ME:
MULTICULTURAL ECHOES

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PUBLICATION DESIGN
Carey Wilson
Char Prieto

COVER DESIGN
Chris Adamson

ME: Literary Magazine was founded in 2008 by Char Prieto and a group of faculty and students from the Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures at California State University, Chico. The journal's purpose is to promote intellectual growth and creativity and to help authors share and publish their works.

ME: MULTICULTURAL ECHOES • SPRING 2011

DEDICATION

In honor and memory of Nathan Thornton (1915-2011) and Matti Mattson (1916-2011) human rights activists who went to Spain as a brigadistas, volunteers to fight fascism during the Spanish Civil War in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade*.

You are a great inspiration to all of us!
¡Salud!
¡Presentes!
In Memorian

*During the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939), almost forty thousand men and women from fifty-two countries, including 2,800 Americans, traveled to Spain to join the International Brigades to help fight fascism. The U.S. volunteers served in various units (medical, combat and transportation) and came to be known collectively as the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

Très chers lecteurs/Dear Readers:

We are very happy to announce the third issue CSU Chico's literary magazine, *ME: Multicultural Echoes* from the Department of Foreign languages and Literatures. Echoes of ourselves and others, to us and the world, these contributions all seek to communicate in the myriad of voices of human experience. Just like Baudelaire, the 19th century French poet who revolutionized the poetic subject, voice, and form, whose words I echoed in my greeting, we seek to convey truth, fiction, and the gray area in between. Reading these lines and reading between the lines, we announce to everyone: Here is ME: Multicultural Echoes.We hope that these pages will continue to echo in you, the reader, as well as echo your experience back to us.

Avec mes plus sincères sentiments,
Patricia E. Black, Chair
Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures

Contents

Chinese

AUSTIN SMITH

长相思

I can't wait to kiss your soul, my 请人
Brush my hands through your hair like how I
Used to, when we were together. But then
Break ended; however, did not our 爱 。

Masters of seasons, Austeen and Yiqing:
Summer-joyed; autumn-fallen; winter-real;
One frontier's left—the revival of spring.
我想你 。 Soon our selves will fully heal.

When I look toward the future, happiness
Grins back. You glance at me, thinking I don't
See you. I do. My eyes twinkle, blue-blessed
For your being. Rhyme isn't good enough.

This is almost over. For good.
我的漂亮小宝贝 , 我很爱你 。

HUI LING YAP

爱

用心去体会
用行动表达

你
从没说过
爱 这个字

但
我知道
我了解
我爱你

English

DEIA DE BRITO

Bebel

My grandmother was a saint who loved to gossip. When we casually asked after some old relative still living by the Araguaia River, she would talk about that woman's rheumatism, the niece that failed beauty school, and the daughter that married for the third time to a farm boy twelve years younger. She would knit an enormous quilt of stories from the yarn of a question. By the time she pried her bones from the couch, we had no idea who was family and who wasn't. My American mother would jot down the details of my grandmother's stories with the precision of an anthropologist, allotting cultural significance to every character's action. I always stopped paying attention. Listening to the stories of these characters was like listening to foreign music, played with foreign instruments. I couldn't tell the music from the instruments that played it. It was lovelier that way.

Even my grandmother was not ready to tell Bebel's story. Life was too simple. My cousins and I spent each day of this January of 1997 playing soccer in the dust of the road, or inside, with our sweaty thighs glued to the cracked, plastic couch. I was ready to return to Belo Horizonte and start the fifth grade. My mother was going to pick me up in the morning. We were then going to take a bus to Brasilia to visit her old friends from the University of São Paulo that now lived in chic condominiums with pools, saunas, volleyball courts, and a service worker for every occasion.

Bebel arrived at my grandmother's door without notice, her arms and face painted with fresh bruises. I had heard a few stories about her, which by now I hardly remembered. Bebel was one of my dad's cousins, but not of blood. She was adopted, like my grandmother-only it wasn't by nuns. Bebel had recently married the owner of some bar in a town half a day's drive from Goiânia. When my grandmother opened the door, Bebel laughed like a

farmer and squeezed my grandmother's square torso like a brother. She talked loud and vibrated with uncontrolled energy. Her stomach was swollen and hard. She patted it every few seconds, as if to assure the baby, "Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere."

Her belly didn't anchor her movement at all. It propelled her pale skeleton through the living room, her small, sequined bag dangling from her wrist.

Bebel hugged me hard and smothered my face in her belly. Her neck sweated passion fruit perfume-the same scent that always sent me through the doors of a popular Brazilian beauty shop chain. The creases of her elbows smelled of sweet almond oil, another perfume I craved whenever we came back to the United States. The smells I found here were never as sweet. Her bleached, orange-blond hair and red lipstick clashed with her yellow skin. Bebel was a ruined doll.

She started to wash the dishes in the kitchen. My grandmother tried to stop her. The old woman waddled to the sink and reached across Bebel to turn off the faucet. Bebel pushed her hands away softly and said, "Dona Tereza, you are impossible! I have invaded the house. Now you are not gonna let me lie around like a bum!" My grandmother did not give up. She turned off the water and pointed her finger at a chair and said, "Sit." Bebel sat.

I perched on the edge of the couch, pretending to watch Xuxa, the volume so low I could only hear the tall blonde's intermittent nasal pep songs. My ears ached toward the kitchen with the hard labor of curiosity. My grandmother put water on a flame to boil.

"In my house, I decide," she said.

"God Bless you, Dona Tereza," Bebel laughed.

My grandmother shed her humor. "Now tell me, why did you come here today?" she asked.

Bebel looked down. "Rivaldo and I had an argument. He thinks that I have to stay home while he can go out with any damn woman he wants."

My grandmother said nothing. No one said a word for ten seconds. My grandmother brushed spilled sugar from the plastic tablecloth into her hand and tossed it in the sink. Bebel sat up straight. "I have to protect my child."

My grandmother emptied three teaspoons of sugar into her lemon grass tea. My three cousins ran into the living room, enacting the severity of their hunger by grabbing a Barbie and chomping on her plastic foot. Their legs were streaked with dust from a neighborhood soccer game.

My grandmother always went to bed early, usually by nine. She kissed each of our foreheads, grabbed her rosary from the hook on her bedroom door, and disappeared into the dark square of her room, where a white hammock swung. Every night, she prayed with the beads of that plastic necklace. My cousins and I always stayed up until midnight, watching soap operas, the news, or shooting the bull about our friends-who liked whom, who played the best game of soccer, who was the richest.

Roberto controlled the topic of soccer like a referee. He was the product of a one-night stand, so his father abandoned him in shame. He wanted nothing to do with the woman who we all believed still made her living as a prostitute. Roberto was in the informal joint custody of my grandmother and his single mother. When his father visited my grandmother, Roberto followed him around like a ghost, hoping for eye contact, a handshake, a word. His father had another son with a new wife and he loved that boy like crazy.

Ten-year-old Joana controlled the subject of love, always betraying her girlfriends by revealing their secrets to the boys, especially when the boys promised her lollipops and the candied popcorn that came in pink plastic bags. When she wasn't hanging around us, you could find her in a neighbor's shed, dancing the latest moves on television with her girlfriends, gyrating her hips around a Coca-Cola bottle in the middle of a ring. Sometimes,

when her father came home from a day at the bar, he would hit Joana's mother. I was scared to enter their house, and they only lived next door.

Zé, who is my age, talked about the news, places on maps, and dictionary words. My grandmother, if encouraged, complained about Zé's mother. She was a lazy gossip who sat around and did nothing productive. Zé started to talk about Bebel, whom we believed to be long asleep in Roberto's room.

"One time, my mom said she goes out with a lot of guys."

I looked at him coldly—it didn't matter. "Why does she have all those bruises?"

"You don't get it," Joana said. "She did something bad and her husband let her know not to do it again."

Roberto shook his head. "No no no. It's like this: the little baby in her tummy kicked so hard that he bruised her on the outside. He was trying to make a goal!"

Bebel came into the living room, dressed in jeans and a red blouse that revealed a bare slice of her stomach. We went mute. We weren't used to adults entering our late-night living room unless to say, "Did you finish your homework?" or "Go to sleep, guys, it's too late for you to be up." We waited for the pregnant guest to scold us for waking her up.

"You can talk all you want about me. I don't mind. I like to hear stories, too."

She opened the front door and looked out above the short wooden gate to the road. "I'll be right back, alright?" she said.

The dog barked and instigated an orchestra of animal howls.

Half an hour later, I opened the door for Bebel. She stuffed three or four plastic bags into my arms.

"Open them, open them up," she urged.

The bags were full of lollipops, hard candy, chocolate bonbons, and caramelized popcorn. Roberto, Joana and Zé huddled around me. We migrated to the middle of the clay living room

floor, cold as Goiânia's winter nights. Joana recoiled. Her lips struggled with a desire to smile, but her eyes trembled with guilt. She said, "Grandma doesn't let us eat candy at night because we'll stay up until the morning and fail our classes."

Roberto pinched her bony ankle and Joana chirped like a little bird. Bebel collapsed against the couch in giggles. "Your grandmother would not be happy to know you refused a gift from a guest. And another thing, Joana: it's already morning, so you aren't really breaking any rules!"

Bebel dove a hand into one of the bags and popped a piece of candy into her mouth. The pink ball floated on her tongue and rolled to the edge of her lips. The candy and the color of her lips mixed together, transforming into a pink swirl. Her lipstick had smeared away and she smacked loudly. Her crooked, yellow teeth drilled the pink candy shell until she reached the middle, breaking away at the core until there was only the soft gum interior, the color of scallops. She rested both hands on her belly and sighed, "My son has a sweet tooth already. He's kicking."

I thought I heard the infant's cry echo in there. I heard its knocking to be left out.

"Why are you visiting us, ma'am?" Zé asked.

She ran her fingers through her orange, spongy mane. "Because the Goiânia hospital is much better than the one up north. And don't call me ma'am, Zé. From now on, I'm no older than you." At one thirty in the morning, Bebel hugged us and drifted away into Roberto's room, now a guest room.

I tried to fall asleep, but I rolled around on the hard mattress until the sun came up. My curiosity chewed on me. I wanted to know Bebel's story: the bruises, her husband, if she had boyfriends, the truth about her visit. I knew that the answers to my questions would come the following year, when I returned for another visit, and when my cousins were two inches taller.

But AIDS was not in my grandmother's vocabulary. It was my uncles and aunts that learned and understood Bebel's story. Bebel's daughter, like Roberto, had a mom for only a few days. After the sacred first days, the daughter fell, HIV negative, into the hands of my grandmother, though my grandmother would have taken her either way.

My mother woke me up at ten in the morning. The taxi was waiting on the street. She circled the living room and the bedroom, tense and impatient. She gathered my things, scattered throughout the bedroom, which I had shared this last night with all three of my cousins. She found a bag of candy that Bebel had stashed for me as a surprise in my suitcase. I hugged my grandmother. She handed me her white rosary, hugged me again and said in my ear, "God bless you, child." And as usual, I had to say, "God bless you" in return or my mother would pinch me to remind me.

My grandmother's tears drenched her apron, as they always did upon arrivals and departures. I hesitated to interrupt her, but I had to ask about Bebel. I wanted to hug my aunt with the frayed hems and smeared lipstick one more time, and for some reason, even without the candy, I wanted to thank her. Between wet, salty heaves, the old woman said, "Let her sleep, she's tired," and pushed me out the front door to the road.

DEIA DE BRITO

Body of Salt and Lime

I am the body of salt and lime
I am flesh like death folding over peach love skin
the sizzle of varicose forging new tender puffs of vein
volcano ridge across neck, a scream that puts an eardrum out
forever. I am the reincarnation of your mother
put on Earth to keep your boyishness in jars on shelves
and send your cadaver onwards.
I am the bitch in heat, rolling over in the dirt
leaking blood all over your house.
I am the white business shirt
soaking the sweat of a sleepless night.
I am the sitcom stuck in the same setting,
the character that never changes,
the 24 hour liquor store, there until the end.
I am the order the pattern the rhythm that eats itself
whose only point of reference is itself.
I am your addiction.
I feed you hormones, steroids, methamphetamines
I feed you meat, bones, and rabies
I am the military regime,
you installed in your brain to control its weakness.
I am war and the charred breath of silence after.
I am the mannequin sitting on the couch in the living room,
a talk box in her chest that rattles
"Are you hungry?" "I'm sad" "Time for bed"
I am the pacifier plugged in our mouths, barricading all tongues.
I am the black streak of mold climbing up your walls
the home where broken windows drape themselves with scarves
to face the street.
I am a film of dust skimming every surface.

I am your collection of everything you might someday need
and I refuse to throw myself out.

DEIA DE BRITO

Grave

He carved me out of a lopsided body
dangling arms and overextended joints
bruised knees and curious tailbone.
He raised me in his cemetery of young girls-
it was there I learned to rise earliest from the grave
to smell him out among the breathing,
hunt his breath for air.

I climbed through pine trees
over fences, park benches, moving traffic.
My eyeballs gripped him as he lingered in the periphery.
I returned at the end of the night to dig my dark bed and dream
only of his pulse until rising.

When I flew above green canopies of the east
to California's gold-toothed smile, too wide to be real
I looked down and saw him implode,
floating up with the Bends.

I find myself in that same cemetery
bruised among roots and melting snow
digging with dog claws to the surface
barking for the hot tongues of the living
begging them to scratch my back along frozen topsoil.

I open my smile to swallow their worms
the tongues of the living, the breath of my keepers.

DEIA DE BRITO

Poison and Antidote

This love has never needed water
like a tall cactus it is made of juice
both a fortress of poison arrows
and a temple canopied by a white flower
that hovers above its walls like the sun.

Lava, quicksand, a cockatoo
that screeches the same note
a drop of moisture on a parched tongue
a nightmare that births a poem.

Your mouth—the perimeter of a black lake.
Your words—skeletons coming up for air.

Make me slip on the stones that circle the lake
Be the mad fisherman that plunges my head
into the water like bait
Be the piranha that falls prey to a dangling worm
Be the sediment at the throat of the lake.

If I go blind tasting the flavors of your tongue
it's that in your mouth's black hole
I have seen lost stars.

ARIEL ELLIS

Not Worth It

The world seems so much colder
    when you don't have a hand to hold.
the ceiling fan above makes me dizzy
the empty space in my bed makes me numb
having no money makes me feel stuck
sometimes I feel like there's nowhere to run.

I push the thought of you to the back of my mind
And cover it up with fake laughs and smiles
Until the memory of you appears
And I remember that I'm alone

The world has less color
    when you don't have someone to paint it with.
the food in my mouth has no taste
the heat of this town makes me sweat
I get nervous when I hear your name
you're something I'd like to forget.

I'm doing fine and enjoying life
Until your face appears
Everything changes and it's like I'm back at square one
left to face it all on my own

The world is so much lighter
    when all the weight isn't on your shoulders.
the ticking of the clock makes my ears mad
my heart seems to skip a beat
the slow rhythm of my breathing makes me feel lifeless
vulnerability was my defeat

I gave so much of my heart and soul
And have nothing to show for it
You seem to be doing just fine without me
I've got nowhere to go but up

The world is so ugly
    when you take a closer look.
the way someone can be so selfish
the way someone can just bring you down
some people just aren't worth your time

I think I gotta get out of this town.

ARIEL ELLIS

Take a Chance

You've been here before
The similarities are frightening
You're scared
You stand on the edge
Icy waters below
You've jumped before, a past summer
This time experience holds you back
Remembering the outcome from before
Is it worth it?
Down below a voice shouts,
"Take a chance."
Without thinking, you jump
You fall slowly, deeper, further, down, down, down
To the point of no return
SPLASH
Your body descends into the cold water
Your heart is pierced
You rise to the surface searching for warmth
Nothing, no one, is there
Left all alone like last time
Your heart is frozen
Your body lifeless
Until suddenly something grabs you
And pulls you to the shore
A voice whispers "I'm different."

EUGENIO FRONGIA

Valentine

This ancient ritual,
Marked by hearts and arrows,
By now would be an empty gesture,
If it weren't for the constancy
Of your love.
On my daily walk on the trail,
Whose climbs and descents
Cost me sweat, thirst and pain,
I often wonder why
I am not dissuaded
By the trite sameness of the run.
And you tell me that the journey
Is more than an end in itself.
Around the bend of the Chico River,
Above Brown's Hole,
The last four years
The outcrop of black lava
Has raised its thirsty arms to the heavens,
Imploring a respite of rain.
And tonight the skies have relented,
In cascades of quenching waterfalls.
And now you tell me
That the first part of the journey
Was not half as good
As the second part
We will still travel together.

To Carmen, on Valentine's Day

AZIM JAMALUDIN

Valentines

On Valentine's Day
Love, trust and hope is going to be born.
Without it, it's like the sky turning grey,
But with it, my flame will stay warm.
Red is the color of my flame,
Heat is my intention.
No one is able to claim it.
Not even K Mart
Can pierce by dart
This flame is my art
Because this flame is my heart

HELEN O'BRIEN

Chalk

(sickness grabs me.
eyes dry, squeaking as I look
at things looked at once, a thousand times
too often

the room's sticky fingers
wrap about my brain
行かなければなりません
need to get out
of this house,
too big and too clean and too white).

i know each contour of my nails
but can't remember if it rained today.
俺は日本語を勉強しています
only to write
free of these 26 links of chain

I'LL MAKE MY OWN WORLD.
where sickness
is for the weak and the melancholy
and rain can
be acid or apple juice and books can fly and
houses are painted with souls, not colors.

'Walls will catch you.'
NOT BEFORE I START.

HELEN O'BRIEN

Les pensées dangereuses

(for Baudelaire)

quand les cris des mouettes
no longer bring you home
et les pensées perdues
rise out of the panicked loam
quand nos cauchemars
join and you won't believe
que le monde a peur
of your evil spirits' eve
and when at last
the cliff's too steep, you won't hear
the star-beat gasp:
Je vois que tu vacilles—worlds tear
apart. Don't look past
la neige finale
the birds all screaming to be,
the breaking bough—
c'est pourquoi je vais te montrer

when you turn, and look through me,
I'll flood this cliff-torn dream
with all my banshee's heart.

JOHN OSBORNE

Sycamores in Palermo

statues of the gods
saints
and turbaned caliphs
fountains, kings, crypts
the dead are everywhere

as are cannoli, pasta gamberi, vino e panne
voices calling out
the staccato and noisy streets
horns
laughter, smiles
kisses on the cheek
a friendly nod

and all around
is the blue bowl of the sky
and the fragrance of lemon blossoms

I take a café freddo
granulated ice and espresso
worship the coolness
and pray for immortality

Palermo, Sicily

JODY RYKER

The Blood on My Hands

Darkness
The blood swishes through my brain's twisted veins
Throbbing, huuu-aahh, a consuming ache
I press my hands to my face, begging, pleading the pain to leave and let me be
What . . . Is that . . . .
Sweat, it must be sweat
Oh God, the nausea
My innards are determined to be expelled from my body
Trembling, heaving, sweating
It's so dark, my senses escape me
Ahh-huuhhuh, please what is that
So sticky, my hands
Let me see
Some blessed force bestows light upon me
Oh no, nonononono . . . .
Uhuh, ahhuh . . . .
The incessant screams are purged from my being
Explicitly, the intense light steals my vision from me
My pulsing head flashes the image before me
Light skin light hands light blood light dripping blood light unnatural blood light
I feel faint, spinning, twirling
How . . . .
It can't be . . . . Stop it, please stop
The implication of evil wrongness profoundly horrifies me
I can't control my overwhelming breathing
The rushing air scratches my bare throat
Uhahh, ahh-huh, huh-huhh
I can't breathe . . . . Please help, get me help

The guilt, such guilt for a crime unknown
Shaking, shivering, collapsing
The blood, so bright, so deleterious
I try to understand though knowledge is whimsical
Fleeing through my vision, tickling my skin to exhaustion, brushing my ears
I stare so hard as the blood consumes my pupils
Remorseful tears do not enlighten my blinded eyes
And the blood on my hands stains me
Always there, glaring at me, making me quiver in shame
And the blood on my hands is my birthmark
Labeling me, reminding me of my wrongfulness
And the blood on my hands is mine,
Mine, and mine alone

AUSTIN SMITH

A Paean to Star-lit Lovers

It has been far, far too long since my mourning flesh
Unioned with yours. I yearn to feel our bodies mesh.
The love blossomed like spring in the fertile valley;
Our counts needed not our trysts to be tallied.
The end was beginning and our thoughts were complete:
Our inferno was love and our passion was heat.

Wither like weeds in the warm summer we did not—
For our electrical souls were peril with fraught.
Many a'time we did discount danger for lust,
And like a metal rod well lubricated rust
Did we not. What beauty when our orbits collide!
Like the noble stallion, mighty for the ride.

Soon will the revival occur and walk along
The living will we. Our souls forever belong
In sacred care as a pastor would his God.
Perdition awaits the foul evil which doth trod
On our joy. Three weeks hence united we will be—
Though stern Time guards our swift passage, I fly to thee.

Awash with Tchaikovsky in the truck cab we lie;
Each tender touch evoking from I a sweet sigh.
Your hair felt to me as the waterfall a stream:
Resist I could not the angel which thee did seem.
The soft sounds were bowed and the hearted notes were
plucked—
Thy own fortune rained and I showeréd with luck.

Language stands as an obstacle'd bridge from which I
Seek safe passage over the turmoil-filled cold eye
Of its murky depths. Never shalt this express how
Right this be; how'st thee is my other half now.
And when Time comes to steal our harmonious soul:
Fear us not; unioned once more and in heaven be whole.

AUSTIN SMITH

Astray

Bouncing about on the warmest of days:
An ever-flowing fountain of solace.
Within the confines of the sky she lays,
A light of bountiful beauty, timeless.
Dreams of vast, images sprawled of amber—
Tempest rains do smite the brightest of glows
And green twigs become sparse in September.
By her jovial grin, a truth she knows.
But steadfast is she, both feckless and fey,
So resolute, an iron steam engine!
The sliver of doubt is starting to stray—
Her performance yet remains closed curtain.
You are my sun, and I, the lonely Earth,
Selectively shining upon my worth.

AUSTIN SMITH

Café Blues

I am weary. Suddenly the infant's wail—the vocal manifestation of my nausea—shrieks above the usual sounds of the café: of the barista punching numbers on the cash register; of newspapers rustling; of chess pieces being dragged across a board; of the clatter of silverware on a white plate beneath.

The café recoils, as if a living, pulsating organism reacting to something unpleasant. Eyes flit up, peering through reading glasses and for a moment, movement ceases. But again the sounds find their tempo and settle into their melody.

It isn't like before. Something has changed—differed from its usual harmony. The melody is moodier: it grits its teeth and does its job with trivialized reluctance. Before, the sounds used to mean something. Now, they're nothing more than forced notes.

The minds don't like to be disturbed.

AUSTIN SMITH

Fog

In this split moment, nothing real exists. The world disappears: no more roads, no trees, no people. Streetlights—fey they seemed—rest beyond normality's grasp. They shined, as if gargantuan flashlights wielded by celestial arbiters, inspecting the suffering of our universe. I watched them scrupulously peer at each empty particle. They didn't see me.

One moment later everything returned to normal. Again the stars, those perennial beacons of hope, blossomed above; again the hills, those gentle features of our pastoral heritage, rose forth; again the music, those choral insects harmonizing in flight, rang true. And then life plunged back into nothing. I let slip a soft sigh, closing my eyes, reminiscing. If I tried hard enough, it was as if nothing had ever changed; and I was back among the gossamer willow trees of Belinda's home.

She seemed to float bedewed above the flora, drifting beside, as wispy as fog. Her hair was so black—so enchantingly black—and clung to her silvery face, framing it like a mystic cowl.

A nearby bullfrog croaked portentous gloom. At its sound, she glided toward me, knitting together our fingers. Slowly, she raised both our arms, and, reaching out through the moist, soggy air, pressed our palms against the softened bark. It felt like the air: damp, felted, thick. I guess we all return to the air.

Then the reverie left; I remembered myself and laughed. The laughter felt strange—so quickly had I become an amateur philosopher, trying in vain to make sense of something that I could never hope to understand. And why? I hoped that knowledge would mean release. But it wasn't that easy. Her death was my own—half my soul had gone.

So I acquainted myself with flickering light. The fog descended at day too but it was better—much better—at night. I wandered

in a drunken stupor over cracked roads beneath streetlights and the speckled night sky when it found me.

During the day there was bleak contrast: it was much harder. One moment, brilliant sunshine would caress your paper-thin skin; the next, icy fog, swirling and suffocating you, would absorb breath into silence. Hours later you would regain consciousness, shivering, cold, and alone, face down in the mud. If only it was a tempest; if only it had roared and howled; if only it had been fierce! If only it shook me—by god I wanted to feel it! But I never did. The mind, delighted, left me in abyssal space, holding me in the liminal plane between reality and dreams. The mind does not know compassion. Not during the day, at least.

At night, as it was now, the tenuous strands of fog wrapped you in a kind caress. Liquid pebbles begin to pool on the bare skin of your body, fusing the textiles of the torso-hugging shirt to your goose bumped soul. The distinction of fabric and skin is swallowed by airborne water, building the mist's growing surge. Streetlights gently twist a volume-knob: subtlety is gone. Logic quiets, recedes into background noise. Now clothing seems indelible—after all, Adam and Eve, humanity's progenitors, covered their bodies with fig leaves.

At night, when life's burdens pressed a little harder, familiar anguish and the misty essence blurred; sometimes, after weary days, I'd lie in bed and long for the mist ephemeral to sweep through the floorboards of my room; I'd long for it to enshroud me, cushion me, ferry me away; I longed for a land transcendent, free of misery or sadness; I longed to leave this world, but I was a coward. Instead I kept longing for the mist, that otherworldly hand of fate, to intervene on my behalf.

She never did.

AUSTIN STEELE

The Weary Wanderer

Always,
The wind invites me,
Its scents entice me,
Its knowledge confounds me,
Its freedom astounds me,
Its memories call me,
And its language enthralls me.

Forever,
The sky beckons me,
Infinity,
It teaches me,
How to outlast time,
And find tranquility in the mind,
For beneath its everlasting reach,
One can give contemplation to each,

Ceaselessly,
The sun chases me,
Humility,
Is what faces me,
For it seeks to remind me as its rays burn down,
Of the fragility with which I am bound,
And at the same time it seeks to awaken *por fín*,
The eternal nature found deep within,

Relentlessly,
The mountains challenge me,
Of earth and rock are the lessons they make,
For upon slope and peak my strength they take,

And send to my foundations a violent roar,
In the hope that I may find what came before,
Though harsh and unforgiving can their lessons be given,
They teach me to find what had always lain hidden,

Eternally,
The paths call me,
For it is upon their ways that contemplation breaks free,
And I may begin to truly see,
All that I may have yet to learn,
With every bump and every turn,
And of all the places from which they range,
Their greatest lesson is that all ends in change,

Infinitely,
The sea hounds me,
Of all the lessons one of the most difficult to comprehend,
For neither to will nor wish nor plea shall the sea ever bend,
So to trust too deep will bring certain disaster,
But to trust not at all is to never be your own master,
The mysteries of the sea run deeper than its depths,
And never are what one expects,

Endlessly,
My purpose is to seek,
To see beyond the lessons they teach,
For while one plus one may equal two,
Beneath it all is found the answer true,
And though stretches my search through time unending,
My soul and devotion are forever unbending,

Though of names I have many you shall wait no longer so know me now as the weary wanderer.

ANNETTE TEIXEIRA

Pink Water and White Food

"That flight over the Bay was wonderful." Dark Wing spoke to the stars, alone under the moon. He would fly this way again tomorrow. Retracing his flight path, he would head home. "Bright Wing would love these views." She had a very active mind, but would often argue when overwhelmed. He would make sure to praise her for trying the long flight. "There it is-my home." Dark Wing saw his tree bough and swooped down. He would not scare her with his many sightings of Hawks.

"Welcome Dark Wing." Bright Wing settled more securely into the nest as she moved over.

"I have found the most beautiful place to fly to." Dark Wing stepped down from the rim. "It is far from our mountain, only half a day's flight to the East." He knew he would hear it now.

"A half day's flight from safety! What can you be thinking?" Bright Wing jerked her head. "Aren't there many hawks in the valley?"

Dark wing stood taller. "I'll have you know I've battled many Hawks and lived." He would teach her to believe some day. "There is nothing to be afraid of."

"So you say." Bright Wing reluctantly moved over to make room for him in the first nest they had built together.

"Yes I say." Dark Wing shivered with the cold. Why does she have to be so afraid to believe like me? I know what I am doing. I am not the oldest of our Flock for nothing!

"So where are we going at first light?" Bright Wing craned her neck to scratch the spot under her nearest wing.

"We are going to see pink water!" Dark Wing rustled his feathers for emphasis. Never having seen pink water in his life before now, he felt young again. "It is all pink as the sky when the sun sets in spring."

"Why that must be Beautiful, Dark Wing." She yawned. "I must go to see something so wondrous and strange." Bright wing spoke slower and slower. I . . . have never seen . . . any such thing.

She is almost talking in her sleep. "Hush, now and rest." Dark Wing stretched his nearest wing over her back to warm her. Little One, I would always keep you safe. His life was hers now, they were a pair. He let his eyes close.

"So Dark Wing, do we eat first or not." Bright wing was shivering on her side of the nest.

He opened one eye. My, this is too early to rise yet. Grumbling, Dark wing rose and turned to the East. "We will start out soon." He tested the Wind. "I have a surprise for you when we get there."

They took off together toward the rising sun. Time passed. "We are flying too far Dark Wing." Bright Wing was frightened now. "Where has the land gone?"

"Not to worry Little One!" Dark Wing paused in flight and fell downward, then flapped harder to rise and fly circles around his mate. "The land is covered by water and will be uncovered again." He retook the space by her side. She just hadn't been this far from home before.

They flew a short way in silence. Bright Wing coughed. "Dark Wing, you do not care if I am afraid! I tell you that there is danger and you laugh at me." Shaking her head angrily at Dark Wing, Bright Wing forgot where she was.

Will she never grow up? "Bright Wing you must trust me." Dark Wing slowed and circled toward the land. They would go south now. "I would never put you in Danger." Again he had found the edge of the bay where the pink water could be seen. "Look there Little One."

Beneath the odd pair was stretched out one pink pond after another. "Why, how beautiful, I did not believe it. How can blue water be pink?" Bright wing tipped over to tap Dark Wings near

wing. “I guess I just have to learn to listen and not be afraid.”

Feeling proud that he had made his point, Dark Wing realized she understood at last. “Now I want to show you where we can find the most wondrous white food and lots of it.” Dark Wing led Her East once more.

Almost immediately they swooped down low over the caves of the giant ones. Bright Wing had never been so close to them before. There on the ground were many other fellow birds eating around a tiny pond. Not having ever seen white food before, Bright Wing was puzzled. “What is it they are eating?”

“It is the best tasting food you may ever eat.” I have never found white food in all the different places I have ever landed in. Taking charge, Dark Wing gave out the plan to join the flock on the ground. “Land at the edge of the flock Little One, then you may join in safely.” He and Bright Wing would come here often and feast after a long flight.

Dark Wing did not see the cord running around the feast, leading back to the cave, or see it pulled tight. All of a sudden he heard a THWANG! And then a Whoosh! The Flock rose as one, but they could not fly. Their wings were caught in cords, and many were flapping in panic.

“Dark Wing!” Bright wing called over and over. “Where are you?” She was tiring fast. “Help me Dark Wing.”

“Little One I am sorry, but I cannot reach you now. These cords are tangled in my wings and I cannot move.” Dark Wing gave up the struggle panting. How quickly I tire now.

Suddenly, all the birds froze and it was quiet, as a large shadow crept across them. Looming there was a large creature that was holding a box that could be seen through. “Dark Wing- my Dark Wing-What will happen to us now?” Bright Wing began to freeze from fright. Her eyes began to glaze over.

“Don’t worry Little One.” Dark Wing shouted to bring her

back. “The Creator who looks after the Flocks is here with us now.” Ah, he could see her stirring. “She is all-wise, and marks the flight ways for each of us, forever.” Her eyes opened, he was relieved. She was with him again.

The creature bent over and captured each member of the flock; one by one he placed them in the box. “Ouch!” Bright Wing chirped her indignation at being roughly handled.

The last one plucked from the cords was Dark Wing. He quietly went into the box. I must ask the great She to watch over me and Bright Wing-with all the strength that I have left. “Calm down Little One.” Dark Wing quickly found Bright wing and folded into the smallest shape he could next to her in one corner of the box. All the flock was in fright: no one could move.

After refolding and hiding the cords, the creature picked up the box and trudged back to his cave. In the dim light Dark Wing could not see anything familiar to him. “Bright Wing Can you hear me?” He could breathe easier now after his panic left him.

“Yes I can.” Still struggling to breathe, Bright Wing sounded hopeful.

“Dearest Little One; know that I have flown far and wide for you and that I will always return.” Dark Wing could still recall the first time he saw Bright Wing standing in the sun rays that had chosen her name. I could never forget my Little One.

“What’s that?!” Bright Wing had screamed at the muffled sound of a fellow bird in pain.

“I don’t know.” Dark wing moved closer. “Try to rest Little One.” Raising his head higher, he saw that the creature, holding a fellow bird by the head so he cold not bite, was twirling the body round and round until his neck broke-they all heard the terrible sound. He heard a second neck break and then another, and another.

Soon only Dark Wing and Bright wing were left huddling in the corner of the box. For a moment the creature paused, then

clasped the wings of Bright wing and removed her.

"My little Bright Wing. . ." His voice caught as he heard her muffled sobs. He heard the crack and he knew she was gone.

The creature returned but Dark Wing did not sit and wait. "You will not kill me." He said to the creature as he had said to the Hawk. "You will not kill me."

Dark wing stabbed the creature deep and drew blood, then pulled back only to stab deeper still. The Creature pulled away and he could see sky through a hole big enough to fly through. He deftly dodged the returning creature and escaped into the sky. And he rose as high as he dare. He did not look back.

"Oh Bright Wing, you will no longer fly with me beneath the stars, never again will I hear your sweet song, never again will I shelter you from the cold. You will never know my pain at your loss." Dark Wing headed for home . . . alone.

CAREY WILSON '

The Happy Sink

KHOU XIONG

Haiku

The year kept going,
My heart cannot stop beating,
The future is unknown.

The moon shines brightly
Cold air creeping in my room,
I thought of tomorrow…

Women's history
The suffering never end
Do you have a choice?

French

FRENCH

KAZEMBE FREDECODE MWEMA

Comme les genies

Les rues, la bibliothèque et les bureaux administratifs
du campus CSU Chico
sont achalandés
Les jeunes filles et les jeunes gens
font des va et viens comme les génies

Partout, il y a de la joie et de la musique

Ils visitent les caféterias les plus achalandés
et font connaissance avec de nouveaux venus
des quatre coins de la planète

Ils fêtent dans les bars et dans les boîtes de nuits

Tout se passe en ordre comme les génies

Bravo! C'est la rentrée académique

Chers parents et professeurs

Nous sommes des étudiants disciplinés
et prêts à apprendre l'anglais, l'espagnol,
l'arabe, le chinois, le japonais et le français comme les génies.

German

GERMAN

MARIA BEECROFT

Gedanken zum Film "Im Juli"

Diese romantische Komödie hat viel mit der deutschen Sehnsucht nach Sonne und Wärme zu tun, finde ich. England, zum Beispiel, kriegt auch nicht viel Sonne ab, aber ich glaube nicht, dass die Engländer uns ähneln, wenn es um den Hunger nach der Sonne geht. Das fängt schon in der Kindheit an. Der Kinderwagen vom Kleinkind darf auf keinen Fall im grellen Sonnenlicht oder „im Zug" stehen, beides ist möglich zur gleichen Zeit. Wann dürfen wir endlich unsere kurzen Socken anziehen, fragen die Kinder ungeduldig im Mai. Die ängstlichen Mütter erwidern, die Erde ist noch kalt, Kind, du musst noch warten oder du holst dir eine Erkältung, dann haben wir den Salat! Und setz dich ja nicht auf die kalten Steine! Mach uns warm, liebe Sonne!

Barfuß gehen im Sommer? Juchu!! Und in den Pfingstferien hatte man große Pläne, aber zuerst musste man in die Kirche gehen, war ja schließlich Pfingstsonntag. Die Sonne lachte so schön um neun Uhr früh, der Kartoffelsalat wurde gestern schon gemacht und in den Kühlschrank zum Ziehen gestellt gleich neben den Schnitzeln. Der Picknickkorb steht parat. Pack' die Badehose ein…. Da waren schon ein paar unschuldig aussehenden Wolken am Himmel, aber man darf nicht alles schwarz sehen. Um Mittag rum war das Gewitter da, von wegen baden gehen, Pustekuchen! Liebe Sonne, wo bist du?

Man bräunt auch nicht leicht in Deutschland, außer man wird „braun geboren" so wie meine Schwester. Der Rest der Bleichgesichter kriegt zwar krebsrote Sonnenbrände, aber keine Spur von Bräune. Deshalb reisen die Deutschen auch viel in die Sonnenländer wie zum Beispiel Italien. Wie schön man sich an der Riviera in der Sonne aalen kann! Eis, Eis – macht die Liebe heiß, ruft der Strandverkäufer. Willst du küssen, willst du knutschen – musst du mein Gelati lutschen! Eis am Stängel für den Bengel! Ist das nicht herrlich? Ganz nebenbei ist der Bikinibauch zum ersten Mal braun geworden, das gibt's doch nicht! Ganz ohne Sonnenbrand und so schnell? Oh, göttliche Sonne!

Manchmal kommt der Sommer überhaupt nicht nach Deutschland. Kein Sommer. Einfach so. Wochenlang bedeckter Himmel, grau-in-grau. Wir brauchen Licht, es ist doch schließlich nicht November! Ohne Licht gehen wir ein wie Primeln! Im Juli muss man die Heizung anstellen, damit man nicht erfriert. Treulose Sonne, schäme dich!

Ja, "Im Juli" ist ein Sonnenfilm, goldig, brennend, verführerisch, heiß, ersehnt. Liebe Sonne, wir träumen von dir, wir feiern dich, wir beten dich an, wir lieben dich (obwohl und weil du nicht immer nett zu uns bist)!

REBEKKA HUCKER

Gustav

Gustav fand das rote Spielzeug
Es war rund und leicht
Gustav hatte keine Ahunug, was er machen sollte
Er warf das Spielzeug an die Wand
Es prallte zurück

Das Spielzeug erstaunte Gustav
Was war es?
Konnte es sprechen und singen?
Konnte es tanzen?
Konnte es strahlen?

Gustav nahm das Spielzeug
Und warf es wieder an die Wand
Es prallte wieder zurück
Und landete neben der Mutter

Gustav lief zu seiner Mutter
Sie gab ihm das Spielzeug
"Weißt du, was dieses Spielzeug ist?" fragte die Mutter
"Nein," antwortete Gustav, "was ist es?"
"Es ist ein Ball," sagte sie. "Ein Ball ist rund, und man kann ihn werfen und ihn fangen."
Als seine Mutter den Gebrauch des Balles erklärte,
    verstand Gustav
Dass der Ball das beste Spielzeug in der Welt war

MAGDA MUELLER

Die Katze vom Bahnhof Göhrde

Miau, miau, sprach die Katze, reckte sich und streckte sich, spreizte ihre Katzenpfötchen, leckte sich vorsichtig, aber nachhaltig ihr Fell, rollte sich auf den Rücken, schnurrte, spann vor sich hin, miaute nochmals und blinzelte dem gerade ankommenden Triebwagen entgegen, der nach einem kurzen Aufenthalt wie immer weiter nach Lüneburg fuhr.

Es war Anfang September, und die Sonne schien der Katze so warm aufs Fell, dass die angenehme Temperatur sie diesen Morgen etwas träge machte. Schließlich stellte sich die Katze auf ihre vier Beine, machte einen beachtlichen Katzenbuckel, setzt sich aber nochmals gemütlich hin und putzte sich ihren Katzenschnurrbart. Danach blickte sie erhobenen Hauptes in die Runde, beobachtete die hetzenden Reisenden und sprang elastisch von der Bahnhofsmauer herunter. Nun schritt sie majestätisch die Allee entlang, die vom Bahnhof Göhrde weg zum Jagdschloss Göhrde und in den Wald führt und von dem Bahnhof und Jagdschloss ihre Namen haben.

Im Nordosten der Lüneburger Heide erstreckt sich ein ausgedehntes Waldgebiet, ja es ist sogar der größte zusammenhängende Wald des Bundeslandes Niedersachen und heißt die Göhrde. Geschmeidig schritt die Katze in diesen Wald. Die Göhrde ist für den Menschen immer noch unwegsam, aber natürlich nicht für die neugierige Katze. Einheimische Blaubeerensammler geistern im Sommer durch den Wald, und Ausflügler kommen zur Hirschbrunft. Oft ist es dort neblig und somit fast dunkel in der herbstlichen Jagdzeit, aber vom Spätsommer an ist die Göhrde voller unterschiedlicher Pilze, essbare und giftige. Die Katze mag es, auf dem sanften Moos und den weichen Tannennadeln zu schleichen und zwischen den farbenfrohen Pilzen, die überall hervorlugen, nach Leckerbissen Ausschau zu halten.

Der von Pilzen bedeckte Waldboden blitzt geradezu in vortrefflicher Farbenpracht. Zur Sommerszeit schaukeln farbenfrohe Fingerhüte in glühender Hitze. Pilze und Fingerhüte zusammen erinnern an Kinderbücher vergangener Zeiten. Diese erzählten Geschichten von freundlichen Zwergen, die behaglich und friedvoll in einigen Pilzen, besonders dem giftigen Fliegenpilz, wohnten und von lieblichen Feen, die sich in den Fingerhüten wiegten und schaukelten, aber sehr scheu waren. Das Ganze war von den Tieren des Waldes umrahmt, die in Harmonie miteinander und mit den Zwergen und Feen lebten. Gerade dieses Bild scheint dem Wanderer aus ferner Kindheit in die Gegenwart hinein und läßt ihn vergessen, dass er dieser schon lange nicht mehr angehört. Dennoch kann er sich hier in Abgeschiedenheit und tiefster Waldeinsamkeit vergessen und sich von den Strapazen des Alltags erholen.

Die Katze aber findet hier ihre Leckerbissen und goutiert kleine Spitzmäuse und aus dem Nest gefallene Vögelchen, vom krampfhaften Klageschrei ihrer Beute begleitet. Oft klettert sie auch auf Bäumen und im Gesträuch herum, um sich diese leckeren Vöglein aus dem Nest zu krallen. Hmm, ist das ein Genuß, dann liegt sie lange zwischen den Pilzen im feuchtwarmen Moos, streicht sich ihren Schnurrbart, schnurrt vor sich hin und reckt und streckt sich vor Wohlgefallen. Ihre Wachsamkeit aber verliert die Katze nicht. Sie beobachtet Rehe, die über die Pilzpracht springen, Hasen, die überall herum hoppeln und unterschiedlichste Vögel, die in den Zweigen der Bäume und im Gebüsch zwitschern.

Von anderen tierischen Spuren zeugen vielfach die aufgewühlten gräserreichen Wegränder. Diese stammen von den unkontrollierbaren, ungezähmten Wildschweinen, die voll in ihrer Naturhaftigkeit befangen jäh aus dem Dickicht brechen können. Somit können sie den einsamen Wanderer überrumpeln und gefährlich bedrohen. Den Wildschweinen aber geht es allein darum, ihre Brut, ihre Frischlinge, zu beschützen.

Von ferne hört die Katze dumpfe Geräusche fallender Bäume und schrilles Kreischen der Sägen. Aha, das können nur die Waldarbeiter sein, denkt die Katze und macht sich auf den Weg, um ihnen näher zu kommen, denn manchmal gibt es dort Interessantes zu sehen und zu hören. Plötzlich versiegt der Lärm, aber sie kann nun die Stimmen der Waldarbeiter vernehmen, die sich zurufen, es sei Zeit für die Frühstückspause. Die Katze schleicht sich vorsichtig heran und spitzt ihre Ohren. Schon haben die Waldarbeiter es sich auf den gefällten Stämmen gemütlich gemacht und packen ihre mitgebrachten Frühstückspakete aus. Der eine erzählt davon, dass der historische Verein am 16. September wieder dem Gefecht an der Göhrde gedenken will. Das war 1813, und die Göhrde gehörte damals zum Kurfürstentum Braunschweig-Lüneburg, auch Kurhannover genannt. Damals kämpfte man gegen die napoleonische Knechtschaft, und das Gefecht an der Göhrde half, die napoleonische Herrschaft schließlich zu besiegen. Wen interessiert das denn heute noch, zischt ein Waldarbeiter. Du immer mit deiner Geschichtsbesessenheit, fügt er noch hinzu und nimmt einen kräftigen Schluck aus seiner Flasche. Die Katze freut sich schon, denn womöglich gibt es jetzt Zwist unter den redlichen Waldarbeitern. Also endlich mal etwas los hier, endlich mal Aktion, triumphiert die Katze. Aber ein anderer Waldarbeiter spricht mit bedächtiger Stimme, ja, daran erinnert der behauene Findling mit seiner Inschrift, an der Bundesstraße 216 nicht weit von Oldendorf entfernt. Ja, meint ein anderer, damals gab es ja auch die jetzt berühmte Freiheitskämpferin Eleonore Prochaska. Sie hatte sich als Soldat verkleidet den Widerstandstruppen angeschlossen, und erst im Dannenberger Lazarett fand man heraus, dass sie eine Frau war. Deshalb, frohlockt ein anderer, sieht man hier im Sommer so viele Feministinnen im Wald herumstrolchen. Sie denken wohl alle, so tapfer zu sein, wie Eleonore Prochaska. Ha, Ha, lachen alle Waldarbeiter im höchsten Einvernehmen und freuen sich

über den schönen, beißenden Spott. Auch die Katze freut sich höllisch über die sarkastische Äußerung. Aber gleichzeitig erinnert sie sich an die etwa 1000 in der Schlacht gefallenen Soldaten, die in einem Gemeinschaftsgrab ihre letzte Ruhe fanden. Dieses war erst 1985 wieder entdeckt worden und befindet sich nicht weit vom Denkmal entfernt im Wald.

Noch mit dem Erzählten beschäftigt streunte die Katze weiter. Auf einer Lichtung sah sie einen uralten Mann in roter Weste mit zwei Kindern sitzen. Sie hatten ihre Körbe mit Pifferlingen schon halbvoll und auch sie hielten genussvoll ihre Frühstückspause ein. Na, dachte die Katze, vielleicht erfahre ich da ja reizvolle Neuigkeiten, schlich noch etwas näher und spitzte ihre Ohren. Die Kinder, ein etwa zehnjähriger Bursche und ein etwa achtjähriges Mädchen, bissen kräftig in ihre reich belegten Frühstücksbrote und zwischen den Bissen bettelten sie, der Großvater möge ihnen doch eine von seinen herrlichen Geschichten erzählen. Sein faltiges Gesicht lachte verschmitzt und er begann damit, indem er fragte, wißt ihr, warum der Bahnhof Göhrde auch Kaiserbahnhof heißt. Die Kinder rätselten hin und her und alsbald hub der Großvater an zu sprechen. Seit 1871 kam der damalige deutsche Kaiser Wilhelm I. jährlich zur Jagd in die Göhrde. Da er aber nur bis Bevensen mit seinem Kaiserzug fahren konnte, mußte er die vierundzwanzig Kilometer bis zum Jagdschloss Göhrde in der Kutsche bewältigen. Erst ab 1874 konnte die kaiserliche Jagdgesellschaft mit dem Hofzug direkt bis zum Bahnhof Göhrde fahren. Der Bahnhof war extra zu diesem Zwecke für den Kaiser errichtet worden. Von dort brauchte er nur noch viereinhalb Kilometer bis zum Jagdschloss zurückzulegen. Daher sprach man im Volksmund nur vom Kaiserbahnhof. Auch war der Kaiser sehr beliebt, weil er sich immer mit seinen Waldarbeitern unterhielt.

Die Katze strich sich ihren Schnurrbart und lief zurück zum Bahnhof Göhrde. Für heute hatte sie genug gehört und vor allem genug von der Natur, dem ewigen Gezwitscher, ja dem Brüllen

der Vögel, den manchmal doch arg grell leuchtenden Pilzen, den geradezu besessenen Pilzsuchern und den geschwätzigen Waldarbeitern. Unbedingt wollte sie noch den Mittagszug nach Lüneburg erreichen. Die Nachmittage pflegte sie häufig in Lüneburg zu verbringen. Was sie in Lüneburg nun machte, entzieht sich bislang unserer Kenntnis. Ging sie in eine der großen Kirchen, spazierte sie an den Markttagen über den Platz vor dem Rathaus, ging sie ins Museum, schaute sie sich die Saline an, oder verschwand sie sogar im Lüneburger Stadtarchiv, das können wir noch nicht mit Gewißheit sagen. Die Elster aber versprach uns, bei unserem nächsten Treffen, wolle sie uns darüber informieren. Was die Katze nach der Auskunft der Elster dort erlebte, davon will ich das nächste Mal berichten.

Ja, es ist wahr, eine solche Katze gab es in den siebziger Jahren des Zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts. Erst neulich erzählte man mir von dieser Katze, die im Bahnhof Göhrde wohnte. Wie wir gesehen haben war diese Katze von einer ihr eigenen Abenteuerlust besessen, aber diese Obsession mußte in vorgeschriebenen Bahnen verlaufen. Die Katze benötigte, um sich voll auszuleben, den Wald Göhrde und die Verfügbarkeit eines Eisenbahntriebwagens. Diesen bestieg sie, um regelmäßig nach Lüneburg zu fahren. Sie kehrte, soweit man mir zu berichten wußte, immer wieder zu ihrem Ausgangsort zurück, und der Triebwagenschaffner ließ sie gewähren.

JODY RYKER

Würde

Wenn ich jünger wäre
würde es noch Zeit geben
Wenn ich älter wäre
würde ich mich schon entschieden haben

Wenn ich gesund wäre
würde es keine Schmerzen geben
Wenn ich kaputt wäre
könnte ich mich auflösen

Wenn ich anfinge
würde es noch Möglichkeiten geben
Wenn ich fertig wäre
könnte ich mich entspannen

Wenn ich glücklich wäre
würde ich angenommen sein
Wenn ich verwüstet wäre
hätte ich einen Grund

Wenn ich unehrlich wäre
würde es leicht sein
Wenn ich wahrhaftig wäre
würden sie mich fürchten

Aber ich bin nicht jünger oder älter
Gesund oder kaputt
Glücklich oder verwüstet

Doch ich bin schuldig
und weiss nicht warum

Hmong

HMONG

KHOU XIONG

Hmong Haiku

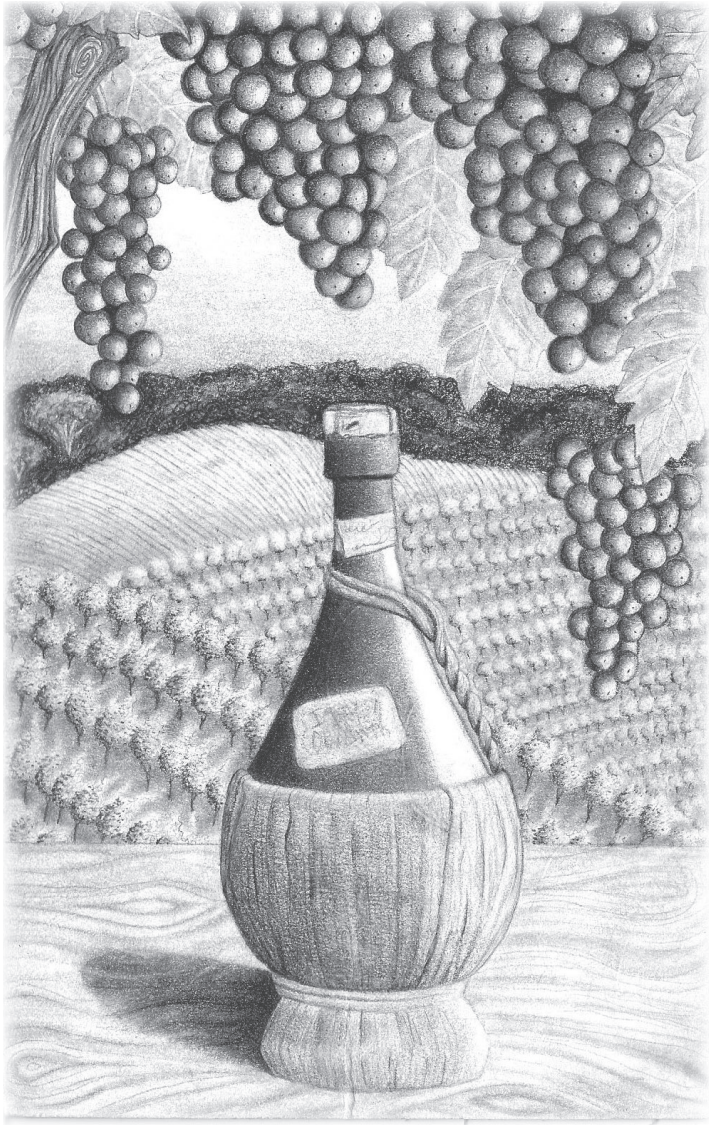
Lub caij nyoog dhau mus
Nplooj ntoo zeeg, los nag xuj xuav
Zoo li npau suav xwb

Hauv kuv lub nruab siab
Dhia pig poog rau koj ib leeg
Es koj mus twg lawm?

Italian

GINA CALABRESE

Chianti bottle with background of Tuscany



ITALIAN

BRETT DOWNUM

La mia cittá

Di giorno la città è tutta rumore.
Come api di un alveare
Si aggirano uomini e donne.
Ronzano frenetici,
volando senza scampo.

È facile perdersi nella città
dove di giorno
sei un'ape anche tu.

Di notte le strade son vuote.
Non c' è anima cui affidarsi.
Sui ciottoli antichi odo
il suono di scarpe moderne
come segreto solo a me destinato.

Le ombre protese di palazzi maestosi
Ascoltano l'eco di conversazioni,
Mai veramente partite.

Sul fiume il tempo é sospeso.
Puó veramente durare per sempre?

Sul ponte, stregato, ammiro
Le luci danzare sull'acqua:
m'invitano a sfidare il loro tocco gelido.

Io
sono il fuoco di questa città
che in poche ore si è trasformata
da creatura minacciosa nel mio migliore amico.
Incanto e magia è la nostra storia di notte.

BIANCA DE FRANCHIS

Il cuore il mare

La mia anima giace con il mare
sconosciuta e senza riposo
dove mostri vivono nell'oscurità
e spiriti possono essere liberi.

Io sono completa quando sono al mare.
Le onde narrano i miei pensieri
e mi trasportano nelle loro braccia che respirano
calde e salate.

L'acqua é sempre pura di notte
con solo il riflesso del cielo.
Non c'é catrame da vedere:
l'acqua si mantiene innocente.

Finché io vedo una medusa
Che danza sensuale tra i flutti del mare.
Ma é troppo bella per averne paura.
E mi trovo inerte a galla

EUGENIO FRONGIA

Migrazioni

Solo ora,
Dopo una vita passata
A viaggiare per i mari del mondo,
L'alba di un nuovo giorno
Mi invita a fermarmi
E a contemplare la sostanza del Vero,
Insita nelle cose vedute.
Come l'anguilla dell'Estuario,
Già celebrata "sorella",
Risalgo controcorrente i fiumi
Che ho navigato senza paura,
Sprezzante dei pericoli
Che le rive fiorite occultano
E spesso divorano
Vittime meno guardinghe.
Solo ora,
Dalle alture solitarie di sentieri tranquilli,
Lo sguardo si stende sui riflessi luminosi
Dell'Oceano Pacifico,
Ancora solcato dall'eterno andare
Di navi alla volta di porti che vorrei conoscere,
Di balene miti e possenti,
Ancora festose come all'alba della creazione.
Il viso è rinfrancato dalle brezze
Che risalendo le antiche scogliere,
Sostengono la vita impareggiabile
Della nostra terra di fuoco e di neve.
Solo ora
Il tempo non conta,
E le ore non si contano più.
Quel che conta è imparare

Dalla libèllula,
Che spiega le ali al vento del Sud,
Che la migrazione è tutta una vita,
E che solo la nuova generazione
Farà il viaggio di ritorno;
Che la farfalla monarca non presume
Di completare il viaggio da sola
E sa che la nostra odissea
È un'avventura scandita
In pazienti generazioni.
Solo ora
Intuisco che la nostra migrazione
È parte di un'altra storia infinita,
Che i nostri discendenti
Stanno già raccontando,
Per terre e per mari diversi
E non importa se non sappiamo
Come ordiranno la trama.
Amici del mare e dei fiumi,
Delle sabbie e dell'aria,
Delle bonacce e delle tempeste,
Mi è grato imparare da voi
L'antica sapienza
Che si cela
Nel nostro essere, tutti,
Figli e fratelli del Mare,
Avventurieri di terre e di cieli,
Sognatori di un futuro
Che conosceranno gli occhi dei nostri occhi,
Fiore che germoglierà
Dalle nostre speranze.

Dedicato a chi continua il viaggio

EUGENIO FRONGIA

Orme sulla sabbia

Ancora echeggia per la rena il riso
Che il cuor conchiude e la memoria serba;
Nè il tempo ha cancellato il tuo bel viso,
Nè l'ha mutato la tua morte acerba.
Splendono al sole le tue bianche vesti;
E bianche in mare si rincorron l'onde;
nei pensier ancor vivono I tuoi gesti,
visione di sembianze vereconde.
Hai dato al mondo la tua primavera
Come il ricordo dei bei campi in fiore;
Per noi è triste non vederti a sera;
Molto anzitempo son svanite l'ore!
E se il mito del ritorno è storia vera,
Ritorna ancor sui nostri colli ameni.
Ti porti il vento dolce della sera
E sian per noi i tramonti più sereni.

SHERI GITELSON

Nella bottiglia di vetro

É solo il tempo che bussa alla mia finestra, lo so.
Mentre dormo attraverso un sogno d'inverno
Qualcosa sta agitando la terra,
Qualcosa sta scuotendo il cielo.
Tutti i colori d'improvviso in una colonna di luce:
L'essenza del nulla sbiadisce.
Se il tempo rivela i suoi segreti
Sta il peso del mondo cadendo?
C' è una nave prigioniera nella bottiglia di vetro.
Se sapessi da dove arriva smetterei di cercare.

SHERI GITELSON

Solo il tempo che bussa

É solo il tempo che bussa alla mia finestra, lo so.
Mentre dormo attraverso un sogno d'inverno,
Qualcosa sta agitando la terra,
qualcosa sta scuotendo il cielo.

Tutti i colori
D'improvviso
Una colonna di luce.

L'essenza del nulla sbiadisce.
Se il tempo rivela i suoi segreti,
sta il peso del mondo cadendo?

C'é una nave prigioniera nella bottiglia di vetro.
Se sapessi da dove arriva, smetterei di cercare

CHASE PALMIERI

Ero una volta giovane

Era la mattina che ha cambiato la mia vita.
Era il giorno che la morte ha portato la presa dei miei sogni.
L'ora era scura è pieno di dubbio.
Ero giovane, confuso, è ingannato.
Ho pensato che il mondo era luminoso è pieno di farfalle.
Ero giovane, confuso, ingannato, è ingiustizia.
Tutto è stato risuonato ed è stato sottosopra girato.
Il giorno mio padre è diventato malato.

Portuguese

PORTUGUESE

ROZE SABINO

Nos olhos de minha mãe

Nos olhos de minha mãe
Moram um sofá e uma geladeira
Comprados com a venda de
Muitos quilos de farinha, arroz e feijão.

Nos olhos de minha mãe
Passeiam gatos
espichados na cama
Tomando o sol da manhã.

Pelas mãos de minha mãe
Passam ovos e manteiga para
Fazer bolo fofo e delicioso
Inaugurando um novo século
De cafés da manhã.

No olhar da minha mãe
Reside um mosaico feito
De água regando hortas,
Cantos de passarinhos na roça
Misturados às buzinas de carro,
Acidentes e ruídos das ruas,
E notícias do Brasil e do mundo
Relatadas no Jornal Nacional.

No rosto de minha mãe
Mora uma perene convivência e
constante paciência
Com o momento presente

E alguma ou nenhuma ilusão.
Nos olhos de minha mãe
Estão respostas sem perguntas
Enigmas atônitos que acompanham
Passos lentos de tartaruga
Em sono de hibernação.

O olhar de minha mãe
Contém uma fonte silenciosa,
Jorrando saudades
Pela vida de outrora
Jorrando também paciência
e até esperança
Pela vida de agora

Nos olhos de minha mãe
Ainda moram promessas
De broa com erva-doce
Para alegrar nossos encontros anuais.
Ali se esboçam sorrisos
E lhe saem risos
Para preencher o vazio do mundo
Em meu coração.

ROZE SABINO

Ser vista de novo

Ser vista de novo
Por meu anjo da guarda,
Não temer a morte,
E viver sendo forte
E mais que forte, justa
E mais que justa, terna.

A ternura, a ternura
Esta sim companheira
Essencial, elo de fazer
Amigos, filhos e amores
Cola para selar
Eternos momentos no tempo.

Já me vejo vista de novo
Vestida de novo
Redescobrindo a vida
Crendo em encontros
E até em destino certo.

Ser vista de novo
E me ver de novo
Terna, justa e forte
E seguir, aos trancos e barrancos
Por caminhos bons.

Russian

RUSSIAN

LYUDMILA PEKARSKAYA

Падают звезды

В августе падают звезды. Говорят, что, если во время их стремительного падения ты успеешь загадать желание, оно сбудется...

Маленькой Наташе было пять лет, когда она впервые увидела море. Родители привезли ее в небольшой курортный городок на юге России. От железнодорожного вокзала ехали на автобусе, который петлял по извилистой горной дороге. Замирало сердце, Наташа закрывала глаза и прижималась всем телом к маме. Мама обнимала девочку и успокаивала:

- Не бойся, родная! Мы с тобой. Скоро уже приедем. Посмотри, как здесь красиво!

Наташа приоткрыла глаза и ...о чудо!... впереди все было голубым и сверкающим, как будто все звезды с неба упали в воду.

- Что это, мама?

- Это, Наташа, море, Черное море.

- А почему оно Черное, если оно голубое?

Мама рассмеялась и поцеловала девочку:

- Просто оно так называется - Черное море.

Это было сказочное, волшебное лето. Наташа плескалась в теплых морских волнах, которые то плавно набегали на берег, то яростно обрушивались и сметали все на своем пути.

По вечерам она с родителями гуляла по залитой светом набережной, где громко играла музыка, а из открытых маленьких кафе доносились вкусные и манящие запахи. После ужина папа покупал ей мороженое, и они шли на берег – «послушать шум морской волны», как он любил говорить.

Они тихо сидели втроем, море шуршало где-то рядом,

иногда вдалеке появлялись огоньки – это вдоль берега проходили корабли, белые, гордые, важные, как адмиралы. Наташа прижимала к груди большую красивую и нарядную куклу, которую накануне купили ей в маленьком приморском магазинчике...

С тех пор прошло много лет. В прошлые выходные, разбирая коробку с ненужными вещами, Наташа нашла ту самую говорящую куклу Машу. Она совершенно забыла о ней и была почти уверена, что ее давным-давно отдали или выкинули.

Кукла была в одной туфельке, к сожалению, уже с одной ножкой и в потертой, съеденной молью плюшевой курточке. Одной ручкой бедолага прижимала к груди бутылочку с молоком, а в спине игрушки торчал маленький ключик. Наташа повернула его, не надеясь, что механизм будет работать. Но! Стоило ей только сделать три оборота ключом, как игрушка ожила. Кукла открывала свой маленький ротик и громко звала: «Мама! Мама!». Она словно радовалась, что наконец-то ее нашли, о ней не забыли... Пока кукла оживленно разговаривала сама с собой, на Наташу нахлынули воспоминания.

Вспомнилось то самое счастливое в ее жизни лето, мама и папа, молодые, загорелые, веселые, как на фотографии, где в руках она держит свою любимую куклу Машу.

Вспомнилось, что кукла была ее главной гордостью, да что там ее! Весь двор знал, что у Наташки есть чудо-игрушка.

Вспомнилось, что ножку кукле оторвала соседская собака. С тех пор Наташа не любила этих животных.

Вспомнилось, что самым страшным наказанием для нее была угроза родителей отдать куклу другим, послушным, серьезным и ответственным детям.

Маше она рассказывала обо всех своих радостях и печалях. И кукла, пожалуй, знает больше, чем родители

и друзья. Наташа не променяла любимицу ни на позднее появившуюся Барби, ни на модного тамогочика.

Кукла Маша – это не просто игрушка, это часть ее детства.

А потом, потом, как-то очень быстро, детство закончилось, появились другие интересы, стали волновать совсем другие проблемы. Наташе стало вдруг стыдно, что она даже не помнит, как когда-то любимый, очень нужный друг оказался в ящике с ненужными вещами.

Вдруг завод кончился. Кукла замолчала и погрустнела. Потому что закончилась ее маленькая жизнь, длиною в три оборота ключа.

Где-то Наташа слышала определение: «Детство – это когда все живы». Уже нет самых близких людей – ее родителей, состарился добрый верный друг - кукла Маша...

В августе падают звезды. Говорят, что, если во время их мгновенного падения ты успеешь загадать желание, оно сбудется. Когда Наташа смотрит на эту стремительно летящую к земле точку, она всегда загадывает одно и то же – и каждый раз не успевает...

Spanish

SPANISH

DYDYMUS BLOJETUS

Verde, yo te quiero comer

Verde, yo te quiero comer
Anaranjado, gustoso de beber
Azul, me pierdo en tu ser
Amarillo, se sabe encender

Aire translucente, así yo veo la realidad
Cielo permanente, que nos muestra la infinidad
Estrella mi docente, que me cuenta la verdad
Alma vieja, la divinidad

Rojo, te siento muy adentro
Morado se esconde en el centro
Gris, nos cubre en el frío
Y negro, ¡cómo duermes, amor mío!

Agua transparente, en mis sueños yo te nado
Luz tan imanente, así el mundo es bañado
Tierra cultivada, de los colores combinados
Fuego puro, te has quemado

Blanco, de limpieza pura
Color café, reflejo de hermosura
Dorado, de todos adorado
Mientras yo me quedo bien rosado

DANIEL Z. CABRERA

Anoche soñé contigo

Soñé con tus lindos ojos,
Encantadores y brillantes
Son dos perlas tan preciosas,
Más valiosas que diamantes

Soñé con tus dulces labios,
Tan mojados y sensuales.
Sólo un beso de esos labios,
Curaría todos mis males.

Soñé con esa sonrisa,
Que me hace estremecer.
Es tu sonrisa tan linda,
Que no la dejo de ver.

Cuando desperté,
No hice más que suspirar.
Y sólo cerré los ojos,
Para volver a soñar.

ESMERALDA DIAZ

Cuando me perdí

En el paraíso de tus ojos me perdí
Cuando por primera vez te vi.
En tus labios rojos me encontré
Cuando me besaste por primera vez

Cuando me sentí perdida en el universo
Con tu sonrisa te encontré
Cuando mi corazón estaba lleno de tristeza
Tú siempre estabas allí para llenarme de esperanza
Y cuando me perdí en la oscuridad
Tu corazón me encontró para volver a la realidad

Quiero decirte que tengo que amarte para vivir
Porque tu amor cada día me hace más fuerte
Y desde el día que te conocí me trajiste suerte
Te amaré en el presente y para siempre
Tenemos toda una vida para recorrer y
Mil momentos para compartir

ROCÍO GUIDO

Fuego, palabra, dignidad y justicia

Esta sangre que corre en mi corazón
fuerte hierve como lava en su interior
muy roja y enrabiada en su gran furor
sale como un fuerte trueno en erupción

En la palabra se encuentra la razón
que fuerte grita mi causa a todo ardor
y en un muro gris que ya vive el honor
del color de mi pueblo y su corazón

Mi dignidad es mía para defender
y para que no la olvides gritaré
es mía mi dignidad para defender

Que la justicia llegará, sí a de ser
y cuando ella arribe allí yo estaré
viviendo su renombre al amanecer

RAQUEL MATTSON

España

CHAR PRIETO

Canción del brigadista

Soldado
esposo de la piel de España
hambriento de libertad
tu corazón naufragó
recorriendo duras sendas
cruzando montañas y picos nevados

Soldado
que has poblado el vientre de ansias de ser libre
brigadista que junto a los campos
combatiste por la libertad

Soldado
inscrito en la lucha
evocando el nombre de la República
esperas en el frente
con fusiles en las trincheras
vivir
matar
morir
dormir en las duras sábanas heladas
del húmedo barro español
rozando el plomo de las balas
rodeado de muertos sin ataudes

Soldado
joven que poblado tu vientre
de pólvora y guerra
esperando en el surco
has llegado hasta el abismo

rodeado de cuerpos olvidados
de huesos y cadáveres
envueltos en claveles rojos
de vida de soldados

silencio
olvido

...ahora soldado
no eres más que un cristal delicado
que se puede romper
al mínimo tropiezo
pero aún prolongando
el eco de libertad y honra
has llegado hasta la cima
todavía hoy
con el puño levantado

Dedicado a Nate Thornton en su 96 cumpleaños

CHAR PRIETO

Canción de noviembre

Mientras mi alma se llena de luz
me voy lejos
muy lejos
más allá del campanario
de la torre de piedra
con las perdidas campanas
lejos
con la sierra
con la mar
con las tupidas estrellas
con mi vieja alma de niña
llena de promesas

Alli lejos me iré
al mar de lirios
y húmeda tierra
al oscurecer profundo
de las frondosas hierbas
donde lloran el viento
y las hojas muertas

Donde ya nadie despierte
Ni siquiera la tierra

CHAR PRIETO

Escalera en Bohemia

CHAR PRIETO

Escalera en Praga

ERICA SANCHEZ

Me he enamorado de ti

No dejo de pensar en ti
Te pienso a cada minuto
Cuando te veo mi corazón se estremece
Te tengo en frente y las mariposas me enloquecen
Me pones nerviosa pero tu presencia me agrada
¡Eres muy lindo, lo mejor que me ha pasado!
Me causas mucha alegría con tu sonrisa contagiosa
¿Cómo hago para darte a conocer
mis sentimientos por ti sin decírtelos?
¡Mi corazón tiene ansias de hacerte saber que
Me he enamorado de ti!
No sé cuando ni donde sucedió
Pero la verdad es que…
¡Te quiero!

ERICA SANCHEZ

Por las noches

Por las noches
Cuando me acuesto
No puedo dormir
Sólo pienso en ti
Abrazo mis almohadas
Imaginando que te abrazo a ti
Como quisiera que estuvieses aquí
Tenerte entre mis brazos
Abrazarte muy fuerte
Sentir tu calor
Y que en ese momento
El tiempo se congelara
Para disfrutar tu presencia
Y estar contigo siempre

ERICA SANCHEZ

Quiero estar siempre a tu lado

Quiero estar siempre a tu lado
Desde aquel preciso momento
En que vi tu mirada buscando la mía
Me pregunté que sería de mi vida sin ti
Y me di cuenta de que que no podría continuar así
Descubrí que te quiero y te adoro
Y como no quisiera perderte
Llegué a una conclusión
Tengo que confesarte que…
Te quiero

CAREY WILSON

Flores tuyas

En el jardín, las flores tempranas
comienzan a florecer,
Y cuando las miro
Yo pienso en ti
Y recuerdo tu hermosura

MULTICULTURAL ECHOES

Contributors' Notes

Christopher Adamson is a third year student at California State University Chico majoring in Applied Computer Graphics. Chris is the designer of the cover for this magazine. He has always enjoyed drawing and designing and was honored to be given this opportunity in designing the cover of *ME*.

Maria Beecroft is a German major. In her spare time she likes to correspond with her friends in Japan, practice yoga and tai chi, work in her garden and cook for her family.

Dydymus Blojetus teaches Spanish in northern California. He also writes little ditties for fun.

Deia de Brito is a Brazilian-American journalist who is getting her Master's in journalism at UC Berkeley. When she's not reporting, she's doing Haitian dance, yoga, trumpet, unicycle, juggling, drawing/painting, or taking long walks in nature.

Daniel Z. Cabrera was born in México. He came to Monterey when he was 13. He graduated from CSUC with a major in Spanish and Latin American Studies. He is studyng a masters in Spanish in San Jose State.

Gina Calabrese is from Millbrae, California. She is a first year student majoring in Studio Art.

Esmeralda Diaz was born in Los Angeles, CA, and raised in Corning. She attended Shasta College and graduated with an associate degree in communications. She is now a Chico State student and plans to major in Spanish.

Brett Downum was born in Colfax, CA. He is majoring in Humanities with a minor in Renaissance Studies at CSU Chico. He will be graduating in 2012 and would like to receive his teaching credential.

Ariel Ellis is from Grass Valley, California. She is a sophomore student majoring in psychology with a minor in child development.

Eugenio Frongia is a CSU, Chico emeritus professor of Foreign Languages and Literatures. He directed the Italian Program for 21 years and was chair of the Department of Languages for eight and a half years. He is active in the profession and spends considerable time working with the "Repair/Reform California" Group and the Bay Area Council for the Constitutional Convention.

Sheri Gitelson is majoring in English Literature at CSU Chico and has been taking Italian for 2 years. She will be graduating in May 2012 and would like to get a Master's in Library and Information Sciences.

Rocío Guido is a native of Mexico but she now lives in Chico. She graduated with major in sociology from CSU Chico. She is now studying for her masters in Teaching International languages with an emphasis in Spanish and TESOL.

Rebecca Hucker is a senior at Chico State majoring in Journalism: Public Relations and German. In the summer of 2007, Rebecca participated in the German American Partnership Program and spent one month in Halle and Munich. Rebecca is the president of the Chico State German Club and has always had a passion for learning about different cultures.

Azim Jamaludin is a native of Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. At the age of 15 he went to High School is Australia. Azim decided to come to CSUC and major in Mass Communication design because his father is an alumni from Chico State.

Raquel Mattson is a CSU, Chico alum. After graduating in 2009 with a double major in Anthropology and Spanish she went to Spain to teach English as a Cultural Ambassador with a grant from the Spanish government. Currently she is teaching language and culture of the U.S. in Madrid. Her submission in ME is inspired by her current living situation in Spain since the bull is a prominent symbol of the country.

Magda Mueller teaches German in the Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures at CSU, Chico. She likes to write and to go for long walks.

Kazembe Fredecode Mwema is from the Democratic Republic of the Congo, but now he is a permanent resident of the United States. He is a Master's student in education at CSU Chico. He is looking forward to graduating in 2011.

Helen O'Brien was born and raised in Chico, California. She studied French and is in her second semester of Japanese at CSU, Chico. She is eager to use both languages when she travels with the Semester at Sea program.

John Osborne grew up in Southern California. He received his BA and MA in English Literature; his PhD is in Philosophy and Religion. A long time an English, Film, and Humanities professor at Butte College, he has taught Mythology, Values through Film, Cross Cultural Film and Literature, and The Sixties.

Chase Palmieri is from Larkspur, California. He is a business major and he also has a minor in Italian.

Lyudmila Pekarskaya is from Russia where she works as a Professor of Russian Stylistics at Linguistics University in Nizhniy Novgorod.

Char Prieto is a native of Spain. Her country and trips around the globe are the inspiration for her creative works. She now teaches Spanish in the Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures at CSUC. Her teaching and research interest are the International Brigades and the Spanish Civil War.

Jody Ryker is a math major at Chico State and plans on continuing on through a Ph.D. Her aspiration is to find truth and meaning through her studies and research.

Roze Sabino is from Brazil and lives in Chico. She speaks three languages and was a bilingual teacher in the Bay Area for several years. She specialized in reading instruction and earned a M.A. in Reading/Language Arts at CSU, Chico. She teaches reading in Oroville and has always loved the well-written word.

Erica Sanchez was born in Mission Hills, CA, and raised in Hamilton City. She is double majoring in Spanish and Latin American Studies at CSU Chico. She will be graduating in May 2013 and will like to receive her teaching credential.

Austin Smith is a native Chicoan. He plans to major in English Studies and minor in Chinese from CSU Chico.

Austin Steele is a senior. He will graduate from CSU Chico the spring of 2011 with a double major in Spanish and philosophy. Austin is the president of Phi Sigma Iota, the International Foreign Language Honor Society.

Annette Teixeira is from Oroville, CA, and is now a senior at CSU Chico. She will be graduating in May 2012 with a major in Social Work and a minor in Psychology. Annette is also an alumnus of Butte-Glenn Community College, where her class in Creative Writing enriched her writing skills.

Bianca de Franchis Unruh was born in Houston, TX and later moved to Mt. Shasta, CA where she grew up. She is majoring in Humanities and minoring in Italian at CSU Chico. Next year she looks forward to studying in Italy at the University of Florence.

Carey Wilson, who designed this issue of *ME*, is a writer and publication designer who is currently a Masters degree student in the English department at Chico State.

Khou Xiong was born in Thailand and came to the US when she was young. Khou Xiong grew up in Chico and then later moved to Oroville. She is a Religious Studies and Asian Studies major at CSU Chico and will be graduating the fall of 2011.

Hui Ling Yap was born in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and is majoring in Psychology at CSU Chico, graduating in May 2011. She plans to continue her studies and pursue a masters degree in Counseling Psychology.