

The Red Hawk Review



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The Red Hawk Review

Artistic Expressions from Gateway's Talented Visual Artists and Wordsmiths

Congratulations to our 2019-2020 Prize Winners!

Poetry: Beatriz Rosales for "Mi Sentir Por Escribir"

Spanish Prose: Berenice Lorenzo for "Análisis de Personaje"

English Prose: AJ Prange for "Dune du Pilat"

Visual Arts: Samantha Hanneman for "Untitled #1"



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The Hill

by Rebecca Hufen

Standing atop the hill wondering at all I have not built
and all that used to be
wind tugs at my clothes urging me to wander forth
as it sings:

Take your steps down this hill come and amble through
the destruction you think you caused
stare at the ashes of trees that once stood tall

If only I could show you the roots that remain

Fire you started leapt out of control
it ran down your hill eating everything in its path

Sitting on your hill

Believing only the blameless can stand up
If only you could see all the other hills
Each with their own fires and ashes

Lying on your hill asking the stars for answers
Curled up alone in the cold unable to see past the ashes

If only I could show you the many hill around yours
Each believing they are utterly alone

But I am only the wind

And you believe only in the hill upon which you stand.



Whispers

by Rebecca Hufen

Slinking in
Unheeded, insignificant,
Such as one drop of rain
Hits
 the
 ground
the lies
barely a whisper,
easily ignored, when allowed to stay
gather together,
till one becomes many
and the roar
 cannot be
 ignored
a single drop
turns into a tempest,
unleashing its force,
chaining
 you
 down
the lies, invisible, their shackles
tug at your wrists,
unseen, but turning to steel
till there is no telling
what is true

And what is
 Not
Because a single
 Drop
One whisper was allowed to stay.





My Love

by Amber Bosas

Eyes just like the sea
Her hair, her hair falls perfectly without her trying
Her Voice sounds just like a song to me
With her I feel free
Just look into her eyes, eyes just like the sea



(Untitled 1 by Samantha Hanneman)

Mi Sentir Por Escribir

by Beatriz Rosales

Tengo prisa por escribir
Quiero expresar todo mi sentir
Los años pasan y no sé cuándo voy a morir
Ayúdame Dios mío a poderlo cumplir.

Este es mi sueño anhelado, prefiero no dormir
No sé lo que el tiempo me prepare, ni adónde voy a ir
Quiero dejar mis letras antes de partir
Quiero dejar huella de todo mi vivir.

Realmente gozo esto, esto de escribir
Para mí es divertido aunque no lo puedas oír
Necesitas leerlo, leerlo para sentir
Sentir lo que yo siento, no te vas a deprimir.

Si crees que son tonterías mías, no te voy a contradecir
Para mí este es un modo, un modo de existir
Ni creas que me ofendo si te vas a reír
Esta es mi manera de expresarme, mi manera de sobrevivir

Niño no te vayas, ¿Te quieres escabullir?
Ven a escuchar mis poemas, no te vas a arrepentir
Te prometo que esto acaba pronto, no lo voy a repetir
Anda niño mira que soy necia, no me quieres contradecir.



No Mi Dijiste Adiós

by Beatriz Rosales

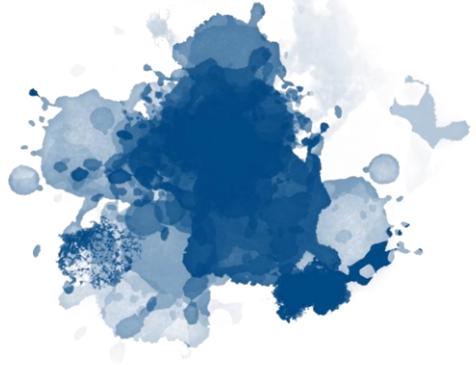
No me dijiste adiós
Mi alma llora tu partida
Todo fue tan rápido
Pensé en llamarte
Y contarte mi alegría
Creí tener tiempo
Mira qué ironía
La última vez que te vi
Pensé que regresarías
El culpable aquí es el destino
Sí, el destino que torció mi vida
Hoy te has ido, quién diría
Que el silencio de tu ausencia
Así me quebraría
Lloro porque no me dijiste adiós
Lloro amargamente tu partida
Porque no te dije que te amaba
Porque no nos dimos el último beso
El último abrazo y aun me pregunto
Si me bendecirías
Me faltó decirte tanto. No creí
que tan pronto morirías.



The Night

by Beatriz Rosales

I like it when the night is quiet
the sounds sharpen
I can hear my thoughts.
The serenade of a cricket accompanies me.
It doesn't bother me, it doesn't hurt me.
When the night is quiet I feel peace
My breathing is slow and harmonizes.
The dim light makes me fall in love
I want to write, to think.
I sigh, I sigh because I like the night.
When the night is quiet.
Everyone sleeps and an angel takes care of me
Outside a train passes from time to time.
The ticking of the clock synchronizes with my heart.
I like it when the night is quiet.
my feelings are complicit in her
Although silent I know it is present.



Análisis de Personaje

by Berenice Lorenzo

¿Alguna vez has ido al cine y no te ha gustado ni la trama de la película ni los personajes? Si nunca te ha pasado, tienes muy buena suerte. A veces los personajes que son antagonistas son los que nadie quiere, pero no podemos negar que son una parte muy importante de la película. Un ejemplo de un antagonista que también es un personaje importante es el Capitán Vidal, uno de los personajes principales de *El Laberinto de Fauno*. El personaje del Capitán en la película fue importante porque sin el Capitán no hubiera existido orden entre los soldados. Es importante tener un Capitán en el campo de batallas para ganar batallas en la guerra. Su personaje en la película también era muy importante porque la historia se desarrolló alrededor de él. Por él la película habla de traición, muerte y escapismo. El Capitán Vidal era un personaje malvado, cuyo amor para el poder lo llevó a lastimar a muchas personas inocentes.

El Capitán Vidal era un hombre muy alto con pelo negro, parecía tener unos 40 años. Siempre estaba vestido con su traje de Capitán que era azul y también llevaba su gorra azul. Tenía un caminar recto y siempre tenía cara de enojado, nunca sonreía para nada. Todos lo respetaban porque él era el Capitán y porque él tenía un carácter fuerte.

En el principio de la película se ve que el capitán era machista. Le dijo a su esposa Carmen que tomara asiento en una silla de ruedas. Carmen le dijo que ella estaba bien que no necesitaba una silla de ruedas, pero él le dijo que el doctor la preferiría en la silla de ruedas simplemente por el hecho de estar embarazada. Esto demostró que el Capitán no dejaba que su esposa decidiera por sí misma. También se notó que el Capitán era muy grosero. Cuando Ofelia, su hijastra, se bajó del auto para darle la mano al Capitán, él nada más la miró con una mirada desagradable y le agarró la mano a Ofelia y se la apretó fuerte y le dijo, “Es la otra mano, Ofelia.” Él le dijo esto porque sin saberlo Ofelia le dio la mano incorrecta.

Otro ejemplo que demuestra que el Capitán es un hombre malo, es cuando se encontró con unos cazadores que andaban

cazando conejos, y el Capitán sin pensarlo mucho empezó a interrogarlos porque él pensaba que eran parte de las guerrillas, hasta sus propios soldados pensaron igual que él sin saberlo con seguridad. Sin más preguntas le dijo al hijo del cazador que se callara. El Capitán no tenía sentimientos, él golpeó al hombre con una botella de vidrio hasta que lo mató enfrente de su padre y luego le disparó al padre sin ningún arrepentimiento. No le dolía matar a otros seres humanos. Este ejemplo también demuestra que lo hizo porque él quería mostrarles a todos que él era el que mandaba y solamente él tenía el poder. Él lo quería todo a su manera

Además, era un hombre muy egoísta, porque nada más les dio una pequeña ración de comida a las familias, para que no compartieran nada de comida con las guerrillas. En la película había una guerra entre los Republicanos y los Nacionalistas. Los Nacionalistas perdieron la batalla y no querían aceptar que perdieron la batalla. Por eso el resto de la comida la puso en su bodega para que, si las guerrillas necesitan comida, tendrían que conseguirla de su bodega y eso era exactamente lo que él quería para poder enfrentarse con ellos nuevamente. Nada más le importaban sus propias razones y motivos. No le importó que las familias se murieran de hambre.

En una de las escenas él fue al bosque con sus soldados y miró la leña y así, pudo estimar hace cuantos minutos los guerrilleros habían estado ahí, también pudo adivinar cuántos hombres estuvieron ahí. El Capitán Vidal era un hombre muy directo y le gustaba enfrentar a la gente. Él les estaba gritando a los soldados que salieran de esconderse, pero los soldados no salieron. Luego él encontró una botella de antibióticos, lo que significaba que alguien de su gente lo estaba traicionando. Sin embargo, él no acusó a nadie hasta tener suficientes pruebas. Cuando encontró las pruebas, supo que era el doctor. Él no le tenía miedo a nada porque era un hombre muy directo, de hecho, él enfrentó al doctor y le preguntó porque lo había traicionado y luego lo mató. Él lo mató disparándole por la espalda como un traicionero.

Otra de las escenas es cuando están en la casa del Capitán hablando sobre los guerrilleros y él dijo “Si tengo que matarlos a todos, los mato a todos.” Esto lo dice porque ellos todavía no quieren aceptar que ya perdieron y como el Capitán Vidal ya está

enfadado de estar peleando con ellos él piensa que la mejor solución es matarlos a todos. Esto demuestra que al Capitán Vidal no le importaban las demás personas. Además de eso también enseña que él piensa que todo lo poder salvar con la muerte. Si había alguien que se interponía en su camino, él se libraría de cualquier manera. También vemos eso en otra de las escenas de la película. En la escena cuando descubrió que Mercedes lo estaba traicionando la quiso matar, pero no lo logró. No solo quiso matarla porque lo traicionó, también la quiso matar porque a él no le gustaba cuando las personas no escuchaban las reglas que él ponía. Luego se nota en la película que todos le tenían miedo al Capitán, y él era el que mandaba y tenía el poder. Yo pienso que al Capitán le importaba y le gustaba que todos le tuvieran miedo. Probablemente una de las razones por la cual el Capitán era así, es porque él pensaba que si no actuaba de esa manera nadie lo iba a tomar en serio e iban a pisar sobre él. También quería enseñarle a los demás quién mandaba, porque siempre tiene que haber alguien que mande.

Al capitán le importaba mucho su hijo porque era hombre como él, si su hijo hubiera sido niña no pienso que él la habría querido tanto. Esto se sabe porque en una de las escenas él le dijo al doctor que, si él tenía que decidir entre la madre y su hijo, él preferiría que salvaran a su hijo. En las últimas escenas de la película, su hijastra Ofelia drogó al capitán, y se robó a su hermanito para llevarlo al laberinto. El capitán se enfureció y siguió a Ofelia, y luego mató a su propia hijastra sin importarle que era una niña. Como él era un adulto él debió saber que ella solamente era una niña y ella no sabía lo que estaba haciendo. Pero al Capitán no le importó eso. Le disparó a su hijastra Ofelia en el estómago y se fue caminando de ahí.

Durante la película el Capitán Vidal miraba a su reloj roto casi todo el tiempo. Yo pienso que tenía que ver con la muerte de su padre, porque en una de las escenas había un hombre que confesó que conocía a su padre y dijo “Los hombres de su tropa dijeron, que cuando el Capitán Vidal murió en el campo de batalla, estrelló a su reloj contra el suelo para que mostrara la hora exacta de su muerte, para que su hijo supiera cómo muere un valiente.” El Capitán negó que eso era cierto y le mintió al hombre diciéndole que su padre nunca había tenido un reloj cuando él sabía que es verdad. Se sabe

que esto era verdad porque durante muchas escenas podemos ver que él tenía el reloj roto de su padre. Cuando el Capitán supo que lo iban a matar no corrió, ni lloró, ni se quiso esconder como un cobarde, se murió como un hombre valiente, aunque fue malo. El Capitán Vidal se quiso morir valiente como su padre, para que su hijo también se acordara de él como él se acordaba de su padre. Él le entregó su hijo a Mercedes, y luego miró a su reloj exactamente como lo hizo su padre, y le dijo a Mercedes que le dijera a su hijo a qué hora murió su padre. Pero Mercedes le dijo que su hijo no iba a saber ni su nombre y luego Pedro, uno de los guerrilleros, le disparó en el cachete.

Como ya han podido ver, el Capitán Vidal era un hombre muy cruel porque cuando descubrió que el doctor lo está traicionando lo mató, también quiso matar a la señora Mercedes, pero no tuvo la oportunidad de matarla. No solo mató al doctor, también mató a su propia hijastra. Si fue capaz de matar a su propia familia y nada lo iba a detener de matar a otros seres humanos. En la película no enseñaron su niñez, pero probablemente tuvo una infancia muy desagradable y por eso él era así. También pienso que él era así porque él tuvo a un padre que también era Capitán y tal vez no le puso atención, ni le supo enseñar que era el amor. No me gustó el personaje del Capitán Vidal porque era un hombre cruel, egoísta, malo y sin sentimientos. Mató a seres humanos inocentes nada más porque no seguían sus órdenes. Yo entiendo que era el Capitán, pero no por eso tenía derecho de matar a personas inocentes. Me habría gustado que el Capitán Vidal hubiera sido un hombre bueno y hubiera cuidado de su hijastra, Ofelia. Si él hubiera sido una persona buena, gente inocente no se habría muerto. Pero además de todo lo malo que tiene el Capitán Vidal de él le importó mucho a su hijo y además de que se murió antes que pudiera verlo crecer, yo creo que él lo habría enseñado todo lo de cómo ser un buen Capitán, y a lo mejor hasta iba a ser el próximo capitán para España. Aunque el capitán Vidal ya esté muerto, yo pienso que la historia de él y la de su padre serán historias que contarán los guerrilleros a otros guerrilleros. Espero que ya tengan una buena idea del personaje del capitán Vidal, una persona muy mala, que mató a muchas personas nada más porque él amaba el poder.

Las Consecuencias de Tradiciones

by Albert Cliff

La película, Como Agua Para Chocolate, tiene muchos temas importantes. En mi opinión, el tema principal es de las consecuencias de tradiciones. Cuando yo pienso en mis tradiciones, tengo memorias buenas: fiestas en la Navidad o el día de Gracias, las recetas de mis antepasados, y el tiempo que yo pasé con mi familia y mis amigos. Esta familia tiene las mismas tradiciones, pero hay una que tiene muchas consecuencias para ellos: la hija más joven no puede casarse. Esta tradición causó muchos problemas para Tita, Pedro y los otros miembros de la familia. Como Agua Para Chocolate tiene muchos ejemplos de esta tradición mala y los efectos que tiene en muchas vidas.

Tita y Pedro estaban enamorados, pero no pudieron casarse por la tradición en la familia. Pedro se casó con la hermana de Tita, Rosaura, porque esperaba estar cerca de Tita. Su fuerte amor causó muchos problemas para todos. Durante la boda, Tita estaba muy emocionada y lloró en la comida que preparó. Cuando los invitados de la boda comieron, estaban muy tristes y lloraron de las personas que amaron. Una de las criadas de la familia, que era muy vieja, murió porque sintió una fuerte tristeza.

Meses después la boda, Rosaura y Pedro supieron que ella estaba embarazada. Tuvieron un bebé que se llamaba Roberto, pero Rosaura no pudo alimentar al bebé.

El bebé no quiso beber la leche de Rosaura, pero quiso beber la leche de Tita. Mamá Elena pensó que Tita y Pedro tuvieron un amor secreto, y mandó que Rosaura, Pedro y Roberto dejaron el rancho y se mudaron a un nuevo hogar. Después de que ellos se mudaron, Roberto no tomó la leche de Tita y murió porque no estaba sano. Cuando la familia supo de la muerte de Roberto, Tita estaba muy emocionada y le gritó a Mama Elena por eso. Mamá

Elena necesitaba que Tita y Pedro se quedaran separados. Ella fue la causa cuando Rosaura y Pedro se fueron, y la causa de la muerte de Roberto. Pero la causa principal de esas acciones fue la tradición.

Estos eventos eran una lucha emocional para Tita y ella se volvió loca. Con la ayuda del doctor Brown, Tita se dio cuenta de que su madre la maltrataba todos los días. La tradición de que Mamá Elena la hizo obedecer la mantuvo en un papel que la hizo muy triste. Este escape de circunstancias normales la ayudó a curar el dolor en el corazón de Tita. Tita se dio cuenta de que la relación con su madre nunca podría cambiar, y que la tradición era una maldición en su vida.

Cuando ella vivía con el doctor Brown, Tita estaba disfrutando su vida por la primera vez. Esta era la primera vez en su vida que podía hacer cosas para ella y no para su familia. Esta experiencia la ayudó a aprender más de su personalidad. Cuando vivía con su familia, Tita siempre tenía que obedecer a su madre y no podía hacer las cosas que quería. Ella no era una persona individual en el rancho con su familia. Su madre y la tradición hicieron una víctima de Tita.

Mientras Tita estaba con el doctor Brown, hubo un incidente horrible en el rancho. Un grupo de bandidos atacó el rancho y mató a Mamá Elena. Tita decidió ir al rancho para el funeral de Mamá Elena. Durante la visita, su hermana tuvo otro bebé, pero hubo complicaciones durante el nacimiento. Rosaura no podía tener más hijos. Tuvo una hija que se llamaba Esperanza, que ahora era su hija menor.

Mientras Tita luchaba contra la tradición, su hermana, Rosaura, luchaba por mantenerla. Rosaura quería ser como su madre y continuar la tradición con su hija, Esperanza.

Tita estaba muy enojada con la decisión de su hermana. Rosaura no entendió que la tradición causó sacrificios y dolor para la hija menor. Tita vivía una vida de un esclavo a causa de su madre y la tradición. Ella no quería que Esperanza sufriera con esa vida. Tita sufrió la crueldad de Mamá Elena durante muchos años. Ella no quería que Rosaura maltratara o victimizara a Esperanza.

El papel de las tradiciones es que las familias celebran y pasan tiempo juntos. Las tradiciones positivas ayudan a crear los lazos con las generaciones pasadas. Las memorias que se hacen de las tradiciones positivas son de felicidad. Las tradiciones negativas, como ésta, lastiman a los miembros de una familia. Esta tradición causó depresión, muerte, crueldad, y separó a una familia. Todos pueden sentir estos efectos negativos y sus consecuencias. Si una tradición causa daño, ¿Qué es su papel?

Como Agua Para Chocolate es un ejemplo de los problemas con tradiciones para las vidas de familiares y amigos. También, tradiciones tienen un impacto negativo en los papeles de las mujeres en la sociedad. Si Tita fuera un hombre, no se esperaría participar en la tradición. Ella podría casarse y comenzar una familia. Cuando Tita rompió esta tradición, le enseñó a su sobrina, Esperanza, que la hija más joven podía vivir una vida que deseaba. Tita le dio a su sobrino un regalo de esperanza, como su nombre. Las tradiciones y costumbres necesitan evolucionar juntos con la sociedad. El personaje de Tita es un ejemplo de una mujer que rompe malas tradiciones para ayudar a generaciones en el futuro.



(Untitled 4 by Samantha Hanneman)

Dune du Pilat

by AJ Prange

My legs are burning. My thighs are like rubber bands pulled too taut. I take a step up and forward, then slide back down as the amber sand beneath my bare feet gives way under my weight. I sigh and tuck my head down, looking under my armpit to see behind me. Beachgoers emerging from the abrupt tree line meters below me remind me of colorful sprinkles being shaken out onto a sandy ice cream sundae. I turn and glance upwards. Noémie is scabbling up the nearly vertical wall of sand like a monkey up a tree. She stops a few meters above me and twists to look down at me, her brow furrowing. She asks if I'm okay. I huff out a short-of-breath laugh and wheeze that I'm not sure this climb is worth it. Her eyes crinkle as she grins and assures me that all of this will be worth it in the end.

I hike my backpack up higher on my shoulders, feeling sweat start to trickle down the middle of my back, then I start my ascent anew. I lean forward and place my hands against the wall of sand. For a moment, I feel like I'm grabbing onto a pile of snow, but my hands soon adjust to the feel of the cool sand. I try to use all four of my limbs to propel myself up the dune like Noémie is doing: right arm, left leg; left arm, right leg; right arm, left leg; over and over again, the pattern drumming itself into my muscles. I feel like a sea turtle on land, dragging myself along my belly with my limbs, my backpack a rounded turtle shell. Right arm, left leg; left arm, right leg. I wonder to myself if sea turtles sputter through mouthfuls of sand as their tongues begin to roll around in the miniature sand dunes forming there. Right arm, left leg; left arm, right leg. Sea turtles don't have to worry about their sand-encrusted clothes becoming sandpaper rubbing their skin raw with every movement. Right arm, left leg; left arm, right leg. I imagine myself a baby sea turtle, flailing towards the sea, unsure of what awaits me.

The top of the dune sneaks up on me. I'm so focused on my straining limbs that I startle and lose my rhythm when Noémie's hand suddenly appears in front of my face. I crane my head up and

see her body haloed by the setting sun. She reaches for my arms, then hauls me up over the lip of the dune to stand on the blessedly horizontal strip along the top. I lean into her for a few long moments and attempt some deep breaths. For the first time, I notice the tang of salt in the air. The brisk sea breeze atop the dune is as refreshing as a cold glass of water after my stuffy close-quarters encounter with the side of the dune.

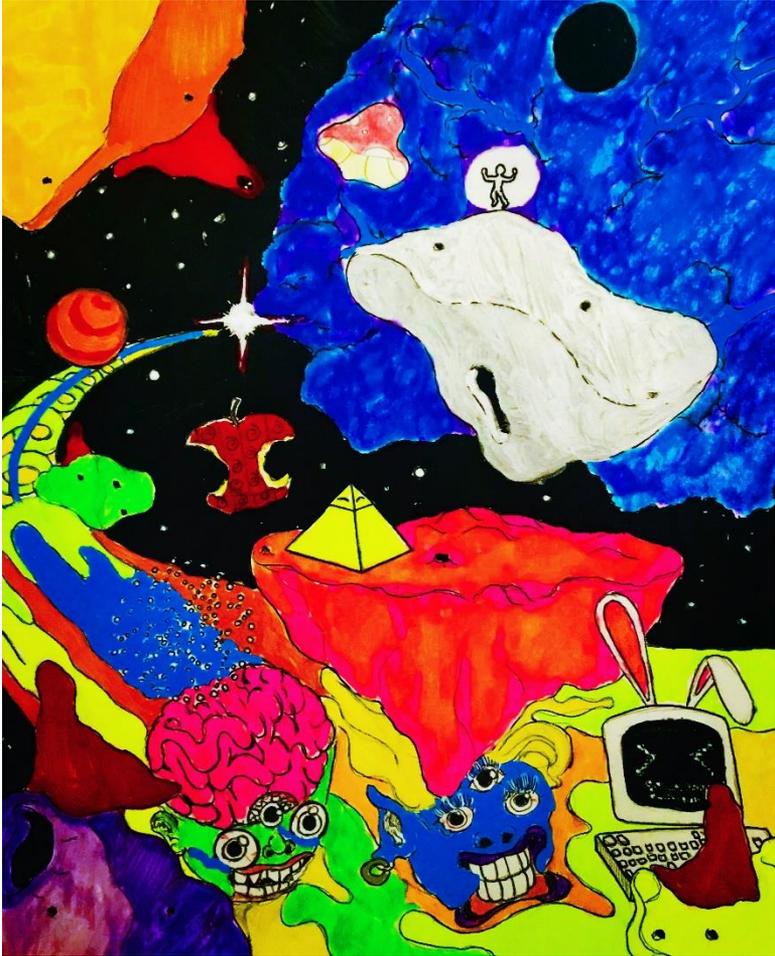
Noémie takes my hand and pulls me stumbling along behind her. As she leads me along the top of the dune, I stare out over the other side. The ocean is bathed in the scarlets and oranges of the setting sun, looking more like a sea of fire than a sea of water. It sparks and twinkles like smoldering embers. I watch the shadows of rolling clouds sail meter by meter across the surface of the water, snuffing out the sea's fire and leaving the impression of dark swirling smoke in its wake.

The wind picks up speed and raises goosebumps on my damp skin, but my hand is warm in Noémie's. Noémie stops and asks if this is a good spot to sit down. I answer by sliding my backpack down my tired arms and plopping it onto the sand. Noémie rummages around in her bag to dig out a towel. Noticing that goosebumps are racing up her arms as well, I suggest that we use the towel as a blanket. I sit down on the sand and feel its chill seep through the denim of my shorts, then I grip the towel and hold my arms open for Noémie to crawl into. She sits with her back to my front, and I wrap the towel around us both.

We are buffeted by the wind from all sides and my eyes start to water. I bury my face in Noémie's hair by her neck and snuggle into our cocoon of body warmth, an oasis between the cool sand and nippy wind. As I breathe in, I notice that her hair smells like the sea, with that distinct tang of salt and deep musk. I turn my face towards hers. She's bathed in those same scarlets and oranges as the sea of fire, and her eyes also twinkle like embers. I'm mesmerized by the sunset reflected in the ocean reflected in her eyes.

Noémie notices me staring and blushes a deeper red. She nods toward the setting sun and asks me what I think about the view. I reply that this was definitely worth sore muscles and sandy clothes. Later, when the two of us are an ocean apart, she asks me if it's worth

it—all of the hurdles and heartache we're facing. I tell her what I learned from her on the Dune du Pilat: the climb is worth it.



(Astral Traveling by Darrius Coopwood)

Fishing at Sea

by Josephine Ngeh

“The death that will kill a man begins as an appetite.” (African proverb). From the slopes of the Buea mountain, the sea is quite visible far below in the beautiful resort city of Limbe. As a child, I had always wished to go to the sea. Then we moved to Limbe with my family, and I became a constant visitor to the beach. One day, I decided to go fishing with five friends; Armstrong, Bertrand, Petra, Tabe, and Mercy. Six teenagers, we had neither experience in fishing nor mastery of the sea. It was early on a bright Saturday morning; the sun had just risen, and many people were busy about their day’s activities most of them heading to the market in the opposite direction of town. We embarked on our fishing adventure, with enthusiasm. I was so curious and focused on the mission. I imagined how I would bring back home a bountiful catch. Fishing is exciting, but when one is left to fish alone, and danger comes, only God can save them. I am forever grateful to God for his saving grace.

The group arrived at the sea, installed and commenced fishing. The sea was calm and friendly, as though it had just woken up from sleep and was getting ready for the day like everyone else. We had no adult supervision or permission; we were so excited and confident about our plans. I had my fishing equipment; the rod, the line, and the hook, a small plastic cup full of worms to be used as bait. I also had a raffia basket lined with waterproof wrappings, to carry the fish home. The worms were continually moving away, and I was busy pushing them back with a little stick into the container. When we arrived at the sea, we positioned ourselves along the shore, and each person stood where they predicted could have more fish for a better catch. I began to imagine some well-spiced roast fish on a plate in front of me, and then I smelt the aroma of the fish and my mouth watered. I was so confident of a big catch, and nothing could convince me otherwise. I threw the line into the water, and it felt like there was some movement on the rod as I held it firmly with both hands. Then, I quickly pulled it out, expecting to see a fish on the

hook, but there was no luck yet. I remained hopeful and continued my activity. I did not foresee any hindrance.

Next, a new plan was hatched, and the group split. Suddenly, as if the sea had just finished its breakfast and embarked on its task for the day, lo and behold huge waves started rising and falling, clapping and splashing on the seashore. I heard the water roaring and the strong winds whistling as they accompanied the waves. The sea was rough, and it was a monster. My friends decided to take a different course, to go and hunt for mangoes that were falling from the impact of the strong winds. But because I was so determined to go back home with fish and I kept imagining a catch on my hook, I stayed while the others left. I was alone. Then I tried to pull out my line one more time, it felt heavy for real, and I said to myself, "At last, I got it." Then I smiled broadly from molar to molar, exposing all my teeth celebrating my victory, perhaps my demise.

Finally, **it was** the moment of imminent danger and miraculous survival. I tried to pull out the line to discover the catch. I pulled and pulled, but I could not get it out, with pleasure in my heart, I thought to myself, "It must be a huge fish." The more I pulled, the more I moved closer to the edge of the platform where I stood. Suddenly, my foot slipped, and in the twinkling of an eye, I fell inside the water like a rock. I screamed my lungs out on my way down, but the noise of the sea swallowed my voice. On a second attempt, water-filled my mouth. I was all by myself in the mouth of this great monster. It was a nightmare in broad daylight. It felt like I ceased to exist like the world stood still. I managed to stay afloat for about three minutes, clinging tightly to a rock. Surprisingly, two huge waves from opposite directions bombed into me and lifted me to the elevated surface from where I fell. It was a height of about twelve feet. God saved my life.

In conclusion, therefore, looking back I realize that, I risked my life; I went fishing even though I had no experience, I did not obtain permission, or supervision and I decided to be by myself. I have learned never to be at sea alone. It was a gruesome experience, my love for the sea, my appetite for fish as well as my poor decision, almost killed me, but God, in His infinite mercy, saved my life, He gave me another chance. I will never forget God's love for me. This

love has overcome my fears and the awful experience I had at sea. Nature is beautiful, the sea is good but also dangerous, one must be careful.



(Kickin' It by Darrius Coopwood)

Condensed Writing Assignments and Their Effects on Education

by Michelle Gantz

Today's students spend a considerable amount of time preparing and organizing long-drawn-out essays. This is an effective skill to have. However, in present society, social media has quite an influence on the way we set forth ideas and concepts. Concise focused explanations are more preferred in lieu of expanded lengthy essays. Students must grasp the concept of taking important ideas, and condensing them into summarized thoughts. This will improve their word choice, as there is not as much substance to grasp a reader's interest. Furthermore, these mini-essays will help students to retain information. Lastly, it will help to reduce anxiety in students. Therefore, educational experiences will improve if professors begin to instruct the task of writing more condensed informational texts, due to the fact that students are able to focus on understanding complex ideas verses preparing long-drawn-out essays.

Due to the prevalence of social media in people's daily lives, face to face conversations have become briefer. In order to create a respectable idea, a student must be able to catch the attention of their audience quickly. This makes word choice a crucial part of any idea. In an article written in the 1990's, when social media was at its beginning, Reid Goldsborough speaks about how to catch a reader's attention online. He explains that readers are looking for information quickly. The writer must obtain the reader's attention and make their main point efficiently (Goldsborough, 1999). If this concept was taught in school, students may be able to retain more of the information they are learning, because they must focus more on the ideas themselves.

With the ability to focus on ideas, comes the retention of the concept. When students are given the time and ability to explore the lessons that are being taught in a nonrestrictive outline, they are able to grasp the material in a more beneficial way. In an article written by associates of Georgia State University, microthemes are used as active learning assignments that were proven to enhance the information the students had been taught, and it had better rates of long-term retention. This assessment showed that students that had used microthemes in the semester scored higher than students that had not (Stewart, Myers, & Culley, 2010). Due to this, implementing the use of these condensed writing assignments will allow students to absorb more information, creating less stress throughout the semester.

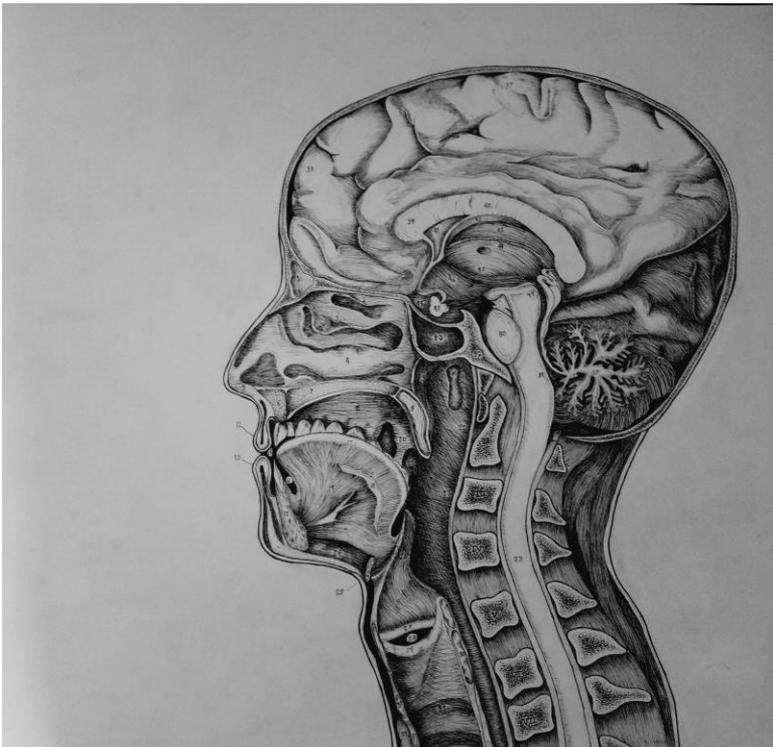
The preparation of an essay can be exhausting for today's college students. The process begins with brainstorming ideas, and must be stretched into a thesis statement. They must then elaborate on that thesis statement, with main points and arguments. They must find resources to support their statement, and cite those resources in specific formats. All of this would be completed with a cover page and a designated resource page. This can take days, if not weeks to accomplish. By the adoption of a more condensed writing assignment, students would be able to spend more time researching and grasping ideas, instead of focusing on length requirements, extensive preparation, and formatting. Therefore, the anxiety of these college students would lessen exponentially.

By the implication of writing condensed informational texts, student's educational experience will improve in countless aspects. The most notable being, the development of quality word choices, the ability to comprehend information in the long-term basis, and the decrease of format and preparation related stress. This is proven with the use of reputable sources and assessments. If college professors begin to utilize the above discussed information, the test scores of students will increase.

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(Untitled by Rebeka Hufen)

The Grandma Tape

by Emily Sadowski

I've come to learn that the gaps in each generation can cause a gap in memories. Thanks to "The Cloud", I am privileged enough to have every one of my daughter's milestones saved, backed up, and stored forever. A trip down memory lane is as simple as opening an app and scrolling back in time. One swipe of my thumb and I get to watch my baby girl roll over for the first time. In order for my parents or grandparents to reflect on their own children's milestones, they will need to dig up old photo albums and hope they snapped a picture at just the right time. I've also come to learn that these gaps in memories are just as present when younger generations want to remember their elders. I don't get to scroll through my phone to reminisce on the memories I shared with my late grandmother. The one thing I do have to remember her by is the music we shared.

The summer after I graduated high school was difficult for me. I had just lost my grandma, and I was often very sentimental. I harbored a lot of guilt over the fact that I didn't spend nearly as much time with her when I was a teenager as I did when I was young. Why didn't I go visit more often? Why didn't I make time to call her every once in a while? My childhood memories were getting harder and harder for me to recall, and I tried to force myself to remember them as often as possible.

It wasn't until I was walking through a department store the following summer that it hit me like a ton of bricks where all my memories of her existed. Somewhere between the glass display case of gaudy jewelry and the perfume stands directly across, I tuned into the music playing overhead to try and distract myself from the old lady who was dousing herself in a Chanel perfume that I'm sure smelled great- if only it were used in moderation. I hadn't heard this song in years, but I knew every word. Why do I know this song? Where is this all coming from? With every word I was slowly brought back to where those memories lie. The Drifters belted out "Save the

Last Dance for Me” and I was suddenly 7 years old, riding in the back of my grandma’s rusted out minivan.

We were on our way to the thrift store while we both sang along to the same song I was hearing in the department store. I had been tasked with finding something very specific for her.

“I need to find a book that’s about ‘this high’ and ‘this wide’” she instructed me.

“What for?” I questioned.

“Nevermind that part- just focus on finding the book. I’ll tell you when you’re older. Just keep singing baby, you’re going to be a star someday.”

I did exactly that. I kept singing along to The Drifters until we pulled up to the thrift store and found a book that fit the exact description she gave me. She did eventually tell me when I was older what the book was for. It turned out the earliest childhood memory of my grandma was finding the perfect book to use as a stool for her to rest her feet on when she uses the bathroom. Typical.

There were two things I learned from this flashback. One, my grandma was a saint to lie about my singing like that. And two, I needed to find the rest of the songs on that tape. There was just one more that I could remember off the top of my head and for a good reason.

“Officer, I didn’t run a red light. That light was green when I went through the intersection. I swear,” my grandma pleaded. “Emily can you please tell him? That light was green, wasn’t it?”

“Ma’am, I can pull from the traffic cams if you’d really like to contest this but the opinion of your granddaughter probably won’t hold up in a court.” the police man chuckled.

“This is completely ridiculous. Emily, just tell him the light was green.” My grandma said.

I stared ahead sheepishly. The light had been very red and I hadn’t yet learned that lying was commonplace to get out of a ticket. I was raised to know that lying was never okay. Instead I looked out my window and focused on the song that was playing- “One Fine Day” by The Chiffons. Every time I hear that song now I think back on my earliest lesson in how not to talk my way out of a ticket.

Pop songs of the 60s seemed to be my grandma's genre of choice, so the research began. It was difficult to pinpoint exactly which songs I had heard before without listening to them. Thus began the tedious process of clicking on every suggested song and seeing if the melody brought anything back to me. Finally, I clicked on "Chapel of Love" by The Dixie Cups. Another memory flooded back to me.

As I sang along to the song all about getting married to the love of your life, my grandma grilled me about who the love of my life was. Much like any other child in elementary school, I was embarrassed by the topic. I told her I wasn't interested in boys, even though I had just had my own wedding ceremony on the playground not too long ago to Jack Morris.

"All I know is, never marry your high school sweetheart. That's what I did, and it's one of my biggest regrets. Don't get married too young either. Sometimes the realest love you'll find is the one that comes after the one you thought you couldn't do better than. Promise me you'll wait for that one," my grandma requested. I agreed just to appease her. I did not understand the weight of her words at the time.

Through a period of trial and error I have learned that Spotify is my best friend when it comes to finding these songs. If I added the songs I could remember to a playlist, it would generate similar songs for me to listen to. I skipped the ones I didn't know, and added the ones I did. All of these songs take me back to a much simpler time, but none bring back memories as clear as those first three. Those three taught me some great lessons. I learned the right size stool for a more comfortable bathroom experience, not to refer to the 6 year old in the backseat for help getting out of a ticket, and most importantly, not to settle for a love that wasn't magnificent. The generational gap between the two of us may have caused a gap in my memories, but I have found my surefire way to rekindle those memories through music. I have my grandma's tape to thank for that.

I'm Not Leaving On A Jet Plane Anymore

by Susan Stringer

The song on my play list for the sound track of my life would have to be “I’m Leaving on a Jet Plane”. Originally made famous by Peter, Paul and Mary, I prefer the cover by John Denver. It was the first song I learned by heart when I was three. I would sing it incessantly. At the time I didn’t know the meaning of the lyrics, but it would later become the central theme in my life.

The beginning line is, “All my bags are packed, I’m ready to go”. Since my family and I had moved three times before I was five, I understood this line well. It was as if I had no sense of home or permanence, I was always “ready to go”. When we were finally settled in our present house, it took a long time to accept it as my home. I always had a feeling of wanderlust and would often take off on adventures on my own. My parents didn’t put many limits on me, of course I had to do my homework and chores, but their only other demand was to be home before dark. I was free to come and go, and I was always going somewhere.

I’m thankful for the responsibility and confidence my parents gave me, and it reminds me of the refrain of the song:

“Kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you’ll wait for me
Hold me like you’ll never let me go...”

With that kind of love and trust I knew, no matter what I did or where I was, I could always come home.

As I had a sense of adventure, I decided to join the Navy in my junior year of high school. Though the “Jet Plane” to Orlando and Boot Camp was a year away, “my bags were packed, and I was ready to go”. As my father was a Navy veteran, and I had been in Civil Air Patrol for five years prior to this, drilling, marching and taking orders wasn’t foreign to me. But nothing prepares you for

Boot Camp and a life in the Military. Your bags are always packed and ready to go.

When I joined the Navy, I had a plan for my life. I was going to Hospital Corpsmen School, then to Nursing School, to become the Navy's version of "Margret Houlihan" from M*A*S*H, my favorite television show. But, as you know, "life is what happens when your making other plans." Half-way through Boot Camp they told me I had to pick another school. My choices were Weather Observer or Parachute Stuffing. Either one would put me near a "Jet Plane". I chose Weather Observer. Though disappointed that my plans had changed, I was leaving on a "Jet Plane" to Rantual, Illinois for Weather School. After three months, I was on another "Jet Plane" to Meridian, Mississippi to brief Jet Pilots before their training flights.

I was happy and young, thinking I would have plenty of time to go back to my original plan of being a Nurse. I was also very naive. Nine months later, I was married, pregnant, and being discharged from the Navy.

"My bags were packed" and I had to go, where I didn't know. Thirty years later, I still don't know, but I'm no longer "Leaving on a Jet Plane". I have a new John Denver song, "Take Me Home Country Roads". Because after leaving home so many times before, I'm glad my family is still here, and I have a place to come home to.



(Untitled 3 by Samantha Hanneman)

Being The Change

by Chrystelle Sashse

It humors me how easy it was to be not responsible, not involved, nor affected by my surroundings. How it easy it was to walk away knowing I could have been helpful. How easy it was to expect anyone to do the part. You know, the whole “Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did what Anybody could have.” How I could have counted on anyone but me to do what was right.

It took me time to grasp and assimilate the fact that to see change, I have to lead with change. As a part of my personal growth development, I have come to realize how prominent double standards were in my life. I could have said, “The meat industry is immoral and cruel!”, while on my way to the steakhouse. Finding excuses in a lack of food option, or denying the dilemma altogether was easy. I eventually became a vegetarian; realizing the importance of being coherent, but most importantly becoming truer to myself. I believed that being the change I want to see in the world is key.

I believe in standing up for one’s core beliefs and in the actual power of love. I believe in animal rights and in our responsibility for their well beings. I believe in ecology and sustainability approaches, as Earth is all of ours to enjoy and therefore respect. I believe in the benefit of the doubt, as my husband tells me he cleaned the bathroom sink after he shaved (even though my standards call for a more cleaning).

Living what I believe in can be challenging. I would like to systematically think of the other’s perception first when not agreeing with them; many frustrations and considerable amount of lost time could have been saved. I would like to become vegan to not support the Animal Industry on any level; yet I feel addicted to cheese! Overall, listening more to my conscience and having priorities that only revolve around Beings (human or animal) is the battle. I am unsure if the difficulty resides more in changing, or if the struggle sits within the influence of my surroundings. The tricky thing is to not literally get sick over the change. Gaining one aspect to the

detriment of another would not be worth the effort, furthermore would defy the overall dynamic of being a change for the better...

Although I continue to catch myself in the middle of personal contradictions, I still believe in being the change you want to see in the world. Not only is the work on my Self still in progress, moreover, the moment I would stop budding I certainly would start withering as well. I look forward to the satisfaction of entirely being one with whom I am and whom I desire to be. Becoming vegan is proving to be either too challenging, or simply not important enough to work toward. Paradoxically, my reasons to become vegetarian also apply for veganism. I cannot help thinking “after all I am only human;” but wouldn’t that put me back in square one? I need to keep trying to live the life I believe in, and won’t stop trying until I do so.



(First Ape by Darrius Coopwood)

The Eastward Bound Wagon Train

Susan Stringer

It was a soft spring day. The sun shone bright after the cool rain from the night before. The birds began chirping in their nests tucked snugly in the eaves of the house. The high-pitched chatter the birds used to greet the sun, awakened Susie to the piercing glare of light coming through the window. Her dog Leo, laying at her feet, yawned and stretched out like a telescope. Susie rolled into a ball and buried her head in the covers. She wasn't ready to get up. She wanted to go back to sleep, but it was no use. Leo was now wide awake, leapt on top of her, then onto the floor. His black coat gleamed like onyx as it reflected the rays of light streaming in the room. He went to the bedroom door and began to scratch, his claws sounded like sandpaper against the doorframe. Susie quickly got out of bed, if he began to bark, everyone would be awake. She let him out of the bedroom and he bolted to the kitchen. Susie followed quietly behind, as the rest of the house still slept.

In the dim light of the kitchen, Leo waited patiently for his "wagon train" dog food. That wasn't the brand name, just what Susie called it. As she slowly filled the bowl of kibble with water, she thought about the tv commercial for the dog food. It featured a long-haired rat terrier dog chasing a miniature covered wagon at full gallop, like it was a mouse. After the wagon was gone, a hand puts down a bowl of kibble and adds water; magically, it became meaty pieces floating in a sea of gravy. Leo loved gravy.

Susie quickly dressed while Leo was eating. The sun was beginning to fill all the dark corners of her room that it missed when it had awakened her. When she returned to the kitchen, Leo lapped up the last of his gravy and sniffed around his bowl for any stray piece of kibble he might have missed. Finding none, he licked his lips and made his way to the back door, where he waited for his walk. Susie clicked on his leash, while still trying to be quiet, slowly opened

the door that groaned and moaned arthritically from the movement. Leo, full of excitement helped push open the squeaky screen door. It slammed shut with a loud bang. So much for being quiet. While she stood on the porch, Susie adjusted her eyes to the bright sunlight and looked at the dewy green lawn rolled out like a carpet. Each drop of dew reflecting the sun as if they were tiny diamonds. The air was crisp and clear, having been washed by the evening rain. The powder blue of the sky covered the horizon like a baby's blanket. She could smell the scent of lilacs from the bush on the tree line, which marked the divide between their yard and Gateway's field. Gateway may have owned it, but to Susie it was an extension of her backyard. She knew every inch, it was her playground, and Leo's too. He was anxious to get out into the yard and pulled Susie down the creaky wooden steps of the porch. He wanted to chase rabbits, pheasants or cats, whatever might be hiding in the tall grass of the field.

As they approached the hole in the picket fence of trees, Leo's ears peaked up. He stood dead still and gave a low rumbling growl. On the other side of the tree line was a horse. Not just one horse, but several horses. Susie counted at least ten, all in a make-shift corral. Beyond stood three covered wagons, just like the one in the dog food commercial. They each had large wooden spoked wheels and iron hoops that held up their canvas roofs. Between the wagons were strung several clothes lines, full of calico dresses and blue jeans, fluttering in the gentle breeze. Scattered throughout the field were tents and teepees, from which people were starting to emerge. In the center of the assembly stood three tall flag poles, bearing the Minnesota, Wisconsin, and American flags. The wagons were also festooned with flags and banners that read, "Bicentennial Wagon Train 1776-1976". Susie was transfixed by what she was seeing in her backyard. Leo began to bark loudly and tried to pull her into the field. She managed somehow to pull him back, but it was going to be a tug of war match all the way back to the house.

The mouth-watering smell of bacon cooking greeted them on their return. As they entered, Susie saw her mother cracking eggs, and heard the butter dancing in the skillet. She un-leashed Leo and he took up his guard post by the door. She told her mother about

the wagon train in their backyard, the flags, the tents, and especially the horses. Susie ate her breakfast quickly. She wanted to go back to the field and see the wagon train up close, without Leo. Maybe they would let her brush and feed the horses. She wondered where the wagon train had come from, where it was going, what it was like to travel in a covered wagon, and how it had ended up in her backyard.

As Susie approached the tree line for the second time, she was tentative about entering the field. Going into the wagoner's camp would be like a stranger walking in someone's front door without knocking. But if she wanted to see and know more she had to risk it. They were all awake now and starting to break down their tents and tee pees, feeding them into the mouth of the smallest wagon. The women began taking the clothes off the clothes line. The men were cooking breakfast. The children were playing by the corral. All were dressed in period costumes, like they just were on the set of *Little House on the Prairie*.

Bravely, Susie greeted the men at the camp stove, giving a wave and a "you hoo", like a nosy neighbor. She introduced herself and was welcomed by the Wagon Master. He looked like a burly old mountain man, with a grisly beard and bushy eyebrows, but had a big friendly smile. He offered to give her the grand tour of the camp. He showed her inside the shells of the wagons, which smelled of musty canvas and wet wood. He explained, that is why they ended up at Gateway. They needed to dry out from a week's worth of rain before they began their journey to Chicago to meet the other mid-west wagon trains heading east. He weaved the story of the Bicentennial Wagon Train's origin, which was over a year ago in California. He said that wagons from all fifty states, on many different routes, were making their way to Philadelphia by mid-June. Then, on the 4th of July all fifty would arrive at Valley Forge. It was like two hundred years of American history in reverse. The Western Expansion going east, back where it began in 1776.

Finally, the Wagon Master took Susie to the corral to meet the noble steeds that had brought them. They were being brushed and fed. The odor of wet straw and fresh manure, mixing with the scent of bacon, made her eyes burn and stomach turn, but she so

wanted to touch one of the horses. He gave her a carrot, saying, “just stand there and she’ll come to you”. Shaking like a leaf, she held out her hand over the edge of the flimsy fencing. A huge chestnut colored mare slowly came near and gently took it from her hand. It felt like a kiss, soft and wet. The mare let Susie brush its silky coat and run her fingers through its chocolate colored mane.

While the rest of the wagoner’s ate their breakfast and packed up the rest of the campsite, Susie knew she would soon have to say goodbye to her new four-legged friend. As the mare was being led away to be harnessed to the Minnesota wagon, it gave a snort and a whinny in farewell. Soon after, all the horses were hitched to the wagons. The men carefully rolled up the corral and raked away all the remnants of their stay.

Susie thanked the Wagon Master and wished them all a safe journey to Chicago and all points east to their rendezvous in Valley Forge. The Wagon Master promised to write when they arrived. With that, like Santa taking off in his sleigh,” he gave me a nod, and to his team gave a whistle”. The wagons in one breath lunged forward with a heave from the horses, landing on the pavement of the parking lot. They were on their way. Few may remember their passing, but it was a morning Susie will never forget.



(Untitled 2 by Samantha Hanneman)

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