on.

The man who just polished the lamp looks like he knows exactly what he's going to ask me. I suppress a shudder as I see that he's brought a clipboard with him.

"You have one wish," I say tersely, dispensing with ceremony since we're obviously far past that.

The man frowns, adjusts his glasses, and fidgets with the twenty-page-long stack of papers on his clipboard. "Well, shoot. I'd really been planning on having three. Can you give me a minute?"

I say nothing, but internally, I'm twitching like a madman because he came so close to wording that question as a wish.

Eventually, the man looks back up and says, "Very well. I wish to live a happy life for the rest of my natural lifespan with no untimely illnesses, transformations, curses, or other impediments that could be snuck in to subvert the intentions of my wish."

"Your wish is my command," I intone, and then instantly teleport the man into my lamp. It's nice in there.

## Good Grief...Yeast | Mary Bevans '23

Ding Dong...

Finally!

I excitedly ran to the door to find a small package sitting on top of the doormat. I didn't even bring it inside before I ripped into it, destroying the cardboard packaging without a care; the anticipation building up in my mind as I waited to see what I was expecting - and then all my emotions started to saunter vaguely downwards like a meteor that angled itself just a little too far towards the ground.

Instead of my limited edition, commemorative 100th anniversary collectible Mr. Seaway action figure- I held in my hands a small packet of fine little brown granules that read "*Easy and Simple: Sourdough Starter*". Terrible name, as far as I can tell it's just a bag of yeast, expensive \$15 yeast.

I wracked my brain trying to figure out who in my family would have ordered such a thing. Both of my parents already had a mid-life crisis so I don't think either of them would have developed the urge to start pumping out dozens and dozens of sourdough loaves. My brother is away at college at the moment, and even if he were home he's terrible with baking, cooking and anything to do with food preparation, so I highly doubt that it was him. Maybe it was a neighbors package then?

Slowly but surely, I started to devise a plan. Rather than waste time going door to door I decided to print out posters and staple them to various poles in the neighborhood. I created an ad that said "IS THIS YOUR YEAST?" in bright red to get everyone's attention (after all this was a matter of the utmost importance) along with a picture of the offending packet "PLEASE COLLECT AT 52 LEVURE ROAD". I walked around the neighborhood, diligently pasting at least two posters to each pole. Once I had posted a poster on every post within a 2 km radius, I returned home, and the wait began.

Two days past ...

Then a week.

No one came forward. I was starting to get worried and scared. What if I never find the owner of this small packet that's been haunting my nightmares? My mind went into a frenzy as I panicked, thinking the worst. Believing that I would never get the pleasure of holding the Mr. Seaway box in my hands, to admire its sleek and glossy outer packaging- wondering what it would be like to open it up and take it out but never going through with it. I just knew deep in my soul that whoever this yeast belonged to had my Mr. Seaway. That's it. Time to take it up a notch.

I stormed out of the house, not taking any time to think, letting my instincts lead the way. I briskly walked to my first target: house number 51 where Ms. Giosta lives. She's an older woman, a widow, very friendly but also a little eccentric. As I was coming up her drive I noticed the recycling bins out on the end and the meteor that had been steadily falling crashed into Earth and killed all the dinosaurs.

Under piles of last week's newspapers and empty cereal boxes, a ripped corner of bright electric blue and lime green packaging shone through like an SOS beacon. Mr. Seaway was here. But he wasn't the same, he had been tainted. Despite this soul-crushing revelation I continued to walk up the drive to the front door. I knocked on the door, sad and pathetic. A moment later Ms. Giosta was at the door.

"Yes, dear?" She asked, clearly curious as to why I was here.

"Hello, Miss. Have you received any packages that you weren't expecting recently?" I asked, trying and failing to mask my mood.

She paused to think for a moment.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I ordered a Sourdough Starter Kit over a month ago and it hasn't arrived yet but last week I found some odd little toy, so I gave it to my grandson," she replied.

Without a word I crumpled up the yeast packet in my pocket, turned around, and started to trudge back home, not stopping to turn around and see Ms. Giosta's bemused expression. I continued walking until I reached the

cliffside. I paused, opened the packet, and threw the yeast into the wind like ashes while I mourned the loss of my rare Mr. Seaway that would never see the light of day.

# THE INKWELL

**Fall 2020: “Modernity”**

**We accept submissions of: Poetry, Fiction, Creative Nonfiction,  
Essay, Comics, Graphic Literature, Original Lyrics, and more!**

Check out our weekly section in Fairfield’s campus newspaper, The Mirror! For more information, send us an email at [inkwellliterary@gmail.com](mailto:inkwellliterary@gmail.com)! Thanks to all of our readers and writers!

-- THE INKWELL STAFF

**Faculty Advisor: Professor Carol Ann Davis**

**Cover: Brandon Robles ‘22 on Procreate Pocket**