

THE COLLEGIAN

GOODWELL, OKLAHOMA

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COLLEGIAN CREW

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Collegian Writing Competition Winning Entry:

Slime Monster

Maxine Henderson

It comes. It comes with the clouds; it comes with nightfall. It slithers around your ankles noiselessly, unnoticeably. During the night, it runs long, jagged fingernails down the halls of the dormitories, when your roommate is out and you are alone. You are not. It's not an accident.

You catch glimpses of it in the mirror, an ever-moving, ever-elusive shadow. It breathes on the back of your neck and you turn, but there's nothing there. "It's just your imagination," you tell yourself. You return to your styling or scrolling or staring at the ceiling in hopes that sleep comes.

Maybe it's humanity's primal way of knowing when they are being watched, maybe it's a sixth sense given to the hunted. Once the wishing hour ends, the feeling seems to leave. The unease in your chest rests somewhere farther away, under your bed. Exhaustion sets in. Sleep will not come without it.

It's the amalgamation of every person's disappointment, frustration, hopelessness. It's strongest in the dark and in the half-empty rooms, in the cracks in the walls and unused bathroom stalls, an unseen monster who's existed from before the beginning of human memory, choosing to rest here, of all places. Why? None know. Maybe once this was a hotbed of negative emotions, of injustice and hopelessness and sadness; humanity's been known to hurt itself. It's not out of the realm of reasonable thought that this hurt, humanity's great gaping wound, has affected everything, from the soil to the air to the very fiber of our young people. We can theorize, but we will never know.

After you wake up in the morning, the sun puts your fears to rest. There's nothing to be scared of. There's nothing to be scared of. The daylight calms your nerves and you forget. The thing in the walls, the thing that lives in the cracks here, the thing that visits your nightmares and your room, it remembers everything. It watches as you come back— you forgot your biology book this morning. You heard a creak from your bed— that's ridiculous, these are brand new, they shouldn't sound like they're breaking— but you thought it was nothing. It was not. It will wait as long as is necessary. During the night, it runs its long, jagged fingernails on the frame, right beside your ear, just as sleep starts to set in. Again and again, until the witching hour ends. Exhaustion sets in. You finally sleep. It's getting closer. It will wait.

Tonight, you shoot up as something cold and dry crawls down the side of your face. It's dark. Your roommate is out. You hit your face. There's nothing there. You turn on your desk light; you don't leave your bed. You can't bring yourself to put your feet on the ground. (That's where it's waiting.) You can't make a sound. Something jagged runs along your exposed foot. You pull both legs up, under the covers. Your roommate is out. Your leg aches. There's nothing there.

Your humanity can feel seven sets of eyes. Your sixth sense winces at how vulnerable you are. Blankets are not enough. Light is not enough. There's a cold, stuttered breath on the back of your neck. You pull away, but two cold, rotted hands with the long, jagged fingernails wrap around both your arms. Your roommate is out. Your body is screaming. There's something here.

Another hand covers your mouth. It doesn't matter; terror won't let you make a sound. Noiselessly, unnoticeably, it pulls you down. The mattress slips away. The floor opens up. Down, down, down. In your descent, you catch glimpses. It's like nothing you've ever seen, with a mouth straight out from the collective of humanity's worst nightmares. The reason you see its emotionless face because it's getting wider, sharper. You're held tight by too many cold, rotted hands. The darkness does not swallow you whole; it would never be so merciful. You are numb. One part is separated from another. The last thing you remember before you sink utterly into the darkness is the sound of your door unlocking, but your roommate is too late. You're gone.

It comes with the clouds. It has claimed another. You are not the first, nor will you be the last. No evidence is left; your existence is swallowed. People will make excuses for anything, even gaps in their memory. How do I know it exists? I don't remember their name, but I used to have a roommate.

Poetry Commentary: "At Sea"

Will Thiele

"At Sea" By Sara Teasdale

In the pull of the wind I stand,
lonely,
On the deck of a ship, rising, fall-
ing,
Wild night around me, wild water
under me,
Whipped by the storm, screaming
and calling.



Though this poem was written about the sea, when I read it, it made me think of Goodwell, U.S.A. We get our share of wind out here in the panhandle, and if the land was water, and we all had sailboats to get around, I don't think we'd ever be late for a date! On a serious note, I thought that it was so interesting that this poem was written about the sea, and about a person out at sea, but ironically, we can relate to it here in Oklahoma, one of the most landlocked states in the country. While I was reading this poem, I thought it was also interesting that Teasdale used the word lonely, it's always been a word that I've been able to relate to a lot, but I think that for some reason a lot of people would say that they can relate to this word. Maybe it's just part of being human, or maybe loneliness is out there to show us our real need for companionship. In the second line, the ship could easily be representative of life, and all of the highs and lows we go through. Life is full of them, but the ship keeps on sailing, and we keep on moving. The third line could be referring to the chaos of our domestic middle class American lives, and all the hustle that goes on around us by people who are constantly trying to get ahead and are pursuing their own agendas. I once heard that people who love things, use people and people who love people, use things. I think there are a lot of people out there who "love things, and are using people", and it can be hard to know who to trust sometimes, because you don't know if people are coming at you because they need something or like you. I think that this can play into the loneliness. In the last line, it makes me think about how many people can get beaten up by life. So many people out there are trying to say something. So many people want to be heard and no one will give them a listen. Kind of a depressing thought, but that's the reality of it.

To end this on a little lighter note than the one I started with, I take away a couple things from this poem. Number one that I need to be aware of my need for companionship, and keep investing in the friendships that I have, because at the end of the day we need each other. When you look at life and its storm, and waves, and wild winds we can't go through it alone. Number two, I think that we have to find ways in our life that we're contributing to the storm. Like I said earlier, I think some of it can be us hustling to get ahead and chasing the almighty dollar. What for? We need to slow down and enjoy life and this will help to slow down the storm a little as well. Number three, I've already said we need companionship to get through it, but make sure you are finding those friends that are hanging with you because they're there to support you and not what they can get from you. Last and foremost, be willing to listen to people because we all want people to listen to us. So many people talk and talk and never say anything. If we listen long enough, then we will truly have something to say when our turn comes around.

COLD WEATHER IS HERE!



Did you come to campus without a coat?

Stop by the Academic Resource Center or the Student Life Office during the week to visit the Aggie Coat Closet.

KEEP WARM



Synopsis: *those people* & *The Garden of Lost and Found*

Annette Gandara

After winning book of the year for *Our House*, Louise Candlish gifts the world with another novel equally as gripping titled *those people*. Set in Lowland Way in south London, a suburban place with friendly neighbors and children playing in the street. Perfection paints the picture for this neighborhood until Darren and Jodie move their way in and cause absolute havoc with their loud music, multiple cars, and disruptive building work. This novel will keep readers on their seats and questioning everything until the very end.



Harriet Evans's 11th novel brings a spellbinding story painted with flowers, loss, and courage. Set in 1919, Liddy Horner finds her artist husband, Ned, burning his best-known painting. The painting, known as *The Garden of Lost and Found*, depicts his two children playing in the garden of Nightingale House, the family's Cotswolds home. About a century later, Juliet, the couple's granddaughter, receives the key to Nightingale House randomly, which leads her into the tragic secrets of the past.



Ruth Bader Ginsburg wins \$1 million award for championing human rights

Annette Gandara

Supreme Court associate justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg has worked with human rights for a long time now and that has earned the 86-year-old \$1 million to go to a charity of her choice. Ginsburg won the Berggruen Prize for Philosophy & Culture for all of her work with social justice and general equality. Ginsburg was chosen from a list of more than 500 nominees who have also made cultural and ethical advances.

Nicolas Berggruen, a billionaire philanthropist and prize founder, stated, "By grit and determination, brains, courage, compassion and a fiery commitment to justice, Ruth Bader Ginsburg rose from modest beginnings to become one of the most respected, and most beloved, jurists of our time." Ginsburg is the fourth person to receive the Berggruen Prize since its inception in 2016, and the third woman to win it. Ginsburg's work came before and after her time as a Supreme Court justice. Her work includes founding the Women's Rights Project of the American Civil Liberties Union and co-writing the first law textbook on gender discrimination. Ginsburg also commented that she isn't planning on leaving the bench anytime soon and that her pancreatic cancer diagnosis has given her a "zest for life."



R is for Thursday Cooking Class

Will Thiele

Next Tuesday, November 5, at 6 P.M. in the Noble Center Conference Room, Noble Center Director, Amber Hollis-Fesmire, and Dean of Student Affairs, Michael Harris, will be teaming up to bring you cooking lessons from Chef Virgil Gibson of Guymon, Oklahoma. The idea came from Mr. Harris with the desire of wanting to do more for the students. Between being good friends with Gibson, and knowing how much learning to cook can be a struggle for college kids, the idea was born. Gibson is from around the Guymon area originally, but left to pursue a career in the culinary arts. In recent years, he has moved back to ranch, and teaches a few vocal lessons on the side. Mr. Harris sees Gibson as an amazing resource to benefit from and Gibson's desire to contribute is what brought the collaboration together. Chef Gibson will be demonstrating how to make a good, well-balanced meal on a tight budget, along with being able to make it out of the food resources that we have in our area grocery stores vs. the costly ingredients that can be hard and spendy to get a hold of in most of the healthy meal recipes depicted on television and online. He also wants to demonstrate several ways how to cook a great meal while using the limited resources of a microwave or using a hot pan since that is what most college students living in the dorms possess for a means of cooking. Ms. Hollis-Fesmire wanted to make it clear that everyone in the student-body of OPSU is welcome to come as well as anyone interested in the Goodwell community. We look forward to seeing you there!



A Murder Most Fowl

Megan Godfrey

More often than not, if an animal is solid black, it has ties to the spooky and paranormal. Crows are no exception. Long thought to be signs of bad omen, crows have become a popular Halloween symbol. These obsidian birds have also been accused of consorting with witches, acting as their companions, filling in for the typical feline counterpart of the duo.

To add to their macabre reputation, a group of crows is called a 'murder'. This led to the rise of superstitions saying that death followed crows. If one saw crows circling overhead, a reaper might be just around the corner. There are several cultures, however, that regard crows as signs of good luck.

Whether they truly bring good or bad luck, we may never know, but Halloween tends to only portray them in a dark and devious manner. Edgar Allan Poe, though writing about a bird of another name, may not have helped these pitch-black birds with his chilling poem, "The Raven". The knock, knock, knocking on the chamber door gives an ominous feel, and these birds have yet to shake that bad reputation.



'Twas the Night Before Halloween

Megan Godfrey

'Twas the night before Halloween, and all through the town
 Not a creature was stirring; no one was around.
 The jack-o-lanterns were placed by the door with care
 In hopes that dark spirits would not enter there.
 The people were snuggled all warm in their beds
 While visions of trick-or-treaters danced in their heads.
 The cauldron bubbling and I in my hat
 Waited for midnight as I stroked my black cat.
 When outside the house there arose such commotion
 I leaped from my seat, ignoring my potion.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash
 Ripped open the curtains and threw back the sash.
 The moonlight beamed down on the man of the hour
 His aura was strong, he commanded great power.
 He flicked up his wrists, and darkness dispatched
 I knew in an instant this man was Old Scratch.
 More rapid than bats the shadows did grow
 I turned on my heel, my elixir aglow.
 Now batwings, now toadstool, now eye of newt
 This Halloween brew would dispel that dark brute.
 As I stirred counter-clockwise I couldn't help but drawl
 "Blessed Samhain, and a good fright to all!"



Joke of the Week

Geology rocks...

But Geography is where it's at.



Gearing Up

Will Thiele

The OPSU rodeo team is gearing up to take off to their final fall rodeo for 2019 in the thriving little metropolis of Alva, Oklahoma this next weekend! The rodeo will be hosted by Northwestern Oklahoma State University. The first performance will be Thursday night, and there will be a slack Friday morning, a performance Friday Night, a slack Saturday morning, and the short-go will be held Saturday night. Part of the team's preparation involves the jackpots that go on at the college arena in Goodwell during the week. Coach Etbauer believes that competition in the practice pen prepares you for competition in a rodeo setting, so that's why we practice the way we do. That being said, all systems go, full send, and we'll give it our all this next weekend in Alva, U.S.A!

Campus Events

10/30

- First Portfolio Reviews for Fall 2019 TEP Applicants 8:00 AM - 3:00 PM HMH 127
- Vocal Studio Recital 12:30 PM - 1:00 PM Centennial Theater
- TEC Meetings 3:45 PM - 5:00 PM HMH 127
- OIL (Oklahoma Intercollegiate Legislator) 5:30 PM - 6:45 PM SAB 202

10/31

- Rodeo at Northwestern Oklahoma State University Alva, OK
- First Portfolio Reviews for Fall 2019 TEP Applicants 8:00 AM - 4:30 PM HMH 127
- Weekly Game Night 6:00 PM - 9:30 PM McKee Library
- Men's Basketball vs McMurry University 6:00 PM Plainview, TX

11/1

- Final Intern Seminar for Fall 2019 Interns 9:00 AM - 12:00 PM HMH 127
- OPSU Professional Development 12:30 PM - 1:00 PM Library Computer Lab/Tutoring Lab
- Men's Basketball vs Arlington Baptist University 6:00 PM Plainview, TX
- Women's Volleyball at Texas Wesleyan 7:00 PM Fort Worth, TX

11/2

- Equine Teams at West Texas A&M University Canyon, TX
- Women's Soccer vs Southwestern Assemblies of God University (Texas) 1:00 PM Anchor D Stadium
- Women's Volleyball at Southwestern Assemblies of God (Texas) 1:00 PM Waxahachie, TX
- Football at Wayland Baptist (Texas) 2:00 PM Plainview, Texas
- Men's Basketball vs University of the Southwest (N.M.) 3:00 PM Anchor D Arena
- Men's Soccer vs Southwestern Assemblies of God University (Texas) 3:00 PM Anchor D Stadium

11/4

- Panhandle Honor Choir and NYC Fundraising Dinner 4:00 PM - 9:00 PM Ballroom

11/5

- OPSU Collegiate FFA Interscholastic 7:00 AM - 10:00 PM SAB ground floor, HMH 209 and 210, Metal shop, England Center/school farm
- HALO meetings 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM HMH 139
- R is for Thursday Cooking Class 6:00 PM - 9:00 PM Noble Center
- Men's Basketball vs Barclay College 7:00 PM Anchor D Arena