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Cover Art: “Student Work is a Hoot,” by Dustin Robert Joyce

Artist Statement: When I was asked to create something to sell at a fundraiser auction I was happy to oblige. I enjoyed every minute of the construction process. Although it was hard to give it away, at least the money is going to a good cause.

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Run Toward My Dream
Maryia Labovich

This is my second quarter at LWIT. My native language is Russian and I haven’t studied English since high school (18 years ago), but I like to learn English and find it very interesting for myself. I didn't study English Composition Writing before, so I do my best. As a mom of 2 kids, a wife, and a student, I have a very busy life, but at the same time it is important to keep the body in a good shape. This story is about how running helped me during a difficult period of life.

My name is Maria. My husband, Pavel, and I have known each other for more than twenty years since high school. We have been friends more than half of our lives. We lived in Belarus, a small European country. We had good jobs, friends, family, but the bad political and economic situation in Belarus made us move somewhere where we and our kids could live safely. Thus, we moved to Boston. One month later I had a baby, our second son. Who was I at that time? A person in a new place with a newborn baby? An immigrant who didn’t speak English? A doctor who had lost all her medical degrees? A lonely person without any friends? Maybe I was a woman who was ready for a new life with her family at a place which opened new prospects for the future. Maybe. I had to start something new in my life, and I took up running. I started with a distance of two miles, and it was really hard for me. I was about to give up, but Pavel was so
excited and proud of me, and I got inspired. It took me three months till I started to enjoy running. Next spring I finished my first half-marathon.

Every year on the Patriots day (the third Monday of April) Boston opens its streets for the most elite and famous marathon in the World- the Boston marathon. It is very hard to qualify for it. The best runners from the USA and the world come to run Boston. It is a special day that you have to see! It is a very spiritual event. The streets are full of guests and residents who want to support the runners. April 15th, 2013, was a beautiful sunny spring day. It was the middle of the marathon, when most runners had started to finish. And then the bombing happened! There was an explosion at the finish line. It was a shock and a great tragedy. A curfew was announced to catch the bombers. All Bostonians and suburban residents stayed at home until the next announcement. It was very scary, but “Boston is strong!” All of the citizens helped the police. The bombers were found three days later. On that day, I settled a dream—I am going to run the Boston marathon. One day my kids will meet me at the finish line on Boylston Street.

I met a running friend and joined a running club with a lot of fantastic and enthusiastic people. They were of different ages, from twenty to eighty, and of different professions, but all of them had one common hobby—running. Some of them were training for the first 5K, some for the tenth
Boston marathon. It was real fun to join a group run every weekend and then to have an after-run breakfast together and chat about running and life in general. Running helped me make a lot of new friends. I started to train for my first full marathon. At the same time, I started to work as an orthodontic assistant. It was my first job since I had moved to the USA. It was hard to work as an assistant, not as a doctor like I used to be in Belarus. Still, I was so excited with my marathon training, and it helped me adapt to my new job position. Unfortunately, at the beginning of my training I hurt my knee, and it was very disappointing, but Pavel always supported and inspired me and didn't let me down. I continued my training through the pain, blizzards, rain, stressful life and fatigue.

I remember very well the day when I ran my first marathon. It was a nice spring day in Providence RI, and I stood with my running friends at the start line. A marathon is 26.2 miles, and the last four miles are the hardest. My knee jammed at mile twenty-two. I started limping very badly but kept running through the pain. From time to time I remembered the smiles of my kids, the smell of their hair, and it made me feel stronger. Finally, I finished but couldn't walk anymore. My friends grabbed me and brought me to my family. Pavel and my sons hugged and kissed me, they were so proud of me. And I felt that I was the happiest woman on the Earth. Then I had a couple months of recovering. I couldn't run even a
mile. But step by step I was back to running and even finished a couple more half marathons. However, my dream hadn’t come true yet- I hadn’t qualified to Boston marathon.

A couple month later, we moved from Boston to New Jersey because of my husband’s work. Again, I lost the job I liked and friends I had. What did I do? I joined a local running club. I started running with members on weekends and met new people and friends. Soon, I decided to start my next full marathon training. One more try. However, my knee started to bother me as soon as I started training. But I didn’t give up, and I continued to follow my dream.

One day, I saw a girl during a local half marathon. She ran in front of me. Instead of a leg she had an orthopedic prosthesis. She was a Boston marathon bombing victim. From time to time she had to stop and stretch her leg. But she ran with other runners at the same pace without any excuses. That was a great inspiration. From that moment, when I feel that I am tired or something bothering me, I remind myself that girl and how strong she was. She ran through the obstacles toward her dream. So would I.

This time I trained for my qualification marathon very hard. At the same time my husband got a job in Seattle and we made a decision to move. He had to start the new job one week before the marathon. It was
heartbreaking for me. I couldn't organize and finish without him, without his support and help. So he made a round trip through six states for two days just to support, help and inspire me.

My marathon was in Delaware along the shoreline. It was a very beautiful sunny day. I thought that nothing could stop me from qualifying for Boston. Everything went nice and smooth and I was so sure of my finish time. I was way ahead of it. But at mile twenty-two my knee jammed. Again! I couldn't run or even walk. I even fell a couple times. My eyes were full of tears. I just walked and limped very badly, and had to walk the last couple miles to the finish line. As a result, I failed my qualification again. Was I upset? Yes. Did I give up? No! This race showed me how strong our family is, how my husband loves and is ready to support me.

Since I have moved to USA I have found a new hobby and a lot of new friends; have learned to never give up and run through obstacles toward to my goal. I still dream about the Boston marathon. Today I do my recovering and preparation for a new qualification marathon training. One day I will cross the finish line on Boylston Street.
Where I Begin
Vanessa Elizabeth Adams

I am currently attending my first year at LWTech and this piece was drawn in my life drawing class. Out of all the drawings I completed, this was the best I've ever done. I hope you enjoy the connection that is brought to life between these two models.
The Purplish Red
Adriana Marin

I was born and raised in South America Colombia. My mom was mom and dad at the same time for me and my other four sisters. I am also a single mother. I arrived in the United States of America six years ago, with the intention of providing a safer place to live and a better future for my son. I am also a full-time student of the associate in Allied Health with expectations of being in the Occupational Therapy program, I also work for Evergreen Health as Certified Nursing Assistant.

White cold hospital gloves all covered by blood holding a purplish-red small creature who was making slow motions. “Here is your son,” the nurse said with a soft tone and tired look on her face. I wasn’t sure what that was, maybe because of the blur on my eyes from the pain medication’s effect, or just because of feeling something tearing away from me that was still alive. I am good at forgetting things, it has been alleged, but I clearly remember that loud place: all-white uniforms with blood spots, and a voice saying too fast “6:17 pm, masculine, 1100 grams, cardiac sound, respiration, 10 fingers and 10 toes, all clear and right,” in the year of 2002, April 09. That unforgettable scene I call the best scene I have experienced in my entire life. I will keep these memories in my heart forever.
Dear son,

This month you will be 15, taller than mom, braces in your mouth, pimples all over your face, strong sweat in your armpits, a lot of boldness, anxiety and lonely feelings, and all other teenager challenges. You don’t want to accept and follow the rules at home anymore. You have been impolite to me recently, and you are also starting to argue. You are using words of hate in your vocabulary, yet you do not know how much these words have hurt me. I know that you are going through a difficult stage in your life, and I know it is very confusing to be in between a kid and an adult, but it is not easy for me to understand how much you have been changing. You love your electronics more than books, you love to go out with your friends but not with me, and you ask me to take you and your friends to the mall, but my role has been only as a chauffeur. You don’t know how often I go to bed thinking about what I did wrong. You don’t imagine how many fears I have of being your mother and wondering if I am the kind of mother you need.

You won’t recall the way I took your little feet in my hands, imagining that they would grow bigger than mine one day and how I would have to let you go. In our lives, there are very special moments; among them is having a child, and that happiness came to me when you were born “Santiago.” There are many times that we have spent together – some
difficult – but in the end, my love for you has been the greatest motivation of my life.

Anyway, I love you, son. I loved you from the first moment I saw that purplish-red mass, and I knew in my heart how fortunate I was to have the most beautiful, healthy, wonderful and most blessed boy. I thank you for being so noble and so understanding at this stage of our lives. I brought you without your consent to another country, to a new life, and to new people that were so far away from your cousins and other family members. All these changes weren’t easy for me either. I know that I have flaws, but I've always wanted the best for you, and you know that you can always count on me all the time. Through all this I have been thinking about you. I know that a divorce is very difficult, but you were so strong and you were a great child. Never stop being you, to fulfill all the dreams that you have had since you were little to be a soccer player, to be a professional engineer. I want to see your success, but above all I want to see you very happy.
A Step Ahead  
Marc Gouacide  

May you find strength in my words to overcome your darkest days and your loneliest nights! Expect everything, you deserve it all!

I am from where it all began  
From a place where nature exists gracefully  
With peace and harmony amongst a civilized people  
But I've been kidnapped  
And now I'm where you can get killed for nothing  
And the saddest part of the story is, who really does the suffering?  
Am I mad? Of course!  
That little girl was just double-dutching, living free as a bird  
Now her spirit is above her loved ones.  
I just hate the feeling I get,  
Knowing when ten-o'clock comes around  
That they may never see their children again  
And not to mention,  
All my brothers dying in these streets, trying to make it;  
Striving to be all they can be while in this matrix.  
There's certain things I had to figure out,  
Like what was important, I wouldn't want to live without  
Or even have live without me.  
Knowing every time you leave the house that's how it might be  
But still I've learned to find  
The peace in this world that lives inside me  
Although times may be discouraging  
You should never let anything stop your imagination  
From flourishing into reality,  
Manifested with proper nourishment.  
And the greatest part of my story is the fact that I'm still learning it  
And there's something else I need to share with you:  
I know how it feels to feel like no one is there with you  
In a crowded room.
Never Lose Hope
Mariza Cardenas

This paper is related to a personal goal, my personal goal. The story that you'll see here is about how I have persevered to achieve my dream of getting a Business Technology degree and eventually become someone in life. Hopefully, this personal goal of mine can be used to inspire other students to pursue their dreams too.

My name is Mariza Cardenas. I am originally from a small village south of Mexico City; I was raised with three sisters. Life was complicated for all of us. There were a lot of times that we had to eat poorly and share almost everything we had. We also had to wear second-hand clothes and shoes that were passed down from our wealthier cousins. The place where we lived was too small to live comfortably, and job opportunities were limited. My mother worked two jobs: she was a housekeeper at her friend’s house, and took care of the mango fields that she inherited from her father. My mother had to work so hard just to put food on our table and to cover our necessities. Even though public education was free in Mexico, school supplies were not. Parents had to pay for them, and of course that stressed out my mom because of the lack of money to buy enough for all of us. Unfortunately, my poor mother had to deal with the situation by herself: my father was murdered and there was no other way, but she tried her very best for all of us.
After my middle-school graduation, I expressed to my mother the idea of continuing my education further. Looking back, I still remember my mother in shock, as if she was seeing a ghost after I expressed myself about my future interest in higher education. I knew right away exactly what her response was going to be, because in her mind, there was little possibility for higher education: there was just no money.

Even though I disliked her opinion, I started to work very early in life to support myself with school necessities. In the small village where we lived, there was a town bakery. The owners, whom I’d known forever, heard about my wish for continuing my education. They allowed me to work for them and learn the baking process. In the meantime, they supported me and followed my study goal. The pay was not much, but at least it was something to momentarily soften my school expenses, including uniforms and study supplies.

I worked with them every morning from 6:30a.m. to 1:00 pm and attended school in the evenings for a couple of years. Then, in 1991, the opportunity to leave my hometown came along. It was then that I moved to Tijuana, California, to live in my aunt’s house with her family. Still, I kept the idea of seeking more education.

Once there, I started looking for a job. Even at this point, I did not have much job experience except as a baker. It seems funny looking back
on it, but the baker experience was that helped me find a job quickly in a bakery. I was lucky enough to accommodate myself as a dispatcher and baker associate. At the time of my job interview, I was also able to negotiate time for attending school. The answer was “not for a while,” but the owner of the bakery made a promise that if I worked hard and learned the business quickly, he would give me the chance that I was asking for; after four months, I did it, and he kept his word.

I signed up for high school, and with a lot of hard work and dedication, I could graduate. I was happy for my accomplishment, but I felt that it was not enough. I wanted much more than just a high school diploma: I wanted to attend college, and then a university. But things did not go exactly according to my “study plan.”

Before I graduated high school, I met my lovely husband, Benjamin. I fell in love with him, and we eventually got married. A few months after we got married, I got pregnant with my first son, Alan. Twenty-three months later, I had my daughter, Perla. I am so blessed and grateful for my family; however, I decided to postpone college for whenever the time and money allowed me to enroll.

Unfortunately, I did not have anyone who could take care of my kids so that I could work or study. My husband suggested that I stay home with them. My husband’s minimum-wage salary was not sufficient to
supplement our needs adequately. Therefore, at times we had to borrow money from his brothers just to get through the day or to take the kids to the doctor when they got sick since we did not have any insurance to cover our medical bills. To make things even worse, one day my husband came back home from work with tears in his eyes. He said he was being laid off from work. I asked him, “What are we going to do now?” For a male with no high-level education degree, finding a job was even harder. It was then that I went back to the same bakery that had given me a job before I had kids. Luckily, I was hired again, but only as a part-time employee. In the back of my mind, I thought, “Well, at least it’s something.”

We couldn’t survive for too long in this miserable situation, especially when our kids were innocent and unaware of the situation around them. There were several times that my husband and I cried when we heard our oldest son, Alan, at the age of three, asking for a taco when we passed by any taco stands. As a parent, it is heart-breaking to tell your kids that you can’t afford to feed them. We did not have anything but empty pockets, and sorrow in our hearts. “Sorry son,” we said, “but we don’t have any money.”

In 1996, we made a life-changing decision to migrate to the United States. Fortunately, my husband’s oldest brothers helped us with the immigration petition and all related paperwork. Once in the U.S. my
husband started to work as a landscaper and I baby-sat my sister-in-law’s kids while she was working. Of course, I couldn’t find any free time for myself to go back to school, but I never lost hope. Through the years, with a lot of dedication, sacrifices, and hard work, my husband achieved his dream of having his own general construction business. During this time, the kids had grown up, already graduated from high school, and started college. So I thought to myself, “Finally, my turn!”

True, I postponed my own dream for such a long period. The circumstances did not let me approach it on time, or at least not when I originally wanted. It did not matter much because it is never too late to redirect the road to success. I adore my family—they are everything to me—but I also wanted to become something more in life besides a housewife or a mother. For that very reason, I am now attending Lake Washington Institute of Technology to pursue a Business Technology Degree. I was able to make my journey a success because I never lost hope.
Overcoming My Insecurities
Khatralida Heng

This essay is about my long journey of returning to school after twenty years. It explains the roadblocks I faced, the outcomes, and the reason I am a student here today.

Twenty years ago, I would have never imagined myself sitting in a college classroom and actually comprehending the materials being taught. Before, anything that went in one ear came out the other with absolutely no intent to stay there long enough for me to even remember it. It was like, my mind had refused to take in anything that had to do with learning. Now, however, I am determined to go back to school. I know that the decision itself will be a challenge for me solely because I need to overcome any insecurities and fear towards the thought of school. Luckily, life had finally given me the opportunity and most importantly, the ability to believe in myself.

It was December of 1996, when I first found out about my pregnancy. I couldn’t even begin to describe the thoughts that were running through my mind. I felt ashamed and was terrified as to how I was going to tell my parents about what I had let happened, and the reaction that they were going to have. What had I been thinking? What were people going to say or think about me? I was overwhelmed with embarrassment, but sadder
that my parents would have to pay for my poor choices. My mind filled with questions. How was I going to care for this innocent soul and soon-to-be child? Was continuing school even an option at this point? Unfortunately, I didn’t have any answers. All I knew, was that I was going to be a parent and responsible for someone else’s life shortly after my sixteenth birthday.

There I was, pregnant, a high school dropout, and working at McDonald’s. McDonald’s was the only place that would hire someone as young as myself at that time. I was an employee there throughout my pregnancy and another a year after the arrival of my son, using every dollar I made towards anything that was needed to provide for him. At the age of seventeen, I was hired into a market research firm that paid me two dollars more than McDonald’s, I was ecstatic. Making more money meant I would have the ability to buy better things for my son. All I could think about was supporting my little family as it grew from one child to four, not including myself; Nowhere in my mind were there any thoughts of school. It was like I had almost forgotten how old I really was, and the importance of finishing school.

As the years passed, I worked countless hours accompanied by many sleepless nights, even taking on a second job at times to ensure bills were being paid. One time, in an awkward moment while attending an open
house at my children’s school, and the faculty staff directed me to the school gym under the mistaken impression that I was a student. I watched my kids go from babies to teenagers in a blink of an eye. Time had passed me by like lightning going through the sky in a wild thunderstorm.

I now realize that I have done all the things I once thought I couldn’t do, and through it all I was able to raise four beautiful and healthy children. I watched them take their first steps, walk into their first schools, have their first fights with friends, and, eventually, become young adults. As I sit here, recollecting all the circumstances I encountered and overcame, nothing could possibly be more exciting for me than to finally have the opportunity to learn again. There is something that I find gratifying about going back to school, even if it means going at the same time as my children, to get an education and finally gain some knowledge. Aside from that, school is helping me conquer past my doubts while building the motivation I once neglected. Simply because of the amount of time already lost, I have the drive to push harder and forces me to not give up as I have previously done.
Weather Reflections
Andrea Conant-Machl

I am a student in the MMDP department. This photography series, created for "ART 140, Photography Appreciation," was inspired by Alfred Stieglitz’s series of clouds called "Equivalents" (1925 to 1934). A combination of this inspiration, going through a long stretch of rain and finally seeing the sky and the clouds mirrored everywhere, even in the puddles on the streets, let my series come together.
Kirkland at Night
Andrea Simental

I'm from Mexico and currently enrolled in the Digital Design program. This photo was an assignment for the Photography Appreciation class. It consisted in capture a sense of 'PLACE' through a single photograph.
Being a Bouncer
Keith Schrandt

I'm returning to school after 8 years to pursue a future career in welding. This piece is about my own personal experiences in one of my jobs of being a bouncer.

For various reasons, many people are drawn to the idea of being a bouncer. Some like the night life, others think working at a bar or club seems exciting. Others are interested due to a hidden power trip, and they feel that job gives them a higher authority, and still others like the protective aspect to the job. But in any case, I think that there are a few qualities needed by anyone who is successful as a bouncer in my opinion. The three most important in my opinion are patience, good situational observation, and backbone. Without them you many find out quickly that bouncing is not the job for you.

Patience

You may ask yourself why having patience would be so important to being a good bouncer. Well, it greatly depends on your customers. “I have to have my ID?” “What do you mean I can’t take my drink out of the bar?” “I’M NOT BEING TOO LOUD!” “Why can’t I dance on the table?” These seem funny, but sadly I have had to answer them all repeatedly. But there are other situations where it becomes hard to be patient. “Sir, for the
tenth time tonight, you are too drunk, and I can’t let you in.” Sadly, you will be put in the position of having tell many people that their fun for the night will not continue in your establishment, due to the fact they just stumbled out of the bar next door. But there are many situations that will end poorly if you lose your patience. An important thing to keep in mind is that, as bouncer, you have not been drinking, but nearly everyone around you has been. So, if you must ask a customer to leave, don’t say, “Get out.” Say, “I’m sorry, but I must ask you to leave.” The difference can be a fight versus a customer admitting they have had too much to drink and leaving of their own free will.

Situational Observation

It is so important to have good observation skills for several reasons. First, you always want to pay close attention to the IDs you are checking. If you let in a minor and the Liquor Control Board where to find them in your establishment, you, the server and the establishment would all be fined. This fact alone adds a great deal of stress to your job. Second, as a bouncer, you are the first line of defense, so the rest of the staff count on your judgment and protection. But being observant does not only mean carefully checking IDs. Before you let customers just walk into your bar, you should have a brief conversation with them. This helps to assess what
kind of state they are in. Ask simple questions like “How are you doing tonight?” or “What brings you out tonight?” Taking the time to ask these questions may seem trivial, but what it yields can make a real difference. If the customer responds clear and polite, it’s a good indication that you are their first stop for the night. But if they can’t manage to answer without slurring or belching up alcohol, or if they give no answer at all. These would all be good signs that they have had too much and shouldn’t be allowed in. You should keep a close eye on other possible signs of intoxication: can they walk a straight line, are their eyes glazed over and red? But you should also be careful not to mistake someone’s disability as a sign of them being drunk. Maybe they have a bad hip, or maybe they are deaf. Finally, being observant of what is going on around you is also very important because. You must lookout for your own safety and the staff’s safety many times. I have been sucker punched many times. Being sucker punched is when someone hits you when you are not looking at them. Sadly, there is no way to know the punch is coming, but as a personal rule I always stand with my back to a wall. Also, you must be observant of your bar staff. Maybe one of your customers is trying to get a little friendly with one of your waitresses and she gives you the look of “get them out of here”. But your job is also to keep your customers safe and comfortable. If you notice a table of women being harassed by a group of men, you must put a
stop to it; or if you see a young couple getting into a heated argument, you may have to ask them to calm down or leave. These are the many reasons that observation is so important.

**Backbone**

When you’re a bouncer, you will be put into a lot of very uncomfortable or even violent situations. People may try to provoke you into a fight or insult you. But you should remind yourself you are the bigger person for not playing into it. I have seen a man push another up against a wall by his neck and have had to intervene. Having a backbone is really knowing when and where to apply force in a situation. Customers will try to intimidate you by saying thing like, “Do you know who I am?” or “I’m going to get you fired,” even “I will come back and kill you!” The truth of the matter is that you should stand your ground on what is right, and if you have a hard time telling when that line should be drawn ask yourself, “Would I treat a stranger like this for no reason?” Everyone is different, but no matter whether I’m the bouncer or the customer, I treat people the way I wish to be treated.

**Conclusion**

I have seen many people try bouncing and fail for different reasons. Steve, a correctional officer I work with, had too much of a power trip. He
wanted to treat customers or like inmates; no one out to have a good time wants to be treated that way. I tried working with my best friend, Ryan, who is a former Army Ranger veteran from the Iraq war. He was perfect for the job in all regards but one: patience. But what draws me to bouncing is the protective aspect of the job. I have stop a man from striking his wife in front of her friends. I have stopped men from inappropriately grabbing or hurting women I work with. Also, on many occasions I have been thanked by my regulars and other customers for making them feel safe and comfortable. Those are the reasons I love to bounce.
Pike Place
Anthony M. England

In this painting, I wanted to show off Pike Place on a typical rainy morning. The most challenging parts of this piece was the stone work and creating the appropriate light reflections.
A Day in the PNW
Anthony M. England

I created this painting because I love the outdoors and the Pacific Northwest. Sea kayaking is an important part of my life and I wanted to create an image that contains all these aspects combined into one.
A Path to Success
Inga Makela

A couple of years ago I was studying for a university entrance exam that took me to the edge of my abilities. I’m telling my story as an inspiration to everyone out there who doesn’t dare to believe in themselves and go beyond a comfort zone to achieve their dreams.

There comes a moment in your life when an event happens that changes you completely. For me, that was a time when, after four years of what felt like never-ending studying, I finally achieved my goal: I got accepted into a medical school.

In Finland, the examinations to medical programs are extremely competitive. Every year there are about a thousand applicants eager to get into the university program that I was applying to. The admission is once a year and only about ten percent of all applicants are accepted. The only factor that measures your suitability for the program is the entrance exam. You have five hours to show on paper how good you are. There are three subjects you are required to master to pass the exam: advanced physics, chemistry, and biology. There might be a question about anything regarding high school sciences. To pass the exam you need to have an excellent knowledge of every subject, be accurate, make no mistakes, think fast, and have a bit of luck - or a lot of it. The questions in the exam are so challenging that by scoring about 60 percent of the maximum points you are accepted.
I wasn’t very good in high school. Partly because Finnish isn’t my native language, but more importantly I didn’t try hard enough to succeed. My high school counselor advised me to think about some other schools because he thought I wasn’t skilled enough. It was hard for me to trust myself. I wanted to show others that I could succeed. I also wanted to show myself that I could do it. I never thought I could achieve something like that, but I had that dream that just wouldn’t leave me alone.

In the beginning, even I didn’t believe that I could do it. It was a dream - the kind of dream you imagine will make your life complete. I wanted to make something of myself, be independent, and be the kind of daughter a mother would be proud of.

The first time I went to take the exam, I had spent about a month studying. I didn’t really know what I was supposed to study and how deep of an understanding of science I had to have. The only way I could test my skills was by taking the exam that is held once a year.

After two years of working part-time and taking occasional exam preparation classes that got me nowhere, I decided that I need to either go all in or give up on the idea and change my plans.

The entrance exam is held every May. I had to have enough time to prepare. So in January, I quit my job, put all of my textbooks from high school science classes together in a ten-inch-high pile, made a study plan for the next five months, and stuck with it. Every morning I hushed my mind as it was telling me that I would never succeed, reminded myself why
I am doing this, packed my books and went to a library to study until late afternoon. That spring I spent about a thousand hours studying. At the end of the study marathon, my mind was going crazy and my head was spinning. Hundreds of times, I played in my head how I would react or what would I say if I ever got an acceptance letter. Would I cry from happiness? Would I jump around the house out of joy? I imagined how I would tell my mother the good news, and how I would see her smile with pride. I thought that I will fail if I stop trying. I was obsessed; I stopped seeing the exam as a path to a brighter future. All I saw was a target, a goal that was sliding away from me and that I had to catch.

On the night before the exam I slept for three hours. A month later I got a letter saying that I wasn’t accepted. I was missing five points out of the maximum of one hundred fifty.

The next year I knew I needed to change my ways of thinking. I didn’t know if I could handle any more rejection. I couldn’t let myself think of it even for a moment, because if even one percent of me thought that I could fail, I would fail. I felt like an athlete getting ready for the run, training for months for the big day. I knew that I had all the information I needed; it was my mind that was bringing me down with an avalanche of stress and panic. So I decided to do what many athletes do. I started taking meditation classes. My marathon to success had started. For five months I spent my days studying, rehearsing, repeating, and in the evenings I sat
down to quiet my mind. I spent my study time more efficiently compared to the previous years. For eight hours a day I set a timer for when I was working and when I was having a break. By doing that, I ensured that by the end of the day, the work I had to do to keep up with my schedule was done. So in my free time I could relax and not think about studying. On the day of the exam I was very confident. I knew what I had to do if panic took over. I kept telling myself that everything I need to know was already in my head. If a question seemed impossible, it probably was the same for the rest of the applicants. When five hours was over, I turned in my answers and walked out of the examination room with a smile on my face.

A couple of days after the exam I went on a vacation to the United States with my husband to clear my head and wipe off the last bits of stress. America was so beautiful and overwhelming for us that we decided to try and see how it feels to actually live there.

A month after the exam came the day when everyone who passed the exam got an acceptance letter. During the whole month of waiting for the results I didn’t know if I wanted to be one the ones to get a letter or not. I was so excited about the idea of moving to another continent that I thought that, if I got accepted, I wouldn’t have it in me to give up my dream and move. Although, at that moment I didn’t know what my dream was anymore. There were now two different things on the scale. So I decided to go with my fortune.

I received the letter.
I had just finished my first year in medical school when a new opportunity came and we decided to go for it; we packed our belongings and moved to the United States to start a new life.

For me, my story is a story of a success. I chose a target, worked hard, changed my ways of thinking and learning, overcame myself and my fears, and didn’t give up at any point in achieving my goal. I was able to see how a dream I had imagined for myself for all these years actually looked like. I grew up. Now I made a choice to follow a different path. I learned that the only one who can stop me from achieving my goals is myself. Now I see challenges as opportunities. I know that with the right plan and enough dedication, I can accomplish anything. Every time I overcome myself, I become stronger.
Dreamy Reality
Inga Makela

One time in our English class we had a poetry reading and workshop with Bill Carty, whose approach inspired me to write a poem. And I don't even like poetry. I wanted to try to express my feelings of the time when I was struggling with my motivation and trying to find strength to continue while studying for my entrance exam.

Every day I woke up
and wished to be freed.
From the bitter reality,
that was forcing my will
to recede.

My eyes saw things
I could not stand to see.
It was someone completely else
I wanted to be.

I saw this vision
in my head;
a vision of something
I could not yet have.
I had to be patient.
To work on my skills.
I must believe in myself
to make a dream real.

There was one chance
to make a difference;
to change the meaning
of my existence.

I overcame myself
in every way,
and achieved one thing
for which I could earlier
only pray.
Acrylic Impression
Anastasiia Rusina

This work was done in Jason Sobottka’s life drawing class, were I firstly tried acrylic painting. It is an amazing class which I would suggest to all students looking for humanity credits. Here you will not only gain unbelievable experience by drawing a beautiful human being from life, you also will have an ability to try a variety media, which is not always possible in other art classes. Everyone is an artist, you need just give it a try. :)

![Painting of a figure in blue and gold]
Airport
Ana Luiza Morett

I am a Brazilian studying in The United States. I was assigned to write a personal narrative Essay for my English 101 class. In this essay, I tell about my experience coming to America and my personal opinion about airports.

I don’t like airports. I don’t like that people are going to other places far from their friends and family. I know that is not the only side of the story; some people are arriving and coming back home, but if people are arriving, that also means they were far away for some time. So, I end up with the same argument: I don’t like airports. I can remember all of my experiences at the airport. All of them full of different and, most of the time, contradictory feelings. Not that I have had that many experiences, but surely experiences at the airport are always remarkable. Either you are the one waiting for someone to arrive or leave, or you are the one landing or taking off. But first things first. This kind of experience actually starts before people even get to the airport. And mine happened like this.

I am from a small city in Rio, and we don’t have airport there. I don’t want to be unfair: we do have an airport, but for some reason it was been out of service for at least two years. The better way to get to an airport, when you need one, is going to the capital, which is three hours distance from us by car. It is not that bad once you get used to that. People do two
or more trips like that in one day, since where I live has basically only the essentials to survive: hospital, school, supermarket and a beach. If someone needs more than that to live, people just go to the capital.

The night before my trip I didn’t get any sleep. I spent my night laying on my bed, looking at my bedroom, and thinking about all the things I was leaving behind. The moon in Brazil is so bright I didn’t even need to turn on the lights to be able to see everything in the room. I would lean on the window and memorize every single detail of that moment. My parents never understood why I used to leave the window above my bed opened. The reason is, because I’m always switching sides when I am sleeping, I would always spy on the sky and look for the moon and then go back to sleep. But at that night all I could do was wonder if the moon at the other side of the Equator Line would be as bright as it was there.

The morning after that was time to finish all the things that were supposed to be done by the night before. I couldn’t close my suitcase. At that point, I couldn’t even remember what I had packed or not, but that was the least of my worries, since I was not expecting to be able to wear any of my Brazilian clothes going to America in the middle of February. All I could think about was that I had to close my bag and it had to weigh less than 70 pounds. Of course, it didn’t happen. I had to take many things out of my bag until it weighed what it was supposed to. I would read and
reread all the rules about how to bring liquids, food or presents in my suitcase. My biggest concern was about the coffee, but I couldn’t do anything about it. Nobody leaves Brazil without at least three packages of coffee. After everything was packed - hopefully everything I would need stayed in the bag - it was time to say goodbye.

I had so many mixed feelings. I was excited, nervous, scared, sad, and happy. My dad put everything in the trunk while I said goodbye to everyone. I am a crying person, but my family doesn’t know that. At least I think they don’t. I hate sad moments and goodbyes, so I just tried to be funny, doing silly jokes about who would get to sleep on my bed while I was out or how the house would not be so fun anymore since I would not be there. I tried not cry. I tried to disguise my feelings by saying more funny, silly things and secretly drying my eyes. I hope it worked.

The drive to Rio was something between I don’t want this to ever end and I can’t wait to get there and straighten my legs. I was enjoying every minute of the beautiful views of a sunny day, my mom eating sweet popcorn and my dad singing all the songs in a pitch he could not reach. I was just on the back seat enjoying all of that.

We got to the airport very early. We had about two or three hours until I could board. We checked the bags to get rid of all that weight, hoping that my hard work taking things out of my luggage and weighing at home
with a scale had worked so we wouldn’t pay for extra weight. Then I got my boarding passes. All of them - three to be more precise. And here came the time when there was not much to do, except wait until was time to get on the plane. We did have times of tedium but only after we extinguished all of our entertainment options. We rode in that little car to transport people from one side to another of the airport (more than once), we walked on the conveyors just for fun, we crossed the entire airport just to find out that the book store had been closed for maybe years, and then we had to went all the way back close to my departure gate.

When it was time to depart, all of those mixed feelings came together, but stronger. My dad took as many pictures as he could of every move I made. My mom hugged me and kissed me as much as she could. And I just pretended I was okay with all that, and of course, I did more funny jokes to hide my fears and avoid the tears that were about to drop from my eyes. When I felt I couldn’t help myself anymore, I headed to my gate and made sure that the last image that my parents would have of me would be a big smile and a happy wave as I loudly said: “Bye! I’ll text you during the trip”.

The immediate second after that some tears did drop from my eyes. Two days, three different airports, and a new life on the other side of the continent. I took a deep breath. I took my plane and arrived at another airport.
I don’t like airports, because people go far away from their families and friends. And that is what I don’t like about airports.
Adventurous Coffee
Alvina Garcia

"I see the world through the lens of my coffee."
The Struggle is in Our Hands
Shazia Ali

I am a student of the Medical Assisting Program at Lake Washington Technical College. I came to the United States permanently in 2015, and my sister and brother-in-law provide me with support. I used to go to parks in my native country to enjoy the beauty of nature. I love colorful flowers, the swoosh of leaves, and the songs of birds. One thing that I have learned from my experiences is that one cannot give value to happiness without experiencing difficulties. I feel very lucky because I have very good teachers and friends in the USA who always encourage me.

Life without goals is meaningless—like shooting an arrow without any target. Some are achieved and some remain incomplete. Some change a person’s entire life. Goals motivate and inspire us, and this power is strongest when our goals help others. When I completed my studies, I wanted to do something unique. I did not want to spend my life in an ordinary way. I was always inspired by those people who want to serve humanity. In my opinion, it is very easy to live for yourself, but it is difficult to live for others. I was inspired by my father, a cardiologist, who never charged destitute patients. I was also inspired by the world-famous and renowned Pakistani cricketer Imran Khan, who opened a free cancer hospital after seeing the expense of his mother’s cancer treatment, and by Abdul Sattar Edhi, a Pakistani philanthropist. My goal to raise money to help my friend’s colleague taught me to persist against obstacles and
pessimism, no matter the result, because the struggle is what is in our hands.

In November of 2004, I got a chance to fulfill my dream to help others. My close friend Pinky told me that she would not be in contact for a few days because she would be busy helping a colleague of hers, Zara, prepare for her engagement-day celebration. In Pakistan, when a couple becomes engaged, the bridegroom comes to the bride’s house, and they exchange rings in front of family and friends; this is called engagement day. Pinky participated in the arrangements happily and enthusiastically. However, when I spoke to her again a few days later, she had a different tone. On her engagement day, Zara had had a bad pain and was taken to the hospital, where the doctors performed many tests. A few days later, she was diagnosed with acute kidney failure and told that she would need dialysis. Pinky asked me to help Zara.

Zara’s background and her health concerns presented me with a new perspective. Zara’s father was not alive, and her mother was out of her senses. Her brothers were not educated enough to collect money for her treatment. They didn’t have a big circle of economically strong friends and family, so they were unable to collect the funds. Also, in Pakistan, people who are uneducated and poor are not able to get the trust of other people, who think they are being deceived. At that point, I asked some of my
siblings and my mother for money to help Zara pay for her dialysis. I was not very familiar with her illness. I went to the hospital to give the money to Zara’s brother. This was the first time I met Zara. It was painful to see her, with her terrible eyes asking, “what has happened to me?” She asked me, “who are you?” I told her, “I’m Pinky’s friend,” but I did not tell her that I had come to help her, because I did not want her to feel inferior in front of me. After seeing those eyes, I spoke to the doctor, and I learned the severity of the situation. Zara would need not only frequent dialysis treatments, but also a kidney transplant.

At first, I felt very pessimistic about my ability to help her, but then I changed my attitude to optimism. When I got home, I was upset—she was very young—and I wondered, what can I do for her? How can I get enough money to pay for her dialyses, her transplant, and the medications she will need for the rest of her life? I wanted to help, but I didn’t know where to start. It was a very big goal, one that felt impossible. I felt many obstacles in my way. I was very shy to ask for money for her. I thought, Imran Khan is world-renowned. It is easy for a famous person to raise money, but I am not a famous person. How can I reach this goal? Also, due to my busy life, I had not been in touch with some of my friends who might have been able to help me, and it was difficult to ask directly for money after a long silence. Additionally, I was worried that if I gave hope to her brothers and was not
able to fulfill it, then their morale would become low. Another obstacle in my way was my fear of failure. However, after all these negative thoughts, I decided to focus on the positive. I kept two things in my mind. Firstly, I thought, *God will help me because I am doing something for humankind and I’m on the right path.* Secondly, I thought, *where there is a will, there is a way.* After that, I felt very strong inside and thought, *I can do it, and I will do it.* I kept only one thing in my mind, that I would do everything to save her life.

After making this decision, I took my first steps towards my goal. I talked to my mother and brother. They gave me a positive response, and even my brother’s wife also decided to support me. She was working in a multinational company as an advisor of the Chief Executive Officer, so it was easy for her to talk with him and her other colleagues. Her CEO decided to pay for Zara’s medications for the rest of her life, and some of her colleagues gave her money for Zara’s dialyses and transplant. I also used a conference call to talk to my siblings who were residing in other countries, and they assured me that they would support me. I also talked to my friends. One of these friends was living in New York. I asked her to help and told her everything about Zara’s condition. She arranged a lunch for fundraising and told her circle of friends about Zara. Together, they contributed a lot of money. When this money was exchanged into
Pakistan’s currency, it went even further, but these funds were still not enough to reach my goal. I also asked my other friends for help, and they gave me a very good response. One by one, they came to my house to participate in the charity. They didn’t want to go to Zara’s house or the hospital because they were worried it would make Zara and her brothers feel inferior. Finally, I talked to one of my aunts, who understood Zara’s situation very well because she was already working with a tuberculosis patient. She promised to help me.

While pursuing the goal, many ups and downs came in my way. Sometimes I felt very depressed when people did not want to give me an immediate answer about donating money, or when some people gave a negative response. However, Zara’s positive attitude made me optimistic and kept my morale high. I always kept in touch with Zara’s brothers. I usually talked to Zara in the evening. I never told her how I was spending my whole day for her cause. Sometimes, she became depressed when doctors advised her not to drink too much water, just to take some sips of water. I always encouraged her to think about those people who are immobile. Sometimes, she would say to me, “Shazia, I can’t even drink a glass of water,” and I would joke with her, “When you recover, I will take you to the river and ask you to drink the entire river, and if you are not able to do it, I will push you into the river.” I always tried to conceal my
sadness and tried my best to console her. Sometimes, I lost hope, but I never showed this to the contributors or Zara’s brothers because I knew it would affect their morale. Even when the circumstances felt hopeless, I always showed myself to be strong. During this period, I also realized that my family and friends trusted me a lot, and that bolstered me.

Day by day, I was getting nearer to my goal, but the wind was changing direction. While I was raising money, Zara’s dialysis treatments continued as funding came in to pay for them, but my biggest challenge was to find a kidney donor. At that time, as in many developing countries, Pakistan had a private organ market, where individuals would sell their organs for money. I asked my friends about where to find a donor, and one of my friends arranged a meeting with a rural man who wanted to sell his kidney; it was almost finalized. I was excited because I felt very near to the final step of my goal. With the help of my family and friends, I had raised a lot of money and found a donor, and the contributors and I were very happy. Then, everything turned upside down. The doctors needed to do a final important laboratory test before Zara’s surgery, and they broke the news that her test results were not good. Unfortunately, she had developed Meningitis. They could not do the surgery unless she recovered from this disease. The doctors decided to admit Zara to the hospital.
Now, everything was available which she required except good fortune. I felt as if I were climbing a hill and had lost my footing. Everyone was very upset, including me. Everyone was asking about Zara, and it was very hard to explain to them what was happening with her. I went to the hospital to visit her. I opened the door of the hospital with a heavy heart. I was overwhelmed by the smells of cleaning supplies. There were body diagrams and posters of medical advice on the walls, as well as inspiring verses of the Holy Quran on sickness and health. Doctors and nurses were moving here and there. The hospital environment increased my grief. Zara had a lot of tubes for putting medicines in her body along with a nasogastric tube to feed her food. She was unconscious. At that time, her condition looked very serious. Finally, a day came which was beyond my thoughts. It was February 15th at 3 a.m. when her brother called me to break the news that she had left this mortal world. It was a very bad moment in my life. The money we had raised paid for her hospital and funeral expenses. After speaking with the financial donors, we donated the rest of the money to Imran Khan’s Cancer Hospital.

After this difficult experience pursuing a goal, I learned that fame is not necessary to do good deeds. Passion and dedication always work. Through this experience, I gained courage and confidence, which has enabled me not only to do more for humanity, but also to achieve other goals. Ambitions
and objectives are not free from obstacles. Obstacles get in the way of those who strive. In my opinion, I am not a loser or a failure. As Debbi Fields says, “the greatest failure is not to try.” I tried my level best to provide Zara with the best treatment, transplantation, and post-transplantation care, which most people do not have access to. To give her long life was not in my hands, but I know I did everything I could.
Untitled
Ciara Patterson
Footsteps
Samantha Kelley

*I created this poem during a brief relief from writer's block.*

Footsteps
shook the staircase
the familiar gait
cursed the concrete
with every stride striking
in a rhythmic alarm
each landing allowing
a brief relief from panic
of what was waiting beyond the doorway.
Circle Compilation
Samantha Kelley

I submitted this for an assignment as a series of photographs. The pictures were arranged into a collage to better connect the similarities. I picked circular items of personal significance.
A Memorable Event in My Life
Niloufar Mirhashemi

If I want to analogize the human mind to something, I think it is similar to a camera which records each moment of life. Moments that over time become memories and remind us of our emotions. Although sometimes we wish the memories would happen again, there are some times that not only bother us, but are also scary. Remembering the past may be up to the person, but their memories will never be erased from the mind. Memories always exist in the unconscious of a human, and there is no escape from them.

This reminiscence is related to my childhood, about sixteen years ago, when I was nine years old. I remember that it was summer, and my school was closed. I was able to finish my school year with success and high scores, so my family and I decided to go to an island in the southern part of my country for vacation. It was the best reward after finishing a period of studying.

The reason this trip was special was because my entire family was going together. Usually, due to my parents’ jobs, we were hardly able to travel with each other. Therefore, I was extremely delighted for this chance to go on this family trip. My father chose a super luxurious hotel and announced that we will remain there for one month. All the conditions for having a beautiful and unforgettable vacation were there. The island called me.

After a short trip, on an airplane, we arrived on the island and immediately went to the hotel to avoid the heat. We checked in and chose
a big room which had a view and every available accommodation. Full option. The hotel was full of utilities and entertainment, so my brother and I decided to stay at the hotel for the rest of the day and start our sightseeing and recreation for tomorrow. In the mornings, we roamed around the island, took pictures, and sometimes bought something for ourselves or as a souvenir for our friends. Then went back to the hotel to eat lunch and resting. Some mornings we went to the beach for taking a sunbath, but always in the evenings when the weather was mild, we went to sea. Swimming, strolling on the beach, building sand castles, and searching to find beautiful oysters, all and all caused the travel to become a memorable journey which I still can remember everything such as the same the first day obviously.

On one of the last days of the trip, we decided to have a sea tour around the island, so my father rented a boat with a shipmaster. We were boating around the island by the shipmaster while he was talking about landscapes. Watching the island from away was a pleasure on par, if not better, than my time on the island. After our tour ended, the shipmaster took us to the middle of the sea. The weather was sultry, and the sea was calm. My father was talking to the shipmaster, and my mother was preparing some sandwiches for our lunch while my brother was looking at the island with the shipmaster’s camera. I just was sitting on the boat’s edge, looking at the
sea, and thinking about everything that I wanted to tell my friends upon my return. Suddenly, I felt a movement in the water that was very close to the boat, so I stood up because I wanted to show it to my father, but another movement at this time hit the boat and caused me to fall into the water.

When I opened my eyes, there was only water around me, but I could feel something else: SHARK! I noticed that when I felt his fin and saw his body. That was the worst moment of my life. My mind locked, and my heart almost stopped for a few seconds. I opened my mouth and wanted to scream but only drank a few litter of sea saltwater. I was shocked. Then my mind told my body to do something to survive, so I tried to swim toward the water’s surface. I do not know if my hand’s movements attracted his attention, or he could smell my body, because he suddenly swam toward me very fast. I closed my eyes and tried not to think about my last moment. Right then, my father’s hand picked me up, and the next moment I was at the boat’s floor. It was a miracle that I was still alive...

A heavier hit more than the previous stuck the boat, but fortunately this time nobody was thrown out of the boat. Meanwhile, I was lying on the floor of the boat while my body was frozen, and my ears heard interrupted sounds. My mother’s screams were the only signal my brain could receive. My eyes only saw the shark’s image, and what was funny that everybody on
the boat thought I was crying from fear. Those drops on my face were seawater, not my teardrop. I was not able to feel my soul. The rest of the events passed quickly, like images behind mist. We went back to beach, and I went to the hospital for a physical checkup. I could not speak without a stutter for almost a month, and I went to different psychologists for at least a year. Sixteen years have passed since that event, and I try to do my best, but I have still had a few problems as a souvenir from the shark attack.

I am not able to watch movies or documentaries which are related to sharks, or look at pictures of them without feeling uncomfortable although I worked a lot on myself and my feelings.

I still have nightmares, and some nights I have dreamed that I am in a sea alone with a shark, which causes me to wake up suddenly with cold sweats down my spine. However, above all, the most important thing that bothers me is that I have never gone to sea after that event because I cannot stand in the water or even be in a swimming pool.
Two-Minute Sketches
Anastasiia Rusina

This work was done in Jason Sobottka’s life drawing class. It is an amazing class which I would suggest to all students looking for humanity credits. Here you will not only gain unbelievable experience by drawing a beautiful human being from life, you also will have an ability to try a variety media, which is not always possible in other art classes. Everyone is an artist--you just need to give it a try. :)
From Serapis to Christ—The Foundation of Christianity
Von Morrison

I was prompted to write this because I wanted to investigate a crossing of history, philosophy, and religion. In digging up some factors it prompted me to go deep and write this.

ABSTRACT

Despite the prevailing theory linking the origin of Christ and Christianity to the life of Jesus of Nazareth as told in the Gospels, the evolution of Christianity is deeply rooted in the origins of Serapis. This research traces the trajectory of the transformation of the Greco-Egyptian deity Serapis to Jesus Christ, with emphasis on the structural relationships and archaic symbolic cosmology between the Christian faith and Osirian (Serapis) religions. In doing so, the paper argues that the first stages of the evolutionary process started during the Ptolemaic Dynasty, with Ptolemy I’s eventual development into Soter (“Savior”) coupled with his strong desire to be a Pharaoh. In creating Serapis, Ptolemy I sought to unify the Greeks and Egyptians through one universal deity.

However, it wasn’t until the establishment of the famous Council of Nicaea (composed of 318 bishops, priests, and deacons) that a sanctioned creed was set forth. During the process, Arius, a theologian and philosopher, was excommunicated and exiled because he challenged the bishops and most notably, Bishop Alexander from Alexandria on the divinity of Christ. The Council of Nicaea’s endorsement of the Nicene creed led to the official recognition of the Christian doctrine.
I. INTRODUCTION

History casts uncertain shadows on the walls of time. The dimensions of which are hard to measure, because of different players, different situations, or different ages. Jesus Christ as we understand him today evolved over a period of time from the Ptolemaic god Serapis. Who is the dynamic player that is behind the shadow of the age I am examining? The player, in the Hellenistic periods, was a Macedonian Nobleman, General for Phillip II and Alexander the Great. He is the MVP of the topic, Ptolemy I; the founder of the Ptolemaic Dynasty.

Ptolemy I was all of these things, but mainly a close friend to Alexander, and special advisor. Later, he even served as one of Alexander’s personal bodyguards. Then after the death of Alexander, he led a military operation to divide the empire, because he was against waiting until the birth of Alexander’s son, Alexander IV. The success of the military enterprise meant that the empire was divided between the head generals, of which he was included. As the foremost of these generals he had first say and what he wanted was Egypt or Kemet. Therefore, he became Satrap or governor of Egypt and that whole region. Wasson (2012), an educator in Ancient and Medieval history, maintained that “Unlike the other generals, Ptolemy’s major concerns and ambition did not go beyond the borders of Egypt.” (“Ptolemy I”) The evolution of Christianity is deeply rooted in the origins of Serapis, a creation by Ptolemy I Soter to unify Greeks and Egyptian elements.
II. SERAPIS

Following a brief peace, Ptolemy I was involved in a series of major battles with the general Antigonos and his son Demetrios, finally resulting in their eventual defeat and Antigonos’ death at Ipsus in 301 BC. By then Ptolemy had assumed the regal title of king as well as being named Soter (“Savior”) for his defense of Rhodes against Demetrios. So, now he is elevated to Ptolemy I Soter, but he desires much more. In fact, what he wants is to be regarded as a pharaoh. More specifically, he wants to be the first European pharaoh. In addition, he went further to name himself Meryamun Setepenre or Mery-beloved=amun-god, which translates to Setepenre-chosen by god or beloved by god. In 306 BC Ptolemy I took the title of Pharaoh, but initially the Kemetic/Egyptian people refused him because they realized that he attained control of Kemet/Egypt by brute force. As a result, he [Ptolemy I] started killing them off until he found some that would consecrate him to spare their own lives. (Hagins “Religious Miseducation – Council of Nicaea. . .”)

III. TRANSITIONAL STAGES – FROM SERAPIS TO ARIUS

Ptolemy I wished for total deification, the way the previous pharaohs had so conceived a symbolic combination of Greek and Egyptian/Kemet. This combination *Egypt/KemetAusar/Osiris + Apis the bull-Ptah/Zeus.*
He had symbols of the Greek afterlife with a bread basket on his head and Cerebus the three-headed dog at his feet. Therefore, after the deification, Ptolemy I Soter made it a state religion, and spread it throughout the region. Legge (1925) of the Scottish Review described this phenomenon:

The Egypt which you so praised to me, my dearest Servian!, wrote the the Emperor Hadrian to his brother-in-law, ‘I have learned to be thoroughly false, fickle, and swayed by every breath of rumour. Those who worship Serapis are Christians and those who call themselves bishops of Christ are vowed to Serapis. There is no ruler of the Jewish synagogue, no Samaritan, no priest of the Christians, who is not an astrologer, a diviner, and a charlatan. The very patriarch, when he comes to Egypt is compelled by some to adore Serapis; by others, Christ. … (492-494).

Emperor Hadrian had this interchange with his brother-in-law Servian about the state of Egypt/Kemet at that time about 134AD. Although, this was early in the development of Christianity, Hadrian affirms that one could not differentiate between Serapis and Christ.

Through syncretism, or the amalgamation of different religions of schools of thought, the being known as Jesus Christ was imbued with the fusion of characters of previous gods. As historian Wasson (2012) has explained, “Stoicism, which for some centuries was fashionable at Rome, taught like the Orphics that all gods were interchangeable forms of the
same energy.” (Ptolemy I) Another way of interpreting this relation can be found in science with the *law of conservation of energy* which states energy can be neither created nor destroyed in any physical or chemical change. This interchangeability of energy through worship and revering these entities is transmitted through culture and time. According to Carus (1902) “Serapis is the god of the otherworld, the life to come. The word is a contraction of Osiris-Apis+Ausar-Hapi=Osarapis or Serapis, i.e., the apis as Osiris, and he was worshipped as Lord of the Dead.” (p. 421) And after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, he then goes down to hell, cleans house and becomes resurrected – in the same way of Serapis who is Lord of the Dead. This befalls the yearly seasonal cycles: Summertime shines bright then dies in the Winter and finally, rises or becomes resurrected in the Spring.

In following, Ptolemy I Soter and Serapis, we begin to see the origins of how Christianity became to be. When Rome was in a dispute with Hannibal Barca and Carthage and the Ptolemaic Dynasty still ruled Egypt/Kemet, Christianity started budding along with other older, developed religions. Likewise, in the 1st Century AD. Christianity was at its beginning around the time Emperor Hadrian made his remark about the similarities between bishops dedicated to Serapis and those dedicated to Christianity who call themselves Christians.
IV. ARIUS

Harvey, S. A., & Hunter, D. G. (2008), in the *Oxford Handbook of Early Christians*, outlined the significance of Arius, another player in the evolution of Serapis in Christianity when she stated, “Arius was the presbyter of a community in a suburb in Alexandria, Bucalais, and originally from Libya.” (p. 239) He taught in Alexandria, Egypt. Surviving manuscripts indicate Arius was well-educated in traditional theology and philosophy. As is referenced in military historian Tucker’s (2010) encyclopedic anthology on the ancient world, “Arius championed the position that as the Son of God, Jesus was not God but the first creation of God.” (p. 178-179) Around 318, he challenged his bishop, the notable Alexander of Alexandria (313-326), concerning the divinity of Christ. Arius maintained that the Son of God was not coeternal and was not considered of the same substance with God the Father. Instead, there was once a time when he did not exist.

Christianity has its roots in Alexandria, Egypt where most of the ancient theologies took place; however, there exists a polarity around Christianity that seems to differentiate it from ancient theologies of its time. Arius’ theological understanding was not in full agreement with all of the bishops. Roukema (2010), in *Jesus, Gnosis and Dogma* demonstrated the underlying issues at the root of the problem. He surmised that “[a] reaction
came quickly from his bishop Alexander [regarding Arius’ theology]. About 321 AD, he organized a synod in Alexandria which condemned the ideas of Arius and his followers.” (p. 184-185) Yet, Arius had many believers and gained a lot of recognition. Thus, the process moved forward to the Council of Nicaea.

V. CONSTANTINE, COUNCIL OF NICAEA & TRINITY

The Emperor Constantine, who ruled Rome at the time, wanted to get Alexander and Arius to settle their dispute of the Father and Son in the Trinity. Harvey, S. A., & Hunter, D. G. (2008) addressed the issue as such: “Here Constantine dismisses the issues as extremely trivial, ‘quite unworthy of so much controversy,’ calling these small and ‘utterly unimportant matters,’ that were not suitable to the intelligence of priests and informed men” (p. 453). To finally settle this conflict, he called for a council, or a synod in 325 AD at Nicaea in Bithynia. The Council of Nicaea comprised 318 bishops, priests, and deacons and the duration of the council lasted two months and twelve days. “This synod endorsed the following creed (Roukema, 2010): “We believe in one God the Father all powerful, maker of all things both seen and unseen. [We believe] in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten from the Father, that is from the substance of the Father, God from God, light from light, true
God form true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father, through whom all things came to be, both those in heaven and those in earth; for us humans and for our salvation he came down and became incarnate, became human, suffered and rose up on the third day, went up into the heavens, is coming to judge the living and dead. And [We believe] in the Holy Spirit. … (Roukema, 2010, “The Nicene Council in 325 AD”).

Although, Constantine claimed that he favored no sides and thought, he considered the entire controversy beneath the Church. Nevertheless, with the adoption of the Nicene Creed, Arius had lost the dispute. Furthermore, after the decision of the Council of Nicaea, and since Arius did not agree, he was exiled and anathematized throughout the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

In examining the Nicene Creed, I recall Hagins’ earlier point, that essentially the Council of Nicaea turned Serapis into Jesus Christ. Even more so, the Council of Nicaea cosubstantiated the Trinity through it. The nature of the Trinity is discussed further by Khan (2012): “That we worship one God as Trinity, and Trinity in unity—neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance—for there is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. But the Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory
equal, the majesty co-eternal.” (“Trinity -- The Doctrine of Triune God Origin and Adoption in Christianity.”)

VI. CONCLUSION

To summarize, Serapis became Jesus Christ over a period of time. Ptolemy I Soter embarked on a campaign from Macedonian Nobleman and General for Philip II and Alexander to Satrap or governor of Egypt/Kemet, and eventually Greek Pharaoh. Through symbolic transformation and a policy of the realm that viewed gods as interchangeable forms of energy, he came up with Serapis or Osiris-Apis+Ausar-Hapi=Osarapis or Serapis. He was the god of the other world with similarities to Jesus Christ. Scholar el-Sayed el-Aswad (1997) described this Egyptian cosmology in the following manner: Ancient Egypt may have contributed to its share to the gorgeous symbolism of the Catholic Church as well as to the pale abstractions of her theology (Frazer, 1987, p. 445). Basic concepts, images, and rituals of both religions include: God as father and God as son, the Holy Mother and divine son, the savior who saves and people who need to be saved, sufferings, holy spirit, trinity, baptism, resurrection, and judgment. In both religions, one might say, concepts and rituals can be understood in their relational contexts . . . The
relationships between concepts in both Osirian and Christian systems are strikingly similar. … (p. 76)

As indicated, el-Sayed el-Aswad (1997) affirmed Alexandria, Egypt as the plateau from which Christianity spread rapidly. He specifically pointed out, “No country has affected the development of the Christian religion more than Egypt, or rather-to speak more exactly-no city has affected the development of the Christian religion more profoundly than has Alexandria.” el-Sayed el-Aswad (1997).

In the early times, even Emperor Hadrian could not distinguish between a bishop of Serapis and one of Christ. Around the 3rd Century AD. Arius enters the scene to spread the news. But, his “news” was not in line with the teachings, and what was preached by the bishops. Arius maintained that the idea of Christ was not co-substantial but was created later. Bishop Alexander erupted with great hostility. Constantine, the first Christianized Emperor, thought the arguments between the two on the issue of Christ were beneath the Church. He wanted the entire matter settled, but they could not form an agreement. To that end, he called on a Council in Nicaea in 325 AD.

The Council of Nicaea developed the Nicene Creed. Things didn’t fare well for Arius after the creed had been adopted because he and his followers had lost the dispute. Furthermore, Arius was exiled and anathematized for
his beliefs that stood in contradiction to the newly established Nicene Creed. With the dispute now “settled” and Arius out of the way, the Council of Nicaea forged the way for the Christian trinity and other Christian measures.
Figure 1. *Serapis Christus*

Figure 2. *Serapis to Jesus Christ transformation*
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I Remember
Connor Salsbury

For this assignment, we were asked to write about a physical/mental illness/injury that had a significant impact on our lives. I chose to write about a bit of both by creating this essay about my depression as well as the more extreme outcomes that it brought because it also has had the greatest impact out of everything in my life. My curse became my motivation, and I was asked to share that with the school in hopes of having a positive impact on others.

I remember a young child. I remember a young child who couldn’t wait to see all the wonders of the world. A child who loved to play outside in the sun with his neighbors. I remember a child who would wake up early just to go running with his father in preparation for Bloomsday. He tried his best in school, getting 100% on all his papers and projects. He played sports in his off time, even making it to premiere soccer teams. There was nothing in the world that could bring him down. He had slain dragons and staved off invasions of Vikings from his own home and created whole new planets in his living room. In his bedroom, he would play with toys and go to new worlds with them, leaving behind all the worries and fears of everyday life. He lived every day like he was experiencing it for the first time, and continued to do so until his family made the decision to move.

It was the first day of summer vacation after 7th grade, on Father’s Day when they decided to leave. I remember he was excited. He got to live in a
whole new city and go to a whole new school. They packed their belongings up the week prior and put it all into moving vans. All that was left were things they needed day to day and pets. So they packed everything up and drove across the state to their new home. What he didn’t realize though was that it was a whole new life. He had no friends there, nor anyone who he even recognized. When someone so young is adrift amid the tides of fear and loneliness, it’s easy for them to get lost. I remember his grades started to drop as the weeks went by. 100%-90%, 90%-80%, and continued to drop until he was failing half his classes. Weeks and months went by and his home life started to deteriorate. I remember him sitting at home on his couch waiting for his father so he could show him the good test grade he had gotten. I remember that his father, however, cared more about the failed assignments in math and science than the A in English. Each day was the same scenario. His father would come home and yell at him for his failings while ignoring his achievements. The question always arises of “Where was this child’s mother this whole time?” Well she was blissfully absorbed in taking her online courses, ignoring the rest of her family for the year and a half or so that she was taking them. There are very few people in this world who can stand in a household of disappointment and neglect and come out unchanged, and this kid wasn’t one of them. I remember he became distant and detached. He stopped talking to his
family any more than one word responses. His grades dropped to the point where he shouldn’t have passed. His friends from his old city stopped talking to him, saying he had changed and was no fun. I remember he lost the ability to trust others to care for him and disappeared into his headphones and games. All he could think was “Why me?”

We can look at him again a few years later. His grades are lower, and his social group is small. He doesn’t speak much in groups or participate in any sort of sport. He hardly speaks unless spoken to even in small groups or 1 on 1. He doesn’t react to most things at school or home-nothing seems to touch him. Everyone thinks of him as invincible. The Superman of the emotional world. He is always able to lighten the mood and never lets anything get him down. This is the truth he wanted them to know, and the only one they have known.

I remember him sitting in his room one night. He was cold and alone. He wanted nothing more than to cry but he couldn’t manage to shed a single tear. He sat there for hours unable to sleep or eat. I remember him looking for any sort of outlet he could find. Yelling, hitting his pillow, running around the back yard. None of them worked as well as pain though. I remember he would hurt himself over and over every night. He would tell himself that he deserved it for his failures and that he didn’t matter. I remember him trying to take it too far more than once as he sat
alone in his bathroom. Out of all these times I remember the last one the clearest. He had used a fresh blade that night, and made sure he had pushed deeper than normal. In that moment when he saw blood running down his arm all he could feel was fear and regret. Then somehow the bleeding just stopped. Like someone turned off the faucet or folded the hose. There’s nothing quite like the emotions brought on before you die. They’re raw and powerful, something that can’t be replicated by any means, nor should they.

I know an adult who decided to make changes. I know an adult who was tired of feeling like he had been. I know an adult dropping out of high school to go into the Gateway program. I know an adult quitting the job that forced him to watch as people bought contaminated food for their children. I know an adult cutting out people who had made his life a living hell. I’m taking control of my own life again. I’m stronger than that child who had this life before me. I’m better than that child. He left me with something broken and I intend on fixing it. The scars he left behind serve not only as a reminder of how easy it is to lose everything you have, but also as to how far I’ve come. I’m not that child anymore and hope that I will never be him again.
Me and My Imaginary Friend
Antara Roy

My friend is always with me wherever I go.
Life Decisions Determined at Day Care
Robert James Sumpter

I've been attending LWTech for six quarters studying Architectural Technology. Sherri Rind is my English 101 instructor, and she suggested I should consider sending this essay to The Lion's Pride. This is the first essay of the quarter but it began as a draft. After receiving feedback from our instructor and fellow students, we revised the draft. In my case, the feedback allowed me to seek information in places that I wouldn't have thought of otherwise. The result is a more personalized narrative essay that doesn't necessarily answer any questions, but allows for more relatable reading for any audience.

I often wonder if traumatic experiences have molded me into who I am. When I reach as far back as my memory will take me, I'm reminded of episodes that didn't work out well for me. One of the more vivid was my first day at day care. I was betrayed, abandoned, detained, held captive, and then I was forced into a room full of crazy kids. I'm not sure why, maybe it's because I didn't get out enough as a toddler, but I could not stand being there. While the other kids ran around laughing and playing, I was stuck to the window hoping to see my mother return for redemption. My first day of kindergarten is also etched into my memory as a traumatic episode. In fact, the first day of every school year was traumatic, but I always remained hopeful that one day it would all come to an end. I was never able to feel comfortable at school. I wanted to go home and play my drums, or play soccer, or be with my girlfriend, or anything besides school. I just wanted out, and that was my motivation to graduate. I was determined to get it all behind me. Shrouded by this insecurity, I was unable to see beyond High School. I didn't realize that after graduating I was either going to support myself or continue to college. So, with no other
options and knowing that I wouldn’t last long, I enrolled at Green River Community College to study music. After two quarters, I had fallen too far behind to catch up. I quit, and my buddy got me a job with a residential framing company. Once I started working, I finally felt as though I was done with school, but I had no idea that a career in the construction business would give me a reason to want to go back to school and actually enjoy getting an education.

That nervous feeling on my first day turned into curiosity the moment I arrived at the job site. The house was a Street of Dreams house, and it was huge. Every house on that street was impressive and inspired me to try making an impression of my own. I found motivation despite the cold and rainy weather. I was anxious to discover exactly what a framer’s job consisted of. I spent most of the day hauling lumber, but at lunch time I was introduced to some power tools, and I received a brief orientation that answered my questions of what framers’ responsibilities are. At the end of the day, the boss complimented me on my performance, and I was hired. The thought of enduring labor intensive work rather than sitting in a classroom was promising, simply because the day did not result in a traumatic experience. I felt good about what may lie ahead. I quickly learned how to keep production flowing, and I became valuable as a carpenter rather than just helpful as a laborer. There were three of us working as a team. One man laid everything out with his tape measure and pencil, one man cut everything, and one man nailed it all together. We found a groove that was productive. The result was a well-built main structure of a house, and a feeling of accomplishment. I’ll never forget how difficult it was to take on a new position as a second man on another crew.

I didn’t like joining a new crew. It reminded me of those first days of the school year. I did however, eventually break out of that mold, because
during the next five years I worked with thirteen different lead men. Each had their own tricks of the trade that exposed me to various framing styles. From the different methods, I adopted what I felt was the best, and I truly believed that I had gained the skills of a lead man who had learned from the best. My increased confidence enabled me to embrace new challenges as an opportunity for growth, rather than becoming fearful of a new situation. Unfortunately, this momentum came to a screeching halt when I was involved in an accident on the job that resulted in my right leg femur fracturing in seven places. My career as a framer was suddenly put on hold.

Along with my broken leg came disturbing consequences. I was bedridden for months. Then I relied on a wheelchair for months. After approximately six months, I could walk with a cane, and finally, after a little more than a year, I was able to return to work. When I did return to work, I was unable able to get that groove back. I was treated by some people in a way that I never would have expected. Certain individuals believed that I was out of work for much longer than I should have been, and therefore, was taking advantage of the company by collecting L&I rather than returning to work. Even some co-workers on my crew claimed that I was babying my leg and was using my injury as an excuse to not work so hard. It was true that my production level had decreased, but I was still recovering. I told them to go break a femur and then try talking to me. I thought real hard about what was going on, and decided that this wasn’t going to work. So, the titanium rod that was still inserted through the middle of my femur, the titanium screw in my hip, the two screws just above my knee, and I, decided to quit.

That was not the end of my framing career, however, as I continued to frame houses for several construction companies over the next several years. Eventually, I ventured into other realms of the construction industry, and I
also tried other lines of work. For instance, one day I found myself standing on the deck of the biggest catcher/processor crabbing boat in the world. I quickly realized that the middle of the Bering Sea and I were a bad combo, so that was a onetime visit.

My career as a framer became a solid foundation that I have always been able to fall back on whenever I needed work. I now have ideas of structural and mechanical concepts that stem from the skills I developed as a builder. I have visions of designs that I want to model into real working objects. Instead of working from blueprints or documents created by others, I made the decision to go back to school and learn how to create them myself. I have received an Associate’s degree in Engineering Design Technology, and I am in the process of receiving another AA degree in Architectural Technology. Framing houses relieved me of my struggles with school, but also gave me the incentive to return to school. I enjoyed graduating from Renton Technical College with honors, and even though the program I’m in now occasionally throws me a curve ball, I don’t become fearful. I enjoy it.

Peer review acknowledgment:

Because Philip Carver asked what it was that I didn’t like about college, I realized that I should describe something that I feel may have influenced my inability to like school. This information helps the reader understand why school was a problem for me, where as before, the reader knew that I had problems with school but didn’t know why.

Steven Weaver suggested to talk more about what happened after my injury, and I took his suggestion of reflecting on where I’m at today with my education and how that would allow my story to come full circle.
On the Writing Process
Steven M. Weaver

I am an instructor in the Machining Technology Department here at LWTech and I am currently working through my BAS degree from South Seattle College. I am enrolled as a student in English 101, working towards that degree, and I was asked to submit this paper to the Lion's Pride by my instructor. I hope it helps students to see a different point of view when approaching a writing assignment.

My own personal writing process is something that I have developed over the years. The extent of my formal training in writing is the writing classes that I took in high school and one or two college level courses, all of which were over 15 years ago. Currently I work as a teacher in the Machining Technology program here at LWTech. My program is not academically heavy. We build stuff out of metals using very technical and highly advanced processes and machines, but we do not write essays much. I do not need to include content in my curriculum that is even close to the material that we have covered in this first week of class, though the students are required to take English to earn their degree. I however have to communicate with my peers, colleagues, students and parents, and vendors regularly. Along with that, I have been enrolled in one class or another almost every quarter that I have been working here at the college, which is just over 5 years now. In that time I have had to develop methods to help
with my daily on-the-job communications in order to function in the workplace. There is a lot more writing than I thought there would be in the workplace.

In my personal life and my machining classroom I spend a great deal of time working on physical machined projects. I have always been a builder and now I teach people how to build and create high quality and precise metal parts. When confronted with a writing task I will apply the same principles that I have learned to use when building metal parts, or anything really. I wrap my head around the purpose and design of the finished product, gather the necessary materials to create it, organize the materials, develop some sort of plan and then put everything together. My writing process is not much different.

In Ali Hale’s essay, “Daily Writing Tips,” and Richard Marius’ essay “Writing Drafts” both authors describe the writing process similarly to what I have described above. Start with an idea or thesis, make a list of related ideas and organize them until you have a finished product. Marius describes his process to include multiple revisions and different methods of organizing and re-organizing his work. I do this by separating my paragraphs, sentences and ideas into a bullet pointed list and cut/copy them around until they are in a logical order. I liked the way that Hale described the “A.R.R.R” method: Adding, rearranging, removing and replacing. This
is a large part of my method. After I have everything in order I will always spend time polishing it and re-reading it until I am satisfied.

I do not claim to be a good writer, I am definitely lacking in training, but I have had to learn some things about effectively communicating in writing to be successful at work. To anyone who dreads writing assignments I would suggest looking over these articles, especially Ali Hale’s “Daily Writing Tips.” It is organized in an easily understood list format. It gets right to the point. Writing is time consuming and can be difficult, but it also takes time and effort to build something. The point is that both require a similar process to complete, and if you think of them in the same way it makes a writing assignment much easier to tackle.

Works Cited
Unexpected
Andrea Conant-Machl

I am a student in the MMDP department. This photograph, created for Art 140, Photography Appreciation, was the unexpected result of an experiment to elevate everyday objects to an abstract form through lights, positioning and angle. Taking this water bottle out of context through cropping and adding lights distorted the original shape of being a simple vessel for holding liquids. The glass looks liquefied itself.
My Drug Dealer Was a Doctor
Monica Shoemaker

“Doctor, please… give me a dose of the American dream.
Put down the pen and look in my eyes;
we’re in the waiting room, and something ain’t right.
All this is on you, we’re over-prescribed.
Doctor, your medicine, and your methods, can’t cure my disease…
Without killing me.
You’re killing me.”¹

There is a heroin epidemic in our country and the majority of the population doesn’t know why. People we know, and don’t know, are dying from a drug that Big Pharma has been pushing for decades. Big Pharma is most known as being a collection of many large pharmaceutical companies that are considered to be a politically influential group. What they’re producing and have been convincing physicians to sell is a drug called OxyContin. This is an extremely potent pill that is made up of pure Oxycodone, which is a narcotic that possesses a high likelihood of creating dependence if taken for long periods at a time. Unfortunately, when the prescriptions run out and all other options are exhausted, the closest thing to step in as a replacement is heroin.

"I want to forge a prescription; cause doctor I need some more of it.
When morphine and heroin is more of your budget…
I said I’d never use a needle, but sure, fuck it."²

¹ Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Kevin”
² Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Drug Dealer”
With the strict reform on pill mills, the most chemically similar replacement is heroin (The Price of Pain in the U.S.). It’s cheaper, more accessible, works quicker, and there are multiple ways of getting it into the bloodstream. It’s more available than most of us would ever consider it to be; the epidemic is everywhere. Why are doctors allowed to continue prescribing addictive medications when it has been proven that many addictions heroin and opiates likely started because of prescription opioid treatment? The answer is heart-breaking: Big Pharma is paying them off. The importance of knowing the source of where this all began is crucial for mapping a plan of action. There has been a sudden increase of support nationwide to make the drug Naloxone, “a nonaddictive prescription medication that can reverse an opiate overdose” (U.S. Heroin Crisis). Additionally, there is a push for more states to approve the “Good Samaritan” law; in the case that someone is overdosing, the person that calls it in is granted immunity from any and all charges, including possession of illicit drugs or paraphernalia. There has been much debate over whether or not it is in communities' best interest to open safe injection sites for users. That’s a proposition that is slowly making progress here in the Seattle area. Once the education about opioid and heroin addiction increases there would be a noticeable difference in the way that people view
the addiction, but also may save their lives or the lives of their friends. These solutions need to be implemented now for more immediate results; the death rate from drug overdose has to be tended to before the epidemic grows larger.

There is information that needs to be understood about this addiction. Opiate addiction most often starts from a prescription medication called OxyContin: “OxyContin (oxycodone) is an opioid pain medication. An opioid is sometimes called a narcotic. OxyContin is used to treat moderate to severe pain that is expected to last for an extended period of time” (www.drugs.com). Opioids are chemically related and interactive with opioid receptors on nerve cells in the brain and nervous system to produce pleasurable effects and relieve pain (Drugs of Abuse: Opioids). There are multiple ways people choose to use: “some people may begin crushing the pills to snort or inject the drug, or they may switch to heroin, which produces an effect on the brain that is indistinguishable from that of opioid painkillers” (Drugs of Abuse: Opioids). The side effects of opioid pain medication include drowsiness, mental confusion, nausea, constipation, slowed (or even stopped) breathing, lack of interest in activities and school or work, decreased attention to personal hygiene, and needing to take more and more of the drug to achieve “tolerance”. On the flip side, the withdrawal symptoms are as follows: muscle and bone pain, chills, nausea,
kicking movements, severe anxiety, strong cravings for the drug. That’s a thought-provoking comparison to the nausea, abdominal pain, sweating, shaking, nervousness and anxiety, leg pain/movement, bone pain, agitation, depression, muscle spasms, and cravings for the drug that heroin withdrawal consists of.

"I wanna be at peace. My hand is gripping that throttle. I’m running out of speed, tryin’ to close my eyes But I keep sweatin’ through these sheets."³

Is there a valid reason for this medication to be prescribed? There are valid reasons to use this drug on a short-term basis, such as right after surgery or a major injury. Long-term uses are typically for advanced cancer pains, HIV positive patients, or to keep dying patients comfortable. It was meant to be a temporary solution. This “solution” has been discovered by those that aren’t intended to have it, which in turn has begun a war on drugs. What OxyContin was created for is definitely not what it is being used for today. For Debbie, a Phoenix House Alum (Phoenix House is a nonprofit drug and alcohol rehabilitation organization with over 120 programs in ten states, serving 18,000 adults), she recalls her progression of drug use: “I got a prescription for painkillers. I became addicted to the medication I was taking to deal with the pain from the car accident. The

³ Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Drug Dealer”
next ten years were lost to painkillers and my heroin habit” (National Institute on Prescription Drug Abuse).

Some of the most popular painkillers that exist are ones that everybody recognizes these days: Vicodin, Percocet, OxyContin, just to name a few. But, there is a newer, less-heard-of drug that is actually more potent than OxyContin and heroin – it’s called Fentanyl, and is much deadlier than heroin. As a warning from the DEA’s Assistant Special Agent in Charge, Doug James, “Fentanyl is extremely potent, it takes microgram quantities to get high. An individual can overdose on less than a gram. It’s 50 times more potent than heroin, 100 times more potent than morphine.” Additionally, the DEA says agents busted two fentanyl labs in the Seattle area in four years. The most recent case was just a few weeks ago (KOMO News). The doctors prescribing these meds can’t collectively think the drugs won’t turn their patients into addicts; it’s been all over the news and social networking sites, not to mention all the personal accounts taken in by reporters or the police when lives are taken. When it comes to the overprescribed, it’s been warned that “physicians, knowing the risk, should be more reticent in prescribing these drugs” ("Price of Pain"). That’s not to say that there weren’t the hesitant doctors that were hard to convince. Even documents from Purdue Pharma (pharmaceutical company that makes OxyContin) stated that “officials recognized before the drug was marketed
that they would face stiff resistance from doctors who were concerned about the potential of a high-powered narcotic like OxyContin to be abused by patients or cause addiction” (In Guilty Plea).

"My drug dealer was a doctor, doctor.
Had the plug from Big Pharma, Pharma.
He said that he would heal me, heal me.
But he only gave me problems, problems."⁴

There is a percentage of people who believe that car accidents still hold the record for leading cause of accidental deaths in the U.S. This would have been true if the research and statistics from 2014 were still relevant. According to the CDC, car accidents were the number one cause of death in 2014, but with drug overdose not trailing far behind (Key Injury and Violence Data). Skip to 2016, and the truth on record is that “drug overdose is the leading cause of accidental death in the United States; 47,000 due to prescription painkillers, 10,500 due to heroin in 2014” (Center for Disease Control and Prevention). Between 1999 and 2010 more than 48,000 women died of an overdose. That’s an increase of over 400% in ten years; men had a 237% rise (Center for Disease Control and Prevention). The more that heroin addiction rises, the trace back to the rise in prescription opioids remains parallel: “Sales of prescription pain relievers

⁴ Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Drug Dealer”
in 2010 were four times those in 1999...The overdose death rate in 2008 was nearly four times the 1999 rate…Substance use disorder treatment admission in 2009 was six times the 1999 rate” (Paulozzi). In King County alone there were 150 heroin related deaths back in 2014. That’s the highest it’s been in two decades. Between 2009 to 2014 opiate overdose deaths rose three times the amount. Treatment admissions in the Seattle area has risen 32%, strictly related to heroin addiction. Some local residents blame the legalization of marijuana in Washington State. Others blame lack of education. Most often, people will see blame placed directly on the addict, the one with the disease.

The shift from one addiction to another isn't a new problem. In fact, the process in which many become addicted to heroin is easily broken down: “As prescription painkillers become harder to divert, obtain, and alter, many people addicted to opiates are turning to heroin as the answer. Heroin may be a cheaper alternative to powerful and addictive drugs like OxyContin and Vicodin, and CNN reports that close to half of injection heroin users abused a prescription opioid drug first” (http://americanaddictioncenters.org/withdrawal-timelines-treatments/heroin/). It’s unimaginable that anyone would wake up one day and decide to start injecting themselves with a deadly drug, but when it comes to the desperation of so many, that may be the only option they feel
is available to get their fix. During an interview with a teenage girl, reporter Martin Smith mentions that using “painkillers is an expensive habit, many are now turning to a cheaper way to chase that high”. Shocking reports are coming in from “authorities say[ing] [that] the drug (heroin) is increasingly making its way to wealthy suburbs, into the hands of young Americans” (Chasing Heroin).

"But this shit’s been going on from Seattle out to South Philly. It just moved out about the city, and spread out to the ‘burbs. Now it’s everybody’s problem, got a nation on the verge."\(^5\)

Smith continues interviewing the teenage girl, Kristina Block, about her heroin addiction and how it transformed into what it is today: “When I was 14, I tried heroin. And it just, like, made everything feel...safe and OK...I think I got really trapped in it because, I mean, I guess I didn’t know too much about what the addiction was, and it just became so second nature. It just --- it consumed me.” Kristina started out by smoking heroin, typically done by using tin foil and a small straw, also known as ‘freebasing’. “I was friends with this girl....and she was shooting up – like, that’s how she did it. And I was just kind of interested in it and I asked her to hit me one time.” “It’s just so insane what this drug can make you do...it literally has a brain. And it shares mine...” (Chasing Heroin).

\(^5\) Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Drug Dealer"
Kristina is 16 years old, and knows the risks of dying because of her addiction.

"I seen pain, I felt the losses. Attended funerals, and seen coffins. 21 years old, an angel was lost here. Wings clipped by the grip of 80 milligram sniffs of OxyContin everyday through the nostrils. Never went away, never does it stop there. Death a line or two away…”

Since the attention of the epidemic began to finally rise, the U.S. Attorney General, Eric Holder, proclaimed that the heroin epidemic is an “urgent and growing public health crisis” (as cited in U.S. Heroin). With the development of this crisis the Associated Press and the Center for Public Integrity published a piece in the Journal Sentinel stating that “drug makers claim to be fighting the prescription drug epidemic…to weaken or outright kill legislation to limit the use of drugs such as OxyContin, Vicodin and Fentanyl” ("Price of Pain"). The personal testimony and news stories that emulate the severity of the opioid/heroin crisis are hard to ignore, and provide more than enough credibility to persuade those with the most skeptical thoughts.

There are baffling accounts of young and old victims griped by the clenches of addiction and death. Another conflict that arises is the fact that celebrities and the well-to-do members of society that become victims to

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6 Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Kevin”
this disease have a better financial advantage to maintain such a lifestyle; it
doesn’t make it any less likely that the less fortunate would typically stick to
cheaper drugs. What most don’t know is that heroin is one of the cheapest
drugs to purchase off the streets. When the pharmacy companies stopped
providing medication to patients, the shift from taking a pill to shooting up
with a needle could happen in a matter of 24 hours. The hold is potentially
that strong for those that have been on opioids for anywhere from 3-7 days.
 Appropriately, David Juurlink, a toxicology expert at the University of
Toronto, told reporters, “You can create an awful lot of harm with seven
days of opioid therapy” ("Price of Pain"). That’s all it takes. Instead of
keeping meds at a reasonable price for the patients in need, drug companies
tried to take financial advantage of the surge of opiate addicts that would
do anything to get their pills for their “fix”. On the streets, one pill of
OxyContin can reach up to $100. The typical range is anywhere from $30-
$80 depending on the milligrams of the pill. The higher the milligram, the
better the high. The addictions that were spreading through the country
eventually gained attention from the Mexican drug cartel; they capitalized
on this opportunity by moving dealers into high class neighborhoods where
the rich white kids could easily become regular clients. They had the
money, they had the cars to get them to and from any destination, and they
had private rooms at home to be able to shoot up without any notice from
their parents and siblings (Chasing Heroin). The cartel benefited from this devious plan more than they initially thought they would. The greater societies were slowly discovering the warm relief and freedom from that one hit, and when they wanted more, all they needed was to make a stop down the street.

Where’s the outrage? Where’s the collective fear from our cities that a disease this strong is taking the lives of people we know and love? The subject of addiction, especially heroin, is dirty and shameful. But people need to speak up, even if just to ask questions about why and how it’s spreading so quickly. Maybe if the majority of the population knew that heroin has now reached the high schools, and in some cases junior high schools, there would be a little more urgency in investing time and interest to fight a cause that fights back with the intention of stealing people’s lives.

What makes all the statistics frighteningly believable is the reason why these drugs are being prescribed in the first place. It’s not often one would find a doctor that tries incessantly to push opiates on them; that would most likely come across as malpractice to those that are well-informed on the dangers medications may pose. That’s a risk these doctors are taking, and have been for the last two decades. All because of the monster known as Big Pharma. It hasn’t been a secret that Big Pharma has been marketing
to physicians across America, with megabucks. Our doctors are being paid to prescribe addiction.

"I don’t blame Kev. Or his mom freebasin’ while pregnant with him. I blame the pharmacy companies and country that spends trillions Fighting a war they supplying themselves. Politicians and business and jail, Public Defenders and Judges who fail. Look at Kevin, look at Kevin…Now he’s wrapped in plastic. First dealer was his mom’s medicine cabinet. Got anxiety? Better go and give him a Xanax. Focus? Give him Adderall. Sleep? Give him Ambien. ‘Til he’s walking ‘round the city looking like a mannequin. Shooting up prescriptions you’re handing him. Is it really worth it? I’m askin’…”

165,000 lives have been lost in the US to opioid addiction. Disappointingly, the Associated Press discovered that “Big Pharma, [in the last ten years] spent $880,000,000 nationwide on lobbying and campaign contributions” (The Price of Pain). Purdue Pharma had $2.4 billion in sales from opioids last year. According to David Juurlink, “…you can send people down the pathway to addiction, when they never went there otherwise” (AP). In 2009 and 2010, some pharmaceutical companies paid physicians more than $100,000 cash to promote their product. A number of those doctors are now under investigation from ProPublica, which is an independent, non-profit newsroom that produces investigative journalism

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7 Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Kevin”
in the public interest. Close to 300 doctors who were discovered having been paid out by Purdue Pharma ended up facing fines, suspensions, warnings, and other disciplinary actions. Gerald Sacks, a doctor in Los Angeles, was paid $250,000 to push this addictive drug that has killed thousands, yet he only received a $500 fine. Interestingly enough, he places 7th on the list of doctors earning the most from the pharmaceutical industry, according to ProPublica’s investigation (Doctor’s Facing Charges).

"Now, my little brother’s in the sky from a pill that a doctor prescribed; That a drug dealing billion-dollar industry supplied. The orange plastic with the white top they sell to you Has us looking for the answers in that, instead of you. Quick fix, whatever’ll do, we just gonna neglect the truth Because a doctor with a license played God and said, “it’s cool” Played God and said “it’s cool”…"

The evidence suggests that there isn’t very much genuine care for the quality of human life when doctors are knowingly putting people on a drug that can, and most of the time does, lead to opiate addiction. However, it seems as though there is a glimmer of hope that the pharmaceutical industry is changing. On September 9th, 2007, Purdue Pharma’s three current, and former, executives pleaded guilty to felony charges for

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8 Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Drug Dealer”
misleading physicians, regulators, and the public about the addictive properties of the drug and the potential to be abused (In Guilty Plea).

"Paying out congress so we take their drugs. Murderers who will never face the judge. Take Activis off the market, jack the price up on the syrup But Purdue Pharma’s ‘bout to move that work."⁹

To receive a fraction of justice may be enough for some. But those that have already lost loved ones to opiate addiction will never feel redeemed. Another positive was added, though, when the three executives of Purdue Pharma, including its president and top lawyer, also pleaded guilty for the criminal violation of misbranding the drug. In the beginning, the creators of the medication had contended that OxyContin had a lower threat of addiction because of its time release formula. They compared it to the shorter acting drugs such as Vicodin and Percocet. A large amount of focus for promoting the drug was directed to the general practitioners who had little to no training regarding the substance’s frightening abilities, or how to identify addiction in their patients. The admittance of fraudulently marketing the drug for over six years came much too late by the former executives. By this time, it was discovered that the addictive properties and

⁹ Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Drug Dealer”
the ability to induce heavy abuse of the drug were more than noticeable. Enough damage had been done. A statement from the company said:

Nearly six years and longer ago, some employees made, or told other employees to make certain statements about OxyContin to some health care professionals that were inconsistent with the F.D.A.-approved prescribing information for OxyContin and the express warnings it contained about risks associated with the medicine. The statements also violated written company policies requiring adherence to the prescribing information.

In addition to Purdue Pharma, there are other companies that were also pushing painkillers. This may be the start of a policy that can’t be ignored now that the information is available to the public. The drug companies were aware that their product was addictive and causing the deaths of thousands, and they were literally making a killing from the profit. It’s difficult to leave emotion out of the facts about major companies that are intended to help, yet in turn they’re intentionally falsifying the benefits and down-playing the risks. It isn’t a fair partnership with the consumer.

Here in Seattle we have a lot more out in the open usage happening in downtown, along with many surrounding cities of the greater Seattle area. Where I grew up in Carnation, Washington, there hadn’t been much talk about heroin when I was in high school. Everyone knew one or two people
that were on drugs, those students rarely attended school, but the drug use was never anything as bold or out in the open like it is today. These days it would be difficult to find a school that doesn’t have at least one supplier roaming the halls on any given day. Dealers are becoming more and more forward about their approach to selling and making profits. In the last few years there have been at least 5 deaths due to heroin overdose in my hometown, most of which were people I had gone to school with. One single mother, who I’ve known most of my life, lost both of her sons to the disease of heroin addiction; they were her only children.

"Only thing to numb that pain besides that shit in his nose,
He was gonna quit tomorrow, we’re all gonna quit tomorrow.
Just get us through the weekend, then Monday follows,
Then it’s Wednesday, then it’s “fuck it-
I’m already feeling hollow.” Might as well go pop a pill
And band-aid that problem and escape this world, vacate this world;
Cuz I hate myself, no praying’s gonna cure this pain."\(^{10}\)

After years of neglect, the White House is finally in agreement that there needs to be more education and more action, and that this disease is in fact an epidemic that has spread across the nation. So where there is fear, there should also be hope: The approval of a nationwide bill was just approved that would provide the country with $1-billion for the production of opiate

\(^{10}\) Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Kevin”
and addiction education. This is what America needs. Teach the unaccepting population and our youth about the risks of this deadly lifestyle. It must include the explanation and plea to all communities to understand the importance of needle exchange programs. Two have already been up and running in Seattle and Everett, both are reporting positive feedback about the experiences there; and to date, there have been no deaths. Thoughts about “safe shoot-up sites” are a little more controversial; however, once people understand and witness the outcome and testimony of dozens of addicts, there will be little left to argue against. Quality of life is possible even when living with addiction. These organizations and volunteers around our cities are working together to build an environment of trust and dedicated care to those that need help with their addiction and physical well-being. The complaints coming in regarding the “loitering” or “criminals” being exposed to certain neighborhoods is telling of a lack of knowledge and ‘quick to judge’ attitude that isn’t necessary. Seattle may be the first city in the US to test out a “safe shoot-up site” program after receiving reports from Canada that many of their sites that refer to addicts in terms of possibility and growth, the addicts have found huge successes (Open Public Sites in Seattle).

The missing ingredient to this whole recipe of healing is providing safe places for struggling addicts to go and be cared for. The needle exchange
programs are already in use, and already reporting positive results. The next step needed is the construction of these safe shoot-up sites that have been proven to reduce overdose and assist addicts into treatment. The facilities in Vancouver B.C. have been open for over 13 years and they have held strong and steady with zero deaths in their care (Open Public Sites in Seattle). County Health Officer Dr. Jeff Duchin shares, “I think it’s worth remembering that at one time needle exchanges faced similar challenges, and in the years since we’ve found that they work not only from a public-health standpoint but as cost-saving for law enforcement and others.” Additionally, Thea Oliphant-Wells, an advocate and former heroin user, urged the public to consider the sites: “I know it sounds scary,” she said. “But when you give people the opportunity to get better, many of them actually do” (Open Public Sites).

A testimony to true change happening in Seattle comes from authority figures like Lt. Leslie Mills. She tells a fellow officer as they were approaching a group of people on the ground, frantically trying to hide their stash, “The girl on the ground is just getting well. She’s shooting heroin.” She turns to the girl, “Stop crying, babe. We don’t care.” Honestly, that’s the most unassuming way anyone in a position like hers would be expected to approach a group of people shooting up heroin on the street. Mills backs up her tactics by telling reporters, “We could not
incarcerate these people or arrest our way out of the problem. You would arrest a person, they’d be in jail for 20 or 30 days. They would get sober. They would start using again. We continued to arrest them. And then they would use, and we’d continue to arrest.” This is the well-known way of the law enforcement world when it comes to drugs. Rarely ever do you find compassion like this: “If you have a problem, come and see me at the office. I’ll give you something to eat. I’ll let you call your parents. We’ll sit down and we’ll have a talk” (Chasing Heroin). Washington Governor Jay Inslee also seems to be grasping the concept of human acceptance and being willing to proclaim that this is a disease, not a choice: “Opioid abuse is an equal-opportunity killer, it threatens all of our children, all of our families, in every corner of this state, at every economic level.” The safe-injection sites intended for Seattle are supported by both King County Executive Dow Constantine and Seattle Mayor Ed Murray, who adds, “If it’s a strategy that saves lives…then regardless of the political discomfort I think it is something we have to move forward.” It’s important for communities to do their research on safe-injection sites and understand that they don’t increase drug activity, and do in fact reduce stray discarded needles. The safety in and around our communities is a number one priority. But it shouldn’t be so if it’s at the expense of someone’s life being deemed as worthless or undeserving of help.
Education will be increased in due time according to our government officials. The progressive attitude of our city and the surrounding suburbs are going to begin accepting things they never thought they could see themselves being comfortable around. Doctors are going to begin putting patient care back at the top of their priority list instead of how much money they’ll be paid to prescribe unnecessary drugs. Big Pharma companies, like Purdue Pharma, may continue down the crooked path they paved for themselves, but at the very least, their dishonesty was brought to the surface and now people know. Addicts are going to feel like people again. When that happens, there will be a noticeable shift in our society when it comes to dropping the labels and the stigmas and simply accepting people for their diseases. They’re hurting more than anyone could know.

"God, Grant me the Serenity to
Accept the Things I Cannot Change,
Courage to Change the Things I can,
And Wisdom to Know the Difference…
…and Wisdom to Know the Difference."^{11}

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^{11} Macklemore & Lewis, R. “Drug Dealer”
References


