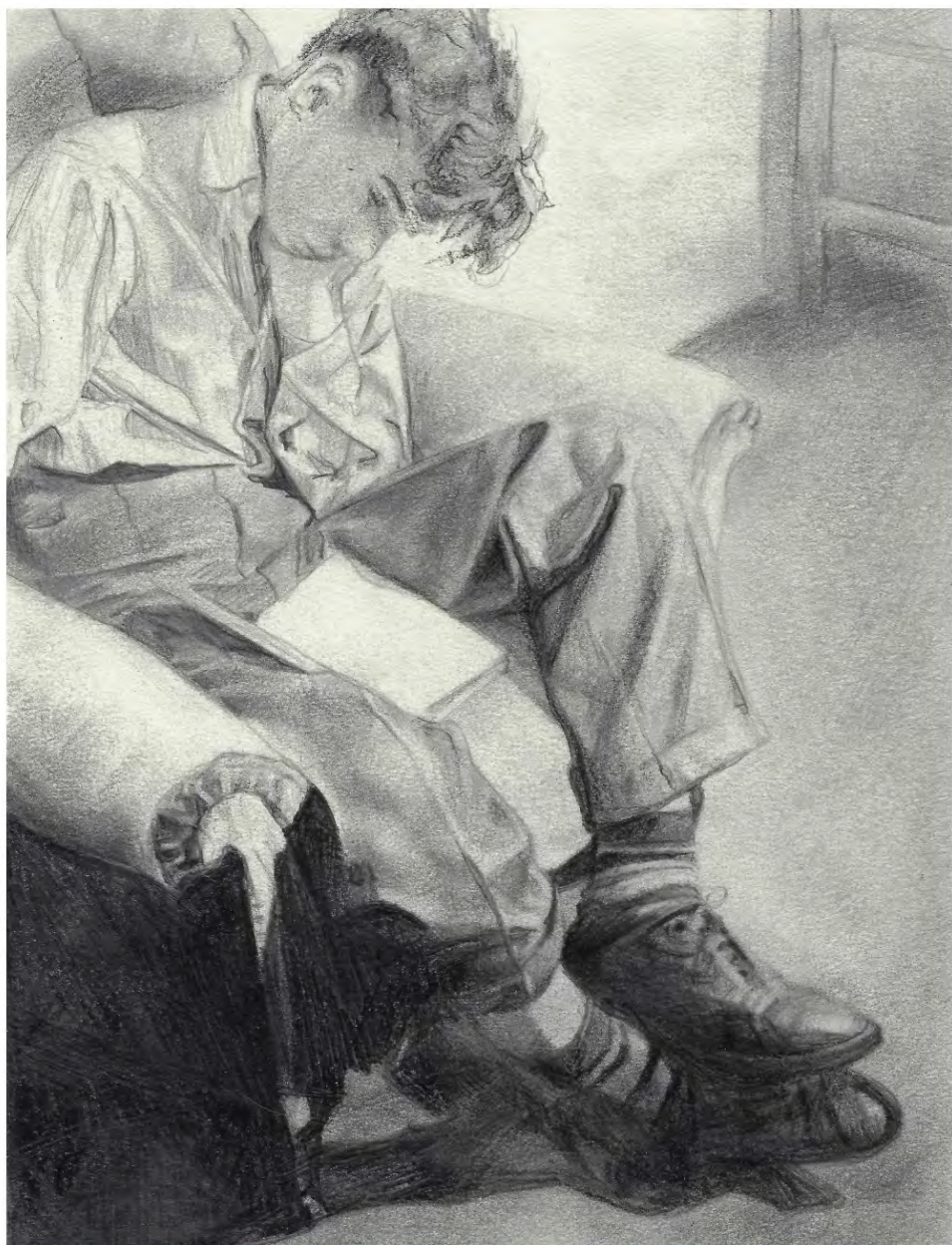


LAMAR STATE COLLEGE PORT ARTHUR



EXPRESSIONS 2022

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Expressions

Spring 2022

Volume XXXVI



Acknowledgements

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Table of Contents

Short Story

Porras-Lujan, Alenka2
1st Place	
Marsh, Brian J.9
2nd Place	
Gallagher, Britkne13
3rd Place	
Barnett, Daniel Lee17
Honorable Mention	

Essay

Gallagher, Chelsey22
1st Place	
Gallagher, Britkne25
2nd Place	
Tran, Money29
3rd Place	
Martinez, Jena34
Honorable Mention	

Essay

Gutierrez, Josué38
Honorable Mention	

Historical Analysis

LeTulle, Shelby43
1st Place	
Coleman, Janaye48
2nd Place	
Sanchez, Ramon54
3rd Place	
Lopez, Chloe59
Honorable Mention	

Research Paper

Gallagher, Britkne66
1st Place	
McClelland, Aaron77
2nd Place	
Lazo Hernandez, Karla87
3rd Place	

Thankful For

Robin, Colby97
1st Place	

Thankful For

Baugh, Cory	101
2nd Place	
Edgerly, Kloie	104
3rd Place	
Panelo, Reanna	107
Honorable Mention	

Poetry

Lazo Hernandez, Karla	112
1st Place	
Godwin, Christopher	113
2nd Place	
Florez, Esteban	115
3rd Place	
Desmond, Ashley	116
Honorable Mention	
Barnett, Daniel Lee	118
Honorable Mention	
Neal, Randall	119
Honorable Mention	
Cummings, Ronnie	121
Honorable Mention	
Perkins, Tonia L.	122
Honorable Mention	

Cover Art

Robin, ColbyCover
1st Place	
Robin, Colby12
2nd Place	
Cardenas, Adam21
3rd Place	
Sobrinho, Alyssa33
Honorable Mention	
Lalko, Alexis42
Honorable Mention	
Turner, Cory58
Honorable Mention	
Soriano, Victoria86
Honorable Mention	
Alexander, Iris103
Honorable Mention	
Soriano, Victoria114
Honorable Mention	
Rosado, Nallely N.120
Honorable Mention	

General Art

Burnett, Kynlieix
1st Place	

General Art

Soriano, Victoria16
2nd Place	
Alexander, Iris24
3rd Place	
Soriano, Victoria37
Honorable Mention	
Cardenas, Adam47
Honorable Mention	
Turner, Cory64
Honorable Mention	
Tovar, Riana95
Honorable Mention	
De La Cruz, Ashley106
Honorable Mention	

Photography

Hartman, Betty8
1st Place	
Gallagher, Britkne19
2nd Place	
Gallagher, Britkne28
3rd Place	

Photography

Gallagher, Britkne	40
Honorable Mention	
Desmond, Ashley	53
Honorable Mention	
Hunt, Leatrice B. III	76
Honorable Mention	
Hunt, Leatrice B. III	100
Honorable Mention	
Desmond, Ashley	110
Honorable Mention	
Gallagher, Britkne	117
Honorable Mention	
Nguyen, Phuong	124
Honorable Mention	

Digital Art

January, Tyron	128
Creator	
Livings, Jade A.	129
Creator	
Jenkins, Kaeden	130
Creator	

Digital Art

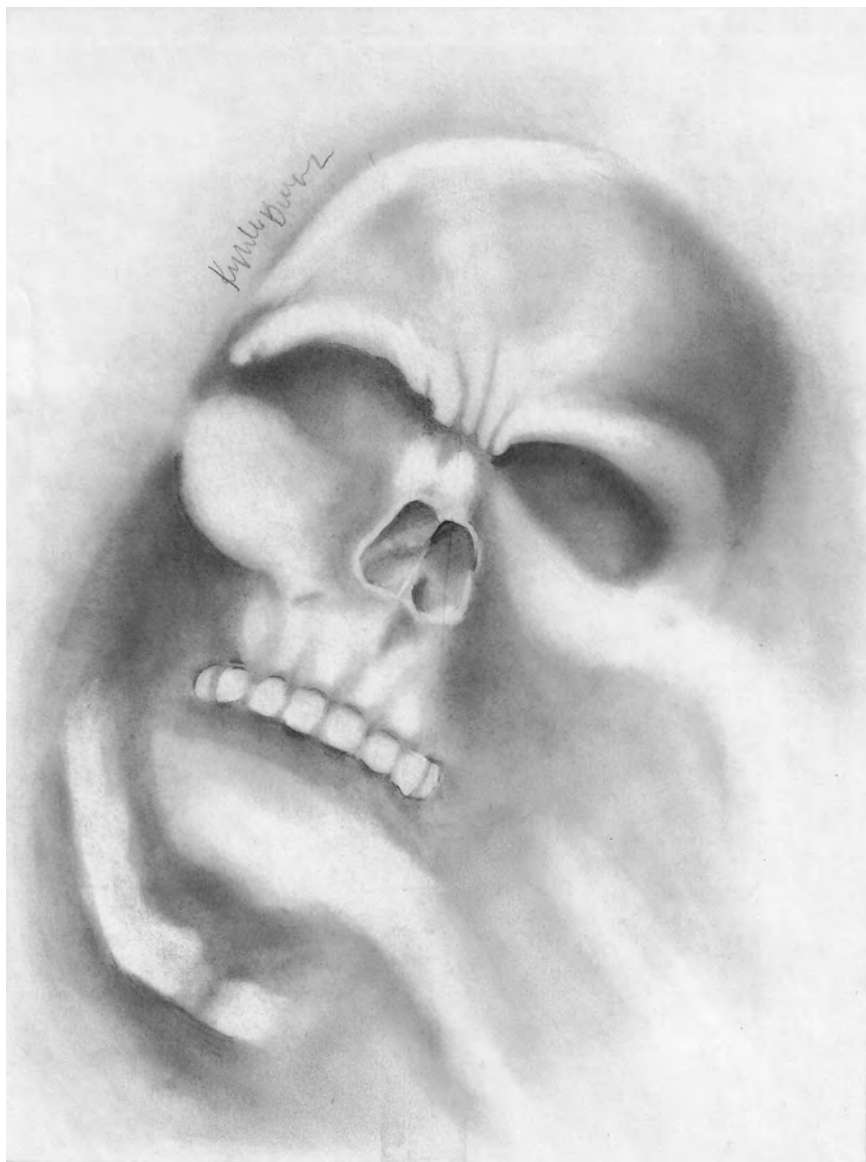
Lopez, Lupe131
Creator	
Padron, Alejandro132
Creator	
Turner, Cory133
Creator	

Faculty & Staff

Judice, Michelle135
Photography	
Millsap, Pamela A.136
Poetry	
James-Mastronardi, Caitlin139
Photography	
Capeles, Tina L.140
Poetry	
Champagne, Adriane141
Poetry	
James-Mastronardi, Caitlin142
Poetry	

Faculty & Staff

Champagne, Adriane143
Photography	
James-Mastronardi, Caitlin144
Poetry	
Champagne, Adriane145
Photography	
James-Mastronardi, Caitlin146
Photography	



General Art—First Place

Kynlie Burnett

A decorative border with a black background and white floral and leaf patterns surrounds the central text. The border features a repeating pattern of leaves and flowers along all four sides.

*Short
Story*

Short Story

First Place

Mr. Flappers

Alenka Porras—Lujan

Witnessing a murder is something most people hope to never come across; however, in the food chain, when there's a prey, a predator will stalk as it awaits its moment to strike! I have not had the pleasure of doing many things in my life, although I have experienced some drastic events. One of the most dreadful experiences that happened to me was during my summer break. This eventful vacation quickly became a violent scene.

Late summer of 2021, the sun had slowly begun to rise, and I found myself awoken by the familiar sound of my screaming mother telling me it was time to start the usual early morning chores. Quickly rising to my feet and getting dressed before starting a hefty day of various, dreadful chores, beginning with filling my dog's food bowl with the atrocious smell of Pedigree and cold water. The sun rays were slowly melting me, and I felt my face slowly become damp as the sweat ran down my face. I rushed back inside my cold house in hopes of escaping the summer heat. Then I began by sweeping the filthy floors of any and every speck of dust, until a violent, screeching bark came from outside, which caused me to shiver as the noise made its way through my ear. My two dogs' usual barks normally sound obnoxious and annoying; however, this time they sounded unfamiliar. The aggressive noise that passed through their mouths sounded overly violent; it was as if their hunting instincts had overtaken their small bodies. I ran toward the back door and found them barking at the fence between

my home and my neighbors. Puzzled, I saw nothing but the luscious green vegetation of flowers and vines growing from the fence. Shoving the dogs away with my hands, in the hopes of stopping them from barking was when I saw it, a small deep gray and blue figure, roughly entangled in the vines of the fence.

Screaming for the help of my younger brother, knowing he was the only one that wasn't ever called on or needed to do any tasks around the house. 'Eroz! Hurry, please come help me!' It took him what felt like years. I yelled in panic, telling him, 'Put the dogs back inside of their cage!' I stood in between the baby bird and the dogs to shield them from causing any more damage from the attacks of my wild chihuahuas, and in return their sharp claws dug through my skin, creating deep red marks that slowly began dripping blood, as they tried to make their way to the bird. After my brother's failed attempts at putting the dogs back, I yelled for my mother. She came rushing, screaming, '¡Qué pasó, qué pasó!' Yelling in frustration, I shouted as tears started running down my face in frustration, 'They want to eat the bird!' Thankfully, she managed to scare my dogs away.

It became visible, covered in traces of blood shivering in fear, the bird was tragically trapped by its leg in the overgrown luscious vines. Ten minutes passed, and I had finally managed to disentangle the bird's injured body. Its tiny heart was beating enough for me to feel it pulsing through my hands, which felt as if the bird was a ticking time bomb, only seconds away from exploding. In an attempt to help it calm down, I gently raked its remaining feathers. Remembering there was an extra cage that my dogs had recently grown out of, I searched for it, then placed the bird gently there to go and get some materials. Rushing back into my house, I grabbed napkins, water, and a pair of gloves. After careful examination, nothing was wrong with the bird, other than the fact that it could no longer fly. Its blue wing had been bitten by none other than who I believed to be my sweet angels. It flapped its wings desperately trying to get away; however, it could not manage to lift itself off of the ground. I placed the napkins inside the cage to give it some comfort, which was the least I could do. Grabbing my phone, I searched for ways to heal its wing and feed it. A recurring thought appeared in my head that moment, 'This small baby bird's wing

has been injured, will it ever be able to fly?’ With no other options, crushed kibble was the only food laying around my house that appeared animal friendly. I found a container-less lid deep within the cabinets in which I placed all of the crushed kibble. Then, I filled a tiny cup with water and placed it all inside of the cage along with the bird. I went back inside to give the bird space and let it get familiar with the new environment. Anxiously, I kept checking on it throughout the day, fearing it would be found dead. The day quickly passed and the sky had darkened; it was time for me to sleep. Tossing and turning through the night, I continuously worried about how the bird was doing.

The next morning, I jumped out of bed, remembering the horrors that had happened the previous day. Rushing out the door, I found the bird peacefully sleeping, with not only feces, but traces of a red colored liquid dried up on the napkins. I went back inside, got a pair of gloves, and took more napkins. I let the bird out of the cage to hop around while I cleaned the cage. After another careful examination, the wound on the bird caused it to leak blood. After watching more videos on YouTube, I filled a kid pool with warm water no higher than 2cm. Gently picking up the baby bird, I placed it into the water. The bird jumped and splashed in the water, cleaning itself up, slowly turning the water into a light pink color. For the next couple of days, I continued my attempts to nurse the bird back to being a free animal soaring in the deep blue sky.

As I thought I had seen everything that could possibly happen, the most heartwarming scene was being showcased in my backyard. The baby bird's mother flew down by the cage, with food in her mouth, making sure she knew her baby was being well fed, as the baby bird opened its mouth, and she placed a small bug for it to devour. This was a scene I had seen in a movie, but I never knew that a mother's love for her child would be so sweet and full of endearment. As I watched this incredible moment, I could do nothing but stare with amazement. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my heart. Guilt had filled me quickly, knowing that I was keeping a child encased away from its adoring family. I went outside, and the mother had flown up into a nearby tree. Desperately, I opened the cage and let the bird outside. I rushed back into my house, watching to see if the mother would return to comfort her child. In fact,

she did fly down, and I could see them both chirping in joy and playing with each other for several minutes. In awe, I managed to record the entire scene. Witnessing as the mother flew away, the baby jay desperately flapped its wings to get off the ground and into the sky. I went back outside, and the baby quickly made its way towards me. Carefully picking it up and placing it back inside, I hoped that resting there would be enough to heal its wing. I spoke to it for a while, informing it, "You'll be okay. I promise, in a couple of days you'll be able to soar across the sky with mommy bird."

More days passed, and the mother was still feeding it, but sadly I could see no progress. Filled with anger, I yelled at my vicious dogs, telling them that it was very bad to hurt other living creatures, so they lowered their ears and went to sleep. My mother had witnessed this and told me that it wasn't their fault; that was what animals do and they didn't know any better, which I ignored in frustration. I went back outside to clean its cage, which was a daily chore I gave myself every morning since I had first found the bird. Slowly, the blue jay appeared to be getting taller, growing what appeared to be a couple of centimeters; however, there was still no progress in it being able to fly.

The next day, it rained and I felt no motivation to leave my bed as I lay there staring at the ceiling. I heard my mother once again, yelling at me to get up and start cleaning. I got myself up and went outside to see how the bird was doing, feeling no motivation to clean its fresh feces it had left that morning from the worms its mother had given it. There wasn't that much, so I decided to leave it there for the remainder of the day. Time flew by that day, and I realized I still did not clean its cage. It was pitch black outside, and I decided to turn on the lamp to let it play while I cleaned. Afterwards, I gently picked it up and placed it back inside the cage as it was time for bed.

A new day had begun, one that I imagined to be like every other day, as I made my way outside. The sun was up, and it was windy; a perfect day where nothing bad could happen, or so I thought. I let the bird out of the cage so it could exercise and try to fly, and started to clean up all of its feces. While cleaning I suddenly heard the angry forceful chirps of what sounded like fifty birds. For a moment, I thought that I was about to get attacked by them

for enslaving the baby blue jay. Quickly turning around, I felt my heart sink as I witnessed a huge swarm of blue figures flying toward the long grass. This was something I did not consider, nor did I imagine could happen. I have always known black cats to be a sign of bad luck, which is what I heard and watched in movies and books; however, I had no idea of the horror I was about to witness. I watched as an evil, monstrous, preying black cat ran in front of me. Within its mouth, there it was, the precious bird I promised I would protect, whom I wished to see soar across the sky. Frozen as I watched it, it jumped across the fence, tightly holding the bird within its teeth, getting mobbed by blue jays. No one was around to help me, and I could force no words to come from my mouth. Soon, my vision blurred as I stood there amid the chaos. I went back inside my house, with nothing but terrible thoughts that filling my head. "What have I done? How could I have let this happen?" Sitting down, and managing to restrain myself while my family was still asleep, and not knowing what had just occurred, I quietly sat thinking of what could have happened if I had watched the bird instead of cleaning first. It also occurred to me that the baby's mother had witnessed her own child become the lunch of a mischievous cat. Moments later, everyone had awakened, and I saw my brother joyfully walk past me toward the door outside, not managing to say anything as I watched him walk out. Minutes later he came back inside with the one question I did not wish to hear, "Where's the bird?" I did not want to be the one to explain that the bird was in the belly of a cat, much less say it was my fault, so I sat there in silence, still attempting to restrain myself. Later, he asked my mother the same question, and she also did not know, so she came to ask me. Still not managing to form words, I appeared like I was ignoring her, which caused her to yell at me. My vision started blurring again, and I barely managed to say, 'He died.' They looked at me in disbelief and silence quickly overtook the house. My older sister took it upon herself to say, with a small giggle, 'I told you it was going to die.' I was never much of a confrontational person, but I yelled at her, which released the tension and stress. That day, I was also wishing bad things upon the cat. Later, I remembered that it may have also been looking for something to feed its kittens, just like mother Blue Jay did for her offspring.

The next day I got out of bed, completely forgetting the

fact of the eventful prior day. I went outside, and remembered that I no longer had a baby bird to watch over. I went back inside, feeling useless. As the day went by I heard the sound of a bird. I went outside and saw the mother standing next to the cage her darling child was imprisoned in, hearing what sounded like weeping. I went outside in the hopes of being able to apologize for not doing anything, and for not letting her see her child the day prior to the event. She had flown up into a tree, as I hesitated saying, "I'm so sorry. I broke my promise," as tears made its way down my face.

His name was Mr. Flappers, the most lovable baby blue jay I have, and will ever have the pleasure of crossing paths with. Throughout the long process of healing, Mr. Flappers showed persistence and always appeared joyful considering the trauma he had experienced. He received that name because of his flapping wings that never stopped flapping, always hoping to be able to return back into the wings of his loving mother, soaring free in the enchanting sky.

That day I learned an important lesson, as I watched in awe the mother bird feeding her child; namely, that there is no difference from the cat needing to feed its own. As well as it is important to treasure time with family and friends, as one never knows what moment will be the last. This was the cycle of life.



Photography—First Place

Betty Hartman

Short Story

Second Place

The Myth of the Texas Lightning Oak

Brian J. Marsh

When I was a young boy, Friday night was for telling tales. Some tall, some short, but all of them Texas big. Gathered round the wood stove in winter, or on the front porch most other times. My siblings and I would all sit and listen with rapt attention as Grandpaw spun his yarns. There was one tale in particular that stands out from all the rest. The myth of the Texas Lightning Oak.

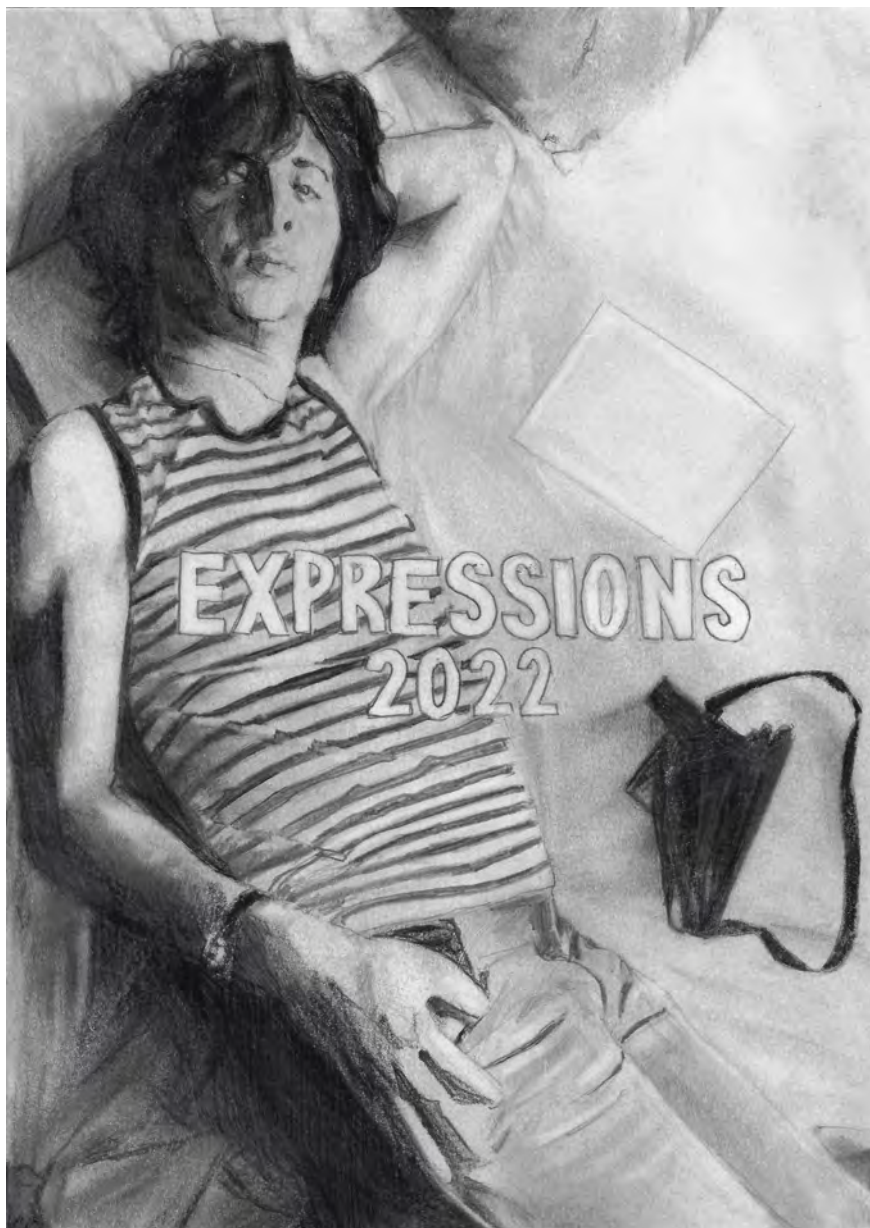
According to my Grandpaw, who heard it from an old Native American medicine man, this mythic live oak lies somewhere between Waco, San Antonio, and Midland. The tree is supposedly massive. So much so, that early settlers mistook it for a California Redwood. It is reputedly so tall that if one were foolishly inclined to climb to the top they would be able to see clear to New Mexico, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and the Gulf of Mexico. My grandpaw also said that the Lightning Oak is so big around that it would take a full three minutes to ride around it on horseback. Grandpaw also claimed that it is so old that the Native American tribal elders have memories of it passed down through their oral traditions that go all the way back to when they first come to these lands.

Legend has it that the name of the Lightning Oak comes from the fact that sometime in the long forgotten past it was struck by a bolt of lightning. It was so powerful that it split the oak's majestic crown for a third of the tree's height, leaving the charred image of a lightning bolt upon its bark that reached nearly to the ground. Many times has that mighty oak withstood the lashing sting of lightning. Part of the reason for that my Grandpaw said, was be-

cause the Native Americans used to perform rain dances around the base of the tree whenever drought threatened the tribe. Oftentimes lightning would strike the tree during their rain dance ceremony, and Grandpaw said that the medicine man told him that particularly successful dancers would sometimes be visited by a spirit eagle that would come screeching down upon a lightning bolt. Before the white man came this was considered to be a good omen, but afterwards it came to be interpreted as a warning, and as a symbol of conquest by the white man.

What really piqued my curiosity about the myth of the Texas Lightning Oak was when Grandpaw said that a man can gain fame and renown by carving their name into the bark of that venerable and stately tree. And many have. Men like Daniel Boone, Davey Crockett, and Sam Houston are said to have left their mark there.

As the years went by, and I became a man, the curiosity my dear departed Grandpaw left me with never diminished. So, several years ago, I set out to find the Texas Lightning Oak. My hope was that I might gaze upon its splendor, carve my name into its ancient, gnarled bark, and be set on the path to fame. I spent a whole summer tramping around the woods of central Texas. By late September I had given up and was heading home when I came upon a very old native American woman sitting cross-legged in a clearing. She appeared to be blind as her eyes were opaque from cataracts. Her skin was nut brown, and so wrinkled that it had the texture of wood. She looked frail wrapped tightly in her colorful shawl, yet she also radiated a sense of power and wisdom undiminished by her small frame. Looking up at my approach as if by some inner sense not reliant on mere vision, I had the distinct feeling that she could see me very well. Naturally, I asked her if she had ever heard of the Texas Lightning Oak, but she just grinned a broke tooth smile and nodded. Excitedly I then asked her if she would show me where, but she just kept on grinning and looked up towards the sky. I began to think she was daft. Then, as my eyes followed her sightless gaze, I swear before all that is holy that I heard the bass rumble of thunder, and when I looked up through the canopy of trees I saw an eagle riding high upon the air currents of a clear blue sky. Coincidence? Maybe, but perhaps some things are not meant to be found.



Cover Art—Second Place

Colby Robin

Short Story

Third Place

Carry Me Home

Britkne Gallagher

Part 1

Emotions are typically viewed as another simple feature of being human. Everyone understands happiness, excitement, sadness, anger. Mine however are a bit more complex; like distant voices with no names, echoing so loud that I cannot hear what they are trying to tell me through the chaos of their frantic noise. Some people compare that vacant, unknown sense of grief to drowning in the ocean.

Drowning always seemed like a silly word to me in terms of sadness. I never understood it until recently. Why can't you just come up for air? Did no one ever teach you how to swim? Now I view the word with fascination because I never realized just how ferocious, unforgiving, and relentless the ocean can truly be. The waves- when they are ready, are more than capable of crashing over you and leaving nothing behind as they make their way back into the abyss with ease as if nothing had ever happened.

I've noticed that I tend to relate most of life to the ocean, although I'm not quite certain why that is. Maybe it's because I've always been enamored with the depths of the unknown, being as though that's where my mind lives more than half of the time. It's quite the conundrum, the sea. So beautifully captivating and so utterly haunting all at once. In one swift sitting, I can look out at it and see abundant life and then glance away for a fleeting moment, only to look back and see the darkest of secrets dancing in and out of the crashing waves.

I suppose this is the place where I rest- somewhere between life and the unknown and I just can't seem to find my breath. I know it's there. I can smell the salt in the air just above the waves, indicating that the answers are right there if I could only reach up and grab them. I can taste the bubbling foam from the tiniest of ripples as if she is giving me a glimpse into what freedom from suffocation looks like. And I can feel the withdrawal of the tide pulling me back in- almost as if she laughs in my face, knowing the grasp of her darkness is inescapable.

These emotions, like waves in all of their unpredictability threaten the stability of the very life vest keeping me afloat- daring me to challenge my swimming skills and explore the depths of her soul just to save my own.

Rainbow Baby

Part 2

This pregnancy has been fraught with difficulty for me. Sometimes I think I have handled it well, other times I have seriously doubted my maturity and ability to handle stress. Physically, I have had pain all the way through. Emotionally, I have had anxiety all the way through. Spiritually, I have had questions all the way through.

You see, this body is currently home to my sixth baby. This body has held six perfect souls, six different heart beats. This body has held hopes and dreams, fear and pain. This body feels impossible to trust; like it will never be a safe place to grow and bring what I want most into this world. It has not felt like a vessel at all, but a constantly ticking time bomb instead. Both extraordinary and cursed. But this body is still mine. Imperfections. Heartache. Cracked and battered, but still here. Still fighting. Hoping that this time, this body can perform what feels like an act of defiance and provide life. Giving me a second baby out of six perfect souls to finally love and hold earth-side.

Timing is a fickle thing in all of its erratic change. This pregnancy has caused me to step back and question God's timing with both hope and despair. But I have seen the faithfulness of God in the midst of the storm, and I have seen His faithfulness well after the storm when the clouds have parted, and the seas have

grown still. I now understand just how little I understand God anyway through it all. But I do know that new life comes after death, and we can always hope for it, look for it, and call it into being.

Perhaps there has been a certain grace keeping me from understanding the depth of my fragility over these last eight months. But now I can look back and see how truly vulnerable I have been all along. I knew that to an extent, but the emotion has slowly and steadily built to a crescendo and it's hard to imagine that anything but the birthing of this child will cause it to all spill out and find the freedom it longs for. I anticipate many tears in the weeks to come and I look forward to them and the release they will inevitably bring.

I don't "deserve" this baby or this happiness, but I do receive him and this happiness with my heart wide open. I embrace it with the measure of wonder and humility the gift warrants. He is my son- wholly and completely loved just as my other babies are, though they are absent from our home. This child joining the outside world does not replace the others or make up for the heart-break of death, loss and grief. Love doesn't work that way. Love stands on its own while also bringing all things together; and there is enough beauty in that to call forth the splendor of a rainbow, indeed.



General Art—Second Place

Victoria Soriano

Short Story

Honorable Mention

Be A Man

Daniel Lee Barnett

My father, James William Barnett, was born in the bitter cold of Central Texas during The Great Depression. Abandoned by his real father, Willard Garner Barnett. This would only begin the process of forcing my father to be a man. Through many hardships in a time when people have lost fortunes, lost hope and complete chaos. A bowl of oatmeal at times is all he would eat. A child's hunger is hauntingly traumatic. It would haunt my father his whole life as he always made sure his family of seven would never go hungry. Through the fire and flames, he would only be strengthened and forced with courage and a heart of a lion. With platinum blonde hair and eyes as deep and blue as the ocean, he was country boy handsome. He once played in a movie and it would have been a "talkie" when he was around 10 yrs. old. His sweetheart was Shirley Temple. At 17, the only son of my grandmother was movie-star beautiful and a flapper of the roaring twenties. The Charleston she once danced. She instilled in my father a will to overcome and be a man. My grandfather Lycurgius Muir was a son of Scottish immigrants living on a farm in Missouri. Together they would leave that Missouri Farm, a mom, and a wife left behind to go proudly to fight in the Greatest War of all time, WWII. My father would be stationed in the South Pacific, Manilla, Philippines. My father guarded the Japanese prisoners of War. This 17 year old kid, a man of small stature, platinum blonde hair and blue eyes had seen hardships of The Great Depression, yet he would stand tall and be a man. My grandfather would bravely and honorably as a U.S. Marine would see some of the most horrific fighting as he fought the

Japanese people who fought like warriors. This man I would one day know as my grandfather was the most humble, gentlest man I knew in the 8yrs. I knew him and 45 yrs. later, I still remember his face that saw horrors people would only see in their worst nightmares. I never saw him mad and I never heard him speak evil of anyone. He truly was and is in my memory as A Great American. In a short time, he taught me to be a man. My father and grandfather would both return to an America they were both proud of. To me, this truly was and is the greatest generation. My father would live the rest of his life serving the country he loved and cherished. On June 2, 1963 my father married my mother Maria del Carmen Valdez. I am the 6th of 7 children. My father who fought for his country would now endure another hardship. Racism at it's bitterest. Signs would designate "whites only" and "colored people". My father couldn't even take my mother of Spanish descent but dark skinned to a restaurant to eat, but never once did my parents back down or become hard hearted. They loved each other and lived to see a time with hand in hand sitting down together and eating in a public place. My father was a quiet man, he never boasted about fighting in a war. He just continued to serve his country with 30 yrs. in the Civil Service. A man with pride taught me to stand for the flag, work hard, and be bound by your honor. Your name and your word- no matter what- keep it good and remember boys make excuses and men make things happen. This great man that to this day I still love and miss very much. Every Summer we would go to my grandmother's lake house in Brownwood, Texas. Just me and him. As he came into the world in the bitter frost of a February morning, he left on December 11th 1998. At thirty years of age, I lost my father never to look into those blue eyes that had seen everything and a Great Depression, WWII. A mixed marriage of great love he was always hugging my mother whom he loved from this world to the next one. As the snow fell that night like the sacred tears of the angels, my father had a life of many hardships to rise from the ashes a man. "In a place where there are no men, be a man." - Rabbi Hillel



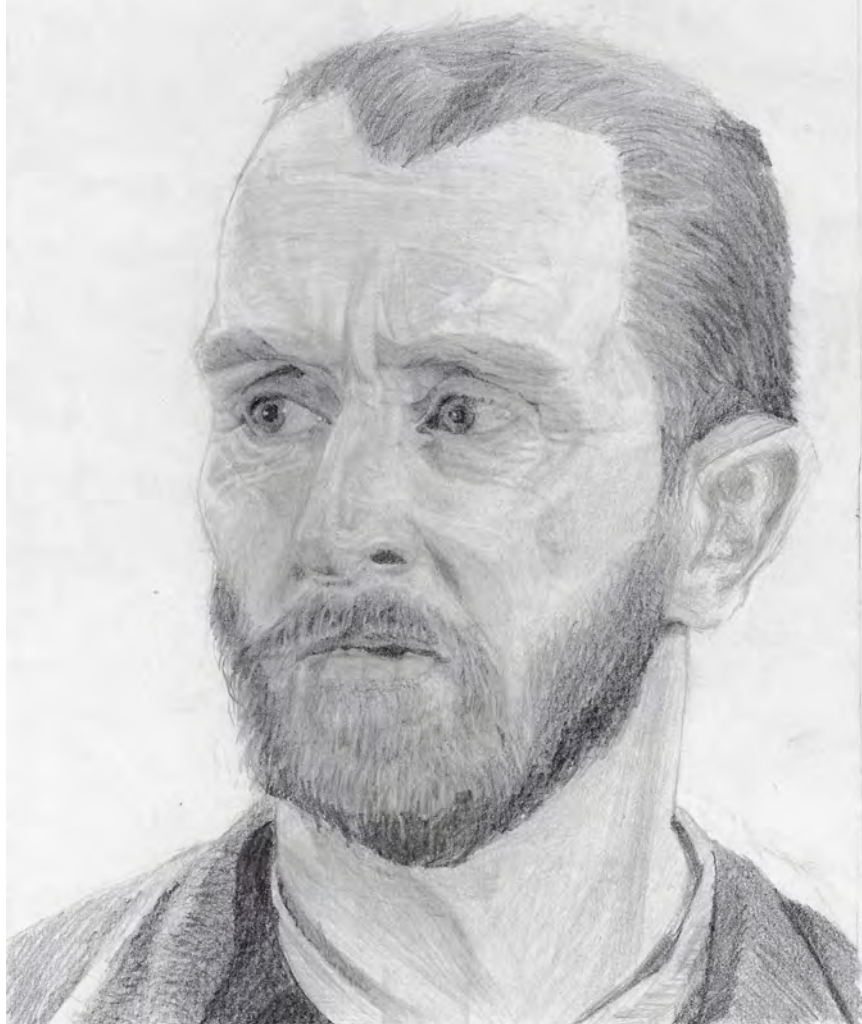
Photography—Second Place

Britkne Gallagher

A decorative border with a black background and white floral and leaf patterns surrounds the central text. The border features a repeating pattern of stylized leaves and flowers, with larger flowers at the corners.

Essay

EXPRESSIONS2022



Cover Art—Third Place

Adam Cardenas

Essay—First Place

The Power Within

Chelsey Gallagher

God created breathtaking nature and paired it with the unforgiving incidents that happen within, similarly to how he created man. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a well known poet once wrote, “The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship.” He was considered the founder of the transcendentalism movement, and believed that there is a divine spirit in nature and in every living soul. Emerson argues with the old way of thinking by implying you can not achieve your true potential unless you live with nature in the present and practice self-reliance.

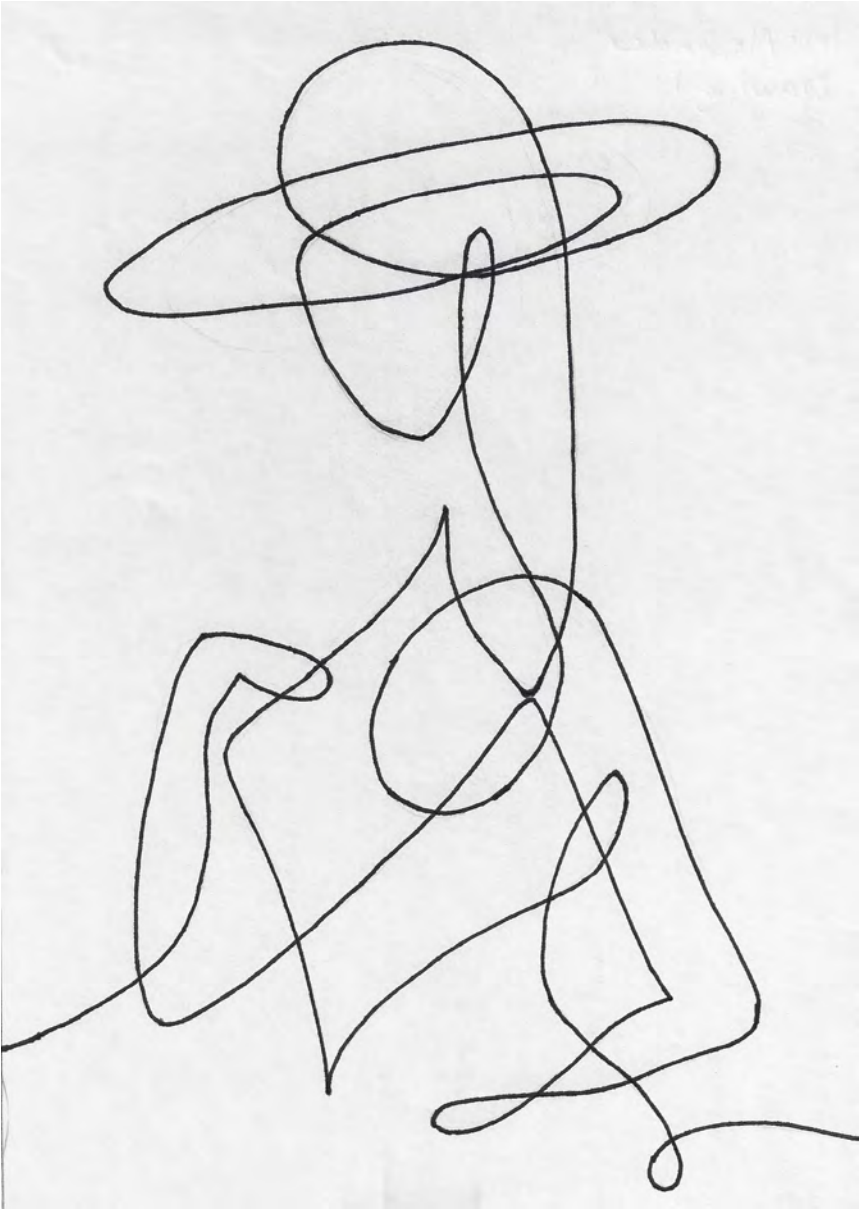
Emerson’s relationship with God was different than his typical neighbor. He believed there was a deeper connection to God than through faith alone. He does not dismiss the importance of Christ, but instead emphasizes that his divine mission was to make humans recognize God’s goodness and our ability to care for one another. He demonstrates a view of spiritualism from *The Poet* saying, “Within the form of every creature is a force compelling it to ascend into a higher form.” Emerson is explaining how every man has the power to achieve such greatness with the thought of God within themselves, giving them their strength. He writes in one of his journals, “The highest revelation is that God is in every man.” Another view Emerson has about God comes from the essay *In the Soul* where he explains, “The reliance of authority measures the decline of religion, the withdraw of the soul.” He believed if you had a question with your faith, the answer lies within your spontaneous and involuntary intuition. A man should not have to rely on the head of any church to dictate how to live his life with God. He thought the people in charge were selfish for making people think in the exact way they thought. Emerson emphasized the importance of sticking to your true self and not becoming a

puppet in your faith.

Nature was also an important topic in Emerson's essays and journal entries. For him, nature is not just God, but the body of God's soul. In the essay *Nature* he explains, "Every moment instructs, and every object; for wisdom is infused into form." Even studying the simplicity of nature we inevitably come across unintentional life lessons. There are detrimental storms that create tragedies to the environment, but the sun always shines the next day. He compares the way nature sometimes has difficult phases, just as man himself has troublesome phases. Further into the paper he states, "It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in or days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence until after a long time." This speaks to the inevitable and inescapable effects of nature and highlights Emerson's idea that there is beauty to be found within every aspect of it.

Emerson believed a man should not live his life based on the influence of others, but instead should listen to the voice inside trying to guide him. He emphasized the importance of "individualism" in order to fully trust one's own intuition. In the poem *Self-Reliance* he stated, "Nothing, is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." His beliefs throughout this poem are often viewed as a pep-talk to ones self, because of the perfect description of how a man should stand up to societies effort in conforming to the way they want us to be. Deeper into the text he explains, "To be great is to be misunderstood." Emerson firmly believed in creating your own ideas was the route to achieve greatness from within. He trusted that not duplicating one's actions gave a sense of brilliance and created diversity in the conforming society.

Emerson is considered to be one of the greatest philosophers in history. His view points gave him the credit of being an abstract thinker by explaining how God, nature, and man go hand and hand. The three topics highlight the thoughts of self-reliance, appreciation of nature, and God's gift of intuition.



General Art—Third Place

Iris Alexander

Essay—Second Place

Separate Spheres

Britkne Gallagher

Women occupied a predominantly submissive role during the nineteenth century. The unwritten rule implied that they were to remain in their “proper sphere,” or in other words, the limited circle of their oppressive domestic lives. Women did not have much choice but to rely solely on their husbands, forcing them into a continuous state of dependency. In a gripping epistolary masterpiece, Charlotte Perkins Gilman vividly exhibits the dangers of a dichotomy between men and women as the narrator descends into what we can only perceive as madness. “The Yellow Wallpaper” compels readers to decipher the story of her life and the meaning behind the grotesque yellow wallpaper. Gilman accomplishes this by symbolically illustrating the narrator’s imprisonment to her husband through the lens of nineteenth-century tradition, and by using personification to bring uncanny detail of unfolding madness within the mind of an unreliable narrator.

In its entirety, “The Yellow Wallpaper” is dripping with ambiguous symbolism. Set in the late 1800s, the unnamed narrator opens the story by addressing her journal as “dead paper and a great relief to my mind.” She thoroughly documents jumbled emotions about her diagnosed temporary nervous depression and the resting cure that her husband, John the physician, has prescribed for her. She characterizes John as “very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.” This sentiment speaks volumes to the contradicting and manipulative patriarchal society of the day. Her husband appears to regard her in a cunningly tender manner while simultaneously asserting his dominance over her life. As the symbolism in this story combines with Gilman’s ingenious display of imagery, the reader soon discovers the many layers begging for exposure beneath her absurd descriptions. The narra-

tor longs for freedom of expression, but the exhaustion of trying to remain true to herself and obedient to her husband begins to plague her already fragile state of mind.

John has rented a colonial mansion for them to occupy for the summer while his wife rests in order to heal her from her temporary hysteria. The narrator expresses her opinions of the house immediately, deeming it both beautiful and haunting, but the tormenting backbone of this story hangs in the pattern of the wallpaper itself. At first, the narrator journals it as "dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide." The wallpaper is a representation of the preposterous stereotype women often found themselves in and the narrator's inability to conform to that stereotype. It is supposed to be mindless and submissive, but this defying wallpaper is far from that. The repetitive device of personification helps the reader to understand the scrutiny and deep-rooted emotion the narrator is combatting when trying to conform to the standards of her husband. She later addresses the stench that seems to harass her constantly. She states, "You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well underway in following, it turns a back-somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face, it knocks you down, and tramples on you." As constant exposure to the wallpaper creeps in, she begins to obsess over its life-like characteristics without being aware that she is describing the rebellion of her own mind.

The emphasis of figurative language layered throughout this epistolary shows us that the narrator was once an intelligent individual with a particularly creative mind. A woman possessing a spark like that during the nineteenth century was certainly frowned upon, which is why she was coerced into isolation and cut off from society and stimulation. She craved "congenial work," but instead spent countless hours thinking about her condition and analyzing this atrocious wallpaper, although her husband had advised her against both. Keeping her isolated in this room forced her mind into a state of monomania. She became so obsessed with the patterns of the wallpaper that she could no longer function properly and did not want anyone else to discover its secrets. We see her thoughts

quickly become those of the unreliable narrator as we follow her down a demoralizing path of paranoia and psychosis.

The narrator's deterioration presents itself in a multitude of ways. Her husband's idea of "curing" her has stripped her from any form of self-expression, sealing her fate to become one with the wallpaper. His harm towards her was not intentional, but his authority and ignorance restricted him from understanding his wife on her imaginative level. Even as she portrays herself in final freedom at the end of the story, it is clear that she is still bound by the chains of patriarchy because she has to "creep" over "that man" as she crawls madly around the room. The inevitable breakdown of the narrator was a direct consequence of the restrictions placed on her life by her husband and the society surrounding her, leaving readers to question whether the horrific ending was a triumph or defeat for her.



Photography—Third Place

Britkne Gallagher

Essay—Third Place

The Type of Cousins at a Family Reunion

Money Tran

It all started when I replied to my cousin's text with 'I am free,' without stopping to think about why she asked, 'Are you busy today?' After I had unintentionally accepted a party invitation, my life's experience leveled up, but at what cost I wondered. From that interesting party, I am certain that I acquired enough knowledge about the types of cousins at family reunions. I would say that the family reunion is one of the most memorable types of parties I have attended so far. I mean what kind of luck do I have to be able to meet those three amazing cousins at the same party? When I say memorable, I mean it has proven to be one of the most embarrassing encounters ever, which is why I am going to compose an essay dedicated to the people who ruined the family reunion for me. To cut the matter short, there are three types of cousins at a family reunion: the gamer, the basketball legend wannabe, and the non-talkative.

The first type of cousin is known as the 'I am going to take over the only television in the living room to play my tedious games during the entire duration of the party so that other guests have to sit on the couch miserably as an unintentional punishment' cousin. This type of cousin can be spotted right away the moment they take a step inside the house. To be specific, they always carry one iPad in one hand and their overly bright-colored headphones in the other hand. As for clothing-wise, they always wear a type of neon-colored pants and a plain colored shirt that does not match with the pants whatsoever. If the clothing and the iPad are not enough information to identify the mysterious roaming creature, I recommend paying close attention to their eyes since they will always look directly at the television the moment they walk into a party.

When I go to parties, I usually see guests greet each other by trading a few words around; however, this is not the case for those “addicted since birth” gamers. Being in the same room with those addicted gamers is the worst decision ever because from time to time, they let out monstrous screams whenever they lose a game. The gamers will give away the fact that they are addicted to games when the first thing they say to you is, ‘do you play League of Legends?’

At first, I was quite amazed at the way his fingers moved faster than snakes in the water; however, it hit rock bottom when the sound of the controller being pushed down so loud that it can be heard from one thousand miles away, which made my blood boil. The most annoying part was the fact that he could not hear how obnoxiously loud he was due to his noise-canceling headphones. I decided to lightly tug on his plain blue shirt to ask if my friends and I could watch the television in his bedroom since he was watching the one in the living room. He looked at me confused and nodded frantically while putting his headphone back on to continue his game as if he was going to lose if he took one second off. After I turned back toward my friends’ direction to signal them to go inside the room, I made my way to the kitchen where all the sodas and chips were located. Then, I made a circle with my hand to make a pouch to carry all the drinks and food like a kangaroo. My friends and I watched our favorite movies for the next thirty minutes until we were interrupted by a harsh sound as the wooden door slammed against the wall faster than light. I looked up trying to identify the guy, but before I even had a chance to, the guy started to complain about me being in his room. Before I could analyze the situation, rainbow words started to fly out of his mouth like a group of bats flying out of a cave searching for food. He later apologized by saying, “I am sorry, I was furious because I lost a game.” Let that sink in, he yelled at us because he did not win a game. Even though he apologized already, let’s just say pettiness runs in the family.

Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce you to the ‘look at my amazing basketball skills even though I am barely four feet tall, and the ball didn’t even go in or come thirty centimeters close to the hoop’ cousin. One of the most accurate ways to identify a bas-

ketball legend wannabe is by observing their parents. Their parents will somehow sit comfortably while their kids run around like a fish out of water causing a ruckus in front of other guests. Then they dare to compliment how well behaved their kids are after the kid made two toddlers cry, and almost successfully body-slammed a baby moments later. He even had the courage to yell at his parents for feeding him food after he complained about being extremely hungry.

First and foremost, I do not have problems with kids showing me their amazing skills and I am willing to compliment them even if they did not make it in the goal since they are just a kid; however, this kid I am about to talk about is on another level. As I took a step out of the clear sliding door, I was greeted by the cold wind as it blew my frizzy hair right in my face covering my ability to see. After a few minutes, I decided to play around in the medium size basketball court for a while. As I dribbled the ball around for fun, a kid came up and just arrogantly snatched the ball out of my hands. I was indeed furious, but I held it in because who picks a fight with a kid who probably gets graded on how well he sleeps in school? I decided to go back inside to enjoy all the food until the kid was determined to collect all of his power and throw the ball directly at my shoulder. I turned around as my eyes widened in shock as he said, ‘Can you look at me playing basketball’ with innocent eyes, as if he did not almost dislocate my shoulder and send me to the hospital. To add on, I have to give him some credit, I did not expect him to be that strong with the basketball when he is eight years younger than me. After trying to calm down, I gave him a forced smile as he transitioned into a pose as if he was a pitcher getting ready to make his first throw. I put my judgment with his awkward poses aside since he sounded pretty confident with his basketball skill. When he threw the ball, the ball was supposed to go forward toward the hoop, but instead, it went straight at my foot. The morning after that day was phenomenal, nothing like a swollen foot in a tight shoe while having to walk for most of the day.

One of the most unforgettable ones is the ‘I am too smart for these unsophisticated children, and I shall not smile or wave at anyone even when they are trying to be friendly’ cousin. As the smartest kid in the house, he has glasses and always wears some

type of neutral-colored sweater vest with basic trousers. To be honest, he looked like he was getting ready to attend private university instead of a normal party. Every single time I met him, he always had that expression as if he was angry and questioning his life at the same time. Another thing I have noticed is that whenever you try to talk to this type, they will always give you either a shrug or a nod. I once tried to talk to him since I felt bad that he had nobody to talk to. Little did I know that there is an unforgettable reason why he has no one to talk to. I collected my food, greeted him, and asked what he was doing. After a few seconds, no answer could be heard from him. I asked again, but this time I tried to ask the question louder. The clock is ticking as my patience started to run low, yet I still did not hear even a single sound coming out of his mouth. At this point, I was quite embarrassed, so I just went outside to enjoy the wind. I felt like the wind was more responsive than him. Legend has it, he never responded to a single person in his life, not even to the mother who carried him for nine months.

To sum it all up, I cannot describe how lucky I am to have such adoring cousins. I mean, is it a family reunion when you do not have cousins that take your television from you, almost dislocate your shoulder with a basketball, and ignore you to the point where you are forced to talk to the wind? To be honest, these family parties always somehow end up horribly, and a few people there really finish off my list of the reasons why I don't like going to parties in the first place. The only great thing there, excluding all of my favorite family members, is the mountain of food. At the end of the day, the quote I will always stand by is, "If you met my family, you would understand."

*E*xpressions



Cover Art—Honorable Mention
Alyssa Sobrinho

Essay

Honorable Mention

My Rainbow Girls

Jena Martinez

Rainbows light up our world after a storm. You look to the sky and hope to see one of the great marvels of this earth and know that the storm has passed. When you're lucky enough to find one, you feel an inexplicable joy. My girls do the same thing in my world. Three very different, beautiful, and all-around amazing girls color my world with their individual wonder.

When I was expecting our first daughter, I dreamt of what she would look like. Would she have my curly hair, her dad's nose, or my toes? I dreamt of what her personality would be. Would she be more book smart like me, or would she have more common sense and quick-wittedness like her dad? She came into this world looking just like a mini version of my husband. She did in fact have his nose, and she had his toes, too! She was the most beautiful baby I'd ever laid eyes on. Straight dark hair like her dad covered her tiny head. She had the most kissable cheeks that would someday sprout freckles just like mine. She was the definition of a high-needs baby. Looking back, it feels like she cried constantly for the first six months of her life. As her personality has developed over the years, I watch in pure amazement. She has all the book smarts I'd hoped she'd have, but she's not lacking in quick-wittedness either. She can go toe to toe with her dad in their snarky humor battles. When she's passionate about something, she can go on and on talking about it. Both her father and I have always been more on the neutral side of self-expression, but somehow, we made a bright colorful beam of a girl. Singing her heart out to her own lyrics brings her so much joy. She has the same

nervous tics that her father had as a child, coupled with my deep-rooted anxiety. Yet when her little soul is free, it's marvelous to see what she's capable of. All my dreaming of who she would be never came close to the amazing person she has become.

When I was expecting our second child, I dreamt of what she would be like too. Would she look like her sister, or would the DNA puzzle come out differently for this baby? What would her personality be like? Everyone says that siblings will be opposites, would this be true for them? Our second daughter entered this world looking just like me! Curly light brown hair covered her tiny head. Though it may be controversial to say, I must admit that unlike her older sister, she did not enter this world looking like a Gerber baby. Her sweet little face looked like a little old man. But of course, as she grew, she became cuter by the day. She looked more like my twin. So much in fact that pictures of me at her age are almost identical to her. She was the easiest, go with the flow baby I'd ever seen. Or maybe she just seemed that way after the struggle of our first daughter's baby days. Whatever the case may be, she was an absolute joy. As her personality developed, we witnessed that siblings are opposites in our case. She is one of those people who has that something special- a magnetism she doesn't put effort into having, it is embedded within her. When you meet her, you can't help but love her. She's as stubborn as a mule and does not bend easily. She has a gap in her front teeth from sucking on her bottom lip, and a scar in the middle of her forehead from her clumsiness. These both only add to her charm.

Our third daughter brought us the most questions out of all three. We each had a mini version of ourselves physically, and opposites in the personality department. Would this baby be a mixture of us? And if the two girls we already have are opposites, how can there be a third opposite? I honestly may have been too sleep deprived to have been able to do much dreaming about who she would be. Or the brain-fog of motherhood was too thick. The time flew by and before we knew it, we had the last piece of our puzzle. An absolute doll of a baby, with the biggest brown eyes I've ever seen. She has my curls, but they're a darker shade than our middle child's. A definite mixture of her dad and I, she did not look like a copy of either of her older sisters. Not an easy angel baby, but also not high needs. She found her own path right between her older

sisters. Fearless is the word I'd say best describes her personality. A wild child marching to the beat of her own drum, not even hearing the sounds around her. The kind of kid you know won't let anything get in the way of her reaching her goals. While I haven't had as many years to see her personality blossom, it's every bit as strong as her sisters.

All my dreams couldn't have foreseen the impact these girls would have on my sky. Three strong and wildly different personalities that compliment each other so perfectly that you just know they belong together. Each girl's color shines beautifully on its own, but when they're together it's truly the marvel of my world.



General Art—Honorable Mention

Victoria Soriano

Essay

Honorable Mention

Self-Aware

Josué Gutierrez

As I crawled behind the couch, I explored the unexplored, and looked for things I've never seen. As a curious child, I always did the most when it came to exploring, and so I continued. There, the rays from the sun reflected from the white satin door into the gap behind the living room couch and the wall. The lit brown leather stood out as the jade green shadows of the wall darkened. Barefoot, I crawled and continued to explore as I reached a stopping point from the tan peeling linoleum tile. Little crumbs of sand and dirt punctured my knees, so I rested. I stared at the floor and inspected the shining reflection of the sunray's light onto a glass shard. For a moment I swore I had fallen asleep but an electric shock suddenly grew across my mind.

Memories flooded my mind with pictures, colors, people, and everything all at once. I entered an out of body experience. In a flash of a second, I woke up in what I recognized as my house in México, a barn house. I woke up from a first person view, on the top floor of the old dark oak room. Planks were everywhere as if it were built by hand; it was sturdy. I woke to see the window rays; dust particles hovered, and the rays altered as the tree's kelly green leaves shook. I walked toward the stairs on my left side and took steep steps. Walking down the stairs, I confusedly continued to watch; I saw a dirt exposed floor with a table and more; I then recognized it, it was my home. I saw the huge doors from the place wide open. The strength of the sun rays was too strong, so much that it overpowered my vision. Exiting the room, it felt as if I was being born into a new family. I stepped onto the striped concrete

floor. There, my blurry vision cleared; I saw my mom smiling and laughing with my aunt and grandma. They were sitting in warm toned camping chairs under the white canopy tent against the entrance of the door. A few steps ahead, I saw my dad bantering with my uncles and my grandpa. They wore casual shirts, some striped, some white; they threw acorns at each other and joked around. Then I saw my sister; she was young, a newborn, and as enchanting as a rose- I felt warm, I felt happiness, true happiness as I saw my family cheer. Then in a third person point of view I saw the trees, tall trees so high one would need three sets of ladders to reach. Their leafy tops gave us shade and their blooms of fruit fed us well until lunch was ready. I saw a swing, a swing that reached the highest branch. My dad and uncles swung one by one and jumped to see how high they could reach. I gave it a try and stumbled on the overgrown uneven forest floors. Mushrooms, rocks, pebbles, and a creek were all I saw until I woke again behind my living room couch.

My mom called me, “¡Josué!” She’d been looking for me, “¿Dónde estas?”, ‘*where are you?*’ she said. I flew in amazement, down memory lane. I saw my life flash before my eyes in a beautiful way. I could remember my actions; I could remember my past and my present. Suddenly, speechless, I saw the shard as my mom pulled my legs from under the couch gap. She told me, “Ves, ya te ensuciaste,” ‘*See, you got dirty*’ as I still wondered in amazement. I sat on the floor not understanding what happened but I was glad. It had only taken a few minutes, yet so much was revealed. Now as a grown adolescent, I understand what went on in that moment. That was the moment I entered life and became self-aware.

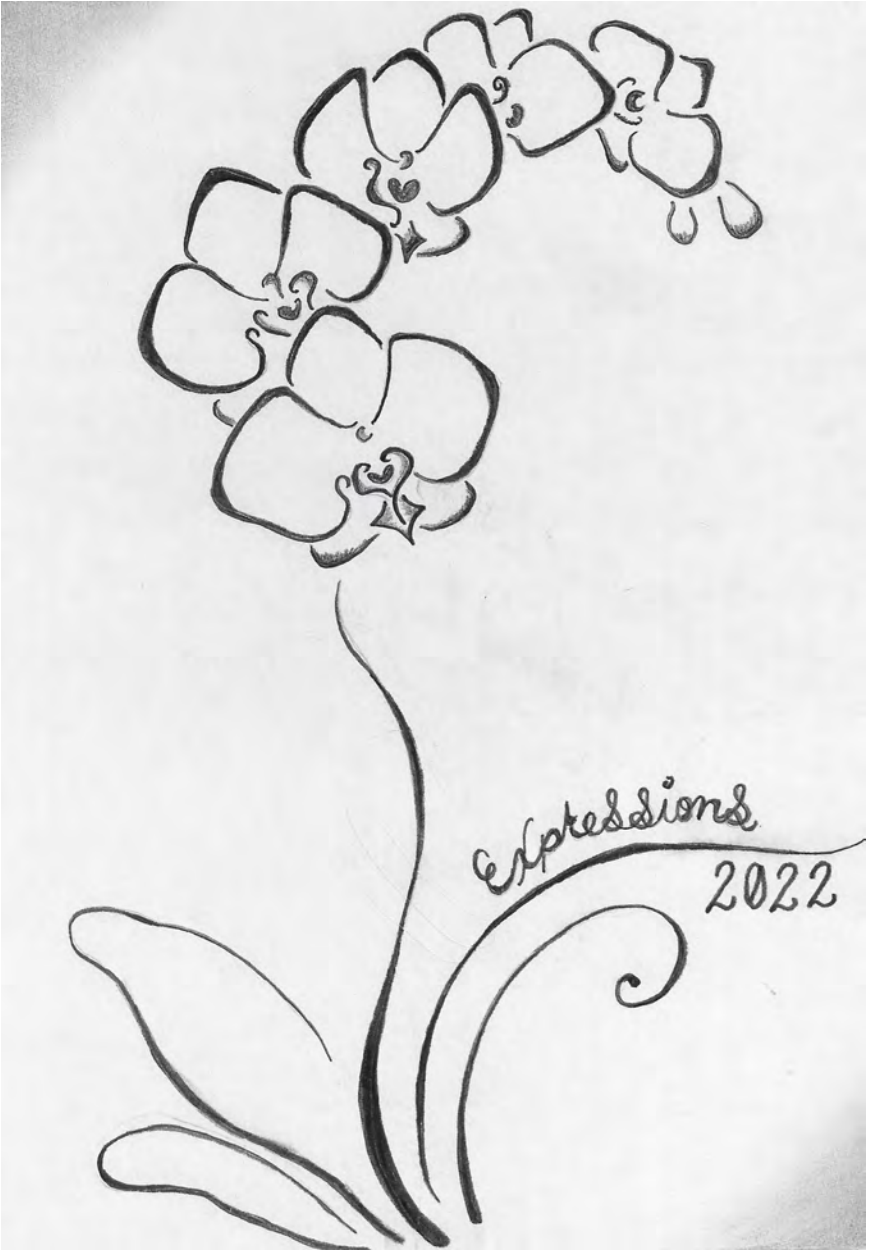


Photography—Honorable Mention

Britkne Gallagher

A decorative border with a black background and white floral and leaf patterns surrounds the central text. The border consists of a top and bottom section with flowers and leaves, and two vertical sections with a continuous leaf pattern.

*Historical
Analysis*



Cover Art—Honorable Mention

Alexis Lalko

Historical Analysis

First Place

The Embarrassing Side of America

Shelby LeTulle

The constitution states that all mankind is created equal, but there were still slaves, and the women were still being oppressed. Thomas Jefferson was one of the main authors of this document, but even he didn't want change to happen right away. The constitution allowed slavery to stay where it was and they believed that eventually everyone would be equal, but how would this happen without a leader making a change? This change took decades, because of how dependent America was on slavery at the time. It wasn't just going to go away overnight, and it didn't.

Slavery didn't die out, it only grew. Prices for slaves started to grow, and it became a power game for the whites. The cotton gin changed the idea of "expansionist" drastically. What once took weeks now took hours. Once this invention was available nationwide slavery was ramped. This is when the North became concerned. The South turned back to the constitution to show that they agreed to let them do this. This is quite disgusting that slavery was ever considered constitutional in America. It's very disturbing that people believed God put people on this earth for their sole purpose in life to be a slave.

Even when you were a free black person in America, you still were considered lower than every white person in the country. The North Carolina Slave Code did not help with this idea whatsoever. When you broke the law as a free black person your punishment was much harsher than that of a white person. The slave

codes were of the harshest degree, and even the codes that protected black people were rarely enforced.

Slaves worked tirelessly as disease, and fatigue ran ramped through their body. Women were pregnant, but that didn't stop the masters from forcing them to work until the moment the child was born. The expansion of slavery into the lower south made slavery even more prominent in America. In this time 1.1 million enslaved people were forced to move south and west by foot, all while being separated from their families and being auctioned away like cattle. Eventually they were packed into railroad cars to be moved, but this did not make the journey any less harmful. On the journey they were being paraded through towns to be sold. The women of the enslaved were used for their bodies and were sexually violated. When women bore children to their master their children were often taken away from them.

After a long day of working the slaves would still tend to their small gardens, they had built for themselves. Some slaves were able to sell the things they grew to their master to pay off their debt. This strategy of owning your own little piece of land could eventually buy you your freedom. This case was rare, but it was worth a shot to get out of their living hell. When the slaves would work extra hours to maintain their gardens it often was harmful to them. They would become sick from literally overworking themselves. Slaves were also vulnerable to hookworms. This was a disease that would infiltrate your body, and eventually kill you. Several other things would make them ill like, malaria, mosquitoes, yellow fever, food poisoning, and dysentery. Women developed knowledge of home remedies and became midwives.

“Ain't I A Women” is an eye-opening speech from a free black women. She cries out for all black women of America when she hears someone in the room speak of the way they treat a lady. She questions why she has never been treated that way and says “Ain't I A Women”. She starts to list all the things she has and done and says that no man has ever helped her. This story is an example of how women, white and black, were treated in America. Just because you were considered free, you did not

feel that way. She says that her God created everyone equal and she came from a Women, Eve.

As a white woman in America, you felt like a slave in the sense that you had so many limitations on your life. Their life was ruled by everyone except themselves, and this caused a great deal of turmoil in the United States. In the 1840's some laws were passed to allow women more freedom, but it wasn't revolutionary. They were excluded from all movements going on in this time, so they were forced to form their own activist groups. The abolitionist movement really made women question how they always lived. This led to advocacy for women's rights, and the embracement of feminism. They were driven by the fact that "all men and women were created equal".

In Antebellum America being free for a women meant being always subjective to men. In order for the social hierarchy of men to work, women had to be this way. This feeling of oppression on women directly translated into the slaves. Women occupied the space in the home, and were "in charge" of the servants in the home, but the masters always had the final authority. This power struggle was not always good for the servants in the home. The women of the household felt powerless, so this led to them abusing their power when commanding their slaves. Sometimes the women were caring because of their situation and sometimes that was not the case. The white man's power even changed the meaning of family during this time.

The power of the white man was driven by the social order of the time. They had to be strong, independent, and governing in every aspect of their life. I am not defending the men of this time, but if you were not like this you would not be considered relevant or have status. This issue is that of human decency. Which America, in this time, obviously didn't have. The way women and people of color were treated during this age was disgusting and inhumane. Luckily, in America, our constitution can change, and so can the people.

Works Cited:

OpenStax Textbook

“Ain’t I A Woman: Reminiscences of Sojourner Truth”

“Teaching Hard History: American Slavery”

“Home, Sweet Home: Gender in the Antebellum Household”

“North Carolina Slave Code (1855)”

“The Everyday Life of Enslaved People”



General Art—Honorable Mention

Adam Cardenas

Historical Analysis

Second Place

American Freedom, Antebellum South and Women

Janaye Coleman

On July 4, 1776, Thomas Jefferson and delegates distributed the Declaration of Independence and declared the United States of America a free nation. This meant that the thirteen colonies were free from Great Britain and they were now thirteen independent states of the United States. According to Annette Gordon Reed, the independence did not include slaves. As a matter fact, for states like South Carolina and Georgia to join the North, slavery had to be protected because these states conducted a significant amount of slave trade. Thomas Jefferson and others did feel that slavery was evil and at some point Slavery would die but instead it grew stronger. According to Annette Gordon Reed, slavery was economics and control. Due to the large number of slaves in some areas; white supremacy was protected through slavery. The Northerners who thought slavery would stay in the places where it was, became upset about the expansion of slavery, but they had little power because of agreements made through the constitution that supported slavery.

According to Calvin Schermerhorn, the author of “The Everyday Life of Enslaved People in the Antebellum South”, “America’s slaves were driven relentlessly to toil in fields and factories.” Slaves were moved around, separated from the families and forced to work cotton and sugar fields, which created a huge “agricultural revolution.” According to Schermerhorn’s arti-

cle, this created a new market of revenue, because slavery were not only valued for the work they might perform but also for the cash, they could bring at auction. They wanted slaves that could produce and reproduce which greatly impacted the African American community. To delay forced departure, slaves would try to hide away their children. According to Schermerhorn, when slaves were disobedient and non-responsive to abuse, they were sold and separated from the families. Slave owners also balanced their personal accounts and paid off their debts by selling excess slaves. In effort to decrease the migration of slaves, slaves began to create cotton and sugar fields in their homes to increase revenue for their current owners. According to Schermerhorn, this was “back breaking labor” on the slaves. Because of the extreme day and night workloads, slaves began to get sick and spread infectious diseases like hookworm, yellow fever and malaria. In addition to being sick, slaves were often hungry and not properly clothed. According to Schermerhorn, “Any defiance often brought about severe consequences such as beatings with whips, sticks, pistols, knives, fists, feet, shovels and tongs to terrorize and subdue the slaves.” The average life expectancy was a little over thirty years for slaves.

The article goes on to discuss the horrors that enslaved women and girls faced. Schermerhorn reports that, “The antebellum South was a landscape characterized by sexual violence against African American women.” Many planters and masters solicited sex from the slave women and even bore children with them. Some women attempted to use their sexuality to benefit them while others faced horrible fates for the same behavior such as being locked up or sold. Enslaved women traded secrets on contraception, abortion and became mid-wives. Even after the Civil War and emancipation, slaves were unable to find the family and loved ones.

Not only was American freedom not inclusive of slaves but there was significant inequalities between men and women. The Declaration of Independence gave all the power and control to men (more specifically Englishmen) to make the decisions. According to the article, “Home, Sweet Home: Gender

in the Antebellum Household,” men were the head of the household. During the antebellum era, men had the responsibility of protecting their dependents. They did this through extreme measures such as violence and paternalism. White men in particular controlled everything whether they were wealthy or poor. According to the Home Sweet Home article, the courts ruled that white men had control of their households which include white women, children and any slaves owned. According to the article, this meant that “women had no legal identity and no legal power.” White men were at the top of the social hierarchy. The article goes on to talk about how proslavery advocates view gender inequality and slavery as “natural.” There were levels in regards to sexual protection. White men protected white women and seduced African American women. African American men were known as predators. A white woman’s protection went from her father to her husband. According to the Home Sweet Home article, “race, class and gender dictated who was protected and who received protection.” The social tier appeared to be white men, white women, white children then African American men and then African American women. The final point that the Home Sweet Home article makes is that “White men feel that women choose subordination, denying women of personal power and legitimizing a man’s authority.”

White women had their struggles but they were not even comparable to the struggles of African American women. Isabelle Van Wagenen was a slave from New York State that was freed in 1827. She became a well-known abolitionist and that was critical to the Women’s Movement. She took on the name Sojourner Truth in 1843. She moved to New York City where she engaged in a variety of reform activities and often faced opposition at her speaking events. She was also known for her autobiography titled, The Life of Sojourner Truth. She fought for Women’s rights and people of color because she recognized and had to deal with the inequality between men and women and the inequality between white women and African American women. According to Sojourner Truth, “white women did not want their cause mixed up with abolition and niggers.”

In Sojourner Truth’s article, “Ain’t I a Woman”: Remi-

niscences of Sojourner Truth Speaking”, she gave many arguments regarding why white men felt that they were superior such as: “superior intellect”, “manhood of Christ” and “sin of our first mother.” “Superior intellect” meant that white men felt that they were smarter than women and other races. “Manhood of Christ” meant that Christ was a man therefore men are superior and “sin of our first mother” meant that Eve was the downfall to man therefore women should not depend on men to make any decisions. During this time, women were scared to speak in meetings but not Sojourner Truth. She gave a profound speech about her struggles as a woman and it was minimized to whether or not she was talking about women’s rights or “nigger rights.” However, in her speech, she shut down all the arguments about why women should be inferior to men. Through her speech, her intelligence was very evident. She also argued that Christ came from God and woman; man had nothing to do with Christ. She also emphasized the strength of Eve to be able to turn the world upside and encouraged other women to use their strength to work together to make things right. According to the article, Sojourner Truth turned the crowd that was initially making fun of her into ones that had “respect and admiration” for her.

According to the North Carolina Slave Code of 1855, several laws were designed to control slaves and free people of color and provide harsh punishments to those who break the law. The laws did not adhere to basic rights but acknowledged the basic humanity of people of color and created limited opportunities for freedom. There were protective laws put in place against extreme cruelty and provisions were provided for food and clothing but the laws were seldom enforced. In my opinion, laws like this and Jim Crow laws have contributed to the disproportionate amounts of African Americans involved in the Justice System.

The whole notation of America and freedom from the Britain was never designed to be inclusive of white women, slaves and definitely not African American women. White men were expected to protect their white families, which meant that

women had to be submissive to white men and laws had to support that in order for them to maintain control. African Americans were never considered equal and were never granted the same rights as whites. The constitution and other laws developed supported this. It was a part of the agreement that the North colonies made with the South colonies. African American men were stripped away from their families through slave trade and auctions or incarcerations leaving African American women to fend for themselves more often than not. These women had find creative ways to survive and keep their families together. A trend that is still prevalent in today's society years later.

Even though this assignment references events that happened years ago, a lot of the information and ideologies still hold true today. Systematic disproportionality established in the creation of the United States is still prevalent today. We make leaps forward and still take steps backward. Glass ceilings still exist. African American women do not have access to white privilege or male privilege. As a African American woman, I will encourage everyone to vote and advocate for rights of all especially the African American woman who is still at the bottom of the social hierarchy. When I am old enough to vote I will ensure that I pay attention to what politicians are submitting in efforts to limit the rights of African Americans, especially African American Women. I will do what I can to make my vote and the votes of others count. I will also do what I can through civic organizations and other outlets to educate the public on issues such as this. If individuals are not aware of the problem then they cannot do anything to correct it. In addition to this, I have a passion to advocate for justice for sexual assault victims and I plan to pursue this through my adult career in some format. Through assignments such as this, it makes me aware of where I stand on the social hierarchy and prepares me to work harder to accomplish my goals and do what I can to bring about real change.



Photography—Honorable Mention

Ashley Desmond

Historical Analysis

Third Place

Gender and Slavery

Ramon Sanchez

The abolition movement and women's rights movement were the most influential social American revolutions. The reform movements were characterized by women's rights and slavery. Much like slaves, women were socially oppressed by the household. Social stigma, power stances, and ownership ideology were the mainstay of classical ideology. The power dynamic of women and slaves was that of subordination and subjugation. Women before the temperance movement were seen as property which needed to be protected and guided. Much like the power dynamic of men and women, slaves were literal property, which needed maintenance and domination. The origins of the movement are vital to understanding the key aspects of its importance. Understanding what freedom meant in the antebellum is another crucial aspect of antebellum America. As with an understanding of freedom, underlying beliefs drove the issues which opposed the movement. Lastly, the movements attempted to resolve ethical issues of the time. The abolition and women's rights movements were key changes to the social norm.

The origins of the movements can be traced back far before the actual outburst of sentiment across the nation. The quakers are attributed to be one of the first progressivist religious ideologies in the US. Quaker ideology states that all men and women are created equal, an idea which many progressives deemed self-evident. Slaves have never wanted to be imprisoned and merely wanted equality and freedoms like the white men.

The two ideologies are greatly intertwined due to both of their shared lack of personal freedoms. Many, especially northern women, came to the conclusion that they, like enslaved people, were held in shackles in a society dominated by men” (OpenStax textbook 13.5).

Women, like slaves, were treated as property. “The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her.”(The Reform Movement: A Biography of America) The women's rights movement supported the liberation of slaves and equality between genders. Activists and public speakers such as the Grimke sisters were criticized for their upheaval of the roles of women. Another important activist fighting for the rights of women was Isabelle Van Wagenen. She was an African American activist who went by the name Sojourner Truth after purchasing her freedom in 1827. “Truth supported herself by travelling and speaking on abolitionist and women’s rights subjects, taking the name Sojourner Truth in 1843” (Ain’t I a Woman?). The women's rights movement gained popularity among progressives.

Freedom in antebellum America was characterized by the dominion of power. White men were the only truly free people of this era. Although blacks could purchase their freedom, white people would not see them as equals and were racially biased. When it came to the freedoms of men, most wealth derived from positions and property. Men of wealth and power owned slaves. They also had large families which they controlled. “White men in the South shared common cause in maintaining the social order because as heads of households both benefited from the subordination of dependents” (Home, Sweet Home: Gender in the Antebellum Household). Dependents being both slaves and family members under their housing. Some blacks who purchased their freedom later became wealthy slave owners themselves. Although freedom for whites meant more control, the opposite was true of the individuals the white man had control over. The power struggle in the household was one of the key factors which lead to the spread of the women’s rights and abolition movement. Due to the power struggle, both women

and slaves had less power at the time due to the increase of male supremacy. Due to male superiority, freedom as it stood was only attainable to a portion of Americans. "Paternalism allowed white men's domination of his dependents to be described like a family, with white men as the head of the family" (Home, Sweet Home: Gender in the Antebellum Household).

Important ethical issues were involved in the systematic oppression of women and people of color. The use of force was one tool slave owners relied on when forcing slaves to adhere to their whims. Sadistic practices were implemented on plantations to force the maximum productivity of most slaves. Events such as the Turner rebellion showed slave owners the dangers posed by owning slaves. Thus, a crackdown on slave privileges was implemented across the United States. "The North Carolina slave code includes an array of repressive laws designed to control the autonomy of slaves and free people of color and provides harsh punishments for those who broke the law" (North Carolina Slave Code (1855)). Slaves not only had laws and regulations which hindered their freedom, but also had severe punishments for those who decided to rebel against their masters. With the rise of the competing cotton industry, conditions worsened exponentially. Slaves needed to turn out exponential amounts of crop in order to keep up with the demand for cotton." Labor posed plenty of dangers, but it was not the only danger inherent to slavery" (Everyday Life of Enslaved People). Beatings, lashings, and executions were used to instill hopelessness into the minds of slaves. Supporters of the abolition movement deemed these acts as savagery; however, opposition was met by most southern plantation owners. "The constitution protected the institution and allowed enslavers to aggressively defend its expansion" (Teaching Hard History).

In conclusion, today's modern economic system closely resembles the plantation model of the 1800s. Workers are treated as machines in an unstable and unfair work environment. Individuals of every race, sex, and religion are constantly taken advantage of by modern corporate slave owners. A third awakening among the working class is inevitable. I will dismantle this

system by myself by destroying it from the inside. If everyone demands rights from companies at the same time then they will have no choice but to give it to us. I am creating a worker's rights union which will advocate for workplace safety, equal rights, and levy petitions for fair pay. Like the abolition movement, workers' rights are about taking back the freedom which capitalism has taken away from the laborer.



Cover Art—Honorable Mention

Cory Turner

Historical Analysis

Honorable Mention

“All Men Are Created Equal”

The American Antebellum and Systemic Inequality

Chloe Lopez

Beginning in the late 1820s and early 1830s, the antebellum period in The United States was an era of reform where Americans began to call upon the abolition of slavery alongside gender equality. At the time, all men were considered equal; the fine print of all men, though, meant white men with no regard to land ownership. Outside of white men stood a long history of systemic oppression upon women of all races alongside the oppression of black people, both male and female. While black men certainly did suffer systemic oppression, and even worse as enslaved men, women both white and black were subject to worse, if not, more oppression in comparison to their male and/or white counterparts. Freedom was extremely limited in terms of who had what rights, and much of it was driven by white male supremacy and its ideology that it was God’s gift for the white man to be the superior of humanity. Hand in hand with this, it caused many ethical issues for women and enslaved people, from long hours without eating and working in the fields, to the inability to live with suffrage and equality. Although women did much of the work in the home, the patriarch was the one who ruled over every aspect of the home. Being overtly controlled, forced into deadly situations, and more caused ethical problems for both women and enslaved people.

For years, white men were allowed the freedom that oth-

ers were not given the privilege of. White men had control over everything, including their own homes. Freedom during antebellum was exclusively left to white men: rights were only rewarded to white men of all classes, but never women nor people of color. Since only white men had rights, that meant it could be held over others' heads in the event they did not have the same equality as men had. In the household aspect of the patriarchy, men were quick to gain control over their household by subjugating the women of the house. A social order was set, and men set this social order "through violence and disenfranchisement" (Civil War Era NC Web). Women were abused, and despite being the main occupant of the house, men were the rulers that controlled every aspect. Violence was not just used on women, though. It was also used on slaves at any time the slave owner deemed fit. This was an ethical problem, as slaves were put through terrible working conditions and threatened. Many enslaved people had formed families when they were sold to a plantation, and every family had the fear of being separated via their masters selling them. In order to keep obedience, slave owners "were quick to capitalize on black people's desperate efforts to keep their families intact. Recognizing a new means to wring obedience out of their laborers, sale became a way to "domesticate" those who, like Josiah Henson's father, proved immune to more conventional forms of slave discipline" (Schermerhorn 32). If lashing and physical violence could not silence an enslaved person, then separation and selling would cause a change in attitude altogether. As a result, many slaves would warn their children, and even go as far as "hiding their children in the woods as did North Carolina native Moses Grandy's mother, in a heartbreaking and usually futile attempt 'prevent master selling us'" (Schermerhorn 32). Men exerted their power over slaves, and it caused daily life to be constant suffering. In fact, it was even written into law. Taking time not strictly dedicated to slave labor, even if they were free black people, was a crime. In the event a free person who was not a slave is caught "spending his or her time in idleness and dissipation, or having no regular or honest employment or occupation which he or she is accustomed to follow, it shall and may be lawful for

any citizen to apply to a justice of the peace of said county; and upon affidavit to obtain a warrant to arrest such person and bring him or her before some justice of said county” (teachinghistory.org).

As a result of this unfair, unethical treatment, the antebellum era gave way to reform movements ranging from women’s suffrage to the abolition of slavery. It was almost anticipated for the call to abolish slavery, as, during the early years of the United States, it was believed “it had existed and then eventually, at some point, slavery would die out” (Gordon-Reed Video). However, society through the years upheld slavery, and it eventually grew to become a lucrative industry, where “cotton became the key cash crop (a crop grown to sell rather than for the farmer’s sole use) of the southern economy and the most important American commodity. By 1850, of the 3.2 million enslaved people in the country’s fifteen slave states, 1.8 million were producing cotton” (OpenStax Web). Abolitionists, both white and black, “publicized the atrocities committed under slavery and aimed to create a society characterized by equality of Black and White people” (OpenStax Web) in response to the ongoing existence of slavery. Many of these abolitionists were women, including the Grimke sisters. They aimed to end slavery and achieve women’s rights, ranging from marriage to education. Although William Lloyd Garrison, the proclaimed leader of the abolitionist movement, endorsed the sisters, many men refused to support and listen to the women. Even in the fight for racial equality, there was still a stiff upholding of gender roles. During a women’s rights meeting in Ohio, Frances Gage witnessed Sojourner Truth, her speech “Ain’t I A Woman,” and the reaction from the audience. Even religious leaders attended, and there had to be heard from many that gender roles were necessary, because of the “manhood of Christ; if God had desired the equality of woman, He would have given some token of His will through the birth, life, and death of the Savior” (Gage). Although white women were already at a disadvantage, black women were even further oppressed. Upon Sojourner Truth’s approach to giving her infamous speech, many

white women begged for her to be removed. Despite the disapproving comments and racist slurs thrown at her, Truth continued on and proved that she should be seen as a woman too, "And a'n't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm! (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power). I have ploughed, and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And a'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear de lash as well! And a'n't I a woman?" (Truth). She called out those that called male superiority rooted in religion, stating that Christ had come from a woman, and he would not be here if not for a woman. Much of these movements were rooted in a religious background, especially women's rights and abolition. When a reform was started, it was highly likely that "Religious revivalism fueled the moral and social reforms of the first half of the 19th century" (A Biography of America). Although the antebellum period ended with the genesis of the Civil War, it is one of many predecessors to modern reform movements.

Even in the modern-day, we see a need for reform, especially among women, people of color, and women of color. As a woman of color, I have seen a visible difference in the inequalities between now and the antebellum period of America. Thankfully slavery is no more, and women and all people of color have the right to vote in America. Ba. Being born in America undoubtedly constitutes citizenship, all labor must be paid, although whether or not it is a livable wage is questionable. Although we all have inalienable rights, the ability to work and live in America, there is still the issue of the wage gap, and there is still very much systemic oppression, especially systemic racism. Coming from my own experiences, many times white students are given more opportunities educationally and career-wise in addition to less behavioral examination. Growing up I went from a school that was predominantly people of color to a majority white school, and almost immediately I noticed that the quality of education, funding, amongst other things was vastly different. Not only that but I and other students of color had to hold ourselves to a higher standard, working hard and hoping our conduct will keep us

just as good as some of the worst behaved white students. Although schools do uphold no tolerance policies, it is no secret that there is still discrimination, especially being a Latina American being held to an impossible standard that my white classmates would never have had to worry about. In order to help combat this and help myself and others have access to equality, I continue to read and learn about our pasts, about what we have the capability to do, and I support my fellow people of color, uplifting Black, Latino, Asian, Indigenous, etc. Voices and supporting our causes so that someday we and future generations can take a sigh of relief and tell ourselves “It took a lot of hard work, but we took down systemic oppression.”

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General Art—Honorable Mention

Cory Turner

A decorative border surrounds the page, featuring a black background with white outlines of leaves and flowers. The top and bottom edges have a horizontal band with a repeating pattern of leaves and flowers. The left and right edges have a vertical band with a repeating pattern of leaves.

*Research
Paper*

Research Paper

First Place

Delicate Disruption

Britkne Gallagher

Life is often described as joyful, fleeting, and unpredictable. In a single moment, anything can happen to alter the course of our lives and blow the expectations we once had for ourselves and our loved ones completely out of the water. Although tragedy is typically associated with adulthood because it is better understood from a more mature perspective, it is quite clear that tragedy does not discriminate against age. Traumatic brain injuries are ranked amongst the top life-altering tragedies that occur within the human population, but more specifically, amongst children and adolescents. Traumatic brain injuries are generally compared between children and adults, leaving children with an unfair disadvantage and ultimately birthing the “silent epidemic” we are facing today. This is a dangerous comparison to make because when a child endures a traumatic brain injury, not only do they suffer from immediate consequences, but projecting their future needs becomes problematic due to a lack of longitudinal research on how TBI’s effect children long-term, as well as their families and surrounding support system.

Our brains are the most complex part of our human bodies. It controls how we eat, walk, talk, learn and feel, as well as life functions such as heart rate and blood pressure. The brain is ever-changing and considerably sensitive to its environment (Brain Injury Association of America, 2021). No two brains are exactly the same and it would be unethical to com-

pare a child's brain to a fully matured adult brain. As Dr. Mariann Young stated, "An infant's brain is not a smaller version of an adult brain" (Rainbow Rehabilitation, 2021). With that being said, a traumatic brain injury can change everything about who we are in a matter of seconds. It is especially important to be mindful of the fact that a child's brain is still developing into adulthood, so an injury to their brain creates a multitude of problems down the road that can look quite different from an adult with a TBI, no matter what stage of childhood they are in when the injury occurs. The results can often be complex and will almost always vary between injuries, making it incredibly difficult to acquire accurate and useful data. Assumptions were previously made that a child with an injury to the brain would "bounce back" quicker than an adult with a brain injury due to the idea that there was more plasticity in a child's brain, but research has proven that this is not the case. A brain injury of the same severity can have a more devastating impact on a child than on an adult (Brain Injury Overview, 2021). Many different scales have been used over time to predict and classify the level of permanent damage following a traumatic brain injury. The "good recovery" category of the Glasgow Outcome Scale has proven to be most useful when studying the impact of adult brain injuries, however it is a more complex categorical definition when considering children due to wide variations in such pertinent aspects of the child's injury (Koelfen et al., 1997).

According to the Brain Injury Association of America, a traumatic brain injury is defined as an alteration in brain function, or other evidence of brain pathology caused by an external force (Brain Injury Overview, 2021). The article also goes on to say that traumatic brain injury is the leading cause of death and disability in children and adolescents in the United States, per the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (2021). They are the cause for a relatively high rate of emergency department visits, and it is estimated that approximately one third of all pediatric cases and 41% of all pediatric mortalities are associated with head trauma (Pieper 1991). Children between the ages of zero and four are most at risk for head injuries due to circumstances such as falling, motor vehicle accidents, abuse, or near

drowning incidents (Rainbow Rehabilitation, 2021). Children of this age are experiencing rapid brain growth and development, and the brain's most important job during this stage is survival. They do not have several years of learned skills to offset the potential harm that injuries to the brain can cause, therefore a TBI suffered during this stage can detrimentally affect any growth that has already occurred and any future growth as well. From the early stages, ages zero through five, the greatest percent of brain maturing is taking place so a brain injury acquired during this stage will likely result in a life-long journey through rehabilitation and extra care. According to data from the Center for Disease Control's Report in 2006, the injury rate was 1,121 per 100,000 in children of this age group.

However, beyond infancy, children who acquire a traumatic brain injury may in fact survive their injury and recover at a higher rate than adults, but they are still left with the possibility of experiencing difficulties in cognitive and behavioral areas several years after the injury. Therefore, it is imperative to think long-term when a child suffers from a TBI, as there is still much more growing and developing to be done beyond the younger years (Rainbow Rehabilitation, 2021). It has been proven that a child may not show symptoms of impairment until several years post injury because of this continued development. "TBI can negatively affect many different areas such as executive functions, language, attention, processing speed, emotions, social life, and can lead to serious changes in lifestyle" (Krenz et al., 2021). Being aware of the several factors that can be affected after a brain injury helps to understand the gap between the "pre" and "post-injury" child in regard to long-term care and specific needs on an individual basis. According to Mary E. Braine, brain maturation is known to occur in developmental spurts or critical periods. When these periods occur is not fully understood, but neuroscience research shows that children and young people pass through five neuro-developmental stages between birth and the age of twenty-one. If the injury were to take place at the time of one of these developmental spurts it can be particularly damaging, resulting in a "delay or cessation of ongoing development" (Braine, 2013).

The few longitudinal studies that have been done have shown that children undergo two stages of recovery following a traumatic brain injury: the immediate phase up to one year, and the latent phase lasting from one year to several years (Braine, 2013). During the first six months, the brain undergoes rapid recovery and it is during this time that physical and cognitive improvements will be the most obvious. Contrarily, the full impact of the injury to the brain becomes more apparent during the latent phase when the brain's recovery slows down (Braine, 2013). There are also several factors that can influence recovery such as severity of the injury, extent of secondary damage, age at time of injury, and pre-existing conditions (*Traumatic Brain Injury in Children Part 2: Recovery and Outcomes*, 2013).

Memory is one of the major areas that can be affected following a pediatric traumatic brain injury. A study executed by Dana DeMaster, Chad Johnson, Jenifer Juranek, and Linda Ewing-Cobbs showed that the ability to form and retrieve lasting memories is disrupted and that this disruption “can last for years following the injury” (DeMaster et al., 2017). This disruption is directly linked to the adverse impact on academic success and furthermore proves that memory impairment caused by TBI is largely under investigated (DeMaster et al., 2017). Also understudied is the impact of age at the time of injury and the correlating difficulties that follow. DeMaster explains that the hippocampus, which is responsible for memory, continues to develop even into adulthood, and therefore is highly vulnerable to a TBI sustained in childhood. The sudden disruption can potentially interfere with the maturation process and can restrict connections between the hippocampus and other brain structures (DeMaster et al., 2013).

Children and adolescents who sustain mild or moderate traumatic brain injuries are typically discharged after a brief hospital stay, however, this can reflect back on the notion that every injury is different, and some may require additional monitoring and support due to the disruption of normal growth that may not be immediately evident. Few children who suffer from traumatic brain injury show severe physical impairments following their injury, leading many people to believe that “recovery” has

taken place. This is a misconception at minimum because what has actually taken place is the physical recovery, while most children tend to still show difficulties in other areas outside of motor skills (Williams 1994). Although their ability to return to “normal” seems to have taken place, behavioral and cognitive issues can appear anywhere down the line post-injury and these problems are to be expected, not ignored.

The recovery process can take several months or even years, ultimately leaving the child’s family and school system responsible for the long-term outcome and well-being of the child. Braine stresses the importance of continued monitoring of children post-injury and suggests the responsibility falling into the hands of primary health professionals, educators, and the child’s family. She suggests implementing early interventions and emphasizes the positive effects they can have on the child’s health and continued development (Traumatic Brain Injury in Children Part 2: Recovery and Outcomes, 2013). Children and adolescents who sustain brain injuries, no matter the severity, experience significant deficits in various domains, leaving families with the struggle of accepting these changes and grieving the loss of their “former child” (Yehene et al., 2019). Parents often begin to notice their child “externalizing” or “internalizing” their problems and do not gain many useful resources on how to adapt to these changes. This is further proof that TBI’s can have lasting impacts not only on the injured child, but the surrounding family members as well. Studies have shown that a childhood traumatic brain injury can leave families feeling significantly distressed and burdensome given the fact that the consequences of TBI’s can linger around long after the “important” and immediate stages of recovery pass (Mangeot et al., 2002). Ongoing health related needs, cognitive, emotional and behavioral problems, and poor social integration following a traumatic brain injury require an abrupt adjustment in the families lives and how this abrupt change affects the family has been minimally researched at best. This lack of support for families contributes to the growing rate of mental health issues in family members of childhood TBI victims, consequently also affecting the child’s mental health in the long run. In an article written by Betty Pieper, she explains that “trauma to

the child is trauma to the family. One simply does not exist without the other” (Traumatic Brain Injury: What the Teacher Needs to Know, 1991).

In many cases, the brain injury occurs early in childhood and does not always show signs of the difficulties mentioned previously until several years after the injury. With the lack of education and knowledge given to parents regarding their child’s injury and potential long-term consequences, the relationship between brain injury and cognitive/behavioral difficulties noticed later in life becomes overlooked. Even children who suffer from minor or mild head injuries can have sustained damage to their brains that would cause these problems to appear throughout later developmental stages. This damage can go completely unrecognized until changes in attention, irritability, fatigue, personality, and so on begin to appear. Parents and teachers fail to associate these changes with the previous injury, leading to a frustrating cycle without fault (Pieper 1991). Another thing to remember is that not all children with a TBI will show the same struggles and difficulties, further proving that every brain injury is different. As people begin to truly understand the differences and the implications between childhood brain injuries, the notion of “well he walks and talks alright so nothing is wrong” becomes largely debunked. It is important to touch again on the complexity of the human brain. Because it controls such a large portion of our daily activity, it is almost impossible and unnatural to predict the endless number of ways a traumatic brain injury can affect a child. Pieper warns us against the “looks okay, must be okay” syndrome, and further explains that children with TBI are “different from other students with special needs in many ways” (Traumatic Brain Injury: What the Teacher Needs to Know, 1991). This means that categorizing children who suffer from traumatic brain injuries as students with special needs is a dangerous categorization if a specific child and their specific injury is not carefully researched before someone is left to try to understand what is going on with them. Definitions and semantics do not serve as the only way to gain knowledge into an injured child and certainly does not give you everything you need to

know when discussing traumatic brain injuries in children. While it is easy to take on that approach, it is equally important to take on a much more practical and hands on approach with the child as well. It is crucial for all members of the child's support system to become activists in helping them return to normal as much as possible with limited difficulties, even when problems arise. This includes parents, teachers, psychologists, special educators, former teachers, and rehabilitation specialists when available and necessary to avoid mislabeling and inappropriately grouping children with traumatic brain injuries as "troubled" or "slow" children.

"All individuals and families who suffer traumatic brain injury must sooner or later accept: brain injury brings an end to life as they have known it." This quote comes directly from a book written by Ruthann Johansen, the mother of a child who nearly lost his life to the abruptness of traumatic brain injury in 1985. It is one thing to read the medical jargon of pediatric traumatic brain injuries and understand the implication of them, but it is another thing entirely to bear witness, even if through words alone, the very real and raw consequences that a traumatic brain injury can leave on everyone involved. *Listening in Silence, Seeing in the Dark: Reconstructing Life After Brain Injury* provides in depth insight into the intense feelings of grief and loss, rebuilding and rediscovering and shows us how quickly something so tragic can take place. Johansen explains that her son's brain injury linked them to a population of about 99,000 people in the United States who annually sustain traumatic brain injuries, a group that is typically deemed invisible to the rest of the population. Of this group, another 50,000 die from their injuries, also unnoticed by society (180). This brings awareness to the fact that traumatic brain injuries, pediatric traumatic brain injuries more specifically, are tremendously left in the dark with little recognition. Not only do the injuries themselves contain little research, but the long-term effects felt by both the child and the families of the child do not scratch the surface of medical attention they deserve.

The most important part of dealing with pediatric traumatic brain injuries is remembering that the term TBI is a term

that describes an event, it does not describe the condition. The brain has a nature of its own. “Brain injury, though it may disturb function follows the laws of the brain’s nature” (Williams 1994). Williams also explains that brain injury recovery has a timetable of its own, much like the development of the brain in the first place. When referring to children who have sustained a TBI, the term “recovery” should focus on the child’s success in adapting to the many changes that follow such an injury after physical healing has taken place (*Traumatic Brain Injury: When Children Return to School*, 1994). A traumatic brain injury results in an abrupt end to the control we think we possess over our lives and the lives of our loved ones and leaves us with little direction on how to pick up the pieces to put them back together again. We are tempted to deny the loss or impairments of the “previous” child and cling tightly to the idea of a full recovery. As Johansen states on page 200 of her book, “Traumatic brain injury makes vulnerability visible and creates an imperative need to put together the smashed pieces of an individual’s life as well as to incorporate the experience into our collective social and psychic life.” While there is still much research to be done on the long-term effects TBI has on children and their families, I believe we are moving in the right direction when we choose compassion and an unquenchable thirst for knowledge for a population that suffers silently.

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Photography—Honorable Mention

Leatrice B. Hunt III

Research Paper

Second Place

The Impacts of Nutrition on Life

Aaron McClelland

Wouldn't you like to improve the quality of your life and potentially increase your life expectancy? Many people these days are tied up with work, school or extracurricular events. In these times, it may be difficult to get the proper nutrition needed for a healthy, stable life. Fast food is one of the main causes for obesity and various health diseases. People from all around the world suffer from these diseases and many may question why this has happened to them. Unfortunately, they may never consider the fact that they have been eating fried foods and burgers filled with bad cholesterol and saturated fats. These couple of components in food can lead to the rise of health risks and may even make one feel more sluggish throughout the day. Proper nutrition is a key factor for the body's health and proper function of the human body's organ systems. Whether you are an athlete or just a regular person, the right nutrition plan will indelibly improve the quality and well-being of your life.

America has one of the highest obesity rates in the world, coming in at around 42 percent, almost entirely due to poor nutritional habits. When you look around, there are more obese people than you think; they are stuffing their faces with loads of processed foods. Over time, those unhealthy eating habits lead to obesity, causing numerous diseases including certain cancers, type 2 diabetes, and an increase in mortality. Many

do not realize the severe consequences of eating fast food. According to *CDC.gov*, the Results from the 2007–2008 National Health and Nutrition Examination Survey (NHANES), using measured heights and weights, indicate that an estimated 34.2% of U.S. adults aged 20 years and over are overweight, 33.8% are obese, and 5.7% are extremely obese, Type 2 diabetes is one of the most common health conditions caused by obesity. According to *cdc.gov*, “90 percent of people with diabetes were overweight and 39 percent had kidney disease.” Unlike type one diabetes, type two diabetes is attained from eating a diet high in simple carbohydrates and saturated fats. Eating too many saturated fats can lead to a buildup in plaque arteries caused from a component called metabolites. Over time the arteries will become clogged, reducing the amount of blood carried to the heart, which can lead to a stroke, or heart attack. One way that you can avoid saturated fats and simple carbohydrates is to limit the fast food and start cooking nutritious, hearty meals at home. Obesity also has the potential to cause over 13 types of cancers such as Liver, Pancreatic, Kidney and Uterine cancer followed by many other life-threatening cancers. Not only does obesity have physical effects on the body, but this condition can also have mental effects as well. Obesity may cause social discrimination and many insecurities, which leads to major depression for some. Fortunately, there is way to cure all these conditions and diseases. Eating a well-balanced diet can change your whole perspective on life and make you feel more energized throughout the day. A well-balanced diet does not mean you have to throw away junk food completely. However, this does not mean that you can eat fast food every day and still expect to live and long, healthy, life. Rewarding yourself with one or two cheat meals a week is appropriate if you are consistent with eating healthy and giving your body the proper nutrients to stay healthy. Making this change in lifestyle may be difficult at first but in the end, it will all be worth it for you and your family.

Another important aspect of nutrition is nutrition in adolescence. Adolescence is a child’s part of life when their hormones increase rapidly, causing growth. During this time, it is vital to ensure you’re your child is consuming an adequate

amount of nutrients which is required for growth and development. Many children who do not get right amount of nutrients can suffer from many side effects including insufficient brain development. Inadequate brain development in children may affect their performance in school, the ability to properly form sentences and may also affect their memory. In early adolescence, your child may wake you up at night, crying in pain. The reason for this is a part of early adolescent when the child is rapidly growing. Many of us may know as this pain as “growing pains”. During early adolescence, your child may feel hungrier due to rapid growth in the musculoskeletal system. Nutrition during this time in adolescence is vital for the human body. Failure to consume the right amounts of proper nutrients can cause a few problems with the development of your child. According to Macronutrients in adolescence, “A balanced diet is a nutrition way whose diet is fifty percent, thirty percent and twenty percent of the total calories are consisted of carbohydrates, fats, and proteins, and also includes vitamins and minerals. Inadequate nutrition in adolescence causes growth retardation also called as chronic nutrition failure or linear growth retardation and nutritional short stature.” Basically, what this quote is saying is that a child in early adolescence needs a diet rich in carbs, fats, and proteins to properly develop. Carbohydrates are an important macronutrient that supplies and stores energy for the body’s function. Without carbohydrates, you could put your body at the risk for burning muscle. As a parent, it is your job to make sure that your child is provided with the proper nutrients so they can grow. Poor nutritional habits at a young age may lead to that child becoming obese, improper development, poor academic and physical performance, followed by many other various health conditions. When a child grows into late adolescence, which is from eighteen years old to early twenties, they may become more independent with their dietary habits. At that age, a child is starting to become more of an adult, becoming fully physically developed. Although the child is physically developed, they need to ensure that they still get the proper nutrients and vitamins, allowing the brain and major organs to properly develop. Differences in total body and regional adiposity accord-

ing to sex are observed from an early age, but these differences become more evident after puberty due to hormonal changes (Orlandi et al 1). Some of these hormonal changes could potentially lead to weight gain due to the release of Gonadotropin Releasing Hormone (GrNH). After a child goes through puberty, they may require a larger calorie intake than a child in early adolescence, due to an increase in weight. This is due to the growth and development of the child. As a child grows bigger, the body's muscles require more calories than usual to build muscle and to maintain health. Nutrition in adolescence is very important for proper growth and development of the young human body. Not following a proper, balanced diet can increase the risk of improper growth and development, leading to many health conditions in the future.

Bodybuilding has been around for many decades; over the years many body builders have discovered various forms of Performance enhancing substances also known as PEDS. The most common forms of PEDS are human growth hormone and anabolic steroids. Many professional bodybuilders have admitted to the use of Performance Enhancing Substances. No matter how much PEDS bodybuilders take, every bodybuilder will tell you that you would not build sufficient muscle without a proper diet, whether you are on PEDS or are a natural athlete. Many bodybuilders prefer a diet higher in calories to sustain them through their workout. A diet higher in calories can aid the process of building and maintaining muscle which may help them succeed and advance in their bodybuilding career.

Nutrition is vital for bodybuilders because they would not be able to build muscle without the proper amount of macro nutrients and a sufficient calorie intake. Bodybuilders who are seeking to build muscle need to be in a positive energy balance. Being in a positive energy balance means that you are consuming more calories than you are burning, which puts you in a caloric surplus. When your body is in a caloric surplus, this provides the muscle with more than enough nutrients, allowing it to grow bigger and stronger. In the bodybuilding world, this phase is known as "bulking". Bulking is when you are trying to put on as much muscle as possible while trying to minimize fat gain. When body-

builders are trying to pack on as much muscle as possible in a short amount of time, it is important for them to track their macronutrients so that they can stay on track with their progress. Increasing your carbohydrate intake will provide you with more than enough energy to power through your workout, also speeding up muscle recovery. During the bulking phase or off season of a bodybuilder, they usually try to keep their carb intake around 2 grams per pound of bodyweight for optimal results. Another muscle building macronutrient is protein. Protein is by far one of the most vital macronutrients to maintain and build lean muscle. When you lift weights, you are creating little tears in your muscle fibers. After an intense workout, your muscles require an adequate amount of protein to repair those torn muscles. Consuming protein within forty-five minutes to an hour of your workout will speed up the recovery process to rebuild those torn fibers, bigger and stronger than before. Many bodybuilders from the golden era until today have used many supplements such as fish oils, multivitamins, and protein powders. Creatine monohydrate (3-5g/day), caffeine(5-6mg/kg), beta-alanine (3-5g/day) and citrulline malate (8g/day) might yield ergogenic effects that may be beneficial for bodybuilders (Iraki et. al 154). Supplements are a great way to get in your daily nutrient intake. Sometimes, eating three to four hundred grams of protein everyday may be hard, so bodybuilders may make a few protein shakes through the day to make up for the protein that they could not get from whole foods. Fish oils and multi vitamins are also very important to sustain a bodybuilders health. Fish oils are a great way to ensure that your joints are healthy and lubricated. Fish oils contain a component called omega 3 fatty acids. Omega 3 fatty acids are not made by the body so the only way to get them is through a supplement. Omega 3 fatty acids have been shown to increase the natural anabolic, testosterone. It has also been proven that fish oils provide lubrication for your joints, which may be very beneficial for bodybuilders who lift heavy weights every day. Fish oils may also be a great supplement to increase blood flow which is very important for muscle building and muscle function. Proper blood flow supplies the muscles with an adequate amount of nutrients and oxygen, which the muscle requires to grow.

Throughout the off season, bodybuilders shovel thousands of calories of food, being in a surplus. There is a time in the year when bodybuilders try to slim down, preparing for their contest. During this time, bodybuilders start to be more disciplined with their eating, measuring their food, and being careful with what they eat. The goal of a cutting phase is to lose as much fat as possible while maintaining muscle mass. During the pre-contest phase, the bodybuilder should be in a negative energy balance so that bodyfat can be oxidized. Furthermore, during the pre-contest phase, protein must be adequate to maintain muscle mass. There is evidence that relatively high protein intake will reduce lean muscle mass loss relative to a lower protein intake during energy restriction (Lambert 34). One of the first things that should be cut out of a bodybuilders prep diet is sugar and saturated fats. An excess amount of sugar in a diet can lead to unwanted fat. Excess sugar is turned into fat, which is called lipogenesis (Lipo: Fat; Genesis: Creation of). As bodybuilders decrease their calories every week for a few months, they shed pounds of fat, preparing them for their upcoming show. In the beginning of a bodybuilders cutting phase, they may lose up to five pounds a week. This excess weight is most likely being shed from water due to the lower intake of carbohydrates. As the season goes on and your bodyfat percentage drops, the numbers on the scale will start to slow down significantly. Many bodybuilders over the decades have used supplements such as fat burners to help them shed those extra pounds of unwanted fat. Fat burners have a water shedding complex that helps shed any extra water weight from the body. Many fat burners also contain a thermogenic pill, which raises the bodies internal temperature, increasing fat loss. While on a fat burner, it is very important to consume an adequate amount of water throughout the day to make up for the water that you sweat out during those intense training sessions.

When a woman is pregnant, many may hear the term “eating for two.” This does not mean eating two times the amount of food, instead it means to improve the quality of food while pregnant. Consuming high quality foods while pregnant will benefit you and your baby. This will prevent any extra fat

gain, which many women struggle with in pregnancy. Many women across the world have suffered from a loss of their baby due to poor nutritional habits. Over 2 million women experience still birth worldwide every year. Many stillbirths have been caused from poor nutritional habits by the mother. These habits could be from eating too many processed foods or not consuming enough nutrients, which can lead to improper organ development of the fetus and can also potentially cause death of the fetus or mother. Many women will gain most of their weight in the first trimester. As a woman gains weight, they start to panicking, which can lead many to start a low-calorie diet to lose that weight. According to “Understanding Prenatal Nutrition”, It is generally recommended that women gain twenty-five to thirty-five pounds for a woman who is normal weight, twenty-eight to forty pounds if a woman is underweight and eleven to twenty-five pounds if you are overweight or obese. Women who go on diets during pregnancy end up developing many health conditions, putting the mother and the fetus in jeopardy. Some of the most common health conditions related to malnutrition in pregnancy include anemia and low birth weight of the child. When a woman develops this iron deficiency anemia, it is caused by a lack of red blood cells, which leads to the lack of oxygen carried through the body, which means that the baby is not receiving enough oxygen to properly develop. Another common deficiency among pregnant woman is a folate deficiency. Folate deficiency may lead to congenital malformations (neural tube damage, orofacial clefts, cardiac anomalies), anemia and spontaneous abortions, and pre-eclampsia, IUGR and abruption placenta. Pre-gestational supplementation of folate prevents neural tube defects. A daily supplemental dose of 400µg/day of folate is recommended when planning pregnancy (Havedenak 164). If you are having trouble with eating while pregnant, multivitamins might be the way to go. Including multivitamins into your morning routine will give you and your baby the proper nutrients, leading to a healthy pregnancy.

At the end of the day, following a healthy diet can have far more benefits than you can imagine. As discussed in the essay, a diet full of nutritious, heart healthy foods can have many

beneficial effects on the body such as improved mood, boost in confidence, and may also prevent many diseases. Many do not realize the consequences that harmful, processed foods can have on your health. Anyone could follow a proper nutrition plan with consistency and patience. If you are seeking to improve your quality of life, it would be wise of you to start looking for the right nutritional plan for you.

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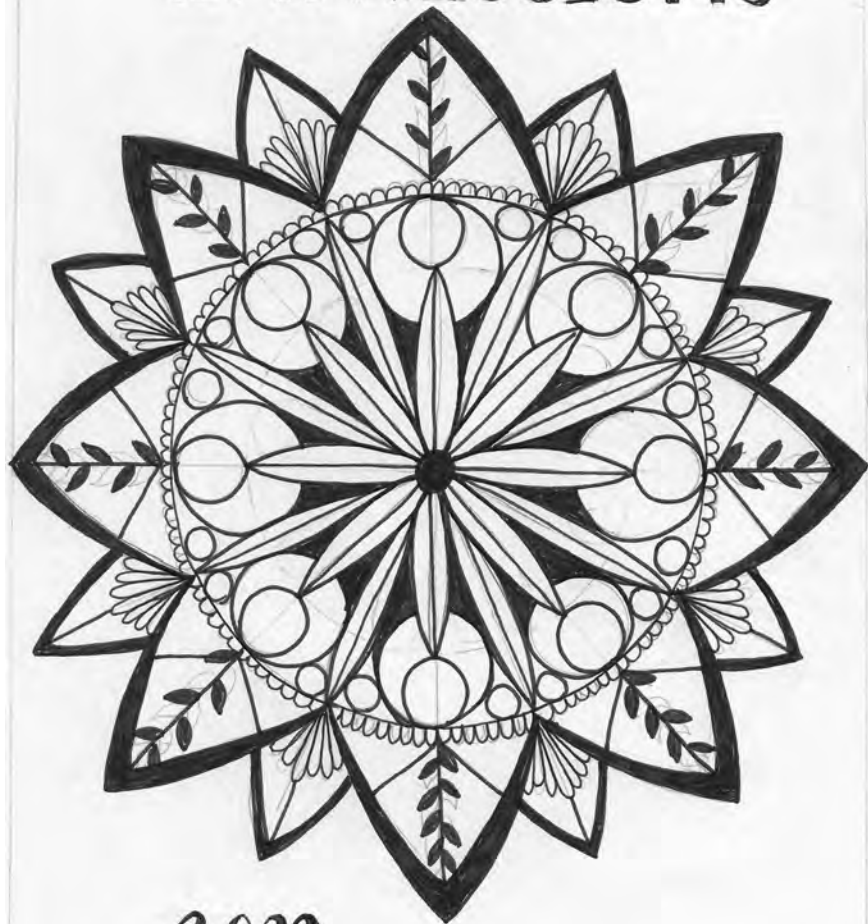
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EXPRESSIONS



2022

VS21

Cover Art—Honorable Mention

Victoria Soriano

Research Paper

Third Place

Astral Projection:

May Your Adventures Begin

Karla Lazo Hernandez

The known vs. the unknown, the real vs. the make believe- these concepts remain constant battles for the human mind. Especially now with technology being so advanced, individuals struggle to recognize what's edited or genuine. Humanity also fears the unknown, yet humans are designed to seek it in order to use it to an advantage for society to reach our full potential. One of the many unknown subjects is our own bodies. Doctors and scientists are constantly studying humans to find cures for illnesses and functions of our bodies, but more importantly our brains. Human brains are so complex and different from the person next to us, we have yet to discover how powerful they can be. Is the possibility of traveling through space at the palm of our hands? Astral projection is the ability of having an outer body experience. Before diving into this phenomenon of having a superhuman ability at the palm of our hands, how is this related to us and our minds?

“An ‘altered state of consciousness’ can be defined as any state other than ‘normal wakeful awareness’”-Pam Payne. In other words, Astral Projection is a battle with reality and a dream state. An outer-body-experience only a few people can achieve. As a human being, we are only aware of the present, what's exactly in front of our eyes, and a little bit of what surrounds us.

Going into a “dream state” your senses are heightened, which is why only a few have this ability for the reason it involves oneself. Your awareness of your sight, smell, touch, and your hearing. Of course, going into an altered state doesn’t happen at will. Like everything else, it requires patience and practice. Astral Projection is bits and pieces of what society considers crazy or impossible, for example Lucid dreaming. Though astral projection is your soul being able to “step outside” of your body at almost any time, lucid dreaming is the dream state of it. Meaning only when you are sleeping. Both an outer body experience and lucid dreaming play hand in when it comes to the manipulation of the vision. Our minds play an important role in these. The brain is one part of the human body scientists have a difficult time studying, especially the psychological part. Psychologist, Blackmore, suggests a theory and puts into perspective of models. Model one is the short term model-perception, and the long term model-memory. In simpler terms, the short term is the visual of your own body image, and then the long term is all your other senses, both going hand in hand into having an outer body experience. Doctor. Orme-Johnson, wrote an overview journal article about a close friend’s research about reaching a higher state of consciousness. Charles N. Alexander (or Skipp) used a mixture of both his own experience of reaching a higher state of consciousness and research, to come to the conclusion of the human mind can reach this state by the, “silent basis of the mind” to abolish human suffering, he/she can endure in their life. In his early research, Skipp noticed only a few people can reach the ability of astral projection. What Skipp found most fascinating was the limitations humans put in their life when it comes to the mind, but those who were most creative and have a self realisation, had an advantage of being able to astral project. Thus, the theory of reaching a higher state of consciousness has to do with the development theory. Skipp mentions “a mature state of psychological health” is rarely reached as the human mind is developing. For starters, mankind is very quick to go the easier route of things and don’t like complications in their life. Tend to stay away from challenging the mind to think outside of the box and all the possibilities, thus leads to limitations

of what mankind can do. At the time, Skip and his team came to the conclusion of 5 different limitations. Though he doesn't mention the limitations, his team and him dig a little deeper into psychology of Maharishi Vedic.

So far, these have been theories by doctors and researchers with the same idea of reaching the higher state of consciousness. Though a lot of reported cases have been reported when a person is close to death or had a near-death-experience, some reported astral projecting when doing activities such as running or even dancing. In 2000, Mr. Alvarado published a case of a 32 year old women, experience an outer body experience while training for a marathon. She explained, "*After running approximately 12-13 miles ... I started to feel as if I wasn't looking through my eyes but from somewhere else ... I felt as if something was leaving my body, and although I was still running along looking at the scenery, I was looking at myself running as well. My 'soul' or whatever, was floating somewhere above my body high enough up to see the tops of the trees and the small hills.*"

She isn't the only one. Another 33 year old woman, who was the youngest out of seven, when she reported her first experience was at 25 years and took place in the garden of her parents small home in the mountains of Scotland. "*I set about picking out ground elder between the plants, sitting on my haunches. As I carried on, I got happier and happier. All I was thinking about was I was doing something worthwhile. I was not thinking about anything else. Just doing the garden. I was completely carried away. I was so happy after about one and half hours (worked it out after) with digging that I felt myself rising into my head like not connected to my body anymore, floated there for a while, think only a few moments, then suddenly I was outside my body, looking down on it. A distance away, I didn't think this was strange, I knew exactly who I was and what I was and I was 'me'. The real me. I knew that my body was part of me but was not the real me. My body was my puppet and I loved it very much. As I was very concerned with what it was doing. I felt extremely contented and fulfilled. My body meanwhile was actually carrying on by itself digging. This is what confused me. A thought came into my head: "How could I possibly be up*

there?” and I was just back into my body in a flash. I was slightly annoyed at having come back.” Based on these two cases, it shows how the human mind gives us the possibility of being able to astral project as long as we lift the mental blocks that human-kind puts on themselves. The calming of our minds and self-awareness are the main points of being able to reach this outer body experience.

When it comes to astral projection, or having an OBE, certain questions come up, especially around the topic of religion. As far as we can look back, religion has a big impact on society. For the cases referenced above, astral projection happened randomly. For others, they find other ways to reach the experience. One of the main ways to OBE is by meditation.

In an interview hosted by Joseph Campbell with a great philosopher Bill Moyers, Campbell noticed Moyers talked about consciousness a lot. Moyers explained how consciousness doesn't originate from the brain. The brain is just a body type that makes someone aware of it. In school, kids are taught everything living has energy. We are made up of energy. Just like energy, consciousness is in everything. “Where you really see life energy, there's consciousness,” is how Moyers described it. Then, molding our consciousness is where meditation comes in. Without people realizing it, it comes naturally. Meditation can be used to bring a different level of consciousness, especially through our spiritual life. For example, in catholicism, they kneel down after taking the body of Christ, and do small prayers. That's a form of meditation. The stained glass windows in a lot of churches bring a sense of spiritual mysteries. As someone is working their brain in trying to make sense of it, it immediately steps your level of consciousness. Meditation is a lifestyle for a lot of people. You get the chance to practice centering your mind on a specific subject. Now on a spiritual level, meditation and religion go hand in hand. Bringing Catholicism back in, people who are part of this religion, learn to pray the rosary. The rosary consists of the repetition of prayers over and over again. Eventually your mind centers and brings your level of consciousness up a little bit. Meditation also has a lot of benefits. Your mind will be more open because it helps strip away

any stress, anxiety, or worries you have in your mind. You start to relax and be open to listen to your bodily needs or listen for an answer, as if you were an answer from a god.

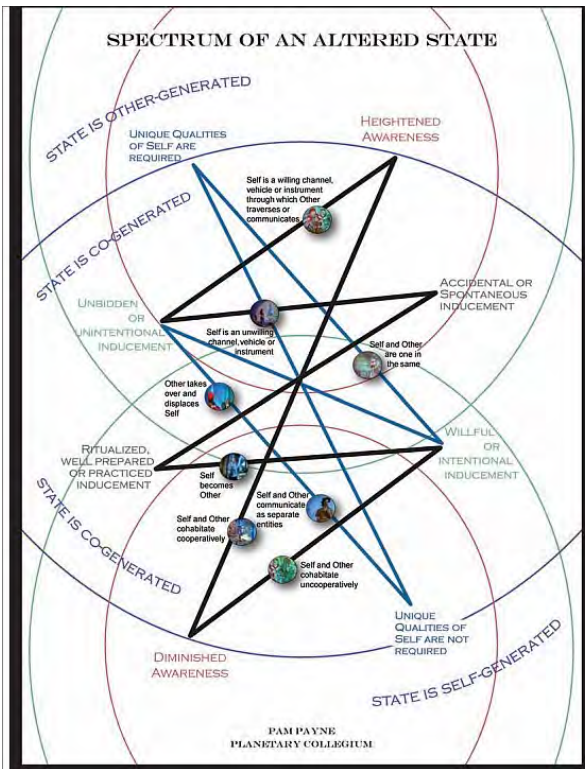
Though in many ways, meditation and religion can go hand in hand, everyone has the option on if you want to become self-aware on more than just materialistic things, in your prayer, or even make it part of your routine, you will become more aware of your consciousness. You're reaching your best self in a spiritual sense. Your physical form will remain the same but your subconsciousness and your soul will be different.

As mentioned at the beginning, astral projection is the separation of the soul from the body. The difference between the astral projection being different from time travel is that the combination of projection and clairvoyance allows you to see the projection or image without actually being sent into time. It is like riding in a train seeing the scenery flow by but not really being in it. In reality, your physical form is still in the present time, while your subconscious is elsewhere. This is where you can start manipulating your vision. When we lay for the night and close our eyes, our body's tend to have an outer body experience, and enter the dream world. Of course, this goes into another topic called lucid dreaming. Lucid dreaming and astral projection have a lot of similarities, but astral projection can happen at any state, while lucid dreaming happens between your dream state and consciousness.

Mr. Sadhguru breaks down the body into 5 different parts. The first is our physical form, called annamaya kosha (food body). Moving on past our physical form is our mental form or manomaya kosha. At our manomaya kosha is where it starts getting more complex because our mental state isn't just "any one place". If a single thought or worry is in your mind, your annamaya kosha can be affected. Once we get some sort of visualization of what our manomaya and annamaya kosha are, we can already infer that something must be taking place for these functions to be tied together. We were taught in our science class, everything has energy. This is no different. This leads to the next layer called pranamaya kosha, our energy form. Finally, the last two are vignanamaya kosha (etheric body) and anan-

damaya kosha (bliss body). The first three are more the physical side while the last two is the form we take when we astral project.

For those who have the time and patience to attempt to learn slowly have a deeper understanding and appreciation of every living thing. With modern technology and infrastructure being so advanced, society has been catered to in a sense that we don't feel the need to have any unnecessary connections or emotions. This may give people a reason to deter from astral projection, when if they genuinely understood it, they would surely grow to appreciate what it has to offer.



The diagram above gives a better understanding of how our consciousness can be transformed to a spectrum. Over all, the list of different explanations, theories, and cases reported can

go on and on. Astral projection can be reached by practice and the centering of the mind. It's not impossible. It can be hard to believe but the limitations we put on ourselves are not. We are all made up of energy. Science has proven that everything has energy. It can't be created or destroyed, but can be rearranged, or in this case, manipulated. We have this power in the palm of our hands.

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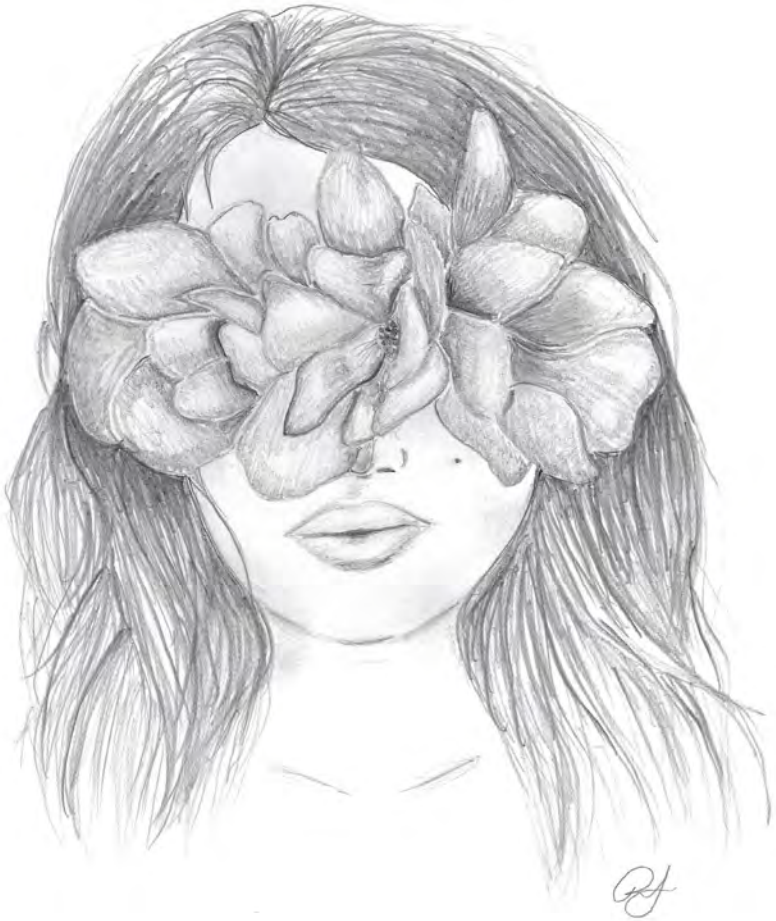
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General Art—Honorable Mention

Riana Tovar



Thankful
For

Thankful For First Place

Colby Robin

Being thankful, by definition, means to be “pleased and relieved” or “expressing gratitude and relief.” Various aspects and circumstances can fall into place of what I deem a feeling of gratitude with my own life. There is a strong emotion of love and thankfulness from the surrounding holiday spirit and cheer, most notably a desire to keep aspects of my life that I love close to me. The holidays and the cold winter months remind me without fail of the importance of the people, places, and objects that have affected me throughout my life. With Thanksgiving less than a week away, the question of what you are most thankful for this year is, although common, something I want to put more thought into as I grow up. In response, I am thankful for my sister, my grandmother’s house, and the books I have near me.

I am most thankful for my sister, Kyleigh. The fact we are twins might give a reason for how close we are, though I don’t believe that is my gratitude’s sole contender. Her presence is so warm that she exudes a love for me and others that I only hope I can somehow imitate. To put it simply, she makes me want to be better at everything I do as a person, friend, and brother. Even though my friends bring out aspects of myself that I find to be a good reflection of who I am, my sister, Kyleigh, is someone I feel most myself around. I am thankful that I feel comfortable around her and she is with me. We always, at some point, gravitate toward each other, whether it be for celebration or comfort. She reminds me of how lucky I am to have such a solid shoulder to lean on, and this season has brought us closer

together.

I am thankful for my grandmother's house in Port Arthur. I grew up there, so aspects of my childhood will permanently be embedded into those walls. We, my intimate family, have spent Christmas and Thanksgiving at her house almost every year. She not only raised me to be the person I am, but encouraged me to love deeply and never to take life's important aspects for granted. Her house signifies her as a person, for she has lived there for almost 38 years. There is a generation of life in that house. It was just yesterday when my aunt and I decorated her house—the tree, red banners, Santa figurines—and I became reminded of how the holidays can bring the ones you love closer together. Her home is a totem of light and love, and I will be forever grateful for the memories we have made there together.

I am thankful for my books. There are always stories of the year gone with the holidays, which reminds me of the books I have read that have impacted me this year. Stories can be so personal to everyone, and with books, I believe no one reads the same book in the same way. We all take away something different that is personal to each of us. I am thankful that I have the opportunity to have these books as my own, that I can come back to them whenever I need them. Gifts are hard to give, but books, I believe, can be one of the most incredible gifts you can receive. There is a story that can change how we perceive our lives and the experiences we hold. Books have been a way of defining certain times in my life, and having and sharing that is something I am immensely grateful for in my life. Words bring people together.

In my life, my sister, my grandmother's house, and books are objects and people in which I am incredibly thankful. This holiday season is about cherishing those we love the most and recognizing the valuable objects we have. Putting these aspects of our lives is essential to remember what is truly important to us, reach out to those we love, and cling to the objects and places we cherish. Thankfulness, to me, is being grateful for the aspects of life that we have, rather than dwelling on what is absent or gone. At the very core, the celebration of life is what this

holiday season and thankfulness—gratitude—are all about. However, thankfulness does not have to end when this season is over; it can become an expression and a part of every season and circumstance of life. I believe that is what thankfulness teaches us every day.



Photography—Honorable Mention

Leatrice B. Hunt III

Thankful For Second Place

Cory Baugh

I feel that as humans we take the little things for granted. It might be as small as going to the grocery store with my grandparents, Billy and Nancy, or riding around town just for the fun of it. I know that I am personally thankful for the achievements that I have worked for, or for the objects that have been given to me. I feel that I have not been as thankful as I should for everything I have. I am most thankful for my family, for my small little town, and sports.

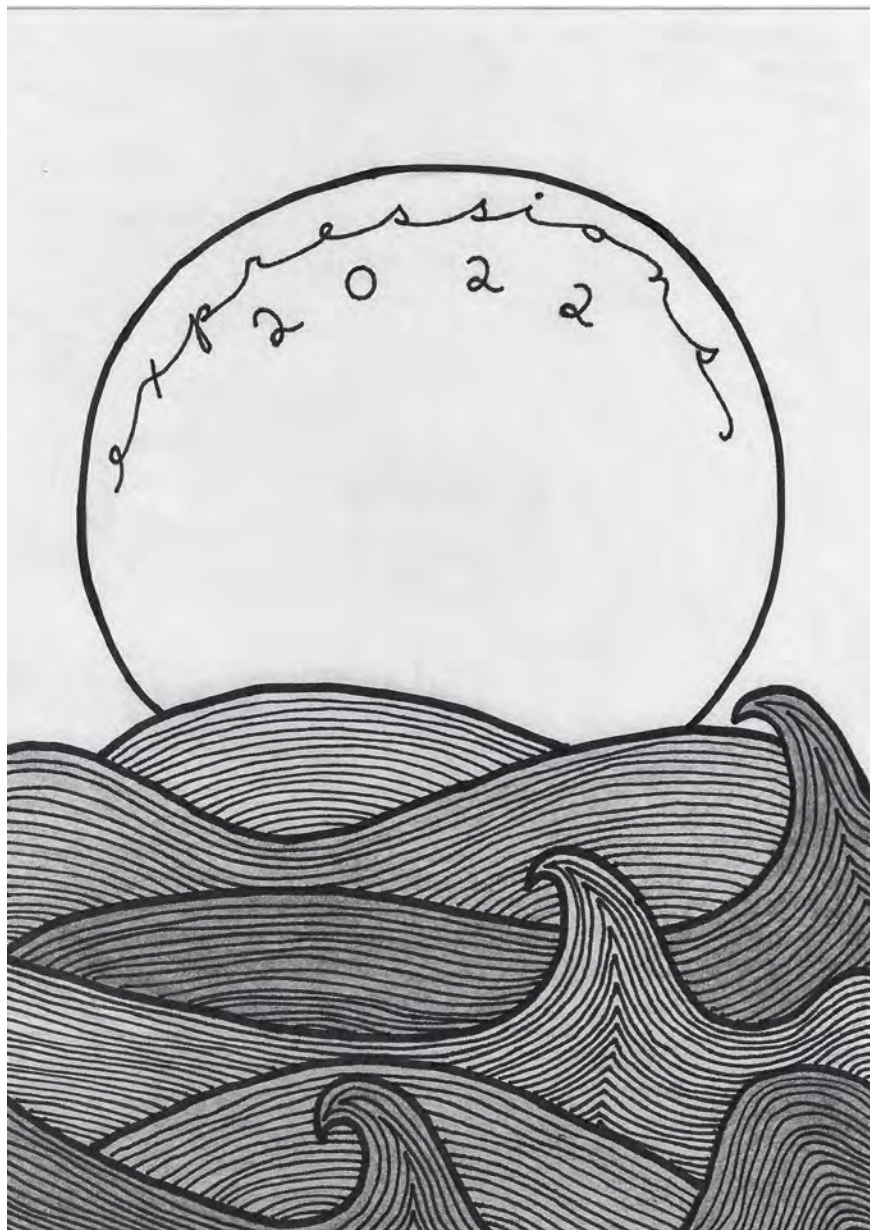
I am thankful for my chaotic family. We're crazy on our good days, we come together closer on our bad days. If it were not for my grandmother Nancy, there wouldn't be a family. My grandmother is the glue that holds our family together. She has always been there for anything that has ever happened with me and my sisters. For example, when I lived in Baytown with my grandparents, my sisters and my mom lived in Sabine Pass, it takes a little over an hour to get from one place to another. My grandmother Nancy, was the one who pushed my grandfather, Billy, into moving into our beach house in Sabine Pass full time. Ever since then, my family has been stronger than it ever has, even after my grandfather passed away in 2017, the whole family came together. I am thankful that my grandparents, Nancy and Billy, adopted me at a young age, and showed me the right path on how to live my life.

I am thankful for my hole-in-the-wall town of Sabine Pass. The population is just at 300 people, travel trailer parks make up half of this village and there are some crackheads in Sabine Pass, but there is not a different place I would rather be.

My grandfather Billy, loved Sabine because of the fishing opportunities and the job opportunities. Over the seven years that I have lived in Sabine Pass, not one time did I have to worry about anyone trying to break into my house or anyone trying to steal from me either. There is an unspoken rule in Sabine Pass, that whoever lives in Sabine Pass does not mess with the street I live on. Sabine Pass has also taught me a lot about who I have as friends, and who I let into my life.

In my life, sports played a major part in me becoming who I am today. When I lived in Baytown, the only sports I could play were flag football and basketball. Basketball taught me a lot about responsibility, and how to become a team player. Flag football was more of a time-waster, but in the end, I was in better shape mentally and physically because of it. When I moved to Sabine Pass in ninth grade, my grandfather Billy pushed me to continue playing football and baseball. When I started playing football in high school, I realized that it was something that I really wanted to continue with throughout my high school career. My football coaches and football in general, taught me how to handle my emotions, on and off the field. It taught me how to manage and balance a busy schedule. And baseball is the best sport that I have ever played in my life. Baseball taught me how to be a team player, and work with my fellow teammates in a productive and communicative way.

There are not enough words to describe how thankful I am for everything I have in my life. When we wake up in the morning every single day, we should be thankful for being able to get out of bed. It is easy to become wrapped up in today's society, and look at the darker side of life, but what matters is making that decision every morning to find something to be grateful for. If it wasn't for my family, my hometown of Sabine Pass, and the sports I played throughout my life, I would not be in the position I am today.



Cover Art—Honorable Mention

Iris Alexander

Thankful For Third Place

Kloie Edgerly

Many people do not know what they are thankful for and do not know what to give thanks for in their lives. Thanksgiving is about being grateful for all the people, places, and things in your life. Thanksgiving has always been a holiday I look forward to spending with my family. The holidays are a time to give thanks for the new people that have entered into your life, such as employees from a job. With every friendship or relationship is unconditional love. Therefore, this Thanksgiving I am giving thanks to my family, my job, and unconditional love.

The first reason I am thankful is because of my family. My family will always be one of my greatest blessings. They have been there for me for my achievements, but also my failures. They have supported me through everything I do and anything I wanted to do. My parents, and sister Carley especially, have been there for me on my good days and bad. My dad, Cory, gives the greatest advice, and even though I complain about his lectures, I will forever be grateful for the lessons he has taught me over the years. I am extremely thankful for my mom because she also takes care of everyone before herself. My mom, Katie, has made many sacrifices for me and my sister since we were babies. I will always admire her hard work and love for her children and family. My little sister, Carley, is my best friend. I am thankful for her because she has always pushed me to try new things and to live life to the fullest. Even though I want to strangle her most of the time, I know I can always count on her to be there for me, whether it's a shoulder

to cry on or having our jamming sessions in the car.

The second reason I am thankful is because of my job. I just started working at Tractor Supply, in Port Arthur, Texas, in October of 2021, and I can say hands down one of the best jobs I have ever had. Since the first day, I knew that I could trust the team I was working with. They offered not only benefits, but for me to be apart of their team. I enjoy the people I work with, especially one of my mangers, Josie. We have become friends in the short time I have worked there, and she is one of the most patient yet craziest people I have ever met. She has taught me so much about not just Tractor Supply, but about life as well. She has shared with me the darkest time of her life in hopes of showing me that there is light at the end of the tunnel.

The last reason I am thankful is because of the unconditional love I have been given from my family and friends. I have always known what love was because my family always showed it. Love is an emotional bond you make with a person. Unconditional love is a bond that that could never be broken. My parents, for example, have a love like this. They have been married for almost 20 years and have never slept in separate beds and would also forgive each other at the end of the night. They have made sacrifices for the marriage and love. I grew up with that love in my life from both my mom and dad. Their love for me is unconditional because no matter what I do, how much trouble I could get in, or even say words that I did not mean, they always forgive me with a hug after.

In closing, I am most thankful for my family, job, and unconditional love. Each one helps me in my life whether in the long or short term. I will forever be thankful for the unconditional love my family and job has shown me. Thanksgiving is the time of year to give thanks for people, places, and objects that have bettered not just me as a person, but the world as well. I will always cherish the lessons and advice these people from my job and family give me, but most importantly the unconditional love shown by each of them.



General Art—Honorable Mention

Ashley De La Cruz

Thankful For Honorable Mention

Reanna Panelo

Thanksgiving, the most forgotten holiday, right next to Flag Day, squished between Halloween and Christmas. When October ends, many people are quick to want to jump into the festive spirit, putting up Christmas lights and queuing up Mariah Carey in their playlists to be played on repeat for the next two months. However, many people are also quick to forget about Thanksgiving, a time for eating an oversized turkey and giving thanks for the people in your life. Thanksgiving is a time where I can be with my entire family and cherish the time I have with them. For me, I am thankful for my mother, my home, and the opportunities given to me this past year.

The first reason I'm thankful is my mother, Ann. Even whenever I'm being dramatic or impossible, I know my mother will always be there to support me and pick me up whenever I need it. Sometimes she has a tough way of showing love, but I know she only has my best intentions in mind. She picked up her whole life in the Philippines, leaving everyone she ever knew, to come to America to start a better life for me and my siblings. I know sometimes she misses her old life back home, with her own family and friends, and it hurts to think about how lonely she may feel at times, but it makes me want to be more grateful for her every day. Ann always makes sure my siblings and I are fed, that we feel safe and comfortable, and that we are being taken care of and loved. She even leaves me granola bars on top of my keys before I head out of the house so I can have something to eat because she knows I forget to eat sometimes. I'm thankful for my mom every single minute, not just for one

day out of the year.

The second reason I'm thankful is for my home in Netherland. I'm very grateful knowing that I don't have to worry about where I'm going to be sleeping or where my next meal will come from. I also know that not everyone is as fortunate to sleep in a warm bed with a roof over their head with access to clean, running water. Knowing where my family comes from in the Philippines, I've seen people have to sleep on the hard dirt with a piece of scrap metal leaning on wooden planks as their home. Seeing that, especially having grown up in the United States my entire life, it really puts into perspective how lucky I am to have every day luxuries that people would normally take for granted. Even with those not as fortunate here in America, I know I'm blessed to be in the position that I am.

The third reason I'm thankful is for all of the opportunities that have been given to me this past year. I'm lucky enough to say that my parents didn't decide to kick me out of the house the second I turned 18, and that they would rather me stay at home with them until I'm completely able to live on my own. My parents are also gracious enough to help me obtain my education by supporting me, both emotionally and financially, which is a huge blessing. I'm also grateful for the job opportunities that I've received as well. It was slightly hard for me to find a job that both I enjoy and also pays well, so I'm able to save money for my future properly. It was also difficult finding a job that would be able to work with my current school schedule and personal events. My current boss, Katie, gave me the opportunity to work with what I love and also to be able to make really good money for someone my age. Working with makeup is something I've come to realize I love, whether it be advising others on what they may need, it's a job that feels very rewarding and I couldn't be more thankful.

Thanksgiving originally came about from the harvest festival hosted by both the pilgrims, who immigrated here from Europe, and the Native Americans. They celebrated the successful harvest of the year prior and also the blessings granted to them. Modern day Thanksgiving is no different in my opinion, where we all gather around celebrating with food and taking the time to

reflect on all the good given to us. While people should always be expressing their love and gratitude year-round and not wait for a specific day to do so, it's a breath of fresh air to see everyone become more thankful and pleasant when the holiday season comes around.



Photography—Honorable Mention

Ashley Desmond



Poetry

Poetry—First Place

Mind vs Me

Karla Lazo Hernandez

Focus!

“Oh how God painted us a bright yellow sun!”

Yellow? More like a light shade of grey.

Focus!

“And the sky? Oh look how clear and blue it is!”

What? All I see is clouds. Looks like it’s about to rain.

Focus!

“The grass looks inviting to lay in! Almost like a blanket that stretches on forever”

It’s itchy and dead. A color of pale yellow. I can hear the crunch with every step I take.

Focus!

“Look at these roses! Don’t they smell divine”

Divine?

The smell of death fills my senses. Oh how I wish I could save you and replant you.

Please forgive me.

Focus!

“Everything okay?”

Focus!

Smile.

“Everything is fine.”

Poetry—Second Place

I Wish I Would've Known

Christopher Godwin

I wish I would've known
it would hurt me this bad.
Missing out on years of hearing
my kids calling me dad.

I wish I would've known
when I had you I was at my best.
Now being here alone
I stand the ultimate test.

I wish I would've known
I can't change anything.
Although you've moved on,
you're still my everything.

I wish I would've known
to be happy now it seems,
is to run across the three of you
only in my dreams.

Now I close my eyes to sleep,
and fight my demons on my own.
When I open them in the morning
I'll wish I would've known.



Cover Art—Honorable Mention

Victoria Soriano

Poetry-Third Place

The Divided States of America

Esteban Florez

How can they say that my country's united?
Look at my country, my country's divided.
They don't want us to fight it, they want us to stall
to separate families and build up a wall.
They don't want us to run, they want us to crawl,
defund the police so there's no one to call.
They're asking for statements while breaking the law,
we're losing our ground, there's nowhere to fall.
See this is the way that they're causing division
make a decision and put us in prison
make coalitions for better positions
and live in conditions we can't even envision.
My people are dying, my mother is crying
They don't represent us so why are they lying?
I'm asking this question, now how can we fight it-
When every protest turns into a riot?

Poetry

Honorable Mention

Salvatore's Revenge

Ashley Desmond

I was aware of things more vividly after following the guidance.
I've conquered my insecurities and the humiliation that comes with
being alive.
There is a deity within me, as I'm cursed for being a critical thinker.
I no longer delude myself by the ugliness of words.
I bid farewell to music, my most loyal ally.
That allowed me to hear the roar from the ground.
The teachers with this poem I tell.
I am aware not only through dreams, but also within my body.
That our demise is imminent I hear approaching.
It's not only ingrained in my blood but also in my spirit.
The lamentation of my ascendants.
They always beckon me to dream.
When I awoke, I was suspended in the air.
I felt our hands held in the gruesome affair.
With other animals and creatures of a similar nature.
Ascend to the heights of the trees.
We sang, "Joy! Melancholy!"
We wept as we realized how much we are loved.
We danced in honor of this immortal life.
Blows made the wheel spin,
As we head towards the sun.



Photography—Honorable Mention

Britkne Gallagher

Poetry
Honorable Mention

In the America I Once Knew

Daniel Lee Barnett

In the America I once knew
The Star Spangled Banner she once flew.
In the America I once knew
Proud Patriots fought for that Red, White, and Blue.
In the America I once knew
Mannered people would say please and thank you.
In the America I once knew
Old people were honored for their nobility being true.
Now in an America I know
A knee for my flag gladly they will show.
Now in an America I know
The poor, the helpless, the different people are told to GO!
My heart aches and my spirit breaks for this America I know.

Poetry

Honorable Mention

The Choice

Randall Neal

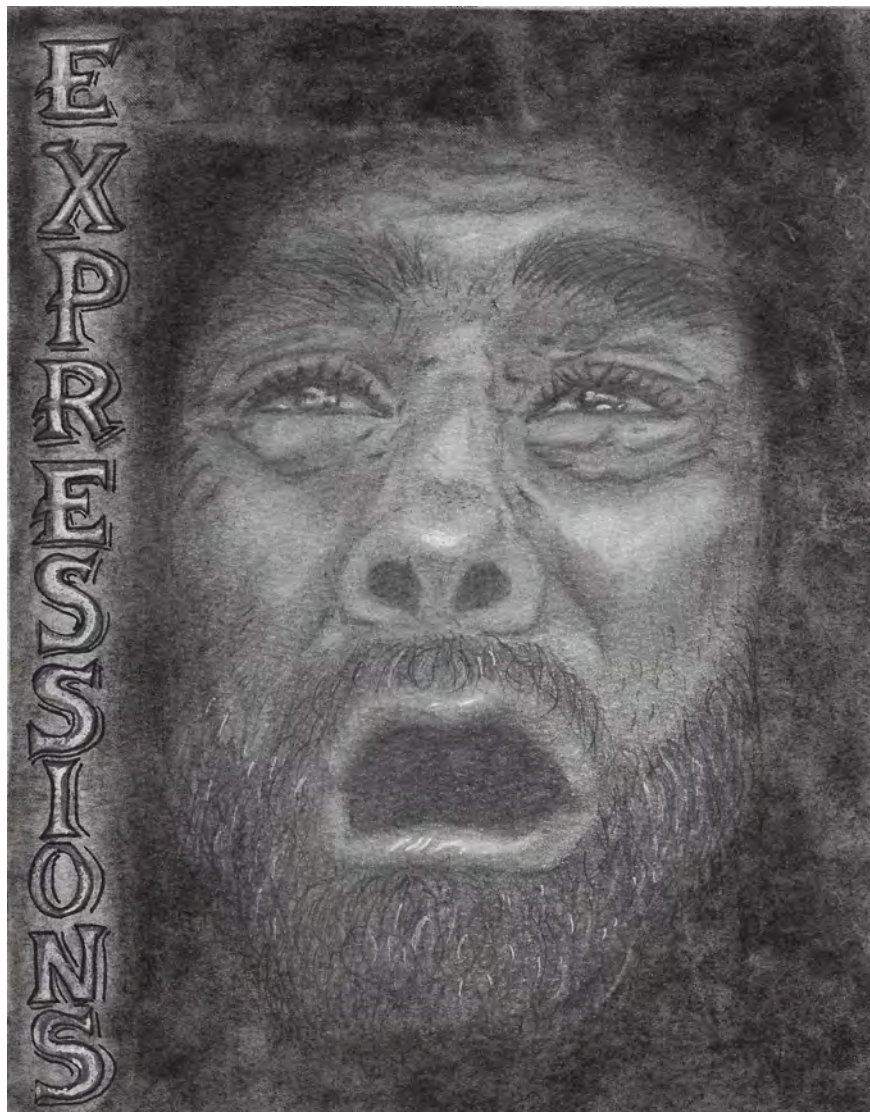
To many nights I've sat alone.
So many days so far from home.
Arms reaching to seek the One.
To be freed and not undone.

They say silence is the key.
Still mouths open just to scream.
Freedom knocks upon the door.
Opened freely, what's in store?

The bell tolls always death's sting.
Spiritual bondage is a thing.
One choice that must be made.
One voice that will be stayed.

Bondage broken without discretion.
Life's choices all have lessons.
Salvation flows from the Messiah.
Silence grows from all the liars.

Mercy rains from up above.
Grace pours, I'm filled with love.
Now choosing life over death.
Won't you enter to His rest?



Cover Art—Honorable Mention

Nallely N. Rosado

Poetry

Honorable Mention

Smart Investment

Ronnie Cummings

I have a friend who listens to fools,
those kinds of idiots that know all the rules,
where to put your investment so you prosper,
and watch very closely the dividends they offer.
Ride the market like an absolute pro.
You'll take a few tumbles, that's how you grow.
I have these friends who learn from fools,
and these are the things they call rules.
I'm not as young as a lot of you,
not so wrapped up in the things you do.
But I've made my share of leaps and bounds,
and bruised more bones than I think you've found.
So, if its worth anything to you,
I have a tip to pass on, too.
If you want a life full of awesome richness,
take everything you have and invest in forgiveness.

Poetry

Honorable Mention

I See Three

Tonia L. Perkins

Is it you or is it me?
The bad, the good, the strong.
The parts that make me feel alone.
The song sung off key,
Is it you or is it me?

Strong and steady,
Moody and edgy,
Quite and shy,
Emotional Scars hid from the eye.
Laughter and cheers.
Hurt and many tears.

Determination to move on.
Without your direction I could never be strong.
Stand tall, don't fall!
The truth is right in your heart
From that don't part.
Wait is that you or is it me?

Her eyes,
His nose and chin,
These bits and those pieces they all blend.
The parts of you,
The parts of her,
How can it be that all these parts make me.

Traits to features,
You both have been my greatest teacher.
Tears shed,
Life pass,
The only parts left of you are the ones that look at me in the glass.
This mirror is a tricky thing to see.
Wait is that you or is it me?



Photography—Honorable Mention

Phuong Nguyen

A decorative border with a black background and white floral and leaf patterns. The border consists of a top and bottom section with a central floral motif, and two vertical side sections with a repeating leaf pattern.

*Digital
Art:
The GFX
Universe*



The GFX Universe

The GFX Universe is Lamar State College Port Arthur's newest club for current students interested in Digital Art and Graphic Design. This club focuses on current trends in the graphic design industry and seeks to create extracurricular projects students can focus on to hone their talents and work on as a team. This year students will focus on developing and publishing their own comic book called, *The Collusion*.

The Collusion

The Collusion is the first graphic novel that the GFX Universe will produce and publish on the campus of LSCPA. Each member of the club will focus on developing their own character in order to illustrate and publish in the group anthology called *The Collusion*. *The Collusion* is a story that brings all of the student's superheroes together, from different dimensions, in order to help the Good Wizard save reality from the Bad Wizard and the tear in fabric of space-time. Through a series of events, the heroes will be transported to the "original universe" and will have to team up to combine their powers to vanquish the Bad Wizard and unite all of reality to seal the tear.



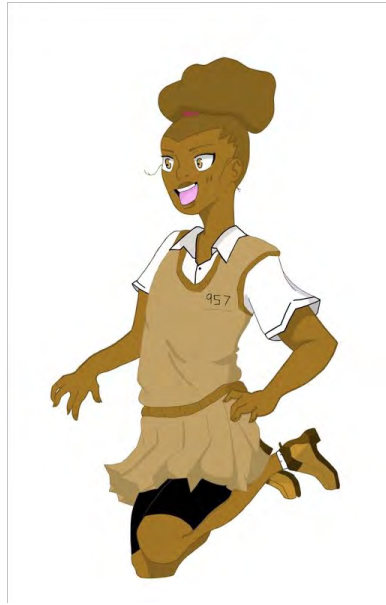


Character: Big Kid

Bio- Big Kid is the quiet and broody son of two villains. He spends his day tinkering away on his machines by himself, whether it be for his own personal interests or his parent's desires. While not having any powers, he creates upgrades for himself. Having shoes that when used for combat can shock whoever his heel meets, the same technology being on his knuckles and palms of his hands. He also has a watch that commands air drones to scan any area he enters. While he is only 12 years old, he's a very thought-driven person, which is what makes him want to explore the world more because he feels trapped and confused at home. He wants to know what it means to be his own person. This is what drives him to leave his family and meet Crimson Boy, his best friend.

Graphic Design Creator

Tyron January



Character: Jaise aka 957

Likes: Sweets, positive energy, and making friends.

Dislikes: Negative energy, lectures, and liars.

Height: 5'1 Age: 17

Personality: Very energetic, can come off a bit loud and childish, but she can be reasonable.

BIO: A girl who signed up to be an government experiment. Her power can manipulate kinetic energy and use it on herself by taking it from any living organism. But she can also take it from objects with negative energy, which will slowly mutilate her body, turning her into a mutant.

Graphic Design Creator
Jade A. Livings



Character: E7-377

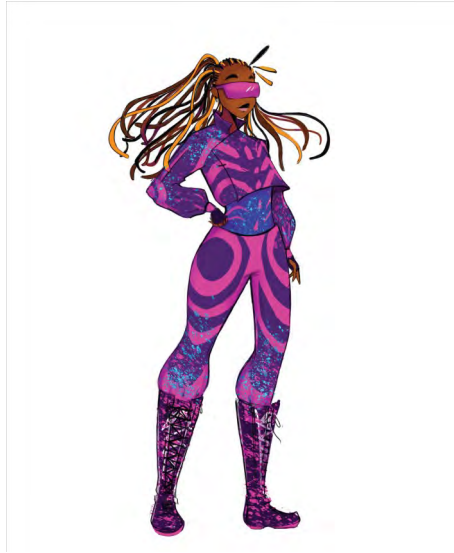
Anomalies (mutations) are a common occurrence on the planet Pandia. Anomalies account for 20% of the population, but they are 80% of the military force in many countries on Pandia. Project Epsilon was started by the government of Tethys, an imperial and militant country. It was a weapons program, and its most ambitious mission was Experiment Number Seven: Genetically created and modified custom anomalies.

The goal: Create strike forces made entirely of mutants with offensive powers who are loyal and entirely devoted to their government. E7-377 is one of many of these mutant bio-weapons created in a lab and raised in a training facility to hone his distinct powers.

Powers: E7-377 is a fire-bringer. He can summon flames hot enough to melt metal. The fire is magical in nature. It only burns what he wants it to burn and cannot be extinguished by water. He can control the size of the flames at will and encase any weapon he wields with them.

Graphic Design Creator

Kaeden Jenkins



Character: Anita Guerrero aka NEON

Age: 22 - Height: 5ft 6' Nationality: American Ethnicity: Afro-Latina

Likes: Mom, Dad, brothers, food, kids. Hates: People, brothers. Neon can bend light and turn it into a solid form, creating whatever she can imagine. However there are limits, she can only go as far as her body will let her. To conserve energy she only makes what is absolutely needed for a situation. She sticks to her quarterstaff to get any job done. If she concentrates most of her power, Neon can even become a human laser.

Graphic Design Creator
Lupe Lopez



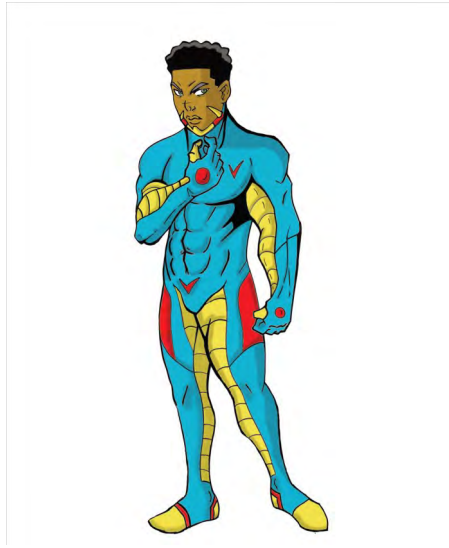
Character: The Emancipator

Name: James Johnson Height: 6'2 Weight: 189 lbs. Age: 47
(Physically 27) Birthday: July 4th, 1976.

Abilities: His enhanced abilities include super-strength, flight, and the ability to fire optic beams.

In 1976 America's firstborn "Enhanced," was born with superhuman abilities. A genetically altered embryo to be the strongest line of defense, in the heat of the geopolitical conflict that was the Cold War. As rumors of the USSR developing genetically enhance humans to not only treat the citizens of America but other nations as a whole, as they have the abilities of Gods of old in their hands. America sought to create the only man of their own design, with the strength to crush this level of tyranny for decades. This hero strives to protect and become a beacon of peace for not only his homeland, but for the rest world. He carries the weight and worries of both on his shoulders. They call him The Emancipator.

Graphic Design Creator
Alejandro Padron



Character: Vector

Name: Jacob Masters Height: 5'9 Weight: 170 lbs. Age: 17 Sign: Leo

Abilities: Flight, telekinesis, force waves, barriers, enhanced strength.

On his way home from work with his friends, Jacob witnessed a floating orb of light which chased them for many miles until being hit by its blinding light. After being abducted by unknown beings, his DNA changed to become what are known as "Alters." These aliens used Alters to take over the planet. However, as fate would have it, Jacobs pod malfunctioned and released him before the process could be complete. Forcing his way out of the alien ship, Jacob found himself with powers he didn't have before. Unable to rescue his friends that were abducted with him, he was thrown from the ship, vowing to try and save them afterwards.

Graphic Design Creator
Cory Turner

A decorative border with a black background and white floral and leaf patterns surrounds the central text. The border features a repeating pattern of leaves and flowers, with larger flowers at the corners.

Faculty
&
Staff



Dr. Michelle Judice

I Want to Hear Your Voice!
A Portrait of Autism, An Imprisoned Voice
(Expressed in a Letter From a Mother to Her Son)

Dr. Pamela A. Millsap

Dear Son,

(Please let me hear your voice!)

You came into this world, an angel,
More beautiful than the Gerber baby,
with a sweet and easy temperament.
Your cries were so rare,
we thought we were doubly blessed.
We didn't know that we might never hear your voice.

(I want to hear your voice!)

Those early years...all the unexpected challenges,
marked with needles, and scalpels, and other sharp things...
like words--from people in white coats--
saying that you would never walk, would never talk.
Well, I guess one out of two ain't bad.

But the memories of those three times
when you uttered a single word,

Mama,

before your first year had ended,
before your voice fell silent,
were stored up like treasures in my heart.

I didn't know that was the last time I would ever hear your voice.

(Please let me hear your voice!)

The years passed.

We learned to celebrate the smallest victories,
victories that in other households might seem mundane...
your first steps, when you were three-and-a-half years old,
when you left your little metal walker behind
and made laps around the den.

We celebrated like the Fourth of July,
though only four people were there to cheer.

Still, I had dreams...dreams in which you spoke.
Ordinary words exchanged between a mother and a son.
And then I would wake up to the alarm clock of reality,
and my heart would cry out,

Let me hear your voice!

But we learned over time to listen with our other senses,
not for your words, but for their meaning.

And we learned that your beautiful
grey-green eyes sparkle like the sun
when you are happy,
your hands move faster when you are angry,
and your mouth twists downward
when you are scared...
though nothing in life seems to scare you much.

And now the years have passed.
And your laughter is several octaves lower...
big hands and feet, and the beginnings of a mustache...
still a joy to your brothers, to your father, and me.

And still a mystery living among us.

Because we will never really hear
the full expression of your voice.

But one day,
when I have gone to live in God's Promised Land,
I will wait for you.
And when you join me there, I will welcome you with open arms.

And I will look you in the eye, and I will say...

"Let me hear your voice!"
And YOU,
standing there healthy and healed,
your spirit finally freed
from your challenged mind and body,
will utter the one word I waited a lifetime to hear:
Mama!

And I will know that I am, indeed,
in paradise...
Because I have finally heard your voice.

Love, Mama



Caitlin James-Mastronardi

A New Beginning

Dr. Tina L. Capeles

The sun softly caressing my face,
A gentle breeze wisps through my hair.
It is the beginning of nature anew.
Birds sing melodies like a chorus, and
Flowers bloom, red, yellow, and violet.
When new Spring awakens
Butterflies dance and swirl with the sun.
Gardens of honeybees are buzzing like
Soothing nurturing little beings, they help
Awaken nature from a familiar winter slumber.
To celebrate
A new Beginning and Spring once more.



Adriane Champagne

Never Mock the Darkness

Caitlin James-Mastronardi

Once I heard an
Owl's shallow, churlish hoooo
Mock a shadow-
Darkness gathered around
The mischievous-maker,
And twisted like smoke
Around the felonious fowl.
Its lemony eyes lit up with a vacant glow
And the owl lost its balance.
It cascaded from the safety of the branch.
I heard the shadows giggle,
A sound like sap, clinging to black fog
Blossoming up at the bottom of the tree
Where the owl remained motionless,
Stone-still and dead.

Adriane Champagne



Mosaic

Caitlin James-Mastronardi


A mosaic of memories
Glitter inside the mind.
Bittersweet, broken moments of life
Shine like a shattered mirror
On a cloudless beach.
Split-second glints and flashes
Of different times, people, experiences
Sharp remnants of the past,
A life long ago forgotten
Pieced together by the
Randomness of remembering something.



Adriane Champagne



Caitlin James-Mastronardi



*Thank you to all
contributors
and
Congratulations
to those
published in
Expressions 2022*

Expressions 2022

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Statement of Editorial Policy

The editorial staff would like to thank all of the students who submitted work for consideration to EXPRESSIONS 2022. Unfortunately, not every entry can be published. In order to insure fair and impartial judging and publication selection, a copy of each submission without the author or artist's name is sent to the judges. The judges at no time see the copy which identifies the individual.

We are proud of the entries published in this issue and appreciate the support of all students, faculty, and staff who contributed to and enjoy the magazine.

As the editor, I will make changes to reflect correct grammar and usage to enhance each entry and the magazine as well.

Caitlin James-Mastronardi, Editor in Chief

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