

IN THE
WRITE
MIND



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IN THE
WRITE
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COLLEGE *of*
CENTRAL
FLORIDA

—an equal opportunity college—

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TURN
TO CLEAR
VISION

QUARTERS ONLY

(50¢)

TO OPERATE
TURN
HANDLE
ONE
FULL
TURN

2216

Flicker

Mason Gonsisko

My hands on the wheel,
Eyes in the sky,
And they cannot move,
Like a captive audience.

Full anticipation
Fills us all with dread,
As we watch the orbs
In the sky.

The red sun continues
To glare at us impassively,
To dare us to defy it,
Knowing we will not.

How long has it been?
Perhaps thirty seconds,
Perhaps thirty days,
Time is meaningless here.

My neighbors must feel
The same, though I dare not
Turn to see them,
For I may miss the moment.

A flicker.
And the glare wanes,
Transforming into a welcoming
Smile, a rite of passage.

"You have made it,"
I imagine it saying,
Even as I tear away,
Even as I don't look back.

Rereading Old Pages of Old Love

Keyliz Revira-Cales

Read me a book about love
And maybe then we'll find our promises,
Hidden in the one place we dreamed of,
Nestled between sea shells and shores.
Beach sand has blown on your lips,
Almost as if wanting to grab my attention,
As you placed your hands on my hips.
Whether or not our love will end
Seems to no longer be a lingering question.
When I look at you my thoughts, doubts, and troubles fly away,
Just like the birds I've grown to bare.
When I look at you, these trails seem to lead us the right way.
When I look at you, this once so vacant beach
Is now filled with your vibrant laughter,
The type of laughter that lingers in the air.
Such vibrancy, surprisingly, doesn't form into a blur.
If you leave me there,
In between pages of old love,
Remember that the only place I'd want to be is here.
And nothing I can speak of
Can describe the way you looked,
Or the loving way you were speaking.
Seeming to realize that out of all the novels,
You were my favorite book,
The only one that I'd spend an eternity rereading.

Tworzy Cheyenne N. Kowalczyk





Homecoming '98

James Blevins

There is affection for you still,
retained somewhere in me—

(it sits forgotten like dress shoes,
pushed aside on the floor
of a high school gym) back
when that really used
to mean something.



Polished Cheyenne N. Kowalczyk

Innocence

Skylar Astrid

Innocence is
Children on tricycles,
With skinned knees and sore feet.

It's a stolen kiss on the school bus.
The first touch of a first love,
Before one even knows what love is.

It's the second of silence after a talk
With a significant someone.

It's young women with wide eyes,
And the young men who call them pretty,
Owning the night and living for each other.

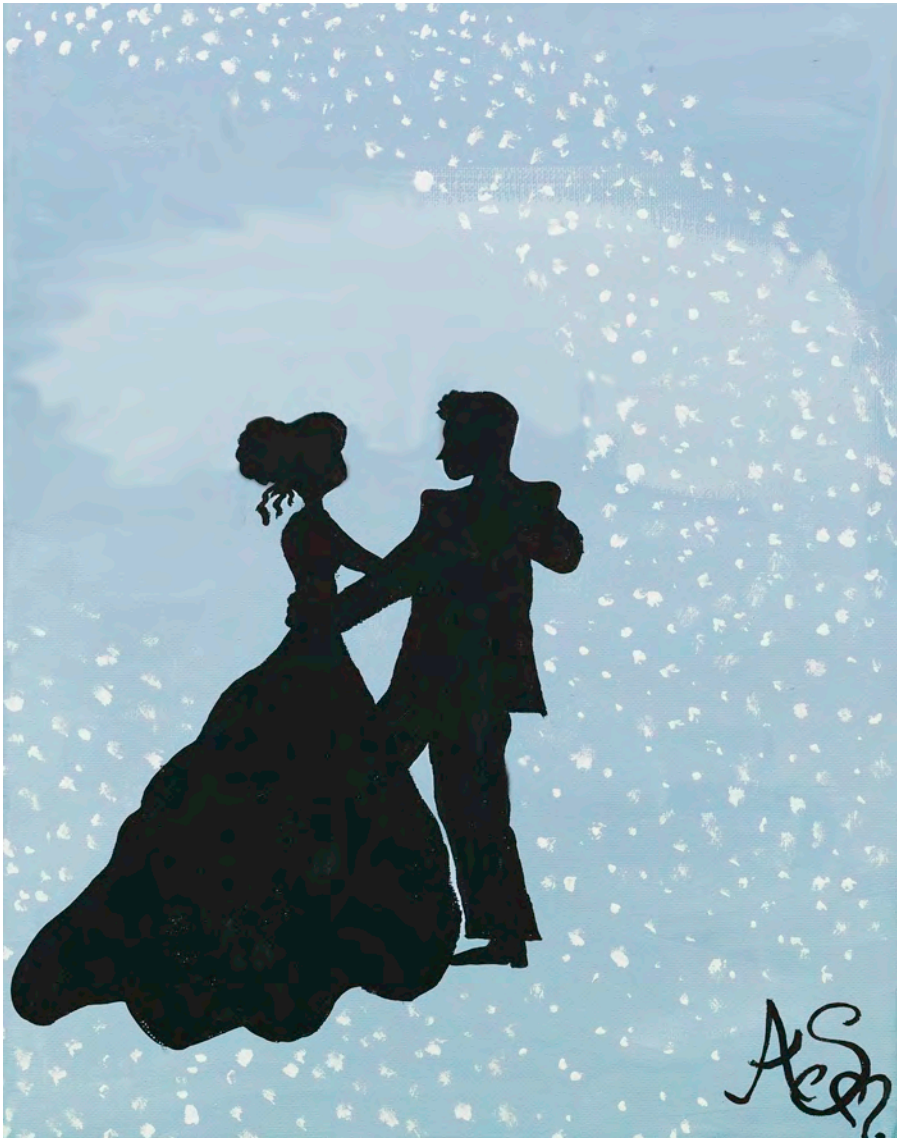
It's gentle intimacy.

It's the tears when walking down the aisle,
And the cries after a special delivery.

It's eye contact,
And a kiss that excites the heart,
Even after being together all this time.



Star Trails
Kailen J. Price



A Magical Waltz

Alicia Simonetti - Acrylic

Finding My Home

Skylar Astrid – Fiction

I bounced my knee in anticipation as the plane slowly descended.

I had been waiting for this moment for almost a year. I brought nothing with me but my carry-on bag and my cell phone. My cell phone, the only contact I have had with the most important person in my life so far.

But soon they'll be more than just a face on a screen.

Outside the plane window, I could see the sky was a flat white, like a sheet of paper. It was colder here. I wasn't really used to it. The ground was covered with a light dusting of white snow, and the lakes which this state were so famous for were frozen solid.

There was a slight jostle when the plane hit the landing strip. The tiny movement made my heart speed up and the butterflies in my stomach to multiply tenfold. I stayed in my seat, almost as if in shock, staring at the back of the seat in front of me. It wasn't until someone gently nudged my shoulder and asked if I was okay that I mumbled an incoherent response and stood up, retrieved my backpack, and left the plane in a dream-like state. *Soon, I thought, we would be together.*

We. The word, as it crossed my mind, brought a smile to my face. It had never really been we before. The two of us planned our schedules around each other: viewing each other as separate entities with our own needs and responsibilities, rather than a single unit that had the same plans. My universe and theirs never really collided before. Until today.

The walk inside, although it probably only took two minutes, felt

like an eternity. For the millionth time, I revisited the moment as I imagined it in my head: the moment when we would wrap our arms around each other and say... Those three little words that we promised not to speak until we saw each other in person.

Once I entered the airport and left the gate, I immediately began scanning the crowd for them. I glanced at every face I passed, desperately searching for them, until I heard someone call my name from nearby.

I turned toward the familiar voice and a warmth started to grow in my chest. I dropped my backpack, it wasn't important right now. The most important thing in that moment was getting to them as fast as possible.

The first time we touched, it was a touch of the hand. Our hands reached out to embrace each other before our arms even got the chance. My fingers intertwined with theirs. In one fluid movement, they pulled away so they could wrap their arm around my waist and I let them. We needed to get as close to each other as possible.

I finally looked up at their face. Our eyes made contact for a sweet second before they leaned in. Our first kiss. They say that true love is when the concept of home changes from a location to a person. In that moment, they became my home. When they pulled away, my heart was beating so fast I could barely feel it. How could it possibly get better than this?

"I've been waiting a long time to say this. I love you."

–Dedicated to D.M.L.



We Were Just Leaving

James Blevins

This conversation,
It's missing from your voice.
My sores are common enough.
You wash over me.

It's in the way we talk,
Or in the way we leave,
Like nothing much matters.

This murmur,
It's missing from your ears.

Just lean closer to me.
You might like the sound,
Or just forget to breathe.

It's sore enough now.
We were just leaving.



Footsteps Kailen J. Price

From Inside My Glass Box

Alicia Simonetti – Nonfiction

I do not feel safe walking down the street, doing my job, or even going into town for errands. I have a good life and I've never had a traumatic experience that might compromise my feeling of safety, but I am still uncomfortable to go anywhere by myself and where I would not have anyone I trust nearby. This fear stems from harassment I have received (thankfully, in small doses) from men over the last few years. I've been called everything but my name, continuously complimented by men I don't know, had men walk alongside me and try to engage me in conversation, and I've had men try to hit on me or give me their numbers while I was at my workplace. I am not the only woman this has happened to, many women face this kind of treatment all around the world—that's right, it's not just in countries with restrictions on women, it happens in the United States too. From puberty into adulthood, women cannot go about their daily lives without being harassed by men in some way—and it happens almost every day of their lives. Street Harassment is such a big issue that there are organizations focused solely on ending the problem, and a lot of women share their stories in rant form online so people can better visualize what they go through and see how big of an issue this is.

All women experience some form of harassment—whether they realize it or not—beginning in their early teens. Most think that harassment means that a person is being sexually assaulted or physically hurt in some way, but it also just means unwanted attention. Say a girl of sixteen is always being followed around by a boy at school—he asks her

out a lot, he is always touching her in some way, he'll walk up to her and wrap his arms around her stomach (which is strictly a boyfriend move), and he'll act like a jealous caveman if another guy comes near her. Now, this girl wants nothing to do with the guy and doesn't like him in that way, but he still acts the same and it makes her uncomfortable because she has explained her feelings on the matter before, but he still doesn't understand—thus making her feel the need to avoid him whenever possible. Why? Because he's harassing her by giving her attention that she doesn't want or appreciate, compromising her sense of safety. This is an actual situation that happened to a girl during school hours, a place where she should have felt the safest besides her own home, but instead she went to school every day for a year feeling scared she would see this boy and would have to deal with him touching her and harassing her. The girl was never helped because other people didn't bat an eye at his behavior, simply because there's no proper way to classify this kind of harassment as most people would call it "flirting". I am this girl and the boy was someone I thought was a friend before he started invading my personal space and making me uncomfortable on a daily basis. If I thought someone would've cared about treating my circumstance as something other than harmless flirting, I would've said to someone, "This guy is a creep and he keeps bugging me." It never happened though because those I did talk to about it, they didn't think it was that serious of a problem—even though it compromised my sense of safety. This is one type of treatment women experience

every day that's physical but not entirely sexualized, so it might be pushed to the side and forgotten about. In these scenarios we are put into, we all normally feel the same way. "I am powerless," has become our mantra, unfortunately.

A couple of years ago, a film artist named Rob Bliss collaborated with a non-profit organization called "*Hollaback!*" to create a viral video of a woman walking silently down the streets of New York City for ten hours to show how women are affected by street harassment. In Bliss's video the woman, named Shoshana, simply walked around the streets of New York wearing a black crew-neck shirt, black jeans, sneakers, and a backpack. Shoshana was harassed by men the whole day, having them say things like "Damn" and "Hey Mami" or the classic Joey Tribbiani catchphrase, "How you doing?" She never responded, no matter how much she may have wanted to—especially when one man followed her for five minutes straight and another got upset with her for not speaking to him. The video is a powerful piece as it depicts a terrible reality for women in our world, as some of these men think that their comments are just innocent observations for a beautiful woman, that they perhaps make her feel beautiful. Women who are not dressed provocatively and simply going about their days will be harassed, which is amazing to some because we're taught to believe that will only happen if a girl wears a short skirt like in the cartoons. Why is that? Do these men think that drawing attention to a woman's physical attributes by shouting at her as she walks past is a good way to make her feel beautiful? Because it certainly does not! In fact, most of the time women feel worse about themselves because they feel cheapened by these comments and hate how they make them feel. Why is it that our society tends to make girls believe from a young age that it's a good thing if you get catcalled, while we are also teaching our young men that they should be catcalling women? I am

proud of Shoshana for putting up with these comments for the full ten hours to complete this experiment without responding or even looking at any of the men. If it had been me, I would've broken and started calling them out or tried making them look like idiots for the things they'd say to me.

Now, I know there is no way to change the way people act or think with one essay, and that's why this essay is simply informative of the issue at hand. Many people, men and women alike, don't realize how often this happens to women or how early it can start happening. Street harassment is a real problem that is not taken as seriously as it should. Having "compliments" thrown at you out of nowhere is disorienting and it's not flattering, as it could result in insecurities and self-hate in women. Catcalling and harassment happen to men as well, yes, and sometimes there are special circumstances where a man honestly might think a woman is older than she is or he thinks there is a connection, so he comes on to her or vice versa. But in my opinion, if the person being spoken to (because it does happen to men as well, it just occurs more in situations concerning women) is uncomfortable and they don't like the comments, then it's unwanted attention and considered harassment.

Harassment comes in all kinds of forms, but the thing to remember most is to keep your chin up and not to let the harassers get to you. The way they talk to you may not be welcome, but they are right about one thing—we are beautiful, men and women alike, and we should not let these comments or actions of strangers define us. If what harassers say changes how someone feels about themselves and makes them feel like they are worth less than they are, that is a negative effect of harassment that could lead to depression if it happens too often. Just remember in the future, this is a real issue and it hurts a lot of people to go through this kind of abuse every day for years.



Sea Dreams

Antonia Yerke - Acrylic

Daisy

Lacy Provencher –
Flash Fiction

“He loves me... he loves me not... he loves me... he loves me not... he definitely loves me,” she kept whispering to herself while tossing each daisy petal into the water. As she watched them fall and float towards the middle of the lake, she heard the familiar buzz of her phone. She grabbed it out of the bag next to her and turned the screen on to find a text. “I don’t love you,” is all it read. She hurled her phone as far as she could and slid down into the shimmering ripples, never to be seen again.



The Undying Dream

Caitlan Tirrell - Mixed Media

Midnight Stroll

Antonia Yerke

The child couldn't sleep, Their dreams too dark, too deep,
'Til on a stroll, they fell down the rabbit hole.
The world weighed upon their soul,

Be Mine

Alica Simonetti

He makes me laugh,
He makes me grin.
I grow warm from his gaze,
Before I feel the need to spin.

When he smiles at me,
I stutter and blush.
He thinks it is funny,
I turn to hide my grin and flush.

Hair as dark as ink,
Eyes light, so light, of blue.
Dimples form on his cheeks,
A wonderful smile so true.

I like this boy,
Does he like me?
I see him standing there,
As cute as can be.

Still, I would like to know,
Although sadly we cannot be;
Boy I wish could be mine...
Do you like me?

Loss

Antonia Yerke

How dare you leave me,
You promised forever.
It can't be reality,
We've become never.

Swore this dream,
Always we would be.
Now it would seem,
It's not meant to be.

It can't be true,
How can it be?
I'm bereft of you,
For eternity...

On the Shore

Mason Gonsisko – Fiction

Walking up and down the shore whenever I visited the beach was always a nice way to pass the time. It helped me relax and clear my thoughts, and seemed to induce me into a pensive mood. Sometimes whenever my work got more stressful than usual, or another relationship fell apart, I would just come down to the sands and re-orient myself—to remind myself that my life is exponentially worse than some others’.

This day, in particular, was quite nice. Unlike previous times the journey here was smooth, with little traffic, and the parking lots had more than enough free space. The sky was slightly overcast, but that simply gave the day a cooler feel than the regular summer weather. There was a small breeze carrying the scents of the ocean and the occasional cries of seagulls could be heard in the distance.

There were a few other individuals around at this hour; an older couple, relaxing in beach chairs and wearing sunglasses and a group of children laughing and splashing each other in the water. Some others were off on their own, just wading or swimming around. There was even the occasional beach biker or jogger making their rounds.

Glancing at the lifeguard station, there was a green flag flapping in the breeze. That was good, it meant that the water was fine. I dipped my feet in the water and gave a short nod to myself. It was slightly colder than usual, but not unbearably so. I’d probably get used to it shortly. I wasn’t one to ever go entirely in the ocean—more likely to just wade in the water, perhaps up to my knees. It wasn’t that I couldn’t swim; I mostly found it a hassle to have to dry my body of saltwater before driving back to my apartment.

Walking up and down the shore for a time, I let my mind drift. It had been a few weeks since I last spoke to my parents. It wasn’t like there was anything negative between us, it’s just that there hadn’t been much of a reason to talk about anything. With them both being retired, there wasn’t much going on in their lives, and with me pretty much doing nothing but work or relaxing I felt much the same.

This time I had made sure to lay out a fresh bowl of food for my cat before leaving. Last time I had gone out I forgot, and when I returned she left a few fun surprises for me. I swear it was out of spite or something, she had to know what

she was doing.

Absorbing myself in the smell of the sea and the calming atmosphere, I waded. Occasionally I would notice some small fish swimming in the shallows, or I would stoop downwards to inspect a particularly interesting seashell. It was quite relaxing, which was precisely what I needed.

Eventually, however, it had to end. As the day dragged on and the sun got brighter, it inevitably brought with it more and more people. There was now a constant low thrumming of human chatter, and the beach was filled with umbrellas and chairs. Many more children were laughing and playing in the water, their parents keeping keen eyes on them, and even more adults were laying on towels trying to get a tan.

With this, it was far more difficult for me to achieve my Zen-like state I so enjoyed. And so, I made the motions to leave the water so that I could dry myself off and return on home.

But I was distracted before I could make my way out of the water. Off to the side, there was a pair of individuals, one male and one female, who appeared to be arguing. They both seemed to be in their late twenties and, while not unattractive, certainly were not attractive either. I would guess that they were a couple.

I only halfway paid attention to the argument that they were having, but I felt like I got the gist of things. Words like "find," "gone," "ring" and "waves" pretty much gave it away. One of them had lost a ring, perhaps a wedding ring, and because of the currents they were now frantically looking for it. I silently wished them good luck, but knew that they'd probably fail. Finding something so small in such a large place, and it could be mobile? I don't think so. I'd learned some time ago not to bring anything too small or delicate to the beach.

I watched them for a moment before letting out a sigh and continuing on my way. Stopping for a moment to

stretch as only my lower legs remained in the water, I looked down. I blinked once, then again, before really focusing on what I saw. I couldn't even believe it.

Right there, right down there in the water, was a small ring, giving off a small glint in the sunlight. It looked to be made of gold and had a small stone on it, although I couldn't really tell what kind of stone. It looked to be quite valuable.

Crouching down, I delicately reached into the water and picked it up. It was small, too small to even fit on my own finger, but it was there. I turned around and looked over to the pair who were still looking about further down the shore now. They were heading in the completely wrong direction, and likely never would have found it on their own. I went to call out to them, but stopped myself for a moment.

Holding the ring in my fingers, I twisted it around in every direction and tried to inspect it from every angle. This sure did look like it would be worth a pretty penny indeed. I looked around, and there wasn't anyone giving me too much notice. And besides, how could I really know that it was their ring? It could've been someone else's for all I knew. I should probably head to the lifeguard and see if they had a lost and found section. Yeah, that's what I should do.

For a period of time I found myself in mental deadlock. I frowned for a moment, before giving up with a mental shrug and decided to follow my instincts. I looked at the ring once more, before shoving my hand in my pocket. On the way back to my car I dried myself off comfortably with the sunlight. I pulled open the passenger's side door and removed a towel, before making sure that all the moisture was comfortably gone for a drive.

Maybe I'd return to the beach next week. It was a nice place to relax and gather my thoughts. And maybe next week it wouldn't be so crowded.



Rainbow Jelly

Antonia Yerke - Acrylic

Family at Heart

Alicia Simonetti

There once were two little girls,
Five years old and full of dreams.
Running around with skips and twirls,
It seems they got along so well.

They were sneaky little things,
Two peas in a pod.
The girls flew on their fairy wings,
Spending their days playing make
believe.

But sooner than they thought it could
come,
Kindergarten was at an end.
The girls sniffled some,
Then gave a watery, "Goodbye."

One little girl moved far away,
The other stayed behind.
Never knowing, they were waiting for
the day,
The little girls would reunite.

At age fourteen they found each other
again,
It happened by chance one day.
A yearbook in hand one ran,
To the other and she knew...

*My friend is back,
And I'm never letting her go.*
At times the world has pushed their
lives off track,
But they stood together through it all.

Then, at eighteen, one little girl was no
longer a "she"
Nervous of the outcome, they didn't tell
their friend.

"There is no difference that I can see,"
The other girl told them.

"You are still you, and I am still me,
There is nothing that could take this
friendship away."

The two will always stay as close as can
be,

It was a promise made that won't be
broken.

No matter what happens they are
friends,

Through thick and thin they will stick
together,

Until their lives are at an end,
Because they are *Family at Heart*.

23 Pandas

James Blevins

There is something inherently sad
in the image of 23 pandas, being held
by 23 Asians, wearing 23 identical blue
johnnies, and 23 identical blue breathing masks.

Held for a photograph,
Set on a green felt stage,
Six inches off the grass,
Pink Chinese letters in the background.

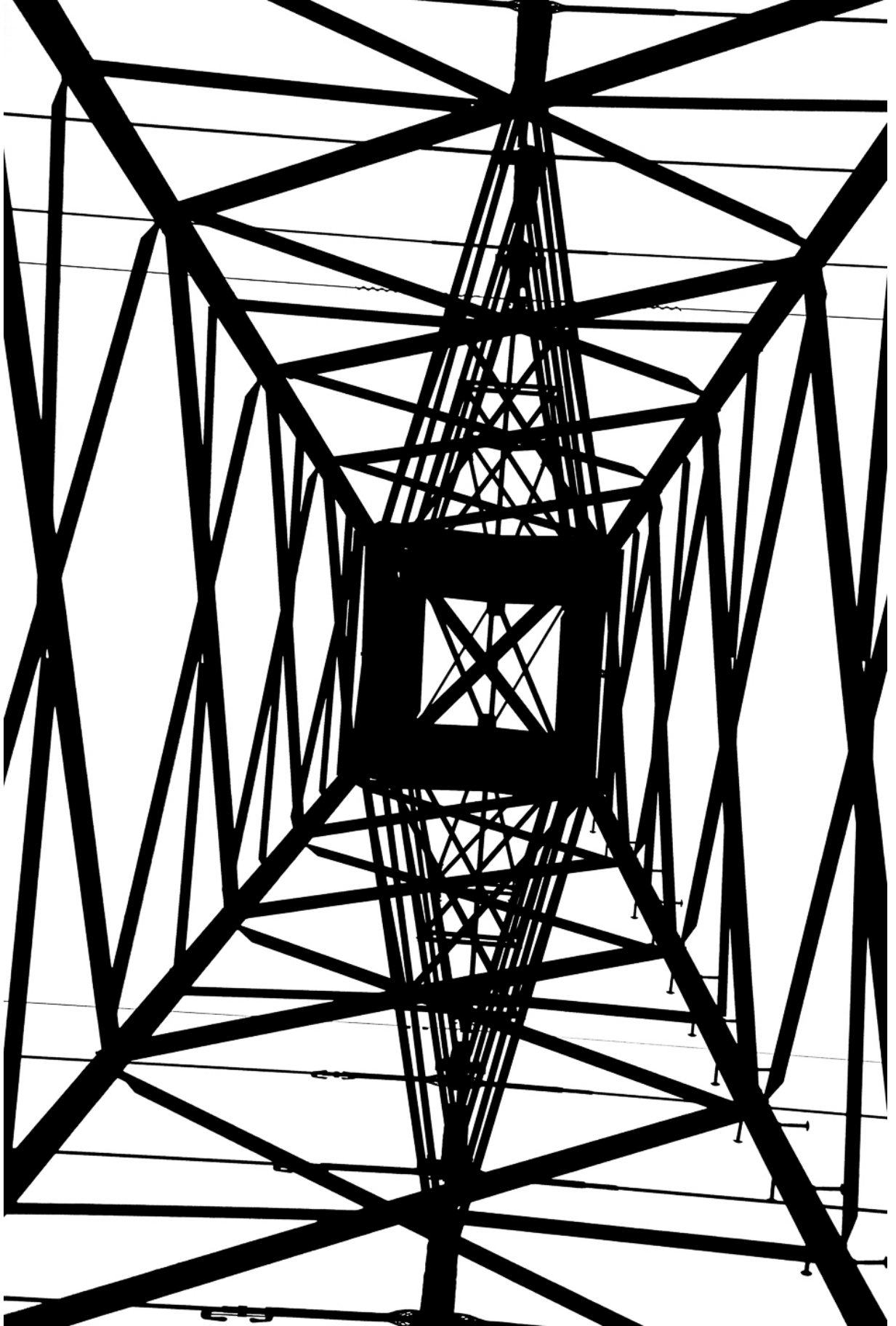
Maybe they spell out "Happy Birthdays."
Maybe all 23 of those pandas share the same birthday,
A small miracle for a dying species,
All being made to face the same camera.

Not a single panda is sitting still in the arms
of those 23 Asians. 23 pandas as restless as my leg
in the dead of night. I think they must know something
my leg knows but isn't sharing.



Asian Aesthetic

Isis Marley - Mixed Media



Green Tiger vs Bruce Lee

Archie McGeoch – Fiction

A man in a black jumpsuit with green tiger stripes returns a challenge
stare to Bruce Lee.

Green tiger	Bruce Lee
Leaps forward	Takes a step back
Rakes down with both hands	Leans back
...	Hook punch to the face
Surprise face	Smirk
Angry right swing	Block
Center punch	Block and smack to the face
Angry face	Taunting face
Tiger-tail-whip-kick	Tooth falls out and backs away
Power breathing	
Charge	
Flying-spin-kick	Slides under
Spin kick turn around	Block
...	Gut kick
...	Dragon whips his tail
Machine gun tiger strikes	Some failed blocks
Gut punch	...
Smirk	Smirk wiped off
Angry hook punch	Confident block
Angry hook punch	Determined block
Angry double kick	Block! Block!
Face jab!	
...	
Pulls out sais	Pulls out nunchucks
Takes a stance, "You're good."	Takes a stance, "...You too."

In the Lines

Kailen J. Price (Opposite)

In Perfect Arcs

James Blevins

I want to kiss your dark places
When you're not looking,
Caress your hair and smooth out your
face.
You'd smile and pretend you're smoking.

I want to stand next to your shadow,
And disappear within.
Come out shining, wet—
I'm never leaving.

I'm just beginning to understand
Your reasons for standing so still;
It's like you don't want the others
To know what's going on
Upstairs in that head.
But I want to know so bad it hurts.

Kiss your temple like it's a sieve
And I'm taking you in.
Your charge electric, and worth
The burn to my lips.

The scar to my mouth.
A signature you left—
A trigger to pull.
To ignite the wire and send out
A shower of sparks,
In perfect arcs, of hours and minutes,
Seconds spent with you way too bright.
We start fires outside your house.

I see us in the reflection
Of my rented car, before I leave.
Imagine you wavering
Out of sync behind me,
And I barely have a chance
To recover from it.

—For K. W.



Electric Godhead

Ryan Neumann - Oil pastel



Nostalgia 64

Eugene Petrosky - Digital Media

Peter

James Blevins

*I know where Peter Venkman is.
Coldly, I tell my little brother in the bath.
Ghostbusters float face down in bubbled waves.
His face is scribbled with blue from my pen, I say.*

*Wet and warm,
glistening in low light,
I tell him, He's behind the fridge,
peeking out, but too far to reach.*

*Egon, Winston, and Ray
float on the surface,
covered in soap,
staring at the bottom,*

*Air escaping from joints,
necklines, and stomachs.
I push them all underwater,
and watch them rise back slowly.*

*My brother whines about Peter and his blue face.
He's going to tell Dad, he says.
Tell Dad, I say. I don't care.
I just thought you'd like to know.*

Town Bubbles

Amanda Mills – Nonfiction

It's time for this little town of mine to become a community! I live in Inglis, which is known to many as a "...hub of drug activity..." Let me put it to you this way; there are three types of people where I live in Inglis Florida: The drug addicts, the people who help, and the people that turn their backs on the whole situation. The drug addicts cause most of the problems that occur in Inglis; this can be seen every week in our local newspaper, The Newscaster. The people who turn their backs to the whole situation; well they neither help, nor hinder...or do they? The people who want to help, spend their every waking hour trying to fix the problem at hand. Where do I fit into this trio of personalities? Truth is I have stood on the inside looking out from every perspective.

I started my observation looking in. I was only worried about myself. I knew about the problem but I didn't understand it. I walked through several years with my back turned to the people crying out for help. I would read the local paper and notice that most the arrests were made for possession of drugs or what people did while they were high on them. I remember saying things like, "It's their problem, not mine." I recall feeling as though they put themselves in that situation, so it was up to them to find their way out. I didn't look their way when I would pass them on the street, unless

it was to marvel at the ridiculousness of their appearance. You could say that I was self-centered and naive to the whole thing. It is easy to form an opinion of something you don't understand, but don't be surprised if you find out how wrong you were.

While my back was turned, I didn't notice how many children were being neglected. I didn't see how many children were going hungry. I couldn't imagine how many people were being physically, mentally, or emotionally abused. I failed to see the steady rise of crime rates in the area. I didn't reach out and try to help someone in need. I lived in my own bubble, and in that bubble I was safe. That was all that mattered to me.

That was until I made a life changing choice of my own. Once became twice, and twice became never being able to get enough. Suddenly, I was viewing the world from a whole new perspective. How did I get here? How did I become the very person I used to loathe? I can't think of anyone that I didn't blame; it was everyone else's fault.

While my world revolved around addiction, I didn't notice that I was neglecting my children. There were days that if it wasn't for help, they would have gone hungry. I didn't notice that I was physically, mentally, or emotionally abusing everyone that cared about me. I failed to see how I was contributing to

the steady rise of crime rates in the area. I didn't reach out and try to help others because I couldn't even help myself. I lived in my own bubble, in that bubble I felt...good, so that was all that mattered to me.

That was until I almost lost my children. Lord knows, I would have deserved it! I had to make yet another life changing decision. I reached out...and there they were. Those people in my town who spend their every waking hour trying to fix the problem at hand. The people who truly understand the meaning of community. "The people living in a certain place...living together and depending on one another for various necessities of life. A group of people with common interests. A feeling of caring about others in a group." They encouraged me to get involved in the community. A community that revolves around helping others, focuses on the children, and encourages everyone to reach their full potential. One step at a time, I began to put my old perspectives behind me. I volunteered wherever I could. The local church has several different programs for children. They feed the needy in the community through their food pantry. They go on mission trips to help the elderly in town as well as other churches. They put on events to keep the children off the streets, out of bad situations, and offer them an alternative to getting into trouble. The church has a multitude of activities to engage the younger generation, in which I have been blessed to be able to be a part of. Once I opened my eyes, I noticed so many areas of the community where help was needed, and I rose to the challenge. It gave me a new sense of purpose and a whole new perspective of this town. I spent every waking hour trying to fix the problem at hand, and just like that I became part of my community here in Inglis.

Once I began looking for every opportunity to help a fellow human being, I noticed just how many children were being neglected. So, I went out of my way to make them feel special. I noticed all the people going hungry, and I donated time and money to feed them. I felt the pain of everyone who was physically, mentally, and emotionally abused and I spent countless hours talking with them and helping them take their first steps out of some bad situations. I feared the rise of the crime rate in the area. I knew if I didn't do something to help make a change, it would continue to rise. So, I did! I reached out to everyone in need and invited them into my bubble. In that bubble we had kindness, love, and support. In that bubble we were a community, and that was all that mattered to me.

Everyone in my community has watched me grow up. They witnessed me at my worst, forgave me, and guided me. Now, they support me and encourage me to pursue my dreams. It is because of my community that I realized I wanted to be a counselling psychologist. It is because of their belief in me that I can hold my head high, and take the steps I am to accomplish my dreams. The dream of helping others deal with whatever bubble they may find themselves in. I want to help them become a part of something bigger than themselves—a contributing member of their community.

If everyone cared more about their community and what role they played in it, there would be a lot less children being neglected. Less people would go hungry. Abuse of any kind would cease to exist. Crime rates could drop drastically. Pop... Did you hear that? No more bubbles! We wouldn't need them to feel safe, or good because that is what our communities would be. I think it's time for some life changing decisions!



Wild Beast

Kailen J. Price

Animal Rights and Welfare Organizations: Using and Abusing Animals

Antonia Yerke – Nonfiction

Animal Rights, it sounds like it should mean helping animals, doesn't it? If you look into Merriam Webster's definition of animal rights it means, "... fair and humane treatment, regarded as belonging fundamentally to all animals." It has gotten so twisted in the minds of activists that, in the mind of Ingrid Newkirk (founder and president of PETA), "...When it comes to pain, love, joy, loneliness, and fear, a rat is a pig is a dog is a boy." I'm sorry, I am a staunch believer in loving and caring for other species, but what remotely sane human equates the life of a rat to that of a human child?

Before you think I am just some meat lover who doesn't care about animals, let me put my view into perspective. I am a biology/ animal science and ecology major, studying to become a conservationist. I graduated for zoological management from a ZAA (Zoological Association of America) accredited facility and still volunteer in this field. I have also graduated to be a veterinary assistant and apply this knowledge to my current work as a certified pet groomer. I love, respect, protect, and care for animals of every species, listen when I tell you that animal welfare activists do not seek animal welfare.

A shining star in the animal rights movement is PETA, but just who are they? PETA is an organization so many know the name of but so few actually know any real facts about. PETA is supposedly an acronym that stands for People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. I say that is the biggest

misnomer that I have ever heard for a group of brainwashed individuals. A more appropriate analogy would be, People Exterminating Thousands of Animals or People for Extortion Terror and Abuse. On an episode of Penn and Teller's show Bullshit, they covered animal rights activists, including the infamous PETA. One of the most frightening things they uncovered in this was PETA's tax forms. According to state records, they paid \$9,370 for a walk-in freezer so large that it would only be used for meat or cadavers. Considering the strict vegan policy of the organization, that rules out one option. When you pair this knowledge with their reports to the Virginia Department of Agricultural and Consumer services, it is not hard to see why they need a cadaver freezer. PETA kills over 80%, often over 90%, of the animals that they supposedly "rescue" every year. The VDAC reports are published and made open for public view. The easiest way to find these reports is simply visit PETA Kills Animals. com, despite the biased sound of the name, the files from the VDAC are legal and untampered.

PETA also demeans human beings. A-list celebrities are convinced to pose naked in argument of fur and leather clothing, selling names and sexual appeal to drive home the animal rights agenda. Why is it not okay to see an animal in a zoo, but okay to see a naked celebrity in a cage? It is fine to objectify and use other people, but not to do so with other species? Why are other humans worth less than a cow, sheep, chicken etc.? That isn't even making animals equal

with each other, that is placing other species over our own species. Biologically speaking, that defies our natural programming. There is no species that places other creatures above themselves naturally, nor should they.

As frightening as PETA is, they aren't the only ones. HSUS (Humane Society of the United States) is a particularly dastardly organization that fools the general public into thinking that their donations actually go to helping animals. This couldn't be farther from the truth actually. Those ads that they air with the poor puppies and kittens in the shelters that need homes are just a tactic to get money. They do not give even 1% of their funding to any animal shelter. They are extreme animal rights lobbyists seeking to rid zoos, circuses, farms, and even pet owners of their rights to have animals. HSUS is why Seaworld is going under, even after they survived that fallacious chunk of hate spew trash known as Blackfish. Maybe you hate Seaworld, but I hope that you aren't okay with dogfighting. HSUS president Wayne Pacelle thinks Michael Vick (convicted for criminal animal abuse and dog fighting) would be a good dog owner and helped him star in their dog fighting prevention campaign.

Other notable names in this madness are ALF (Animal Liberation Front) and ELF (Earth Liberation Front). These are the homegrown terrorists that bomb laboratories and other facilities with the animals they are supposed to be rescuing still inside of the building. They are well known by the FBI and both have members on the Domestic Terrorist List. It is all in the family too, while PETA and HSUS won't give their funding to animal shelters, they financially support both terrorism based organizations. Now that you know your enemy a bit more, think about what they are saying and what they really mean.

You don't eat meat because animal rights extremists say you should be vegan

to save the planet, isn't that cute? Most animals at some point in their life eat some part of or something made by another animal. Even pregnant female pandas hunt and eat bamboo rats and tortoises scavenge carrion, but that is neither here nor there. Animal rights supporters are against circuses because every one of them mistreats their animals and they are only used for human entertainment supposedly. Because they know this to be undeniably true of every single circus person and animal in the business, right? The fact that more elephants have been born to circuses than any other sort of facility and elephants only breed when content, should be inconsequential to that claim. Animal rights activists the world over claim that zoos are some sort of demonic institution only existing for the entertainment of cruel humans. Their supporting evidence is often based on practices that have not been used for decades and fallacious defamations, stating that they are prisons. At what prison are you provided with the best medical care in the world and the best of nutrition provided at all times by a team of wait staff? When did prison offer fitness and exclusive dating programs? Since when was prison a safe place to live, sheltered from the dangers of the world? If that is prison, sign me up. As for the thought that, "All of the animals in zoos should be in the wild," what wild do you speak of? Deforestation and pollution rapidly diminishes what is left of "the wild", while nature cannot keep up with it. Without zoo and conservation programs, if the world keeps going as it is, our grandchildren are unlikely to ever see an elephant except in text books.

If you still say that omnivorous humans, circuses, and zoos are bad, how do you feel about dairy products or honey? Animal rights activists believe that farmers who raise animals, not even for meat, are cruel slave drivers rather than people trying to feed their families and the ever-growing human population.

Maybe you're a vegan and agree with them, but how do you feel about pets? Do you have an amazing dog or cat at home that you adore and pamper as much or more than you would your own human children? Guess what, PETA hates you too. Pet owners are also under fire from the hypocritical animal rights organization. Hatred spews from the mouth of PETA's head of house Ingrid Newkirk in the form of, "Pet ownership is an absolutely abysmal situation brought about by human manipulation."

Let me get this straight, animal rights activists are supposed to love animals but they kill them. It is okay for them to murder what they love, and yet

a dastardly crime that people have cream with their coffee? Why should they get to murder these poor creatures and say they are doing it out of love, but condemn a zoo for bottle feeding a polar bear cub instead of leaving it to die? I think these people have a perverted notion of love and should seek professional mental help. So if you love animals and truly care about them, do not fund these distorted, personal agenda seeking terrorists! Steer clear of anyone claiming to be animal rights or welfare and support your local shelters, zoos, and wildlife rehabilitators. They do far more for animals than any activist ever did.



Safari

Kailen J. Price



Swamp Leis

Kevin Sheridan - Watercolor

The Chase

Lacy Provencher – Flash Fiction

Leaves crunched under her feet as she ran frantically. She wanted to glance behind her but feared it would waste too much precious time. Listening closely, she could still hear a low growl approaching. Worried, she took a deep breath and sped up, attempting to outrun the beast. There was a small clearing in the distance... She was almost safe... Until she tripped on an unearthed root. She felt something pounce on her back as she hit the ground. Turning over to face the beast, she smiled instantly. "Max! You're so silly!" she exclaimed while receiving kisses from her beagle.



Blink of an Eye

Lacy Provencher

A blank line, silence and

just like that...

you were

gone



Colored Lights
Kailen J. Price

A watercolor illustration of a dark, gnarled tree in a desolate landscape under a pale, cloudy sky. The tree's trunk is thick and twisted, with several thin, bare branches reaching upwards. The ground is a mix of light and dark tones, suggesting a barren, perhaps snowy or sandy, terrain. The sky is a mix of light blues and greys, with a soft, glowing light source in the upper right.

A Dark Goodbye

Nikki Spencer

I am the darkness in which you seek,
The painful bliss that makes you weak,
The muffled whispers in your dreams,
The blood-stained covers with jagged seams.

You call to me when the moon is high,
Expecting to see the night from the sky,
The moon turns red,
You hear the cry.

It's Death they said,
So, say "Goodbye."



Indigo Bay

Kevin Sheridan - Watercolor

Letters from the Editors



Being on staff for *In the Write Mind* has been a great experience for me, but it was hard at first. This is only my second semester and I'm still learning how to do my job. I didn't get a manual when I started and I was fumbling to do my job right, I was always thinking, "Am I good enough for my position? I messed up, should I step down?" At times things were stressful, frustrating, confusing, and all-around upsetting, but I have been blessed this school-year with some of the best staff members to work with and I am so proud of the magazines we have made together. Personally, I cannot wait to be on staff for the next issue and to see what we make next!

Alicia R. Simonetti - Submissions Editor

"In new situations, all the trickiest rules are the ones nobody bothers to explain to you. (And the ones you can't Google.)"

-Rainbow Rowell (*Fangirl*)

Throughout the creation of this magazine, I thought a lot about my legacy. I knew when I joined at the beginning of this year that I only had a short amount of time to make an impact here. As I worked, I often asked myself, "is this good enough? Am I doing this right? Am I a model editor for future staff members?" Unfortunately for me, I might not know the answers until years from now. But what I do know is that the *In the Write Mind* staff members have definitely left a positive impact on me. They made me realize I had abilities I didn't even realize I possessed, and helped nurture my art as a designer until it became the publication you hold in your hand today. So while I might not be talked about years from now in the club room where I currently sit, I know that I will use what I learned here (most notably patience, confidence, and, above all, creativity) for the rest of my life.



Skylar A. Earley - Design Editor

"Legacy. What is a legacy? It's planting seeds in a garden you never get to see."

-Lin-Manuel Miranda (*Hamilton: An American Musical*)

Letter from the Editor-in-Chief



With great power, there must also come great responsibility. That should be taken into consideration with any position on a staff or in a workplace. The most important thing to remember as a staff member, co-worker, or leader is that staffs and collaborative works are made of people. How you treat other people will sum up the brunt of your skills as a member or leader within a group.

This magazine was as much labor as it was love, so much behind the scenes that only our staff will know. Yet, I hope that all of the hard work comes through. This has been an amazing staff, and I am so happy with this publication. A very special thank you to my design editor Skylar, this

magazine would not be the same without them. So much of the color and ingenuity is breathed forth from their wonderful brain, please know how much the landscape of this magazine is theirs.

Despite all of the struggles our magazine has gone through this semester, we created the best quality magazine we could with what we had. When reading this magazine, I want people to appreciate all of the effort and people that went into this production. Without the people that make, contribute to, and read this publication, we wouldn't have a magazine. So thank you to each of you, all of you. To everyone that has contributed to this magazine, to everyone seeing and reading it, thank you!

Special thank you: To Kailen and Morgan photography for being at my beck and call and making our images the best they could possibly be. To Skylar, for materializing my visions and bringing color to my life. To Alicia, for keeping me on track and being my compass. To Professor Alling, for your guidance and enthusiasm, ever the students' champion. To Lacy, for her support and insight. To Kevin for being a breath of fresh air, and to Archie for counterbalancing me. Thank you to student life for all of the additional support behind the scenes.

Antonia M. Gerke - Editor-in-Chief

"With great power, there must also come great responsibility."

-Spider-Man "Amazing Fantasy", Issue #15

Letter from the Adviser



Being adviser to a literary and arts magazine, I probably should have realized before now that writing and art actually inspire me and calm me down.

When life gets overwhelming, I journal my thoughts, play music, walk my garden, read. Creating and surrounding myself with beautiful, meaningful creations offers me a sense of peace and order. It slows me down and reminds me that despite whatever looming issues I face, I can inhale deeply, look around, and take stock of the positives and great blessings of life.

I hope you agree that this issue of *In the Write Mind* has been able to capture some of this rejuvenating inspiration: my staff is offering you romantic photographs, vivid color combinations, skilled brush strokes, whimsical narratives, and edgy commentary.

Of course, you may not like everything we've published—sometimes even I don't—but each person on this campus is unique, so we're bound to notice differences. The thing to remember is that each person is going through something, seeing life his or her own way, and facing his or her own choices. No matter your style preference though, I believe every reader will certainly stumble upon something to latch onto.

I hope you will join me in expressing gratitude for the opportunity to express ourselves in this magazine. Isn't it great to have a message or a vision, as well as an ability to share that with others? Your creations can speak to others—and right on your campus—where you have the potential to bring joy to others or make a real impact.

This semester, I'm particularly grateful to:

Antonia Yerke, for building upon the course foundation established last semester and taking our meetings into an organized, productive, and pleasant new direction. I absolutely loved having her in charge!

Tom Michaud, for allowing our staff to tour the CF print shop, and for working with us on printing.

Rob Marino, for supporting our magazine's PR efforts and offering Alicia, my submissions editor, a bite of the Big Apple!

Kaitlin Kirby, for stepping up as the new backbone of Citrus Campus Student Life; she's great in this role.

Jodi Greene, for guiding our staff when we needed it, for squeezing every dollar out of her budget for our needs, and for being with us in spirit each time we print and pass around the next issue for the students.

Kailen J. Price, for giving our magazine the professional edge in photography we need to compete in the state conference, for his availability, and for teaching us how to pose for portraits.

Sonya Warden, for saving the day with additional funds to print this issue, and for helping the staff strategize for future print runs.

Our artists, photographers, and writers, for knowing that the stress and demands of life give us occasion to pause, reflect, and create, and for the generosity and courage to share their creations with us.

Please enjoy this issue of *In the Write Mind*.

Melissa Alling - Faculty Adviser

"Feeling gratitude and not expressing it is like wrapping a present and not giving it."

—William Arthur Ward

How to Get Involved

Get involved with *In The Write Mind* by:

Submitting your work

In the Write Mind continuously seeks submissions for publication. We look for writing, photography, and art that is:

- Fresh, original, and nuanced.
- Well edited, high quality, and exuding good craftsmanship.
- Insightful, meaningful, and deep.

Above all else, we value self expression and want to highlight that in each issue each contributor gets the chance to evolve as an artist as we respond to every submission with constructive feedback. If you want a chance to see your artistic creations on the pages of our next issue then fill out submission form at www.cf.edu/inthewritemind!

Becoming an Editor

Enroll in CRW-2903, Independent Study for Creative Writing (offered each fall and spring semester for 3 credit hours).

Or you could participate as a club member without earning academic credit.

Reading and Sharing

Copies are located all throughout campus.

An electronic copy can be found on our website.

Attend the release events that are held bi-annually at the end of each semester.





Antonia Gerke
Editor-in-Chief



Skylar Earley
Design Editor



Lacy Provencher
Copy Editor

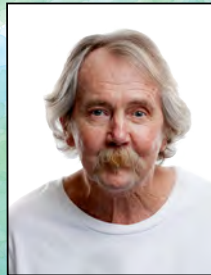
IN THE
WRITE
MIND



Alicia Simonetti
Submissions
Editor



Archie McGeoch
Fiction Editor



Kevin Sheridan
Art Editor

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