Dedication

The Hawk Media Club would like to dedicate the 2015 Triad to retiring professors Norma Caltagirone and Suzanne Camp-Crosby. Both professors have been instrumental team members for the student publications for decades. Professor Caltagirone advised and guided the student publications through several transitions, and Professor Crosby provided years of support and referred hundreds of talented students to the Hawk Media Club.

Please join us in thanking and congratulating Professors Norma Caltagirone and Suzanne Camp-Crosby on productive and appreciated careers.
A Note from the Editor:

I’d like to take a moment to welcome you the 37th edition of the Triad, a showcase of the artistic life and expression that is alive and well at Hillsborough Community College. Inside, you will find a collection of essays, poems, feature stories, paintings and various photography taken by members of our HCC family.

Since 1978, the Triad has been a platform for students to display their artistic abilities, and an opportunity for our institution to celebrate the diversity and differences that make our community truly unique.

To all students who submitted work for this year’s issue, a tremendous thank you for your gift and your willingness to share it with the world. Without your passion, drive, and creativity, this publication would not exist.

I would also like to thank our advisor, Dr. Richard Gaspar, for his guidance, faith, and trust in our staff to put together this publication. I’m truly humbled by this opportunity, which is available to any student with a willingness to learn and better themselves.

Thank you for your interest in the culture of Hillsborough Community College, and welcome to the 2015 Triad.

Chuck Muller
Editor-in-Chief
“It’s what’s on the inside that Counts.”

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Live

There is nothing set in stone on how to live one’s life. You choose the path on which to embark; no one way is right. An inner struggle that must be solved on who you want to be, just recognizing the genuine you is always the best indeed.

To live a false life, can be harmful to the soul. Understand your values and succeed in all your goals. Strive to be the best you can be in your own eyes. There is no need to fear who you are inside.

Life cannot be ranked by the paper if you’re wealthy. Money in selfish hands can make a life unhealthy. Believe in what you believe.

Keep your mind open and never fear your dreams. Just never forget who you are and always live in the truth, because the best life is always the one you choose.

-R.J. Martin
She sat quietly on the beach, staring silently towards the dark black of the ocean. She gazed mutely, but her expression spoke a million words. She couldn’t help but begin to think of the mysteries of the ocean and its enigma. There was so much going on at once.

The fish steadily swimming, the sharks silently stalking their unsuspecting prey, the motionless plants far beneath the depths of the ocean...they were all a part of one ocean, one life form, but they all perplexed her. She began to think of herself, and her own enigma. How was she to solve a puzzle that she did not even have the pieces to? How was she to solve Tiffany?

An impossible task lay ahead of her, but she knew if there was any time to solve this puzzle it was now, as she sat staring into the only thing just as confused as her. What is she going to do? Where is she going? Why is she going there? She wanted someone to slowly come behind her and whisper all the answers to her, but at the same time she became enticed by the idea of having to solve this conundrum herself.

Her life was ending. Her life was beginning. She still, at this point, didn’t truly know who she was. She was strong mentally. She knew that, but how far would that take her in the upcoming years?

She was pulled by her emotions despite her constant resistance against them. At times, she would drown in them, in the vastness of that deep blue riddle, to the point where she felt completely lost. Her family and friends would soon pull her back. But would they always be there? Why was she afraid? Was it because she is afraid of failure? Afraid of pain? As she stood by throughout the years she continuously watched from afar as countless bridges were torn down before her. Disputes, war, love, hate, all mashed together to form a giant, hopeless figure that tore down all before it. That was what she feared, at least one of the things. Would she be able to weather the storms that broke these numerous bridges?

Probably not, she thought. But she knew deep down inside that she would have to, eventually try. Maybe she was not afraid at all, but simply waiting, patiently for the right bridge to be formed before crossing it to the unfamiliar territory... She looked to her friends for support, but failed numerous times to find support from the one person she needed it from most, herself.

She could feel something swelling inside of her as the waves slightly brushed against her feet. She felt cold, but it was not from the gentle touch of the water.

A single tear began to roll softly down her cheek. She began to understand. She did not conform to the ways of the expected, even the warmth of her heart had begun to come to conflict with the cold ocean water touching her body. Nothing inside of her made sense, an unsolvable puzzle, because the pieces were, and always had been, broken. Another tear ran silently down her face.

It was who she was, and it made her, Tiffany.

Without true, clear pieces, she could never be solved. She was not meant to be solved, but rather understood, loved, a puzzle left forever unsolved. The separation of her pieces made her strong, invincible. They protected her from being solved, used, and then manipulated by all. Only those who truly deserved to be close would be able to fix the pieces together, and put her together.

Those were the ones that would help her through the upcoming times, the ones who would be there through the forthcoming perils. During the times where she would be drowning, their hands would be seen through the darkness of the surrounding water, and she would be lifted out of the overflow of emotions, obstacles...pain. She did not have to worry; she no longer had to cry anything but tears of joy.

She had never been alone, and she never would be. If they believed in her, it was long overdue that she believed in herself.
Alligator Pond
Photography

-Suzanne Crosby
You ask me why my face is skewed?  
You look at me with eyes that are rude.

My life’s goal is to get the crown,  
but lately it’s cascading down.

But you’re right to be on my case.  
Please excuse the scowl on my face.

My body is talking about ending life.  
It talks about how it’s sick of strife.

I tell it not to do it, to stop its cries,  
but it begins to say its goodbyes.

But go on, you’re on the right pace.  
Sorry for the scowl on my face.

I fell in love with my best friend,  
but it didn’t come to fruition; it came to an end.  
Instead, she wants some guitarist, a string bean linguini.

Leaving me to kill my sorrows.

It’s not right for this place.  
Please forgive the scowl on my face.

I’m sorry that I spew nothing but bile.  
I’m sorry I don’t put on a fake smile.

But I can’t be cheerful, it won’t let me be.  
There’s too much darkness for me.

The world is just spraying me with mace.  
There are no excuses for the scowl on my face.

-Jaalin Harvey
Self Portrait
Art

-Kaileen Scheith

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Portrait Atmo
Art

-Ricky Strawter
Max’s Apprentice
Art

-Ridley Weatherby
Indigo Cars
Photography

-Suzanne Crosby

TRIAD 13
Clotho

Art

-Ridley Weatherby

14 TRIAD
A Mother

One night’s pleasure,
life is beginning, soon to treasure
come what may, that one specific day
through the pain and tears,
she bears life beyond her years.

Is it a boy?
Is it a girl?

With care and love to no end,
not knowing what’s around the bend.

Through constant worry, she stands tall.

Never in a hurry,
always giving her all.

As the time goes on, a child moves on.
She grows weak, and she grows weary.

‘Til that one day, the Lord by her side,
she’s on her way.

She will always abide.

-Troy Liberty
Grain

Where a million wet lips kiss my skin, whispering prehistoric secrets of truth. There, the water dances to the heartbeat of the ocean and the sand molds the nonliving. I find myself buried beneath the sand, and it too crawls around me, making me feel unhuman.

Tiny grains, made out of rocks and grounded up bones. They who have seen the deepest waters and the bottom of our founder’s sail. They who have met the unknown and the unkind. They who cradle the sunken bodies of men who couldn’t find their way back home. There in the big blue, in the eye of the hurricane, I realize how insignificant my body is to the ocean.

How a wave can taunt me like a luring kiss of an old friend. These waves have no mercy, no forgiveness. I am but one of many who fear its majesty, yet, I mean nothing.

I feel the salt tangled in my eyelashes scratching away the gloss in my eyes, and all I see is my flaws, and the white foam that emerges when the water rages and longs for its faithful lover. It rumbles and runs with the speed of bird wings back to the sand, back to its home and safety. It has the power to heal, and the power to kill. The ability to mold, yet the will to destroy. It does not care to know my name, but it will wrap itself around me, softly, like nurturing arms, grabbing to my skin deep into my being. It can feel my weaknesses before I can. It is certain that I, and a million others could not defeat it. It knows who I am incapable of being and what I am not able to see. It learns the rhythm of my heartbeat and it fools me to believe we are one. But in the mist of all that surrounds me, I heard its deep secret, It’s one wish: to be still. Its strength is its only weakness. It cannot control its feelings, it does not know how. It does not know when to stop. It refuses to let me go. It will hold me and drag me to the very core, slowly working its way down, where I can no longer think or feel. I slowly start to loose myself, my home, and my dreams. My lifeless body is deep in the bottomless sea. Empty.

There, the water will gently mold my body. Crashing it from rock to rock, wave to wave, year after year. There beneath the waves, I too become a grain of sand.

- Amisadai Nunez
That god awful smell. There it was, filling our nostrils with its aroma and making us gag on its disgusting taste. It was the smell of algae, chlorine, and blood mixed together ever so nicely. It felt like a chef pureed it, and the balance could not be more perfect. There we were, floating on orange inner tubes miraculously still inflated with no way of exiting this pool. On our backs were heavy sacks filled with our exploring tools that were weighing us down. Water soaked clothes and boots stuck to us like fly paper. That’s when it went off. The air siren alarm letting us know that more waves were coming through. The torso of our friend floats by. I close my eyes and allow the waves to throw my body around. I’m thinking of Jeff as he made his way towards the stainless steel ladder leading out of this foul wave pool. Jeff was a champion swimmer in high school and won several gold medals, so if anyone could make it to the ladder before the waves started up again, it was him. He shed his pack, allowing it to sink like a stone to the bottom of the pool. Our hearts were racing and our mouths became dryer than a desert. We did our best to curb the anxiety by counting the blood pumping beats of our hearts that also seemed to be interlinked.

We breathe a sigh of relief, as our pulse slows down when he reaches the ladder, but it was too soon. The alarm didn’t even go off. The water just rushes up and splits him in half leaving his tubular intestines all over the ladder. The blood just spills into the water as we watch in horror. There was never going to be a way out of here was there? Why did we have to come to this horrible place? Now we know the reason why it was abandoned in the first place.

I open my eyes again and the waves have stopped. She’s fallen asleep. Still hoping it’s just a dream. It’s not, it’s very real and there’s no way out. No hope, no chance. Nothing. I laugh out loud. Nobody can hear me. We were more than 12 miles from anyone who could even possibly hear the faintest sound of my laughter, and even then it’s nothing out of the ordinary for this area. It’s just jarring for me and her, sleeping like a floating piece of furniture from the Titanic. Heather, my sweet, where have you been all my life? Jeff was a lucky guy, but he really didn’t know what to do with you. You were too beautiful and intelligent for him. The two of you together on our first trip inside the abandoned Six Flags just looked like you didn’t belong together. She fit more at home with me. You’re dead anyway Jeff. What do you care? Hell, if I could, I would find a way to kiss her before we both die here today.

I reach into my pocket to pull out that picture. I keep it with me wherever I go. What might have been? A question that gets asked so very much. It gets asked by me to myself a lot, I can’t help it. My brain wanders into these areas and considering the amount of time I have now, what choice is there?
I grab her arm, but something seems off. I’m shaking her as violently as I can, screaming at the top of my lungs for her to wake up. I smell something metallic and I realize very quickly what has happened. I reach under the water as I near the place where her chest should be. It feels like ground beef. It’s just so squishy. That must be the skin, I can tell by the fatty tissue. I bring my hands back up out of the water and gently caress her hair. It was wet and matted, and here I was adding bits of her own fat into it. Not the going to the club look she might have wanted.

Heather why did you have to drift so close to the wall? What was the matter with you? You were so smart and beautiful, so undeniably perfect, and now it’s all just absolutely ruined.

I drop my pack from my shoulders and it joins its brethren down below. I slink out of the inner tube and decide it’s all or nothing time.

I hear the siren as soon as I start. You’re watching me aren’t you? Watch me swim to safety.

I’m not the swimmer Jeff was but I’m adequate. What difference does it make now anyway? I’m gonna die either way. Starve to death or die of dehydration or allow the waves to make quick work of me. My hand reaches for the bottom run of the ladder as it seems to move just slightly out of my reach. I kick my legs some more and grasp it with all my might. How much do I have left? Is it enough to get onto the ladder itself? The water is churning getting ready to split me like a fruit. I pull myself up and out of the water roaring into the sky like a demented caveman. I beat you. I won. I’m the best and I survived. The waves rush behind me. I feel a splash of the water on my skin. Oh no. I realize what just happened before I feel it. I reach around and touch the back of my head and can feel my brain. Lovely. So much for survival.
Here I Stand

Here I stand,  
on this land,  
where the golden sun does play.  
And when I night comes,  
I feel my sun, has gone  
far, far away.

I want to keep it close;  
It keeps me warm.  
Happy to see its shining face.  
So bright.  
So kind.  
I wait for the break of day.

The wind blows,  
the trees grow,  
and nature starts to sing.  
I welcome the sun.  
for day has begun,  
and scared the night away.

He comes to me,  
and here I see  
my bouncing baby boy.

I had to wait to see you again.  
Time passed slowly.  
I missed you dearly.

My little bouncing boy.  
My ray of golden sun.

I no longer stand on this land.  
I no longer see the night.  
I am with you always,  
and the world is always bright.

-Ashlynn Brown

Not Quite Right
Photography
-Sara Jones
After dominating the 2015 Women’s Final Four in Tampa, the University of Connecticut’s women’s basketball team secures their spot as one of the most dominant collegiate sports programs in American history. Story and photos by Chuck Muller
For every question that Notre Dame posed for UConn and whether they were up to the task of defeating the Irish a second straight year in the National Championship game, the answer was emphatic. Yes.

Although the Irish made the game much closer than anticipated, the Huskies were able to pull away in the second half, clinching their third straight national championship, beating Notre Dame 63-53.

Notre Dame played well enough to keep up with the Huskies for most of the game, getting to as close as four. But the Irish could never overcome a first half in which poor shot selection and execution led them shooting only 33% from the field.

The Huskies were led again by their AP Player of the Year, Breanna Stewart, who was named the tournament’s Most Outstanding Player. Stewart joins Kareem Abdul-Jabbar as the only collegiate players to win the award three times. When she was made aware by the media in her post game interview, Stewart’s humility again proved to be just as impressive, if not more, than her MOP-winning performance.

“I think that, it’s a cool feeling kind of thing. As I got on the stage, I thought Moriah should have gotten the MOP,” Stewart commented of her point guard, who managed to win All-Tournament team honors.

“I thought the way she played was phenomenal these past two games. I think that people wanted to give it to me just because it was my opportunity to win three in a row.”

Unlike the semifinal game against Maryland where her offense set the tone to a 23-point victory, Stewart seemingly willed her team to victory with toughness and defense, leading the Huskies with 15 rebounds and four blocks after suffering an ankle injury in the first half.

“Obviously it was painful. Anyone who has rolled an ankle knows that,” Stewart remarked after the game. Rosemary does a good job, she taped it to the point where I really couldn’t feel it during the game.”

The win also puts Connecticut head coach in rarified air, tying UCLA coach John Wooden and Phil Jackson as the only basketball coaches collegiately or professionally with 10 titles. When asked to reflect on the accomplishment, Auriemma was quick to admire the women he has coached past and present.

“None of those other guys you mentioned coached any bad teams with bad players on them. We all coached some of the most iconic players to play the game of basketball,” praised Auriemma. “Anytime you’re in a championship situation, anytime you’re trying to win a tournament,
especially the National Championship, so many things have to go right and you have to have players that make those plays that make it go right.”

The win came in typical UConn fashion, with balanced scoring from all five starters coupled with timely shot making every time Notre Dame attempted to challenge the Huskies’ lead. Moriah Jefferson and Kalena Mosqueda-Lewis combined for five 3-pointers, all seeming to come in transition in key moments of the game, mainly after Notre Dame missed opportunities.

“I thought that 3 that Lewis hit in transition was critical. We had just cut it to six,” Notre Dame head coach Muffet McGraw remarked in the post game press conference. She added, “They got a free-throw jumper for two, then came down and turned it over. Transition from Mosqueda-Lewis for 3, and now it’s a five-point swing. That went to eleven, and that was the game.”

Appearing in their eighth consecutive Final Four, the UConn dynasty would have still been firmly in tact with a loss to a team as impressive as Notre Dame has been over the last five years. Maybe in a different era, these Irish could have been the team to beat. Unfortunately, this is the Auriemma era, and as long as he is the one steering the ship, there is no telling how long the Huskies can sail in their sea of championships.
Wash The Dark
Art
-Jordan Kurz
Blue Umbrella

Another rainy day in Paris.
    Night is falling,
the sky, is a swirl of dark clouds.

The streets clogged thick with cars
    and headlights shining
yellow into blue puddles.

The Tower looms overhead
    like a dark sentinel.
The moon shines brightly through
    the clouds,
huge and yellow,
and through it all I walk
with my blue umbrella.

- Abby Mann
Lachesis
Art

-Ridley Weatherby
Murakami Carnival

Art

-Christopher Lampkin

30 TRIAD
The Hawk Media Club once again took on the challenge of creating a service learning project for Martin Luther King’s Day of Service. Having participated in the event last year, the club was looking for ways to stand out from their previous work. The club used the opportunity to work with students at the Simmons Career Center and give the students a hands-on experience in media. Doing so allowed the club to inform the students of post-graduation scholarships that are available to them at Hillsborough Community College.

While the media packages that the club made were directed to students at Simmons, they knew it was just as important to create another video that could benefit the entire community. The club understood that the focus of their project would need to be recognizable by everyone who watched it.

The club spent hundreds of hours filming, editing, researching and interviewing for the 15-minute documentary short, “The President, The Peanut and The Pulpit.” President Jimmy Carter, one of our nation’s greatest living philanthropists, currently resides in a small town just a few hours north of the Florida-Georgia line. President Carter is a person who has dedicated his life to the betterment of his fellow man, both in his own community and on an international scale. Carter has demonstrated his lifelong commitment through countless hours of volunteer work throughout the world with organizations such as Habitat for Humanity and the Carter Center: an organization that Carter established in an effort to end human suffering.
While Carter has used his influence as a political leader to bring the plight of those without a voice to the international community, he still makes it a point to stay connected with his hometown of Plains, Georgia.

Carter has been teaching Sunday school for over 70 years. He has been teaching at Maranatha Baptist Church for four decades. He lectures to an audience of about 300 people, a number that is almost half the size of the population of Plains. His classes bring visitors from as far as China to as close as Tampa, to the small town of about 650 people. His lessons are taken from the Bible and infused with modern day issues.

After his lesson is finished, he and his wife, Rosalynn, sit in the pews of the church with the rest of the congregation and listen to the sermon of the young pastor, Jeremy Shoulta. After the service, the Carters take time to say hello to the visitors and pose for a picture as a keepsake.

He runs a schedule that would leave a man a fraction of his age overloaded with responsibility. Not bad for a man who just turned 90. The Hawk Media Club had the opportunity to attend two of his classes. While the club’s time with the former president was short, they were able to meet the people of Plains, and explore the town where residents refer to the former president as Mr. Jimmy.

Jan Williams had every connection the club needed, whether it was meeting Carter’s niece, Kim, or being able to tour one the president’s former homes. Everyone knows Williams and everyone listens to her. There isn’t a single thing going on in that town that she doesn’t know about. What else should anyone expect from one of the town’s school teachers and Amy Carter’s fourth-grade teacher?

Williams likes to quip that maybe she should run for mayor of Plains. Some of relevant information that Williams was able to provide the Hawk Media Club was that President Carter was, and still is, the only president to have lived in government funded housing, and details of his preservation efforts with the National Park Service.

The club took the opportunity to see the housing project that still stands and is currently occupied. Carter’s life is similar to that of many Americans. He did not come from much, but he still managed to hold the office of the president.

Today, he continues to promote equality, love and faith. Carter also is a living example of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.’s dream. As King’s fellow statesmen, Carter has worked a lifetime of service to others, his community and the world.
But First, Let Me Pack

If we pack before trips, surely this can apply.

Long nights filled with love, surely,
this was no lie.

If we pack before trips, surely this can apply.

Give me some time to get ready,
now that our love has run dry.

If we pack before trips, surely this can apply.

With lack of reason to fight on, do we let this love die?

But if we pack before trips, then surely this can apply.

My bags are packed, let’s move, surely this is good-bye.

-Larrents Manora
Track Walker

Art

-Richard Gaspar
Florida Tracks

2,786 miles of track traverse the land and roads.

Maybe I will rail south to Okeechobee then Miami Beach, or north through Kissimmee toward Starke.

I always enjoy the smell of salt, as the train pulls in the Golden Glades stop.

Perhaps I will head east to the land of mice and magic, or west through the strawberry fields near home. The flowers are beautiful this time of year, off the tracks of Magnolia Park.

South, north, east or west? I am unsure which exploration will serve me best.

Tracks have a purpose.
Minds tend to roam.

Maybe I will just ride the tracks until the engine calls me home.

-Judith Gaspar
White Lion
Art

-Victoria Sanes
Branching Thoughts

Art

-Daniel Gasiorak
Awards

College Media Association Apple Award
2014

Columbia Scholastic Press Association Medalist

Collegiate Crown Awards Finalist
2009

Society of Professional Journalists Mark of Excellence
Best All-Around Magazine of 1983

Associated Collegiate Press Hall of Fame
1999

Pacemaker
1990

All American

Florida Community College Press Association
General Excellence