

True Beauty

Chinenye Oriji, Medicine

The meaning of beauty is influenced by our surroundings, media, peers, society, culture, personality, and even experiences. When people talk about beauty, they always talk about the visual appearance.

Many women believe that true beauty is when they wear makeup or have fancy clothes. In my opinion, true beauty is when she has a good heart. True beauty has nothing to do with looks; instead it's how we are as a person, and how we make the people around us feel better about themselves. Beauty is not what we see in the mirror. Beauty is a light in the heart. It is not about having a pretty face; rather, it is about having a pretty soul, a pretty mind, and a pretty heart.

The most important thing about true beauty is that it cannot be seen, but it can be felt. It comes from our attitudes toward people, and what we do to improve the life of others around us. The true meaning of beauty is the goodness of the soul, and purity of the heart which make us more respectable.

Something to Look Forward to

By Derrick Gregory, Architecture

Ever since I was a little grasshopper, I always said my mama is the best cook in the nation. Every weekend, I would go over to my mom's house around 3pm. I lived at my grandmother's house during this time in my life. 3pm was when my mom would definitely be in the kitchen whipping up dinners.

I enjoyed walking into the house savoring the good smell of fried catfish cooking, with the sweet smell of her mac-n-cheese, greens, cornbread, and candy yams. Mac-n-cheese is my favorite! She would also whip up her famous banana pudding. Her pudding had everyone leaving work early so they could make sure they got a piece.

My mother's food is the best thing to happen to me besides my iPhone. My mother's food nourishes me.



Mother's Hands

By Pablo Lopez, Architectural Drafting

My hands are average size with short fingers. I think I got my mom's hands, although she has much prettier hands than me. My brother, Jose, has big hands that are wide and with long fingers. You'd think he doesn't have a palm. Adrian is my second oldest brother. His hands are strong and rough with veins popping out of the flesh.

My mother's hands are beautiful, so soft like newborn skin. They are beautiful as if they are flowers, like blooming roses. They are the best caring doctor's hands that help me get well when I am ill. They are so soothing when she rubs my back to congratulate me on my accomplishments. They are gentle when she opens her arms to give a pat on the back. Her hands cook the best food, making her the best chef in my world!

Fresno Faculty Faces Furnace of Feverish Freshman

By Lisa Reddick, Social and Behavioral Sciences

High school isn't hard enough, with acne, cranky teachers, peer pressure and endless assignments, but add to it a sweltering Central California city located just on the edge of Death Valley. During the Indian summer when classes begin again, there will undoubtedly be several scorching afternoons locked to a sticky desk each year. The stuffy room feels like I am receiving a bear hug from the devil. The classroom itself feels like it is teetering just on the edge of a fiery volcano ready to spew its glowing molten lava. The sweat rolled down my back soaking my shirt and darkening the fabric.

All the other students around me wilt like flowers. Some rest their heads on textbooks, barely able to speak. Then, from our sauna, I suddenly hear my classmates groan as we watch the furloughed prisoners from the class next door laugh and enjoy the slight breeze of the grassy school yard. I glare up at my teacher, wondering why we were not the chosen ones, why we had to endure the stifling heat, while our neighbors gloated about their good fortune. I no longer focus on my assignment, so I hang my shoulders until class is dismissed. I now have the long walk home to look forward to in this horrendous afternoon heat.

A New Fleece Blanket

By Yazil Hurtado, Mathematics

Bathing my Chihuahua is both a delightful and an unpleasant thing to do. Usually I must run after my dog to bathe her. When she hears the water running and my calling for her, she makes an effort to run from me.

I usually have to get her out from under my bed by using a stick to chase her from her hiding spot. Once I have her out of under the bed, I pick her up quickly and swiftly take her to the bathtub. I then lock the bathroom door so she doesn't escape. I gently place her into the lukewarm water. She then tries to jump out of the tub, but she is always unsuccessful.

I soap her with an oatmeal shampoo. I then get a whiff of wet-dog smell and I completely feel sick to my stomach, so I hold my breath and finish the job. Once out of the tub, her fur is as soft as a new fleece blanket!



Did you know the Writing Center is now has a Twitter account? Follow the Writing Center @AHCWriting to stay updated on Writing Center news and information. Follow us now for a chance to win a gift card to the bookstore! See you on Twitter.

Special Note

Rising Tides aims to showcase student-generated work from English 512, 513, and 514 classes. In order to preserve the authenticity of the students' writing, we have kept their original word order and sentence structure. Organized by A. Halderman

The English Division

In today's information age, reading comprehension and writing skills are essential for everyone. The AHC English program includes courses in literature, critical thinking, reading, and writing. Writing skills enhance communication, understanding of our traditions, and prepare students for transfer to four-year institutions. English majors often enter fields such as law, education, public relations, human services, journalism, and corporate communications. (source: AHC English webpage)

Once upon a time, instructor Mike O'Brien coordinated *Changing Winds*, a literary journal for English composition students. English faculty judged the students' submissions. AHC then printed and bound this journal for all to enjoy. At the end of the year, the English faculty and students gathered to celebrate *Changing Winds*. Some students read their work to the group. In honor of *Changing Winds*, we have created *Rising Tides* which follows the same premise: showcasing student-generated work!



photo: A. Halderman

Campus Talk

What do you like most about English composition/writing?

"I can express my emotions."

Jose Pulido, chemistry

"I can share my ideas."

Miguel Martinez, Auto Tech

"I can use my imagination."

Fadi Brek, Film Director

"It's an escape from reality."

Jillian Rodriguez, Admin Justice

"It gives us an opportunity to understand ideas about our lives."

Daniel Hernandez, Business

"It allows creativity for developing vocabulary." Ashley Mazzanti, Radiology T.

"It helps me develop my thoughts."

Bulmaro Valencia, Business

Technology in Our Social Life

By Patricia Gonzalez, Admin Justice

Carrying on a physical, face-to-face conversation nowadays is harder than it sounds. We used to be able to sit down and have exciting, informative conversations. Now we seem to be more interested in our phones.

We tend to text for hours, and as soon as we see each other we have nothing to talk about. Or maybe in the middle of the conversation, we pull out our phone and basically ignore everything the other person is saying.

I cannot remember the last time I went anywhere without my phone. It's like our generation has forgotten how to express ourselves in person. We don't tend to talk on the phone as much anymore either. It is easier to send a text to keep in touch.

Look around. There could be a group of people not talking with each other but instead scrolling through their social media.

Let's Go to the Dump! I Mean the Beach

By Josue Ramirez, General Education

Waste and garbage are big problems in our everyday lives. Every time I go to the beach or park with family and friends, all I see is garbage everywhere.

Instead of "beach," we should be saying "dump" instead. Our society has a big problem with trash and garbage. Yes, we have done many things to create this horrible situation ourselves, but we need to put more effort into the solutions. Instead of having a bench every 10 feet on the sidewalk, there should be a trashcan every 5ft. This will significantly help the environment. The government should give out small rewards for people who pick up trash. This way more people can be motivated to pick up trash every time they see some.

Make a change in this world. It does not cost you anything to pick up trash.

Helming the Writing Center

Mimi Velasquez considers herself an Allan Hancock College success story. Entering the college as a re-entry student, she took an English 101 class, and was recommended to become a tutor. Mimi tutored in the Tutorial Center, and in ESL and English classes. She became a temporary lab assistant in the Writing Center in 1996 and was hired for the full-time position in 1997. She received her A.A. degree in English with honors in 2000. In 2011, she was reclassified as an instructional assistant.

She is currently the interim Writing Center Coordinator and is in charge of the day-to-day activities of the Writing Center. One of her favorite parts of the job is working alongside the instructors who inspire her to succeed. Mimi also enjoys working with students and watching their progress. Mimi's family consists of her husband, two sons, her daughter-in-law, twin granddaughters and a grandson. Be sure to say hello when you see her in the Writing Center!



Driving Stupidly

By Matthew Pena, Mechanical Engineering

Texting and driving will change your life forever. It doesn't take very much to distract a driver. The impact of driving distracted isn't worth losing the life of another person or family member. "The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) concluded that 5,474 people were killed in the United States in accidents involving distracted driving in 2009" (Hosansky). The majority of these deaths involved teens who were texting and driving.

When one individual kills another, it will change the perpetrator's life forever, yet a large part of our population still texts and drives. Texting and driving can cost you upwards of \$300 in fines, not to mention all the other fees. If drivers actually hit and kill someone, they will end up a lot worse off: serving jail time for vehicular manslaughter and spending years behind bars. Waking up day after day in prison and wondering how friends and family are doing are the least of their problems because they will have to live their lives with a criminal record and knowing that they killed someone. Texting while driving can change someone's life forever and change the lives of those around us.

So next time you're thinking about sending a quick text while driving, ask yourself if it's more important than the life of another.

Hosansky, David. "Distracted Driving." *CQ Researcher* 4 May 2012: 401-24. Web. 15 Oct. 2011

The Bookstore Incident

By Shang-i-La Batistiana, Accounting

August 17, 2015 was my very first day in Allan Hancock College. I walked into the school's bookstore and experienced a situation that I will probably remember for the rest of my college life.

My classes had already finished for the day. Before I went home, I went to the school's bookstore to buy the school's catalog. Before I entered the store, there was a small notice in the entrance stating that students' bags should be left outside the store to prevent shoplifting. But careless I didn't bother reading it, and I walked inside the store with my backpack filled with the books I bought online.

While I was looking for the catalog, my mom sent me a text message that she was already in the parking lot waiting to pick me up. Because I know that my mom doesn't like waiting, I rushed out of the bookstore and forgot about the catalog. But the moment I stepped a foot out of the store, the alarm started ringing! Everyone was looking at me like I'm some kind of a bad person. I stayed calm, but deep inside I was panicking.

The store staff confiscated my books and checked if they were stolen. I stood outside the bookstore for about 15 minutes with everybody looking at me. After a few moments, one of the bookstore staff finally gave my books back and apologized for the misunderstanding.

Thinking about it now makes me laugh, and I will always remember this incident every time I think about Allan Hancock College.

Rollercoaster of Time

By Genesis Acosta, English

There is no such thing as being; there is only existing. Ten years from now my parents expect me to be someone. However, being someone is like putting on a Halloween costume.

In ten years, I don't see myself putting on a lab coat and carrying around lollipops in my pocket. I don't see myself hitting the alarm clock every morning, rubbing the sleep off my face, sliding into the driver's seat of my car, and taking the same road to town. Ten years from now, I see myself still sitting in front of a computer, and looking out the window of my home. I won't be someone random on the street, or a gazillionaire, but the person I've always wanted to be. I'll be enjoying my own life, and not have too many worries drowning me every second of the day.

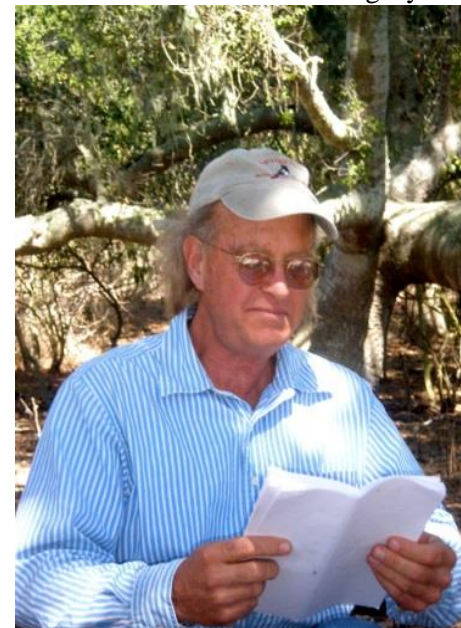
At the age of twenty-eight, my entire life won't be planned out on a scrap piece of paper pinned to a corkboard, nor will it be written out in some cute little planner. At the ripe age of twenty-eight, I'll be playing with a little kitten, Pixie, who I've decided to adopt. I'll be going to my job every day to provide for myself and my partner. I will be existing as a person, and not as a Halloween character.



4th Annual Bob Isaacson Poetry Celebration

The English Department hosted the 4th Annual Bob Isaacson Poetry Celebration on Wednesday, October 21.

Bob Isaacson was an instructor, innovator, poet, rancher, friend, and permanent member of the Hancock tribe. The annual celebration is to treasure his legacy. Deborah Tobola, founder of



San Luis Obispo County's Poetic Justice Project, was the featured poet. The theme was Family. Friends. Tribe.

Some Hancock College students read their favorite published poems that related to the theme of family, friends, and tribe. Light refreshments were served.

This is always a great event, and we love to see faculty, staff, and students join us. See you next year!



College Kids: Battle of the Sexes

By Dondaycee Millbrook, Psychology

We go to college to advance our education. That's obvious, but we fail to realize that the battle of the sexes has become a nuking war, rather than the old-fashioned middle/high school guerrilla warfare.

Trauma from a four-year "zoo" has enhanced the thinking of both genders. Such childlike behaviors are easily justified and accepted on a daily basis. I don't attempt to judge, or join, or even fuel the fire in this war; this is an attempt to make a declaration, add rules and regulations to slow, or obliterate this war.

We have female Hitlers: females that carry the power of lust, and use it to steal owned dogs from other females—just to fill the gap of tenderness from a man. We have Stalin clones: males willing to destroy any type of relationship, just to score for a society-controlled ego. This aggressive comparison just exploits the lack of self-control that restricts us from reaching maturity that's standard and often required of our age. There's a hidden book of social laws created throughout history that we unintentionally conform to; this book consistently changes as egos clash in an attempt to justify our moral view.

If emotional treason were enforced, we'd all have shameful backgrounds that would prevent us from being hired into a healthy relationship. Let this brutal statement marinate; analyze the point being made and help create a declaration that will eventually end this war

Shannon's Swimming Adventures

By Shannon Healey, Recreation Management

Every time I place my sight on the flawless water in the pool at Allan Hancock College, I'm literally taken aback by its beauty.

I'm currently taking a swimming class which requires 28 hours of swimming to pass the class. Therefore, I make sure to go to the pool a minimum of once a week. I always walk through the front door of the pool with my big red waterproof Tommy Hilfiger bag. I immediately turn right and clock in with my student ID card on the computer against the wall.

Then, I anxiously walk to the women's locker room, open my locker, swiftly change my clothes, put my glasses away, and put on my bikini. I always rush grabbing my towel, goggles, and keys, not because I'm late, but because I'm so excited to go swimming. Then I jump into the water and basically turn into a robotic fish. I average about twenty laps. Consequently, I burn around 95 calories and I feel amazing. After about twenty minutes, I drink water, and get out of the pool. I grab my towel, take a shower, get dressed, put on my glasses, grab my red bag and keys, and clock out. I hope to continue swimming for the rest of my life!

Happiest Moment

By Anonymous, Nursing

My father gaining custody of me was the happiest moment in my life. As I was growing up, I didn't get the greatest start in life as most children experience. Living with my mother, I was given responsibilities most kids weren't; instead of her taking care of me, I took care of her.

At the age of seven my education was little to none. My mother never thought that I needed to go to school. For the few weekends my father got to see me, he found out about my lack of education and substandard living conditions under my mother. He saw this as unacceptable and demanded full custody of me. With my father gaining custody of me, my life changed immediately. I was enrolled in school right away. I had to catch up with all the other kids in my grade. I was quizzed every two weeks to make sure I was retaining what I learned. I also attended summer school so I wouldn't continue to fall behind the other kids in my grade. I began to learn fast and the next thing I knew, I was in high school getting ready to graduate. I remember when growing up we would drive pass the high school on our way to my elementary school and I would think to myself that there was no way I would ever make it to high school; it seemed too far away, or I wasn't smart enough to make it, but my father got me there.

Before I knew it, I was walking across the stage to receive my high school diploma. From all the ups and downs with my father, and struggling with school, I finally realized what he did for me was not just out of love. My father saw something in me that I couldn't see in myself. From the many times I wanted to give up, he wouldn't let me; instead, he pushed me until I finished. No one on my mother's side of the family has graduated from high school, or even attended college, and now look at me. I broke away from the norm of my mother's side and created a new path. If it weren't for my father gaining custody of me, I wouldn't be as successful as I am today.