

# DATELINE:



Volume 57  
Issue 1

# DOWNTOWN



WHAT'S INSIDE:

## Writing Competition Submissions

# 2 Staff

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Breaking  
News?  
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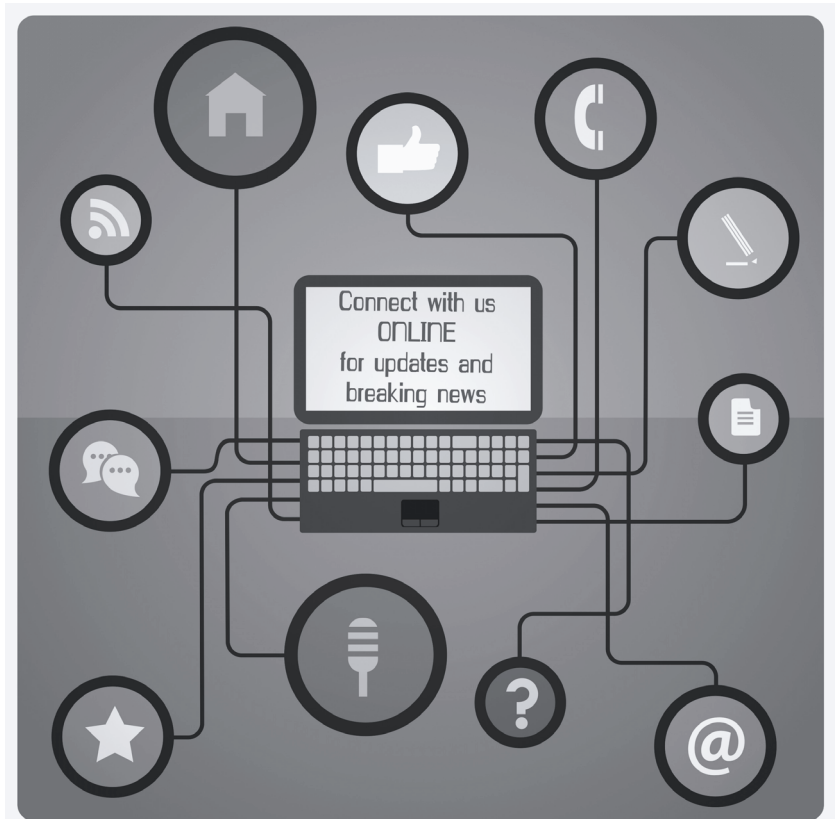
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Dateline Downtown welcomes submissions to the editor from any member of the UH system. Submissions should be no more than 800 words, include the author's full name, phone number or email address, and affiliation with the University, including classification and major. Writers Guidelines are available on the UHD/dateline webpage or Dateline-Downtown.com. Anonymous submissions will not be published.

Deliver submissions to room S-260, email them to **datelinedowntownhtx@gmail.com** or fax them to (713) 221 8569. Letters to the Editor and reader submissions may be edited for space, content, spelling, grammar and malicious, vulgar, or hateful statements. Submissions must be the original work of the writer and must be signed. All submissions become property of Dateline: Downtown and will not be returned.

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# GET A CLUE!

## JOIN

# DATELINE: DOWNTOWN



FIRST ANNUAL

# Scavenger Hunt & Writing Competition

Friday October 7th

**Team Sign-Up**  
11:30 am

**The Hunt Begins-**

registered teams will receive their first clue @  
1:00 pm

**Winners & Prizes Awarded**

3:00 pm

light refreshments and music provided on the South Deck

# 3

**Cover**

**Editorial**

**BACKSTORY:**

The land beneath our beloved univeristy has many layers of history mixed into its composition. A history that has been written to the sam for many years, and no longer reviewed for validity. However, one academic from within our halls dared to discover the history that was still unknown.

LABoring many hours over old records and documents, the academic searched tirelessly for the clue that did not wish to be found.

Slowly, a tale of intrigue, mystery and lost treasure emerged from the dusty pages of the past. Revealing a shocking story that ended with the death of two lovers and missing fortune thought to still be buried along the Bayou...

along the banks of the Merchants and Manufacturers Building. Known today as, the Univeristy of Houston-Downtown.

Dateline: Downtown has acquired a copy of the clues left y an unknown piratewho sailed the Gulf, along with a map.

On October 7th the hunt for lost booty begins.

The road of life is not on any map and cannot be programmed to help you the same way a cars navigation system can be. Wouldn't it be simpler if we could manipulate the settings before we start to avoid the accidents, detours and traffic? Simpler maybe, but the best of life's memories are often made off the beaten path. Presenting us with the risk of surprise that could be good or bad, and in my experience it is these things that help us define who we are now and who we are going to be in the future.

For me the introspective lesson's began at a small Houston animal shelter, Citizens for Animal Protection. While searching for a new dog I came across a page describing the Foster Home Program. This was the moment that my future course was re-routed. I began fostering as quickly as they would allow, the only delay was an orientation to the program. Bringing a new pet into my home was easy and I felt pride to know I was saving a life. I should have heard the warning that there was a turn ahead, but there was not a computer generated voice guiding my direction.

Clearly, the destination was already chosen, and I began working at the shelter within the year. Never before in my life had I worked as hard or felt as strong a sense of reward in my work. In this place, I could not turn away from the horror of pet overpopulation and the plight these animals faced at the hands of humans. It engulfed me like the sun at the break of dawn. I wanted to make a difference even if it was only in the lives of a few animals.

I spent six years giving myself to the cause, and could not imagine things differently. It changed me as a person, developing a new character at my core and altering who I was to become, in ways that I never could have anticipated. In non-profit work there is never enough money or enough people, so often you must fill the shoes of multiple. This pothole had an opportunity of it's own, the opportunity to learn new things. Necessity is the mother of invention and it holds true here. The shelter needed video's made for a new sponsorship program, and I jumped at the chance to further my videography skills. Again, I should have listened for the computer generated voice of direction because another detour was ahead. This detour would take me to a crossroad and a decision that needed to be made.

My decision to return to school and complete my education was a destination reached by making turns and managing detours. I recognize this as a journey that will define my work, my art, and my life. Consider the choices you have made and the path you took to get there, given the opportunity would you change the road that brought you here?

*Catz Creationz*

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# 9 by Christopher Joseph YouTube: Repeats on Every Channel

Back in 2007, YouTube was the home of cat videos and amateur vloggers. Now, YouTube has changed to feature a wide variety of content, ranging from Jimmy Fallon clips to cat videos — aspiring creators achieving their dreams of fame. From there, you have the mega popular YouTubers, who have amassed over five million subscribers and over a billion views, and who use their popularity to spread their ideologies.

People like Bo Burnum, Charlie Puth, and to a lesser extent, Justin Bieber have used YouTube as platform to elevate them into stardom. And on the other side, we have those who have used their positions as popular figures to speak on issues. One of them is FouseyTube.

Yousef Erakat, better known as his YouTube name FouseyTube, is an American entertainer that rose to YouTube stardom with his heart tugging pranks that helped showcase the kindness in our society. FouseyTube is also known as a motivational speaker, invoking positivity in his 9.2 million subscribers. Earlier this summer, Erakat had made a video where he and fellow YouTuber RiceGum had met in person after exchanging some antagonistic words over Twitter. The video showed RiceGum hitting Erakat, while he tried to end the beef like adults. A day later, after the fight video was released, Erakat made a video explaining that the whole fight was staged to bring awareness to the YouTube drama channels that, in his eyes, only report negativity.

“Right now, there is a problem on YouTube. The YouTube audience is gravitated towards drama. Whenever anything drama-related is uploaded, people flock to it, people talk about it, people view it, and people want more. That’s not OK. We shouldn’t be OK with the negative stuff that [is] happening to people. We shouldn’t be OK with seeing other people suffer. We shouldn’t be OK with seeing people profit off of other people’s misfortune,” Erakat said in his video, “Why RiceGum Punched Me...Exposed!”

Marina Joyce, 19, a beauty vlogger, just recently made a Facebook post saying that she wants people to refer to her as “Marina, The Goddess of Love” and wants a shrine built in her honor on Machu Pichu. The reason Joyce is calling herself a goddess is because she believes that once she passes to the after-life, she will be able to communicate with humans on earth with magic. Joyce went further to say that she will offer spiritual protection and a safe spot in the after-life. Followers of Joyce’s new found “religion” will be able to go to her shrine and spend their time drawing art, meditation, chanting and other activities. “The Power of God is to help other people...we can create a community of higher intellectual beings who can change the world with a click of a finger, to save the world, to save poverty, to save animals from being slaughtered, to save the world from any problems that may occur or are occurring.” Joyce said in her Facebook post.

This isn’t the first time the beauty vlogger has been making waves in the YouTube community. Just a couple of months ago Joyce was rumored to have been trapped in her home, abused and even kidnapped by the Islamic Terrorist group ISIS. These accusations were later proven to be false by Joyce herself — the fans were making all of this up. However, that didn’t stop her channel from growing at an incredibly fast rate, now sitting at 2 million subscribers — causing many to believe she was the mastermind behind the whole incident.

YouTube has changed considerably changed from its initial inception, now becoming a home to practically household names. The majority of YouTubers are now in a position where their egos are being fed by fans that will follow, defend, and fight for them. These YouTubers are speaking to a generation that is ready to listen. What these YouTubers say and do can impact the current and next generation. Let’s just hope they are being taught the right things.

# Hate Yourself and Live Comfortably or Die Right

by  
Archie Gayle

Grayson goes for a walk. His eyes fixate on the naked trees; some still hold one or two beautiful leaves. A breeze emerges and the unhampered leaves coast over the sidewalk and street as the wind sings in Grayson's ears. His eyes fasten as the wind's voice becomes louder. Blissful nuance sweeps his soul and, for a brief moment in time, he is as light as the leaf. The wind disappears, taking with it a sense of peace. Grayson pulls himself back to reality and begins to walk.

His boots drag over each other one at a time. He droops as if his existence is too tedious of an endeavor. He lifts his head up to the mystic atmosphere that is the sky; cerulean fading into sapphire. The stone colored clouds cruise motionless, and he looks to beyond the sky's horizon and conceives the inconceivable. The moment is gone, and Grayson turns the corner.

Passing buildings, he wonders what has become of his once desolate neighborhood. It's now tainted with stores and restaurants designed to feed the pleasant people false gaiety. Twenty-somethings sit behind cash registers, helping make privileged people's lives easier. What ever happened to vices, darkness and degradation? Pain wasn't just endured, it was preserved. Now, it's considered a disease to the people who slowly kill themselves from the inside out. He passes a newly painted bench, dragging his fingers along the wood, trying to remember those cold, glorious nights filled with torture and sorrow. The once fulfilling life of a waif.



Selected UHD computer systems are upgraded on a three year rotation producing a significant quantity of surplus equipment each year. These systems are sold to students at UHD with proceeds going towards the general scholarship fund.

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*New fiscal year begins 9/1/2106! You may purchase two computers per fiscal year.*

**Next Sale - Ongoing Sales in S800**

**9:00AM - 5:00PM**

**S-800 Lab**

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<b>HP All-in-One Model 4300</b> 4GB RAM 500 GB Sata Hard Drive DVD drive 3-in-1 Media Drive Webcam Windows 7 Keyboard Mouse (No wireless card) <b>\$150.00</b> + tax	<b>Dell Optiplex 990 SFF</b> 4GB RAM 250GB Hard Drive DVD Drive Dual DVI Video Card Windows 7 Keyboard Mouse (No Monitor) (No wireless card) <b>\$125.00</b> + tax	<b>Dell Optiplex 990 Minitower</b> 4GB RAM 250GB Hard Drive DVD Drive Dual DVI Video Card Windows 7 Keyboard Mouse (No Monitor) (No wireless card) <b>\$125.00</b> + tax	<b>Dell Latitude 6420 Laptop</b> 4GB RAM 250GB Hard Drive DVD Drive Windows 7 <b>\$175.00</b> + tax
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Follow this link to [purchase your computer \(via e-services\) now](#) using a credit card. You may pick up your computer during [normal business hours](#) in the S-800 computer lab. We recommend that you pick up your computer M-F 8AM - 5PM.

# CAN YOU BE THAT MAN?

BY

Geneva Thomas  
*"Jae da poet"*

Can you be the man?  
That with me will walk  
barefoot across the sand  
Can you be the man?  
Or will you just sit back and  
demand  
That you be respected  
And expect it to work just  
like that  
Or you the man  
That for me will go to bat  
Cause if you do  
I got you back and together  
we can take up the slack  
But you've got to be the man  
Able to build a home from a  
shack  
So can you be the man  
And if you can  
Can I depend on you?  
To do what you're supposed  
to do  
And not always off hanging  
with your crew  
Or at the club drinking brew  
Chasing every chick that look  
at you  
Can you be the man?  
That in marriage will take my  
hand  
And sit beside me as our  
future we plan  
I believe that we can, do  
anything  
If you can be the man that  
you're to be  
Like back then when you told  
me  
That you would protect me  
Hold me  
And never neglect me

Can you be that man?  
That won't desert, or  
disrespect me  
When my bellies swollen  
with new birth in me  
Can you be the man that  
won't hurt me?  
Cause if you can be that man  
Then I am the woman that  
behind you will stand  
Urging you on, cheering like  
a fan  
Loving and raising our seed  
Educating them with Morales  
not greed  
Tending to their needs  
Suppling them with the love  
ill feed  
I am the woman  
Every morning they'll see  
Standing beside the man I  
hope you'll be  
So please tell me  
Can you be the man?  
That will stand beside me  
Not only when the sun is  
shiny  
But during the roughness of  
the sea  
When the glare is blinding  
me  
Will you be there to guide  
me?  
In sickness provide for me  
Always be honest and not lie  
to me  
Be the man willing to die for  
me

Cause if you can, I am the  
woman willing to give my  
hand  
To this strong and  
courageous man  
I'm willing to go farther  
Strive harder show how  
proud I am of my children's  
father  
The man that has helped me  
To be the best me I can be  
Never overpowering me  
But always shadowing me  
So I can grow creatively yet,  
Separately, but with you in  
unity  
Can you be that man?  
With whom Ill dance, through  
a never ending romance  
On you will take a chance  
with  
Old age is a gift  
And it's you I'd like to share  
it with  
If you can be that man  
That's not afraid to stand  
facing the wind  
Watching the sands of time  
blow in  
As our life lines grow thin  
And old age take us in  
To the areas where or spirits  
began  
So tell me can you be the  
man  
That by me will stand  
Hand in hand  
Till the end of the sands

ARE YOU THAT MAN?





## RHYMES WITH WINE

I'm sitting here, trying to write, eating Turkish Delight, hoping a glass of wine will help my mind unwind at least a little bit at a time, so I can find some inspiring rhymes to convey the way I felt today.

But it's hard to say what keeps my feelings at bay and prevents me from letting people hear what's near and dear

or causes me fear, and brings forth tears built up over the years,  
or how I get the most joy when I employ my camera or my pen,  
or how when I see the coffee eyes of the guy I admire looking into my own and making me feel so un-alone my heart swells up  
and I feel a little less...

shut,

because his smile lasts for miles and makes me feel loved.

Or maybe the wine (which helps me unwind and loosens my mind) will help me find the words to express the mixture of feelings I feel when I see that picture of Gram—gone to Heaven—who lit up the world with an air of debonair, and how when she left my heart felt despair.

Or maybe the wine will send me to sleep before I have time to write the rhymes which sometimes climb into the nooks and crannies of my memory and hide.

artwork

Crying Girl by ANGELi7



### YOU LEFT

You left your fingerprints on  
the old grandfather clock,  
which ticks and chimes  
and still keeps impeccable time.

You left the stove on  
—didn't know you'd be gone.

No more animal pancakes  
greeting me at daybreak.

You left the calendar empty  
that December one and twenty  
—boxes filled with scribbles  
marking life, so little.

You left a jar of memories  
and within, a soulful melody  
open for the world to hear  
soothing those who loved you dear.

You left.

# Lauren Larussi

### *The Final Lap*

by Michelle Laird

Sweat pours down his face.	whine
He has steered every trimester with loving pace.	Between now and their finish line.
Her mood swings without a break,	Their last lap--
Demands of ice cream mountains, and pounds of cake.	And greatest starting line.
All to reach their	A new cry begins
Final lap.	Where the old ends.
His love of the track could never	Days, minutes, years,
Compare to this fever.	Time has stopped. Tears
Losing distance with each push, cry, and panting	Replace his sweat. Nothing matters--
	But her beautiful newborn face.

The sounds of crunching branches filled the Colorado forest. A man was fleeing for his life from whatever beast or beasts were pursuing him. Earlier in the night the man had been camping with his girlfriend. He had been planning to propose to her. The beautiful night sky and a warm crackling fire felt like the perfect setting to make a proposal. He had wandered off the camp to get some more fire wood and after about 20 minutes he heard the high pitched scream of his soon to be fiancé.

He ran as fast as he could back to the camp until he suddenly stopped in his tracks. Right in front of him was 3 pairs of glowing red eyes hidden by the shadows. On instinct he ran the opposite way. He ran for about 5 minutes until he turned around to see that the creatures behind him were gone. He stopped to catch his breath. Panting heavily he looked up and saw the same glowing red eyes that belonged to 3 horrifying creatures. They stood about 6 feet tall and had bodies covered in fur. However their most distinguishing features were their faces and heads which were that of wolves.

“What... What the hell are you ?” asked the man.

“Our kind are called Lycans but we are known to you humans as werewolves.” said the leader

The man didn't know whether to be frightened or laugh but he stood there frozen with no voice. The leader walked towards the man and stopped until his face was merely inches from his.

“Tell me human, what is your name?” he asked.

The man tried his hardest to say his own name but not without stuttering

“J...John.” he muttered

“Can we just devour him already? I haven't eaten for three days!” said one of the other werewolves with saliva running down his mouth

“Calm down Blaez. Let's have a little fun with him first.”

“I don't think we have time to play with our food Maccon. We have to meet up with the others.” said the third werewolf.

“Oh right. I believe they should be done devouring the woman. Thanks for reminding me Fang.” He then motioned the other two werewolves to come. Suddenly Blaez lunged at John and clamped its teeth onto his shoulder. John heard the sound of his shoulder being crushed under the powerful jaws of the creature. John cried out in pain and stumbled back.

Blaez licked the blood off his lips.

“That was delicious.” he said

John grabbed his injured shoulder, trembling from the pain. The three werewolves began to surround him.

“I'm going for his legs.” said Fang hungrily

He lunged at John ready to tear him apart until suddenly Fang felt something penetrate his body. He looked down to see a long blade piercing his chest from behind him. Suddenly the werewolf cried out in pain as his body burst into flames and turned to ash.

Blaez and Maccon turned to see who had struck down their comrade. In front of them was a young man. He looked about seventeen years old. He had dark black hair, brown eyes, and white skin. He wore a long black coat, black pants, and fingerless black gloves with a picture of a cross on the top of each glove. Around his neck was a silver cross necklace. The blade the young man used to impale the werewolf was a long double edged sword with a golden handle.

“So tell me, did this blade do the trick?” the young man asked

Blaez bared his teeth and began to growl

“That blade is blessed isn't it?” asked Maccon gritting his teeth The young man turned to see John still shaking. He then looked back at

the werewolves and said, “You unholy creatures of the night really make me sick. I think it's about time we send you monsters back to Hell. Come on out you two.”

Suddenly two more figures leaped from the bushes and landed next to him. One of them was an African American young man who wore the exact same clothes. The other was a girl with long black hair, brown eyes, and fair white skin. Her clothes were similar to her other two companions the only difference being she wore skin tight black pants.

“Damn it Caleb! I told you to wait before you killed the werewolf!” cried the girl

“Give me a break Samantha. This guy would be dog food if we waited any longer. Why were we even hiding anyway? Nehemiah over here could have killed all of them if he wanted to with his weapons.” replied Caleb pointing to the African American boy.

Suddenly Maccon began to reform his body. He bent down and went on all fours. His body began to grow much longer and his teeth much sharper. The other werewolf began to transform the same way. After they finished changing, they stood about 7-8 feet tall and looked much more vicious than they previously were.

“This is why I wanted us to stay hidden.”

“Well guys get ready. Time to put these puppies down.” said Nehemiah. He reached down and pulled out two long silver .45 ACP pistols. On the sides were inscriptions that said “In God we Trust.” He aimed the pistols at Fang and began firing away. When the bullets hit Fang he cried out in pain as they burned into his skin.

“Stings don't it? That, you mangy wolf, is a little taste of holy sharp tipped bullets.” Fang roared and charged at Nehemiah. Nehemiah then leaped over the wolf and began to fire more bullets while in the causing them to hit its back.

“Well while Nehemiah is taking care of that I'll take on this fur ball.” said Caleb ready to fight Maccon.

“Oh no, you don't. You got take down the first one. It's my turn.”

Samantha drew her weapons. From her right side she drew a long, straight, rapier sword with a black handle with golden outlining. From her left she drew a 9mm pistol.

Maccon leaped in the air with his jaws wide open ready bite Samantha's head off. While he was in the air she began to shoot at him. Burn marks began to cover his body as he descended towards her. Just when he was close enough she quickly plunged her sword right into his mouth and down his throat. Maccon's body burned and turned into ash before he even reached the ground.

“I could have done that.” said Caleb

“That's what you get for being so impatient.” replied Samantha

Nehemiah on the other hand was taking his time with Blaez. He continued to shoot and toy with him. Blaez was breathing heavily

“Oh come on. Don't tell me that's all you got?”

Blaez growled. He opened mouth and shot a blast of burning acid. Nehemiah rolled out of the way and aimed his gun at the wolf's head. He shot a holy bullet which pierced its skull destroying the werewolf.

With things settled Nehemiah walked back to his two companions

“Since we're all cleaned up here lets wipe this guy's memories and meet back with the team.” Said Caleb

“Yeah but just one question; Where the hell is he?” asked Samantha seeing that John was gone.

Once upon a time, there was young beautiful girl who went on a long walk. A girl with long hair, deep blue eyes and skin white as snow. This girl has been admired by the many people around her, the people who have brought positivity into her life. She has always craved greatness and prosperity; at least she used to. Her name is Holly. Holly has had a difficult year. She felt that whoever has been watching over her has simply forgotten about her. Not only has she felt frustration, but a great amount of disappointment as well. Holly for the first time in her life had become depressed which created a huge impact on her life. She walked in hope to find peace within herself, but also to forget.

Holly walked around her metropolitan neighborhood on a gloomy day but she did not mind, the weather and sounds of the speeding cars during the rush hour calmed her; in fact, it soothed her. Holly's mind then began to wander off as she walked. The tranquility she felt did not last very long due to reminiscing about her former partner. She thought about the day they first met and within two hours of knowing each other, he kissed her.

"One more" he used to tell her and once more he would kiss her.

It was Thursday, December 10, 2015, the day Holly tries to forget. The day where she feels was the biggest mistake she has ever made: letting go who she believed was the love of her life. His name was Victor, a handsome intelligent man with a promising future ahead of him. Holly and Victor met when they were seventeen years old and believed to have found love at first sight. As the two connected with each other for the first eight months, it felt like heaven on Earth, but as most young adolescent relationships, the love did not last. The man who she once saw as her hero became her enemy. Victor became the major cause of her emotional pain and depression. Whenever she thought of him, anger and resentment were felt towards him by her. The young girl had never had such negative feelings for anyone in her life. She wanted to seek revenge but despite the anger she felt, Holly still loved him too much to harm him. She continued to walk.

Then Holly began to think about the person he had become one year later: a monster. Jealousy, verbal abuse, frustration and obsessive possession was forced down on her by Victor. For four months, she tolerated his behavior towards her simply believing she was at fault for every fight that was ever occurred between them. What once was her happiness became one of her biggest nightmare. December 10, 2015, Holly ended her one year relationship with Victor. That day was the day her life dramatically changed. After their separation, Holly experienced several different types of feelings for many months. On the first day, she felt relief by liberating herself from that relationship. Then for the next six months, she felt lost, guilty, confused and hopeless without him, but she knew she could not share that with anyone. Within those six months, the two indirectly and passive aggressively attacked each other on social media and other forms of communication. A rollercoaster of emotions were played around with Holly by Victor only to have create a more painful situation. Victor had verbally kicked Holly to the ground. She thought of the one specific day that had her officially believe she was no longer a person.

While Holly kept walking, she thought about February 1, 2016, the day she knew she had lost him and the words he said to her:

"You're a fake nobody, you're worthless!" he once told her. She would think to herself every day, "I am a fake nobody and I am worthless." Holly believed those words from him every time they replayed in her head and accepted that she was nobody. Tears began to go down her cheeks but proceeded to keep walking.

As she continued to walk, the young girl approached the Williams Tower on Post Oak Boulevard. She sees her reflection and for a moment, could not recognize herself. At that moment, Holly remembered how much she had grown as a person and been able to move forward without him. As she saw her reflection, she noticed her physical changes: Her hair was much longer and lighter; her figure healthier and toned; her style was more appealing and her smile was so much brighter. She remembered when she was with him she was submissive, weak and small, despite her being taller than him. Holly realized that not only had she changed her appearance but her mentality. She went from a fragile girl to a young woman. Although she may still think of her Victor, she knows she can move forward without him. Holly knew she had changed and for the better.

"I win..." she told herself in the reflection.

She then turned around and walked home.



# Her Name is Holly

by Tatyana A. Gago

As university students there are many responsibilities that we have. Living on our own, we must pick the right major, pay for our own living cost, get good grades, and hope to attain a sustainable job when we graduate. But in-between this list of necessities, do we ever think about our health and how we can maintain it? Surprisingly many of us do not and I was one of them. Entering university, the last thing on my mind was health and fitness. Going on to university one of the many perks that we students seem to misuse is the freedom to do whatever we want. With the lack of rules, many times those who are not self-disciplined tend to lose sight of what is really important.

I was no exception as this new found freedom made me run amok. And surely enough during my freshman year in university I neglected my health and prioritized other aspects like grades, school work and socializing more. Many times I look back in think how I could have made those mistakes; I am one of those people who are constantly going over the latest health magazine while checking out groceries in Walmart counter, or reading up the latest trends and diets the celebrities are doing in order to stay fit. Ironically I did the complete opposite of that and totally neglected my health.

Many would shake their head in disbelief as to how someone who has her nose stuck to all kind of health magazines would have absolutely no clue as to how to take care of her body. My reply to that would be "it happens," not all of us are born with the ability to juggle school, work, social life and health at the same time. Many times one of these has to be sacrificed for the latter; however by following such a principle, we fail to prioritize the more important thing in our lives.

So what pushed me to change? My first semester I realized that university was no high school, the lessons were harder and there was plenty of information thrown at us that I was struggling to keep up with. Outside of class there were other responsibilities to perform and thus there was not enough time in the day to do it all. And so, my health suffered. I ate what I could find, never bothered to read the ingredients as to whether this will even fill my body with the nutrients that I needed. When meeting with friends all we ever opted out for was junk food and late night study sessions was all about the sugary snacks and drinks and of course no plan to workout anytime soon.

Though I was not the first student to ever do this however this kind of lifestyle does not last long as when second semester of my freshman year was rolling around I was noticing many changes I was not pleasewith.

First and foremost was my lack of energy, this impacted my study habits as I could no longer sit and study for long hours. And then I noticed I no longer weighted the same, I suddenly gained a massive amounts of weight. Of course I became insecure but what really confused me was how I was lacking enthusiasm for my school and other activity. These really knocked my confidence as I was starting to doubt my abilities and my mind was clouded with pointless thoughts.

Though I don't believe that gaining weight should ever be considered a big issue as a little tweak on our lifestyle choices could easily fix such problems. But the me then was too proud to admit I had a problem, nevertheless I looked for help and to my surprise I found new friends who also shared the same dilemma as me. We would discuss about the food we ate and how some of them had no benefit in our body. We would sit down and research for hours about healthy foods and what exercise we could do and how we can fit that into our busy life.

I really enjoyed this conversations and it made me look at health in whole different standpoint. Of course we loved junk food but they were not an everyday meal, and little by little I was starting to notice improvements, I had more energy and felt I had more time in the day to get all my responsibilities done and still look after myself. During that semester in my psychology class my professor discussed about how exercising releases endorphins, which in turns makes us happy and upbeat. All of this small little information I have gathered really fascinated me about the world of health and exercise, my experience completely changed my whole perspective about health and how we should treat our body. Today, inspired by this turbulent event, I am a lot more healthy and active and happy with myself. I realize that I am not perfect neither do I look like a super model but I am happy with who I am and what I am doing, I have made many new friends who either love my enthusiasm for health or either hate it but It never stop me from talking about it and spreading awareness. I recognize that just as grades are important it is also important to prioritize our health, and the more I strive to stay fit the better my academic skills become and my university experience become much much more fulfilling and motivating.

# To Speak Up

BY MAGGE NUNEZ

# 13

“And she would commit suicide because she simply was a boy who was never a boy”, would be the ending of my fairytale novel freshman year.

This would be a line that would haunt me many for months to come, due to the fact that the trans community has a higher percentage of suicides compared to any other segment of the LGBTQ+ community. During that same summer, I enrolled in a Leadership Institute hosted by Texas Freedom Network, and once again they highlighted the constant struggles the trans-community had to face. They also mentioned HERO the (Houston Equal Rights Ordinance) that would protect citizens from fifteen different classes from any type of discrimination. Luckily, HERO also protected gender status which is synonym for the transgender community. Like many of my peers. I dedicated much of time to educate others on this ordinance and how it would benefit everyone. I campaigned madly because I knew it would improve our community.

Sadly, because of so much ignorance HERO was destroyed in the polls, and with that any hope was destroyed as well. I was really devastated because being that Houston is the most diverse city in country, even that could not protect it from it's prejudice community. Months later after this lost, I was notified about the gender conference, and how one professor wanted to dedicate a whole panel to HERO. I didn't even get to think twice because before I knew it I was replying back to her e-mail. She let me join her team, two other film students who I have never met before, but together we were going spark. Mark my words, that actually happened. Although, none of us really knew each other we joined together and made our panel the best it can be. I decided to make a film to elaborate the true victims for the anti-HERO ads, and the psychological components that were include. My other two partners included the methods the anti-HERO ad used, and the people who funded them.

Although, HERO has little chance to be back at the polls, the fact that people are still fighting for it is amazing. I am glad that I am surrounded by amazing peers who want to empower this city, and be the HERO to the communities who have been discriminated for too many years.

## *Morning Misery* by Chelsea Wyatt

The most dreaded sound on the entire planet  
when it goes off, I cannot stand it.  
Thoughts have often crossed my mind  
to smash my alarm clock against the wall  
sometimes.  
A necessary evil to have, I must  
because in myself I simply cannot trust  
to be awake, timely and alert  
to the doctor, to school, to church, or to work.  
In its absence, I too would be.  
Therefore, I must endure the constant misery.  
Every morning at 6 am  
I rollover and cry out to him:  
“Please not now, just five more minutes!  
I’m in the middle of this dream I’d like to  
finish.”  
Although I plead he does not hear it  
and continues ringing until I give in.  
“Fine! I’m up, I’m up, you win!”  
Then three minutes later I lay back down again.  
“That’s okay I’ll let you sleep  
but when you’re late, don’t blame me.

You think I like to go through this same  
routine  
constantly reminding you of your  
responsibilities?  
You’re always late without a care  
so today I’ll let you just lay there!”  
And as he promised he let me sleep  
without announcing those annoying beeps  
hours read differently and so did the date.  
“Please tell me its Wednesday?”  
I asked my roommate  
“No, it’s Thursday,  
are you okay?”  
Oh my god this cannot be  
I missed my final in world history!  
“I can’t believe you just let me sleep!”  
I shouted to my alarm clock, angrily.  
“But it’s what you wanted,”  
he said to me.  
Right then it hit me  
I need my friend  
I’ll never threaten my alarm again.  
For in its absence, I too would be.  
Therefore, I must endure the morning misery.

# 14

## Dark World: Double Indemnity, Film Noir, and Alienation

Double Indemnity (dir. Billy Wilder, 1944) is a movie that displays the desire a man has to break the monotony of his life's routine, and how far he is willing to go to do so. Walter Neff (Fred MacMurray) is an insurance salesman who lusts after a mysterious and flirtatious married woman, Phyllis Dietrichson (Barbara Stanwyck), and eventually the two become deadly allies in a scheme that leads Walter to commit the murder of Phyllis' husband, Mr. Dietrichson (Tom Powers). The plan unravels, Phyllis shoots Walter, and Walter kills Phyllis. Because Double Indemnity is film noir, a divide is presented beneath the central conflict of the narrative when Walter encounters several minor characters that represent the divide between the working and upper classes. Though they are brief, these interactions illuminate certain social undertones, and reveal an overpowering capitalist mentality. In this essay, I will argue that Double Indemnity works to establish the idea of alienation for the viewer by depicting the segregation between the upper and working classes within the narrative structure. I will also examine the struggles these characters face, and argue they are best presented by the realist and oneiric qualities of film noir.

The first shot I will examine is the long shot inside the office building at the beginning of the film where Walter has come to make his confession. He has recently committed murder for the second time, and has also attempted to defraud the company he works for, but all of his plans have failed. This shot provides an example of what critics, Raymond Borde, and Étienne Chaumeton, call alienation. As they write in their article, "Towards a Definition of Film Noir," in 1955, film noir, "is from within, from the point of view of the criminals," and it is from this vantage point that alienation is presented (Borde, 20). Two men enter the well-lit elevator in a long shot that will take an injured Walter to the floor where his office resides. He bears a gunshot wound, and the elevator operator is oblivious to this.

An oneiric element of the film presents itself when the elevator operator inquires about the state of the insurance business, which Walter simply says is fine. The man reveals the company would not sell him insurance because of an issue with his heart, and although this is a casual remark, it is odd to note that Walter does not pay much attention to this. Understandably, the man has been shot, but the notion does merit observation outside of the realist aspect of the moment. By doing so, Walter becomes the embodiment of the company offering him no concern, and the operator represents the uninsured, working man, his cheery demeanor prevailing despite his lack of security. Working in such close proximity to the company and still being denied coverage nods a head to the corrupt inner workings of the company. "It is the presence of crime which gives film noir its most constant characteristic," and the crime here is the plight of the working class (Borde, 19). This mood of disillusionment went hand in hand with film noir's stylistic emergence, as Paul Schrader notes in his essay, "Notes on Film Noir," in 1972. Schrader defines film noir "by its tone rather than genre," and this shot reveals the tone of the film in such a subtle way (Schrader, 54).

This tone, or mood, that Schrader focuses on allows the viewer to shift their attention to what the film is actually representing; the divide between the classes. Much like the operator's remark, this divide cannot be expressed full heartedly. Broe argues in *Film Noir, American Workers, and Postwar Hollywood*, that film noir is representative of the post war class struggle.



This type of film was forced to bury its social issues in order to avoid censorship, so the humor in the man's voice, despite his admonition, works to avert the casual viewer's notice (Broe, 42). As the elevator reaches the twelfth floor and the doors slide open... and Walter walks into the office. The camera moves fluidly from the elevator, following Walter to the door of the main office. It is a beautiful long shot that unexpectedly continues out from the elevator instead of using a cut, almost as if what it is about to reveal depended on the underlying message of the small conversation to be reinforced with a visual aid. The camera tilts downward, giving the viewer a high-angle shot that looks into the open work area of the floor beneath.

Most notably, the mise-en-scene of the shot reveals an organized office where everything has its place, but the floor is littered with paper, creating a sense that this is a frantic environment to work in. There is low-key lighting, and by the dim table lamps and windows, the viewer can see three late night cleaners working, emptying the trash bins and picking up the large amounts of paper scattered about. They seem like ghosts, already dead and forced to live out their existence cleaning up the messes of others.

Walter is the example of why this system is poisonous. The necessity to constantly sell and meet quotas wears on him, and when a good looking girl with a plan to get rich quick comes along, he sees a way out of this cyclical trap he is in. Broe writes on how corporations were growing at the time, and that "the reality of working independently was fast fading as more and more workers were being compelled to enter the nine-to-five regimen," (Broe, xix). This shot is designed to show the furnace Walter was forged in, and how this new social structure is an end to a previous way of living for the working class.

The realist and oneiric elements of this film work to displace Walter from society through his scheming to get money in an easy way by cheating the system he works for. He is a man who is tired of the daily grind, and when who he thinks is the right woman comes along, he sells his soul and does anything he can to make this option work out for him. He must decide whether leaving his station in life is worth sacrificing so much of himself for, or if doing the "right thing" and continuing on in his existence, unchanged is the way to go. The return, day after day, to the office where so much of one's life is spent in an effort to buy happiness while neglecting others captures the sense of alienation present in this film. But is Walter, or society to blame for the conflict in the film? Walter is painted as a villain, and rightly so, but apart from the murders he commits, is he really in the wrong for wanting to rise above? The capitalist system he is a part of gives him no choice but to try and break out instead of assimilate, and that is why the viewer desires his success.



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						1 Escape Family Walk Escape Family Resource Center 8-11am
2	3 <b>Speak Out Against Bigotry</b> A300, 12-2pm TFN Voter Registration 3rd Floor, 11-5pm	4 <b>Speak Out Against Bigotry</b> A300 3-4:30pm	5 <b>Circle Discussion Moving Forward</b> Milam Room 12-1:30pm	6 <b>Circle Discussion Moving Forward</b> Milam Room 12-2pm	7 <b>Dateline Scavenger Hunt</b> South Deck 1-3pm	8
9	10 <b>LGBTQ Latinx Roundtable</b> S370 3-4:30pm	11 <b>LGBTQ Latinx Roundtable</b> S370 12-1:30pm	12 <b>Other Side of Immigration Screening</b> NW Campus 11:15-2pm	13 <b>Hispanic Pride Celebration</b> One Main 3rd Fl 11-2:30pm	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31 					

**TO BE CONTINUED...**