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EXPRESSIONS



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EXPRESSIONS

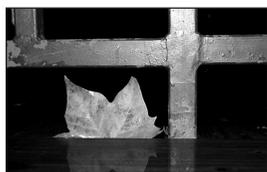
ALLEGANY COLLEGE *of* MARYLAND

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ARTWORK FEATURED ON FRONT COVER:

“Streams from a Dream”
Tony Ballas



ARTWORK FEATURED ON BACK COVER:

“Night Fall”
by Sarah E. Clites

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STUDENT EDITOR’S INTRODUCTION

As I sit here in my room late this night, static of writer’s block ringing my ears, a repeating question comes to me. Why do artists create and authors dream? Many people are only exposed to art through media hype and the self-gratification of millionaires plugging into blind celebrity fame, but all art is done to bring about change. A novelist wishes to reveal a special reality. A painter desires to depict a new perspective. A poet prays to reflect an empathetic voice. A photographer hopes to bring out the truth. No matter the cost, real change is brought through the creative work of amazing people such as these students who have the born talent and self-confidence to submit their works. May whatever you create be bravely put forth so it too can change a dreamer’s life and immortalize itself in history for all eternity. With this short sentiment I leave you all with a quote from poet, essayist, and philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson: “The purpose of life is not to be happy. It is to be useful, to be honorable, to be compassionate, to have it make some difference that you have lived and lived well.”

With that I congratulate you all and hope for nothing but all the joy you seek in every aspect of your life.

Gina Franciosi
Student Editor



SNEAK PEAK

Photograph | *by Rachel Mickle*

FADING LIGHT

Poetry

by Julie Egolf

That early light gradually appears
Fighting through the spaces in blinds

That's my cue to leave
It's never said
But it's known

Damn that sun comes faster every time

Tell me to stay

Casa Blanca fades behind us
It's your favorite
"Go ahead and shoot. You'll be doing me a favor."
If only

I don't want to hate the sun

STRUGGLING TO REMEMBER

Essay

by Paige Dugan

Back in elementary school I always struggled with remembering things and not understanding why I couldn't remember anything I had just learned. I would try so hard in school to remember the things I needed to remember that every Friday I would come home from school and lie on the floor, sleeping from seven o'clock until the next morning. My brain was just working so hard that my body had nothing left by the end of the week, and I couldn't figure out why it would do that. I went to many different doctors, but they kept telling me it was just because I kept waking up so early for school, that every kid did that, and so it was all normal. Weeks went by and I kept doing it, and it got to the point where it wouldn't be just every Friday, it would be every day. I started losing weight quickly because no matter how hard my mom tried to wake me I would fall asleep at the dinner table. My parents were so confused as to why it was only happening to me and why my older brother never experienced this. It got to the point where my parents had to come to school and sit and watch me, just to see why I was becoming so tired at the end of the day. My parents saw nothing that would explain my crashing after school, so I kept going back to the doctors. I then got to the point where I didn't want to go to school anymore, because I was afraid I was going to fall asleep or others would make fun of me for not knowing the answer to a question. My parents kept questioning why a girl would have so much anxiety and stress about going to school when she enjoyed it. I made it into the next grade level, but the same problems kept happening. It came to the point where the doctors around here had no other options left for me, so they sent me to a brain specialist in Baltimore. The specialist they sent me to was a specialist in kids with dyslexia, and although we didn't think I had dyslexia, my parents thought that if they ruled this part out that we could be closer to an answer.

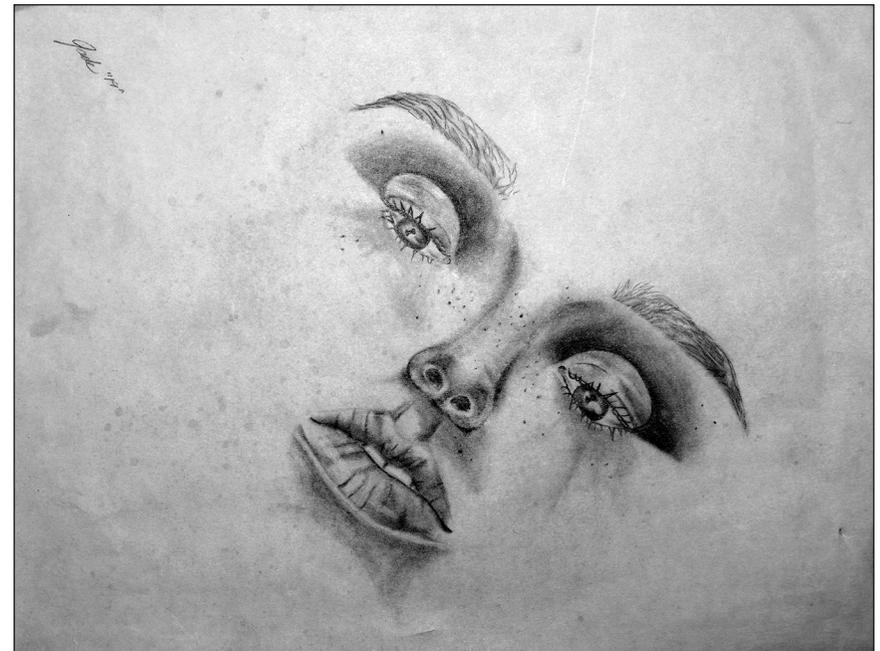
When I arrived at the specialist's office, it wasn't a typical office. It was almost like a daycare but for older kids. At this time, I was in the

third grade at my elementary school, so I was confused as why I was at a daycare-looking office. There was a big gym, just like elementary schools would have, and there were classrooms for different age groups. I went in the appropriate room for my age, along with my parents and the specialist, and I explained what was going on. The specialist gave me a series of tests that required me to read a story then write a summary of what I just read. At first the specialist didn't tell me about the summarizing part, because she didn't want to stress me out about reading, so she just told me to read and she would tell me what to do next. When I finished reading, she told me to write about four or five sentences of what happened in that story. As I was starting to write, I soon couldn't remember anything else, so she told me I was finished. She read it, and my parents' worst nightmare was about to come true. I had written everything from the story backwards. I wrote the end of the story first because that was what I last remembered, and so I thought it went first. Then when it came time to actually write what happened at the beginning of the story, I couldn't. The specialist told my parents that this was a typical sign of Dyslexia. Most people with Dyslexia couldn't remember what had happened at the beginning of the story and they would put the end of the story first, because that was what was fresh in their mind. The specialist then gave me a series of tests to actually confirm if what she had thought was true. I was told to remember a series of numbers that had certain colors corresponded to them. For example, if the number two was written in the color blue, I had to remember that the number two was colored blue, and so on. Then she told me to go to the gym's closet and pick out the correct number of balls that matched the card and to bring her the correct color as well. I kept thinking in my mind that it was going to be easy—just pick my favorite number, remember the number and color, and bring it to her. But in the time I spent walking across the gym and looking at the closet to remember what I was there for, I had forgotten what color my number was and even what number I had. I walked back into the room crying because I couldn't remember. This is when she first said out loud that I was diagnosed with Dyslexia.

Dyslexia is usually described as a learning disorder characterized by difficulty reading, but it can greatly affect memory as well. I remember

thinking that I now knew why I couldn't remember what I had read or, quite frankly, remember anything. It was then that the specialist told my parents that I also had a disorder called Dysgraphia, which is a condition that often gets diagnosed early, because when kids are first starting to learn how to write, you can't understand anything they have written. I have always had issues with my writing. Teachers wouldn't understand what I had written, so I always had to type my papers for everyone. I would have to read my essay or whatever I had to type to my mom so she could understand what I was meaning to type. My mom had to help me a lot with what I had to read and write in elementary school because I was unable to. I had to work very hard every day, and I met with my librarian once a week to work on words I couldn't understand. I still to this day have trouble reading and comprehending what I read, but I work really hard. I do not like asking for help on things, but there comes a time when I need to. I still can't remember most of the stuff I read, but as I've become older another issue is that I don't get most jokes when people say them. If I'm not with my parents, I will just laugh and go along with it; but if I'm with my parents, they know they have to explain it to me in greater detail.

As I look back at my childhood, I never truly understood why I was born the way I was. Sometimes I just sit and cry because I will just never truly understand some things. It takes me awhile to understand the fact that God makes everyone different and sometimes different is okay. I think about what my future is going to be like when I grow older and have my own family. Will times get easier or not? Time will tell, but I am learning to love the way I am, and these disabilities will not get in the way of me and my future.



FACE

Pencil | by Jade

DEATH OF A SALESMAN: CHASING THE DREAM AND LIVING A NIGHTMARE

Essay

by Adam Bucynski

Humans have an inherent need for belonging and purpose. Some may find it early in life, while some may seek it out their entire lives and never find what they were looking for. The latter is the case with Willy Lowman, the protagonist of *Death of a Salesman*. He spent his entire life attempting to live out the “American Dream.” This singular focus became his life’s purpose, even superseding his relationship with his children. But how did this constant craving for attention and appreciation affect him and shape his decisions? And more importantly, how can chasing the “American Dream” affect us?

Overall, Willy Loman was a good man who made a few mistakes. He tried to do what was right by his children and give them a wonderful childhood. Above all else, he wanted to make them happy. He wanted to make his family rich so that they could buy a big house and the boys could have whatever they wanted. However, he did this by working on the road as a traveling salesman. He was chasing the promise of prosperity and was never satisfied with what he had. His discontent with his situation had adverse side effects on his mental health and manifested itself in thoughts of unworthiness and self-harm. It also caused severe behavioral disorders in his children such as kleptomania and promiscuity.

For Biff, Willy’s eldest son, the vast amounts of pressure that his father put on him to become something great in life and “have it all” ended up leading him in the opposite direction. As a young man, he dealt with that stress by stealing petty items such as footballs or fountain pens. Willy never reprimanded him for this and let the behavior continue, assuming that Biff would eventually grow out of it, which he never did. When Biff discovered that his father was cheating on his mother, that was the last straw. Biff quit trying to be someone he wasn’t. His kleptomania began to resurface as he internally dealt with

the letdown of his father being unfaithful and the crushing expectations that were put on him. Because of his desire to steal, he got fired many times and never held a steady job for very long. His feeling of failure eventually caused him to snap and burst out at his dad, pleading for Willy to just accept him for who he was. Even if Biff wasn’t worth much materially, he knew that his value was more than just in monetary or physical possessions. He knew that he could still contribute to society in valuable ways, even if he never lived up to his father’s expectations.

As for Happy, Willy’s youngest son, he dealt with his father’s absence in his childhood by filling it with women. He slept with many different women, including his bosses’ wives and girlfriends. Biff seemed to be the favorite child, or at least the one who got more attention; thus, to make up for that hole in his life, Happy filled it with casual sexual flings with any woman he could find. From a psychological perspective, Happy perfectly demonstrates a traditional yearning affect spiral of behavior. While there are obvious health risks to this, there is also an underlying emotional issue. Happy just wants to be loved and belong. This is a very raw human emotion. The fact is that we all want to belong, but we just act it out in different ways. Happy decided to act out by getting as many women to “love” him as possible.

And finally, Willy. Where to even begin with his eccentricities and odd behaviors? His borderline schizophrenic actions lead him to hallucinations of the past throughout the play. These episodes reveal a great deal about his behavior. The one that stood out in particular was when Willy was reminiscing about Dave Singleman, a salesman from New York who still made sales from his apartment at age 84. As Willy put it, “When he died—and by the way he died the death of a salesman, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of New York, New Haven and Hartford, going into Boston—when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at his funeral” (Miller, 1705). Willy is so impressed by the fact that hundreds of people loved and adored this man who lived in luxury, and that shows a lot about his character. Once again, his character flaws originate from him wanting to feel loved and cared about. He wants to feel this so badly that his motives for his sons becoming successful are so that they reflect well on him and make him

look better. He's not concerned about his sons' respective situations; he's mostly interested in how their success makes him look better. However, when neither of his sons' situations improve by the end of the play and he is more desperate than ever to feel belonging, he decides to take his own life as he feels it's the only escape. However, even for all his faults, he still tried his best to raise a successful family.

My biggest takeaway from this play is that people will do anything for belonging. Not only has this play shown me that fact, but in real life too, so many people will compromise their morals to fit in with the rest of the crowd. They'll make poor decisions based around other people's impressions of them just to feel a sense of purpose. Multiple family members of mine have died of drug overdoses because they were trying to fit in with the crowd and fill emotional holes left by failed relationships. I know all too well about the temptation to modify my own personality so that I can blend in, only showing certain parts of myself to people, and essentially living a logistical nightmare. However, in both real life and in literature, if we can learn to accept who we are and love ourselves, we don't need others' positive confirmation to give us our worth. We already know who we are and what we're capable of, and when we act that out, we can finally set ourselves free and live the real American Dream.

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LOVE WILL REMEMBER

Poetry
by Eric Muir

To my sweetheart,
To my true love,
The one I love with all my heart.
The one I seek out friendship with,
The one I danced with all night long,
The one I kissed that night,
The one I hold most dear.
The one I love.
The one I will lose,
From your battle with cancer.
The one I have lost,
But not forgotten.
We may be apart now,
But our hearts still beat as one.
True love never dies,
Love forever more.



MISCONCEPTIONS

Photograph | by Sarah E. Clites

PANDEMIC: RESHAPING THE WORLD

Essay

by Stephen Maynard

Editor's Note: Essay written in January/February 2020

We are currently amid an outbreak of what researchers and scientists are classifying as a pandemic known as the Covid-19 Coronavirus. At the time of this writing, an estimated 40,000 people have been infected with over 900 deaths attributed to the virus ("A Timeline of the Coronavirus"). The virus is said to have originated in Wuhan, China just two months ago, and already people around the world are experiencing the resulting turmoil of the virus firsthand. Global viruses have become more prevalent in recent years, a negative result of efficient air travel between continents, the rapidly growing population, and quickly spreading animal to human mutations, being among the causes.

The world has endured numerous plagues and pandemics throughout the ages; some left few casualties while others wreaked unimaginable havoc on the entire globe. The most destructive and lethal pandemic known to mankind was the Black Death, also known as the Great Plague, the Pestilence, or simply The Plague. Although historians today believe there was an overpopulation of Eurasian cities at the time, it unfortunately brought a tragic and horrible demise to nearly half of the European population, and nearly 200 million people worldwide ("Black Death"). We know the pandemic was caused by bites from fleas harboring the bacteria *Yersinia Pestis*, which had nested on the hides of black rats. We also know of the innumerable horrors attributed to the plague and its many negative after effects. However, for the survivors there were numerous unanticipated consequences which altered their view of the world, some of which were even instrumental to the sustenance of future generations.

When The Black Death hit Europe, the lives of the people in medieval times were devoted to and dominated by their religion. The Church was not simply a spiritual leader and minister of faith to them; they relied on it for knowledge and answers to everyday life. Humans had not yet discovered what is commonly known as the mechanisms of infection,

so when the plague appeared, they had no other justification for the tragedy than to believe it was put upon them by God himself because of the sins of the world. The church grappled with the progression of the plague and initially lost its influence as it was unable to gain a stronghold against the evilness causing the virus. Religious bigotry was augmented and Jews were among those persecuted, as they hadn't contracted the virus nearly as much as others, and people believed they were contaminating water supplies (the reality of it was, they were not contracting the disease because of their strict hygiene guidelines). Many contemporaries believed everyone would eventually die. Many Christians who hadn't turned from God followed their faith like never before. Many people, in a last-ditch effort to gain entrance to heaven, willed their properties to the church, making the church very wealthy and prosperous. After the plague subsided, survivors were thankful to God for sparing them, uniting multitudes of Christians, adding even more wealth, and creating a monumental expansion for the church that has endured centuries.

Art and architecture were also altered as the result of the morbidity of the time. The Black Death inspired European Gothic style churches and eventually homes. Tall rooms with massively high ceilings gave ample room for huge windows to let in much-needed fresh air. Medieval sculptors decorated with elaborate statues of dark, morbid images of decaying bodies and intense sorrow as a result of the devastation they encountered. The dance of death, or Dance Macabre, was popularized, poeticized and painted. Realism became dominant in art, as the validity of death and hell were now at the forefront and heaven seemed remote. Paintings began depicting the triumph of death, rather than perceptions of eternal life. As the plague finally became less pervasive and began to wither, paintings became more joyous, depicting scenes that represented people that were steadfast and resilient in their emergence from the plague. As Jonathan Jones of *The Guardian* wrote, "The art of these centuries abounds in images of death, sure, yet it is also full of joy." Human beings, it seems, are exceedingly adaptable and tenacious. As Jones also noted, "The Europeans of the 1500s and 1600s created incredible treasures and beacons of civilization. Far from

being driven to despair by pestilence, it is as if they were spurred to assert the glory of life."

Perhaps the most significant change came in the area of economic and social reform. Because so few workers were available to work the land, wages increased dramatically. It was difficult to produce goods and to import was even more demanding, and as a result, inflation skyrocketed. Peasants and serfs were in high demand for their labor and were no longer dependent upon only one master or lord. Land, for the first time in generations, became affordable to them. As columnist Patrick Wyman wrote, "The ground for the next economic explosion was being laid. Wages rose and huge swathes of society had more money to spend on consumer goods." Food eventually became more plentiful since there were fewer mouths to feed, increasing the health and lifespan of those who endured. Survivors also handed down the genetic traits that had allowed them to survive the plague, meaning their children were less susceptible to such viruses, which in turn allowed an enormous growth in the total European and Asian population. All of this was the recipe that would bring the great economic expansion of the 16th century, as Wyman later writes, "One more piece sprang up in this period as well, and it still shapes our world today: capitalism."

We, the people of the modern age, like those of the middle ages, fear for the culmination of the unknown as we await and endure what may be looming. In contrast, we are advantageous to now have modern medicine and equipment to intercept and treat newly discovered viruses. We also are fortunate to have hindsight to help us recognize and overcome what was totally unexplained to the citizens of the 14th century. Nevertheless, we must retain the knowledge that someday another horrific pandemic could likely deliver devastation and destruction, as well as pave the way and improve life for future inhabitants of our planet. It could perhaps unsettle our economic and social systems, bear major changes to the religions of the world, and even alter the way in which we perceive artistic concepts. Could it even be the apocalypse for all humankind? A total annihilation? Or will human beings thrive and prosper once again, advancing the planet, as

they did centuries ago, to become an even greater marvel than at this moment in time?

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MARCEL

Marker | by Phoebe Shuttleworth



STILL LIFE VALUE

Tempera | *by Jade*

NOTES FROM AN AUTHOR

Poetry

by Gina Franciosi

Resting quietly to myself
voices fill my head.
They cry.
They laugh.
They wonder.
As if they were like me.

My words scatter the page
like dice across a desk.

He begs her to let him back in.
She closes her eyes.
She continues to cry.
She prays that she can vanish away.

What else to write?

He grasps at her waist.
Her hand strikes his cheek
as if he was her enemy.
What else can they go through?
Two characters' pain
Spilled from my thoughts.

SILENCE OF THE PEOPLE

Essay

by William O'Boyle

Silence. It is something that can take different forms and weigh out various emotions. It is something we need to sleep at night, something that can shield us from facing criticism, and something that delivers the darkest emotions of fear. Our founding fathers knew something that wouldn't break the silence they feared would come, a greater threat than imagined by President John F. Kennedy's words, "The only thing necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing."

There is a reason the First Amendment is first—so that good men are given the platform to speak their mind, to believe in what they want to believe, and gather as they please. All this with no pressure from their government. That is what is needed to uproot the weeds of tyranny and douse the flames of anarchy. I take pride in being right-leaning in my beliefs and I feel great remorse when some hypocrite with an axe to grind takes a belief and uses it as an excuse to commit atrocities like alt-right groups, antifa groups, religious radicals, and especially peers who take an ideology and refuse to hear anything other than it, whether it is a screaming protester or an arrogant speaker. These fellows are prevented from having a platform or speaking out because it is safer, calmer, easier, and far less burdening to be silent. Right now, if you go to a dialogue or a classroom it is a virtual echo chamber of all like-minded statements and at the end of the day there must be consensus, and to me the refusal to rebuke is the scariest silence of all.

Today many students like me are silenced and pressured not to exercise this right by other students, community leaders, professors, and even sometimes our family. We receive threats, pleas of mercy, are shouted down, and even denied assembly based only on an opposition to our beliefs. Today's conservative voice is mainly as loud as a fly at a rock concert and at best is only there for a short period of time before being told to stop. In the news we often see people who use their

First Amendment rights as forms of protesting, and it is used as a blanket to cover the entirety of people who speak up. The rhetoric used is often misinterpreted and many voices are lost. This is seen all the time and it discriminates against people of different intellect, which in many cases is far worse than the discrimination of race or gender or age, because a way someone thinks or believes crosses race, gender, and age.

Protesting at President Trump's Inauguration was overshadowed by the ones that ended in riots and damaged property. The simple and uneventful protest in Charlottesville the week before was erased by the out of control protest that ended in the killing of the young woman. During President Trump's Impeachment hearings, in our highest seats of representatives that are formally recognized to be accountable places of respect, Representative Adam Schiff and his Republican counterparts constantly interrupt each other and call each other down.

The divisions in America have no reason to exist except for the need to be heard, which in turn drives people to do the extreme acts that they do. America has a history of radical groups wanting to be heard, from the Sons of Liberty in the colonies of the 1700s, radical Abolitionists in the 1840s, the Ku Klux Klan across the south in the 1860's and 1920's, the Silver Shirts in Asheville in 1930s, the Black Panthers in Oakland in the 1960s, and the Antifa in Portland today. These groups were formed out of fear, reasonable or not, and they were initially made for like-minded people to retreat and be heard without fear of being isolated. But when their ideas for a "better future" were not being heard, they were stopped from having platforms, and they became radical, and that is when they pushed the limits of their ideas towards violence, intimidation, and persecution without care for the people that they saw to be against them. But it was they who pushed themselves further away from the stage out of fear in its grotesque form.

In our country where there is an ownership of firearms, a common statement now heard is that our freedom is protected by the First Amendment, but by the Second Amendment if the first one should fail. This declaration can be read as drastic, violent, and even satirical,

until we look at countries where freedom of speech is not protected, such as China, where the Tiananmen Square protests for democracy and freedom of speech were met with martial law, military occupation, and massacre. Similar events are occurring in Hong Kong. While Hong Kong has more democratic laws, protections, and is faced with different circumstances than those directly living in 1989 China, the ability to protest and be fully heard is nearly impossible, and with the censoring of events it will be truly impossible to find the truth of the incidents from those most affected.

We are living in the years following the end of the Soviet Union, but there are still countries that stop voices and force silence through governments with trickle down power, such as the People's Republic of China, the Democratic People's Republic of North Korea, the Democratic Socialist Republic Country of Sri Lanka, and the Federal Presidential Republic of Venezuela. These countries hold strict laws on freedom of speech. There is such horror in knowing what is happening in these countries. North Korea, China, and Sri Lanka alone have made Christianity the most persecuted religion on Earth. Government control and censoring of online speech have interfered with the investigation of and responses to human rights violations during the Iranian civil protests and the Easter bombings in Sri Lanka, all while belittling the beliefs and knowledge of the people that they claim to serve.

A solution to this problem worldwide I doubt will be seen in my lifetime; however, a solution there may be. The United States has one of the most beautiful constitutions the world has ever seen. A free people need to exercise their rights to the fullest extent to be able to maintain that freedom. We have a government where power rises from the people on up, and with activism its citizens can correct any of its wrongs. Our constitution allows us as a free people to act independently and act on our own accord. My solution to this problem is this: Be Free. It is not easy, even here, because freedom is not something granted to you, but it is something that comes from you. Take responsibility for what you say and act on what you see as right.

For me to do this I will try to be an example to others, to speak as I will, and to continue to learn and involve myself in the community. I hope to see you out there not being silent.



PLAYTIME; CLOWNETTE

Pencil | by Jade

ADDICTION

Essay

by Caroline Davis

Opiate, that word may not appeal to you, but for some that word controls their life. Opioid addiction is at an all-time high, a crisis many do not want to see. You cannot go a day without reading or hearing anything opioid related on the news channels or on social media. Now for some they believe addiction only pertains to illegal drugs and alcohol but nothing else. For some it's apples to oranges; however, not being able to give up caffeine, because when you do it gives you a headache and makes you tired, is very much an addiction. Even not being able to put down a cell phone without thinking where it is and what notifications are on the phone is another form of addiction. But when putting 'opiate' in front of addiction some just turn their nose up to the ones addicted.

You chose to be addicted to opiates: a statement every addict hears. For some a choice was made and for others it was advised by professionals. While the choice was or was not being made, the addiction itself was not a choice, and there are many different factors leading up to an addiction. Have you ever had a procedure done by a doctor and the doctor wrote you out a prescription to a controlled dangerous substance to control the pain? Well, for some that one completely legal prescription is all it takes to spark his or her addiction. According to Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, more than 191 million opioid prescriptions were dispensed to American patients in 2017. Being an addict myself, I know of patients who would "doctor shop" till they got the prescription they wanted, but not all the prescriptions were mishandled, abused or sold. Just like any other disease, addiction can be passed down through generations of families. Children born to addicted parents are twice as likely to become addicts themselves.

Peer pressure is another factor leading to the path of addiction, some adolescents go to parties to socialize and while being around the "wrong crowds" are introduced to opiates. At young ages kids

do not realize the depths of addictions and continue to use weekend after weekend to seem cool and fit in, and just like that they cannot go without opiates.

Opiate addiction can take a beautiful life and completely flip it upside down and turn your loved one into someone you do not even know. The addict's relationships with family, friends, and even religion get destroyed during addiction. The family and friends of an addict get used and hurt because the addict is not the same person anymore, and the relationships are damaged for many reasons. For some, once they find out about the opiate addiction, they will cut ties with the addict, as the family or friend does not want to be subjected to addiction. For others, the addict steals, lies, and uses the family or friend to benefit their addiction. Everyone suffers from the addiction. I never really understood this until I had my son and seeing how reckless I lived my life, not paying my bills on time because I wanted the money in my high instead of my lights being on. He did not ask to be brought into this world, and my mother and father did not ask to be my scapegoat, but they could never tell me no because my addiction pointed out their inability to control their daughter. And I used that to my advantage, and looking back it truly disgusts me, but, thankfully, I was able to make all my wrongs right with my family and for my son.

While being addicted to opiates my moral compass was completely tarnished. The only thing that mattered to me was my high and who was hurt to get that high did not matter, nobody was off limits. My parents did not raise a thief and liar, but here I was, living proof that no matter what kind of upbringing you came from addiction could snatch you quickly. If I have learned anything during my 10 year journey in addiction it is that addiction does not discriminate. No one is safe from this opiate crisis. We addicts may or may not have chosen to use that first time, but we did not choose to have a disease. We did not wake up one morning and say today is the day I become an addict. Addiction is not going to go anywhere soon, but what we as a community need to do is educate our youth and most importantly educate ourselves. I always say walk a mile in our shoes because addicts are not bad people. We are controlled by something that not

everyone understands. It is not something we can just give up in a blink of an eye like most people think. Be compassionate, love, and educate are the only ways to face opiate addiction.

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TREES

Poetry

by Jonathan Galdamez

Stressed with being
Little hiccups may occur,
But one continues



OUTDOOR NATURE

Photograph | *by Jordan C. Heard*

IS THE ADULT STUDENT ADVANTAGE REAL?

Essay

by Jamie Kretzer

The night before my first day back to college was a sleepless night. Not only did I register late and miss the first week of classes, I was returning to school after twenty years. My mind was filled with “what-ifs”. What if I can’t keep up? What if the professors think I’m stupid because I don’t know what the younger students know? What if I just don’t measure up to my own silly standards? I was a nervous wreck and didn’t know how to handle these insecurities. The next day was no different. I almost cried during my first class—I had no idea what was going on. I didn’t know how to access the computers or follow along with the lecture. Everyone in that class looked like they had just graduated high school. I felt so out of place that I had convinced myself I was just going to leave after this class. I’m glad I stayed. When I walked into my English class, I spotted two men closer to my age and sat next to them. In my third class, almost every woman in that class was my age or older.

Over these first five weeks, I have learned that being an Adult Student has many benefits. I first came to ACM in the fall of 2000 right after graduating high school, where I had to be homeschooled from the middle of my tenth-grade year all the way up until graduation because of being diagnosed with leukemia. During my first time in college, I found it very difficult to concentrate on anything but having fun. I had missed out on so much life experience and felt that I had to make up for it right then. Classes came second to partying, hanging out with my friends, and going fishing when I should have been in class or studying. Today life is different for me. I am thirty-eight and now know what is important, and how to prioritize those things that are important to me. In short, I am just happier as a student now than I was twenty years ago, and I’m not the only one. According to *The Quad* editor David A. Tomar “While traditional students are struggling with the realities of campus life, nontraditional students are actually thriving.

The Priorities Report finds that sixty-seven percent of adult learners and seventy-four percent of online learners rate their level of satisfaction with their college experience as “satisfied” or “very satisfied.” Only fifty-three percent of traditional students could make this same claim.”

Being motivated has always been hard for me. When I attended college twenty years ago, I didn’t have a sense of motivation. Going to class was just something I did when I hadn’t stayed up all night partying with my friends. The more I missed class the easier it was for me to push the fact I was screwing up out of my mind. I didn’t have a sense of what the future had in store for me as far as providing for myself, let alone a child. Being a mother of a human person that learns from every move you make is tough. I would say that he is my biggest motivation in life. I have a career doing hair, I make good money and the hours are very flexible, but I want to do more than that. Showing my son that you can do anything you want in life has always been important to me. I want him to know that at any age you should be happy with what you do in your everyday life. Twenty years ago, my motivations were much different then they are now, and I know that my lack of motivation contributed deeply to the fact I didn’t complete college at that time in my life.

Besides not having to worry about college life distractions and lack of motivation, I think that “non-traditional” students bring their life experience with them and it helps tremendously with their success and happiness when returning to college. Tomar also notes that, “It turns out that nontraditional students are having a great time in school. According to recent findings, the vast majority of nontraditional learners are satisfied with their college experience. If you’re an adult learner, an online student, or both, chances are that your college education is going pretty well right now.” One experiences so much over a twenty-year period. I have learned how to use my time wisely. I have learned that life is about growing and not staying stagnant. I have learned that at any age you can reach for your dreams. I feel as if the last twenty years have prepared me for this very moment in my life. I look at some of the younger students that come to class every day late, not with judgments, but in regard to the fact that I know exactly

how it feels to be in a place that you really don't want to be, or may not be ready for.

The adult student advantage is, in fact, a real thing. Adult students don't have to worry about college life distractions, tend to be more mature and motivated, and bring with them a unique perspective and life experiences. We have more that motivates us, and we have experienced and have dealt with the ups and downs that the years (or decades) can throw your way. I think that more and more adults are finding it easier to complete college classes later in life because of the lives we have already lived.

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TWO POEMS**Poetry**

by Alexis Kastell

Winter

Wind blows crisp outside
Flakes melt into the window
A fire would befit.

Her

Brown eyes, Duchenne Smile
Coiled strands fall flirtatiously
How could I resist?



CUMBERLAND VALLEY OVERLOOK

Photograph | *by Jeremiah T. Mudge*



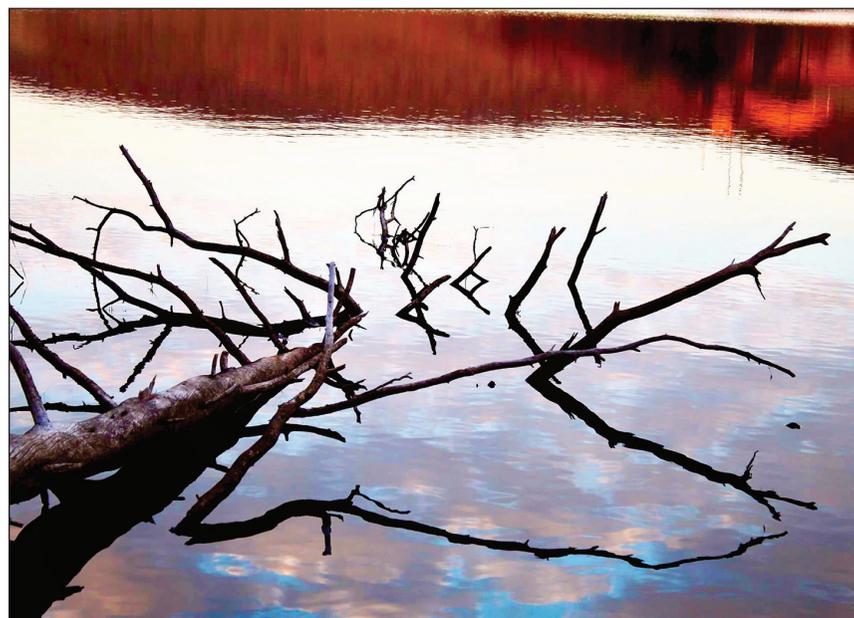
FLOWER

Acrylic | *by Phoebe Shuttleworth*



NEW BEGINNINGS

Acrylic | *by Carol Lusk*



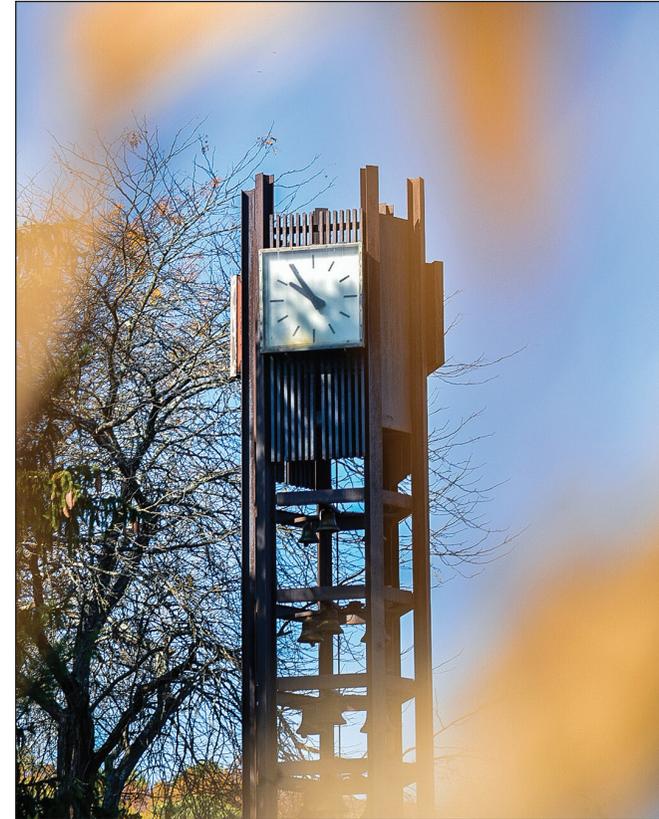
AUTUMN MIRROR

Photograph | *by Sarah E. Clites*



WILD

Acrylic | *by Rachel Mickle*



ALLEGANY COLLEGE OF MARYLAND CLOCKTOWER

Photograph | *by Jeremiah T. Mudge*



BASEBALL DREAMS

Photograph | *by Qynton Davis*



SUPER MOON

Acrylic | *by Carol Lusk*

SECOND CHANCES ARE REAL

Essay

by *William Fernandez*

I have always been a believer in second chances, letting people show what they are capable of doing. When I think about how my uncle served 18 years in the federal prison, and was moved from county to county, and from state to state, I realize he overcame obstacles that a lot of people who served time in federal prison never faced. My uncle got arrested in the spring of 1995, and he was released in the summer of 2013. My uncle got arrested for murder and drug trafficking. I believe in second chances because when my uncle came home from his sentence, he was a changed man.

My uncle was a problem child so they called him Demon. The name followed him all his life. Even to this day everyone calls him Demon. My uncle's real name is William, which is the same name as mine, because I was named after him.

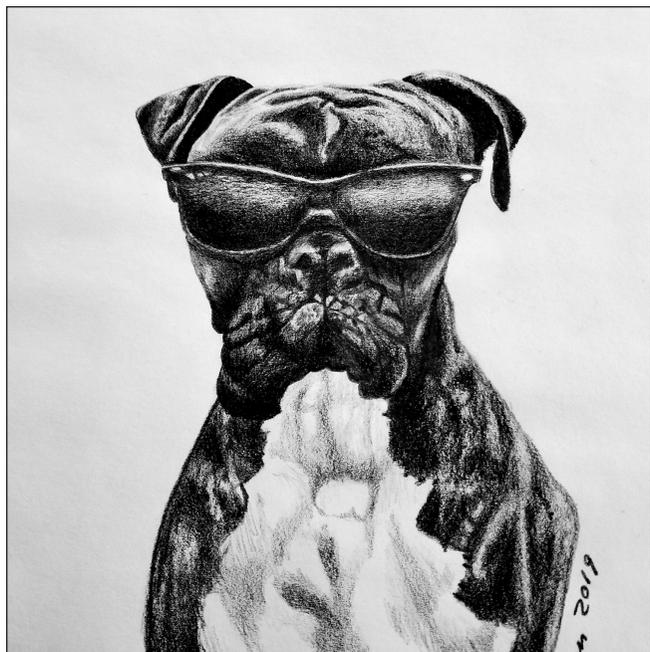
From all the stories my parents used to tell me about him, and all the pictures they showed me, I thought that he would come home and do the same things he was doing before he got arrested. Every story they explained to me had to do with bad conduct or nonsense. However, when he came home it took me awhile to really see that he was a changed man, because you can not tell if someone changed within one day or two days. It takes time to really see if the act the person is putting on is permanent or temporary. The act that my uncle was displaying was no longer an act to me because I saw and realized that it really was him, a true changed self.

My uncle is the reason I believe in second chances. When my uncle got his second chance he did not take it for granted. He made a change for not only himself but for his family. My uncle got a job working up Morgan State University as a janitor. They ran a background check and drug tested him. His drug test was clean, but his criminal records were not. They still gave him the job, even though he had done what he did in his past. I believe that Morgan State believes in second chances also, because they didn't have to give him the job out of everyone who

applied. I'm sure other applicants had criminal records that were clean. I believe they saw what I saw in him, which is potential.

My uncle later on found a new job which paid more money and gave more benefits. The job was for BGE company. He started as a laborer, and only one year into the business they promoted my uncle to a site supervisor. My uncle now has his own house and he also has a couple of cars. My uncle does not get in any trouble with the police anymore, and he does not do any more illegal activities. My uncle found his significant other and they have been together almost two years now. He recently just proposed to her, and they are set to get married in July this summer. Although, my uncle's name is Demon and he still goes by that, when he is in the professional work field they call him by his real name. On his name tag it says William, big and clear.

Second chances are an opportunity to try something again after failing one time. When the prison let my uncle out of that cage after 18 years they gave him his second chance at freedom, like when the NFL gives teams their second chance to win the game in an overtime period. I believe that giving people a second chance at life can be good and bad, but most people who get second chances at life usually do whatever they can in their power to do what's best for them. Some people might say some people don't deserve second chances, but in my opinion everyone deserves a second chance because change is possible. People can change and people can stay the same, but second chances can expose them to great opportunities. I believe in second chances.



BOXER

Pencil | by Carol Lusk

THE LAST LIGHT

Fiction

by Gina Franciosi

I look back at him with a pained glare as his hands wrap around *her* and his blue eyes tell me to leave. I push through the foyer I decorated and onto the porch, letting the cool Halloween night chill my tears. At the steps I can't find my will to move. All I can think of is every lie he told me, every time he used me, and every fake "I love you." *He will regret me.*

A rage deepens in my chest as I pick up the last lit jack-o'-lantern, lift its lid and blow out the light. But as the darkness fills the porch, a clarity washes over me—this incredible calming, the feeling of knowing I am going to win; it is almost bitter sweet to the taste. I sit the pumpkin aside and walk away from the home he and I shared for so long. So much loved burned away ... but it's not my concern any longer.

I plop down on the curb across the street from the house, my phone illuminating my surroundings and protecting me from the night. 12:02 am. It's still just the beginning.

A scuffing sound pulls me from my misery as my eyes shoot up and search the area. I hold my phone close to my racing heart as the body limps by me. Its clothes are burnt to its skin, its flesh is the color of a smoking charcoal, and I can feel his bloodshot eyes scowling on me. He remembers me.

I look up again as he crawls his way up the porch steps and into the darkened home. I watch as the light flickers a moment, and the sound of her yelling in the dark brings some warmth to me, but not enough. The light blows and in the shadows of the window I see my ex, staring out at me. His eyes are wide with belief as his fists bang on the glass, the smoke beginning to rise.

He should've believed in him.

Flames engulf the house and truly suffering screams ring in my ears. I smile a little, but it is short-lived as police flood the street and begin their procedures. An officer frantically approaches me with his eyes still on the house rather than me, "Did you see what happened here—did you?"

"You have to keep one jack-o'-lantern lit all Halloween night."
"What're you talking about?"
"It keeps the spirits away."

UNTITLED

Poetry
by Anna Steele

I close my eyes when I walk past a mirror,

Fearing the body that will stare back at me.

For my eyes cannot bear her,

The bones that do not stick out enough,

The fat that holds tightly to the thighs.

They are not something I have come to peace with,

This cannot be what appears back at me in the mirror.

This cannot be my body.

I am sorry I cannot love you.



CLIPPER SHIP AT DOCK

Photograph | by Tony Ballas

HYGGE: THE ROUTE TO HAPPINESS

Essay
by Joshua Snyder

Since its inception, the World Happiness Report has consistently ranked Denmark as one of the happiest places on earth. Why? Imagine a snowy winter evening, sitting by a crackling fire, wrapped in a soft blanket, enjoying a steaming cup of mulled wine while immersed in conversation with your closest friends. In Denmark, this feeling of coziness is called *hygge* (pronounced HOO GA) and is one of the major elements contributing to Danish happiness. While it is hard to actually define *hygge*, according to Meik Wiking, the CEO of the Happiness Research Institute in Copenhagen, it is about celebrating “the now, [and learning] how to enjoy the moment and make the best of it” (215). *Hygge* is about being together in a comforting atmosphere while showing gratitude for the simple pleasures of life.

One of the key elements of *hygge* is creating an atmosphere where social interactions can flourish. Togetherness is an important aspect of *hygge* because it helps to create feelings of happiness since people have a basic need to feel connected with others, and close, caring bonds with other people play a major part in our motivation and behavior” (Wiking 44). One of the benefits of this socialization is it helps to combat depression. According to Dr. Avery as stated in the article “Why People are so Obsessed with ‘Hygge,’ the Cozy Danish Lifestyle Movement,” since people who are depressed tend to isolate themselves, which only intensifies their feelings, and leads them to isolate more ... *hygge* gatherings serve as a mini ritual for people to enjoy friendships and the warmth of human company” (qtd. in Stieg). Making socialization a priority helps to contribute to Danish happiness. As a result, Danes have a very healthy work life balance; it’s extremely uncommon for Danes to work past 5:30pm so they can spend time with their families. In addition, 78 percent of Danes socialize with friends at least once a week (Wiking 35, 39). This time spent with others is built on the ideals of equality where no one dominates the conversation or cooks independently. Instead, the responsibilities are shared to help

create an atmosphere that is “warm, relaxed, friendly, down-to-earth, close, comfortable, snug, and welcoming” (39). While spending time together with family and friends, it is also very *hyggelig* (*hygge*-like) to take pleasure in good food.

When Danes speak about *hygge*, one of the common elements has to do with food, especially foods that are sweet or comforting. As “*hygge* is about being kind to yourself—giving yourself a treat, and giving yourself, and each other, a break from the demands of healthy living,” there is a high consumption of sweets as part of the “*hygge* ritual” (Wiking 53). On average, Danes consume more than 18 pounds of confectionery per year (54). However, the sweets are not limited to gummy bears and licorice. Instead, Danes consume their fair share of cakes, and of course Danishes, because they are *hyggelig*. It is very common to see cakes in offices, and no birthday celebration is complete without Cakeman, a Danish taking the shape of a “large-scale gingerbread man” that is decorated with various sweets (56). While eating something sweet is *hyggelig*, it is also the epitome of *hygge* to bake these items as “few things contribute more to the *hygge* factor than the smell of freshly baked goods” (58). When one is preparing food, the slower the process, the more *hyggelig* it is: “Preparing *hygge* food is about enjoying the slow process of it, about appreciating the time you spend and the joy of preparing something of value” (64). Additionally, hot drinks are a major component of *hygge*. In fact, 86 percent of Danes consider hot drinks to be the number one attribute associated *hygge* (60). Coffee, which Danes “consume around 33 percent more per capita than Americans,” is the favored hot drink, as “there is something comforting about having a warm cup of coffee in your hands. It is definitely conducive to *hygge*” (60–61). Sweets, good food, and hot drinks all contribute to Danish happiness, and the environment in which they are enjoyed is also related to *hygge*.

As most Danes prefer to socialize in their homes, creating a *hyggelig* atmosphere is of utmost importance. Danes are obsessed with interior designs that create the most *hyggelig* experiences. One element common in Danish homes is a *hygge*krog, which is essentially a nook with a comfortable place to sit among cushions and blankets (Wiking

96). A fireplace is another design element that is strongly correlated to *hygge* as it is “somewhere we sit by ourselves to rest while experiencing ultimate feelings of coziness and warmth...[or] with our dear ones to intensify our feeling of togetherness” (99). Adding in wooden accents, elements from nature, and ceramics into the design concept also contribute to the *hyggelig* atmosphere (100–101, 103). As reading a “good book is a cornerstone in the concept of *hygge*,” homes also prominently feature books (102). No *hygge* experience is complete without the addition of candles. In fact, 85 percent of Danes associate candles with *hygge*, and they burn more than 13 pounds of candle wax per person each year (2). In addition to candles, lights in general are an important feature of *hygge*: “Danes select lamps carefully and place them strategically to create soothing pools of light” (6). Instead of having one overhead light, it is much more common to have “several smaller lamps around the room [to] create a more *hyggeligt*” experience (13). When Danes are decorating their homes, they place value on items that not only look good, but are pleasing to the touch. As such, the emphasis on blankets and cushions is of utmost importance (105). Cuddling up with a thick, soft blanket with a good book and hot coffee in the *hygge*krog allows one to take pleasure in the small things in life.

Christmastime in Denmark is especially conducive to *hygge* as Danes focus their Christmas celebrations around *hygge*, making sure their social interactions, decorations, and food, are *hyggelig*: “Christmas is an opportunity to ... gather around a table full of delicious treats in order to enjoy life and one another’s company” (Wiking 166). While people participate in *hygge* activities all year, “only once a year is *hygge* the ultimate goal of an entire month” (163). While Christmas might be more conducive to *hygge* due to the natural use of fireplaces, candles, and soft blankets, that does not mean *hygge* does not occur in the summer. Summer *hygge* “involves making use of the sun and the warmth and nature, but summer *hygge* still builds on the key elements of togetherness and good food” (184). No matter the season, the contributing factors of *hygge* include socialization with friends and family and enjoying the effortless part of life.

Having gratitude for the simple things in life and appreciating “all that you do have, not what you don’t” helps to contribute to Danish happiness (Wiking 215). The elements of *hygge* are not extravagant and fancy; instead, *hygge* is “choosing rustic over new, simple over posh and ambiance over excitement” (138). This is also true of the Danish culture where there is a stress on simplicity and functionality. The more expensive something is, the less *hyggelig* it is; the more basic an activity, the more *hyggelig* it is (140). Therefore, “if you want *hygge*, there is no amount of money that you can spend which will increase the *hygge* factor” as “*hygge* is appreciating the simple pleasures in life” (141). Playing board games or croquet, having a picnic in the park, watching outdoor movies, building a fire, and going sled riding are all *hygge* undertakings. These modest and simple activities are essential elements of *hygge* and Danish contentedness.

Several happiness surveys indicate that the Danes are some of the happiest in the world, and it seems that *hygge* is a large part of that happiness. As A. K. Pradeep, a neuromarketer, explains, “Humans today are desperate for anything that provides the feel-good neurotransmitter serotonin” and *hygge* “is at the core... a serotonin booster” (qtd. in Stieg). Having close relationships with others helps to contribute to this happiness as “happy people have meaningful and positive social relationships” Therefore, *hygge* is one of the contributing factors for Danish happiness due to the policies that are in place to “secure them time to pursue meaningful relationships” and “to prioritize spending time with family and friends to develop quality relationships over time” (214).

The ideals of *hygge* are spreading to the United States, but it appears that consumerism is interfering with the essence of *hygge*. There is a *hygge* board game, *hygge* candles, and even a monthly *hygge* box subscription (Stieg). If Americans were to really focus on the core message of *hygge*, there would not be a need to purchase these ‘*hygge*’ items. For the happiness associated with *hygge* to authentically take hold in America, there would have to be changes in many Americans’ lifestyles and values. Instead of focusing on what to buy, there should be a focus on the benefits of socialization with

friends, the appreciation of indulgences in culinary treats, the cozy feelings developed through thoughtful interior design, and the pleasure of enjoying simple features of life.

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THREE POEMS

Poetry

by Gina Franciosi

I never really liked it.
I don't know why it was you.
Gold eyes attract me.

Dreams made this happen.
She had no fear for the end.
Water dragged her in.

The light still flickered.
My thoughts keeping me awake.
No helping me now.



STAYING ON TRACK

Photograph | by Hunter Downey

A TALE OF LANGUAGES: GEOGRAPHY 102

Poetry

by Emily Imgrund

There are many languages on this Earth
All of them do have worth
From Latin to Spanish to English and more
None of the languages are a bore

Let's start off by talking about dialects
Some of them have different effects
Dialects can be the differences in pronunciation
There are different pronunciations all over our nation

In the United States you can call soft drinks pop, soda, or Coke
If someone doesn't use the word "pop," my friend Alexis has a stroke
In some places you can call a pancake a fritter, hotcake, flannel cake,
or batter cake
All of these dialects give me a cluster headache

There are many types of communication
All of them are awesome types of creation
There's body language, sign language, and even Braille
With those languages you could tell any tale

Body language represents what we don't say
It can speak volumes for the information that we convey
Sign language we speak with our hands
The blind use Braille so they can understand

There are words from other languages that we tend to borrow
They are called "loanwords," and they help languages grow
We borrow "jungle" from Hindi, "ultimate" from Latin,
"Cola" from Temne, but they say "soda" in Manhattan

Let's talk about "twin talk," which makes people grin
My twin and I used it through thick and thin
When speaking this language, twins are understood by each other
No one else knows what they're saying, not even their own mother

I took Latin when I was in high school
Learning that language was pretty cool!
The Latin teacher was an intellectual redhead
On the first day of class, Mr. Neff stood on the table and exclaimed
"Latin is dead!"

Latin is endangered and so are many more
These languages were not endangered before
Languages are disappearing, and that's a fact
By 2100, half of the existing languages will be endangered...
how tragic is that!

Schools teach languages such as French, Spanish, German, and more
At most high schools they teach less than four
It's important for students to learn more than one
Learning a language makes school so much fun

It's great to give students the option of more diversity
They'll be happy for that when they go to a university
It offers students more ways to speak
Maybe some of them will want to learn Greek

Learning a language takes effort and time
Most Americans don't learn languages in their downtime
I'm guilty of only knowing one language, too
In high school I learned a bit of Latin, but I never followed through

Today you learned about languages galore!
Languages are something that scholars adore
Languages help us throughout our lives
We even communicate by giving high fives!



RIDE INTO THE SKY

Photograph | *by Dustin Muir*

RED DRAGON RESURGENT

Essay

by Nathan Thompson

The economic and military growth of China has led to a sense of unease among other Pacific nations. With a large military and the economic might to support that growth, many nations in the Pacific look to America to help offset their big neighbor at home, who has in one way or another some dispute with all of its neighbors. Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, Vietnam, Thailand, India, and many more nations have either a territorial or economic dispute with China. China, in turn, views most neighboring nations as bottling it up and cutting it off from the Pacific, especially since most of its neighbors have some sort of military treaty with America. This cannot last and eventually one side will make a move to end this tension, whether by military or other means.

Economically, China is a world powerhouse. Many of the world's goods are made in China due to low labor and material costs, thus driving businesses into China to compete in the world. This has led to unprecedented GDP (Gross Domestic Product) growth and currently China is on track to become the world's largest market, greater than even the United States. Some key industries that are important to note in China are steel, manufacturing, shipbuilding, information, research and development, and most importantly the defense industry. All of these industries are either wholly or partially state-owned, and all are world leaders in their respective industry. That means in the event of war or other struggle, China can leverage their industry to make it a costly affair, just like American industry did during World War Two.

China's strategic position has been twofold. First, China has been looking to secure the First Island Chain, which is a line of islands stretching across from Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, all the way down to the end of the South China Sea. China has many territorial claims in the area, but it must seek to control the South China Sea in particular due to resources. Nearly half of all seaborne freight and 80% of China's oil come through the South China Sea (China Power Team). Once China

controls the First Island Chain, they will try and dominate the Second Island Chain, which stretches from Japan to Guam all the way down to Indonesia. With the ability to project power into the Second Island Chain, the Chinese mainland will be secure from the Pacific.

China's military has been benefiting immensely from their economic growth. With defense spending second only to America, improvements across the board can be seen in respect to each branch of service. China's military, the PLA (People's Liberation Army), PLAN (People's Liberation Army Navy), PLAAF (People's Liberation Army Air Force) and the Strategic Missile force (officially known as Second Artillery Corps) have all seen massive growth in capabilities and doctrine shifts from being a defensive force to a force that can project power well away from China. The PLA has gone from a mass warfare doctrine, with mass conscription and large standing armies, to a smaller and more modern all-volunteer professional army. This in turn leads to China being able to develop more sophisticated weapons, to be used by trained specialists instead of conscripts. China has been focusing less on their army over other branches but has made sure there is a large local small arms and tank/IFV (Infantry Fighting Vehicle) industry set up to continually upgrade and improve the PLA's weapons.

The PLAAF has also seen a massive growth in capabilities, from having to import Russian-made aircraft to a large local industry that is currently thriving. Many of China's newest aircraft are locally designed and made, which is a far cry from only a few years ago when China had to source other aircraft industries from other countries to develop and manufacture advanced aircraft like the J-7, J-10, J-11, Y-7, and Y-8. Newer aircraft such as the J-15, J-20, and J-31 are all cutting edge and utilize Chinese-only technology, especially when it comes to stealth aircraft development. China's insistence on self sufficiency has led to a large and thriving domestic industry to produce aircraft, both civil and military. Ryan Pickrell, a journalist, says "Last year [2018], not a single Chinese company had even cracked the world's top 100 defense firms, according to a list published annually by Defense News. This year, six Chinese defense firms are among the world's top 15, with Chinese companies occupying eight of the top 25 spots." Many of those defense firms are

involved in China's growing Navy and Air Force, traditionally the most technologically-intensive branches of most nations.

Of all the branches, the PLAN is the one seeing the most growth and development of capabilities. It has gone from a coastal defense force in the 1990's to a modern and capable Navy capable of projecting power in the First Island Chain. China has been cranking out modern ships for the past few years at a rate unheard of in other countries. Ships like the Type 52 Frigate, the Type 54 Destroyer, the Type 71 LPD (Landing Platform/Dock) and its two Carriers, the Type 001 and Type 001A, are all comparable in capability and scope to modern US ships such as the Ticonderoga class Cruiser or the Arleigh-Burke class Destroyer. Chinese nuclear submarines have also been growing in capability as well as quantities, though they still are first- and second-generation nuclear subs and need more time to be refined.

China has seen exceptional growth in both its economy and military. Its technology base is ever expanding and is even leading the world in some areas. China has already spread its grasp economically around the world, from Africa to Europe, and may try to capitalize on this by removing American hegemony in the world and supplanting it as the world's leading superpower. If China were to do that, America would have a hard time countering it. Former Deputy US Defense Secretary Robert Work and his colleague Greg Grant summarize this concern very well: "The Soviets were never able to match, much less overcome, America's technological superiority. The same may not be true for China" (as qtd. in Pickrell).

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RESPONSE PAPER ON SOPHOCLES' OEDIPUS THE KING

Essay

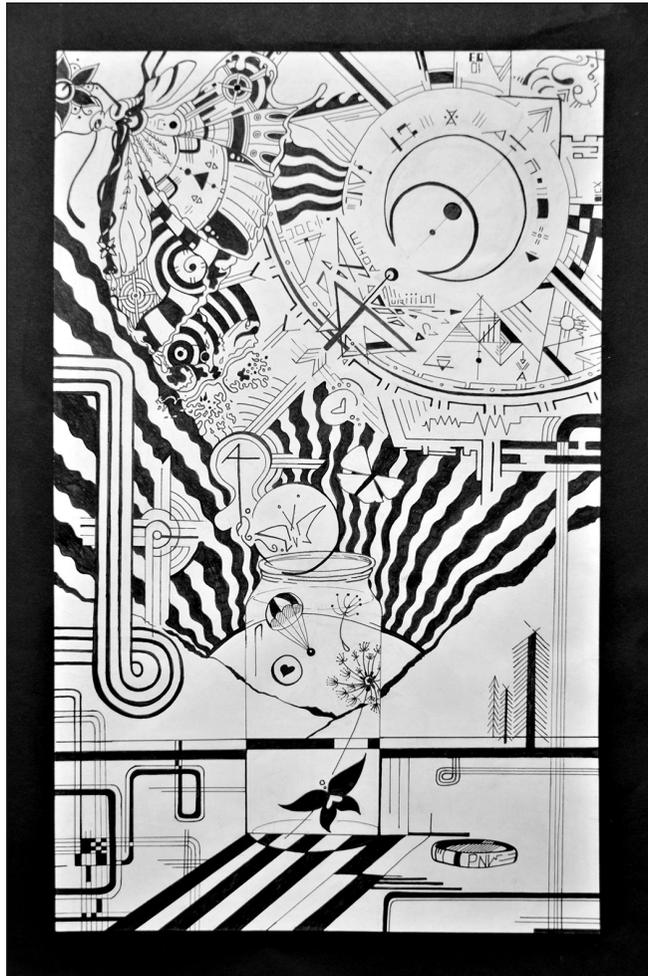
by Carrie Jones

Oedipus the King is a true literary mystery from the beginning, all centered around uncovering the killer of King Laius. The setting and time of Oedipus takes place in the city of Thebes, Greece at the time of 405 B.C. All of the activity revolves around one simple question, which is, who killed King Laius? In the beginning, the townspeople are all looking to Oedipus for help with their suffering and it is uncovered that the only relief will come from solving the mystery and finding the killer (lines 15-45).

At first, the play was rather confusing, but realization came when watching the story unfold on a screen. I expected this to be a flat, boring play about simply finding out who the killer was. This play quickly turned into something much more. It was a true murder mystery and unfolded in such a way that it was fascinating, at times funny, and much more than I originally anticipated.

There are different types of narration in this play. Some of this play is written from the first-person narrator as Oedipus is the leader of trying to solve the mystery. Other parts, however, are written in a second-person narrator as the groups of men chanting are in essence foreshadowing things that are to come, and Oedipus's own story unfolds through the other characters in the play. There is dramatic irony throughout the play and at several points the audience is given very apparent information in order to be able to solve the mystery, which is that Oedipus is the true killer (lines 1120-1140). However, Oedipus doesn't come to this realization until much later in the play, and he then takes dramatic measures to blind himself as he can't come to grips with the fact that he was the one who indeed killed his own father and went on to marry and have children with his own mother (lines 1240-1250).

The main thing that I noticed about this play is the large amount of foreshadowing that went on during the play to help the audience understand its true meaning. The groups of men chanting first appeared to be chanting to the Greek Gods for help in uncovering this great



PJ'S AND A PARACHUTE

Pen/Ink | by Susanna Parsons

mystery. Later, it became clear that they were chanting to give the audience much needed information to uncover the answers that everyone was looking for.

The characters in this play were both simple and complex. Oedipus is the main character and his story is told through the other characters in the play. The townspeople were just that, very flat characters who just wanted answers and an end to their turmoil (lines 1-60). Creon, Oedipus' brother in law, came in very early and had not much of a part in the play until the very end. Creon was kind of an advisor to Oedipus, the second in command in Thebes. He was sent to Apollo for answers. He returns only to report that the killer was in their midst and nothing more (lines 100-150). Creon comes back into play when Oedipus is accused of being the murderer and Oedipus lashes out at Creon, blaming him for this atrocity. Oedipus views Creon as his enemy as he feels at this point Creon is behind these very untrue accusations toward Oedipus. Oedipus feels that Creon has only one objective and that is to overthrow him as King (lines 415-445). Creon becomes more important at the very end of the play only after all of the truths have been uncovered. Oedipus realizes that he is the killer, blinds himself, and is banished to a life of poverty, while Creon goes onto become King of Thebes (lines 1535-1588).

Teiresias, the blind man, is summoned to help solve this great mystery, but at first he will not assist, stating that his words will only cause much more suffering in Thebes. Oedipus pressures him to reveal what he knows, and at that point Teiresias accuses Oedipus of being the murderer. Teiresias is quickly shuffled out after making this accusation because at that point no one believed he was indeed correct in making this accusation (lines 315-515). Jocasta, who is Oedipus' wife, became a more complex character as the play went on. She was portrayed in the beginning only as Oedipus's wife, and she was the doting, supportive spouse. She felt that Oedipus was innocent and was determined to prove such (lines 742-784). As we move through the play, there is one scene where Oedipus is going over the events that occurred in his travels, where he happened upon a carriage and there was a scuffle that ensued where he killed the person that rode in the carriage (lines 795-835). At this point, Jocasta is coming to realize that

Oedipus is the one that killed Laius. As further items are uncovered regarding Oedipus—his upbringing, and the events that ensued from that fight to when he came to Thebes, became king, married and had children with Jocasta—it became evident to her that Oedipus was in fact her son. She could not deal with this reality and sought refuge in the castle where she ended up taking her own life (lines 995-1140).

The Messenger was the one that brought about the realization to Oedipus that he was in fact the killer. He explained to Oedipus that the people who raised Oedipus were indeed just that, the people who raised him and nothing more. They were not Oedipus's biological parents (lines 1075-1110). After this exchange Oedipus needs nothing more than to speak to the shepherd as he feels that this will close the gap and bring truth to light. The shepherd reveals that the oracle was truthful, that Laius's son would kill him. Through this revelation, Oedipus is now brought to full 'sight' in the realization that he was the son of Laius and Jocasta. It is at this point, that he takes asylum in the castle and blinds himself. He is then banished to a life of having to deal with the fact that he did murder his own father, going onto marry and have children with his own mother (lines 1180-1252). It was so much more than he could deal with and ended up living the rest of his days blind and banished from the kingdom he loved so much.

The true theme of this play represents psychological blindness and how one can be blind to the truth no matter how smart and intellectual one is. Oedipus prides himself as one who is able to solve great mysteries, but in his quest to uncover the truth he is so blind to everything that is given to him as evidence, that he doesn't make the realization until very late in the play that he himself is indeed the one responsible for the death of King Laius. Overall, the idea that one can be super intellectual yet be so blind to something in one's own life rings so true in the play. Only after uncovering the true essence of sight can one come to realize the meanings of the actions one takes, the outcomes of such actions, and how to ultimately move forward in one's life after such a revelation is brought full circle.

NEVERMORE

Poetry

by Shae Taylor

Why is a raven like a writing desk?
Such a curious thing to ask.
Could it be because now my desk
Is stained with the overturned
Vile of ink, its obsidian puddle
Dark as a raven's wing?
"Oh, Raven, why don't you sing
Happy songs?" I ask.
"My notes are flat, and while the
Dove sings many, I sing few."



CAMPUS MANTIS

Photograph | *by Phoebe Shuttleworth*

THE OWLS

Poetry

by *Phoebe Shuttleworth*

Upon Grandmother's passing
Her belongings were left with family.
Above all the others, I exclaimed
"I want the owls!"
Three owls, two decorations.
One a Mother and her baby,
The other a strong, attentive Father.
I took the owls home.
As they sit on their branches,
They watch me each day and night
And I watch them.
The owls are special,
And they live on with me.

ATTRACTING WHITETAIL DEER THROUGH PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

Essay

by *Mark Turgeon*

Many people enjoy having wildlife around their home or on their private property for a variety of reasons. Whether the homeowner's desire is to hunt or just enjoy the presence of nature around the home, there are many ways to help accomplish that goal. All animals need food, water, and shelter to survive, and by providing a property where all needs are met will improve the site. Through various property management tactics, it is possible to attract whitetail deer to property.

Providing proper food sources is essential. Food sources can vary depending on the amount of land and location. It also depends on the type of equipment that one has available. A food plot can be planted with simple gardening tools or planted using large industrial farming equipment. The average landowner will be using small equipment like a lawn mower or ATV and hand tools. To start, one needs a field or to clear land where he or she wants the plot planted. If there are weeds or grasses present, the land will need sprayed with Roundup or something similar. A second spray about a week later is recommended to ensure all the weeds and grasses are dead. The next step in the process involves breaking up the soil. One needs to till the ground or use a harrow, so the seed planted gets good seed to soil contact. It is also important to do a soil test by taking a few samples of the dirt from different areas and having it tested. This will tell how much lime is needed and the type of fertilizer needed. Once the lime and fertilizer have been added to the soil, it is time to add the seed. Small seeds can just be broadcast on top of the soil, but larger seeds will need put under the soil using a cultipacker. Watching the weather is very important as one wants a good rain in the forecast to seat the seed into the dirt and start the growing process. Lime and fertilizer can be added continually to bring the soil pH level up to promote better growth. The closer the pH is to 7 the better. Once the plot starts growing it is good to check it to make sure weeds are not taking over. If they are, they can be

sprayed with herbicide targeting the weeds and not the plot. Depending on what is planted, the plot may need trimmed down with a mower or brush hog. The plot may regrow next year depending if one has planted annual or perennial plants.

Water sources are also needed to attract whitetail deer. According to habitat design specialist Jeff Sturgis, "Even if the deer have all the water they need within their evening food source, they will still visit water on the way to food if they have been holed up in a dry bedding area all day." Some properties have water sources on them such as streams or ponds. For properties that do not have water sources, they can be made. Sturgis also notes to "use water to reinforce existing natural movements, and to slightly alter travel to areas that you can access stand locations with a low percentage potential of spooking deer." One can buy a water holding tank at the local feed meal (it is even possible to go to Walmart and buy a kiddie pool). Holding tanks range from twenty to 250 gallons. Bigger tanks need to be refilled less. Holes can be dug with a shovel, but one must be sure to dig deep enough to have the top of the of the tank level with the ground and make sure the bottom is smooth to ensure the pool or tank does not get a hole in it. Placing a stick or small log inside of the tank will help any small critters from drowning in the tank.

Next on the list of necessities is bedding and cover. Whitetail like very thick cover. They will use it all day. They use it during inclement weather, when there is hunting pressure nearby, during birthing season, and simply for sleeping. Bedding can be planted in the form of weeds and tall native grasses. It can also be made by using timber on the property by hinge cutting trees or by completely dropping the tree. If planting, it is recommended that one uses tall grasses such as pure switch grass. These grasses will also give cover to upland birds, turkey, and other wildlife. If one is hinge cutting trees for cover, it is important to know the types of trees being cut; saving trees that bear fruits and nuts is a good idea. While making hinge cuts, a landowner can fell the trees a certain direction to help funnel the movement of the deer. Making the hinge cut about three to four feet off the ground is a key factor. Whitetails like to stay hidden, and this will ensure that they can see just over the tops

of the trees while their bodies remain hidden, which they prefer.

Another good way to attract whitetails is by using mock scrapes. These scrapes can be made by using existing branches, also known as licking branches, that are about three to five feet off the ground. By removing the leaves from under the branch and exposing the dirt, a person is mimicking a buck's common calling card in the rut to attract a doe. Another method of luring a buck to a mock scrape if there are no suitable trees is by using a grape vine or a branch of a tree. One can cut the vine or branch and tie it to the branch of another tree.

In conclusion, if one is trying to attract whitetail deer to their property, there are some valuable tactics worth trying. Being sure to offer the right foods is essential. Having water is very beneficial. Providing bedding and cover is a must. An added bonus is including mock scrapes on the property. Using all of these tactics will greatly increase the number of whitetails by aligning one's property with the deer's natural habitat.

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FOGGY MORNING

Photograph | by Margaret LeMaster

INSPIRATIONS



Qynton Davis

Baseball Dreams

I feel like this greatly expresses baseball, which is my favorite sport and something I work really hard at.



Hunter Downey

Staying on Track

This is my favorite photo I've taken all year and I'm very proud of it. I love the feeling of it and I think it captures the atmosphere of Cumberland very well. I hope you enjoy.

Julie Egolf

Fading Light

Long lost love from the memory of an 18 year old.

Emily Imgrund

A Tale of Languages: Geography 102

For Miha Wood's Geography 102 online course, one assignment was to submit something creative regarding languages. I chose to write a poem about language. Dr. Wood encouraged me to submit the poem for publication in Expressions.

Alexis Kastell

Her

"Her" was inspired by the beautiful face and soul that I am so proud to call my girlfriend.



Margaret LeMaster

Foggy Morning

Features Zeff the tan horse and Shiloh the brown horse. They are mother and son.



Rachel Mickle

Sneak Peak

A clear night sky is as peaceful as you can get. Looking up at the moon and stars reminds me of how big this world is. There is so much to learn, see, and experience. Though we are surrounded by chaos and constant motion, staring into the vast night sky can fill you with hope and possibilities.



Wild

My design class described this as animated and playful. His expression is playful and inviting.

Eric Muir

Love Will Remember

I have autism and enjoy writing poetry, and having my work shared would bring some happiness into my life.



Phoebe Shuttleworth

Marcel

The drawing means a lot to me as I was able to show off one of my own characters in class without feeling ignored or as if nobody cared about them. My characters mean a lot to me and it hurts me when I can just feel the other person's disinterest when I start talking about any of my characters. That being said, this artwork makes me very happy and I am very proud of it.

Shae Taylor

Nevermore

My poem was inspired by a hybrid of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven" and the famous riddle from Alice's Adventures in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?," where I attempted to answer the riddle within my Poem. I'd like to thank my parents especially for being so supportive of me; I promise to make you guys proud."

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