



Volume 1



Issue 1

combating censorship

A ZINE PROJECT



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ABOUT

This zine is the product of an applied ethics project for the GWU Graduate Publishing Program, the purpose being "Making the Place Better" to which I chose advocacy regarding fighting publishing censorship. The works included in this zine explore the idea of the fine line between editing and censoring - and the abuse of power that follows.

Layout and Design by Jacqueline Dell

An orange speech bubble with a dashed white border containing the text "GWU!".

GWU!

note from the editor



Traditionally, a zine is a small, hand-made mini magazine created by a diverse group of artists and writers, encompassing a wide range of topics from politics, to feminism, to punk rock music. The beauty of zines, and what sets them apart from other commercial literature and art magazines, is the content. The works contained in the pages of a zine are unedited, uncut, original, unforgiving and raw. It is some of the “realist” content that can be obtained, for lack of a better word.

This brings me to the purpose of this zine project, advocating for the combating of censorship in publishing. I am planning for two outcomes, the first being awareness. All writing and art must go through an editing process before it is ready to be published, but where do we draw the line between heavy editing and light censorship and an abuse of the power of changing content before the intended audience receives it? Having a message adjusted, reduced to something different from the original idea so more copies are sold, and a wider audience reached? These are simply questions that deserve to be asked, and the purpose of the contents of a zine is to make people ask questions. The second outcome is advocacy. Although I mentioned that was the purpose of the project, I also intend the contributors and readers alike will walk away from this project carrying more passion for this cause than when they began. This project was able to bring a multitude of different people together, with different backgrounds, and different talents, and as this project has touched them, it is my hope that they will share it with others, and start the conversation.

This past year, I worked with authors and their submissions for a publication I help out with. A friend of mine submitted wonderful works, but out of all of his submissions, one of them struck me. It was poignant, timely, raw, and most of all filled with a passion and an anger that our magazine was in desperate need of. Winter turned to Spring and the work was accepted with flying colors, and praised by every editor alike. We were all so pleased with this work and the message it was sending. It was time, and the only one who could have written it was my friend and colleague.

note from the editor



When the day finally came to celebrate together at a beautiful annual reception of the arts, him and I flipped through the freshly printed magazine, looking for his submission. It was what we didn't find that caused stunned silence in the both of us. His work had been removed from the magazine. There was no communication about this decision. The only thing he was told, was that his work was accepted, meaning it would be featured in the print magazine. However, his work was nowhere to be found.

Later, still angered and confused by this decision, we came to understand that an editor found the work to be too controversial, and had hints of topics that were uncomfortable. One editor voiced his opinion, and then one turned to many, and before we knew it, the bandwagon was long gone, his work in tow. To keep differing opinions and confrontation at bay, the Editor in Chief pulled the work from the final proofs at the last minute, then sent it to the printer. We were once again stunned, and angered that a piece such as this, with uncomfortable topics should be rejected outright. This is wrong, this is backwards, and this is not typical behavior of the magazine I know and love. I have featured this work as the first poem in this zine, and I hope every reader can enjoy it and take something from it, good or bad. This is what writing and expression is, and this work deserves attention, now more than ever.

So, let's come together and enjoy our right to read some truly passionate material, raise awareness of the handicaps of book censorship, and advocate for more of these tiny publications that are created for the sake of creation. All of this hones in on the inspiration for this project, "Making The Place Better." Let's make the place a little bit better for writers who have a lot of words to say, and no proper medium to say them. This is that medium. I hope the following works inspire you as they have inspired me.

Welcome to my zine project.

- jacqueline dell, creator & editor



orlando

JOE GOMBITA

In Orlando, there are monsters on the streets,
Dressed in everyday clothes, could be dressed as a priest,
Could be an old man, someone you've known for years,
In any house on any street the gunman could be anyone anywhere.

In Orlando, there are monsters on the streets,
Dressed as good people, wearing clothes like you and me,
Mothers pushing strollers, a dad playing catch with his son,
Secretly plotting: "I'm gonna kill them fags with a machine gun."

Their agenda: stop the West,
The reason: we're everything their religion goes against,
What happened: forty-nine men and women died,
Orlando: just another city where being who you are is a crime.

Pray,
I pray for every one of them,
The ones who lost their friends
And the ones who never made it home again,
Watching from my television set at home,
I pray for Orlando.

Texting mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers one last time,
Cell phones lighting up like lighting in a nighttime sky,
Stowed away in a bathroom in the back of the club
As a monster walks among them, four to five people holed up.

Our agenda: stop the enemy,
The problem: they blend in with you and me,
Our plan: never let evil win again,
My promise: love will always win in the end.

Pray,
I pray for every one of them,
The ones who lost their friends
And the ones who never made it home again,
Watching from my television set at home,
I pray for Orlando.

Juan and his boyfriend Drew were in the club,
Drew never made it out alive
And Juan was rushed to the hospital in the back of a pickup truck,
Their mothers waited in anguish to find out if their boys were okay,
Juan was pronounced dead at the hospital later that day.

Watching from my television set at home,
I pray for Orlando,
I pray for Orlando.

× × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

I have been writing poetry for several years now. What I think inspires me the most about poetry is being able to observe the moving world around me and turning it into words. Such influences for me include love, loss, spirituality and culture. I write poetry because I feel that I am unable to express my feelings consciously, so by writing them down I'm able to better process how I really feel. Poetry is truly an art, and artful way to express one's self.

on censorship: an essay

ZACHARY WASZCZAK

As an author and a purveyor of fine texts, I would consider myself a fan of censorship. I say this as a person who has never actually been censored, but who has consumed their fair share of notorious literature. If you stop to consider a list of great works, you will find almost all of them have been touched by censorship. “We” by Yevgeny Zamyatin was banned by the U.S.S.R, Ethiopia banned The Bible for a while, The Catholic Church banned Edward Gibbon's “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire”, and even in modern America, land of the free, books are censored and banned by one official body or another. For readers in a vast majority of the world, access to these books is nothing more than a few clicks away now. Inevitably censorship falls away and the books remain. Censorship is far less likely to stop the creation of ideas than it is to create determined authors and popularize books.

Censorship is the blunt instrument of tyrants and despots. Whether they be full scale governments on the world stage, or bored housewives exerting pressure on the PTA. There is no nuance to the use of censorship. There is seldom debate or discussion to be had. A book is banned, an article is censored, maybe the author is punished, and the censor feels like the issue is solved forever. This is the moment where the cracks show. The system of silencing the creator fails on two fronts, the author and the public.

To the writer, the injustice of censorship is fuel. What was once a simple piece of work is now a crusade. A determined author won't stop at one outlawed text. They will either publish it illicitly or create even more pieces of literature for bureaucracy to ban. If text is not permitted than they will read it out loud and deliver speeches. Being censored does not gag a creative person, it gives them reason to shout even louder.



The story may even be revisited just to refine it and make it even more compelling. Being censored is being told that you have created something worthwhile. Should the powers that be take steps to exile or eliminate the author, they will find that the author may be gone but the idea is not.

To the audience, a ban on a book is an advertisement. Like rebellious youths, we all crave the things we are not allowed to have. Dangerous, heretical, violent, abhorrent, and sexually explicit are better buzzwords than any advertising agency could come up with. The audience will always find a way to consume censored materials. They can make it harder to find, but they can't make it impossible. For those that fail to get their hands on the illegal prize, it will take a mythic tone. The audience will hear whispers about it. What makes it so dangerous, the very ideas inside the book, will still reach them.

Censorship may be the blunt instrument of tyrants and despots, but for the masses it is the barometer to gauge quality. Being censored means that the text has something exciting about it. At some point, the words contained on the pages did something to rile up people so much, that they just could not let it be. Those should be the stories that you want to read. That makes a story inherently exciting. Sit down with a banned book, gaze upon the cover, and transport yourself to that time. Imagine the arguments being had, the reasons why it was censored, the lengths it took to create it, and the lengths it took to silence it.

Then open the book and smile to yourself, you are breaking someone's rules right now. Vindicate those who had their freedom taken away, read what you aren't allowed. Censorship is not to be feared, it is to be embraced as a sign of great things to come.



Zachary Waszczak graduated from the Pennsylvania State University with a degree in Chemistry. He currently resides in Pittsburgh, PA where he reads and hosts a book club. This is his first published work.

disenchanted

SUZIE LOCKHART

Unmatched clarity
in turquoise waters;
she swims, unhindered
by the burden of humanity.
Treasures she collects
from the world above—
Ignorance is her curse.
Love she finds
as the breaking waves crest,
delivering to her a man.
He hears her sirens' call,
beauty from a place found
only in his fantasies.
Desire fills him
as the mermaid desires humanity.
What one will do for love,
that is the greatest tragedy.
Trading celestial voice
and sea nymph tail
for the chains of mortality,
for love that vanishes with time.
Glorious viridian fins flutter away,
traded for limbs;
Traded for legs...to be spread open.

Traded for intimacy that is only
an illusion;
unaware that she will be fucked
dry.
Both body and mind
ripped apart throughout years of
mortality,
until her spirit is broken
and her soul is warped;
whims of the prince thrust upon
her.
Now she stands at the water's
edge:
watching the majesty of cresting
waves
beneath blazing sun,
hearing the sirens' call;
briny taste in her mouth,
yearning to drink from the cup of
her youth
once more.
Poor mermaid...
There is no going back to the sea.



Suzie Lockhart attended The Art Institute of Pittsburgh after graduating, but the gnawing urge to write always remained. After discovering the innate ability for macabre storytelling, Suzie embraced her inner-creepiness. Her middle son, Bruce began writing chilling tales, and they teamed up.

Five years working together have yielded nearly 50 short story publications, in dozens of paperbacks and eZines. The pair have also edited several anthologies, three of which received top ten Preditors & Editors™ Readers' Poll Awards—including the Amazon Kindle best-seller, 'Killing It Softly'.

amazon.com/author/suzielockhart

you can't 'cause you're a girl

RIE SHERIDAN ROSE

"I did not lie to you, sir!
I forced myself to breathe.
"I am here to apply for the position that was advertised."

"But you aren't qualified."

"The advertisement said the only qualification is to read and write.
I have been doing both since I was five."

"But you are a girl."

I tried once more.
"I am fully aware of my sex.
However, I am able to read and write.
These are the only listed qualifications
for the position."

"But you are a girl. A newspaper is no place for a lady."

I swallowed any pride and tried a final time.
"Mr. Greenstreet, sir, I realize that I would
be an unconventional choice for the position—."

Any kindness he had felt was deteriorating—I could see it in his eyes.



"Look, Miss...there is no work for you here."
He handed back my papers with an air of great finality.

I stuffed the carefully prepared papers into my reticule.
Fat lot of good they'd done.

It would never do to show the man
I thought he was rather handsome.
It would just encourage him.

Men didn't need any encouragement to be obnoxious.

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Rie Sheridan Rose multitasks. A lot. Her short stories appear in numerous anthologies, including Nightmare Stalkers and Dream Walkers Vols. 1 and 2, and Killing It Softly. She has authored nine novels, six poetry chapbooks, and lyrics for dozens of songs.

More info on www.riewriter.com. She tweets as @RieSheridanRose.

dreamer

BRUCE LOCKHART 2ND

It hurts so deeply when they call us those names;
spewed out with hatred:
nigger, monkey, colored or spade.
The brutality of it always seeming insane.
Keeping us down and in dissention
this outside view of us a false reflection.
Oh, Preacher I feel your dream
echoing in the air.
A bullet meant to shatter it—
plunge us back into fear.
Succeeding only in weaving our love together.
And even though you're gone, we still feel you here.
Dark hands built a white house for the master.
Eight years he fought, steering us away disaster.
A dark man, you'd have liked, Preacher.
He too dreamed of the sacred mountaintop;
of a place we could heal, where the pain, it could stop.
Oh, Preacher show us the way,
show us the way out.
We need your words more than ever,
we need them so shout!
I have a dream,
We have a dream.



It's well within our individual rights.
To have dreams in the day,
and to have dreams at night...
Until there's only one thing left to do,
and that's dream together
And we'll dream of that mountaintop,
and soar there, on the wings of forever...



Bruce Lockhart 2nd having been born on Halloween feels very fortunate to have found his calling so early in life. Together he & his business partner/mentor Suzie Wargo Lockhart have over 40 short story publications. Bruce has been a P&E reader's poll winning author/editor, he and Suzie have an early version of their works both separate and together entitled 'Adventures In Horrorland'.

Recently he was appointed acquisition editor for an anthology with some superb authors entitled 'Memento Mori'. He intends to keep branching out and perfecting the fine art of storytelling.

crusader

TIM TOLBERT

Holy blood,
Secreting as rainbow pain
Suffering to the amusement of one spectator
Innocent but proven guilty of a father's sin.
A father that could not keep his mouth shut
His hate volcanic ash,
My hate brimstone and fury.
The Father made my son weak,
Wishing to be in the court of the angels,
Instead of in my kingdom on Earth.
So I took the son of the Father,
Of a different spiritual tongue.
Let him atone.
His skin breaks, it's not Godly at all
Pleading and screaming are not like the son of God.
But I am waging war for my church
For those people crying out:
"Lord, hear our prayer!"
I send the great flood
Killing the old Gods



The son flayed,
His body an Icon
Of my new Supreme Power.
The Father suffers,
As this Father did.
Now I'm reborn,
Divine. Unending.
Send me your creeds
Of sand or stone,
Behold the fearful lightning
Of my terrible swift sword.
My word is law.
It is written.

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Tim is an actor and writer of genre fiction residing in Pittsburgh, PA.

safety vs freedom

EVELYN BARGER

“I quit.” It felt so satisfying and so terrifying to hear those words escape between my teeth.

How did it come to this? How could I forsake my biggest opportunity? As I stood in front of the university’s Dean of Students, eyes locked forward and fingers balled into fists, my mind rolled backwards to this morning. It was another busy day at Freedom University’s Safety office. We were organizing three speakers back-to-back for the following weekends and the staff, overworked college kids in work-study programs, were up to their eyeballs in event planning.

It’s worth noting that I am also one of those overworked college kids in a work-study program. No way could I afford this university without it. The student-led department, Freedom’s Safety, took on the responsibility of the entire university’s safety. From escorting young girls across campus at night, to making sure discrimination is uprooted in the halls of the college, to even making sure students don’t use too many outlets and fry the school’s electrical work. We do it all. Our main task for this week was to organize the university’s next three speaker events. This includes making sure the events and speakers are adequately advertised, security details are in order, and most importantly, the material the speakers are discussing are “appropriate.” Our department’s motto: Safety should never be traded for Freedom. They are one in the same. I used to believe in those words...

“You drink too much coffee, Brin.” Walt observed, “You’re gonna give yourself kidney stones if you don’t drink some water.”

I ignored his odd, but considerate, attempt at concern. “We’re not gonna make this deadline, Walt. Rilo Minnopoulos’s entire speech is a minefield. All of the guidelines for reforming a speaker’s speech would end up causing him to say the exact opposite of the points he’s trying to get across. In order to speak here at the university he would have to rewrite his entire speech arguing against himself. Did the Board of Events even do research on this guy before welcoming him to speak here?”

“I think the Board hopes he’ll feel pressured to tailor his views at the event. You know how they get, Brin. It’s their way or the highway. Although in this case I think a healthy dose of peer pressure is needed to curb this guy. He’s a real nut.”

“If Rilo’s been invited by the Board he shouldn’t be forced to tailor any of his views.”

Walt straightened himself from his slumped position, “Don’t tell me you agree with what this guy believes in.”

“Of course I don’t.” I retorted in irritation. “I think this guy is a sharp-tongued supremacist that has a problem coming to grips with human equality. But the guy has a serious notable platform to be reckoned with nowadays. He’s popular and his beliefs, though I find them unpleasant, are gaining traction with people. If it gets leaked that we’re trying to censor Rilo, it’s only going to make a martyr of him. Not to mention, censorship, in my opinion, is the worst form of regression.”

“Great to know you’re a humanitarian and all, but the guidelines are the guidelines. You have to reform his speech, Brin.”

“Don’t you think this steps on the First Amendment’s toes?”

Walt shrugged. “Yeah, but we’re a part of Freedom University’s Safety department. This is just how we keep people safe.”

“This isn’t keeping people safe, Walt, this is censorship. This is attacking peoples’ rights!”

“Yeah, but who cares? It’s Rilo Minnopoulos, Brin. The infamous dirt bag that spews garbage for a living. I don’t see a problem shutting this guy up.”

“That’s my entire point, Walt! Rilo spews garbage. And some of that garbage is gaining popular review. We have to expose that garbage to everyone. The only way that Rilo’s views will be confuted is if we throw gasoline on it and light a match! We have to get people’s attention. If people hear the negative things Rilo has to say they’ll rally against his ideology.”

“What if they don’t, Brin? What if they side with him?”

“...then that’s their right.” I shrugged. “But we can’t choose what the people side with, Walt. That’s for them to decide. It’s freedom.”

I got up from my desk chair after that and headed for the Dean of Student’s office. Why hadn’t I seen this before? Freedom’s Safety department never offered safety and sanctuary for students to dwell in. They had made thick filtered cages to control what we saw, heard, and believed. I couldn’t let this go on... at least, I couldn’t let this go on with my help.

I knocked and then opened the door. “Mr. Attler?”

“Ms. Brin Forry, do come in! What can I do for you?” The Dean of Students asked.



“I’ve discovered a flaw in our Safety reform guidelines while working on Rilo Minnopoulos’s speech. It censors people, therefore, it violates the First Amendment. In order to meet the guidelines, Rilo would have to write a speech against what he believes in.”

Mr. Attler leaned back in his chair. “Ms. Forry, it’s not the university’s Safety office’s job to worry over the Constitution.”

“Then you’ll look into it?”

“No, I’m sorry, that’s not my job either.”

“Then whose is it? I want to speak to that person.”

Mr. Attler sighed. “You’re not the first to walk into my office and tell me we’re censoring people, Ms. Forry, and you won’t be the last. This university has a goal to shape the future of the world. And that starts with shaping the minds of tomorrow’s leaders. Censorship is merely a tool we use to reach our objective. You’re in your senior year, right? Don’t go down this path, Ms. Forry. It’ll lead straight to expulsion.”

I stood there utterly bewildered. Ethics or education? Safety or freedom? Because I knew without a doubt they were not one in same.

“I quit.”



Growing up both homeschooled and a military brat, becoming a social butterfly proved difficult for Evelyn Barger. At 11 years old, she found companionship out of the fictional characters she wrote in her stories. Now 22 years old, Evelyn hopes to one day publish her fictional series and see others find friendship in her characters as she did.

the theater is closed

BRIAN HAGAN

“You’re shutting us down?”

Standing across from Cameron stood three tall men dressed in business suits and long coats. Only one of them seemed interested in speaking, the middle man, who had introduced himself as George. They were all very big men, if Cameron was to judge through their thick coats. They were certainly bigger than Cameron, a stick-thin man whose only real exercise was the occasional day spent building sets. He was an actor, foremost, and administrator next. If he were to ever develop the talent of intimidation, it would only be through sheer power of character.

None of these men had need for character, least of all George. He could have come alone and been enough to prevent any resistance from Cameron. The addition of the other two louts was unnecessary, but effective. Although they didn’t speak, they were sending a message.

“The Mayor has decided to retract his endorsement of your company,” George repeated. “You are, of course, permitted to continue operating if you feel said endorsement isn’t necessary.”

“But, why?” Cameron blurted out, despite his fear of the brutish men. The Mayor’s endorsement acted as a kind of shield against the thugs and enforcers that would gladly break in, steal everything of value, and burn the place to the ground, possibly with the occupants still inside.

Without the Mayor's protection the theater was marked, and there was no telling how long it would take for the first rock to fly through their windows, or the first door to get busted in. Most of the stuff the theater owned were fake props, but that didn't mean there weren't other valuables. Gasoline, lamp oil, rope, instruments, metal... even little things can be worth a few dollars, and it was now all up for the taking. Cameron could go to the police, of course, but they were too busy to do anything about it. More specifically, too busy taking care of people whom the Mayor endorsed. Cameron could be murdered in cold blood tonight, and the police would shrug while they searched for the criminal who dared to call the Mayor's favorite shop keeper something rude.

"We haven't done anything wrong." Cameron said, trying to maintain his composure. He might have managed it if he were a better actor, but he found it difficult to act with his soul suddenly being crushed underfoot.

"To my knowledge, nobody has made any accusation," George replied. "Nor does the Mayor need a reason to retract his endorsement. It's a free country, after all. Now, if you'll excuse us."

George and his men made their way to the door and closed it behind them with a quiet click, leaving nothing behind to signal what had just transpired. There was no official paper or lingering apology for the message they just delivered. Cameron sat quietly, holding back the tears. There was nothing he could do.

He looked up at the sound of footsteps. Mark, the theater's janitor, was standing nearby.

"I'm sorry to have eavesdropped, Mr. Cameron, but I was afraid they were going to hurt you," he said.

“It’s fine,” Cameron said. “Why would they do this, Mark? We never did anything bad. None of our plays criticized the Mayor or the government in any way. I always picked our shows carefully. We never insulted, condemned... we... we’re harmless.”

Mark nodded solemnly. “I know you worked hard to avoid this. My wife knew this was coming, though. I told her the same thing that you told me just now. I said ‘Mr. Cameron knows what he’s doing and he’s not going to put the theater in danger by trying to get political. He just wants to entertain people. Give some of us jobs. Take our minds off the bad things from time to time.’ She said it didn’t matter, that we’re a community, and we have a voice. She said that just because we don’t attack the Mayor now doesn’t mean he doesn’t fear being attacked.”

Silence fell upon the two men as Cameron rolled those thoughts through his mind. “Mark, how did you meet your wife?” he asked eventually.

“We were both professors at the university,” he replied.

“Oh,” Cameron said, now remembering that on Mark’s resume from years ago. “That’s right. You taught architecture, right? What did she teach?”

“History.”

Cameron nodded.

He thought.

The theater was over. It was done. Soon the actors would arrive for rehearsal of their current production, and he’d have to tell them there wasn’t going to be rehearsal any more. Even though they never did anything to displease the powerful, they were being shut down.



At least they were getting out with their lives.

They were getting out, without having fought even once to bring the truth to light. Their entire run had been frivolous, toothless, and nothing more than a distraction.

It was cruel and unfair. It made Cameron want to do something... but what could he do?

Mark turned around to resume his work, but Cameron called him back.

“Hey, Mark.” He hesitated. “Would you and your wife like to help me with a script?”



Brian Hagan lives in Pittsburgh, PA, where he writes, cuts gemstones, and tends his bonsai. You can find him on Facebook ([fb.com/horacepickle](https://www.facebook.com/horacepickle)) and follow his blog (windsmithcity.com) to see the odd things he gets up to. His first novel, *The Horrible Plan of Horace Pickle*, was published in 2014 and has made people fear for their mashed potatoes ever since.

notes from the contributors



joe gombita

Art is a way for someone to express themselves, and should be approached without restrictions and prejudice. This is not always the case. I never thought I would have a problem with censorship with my poetry; however, that has proven to be. My poem, "Orlando," was faced with a divided audience regarding its content. This poem talks about extremists, not Muslims, which is how this poem was first perceived. Regarding what had happened at the Pulse Nightclub in Orlando, this poem should have been censored based on its content.

zachary waszczak

"Being censored does not gag a creative person, it gives them reason to shout even louder."

suzie lockhart

Obviously, censorship stunts an artist's ability to create. The inability to express oneself can not only stunt, but stop a piece in progress. There can be beauty in tragedy, and tragedy in beauty...therefore, censorship can abolish beautiful pieces that might never exist.

rie sheridan rose

I think everyone has experienced some sort of censorship in their lives. I have been lucky not to be seriously impacted by it, but I sympathize profoundly with those who are. Everyone should have the right to express their views—though, sometimes, the forum must be taken into consideration.

thanks & acknowledgements

I would like to extend my sincerest thanks to the following individuals and organizations for their generous support. Without them, creation of "Combating Censorship: A Zine Project" would not be possible:

TO THE CONTRIBUTORS: WITHOUT THEM, THIS PROJECT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.

TO THE GWU PUBLISHING PROGRAM FOR ALLOWING ME TO CREATE THIS ZINE.

TO ZACH, FOR ALWAYS BEING THERE TO HELP ME CREATE ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.

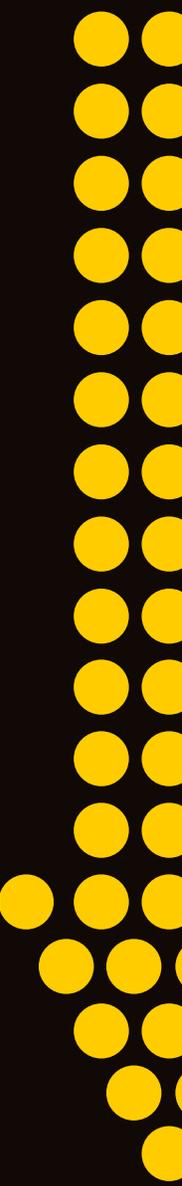


ABOUT THE CREATOR



Jacqueline Dell is a writer and editor currently living in Northern Virginia. In addition to her Poetry Editor role at Junto Magazine, she serves as a literary editor and reviewer for ABSENCE Literary and Visual Art Review Magazine. She received her Bachelor's degree from The Pennsylvania State University and is working towards her Master's degree in Publishing. When she's not watching horror movies, she is writing horror stories under the pseudonym Stormy Skies.

Making The Place
Better



Summer '17