

dime.



DONNELLY
COLLEGE

EST. 1949



the arts & literary journal of
Donnelly College

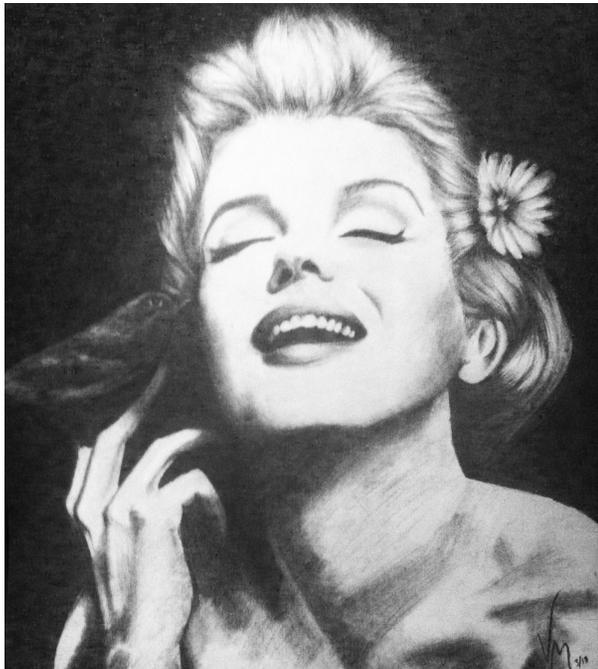
Issue 2, Spring 2014

Thank You

Dime would like to thank every student who submitted work to this year's issue. This publication exists because of your hard work and creativity.

We also thank the faculty and staff members of Donnelly College, as well as our outside readers, for volunteering their time to vote for the winners of the Sister Mary Faith Schuster Award. We could not create this journal without your generosity.

Finally, thank you to the Larry and June Ward Fund, which supplies the publication costs as well as the Sister Mary Faith Schuster Awards.



“Monroe” by Veronica Moreno

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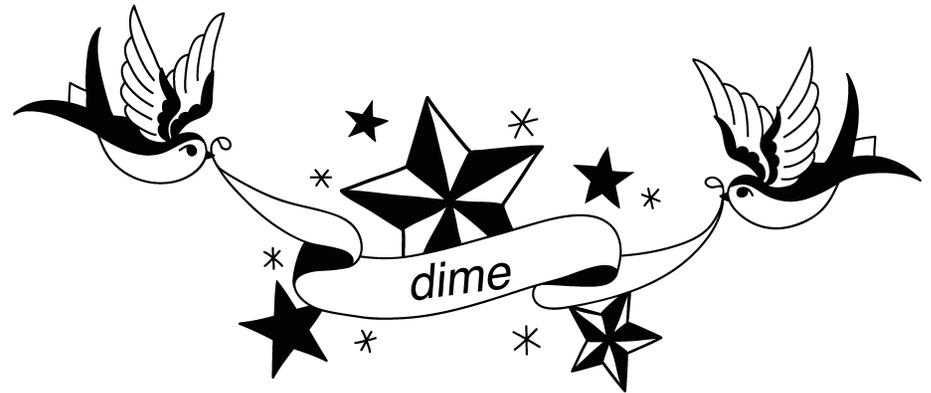
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dime: the Arts & Literary Journal of Donnelly College
Issue 2: Spring 2014

Editorial Board:
Sister Marie Kathleen Daugherty
Dr. Melissa Lenos
Lourdes Olivares-Escobedo

Cover Image

“It’s Okay to be Different” by Rosa Favela



★ **Submit YOUR work
for the next issue of *dime*
and the
Sister Mary Faith Schuster Awards** ★

Submissions may be given to
Dr. Melissa Lenos (Donnelly 401)
or sent to mLenos@donnelly.edu

Writing submissions: name and contact
information on the first page only
Visual arts submissions: send as an email
attachment (jpg or tif)

Submissions will not be returned; do not submit
your only copy of anything!

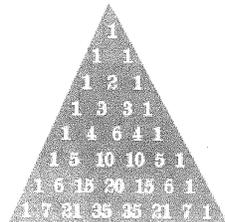
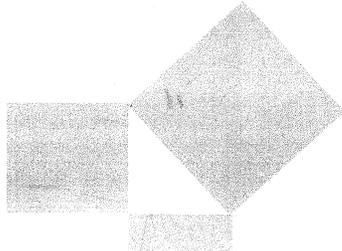


Mathematics!

You can do it!

3.14159265358979323846264338327950288419
 71693993751058209749445923078164062862089

98	638	034	
82	534	211	
7	067	982	
	148	086	
	513	282	
	306	647	
	093	844	
	6095	505	
	8223	172	
	53594	4081	
	12848	1117	
	450284	10270	01
	938521	10555	96
	4462294	89549	30
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The way my poster relates to math is by depicting a few different mathematical expressions or pictures. Pi is the center of the image because it is never ending; therefore it is always there. The image on the bottom left is showing how the Pythagorean theorem is true, showing the $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$. On the bottom left, it is depicting Pascal's triangle. - **Ambrosia Gerber**

A Special Rabbit by Marimar Gutierrez

Once upon a time, there was a young rabbit, a very special rabbit, because it lacked one leg. This rabbit had never surrendered, but the intrigue of why he only had three legs upset him much.

Every morning, the young rabbit cried to heaven, "Oh Lord, if you love me, why did you not make me like the others?" The rabbit looked at the sky, trying to find an answer, but could not find one.

One morning, tired of suffering and fighting, he exclaimed to heaven with force: "Lord, don't you love me? Why have you not heard me? Why did you not make me perfect like the others? Do you exist?"

★ Winner ★
**Sister Mary Faith
 Schuster Award**
 ★ Fiction ★

The rabbit, in despair, upon not hearing a response, cried.

Everything was silent, and after a few seconds, a voice from heaven spoke to him and said, "What you see as a flaw is a virtue for you – even with that flaw, your will to live and continue jumping encourages others to keep fighting."

Sometimes, we forget that only the Lord knows the plan for us, and only He knows our future. In particular, only He knows why we lack what others have in abundance and why we have in abundance what others lack.

When we learn to live as He created and accept what He has given us, we find happiness, peace and love. Love of ourselves, and when we love ourselves, we can share that love with others.

★ Winner ★
Sister Mary Faith Schuster Award
 ★ Visual Arts ★



“Waiting for Sunset”
 by Isamara Cortes Cruz

**Special Section by the Donnelly College
 Math Department: Pi Day**

This year, in celebration of “Pi Day” (March 14), the Donnelly College Math Department hosted a poster contest. Students were encouraged to create artistic renditions of mathematical concepts. The following pages include some of this year’s winners, along with the students’ explanations of their work.

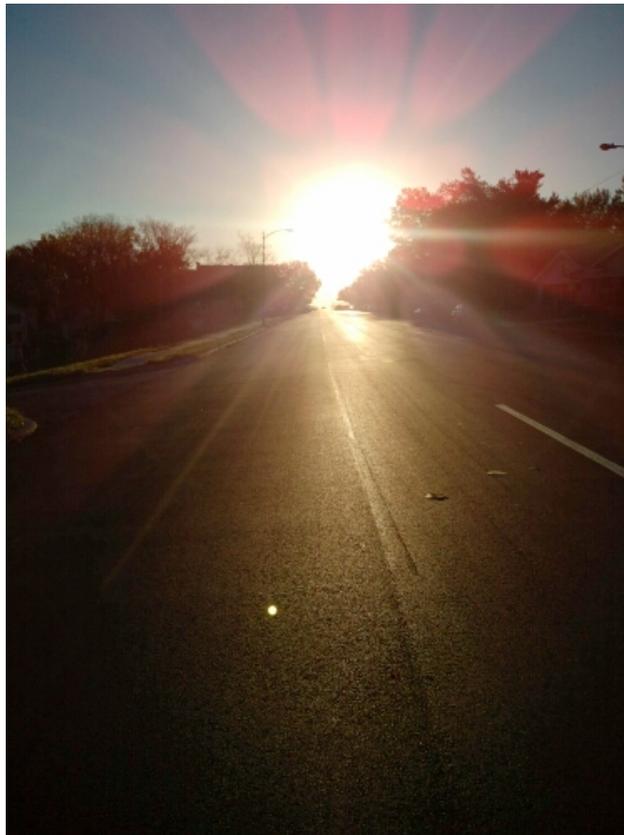


This drawing has two ways of relating to mathematics. The man writing the equation is Will Hunting (Matt Damon) from the movie *Good Will Hunting* (Gus Van Sant, 1997). This character studies advanced math in the film. The second is the equation in the drawing – it is Gregory’s series for computing Pi, created by James Gregory (1638-1675). – **John Campbell**

I Am Everywhere
by Sean Michael Cepeda

I am the air in your lungs.
I am the fire in your soul.
I am the Joy in a child's laugh.
And the pain in a mother's cry.
You might think I am fair.
I am not.
You might think I am against you.
I am not.
I exist beyond you.
To comprehend me, is the greatest mystery.
Questioning me is pointless.
You think you can change me.
Try as you might.
I am the Alpha.
I am the Omega.
Reality is what I am.
I am everywhere.

**"You Gotta Fall In
Order To Rise"**
by Ambrosia Gerber



Lola
by Natalia Legion

"I wonder if she survived last winter."

A couple of years ago, I spent a lot of time working at the airport as a taxi driver. Mostly, I was sitting in my car and enjoying the fresh air. I did different things to amuse myself: read books, listened to music, knit clothes, drew different subjects and watched bird life. Every morning, I shared my breakfast with sparrows and blackbirds.

★ Winner ★
**Sister Mary Faith
Schuster Award**
★ Nonfiction ★

One day, I noticed her. She came closer to me than the others and took a piece of bread from my hand. So, it was the beginning of our relationship, my blackbird and I. After that day, I fed her in the morning, at lunch and dinner. Whenever I ate, she showed up as if she was watching and waiting for me to arrive.

I gave her a name: Lola. Have you ever seen the movie *Run, Lola, Run?* Every time my bird left me with her beak full of food, other birds chased her and I cried, "Run, Lola, run!" She took off and flew away.

I have a childhood memory of our perception of people of other nationalities, especially Chinese and Yakut. Because of our lack of communication with those people, for us, they looked alike, having similar facial features. We have the identical perception of birds. We think that there is no difference among them; however, it is not true. All of them have various tints of black in their outfits and different feather patterns. I could recognize Lola among the other birds; she had featherless spots above her eyes. What impressed me the most was her ability to identify me among all the other drivers. Whenever I walked

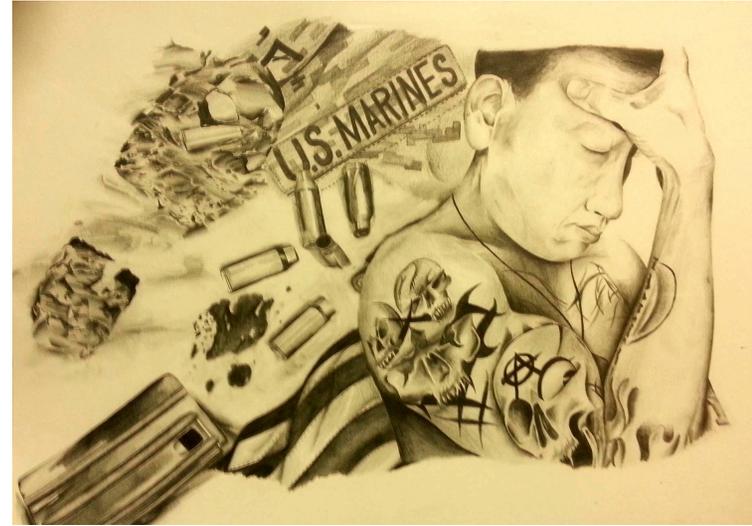
outside, she followed me, jumping from one car to another, from one tree to the next.

I had never thought that birds, like humans, have their own temperament. Lola was very independent. She was always on her own; she didn't make any attempts to "communicate" with other birds. Besides, Lola was patient and polite. Every time she saw me talking with other people, she sat quietly on somebody's car and turned her head the other way. She looked as though she showed her respect to me: "I don't want to interrupt your conversation; I am just letting you know I am here." It is well-known that birds have excellent hearing. Whenever I turned on my camera and the lens zoomed out, all the birds flew away, except my Lola. She believed that I would never hurt her, so she stood and patiently posed for me.

Sometimes we spent peaceful moments together. I read books, and she sat very quietly. She didn't take food; she just sat and watched what I was doing. At that moment, I was imagining a cozy, warm room with tongues of fire playing in the fireplace and members of a family gathering to enjoy their evening.

At the beginning of our relationship, I was amazed that Lola trusted me and took food from my hand. I just said, "This bird is either stupid or too brave." In one and a half months, I could see the real reason for her strange attitude; she brought her babies. They were two silly little blackbirds that opened their beaks every minute for another portion of food. I felt so happy that I helped her through her tough motherhood. It was also interesting that Lola didn't take food from my hand in their presence; perhaps she didn't want her babies to learn to trust humans. She was a very smart bird and a loving mother.

I had seen her for the first time that June. I missed her very much, and every day, I hoped she would come back. The only thing that comforted me was her pictures. On day, I looked at them and I realized that Lola had become part of my life, a member of my family.



Untitled drawing by John Campbell



"Appreciate the Two" by Isamara Cortes Cruz

Hole

By Sean Michael Cepeda

You're not here anymore; you're no longer by my side.
You died such a long time ago.
Your birthday.
Your voice.
Your smile.
It's funny, how quickly we come into existence.
And sad how slowly we can go.
I watched you smile, and I watched you cry.
I even watched you die.
Tears running down your face.
Brother.
There isn't a day that I don't think about you.
Some people ask themselves "What would Jesus do?"
I ask myself "What would Raymond do?"
I don't know what you'd do.
I don't remember a thing about you.
There's this hole in my heart.
Because I've forgotten everything about you.

Aristotle's Request by Christina Gallagos

You asked me for form and matter,
I gave you a Twinkie.
You asked me for the four causes,
I gave you a birthday invitation.
You asked me for a definition of
the virtues,
I gave you a dictionary.
You asked me to explain myself,
I hid and called you names.
I let this world define me.
Its surroundings and opinions suffocated me and became my own.
I had to pull myself out of the mundane ignorance and comfort that
overcame me to discover the true meaning of your request.
So when you look into my eyes asking who I am,
you see yourself.

★ **Winner** ★
**Sister Mary Faith
Schuster Award**
★ **Poetry** ★

Cartas de Amor **by Marimar Gutierrez**

Catalina Carrillo toda su vida había soñado con el amor. Tenía quince años cuando conoció a Jaime Turner, un chico que en su perspectiva, era un encanto. Cada mañana que Catalina entraba al salón lo veía sentado en su hermoso pupitre, claro que era un pupitre como cualquier otro pupitre, pero el hecho de tener labrado en pluma, el nombre de “Jaime Turner,” lo hacía muy especial para ella.

Jaime Turner era la ilusión de cualquier chica. Jaime era un chico de ojos verdes, piel rosada y un cabello que cuando los rayos del sol lo tocaban, parecía que estaba hecho de oro. Jaime era un imposible para Catalina y lo sabía sin duda alguna, pues Jaime era demasiado popular y no la conocía. Catalina no era nada popular y nada agraciada. Tenía su cabello negro y trenzado, usaba unos anteojos que le cubrían parte de la ceja y parte del pómulos, y sin falta tenía una sonrisa que brillaba por sus grandes frenos.



Untitled drawing by John Campbell

did not care much. After three years of lying, the lies I had told were of little interest and did not seem serious to me. It wasn't until later that I would realize that I needed to stop telling lies. Soon after these events, my father returned to Mexico to give us the news that we were moving to the United States. My brothers and I were filled with joy to know that we were going to spend time with our dad.

After all these years in the US, the time I have spent with my parents has been emotional because I finally had the experiences with them that I didn't have when my dad left back in 1999.

Then, the economy changed and things started getting difficult, so my parents have to work harder so my brothers and I could keep going to school and have a better education. After my junior year in high school, I started seeing a lot of the stress on my parents, and I felt a responsibility to help them, so I made a decision that would change my dreams. At this point in my life, I made the decision to look for a part time job and give up one of my dreams to become a soccer player. I started having discussions with my parents because they disagreed with my decision. They wanted me to accomplish my dream of playing professional soccer. When they found out I was looking for a part time job, my parents thought I was going to end up like some of my friends and drop out of school. Well, that wasn't my plan. I explained to them that all I wanted was to help them and keep studying because I had other dreams. They believed me.

Now that I'm 19 years old, and after all the lies I told in the past, I have changed. I learned that by lying, I would get nowhere. My parents taught me to respect others and to earn respect back from others. They push me forward to continue to become an independent individual. The dreams that I have now are complicated to accomplish but not impossible.

Now thanks to DACA (Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals) and the forward movement of the DREAM Act, my dream of getting scholarships for college could become a reality. I will earn a degree in business and my parents are happy to see how their child has become independent, trustworthy and an honest man.

When the co-worker told my mom about my father's death, she was frightened, and because of her diabetes, she ended up in the hospital. My mom's friend, neighbors, and uncles took us to the hospital to see her. My uncles made calls to the United States to ask how my father died and when it happened. They were surprised when they realized that my father was alive; they told my mom and she started to get better.

When my mom left the hospital, she went straight to her friend's house to ask her why she lied to her. After my mom and her co-worker talked to my friend, he told them that it wasn't a lie because he heard it from me at school. When my mom asked me if it was true, I answered yes. She looked at me with disappointment and told me that because of the lies I had told at school she had many health complications, and she could have had a heart attack. At the time, when my mom scolded me, I



Untitled drawing by John Campbell

Un día, Catalina estaba sentada en la biblioteca, usualmente escribiendo poemas y pensamientos inspirados en la vida y en el amor. Ella estaba tan inspirada y concentrada que no se había dado cuenta de que Jaime estaba ahí; sin dudarlo, Catalina se levantó y termino por irse, olvidando su diario especial.

Jaime al pasar por la mesa, le llamo la atención ese cuaderno, volteó a su alrededor para ver si alguien lo había olvidado. Lo abrió para saber de quién era y así poderlo devolver a su dueño, pero aún le llamo más la atención ver su nombre, y comenzó a leerlo. Jaime se intrigó al ver su nombre en cada poema, un poema hecho con tanto amor y al final, las iniciales C.C. Jaime decidió buscar a la dueña de ese diario, claro esperando encontrar a alguien completamente diferente a Catalina.

Los días pasaron y Jaime buscando a la dueña de ese cuaderno, hasta que finalmente, pasando por la biblioteca encontró a Catalina junto a la esquina de un librero. Ella estaba sentada escribiendo: "Jaime el amor de mi vida, la razón de mis Pensamientos... C.C." Jaime la miró y no pensó que fuera ella la que escribiera con tanto amor. Catalina al ver a Jaime se sonrojó, Jaime se acercó a ella y quitándole los lentes le susurro "yo también te amo, amo tanto el amor que sale de tu corazón." Jaime al ver a Catalina supo que ella era la chica que el necesitaba en su vida.

Jaime y Catalina vivieron su grandiosa historia de amor. Pero como siempre, el destino te pone prueba, y a veces muy difíciles. Al pasar el tiempo, mientras su amor crecía, también crecía un pequeño tumor en el cerebro de Jaime. Catalina no dejó a Jaime ni un solo momento y cada día él le escribía cartas de amor, donde le decía que ella era el amor de su vida. El amor de ellos jamás se fue, pero la vida sí. Después de un tiempo, Jaime dejó de escribirle cartas, el lápiz jamás lo volvió a tomar. Jaime murió a la edad de diez y siete años. Catalina sentía como si ella también hubiera muerto en vida, como si ya no hubiera otra salida. Decidida y con una tristeza enorme, Catalina tomo un lápiz escribiendo "Amor mío, pronto nuestro amor estará otra vez junto. ATTE: C.C." y lanzo la carta al río.

¿Tal vez la vida los separo pero quién dice que lo olvido?
Catalina jamás lo olvido, lo recordó en cada lagrima que derramo por su ausencia, en cada poema, y en cada carta de amor.



“My Town” by Liz Medina

Wetback

by Laura Dominguez

It upsets me when Mexican-Americans use the word "wetback" as a mean spirited form of an insult to those Mexicans who may be undocumented. I think the people who use this term are ignorant and do not know how to respect other people. Just because they were born in the United States doesn't give them the authority to be cruel and careless. I am sure that the same people who are saying these mean things are the same people whose parents or family members were born in Mexico. Let them call their mother, father, or grandparents "wetbacks." I would like to see how their family members would react to their insensitive remarks. Before I came to the United States one of my cousins, who had already been in the United States, called me a "wetback" when I was nine years old and still living in Mexico. At that time, I didn't pay much attention to his remarks. I believe that I did not understand the significance of what he was saying or the meaning of the word "wetback." From that day on, I knew what it meant and it bothered me to hear someone calling an undocumented person a "wetback."

My Life so Far

by Jose Ines Muñiz Arevalo

I have had many setbacks and disappointments in my life, but my biggest regret is how much I hurt people by telling lies. By the time I realized that lies injured others, for me, it was too late to apologize to the people I had hurt. I was very young, almost six years old. I basically did not care if my lies harmed others. I kept lying for nearly five years. But I realized that life takes many turns, and when it came time to tell the truth I would never be believed.

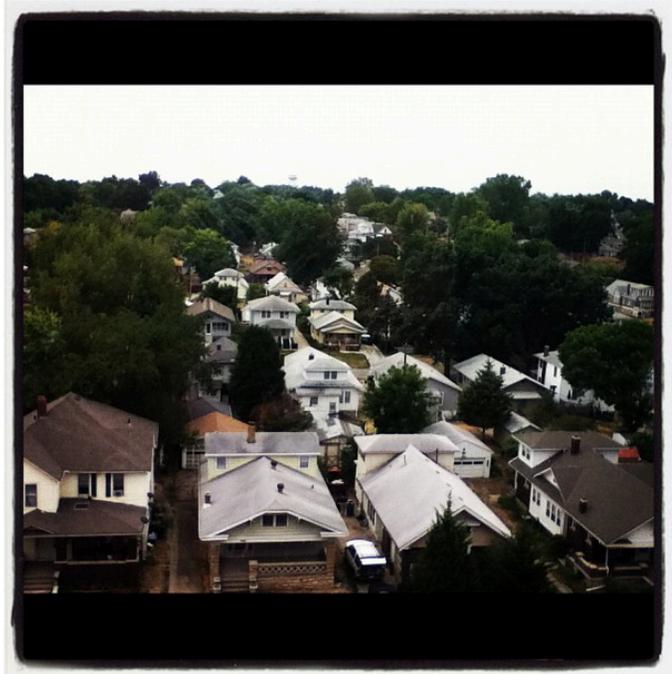
The reason I am sharing this story is because when I was growing up, around the age of five or six years, my father made the decision to migrate to the United States to make money and start a better life for my mother, brothers, and myself. I went five years without seeing him and without knowing what it felt like to have a father. After my father left to cross the border to the US, my mother worked hard to bring bread to the house while my brother and I attended kindergarten.

Many of my friends talked about how much fun they had with their parents and every time that they asked me about my parents, I said that my father was the best. I even told them that he played professional soccer and that he always caught bad guys when they tried to rob or break in to our house. But the real story at that moment was that my father lived in the US and sent us money once a month so that we could have some meat on our plate. Otherwise, it would only be beans and rice. He also sent money so that my mom could buy us uniforms and supplies for school.

When entering elementary school, I told one of my worst lies, which I really regret. I was seven years old and my new classmates were talking about how much fun they had with their parents, but when my new classmates asked me about my parents, I told them that my mom was working so hard to support my brothers and me because my dad had died in an accident trying to stop a thief who was robbing a Soriana store. My friends repeated this lie to their parents. I did not know that one of my classmates' mothers worked with my mom. It didn't take more than a week before my lie reached my mother. She had to hear about the "death" of my father from one of her co-workers.

Friendship
by Staci Taylor

Friendship or at least what I thought it was
Loyalty before dishonesty
Putting he/she first before a nonfactor
No matter what it is
You know they are someone u can depend on
Spent penalty time together might call us kin
And even after Barbie finds Ken
You'll always remain a friend
Even when their enemies are there to reprimand
You're there shoulder to shoulder to defend
They don't got the key
But u know they got your heart
Best friends forever
Should have known that from the start



“Someone Looking Over You” by Ambrosia Gerber

I remember when I came to the United States; I finally understood the meaning of "wetback." While I was still in elementary school in Kansas City, Missouri, an African-American girl called me a "wetback." My anger led me to punch her in the face.

The principal took me to his office and asked me why I had punched her. I told him that she had called me a "wetback." I got angry because I knew that was a bad word, and I punched her in the face. He suspended her, but I had the opportunity to remain in school.

Even though I did not get in trouble, I hated going to school and being exposed to ethnic slurs such as a “wetback” or being told to go back to Mexico. I would think to myself why American people would call me a "wetback," since I did not swim across the Rio Grande to come to the United States. I crossed through a regular highway that had nothing to do with water. So, I should be called a dry-back.

I took the word apart to understand the meaning as the word is written. First, I took the word wet meaning just that, "I am wet." Then, I took the word back, meaning my back is wet.

So based on the literal writing of the word "wetback" that would mean that all of us here are "wetbacks," right? When we take showers our backs become wet and when we come out of the shower our backs are dripping wet. So, this would mean that the whole class, assuming all of us take showers are "wetbacks," right? Now, can you see how careless this is and how people really just don't understand the meaning? Now that I break the word down to its true meaning, it means just that, people who take showers are all "wetbacks." Unfortunately, people make this word dirty and hateful.

I was doing research and found some interesting information in the Merriam-Webster Dictionary about the origins and meaning of the word "wetback." The word is used as an offensive slur to describe a Mexican national who enters the United States illegally. Also, it originates from the year 1929.

The term describes a Mexican national swimming across the Rio Grande (Texas), a river that separates the United States and the Mexican border. The term "wetback" is used because the person wets his/her back while swimming across the river. As I mentioned before, it is used to put someone who is a Mexican national to a lower status as the African-American girl did to me. It was originally coined and applied to Mexicans who came to the United States from Mexico to Texas.

So, what does this mean to me? Just because I am from Mexico it doesn't mean people have to fear me, I will not harm them. It means that people will not need to distrust me. Why would people dislike my beautiful accent, culture, and the artistic beauty that come from my homeland of Mexico?

I think we would want to share the beautiful history from both countries as we do the Irish, German and other cultures worldwide. Why would we want to limit our knowledge? Are we not in school to learn world views? I do not understand why hate is widespread and why our own ethnic groups go

against their own ancestors by using this word?

I want to end this paper by saying that we all need to pay more attention to the words we use, because words do harm people. Words can cause emotional and psychological trauma as “The Educated Pachuco” wrote in one of his bi-weekly columns on www.kchispanicnews.com, “As an elementary school age boy, I too was called a “beaner,” “wetback,” and more ethnic slurs.” He writes that these words caused great damage to him emotionally and psychologically. As a result of this he too fought his way through school and got in trouble as a result of his anger toward those who verbally hurt him.

The Pachuco's words made me think about this topic and how I to went through the same type of events as the elementary school boy. As a Mexican national and a Deferred Action Student attending a college of my choice, I will want to meet my goals someday. These goals are to teach students as I once was attending English Language Learner class, to encourage and assist students who people refer to as "wetbacks." In conclusion, we need to know what words are appropriate to use when we are talking to someone with different nationalities because we could hurt someone without knowing or affecting them emotionally. Remember, we all take showers.



Untitled photograph by Clara De La Torre

Lite Bliss

by Staci Taylor

I like this,
On like a light switch.
I really like this, lite bliss.
Winter fresh hits me it's a blast,
Wondering how long it is going to last
There's no need to leave no cash
You can't think of me as just a piece of ass
Especially after that blast
Always thinking how long this will last
Late night fights
Round 4 always right
Camorra's box always tight
If only this didn't last just one night.

When I dream

by Staci Taylor

I dream big
When I dream,
I dream of things that'll make my life lite
When I dream
I dream of things that'll make me shine bright
Yeah sometimes my dreams are as high as a kite
It seems like it's a fight
Cause I only had that dream one night
But now that I think about it
It's impossible to think I'd ever be achieve it
My dreams and wishes fall on deaf ears
No more tears
I'll just keep it crystal clear
No more dreaming
Cause when I dream
I see something is near!

My Family's Keeper by Rosa Favela

I am my family's keeper for many reasons. My lovely parents and three older brothers are my motivation. I am the first to graduate high school, attend college, and the only child that never spent a night in a jail cell.

My family constantly reminds me of how proud they are of me. In many cases the oldest child tends to set a good example for the rest to follow. This was not the case in my family. All of my brothers have intimidating appearances. They are muscular, brown skinned, low cut hair, and filled with tattoos. Despite their look, they are very kind hearted people. They are helpful and have always been sweet towards me.

With that said, they have found themselves in troublesome situations. Regardless of the trouble, my parents have never left their side. I will not paint a perfect picture when it comes to me. I have also been in certain situations that did not make my parents happy.

It seems strange, but I learned from my brothers' mistakes more than they did. I wanted my parents to know the feeling of attending scholarship dinners and being congratulated on what a smart daughter they had raised. Fortunately, I turned my life around and gave my parents the pleasure of being proud of me.

I am now a college student with a 4.0 GPA, and have a great job. The only problem my parents run into with me is not knowing where to place all of my awards. I want my brothers to know it is possible to achieve great things, and I always let them know I am here for whatever they may need. I represent my family and wear our last name as a badge of honor. I am, and will always be, my family's keeper.

The City That Was Destroyed By A Storm by Shirley Hawkins

Once upon a time there was a city filled with joy and excitement. Many people of different ethnic groups were dancing in the streets, while musicians played their favorite tunes. Some people dressed in colorful costumes while others chose to dress laid back. Many stuffed their faces with food and drank excessively. Mardi Gras was a unique tradition for this beautiful city.

This city had an enormous football arena. The arena was so huge that it could probably be filled with the entire population of New York City. This arena was called "The Superdome." The city was larger than life, but that would all change. A once beautiful city would now become a disaster followed by the most horrific storm in this nation's history.

Before the storm, the evacuation process was done in a disorderly manner. First of all, the mandatory evacuation notice was issued out at the last minute, the day before the storm. People in their cars drove on highways that were jammed packed from bumper to bumper trying to leave the city. The traffic was moving like a snail. Many people ran out of gas and other had to carpool to get out of the city quickly before the storm came ashore.

The people who did not have their own transportation were left behind. The mayor and government officials failed to provide public transportation for those in need who couldn't get out of the city before the huge storm. The mayor and government officials finally came to the realization that many people had no transportation and nowhere to go safely. They were sent to take shelter at the Superdome and the Convention Center. Many people chose to stay behind in their home to ride out the storm.

The name of this beautiful city is New Orleans. On August 29, 2005, the city of New Orleans was hit by a vicious storm known as Hurricane Katrina. Hurricane Katrina was a category five storm and did some heavy-duty destruction. Many homes and businesses were

flattened to the ground. Streets and neighborhoods were heavily flooded. Strong winds knocked out electricity and left the city pitch black. The levees had broken, and New Orleans' neighborhoods were filled up quickly with contaminated water; the sewage systems were backed up.

Due to poor leadership and planning, Hurricane Katrina came ashore and chaos erupted. There was massive looting; people were stealing tennis shoes, television sets, food, water, clothing, and firearms from various businesses.

There were reports of people firing shots from weapons they had stolen. It was very hot and many children, babies and adults became thirsty and hungry. Tempers flared and fights broke out at the Superdome and the Convention Center.



Untitled photograph by Clara De La Torre

The hurricane victims were ignored and neglected, and there was no food, water, or directions on what to do or where to go next. There was no leadership, and New Orleans became a war zone.

New Orleans remained in chaos until journalists gave attention, displaying the chaos over national television. All across this country, people were outraged after seeing the horrible images in New Orleans. There were a large number of African Americans standing in long lines, crying out for food and water, and holding up signs.

One Bad Memory by Isamara Cortes Cruz

I'm guilty for not protecting her
For putting her in harm's way
I was the coward sitting in silence
hoping they wouldn't look my way
I even laughed with them
to not make them suspect
That I knew what they were doing
was wrong and would lead to death
Death she almost faced
While at the fountain of blood I
stared I stood in the middle of the
room just...
looking her way

Towels and alcohol
is what they asked for
I was afraid
The wound was much deeper
Towels and alcohol wouldn't save
Her life was in danger, it's all my
fault For being a coward, for saying
nothing at all

Mother came back
Her face pale and exhausted
Her eyes watery and red
from all the crying
They didn't tell her
which one of us
was in the hospital, which one
she'd lost It was the young one The
four year old, the innocent one of
her baby girls

Two months in intensive care
One week of pain

When they told us
that they would take her away
For better parents
where she would be safe

Mother fought and fought
to gain her baby girl back
It wasn't her fault
It was mine for not speaking up

I see her today and I can easily go
back to one bad memory when my
little sister almost died

The scars are there
for only her to see
Of what happened to her
and why it didn't happen to me....?

It is because long before
"They" saved me
When "they" first saw me
When "they" first put their hands on
me

Which one is worse?
Which one would I let her have?
At six years old
what could I have done?
Maybe I
should have died...

No

Things happen for a reason
It is why I'm right here
Telling you part of my story
One bad memory

En Donnelly College
by Laura Dominguez

Sí sigues tus sueños educativos
Igual que la mayoría de los estudiantes

Sí Se Puede

Serás más triunfador
En tu comunidad, como en tu vida

Sí Se Puede

Puedes dar el mejor ejemplo, tú eres el/la
Único(a) que puede hacer un cambio
Eres lo mejor
Deja tus sueños volar
En Donnelly College

Sí Se Puede



“KC Revolves Pink and Blue” by Isamara Cortes Cruz

There were deceased bodies left abandoned on the highways, to be baked under the hot sun. There were deceased bodies floating in the water. People could not believe these images were happening in their own backyard.

The United States is such as wealthy country compared to other nations in the world, so relief should be easy to give.

Finally, there was law and order in New Orleans. Many people came out to assist in the evacuation and recovery process, National Guard troops drove up and down neighborhoods with their weapons drawn. The Red Cross, Salvation Army, and many volunteers assisted in giving the hurricane victims food, water, and shelter.

People all over this country were inspired to hold donation drives in their communities to collect food, bottled water, stuffed animals for the children, and clothing to be shipped to shelters where Hurricane Katrina victims were staying.

The Coast Guard and many volunteers rescued victims from their rooftops as water was racing to the tops of their roofs. Many pets and families were not evacuated together. Family members were left behind and evacuated at different times. Many people in New Orleans could not find their loved ones once they were rescued and sent to shelters.

New Orleans was once a beautiful city, but that would all change as Hurricane Katrina, the most destructive hurricane in this nation's history, came ashore. In the future, as we can expect more hurricanes, and maybe we have now learned our lesson.

Maybe we will be better prepared and have better organization when it comes to evacuating a large city. There was plenty of blame to go around, and it was not any one person's fault.

Many people were to blame, such as the mayor, the governor, FEMA director Michael Brown, and President Bush. If this country doesn't learn from Hurricane Katrina, history will repeat itself all over again.

The Coffee of Mr. Manuel
by Marimar Gutierrez

Every morning
Mr. Manuel stopped by the coffee shop.
Upon arriving, he perfectly hung his coat
On the chair of the last table.
In order for him to perfectly observe daylight.
That daylight that illuminates his wrinkled pale skin.

Mr. Manuel warmly sipped his coffee,
Patiently while he started writing;

A few minutes later, when inspired, he would look through that
window,

Just as if he was gathering inspiration, as he warmly sipped his
coffee.

Every morning, Mr. Manuel
Looked through the window of the cafe
With the greatest of joy and peace that Illuminates his slanted, big,
brown eyes.

Mr. Manuel spent mornings sitting and writing
behind that shiny window.

However, one morning
Mr. Manuel never returned to the cafe,
Never hung his coat in the chair
and did not write again.

El Café de Don Manuel
by Marimar Gutierrez

Cada mañana,
Don Manuel pasaba al café de la esquina.
Al llegar colgaba perfectamente su saco
en la silla de la última mesa,
para observar la luz del día,
aquella luz que iluminaba su pálida y arrugada piel.

Don Manuel sorbía cálidamente su café,
mientras escribía pacientemente;
al inspirarse, volteaba a mirar
a través de aquella ventana,
a la vez que sorbía aquel cálido café.

Cada mañana, Don Manuel
volteaba tras la ventana de la cafetería,
con la más grande alegría
y esa paz que iluminaba
aquellos grandes ojos cafés rasgados.

Don Manuel pasaba todas sus mañanas,
sentado escribiendo tras aquella ventana,
pero un día, Don Manuel jamás volvió a aquel café,
jamás acomodo su saco en aquella silla
y no volvió a escribir en aquella libreta;
su café se enfrió y aquella luz del día,
jamás volvió a iluminar su piel.

Tal vez, la llegada de aquel nuevo comienzo llego.
Tal vez aquella paz, aquella tranquilidad,
en aquel pálido y cansado cuerpo,
lo ascendió un nuevo mundo,
tal vez, el descanso eterno, por fin llego.