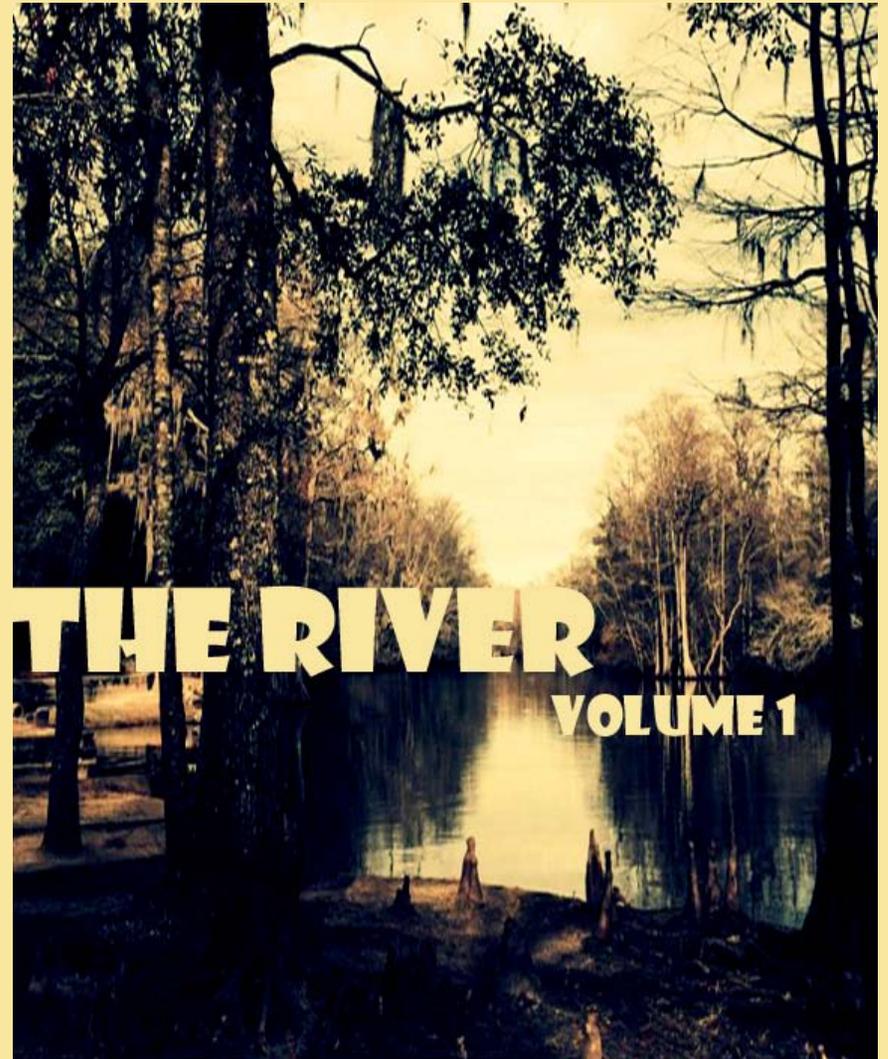


UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
P E M B R O K E



THE RIVER

Volume 1

A Literacy Commons Publication



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About the Literacy Commons' *The River*: The Literacy Commons will publish *The River* annually. *The River* showcases the creative (written and visual) endeavors of Robeson County (and adjacent counties) Public Schools' 6th – 12th grade students. In this inaugural volume of *The River*, we are delighted to showcase the creative talent of the great students in our region.

Looking ahead: *The River* will be published once a year in April/May. For next year's volume, we will be accepting submissions from September 15, 2014 through January 15, 2015. In order for us to cater to all potential submissions, please circulate this call for submissions widely. To learn more about *The River*, and to learn more about our submission guidelines, please visit: theliteracycommons.org/theriver.

Sponsorship and Donations: The University of North Carolina, Pembroke (UNCP) has provided us with initial funding that has allowed us to move forward with this publication; as well, the Literacy Commons functions as part of UNCP's Engaged Outreach and hopes to continue to function and be funded under this umbrella. However, funds will always be limited. The Literacy Commons will always appreciate any sponsorship or donations. To learn more about how to sponsor and donate to the Literacy Commons, please visit: theliteracycommons.org/support_us.

On Behalf of the Editorial Staff of *The River*

The Literacy Commons is unique! We are driven by The University of North Carolina, Pembroke's (UNCP) students. With this, it's no surprise that the inception of *The River* would be led by an editorial staff encompassing UNCP students. These students (both undergraduate and graduate) come from multiple cultural backgrounds with different academic majors ranging from elementary education to biology, worked diligently with planning, soliciting, laying-out, and implementing this inaugural volume of *The River*. Without these students, this editorial staff, *The River* ceases to exist. This is a testament to and of the cohesion of the Literacy Commons—and the current publication of *The River*.

A Deep Thanks to the Students Published in this Journal: The work included in this journal is of first-rate quality. And without such submissions from these students, this journal ceases to exist. In sum, we are extremely grateful for your work. Thank you!

A Thanks to the Public Schools of Robeson County: Throughout this endeavor to publish *The River*, we want to thank Tasha Oxendine and a number of educators involved with the Public Schools of Robeson County: Ms. Wanda Sampson, Ms. Anne Kinlaw, Ms. Felicia Hunt—and the many other educators who helped connect their students' work with that of *The River*.

A Thanks to UNCP’s Esther G. Maynor Honors College: It’s important that we extend our gratitude to the Dean of the Esther G. Maynor Honors College, Dr. Mark Milewicz. His work to unite UNCP’s Esther G. Maynor Honors College with that of The Literacy Commons speaks volumes in our collective endeavors to reach out to our community.

A Thanks to UNCP’s Provost Dr. Kenneth Kitts and Associate Vice Chancellor for Engaged Outreach Dr. Cammi Hunt: Without the institutional support of Drs. Kitts and Hunt, the Literacy Commons would not be as effective as we currently are. Their trust in and endorsement of the Literacy Commons has allowed us to reach out into our community and to connect UNCP with that of the greater region of Robeson County.

A Special Thanks to UNCP’s Photographer Raul Rubiera: Thank you for giving us your creative eye—and your patience.

A Special Thanks to Christina Poteet and UNCP’s Office for Community and Civic Engagement: Thank you for helping to sponsoring, guiding, and with leading us through the process of making *The River* a reality.

A Final Note on Reciprocity: Together is how it is we impact Robeson County (and the surrounding region). Without this support and sense of reciprocity, our work flounders in the shadows of mere theory and speculation. It should always be, collectively, our mission to engage our community with that of UNCP’s students, faculty, and staff—and vice versa. And it is through this sense of reciprocity, volunteerism, and collective engagement—where it is we can continue to foster the development of literacy.

On behalf of *The River*’s editorial staff, we thank you all.

Sincerely,

David Marquard
—the founding director of The Literacy Commons.



The River Editorial Staff 2014

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Editorial Staff



David Marquard

I am an assistant professor at UNCP and the founding director of the Literacy Commons. My Ph.D. is in Rhetoric and Composition from the University of Nevada, Reno. And I have travelled with my border collie to over 40 states within the continental United States of America.



Jacob Brown

I am a freshman at UNCP. I am from Burlington, North Carolina. I became involved with the Literacy Commons through my English 1050 class with Dr. Marquard, and I became further involved with *The River* because when I heard about it I felt like it was a great opportunity to interact with the students in the community. I am a member of the the Esther G. Maynor Honors College, where I serve as the Historian on the Student Honors Council. I am also a member of the Literacy Commons Advisory Council. In November of 2013 I received my Eagle Scout award.



Sarah Austin

I am a Mass Communication-Public Relations major at UNCP. This is my third year in college but second year at this school. My hometown is Whiteville, NC. I joined the Literacy Commons to help promote our cause of raising the literacy rate in Robeson County and because going to Oxendine Elementary to assist in Mrs. Bird's class brightens my day. Also, I am a member of the Epsilon Zeta chapter of Kappa Delta and on the executive board of the All Greek Council. My favorite animal is a giraffe and if I could, I would keep one as a pet.



Marcos Simon

I am a sophomore at UNCP. I am from Fayetteville, NC. I got involved in The Literacy Commons per the request of Dr. Marquard when I was in his class in the fall of 2012. I have remained in contact with The Literacy Commons because I have a passion for trying to educate people, no matter what capacity it is in. In addition to being a member of The Literacy Commons, I am a supplemental instructor for sociology 1020.



Stephanie Brown

I am a sophomore at UNCP, and I am majoring in Applied Mathematics. I am from Statesville, NC, which is close to Charlotte. I first became involved with the Literacy Commons my freshman year. I became involved because I participated in a lot of volunteer work while in high school and wanted to get involved while in college as well. I am also an active member of the Esther G. Maynor Honors College as well as Kappa Delta. I hope to go into the military.



Brandi Guffey

I am a freshman at UNCP, and I am majoring in Biology with a Zoology concentration. I am from Canton, NC, which is close to Asheville. I became involved with the Literacy Commons because I wanted to make a difference in the lives of others in the surrounding community through the University. I am a member of the Esther G. Maynor Honors College and serve as a Freshman Representative on the Honors Council. I am also a member of Lambda Sigma Honor Society. I hope to work as a zoo veterinarian upon finishing college.



Aneita Emerson

I am a graduate student working toward my Master's in Social Work. I will graduate May 9, 2014. Even though I have lived in many states in the central and eastern regions of the US, I consider Arkansas to be home for me. After my first Literacy Commons meeting I fell in love. I have never been a strong reader or learner and saw the potential we would have to impact lives with the strength of literacy. It is amazing how many hats we wear; I am a daughter, sister, grand-daughter, mother, grandmother, friend, co-worker, student, encourager, teacher, breast cancer survivor, nurturer, leader, organizer, etc.



Jack Slavin

I am a sophomore at UNCP, and I am a double major in Business Management and Marketing. I am from Durham, NC. I got involved with The Literacy Commons to help make a difference in Robeson County and to help members of the community understand the important connection between Athletics and Academics. I am a catcher on the baseball team here at UNCP, #44. I am project creator/coordinator for Athletic Connections.

Peace Like a River

by: Dakota Britt

The sound of running water and the breeze of fresh air relax me. As I walk along a trail, I see all that nature has to offer. I stop for a moment to take it all in. Closing my eyes, I listen to the many sounds around me. I hear the laughter of small children, and the footsteps of a couple taking a stroll together. I think of the happiness this beautiful place brings people. There is a type of magic that people are drawn to. There is peace here. The troubles of a modern life seem to just fade away.



Haleigh Connor
Fairmont High School
10th Grade

The Island

by: Jacob T. Odom

I swim to that secret shore
The smells are old and inspiring
It's filling my brain
I could be a dolphin or a fish.
You just have to go to the island
To space and sea

You can't escape, all go
Always enjoying eventually.
We all must go...
Sadness awaits those who don't.
We go from birth to death
Never ending everyday
To the island of
Power and glory
You know what I mean
Everyone has seen this island
It enters the brain like air
Making a new space and tree
You are full of the animals
Of thought and building
Riches, fame and power
Are on the island
You must go to get them
Do you know the island
If not I will tell you.

Emotions

by: Kevin Perez
St. Pauls Middle School

Emotions are ripples in water
Starting off strong and slowly fading away,
A bomb primed to explode,
As they can be dangerous,
A volcano ready to erupt,
For they can be disastrous.
They are earthquakes that leave aftershocks,
And tornadoes that have no mercy.



Shannon Goodwin
St. Pauls High School
11th Grade

Dear Isaac

by: Alejandra Hammonds

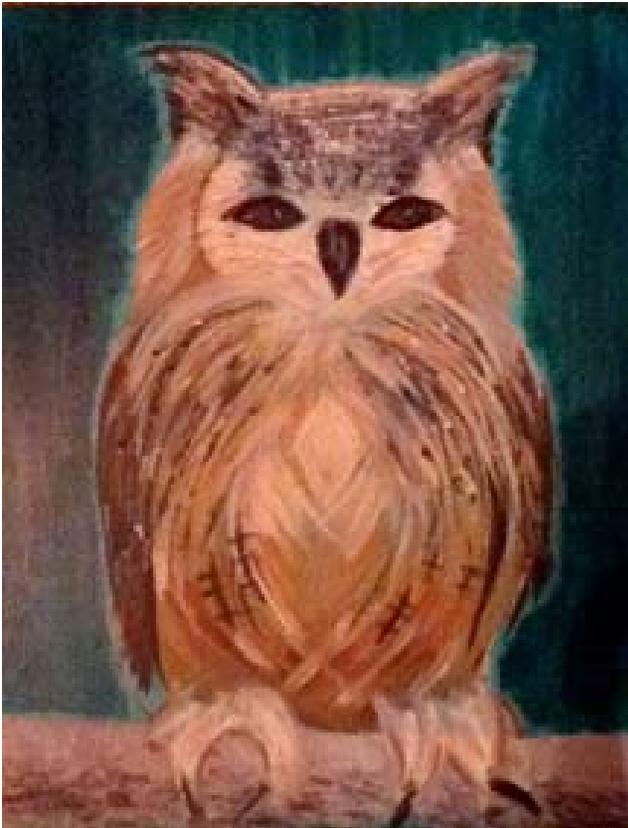
We were close
You were the best out of most
You made me smile when I was mad
And made me laugh when I was sad

Now your gone but I'm not alone
My friends help me when I feel alone
My friends are what I mostly depend on

You were the best
And never forgotten
I love you Isaac no matter what
You're in my heart

Rest-In-Peace Isaac Caleb Hammonds

Stirling McKalvie
St. Pauls High School
10th Grade

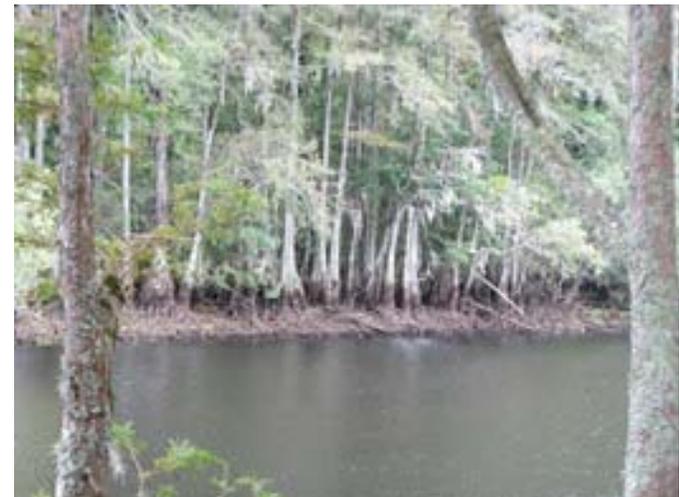


The Day I Lost My Friend

by: Leah Locklear

I was in 4th period and looking at the clock tick tock
My heart was telling me something was wrong
I said, “no” and kept on with my test
My bus driver came to get me
My dad was in the office with a depressed face
I remember getting home and my mom was crying and
my uncle was there
My dad told me “your grandpa died”
I saw him this morning and did not say goodbye
I did not even say goodmorning

RIP PAPA DR. DALTON 1-13-12



Taylor Warren

My Life Story!

by: Lachyna Mack

How could my life start out so good and then all of a sudden take a wrong turn?

My name is Lachyna Mack, and this is my story. I was born on June 2, 2000 to the parents of Trellis Mack and Princess Lowery. At the age of 3, I lost my dearly beloved mother. My mom passed away 7 days after my birthday. Can you even imagine the sorrow I felt growing up without a mother in my life?

When I grew older I was adopted by my grandmother Joann Mack. My father never left my side; he stayed with me since day one. He had his reasons for us staying with our grandmother. As a kid my father used to take us out every weekend. We might have gone to the skating rink one weekend, and the next weekend we might have gone to the town pool or the movies. I enjoyed all those times we spent together as a family. But in the midst of it all, things began to change. We really didn't go out every weekend like we used to; our father stop doing the things he used to do, and it actually hurt me. But I look at it like sometimes you have to be strong and move on even though you're hurting.

When I was younger I thought life was so perfect and easy. I would play sports every summer and go to the beach to spend some time with the family. I never thought that anything could ever go wrong. But soon

when my grandmother started getting sick, I knew then that things were about to get bad. My grandmother kept our family going, she kept it alive. Even though she was my grandmother, I always felt like she was my best friend. When she departed this world, I felt my world crashing in on me. I felt like there was no need for me to live in this world. The only thing that kept me going was my family; because I saw how they felt also. She always told me to take care of my brother and look over him. Could you feel the pain I was going through? Could you feel the sorrow that was in my heart? How I kept standing over her begging the lord not to take her from me? It will never be the same.

After my grandmother left me, my 7th grade year was tough. It was the first year since I had lost my grandmother. My grandmother always kept me on the right track, so losing her the next year really hurt me. I stayed in trouble; I was doing bad things, hanging out with the wrong crew. I knew that wasn't me but I didn't care. I was completely lost, and I felt like I had no guidance in my life. My father was lost also; he didn't have his mother in his life to help him anymore. I can understand his pain and his sorrow. Imagine being a father, not knowing what to do?

When I finally reached the 8th grade, I was staying with my Aunt Chris and my Uncle Ba. Ever since I moved in with them they helped me realize how important my education was, they helped me realize how to set goals for myself and become mature. They helped

me keep my mind on track. I was doing better in school, I started staying to myself, and my attitude started improving a lot. I try to keep my head up on everything that has been happening lately. I go to school smiling, laughing, and joking around like everything's okay, even when I really know that things are just really rough. I've lost a lot of loved ones and a lot of good friends because of my decisions. But I keep praying every night that things will get better for me. I ask the Lord all the time: "Am I going to achieve my goals in life? Am I going to be able to gain my strength when I've been beaten down so many times?"

My father has been with his girlfriend for almost 4 years now. And those 4 years have been tough for me. I simply hate the fact that she controls everything, like my father has no power to speak up for what's right and what's wrong. All I can say is I hope my father opens his eyes and sees what me and everyone else sees. But I can't control who he talks to, if he's happy then I want him to stay happy. The thing that really gets me though, is how can you sit there and live off your kids' checks every month? I wonder does it bother them. While other people are out there working hard, busting their butts just to put food on their table, clothes on their back, and a place to lay their head at night. It bothers me, but I don't say anything because then an argument starts. I know when I get older, when I'm old enough to work; I'm going to save up so I can get away from here. I've set goals for my life, and I can achieve those goals if I keep my head on the

right track. I can become a successful woman, and I will. I don't want my kids to go through the pain and sorrow I went through. I want be the type of person that everyone can look up to and say, "Wow she came a long way." Most importantly I want to be a good role model for everyone. There is so much stuff that runs through my mind every day and there is so much stuff that goes on in my life, but nobody understands my situation. I'm a strong girl so I know I can make it. But I hope my little story fills your heart and does not make you feel you sorry for me. Because I know I'm going to be alright.

Karena McMillan



Thank-You

by: Leah Locklear

Thank you for not giving up on me
Thank you for caring for me
Thank you for teaching me the right rules
Thank you for all you do for me even when I don't need

Thank you

Music

by: Robert Smith
St. Pauls Middle School

Music is the soft sound of birds
singing a beautiful song.
It is a dandelion seed flowing free in the wind.
It is colors, such a variety.
It is the word of the wise.
Music tells about life.

Well Known River

by: Destini Samuels

Beautiful and peaceful, waiting, strong
This well-known river is where some living things
belong.

Flowing freely down a lengthy trail,
Everyone knows this river very well.
Used for marveling, viewing, and more,
The Lumber River has a lot in store.

Many people have seen it,
Taking in a marvelous sight, bit by bit,
Flowing forth for miles and miles,
Causing excited views and smiles.

Go down to the Lumber River,
There are beautiful sights that will make you shiver.

The Living River

by: Rokia Hunt

The flow of the river is forever.
Never ending and never living but has life in it.
We go to the river to fish, maybe even to swim.

So let's try to keep the river fresh and clean.

Graceanna Schuster
Fairmont High School
10th Grade



Life Is a Flower
by: Kyle Edwards
St. Pauls Middle School

Life is a flower,
that took a gamble rooting here.
It could bloom beautifully,
or gray and wrinkly.
It could blaze like the tallest flower,
or blow out like a candle.
The flower blooms,
then grays and wrinkles.
But, suddenly it is reborn like a phoenix.
It blazes in heaven almighty,
just like us.



Courtney McCormick
Fairmont High School
10th Grade

Appreciate

by: Omar Ayala

I was a 13 year old boy with a dream like any other kid, someone important in this world. I didn't have much to show off like my classmates did but I had a young single mother that I loved so much. Her name was Patricia and she was 30 years old. She couldn't always pay for our electric, water, and house bills on her own with just one job, so she decided to look for a second job. After she started working 12 hours a day I didn't have her by my side to ask for help on anything, or even to ask for an "I love you" like I use to. I felt really lonely throughout every day and that changed me. As I got older, I always asked myself, "Does my mom actually love & care for me?" I would go back to the times I would sit alone all day, cooking food for my mom and having the house and her room clean and ready so when she came back, she could just go to bed. However, I still was not able to spend quality time with her.

And then one day, my mom came home early and said that she got a new job where she doesn't work that much and gets paid more. I said, "Oh, okay."

She then asked me, "Aren't you happy? I can now help you with your homework and anything else you would want me to help you on." I looked at her and walked to my room, ignoring what she said. She then yelled out my name many times but I didn't pay any

attention to her. For months and months I had been ignoring my mom; every time she asked me what she had done wrong, I just ignored her, until one night she had enough when I returned home really late.

It was Friday and I decided to skip school for the whole day and returned home around 10:00 pm. When I got home, my mom was in the living room waiting for me and she asked, "Where were you?" I acted like I didn't hear her and turned away. She immediately got in my face saying, "I got a call from school today saying you didn't show up, again! The principal also said you haven't show up for 2 weeks straight? Where were you all this time? Why don't you ever listen to me, what did I do wrong!?"

I looked angrily at her and said: "You want to know what you did wrong? Everything! After all those years of sitting in the house all day alone, wanting you to be there for me, and now you want to care?!"

Her eyes filled with tears as she said, "I'm really sorry honey. I wish I would have had the time back then to be there but I couldn't because I had to work extra so you could have clothes on your back, food on your plate, and a roof you could live under!"

I told her I didn't have time to listen to her lies and I ran out of the house as she was calling my name. I went to the abandoned area that was shut down where I would let all my tears and anger out. After about 35 minutes, I decided to go back home to apologize. As I was walking I felt my phone vibrating but I didn't pay

much attention to it. I noticed a big crowd in the middle of the street, along with police cars and policemen. I walked towards the crowd and managed to see what was going on. I couldn't believe it. I immediately burst into tears. My mother was lying on the ground. She had been hit by a car. I noticed that she was still breathing, and then she grabbed my hand and said, "I am truly sorry, baby. I wish I could've given you all the time and love you desired." And that's how it sadly ended, as my mother passed away.

I didn't know what else to do but cry and call her name, wishing she was still here. I remembered when my phone was vibrating so I checked it. I saw that I had a voicemail from my mom. I listened to the voicemail, where she said: "Sweetie, please come home. I understand that it's all my fault about not giving the most important thing you needed, time and love from me. But you know what, I'm on my way to look for you so we can talk about it; when you get this please call me back." I now know how she got hit and why: it was entirely my fault. If I had never ran out of the house, none of this would've happened.

As I write this I notice that what she said was all right. She couldn't give me any of her time because she was too busy trying to give me a roof to live under, put clothes on my back, and food on my plate. I knew that she tried to give me everything she could and I didn't appreciate any of it. Not only that but I didn't appreciate all the hard work she did for me. Now that I don't have

anything or anyone left, I wish I had her back. Now that I don't have anything or anyone left, I wish I had her back.



Courtney McCormick
Fairmont High School
10th Grade

Bravery

by: Dawson Moore
Orrum Middle School

Bravery is a lion,
because lions don't get scared.
They help protect,
because they are strong and mighty.
They are caring, loving, and helpful animals.
They are faithful.



Luciano Filomeno
St. Pauls High School
12th Grade

Kindness

by: Jacob T Odom
Communities In Schools Academy
8th Grade

When you are kind you feel the feeling
The greatest feeling in the world,
The rumbling of energy,
The knowledge that you have done something good.
If you do, you will be rewarded with your own joy.
While others may not enjoy it, that is their own
punishment
They do not know what they are missing
They clearly have not heard that if you are kind to
another,
They will be kind to you.

Rosie Diaz
St. Pauls High School
12th Grade



Joy Is What Moves Us

by: Emma Barnes
Orrum Middle School

Joy is looking at a beach sunset,
Riding in a boat and feeling the warm mist.
Squeezing sand between your toes
While running on the beach.
Diving into waves
And feeling free.
Letting the warm sand hit your face,
Or tanning on a hot day.

Warmth

by: Anne Johnson
St. Pauls Middle School

The sun is a huge flashlight,
that shines in the sky;
it is a blanket,
that keeps us warm.
The sun is a ship sinking into the horizon.
A king that rules us from the sky.

Bare Reality

by: Aquia Deese

Actual Beauty

You can become captivated by a set of eyes or lips,
Become mesmerized by a chest or swinging set of hips.
You can quickly fall in lust but miles away from love:

Because real beauty is never what lies above.

It's what's in the soul that makes a person so amazing
A beauty so special it can't be seen by simply gazing.
Beauty so rare is only felt by the heart and not seen by
eyes

Nor is it attainable no matter how hard you may try.
So remember the person you're coming to be or you're
falling for

The judgment at the time may seem grand but can easily
turn poor.

Because even if your appearance be diamond, silver, and
even gold bar.

Your beauty isn't what but who you are.

Diversity

We come from different backgrounds, cultures, and
religions;
With different values and beliefs and different age
divisions.

Multiple languages are spoken, new customs are made
Our lifestyles vary and our skins are different shades.

We come from all over and assemble together,

We make new societies that are original and clever.

Diversity helps make us one, and our generation evolve;
Finding new styles to adapt and more then one way for
a problem to be solved.

It's positive in many ways; along with the peaceful
message it's sending

Because we're all one and the same, and this is just the
beginning.

Sooner Than Expected

Today they're here; tomorrow they're not.
You're haunted by the things that you left unsaid
Or the things you forgot.

One more voice to fade over time,

One more image to fade from your mind.

So, it's better to act as if now is Farewell

Because truthfully you can never really tell

When it's time to face the reality that you neglected;

When goodbye comes sooner than expected.

Abel Saavedra
St. Pauls High School
12th Grade



Some Friends Change

by: Noah Oxendine

You always bully me now
We were friends a long time
We did everything together
You were my big brother
You were like an apple
But after so long
You rotted away
I trusted you for years
I did all your work
Now it's different
You pick on me to make your friends laugh
But I guess some friends do change.

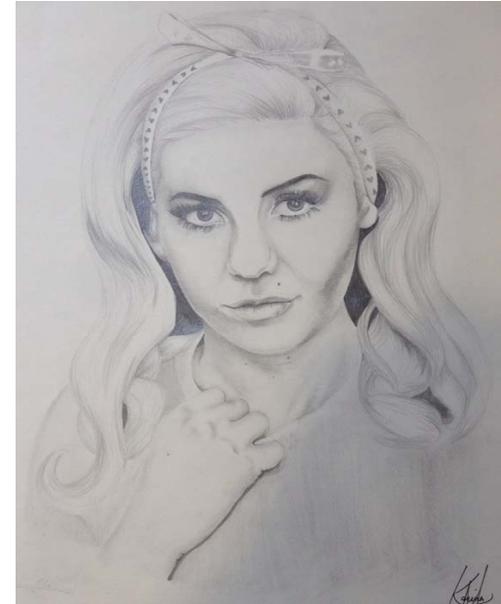


Micah Alexander

Space
by: John Keyser
Orrum Middle School

Space is a painting never finished,
that we add new parts to everyday;
a treasure right before our eyes,
with many parts that we don't know about.
It is a puzzle with many pieces,
that is very hard to solve;
a book with many pages,
all of which we try to read.
And a very big box,
that holds everything.

Karena McMillan



The Escape From Life
by: Noah Oxendine

The bond with nature to be in my favorite place
And knowing I will have to leave soon
Being able to conquer my senses
To be able to see and hear my prey moving through the
woods
Boom!
Finally I got what I've been looking for all year
The animal that taught me to be patient and quiet
Is finally in the back of my truck
A big Buck!

My Life Without My Father

by: Kinsley Walker

Hello my name is Kinsley Walker and I am writing about how my life used to be when my father was alive but now he is gone. This message is for young kids and even adults.

Have you ever thought you would lose someone that you really loved and cared about? I never thought that I would but I did. That someone was my dad. He was not just a father to me; he was my best friend, and role model. When I needed him he was always there. I loved my father so much. Not just for the things he did for me but because he was a real man and did what he was supposed to do as a father. I didn't take anything for granted. I never will. Could you imagine going to school with people knowing about a loss like mine? This happened to me at the age of 12. I was hurt, so I didn't want people coming up to me and hugging me. I appreciated that they cared but I just wanted to be alone and not be bothered. Can you imagine being a daddy's girl and hearing that your father passed away?

I was so torn to hear that he was gone I was on the floor screaming at the top of my lungs. My question was why him? One thing I hate is to talk about him because I don't want to cry. I hate to cry. I know what you are wondering right now, why doesn't she like talking about her own dad? People say it will make you feel

better if you talk about it. The reason I don't talk about him is because I don't want to cry. If I talk about him it will make me feel even worse than I do now. Sometimes I blame myself for his death, but what I forget is everybody has a date for their departure and February was his time. I know one thing I regret now and will in the future is that I never went and saw my father's grave.

You may be thinking why hasn't she gone to see her father's grave? That's a question we all ask. Maybe later in life I will go and see his grave, but right now, I just can't. Is it because I'm scared? Is it because I'm not confident in myself? These are questions I ask myself but my answer is, I don't know. January 10th was his birthday and for a moment I wanted to go see his grave, but I didn't. Today I went to school and I was sad he was not there so I could celebrate his birthday with him. I wanted to cry but I didn't. I put a smile on my face and kept moving.

Have you ever gotten to the point where you wanted to leave the world? When my father left I kind of wanted to leave the world too. I had lost my best friend, my father. My mom and grandma wondered about me because I didn't like talking about him. When someone is sitting there talking about him I change the subject or leave the room. I know you may be wondering why do that? If you talk about it, it will make you feel better. Well the reason I did that was because I was a daddy's girl and I LOVED HIM SO MUCH! Could you imagine being a girl and you were a daddy's girl

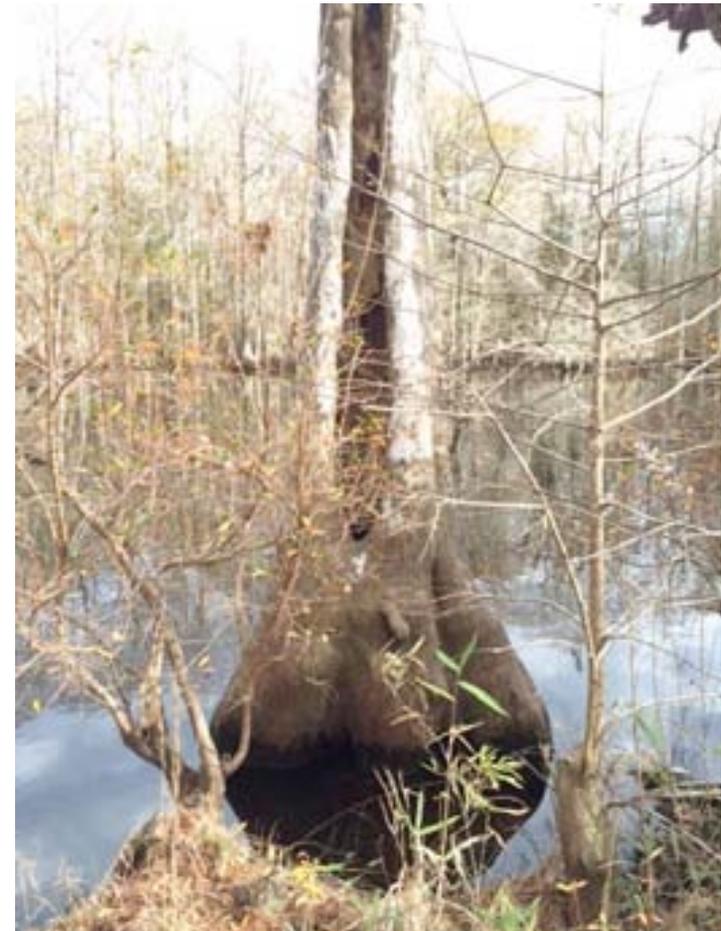
and he had passed away? No not any girl that's a daddy's girl. I didn't and I was so torn.

What I don't like is that my mom and grandma said that I should get counseling because it would make me feel better. I really don't think I need it because some people like to keep their feelings to themselves and I am one of those people.

Well my message to you is that it doesn't matter what age your parent is you should tell them that you love them every day even when you are mad at them because you don't ever know when their time is going to end. This could be the last time so tell them you love them today. I told my father I LOVED HIM every day even when I was mad at him because I didn't want to end up like he did. My father and his mom had disagreements before he went back to Korea. That next week his mom passed away. His sisters and brothers tried hard to call but he didn't answer until one day they contacted him and he was torn to pieces because the last thing he said to her was, "I hate you."

So everyone please tell your mom and dad that you love them every day. Let it be the first and last thing you say to them.

Haleigh Connor
Fairmont High School
10th Grade



Karena McMillan

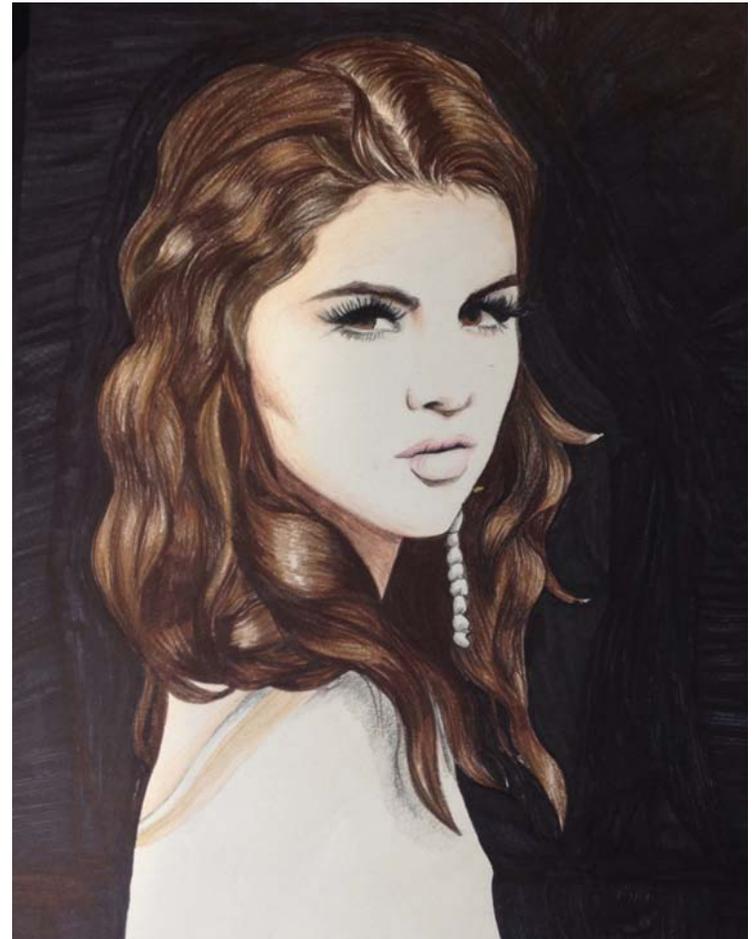
That Moment
by: Tierre Blackwell

That moment

When I smile it's
Because I'm empty,
When I cry it's
Because I'm hurt

But when he smiles
I feel loved
And at the same time
I feel scared

I don't want to cry
Anymore



Happiness

by: Jacob T Odom
Communities In Schools Academy
8th Grade

Happiness dances through my mind
Giving me the feeling of joy
Letting love and goodness' power flow through me
Like my own private ocean of laughs and cheers
All happiness comes in different forms
With crowds and solitude
Some like the first, some the last
But all at sometime have felt this feeling
No matter who you are you've felt happiness.

Anger

by: Joseph Bridgeman
Orrum Middle School

Anger is a fire
That is waiting to erupt.
Just like a volcano
It is easy to get mad.
Anger is the thing
That takes away your reasoning.
Just like a burn would.
A burn would take away your flesh,
Just like anger would take away your reasoning.

Micah Alexander



Brave Is
by: Randy Floyd
Orrum Middle School

Brave is a turtle.
If racing a rabbit,
I'd have no chance.
 Or a frog.
If in a crane's mouth,
I'd have no chance.
 Or a mouse,
If in a hawk's grasp,
I'd have no chance.
 Or a fish,
If in a shark's mouth,
I'd have no chance.
 I might be losing,
But I will never give up.

Abel Saavedra
St. Pauls High School
12th Grade



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