

Best of Freshman Writing

Best of Freshman Writing

Volume 13

Student Voices

Editor in Chief
Jim Manis

Editor
Suzanne Harper



Best of Freshman Writing is a publication of the Pennsylvania State University.

The Pennsylvania State University is an equal opportunity university.

Contents

Melissa Davis “I Am Melissa”	4
Angelisa Cataldo “Setting Free and Moving Forward”	5
Bonny Chan “My New York Experience”	6
Jared Soltis “Fall of a Great Civilization”	8
Amanda Schaffer “Finding Truth through Intertextuality”	11
Jake Copley “A Thousand Splendid Suns: Women in the Middle East”	13
Jenessa Smith “Drawing the Line on Spending: At Whose Expense?”	14
Mayra Tucunduva “This I Believe”	15
Megan E. Grim “What I Really Want to Do Is Direct”	15
Toby Imgrund “Positive Release”	17
Albert Parks, Jr. “The City of Brotherly Love: Wish I Had It!”	19
Erin Dungee “Selfish Daddy’s Girl”	19
Hoi Chau Cheung ”The Only Child”	20
Matthew Riley “Social Surrender”	21
Matthew Sengin “My Willpower”	22
Santeena Brown “Alone but Not Lonely”	23
Yudong Zhao “The Person Who Brought Me to This World”	24
Amber Strong ”Lestate vs. Dracula: Anne Rice Re-envisions the Monster”	25
Crystal Gornati “Where’s Elvis?”	26
Anna Hummel “Gold Mining Hazards”	28
Jeffrey P. Neblock “The Internal Wilderness”	30

Best of Freshman Writing: Student Voices is a publication of the Pennsylvania State University. All of the student essays contained herein were produced by students registered in English 004, 015 and 030, within the campuses of The Pennsylvania State University, during the academic year of 2007-08, and the essays appear here with the writers’ express written permission. No portion of **Best of Freshman Writing** may be reproduced in any fashion without the express written permission of the authors.

Best of Freshman Writing: Student Voices, the Pennsylvania State University, Jim Manis, Senior Faculty Editor, 76 University Drive, Hazleton, PA 18202-1291, is a non-profit publication of the Pennsylvania State University.

Copyright © 2008 The Pennsylvania State University

The Pennsylvania State University is an equal opportunity university.

Best of Freshman Writing

Volume 13

WELCOME to the thirteenth volume of *Best of Freshman Writing*. For the past several years we have been publishing student writing with the intention of celebrating the work of our students and of sharing it with others for a variety of instructional purposes. We accept student essays from PSU campuses (see the list on the back cover), from students in English 004, 015, and 030.

Many of our readers have asked about our editorial guidelines, which we publish on our web site (www2.hn.psu.edu/faculty/jmanis/bof.htm). We only accept essays produced in the courses listed above, and the essays must be submitted by faculty members from the campuses. In other words, *Best* is not an “open submissions” publication.

Some faculty have asked if we will accept short stories or poems or essays produced in other courses. The answer is quite simply no. Other Penn State publications are better suited for this purpose.

At the end of each fall and spring semester, we send out an email call for papers to the various campuses within the university, but our final deadline for papers is May 15 of each year. The papers must be typed and double-spaced, with the student’s name on them. All documentation should be in MLA parenthetical style and verified by the student’s instructor. Faculty should gather the students’ papers and send them in one envelope from each campus, along with a signed publication agreement form, which can be downloaded from our web site. (*See above.*) The student’s return address should also be included so that we can send him or her a copy of the publication in which his or her essay appears.

We hope you like this edition of *Best* and that more of you will participate in its production in the future by submitting essays to us. We are all very curious about student writing throughout the system. *Best* provides a meaningful link between faculty and students throughout the state. Let us know what you think about it. We want your suggestions and help.

Editorial Staff

Editor in Chief

Jim Manis – HN

Editor

Suzanne Harper – SW

How to contact us:

Write to

Jim Manis
Penn State University
76 University Drive
Hazleton, PA 18202-
1291

Phone:

570.450.3189

Email:

jdm12@psu.edu

Best,

Jim Manis

Melissa Davis

English 4

Berks

I Am Melissa

“POETIC” AND “OUTSPOKEN” are words that best describe my personality. Never mind the small talk. I always knew that if I want to be heard I had to be straightforward and to the point. That’s how my family raised this firecracker, Melissa J. Davis. To most people who know me, I am, “a sista who is about her business.” As a child, I was told that I would be a lawyer some day and a damned good one if I learned to control my temper. The truth is I can’t keep my mouth shut.

Throughout high school I complained about the lunch, about the education being provided, even about the principle of our school. I defended anyone I felt was being mistreated or wrongfully accused of something. Unfortunately, on May 2006 I picked the wrong time to defend someone. The principle, Mr. Heard, was, to me, the prosecutor, and the students in the halls were the accused. I watched as he yelled at the students moving from class to class, telling them they were too loud. He told them to be quiet while walking down the halls, threatening detentions to those who did not change their behavior.

Suddenly something came over me. “Leave them alone! We’re in high school, not church,” I announced. This was in fact the craziest and the dumbest thing I could ever have done. I was suspended for three days and had to come back to school with a parent. No justice was served that day. This was just one more time I encountered trouble because I wanted to stand up and be outspoken.

Enough of that. I explained the reason I’m outspoken; now it’s time to hear why I’m poetic. This is my favorite part. I’ve enjoyed poetry since I was a little girl because the sound of words appealed to me, but the connection between words appealed to me even more. I didn’t like all rhymes or all stories behind those fancy words that could so easily stimulate the imagination. I remember begging my mother to take me to the library almost every day, and when she did, I would run down to what I knew as the big people’s books. There I would search high and low for the poetry that I enjoyed the most. It was often poetry by Maya Angelou. The night I wrote my first poem a strange feeling came over me. I closed

my eyes, and I thought about those books where the words fit so perfectly to describe whatever was on the author’s mind. It was as if those words were just sitting in my head, waiting to be set free. As I started developing and learning new words and ways to put those words together, I began reading them to others. My first audience was my seventh grade English teacher, Mr. Leonard. Apparently he saw the same fit in me that I saw in my poetry. Mr. Leonard allowed me to read my poetry and short stories to the class many times during that school year once he saw that I was accustomed to reading my work aloud.

If there were two words that were to describe me they would be poetic and outspoken. These two single words have carried me a long way in this journey of finding me in Melissa Davis. As for the poetry, a young writer will see my work in the library under “the big people’s section” someday, and he or she will be inspired to create music through words just as I have.



Angelisa Cataldo

English 15

Abington

Setting Free and Moving Forward

IT IS NOVEMBER 13, 2002, and I am waiting. I am inexperienced. I am unsure of my future. The evening breeze lifts my hair as I stand with my family under the bright floodlights outside the barn. Silent anticipation hovers in the air. The silence is broken occasionally as the horses inside shift in their slumber. None of those horses are mine; however, soon my own horse will be there. Soon I can enter one of those stalls and stand in the presence of a horse that I can call my own. The thought of this sends a tingle down my spine. Questions of what he will be like fill my head, questions that are soon to be answered. Suddenly, my thoughts are interrupted by the crinkle of the stone driveway. A gleaming silver horse trailer creeps into view. My breathing comes quicker, and my ears strain for any sound from inside the trailer. It seems to move up the driveway in slow-motion. Finally it comes to a stop in front of us. We step forward, all anxious to see its precious contents. A man climbs out of the truck and speaks with my parents for a few moments. My mind is too clouded with excitement to pay attention to his words. Soon he returns to the trailer and starts to back the horse, my horse, out. Finally, he steps into view. My breath is taken by his beauty. His copper coat gleams under the lights. Powerful muscles ripple under his skin. Silver hairs in his tail catch the light, blinding me. He turns toward me, revealing a striking white stripe that trails down the center of his face. His name is Phred; he is my horse; he is perfect. Never could I imagine how my life with him would end.

It is January 23, 2002, and I am waiting. It is the day of my first horse show with Phred, and my stomach flutters with nervous anticipation. My division, Pre-children's hunters, is set to begin in an hour. Seconds slowly become minutes as I stare at my watch, wishing for my time to show. Phred paws at the ground impatiently in the trailer. We are both ready to showcase what we have been working on for the past two months. Finally, the pre-children's hunters are announced over the loudspeaker. I take Phred off the trailer, and my normally smooth routine of grooming and tacking him up is jarred by the quaking of my fingers. Somehow, I manage. As

soon as I begin to warm-up, I feel the power of Phred's muscles under me. All I hear are his breathing with each stride, and all I see is the view between his ears.

Finally, it is time for me to enter the show arena. The jumps seem to grow as I approach them. I ask Phred to go, and he does. The round is a blur. We make a few mistakes, but we do well for our first show. A crackle comes over the loudspeaker: "And in second place, Balaneigh and Angelisa Cataldo!" the announcer barks.

It is May 12, 2004, and I am waiting. It is the last day of the St. Christopher's Horse Show, and Phred and I are set to compete in the Children's Hunter Classic. The classic is more formal than a normal class at a horse show. In a classic, there is prize money, and the rider has to wear a long coat with tails called a shadbelly. The classic has two rounds, and in each round, the rider is given a score out of one hundred. The rider with the highest combined score wins. This will be our first big classic. For my entire riding career, I have been watching riders have beautiful rounds with the tails flying behind them, but now I will be one of those riders. Phred's coat gleams like a new penny, and his name and tail are twisted into tight braids. We are ready.

As I enter the show ring for my first round, the steady rhythm of Phred's canter comforts me. We clear the first fence smoothly, and my mind is quiet except for the slow beat of Phred's breathing. The rest of the round is just as smooth as the first jump. Phred helps me do the right job as much as I lead him. The judge rewards us with a score of eighty-seven, which ends up being the top score for round one. Round two goes just as smoothly, and we score an eighty-four. Now I wait and hope no one tops our score. Each competitor's perfect jump seems to land in my stomach; however, none of them pass our score. Phred and I win the Children's Hunter Classic, and I float through the victory gallop as I am announced the Children's Hunter Grand Champion. I give Phred a big pat; we are a perfect team.

It is September 12, 2004, and I am waiting. I am going to show today in preparation for the finals that Phred and I have qualified for. Letters have come inviting us to the Zone II finals, Marshall and Sterling finals, North American League finals, and the Washington International Horse show. This morning goes along just as any other morning before a show. I quietly put on my riding clothes and head to the barn to put Phred on the trailer. When I arrive at the barn, the owner approaches the car and tells my mom and me that Phred is injured out in the field. This is bad.

My mom and I run to the field where I see Phred standing with a woman from the barn. His brown eyes are filled with pain as he stirs toward me, but I cannot help him. His right foreleg hovers above the ground, an open wound gaping on the inside of his leg, a flash of white protruding through it. I stand with him, trying to comfort him while we wait for the vet.

When the vet finally arrives, he splints Phred's leg for the trek to the trailer parked outside the field. Three people are needed on each side of him with me in the front to help him hobble to the trailer. The pain shows in his eyes, but he trusts me and follows me into the trailer where I sit with him on the ride to the Mid Atlantic Veterinary Hospital. On the way, his body shakes as he goes into shock. I rest my hands on his side, attempting to comfort him. No matter how hard I wish, I cannot take the pain away from him.

When we finally arrive at the clinic, I coax Phred out of the trailer, and the vet's assistant takes him into x-ray. The vet says the prognosis is not good. His leg is broken from the knee up, and the protruding bone is a cause for infection. However, my family and I cannot give up so easily. We contact Dr. Dean Richardson, a surgeon at the New Bolton Center, but he agrees with our vet. As a teammate and loyal friend, I must do what is right for Phred, and that is to let him go. I enter the exam room to say goodbye to my friend, and he stretches his neck toward me as I enter the room. I hug him around his powerful neck and breathe in his warm scent. I kiss his velvet nose for the final time and walk away.

It is September 1, 2007, and I am still waiting. However, now I know what I am waiting for. I know what I want for my future, and this is because of Phred. My plan is to go to the Veterinary School at the University of Pennsylvania and become an equine surgeon. I want to help horses like Phred and someday be able to give hope to those who have horses with devastating leg injuries. My experience with Phred has opened doors to me, and I am grateful for everyday I had with him. When I close my eyes, I look back to the horse I saw on the evening of November 13, 2002, the horse I set free.

Bonny Chan

English 15

Abington

My New York Experience

TO MOST PEOPLE, the sound of loud traffic is annoying. I, however, find it relatively soothing. I wake up to it every morning. New York City is unlike any other place in the country. I was born and raised there, and it is the only place I ever knew. I never really felt like a true "New Yorker" though; I felt rather disconnected from where I lived most of my life. Many of my friends raved on and on about how much they loved New York and how it is the best city in the world. I didn't see the big deal. My experience in New York consisted of mainly three things: living in Brooklyn; September 11, 2001; and high school.

I grew up in Brooklyn, New York. I never considered it "The City," although technically it is. In my eyes, only Manhattan is considered "The City." Brooklyn is not as dangerous as most people say it is. Yes, there are gangs here and there, but gang violence is present everywhere, not just in Brooklyn. If I had to pick the most dangerous out of the five boroughs, I would pick The Bronx. My experience in Brooklyn was pleasant. It wasn't anything special, just the same life the average person in Brooklyn had. Though there are rough parts of the borough, I lived in an Italian-dominated part of Brooklyn, Bensonhurst. It is considered one of the nicer neighborhoods in Brooklyn. I was lucky. As a child, I envied those children I saw on television, those kids who lived in the suburbs who had the big front lawn, a pool in the backyard, and a giant swing set. I had a driveway, which I shared with my neighbor, a small backyard where my dad would park his car, and the closest thing to a front lawn I had was a four-by-four square foot rose garden that sat at the front of my house. There was no room for me to ride my bicycle other than up and down the driveway; it grew tiring and boring after a while. I was never a loud, outspoken person, nor was I ever rude. My parents taught me manners. Ever since I was a small child, I lacked two very popular qualities most people associated with New Yorkers: rudeness and loudness. I guess from the way I was brought up, I never really understood why some people characterized us the way they did. I didn't know I had to be a certain way to live in this state or to be labeled as a "true New Yorker."

I feel like everything that happened to me between the



time I was five, riding my bicycle around my driveway, until I entered high school took place all too quickly. One day I will never forget, however, is September 11, 2001. It was Tuesday, and I was sitting in my science class during third period when the first plane hit the Trade Center. My classmates' parents started to pick them up even though school had just begun. I didn't know why they were all being picked up, but I remember being jealous and wondering why my parents weren't coming for me. I looked out my window every time I heard a siren from a police car or fire truck, and I saw my facilitator go to all of the classrooms to tell the teachers to close all the windows because they were doing construction outside and didn't want the dust to come into the rooms.

At lunchtime, I heard the rumors about why everyone was being picked up. Two planes had crashed into the World Trade Center. Later on, however, I found a picture of me standing inside the World Trade Center. Apparently, I had been there when I was younger. I just don't remember being there. At this point, however, I was under the impression that the event was a result of an accident. I didn't know what a tourist was, and, as I recall, none of my teachers wanted to talk about it, carrying on with life as if it was a normal day.

An hour before school was supposed to let out, I finally received the call that my parents were to take me home. I thought my day was over; I was happy about going home early, but when I arrived and turned on the TV, the video clips of the events were playing over and over again of the second tower being hit and people in Afghanistan celebrating and burning the American flag. My friend Michelle called me, and I remember crying with her. She told me how her family's friend was by the World Trade Center and had debris fall on her.

When my brother came home from school, he told my family how crazy it was in the city. Though he wasn't exactly in Manhattan, he had been right across the water. The World Trade Center was visible from his school. He and his friends actually saw the planes crash into the buildings through the window of their classroom. When I heard that, I felt connected to New York. It surprised me. I didn't know I cared that much, but the truth is that I still do not fully understand what I felt that day.

Although it took a while for things to return to normal, the next thing I knew two years had passed, and I was on my way to high school. I went to Brooklyn Technical High School. Unlike most high school students outside the city, my graduating class consisted of 1000 students. It was a very big school, filled with all different kinds of people. For the past four years, my routine was

mostly the same. Every morning, I would walk ten blocks to the train station, hop on the N Train and take it for half an hour to Atlantic Avenue where I would transfer to the R Train that took me straight to school.

Many cool places were by my school. It was a couple of blocks away from Fulton Street Mall and around the corner was the famous cheesecake restaurant, Juniors. Tech was just a couple of blocks from the train station. Right outside the exit of the train station was the popular restaurant Applebees. I spent time with my friends just loitering in front of Applebees. It was our meeting spot after school. We would all just wait there for who knows how long, debating what to do even though we always ended up doing the same three things. We would either go out to Thirty-fourth Street and hangout at Manhattan Mall, go shop around aimlessly in SOHO, or just go home. There's only so much to do in the city before there is nothing left to do. I feel like I've been everywhere that's worth going. The only places I haven't been to are the places tourists come to see, such as The Empire State Building or the Statue of Liberty. I must've passed by The Empire State Building a million times just in the last year, but I never had an interest to go inside. New York just became boring to me, like riding up and down my driveway on my bicycle when I was a kid.

It was time for a change. My research teacher from Tech once told my lass, "If you live in the United States, you're either from America or New York City." He claims he heard that quote somewhere, but I never heard it before in my life. However, the quote stuck in my head, and I thought about it often during my college application process. It reminded me of how much I wanted to leave the city to see what else is out there. The quote implies that New York City is supposed to be very different from the rest of the country, and for those of us who live there, we haven't experienced what America is truly like. I've been wanting to leave the city since I was small, always wishing I lived in the suburbs with a big front lawn. Although September 11, 2001, did finally make me feel a connection to where I live, high school only confirmed what I wanted from the start. I needed something new, different, and unknown to me.



Jared Soltis
English 15
Abington

Fall of a Great Civilization

IN THE WORLD of native American history, Jane Tompkins is a leading academic. However, in her paper “Indians: Textualism, Morality, and the Problem of History,” she has trouble creating a clear picture of who the Indians were. Tompkins tries to understand the Indians as a whole across North American continent, during the time Europe colonized America. As she researched, Tompkins found many conflicting accounts that described the Indians. To create the most well rounded unbiased image of the Indians, Tompkins combined the “most plausible” parts of each account into her own hybrid account (Tompkins). The troubles Tompkins encountered originated from the expansive sources, which she tried to study. The number of different Indian cultures may rival the number of unique cultures in Europe; some were warriors while others were hunter-gatherers. To narrow her focus, Tompkins could have categorized the tribes individually instead of classifying them as a whole. The Lenni Lenape were a peaceful tribe that lived in the Delaware River Valley. When the Europeans started to push across America in search of more fertile land, they forced the Lenape tribe to the region of modern day Oklahoma. Where did the tribe live, and what was their culture like before they moved west? In addition, what were the events that forced them across America? In general, the Lenni Lenape lived on the tributaries of the Delaware River, and they were simple hunter-gatherers. When the Europeans pushed west, they forced the Lenape out of their homeland into Oklahoma and Canada, destroying their traditional culture and way of life.

The Delaware Indian tribe lived along the Delaware River Valley and consisted of close knit bands of families with loose ties between them. Delawares did not live on the Delaware River; instead, they lived along the tributaries of the Delaware River because they offered protection from the weather, the ground was more fertile, and more game animals lived there (Weslager *A History* 32). Their population size is not certain primarily because a simple definition of the Delaware Indians is debatable. Certain experts discuss their size during “early historical periods”: “This would place the maximum possible Lenape population at about 450, with a figure of 360

more likely to have been a realistic upper limit” (Becker, “Lenape Population” 113). On the contrary, The Bureau of American Ethnology estimated the population of the Delawares to be between 8,000 and 12,000 when the first settlers arrived (Weslager, *A History* 41). Both estimates seem to focus on the same time, so the extraordinary difference in numbers can only be explained by differing definitions of population. Becker must have started with a very narrow definition of who should be a Delaware compared to the Bureau’s technique.

The Indians’ system of government is figuratively upside-down when contrasted with the government of the United States. Each small community was separated from one another and without a central governing body (Weslager, *A History* 32). Almost all of the power is held by the chiefs of each individual band; chiefs are called *Sachema*, and the successors to the throne are from the maternal side, either the mother’s brother or sister’s son (Penn 35). Instead of the idea of corrective incarceration for most offenses and fines for lesser offenses, the Indian’s judicial system is completely monetarily based: the higher the offense, the more the assailant must pay. If a woman is killed, it would cost twice as much as if a man were killed because she could have had children (Penn 39). These political systems were not enforced by a written constitution or law, but instead by the fear of disgracing one’s ancestors: “bold indeed was the Indian who dared to turn his feet from the trail worn deep by departed generations” (Harrington 212). This unwritten code is very reminiscent of our understanding of the Asian belief of honoring their ancestors and upholding their name.

The disparity in understanding the Lenape population comes from inconsistencies in regional categorization. Lenni Lenape means “original people,” “men among men,” or “men of our kind” (Weslager, *A History* 31). The Europeans felt the need to set boundaries and name everything they encountered. They renamed the Lenape the Delaware Indians after the new governor of Jamestown, Virginia, Sir Thomas, West Lord de la Warr (Weslager, *A History* 31). In modern times, Lenni Lenape and Delaware Indians are interchangeable. To add to the confusion, the spelling of their names differs sometimes because the scribes had different nationalities and pronounced them differently; the Swedes called the Lenape the *Renappi* (Weslager, *A History* 33). As the Lenape were forced west, they took their new name with them:

The groups treated [as Delawares] together never formed a single political unit, and the name Delaware, which was first applied only

to the Indians of the middle Delaware Valley, was extended to cover all of these groups only after they had migrated away from their eastern homelands.

(Becker, "Lenape Population" 114)

Thomas Jefferson, in *Notes on the State of Virginia*, gives another definition of the "Lenopi" as a nation consisting of five smaller tribes who spoke the same language (Weslager, *A History* 32). The Delawares only had loose interpretations of boundaries. Each band generally took the name of the stream they lived near and were groundskeepers of plots of hunting land; however, they did not own the land in a European sense. The inconsistent structure of the Delawares boggled the minds of the settlers and caused them to create boundaries.

The culture of the Delawares would have taken any European by surprise. The Delawares' religious affairs were considered savage by most Europeans. The first part of their worship was a sacrifice of the first harvest and the fattest deer over a large fire. After that, there was a time of singing, dancing, and drumming called the *Cantico* (Penn 34). These practices frightened many newcomers to America, yet to the Europeans, thought of the rituals, the primary beliefs of the Delaware religion were not much different from those in Christianity:

These poor People under a dark Night in things relating to Religion, to be sure, the Tradition of it; yet they believe in God and Immortality, without the help of Metaphysics; For they say, There is a great King that made them, who dwells in a glorious Country to the Southward of them, and that the Souls of the good shall go thither, where they shall live again.

(Penn 33)

Both Europeans and Lenape believe in divine creation and eternal life after death. When people became more accustomed to the Delawares, they learned that they were extremely friendly. The Delawares would give their prize possessions to their friends and put themselves behind others. The betterment of the group mentality was opposite from the European mindset. When a European would come to a Delaware village, the Delawares would open up their wigwams to them, and at meal times the visitor would be served the best cut (Penn 29). William

Penn even went as far as to call them "The most merry creatures that live" (Penn 30). They spoke Algonquin along with most of the northeastern tribes (Weslager, *A History* 40). This similarity made the Delaware Indian tribes part of a much larger tribe called the Algonquin. William Penn admired the Algonquin language for its simplicity: "Their language is lofty, yet narrow ... one word serveth in the place of three, ... I know not a Language spoken in Europe, that hath words of more sweetness or greatness, in Accent and emphasis, than theirs" (Penn 22). If more Europeans had spent more time with the Delawares then the stigma of being ruthless and savage might have disappeared.

Most of the interaction between Indians and Europeans came from trade. The Indians, including the Delawares, became addicted to European imports when they learned the foreign goods could ease their lives. Firearms were the most valuable pieces of equipment an Indian could own. New technologies changed their way of life:

They hunted relentlessly and killed animals at all seasons. Steel knives and axes, obtained in trade with Europeans, were able to cut through beaver lodges, and guns killed more efficiently than bows and arrows.

(Kraft 199)

Firearms increased the ease and rate at which the hunters could extinguish their prey. The ease the firearm brought to the Delawares made them dependent on Europeans (Kraft 209). The new weapons had a rippling effect that undermined the Delawares way of life. Tribesmen began to hunt smaller fur bearing animals instead of deer, which are far more useful for sustaining life, for they offer a source of nutrition and clothing. This changed the amount of time women spent on animal processing; instead of raising a strong stable family and tribe, they spent most of their time preparing the massive influx of fur animals (Kraft 200). Along with their trade goods, Europeans brought with them diseases. The Delawares were unprepared for the new illnesses, and "these sicknesses ravaged the coastal regions and destroyed entire Indian communities" (Kraft 211). Alcohol also ravaged the Delaware's health and stability.

"They have grown great lovers of strong liquors, rum especially ... but when Drunk, one of the most wretchedst spectacle in the world, often burning [and] sometimes killing one another."

(Penn 32)

Alcohol has been the number one substance that degraded the stability of the Indians' way of life.

Immigrating Europeans quickly overran their initial settlements and started to trade land with Indians. The Delawares lived on some of the most fertile land near the coast, and the Europeans were envious. When Europeans wanted to trade or buy land, they went to an Indian council meeting to work out an agreement. When the land was purchased, there was also a promise of "kindness and good neighborhood" (Penn 37). Compromises were hard to come by because the Delawares did not believe in land ownership; instead, they are overseers and protectors of the ground. A Delaware was quoted saying, "The grass which grows out of the earth is common to all; the game in the woods is common to all ... [it] was given to the Indians by the Great Spirit" (qtd. in Weslager, *A History* 37). Some Europeans took advantage of this division in ideas by tricking the Delawares out of their homelands.

The Delawares were pushed west from their homeland, finishing their trek in the Oklahoma region. The first substantial movement was during the French and Indian War; they moved from their home along the Delaware River System into parts of Ohio. During the Revolutionary War the Delawares were forced out of the newly formed United States of America and into Indiana. In a few short years, the Delawares migrated to Illinois where a split occurred. The first group moved south through Missouri, Arkansas, and stopped in Texas around 1854. By 1875, the first group had been pushed into western Oklahoma, where they live now in Anadarko. The other group stayed in Illinois for a few more years before migrating through Missouri and into Kansas (Weslager, *Westward Migration* 231). The Delawares were safe until they were given an ultimatum by the U.S. Government. On July 4, 1866 a treaty was signed that gave the Delawares an option to become U.S. Citizens or move out of Kansas (Adams 54). Most of the Delawares kept their identities and moved into eastern Oklahoma, near Bartlesville (*About the Lenape*). There was a small band of Delawares from New Jersey who did not move west. They migrated north and now live in Canada (Becker, "Delaware").

The two Indian Reservations in Oklahoma are vast; however, the land is some of the least hospitable in the county. Each time the government of the United States forced the Delawares west, that land became increasingly less useful. The tribal land around Anadarko is approximately 63,608 acres and is governed by a tribal executive committee (United States Department of Commerce 453). In terms of population, Anadarko has fewer resi-

dents than Bartlesville with 10,500 residents ("FAQ" Q. 15). The once beautiful culture of the Delaware Indians has been reduced to near extinction. There are only eight people living in Oklahoma who can still speak Algonquin. The next generation of Delawares may never hear their native language spoken to them (Becker, "Delaware").

The soft-spoken Delaware Indians were undermined and overpowered by the Europeans and then the United States Government. Now living in Oklahoma and Canada, they are barely surviving. American citizens should know all aspects of their historical actions especially those pertaining to the Delawares, and how it affected other people. In a world where every decision of the United States Government is scrutinized, maybe it could help itself by learning from the devastation it caused the Delawares. With that knowledge, the government might be less inclined to throw its weight around, and force its will on other nations. If people throw a mess into a closet and slam the door quickly, they will have hurt themselves twice. They will never learn how to organize, and it could tumble out at any moment, creating a vicious cycle.

Works Cited

- About the Lenape*. Lenape Life Ways, Inc. 15 Feb. 2007. 14 Nov. 2007. <<http://www.lenapelifeways.org>>.
- Adams, Richard. *The Delaware Indians: A Brief History*. Saugerties, NY: Hope Farm Press, 1995.
- Becker, Marshall Joseph. "Lenape Population at the Time of European Contact: Estimating native Numbers in the Lower Delaware Valley." *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* 133.2 (1989): 112-122. JSTOR. Penn State U. Lib., Abington. 28 Oct. 2007 <<http://links.jstor.org>>.
- . "Delaware." *Encyclopedia of World Cultures*. Vol. 1: New York: Macmillan Reference USA, 1996. 84-87. Gale. Penn State U. Lib. Abington, 12 Nov. 2007 <<http://go.galegroup.com>>.
- "Frequently Asked Questions." *Delaware Tribe of Indians*. Delaware Tribe Headquarters 14 Nov. 2007 <<http://www.delawaretribeofindians.nsn.us1.index.html>>.

Harrington, M. R. "A Preliminary Sketch of Lenape Culture." *American Anthropologist*. 15.2 (Apr.-Jun., 1913): 208-235. JSTOR. Penn State U. Lib., Abington. 28 Oct. 2007 <<http://www.jstor.org>>.

Kraft, Herbert C., *The Lenape: Archaeology, History, and Ethnography*. Newark, NJ: New Jersey Historical Society, 1986.

Penn, William. *William Penn's Own Account of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware Indians*. Ed. Albert Cook Myers. Wilmington DE: Mid Atlantic Press, 1970.

Tompkins, Jane. "Indians: Textualism, Morality, and the Problem of History." *Ways of Reading* Eds. David Bartholome and Anthony Petrosky. Boston: Bedford/St. Martin's Press, 2005: 654-671.

United States, Department of Commerce. *Federal and State Indian Reservations and Indian Trust Areas* Washington, D.C.: GPO, 1974.

Weslager, C. A. *The Delaware Indians: A History*. London: Rutgers UP, 1972.

—. *The Delaware Indian Westward Migration*. Wallingford, PA: Mid Atlantic Press, 1978.

Amanda Schaffer
English 15
Berks

Finding Truth through Intertextuality

WHEN ONE EXAMINES writing in terms of intertextuality, he or she will find that it exists everywhere. No idea is safe from being used by another author. The influences of intertextuality can be found in all places and take on many different forms. It is harder now to create something completely original in such a modern world and copyrights can only do so much to protect an owner's work. Good authors are able to create a new identity and voice that is unique to themselves. The imagination that I once knew seems to have disappeared behind this concept of intertextuality. Making it acceptable to use other's ideas has ultimately only strengthened my ability to be innovative in thought, but has limited creativity.

The guidelines for using intertextuality in an ethically correct manner can be quite general. Technically, everything that I write starts with another person's idea and can be considered intertextuality. It is my job as a writer to take hold of these ideas in order to prove a new point through my own words. This is done through sheer innovation while providing an original argument. James Porter points out in his article, "Intertextuality and the Discourse Community," that intertextuality is simply a manner in which to strengthen rhetoric and displays the important perspective that it provides (34). By using intertextuality as a tool for example, a paper can become more substantial in depth.

Intertextuality seems to fall short when defining the writer as an individual. It tends to trap writers into following ideas of the past. These elements of influence can come from a number of different outlets. My own writing even contains traces of intertextuality. A creative writing class that I took in high school helped me to discover this concept. We spent the entire semester learning how to write and understand forms of poetry and prose. Many of the assignments that I submitted were intertwined with subtle hints of intertextuality that even I did not notice.

One poem in particular that I wrote described the struggle between a young girl and her choice to accept God into her life. After running away from home, she lies down in a grassy field, feeling completely lost and



alone. A violent thunderstorm starts to form overhead as she becomes angry with God and seeks revenge towards her parents. As the rain begins to pour, she questions why he has abandoned her. The girl later interprets the rain as God's own tears and finds peace in her situation through the fact that God has been with her all along. The storm finally stops when she decides to trust in faith. This poem provides bitterness with an underlying tone of optimism to convey human life. It is a piece that contains both subtle hints of irony and a hidden amount of intertextuality.

Every student was then asked to present what they had written to the class. After reading my poem aloud to the class, someone mentioned the word "footprints." I made no connection to my peer's comment, and my teacher explained how "Footprints in the Sand" is the title of a famous poem written by Mary Stevenson. We had never read this poem in class, but somehow everyone had heard of it except for me. Stevenson's poem presents a woman on the beach who has the same type of questioning doubts about God. The woman notices how during the hardest times in her life there was only one set of footprints. She then asks God, "Why, when I needed you most, you have not been there for me?" (Stevenson). God replies that "The times when you have seen only one set of footprints in the sand, is when I carried you." Stevenson wrote her poem in 1936, and here I was writing poetry decades later that contained nearly the same meaning. I was sad to realize that my own work, which I had believed to be completely original, could be so closely compared to literature that already existed.

Porter identifies this as "iterability," the repetition of general ideas or textual fragments (35). The main focus of affirming faith and benediction is present in both poems. I was not purposely trying to recreate Stevenson's work with a new twist—this being an impossible accusation considering the fact that I had never read "Footprints in the Sand" before writing my own poem. What is interesting is the fact that all discourse seems to interconnect, whether intentional or not. Porter recognizes this in his article and helps to make the association between text and intertext clear: "Text *is* intertext, or simply Text" according to Porter (35). This statement means that all forms of discourse or rhetoric are composed from outer influence. It is impossible to give a concrete example of pure originality when all text is simply repercussions of former thought. Interpreting old text as new is a cycle that the literary world seems to exercise with proficiency.

One must consider that if all text is only a restatement, then what is the purpose of this essay? I am not

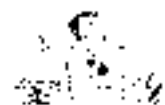
making any new points nor settling any arguments by writing this, but simply reflecting on Porter's article. This fact belittles my creativity and gives no notion for reader interest. The intention of academic essays is to build upon general understanding and show an extent of knowledge. Academic writing encourages the use of intertextuality, while creative writing should be completely new. This is what makes creative writing an outlet for innovation. Academic essays are directed to help strengthen a writer's performance, while engaging a higher level of thinking. This may be a boring and repetitive process, but it is important for literary comprehension as a student.

Porter believes that the best way to use intertextuality is not just mere citation, but the incorporation of other's ideas seamlessly in one's own (34). There is no way to avoid using intertext so it is better to learn how to use it effectively in order to become a stronger writer. My own essay is an example of applying intertextuality in a manner that enhances the original work of Porter. I handle Porter's theories carefully in my paper so as to not drown out my own ideas and opinions. These principles are further sustained by using intertext as a tool. There is no way to avoid using intertext, so it is better to learn how to use it effectively in order to become a stronger writer.

Works Cited

Porter, James E. "Intertextuality and the Discourse Community." *Rhetoric Review* 5.1 (1986): 34-47.

Stevenson, Mary. "Footprints in the Sand." *Footprints in the Sand by Mary Stevenson* Online. <<http://www.footprints-inth-sand.com>> 5 Nov. 2007.



Jake Copley

English 15

Berks

A Thousand Splendid Suns: Women in the Middle East

A THOUSAND SPLENDID SUNS almost too accurately portrays how women are treated in the Middle East, even some women in general. Reading *A Thousand Splendid Suns* creates indecisiveness of what to feel. There are the created feelings of disgust and happiness. During their reign, the Taliban mistreated women in every way possible. Some of the things the Taliban did were appalling.

What was occurring was not only done by the Taliban, but also included men of the general public. Demented rules based on sexist biases were enforced and women were treated like worthless property. These men took everything and gave nothing. The first thing that really made me cringe was when Rasheed forces pebbles into Mariam's mouth and made her chew them because she does not cook his rice long enough. He always blames Mariam and Laila for anything that goes wrong. They have to do everything for a man who they do not love and who does not love in return. Rasheed also beats his wives over the most minute things. Chills roll down my spine when I think about other things that might be happening that we do not know about.

Another thing that is disturbing to me is how young some of these girls are when they are married. It is unbelievable to think about having a child while being a teenager. I do not understand why families would sign away their daughters so young when they have so much more ahead of them.

When Laila marries Rasheed, I could not blame Mariam for her hostility toward Laila. Mariam is afraid that she will ruin everything and make things worse. As the story progresses things become much worse, but in the end Mariam is happy with everything that happens. She receives the love she needs from Laila. She starts responding like a mother, and they are not even her kids. It is amazing how the smallest of things can change someone so dramatically. Toward the end, Mariam sacrifices herself so that Laila, Tariq, Asiza, and Zalmai can escape. When she is arrested, imprisoned and finally killed in a stadium, she holds a sense of self satisfaction. She knows what she believes, what is right and she stands up for

what is most important to her. Another thing I do not understand is why Jalil wants to give up Mariam so easily despite everything he has. He has plenty of money and room in his house to provide for her. Then in the end it crushes me to learn that Mariam is never able to see her father again.

This book definitely leaves its scars on the reader. It is an unforgettable novel about unimaginable and unendurable things that these women go through. Why some men hold themselves up so high over women or even other people is inconceivable. What makes them think that they are better than everyone else? What this book makes me think of the most is how much I love all my female friends. I love them all so much, and I would do anything for any of them.

Work Cited

Hosseini, Khaled. *A Thousand Splendid Suns*. New York: Riverhead Press, 2007.



Jenessa Smith

English 15

Berks

Drawing the Line on Spending: At Whose Expense?

IN “U.S. MUST DRAW A LINE,” Debra Saunders explains that the United States has forgotten to draw a line by allowing the hyper-spending of money to any program, including the State’s Children’s Health Insurance Program (SCHIP), a national program that provides health care for children who are in low income families. In addition, Saunders agrees with the President’s veto of the bill that would provide the program with \$35 billion and expand the medical coverage to children in middle class families. I disagree with Saunders’s argument that SCHIP should not be given money to expand. President Bush should not have vetoed the expansion of this valuable and important program. The children who would benefit from SCHIP deserve health coverage whether they are far below or moderately above the poverty level.

I do agree, however, with Saunders’ statement that the United States has “forgotten how to draw a line” on spending. Currently, the reality of the situation is that our country has spent in the past and will spend in the future too much money on the Iraq war without taking into account domestic programs back home. Our country needs restraint on spending, but this should not be achieved by simply not giving an adequate amount of money to a national program that truly needs it. Boundaries for expenditure should derive from the form of a well-proportioned, solid budget. In doing this, programs like SCHIP would not be completely turned away from receiving money; rather they would be allotted a certain amount of money that would benefit the program and taxpayers’ dollars.

SCHIP’s bill proposed that the cigarette tax be raised to 61 cents per pack. I agree with Saunders’ statement that the cigarette tax is already regressive and inadequate. However, I disagree with her view that “no program is so important that average taxpayers should have to expand it.” Because of our country’s erratic spending and lack of a concrete budget, raising taxes is one of the few ways to fund programs and organizations such as SCHIP. In addition, raising the already inadequate cigarette tax may cause smokers to buy fewer cigarette packs, benefiting

their own lives and health. Congress could look for other taxes that might slightly be raised in order to subsidize SCHIP. Although I, like anyone else, would not enjoy a tax raise, increasing the tax on a few products by only ten or twenty cents is equitable.

Saunders says that the Bush administration pointed out that six states use more SCHIP money on adults than on children. Although SCHIP is meant for children, six out of fifty states, which make up only 12 percent of the country, carry out this practice. In addition, these adults who receive this money are those who are found to be desperately in need of insurance and do not receive it from their employers. The Bush administration cannot justify the cancellation or veto of this bill simply because SCHIP provides 12 percent of its insurance to adults who have shown they need it. If this posed much of a problem for the expansion, the program could possibly speak to the people in charge of these states and have them restrain the money given to adults.

Saunders also points out that the expansion of SCHIP would include middle class families, those who earn up to \$62,000 a year, many of whom already receive insurance from an employer. Although this seems unnecessary, I know from personal experience that not all insurance companies pay for all or most of the expenses needed for medical treatment. For example, about four years ago I broke part of my hip snowboarding, causing me to attend physical therapy three times a week for three months. Although my father’s employer provided insurance, I still had to pay \$40.00 a session, an amount that quickly added up week after week. In addition, middle class families who already have insurance only make up one-third of the children that SCHIP would provide insurance for. The other two-thirds are children from low or middle-income families who have no insurance at all.

The United States needs to “draw a line” on spending. However, our legislators cannot simply deny a program money just because our country needs to stop spending. In addition, raising the cigarette tax or even other products’ taxes slightly would not cause an immense jolt in consumer purchases; rather it will help fund a program that truly needs money. The two-thirds of middle class children who do not have insurance also do not deserve to be forgotten. The purpose of SCHIP is to provide adequate medical insurance for the children in this country from any income level, household, or background. SCHIP needs funding in order to be able to expand and achieve this goal.

Mayra Tucunduva
English 15
Berks

This I Believe

I BELIEVE trust has stages in a person's life. First day of School for any person above the age of 13 consists of feelings of anxiety, excitement and indecisiveness. I look around my first college class at eight o'clock on a Monday morning. The classroom is quiet yet, even with at least 40 people attending it. Maybe it is because most of us are dreading being here so early in the day, or maybe it is because of the nervous mood that a room full of different faces gives off as people sit on a cold chair, not sure to say hello, where to sit, or where to look while the teacher is not present. All faces, because they are foreign to me, do not look warm and inviting. I too am not quite sure what to do with myself in this new environment. I feel this way because I do not trust anyone yet. I do not trust they will like me. I do not trust what they think of me. I do not trust what they will remember me as.

I wish I was in first grade again. In those days it felt like the world was mine. I had no worries, no anxiety, no indecisiveness; the excitement of the first day was the only feeling I had in me. In those days all a kid had to do was sit next to another kid and magically a conversation would begin about a cartoon character or a new object they had received from a parent, and five minutes after that they were best friends, sharing food and secrets. Then, somewhere between the juice boxes and "coodies" I lost the kid in me. I have grown up, and I can no longer start a conversation about a new toy with a stranger. Life has become complicated. I am not sure if I can trust my "desk buddy" enough to lend them my favorite pen or share a secret or even just allow them to see my mistakes. The trust that once was easily established with a stranger is now the hardest thing, and maybe the last thing that is established after I meet someone.

I am afraid. Afraid because of the things I do not know, because of the things I do know, and because of the things I do not trust. Then my childhood comes back to me. A person walks in and smiles at me. I smile back, and that person sits next to me. Suddenly, we are exchanging names and home towns. Not life stories, not yet anyway. But this small conversation opens a world of possibilities, a chance of learning to trust people again.

Megan E. Grim
English 15
Berks

What I Really Want to Do Is Direct

THE ANIME INDUSTRY requires considerable from its workers. One of the most demanding occupations within the industry is directing a dubbed anime. Dubbing refers to replacing the original Japanese dialog with another language, in this case English. Monica Rial uses her writing finesse in *Newtype USA* to persuade her audience that an automated dialog replacement (ADR) director is the most important facet of the dubbing process.

In her article, "Arr, yarr, A-D-R," Rial discusses the ADR director's many jobs. They are responsible for watching the entire series to be dubbed, editing scripts, casting voice actors whom they will personally direct, working with sound engineers, attending conventions and dealing with résumés from people hoping to be voice actors. These details are arranged chronologically from tedious auditioning to discussing the completed series at anime conventions. Rial details ADR directors' individual tasks to demonstrate how integral they are to dubbing, stressing the major difficulties and responsibilities.

Because her intent is to persuade regarding the importance of an ADR director, and not the good or bad nature of the job, she is able to make a concession that is still relevant and supportive: "The ADR director gets more name-brand recognition than an ADR writer or sound engineer, but that can be both a good and bad thing." When describing the process of auditioning voice actors, Rial writes, "Each audition can take anywhere from ten to thirty minutes, and the director gets to sit through eight hours straight of these quick auditions." Tongue-in-cheek, she contrasts the director's lengthy task with the actor's brief one. She also shares personal experience as a voice actress and concludes by encouraging interest in employment in the anime industry.

The essence of "Monica Rial's Reality Check" is that ADR directors have difficult jobs, but it is a rewarding occupation nevertheless. It is demanding job, requiring versatility and covering many areas of production. In

her conclusion, Rial comments on the abundance of aspiring voice actors and explains that she wants to make others aware of “some of the other fun, fulfilling jobs that’re out there in the industry.” Her point in appearing to switch topics is to support her thesis: “ADR ... directors are the backbone of any dub in my opinion, they’re the most important part of the equation.” Despite the primary intent to persuade, Rial also covers a secondary intent to inform. The last paragraph is dedicated to working in the anime industry and Rial encourages readers to learn about positions they have not considered, such as ADR directing. An ADR director has a very important job, but few people want to become one because they do not know the position even exists.

“Arr, yarr, A-D-R” was published in *Newtype USA*, a magazine about anime. Given that the magazine is printed and distributed only in the U.S., it naturally targets Americans. Besides its distribution range, the article is concerned with dubs, which are needed only when an anime is translated from Japanese. Rial’s target audience is anime fans, especially those hoping to work in the industry, mostly young adults. She wants her audience to be informed and appreciative of how vital ADR directors are to anime, as well as motivated to become involved in the industry. By identifying her audience so well, that audience will find her argument very effective.

Monica Rial establishes ethos by sharing her personal experience working as a voice actress with director Steven Foster. Many readers familiar with dubbed anime recognize her as a voice actress even before reading her editorial. For those readers who do not know about her, a blurb is placed at the end of the article listing her experience with anime. She has been “working in the anime industry for more than seven years ... as an actress ... also an ADR scriptwriter.” Although she dealt exclusively with the script for dubs, she worked beside several ADR directors. That firsthand experience of doing two different jobs in the same industry adds more perspective, and more credibility, to her argument.

There is ample evidence of logos throughout this article. Rial provides examples of time frames different tasks require, such as the eight-hour audition process. The reasons behind the difficulty of each of the director’s individual undertakings are described logically. For instance, she writes, “It’s frequently their job to make the actors sound like they’re having a conversation even though they’re never physically in the recording booth at the same time.” In the anime world it is common knowledge that Japanese voice actors record together at the same time and in the same room. If the reader knows this and compares Japanese and American voice acting, Rial’s point

becomes more valid. Also appealing to logos is the citation of an ADR director’s responsibility in every step of the dub process.

Pathos is achieved mostly through word choice. By using terms such as “difficult,” “bombardment,” “have to,” “need to,” “stricter” and “stuck in the studio,” the reader feels a sense of burden and intense regimen. Word choice evokes emotion and expresses the author’s intent throughout the article. Rial’s final paragraph is encouraging in tone. She says things like “do your best” and “shoot for the stars. ... So if you want to be part of anime world ... just do it!” She attempts to connect with readers’ hopes for involvement in the industry by cheering them on.

By the end of “Arr, yarr, A-D-R” it is not surprising to find oneself agreeing with Monica Rial. She pinpoints her audience within the American anime enthusiast domain and uses ethos, logos and pathos to persuade that audience. Her argument reads easily and supports itself well. She is able to inform readers about potential occupations in addition to encouraging their ambition. Drawing on resources of experience and rhetoric skill, Rial convinces her audience that an ADR director is indeed the most important part of dubbing.



Toby Imgrund

English 15

Berks

Positive Release

WHEN I THINK of what in my life has shaped me as a writer, I have to go back to an event that took place a little over eighteen years ago. Most people would not imagine that something that happened when I was one would shape me as an individual, but then again, most people do not know me. When I was one, my mother died of tongue cancer after an extensive battle dating back to while she was still carrying me. It had little impact on me then as I was obviously too young to understand the significance of what was happening, but now I see the way it has affected me almost daily. I am not a very emotional person outwardly. People who know me well would say that is true, so I view writing as a chance to release my emotions regardless of the assumed restrictions that come with gender roles in society.

As Elizabeth A. Flynn finds in her studies shown in “Composing as a Woman,” men are influenced by society to be less emotional because it is not part of the assumed role given to men in our culture (426). Flynn continually cites men as less able to connect to one another on an emotional level than women (427). It almost feels like I am not permitted to show my emotional side to other people, though I possess the strong urge to express my feelings at certain times. The poems and lyrics I write are a direct representation of where I stand emotionally, and I am somewhat reluctant to ever show any of them to other people. I do not want my bare emotion to be judged and critiqued and torn apart, I want it to remain real and a part of me.

Writing is my escape. It is where I find closure on specific issues, and where I am able to release and reload. It is the only format that I am comfortable just sitting down and letting it out. Usually, I write in the form of lyrics or poetry, but the same truths are evident in essay form. I find that I have more expressive and emotional ideas than most other men, but still not as much as most women. I speak less of my individual achievements and other such accomplishments than most men, but yet deal considerably less with relationships than most women still.

Another good example of role in society and the suppression that results because of them is found in the movie *Finding Forrester*. Jamal Wallace is growing up as a young

African American in an inner-city ghetto, raised by a single mother and a brother chasing a dream of becoming a rapper. He is taught by the world that the only way out of his current situation is by being exceptionally good at something he is supposed to be good at. And he is: he is a tremendous basketball player, but it is not his true passion. Jamal finds a consistent escape in writing. He sees the opportunity to release emotions that would otherwise remain bottled up inside. He sees the chance to excel in his writing. He accepts the challenge to overcome the obstacle presented by others' expectations, and he succeeds. He encounters an old author, William Forrester, during the film and the two characters share a striking similarity with one another, a similarity that I myself can identify with—a ferocity of feeling a moving text in writing due largely to the loss of a loved one, specifically one in the immediate family.

While Jamal deals with family issues and gender suppression, as well as different expectation restrictions. His father has died, and it is obvious that his absence affects Jamal's writings and life. I think it is seen even more evident than surface deep in his writing. Not only do his reflections on life show his familial difficulties, but his desire to exceed expectation shows his wish to be more than what he is perceived to be by society and people surrounding him. Jamal strives to be the best.

William's book is quoted at one point by Jamal as saying, “The rest of those who have gone before us cannot steady the unrest of those to follow” (*Finding Forrester*). If ever there was a perfect example of expression through written text when speech fails, that is it. Perhaps this statement was not meant to mean so much, but the emotion pouring out of it seems obvious to me. William, like me, is not one for deep conversation. As a matter of fact, he has established himself as a sort of hermit to the outside world, locking himself indoors with the use of binoculars as the closest connection to the outdoors aside from cleaning his windows. He even establishes a set of conversational boundaries at first with Jamal. He calls it “soup talk”: it is the casual and factual conversational topics rather than the in-depth inquiry that Jamal desires. This allows him to hide his past and all that he would like to leave behind, but cannot let go. The way that Jamal begins to learn about William is through his writings. He reads William's works and interprets them for a more specific understanding of who William is and more importantly why William acts the way he does.

Like most people who lose family members, William is left to question why. It seems that he is never satisfied with an answer as he spits out this angry return to Jamal in a dispute: “There are no reasons; reasons why some of

us live and some of us don't!" (*Finding Forrester*). It is about this time Jamal realizes the unique relationship and unspoken trust birthed between the two of them, and he is beginning to search deeper and deeper and ask more and more personal questions. I find that whenever I meet people in my life who serve as a substitute for William's character. I try very hard to know them on a personal level. This is because I find it difficult to open up to more than just a handful of people. That is, unless it is done lyrically.

When I write for school, or most any kind of institution, I am taught to be stoic. I am taught to be boring because no one cares about how I feel. I have been told that my opinions in the world will mean about as little as pocket change in comparison to my entire bank account. It is difficult for me to write it from the heart and share my feelings in an essay. Likewise, it is difficult for me to write these essays at all because I am so used to the thick layer of emotion coated on the outside of anything I write, that I almost do not know how to keep it out, but what am I supposed to do? After all, society does in fact request that I keep emotion out.

A key turning point in *Finding Forrester* arrives when William comes to Jamal's English class, where Jamal faces a huge obstacle in the person of Professor Robert Crawford, who seems to insist upon Jamal's failure. Jamal is not allowed to participate in an essay contest that is given to the class, but William shows up and is given permission to speak to the class as a guest speaker. Ironically enough, he represents something of an icon to the school as his picture hangs in the very room where he is speaking. William begins to read—unbeknownst to the audience—Jamal's essay. He reads, "Losing family helps us find our family. Not necessarily the family that is our blood, but the family that may become our blood." This statement speaks to the way Jamal views his writing, the way William views his writing, and the way I view my writing as well. It shows the emotion evoked from the necessary relationship for a young man with his father. It reveals the relationship longed for from one brother to another. And it represents the relationship missing from son to mother. This is an example of writing as a get-away, of men trying so hard to let out what society insists they hold inside. It is a definitive though temporary plug for a void in one's life, and in this instance, that plug is writing.

Works Cited

- Flynn, Elizabeth A. "Composing as a Woman." *College Composition and Communication* 39.4 (1988): 423-35.
- Finding Forrester*. Dir. Gus Van Sant. Perf. Sean Connery, Rob Brown, Busta Rhymes. Videocassette. Columbia Pictures Corporation, 2000.



Albert Parks, Jr.

English 15
Brandywine

The City of Brotherly Love: Wish I Had It!

I LIVE IN PHILADELPHIA, the “city of brotherly love.” And I wish that phrase would apply to me. I have three older brothers, but I feel like the only child. Sometimes they make me feel like being “Al” isn’t enough, that I have to be something more in order to feel my brothers’ love.

I have three brothers, Tuffy, Dre, and Foo. I wouldn’t call them role models, but my misguided friends look up to them. All three of them “live on the streets.” They all follow the criminal path of doing drugs, selling drugs, and going to jail for drugs. My oldest brother, Tuffy, has been in and out of jail since I was born. He’s out now, and my family thinks that he finally has learned his lesson, but it seems he is back to his old ways. I hope not. My second oldest brother, Foo, has been to jail and hospitalized over drugs too, and he is still doing the same old thing. On the other hand, I am pursuing my education and trying to succeed in life rather than “running the streets.”

Even though my brothers and I are half brothers—we all have different fathers—we were raised together, so we are still brothers. Lately, I feel like a half brother. They don’t call to check up on me, and they don’t see if I need anything. I’ve been in college since the fall of 2007, and they have never even asked if I needed five dollars for lunch or how things are going in school. Time after time, they have tried to step up and show their love for me, but with every attempt came disappointment and a broken heart. They would say, “Al, I will buy you sneakers for school” or “I will get you an iPod for your birthday,” but they are all lies. Sometimes I think that they do this on purpose, but they don’t. They are just living their lives; unfortunately, I am not a part of their world.

This neglect of brotherly love made me open my eyes to the morbid world I live in. It has made me learn to only depend on myself, nobody else. It has made me learn if I want something, I have only myself to acquire it. I won’t wait for someone else. Their neglect has made me a stronger man, even if it has been by accident.

Erin Dungee

English 15
Brandywine

Selfish Daddy’s Girl

I’VE SPENT my teenage years in a place full of privilege and money. I live twenty miles from the Main Line, a prominent, prosperous stretch of road. Being so close to such affluence, my high school classmates never let possessions slip from conversation. All they ever wanted was more. They wanted more clothes, cars and money. They wanted the latest cell phones and mp3 players and absurdly expensive effects. They craved assets and wealth. While I have had the occasional desire to be more prosperous, the things I’ve yearned for the most have been the presence of my father and my sanity.

My dad, Richard, passed away five years ago this past January. After battling Non-Hodgkin’s Lymphoma for six years, his body gave in to the dark veil of death. At that moment, I lost my whole world. I crumbled beneath the weight of unanswered questions and lost time. He said, “I love you, Princess,” and I never heard his voice again. The next autumn I began high school and drifted year to year in distress. My unrelenting sadness would never cease. I had caring friends, whom I concerned as I pushed away all people in my life. I was aggressive and rebellious, and I wanted nothing to do with living. No one could ever understand the hole my father left behind. He took his princess’s heart the day he died.

The reason I cannot and will never get past the loss of my father is very simple. In him, lie all the answers to every question I’ve ever had. Confused and unfulfilled, I wake up each day not understanding who I am, and every day the questions grow in complexity. As I have become an adult, I finally turn to my mother and ask her what I was told I must wait for as a child. I cannot do this with my father. Sometimes I just sit on my own imagining what conversing with my dad would have been like if he had lived. I feel if I knew him I could know myself and, because I never will, I never can.

For me, this last year has been my happiest so far, a sign that I am moving on, I suppose. My fear of moving on presents two new problems, however. Will I lose my father’s memory for good and, if I do, will I never live happily ever after? He was the key to unlocking the hollow dungeon of my soul. I am the person most like him, and only he was capable of understanding me. Every

occasion in my life will go on feeling faintly vacant because of his disappearance. I want him at my graduation. I want him to give me away to some young suitor at my wedding. A few years ago, all I wanted was his hug. I just needed to feel safe in my dad's arms again. Now I feel I'm just as selfish as my peers, always wanting more.

Hoi Chau Cheung

English 15

Brandywine

The Only Child

“Brothers and sisters are as close as hands and feet.”

—*A Vietnamese proverb*

IT IS SAID that relationships between brothers and sisters have often been called life's most influential longest lasting relationships. They outlast marriages, survive the death of parents, and resurface after quarrels that would sink any friendship. Most Americans have at least one sibling. However, in China, because of the regulation of the “one-child” policy since the 1980s, having a sibling is an unattainable and extravagant claim. As a result, I am a single child. I lack siblings.

Being the only child of the family, I have the entire attention from my parents. They love me tenderly. Undoubtedly, my childhood is happy. Yet, I have never experienced sibling love. I envy those who have siblings to be their playmates and companions. Every time my parents took me to parks or playgrounds, I was always the lonely child who sought someone to play with. I did not know how rewarding playing with siblings could be, but I did know how miserable that playing without a sibling was. Sometimes, they might have arguments or conflicts over toys, but these never stop the closeness, warmth and loyalty growing in their hearts. Siblings share every precious moment that families have. When the siblings grow up, every single moment that happened during childhood will be the sweetest things to recall. Each of my parents has three siblings. I remember when they gathered they never stopped talking and sharing their lives. In fact, I could feel how much they love each other. Sadly, I am one of those who do not know that kind of love.

The lack of siblings has shaped my character. I was very dependent on my parents. I especially felt lonely when my parents went to work; I did not have anyone to talk to. Therefore, I am quiet and do not always feel comfortable when dealing with people.

Indeed, I wish I could have a sibling.



Matthew Riley
English 15
Brandywine

though my social life is still lacking, I am assured my existence is recognized because of my spot on the Penn State University-Brandywine Fall 2007 Dean's List.

Social Surrender

POPULARITY has the ability to make or break any young adult. In this respect, one would say that I had it made throughout high school and in my freshman year of college at Duquesne University. I was invited to everything, and come the weekend, my phone would not stop ringing. I knew there were classmates of mine who would give their left leg to attain the social status that I had accomplished. However, those who admired me socially had something that I discretely coveted, a strong academic record. I was a "B" student with an "A+" social life. Family tribulations lured me back home for my sophomore year of college. The transfer of colleges resulted in my transformation from social mogul to social minority.

Penn State-Brandywine is strictly a commuter college. The majority of students live at home with their parents, just as I do. For the first time in my academic career, friends, also known as the heart that kept my social life pumping, do not surround me. I have been a student at Penn State-Brandywine for six months, and I have not been invited to one single party. The phone that once rang incessantly has miraculously been silenced by a lack of social connection. My classmates no longer admire my social life, the truth is that I find their popularity to be desirable. The popularity that once "made" me has broken me. Is there anything in the world that can put me back together?

With the exit of my social life, academic success has blossomed. For the first time in my life I received a report card with straight A's on it. An insignificant social life has allowed my intelligence to come out of hibernation. The one thing that I was ashamed to admit that I coveted has entered my life. I ascended from a popular teenager to an intelligent adult. My lack of social life over the past six months is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I would have never uncovered my ability to write effectively if I were still being bombarded with invitations to useless social functions. I have come to the realization that an "A+" report card is much more valuable than an "A+" social life. There was a point where my lacking a social life made me question whether anyone would notice if I disappeared from the world. Al-



Matthew Sengin

English 15

Brandywine

My Willpower

BY NO MEANS is this an account of achievements or a tale of successes. This is not a story of overcoming the adversities of poverty, death, or even physical disabilities. Instead, this is a telling of an ongoing hardship that cannot be seen, heard, or touched. A war that is waged everyday in the bowels of my mind. This is not a story of hubris or self pity, but rather an acknowledgment of the battle between my conscious and unconscious self to find a means of motivation, to find a means of purpose, to find a means of reason to life. The war I fight is with depression. It is this constantly waged war that is fought in my mind, and my willpower to continue the struggle that I feel should be praised. It is said that we are our own worst enemies; how true that statement is.

Can you imagine what it would be like to wake up in the morning and have to convince yourself that there is a purpose to go through the day? Can you imagine having to fight yourself to prove that there is a reason to not stay in bed all day? I can. In fact, this is an ordinary, typical day for me. I wake up fighting and go to bed the same way. Forget the excess work during the day. I am strictly speaking about basic living, the struggle to move on through life, not with suicidal tendencies but a lack of desire to exert energy. Only when exhaustion or sickness takes me do I avoid self-argument by moving through the day in a perpetual zombie-like daze where thought process is replaced by muscle memory. When thinking becomes irrelevant or obsolete I can function without conflict, but who can live without thinking? To be more precise, it is not the abstract thinking about various aspects of a purpose or goal but rather the posing of my deadliest question “Why?” and “Why bother?” that initiate the debate. However, it was not always like this.

I was told by psychologists and psychiatrists that I have biological depression. This means that my depression is not linked to an event in my life but is caused by a chemical imbalance in my brain. As a young child, however, there were ample amounts of things that brought joy to my life, so the depression was suppressed. I was a happy child, to the best of my knowledge, and a straight A student. I loved praise for a job well done or a grade earned, and I was personally proud of myself. However, as I grew

older, the colorful television programs, the giant foam toy airplanes that floated across the yard, even the beauty of a warm spring day all began to lose their sway. I found myself not as happy and started to discover that many aspects of life were proving to be more taxing in discovering reasoning behind them. By seventh grade, I had to fight myself to find a purpose to do homework, and by eighth grade, I began fighting to find a purpose to get out of bed. My mother then took me to a family psychologist where I was diagnosed with biological depression and prescribed medication. At first I was hopeful that the medication would “return me to normal” so that I could resume and enjoy life. To my great dismay, every medication prescribed seemed to have the same effect of putting me back into a zombie-like trance and make thinking seem trivial and unnecessary. This was not the life I wanted, to watch myself in third-person perform and work through the day. I was left with two options, think and fight or watch and avoid conflict. I would rather live my life than have my life live me.

The most difficult part of the depression probably has to do with school. Knowing that the day will begin with something not enjoyable makes getting out of bed all the harder, but after much persuasion, I force myself to go. Once at school, the class work is easy to do. A student does the class work because the teacher says to, and the teacher is right in front of me, plain and simple, no deliberation. Oddly enough, I do like school, not the tedious work, but I enjoy learning. As a result, I can understand and complete the material. It is once I step foot out of the classroom that brings about an entirely different story.

Homework is the bane of my existence and my paradoxical dilemma. I desperately want to do my homework, probably more so than a large percentage of students. Often I find that I am unable to do it, not because I do not understand the task or material, but instead because I lack the motivation to start the tasks even though I do not lack the motivation to complete them. I fight and struggle to create some spark to initiate and motivate the homework, but it is a battle that often takes too long and exceeds the assigned due date. The sad irony of this is that with no homework to show for myself, I then receive labels of being “lazy” or “not caring,” but that is not true and makes me feel even more depressed. If my homework was not completed because I am “lazy” and “didn’t care,” then I would have moved onto other more enjoyable activities instead of sitting at my desk through the night, desperately trying to grasp the words and meanings in the literature or to find the inspiration to write. This piece of writing itself is a testament of my

effort and desire to motivate myself to complete my homework and create a work of literature. For three consecutive nights, I sat at my computer chair, staring at a properly headed Microsoft Word document with endless pages of nothing. Though it could not be heard or seen, the war was there, spinning and tormenting in my mind, fighting to produce but unable to ignite motivation to start. For three nights I fought until finally my will exceeded the strength of the depression and how glorious is the result. This paper may not be the best work written structurally, verbally, or grammatically, but this paper is the result, declaration, and praise of its ability to be written by the victory of the conscious will.

I know there are other people that could have been praised and most certainly deserve it. There are my parents for their advice, teachers for their knowledge, and peers for their friendship who deserve praise, and I do deeply appreciate the gifts they have given. However, I respectfully acknowledge that each day as I am pit against myself, knowing all of my own flaws and weaknesses, and with the persistence and force of will that I am able to come out victorious, not for my achievements, but for staying and fighting.



Santeena Brown

English 15

Brandywine

Alone but Not Lonely

AS A CHILD I've spent considerable time by myself. It wasn't because I had to or was forced to; in fact I was often encouraged to spend time with others and to be a part of family outings and activities, but more often than not I chose to be alone. I was and still am a very sociable person. I have three brothers and have been known to make a friend within five minutes of meeting a person. I know that in order to have a good and healthy life it is important to be with and around people and be comfortable, but I also understand the importance of being able to be alone and not feel lonely.

I remember waking up one Saturday afternoon—I've always been a late sleeper—when I was about ten and finding that no one was home. At first I started to panic and became very frightened that my entire family had left me and I was all alone. After about fifteen minutes of tears and feelings of neglect, I remembered the movie *Home Alone*, starring Macaulay Culkin, and grew excited. By the time my family came home, I had eaten all the ice cream and junk food in the house, played with and broken all of my brother's toys, tried on all of my mom's clothes and shoes, and called all of my friends and told them about it. I had a blast. From that day on, I loved being by myself and was every chance I could.

My friends think there's something wrong with me because I can spend days, maybe weeks without contact with the outside world. They don't understand the happiness I feel when I'm alone with just me. Many people feel they need to be with other people to feel validated and important. They don't understand that true validation and acceptance comes from within. Life has taught me that other people aren't always going to be around, and so being able to be alone and not to feel lonely is extremely important for survival. Having this tool has given me confidence and independence in knowing that I don't need other people to make me feel complete. Being alone is okay because I am never lonely. "I" am the life of the party.

Yudong Zhao

English 15

Brandywine

The Person Who Brought Me to This World

AFTER THE FIRST CRY, a new human life comes into this world with all the best wishes from the parents. It is like the sun jumping out of the sea in the daily morning or the first rain that moistens the earth after drought. That was me. I was born in a traditional Chinese family. The difference between Chinese culture and American culture is like ten thousand miles. At the middle of the twentieth century, the Chinese government allowed each family only one child. I think that the most wonderful thing is the love from my mother because she is the one who gave me life twenty-one years ago. She endured the pain of childbirth. I am truly grateful for my mother, who always gives me the best that she can and has provided me with a good foundation.

My mother puts me ahead of everything else. She drives me wherever I need to go. Maybe that does not seem important in the minds of many Americans, but for me it is. My family lives in the suburbs, and the transportation is not convenient. Plus there is only one car in my family, and that makes everything in our lives more difficult. The bus would take me two and a half hours each way. My mother wants to save time for me to study more, and she drives me between school and home. However, it usually makes her more tired after her work at nine-thirty in the evening or requiring her to start her morning two hours earlier. That's a hard thing to do day after day, year after year.

Although it was difficult when she left me in China and came to America to work when I was twelve years old, I still appreciate that she has provided me with a good foundation. There are no parents who do not want their children to have a good education and a better life. She has done the most difficult work in restaurants and as a cleaner for businesses. That has given me a good role model for success. Seven years' hard work in America brought me back to her and also left many wrinkles on her face and hands. Seeing these reminds me to repay her. However, my mother always says to me, "I do not want anything from you. I just want you to stand on your two feet and be a person who has love in his heart."

Right now, I study hard to make my mother proud of me, and that is the best way to pay her back. Every time I am lazy, my mother's shadow appears in my mind. Without my mother, I would not see this colorful and wonderful world. Without my mother, I would not know the happiness of being around with friends and family. Without Mother, I would never know how much I love her and everything in this world. I will do everything for her with my whole life.



Amber Strong
English 15
DuBois

Lestate vs. Dracula: Anne Rice Re-envisioning the Monster

WHEN MOST PEOPLE hear the word “vampire,” they imagine the mindless blood thirsty creature from the movies or maybe the pathetic soul that Bram Stoker so vividly described in *Dracula*, but Anne Rice had a completely different vision of the vampire. When writing her vampire chronicles in the 1990s, Anne Rice revolutionized the classical vampire myth. Though she kept the vampire’s traditional supernatural and blood thirsty nature, Anne Rice added intelligence and compassion into the mix. The result is a vampire with a human soul.

True to the ancient myth, Anne Rice’s vampires are clearly supernatural beings. Her vampires possess the traditional gifts of immortality common among all vampire legends. Able to heal quickly, her vampires are hard to kill. Sunlight and fire remain a formidable enemy as with most other vampire tales, but other than these two elements, nothing can touch her vampires. As in the other vampire myths, Anne Rice’s vampires do not fear disease or the weather. Given the gift of levitation, her vampires are able to fly just as well as their batty brothers in the legends. Anne Rice also gives her vampires the power of telepathy and the ability to seduce humans with their sheer beauty, just like *Dracula*. She also equips the vampires with superhuman strength, so the vampires can protect themselves from humans and members of their own kind.

Anne Rice’s vampires are also damned with the horrible curse of blood lust that plagues all the vampires before them. Younger members’ blood lust is stronger than older members, which is consistent with some of the more modern movies of Anne Rice’s time. Newly created vampires are forced to crawl from their lairs every night to feed. As in many vampire myths, Anne Rice’s vampires do not have to call out to the blood because the blood calls out to them. They can sense it over long distances, whether the victim is bleeding or not. Also according to myth, the blood lust in Anne Rice’s vampires fades with age, but never truly disappears. Elder vam-

pires can refrain from feeding for months at a time, but they must be careful. A vampire that waits too long to feed runs the risk of going mad and being killed by his own kind.

However, though Anne Rice’s vampires resemble classical vampires physically, her vampires’ mental attributes are far superior to those vampires in the other myths of her time. Classical vampires are foolish at best and completely stupid at worst. They choose their victims at random. Classical vampires stalk their victims like animals, keeping hidden at all times. After killing their victims, classical vampires leave the bodies to be found. Classical vampires never seem aware of the changing world around them. They wear the same style clothing that they wore when they were mortals and stuck to the same territories for centuries.

Anne Rice’s vampires, on the other hand, were much more cunning. Mingling with the world around them, these vampires cover their faces in a paste made of ash to hide their white skin and go out onto the street to hunt. When wearing sunglasses to hide their brilliant eyes, they walk the streets shoulder to shoulder with their prey. In fact, Lestate (one of the main characters in Anne Rice’s books) lingers in a public café and waits for his prey to come to him. Anne Rice’s vampires are much more picky when it comes to hunting. They choose murderers, thieves, and drug dealers as prey because society cares very little about these people. When one goes missing, no one notices. Anne Rice’s vampires prefer to hunt in cities because it is easier to hide the bodies. They also take time to learn the modern technology and use it to assist them. Lestate rides a motorcycle in some of Rice’s books though he is from the early 1900s.

Another difference between Anne Rice’s vampires and classical vampires is compassion. Classical vampires are monsters. Driven by the carnal need for blood, they kill indiscriminately and without mercy. Classical vampires kill children without regret. They murder villages, killing one person after another, even when their hunger is fulfilled. Classical vampires are fiends without emotion, but Rice’s vampires are different. Her vampires retain their human emotions and are tortured as a result. They are victims of anger and can shed blood tears. They feel guilt when forced to take a human life. Most of Rice’s vampires feed on murderers and spare the innocents because their telepathy forces them to link with each victim’s mind. Linking with a murderer’s mind allowed them to reassure themselves that they are doing good by killing a fellow murderer. Occasionally, her vampires strike up friendships with mortals and suffer the pain of watching their friends die the slow death of a normal lifespan. Rice’s

vampires often seek out others of their kind to ease the loneliness, but in the end they are forced to leave them due to competition.

Anne Rice recreates the image of the classical vampire. By adding intelligence and compassion she is able to pull the vampire out of the shadows and brings it into the light. The light is a scary place. It's a place where hate turns into love and fear into pity. By telling the story from a vampire's point of view, she revolutionizes the vampire story into what it is today.

Crystal Gornati

English 15

DuBois

Where's Elvis?

DO YOU BELIEVE in aliens? Not illegal immigrants, but the variety that falls from the sky. Little green men do exist, and I have the proof of that in my wheat field. A strange spacecraft skidded to a halt close to my house around midnight last evening. I was sleeping peacefully when a loud "whooshing" sound startled me awake. It sounded like a tornado at first, but then I noticed the bright, flashing, multicolored lights hovering over the barn. It was the most amazing sight! Suddenly, the ship accelerated quickly, and it appeared to lose control because the pointed end of it dipped down and caught the ground. Then it stuck for a few seconds, made a grinding noise, and lurched backward.

At this point, it hit the ground hard enough to lose some pieces of metal and lights. Sod and wheat went flying everywhere. I thought that it must be an experimental plane that the military was testing, so I was not surprised when I saw someone climb out to inspect the damage. I wanted to see if he needed any help or if he was hurt, so I dressed and went outside. Imagine my surprise when I drew close enough to the man to realize that he was not human! He, or it, was about three feet tall with pale greenish-gray skin and large, cat-shaped eyes as black as pitch. I think that I scared it, too, because it jumped when I started asking questions. Once it calmed down, it said, "Take me to your leader, Earthling."

I thought that was only said in old movies. The only leader that came to mind was my wife, Martha, and I did not want to wake her up if I didn't have to. However, the alien seemed very anxious to meet her, so I obliged.

Martha would not wake up no matter what I tried. When we were leaving the bedroom, the little guy told me to drop my britches and then jammed this long, skinny rod in my arse—and it really hurt!

Martha woke when I cried out in pain, and she called the sheriff as the ship was taking off again. The sheriff arrived a few minutes later, looked at the damage left behind, and he alerted these smart-mouthed kids from the military base. They are telling me that I was dreaming and my cows must have gotten out and torn up the field.



* * *

Oh, boy, is this going to be a long night! Here I am standing in the middle of the night, guarding what this farmer calls a spaceship wreck. It looks like some pieces of soda can and plastic bottles to me. The taxpayers' money will be well spent tonight! And I have to stand here and listen to this hayseed rant and rave about his rear end hurting because he was "anal probed." I think he has been a little too close to the tractor's fuel tank when he was refilling it. Or the methane from the cows is causing his delusions. This kook's wife probably jabbed him in the butt with his pitch fork. And that "take me to your leader" bit—that one is as old as the hills! He has been watching too much of the Sci-Fi channel. I've been on night maneuvers out here multiple times, and I have never experienced any type of unidentified flying objects. Why on Earth would an alien need any information from this guy when the military base is up the road about a mile? I am trying so hard to keep a straight face, and my buddies are not making it any easier with all of their stifled giggling and facial expressions. But I have my orders to follow, and as the highest ranking soldier out here, I have to lead by example. This must be a punishment from my commanding officer for something.

* * *

My plans for this evening were simple: break in my new ship, pick up Elvis for a late supper on Venus, and maybe draw a few crop circles. If I had just taken that left turn at Albuquerque as usual, this night probably would not have been such a disaster. I have to learn to ignore Elvis when he sings "Viva Las Vegas." He knows that I love that song. I cannot resist temptation to misbehave when he belts it out, and now I have to explain to my wife what went on.

Stupid Elvis and his triple dog dares! Why do I let him talk me into these idiotic situations? He bet me that I could not draw a crop circle very close to the ground, and not wanting to buy dinner, I accepted his challenge. Once I noticed the farmer staring out the window at us, I panicked and pulled the throttle back, causing the craft to lunge into the ground. In my excitement, I tried to back out and escape quickly, and the ship popped out of the hole and slammed to the earth.

Once the dust settled, I got out and inspected the damage. Elvis ran off before anyone could see him. So I had to try to complete any repairs on my own. Then I heard a voice behind me, and when I turned around, it was the

farmer! My heartbeat was filling my head, and I could not move. I thought to myself, "Whatever you do, do not ask to be taken to his leader."

Before I could stop myself, those very same words came out of my mouth! Ugh! He took me in to meet his wife for some reason, but thank goodness he could not wake her. The anal probing was purely an accident—I was pulling my cell phone antenna out so I could call my wife and inform her that I would be later than expected, and the buckle on his bib overalls broke at that same moment. When he bent down to pull them back up, I did not realize he had stopped walking and I ran right into him ...



Anna Hummel

English 15

York

Gold Mining Hazards

GOLD IS A MATERIAL that is coveted. The desire for this element drives people to dig into the earth and subject themselves to the dangers of the gold mining procedure. Countries worldwide mine gold, and it provides thousands of people with employment. However, the benefits of gold mining do not match the detriment it brings to the land and people. Gold mining poses various threats to the environment due to the methods used for gold extraction from the land. Chemicals and mercury threaten wildlife and large acres of land are lost from the destruction of mining. Gold mining not only puts the environment at risk, but it also subjects the miners and nearby residents to health concerns. Fumes inhaled by the workers can harm the body, as does the mercury intake by surrounding residents. Although gold mining offers a valuable resource to the economy, its hazardous conditions threaten the stability of the environment and the health of people; therefore, worldwide practice should be regulated to minimize its harmful effects to society and the environment.

Gold mining offers valuable benefits to local economies. Being an earth element that is greatly desired, there is opportunity for employment within gold mining countries. Gold is heavily mined throughout regions of Africa, Asia, and Latin America (Hilson). The Witwatersand basin, located in central South Africa, has provided the world with nearly sixty percent of the gold mined worldwide (Fuerstenau and Palmer 98). Ghana, along with many other governments, learned the “socioeconomic value” of gold mining and supplied thousands of people with employment through small-scale mining and has increased its “contributions to foreign exchange earnings” (Hilson). The Amazon, a largely mined area, sustains millions of low-income families through gold mining and allows the government “to regulate mining in their countries [and] earn urgently needed revenues” (Heemsherk). Unfortunately, man’s governments do not have the proper training or knowledge required for safe mining management; therefore, the “economic benefits have not come without environmental costs” (Hilson).

Environmental concerns account for only one aspect of the problems associated with gold mining: health prob-

lems can also result from the procedures for gold separation. The majority of these concerns are caused by mercury pollution in the environment (Heemsherk). Environmental problems include land, water, and air contamination by mercury that is released. Health is a concern for the miners who work with mercury and consumers of fish that might be poisoned by mercury (de Lacerda 105). Mercury has been used for centuries as a method of separating gold from ore. There are several processes for gold extraction from the earth, but the most common method of separation uses mercury amalgamation, which leads to health and environmental problems if not properly regulated (Hilson).

The methods of gold mining are vast, but few are safe. The procedures that exist include tunneling, cyanidation, gravity separation, flotation, and amalgamation (“Gold”). Tunneling removes large volumes of ore, underground rock that contains gold, from the ground by creating a series of tunnels through the earth. Cyanidation involves the process of strip mining, which bulldozes acres of land to expose ore. Once exposed, cyanide is sprayed and allowed to seep into the rock and separate the gold (Lloyd). Gravity separation and flotation, the two safest processes, use gold’s dense property to allow it to fall to the bottom so it can easily be separated from lighter materials. Amalgamation is the most common procedure to remove gold from ore, but it is also the most hazardous and threatening to the environment. Mercury amalgamates with gold upon contact: it joins with itself to form one solid piece of gold (Hilson). Each of these methods is detrimental to the environment; yet, some are more offensive than other methods. Cyanidation and amalgamation pose serious threats because of their use of chemicals in the environment.

Environmental concerns are the leading controversy of gold mining, and these controversies are due to mercury and its effects on the environment. After mercury is used for amalgamation, it is often released by vapors or watershed. Rain washes mercury into nearby streams or lakes, creating dangerous water conditions. Mercury contamination is highest “in the mine tailings and river sediments collected at or close to gold-ore processing and amalgamation sites” (Ikingura, et al.). Water contamination affects the inhabitants of the water ecosystem. Fish are commonly found with levels of mercury in their bodies, which accumulates with each step up in the food chain (Hilson). Mercury bioaccumulates and magnifies “by a factor of ten” with each successive upward step in the food chain (Alpers). Air pollution is also a result of mercury. Following amalgamation, the gold amalgam is burned to remove mercury from the final product

(Hilson). Mercury vapors released into the air and inhaled by workers are hazardous to their health. Additionally, gold mining scars the surface of the earth through the “removal of vast quantities of surface vegetation and mass deforestation” (Hilson). These environmental hazards are serious issues that require government regulation standards.

Mercury threatens the health of people due to inhalation or ingestion. As gold workers burn mercury from the gold, they inhale the toxic chemicals that are released; however, the primary source of human consumption of mercury is from fish. As fish become poisoned with mercury, so do humans who eat the contaminated fish. The daily allowable intake of mercury for humans is two-tenths of a milligram; more can cause complications. Mercury in the human body is “primarily manifested in central nervous system damage” (Hilson). Other symptoms of excessive mercury intake include weakness, visual impairment, weight loss, lethargy, and convulsions, leading to death (Hilson). Health conditions and complications from mercurial poisoning are concerns that should be carefully considered when mining operations use mercury amalgamation.

Despite its economic contributions, gold mining’s environmental and health hazards outweigh the benefits, causing a need for change. If governments enforced safety laws to regulate emissions, then gold mining would be safer and a stronger contributor to the world. The best solution for this worldwide problem is limitation and regulation, but only governments have the power to enforce such restrictions. This option would permit gold mining and control the pollution and devastation that it brings to the environment. Governments of small, poor countries, however, do not have the education or the financial means of enforcing laws. Many countries lack the ability to manage the gold mining industry; therefore, many environmental concerns occur due to “low safety awareness and levels of training, poor exploitation of available resources due to selective extraction of rich ores, low wages and chronic shortages of capital, an absence of environmental standards, and utilization of highly inefficient equipment” (Hilson). For many poor countries, gold mining provides income for both the workers and the nation. Restrictions on mining would limit income for countries, which they cannot afford.

Several proposals have offered solutions for the problems of gold mining, but lack of knowledge and interest has prohibited their exhibition. One solution, phytomining, uses plants to extract gold from the ground. An area of land is sprayed with a chemical to separate gold from other minerals (“These Plants”). This chemi-

cal does not harm the environment as other chemicals do because the chemical supports the growth of the plants. However, a process for removing the gold from within the plants has not yet been discovered. Other solutions include: reduction of mercury and chemical usage, reduction of mercury emissions, use of filters, and discontinuation of amalgamation.

Mining for gold is a danger to the stability of the planet. Economic benefits encourage the growth of gold mining across the world, which causes reluctance to limit mining. Mercury, a large factor in gold mining, is disastrous to both human health and the global environment. Due to its hazardous conditions, it is time for regulations to be implemented and enforced to preserve the environment and protect the health of humans.

Works Cited

- Alpers, Charles N. *Mercury contamination from historic gold mining in California*. Reston: U.S. Geological Survey, 2000.
- Fuerstenau, Maurice C. and Bruce R. Palmer, eds. *Gold, silver, uranium, and coal: geology, mining, extraction and the environment*. New York: American Institute of Mining, 1983.
- “Gold.” *Encyclopedia Britannica Online*. 2006 Encyclopedia Britannica 10 Nov. 2007 <<http://discoverer.prod.sirs.com/disoweb/disco>>.
- Heemskerck, Maricke. “Maroon Gold Miners and Mining Risks in the Suriname Amazon.” *Cultural Survival Quarterly* 30 Apr. 2001: 25. *Ethnic News Watch (ENW)*. ProQuest. 6 Nov. 2007 <<http://www.proquest.com>>.
- Hilson, Gavin. “The environmental impact of small-scale gold mining in Ghana: Identifying problems and possible solutions.” *The Geographical Journal* 168.(2002): 57-72. *Research Library Core* ProQuest 31 Oct. 2007 <<http://www.proquest.com>>.
- Ikingura, J. R., et al. “Environmental assessment of mercury dispersion, transformation, and bioavailability in the Lake Victoria Goldfields, Tanzania.” *Journal of Environmental Management* 81.2 (2006): 167 *Sciences Module* ProQuest 6 Nov. 2007 <<http://www.proquest.com>>.

Lacerda, Luiz Drude de. *Mercury from gold and silver mining: a chemical time bomb?* New York: Springer, 1998.

Lloyd, Jillian. "Colorado Targets Huge Gold Mines." *Christian Science Monitor* 24 April 2000 n.p. 10 Nov. 2007.

"These Plants Are Little Gold Diggers." *Current Science* 12 Feb 1999: 5. 11 Nov. 2007 <<http://discoverer.prod.sirs.com/discoweb/disco/>>.

Jeffrey P. Neblock
English 15
York

The Internal Wilderness

"From the forest and wilderness come the tonics and barks which brace mankind."

— Henry David Thoreau, 1851

WHEN THOREAU wrote those words, he meant for his statement to be interpreted not only in a literal sense, but also in a figurative one: that aside from mankind's physical dependence on the natural world for sustenance and tangible comforts, his emotional and spiritual well-being rests heavily upon his connection to the natural world. This notion that nature and living things have such profound effects upon the psyche has created the basis for Ecopsychology, which is the study of just that, the effects of natural surroundings on the psyche. Currently, humans "as a species, are suffering a kind of collective amnesia," and humans "have forgotten something our ancestors once knew and practiced—respect for the mysterious, and humility in relationship to the infinite complexities of the natural world" (Metzner 61).

This absence of nature from our everyday lives has manifested itself negatively in many ways, which include personality disorders, increased incidences of insomnia, hypertension and heart disease, and a reduced sense of well-being, among other ailments and mental deficiencies; counteracting the effects of this "nature-deficiency" are especially critical during infancy, childhood, and through the advent of adolescence, when behavioral and personality traits are imprinted easily. Although extensive time spent in nature during childhood is key to proper development, such constructive time spent in natural surroundings is just as imperative to our overall well-being, and the psyche during the maturation process, and after maturity is reached. Nature has always been seen as a catalyst for self-discovery, and spiritual awakening, as well as being a refuge for those seeking to escape the persecution and monotony of society; this is the "wilderness effect."



Childhood: Early Experiences

Each child is born as a clean slate, a *tabula rasa*, completely open and receptive to being imprinted by its surroundings, and by its interactions with other creatures, human or non-human. With this in mind,

we can discern in every child [there are] remnants of 'a porous, permeable, sensitive essence intertwined with all other such essences, affecting and affected by them with every breath."

(Barrows 101).

In fact, environmental stimuli begin to imprint upon the child long before his or her birth; and, according to Paul Shepard in *Nature and Madness*,

The outdoors is also in some sense another inside, a kind of enlivenment of the fetal landscape (which is not so constant as was once supposed). The surroundings are also that which will be swallowed, internalized, incorporated as the self.

(26-7)

As the fetus develops, it is subconsciously absorbing thousands of environmental stimuli, ranging from the voices of its mother and of its father, to music, and warmth and movement; these stimuli aid in the task of imprinting personality, among many other sources. Much more of this personality imprinting occurs during infancy, and especially during early and late childhood, when the child is freer to explore its surroundings than an infant.

Early on in life, infants become exposed and familiarized to common animals by their parents in modern Western Cultures, but it has been stated that humans [already] possess an innate "emotional affiliation of human beings and to other living organisms" (Roszak 4); further exposure to nature at this age only aids in development. Stuffed toys, which are commonly fashioned in the form of animals, seem to provide a timeless source of enjoyment to young children, who spend more time with these cuddly effigies than they do exposed to the real animals. However, animals will always "have a magnetic attraction for the child, for each in its way seems to embody some impulse, reaction, or movement that is 'like me'" (Shepard 28). In *Last Child in the Woods*, Richard Louv cites a passage by Englishman John Berger regarding animals as common childhood imagery:

Berger writes that these playtoys "address our loneliness as a species, our powerful yearning, this spiritual hunger, which at its very core is a faith in the invisible." He adds, "Even as wilderness fades from our children's lives they signal their hunger—or, perhaps more accurately, we sense their hunger. We come full circle, and nurture their souls with totems, with the anthropomorphic symbols of the parallel lives around us."

(202)

Despite this powerful yearning to be close to nature, children are progressively growing further from her nurturing touch, and with each new generation, the gap between humans and nature widens. Children are introduced to the concept that they are not alone on earth, and that animals simultaneously live parallel lives to their own through exposure to nature; but without this influence, what happens to the children? This new generation of children no longer has direct experiences to learn from, but rather learns passively and indirectly, through machines; healthy childhood inquisitiveness has been replaced with mindless and time-consuming activities such as video games and watching television, which do not serve to have any constructive purpose whatsoever. Children are at a loss, not only for the beauty they will be unable to witness, but for their childhood itself. It has been reported that, as a result of what Louv calls "nature-deficit disorder" (10), "an indoor, sedentary childhood is linked to mental-health problems" (Louv 32). Shocking proof of this can be seen in such data: "A 2003 survey, published in the journal *Psychiatric Sciences*, found the rate at which American children are prescribed antidepressants almost doubled in five years; the steepest increase—66 percent—was among preschool children" (Louv 48), despite FDA warnings that the use of antidepressants among children can increase the risk of suicidal thoughts. As well as childhood depression and stresses, other mental illnesses can be linked to an absence of constructive time spent in nature, such as ADHD and ADD.

As the child spends an increasing amount of time in natural surroundings, instances of mental illnesses and instabilities are lessened, thus helping them lead healthier and happier lives. For example, the symptoms of Attention-Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD) and Attention-Deficit Disorder (ADD) have been reportedly diminished by increasing the amount of constructive time spent embracing nature, and reportedly "it can improve

all children's cognitive abilities and resistance to negative stresses and depression" (Louv 34). This is where the concept of a nature deficiency applies; symptoms of which include "diminished use of the senses, attention difficulties, and higher rates of physical and emotional illnesses" (Louv 34). The evidence in favor of the healing powers of nature is rather overwhelming; studies such as the following, conducted by Cornell University environmental psychologists in 2003, which stated that

a room with a view of nature can help protect children against stress, and that nature in or around the home appears to be a significant factor in protecting the psychological well-being of children in rural areas.

(Louv 49)

Such findings work hand-in-hand with Edward O. Wilson's *Biophilia Hypothesis*, as discussed earlier; that we are drawn to nature on a subconscious level, and the presence of nature in our everyday lives is comforting.

Nature will always remain one of the most important imprinting factors on a child, second only to its parents, for

the poorly-bonded child, even though troubled, goes through this nature-wonder period, for it is a new 'maternal' reality and perhaps is therapeutic. In any case, there is no figurative nature for the child, all is literal.

(Shepard 34)

Historically, cultures have, for thousands of years seen time spent in nature as an important factor in their development. As the child begins to mature, this contact with the earth is once again crucial in aiding his or her development; these spaces that they play in, the forests, trees, meadows, and dark hiding places are according to Shepard a "visible, structured entity, another prototype of relationships that hold fast" (28). For example, it was customary for young Native-American men to enter into the world of adulthood with a sojourn into the wilderness, during which they would meditate, question their purposes and the meaning of their lives. Shepard introduces the concept that

Western civilized cultures, by contrast, have largely abandoned the ceremonies of adolescent initiation that affirm the metaphoric, mysterious, and poetic quality of nature, reducing them to aesthetics and amenities. [And that]

our human developmental program requires external models of order—if not a community of plants and animals, then words in a book, the ranks and professions of society, or the machine.

(Shepard 30)

We have forgotten the power and beauty of nature, and the power of nature in the proper development of the self. We have forgotten to expose our children to her; subsequently, they have paid the price, not us.

Health Benefits: The Wilderness Effect

As stated before, nature plays a vital role in the health of an individual, both physically and mentally. Not only does this time have incredible therapeutic benefits, but it also has benefits for the spirit, and the soul. Among the reported benefits of exposure to nature are lowered incidences of insomnia, general feelings of well-being and contentment, reduced occurrences of hypertension, heart diseases, and mental ailments, reduced occurrences of depression and stresses, and reduced instances of dependency and obsessive problems. Harvard-trained physician, Bill Thomas, found in a study that when he increased the amount of green foliage in the buildings under his authority, "death rates dropped 15 percent the first year, 25 percent the second" and that "rates of infection and drug prescription were cut in half" (Mahler 129). Similar studies have been conducted by Emory University's School of Public Health. In those studies, it was found that "Michigan prison inmates whose cells faced a courtyard had 24 percent more illnesses than those whose cells had a view of farmland" (Louv 46). The benefits of just minimal, subconscious contact are shocking, but by far, the most incredible changes and benefits arise when one is totally immersed in nature, for extended periods of time.

Currently, there are many organized therapeutic programs offered where small groups are led into the wilderness with a guide, in search of health, soundness of mind, and spiritual awakening, which is a situation that almost parallels many Native-American traditions. One such program, offered to students and faculty at Sonoma State University is run by Robert Greenway, of the psychology department. He leads small groups into the wilderness on adventures, which last from two to four weeks, and is now offered as a part of a two year curriculum. Robert Greenway describes what he calls "the incredible drama of a genuine relationship between nature and hu-

mans unfolding” (125) in *The Wilderness Effect and Ecopsychology*:

The trip itself would be designed to encourage participants to leave behind the props of culture and enter fully into the wilderness When entering the wilderness psychologically as well as physically, participants most often speak of feelings of expansion or reconnection For many the wilderness experience means release of repression—release of the inevitable controls that exist in our culture. Participants who speak of this benefit tend to see its source not so much in the external wilderness, but in the “internal wilderness” of physiology, instincts, archetypes, and the like.

(124-28)

Over the course of several years, Greenway had compiled enough data from participants in his wilderness programs to form accurate statistics of the effects of their experiences in nature. With more than 1,300 participants, 700 questionnaires, nearly 700 interviews, and 300 personal responses, Greenway’s data would surely be an accurate representation of the responses that his participants felt during and after the ordeal. The following passage was extracted from Greenway’s work, *The Wilderness Effect and Ecopsychology*, describing the overall effects of “The Wilderness Effect” on the participants:

90 percent of respondents described an increased sense of aliveness, well-being and energy;

90 percent stated that the experience allowed them [to] break an addiction (defined very broadly—from nicotine to chocolate and other foods);

80 percent found the return initially very positive;

53 percent of those found that within two days the positive feelings had turned to depression;

77 percent described a major life change upon return (in personal relationships, employment, housing, or lifestyle);

38 percent of those changes “held true” after five years;

60 percent of men and 20 percent of women stated that a major goal of the trip was to conquer fear, challenge themselves, and expand limits;

57 percent of women, and 27 percent of men stated that a major goal of the trip was to “come home” to nature;

60 percent of all respondents stated that they had adopted at least one ritual or contemplative practice learned on the trip; 17 percent of those studied longitudinally (nine out of fifty) stated that they were still doing the practice after five years;

92 percent cited “alone time” as the single most important experience of the trip; getting up before dawn and climbing a ridge or peak in order to greet the sun was cited by 73 percent of respondents as the second most important experience of the trip. “Community” or the fellowship of the group was cited by 80 percent as the third most important experience.

(128-9)

Historically, and recently, there are countless examples of men and women who retreat to the wilderness to reap the benefits of a natural life. Among the most famous of these reported accounts of reconnection with nature, and of lengthy sojourns that benefit the mind and soul is that of Henry David Thoreau; his experiences are recorded in *Walden: or Life in the Woods*, written about his time spent at Walden Pond. Credited as one of the most influential members of the American Transcendentalist movement, Thoreau stressed the beauty, and benefits of nature with every stroke of his pen; as he wrote in *Walden*, that it is “not ‘till we are lost, in other words, lost from the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are the infinite extent of our relations” (166). Thoreau lived a solitary existence at Walden Pond for in excess of two years, all the while making entries into journals and formulating the rough drafts of what would become *Walden: or Life in the Woods*, arguably one of the best-known non-fiction books written by an American author. Undoubtedly influenced by Thoreau, and many other great authors, Christopher J. McCandless is one of

the best-known modern accounts such a quest to escape from the death-grip of society and into nature.

In the early 1990s, a young college-graduate by the name of Christopher Johnson McCandless (or Alexander Supertramp as he called himself during his journey) fled from society and took to the road in search of self-discovery. Although his account was certainly one of the more extreme examples of escapism, McCandless nonetheless found his salvation in the heart of the Alaskan wilderness. His sojourn was recorded from the accounts of people he had met along the way, and through his journal entries and photographs over the course of his two-year expedition. However, due to one tragic and fatal mistake, McCandless never left the Alaskan wilderness, but nevertheless, he had achieved a spiritual awakening unlike any other, and had he survived, his life would have been changed forever. McCandless's last entries, written into the pages of his copy of *Doctor Zhivago*, are recorded in his biography, *Into the Wild*. After years of running, and disassociating himself from society, McCandless finally wrote that "Happiness [is] only real when shared" (Krakauer 189); thus indicating that his journey had changed him somehow emotionally, and spiritually. Krakauer, the author of McCandless's biography, adds that

it can be interpreted to mean that he was ready, perhaps, to shed a little of the armor he wore around his heart, that upon returning to civilization, he intended to abandon the life of a solitary vagabond, stop running so hard from intimacy, and become a member of the human community.

(189)

There was something that McCandless found, during his time immersed in nature that soothed the fire raging in his heart; it calmed him deeply, to his core. This effect, which Greenway refers to as the "Wilderness Effect" (127), seems to be a recurring theme among those who voluntarily give up life among society, and choose to *truly* exist among the wilderness. And despite whether they return to society or not, these individuals have gained something that the rest of us never will, a true sense of purpose, and the "infinite extent of our relations" (Thoreau 166).

It has been said that the true power of the natural healings exists not in the physical wilderness but within the wilderness of the mind, the so-called "internal wilderness"; deep within the darkest recesses of every human exists his essence, the vestiges of man's primitive

past. These parts of his being are nurtured and enlivened by even the subconscious exposure to nature; we are as much a part of nature, as nature is a part of us. Many ages ago, mankind lived in harmony with the world, but we have progressively forgotten our place in nature, and "most of us are like sleepwalkers here, because we notice so little" (Heinrich 15). These who choose to seek refuge in nature are awakening a part of themselves that has remained dormant for centuries; they are connecting with their past. In exposing themselves to the same harsh elements that human ancestors fought long ago, they are transcending neo-culture barriers that prevent them from connecting with ancestral knowledge, and

metaphorically our willingness to be in the mud and rain can reflect our willingness to be in our internal mud and rain. To put oneself in mud and rain is more than a matter of tolerance; it is active participation in our own "raininess" or "muddiness."

(Harper 188)

Our connection with the natural world opens doors for connection with *the self*, and with the cosmos; this truly is the essence of the "internal wilderness."

Works Cited

Barrows, Anita. "The Ecopsychology of Child Development." *Ecopsychology: Restoring the Earth, Healing the Mind*. Eds. Theodore Roszak, Mary E. Gomes and Allen D. Canner. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1995: 61.

Greenway, Robert. "The Wilderness Effect and Ecopsychology." *Ecopsychology: Restoring the Earth, Healing the Mind*. Eds. Theodore Roszak, Mary E. Gomes and Allen D. Canner. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1995: 125-29.

Harper, Steven. "The Way of Wilderness." *Ecopsychology: Restoring the Earth, Healing the Mind*. Eds. Theodore Roszak, Mary E. Gomes and Allen D. Canner. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1995: 188.

Heinrich, Bernd. *A Year in the Maine Woods*. Cambridge, MA: De Capo Press, 1994.

Krakauer, Jon. *Into the Wild*. New York: Anchor Books, 1997.

Louv, Richard. *Last Child in the Woods*. Chapel Hill: Algonquin Books, 2005.

Mahler, Richard. *Stillness: Daily Gifts of Solitude*. Boston: Red Wheel, 2003.

Metzner, Ralph. "The Psychopathology of the Human-Nature Relationship." *Ecopsychology: Restoring the Earth, Healing the Mind*. Eds. Theodore Roszak, Mary E. Gomes and Allen D. Canner. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1995: 61.

Nash, Roderick Frazier. *Wilderness & the American Mind*. New Haven: Yale UP, 2001.

Roszak, Theodore. "Where Psyche Meets Gaia." *Ecopsychology: Restoring the Earth, Healing the Mind*. Eds. Theodore Roszak, Mary E. Gomes and Allen D. Canner. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1995: 4.

Shepard, Paul. "Nature and Madness." *Ecopsychology: Restoring the Earth, Healing the Mind*. Eds. Theodore Roszak, Mary E. Gomes and Allen D. Canner. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1995: 26-34.

Thoreau, Henry David. *Walden: Or Life in the Woods*. New Haven: Yale UP, 2004.



What is a college essay?

Best of Freshman Writing

For information, visit our Web site:

[http://www2.hn.psu.edu/faculty/jmanis/
bof.htm](http://www2.hn.psu.edu/faculty/jmanis/bof.htm)