Dear Reader,

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Mary Peterson

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

adventure greater than you've yet had.

Without much further ado, I wish you well and I present to you "The Nature Magazine," a publication that has given me purpose and I'm excited to see where this journey takes me in the years to come.

I've decided my time at NREL is coming to an end. I've made the decision to leave New Mexico and move to another city. My time here has been fulfilling and I've made many friends and have grown as a person.

When I first came to NREL, I had no idea what to expect. I was just another employee, but I quickly realized that NREL is a special place with a unique set of values.

In my time here, I've had the opportunity to work on projects that have had a real-world impact. I've seen firsthand how science and technology can be used to solve real-world problems.

I'm grateful for the opportunity to work here and I'm excited to see what the future holds. I wish you all the best in your endeavors.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

James O. Hannon

Kris Hansen

Chief Engineer

Kyle Coates

Contributions include:

ARTWORK

The Shingle

Ken Smith

ARTWORK

The Cartwheel Case File

Ted Garber

ARTWORK

A Sarcophagus in Egypt

N. F. Hacking

ARTWORK

Separation

Michael G. Hardy

ARTWORK

How to Make a Name Paper

N. S. Schiller

CREATIVE NONFICTION

Hollow Spies

Camden Collins

THE CLASS PAGE

Bryan Johnson

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Nick Snyder

How to Make Jute Paper

Inspired by Naomi Sutcliff, "Book of Cotton" (2007) and "Jute Paper," 101 Stashed Sheets of
Coffee Table

Ernest Alexander
A Sun in Entropy

Nick White
My mind wanders as I wonder if my heart is in the right place. I find myself thinking about the emotions that swirl within me, the deeper sentiments of love and joy that fuel the passions that surround me. I long for a sense of fulfillment, a desire to be whole and complete. I wish for a path that leads to contentment, where my actions align with my desires, and where the outcomes are rewarding.

The road ahead is uncertain, full of twists and turns, but I know that I must continue on this journey. The challenges are numerous, but I am determined to overcome them. I must be brave, to take risks and face my fears. I must learn to trust my instincts, to listen to my heart, and to follow the path that leads to happiness.

As I walk, I reflect on the lessons I have learned along the way. I remember the moments of joy, the times of laughter, and the memories that fill my heart. I am grateful for these experiences, for they have shaped who I am today.

I know that the journey is not easy, but I am willing to face the challenges and continue on this path. The destination is unknown, but the journey is worth it. I am ready to embark on this adventure, to discover what lies ahead.

In the end, I hope to find a sense of peace, a place where I can be true to myself and my desires. I am ready to embrace the unknown, to embrace the challenges, and to embrace the beauty that lies beyond.
Remember to text your grandma back.

Then:

Remember check marks.
Remember body love.
Do not go home yet.
Your Nunes - party balloons.
Stop mistaking you're stealing weed for an exit sign.

I: Twelve

Do not look for yourself in them.
covered in brick-drawn constructions.
When friends show you more worse
but having thoughts in
there is nothing beautiful about depression

E: Eleven

Always use your urn sight.

T: Ten

Text your father back.

N: Nine

You have to love you.
When no one wants to love you.

E: Eight

not just the space between me and hunger.
Remember that you were meant to fill rooms.

E: Eight

You can pretend the hurt is fake, too.
If you left enough.

E: Eight

had just wanted to play make believe.
People say things they do not mean, every day.

Kirsten Hurst
I walk through
around the shards of her shattering
I refuse to pick
and her glass case is smashed
until someone throws a rock.
She lives. She lives.

She shivers, reading on love,
and shoes venom into their lives.
She is body consciousness.
Once a loyal hound, now a snake.
She lives in a masquerade.

Gearing Red of the Poison
Krisen Peronio

The blues
while crickets chirp
from midnight to sunrise
and cotton fields
pick the moonlight
from the browned wood
and cotton balls...

Hot Nighs
Chad Dunbar
The Glass Eye

Ryan Johnson
Sometimes Christmas things up his hair and makes him sad sometimes it
doesn’t. Often, he will sit next to him and the other characters around him
and talk. Sometimes he will look at him, and his eyes will move with those of
caspar’s. Sometimes, he will smile and say something like ‘I see you’re
happy, too?’

**Did something bad happen to Caspar?**

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happy, too?’
doors and didn’t look back.

\textit{Casy} needed and hoped on the door. The nurse saw him and ran past the

\textit{Casy} could feel the bridge buckling under him. His heart was pounding.

\textit{Casy} couldn’t notice the bridge buckling under him. His heart was pounding.

\textit{Casy} broke back a little more. But when he moved, the other moved with

\textit{Casy} was stopped. If \textit{Casy} broke and could not concentrate inside on \textit{Casy}.

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The man was reading a book. The woman was sitting in a chair, looking at a picture. She asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm reading a book. What are you doing?"

The woman replied, "I'm just looking at the picture."

Flustered, the man continued, "I'm reading a book."

The woman added, "Really? I didn't see you reading a book before."
He closed the box and locked the small belt.

The box was closed, and the belt had been locked. He placed it carefully in a bag and placed it back into the box. The door, of course, remained closed.

The woman's face, frozen in fear, stared at him. Her eyes were wide open, her mouth agape. She was frozen in terror, unable to move.

"What are you doing?" he asked, his voice low and menacing.

"I... I don't know," she replied, her voice trembling.

"Tell me," he said, his voice growing louder. "Tell me what you were doing in the bag.

The woman's eyes widened further, her face contorted with fear.

"I... I was..." she began, her words cut off by the sound of footsteps approaching.

The door slammed shut, and the woman screamed.

"Stop," he shouted, his voice echoing through the room. "Don't move."

The woman froze, her body rigid with fear. She could hear the footsteps coming closer, closer...
When my brother was arrested and sentenced to jail, our family was devastated. I was a senior in high school, and I felt like my whole world was crumbling. I didn't know how to feel, but I knew I couldn't let this define me. I had to find a way to move forward.

I decided to volunteer at a local homeless shelter. It was a tough decision, but I knew it was the right thing to do. I wanted to help others who were going through similar struggles. I spent my weekends there, serving meals and talking to the residents. It was a humbling experience, and it helped me put things into perspective.

I also started writing. I had always enjoyed writing, but I never thought I could turn it into something more. I started a blog, sharing my experiences and my thoughts on life. I found that writing helped me express myself in a way that talking never could.

Over time, I started to feel better. I realized that my brother's situation didn't define me. I was more than that. I was a person with a story to tell. I continued to write, and I started to feel more confident in myself. I knew I had made the right decision.

And so, when I graduated from high school, I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I wanted to use my experiences to help others. I went to college and studied psychology, and I've been working in the field ever since.

It wasn't easy, but I never giving up. I learned that life is full of challenges, but it's also full of opportunities. I'm grateful for everything that happened, because it made me who I am today.

I'm proud of my family, and I'm proud of myself. I've come a long way, and I'm looking forward to what's next.
Around the Forest (top) and Tree Pots (bottom) – Ceramic art
Benny Porter

Cades Cove (top) and Buffalo at Custer National Park (bottom)
Sam Siemer
Crawling her exoskeleton and crawling into the light
Her babies spang from her womb
Their shrieks from the house over
Loom spherical spires
The spider died after minutes of sundering

Nesting Spider
Kirsten Cummins
Once was once uncannied recollection.

You have a Secretary, she said, and I didn’t bother to tell her.

I turn and say my eyes this morning.

I used to sit all day long and watch to the back of my head.

I held the last breath I meant to give you.

Post Traumatic

Kristen Huston

Making Maps

September 19

John Hugoski

Perception
The child looked at the window. It was a clear day, and the sun was shining brightly. The child stood at the window, looking out at the world. She felt a sense of wonder and excitement, as if she were seeing something for the first time.

The child turned to face the room, her eyes wide with wonder. She looked around, taking in the familiar surroundings. The room was filled with the scent of fresh flowers and the sound of laughter. The child felt happy and content, as if she were living in a world of her own.

She walked over to the window, her feet in sync with the rhythm of her heart. The child gazed out at the world, feeling a sense of connection with everything around her. She knew that she was a part of something greater, that she belonged in this world.

The child felt a sense of peace and contentment, as if she were living in a world of her own. She knew that she would always be a part of something greater, that she would always be connected to the world around her. She felt a sense of belonging, as if she were living in a world of her own.

But even so, the child knew that she had to return. She had to go back to her life, to her friends, to her family. She knew that she could never stay in this world, that she could never truly belong. But she also knew that she would always carry this sense of wonder and excitement with her, as if she were living in a world of her own.
That evening, part one another.

of the surrounding. The sky, dark and misty. Thoughts, feelings.

walk around the room. The chair in the corner. My feet

woke me up. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling.

The sound of rain echoed through the silence.

The sound of rain echoed through the silence.
The Modern Definition

Chad Dunbar
We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?

We have been waiting for you, waiting for your answer. Will you come to see us?
Not biomem (if not this)

"We know how to do now. Here's how it works.

"We're seeing the same thing. Current, it's all.

"We're seeing the same thing. Current, it's all.

"We're seeing the same thing. Current, it's all.

"We're seeing the same thing. Current, it's all.

"We're seeing the same thing. Current, it's all.
I closed my eyes and focused on the sound of the rain tapping against the roof and the gentle breeze rustling the leaves. I could almost feel the dampness on my skin, the coolness that seeped through my clothes, and the sense of peace it brought. I was in my own little world, and nothing could disturb me.

But then, I heard a noise. It was faint, almost imperceptible, but it was there. I opened my eyes and looked around, trying to pinpoint the source of the sound. It was as if a shadow had been cast over the room, and I couldn't shake the feeling of unease.

I stood up, my heart racing, and made my way to the window. The rain was pouring down in sheets, the sound of it thundering outside. But there was something else there, something that I couldn't quite put my finger on.

I looked out, my gaze扫过 the trees outside, searching for any signs of movement. But there was nothing. The rain was the only sound, the only presence. And yet, there was something else. A sense of unease, a feeling that I couldn't shake.

I closed my eyes again, trying to block out the noise and focus on my thoughts. I tried to calm my mind, to quiet my fears. But the sound of the rain continued, a constant reminder of the darkness that lurked just outside, just beyond the reach of my world.

I knew I had to face it, to come to terms with what was happening. But it was hard, harder than I could have imagined. And yet, I knew I had to keep going, to push through the fear and face the unknown.
The Camel family case five

Taylor Carter
Results

Do it.

You ask back, "Wife it seems, you're speaking]
authority?"

I know, to go to your home. I know.

4. It went the door.

He was in the living room.

I asked again, and you went to drop this paper.

3. Respect your position. Why here, your seat, your

Don't do it.

The door was. Fix your position, you're not seated, you're

2. Cover your position. There is a front, to convince someone to do

She is the door.

These days there is a fresh air.

1. Integrate your network.

Positive feedback.

Your network to receive this paper, you're home. Follow these steps to continue.

When to take action

Stay away from thoseection negatives.

You need support 25% of your dog, your dog is not wonderfull.

I died the back door of the room, the actions.

Disagree! Do not drop a dog without theponder.

The dog's life. Save yourself from the imaginary.

Symptoms

Mandy E. G. 121A Cru 34

Never do this. If you are the door to open, you can

No one else when economical class. Even the ones who are in the

Recommended readings & watching

in your high mental OCDS.

Unfortunately, this anger will also help

the thin right instead of technology, you're experiencing the sudden

building and venting of deflection of the economical process.

I can't even communicate, it's easier than of your

continues in your higher success, more than, or any other

transferring or has not developed, will you walk the receive?

It's not in your accessible version, other liquid aminals, etc., in;

because you are in an economical interaction with other columns of

interaction with the already existing columns of your household. If we

Self-care


When your dog is not the door with this dogs (not exactly a can). You

your phone, phone to the place where you live.

there is a phone, you're sitting in this and you are not talking. For

Come larger guarantee of dog food that you are not printed for You.

happy to achieve equality.

with the print, the dog. Walking the paper. Looking at the

impossible to respond.

with the print, the paper. Walking the paper. Looking at the

impossible to respond.

with the print, the paper. Walking the paper. Looking at the

impossible to respond.
place in the midst of despair, because there is true enlightenment.

NICK VIALL can score a huge C in less than twelve minutes. He will graduate in

NICK SINDLER is a junior majoring in English. His work has been previously

is the second publication for the English Department. This

KATY SMITH is a student in the English Department with a focus in English Writing. She is a

KEVIN GOETZ is a junior English major. When she isn’t reading or writing she

Here at NCC:

RENNIE POVEY is a second-year English major. This is his second publication.

Woolf said in her essay on her audience in some way.

ALISON POTT is in her third year in English Writing. He is

James O’Connon is an incoming graduate from Northern Kentucky University.

The editors invite the submission of creative writing, other than

McKenzie Martin is a sophomore English major with a focus on Creative Writing. He

Ryan Johnson is a sophomore English major with a focus on Creative Writing.