A dramatic aerial photograph of a city at night, viewed from a high altitude. The city is a dense network of glowing orange and yellow lights, representing streets and buildings. In the background, a range of mountains is visible, their peaks and ridges catching the light of the setting or rising sun, creating a purple and pink glow. The overall atmosphere is one of a vast, sprawling urban area set against a backdrop of natural beauty.

MCC Apocalypse Literary Review 2020

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Apocalypse Literary Review

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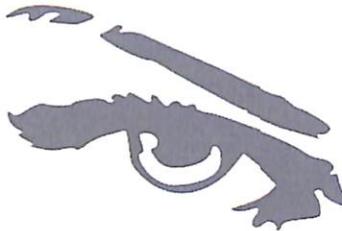
All monetary awards given to winners come from the generosity of
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The Apocalypse Literary Review is the literary journal produced through the Language and Literature Division in collaboration with the Graphic Design Technology Program at Meridian Community College. The journal showcases the literary talents of MCC students, area high school students, and community members. It also gives a platform for graduating graphic design students to display their interpretations of selected literary entries.

Confidence

Kylar Akira Deloach





**Shaking, sweating, gulping, fearing,
losing sense of peace and calmness.
Time goes on and on and on, and
fear becomes an endless darkness.**

**Effort given countless times with
dedication radiating.
Recognized by everyone, but
mistakes would be nauseating.**

**Thoughts run rampant through my mind, but
suddenly my bliss is missing.
Won'dring how I messed this up I
start to ask for just a blessing.**

**Great, just great, I axed my chances.
Nonexistent, now fictitious.
How could I leave out a detail,
one that left a mark so vicious?**

**But, despite my aching faults, I
have to change my pessimism.
Mistakes hurt but no one's perfect
I'd ought to find optimism.**

**Knowing this I now feel something,
Feelings that in time will flourish.
Calmness flows throughout myself with
confidence and refreshed courage.**

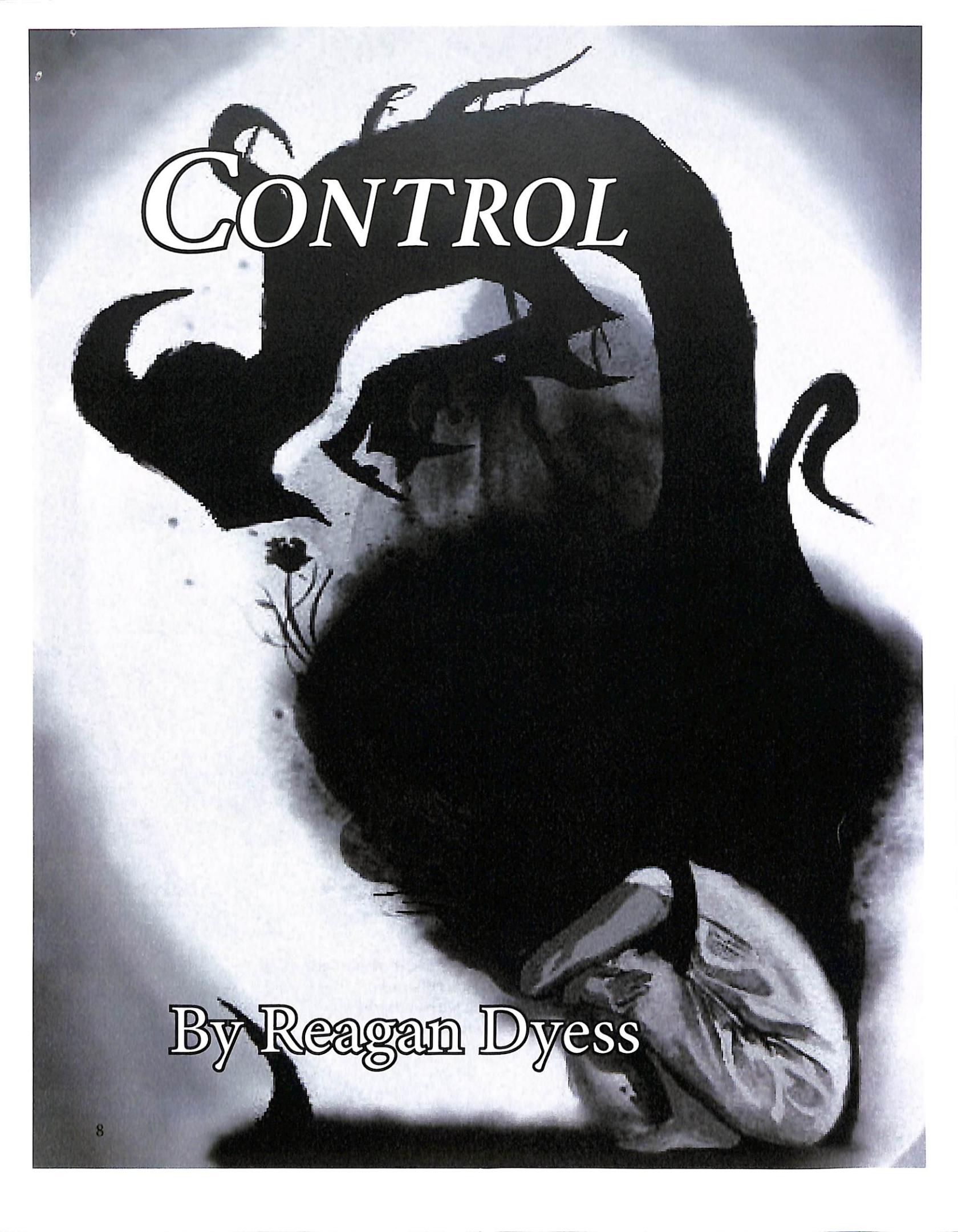


Continuing the **FIGHT**

BY :
EDWARD
LYNCH



Continuing the Fight, a Moral Imperative in My Life
Because the Pendulum of Justice and Equality /// Is Leaning More Toward Equality
Than Ever Before /// Though It May All Be an Anomaly
I'll continue the Fight /// Because of /// Glass Ceilings /// Brutal Murders
King /// Evers /// Till /// The Philadelphia Three /// Take Your Pick
Because of Four Little Girls Who Never Lived to Discriminate
Racism Is Learned
Hoses and Dogs /// Fires and Bombs /// the Back of the Bus
Colored Waiting Rooms and Tuskegee /// A Racially Divided Society
Little Rock /// Meridian /// Philadelphia /// Memphis /// Birmingham
Muhammad Ali Saying /// "But I Ain't Going No 10, 000 Miles
To Help Murder and Kill Other Poor People." /// With A Conviction Strong Enough
To Suffer Jail /// And Stifle a Career
Continuing The Fight Must Be a Moral Imperative in Every Man's Life
Because of the Trail of Tears /// The "Indian Removal Act" Of 1830
Because of Separate but Equal That Was Never Equal
The Spirit of Share Cropping That Never Intended to Be Equal
Continuing to Fight Is Imperative /// Because They Imprisoned "Geronimo" Pratt for 27 Years
Cause of the Color of His Skin /// I'll fight /// Cause It Could Happen to Me
I'll fight /// even after seeing the Prophetic Words of Robert F. Kennedy
Spoken in 1968 Fulfilled /// "A Negro Could Be President in 40 Years", He Said
There We Were /// Forty Years /// Years and Years Too Late
But It Happened in 08 /// If I Fight
If You Fight /// Our Sisters /// Brothers /// Cousins and Mama Nem
As We Embrace the Lessons /// Taught at the Mount Nebos of the World
Mount Nebo Philadelphia, MS
I'll Continue the Fight to Ensure That Things That Once Happened On The
Philadelphia Square Never Happens Again
I'll Fight Because I Understand and Embrace the Sacrifices
Of The Chaney's /// Goodmans and Schwerners /// Of The World
I Have Learned Lessons /// Only Learned
By Being Southern Black and Male
Fighting Can Make Many of Those Lessons less Damning
I've learned the Lesson of to Vote or Not to Vote
Fighting For Me Is a Moral Imperative /// Continuing the Fight
I'll fight /// I'll Fight to Vote
Because I Don't Have To Count the Jellybeans in the Jar
But My Grandma Did /// When I Touch the Screen I'll Think
Grandma This Is For All the Jellybeans You Attempted To Count
For All the Times My Ancestor Did Equal Work For Unequal Pay
I'll reminisce about How Sick and Tired Fannie Lou Must Have Been
Of Being Sick and Tired /// We Must All Continuously /// Actively Fight!
Make Continuing The Fight Imperative For You!



CONTROL

By Reagan Dyess

A nervous system attached to a brain
Which controls everything pursued by the lifeless limbs of the silhouette
Crave the power that is authority
And spit venom on anything that is free
It can't lose
Control

America is the freest of them all
Until the paper planes strike the towers
Because God forbid Someone have
Authority
Someone have
Control

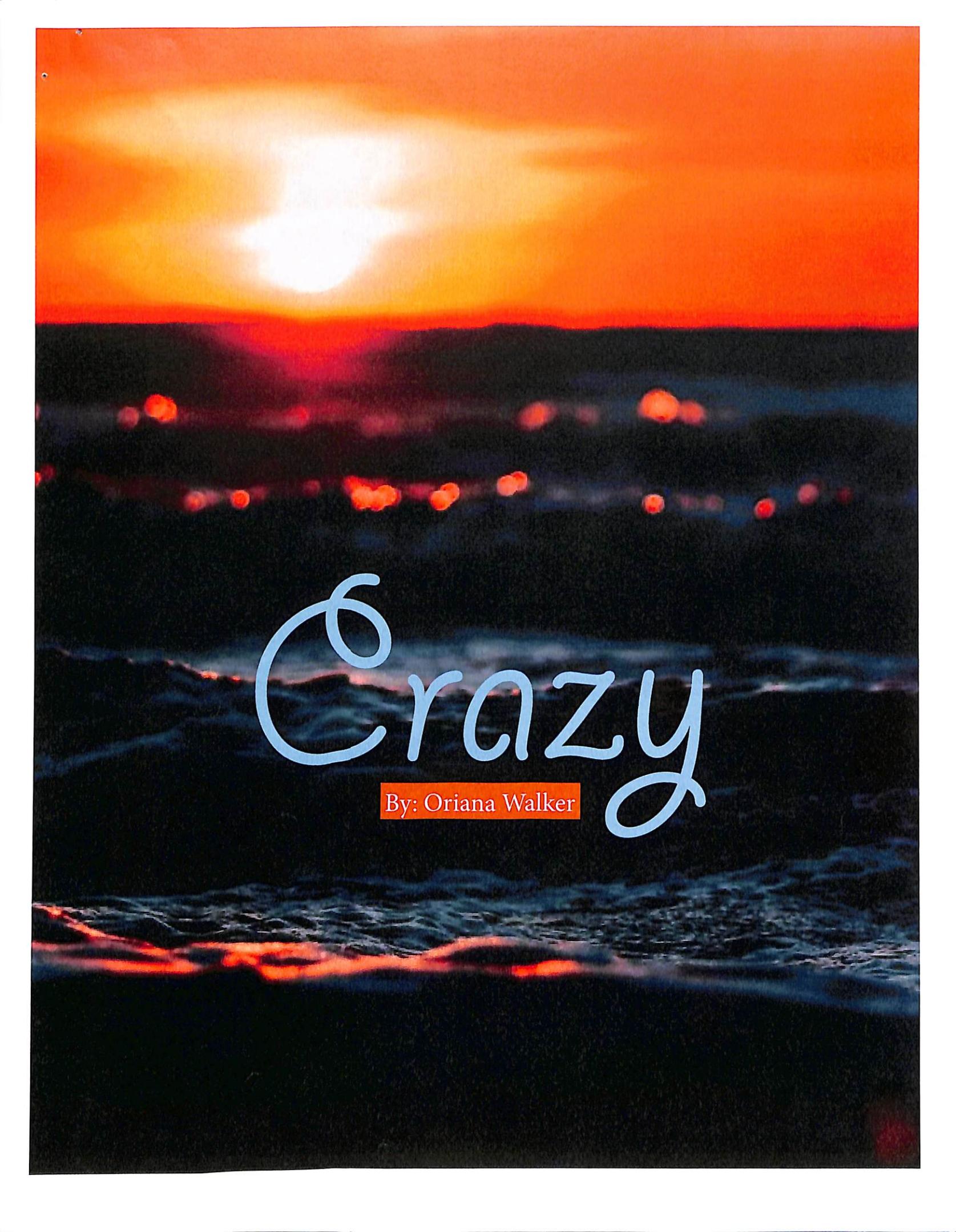
Liberty is horrifyingly in reach of those lifeless limbs
And maybe that's why he can't put down the bottle
Or take that cigarette out from between his tightened jaw
Intoxication is to be in
Control

Perhaps freedom is the cause of pain
These limbs inflict pain upon their skin
And watch it bleed
Because if anyone is going to make me feel pain it's going to be me
I'm in
Control

Maybe if I just cut my hair
Or if I find a new substance to abuse
My anxiety will be soothed
If I hold my breath until I can't feel anything
Maybe I'll gain
Control

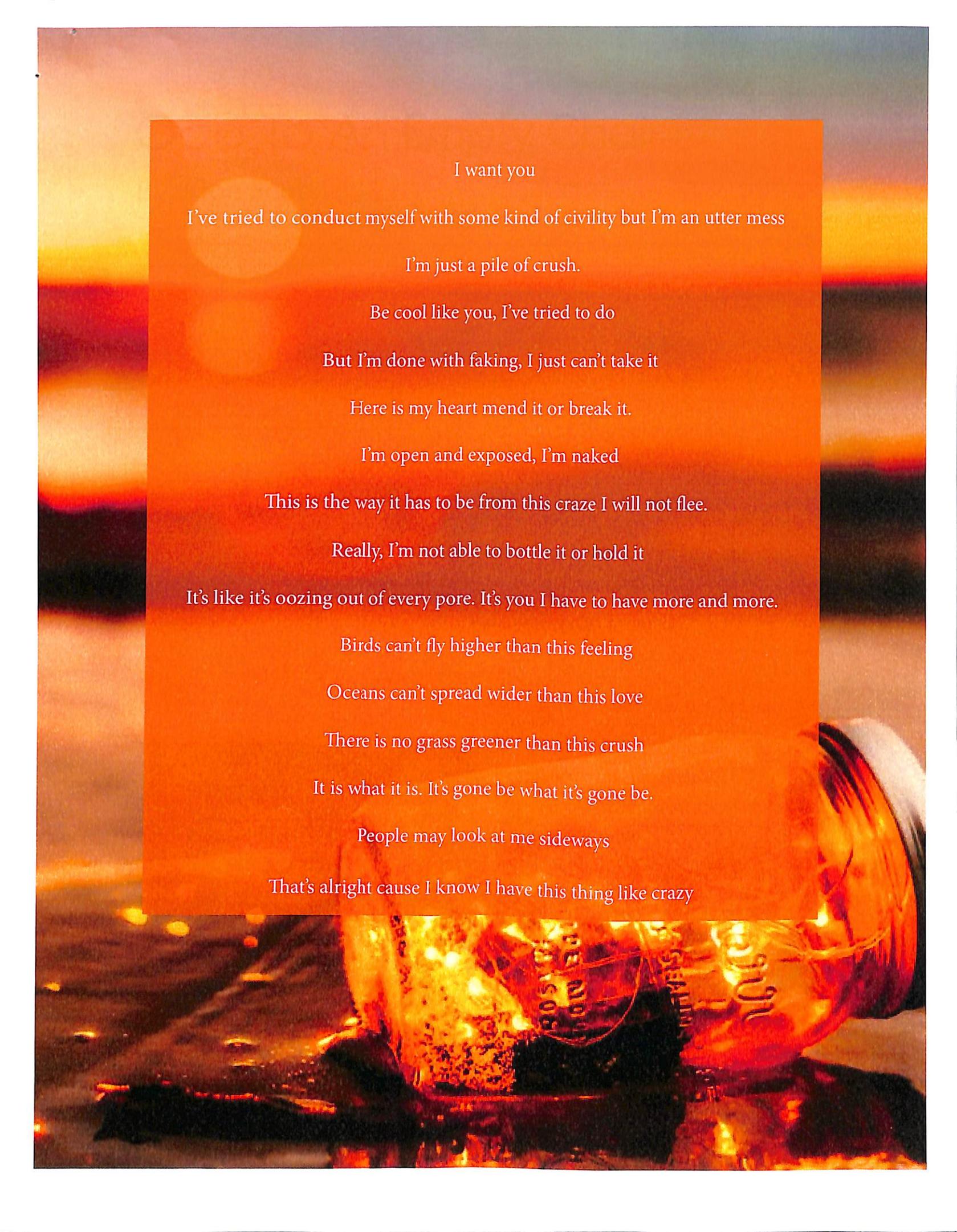
I can control how many calories I consume
I can make myself feel
Something, hungry
But I can't control the thoughts in my head
I try not to lose
Control

Disorderly aspects are the ghosts that haunt me
Jurisdiction is my safe haven
In the end, I'll do what I have to
In order to stay in
Control



Crazy

By: Oriana Walker



I want you

I've tried to conduct myself with some kind of civility but I'm an utter mess

I'm just a pile of crush.

Be cool like you, I've tried to do

But I'm done with faking, I just can't take it

Here is my heart mend it or break it.

I'm open and exposed, I'm naked

This is the way it has to be from this craze I will not flee.

Really, I'm not able to bottle it or hold it

It's like it's oozing out of every pore. It's you I have to have more and more.

Birds can't fly higher than this feeling

Oceans can't spread wider than this love

There is no grass greener than this crush

It is what it is. It's gone be what it's gone be.

People may look at me sideways

That's alright cause I know I have this thing like crazy

Ode To An Empty Chair

By: Kloe Scott



There's something very critical
About an empty chair beside,
But someone there to fill it
Just fills a heart with pride.

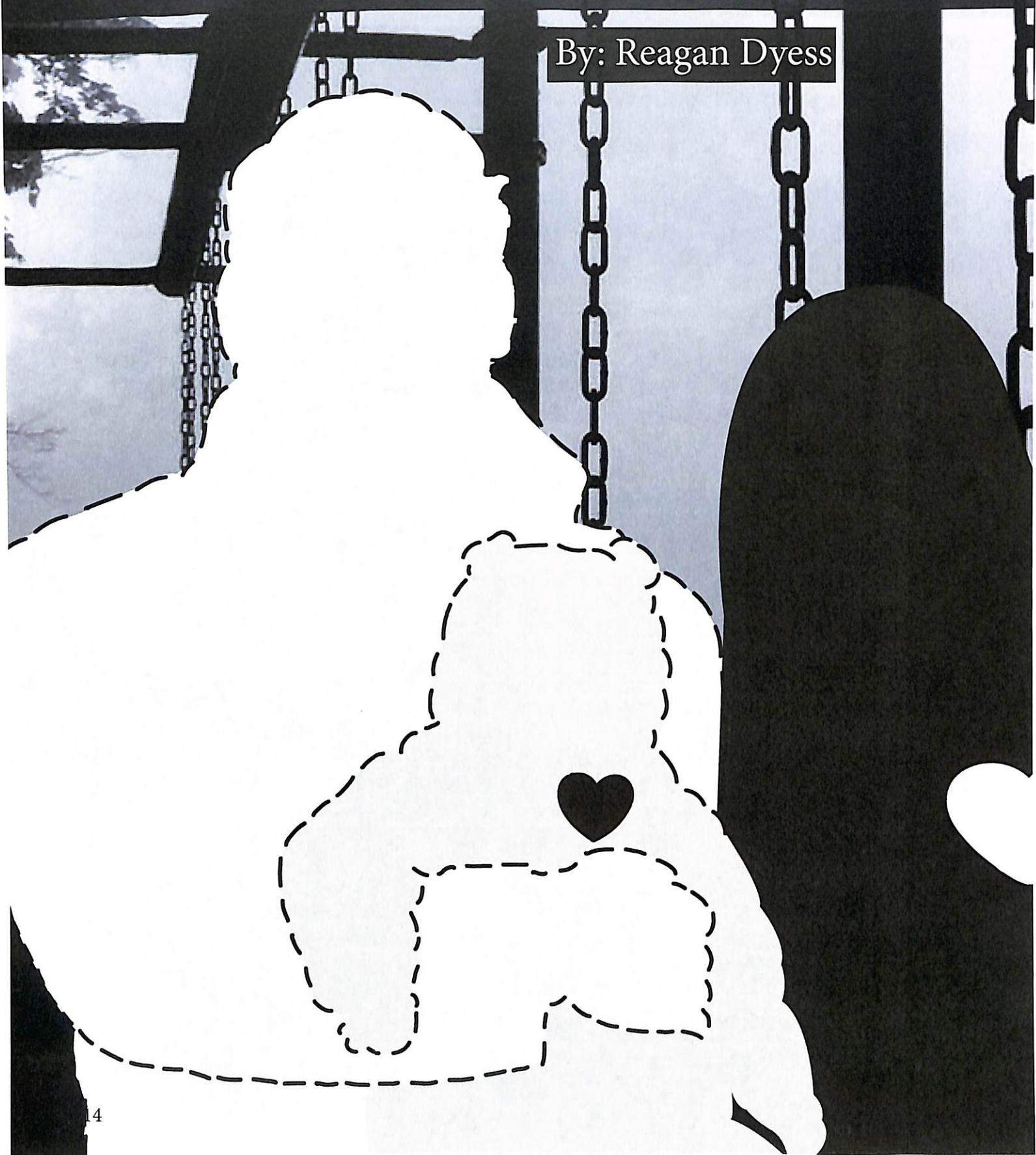
We start at baby seats.
We make a mess and cry.
To rocking chairs and porch
swings,
We say our last goodbyes,

But place a chair beside you,
And invite someone to rest.
While silence may be lovely,
The good is not the best.

So please take my advice,
And give someone a seat.
There're many stories to tell
And many friends to meet.

The Moment

By: Reagan Dyess



I Grew Up

Childhood is a whimsical concept of the inevitability of existence: growing. As we flourish, we do so not only physically, but mentally as well. Many kids start physically maturing around age 13, when the voice of the pubescent lowers and suddenly the world is a place full of hunger. Teenagers tend to believe that they are grown up adults, but the true case is that most adults aren't even grown up. However, for me this maturing began around the age of five, and I grew up at age fifteen.

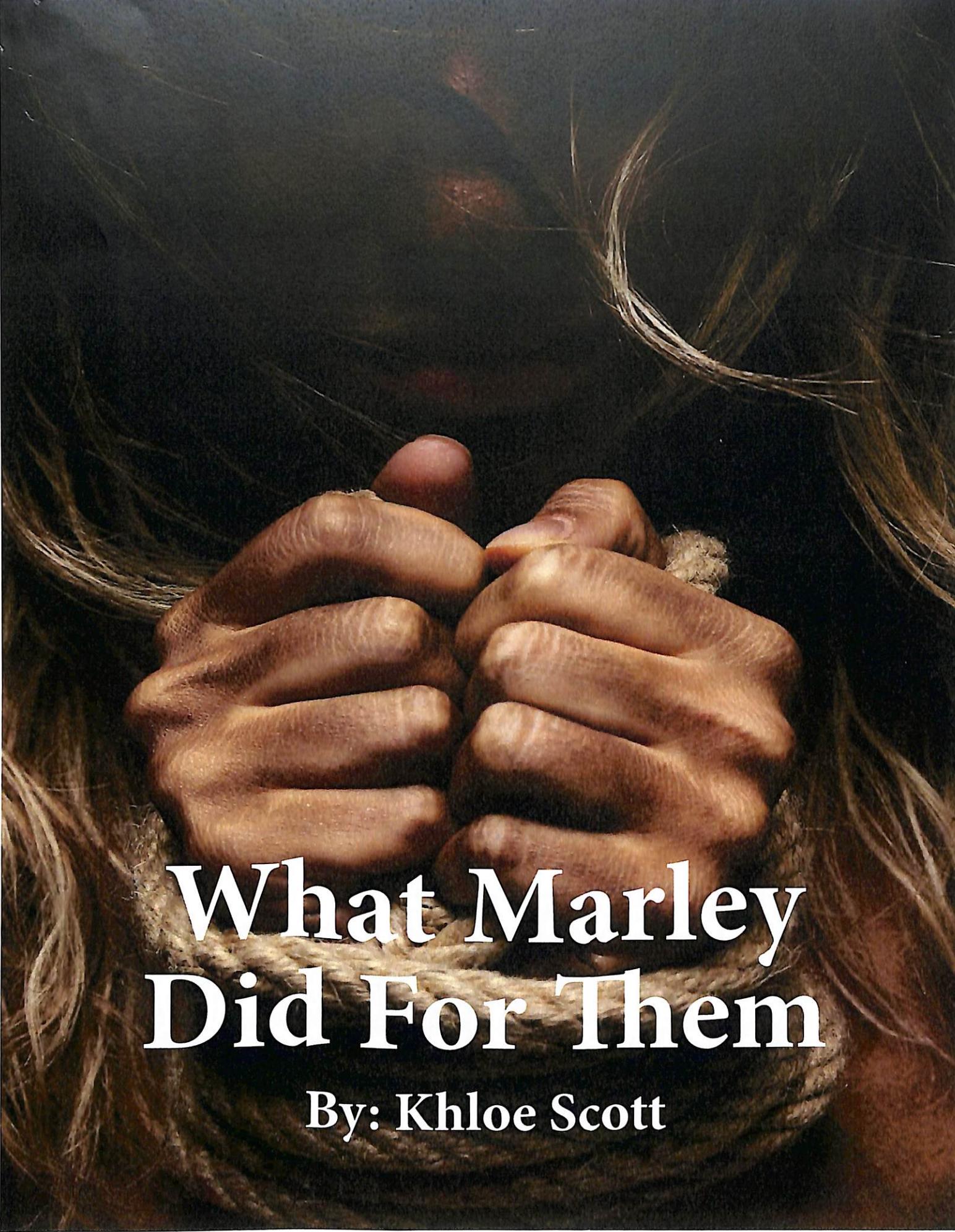
As the centuries pass, love becomes less and less actual love and more so infatuation. I personally don't believe that you can fall out of love, but instead you were only infatuated with the idea of being in love. The divorce rate of parents today is unreal. This society's children often get their childhood ripped away from them by the cold hands of their parents, most of whom are too immature to cooperate separately for the sake of said child, leaving them with only the idea of adolescence. I, too, fall short of the mendacious advertisement that is parents.

My parents never married, I suppose because they fell out of infatuation with each other fairly early on. Therefore, my dad never really fell into my family portrait. And for the first five years of my life, I was utterly unbothered by the sillhouetal corpse of paternity in my life. In fact, I barely even understood what a dad was, as I had never been introduced to the idea of one. That factor changed whenever a strange man walked into my life during one morning when I was in kindergarten. I spent

the day with my mom and this strange man who continuously called himself my "dad", and suddenly my emotions were compiled into a code that had never been read by my five year old brain before: parental adoration from more than one person.

After this day, leaving me hopeful from the ecstasy of having a partially mended family, my father walked back out of my life, and I did not speak to him again for a decade. Now, don't get me wrong, my mom has taken care of me for fifteen years, and I love her more than anything this world could offer, but having the two people who created you come together and love you unitedly is a feeling unlike any other. I was furious with my dad, then, for leaving me, but I think I was secretly just angry at the fact that he could leave me. Ten years later, at age fifteen, I spoke to my dad again, accepted the fact that he is not meant to be a part of my life, and I forgave him, completely.

Forgiving the man who was supposed to love me unconditionally for abandoning me is the hardest thing I have ever done. Saying an eternal goodbye to the living is a task that will assist in robbing you of your youth. However, the main thief is forgiving. I have accepted that wasting my whole life hating a man who gave me less than twenty-four hours out of his own life is useless, and I am immensely thankful that I have experiences that have shaped me into maturity. I grew up at age fifteen.



What Marley Did For Them

By: Khloe Scott



She's running. They're behind her, and she cannot stop running. Her heart beats ever so fast, but the crunching of determined footsteps against the dirt behind her outpaces it. She sees the oak tree ahead, but feels a hard tug at her braid pull her backwards into a cloud of dust. Marley jerks out of the bed in a pool of her own perspiration with a scream at the back of her throat, ready to be expelled into the midnight air, but before it can escape, she swallows hard and takes a few deep breaths before checking her surroundings. She relaxes the taut muscles in her back and jaw with a sigh when she sees that the others are still asleep. She realizes she won't be falling asleep again any time soon, so she heads to the kitchen to begin preparing breakfast.

The building is so cold that the air in her lungs turns to frost as she exhales. She checks the pantry; she reaches for five eggs, a jar of apple preserves, and a loaf of bread. She loads the wood burning stove and tries many times before she finally gets the wood to light. Marley sets her only pan on the stove and cracks the eggs into the pan. Twenty minutes pass by, and she's just finishing breakfast when she hears the tiniest and most inestimable voice in the corner of the room. Marley smiles as she turns to the little girl with perfect strawberry-blonde ringlets rubbing her eyes.

"Goodmorning, Marley," the sleepy eyed child whispers with a smile so warm even the coldest of hearts would melt instantly. It was barely morning; the sun had not yet broken the seal between night and day.

"Goodmorning, Matilda," Marley whispers back to her, being careful not to be heard by anyone but the little girl.

The house was dark except where the moonlight fell through the crack between the curtains. Marley sits in a tired wooden chair and gestures her head for Matilda to come closer. The child crept to Marley and climbed into her lap to rest her tiny head. Around an hour later, all of the children one by one stumble drowsily into the kitchen, drawn to the smell of eggs and toast. They each sit down in their spots at the table and eat contently as the sun heats the room and the traveling mist reaches the corners of the window pane outside. After breakfast, Marley counted heads and plates to make sure everyone had eaten before making herself a plate.

Noon comes easily. Each child stops playing with whatever item he/she had occupied themselves with and begins his/her assigned jobs. Matilda puts away the dishes after Carson washes them. Winter is sent to fetch water from the water

pump, and Peony gives the smaller children a bath. Max and Oliver tend to the chickens and gather eggs. Delilah and Blaire are cleaning the house, but Marley plans to teach the twins how to cook sometime soon. Noah, the third oldest kid of the group, guards the house and watches the others while Marley is out.

Marley exchanges her dusty clothes for a fine church dress with a silver button in the back and delicate purple flowers printed all across the skirt. Inside the skirt of the dress is a rather large pocket Marley had stitched into the inner fabric. She pulls her hair into a braid as neatly as possible and heads toward town. She knows she blends in well with the crowd, but she can't help but to feel her chest squeeze with every breath. She is not welcome here; she is an outcast. A few grocers' stands catch her eye. The crisp vegetables and apple pies draw her in with the satisfying promise of a full stomach. She walks to a booth with an elderly lady tending to a customer and knocks over two tomatoes with her elbow. She bends down and tucks one into her secret pocket and places the other back onto the stand.

Just as Marley turns around to go to the next booth, the lady taps her on the shoulder and asks, "Young lady, do you plan on purchasing that tomato?" Marley freezes.

The lady takes one deep breath and screams, "Thieving orphan!"

Marley bolts through the passing pedestrians and into the woods. Men and women alike run after her as fast as they can. Marley runs faster and faster, ducking under low branches and dodging large tree trunks in desperate attempts to shake off the trailing adults. Marley finds an opening in the woods near another town and pushes her small frame through the trees to the back of a large bakery. To her relief, the back door is unlocked. She ducks into the building and carefully closes the

door behind her. She hears the crowd run around both sides of the building and out into the street. When she decides the coast is clear, she opens the door and ducks behind the dumpster. To her surprise, there on the ground lay a bag of flour, ripped and spilling out onto the grass next to her. She wonders whether she should take it and decides to come back to retrieve it tomorrow. On the other side of the street was a laundromat that she frequently visited in attempts to sneak new clothing for the other children.

Marley squeezes through the alley between buildings and checks the streets for roaming search party members and gathers pace towards the boutique. Inside, the shop smells like overworked machines and laundry detergent. Marley had her strategy planned out to a tee: She would wait until someone loads the dryers and walks away, open the dryer and take one item of clothing, no matter the item, and put it into a vacant dryer. She had no money, so she could not turn on the dryer, but this was part of the plan. Later she would scout another washer or dryer left unattended and sneak the closest item into her dryer. After about an hour, she usually had at least one new item to take home for each of her children. The laundromat was a relievedly different environment from the rest of the city. No one seemed to mind Marley here, and she doesn't feel the need to stay as alert inside its beige brick walls.

From first glance, the city of Broadview was just like any other city in any other country, but there was a sinister secret lurking in the streets of Broadview. All crimes, even small thievery or trespassing, could be



punishable by death, and all orphaned children are in danger of spending the rest of their lives in Sunny Skies Orphanage. Sunny Skies sounds pleasant enough. It certainly seems as though it would be better than living in an abandoned building with no electricity or running water, but Sunny Skies Orphanage does not seek potential forever homes for the children unlucky enough to be trapped inside and instead forces slavery upon the children. The head of Sunny Skies sees that all inhabiting children are regularly caned, worked to exhaustion, and fed only when every last bone protrudes through of each spirit-broken child. A cash prize of \$25,000 is awarded to anyone who can turn in a stray child to Sunny Skies. This secret is kept under close patrol to ensure it does not reach to the outside world. Once you enter the city of Broadview, you never leave. All electronic devices are tapped to ensure news of Broadview's sinister crimes to not become national public information.

Marley once lived in Sunny Skies four years ago. She was only twelve when she escaped with her sister, Matilda and Darby. Darby, two years her senior, was more of a mother than a sister to the girls. Marley holds back tears anytime her sister's memory floats to the surface of her mind.

Marley realizes that it is time to head home. She gathers the damp clothes and starts her ways towards the hideout. It is becoming quite dark; she is exhausted, but she knows that the other children are getting worried by now. She lurks behind the shadows of the buildings, just beneath the cloak of darkness, and into the woods. At home, Marley hangs the clothes to dry over the branches of the oak tree and gets children ready for bed. Each day, Marley's mind and body wear tired of the constant struggle to maintain the stability of nine young lives, but she knows she is their only hope at survival outside of Sunny Skies' depraved walls. She eases herself into bed where her sister is already sleeping soundly. She allows

the soft embrace from her blanket and the warmth emitted from Matilda's tiny body to lull her to sleep.

In her dream, her body glides toward a brightly colored door. Upon arrival, the door opens and reveals Marley's mother and Darcy playing a game of chess with Matilda curled into their mother's lap sound asleep. She sits beside them on the carpet of her old room in the house that she had been raised in until her mother was arrested for treason.

Marley's eyes flutter open, and she looks around partially expecting her sister's posters on the walls and the morning light to shine from the window next to her old bed, but all she finds are sleeping children covered in blankets on the floor. She allows herself a few minutes before getting up to prepare breakfast. Today's routine is similar to that of Yesterday's, but Marley decides that she could have the twins, Delilah and Blaire, help her with the cooking. She realizes that as it gets more dangerous each time she goes into town



for supplies; someone must be able to provide for the children if Marley doesn't come home one day. Max is the second oldest, so Marley relies on him to step up as caretaker if she were to disappear. She has taught him all the rules of survival in Broadview: Stay hidden in plain sight, take only what you need, and never let anyone know about the hideout. Marley trusts Max, and he learns fast, but he is only twelve. She knows it would be so much easier to gather supplies from town with his help, but she would never put his life at risk.

Other than the clothes, Marley is disappointed in her claims from yesterday's outing. She wonders how in the world will she feed nine children with one tomato. She examines the clothing, a pair of men's shorts too large for any of the children, three t-shirts, a church blouse in deep emerald green just Marley's size, and one pair of jeans one size too large for Matilda. She grabs her thread from the pantry and tailors the waist of the shorts to the best of her ability in hopes that they will fit Oliver, who is in need of a new pair of trousers.

They don't have many clothes, being that many of the children came from Sunny Skies, and the ones who had never been to Sunny Skies grew up on the streets with ill or poor parents. All of the children were orphans, which was a dangerous position to be in, obviously. Marley welcomes children who need a home, even though she can barely provide for the nine she already has. She sees all of the children as her little siblings, and cares deeply for every one of them.

The next week comes and goes like clockwork, waking and performing the same tasks each day. Sunday is outing day, since her dress/disguise resembles something a child freshly released from Bible School would wear. She slips on her dress and makes herself as presentable as possible. Being sixteen, Marley would love to take a warm shower every day, but she cannot afford the luxury of running water. Instead, she washes off with water from the old rusty pump and slicks back her hair once more into a thick brown braid.

The stores are near closing time now, and Marley crosses the road to the corner store next to



the post office and opens the door. The clerk is reading a basketball magazine when she walks in. At the back of the store, Marley scans around the refrigerated section for something small enough to fit into her hidden pocket. She opens the glass door and palms a small pack of frozen peas. The peas are cold against her legs; however, she knows they'll feed the children. She walks to the entrance and smiles kindly to the clerk, who smiles kindly back. She grabs a newspaper for kindling on her way out and walks home.

As per routine, she heads to bed, and just as she closes her eyes, she hears a loud thud, and then again, and again, followed by the sound of a breaking window. Marley knows exactly what is happening; someone watched her walk home and has broken into the house to take the children to Sunny Skies. She has no time to get the children to the oak tree, so she closes and locks the door to the bedroom and barricades it with a chair. She frantically wakes up all of the children and tells them to be completely silent.

Marley grabs Max by the shoulders and whispers, "Listen, I'm going to climb out of the window and scream by the side of the house farthest from the oak tree. I need you to help the children get to the oak tree. Leave no one behind and take the path where the adults are the least likely to spot you. Keep them moving quickly and silently."

Marley lifts the window and runs to the east woodline and screams and shakes the trunk of a lanky tree. The mob turns their attention to her and runs in her direction. Marley sprints into the woods and ducks, dodges, and zigzags through the smallest entrances she can find in hopes to shake off the mob. One by one she

drops each bloodthirsty townsperson until a man grabs her by the braid and drags the struggling girl towards the house. Thinking quickly, Marley reaches her hand toward the man's face and scratches him well enough in the eyes for him to let go. She darts ten meters deeper into the forest and decides that up is her only option. She heaves herself into the branches of a squat peach tree and continues to climb higher and higher into the dense canopy of the forest. She hops from tree to tree and reaches a height where she can see the oak tree on the other side of their house. The mob once chasing her had started back for the house again. Did they know about the other children? Had Max successfully led the children to the safety of the oak tree? For five

hours, she hid in the trees watching the villainous intruders throw their belongings out of the broken windows of what used to be the only place she could truly be safe. They ripped her small vegetable garden out of the ground and chased her chickens out of the coops. She understands that whoever turns her in would be rewarded heavily, but she cannot understand why they would destroy her home. One sparkling tear wells in her heated eyes. She shakes her head and pushes her eyes deeper into the scene below her.

"

by thick branched trees with deep green leaves concealing the small wooden hut built among the branches of the oak tree. She hopes the children have made it to the oak tree. By sunset, the chilly night time fog rolls into the forest and hugs the trunks of the trees below her. Angry men still search the ground below her and around the oak tree. Marley bites her lower lip every time a man glances up from below the canopy of the oak tree. A man's hoarse voice breaks the tune of the croaking toads.

"I found one!" the man screams to his comrades. Marley's heart drops as she sees the man pulling Oliver towards the house by his dirty blonde



hair. Oliver is eight years old. Oliver cries and pleads with the man to let him go, but the man tells him to shut up and stop moving. Sweet Oliver never asked for much; all he wanted was to make people smile. Every day with Oliver was full of jokes that only an eight year old could come up with. At the thought of losing Oliver, Marley instinctively grabs an armful of pinecones from the neighboring tree and chuck them one by one at the man. Each lands too far from the man to catch his attention. The man walks closer to Marley's tree as she throws one more pinecone at the man. The pinecone strikes him directly in the eye at full force. He releases his grip on Oliver's hair to cover his eye. Oliver darts into the woods. Marley hastily jumps down branch after branch until she is just above the ground. Light, frantic footsteps tread through the grass until they are right under Marley's feet. At that very moment and with as little noise as possible she grabs the boy by the arms and jerks his body into the tree's branches. She wraps her hand firmly around his mouth just as scream erupts from his little body.

"It's me," she whispers into his ear. The boy visibly relaxes, still breathing heavily.

She helps him climb the branches, but just before he can get a good grip, the man stomps under him and turns his head left and right. Oliver hangs from the branch for a very long time until the man takes off to the left. Oliver sighs and pulls himself on the branch and into the cover of the dewy leaves. Marley and Oliver struggle up the tree until they are in the tree that Marley was hiding in before she spotted Oliver.

"See over there?" She points to the trees on the other side of the house. "That's where the oak tree is. Do you know if the others made it there?"

"I don't know; I ran off to find you!"

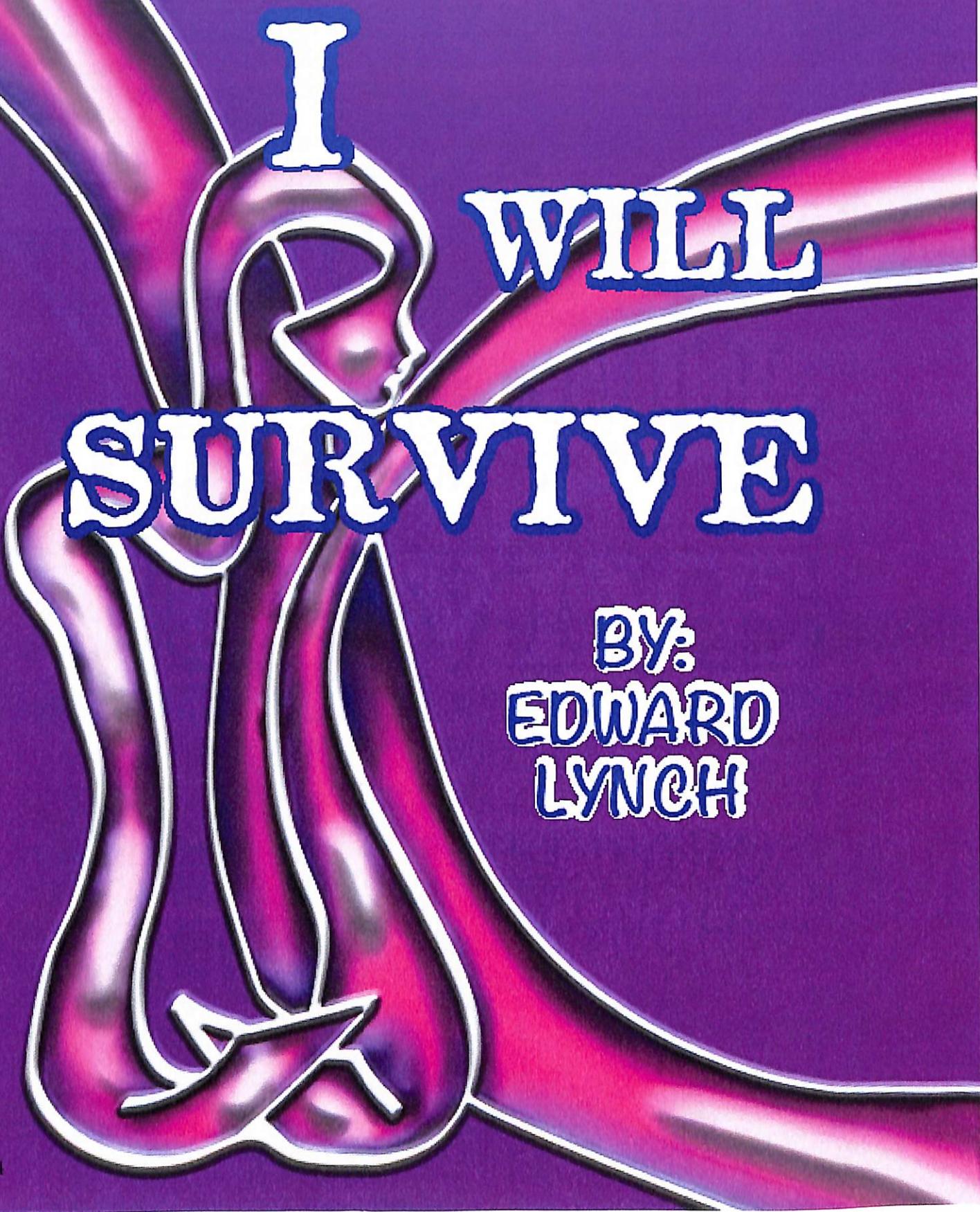
Marley smiles and smoothes back the boy's hair. Her chest rises at the boy's sweet words and drops again at the realization that the others' whereabouts are still a mystery. They spectate the searching townsfolk, wondering how they haven't either found the others or given up. Hours pass and Oliver snores subtly, curled in Marley's arms. Marley stays awake all through the night, staring at the people as they head home one by one, defeated and cold. As soon as the coast seems clear, Marley taps Oliver and tells him it's time to head down. Slowly and silently, the two creep through the branches and down into the underbrush. At the clearing of the forest, they creep towards the oak tree, not daring to go near the house. Both children keep their attention on the field around them. Finally, the oak tree stands over them with limbs low enough for even Matilda to climb. Marley and Oliver lift themselves into the tree and push upward on the small trapdoor of the treehouse. The door resists her force at first, but she whispers, "Max!"; the weight on the door shuffles to the side, and Marley pulls herself inside and then helps Oliver up.

The sleep deprived faces of eight shaken, dirty children toss the trepidation in Marley's chest

to the floor. She rushes to Max's side and hugs him and thanks him for keeping them safe. Tears roll down her face in every direction; before she can compose herself, little Matilda tiptoes to her sister and squeezes her tiny arms around Mareley's torso. Marley is so exhausted that she falls asleep on the floor of the treehouse with dried tears on her face and Matilda and Max still in her arms.

The chirping of the morning cardinals lift her from sleep. Marley's eyes peak open to the lilac curtains on the far side of her room. She changes out of her pajamas and steps out on the white porch. The lazy rocking chair beckons Marley to sit. In her old age, her knees are creaky, and she groans as she leans into the chair. Grey hair frames her face and falls over her shoulder in a loose braid. Max is coming to visit today. His youngest child just had a baby. Oliver and Winter built a park for the children in the center of town. Peony owns a farm on the west side of town with the prettiest mares that Marley has ever seen. Carson and Noah built a schoolhouse for Delilah and Blaire to run about thirty years ago. Matilda owns a modest little family clinic near Marley's house. They've all met their soulmates and had children, except Marley. She has already raised her children and watched them build a community for themselves. Years and years of struggling to provide for her nine children have rewarded her with a town far different from Broadview. There was one night where she thought she would lose everything, but now she has everything she could ever want. Marley watches her nine children live and age with pride, a single tear rolling down to her chin at the life she worked so hard for.





I R U P W I L L S U R V I V I E

BY:
EDWARD
LYNCH

I will survive I will survive this
I have been tested, I have been tried
I know I have the best care life can offer, I have the best medical care
I have the best medicinal care that is not of this world

I will survive

I have tried to understand, I have tried to be strong
I have cried and prayed
If the village will give of their means, of their time and their many prayers

I will survive

If it is the will of the father and I believe it is
I will endure, Surgery, Radiation, chemo
And any other therapy and survive
If I have to sacrifice a mammary gland, I will
If I have to give up two I will; With or without one or two
I will remain whole, as fine, beautiful and charming as ever
Should I have young ones to feed I will, In lieu of mammary spirits
I will give extra helpings of love, adoration, affection, compassion and concern
along with foods that come from cans and jars
And gardens and things.

Believe me, believe with me, believe in spite of me
We never believed the iron curtain would be no more
Never believe man would walk on the moon
Never believed man would hold a computer in his hand
Not to mention put in his pocket

Yet we can, we never believed these things, yet they are.
I implore you believe, believe a cure for the breast cancer will materialize
Believe, I will survive, not only will I survive
My sisters will survive I will be open and honest with them
I will help them by sharing with them
Symptoms, signs, stages, types and factors of risk.
I have made myself a promise to concentrate
More on the whole of me than the
Parts that make the whole

And I will Survive

I will Survive Breast cancer

The Journal of Dreams by Katy Blansett

Prologue:

The dreams that I have had haunt me and cannot seem to give me a break. Now, for what seems to be forever, I recall having a different dream each night, yet the dream after the previous one adds to the dream prior to that one. I do not wish for them to leave; however, I wish I just knew more. Each dream is different. In the dreams that I have had seem to almost be an entire different world inside my subconscious. The reason for me telling you this is because over the many years I have pondered upon these events, and I just can't seem to put all the pieces together. Therefore, I have transcribed my dreams in this journal for you to read.

Entry I, March 23:

Last night I had a dream. I did not know what to make of it because of the strange events. I do not know if it is my subconscious making an attempt to tell me something, nor can I say that it is my subconscious trying to create an alternate "reality" for me to explore. I digress to tell you what happened. A Pink Cherry Blossom Tree appeared before me. It was surrounded by normal trees, yet the canopies of the trees surrounding it were far enough away to allow it to bask in the sunlight. After I had fully examined the surroundings I was induced to, I discovered a mysterious figure. The figure was standing there examining me just like I was examining them. I did not move from my place and neither did they. We just stood there watching each other. I was boring a hole into them with my eyes, and they were boring a hole into me with their own eyes. I did not confront them, and they did not confront me. Then after a while of just standing and waiting, I woke up.



Entry II, March 24:

This is much too odd. I have now had a dream much too similar to the one prior. Last night I saw the figure again. In the same place as matter of fact. The only difference was what the figure was doing. The figure was staring at the Pink Cherry Blossom Tree in full bloom. I had heard them make a noise acknowledging my presence; however, they did not move from where they were staring at that tree. I did not move either. Just as they were boring holes into the tree, I was boring holes into them. I had only seen the figure twice, yet it was a desire of mine to know more about them. They were so mysterious, which made me curious; however, I was much too timid to confront them because I had not one idea about who they were and what they might do to me upon confrontation. Hence, I figured I should just stay put. When I had re-planted my feed into the soil, I woke up to no avail.



Entry III, March 25:

It happened again! Why? I am now slightly willing to believe that this is not just a mere coincidence. Nothing is adding up though. I have sat pondering hour after hour and still nothing. This time in the dream they turned their gaze from the tree to me. Then they began walking towards me as if I was their prey and was captured. I did not move a single muscle. I am not exaggerating when I say that. I was able to count them moving ten steps exactly towards me. They were only a fourth of the way between that tree and me. When their foot hit that tenth step, I woke up as I always did. Although something felt different about this dream, something was off, and I did not have the time to put the pieces together. I have to know who they are. If only there were some way to dig deep into my subconscious and put the puzzle together. Unfortunately there is not.



Entry IV, March 26:

This time it did not feel foreign. I was comfortable. I was not alert or fidgety. In the dream it seemed as if I had gained the trust of the stranger, and they had gained mine. This time they took ten more steps towards me. Since I felt comfortable, I did the same. Because I did such a thing, there was now only ten steps between us. I was not sure I would ever meet them halfway. We then both planted our feet in the soil and did not move. Then after a few minutes of looking at each other longingly, we were transported into a different place. I did not have the time to see where we were because I woke up. This dream was different.

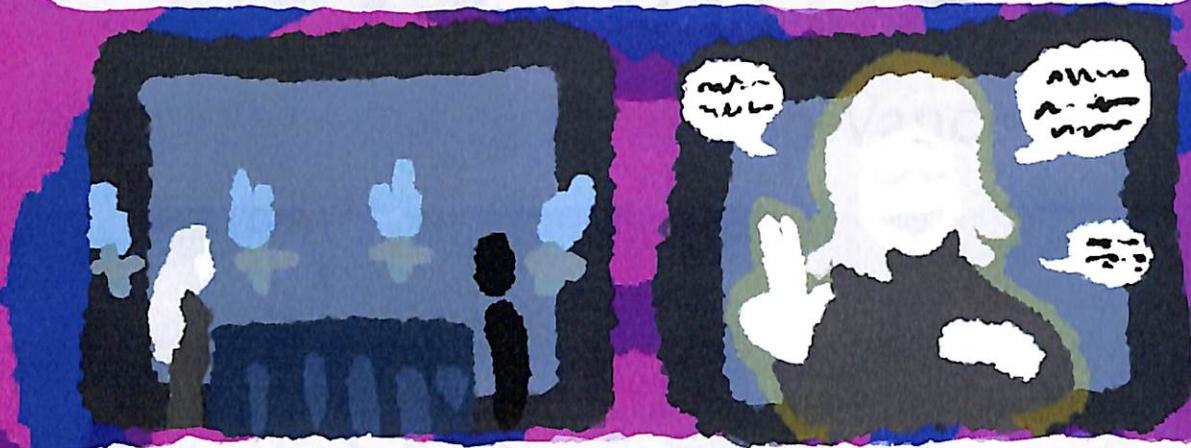


Entry V, March 27:

The room was so dark that I could not see the true dimensions of it. Just as I thought about that, they lit the torches upon the wall. The torches gave me the ability to figure out the dimensions of the room. I finally was able to see the rest of her face. Her eyes were blue-gray that sparkled like stars. At one point I thought to myself if the nighttime sky could even dare to compete with her eyes. Her nose was naturally contoured by her bone structure as well as her cheekbones and jawline. Her face itself looked as if it had been chiseled by an artist. Her lips were in the shape of an Indian bow. Her voice was low in pitch; however, it was soft at the same time. When she said she had quite a few questions for me, I had just enough time to say I had a few questions myself back to her. Then as usual, I woke up, but this time I was eager to be able for the dream to pick right back up where it left off.

Entry VI, March 28

We were in the room sitting at the table. I made it a point to make sure I was not the leader of the conversation. She stared at me waiting. I opened my mouth to speak, but then I closed it immediately because I was much too scared to talk to her. I was relieved when she spoke asking me if I knew why I was here. My answer was silence because I did not know any of the extent of why I was here. She spoke again saying that she knew why I was there and that I should just wait for myself to find the answer. She then told me she was happy she had my trust as well as tell me that she knew that I made the people I cherish earn my trust. I felt odd because she knew so many things about me, my past, and my present. I woke up after making an attempt to assess the situation on how she knew so much about me and how I knew so little about her.



Entry VII, March 29

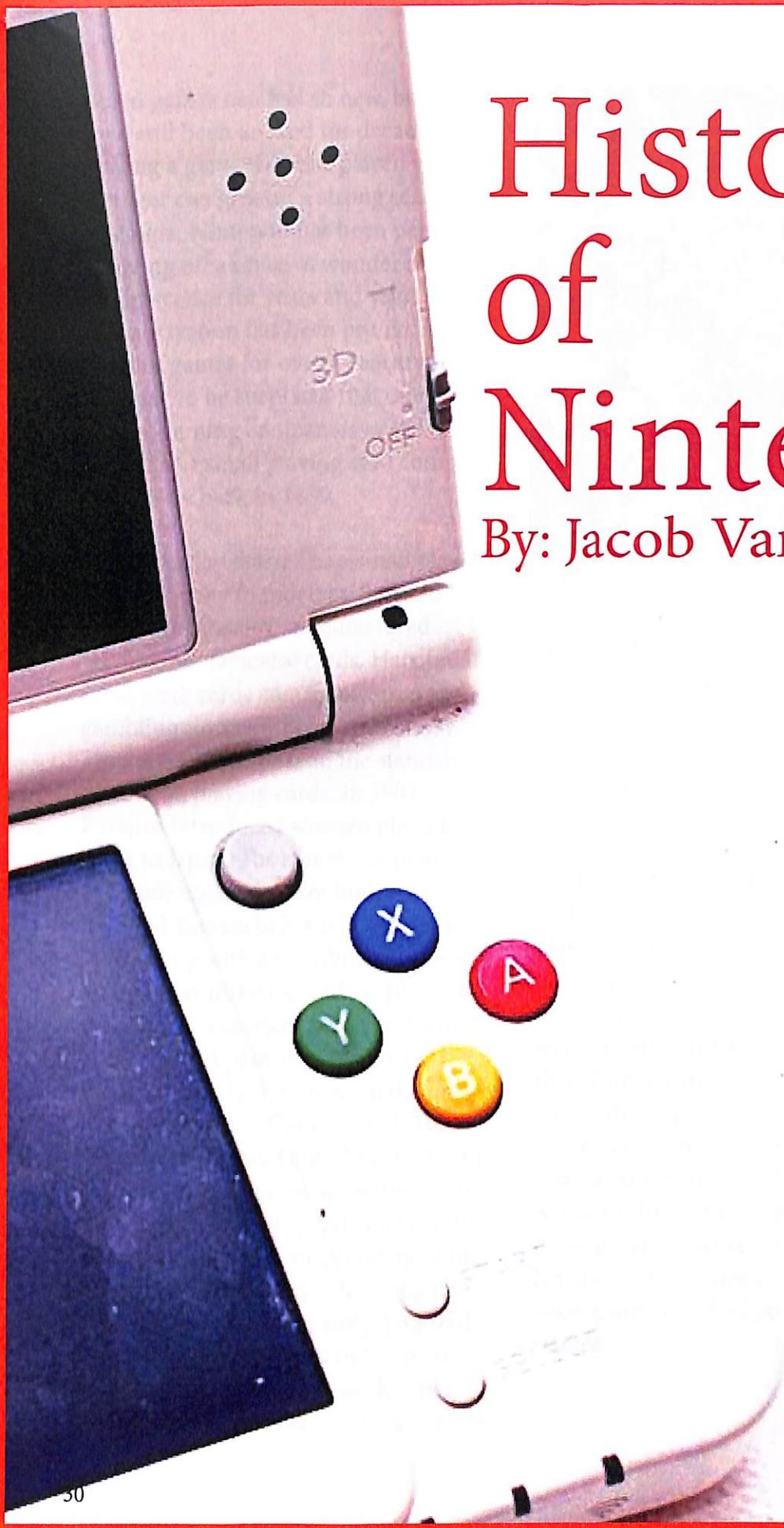
We were still in that room and sitting at the table. She began to tell me about me. She was somehow able to tell me everything I knew about me and even more. I told her there was absolutely no way she could know so much. She continued to talk. I was panicking. I wanted her to stop because it was tortuous. One minute you only know a few things then the next moment you know your entire life story has been told to you. Your life. Your death. It still bewilders me to this day. Even after having spilled all of this onto paper for you to read, I still have trouble understanding. I still see her face at night.

Epilogue:

It has been years since those peculiar dreams. I still am haunted by her face. I have spent these past years with an endeavor to figure out the why behind those dreams. I feel like I have finally put the pieces together. My subconscious, wanted to tell me something. I found out that is the reason behind the figure knowing so much. It is only logical way for it to make any sense although something has yet to click. Recently, an event she told me about on that final dream occurred. I find this to be the most odd. I still get frightened each time I think of that final dream. She was right about one thing. That final dream is my greatest fear because it is my reality.

History of Nintendo

By: Jacob Vance



Video games can feel so new, but they have still been around for decades now. Playing a game that one played when younger can give off a strong sense of nostalgia. Nintendo has been perfecting in giving off a sense of wonder and reminiscence for years and years. The gaming tycoon has been producing all types of games for over a century now. It is easy to be surprised that one of the biggest gaming companies in the world started as a small playing card company all the way back in 1889.

Nintendo first started as a small playing card company founded by Fusajiro Yamauchi. Fusajiro manufactured “Hanafuda” Japanese cards. Hanafuda cards were cards commonly used for gambling throughout Japan’s history. They are quite similar to the standard deck of 52 playing cards. In 1902, Fusajiro introduced western playing cards to Japan. The somewhat pioneer of Japan’s entertainment business founded Yamauchi Nintendo & Co in 1933, along with a distribution company named Marufuku Co. Ltd. in 1947. This distribution company helped expand Fusajiro’s company of cards. In 1951, the enterprise had been given the name Nintendo Playing Card Co. Ltd. The company had based out of Kyoto, Japan, with multiple factories sprouting. Two years later Fusajiro’s grandson, Hiroshi Yamauchi, had become president of the now popular company. According to Kate Erbland, the company capitalized on making playing cards out of plastic instead of the traditional weak paper and tree bark. This made the cards more



durable and longer lasting. Hiroshi began to look over his company and the market he was in. The already successful president took a business trip to the United States of America. As he observed, he realized his company needed to be open to different markets. Hiroshi wanted to expand his audience, so he turned to partnering with Disney in 1959. Partnering with Disney allowed Nintendo to print Disney characters on their playing cards. Children loved seeing their favorite cartoon characters on Nintendo’s playing cards so much that Nintendo sold over 600,000 packs of their new cards in just the first year (Schkolnick). All seem to be going well for Nintendo, but Hiroshi took some risks that almost forced Nintendo into bankruptcy. Nintendo expanded their company to fund a taxi service, hotel service, a rice service, and a vacuum company. All these risks failed and went nowhere. On top of these failures, the playing card market had become irrelevant. No one was buying cards anymore. Nintendo, once again, needed something that the people wanted.

In 1970, Nintendo found new hope. While Hiroshi made his rounds touring his playing card factories, he stumbled upon maintenance engineer, Gunpei Yokoi. Yokoi was playing with an “extended arm” toy he made in his spare time (Jones). Hiroshi was interested in the idea of the “toy.” The president asked Yokoi if he would like to create this into a proper toy and manufacture this and more. The “Ultra Hand” was extremely successful and officially launched Nintendo into the toy industry. Nintendo began to produce more electronic toys for children. Nintendo was one of the only companies that produced electronic toys like this. Less competition meant that Nintendo could put these toys up for high prices and make an inflated profit. The company bought the right to the Magnavox Odyssey and began producing the first common in-house video game console. Nintendo was very successful in the electric toy industry, so they decided to begin to invent arcade games. Nintendo created world renowned classics “Donkey Kong” and “EVR Racer” in the 1970s. Shigeru Miyamoto played a very important role in producing these arcade games. His creative mind and his drive to produce new games catapulted Nintendo in the gaming industry (Cohen). The gaming company decided to experiment in console development.

Nintendo began working on the manufacturing of their own video game consoles in 1983. Their first product was the Family Computer, also known as the Famicom. The Famicom was only released in Japan at the time and was very successful in the first two months. However, many

reports said the Famicom was prone to freezing and glitching. Nintendo looked over the product and realize the chips were corrupt in the consoles (Jones). Nintendo was able to survive the “Video Game Crash of 1983.” This crash was caused by the saturation of the video game market along with bad games in general. In 1985 the Famicom would make a world wide return under a new name, the Nintendo Entertainment System. The Nintendo Entertainment System, also known as the NES, introduced the world with everyone’s two favorite Italian plumber brothers, Mario and Luigi, in their first very own game. NES made Nintendo a household name in video games. Nintendo built off of this hype to manufacture the first of many Game Boys in 1989. The Game Boy cut the way into the handheld gaming world. In 1992, Nintendo released an upgraded version of the NES named the Super NES. The super NES went to sell 46 million copies. Nintendo continued to produce upgraded consoles until the release of the revolutionary Nintendo 64 in 1996. According to Matt Schkolnick, many believe the Nintendo 64 to be the greatest console of all time due to the fact that the games are all-time classics and are still so fun to this day. The Nintendo



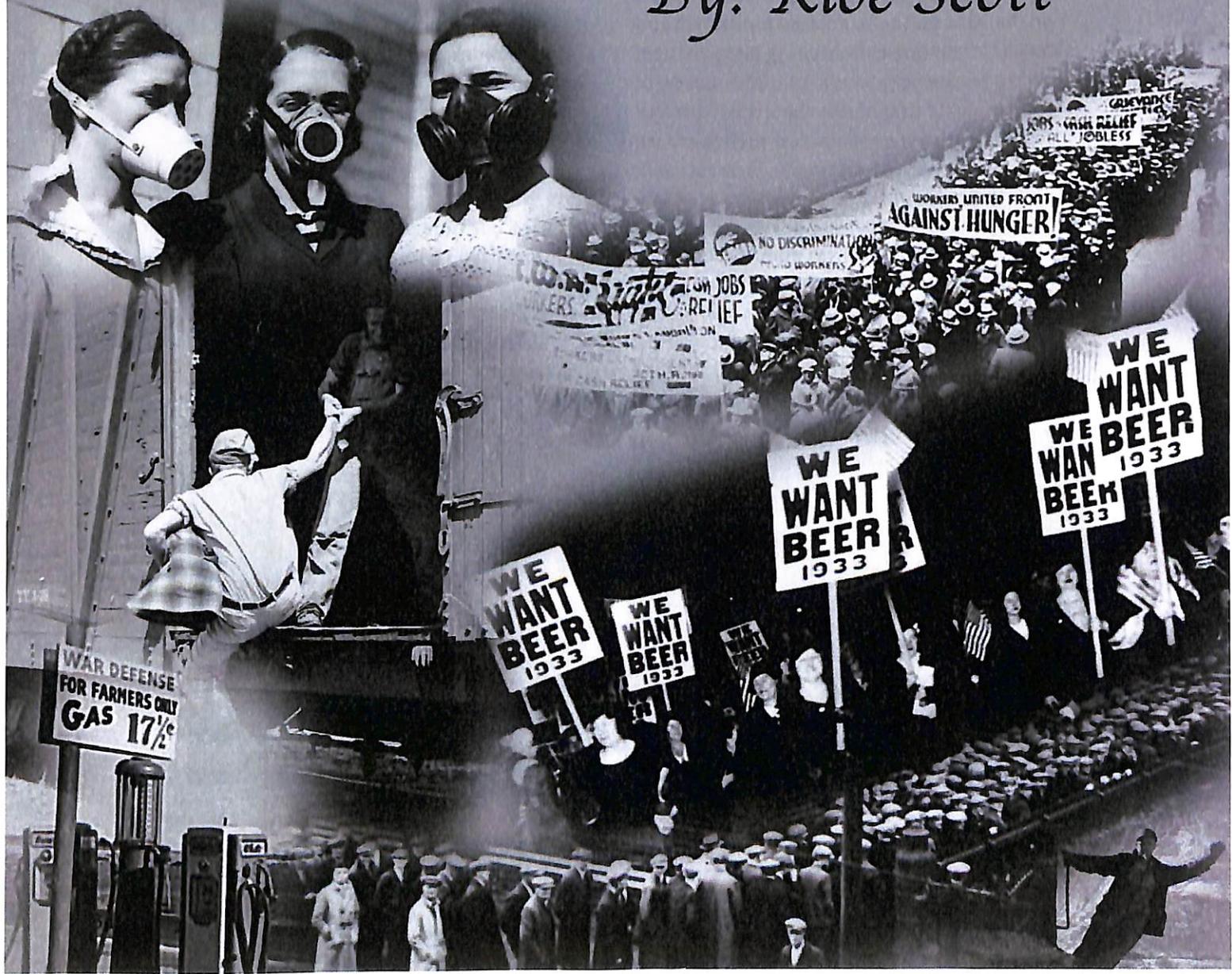
64 brought advanced 3D games and unique games. "Super Mario 64" is a favorite of many gamers. The extremely popular company began to take on the whole world. Factories and office buildings of Nintendo spread quickly. In May 2002, Hiroshi Yamauchi officially retired as the president of Nintendo Co., Ltd. Satora Iwata replaced Hiroshi as president. Throughout the 2000s, Nintendo released other consoles that resembled the previous consoles such as the Nintendo Gamecube. A new form of Game Boy, the Nintendo DS, released in 2005. This new handheld had two different screens that folded similar to a bifold wallet. The top display screen was a normal screen while the lower screen was a touch screen. This allowed more interactive play in video games. In 2006, Nintendo released a new way to play video games. The company released the Nintendo Wii. The Wii was a console that relied on motion sense controls. A small remote with a few buttons would be strapped to a player's hand and a sensor would monitor the movement of the remote. This new idea was very successful. Multiple Remakes of the Nintendo Wii and the Nintendo DS followed and were still very successful years later (Erbland). Many well-designed video games keep consoles alive.

Years and years of Nintendo working hard through adversities have brought many people joy and entertainment. The small card company made it all the way to present day to become possibly the most successful video game company in the world. Nintendo has truly become the masters of giving off nostalgia. The company has proven that with hard work and determination, anything can happen.



The Happy Woman of the Great Depression

By: Kloe Scott



Despite the name "Great Depression" and the lack of all the conveniences today's era brings, my great grandmother and everyone around her were truly happy people. From my youngest years, I have been entertained with stories and anecdotes of my great grandmother's adolescence. I have learned many things about her family's lifestyle and how she was raised. My great grandmother lived on what she raised, lived a more modest lifestyle, made due with what she had, and enjoyed life to its fullest extent.

The staple of many household diets in the 1930's was home grown food. My great grandmother, Hazel, milked three cows before school. Her father tended to a garden full of peas, potatoes, corn, etc. He cured home-raised hams in the smoke room over an oak wood fire. To keep sweet potatoes fresh year round, my great grandmother's family would stack layers of hay and potatoes four to five feet high and cover the "potatoes beds," as they were called, with sand. Dinner was usually some sort of family raised beef or ham, collard greens, potatoes, cornbread, and many other things considered "soul food" today.

The food was good as she recalls; her and her siblings grew and frequently ate popcorn and chewed on sugar cane from the garden. She had no complaints about any unappetizing food or having to help with the garden. "You ate what Mama cooked," she says, although she enjoyed her mother's food anyway.

My great grandmother's childhood was far less lenient than the average kid's today. She had many chores and walked to school every day. On muddy or snowy days, the children would walk to school every day. On muddy or snowy days, the children would walk to school barefoot with shoes and socks in hand, and they would put their shoes back on after they washed their feet. My great grandmother was never allowed to go out without parental guidance as a child. Instead, her friends would take turns hosting parties at their houses. They were no stranger to games such as spin the bottle, but instead of making risqué dares or cramming a boy and girl in a closet, the boy lucky enough to spin the bottle and land on my great grandmother would escort her around the campfire, and they would simply talk. As an older teenager, her parents kept a very close eye on her. Her dates would arrive at the house to her parents on the porch. Her dad would brutally threaten the poor boy



to return her home safely, and her mother would firmly remind her to "be responsible." Her sisters would also be held subject to this embarrassment. The women and men of this time were expected to dress respectfully and modestly no matter their financial state. Most women's clothing covered their shoulders and knees.

During the Great Depression, many families went without things that we overlook each and every day. For instance, my great grandmother's family did not have the luxury of toilet paper. Instead, they used corn cobs and old catalog papers. My great grandmother also curled her hair with old corn cobs (not to be confused with the ones from earlier). She once told me that she would take a slim stick from a tree, bite the ends, and use this to brush her teeth. People of my generation would

not be able to contain themselves if their toothbrushes and toiletries were taken away, but families like my great grandmother's did what was necessary to keep up on their personal hygiene. Nothing went to waste back then; even small things like potato peels or tomato seeds were used to replenish or fertilize their garden.

Throughout the years, any time my great grandmother tells me stories, she never frowns. Sometimes when she's on a particularly unfavorable topic, she'd scrunch her nose or shake her head, but never would she frown. She'd tell stories of walking barefoot in the snow and blistering her hands from a long day's work picking cotton for her neighbor. I have listened to many stories of making dolls out of twigs and



pine straw and even stories of neighbors yelling across the lawn to warn each other of the rabid dogs terrorizing the neighborhood just a couple houses away. The most astonishing detail of every story she has ever gifted me with comes at the end. No matter the story, no matter the struggle or hardship, she ended each story with four simple words, "but we were happy." With each recital of this inapposite yet joyous phrase, I became even more wonderstruck with the woman before me. On inspection, the remark seems almost perfectly crafted to perplex the listener. How could people with nothing to their name be so happy? After all, the 30's we formally known as the Great Depression. The answer is simple: there was no reason to be sad. My great grandmother was happy and content with her life. She had what she needed and lived a life worth living. She did not need the finer things to be happy, because she had never known these things to be important. Today's people feel as if the only happiness life can bring is found in having better things, or a bigger house, or a faster car, but my great grandmother's stories have made me realize that true happiness is not found in having the best things, but rather enjoying what I already have.

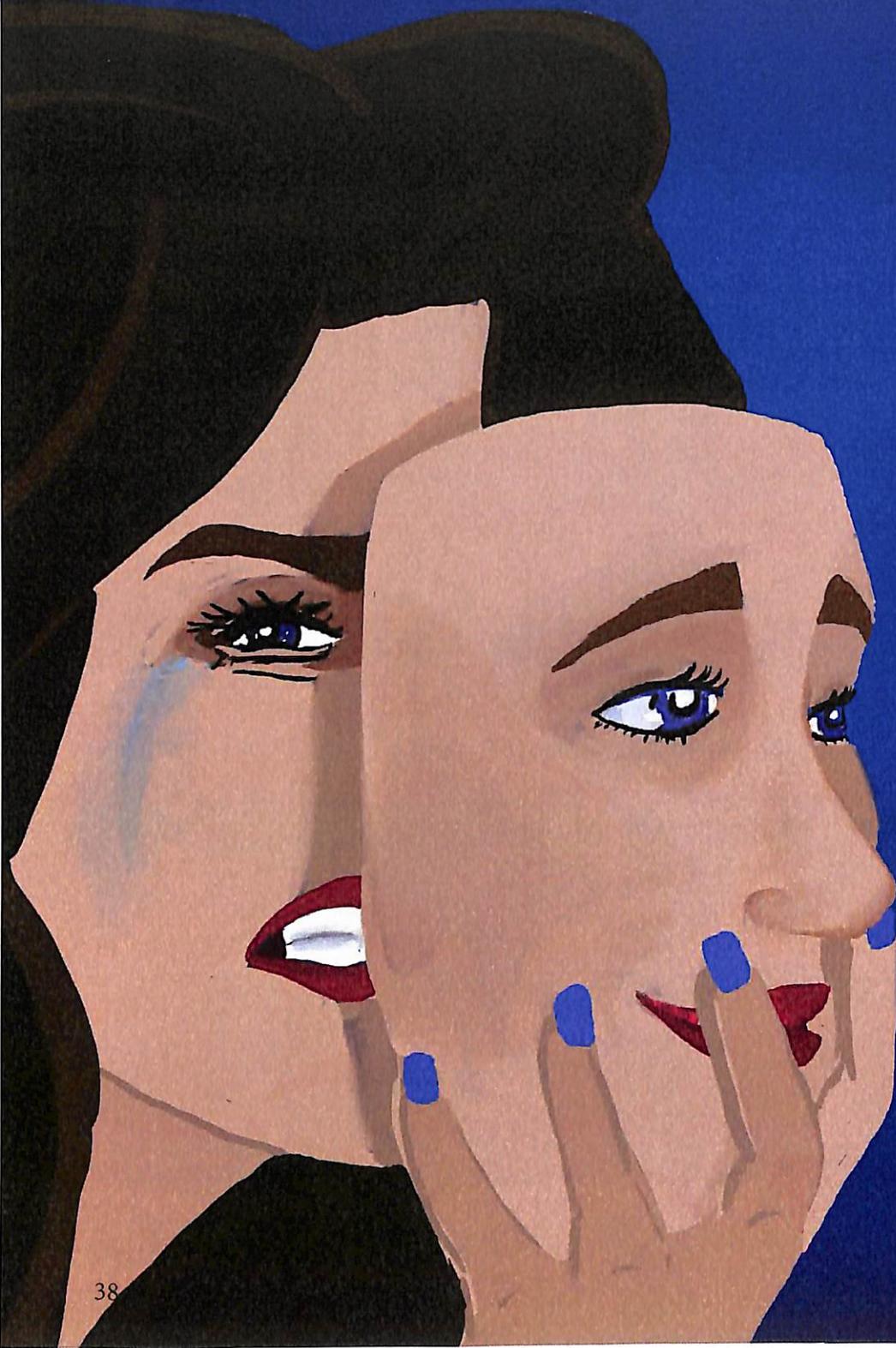
The strong woman that is Hazel Norris has passed on stories of her childhood to me since I could speak. She taught me about how she lived the subsistence farming life, behaved modestly in all occasions, made due with what she was provided, and how these things were the cause of her happiness each day of her life. I know there are more stories

for me, and I know how they will end. My only hope is that I can learn even more about her and remember her stories and their bold impact on my life.



The Bluff

By: Axel Galvin



I feel a fog
That shrouds my sight.
A gaping maw
Inside my mind.

My smile is warm,
So laughter keeps
Me clear of storms.
Real love asleep.

You think I'm kind,
At times aloof.
A salty brine,
Well there's the truth.

Your stand-in friend,
An afterthought.
I will not mend
What you cannot.

Your Sodom pleas
Won't hit my ears.
This apathy
Shall stay my tears.

Its not by choice
And it's not fair.
If this is life
It's hard to care.