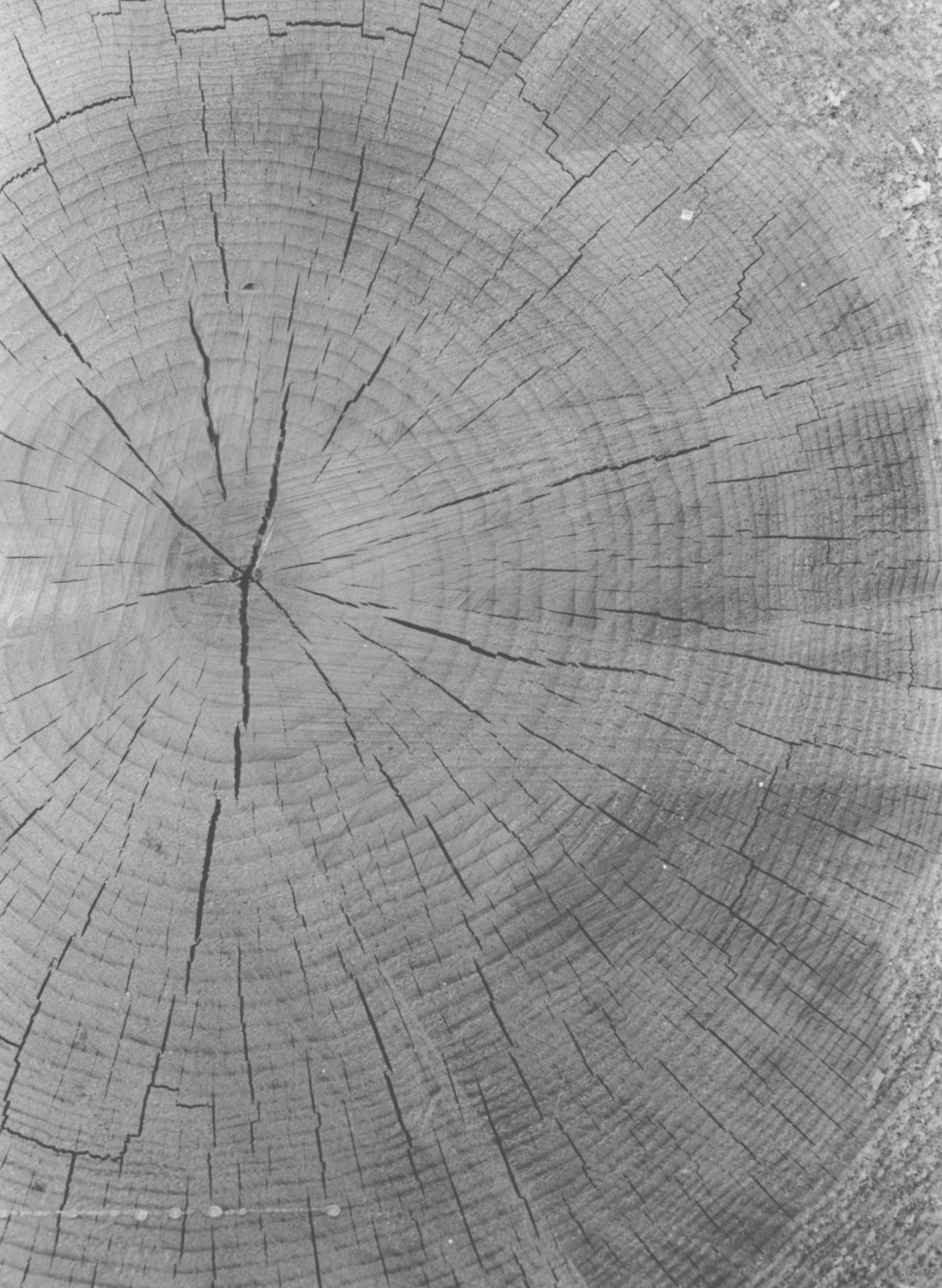


CAMBIIUM





Feather River College

Cambium

A Humanities Journal

Quincy, California



Cambium at Feather River College nourishes intellectual and creative communities on our campus while allowing students to apply what they've learned. The journal also serves as a bridge, creating connections between students and regional writers, artists, and other members of surrounding communities. *Cambium* is an opportunity for aspiring and established artists and writers to share their art and writing.

Cambium is the annual humanities journal published each spring by Feather River College (FRC) in Quincy, California. Students interested in creative writing and small press publishing are encouraged to participate on the editorial board.

Visit <https://www.frc.edu/english/cambium>
for information and submission guidelines
or contact the Editor-in-Chief at NGrose@frc.edu.

All rights revert to the author upon publication, and we expect *Cambium* to be acknowledged as the original publisher in any future chapbooks or books.

Our address is Editor-in-Chief, *Cambium*, Feather River College,
English Department, 570 Golden Eagle Ave.,
Quincy, CA 95971

The views expressed in *Cambium* are solely reflective of the authors' perspectives. Feather River College takes no responsibility for the creative expression contained herein.

Content Warning: *Cambium* provides an open space for writers and artists to exchange ideas. Some of the selections in this journal will include topics that some readers may find offensive and/or traumatizing.

Cover art by
Courtney Moore

<https://www.frc.edu/english/cambium>



Prose and Poetry Editors

Nikki Grose

Will Lombardi

Gina Warren

Art Editor

Josh Olivera

Student Editor

Logan Kingsland



Faculty Editor Bios

Nikki Grose—Dr. Nikki Grose has loved stories for as long as she can remember. When she was a child, she devoured books. As an adult, that love grew throughout her college years and eventually led her to the world of composition. She believes that stories have a strong power to educate and unite us, provide opportunities to question and challenge ourselves, and are at the basis of everything we do. Sharing stories and encouraging writers and other artists who tell stories through visual means is an important part of the work she wants to do—thus, *Cambium* was born.

Will Lombardi—Dr. Will Lombardi lives in, loves, and works to protect the wild landscapes of the Feather River Watershed and the communities that depend on them. He is dedicated to sharing and exploring local history, literature, and art.

Josh Olivera— Joshua Olivera is an artist and professor of art in Quincy, California. In addition to making art and teaching, Olivera has worked as a fly fishing and whitewater guide and enjoys backpacking and bike touring throughout the western United States. All of these activities inform his studio practice and provide a sense of responsibility, to help ensure that these places will endure.

Gina Warren—Dr. Gina Warren teaches English at Feather River College and enjoys working and living in a small community surrounded by nature. She is an avid reader and writer who believes storytelling fundamentally shapes who we are and the world around us.



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From the Eyrie

Eyrie can be defined as a nest, specifically that of a bird of prey, such as the Eagle, and is typically located high in the mountains.

The word **cambium** refers to the tissue layer in plants that provides cells for the secondary growth of stems and roots. Secondary growth is vital—it occurs after the first season and results in increased thickness, which can offer vital protection.

In this way, *Cambium* offers us a metaphor for our own growth—the way we learn, grow, and strengthen ourselves through visual and written stories. Let *Cambium*, then, symbolize the work, dedication, and growth of our students and community members in and around Feather River College.

We wait, breaths coiled deep in our bodies

Skin tingling from the mist in the atmosphere

This snow and rain will end the dry years

We wait, breaths coiled deep in our bodies

Pounding rain and wind waving through the forest

Or silent flakes that envelop us

Dry season is coming.

—Nikki Grose



Old Man in the Cafe | Logan Kingsland

This old man in the cafe is everything.
His unabashed, unashamed, bellowing voice
shatters the quiet distance between all of us coffee drinkers.

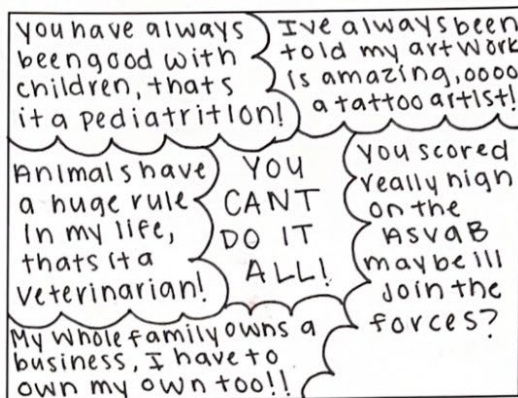
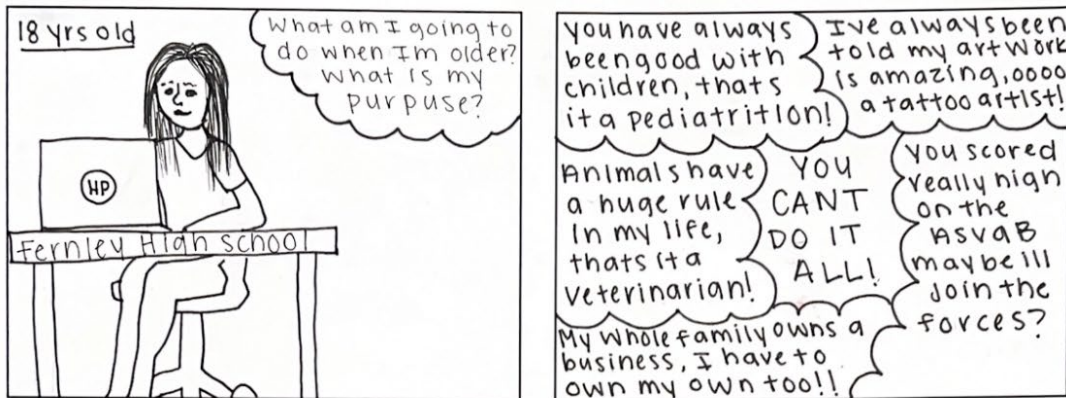
Laughter erupts from the cashier
Five minutes ago she looked ready to quit.
Heavy air is evaporated and
replaced with a zinging.

He wears a funny hat,
And when he laughs, he slaps his knee
The canvas bag in his hands flaps madly
As his laughter fills the air

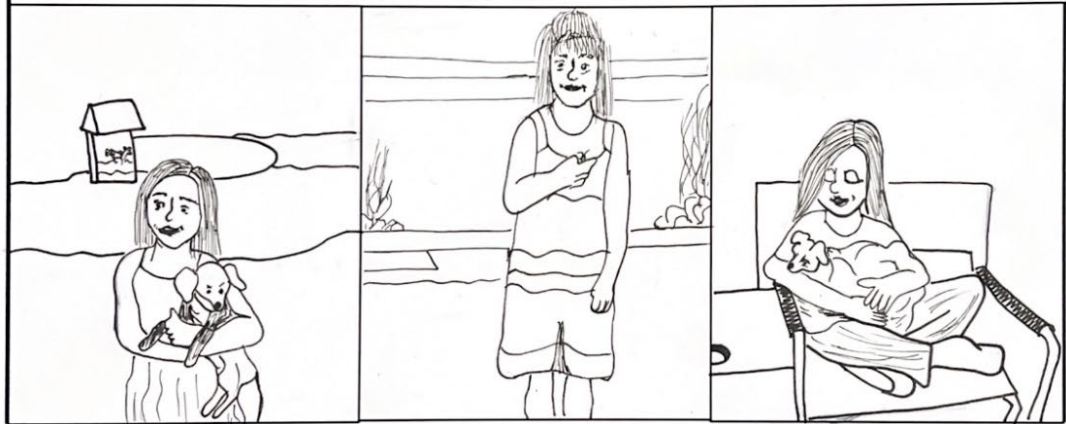
These must be the benefits of age and wisdom,
A skill that actually matters.
To remind us
We are bound in inescapable communion.
To remind us
We are alive



Why Can't I Decide? | Shasta Partain



I cant make up my mind! All my life I have always dreamed about becoming a veterinarian, Id always have some sort of animal or creature in my arms as a child.

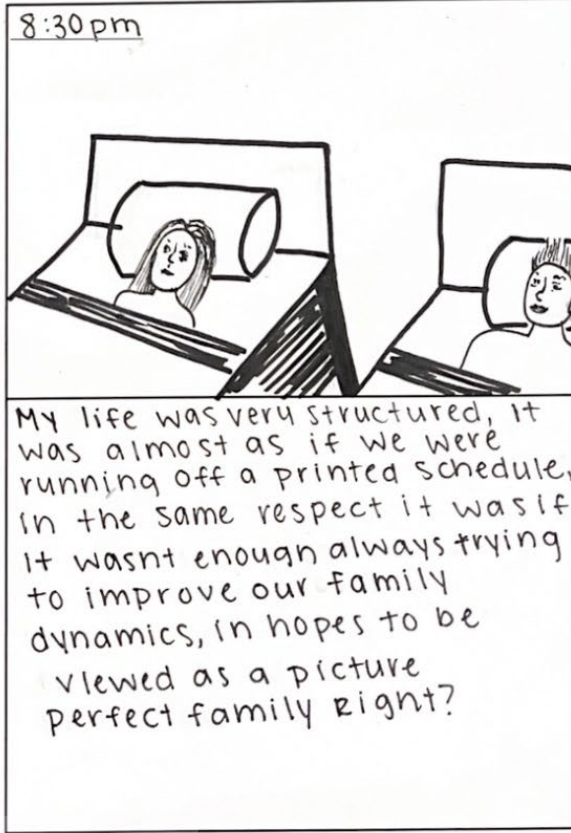


WHY CAN'T I DECIDE?





Dad supported the family, while mom was able to pursue her photography business while still managing the family and making sure there was food on the table by 7pm.



I had a very big extended family, Mom always says "It took a village to raise you kids"

"each life is influenced and it in turn becomes an influence. whatever is a cause is also an effect, childhood experience is just one element in the determining field" (356) Griffin.

2015 13 years old

Me: We've lived here my whole life what about? what about? ????????

Sister: im old enough do what you want

Brother: OMG! Yessss

Dad: I'm along for the ride

Mom: "what if we moved to california and took over the millworks?"

optimistic, I've lived here my whole life, everyone I've ever known is here in my home town.

How will I make friends? what about softball?

Taking over the family bus. would be cool! i'll be the next!

What will school be like?

I'll be okay, i'll make new friends, join new teams, and this will be a big but good change!

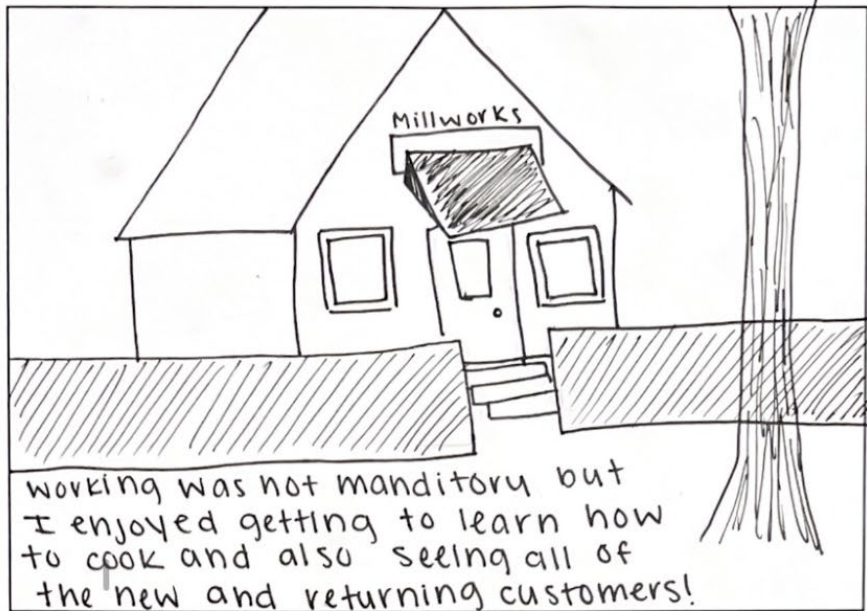
Packing **Moving** **Unpacking** **New house**

It was during the summer that we moved, so we had 2 months before the next school year started again. We went swimming and hiking all summer, we even got to learn how to start working at the restaurant. The millworks was apart of our family for 3 generations and almost 45 years of my great grandmas famous recipes.

Cinnamon rolls
 1 cup flour 1 ~
 '14 ~ 1 1/2 ~
 '12 ~ 1 1/3 ~
 '12 ~ '14 ~
 1 ~ 3 ~

Cheese cake
 ~ ~ ~
 ~ ~ ~

soup
 ~ ~ ~
 ~ ~ ~



working was not mandatory but I enjoyed getting to learn how to cook and also seeing all of the new and returning customers!



That feeling I was feeling was all going away, I felt as if the move was ment to happen, making friends was easy, home life was better than ever, well at least I thought...



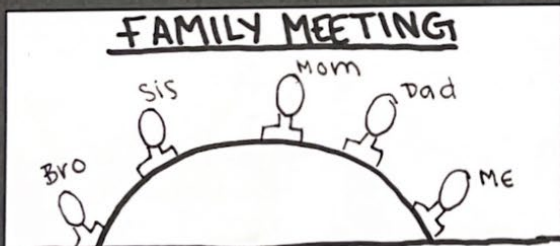
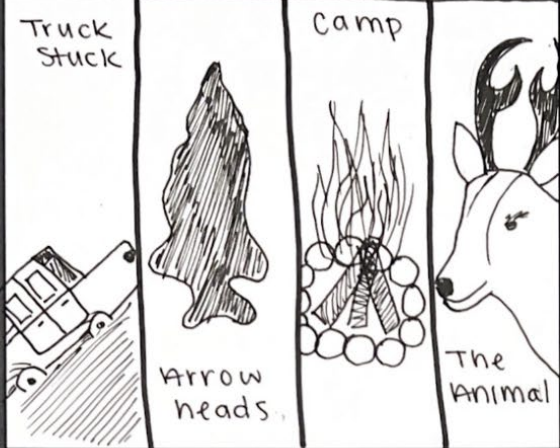
"My mothers editorial voice precision dispassionate elegant, adverbness is lodged deep into my temporal Lobes" (91) Griffin

Now being 13 years old, I reflect on how my mom raised me, "always treat people and others the way you would want to be treated"



Still 2015...

The hunting trip was awesome
my brother got his analope, I
was so excited to go home
to tell mom about our trip!



mom + dad: we are getting a
divorce...

us kids: wait what? We thought
things were going so well?!?

Mom + dad: it's just not working
out, we think this will
be better for us and you
kids!



"What we call the self is part of a larger matrix of relationship and society. Had we been born to a different family, in a different time, to a different world, we would not be the same. All lives that surround us are in us" (38) Griffin.

After the divorce I was kinda left to raise myself, mom was never home anymore, both siblings were old enough and on their own, and dad moved back to NY.

The feeling a person gets when having difficulty intergrading the situation into the sense of who they are and their current reality. Perfectionism can be seen

Why? how? I thought everything was going good everyone was nappy? I felt so lost, I've had this anxiety feeling before.

My structured life was all crumbling before my eyes, how could this be happening? What about dad? where is he gonna live? I guess this is how it's gonna be...

Cooking Myself Dinner...

as a trauma response and/or protective factor.

I started staying with friends on school nights - that was never allowed before...

Started hanging out with boys and people I normally would've stayed away from

started basically living in Quincy with friends, hardly ever going home

As time went I got used to the freedom and didn't seem to mind anymore

Monday:

Ness!

Wanna stay the night?

mmm, where's mom? I guess I'll go hangout too!

Friends house

This isn't so bad after all.

We had a 30 min drive to school so once my brother graduated, I had to move in with my dad in Fernley where school was only 5 mins away. I wasn't old enough to drive yet so it just made sense.

Seeing all the old faces I once grew up with.

YOU PERFORM WELL HIDE AND STAY SMALL

You are the perfect child you get quiet?

WHY? (worthwild.com)



Fernley high School

Sophomore year



"The revelation of these forces a series of great changes has unfolded over the course of my life. The changes are still unfolding and will likely continue until I die" (248) Coates

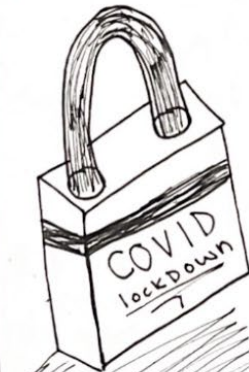
Change is A GOOD THING

Class of 2020



I was stoked for senior year, all of the fun senior things, and finally being able to walk the stage with my best friends!

Then covid happened and ended up cutting my senior year in half, without a proper graduation, leaving a lot of us lost and confused with no direction



At least I had great friends and mom still had the restaurant open so I still had a job, during this difficult time for all. I took a semester off of school.

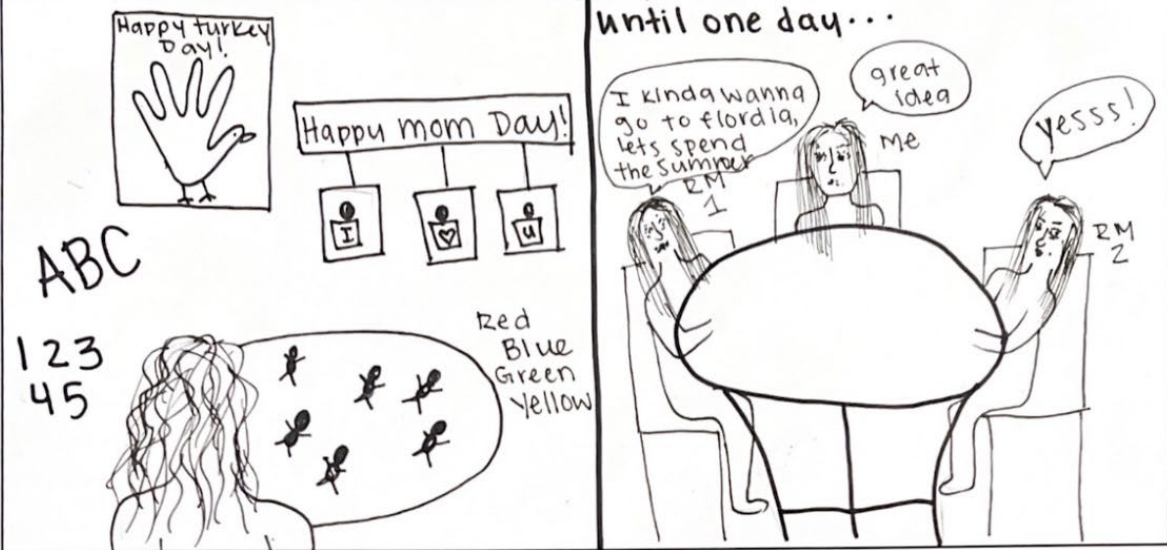
moved and started renting a house with a couple of my best friends, working at a preschool as a teacher for the 1 and 2 year olds



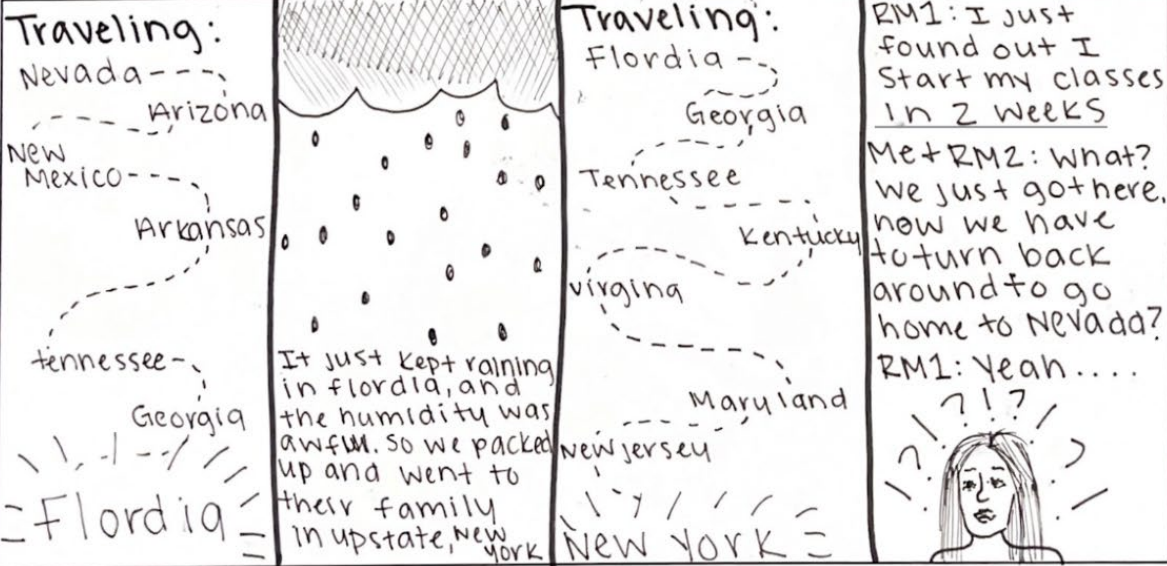
our first house!



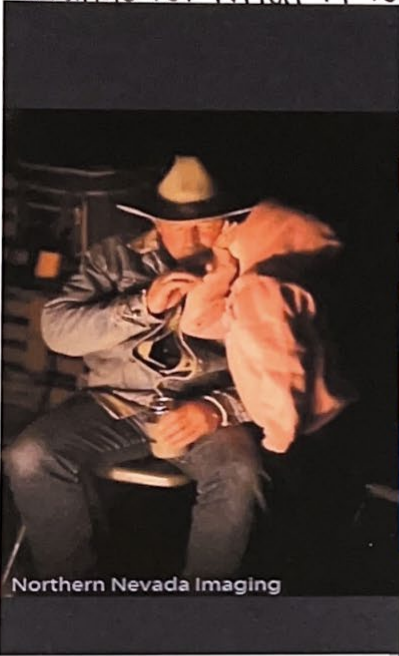
Although covid19 was going on and so many changes had to be made to get through the rough time, it allowed me to start flourishing as an individual, I just graduated high school, moved into my own place, started a job that I absolutely loved. I started getting back into arts and crafts with the kiddos I taught. My life really couldn't of been better...



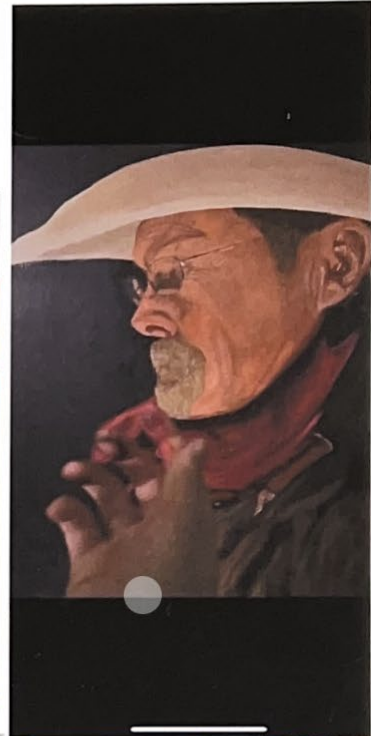
so there we go June 10th 2021, we take off with my truck and one roommates jeep their dog and all of our stuff. planning on just camping on our way to save money until we got to florida where their grandma owns a vacation home. It took 7 days to get to florida while being able to see and explore the states inbetween!



I guess my story is, is that life is always changing and there is not a single life that is perfectly "perfect". as you saw my childhood was very structured with lots of rules and healthy habits. as I got older my life started having some major dynamic changes that shaped and made me grow up at a very young age. my childhood made me believe that we had to be perfect, and when things weren't I had a hard time accepting major life changes, now that I am older I accept change for what it is and I am trying to live outside of the "perfect" world I once knew.



Northern Nevada Imaging



Created and illustrated by Shasta Partain

Sunday afternoon | Dasha Petrov

A dog lay on the porch of a house sunbathing,
on this sunny Sunday afternoon.
Eyes clouded with age,
the same as gentle fruit bruises.
His face, dashed with powdered sugar,
relaxed and tranquil,
joints soothed by the rays of light.
He lay delighted,
paws responding to a dream
racing through his nodding mind.
Ears warmed up and soft as velvet.
He lay unbothered,
on that sunny Sunday afternoon,
no curious midge, nor aimless fly
could dispel him of his bliss.
Unless the placing
of his dish
signaled him to come inside.



Untitled | Cassandra Torres



An Oven Full of Pots and Pans | Hugo Rocha

I never understood why we put all our pots and pans in the oven. They were always sticking out, pressing against one another, and they filled up the oven, so every time I wanted to use it, I would have to take all the pots and pans out.

There are bent pans, pans that lost their shiny coat, but they still work according to my mom, some are big and they take up a lot of room, shaping the space around them, some have been there for a long time, long forgotten in the back, the newer ones everyone uses are at the mouth of the oven, the small pots and pans, they go anywhere, they don't respect the order of pans with pans, pots with pots, glass with glass, lids with lids.

Although they can be an inconvenience, they also keep each other company, making the oven a little less cold.



Graduation: What Happens Afterwards | Jamie Johnson

The sun still shines
And clouds move.
Hot then cold
Cold then hot.
Music plays quietly.
Wind chimes whistle.
The dogs bark.
As cars pass.
As people pass.
Wind kisses skin.
Chairs rock slowly.
There's green grass
And yellow flowers
And mountain snow.

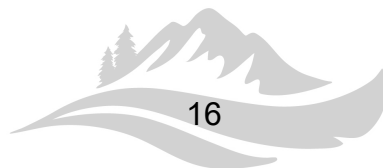
There's dry thunder
I can't hear,
Making someone watch
Ever so closely
For wildfires.
There's cold weather
I can't feel,
Making someone wish
For the heat
While visiting friends.
There's a yard
I can't see,
Making someone talk
With endless customers
A town over.
There's greasy bolts
I can't touch,
Making someone grimace
Hard while thinking,
"What the fuck?"

Time for sunscreen;
Be right back.
I'm throwing ropes,



Practicing for nothing.
I'm doing laundry,
Hoping he stays.
I'm painting black:
The number 10.
I'm resizing jeans
And sitting outside.
Wet to dry.
Tight to fitting.

I wanna scream,
"No one cares!"
"All for nothing!"
"No one stayed!"
"No one tried!"
"No one's here!"
"I'm all alone!"
"It's never normal!"



The Trick, V4 | Asa Boosamra



Tom Spring | Asa Boosamra



a Dog and his Donut | Evi de Bois

A note from the author: Dota the Dapper Dog was written in honor of my great grandfather. He was a speech therapist and poet who combined those skills to help children who struggled with speech impediments.

Dota the dapper dog
Was a dilly of a darn donut hog
Determined and delinquent he dared and decided
Donuts made doggies double delighted
So Dota the dapper dog
Stole donuts doing a delighted jog



Untitled | Kyra Carlson



I (really) love clouds | Logan Kingsland

Perfect white, sharp against an azure sea
The clouds sail over me,
yawning
They throw their arms back and uncurl their fingers.
Milky, wispy,
dissipating and elongating
as they glide,
massive and silent,
across the sky.
Inviting me to fly with them.



Survivor | Connor LaPerle



Round Valley | Connor LaPerle



Time Runs Short | Ansley Tanguay

When I was little, I wanted nothing more than to be older. My parents always told me “It will come before you know it, don’t grow up too fast” That’s all I wanted, was for it to come quicker. my parents have been my built-in best friends my entire life. my first memories and my most recent. the laughs, the cries, the rage, and the pure joy. They’ve been there and they’ve done it too.

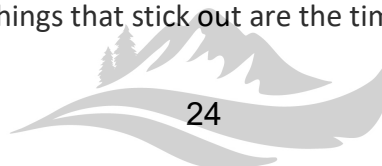
When I was little, I loved being affectionate. I loved my dad and my mom, always jumping on them and playing with them. We always went on family trips up and down the coast. We never had a normal family trip lol. There was always fighting, whether it was between me and my brother who I’m 20 months older than, by the way, or between me and my dad or my mom. I never saw them argue with each other though. I don’t believe they ever did, they were just really good at hiding it from us I think. it made us feel way more loved. the fact we all looked like a happy family.

Our favorite place was the Redwoods. I look back at old pictures wishing it didn’t fly by. I wish I wasn’t rushing them to take the picture or to get in the car and go somewhere else. I wish I just took in that moment for the happiest moments of my life. We’d always stop by our aunts, our uncles, or our grandparent's house after. When we got there, I never took the time to visit with them. I’d just go run off and play with my cousins. I was always so mad when they would stop us to take a picture. I’d put on my fake smile, it’d quickly turn to a real one when I saw my mom and dad's face of pure joy just looking at us through the camera. these things never clicked to me, that I was in the best place of my life.

Then my parents separated but I didn’t know what was happening, I was only 6. Just one day I realized I hadn’t seen my parents in the same room in weeks, those weeks turned into months and months turned into forever. it took me 8 years to understand the full story and what happened or how, I became so angry, not at anyone just at the world. I still am and that’ll never change, but then I got older, I got a phone and boyfriends and social status started to matter. I forgot about everyone and just stayed out with my friends as much as I could. I’d go to school at 8 am and then would stay at my friends’ house after school until 9 pm then go home and go to bed.

I did everything to avoid everybody in my family. I was mad at them. mad at what they did, I wanted to call them selfish but I can’t put that on them. it damaged me, I don’t know if they saw it or thought about it but I know they’ve never really laid everything out and looked at it as a big piece, just “Oh she’s moody again.” “Oh she’s becoming a teenager” “She’s mad at her brother or her friends” never thought it was something that happened a decade ago. they still try though. taking us on family trips with my stepmom, which I did not like the idea of by the way. not the fact of her, I love her, but the fact that it wasn’t my mom there anymore, but just someone else who played that role. it grew on me, but not as her being my step mom just a person in my family. I was still mad at the world.

I shoved my face in my phone every day, whether on a trip, at home, or school. just anywhere. I wish I didn’t, those years flew by quicker than I can even remember. everything just blends together now. The only things that stick out are the times I laughed with my dad, and



visiting my mom when I could. because not everything goes the way you wish it did. but you do what you can. my parents still try so hard. They do what they can and I am so happy with what they do. they both are beautiful souls whether they're together or apart. my mom doesn't have many materialistic things now, everything got torn from her when my dad left and she lost motivation. She does everything for me and my brother. and I couldn't be grateful enough. I would do anything for her. I'd kill or die for her. I don't know if she knows that, she gets discouraged knowing we live full-time with our dad and the person who is supposed to be her. She understands though. As I got older I started making dumb decisions, I'm a dumb teenager. I took a course called Every 15 Minutes, a 2-day long trip where a group of kids from my school and I go camp out away from home with no contact to the outside world. the purpose was every 15 minutes a person dies from drunk driving, we were the people who died from drunk driving. my dad has to write me a letter like I died. I cried the entire 2 days knowing my dad loves me most, and he sees these things happen for real all the time. He has to tell people the news but now the news was about his daughter. I saw my dad cry, which never happens, in front of the entire school when he saw me again. I'll never forget the letter he wrote to me. expressing what I mean to him in writing.

I wish I put the phone down all those years and appreciated him more, spent more time, and soaked in all those happy times he tried to give me. I'll be a senior in a month. the biggest year of my life, the year I graduate, the year I move out, the year that marks independence. from this point on I'll only see my parents on average 150 more times in my whole life. I can't bear that. those are my best friends. the people who I've been next to my entire life, the people who did everything for me. they say "As you get older, time goes by faster" and oh how I wish that wasn't true. I should've taken my face out of my phone, quit the selfishness, and soaked in all the moments I'll think about for the rest of my life. I thought this year couldn't come any slower, but man does time run short.



Mid-Day Manual | Asa Boosamra



Untitled | Asa Boosamra



Heart | Holly Klauck

You gave me your heart

I was so happy that day - I held it up to the sun rays
admiring the color, the shape, the spots, and the specks

I didn't think once to look down or watch my steps

then, I tripped and I fell and your heart...

your fucking heart...it b r o k e

a l l a p

a

r

t



Untitled | Aubrianna Keeler



The Game of Basketball | Liam Bowling

In the arena's hallowed hall,
Where echoes ring and spirits call,
A game unfolds, both fierce and free,
It's basketball, where dreams take flight, you see.

The court, a stage for skillful grace,
Where players dance and find their place,
They dribble, shoot, and swiftly pass,
A symphony of motion on polished glass.

The ball, a sphere of endless dreams,
Soaring high on rhythmic streams,
It arcs through the crisp, clean air,
A testament to the players' care.

The crowd erupts in roaring cheers,
As players rise above their fears,
Their bodies leap with fearless might,
As they chase the hoop, suspended in flight.

The clock ticks down, the tension's high,
As players reach for the endless sky,
With every dribble, every shot,
They strive to give it all they've got.

In basketball, we see a tale,
Of teamwork, passion, and hearts set sail,
For on the court, the spirit's true,
A game of glory, for me and you.

So let us cheer for basketball's embrace,
For the players' skill, their boundless grace,
For in this game, we find our call,
To reach for greatness, to stand tall.



The Realm of Youth | Sean Tillman

A little boy stretches his arms out, yawning dramatically. Rubs his eyes and forces them open. Suddenly, he feels a deep desire rise inside of him, something overwhelming to the point of necessity. Chocolate Milk. At this moment, there is nothing else in existence that he desires, save for this sugary, delectable dairy beverage. In the hushed stillness of the night, a young boy named Eugene lay wide awake in his bed, his eyes sparkling with anticipation. His room, currently bathed in the soft glow of the moonlight filtering through the window, was his sanctuary, his playground, his world. Tonight, it was about to become an enchanted realm of teddy bears and stuffed animals.

As Eugene swung his legs over the side of the bed, his toes brushed against the soft, plush fur of Mr. Snuggles, his favorite teddy bear. He imagined Mr. Snuggles springing to life, his button eyes twinkling with mischief. The room seemed to pulse with a magical energy, transforming the familiar into the fantastical. Eugene stepped onto the carpet, which in his mind, turned into a lush, verdant meadow. Each stuffed animal he had lovingly arranged around his room seemed to come alive, their glassy eyes gleaming in the moonlight. The teddy bears, the plush dinosaurs, all seemed to be waiting, watching, ready for an adventure.

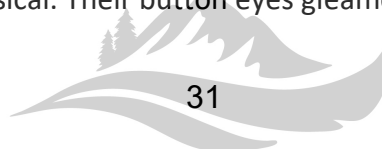
With a heart full of courage and a spirit full of wonder, Eugene began his journey. Each step fulfilling his sense of adventure, his destination was the fridge, a towering structure in his mind's eye. The journey ahead is filled with imagined perils and challenges. A sea of stuffed animals to cross, a mountain of pillows to climb, a massive lake contained in the bathroom, and the dark forest of furniture to navigate. As he reached for the doorknob, he couldn't help but smile. His room, his sanctuary, had transformed into a world of adventure and imagination, a testament to the boundless creativity of a child's mind. And as he opened the door, Eugene examined the vast expanse of the journey ahead of him.

In the land ahead there have been known sightings of many stuffed creatures, such as Velociraptors, Talking Teddy Bears, but also a strict Queen known to be rather kind to creatures, though tales of caution have been told to all tempting her darker side which can only be subsided by her beloved King. Currently, Eugene is peering out into a valley littered with non-threatening, yet chatty teddy bears, and a lone stuffed Lorax-like creature, that is attempting to enforce the natural order of things on some un-wavering businessman. Eugene thought better of interfering with such matters and set out into the prairie-like landscape, in the opposite direction of the "Lorax's" disagreement.

"I need to get to Coco Forest!" mutters Eugene to himself. "But there are all of these teddies, and if even one of them spots me, I will be stuck talking to them for hours!"

In the heart of a moonlit room, Eugene, a young boy with a heart full of adventure, found himself in a peculiar situation. He was surrounded by a group of overly chatty teddy bears, their voices filling the room with a cacophony of sound. He needed to get past them, but he didn't want to be seen.

The teddy bears were huddled together in a circle, their plush bodies illuminated by the soft glow of a night light. They were engaged in a lively discussion, their voices rising and falling in a rhythm that was almost musical. Their button eyes gleamed with excitement as they



chatted away, oblivious to Eugene's presence.

One teddy bear, a large brown one with a red bow tie, seemed to be leading the conversation.

"Did you hear about the honey shortage in the North Meadow?" the large brown bear asked, his voice filled with concern.

The others gasped in surprise, their small paws covering their mouths. A smaller teddy bear, with a patch over one eye, chimed in,

"Oh no, not the honey! What will we do without our afternoon tea?" said silky black bear.

The others nodded in agreement, their faces mirroring his worry. Eugene watched from the shadows, his heart pounding in his chest. He needed to get past the bears, but he didn't want to interrupt their conversation. He decided to crawl along the floor, moving as silently as a shadow. As he moved closer, he could hear the bears discussing everything from the best type of stuffing to the latest fashion trends in bow ties. Their conversation was filled with laughter and friendly banter, a testament to their camaraderie.

As Eugene was weighing his options on a direction of travel, he heard a rustling in the bushes a few feet off from him.

There's something in the bushes Thought Eugene It's coming straight towards me.

A human-like figure then appears from the bushes.

"Brother!" whispers a young blonde-haired, blue-eyed munchkin.

"Mikah!" exclaims Eugene, excitedly.

"Shhhhh. Quiet." Urges Mikah, "you'll wake up the Queen! She's asleep in her castle, not far from here.

"You're right, thank you," Eugene whispered.

"What are you doing out here?" Mikah questions curiously.

"I am going to the Coco Forest, to find the Coco Springs," says Eugene.

"You mean the cold springs of chocolate milk, that are on the other side of those hills, over that Lake, and past the old swampy marsh?" Mikah asks. "There's Raptors in the Marsh! You could die! And just for a drink of chocolate milk?"

"I'm not joking Mikah; I am going to have some chocolate milk, no matter what," says Eugene.

"Okay, I think you are crazy, but I will go with you," Mikah replies.

"So, what are we going to do about these teddies?" Eugene gestures towards the litter of chatty stuffed bears in front of them.

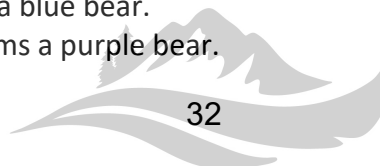
"I have just the thing" Mikah smirks, as he pulls out a plastic phone, with light up buttons and a very loud, and annoying female voice that repeats each button that is pressed. Mikah then presses one of the buttons and the female voice begins to sing loudly.

"Ring Ring Ring, that's my friend who's calling, I hope he wants to come and plaaaa-aay-aayyy-with me."

The verse begins to repeat and both boys chuckle to themselves, having found the perfect diversion for them to sneak past these chatty bears. The boys place the phone on the ground and look up to see several of the bears approaching the bushes.

"I want to be your friend!" Says a blue bear.

"I wonder who's calling?" exclaims a purple bear.



The phone seemed to be doing the trick, as most of the bears were now curiously approaching the bushes, to search of a new friend to talk to.

“Let's go, now!” whispers Eugene urgently. Both boys stepped out into the open, some distance away from the phone, hoping that none of the bears would see them.

The boys tiptoe through the valley and head towards the tall hills just on the other side. The hills in front of them, were covered in a thick carpet of grass that shimmered in the moonlight, giving them an ethereal glow. The grass on the hills a vibrant green, each blade dancing gently in the cool night breeze. It was tall and wild, a testament to the untamed beauty of their imagined world. The hills seemed to roll on forever, their slopes gentle and inviting, promising an adventure with every step. At the top of the hills, the boys could see the silhouette of a large tree, its branches swaying gently in the wind. It stood like a sentinel, watching over the valley and the chatty teddy bears below. The tree added an element of mystery to the scene, its dark form a stark contrast against the moonlit sky.

Just as the boys came upon the tree at the top, Eugene's eyes caught a glint of something unusual half-buried in the lush grass of the hill. His heart skips a beat as he rushes over, his younger brother trailing behind him. As he kneels and brushes away the leaves, his eyes widen in awe. It's a stick, but not just any stick. This stick is long and straight, about the length of his arm. It's sturdy and solid, the wood hardened by time and weather. The bark is a rich, dark brown, rough under his fingers, with patches of green moss adding a touch of color. It's worn and weathered, with knots and gnarls that give it character, each one a testament to its age and resilience. One end of the stick is slightly pointed, perfect for imaginary duels and heroic battles. The other end is broader, providing a comfortable grip. Eugene can almost feel the power coursing through it as he swings it through the air, the stick cutting a swift path through the cool evening breeze.

“Look!” Eugene says, “It's a stick sword!”

“Better than nothing,” mutters Mikah, unimpressed.

“You think we are far enough away from the Teddies, to stop and take a break?” asks Mikah.

“Definitely.” Replies Eugene, eager to also rest.

The boys sat on the hill and looked ahead. There was a massive lake at the base of the hills, which, to the boys, seemed to reach on forever. The lake stretched out before them, a vast expanse of placid water that shimmered under the soft glow of moonlight. It was a mirror, reflecting the sky above with its myriad of colors. The surface of the lake was so calm, so serene, it seemed as if time itself had paused to admire its tranquility. The boys, sitting on the hill, admired this serene obstacle, with its deceptive calmness, which was overwhelming, yet it filled them with a renewed sense of determination. They knew they had a challenge to overcome.

“I can't swim all the way across.” said Mikah, slightly embarrassed.

“I know.” Eugene replies, reassuringly

“So, what are we going to do then?” asks Mikah.

“I'm thinking,” Eugene says.

Eugene, having swam in this lake every night after dinner, immediately began to recognize his surroundings. He then ushers his brother, Mikah down the hill, towards the shore.

“Where are we going? I told you I couldn't swim!” exclaims Mikah.

“We aren't swimming, follow me, I know what to do” Eugene states confidently.

Eugene, almost sprinting at this point, remembers where some plastic boats and humorously oversized rubber ducks are secured in a net near the shore of the lake. Just then, he spots the blue plastic tugboat, tied to several oversized rubber ducks floating behind it, he begins to run faster.

"Wait! Brother! Wait!" screams Mikah.

"*Why does he sound so far away?*" thought Eugene.

Eugene looks back to see his brother, out of breath, bent over with his hands on his knees due to exhaustion. Eugene hadn't thought about how much faster he could run than his shorter, younger brother. Eugene begins to jog back towards Mikah, and when he reaches him, he embraces him warmly.

"I'm sorry brother," Eugene says apologetically. "I won't run ahead anymore from now on, I'll be right here by your side."

Mikah, who was slightly annoyed pushed his brother firmly and says, "You better not!" This causes both boys to break up into harmonious laughter.

"Come on, let's get to that boat," Eugene says, pulling his brother Mikah up to his feet.

When the brothers finally reach the part of shore closest to the boat, the waves of the water begin to lap at their feet.

"How are we going to get to the boat? doesn't the Queen usually dispatch her King to ferry people across the lake?" asks Mikah.

"Yes, but the King doesn't swim out there either, he uses that crank handle there to extend a platform that reaches out above the water. Come with me, I think with both of us pulling, we can get it to work." Says Eugene.

Placing their hands on the crank, both boys began pulling with all their strength, but lacking the proper footing, their feet began to slide out from underneath them.

"We can't do it!" exclaims Mikah.

"Yes, we can!" yells Eugene, determined to accomplish his quest for glorious Chocolate Milk.

Just then, a large hand, rough with years of hard labor, gently places itself on Eugene's shoulder. The unexpected touch startled Eugene, causing him to stumble backwards onto the sandy ground, landing on top of his younger brother, Mikah. Looking up, Eugene and Mikah find themselves staring into the kind eyes of the King, who was none other than their father. Their father's face was etched with lines of wisdom and experience, but his eyes held a softness that was reserved only for his sons. A reassuring smile played on his lips as he reached out to a crank by the side of the platform. With a strength that belied his age, the King began to turn the crank. The platform creaked and groaned as it extended towards the boat, a sturdy plastic vessel that bobbed gently on the water, tied securely to the rear of the boat were 3 yellow rubber ducks, bobbing gently. With deft fingers, the King secured the platform to the boat with a simple, yet sturdy knot.

"I bless your journey, my sons, go forth, and acquire your heart's desire," the King said, his voice echoing in the stillness of the evening. His words were not just a blessing, but a command, a mission for his sons to undertake. With that, he turned and began to walk away, making his way back to the Queen's castle for his well-deserved rest.

Amazed and awestruck, Eugene and Mikah could only stare after their father, their hearts pounding with excitement and fear. But there was no time to waste. With a shared look of determination, they sprinted towards the boat, their voices ringing out in unison, "Thank

you!!"

As they clambered into the boat, each brother grabbed an oar, their small hands gripping the wood tightly. With synchronized strokes, they began to paddle away from the shore, their journey just beginning. Ahead of them lay the unknown, but they were ready. After all, they were the sons of the King, and they had a mission to accomplish. Their adventure was just beginning.

Sitting in the boat, each brother grabs an oar and begins paddling towards the opposite shore, which narrows and becomes a shallow unforgiving, muddy, swamp.

"Are we going to talk about what just happened?" asks Mikah.

"No." Replies Eugene firmly. Clearly, his mind set on completing his journey to the Coco Forest, and the taste of cold, delicious Chocolate Milk.

The boys continue paddling forward, utterly silent for the remainder of the course across the waters of the lake. A few moments later, the silence is finally broken. The silence is broken by the squelching sound of the boat scraping against the muddy bottom of the swamp. The calm water of the lake has given way to a shallow, unforgiving swamp. The air is heavy with the smell of damp earth and rotting vegetation, a stark contrast to the fresh, clean air of the lake.

Eugene and Mikah look around, their eyes wide with a mix of apprehension and excitement. The swamp is a maze of twisted roots and gnarled trees, their branches reaching out like skeletal hands. The mud is thick and sticky, sucking at the boat with every movement. The boys press on, their determination unwavering. They maneuver the boat with practiced ease, their oars cutting through the muddy water. Every stroke brings them closer to their destination - the Coco Forest, and the promise of cold, delicious Chocolate milk. Finally, after what feels like an eternity, they reach the edge of the swamp. The boys heave a sigh of relief, their faces flushed with exertion. They share a glance, a silent acknowledgement of the journey they've undertaken. The swamp, the lake, the chatty teddy bears - they've faced them all and emerged victorious.

With renewed vigor, they paddle towards the Coco Forest, their hearts filled with anticipation. The taste of cold, delicious Chocolate Milk is almost within reach. As the swamp falls silent once again, the only evidence of their passage the faint ripples in the muddy water. Their adventure continues, the story of Eugene and Mikah, two brave brothers on a quest for their heart's desire.

"Why do you think the King helped us?" asks Mikah.

"I told you we aren't going to talk about it!" States Eugene firmly.

"What are you afraid of? Mikah asks, curiously.

"I'm not afraid, I just don't know why he helped us." Eugene replies. "He usually just tells me to get back in bed."

"I think it's because he loves us." Mikah considers out loud.

"Hm." Eugene mutters. "I think your right, but how did he know we are after something?"

"He probably overheard us as he was walking up" Mikah replies.

Eugene just turns his head, and looks away vacantly, as if to say he is done with the conversation.

Just then, the boat stops completely.

"We made it, we have to get out now." Eugene announces.

"Is that the Coco Forest?" asks Mikah.



“Yes, it’s not far to the gates of the springs.” Eugene replies.

“Let’s just hope we don’t run into any Raptors.” Mikah says, smirking slightly.

“Just in case, I think I’ll bring this along.” Says Eugene, tying a simple knot to his waistband that attached to the handgrip of his stick-sword.

Helping his brother out of the boat, Eugene immediately notices that the mud isn’t as deep as he had originally thought, causing a wave of relief to wash over him. Within 100 yards of the first trees of the Coco Forest, the boys drudge on through the ankle-deep mud, until they are standing on solid ground, a few feet inside the edge of the Forest.

“Stay low” Eugene whispers, stepping carefully.

Mikah says nothing and imitates each of his brothers’ footsteps exactly. A branch snaps, and both boys freeze in place. Looking around, scanning frantically, they are unable to spot a youngling raptor curiously observing them from some nearby foliage. Both the Raptor and the boys remain motionless for several minutes.

“It’s nothing!” Mikah exclaims, unable to contain himself.

“Shhh!” Eugene gestures with his finger across his lips.

Un-aware of the Raptor, Eugene accepts the fact that his brother was likely right, Eugene tugs on Mikah’s sleeve to signal him to follow again and begins heading in the direction of the gates to the Coco Springs. The Raptor, however, begins to follow them, making little to no noise.

“Are we there yet?!” complains Mikah. Eugene says nothing.

“Are we there YET?!” Mikah repeats. Eugene says nothing.

“I SAID-“....Mikah is cut off by a small stone that rolls out into the open from one of the nearby bushes.

“Weird.” Says Eugene

Mikah walks up to the stone and picks it up.

“It’s nothing but a boring rock!” says Mikah.

“But how did it roll out from under the bush like that?” Eugene asks.

Mikah then pulls his arm back, balls a fist around the stone and hurls it as far as he can.

“AHHHHHH!!!!” Both boys scream in terror as the young raptor dashes past both the boys after the stone, nearly knocking them both over as it does.

“Wait, where did it go?” Just as Eugene was asking this question the Raptor re-appears clutching the small stone in its teeth. The Raptor then approaches Eugene, and Eugene reflexively grabs for his stick-sword, but as he does, the Raptor touches its snout gently against Eugene’s knee, and pushes him aside, revealing young Mikah crouching on his knees. The Raptor then proceeds to place the pebble in front of Mikah, and snorts softly.

“He wants you to throw it again!” Eugene exclaims excitedly.

Mikah remains motionless, unable to believe what is happening. The Raptor picks up the stone, and places it directly on the toe of Mikah’s untied shoe. Eugene bends over to pick up the stone, and the Raptor snorts abruptly, causing Eugene to flinch, but he bends over a bit further and ties his brothers’ shoe instead.

“Throw it,” says Eugene, still crouched at Mikah’s feet.

Mikah did as he was instructed, and picked up the stone and tossed it. The Raptor then dashes speedily through the brush and was back with the stone in an instant, bobbing its head up and down with joy.



“Can I keep him?” Mikah pleads with Eugene.

Eugene looks at his younger brother, then at the raptor, its eyes gleaming with anticipation. He can see the bond that’s already forming between them, the unspoken understanding. He knows that this is no ordinary creature, and this is no ordinary day.

“Keeping a raptor is a big responsibility, Mikah,” Eugene says, his voice serious. “They’re not like the teddy bears or the toys we have. They need care, attention, and a lot of space to run around.”

Mikah looks at the raptor, then back at Eugene. His eyes are wide and earnest. “I can do it, Eugene. I promise. I’ll take good care of him.”

Eugene sighs, knowing that he can’t deny his brother this. Not when he sees the excitement in his eyes, the joy that the raptor brings him. “Alright,” he says, finally. “But remember, he’s not just a pet. He’s a friend. Treat him with kindness and respect.”

Mikah’s face lights up, and he throws his arms around Eugene. “Thank you, Eugene! You’re the best brother ever!”

“Oh boy, what have I gotten myself into?” Eugene mutters to himself.

No longer afraid of the “terrifying” raptor known to roam these woods the boys then continue for a while, unobstructed. Both boys began playfully bumping into each-other, sometimes knocking one-another into a bush, or tree. After a while, Mikah notices tall, porcelain-colored doors in front of them.

“That’s it!” Mikah shouts.

Eugene whoops with excitement, and the raptor continued bouncing and hopping.

In front of them stood the gates of the Coco Springs. The gates were a sight to behold. Standing tall and majestic, they were made of a material that resembled porcelain, their surface smooth and cool to the touch. The gates were a brilliant white, so pure and bright that they seemed to glow. The handles of the gates were shaped like cocoa pods, their surfaces textured and detailed. They were large and sturdy, providing a firm grip for those who wished to enter the Coco Springs. Above the handles, in elegant, flowing script, were the words “Coco Springs”, their letters glistening as if made of liquid chocolate.

The gates were framed by towering pillars, their tops adorned with sculptures of cocoa trees, their branches heavy with pods. The trees seemed to sway gently in the breeze, adding a touch of magic to the already enchanting scene. The gates of the Coco Springs were not just a barrier, but a promise of the wonders that lay beyond. They were a testament to the magic of the place, a beacon inviting all those who sought adventure and discovery. As Eugene and Mikah stood before the gates, their hearts filled with anticipation and excitement, they knew that they were on the threshold of succeeding in their hearts desire. The gates of the Coco Springs were about to open.

“Go ahead, open them.” Mikah urges.

Unable to exercise any amount of patience, Eugene had already swung the doors half open by the time Mikah finished speaking. As Eugene plunges into the Coco Springs, he is enveloped by a sensation unlike any other. The chocolate is thick and velvety, wrapping around him like a warm, comforting blanket. It’s a texture that’s both liquid and solid, a paradox that only adds to the magic of the springs.

The color of the chocolate is a deep, rich brown, the hue of cocoa beans ripened to perfection. It’s a color that speaks of sweetness and indulgence, a visual treat that’s as enticing

as the taste itself, And the taste... oh, the taste is pure bliss. It's a symphony of flavors - the bitter notes of cocoa, the sweet undertones of sugar, and the creamy richness of milk. It's a taste that's both familiar and exotic, a taste that transports Eugene to a realm of youthful delight.

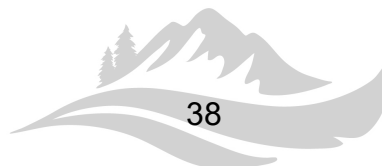
Around him, fountains of chocolate burst forth from the ground, their arcs glistening in the moonlight. They dance and sway in the breeze, their movements as graceful as a ballet. The sound they make as they hit the ground is a melody, a song that speaks of joy and laughter. The pools of chocolate are a sight to behold. They are like mirrors, their surfaces reflecting the beauty of the Coco Springs. But they are more than just pools. They are portals to a world of imagination, a world where anything is possible. As Eugene floats in the Coco Springs, he can't help but marvel at the magic of it all. The texture, the color, the taste, the fountains, the pools - they all come together to create an experience that's truly out of this world. And as he closes his eyes and lets the chocolate wash over him, he knows that he's found his heart's desire. The Coco Springs is everything he imagined it would be, and so much more.

Moments later, after a lengthy dive in one of the chocolate pools, Eugene resurfaces to let out an enormous Belch.

"Excuse you." A woman's voice, gentle yet firm, echoes through the night. The sound startles the boys and the raptor, causing them to look up in surprise. The raptor, sensing the authority in the Queen's voice, squeaks, and dashes back through the gates, disappearing into the night. The Queen's eyes were filled with love and concern, as she scans the scene before her. The sight of her sons, Eugene and Mikah, frolicking in the Coco Springs brought a smile to her face, but also a hint of worry. It was past their bedtime, and the boys needed their rest.

Eugene and Mikah, still in shock, could only stare at their mother, their eyes wide with surprise. They had been so engrossed in their adventure that they hadn't noticed the time. But now, with their mother standing before them, they knew their adventure had come to an end. "Now what exactly are you two doing up, at this hour?" the Queen asked, her voice calm yet stern. The boys remained silent, unable to find the words to explain their late-night escapade. With a sigh, the Queen gestured towards the boy's rooms, "Back to bed, kiddos." Her voice was gentle, but there was no mistaking the command. The boys, knowing better than to argue, nodded and followed their mother back to their rooms. As they walked away from the Coco Springs, the boys couldn't help but glance back at the magical world they had discovered. The fountains of chocolate, the pools, the raptor - they were all part of an adventure they would never forget. And as they climbed into their beds, their bodies tired but their hearts full of joy, they knew they would return to the Coco Springs, ready for another adventure. But for now, under the watchful eyes of their mother, the Queen, it was time for them to rest.

Fin.



Untitled | Aubrianna Keeler



We Need to Remember | Danielle Westmoreland

We can't dehumanize each other.
We must take care to be kind, to not lose our humanity,
Use our human nature to realize we are all just children,
To remember we are all somebodies kid,
To have faith in humanity and not fuel hate.
While looks can feel as if they kill and words may hurt,
We need to take the higher ground and not be offended.
We need to remember humans are humans,
Bloodlust is wrong, love is right.
We need to remember to be human,
That killing is wrong no matter who wins.
We need to remember how to be a good person,
That God is good, that bad is not good,
Evil is wrong and killing is outrageous.
We need to do better to know we are all in this world together,
We cannot keep thinking compassion is not the answer.
Society is the issue, nothing is new, and there is no need for barbarianism.
We must focus on home and love and respect, producing good fruit.
This is the time to get back to being good to all humanity,
We must stop feeding the beast that is the unloving machine of hate.



Stay Back | Connor LaPerle



Grazing | Connor LaPerle



A Life Without Color | Clara Klemesrud

A life without color
What life would that be,
A life without color
Seems ghastly to me,
A life without color
For I wouldn't go,
A life without color
Life as bland as snow



Love and Loss | Vanessa Long

There's a fine line between bliss and devastation. Experiencing both states of being in a minuscule amount of time can pull the heartstrings like no other. I am someone who enjoys romanticizing all the little things in life that I think are worth it. But in doing this, I get hurt more easily and get cut deeper by things many people might find insignificant. On the other hand, I get to love passionately and experience all of the emotions that come with it more intensely. Losing someone whether it be through death or the ending of a relationship, can be the most difficult thing we experience. I myself think that love overrides all of the pain no matter how hurtful it can be. Memories are one thing I hold closest to my heart. Love cannot come without pain and both shape us into the people we are. I've come to this conclusion through two significant events in my life.

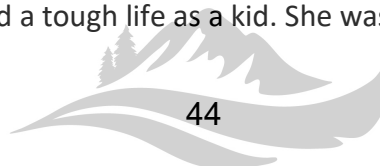
Going on road trips has always been one of my favorite pass times. So with the wind blowing on my face and the crisp smell of the ocean air wafting through the car, I could not have been happier. This was the first road trip I had gone on since I turned eighteen and I'd never felt more free. My boyfriend at the time asked me to go with him on a trip to explore the entire Oregon coast from top to bottom. I remember watching him from the passenger seat with such fondness. He was so perfect in my eyes. I was experiencing freedom and a new love for the first time. All of the emotions I felt enveloped me. That road trip was the first time I really felt what I would call bliss.

Most days the Oregon coast is gloomy and a bit cold. However, for this trip it seemed that everything aligned perfectly to make the most beautiful scenery. The entire time it was sunny and warm. We passed by every coastal city and did several things like exploring hiking trails, eating delicious food, and getting to know each other more deeply. That was the trip where I fell in love with him.

The funny thing about happiness is that it can get ripped away in an instant. The sun can go away just as fast as it appears. Not even a month later he dumped me out of the blue, and I never saw him again. Being the hopeless romantic I am, I begged him to reconsider. In my mind I wouldn't feel a romantic love like that again. During our time together my entire world revolved around him. I was freshly an adult and didn't know myself at all. So instead of giving myself the love I deserved, I was giving it all to someone I now see as a stranger. If I didn't know myself at the time, then I definitely didn't know him.

After the breakup I moved back to California with my family. All I felt was devastation. I cried myself to sleep for months thinking about what I'd lost. I dwelled on the relationship to the point of insanity. Not only did my general health go downhill, but I also started drinking very often. Then I started to binge eat and let myself go. When I think back on it now, I feel so sorry for the girl that got her heart savaged by some guy. I cried more tears for that man than anything else in my life. Even though he wasn't worth my tears I couldn't help but be heartbroken. My heart disagreed with my brain.

Then my big sister came to the rescue. Well, she was actually my cousin, but we grew up together and I saw her as a big sister. Carmen had a huge influence on me and was my role model while growing up. She had a tough life as a kid. She was abused and mistreated while I



was protected from the bad parts of our family. It was horrible for a little kid to go through such traumatic things, but she would always joke that it helped with her character development. I think it's why she became so wise.

After I moved back, Carmen decided to come stay with my family and I for the summer. She brought her newborn daughter Zoe with her as well. I was still distraught from the breakup and not taking care of myself. Immediately she would not stand for that and helped me pick myself back up slowly. We had just reconnected after not being in touch for a long while. Before she was pregnant, she'd gotten herself into some trouble and was on drugs. She sobered up when she had her daughter and became herself again. That's when we started to redevelop our relationship.

Whenever I was crying, she would just hold me and tell me all the things I needed to hear to gain back my self-esteem. Carmen would talk so much shit about him as well, which honestly helped me to get over the ordeal. That whole summer was a self-care summer. We would do our makeup everyday just to stay home and binge watch movies or shows. The long night walks we had were the best. We'd talk about our demons but also reminisce about our childhood and all the good things we experienced together. That was the summer I witnessed her become a mother as well. Zoe was only a few months old, so we were figuring out parenting together. Deep down I knew that period was going to be significant in my memories. I enjoyed it thoroughly because I knew it wouldn't last forever.

After summer ended, she went back home. I was finally able to move on and start working on self-love. Carmen made me realize my worth. I could never thank her enough. We stayed in touch and talked almost every day over the phone. That time together solidified our friendship.

Fast forward to the next year, I grew up tremendously. I got a job, a car, and was well on my way to getting my own place. Carmen was having issues in her relationship and wanted to move in with me when I was able to move out. So, while progressing in life was taking some time, we tried to visit as much as possible. We lived about five hours away, so we mainly saw each other on holidays.

In October of that year, we decided to visit our hometown in Oregon. The plan was for her to come stay at my mom's house for a couple days, then we would drive up there. This is where things took a turn for the worst. She arrived with Zoe late in the evening. My whole family was there to greet her. We hadn't seen her in a while so we were all extremely happy. The family decided to watch Coraline, our favorite spooky movie, while we ate dinner and chatted. Later, after everyone went to bed she came up to my room, and we stayed up till two in the morning watching Beavis and Butthead. Nothing about her seemed abnormal to me that night. She was acting a little bit off, but I'd just assumed it was just her being tired from the long trip.

We planned on going to spirit Halloween the next morning to get our Halloween costumes. Since we'd stayed up so late, I slept in till about noon. When I finally woke up I decided to go tell her I was going to get ready so we could go. Never did I imagine something going so wrong.

As I walked downstairs from my bedroom, I could see that she was still sleeping on the couch. The only thing that I found odd was that the baby wasn't with her. She always woke up when Zoe did. The first thing I did when I got downstairs was go look for the baby. Zoe was in

the kitchen getting into a box of art supplies. I grabbed her and took her back over to the couch where Carmen was. I tried to shake her awake gently to tell her what Zoe was doing, but she didn't wake up right away. I looked at her more closely and immediately knew that something was wrong. I just didn't know what.

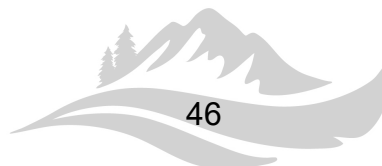
I tried shaking her awake again and still got no response. Her hands were cold, and her lips were yellow, and then the thought crossed my mind "is she dead?" I stood there for what seemed like a millennium looking at her chest to see if she was breathing. I guess in my mind if she was just in a deep sleep, and I started probing her because I thought she was dead, it would seem silly. I shook her again, and then it hit me that she wasn't breathing. I ran outside to where my mom was and told her that she wasn't waking up. My mom then asked me "well is she at least breathing?" I told her that I didn't think so. In an instant my mom ran to her, pulled her to the floor, and started CPR. I called 911, and the ambulance was there in a matter of minutes.

The paramedics started CPR and had a bunch of machines out to do anything they could to revive her. Nothing worked. I stood there and watched screaming in disbelief that this was happening. They couldn't save her. It happened so fast that all of us were in shock. We suspected it was an overdose of some sort. She must've relapsed and taken something that morning. It was surreal. In an instant I'd lost my best friend, my mentor, and my big sister.

Later on, we found out that it was a fentanyl overdose. It's what we had assumed. Nothing could've prepared me for something like this. I wasn't able to cry as many tears for her as I would've liked. I felt extremely guilty about it. I cried so much for a stupid guy but couldn't for the loved one I lost. It was like all my tears were dried up. I was in shock for months, numb to what happened. For a while I didn't know how to go on with my life, especially after being the one to find her dead. It changed me fundamentally. After some time, I was able to find my way again. I gained the motivation to become a better version of myself. I wanted to live life for her. I wanted and still want to live life in her memory. I know she wouldn't want me to lose myself again just because I lost her.

The year that followed was another life changing year for me. I felt her with me along the way. I finally got an apartment and moved out of my mom's house. Even though she would've been moving in with me if she was still here, it was a victory. I knew she would be proud of me. Many things changed for the better. My health improved immensely, and I was taking care of myself mentally as well. I got a new dog and a cat to join my little family. Ever since I lost her, I've been getting to know myself better and becoming someone she would be proud of. Even now, I've started school again which I am happy about. I've also been dating and learning what healthy relationships look like.

I relate my two major losses together. The first real heartbreak I felt from a man, and the first real experience I had with death. Although both were completely different, they had a tremendous impact on my life. Carmen shaped me into the woman I am now. I still have so much love and admiration for her, no matter how things turned out. It was a tragedy, and I think about her every single day. In hindsight, I learned valuable lessons from her and the incident. I choose to look at it for the better no matter how much it hurts. She will always be with me. The love that I have for her is worth all the pain that comes with it.



Untitled | Brittany Harmon



Runs in the family | Logan Kingsland

Two dogs run free in the park
Their bark is tinged with a strange violence
Mirrored in their Dad's calls.

Suddenly,
The dogs begin to tussle
Nasty and barking and biting

The boy shouts
with gravel and anger in his voice
Trying to sound like his Dad

He runs over and smacks them.
Violence for violence.
He thinks they are being bad dogs
But they are just channels of their experience



Untitled | Hannah Michael



The Wires In My Mind | Evi de Bois

My mind is restricted
I'm mentally afflicted
Unraveled, yet
Tied up in
Wires
A tripwire activated
A compulsion created

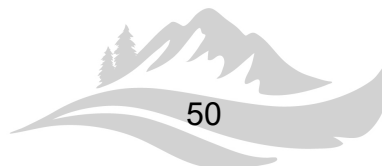
One Two Three Four
One Two Three Four
One Two
One Two Three Four
Another broken lock on my door

There's no cure to what ails me
I'm terrified I'll be forever lost
I'll never again be free
I broke my physical restraints
But my mind's sanity
Stayed behind
Wrapped in
Wires
Suffocating and confined

One Two Three
One Two Three
One Two
One Two
THREE
Everything counted, everything repeated

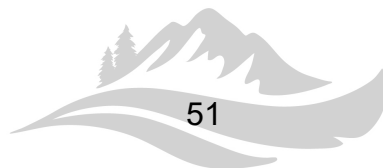
The more I fight, the more I'm defeated
Binge and purge
Do it AGAIN
I'm dismally alone and my mind can't mend
I wince as it rips and cracks my skin
Please help me someone
I'm wrapped up from within

The Wires

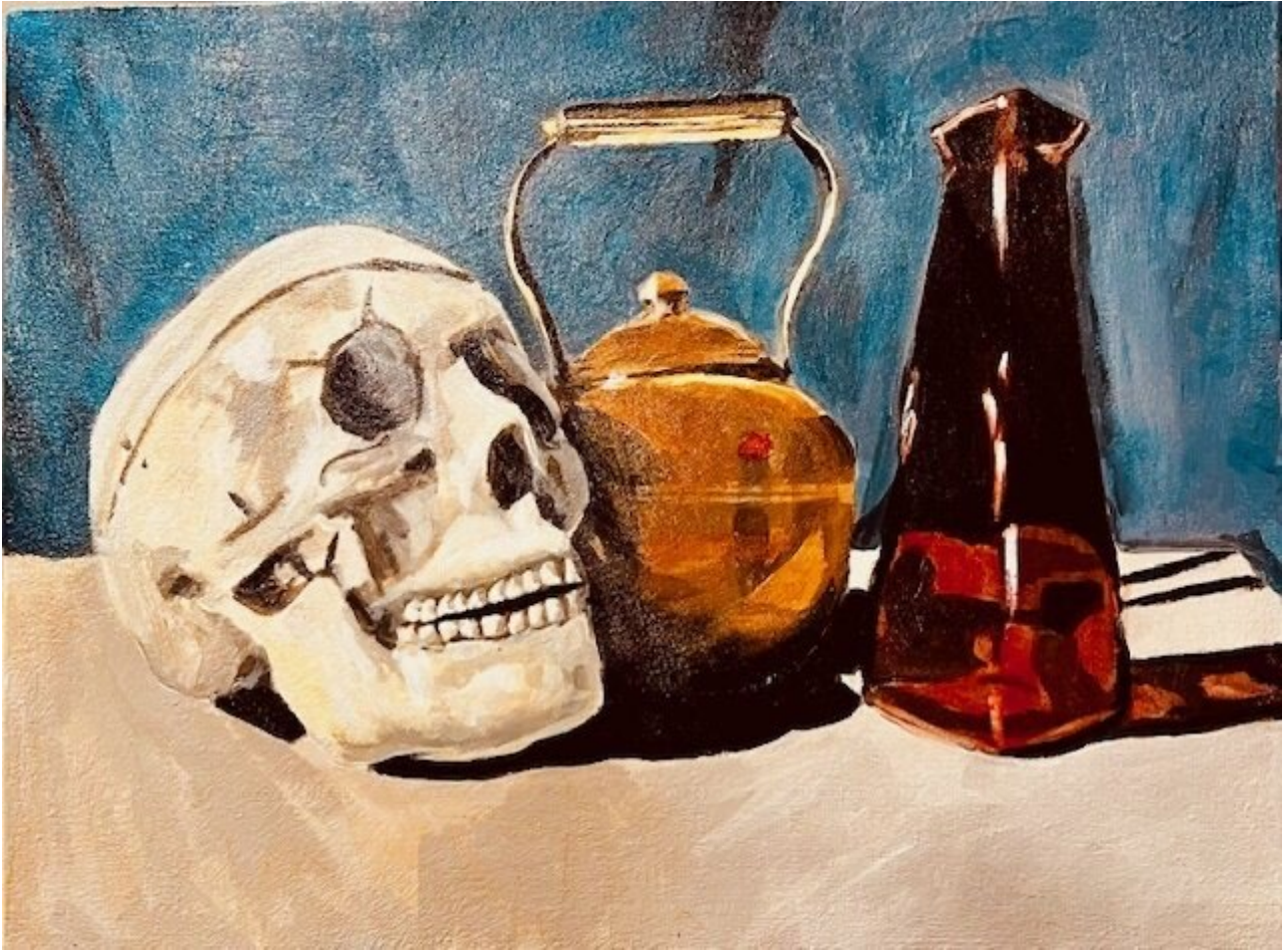


In my mind are crossed
And I'm afraid I'm forever lost
The Wires
They bind
I'm inside
Stuck behind
The Wires
They bind
Control I can't find
Control I can't relinquish
I'm tied to my anguish

I'm tangled up
Me within me
I no longer have
Autonomy
I want peace
I need release
Please
Someone untangle me



Untitled | Jenna Bridges



Untitled | Matthew Meyerl

“He sought the extraordinary, but he forgot his hat”, thought John about his brother Paul as he searched his apartment for his crusty baseball cap. It was a self-reflection, as much as an insult, but neither John nor Paul needed to know that. The rest of their lives would confirm it and the promises Paul made to his mother Ruth would be unfilled, but again, neither Paul nor John needed to know that. They had another purpose. Maybe it was coincidental but last Thursday things started to change, and Paul was about to understand why.

“Hey man, can you do me a favor?”, asked the guy, with a loud, almost presumptuous request.

“Sure...what? Ah, yeah, what's up?” Paul said, nearly at the same time as the guy who asked to do the favor. Paul noticed the guy's cologne right away and his clothes were looking tight. He wasn't from around there and was probably going to a meeting at the dome.

“Can you tell me where the Flannagan's Cafe is?” the man asked.

“Yeah, ah sure. Sorry, you scared me a bit”, Paul said as he gained his composure.

Flannigan's was the old one-stop get it all country store that burned down a couple of years ago. This guy wouldn't know about it unless he had been in the area, so Paul loosened up after finding out he and the man have a history to reference and he wasn't just another kooky tourist coming to the Dome, “It burned down a few years back. Wait...Alex?”

“Yeah, hey”, Alex said back with hesitation, “sorry, I am not sure I remember who you are.”

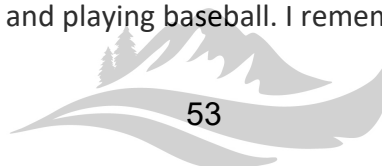
Paul looked a little stunned. The last time he saw Alex was in the summer of 1990. They were 17 and at the yearly Rock the Ribs event at the Rod and River bar and grill down the street. It was Tunasee, Kentucky's closest event to the ocean and they would all celebrate like Ted Nugent was in town. Fireworks, a movie for the kids, the trampoline got brought down from Knoxville and things were groovy. It was a hot August night, and the girls were warm, young and huddled in small groups outside, next to the wall where everyone would hang out and smoke cigarettes. Alex was a looker now as much as he was then, and one particular girl was looking at Alex like he was water in the desert. She was thirsty and Alex was gay.

People in 1990 were not out of the closet, so nobody could understand why Alex hadn't been into Chrissy Jenkins. Paul thought she had the softest hands he had ever seen. She sang at the 2nd street Baptist Church every Sunday and played the clarinet for the band. She was the smartest girl in school, and she was beautiful. Drop dead gorgeous. Ruth still talks about her. She is a flight attendant out of St. Louis now. Paul saw her a few years back when her dad died, and she was in town to sell the house. He didn't say hi. Her mom passed away when they were in high school, and Ruth and Chrissy's mom were close so they would see Chrissy all the time. John always knew he liked her, and one time Paul remembers John farting and blaming it on Paul and she believed him. Paul still thinks about it.

“Paul. Paul Rivers.” Alex looked back still confused. “John's younger brother.”

“Oh, hey Paul”, Alex said, still not sure he remembered, and he could tell that Paul knew he didn't.

“It's fine, I was a couple years younger, but you and John graduated together. I remember you from high school and playing baseball. I remember you being really good. I



know we were a small school, but I feel like you always had a chance as a pitcher.”

Alex had been good. He was throwing 89 MPH fastballs when he was 17 and most of the kids in single A ball around the area didn't have a chance at hitting his pitches. He was a good batter too. A lefty that would get on base like crazy. He had a .600 on-base percentage his junior year. Scouts were coming around the stands when he was 16 and by the time he was 17 he was the talk of western Kentucky. Girls would surround him after games. At school he was a celebrity. The school had been small, but he got all the special treatment. Teachers would even flirt with him. Paul remembers this one time when Mrs. Hamsten was literally talking about how big his crotch was. It was really uncomfortable. Alex was so embarrassed and went bright red and the entire class was looking at him. To be honest, it did look abnormally large.

“Yeah, that didn't quite work out. Life kind of changed plans for me after high school.” Alex said, noticeably begging for a reason to keep talking about himself.

“Oh, really, what happen, you marry some super-hot rich chick or something?” Paul asked, and he was genuinely interested. Whenever he bumped into people that got out of Tunasee, he always felt envious, but his imagination would take him into their lives for a second. He would slowly slip into their stories as a character that lived this fancy lifestyle and drank beer and sipped whisky with people who smoked cigars. He would think about ordering a big fancy steak and do the wine sniffing thing with a bunch of people who were shaved and had clean fingernails. It was unfortunate, but Paul's dreams would always circle back to reality, and he knew that as long as John was special, he was going to be stuck in Tunasee.

Chrissy Jenkins was on her way back from Sarasota when she realized that she forgot to call her ex-boyfriend, Seth, about their dog, Jasper. Jasper was a shelter dog that didn't give a shit where he was as long as he wasn't at the shelter, so it wasn't an issue for Jasper, but Seth was going to be pissed. He had some weekend getaway at some place called “the Dome” with his new girlfriend named Karen or some bullshit, and he was going to be pissed, thought Chrissy. Her flight was delayed because their cokehead pilot was up all night and was late this morning and her entire day was fucked after. She missed her next flight and got stuck with a layover in Charlotte. She got to Charlotte and went out for dinner and ended up getting shit house wasted with some guy at the Chili's across the street from the Holiday Inn where she was staying. She didn't fuck him, but they messed around until late drinking and smoking pot and she only managed a few hours' sleep. She thought the hangover was worth it, but she forgot to call Seth to tell him she wouldn't be back to get Jasper. *Classic me*, she thought, as her stomach sank picking up the phone.

“Hello?’, Chrissy asked.

“What?’, Seth responded coldly

“I am so sorry, Seth. My flight got delayed...”

“What are you talking about Chrissy? We are like 36 hours since you were supposed to be here and this is the first time I have heard from you. Get your shit together. Jasper's at my mom's. Get her if you want her. I'll be back on the 7th. Goodbye, Chrissy.” Seth hung up the phone before Chrissy had the chance to respond. She felt relief from that. She didn't feel like being scolded. Her headache was punishment enough and she also came to terms with not wanting

to feel guilt anymore. Jasper was fine, and the worst thing that happened was that Seth had to take a detour to his moms on his way out of town. His mother, J3, or Jeanine the 3rd, the 3rd of three cousins named Jeanine, was a sweetheart with Jasper and Jasper loved being there, so all was fine. Jake or whatever his name was from last night was totally worth it. And fuck Seth anyway.

It had been almost two years since their breakup. She had been scheduled to be on a work trip but with some last-second changes she managed to move her schedule so that she could get home to surprise Seth for his birthday. When Chrissy got home, she had found Seth in bed with his yoga teacher, who was also Chrissy's guitar teacher. Later that night, after she had grieved and was alone, while she was doing yoga and in the downward dog pose and feeling totally relaxed, she thought about smashing the yoga teacher in the head with her guitar. She was sure Jasper would approve.

Ruth couldn't help but feel the shame. She told Betty that she would come by at 10am and it was 1015. She went to set her alarm last night before bed like she always does but got interrupted by some noises outside that kept her up a pacing and looking out the windows to make sure there weren't any burglars or rapists lurking in the shadows. She recently saw a statistic about how suburbs were being targeted by fentanyl users and she thought she better keep an eye out. Betty recently told Ruth a story about how her nephew, Joey, got mugged outside of Walgreens in Louisville that was sure to keep anyone up at night. But what Betty did not tell Ruth, and what Betty did not know, is that her piece of shit nephew got mugged because after Joey left his meeting at Merrill Lynch to get lunch, he stopped to get a blowjob in shady west Louisville. After he couldn't perform, he tried to short the hooker her money so she called her pimp resulting in a serious beatdown for Joey. Along with getting his ass kicked, they also took his shoes and BMW. Betty was always so proud of him for his accounting degree.

As Ruth paced, she couldn't help but to stop by her jewelry box every few passes to make sure her mother's bracelet was still there. It gave her relief as she paced to know it was safe. Her mother gave it to her the day that John was born and the history of it had almost become a lure for her side of the family. Supposedly, it was worn by a princess in a Celtic tribe, and it gave her powers against a Viking invasion. Ruth loved that story and she imagined herself as that princess when she put it on. It instantly gave her an observable confidence when she would walk into a room. She stood taller and her breasts would perk out a bit more. It was the one piece of her body that she was proud of, and Paul knew it. He hated it when she wore that bracelet. Her blouse almost always seemed a little bit lower cut when that stupid thing was around her wrist, but Ruth loved it. She had it on at every HOA meeting and she is sure that her strength to argue the case to add a speed bump at the beginning of the subdivision was won because she was wearing the bracelet.

She turned into Bettys at 10:24. She was so embarrassed while she was getting out of the car that she forgot the casserole dish and when she went back to get it, she almost dropped it on her car seat. Just as she rang the doorbell she looked down and noticed that her shirt was tucked into her underwear. "Jesus. Lord help me," she muttered under her breath frazzled and trying to adjust her shirt as Betty swung open the door.

"Hello, Ruth!" Betty said with wide arms. The smell of cookies and Estee Lauder waft

out of the house as a commercial for the Price is Right played in the background. Betty was wearing her best church dress and had been up all morning making sure the house was presentable for Ruth. The house started to look a little worn since her husband died two years earlier. She never did any of the outside work, and hadn't since his passing, so things were noticeably a mess as you walked toward the front door, but it was not how she kept things inside and she was adamant that Ruth, most importantly, would know that.

She was always envious of Ruth. The way that she presented herself at the HOA meetings confirmed her strength, but Betty first noticed her powers at a PTA meeting years earlier. Betty hosted the annual Firefighter Hoagie Sale, and she set up a meeting at her house and invited all the other members to it. Topics in the discussion included goals, marketing and community outreach, parent investment, and although not included in the itinerary, she hoped to start talking a little bit about the chili cook-off coming up before graduation. Everyone was there. Betty was known for hosting extravagant PTA meetings with really top-quality snacks. Like beyond good. Betty would plan for these events months ahead and her menu always included artisan delicacies that you would wonder how on earth she would end up with.

During one meeting, an angry mother stood up to argue against selling the hoagies at establishments that promoted alcohol use. It was an issue because the Rod and River was the one place in town that would help with whatever was happening for the school and they would probably sell a lot of hoagies for the PTA.

"I just don't believe that it is appropriate for school related activities to be at a derelict entity like the Rod and River," said Joan, Noah's mother.

"You just don't like the Rod and River because Shorty is the owner", shouted Laurie from the kitchen holding a plastic cup with a bright orange straw sticking out.

Everyone in the room knew the story. Shorty married Joan's sister Kate and they ended up screwing Joan out of an inheritance from their mother. Shortie's family was known for being tied into shady stuff in Chicago and he had always been known as a troublemaker, but the truth is that Joan and Kate's mother left everything to Kate in the will. Part of the agreement their mom made with the lawyer was for Joan to never know about the agreement. It was messed up, but the fact of the matter is that Shorty had nothing to do with it. Kate always felt bad that she got it all and thought it better for Joan to hate her because of Shorty and not because she was favored by their dead mother. It was a twisted sense of fate that Kate learned to be comfortable with. Joan was always kind of a bitch to Kate anyway, so it was what it was.

"Oh, that has nothing to do with anything, Laurie!" Joan shouted back.

"Ok ladies!" Ruth said and got up to stand in the middle of the group with her hands calmly by her side and her shoulders pulled back. Her bracelet glistened from the sun shining through the window and reflected into everyone's eyes in the room. She instantly made the entire room quiet, silencing the judgmental little side conversations, and muzzling Laurie and Joan. With 2 words. That was her power. When she wanted to be seen and heard, she would be seen and heard and instantly the world would stop and wait anxiously for what she would say next. It was incredible. Time would cease to exist, and Ruth was the only thing that mattered.

"So, what we are going to do is continue selling the hoagies in the dining room but not in the bar. I believe that is a sufficient compromise to keep our children's ethics prioritized

while continuing to serve the needs of the hoagie sale. Does it need to go to a vote, or can we all agree?”, asked Ruth as she slowly made eye contact with every single member of the PTA, coming last to Joan who rolled her eyes with a disgruntled and hesitant ok.

“Hello, Betty!” Ruth said, still trying to adjust herself while not dropping the glass casserole dish.

“Come in, come in God you had me worried sick”, Betty said as she motioned for Ruth to walk through the door twenty-four minutes late.

“I know Betty, I know.” Ruth talked over her, “You would never believe the morning I’ve had” she said, setting the casserole dish down on the kitchen counter.

“Tell me, tell me,” Betty said with genuine concern.

“Well, last night, I guess I forgot to set my alarm and I woke up late this morning and everything has been a complete mess. I am just glad to be here,” Ruth said as she walked toward the living room and sat back in a chair looking to get relaxed for the first time this morning.

“Oh, me too, Ruth. It’s unlike you to be late and I was worried sick. I didn’t know what happened and my mind started to wander to the worst places. I don’t even want to think about it anymore,” said Betty, getting more and more flustered with the idea of something happening to Ruth.

“Well, I’m here now, Hun”, Ruth caressingly said as she reached out and put her hand on her friend's leg. She didn't want to think about her morning anymore. She was finally where she was supposed to be and she was starting to get a little hungry and wondering what Betty was going to serve. “What's for lunch, honey?” Ruth said with her eyes closed as she sat back into Bettys lazy boy. She smiled a little thinking about how comfortable you have to be with somebody if you can ask them for lunch at 10:30 am.

“Oh, my dear, funny you should ask,” Betty said with a smile as she stood up and twirled to the kitchen. “How do you feel about minted melon, tomato & prosciutto salad followed by triple cheese & tarragon-stuffed mushroom that will be paired with an afternoon digestif from Crete called Tsikoudia?”

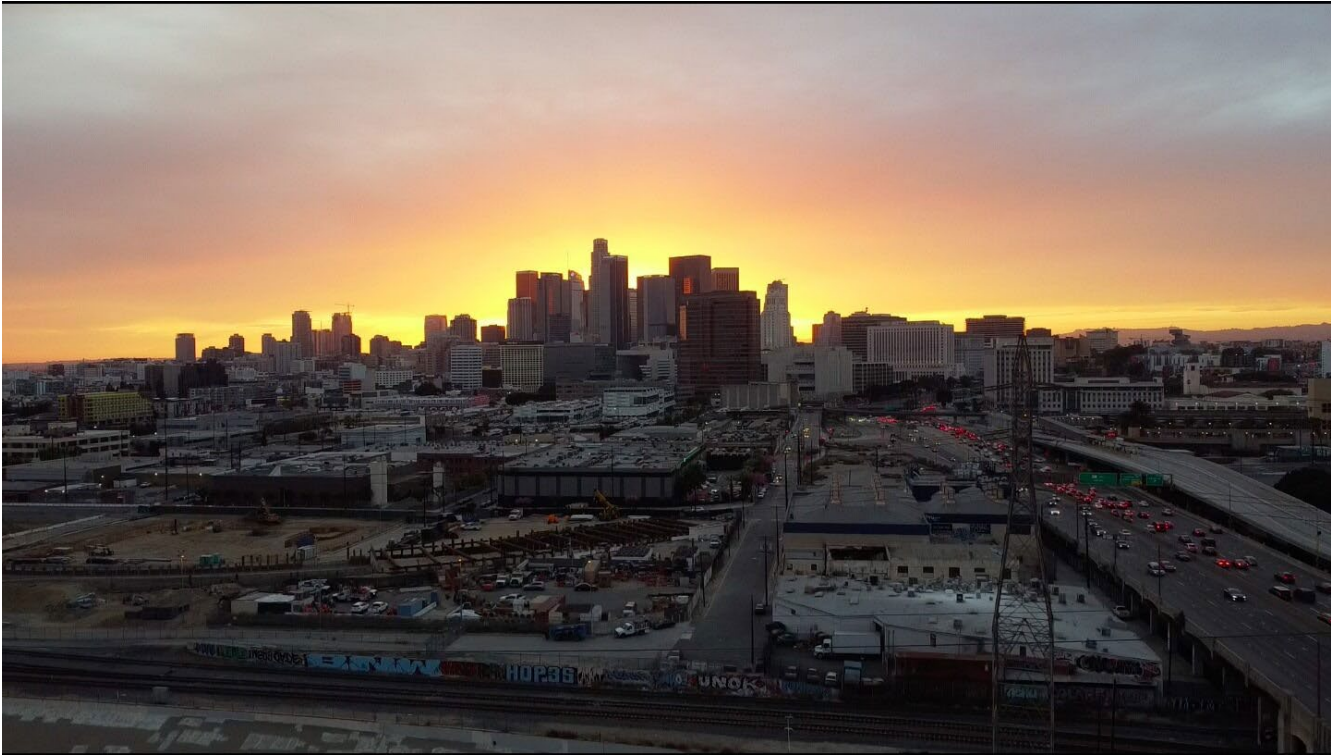
Ruth's smile grew and she could feel the saliva building as she thought about cheese and whatever else Betty was just talking about that sounded so delicious. She felt blessed at that moment and thought it worth taking the time to be grateful and forget about the things that didn’t matter and to breathe more and let time pass easy and to love one another more, and then she thought about John. Fuck.



Endured | Connor LaPerle



Untitled | Juan Perez

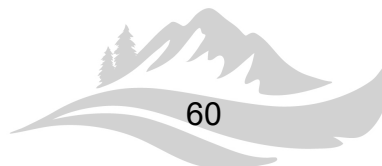


Remembering Words | Danielle Westmoreland

I remember his words. They resonate common sense like a Sage man from the past. I am sure the conversation started over my bloody elbow, a fresh scab I picked at. He had encouraged me to sit and listen, saying breaks were time well spent. We sat in the break room, he in his green philosopher's chair: days will go by and all you will have is how you spend them. One day your body will take more time to heal; you are human, and your responsibility is not to damage too quickly. In the end your body is real; it cannot attend to your constant recklessness. Bricks don't care if you crush your bones against them, but your bones have a memory. Your skin bleeds, your bones break, and your joints grind. You'll see, we all feel later the impact of our youth. I had told him about my hobbies of skateboarding and learning to fall. He shook his head and reminded me I only had one body. His words went through me like wind goes through hair; only their essence remained. But Roads might be hard, For certain it sounds like they have already been, because life is easy for no one. Nobody is deprived of suffering.

You are no different. I know you know this, but it is worth mentioning again, if only for the memory of me that will remain when I am not here and you have gone somewhere else to make waves. At least you might remember some of what I have said, about how life does not have a notion of fair. Objects have some permanence, but it is all vapor in the air. When you think of me, I hope it is at least this you remember.

I am telling you this because I have already been there and now my body reminds me of everything with aches and pains. Your life will be no different.



Untitled | Joshua Carr



Untitled | Kaitlynn Dalmau



Plumas County School District Student Haiku Collection

Johnny Stewart

In the springtime
Japan has cherry blossoms
Change from white to pink

Javier Nunez

Moonlit Ocean Tides
Flowing ever so smoothly
Til waves start Crashing

Naomi Juarez

Summer solstice sun
Celebrate the light
Throw away your worries.

Ney Jimenez

Metamorphosis
Metamorphosis
Fluttering Butterfly Wings
Cheerful explorers

Spencer Erchul

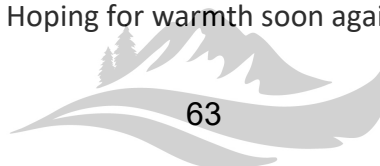
Spider Spinning Webs
Being Kissed by the Cold Dew
Seasons are Changing

Matthew Engel

Emerging spring buds
From the ground's brown leaf carpet
Delicate spring bloom

Brooklyn McKenzie

The autumn leaves fall
Morning coldness against our skin
Hoping for warmth soon again



Aydin Nelson

The Life cycle of a leaf
Sun expands vastly.
Growing within the warmth is a,
Lovely Sakura.

Oliver Tiradeau

June solstice sunshine
Explosion of ice and drinks
Zenith of summer

Magnus Berg

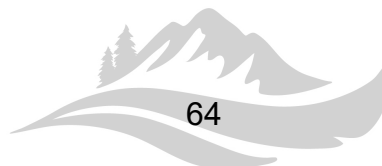
Ocean tides shifting
Moon's gravity pulls
beautiful shells can breathe
when ocean tides shift

Jacob Juarez

Stars Falling, man fails
Lightning in summer skies rise
As a fire ignited.

Aleckzis Manzo

Pack your suitcase now
Experience new places
You can taste the world



Untitled | Mason Thorman



Untitled | Hannah Dowers



Daria's Cancer Journey | Melanie Coats

1

Have you ever wondered if your own body is working against you? Akin to Star Wars, maybe your cells are being influenced by a traitor, a newly “turned to the dark side” dictator. Single minded cells- twisted mutations hell bent on proliferation, driven too hard and too fast to an early death. What can a body do to grab the reins of such a wild mutation? Cancerous tumors are the formidable antagonist in this drama. This is the story of Daria and her journey dealing with a breast cancer diagnosis. She took many paths on her odyssey of sickness and healing, on a quest for homeostasis.

Daria was diagnosed with breast cancer at the age of forty. She was active and ran every morning. She did not smoke or drink. She felt invincible and successful, like she was just hitting her stride in life. Everything seemed to make sense, until it didn't. One day, as if out of nowhere, she noticed a lump on the top of her left breast the size of a black bean. Life likes to pull the rug out from underneath you, to seemingly see how you react. Will you land like a cat, and how many “lives” do you have left...

She immediately scheduled an appointment with a doctor. She didn't even have a regular primary care physician; she was healthy! She had plenty of time to exercise because she had no children. The Doctor looked a little shocked when she told him that, but he was in his 70's and probably didn't realize it's more common nowadays. As a matter of fact, to her breasts were just accessories that got in the way. Her newly found Doctor turned out to be a lifeline, one of many to come. He contacted a close associate who worked at the breast care clinic. Lucky for her, she was scheduled for a mammogram in less than two weeks.

2

The first thing Daria did was call her mom. She learned that she had more risk factors than she realized. Cancer is not something people want to talk about. She learned ovarian cancer had affected her family for three generations. Her mom, grandmother, and great grandmother all had ovarian cancer. Having family members that had ovarian cancer puts her at risk for breast cancer (3). Her mom also explained that the miscarriages she had throughout her life were a risk factor, as did her breasts “never being used” (3). Hearing all this information was like a can of worms being opened.

When she went to the Breast Care Clinic for her mammogram, she had to fill out an extensive family health history questionnaire for both sides of her family. Apparently having relatives with breast or ovarian cancer put her at a higher risk (3). Her mom was right. There were also genetic mutations that could happen that effect even males in the family, like the BRCA gene mutation (3). On the walls were pictures of breast cancer signs to look for. Some were obvious, like redness and splotching, swelling, heat, nipples pulled inward or discolored, thickening of skin, itching, shooting nerve pain (3). But the posters also explained how important breast self-exams were. Breasts are naturally lumpy, and often you have to be familiar with the lumps to know when there is an abnormal one. With inflammatory breast cancer you may not even realize you have breast cancer until it has spread to the lymph nodes

in your armpit, which makes it even more devastating and harder to remove (7). If lumps and tumors are found they surgically remove them for a biopsy, and often take a lymph node also to see if there are any cancer cells that are trying to be invasive and spread to the rest of your body.

As she learned later, all the variations and causes of breast cancer can become very complicated and a little unbelievable. Your breast cancer could have receptor sites for hormones like estrogen (ER+) and progesterone (PR+), which would mean your own hormones are feeding the cancer cells (7)! Daria in fact had breast cancer, and her own body was feeding the monster! She was ER+. Lucky for her, the cancer was only 1cm, and a grade 1 out of 3 (7). The Doctor said her body had wrapped it in scar tissue to try to wall it off! Under microscope there was not any necrosis of dying cancer cells, which means her cancer was slow growing and did not have any unique cell structure out of the normal range for breast cancer mutations (7). When she first looked at the posters, she thought that cancer having hormone receptor cell sites was terrifying. After her diagnosis she realized that the most aggressive forms of cancer are HR-. If her cancer had been a grade 3 it would be fast growing and more likely to turn invasive (7). Those types of breast cancers tend not to be ER+ or PR+ and being hormone receptor negative (HR-) is not the great thing she thought it was (7). It was HER2+, which meant she tested positive for a protein called human epidermal growth factor receptor 2, which promotes growth of cancer cells (7). This put her in genetic group 3 (7). Her cancer was labeled DCIS, or ductile carcinoma in situ, which meant the cancerous cells were in her milk duct (7).

3

There was a rush of emotions, followed by what felt like a rush of doctor appointments. A minute metal marker was implanted into her breast on the exact spot that needed to be surgically removed. After the cancerous tumor was removed, she was immediately scheduled for radiation. She met the oncologist, who called himself “the Death Doctor”. He wanted to start her on an estrogen blocker called Herceptin for 5-10 years at least, which meant immediate menopause for life (7). After meeting the oncologist and hearing him discuss his narrow protocol for treatments, she decided to do some research of her own. Everything felt so rushed, and she knew she needed to start making some appointments of her own with alternative therapy practitioners. Thank goodness for the internet, or she would be at a loss for where to start.

Daria knew that her misgivings about the modern healthcare system were shared by many. Doctors are definitely not all equal, and some are very resistant and derogatory about alternative treatments (1). Mainstream doctors have spent many years training in their specified fields and convey the misconception that prescription medicine based on modern science is always superior (1). Known methods to them are always changing with the newest research and experiments, so there are no stable truths really (1). Honestly, modern medical doctors are “practicing” medicine, trying to do the best they can, similar to how a mechanic would diagnose and treat a car. In that sense, western medicine does have access to some of the best technology and medical machines (1). So, in many ways, modern doctors are correct. One of the main problems though is that western medicine is firmly entrenched in the treatment of diagnoses, instead of treatment for prevention. This may be because western

medicine gets much of its' funding from major pharmaceutical companies, or "Big Pharma". There is definitely a greed factor involved when dealing with large industries. Daria felt like there must be some type of middle ground with aspect to all possibilities of treatments and combinations. So, she also sought information on possible research into cutting edge treatments and experimental testing groups she may qualify for. She quickly learned this is mostly for stage 3 cancers, and it is often a unique window of opportunity since many of these research efforts go on for many years once started with a specific group.

4

The first topic she started researching was immunotherapy, of which there are four options currently for HER2+ breast cancer (6). Immunotherapy uses your own immune system to fight the rogue cancer cells (6). She was offered passive immunotherapy using monoclonal antibodies, which are lab produced and designed to mimic the immune system to attack cancer (6). Keytruda is one of the leading immunotherapy drugs, but it is \$47,000 per session which generally lasts a year. Only the best private insurances will cover that, and it is a very big commitment to complete that many treatments. Another immunotherapy treatment uses immune checkpoint inhibitors which are dangerous and can be fatal because they tell T-cells not to turn off, which means they could start attacking healthy cells (6). This treatment was approved in 2021, but programmed death ligand 1 (PDL1) is not common in breast cancer (6), so it also did not apply to her case. Adoptive cell immunotherapy is a great option, although it is not FDA approved and is still in the clinical trial phase (6). This immunotherapy uses the patient's own immune cells for targeted efficacy (6). Lastly, there is active immunotherapy using vaccines like mRNA Covid vaccines that are very cost effective (6).

Daria knew she was scheduled for radiation, so she investigated other possibilities using high intensity focused ultrasound devices. This novel technology focuses beams of ultrasound energy precisely and accurately on targets in the body without damaging surrounding normal tissue (4). These were interesting to research because they use piezo ceramic machines which convert mechanical energy into electrical, and vice versa. "One mechanism is precise ablation (thermal destruction of tissue). The goal could be complete ablation of the cancer, or it can be done partially. Partial ablation may help awaken the immune system for a more generalized response" (4). It can also be used in a more generalized way by covering an entire region (4) "Treatment can be a complement to drug therapy, enabling enhanced delivery of chemotherapy or immunotherapy to tumors. May potentially induce an anti-tumor immune response" (4). As she researched further, she realized they use spherical bowl transducers, and it could be used in conjunction with hyperthermia (4). It could also be used as a sensitizer before radiation therapy because it has thermal and mechanical effects on cells.

This encouraged her to go further and research FIR treatments. She realized there was a massage practitioner that offered them at a wellness center in the city near her. "Far-infrared (FIR) irradiation is reported to inhibit cell proliferation in various types of cancer cells. FIR irradiation significantly inhibited cell proliferation and colony formation of breast cancer cells compared to hyper thermal stimulus, with no alteration in cell viability. FIR irradiation inhibited breast cancer cell proliferation, independently of DNA damage" (2). Her massage therapist went on to tell her that she uses the BioMat, and that Far Infrared Rays were discovered by

NASA as the safest and most beneficial light wave. The BioMat has a computerized panel that converts electricity into FIR, which regenerates damaged cells in the body and overheats cancer cells and causes them to die by hyperthermia. This treatment penetrates whole regions of the body as the heat penetrates all the way through. She would always fall asleep during the treatments and felt so relaxed afterwards. The massage therapist also recommended spraying her body and feet with magnesium chloride spray to remove excess estrogen and possibly correct hormone imbalances.

When she went home to research this more, she realized that there is a vast amount of incredible material about the use of gold and silver nanoparticles in treating breast cancer. Gold nanoparticles are being used in breast cancer treatment with thermal therapies, which helps to generate extra heat because of gold's optical properties of light absorbance (5) It's FDA approved, and each nanoparticle treatment can have differences in size, shape and surface properties (5). There are endless possibilities, but it is a tricky situation due to metal cytotoxicity with prolonged exposures (5). Nanoparticles can permeate tumors and remain inside and get sequestered in the liver and the spleen, so one way to prevent this is to coat them with polyethylene glycol to prolong circulation time (5). They can be used to carry drugs to specific targets and also combined with macrophages and T-cells (5).

5

There were many possibilities for the future, but she felt compelled to find a way to start treatment for herself while she researched alternatives. She learned that deep breathing was important to make sure her cells were oxygenated, which helped to clear free radicals. Knowing that she was very likely suffering from oxidative stress, this meant her body was having trouble clearing the free radicals which damages protein and DNA molecules and alters signaling pathways in the body. This led to her calling a wellness center to get high dose Vitamin C IV infusions where she learned "Restoring anti-oxidative capacity by complementary IV vitamin C administration helps to prevent or reduce disease, or therapy-induced complaints in breast cancer patients. It has been shown to be a well-tolerated optimization of standard tumor-destructive therapies, reducing quality of life-related side-effects. IV vitamin C administration resulted in a significant reduction of complaints induced by the disease and chemo-/radiotherapy, in particular of nausea, loss of appetite, fatigue, depression, sleep disorders, dizziness and hemorrhagic diathesis" (9). So not only could it help clear free radicals in the meantime, but it was also a known adjunct therapy with chemo if she decided to take that route. This was definitely a win-win. The treatment did burn when it was administered, and she also had significant diarrhea in the beginning.

She was feeling a little down, so she decided to follow through on the essential oils her massage therapist recommended. She had delayed it for a little while because it seemed silly, but the more research she put into it she realized there were some that had been in ancient times throughout history like Frankincense and Myrrh. These are very high in terpenoids, which she had learned about when looking into CBD treatments and also through diet changes. Terpenoids are incredibly beneficial for the body and neurotransmitters. She came across an article that mentioned European mistletoe being used in Central Europe for many years (8). Iscador stimulates self-regulation in a homeopathic way. "Chemotherapy for breast cancer

often deteriorates quality of life, augments fatigue, and induces neutropenia. Mistletoe preparations also have immunostimulant properties and might therefore have protective effects against chemotherapy-induced neutropenia (having too few neutrophils, a type of white blood cells. While all white blood cells help your body fight infections, neutrophils are important for fighting certain infections, especially those caused by bacteria.) (8). There is a concern that it should be used cautiously under a doctor's care, because it could cause autoimmune diseases through the immune system being ramped up.

6

Daria shared parts of her journey with me because there is so much information and possible paths for someone experiencing health issues like breast cancer. It's a scary time and there are a lot of judgements about "correct" choices from family and friends alike. When you get a cancer diagnosis, life hits the fast lane and it's easy to start judging yourself when you feel such tremendous pressure to make the "right" choices. After hearing all of her research and encounters, what matters most is that the person is comfortable with their treatments, and they feel informed. Mental components to health cannot be underestimated, and reaching out to learn and try new things makes you feel less alone and overwhelmed. There are many treatment possibilities that can be used stand alone or in combination with other therapies. Daria chose the alternative therapies that were within her control and budget and is blessed to say she recently had her yearly mammogram, and she remains cancer free. She is utilizing some of these alternative therapies as protective measures that hopefully contribute towards prevention. The moral of the story is to not cave to social pressures created by conventional thinking, and never be afraid to think outside the box!

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Mr. Stanley | Shasta Partain

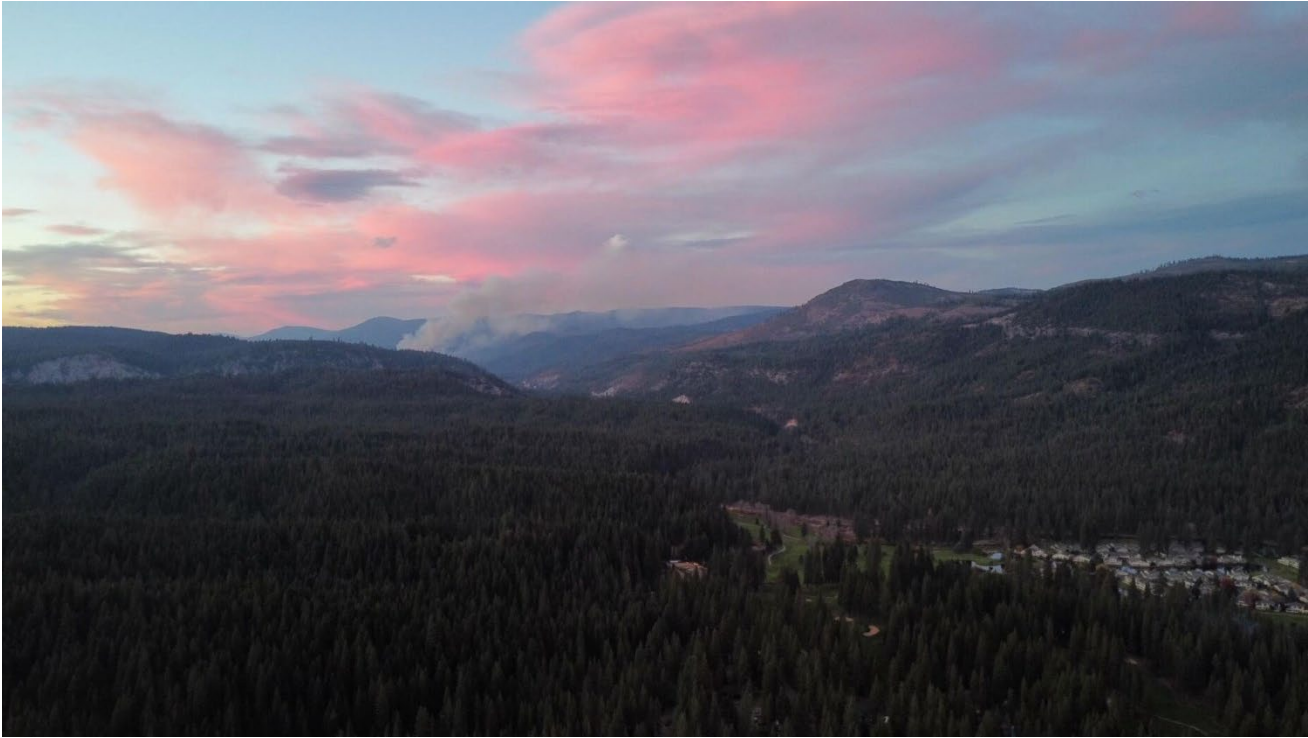


Haiku | Bailee Kenna

Childhood dreams take flight,
In the shadow of mountains,
Life's journey unfolds.
Blossoming youth blooms,
A river of trials and joys,
Roots anchor in love.
Midlife's sun reaches high,
Harvesting wisdom's fruits,
Whispers of twilight.
Born 'neath moonlit pines,
Life's river flows, twists, and turns,
Dreams sprout like spring blooms.
Wanderer of words,
Ink-stained tales on parchment told,
Seeker of the soul.
Born 'neath starlit skies,
Childhood dreams, a river's flow,
Youthful storms embraced.
Seeking wisdom's shore,
Life's tapestry unfolds bold,
A haiku heart beats.

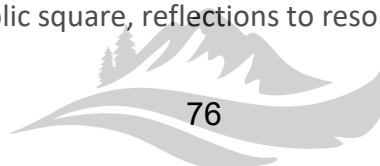


Untitled | Bradley Silva



True Currency | Danielle Westmoreland

My high school was 4 miles from the ocean, so one day I spent time on the sand with friends.
We were nearly graduated and I cannot say where my mind was
Other than on the idea of survival.
While some friend's promised attendance at future class reunions,
I had already decided the answer was "no".
I am not sure I was a pessimist, but I am certain my mind was only on getting away.
I am hoping my friend reads this and remembers that moment, too.
I watched this friend of mine drag her foot through the sand to create imprints:
The class of 1996 washed away by the next tide.
I remember thinking: What difference does it make?
The wind of change will spread us like sand.
Our memories will fade like our bodies, which also will become just ashes when we die.
Yet my mind goes back to then.
I remember her smile, the gleam in her eyes, and the shout of excitement she bottled into a
spin
Until she fell. That was it. That was the joy that mattered.
The lesson remains in my reflections now that I am a bit older.
I think on how I would not have noticed anything if I had not had the experience of seeing
The joy through my friend's eyes.
I know that friend was trying to make the moment as big as it could be and she did it,
Because even as the ocean floor washed away the imprint, the memory remains with me.
I suppose that is what difference it made.
The ocean floor still washes over the imprint in my mind as I think of days passed,
How I never intended to go back.
I am no longer as young as I was back then, but it turns out I have learned
This feeling is pretty normal, as uncertainty and restlessness are words written
Upon the heart of every human.
This robs us of truly embracing the significance of the real currency
Of human relationships. That is where the golden opportunities are.
We cannot grow when we are isolated.
We only grow in relation to one another as we interact with one another face to face.
Technology divides us and we could all use a bit more connection
To one another, because that is where the joy is.
When I was younger and we didn't have cell phones.
We thought a lot about one another before we spoke.
We had conversations with our friends before they arrived to discuss our thoughts.
We appreciated people when they were finally able to interact.
I miss that, but I am grateful for at least this moment
When I can write something that touches a multitude of others on social media,
If only to grow insight in the public square, reflections to resonate.



Perhaps that is also a joy, but it is just an imitation of a true imprint
Of human connection.



Dig | Holly Klauck

maybe

those

who

dig

down

have

more

depth

more

space

to hide

more room to conceal deep inside

not necessarily subjects of malice

but issues of intricacy and growth

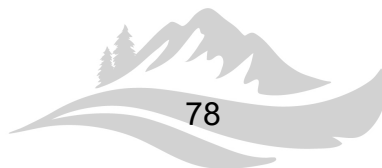
introspection can be drudgery

especially when you dig

deep- cause there

is no

bottom



Untitled | Peyton Wicks

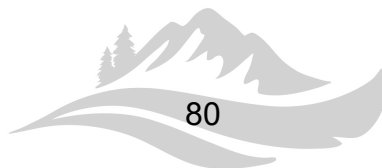


Day in the Park | Logan Kingsland

I sat down on a park bench and looked at the playground,
not realizing it was the same equipment little me used to play on.
It was broken in places, and more sun-bleached than I remember,
but still the same, as if no time had passed.

I ran up to myself and met me.
Looking up,
I could see that I was tall and sad and distant
I left Mr. Melancholy alone on the bench
and went to swing on the swings
He just stared at me,
Lost in thought,
contemplating some great burden.

Me? I just kept swinging
And hoped he'd cheer up
To this playground, all kids are the same
And he is just a big kid.
He should jump on the swings.



In the Gaze | Shasta Partain



My Community's Memoir: A Story of Me | Jamie Johnson

My Roman empire is being voted most likely to change the world in high school. Every long-standing mentor I've had has said that to me without knowing. I realize that I have a lot to live up to. So, instead, let's talk about how others have affected me.

I drive all of Chandler whenever I get the chance because someone once told me they do it to see the wildflowers. Now, it's for the views and the seasonal colors of home.

I am better at driving from Portola than to Portola because of one of the people who taught me how to drive. I drive like I was taught by an 18-year-old that taught themselves, thanks to a best friend. I drive with far too much space for a Hyundai accent in traffic: a habit acquired in my days at the childhood day care of a passenger seat.

There is always a ring on my left hand because I got it from someone who loves me unconditionally. He has one, too.

I tie my shoes the same way my big brother does because he taught me. I update people on my accomplishments freely because I once had him tell me that it was important to hear from me.

I like being interviewed because someone once told me I was a wonder to interview. That sparked my confidence in public speaking. I cross myself and say "god bless the little ones" for anything in the road because someone had that habit while driving for work. I'm not religious by any means. I point upward in story telling conversations thanks to a roommate I had in college.

I wear bolo ties because of a generation of my family that I didn't meet: gifted to me as heirlooms. I've been told I don't carry myself like those in my peer group. Instead of someone quite a few years older. I guess trauma really does make you grow up faster.

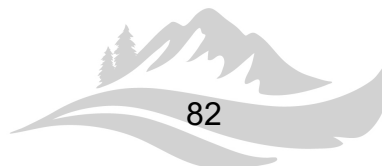
I flip off certain houses in my hometown because some people taught me it's okay to hold grudges if the mishaps are big enough. My high school best friends' parents and teenage homes have now become mine as well; They are the reason why I've felt a parent's love.

Adventuring in new places has become a hobby, thanks to the people that made me feel safe doing so. My mind often wanders to someone working in a tiny town because they made sure my friend and I felt safe there.

I often tell people I love them because I didn't hear it enough in my childhood.

I cry for a genuine home: something I lost in 2021. I cry harder remembering the times I was ridiculed for it. I grieve with every assumption that I've got a true home.

A calf saved me from suicide. I know it sounds stupid. But that's why I don't care what it takes to save you, either. Your stupid reason to live may sound just as silly as mine or your reasons to die may sound just as engaging as mine were. I will understand just the same.



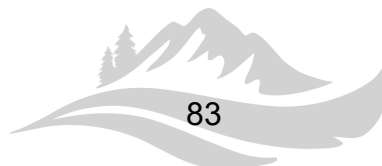
Seasons in Arizona | Hugo Rocha

I'm like the seasons in Arizona, or at least how I imagine the seasons are: sunny, sunny, sunny, 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

As an Arizonian (I imagine) you forget the "cold" exists. One day you'll go out and you'll get the chills and you'll run back in for your coat that's been long forgotten beneath all your summer t-shirts — They seem indifferent, gross, less appetizing.

But the coats are in great shape, they have a glow to them because you only use them for 1/4 of the year, but one grabs your attention and you grab its attention. For the next 4 months, you will choose this one and care for it the most. Although, in reality the washing and drying are tearing away at the fabric. In the same closet there is the coat from last year, you have fond memories, but it's not the same anymore

The days will go by quickly, not enough time to say, "I wish it was summer again". And at the end of the day you will be reclining on your chair, you'll take a sip of water and realize you finished all your water and that you are still thirsty, "Must be getting hotter", you'll say to yourself.



The Primordial Absurdity of Life | Tanner McCutcheon

The primordial absurdity of life; a faint whisper into the night. The grand hawks take flight, followed by spirits in line. The foolery of treacherous beasties within the shadows, balanced by soldiers of light. All within the essence of an echo, but the presence of a firecracker.

The abstract order of the world would baffle some but fascinate others who retain an open gaze. Such is the philosophy of the humble Mage, a subject of all that holds True. He is a man of many thoughts, yet the follower of a consistent direction. The path to Nowhere, a kingdom of unseen origin, yet prevalent just the same. Its lane is one the Mage treads upon with few in company, for the crude Kreaturez fell upon Somewhere. The Mage doesn't particularly like it there. Everything is something in Somewhere, and something is everything just the same. The mind of the Mage wanders off, far, far away from the lives of his fellow Kreaturez. He explores hypotheticals of a more abstract nature. A tesseract of infinite dimensions, holding all that contains no measurable substance. This sacred location holds the keys to his fabled Nowhere. The Mage knows this with all his soul and heart, willing to give up everything he knows to chase its call.

The ringtone of the liberator should always be prioritized over the oppressor's message. Such is the philosophy of the wise Spirits, modest hosts of all there ever was. The eyes of the fearful fail to catch a glimpse, and the vengeful find themselves even more lost. Only those who are open to love and eternity can feel their presence. The divine winds clear the skies for all who are willing to let go of their obstructions. For the spirits love All, and All should love them.

The humble Mage admits to less purity than the wise Spirits, but such a confession allows for deeper realization. The gates of the Tesseract open only for those like the Mage. There lies no prerequisite of skill, nor a test of courage. One must simply be subtle as the morning dew, fully aware of their own limitations. The Mage retains the arcane's contents for that very reason, a truth not shared by his fellow Kreaturez. In Somewhere, anybody can be anything. The only obstacles set in the way of those who follow are those within their own minds. This remains a sentiment that the Mage considers, and perhaps romanticizes in particular moments. However, shall mystery be left discarded in the name of finding purpose? Is it right to keep the gates of the Tesseract locked in ignorance? Perhaps those who wish to remain blind shall stay blind. Maybe such an idea is by will of the Tesseract itself. Nowhere is not a land for all Kreaturez. It would be called Somewhere if it was.

It is convenient to live within Somewhere's walls. Everything is tangible there. Everything is defined. Pride runs free, and fools run rampant. No standard is set, no truth is known. Faint whispers of a distant reality show. The simulation entraps many souls, doomed to be encased within a worldly scheme. The wise Spirits continually attempt to pierce the veil, with few results to display. The collective heart of the eternal Creature has grown hard and cold. It rejects the Spirit's grace, the Spirit's love. The Great Mages remain honored but exist as mere mediators for divine intervention. The humble one ponders on this thought. What makes Somewhere so much more appealing than Nowhere? For the first is only a reflection of the

latter. The answer to such a question may be undetermined by the Mage, possibly for all eternity. Even so, what greater relevance is present in this circumstance? The will of the Tesseract works in unknown manners, able to line up scattered pieces at a moment's notice. This enforces trust within the Mage. No matter what happens, the tesseract will have its way.

Knowing this, it is only fruitful to assume Nowhere would stand bound to bear a champion. A symbol of its essence, a guardian of grand strength. The radiance of its abundance, a ripple of infinite existence. Potential personified, realized in the tangible realm. An entity all Kreaturez would bow down to when the time arose, regardless of their previous tendencies. The eternally nameless yet glorified in name. For all that rose up from Nowhere would eventually return, such was the way of destiny. And even with the constructs bolstering massive walls of considerable fortitude, the great champion would cause them all to disintegrate with a feeble breath. The Kreaturez could put up any fight they so desired and still fail. For any branch delved upon by any being grows from the roots of the Tesseract. The source of all things. The center of all phenomena. No peasant overthrows the king.

The coming Day of the Champion puts agony in the cunning Blights. For they overtook the Kreaturez as vessels, mediums through which their perilous intents would assemble. Arrogance arose from their doing, as shadow spirits are more highly known for. In the purest sense, each and every Kreature holds eternal innocence. The humble Mage knows this, and even struggles to avoid the Blight's pull himself. In harboring this information, he comes to greater realization. Though the Mage may be no Champion, he submits to the title of harbinger. A precursor for the holy light. A calling before the storm. He knows this through gifts from the Tesseract masquerading as simple daydreams. Fantasies of Nowhere frolic through the minds of humble hearts, and act as a bridge the Champion can cross upon.

The Mage sat himself upon a short riverbank, directly underneath the moon hanging above on a cool winter night. It was a spot he commonly journeyed to in moments like this, instances where he wished to be closer to the Tesseract's allure. Only under Luna's perplexing aura could he channel his thoughts into a singular vision. A night howl of sorts, like a wolf calling to his pack. Only this exclamation was meant to fall upon the ears of the Champion. Oh, what a glorious being he was. A man of many forms, depending on the observer at bay. A metaphysical concept, yet tactile as the Redwoods. As calm as a lamb, yet as wild as a lion. He was a symbol of the full potential all Kreaturez could emulate, if only they were to submit to the will of the Tesseract.

"Fear Not," said the Champion, taken in so eagerly by the humble Mage. "For I am what I am. I come quickly into this beautiful realm, holding all reward within. Accept it willingly, and know that I am with you for all of time. In birth, my arms held All. In death, All hold my arms. I take this responsibility under no conditions aside from simple faith in the Tesseract's capabilities. I say to you: proclaim need, and resources shall be granted. Emerge curious, and the wise Spirits shall guide your way. Fall upon the golden gate, and its brass locks shall give. I shall never leave your call unanswered, for you would not be signaling to me if it weren't for a greater purpose. A grand design."

The Mage knelt before his majestic superior, dignified under his undying glory. The Champion laid a kiss upon his subject's brow in gratitude. He rose again to speak.

"I understand your disdain for the road your contemporaries walk upon. That does not mean I validate it. Pride will cloud your humble ways, remember this forever and further. The

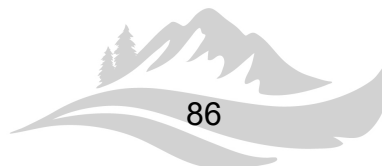
Tesseract functions in ways you shall never understand to completion, a surely justified truth. I say to you, one last time (as I expect you to learn your lesson), love your common fellows in this realm. Treat them as you would treat your own kin. Blessed be those less fortunate than you in this moment, as they might transform, holier than thou in future instances. May you ponder on this hypothetical for all of time. The tesseract welcomes you in light of such revelations. I shall take my leave. Prepare for my ultimate arrival, as I shall judge all impartially under the Tesseract's guidance."

As if the Champion's words were precognitive in nature, the illustrious Tesseract briefly exposed itself from Heaven above. If only a coup d'œil was granted to the Mage, it would be a glorious moment, nonetheless. A sacred void stared tangibly vacant, though plenteous with super positioned possibilities. A hodgepodge of color and matter, encased in a holy quintessence. The soldiers of light guarded their sacred domain with deathless valor, prepared for any Blight who'd threaten the harmony within. And beyond them was the source, shrouded in all things transcendent of what could ever be named. Invisible to the eye, but unmistakable to the soul. Nowhere was finally in sight.

As suddenly as the magnificent structure had parted its jaw, the gateway sealed back up in an instant. The Mage barely had a moment to blink, and it was all gone. No remnants remained, only the still sky he had seen before the Champion's arrival, who had departed alongside the Tesseract. Now, he could only sit in shock. He had seen countless wise Spirits. He had dined in their presence. He had even danced in their acclaim. He had helped build a world more accepting of their elegance. Even so, nothing could compare to the Tesseract's true form. Why it had revealed itself to him at that moment, he could never know. He could only help the world around him as he knew how. One by one, the Spirits appeared around the humble Mage, glowing with a delicate radiance of ethereal standing. It was as if this moment was dedicated to a far more prevalent reality loading up in the Champion's barrel. He looked up to the moon as he listened to the Spirits' tune.

"The Kreaturez born, they come to play,
The Blights, they scheme, they won't delay
The Spirits stay to guide the strays
The Mages live to mend the gray

The time will come when Holy's Son
The Champion of flesh and blood
Will walk the Earth, from will above
The Tesseract for Everyone"



Field Journals | Rissa Griffith

Rugged Roots farm

9/14/23

Hot, Sunny

Rissa Griffith

Sun flower
(Helianthus annuus)

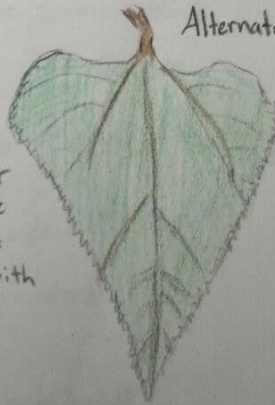
What species of bird was
in the sunflower?

Why did the birds prefer
the sunflowers over the
other plants that have
lots of ripe fruit?



tall and strong
stems

Alternate simple leaves



soft but serrated edges
Heart shaped

The sunflowers were
described as volunteer
plants. They were there
when the farm started
and they are prolific with
little to no care.

they grew in clusters, lots of sunflowers next to each other.
they grew quite tall, around 4-6 feet.
there were lots of birds hanging out in the plant.

3 different ecosystems

West side of Sierras

- lots of large trees and Conifers
- receives more precipitation
- deep duff layer because of trees

- Black oak - incense cedar
- Sugar pine - white fir
- Ponderosa pine - douglas fir

East side of Sierras

- A lot dryer
- receives less precipitation because of topographic effect

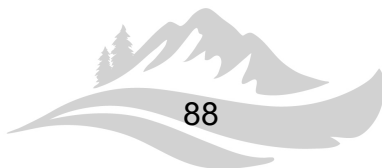
Chaparral

- dry
- lots of brush & shrubs
- Antelope brush
(Purshia tridentata)
- Big Sagebrush
(Artemisia tridentata)

Wetlands

- lots of grasses
- attracts lots of birds
- Hardstem bulrush
(Schoenoplectus acutus)
- Broadleaf cattail
(Typha latifolia)

Why did the the wetlands change into sagebrush?
Is it nessary to change it back?
How would humans change it back without creating more damage?



MANZANITA

FIELD JOURNAL #13
SIMON DAUTH
DISK GOLF COURSE
12/9/23
COOL, SUNNY/
CLOUDY
2:00 PM
PALE
GREEN LEAVES

BRIGHT
YELLOW-
GREEN LEAVES

GREENLEAF
MANZANITA
ARCTOSTAPHYLOS
PATULA

WHITE LEAF
MANZANITA
ARCTOSTAPHYLOS
VISCIDA

IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAIN RANGE, 3
TYPES OF MANZANITA ARE PRESENT. THE MAIN
TWO TYPES ARE WHITE AND GREEN LEAF.
MANZANITA CAN BE EASILY IDENTIFIED BY THEIR
PEELING RED-BROWN BARK ON THE STEMS.
DO THE BERRIES LOOK DIFFERENT FROM EACH
PLANT?
WHY DOES MANZANITA SEEM TO PREFER
SOUTH FACING ASPECTS?
DOES MANZANITA REQUIRE A LOT OF
SUN LIGHT?

TOBACCO BRUSH

WHITE FLOWER

FIELD JOURNAL #7

SIMON DAUTH

BUCKS SUMMIT

10/19/23

3:00 PM

SUNNY, COOL



GLOSSY LEAF



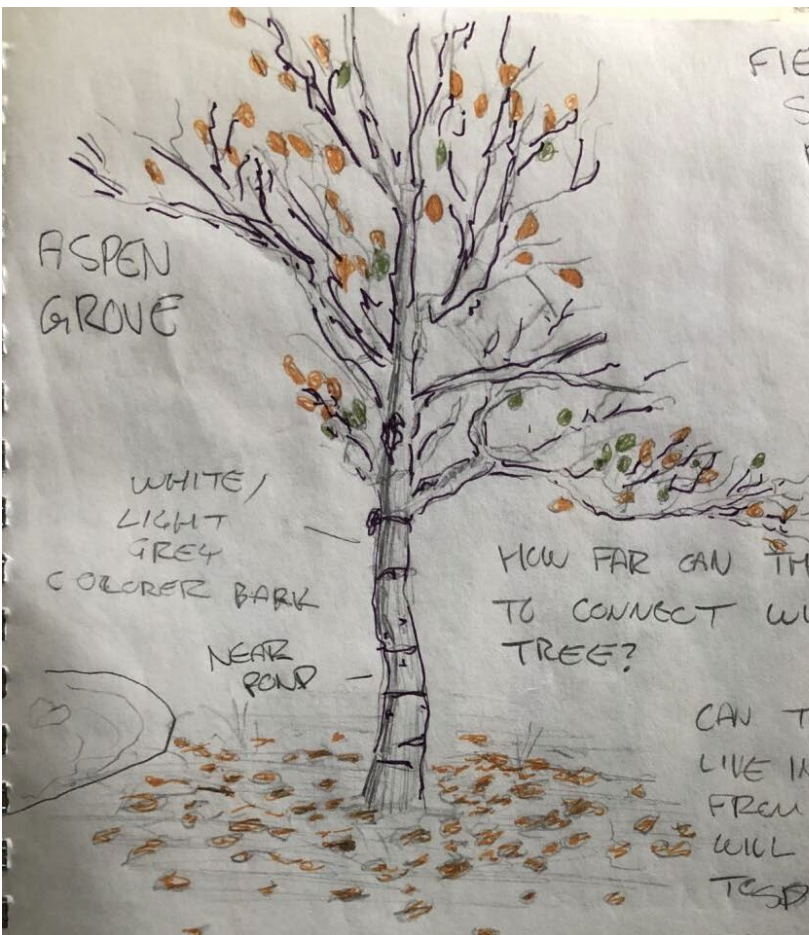
3 MAIN VEINS

CEANOETHUS VELUTINUS

TOBACCO BRUSH IS A PART OF THE MONTANE CHAPARRAL COMMUNITY EXISTING AS AN EVERGREEN. THE PLANT CONSISTS OF A LEATHER LIKE LEAF WITH LEAVES PRESENT ALL YEAR AROUND. THE PLANTS COMMON NAME COMES FROM THE SMELL OF IT BEING SIMILAR TO A TOBACCO FARM.

- I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY MEDICINAL USES TO THIS PLANT.
- WHAT PRODUCES SMELL IN A PLANT?
- HOW FIRE RESISTANT ARE THESE PLANTS?
- CAN CEANOETHUS BE FOUND OUTSIDE OF THE US?

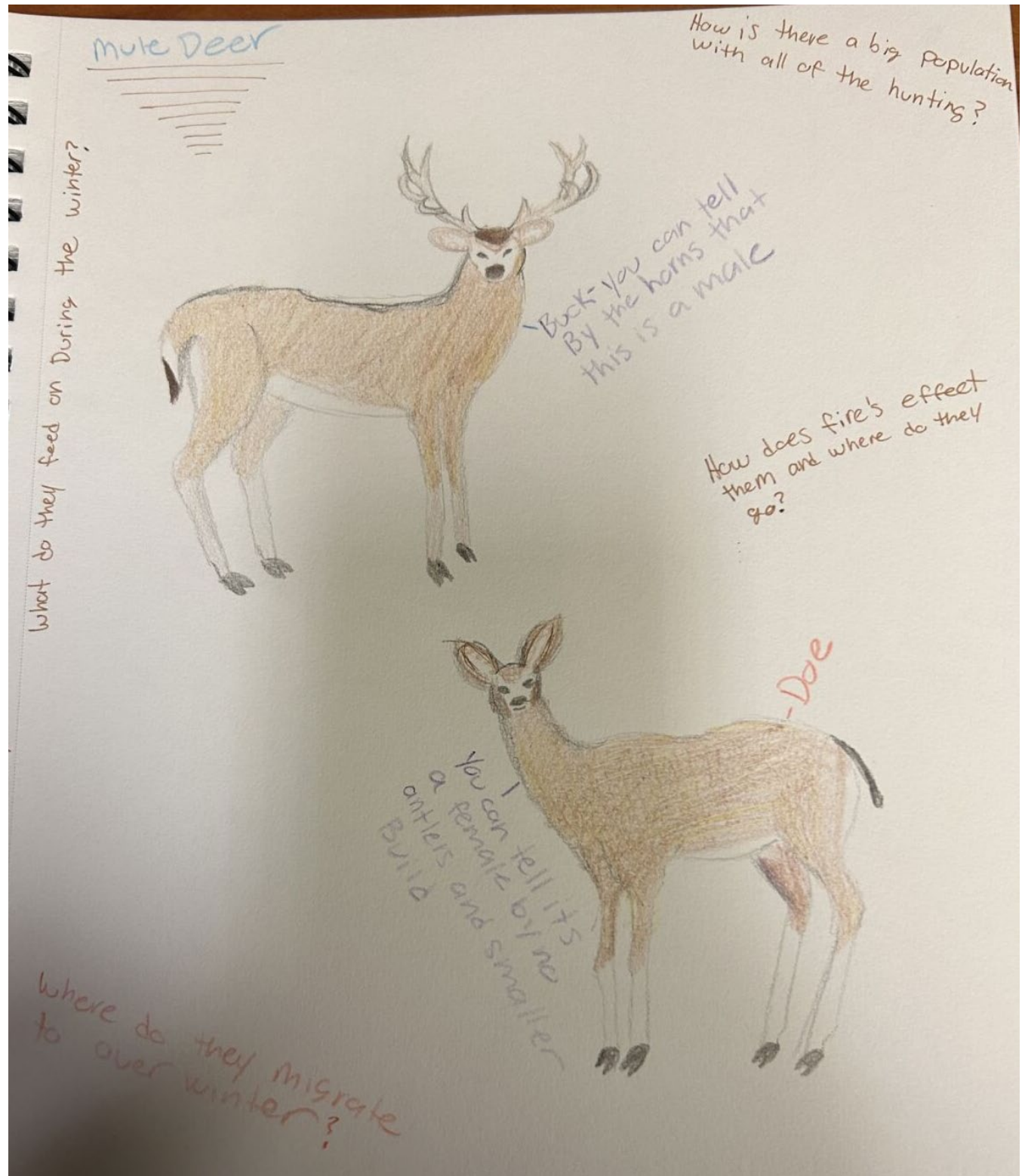


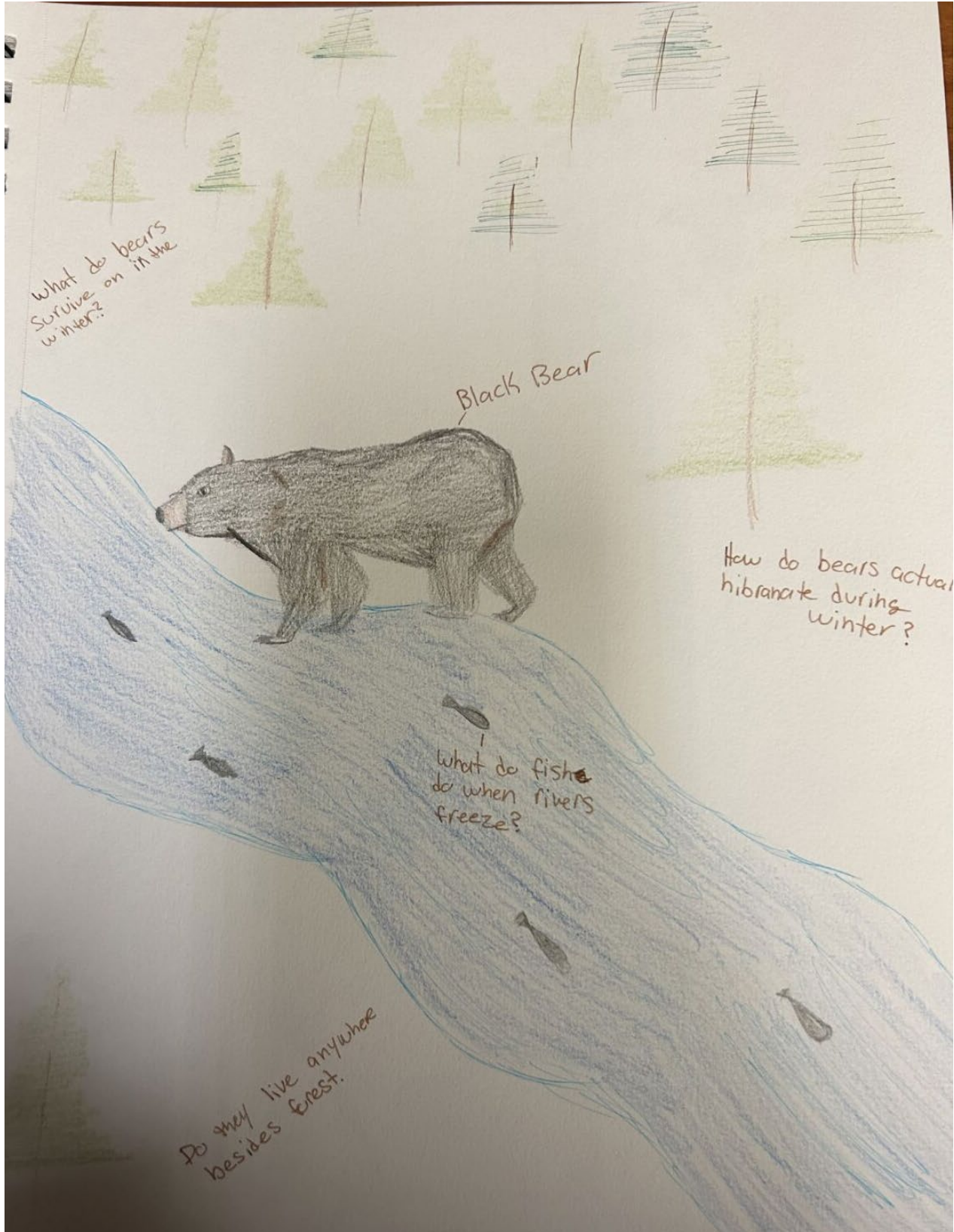


FIELD JOURNAL #5
SIMON DAUTH
DEERWOOD
10/31/23
2:00 PM
SUNNY, COLD
SELF DIRECTED

THE ASPEN TREE IS A TREE THAT IS CONNECTED BY ROOTS TO ALL NEIGHBORING TREES. WHERE THERE IS ONE, YOU WILL LIKELY FIND ANOTHER. I THINK ITS INTERESTING THAT THESE TREES CAN SEND NUTRIENTS TO NEARBY TREES IF THEY ARENT DOING WELL. ASPEN GROVES ARE ALSO EXTREMELY RESILIENT. THESE TREES HAVE CIRCULAR LEAVES WITH 1 POINT AND THE BARK IS VERY SOFT. LIKE CAK AND OTHER SPECIES, THIS TREE DROPS ITS LEAVES IN THE WINTER. CAN YOU FIND SEASONAL COLOR CHANGING TREES IN HIGH ELEVATION ECOSYSTEMS?

Field Journals | Katy Sannar





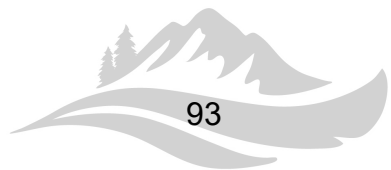
What do bears survive on in the winter?

Black Bear

How do bears actually hibernate during winter?

What do fish do when rivers freeze?

Do they live anywhere besides forest.



Contributor Bios

Asa Boosamra— I'm Asa, I'm 20 years old and I'm from Michigan. I'm an equine student at FRC. Outside of school I love to be outdoors. I enjoy hiking, biking, climbing, skateboarding, fishing, and many other hobbies. I've been taking photos casually for 4 years, and this is my first published work.

Liam Bowling—Liam is a senior at Portola High School in Portola, California. Liam has played sports his whole life, but basketball has been his true inspiration. Liam was inspired to write poetry about the game of basketball by his English professor, Professor Grose.

Kyra Carlson—Hello my name is Kyra Carlson. I am a Junior in high school at PHS. I am currently taking English 101 at FRC and will later be attending English 102 in the spring. I am an active student in high school. I play 2 sports, Volleyball and Softball. And I work all year round at a restaurant I've been working at for years. Hobbies of mine are not only sports but also arts and crafts. Since I was little I never wanted to play with barbies or anything. I only liked making crafts and I really enjoyed cleaning.

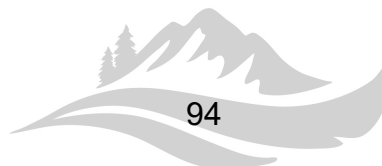
Melanie Coats— My name is Melanie Coats, and this story is about someone diagnosed and treated for breast cancer during the Paradise Fire. With the highways cut off and the Paradise Hospital burned down, it was much harder to access healthcare, or medically necessary treatments.

Evi de Bois—Evi is an FRC student working on her AA-T in English and AA in Biology.

Hannah Dowers—Ever since I was a little girl, I have absolutely loved the refreshing feeling of strolling through nature and basking in the incredible beauty of life itself. Capturing photos while exploring the great outdoors has always been one of my most cherished pastimes, especially when I find myself feeling a bit bored. It's truly awe-inspiring to witness the remarkable wonders our world has to offer and appreciate the magnificent landscapes we are fortunate to call home.

Jamie Johnson— Jamie Johnson is a 2023 graduate of Feather River College. She has continued her education at CSU Chico. While creative writing is not a prevalent hobby for Jamie, she occasionally picks up the pen to do so.

Bailee Kenna—I'm a naturally curious go-getter, fueled by a love for learning and growing. My background gears me up for tackling challenges head-on, always with a dash of creativity and innovation. I'm flexible, open to new ideas, and eager to leave my mark on the world. Whether it's through tech, art, or a blend of both, I'm all about diving into complex puzzles and coming out with collaborative solutions. Life's a journey of learning, adapting, and making a difference, and I'm here for all of it.



Logan Kingsland— My name is Logan Kingsland, and I am a 26-year-old returning student at FRC. I've been sporadically writing poetry since high school, and I write mostly to capture little moments that are meaningful to me so I can remember and reflect on them, hopefully you can enjoy them too!

Holly Klauck—Holly Klauck is a 3rd generation Quincy resident and a proud mama. She began attending online classes at FRC in the Spring of 2023 continuing her education in psychology. You can likely catch her serving up food and drinks at the local brewery.

Clara Klemesrud—I am a student at Portola High School. I play Basketball, volleyball, and softball.

Connor LaPerle— My name is Connor LaPerle. I'm 19 years old and I'm from Greenville, California. I am currently a business major here at Feather River College and in my free time I enjoy film photography, working on my truck, and exploring nature.

Vanessa Long— My name is Vanessa Long. I am 21 years old and a new student this year at Feather River College. I currently work at High Sierra Animal Rescue. I am from Oregon, but I've lived in Plumas County since I was 14 years old. I hope for a successful year.

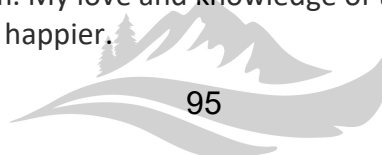
Tanner McCutcheon— Tanner McCutcheon (who goes by the pen name of Mammon) is a Philosophy Major at FRC. He enjoys a variety of studies, Pre-Socratic Philosophy and Theoretical Sciences being examples. He is a firm believer of God, and wishes to reflect His authority abstractly in his writings. This allows for the author to come closer to God in a creative fashion few mediums can provide.

Matt Meyerl—I am a current FRC student, local small business owner, and work as a fire management specialist. My goal is to find solutions to fight inequality by helping create places that are safe and inclusive for everyone. Painting, music, dance and writing are only a few of the ways I express myself and I feel emotion is as equally physical as mental.

Courtney Moore—I am a married mother of 6. I will be finished with classed this fall and will be graduating from FRC in the spring and moving to Tennessee where I will get my Bachelor's degree. I enjoy art, photography, and just being creative in general.

Shasta Partain— My name is Shasta Partain, I am a second-year student at FRC planning on graduating this spring with my Studio Arts degree through my submissions I hope to inspire others to try new things and to put yourself out there!

Juan Perez— Born and raised in Long Beach, California, I developed a passion for skateboarding, leading me to explore photography and videography. As I filmed a month long road trip from Yellowstone National Park, I found myself in Quincy exploring the Outdoor Recreational Leadership program. My love and knowledge of the outdoors have grown exponentially and I could not be happier.



Dasha Petrov— I am a former student and English major of Feather River College, I enjoy all aspects of English from writing, editing, and occasionally delving into poetry. Each year I enjoy submitting a work to FRC’s Cambium, and love being part of this amazing community through the passion of displaying art.

Portola High Students—a group of students at Portola High School submitted a collection of Haikus. The authors include: Johnny Stewart, Naomi Juarez, Javier Nunez, Ney Himenez, Spencer Erchul, Matthew Engel, Brooklyn McKenzie, Oliver Tiradeau, Aydin Nelson, Magnus Berg, Aleckzis Manzo, and Jacob Juarez.

Hugo Rocha— I am Hugo Rocha, I write about the beauty and struggles of my heritage, brownness, community, and sexuality. I strive to demonstrate to others that are queer and/ or brown that it is possible to achieve greater things in life than what is thought about us.

Bradley Silva— My name is Bradley Silva, I am a high school student at Portola High school. I am currently a junior, I love sports and I’ve lived in Plumas County my whole life.

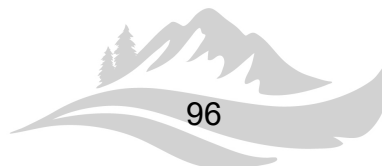
Ansley Tanguay—My name is Ansley Tanguay and I am a senior at Portola High School, dual enrolled at FRC. I plan to go to a ROTC college next year for nursing. In my free time, I enjoy reminiscing and writing about old memories whether with joy or sorrow. I also enjoy the outdoors and long journeys.

Sean Tillman— My name is Sean Paul Tillman, and I am a father to 2 young boys at home, ages 2 and 4. They are my entire world, and my inspiration for this piece, and future works that I intend to write.

Cassandra Torres—My name is Cassandra Torres and I am a senior at Portola High School. I play volleyball and plan to attend a four-year school next year.

Danielle Westmoreland — Danielle Westmoreland has worked as the DSPS Assistive Technology Specialist since 2007. She is also the author of two books everyone can relate to: “Tapping out Beats” and “Covid Chronicles with Dee and Flower,” which both showcase how we need the spirit of connection to inspire growth.

Peyton Wicks—This is a picture I took of the Golden Gate Bridge last summer on a family trip. I used my mom’s camera because it’s nicer than a phone camera. This photo is something I have been working on to improve my editing skills. It is one of my favorites I have taken.



Other Contributors

Jenna Bridges

Joshua Carr

Kaitlynn Dalmau

Simon Dauth

Rissa Griffith

Brittany Harmon

Aubrianna Keeler

Hannah Michael

Katy Sannar

Mason Thorman

