

2018

Black Box 2018

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THE BLACK BOX

EMBRY-RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL UNIVERSITY

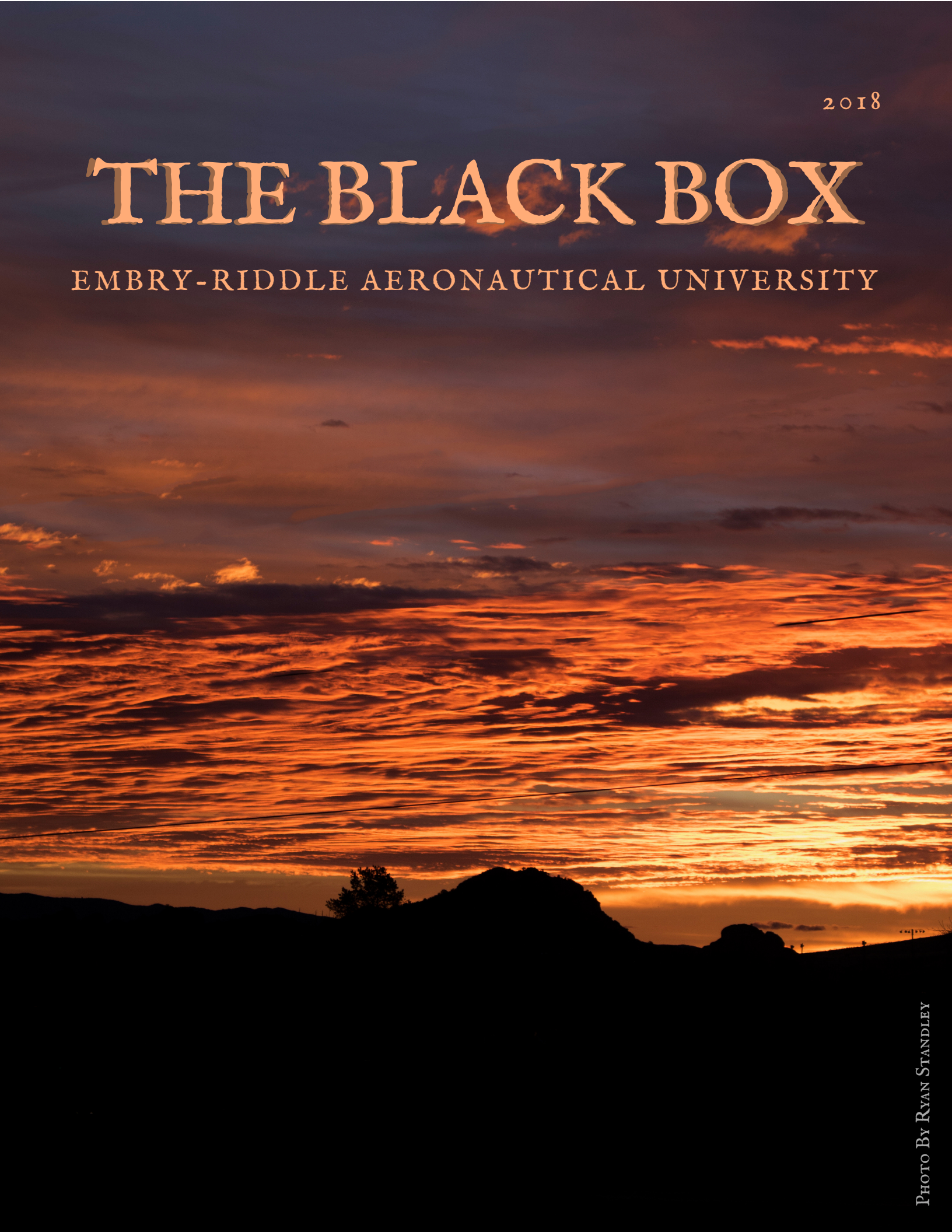


PHOTO BY RYAN STANDLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE

OUR MISSION:

The Black Box is a creative publication dedicated to displaying the talented work of the Embry-Riddle community. Creativity and ingenuity flow throughout ERAU and we want to put it on display.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editor's Note	1
Table of Contents	2
Goodbye	3
The Monster Within	4
The Ocean In Your Eyes	5
Firesight	6
Mrs. Leibensperger	7
The Silver Voice	10
Pomegranates	11
Race Day	14
Butterfly Effect	17
The Carnal Gentleman	19
Min Bestmor Historie	20
Warriors of the Sky	24
The Explorer	26
Traveling to Haiti	27
The Alliance of Planets	30
Ill	32
Soaring in the Air	34
White Privilege	36
Looking Beyond	38
Transportation Apotheosis	40

Goodbye

By: Dr. Jon Haass

We'll say goodbye to everyone
You said goodbye to your grandma
her frail bones covered by thin skin
You said goodbye to your youth
the day your heart raced up the stairs
instead of your feet bounding impatiently

Every person you meet
every friend you've had
everyone you've loved
goodbye will pass between you in the end

This mortal shell we inhabit so briefly
carries us through countless hellos
and will finally remind us of its brevity
in the untold ways we say goodbye

For some the ending will be sweet goodbye
intending it to be a see you soon
Then time and space comes in between us
until their time has died,
goodbyes falling on now deaf ears

For some we see the goodbye coming
and still we can't use the words
happy for a little more of them
we withhold farewell, denying what is so

For ourself, sometimes we know
the breath more difficult to take
and fondly how each hello
and each goodbye
lingers like the babes we once were
and as little children playing over and over

Bye, goodbye,
bye bye,
goodbye
bye

© 2018 Jon C. Haass - excerpt from *Some Days*

THE MONSTER WITHIN

Anonymous



*The monster within has its hold on me
It causes pain in every degree
Day to day causing a strain
Day to day tightening the chain*

*The monster has no restraint
But it shall not make any gain
It will not take my spirit
I stand and refuse to fear it*

*This monster has its days
It finds joy in the way it preys
This monster does not have a home in me
It is a permanent visitor to this growing tree*

*The monster attempts to take my body and brain
I fight it with every strain
I do not fear the monster within
This monster inside shall not win*

The Ocean In Your Eyes

Anonymous



An expansive verdigris ocean intertwining,
securing the dilapidated glass;
organizing meticulously
a rampant morass.



Photo By: Patricia Watkins

Firesight

By: Cole Alley

FLICKERING COLORS:

NOT FULLY INTACT.

THERE THEY ARE,

DANCING, IN FACT.

WITHIN THE FLAMES,

SHAPES FORM AND SHIFT.

DESPITE ALL DISTRACTIONS,

MY EYES DO NOT DRIFT.

FOR STILL STANDS TIME

AS FLAMES MOVE QUIETLY.

AND SHADOWS RISE

IN THE SMOKE ENDLESSLY.

BUT THROUGH THE SHADOWS,

GLINT FLECKS OF LIGHT.

AND IN THE DARKNESS,

THEY SEEM SO BRIGHT.

THOSE SHAPES IN THE FLAMES,

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

DO THEY TELL THE TRUTH?

YEA, OR NAY?

AND IF THEY DO TALK,

WHAT DO THEY TELL:

PAST, PRESENT, OR FUTURE,

HEAVEN, OR HELL?

DESPITE THE PICTURES

THAT SEE, MY EYES DO?

STILL, CAN MY SOUL

COMPREHEND THE VIEW?

I THINK I'LL SIT HERE A WHILE LONGER

WITH A SOUL THAT YEARNs FOR FIRE.

AND IN THE FLAMES PERHAPS I'LL FIND,

SOMETHING WHICH I CAN ADMIRE.

Mrs. Leibensperger

By: E. Groom

I want to write about Mrs. Frances Leibensperger who lived on Whiteoak Street in Kutztown, Pennsylvania. For many years she worked at Dunkleberger's Jewelry Store in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, on Main Street, about a block away from her house. She died not too long ago at the age of 102. When I read many people's obituaries, they are about what the people have done, not who they were and how special they were. By special, I don't mean above or below most people. I do not suggest a ranking but instead an acknowledgment of the individual, a press of the person, like flowers in a bookmark.

Most of us are not celebrities; we are not infamous criminals; we are not the ones who would go into a bunker or into a plane if nuclear holocaust occurred. We are just ordinary Franceses and Francisess who pay our bills, try to make a living and still enjoy a life, who cut our toenails and don't wish to become famous or infamous.

Just recently I visited my hometown of Kutztown and returning, flew through two airports. In the crush of humanity and the press of time in Atlanta, I felt dizzy and inconsequential, another time and place traveler, one more body to process, and with all the people glued to their devices, the opposite of Mrs. Leibensperger's front porch on a summer evening.

Summer evenings she and her neighbors in the other half of the house would sit and talk on that spotless front porch, elevated from the sidewalk by steps, separated only by a banister. Often when walking back from the Strand movie theater, I would stop and chat with the shadows on the porch in the warm, still, humid summer air. Frances and her husband Libby lived there for many years, a brick house that definitely had the patina and smell of the early 1900's, and which she, when able, kept spotless, dusting the walls in the spring, cleaning the draperies, sweeping and washing the porches, the side porch and the front porch.

In the Atlanta airport, the boarding announcement for the last leg of my trip came out garbled, and in my fatigue, I probably moved my way to a line that I should not have been in, but when I asked the man behind me, he laughed and said, "Don't worry," and the woman in front of me said, "Don't worry. They'll let you go. You're pretty." In that moment, I felt pleasantly acknowledged not because I think of myself as pretty, more a nod to "here I am."

“There you are,” Mrs. Leibensperger would say. She had that ability to make many people feel special, a sincere acknowledgment of “there you are,” my goodness. She had made the children of a family next door feel special and the children would eat at her house and as adults, visit and send cards and postcards that would find their way to her refrigerator. Later, college students who had lived nearby would come back to say hello to their friend Mrs. Leibensperger.

She made me feel special since I was a kid and would stop in Dunkleberger’s Jewelry Store to look at china horses or to buy a charm for my bracelet. She would come from the back of the long store, and behind the long counter full of gold and silver, would ask me how she could help, and I would feel grown up, and somehow, I became her friend. Each time my skinny, long legs took me up the steps and into the store, I felt like a somebody. I rarely saw the owner. Frances ran the place.

When I would visit her, in her old age, she would repeat stories, sometimes the same story in the same sitting. She would always talk about how she would see me walk down Whiteoak Street and in her mind’s eye she could still see me walking down Whiteoak Street. She would talk about how her son, her only child, said, “it’s about time,” when my mother gave birth to her second son. My mother’s first son had been surrounded by sisters, including myself. I never minded her repeating herself: the stories became like comforting mantras told with a Pennsylvania Dutch accent.

Frances was Pennsylvania Dutch and knew the language. If anyone said something insulting about the Pennsylvania Dutch, like dumb as a Dutchman, that person heard from her. She spoke her mind about many things. When I asked what she thought of Donald Trump, she said with no hesitation that she felt sorry for him. “Why?” I asked. “Because he is stupid,” she replied. I once told her how many times I repeated what she had said concerning Trump, and that made her laugh. She liked to laugh and Frances liked politics. I can see her now through the glass of the door on her side porch sitting at the kitchen table reading the newspaper.

We often would talk about Pennsylvania Dutch food, about the sauerkraut she made herself from cabbage and salt, about scrambled eggs poured over fried potatoes, about ham and string beans, and shoo fly pie. She often spoke about how every late afternoon, she would feel heartsick because she wanted to be home eating dinner with her mother at their kitchen table in Macungie. “I want to go home,” she would say.

“That’s just the way it is” and “what can you do,” she also would often say when her knees gave out and she was confined to a wheelchair. But she kept going in part, a major part probably, because her cats were not just cats but her friends. In the morning, when she woke up, she would tell me that she would say, “I thank God for giving me another day to take care of my cats.” She cared for many cats, and I can imagine not only her mother and father greeting her in the after life at the kitchen table but all of her beloved cats.

I was able to board the plane early and when all the other bodies were settled in their seats with headsets in and eyes glued to their devices, I thought about how there is nothing more important than petting your cat who extends his paw to you in supplication and how Mrs. Leibensperger knew this about cats and others. I also thought about how I did not walk down Whiteoak Street when I was there this summer, not at all, not once.

Frances is gone now. This perhaps is a pressed flower in a bookmark for her.

The Silver Voice

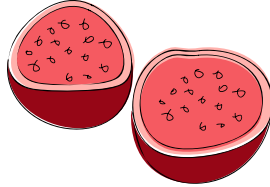
By: Grady O Kerst

Far to the East
Over snow capped peaks
I woke to a brand-new sight,
A ball of gold
Took the cold
And drove it from the night.
Then with my feet
I took a leap
Towards that setting sun
To see the birth
Of this new earth
Before was trod by none.
Then from a place
Too vast to trace
A Voice spoke loud and sharp:
"From this earth
I give you birth to walk amidst my art,
To dance in grass
To sing and laugh

Throughout the timeless day.
Yet before we sing
I ask one thing
And this you must obey;
There is a fruit
Which grows minute
Upon that tree afar.
And if one night
You wish a bite
You'll know all things that are,
But to you I say
Upon this day
That tree has been forbidden
And none may touch
Of its great trunk
Unless by Me are bidden."

POMEGRANATES

BY: DEVIN HICKS



My sister is a maniac.

Yesterday she cut my ear with a kitchen knife for no reason at all. She swung the knife down and off came the edge of my right ear.

She stuck that same knife in my face shortly after. The same side as my ear. She just missed my eye. The tip cut into my temple; the handle stuck down below the right of my chin. I left it like that for the rest of the day, slept with it like that for the whole night, and in the morning showed my parents.

I told my parents: and just the other day she had sliced me from ribcage to hip, my left side, not too deep, with the same knife!

I lifted my shirt to show them that she had, in fact, sliced me from ribcage to hip, my left side, not too deep, insisted it was with the same knife. It was bright red. But they didn't seem at all concerned about any of it.

There was a knife stuck in my face, with the handle hanging below the right of my chin, and they weren't at all concerned! I tried in earnest to express my fear, my hatred, my sister's ultimate evilness, with tears running down my face, dripping red to the floor. We all stood in the living room.

My mother: This floor is filthy, why didn't you vacuum like I asked you too?

My father: I told you wood floors were a bad idea.

(Everyone agreed the wood floors were a bad idea, and everyone knew that everyone agreed. I couldn't believe that they were talking about it now, in my time of crisis!)

My sister: Well, if you didn't cut your hair so stupidly, you wouldn't be able to see your ear.

My parents left with no acknowledgment of that blatant confession. My sister left. The knife shone in the morning light, illuminating the dried blood around it. I looked at the floor. The sun made clear the trails of blood I had left behind in yesterday's event.

That's when I went upstairs to the bathroom to look at my ear. You could, in fact, see it very clearly because of my haircut. My hair was straight, black. I had cropped it around my right ear, the back was short, and the left side was long and hung over my eye.

My ear, in plain view, was now shaped like a triangle. The top of my ear and earlobe were gone. I wondered where they might be, what she might have done with them after I ran away screaming.

I looked at the knife: big and luminous. I decided I would cut my sister with it.

My brain, registering my image reflected in the mirror: That sucks.

I thought: This sucks.

I grabbed the handle and pulled the knife from my face. My reflection screamed back at me - a raw, gurgling scream. Blood began flowing from the cut, pooling on the floor beneath me. Tears blurred my vision, and then blood blurred my vision.

Everything was scarlet. The color filled me with a vengeful rage.

My sister was in the kitchen. She was cutting a pomegranate with a knife identical to the one in my hand, the one I had just pulled from my face.

I said: I'm going to cut you with this knife. I'm going to cut you with the same knife you cut me with.

She said: You're always too dramatic.

With a single chop she sliced a pomegranate in half. Juice splattered her face, the counter, the floor. An empty pomegranate shell sat next to the newly cut one. I noticed her fingers were tinted red. Scarlet. She offered me half of the pomegranate.

Please understand, I love my sister. I do my best to make sure she knows it, too. For instance, if she were to make snide remarks, I would cut out her tongue. If she were to kick a puppy, I would break her foot. If she were to bleach her hair blonde, I would shave her head. I don't want her to ruin her reputation. I look out for her. And now, she had blood on her hands.

With a yell and one fell swoop I cut off her left hand, at the wrist, still holding the pomegranate. She screamed. The pomegranate rolled from her severed hand and came to rest in a growing puddle of her blood.

Enraged, she threw her knife, sinking it into my shoulder.

I said: Oh please, now you're the one being dramatic.

I put my knife down on the counter. I pulled her knife out of my shoulder, set it next to mine, and picked up the other half of the pomegranate.

I offered it to her.

Race Day

By Desmond O'Connor



I've been enamored by the sea for as long as I can remember. It might be that I never had a choice but to love the sea; my father was a sailor, and I grew up with weekends spent at the beach watching the ocean roll endlessly in. Even so, I can remember the day that my love was cemented. It was my first race on a sailboat. We would cross the San Francisco Bay and leave under the Golden Gate bridge, heading a few miles into the Pacific before retracing our steps home. This was just a relaxed race for most of the crew, but for me it would open my eyes to the majesty and power of the ocean, and the beauty of a ship and its crew working as one to harness the elements.

The race started from the Oakland Estuary with a parade of boats sailing out under the silent gaze of the cargo cranes lining the shore. This was the last of the winter races and the California spring was in full effect. Sitting under the clear sky and warm sun it was hard to remember the winter storms that ended a few weeks ago. I took advantage of the calm conditions to familiarize myself with the boat, my job, and the crew. The owner and Captain, as well as most everyone else, were friends of my father so I'd known them, or rather they knew me, since I was a toddler. This was the first time I had spent time with them as someone other than my "Father's Son" and I wanted to make the most of it.

While we were getting acquainted, I also had to learn what each of the dozen or so lines went to. One raised the mainsail; another raised the jib; and there were multiple lines used for trimming, or changing, the shape of the sails to take advantage of the wind. My job was also important. Being the youngest, I got to be the "jumper," meaning when we change the jib to account for changing winds, I would be the one hauling on the line to pull it up. By tradition, sailors use the most straightforward names possible, and jumper was no different. The fastest way to get a sail up was to stand by the mast, jump and grab the jib's line, and pull it down with your body weight being careful to make sure you land on the deck on your way down.

By the time I had gotten comfortable with the boat and crew, we were in sight of the Golden Gate Bridge. As we approached the gate, I could see the warm muddy water from the Delta pushing against the cold blue ocean forcing its way into the bay. The two streams meet head on, forming a line down the bay like two vast armies fighting back and forth across the bay, following the tidal pull of the moon. Crossing from the inland stream to the encroaching ocean we could feel the wind start to pick up and gain a taste of the salt whipped from the top of the waves. We stowed our lunch and got into our foul weather gear. My kit was a hand me down through years of part-time crew members before me. The blue and yellow overalls paired with a high-viz orange overcoat had an 80's retro feel, although I suspected they were very fashionable when they were first sold, years before I was born. As we passed under the bridge, the name Golden Gate took on a more literal meaning. The mild breeze we were complaining about earlier into the day whipped into a frenzy, churning the water ahead of us and sending it splashing over the bow.

As we forced onward, the wind and the waves only got stronger. We picked up more speed with the wind, and while the speed was welcome, it also causes the boat to lean away from the wind. This necessitated delicate balance, the intoxicating speed weighted against the danger of capsizing in the cold, surging current. The entire crew was sitting as far out on the windward side as we could while staying on the boat, dangling our legs over the side and holding onto the railing to stay in place as sheets of water inches deep washed over the bow lifting us completely from the deck. The wind picked up enough that the large jib we had for the light winds across the bay was doing more harm than good and needed to be replaced with a smaller sail. As I made my way across the slick deck, I knew there was no way I could jump the sail up so when it was time to raise the sail I wedged myself down between the deck and the railing, braced myself against the mast and started to haul in the line. I was nervous sitting inches from the water on the leeward side of the boat thinking that if the wind gusted enough I could be underwater in seconds. Fortunately, the captain knew his ship and kept it steady and me safe.

Eventually we made it to the buoy that marked the terminus of the course. Now the hour of work to get out there paid off. As we rounded the buoy and started back, the wind and the waves shifted to our rear. Instead of fighting us, the elements surged behind us, urging us home. With the wind behind us, we could raise our third sail, the genoa. The massive sheet of Kevlar and Teflon was lifted on the front of the boat, filling out like a massive kite pulling us forward. The light boat was nearly lifted out of the water by the sail, and we all moved to the rear to use our weight to keep the rudder in the water as we surfed in on the breakers that we were fighting just minutes ago. Our mood lifted with the speed of the boat, and we all started to get giddy as we went fast enough to lift the front of the boat from the water.

The rest of the race was relaxed and we ended up finishing last, but that didn't matter to me. The salt and wind of the ocean, and the feeling of the boat straining every line pulled taut like tendons and muscles in an athlete had me hooked. I knew then that the love of the ocean and the thrill of the race would never leave me.



Photo by: Patricia Watkins

BUTTERFLY EFFECT

By: Tokunbo (TJ) Vandenburg

It is raining.

The fat droplets are smacking into dark green leaves making them droop before the droplet continues to the ground, forming a puddle, small as this happens over and over again. A single droplet falls and lands on a cocoon. Smacking into it with the force of the thunderclap it was born from, the raindrop forces the cocoon to drop. When the raindrop hits the ground, it brings the cocoon with it. With a startled birth, a butterfly not quite ready, falls into the world again. Upon experiencing the confusing array of water falling in sheets around it, the butterfly struggles for survival in a harsh world. Barely finding a shelter beneath a leaf, the butterfly waits the rain out. With the punch of sunlight from the sky, the butterfly stretches its wing properly for the first time letting the new sunlight reflect off its wings with blue and gold sparkles. With a mighty flap, the butterfly takes off for the first time and learns the joy of flight. However, after a few minutes of flight comes the landing. With the lightest touch, the butterfly steps onto a flower. This small touch is the bare minimum amount of force needed to allow a droplet to fall from the flower and into a puddle far below. Taking off again, the butterfly goes on to live its short joyous life. However, the droplet is just starting its journey.

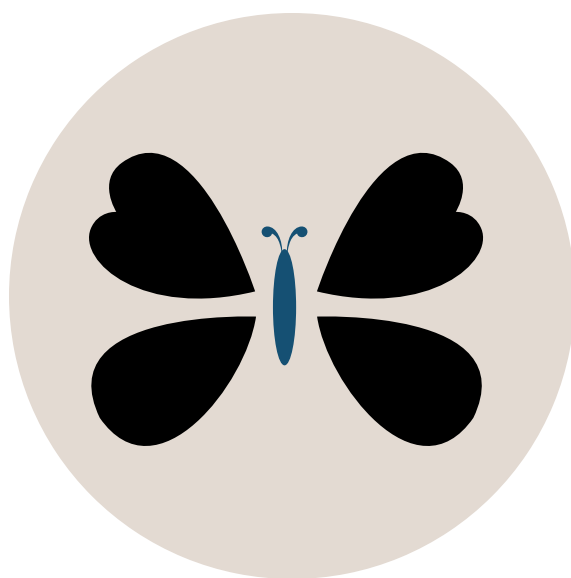
The droplets journey begins with the lightest touch.

Feeling the pull of gravity, and a slightly shaking sensation, the droplet falls into a puddle of its brethren. Ripping the clouds apart, the sun stretches its claws towards this new puddle, and startled by the heat the water molecules begin to heat up spreading apart as they do. Turning into a gas, the puddle and our droplet fly like our butterfly. Following the feel of the wind, the droplet moves with all of the other gases up down sometimes even separating and mixing with other waters from across the world. Each and every time the wind blows, the droplet responds with an enthusiasm that is only tapered by the presence of other gases in the air. Finding more of its kind in the air the droplets from around the world slowly come together and a gaseous puddle forms in the sky. The droplet feels a sense of completeness and begins anew as a cloud.

A bright white cloud begins with a sense of being complete.

Come together from places all over the world, the cloud feels well-traveled and yet still bows to the whims of the wind. Following its destiny, it collects others of its kind slowly swelling with darkness as others of its kind flock to it. The cloud grows darker and darker and it grows bigger and bigger until finally, it drops to the ground with the weight of its darkness. It continues its journey down until it is close enough to the ground to where it can feel the polarizing electrons draw together. And as it collects itself a sudden strike of plasma erupts from the cloud striking a nearby tree. This marks the beginning. The lightning burrows into the world and its thunderclap brings with it an intense rain with fat droplets. As each droplet hits the ground with the force of the thunderclap, the world shakes.

As the sheets of rain fall our droplet now back to its original form falls in the perfect position. Just underneath a leaf and into the center of a cocoon perfectly hanging. As the cocoon falls to the ground from the force of the raindrop, the raindrop falls with it landing in a crumpled heap to make a puddle. Out of the cocoon comes the startled birth of a butterfly.



The Carnal Gentleman

A N O N Y M O U S



GENTLE YET ANIMALISTIC
HIS TENDENCIES LIE
IDEAS ARE NARCISSISTIC
YET THEY STILL THRIVE

PERFECT IN LOOKS
CARNAL IN THOUGHT
THE GENTLEMAN TOOK
IT WAS ALL FOR NAUGHT

HIS EMOTIONS WERE GRAY
WHATEVER HE SAYS
IS HOLLOW AND DEAD
HIS HEART IS BLACK WITH A HINT OF RED

THE RED IS WORSE THAN THE MONSTER HE IS
FOR IT CONSUMES THE EMOTIONS OF ALL AROUND
TO DAMAGE TO BURN AND TO DESTROY,
THE CARNAL GENTLEMAN ENJOYS

FOR MONSTERS MAY RUN AND PEOPLE MAY HIDE
THE EMOTIONS INSIDE
ARE ALWAYS THERE
TO DESTROY AND CREATE
WHILE THE CARNAL GENTLEMAN WAITS.

Min Bestemor Historie

BY: TREVOR TURNER



Throughout the period between the 9th of April, 1940 to the 10th of May, 1945, Norway was continuously occupied by the Wehrmacht.

My grandmother, Viviana June Selmer was born in Oslo, Norway. She lived in a beautiful three story house on the outskirts of Oslo with her parents, two older sisters and a younger brother, but once Germany occupied her country, her life changed dramatically. The Nazis took over her home, and she and her family were moved to barracks. She was only four years old the day she and her sisters were playing outside, and two canvas covered trucks pulled up and put her in one of trucks and her two sisters in the other. Her dog, Helfer, a Samoyed, jumped into the truck as it pulled away from the barracks. She sat in the truck holding Helfer, which ironically means helper in German, with several other children. It felt to her as if the ride would never end, and when it started to get dark, the truck came to a stop before entering a huge compound with several rows of barracks and a huge white house on top of a hill with a view of the entire place. She and the other girls were marched into one barrack and the boys into another. Surprisingly, they let Helfer stay with the girls as it appeared to them that she kept the youngsters calm. There were lots of bunk beds and she and Helfer took a bottom bunk as she was too small to climb up to the top bunk.

They all crawled into their bunks unsure of what was happening. Most of them were quiet but some whimpered softly. When her barrack leader, Rolf, entered, he told them that in the morning they would be informed about their new life. One of the girls asked when their parents would be coming, but Rolf told them it would all be made clear in the morning. As it turned out, in the morning they were told they were going to be soldiers for the Third Reich, and they must forget their family. The Third Reich was their family now.

My grandmother's father and grandfather were part of the Norwegian underground and after approximately a year, her grandfather found her while she was working, stacking wood. He called to her from behind a woodpile and told her she had to be very quiet, because she was crying and hugging and kissing him. He ran from the compound with her in his arms. Helfer, who had not been far away, ran to catch up and they left, heading for the mountains. Once away from the compound her grandfather put a white parka on her so she would be more camouflaged in the snow. Helfer was already all white so she was safe. They walked for a long time. She felt cold, she had lost her mittens, but she didn't want to worry her grandfather Einar, so she was quiet as they walked. Einar kept looking at a map and scanning the mountains.

She said to him, "Einar, my hands used to be really cold, but now they're not, isn't that strange?" Einar turned around looked at her hands, grabbed Helfer, cut her stomach open and put her hands inside. My grandmother told me she could feel Helfer's blood bring life back into her hands. She screamed and cried as Einar held her hands inside Helfer for what felt like a lifetime. Einar consoled her and told her she was very brave and Helfer gave her life, so she could live. She had lost her mittens, so Einar took his socks off and put them on her hands and then continued on. Every so often he would carry her, and she held on tight to his neck, as she rode on his back.

A while later they heard a whistle, and Einar whistled in response. A large blond man came out from behind a tree about a hundred yards away. Einar introduced her to Hans and the three of them walked a little further until they saw a bridge with train tracks. They told her to stay put while they did something important for the cause. She watched them put dynamite sticks in several strategic parts of the bridge. Afterwards, they walked back to where she was and Hans told them to follow him. They walked to the end of the bridge where they said goodbye to Hans. Einar and my grandmother, who was now almost six, walked farther down the path. He told my grandmother that there was going to be a loud blast, and when the soldiers ran to see what happened to the bridge, they were to jump into one of the cars. He told her their parkas would keep them from being seen.

“Do not move,” he had told her, “until the train starts again.”

She tried not to move and pretended she was a rock. As the train moved, Einar told her they would soon be entering a small town, and when the train slowed, they were going to jump from the train, as they could not be discovered by the soldiers. She was terrified and did not want to jump, but Einar told her she had to be a brave Viking, and when he said go, she was to jump and roll.

When the moment arrived, Einar whispered "Go!" in a demanding voice. She told him she couldn't do it, and Einar picked her up and held her and jumped. Fortunately, they landed unharmed. Grandmother wanted to cry, but Einar said there was no time for that, and they ran away from the train. She could see the landscape dotted with lights and wished she could live in one of those houses: they looked so warm and friendly. They walked toward one of the houses set off from the others, and Einar opened a small window leading to the basement.

It was warm compared to the outside. Einar opened his backpack, and brought out bread and cheese. It tasted good, because she couldn't remember when she had last eaten. All of a sudden a mouse ran across her foot, and she screamed. Within moments the door to the basement opened and a man and his son stood at the top and said, "Who is there?"

Einar stood up and said he was there with his granddaughter and they had just been looking for shelter. The man wanted to know if they were in hiding, to which Einar replied that they were. The man turned on the light and came down the steps carrying a shotgun. He looked at Einar and grandmother and told them to go upstairs. They did. The man told them to sit at the table, which they did, and the man brought forth food.

He and Einar talked while grandmother moved to a couch and fell asleep. She was awakened by Einar who was putting her shoes on and told her they had to go. He gave her bread and cheese and lifted his knapsack over his shoulder. They walked out to where a horse and wagon filled with hay was waiting. She and Einar got into the back, and the man covered them with hay. They lay there for a long time as the horse clipped

along, until the wagon came to a stop in front of a large four story house. Einar got out and helped grandmother, and they walked up the stony steps and knocked on the door. A tall dark haired woman opened the door and they went inside. Grandmother sat on a chair and waited for Einar. After some time passed Einar came out and told her she would be staying in this orphanage until he could find her sisters and brother, "Be a brave Viking, and know that I will come back for you. We will all be together again." The woman motioned for grandmother to follow her up a huge staircase. Grandmother did not understand a word the woman was saying, because she did not speak Swedish.

Tariko Duarte
Black Box entry-Warriors of the Sky
3/22/17

It's a calm, clear, blue sky day over Germany; a perfect day for flying. The year is 1944. The American forces have been venturing deeper into German territory every week and Germany's last few ace pilots have been struggling to hold off the relentless invaders. But today will be different.

Hans Adalwolf began his day by sitting up in his bed and looking out the window of his barracks and thinking; "what a beautiful day to fly". He went about his morning routine of dressing, shaving, and brushing his teeth before reporting to the command building at the airfield for his daily assignment. His assignment was the same as it was every day: Patrol a route within a 25km radius of the airfield and assure no allied aircraft got through. Hans was rather bored with this assignment and thought that his squadron should be out hunting the P-51s that had been plaguing other areas, rather than just waiting for them to come. Nevertheless, orders were orders and Hans figured there must be a good reason for them ultimately, so he got his flight gear on and went out to his Focke Wulf 190 D-9 to begin his pre-flight checks, preparations, and fueling.

The Fw 190 D-9 was the pinnacle of Fw 190s at the time. It was one of the best fighter planes in the world and more than a match for the P-51D Mustang. The Fw 190 D-9 had a 1,726hp engine, a top speed of 686km/h in level flight, a terrific climb rate, and two 20mm cannons along with two 13mm machine guns. Hans loved his machine and took excellent care of it knowing full well how valuable it was.

After completing all of his preparations for the flight, he started the monstrous V12 engine. It thundered to life before being brought back to idle, but even at idle you could hear its power waiting to be unleashed like the muscles of a tiger flexing before it leaps on its prey. Hans taxied onto the runway and unleashed the Focke Wulf to full takeoff power. The steel beast flew down the runway at incredible velocity for having just been at the other end just moments before, and before he knew it, it had lifted off the dirt and retracted its gear. Hans set a course to climb to altitude and sat back waiting to be delivered to his patrol route.

Up at 11,000m, the whole world seems to be beneath you. It had been an hour since Hans had reached his patrol route and it was looking like another uneventful day when the sky was full of nothing but blue, not even a cloud to look at due to the high altitude. As Hans was making his turn to shift to searching a different sector when something caught his eye. A flash of light had emanated from below him somewhere but there were no water sources nearby for light to have reflected off of. He looked in the vicinity and scanned it with great interest but...nothing. No! There it was again to his 3 o'clock! It was the unmistakable flash of sunlight reflecting off of the unpainted skin of an aircraft, a paint scheme no aircraft in the Luftwaffe had, it was the paint scheme of an American P-51. This was bad, a single fighter scouting ahead only meant one thing: that there was a main attack force waiting to take flight from a captured German airfield to destroy his airfields forces next. Hans recalled that they had lost contact with the airfield ahead of his towards the front a week ago, it must have been captured and resupplied in that time.

There was no time to lose, if the scout was allowed to escape it would mean the destruction of him and his squadron. Hans radioed his intentions to HQ and dove on the unaware P-51, the engine roared as he went to full throttle hoping to get the jump on the P-51 and finish him in one pass. But the P-51 heard him coming and rolled out of the line of fire as 20mm cannon fire grazed past its cockpit. Hans pulled back on the stick hard to regain altitude with the energy he still had from his dive. As he did so the P-51 had pulled out of its roll and was now chasing Hans, exactly the opposite situation Hans had wanted. But Hans still had a few advantages over his opponent. First; he had a better climb rate than the P-51, second, the Fw 190 was more durable than the P-51, and third, the P-51 had an inferior armament than he did, meaning it would take longer for the P-51 to shoot him down if it came to that. Keeping those strengths in mind, Hans flew straight up to force the P-51 into a stall. The P-51 followed and hundreds of red tracer rounds from the P-51s six .50 calibre machine guns whizzed past Hans, yet Hans remained stubbornly on the stick refusing to break his tactic. The P-51 slowed until it could follow no more and stalled, still firing, back towards the earth. However, in its stall the P-51 scored a few hits on the 190 and Hans was now leaking fuel and coolant. He closed the engine cowling flaps to get every ounce of power he could out of the engine and he turned over to chase the P-51 back to earth. Panicked, the P-51 tried desperately to shake the 190 from its tail but the Focke Wulf was more agile and the P-51 would not be escaping so easily.

Hans fired a volley of rounds despite the P-51s evasion attempts and a few of them struck the left aileron of the P-51 severing the control line to it. With its maneuverability halved the P-51 decided to use its legendary speed to escape. As it began to pull away Hans had no intention of allowing this. He shifted his attention to the air scoop underneath the cockpit of the plane, it was the special design of this scoop that gave the P-51 immense speed at high altitude and without it the supercharger would not get enough air to keep up the pace with the engine. In an ingenious move Hans targeted the scoop and fired, unloading cannon round after cannon round into the small space effectively tearing off the scoop like a buzzsaw would.

The P-51 gave a cough and then began to lose power almost immediately as it was now too high and did not have enough air getting to its supercharger to run at peak efficiency. Hans knew the time to make a move was now. The P-51 was down on power and maneuverability, the two things it was good at. And unlike other American fighters like the P-47 Thunderbolt, the P-51 was not durable, it sacrificed that trait in the pursuit of speed. Hans fired all the rounds he had left into the P-51s fuselage crippling the structural integrity of the airframe even more. The P-51 attempted to pull out of the dive that they had both been in this entire time but found that the Fw 190 had shot out his elevators and he could no longer pull up. Hans was still right on his tail so if he ejected he would be consumed by the enemies propeller. The P-51 plummeted earthward and at around 1000m Hans pulled up to avoid the ground.

A few seconds later a white parachute emerged from the P-51s cockpit as the plane continued on and smashed into the forest below erupting into a huge fireball of gasoline and oil. The pilot glided down into a tree and became stuck in it. Hans circled the area a few times to ensure that the pilot had no means of contacting reinforcements. Satisfied, he turned to fly home to deliver the good news. He was still leaking fuel and oil but it was a slow leak. He opened the engine cowling flaps to let the engine breathe and returned to base with 60% throttle to be safe.

Upon returning to his Airfield he was greeted with various emergency vehicles. After assessing the damage to be moderate the plane was taken in for repairs, Hans watched it thankful for its excellent reliability as it got him back alive. Pilots of great calibre fought for all sides during the war, and in the end, they were not vastly different from one another. They were all just people defending their countries the best way they could -

By flying.

THE EXPLORER

By: Austin Witthun

Comfortable in any environment,
The Explorer is always in pursuit.
Curious about what lies beyond,
The Explorer is always escaping.

What most others find to be empty,
The Explorer views as a lavish oasis
Chocked full of the most wonderful sights and sounds.
Staccato crunch of gravel underfoot,
heartbeat of the journey.

Perpetual roar of a river flowing at the bottom of a
canyon,
A vein of the Earth.
The Explorer finds beauty in the mundane.
Driven by the need to conquer,
The Explorer seems restless to the outsider.
Sand, mud, water, snow, rock,
All traversed by The Explorer's boot.

Any climate.
Any terrain.
The Explorer is always prepared to make a haven for the
night.
Hammock between pines or tent on granite slabs.
The Explorer finds home anywhere.

Heavy packs with only the essentials.
Covered in layers,
Expecting the worst, ready for the best.
The Explorer ignores punishing fatigue and piercing wind
And pushes through..

Navigation by any means.

Sun or stars,
The Explorer is never lost.
While any path is a journey on its own,
The Explorer can always find the way back.

Sunlight not required.
The Explorer prefers to travel at night by moonlight alone.
A clear sky illuminated by a phosphorescent white light
Cast over all below
Reveals a peaceful monochrome setting.

No home is without great company,
Which is why The Explorer's friends are the best.
Up for any adventure,
Willing to go the extra mile



Traveling to Haiti

Anonymous



It was early in the afternoon on March 7, 2014, when the American Airlines flight that I was on touched down at the airport in Port-Au-Prince, the capital city of Haiti. I was there with a group of people from my church for a humanitarian service mission. As I stepped off the plane into the dimly lit building, it was hard to believe that I was in an international airport. There were no windows or air-conditioning to combat the 95° heat or the 100% humidity. Beggars lined the terminal's walls. Refuse and litter covered the concrete floor. And there was not a single security guard or police officer in sight. I could tell within the first two minutes of being at the airport that I had just stepped foot in one of the poorest and most corrupt countries in the world.

We were the only white people in the airport at the time which made us stick out like a sore thumb. Once the locals, Haitians, noticed us, they swarmed like ants at a picnic shouting "Pèmèt mwen! Pèmèt mwen!", which means "Let me! Let me," while grabbing at our bags. Our group leader, Jimmy, warned us that the Haitians would offer to carry our bags just so we would be forced to buy it back from them or they would steal it from us and sell it for a profit on the street.

After fighting through the mob of desperate Haitians, we made it to the vehicle that would shuttle us around the country for the week, a tap-tap. A tap-tap is a flatbed truck fashioned with walls and a roof made primarily out of rusty square tubing and jagged sheet metal and two plywood benches on each side. There were sixteen of us and the vehicle was only designed to hold ten. We all reluctantly crammed our way into the back of the brightly decorated death trap, all in shock from our first encounter with the Haitians.

The building we were staying in was two hours north of Port-Au-Prince in the small town of Cabaret. We were all silent during the drive to our building, peering through the small cracks in the sheet metal at the Haitians going about their daily routine. The tap-tap lurched, jerked, and bumped its way through the city that was still in shambles from the earthquake that occurred in 2010. When we arrived at the place we would be staying in, we saw that it was nothing but a large concrete building with empty holes for windows and a covered patio on the roof.

The Haitian mission leader, Franklin, made sure that we were well fed during our stay. Most of the meals consisted of rice and beans with either beef, chicken, or pork prepared in a fashion that reminded me of some sort of curry or stew. We also had bread and butter, fried plantains (an odd version of a banana), a sugar cookie, and freshly made fruit juice. All the food they served us tasted amazing and filled us up completely. Even though we ate the same meal every night, I never got used to how delicious it was. Every night after dinner, we would go up on the roof of the building and learn to sing songs in the local language, French Creole, and play card games.

Prior to traveling to Haiti, we learned that our service project would take up four of the seven days of our trip, and was going to be construction work in a small unnamed village in the heart of Haiti. We were going to help the Haitians build a building for them to use as a school, church, and local meeting place.

The village was a two-hour drive east of Cabaret. The tap-tap muscled its way as far as the road would allow. When we reached the limit of the vehicle's capabilities, we got out and continued the journey by foot to the village which was nestled on the side of a steep hill. The first villagers we came across were taking baths in a small stream just off the left side of the trail. Once they saw us, they quickly got out of the water and ran back to the village, still completely naked, announcing our arrival. As we continued our hike up to the village, we could hear a mob gathering to see us "white monsters."

The first structure we came across was a small hutch made of mud and rocks with a grass roof surrounded by a fence made of branches and old wire. Standing outside of the small building was three small children wearing only their undergarments. After passing several more similar buildings, we came across what looked like the village meeting area. It was full of startled and confused locals; most of the younger children ran into the trees. Later that evening, one of our translators said that the kids ran because they thought we were going to eat them because this was the first time most of these people had ever seen a white person.

After several minutes of confusion among the villagers, our translator told them that we were not going to eat them and that we were there to help them. Slowly, the children came out of the trees and cautiously approached us. The women in our group quickly became the favorite of the Haitian women and children. The Haitians were especially fascinated by the brightly decorated fingernails of the females in our group. Luckily, the women had brought dozens of bottles of fingernail polish to share with the locals. The women started painting the nails of all the women, little girls, and even the younger boys.



While the women and children were busy getting an education about American cosmetology, the men of the village were busy inspecting us men and, more important, the tools and the supplies we brought for the building we planned on constructing for them. The rest of that day, everyone helped unload the lumber and tools from the back of the tap-tap and hike it up to the village to the location the Haitians wanted their new building to be. Every villager, regardless of political power, sex, or age, helped carry the supplies back to the village. Once the truck was unloaded, we called it a day and made drive back to Cabaret. The next morning, we made the drive again. When we got to the village, we were all surprised to see what the Haitians had done. They had built us our own private outhouse, cleared the village of most of the litter and overgrown vegetation, and already started on the construction of their new building.

The Haitians were all very grateful that we were there to help them. They treated us like family. Any time we grabbed a hammer or a shovel, they would take it from us and tell us to go sit in the shade. And at the end of every work day, the Haitian women would make us a meal while we played games with the children. It was astounding to see how happy people can be when they have almost nothing.

It was a bitter-sweet feeling when the mission was finished and it was time to come back to America. While packing our bags, it was impossible to not think about how nice it would be to have ice in our beverages again, to have air-conditioning, and to be able to take a warm shower. But, on the other hand, it was also very difficult to not think about how much we'd miss our new Haitian friends and the country of Haiti we had come to adore during our week of stay.

The Alliance of Planets

"The Epic Clash"

By: Justin Friou

Earth, our planet
In a new golden age,
In blissful ignorance,
Of the titanic struggle.
Yet, their war has found us,
Their war is ours.

Behold, Calpathia
Our Universe,
Our home.
Her beauty unending,
Stars many,
Wonder unassailable.

Her sister, Eresctho
Magical and fantastic.
Tolkien in its wonder.
Her beauty alien,
Intoxicating,
And alluring.

Or laws, the Accords.
Their stewards the Council,
From Calpathia the Galaxy.
The Galactic Authorities,
Our law and order,
Across our world.

Below the beauty,
Blood flows endlessly.
The clatter of musketry,
The sounds of battle.
Good and evil,
A never-ending struggle.

Evil gathers strength:
The maniac Zortag,
Crazy with power,
Fueled by ambition,
An army at his command.
Once our foe.

Dark Mistress Chável,
Master of evil,
Cunning and vile.
Zortag, her unwilling
puppet.
Leader of demons,
Our worst nightmare.

The Federation,
Zortag's Army.
They march forward,
Hungering for our world.
Standing abreast, the
Cordaks,
Chável's Army of Darkness.

The Enemy marches on.
Thirsty for blood,
Hell-bent on destruction.
Their twisted goal:
Conquest and devastation.
We march to stop them.

Paladins of good,
Protectors of peace,
Sentinels of justice,
Warriors of light,
Our power great,
The Alliance of Planets.

Colonel Jason Collins,
Leader of the Alliance,
Stalwart and courageous,
Soldier and leader.
He leads from the front,
Bravely battling our foe.

The Alliance marches on,
Determined to bring peace.
Earth's NATO commanding,
Calpathia's New Republic its sentinel,
Fendale's Republic at their side,
The Nactal Kingdom their elite.

His wife Bulsarí Tákil,
Smart and powerful,
Living goddess of light,
Witch and Sorceress.
Her chromatic fur,
As bright as her heart.

The titanic struggle,
Good and evil.
Its latest form,
Alliance and Federation,
Millions march on,
The battle continues.

The war claims more,
Alliance and Federation,
Weapons brandished,
Banners in the wind.
The war is here,
And it will never end.



Photo by: Patricia Watkins

BI: GARRE11 011MERS

Codes are a system of symbols substituted for other words, letters, etc., especially for the purposes of secrecy. Writing in code can be enjoyable as there are no set rules for any specific code; each one is unique in some way or form.

Some codes are letter based and rely on the alphabet order. The Caesar Shift Cipher is a type of coding that changes the letter into a different letter by the means of shifting down the alphabet. The ROT1 is one such code. This code is created by simply replacing the desired letter with the letter that follows it in the alphabet. A becomes B, D becomes E, and Z becomes A as it wraps around.

Transposition codes involve rearranging letters to a predetermined format. A simple example is if one writes all the words backwards so that “hi there” becomes “ih ereht.” There are also codes that use steganography.

Steganography actually hides the message by means of picture or intricate writing details. An old English technique was to place a tiny dot under letters that were to be used in the message in articles in a newspaper.


Another famous code would be the Enigma code used by the Germans in World War II. This one was actually a code that used different codes in the message. Say that it started with a ROT1 code in the beginning, after a certain number of letters were typed, the cipher would switch to a different coding style. While these are some well-known styles, new codes can be created by anyone. As long as there is a method behind what may seem like a bunch of gibberish, it can be called a code.

Below is a short message written in a code that I had formulated for anyone who would like to make an attempt to solve a simple code. I am not so cruel as to give you nothing to start with, but I am not nice enough to give you the answer. Your only hint is in the header and a riddle. Hope you enjoy.

“I have keys but no locks. I have a space but no room. You can enter, but can’t go outside.
What am I?”

lkijhgabnhyuiknhgfdsedftyhtymkoijbvfcgtomlokjuavgbhjjirawsderd

(To see the answer, head over to the next page)



For those who did not get the code, allow me to explain first. In the header, you see that the title is "111." You will also see that my name has 0s and 1s in it, replacing the O and T's in my name, and that "BY" has been misspelled as "BI." The numbers and misspelling were a hint to use binary code on the title. 111 is binary for the number 7. With this, you head down to the strand of random letters. If you take every 7th letter, you get "akeyboard." Adding in the space after the first letter, it becomes the answer, "a keyboard."

lkijhgAbnhyuiKnhgfdsEdftyhtYmlkoijBbvfcgtOml
okjuAvgbhjiRawsderD

SOARING IN THE AIR

BY COOPER BRETHAUER



*Floating in the air, soaring above the clouds
Always glancing down. The feeling is so uplifting
Higher than everyone around, always glancing down.
Flying is a passion, flying is a lifestyle, flying is a way
For others to get around.*

*Soaring like a bird agile in its flight, destinations are limitless
Horizon is in sight. High above the buildings, taller than the trees,
People are below me as I travel in the breeze.*

*I hang in the air with the feathered wings
Gliding like an arrow through canyons and over dusty plains.*

*The whistle of hot air presses the windshield
And I pull higher above the horizon, daring to explore.*

Will I reach the destination?

I am sure of it more and more.

I will stretch towards the sun –

A curved arc across the sky.

Reaching swiftly in the blue my target folds into my grasp.

*I am testing the limits of my plane.
I will test the limits of myself.
What comes next is part of the journey.
I have less steps ahead than I do behind.
It is more like a spring river than a deep ocean.
The path is bright – steps across the rapids made easier by my wings.
Should I go further, but keep glancing down?
Flying is my passion, in it I find release.
Glancing down, but above the clouds, words just can't describe,
It clears my head, helps me relax and center myself inside.
There is nothing I would rather do than flying high up
In the sky*



WHITE PRIVILEGE

ANONYMOUS

Never trust a man with a Grateful Dead tattoo: especially if it is on the back of their head. When I was young and more dumb, I was easily tricked by a man with such a tattoo. The aroma of easy money to make was too tempting for me to question the credibility of a man with a Grateful Dead tattoo. Struggling within poverty, one Ben Frank was a lot, let alone a catholic family of them that could be made illegally. This man with a Grateful dead tattoo was offering goods at such a low price that the profit margins were too good to question: too good to let my saner mind think critically on.

I was living among men stuck in the same struggle of life, degrading to my more primal instincts alongside them. Even though guns exist in the modern age, my ego and instincts did not care to take that into account when judging survivability of risky situations. I would think that I was secure against another man because I was stronger, I did not stop to think that bullets cut as fast through muscle as they do fat.

With the sight of money on the horizon, I was quick to arrange a deal where I would buy the man with the Grateful Dead tattoo's product using another's money. The money was being put forward by a drug dealing girl that I had run into when out at parties a few dozen times. She may have been a girl, but she was more savage then many of the men I knew at the time, more successful, too. She did not flaunt her illegal wealth, though; all of it went to her college education. People think drugs are sold in back alleys and in the dark, but no; they are more than often exchanged in Walmart parking lots and in hotel rooms where gun shots will go noticed: that's your security. Although, not everyone stuck in the world of poverty is worried about being noticed with a gun in public.

I met the man with the Grateful Dead tattoo at the local Hilton. With fifteen hundred of an other's money, I followed him to his room expecting to buy a pound of cannabis. When I arrived at his room, I was met by his beautiful girlfriend. With thick, long blond hair, she looked like she was a cheerleader when she was not committing felonies. After a moment of talking, I was anxious to complete the business deal. After being shown the product, I showed that I had the money. Once the money had been seen, the cheerleader pulled a scratched up, cold Beretta M9. I had always been comfortable around guns, but my nerve left me when one was pointed at me. To this day, I become uneasy anytime I am around a girl who has a handgun. Even though I was terrified, my mind could not stop questioning where did the gun come from? It did not seem logical; she was wearing a very tight top and jeans cut so aggressively, little was left to the imagination. Violence was not what they wanted though, just the money.

After being unwillingly forced out of the room, I returned to the parking lot where the drug dealing girl was waiting for me. She leaned against the car with her arms crossed and her jaw notched forward as I approached empty handed. After I explained what happened, she demanded I go get her money back, but I refused. The money was lost, and to her it was my fault. The car ride back to the apartment complex, in which we both lived, was absent of music. After mutual yelling and then attempted negotiations for a payment plan on my behalf, she decided that I had one day to pay her back.

I hate owing others money. Worse, I hate owing attractive girls money; they commonly have a slew of guys willing to step up for them. The drug dealing girl ended up being more threatening than any other I knew with her army of primates on call. From her point of view, the day she gave me was a kindness and I was lucky to have that.

With no job and all my money being made illegally, I could not have walked into a bank to get a loan. That did not stop me from trying though; after a swift rejection, my mind raced with illegal alternative solutions to raise the cash. Robbery seemed to be the best solution since trafficking, selling, and manufacturing could not have been completed in a day. I, at the time, was not above theft; I would steal my food budget from Walmart every weekend. Fifteen hundred though, was not as easy to casually take without being noticed. Being a skilled locksmith living in a college heavy town, stealing five or six laptops to sell at individual pawn shops would not have been an impossible task.

As before any dangerous endeavor of mine, I called my only parent. There is no one else in this world that I care for as authentically as I do for my mother. So, before any life threatening event, I feel an inherent obligation to reach out to her. When she asked how I was, I felt trapped between a lie and an embarrassing truth. At the time, there were many things I would not tell her of but I would not lie to her either. My face turned red, the phone became slippery in my hand, and my voice started to crack. Not willing to lie to the only person I felt anything for, I confessed all my sins. Being my mother, no amount of anger could have made her stop listening to me or stop caring. She travelled the two-hour drive in the middle of the night to give me the fifteen hundred needed to pay my debts.

Asking my mother for help was not the most masculine thing to do, but looking back, it was the smart thing. I have known many that did not have the luxury of being bailed out of a bad situation by a capable family member: some who have died because of it. My relationship with my mother was estranged preceding this; I went through withdrawal alone, and I struggled against poverty alone, but when I realized how much of an ally my mother could be, my life changed for the better.

LOOKING BEYOND

BY: COOPER BRETHAUER

LOOKING AT THE SUNSET, AS THE SUN DRIFTS SLOWLY DOWN,
REVISITING THE DAY, PONDERING THE EVENTS THAT HAPPENED,
REALIZING A NEW BEGINNING IS ABOUT TO COME. NEW BEGINNINGS BRING
FORTH EXCITEMENT, NEW BEGINNINGS BRING FORTH FEAR, BUT THE ONLY
TRUE THING TO DO IS LET THE NEW BEGINNING COME.

OPEN TO THE CHANGES THAT WILL COME FORTH, COME WHAT MAY,
AWAITING THE ADVENTURES THAT WILL UNFOLD AT THE START OF DAY.

LIFE IS FULL OF CHALLENGES.

HOPES AND DREAMS.

AND FEARS.

BUT NEW BEGINNINGS LET US CONTINUE AND MAKE A FRESH START

EACH DAY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

LYING IN THE DARKNESS, SILENCE ALL AROUND,
TIME TO REST, RELAX, PREPARE FOR WHAT IS FUTURE BOUND.

LET GO OF ALL THE WHAT IF'S AND SHOULD HAVE'S

THE CHALLENGES,

THE UNCERTAINTY.

ALONE TIME.

WAKING TO GREET THE DAWN AS THE SUN BEGINS TO RISE,
A NEW BEGINNING IS BEING UNVEILED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES.
LOOKING FORWARD TO THE JOURNEY TO TRAVEL ON TODAY,
LAUGHTER, FRIENDS, SCHOOL AND WORK – CALLING ME ON MY WAY.
A NEW BEGINNING IS STARTING, DAY BREAK HAS BEGUN.
TIME TO START ANEW AND PONDER WHAT IS YET TO COME.
YESTERDAY IS IN THE PAST – THE SUN HAS SET ON IT.
STARTING FRESH, STARTING OVER, STARTING THINGS BRAND NEW,
WALKING OUT INTO THE CRISP FRESH AIR A BRAND NEW DAY ENSUES.
THERE ARE MANY LESSONS TO BE LEARNED BEFORE THE DAY IS DONE,
BE KIND, TAKE NOTICE, LISTEN AND ENJOY,
ACCEPT, BE OPEN – DO NOT FEAR...A NEW BEGINNING HAS BEGUN.



PHOTO BY: PATRICIA
WATKINS

TRANSPORTATION APOTHEOSIS

By: Kelvin M. Russell

I SIT HERE SWIFTLY MOVING AT A PACE OF NEARLY 80 MPH.

THE TRAINS ROCKS AND SHAKES AS IT ROARS THROUGH THE
JAGGED MOUNTAINS AND COARSE TERRAIN OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST.

THE WHISTLE BLOWS IN THE DISTANCE, TREES AND BUSHES SEEM TO BE
MOVING AT LIGHTNING SPEED, MY SOUL BURSTS WITH OVERWHELMING JOY.

THEN IT HAPPENED...

MY EARS TUNED IN TO THE FREQUENCY OF THE TRAIN HORN.

MY EYES CONNECTED TO THE CARS RACING ALONG INTERSTATE 40.

MY CHIN LIFTS UP CONNECTED WITH THE AIRWAYS AS A JETLINER STREAKS
THROUGH THE SKY.

NOTHING BUT TEARS IGNITED AS THE POETIC ARRANGEMENT OF THESE
MODES ENGULFED MY INNER BEING.



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