

# Delta Winds

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## Letter from the Editors

Dedicated to Thu Phan  
January 1, 1978—February 6, 2016

In "The Quest for Awareness," published in the 2003 *Delta Winds*, Thu Phan presents a carefully considered disability awareness course for insensitive or incompetent teachers. She wanted them to know how she, in her gracious way, demanded to be treated—for she had tact but she never suffered fools lightly.

Thu once stated, "I still have goals in life and don't deserve anything less. I have the same hopes and dreams as others, but with certain difficulties." Thu was born with Osteogenesis Imperfecta, also called brittle-bone disease. Every day, she wheeled her way past barriers, both internal and external. Though she had spent months lying in bed with broken bones, the last thing she would allow was pity.

She approached her life with amazing pragmatism. When her sister hesitated to ride on the back of Thu's new motor-powered wheelchair, Thu replied, "This thing's built to hold up to 350 pounds, and I weigh 35 pounds. So, get on!" To track her progress in the numerous online sweepstakes she entered, Thu

created multiple email accounts with complex filtering systems. It all seemed like a cute hobby until she hit pay dirt and announced she had won an all-expenses-paid trip for four to London!

In the fall of 1997, with a deep-throated laugh, infectious to those anywhere in the vicinity, Thu stormed onto the Delta campus. She had a sharp wit and a generous heart, making discussion groups difficult since everyone converged around her. Off-campus, she viewed interactions with onlookers as opportunities to educate. Thu returned from various national conferences with photos of what seemed like lifelong friends, but these were people she'd just met—bus drivers, hotel clerks, fellow attendees. In some way, Thu made them feel connected to her, for they all wore the familiar expression of tender admiration—a feeling Thu brought out in others.

After four years, she had accumulated enough credits to complete her AA degree. But she craved more out of life and viewed more education as her ticket to reach these dreams. She'd quip, "What am I going to do—make flower-pens and sell them at the flea market until I'm an old lady?" So she resumed her classes and kept applying herself. After seven years at Delta, Thu was accepted at UC Berkeley, where she achieved the ultimate goal she had envisioned for herself—full independence.

At Berkeley, she worked as a peer advisor in the career center and served as a summer intern in Washington, D.C., for the Department of Transportation, where she used her no-nonsense approach to argue in favor of ADA rights concerning accessibility issues. She wrote, "Whenever I encounter barriers in my path, I get frustrated and annoyed, especially when I have to backtrack two blocks in order to get off the curb cut and travel in the gutter next to traffic. My safety is compromised due to these obstructions."

After graduating from Berkeley, Thu continued to advocate for people with disabilities, becoming a finalist in the National Disability Institute's American Dream contest:  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EZucOI2Jn7M&feature=youtu.be>

Thu left an unforgettable impression on Delta College and those who met her. This made it all the more difficult when we learned of her passing. On February 6, 2016, Thu died after being hit by a vehicle while she was crossing Market Street on her way to work for the Department of Labor in San Francisco. Deeply saddened by the news, the editors of *Delta Winds* wish to dedicate this volume to her lasting memory. With her humble spirit and open arms, she consciously welcomed others into her life, yet she never grasped the full impact she had on all of us.

Kayla King, 19, is currently attending San Joaquin Delta College and plans on transferring to UCLA. While she has always been fond of writing, her real passion is in the visual arts. She is grateful for the support and encouragement of Dr. Phil Hutcheon, as he is the one who convinced her to submit her pieces to *Delta Winds*.



# “You Don’t Know How Good You’ve Got It, Kid”

By Kayla King

For many people, the phrase “only child” may conjure up an image of lonely youngsters who resort to having imaginary friends for company. They are generally spoiled and have issues with the concept of sharing. They are socially awkward (and probably pale) gadflies, starving for attention and validation. And as an only child, I can confirm all of these stereotypes as pretty accurate. Being the only child of a single parent had both advantages and disadvantages. Yes, I was lonely. But what I lacked in company I made up for in toys. In one of my childhood homes, I had a whole playroom to myself, complete with a small stage and my own ball pit. It wasn’t until I became older that I realized that this wasn’t exactly “normal.” It’s not that my mom

wanted me to become a privileged brat; she made a point to remind me that I should appreciate what I had and to consider myself lucky. In many ways she wanted to give me the childhood she was never allowed to have.

Kimberly Ann King was born on November 12th, 1959, in Miami, Florida. The third of five children, she was raised by a struggling single mother and an abusive father who came around when it was convenient. But even through poverty and abuse, my mother remained positive. One of her earliest memories is having a government employee deliver a box of food to the two-room apartment they all lived in on Christmas day. She still smiles when talking about how grateful she was for that box and the joy it brought her brothers and sisters. She likes to reminisce about the “quiet times,” when father wasn’t around to beat them and when mommy wasn’t crying. She chose to block out many of the traumatic events in her childhood

in an effort to keep those demons from taking control of her. The only thing my mother has ever wanted is to be happy.

As she grew older, life became more complicated. Her mother became an alcoholic and started bringing strange men around. My mom, although not the oldest of her siblings, stepped up and took on a maternal role. At the age of twelve, she lied about her age to a manager at White Castle so she could make extra money to feed her siblings. She worked tirelessly for years, and once her mother got used to the extra income, it was expected that my mom would work to contribute to the household. Meanwhile, my grandmother was barely holding onto her job as a nurse and still spending

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She likes to reminisce about the “quiet times,” when father wasn’t around to beat them and when mommy wasn’t crying.

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most of her free time going out with her various boyfriends. My mom was the one who picked up her younger siblings from school and made sure they always had clean clothes to wear. She

was more of a mother to them than their real mother ever was.

At the age of 17, my mom decided that it was time for her to finally live her life for herself, so she left her mother and siblings behind. She was able to get a cheap apartment with a friend and relished the freedom she had. It was the ‘70s in Miami, and she had no shortage of outlets for all that pent up teenage rebellion. She would go from working a ten-hour shift to drinking and dancing until five in the morning. Eventually the wild child lifestyle caught up with her, and she was left wanting more from her life. It was at this point that she decided to join the Air Force. She was trained as an aircraft mechanic, traveled around the world, and finally felt content with her life.

After eight years as a mechanic in the Air Force, she came to Stockton to start a new life as an Air Force recruiter. She hated it. My mother had always preferred to work with her hands rather than to be stuck in an office. At the same time, the Stockton UPS building was trying to meet a quota of female drivers, and the driver who delivered to her recruitment office told her about the position. She applied for an early release from the Air Force and started working at UPS.

Soon after getting her new job, she met Marty, her second

husband (the first being a three-month-long fling during her time in the Air Force). Marty had a small

construction company and three children from a previous marriage. Instead of being intimidated by the thought of having stepchildren, my mother rose to the occasion and did everything in her power to make them happy. But even with a ready-made family, she still wanted children of her own. She wanted five or six kids, the kind of group she had grown up with. But Marty didn't want any more children. He'd had a vasectomy a few months before he met my mom and refused to have it undone. This was heartbreaking to my mother, but she stayed with him anyway.

Then, later on in their relationship, Marty's behavior became unusual. He turned possessive and didn't like her to leave the house when she wasn't working. And when she was working, he would have her call him when she was about to leave and use a stopwatch to see how long it took her to get home every day. If she took an extra five or ten minutes to get home, he would accuse her of infidelity. He abused her emotionally. She knew she should get out of the relationship, but she still loved him through it all. Finally, eight years after they had started dating and six after they got married, he confessed to her that he had been having a two-year-long affair with his secretary. That was the final straw. My mom packed her bags and never looked back.

It was 1995 and my mother was thirty-five and divorced for the second time in her life. The prospect of dating terrified her, but she still craved motherhood. She decided that she would take the matter into her own hands and get artificially inseminated. She was making a substantial salary working for UPS and felt confident in her decision. But one fateful night at a work party changed her plans a bit. She went home with a younger male co-worker and found out she was pregnant two weeks later. He had no interest in being a father at his age, and

**Looking at my mother and me, you would think we have nothing in common.**

even encouraged her to get an abortion. But there was no stopping my mom. She was overjoyed to finally be pregnant

and allowed him to renounce any legal obligations to the baby. To her baby. When I was born nine months later, she gave me the middle name "Seraphina," the Hebrew word for the most powerful angels in Heaven. To her I was more than just the product of too many margaritas; I was a miracle.

Looking at my mother and me, you would think we have nothing in common. She has calloused hands from years of working what many consider to be a "man's job," while I just get the occasional hand cramp from long nights typing essays. She spends very little time on herself, insisting that there are more important things in the world, while I spend an hour and a half getting ready to meet my public every day. But despite all of this, I am my mother's daughter. She gave me both my love of art and my raunchy sense of humor. She taught me to have compassion towards everyone, even if I don't think they deserve it. She never let me believe that I was anything less than extraordinary. She was a mother, a father, a drill sergeant, a teacher, and a friend. And while I don't plan to model my life after hers, I can appreciate everything she went through in order to give me all that I have now. My mother's life was in no way an easy journey, but she has never failed to make the most of every moment. The only thing my mother ever wanted was to be happy, and she is.



**ALL WE CAN TELL  
YOU IS, SHE WAS A  
HARD-WORKING  
WOMAN.**

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Stanley Johnson

# Selma: We Can't Wait

By Nicholas Chellsen



Nicholas Chellsen is from Antioch California, currently living in Rio Vista with his family. He works part-time as the Youth Ministry Director at Antioch United Methodist Church. He is currently completing his second year at Delta studying Social Sciences and plans to transfer in the fall of 2016. His interests include reading, writing, playing guitar, drinking coffee, and collecting vinyl.



Ava DuVernay's 2014 film, *Selma*, begins with Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., preparing to receive the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964. As his wife, Coretta, helps him with his tie, the couple discusses their desire for an ordinary life. Dr. King describes being a small-town pastor while Coretta talks about being a homeowner. However, we know from history that their life was anything but ordinary. Through *Selma*, we see Dr. King's uncomfortable relationship with President Lyndon B. Johnson and his strategy of non-violence. We also learn why the events in Selma, Alabama, fifty years ago still matter today.

Shortly after receiving the Nobel Prize, Dr. King heads to Washington, D.C., for what will be one of his many meetings with President Johnson. In one of these meetings a portrait of President George Washington, a known slave owner, hangs on a wall above the activist and the politician as a subtle reminder of America's history of discrimination. Shortly before meeting with Dr. King, President Johnson asks an advisor, "Aren't we done with this?" From Johnson's perspective, the recently passed Civil Rights Act should have ended racial discrimination and given Blacks the right to vote. However, during the meeting, Dr. King informs him that while they "technically" have the right to vote, there is still voter discrimination at the state level in the South. While Johnson has expressed his desire to help, saying that signing the Civil Rights Act was the "proudest moment" of his life, he is hesitant to enforce it, simply saying that it can wait.

Dr. King disagrees: "It can't wait, Mr. President...because there have been thousands of racially motivated murders happening in the South." He continues that the murders go unpunished because they are "protected by white officials, chosen by an all-white electorate." Even if the murderers are tried, "they are freed by all-white juries." King explains that the reason Blacks cannot serve on juries is because they are not registered to vote. Johnson is unmoved, and reiterates that his administration is going to "set this aside for a while." After his meeting with President Johnson, Dr. King tells his associates waiting for him, "Selma it is."

Upon arriving in Selma, Dr. King takes on the role of strategist. He meets with leaders of the Southern Christian Leadership Committee (SCLC), and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). Among them is the young John Lewis. Dr. King tells them that his plan in Selma is to "raise white consciousness...by being on the front page of the national press every morning and by being on the TV news every night." Together, they plan a march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama's capital, on Sunday, March 7, 1965. However, Dr. King stays behind, feeling that he needs to be at home with his family.

The march is instead led by SCLC leader Hosea Williams and SNCC leader John Lewis. However, as the demonstrators reach the Edmund Pettus Bridge, 300 state troopers stand armed and waiting for them. After the

Shortly before meeting with Dr. King, President Johnson asks an advisor, "Aren't we done with this?"

demonstrators refuse to disperse, the state troopers attack them, leaving many of the demonstrators with fractured ribs, heads, arms, and legs. “Bloody Sunday” is broadcast into homes throughout America, and the phrase appeals to “white conscience” as Dr. King had hoped. This leads to many white demonstrators participating in the second Selma to Montgomery March a few days later.

However, despite this newfound support, Dr. King makes the decision to turn around when they reach the Edmund Pettus Bridge. Because of this, he receives criticism from members of both SCLC and SNCC. This is a particularly interesting scene because Dr. King’s message to

Johnson had been “It can’t wait.” However, when he arrives at the Edmund Pettus Bridge, either a divine or gut feeling tells him he needs to be patient. Eight days later, Dr.

King’s patience pays off as Federal Judge Frank Minis Johnson approves the SCLC’s plans for another march from Selma to Montgomery. Shortly before the third march, President Johnson speaks before Congress asking for swift passage of the Voting Rights Bill, a law eliminating voting restrictions at the federal, state, and local level.

The film concludes with Dr. King speaking to a mixed crowd of demonstrators and state troopers in Montgomery. While the demonstrations in Selma and The Voting Act of 1965 are seen as major victories in ending discrimination in America, Ava DuVernay instead leaves her audience with a sense that the fight for equality is not yet over. “When will we be free?” Dr. King asks the crowd. His answer is not “Now,” but instead “Soon and very soon.” This sentiment is continued as the credits roll to John Legend singing, “The war is not over,

victory isn’t won. But we’ll fight on to the finish, and when it’s all done we’ll cry ‘glory.’”

During the Oscars, John Legend and Common earned an Oscar for their song “Glory.” In Legend’s acceptance speech, he took the opportunity to address discrimination happening today in America, fifty years after Dr. King’s efforts in Selma. “Selma is now,” he stated. “The struggle for justice is right now. We know that the Voting Rights Act that they fought for 50 years ago is being compromised right now in this country today. We know that right now, the struggle for freedom and justice is real. We live in the most incarcerated country in the world. There are more Black men

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**Among the marchers was John Lewis, who has now served as a Congressman for more than twenty-five years.**

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under correctional control today than were under slavery in 1850” (*Time*).

John Legend is not the first person to address these

issues. Voter ID laws in states such as Pennsylvania could potentially disenfranchise 750,000 voters, many of whom are Black or of low social economic status (*PBS*). Black men are twice as likely to be arrested as white men, as well as receive 10% longer sentences (*American Progress*). One in every fifteen Black men is incarcerated compared to one in 106 white men (*American Progress*). Also, despite only making up 14% of frequent drug users, African-Americans make up 37% of those arrested for drug crimes (*American Progress*). To quote Dr. King when he was in prison in Selma, “Is that equality?”

I was reminded of both Dr. King and those who marched alongside him as I watched President Barack Obama and many others march across the Edmund Pettus Bridge on March 7 of this year. Among the marchers was John Lewis, who has now served as a Congressman for more than twenty-five years. “Fifty



years from Bloody Sunday, our march is not yet finished,” President Obama said, addressing the marchers. “But we’re getting closer... We honor those who walked so we could run. We must run so our children soar” (*White House*).

I often wonder how we can soar when there is racial tension throughout the United States, from the streets of Ferguson and the courtrooms of Staten Island. As I see these stories on my television, I become more and

more aware that the only thing I have control over is my own actions. I can turn off biased media as well as call out friends when they make jokes perpetuating stereotypes. While it may not seem like much, I think there is something we can all do. In order for future generations to soar, we all need to decide as individuals what we are going to do to carry on Dr. King’s dream. We cannot simply “set this aside for a while.” There needs to be urgency in our actions. As Dr. King said, “We can’t wait.”

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# THE DEHUMANIZATION OF WAR

By Sabrina Sanchez

The average American citizen has been lucky. The last major invasion of U.S. soil, which took place some 200 years ago during the War of 1812, threatened the lives of millions of Americans and even resulted in the burning down of the White House. However, since then the United States has not had to contend with any serious land invasion. The attacks on Pearl Harbor and on the World Trade Center were horrific, but the United States is positioned geographically so that it is buffered with two vast oceans on its sides and

two large, allied nations north and south. For Europeans, wars often took place in their backyards. During World

War II, Britons suffered through the German blitz during the bombing of London. France and a slew of other countries were militarily occupied by German forces; and the Germans themselves suffered through the Allied bombing of Dresden and other cities. American citizens safe at home, on the other hand, learned then of the atrocities of war through newspapers or radio, as we do now typically through television or movies. Set in World War II, David Ayer's 2014 film *Fury* seeks to make Americans understand the sacrifices made by the men and women fighting in combat zones overseas.

First and foremost, *Fury* feels real. Everything that the characters feel during any scene, I feel right along with them. The actors' emotions and reactions to their chaotic environment

and desperate battles jump off the screen right into my face. The dehumanization of war is shown in heartbreaking detail as soldiers who barely know each other are thrust into extremely dangerous situations. Through the short amount of time they are with each other, the soldiers in Sergeant Don "Wardaddy" Collier's platoon form a familial bond and strive to protect each other no matter what, even as they watch comrades all around them blown to pieces or burned to death. The scene that stands

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Of course, it is against Norman's morals to kill him in cold blood, but to the others, who have been in the war longer than he has, it is personal.

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out to me the most occurs after Norman Ellison—trained as a clerk-typist and in the war for only eight weeks at this point—is assigned to Wardaddy's tank squad. Norman's first task is to clean out the tank. Inside the tank is the bloody face of the soldier who had died there before him, whose place he is taking. While gruesome, jolting and horrifying, that is the reality of war. It is not a glamorous job. During the subsequent scene when the tank squad's unit has captured a German soldier in the uniform of the SS (Schutzstaffel), infamous for its atrocities, Wardaddy takes it upon himself to demonstrate to Norman more of the harsh realities of war. After forcing a pistol into Norman's hand, Wardaddy pulls the trigger over Norman's grip and against his will, shooting the captive German in the back. Wardaddy and his platoon have developed an intense hatred for the Germans. Even though the German soldier shows a picture of his family



Sabrina Sanchez lives in Manteca, California, though her heart belongs at the beach. Currently working towards her AA as a ceramics major with a minor in Latin American studies, Sabrina is on her second year at Delta College and is considering a job in teaching. As a lover of all art forms (sculpting, writing, illustrating, music), she is thankful that *Delta Winds* chose to publish her essay as it is one of the pieces she is most proud of. Sabrina would like to extend her sincere gratitude to her family, her loved ones, and to her English 30 professor, Phil Hutcheon, for encouraging her to better her writing and to write from the heart.





and begs for mercy, he is executed. Of course, it is against Norman's morals to kill him in cold blood, but to the others, who have been in the war longer than he has, it is personal. Wardaddy and the other American soldiers who are watching the scene unfold are unable to feel empathy for the German, unable to see him as anything other than a monster who has been shooting at their brothers. A concoction of hatred and rage replaces the pity that they might have otherwise felt, and there is no trace in the others of the guilt that Norman clearly feels over this event.



Watching this stunning film reminded me of an extraordinary educational

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**During my interview with him, he described his experience on Normandy differently from what I had heard or seen in movies or read in other testimonies.**

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experience I had in high school. At seventeen, I had the privilege to interview two men who were in World War II: Joseph Brooks and Garland Copland. Joseph, a British soldier who was twenty-one at the time of his service, said he was the first Allied soldier in his landing craft to step on the beach at Normandy. "The others didn't want to get off on the smaller boat. And then they wouldn't get off at all. They were afraid. Someone had to be the first person to get off." In his mind, he was not a hero, not anyone special. He was just a man who knew that someone had to make the first move and the others would follow. During my interview with him, he described his experience on Normandy differently from what I had heard or seen in movies or read in other testimonies. A German soldier was wandering around the beach, with no idea that the British and Americans were coming in force. When Joe asked him if he spoke English, he said he spoke a little. "I told him he needed to get out of the way. I didn't want to kill anybody." The German soldier complied, and his life was spared, at least temporarily.

Joe's recollection of this story, one where he displays an overt reluctance to kill, contrasts sharply with Wardaddy's eagerness to inflict harm upon the enemy. However, Joe's tale does connect with an important scene near the end of *Fury*. After Norman's unit, including Wardaddy, has been wiped out, Norman hides underneath their disabled tank. German soldiers search the tank, and one of them shines a flashlight underneath it and illuminates Norman. What comes next in the scene is a complete surprise. Wardaddy had grimly warned

Norman that the Germans would torture him for information and then inflict a gruesome death upon him if he were captured

alive, but the soldier who discovers Norman in hiding just switches off his flashlight, walks away, and lets him live. This German soldier does not see Norman as an enemy but as a young man who is scared and out of options, in the same way that Joe saw another German soldier walking around the beach at Normandy. Ironically, after all of *Fury's* focus on atrocities committed by the Nazis, especially by members of the SS, including the hanging of women and children accused of collaborating with the enemy, it is a German soldier who shows that he has not been completely dehumanized by war. The combination of Joe's story and *Fury's* climax shows me that even though war is ugly, not all soldiers are killing machines who shoot to kill every person who is not on their side.

Garland Copland's testimony was also humble and humane. He was a twenty-one-year-old American soldier from the South. He told me about one of the first experiences of combat he had after he was sent overseas to Nuremberg, Germany. "I hadn't seen that much fighting until



that night. I was a machine gunner. They were shooting at us, and I was put into a wine cellar. Bullets were flying everywhere and I figured that would be my last day. I didn't do much. To tell you the truth, I was scared." Garland and Joe did not know each other during their time in the war. They did not even cross paths. However, I noticed that their stories had a lot in common. Neither of the men thought they were heroes; they were just two young men who were trying to stay alive, and they were scared and homesick. I was especially reminded of Garland's story at the very end of *Fury*. When rescuing American soldiers find Norman cowering underneath the tank, one of them says to him, "You're a hero." From the look on Norman's face, I can tell that he does not feel like a hero. He has just been trying to stay alive. Perhaps he feels that the real hero is Wardaddy, who, at the expense of his own life, trained Norman on the job under great duress and kept him intact through multiple battles to see this day.

Never in my life did I think that I was going to be able to meet a World War II veteran, but I was proven wrong. Joe and Garland were great men. I was surprised to discover that these men lived only five minutes away from me, but I was also heartbroken that very few people in our neighborhood knew that. From their stories, I learned how terrible the war was for a soldier. I did not expect *Fury* to have so many stories relatable to the ones I heard. The brutal realities shown in *Fury* mirror the first-hand accounts given to me by those who were actually there. Norman's struggle for survival during an arduous campaign against the German military reduces him at the end to a boy who is scared out of

his mind. Though he is called a hero, does he really feel like a hero? Being able to see an accurate representation of what Joe and Garland were talking about hurt my heart but also inspired me to remember and appreciate them again. Two years after interviewing them I found a job in the retirement home where they were living. We got to know each other better, and we

became friends. They did not feel like heroes at all; they were normal men with normal lives who were thrust into war

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**The brutal realities shown in *Fury* mirror the first-hand accounts given to me by those who were actually there.**

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and made many sacrifices to preserve the freedoms of millions of Americans and others around the world. What *Fury* and the testimonies of Joe and Garland have taught me—that was not taught to me in history books—was that the men and women who are sent to war have the initial intention of fighting for our country, but they end up fighting for the brothers and sisters they have met overseas, and also for themselves, just to survive—just as the enemy is trying to do, too. I also learned that not every soldier is dehumanized by war. The mercy shown by the real Joe Brooks and to the fictional Norman Ellison taught me that some people have a moral core that transcends even the atrocities of war.

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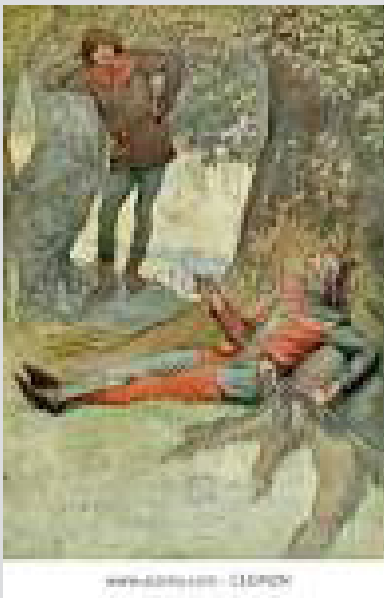


# That Fool's Gold

By Breanna Hildebrand



Breanna Hildebrand is a 21-year-old alumnus from Delta College who is now attending University of California, Berkeley. She is working on her bachelor's degree in English with an intended focus on Gender and Sexuality. She enjoys petting her dogs, watching stand-up comedy, and finding excuses to avoid her responsibilities.



Stand-up comedy is an important art form of our time. While standing on a stage, comedians address important issues that many of us think about, but are too afraid to actually say out loud. These jokes are funny since we usually relate to them. Comedy serves as a forum for the discussion of societal conventions we notice are odd, yet we continue to follow. The need for a person to point out the folly of society without being reprimanded has been in existence since civilization began. The character Touchstone in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* exemplifies the Elizabethan stand-up comic. He, like many other fools in Shakespeare's plays, demonstrates extreme sense, wit, and knowledge of his society.

Fools and clowns are often presented as having sense in Shakespeare's plays, while more prestigious characters are depicted as fools. Shakespeare provides many such instances in *As You Like It*. When Jaques, a lord of Duke Senior, comes across Touchstone in the woods, Touchstone is making vulgar puns at Audrey, who doesn't understand any of them. Like Touchstone, Jaques is disappointed that his jokes are not being well appreciated—Jaques says, "O knowledge ill-inhabited" (3.3.9). Jaques realizes that Touchstone possesses knowledge that is not being used to its best ability.

Duke Senior, upon his first encounter with Touchstone, is also extremely impressed with Touchstone's wit and knowledge. Duke Senior describes Touchstone as "very swift and sententious" (5.4.63-64). Jaques

explains, "He's as good at anything and yet a fool" (5.4.104). Touchstone is one of the smartest people Jaques has ever met. Duke Senior suspects, "He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit" (5.4.106-7), meaning Touchstone uses his position as a fool to be able to speak truths without having to be punished for it. He uses his power as a comedian to discuss forbidden topics.

Jaques, who notices the power that jesters have, craves the freedom to point out society's faults without restriction. He begs Duke Senior to let him wear a motley coat so he can "have liberty / Withal, as large a charter as the wind, / To blow on whom I please, for so fools have" (2.7.47-50). Jaques seeks to point out the follies of his society. He wants to be under the protection of the motley coat where he is free to speak as he wishes. Before this line, it's worth mentioning that Jaques also asks Duke Senior to never consider him to be wise. He's speaking of wisdom in the conventional way, wherein only persons of notability are considered to be wise. Jaques wishes to be considered a fool because by acting as a fool one gains knowledge and true intelligence.

One scene in the play illustrates how this humor resonated with Elizabethans. During Act 5 Scene 4, right before the marriages and the resolution of the play, Touchstone entertains the guests during a lull in events. He explains that he has wooed ladies before and, in fact, almost fought over one. Jaques asks for more information about how he avoided the

Jacques realizes that Touchstone possesses knowledge that is not being used to its best ability.

altercation. Touchstone then goes on to hilariously explain the names and degrees of arguments.

To understand this humor, one has to understand the Elizabethans. Unlike people in modern society, the Elizabethans studied language, rhetoric, and debate extensively. They gained pleasure in noticing wordplay and uses of rhetoric and could spot these literary devices easily. An important thing to note is that Elizabethans were a structured society. They studied very hard from a young age and had very strict expectations of each person and class. Essentially, they had rules about everything.

In his speech about the rules of arguing, Touchstone makes fun of Elizabethan society. By creating rules about something as trivial as arguing (not debating, but more pitiful arguments), he points out the absurdity and strictness in society. He explains that he “[quarrels] in print, by the

book, as you have books for good manners”(5.4.90-1). The example he chooses—an argument of the cut of a man’s beard—to explain this process is extremely absurd, which makes it even more delightful to the Elizabethans. This scene illustrates the trivial things that Elizabethans tend to make important. A man’s beard is so

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... we realize those we assume to be fools may have more knowledge than expected.

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important that the way he cuts it can affect him greatly. When a fool or jester points

this out, the Elizabethans realize the insignificance of the idea, forcing them to laugh at the rigidity of their society.

Touchstone is a knowledgeable, likable, and wise character, who embodies the function of clowns, jesters, and fools in Shakespeare’s play. By taking a closer look at the text, we can appreciate the importance of societal criticism, and we realize those we assume to be fools may have more knowledge than expected.



# Is Violence a Choice?

By April Cox

April Cox was born and raised in California and currently lives in Stockton. April graduated from Ceres High School in 2002. She is a science student at Delta College, and hopes to transfer to Sacramento State University to pursue a Bachelor of Science in Biology.



By the time my mother was twenty she had three children, my two older sisters and me. When I was nine months old, my mother willingly signed over custody of us to my grandparents. She was irritated because the time caring for us took away from her partying. Society could argue that she wasn't prepared to have children. She was just a child herself. However she was the one who chose to have unprotected sex. Three years later my mother had my younger sister. By that time my mother had become wise to the welfare system and knew if she were able to keep my sister, she would be able to get financial assistance.

The first time I saw my mother being physically violent was when

I was about eight years old. Usually, when my sisters and I visited our mother, she would watch television in her bedroom, while all of my sisters and I would play and talk. My mother was lazy and asked for things to be brought to her. At first my older sisters and I complied, but then we got tired of constantly getting up to get what she wanted and we began to complain. I noticed my younger sister looking scared and telling us to just do it and be quiet. I didn't understand why she was reacting that way. I thought, "This is the way we always act," and my two older sisters and I continued on as normal. My mother yelled at us and then told us to leave the bedroom. My mother told my younger sister to stay in the room and shut the door. I could see my sister's face as we closed the door. She was terrified.

As soon as we reached the other side of the wall, we heard a struggle, a

slap, a yelp, and then a boom! The entire wall shook. There were a few moments of utter silence and then the door opened again. When my older sisters and I walked back in the room, we knew exactly what had happened. My mother had punched our sister in the head, pulled her hair and then threw her across the room, and the boom was my sister's five-year-old body hitting the opposite wall. My sister's cheek was red from where she got hit, her shirt was ripped, her hair was a mess; she was dead silent and shaking very badly. My sisters and I did the only thing we thought we could do at the time, which was

to embrace and hold her.

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The first time I saw my mother being physically violent was when I was about eight years old.

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I never looked at my mother the same way again. After that, when we went

to visit my mother it wasn't for her, it was for our little sister. It was obvious that although that was the first time we had seen physical violence it wasn't the first time it had happened. It was a choice my mother had made. When things didn't go her way, she chose to vent all of her anger and frustration. Eventually my grandparents gained custody of my younger sister at the age of thirteen, which left my mother completely alone.

After my younger sister was gone, my mother became desperate. She no longer had her monthly check coming in. Just like every survivor, she evaluated her options and decided to be creative to get what she wanted. She would brag that she was able to beat the system. On one occasion she cut her wrists so she could get benefits and prescription drugs. She had the "mentally ill" act down to a tee. She was so good family members were

unsure themselves. But I knew better. I could see those “accidental moments of clarity.” This usually occurred when she realized she wasn’t going to get what she wanted, or if a person wasn’t getting the point fast enough.

My mother is a very selfish person; she only thinks of herself. She is never above manipulating anyone to get what she wants. Some people could say “She was too young to know any better,” but she knew *exactly* what she was

doing. I believe violence towards another living being is a choice. Violent people allow anger, frustration and irritation to take over. I think it is because violent people are unhappy and want others around them to feel the same way. So they act violently. Everyone has a conscience, but only some decide to

listen to it. Ultimately my mother decided to become a violent person and not just once, but throughout her life. In the end she is the one who has to live with the decisions she has made.

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Kayla King, 19, is currently attending San Joaquin Delta College and plans on transferring to UCLA. While she has always been fond of writing, her real passion is in the visual arts. She is grateful for the support and encouragement of Dr. Phil Hutcheon, as he is the one who convinced her to submit her pieces to *Delta Winds*.



# Forever Alone (On Purpose)

By Kayla King

While some teenagers had pictures of celebrities and models in the front of their binders, I had pictures of Rosie the Riveter and Gloria Steinem. I have always found inspiration from self-made, independent women. I watched the Disney princesses marry their princes, which was always their version of “happily ever after,” but could never seem to relate. My

education and my future have always been my greatest priorities, which is why I was surprised when discussing

applying to UCLA with a former romantic partner and he remarked, “But I don’t like the weather in L.A.” He had made the assumption that when I transferred schools I would want him to come along with me, so therefore, his opinion on the weather in LA was something I should take into consideration. That’s when I realized that we were on two different pages, and those pages were in separate books. Transferring to a four-year university and pursuing my goals were always more important to me than maintaining that relationship. But he seemed to be convinced that our relationship was going to go the distance, which included marriage and maybe a few kids. The relationship fizzled out pretty soon after that conversation. But that interaction made me reconsider everything I had thought about where my life was headed. Was there something wrong with me for prioritizing my career and passions over getting married and having children? Would I be any less happy or fulfilled if I remained single and childless?

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For a large portion of human history, young women have been expected to be married by the time they were old enough to experience their first menstrual cycle. Women who were unmarried past the age of eighteen could be considered a “spinster,” a derogatory word for a woman who chooses to remain single. In the 2014 book *Otherhood*, Melanie

Notkin explains, “A woman in our mother’s generation was stationed in society by her husband, her children,

her wealth, and her traditional family lifestyle” (8). No matter how successful a woman was, she was still considered “less-than” if she was not married with children. To be fair, men have also felt the pressure to get married and have children. Wealthy men in the aristocracies of long ago felt pressure to produce male heirs in order to carry their name into the next generation. But even then, their female counterparts still got the “short end of the stick.” Consider King Henry VIII, who married Catherine of Aragon and then divorced her for not producing a male heir for him. Catherine lived the rest of her life in relative poverty, while Henry was able to go through several more wives in his quest for an heir (“Catherine of Aragon” 1). Nowadays, modern women have a far better chance to be successful without a partner at their side, but are still plagued by some of the harmful stereotypes that affected women centuries ago.

Based on movies and television, the two most popular caricatures



of single women are the “crazy cat lady,” who is too damaged to find a spouse, and the “slut,” who prefers a life of promiscuity over monogamy. In an article called “Women: Single and Loving It,” Jeanie Lerche Davis interviews Dr. Bella DePaulo, a social psychologist, about living life as a single woman. Dr. DePaulo states: “It’s an old-fashioned message that you’re better off if you find a man. It’s this idea that you can be single, have your big career and all your friends, but that’s not the route to happiness, it’s not deep or meaningful like marriage is. That’s ridiculous. The best friendships often last longer than marriages . . . you don’t have ridiculous expectations of your friends like you do a spouse” (Davis 1).

American culture has typically supported the idea that women are better off married, both emotionally and financially. Davis also interviewed Dr. Pepper Schwartz, who has studied sociology and human behavior. Dr. Schwartz explains, “Many women turned to traditional married life because financially they had a difficult time on their own. . . . But now women can get high-paying jobs, which make a huge difference for them” (Davis 2). The image of a career-driven single girl was first introduced to me in the form of Carrie Bradshaw, the main character in the TV series *Sex and the City*. Carrie had it all, a string of handsome boyfriends, a flourishing career, a huge walk-in closet, and, most importantly, a close group of supportive girlfriends. She was one of the first single female characters that I saw on television to live her life more like the typical “bachelor” character rather than a woman sitting around waiting for a husband. And while I believe it is harmful to idolize such a materialistic and privileged character, I can appreciate that showing a woman who was in total control of both her

career and her sexuality is inherently empowering.

I love children. I can’t help but make a squealing noise when I see baby toes, and I love walking through Babies R’ Us. But at this point in my life, I don’t plan on having kids. An article by Beth Leipholtz, “I Don’t Think I Want to Be a Mother, and That Should Be Acceptable,” let me know that I was not alone in this sentiment. In the article, Leipholtz describes herself as dedicated to her career, and while she

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**Women feel pressure to have children because it is what we are expected to do.**

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loves children, she doesn’t see them in her future. She asks: “Why push one good thing

aside, something I am passionate about and spend so much time committed to, to do something I am unsure of and am only doing because I feel like I should be doing it, such as raising children” (1)?

Women feel pressure to have children because it is what we are expected to do. Some even consider women who choose their career over having children to be selfish. I believe that one of the most selfless things women can do is make the choice to not have children if they feel that they are ill-equipped to do it. But in most cases, there is a social stigma attached to a childless woman. In a recent interview on NPR, Lauren Sandler, the author of *The Childfree Life*, talked about being scrutinized for remaining childless. She says, “If women do not choose to have children, our culture does not know what to do with them. They must be lacking something. They must be non-nurturing. They must be refusing to participate in our norms” (1).

Women have the potential to be so much more than just a housewife and mother, not that those aren’t admirable occupations. Childless adults are not something to be scoffed at. They are making the decision that they feel is





the best for them. Too often, children are born to parents who didn't have a conversation about whether or not they were ready for kids. In 1997, "There [were] some 100,000 children living in foster homes across the country" (Engeler 1). Many of them were given up or taken away from unfit parents. Because of these circumstances, these children will now live a much harder life than what they would have had with parents who genuinely wanted and could support them. Having children is not something that everyone should do, and society as a whole should stop bullying those who make the choice to remain childless.

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**Children can bring immense joy, but also immense stress and frustration.**

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The most common response I've gotten when I've told people I don't plan on getting married and having children is that I am going to live a less happy life. But does having a romantic partner and children really make a person that much more satisfied? Dr. Bella DePaulo doesn't think so. In an article written for *Psychology Today*, she reviews various studies conducted about happiness in relation to marriage. She states, "For happiness, there was no difference in happiness from just before the wedding until just after. Over time, on the average, happiness did not change. Participants did not get either happier or less happy as the years of their marriage marched on" (DePaulo 1). So basically, married people are just as happy as they were before they were married. Single people may never experience that brief "blip" of happiness that comes from the act of getting married, but other than that, it doesn't seem like they are missing out on much.

When it comes to having children, there is debate about whether or not having them (or not having them) is the recipe for a fulfilling life. Arthur Stone of Stony Brook University

claims, "People with kids have more joys and happiness as well as more negative emotions, like anger, worry and stress" (Netburn 1). Children can bring immense joy, but also immense stress and frustration. Having a child is in many ways an emotional rollercoaster, and the cost of getting on that ride is staggering. According to new data from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, in order "To raise a child born in 2013 to the age of 18, it will cost a middle-income couple just over \$245,000" (Hicken 1). These estimates are higher for wealthier couples and lower for lower-income couples, but no matter how we slice it, having a baby is expensive.

This information only encourages my opinion that I do not need a partner or children to find happiness, and, in some ways, might be better off on my own.

Being single and childless may seem like a lonely existence on paper, but I've found that there are many other ways to feel fulfilled. First of all, being a childless woman in America is not really the anomaly it is portrayed to be in popular culture. According to Melanie Notkin, author of *Savvy Auntie: The Ultimate Guide for Cool Aunts, Great-Aunts, and All Women Who Love Kids*, "Nearly 50 percent of adult females in the United States are nonmoms" (1). Notkin also discusses how satisfying a relationship with nieces and nephews can be. She even coined the anagram "PANK," which means Professional Aunt No Kids, and supplies an example: "I don't have kids of my own, but I have five amazing nieces and nephews, a beautiful goddaughter, a fabulous career, amazing friends, I travel a ton, and I always go to the best restaurants in the city. I'm a PANK" (2).

This sounds like a pretty good deal to me. I don't think I can handle the commitment of having a child of my

own, but that doesn't mean I don't like kids or wouldn't enjoy spoiling a niece or nephew. However shallow or selfish it sounds, the way I plan on living my adult life doesn't really work with having children. I want to spend time working on my art and exploring the world. Eventually, I could see myself ending up with a long-term partner, but that's only if that person could keep up with the lifestyle I want. I don't want to compromise myself for anyone or anything.

I conducted a survey on Facebook asking my female friends what was more important to them: marriage and children or pursuing their passions/careers. In total, forty-one young women participated. Out of those young women, 83% said pursuing their passions/careers was more important to them than marriage and children. I imagine these results would be much different if I had been able to conduct the survey forty years ago. I am lucky to belong to such a progressive generation that believes that women can aspire to more than an apron and a diaper bag. But with that, I don't believe that one choice is better than the other. Wives and mothers contribute so much to the world we live in. My mother, a single parent, gave me the best life she could, and I wouldn't be the strong-willed young woman I am today without her support. And while I can't see motherhood or housewifery in my future at the moment, that doesn't mean I'm ruling them out completely. Ten years from now, I could be with someone that I wouldn't mind spending the rest of my life with, and maybe I'll decide that my genes are too good to go to waste. But for now, my priorities are with my career, my art, and ultimately, myself. And while society may try to tell me otherwise, that's perfectly fine with me.

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# I Get It from My Dad

By Kayla Holdaway



Kayla Holdaway was born in Oakdale, California, where her dad raised her on his own until she reached the age of six years old. They, then, moved to Stockton. Though they have moved a couple of times to different cities, the majority of Kayla's childhood was spent in Stockton. She graduated from Lincoln High School and is currently working on getting her degree to become a respiratory therapist. Her future plans include working at a hospital as an RT and living a life full of contentment and peace.



On March 22, 1997, my father got a call from Oak Valley Hospital with the results from a blood test. He had been waiting since March 10 to hear back from the doctors. For twelve days, a flood of emotions—impatience, eagerness, and nervousness—overwhelmed him. Then, finally, he heard the words he knew to be true all along: I was his. He told his boss, “I’m going to pick up my baby girl” and never looked back.

The nine months prior to that day were very difficult for my dad. He had

discovered that his girlfriend, with whom he was living, was pregnant, while simultaneously finding out, from her other three children, that she had been cheating on him. To be spiteful, she insisted the baby was not his, and she was bent on giving it up for adoption. However, something—maybe it was fate or just a strong intuition—told him the child was his. After the much-anticipated paternity test and the long court dates, my dad became a single father overnight, with no clue how to raise an infant.

Not many men would step up and do what my father did. Also, not many would refuse help from family members, but that’s just how stubborn my dad was. He would call it determination, which is not too far-fetched, but I believe it was mostly stubbornness. My grandma insisted he live with her so he wouldn’t have to work so much to pay for rent, and she could watch me during the day. He mistook her offer for a challenge and rejected it.

For the first months of my life, my dad would drop me off at day-care, go to work, pick me up when he got off, go

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Not many men would step up and do what my father did.

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home, wake up every hour to take care of me, then get up and do it all over again the next day. He told me stories of how I could only fall asleep if I was lying on his chest. If, for any reason, there was a jerky movement or a hitch in my breath, he would instantly wake up to see if I was all right. Needless to say, he didn’t get very much sleep during that first year. Things might have been easier if he had accepted my grandma’s invitation to live with

her, but that would have signified a failure in my father’s eyes. Be that as it may, he worked hard to raise me and didn’t give up.

I am much like my dad in that way. We both take things as a challenge if someone insinuates we can’t do something. For example, when I was in first grade, my teacher would allow students to read a book in front of the class. She would always pick the same boy because his reading skills were very developed for his age. One day, she asked if there was anyone else who would like to give it a try. One of my hands shot up in the air with a book already in the other.

When she called on me to read I was so excited. I took a seat in the front of the room, my classmates surrounding me on the floor, and proceeded to read *The Cat in the Hat* by Dr. Seuss. I gradually made it through the first couple of pages before I got stuck on the word “high.” I just could not figure out what that word was. My teacher made no effort to hide her annoyance as she looked at the book and said, “That word is ‘high.’ Why don’t you let someone else try to read?” I was embarrassed and, frankly, disappointed in myself.

From that day forward, I worked hard to expand my vocabulary and improve my reading skills. I read several books every day and tried to challenge myself with each one. My grandpa encouraged me by buying me books as my Christmas present. I would read those to myself and out loud until I had completed all of them. By the time I was in the third grade, I had to be put in special classes because my reading level was significantly higher than my grade level.

Even though my father refused my grandma's offer when I was first

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**I would be lying if I said I didn't inherit some of my dad's stubbornness.**

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born, he has always stressed the importance of family. He did this discreetly through his actions rather than words. When I was seven, my dad married and over the next few years had my three siblings. He worked, and continues to work, hard to provide for us and keep us healthy. He also makes it a point to keep in touch with our family outside of Stockton. There is always time to make a random call or a spontaneous visit.

I have an aunt who is in her eighties, living on the outskirts of Riverbank. It is about an hour drive from here, but, to my dad, it's worth the trip. He often spends the day with her, talking or looking at her bountiful garden. It is because of these visits that she frequently posts on Facebook how much she loves my dad. I have adopted my dad's habit of making random calls on my family. I'll call just to catch up and see what I've missed.

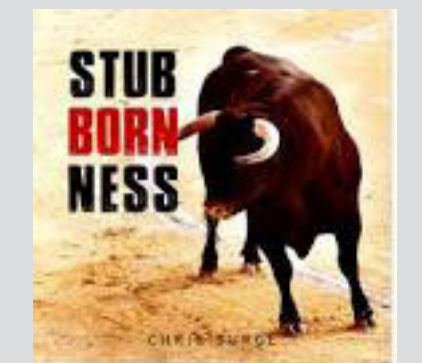
I would be lying if I said I didn't inherit *some* of my dad's stubbornness. I can see it when I stick to my arguments even though I might be wrong. However, my father's stubbornness is not limited to the occasional banter. His recent motorcycle accident proves my point. Let me explain.

On September 1, 2014, my dad was in a serious motorcycle accident that left him with extensive injuries: he had a compound fracture on his right leg with pieces of bone missing from various places; the wrist on his left hand was broken; a tendon was displaced on his knuckle; severe road burn covered both the front and back of his body; and his left shoulder suffered nerve damage and ripped tendons. It will take years for him to acquire full mobility of his arm.

When he was moved from the hospital to a nursing home to recover, he had already been out

of work for four months. His company told him it could hold his position for only another six months. The doctor told him he would probably need more than nine months to be in shape to work again since his job required a lot of moving around. Despite his inability to walk and move his arm properly, my dad checked himself out of the nursing home and told his boss he would be back at work within a few weeks. Upon hearing this news, his doctor, family, and close friends roared with disapproval. All the cautioning didn't faze him. He was back at work in the middle of December—wheelchair and all.

Living away from each other has caused us to collide at times. However, I believe this is because I am so much like him. I am at that point in my life where I am coming into myself and, as an eighteen-year-old, discovering who I am as a person. The more I grow, the more I catch myself saying or doing something that has my dad written all over it. Sometimes this horrifies me. Other times it makes me very proud. Although I would not want to live my life as he has, I wouldn't mind ending up like the person he is now. That person is someone who has embraced his challenges and who has overcome adversity. He is someone that I am proud to call my dad.





on this relationship. This can create an opportunity for an individual to connect with the relatives of his friends, or in some cases, soon-to-be relatives. I personally experienced this when my uncle from New York got engaged. Following the engagement, my uncle's soon-to-be husband wished to be linked to many of his future spouse's family members through Facebook. Though I had previously never met my uncle's soon-to-be husband, I accepted his "friend" request.

However, if I had not seen the family connection, I would have simply clicked "ignore."

Another in-group membership involves fans of particular sports teams. Though Allport admits that it can be challenging to distinctly define an in-group, he writes that there has to be some commonality that brings individuals in a group together (48). He writes, "Perhaps the best that can be done is to say that members of an in-group all use the term 'we' with the same essential significance" (48). Allport is essentially saying that an in-group can be defined simply as a group of people who like the same thing. Being a fan of a particular sports team is a perfect example of this. Even though the fans are not members of the actual team, they will frequently refer to themselves and their favorite team as "we" (e.g. "We lost today" or "We are going to the World Series"). Facebook gives users a platform to show their team pride. On game days, young men will change their profile or cover photos to logos of their favorite sports teams or the numbers of their favorite players. Some will even post "live updates" of the game on their pages. While this can create camaraderie among sports fans, other users who are not interested in sports may find this display of fervent team spirit to be

alienating, if not simply annoying. This may result in these young men being blocked or "unfriended" by their Facebook friends.

The final established in-group is political. This could include a particular candidate, party, or policy. While Allport does not explicitly name political parties in his essay, he does write that some in-groups are achieved rather than ascribed (49).

He writes, "Some memberships have to be fought for. But many are conferred automatically by birth and by family tradition" (49). What Allport is saying here is that some of our in-group memberships,

such as family, are automatically attributed to us, while others have to be earned. Young men will use Facebook as a way to "prove" their political loyalty towards a certain candidate or issue. Additionally, in order to appeal to younger voters, many politicians have created Facebook profiles and pages for their campaigns or for the policies that they support. This gives the young men who want to prove their support or loyalty on social media an opportunity to display their in-group loyalty by "liking" these pages, sharing their content, and posting their opinions on the issues.

However, regarding politics as an in-group, it should also be noted that Allport writes that an in-group always implies that there is an out-group (56). Using a metaphor of school sports teams, he writes, "School spirit is never so strong as when the time for an athletic contest with the traditional 'enemy' approaches" (57). Because "belonging is a highly personal matter" (52), if a young man supports a candidate, party, or policy, and one of his Facebook friends does not, then this young man may choose to display hostility towards that

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Young men will use Facebook as a way to "prove" their political loyalty towards a certain candidate or issue.

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person. Young men will engage in lengthy arguments or name-calling, block their friends' posts, or even "unfriend" individuals altogether. While some of these young men may feel that they did not do the right thing, I think Allport would disagree. He writes, "The psychological emphasis must be placed primarily on the desire for security, not on hostility itself" (57). This means that the primary purpose of an in-group is for its members to feel a sense of belonging, not to attack or alienate members of alternative out-groups. Unfortunately, the latter is more frequently seen on Facebook.

In conclusion, while Facebook may have changed the way young men choose to connect with their in-groups, it clearly has not changed the nature of these in-

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This means that the primary purpose of an in-group is for its members to feel a sense of belonging, not to attack or alienate members of alternative out-groups.

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groups. Alienation and hostility are attitudes of in-groups that are now being communicated digitally. Concluding his essay, Allport writes, "Attitudes partial to the in-group do not necessarily require that attitudes toward other groups be antagonistic" (61). He suggests that one's loyalty to a smaller in-group can be strengthened, not threatened, by loyalty toward the larger in-group of humankind (58-59). Allport writes that this is a "hopeful possibility" (61). Can someone human create an app for that?

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# Forest and Daniel

By Khalid Saleh

Forest Bishop looked at the warped book in his hands and felt puzzled. He wanted to understand the evils surrounding his city, but the book did little to satisfy his curiosity. Mr. Wilson had recommended the book, *The Other Side of Detroit*. As far as Forest was concerned, there was still only one side of Detroit; the one that was crime-ridden and full of evil

people. Mr. Wilson had lived in Detroit his whole life. His mother had died when he was three years old, and his father had died of cancer when he was eighteen. Mr. Wilson

understood Forest's concerns, and reflected back to when he was Forest's age—eighteen. He also had a lot of questions understanding the problem of evil in the world, especially in Detroit. He had witnessed Detroit get worse over the decades and wrote a book and gave it for free to anyone wanting to help make a change.

Forest had read many chapters of the book but still couldn't understand the evils that gripped his new hometown. "Change Comes from Within" was the title of one chapter. Forest couldn't grasp how change could be from within when he observed that all crimes were being committed outwardly. Another chapter was titled "Be Patient and Change Will Come." He couldn't understand how patience would bring change, either. Forest wanted *immediate* change. He felt compelled that change was needed but didn't understand where and how he could implement the changes. There was something obviously wrong with the people of Detroit; their short tempers, lack of hospitality—and unwillingness—to greet each other with warmth and humility. Forest

wanted mandatory rules that everyone should follow.

He had once seen a man get angry when an older man dressed in a black suit and brown shoes walked past him. Forest wanted to know what the cause of the man's rage was and why the old man with the suit walked with such a busy demeanor that he didn't even

notice the angered man.

Forest paced back and forth and read more chapters from the book. He walked over to the

window and reflected on his recent surroundings. With each new day, he began to hate Detroit, with its graffiti-ridden walls and tall skyscrapers. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel out of place. He wanted someone to show him—by example—how he could help remedy and understand his new surroundings.

He had arranged a meeting with Mr. Wilson later in the afternoon to ask him why he had recommended a book that further confused his state of mind. Forest was a self-proclaimed do-gooder. He had an upbeat personality and rushed to out-do others in good deeds. He felt that the people of Detroit were less willing to do good deeds. He used to compete with his friend Mark, a school buddy he had known since the second grade. Mark had a fair complexion with freckles over his face and neck. Mark had grown distant from Forest over the years as Mark had moved to Tennessee with his parents, while Forest had moved to Detroit.

Forest had fond memories of when he lived a stone's throw away from

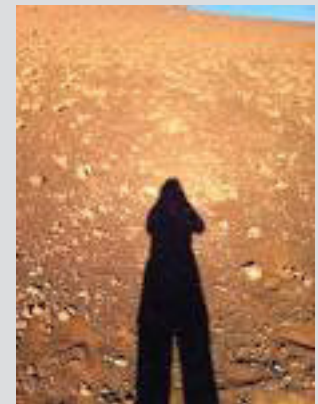
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He felt compelled that change was needed but didn't understand where and how he could implement the changes.

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Khalid Saleh was born in Afghanistan and came to America with his parents at the age of five. He lives in Mountain House. He wants to major in business administration with a minor in English. When he's not working or studying, he enjoys spending time with his family and loves to take his two daughters, Imaan and Giselle, ages 3 and 5, on adventures.





Mark in rural Texas. The population was less than a few hundred, and everyone knew each other. He would recall seeing neighbors visit each other at least once a week. Mark and Forest took turns milking the cows, brushing the yards and tidying up the barns. Whenever a neighbor would greet Forest and Mark, Forest would outrun Mark to shake their hand. If a neighbor forgot to greet Forest, Forest would hold a grudge until he got a greeting again. Forest lived by the motto, “Be nice to only those who are nice to you.”

Forest further reflected on the days he would walk miles in the brazen sun with his blue torn jeans to herd the cattle and close the gates. He owned three pairs of jeans, and he wore them until they no longer fit.

Forest couldn’t understand the hustle and bustle of Detroit. Why was it ridden with so much crime, and why didn’t neighbors help each other out? Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was Mr. Wilson. Forest had so many questions to ask Mr. Wilson. He took out his notebook and had six questions prepared.

Mr. Wilson was a slender man in his eighties with disheveled hair. When he spoke, he would make wheezing sounds that could be mistaken for a cough. It was a condition he had had since childhood. Those closest to him knew about his difficulty speaking. Mr. Wilson glanced over at Forest’s notebook and said, “My dear son, I will only answer two of your questions. My chronic condition prevents me from speaking too much. For the rest, I will direct you to Daniel Smith.”

Forest looked at his notebook and picked two questions for Mr. Wilson.

“Why don’t the people of Detroit

appreciate my efforts when I try to help?”

“They do,” exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

“You just have to be patient.”

“Why are the poor people angry at the men in suits?”

“Because the poor people hold the rich in contempt and want what they have,” said Mr. Wilson.

“Why are there so much suffering and violence in Detroit?”

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“Why are there so much suffering and violence in Detroit?”

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Mr. Wilson suggested Forest speak with a friend of his, Daniel Smith. Before Forest left, Mr. Wilson said,

“I’ve arranged for you to meet Daniel tomorrow at Belle Isle Park.”

Forest felt disappointed that Mr. Wilson couldn’t provide him with insightful answers, but was nevertheless hopeful that Daniel might provide better examples.

Forest arrived at Belle Isle Park early the next day. It was before sunrise. The cobalt sky sparkled with stars, and the pre-dawn quiet was relaxing. Still, Forest was excited and looked forward to the meeting. He glanced into the distance, alternating between sitting on the bench and pacing back and forth. The first rays of the sun crept bright over the horizon, making Forest impatient. Forest looked into the distance again to see the figure of an old man walking towards him. *This must be Daniel Smith*, he thought. As the man drew closer, Forest could see from the man’s dress that he was a gentle academic. A tweed jacket hung slightly loose on his frame, and the man’s spectacles reflected the lamplight as they bobbed up and down with his gait.

Forest gulped, suddenly nervous. He glanced over at Daniel as he closed the short distance between them. Daniel

was a loving, gentle man with a long gray beard and kind brown eyes. Despite this, his friends saw him as a depressed old man, a risk-taker. Once, he had even brought an old man back from the brink of death. As Forest rose from the bench and Daniel came closer, he could see the smile on his face. Forest believed that no time should be wasted and to make the best of his time with Daniel.

Forest stuck out his hand. "I am here because I want to be educated,"

Forest said in a hopeful tone. "I need your knowledge," Forest said.

As they were crossing the river, Forest observed Daniel make a small hole in the left corner of the boat prior to arriving on-shore.

Daniel was still, appraising the younger man in front of him.

Forest looked back, impatiently fingering his notebook. "You are Daniel, aren't you? Teach me what you know," he demanded.

They looked at each other with anxious feelings. Daniel read Forest's face and understood his curiosity and impatience. Daniel realized that Forest might not be ready for his preaching but was willing to teach. Forest looked at Daniel's long gray beard and shiny forehead. He held out his hand again. "Teach me," he whispered gently.

"Hmph," Daniel muttered.

"Please?" begged Forest.

"You don't have the patience," Daniel replied. "How can you have patience about a thing which you know not?"

Forest tried to look confident. His body was firm, solid as a rock. "I will do as you please," Forest proclaimed. "I will be patient."

"You don't have the patience," Daniel replied twice more.

Forest said, "Give me a chance, and I will show you that I am indeed patient."

"Come closer," replied Daniel. "I will give you three chances. Ask me not about anything until I myself make mention to you. If you fail in this regard, we will part ways on the third try."

Forest agreed with the terms and came forward to drink the cup of tea that Daniel had offered him. Forest drank

the tea, and it made him feel ready to embark on the adventure with Daniel.

Forest followed Daniel with his eyes and observed his behavior as they walked between trees and across a bridge. They came across two tall trees with two grown men in their thirties having a picnic. Seven bananas, a jar of honey, peanut butter sandwiches, roasted chicken with bread and biscuits were scattered on the floor. Daniel approached the two men and asked if they could each have a banana. The man howled at Daniel and told them to get out of their sight.

Daniel proceeded to a nearby tree that provided them shelter and began to repair a damaged branch. He weaved different branches together providing a solid foundation. He tied them together and further supported it with another branch.

Forest exclaimed, "Why are you repairing a tree branch when the inhabitants that are seeking shelter beneath it have been rude to you?"

"Did I not say to you that you will not have patience with me?" replied Daniel.

"Don't be harsh with me for something I forgot," responded Forest.





They continued to walk and came across a river where a dozen boats were crossing back and forth. The air gave Forest a new sense of confidence as he looked across in all directions anticipating Daniel's next move.

Forest observed a boat in the distance coming in Daniel's direction. The boat had a red exterior built with solid oak and was coated with a yellow interior.

Daniel approached the mother and son riding in the boat and asked \_\_\_\_\_ if they could be taken across the river. The mother and son agreed. Forest and Daniel climbed in the boat. The boat had enough space to fit three more grown men. It was the nicest boat on the river.

As they were crossing the river, Forest observed Daniel make a small hole in the left corner of the boat prior to arriving on-shore.

Forest's face grew red, and he bellowed with anger, veins protruding forth from his forehead. "Why would you do such a thing to a people that offered us a ride across the river? Surely, they caused you no harm!"

"Did I not tell you that you would not have any patience?" responded Daniel.

Taking a deep breath, Forest replied, "I cannot control my anger when I see wrong being committed. Please give me another chance; you will find me among the patient."

Forest and Daniel continued walking until they reached the tall skyscrapers. The hustle and bustle of the city gave Daniel anxiety and reminded him of the book Mr. Wilson had given him. He also remembered the poor man rebuke the man in the suit for no crime. He saw little interaction amongst the people of the city. Everyone minded their own business;

most were either busy talking on their telephones or listening to music through their headphones. Everyone kept to themselves.

Daniel passed by many different homeless men and weaved through buildings until he came to a busy intersection. He approached a man with a shiny suit and polished shoes. He handed the man with the polished shoes a hundred dollar bill.

Please give me  
another chance; you  
will find me among  
the patient."

Upon seeing this Forest grew angry again and asked, "Why did you give a rich man money and ignore the poor people?"

Daniel said, "We must depart now. You did not keep your commitment to me, and lost your patience three times. Before I depart, however, I will explain the meaning of those things that I did."

Forest threw up his hands in frustration, then wheeled on Daniel, still angry. "Fine," he demanded. "Tell me."

"For the first incident, I repaired the tree branch as a new family would arrive soon to have a picnic underneath the same tree, and I feared the tree branch would fall on the smallest of their children."

Forest considered Daniel's actions, and thought to himself, *I must be nice to not only those that do good to me, but also that do wrong to me.*

"When we took shelter on the boat and crossed the river with the child and his mother, I overheard that two robbers were seizing every good boat in the river, and I made a small hole to discourage the robbers from stealing the boat."

Forest contemplated this action as well. *Certain wrong actions may*

*appear outwardly wrong, but are blessings in disguise.*

you see the world. Let me help my city the way you've helped these people."

"As for the third incident, I gave the man a hundred dollar bill to remind him of his obligations to feed and help the homeless. He was a wealthy man, and my actions have encouraged him to feed hundreds of homeless men. When the poor people hold the rich in contempt, they are angry because they are not sharing their wealth. Having the wealthy interact with the poor and sharing their wealth will bring better harmony. These are the explanations to those things that you did not have patience."

Forest looked at Daniel. His eyes were wet with tears. He reached out a hand to Daniel.

"Please, Daniel. Give me one more chance. Let me see the world the way

Daniel appraised the young man standing before him. A long moment passed before Daniel smiled, and held out his hand to Forest.

**Upon seeing this Forest grew angry again and asked, "Why did you give a rich man money and ignore the poor people?"**

"You understand now," Daniel said, placing an arm around Forest's shoulders. "That is good. Be the change that you want to see in the world. Help change come about by actively taking part in it—by influencing it—by *being* change."

Forest considered that for a moment. A wide grin split his face, and Daniel could see the excitement in his eyes.

"I'm ready. Let's change the world."



# HOW TO HIT ROCK BOTTOM

By Adán Álvarez



Adán Álvarez, a third-semester student at San Joaquin Delta College, was born in French Camp, California, but he has been raised in Stockton for most of his life. He comes from a migrant family, and he has lived homeless for the first years of his life. His family has traveled all over Arizona, Nevada, Montana, and all the Pacific states in search for a stable home. His family finally became stable in the city of Stockton. All of these experiences and hardships made him realize how terrible it is to live in a society without anything to call your own. His childhood influences are the motives for writing this essay on the horrible realities that some people in the Unites States have to live in on a daily basis. If not for Professor Agopsowicz and all of his classmates from that early 6:30 in the morning class, this essay would have never come to be, so he would like to say thanks to his professor and his classmates.



We must start at a very crucial point in the lives of people and that is their childhood. The children born into a family of poverty are already predisposed to enter a cycle of sadness and failure, for the society's economy will make it tough on the poor working class to earn money. Besides having a hard time supplying their family with any source of food, parents will only be able to dress their kids with hand-me-downs and cheap generic clothing. The children will be ridiculed at school for their appearance. They will be tormented constantly every day at recess, and they will arrive home with tears in their eyes and hatred in their hearts. At home, the children will be constantly yelled at. They will be verbally and physically abused by their parents. Parents will target the kids since the kids cannot fight back, and the stresses of life will be too much for these families. The children will not be fed properly, they will not be clothed nicely, and they will not be loved correctly.

The children will then grow up to be cold and reckless teenagers who will make many bad decisions. The children will begin to commit crimes because of the situations they were born into. The children will begin to steal, cause violence, and consume illegal drugs. This will seem fine to the teens, for their teen culture will view it as cool. The teens will grow older, and in time they will be labeled as adults. With the constant breaking of laws, these young adults will sooner or later see their parents from a different point of view, and that will be from behind metal bars.

Jails will be filled with older adults who share the same history as the new adults. The inmates will all be dressed the same and will be stripped of all rights. The new inmates will fend for their lives as they try to survive the ruthless ways of the prison system. The inmates will be primitive animals who seek to have the power to control others, and this will lead them to kill, mutilate, and rape other inmates. The guards hired by these facilities will not help protect inmates. The constant fear of whether these inmates will be able to see another day will drive them to paranoia and cold heartedness. This system of corrections that will be implemented in the society will be a perfect fit.

If some survive and come out of these facilities, would that mean they will have a fresh new start? This cannot happen in the society we are creating, so we shall make it very tough for ex-convicts to start a new life.

The first thing a person must do to survive in our economy is to have a sustainable income. During job interviews, when former-inmates have to admit they have had trouble with the law, they will be seen as a last resort because employers will be seeking industrious and reliable people. However, some former-inmates might be lucky and get jobs they applied for, so there will be a plan for this circumstance. These employees will receive income at a set wage, and employers will find it hard to give them raises. As the government raises prices, most of these employees will be earning the bare minimum to support themselves. These were the same circumstances that the society

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...they will arrive home with tears in their eyes and hatred in their hearts.

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of whether these inmates will be able to see another day will drive them to paranoia

put the former inmate's parents through.

The new employees will reach a point that will cause them to feel like they are going nowhere. With several months of work and no raises, they will grow tired and lethargic, causing them to be fired. Once these fired employees leave the job, they will file for welfare checks in order to have some sort of income. These unemployed former-inmates will feel a little sense of help. However, they will find that the assistance will not provide them the same support that they had when working. Since the unemployed will have previous convictions and bad work records, they will soon be out of options and welfare supplements.

At this point our initial goals will be complete. The unemployed former-inmates will soon be wandering the

streets with no home, no food, and no family. The outcasts will walk the streets, deteriorating from drug usage, insanity, and starvation. The homeless will ask people for help, but many will ignore them because they

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**If you have followed these steps, you shall have created a world of homelessness, poverty, and deprivation.**

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will not wish to associate with the less fortunate. We will make it illegal to feed these people in order to improve the

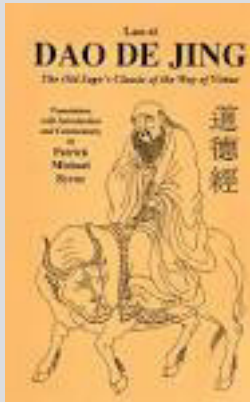
tourism in many cities. These cities can then brag that they are now free of pesky beggars. The wanderers will also be treated with excessive force by our nation's law officials.

Now, we have reached success! If you have followed these steps, you shall have created a world of homelessness, poverty, and deprivation. Surely, this could not exist in a nation of democracy and leading technology. There is no nation that would ever commit these heinous crimes against humanity in reality.



# Discovering Inner Peace: *Dao De Jing*

By Morgan Johnston



Ultimately everybody wants the same thing: Happiness. But how does one get it? Will it be obtained when finding Mr. Right, getting that dream job? Will it be found through friendship, or perhaps when finally traveling the world? We often place our happiness within something else, when in reality we have the power to achieve it in our mind. Happiness is a mental state. One must simply adjust one's mindset, although that is

sometimes easier said than done. *Dao De Jing* is a collection of philosophical ancient Chinese poems, which do not necessarily

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I am most unhappy when I begin to believe my life is not good enough, resulting in my seeking change.

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solely teach how to obtain happiness, but how to discover the *Way*. The *Way* is essentially becoming one with the universe and allowing for the discovery of one's purpose. The *Dao De Jing* is one of the most popular pieces of literature. It is a religious classic, with over one hundred different translations in just the English language alone (1601). Daoism is very unique because its theories are subjective to each individual, and the meanings evolve as its reader does. Through the *Dao De Jing's* concepts of flow, simplicity, and balance, I have discovered an inner peace—one that helps with the relief of personal anxieties.

The *Dao De Jing's* notion to go with the flow is the most significant lesson to me in all of its teachings. Early Daoist philosophers suggest that when people make arbitrary decisions in an attempt to control their lives, as opposed to going with the flow, that it will inevitably lead one to trouble (1604). The universe has a meaningful plan for everyone; overruling nature's

course will lead one off track when it comes to discovering their true purpose. Initially, I struggled to accept this concept in full, thinking: *I cannot simply wait for things to happen; I have to make them happen*. But as I took the theory into further consideration, its truth became clearer. I am most unhappy when I begin to believe my life is not good enough, resulting in my seeking change. Anxieties set

in, and I begin to question everything surrounding me. *The Bedford Anthology of World Literature, Book 1*, explains humans only

perceive a fragment of the whole plan, and potentially misunderstand how every event is connected to another (1604). Every experience, including the bad, is essential to another, even if one doesn't understand how at the time. It is as if the saying "as one door closes, another door opens" originated from the *Dao De Jing's* ancient philosophy. As I read Laozi's poems, my toxic habit of overthinking and negatively questioning my life's course was addressed right before my eyes. According to Daoism, my actions were incorrect. "Empty yourself of everything. Let the mind rest at peace" (1606). When one leaves emotion out of the thinking process, the *Way* will become clearer. To simply be receptive and open-minded to the flow of life is how one should act. I find peace in this way of thinking and realize my own emotions are a significant starting point of stress and anxiety in my life.

The next influential concept brought to my attention by the *Dao De Jing* is the importance of simplicity. Today's



world is full of outside social pressures, and it seems as though everybody has an opinion on how another should act. Prioritizing other people's wishes before my own desires seems to only lead me to a discouraged state—unsure of who I really am. The *Dao De Jing* states, "It is more important to see the simplicity, to realize one's true nature, to cast off selfishness and temper desire" (1607). I connected to this statement immediately, for it reminded me to rid my mind of outside burdens and to channel the simplicities of life. The path others may want me to take is not necessarily the path to discovering my true purpose. I especially connected

to poem *Twenty-Eight* of the *Dao De Jing*, as it states, "Become as a little child once more" (1608). To me, this simply translated

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**Daoism recognizes  
the presence of polar  
opposites in the universe  
and embraces them.**

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to *be free*. To free myself of any bottled up emotions and to just breathe; be as carefree as a child. The author goes on to say, "Return to the state of the uncarved block" (1606), and within those words I have found so much power. When I am caught up in the chaos of the world, I remember to bring my mind to the simplest state—as if my mind is as pure as an untouched piece of wood. Reading the *Dao De Jing* is naturally therapeutic and as calming as a form of meditation. I hold on to Laozi's wise words and will use them as a tool in the future.

The *Dao De Jing's* teachings of balance also offer me peace of mind. Daoism is often compared to the flow of water, or better described as *yin* and *yang*, to represent water's natural rhythmic poles (1603). The *yin* and *yang* represent two opposites that yet perfectly complement each other, creating an even balance. *Yin* is associated with darkness, the enclosed, or femininity. *Yang* is associated with light, openness, or masculinity (1606). Daoism recognizes the presence of polar opposites in the universe and

embraces them. This is an important concept that Daoism addresses because keeping a balance of all things in life keeps stability. Too much of one emotion over another can cause displacement and a swayed mindset. Dao explains that harmony can be achieved by combining forces (1609). It is as if all actions have an opposite and equal reaction but in balanced unity create tranquility. Hardships in life are balanced with peace, just as light is balanced with dark. Any of my personal anxieties or worries can be counteracted with the right mindset. I cannot allow myself to be consumed with stress, anxiety, or worry and expect

to achieve happiness. This throws off mental balance and just creates more confusion. Having a balanced mind, caught up in neither spectrum of emotion, is when clear thoughts will emerge and the Way can be discovered. Balance allows for a deep inner peace and relief of uneven emotions.

The *Dao De Jing* has been a pleasant discovery that has made a positive impact on my life. Its concept of going with the flow has taught me to trust the universe and not go against its will. It is important to remember and appreciate the simple things in life, as well as keep an even emotional balance. I find the *Dao De Jing* to be calming, and I appreciate the sense of inner peace it has given me. It has allowed me to see—through a different perspective—not only life, but my inner self. I will forever remember its teachings.

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# Voting as My Right and Choice

By Maritza Villalobos



Voting has always been an important part of our country. We have been given the opportunity to decide who runs our country, yet some people want no part in it. It baffles me to see how many people choose not to get involved. I will be voting in the 2016 presidential election because I need and want to take advantage of the right I was given as an American citizen. At one point in time, I was that person who had no interest in politics, but now I want everyone to get involved. The reason for this change is high school and my American government teacher.

Growing up, I wasn't well informed on politics. I had no care for who the president was, and I didn't

care for the laws being passed. In all honesty, I didn't even know people were supposed to vote. The main reason for this was the fact that my parents were immigrants. My parents didn't pay attention to politics because they were more concerned with taking care of my siblings and me. Although I am eternally grateful, I feel like they should have been aware of the laws concerning them or people like them. I didn't start thinking like this until high school.

High school was my turning point; it's what got me involved. My freshman year I decided I wanted to try new things, so I joined clubs and played sports. I think that's the typical thing for freshmen to do. Going in, I didn't imagine that I'd be staying after my history class was over to ask about the current world situations. I wanted to know which laws were being passed

and what the president was doing to stop terrorism. It just became my thing. One person who made sure I stayed involved was my American government teacher.

Junior year was the designated year to take American government and economics. This was by far my favorite class. My teacher showed us a different video every day. Each video focused on wars, organizations, or disasters that people were not aware of. I was shocked that so much was going on, and no one was talking

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I was shocked that so much was going on, and no one was talking about it.

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about it. Then, one day he brought up the topic of voting. He told us that our generation had the least number of voters. Not only that, he said that Hispanics

made up a large portion of non-voters. It was ridiculous to see that no one wanted to speak about the issues affecting minorities and the younger generation. This is when I decided I wanted to be involved. I didn't know exactly how I was going to get involved until just recently, though.

I don't remember when the presidential candidates were announced, but I do know that I was furious about one candidate in particular. Donald Trump decided to leave his T.V. show to run for president. At first I had no problem with him; then, he decided to target Hispanic immigrants. The way he accused Hispanics of being rapists, drug dealers, and criminals was offensive. This is when I decided to vote in the 2016 election. I don't want someone as ignorant as he is running our country. He was accusing

my people of malicious acts, and he threatened to deny access to education to some of my classmates. We're supposed to trust

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**We're supposed to trust him to make smart decisions, yet he decided to bash Hispanics.**

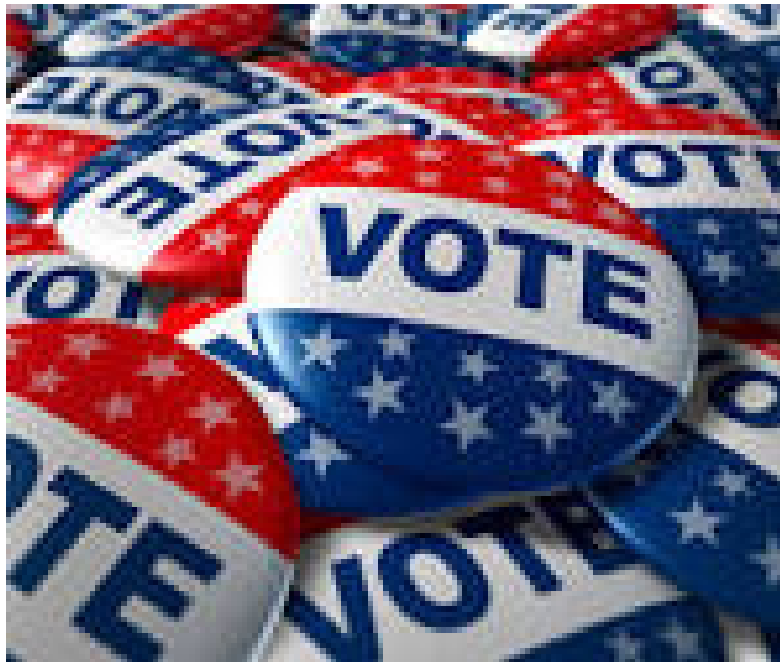
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him to make smart decisions, yet he decided to bash Hispanics. It was absurd to think he could lead this country. However, there were other candidates. It took some research for me to conclude that my ideal candidate is Hilary Clinton. She is doing everything right. She is defending us and proving to everyone that a woman is up for the challenge of being the President of the United States. She has been a politician for her entire adult life, so she knows what she is doing.

It's easy for people to decide that voting isn't for them. I was one of those people. My parents still are.

The people who choose this don't realize that their not voting is affecting everyone. So, I am voting for my parents because I want them

to live their lives without fear of being deported. I am voting for every immigrant who relies on other people to make the right and smart choice for them. I am voting for the people who are not at the legal age to vote. Most important, I am voting for myself. I have the right to vote, and I am immensely grateful to be able to speak and represent myself and those around me. My voice will be heard, and I will make a difference.





*“Live as if you were to die tomorrow.  
Learn as if you were to live forever.”*

*-- Mahatma Gandhi*



“Whatever the cost of our libraries,  
the price is cheap compared to that  
of an ignorant nation.”

– Walter Cronkite



“Children must be taught how to  
think, not what to think.”

– Margaret Mead

