



University of Idaho
Department of English

—PRESENTS—

THE CREATIVE WRITING RECIPIENTS
OF THE 2020-21
HOGUE SCHOLARSHIP
AND 2020 SELECTIONS
FOR THE
UNDERGRADUATE WRITERS SHOWCASE



The University of Idaho English Department and Creative Writing Program is pleased to announce the Creative Writing recipients of this year's Hogue Family Centennial Scholarship:

**Dillon Poe
Marie Schonewald**

The annual scholarship is awarded to continuing students who "demonstrate literary talent and creativity, with preference given to students who show the potential to succeed as professional writers, journalists, etcetera, after graduation."

Dillon and Marie join seven other students whom the Creative Writing faculty have selected as writers of standout achievement in their workshops this year. All are profiled below, with brief excerpts from their work.

Typically, these writers would read from their work in the Undergraduate Invitational Reading at BookPeople of Moscow. As with so much else, COVID-19 has made that popular event impossible this year.

Nonetheless, their distinction is something to celebrate. Please join us in honoring and acknowledging the achievements of these nine undergraduate writers.

**Jeff Bishop
Rachele Catt
Elaine Cockle
Lucas Lysne
Cameron Martin
Fran O'Farrell
Jessica Parry
Dillon Poe
Marie Schonewald**



Jeff Bishop

Jeff Bishop is a senior professional writing major from Boise, who hopes to one day help to prove that video game narratives are worth paying attention to – or maybe just anything to get out of retail. Until then, short stories are fun too.

from **“Alone in Any Shape”**

Okay, so I walk into this coffee shop place, and I’m like incognito. Not like movie incognito, where they have a hoodie up and aviators and a baseball hat or whatever (which is actually incredibly suspicious) – I was just like a regular guy, y’know? Like the most average type of guy I could be. Totally beneath notice. Incognito. Like, imagine Adam Scott maybe? But less distinctive. Sort of short, shaggy brown hair, thin, but not too thin, medium-narrow face – khakis, blue flannel with the sleeves rolled up, no glasses or beard or anything like that.

Rachele Catt

Rachele Catt is a junior English major from Moscow, Idaho. She works part time at the Moscow Food Co-op and enjoys spending as much time with her family as possible. She is currently writing a dystopian novel, in addition to short stories.



from **“The Perfect Moment”**

You build a snowman with her, and I watch. Yes. You’re perfect. That scarf around your neck could be tighter, and the air would just stop. The laughter would just... End. But the scarf isn’t tight. In fact, it’s a little droopy.

I read somewhere once that people can’t handle perceiving something as cute. Apparently, when a person considers something cute, they want to destroy it. That’s why some people, when holding a baby animal, have an impulse to crush it. I don’t know if that’s true, but if it is, maybe that’s why I picked you.

Elaine Cockle

Elaine Cockle is a Senior studying Psychology at the University of Idaho. When she's not busy admiring beetles or eating potato chips, she loves writing sweet-at-the-center horror stories and relentlessly working to get her novel published.



from "Assigned Gender at Junior High"

Everyone was standing, and I was waiting to feel god's pull - desperately hoping I could feel it, that god would pull instead of push. That I wouldn't burn his hand.

And then the preacher said, "this is the last one," and I panicked.

I looked at Alex.

We were the only two still sitting.

In that moment, I did feel a call. I felt called to fire—not the fires of hell, I was too young for that yet—but I felt called to the fire of the August sun, the fire in warm pond water and on hot concrete, the fire of whiskey, the fires me and my pack would light with small hands and smaller matches.



Lucas Lysne

Lucas Lysne is a Senior English Major who intends to graduate. There's a lot you could say about them. Some good, mostly bad.

from "Snail Shell"

Grosbeak carved in wood
walnut beak walnut brown
claws shaped by awls
porous—wrinkled—pitted
accessory to a midcentury dresser
ornamental existence
subservience
can't be real

Cameron Martin

Cameron Martin is a queer writer from the Midwest who is proud to call Moscow, Idaho home. He plans to graduate in May of 2021, after which he hopes to attend a creative writing MFA program. He has an essay forthcoming in the Sonora Review.



from "Sancta Sequence"

Another aphid smears itself between my book's pages. Autumnal carnage sprawls. O suicidal insects with your kamikaze instincts, presentimenting the ugly inside. Fall back. For a fresh start, an acorn. Its broad, baby possibility: and just then one shadow-shrieks under my sole, goes crack. A squirrel skitters. Glinting springy teem: denied.

So much for that season. I am in a laundromat: PROBLEMS??? LEAVE A MESSAGE! No luck. A man in camo, baseball cap, fanny pack watches Tom and Jerry on a TV bolted to one wall. I spend \$1.25 on a candy bar, regret the nougat. Every poem is a persona poem, I remind myself. The I your eyes are privy to. The right to refuse service to anyone is reserved.



Fran O'Farrell

Fran O'Farrell is a graduating senior in the Film & TV Studies major from Blanchard, Idaho. To the state they are a freshly-female baker, but they also like to sew, share food, and spend time with loved-ones.

from "Still"

Sometimes, there is a strange feeling while modeling of being trapped. The dynamics of the gaze are complex, multivalent. I know from yoga that it's easier to keep the body still if the gaze is still too, so finding a fixed point on the wall or the floor or the sky is a constant strategy while posing. If I look around too much, my body might shift dramatically. I dare not return the gaze of anyone or suddenly we'll see each other as fully realized human subjects and recognize the absurdity of our positions. Simultaneously, I'm never sure what part of my body someone might be focused on representing, so each part is locked in place, pinned down by their imagined looks.

Jessica Parry

Jessica Parry is a graduating creative writing student, originally from Boise, Idaho. She will be attending Eastern Washington University to pursue a Master's in Fine Arts. Her short stories make her mom uncomfortable but are sure to make you laugh or at least breathe quickly out your nose.



from **"Isn't Your First Kiss Just So Magical?"**

The music was the only thing keeping the three of us safe from a naked silence. It was still just as loud when I asked you if you wanted a quieter place to talk. I can't remember why I picked you out of all of the men in the crowded party. After you stepped onto the fire escape and lit a cigarette, the red glow revealed how ugly you actually are. Your forehead grease slicked back into your slightly too shaggy hair and your sharp nose was topped off with three very long, coarse hairs.



Dillon Poe

Dillon Poe is a senior English major with one emphasis and too many minors. He and his wife Heidi keep busy raising their two young children. He is excited to graduate and learn how to balance a job with his love of creative writing.

from **"We"**

The Wall—as the news was now calling it—stood taller than any object in the valley. Its shadow always being cast somewhere, for now the sun could only reach the valley at its apex. The military took over the supply efforts, their army green helicopters dropping like fresh olives then rebounding back over the wall. They had tried explosives, hand tools, and excavators, but nothing budged the wall. It's surface chipped and cracked, but it still stood.

Marie Schonewald

Timmi Marie Schonewald is a junior Creative Writing major from Kellogg, Idaho. She interns as a reader for Fugue, but spends her free time writing or drawing. She's currently working on a collection of short stories.



from **"Colorblind"**

She'd signed up to be a mentor, or whatever the name of it was, because the pay was decent and she knew enough about the campus to be a good choice, or something like that. Out of the three freshman she was assigned to mentor, her favorite had been the little pixie with hot pink hair and poison green eyes and too much glitter on her cheeks—biodegradable, of course, she had told Sam. And she even had a name that sounded like it belonged to a fairy. Anora.



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