

# ODYSSEY 2007

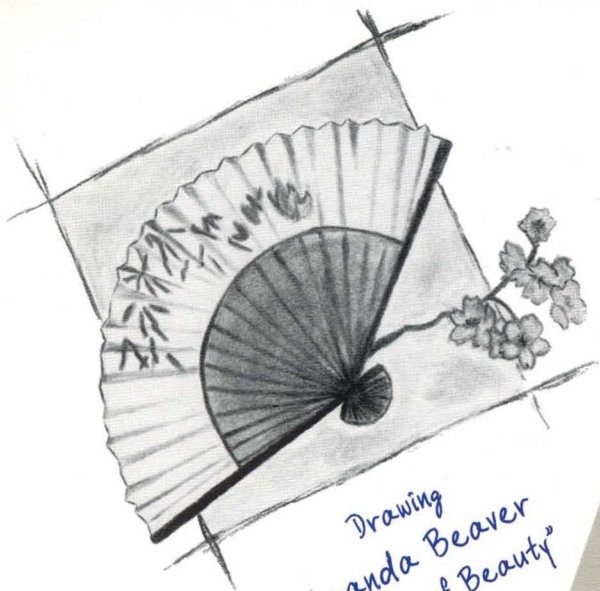
Lake-Sumter Community College

PROPERTY OF

Volume #24



# Table



Drawing  
Amanda Beaver  
"Essence of Beauty"

## Poetry

"Let It Rain" - Leanda Pinkard	p. 5
"Nature Dance" - Rebekah Blake	p. 10
"Poem to Do" - Danielle Marie	p. 11
"The End of May" - Danielle Marie	p. 16
"The Cradle of My Mother's Arms" - Erin Brecheen	p. 19
"The End of May" - Danielle Marie	p. 16
"Silver Flower" - Frederick Coleman	p. 21
"Bob's Front Porch" - Jon Napoles	p. 29
"Opening of Light" - Chloe Holt	p. 32
"The Full Moon" - Danielle Marie	p. 35
"Muse, Why?" - Ryan Kelly	p. 36

## B&W Photography

"3209" - Daniel Dodsworth	p. 4
"Morning Dew" - Bryant MacDonald	p. 11
"Shadowed Fragrance" - Amanda Beaver	p. 16
"Dark Trees" - Libby Couch	p. 17
"Illusions of Wood" - Amanda Sejba	p. 17
"Water Romance" - Amanda Beaver	p. 17
"Forever Young" - Christina Gore	p. 19
"Behind the Door Lies Secrets" - Mackenzie LaRoe	p. 29
"Monkeybars" - Amanda Sejba	p. 31

## Fiction

"The Secret Invasion" - Rebekah Blake	p. 6
"Losing Minds" - Emily Warren-Chasen	p. 14
"Elmer Bishop" - Rebecca Claerbout	p. 31

## Non-Fiction

"What's So Great About Welfare Reform?" - Rebekah Blake	p. 20
"Why Do We Still Eat Meat?" - Jamie Duval-Register	p. 32

## Computer Graphics

"A Walk on the Beach" - Libby Couch	p. 20
"Sleeping Hana" - Amanda Beaver	p. 32
"Beautiful Hana" - Amanda Beaver	p. 33
"Moonlight" - Libby Couch	p. 34
"Grasshopper" - Ariel Blomberg	p. 44



# of Contents

## Painting

"Portrait of Mother & Child" - Amanda Umadat	p. 18
"Dannysol" - Robert Mata	p. 27
"Lemon Juice" - Vanessa Salazar	p. 43
"?" - Mackenzie LaRoe	p. 43

## Drawing

"Feel My Pain" - Jack Banta	p. 13
"The Vampire" - Ash Schultz	p. 15
"Big Cats" - Ash Schultz	p. 25
"Wonder Woman" - Mackenzie LaRoe	p. 43
"Essence of Beauty" - Amanda Beaver	Opposite Page
"Hana" - Amanda Beaver	Below

## Color Photography

"The Dance" - Libby Couch	p. 10
"Essence of Romance" - Tara Fuchs	p. 12
"Get the Point?" - Tara Fuchs	p. 24
"4429" - Daniel Dodsworth	p. 35
"Favorites" - Mackenzie LaRoe	p. 38
"What Are You Looking At?" - Amanda Beaver	p. 39
"Early Morning Sunrise" - Jason Rivera	p. 42
"No Parking" - Jason Rivera	p. 42

## Mixed Media

"Sea of Color" - Ash Schultz	p. 26
"True Stipple Unicorn" - Carol Kennedy	p. 37
"Crichton" - Crystal Jack	p. 44

## 3-Dimensional

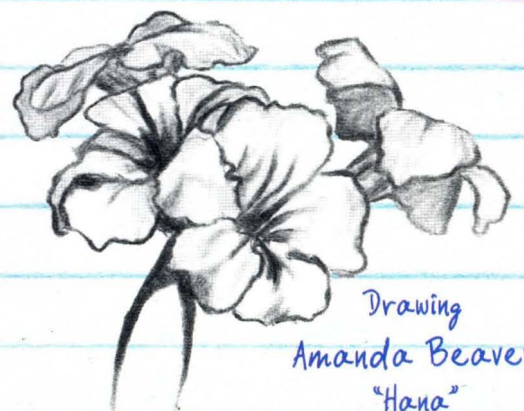
"Sunday News" - Bryant MacDonald	p. 40
"Pisces" - Danielle Marie	p. 40
"Stairway To Heaven" - Rebekah Blake	p. 40
"Odyssey" - Vanessa Salazar	p. 41
"Just Keep Swimmin" - Mackenzie LaRoe	p. 41

The Odyssey is produced and edited annually by Lake-Sumter Community College students. The contents of the 2007 edition were selected, photographed, and edited for content and readability by the Odyssey staff. All artists, authors, and photographers retain all rights to the work herein. The views expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect the views of Lake-Sumter Community College.

This publication was prepared using InDesign CS for PC, using the fonts Marydale and DCWri.

Printing is by Lake Region Printing of Mount Dora, FL, using 4-Color process ink on all pages. The cover is printed on 100# Anthem Gloss Cover; all inside pages are printed on 80# Anthem Gloss Text.

Lake-Sumter Community College is an equal access/equal opportunity institution.



Drawing  
Amanda Beaver  
"Hana"





B&W Photography  
Daniel Dodsworth  
"3209"





And the rain crashed upon her head

Liquid crystals from the sky

Forcing her to run and hide

Streaming down puddles the size of a lake

Like the heavens told the clouds a lie

And the rain crashed upon her head

A night she holds like a keepsake

Afraid that the memory will die

Forcing her to run and hide

Hide all that the clouds could take

Run, run, run and try so hard to fly

And the rain crashed upon her head

And she feels like she's about to break

With the clouds staring at her she becomes shy

Forcing her to run and hide

Everything she had at stake faded away with one last sigh

And the rain crashed upon her head

Forcing her to run and hide

Poetry  
Leanda Pinkard  
"Let It Rain"



Later that night Sarah was sound asleep in bed, when once again the call of nature came at 2am. She stumbled out of bed and straight into the desk, stubbing her toe.

"Ouch! Not again," she yelled. "Now I know that was put away. Maybe Jenn moved it. I am too tired to care right now."

The next morning when Sarah awoke the first thing she saw was the desk, in its place by the wall at the foot of her bed. "What's going on around here? Maybe I am just imagining things either that or I am going crazy." Well at least Jenn will be here tonight so I won't be by myself for once, she thought.

Later on that evening as Jenn and Sarah were getting ready for bed, Sarah was telling Jenn in a joking manner to beware the phantom desk Jenn asked, "What do you mean?"

Sarah told her about the last two nights and how she always tripped over the desk in the doorway but in the morning the desk was back by the wall in its place.

"Hmmm, sounds like maybe you are sleepwalking and run into what you think is the desk"

"I don't know, although it seems like I was fully awake because I definitely remember how much it hurt. In any case let's get to bed, it's getting late," Sarah said.

"Okay," Jenn replied as she jumped onto the trundle bed, which was pulled out from underneath Sarah's bed.

Later that night Sarah awoke to a screeching, scratching noise. That is just the wind on the window, she thought sleepily but as she woke up more fully she realized that there was no wind and as she looked up at the clock it was 2 am. Since she was now awake she decided to get up to go to the bathroom, but as soon as she sat up, she heard the noise again and she saw the shadow of her desk move across the room. Sarah quickly leaned over and shook Jenn awake.

"Jenn, Jenn wake up! I saw something move," she whispered urgently.

"What now," Jenn mumbled half asleep.

The noise sounded again and the shadow moved.

"What was that?" a more awake Jenn asked

"I don't know, that is what I was trying to tell you before."

"It looks like the desk is in front of the door," Jenn said in a frightened tone.

"I know, do you want to come up here with me?"

Both girls huddled together on Sarah's bed and tried to stay alert but sleep began to overtake them and the next thing they knew it was morning and the desk was back by the wall when they opened their eyes.

"That desk is spooky," Jenn said.

"I told you something was wrong with it," Sarah replied.

"It's strange but it looks like an ordinary desk to me."

Jenn got out of bed and went to look at the desk. As she ran her hand over the desk, Sarah suddenly yelled out

"Jenn look!"

Startled, Jenn turned around too quickly and her hand knocked over a glass of lemonade that Sarah had left there the night before.

"Oh Man! Look what you did, Sarah!" Jenn exclaimed.

"What I did? You are the one who knocked the glass over," Sarah said indignantly.

"Yeah, but you shouted and startled me."

"Just go get a towel, will ya? The lemonade is dripping all over the place."

Jenn glared at Sarah and went to get the towel.

A minute later Jenn was back with the towel and set to work wiping up the mess. A few seconds later Jenn yelled at Sarah,

"Come over here and look at this, hurry!"

"Yeah, right, you are just trying to trick me into getting out of bed."

"I'm not kidding, come here! It looks like writing or something, it must be the lemonade."

Sarah got out of bed and walked over to Jenn and looked over her shoulder as they both read the following words:

**To the Chosen Ones,**

**If you are reading this then I am dead and not able to help you.**

**I implore you to help me and bring peace to my desk's wandering.**

**This desk is very special.**

**Help me by taking the desk to my house and put it in the exact place you took it from.**

**The secret lies in a song played, then look closer.**

**Pricilla**



As soon as they finished reading, the words disappeared and the desk was as before.

"Very strange," Jenn commented.

"Pricilla, I think that was the name of the woman who died and whose estate sale I bought the desk from," Sarah said thoughtfully.

"Well, it sounds to me like this Pricilla woman, whoever she is, needs our help with something."

"Yes, that much is obvious, but why do we have to move the desk back to her house?"

"I don't know, but I for one like a good puzzle so I think that we should do what it says."

"Yes, I agree. Even though I would prefer not to do what it says, my curiosity gets the better of me. Let's go tonight and hope the house is unlocked and still empty."

Later on that night Jenn and Sarah pulled into the driveway of the house in Sarah's truck with the headlights off. They drove around to the back of the house and Jenn jumped out and tried the door. The door was open so Jenn and Sarah grabbed the flashlight they had brought and carried the desk into the back door. After setting the desk down, Sarah turned on the flashlight and began searching for the room that the desk had been in. After looking in several she found the right one.

"This is the right room because I remember that that picture of a woman sitting by a fireplace was right above the desk," Sarah stated firmly.

"It looks like not much was sold from this room," said Jenn.

"Maybe because it is mostly full of junk"

"C'mon, lets get the desk"

As soon as the desk was in its place both girls stared at it and Jenn said,

"Okay, it is in the exact spot. Now what is the meaning of the phrase 'the secret lies in a song played'?"

"I don't know, maybe it means playing an instrument of some sort."

"Give me the flashlight for a minute will you," Jenn asked.

Sarah handed the flashlight to Jenn and Jenn moved the beam around the room saying to herself "a song played, a song played" over and over. The flashlight circled the room and then came to rest on the picture over the desk.

"That picture is interesting, Pricilla must have really liked it," said Jenn.

"Hmmm maybe 'a song played' means an instrument that can play itself," suggested Sarah.

"Yes, like a radio! Like the radio in that picture," Jenn exclaimed. "What was the last part of the writing on the desk?"

"I think it was something about a close look"

"No I am pretty sure it said look closer."

They both moved close to the picture and stared hard at the radio in the picture. Sarah spoke up and said,

"Do you see anything?"

"No but wait...yes, there is some tiny words on the radio. It says 'look underneath.'"

Sarah took the picture off the wall and took the back off. There appeared to be nothing there. Then Jenn gave the flashlight to Sarah and took the picture into her hands. Jenn ran her hand over the front and mumbled to herself, "The paper is thicker here over the radio."

She tore the picture down the middle and a cardboard envelope fell out.

"Aha! I thought the paper was thicker," Jenn said triumphantly as she bent over to pick the envelope up. Sarah and Jenn bent over and read the letter silently to themselves. Then Jenn asked Sarah, "What day is it?"

"I don't know, but I think it's the 9<sup>th</sup>. Of course it's almost midnight by now," Sarah said as she looked at her watch.

"We don't have much time then, we have to get this letter and this disk to the F.B.I. as quickly as possible. If we start driving right now I think we could make it to Washington D.C. by morning."

"I think you're right, this is just too important to only go to the police," said Sarah. "What about the desk though?"

"Just leave it. We will come back for it later."

Jenn and Sarah jumped into the truck and stopped by the house to get some supplies and then they headed out to the highway heading north.

Fiction-2nd Place

Rebekah Blake

a selection from "The Secret Invasion"



## Is It Enough Reform?

Although much needed reform was brought about through PRWORA, the argument can be made that further reform is still needed to make the system more efficient and productive. Two major areas of concern are the promotion of marriage, and the protection of religious freedom for charitable organizations.

As has been seen so far PRWORA was supposed to promote marriage. Instead it has continued to pump three-quarters of the \$200 billion a year that goes to poor families to single-parent households, thereby making it much harder for two-parent homes to receive aid ("Get Me" 2). Some people contend that the choice to marry is a private affair and government should not poke their noses into it, and still others argue that the government is already doing great harm to marriage and so they need to fix it. Yet above and beyond these two opinions, the facts remain that marriage is a good thing both socially and economically. On February 8<sup>th</sup> of this year President Bush reauthorized the welfare reform act of 1996, only this time attached to it was \$150 million dollars to support voluntary marriage counseling programs. This provision effectively put money behind the rhetoric that was in the previous welfare reform bill. In support of this provision, Wade Horn, the administrator for The Administration for Children and Families, a division of the Department of Health and Human Services, claims:

We're trying to determine whether providing greater access to education, where couples can think through their decision and learn the skills necessary to maintain healthy and stable marriages, can help those couples attain for themselves what they say they want. (qtd. in Vincent 28).

Government alone should not be responsible for providing marriage counseling but faith-based services can help in this area as well. Traditionally, these faith-based services have already been providing marriage services to the poor and so already have the infrastructure in place to serve the poor. The problem becomes that they have to be able to remain autonomous when receiving grants from the government, which leads into the next area of discussion.

Religious charitable organizations or faith-based organizations, as they are sometimes referred to, require more protection of the free exercise of their faith. Yes, the Establishment Clause of the United States Constitution does need to be upheld but often two things are left out whenever this clause is brought up. The first part states, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion" with the key word "respecting." The word "respecting" means to esteem or to give preference to one person or organization above another. So congress is not to pass any laws that would give preference to one religion over another. In other words no state sponsored religion is allowed. For example, in Iran where Islam is the state sponsored religion, no others are permitted. How then can it be a violation of this clause to support monetarily, with out discrimination, any religious social group who is providing valuable care?



The second most ignored phrase comes right after the Establishment clause and it says "...or prohibiting the free exercise thereof..." PRWORA as it stands now says, that no funds can be spent by religious social groups for spiritual instruction or for evangelism. But, as Marvin Olasky points out in a practical sense, many of these organizations who are the most effective have a "pervasive faith" and can not separate the two. He further insists that these are the organizations which are being left out in the cold (Olasky 10). One part of the reauthorized PRWORA bill signed by President Bush this year includes a voucher option. The voucher option would allow a person to take a voucher, which is like a check without a name filled in at the top, to any qualified faith-based organization and receive services from them. The voucher option gives greater freedom from governmental intrusion to religious organizations. And if a person does not like the faith-based service in their area, he or she always has the option to go to a government office and receive secular service. However, one step further still needs to be taken to protect these faith-based groups. In order for the vouchers to work perfectly, a provision needs to be added that would protect an organization's right under the "free exercise" clause to give spiritual guidance or to evangelize. So why not let these organizations do what they are good at and at the same time refrain from hampering these faith-based groups religion, which is well within their constitutionally protected rights.

Welfare has undergone much change over the more than 70 years it has been in existence. Some of these changes have been good, like the incorporation of work requirements and some have been bad, like the disservice rendered towards poor families by the unrestrained cash handout program. However, there are changes which still need to take place, like an improved voucher program, increased protection for faith-based organizations and more incentives for the poor to marry. If we continue to strive to do what is best for the poor and not always what is comfortable or easy, the poor will continue to be benefited. Also, kids like Kristen can have hope in their tomorrow and a bright future that promises true obliteration of poverty's oppressive generational cycle. And as long as we make it our goal to do what ever it takes to move the poor into self-sufficiency and independence, will the poor be able to truly enjoy what America is all about.

Use as possible  
topic for debate?

Non-Fiction - 2nd Place

Rebekah Blake

a selection from

"What's So Great About Welfare Reform?"



The rustling skirt of the wind,  
Gave herself away,  
Because just as she passed this way,  
The grass and trees acknowledged her sway.  
As the wind swished her way back and forth,  
Along the street between heaven and earth,  
The clouds gave way to her control  
And rolled along as a trail of dirt.

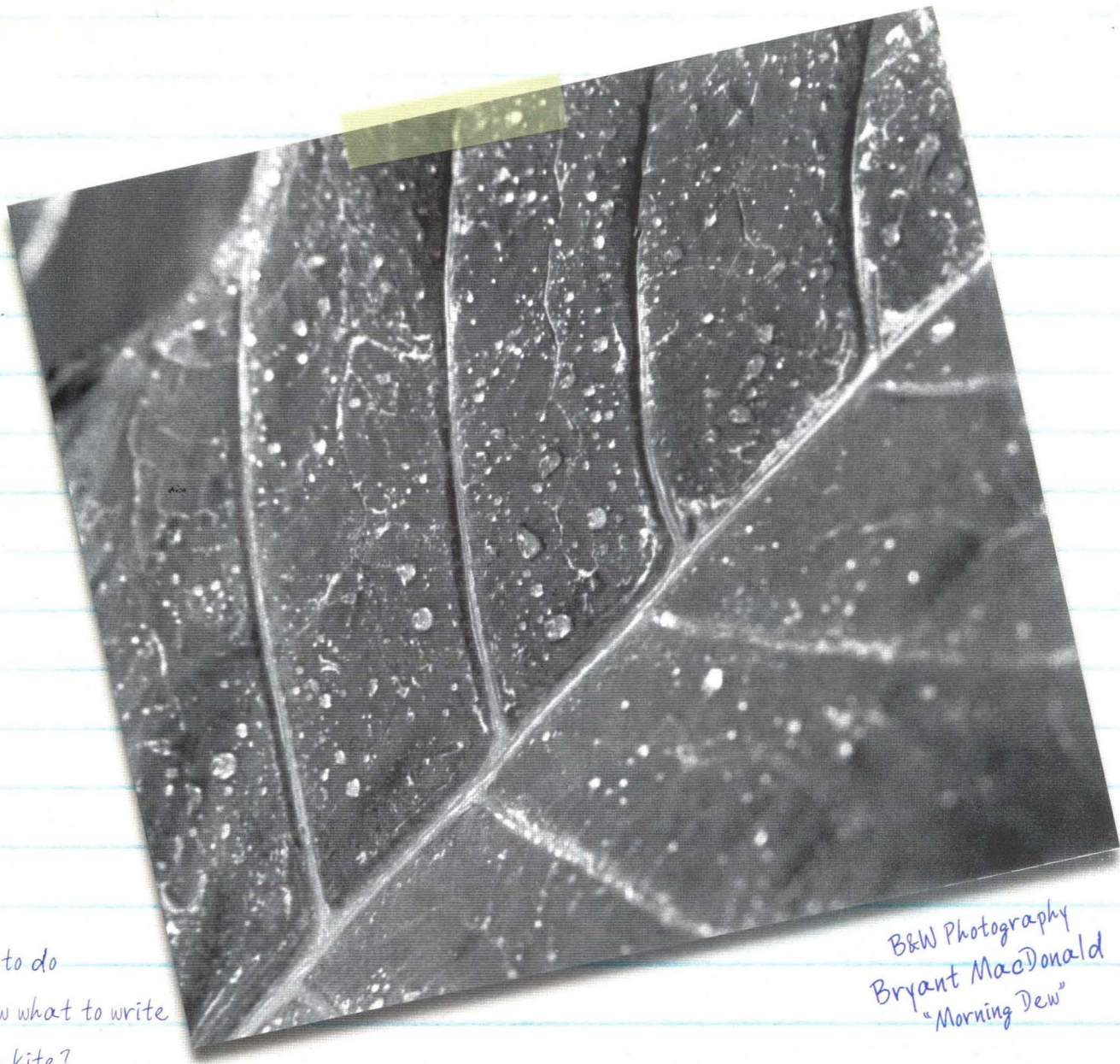
Poetry  
Rebekah Blake  
"Nature Dance"

Over a hill to join the dance between wind and cloud,  
With reckless abandon the rain came down.  
The relaxing tune of solitude,  
Played on the trees with a drip, drip melody.  
Nature's refrain soon came to an end,  
But the earth was never the same,  
As when the wind, clouds and rain,  
Came together for a dance one stormy day.



Color Photography  
Libby Couch  
"The Dance"





B&W Photography  
Bryant MacDonald  
"Morning Dew"

I have a poem to do  
And I don't know what to write  
Maybe about a kite?  
Or the morning dew?  
I wish that it wasn't due  
So soon, because then I wouldn't be filled with fright  
And I might actually find some delight  
In writing this poem I have to do.  
Should I write about how wolves howl  
Underneath the moon?  
Maybe about an old wise owl?  
Or about jamming to a tune?  
I guess I found my topic anyhow,  
About how nervous I was about this poem being due so soon.

Poetry  
Danielle Marie  
"Poem To Do"





Color Photography  
Tara Fuchs  
"Essence of Romance"





Drawing  
Jack Banta  
"Feel My Pain"



"Anna you're still alive!" A raspy voice announced with a giggle from the corner of my bed. "I've been so worried about you. How do you feel?" When I looked over I had no idea who or what I was looking at. A tall, skinny pale figure stood before me reeking of booze and cigarettes. She had huge black circles under her eyes and short brown hair. "You had a rough night last night but the doctor said when you woke up you could go home. It's only a mild concussion, but you're going to have a nasty little migraine." She looked like she hadn't showered in weeks and smelled like she hadn't showered in years.

I had to sit up to let the blood flow back to my limbs. "Where am I? How long have I been out and who the hell are you?" I asked.

"Anna babe, don't be silly, you just bumped your head a little. Let's not be so overdramatic. Are you ready to go home?" The stranger started collecting my things and helped me out of my bed.

"I'm serious - who are you? I'm not going anywhere until you tell me who you are."

The stranger looked at me with straight confusion. "Anna?" She acted like saying my name was going to help me recognize who she was, but it did not.

"I don't know you so please tell me why I'm here and who you are."

"Anna, it's me, Janey. Your roommate. Don't you recognize your best friend?" She looked at me like I was crazy. "You're here because you got wasted at Derk's bar last night, fell off your bar stool and hit your head. Don't you remember? You couldn't have been that drunk."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I never went to bars, I was only 20. I started to get scared. I couldn't remember anything this girl was trying to explain to me. She just kept looking at me like I had completely lost my mind.

"Come on, girl, it's getting late. I really have to get to work and I don't have time for these crazy games you like to play." She handed me my clothes and tried to leave the room.

"Listen!" I shouted to her. "I don't know who the heck you are and what in the world you are talking about. I live with my parents and I don't go to bars. I don't even like to drink and for that matter I don't turn 21 for ten more months."

Janey stomped over to the other side of my bed, picked up the phone and in a slightly sarcastic voice said to the woman on the other line, "nurse we have a serious problem, my friend in room 217 does not remember the last ten years of her life, can you please send a doctor in because I don't think she is ready to check out yet."

I knew then what was going on. "How old am I and what year is it? How did I end up living with you and where am I?" I was starting to panic and tears were welling up in the corners of my eyes. Janey decided I must be joking and went along with it. She sat me down and explained that it was 2008 and we met through a friend in rehab. We both worked at Derk's bar and shared a studio apartment on Staten Island. When she finally finished giving me the brief story of my life I dumped my face into my hands and began to cry my eyes out. I don't think Janey was laughing anymore.

I remember the day I lost it all. It was a Tuesday afternoon in the summer of 1998 and I was out spending money. I had just had my 20th birthday so there was still plenty of birthday money to spend. I lived New York City at



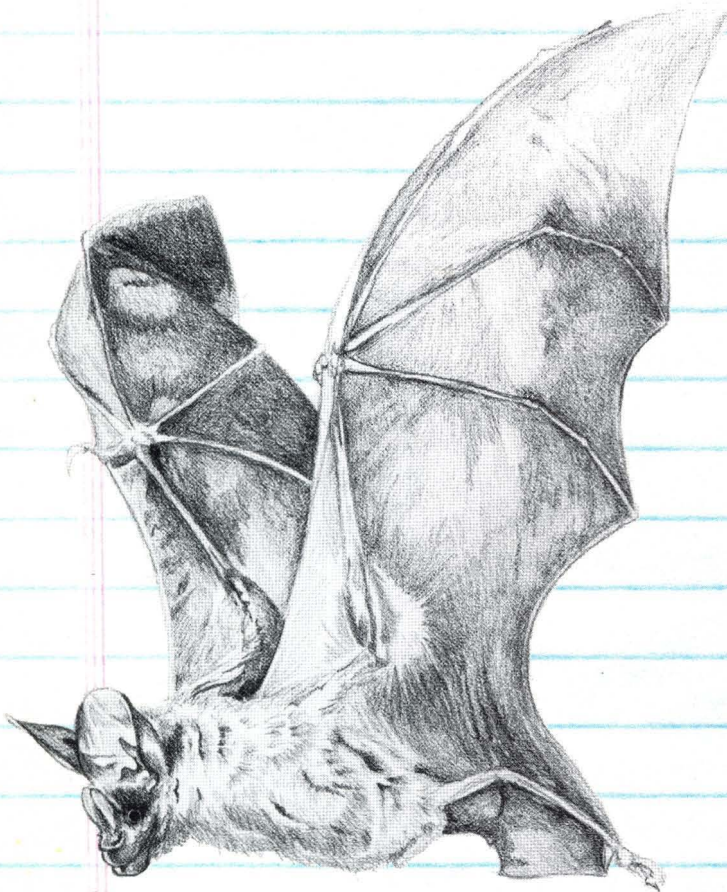
the time with my parents and I treasured shopping in the trendiest boutiques. I stopped for some lunch at Five and Dine, my favorite little diner on the corner of 5th Street in Manhattan. I loved to dine there by myself; it was always so peaceful and quiet in the afternoons. The only sounds I remember that day were a young couple in the corner laughing and a radio the cooks had blaring in the background.

I ordered my usual Turkey on Rye with a Diet Coke when all at once I started to feel dizzy. I retreated to the restroom to splash some cold water on my face. It didn't help at all. Before I knew it I felt my heart stop beating and I couldn't breathe anymore. I heard the words, "Are you ok Miss?" echo in my ear. "No I'm not ok!" I tried to scream but no sound was escaping from my mouth. I couldn't catch my breath and everything around me started to go black. The last thing I remember from that day was the sound of my head crashing into the floor. Next thing I know I'm in the hospital and it is ten years later.

When the doctor finally showed up, he examined me and once again gave me the clear to go home. He explained to me that the memory loss was only temporary and I should be back to normal in a few days. The doctor dismissed himself and Janey handed me my clothes. "Meet you downstairs in five" she whispered and left me alone.

In a daze I reached for the small calendar hanging on the wall. "2008? It can't be 2008. How could this have happened?" I felt the blood rush from my head and I knew I was either going to throw up or pass out.

My body chose option A.



Fiction - 1st Place  
Emilye Warren-Chasen  
a selection from "Losing Minds"

Drawing  
Ash Schultz  
"The Vampire"



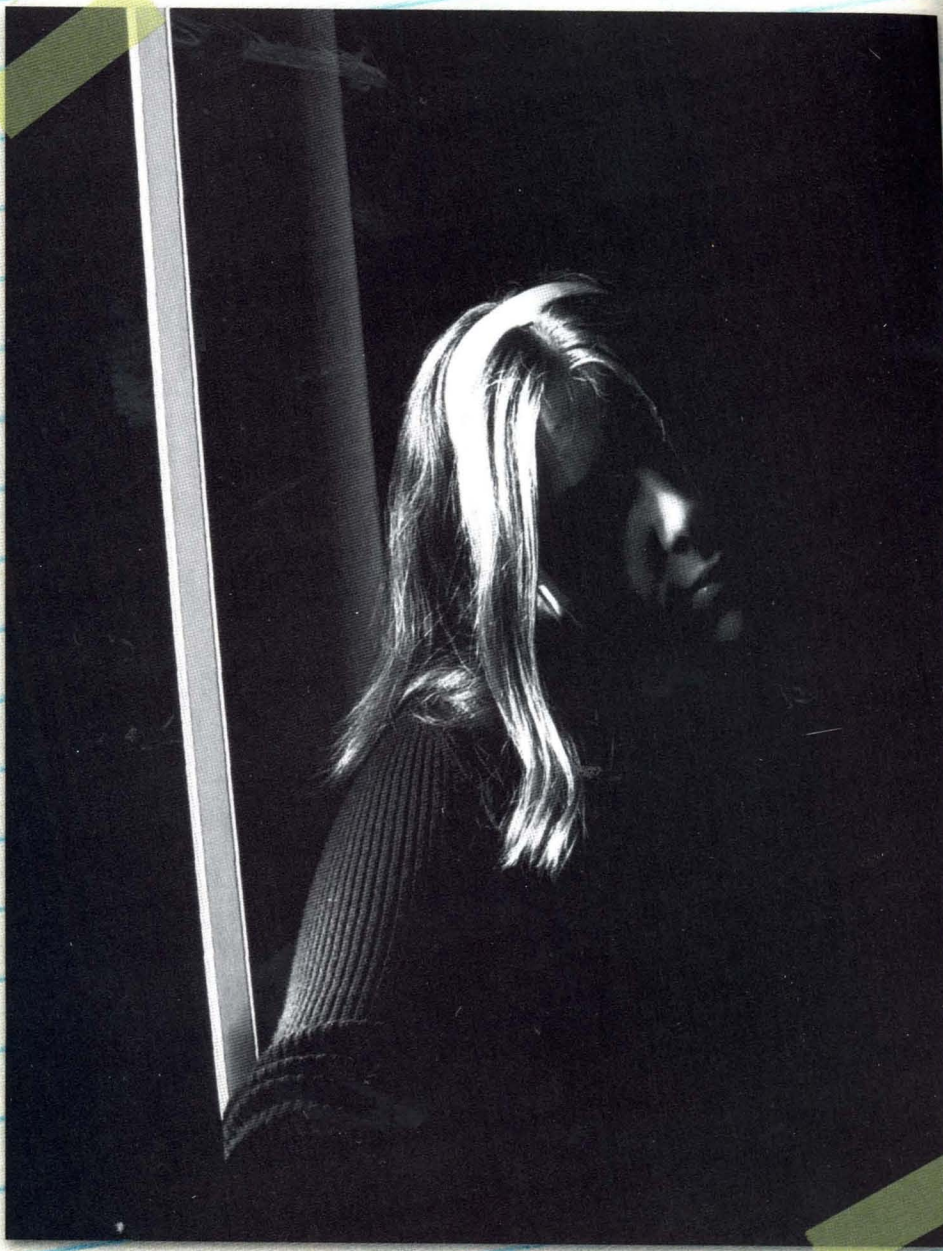
What a fine way to end the month of May  
You will never again come to my door  
I have learned that you are going away  
Your bright smiling face I will see no more

I remember days we spent together  
Our walks through fields of fragrant flowers  
My days will be filled with gloomy weather  
You are not here to fill up my hours  
You are gone now so why even bother  
And to sit here and dream or to ponder  
About the times we spent when you were here

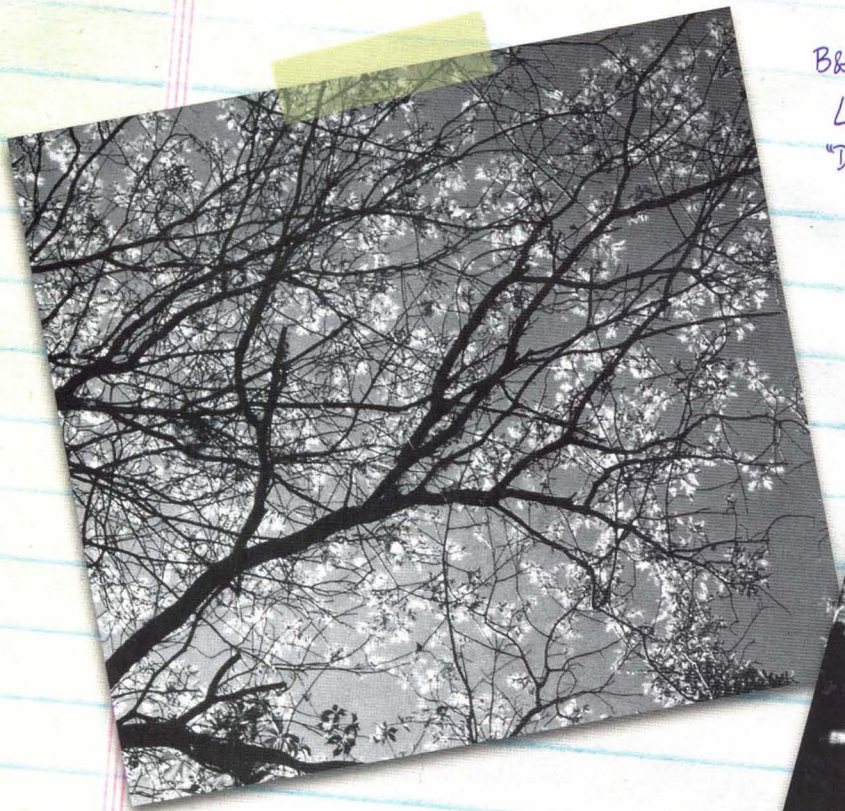
I miss you so much it's hard to explain  
But it won't help me to sit and complain

Poetry  
Danielle Marie  
"The End of May"

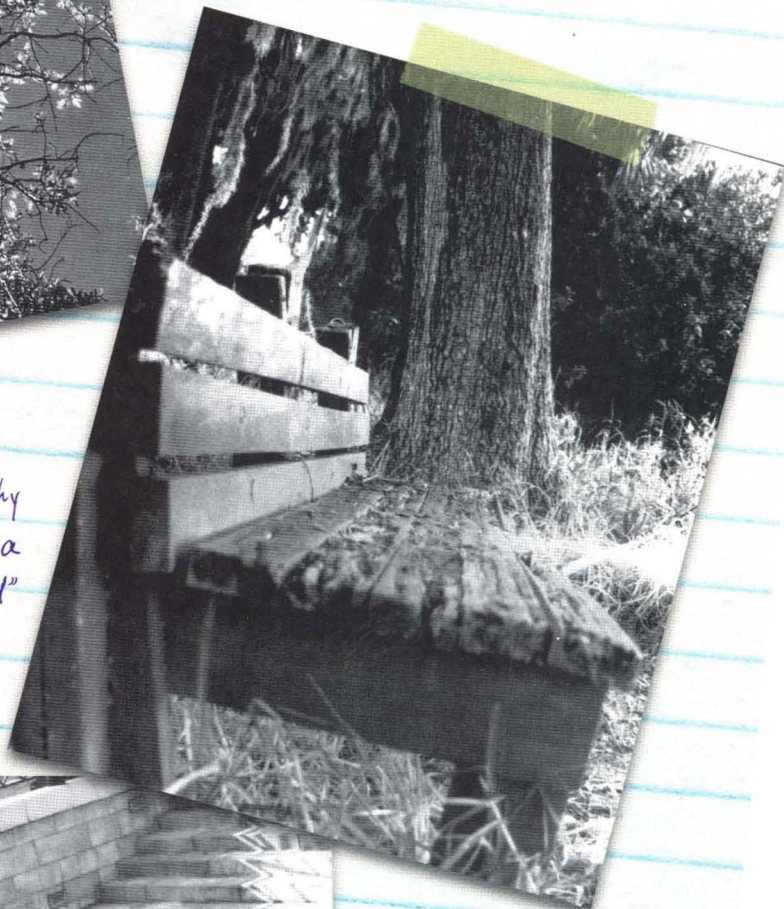
B&W Photography  
Amanda Beaver  
"Shadowed Fragrance"



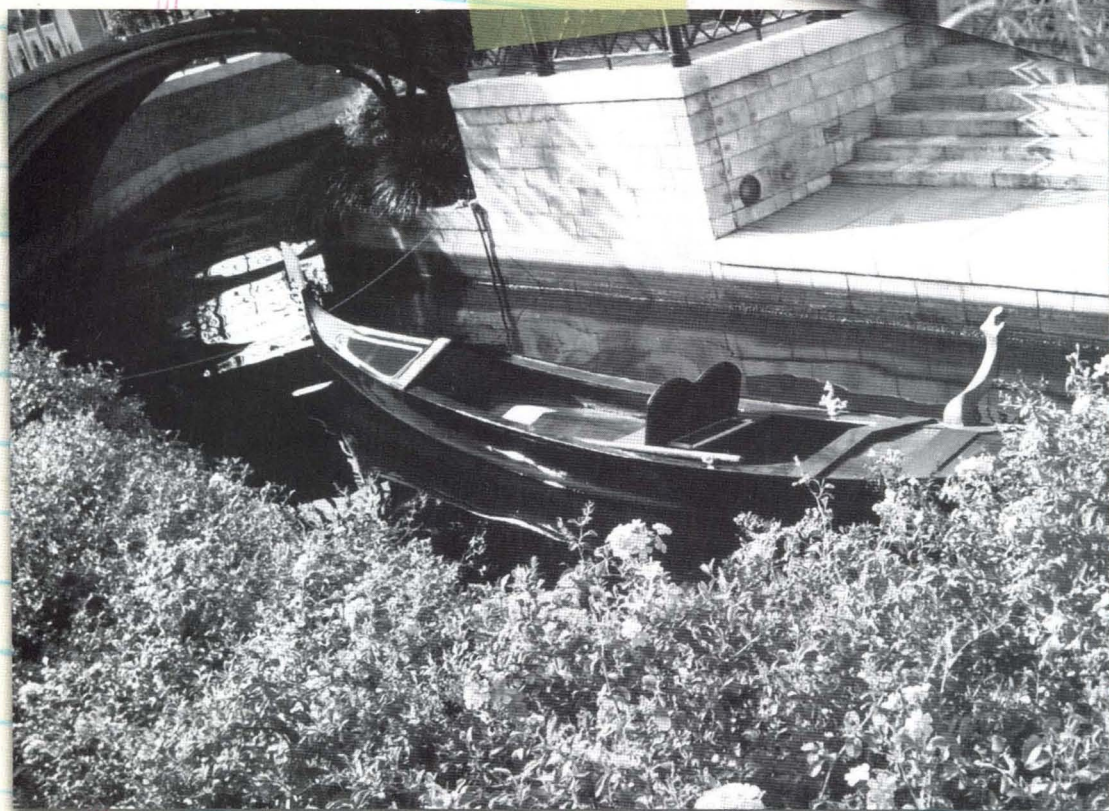




B&W Photography  
Libby Couch  
"Dark Trees"



B&W Photography  
Amanda Sejba  
"Illusions of Wood"



B&W Photography  
Amanda Beaver  
"Water Romance"



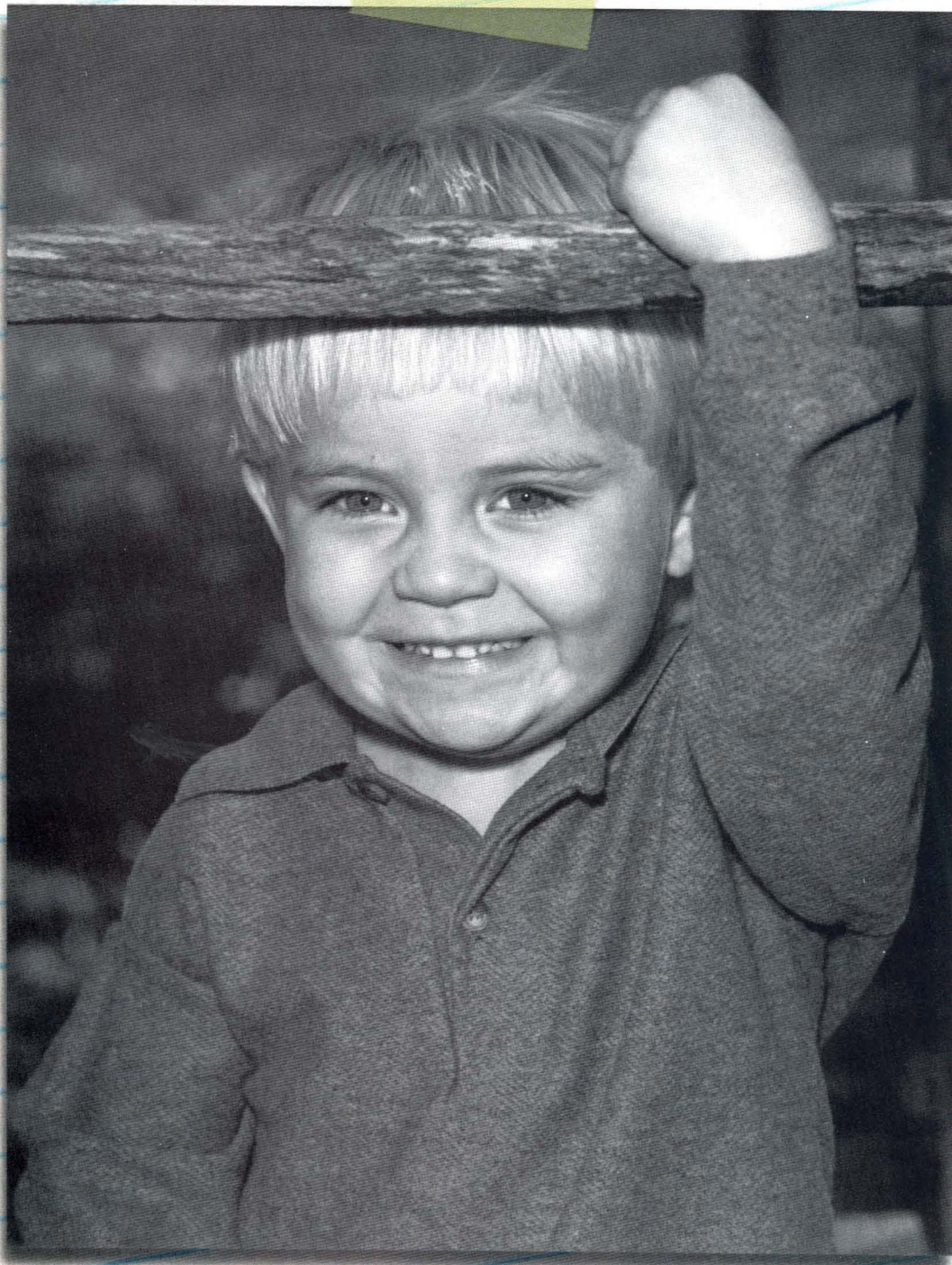


Painting  
Amanda Umadat  
"Portrait of Mother and Child"



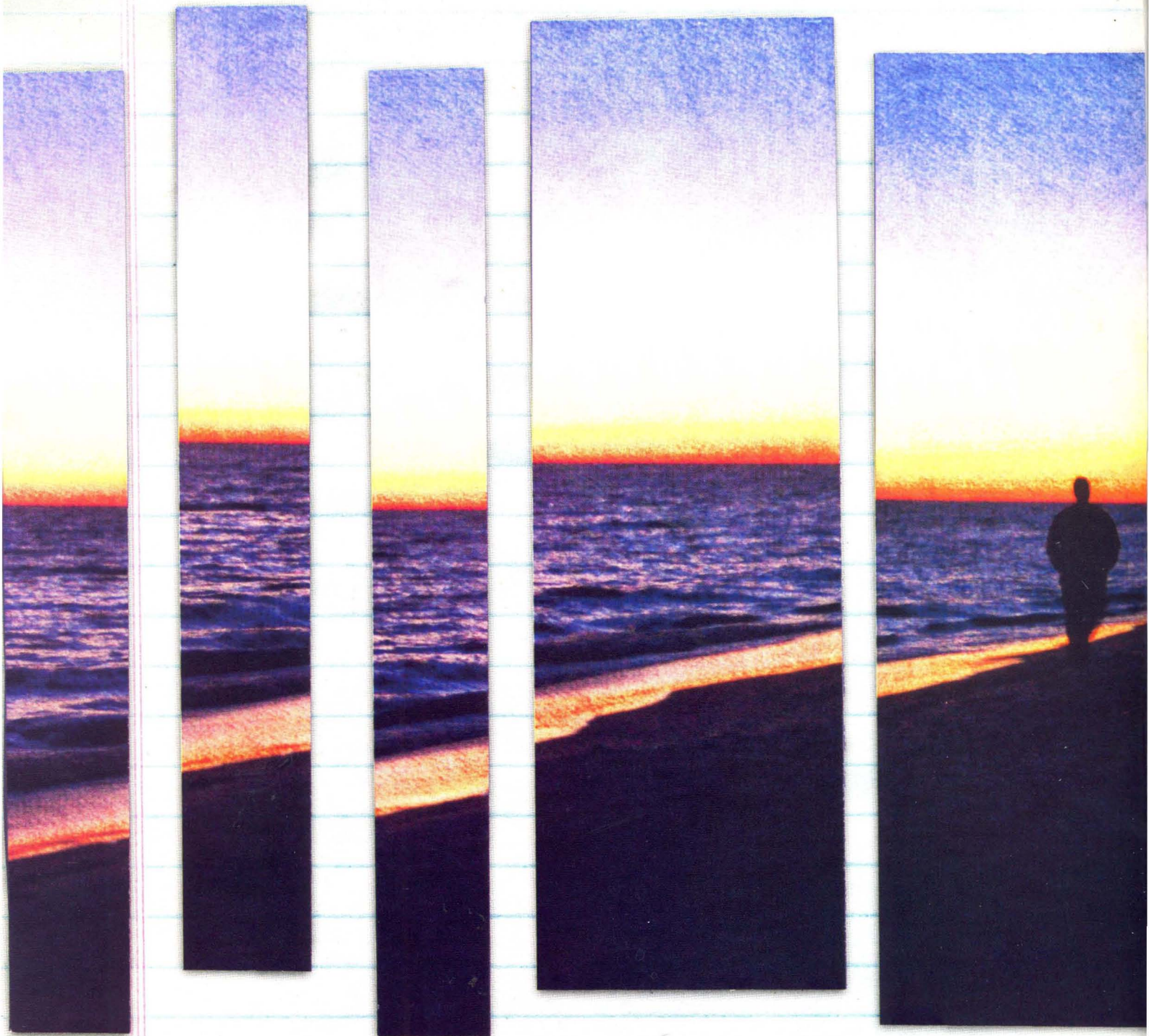
In the cradle of my mother's arms, I hear her breath; it is the echo of wisdom.  
In the cradle of my mother's arms, I feel her heart beat; it is a rhyme of endless love.  
In the cradle of my mother's arms, I smell her sweat; it is proof of her protection.  
In the cradle of my mother's arms, I taste her laughter; it is a full banner of mirth.  
In the cradle of my mother's arms, I see her time; where her life ends, and mine begins.

Poetry - 3rd Place  
Erin Brecheen  
"The Cradle of My Mother's Arms"



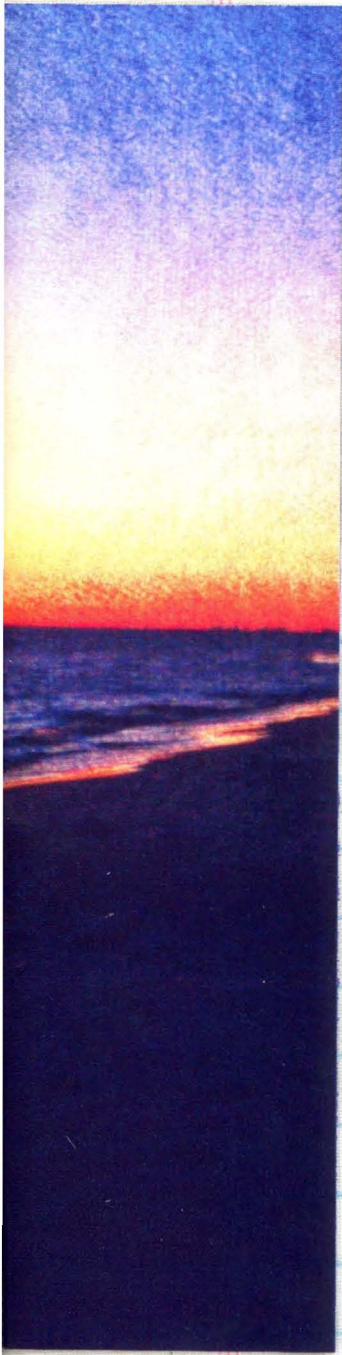
B&W Photography  
Christina Gore  
"Forever Young"





Computer Graphics  
Libby Couch  
"A Walk on the Beach"





Night slip to darkness, I sit and wait.  
Clouds blend into the sky,  
The ocean meets its end  
    where the sky finds a new beginning.  
Sitting above the clouds awaits the moon,  
Single and alone glaring on the world below.

Misty becomes the light, blanketing the night.  
Clouds begin to disperse, spread throughout the sky.  
Shining across space above, falling to the water below.  
Seeking and waiting and rising above the ocean of the sky  
    I look below to find where the Silver Flower grows.

Strength and passion, never relenting its struggle.  
Heartfelt it bears everlasting hope.  
All truths to see become mine to grow in another,  
As what was known slips past into the land I call home.  
Under the starlit sky, amidst the oceans gleam  
    the Silver Flower finds life in the heart that I call my own.

Gripping, holding on tight to the fading light,  
It catches the radiant glow, blooming into its own.  
Caressing softly sweet tangle weave,  
    making smooth ripples the sea.  
Gently illuminating as if a nightly star,  
Joins the sky in all its glory.

Under from which the moons most single grace,  
    clocks stand still and peace is my own  
I sit amongst the endless night, the key to all my dreams.  
Here my hearts beats loud, beats strong  
The world beneath slowly slips away  
And with the Flower as my hope, I hold you - my dream.

Poetry - 2nd Place  
Frederick Coleman  
"Silver Flower"



In a perfect world, we picture happy farm animals grazing on beautiful green pastures with rolling hills and white picket fences. Unfortunately, this is usually not the case. There is a much darker side to the meat that is eaten, and most people have no idea what kind of cruelty is involved. People have been consuming meat for ages, so many do not understand why they should stop eating it. It's time to take a step back to decide whether eating meat is really important to one's health and overall well-being. Also, with fuel and water becoming rare commodities, it's hard to believe that most of these natural resources are being used in the production of meat. There is nothing that can be done that will benefit the body, mind or spirit more than the transition into a vegetarian diet. When it comes down to what is right, vegetarianism is the answer, ethically and morally.

The People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, (PETA) report in their Vegetarian magazine, a story of a "Downed Cow," this young cow was unable to move after being transported to Walton Stockyards in Kentucky. She was repeatedly kicked, prodded and drug where she was left all day, with nothing to drink, and dogs attacking her. The most troubling thing about this story is that in the interview, the stockyard worker was laughing, completely unattached from the situation (7). How do humans become so callused to this kind of treatment to another innocent living animal? Dairy cows do not have it much easier. During their four year span of being a slave to milk pumping, they are given antibiotics and steroids to keep the milk coming. The steroid makes them susceptible to a painful infection called mastitis. When dairy cows reproduce, their calves are immediately taken away from them. Female cows are put to work once old enough to start pumping. The males are put inside a small crate and are fed liquid iron deficient diets. They spend the rest of their short lives there, as to keep their muscles tender and soft. People are loving by nature and this unethical treatment of cows is not natural, human behavior. What would happen if meat magically disappeared off of supermarket shelves and people had to raise their own animals to consume? Many would become bonded to the animals, and find it extremely hard to slaughter their furry friend only for selfish consumption.

Morally, treating animals in this fashion for human consumption is wrong. Nathan Nobis, argues that all people ought to be vegetarians. He explains how almost all farmed animals are kept confined indoors their whole life, and how the animals become frustrated and start to exhibit neurotic, psychotic behaviors. To ward off death and disease from the unsanitary, stressful conditions, they are given a constant regimen of growth hormones and antibiotics (139). These drugs can have very harmful effects to human beings. In the future, there will be knowledge of the direct link to patient's



ailments and the meat they consume. Every year, untold numbers of animals die from heat exhaustion or freezing to death during transport. Sometimes animals freeze to the sides of the trucks and have to be pried loose. Livestock are incredibly traumatized due to their sensitivity and intelligence. For example, pigs have very sensitive noses, so when they are in line waiting for slaughter, they can smell the blood and hear the squeals of their fellow swine. As a matter of fact, experts say that pigs are more intelligent than dogs, and anyone who has owned a dog knows they can sense danger. Most people are living in blissful ignorance when it comes down to the cold hard facts of these unmoral situations. Not only are they ethically and morally wrong, but dangerous to consume because of the drugs pumped into their bodies. Once people learn of the death, disease, pain, and suffering involved in these practices, people will just not want to be involved with or benefit from it anymore.

Adopting a vegetarian, or vegan diet can have tremendous health benefits. Meat based diets are linked to heart disease, cancer, obesity and strokes. PETA reports that heart disease is the number one killer among Americans today, and it's caused from a build up of cholesterol in the arteries. The build up is caused by saturated fats-- the kind found in animals. The only two doctors in human history to successfully reverse heart disease have included an exclusively vegetarian diet as part of their programs (5). The need of protein is always a concern for meat eaters, but in reality, all of our protein can be provided for easily with foods from Mother Nature. Actually, most Americans are eating too much protein and need more fruits and vegetables. Virtue and Prelitz from *Eating in the Light*, report that the average American eats two to four times the amount of animal sources needed for protein. A visual sense of how much the average person needs would be the size of a deck of cards, or three ounces daily. This can easily be met with beans, tofu, soy or dairy (98-99). Also, plant proteins are complete. They provide all the essential amino acids needed for health, just in varying amounts. People generally think of meat and other animal foods as the best sources for protein, but in fact, a plant-based diet can easily meet our protein needs. So by adopting this diet, you are ensuring that you are receiving vital nutrients and vitamins into your body.

Pick up dry cleaning  
for FCCPA Convention  
before 4:00 PM!!!!



Non-Fiction - 1st Place  
Jamie Duval-Register

a selection from

"Why Do We Still Eat Meat?"









Drawing - 1st Place  
Ash Schultz  
"Big Cats"





Mixed Media  
Ash Schultz  
"Sea of Color"

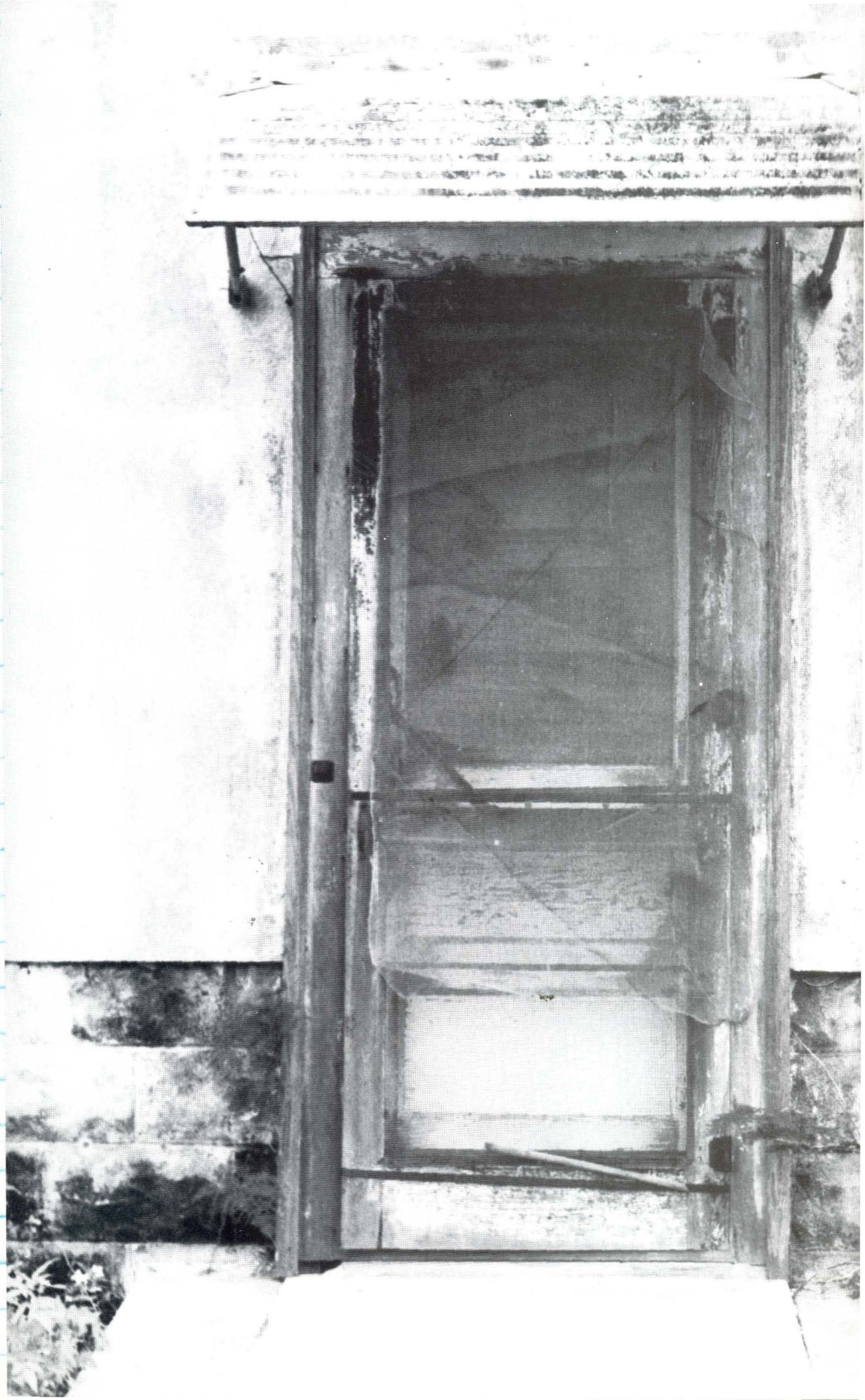
156





Painting  
Robert Mata  
"Dannysol"







Let's strut this land of double-wide trash cans,  
Full of bad seeds,  
That will go into the dirt,

Black leather on my back, and I'm struck by a match,  
And a lightning bolt,  
For the second time.

And it may be me, but I think our dreams are dried  
From smoking banana peels,  
& pissing in the wind.

Our time will end... but until then,  
We'll watch it drag,  
From chairs on our front porch.

And I sense, we've lost our innocence  
To knights who,  
Aren't fit to ride a horse,

And our skies are gray, and we float like manta ray,  
Through pale space,  
While wind assaults our hair.

Poetry  
Jon Napoles  
"Bob's Front Porch"

B&W Photography  
Mackenzie LaRoe  
"Behind the Door Lies Secrets"



Generally, Moses liked school. He had to. The first thing his pop had done when the family moved into town was visit the little one-room school house. Lake Dot School they called it, on account of the tiny, perfectly round pond nearby. Ever since that first visit, Pop worked tirelessly to improve the little school. With anything the little building needed, he was on hand to help. He fixed up the roof and had Moses chop wood for the stove that provided heat in the winter. They hauled water from the lake for the children to drink during the day. When a new teacher came to town, they had room and board at Pop's house. Of course, that meant Moses and his sisters had no excuses when it came to getting their school work done. Teacher lived at their house. Moses often heard his mama and pop talkin' about how special the school was; it wasn't every town that had a school for the colored folks. Mama said she felt right blessed that Pop had moved her and the kids out of the country to Clermont town so they could get learning. Pop was proud, too. Moses could tell by the way his eyes lit up when they discussed it.

But today was just not a day to love being indoors. The fresh, warm breeze blowing through the windows promised an afternoon full of adventure. With an entire weekend to work and play and romp through the countryside ahead of him, Moses felt as though the final minutes of class would surely last forever. His fingers cramped and his muscles ached.

"Nothin' is so hard as sittin' still fer hours," he sighed wearily to himself. An answering sigh came from the seat next to him. Moses turned and looked knowingly at his cousin. He was not alone in his restlessness.

Just when he thought he could bear it no longer, Teacher shut her book and with an understanding look dismissed the boys and girls cheerily, "Have a great weekend, children. See ya'll back again on Monday."

Students of all ages tumbled out of the little wood frame building. The afternoon awaited them. How good it was to stretch their legs and feel the warm grass beneath their feet. The girls and boys laughed and shouted with glee as they headed for their homes.

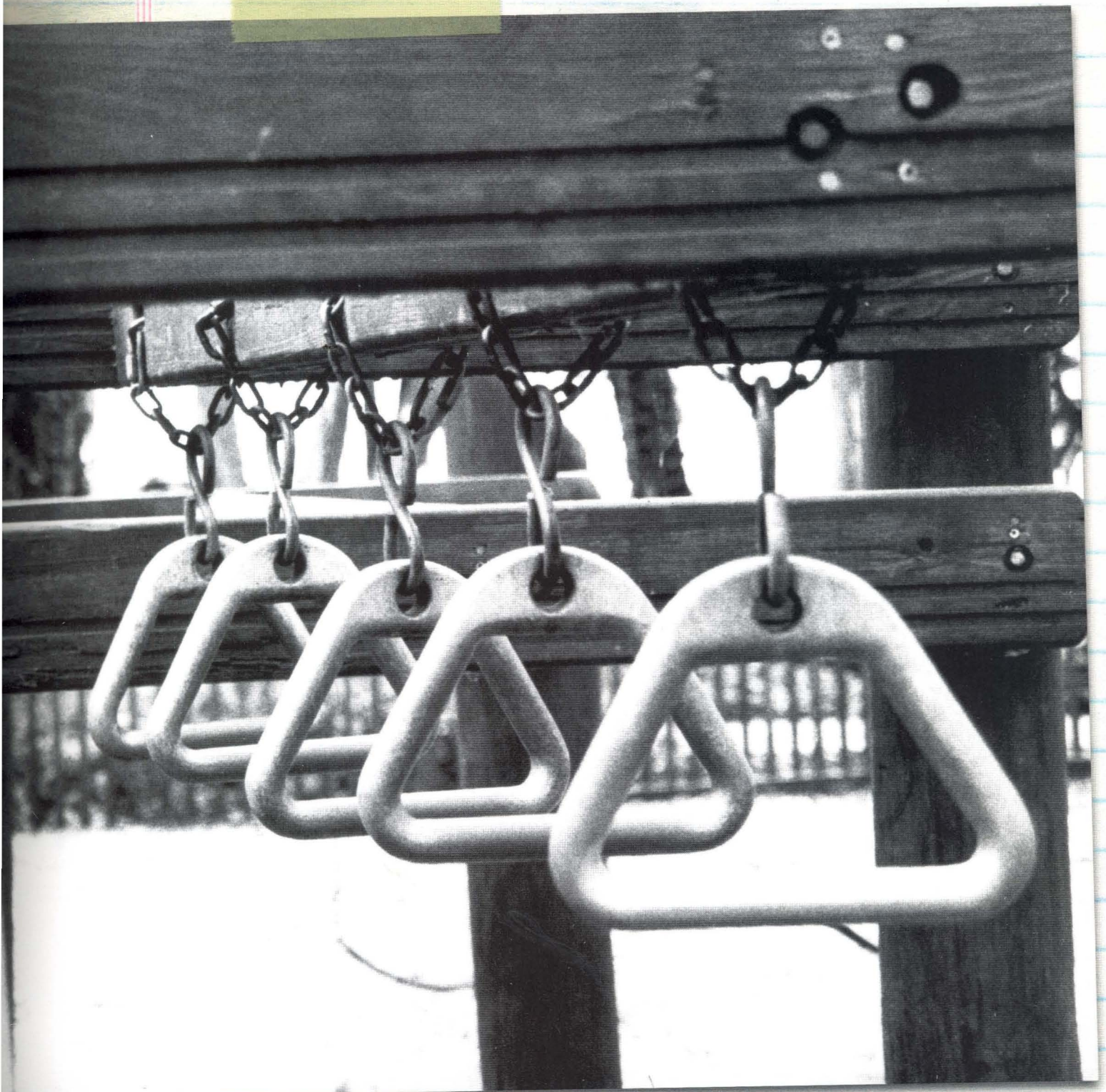
Moses hollered, "Cuz, ya ain't winnin' this time neither!" The boys raced toward the water's edge, dove in and swam furiously for the opposite shore. The water was refreshingly cool this time of year and the heat of the afternoon inside the schoolhouse left them and their bodies surged with energy. Splashing and laughing breathlessly, they reached the bank on the other side with Moses clambering out first and his cousin just behind. "You ol' ugly gator, I'll win ya next time!" yelled the undaunted loser. Moses just laughed, shook his head to get the water out of his eyes and jogged up the trail towards his home.

Fiction - 3rd Place

Rebecca Claerbout

a selection from "Elmer Bishop"





B&W Photography  
Amanda Sejba  
"Monkeybars"





Computer Graphics - 3rd Place  
Amanda Beaver  
"Sleeping Hana"

don't forget  
to call  
Jamie

Under cover of night  
I dream of escape  
To a hidden place.

No one knows  
Where I would like to go  
(Well, maybe you do...)  
I see an opening of light  
And I can make it through...

We shift like dancers  
In a time-travel drift  
To a childhood myth,  
Questions unanswered.

Try not to slip as you're dancing.  
I don't believe in passing fancies.  
Not for me.

I'm on the edge of my seat  
Even as I brace for possible defeat.

I've been slain by many,  
Made a fool, defamed aplenty,  
But I still return to feel the burn one more time,  
A newborn bird determined to fly.  
Sometimes, I reach the sky before I die.

Poetry  
Chloe Holt  
"Opening of Light"





Computer Graphics - 1st Place

Amanda Beaver

"Beautiful Hana"





Computer Graphics  
Libby Couch  
"Moonlight"




I saw the beautiful full moon tonight.  
 The animals dared not stir in the wild.  
 The clouds tried to hide her, but she was bright.  
 The breeze was cool and the wind was mild.  
 As I stared in awe and wonder, I sighed.  
 I sighed and dug my toes into the ground.  
 Oh! How I wished in the sky I could ride.  
 To soar up and grab her to pull her down,  
 So that I could save her beauty for all.  
 For then they might share the wonder with me.  
 Maybe I could catch her if she would fall,  
 But there she remained as high as could be.  
 Then the sun came and the moon went away.  
 She would return at the end of the day.

Poetry  
 Danielle Marie  
 "The Full Moon"



Color Photography  
 Daniel Dodsworth  
 "4429"

Doesn't this remind you of the last  
 time we went to Cocoa?  
 OH YEAH!! That was too much fun!  
 This time, let's do South Beach?  
 That sounds cool... we can talk  
 about it after class...  
 KBye 



## Muse; wonder

Do you ever wonder how the evening slowly devours the light

You've seen this, I know; the black pitch gently falling, noiseless and abrupt

Does it scare you? Move you?

Does the stalk of twilight ever do anything to transform you?

You've seen this, I know; the black pitch gently falling

Do you ever wonder how the shadow conquered the light

Do you ever wonder how the flocks of clouds stay afloat with the sky

Gigantean zeppelins suspended by angels and demons alike; graceful and shrewd

Do they protect you? Do they watch you?

Do the pillows of the gods ever dare to seduce you?

Gigantean zeppelins suspended by angels and demons alike

Do you ever wonder how the authors of thunder, fly so sweet

Do you ever wonder about the irrational sensibilities that wander into the courts of love

Reckless and degrading acts of devotion, moving desperately around our fingers

Does it leave you trembling? Leave you waiting?

Does the naïveté of love ever leave you weeping?

Reckless and degrading acts of devotion

Do you ever wonder how the requiem of our souls, has moved heaven and earth

I dare urge you to forget the mentions of miracle

And turn your ears to the soil, for the murmurs of the magical

No matter if you wonder of the night

No matter if you wonder of the cloud

No matter if you wonder of the love

My child, my son you must always be in wonder

Even if you wonder for nothing, or wonder for all

Poetry - 1st Place

Ryan Kelly

a selection from "Muse; Why?"





Mixed Media - Third Place  
Carol Kennedy  
"True Stipple Unicorn"





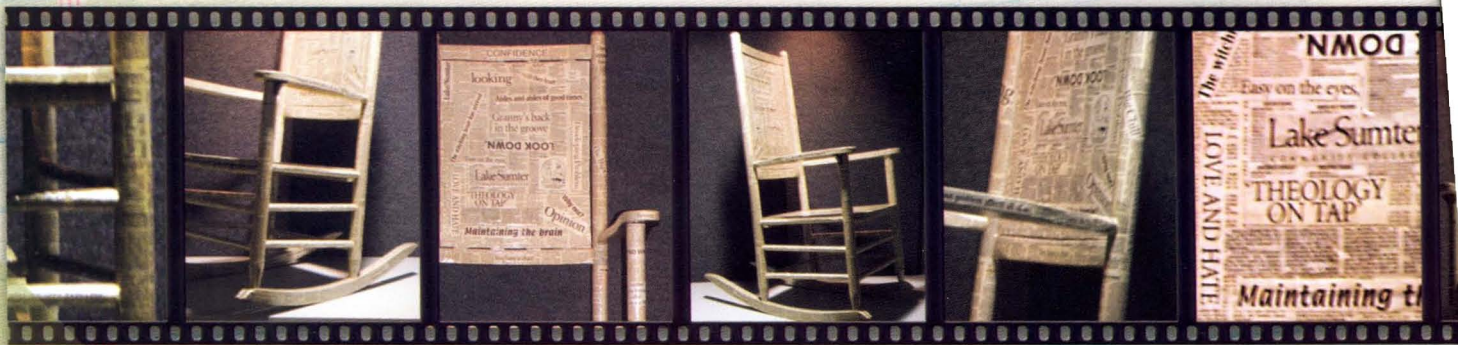
Color Photography  
Mackenzie LaRoe  
"Favorites"



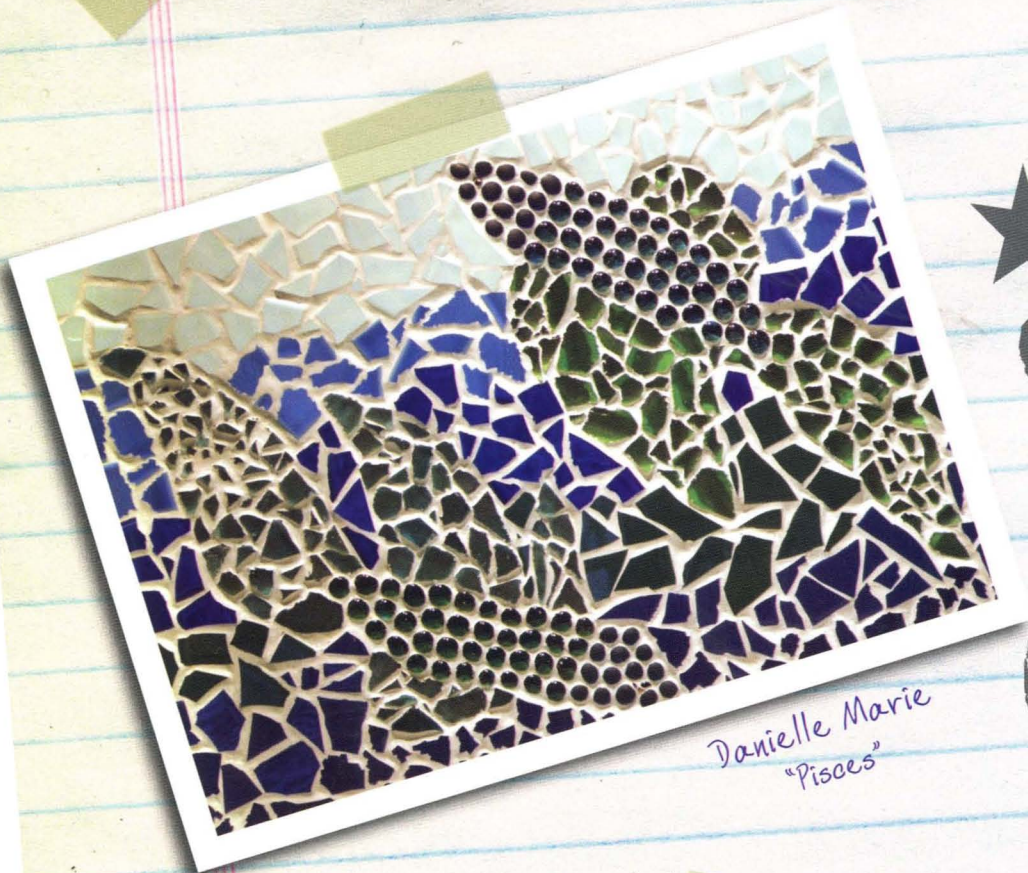


Color Photography - Third Place  
Amanda Beaver  
"What Are You Looking At?"

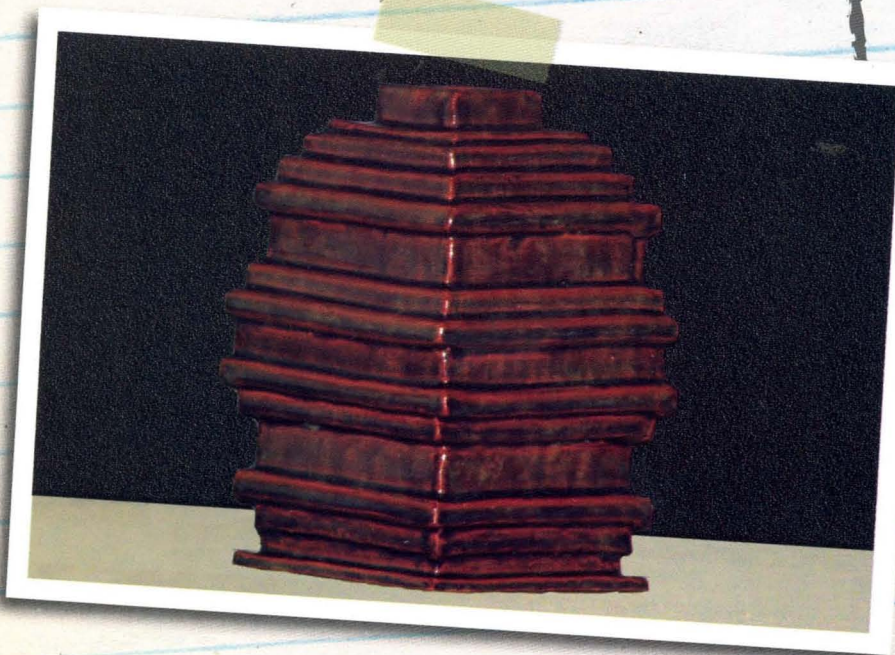




Bryant MacDonald  
"Sunday News"



Danielle Marie  
"Pisces"



Rebekah Blake  
"Stairway to Heaven"  
1st Place

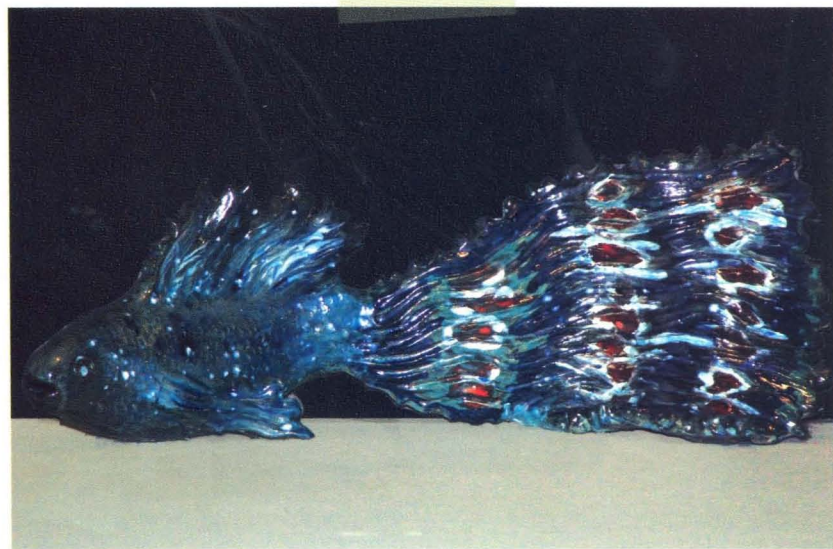
THREE





# 3D DIMENSIONAL ART

Vanessa Salazar  
"Odyssey"  
3rd Place



Mackenzie LaRoe  
"Just Keep Swimmin"  
2nd Place





Color Photography - 2nd Place  
Jason Rivera  
"Early Morning Sunrise"



Color Photography  
Jason Rivera  
"No Parking"





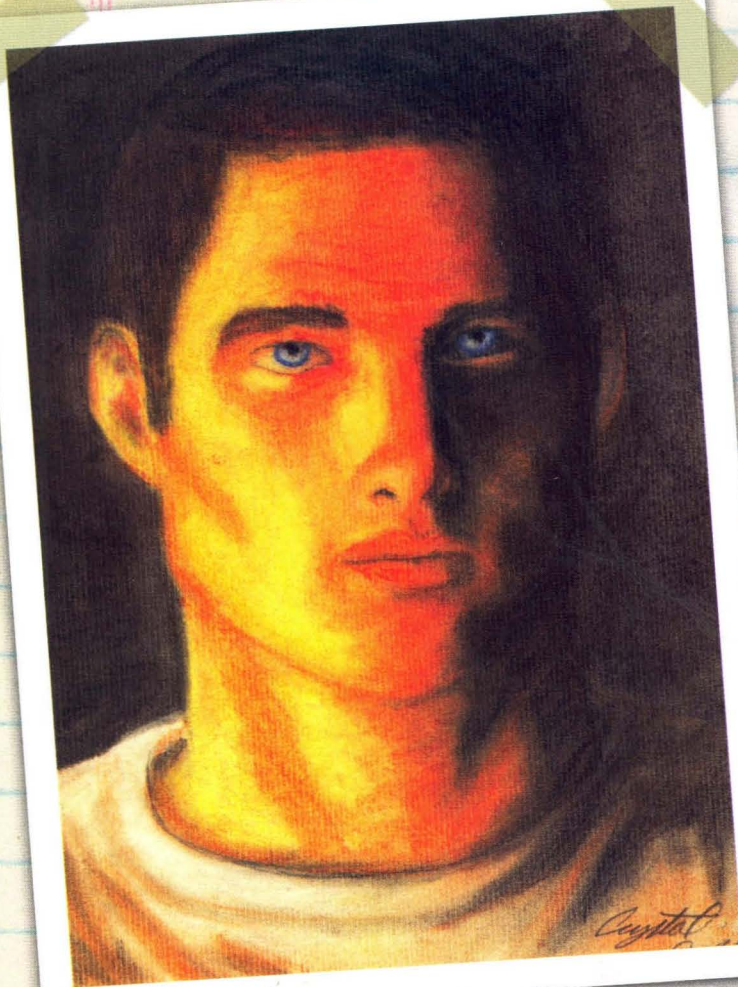
Drawing  
Mackenzie LaRoe  
"Wonder Woman"

Painting  
Vanessa Salazar  
"Lemon Juice"



Painting  
Mackenzie LaRoe  
"Martha"





Mixed Media  
Crystal Jack  
"Crichton"

Candace  
David's



Computer Graphics - 2nd Place  
Ariel Blomberg  
"Grasshopper"



# 2007 Winners

## Computer Graphics

- I - Amanda Beaver - "Beautiful Hana"
- II - Ariel Blomberg - "Grasshopper"
- III - Amanda Beaver - "Sleeping Hana"

## 3-Dimensional

- I - Rebekah Blake - "Stairway to Heaven"
- II - Mackenzie LaRoe - "Just Keep Swimmin"
- III - Vanessa Salazar - "Odyssey"

## Musical Composition

- I - Keith Cotton - "Maybe One Day"
- II - Minh Nguyen - "Lord, Why"
- III - Minh Nguyen - "Rock Show"

## Mixed Media

- I - Bryant McDonald - "Afternoon Storm"
- II - Bryant McDonald - "Balloon Festival"
- III - Carol Kennedy - "True Stipple Unicorn"

## Drawing

- I - Ashley Schultz - "Big Cats"
- II - Mackenzie LaRoe - "Wonder Woman"
- III - Ashley Schultz - "The Vampire"

## Color Photography

- I - Tara Fuchs - "Get The Point?"
- II - Jason Rivera - "Early Morning Sunrise"
- III - Amanda Beaver - "What Are You Looking At?"

## Black & White Photography

- I - Christina Gore - "Forever Young"
- II - Amanda Beaver - "Shadowed Fragrance"
- III - Mackenzie LaRoe - "Behing the Door Lies Secrets"

## Painting

- I - Mackenzie LaRoe - "Martha"
- II - Ashley Schultz - "Great Red Dragon"
- III - Amanda Umadat - "The Beauty of Mother & Child"

## Fiction

- I - Emilye Warren-Chasen - "Losing Minds"
- II - Rebekah Blake - "The Secret Invasion"
- III - Rebecca Claerbout - "Elmer Bishop"
- III - Vagan Mikaelian - "The Great Unexpected"

## Non-Fiction

- I - Jamie Duval-Register - "Why Do We Still Eat Meat?"
- II - Rebekah Blake - "What's So Great About Welfare Reform?"

## Poetry

- I - Ryan Kelly - "Muse, Why"
- II - Frederick Coleman - "Silver Flower"
- III - Erin Brecheen - "The Cradle of My Mother's Arms"

**\* \* \* congratulations! \* \* \***



# 2007 Contributors

Tara Fuchs  
 Leanda Pinkard  
 Rebekah Blake  
 Rebecca Claerbout  
 Vagan Mikaelian  
 Jacob Rabatin  
 Bryan Totten  
 Carol Kennedy  
 Emilye Warren-Chasen  
 Jamie Duval-Register  
 Chloe Holt  
 Danielle Marie  
 Wendy Almanza  
 Erin Brecheen  
 Keith Cotton  
 Minh Nguyen  
 Chelsea Kolb  
 Jon Napoles  
 Ryan Kelly  
 Frederick Coleman  
 Robert Mata  
 Amanda Umadat  
 Amanda Beaver  
 Ash Schultz  
 Amanda Sejba  
 Jack Banta  
 Mackenzie LaRoe  
 Vanessa Salazar  
 Jessica White  
 Ariel Blomberg  
 Karen Snell  
 Libby Couch  
 Crystal Jack  
 Cody Thacker  
 Jason Rivera  
 Daniel Dodsworth  
 Michelle Nemeth  
 Christina Gore  
 Bryant MacDonald



Dr. Mojok with 2007 winners  
at 2nd Annual Odyssey Exhibition

thank you!

## Judges

Dr. Melanie Wagner  
 Dr. Peter Arcaro  
 Kelly Cornell  
 Brian Rogers  
 Jennifer Johnson  
 Dr. Gary Sligh  
 Beth McNulty  
 Melinda Simmons

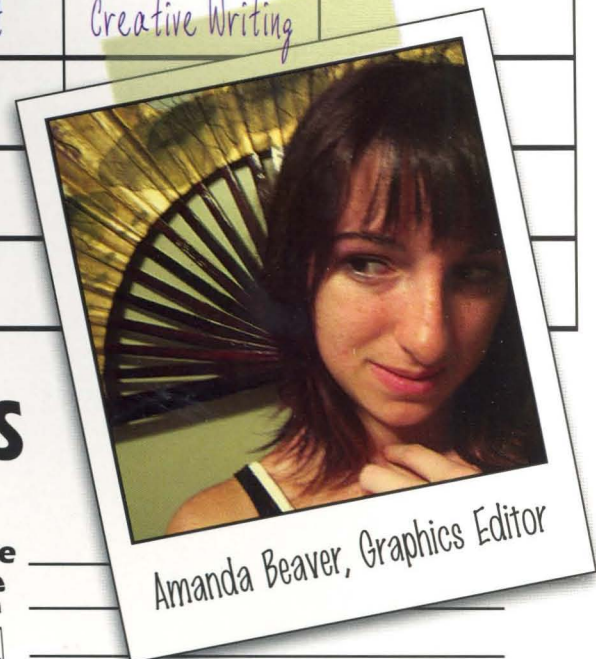
and to Heather Elmatti  
& LSCC Student Activities  
for their support!



# CLASS SCHEDULE

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
9:00			Pre-Calc		Pre-Calc
10:00			Bio 2		
11:00					
12:00	Keith Cotton, Editor-In-Chief <i>Government</i>				
1:00					
2:00					
3:00					
4:00					
		<i>Creative Writing</i>	<i>Sm Biz Mgmt</i>	<i>Creative Writing</i>	

## CONTACTS

NameName \_\_\_\_\_NameName





3 5 2 7 8 7 3 7 4 7

Lake-Sumter Community College  
Leesburg, FL  
[www.lsc.edu](http://www.lsc.edu)