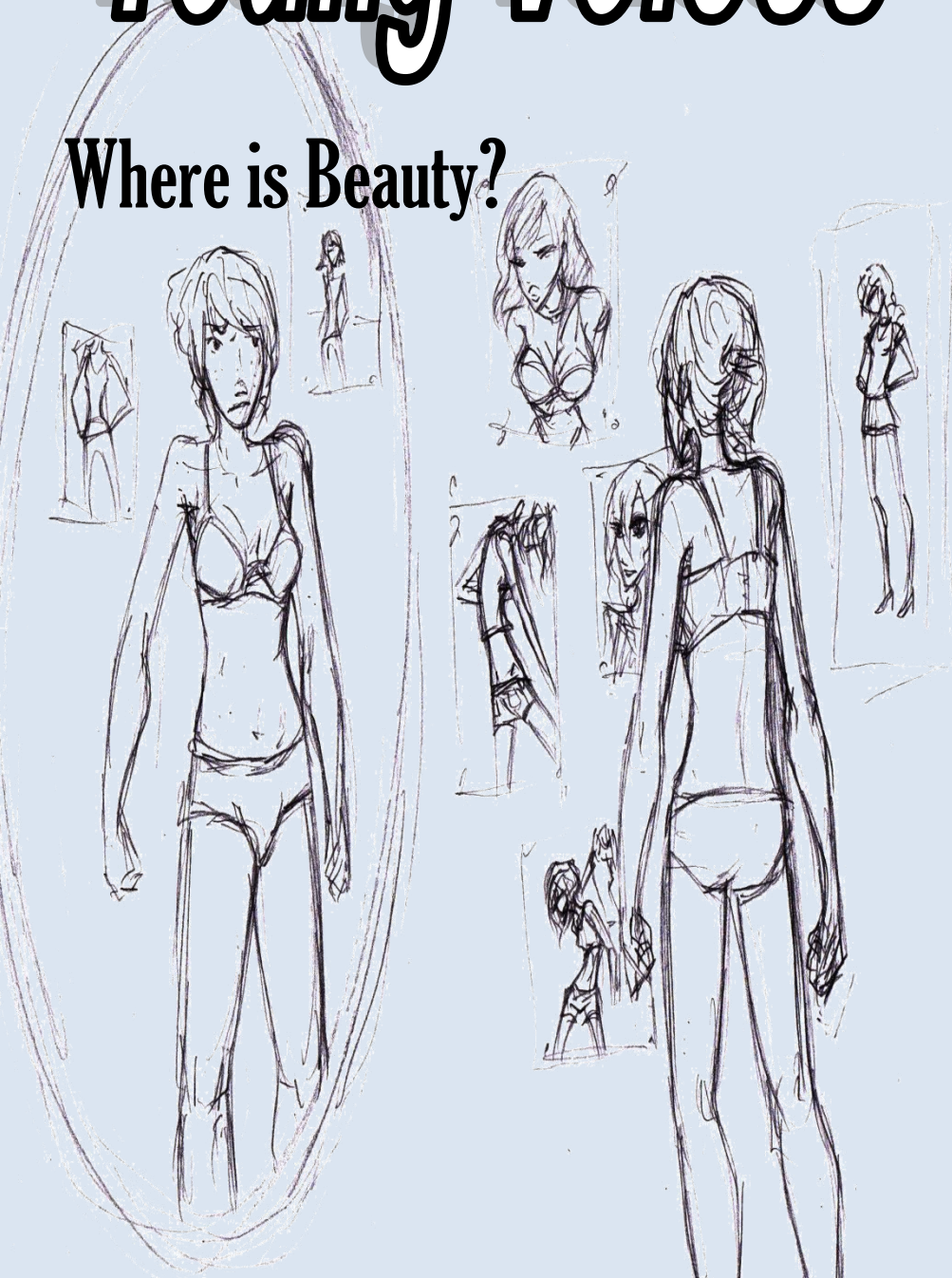
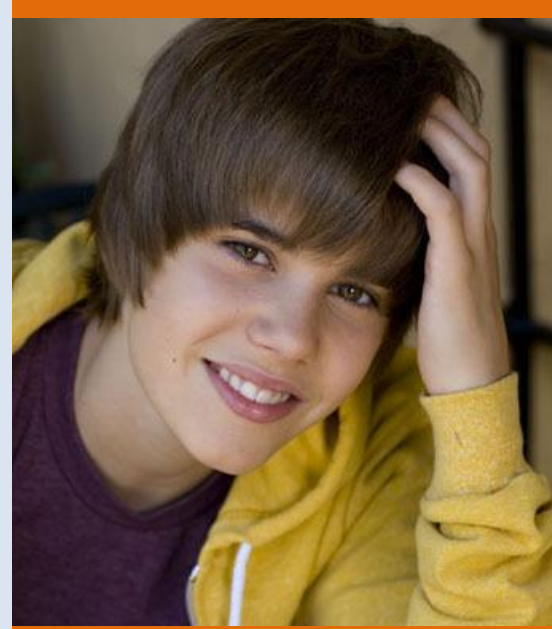


Young Voices

Where is Beauty?



In the eye of the
beholder or in a
magazine?



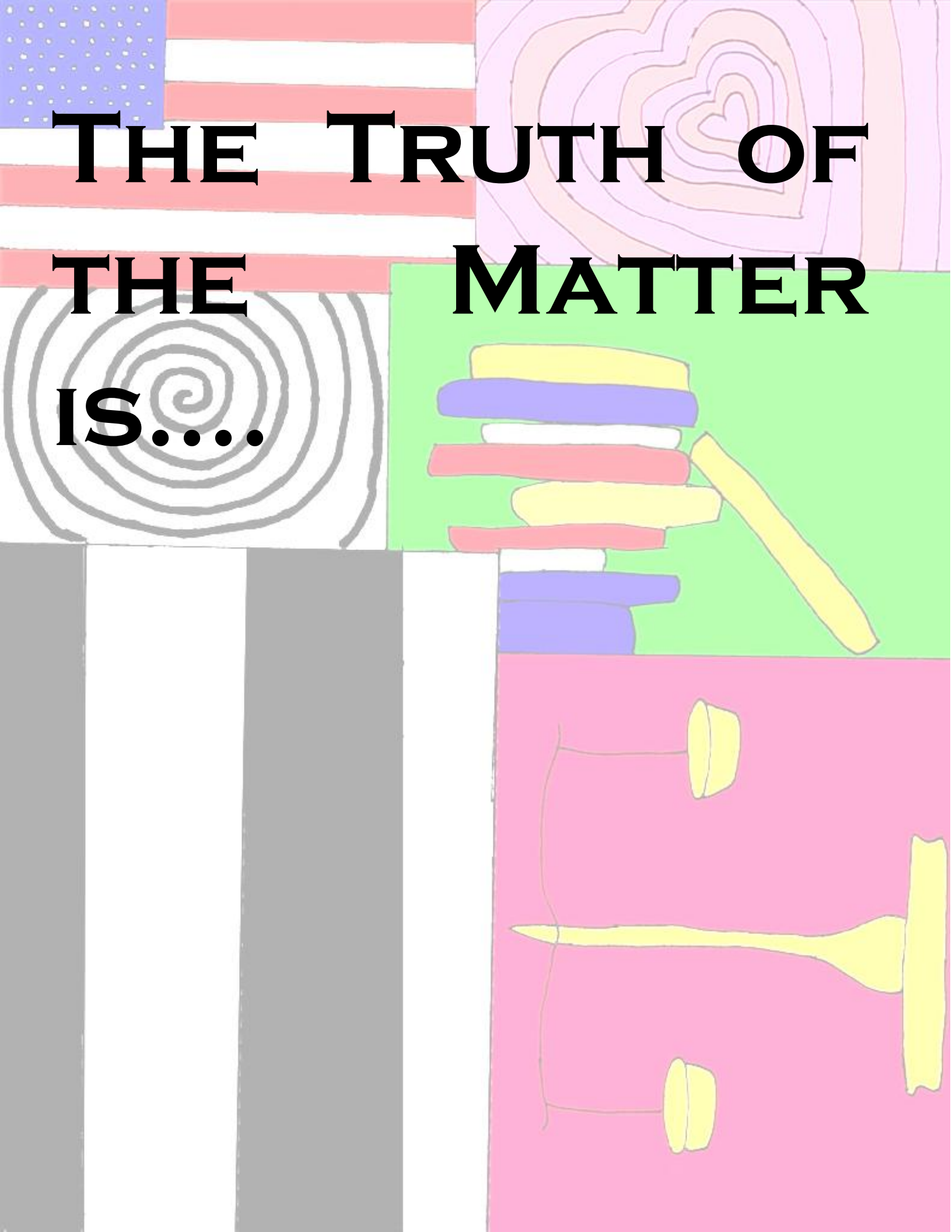
Justin Bieber:
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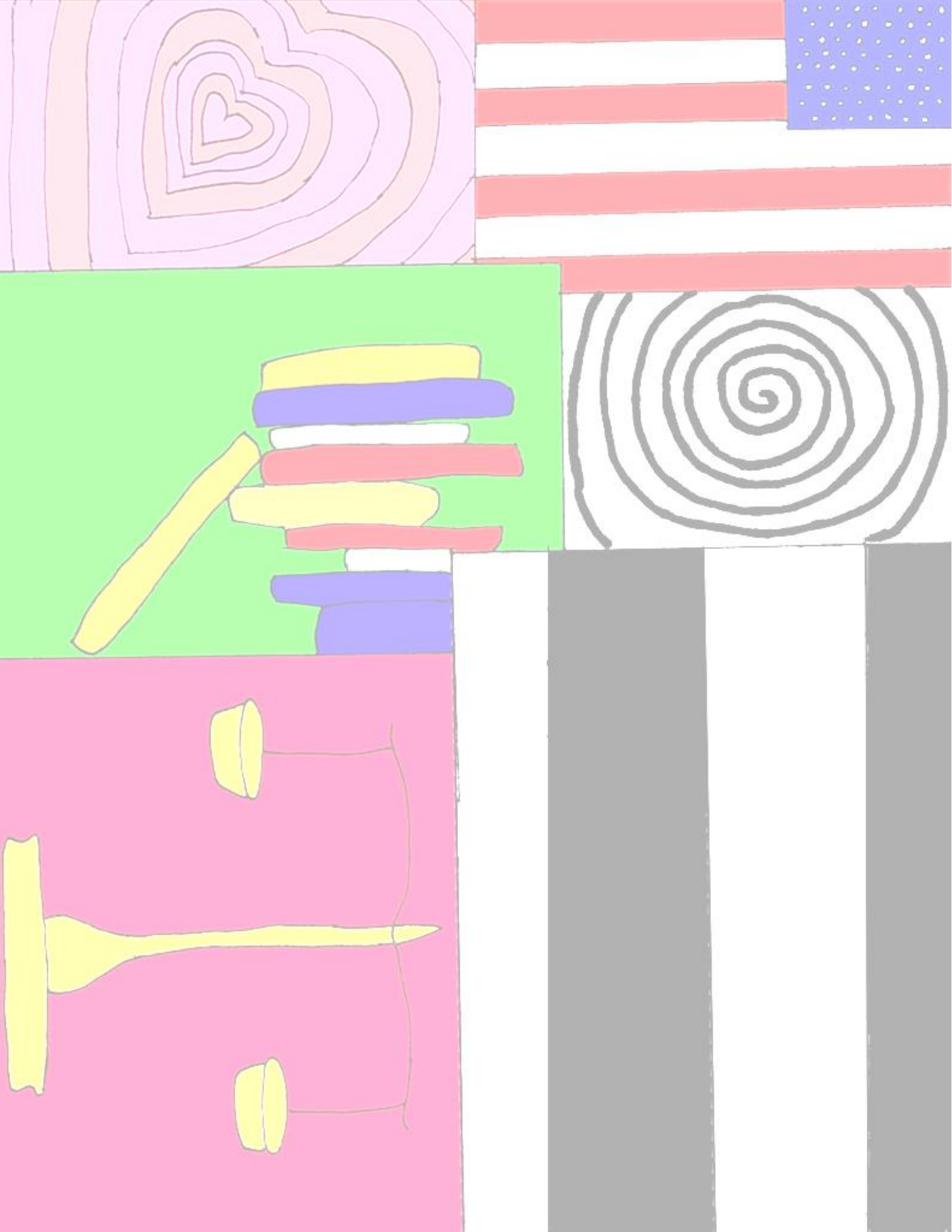
LSD:
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**THE TRUTH OF
THE MATTER
IS....**





Just or Unjust Laws?

By: Trenton Todd

Where would we be without laws? Laws contain the vile of anarchy from overwhelming the American Justice system and the American way of life. For generations there have been arguments about the constitutionality of certain rulings with debates fierce and spirited, from gun control to abortions. Yet, several laws and rulings are passed each day without question. I would like to argue the reasons for and against several laws, some almost as old as this great nation itself. All of these laws covered will be remarkably different, as to cover a broad range of topics.

According to a Chico, California city law, Detonation of a nuclear device within city limits will result in a \$500 dollar fine. One pro of this law is that it discourages the unruly college students from dangerous and property damaging pranks. It is a duty of the government to look after the safety of citizens, by limit nuclear blasts to outside city limits, perhaps the Plumas National Forest where no people are harmed in the safe detonation of WMDs. However, the unfortunate effect of weapons control is that Average Joe now is unable to protect his family and property in the instance of a break-in. Must the citizen wait for the authorities to show up with their conventional weapons? What if Godzilla smashes through his house? Is he subject to a harsh fine, because he is protecting his

wellbeing from a creature that no weapon, short of nuclear can kill?

According to sec.9.04.050 of Indian Wells California law “No person shall inhale, breathe, or drink any intoxicating glue, adhesive, cement...” An argument for this law would be to prevent dangerous substances from entering our children’s digestive systems, causing immense damage. If that was a concern to the community however, Taco Bell would be quarantined and banned from America. This law is quite obviously encouraged by the giant Vitamin cooperation’s. Who else would want the cheap calcium rich cement and glue, with protein rich animal hooves, off the human consumption market? Americans have a right to consume whatever they like, and deal with the health concerns at a later time.

In Trenton, New Jersey it is illegal to consume a pickle on Sunday. Those who would argue this law would say that pickles are the Devil’s vegetable. The process of pickling consists of taking a cucumber, made exactly how Mother Nature intended, and contaminating it with foul juices for an extended amount of time. This distorts the image of the cucumber, for it can never be in a garden salad or soup now, and must be consumed at unholy gatherings, such as Baseball games, or family picnics. Opposition to the law may state that the pickle is in fact a holy food, which has gone

through a baptizing and come out a changed and delicious substance. With no clear clue on the divinity of the pickle, the argument will rage on.

According to a law in Wells, Maine it is illegal to place an advertisement within the property of a cemetery. Many would argue the absolute silliness of the law. They would point out the absolute disrespect for the dead, in addition to the obvious lack of paying customers, due to the fact that they are underground. On the other hand, there is that small minority of still living people who visit the cemetery on a regular basis. One could also point out that this country thrives on capitalism, and if the competitors wish to advertise to a non-consuming population, they are free to waste their money. I would like to point out a loophole in the law says nothing about not allowing those dancing sign carriers or wacky waving arm flailing balloon men, only if they are stuck in the ground, the signs that is.

This next law is a revolutionary bill passed by Washington State lawmakers during period when the crime level in the state was reaching a new high. The law states that a motorist with criminal intentions in the upcoming town must pull over at city limits and inform the Chief of Police in the town of the criminal acts he or she is about to commit. A pro of the law is that if the criminal informs of the crime they will commit, it saves the authorities' precious hours by apprehending the criminal immediately after he commits the crime. However the more likely

event is that the criminal will politely enter the station and inform them of his errors and take his place in the holding cells, and await his or her upcoming trial. Opposition of the law may say that this is an absurd law, which no criminal will ever follow. These men and women have never met a honest criminal, and unfortunately grew up in a society where people did not take responsibility for their actions.

The next thing you know people will be fined for delaying people in the event of an automobile pile-up greater than 4 cars.

In Florida, a woman may be fined for being electrocuted in a bathtub, but only in the event of her death. Opposition to this law may state that this law is going too far. The next thing you know people will be fined for delaying people in the event of an automobile pile-up greater than 4 cars. There are unmentioned clauses, on whether or not the fine applies to accidental bathtub electrocution, or if the item causing electrocution was tossed in by another party during her bath. However, this does discourage the use of many common electrical devices used during baths, such as electric shavers, hair dryers, blenders, and toasters.

All of the laws in this essay are true, and to my knowledge, still in place but not enforced. All laws were found on Dumblaws.com.

What if Godzilla
smashes through
his house?



*Picture by Sara Korupp

Universal Healthcare: Good or Bad?

By: Stephanie Becerra



The debate has been over many years now, whether or not the United States should provide universal healthcare for all. Universal healthcare would mean providing each and every person in the United States free medical and necessary attention. The present healthcare at first seems to be sufficient; Medicaid for the needy families and Medical for those older than 65 years of age. What most citizens do not know is how the insurances companies find ways to dodge paying for their recipient's medical needs and treatments. At the present moment, 50 million Americans are living without any forms of health insurance, while the rest of the population may have health insurance that still finds ways to make profits by denying claims. There has to be a balance when providing healthcare; of course it sounds ridiculous to provide free medical care to everyone, but isn't it worst to deny a sick person the attention that they need? People are skeptical when talking about universal healthcare because the trust in the government has been lost. For many years, each president has stated that "it is time for change" that they have some sort of plan to solve these issues, and as each new presidential election arises, the issue is still at hand. Universal healthcare can only be entrusted to a government that serves, cares, and takes interest in the people.

People against government sponsored healthcare state that it would be ridding America of the idea of competition in which we were founded on. If universal healthcare were to be provided, there would be no need for people to shop for the cheapest insurance and no initiative to lower medical costs. Citizens should not be shopping for the cheapest insurance as people presently do, but they should be looking for the best insurance for their families. Some argue that, after providing healthcare for all there would be no initiative for people to pursue a career in medicine because it would produce no profits, but what the opposition does not see is that there are people in this world that practice medicine for the love of contributing to society and positively influencing peoples' life. A balance must be reached where people are allowed to compete for cheaper prices when it comes to insurance, but also takes into consideration those that have no means of competing. Competition in the medical area would only lead to the idea of "every man for themselves" which completely destroys the idea of lending a helping hand to those in need, which is what America is all about isn't it?

Another main opposition to this is always the amount of money that this type of healthcare would require. It is proven that having universal healthcare would increase total costs and could lead to further financial problems, such as lawsuits against the government, increasing taxes, etc. Either way anyone sees it, taxes are always going to be increasing until a limit is reached, so shouldn't most of the funds work towards saving the lives

of the American citizens? In regards to lawsuits, if the government were to provide the adequate and best medical attention possible to all citizens there would be no need for complaints, which is unrealistic but the amount of lawsuits would not increase.

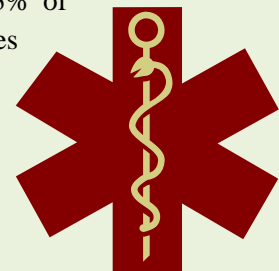
Having a society with government sponsored healthcare could also result in the loss of many rights for the people. Patients' confidential records would be compromised because they would have to be accessible to any possible medical practitioners attending them. Also, a person would not be able to choose which doctors, treatments, and drugs they can receive. In the present healthcare system peoples' rights are already compromised because they are denied the right to the best medical attention accessible in this country, so there has to be a balance where a citizen sacrifices some rights in order to survive.

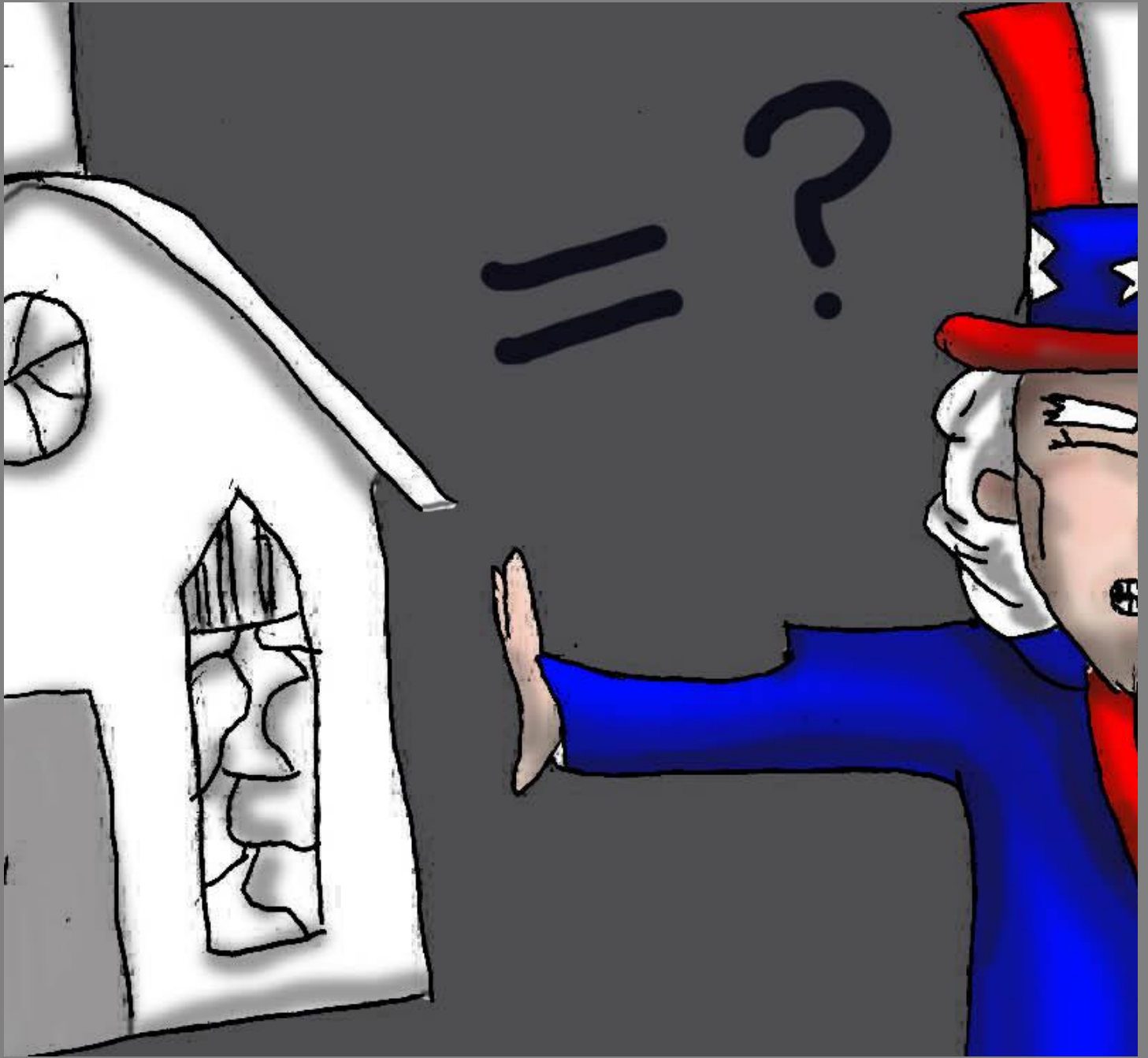
It can be shown in other countries with nationalized healthcare systems that it has negatively affected their economy and quality of medicine. An average British doctor has about three thousand patients in comparison to the U.S. doctors with only an average of five hundred patients. In Canada, an average waiting period for surgery is four years. Canada is said to have very poor quality healthcare and the inability to advance in medicine because most of the funds go towards paying for the free healthcare provided. Yet with all of these statistics it is still shown that these countries have lower death rates than the United States.

After watching the film *Sicko* by Michael Moore it made me realize that yes, government sponsored healthcare is a bit ridiculous but that there is necessity for some sort of reform to our present healthcare system. Seeing certain stories and how the present insurance companies treat American citizens shows how as a country when it comes to

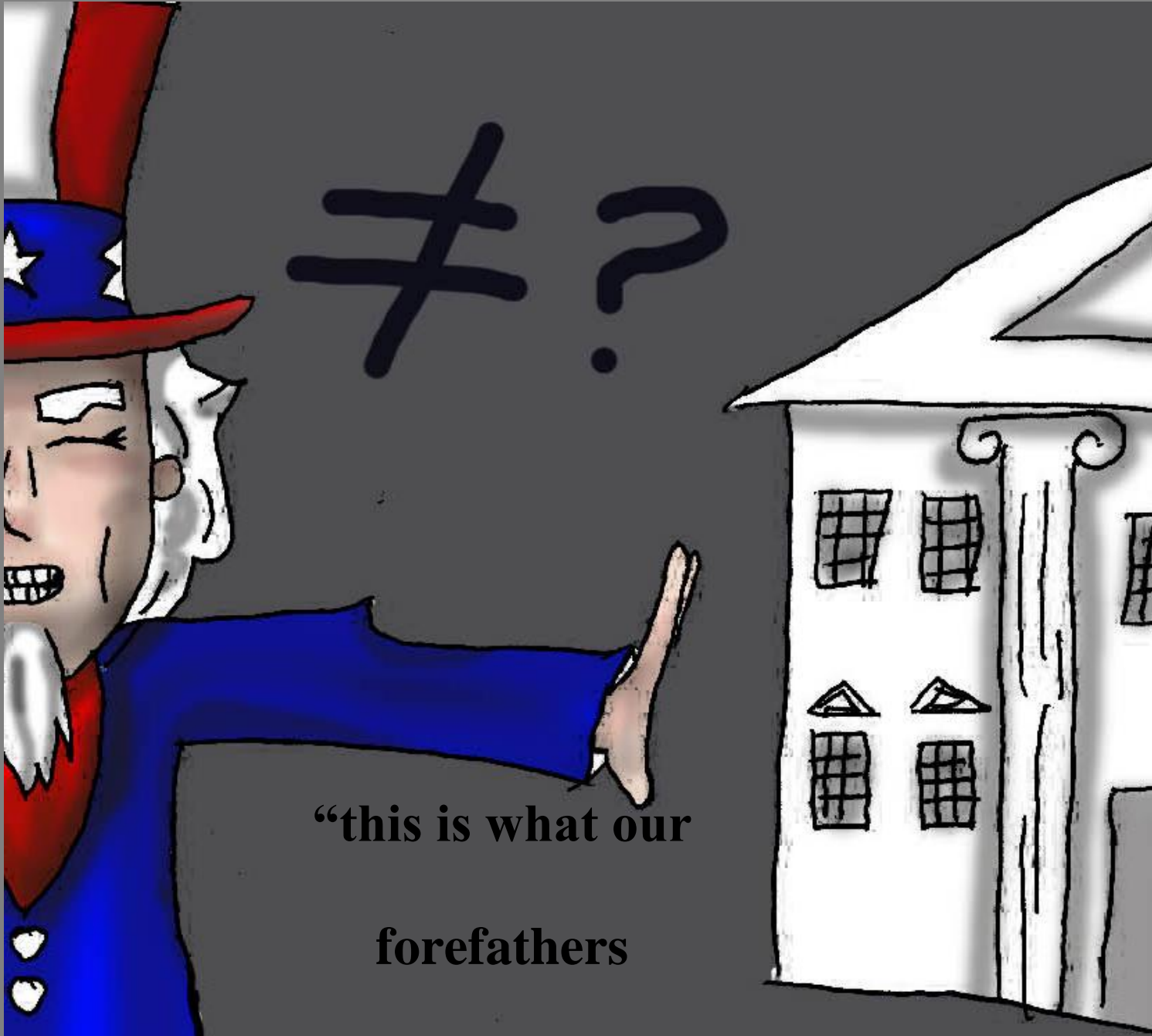
healthcare we decide to turn the blind eye and not come together as one. The insurance companies are greedy, ambitious, money hungry organizations that have proven to find any way to force the patient to pay for any medical attention they have received. For example, in the company Humana, one worker stated how the person with the greatest percentage of denial claims would receive a bonus as compensation. Also, it was very moving how 9/11 heroes that were not covered by their insurances went to Cuba and received the medical attention they needed for free. Seeing how the United States provides better medical attention those incarcerated in Guantanamo Bay than its own citizens shows the ignorance of the government to the present problem in healthcare.

At the present moment the United States could not handle government sponsored healthcare because we have been conditioned to only think about our individual well being, due to our competitive nature. It is true that competition has helped us to advance in medicine, but there is no point to these advancements in medicine if people are not allowed to benefit from them. Also, each side of the issue only presents certain information to further strengthen their argument. For example, in the movie the great benefits of France's government is shown but I never see how the people pay for these wonderful benefits or what they must sacrifice in order to receive this equal treatment. Also, there are many articles that show the negative aspects of nationalized healthcare, yet they don't mention the positive aspects and benefits of it. In the end, the main problem is that over 13% of Americans have incomes that are too high for Medicare or Medicaid but too low for medical insurance.





Separation of



“this is what our
forefathers

Picture by Sara Korunn

Church & State?

By: Greg Brockman

It is quite interesting how often we hear the phrase, “separation of Church and State,” and how it has come to play such a huge role in our government. It seems this has been the principle ruling for taking any form of God out of monuments and government buildings. It seems that God is slowly fading out of our country and our incredible history. After all, this is what our forefathers intended, right? This is why separation of church and State is in the Constitution. Is it not? To find out the truth of the matter a closer look at the early history and founding of our country must be taken.

Clear evidence can be shown of our forefather’s intent regarding the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. The Declaration of Independence contains the words God and Creator in it, which have been attempted to be removed lately. In a letter, written by John Adams, to Thomas Jefferson on June 28, 1813, Adams states, “The general principles upon which the fathers achieved independence were the general principles of Christianity. I will allow that I believed and now believe that those general principles of Christianity are as eternal and immutable as the existence of God.” This seems a very interesting statement for a forefather who is promoting “separation of Church and State.” Furthermore, much can be learned from the Constitution, which is signed “...the Seventeenth Day of September **in the year**

“for the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king”

“nowhere in the Constitution can ‘separation of Church and State’ be found”

of our Lord one Thousand seven hundred and Eighty seven...” At the Constitutional Convention of 1787, James Madison proposed the plan to divide the government into three branches. According to Madison he discovered this plan as he read Isaiah 33:22: “For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; He will save us.” As to whether this was what led Madison to the three branch system or if it was the ideas of Montesquieu, this is what Madison attributes his ideas to. Also, at the convention, Benjamin Franklin, a deist, also states, “God governs the affairs of man, And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, it is probable that an empire can rise without his aide?” Noah Webster who was responsible for Article I, section 8, Clause 8 of the U.S. Constitution states, “The duties of men are summarily comprised in the Ten Commandments consisting of two tables; one comprehending the duties which we owe immediately to God-the other, the duties we owe to our fellow men.” A justice of the Supreme Court, named Joseph Story, in Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, says, “I verily believe Christianity necessary to the support of civil society. One of the beautiful boasts of our municipal jurisprudence is that Christianity is a part of the Common Law... There never has been a period in which the Common Law did not recognize Christianity as lying its foundations.” This passage can be found on page 593. However, nowhere in

the Constitution can “separation of Church and State” be found. But that doesn’t matter, because our government has always kept religion separated... or so we are led to believe.

In the Supreme Court case of February 29, 1892, *Church of the Holy Trinity v. United States*, it is stated, by the Supreme Court, “These and many other matters which might be noticed, add a volume of unofficial declarations to the mass of organic utterances that this is a Christian nation.” In the New York Spectator, on August 23, 1831, was published: “The court of common pleas of Chester county, [New York] rejected a witness who declared his disbelief in the existence of God. The presiding judge remarked that he had not before been aware that there was a man living who did not believe in the existence of God...” As a matter of fact, in 1800, Congress approved the use of the Capitol building as a church building for worship services. By 1867, the Capitol building was the largest Protestant church in America. This is definitely an example of “separation of Church and State,” is it not? So here is the big question: where did the phrase “separation of Church and State” come from? The answer is in the Supreme Court case of 1878, *Reynolds v. United States*. The plaintiffs attempted to remove the Christianity from the government based upon a letter from Thomas Jefferson. Here, Jefferson used the term “separation of Church and State.” However, that is not the reason that Jefferson intended it to be used. The

**“the Constitution says
freedom OF religion and
it does not and never will
say freedom FROM
religion”**

Danbury Baptist Association wrote a letter to Jefferson concerned that their religious privileges would be infringed upon. Jefferson responds, “...that the legislature powers of government reach actions only and not opinions, I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their legislature should ‘make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,’ thus building a wall of separation between Church and State... I reciprocate your kind prayers for the protection and blessing of the common Father and Creator of man.” Jefferson was advocating that government will not interfere with religion, he was not attempting to make religion obsolete. The rulings ruled in favor of this and stated the intent of Jefferson’s remarks were “The rightful purposes of civil government are for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order. In this... is found the true distinction between what properly belongs to the Church and what to the state.” The fact that the words spoken by an individual in a private letter could be taken clearly out of context and become a nation policy is outrageous. In 1958, in the case *Baer v. Kolmorgen* a dissenting judge stated, “If this court doesn’t stop talking about ‘separation of Church and State,’ then people will think it is a part of the Constitution!” So today, we practice the policy of “separation of Church and State,” because it has always been the basic principle and it was the intent of our forefathers.

Freedom of religion is a great aspect of our Constitution. It allows the practice of religion and is completely necessary. However, the Constitution says freedom OF religion and it does not and never will say freedom FROM religion. I will end this

article with a quote from one of the greatest Americans to ever live: George Washington, who would not take his oath of office, until he had a Bible to swear upon. "It is impossible to rightly govern the world without God and Bible."

Denial of the Right to be Human

Melaina Cano

In today's society and culture, do you believe that you have the freedom of choice? Would you say that you have full control over your life? What about over your body? Imagine yourself between the ages of 7 and 14, when life was easy and carefree. Your parents are taking you into a small, unsanitary room filled with five older women. These unknown women force you to lie on a table, gather around you, and hold you down against your will. Immense fear and terror pass over you, as these women begin to cut and remove parts of your genital region. Think of the horror, pain, and irreversible change you will carry for the rest of your life. Imagine yourself a victim of the practice of Female Genital Modification. To some this practice is an inescapable part to one's passage into womanhood, but to others it is an unfathomable tradition.

Female Genital Modification (FGM) is a current cultural practice that takes place in countries around the world, including the Middle East, Africa, Latin America and parts of Asia. This traditional practice is so ingrained into the cultures that observe it, that it actually defines members of these groups, specifically females. A female who undergoes FGM is believed to pass into womanhood through this process. Although it is a large part of many cultures, the methods used to perform FGM are usually very unsanitary and unsterile. For example the use of anesthesia is rare, it is performed without medically trained people, and unsterile instruments are used that vary from broken glass to scissors. The primary support for this tradition includes the idea that it prevents women from straying from their husbands and marriage and that it keeps women truly pure (Nussbaum 12). FGM is categorized into three different types depending on how invasive the procedure actually is.



Regardless of which type a woman is forced to have, all types include removing parts of her vagina, specifically areas stimulated during sexual intercourse. After the removal, she is sewn up leaving only enough space to allow for menstruation and urination (Nussbaum 13). Women do not only suffer extreme pain during the procedure and healing process, but continue to suffer prolonged repercussions throughout their entire lives. Women are most commonly prone to severe infection, lack of sexual functioning and pain and discomfort during sexual intercourse. Combined with the invasiveness of the procedure, all females are denied basic human rights through this practice. Therefore Female Genital Modification should be discontinued because the practice is usually performed without consent of the victim, these women suffer extreme and lifelong health problems, and the practice is used in societies dominated by men.

All people are endowed with certain inalienable rights, on the sole premise of being human. Although many cultures around the world are not granted these rights, it does not mean that they are not entitled to them. Included in these rights is the freedom to choose for one's self and the authority over one's body. FGM violates "dignity and choice associated with its compulsory and nonconsensual nature" (Nussbaum 14). Females are not given the right to choose whether or not they want to go through with the procedure. The choice is ultimately up to the girl's father or husband. Without consent, women are forced to suffer tremendously at the hands of others. Women have zero control over their own lives, including their body. Even if young girls were given the right to choose, they would not understand or fully know what they were consenting too. Girls between the

ages of 7 and 14 are too young to realize the value of what they would be losing and the repercussions of the choice. Most girls who suffer through FGM have never even experienced menstruation or any form of sexual intercourse or relations with a man. Thus all complications, especially those associated with these subjects, are a complete unknown. Also many who submit to this tradition are uninformed of the full ramifications associated with this procedure. Unaware and unknowledgeable, women are treated as a mere objects and regarded as valueless in the societies in which they live. Deprived of a full understanding of the true intentions of FGM and those who support it, primarily men, females are deprived of their full humanity. Women are intentionally deceived by their societies and ultimately coerced into submitting to FGM. Females are sadly faced with two choices; either submit to the practice or confront complete removal from the society. Often times women who attempt to fight this procedure are forced to flee their homes in order to escape the possibility of death (Nussbaum 12). Females in these societies and environments are victims of extreme oppression and cruelty on the sole basis of their gender. Regardless of race, gender, ethnicity, or age all human beings are given the right to choice, knowledge about their choice, and complete control over their bodies.

Suffering from the denial of rights, women are impacted with many short term and long term health problems related to the procedure of FGM. First and foremost young girls undergo immense psychological and physical pain. The trauma associated with being held down against one's will is often times unimaginable. Along with this trauma, young girls experience cutting on a region of the body that, often times, is still an unknown, unexplored place. Combined with having to succumb to an unbeatable force, the extreme attention brought to an unfamiliar place on a girl's body can cause a great mixture of emotions; primarily fear, distress, and pain. Another major attribute to psychological pain is the idea and feelings connected to the oppression victims face. Women are reduced to dispensable objects. Having no control over what happens, women struggle with no sense of security or faith within themselves. Although a large amount of psychological damage is experienced, women also must endure severe physical pain, not only during the procedure, but for their entire lifetime. FGM is linked to extensive health problems including, "hemorrhage, infection, difficulties in urination and menstruation, pain during intercourse, infertility, and complications during childbirth" (Nussbaum 16). Deliberate pain and sexual discomfort are two of the primary goals of FGM. Working as a means to ensure the loss of all sexual pleasures, FGM is a completely irreversible, permanent procedure (Nussbaum 14). Therefore the encouragement of any practice which deliberately inflicts pain on another person is morally wrong. Although supporters of FGM may give many reasons in defense of this accusation, any

action that causes an extreme magnitude of pain on an innocent human being is therefore unjustifiable and wrong.



The tradition of FGM is most commonly practiced in patriarchal societies, or societies primarily dominated by men. Using this traditional practice as a means of sustaining power, men intimidate their daughters and wives into surrendering to FGM. This custom acts as a permanent means to continual authority of men over women. Kept in subordinate positions, women are never able to fully flourish within their own lives (Nussbaum 14). Therefore FGM is clearly and most commonly used only to control and maintain dominance over women. Women suffer extreme oppression and persecution because of their gender. FGM removes all or just part of the female genitalia for the sole purpose of preventing sexual pleasure and enjoyment. In these societies, men are the only ones permitted and allowed to pursue sexual freedom and pleasure. The cutting of women blatantly reveals the power structure of these societies; women are reduced to objects and the power of men is flourishing. Persistent discrimination and intimidation places women in a situation of dependency. In countries where FGM is commonly practiced, many women cannot economically support themselves. As a result, there are no options to prevent one from having the procedure. In such types of societies, men predominately possess a majority of knowledge. So therefore, women do not fully understand the magnitude of what is happening and do not hold the capability to question this power structure. The fact that FGM is mainly used by men to confine women makes the practice, even if it has been performed for many years, wrong. All means of gender discrimination, regardless of the magnitude, is a condemnable offense which violates the dignity of a human being. FGM strengthens and encourages a corrupt and tyrannical power structure. Therefore the practice of FGM is morally wrong.

The practice of FGM does not have any cultural or religious affiliation. The sole reason FGM is still practiced is because it is a tradition. Regardless of how long a practice has been done, it is not sufficient reason to justify it. The full intentions of this practice are complicated and complex and done to maintain a certain biased and discriminatory power structure (Nussbaum 14). This power structure

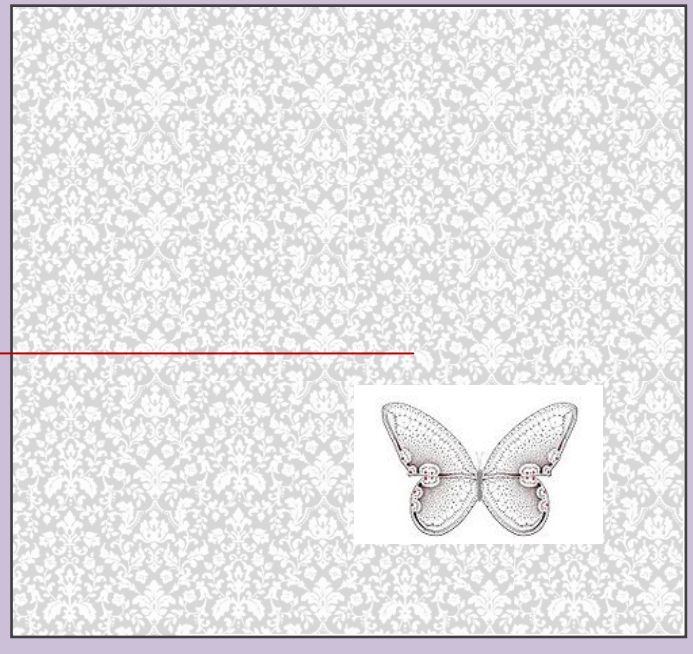
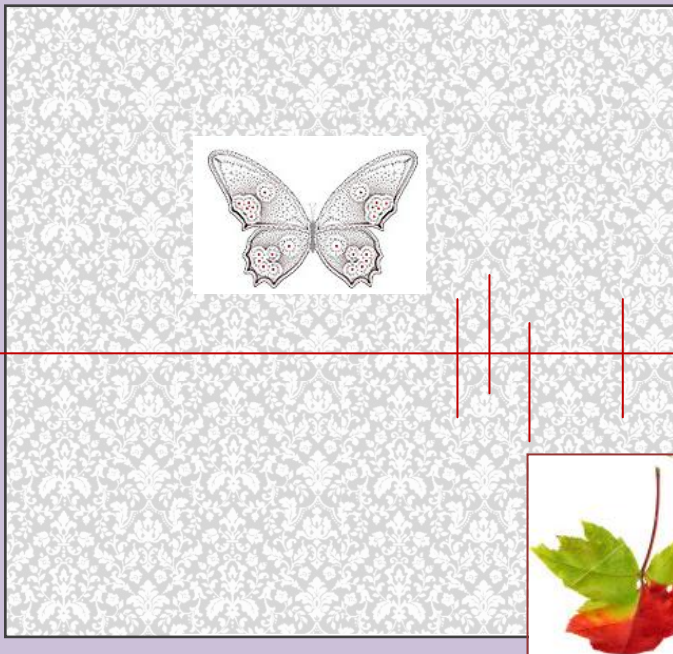
deliberately oppresses women because of their gender. Denying women certain inalienable rights and forcing them to give in to cruel practices is wrong. It is the responsibility of all humans, even if they are outside of a certain culture or tradition, to stop all violations of human dignity.

Although some may disagree with the idea of judging other cultures or countries practices or problems, there is nothing morally wrong with doing so as long as one is fully critical of his or her own culture. The Western views surrounding this practice are primarily ones of shock and astonishment, especially in the United States. While a practice that blatantly violates human dignity may seem disturbing and unimaginable to those in the United States, such practices are very common in other parts of the World. Suffering at the hands of others, many human beings are fully deprived and denied the basic rights that many Americans take for granted every single day. This depravity of the ability to simply be a human being, calls to

all those who already possess these rights. It is the responsibility of all humans to care for and ensure the security of rights for everyone. For this reason, all attempts and actions to prevent the continuation of FGM should be pursued. While many opinions and ideas surrounding the appropriate approach to such a claim exist, primary assistance should be given in the form of knowledge. As it is commonly known, the ability to possess knowledge is power. Not only in the form of educational awareness for victims and future victims of FGM, but also and more importantly a call for informing those of other nations and cultures. Through spreading knowledge and information about FGM, the stronger and more determined the fight against this practice will become. The battle regarding this issue is ultimately up to those who have the power and ability to fight. Those who possess this capability are not the many victims of FGM, but rather the people who already live freely with full rights.

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Do You Really Love Your Pet?

By: Samantha House

America is a country of animal lovers. In fact, dogs and cats reside in sixty-two percent of American households (“Industry”). Many think of their pets as a member of the family, and spend hard earned money spoiling them. Pet lovers buy toys, treats, clothes, and birthday present for their dogs and cats. Many owners treat pets to spa treatments, sign them up for daycare, hire dog walkers, and will sometimes purchase health care plans for their beloved companions. It is expected that Americans will have spent almost forty-eight billion dollars this year on pampering their animals (“Industry”).

There is no doubt that the majority of Americans care for their pets, as they should. Yet despite America’s love for its animals there is a growing problem that remains ignored. Animal shelters in the United States are being overwhelmed by the number of dogs and cats being dumped at their doorstep, about six to eight million enter the shelters every year (“Common”). There is not enough space for these pets and shelters simply cannot adopt out as many animals as brought in which leads to euthanasia. Every year four million adoptable cats and dogs are humanely euthanized. That is one animal every eight seconds (“Pet”). These are not sick, aggressive, old, or otherwise unadoptable animals. These are the ones that simply have nowhere to go and shelters cannot keep caring for them week after week when everyday more animals are added to their care. The shelters are forced to euthanize healthy adoptable animals each week because of the endless flow of incoming cats and dogs. This includes newborn puppies and kittens which have not had a chance at life. Where do these animals come from? Why do

so many dogs and cats have to be euthanized each year? The source of the problem goes back to people who do not spay or neuter their animals. These family pets are left unaltered and able to produce litter after litter of many unwanted puppies and kittens. These litters are dropped off at shelters, left in boxes on the side the road or found in dumpsters where, if lucky, they might find a home. However, a home cannot be found for every animal. If animals were altered pet overpopulation would be controlled and fewer animals would be left at shelters. If people truly care about animals they need to spay and neuter their pets to prevent the birth of unwanted litters.



To stop this overpopulation owners need to be educated. People simply do not understand spaying and neutering, many think it will make their pet unhealthy and change its behavior. Spaying or neutering animals is one of the best ways for an animal to remain healthy longer. On average a dog lives one to three years longer and a cat three to five years longer when altered. They also have less chance of developing many forms of cancer (“Benefits”). The only

personality changes an owner will notice are positive ones. One will find that both male and female dogs are more attentive to their owners. Training and control become much easier because they have fewer distractions. The only change an owner will see is their animal becoming a better companion to them.

Many owners believe their pet would not want to be altered and decide against the operation. They feel that their female pet would want the chance to raise offspring or that their male pet would feel depressed after neutering. Animals simply do not have the capacity for this type of emotion. After recovering from surgery, pets will not even know they have been altered and will go about life normally; the only difference is that they are unable to reproduce. Owners that believe their

pets want to be a “parent” need to realize dogs and cats will only care for their young for a couple of months before abandoning them. Also, males of both species play no role in raising the young. Reproduction in animals is a biological drive, as is taking care of their young once their born. One should not humanize their pets and realize the benefits of altering dogs and cats.

The only difficulty that arises when one decides to neuter or spay is the cost. It can be an expense that some cannot afford, however, there are plenty of free or reduced cost clinics around the country. Also shelters and rescue organizations are more than willing to help people find ways to spay and neuter their pets.

America is a nation that cherishes its pets but sadly does not cherish the life of all dogs and cats in the same way. People need to realize how big of a problem pet overpopulation is and work towards fixing this problem. No longer should people turn away from the statistics of euthanasia or pretend the fault lies in the hands of shelter staff. It is time to take responsibility and fix the problem. Spay or neuter your pet. What better way to show your animal that you love them than by helping its own kind out.



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LSD: Remembering the 60's by Efrain Calderon



The 1960's were a time of pushing the boundaries for the United States of America. The hippie movement pushed for a reimagining of society's established standards. The hippies are often remembered because of the common drug use that they used to reset their views. The movement was mostly made up by white middle class college youths whom were seeking to reinvent their spiritual selves. Members experimented mainly with hallucinogenic drugs such as LSD to enhance their spiritual experiences. This new search in the sixties marked the rise of LSD in the United States of America, and it allowed the hippies to experience and embrace its effects.

In 1938 Albert Hofmann discovered lysergic acid diethylamide, or more commonly known as LSD. He found it possessed hallucinogenic properties. Just a couple of decades after the drug's discovery it would find its gateway toward fame. Advocates for the drug such as Aldous Huxley, Timothy Leary, Ken Kesey, and The Brotherhood of Eternal Love among others would contribute to its rise and its influence in the hippie movement.

Aldous Huxley was an English writer, whose works included the book, *Brave New World*. He was one of the earlier advocates, and he was such a firm believer of the drug that on his deathbed he carried some LSD with him (Campbell). Timothy Leary is one of LSD's most remembered advocates. He conducted research into LSD in the Harvard Psilocybin Project, before

LSD became illegal. After he had calculated that his days at Harvard were coming to an end and in order to keep his research alive, a colleague and him established the International Federation for Inner Freedom (Gordon 21). Although he was fired from Harvard he continued his research, even after LSD became illegal in the mid sixties, and his experiments had a great influence on the growth of the popularity of the drug. Another of the promoters of the drug was Ken Kenney. He is mostly remembered for his book written in 1962 *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (Gordon 29). He established an acid cult on the West Coast, in La Honda. Visionaries like Leary and Kenney sought to establish the acceptance of the use of LSD. There were also groups that expanded the LSD's frontiers. *Guardian.co.uk* reports that, "The Brotherhood of Eternal Love ran the drug's largest international network, stretching from California to Hawaii and Afghanistan, with a UK branch in the unlikely spot of Broadstairs, Kent" (Campbell). This just goes to show how big the LSD market had become. Also rock bands such as the Beatles promoted LSD usage in their music. The Beatles' song, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" provided a description of the effects of the drug (May).

The psychedelic effects the drug possesses supplied the hippies with that escape of the rules and conformity that America faced after World War II. According to the *National Institute On Drug Abuse* Web site, the effects of using the drug are that, "The user's sense of time and self is altered. Experiences may seem to "cross over" different senses, giving the user the feeling of hearing colors and seeing sounds. These changes can be frightening and can cause panic. Some LSD users experience severe, terrifying thoughts and feelings of despair, fear of losing control, or fear of insanity and death while using LSD." This experience by the users of the drug in the sixties was described as a psychedelic experience. This experience provided early sixties psychedelic experiences with a transformation of boundaries and allowed them to feel a higher state of religious enlightenment. Alastair Gordon describes the experience, "as a mental geography

or “mindscape” through which the subject progressed in a pilgrimage of revelatory pathways and detours...” (18).



The setting was also of importance when using the drug. “Extraordinary experiences demanded extraordinary settings” (Gordon 20). If you went on an acid trip, coming back to reality meant leaving the amazing and extraordinary, and returning to the dull and normal. That is when the environment began to change and Haight-Ashbury neighborhood in San Francisco experienced that change. Cafes and boutiques provided a more psychedelic experience and the environment changed to try and form a more psychedelic experience.

Although LSD is not addictive or toxic there is a fair reason why it became illegal psychological effects were often dangerous. The hallucinations experienced while on the drug can lead the user to act in a dangerous manner, which in turn can lead to fatal accidents. The outlawing of the law created a barrier for the expansion of the hippie movement and its ideals. It marked the beginning of the dissolution of the movement. Another downside to LSD was the cost of drug abuse that LSD created. An article on the Time Magazine Web site

informs the public that 35,000 dollars were being spent every month for San Francisco’s drug abuse problem in 1967 (2). Once Nixon became president a more conservative view took over America’s mindset, declaring the beginning of the end of the hippie movement. Although the movement seized, the influence LSD had on it, still influences us today.

Today LSD is still illegal, but that does not mean it has completely faded away. Although National Institute On Drug Abuse website mention that the there has been a large decrease of LSD among youth usage since the mid 90’s, but it also reports that on the year 2007, 22.7 million persons aged 12 and older confessed to have used the drug in their lifetime. The human nature’s need for experimenting is most noticeable in the hippie movement, but in reality it is in every one of us. Drugs such as LSD will keep providing some of us with and escape of reality, and this will allow the drug to be around for a quite a while longer.



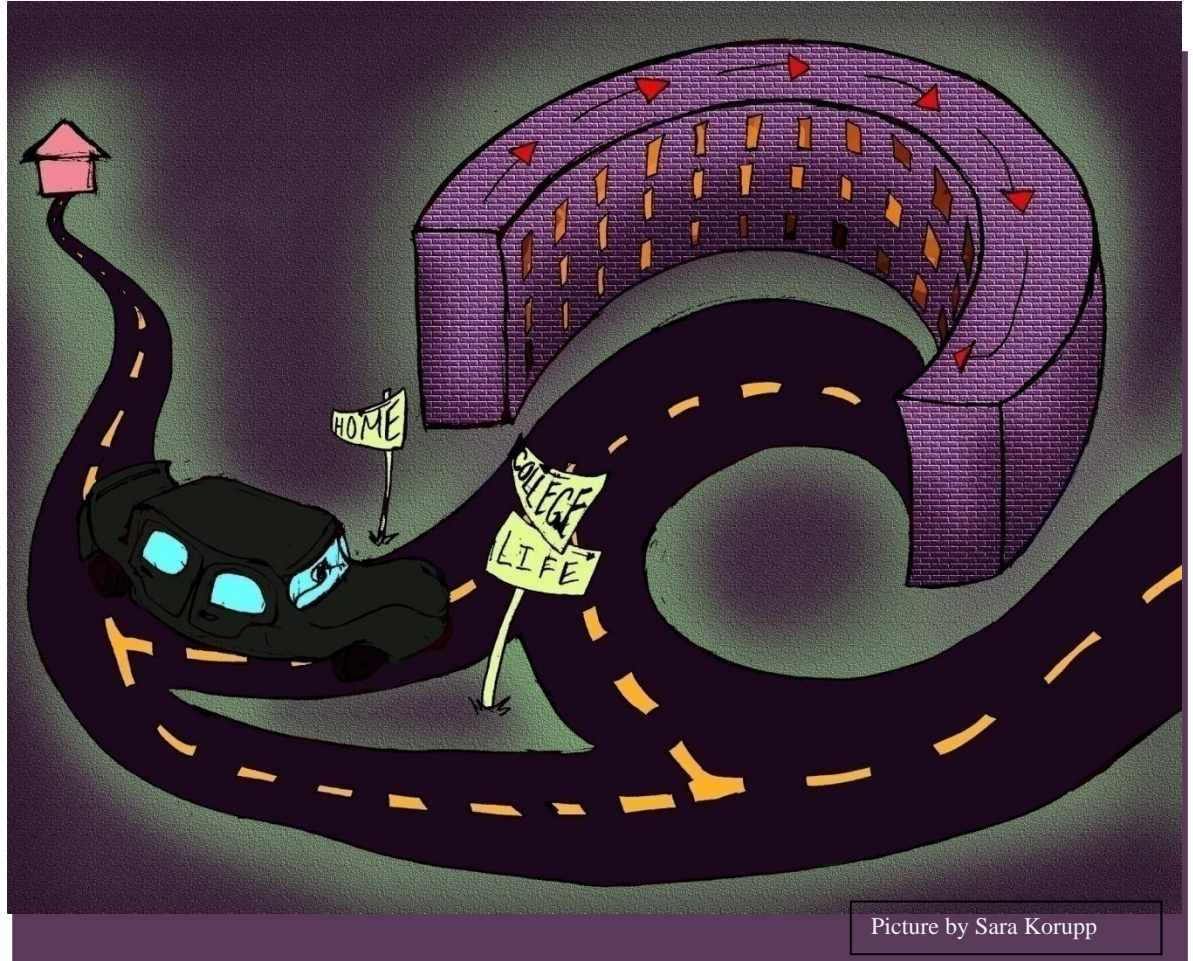
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COOLSTORY

By Nyesa Enakaya



Picture by Sara Korupp

I walked into campus on a Wednesday this year
Parents at my side; a heart full of fear
With an uncertain stride, I then entered the Village,
Uneager to start this thing called college

A dusty staircase led me to a dorm room door
There I found two roommates sprawled on the floor
Muffled hellos were spoken; shaky hands were shook
Names were given; errors overlooked

I went to my room, a haven from these strangers
I emptied my bags, hung clothes on hangers,
I set up my sheets, pinned up some old memories,
Unpacked my fridge and put in some groceries

My parents bought me lunch, as I had starved all day
I waved them goodbye as they drove away
Stranded in Turlock, I returned to my dorm room
To live with two girls and let friendship bloom

Soon night overtook day and I succumbed to sleep
(It was disappointing to say the least)
I woke the next morning to a knock on my door
My roommates wanted to go and explore

They were kind, lively and most importantly clean
I knew that our new home would be serene
We talked late at night, we curled up under covers
Life, for me, was just a big sleepover
Late night parties brought an early morning headache
But having fun could not be a mistake
I controlled my future; I was finally grown
It was rather nice to live on my own

The trash occasionally was stacked a bit high
and laundry piled up sometimes and I
would have trouble keeping up with my work
because my roommates loud music drove me berserk

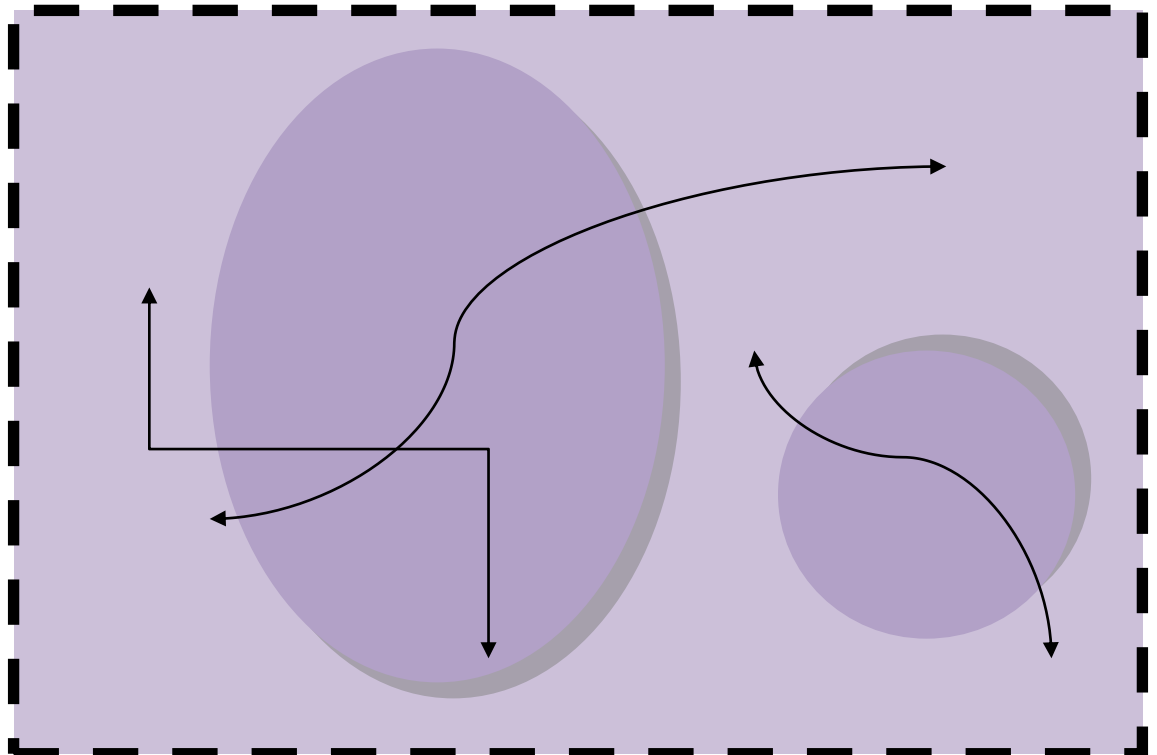
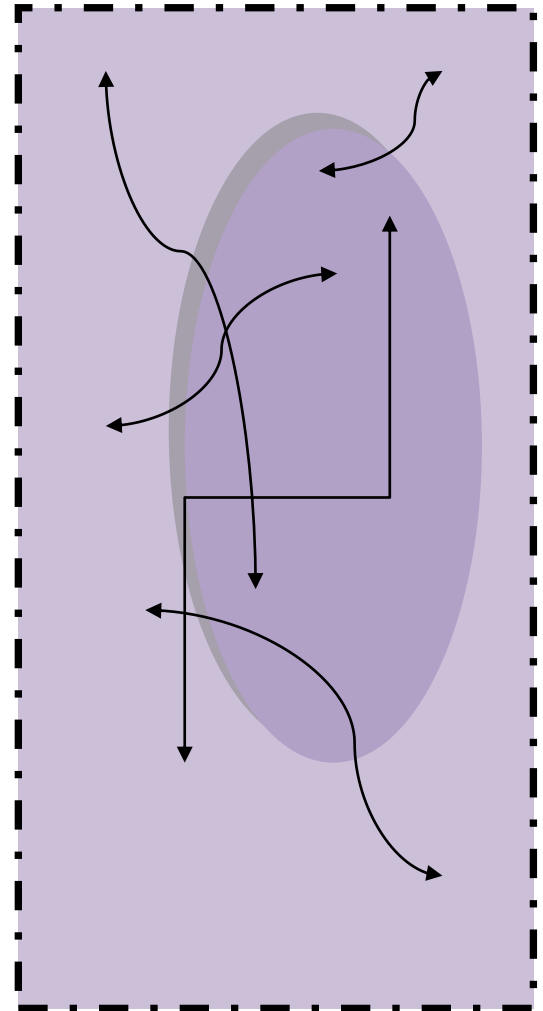
The workload was massive and time was limited
It took effort to stay interested
As soon as I fell into a good routine
Life started to run a bit more smoothly

Days jumbled into weeks and weeks into long months
Classes were speckled with memories of fun
A long holiday marked the end of my first year
I returned home to celebrate with beer

My family was elated to see me again
But all their rules nearly made me insane
Even though I obeyed them openly
I longed for the time to come that I would be free

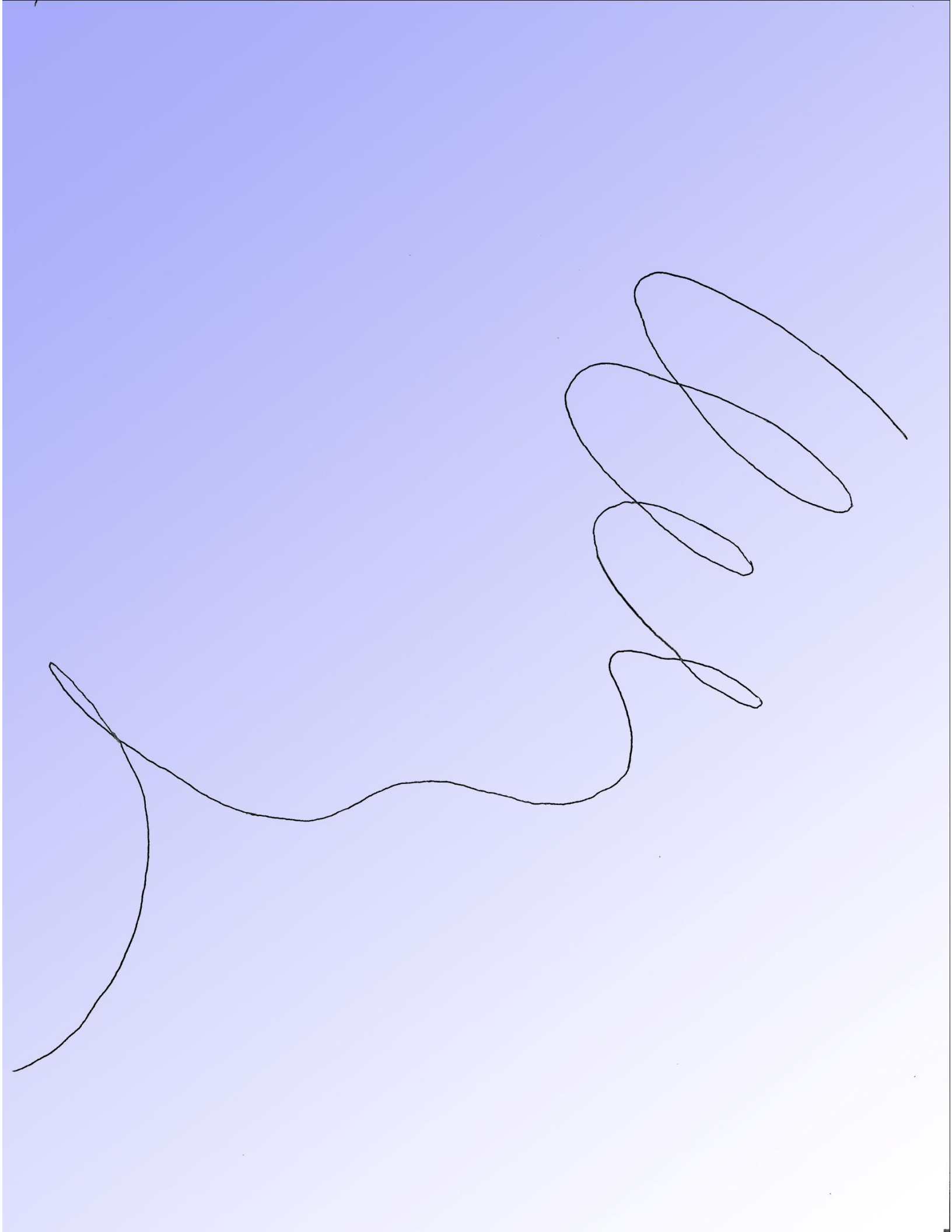
The summer was long and everyone was merry
When August came, I packed in a jiffy
The drive up to Turlock was surely not boring,
As I was telling those old frosh stories

I walked into campus on a Wednesday this year
Singing a verse of a Warrior cheer
With a steady step, I then entered the Village
Joyful to start a new year of college



**.... Choices are
Hard to Make....**





Behind the Scenes:

THE ARMY

By: Sarah Looney



“I feel like I am

making a

difference in the

world.”



What exactly does living your life with Army values mean?

Army values are described as loyalty, duty, respect, selfless service, honor, integrity, and personal courage. Soldiers who enlist in the army learn these values in detail during their Basic Combat Training, and from that point on they are expected to live by the values that have been instilled in them. Basic Combat training consists of a ten week program where the soldiers go through phases of training beginning with the introduction and ending in a graduation ceremony. Soldiers go through three phases before completing their courses. First is the red phase where recruits arrive for general orientation and are given haircuts and issued Army uniforms, they will also begin basic training at that point. Next is the white phase where recruits go through combat training and are taught vital skills that instill them with more confidence. Finally comes the blue phase where recruits are put to the test, and after passing all of the tests they come together to receive their Rites of Passage. These are just the initial steps that are taken to becoming a soldier, and then come the Army lifestyle.

There is a variation of reasons as to why people choose to enlist in the army. For one young man the reason for joining the army was simple, he wanted to make something of himself. Chad Looney grew up in a small town named Waterford. Growing

up in Waterford left him with few options on what to do after high school. Enlisting in the army was the option that Chad decided would best fit his needs. Many people do not realize what goes on behind the scenes before they make a commitment that changes their lives forever. Beyond the glamor and buildup surrounding the army there are everyday people like you and I who deal with the struggles and stresses brought upon them by being members of the army. The positive and negative aspects related to the army differ depending on the person and how they view their experience.



The true questions are how do the soldiers

feel about their duty, what goes through their minds when talk of being deployed is mentioned, and advise they wish they had before hand? To answer these questions I enlisted the help of Chad Looney a private in the army. Chad is currently a soldier who has already participated in the phases of being a recruit. He is now stationed in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he continues to train and perfect his skills. Chad is nineteen years old and has a one year old son. He grew up in a small town community where opportunities to escape the town were few and far between. After graduating high school Chad decided to join the army. His first step was finding a recruiter and choosing a job that would best suit him. He chose to enlist for three years under the title as a fire support specialist.

The job of a fire support specialist consists of being primarily responsible for leading, supervising or serving in intelligence activities such as target processing for artillery units and maneuver brigades. This particular job requires nine weeks of basic training and six weeks of advanced individual training. The individual training consists of being in a classroom part of the time and the other portion will be spent in the field under simulated combat. The skills Chad is learning under the title of a Fire Support Specialist will allow him to one day pursue a career in computer consulting, information technology support or data processing just to list a few.

Chad started the interview by saying, "The Army gives you more opportunities than life ever thought about giving you. I love my job; I get to do something I love every day. And I feel like I am making a difference in the world." One of the many life lessons he admits to learning is, "I am more responsible. I understand what life is like, and I understand what it means to sacrifice stuff." When asked what some of the downfalls to being in the army were Chad replied, "Most of all I miss spending time with my family and my little boy." Although Chad had a very positive attitude he is realistic and understands the dangers that follow his career, but he continued

on with his positive outlook when it came to the risks that he may have to take. Yet when the subject of being deployed to Afghanistan came up he jumped all over it. In an enthusiastic response he said, "I think it is awesome; I will get to protect and keep other fathers and mothers safe. I want them to be able to return home to their children." Chad is set to be deployed to Afghanistan in 2012. The one piece of advice he gave before the end of the interview was, "If you are considering joining the Army make sure you are willing to sacrifice pretty much anything and everything. Make sure that you don't settle for anything less than what you want. Simply just get it in your contract." For this soldier knowing that he will be protecting the lives of other parents like himself is enough of a reward for him to face some of the harshest realities the army brings. For Chad along with all of the other men and women serving in the Army this is just reality, for civilians this is a behind the scenes glance.





**“Army values are
described as loyalty,
duty, respect, selfless
service, honor,
integrity, and
personal courage”**

Photos from: Andrew Gozzo
and Devin Spencer

My First Year with my Second Family

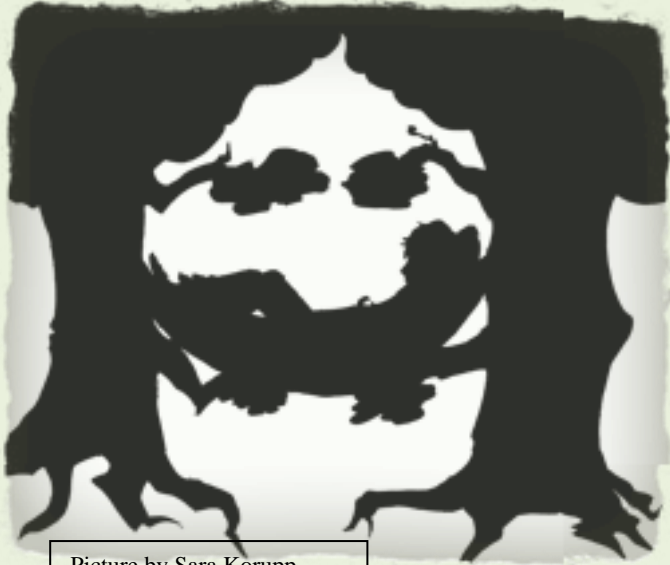


“We stayed quiet, never really talking to each other until we figured out just how much we had in common.”

Later that same year during Christmas time I got a call from my best friend, Krishan. He was on his way to pick me up to go with him to meet this new cousin that he just found out he had. We arrived at a house not too far from our high school. I could not believe what I was seeing when Kevan was the first to come out of the house. Then Kevan's father, Sal, came out and I had the privilege of meeting him, the one who taught Kevan everything he knew. After a few more visits I soon met the rest of the family. I met Kevan's mother B; his sister Shanika; his uncle Larry; his cousin Avi; and the rest of their family. To my surprise they all liked me so much, and my hair was partly the reason why. According to Larry's explanation, "Our family, specifically the elders, came from Fiji. In Fiji there is an Indian god named Sai Baba. Sai Baba happens to have a hair style that looks a lot like an afro."

I was glad they liked me so much because I liked them too, and these people came to be known as my second family. They were even kind enough to introduce me to the family business.

Sal and Larry own their own car shop, purchased back in 2003. It is a huge, dirty garage located in Ceres. They started their business with this dusty, old garage and it has recently become very successful. Their specialties include body repair, engine repair, and anything else on a car that can be fixed.



Picture by Sara Korupp

There are never any fewer than five cars being worked on in their shop. Not to mention the number of engines they are always building for clients.

For a while now I have been going to the shop with Kevan and Krishan to learn auto mechanics from the best around. Also we go to assist Sal and Larry in any way they need. It is

dirty to others, but to me it is fun. And it is not all work all the time.

On August 29, 2010, Sal and Larry took Kevan, Avi, Krishan, and I to Sacramento Speedway to watch professional drag races. Sal wanted us to see them up close. He wanted us to know what it is like because he used to build drag racing cars professionally. At one time in his life he even worked on a NASCAR drag car. But even Sal was surprised that day in Sacramento. We witnessed a world record. A quarter mile in 8.64 seconds; the fastest K-24 motor in the world!

Sal has even offered us jobs at the shop once we have learned enough and have enough experience. He also told us that he is going to help us build our own drag car, one that will also break a record. He has even gone as far as to say that I am like a son to him and that I am always welcome at his home. All of these events come from just the first year of me knowing them. I do not mean to act as though I like Kevan's family more than my own. I mean to say that when I am away from my family it is nice, fun, and beneficial to have second family without having to get married or have kids.

-Thomas Hall





Two in Two

Courtney Goodwin

Picture by downwrite.net

It all began on September 30, 2010, when I was walking along the side of the road headed to lunch. My cell phone rang and I answered, hearing my mom's voice. She didn't sound like her normal self, and I immediately asked what was wrong. She had said that she was walking around our neighborhood and had seen ambulances, police cars, and reporters outside of the Chiulli home. She had walked up and heard chatter about someone committing suicide in their household. Just as I had gotten off the phone with her, my friend Hayden was passing by and I told him about the incident which had happened at the Chiulli's home, since he was extremely close with that family. His face dropped, and a look of fear came over him. He continued to walk, and I saw him immediately pull out his phone and start calling someone. Throughout the entire day everyone was still unsure of what really happened.

Around 1:00 p.m. my mom had text me, letting me know that she had found out who had

taken their own life, and the tears began to pour from my eyes. A few minutes later, it had been announced among the whole school that Dillon Chiulli, our fellow classmate and close friend, had committed suicide earlier that day. I was in the middle of my peer helping class when this terrifying news had been broken, and after that point, everyone was silent. You could hear the beginning of the sobbing and crying of our classmates as our teacher walked to the front of the class, asking if anyone needed to talk or had anything to say. At that moment, my friend and I had stood up and walked out of class. We then realized others had done the same because there were students walking around campus, with confused and desperate looks for answers upon their faces. After meeting up with many classmates and friends in the school library, we all came to the decision to leave school and go meet at a park.

After driving over to the park near our high school, we sat on a hill in silence. No words had even dared to cross any of our lips because we were speechless. After twenty minutes of dead silence, we slowly began to converse and all we could really do is ask, "Why..?". Possible explanations were continuously put out there, but we just weren't sure which was the truth. Dillon was such a fun, upbeat, lovable guy, which is why we were all left clueless. I mentioned the idea of having a candlelight vigil that night in honor of Dillon, so we all sent out a mass text about this event. At that point, we were ready to leave the park, so we all collected candles and pictures and met at my house, then walked around the corner to Dillon's house. I will always remember that terrifying image of Dillon's body being carried out in a black bag on a stretcher, and the looks upon his parents' and family's faces. This moment was by far the saddest moment I had yet experienced in the seventeen years of my life, and it was definitely one of the most traumatic incidents any of us had experienced with one of our friends.

"This could not be happening. It really cannot be true."

Later that night hundreds of students, family members, friends, school staff, and others gathered at Stouffer Park, each with a lit candle in their hand. We stood in an immense circle for hours telling stories and memories we each had of Dillon, remembering what an amazing guy he truly was. The next day at school we all wore white t-shirts in memory of him, and hung pictures on the front of the school. No one was the same for the next few weeks. Students either did not come to

school, left early on some days, or just walked around with that blank look upon their faces. Counselors had come to our school and were there for whomever needed advice or simply someone to listen to them. Every little thing seemed to remind us of this boy, and this was definitely not an incident we wanted to occur our senior year. Within the next two months things began to calm down, but the thoughts and images had never left our minds. His name and memories were brought up various times, but we knew we must begin to move on because that is what he would have wanted.

Exactly two months after this horrifying incident happened, I receive a phone call. On December 1, 2010, around 7:00 p.m., I received the news that another one of our classmates and close friends, Marissa McLeod, had committed suicide earlier that day. The first thing that ran through my mind was, "This could not be happening. It really cannot be true." I got off the phone and automatically called my friend Hart who had said there were some of our friends gathered over at Kody's house who had just heard about the news as well. I drove over there, and as I was walking up I could only hear the cries and sobbing of all the people around. That next night we had the candlelight vigil where hundreds of us discussed Marissa's amazing accomplishments and the perfect life we thought she had. This girl was on her way to winning valedictorian, she was going to be attending Harvard University, and she was one of the smartest, yet most spontaneous girls you would meet, and no one knew of these troubles she was having deep down. Family problems and high expectations had pushed her to the edge ever since elementary school. She would take out the pain upon herself by cutting herself with a razor blade, but still no one took it serious enough since she had been doing this for so long. What had put us in the most shock was the fact that she

had experienced Dillon's suicide with us all, and she saw the impact it had upon our school, our class, and everyone close to him. Maybe she believed she would not be missed as much, but this second suicide, which was only two months after the first, had impacted our school much more significantly.

We, as seniors, never believed we would be attending two funerals of our own classmates, let alone within two months of each other. They both had made the decision to take their own lives, not realizing the impact and hurt they would bestow upon others around them. It is still unbelievable they thought their lives were terrible enough to where they had to take their own lives after only living seventeen years. Dillon Chiulli was such a funny and loving guy, but the teasing and making fun of pushed him over the edge. No one ever had a single clue though because he would play along and make jokes about himself as well. His closest friends and family had absolutely no clue, and there were never any signs which lead to the thought of him taking his own life. The saddest part to think about is the fact that maybe if he would have talked to someone they could have helped. They could have

helped him realize everyone has those negative parts of their lives, because life is a roller coaster, and choosing to take your life does not solve anything. Marissa McLeod seemed to live the perfect life, but only in us out lookers' eyes. After her death, they had searched her computer and other articles, and had found stories, blogs, and poems which described how terrible she believed her life was and how she felt as if she would never be good enough. We believe these items symbolized the "note" she had left since she knew she would commit suicide one day.

It is terrible to believe such young people would take away the one gift they were given, which is their life. Suicide creates a monstrous emotional upsurge of shame and guilt. Everyone begins to participate in feeling responsible and even shamed at knowing the ones who committed suicide. Although many do believe they had a negative impact upon these deaths, they must remember it was Dillon and Marissa's decisions and I do believe they are in a happier place now. They will always be loved and missed dearly, and their memories will last with us *forever*.





Never Just a Story

By: Karina Muñoz

The house stood alone on the hill overlooking the small town. No one had lived there in over thirty years but as the residents of Las Golondrinas rose to greet the day and get a start on their daily routines, they saw that the house had new owners at last.

Moving trucks were parked outside the two-story plantation home that had once served as a safe haven on the underground railroad. The new owners, Bob and Jackie Laurence, stood on the lawn staring proudly at the home they were going to fill with memories. As they stood admiring the old house, they overheard one of the movers say to his companion as they carried a couch into the house, "I can't believe someone finally had the guts to buy this house after what happened here all those years ago."

"What happened?" inquired the mover's friend who was too young to have heard anything about the incident.

"Well, thirty years ago a nice family lived here: mom, dad, and three kids, all younger than ten. Everything was fine when they first moved in but after a few months strange things began to happen.



Photo by Reina Cruz

every night at 3 A.M. but nothing was ever there and sometimes the mother would get out of bed and stand at the top of the stairs for hours on end," the mover said in what was meant to be a whisper but was still audible to the couple standing on the lawn.

"The house stood alone on the hill overlooking the small town"

"What happened to the family?" the friend, who was clearly captivated by the story, asked.

"It's terribly tragic, they all died inside that house. Murdered actually. Some say that it was the mother who did it because she seemed to have been possessed by something ever since they moved in. Others say that it was the ghost of the angry slaves who died there trying to get to freedom. No one knows for sure. In my opinion, I think it was..." the mover caught the eye of Bob Laurence and stopped midsentence, embarrassed that he was telling ghost stories in front of the family who had just dared to purchase the house. After that the movers worked in silence around the Laurences' but continued their story telling inside the house.

When everything was moved into the house, the movers finally left and Bob and Jackie settled onto the couch and discussed what they had overheard. "That was just a bunch of superstitious ghost talk that comes along with old homes like these. No one was murdered in this house. The realtor would have told us about that when we came to see it," Bob calmly said to his wife. He knew her tendency to believe everything she hears and he wanted to stop any doubts or fears that were forming in her mind.

"How can you be so sure Bob?" Jackie questioned. "The mover seemed convinced and it also explains why this beautiful home has been on the market for thirty years. And the realtor was in a hurry to get us to close the sale and she didn't want to spend too much time inside the house when we came to look at it."

Bob answered, "You have nothing to worry about Jackie. If you want we will get the house blessed so that all the ghosts you believe are here will go away and allow us to live our lives in peace."

"Thank you honey, I really appreciate it. Now it is late and we have a lot to do tomorrow so let's go to bed," Jackie replied, clearly satisfied.

That night while they slept they heard the first knock on the door. Bob, holding onto a baseball bat, crept to the door and looked outside but saw no

one there. He checked all the doors before he went to sleep but could not figure out where the knock had come from.

The next morning Bob and Jackie changed all the locks to the house and set up video cameras at every door so they could see anyone knocking at their door. "It was probably just some kids playing a joke on us. Everyone knows the stories and they probably know that we know them too so, they decided to give us a good welcome to the neighborhood scare," Bob repeated to his wife multiple times in order to keep her from jumping to any wild conclusions.

For all their efforts, the knocking continued and every time they would check the video they found that the camera had completely skipped over that point in time.

By the fifth morning, Jackie was entirely on edge. Every noise she heard made her jump and at night she would lay awake staring at the video feed on the TV. This morning she was sitting in the kitchen contemplating what their next move should be with dealing with the unwelcome knocking when suddenly there was a knock at the door. Jackie jumped in her chair but composed herself quickly and hurried to answer the door. She looked quickly through the peep hole and saw that it was a man in his mid-fifties.

"Hello. Can I help you?" Jackie inquired.

"Good morning ma'am," the man replied, "My name is David Garsa, I am the gardener that is responsible for keeping up on the landscaping of the house."

"Oh yes I remember being told that you come every Wednesday. Please come in David," Jackie replied, unsure if inviting him in was the proper thing to do. Bob had already met him but he hadn't told her what jobs needed to be done.

"Thank you ma'am but I think I should get started on my work." And with that David tipped his hat and went to start his work.

That night Bob called Jackie and told her that he would be staying the night in the town next to Las Golondrinas because he had a business meeting early the next morning. She told him to be careful but was internally dreading having to stay in the house alone. Before she went to bed she double checked all the locks and turned on all the cameras and even set Bob's baseball bat next to the bed. She was determined to get through the night without an incident but all her determination accounted for nothing. She heard the knock at exactly 3 A.M. and she tried to ignore it but it persisted. She grabbed the

bat and crept down the stairs like her husband had done so many times before.

When she looked through the peep hole she saw nothing so she turned to go back to bed when, suddenly, the lights went out. She grabbed her cell phone that she luckily had left on an end table in the living room and called Bob.

"Hello," Bob sleepily answered.

"Bob! The lights have gone out and I just heard the knock again and I really need you to...." but the phone died before Jackie could finish what she was saying.

As she tried to make another call to Bob she heard the familiar sound of the front door closing. She spun around but was unsure of which way she was facing because it was so dark. Finally, using her cell phone as a flashlight, she was able to go to the front door and she noticed that the door was unlocked. She thought about that because she was certain that she had locked it. Feeling unsure about her safety she turned to go back to her bedroom when she found herself face to face with a man in a mask.

She screamed loudly and hit him in the stomach with the bat and ran upstairs. The man was only a few steps behind her and was able to reach out and grab her ankle as she was running upstairs.

Jackie turned and kicked him in the face and continued running toward her bedroom.

The man wasn't deterred by the kick for long because he ran right after her and was able to take her down before she reached her bedroom door.

**“The man was
only a few
steps behind
her”**

The man sat on top of her and grabbed her hand and forced a knife into her grasp while he still held onto her hand. Jackie screamed and struggled to stab the man with the knife but he was stronger than her. He manipulated her hand until the knife was rested against her throat. In one sweeping motion he cut her throat and then he proceeded to drag her into the bathroom, just as he had done with the family many years ago.

As he arranged her on the bathroom floor, he heard the door close downstairs and Bob shout, "Jackie?!"

The man in the mask carefully snuck out of the bathroom so he could meet Bob as he searched for his wife. Bob walked to the bedroom carrying the flashlight he had found in his car. As he neared the door, he noticed a red stain on the carpet. He bent down to examine it and all of a sudden he felt a presence behind him. He turned and found himself face to face with a man in a mask. With quick reflexes, Bob hit the man in the face with the flashlight still in his hand. The impact knocked the man's mask off and Bob saw that it was David the landscaper. This revelation shocked Bob and gave David enough time to act. He quickly took his knife and stabbed Bob repeatedly. When David was certain that Bob was dead he dragged him to the bathroom with his wife and then left. He prepared his alibi for when the police questioned him once again and was confident that he would get away with it just as easily as he got away with the last incident.

Five years later another family moves into the house and David Garsa watches from his window, waiting.



The Mistake

-Reina Cruz

February 21, 2010

"State your full name."

"Jon Marshal."

"Raise your right hand, please. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do."

"You may be seated."

Marshal remained beside the judge after being questioned by his attorney. The Prosecution rose.

"Mr. Marshal, did you work for the local police department?"

"Yes, I did."

"And where were you on the afternoon of January ninth of last year?"

"I was on duty."

January 27, 2009

"I let this happen," she said. "I saw all the signs, but I didn't do anything about it."

Marshal's wife sobbed in his arms as he clung to her. This was his fault. He knew exactly who his son was hanging round with. Marshal ignorantly believed that his son could help Jeremiah. But he knew his son was frail, bullied in school. All he wanted was a friend who could protect him and make him feel safe. Since Marshal was never there for him, his son turned to another for help. Marshal knew all of this but he still did nothing.

How do you comfort a woman who has just lost her child? His body was found after a local gang fight. He knew Jeremiah was bad news. Marshal felt the anger in the pit of his stomach. What he would do if he could get his hands on that kid.

February 21, 2010

"And what was special about this particular day at work?"

"It was my first day back."

"Why did you leave?"

"My son had just passed away. I took some time off."

The prosecutor nodded. "Were you supposed to return to work that day?"

"No," he shook his head, "I went back a little early. I wanted to go back."

February 9, 2009

It was a hard two weeks. She couldn't stop crying, but she didn't care. She would never see her baby again. Why shouldn't she cry? She worried about Jon. The news that his son's case



had no leads had really upset him. Not that anybody could tell. He didn't react to the news, but she knew Jon. For him, no reaction is worse than a freak out.

"Where are you going?" she asked as he gathered his coat.

"Work."

"You aren't supposed to go back for another two week."

"I don't want to wait two weeks. I want to go back today."

Marshal opened the front door.

"I don't think this is a good idea. Can't you stay home with me? I need you here with me."

The car door slammed shut.

February 21, 2010

"What happened while you were on duty?"

"We got a call. A man with a gun was at a subway station."

"Did you answer that call?"

"I was the closest to the scene."

"So you answered it?"

"Yes."

"What did you see when you got to the subway station?"

February 9, 2009

The subway station was practically deserted when Marshal pulled up. A lone man was running to his car, terrified of the man wielding a gun inside the station. There was an eerie silence. He slammed his car door shut, the sound echoing through the empty parking lot. The sound of his footsteps bounced off the walls of the subway station. The shooter was standing by the far wall. His gun was pointed straight at Marshal. The officer ap

“Put your Hands Up!”

proached him slowly.

"Police," he announced himself and pulled out his gun. "Lower your weapon."

Marshal shook his head to clear his mind. His eyes were playing tricks on him. The face changed. Instead of the terrified boy, Marshal saw Jeremiah, smirking at him.

"Put your hands up!" He shouted, letting his anger take over.

Jeremiah raised one of his hands, giving Marshal the bird before doing as he was told. Marshal took a few more steps towards the shooter. "Get down on your knees!"

Jeremiah knelt down, a smug looked pasted on his face. Marshal reached for his handcuffs. Jeremiah was quick. He picked the gun off the floor and raised it to shoot.

Two shots rang through the station and then there was silence.

Jeremiah was on the ground with two bullets in his chest. The blood was pooling around his body. Marshal heard the sound of cars pulling up outside the station. The backup came too late. He did what he had to do.

February 21, 2010

"There was a shooter," Marshal answered the lawyer.

"Did the shooter threaten you in anyway?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure he threatened you?"

Marshal thought back. The image of wide scared eyes flashed

"Yes. I'm sure."

"What did you do after that?"

"I asked him to lower his weapon."

"And did he?"

"Yes."

"Did you pull out your gun?"

"Yes."

"Why did you if the victim had lowered his weapon?"

"I wouldn't call him a victim." Marshal thought about his lawyer's advice. "He wouldn't get down on his knees after I asked him to."

"So you pulled out your gun because he remained standing?"

"No."

"Then why did you pull out your gun?"

"I didn't mean to. I thought I had grabbed my taser."

"Is it common for an office to mistake his gun for a taser?"

"No."

"How did you mistake your gun for a taser?"

"I don't know. I was a little panicked, I guess."

February 11, 2009

"I can't go to jail," Marshal spoke to his lawyer in his jail cell. "I can't do that to my wife. She needs me at home."

"Then this is what you are going to have to do."

"But that isn't what happened."

"I don't want to know what really happened. This is what happened. The only explanation to why you shot that boy."

Marshal was still hesitant.

"If you want to be home again, you are going to have to lie."

February 21, 2010

"I do not believe that Officer Marshal wanted to kill this young man," the prosecutor spoke to the jury for his closing argument.

"What I think happened was a heartbroken father went back in the line of duty too soon. He was emotionally unbalanced and acted on those emotions. He killed an unarmed boy in cold blood. Why? I do not know. The boy was trying to rob the passengers of the subway at gun point, but he backed down. He let the passengers go and they ran to safety. His gun was found a couple feet away from Officer Marshal and the victim. There was no rhyme or reason why Officer Marshal had to shoot this young man."

February 9, 2009

Marshal's wife rushed into the police station. She spotted Marshal sitting on a bench against a wall and ran to him.

"What did you do?"

She knelt down in front of him and took his hands in to hers.

Tears filled her eyes and slid down her face. Marshal stared at their entwined fingers.

"What did you do?" she whispered again.

"I screwed up," he muttered, "I made a mistake."

February 22, 2010

The jury finished deliberating. A balding middle aged man stood up to give the jury's decision. He read off a piece of paper.

"We the jury, find the defendant guilty of voluntary manslaughter."



The court room erupted in protests. Half the room appalled that Marshal was found guilty and the other half thinking he should be convicted of something worse than manslaughter.

"He just gets special treatment because he is a cop," he heard a woman shout.

Was a cop, Marshal thought to himself. He remained facing forward, staring at his balled up hands. The judge was repeatedly slamming his gavel against the bench, unsuccessfully trying to quiet the courtroom.

February 22, 2010

News of violence was broadcasted throughout the night. People weren't satisfied with the justice system. They began taking it out on the businesses in the area. Shoe stores and salons were being broken into and robbed. Innocent bystanders were being harassed, pushed around, their money stolen.

"The court room was outraged today when Officer Jon Marshal was found guilty of killing an alleged gang member at a subway station. Following his conviction, outraged members of the community began rioting through the streets, breaking windows, looting stores. I have the grandfather of the boy with me here today. Do you have anything to say?"

"What happened to my grandson was a tragedy. He should not have died, but violence is not justified by violence. I wish people would mourn my grandson in peace, the way he would have wanted to be mourned."

February 9, 2009

- The shooter was standing against the far wall. He looked scared.
- His shaking hand was pointing a gun at Marshal.
- "Lower your weapon," Marshal pulled out his gun.
- The shooter did as he was told. He was a stranger, a young man, barely an adult. There was still a chance he could have a decent life, as long as he didn't screw this up. He dropped the gun and kicked it towards Marshal. Marshal stepped over the gun to be closer.
- "Put your hands up!"
- "Yes sir." The boy raised his hands high.
- "Get down on your knees."
- The boy obliged. "I'm sorry. I just needed the money, but I couldn't do it."
- "Shut up." Marshal glared at him.
- "Could you not point that at me? You are really starting to scare me." The boy was close to tears.
- The officer looked ready to kill.

A Biography

By: Elizabeth Alvarado

"SHE ran away from home, as if running away would
fix everything"

"SHE got in the habit of meeting with a football player on
the corner who sold her **alcohol** that she would eventually drink
throughout the day"

Her story begins in a “picture perfect world.”

Life was good. At age thirteen, she had happily married parents, an enjoyable twin sister, and a loving younger brother. They owned a family business and fortunately income was relatively steady. She and her sister were in the time of their lives when they were progressing on into high school. They were enjoying life as youth tend to. Life was as normal as she knew it, or so she thought.

*“everything in
her world began
to fall apart.”*

With a certain abruptness, unexpected news came to shatter Emilie’s innocent, pleasant life. Emilie was informed that the man she had always identified as her father was not actually her biological father. For the first time in 13 years, Emilie learned that her real father lived only a short distance away. Although time had separated the intended bond between a father and a daughter, she had the opportunity to meet him nonetheless. In addition, she met a brother she never knew she had. At such a young age, Emilie dealt with the heavy news as best as she could. All the while, behind closed doors, her parents were arguing constantly. The business’s finances hadn’t been as exemplary as they’d appeared to be.

The bickering and tension of her parents evidently became known within the household in the course of time. All three of the children dealt with the tension differently. However, Angeline, her sister, just couldn’t deal with it. As a result, she ran away. This event brought the tension of the family to its peak. Emilie’s father made an unfortunate and irrational decision that night; he walked away from his family. Angeline’s return came shortly after her father’s going. However, the return of her sister didn’t mend the brokenness of their family.

Still transitioning from being a child to now being a young adult, Emilie was staying strong. “Could anything worse come my way?” she thought. Turns out the cold, hard answer was yes. Still thirteen years old, Emilie lost her best friend in a car accident. The harsh realities that had become present in Emilie’s life were beginning to take a toll on her emotional stability.

As a consequence of her father’s absence, Emilie’s mother turned to avenues elsewhere other than her family to receive the love and attention she so much longed for. All of her mother’s priorities drastically changed. She went from being a mother, to a person who worked during the day and partied in the bars all night. Due to this behavior, Emilie and her siblings felt as if they no longer had an authoritative figure that they should obey. Curfews were a thing of the past. Their appearances in and out of the house went unnoticed by their mother.

Emilie surely needed an escape from all of this pain. Her escape was in the form of alcohol. Every morning or so, she got in the habit of meeting with a football player on the corner who sold her alcohol that she would eventually drink throughout the day. Gradually, attending and performing well in school became the least of her priorities. Emilie was raging inside, and at some point, that became apparent to her school officials. She was forced to participate in anger management. Although the school meant well, it did not change anything for Emilie’s life at the time.

It was in her second year of high school that she met the “love” of her life. For the first time, she was experiencing a relationship with someone that focused most of his attention on her. Because it seemed like there was nothing else to live for, she lived for him. She obeyed his preferences; she was to wear no make-up, get home at a certain time, and spend the majority of her time with him. Blinded by what she thought was love, she submitted to him by following his ridiculous rules and giving him what was rightfully hers, her virginity.

Despite her parent’s divorce, her father still wanted to be a part of his children’s lives. He attempted to do so by having them over every so often throughout the month. One ordinary Friday afternoon, he picked them up for pizza and a movie. Evan, her younger brother, fell asleep during the movie. Meanwhile, her father took this opportunity to take advantage of his own daughter. He molested her. Confusion and depression became a foothold in her life.

Emilie's next form of escape was a job. Sixteen years old now, she spent the majority of her time focused on work and even school. Drinking and partying had been set aside for the time being, while income became steadier and grades improved. This job, though temporary, became a distraction from the depression that had not been dealt with. Everything, good and bad, was being kept inside.

As time went by, living became a job.

In the last year of high school, she snapped.

All of the tragic events she had faced had finally broken her completely. She attempted suicide by overdosing on pills.

In addition to the overdose, she ran away from home, as if running away would fix everything. She ended up at a nearby church where she hid from the street behind a bush. Her mother, in panic,

ironically pulled up to the same church in search for Emilie. Only a few feet away was her daughter reaching death while she frantically called an ambulance. All the while, Emilie could hear her mother's cry. Still, this didn't change her mind. Enough was enough, she didn't want this life any longer. Afraid that she'd be found, she pushed herself to get up and keep on hiding. Although she was trying to run, Emilie was constantly fighting to move even a few steps. In trying to escape, she made the mistake of crossing a busy street while under the influence of drugs. The ambulance could not mistake her for any ordinary girl crossing the street; she looked disturbed and lost. This girl needed help. As she was helped into the ambulance, Emilie was spoken a few words that will forever be engrained in her memory, "Do you want me to save you? I don't know what you've been through, but you just made a permanent solution for a temporary problem." The reality of death hit her like a brick, was she ready to die? Did she want to be saved? She did, and she was.

Rehab was a dark and lonely place. It was there in the quiet that she felt God's love for the first time in what felt like ages to her. She had always understood the concept of serving God but had never felt His peace or love permeate her heart. It was in her desperation that she was saved by His grace. Motivated to live, she made the decision to live for God. God had given her a second chance at life, and she wanted to do something

worthwhile.

To this day, Emilie has grown to be a

strong woman who will undoubtedly

be brought down, but with her now

acquired resilience, along with the help from God, she will be able to overcome

future hardships. The moment she

put her life in God's hands, He's been with her every step of the way.

Following the mentioned hardships, life has continued to throw obstacles her way, yet she is able to acknowledge her struggles and continue to persevere. She currently attends college, while working a part time job with aspirations to become a pharmacist. Furthermore, she has resolved to live out loud for God and has been baptized recently.

So many times, we're caught complaining about problems that in comparison to those of others are unimportant. Most of us are living decent lives and haven't faced many tragic hardships. So where does this leave us? First, let's be thankful that we didn't endure these problems. Next, let's live our lives in such a way that keeps us moving forward, with perseverance and hope that we can get through whatever comes our way. Life isn't always easy, but we can be ready to face the tough times. If Emilie can move past her pain, why shouldn't we all be able to move past a bad day?

*"Life isn't always easy,
but we can be ready to
face the tough times"*

Beauty: Skin Deep or Skimming the Surface?

By: Ashley Kavarian

I'm assaulted with magazines as soon as I walk into Borders. There are stands upon stands of them, some screaming, "437 Style Ideas!," others reading "10 Beauty Secrets To Looking Your Best Today." I stare, confused. Are there really only ten beauty secrets to help you to look your best? And what is beauty? Is it categorized by how rich we are, how we dress, or is it something deeper, as in the cliché "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder"? I channeled my inner Nancy Drew and turned to the people I know best to solve this puzzle.

My best friend Estefany and I have many things in common with each other. We have common likes and dislikes, and similar taste in guys when we date. So when I tell her that I'm conducting a survey of preferred types for my English class, she first calls me an overachiever for wanting to conduct a survey but then agrees to help me. Her answer to my question was simple.

"Long dark hair. Good body. Sexy smile. The usual," she says while we're painting our nails.

"But what about his personality?" I ask.

She scoffs and shrugs. "If he's hot then I don't care what his personality is. I'd make him change for me."

I laugh and don't respond even though I totally disagree with her.

I go to work the next day and decide to ask my co-worker what his opinion was. Steven

and I argue twenty times a day, make up twenty times a day, and laugh twenty times a day. Our relationship is complicated and no one can figure us out. We talk about our relationships, Steven usually whining while I try to give him advice. We're in the process of refolding rugs to put back on the shelves in the home department. I stop and ask him what he thinks "beauty" is. He looks at me in bewilderment, as if he doesn't understand what I'm asking him. I laugh as I ask him again.

He stops what he's doing and looks off, behind me.

"That's what I would call beautiful, right there."

He points to a girl looking at a shoe display. She's tall, model thin, long blond hair, green eyes, probably wearing

designer clothes. She's holding up a pair of Miu Miu boots, then calls out to someone. What is obviously her boyfriend walks round the corner to stand next to her. He gives her a peck on the forehead and they happily turn round to leave, making eye contact with both Steven and me. I smile, but Steven glares. They walk away, hand in hand. When I look back at Steven, his mouth is curled up.

"Never mind. Her teeth were messed up," he says, going back to putting rugs back on the shelves. I shake my head and roll my eyes.

She's tall, model thin,
long blond hair, green
eyes, probably wearing
designer clothes.

“You know you’re just saying that because you saw she had a boyfriend. Her teeth were not messed up. You’re just jealous that she has a boyfriend and it’s not you,” I shoot back at him, laughing as I gather an armful of rugs.

His eyes widen and he laughs. “Eh. Girls like that are all the same. She’s probably a goldigger anyways.”

My mouth drops open in shock.

“Did you seriously just say that?” I ask him. “Just because she’s pretty and has a boyfriend she’s automatically a goldigger?” I was so angry that I couldn’t say anything else.

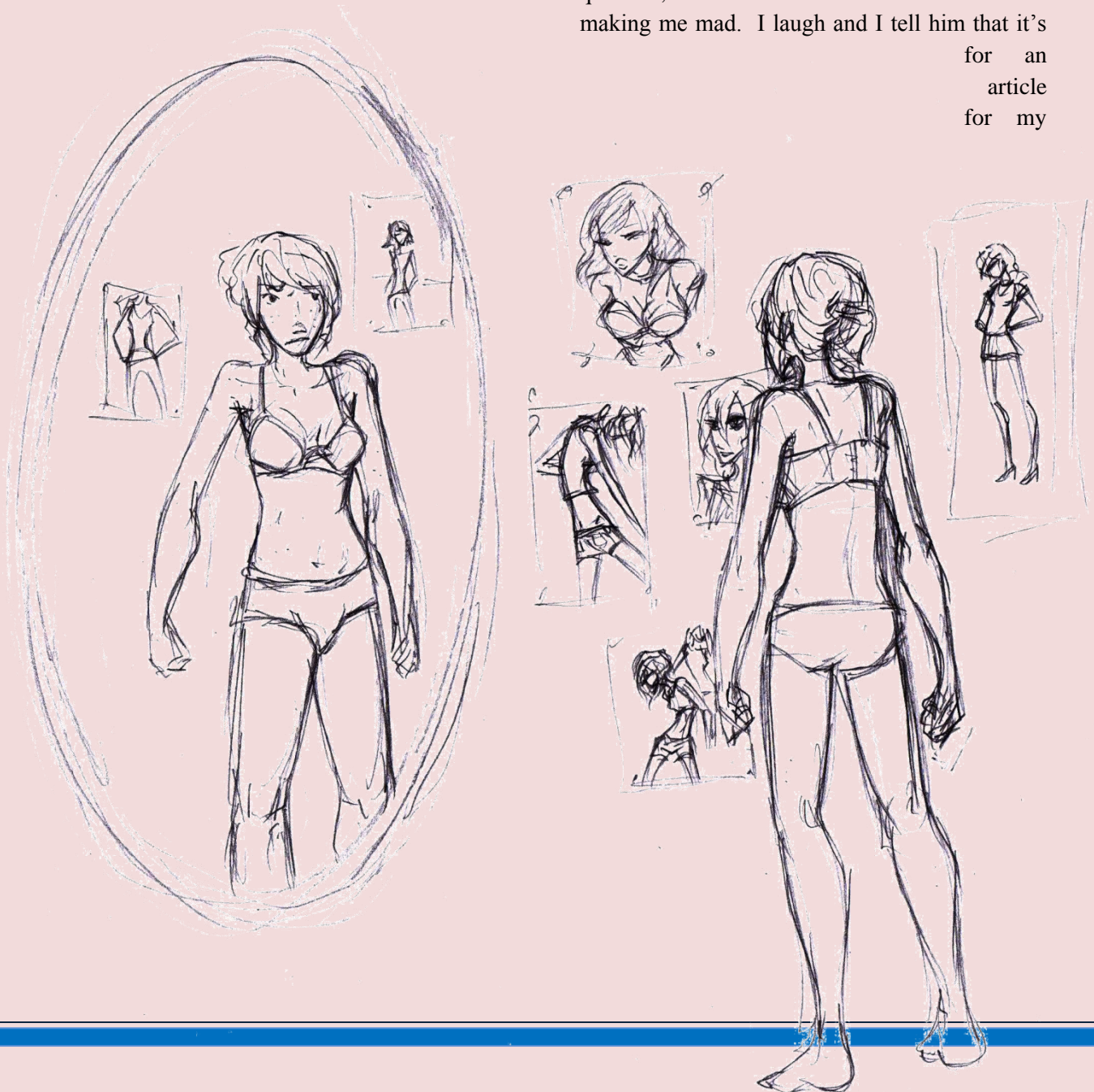
He rolls his eyes. “Chill, Ash,” he says, walking down a different aisle. “I didn’t say anything about you!”

“Not to my face! What if you’ve been saying stuff about me behind my back?”

He doesn’t answer, which leads us to begin our third argument of the night.

At dinner the following night, I pose the same question to my boyfriend. We began our relationship as friends and then began dating. We talk about whatever is on our mind, and I knew he’d answer this question honestly. He looks at me sideways, thinking it’s a trick question, unsure of how to answer it without making me mad. I laugh and I tell him that it’s

for an
article
for my



English class. He looks relieved, chews his food. He puts down his fork and stares at me, thinking, and then he answers, “You.”

“Just because she’s pretty and has a boyfriend she’s automatically a golddigger?”

I nudge him and I tell him to be serious. He shakes his head, not changing his answer.

“That’s not really an answer though! That’s just your opinion. Not everyone thinks I’m beautiful. Give me the characteristics about me that you think are beautiful.”

He shrugs and laughs, his face growing red. He fidgets with the napkin on the table.

“You asked me what I thought beauty was. I told you that I think it’s you. You’re like, the essence of beauty,” he says, making air quotes around “essence of beauty.”

And while that’s probably cheesy and he heard it from a movie, I still blushed, got butterflies in my stomach, and laughed along with him.

The rest of the night I contemplated how people view each other. Something about the way Steven was talking about the girl made me angry. I mean, I’ve always been brought up not to judge people by how they look on the outside, but the way their personality is. The more and more I thought about it, the more and more I realized that even I was guilty of this. It makes people seem shallower than they really are.

I’ve dated my fair share of jerks. But the feature that’s drawn me to them was the way they looked. The way their hair falls over their eyes, the easy smile that lights their face, the way they can wear horribly mismatched clothes and look drop dead sexy are all things that make me melt into a big puddle of moldable, mushy, -fawning girl. The worst part of it is that I know they’re jerks. I know how they’ll use someone because they can, and then throw them away like a Kleenex when a hotter girl walks by. They know they’re beautiful, but in reality, they’re not. On the outside, sure, but the inside is a big monster rearing it’s ugly head.

“You asked me what I thought beauty was. I told you that I think it’s you...”

Beauty isn’t based upon the clothes you wear, the car you drive, how popular you are. Beauty is something that’s more than skin deep, and the jerks are the ones that ruin it for the rest of us. Yeah, it’s probable that a physically beautiful guy can also be emotionally beautiful, but even those chances are slim. When you find someone like that, hold on and don’t let go. There might be ten beauty secrets to looking your best on the outside, but there is no way to describe how to act or how to find the right person. They’ll come along eventually; you’ll get butterflies in your stomach, and finally find someone that’s worth your time.

The Last Two Days of September: Thirty-Six Hours of Drama...and

Procrastination

By Melissa Salinas

This is a disaster! One of the biggest papers of the semester is due tomorrow, and I still do not have it done! I can not even come up with a better beginning for this chaos!

I am acting insane, am I? Well, there is a very good explanation for all of this.

It all started so simply. It was nine in the morning on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of September. I was sitting class, listening to my neighbor talk to the people behind her as usual, when, out of complete boredom, I decided to look at the course packet and see just what the heck we were going to learn today.

Well, at that moment, I learned that my worst nightmare was about to come true. There, written next to the first of October in ink, was the following sentence: MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTION DUE.

Crap, I do not even know what to write about! Well, that sentence told me that I had exactly forty-eight hours to figure it out.

I fought a brief battle between the part of me that wanted an A and the part of me that did not want to skip class. The latter won, so I ended up spending the next six hours trying to focus on all of my classes, not bothering to use my two-hour break intelligently. By three in the afternoon, I was exhausted. I needed to think of a topic, knowing that I only had forty-two hours. Did I think of one? No, I did not. As soon as I got back to the apartment, my roommate announced that it was time to start cleaning. I decided to wash dishes, and somehow I ended up going to war with the pan full of burnt oil.

Twenty-five hell-raising minutes later, it was finally clean.

Did I go to my room and think of a topic?

Of course not! I was hungry, so I got some food instead. I then decided to spend the rest of the night listening to music and watching videos on YouTube. I would think of a topic later.



I came back from class the next morning with one thing on my mind: it was once again nine in the morning and half of my time as gone.

It was time to be a good girl and think of a topic. I was not a good girl. I spent the four hour break I had reading and listening to music. After my afternoon class and a lunch break, I decided the best place to go to think of a topic would be the computer lab. Unfortunately, every computer except the broken one was taken, so I had to choose that one. After ten minutes, the computer started acting like it was about to explode. I immediately logged off and resolved to go back to my room and write.

I went to my computer and disconnected my music player, only to find even more horror. Every single file on the damn device had been deleted. I reconnected it, pleading for the files to come back. For some reason, the files showed up on the computer, but they would not show up on the device itself.

“I am acting insane, am I? Well, there is a very good explanation for all of this.”

Why did life have to be so unfair to me? I was already struggling enough without choir, and now the files from my music player were gone?

I spent the following three hours trying everything I could. I repeatedly disconnected and reconnected the device from my computer and the one in the computer lab. I tried taking the files that showed up on the computer and replacing them into their folders. Finally, I decided to search online for an answer, only to have that not work out, either.

When I finally made it back to my apartment, it was seven in the evening, and I still did not have a damn topic. I was so fed up with everything that I grabbed a few pieces of binder paper and a black marker, planted myself on the couch, and thought. There were now only fourteen hours left, and I was starting to get desperate, when I realized that I had forgotten one very important detail: The theme was open forum.

Suddenly, everything that had happened to me became a great inspiration. I wrote about as much of it as I could and prayed that it would not be too long. I finally finished at eight in the evening, smelling the delicious food my roommates were cooking up.

Finally I was ready to type. I sat down at the computer, my nerves building up to a boiling point.

There was a girl sitting at the computer next to me.

She knew exactly what I was going through, saying that she had done the same thing the night before.

I felt better after that. The past two days of absolute torture (well, in my eyes, burnt oil, deleted songs, and exploding computers equal absolute torture) did not bother me, and I was able to finish typing and editing my paper at exactly nine in the evening, twelve hours before I was supposed to hand it in.

Finally, I decided that my paper was decent enough to print out. What else could go wrong?

After all I had been through, the printer decided that I had been tortured enough and printed my paper with no problems.

Feeling hungry, I went back to my apartment. Naturally, the delicious dinner that had been ready when I left was now gone, so I had to make something else.

I had not been tortured enough. Somehow, in my attempt to make a simple grilled cheese sandwich, I managed to set the smoke detector off. I quickly opened the door and the kitchen window, trying to clear the smoke out. My sandwich was burnt to a crisp, so I gave up on food and went to bed.

My alarm clock woke me up at seven in the morning on the first of October.

It was finally the day that I would hand in my glorious paper (well, as glorious as a college paper written in one hour could be).

I was nervous as hell when I walked into class that day. So many crazy thoughts were running in my head. What if my paper was too short? What if I forgot it? What if it was so horrible that I would get an F, or worse?

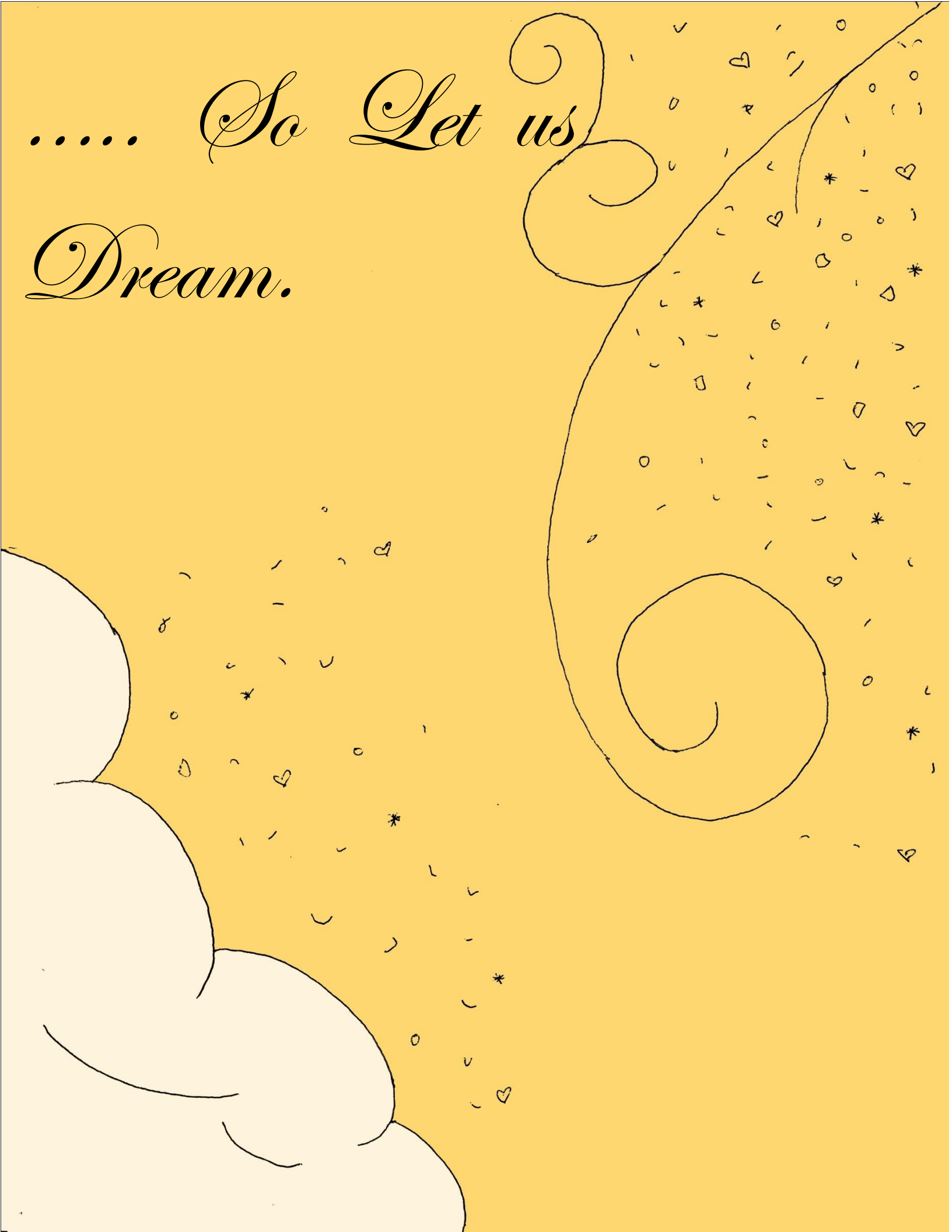
It was too late to look back, now. It was nine in the morning on the first of October, and the paper was due. I passed my paper down to the end of the row, praying that it would get a good grade.

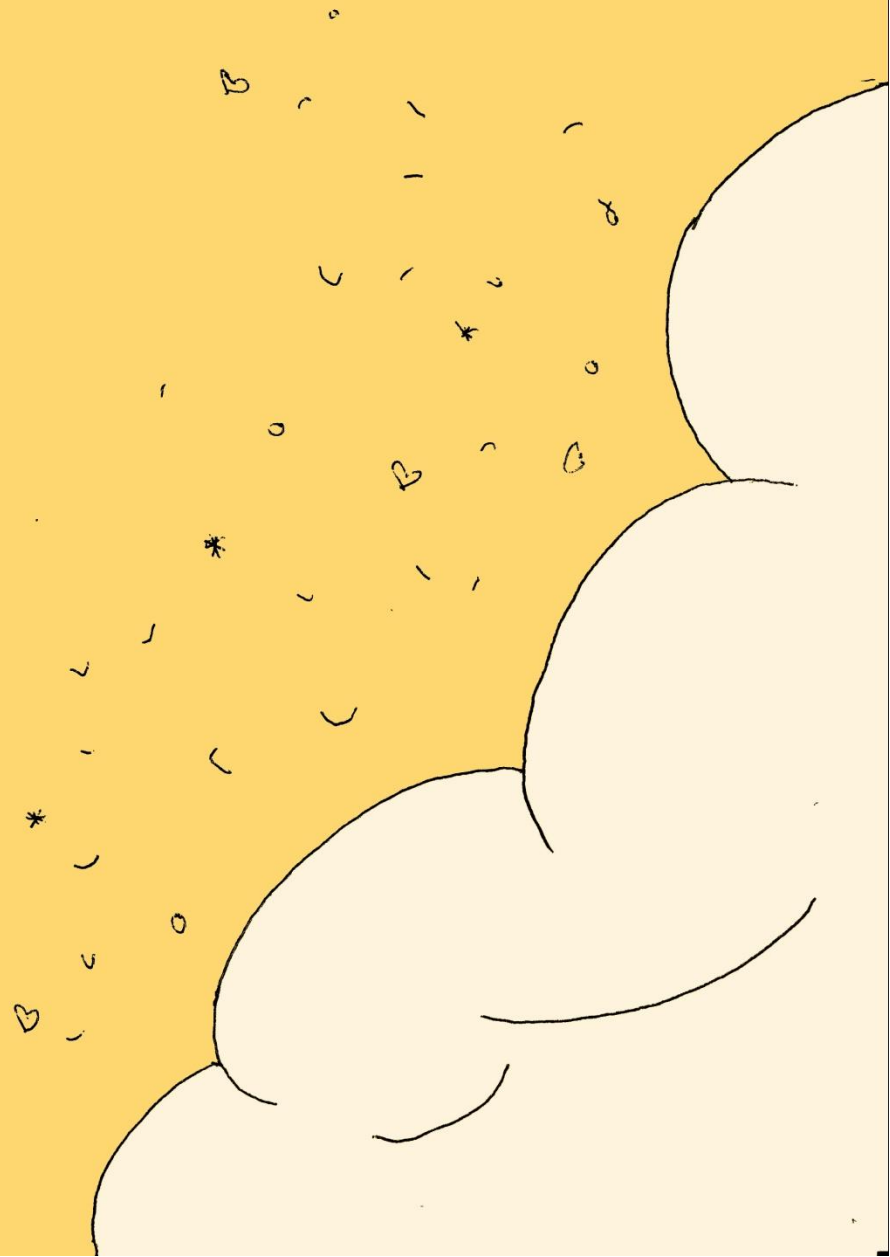
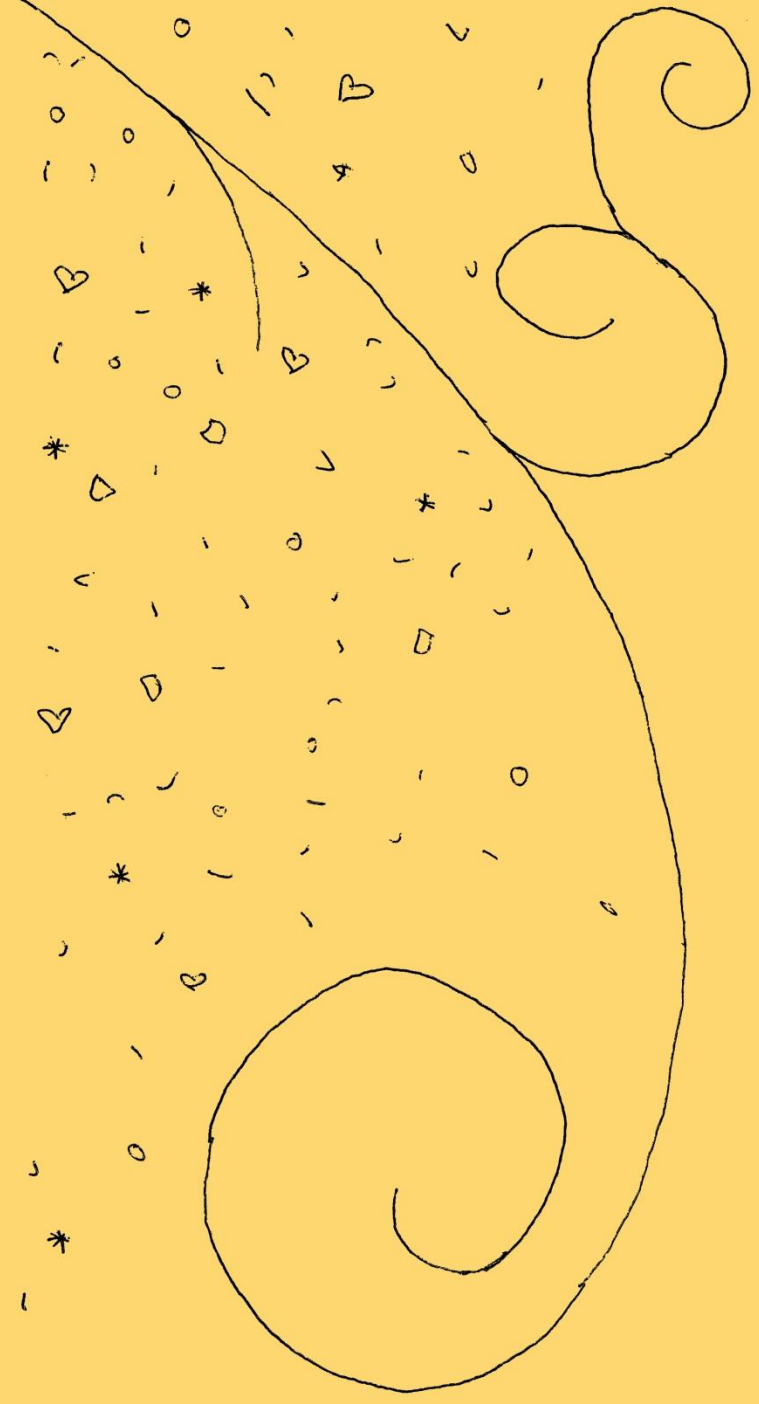
I then decided to look at the syllabus again to make sure I knew what was coming, so this would never happen again.

Who am I kidding? Or course it will!

..... So Let us

Dream.







He has swept the nation with his irresistible charm, dancing, and singing. Although young his future looks promising; he brought on the outbreak of Bieber Fever; he is Justin Bieber. With his debut song “One Time” he instantly won the hearts of millions, the fan club has skyrocketed in his short career. Justin may be famous now after two years of performing but where did his career begin? How did he get noticed and thrown into the spot light?

Justin came from humble beginnings, he was born March 1, 1994 to single mom Pattie Mallette. As a young boy Justin taught himself to play several instruments including the piano, drums and guitar and he always enjoyed singing. His first exposure to performing was at a competition in Stratford where he performed Ne-Yo's “So Sick” and came in second. The video posted on Youtube by his mother quickly became a hit and the right person just happened to watch it. Scooter Braun, a former marketing executive of So-So-Def, clicked on Justin's performance completely on accident but was pleasantly surprised with his talent. Braun was persistent in tracking down Bieber and finally he got a hold of Mrs. Mallette and after much prayer and consideration she agreed to let her thirteen year old son fly to

Atlanta, Georgia to record.

Once in Atlanta things really started to take form for Justin's future career starting with being signed on a joint venture of Braun and Usher called Raymond Braun Media Group (RBMG). In October of 2008 Bieber auditioned and was signed with recording label, Island Records, with Braun as his manager. Justin's career became the most important thing in his and his mother's life, they soon moved to Atlanta and all Bieber's dreams began coming true. 2009 became Justin's biggest year with is debut album “My World”. Even before this album was released Bieber's first single, “One Time” came on to the radio giving the audience a slight taste of what was to come. Within the first week of playing on the radio “One Time” made number seventeen on the Billboard Top 100 and even went platinum in the US and Canada and even made it to gold in Australia and New Zealand. “My World” was finally released on November 17, 2009 which was certified Platinum in the US and Canada and Silver in the UK. All this success with just one album was more than Bieber could ever have dreamed of and it was only the beginning.



Such a young boy singing deep songs about love, heartbreak and relationships seems a little strange but they have won the hearts of millions; so why does Justin choose to sing

of love? One man who has been with Justin Bieber from the start is Usher, Bieber truly looks up to him and no doubt hopes to be as widely known as he gets older. Usher is known for his songs about love and heartache and has been singing them from the beginning of his career, he has taken Bieber under his wing and taught him all he knows about capturing an audience and how to keep fans listening. Justin will always be grateful to Usher for giving his career the jump-start it needed and is without a doubt Bieber's inspiration for his catchy love songs.

Justin has had his own experience with love and break ups so he is able to really pour his heart into his songs and not just follow in Usher's footsteps. He is a sixteen year old boy of course he has had girlfriends with has gone through hard times with them as well as wonderful times; and he incorporates both emotions into his songs. His fan base is the younger generation who are around his age and going through the same things and thus relate well to his music and he is able to connect with them on many different levels. His young boy impression of love may seem naive to the older generation but he has not seen as much of life as them and cannot be expected to have a deep perception of love. For this reason many parents of teens do not understand the obsession with Bieber but his fans are on the same level of emotions as he is and will continue to like his music as they all mature together. Who knows what Justin will come up with as his experience in the world of love develops.

One of the most surprising accomplishments of Justin's young career is how popular his music videos have become. His hit "Baby" beat Lady Gaga on Youtube for most views; what makes his videos so special? Most of Justin's videos feature another famous rapper but this is not all that draws people to his music videos, it is his unique contemporary style and amazing dance moves. Many people have recognized

his style and moves as inspiration from the late Michael Jackson; could he have a career as successful as Jackson's? On an interview with Ellen Degeneres she asked why he wears band-aids on his fingers and he simply replied, "Michael Jackson did it." Justin Bieber has chosen excellent artists to look up to and model his singing career after and everything is pointing towards him being successful.



With this first album rocking the charts Justin began recording his second album in July 2010 in New York City. His many adoring fans can expect a different sound than "My World" due to his voice changing; but with all his success thus far it is unlikely this album will fail him. In Justin's music videos he appears to be following in the footsteps of Michael Jackson; the dance moves are similar and Justin even admits to be doing things simply because Michael Jackson did, such as wearing band-aids on his fingers. Michael Jackson began young and had a fabulous career that changed America as we know it, already Justin has had an amazing affect our generation and has the potential to be as influential as the late Michael Jackson. But why has this young singer swept so many girls off their feet? Is it only his looks and charisma?

Since his very first single "One Time"

girls have gone crazy for Justin and labeled themselves with a sickness known as Bieber Fever. How can one young boy capture the international attention of millions? Coming from such a small beginning his success is incredible and strongly due to his lyrics, ability to connect with his fans, and dancing. Teenagers feel a strong connection to his music and the emotions he expresses through his lyrics, he understands the feelings of teenage love and the heartbreak after break ups and on that level connects with millions. Not only does he use his youth to connect with fans but he uses classic dance moves and the style of

Michael Jackson to mature his performances and keep Jackson's trade marks alive. Bieber has swept the nation and his future looks bright if he keeps producing the music his fans want and stays out of trouble. His career is a testimony to the fact that anyone can become famous and your break could come at any moment with just the smallest video posting.

Rebekah Godfrey

Photos by: blog.singersroom.com,
mamapop.com and austinpst.org



Lucid dreaming is described as dreaming while knowing that one is dreaming and allows people to consciously guide the direction of their dreams. Lucid dreaming is not synonymous with dream control but it is possible to be lucid and have little control over dream content, and conversely, to have a great deal of control without being explicitly aware that you are dreaming and from what

we know there are no negative side effects that result from lucid dreaming. Although in real life lucid dreaming might sound like a type of pseudoscience it is real and has been practiced since 1913 when Frederik van Eeden was the first to recognize the scientific potential of lucid dreams but, lucid dreams have been in practice culturally since before 1000 BCE in the *Upanishads* the philosophical texts of the [Hindu](#) religion (Hurde, Blackmore).

Lucid dreaming has been in existence for an extremely long amount of time as stated above the first known textual description of lucid dreaming dates to before 1000 BCE from the *Upanishads*, the Hindu

manuscripts of spiritual lessons, philosophy proverbs and religion (Hurde). Dreams had a privileged position in the foundations of Greek philosophy; Socrates, Plato and Aristotle all addressed their inquiries into the nature of reality to our nightly journeys. A few centuries later, in 415A.D. the first lucid dream report were recorded, from one of Augustine de Hippo's patients, in Greece. Despite these strong classic beginnings, the study of lucid dreaming became stifled by the dominant christian atmosphere after the rise of Imperial Rome. In the seventeenth century, lucid dreams began to surface again, this time couched within the European culture of reason. Interestingly, Rene Descartes, who is most famously regarded as being dismissive of subjective reality, actually wrote passionately about his lucid dreams in a private manuscript known today as *The Olympica*. Some dream researchers, such as Kelly Bulkeley and Harry Hunt, have suggested that Descartes' lucid dreams helped him frame his scientific method that was born from the statement Cogito ergo sum (I think, therefore I am). Although the scientific community did not recognize lucid dreaming until 1978

(when LaBerge published a successful experiment in which he successfully signaled the outside world that he was awake by signaling with a pre-determined set of eye movements), in many other cultures, historic and contemporary, dreams are considered to be paths to knowledge, and dream incubation is common, so there is no need for the term "lucidity." This is one of the ironic truths of lucid dreams; conceptually they exist primarily in relief of "ordinary dreams" which are dull, passive, and without import. Inception, 2010's summer blockbuster movie, introduced to mainstream America the possibility of dream control, and has since had a popular surge in practice (Badd).

Before we talk about how to achieve lucid dreaming it is important to know how sleep cycles work. There are five stages of sleep known as stage one, two, three, four and REM (Rapid Eye Movement). In stage one you are in a very light sleep and can be woken up very easily with any disturbance. Stage two is when brain waves decrease and some sudden bursts of rapid brain waves are done. When a person enters **Stage three**, extremely slow brain waves called delta waves are interspersed with

smaller, faster waves. In **stage four**, the brain produces delta waves almost exclusively. Finally in the REM cycle is where dreaming in general happens. In this stage your eyes start moving rapidly, your blood pressure is heightened, breathing becomes heavier and irregular and your limb muscles becomes paralyzed. People that are woken up during this stage usually remember their dream intensely. In total these cycles last anywhere from ninety to 110 minutes and are repeated throughout the night and most people usually experience three to five of these cycles every night.

Lucid Dreaming can be achieved in various different ways. To achieve a lucid dream you have to have the determination to persevere, as it will probably take some time before you have your first lucid dream. One of the simplest ways of achieving a lucid dream is asking yourself many times during the day whether you are dreaming. This repetition in theory, since you do it so often should carry on over to your dream so that when you are actually in a dream you will ask yourself "Am I in a dream?" and will figure out that you are in fact in a dream. Each time you ask the question, you should look for

evidence proving you are not dreaming. The most reliable test: Read something, look away for a moment, and then read it again. If it reads the same way twice, it is unlikely that you are dreaming (Design). After you have proved to yourself that you are not presently dreaming, visualize yourself doing whatever it is you'd like. Also, tell yourself at nighttime before you go to sleep that you want to achieve a lucid dream the next time you go to sleep. Lucidity will become a habit after you practice this "awareness".

Another trick that is used to achieve lucidity is to pick out a type of "anchor" that you carry with yourself at all time. This "anchor" could be anything from having a top with you (a top does not stop spinning in a dream) or a mirror (you cannot see your reflection in a dream) so that your possession of it at all time will go carry on into a dream so you can use it to identify that you are in fact in a dream. A quick way to achieve a lucid dream on the first attempt is possible by first lying down on your back with your arms at your side and eyes closed. Afterwards you have to stay perfectly still and awake. Your brain will send signals to your body to see if you are ready to sleep. These signals

may include getting an itch, an impulse to change your body position, or swallowing. You must try to ignore all of these impulses. After twenty through thirty minutes you will feel a weight on your chest, you may even hear weird noises. At this stage you are in sleep paralysis. If you open your eyes you will begin to hallucinate and you will not be able to move your body, your body is completely asleep. You will be fully aware you are dreaming and with some practice you should be able to control your dreams. Studies have shown that keeping a dream diary also helps with achieving lucidity. This helps by heightening your dream call thus being able to remember lucid dreams that you might have achieved but forgot.



There are also chemical induced ways in which you can achieve a lucid dream. Although illegal drugs can get you the fix right

away there are some legal prescription drugs such as Huperzine (prescribed as a dietary supplement for memory support) and Galantamine (prescribed as a dietary supplement for memory and dream support) that have been used successfully used in inducing lucid dreams. There are also some lucid dreaming induction devices that work through sending you audio/visual signals when you are in your REM (Rapid Eye Movement) cycle. Since your senses never rest your brain would notice these signals and then would incorporate them into your dream, unless they wake you up (Foleide). The cues mostly used are flashing lights and extremely low sound waves. The problem with these cues is that they don't tell you that you are dreaming. They usually appear in the dream as something else, like car lights. You have to train yourself to recognize these cues as dream signs that are trying to tell you that you are dreaming. But these devices are good at causing false awakening; you will think that the device woke you up and try to get to sleep again. But you should do a reality test if this happens, because false awakening is quite normal when using dream induction devices (Foleide).

Lucidity is an incredible skill with a vast heritage ranging from Hindus to the Greeks and even the Egyptians. There are many new fascinating studies that are being conducted with lucid dreaming as a type of therapy used in trauma patients, people with phobias and even athletes to improve their athletic skills while dreaming. Research into the factors of brain and mind that underlie the lucid dream state could lead to breakthroughs allowing an individual to lucid dream at will, thereby having reliable access to any imaginable experience. This is much more than a remote possibility. Much

is already known about REM sleep, the sleep state in which lucid dreaming occurs, and progress has been made in determining how brain activity changes when a person becomes lucid in a dream. Although it is hard to master, there are people who have been doing it for years and barely get 50% of their dreams to be lucid, you might have a harder time waking up in the morning when you know that in your mind you can create something better than our world.

Edgar Orozco

Photos by:
discussingdissociation.wordpress.com &
health.howstuffworks.com.

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Darkness

-Michael Watson

Garrett opens his eyes. He lay face down on a darkened road, the street lamp above him doing little to pierce the darkness that surrounded him. He slowly crawled to his knees and observed what was around him. He was in a dark alley, in a strange city he had never seen before, the roar of some unknown beast bellying in the cool night sky.

As he pulled himself off the ground, the roar came again, closer now. Through the darkness, he could just make out the form of a grotesque creature, long fangs dripping wet with

blood and saliva, its breath fast and ragged. He turned and took off down the alley, through the darkness, a malicious monster in pursuit. The Darkness that he has once fought now threatened to overtake him and lay waste to his damned soul. The stench from the beast's foul breath infected the air around Garrett. He could feel the warm breath bearing down on him. As the blood red eyes slowly sank into his vision, he could just make out the gaping jaws of the demon before him. The beast lunged towards him, claws sinking into his flesh, tearing his veins and arteries as they came down. He fell to the ground, blood spilling out of his mangled body, landing hard against the cold shadows. He was dead and he knew it. The blood created

pools beneath him. As his vision began to blur, he let the darkness overtake him.

Garrett opened his eyes. *Just a dream.* He got up and wiped the sweat from his forehead, feeling around for possible wounds.

But it felt so real. When you're in a dream, it's as if it is reality. Almost impossible to distinguish between the two. It's Crazy...

Garrett walked out of the bedroom and into the bathroom to begin his daily routine. His head throbbed and ached with pain from the previous night.

What even happened last night?

He shook his head in dismay. Fifteen minutes later, Garrett emerged from the bathroom, dressed in a black suit, ready for work. He



“...The pain was too great and the only way to make it stop was to die.”

scrambled through all of his belongings, searching desperately for his brief case.

Crap! I'm late for coffee with Dan. Screw it! I'm going without it!

Garrett reached for the doorknob, but as he did so the doorknob itself began to retreat from him. He stumbled back and fell down onto the floor, now spiraling in and out of existence. Black voids opened around him as the room was consumed by darkness, save for the slim-

mer of light that shone through the window. His skin began to peel back as his body was overtaken by the darkness. The pain was too great and the only way to make it stop was to die. To die would be far better than enduring the incredible pain he felt. He backed up against the wall as the building began to shake. Pushing off against the wall, he sprinted for the window. Adrenaline pumping through his veins, he slammed his entire body against the glass



window, closing his eyes as it shattered around him. Garrett's eyes opened to the clear night sky as he fell from the 42nd floor of his office building. As his body continued to accelerate, he leveled himself out, The wind whipping his face like needles and his thoughts racing through his head. The ground approaching, closer and closer with every second. Closer and Closer to his demise. As his vision began to blur, he let the darkness over take him.

Garrett opened his eyes.
Just a dream.

He turned his head to look at the clock 8:14

Crap! I'm late for coffee with Dan.

He got up and sprinted for the bathroom. Fifteen minutes later, Garrett emerged

from the bathroom, dressed in a black suit, ready for work. He was supposed to have a meeting with his colleague Dan at Pete's Coffee at eight, but he was late. As he raced towards the door, he hesitated slightly before reaching for the doorknob. Would it retreat from him? He inched his hands towards the knob and to his relief, nothing happened.

Good Sign.

He bolted out and raced over to meet Dan.

Garrett walked into Pete's coffee and immediately spotted Dan.

"Dan!" Garrett waved to Dan over the table.

"Hey Garrett. How is everything going?" he asks.

"Good. Everything is fine. I wanted to talk to you about some dreams i've been

"...If we can't trust our own minds...what can we trust?"

having. They seem so real!"

"I know what you mean I have those too sometimes."

"You don't understand. Sometimes I can't tell the difference between what's real and what isn't. What if im dreaming right now?"

"I suppose then that we can't say for sure if this is reality or not. but even so, what is your point?"

"If we can't trust our own minds...what can we trust?"

Garrett opens his eyes.

Garrett lets the darkness Overtake him.

Of The Summer

By Devin Spencer

“Do you love me?” The voice, no more than a whisper, was inches from her ear.

“Yes.”

“And do you still trust me?”

His hand squeezed hers, cold fingers sending a chill through her.

“Always,” but she could not meet his gaze. Instead, she stared out across the great lake, its dark waters lapping lazily at their bare feet. It was so calm that night. There were no boats, no people, and no noise to bother the two teens as they sat on the bank. They had come here for years, ever since they were children. And tonight it was especially needed. After all they had been through a rest was all they wanted. It was their secret place once darkness fell.

They lapsed into silence. She snuggled closer to him and he wrapped an arm around her. The night was beautiful: clear sky with millions of stars and the moon just beginning to reveal itself. Crickets sang as a light breeze rustled the foliage, stirring up the faint smell of early autumn decay. But the almost too perfect landscape could not dispel her fear. She forced her mind to focus on the water, but it always returned to her parents. Or what she should have been able to call parents. They were probably still drinking, shouting and more than likely giving more bruises to each other. Did they even know she was gone? Did they care? She caressed a scar on her right cheek and told herself it didn't matter now. She had committed and there was no going back.

Suddenly his sweet breath was on her cheek.

“Are you alright?” He asked worriedly.

“Yeah.” She managed a smile, still not taking her eyes off of the water before them. “I guess... I guess I'm still just scared.”

“That's okay, 'cause I am too.” He inhaled deeply before continuing. “But this was a good thing! We're out now and we never have to go back again.”

“Yeah, but I just keep thinking about my parents-”

“Forget about them!” His voice was forceful, but his eyes never lost any of their usual gentleness. “Honestly, what good have they done you? I mean, when was the last time you felt their love? When was the last time you knew they *cared* for you? We're in the same boat.” He lovingly traced her scar. She shut her eyes as he lifted her hand to do the same on his neck. “I love you. I always have ever since we were little. And I am here for you.”

“You always were,” she opened her eyes and met his warm brown gaze. She kissed him in gratitude. “So then, what are we gonna do now?”

He gave a lopsided smile. “Anything we want.”

They heard the sirens long before they arrived.

“I guess they're looking for us...” She muttered. She started to turn her head behind her when he gently touched her cheek.

“After all they
had been through
a rest was all they
wanted.”

“You can’t look back. We can never look back.” She nodded. He smiled, “Don’t worry, they’ll never get us.”

The sirens grew louder. Suddenly the dancing lights of a police car illuminated the small clearing. The sirens were silenced and they heard two of the doors open. Neither one of them made a move.

A deep voice cut through the silence after a moment. “Well, they’re parents were right. This is where they are, all right.”

She whimpered slightly and he squeezed her hand.

“We can
NEVER
look back.”

“Yup,” another man said slowly. “I guess we had better let them know.”

“Do you wanna get them or should I?” The two men began walking back to their car.

He stood up once the police began talking into their radio. He held out his hand to her. “Are you ready to go?”

She smiled up at him. “With you? Always.” She took his hand. They walked off together, leaving the police to deal with their intertwined bodies resting in a pool of their own spilled blood.



Picture by Sara Korrup

“I carry your image with me.”

By: Sara Korupp

“No one lives long enough to tell us what death looks like. No can tell us what it feels like.” The man at the head of the dark room was drawling on in his lecture.

He looks cold. He feels cold.

One boy in the back row scratched out meaningless lines on the desk in front of him, just to keep up some mind-numbing movement.

Every time before this the room had been bright, curtains drawn back to let the twilight shine in, shrouding the lectures in a warm atmosphere. The man’s words were always full and inviting, spinning tales of the great philosophies and faiths. But that night the curtains fell in on the room, the dim light above flickering every so often. The subject was much more tense, a cold fog over the room. Someone had inquired about the darker side of the subject matter, about “the after”, about “the end”.

The crowd was listening intently, more so than usual, and the boy in the back row stared at them curiously. At the head of the group, the man’s voice was empty, but it crept through the aisles like a snake, swelling in the crowd’s ears. They were all caught off guard by the severity in his voice.

The boy in the back row breathed out slowly, impassive, watching delightedly as the rows in front of him shivered in waves.

“Some hypothesize what might come after meeting with death, but these are theories only. Some claim to have made contact with those who have, I suppose, passed on, but this place is not for weak claims. The dead cannot

present evidence to the crowd. The crowd believes because they want to be led on, entertained.”

I rather enjoy the theories myself.

The boy shifted from his seat, headed for the front of the room.

“Many of us in this room have lost someone to this uncertain fate.” The assembly of students nodded warily. “Many of us in this room still talk to them, hoping they’ll answer back.”

I suppose it’s hard to talk to people you don’t have much in common with. Breathing and all.

The boy stood at the end of the aisle in front of the man talking, analyzing his movements.

“The next time we meet, I hope it is on far less grim terms.” The man surveyed the group in the cascaded seating. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to cut short for today. Your assignments from last week will be due for confirmation next time I see you.” He sighed, leaning on the edge of the worn desk tucked next to the wall.

The crowd murmured, slowly collecting themselves and filing out of the large doors, to the abandoned hall beyond. The man closed his eyes, rubbing his temples. Once silence set in, the doors creaking shut, he wandered to the closest window, drawing the curtain enough to let in a sliver of light. The golden twilight swathed the dust floating in the old room with an ethereal shimmer.

“We cannot find death. Not to come back again.” The man mouthed weakly. “If only you had figured it out. You and your damned dreams.”

Me and my damned dreams...

The boy moved to look closer at the sunset’s warm blanket over the man’s face. He held a hand in front of the light, trying to shield the man’s eyes.

No shadow... No wonder you cannot see me...

The man sighed again, letting the curtain to fall back into place. His shoes dragged faintly through the dust on the concrete flooring as he returned to his desk. He gathered his notes and folded them absently into his briefcase. His hands ran over his shirt, trying to flatten out nonexistent wrinkles.

“I suppose your dreams were just that. And your promises made into lies.” The man reached for the light switch as he approached the large metal doors himself, clicking the straining, weak light above into a merciful rest.

I’m still trying you know. You shouldn’t write me off so easily.

The boy trotted after the man, toward the exit.

“You put a light in everyone’s heart while you were still here. The only promise you ever made was to come back if you ever left.”

The man turned back to the darkness, observing the old factory room, hoping that some shadow would be that lost friend. He hoped grudgingly that it was some horrible twenty year joke. He hoped that passing on all the stupid stories his friend had told him when they stowed themselves away in this room wasn’t useless. He hoped that all the time they

had spent hiding in the upper reaches of the buildings catwalks and rafters weren’t worthless. He hoped, and turned away, wishing he had given up that hope long ago. “And you will never come back.”

As he opened the door, he stopped, shivering.

The boy pulled away from the small embrace he had been sure the man wouldn’t feel. He smiled.

I told you. I knew it wasn’t hopeless. I’m still here. I can still find a way back.

The man walked out, pulling a key from his pocket and locking the door.

I just hope you’re still here when I get back. This is not the end.



Young Voices

California State University
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Honors Composition 1005
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- <http://thestarceleb.com/wp-content/uploads/2010/06/justin-bieber.jpg>

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