



Hemetera

FREEDOM THROUGH EXPRESSION

2010

In memoriam Sister Thérèse Higgins, CSJ,
Regis College President 1974-1992
and Associate Editor of Inaugural *Hemetera*



Editors' Note

Everyone faces obstacles he or she must overcome. Through creative expression, artists can shatter these limits and produce works of hope and liberation. This journal includes poetry, drama, prose, and photography that address our struggles with and triumphs over limitations. As the editors, we present these works to the reader as inspiration.

Jennifer LeBlanc '10

Liz Murray '10

Elisabeth O'Donoghue '13

The worst enemy to creativity is self-doubt. ~Sylvia Plath

Hemetera 2010

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In 1946 a “doughty seedling poked its vigorous head” into the Regis College Community with the emergence of the new literary magazine *Hemetera*, meaning “Our Own” in Greek. The magazine was founded as an opportunity to spotlight the creative talents of the student body. Published annually by the students of Regis College, the magazine welcomes submissions of poetry, prose, artwork, and photography.

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Poetry

Framed

If I could frame my life
And hang it on a wall
So many words and pictures
Would people get it all?
A mass of images colliding
Tidied by a clean black frame
Oh yes, I think they'd get it
Theirs might look the same

Laura Burch, Master's Program

I fear not

I fear not the power of your actions
 But the power of your words that quickly fills my
 soul.
I fear not your ability to listen to my troubles and fears
 But the knowledge you will have of a vulnerable me.
I fear not the strength of your body
 But the strength of your heart.
I fear not your ability to love
 But the essence of your love.
I fear not falling in love with you
 But the person I will become because of your love.

Sasha Moreta '12

I'm Falling For You

My steeds were carrying me in the train of Zeus
Upon the roof of the world
Where the gods feast with mortals upon the Truth
And the pilot's eye is filled,
Not by semblance, but by forms of geometric proof,
When, looking down, I felt my wings unfurled.

There, upon the earth, bodily beauty shined forth
From your dark eyes, hair, and rosy-red lips,
Your mouth, your breasts, your curvaceous source,
Your dancing legs and the motion of your hips,
Your entire body heaving with great force
As your fingers fought for the pleasure you missed.

Down from heaven's heights I plunged as my wings were
 clipped
And headlong I dove, unlike Icarus, I strove to return to earth.
My soul propelled by a shining black horse, cross the sky I
 ripped
Like a meteor burning with the fire of love's scarlet curse,
My chariot flew, untoward, unheeding my halting grip,
Yearning to find a corresponding form of flesh to match your
 noble birth.

Through all the strata of the ascending and descending lives,
My soul coursed and flew
Abandoning ethereal wisps of ghostly beauties
And forsaking all that's true,
Mocking and laughing at the stolid advice of the wise,
I exiled heaven and hallowed hell for you.

Professor Jason Giannetti

A Room Without Windows

In a room without windows,
I breathe stale, warm air.
White walls seem gray
from the fake fluorescent lights.
In a room without windows,
a fan is never enough to mimic fresh air.
I breathe in the breath of others:
sick, tired, and stressed.
In a room without windows,
I long to be outside,
to see only walls of bark and leaves.
Outside, the air is crisp and cool,
burning my throat, but belonging only to me.
In a room without windows,
I feel closed in like a prison cell,
praying to escape.
A breath inside is suffocating,
keeping my lungs from their potential.
But, in a room without windows...
there is a door.

Katelyn Iacolo '11

Memories from Hell

Most days I feel like Sylvia¹,
wanting to be away from life,
yearning to disappear
into scratchy white bed sheets
and escape from these whitewashed walls.

I believe in hell
because it is all I know
and I must be too bad to escape.
So I stay imprisoned
by my hands' own doings
and my scars act as prison bars.

I hear them say I'll be sick forever;
a lifetime of struggling to be free
from my own skin.
Medications so harsh
they make me forget
what life was like before.

Sure, they're nice enough in hell.
Pristine white shoes on glossy white floors.
They wear plain clothes, no scrubs,
but they still don't blend with us-
Their sane appearance
gives them all away,
but *our* foreheads must read "victim."

So they lock us up inside ourselves,
and bring us up to hell.
We stand in medicated stupor
and watch the doors buzz shut-
And then we start to feel
like we're at home in hell;
Our scars, our prison bars.

Liz Murray '10

¹Reference to poet Sylvia Plath, who struggled with suicide attempts throughout her life and then died by suicide. She also spent time in mental health treatment centers.



*Yohannes Chambers '12
Lady at the Tower, Photograph*

Sonnet for Ophelia's Requiem
(Regarding *Ophelia and He Will Not Come Again*
by Arthur Hughes)

You glance over your shoulder in subdued alarm.
One might be tempted to think you are looking for Hamlet
to rush down the hill with an apology couplet.
He would recant his harsh words and fold you into his
arms.
In your own hand, you hold a bundle of cloth and flowers
as if you packed for the afterlife where you might need a
shawl—
something to cover your bare arms—
and rosemary to remind you of the earth's creative powers.

Ophelia, I wish you a safe and pleasant journey
to a destination where men do not use you as a pawn
and where the flowers you love bloom yearlong.
I pray for your mind's ease and soul's security.
Innocent woman though much abused and harmed,
I wish you an endless measure of peace. Rest calmly.

Jennifer LeBlanc '10

Blind Side

Don't mean to make any judgments,
but how lucky you are.

The world is not as beautiful as you think,
trust me, it's an ugly sight.

There're child killing and rape,
worst of all there's pain.

The look of poverty is horrendous
and homelessness is a common thing.

Sure, the trees stand tall and green.
Okay, the birds are beautiful to see in the spring,
but trust me, you're luckier than you think.

Being blind can't be so bad.

You don't have to see the look of pain in a mother's eyes
when the drug world takes away her only son,

the sight of veterans roaming the streets
after risking their lives for our country.

How lucky you are
to know the world from tasting, smelling, hearing, and
touching

because if you saw the things the eye sees,
you too would be disgusted.

Neline Clergeau '12

Icebox

I shiver for love
Your presence is what I seek
Thaw out my cold heart.

Bianca Mathe '12

All That I Want

All I want to do is do nothing.
Sit around all day,
watch my hair turn gray,
and learn to listen
 rather than speak;
...not to turn the other cheek.
All I want to do is do nothing.
Watch the sunset from my chair,
live each day without a care,
and love the small things,
 like a bluebird's wings.
When I am old and the world is new
and I have run out of things to do,
I'd like nothing more than to sit with you,
and talk about times
 that we've both gone through.

Morgan Heath '11

Always yours

You've always been there for her,
helping her to grow, to learn, to live.
Standing by her even when she messes up,
because you know kids make mistakes.

And now she's gone, but you're still there
where you've always been, at home.
You stuck it out, and now it's time
to leave your wife behind.

You don't love her,
haven't for a long time.
And now that your little girl is gone,
there's no more reason to stick around.

You've always been there,
always will, she is yours.
You will be there,
you will guard her,
all because you are her father.
She will always be, forever
your little daughter.

Kayla Bitencourt '12

Everything she knew

A little girl cried,
"Daddy, why did you go?"
Mommy can't answer her question
'Cause mommy doesn't know.

"Baby, please don't cry.
He'll be back someday.
Baby, I can't take you to the park.
I have bills to pay."

Like she had a hole in her heart that everyone could see.
"Daddy didn't finish
What he started with me."

Voices in mommy's head.
Everything loud and mean.
Mommy tried her hardest,
But she still didn't feel like anything.

Because of the deal she was dealt,
Teachers turned away.
"Your daughter has bad behavior,"
Was all they had to say.

Mommy's heart was breaking
because she felt alone.
She had no one to talk to.
Just the beep on the phone.

No footsteps to follow,
No one to tuck her into bed,
No such thing as trust.
Doubt in everything that was said.

Terrors at night.
Fears in her mind.
She had no one to teach her rules.
No one to teach her to be kind.

She tried to mind her own
But she stumbled out of place.
She fell in love with a boy
Who hit her in the face.

Maybe if she had a dad
To show her how a lady should be treated
She would have never felt
Like it was okay to be defeated.

Mommy cried too.
So she had to hide at night.
She had to find ways to teach her daughter
Battles worth the fight.

She worked very hard
And got them on a good track.
Baby girl overcame her struggles
And turned around her back.

One day she wrote a poem titled
"Everything she knew."
It went on about her daddy and said,
"We have made it without you."

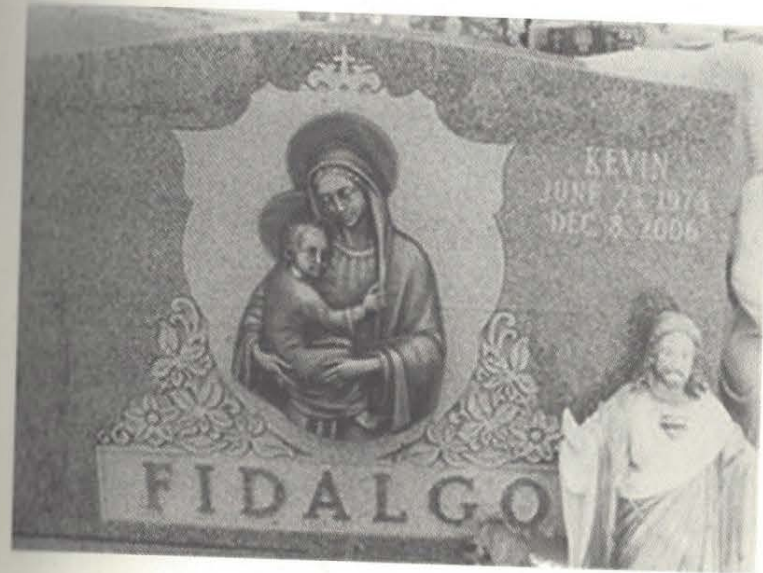
I know one day you'll die,
And I don't know where I'll be,
But I know that for sure I'm gonna be big and strong
And do things just like mommy.

I hope when I get that call
I get to see you before you go.
There are a lot of things I want to say
That you deserve to know.

You were gone for 15 years.
Gone without a trace.
You'll probably never read this letter,
But I'll write it just in case.

Daddy, all my tears have been dried.
I haven't felt like this in so long.
Mommy doesn't need you anymore.
So daddy, please stay gone.

Brianna Dalton '13



*Joshua Fidalgo '12
Photography*

The Journey

I've often thought of going
down that dreaded path of woes.
I don't have the courage needed
to make the lonely journey.

I wish I were courageous
and could see your resting place.
But going there is hard for me
and I don't think I could go.

The journey that we must make
is alarming and unknown.
We have to make the journey, though,
to see our friends who've gone.

Amanda Dobrowolski '11

Because No One Else Will

Because no one else will
They bestow to me their most profound secrets,
They reveal their saddened hearts;
I listen to their foolish ramblings,
Realizing my only part.

My head nods politely,
Heeding their words,
And I offer only advice;
Otherwise I will not be heard.

I oftentimes wonder as I sit alone,
If there is someone I could tell my fears,
Shaking my head slowly,
Who would ever volunteer?

And I still dry their flowing tears,
Lifting up their hearts of lead.
My own pain and suffering dwell within me,
Dormant in my head.

I wonder why I carry this burden,
For all this distress makes me ill.
Then an answer echoes through me,
"Because no one else will."

Anonymous

As we stand

As we stand in the hallway, just you and me,
the hustling of the people and the squeaking of their
shoes as they walk away, fade just as quickly as they
had come.

You form an "o" shape with your mouth and I watch as
your breath fogs up the glass,
making a spot just big enough to write a message.
I watch as your long fingers make the words I LOVE
YOU on that spot.

You glance over at me, eyes shining with happiness.
Thousands of people walk by each day, you tell me,
probably hundreds in a single minute.
To them this spot is just another window surrounded by
others.

A long line down the hall, this one the same as the next.
But to you, this average everyday window holds a secret,
unnoticed and invisible to everyone else who walks by.
Just remember that there may be times when you are un-
able to see it,

yet you will still know it's there.
Keep these words in your heart, he says.
Know that even though I may be far
Unable to be with you,
I will always be here.

Caitlyn Jones '11

Wind chime

There's this thing outside my window
It shines, but only when the sun hits it
It makes noise, but only when the wind blows
It's something unique, but everyone has one

There's something outside my window
It hangs from a string, a clear type of string
It is made of different shapes of all sizes
Big circles, little squares, and a star on the end

There's something outside my window
The noise it makes is beautiful
The colors are gorgeous
There's something outside my window
That distracts me every time.

Michelle Mitropoulos '12



Maryjane Barron '12
In Motion, Photograph

From Poems for Teachers

Sharon Olds

Nighttime she called her children
and spoke in a low warm mamma voice
we did not know. She must have been
40 then, we in our stupid 20s—
single, childless, with our poems and our questions.

Lisa made cookies, or was it another of us?
Was it me? We had all bravely
shed our day clothes for swimsuits
that afternoon, but all found the New England waters
too cold. She wore a bikini. I had never seen
such a flat stomach on an adult woman. And the
small breasts. And her too-long hair hanging down
her boyish body. But this was the way
she transmitted what she knew the poem was:

She dropped her towel,
moved swiftly and purposefully down the dock,
and dove in.

Professor Julia Lisella

The Calm, Peaceful Ocean

As the breeze goes by...
I feel calm, relaxed
Everything is quiet
All I can hear is the sound of the ocean
The ocean is calm
Goes in and out
Taking a deep breath, my body loosens
So relaxed, at peace

Lie down on the soft sand
Feel at home right there
Never wanting to leave
Don't want to go back
Not going back to the yelling and screaming
No more fights, no more negotiations

All I want is a life
A life that's my own
As I lie there, everything is quiet
I feel myself drift away with the ocean
Close my eyes
Let my mind drift out to sea
And then I find myself in a different world

A world where I can be myself
A world where I let loose and am free
A world that I love to call the calm, peaceful ocean
A world I never want to leave
This is where I belong

Katie O'Sullivan '13

Space Between

The few inches between us
are accentuated by the negativity.
Anger pulses across the table,
while frustration buzzes around our heads
like a fly searching for a landing spot.

In this limited space,
the emotions hang heavily.
The annoyance is palpable
and awkwardness sits between us
like an unacknowledged giant.

Sitting tensely and avoiding eye contact,
it is made clear that neither person is comfortable.
Will this ever be resolved?
Or are we going to be forced to sit
in this uncomfortable limbo for all time?

Amanda Nortrup '12

Inside Out Right Side In

As the little girl stood there in front,
in front—of her father, there
radiates a friendly manner.

She dared not look,
not look—into the black eyes.

The beautiful blue-eyed four-year-old.
Always demonstrating a curious and lively,
a curious and lively—understanding of
the natural world around.

She stood there,
stood there—frozen in time,
.thinking and wondering, second by second
second by second—inside out, right side in.

A challenge only she—must tolerate.
Now troubled, comatose and white,
comatose and white—a sure fire attempt
at a soul beneath, hidden in likeness,

in likeness—from view.
Minute by minute, wondering—inside out,
right side in. Burdened, oppressed, black
and blue. She lay there, indifferent and despair.

Indifferent and despair—hour by hour,
hour by hour—judging inside out,
or right side in. Slow and hard, time went by,

time went by—no one person could know.
Thoughts were overpowering—black as midnight,
black as midnight—always present and everlasting.
Day by day, judging inside out right side in!

Right side in!

Edith Louise Davis '10

Nerves

It's my first time
Goosebumps run up the back of my neck
It's dark
Keep running it over and over in my head
How did I get to this point?
It's been two tedious long months
Hour after hour perfecting every inch from beginning to
end
Only thirty minutes remain, I must hurry
I lie on the floor with my arms stretched to the side
Warming up my body to prepare for the big night
Sweat trickles down the sides of my face
It's my time
All I can hear are light footsteps around me
I stop and strike my pose
I close my eyes
I pray to God
The music starts
The curtain rises.

Stephanie Walsh '11

Hypocrite

You burn me – or try-
With piercing fire-yellow eyes
And a writhing tongue
That seeks to brand me.
You attempt to sear
Into my pink flesh
The lies, the insults,
-the marks *you* cannot stand
To bare yourself-
You think yourself
An unmanageable creature who steals in-
But I know otherwise-
Your fire-yellow eyes
Are gold anklebone shackles to your soul.

Liz Murray '10

Muse

I, too, need a muse
to give meaning to sun and moon,
earth and stars moving in orbs
too large to comprehend,
spinning too fast for the head
to recognize the movement.
I, too, need a muse—
someone to slow time, speed time next,
the text of life unrolled on parchment
under night and lamplight
that always make the words,
whether scribbled or cautiously penned,
fall away in perfect harmony
and accord with the stars,
earth and moon,
the sun distant and comfortably warm.

Jennifer LeBlanc '10

Drama

Scrabble

There are a door and doorframes separating the stage into two sides. Scene opens with two girls sitting in their dorm room on their beds. Each has her computer on her lap. The room is tense and silent. It is obvious that the roommates are not speaking for a reason. Finally...

ALLY: *(coughs...pause)* um...Lana...um...

LANA: *(sharply)* What, what, Ally, what do you not understand? Why can't you be QUIET?

ALLY: Because I know you, I know when there is something...*(LANA cuts her off)*

LANA: Don't go there, I said it before and I'll say it again...*(loudly)* I do not want to be bothered!

ALLY: *(closes her computer)* Lana, don't give me that, I don't want to hear the bullshit line, you are eventually gonna talk to or yell at me, why not get it over with now?

LANA: Go to hell, Ally. *(LANA turns on her side facing away from ALLY)*

ALLY: *(sarcastically)* Ok, Lana, whatever you say...

There are a few seconds of silence. The mood in the room changes. ALLY walks out leaving LANA on the bed. A few seconds later, ALLY walks back in with MITCH. They are laughing. LANA has progressed from the computer to watching TV. She ignores both ALLY and MITCH.

MITCH: *(hesitantly)* Hey, Lana.

LANA ignores MITCH. MITCH looks at ALLY who just shrugs, picks up a stress ball, and throws it at MITCH who laughs and throws it back at ALLY. This continues for a bit while LANA continues to ignore them, although she is obviously ticked off.

ALLY: Mitch, it's not even worth it. She's not in the mood to talk. Just leave her alone, pretend she's not in the room.

LANA: *(muttering to herself)* Wow, rude...

ALLY and MITCH both sigh. ALLY and MITCH exit the room, slamming the door loudly. LANA can be seen on one side of the door, ALLY and MITCH on the other. ALLY and MITCH are sitting on the floor, LANA on her bed, curled up. Lights down on ALLY and MITCH. Spot on LANA.

LANA: *(crying)* They won't understand, how could they understand. And what does Ally think that yelling at me is gonna do? All it does is make me angrier, and bringing Mitch in here? He doesn't care about me anymore. Go on, Ally, bring him in here, prove me wrong, try to fix me. It's not going to work. In the end, I'm alone, all alone.

Lights out on LANA. Lights up on ALLY and MITCH.

ALLY: I don't know what is wrong with her, and I'm tired of trying to figure it out. She needs to grow up and realize that things happen and she can't take it out on me every time.

Long pause.

MITCH: Ally, stop getting so upset, it's not worth it, you know that she will be fine in a bit. You know that

she doesn't really want you to leave her alone for long. When the TV show ends, we will go back inside and see what's going on. We will bring her a chocolate bar or something, that always works!

ALLY: *(rolling her eyes)* Mitch, stop being such an optimist. There is something big going on. She never smiles at all anymore, what's wrong? What is it? I can't think of anything that has happened...*(trailing off)*

Silence. MITCH seems to be contemplating this thought, at a loss for words. He is playing with the stress ball, which is still in his hands. This seems to be an unconscious action on his part. ALLY, visibly upset, stares at the wall.

MITCH: *(carefully)* Ally, stop being so invested in Lana's life. You know how she is. What is it they say...
(thinking) "this too shall pass."

ALLY shrugs and motions for the stress ball. The two sit in silence for a bit longer. After two minutes, they get up and walk back into the room. At the door, they both take a deep breath and squeeze each other's hand. Lights back up on LANA and the room.

LANA: *(turning her head)* Oh, just you two. Forget that I'm here.

MITCH: Lana, grow up already. Whatever is wrong, you don't have to talk about it with us. You also don't have to take it out on us. So, maybe you should forget that we are here instead, since you are being the child in this situation. *(Turns his back on LANA)*

ALLY: *(shocked)* Um...Mitch...isn't that going too far?

MITCH turns and looks at ALLY. ALLY, seeming to understand MITCH, walks to her bed, motions for MITCH to join her. They pull out Scrabble and start to play.

LANA: *(mumbling under her breath)* They are ridiculous, not asking me to play with them, not cool...but why am I surprised?

ALLY: MITCH!!! You are cheating!!! That is NOT a word. Give me the dictionary; I am challenging your word.

MITCH: *(laughing)* No, I'm not cheating, Ally, don't be like that.

ALLY and MITCH pull the dictionary back and forth. Finally, ALLY manages to get it away from MITCH.

ALLY: Hahahahaha, see, Mitch, you are cheating, this word doesn't exist. I am taking all of your points away.

LANA is now watching ALLY and MITCH, never looking away. MITCH and ALLY are making a noticeable attempt at continuing to ignore LANA. They continue to play Scrabble.

ALLY: Mitch, I am never playing with you again *(giggles)*. You cheat so badly, you remind me of Lana's Aunt Rita. Let's go see if anyone is in the lounge, maybe we can put a movie on or something.

MITCH: Alright, sounds good to me, just give me a sec and I will be right there.

ALLY: *(suspiciously, drawn out)* Alright, I'll see you in a few.

As ALLY exits the room, LANA turns around.

LANA: *(cautiously)* See you later, enjoy your movie.

ALLY: *(surprised)* Thanks.

Exit ALLY. LANA goes back to the TV, obviously uncomfortable. MITCH is on ALLY's bed, playing around with something the audience is unable to see. After a few seconds, MITCH gets ready to exit. LANA again turns.

LANA: *(with the same cautious tone)* Bye, Mitch...see you tomorrow.

MITCH: Yeah, bye, Lana, get some sleep.

Exit MITCH. LANA gets up off of the bed and goes to look at what is on ALLY's bed.

LANA: *(reading out loud from the Scrabble board)* "We love you Lana no matter what."

LANA smiles and goes back to her bed, gets in it. Turns her head to look at the board again. Lies down.

I guess that I was wrong...

Lights out.

End Scene

Leanne Calderone '12

Prose

"What the fuck!" he screamed at the door that was now closed in front of him, his anger pulsating against the walls and coming back to him like a rebound effect. Every little friggin' thing pissed him off these days! And the fight he just had with his girlfriend definitely didn't help with the control that he had been trying to maintain since he landed. He just didn't get it! When his platoon was finally able to come home, he was ecstatic. He couldn't wait to see his family, friends, and most of all, his girlfriend. But he was like a ticking time bomb, the movement of the second hand of the clock on the wall, ticking, keeping the minutes, counting down the seconds until he exploded. It was a huge stretch to think that anyone would understand what he had been through over there, but to say it was hard to come back home was an understatement. The things everyone complained about!

Just yesterday, he had been in Starbucks getting a coffee. Literally, it had been months since he'd been there, but besides a few new staff members, things hadn't changed much. Except maybe him. He was absolutely dying for a coffee, the strong flavor of it dancing on his tongue as it came up the straw. The taste of it was heaven. All they had in Iraq was instant coffee, and most of the time they had to drink it cold because they had no hot water in the barracks. He had decided to go as soon as he woke up, but he had somehow forgotten the normalcy of other people's lives, and the morning rush of people getting coffee before work made the line exceptionally long.

He had gotten the unfortunate place in line behind two women, a blonde with her pin-straight hair hanging

straight down her back and a darker haired woman who had hers pulled back extremely tight. Both looked as if they were in their mid to late twenties with important corporate jobs. He, being dressed in his cammies, last name sewn into the right pocket, looked as though he belonged in the field holding his gun and smelling the gun powder instead of behind women worried about the next time they would be able to get their hair foiled. They were talking obnoxiously loudly, so as far as he was concerned, it was their own fault that he overheard them and reacted the way he did.

"Can you believe it?" the blonde said to her friend. "I specifically said to him that I wanted the *purple* Coach bag with the *gold* buckle on it, but what does the idiot come home with? The blue one with nothing on the front at all. I mean seriously, how he expects me to walk around with something as hideous as that... I just don't know."

Her friend, listening closely, snorted in disbelief at what she had just told her. "Yeah, I feel like men don't listen to anything we say," she responded. "They have that thing called selective hearing... you know... they only hear the things they *want* to hear."

Are they seriously talking about a Coach bag, Jacob thought to himself? Is that what takes priority over here?

"Yeah," the brunette continued, "It's like the time I asked Ben to get me a pair of black nylons for a department holiday party, and what does he bring home? Fishnet knee highs!!! Tuh! Can you believe that? And he couldn't for the life of him understand why I refused to wear them!"

The blonde one laughed out loud, "Ha-ha! Can you just picture that, an ugly Coach purse with fishnet knee

highs out in public? We'd be the talk of the town if we wore that!"

Jacob took a deep breath as he tried to keep his cool. The utter stupidity of the conversation irked him, literally rattled his bones. He needed a cigarette badly, but his mouth also craved the coffee. The nicotine fix, he decided, could wait; he was next in line anyway.

As the girls approached the counter to order their drinks, the conversation about Coach pocket books ended, and they told the cashier what they wanted.

"Umm, yeah, I will have a mocha cappuccino with a double shot of espresso and skim milk," the blonde one said rather impatiently. "And make it quick because I have places to go. I've already waited in line for over five minutes."

Jacob, taking another deep breath and biting his tongue, watched as the girl taking the order, obviously new, struggled with trying to take it down.

"So, you want a cappuccino, with espresso?" she recited back, looking a little uneasy.

The blonde woman looked at her friend, rolled her eyes, and then looked back to the cashier in disbelief. Taking a deep breath in and exhaling impatiently, she said, "I want a *DOUBLE* shot of espresso, not just one shot. Didn't you hear anything that I said? God, what are you deaf or something?"

"I am so sorry," she stammered, embarrassed. "I will have it right away for you."

The second woman gave her order and the two moved to the pickup side of the counter.

"Next!" the girl behind the desk called.

Jacob stepped up to the counter to give his order, but

just as he was about to open his mouth, the blonde cut right in front of him and started yelling at the cashier again.

"I said skim milk," she yelled. "How long have you worked here, like a day or something?" she screamed as she took the cover off her coffee and proceeded to spill the entire thing over the counter. "What, do you want me to get fat like you or something from drinking the cream that you guys put in everyone else's coffee?"

Jacob stood there in utter amazement, watching the scene. "Hey, would ya just stop it?" he said loudly, trying to talk over the woman's ranting.

She whipped around quickly, hitting him with her hair, and looked at him. "And just tell me who the hell you think you are, buddy. So big and bad in your Marine outfit. This has nothing to do with you, so just mind your own damn business," she yelled at him. She looked him up and down, not believing that he would even interrupt her, and then she started to turn around back to the cashier.

That was it. All it took was the "big, bad Marine" comment to set him over the edge.

"Are you fucking serious?" he screamed, spit flying from his mouth. "Do you know that there are people who are dying, fighting, trying to save this country, and here you are pitching a fit over a stupid cup of coffee? That should be the fucking least of your worries." Anger exploded, taking over his being. "You and your stupid little Coach bags and expensive looking clothes. Do you," he shouted, looking around, the whole place now quiet, "does anyone get what is fucking going on over there? People get blown up every minute of every day. There are bombs going off in school buildings, women

and children dying. Men coming home with missing limbs, and all you people care about is if you get fucking skim milk in your coffee. Un-fucking-believable."

It was as if time had slowed down. Minutes seemed like hours. His anger had literally and figuratively blinded him. As he looked around, he noticed that everyone was silent now. He realized that he was breathing heavily, and small drips of perspiration were on his forehead. The two women were completely quiet and the rest of the customers had moved back from him. Some whispered to their neighbors. Others looked at the floor, and the rest looked nervously at their watches, trying to avoid eye contact with him.

Rage, he realized, had exploded inside of him, and now as he stood in a line at Starbucks on Main Street, sadness began to take over. It crept over him like a storm blankets a city, and he began to feel his throat knot up with emotion. He had promised himself that he would keep his cool once he landed stateside. But he had lost it, lost everything, just as he had lost everything over there.

Caitlyn Jones '11

UN Policies

Man, was that day funny as anything! I remember I was stuck sitting through this old, slow, and boring UN meeting. Belgium was preaching up front about something important, whatever. So I was sitting next to my buddy Luxemburg—I call him Luxie for short—and we were thinking of something worthwhile to do. Paper football and blowing bubble gum can only hold a guy's attention for so long.

I felt a tap behind me on my shoulder. It was Romania.

I turned around slightly annoyed and whispered, "What?" His hand just extended to me with a folded piece of paper. "What's this for?" I questioned him, but he didn't notice. He was blasting Ballroom Blitz on his iPod.

I took the note from his hand and turned back around. I unfolded it. Luxie was looking over my shoulder. The note read, "DOES THE QUEEN KNOW YOU'RE GAY?" and two boxes below labeled "YES" or "NO." I crumpled the paper up and turned around to see good old Sri Lanka, three rows up, peering down at me with a smart little smirk on his face.

"Funny," I loudly whispered up to him.

I turned back and uncrumpled the piece of paper. I leaned over to my left side where Poland was sitting.

"Hey, you know how to make paper airplanes?" I whispered to him.

He nodded and took the paper from my extended hand. Within thirty seconds, he had completed a perfect paper airplane, something I have yet to master. I

took out my phone and typed a quick text message to Sri Lanka. "Watch me. Tell Grenada 2 look 2," the text read. I nudged Luxie in the elbow slightly to get his attention, too.

I whispered to him, "I'm aiming for Jamaica."

Luxie nodded, displaying his approval. Jamaica was four rows ahead of me slightly to the left, in between Japan and Maldives. This was going to be a toughie, but I decided to go for it anyways. I took aim and released the plane. It quickly darted down at my target, but swiftly took a sharp right, right into the head of Japan (no pun intended). Japan swung his arm up furiously and high into the sky. Tony Blair was running the night's meeting and saw this. He respectfully stopped Belgium mid-rant and called on Japan.

Japan went, "Yeah, Canada just threw this at me." And he held up the paper airplane.

"No, I didn't!" I quickly spoke in my defense.

"Yes, you did," Japan returned angrily.

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did!"

"No, you're just still angry about missing out on the potluck continental breakfast this morning!"

"No, I'm not. Well, somebody turned my alarm clock back an hour, and jeeezee, I wonder who," Japan accused me.

"Mmmmmm, you sure missed out on some of Israel's great bagels and those awesome waffles Belgium whipped up!"

"Shut up!"

Switzerland raised his hand.

"Yes, Switzerland?" Blair asked.

Switzerland hesitantly added, "No, I saw Canada throw the plane at Japan."

"Stay out of this, Swiss Miss, you're neutral, remember?" I quickly interjected as I flipped him off.

Blair spoke loudly, "Stop!" Everyone went silent. "Now that's enough! For the rest of the meeting, I don't want to hear anything else out of anyone. Now I don't want to hear it. You got that, Canada?"

"Yes."

"And you, Japan?"

"Yes."

"And Switzerland, mind your own business. It's the path you chose!"

So the meeting went on as Belgium continued its best attempt to verbally induce a coma and bring on a thick haze of boredom. My eyes started drifting around the auditorium to see what everyone else was up to. United States was playing a quiet game of 21 Questions with Bolivia. Tonga and Mongolia were playing Slaps, and Marshall Islands was still trying to get anyone around him to play Bloody Knuckles.

I felt a vibration in my pocket—a new text message. I flipped open my phone. It was Sri Lanka again. "Dude look at Guam." I read it and turned to my right, looking all the way down my aisle to Guam, all alone picking his nose. Man, he thought he could get away with anything! I felt another vibration—another text message from Sri Lanka. "Dude Operation Whoopee." (Operation Whoopee is a plan that Sri Lanka, Luxie, Grenada, and I thought up during lunch a week or two back. The plan was when Egypt got up to use the bathroom, a whoopee cushion was to be slipped underneath his seat. When

Egypt got back, he was to make a very loud and very inappropriate noise.) I turned back around to see Sri Lanka smirking down at me again. I nodded the okay after I spotted Egypt pushing his seat back to leave.

Grenada was sitting next to Egypt. I had a brand new whoopee cushion all ready to go. I put it into a manila envelope so nobody else knew what it was.

I tapped Nepal's shoulder in front of me. "Hey, would you mind passing this down to Grenada, please?"

Nepal obeyed my demands and passed the word on two rows until it got to Grenada. I watched from above. Grenada slowly and quietly, being ever so careful not to make too big of a crumpling-plastic noise, opened up the whoopee cushion. He took it out and bent over as if he were tying his shoes and blowing his nose at the same time and blew the whoopee cushion up full just as Egypt slipped into the room.

Egypt shuffled sideways through the crowd back to his seat. He went to go and sit down just as Grenada placed the whoopee cushion secretly underneath him. RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIP!

I started laughing and suddenly turned it into a fake cough as I noticed nobody else was amused. I think I heard Sri Lanka do the same.

Egypt stood up and grabbed the cushion from underneath him and said, "I apologize. I have no idea where this came from."

Tony Blair stood up and said, "Alright, now who did this? Nobody is leaving this meeting until I find out who did this. It is just amazing how childish you people can be! Now who did it?"

Silence. I know I wasn't saying anything.

“Alright,” said Blair, “well, we have one way to find out. Egypt, turn the whoopee over and tell us where it was made.”

Immediately China and Taiwan rose and shouted, “No, no! Not us, no!”

Egypt turned it over and looked at it. All of Asia was crossing their fingers. I knew I was fine; all my country produces are hockey pucks and cheap beer. Then Egypt spoke, “Sri Lanka.”

“What?!” Sri Lanka rose. “You have to be kidding me!”

Blair goes, “That’s it, Sri Lanka, you’re out!”

“What?! Why, I don’t understand?”

“Leave. At once, just go.”

I turned around, “Yeah, just, just get up and go. It’s really a disgrace, just leave.” Sri Lanka’s jaw dropped.

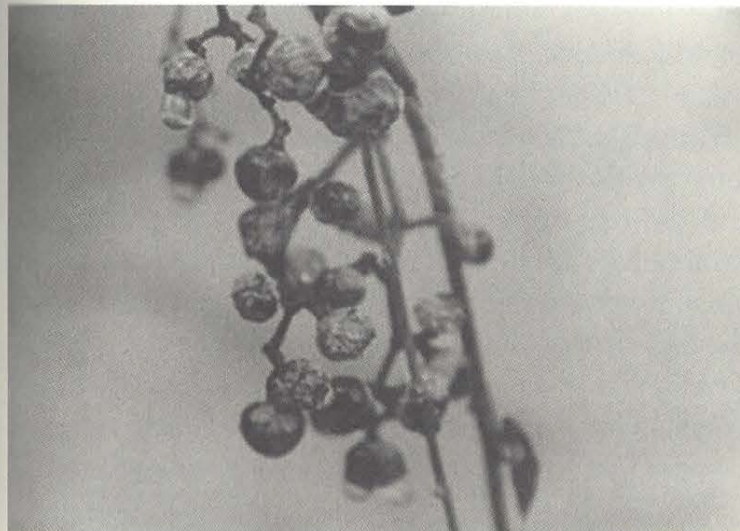
“You, too, Canada,” said Blair.

“What did I do, Blair? Wait, you know what, fine. Belgium, you suck, this meeting is boring. Peace y’all, especially you, Palestine, JK.”

Then I bounced.

I went out into the lobby and was greeted with a Charlie horse by Sri Lanka. He called me a loser and was mad at me for a solid two weeks. He got Luxemburg on his side, too. So what wound up happening was that I was unofficially booted from our lunch table and made to sit with France and Italy. All in all, though, I would say it was all worth it. Egypt’s face was priceless.

Alex Collins '12



John Teixeira '12
Photography

Mama's Cookbook

Jeremiah and his best friend, Rodney, were in their hotel room getting ready for the game, but Jeremiah was not all hyped up as was Rodney. He had been sitting by the window for over an hour, just thinking about everything that happened in his life over the past twenty-two years, the amount of tears he had shed, the pain he still felt to this day, the words still ringing in his ears as if the message was just relayed to him. The memories were like one of those wounds that refuses to heal.

The best part of him continued to blame himself. He could not find it in himself to hate the man who raised him, the man who made him the best running back in the country, the man whose number was given to him when he entered this school. The school that created the guy he calls dad and who at the same time destroyed his family. She was so beautiful, an all-around amazing woman, God's gift to Jeremiah. "How do I forgive him for taking her away from me?" Jeremiah said out loud.

"Are you alright, man?" Rodney asked his childhood friend, sensing that something was wrong. It had been months since Jeremiah mentioned his father, and now he was bringing it all back.

"Nah, Rodney, I don't think I'm ever going to be okay. You know, man, she wrote numerous passages about how awful he was to her, yet I never witnessed it, and oh yeah, let's not forget he was the best to me. Raised me to be a man," Jeremiah said with a smirk that read how confused he was. He turned around to face his friend. "Man, he taught me how to treat a woman, play every sport in the book, and to respect those above me. I just wish all the amazing qualities he instilled in me, he car-

ried as well. You know what I mean, Rod."

"Look, Jay, I know you're still hurt, but let it go, bro, you can't let this thing keep eating you up, man, you can't. This is not what your mom would've wanted."

"That's just it, Rodney. You don't know what my mom would have wanted. I do not have my mom here, man. I'm twenty-two years old, and motherless. You know what I was doing before coming here, Rod?" Jeremiah asked as if waiting for an answer. "Before my last game, I was placing flowers at the gravesite of the woman who supported me in everything," Jeremiah spoke through gritted teeth. "The woman who baked cookies for my little league team bake sales, the woman who made it to every single one of my football games. Come on, Rod, that's not something I can let go," Jeremiah said feeling defeated. "I remember her sitting outside wrapped in a blanket at our practices," he said to his friend as the tears flowed down his cheeks.

Rodney walked over to his childhood friend and hugged him. "I'm here for you, Jay. I'm here for you."

Now that he had made it this far, his mother would not be there to enjoy it all with him. She would not be standing in the front row to watch him get the Patriots jersey he had worked all those years to receive. That, to Jeremiah, hurt more than any tackle on the football field.

Jeremiah walked over to the picture of his mother on the night stand by his bed and looked at the young, beautiful Adanya. "Ma, I'm sorry you're not here today. It's my fault. Because you loved me so much, you did not want to see me raised in a broken home. You loved my father too much to turn your back on him. All you did was love us, and we slowly took your life away. I'm

sorry, Ma.”

Jeremiah placed the picture on his nightstand and wiped the tears from his eyes and walked away. He looked at his friend and said, “We got a game to win for her tonight, Rod.”

Eighteen Years Earlier:

“Jeremiah Xavier Santos, get your little behind in here and pick up your school bag now!” Adanya screamed to her four-year-old son as he ran up the stairs to his room to watch the four o’clock re-run of *Sponge Bob*.

“Okay, Mommy,” Jeremiah replied as his small feet made small stomping noises down the stairs to pick up his backpack from the floor.

Adanya walked into the kitchen to prepare dinner for the day and to pack Faheem’s lunch for work. The kitchen was Adanya’s favorite place in the world, as if in that room she got closer and closer to her dream, the one thing that brought her closer to her mother. Two years ago, her mother died from breast cancer, and as a little girl, her mother always let her help out in the kitchen. She loved it, dreamt of being a big-time chef someday, owning well-known restaurants, and even writing a cookbook. Food was everything to her. When she was mad, she cooked, sad, she cooked, angry and even lost for explanation, she cooked. Food was a release from her real world. It was as if she went to another place where no one could touch her with hurtful words or a balled up fist. It was an expression of her inner being where not a soul could be hurt. She saw cooking as a gift from her to the world. It was amazing what she could stir up in the kitchen.

Adanya stood at her kitchen counter stirring, chopping, and cutting for about an hour before Faheem walked into the house from school, taking the stairs to the bedroom two at a time in order to change in a hurry for work.

“Yaya, where’s my work shirt?” Faheem yelled from their bedroom.

“On the chair in front of my vanity, Faheem, where it always is,” Adanya answered, rolling her eyes. How she got stuck practically raising two boys, she could never understand, but she loved both boys more than her own life, and at times, that was not a good thing.

“Hey, big man, it would be nice if you took out those leap frog games I have spent my life savings on and actually played with those, instead of watching this little square man all day.”

“Daddy,” Jeremiah laughed, confused what life savings were and by the smallest idea that his father, the man he trusted and believed in so much and who happened to know the answers to everything, actually did not know *Sponge Bob*’s name. For a split moment, his little childish mind felt as though he was smarter than his own father, being that he clearly knew who that little square guy in the TV was.

“Okay, Daddy, I’ll play leap frog. What time will you be back?”

“When I’m back, your little bad behind should be sleeping already,” Faheem laughed as he stared at his son through the doorway. At twenty-three-years-old, he would never have thought he would have a four-year-old son living in the house his grandparents had worked all their lives to own and be sharing it all with the young

girl he fell in love with at seventeen. Everything turned out better than he could have imagined.

"And to think I wanted to get rid of you," he whispered as he walked into the kitchen and grabbed an apple off the kitchen table and bit into it. As he swallowed his first bite, he knew he had to say something to the mother of his child.

"Look, Yaya, I'm sorry about last night. I know things got out of hand, and I apologize. I promise to make sure it never happens again."

"It's okay, Faheem, it was a mistake this time. I understand," Adanya answered with a tone of defeat in her voice. That day would mark the beginning of numerous apologies to come.

Adanya turned around to face the man she loved, the man she gave her life to, the only man she could ever remember being with. She was only fifteen when she met Faheem. Her life before him was close to perfect. She came from a well-off family. She was her parents' only child, her father a strong African man from Nigeria and her mother a beautiful Haitian lady. She never longed for anything. She thought her life was complete until Faheem entered it.

Adanya was a freshman when she entered NCC, and it was on that very day she laid eyes on Faheem. To her, he was the image of perfection. He stood almost six feet, two inches at seventeen, and his presence screamed attention as if when he walked into the room, you had no choice but to look his way. His face so subtle, skin so soft, it was like looking into Christmas morning, like the white sheet of snow, never been stepped on, just so beautiful. He had eyes as black as coal, and they were so piercing when he looked at you—it was as if he was

looking into your soul. It was almost as if he could read all your secrets without you speaking a word, and young Adanya had fallen in love at that very moment.

Faheem was a star football quarterback at NCC and was being scouted to play at Boston College after he graduated. He was an honor student who also came from money. His father was an entertainment lawyer, and his mother was a doctor. Faheem and Adanya became inseparable. They did everything together. The Santos family loved Adanya. Ms. Michelle was the mother of five boys, so having a young lady around was a plus, and Adanya's parents loved Faheem, too. He was so good to their daughter, and they appreciated how caring of her feelings he was.

Adanya's beauty was the kind you only read about in books. The kind you could see in magazines because of all the touch-up by the computers. The best part of a beautiful woman is that she has no clue the kind of power her beauty holds. Adanya's bone structure was something any model would kill for, and her body was perfectly proportioned. She was like a fresh-made desert platter; everything was placed exactly in its place. She was kind and loving and very smart. She never tried making anyone feel as if they were any less of value standing next to her. She was all around what a young man would consider the perfect girl.

Adanya and Faheem fell in love in a matter of weeks, and in just a few years, they would have to make the biggest decision of their lives. So young and so innocent and naive to the real world, the two ended up getting pregnant. After much back and forth between the young couple, they finally decided to keep the life growing inside of Adanya.

On January 23, 1991, Adanya gave birth to a beautiful boy. She was only seventeen when she had Jeremiah, and though both families were disappointed because both kids were so young and had their whole lives ahead of them, they put their heads together and helped support the young couple with this new life they had managed to create.

Adanya had finished dinner, and she fed her son. It was eight pm, and she had put him to bed. She stood in front of the mirror in her bedroom and ran her hands across the bruises on her arms and thighs, the sight of those bruises bringing tears to her eyes. Things were not always like this, she thought. We were really happy once. One bad game, one injury turned her whole world upside down.

“Never again,” she said, shaking her head. Adanya put on her nightgown and went to sit at the kitchen table to get some homework done. Instead of working on her math, though, she pulled out her journal and scribbled. One specific passage in that journal was her favorite, as it was what separated all the great times in her life from the worst. It read:

January 25: I gave birth to a boy two days ago, and we’re going to name him Jeremiah Xavier. His skin is as red as freshly picked tomatoes, you know, the ones Mama used to pick from her garden to make her famous meat sauce, and he has ten perfect little fingers and toes. Short and stubby like baby carrots. He is as beautiful as the sight of the dining room table on Thanksgiving Day. Looking at my first born reminded me of waking up in Grandmama’s house to the smell of her warm biscuits. It was a safe place, a place of love and acceptance, and

when I look at my boy, that’s what I see—love. To think Faheem and I created this little creature. Jeremiah is the spitting image of his father. Even if he wanted to deny Jeremiah, he could not. Now not only do I have my passion for food to count on, but I also have the love of a little boy to help me on through everything. I have someone who will always be all mine. A life I created. This is better than any meal I have made or recipe I have discovered. I have my own little family now.

Faheem played football at Boston College while Adanya stayed at home with Jeremiah until she graduated from high school. She was later accepted to Northeastern where she planned on working toward owning her own restaurant. Faheem was so close to playing professional football until he crashed his knees in a very bad game and it stopped his football career. By the time Jeremiah was two, Faheem and Adanya were already having problems, and after his injury, it escalated. He went from being a loving spouse to a violent stranger in a few months.

By the time Jeremiah was four, words were not enough for him to tear down the woman he so-called loved. It started off with Faheem slapping Adanya when something didn’t go his way. Then, he was hitting her as if she were some stranger, as if she were not the mother of his first and only child. He became so abusive that he would hit her if dishes weren’t washed, if Jeremiah was not in bed when he got home, or if laundry was not done when he wanted it done. Faheem was careful though—every time he struck her, it was on a place that could be hidden. He never hit her in front of their son, nor when Jeremiah was awake. Faheem loved Adanya, but the

way he expressed it behind closed doors was questionable. The beatings would soon become a constant thing with Faheem.

Many times, Adanya wanted to pack up and go home to her father, the man who promised to always protect her. She could never bring herself to do that, though. She loved Faheem and wanted to keep her family together at all costs. She would constantly tell herself, "So what if I take a few beatings? My son's happy. He likes having his parents together. Who am I to deny him of that?"

Faheem could not recall when all the problems started. His whole life, he worked to be the best football player in the history of the NFL. One small accident on the exact field he loved, though, cost him his entire life. The one thing he actually worked hard on. He felt as though he was left with nothing, but yet he had a family to support. He began to resent Adanya because she still had everything left for her, so instead of loving her, he hated her.

Now:

"Are you ready to bring the chip home?" Coach Reyes screamed in the locker room, getting the boys ready for their big game.

"YEAH!!!" replied the excited Eagles while hitting the lockers.

The players ran onto the field. While some players were happy because this was their first time in the championship, others were excited because this would be their last time wearing an Eagles uniform and they wanted to leave with a bang. The boys went onto that field and played the game of their lives. Jeremiah never

put so much heart into any game, and when he made his first touchdown, he looked at the crowd to see his father where he had always been, sitting in the front row, wearing his number four jersey, cheering on his only son. The only thing missing next to him was his mother. Both of his grandfathers and his paternal grandmother, as well as his girlfriend, sat there cheering him on with proud smiles on their faces. The sight of Faheem's smile struck a sense of pain mixed with love in Jeremiah's heart.

The Eagles won the game that night, Jeremiah scoring two touchdowns. He played that game for his mother. After the coach's long speech and after Jeremiah was awarded MVP, they were allowed to leave and go celebrate with their families. Jeremiah had to rush past interviewers to get to his family who was waiting for him in the parking lot. His father was the first to greet him.

"My running back, number one in the damn country, scoring two touchdowns and 372 yards in one game!" Faheem screamed as he hugged his son and kissed him on the forehead.

"What's up, Pops, you seen me out there, right?"

"Oh, baby boy, that's not even a question. I can't even tell you how proud I am of you! Now I know the thousands I spent on football were all worth it."

"Whatever, Dad," Jeremiah laughed, walking over to kiss his grandmother and his girlfriend and hug his grandfathers.

"Where does my boy want to go to celebrate?"

"Let's go to Ma's spot. I feel really close to her there, and I think that this is a moment I need to celebrate with her, too."

"Anything for my boy," Faheem replied as he swung

his arm around Jeremiah's shoulder and walked to the car.

Anyone who knew Faheem knew how much Jeremiah meant to him, and sometimes you would wonder if he was simply living his dream through his son. Jeremiah listened to his father talk about the game, but all he kept thinking about was his mom. He had always been close to his father because they shared the love of football, but his mom was his queen. She ruled the house, and in her arms was safety. Even when Jeremiah hit the so-called man stage, he would come home from practice and lay his head on his mother's lap and just talk to her about everything.

"I miss her, Dad," Jeremiah said, cutting his father off.
"Who?"

"Ma. Dad, I miss her. You think she would be proud of me?"

"C'mon, Jay, you know she would be. You were her everything." Faheem did not like talking to Jeremiah about his mother because he knew he killed her. Maybe not in one day, but as the doctors said, she had faced a lot of inside bruises, bleeding, and bones that never healed perfectly, as if she had fallen. She had been beaten over a period of time and never been looked after. That's what slowly killed her. She was suffering for a long time, the doctor had told them. A long time for which Faheem knew he was responsible.

Fourteen Years Earlier:

The abuse had been going on for years, and they both dealt with it the best they could. Faheem tried not to beat her bad enough to send her to the hospital, but the

beating did continue, and Adanya played the role of a happy wife so well. When they were out in public, you could not tell that behind those smiles were abuse, pain, and tears. As Jeremiah got older, Faheem became a little more careful, now that he was old enough to know what was going on. In front of their son, they acted just like when they first met, but when he was not around, Faheem treated her like she meant absolutely nothing. Yet all the years that he balled up his fist to hit her, he could never say he didn't love her.

"Adanya, that's what I'm talking about. You have all the time in the world to write away in your damn cookbook, and you can't go through a pile of damn laundry."

"Faheem, the laundry was done two days ago! There are four shirts in there. Relax. Please keep your voice down. It's late, and Jeremiah has school."

"I don't care if there's one damn shirt in the hamper! I do not want to see any dirty clothes in my house." Faheem was angry not at Adanya, but at her dream, and the sight of her cookbook ate him up. He felt the need to bring her down as well. She was able to write in her cookbook, but he would never be able to walk on a football field, and that was the key thing that struck his anger.

"Well, if that's how you feel, you do the laundry," Adanya spoke, thinking it was all just in her head, but she knew it was not as soon as she felt Faheem's grip around her small neck. He slammed her small frame against the wall. Adanya was looking up at Faheem and his eyes scared her. The beautiful black eyes she looked into the first day at NCC were now of a pure gray resentment, and hate shot out of them at that moment. The tears spilled out of her eyes as she begged Faheem to let her

go. The words quickly stopped flowing out of her mouth as his large hands slid across her face, leaving a stinging sensation on her cheek. He let go of her and walked away. Those days would go on to repeat themselves for the next few years to come.

Now:

Faheem never admitted to his son the numerous beatings he bestowed on his wife, nor did he ever tell him the real reason Adanya died. However, Jeremiah found his mother's cookbook in a box, and under that cookbook was Adanya's journal—the one in which she placed all her thoughts. He read passage after passage about the hurt and pain his dad was putting her through. The ones that hurt him the most were those in which she mentioned that the number one reason she was still there was Jeremiah.

He especially enjoyed the way his mother described the people in her life compared to some vegetable or fruit, or how she described great moments with meals she prepared. Jeremiah read that his father made his mom suffer, but he never knew that he beat her because Adanya never described the beatings, afraid that her son would one day read it and think less of his father. Nor did she want to go back and read how the man she loved constantly beat her. So, she scribbled how he hurt her or that he would be the death of her without any details. Yet, Jeremiah knew his father was the cause of his mother's death. She clearly said it, and that was the part of his father that he despised.

The family got to Adanya's restaurant and sat down for an amazing meal.

"Family, I got one thing I want to share with you all," Jeremiah spoke as he looked into his father's eyes. The eyes his mom described as black as coal and so alive now appeared dead, lost, and confused. That's the effect his mother's death had on his father, or so Jeremiah thought.

"What is it, son?" his grandfather asked.

"Well, as you know, today was my last game, and we won it, and next year I will be training with the Patriots. I owe it all to everyone at this table, and even though my mom is not here, she had the biggest role in my success."

Hakeim smiled as he listened to his grandson speak about his daughter.

"Well, we all know Ma loved to cook, and her two biggest dreams were to open a restaurant and publish a cookbook. She got one of her dreams, but she left us too early and her cookbook was never published."

Faheem looked up to the sky as his only son spoke about his mother and all her dreams, and he hated himself because he knew he took them from her.

Jeremiah cleared his throat and took a sip of his water because he wanted to cry. "Well, I have been talking to a publisher from New York who wants to publish her recipes, so in a couple of months, Ma will be a published chef." Jeremiah could no longer hold back his tears.

Hakeim got up and hugged his grandson, as he, too, was crying. He had lost his wife and his daughter, but when he heard his grandson speak, he saw his daughter in him. Faheem looked at his son who had kept his eyes on him the entire time.

"That's amazing, Jay, your mom would be absolutely thrilled. Through you, she is living her dream."

"I know, Dad, but that's not all I wanted to say here today. Dad, I know you killed my mom."

A sudden silence came over everyone at the table. Daggers were being thrown at Hakeim's heart. He could not believe what he was hearing, that the young man he had taken in as his own son could possibly have had something to do with the death of his only child. Faheem's throat tightened up. All those years, he had been careful about when and where he hit Adanya. Could he really have been careless? Could Adanya have told Jeremiah about every time? Fear ran right through him, and panic was written all over his face.

"I know you killed her, Dad, because she could never make you happy after you could no longer play football. She felt that you hated her, and you spoke to her rudely. But Dad, Ma loved you. She loved us more than anything in this world, and because you never looked at her as the love of your life since that day, it ate at her heart and slowly she slipped away."

Tears flowed down Faheem's cheeks as his son spoke about his mom and how she loved him. He knew he loved her, and not a day went by when he didn't regret all his wrongdoings. This was the first time in Jeremiah's life that he saw his father cry, and that let him know his father was human, that he was still hurting over the loss, and most of all, that he did love her. He loved her more than anything but was unable to express it the right way when his childhood dream was taken from him.

"I'm sorry, Jay," Faheem replied to his son's accusation.

"Dad, don't feel so bad. I'm just as much to blame as you are."

A look of confusion came over Faheem as he looked over at his son.

"We both had a part in taking Ma's life. I have had months to replay the words you spoke to me that night, to connect the way Ma acted to the passages in her journal. The worst part of me wanted to hate you. For almost two years now, I have blamed you and blamed you, until there was no more blame to place. Truth is, Ma died because she loved us more than we bothered to love her back. Now all I have left in this world is you, so Daddy, I am trying. Trying to let go of the past, the pain, and the fact that Ma isn't here."

A sigh of relief came over Faheem. Since Adanya died, all Faheem and Jeremiah had together was football, but now, his son was coming back to him. Although he knew the truth about Adanya's death, he was in too much hurt to lose his son by telling him the truth. Faheem told himself that the truth about the death of his beloved Adanya would be buried with him. He would not hurt Jeremiah any more than he already had, and for once, Faheem was thinking like a man, like a father.

"So, in a couple of months, Mama will have her cookbook, and we can all learn to move on without her," Jeremiah said to his family as fresh tears replaced the ones that were dried on his cheeks.

"Life has a way of rewarding you," Faheem said, looking at his son. "Here we are twenty-two years later, and I am sitting across the table from my only son. He is living both his mother's and my dreams. Just when I thought both of us had lost our dreams, the child we created together reflects everything I am and everything she is. I feel as if this is my second chance at life."

"This is our fresh start, Dad, our fresh start," Jeremiah said with a sense of relief, satisfaction, and love in his voice.

Faheem looked at his son and for once really understood what life is all about.

Neline Clergeau '12

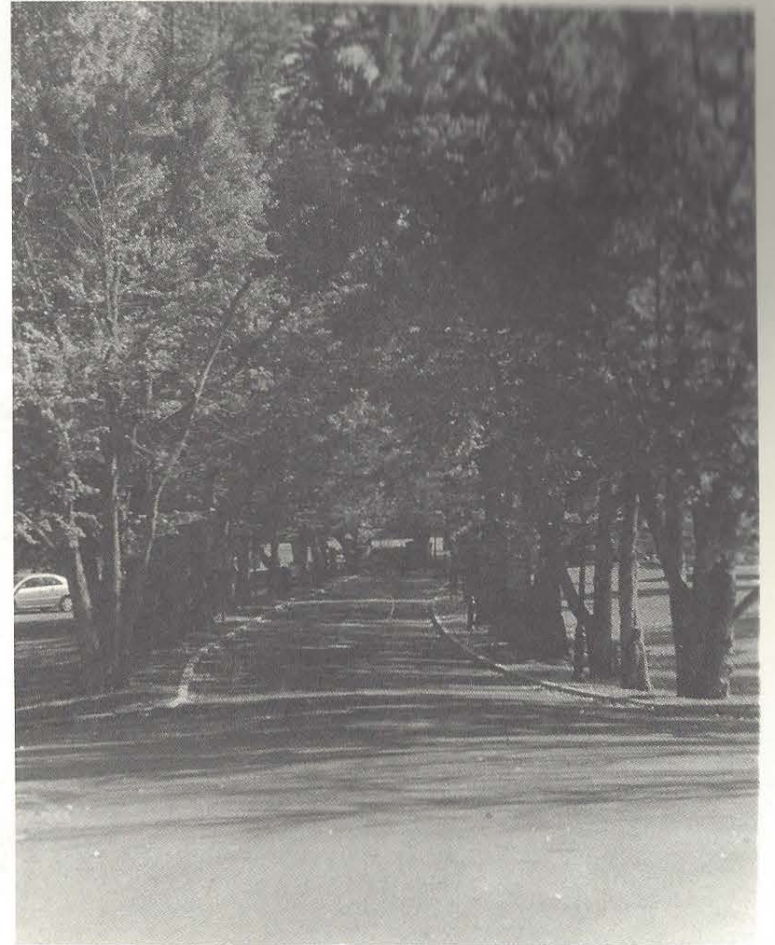
Spontaneous & I

As I awoke, the sun slowly rose and the slightest bit of light began to seep into my room. I rolled over to see the red numbers on the alarm clock that read 7:00. I suddenly felt the anxiety of everything that I had to do in the next twenty-four hours. I got up, grabbed the lime green duffle bag out of my closet, and began to pack—throwing clothes into the bag without any order. I quickly put on a t-shirt, jeans and a pair of sneakers, and as I left, I took my car keys and sunglasses, leaving my cell phone next to the alarm clock. As I drove to the airport I began to feel peaceful and excited. I parked my car in the parking lot, took out my duffle bag and proceeded into the airport. As I walked into the airport, I looked up at all the listings of recent flights about to leave and I picked a flight. I walked up to the desk and asked the woman for a ticket. I was on my way to Ireland. Stepping off the plane and into Shannon Airport I felt a rush of adrenaline pumping through my veins at the idea of not having a plan. I flagged down a cab and asked to go to the nearest hotel. I arrived at the hotel and paid for a room. I put my bag in my room and the man pointed me in the right direction, and when I arrived I could hear the loud Irish music coming from within. I sat down at the bar, and as I did an Irish man came up behind me and asked me to dance in his thick brogue. We danced the entire night away, and I never once heard his name. The next afternoon, I returned to the bar and got hired as a bartender. I stayed in Ireland for 6 months working at the bar and meeting new people. Then after a long journey, I got back on the next plane to the USA and returned home, where I peacefully went to bed, waking up the next

morning to find myself packing the same duffle bag.

I am staring at the clock and now it reads 7:30. I get up and take a shower, get dressed, and pack my bag for my first class. As I leave my room I wonder why I never use that green duffle bag.

Elisabeth O'Donoghue '13



Maryjane Barron '12
The Entrance, Photograph

Colophon

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