

## Confusing day

By Karen Ruiz, Registered Nurse

On a sunny day at Allan Hancock College, I arrived to class early. I wanted to be on time and prepare for class. When I went to class, I found a note stating that class was cancelled. I got bummed out because I had to drive from Lompoc to the Santa Maria campus. I don't like to commute like that if I don't have to.

After seeing that note on the door, I went to the Math Center on campus. I saw my math teacher there and asked her why class was cancelled. She replied, "Honey, class is tomorrow, not today!" I got really embarrassed and we both started laughing.

So when we cleared it up, I did homework in the Math Center and got help from my teacher. That was a confusing, memorable, and funny day for me.

## Jenga!

By Raymond Perez, ParamedicMed

Growing up as a six year old boy in a trailer park only meant that there wasn't much to do but stay home. One night my brother and I discovered some board games in a closet in our trailer.

Out of curiosity, we both decided to play all sorts of games. We played Monopoly, but it was a bit difficult to understand, so we kept searching for other games. I came across a block game that really caught my attention, and that game was "Jenga." My brother seemed to enjoy playing with blocks just as much as I did, so we attempted to play the game. First, we stacked up all the block pieces together in a sort of building like form. As soon as we finished, the next step was for us to take turns pulling block pieces out of the structure. After pulling out like twenty pieces, the building collapses.

It brought my brother and me so much excitement. So, I've loved Jenga ever since!



Image source: tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com

## Lighten the Burden

By Marie Antonette Arandia, Nursing

People write for many reasons. For example, in Joan Didion's "Why I write," she explains how writing is her passion. However, when I write I take out a piece of paper to write what I'm feeling to burst out the sadness. I write simply with passion and truth.

When I'm stressed, I feel I have to tell people what I'm going through, but I never tell anyone because I would rather write about it. When I'm writing, I feel that I just took a load off my body. I literally feel that my body weighs less. Yet sometimes it's hard to find time to write because I am busy doing homework for my other classes, or I'm with my friends, so I wait until I'm alone. After hanging out with friends, I write about what I'm feeling and what happened.

In her essay, Joan Didion explains how her writing says "Listen to me. See in my way. Change your mind." She persuades people with her writing. It's like I write something to someone but the message is literally for me. I feel like if I tell it to someone it will distress them. I don't want to change their mind or opinion when I tell them the story of my life.

I am not an English major nor do I write perfect sentences. I only write to ease the burden I'm feeling. I never correct myself and I never think about grammar and syntax. I just write in my original language (I'm from the Philippines) and translate it later to English.

The one idea Joan Didion and I have in common is when she writes "by which I mean I'm not a good writer or a bad writer but simply a writer, a person whose most absorbed and passionate hours are spent arranging words on a piece of paper." This shows that you don't have to be a good writer to be a writer.



Did you know the Writing Center now has a Twitter account? Follow the Writing Center @AHCWriting to stay updated on Writing Center news and information. Follow us, and we'll 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



# Rising Tides Developmental Writing

## 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, foster 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

Which English word or phrase do you like most? Why?

"Agriculture. It provides us food."

Sefra Escobar, Kinesiology

"Trust. Our relationships need it."

Cindy Montoya, Psychology

"Intelligence. I like intelligent people."

Delfino Salgado, Undeclared

"Extraordinary. We are all this in some way."

Jonathan Leon, Healthcare

"Galaxy 6S Smartphone. It takes nice photos and has a big screen."

Cynthia Mancilla, Sociology

"Food. Everyone loves it."

Leslie Rodrigues Cortes, Radiology

"Living regretlessly. We all should."

Brandy Flores, Nursing

"Especially. It describes something special."

Brigida Castillo, Medical Nurse

## The Award

By Jessica Aragonez, Admin Mngnt

Who would have ever thought I would be having breakfast with the President of Allan Hancock College. I used to be a student worker at Human Resources at Allan Hancock College.

While I was working there, everyone in the office was invited to a breakfast with the Rotary Club of Santa Maria at the Santa Maria Inn. I was so excited and nervous at the same time.

All the ladies in the office received an award for the hard work the office had done. I must say that my time in the office is something I will never forget. I had only been working for Human Resources for a few months and it was my first time coming back to school in a long time. My award is now in a frame sitting in my bedroom!



## Plane Ride

By Cody Appleby, Business Mngmt

My girlfriend and I went skydiving for our first anniversary. It was my idea, but I was so nervous. I was nervous because I had never been on a plane before. This was a completely new experience for me!

The whole week before, I was feeling something bad was going to happen. However, all my thoughts changed the day it was to skydive. The plane took off and it wasn't as bad as I thought, but when the plane door opened, my hands instantly got sweaty and my heart raced terribly.

Before I had time to think, I was free-falling! It was amazing and it definitely changed my life. I can even say I've never landed in a plane as well!



### New Poetry Criticism Database

By Susie Kopecky and your friends in the library

Do you enjoy poetry? Do you find poetry fascinating but need more help understanding it? Are you studying poetry in class? Are you a poet?

There is a new poetry criticism database available through the AHC Library, and its name is *LCO - Poetry Criticism* (also known as *Literature Criticism Online - Poetry Criticism*). This database provides literary analysis, criticism, and biographical information on poets and poems of all eras. This can be a valuable research tool for your classes (whether it's an English class, Music class, History class, or other class) and it can also be a tool for personal enrichment and can help you to better understand poetry you are reading.

If you are off campus, all you need to do is log in to your MyHancock portal to gain campus to this database (and our other article databases).

If you would like assistance with accessing this database or help conducting research on a specific topic, visit the library, or call or email us. Library chat service is also available on a limited basis."



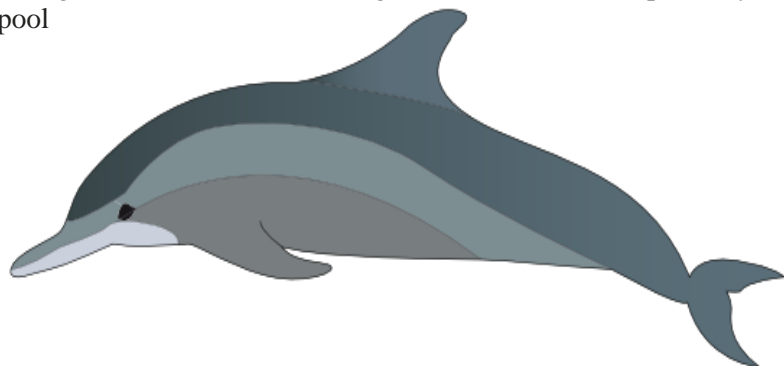
### The Pool in Dolphin City

By Bulamaro Valencia, Business

It has small windows with tall blue walls, adorned with many dolphins. It looked like a small city under water. That was the swimming pool I wanted to join, but my mother wouldn't let me.

On the left side, was a playground with three yellow benches between the dolphin city and my classroom. At recess or lunch time, I enjoyed sitting on the bench near the pool. I imagined a different world behind dolphin wall; I imagined myself swimming with hundreds and hundreds of dolphins, and I even imagined I was able to breathe under water. My imagination, of being in the pool, was as big as the moon.

I always forgot to eat during my thirty-minute break. On weekends, I liked to watch a popular dolphin cartoon because it made me feel as if I were in the world that I imagined behind the dolphin wall. Joining the pool was my biggest dream. But my mother, a true warrior protector, would never let my dream become true because a year before I cracked my head while diving in a local river. I never got to swim in that dolphin city pool



### An Act of Stupidity

By Dominic Walker, Rec Mngmt

Growing up, my friend and I often went to the mall. One time we went to the mall to go shopping for school and we had some of our own money.

On this day, we split up to do our own shopping. He went to one store while I went to another. A little bit later, I got a call from him saying he was about to steal some expensive clothes. I told him don't do it. I even offered to pay the difference. He just said forget it, and hung up.

Well, he stole the clothes anyway and got caught. I laughed at him and said, "I told you so!"

### Listening to the Piano

By Rebeca Ortiz, Medical Assistant

I've always liked Mozart, Beethoven, and most all the other classical composers. Growing up listening to them has greatly influenced my siblings and me on which instruments to learn.

The instrument I chose to play was the piano. As a child, I enjoyed it very much, but as time passed my life became too busy to keep playing.

Today, although I do not play any longer, I'm happy to say that I still listen to these great composers. Maybe in the future I might start playing again. But for now, I enjoy listening to the piano more than playing it.



Image source: <http://cdn.roland.com>

### The Cute Boy

By Cynthia Mancilla, Sociology

My first day at Allan Hancock College I was in the fall of 2014 right after I graduated from Arroyo Grande High School. I was nervous, typical of new college students. I remember the first day of school I couldn't find my classroom so I decided to go up to the people that had the information stand in front of the Writing Center.

A couple minutes later, a cute boy walked towards the stand asking for help just like I did. Coincidentally, our classrooms were located in the same building, building W. The cute boy asked me if I wanted to walk with him. Of course, I said "Yes" with a smile. He smiled right back.

After walking to our classes and as we were going our separate ways, he gave me his phone number. But sadly, I lost it in my old Galaxy S3. Days past, and I never learned anything more about him.

### Red Tide

Our own Mark Miller had a book signing for his novel, *Red Tide*. The signing was

Wednesday, October 14<sup>th</sup> from 12-1 in the library foyer. Faculty encouraged their students to come. The author is local. There's surfing involved, the themes are something our students can dig into...and there were light refreshments served.

Enjoy an excerpt here.

*"When high school seniors and surfing buddies Pete and Tom venture into an abandoned power plant one fateful night in the fall of 1968, they have no idea their lives are about to be changed forever. Instead of the innocent fun they were anticipating, they find murder, and soon their lives are spinning out of control. Fearful of revealing what they have seen, they vow to keep the truth to themselves. But as they soon discover, the truth pursues them everywhere. They are plagued with guilt and nightmares, and seek escape through alcohol, drugs, even religion. Unable to bear it any longer, they run away, hoping to leave the truth behind, and embark on an epic odyssey that will take them first to a commune in Laguna Beach, then all the way to Cabo San Lucas at the end of the Baja Peninsula. Along the way they meet Anjanette, a beautiful young woman with a dubious past who teaches them the true meaning of life and friendship. Eventually Pete and Tom realize they must return and tell the truth, no matter what the consequences."*



### You've Been Warned

By Tihanna Portis, Registered Nurse

Have you ever thought about working at McDonalds? Well, think again! It's a fast-paced, chaotic working environment. About eight people, at least, are in the same area as you. Everyone is at the front counter constantly moving around and working frantically.

All day, we have to deal with crazy, hungry, and rude customers. On top of that, they get upset with us when their food is not made the right way. When in reality, we only took their orders.

To work in a fast-food restaurant you must have a lot of patience. Before you apply, think again. You've been warned!

### A Bad, Bad Day

By Karen Ruiz, Registered Nurse

Last year in 2015, my family and I received bad news about my mother's health. My mom has diabetes and received the news that she only has ten years more to live. My oldest sister at the time didn't tell me because I was using drugs at the time. This news hit me really hard and I left my house and used drugs with a friend. Months passed and I stopped using drugs.

Now as I recover, I take care of my mom and make sure she has what she needs for example I pressure her to pick her medicine when it's ready.

I try to do the best for my mom. No one talks about this bad news revealed by her doctor. I pray to the Lord for my mom's health and have faith in God.

### A Pleasant Stoll

By Amanda Souza, Undeclared

Have you ever strolled on the beach in the chilled night air? I have walked in the moist sand with my arm linked to my friend, Mandy. The lights from the green tree on the pier illuminated the high tides' white foam, as the waves slammed against the pillars of the pier. The scent of Mandy's organic perfume found its way into my nostrils. The chocolate from our recently-eaten dessert left a sweet lingering after taste. The little birds ice skated on the thin tide of the shore as they squawked with delight.

### He Should've Listened

By Danielle Castillo, General Education

My younger brother wanted to climb a metal fence to get lemons one day. The first thing I told him was not to do it because he had no shoes and he was only wearing shorts.

The second thing I told him was that it was a dumb idea and to just not do it. Everything looked dangerous to me. I gave him my best advice.

Well, he didn't listen at all, and did it anyways. He came running back home, crying and screaming with blood running down his arm. For him not listening to me, he ended up slicing his wrist on the fence while he reached for the lemons and got 15 stitches. He should've listened to me!



Attention Writing Center students! Find us and like us on Facebook. Allan Hancock College Writing Center has a Facebook page. You will get the latest updates on lab assignments, lab hours, activities in the lab, and notices about any changes in the Writing Center.