



*Stephanie Sawyer and Frances Bowser
Bias Hall's award from the ECSU and
Pasquotank County chapters of NAACP.*

“And the Winner is...”

By Michael A. Emmert

For the most outstanding Black History Exhibit in a residence hall, the award goes to Bias Hall.

Dorothy Newby and Gereline Lynn, Bias' Residence Hall Directors, were quite proud of their plaque which reads, "Presented to Bias Hall for Best Black History Residence Hall Exhibit 1983, Given by ECSU and Pasquotank

County Chapters of the NAACP." And, of course, they were also very proud of the two young ladies who initiated and carried out the project.

Stephanie Sawyer and Frances Bowser arranged a beautiful and informative bulletin board which depicted a few of the many distinguished Black characters in American

History. Among them were Larry Holmes, Harriet Tubman, Vernon Jordan, Daisy Bates, Alex Haley, Andrew Young, Rosa Parks, and of course Martin Luther King Jr.

Miss Bowser, a freshman Sociology major, and Miss Sawyer, a freshman Business Management major, are surely to be congratulated.



*Good Luck, Tammy and Mike, in your new venture of
“wedded bliss”.....*

Sneak Preview

The staff of the COMPASS is very proud of our editor, Lynette Gutridge, and is equally proud of her latest accomplishment. Lynette Gutridge's short story, "The Moment the Music Stopped," has been accepted by COLONNADES, Elon College's Literary Magazine, and will be published in the 1982-83 issue of the magazine.

Tamera J. Cook, editor of the magazine, said this of Lynette's story, "...there were almost five hundred submissions this year and your inclusion is a good indication of the high quality of your work."

In this, the final issue of the COMPASS and Lynette's grand finale, we include a copy of "The Moment the Music Stopped," and ask the readers of the COMPASS to share in this sneak preview.

“The Moment the Music Stopped”



By Lynette Gutridge

He was far away from the others before he noticed it was getting late. The sun was already a dusty rose color which painted the sky. It became a blur as it faded quickly away.

This was the perfect spot. It had the proper ingredients. The coastline was jagged and the sharp cliffs were high above the ocean. There were small clusters of trees that swayed with the wind. His mind was relaxed as he watched the white-tipped waves crash against the rocks below.

Time had passed quickly as he drifted in his thoughts. The air was growing much cooler now as the velvet mist began to cover the area like a blanket.

He felt he should start back before the others began to worry. He had no flashlight with him; and he knew the dirt road was dark and twisted near the cliffs edge. The darkness had fallen so quickly that the trees were beginning to look distorted with shapes that seemed to hover over the road.

The sound of the ocean still lingered in his mind as he began to walk swiftly, zipping up his thin jacket. The light mist that rolled in earlier had been replaced

by a deep, thick fog. His body seemed to slice into dampness as he continued to walk, much faster now because the evening dusk had turned to darkness and the purple mist rolled and swirled around him as he edged his way along the uneven road.

He had gone around the first turn when he began to hear the haunting music. It first sounded like a flute, but with the fog the sound became thick and heavy. He left the road and began to follow the eerie music into the fog. It was then that he heard the voices singing, no, not singing, but chanting, chanting to the beat of the flute-like sounds. The melodic voices grew louder, rising and falling to the beat as he approached the small clearing. The area was surrounded by dark, twisted trees that seemed to be standing guard over the clearing. The rest of the area was protected by large boulders and there was one narrow path that was close to the edge of the cliff.

He could see them now, all thirteen of them. They were dressed in long black robes that had hoods covering most of their faces. There were two groups: most stood in a semicircle swaying and

chanting to the rhythm of the music; while the smaller group held torches and seemed to be guarding the area. They were all looking toward the center of the circle, which he was unable to see because of the darkness. There was a crackling fire that grew into shapes when the wind blew upon it.

He had heard of these meetings; but no one he knew had ever mentioned seeing a group like this before. He knew he should be going, but the mystery of the coven lured him on. He found himself looking for a place to hide. He crouched behind some shrubbery and a large rock and watched as the coven moved with the music.

As he watched, a small cloaked figure approached the largest figure in the cult. The hood was dropped back and he could see the long dark hair flowing around her shoulders. As she moved towards the larger figure, a black cat weaved itself in and out of her feet. He could see her face clearly now. He was able to see from his hidden position that she had the same large green eyes as the cat. Her skin glowed a milky white while the fire and moon danced lightly across her face. The reflection of the fire was

captured in her eyes as she rolled her head and tossed her hair back. She danced in small cat-like steps, getting closer to the larger figure with each one.

She stood before the large cloaked figure reaching to remove the hood. Once the hood was down, the robe fell to the ground revealing an enormous satyr. The creature resembled Pan, with hooved feet and bent goat legs. The eyes were wicked and yellow. The creature kept his burning gaze fixed on the woman as he pulled her toward him. It's head was large and had small sharply pointed horns. He was unable to see its teeth; however, he did see the evil, twisted sneer as they danced slowly to the flute.

He was struggling to see when he noticed the sharp jeweled dagger in the creature's hand. The coven was still chanting; but the chant had taken on a much higher and more shrill beat. The music had become sharp and quick, the notes seemed to stab the air. The figures began to chant faster and faster as a note of hysteria moved through the frenzy. Some removed their cloaks and danced madly about the fire. It seemed they were flaunting their nakedness

to the creature, the woman, and the fire.

He was unable to move his eyes from the beautiful woman and the dagger in the creature's hand. He felt that he too was locked in a trance from those eyes. It was then that his foot slipped, shoving several large stones down the cliff. He grabbed at the branches to maintain his balance and while trying to remain hidden.

He heard the music stop. The silence seemed to go on forever. He realized that they heard the rocks fall into the ocean below. Everything began to move as if it were in slow motion. It was in that one moment, those first few seconds of death-like silence, that he saw the twisted fingers on the clawed hand point in his direction. He attempted to stand. He tried to run. He meant to run. He looked at the ocean and the jagged rocks below. His mind returned to the afternoon and he remembered the beauty of the waves as they rolled in on the shore, just as the first cloaked figure was upon him.

