To Our Readers,

Welcome to the fourth issue of Accents! We are pleased to offer a colorful magazine chock-full of exceptional writing, art and poetry from every level of ESL student. We are thrilled that Accents! is now being read and used in classrooms around the world. The beauty of an on-line medium is that we can create a borderless, global writing community, with authentic writers, readers and a student-centered audience. Accents! makes a fantastic supplemental text for teachers and students of writing, reading, grammar and speaking classes.

Accents! showcases exemplary student writing and art. It reflects the dynamic lives, vivid imaginations and clear voices of ESL student writers and artists. The magazine celebrates the diverse cultures, languages, ethnic backgrounds, opinions and rich life experience of its contributors. Accents! aim is to encourage and support ESL students who, in both demonstrative and quiet ways, contribute to our world’s diversity and intellectual life.

In an effort to acknowledge top writers, submissions for each issue are juried by a committee of full-time faculty. Awards are given in the following categories:

- Best Narrative (Novice, Intermediate, Advanced)
- Best Non-Narrative
- Best Fiction
- Best Poem
- Best Art Composition
- Editor’s Choice Awards

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Thank you to ...

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Jennifer Summerhays, Instructor, ESL

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ACCENTS: A Magazine By ESL Writers

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My Green Winter Coat

BY FLORICA MAKOWSKI • PASSAIC COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE

When I was three years old my mother was killed in a car accident. At seven when I had to start the school, my family put me in an orphanage to be sure that someone watched over me. Then when I was twelve, my father re-married and decided to take me home. I came home with the “green winter coat” uniform that all the children at the orphanage wore. For me it was like a stigma because everybody on the streets could identify that I was from there. The sad part of this was the fact that I had to wear that coat two more years until they bought me another one. Because I was growing, they adjusted the sleeves with some green fabric that wasn’t the same.

I was studying in the same school with the same children, and I felt terribly humiliated when they asked me, “Why did they take you home if they don’t have money to buy you another coat?” Maybe my father never realized how I felt wearing the same “green winter coat” from the orphanage, but I believed the children were right when they made their ironic remarks because they didn’t see any changes in me being home.

Coming to America

BY ADRIANO MAYPA • PASSAIC COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE

On December 19, 1994, I stepped on American soil. I had just stepped out of the Los Angeles International Airport. It was one of the happiest days of my life.

Back home in the Philippines, it was every Filipino’s dream to come to this country because we see America as the promised land that can change everyone’s life. If you live in a third world country and the economy keeps going down, you cannot achieve the comfortable life you want. For example, I would work twelve hours a day, seven days a week and I still could not meet the needs of my family. Do you know how much the average person makes a year? They are very lucky if they make two thousand dollars. Unlike here in America, if you are a hardworking person, you will survive.

I can say the education in my country is excellent, but you had to have a lot of money to get a good education. We don’t have loans or financial aid, so you have to be born rich to get into a good university. In America, you can get loans or grants from many foundations.

Do you know why I love this country? It is because the American Dream is still out there. You just have to say focused on the challenges that you face everyday, stay on the right track, and have a lot of patience. “Someday,” I tell myself, “I will make it.”
I will never forget the day I lost the girl I loved because of a stupid mistake I did. Shame didn’t matter at that time and I insisted on driving my father’s car without his permission.

A girl I met at my friend’s party just made me crazy. A friend of mine called Tom invited me to his birthday party at his house. There were a lot of people there, but only one girl attracted me. She was so beautiful, so I could not just let her go. I turned my eyes on her, and when she noticed, I smiled. She did not hesitate and smiled back shyly. She was so elegant. I could see from the way she was dressed up that she had a rich family. That did not bother me at all. Although the girl was too shy to talk, I did not move until I got her phone number.

Her name was Cindy. We started to talk on the phone, and started to know each other better and better. I was not wrong; she was rich and had a fancy car. When I heard that, I don’t know what happened to me. A feeling of embarrassment haunted my mind because my car was a rat next to hers. It was a new BMW that she had.

Days flew quickly, and our relationship got stronger, but only by talking on the phone or chatting on the Internet. I did not want her to change her mind about me, so I did not want her to see my car. That was the only reason that kept me from not asking her out. One day, she wanted to go out. I knew I was the person who was supposed to ask for that, but I had my reasons, which kept my mouth shut.

Days later, I could not stand it anymore. I had to go out with her, or otherwise I had to leave her. I looked around and my eyes fell on my father’s Mercedes. It was definitely better than my old Honda. I did not know how that idea came to my mind, but I was not thinking of anything in the world except going out with Cindy.

My dad usually comes back home from his work at 4:00pm everyday, and after he eats his dinner, he goes out with his friends in their cars. An idea knocked my head. That was my chance to take his car. I called Cindy and asked if she wanted to go out. She agreed. I waited until my dad left, and then I took the car and rushed to her place. I was confused and nervous, and so my driving was not normal. I reached her house and when she came out of the house, my spirit traveled to another world.

(continued on next page …)
Love May Kill Sometimes continued...

That blue dress she was wearing and her straight blonde hair waving in the air made her look like a princess. I took her to the theater, and then we ate dinner in a fancy restaurant. I don’t know how time passed so quickly, but before I knew it, I found myself on the way back to her house to drop her off. Maybe because I was very happy, I drove crazy at 100mph. She told me to decrease my speed, but I could not hear her. I was in another world.

The last thing I remembered was that when I opened my eyes, I found myself in a hospital. I had serious injuries, and my body was all bruised and cut. I realized something really bad happened, but I could not recall. My mother was standing there near my bed and crying sadly. I asked why I was there. My mother said I had had an accident. I was shocked, and the only person I asked about was Cindy. Only my mother knew about my relationship with Cindy. I asked her, “Where is Cindy”. She said with eyes full of tears, they were on their way to bury her body. “You’ve killed her by your carelessness”, my mother added. My mind went blank, and everything around me turned blurry. I felt no power in my body, and I passed out.

I could not forgive myself for what I did. I had ended a girl’s life, and it was not any girl. It was Cindy. The only true love I ever had. There was nobody to be blame but me. I still regret my stupidity. Until the last day of my life, I will never forget Cindy and what I did to her.

Saying a Prayer

By Adalgisa Ruiz • Passaic County Community College

I offered a prayer two weeks ago in Our Lady of Lourd’s Church. This is a Catholic church where every Friday at night, a group of people pray to God. I was there two weeks ago. I was sitting on the front row when a young man who was praying asked me to offer a prayer to the holy spirit.

First I felt very nervous and I wanted to stay in my seat, but I thought I couldn’t say no to talk about God. So, I went to stand up in front of many people.

Next, I started to speak, but I didn’t know how to start because I hadn’t ever prayed in front of many people before. Then I felt some beautiful feeling. It was like raining happiness inside me. It made me have beautiful thoughts, and many words about God flew from me.

Later I felt so quiet. Then I closed my eyes and I said every word that came to my mind. I felt I was saying the most beautiful words that I had ever said, and I thought that those words did not come from me.

Finally, I opened my eyes, and when my eyes were open, I felt cheerful. I had tears running down my face. Even those tears were so happy and a beautiful feeling was and still is inside me. I’ll never forget that beautiful experience.
A Perfect Day  
By Anonymous • Passaic County Community College

I was twenty-five years old when I bought a motorcycle. One evening, I was bored. I decided to go out to visit one of my friends. I started my motorcycle and rode down the street. I remember that I arrived at a traffic light. I stopped and waited for the light to turn green. As I waited at the light, I opened my mouth to begin to sing one of my favorite songs. Suddenly, I felt my mouth and my tongue on fire! I had to find out what had happened to me. I know something was in my mouth, and I had to get it out. I spit that thing out. Do you know what it was? I will tell you in the next paragraph.

Finally, I reached the doctor who was a family friend. When I arrived there, his secretary saw me. She started to laugh. I wasn’t able to talk, I couldn’t breathe and I had a severe pain in my tongue. I tried to explain to her, but she just laughed at me. She made me angry. After a few seconds, she brought the doctor in to see me, who also burst into laughter as soon as he saw me, and that made me very angry. He sat and asked me, “What happened to you?” I wrote down on a piece of paper, “My tongue is swollen in my mouth.” The doctor went inside a room, and he returned with a shot. He gave me three shots in my tongue and face.

Later on when I looked at myself in the mirror, I understood why they were laughing at me. My tongue was out of my mouth and my whole face was swollen because a hornet had stung my tongue. The doctor told me if I hadn’t gone to his office that day, the poison would have choked me. In short, because of this incident, I will never sing a song outside the house again.

A Memorable Trip  
By Nayara G. De Souza • Passaic County Community College

My memorable trip happened when I went to Washington D.C three weeks ago. When I was there, I thought I was dreaming. That city is the most beautiful that I had ever seen before. When I went to the White House I almost cried, because I had only seen the White House on T.V. The Capitol was wonderful, too. I could not believe it when I saw the Capitol, because a lot of movies were being recorded there at the same time I was there. The Lincoln Memorial and Washington Memorial were wonderful as well. I took a lot of pictures of them. After that, I went to a museum where there were a lot of planes. Ah!!! There was also a piece from the moon. When I touched that piece I did not believe it. I was happy and delighted. When I got home, I called my parents in Brazil. I told them everything about Washington. They were so happy. I will never forget this trip.
It was a cold day and it was raining outside. I could see the drops through the big window. It was really a very sad day; my mother had to leave to another country. She was leaving us behind — my three sisters, my brother and me. We were in the airport waiting for her flight to depart, while she was sitting on a chair breast feeding my little brother. He was only 6 months old, and I was asking myself if this was going to be the last time I would see my mother. I was scared. I didn’t want her to go away. I didn’t understand why, why, why she had to leave us.

She called almost every weekend, but we didn’t talk for a very long time. I am still mad at her because she left me. It was hard for me because I’m the oldest sister of 5 children, and I had to work to help my grandmother, me and my brother. My other 3 sisters stayed with my father.

After a couple of months, I forgot I was mad at my mother, and I understood she came to this country to work to give us a better future. She worked very hard for two years, and she saved enough money to buy me a ticket to come to this country to be with her. I was so happy.

Immigrating to the United States from Peru was not difficult for me, because I knew I could continue my education here. Unlike in the United States, it is very expensive to go to college in my country. Also, if you have the opportunity to go to college and finish, it is very difficult to find a job. Also, I knew I could find a better job opportunity and make much money working in this country. In the end, I am very glad my mother made the decision to come to the United States, because after that bad experience my life changed for good.
When I was about fourteen years of age, I always saw women who were wearing white
dresses with white veils. These were the religious sisters. Once, I said to myself, "I have to wear
clothes like them, because they look so nice and beautiful."

One day in class, a teacher asked us what we would like to be when we finished
with our school. So, I answered and said I wished to wear clothes like those sisters.
Later, this teacher of mine called me and talked to me about this. She told me to
attend a gathering for girls (vocational workshop) that would be hosted by the
sisters. When they started explaining to us the different steps in becoming a sister, I found it
really hard and difficult. It made it not really easy to decide, because I was ashamed
and my friends were making jokes out of it. Anyhow, I decided that I would join them.

Time went on and my teacher came and asked me if I had stopped being a sister. I didn't
answer her back and even ran away from her. At once, I started again being best friends with her,
and she also encouraged me not to listen to my friends or to anyone who was trying to spoil my
future. She told me to attend another workshop that was being held by the same sisters and
another group. After the workshop, the sisters told me to visit them, but unfortunately that day never
happened.

I finished my school and went to stay at home to improve some of my subjects. During that
time while I was improving, I felt so disturbed that I hadn't fulfilled the promises that I had made to
the sisters. In my dreams I saw myself as a sister. I felt crazy within myself and it didn't help that every
friend of mine was calling me "sister". At that point, I made the decision to join the sisterhood. When
my friends saw me wearing the habit, they were surprised.

Immediately, I felt happy with myself and the choice that I had made for my future life. My
village community was surprised and happy to see someone young enter religious life.

At last, I felt that joining the sisterhood was important for me, especially to be with different
people with different cultures. It's something that lets me feel more comfortable and free to serve
and do what I felt I was being asked to do in and outside the community. Achieving a goal means
making a dream real for yourself.
The trip was fatiguing. The airplane arrived four hours late and after ten very long hours sitting in one place, I was feeling awful. Everybody looked happy leaving the aircraft but not me. "My God, what am I doing here?" These were my first spoken words when I stood on American soil.

The airport was very big. I had never seen so many people before. Some tired kids were crying, and others were playing very noisily. I wanted to exit as soon as possible. But when a short, black woman asked me something, I was frightened. I had no idea what she was talking about. I started to cry when one young Polish woman came and asked me what happened.

"I don't understand her. I don't know what to do," I cried. "Is this your first time in the USA?" she asked. I nodded. "Yes!" "Always, the first day is very hard, but don't worry, you will be fine," she said. "Come on, I will help you." I was very thankful that she took care of me.

"My name is Anna and yours?" she inquired. "Iwona," I answered. "It is nice to meet you, Iwona. Come on, don't be nervous. You will see, everything is not really bad." Anna tried to console me.

When we passed through U.S Customs, I had to go to an immigration office to process my Green Card. Of course, Anna went with me everywhere. She was my translator because I didn't speak English. At last, she showed me where I could pick up my baggage. "Anna, how do you know everything?" I asked her. "Because this is my fourth time here," she answered.

I was startled because she was so obliging. "Iwona, let me tell you something," Anna said. "When I arrived here for the first time, I didn't speak any English. I didn't know anyone and nobody helped me. I was very scared, very nervous, and I felt very lonely. So, now I try to help people like you. I know your feelings and thoughts."

We went out and I saw a large crowd of people waiting for their relatives. There was another problem. I could not find my father. I didn't remember what he looked like because I had not seen him for about fifteen years. "Anna, I don't know where he is," I said nervously again. "Maybe he is in traffic. Don't worry, we will find him." I wished to be as calm as she was, but I was full of bad feelings and thoughts. I didn't know what to do and where to go if my father didn't come. I hoped that nothing had happened.

(continued on next page …)
My First Day in the USA continued ...

After a while a short, chubby woman came to me and asked, “Are you Iwona?” “Yes,” I answered. “Welcome, Honey!” She hugged and kissed me. “I am sorry that your father did not recognize you, but I saw your pictures before and I thought it must be you.” I didn’t like her. I felt she was too sweet. I knew we would never be friends because she didn’t look trustworthy with her crafty eyes and insincere smile. Finally, my father appeared and introduced this lady as his girlfriend. Anna excused herself. “Sorry, I have to go,” she said and gave me a piece of paper with her phone number written on it. “Please call me. I would like to know how you are doing here, okay?” I promised to call her as soon as I could.

My family took me home. That was a very long and exhausting day, but a few days later I called Anna. We chatted about my new job and new experiences. “I told you everything would be fine,” she said. I was very appreciative of what Anna did for me. “I hope if I need your help, I can count on you, right?” she asked. “Of course you can,” I promised her. Anna and I are still friends. We call and meet each other very often. Sometimes we go out together so we can talk about our problems. When something is going wrong, Anna is always by my side.

As you can tell, my first day in this country was very rough. But it was also an important lesson for me. Now I know, when I have problems, I cannot give up. I can’t go to pieces. I must believe in myself. I also learned than I must help other people with their problems just like Anna helped me. I will give them a helping hand because I never know when I will need someone’s help.

The Crash

By Mario Cruz • Passaic County Community College

A terrible thing happened to me, 6 years ago. I crashed my father’s new truck against a wall. Early in the afternoon, I was with my friend washing my car and listening to music. Later when we finished washing the car, my friend told me to give him a ride to his house. Immediately, I took the keys out of my father’s new truck because I was anxious to drive the new truck.

After that, we were on the way to my friend’s house, when I saw another friend of mine sitting on the corner of the sidewalk, and I thought, “I’ll scare him when I get back from my friend’s house. I’ll turn so fast on this corner and I know he’ll get so scared.” Next, I left my friend at his house and told him that I was trying to scare my other friend on the corner. He told me, “Don’t do that thing man, you might crash on the next corner.”

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The Crash continued ...

At last, I didn’t even think about what my friend told me, because I really wanted to scare my friend on the corner. I was about 100 feet from my friend and I started to go faster and faster, in order to turn close to the corner and scare him. Immediately, when I turned the corner, I lost control of the truck and crashed against a wall near my friend. I felt so frightened, because the truck was destroyed and my father used to tell me, “I will let you drive the new truck, but don’t crash it.” I was inside the truck and there were many people outside watching what was happening. Everybody was asking me, “Are you all right? Do you feel something wrong with you?” I was trying to start the truck to go to my house and tell my father what had happened, and at last it started.

That was a terrible experience that I wouldn’t like to happen to me again. I will never try to scare people that way. I felt so frightened that day and I will never forget it.

A Frightening Experience

By Anonymous • Passaic County Community College

One of the days that I will never forget occurred two years ago, when I was reviewing for my Bachelor degree down in our house’s basement. I was sitting on the floor next to the door’s basement. This was my favorite place because through the door which was made of glass, I could see the trees, the sun and the entire garden. On that day, the door was open. It was three p.m. when two kittens were suddenly at the door. For the first time, these little cats were near me sniffing. This reaction surprised me and immediately gave me the idea that there was something wrong in that place.

As I kept looking at the kittens, I suddenly saw a long snake. It was fifty inches long, and it was slithering around the floor. My entire body began to shake. I only had the idea of jumping on the table and I thought about leaving the basement. Then I said, “No I have to kill this dangerous snake.”

I was terrified and really in trouble. What should I do? This creeping snake was trying to leave the basement. I picked up a bat that I found in the corner of the room. I remembered what my father said one time, “You can automatically kill a snake if you strike it on its head.”

With all my strength, and with all my trembling hand, I hit the snake’s head strongly. But unfortunately, the strike wasn’t that strong. The snake began shaking, and I was really afraid; I screamed for my mother. She ran quickly and came by me. She was surprised to see me next to a long snake. She took a big stone and crushed its head. I stayed where I was for a while. I was shocked at myself that I had all this strength to kill a snake. It was a frightening experience, but I felt proud because I was responsible for killing a snake. However, from this day on, I have never studied in the basement, and every time I go there I remember that experience.
It has been nineteen years now and I am still living in exile. After the Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1959, my parents have been living in exile and so have I. Nobody from my family has ever been to Tibet. It is very hard when people ask the question, “Where are you from? What nationality are you? Where is your country?” I feel left out. No one seems to know that a country called Tibet exists. It is sad when I tell them that we are refugees, always having to learn everything over and over again — unlike regular students. There are always cultural, linguistic, and traditional barriers. A big responsibility is on every Tibetan to get our country back, free from China through non violence. The victory seems very far away. I don’t know if I am living my own life or living a life for my country.

My parents grew up without their parents. My mother was raised by her sister and two brothers. She tells me stories about her school days. Their school was so poor that they would find bugs and worms in their food. This was common. No family would ever visit her in school except her older brother, who was in the army, and who only came once in a while. She tells me how she waited to see her brother and sister on holidays.

Living in exile has affected our life in many ways. People could not complete higher education for many reasons such as finances and our refugee status. I am the first person from my family who completed high school and is going to college. Everyone has big expectations for me. They tell me to study hard and be a good person. I am the new role model for our little cousins. That is a lot of pressure. I find it difficult to make my own decisions about things without wondering if my family would agree with my choices. I never had grandparents, which was a big gap in my life, and I was always so sad about that. Almost everyone that I knew had either a grandmother or grandfather. I used to get so jealous when I saw my cousins getting candies and sweets from their grandparents. We do not even have pictures of our grandparents.

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I think I have traveled enough at nineteen. I was born in India where we lived for almost eight years. Then, we moved to Nepal where I went to a Tibetan boarding school from third to tenth grade. I had to learn Tibetan history, religion, culture and on top of that I had to learn Nepali history, geography, cultural, language and social studies. Now I am here in America, exposed to a completely different environment. Again, I feel like I am repeating some things, like having to learn American history, literature, culture, and geography. It is very hard to keep up with different cultures at the same time when you are moving around all the time. Everywhere I go I have to start my life all over again from the little things, like adjusting to the food to big things like making friends. I do not have really close friends. Everyone has their best friends from childhood to high school. I was a child when we moved to Nepal, so I lost touch with my childhood friends from India. Now I am starting to lose touch with my friends from Nepal after moving to the States. It is hard to make new friends here in the U.S. because of language, culture and traditional barriers.

Most Asian countries are very traditional and so is Tibet. I was brought up in a very traditional way. My parents sent me to a Tibetan school; we spoke and ate Tibetan food in our house all the time. Back in India and Nepal, we lived in a small Tibetan town. All Tibetans gathered with their traditional clothes on whenever there was a big function or celebration. We were taught in our school to respect your elders and to never to talk back. When I first saw students talking back to their teacher or debating a certain topic here in America, I was astounded because it was such an unusual thing to see.

It is surreal when I think about my life. How can so many things happen in such little time? It makes me laugh and cry at the same time. I am happy that I am exposed to a new culture, tradition and language. But that was not something that I always wanted. I was almost forced to study all those things. I am proud that I speak four languages, but there is too much pressure, high expectation and responsibility on me. So, the answer to the question, “Who am I?” is that I am a young Tibetan woman living in America, who is confused and wishes to see her country soon. It is not easy to be me.
Eleven O’clock at night, lights went off. This happens every night if the authorities of the community only turn on the electricity generator that day. This is what happens when you live in a rural community. There is a big difference between rural and urban communities.

In small communities like Orellana (Loreto), located in the North East of Peru, “the jungle”, people only use small boats. Whereas, in the cities they only use cars. Orellana is on the border of the Ucayally River, so the only way to travel around is by boat. Some people can get around by small planes, mono-motor aircraft, but these are very expensive. So, people prefer handmade boats made of wood. Inside the village, everyone walks everywhere; they do not use anything else but their feet to take them places.

While in the jungle, communication was also a big difference I had to deal with. In the city, I was used to cell phones and telephones. But when the time came to make a call in Orellana, I went back 30 or 40 years. I had to use a transistor radio. It was so weird. I could not hear what my mother was telling me, and at the end of every thing I said, I had to say “over”. I really could not speak comfortably with my mother, but after the third call, I was a pro. In the village there were no forms of communication other then radio. There were no newspapers or magazines. However, in the city as we walk by the streets we see a newsstand on every corner. In the jungle, there was only one TV, and there was no electricity almost all the time. We could only watch when the authorities turned on the electricity generator. We watched only one channel with a series from 1960.

Finally, there is a big difference between eating in the city and in a rural community. In the city we can go to Mc Donald and eat a sandwich or go through the drive thru. In the village you eat what you can. In the jungle, the basic food is fresh fish, rice, and bananas. They also eat wild animals like zajino (wild pig) and ronsoco (rodeo) This animal has a special odor. When you eat it, you can smell it and its not good. I can only eat it if it was prepared with a lot of onion and tomato, so that way the odor goes away.

I would choose the Peruvian jungle over the urban jungle any day.
When I was a kid, I used to think that all jobs were the same and that I would always be able to find a good job. I was thirteen years old when I came to this country. A year and a half passed by and I was in middle school, where I found out about a summer job for under-age students, and that is when I decided to join that program. I thought that it was going to be something simple, but I was very wrong.

I went through all the paperwork to enroll in the program in a week. The secretary told me that they were going to send me the job information and my time sheet to fill out when I started to work. A week passed and all the paperwork came by mail. I was excited because it was going to be my very first time working in the United States. My father was not happy about it. But my brother was supportive.

A few days after I got all the information — where the place was and the name of the manager for whom I was going to work — my first day came. I was nervous about everything. I took the bus that day at 7 a.m. and arrived at my stop, from where I had to walk another half hour to get to that place.

The name of my workplace was "Costello Pool." When I read, "pool," I thought it was going to be something nice, but it was not nice at all. When I finally got there, nobody was there yet because I was five minutes early. Finally, when my boss arrived, we talked a little bit about what my duties were and what my schedule was.

I understood most of what he said but not everything because, at the time, my English was not good. My duties were supposed to be handing out towels and giving the customers shampoo and conditioner. In the morning, I was supposed to get my things ready, not clean up, but I did not know that (yet)! There was an older girl who was supposed to do that. One day she got the idea that it would be smart to say that the boss had told her to tell me to clean up the toilets and shower, mop, sweep the parking lot and take all the garbage out from the garbage cans. In addition, She told me to come in an hour early to do all that.

I believed her about everything, so I came early the following week and did it all, until one day when my boss came early and saw everything. I was cleaning the toilets with my hands because that is what the girl said.

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First Summer Job in the USA continued ...

My boss asked me, "What are you doing there?"

I answered, "Cleaning before we open and I'm almost done. I just need to mop. That is it."

He asked, "Who told you to do that?"

I said, "Nina. She told me it was part of my job."

He told me to stop everything that I was doing and took me to his office. I thought I was in trouble and I was scared. Then he called Nina over. When she came into the office, she saw me sitting there.

She was mad and surprised that the boss was early, but she was trying to hide it. My boss asked her if she had told me to clean up and do all her duties. She said that I was the one who had asked her to let me do it. I tried to tell him that this was a lie, but I could not say that because I didn't know how. However, just as we were speaking, my co-worker Jose came in. He was Puerto-Rican and a really nice guy.

When Jose came into the office, he translated the words for me, explaining to our boss that he had overheard Nina when she was telling me to do all her duties. He cleared everything up for me and I was relieved. My boss fired Nina and told me that I didn't have to do all that, and if I wanted I could take the whole week off and get paid for it because he said I deserved it.

I did take the week off. After I finished the program, I felt that it had taken a few pounds off me. It was a very difficult experience, but it helped me understand that there was still cruelty in the world, especially racism. That girl Nina made me cry so much. She insulted me and was disrespectful to me most of the time that we were working together. She made me suffer so much that I regretted having come to the United States.

This is a job that I would NEVER want to have again, not the place but the co-worker Nina. Because they show so much disrespect to new immigrants, people like that should not work in public places. Since having that job, I have told myself that I will NEVER let anybody treat me like that again. Now I am working in a great place with nice co-workers.

I saw Nina once after she was fired and she looked awful. I do not wish her anything bad. I only wish to be kind to people who don't speak very good English. That is all. Thank God that is now in my past.
A famous writer said, "My job is my life." For many people in the United States, it is a bitter reality. Usually, a common person communicates and sees coworkers at least eight hours a day and five days per week. So, coworkers have a great influence on the person. As a result, they can make the person's working life miserable or happy. In my life, I have worked with different people and some of them have had an extremely negative influence on me. One of these people was my first supervisor in the United States.

He was an illegal Polish immigrant who worked as a carpenter in a small business. For our jobs, we had to work together in a small shop for a long time. He did one part of the job and I, the other. In particular, we made kitchen cabinets. While doing his job, he continuously watched me. He probably did it just from a lack of entertainment; but after a couple of months, I began to feel uncomfortable in his presence. Even worse, I started to hate him. After one year of twelve hours of daily work, an atmosphere of hate filled the shop. I guess we both had the same feeling. In order to calm down, I started to dream about ways of revenge. For example, I had a strong desire to make a phone call to the INS and report him. Only a lack of knowledge of the language stopped me. As the result of being continuously watched for almost one year, my nervous system was completely destroyed.

Besides non-stop watching, he never talked with me. In fact, we could not talk because of the noisy conditions of the job. Besides that, we did not talk on our breaks because of different backgrounds, different languages, different cultural and religious traditions, and a lack of interest in each other. In my case, working seventy hours per week without any kind of conversation in the small dwelling made me feel like a prisoner in solitary confinement. Obviously, it had some negative influences on my psychological health. I started to hate Polish people.

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In addition, he tried to treat me as a second class person. He began to force me to do some cleaning jobs that I did not like to do. Obviously, I slowed down on this job. At the same time, the supervisor and an owner, who was Polish, began to look for a worker who could replace me. A number of people came in, but nobody worked longer than for a couple of months because of the supervisor's personality. Certainly, waiting to be fired did not improve my opinion about Polish people and did not help calm my nerves. Finally, I was fired. That was the happiest event in my life.

Thus, working for one year with a person I hated seriously damaged my psychological and physical health. In particular, my nervous system was destroyed, and I began to hate Polish people with every particle of my soul. It impacted me so strongly that, after almost five years, I still have the same feeling as I had five years ago. So, according to my experience, I can say that coworkers sometimes have tremendous influence on a person's life. So, if you do not get along with your coworkers, it is better to change a jobs than to damage your health.
Mohammed is twenty-four years old. He was born in America. Mohammed is a student at Montclair State University. His major is accounting. He is a very positive-minded young guy who wants to do something different in life. His ancestors were originally from Bangladesh. He is very enthusiastic about his ancestors and their country.

His father is a doctor who works in New York. His father was a medical student in Bangladesh. As a good student his father got a student visa. In this way, he came to this country. A few years later, he got an American green card. Then he went back to Bangladesh and married a Bangladeshi lady. Two years later, in 1981, Mohammed was born here. He has never gone to Bangladesh.

He wants to visit his country of origin. He wants to see where his father was born and brought up. He has heard many interesting stories from his parents about their country. He knows how much they love their country. He wants to know more about this country. He has already learned about Bangladesh from the Internet, but he is scared to go there because he can’t speak Bengali very well. He is thinking that when he goes there, everybody will laugh at him. However, he is planning to go there next summer. In summer it will be very hot there, but summer is the best time to visit because at other times he has to take classes. Furthermore, he wants to taste handmade cakes, which are only available there in the summer time. He feels hungry when his mother talks about them. One of his aunts lives there, and she is always inviting him to visit the country. He feels great affection for her without ever having met her.

As a result, he is dreaming of the country where his ancestors used to live. Now he is counting the days.
LIKE IT
BY DJAMEL MAKHLOUFI • NEW JERSEY CITY UNIVERSITY

This is America. You have to like it.
Even if it means hard work, you have to like it.
Americans like hard work, but you don’t like it.
It’s a principle. Sorry, it’s a religion. Everybody likes it.
How did you come from so far away to say, “I don’t like it?”
If not, be an American, worship hard work and like it.
If you don’t like it, you’ll be outside. No food. No roof. So, like it.
Your body and mind don’t like it, but like it because
How many dollars you like depends on how much you like it.
I will bother you all the time until you like it.
Then, when you like it, I will keep saying, “Like it”.

PROMISING QUEENS
BY CARLOS FIERRO • NEW JERSEY CITY UNIVERSITY

They were all going to be Queens.
They were all going to be Queens
of the American Dream.
They were all going to be coroneted
by the blue and sepia clicks from magazine images.
What is Haiku?

Haiku is one of the most important forms of traditional Japanese poetry. Haiku is, today, a 17-syllable verse form consisting of three metrical units of 5 — 7 — 5 syllables. Traditionally, Haiku is called hokku. These poems contain a special season word and include a unified sensory impression, subscribing carefully to the syllabic parameters. Although rarely broken by hokku writers, these rules are frequently dismissed by modern haiku who subscribe to the “free-form” haiku movement.

That Lush Tree

BY IVAN BALASI • NEW JERSEY CITY UNIVERSITY

I.
Seeking that lush tree;
Find the apple that will give
The key to my dreams.

II.
I speak loud enough
Because I want to be heard
I will not be mute.
... more haiku

Like it Is
By Yanira Mendoza
New Jersey City University

I.
Company but love
Like a rose in a grass plot
Just the way life is.

II.
I'm happy and sad
Undecided like that is
Depressing it is.

Distant Love
By Maithili Shah
New Jersey City University

Luv with someone far
Cannot talk, see, hug and kiss
Just a dream not truth.

Weeps
By Marinell Montales
New Jersey City University

Weeps like a strong storm
Dressed in polka dots and wig
Laugh and cry with me.

My Love
The mountains and seas
Under one sun, moon and sky
So close yet so far.

Why do I love thee?
From where do my feelings come?
Real, but no word reads.

As vague as it gets,
I hear her bliss, he fights war
All these, all at once.
... and more haiku

Three Poems
BY YELENA GRUBER • NEW JERSEY CITY UNIVERSITY

To My Baby
Speechless at three she
Never to leave me alone
Where is she now?

Roots
Left in a hurry
Pulled and died without it
Give me yours to start

My Life
Lost myself in transit
 Barely caught my breath but
Now I’m freeeeeeee

When I See You
BY EMEDY FRIAS • PASSAIC COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE

When I see you, I feel happy.
When I listen to you, I feel excited.
If someday you were mine,
I would give you all my love.
Who We Are
BY A NOVICE ESL CLASS
PASSEIC COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Aliattin Basci
My wife is from Turkey.
The semester is 16 weeks long.
The classroom is on the first floor.

Eglee Cifuentes
My dog is dark brown.
I need a coffee with milk.
I have a headache

Emre Eren
My school is very big.
New York City is beautiful and big.
I love the Formula-1 racing team.

Leonela Guzman
I have a new book.
My family is a great group.
I have a good job.

Leotilde Nova
I love my children.
I like to swim in the pool.
I live in Passaic.

Luisa Solano
I like to drink milk.
I have interesting books.
I have a new car.

Ana Quispe
My son plays outside.
My name is Ana Quispe.
The teacher is nice.

Maria Ventura
I like to dance.
My kids like to play in parks.
I love my children.

Selenia Rosa
Today is Thursday.
My cousin never plays with me.
I pay my bill late.
Crashing in Between

BY YANIRA MENDOZA
NEW JERSEY CITY UNIVERSITY

I.
Wish upon a star
Wait for will never come
And nobody cares
II.
Don’t fit in or out
What is all about that is
Crashing in between
III.
Whatever it is
You just want to have it all
No matter what it is
IV.
Life is ironic
What an irony is life
Mine just too wry
V.
Look up or down
It will never be found
Joy is not around
VI.
That girl is long gone
I know, I won’t see her once
That girl ... it is me.

I Sharpened My “A”

BY DJAMEL MAKHLOUF
NEW JERSEY CITY UNIVERSITY

Every new person I meet
Adds some extra anger to me.
I say I’m from Algeria.
They heard me correctly, “Oh, Nigeria?”

I repeat myself because of my English.
“I'm not from Nigeria
Please, I'm from Algeria.”

Algeria with an “A”?
“Oh, OK. I got you ... Nigeria.”

We all know where Nigeria is.

I trained myself to sharpen my “A”
Until I became a native speaker, just with “A”.

It is the last. “I'm from Algeria,” I say.
However, they like me to be from Nigeria.

After a long struggle to keep “Algeria”,
I got frustrated, exhausted ...

So please don’t ask me again.
From now on, I'm from Nigeria.
My Life and Struggle

By Wendy Martin • Passaic County Community College

My life has been a struggle.
Fifteen — having my first cuddly baby
that is I dropped out of school;
soon after, got pregnant again.
Now I’m seventeen in an infective relationship;
abusive that is, no diploma nowhere to go.
I’m receiving social services, help from the
government; having to go to their stupid program:
it never happened though it seems.

My life has been a struggle.
I’m going for my GED diploma — youth corps
here I come.
It’s hard not knowing anything.
Took the test three times; third time I
passed.
Going to school was a hard thing to do.
What’s next for me to accomplish?

My life has been a struggle
It’s the year 2003 still with the same man;
was it meant to be?
Pregnant again for the third time
so happy I can’t wait for the day she will arrive.

What a heavyhearted thing that happened to me
Seven months pregnant and she did not move
not an inch for me.

Go to doctor; ultrasound what they did.
A sight, a sight I did not wish to see.
Her heart did not move, no sound of life;
she died within me.

My life has been a struggle.
I wish she was here.
Ain’t a day gone by that I miss my baby.
I gained one hundred pounds because of the
fact she’s gone; she is never gonna come back —
back to me.

Why did this happen? Had to happen to me?

Why did GOD take my precious away from
me?

For what reason I do not know. It’s hard to get
over don’t you know?

But I will some day, I hope.

My life has been a struggle.
In college now, HEY, I made it;
but will it last? I will make it last.
Nothing can stop me now.
So see, look you can picture the SHIT
I’ve been through
I made it, so you can too.

Never give up on your dreams.
No matter what trials and tribulations you face
you can succeed!
A Desire

BY ANA M. VILLAVICENCIO • PASSAIC COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE

I look at the sky
I feel peace in my heart
I know that somehow
I will find the way.

I see what comes
I know how I feel
I just want to know
What it brings for me.

I tried to be strong
But I couldn’t do it anymore
I just want to have
My life as it was.

Sun to Squares

BY CARLOS FIERRO • NEW JERSEY CITY UNIVERSITY

To squares within the frame,
in a corner of history,
within the frame of a reflected heat.
Windows of forgetfulness.
On an autumn day
I met your eyes
Green just like the grass
And big as the sky
They were just like the wind
On a peaceful autumn night
Playing with my hair
Smooth as it flies
They were there every day
They were in my dreams every night
I could see them from the distance
But they were never really mine
Just the memory still alive
Of something that wasn’t so far
But I was afraid to fight
And I missed the chance that only comes once

On an autumn day
I said goodbye
Because I was afraid
To speak up
On an autumn day
I learned that the only way to succeed in life
Is to open your mouth
And say those words out loud
I’m not afraid to be myself
I’m not afraid to express my mind
On an autumn day
I won’t be afraid to look into those green
eyes
And say with a big smile
“This is who I’ve become”
Mango Siciliano
By Carlos Fierro • New Jersey City University

In the time when many were born
in the beds of love,
she was.

Her hands were waiting
calmly,
it was her hands
that spoke of sweat,
blood, sperm, weeping, milk and life.

She knew,
she prophesized that
each star would be a sun.

She knew how to read the body and help
write part of history.

She helped to begin hundreds
of individual histories
with her hands.

She was called Mango Siciliano.
She was invested with natural power
to be the bridge,
vital actor in the transmutation
of hundreds of aquatic lives
and his first breath.
Transmutation of Waters
By Carlos Fierro • New Jersey City University

Con los ojos abiertos
Bajo el agua
de atardeceres calipso
Anclados en la bandera
Del Big Y.
Retornan las riveras a
sus aromas de silencio,
remontan las esperanzas
sobre un futuro
sin nombre,
sobre antiguas fabricas
convertidas en pájaros.

With eyes open
under the water
of late calypso afternoons
anchored in the Big Y’s flag.
The banks return to
Their scents of silence,
Hopes rise
on a future
without name,
on ancient factories
converted to birds.
Mother, Mother
By Alba Salis • Passaic County Community College

Mother, mother, light the candle.
I want to see who is walking under the headboard
These are the hours, son
To go running and to go to school.
Intermediate writers take us on a 'round the world tour ...
I have heard sometimes that time heals everything, but I have had the chance too, of seeing how time changes many things. My memories bring back, to a beautiful neighborhood, located in Lima-Peru. It was the late 1950. The neighborhood’s name “Unidad Vecinal #3. From above, the neighborhood has a heart’s shape. One of its sides was flanked with pretty, green, big trees, where the children used to play.

It has two grammar schools, one pre-K, one church, one small stadium, And a big market, where the families used to buy foods daily. It has grocery stores, a bakery, a tailor shop, beauty salon, shoe repair, school supplies store. Also it had its own Police Station, its health center, and its own movie theater.

Children growing there had a wonderful childhood, where the neighbors were very helpful to each other. The world in that time, and in that place, looked very safe and happy. Adults had a good relationship, too. They formed a soccer team, some were members of the education council, while others were members of the parish, and others were members of the community council.

Unidad Vecinal #3 was unique in its architecture. It was very modern, and its buildings were four floors high, with semicircular porches. It was rented for the government house department, so the people had to qualify for it. In addition, the rent was not cheap.

Time ran fast. The children grew up, so most of them married, and moved away to the city, and a few of them, moved away to the exterior. The adults of yesterday became the senior citizens of today. Some adults moved with their married children. Others died, and others preferred to stay in their homes, and their neighborhood, where they had the most wonderful days of their lives.

Time is still running. My neighborhood is not the same anymore. The beautiful, big, green trees, were cut down, and were replaced with young trees. The grammar schools have changed. Now they are protected by a brick fence. The market looks old. The windows, doors, and hallways of those buildings have been covered with a metal fence. The nice and cozy roof, which had a wonderful view of the Pacific Ocean, has been destroyed. Each owner has built a wall to divide his property.

(continued on next page …)
Every Place Changes continued ...

It is true, the time runs. Now, the children of yesterday are the grandparents of today, and they try to keep alive the memories of their parents, the sense of the community, and the safety of those years. Why this neighborhood does seem like a jail? Why, does it have many fences? Lima, capital of Peru grew up too. The transportation developed, and many of the public buses, are connecting with other roads throughout this neighborhood. The criminals came to change the peaceful, quiet of this community. Finally, nothing is for ever! People change, cities change, roads change. We live in a society of change!
There is a monument in north India, which is the most beautiful place in India. It is called "Taj Mahal" and it is one of the eight wonders of the world. It is situated on the bank of the Yumuna River in Agra. It was built by Shah Jahan in 1931 in memory of his wife. Construction began in 1931 and it's completed in 1948. It is a very popular place in India.

In India, government transportation is really good so it is very easy to get there. You can easily take train, bus and air services. For example, if you travel by train from Delhi (the capital of India) to Agra, it takes 2 to 3 hours to get there and if you take a bus from Delhi to Agra, it takes 5 to 6 hours to get there. During the trip you can see many small villages and small rivers.

When you reach the Agra Gate, you can see the Taj Mahal and from that view you can only think that the Taj Mahal is really a tremendous place. It is one of the oldest monuments in India and it's made of white marble and its floor is made of black and white chessboard marble. You can easily see the Taj Mahal refletion on the Yumuna River. The colors change at different hours of the day and in different seasons. In the Taj Mahal you can see the grave of Mumtaz. You can also see architecture windows, gates, tombs and other things. In front of the Taj Mahal, there is a big garden. It is so beautiful. There are many plants and trees growing everywhere in the garden. There are also many fountains in the garden.

Taj Mahal is also called "Mumtaz Mahal". It is one of the most famous historical place in India. People all over the world come to the Idia to see the Taj Mahal. "Taj Mahal is a symbol of true love". While every person has a different view of the Taj, it is really a great place to visit.
The most beautiful place I have ever seen in my life is Niagara Falls, in Canada. I think it is the most attractive sight seeing place in this world. It is situated at the entrance of Canada.

Niagara Falls comprises three separate waterfalls: the Horseshoe Falls, the American falls and the Bridal veil falls. Niagara falls is very wide and is the most voluminous waterfall in North America. Niagara falls is renowned for its beauty. However, the water is falling continuously from 3000 feet high and it’s a great source of hydroelectric power. One Canadian ship took us near the falls and I was so surprised that I couldn’t talk. The sound of falling water and the beauty of nature took my breath. I must say to my god, “What a great creation of you”. Everyday lots of tourists from all over the world come to see this great beauty. The falling water’s steam makes rainbows in the sky. It is raining and the whole environment looks so nice. Words fail to express my feelings.

At night it looks so nice. In fact, the beauty of Niagara Falls increases at night. The floodlights fall down on the water. The light and the falling water make a great scene. The spectacular view takes me from the anxiety of my life. It relieves me from all my sorrows.

I will never forget this beauty. It reminds me that God is a great architect. No one can ever build such a beauty like Niagara Falls. I think, Niagara is the best tourist place I have ever visited.
As we know, every country has its own traditional culture to celebrate. In my country Peru we celebrate the carnival. In Peru we celebrate our carnival party in February. It is very important to us, because all my neighbors meet together to celebrate carnival.

In the morning, we save a lot of water in buckets. We also make water balloons to throw to each other. Every body gets wet in the morning. Then all the neighbors play together with water. Some people try to escape from being wet. But anyway we pour water on them.

In the Afternoon, it is tradition that all neighbors dance around a tree. The tree is full of presents. While the people are dancing, they cut the tree by a machete. When the tree falls down, every body throws themselves to the tree to pick a present from it. After we get our present we are happy and we show our present to each other.

At night we can not play with water. We only play with powder. We throw powder at each other until we look like a snowman. The carnival is funny tradition. When I remember the carnival in my country, because appears in my mind all events in my country.

Finally, the carnival party is fun tradition, because everybody is on the street playing with water, dancing around a tree and throwing powder on each other until the whole day is over.
Every religion in the world has different kinds of festivals. In India, the only one festival is most important, and that is Diwali. Diwali means rows of lamps. Diwali is the festival of lights. Two weeks before Diwali, all people start to clean their houses. In India Diwali is a very exciting and important custom for people. Also, Diwali is a longest festival in India.

Every year on the dark nights of Diwali is the sound of firecrackers. When Diwali starts to come, each year people start to decorate their homes. Then, sweets are distributed by everyone and also too many lamps hang up on every house for Diwali lighting. When Diwali starts, the atmosphere is of joy and entertainment. Diwali celebrations in India are similar to Christmas celebration in the USA. We celebrate Diwali to commemorate when the great king Ram and his queen Sita were welcomed home after 14 years.

The first day of Diwali is Dhanteras. That day doorways are hung with torans of mango leaves. Also, Rangolis are drawn with different color of powder to welcome guests. Then, that day the oil diyas (lamps) are arranged in and around the house. On this day, people buy something for the house or some jewelry for the women of the house. It is lucky to buy something hard, especially silver.

The second day is “kali chaudas” (it’s a god and goddesses day). The third day, in the dark new moon night, all the homes are decorated with rangoli patterns to welcome lakshmi. Lakshmi puja is performed on this day. Every family burns fire crackers worth five hundred rupees. Popular fire crackers are shining pots, bombs, rockets.

The forth day is New Year Day (Bestavarsh). On the New Year Day, all people dress in new clothes, wear jewelry and visit family members to give them sweets, dry fruits and gifts. Also, on that day we visit every different kind of temple. And in India, for every people, Diwali is one of the longest festivals in the Hindu year.
There is a beautiful lake in Augustow, Poland, my native-born town. It is called Necko, and it is my favorite place in this area. The lake is located on the periphery of the town. If you want to go there, it takes about one hour walking from the town. The walk is a pleasure because you are going along the riverside. The river Netta flows into this lake. On the one side there is a sidewalk under the willow trees. The branches droop into the water, so you walk within a green, covered tunnel. There are some benches to take a rest and glance at the scenery. I love to sit and watch the boats floating calmly on the water. The other side is covered with rushes. It looks beautiful and wild. This walkway becomes a sandy road, which leads to the forest.

Your first view of the lake is spectacular. Necko is surrounded by a forest with a blend of sumptuous trees. Everything around looks magical: the ferns, bushes and flora all on different shapes and colors. The silence interrupted by the bird’s sounds and the windy boughs make a very special impression. Always, I feel there as in a story from children’s books. When you look to the right, there are summer resorts with nice buildings and fields of tents scattered among trees. During the summer, vacationers enjoy great fishing and a relaxing environment.

As you walk the gritty road for about ten minutes, on your left you find a footpath. You have to walk there to see a small meadow between the bushes and reeds with a terrific view of the lake. The best time to come here is very late afternoon. The sight of the sunset takes your breath away. The colors of the sky and sun’s reflection in the water are magnificent. You must see it for yourself. For me, it is a place to experience the greatest relaxation on Earth. The calm waves and blast in reeds feel me with nostalgia for something unfulfilled. I like to come here with a close relative or friend, because this spot is very special. I spend hours there and do nothing, just sitting and watching the lake, and admiring the vista. As you visit this location, you will say that Lake Necko is truly a gorgeous place on our planet.
Two years ago I went to a place that is called "El Salto de limonal", which is located in a deep area of Samana, (Dominican Republic). It's very far from the city but it has green water, fresh air and nice view, which makes you weigh that there is an Earth sky.

First, the nicest view that it has. You can see from waterfall all the valley and also the two rivers that give their water to the waterfall. Beside, It's always raining so, you can not see the sun so often. Some people take horses to get to the waterfall because it's a long way that takes some hours. This way is covered by earth, sand and rocks. At the end of the way, you have to get into the river and leave the horses at the corner of the river. You have to walk until you get to a small waterfall. It's a place that you can swim without being afraid of drowning.

Second, you have to climb a small hill to get to the bigger waterfall. It's difficult sometimes to get there because it's always muddy. For that reason, you have to hold some braches. It's a hill of 40 feet high with beautiful trees around the way. The temperature is lower than most of the part of the country. That was the reason, everybody was shivering. Nobody who goes there can see the sun because the trees don't let you.

Third, vegetation is everywhere. You can lose yourself if you get apart from the group. There are not big animals in that place, only a few fish that you can see perfectly swimming in the beautiful green water of the waterfall. When you get to the big waterfall, you feel the water sprinkling over you and the view is great because it is the only part that lets you see the sun. At the bottom, the waterfall makes a big pool of pure water that you can drink without being afraid of getting sick. You can spend your time looking at the beautiful environment or just swimming.

Finally, this is a place which I will never forget. The air that I felt, the water that I tasted and the place that I saw makes me think that there are heavens on Earth.
After I visited different cities around the world, I found that New York City is the most beautiful place I have visited. New York stands in contrast with quiet places in the natural world, or cities with beautiful parks and many different exotic flowers. Even, in this city, it is impossible to smell fresh air or find a peaceful place to relax. New York is a large city, where the people never sleep and the businesses never close. During the day or night, it doesn’t make difference. That’s why people say New York never sleeps. Besides, New York is a city which is almost 90% solid concrete with big constructions and different crazy styles. All the islands of New York are connected by big bridges over the river.

Manhattan is one of the most popular places in New York and I believe it is one of the most popular cities around the world. In that city, it doesn’t matter if the day is early or late, day or night, it is the same. People are walking on the streets 24 hours a day. Noise comes and goes from different directions and they look like they are in hurry. People walk fast all the time. Over there are the best theaters in the world and the rich stores are there too. We can find people from different countries around the world, like a puzzle.

By the Hudson River, you can see a beautiful panorama from New York City. It looks like a beautiful picture. In the city, you can find any thing you can imagine and think you never imagine existed. New York is an interesting place to go.

To conclude, until today, I consider New York one of the best places I have visited, maybe because it is like my personality (a little crazy), or because it is real different for me.
Jordan is an old country started before Christ. When you visit my country you will see gorgeous buildings built centuries ago. One of the ancient buildings was built two hundred years ago. Recently, this ancient building became a famous restaurant, and they name it, “Once Upon a Time”.

The place is built up on the knoll. When you arrive at this great place, you park the car down the hill and then people go through the zigzag routes surrounded by big trees, paved by varicolored stones. At the end of the route, there is a spacious circle surrounded by trees and wonderful waterfalls. Then, when you move your eyes, you will see some old fashioned wood tables and chairs, for smokers especially who smoke Narghile (an ancient smoking water pipe in the Middle East). Then your feet will take you to a marvelous building. This building is built up by very heavy stones. At the front of this building you can see two sides of a huge wood door. Each side has a copper handle in the middle. When you pass the front door you feel that you are back two hundred years ago. If your eyes go to the highest place, you will see a magnificent dome. In the center of the dome there is the largest chandelier in the building made from copper decorated by arabesque. The chandelier is surrounded by small ones. When you look at the wall, you will see the most beautiful lanterns in the world. They emanate soft light and drop their light in the pictures. Then, it is reflected in your eyes. You will see a magnificent picture of the oldest city in the world (Jerusalem) and the holy sites in our area.

On one of the walls of the restaurant, they hung up old home made carpets and musical instruments that were designed hundreds of years ago. The floor is paved as marvelous as the outside of the building and it is divided with so many elevations. The elevations beside the window are higher than the rest of the floor. In the middle, there is a beautiful fountain surrounded with a mosaic. So the ripple from the water and soft music make great harmony.

The place is crowded by local people and tourists because of the location of the place and the delicious food. The restaurant has the bet food in the area. So, menus are varied, but the most delicious dish is the mix grill (Chicken kebabs, kofta kebabs and shishkebabs), which comes with mixed vegetables and rice. They have so many kinds of desserts. The most famous dessert is the Knafa.

That place is the prettiest spot I have ever visited so I am incapable of describing it. I can only say the more meditative, the more interesting.
I LIKE IT WHEN IT RAINS

By Sor A. Sanchez • Passaic County Community College

There is nothing better for me than to find beauty, peace and even freedom in my soul when it rains. The sky replaces my eyes and cries while my heart and mind fly over the pleasant or unpleasant moments of my life. Finally, I feel free like the clouds, and my sadness falls down like the drops of water that died in the ground. Life and rain are the same, and I know that one day I am going to give someone life like the rain gives its essence to the world. Or I am just going to die if I change my mind to love what is convenient. I hope to be like the rain someday, to bring my life to life, and to bring my love forever.

I LIKE THE RAIN

By Basma Hassan • Passaic County Community College

In my country it didn’t rain that much, but I was happy every time it rained. When the rain started, I opened my window to inhale the smell of the soil before it became too wet. I looked up to watch the raindrops fall fast from the sky, hit the wet ground, and make small circles. I really enjoyed that magic view. I liked the sound of raindrops on my window, on tree branches, and on the roofs. It was lovely romantic music. After the rain, everything looked cleaner. Even the air we breathed became fresher. Now I like to take pictures after a rainy day when all the trees and plants are greener. The rain is a gift from God to the earth. With it life starts again. It gives me hope. I like the rain.

I DO NOT LIKE IT WHEN IT RAINS

By Guillermo Cruzado • Passaic County Community College

I like the rain, but when it rains too much, I hate it. I feel somehow “blue” with sad thoughts going through my mind. These thoughts tell me that life has become sad and worthless. It is as if the earth and all the living creatures are sad just waiting until the rain stops. I think the rain has its own life, and when it’s raining, sometimes it hits the ground softly. At other times it hits hard, as if the rain is angrier than normally, and I can hear the thunder. I feel as if nature is being whipped by anger. After this, the rain is like soft drumming on the ground. When the rain stops, the sun rises again little by little, and I feel these sad thoughts disappear. Completely new feelings of happiness, hope and joy invade my mind.
For a professor of physics, I know what is physically possible and what is not. However, rarely we witness events that cannot be explained easily by laws of physics. I remember like yesterday, it was 4 years ago. I was working in physics department as a researcher as well as instructor. Married, 2 teenage kids, a comfortable life with no unusual excitement, nothing unexpected. I have always liked to visit garage sales. On one Sunday, while I was scanning the stuff, something attracted my attention, unconsciously I stopped. It was a wooden box, nothing fancy, definitely very old, with some personal stuff and lots of pictures in it. Even though it seemed worthless, seller was asking $25. The bargain ended with $10 by the way. I didn't know how to explain this to my wife since she was complaining about every junk I brought to the house.

In 20 minutes I was in my garage. Inside the box, there was a complete shaving set, torn boots, a leather belt, old pictures, simply personal belongings. I was trying to visualize the person’s personality and these stuff was giving enough clues about him. While I was checking for scenes from the past on these pictures I stopped on one particular picture. Script behind the paper was explaining what the scene was about: "May the 14th, 1824 End of Billy The Kid". I checked this information from my cultural heritage encyclopedia. Yes, it was the famous, fastest gunfighter Billy The Kid who was waiting to be hung. People were excited by the hanging, since the place was somewhere in the Wild West it wasn't unusual that all men were carrying guns. These men were showing their excitement by shooting the air. In front, it was Billy and the men were in the behind. On this picture one thing was unusual. I wasn't sure. I checked with loop, it was a Magnum 47. Manufactured in late 1980s, a technologically advanced handgun. No, it couldn't be unless the picture was new.

In the university I work, there is a department where they can determine the age of fossils. Since the determination works for fossils, why not for pictures? I took that picture to a friend of mine who has an access to a machine for determination.

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After 2 long hours I got the result. The picture seemed at least 180 years old. No doubt about its age, but how could I explain the existence of an object from future in the past? I was a scientist and this was beyond my imagination.

Relax James, you don't have to explain it. Just think beyond the norms. Say, it is possible to go past or future, so time-travel is possible. I love myself, especially when it comes to unrealistic imagination. Sometimes it is good to be irrational. So far, it helped me on my career, why not expect some more to solve this puzzle.

Numbers of questions are keep bugging me since then. Why was this man there? Billy The Kid was an important historical figure but there was more important incidents which a time-traveler would like to be witnessed. Mongolfier brothers flew first time with a balloon for example. Why he preferred this one? Who knows, maybe he was there too. I am going to loose my mind. What were the principles of this machine based on? What would be the consequences of time-travel? What would you do if you see a time-traveler? What would be the purpose of this travel? Could this person could alter the past, therefore by chain reaction alter the future? Could we stop unfortunate events since we knew what is going to happen? When we change one small thing in the past how could we predict the following steps of a chain reaction? There is even a theory for that, called Chaos Theory. It says: "Something as small as a flutter of a butterfly's wing can ultimately cause a typhoon halfway around the world". Even the word "Chaos" makes me thrilled.

Since then, I have been working on time-travel. I have abandoned all my studies and focused on that. Who knows, maybe one day I will succeed. All we need is imagination. For you, all I can say just remove your mind from boundaries and think beyond the norms. Imagination is a nice thing, isn't it?
Chapter 1

Walking the streets with poor lights; working so hard to survive. Why do I? ‘I hope to close that contract soon...why did my car have to break down now? I am very tired!’...I walked the long road to my house, passed by the old dry well and sat down for a few minutes on the bench under the oak tree. The image and thought of you filled my mind... ‘Mugen’... I stand up and walk to my house.

"I am home." I said while I was closing the door.
"How was your day, Mikura?"
"The usual mom."
"They called from the garage. They said that you can pick up your car tomorrow at noon."
"Thanks. How about my little brother? Hasn’t he called?"
"Yes he did. He likes his University and sounded very happy"
"That’s good. I hope that he keeps up that eagerness all his college years."
"I think he will do OK."
"I guess so. I’m going to take a bath."
"Ok."

I climb the stairs towards my room and I see myself in my mirror...Am I really a grown up? I am a woman; I left the little girl behind a few years earlier. ...I finished my studies. After that, I found a job in a famous telecommunications company. I have done everything as I planned to succeed. However, I don’t have you; I don’t have that love that every woman needs to feel complete. Sometimes I feel so alone, like I do right now, but I try not to think too much about it.

It had been more than seven years since the last time I saw you. Since the day, you broke my heart and I decided to go away. I took off my clothes, and submerged myself in the hot bath... I can’t forget. Why do these feelings keep throbbing inside me, as if you were here by my side? Although I do not know if I will ever see you again, why can’t I stop crying?

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We were always together, since we were kids. People always said we would end up as a couple. We always said that could not be. We were just friends after all. Hell! That did not keep me from falling for you. I did not know what I was feeling until the day you told me you had a girlfriend. I could see your lips moving, but I could not hear what you were saying. My world crumbled. My heart died.

I was not going to stay to suffer. Even though they say that if you love someone, you must be happy if they are happy with somebody else. That really did not cut it for me. I wanted to be happy with you and I wanted you to be happy with me. However, I guess it was not mean to be… I wonder if you, at least, think about me.

Remember the last day we saw each other? You came to the airport to say goodbye. My parents decided to go to Tokyo for a job offer, and I was going with them.

“Mugen” I really love to say your name.

“Mikura, so this is goodbye?”

“I...I want to stay here, with...with everyone, but I can’t. You’ll be fine. You have Keiko now...and...”

You did not let me finish. Without me expecting it, you hugged me...

“Please don’t go Mikura...I need you...you are my friend”

With no warning, you were kissing me. Likewise, I was kissing you back. I didn’t care anymore. It was our goodbye kiss. I wish we could have stayed like that forever. However, what could we expect? We were friends after all. I slowly moved away from you.

“Mugen, what are we doing? Don’t make it more difficult for me. I hope that she is all you wished for, and please be happy. Don’t ever forget me.”

“MUGEN!” Some familiar voice called your name. Keiko was there. How could you bring her?

“Hi Keiko, please don’t be mad at him,” I said trying to keep the harmony

“You don’t concern me. Come with me Mugen!”

You just followed her. I wanted to die right there. I just turned around and boarded the plane. I thought I heard you calling my name. I must have been dreaming.

‘Let me stop thinking. It hurts so much’. I must leave the water or I am going to turn into a prune. My pajamas and a good night sleep will help...Maybe. I must go to work very early tomorrow. Good night, Mugen, wherever you are.

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Chapter 2

“Ms. Kumishi, here is today’s correspondence and the meeting was moved to 3PM.” Mikura’s secretary gave her the envelopes and reminded her about today’s schedule.

“Thank you, Angela. Could you investigate if the Marketing Department finished the report that I need for today’s meeting? I need to review it and I have been waiting almost a month for that data.”

“Yes, Ms. Kumishi.”

The efficient secretary went quickly to fulfill her boss’s request.

Mikura opened the mail and read it. Her company was going to merge with another very soon and this meeting was the first one they were attending with the other company. She was a little nervous. She did not want to make a fool of herself or the business.

“Ms. Kumishi, here is the Marketing Report”

“Finally they finished it...Thank heavens, right on time, I need it for this afternoon’s meeting, Angela, did you know that the CEO’s of both companies are going to be present?”

“Yes, everybody is anxious.”

“I must give a good impression, so we must get to work. I need you to print these graphics so they can visualize the data and identify the service cost.”

“Okay.”

“Angela, help me survive today and after this meeting, I’ll do anything for you.”

“Anything.”

“Yes.”

“Well I have a little favor to ask. You see, a friend of mine has this blind date today, and she asked me to go. I need you to go for me.”

“Are you crazy? I have never done that!”

“Well you did say anything. Do not worry! They told me that he is a hotshot from some company. I wouldn’t dare ask you if I didn’t know that he was a good looking man with a high position.”

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“Sometimes you really scare me. If we weren’t friends, I would think you hated me.”

“It is a deal! You must go to Clarisse’s Bar at 6PM.”

“A bar? What am I getting into?

“There’s no turning back now.”

“OK. Listen, I have to go pick up my car on my lunch hour. When I come back, I need to find everything ready. I’m counting on you.”

“Piece of cake.”

Saying this, Angela went out of the office. Mikura stood up and fixed her skirt. She called a cab and grabbed her purse to pick up her car. It was her lunch hour.

An hour later, she was back. Angela got everything ready for her. So, the only things that were left to do were to read the report and check that it matched the graphics, read her notes and do some more research.

At the meeting, she concentrated on her notes. She heard her boss making introductions. When it was her turn, she went to the front of the meeting room, introduced herself and turned off the lights, so she could project the graphics. She knew that in business the only thing that matters are the numbers. She continued with her presentation. When she was done, she turned on the lights. She saw the faces of the people she didn’t know but were going to work with her after the merger. Suddenly she froze. She did not believe her eyes. What was he doing there?

She knew that she did not pay attention when her boss gave the introductions, but she was sure that if she had heard that name, she would have stopped everything she was doing. She would have even forgotten all about everything. Just like what was happening to her right now.

Almost everybody left the conference room, but she was still sitting in her chair. She was in a daze. But not only that, she couldn’t believe that he just left when the meeting ended and didn’t even talk to her. ‘The nerve he had’ she thought, ‘and I was dreaming of a magical reunion and he forgot all about me already.’

She dragged herself out of the room and went to her office. It was empty. She saw on her desk calendar the word “date” and remembered she had somewhere to go and it was getting late.

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Unforeseen continued ...

She entered the place and sat down at the bar. She did not notice the handsome man that sat next to her. He started talking to her.

“Are you here waiting for a date, because I have arrived”

She really wasn’t paying to much attention, she just wanted the thing over with.

“Yes.”

“You know when I was younger, I fell in love with a girl, but I didn’t know until it was too late. Did that ever happen to you?

“Isn’t that what always happens, but my experience is different. I knew all along that I was in love with my best friend. But I was just a fool. He couldn’t love me, and he never will.” She answered without looking at the man that was talking to her. “Any luck yet?”

“Yes. I saw her today. But she didn’t speak to me.”

Turning to see who she was speaking to, Mikura responded:

“That happened to me too!”

For a moment, only silence was the only thing between them. They couldn’t take their eyes away from each other. Mikura touched his face; he kissed the hand that was touching him.

“Do you really love this woman?”

“And I will never stop loving her.”

She leaned close to him. She kissed him. He hugged her and would not let her go this time. He whispered her name... She responded:

“Mugen…”

The End.
AMBITION

Based on Antoine De Saint-Exupéry’s The Little Prince

By Juan Gaon • Passaic County Community College

One of the planets that I visited was inhabited by a very ambitious man. He was there planning an attack on other people.

As soon as I landed on his planet, he told me, “Hey! You! Come here and take this gun. We will control all other people. That’s going to bring me power and wealth.”

I asked him, “Why should I help you sir?”

The furious man said, “Because we must destroy weak people and build an empire where we can have a lot of money, power, respect and control.” This man was crazy for money and power. He didn’t care for other people. He just wanted everything.

“My new friend”, he told me. “I will get all that I want, even if I have to destroy everything around me.”

Moreover, I kindly said, “Sir, would you mind sharing the planet and everything on it with other people?”

He answered, “No, no, no. I must become the greatest person. I will control everything. People who only hear my name should shake and think about me like their majesty.

He said, “No, wait! Why don’t you stay longer?” But actually he wanted me to stay because he was alone with no friends. However, I just left him alone.

JEALOUSY

Based on Antoine De Saint-Exupéry’s The Little Prince

By Bereny Diaz • Passaic County Community College

By the time the sun set and the sun rose, I had traveled from planet to planet. When I thought my long travel was going to end, I found a woman who inhabited a beautiful blue planet. When I was almost there, she stopped me and asked, “Why can you travel from planet to planet and I can’t?” “Why you and not me?”

So, I answered, “You can if you want to.” Then she was in silence for several minutes, looking at me like she wanted to say, “Why do you have all of this and that?” “Why can you do this and that?” While she started getting angry with herself, I ran away and left her alone.
Saturday is my favorite day of the week, but honestly my happiness begins on Friday night. Usually, I drink until I get drunk, and I don’t care about the next day’s hangover because the next day I don’t have to go to work.

On Saturday I get up whenever my body feels like. If I don’t feel like taking a shower or brushing my teeth I don’t do it. Sometimes I turn on the TV, lay on my bed and do nothing all day.

By the afternoon I already stink and that’s when I decide to take a shower. I feel like a new man and go out to have fun once again.
How Is the United States?

By DARSHANA RANA • Passaic County Community College

America is the land of opportunity and the most beautiful and most powerful country of the world. Here I said ‘Land of Opportunity’ because people from every corner of the world come to America for a better and beautiful life.

The most important thing in America is Freedom. Any one can do anything to explore the world. In America people enjoy the freedom within the limit of Law and Constitution. Laws are equal for every one irrespective of class and creed, which makes me proud of it. Not only can youth enjoy the freedom, but so can our elders. American laws protect them and take care of them. Because of it, they can spend the rest of their lives without depending on others, which cannot be done in any other countries.

This country is beautiful because of its people. Here people are very kind and friendly. They greet each other and share their joy with others, no matter who are you and where you come from. This creates a happy and friendly environment. Everyone believes in ‘Unity In Diversity’. God has also given so many things in nature with both hands to make America more beautiful.

As with every coin, it has another side. This beautiful country also has some limitations, due to the freedom to do anything. Some people believe that they can do anything irrespective of laws. In America, life is not so easy. One has to struggle to earn a livelihood. Nothing is free in America. As food is cheap here, medicine is expensive. Here no one can afford to be sick unless you are covered by insurance. There is no personal life; one has to work like a machine.

If this country gives many things by one hand, then it takes many things from the other hand. Minors have so much freedom that if they misbehave, parents cannot do anything. They forget to respect their elders. The advancement of technology is somewhat responsible for this. Overexposure of violence in media due to computers and video games, has become part of their life which may be harmful for next generation. Easy availability of liquors and tobacco ruin their lives like termites.

This real face of America, like every rose has some thorns, has some limitations, but it is still beautiful like a rose that makes every one love this country.
Every human being wish to have the perfect life, something that can be called a dream or an utopia. We want a life without problems, lots of peace and not wars, equality for all, we want to enjoy a good health and not terrible sicknesses that make people suffer. But could exist this kind of life someday? or will it always be a dream?. According to the recipe for this life, the three main ingredients are love, money, and health. However, not everyone can have it because our mother god just gives us a little bit of them because she wants us to find the ones that we are missing in our simple lives.

The first ingredient is love, a magic feeling, easy to say but sometimes hard to demonstrate. Since we were kids, we have been thought that love is in our heart but that isn’t true because love is in our brain, it means that our brain works out to process love. If we want to love someone, we have to begin for loving ourselves. Because love is the base of a family, a society and a strong friendship, you can break barriers with it. To show love and to feel loved, you have to build it like a house or you can cultivate it as a flower. Love, you earn it and you can’t buy it with all the gold in the world. It has to be sincere, pure and unconditional so as you give love to a person, he/she will give you twice this immense love.

Another ingredient is money that also has its own value because without it, we couldn’t buy the food and the items we need. An easy way to obtain money is working in something that we really like or we are interested in since money and a job are very closed related. Frequently, we make the mistake that when we are looking for a job, we first want to know how much are they paying because we just want the money. Even though we are well-paid, we are always giving complaints because we don’t like what we are doing. The best thing you can do to solve this little problem is making a list of your preferences and you’ll find the job you’re looking for and you’ll receive the money you deserve it.

Finally, the last ingredient is health, the main issue in which we are concerned. If we have such a good health, we can do anything we want. To be healthy, we need to take care of ourselves. As an example, we don’t have to smoke or to take drugs because we know it’s bad for our health even though we keep doing it because we think it’s easy to handle it. But there are times when we got sick although we’re doing the best things to be healthy. It means that today we can be healthy but tomorrow we don’t know. If you suspect you have an illness, you better go to the hospital right now without thinking about it since health is a symbol of strength and a entire person.

Love, money and health are the things a person need for the perfect life. As we can see, the three of them are not easy to obtain but with a positive will, it could be less difficult. If you’re dreaming to have any of them, just try to make your dream a reality. AND DON’T EVER LET OUT ONE INGREDIENT OF THE PERFECT LIFE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Working and Going to School at the Same Time

By Iwona Kaczynski • Passaic County Community College

One difficult decision for many people to make is whether or not working and going to school at the same time is worth the sacrifice. I have made this decision to do both, but I realize there are many disadvantages.

Tiredness is a very common problem. The working students are always tired because they don’t sleep enough. They spend all day at work and then at school, so they come home very late. The only time to do homework and study is at night. Sometimes, when they don’t have enough time to study, they get lower grades, even if they are smart. Also, because of the exhaustion, these students easily get health problems. The most common are stress and nerves. People who get them are frustrated and can not concentrate. That’s another difficult.

Also, these students don’t have enough time to cover their daily activities. The work and school take a lot of time. They spend hours on school projects. Often, they forget about other duties like meetings, appointments and promises. They try to do their best, but anyway, they feel guilty because of their inability to handle everything.

As we know, working and studying at the same time affects the needs of the entire family. When a mother or a father is working and going to school, they usually don’t have enough time for their children. Parents don’t pay attention to their kids’ needs, with can spoil the relationship between them. Children blame the working and studying parents for a difficult situation and they are too young to understand the sacrifice the parents make for them. It is especially hard for mothers to work and to attend school. Mothers feel badly when they are not available to handle all their responsibilities. Sometimes, they have to delegate the responsibilities to other caregivers. For example, when I go to work or school, my mom takes care of my kids. She drops them off at the school bus and picks them up. Also, she keeps my home tidy, so I don’t have to be worried. I know that she cooks dinner for my children and helps them to do homework. I wish I had the spare time to do these things myself. She is a very important helper. But the working and studying mothers feel pressure to perform well and to set a good example for their own children. And they want to prove to them that where there is a will, there is a way. I am one of these mothers, who works and goes to school. I know how hard the job is. Very often I feel guilty that I can’t spend more time with my daughter and son. I try to explain to them why I decided to go to school and why I’m not home as much as they would want. They are very young, but I hope someday they will understand and appreciate my decision.

Almost everybody wants to have a good education and get a better job, but sometimes the finances are not sufficient so students have to work and go to school at the same time. But also, people must remember that their decision has to be the right one, that it can not be harmful to their family. If they try to follow these rules, everybody will be happy regardless of the disadvantages or sacrifices one makes to have a better life for themselves and their family.
Felipe Luciano is a reporter, poet and activist. He was the first Puerto Rican news anchor for WNBC. He also has enjoyed success in radio, stage productions and music.

When he came to PCCC in October for Latin Heritage Month, he talked about history, including the history of Spain — “La Madre Patria”. He explained how there's racism in each culture and he gave us a definition of “American” and how important it is to know who you are.

Everybody knows that there are a lot of Latinos in the United States, but Felipe reminded us that a lot of them forget where they came from. The Latinos also discriminate against their own people. For example, people in the Dominican Republic discriminate against those who are “prietos” (black people), the Haitians, and he pointed out that the fact we all have some African blood. He said that we are descendants from the black people.

He said we have to stop racism, and that we have to stop putting down people. One thing that can help is reading. He said that it is very important to read about all the cultures, but first, read about our own culture so that we can understand others.

Felipe also talked about Islam, the KKK and Irish history. He talked about the beginning of civilization and how the racism is destroying society.

When he talked about the Puerto Rican people, he was proud because there were the first marines in the United States and he said that the Puerto Rican people are descendants of Africans from the Congo.

I liked the way he talked because even though he is famous, he talked in a simple way and not with difficult expressions. May be some people felt bad when he spoke harshly about certain groups, but I think he was telling the truth and he only wanted us to all respect each other.

It was good to hear Felipe Luciano’s lecture. He looked like a good leader, and he helped me to think about what I can do to stop or change how people discriminate against black people and other cultures.
Noe Enriquez Collection
Ganeshji
- Original Pencil and Paper Sketch
- BY Devang Rana

Dev

Ganeshji
MY TERABITHIA
• Acrylic on Canvas •
BY ALDO VALDERRAMA
Submission Guidelines

Requirements ...

- All writers must be ESL students enrolled in a 2-year community college.
- All submissions MUST be original work.
- All submissions must be submitted electronically with an information sheet & intellectual property waiver. (Click here for electronic form)
- Writers may submit a maximum of one piece of work in each genre: Fiction, Non-Fiction, Narrative, Reaction, Poetry, Art, Photography.
- All work MUST be submitted as MS Word files. Art and Photography submissions must be submitted as JPEG files.
- Submissions MUST be typed, double-spaced in a 12 pt. font and shouldn't exceed 2000 words.

Contact Information ...

Please send all submissions to:
Jennifer Summerhays
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