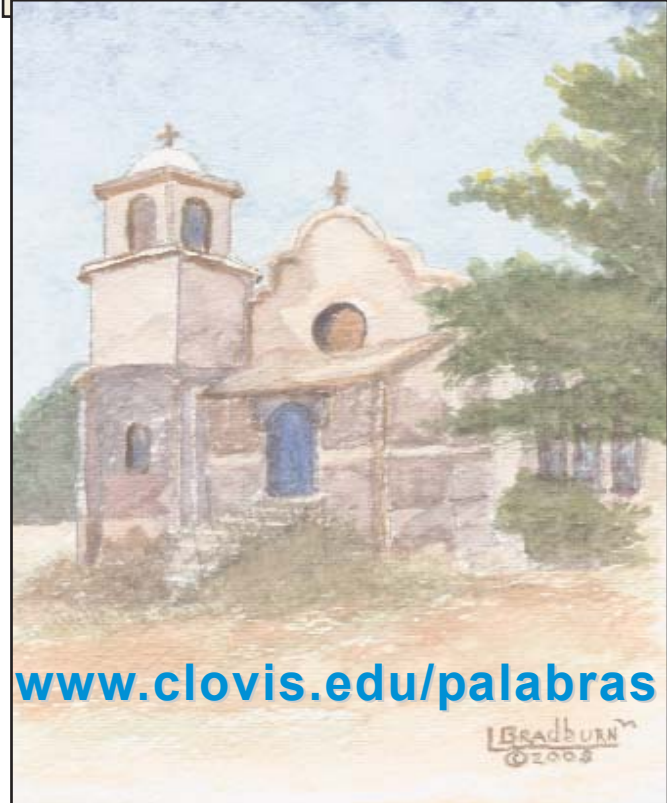
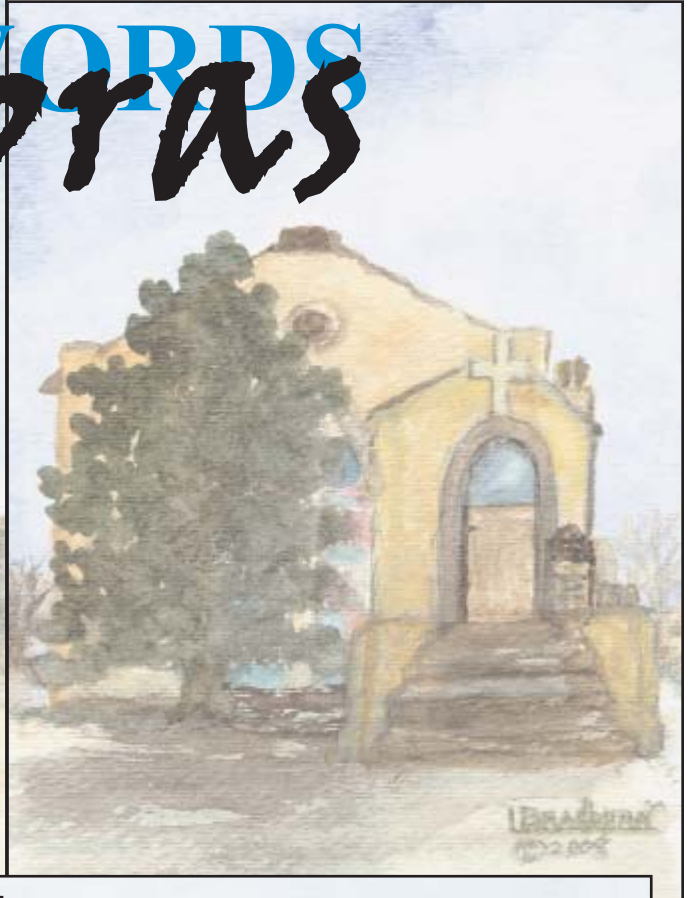
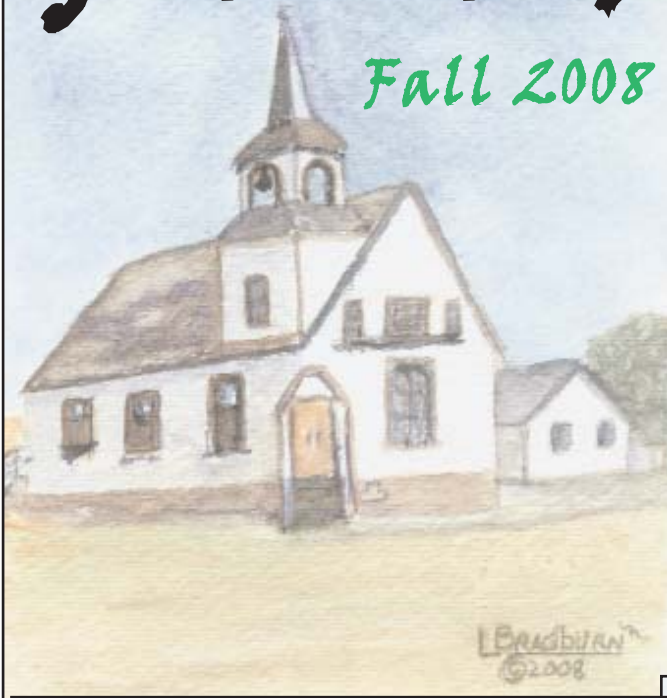


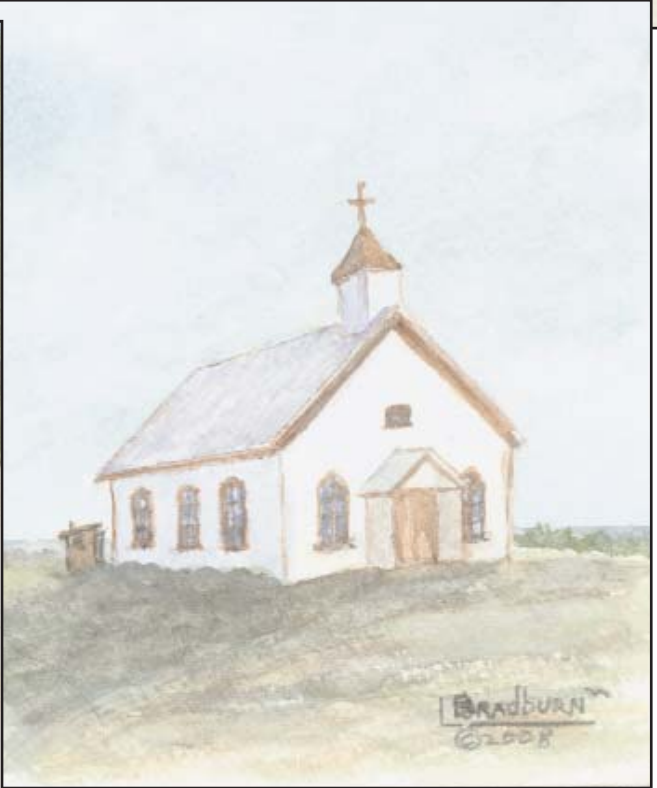
# Palabras

WORDS

Fall 2008



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Lucille Bradburn

*Palabras* publishes original research, essays, fiction, poetry, and art by Clovis Community College students and residents of New Mexico.

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# Palabras

*Journal of Exchange*

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## Editors' Rabble...

### A STANCE FOR THE REPUBLIC DURING THE DANCE OF DEMOCRACY

RAYMOND E ATCHLEY

For the last several months, I, a devout Republican, beat the drum for Barak Obama and his run for President of the United States. "Heresy!" and in Clovis, New Mexico! Well, it's not the first time I've looked at the stake and fire.

In my own runs for political office, I screamed not so much for change as I did for attention to my pet projects of fairness and equality for those living here. I have found, as a native New Mexican, that the subordinated golden eagle tucked under the wing of the Federal Republic's bald eagle, as depicted in the great seal of this state, has been presented as a benevolent expression of unity between this state and the union at large, when in fact it may be argued that such display is representing the expressed oppression of one culture over another. It has been since the arrival of the likes of Barak Obama and to great degree the influence of our very own Governor Bill Richardson – an oxymoronic gun-toting visionary Democrat if there ever was one – which has brought more esteem to this state than I have ever witnessed.

I have spent the majority of my life in this "Land of Enchantment," and can attest that we have always been collectively stymied in economics, political leverage, and cultural pertinence. Though I am racially white, and my upbringing was by parents of Anglo decent (Scotch Irish, or was it Irish Scotch?), whose own extended family had migrated to New Mexico from the eastern parts of the United States before statehood in 1912, I feel drawn by many ethnic aspects that are predominately Hispanic or maybe of Native American origins. Given this state of existence for myself one should not wonder at my attraction to a



candidate who seems, on the basis of appearance alone, as totally opposite to what has come in the preceding two hundred or so years in this nation's history. But I would argue that he continues a leadership as shone by the likes of several former commanders in chief . . . albeit also at times controversial; can we all say, "Old doesn't guarantee wisdom?"

As the trees change and the economic crisis becomes the great social playground leveler (though some few will weather this debacle of myth, since money derives its value from the myth we collectively give it), I feel the oncoming of something really special in the air. Just like that first whiff of fireplaces and the snap of chill this time of year brings, I think we are at the beginning of a great epoch. So, we have lost the authors Turkel, Hillerman, and Creighton; it behooves us to respect their work and to take note of these future events – literally: everyone grab a pen and let's document this experience so it is not lost. It is times like this when bibles are written. Amen!

### CHANGE AND WONDER

GINA L HOCHHALTER

Conversations.

Change can only occur through them, because of them. And from where I'm sitting, conversations are just now being allowed to take place again.

But I wonder if the Powers Who Be will allow those needed changes to take place quickly enough. From where I'm sitting, that is not very likely.

Our ideology is so very deeply rooted in the thinking of the past that we may not change our minds in time to have any meaningful effect.

Time will tell. But, considering the condition of the planet, I don't think we have as much of that left as we think we do. When I'm not watching, I can only wonder...



# THE DAY THE WORLD STOPPED TURNING

DEREK LAMBERT

As my eyes try to focus on my surroundings, the hazy sunlight blinds me. I feel incredibly weak and have just enough strength to stand up to take a quick glance around me. I wonder why I just woke up in the woods. "Where exactly am I?" I ask myself out loud when suddenly my foot slips and I stumble down a steep hill of white flaky grass. The last thing I can remember is being home with my family, having a few beers, and saying goodbye. There's no way that I'm still in Detroit, because it was freezing out last night.

"It's January, so why is it so damn hot out?" I ask myself out loud. Expecting an answer, I realize that I am truly alone when I hear a silence like no other. Things look different, too. My stomach is begging for food and water and the cottonmouth tells me that either I've had too much to drink, or too little. The quiet wilderness echoes my thoughts. I see no movement, not even wind. I need answers, and I need them now!

At the edge of the burnt white grass is another wall of naked trees. I begin to freak out, because it looks like an atomic bomb's shock waves have blasted through here. I quickly check to make sure that I am not growing a new limb. At first I thought it was just me having my jacket on, but it is really hot out here. By now I have been awake for an hour and the sun remains at high noon. My watch reads three o'clock in the morning through the condensation of the glass, so I assume melted snow got into my watch and threw off the time. The level of thirst that I feel is finally unbearable, so I set off in search of a stream.

I decide to ditch my gear and walk towards the grassy opening ahead where I can see more. I realize that I am on a level portion of a remote hill that I remember landing on. I head across the field and down the hill to a connecting path. As weak as I am, the journey takes two hours. Guessing it is really about five in the afternoon, I look for the signs of the normal late afternoon winter sunset,

but the sun is still in the same high noon position. Perhaps I was standing at a bad angle when I last checked. I am at least three miles up this mountain and it will take me several hours to get down with this weakness inside of me.

I have a flashback of the jump and see this same ravine ahead of me on the way down. An hour later I make it to the bottom of the ravine and see water lightly trickle down a partially shaded stream. I use my hands to drink, and drench myself with the ashy water. At one point, I swear I hear a sizzle. I glance down at a rock in the sunlight, and sure enough as I splash water on it, it sizzles. This is the worst case of El Nino that I have ever seen. A dead fish in the stream catches my eye. I find it irresistible, so I eat it. The nutrition that I get from the fish and the cloudy, streaming water give me the boost of energy needed to finish the trek across the ravine.

When I reach the other side, I vaguely remember the compound that I see. I push open the unlocked door, walk in, and expect to see someone. I see only my scruffy reflection in the glare of shattered glass on the table. The battery-operated clock on the wall confirms that it is indeed now six o'clock, so the sun should be down by now. There is no power and the phones are dead, reinforcing the reality of the dead world around me. I continue to hike down the steep hills and three hours later my watch reads nine. I realize that something is seriously wrong as I look up at the sun for a third time. It is in the same position as hours ago and I presume that either it is stuck or that I am stuck in a bad dream.

As I reach the base of the hills, I stumble into a deserted village. I'm able to match a sign's words with those on a map that I found earlier in my pocket. I know that physically I can't make the fifteen mile trek to the next town unless I drink water and enough of it. I'm lacking instinct even though I made it this far out of a toasted wilderness.

As I look around, I realize that I'm only at the front door of this dead world. As I collapse and let out a tear of dust, I see a sun faded newspaper lying on the ground.

It is dated Sunday, January 18th, which is the same date that I was told I would be going home.

"How freaking long was I passed out?" I say. The headline of the paper reads, "EVACUATION ORDER." As I read on, I find out that an inexplicable phenomenon has caused the earth to stop spinning. By the 19th, most of Africa and Southern Europe is predicted to have an uninhabitable desert-like climate. Evacuations were ordered, moving people to the countries where night borders day. The other side of the Earth was predicted to freeze and become a sub-zero climate.

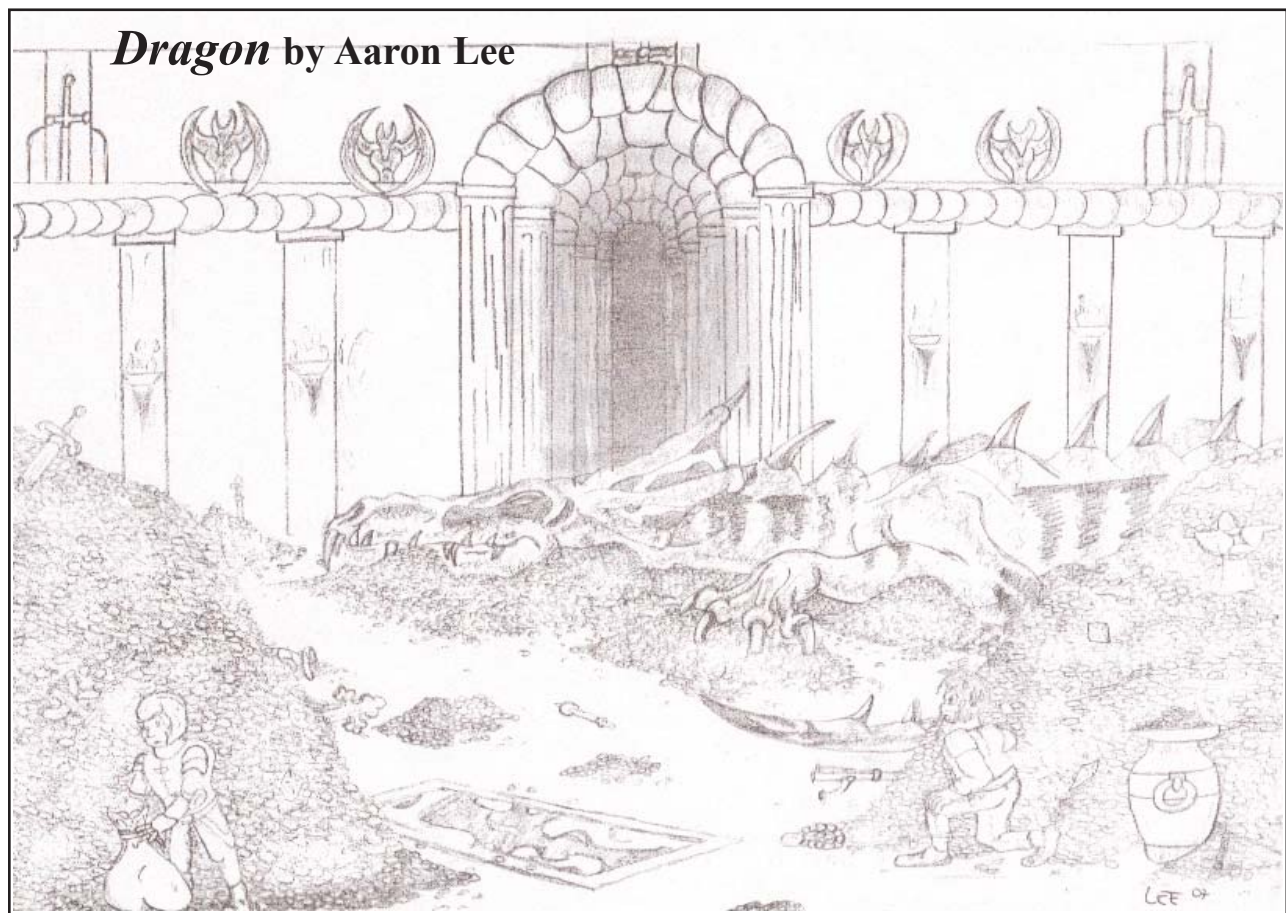
The sun is indeed stuck, and I'm stuck alone in this dying wilderness. I realize that my time could very well be up. It has to be one hundred thirty degrees out, I think to myself, but decide to not give up. After two hours of hiking down a main road, a vehicle speeding to escape this dying wilderness screeches to a halt for me. Hope got me this far and luck got me on the last known truck out of the region.

It's now the twenty-fifth and I'm back in

Afghanistan now. News just came down that the earth is beginning to turn again, but this time in the opposite direction. The sun set today, this time to the East. It was the most beautiful greenish red sunset. Leadership thought that I didn't survive the jump and it turns out that I was lost in the jungle for six days.

It is now March the thirteenth and amazing things have been happening. The world has become a happier place and for the first time ever, the world is at peace.

I think that the world was just going in the wrong direction in all senses. I am grateful that it is back on track, that all wars are over, and that vegetation and climate changes have yielded endless supplies of crops to the most starving of nations. Our new twenty-seven hour days are an added bonus too! I think that the whole world learned from this experience, and for the first time we all agreed on something.



# A VAMPIRE UNFINISHED

CAROLINE DEGRAY

Blood. A red pasty liquid that fills the body and flows through it, bringing life to humans and other animals alike.

I was sitting in the back of a car now, or was it an ambulance? No. I didn't think so. Maybe it was a cop car. That was possible, but it seemed too relaxed. Lights were flashing all around me, people were yelling, sirens were blaring and I was more than a little confused. My ears shrieked in protest at the sound causing my head to echo like a broken drum.

"Son?" My concentration, if that's what it could be called, was broken as I heard the voice and I turned my head slowly, my walnut eyes focusing on the officer before me.

"Son, what happened?"

"Attacked," I replied in a hollow tone that I did not recognize or want to believe was my own.

"By who?"

By who? How was I to tell him what had happened to me? I was famous, a business man of the highest caliber. If I tried to explain things to him I would lose everything, my reputation, money, family, and freedom. I suppose the first step would be to replay the events in my own mind before I spoke out loud.

I had just left my office in order to get home in time for dinner with Theresa. I had stepped into the elevator with my briefcase in my left hand.

Checking my gold Rolex I saw that it was six o'clock. I would still make it home just in time for dinner to hit the table. Looking around the small steel box of an elevator, I had to admit it was well polished (the janitors did their jobs well). In the back of my mind I could hear the terror that is elevator music. "Over the Rainbow" was being redone in a painful fashion that I chose to block out.

Stepping out into the marble lobby, I made my way towards the glass doors at the front of the building. After five thirty at night I had no need to worry about seeing anyone else. No one stayed any later than they had to.

My black Armani shoes made no noise as I

glided across the lobby and reached the glass door. Pulling the door open I slipped outside and looked left and right as I always did before I slipped in with the rest of the winter traffic that was on the sidewalk, people pushing and shoving all trying to reach the same goal of home. It was funny how people seemed so tied up in their own little worlds that they didn't realize they were part of the human race, even though we all had the same basic needs and desires.

I pulled my ashen wool scarf around my face a bit in order to keep out the chilly air and I made my way towards the company parking garage.

I stepped into the next elevator, this one barely maintained. I could see the cable working with the pulley to take me five stories up to my car. I waited for the day that the oil from the badly kept cable would drip onto one of my vests – it was only a matter of time. Smiling a little bit, I looked to the security camera in the corner of the elevator and raised my left hand wiggling my fingers rhythmically for a moment to the camera man. The place reeked of old newspapers, gas fumes and rotted food as I stepped out onto my floor. Looking around for a moment I was always a little cautious about places like these, dark and without any cameras around in case something happened to me. Of course I'd never had any bad experiences but living in the city had caused me to become more cautious over the years, so many crimes in the paper. It was, well, criminal.

I walked through the parking garage now, my shoes making soft scuff noises on the unpolished concrete floor. I didn't need to walk very far and I slowly reached my hand into my coat pocket sorting about for my keys. They weren't there. I quickly switched my briefcase to my other hand in order to check my other pocket.

Nothing.

Damn, I couldn't really have left them in the office could I? There was no point in walking all the way back down without checking my briefcase first, though. Walking around my car to the hood I carefully set my briefcase down and snapped both copper clips up and lifted the lid on the case.

"Hey... Help a fellow out, would you kind sir?"

The voice came from behind me and my head snapped up as I spun on my heel to see who was there.

Standing before me was a man looking less

than suitable for being in public. His black hair shined with grease, it hung down to his shoulder in unkempt tendrils. He was smaller than I was, maybe around 5'6" or so, a short man by most Americans standards. He was dressed in a black military issue overcoat that was shiny with what appeared to be spilled coffee and other things that I didn't want to think about. He must have been a bum that wandered up here looking for food out of a trash can or some charity money.

"Sorry, I can't help ya. No change," I replied, straightening up to my full height. Maybe if he noticed just how tall I was he would wander off to go harass someone else. I started to turn around when the man's thickly accented voice echoed through the parking garage once more.

"I did not ask for money." There was more hostility in the tone of his voice now.

Before I could turn around I found my face being thrust violently down into my suitcase. My hands flew up instinctively in order to try and protect myself but as soon as they touched the hood of my car he had me by my right shoulder. That was when I noticed how pale his hand was and just how long his nails were; they dug deeply into the fabric of my coat and twisted me around sharply. I couldn't even bring myself to scream at first, I just gave out a gruff *umph* before my back was slammed down into the hood of my car.

I slapped at him, balling my fists to slam into the man's chest, face, anything that I could reach. Gasping as he dug his nails into my upper arms I finally caught a glimpse of his face. Pale with icy blue eyes that weren't human! Well, they looked like a human's, but something in them told me that they were filled with something darker and more sinister, evil even. I rolled my head, trying to slam my forehead into his like I had seen in so many movies. It always worked in the movies, but what the movies neglected to mention was that it hurt if it wasn't done right.

Blinking back the purple dots that floated across my gaze, my head was forced back and I felt a sharp pain in my neck. That caused me to yell out, and I jerked my head away from whatever was causing the pain. I could feel as well as hear my flesh tear, and I cried out.

Surely this was my end, I could tell that this was one thing I could never walk away from.

Bringing my knee up into the man, he jerked

away from me and snarled. Blood was oozing from his mouth. My blood. I turned then and ran.

Suddenly I was yanked clear off my feet and I could hear the rip of fabric as my pants tore. A white hot pain worked its way deep into my thigh and I cried out for help but I was almost certain no one would come. And then, just when I had given up hope the man emitted what I could only describe as a hiss before I heard the greatest sound in my entire life, sirens.

After that it was too hard to tell, people were running about and shining flashlights at me. I was helped into the back of this car as people hustled around me shouting orders and asking questions.

"A vampire," I said at last.

## IS CONSUMERISM NECESSARY TO HUMANITY'S SANITY?

JASON CONN

In response to the question – "Is consumerism 'necessary' for our development as humans?" – I'm of the opinion that it is. Without the introduction of newer, more improved items to society, people would inevitably spiral down the long winding path to insanity. The ability to shop and browse wares is similar to a soothing balm for folks who have found they no longer have anything new to keep their attention. The act of staying busy and buying new things ensures the continuation of a relatively sound mind and spirit.

In my limited reading, I've found that Philip Slater writes it best:

We like anything that looks like a quick fix – a new law, a new road, a new pill. We like immediate solutions. We want the pain to stop, the dull mood to pass, the problems to go away. The quicker the action, the better we like it. ("Want-Creation Fuels..." 265)

Instant gratification. Consumerism can definitely be viewed as such. Spending the money people have worked for can give a sense of satisfaction and



pleasure, especially when their purchase essentially brings "a breath of fresh air" to their stagnant, empty existence, ensuring a sustained mental and even spiritual continuation of stability.

Creating a consumer log from my bank records over a three day period show that, aside from essential bills, I have a tendency to indulge in my hobbies more than what could be viewed as healthy for my current income. \$261.45 has been spent during April 19th to April 21st of which \$115.50 went to tobacco purchases, \$117.96 went to video games, and only \$27.99 went to fictional books. Including bills, food, and other essentials, sadly I don't have much left over to attempt any investments for future plans and while these items are not necessary to my survival, they do aid me in keeping busy and sane. The tobacco helps me to relax, and while the amount of time I spend reading and playing video games can be viewed as excessive, I'm ensuring that my mind and spirit are stable through the buying of new items.

Growing older frightens me like nothing else.



**Khadija Q Ross**

Not due to a fear of death, but because I see these constructs that middle age people create for their elders in an attempt to keep them safe, secure, and well taken care of and can't help but shiver almost uncontrollably at this innocent isolation and confinement. People are essentially sending these elder people to face the near inescapable fate of insanity by confining them to a routine that rarely ever changes. Granted, these "homes" serve the purpose for which they were created, but to me it's almost cruel in that the elderly practically have their choices taken from them and they are unable to find ways to stave off the boredom and monotony of routine and, for lack of a better term, "sameness." Limited mobility, confined to a generally small complex – to be rendered unable to look or browse at a store's wares in the attempt to find something new to do would undoubtedly make me bonkers.

Now there are people that are against consumerism, saying it's generally not good for humanity. These people's view is understandable, as consumerism has its negative sides like debt from credit cards; the amount of time potentially wasted in front of a television; and the causing of the inflation of prices. However, the people who are against consumerism will eventually need an activity to stay busy and help retain their sanity. Consumerism is humanity's instant gratification regarding our peace of mind.

In conclusion, consumerism is necessary for humanity's continued sanity and survival. Without this concept, people could potentially become an extremely "evil" bunch, committing acts that our current society views as crimes, due to loss of mental stability and a means to keep them positively busy. Something to consider: if every human being practices these acts of depravity due to insanity, is it the right thing to do?

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# MULTIPLE INTELLIGENCES IN THE CLASSROOM

AMY FLORES

IQ is described as a "number used to express the apparent relative intelligence of a person" (Merriam-Webster Online, 2008). A person's level of intelligence is figured from a single test and then compared to that of others of the same age. Unintentionally, Howard Gardner challenged this process with his research and writings. He began his "research in development and neuropsychology" in the early 1970's (Gardner, 2006, p. vii). In 1983, he authored a book, *Frames of Mind: The Theory of Multiple Intelligences*, pioneering the "theory of multiple intelligences." In his book he compiled the first seven intelligences, *logical-mathematical, bodily-kinesthetic, linguistic, spatial, interpersonal, intrapersonal*, and *musical*, which build the foundation for teachers to construct new learning experiences for students in their classrooms.

Although Gardner's focus was not on educational implications, teachers around the globe began to apply his ideas in the classroom ("The 25th anniversary...", 2008). A group of elementary school teachers approached him shortly after the publication of the book. They wanted to start an "MI Theory School" called the Key Learning Community in Indianapolis. He agreed to be an informal advisor to the school but stressed he was there for advisement only and the teachers were the educators. He had never put together an education curriculum and thought that should be left to the educators ("The 25th anniversary...", 2008).

Through the years, many educators have used the theory in a positive way. For the last twenty five years since the publication of *Frames of Mind: The Theory of Multiple Intelligences*, Gardner has been addressing the positive responses and misuse and misunderstanding of the theory in papers and lectures. With this came the need for *Multiple Intelligences-New Horizons* a new book to up-date and summarize the previous edition. With great

reluctance, he added *naturalist* and speculates the addition of the *existential intelligence* (Gardner, 2006).

"*Logical-mathematical* intelligence includes the five core areas of (1) classification, (2) comparison, (3) basic numerical operation, (4) inductive and deductive reasoning, and (5) hypothesis formations and testing..." (Willis, 2001 p. 261). Children strong in this intelligence think by reasoning with the capability to carry out complex mathematical operations. They tend to excel in classes such as math and science. In the classroom, they can be challenged with exercises like brain teasers or logic puzzles. Sudoku puzzles are a great challenge for these children. They must make lists and organize facts, create hypotheses and then test them. Associating or finding patterns aid in memorization. Scientists, accountants, engi-

neers and computer programmers are career fields to consider.

**"...Individuals who exhibit the proclivity to pose (and ponder) questions about life, death and ultimate realities" have *existential intelligence*" (Ozdemir, 2006, p. 74).**

*Bodily-kinesthetic*

knowledge is taught through body sensations. Good activities for this intelligence are dancing, running, and gesturing. Clapping or tapping while spelling words aloud helps children remember the correct spelling. Children tend to shine in physical activities such as sports, drama, and martial arts. P.E tends to be the preferred class among these students. Career considerations should be surgeons, athletes, dancers, and art-related fields.

*Linguistic* intelligence is to think in words or use language expressively. Writing exercises, such as writing a story using the spelling words, is a great tool in the classroom to enhance this intelligence. Other classroom activities could include listening to books on tape. With this intelligence, material is absorbed during lectures. "Oral recitations of facts may be beneficial for some students" (Willis, 2001, p. 265). Career fields to think about are news casting, journalism, and poetics.

*Spatial* intelligence is the ability to think in three-dimensions. Children are able to visualize

something mentally "in the absence of physical stimuli and solve the problem" (Willis, 2001). Coloring activities, such as coloring and labeling the states with the capitals, are beneficial drills. The teacher might use materials like Legos, graphs, or maps as visual aids in the classroom. Sailing, sculpting, and architecture are career opportunities to recommend.

*Interpersonal* intelligence is the ability to understand and interact with others. A child is sensitive to the "moods, temperaments, motivations, and intentions" of others (Willis, 2001, p. 266). Group discussions and projects tend to be favored. The teacher might use this child as the leader or organizer of a project. This child is the "social butterfly" of the classroom. Afterschool activities should include clubs, such as boy/girl scouts, 4-H, or community events. Optimal careers for this young adult are teaching, social work, and politics.

*Intrapersonal* intelligence is on the opposite side of interpersonal. These children tend to work best alone. They need time away from others and do well on self-paced projects. Perhaps journal writing should be a daily activity for the child.

The teacher should not neglect the child just because he or she prefers to work alone but learn to recognize the need for this through facial expression and gestures. Degrees in psychology or philosophy should be sought by this student.

Children with sensitivity to rhythm, pitch, melody, and tone are placed into *musical* intelligence. Every young child has been taught using this method of learning when being taught the "ABC" song. Teaching the 50 states to the rhythm of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is another wonderful way to implement this intelligence. The child ought to be encouraged to participate in band or other musical activities at school and home. Career options should consist of composing, conducting, or anything musical.

The eighth intelligence was added after Ernst Mayr told Gardner, "You will never explain Charles Darwin with the set of intelligences that you proposed" (Gardner, 2006, p. 18). Children "with a high

degree of *naturalist* intelligence are keenly aware of how to distinguish the diverse plants, animals, mountains, and cloud configurations in their ecological niche" (p. 19). Microscopes, telescopes, and binoculars are just a few good learning aids to be used in the classroom. Further education should be in farming, landscaping, ecology, and botany.

"...Individuals who exhibit the proclivity to pose (and ponder) questions about life, death and ultimate realities have *existential* intelligence" (Ozdemir, 2006, p. 74). People of this intelligence ponder questions of existence like, "Why do we live? Why do we die? Why do we cause war?" (Gardner, 2006, p. 20). Philosophers and religious leaders symbolize this intelligence. Children are beginning to ask "existential questions from an earlier age" (p. 21), but this intelligence among them falls more with the story lines in the books they read and the movies they watch.

The MI Theory can be concluded in three ways.

If a teacher experiences behavior problems with a student, he or she should explore the idea that the *intelligence* of that child is not being met.

First, everyone has a full array of intelligences which makes us the people we are.

Second, no one is the same, not even identical twins – we all learn in different ways. Lastly, just because someone has strong intelligence doesn't mean that she or he uses it all the time; for example, a highly intelligent person may lack common sense. The theory nonetheless helps us to understand the way we take in information, hold it in our minds and process it, and how we understand or misunderstand ourselves and others.

The Multiple Intelligences theory is just a theory and not a rigid educational method, and provides a teacher with a flexible and diverse way to work with the individual student (Willis, 2001). A teacher can use methods of learning in a way that benefit the entire class as a whole by using a different method each day of the week. With spelling words, the class writes the spelling word five times each on Monday (*linguistic* intelligence). On Tuesday, the students must write a story using each word at least once (*language* intelligence). The teacher assigns a crossword puzzle to the children on Wednesday (*logical-mathematical* intelligence). Thursday, students play with

letter blocking, building each word as an activity (*spatial* intelligence). By Friday, several of the intelligences are explored and the students are prepared for the test. Even though all intelligences were not covered, the teacher can be confident that the students are ready since most individuals possess not just one intelligence but multiple.

Teachers should not consider Multiple Intelligences as a passing phase in education but as a cornerstone for their classrooms. Teachers need to look past their own interests and abilities to those of other students, present and past, to expand the opportunities of each child as an individual. If a teacher experiences behavior problems with a student, he or she should explore the idea that the *intelligence* of that child is not being met. A simple change in activities would benefit the child and help ensure success in his or her education.

Multiple Intelligences needs to branch beyond the classroom or a topic case study into the everyday life of people of all ages. Children and adults alike can benefit from the works of Howard Gardner. Beginning in early childhood, childcare centers and parents can get a head start on the child's educational learning process by building a base line for education.

High school and college councilors and students should also reference this theory when trying to pinpoint a degree plan for us young adults applying for or attending college. College is hard enough without seeking a career that's not suited to our intellects.

For multiple reasons, many educators around the world are embracing the idea of multiple intelligences.

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## THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF IDENTITY

VERONICA BEATTIE

People often wonder about such topics as where our identity comes from, how each person's individual identity is formed, and what our identity says about our personality. There have been many discussions about these questions, and yet there is no clear definition. The word identity is a very expansive and generalized term used so often that we as humans tend to forget how we have morphed from innocent children to the people we grow up to be. To me, identity is like a chameleon, always changing to suit the existing environment.

When discussing identity, the ideas of sex/gender, religion, cultural values, and our upbringing are usually the first perceived reasons for our shaped identity. When we expand our thoughts and look deeper into our history we realize that ethnicity and social class also play roles. What about politics? Some say that politics have no bearing on the subject; in retrospect, it certainly does.

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# FROM MYSELF

RYAN A. ORTH

Watching me like a stalking vulture, with your hollow eyes watching as I fall from grace, breaking every promise ever made, like a raven waiting for its prey you steadily note my decay, loss of faith, fallen from grace, why can't you show me the way from your perch oh so high, you know every road so why do you mark my mistakes as I walk this dying path, your eyes are following my movements, you haunt my dreams and stalk my shadows watching every fault and err I make, to what end I humbly ask, these tears don't fall without pain blemishing their gleam, I'm at the overpass, at the place where you bid to throw me away, all these drugs won't save me from myself, like a book on the shelf I'm growing old, I'm tattered and frayed, to this dog I'm praying to save me from you, to save me from myself.

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Starting with the topic of sex/gender, can we simply state, boy or girl?

One hundred years ago the terms sex and gender were used interchangeably, but they mean different things today. *Sex* refers to biological structure and function, to being born with male or female genitalia. The chromosomes we inherit determine our sex. *Gender* refers to a cultural category, to the behavioral or psychological standards a society sets for masculine or feminine behavior. By definition, then, gender expectations can change with place and time. (McQuade and McQuade 329, 332)

As we grow, our preferences for either heterosexual, homosexual, or bi-sexual tendencies become more prevalent.

These would then be our true gender choices, not our born sex. Does our gender play a part in identity? I believe we create and develop our gender from a young age subconsciously. As we mature our preferences start to come out of their dormant state. When this happens, others will criticize the developments we have made. Judgment can be very detrimental to the growth of a person's identity.

Many people will turn into themselves in any case by blocking out society, and start to question their own thought processes internally. Some people are more extroverted and will stand up for what they believe in by speaking their minds. Both per-

sonality types are good to have; if we were all outgoing, no one would ever know when to be quiet, and if we were all quiet, people could easily become depressed. That said, our sex/gender is one of the first stepping stones to finding ourselves.

Religion, cultural values, and our own specific household settings start the next step of our identity ladder. Throughout our childhood, certain value systems are laid out by our parents. We are conditioned to believe that what we are taught should be the only right answer in life. I personally don't believe we should be forced to do as tradition states. Would we be different people if we were able to choose our own directions as children?

Those three categories (stated above) are widely discussed and are also joined together. Parents are usually the nurturers of our lives. Their views and values were pushed onto them as children, and so they have become accustomed to that way of thinking. We are then usually forced to follow the same path. Our parents' religion, culture, and other experiences throughout life have shaped them into who they have become. I can only assume these statements to be true based on my own experiences, but I am sure my view holds merit. My parents did not follow any certain religion and left the choice up to me, so I chose Agnostic. I am sure, however, that if I had been shown one certain religion and forced to study it, I would have completely different views of life in general.

Ethnicity and social class would also be building blocks of our identity. Although this topic is one of a sensitive nature also, it should be includ-

ed. As we grow and meander through our daily lives, we notice a wide variety of ethnicities. Anyone can drive through a community and see that it is divided by social classes.

It seems also that the world is based on the rich versus the poor. For example: there is never a rickety shack built alongside a beautiful mansion. This is because society bases the value of worth on wealth. Ethnicity plays a part as well. Even though we have become a more equal society, there are many people who will look down on others because of their heritage. In my personal opinion, this way of thinking is terribly flawed, but that, unfortunately, is often debated.

Suppose that politics did not have any influence on how our identity is formed. Would there be diversity between races and nations? This

question is one that I alone could never answer. I can only imagine a complete harmonious world or a catastrophic world without politics. I myself do not look toward politics for truth, but many do, and this shapes our identities because those who choose to be involved will have values different from mine. If I were forced to do something I did not believe in, I would probably retaliate against the enforcer. Retaliating against the enforcer has become common-place in the world today, but is curiously overlooked.

In conclusion, there is no real understanding as to how our identity is formed. I can say that our overall experiences throughout life will play roles in our journey of discovering who and what we are, and they will always change.



**RED** is a **DRAGON** as **RED** as the sunset

**BLUE** is the **river** that the **DRAGON** drinks

**GREEN** is the lizard that feeds the **DRAGON**

**YELLOW** is the sun that warms the **Lizard**

**BLACK** is the night that takes the sun

**WHITE** are the stars that go with the night

By Cade Haynes

# MR. KANE GETS THE INQUIRER

STEPHANIE MARQUEZ

## THATCHER

MYRA J NEWKIRK

Listen to him rant, Listen to him rave  
Listen to him tell Charles to behave

Now he is reading Charles's response  
Charles wrote in a tone of nonchalance

Now the camera starts to zoom  
Thatcher is about to BOOM!

We are moving down the aisle watching every reader  
When he looks at the camera I just want to skitter

Listening to him read leaves me feeling pretty eerie  
If he was my guardian I know that I'd be leery

Lurking under bridges and peeking 'round the wall  
He is way too touchy, too easy to appall

Storming in Charles's office, he's yelling in his face  
More or less telling him that he's a big disgrace

Now we're tightly focused on his and Charles's face  
I am now wondering what is going to take place

Charles now gets mad and starts telling him what's what  
He tells him to be quiet and stop being such a glut

The scene is now ending, zoomed up close to Charles's face  
Charles now seems humored having put Thatcher in his place

Mr. Kane gets the inquirer

Knows not what he is doing

and has no plans

in with a crash

Mr. Burnstein

up on the walls

Mr. Carter

going insane with Mr. Kane

Kane is hungry

hungry for BIG stories

Carter is sent off

Working

Day and night

night and day

News goes on 24 hours

## WITH BURNING EYES...

LUKE

With burning eyes and dejected heart  
I watched the world recede from me  
Through ageless dimensions much farther apart  
Than opposite corners of infinity.  
So pleading forgiveness with a genuflect  
I repeatedly pray for individuality  
But it seems that faith and human respect  
Has fled all minds in my community.

### THE OUTCOME:

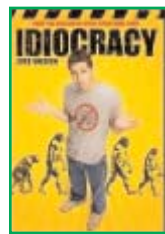
A superficial character I have composed  
To mingle incognito at an average pace  
Fearful where I go, careful never to impose  
For my anonymity is too important to erase.  
And now, I watch myself recede from the world  
After hard earned acceptance into this place  
I stand outside, a solitary girl  
Where parallel lines all meet in space.

## Editor's DVD Picks



### *Doomsday*

Rhona Mitra  
Bob Hoskins  
Alexander Siddig  
Caryn Peterson



### *Idiocracy*

Luke Wilson  
Maya Rudolph  
Dax Shepard  
Anthony 'Citric' Campos

## CHURCHGOERS

T. BARROS

According to recent Gallop polls, 40% of Americans claim to go to church at least once a week. Many academics believe the number to be smaller, that Americans will exaggerate their religious behaviors just like they would misreport how often they vote or give to charity (Robinson). However, even assuming some discrepancy in reporting, it is probably safe to say there are between 100 and 120 million Americans that attend church every week in the United States. While we are dealing with a large group of diverse people and religions, when it comes to types of churchgoers, they can generally be categorized into four types: the holiday/event churchgoer, the middle-of-the-road churchgoer, the "new age" modern churchgoer, and the fundamentalist churchgoer.

The first type, the holiday/event churchgoer, only makes it through the church doors for special holidays, such as weddings, funerals, and other religious celebrations. As children, they usually went to church and have a strong family tradition in a particular religion. As they have grown older, however, they have been disillusioned by religious hypocrisy and inconsistencies, and have fallen away from organized religion. Many, however, still find solace and comfort in the music and liturgy that can be found in the church of their childhood, and/or they have family or spouses who attend much more regularly, and it is their responsibility to attend at least on the major occasions to "make their mother happy" or "set an example for the children." For the holiday/event churchgoer, strong ties to family and tradition, and sometimes to the ceremony and music are the reasons they attend church, albeit only a few times per year.

The second type, the middle-of-the-road churchgoer, is my favorite group. They are generally older men and women who were born and raised in moderate denominations like Lutheran, Methodist, or Presbyterian. They attend church



regularly and in retirement spend their time organizing church socials, bake sales, and other church gatherings. These churchgoers aren't generally very judgmental, usually don't proselytize, and they shy away from radical viewpoints. You will see some of the younger generations joining this moderate group as they start their families. For these churchgoers, strong family, community, and spiritual ties to their church, the sense of belonging and satisfaction that comes from being an active member, the moral guiding light received from their faith, and the security and enjoyment from the music and ceremony keep them coming back for every service.

The third type, the "new age" modern churchgoer, is the group that really took hold in the Reagan era and has been growing ever since. They come from a broad range of ages, ethnicity, and socioeconomic backgrounds, and usually belong to large evangelical-based churches, the breeding ground for the "mega" churches that have popped up across America. They are active members and usually attend every service. They are vocal about their religious experience inside and outside of church, and have a slight tendency toward judging others that don't believe in the same "salvation" as they do. This type of churchgoer goes to church to be fed spiritually, socially, and, unfortunately, many times politically. They also go to church for the music and theatre that is provided in the modern church, and those two things are major draws for new converts, especially young people, which also make this type of church such a natural draw to the world of televangelism.

The final group, the fundamentalist churchgoer, is on the face of things quite like the "new age" modern churchgoer, but with an extremist quality. They go to church once on Wednesday and twice on Sunday. These churchgoers are devoted completely to their religious beliefs, are very vocal, and see things as black and white. (They don't want any gray area that might bring doubt to their extreme views.) The fundamentalist churchgoers normally have found their "salvation"

after reaching adulthood, and many have extreme personalities that have led them to live extremely in other areas of their lives as well. They go to church to find a moral structure to follow, a sense of belonging (many misfits are drawn to this type of extremism), and perhaps a family they have never had. They are a rather dangerous group because fundamentalist churchgoers, with their desire for belonging, will often follow the leader of their church, no questions asked. Their need for black and white requires that if they are right, someone else has to be wrong, and heaven help those they think are wrong. They are a breeding ground for people who will kill a doctor who provides abortions, or fly a plane into a building full of people in the name of their religion. This group has brought forth a modern version of Orwell's social condition; I call it the Farwellian condition (in honor of one of their infamous leaders, Jerry Farwell.)

Attending church is generally considered to be an outward demonstration of one's faith, but rarely is that the only reason, or, in the case of the holiday/event churchgoer, a reason at all. Most churchgoers attend for a variety of reasons including family tradition, social networking, moral and/or spiritual needs, the music, the ceremony, and, perhaps mostly importantly, the sense of community and belonging that comes from being a member of a group with a similar belief system.

Generally, churchgoers are nice people trying to do the right thing, but when you move toward the fundamentalist churchgoer, you are left to wonder whether organized religion is a good thing. As Blaise Pascal put it, "Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction."

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## Dragon



I went to the mountains that were so tall  
Those mighty peaks look just like a wall  
There lived a dragon, he is such a beast  
He is big and has bad breath sheash  
I do not think they will let him near the mall

He is very large  
Full of power and muscle that he is in charge

I tried to sneak  
However, I was a meek  
His jaws are as big as a barge

He is such a slack  
He reminds me of a my cousin Mack  
Always eating food  
That matches his mood

Now then, should I go through the front...Gulp...Or out the back?



Arew  
LEE  
'07

# ZĀHRA

WILLIAM SENA

CHARGING ACROSS THE HOT SAHARA  
SANDS  
BURNING SUN BEATING DOWN THRU MY  
TURBAN  
DEPENDING ONLY ON MY WHITE ARABIAN  
CHARGER  
PRAYING TO ALLAH UNDER A STAR AND A  
CRESCENT MOON  
TO FIND MY REASON TO LIVE

I LIVED A THOUSAND RUSSIAN WINTERS  
SWAM IN A SHARK INFESTED SEA  
RAN WITH THE TIGER IN A HUMID ASIAN  
JUNGLE  
TO SEE HER FACE  
MY HEART BEATS JUST FOR HER  
MY BLOOD FLOWS JUST FOR HER  
MY SOUL CRIES OUT  
FOR ZĀHRA

RODE AN ELEPHANT TO THE GATES OF THE  
TAJ MAHAL  
THRU SMELLS OF INCENSE AND VISIONS OF  
VISNU  
DOMES AND MINARETS RISE TO THE HEAVENS  
I AWOKE FROM THE PAIN OF DEATH  
BY A KISS FROM HER LIPS

NO MATTER THE TIME OF SEASON  
COME TSUNAMI WAVES AND HURRICANE  
WINDS  
NOT THE DEVIL OR THE DEEP BLUE SEA  
CAN KEEP ME FROM HER

NO NIGHTMARE CAN SCARE ME  
NO SPIRIT CAN HAUNT ME  
NO STORM CAN KEEP ME  
FROM ZĀHRA

I SEE HER FACE WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES  
DREAMS OF HER GIVE ME PEACE OF MIND  
SHE WAS MY ONLY LIFELINE  
TO THIS BLOODY WORLD

I DIVED THE OCEAN DEPTHS TO THE ABYSS  
DID BATTLE IN A MILLION PSYCHIC WARS  
TORE THRU THE CHAINS OF HELL  
TRANSCENDED INTO A SPIRITUAL STATE  
ONLY HEAVEN KNOWS

I WAS A SULTAN WHO LOST HIS WORLD  
I FELL DEEP INTO THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL  
I DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS  
EVERYDAY SHE'S AWAY  
I WENT THRU THE LIGHT AND INTO THE  
VOID

I SENSE HER PRESENCE IN MY MIND  
I FEEL HER TOUCH IN THE WIND  
I SEE ZĀHRA

I LOST YOU IN THE LAST WORLD  
WHERE WE LIVED OUT OUR HUMAN LIVES  
IN DYING I FOLLOWED THE PURE LIGHT OF  
GODS MERCY  
AND SAW YOU STANDING WITH YOUR WINGS  
SHINING BRIGHT IN PARADISE

# RESPONSIBLE PET OWNERSHIP

CHARISMA AGUILAR

Pets can be a wonderful addition to families. They provide unconditional love and playful companionship. Owning a pet comes with many responsibilities, however. An owner must provide the animal with the basic necessities of food, water, shelter, health care, and hygienic living conditions. There are two types of pet owners: responsible and irresponsible.

Responsible pet owners provide for all of their pets' needs. Their animals have sufficient shelter from the sun, cold, or rain. They have an ample supply of nutritious food and clean water. Their companions are free of parasites and disease because they are kept up-to-date on all recommended immunizations and visit the veterinarian for regular check-ups. Unless they are licensed breeders, responsible pet owners have their pets spayed or neutered. Feces and urine are cleaned up on a regular basis, both at home and on walks. Bedding is changed frequently to insure hygienic living conditions. Pets such as hamsters or rats require bedding to be changed quite frequently since they defecate and sleep in the bottom of their cages.

Responsible pet owners make sure their pets receive plenty of affection and are exercised on a regular basis to promote healthy development. Owners provide their pets with their time and the proper training to ensure that the animal can

become a well-adjusted, socialized member of the family. Certain breeds of dogs, pit bulls for instance, require more time to exercise in order to keep their aggression in check. High energy dogs should be taken on long walks each day.

Pets of responsible owners wear tags, clearly identifying the owner and containing contact information should the animal become lost. Responsible owners keep their own pets, as well as their neighbors', safe by not allowing them to run free in the neighborhood.

Responsible owners choose pets that are right for their family. They take into consideration such things as temperament, energy level, size, and grooming needs. Certain breeds of dogs don't do as well with small children as do others. For example, Chihuahuas prefer older, gentler children, as do Jack Russell Terriers. Hamsters might not be as happy in a home with small children who may have difficulty understanding how to handle these small animals gently.

By striking contrast, irresponsible pet owners overcrowd their pets or keep them in very small living areas. They are not given adequate space to run and play. These owners may keep the animals for profit, rather than as companions. For example, a large number of "game bred" pit bulls are adopted or bought for the sole purpose of dog fighting. Owners bet money on their dogs and then watch as the dogs fight one another, sometimes to the death. The profits can be very high for the owner of the winning dog, however, winning often comes at the expense of the animals' health and well being.

Irresponsible pet owners rarely visit the vet. Often owners have good intentions but don't have the money to get their pets the medical care needed. Animals can be left to suffer from infections or scrapes that could have been easily taken care of. Fleas and ticks can get out of hand without the proper medications. Flea and tick infestations can be unbearable for animals, causing them much discomfort.

Because of a lack of money or information,

## Perspectives

*Articles or Essays of controversy are one of Palabras's favorite pastimes. If you'd like to write a refutation or an alternate perspective to any article herein, please do.*



animals are often not spayed or neutered, adding to the overpopulation problem. It is estimated that over 70,000 puppies and kittens are born each day, while only 10,000 humans are born. Clearly there aren't enough homes for every animal.

Irresponsible pet owners leave their animals chained to trees in the yard or allow them to have the run of the streets. Dogs that have been chained for long periods of time are more likely to bite than those who aren't. Loose animals can pose a danger to other animals and people in the area as well. A loose animal is also in danger of being lost, stolen, or hit by a car.

Animals that live with irresponsible owners are sometimes fed scraps of human food or food not fit for human consumption. They are provided with little or no water at all. Feces and urine are left to build up in the living area or yard, creating a breeding ground for parasites and disease. Irresponsible pet owners show their pets little or no attention or affection. Animals are not properly trained or socialized, which can become dangerous should the pet come into contact with other animals or people they are not familiar with.

These people's pets do not wear any type of identification, and collars or chains are fitted too tightly, sometimes causing sores. Irresponsible pet owners do not train their animals or correct

inappropriate behavior, such as aggression. Sometimes owners correct the behavior in an abusive way, such as by hitting, biting, kicking, or choking.

Irresponsible pet owners tend to choose a pet because it's "trendy," or because they like the way the animal looks. This often results in a "bad fit" between the owner and animal. Because of these poor choices, animals that have been rescued or bought are often "returned" to places such as the S.P.C.A. or local pound. Shelters have limited space and an unlimited number of abandoned or surrendered animals. Up to 12 million animals enter shelters nationwide each year. If a shelter is unable to find proper homes for the animals, they are often forced to destroy them. Up to 9 million animals are put to death yearly due to the irresponsibility of pet owners.

It takes a tremendous amount of time and commitment to be a responsible pet owner. It is not a decision that should be taken lightly. Pets should not be "returned" because things aren't working out; that is why it is so important to make an informed decision regarding the type of pet to own. If a person is not willing to care for an animal for the rest of that animal's life, s/he should seriously reconsider if owning a pet is the right thing to do.

*Sustaining the Future:*

## The Eco-Energy Awareness Movement



### NO BLOOD FOR OIL?

JAMES ACREE

How can we help the environment when we can't even help ourselves? Some people are perfectly healthy but yet so damned lazy that they need to wait for an elevator to go up or down one flight of stairs. How could some people toss their cigarette butts out the car window rather than use their own ashtrays? Double this if that person is driving a Prius or other hybrid and trying to pretend that they care about the environment. How can individuals complain about the environment when they are too busy commenting on the so-called "Immigration Problem" when these "aliens" work their keisters off, while taking less pay, just to be in this country? And while that immigrant is working, the commenting party is religiously getting a lottery ticket each week in hopes of getting lucky instead of relying on hard work to succeed. With these other issues acknowledged, global warming might not be our greatest problem.

Discussing problems, some would start to think that the end is, indeed, closing in. In relation to our certain demise, I reference the historical, great empires that have risen to power and managed to vanish. The rise to power is much more intriguing than the downfall, some would think. The strategic and methodical military advances, a politician's furtherance through the rankings, the amount of power given to one individual – all of these are things that could, might, or already have caused a dramatic failing of a once great civilization. Like the historical, great empires; will America become just another informational fact written in a Social Studies book for some other regime?

As like the Romans, the Aztecs were innovative and vast. In fact, so innovative they decided to allow a foreign invader (Hernan Cortes) to come into the heart of their empire. Thinking new people mean new ideas, their thoughts were always on expansion. However, Cortes would be their down-

fall. Cortes's army was too great and they conquered the Aztecs in 1519, assisting in the slow disappearance of the once great people ("Aztec"). Looking at it from the present, I guess I might say that America could be the "Cortes" in Iraq. Infiltrating one country after the other in turn might very well cause the United States to fall some day.

After Cortes's little reign, England was having some problems. With all that power and so-called wisdom, the queen just could not make everyone happy. Due to religious persecution, English Separatists ventured for a new land to occupy in the 1600's ("History of England"), thus establishing America and then leading to the American Revolution. Religious persuasion is alive and well today. To "Do God's Work" establishes that an individual is obligated to spread the gospel and convert others. Another religious war in the midst?

Some issues on this planet can be clearer than others. Overpopulation is a slow killer if someone asked me. Depletion of natural resources, not enough medical staff to administer care, and just the act of conception could lead to disease. The Roman empire: proud, intelligent, innovative, and overpopulated. Along with the vast land conquests came a vast population increase. Their high population and lack of military protection lead to their demise ("The Roman Empire"; "Black Death"). Overpopulation is a definite issue in the modern world.

As said before, conception could lead to numerous diseases, and topping the chart of the most common are mental disorders at the present time (*WebMD*). When pointing out problems, people usually look at personal issues.

With the expansion of medical technology comes the expansion of illness. The history of mental illness has been tracked from the times of Ancient Egypt. In an article written by Instructor Warren Galbreath from Ohio University, he states

that tending to mental illness has been a process of trial and error guided by medical theory. With such little known knowledge of the different disorders, physicians have little to no remedies for their patients. Constant supervision and numerous mind-altering drugs are the only answers. The rise of certain psychological illnesses and the lack of cures – we might consider that we don't have control of this problem. Physicians are determining that many of these disorders are genetic, but it may be simply that we choose to not eat healthy foods.

Overall health could possibly be an assisting factor in world destruction. Referencing a self-control problem, which of course has been an issue for decades, is nationwide obesity. No discipline, no control, and only others to blame. Charlene Laino of *WebMD Medical News* has written that American men, compared to the male population in Europe, developed a 61% greater chance of getting a stroke. Of course these numbers go up because of issues of obesity, diabetes, and smoking. Laino also points out that individuals that are 40% overweight are twice as likely to die prematurely than an average-weight person.

In the film *An Inconvenient Truth*, Al Gore hit the nail on the head when he displayed a diagram of a weight scale. On that scale, a pile of gold bricks rested on one side and the planet Earth on the other. He explained that without the planet, there is no gold. Anup Shah of *GlobalIssues.org* states that the Earth is at its highest levels of carbon dioxide today within the past 450,000 years, with the warmest years being 1998, 2002, 2003, 2004, and the hottest, 2005. Shah explains that transportation of goods is thought to considerably contribute to the carbon dioxide emission thus creating global warming.

The use of planes and ships for international trade is, in theory, creating most of the greenhouse gases in turn contributing to global warming. As *WebMD* points out, unhealthy air quality causes throat inflammation, cardiovascular and respiratory disease, as well as chest pains and congestion.

Now as far as personal contributing factors, driving a petroleum-consuming vehicle is the most polluting thing any individual can do (Anupf). According to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, carbon dioxide, while not regulated as an emission, is the transportation

sector's primary contributor to climate change. With such uncertainty of the major contributor, who are we going to trust? The main fact is that carbon dioxide emissions cause global warming. Being in some people's natures to pick sides or instigate conflict among organizations, the bottom line is that we know the problem and we know how to fix it. So why don't we?



No one person can say that an environmental issue has not crossed his or her mind. Whether anti- or pro-, people think about it. A lot of "what ifs" pass the threshold of one's abstract thought process. Our concentration is skewed with the attentiveness toward greed, lust, and self-indulgence. With the many problems we face as a species, people must realize that survival is key.

The instinct to survive naturally occurs in humans. Therefore, to survive we *must* care for our surroundings, establish ourselves in a *preservation* manner of living. If there is no habitable planet, then there will be no wars to fight or countries to conquer, no people to become obese or ill. No ozone to destroy.

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