of the sain character ( Literature Fifth Edition Pg. 11 ... ceptain vivifly rotalls how, " rave laddeth (well he deserves that hame)/ Pitdaining Fortung, with brandished steel/ which sucked with bloody assocution/ Like valor's minion," fought in the name of Scotland and is viewed by his king at laint a, "valiant cousin, worthy gentleman", and a good man ("acceth Act 1: 2). - A tracedy like any other play uses gonologues, dialogues soliloquies and saides to convey thought, sotion and plot through intentions, desires and nature to the audience in the mist of the action. After be was told the prophecy by the voird sisters, Tacketh reveals the earlier ascessment of his character which by Duncan to be false because he asked the," Stars, bide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires/ The eye wink at the hand , yat let that he/ Thich the eye fears, when it is fons, to sea" ( Eacheth Act 1:4). The use of the words "hlack" and "deep" is used to describe solething evil and something hidden. The term "black and deep desires" conveys the conifestation of an inner evil that lurks in the shadows of Macbeth's psyche. This evil is apart of Macbeth and is the cause of his own undoing.

In an aside in Act 1 Sc. 3 Facbeth's contemplations of killing Duncan, "are less than horrible imaginings./ [Fis] thought, whose murrar yet is but fantastical, shakes so [his] single

Fg. 17-14 ). Similar to the function of an aside in a play, marration commit, thought bubbles and "graphic language" convey a deeper insight to the nevels there (Comics as Litrature Rg.

On page 1 of "Gato'men" the there of mankind being it's own worst shelly begins with the images in the first 6 panels into the gutter is a representation of man'tind's descent from lofty heights of consciousness and cossibly the long feacent into a self-created hell. In casel 2 you see a pair of shoe covered feet walking right through the bloom soaked side walk, however, it is panel 3 that prince the first 2 panels full circle. The image in the third panel shows a man, Valter/Rorscach, walking through the blood that happens to be running into a gutter while holding a sign that reads, "The and is nigh", as a shopkeeper try's to wash the blood from the sidewalk with a hoss. While the blood running in to the gutter is a representation of "humanities descent into the under world, it is the man with the sign who can loss a Jark oran, ... ing symbolizing the demise that awaits mankind should they continue down the path of self destruction bringing the theme of "mankind being it's own worst encay forward from the very start of the While the imagery on the first page establishes a pre-nuclear apacolyptic setting, the theme continues to be

and the novels title becomes more magningful. A newspaper Pg. 26). The "fatchese" are the custoficus of the Doonsfay This pending "Nuclear Doomsday" stems to be the ultimate contemporary manifestation of the theme "Manking being its Other kinds of "graphic language" are used to construct

fabricated as the story progresses and grows to a global issue

the visual components of the theme seen through out the novel. In example of this "grashid language" is on page 77 where made by a city employed who is henging signs that identify specific buildings as fallout shelters. The first panels imagery and text merge to continue to convey the ticking of the man made "Doomday Clock". The of imagery does not act alone in regards to developing the theme. On page 77 the text and imagery in the first panel

work in conjunction by stating, " delirious, I saw that hell again the stench of powder and men's brains and war", and the death that symbol Represents (Watchmen Pg. 77). A weapon that is the chysical manifestion of the self-destructive soul of The narration boxes on gage 1 are Walter's/Rorschach's perspective of the world around him. These thoughts connect

is constructed through the eye's of Malter/Ectochach. Fo mean the world as , "extended gutters and the gutters are full of blood", that flows from wounds caused by the ,"hostile setions", of manking upon itself ( Watchmen Pg. 1, Verriam-Welster Dictionary & Theraurus). The textual acparation of himself from humanity that exist in Borshach's journal/narration sequence is the graphic novel equivalent of an theatrical soliloguy or agile. It is used to set the tone and to chisel out the theme through textual language that acts similarly to the components of an Aristotle Tragady. Rorochach condenus the majority of bumenities actions by stating, " don't tall me they Gion't have a choice. Now the world stands on the brink staring down into bloody hell", that was created by hankinds oun bands ( Watchman Pg. 1). The graphic language and text speak a barmonic dialect that can only be translated through the graphic novel format.

symbolically with the imagery that impacts the way the theme

Unlike a play whose major source of plot conveyance outside of what is spoken is articulated through action and setting the graphic novel format uses words, multi-person narratives and imagery to convey broader and deeper ideas such as the theme of "marking being it's own worst enemy". Although the theme of can be greatly impacted by the format used to develop and convey it in both works, the historical context and setting also effects it's development. "Nacheth" was written "at about the middle of Shakespeares carger" in. 1603. Elements of, "Scottish history of the eleventh century",

is where, "fhatespears found a spectacle of viclence", that was the embodiment of humanities "self-created shadov" providing subject matter that would interest the newly crowned Ring of Ingland, James I (FCLCER Shakespeare Library: Waebeth Pg. Miii, From Poverty to Power Pg. 8). Manting to create something that King James will find antertaining by capturing the relevant refferences of actual events in Scottish history, Shakespeare encapsulates the natural desire of power and the avariatousness that accompanied the psyche of both men and the women of the time who may have been involved in the violence for gover. titles, hence Lady Macbeth's embitions and ancouragements to

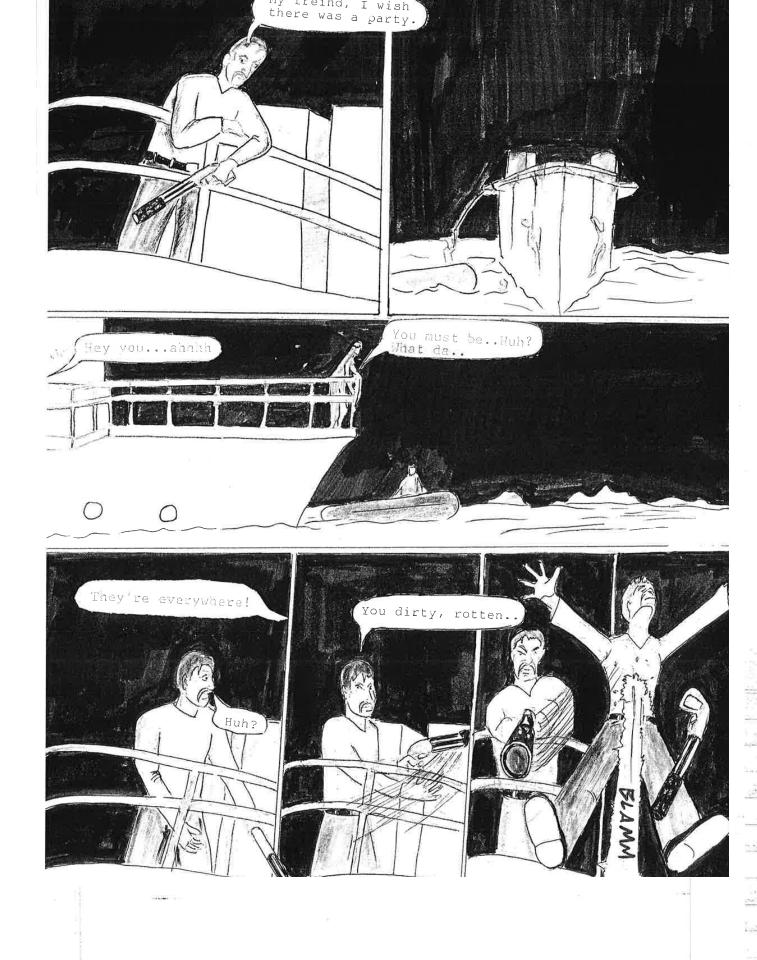
take Duncan's life in "Bacbeth". The era reflects the social standing of women in the 17th century and such influence thay ad behind closed doors. It also reflected how women as well as men can fall victim to their own " black and deep desires" ( Bacbeth, 1:4 ). The theme is developed through the on goings of the cra and the self-destructive human quality that ambition, Three hundred and eighty-three years later that self

destructive human quality that was relevant in the 17th century of artistic mediums. "Watchach", published in 1986 captures it's own worst enemy in the era. Morld War I, Morld WarII, The Firechina berbing, and wany other notable were are the clobal

admits, "That function is amothered in surmise" because his 1: 1). The the plot develops the theme is made clearer through

gtate of man/", which is the human consciousness that Macheth

aternal jewel/ Given to the common enemy of wan/" ( Dicbeth is a symbol of both Escreth's coul and his consciousness which outside of yourself it is an experience of the baset", which influences our choices, judgments and actions. ( Hind Is The Master Pg.8). This philosophy is a direct contribution to the plays thome of "manking being its own worst energy". When we look at the graphic novel "Tatchmen" and how the development of the theme of "mankind being it's own worst it becomes clear that the graphic novel format contains done develogment artisically. The graphic novel format merges work and image to convey , "both highly expressionistic or realistic,



Seplember 1, 2016 Dear Bay, Hi! It is always a pleasure to hear from you, Especially when you have such great new inregards of howeing Such a large group of new students cuchom I'm Dure war as nervous and elected as I was for class to Start . What they are not seeing yet in your excitment for Teaching and drowing out their literary value. In a week as 2

I'm beginning to learn that you how a way of evening up the odds inregards on who can make who cry the mast. I try my hardest to Capture the right tone and convey my thank as clearly ar parsible in everything clarite and to move some one like you to tean, Someone who is on the Top 5 list of the Smartest people of Know Sometime overwhelm me to an Undescribable Joy and it inspirer me to add to my intellectual toul belt, Makei me dig deeper to understand the Simpelest but truest Jewell of Knowledge, Leaning who clam and Shaving that with other. Your Joy for my writing is deeply appreciated, Texas From my heart, then you BAZ.

My response to terrible Honesty to which I admit took Sometime to arganize my thought i was one of the toughest responses I have had to do Messes Douglan give you so much enfo that can pull a person in different direction That you am be lost And nies the meaty part of what

I Cont wait to wark on the project, and learn as much as I can from MASS Design Group. My Future is 04 50 Bright . Cl'm Coming Home! Please excuse my hond witting BAZ, My Word processor is on the Fritz, it should be back online Soon in time for my July's People Response. Trust that com Sping to keep the Same momentum up. I have so many thing I want to achein, that all I do in refine and create in Contrapation for the opportunities that will Come my way on

I'm Coming for my T-Shirt BAZ, and Kuth my eyer on the Prize. Take care of yourself and be an awesome ar you always are. Staying Amazing

24 MONTH DISCONNECT... HIT WITH 24 MONTHS, KEPT MOVING ALONG AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED. ---- CAN'T STOP, WON'T STOP! JUST ANOTHER DAY, DAYS BLENDED, NO TIME TO PROCESS WHAT HAPPENED. ---- SHOCKED AND, STUNNED ---- DISBELIEF! TOOK IT ON THE CHIN, DAZED AND PERPLEXED. NEVER INTERNALIZED HOW TRAUMATIC AN AFFECT, HOLD FOR TWENTY-FOUR MONTHS ----- DREAMS AND GOALS ----- LIFE! TORN, DIVIDED BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, MISPLACES, FLOATING BETWEEN CONFUSION, ANGER, AND PAIN ----- VULNERABLE. LOST, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING TO KEEP GROUNDED, SCHOOL, WORK, AND FAMILY, NONE OF THEM CAN EASE THE PAIN WITHIN.

ONE MONTH, TWO MONTHS, THREE MONTHS, FOUR MONTHS, FIVE

MONTHS, REALITY SLOWLY SETS IN. ---- WHAT TO DO NOW

LOOKING DEEP WITHIN, RESOLVE.

NOTHING SEEMS TO FILL THE VOID.



The Green Hornet's Nest An invasion of lines The perversion of a shrine left behind An eastern/western divide Seeking the fruits of the decline Of a people whose past still defines Soaking the paper of Benjamin's notes Of the forefathers who once spoke Of a future where gold is hope

But with it they provoke By invading another's nest In search for the next advance Ambiguously planting its flag At the crater of a nation's breast With democracy amid its arms Preaching to the world that the end justified the means That liberty is threatened by fiends And there goes the hopeful cheer An oblivion of smiles and tears All a result of one's fears

That what was given can disappear Holy fury stirs the pot The irritation of a people's faithful lot As they swarm together Against whom they call in unison "the devil's plot!" A Sacrificial flare An extremist glare In the name of a higher power A might that topples modern towers

With the drop of a bomb

Came the loss of a mom

The departure of a father who took up arms

A tyrannical farm

Growing the finest anger

Planting seeds of hatred That blossom with rays of the sacred And the western distortion of the ancient A democratic crown Styled with bloody jewels Worn by clever fools Offspring of Anglo-Saxon ghouls

Prison to College Pipeline/ Got me in my right mind/ I once was on the wrong track/ now I'm on the right line/

I'll be the first one to admit it/ that In the beginning, it took me a minute to get it/but now that I'm in it to win it/the plan's to stay committed till I'm finished/ Thank you for planting the seed/ and letting me see and believe/ that I could achieve/ and

do whatever I need to do to succeed/ Hard work might I mention/ had to listen, pay attention/ tallied up with comprehension/ Thanks to P2P, I now have the keys to ride out this expedition/

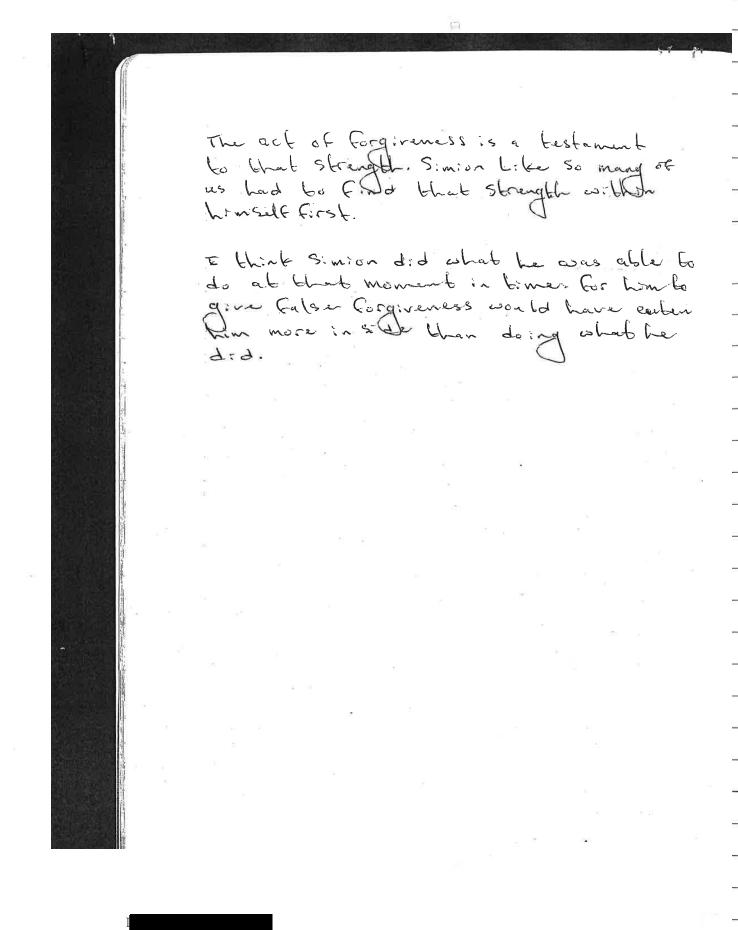
Prison to college pipeline/ got me in my right mind/ I once was on the wrong track/ now I'm on the right line/

All Hale's to John Jay/can I get a hip-hip hooray/ hip-hip hooray/

The prison to college pipeline learning exchanges has been heart warming and very ensightful. It is amorning

to see Students Coming lite to prison to Share their time and experiences with us. This act of beindress is something I will never forget. I feel blessed to be a past of this movement that I see is being speed across this nation if not the world. I'm running out of time to finish writing This, so I'll end with this. Thank you for participating in the College program and this is just the leaguning of a life long favincy to seek education and Continue to progress in every interaction that I have the opportunity to be envolved in. Thank you all ... Best wishes -

Thank you Baz for everythings When I get out, you can count on me anytime you need me!



Professor Dreizeneger Subject Journal Entry: Journal Entry about Fear,

Self help books will tell you that fear and excitement are the same biological response in our bodies. These self-help books encourage us to abandon fear. They tell us to have a bucket list, jump off a plane, ask the prettiest girl out, and never be afraid to fail. In reality fear is necessary to warn our bodies of imminent danger: a bear, a parachute that does not work, and being rejected by a woman as beautiful as Venus incarnate. Irrational fear is also a fear of never accomplishing, of being fat, or not having fun in life. These fears are irrational because one can easily overcome them with an ounce of perseverance.

When my parents came to the United States from Nicaragua, I am sure they had fear. They escaped war, famine, drought, murder, and rape inherently possible with the Guerilla wars in Central America. Rational fear I was taught was a war draft or picturing your little siblings die of hunger, or being caught by an oppressive government regime. Irrational fear I was taught was voodoo curses, working towards change, and of having ugly teeth. When my grandmother legally brought my father to the U.S., his rational fear about war subsided, and he was able to become a successful electrician. When my mom escaped the drug coyotes, near death in crossing frontiers, her fears of death in vain subsided, and she worked as a receptionist in Bellevue. What I learned from my two heroes, my parent was never to fear irrationally. I also learned that one can make your dreams come true with loyalty, courage and analyzing and keeping my rational fears, while working past irrational fears.

watching the Walking Dead, fighting, or even reading about manifesting them. I am no fan of the sob story. I am not fan of nostalgia. I am a fan of courage that humans find in the face of fear. I like the story of the mother who lifts a car to save her infant, or the father who sacrifices his life in a blizzard by going on out to find help. I am more concerned with the triumph in the stories than the loss. I find that being in prison is like being caught in a re-occurring nightmare.

Sometimes in nightmares we know we are sleeping but can't wake up. Prison leaves you with the feeling that you are a walking dead man, a spirit in the endless paths of ether, a regressed soul fearing to ascend to higher consciousness. Prison also reminds me of a specific nightmare about a clown with a red nose, and curly hair, who taunts you for your mere existence. This clown (fear and prison) loves to promote irrational fear of shame, loss of family ties, and loss of love we had in the street. This clown is apart of ourselves. This clown is the doubter, the hater, and one who provokes irrational fear. Eventually some of us abandon fear of this irrational clown, and stop running away from him, and We must learn to win the war with fear, by reconciliation of his opposite, a lion

like courage, and a redirected inner life filled with prudence. Learn to fight with our minds and not out hands. Learn to control our thoughts and curb our negative expressions. Change our labels from scoundrel to human with the power to change. Begin to rebuild family ties, and build and more healthy inner relationships with our companions. Rational fear and irrational fear are both faced by acceptance and actually facing our fear, First in our imaginations, and second in practice. In every step I take, I move to contextualize my fear and swear to manifest a greater life, by what I hold dear.

## Urban Rapture

It's been a long time - without you my friend and I'll tell you all about it when I see you again We've come a long way - from where we began and I'll tell you all about it when I see you again Not talking about seeing you in the hood t's about seeing & being in a place where everybody feels good Ratting is when you sing Blacks and Hispanics can't read Can't pass SAT's Platinum chains wag Fiends want to know who got it But nobody's doing nothing about it! So many books to read So many people in need Play street numbers by the combo

Woman hood as the Topic. 4.08.2013. Woman hood refors to as some one whome is matured for Some Things which can be done by matured person. That could be marriage between abdoman and amon. And marriage Usually be done at the aged of 18 years as 9 Starting time and above So when awoman has marriaged to a man, actually very many things need to be Observed like wice person. Theregone, the following must be put this consideration Love between a woman and amon must be equally to both of them, so that whatever they do all issust reflect each

Other respectively to under standing. The roles and the responsibility one as follows, The woman must protects hersely fully in the Situation to Come, that is to say like in the mention cycle or period Aworran must make Cure that she agree to a house bond to give about as instracted by God. This is simply because a

Woman have no porce on her own except a man both of them, they Should accept that Another point is that awomen must make suke that q baby should be ped well as instrusted in our liver by feeding with breast feeding as well as the feeding is concerned. When a woman is concieved she must make Sute that, she keep her sely from the Situation all to come which can cause

Awomen should know that Children they must be

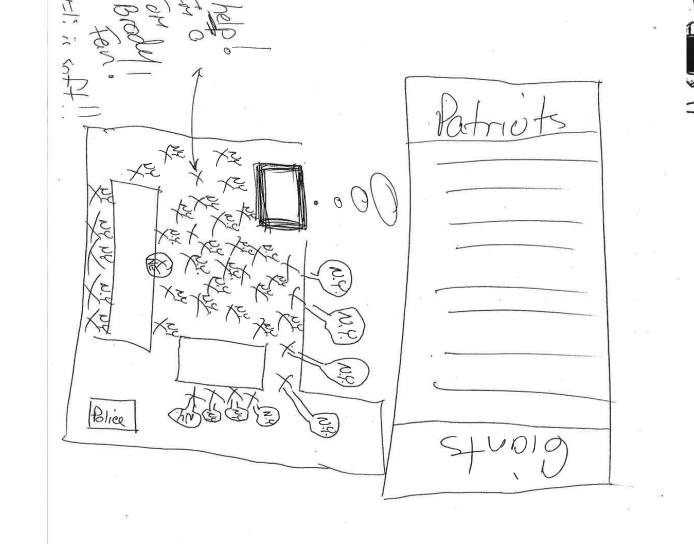
clean in all, meaning bothing, whership clothes, bedies and As well as agriculture is concerned a woman should be Some one who can work properly by weeding and other garden Awoman must dress very well. This shows that awoman she is responsible on herself and other people else it shows

exto my office will get the same degree of contedy alog & clont just want to take pare of domestic animals. I want to have a wrole range to ugth, with guch go horses, anahes, elephants, fich etc. Reople will be able to call me to

a circus or a goo. Il want enerigh fenewledge to take care of animals both large and small From one side of the globe to the other. Il want to be able to take core of spiglers and insects. I want to be able to give seople adurce on things as little as last farms or hermit

crabs. If want to be knewn as a versatile veterinarian. I have a lot of yacordemicintellectual interests I chnow that as a veteringrian sa, with just The animals. It of fam going to be deafang eith their ouders as well. of el.

have to learn to deal with Teople on a professional



There didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinar this particular night, yet as it unfolded it turned out to be for from ordinary. all throughout the city people were observing the annual customary

ritual. It was all about remembering it was all about giving thanks but mostly it seemed to be all about expectation. The thirteen men who were stranger in town had also spent the night together, sharing not one meal but two. The former meal was quite familias to them; the latter was somewhat strange and it is fair to say that perhap most of them didn't understand or appreciate it at all. It had been a good night and plenty of wine had added more joy to the festive

The Agony

celebration Most of the twelve headed off to find places where they could have some much needed sleep. The leader however had other things on his mind and he took his chosen three to walk with him for awhile. after some reminiscing for a while, they arrived at a small but well Kept garden which they entered. The companion were worn out from a busy week and the

conviviality of the meal and so when the leader asked Them to wait awhile whilst he went elsewhe in the garden to pray, they jumped at the suggestion tending a silent grove where he could be most totally alone, he reclined against a rock as advenalin started to pour through his entire body This was the time for a conversation he knew he had to have. Jet it was also one that filled him with fear and trepidation. as he entered more deeply into his solitude, he started to feel the presence of his Father in his presence. He wondered why on this chilly night, why he was perspiring so violently. This was definitely going To be a night where he had to draw on all powers to understand, to accept and to

In the darkness, a voice that he was familia with, spoke "I've been waiting expectantly for you He knew in an instant who it was and replied reverentially "Father, this is the time that you have been waiting for isn't it. Yes Son, this is the Time when all that has been proposed is about to come to fruition. For

embrace the most awful of realities

years now you have lived and worked among this

people. You have taught them, healed Them, preached to them, mound with them, ate with them drank with them, laughed with them, been abused by them. Now is the time when you can prove the depths of your love for them. Now is the time when you can promise new life for them. Now is the time when I am asking you to plunge the depths of all love: now is the line I am asking you to lay down your life for them Even though he knew this was coming and even though he wanted nothing more than to do what his father wished for him, his body convulsced fear and trembling.

that is beyond comprehending. and I know that despite centuries of infidelities and disappointing you by these people, you continue to pour out your love and blessings upon them. But does it have to be this way? Must I endure this greatest of humiliations? Why must I undergo this pain and torment for this people of yours who have not only turned from you in the past but who will continue to turn from you in the future! I my teachings in your name, the miracles in your name the healings in your name are not enough

Father, I know that you love me in a way

for them to repent and believe, then how will my shameful death turn their hearts to you! You are right my son when you mention the myriad of ways they have failed me. You know how my anger has risen against them and the worn out prophets and phrophetesses pleaded for them. You Know how time and again I have made coverants with them, only to see them fail, Tanonamaditioner sargaina. You do well to ask - what more can be done to make them believe. My son, there is only one more covenant that I can make to show how unconditional my love for them is It is one that causes me grief in the very depths of my being. It is the covenant that must be written in blood. Only this time, it is not the follown people who will offer sacrifices in blood to appeare me. This is the supreme sacrifice, when I offer to them, the sacrifice in blood of the one who is more precious to me than anything or anyone of all my creation. My Son, when you bleed my heart will break when you suffer there will be no-one suffering more than me. I am asking you my son to do this for me because I love you and you love me and nothing can ever penetrate the love we share. The son took these words into his heart and

If know Fathe that this is why I came into the world so that your will may be fulfilled. I have given myself to proclaiming your will, in word an in action. Some have seen or heard and believed But even those roho believe, really don't believe in what you are asking me to undergo. Hey are backing in triumph they completely misunderstand what is soon to happen. I too aim afraid for them. Will they think all this has been for nothing? Will they have the strength to stay together They have been with me for three years now: this could be the moment when it all ends a silence ensued. In that silence a Father heard the cries from the heart of a son who was going through an inexpressible and unbearable More was said in silence than words could ever speak. In those moments, both knew the magnitude of what was unfolding. a Father was torn between seeing his son suffer immensel for the redemption of an often uncaring world

yet fear continued to vise within him

stealing, cheating, hating, living immorally, fighti wars even in your name? What if it is all for nothing? What if people even disfort or refuse to believe what is to happen to me? Even my very closest don't seem to grasp what is going to happen. Must I undergo this trial without the solace and comfort of my friends? I know that This is the hour when your will must be most perfectly done, but as I have breached so often to other Henow I now must preach to mysely: " My spirit is indeed very willing but my

and relenting by choosing a different way for

the death of sin to be defeated and conquered

The son trembled at the thought of the suffering

that lay ahead - yet he also knew the path that

His heart was racing with anxiety and once again, despite the chill of the air he broke into a cold sweat that saturated not only his brow but his entire face. The bitterness of his sweat mingled with the stream of tears that flowed. Yet he hardly noticed either so fixated was he on the miracle of this moment. as any loving Father would, it didn't take long for Him to speak again.

flesh is incredibly weak.

"My son, I know how hard this is for you and me both. You are right to question whether

it's all not going to be in vain. You know how often I have offered these people all that they need and how often they have just thrown it in my face. Yet I cannot stop loving them and I need to show them the immensity of this love. My hope is that they will all furn out like my servant Job, Eventually, through every trial he was able to acknowledge his nothingne and yet in doing so he recognised his completenes His was a total surrender, but now I am asking of you even more. You have already understood this request when you preached on the greatest expression of human love, to give your life for another. My son, I am asking you to do the same - not for one other but for all humankind past, present and still to come, that all may have that chance to share in our life forever. The time is now - but the choice is yours.

It was then that the son heard another voice speak - a voice that he had heard before in the depths of the wilderness. "So it has come to this now. You remember when we met in the desert and I offered you a life of wealth, glory and happiness. And you refused because

you said that you had to do the will of your Father. Well see what His will has led you to. Do you really believe that you should suffer this shame humiliation and pain just because your Father wants you to! What have you done that is so wrong? Why should you have to endure this agony when it will achieve nothing! Surely you can see that this is only the path of a loser and not someone who claims to be the Son of God. It's not foo late. You can reject this path of futility and follow a path that will bring you real glory.

Sataris words rang deep but they didn't ring true. Yes it would be easier to follow a path That would bring happiness - but what kind of happiness would it be! In the midst of his torment, the Son weighed up the choice that lay before him yet again. Desperately he clung to his Father's will yet Salan's words stirred anxiety in his heart, after all, Latan had proved himself persuasive across many millenia.

The Son was not the only one who had heard Sataris pleas. As always, the Father allowed his Son the same freedom that he had bestowed on

all his creation. He had infinite patience and compassion. above all, he knew that his love wou never be found wanting, no matter what his son decided. Us the minutes whiled away, the Son knew that the time for deciding was rapidly approaching. His whole body trembled, his mouth grew dry his heart raced as he fondered the enormity of his decision.

In one way, he found sataris promise to be alluring and enticing. Yet the son had heard these promises before and no matter what their appeal was, he knew that they were never grounded in love. Even now, the fromise was only to bring the son a personal happiness that was of its essence, only focussed on himself. Somehow, he knew that a decision that only involved his own well being, denied the Fruth of who he was, what he had preached and done and what still needed to be accomplished

evil one has offered me all the treasures that he can summon. He has promised me a way that would not involve the dreadful pain of the path

Eventually he spoke. Father, you know that the



This was the third consecutive night, she had woken up in a state of panic. As she adjusted to the darkness, she began to recall the nightmare. Antoinette was alone, running from a dark shadow that increased towards her. She has always been afraid of shadows since she could remember. Her mother told her once, that shadows do not harm people. However, Mother could not

She stayed awake until the morning sunlight filtered through her window. She heated some bathing water in one of three pots, bathed and put on her old jeans and a T-shirt. If today is anything like yesterday, she would not need a sweater. There was no need to think about breakfast. She has eaten the last scraps of food in her merge kitchen. Two slices of bread and As soon as she hit the road, she heard her name calling. "Antoinette, Good Morning." Her neighboring pal, John Mwendwa called out to her, as he has done many times before.

Antoinette waved at him quickly, so as not to encourage additional conversation. John liked

Anthropology 101 Professor: A. Hewitt

Fall--2017 In Akeel Bilgrami's article entitled "What Is a Muslim? Fundamental Commitment and Cultural Identity," Bilgrami argues that commitments are historically and culturally derived, and that such commitments are not biological or inherited. furthermore, Bilgrami argues that one's identity is constituted

by one's commitments. I agree with Bigrami's arguments in the above statements. My commitment is to college and obtaining a degree, which is undamental to me. I made this commitment to myself so that I may change my life and have a better future upon my release

My commitment is active because I have spent close to seventeen years of my life in the prison system and needed a change. I felt if I had done nothing to change paths in life I would end up dead or in prison for life. I was living in a perpetual cycle of drugs and violence. My commitment was to the streets at that time. What I mean by the streets was my commitment to "friends," drugs, clubs, and money. Nothing else mattered to me more than these things. This prior commitment was reactive deriving from the influence of others. Even though influence played a key role in my commitment, I believe it was my environment and living conditions which fully

committed me. Growing up in a drug infested neighborhood, a poor educational system, and never having money for anything blinded me to do things that I thought would have given me

a better life. However, life has changed for me as of 2015. While in Greene Correctional Facility I saw a flyer for John Jay (P2CP) Prison 2 College Pipeline offering individuals an opportunity to obtain college credits. But, there was more to the flyer the eyes could not see. That flyer, for me, represented a new future, and a way out of a life I wanted no more to do with. It was in that moment, I promised myself, If I made it into the program I will commit myself one hundred percent to the program. I knew that with such a commitment my life would change, my friends would change, and my family would be happy for me. I feel without a doubt, that if I go against my commitment

the perpetual cycle of drugs and violence will suck me back in, and I will never be the same again. My whole world revolves around my commitment. I would feel lost, my new friends would shy away from me and my family would be utterly disappointed. Thus, leaving me stressed and feeling like a complete failure. One must understand that the streets is like a drug, and once one quits one is prone to relapse. There is no doubt that if I do not stay strong I could relapse and become another statistic falling under the recidivism rate. My commitment to college would have been for nothing and the words I spoke would have been all lies.

Many people ask me, why is school so important to you?

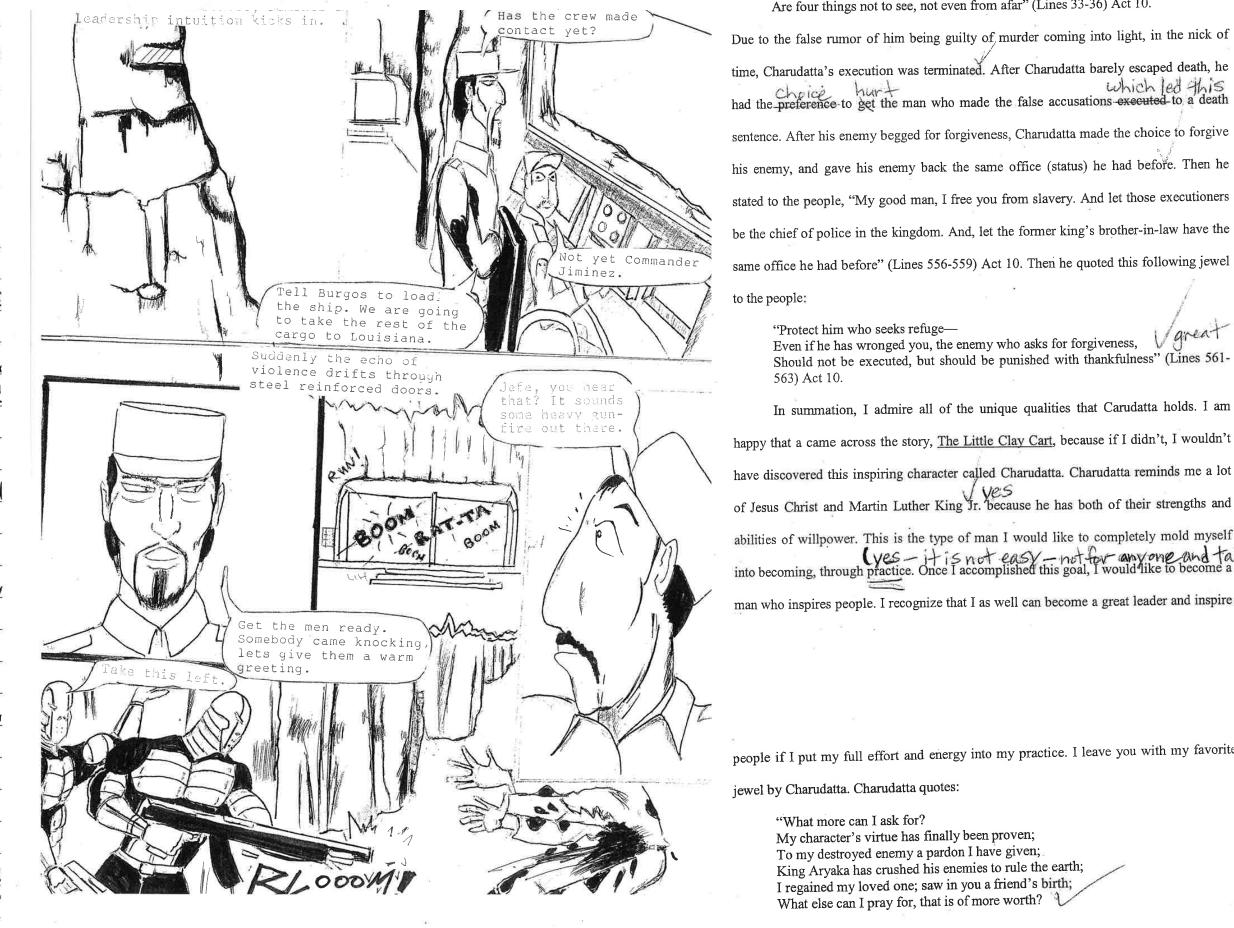
I me wer answer because to understand one would have had to walk my shoes. However, today I feel obliged to answer. College for sae is not merely a matter or obtaining a degree in the hope of obtaing a well paid job. College is life or death for me. I use the word death metaphorically. Today I have three strikes against me-- meaning another felony will give me life in prison, which to me is death. If I were to allow myself to succumb to the streets again then my soul would die. At this juncture in my life my commitment is the most important thing for me. Another reason my commitment is important to me, is because it has given me a feeling of self-worth. I feel I have the capability to become successful. Furthermore, I feel a void has been filled in my life that has been empty for years. I cannot fathom how I would feel if I were to break my commitment. I firmly believe that commitments can shape one's identity.

My identity as well as my mentality has changed tremendously. I am no longer the person I once was. My commitment has changed my goals, morals, values, and how I view the world. My family and old childhood friends are flabbergasted by my transformation. I myself, at times, find my new identity hard My commitment to college is first person active. I had

no influence in my decision to attend college. I never enjoyed school, I went because my mother left me no choice. This is my first time fully committing myself to anything besides the streets. However, at times, I feel my commitment is third person

active as well. I tend to blame "others" at times in my choice to commit to college. I catch myself saying -- "because of them I am in college." What I mean by them is old street friends and the individuals that run the prison system. For example, street friends would say school is for "suckers." "If you go to college you're still not going to be shit." There are many things so called friends would say to keep one from prospering in life. The people that run the prison system are no different. These people want us in prison. To them we (prisoners) are nothing but common criminals that lack the capability to excei in life. Therefore, I stay grounded in my commitment to college, because not only do I prove to myself I can do and become anything I want regardless of my mistakes, but I prove "them" In the end, we all commit to something in life, be it

a marriage, religion, sports, the streets, the list is endless. However, if we back out of our commitments our lives and identity can change for the bad or sometimes the good. As in my case, my life and identity has changed for the good.



May the cows give milk, may the earth yield the best grain, May the winds soothe our hearts, may the clouds timely rain? May all be happy, may all Brahmins earn their due reverence, May virtuous kings tame their foes and rule with deference" (Lines 565-581). Wonder fall Professor Dusseyen.

only seen an example of this once. My uncle and aunt. I have always admire there love for eachother, and the way they Stard by eachother so naturally. The thing that stood out to me most is something his father wrote a one of the notebooks James Council He was speakily about the thilly we think, feel and do are reactions to the past. We get stuck in the past and lose sight of what's in front of us, we lose sight of reality and disappoint ourselves time and time again. This is my interpretation of what he said, but I feel this is a part of his profound writing. I can relate to this, and in reading this I understand who Tames reother did not want to revisit the past, and did not want her children to be exposed to it. She wanted to focuse on their success, their life, and make their

Why I honor of Respect MARTIN L. KING To gain that which is worth having it may be nessary to loose every - Bernadette Devlin Martin Luther King had a dream which 'put his life at risk everyday. He believ in his dream so much, he sacrafice hio time and Pride

and never stop fighting;

which at the end coof him his

Here I am, standing in a junction between captivity and freedom. It's as if two worlds have merged to form a prismatic reality where shattered fragments of the past, present and future are shown to me simultaneously. I say my last farewells to the noble men I leave behind in captivity. Their tender goodbyes are but a tragic murmur of their vicarious desires to fill my shoes at that very moment. I head for the door and then, I am escorted to the administration building where I am met with an array of papers that I am to sign for my impending release. Next, I am taken to the front gate where I am unleashed upon the glorious sight and smell of freedom. There, I am received by the hugs and kisses of overjoyed family members who with their warm embrace engulf me with bountiful delight. I have been envisioning this day for the past eight and a half years. It once was like a neurotic dream

that only lived in my nights, and yet here I am, just days away from living and breathing such a blissful reality. But the tale of how I got to this point tells a whole other story. The mine field we call "prison" is one full of obstacles and tribulations. The realities of such a place make the last day seem unobtainable for one does not know if he will ever make it on time, or ever at all. The reek of violence stains the air at every turn, and often times it becomes unavoidable. Thankfully Otisville Correctional Facility wasn't such a volatile place, but I was not to be spoiled by its comforts Retrospectively, the remains of vivid marks of scared tissue serve as a reminder of the grueling time past. The countless and often punishing days in court; the constant battles with internal demons and external foes; the frequent plight of systemic oppression and subjugation are what make up the

substance that filled the years that I've spent incarcerated. To defy the odds placed against me was often a strenuous task, and as I stand here, I am fortunate that I've made it intact. But along the way, I have come across an amalgam of people from all corners of the earth that have left a long lasting impression on me. The "alleycats," hustlers, and tobacco dealers; the jailhouse lawyers who would put Johnny Chaucerian to shame; the salesmen who would vend their own mothers for the right price; the Michael Jordans' and Ken Griffey Jr.s' of prison who dazzle with their athletic talents; magicians, musicians, comedians; philosophers, preachers, and teachers. Many of them can be found entrapped behind these thirty-foot walls and barbed-wired fences. The often preconceived notion that everyone in prison is somehow evil could be farther from the truth. I have encountered many decent men that if placed in the right conditions perhaps could have flourished and become great influences to the world. Fortunately, there are those who haven't been blotted out by extensive sentences and still have an opportunity to thrive. But then again, there are those who do not enjoy that same luxury.

Some say prison is the cemetery of the living, and for a great some, this is an unbearable reality. There are those men whom I've left behind that perhaps I or the outside world will never get to see again; men who call this place home not by their own predilection, but because the benefit of choice was taken. Their actions cost them their lives, the ultimate example of cause and effect being lashed out on the flesh. The only difference between them and the dead is that they still breathe, which perhaps makes this fact that much more dreadful. They've become pillars to a punitive system that at its core lays not the remedy of rehabilitation, but condemnation. This asserts the fact that without the condemned, there cannot be condemners; that the human captives of such a mechanism serve as its nourishment. These men live out their lives literally one day at a time for the only thing that matters is the routine that gets them by. Sanity hangs in the balance like an acrobat on a tightrope, and the fall is as deep and hollow as an iron abyss. Loved ones are lost to time, and at the end, who shall come when there is no one left? I depict such a dreary reality not only for the illumination of the reader, but also to myself. There is a chilling veracity to the fact that I could've easily been the one walking in those very Corcraft boots those men still walk the prison yards in to this day. It is that much more chilling to say that I have walked aside those very men whom I speak of. Most of them came to prison at an early age just as I did, and as I walk out of this place, I understand that what I have in this very moment is a privilege that others have lost, and are still fighting to regain. As I transition into free society, I take with me these emphatic truths for it shall serve as a memento to never come back to this place. I take with me the heartaches of another which make my heart just as weary as the men who walk the yard hopeless of ever walking free again. As cliché as it might sound, but it makes you appreciate the little things society takes for granted, the spoils of simplicity that people consider insufficient. I entered the system as a wet-nosed sixteen-year old teenager, and for the first time, I am going to live out in society as an adult. This in of itself is a challenge in a world that demands so much but gives so little. Thus, to expect to be handed something simply isn't realistic. And for that reason, I have taken the initiative to construct empowering pillars along the way which shall hold up my oundation as I stand tall and scrape the skies of success. Many things were lost to time and circumstance and simply can't be regained, and sometimes I can't

help but wonder what could've been. But despite the melancholy, as far as I'm concerned, if I would've never came to prison and continued on the fury road, perhaps I would've ended up dead in a street brawl somewhere on a sidewalk reeking of grief. As the judge gave me this sentence and asked if I had anything to say, I said that "I came here as a boy, and I wish to leave here as a man." I didn't really know what that meant at that moment, but now I know that I don't just wish to leave as a man, but as a human being capable of doing immensities. No bars, walls, or fences shall ever again entrap my dreams. As I become free, I become a manifestation of evolution in its best form. A new life starts here and now. My Thoughts on Community Health

## Prior to my incarceration, I was living to die; but now I'm dying to live. What I mean by that is, before I didn't understand the concept of right and wrong. What I have seen growing up in my neighborhood would've scared a squirrel from trying to get a nut. It was that bad. You saw crack fiends walking around like zombies; stick-up kids lurking

around corners waiting for you to slip up so that they can rob you; and a bunch of children playing in a raggedy park with no father-figures. We had no one that was doing anything positive to look up to as far as male role models. However, our mothers were responsible, working, nourishing, strong soldiers in this concrete jungle, but they couldn't do it by themselves. We needed that collected efficacy. A lot of people were doing negative things just to get by, such as selling drugs, scamming, stealing, and anything else you could think of under the sun. When you are a hungry child, you crave for food to eat. It does not matter where it comes from, as long as your belly is full. So, in an innocent eye sight, you would think this negative currency you were making illegally was good. Why? It kept you alive and

fresh. When I say fresh I mean popular, cool and showing off for the girls, but who would have known that this money and popularity would bring you so much trouble and pain. The things you had to do to obtain it were just as bad as what you had to do just to keep it. Living in an environment of poverty was an everyday struggle and it makes you want to do whatever it takes to get out. I never realized I was heading down the wrong path until it was too late. I received reminders from family members, but how could they tell me anything when they were doing wrong things themselves. This was the social norm in my neighborhood, and everyone I knew was ignorant to the law and prison system. Many people think the prison system is like the movies and like what they see on T.V. The media makes it look good for the audience to keep their ratings up, some of the stories the media speaks about are true, but the majority are lies. I can tell you first hand what really goes on in the penitentiary. One thing the media fails to realize is just because a person commits a crime doesn't make him/her a bad person. Some people just make bad choices in their life, and hopefully they can learn and change from falling into that dark hole twice. Like I said in the beginning of this paper, before I came to prison I was

living to die, because the things I was doing were bringing me to a slow death and I didn't care. I was gang-banging, selling drugs, and staying out all night standing on corners. I had no education, ambition, or thinking pattern. I was living for the day. All I knew was what I learned from my environment, which was to "live for the day and forget about tomorrow." Now, I see life differently through a whole new lens and I'm ready to take on the world by storm. Having the opportunity to come to prison and educate myself helped me

change my outlook on life. It is such a profound feeling that words can't describe how I truly feel. Learning about community health really opened my eyes; it showed me how important I am in society and the difference I can make by helping out. I believe the knowledge I've obtained during this semester is very valuable and I'm going to take it with me and use it when I return back to my neighborhood. Also, being around brothers that may not get the chance to go home, humbles me and makes me realize how bless I am. It makes me appreciate life as a whole and never take it for granted. So, like I said in the beginning, before I came to prison I was living to die; now I'm dying to live, thanks to community health education...

Professor: Annie Hewitt Semester: Spring, 2016

Charudatta: The Noble One

Charudatta is a man who'l consider to be a positive role model and a great leader.

The choices he made daily inspires me to work harder at becoming a complete gentleman. In the story-called, The Little Clay Cart, Charudatta is known to behave as a noble Brahmin. Charudatta is looked upon as a hero, despite his extreme impoverishment. One of Charudatta's marvel talents is his ability to produce highly romantic poetry. This man has tremendous respect for women in general. He is willing to offer a poor unknown person his last dollar, which caused him to face a poverty crisis. Furthermore, the most impressive thing I admire about Charudatta is that he has the strength to forgive anyone no matter how dreadful they treated him, including an enemy. Charudatta is the true definition of a gentleman and a scholar. He doesn't become embarrassed or feel like less of a man when he kneels down on his knees to seduce a woman he loves. Also he has no shame in greeting a woman with respect and honor. Charudatta made a comment to his friend Maitreya in regards to how Vasantasena should be looked upon, a woman he's trying to woo in to be his future wife. Charudatta stated, "She is a woman to be worshipped like a goddess!" (Lines 441-442) Shortly after he made this comment, he apologized to Vasantasena aloud for accidentally confusing her as his maid. Charudatta stated, "My lady Vasantasena, I have insulted you, though

beg your forgiveness" (Lines 447-449). These are some perfect illustrations of how I would love my mother to be treated by a man. All women should be protected and loved by men. Women are our creators in expanding human life, and they give men the best advice. Therefore, if I want my mother and all women in general to be protected, respected, and loved; I have to apply these attributes to myself as well. I have to lead by yes example like Charudatta. I find myself admiring the way Charudatta seduces Vasantasena. He produces highly romantic poetry to express his love for Vasantasena. He persuades me to consider making an attempt to generate a love poem myself. When Vasantasena made a surprise visit and approached Charudatta, she playfully hits him with flowers, and then Charudatta quoted:

unintentionally, by treating you as my maid. I didn't recognize you. I bow my head to

"Vasantasena has come! My beloved— Sleep does not come to me in the night, My nightly hours are spent with sighs: But now that I see you, woman-with-wide-eyes, It seems that this evening ends my plight" (Lines 253-257).

Furthermore, Charudatta becomes more excited and quotes this poetry about Vasantasena to his friend Maitreya:

> "From the Kadamba blossom that droops from her ear, Droplets of rain have fallen on one of her breast. It seems the breast has been anointed like royal heir, Consecrated to be a young king with a regal crest" (Lines 261-264).

being poor because of his decision to sacrifice his last dollar. He didn't want money in return from all the people he made sacrifices for; all he wanted was to be greeted. In regards to how Charudatta is feeling psychologically, Charudatta states:

"No, I do not mourn for my lost riches-

What hurts me is that guests leave, go by My house because my wealth is gone, Like bees after the mating season, that shun The elephant whose forehead is dry" (Lines 40-44). I personally will help out a poor unknown person, but I do not have the willpower to give as most do. a poor person my last dollar. This is something I need to work on. Also this is why I admire Charudatta's strength to provide. One day, someone that was doing a fundraiser for people that suffered from autism approached me about an event. This event took place in prison, during my incarceration. This gentleman stated to me that it will cost three dollars to view three movies, which is an affordable price to the entire population. Being that I had other plans on my schedule, I told the gentleman, "I'm sorry sir but I can't donate any money towards the autism fundraiser because I will not be able to attend the movies." His response was that I can still donate my money to the autism fundraiser for

people that need the money more than me, even if I couldn't make it to view the movies.

didn't donate my money. Now I find myself regretting the day I didn't donate at least one dollar towards people struggling with autism. I feel selfish for not looking at the bigger try not to regret too picture. Things happen for a reason and I have learned from the experience. I am inspired by Charudatta's strength to forgive people. This is what I care for most about his character. I feel that forgiving people is one of the most influential of generous

This man made an excellent point to me, but I still didn't budge to donate any money. What an

The sacrifices Charudatta made with his money caused me to reflect back on the day I | excellent

capacities that we as humans contain, but sorrowfully, it is often seen as a symbol of weakness rather than a beneficial and empowering option we contain. If humans were more forgiving, then this world will be a much better place. Also, it will develop more love and peace on earth rather than increase war being fought for money, power and (justice.) Charudatta's discipline to control his anger towards his enemy and terminate the drama is a wake up call to me. I am currently serving a prison sentence because I didn't Kno how to walk away from a situation when I felt that I was being verbally disrespected. I had no control or discipline over my anger towards an enemy. His ability to have the strength to forgive people is so powerful that it is genetically passed on to his son from his Rohasena. When Charudatta was on his way to get executed for a murder he didn't tather commit because he was set up by his enemy, his son offered his life to be taken away instead of his father's life. Rohasena states to the executioners, "Kill me then, and let my father go" (Line 126). I was touched by a young child like (Rohasena) willing to sacrifice his life for his father. Charudatta would have done this for anyone. Like father like son. Furthermore, Charudatta was so respected by the people that even the executioner spoke highly of him during the process of the execution, and his executioner recognized Charudatta's importance to the world. During a few announced demands to all the people there to witness Charudatta's execution, the executioner stated these words: "Make way,

A good man drawing his last breath, About to be axed by the god of death? Like birds on a branch finding nests. Come, Master Charudatta, come" (Lines 13-19) Act 10.

make way, sirs! This is the noble one Charudatta" (Line 5). Then the executioner quoted

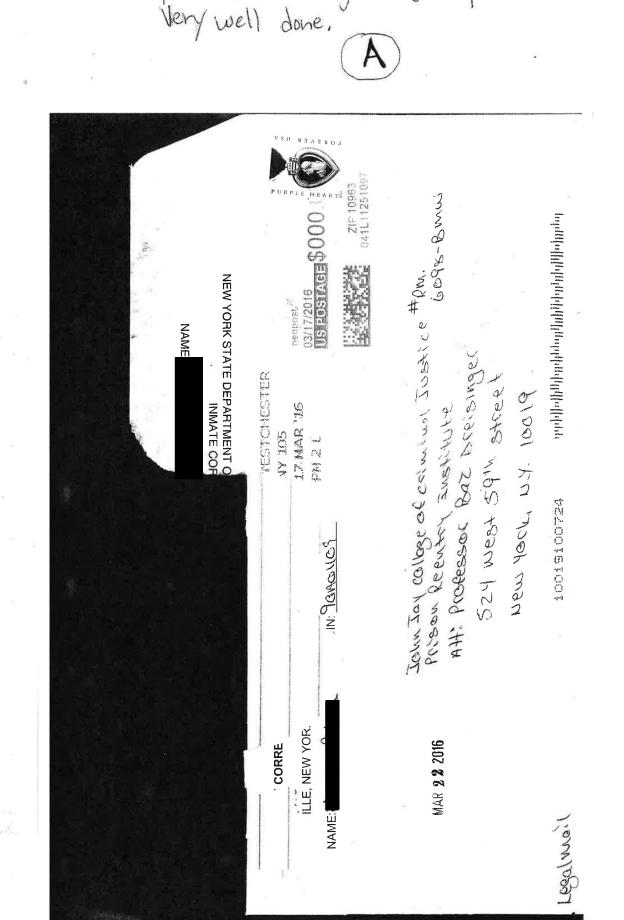
Furthermore, the executioner quotes: "Indra's banner (the lighting in the sky), A cow giving birth, a falling star, A good man being taken to die Are four things not to see, not even from afar" (Lines 33-36) Act 10. Due to the false rumor of him being guilty of murder coming into light, in the nick of time, Charudatta's execution was terminated. After Charudatta barely escaped death, he had the preference to get the man who made the false accusations executed to a death sentence. After his enemy begged for forgiveness, Charudatta made the choice to forgive his enemy, and gave his enemy back the same office (status) he had before. Then he stated to the people, "My good man, I free you from slavery. And let those executioners be the chief of police in the kingdom. And, let the former king's brother-in-law have the same office he had before" (Lines 556-559) Act 10. Then he quoted this following jewel Even if he has wronged you, the enemy who asks for forgiveness, Should not be executed, but should be punished with thankfulness" (Lines 561-

have discovered this inspiring character called Charudatta. Charudatta reminds me a lot of Jesus Christ and Martin Luther King Jr. because he has both of their strengths and abilities of willpower. This is the type of man I would like to completely mold myself into becoming, through practice. Once I accomplished this goal, I would like to become a man who inspires people. I recognize that I as well can become a great leader and inspire

In summation, I admire all of the unique qualities that Carudatta holds. I am

people if I put my full effort and energy into my practice. I leave you with my favorite jewel by Charudatta. Charudatta quotes: "What more can I ask for? My character's virtue has finally been proven To my destroyed enemy a pardon I have given; King Aryaka has crushed his enemies to rule the earth; I regained my loved one; saw in you a friend's birth; What else can I pray for, that is of more worth? For Destiny ignores one, only to fulfill another; She would uplift one, only another one to smother; Or, if she wants, she can hold a third at bayfortune and misfortune switch like night and day Destiny's games on the Laws of Opposites dwell: Like two water buckets going up and down in a well

Gainor, J. Ellen, Garner J.R., Stanton, Puchner, Martin. The Norton Anthology of Drama. 2<sup>n</sup> Ed. Vol 1: U.S.A., W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2014. This is a clear, thoughtful and well-organized paper. you integrate quotes beautifully and draw on your own experiences to strengthen your points



My response to the 2nd, half of the color of water. I guess getting high and doing

negativity is a way to numb oneself from pain. In this book James Speak of how high smoked weed and robbed to do just that. As I got older I learned that I did alot of the same things to Supress feelilys of anger and Shame. The corner was very interestly. Chieken man gave James some very good advice. I did not come to the realization that I did not want the corner in my life until I was in prison for about syrs. I think his mother kept movy was to run another way to our from the past, and to run from her loss. The love his mother and father had for eachother was somethily special and rare. Not because they were a interacial couple, but because it was

My Mamaa Hfrica

Mamac, you are the Mamaa Africa you carried me in your womb for nine months you gave birth to me in pain Agn leg jus ou home preospe, Lon corregel we on hone pools in winh childish. I been 116 in 1000 yourg you are how Mamaa Africa, Mamaa Africa for moved with we exemphere.

an undyly love. They were there for eachother

regardless to whom or what. I have

you are with me in one place you group with we on one stock cob 1800 became Sich when I was sich non mos atmoss there when I needed non Mon mers poolsh temper I mas poolsh you are My Mamaa Africa, Mamma Africa Mam, thanks for Loving Me thanks for caring about Me

thanks for protecting me all the time. thanks for the life I have, thanks for what I am. GOD reward you mum YOU are My Maman Africa, Mamaa Africa . All weithen with Love, Yrayers & Succes!

would be able to learn where it would help me accomplish this

I have read almost every book written by Jonathan and Faye

goal sooner rather than bide time waiting for release.

Kellerman. He was a clinical psychologist and I have also read his books on clinical psychology. In feel being incarcerated will also help as I see both sides. In prison many inmates are medicated to help mask their behavior but in most cases no one tries to find the problem that is causing the antisocial behavior. I want to attempt to correct

The prison to college pipeline learning exchanges has been heart warming and very insightful. It is amoring to see students coming into to prison to share their time and experiences with us. This act of kindness is something I will never forget. I feel blessed to be a past of this movement that I see is being speed across this nation if not the world. I'm running out of time to finish writing This, so I'll end with this. Thank you for participating in the College program and this is just the leaguining of a life long January to seek education and Continue to progress in every interaction that I have the opportunity to be involved in. Thank you all ... Best wisher !

anytime you need me!

Thank you Baz for everythings When I get out, you can count on me