

Ink

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Depression Became Me

Marcos Estrada

Depression is like a million killer bees
Drowning me into a pool called sorrow
And these bees won't let up even when I fight
kicking and screaming for a better outcome
But everything keeps falling apart
Depression is like me trying to tell a story
But no one seems to understand the language
It's the events that took place in the 1920s
With a great famine spreading around the nation
It's nationally known around the globe
And it's part of my generation
It's hard to be "happy" with depression
To go on with a smile on my face
When people say positive things
They are hard to take in
Because I am so depressed
Feeling as if I'm not properly dressed
To keep a party going
Depression kicks everyone out of my circle
Because my circle just pops
With misunderstanding and misdiagnoses
Saying that I'm seeking attention
Or being too emotionally attached

Depression makes everyone think they're counselors
Saying they'll be there but once I
Say what's going on they're gone
And never heard from again
Depression makes me feel like I am alone
Even when my room is full of people

It makes me feel like I want to
Try suicide to relieve what I've gone through
It makes me want to trade in my necklace for a noose
My flesh burns from cutting depression out
It makes me want to trade in my Bible for a gun
It forces me to not care about anything or anyone
Depression makes me cold hearted
And emotionless, even though I cry myself to sleep
It causes my room to be a huge mess
with clothes and crumbs of food everywhere
My meds stop working and psychologists don't help
Telling me it's all in my head and I'll get over it
"Let me pump you with meds you've never heard of"
Making me even more depressed
Because of the side effects
It takes me on adventures I've never been on before
It makes me want to pray harder
But because of depression the prayers take longer to
Answer
I try to satisfy my mind by making people laugh
But deep down inside I'm still a big mess
Most people think that if i think happy thoughts
It will magically go away
That finally I will be happy
But depression is a long and bumpy road
Especially when I walk that road with no shoes
Depression has consumed me and I rolled around in
His stomach
Went through his intestines
And came out smelling like spoiled sushi
This is everything I go through
Because depression became me.....

Painting Beyond the Ledge

Jennifer McKnight

Stroking this paint brush over every edge
It is behind this painting that I hide
All are fighting to jump over the ledge
Yet living in fear, none take the freeing stride

Young and alive, we hold power inside
Scared to be heard, but fighting for our word
But behind this painting my fears have died
So over the ledge I leap a freed bird

We spread our wings, but not lacking that voice
We hush unneeded backlash from our minds
Push ourselves into the world as a choice
Not a clue what other paintings we'll find

I paint myself with bold and fearless strokes,
Because it is my choice, what I evoke

True Love

Ailine Miranda Sanchez

At last I have found my true love
Who would have thought it's not a man
A look in your eyes
Took me to the sky
This love is one of a kind
And it belongs to you and me
My precious daughter of mine!

Loss

Katharine Tollenaar

The sweetest woman I loved and adored
Went heaven to be with the Lord
She taught me to be gracious and true
To myself and also to you
She taught me the value of "honor and obey"
I wish she could have stayed
On earth she left almost a year now
"Time heals" and I see how
I miss my grandmother
There is no one like her but my mother.

The Final Portrait

Jennifer McKnight

My everlasting portrait
You painted the tips of my heart

But colors fade
And the lines are starting to haze
You're the only things left of me to save
But this portrait was set ablaze

Unsculpted and untamed
Inspiration is pulling at my vision.
Abstract design and color, you are blamed
With you, I could never make my decision .

I add more in, take all away
Until I am left with my final portrait.
The masterpiece to stay.
You are not the center,
It only started that way.

Sun

Cesareo Arriola

Man gets drunk in bar.
Another man is drunk.
Both in bed. Sun. Shriek.

Dear Diary

Breeann James

Dear Diary,
What's wrong with me?
If there's nothing wrong,
Why can't they see?
Me.

Dear Diary,
Am I ugly?
If I'm not ugly.
Why can't they see?
Beauty.

Dear Diary,
Am I a bore?
If I'm not a bore.
Why can't they see?
Fun.

Dear Diary,
If there's nothing wrong with me.
And I'm not Ugly or a bore,
Why can't they see?
Fun, beautiful me.

Dear Diary,
What's wrong with them?
If there's nothing wrong with them.
Why can't I see?
Them.

The Fantastic Journey

Bradley Geiser

Through mountains. Through deserts. Through time
and space.

I've searched far and wide. Oh, where have you been?

In many a crowd, I've looked for your face.

Only to lose you, again and again.

Nay, may it end, this fantastic journey,

And continue, it may, through heaven, and hell,

Through this adventure, why must you burn me?

I will keep looking, 'til death's final bell.

Many have searched for you, many have failed,

This world seems so big, yet so very small,

Even the bravest so openly wailed,

Through winter and spring. Through summer and fall.

Where have you run? And why must I follow?

Crying aloud, 'Wherefore art thou, Waldo?'

A Song for the Damned

Peyton DeLaughder

Sing me a song,
a song for the damned.

For I am burdened
to be who I am.

Sing me a song,
a song for the damned.

So I can live a life,
far away
from who I really am.

Sing me a song
so I can be
a righteous man,
a brave man,
a hero of man.

Sing me a song
so I won't be
a corrupt man,
a weak man,
a bane of man.

Sing it to me
so I can be free
from the hell
I brought upon thee.

The World Is Listening

Valentin Duran

The world writes stories;
The world listens but doesn't speak.
The world cries without telling why.
People walk on its body without a care.
People read history without questioning.
The world screams with tears running down its cheeks.
Bombs being thrown across a river of pain.
Families looking for one another crying hopelessly.
Studying race and ethnicity opens the soul.
The world needs a chance to explain what really
Happened.

Turn Around and Just Say No

Terrie Bueno

Just go back to sleep today is not the day to get up.
Kara, Heli, Maia get up
Time to go to school.
Hurry, hurry, teeth brushed,
Backpacks run we'll be late.

No the dog! "Help come get your dog" she cried.
Oh my god! Oh my god! the pit
Is after two pugs,
Run, pull, sorry sorry sorry,
Bark bark bark, "Help, someone help".

Am an octopus, Oh! No! I had to wear a dress.
Legs around his neck, arms around his butt,
Pink underwear go figure just my luck.
Thank God! I am a grandma, and this is not my life.

A World Unknown

Parisa Kavousi

A blind man knows nothing but darkness
The night is his shield and the light his harness
An unknown force that guides him to love
He rides in a world shadowed by sun
Day is fiction
Painted by words
The night for him
Is all he has earned
But a fire burns deep in heart
That burns and sizzles giving a spark
Lights the way through his travels
Footprints in the sand unraveled
You follow them and discover
Travel through towns and cross the sea
Is a man living what we cannot see

She Fell

Mariel Becerra

For the brown eyes
And the tanned skin
The thin lips
And the smirk

Handsome and genteel
What else could she dream?
Maybe not a prince
But she still fell
For what she could not reach

Rise and Fall

Monica Garcia

A seed

Not so significant now, but
Mother Earth embraces it
The clouds cry for it
Life cradles it

A seedling

Mother gives it leeway
A journey just beginning
There is fear and there is excitement

A sapling

Maturing, but still much to see
Every day, strength comes to it
Stretching slender limbs
Wishing to touch the sky

A Mighty Oak

Standing stalwart and proud
Enduring much in its time
Growing old but still so much to offer
So much to offer to us it seems
And with a horrendous buzzing sound
There is pain, then a great fall and
Mother Earth embraces it
The clouds cry for it
Death cradles it

A Star In My Own Metaphor

Marcos Estrada

We seem to be many moons away
Stuck in these cosmos nearly every day
The stars don't compare to how bright you are
I wish we weren't separated or too far
So many ways we are the same
We've had to wrestle the same
Or beg God for things to go right
Beg Him for another sleep filled night
It's always hard to sleep with so much pain
Like a world trying to keep dry from too much rain
No matter how hard I try and hide
My nightmares or thoughts seem to be by my side
You've suffered through the same things
Hoping for better beginnings
But why must things come to an end?
Help me to understand
Why we must take another look
And close our romance filled book
Is it cause you thought I was a comet?
And turned out to be a meteor?
Am I too galactic that I just soar
Or am I just a star in my own metaphor?

Exposed

Jennifer McKnight

There I hang, from my shorts
Exposed to a crowd of people
Coming for a football game, but I am the show

I stumble through life unable to hide my flaws
Awkwardness, imperfections, constantly exposed

It is all too often that people forget I am there
Birthdays, graduations, restaurant orders
But when I am remembered, it's for being exposed.

Simple tasks...

Water drips down my lips onto my shirt
I slip and fall, gripping for anything that surrounds me
Yet all too often I find myself exposed
Surrounded by people asking if I am all right while I'm
flat on my back

I walk in a room without knowledge
That I am exposed....
My skirt tucks into my tights
I flash the crowd as a button pops off. Exposed.

I even recall a time....
Where my body was tangled and strangled
Through a seat belt and I lay on my back, in the
parking lot
Exposed...

I hike down to a creek with great caution
But still I tumble down the hill
Exposed to a stream of rocks

I've given up on hiding myself
I shake nervously, always saying the wrong things
I tug at clothing, and constantly fidget
But I don't live in fear, because I've already been
exposed.

A World Unknown

Parisa Kavousi

A blind man knows nothing but darkness
The night is his shield and the light his harness
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He rides in a world shadowed by sun
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Is a man living what we cannot see

School

Katharine Tollenaar

Anxiety is real when it comes to school
So much competition in the pool
I'm feeling overwhelmed and tired
But most of the time I present pretty wired
Caffeine is my friend but also my foe
School work gets done
Sleeping is a no.
Time seems to go so slow these days
Look out world, I have trails to blaze

Lost Love

Gwendolynn White

Every day you are gone
My heart is not whole
It takes everything I have to keep moving on
I love you heart and soul

I await to hear your voice
My heart pounds knowing it is you
You dominate my mind and give me but one choice
My heart beats true

To hold you and kiss you is all I ask
Knowing you are away because you have to be
Duty to one's family is a daunting task
I know in my heart you'll come back to me

I pray with all my heart
You come back into my life
So we can make a new start
Where you are my husband I am your wife.

Lovely Dance

Peyton DeLaughter

Come now my dear,
the day is over.
Take my hand
and let's have some fun.
Put your hand on my waist
so we can dance all night long.
Press your lips against mine
so you can take me in.
I love the way
You take me in.
As the night goes on
I like making you feel
like you are in eternal bliss.
But once the night is over,
you will have to let me go.
But we shall dance again,
when you wake from your slumber.

A Moment

Jonathan Thompson

He was alone most of the time
But for a moment I tried to be with him.
We all made fun of him when he spoke up
But for a moment I didn't.
He was smarter than all of us
But for a moment I stopped being jealous.
He wore uncool clothes
But for a moment I looked past it.
He found a gun in his father's closet
And in a moment ended it all.
He's being laid to rest today
But maybe he wouldn't if I gave him more than a
moment.

Jessica Casas

"A Rose is Just a Rose"



"Burning Bright"



Breann James



Ashley Dawson



Erica Valdez



Enrique De La Torre

“Chinese New Year Parade” & “A Walk Through the Presidio”



“The One Who Follows Me At Night”



Lovely Lola

Jennifer McKnight

Lovely Lola always felt so lonely
As the boys whispered sweet nothings in her ear.
Lovely Lola only got more angry,
Wishing all their eyes would disappear
and making sure they didn't see her fear.

Miss Lola had wit far beyond any to compare
And a sharp tongue that could make any grown man
swear.
She had a heart of gold, and strength in her heart,
Her intuitive nature was alone a piece of art.

But the boys never look at Miss Lola's lovely heart,
They only saw Lovely Lola as visual art.
High cheeks, and curved hip bones.
The boys didn't care of her witty charm,
So long as they could walk around with Lovely Lola
hanging at their arm.

Glamorous Life

Erica Valdez

She loved the glamorous life,
A life she couldn't afford.
Never satisfied with what she had
She bought more
Met a boy who lived carelessly he loved the thrill,
A life that was free,
A place that she thought only existed in her dreams.
Unlike the luxury, this boy she could afford to keep.

The Promise

Peyton DeLaughder

I made a promise to my one true friend.
I never make a promise I can't keep.
I will travel to the earth's very end.
I will find him so you won't have to weep.
No matter how hard the road may become,
I will not stop until I bring him back.
No one and nothing will make me succumb.
I will prevail and save him from the black.
No matter where he runs or where he hides,
I will not let him fall victim to hate.
The hate that drives him must be cast aside.
I will save him from his dark twisted fate.
If it is destined that he and I fight,
Then I will prevail and show him the light.

School Night

Mariel Becerra

Spinning Room
Uncomfortable couch
Unbuttoned shirt
And a stain of wine

Untied shoes
And a dimmed light...
Empty bottles of wine
Memories coming back

In the next room
Which seems far away,
A high-pitched laughter
Hugs my head in a painful way.

I turn around
And my hands shake
I close my eyes again
In hope to wake up to another day

But don't worry
I will do this again

Lost

Erica Valdez

“This just in, a local boy is missing,” said the blonde news anchor, “He was last seen on Saturday evening. He never returned home; he was last seen wearing a black hooded sweater on P Street. His parents said that he had been acting strange before he disappeared.”

It was a Saturday evening, as the boy wandered into the woods; he felt so out of touch with reality. As a child, the woods are where his feet would take him when reality became too much to bare. He was so lost in his thoughts, that he didn't see a black figure that followed behind him. The boy sat down and started a fire with some matches he had in his back pocket. The boy looked for some more sticks he could use for the fire. He heard noises in the bushes behind him; he turned his head to find himself face to face with the black figure.

The boy was shocked to see a black figure human-form; it was far worse than anything he's seen in a horror movie.

“Lost?” It spoke in deep demonic voice as it tilted its head.

He dropped the sticks and turned around and ran just as fast as his heart pounded. He felt a sharp object go through his chest followed by the most unbearable pain he's ever experienced in his life. It felt like a nail

hammered his heart out of his chest. The boy moaned in pain and fell to his knees. He looked down at his chest, to see his heart dangling. He watched the blood from his heart drip onto his hands. He fell face first into the dirt; the boy is now farther from reality than ever before. The black figure laughed as it grabbed the boy by his feet. Deep into the woods, it dragged his lifeless body like a garbage bag. It knelt down beside his body and held the boy's jaw in his hand. It tilted his head and looked into his lifeless eyes. His pain brought a huge smile on his face. "You remind me of who I used to be, before I became what I am."

The black figure ripped the arrow out of the boy's chest. He bit into his heart like an apple and swallowed it. He ripped out a black organ from his own chest. He placed it where the boy's heart used to be. When the black figure was done torturing the boy, he took the boy back to the place where he found him. It was morning; the boy slowly opened his eyes to find himself surrounded by a field of trees. His hands were all covered with blood.

He felt so much pain on the sides of his head. He moaned in pain, "What is happening to me?" He touched the top his head and felt two pointy sharp objects; hard as stone. "Help me!" He cried out as loud as he could, "Somebody please-" He felt his jaw making a crackling popping sound, he screamed. He grew dozens of sharp teeth. *Please, please make the pain stop.*

An elderly woman on her bike noticed the boy, “Hey,” she said to her partner, “It’s that boy that is all over the news.”

“Here is an update on the lost local boy,” said the blonde news reporter, “Anyone who has gone into the woods to look for the boy has not been seen.”

Beautiful

Monica Garcia

When she smiles, her face crinkles with wrinkles
But she's still Beautiful
Her once sun-kissed tan is now a sickly pale
But she's still Beautiful
Her corn silk hair now has the texture of brittle straw
But she's still Beautiful
Her bones are weary from age and she may move
gracelessly
But she's still Beautiful
Her eyes are shut, shielding a once lustrous green
Maybe she is gone
But she was Beautiful

Who Knows?

Emma Mendoza

It was a strange road

No one has gone through one like this

They said I was wrong

“You’ve worked so much to risk your bliss”

But, who knows?

Who knows what’s right with not knowing what’s
wrong?

...said my mother

Wherever you go is where you belong

...said my father

I didn’t know

I’ve climbed this tree at this point of my amble

I want to see the places I’ve been

Such a beautiful view of my own ramble

Even the faults look perfectly green.

Now I know!

The Visitation

Kevin Ferns

When the Muse makes a visit

Where will you be?

When the Muse makes a visit

What will you see?

When the Muse makes a visit

Will you be free?

When the Muse makes a visit

Will Her company
inspire a mind spree
suddenly
synapses in a frenzy
and finally
you perceive
all of life's complexity?

What's that you said?

You've got to respond to that text message instead?

OK.

Maybe some other day.

Revolver Is Her Name

Marcos Estrada

There she is, so metallic and alone
With nothing but her heart rotated and made of stone
She's been violated since the time of her birth
So as a result, she's sent bodies to the earth
Night and day are a constant blast
As she continues to relive her past
She expels so many hurtful words when she speaks
Penetrating the flesh, as her pain lasts for weeks
She sends ripples through the ponds of generations
She's understood in the language of many nations
She's mistaken for something with power
Even in times that she feels like a delicate flower
To a lost soul, she's there to bring hope
She's an escape to those on a slippery slope
She's a way to help people win
And she's in the minister's sermons when he speaks of
sin
I have never met this woman, but have heard so much
about her
How she is nice to the touch and can't live without her
How she makes you dance when you give her a spin
And she completes you when her bullets are in
As you pull back the arm she has given you
You put her to your hollow head, the BOOM!!!!!!!!!!!!
The coroner found your body next to a woman named
Revolver
Why didn't you listen to me when i told you not to
involve her?

Falling in Love

Mayra Chavez

These orange brown autumn leaves
have my heart
These rained on, muddy sidewalks
make me smile
My blue jeans and red umbrella
make my eyes shine bright
Windows down, music up, breathe in that crisp autumn
air
even better
The pumpkin lined porches
coffee shop mornings
soup eating days
Perfect

My Moonbeam

Mariel Becerra

Like a flashlight
In a dark place ...
Miles and miles away
And she never fades

My feet were tired
I was not prepared.
Round and bright
By my side she stayed

No, no stars that night,
It was just me and her
 And the other twelve
She became my friend
Without knowing my name.

Until this day she visits
When I am scared,
And like a flashlight,
She lights up the dark place

Upsetting the Nature Balance

Jennifer McKnight

I am a beautiful and thriving forest. I have a natural balance and I can rebuild myself after almost any natural disaster. But you are the bulldozer. You are anything but natural. You come crashing in, polluting the air for my entire ecosystem. You are the chainsaws that hack and slash away at tree after tree. You are the oil trickling into the fresh stream of water, poisoning all the animals that drink from it. Can I go back to the natural balance? If this stops in time, then maybe. If you pack up your caution tape and hazardous signs- if you put the ammunition of your machines down. Will I again reach the natural balance? Maybe. If you leave me be. It will take time, but I will restore myself eventually. Though never will I ever be, what I could be.

The Cemetery Man

David White

She knew her sensual heat,
His fingers playing
On her ribs
Like piano keys.

That last time
On the edge of the
Desert
She felt her heart
Fly through the trees
To the restless tops
Of trees
In the Wind moving through.

At dusk
Happiness left her through
She remembered
Ants on the blanket
Aggressive flies
Around her lips.

She was taught
Not to concern herself
With her country
But when her
Soldier boy
Arrived home in a
Coffin
With the national flag

Draped over it...
Sloppily... the
First thing she did was
Straighten it.

A dull ache is what
She had now.
They didn't tell her
In school about this.
There were only heroes in
War...
Parades on the Fourth,
Smiling men with
Medals...
This kind of killing
Was about hope.

She thought
Not to concern herself
With her country.
Not death.

This dull ache made
Her weep
But it did not
Make her question.
She never read a
Single word about the
War.
She never voted.
She never wrote a
Letter (she felt it

Could only make things
Worse, you know).

Her baby would
Make it alright.
If he was a boy
He'd avenge.
If a girl
A soldier's wife,
A soldier's mother.

She understood
The sensual heart.
She knew how she felt
About him and
That was the main thing...

His belongings came home
In a small box.
A few photographs,
A key ring she made him.
His first pulled tooth
On a chain.

He had been of use
To the country.
He had given his
Heart and guts for it.
She was proud
And her poverty was a badge...
Of courage and love.
It was with shame she went

Hat in hand
For welfare and food stamps
To feed her boy.
It was with shame and self-disgust
She asked... "Help me."
Help us.

Her soldier boy's
Bones
Were cold by now...
In their dark place.
She had sacrificed him
And felt guilty after
Pride...

She felt guilty.
What had she done wrong?
Why had she been punished?
Was her boyfriend's death
Not enough?
Didn't it require
Her death too?

She left the child
At the door
To the state home,
Went back to her
Apartment
With overdue notices
For rent
On the floor
And too

Some yellow pills.

All she'd said in the note
Pinned to her son's shirt was
"Make sure he
Grows up to be a
Soldier..."

To be like his dad
In the cemetery.
He was a boy too,
Then he was a man.
Then he was a lover to her
In the fields
By their favorite lake.
He played her heart
Like a piano.
All she needed to
Know was
What her body
Told her
About him.

That she loved him
... the
Cemetery man.

Hunger

Paula Masalta

Delicate paws, razor sharp claws
larger than my human hands and nails.
Air that chills our silhouette.

Water blacker than the Arctic starless night
oozing from a tin can.
Salmon in a cocoon of mud.

A den of ice
Silent now
Our silhouette cried

I Wrote a Haiku

Bradley Geiser

I wrote a haiku.
'twas a very good haiku.
Wish you could read it.

Biographies

Cesareo Arriola

Cesareo Arriola is the one dude who steals all the green cards in a game of Uno, wants to work at a Cinemark so that he can start a career as a film director, and wears a sombrero and poncho in public. He doesn't know why he is here, but he's here.

Rosalba Segura

Rosalba Segura is originally from Salinas, California and she is a part-time student at Woodland Community College. She is a wife and mother of two boys and loves reading novels in both English and Spanish.

Jessica Casas

Jessica Casas graduated from WCC in 2009, but she is currently taking her final class here to fulfill the BSN degree. In her spare time, she enjoys taking photos of pretty much anything that catches her attention.

Enrique De La Torre

Enrique De La Torre is a 19 year old nursing student. This is his third semester at Woodland Community College. In his spare time he likes taking landscape pictures and moon pictures.

Jennifer McKnight

Jennifer likes to lead a life full of traveling, going on adventures, getting tattooed, and going to shows, but when she is not doing these things, you can often find her reading, writing, baking, or doing some sort of craft. She is a holiday enthusiast and animal lover and she loves N64 Mario games.

Monica Garcia

Monica Garcia is a resident of Woodland and has lived there all her life. She is interested in pursuing a career in the medical field. She was inspired to write poetry because of her uncle, who is an artist. Monica found she had a love for painting and drawing but found that through words she could express herself better than through acrylic mediums.

Parisa Kavousi

Parisa Kavousi is a student attending her first semester at Woodland Community College and she hopes to transfer to UC Davis someday. She has always enjoyed reading poetry and wanted to give it a try. Her family is most important to her and they always support and inspire her.

Ailine Miranda-Sanchez

Ailine Miranda- Sanchez likes writing and her craziest goal is to write a book and publish it. In fourth grade she wrote a story and combined illustration and editing with her peers and had the book printed. She now would like to publish a book.

Emma Mendoza

Emma Mendoza is a student at Woodland Community College and has been attending since spring of 2013. She was born in Mexico and moved to the United States in 2012. Moving has been a massive change to her filled with mixed feelings but it has also been an awesome experience.

Valentin Duran

Valentin Duran is a student attending Woodland Community College. This year is her first year attending college. Her favorite class is the history of race and ethnicity because it teaches things that regular history doesn't teach.

Katharine Tollenaar

Katharine Tollenaar is a pre-nursing student planning on transferring and getting her BSN and settling down with her soon to be husband. She has dreams of getting her FNP and becoming a dermatologist. Katharine is excited about life, loves deep conversations, long adventurous drives, and her fiancé and family.

Know Your Editors



Mariel Becerra

It has been a great pleasure to be one of the *Ink Magazine* editors once again for Mariel. She is an English major and thinks it has been a great experience to be able to participate in projects like this. She will be transferring to UC Davis next fall to accomplish her goals and plans on writing novels and fantasy stories in the hope that one day her work will be published. She also enjoys painting in her free time and watches lots of movies.

Mayra Chavez

Mayra is a 19 year old student studying psychology. She's been at WCC for two semesters now. To Mayra, writing is an outlet that allows her to communicate and express what she's feeling. When she's not at school or work, she's doing things like going to the library, reading for hours on end, spending time outdoors, and going on vacations with her family.



Ashley Dawson

Ashley Dawson is in her third semester at Woodland Community College. She plans to transfer to UC Davis and study psychology. This is her second issue of *Ink Magazine* and enjoys the process of the magazine.

Peyton DeLaughder

Peyton DeLaughder is in his final year at Woodland Community College. He enjoys listening to heavy metal music which influences his poetry greatly.



Bradley Geiser

Bradley Geiser is entering the home stretch at Woodland Community College. This is his third issue of *Ink*, and he will be doing one more before finally moving on to bigger and better things. When not at school, he enjoys writing about a wide variety of subjects, from sports, to fiction, to everything in between.



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