



# Cayey Students Write

SAY NO TO CENSORSHIP



## SIGMA TAU DELTA

INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH HONOR SOCIETY



From the Director's Chair...

"Cayey Students Write"...And Continue Writing Freely

At the beginning of a new academic term I extend greetings to all readers of the English Department Newsletter: "Cayey Students Write," which returns for its second consecutive year with the members of our Sigma Tau Delta (The International English Honor Society), Alpha Zeta Alpha chapter at the helm. Our English majors will once again advertise, collect, select student contributions, edit, and publish the newsletter. This year the editors' goal is to publish it quarterly; presenting four issues—one more than in the 2015-16 year, so they continue as enthusiastically as last year. On behalf of the department I congratulate our students for assuming the mantle of running the department's newsletter—the brainchild of Dr. Nereida Prado back in 2011-2012, who developed it as a space where students could have written work that they had produced in class published and thus demonstrating their ability as writers. Dr. Prado did much, if not all, of the work that entailed the production of the newsletter, but her dedication and work ethics influenced our students to continue her project. Today, seeing that our students have assumed such a role demonstrates how their identification with the department and this project has enhanced their initiative, commitment, dedication, and growth in terms of writing, proofreading, editing, and development of critical insight as they ultimately review and select the works that eventually appear in the newsletter, as well as their growth as majors. Furthermore, they have expanded the newsletter's scope in terms of developing thematic issues, producing the artwork and illustrations, and incorporating creative writing by students—thus assisting the department in fulfilling some of its goals, objectives, and departmental and institutional mission. So, kudos to our majors for continuing this venture, which is not a simple task.

The 2016-17 term is one that we hope is filled with great success and many achievements, as well as special moments. First, the university enters its 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary, which for us marks fifty years of English at Cayey, while the B.A. program and English majors came to fruition in 1969, so we as a B.A. become 48 years young. Nonetheless, we have plans to trace the trajectory of the institution and department via activities, information, and articles to be included in the newsletter, hopes of contacting students from the past and motivate their participation in departmental events, potential

contributions via articles or anecdotes, among other things—for instance, some of the earliest graduates of the program later became faculty in the department and also retired from UPR-Cayey, but we won't reveal identities until granted permission...I can see students ruminating over who they are and hinting about *the usual suspects!*

In our institution's fiftieth year the English department begins with a marked increase of students in the major—one of the highest in its history—and others expected to reclassify into the program...yes, we continue the hunt for English majors; the incoming freshman class is the most numerous in the last ten years, and we expect to graduate between five to seven students, whom we hope will continue studies beyond the B.A. or assume productive careers. Also, expected to increase is the amount of students on the Dean's list and department honor roll, as well as Sigma Tau Delta enrollment both in associate (local chapter) and full membership (international). Increasing as well is the amount of courses in the department's catalogue; over the summer three new courses were approved and coded: INGL 3319-*Caribbean Women Writers*; INGL 3329-*Caribbean Soundscapes: Poetry and Music of the Caribbean and Its Diaspora*; INGL 3429-*Caribbean Drama and Performance*. Two of these three courses will be included in the course offering for January, while the third one is scheduled for the first semester of 2017-18. In addition to these three courses, the department still has pending approval three more in the areas of Caribbean literature, Early British literature, and Women and Gender. Therefore, English is expected to continue to grow in multiple ways throughout 2016-17.

The end of last year saw the retirement and departure of various faculty and personnel, among them Dr. Maria I. Rodríguez, Lara Segarra, Jacelyn Smallwood, and Arturo Collado, all whom will be and are already missed. Therefore, 2016-17 brought new members to the department, such as Dr. Wendell Villanueva and Dr. Pedro Perez Osorio, both professors with vast experience and expertise in literature and the teaching of English. Others enter their second or third years with us, Drs. Matthew Goodwin, Lydia Platón, and Professor Thayra Reyes, for instance. While the rest of the faculty also remains intact...and still *young*. Furthermore, the English department intends to make the most of 2016-17 and make this 50<sup>th</sup> year a memorable one, and with the collaboration of our Sigma Tau Delta and English majors (others likewise welcome) the task will be more readily attainable. This is why for its first issue for 2016-17 the "Cayey Students Write" newsletter has selected the theme of "Censorship," a topic that has

been a salient issue and theme in history, literature, education, and society, not only in the past but also in the present. The works selected for this issue will in one way or another represent the impact of the written (and/or spoken) word and role that censorship has had in curtailing or threatening freedom of expression, literary creativity and readership, artistic creativity, and society in general. The works within this issue also address or portray the department's disposition to embrace the freedom of expression and artistic creativity that allows the development of our students' writing and representation of divergent ideologies. Therefore, it is with heightened anticipation, excitement, and joy that we have awaited the publishing of this issue, and hope that it will be for the pleasure, satisfaction, and enlightenment of our readers because...CAYEY STUDENTS WRITE! And will continue to write in the upholding and accordance with one of their most precious constitutional rights. Enjoy this first issue!

By: Dr. David Lizardi Sierra  
Dept. Chair

Woman by Amanda M. T. Locke Hoffman

I cannot be silenced  
or erased  
I cannot keep quiet  
and wait.  
I am a beast, untamed.  
Unsatisfied with  
this interest you feign.  
It's come time you understand  
that I am not my feet,  
nor my hands  
I am not the body  
of a man's desire.  
I am not an image,  
nor a face.  
I am nothing  
to be traced,  
to undress with your eyes.  
I am the image  
of my joy and my pride,  
not the size of my waist or my thighs.  
I will not lower my head  
to avoid looks as I have  
since the spring I got breasts.  
I am not my body  
or my sex.  
It's time the topic was stressed  
We are not defined by our skin,  
but by the essence within.

## Censorship in Today's Pop Culture

### By Kevin Román Candelaria

We all know it, every time we hear the word "controversy" curiosity strikes. Whether it's a cartoon, video game, book, or movie, nothing is really safe from censorship. Every time something gets censored we always have two sides: those who defend the banned, and those who stand against it. We can usually find statements like "such content is too strong for children" or "content should be enjoyed as the creator intended to". While it's easy to get lost in the voices of the crowd, we are here to examine some censored content so that the readers can make their own conclusion about censorship.

First case we have *Bravely Default*, a turn based role playing game (RPG) for the Nintendo 3ds. It was very successful in Japan, but it was not immediately localized to other regions because of insecurities on how it would sell. However, when it finally got localized, some aspects of it were censored, specifically the characters' outfits.



Figure 1: Picture obtained from Bravely Default wiki:

[http://finalfantasy.wikia.com/wiki/Bravo\\_Bikini](http://finalfantasy.wikia.com/wiki/Bravo_Bikini)

On the left we have the censored version, while on the right is the original Japanese model. Notice how it's much more covered.

It's important to take into consideration the character's age, Edea Lee, in the Japanese version is 15 years old. However, during its localization her age was changed to 18 years old. Another important aspect to this censorship is that the legal age in Japan to sexual consent is thirteen years of age.

Next up we have another video game, *Fire Emblem Conquest*. The censorship in this game was towards the LGBT subject. *Fire Emblem* made the decision of adding LGBT characters in a Nintendo game who tends to drift away from such subjects. However, a character by the name of Solei was introduced as a lesbian, who could be a potential romancing option for the player. If the player happens to be a male character, the game alludes to the idea that she could be "drugged" to see males as females. There was the possibility that such methods could be interpreted as a "Gay conversion therapy" and was removed from the game simply making the character bisexual.



Figure 2: Solei picture from <http://www.usgamer.net/articles/fire-emblem-fates-heads-west-without-controversial-gay-support-scene>

Speaking of same sex censorship, cartoons have been dealing with these issues as well.

Popular shows have been experiencing censorship regarding same sex romance, *Steven Universe* comes to mind with the episode titled “We Need to Talk”. A flashback takes place where the characters Pear and Rose have a very intimate dance, in the US it was shown with no censorship, however the UK had it censored, by cutting entire sequences of the dance.



Figure 3: Picture extracted from the wiki [http://steven-universe.wikia.com/wiki/File:We\\_Need\\_to\\_Talk\\_Kiss.png](http://steven-universe.wikia.com/wiki/File:We_Need_to_Talk_Kiss.png)

Not even movies are exempt from censorship! The movie *Kingsman* was highly censored in Puerto Rico and Latin America. Not only covering up a thing or two but nearly editing the entire final battle. It's not a question of what happened but where it happened. The fight took place in a church and this was deemed too strong for the Latin audiences. The subject of religion has always been treated with much delicacy when it comes to Latin America, and so it was that the movie got highly censored.



Figure 4: Poster extraído del Nuevo Día <http://www.primerahora.com/entretenimiento/cine/nota/censurankingsmanenpuertoricoylatinoamerica-1066470/>

We have examined some different examples of censorship in today's pop culture, revealing outfits for underage characters, LGBT conversion therapy, LGBT romance, and religion consideration. We see that censorship is happening all around us and targeted at different age groups, which one tends to ask if it's correct to make these kinds of changes with a product that was not intended to be shrouded. So what conclusions can we make of this? Is censorship a necessary step for localization? Or should it be broadcasted how the author originally projected it?

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## My Fuzzle

Ian S. McClure

My slumber is interrupted! A weight, large and heavy, has landed on my chest, rousing me from the depths of dreams. Groggily, yet inevitably, I awaken, and immediately I feel my visage form into a wide smile. For sitting upon me is a cat, rotund and colorful, with her default expression on her face—an expression most unusual amongst her kind. Whilst the average feline would exude an air, ranging individually from calm, loving contemplation to, perhaps, desires of homicide, my dearest Fuzzle exudes neither. To put it bluntly, she is idiotic and confused, living life in a haze of neglected perspicacity and sluggish, dopey movement. Fuzzle is a dumb cat.

The reader may be inclined to remark, “Oh my, what a cruel way to describe that cat, which you supposedly love!” And to this, I offer a brief history my time with the Fuzzle. This cat is and has been astoundingly unusual, even besides her utter lack of intelligence. For years, she did not purr or meow, and to this day prefers to emit another sound—which rather sounds like she has nasal congestion. In her youth, she was prone to random slumber—in mid-activity, even—and seemed to enjoy colliding with walls. As aforementioned, she ambles about in a permanent state of confusion, to the point where she is probably unsure of how or why she went or was taken to a specific location.

Perhaps, the tale of how I met the Fuzzle is warranted. You see, a fair stretch of time into the past, when I was finishing the seventh grade, the school dog entered into a bout of mortal combat with a wild cat. This cat was gravely wounded, and was forced to flee the school grounds. The very next day, I encountered four newborn, mewling kittens, hungry and scared. Two had black fur, one was yellow, and one was a calico with an eye infection. The reader may draw a logical conclusion, based on the rest of the work, as to which one I picked. And I do not regret it, for the Fuzzle now occupies a special place in the depths of my heart.

Oh, how I could amble on and on for my love of the Fuzzle! How I could speak of her as a mother would of a newborn child, or as an artist would speak of his masterpiece! “But!”, the reader may ask—and perfectly within reason—“why would you love a being that, left to her own devices, would perish? Why love a cat that is horrible at being a cat?” And, frankly, I have no answer. I do not think it pity- I do not pity her, she is simply dumb. Indeed, some say ignorance is bliss, and perhaps they are right.

Regardless, I love the Fuzzle. Moreover, I am certain—as certain as a man can be—that she loves me in turn. She demonstrates this in many ways—awakening me in the mornings, interrupting my bouts of electronic gaming for me to pet her, and stretches of time where we simply sit together, happy to be with one another. Perhaps, my love for the Fuzzle—akin to the love of family or close friends—is something that cannot be described. And in that same vein, I find it above my capabilities and beneath my interests to describe the reasoning of love in this text. This is simply me writing about the Fuzzle, in all of her dumb beauty, and how I love her so.

Poetry is way more than just words about love.

By Josmaira Lozada

Its openness, vulnerability and the ability to be open. These characteristics will follow you in their aspect of life, such as looking at a tree. I will explain my expression with the description of a scene. In this scene we have a common day poet, who is walking around our beautiful campus of Cayey, and witnesses something miraculous, in the eyes of the poet. We will hear all the things that happen in his poetic mind. as he sees something rather simple.

Scene: The Poet simply sees a tree.

*POET:* So there stands a tree... Wow. Look at how majestic and strong it stands, yet it flows so beautifully in the wind. Its leaves are so free in the openness, of the wind, yet so captivated to the stem all at the same time. They are captivated to the absence of movement and the immobility to choosing a path. Wait! This leaf has found a way out of the innate captivities and broken free from his chains, no longer forced to be attached to the tree. Be free! Free to fall into the normality of common ground. I hope to find my freedom, but never let myself fall in the normality of the ground, but I guess we all have our autumn.

*(Poets slights back away form the leaf laying on the ground because he or she notices everyone staring. He has been staring at a leaf for a long minute. The poet moves on, in an attempt to be normal, but we will see a flower twenty steps from there, so the illusion won't last long.)*

This is something that happens only to the truest of poets. Imagine yourself in their thoughts. If this is what happens when they see a leaf, you can't even imagine what can happen when a he/she falls in love...

## Censor and Sensibility

By Denise Morales Soto

**Disclaimer: None of the things stated here are my actual opinions. This is supposed to be satirical and witty. Meant to be read in a snobby British accent and NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. Keeping that in mind, I hope you enjoy.**

It is a sad time for humanity, I must say. I don't think there has been a more tragic time in history. Mass shootings, racism, intolerance for gender and sexuality, war; but the saddest thing without a doubt is the fact that everyone is so free to talk about all these horrible subjects. Just willy-nilly, whenever they please.

So proudly they walk the streets speaking about these horrible topics, voicing their own opinions, and spreading all this nonsense around. How can one turn a blind eye and forget about these problems if no one will shut up about them?

People say that it's important to stay informed and to know what's going on, but I must respectfully disagree! Thinking about these kinds of things makes one sad, angry, uncomfortable, and just overall unhappy. Why would you want to dwell on all of the negative things that are going on in the world? After all, ignorance is bliss.

When one remains unaware of the happenings of the world, one has nothing to be sad about. It gives them a chance to enjoy all the good things in life, like your mother's cooking, the birds singing outside, or that hilarious *Friends* rerun they're giving on NBC. How can you enjoy the better things in life if you're always thinking about the wage gap, or misrepresentation in the media, or whatever it is that's stricken the headlines that week? It's no surprise the depression and suicide rates have been higher than they've ever been!

Turn on the news and you too might feel like jumping out the window.

This is another problem that must be addressed. We keep shoving all of these unpleasanties in people's faces constantly! Everywhere you turn: newspapers, social media, TV, the radio, even music! Musicians have now taken it upon themselves to talk about all these dreaded things as well! (That Beyoncé, let me tell you, with that '*Formation*' song. Though, even I must admit that it was quite catchy.)

And the books! Don't even get me started on the books. They are absolutely the worst! They are at the very root of this problem, if I do say so myself. It's like they've made it their sole purpose to just ruin it all. Telling people things. Showing them the perspectives of different people, and just shining a bright spotlight on all the crap in the world. And then when you ask the authors why they would do such a thing, they have the audacity to reply: 'to make you think.' *Ugh!*

Some of them even go further than that and say because it's 'important', or because it's 'real!' *Real!* Can you believe that? Reality has nothing to do with it! Why

does literature always insist on making us think! Making us feel things, and empathize. It's quite disturbing and very rude.

People like Oscar Wilde, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Jane Austen with their social criticisms. George Orwell, Margaret Atwood, and Suzanne Collins with their 'dystopian societies' and oppression. And everyone else with their racial diversity, and gender, and 'accurate depictions of the lives of the oppressed groups.' To hell with them! To hell with them all! They're all just making us look bad. Shoving all of our mistakes in our faces, forcing us to keep thinking about them and never forget. Let me tell you, it's a real bummer.

They just sit around with their pens, claiming that that is the purpose of literature! Well, I disagree. It's absolutely preposterous. Forgive me if I am wrong, but I don't think many people want 'real' in their lives at all.

You see, I believe that literature is a reflection of what we want. What we want to see in our lives, and what we want in the world. Literature is supposed to be an escape from the real world, and how can you get away from it if it's always being thrown at you, day in and day out? The writers (at least the great ones) speak from their very souls and tell us what we should see, not what we're already seeing. That would be boring. Why would you want to see that?

So, how do we fix this problem, you may be asking yourself, well it's quite simple. I have a proposal: In order to prevent such discomfort, we will simply have to choose what it is the people can see. We monitor everything, especially what's written in the books.

I say we just get rid of them. All of the books that make people 'think', that make them uncomfortable, and give them ideas. They should all be locked away, never to be seen again. I mean come on, Big Brother had some pretty good ideas, I believe it would be unwise to see them go to waste.

The people won't know what they are missing, if they never had it in the first place. If they don't see inequality, they won't be outraged by it. If people don't see the violence, they won't fear it. If they don't see diversity, they won't crave it. If they don't see the bad, they will never recognize it and want change. And what could be so bad about that?

## Getting to Know the People Around You

By Josmaira Lozada

This year our English department welcomes two new professors, with them we welcome new knowledge and exciting ideas for future courses. I had the opportunity to sit down and talk with both professors and ask them about their college experience and how their love for literature has grown into a career. Meeting and conversing with each professor was a great experience, this is not something we commonly do, which is a shame. I urge you to try it!

Wendell Villanueva is one of the new professors, he expressed that his love for the written word and literature has been growing ever since he was a child. As a child, he read books like "El Niño que Enloqueció de Amor" by Eduardo Barrios. His love for music also influenced his passion for reading. One of the bands he admired was the Beatles, because of the way they wrote their lyrics. This New Yorican professor received most of his education in Puerto Rico, with the exception of college. He continued into graduate studies in San Diego State University, where he achieved a Bachelor and Master in Spanish American literature. He later came to Puerto Rico and taught English as a second language after receiving a certificate in English. Once on the island he continued to study pursuing a second Master's degree in English and a PhD in Caribbean literature. After all these courses, and time spent studying literature, the professor's love for music still shines through; and he is determined to share that love through an interesting course he is planning. This course will focus on the aspect of music and society and how those two worlds interact with each other.

The second professor I had the opportunity to interview was Pedro Perez, and he is a "cagueño" and exalumnus of the University at Puerto Rico Río Piedras. He received his Master's degree in Hartford Connecticut as a reading specialist. Later on, he was admitted into the University of Puerto Rico where he received a PhD in Caribbean literature. His love for literature started from a young age, where his favorite childhood book was *Peter Pan* by J.M. Barrie. Pedro describes himself as a cinema-fanatic, with a special interest for horror. Among his favorite authors we find Stephen King and Julio Cortázar. He has made Cayey his new home and found our little hidden treasure, the University of Puerto Rico at Cayey which is now his new work space where he is enthusiastic about sharing his knowledge with us.

I asked Dr. Pedro Perez, what course he would teach if he was given the opportunity to do so? He expressed his interest in teaching a course he created in the University of Puerto Rico at Río Piedras titled Horror Film and Literature which studies everything from Stephen King to the childhood monster. Where do I sign up!

Both professors have very interesting literary backgrounds and this excites me to see how they will incorporate all of this into our department. I love that they represent the diversity of the English field. English truly is for everyone; we have music fans, all the way to horror fans. I also hope to be around, to take part of these very interesting new courses, that they are eager to teach. Literature is totally lit!

## Go Ahead, and Take My Soul

By Karina I. Vazquez



She swayed side to side, waiting for time to pass her. Her venom eyes searched and watched anything to her amusement. People dressed in bright traditional scarves, the band playing joyous tunes that belonged to an ancient civilization long forgotten. Or the colorful smoke dancing around her tall figure.

"I see you have a different scent, I don't particularly enjoy this one" a gloved hand twirled a snip of her muddy brown hair. Her movements were put to a halt when the voice chuckled. Fear didn't stop her fingers from trembling. There was a light red glow in her venom eyes, a feature of hers that she loathed. "Your sharp nose seizes to amaze me" pulling away from his touch as a smirk plays on her face.

"You even decided to change your appearance. Though this one does suit you, I miss your other rags" he crossed his arms in disapproval. A hood shadowed his face, a black leather jacket, and dark clothes to pull the look of danger. She reflected a normal teenager amongst the crowd; her eyes could easily be overshadowed with the falling brown hair.

"How else was I supposed to get away from you love?"

"We made a deal, it's time you fulfill your part"

She tugs the scarf draped around her legs, grazing the leather holster belted on her thigh. "You should try to lighten your aroma, it might cause your hair to rot" she flips open the holster flap as her gaze began to glow venom.

Down on her knees, with white chalk at hand, as she whispered with her hands together pointing at the ground. Her quick movements gracefully drew a pentagram, at the five points there were scribbles of her culture significance: water, poison, silence, hidden and preserve.

"Their sight isn't the best, however their ears are incredible. Fourth way, right twice, and straight ahead. Dressed with some peculiar wears. The pentagram lights up in a purple white hue.

Not one passing citizen noticed the two, as they conspired against a feeble old woman. The magic circle vanished after the use was finished.

"We should move now, unless we want her to escape. The misuse of her body needs to end."

"The misuse of your mouth needs to end..."

They jogged into the crowd, dodging people and children chasing each other. Paper lanterns above them like bright stars, illuminating the path while uplifting an environment of chaos.

The mouthwatering scent of well cooked pork, seasoned herbs in stew and fried pasta in basil. The laughter of family and lovers, the banging sound of the drums, and the rough echoes of the guitar. Striking oranges and golds spread across the trees and poles, as if the holiday festivities had started, opposing the dark endless night sky contemplating the shadows in alleys and windows. The two young adults steadily keep their own eyes peeled for any sign indicating 4th way.

## Fleeing Words

By Anonymous

Silent he was at his desk  
Waiting for an inspiration  
breeze  
\*whoosh\*, it had come  
With it, a sense of new  
life, reborn the man felt.  
He had found new love  
Not only close to the  
heart, but to the soul  
The strings on a guitar,  
keyboards on the piano,  
The air in the lungs and  
calcium for the bones.  
Suddenly, "No!" he  
screamed, it had  
already fled.  
Remembering is the key  
to this infinite hall of  
doors.  
However, is there such  
thing as mind  
recapturing?  
Mysterious are the ways  
of the thoughts,  
Perhaps these are guilty  
for shaping us.  
Part 1:  
At southern Zafriskonac  
a couple lived.

In a cabin with no floor  
were they stepped on  
every sunrise.

Ms. Poet, mopping the  
dirt with her toes was,  
consequently

To herself she asked if  
any day soon her  
partner would find

The poem which  
richness will bring upon  
their lives.

On the gloomy path  
that guided towards his  
wooden comforts, his  
feet pointed

As the stroll was  
occurring philosophy  
struck his heart, the  
gentle man said:

"Forgotten thoughts are  
forgotten words..."

Without words there is  
no inspiration,

Then I shall be buried if  
thy infatuating poem I  
do not find."

Thriving thoughts  
flourished upon the  
couple's heart.

The next morning came  
and so backwards they  
walked

Their well-known path  
heading to suburban  
regions.

At the outskirts of a city,  
a market stand stood.

The lowest prices in all  
the area held up high  
were.

From a mountain  
seemable these boards  
were from aloft.

So they arrived to such  
prosperous city and

A mentally broke man  
received them

With tales of a poem  
that cared for him in his  
dark days.

Mr. Poet was carrying  
heavy doubts and

Ignored by him the  
abandoned man was.

However, a warm  
hearted woman  
approached this  
ungrateful being.

"Listen to you I will", Ms.  
Poet said.

Then, the rejected being  
said: "Ma'am, it was  
here!

In need of love,  
affection and  
tenderness was I,

But this spirit came and  
beheld my hand

Just when emptiness  
was to overwhelm my  
soul".

With a non-  
understanding  
appearance, she  
replied:

"Sir, pleased I am.  
You've recuperated  
your identity and

Moving on should be  
your act of gratitude.

Enrage by his never  
ending frustration he  
shouted:

"No! I must relive that  
sensation. For the split  
second that

It was here, navigating  
through clouds of joy  
was I.

But thy Poem left and  
measurable my  
happiness turned!

The woman keenly  
heard these words,  
suddenly rushing

To her husband with  
important news she was.

Aware of what  
happened the Poet, fast  
pacing

Got back to the man  
earlier ignored.

To this human he asked:  
"My friend! You have  
seen it!

But how? Aren't  
thoughts exclusive to  
one's mind?"

The man articulated: I  
do not recognize what  
you are speaking,

My only inclination is to  
receive what that  
spirited Poem

Gave me by just  
encrypting the symbols  
it possesses

Into the depths of my  
temple.

Part 2:

An entire winter Mr. Poet  
spent his nights

Recollecting clues that  
could bring him

Closer to the presence  
of the vanished 'divine'  
poem.

He had killed the  
homeless man from  
before

Out of selfishness and so  
he was exiled from the

Suburban regions of  
Zafriskonac.

The epicenter of his  
every breath was  
dedicated

To the spirit that casted  
nothingness upon his life.

Three days since Ms.  
Poet death had passed.

Her malnutrition caused  
sorrows, woes and

Long hear outs of  
unpleasing lays.

Mr. Poet's rage was  
unleashed.

For mercy asking was  
the innocent cabin, but

Relentless the soul with  
the hammer in hand  
was.

The poet had escaped  
his common  
surroundings

Such as the Lost Poem  
did the previous winter.

Neither control nor sense  
he possessed any longer

As a lost creature he  
walked towards the

Stars with no intention of  
reaching out to them.

Drifting through air at  
day and

Collapsing to earth's  
core at dusk.

Similar to a carp  
splashing from a pond  
to a mud pool.

Disseminated portions of  
his soul

Slowly were ripped of  
his fading spirit.

The bounty was yet to  
be claimed!

A sudden change  
occurred... a decision  
had been made.

Swallowed his last bread  
bolus did he and

Piece by piece he was  
merging with himself for  
a last time.

Above the Friskon  
Mountain certainty  
arose his mind.

A penalty he was to  
indulge as favor.

An unwavering figure  
stopped the firm  
resolution of the Poet.

As he lay down to the  
comforts of these Spirit  
he asked:

"How come gravity  
pushed me and a  
simple breeze overruled  
over it?"

Quickly I looked and  
with all divine  
characteristic there it  
held me.

He had lastly been  
reunited with the poem.

The Spirit whispered **in**  
his ear:

"It is not the why, what,  
who, where or with  
whom

Simply just focus on the  
"how" and all previous  
shall be answered."

The poem vanished into  
nothingness and

So an inevitable fall  
added momentum to  
his certain death.

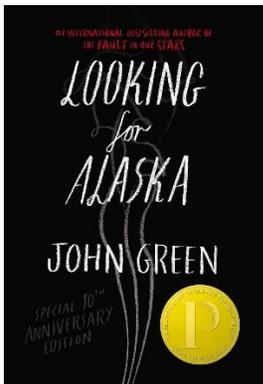
## Book of the Month

Every year, dozens and dozens of books get banned. They are taken out of school curriculums, public libraries, and just about anywhere else books should be. We live in the twenty-first century, and still we are keeping knowledge from the people. Why do books get banned? Books get banned because we're afraid of what kind of effect it'll have on the people.

This year's Banned Books Week celebrates Diversity. This is because about 52% of books that are diverse or have diverse content are banned. Why is that? Think about that for a second. Come up with your own conclusions.

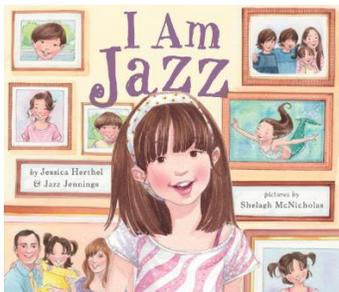
We here at Sigma Tau Delta promote literacy and we want to put a stop to censorship. So, here is a list of the top five books that were banned in 2015 and the reasons why. Now you can add these to your reading list as well!

- ***Looking for Alaska*, by John Green**



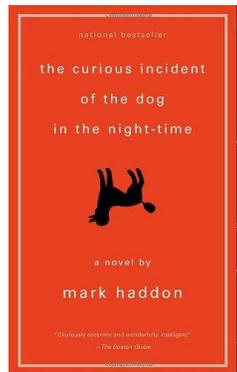
Reasons: Offensive language, sexually explicit, and unsuited for age group.

- ***I Am Jazz*, by Jessica Herthel and Jazz Jennings**



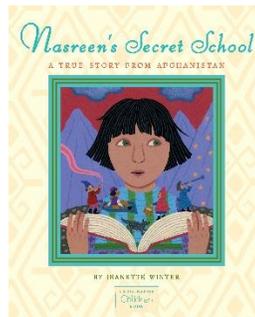
Reasons: Inaccurate, homosexuality, sex education, religious viewpoint, and unsuited for age group.

- ***The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time*, by Mark Haddon**



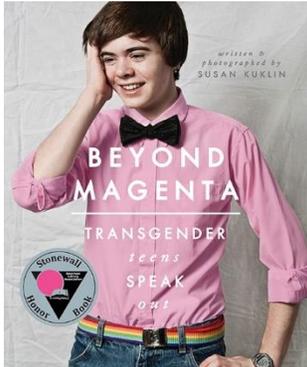
Reasons: Offensive language, religious viewpoint, unsuited for age group, and other ("profanity and atheism").

- ***Nasreen's Secret School: A True Story from Afghanistan*, by Jeanette Winter**



Reasons: Religious viewpoint, unsuited to age group, and violence.

- ***Beyond Magenta: Transgender Teens Speak Out*, by Susan Kuklin**



Reasons: Anti-family, offensive language, homosexuality, sex education, political viewpoint, religious viewpoint, unsuited for age group, and other ("wants to remove from collection to ward off complaints").

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**Say No to Censorship Edition**

Sigma Tau Delta: Cayey Students Write

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