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voices

international voices 2024

WESTCHESTER COMMUNITY COLLEGE
VALHALLA, NEW YORK

All Westchester Community College students are invited to submit their own writing or artwork for the next edition of *International Voices*. Faculty members are also encouraged to recommend exemplary student work for publication. All writing and artwork submissions are considered although priority is given to material with an international or multi-cultural theme.

submission guidelines
writers

use MS Word, plain text, or RTF format
with minimum custom formatting

artists
digital images in
.psd, .tiff, or .jpg format
resolution should be 300 ppi

please submit your writing and/or
artwork by scanning the code:



deadline for *International Voices* 2025
January 31, 2025

International Voices is an award winning annual publication of the writing and artwork of Westchester Community College students. As always, represented here are just some of the many diverse perspectives of the Westchester Community College community.

It has been five years since *International Voices* was last published. After the 2019 edition, the 2020 publication was derailed by the Covid-19 pandemic, and that turned in to a longer than anticipated hiatus. I am very excited to again be able to present the extraordinary work of our amazing students.

I would also like to give special thanks to Professor Matt Ferranto for his contributions to *International Voices* over more than a decade. Prof. Ferranto is leaving his role at WCC and moving out of the area this year, so he will no longer be involved with *International Voices*; however, his legacy will live on in his mentorship of artists, expert guidance, and contributions to the design and aesthetic of this magazine that have transformed it from its humble beginnings.

The world has changed a lot since 2019 – I know, that’s a bit of an understatement. The term “dumpster fire” comes to mind, but I think we would have an easier time working together to put out a dumpster fire than resolving some of the divisions we see amplified in today’s America and the world.

On the other hand, I can think of no more important action during times like these than to listen to the voices of others – those we agree with, those we disagree with, those who are like us, and those who are not. If we don’t listen to each other, then we merely shout over each other and accomplish nothing. My hope is that you will listen to the voices contained herein with an open mind and heart and that some of those voices will speak to you as they have to me.

Enjoy!

Sincerely,

Kent Trickel

international voices 2024
 an annual publication
 of the writing and artwork
 of international students
 Westchester Community College
 Valhalla, New York
writing editor
 Kent Trickel
art editor
 Diana Romano
selection committee
 Kent Trickel, Judy Marano,
 and Ava Drutman
special thanks
 to all of the students who
 submitted their work to this year's
 issue, to faculty, counselors, staff,
 and administrators who encouraged
 students to submit their writing and
 artwork & supported this journal by
 posting and announcing the call for
 submissions, to those who have
 provided a wide audience for our
 artists and writers by distributing past
 issues of *International Voices* in their
 classes, the library, the Academic
 Support Center, and various offices &
 buildings on and off campus
printing
 Brown Ink, Carmel, NY



JESS COSTELLO

PROSE

- Christian Balcazar** Symphony of the Andes **6**
- Hatice Karaarslan Toygan** Importance of Questioning **8–9**
- Ana Gabriella Da Rosa** Homeland **10**
- Marykate Aurich** Unconditional Love **12**
- Karen Gimenes Mas** My Uncle Paulo **22**
- Lamyaa Hamid** Domestic Gas Cylinder Story **26–28**

POETRY

- Waldina Garcia** Fight for Peace **7**
- Melanie Morales** I am the Daughter **14**
- Paula Morejon** Precious Rose **15**
- Crina Onet** Water in Love **18**
- Umara Humayyun** Cruel World **18**
- Aridf Jared Monier Gonzales** The Immigrants **21**
- Aiza Monteiro** Universe Experiment **25**

ART

- Liz Yasumura** Comfort **cover**
- Jess Costello** Museu de Arte de São Paulo **contents**
- Michelle Camargo Salas** Untitled **6**
- Justin Barnett** The Honored One **7**
- Paola Calero** Atardecer **10–11**
- Paola Calero** So Close No Matter How Far **13**
- Kari Smith** Seer **14**
- Paola Calero** Curves **15**
- Paola Calero** Croton Gorge Park **16–17**
- Sarah Hadassah Zorrilla** Farewell **19**
- Jacqueline Rodas** Guatemalan Heritage Through Ceramics **20**
- Paola Calero** Natural **23**
- Nathan Turner** Face Parts **24**



LIZ YASUMURA
CHINA
CANTONESE | MANDARIN

Plans to seek a career in finance and continue to pursue her passion for art.



JESS COSTELLO
BRAZIL
PORTUGUESE

Plans to complete her associate degree in early childhood education, travel, and pursue teaching art and painting to children.



CHRISTIAN BALCAZAR
ECUADOR
SPANISH

Plans to pursue a career as a marketing director, music producer, leader and coach.



HATICE KARAARSLAN TOYGAN
TURKEY
TURKISH

Plans to become a chemical engineer.

MICHELLE CAMARGO SALAS
COLOMBIA
SPANISH
Plans to complete her studies in early childhood education.

PAULA MOREJON
ECUADOR
SPANISH
Plans to transfer to the University of Pennsylvania. After graduation and to start her own business making handcrafted candles.

KARI SMITH
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Plans to pursue a career in forensics, and continue having adventures with her son and making art.

CRINA ONET
ROMANIA
ROMANIAN
Is a former student currently employed as an instructor in the Engineering Department.

SARAH HADASSAH ZORRILLA
UNITED STATES | INDIA
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
ENGLISH | TAMIL | SPANISH
Plans to work in a museum studying ancient art and go on to write and direct films.

JACQUELINE RODAS
UNITED STATES | GUATEMALA
ENGLISH | SPANISH
Plans to transfer from WCC to another University to further her education and continue to express her Guatemalan heritage through art.



ANA GABRIELA DA ROSA
BRAZIL
PORTUGUESE

Plans to transfer to a four-year school to continue her education and pursue her dream of working in special education.



MARYKATE AURICH
PERU
SPANISH

Plans to become a successful lawyer.



UMARA HUMAYYUN
PAKISTAN
URDU | HINDI | PUNJABI

Plans to pursue a career in law and aspires to assist those in need of legal guidance and support.



NATHAN TURNER
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH

Plans to attain a PhD and become a clinical psychologist.

LAMYAA HAMID
YEMEN
ARABIC
Plans to take a gap year to travel and find out more about the world, then return to complete her studies.

JUSTIN BARNETT
AFRICAN AMERICAN
ENGLISH
Plans to master watercolor techniques to enrich his portfolio with fluid and expressive artwork.

WALDINA GARCIA
HONDURAS
SPANISH | ENGLISH
Plans to continue her education at WCC and pursue her interests in caring for animals and traveling.

PAOLA CALERO
ECUADOR
SPANISH | ENGLISH
Plans to complete her associate degree in engineering science at WCC and go on to pursue a bachelor's degree in Biotechnology.

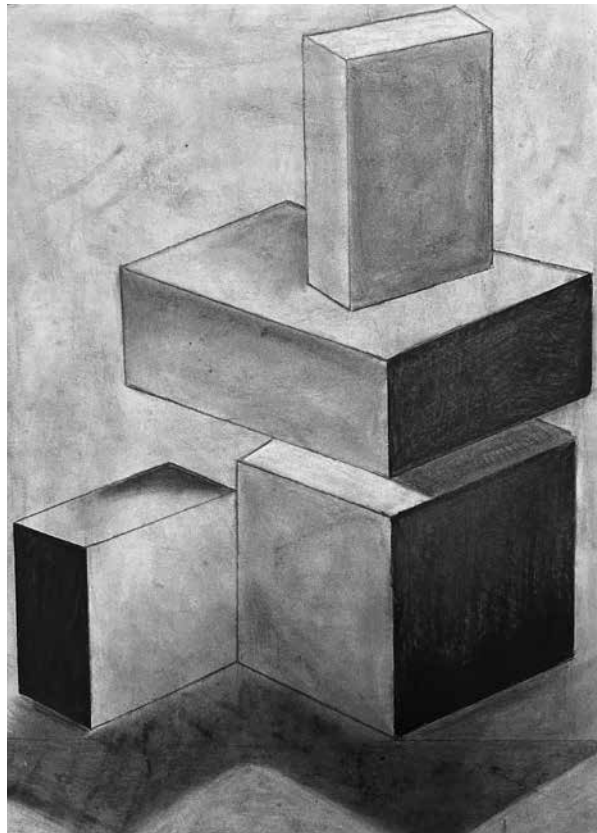
ARIDF JARED MONIER GONZALES
PERU
SPANISH
Student at WCC pursuing an associate degree in criminal justice.

KAREN GIMENES MAS
BRAZIL
PORTUGUESE
Student at WCC pursuing a liberal arts major in math and science.

AIZA MONTEIRO
BRAZIL
ENGLISH
Plans to pursue a career in business management.

MELANIE MORALES
GUATEMALA
SPANISH
Plans to continue her studies in business.

Symphony of the **ANDES**



MICHELLE CAMARGO SALAS

CHRISTIAN BALCAZAR

In the heart of Ecuador's rocky terrain, where mountains pierce the sky, lies a tale of ancient spirits, whispering as time goes by. High in the Andean peaks, where condors gracefully soar, an active tapestry of culture, unveils its captivating lore. From Otavalo's bustling market square, where colors dance in the sun, to the divine ruins of Ingapirca, find solace in their gentle glow. In Qui-to's colonial streets, where history's echoes resound, the voices of revolutionaries, carve freedom's profound. From the Amazon's lush grasp to the Galapagos' pristine shore, Nature's symphony enchants, forever calling us to explore. Ecuador, a land of contrasts, where past and present collide, international voices unite, in a harmonious blend world-wide. Let this humble creation, find its place in your esteemed tome, as Ecuador's diverse voices echo, through your pages, it shall drift. May it inspire, provoke, and ignite, a celebration of Ecuadorian pride, in the next edition of International Voices, may our stories forever reside.

I come from an army full of poets. Poets that strive for love, poets that fight for reasons. Suddenly, I heard a big boom, and I knew that destruction and terror had come. Far, far away I can hear the crying; the crying of the little ones, the crying of the adults, the crying of animals, the crying of a nation that has been destroyed.

Today, I want to write a poem. A poem that spreads the word; a poem that should be heard by the whole world. "A NATION HAS BEEN DESTROYED." Many have been separated, and many have died fighting for what they loved. Oh no, poor souls!

A cruel leader with a heart like a rock gave the order to destroy the peaceful lives of these poor souls.

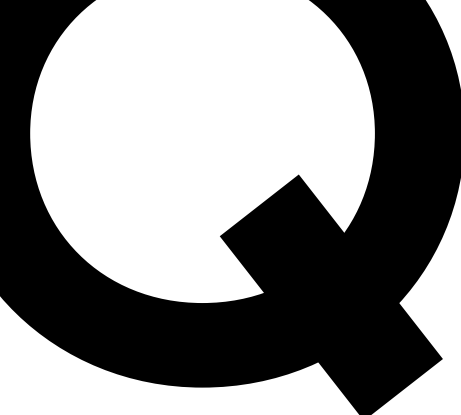
I am a poet, I want to help, but I cannot do it alone. Today with this humble poem, I invite those that want to blossom and shine with fervor. To bring hands together, and work for a better world. Let's work together, brothers and sisters like an army full of poets that fight for unity, freedom, and love.

WALDINA GARCIA

FIGHT FOR PEACE



JUSTIN BARNETT



Importance of **QUESTIONING**

HATICE KARAARSLAN TOYGAN



"The one who knows all the answers has not been asked all the questions"

Confucius

People can believe in any religion, theory, object or god, or they can be a complete non-believer. This is all about the person's own will. But on the contrary, when you are born, you are born with certain beliefs and patterns that are beyond your will. You belong to whatever religion and social class your family belongs. You grow up believing that this belief is true. I was born in a modern family where the women of my family did not cover their heads, and where men and women had fun and chatted together. This is how I was taught and raised. My parents were always very tolerant people and they never imposed worship on me or disparaged other religions. We had many friends and neighbors who were atheists, deists or who believed in other religions. We were all living together happily. It never occurred to us to talk about religion or any belief systems. We were all together at our funerals, weddings and holy

days. We would never hesitate to share our pains and joys. I thought all people lived this way in the world, until I saw the other side of the coin.

I had graduated from university and had just started my business life. I met a guy at my first job. He was well educated and modern looking. Our perspectives in life were also very similar. We were traveling and having fun like any young couple. He really liked me, my looks, style and my friendly and vibrant personality. After a period of dating, we got married. From the first day of my marriage, everything I had believed and learned for years was turned upside down. That modern man was gone, replaced by an oppressive man-child who could not go beyond his family's will. His family was extremely conservative. Initially, they tried to change my appearance, which was too revealing in their opinion, and then my lifestyle, which

was inappropriate for them. It was my first time meeting such people. According to them, we were sinners. We practiced religion from the same book, which praises being tolerant to other people and not coming between God and humans, weren't giving the same message to us. Either I read the wrong book, or their version was different. Every action his family took was towards destroying everything I believed in, understood, and followed. The scary thing is they were doing this in the name of religion.

After these experiences I had within my marriage, I became much more interested in theology and researched religions. They had many similarities with one another. Most books emphasized that there is only one way to God and their way was the true way. Also they were divided into at least 10 different sects. Thinking back and remembering people I knew who were religious, some were very judgmental and judgments were mostly done by superficial people who declared themselves "the most religious". The path they followed was not to be a good person and it wasn't about living in peace. They had a reactionary attitude that excluded those who were not among them. I want to ask these people right now: In this universe where you always find yourself right, do you have the courage to talk about your past, your upbringing, your repressed emotions, your taboos that

you have not left behind, your impositions, and the 'other' people you have marginalized? Of course not! You even divide into polarities and conflict within yourself.

Situations where people are excluded from community because of their sexual preferences and judged by their appearance, can only be seen in dictatorial and ignorant societies. They reject science, believe in superstitions and that only religious people are moral. They are so far away from reading and researching, that, according to some, even questioning the belief itself is forbidden. Of course, what I mean by ignorance is not just the lack of education of the person! I have met many people who had high academic education at the time but had mastered ignorance, backwardness and rudeness. At the same time, I have seen many people who could not complete their school education for certain reasons, but who were very well educated, civilized, forward-thinking, and useful to society. I don't agree with the statement about keeping up with community. We are the individuals who form the band and when we cannot get out of the situation, we put all the responsibility on the public.

I am never against people following what they believe in. I am not the person to discuss their value judgments, family and social status. But I expect the same respect from the other party. I do not accept conservatives judging me just because my appearance or lifestyle is different from them. The "sinful people" whom traditionalists declared may be, in reality, those with much deeper religious knowledge and understanding. I think people should be free at all times, under all circumstances, as long as they respect other people's space. We may be born into different social strata, but we are equal and at the end of the day we are all the same. We are all living beings breathing in this universe, with our preferences, beliefs, and colors. We need to get rid of our prejudices by reading and questioning. This is necessary!

The “pampas”, my lovely land where the heavens paint themselves in endless hues of blue, and where the precipitous edge of Itambezinho Canion stands on your feet. An extensive part of South America crossing Rio Grande do Sul - Brazil and Argentina throughout the Atlantica Ocean according to the English Dictionary. The land where I am from, where my roots stand and every strength I have originates from. I am Brazilian, yes, but more specifically, I am gaúcha—a distinction that goes beyond geography or gender. To be gaúcha is to embody resilience, to stand firm in one’s convictions, and to fiercely represent everyone. It is to find joy in the simplicity of riding horses and observing chickens growing, while simultaneously finding peace in the weight of knowledge carried within the pages of my heavy books, as those pages served as a sanctuary.

Apart from my birthplace, I embody the identity of an immigrant, having discovered my sense of belonging in a foreign land. Departing from my origins, I embarked on a journey of self-reinvention, seeking connections and even my “meant to be” across distant shores. As an immigrant, I carry the essence of my culture through the aroma of home-cooked meals, like the comforting scent of rice and black beans smelling through college corridors at lunchtime. The constant search for our country, no longer our home but always the origin of our tale, our

HOMELAND.

ANA GABRIELA DA ROSA



PAOLA CALERO

Unconditional LOVE

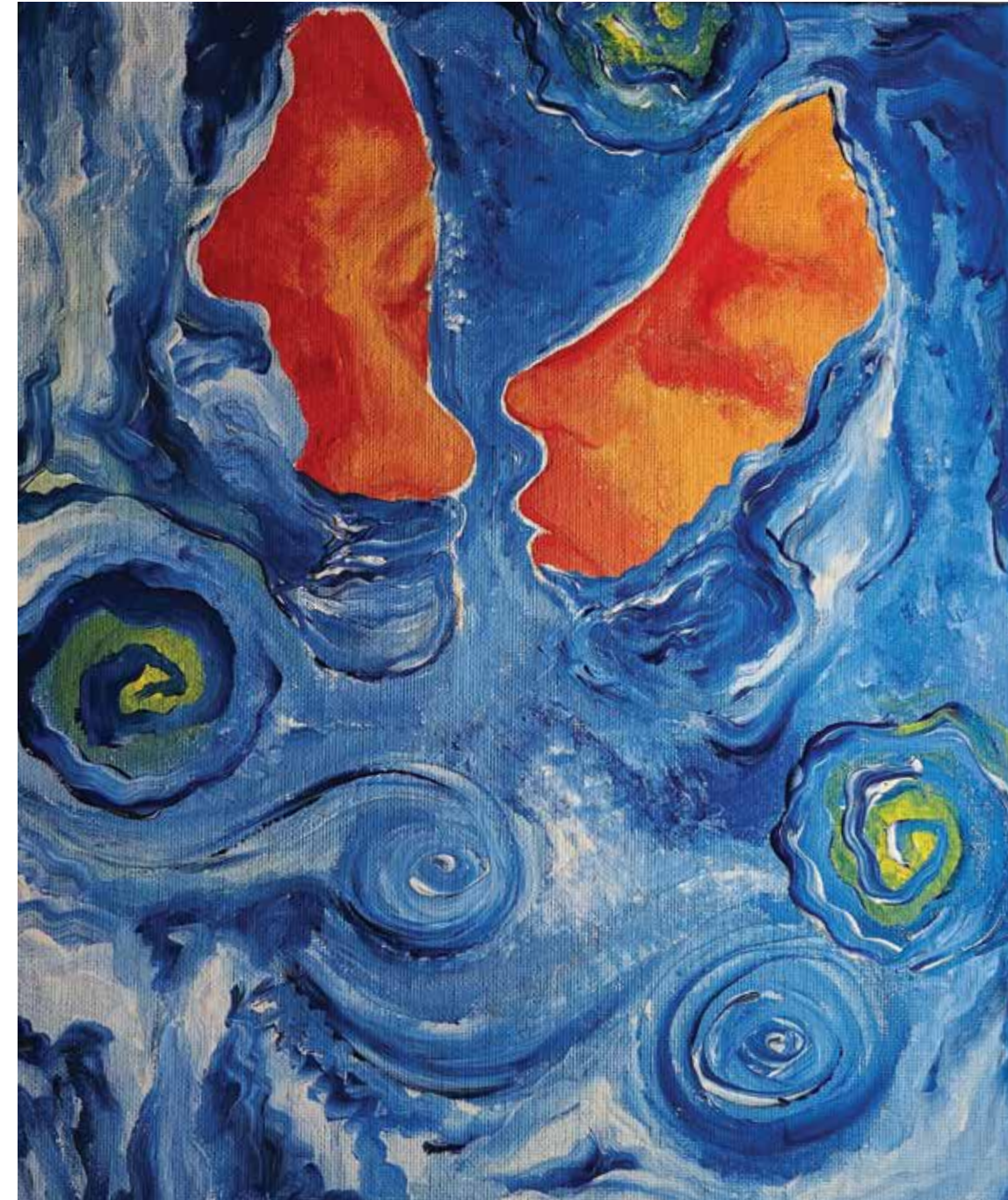
MARYKATE AURICH

Someone close to me already knows about my mom and our good relationship. Life has been crucial for us since I moved to the US. We have been best friends, and it's surprising that we can speak about lovemaking without filters. When I was nineteen years old, I used to wear big panties, like grandma's panties. However, when I started living independently and exploring new things in a new country, I began wearing thongs. It's quite amusing because I invited my mom to the United States, and she wanted to wash my panties. She started crying when she realized I had grown up and was no longer wearing grandma's panties, which she considered a shame.

The relationship between us never changed, no matter the distance. Marina, who is my mom, is my Achilles heel. Have you ever heard the saying 'Achilles heel'? Well, I say this because if you mention her, I start crying. You will see my eyes shining because I am very proud of her. She did such a great job as mom and best friend. She took on the roles of both my mom and dad during my childhood, and I admire her strength and resilience. She has been my best doctor, lawyer, teacher, chef without a degree, but she has my full heart and my whole respect. From my earliest memories, she has been my guiding light.

She always mentions that I am her diamond, and she treats me like it. No matter how tough life gets, she always finds a way to put a smile on her face and tackle challenges. She has multiple roles and responsibilities, and I have no idea how she handles everything. You are probably asking yourself why she didn't move to the United States with me, if we have a close relationship. Well, another reason I admire her is because she takes care of my ninety-five-year-old grandma. I also respect her decisions. I adore my mom because she's not just a good mom, she is also a good daughter, sister and aunt.

Through her actions, she has taught me the importance of kindness, empathy and the value of hard work. You can tell I am mom's girl, and when I was a child, I wanted to be with her even at work. She took me and taught me how to work and earn money when I was ten years old. Every day, I am grateful for the immense love and care she showers upon us. I consider myself lucky to have her as the cornerstone of my life. I am reminded of how blessed I am to have her as my mother, and I cherish the opportunity to celebrate her and her love every day. Ultimately, she has taught me the importance of valuing those who are close to us.



I AM THE DAUGHTER



KARI SMITH

I am the daughter of Hunab Ku,
from whom life
and all other things come.
I am the daughter of Chacc,
the god of rain and lightning.
I am also the daughter of Itzamná,
the god of wisdom,
and the daughter of Pawahtún,
the charger of the cosmos.

MELANIE MORALES



PAOLA CALERO

Precious Rose

PAOLA MOREJON

You are as beautiful as an Ecuadorian rose.
The sweetness of the fragrant rose is your kindness.
The red color of the rose is your loving heart, and soul.

The expensive essence of the rose is your immense value.
No treasure in the world can replace you.
The softness of the petals is your soft touch.

The stem is your bravery. The thorns are your defects,
which are none compared to all your virtues.
You are the most beautiful, and fragrant flower of the garden.

The garden would be plain, and sad without your presence.
When you are wilting, I water you to make you stronger.
When you are having hardships, I try to cheer you up.

When I am not feeling my best, your presence
brings me back to life. Just as when you take
a bouquet of roses to the sick, that is what you are for me.
Oh mom, you are the bouquet of fragrant roses in my life.



PAOLA CALERO

Oh, how cruel the world is!
Full of scapegoats who gives others no chance
To show that they aren't at fault.
Oh, why are we so set in our ways?
Persistently fighting what we think is right
And ruining lives with it.
And how are we so defiant?
That one takes a man's life.
And turns it to dust?

CRUEL WORLD

UMARA HUMAYYUN

Is it because we are flustered?
Or is it because we are naïve?
When man assents to other's thoughts,
And takes what the world says.
Know oh rulers of Earth!
That these "small" suspicions
Will end your reign.

Water in Love

CRINA ONET

Water in love makes life
Water loves life
Life loves water
Make love in water.

Life makes water in love
Love water
Love life
Make life in love.

In life love water
Water life
Water love
Love makes life in water.

Life in water loves water
Make love
Make life
Life in water makes love in water.





The Immigrants

ARIDF JARED MONIER GONZALES

They are brave beings, from distant lands,
With hope in her eyes and faith in her heart,
who left behind their home and their roots,
in search of a better future.

They cross borders and seas,
sometimes on foot, sometimes by boat,
with the backpack on his shoulder
and a dream in his mind,
to achieve freedom and equality.

They reach unknown lands
with a strange language and a different culture,
but with the determination to make a place,
and to contribute to the society that welcomes them.

They face obstacles and prejudices,
often discriminated against and marginalized,
but with time they make a way,
and with their effort and dedication,
they manage to succeed.

They are fathers, mothers, sons and daughters,
who work tirelessly to give their best,
their families and their communities,
and who never forget their roots and their values.

They enrich our lives with their diversity,
with its music, its food, its art and its culture,
and they teach us that humanity is one,
and that we all deserve respect and equality.

They are brave beings, from distant lands,
that with his courage and his spirit of improvement,
they inspire us and teach us,
that love and solidarity know no borders.

JACQUELINE RODAS

My Uncle *Paula*

It was Christmas Eve, about 18 years ago. We were driving back to my uncle's house; my aunt, uncle, and I when my uncle saw a guy eating from the garbage bin. He immediately pulled the car over and started walking towards that guy. Inside the car was no conversation, just our eyes following my uncle, and wondering what he had in mind. When he got in the car, he said that he had invited the unknown guy to go to his house, where we were going to celebrate Christmas with all our family, to have some decent food.

When my aunt realized that my uncle gave their address to a strange person, she got frightened, and mad at my uncle's attitude. Of course, she was right because nobody knew that guy. Even though we were aware of the risks, I wasn't afraid. I was feeling so happy. Some tears started rolling down from my eyes. Before we left, my aunt made my uncle promise that the strange guy wouldn't get in the house.

Luckily, we weren't far away from their house, so the guy didn't need to walk much to get there. Before he arrived, my uncle placed a chair in front of the garage gate, to make sure he would be comfortable while he was eating his food. As soon as the guy rang the bell, my uncle started making his plate. It was a lot of food that I bet he would not be able to eat, but my uncle was excited doing it so automatically I felt excited, too.

I was feeling awkward, even though everything my uncle had done so far was beyond expected; for me it wasn't enough because the guy was outside eating all alone, while we were inside our bubble celebrating, laughing, talking, and pretending everything was all right. I guess my uncle felt the same way because within a couple minutes, I saw my uncle inviting the guy to come in and enjoy the party as well. When the unknown guy got in, I could feel all the tension of my family in the air.

Past the moment where everyone was staring at him to see if he would do something to our family, my relatives noticed he was just a harmless starving guy. I could feel the tension fading away. My aunt, who feared him since the beginning, surprisingly took her plate and sat near him. She started talking to him as she had known him forever, and then I saw other relatives joining the table too.

My uncle was such a good man. He had changed that guy's life for one night, but mine forever. Every time I see someone who needs money, or my attention for some reason, my first thought it to deny, but then I remember him, and try to become a better person. Unfortunately, my uncle passed away 6 months after this event, from a heart attack. However, this memory of him will always be in my heart.

KAREN GIMENES MAS





NATHAN TURNER

EXPERIMENT

AIZA MONTEIRO

UNIVERS

I'm sure I am some type of social experiment,
The universe and its team decided to test me
Throw me on this fucking planet
Stuck in this body
In this brain

Let's see how much she can take
Until she goes crazy
Press buttons
Make her feel everything
Until she feels nothing at all

Let's see if she can take life
She can't know
She is not supposed to be here
Because being good means nothing

In the end, hard work, sweat, pain, and even smiles
Nothing matters
She will know in the end; nothing matters

They'll find out
They are just skin and bones
Everything in their heads
And then, the end
Years go by, and nothing mattered.



DOMESTIC GAS CYLINDER STORY

LAMYAA HAMID

Due to the constant political problems in Yemen, gas, a necessary part of Yemeni life, has long been in short supply. To get a supply of gas, a family member needed to go to the line-ups that are held a few times a month and have their gas cylinder filled. The price for the gas is always changing, and people often wait for hours before it is their turn to get the gas. I heard this story when I attended a college lecture by an English professor in Yemen as a guest student, and he told this to the students as a funny story they can laugh at to start the day. To them, it was funny because getting gas was a common problem of his, although it made me reflect on whether I could have dealt with such a problem when I have been used to getting such a resource easily.

Work was exhausting. Teaching in one university and receiving one paycheck would never be enough to battle today's expensive prices. While working in different universities meant a larger paycheck, it also meant dealing with the hassles of transportation. The streets of crowded Sana'a were never empty. Today was no different. Driving from one place to another was tiring, and the rain hadn't made things any easier by flooding the streets. The professor sighed as he remembered all the English papers he needed to grade. The first batch of papers had actually received good grades. He was impressed. But those were just the batch from one university. He still needed to grade those papers of the students for the other universities, and he couldn't hope for the same results from those students. Working in multiple universities was exhausting, yet it was interesting to see how different the students were from each other depending on the university. Was he doing something wrong? He shook his head; work was taking too much space in his mind. His wife was telling him something.

"...and of course, the gas cylinder is about to finish," she concluded, as she told him about her day.

"What, already!?" the professor exclaimed. "Weren't there two tanks?"


"The first one finished last week." She sighed. "Haven't you gotten a notification for the lineup? The neighbors were discussing this today." He hadn't checked the neighborhood group chat in a while. True to his wife's word there was a notification.

"It's saying they might have a line tomorrow. They say a message will be sent telling the time."

Even when there was gas to be sold, it was at irregular times, which is why the professor often had trouble with the gas pickup. Throughout the day the professor kept his eyes on the phone, yet no messages came. It wasn't until nearly midnight, when he was about to retire to bed, that he received a message saying that the gas lineup was scheduled for after Fajr Prayer. He sighed. Fajr was one of the five daily prayers done by Muslims. He would be leaving for the lineup at dawn.

The air had a bit of a chill as the professor got out of bed. He looked at the clock. It wasn't 4 o'clock yet. He went and took a quick shower. He might as well get ready for the day. The sound of the Imam at the mosque told him it was time to pray. After prayer, he went and gazed out the window. It was dark. "No one would be out yet," he thought. It was still too early to go to the lineup. Or so he thought. As the professor sat down and read some verses of the Quran to pass the time, he was unaware of the growing number of people lining up, waiting to get gas. Finally, he got up and decided to leave. After all, the earlier he was, the better. Lifting the heavy tank, he put it over his shoulder and stepped into the rising dawn.

It was a cold, damp morning which greeted him. He knew that the chilliness in the air wouldn't last long though. By the time he would be giving his first lecture it would be hot again, and the noon sun would be unbearable. The cold metal bore down on the professor's shoulder as he made his way across the dark street. The lineup was a few kilometers away from his house and walking that long distance with a heavy weight over one's shoulder was no easy task. The once smooth asphalt road was already undistinguishable underneath all the dirt that had accumulated there throughout the



years. The road was silent and deserted, save for the stray dogs howling into the night. The streets were filled with the haggard half-starved dogs. It was common to see these dogs at all parts of the day. Perhaps somewhere else these dogs would've been pitied and taken into the home of a hopeful human willing to give these poor dogs a better life. But in this nation the majority of the population had much more dire problems and worries that filled their minds, and no one really cared to give them a better living environment. So, the doctor went on, not heeding the dogs searching for food among the garbage. Long ago, perhaps these canine creatures may have pointed their wide haunting eyes towards their fellow human sufferers, but in time, realizing that was to have no effect, they ignored them, heeding them no more than the humans did.

As the professor was getting nearer to his destination, he could see hazy configurations appearing in the faint daylight. Quickening his pace, he was stung to find that the line had become much longer than he expected in such a short time. Like a snake it wove across the street and around the corner. Who knew that this small neighborhood could bring forth a mass of hundreds from its depth? Dragging himself to the end of the line, he prepared himself for a long and tiring wait. As it is, he didn't have

to wait for long. A man soon came up to him telling him to leave.

“The gas we have isn't enough for everyone. There's no way it'll last until you reach it. This is it, no one's allowed to join the lineup beyond this point.”

“But I have a card!” the professor protested. “And I can pay! Half the people here aren't even from this area.”

The man shrugged his shoulders. “It is what it is. The gas is finished.”

There was nothing more to be done. Already he could see people a few feet ahead of him leaving, dejected looks on their faces. Sighing, the professor turned around and picked up the gas cylinder once more on his shoulders. He walked up the road back to his house. Perhaps if he walked fast enough, he might be able to rest a bit before his workday started. And so, the professor walked. You could see the thin faint line splitting the sky between night and day. Some dogs were still scavenging through the garbage, though most had gone into the abandoned allies to sleep. This wasn't the first time this had happened. And it most likely wouldn't be the last either.