

The Red Hawk Review



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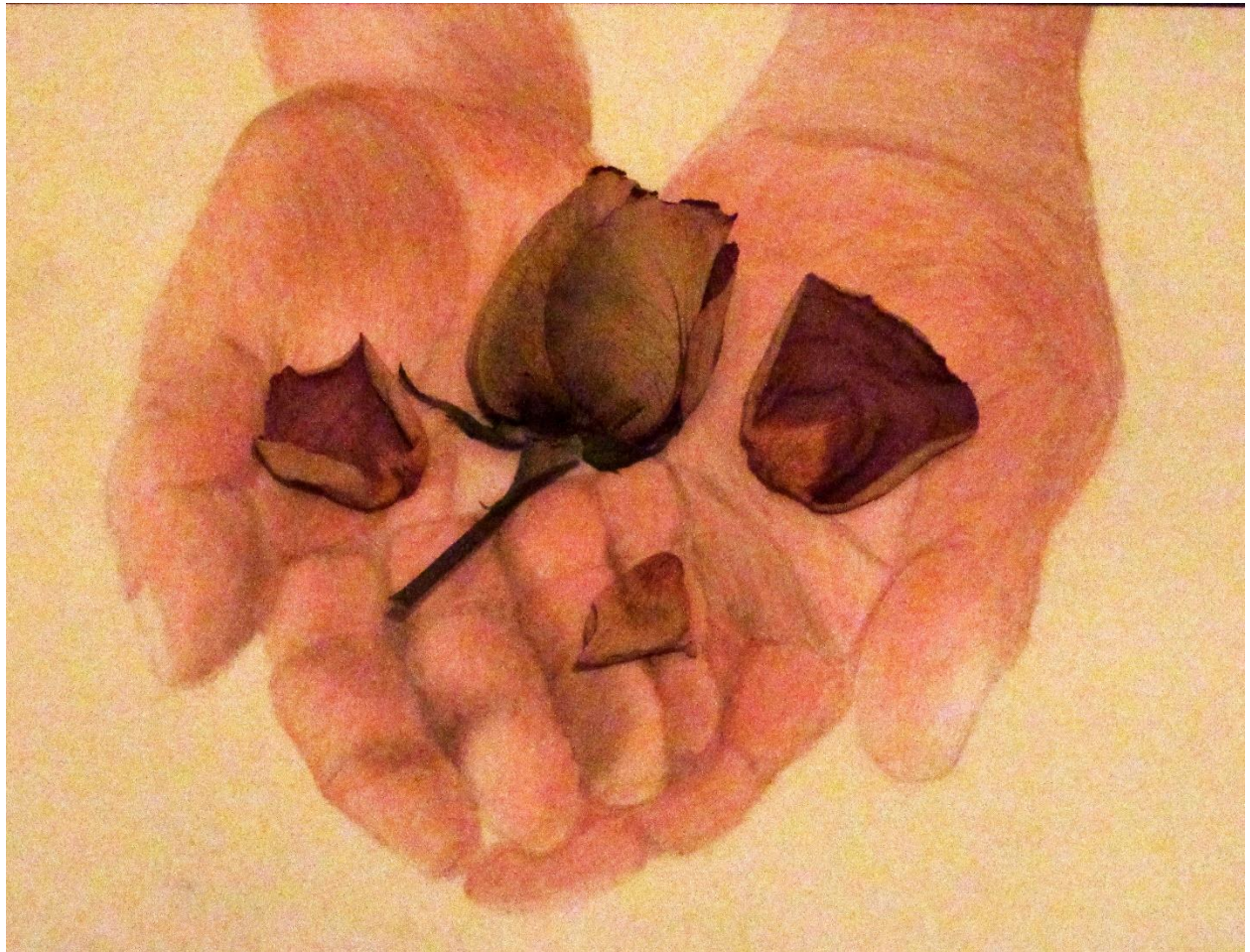
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PROSE



"Flower in Hand" by Kaitlin Yudis

Como Agua Para Chocolate

Deb Frasch

La película “Como Agua Para Chocolate” es una historia sobre Mamá Elena de la Garza, una mujer independiente y poderosa, y las relaciones entre ella y sus tres hijas, Gertrudis, Rosaura, y Tita. La familia vivían en el norte de México, cerca de la frontera de Tejas. Mamá Elena era la jefa de su rancho. Su esposo, Juan de la Garza, murió poco después del nacimiento de Tita. La familia de la Garza tenía una costumbre extraña por muchas generaciones. A la hija más joven de la familia no le permitían casarse porque ella tenía que cuidar a su madre hasta la muerte. Tita era esta persona. Por esta costumbre, Mamá Elena, Rosaura, y Pedro (el novio de Tita y el esposo de Rosaura) maltrataban y utilizaban a Tita.

Mamá Elena y Tita no tenían mucho cariño entre ellas. Mamá Elena trataba a Tita como una criada más que una hija. Tita preparaba toda la comida para la familia y hacía los quehaceres, también. Mamá Elena maltrataba a Tita muchas veces. Por ejemplo, Mamá Elena sabía que Pedro y Tita estaban enamorados y querían casarse. Cuando Pedro y su padre fueron a la casa de Mamá Elena para declararse a Tita, ella negó la mano de Tita. Ofreció que Pedro se casara con Rosaura en vez de Tita. Cuando Pedro y Rosaura estaban de acuerdo con la idea del matrimonio, Mamá Elena sabía que Tita estaría muy triste. Sin embargo, Mamá Elena insistió que todas las personas en la familia (incluyendo Tita) les brindaran a los dos. Tita tenía que preparar el banquete y la torta de boda a su novio y su hermana. Tita no tenía permiso sentirse triste. Otro ejemplo ocurrió cuando Rosaura y Pedro se mudaron a Tejas. En una escena de la película, Chenchá corrió a la cocina, llorando. Roberto, el sobrino de Tita y el nieto de Mamá Elena, había muerto. Tita empezó a llorar, y Mamá Elena mandó “Tita, deja de llorar. Tenemos que trabajar mucho.” Tita se enojó y gritó a su madre; Mamá Elena le golpeó a Tita en la cara con una cuchara de madera. Después de la lucha con su madre, Tita estaba loca. Mamá Elena dijo a Chenchá “Si está como loca, va a ir a dar al manicomio. En mi casa, no hay lugar para dementes.” El Dr. Brown fue al rancho, y trajo a Tita a su casa para curarla. Tita vivió con el Dr. Brown hasta la muerte de su madre. Después de la muerte de Mamá Elena, su fantasma aparecía muchas veces y continuaba maltratando a Tita.

El personaje de Rosaura también utilizaba y maltrataba a Tita. Rosaura sabía que Pedro y Tita querían casarse. Cuando Mamá Elena sugirió que Pedro se casara con Rosaura en vez de Tita, Rosaura sonrió. Rosaura no tenía cariño para su hermana porque cuando dos personas en una familia se quieren, la una no recibe alegría del tormento de la otra. Cuando Pedro y Rosaura se casaron, Tita tenía que tratar a Pedro como solamente un cuñado, y no podía tratarlo como una persona amada. Rosaura también trataba a Tita como una criada y como una niñera. Tita siempre trabajaba en casa. No tenía tiempo para divertirse. Después de la muerte de Mamá Elena y el nacimiento de Esperanza, Rosaura creía que Pedro no tenía interés en ella porque estaba engordando. Rosaura quería que Tita la ayudara a adelgazar porque ella quería que Pedro la quisiera otra vez. Rosaura quería continuar la costumbre de la familia con su hija, Esperanza. Cuando Tita trató de cambiar la opinión de su hermana, Rosaura se enojó. Rosaura le dijo “Te prohíbo que te acerques a mi hija. O me voy a ver en la necesidad de correrte de esta casa que mamá me heredó.”

Pedro estaba enamorado de Tita, pero él también la utilizaba a ella. No era necesario aceptar la oferta de matrimonio con Rosaura. Él tenía otras opciones. Pedro podría haberla raptado. También, él podría haberse ido y podría haberse casado con otra mujer. En cambio, Pedro y Rosaura se casaron y vivieron juntos con Mamá Elena y Tita. Tita tenía que verlos todos los días. Pedro siempre hacía cosas que producían problemas para ella. Él le dio flores a Tita para celebrar un año que ella había cocinado para la familia. Mamá Elena no le gustaba eso. Ella mandó que Tita se las tirara. Cuando Tita estaba prometida al Dr. Brown, Pedro estaba celoso y fue al cuarto de Tita. Pedro durmió con ella. Tita se enamoró con Pedro otra vez, y no se casó con el Dr. Brown. Finalmente, ¿por qué no se casó Pedro con Tita después de la muerte de su esposa? Rosaura murió tres días después de la lucha con Tita. Tita vivió con Pedro en el rancho por más de veinte años. Tita cuidaba a Esperanza hasta que ella se casó con Alex Brown. Pedro podría haberse casado con Tita hace mucho tiempo.

En conclusión, los tres personajes de Mamá Elena, Rosaura, y Pedro no parecían importarles los sentimientos de Tita. Solamente pensaban sobre ellos mismos. Ellos eran personas muy egoístas. Ellos creían que Tita no tenía ningún derecho para tener sentimientos. Ella tenía que aceptar la costumbre, aunque su vida fue arruinada. Porque Tita era la hija más joven, ella no tenía otras opciones para vivir. Su familia la trataba a como una persona sin mérito. Afortunadamente, Tita era una persona con una voluntad feroz. Ella quiso terminar la costumbre de su familia. Tita fue la última mujer en su familia que no fue permitida casarse por esta tradición. En realidad, Tita era el personaje más poderoso de su familia entera.



"0811" by Melissa Zimmerman

Breathing Sounds

Will Ehrke

Padme Amidala

Planet of Naboo

A long time ago in a galaxy far far away...

Greetings Padme,

After choking you in a fit of rage I fought the toughest fight I could.*Breathing sounds* Leaving my old self behind I'm now engaged.*Breathing sounds* I am deeply sorry for choking you but your betrayal must be met with dire consequence.*Breathing sounds* I saw through the lies of the Jedi.*Breathing sounds* You and Obi-Wan have betrayed me for the last time.*Breathing sounds*

I found your lack of faith disturbing and that's why I left you.*Breathing sounds* with the help of my Master we found a new replacement.*Breathing sounds* After blowing up her planet years since you have passed.*Breathing sounds* Sending down my troops to capture her because my mentor arranged the marriage.*Breathing sounds* I sensed something. A presence I haven't felt since I killed you.*Breathing sounds* She will be joining the emperor and I in ending this destructive conflict and bringing order to the galaxy.*Breathing sounds* She will be filling in your place as my right hand.*Breathing sounds* She will join us or die.*Breathing sounds* I have her now. *Breathing sounds*

This could of been your place.*Breathing sounds* You could of been by my side ruling the galaxy.*Breathing sounds* The marriage is in a few years.*Breathing sounds* I'm hoping to finally destroy the Jedi and put an end to the resistance.*Breathing sounds* Once she learns the ways of the dark side of the force, we will rule the galaxy.

Sincerely *Breathing sounds*,

Anakin Skywalker

P.S She has a brother.

POETRY



"Photography Final" by Tracy Cochran

I Nap At Red Lights

Tracy Cochran

I am an enigma
Wrapped in a hoody
Under a jaunty mop of curls.
I nap at red lights
Wake when horns honk.
My music is too loud
Don't turn it down.
I know the words to every song
Sing with me or be patient.
I don't ever shut up.
Loving me isn't easy
Love never really is.



"Untitled" by Arelis Nieves

Beautiful

Arelis Nieves

I saw a girl...

I went to a coffee shop, and as I sat there, I saw a girl.
She was holding up her phone ready to take a selfie.
"How adorable..." I thought as I watched her smile before her phone camera.

She smiled big and bright but as soon as that selfie second was over, I saw her face change.

I saw a girl... I saw a girl who's smile quickly faded away because there was nobody there who she needed to impress. She was alone... by herself.

I immediately thought, she's going to expect who knows how many likes
And even if she gets those "likes" they won't see what I just saw.

Her smile fade, an empty face and whatever tears she was holding back
All that her makeup couldn't hide.

I saw that girl and I saw beyond all that... I saw the pain, the loneliness, the hurt that she was bearing in her eyes.

I wanted to run to her but stopped... wanted to tell her how beautiful she was.
Sad to know that there she sat probably thinking: "I'm not good enough, not complete, I'm missing a piece that I can't find."

I pictured her looking into the mirror and seeing all she is not.
Not fat, not ugly, imperfect.... maybe, but all of us are.

As I watched I could relate every detail... the stare, the posture, the manor.
She is just as I once was.

Somehow, becoming an object... not a person.
Trying to hold back feelings of desperation.

I saw that girl and I wish I'd known the exact words she needed to hear
to make a blur of all her fears.

As I could tell she was desperately seeking the beauty that she was already born with.
I saw that girl and I wish she'd known she doesn't need to compare, and that it's okay to be bare.

Because the beauty that really counts is the one that comes from the heart...
The the beauty that makes her unique is the one that is within.
In fact she is... I am... we are... an incomparable kind of "beautiful."



"Flower" by Kaitlyn Yudis

You're The Top Parody

Stephanie Werth & Elly Russell

At words aesthetic, I'm not magnetic,
That I always have found it best,
Instead of getting 'em off my breast,
To let them rest - to not be stressed.
I hate parading my serenading,
As I'll probably miss my cue,
But if this titty is not so pretty,
At least I'll tell you you're in my crew.

You're the glitterbomb of glory! You're Lambeau Field.
You're the glitterbomb of glory! You're the golden shield.
You're the trap from a rap by Drake.
You're the Coachella stage,
You've become of age.
You're not a fake!

You're clockwork! You're the Mother Theresa.
You're the smirk on the Mona Lisa.
I'm a worthless guy, a total shy, an old story.
But if baby I'm a Walmart bath bomb, You're the glitterbomb of glory!

You're the glitterbomb of glory! You're the Men in Black.
You're the glitterbomb of glory! You're a glass of Jack.
You're the purple light of a summer night in Hollywood.
You're the Instagram; You're the mammogram,
You're firewood!

You're the touchdown; you're the pork chop.
You're the countdown of the Ball Drop.
I'm a flat tire at the lonesome quarry;
But if baby I'm a Walmart bath bomb, You're the glitterbomb of glory!

You're the glitterbomb of glory! You're a Culver's chicken tender.
You're the glitterbomb of glory! You're the brass on my suspender.
You're the fiancé of Beyoncé.
You're a Broadway show; you're a little hoe; you're cheddar cheese.

You're a daisy; you're not a grouch.
You're not lazy even on the couch.
You're the Nemo looking for Dory,
But if baby I'm a Walmart bath bomb, You're the glitterbomb of glory!
And More!!

You're a hot momma
You're llama drama
You're the planes that fly in the sky
You're Peyton Manning
You're Dakota Fanning
You're a donut
You're Chick-Fil-A
You're a night at a concert
You're not a piece of dirt
You're my vape juice
You're not a moose
You're the disk of the DJ
You're a Vine
You're pretty fine
You're a perfect bra
You're not a flaw
You're a Tide Pod
You've got a bangin' bod
You're a Kylie Palette
You're a tasty Shallot
You're litty like a titty
You're oh so pretty
You're my Chanel purse
You're not a curse
You're the Gucci to the Gang
I'd surely like to hang ;)
You're the Netflix to my chill
You're better than a landfill
You're my Tinder date
You're my fishing bait
You're JOHN CENA
You're a young, hot Latina
You're better than the Royal Wedding
You're into eyebrow threading
You're a musical mom of West Side Story
But if baby I'm a Wal-Mart bath bomb, you're the glitterbomb of glory!

I Love College

Tracy Cochran

"On Wisconsin" (Carl Beck). "School" (Nirvana). "Imma Be" (Black Eyed Peas). "College Girl" (Travis Porter). "Here" (Alessia Cara). "Teach Me How to Bucky" (Zooniversity). "Drink" (Alestorm). "Strawberry Wine" (Deana Carter). "Lean on Me" (Club Nouveau). "Let Me Clear My Throat" (DJ Kool). "You Should Be Here" (Cole Swindell). "Boyfriend" (Big Time Rush). "Another Weekend" (Black Eyed Peas). "School Spirit" (Kanye West). "Jump Around" (House of Pain). "I Love College" (Asher Roth). "Don't Stop the Party" (Black Eyed Peas). "Waitin' On an Alibi" (Thin Lizzy). "It's Tricky" (Run-DMC). "Growing Up" (Bruce Springsteen). "It Ain't My Fault" (Brothers Osborne). "Don't" (Ed Sheeran). "Mark Me Absent" (The Clash). "I Don't Like Mondays" (The Boomtown Rats). "Ex's and Oh's" (Ellie King). "Don't Trust Me" (3OH!3). "Bye, Bye Love" (Everly Brothers). "Get Another Boyfriend" (Backstreet Boys). "Summer Is Over" (Jon McLaughlin). "Back to School" (Jude Cole). "Just Can't Get Enough" (Black Eyed Peas). "Education" (The Kinks). "Over and Over Again" (Nathan Sykes). "Four Years" (Jon McLaughlin). "Graduation Day" (The Four Freshmen). "I'm Not Gonna Cry" (Corey Smith). "On My Own" (Patti LaBelle). "Future's So Bright, I Gotta Wear Shades" (Timbuk3).



"Storm" by Arelis Nieves

SPECIAL SUBMISSIONS



"Gunner & Me" by Megan Heather

Heartfelt Suggestions to Me and Emma

Eva Chen

When I went to my mother's workplace, Gateway Technical College, on "Take Your Child to Work Day," she brought me and my sister, Emma, to meet two of her classes. Both classes gave me very informational suggestions and tips for when Emma and I get older. Since they have helped us, my mother and I thought that I should combine both classes' suggestions into one essay.

One of the most helpful suggestions in my opinion is suggestions about school. I learned that since I plan to become a lawyer, I need to have organization skills. I need to have great communication skills to interact with others, I need to have leadership skills, and I shouldn't be afraid to let others hear my opinion. I also learned that I will never know where I'll go in college. Moreover, I am in competitive gymnastics and I go to the gym for about six hours a week. My mom always tells me that I need to balance school and gymnastics. One student said that I should keep up with school and study hard, which for some odd reason, made me feel much better.

Another helpful suggestion was that in middle school there is a lot of peer-pressure on clothes, your hair, skipping school- all those awful things. So in different words, middle school is the home of peer-pressure. My mom's students shared with me that I should never let peer pressure controls me, but keep being who I am as a person.

One student said that not everything is handed to you on a silver platter. He said that he always thought that he could do anything just because his parents were always there with him, but that wasn't the case and he said to us that we need to work for everything and do my best.

In addition, there were many suggestions about being happy with other people. This topic really helped me out because I feel that I'm already decently friendly; for example, there was some new girl on my gymnastics team and I was the first to welcome her. This was a while ago but now we are really close friends on the team and talk every practice. I learned that the kinder I am the further I'll go later in life. I learned from a student of my mom's, that he's very positive. He said that I should always be nice, kind, do little acts of kindness, and to always stay positive. One suggestion was that before I judge someone, I should try to understand their motives first. I learned that I should talk to people wherever I go.

Lastly, I learned that I shouldn't try to fix everybody in my life. I also learned not to make excuses for others just to keep them. When I go to a party and there are no parents in sight, it's full on panic mode. Like run, run RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! I learned that not every guy is for you or looks nice. I came up with three types of guys: 1.) the nice and handsome, 2.) the ugly but nice, 3.) and lastly, the handsome but rude. 1.) is taken already, 2.) sadly, nobody wants, and 3.) are the players. A healthy relationship should motivate each other, not bring them down. One student has a younger brother in high school and he has his first ever girlfriend. She has depression and it's bringing him down as well, like he doesn't want to go to college because her family can't afford college. But it's not always about her! He can go to college, and she should still love him. Now I understand reasons to be depressed because it's very easy to get

depression. But if he goes off to college and she doesn't love him anymore, it's one toxic relationship.

I can't thank these students enough for all the help they have given me and my sister. I feel like I always say this at the end of my essays but thank you. Truly, it comes from the bottom of my heart. With all the help and suggestions, my life is now a little easier just because of you. It was nice meeting all of you. Thank you.



"2548" by Melissa Zimmerman

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Thank You

The Red Hawk Review would not be possible without the help and support of The Gateway Foundation. We would like to thank The Gateway Foundation for its generous sponsorship, and for allowing our talented writers and artists the opportunity to win tuition vouchers.

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