

# The Chimaerid

Literature and Arts Magazine

2017



## Table of Contents

Cover Art by Belecia Villafan	
Editor's Page	2
Editor's Page Photography by Eleftheria Horiatis	2
A Misty Morning below Glencoe Mountain by Jennifer Gonzales	3
Photography by Jennifer Gonzales	3
Wind by Jillian Lattimore	4
Photography by Giancarlo Lobo & Eleftheria Horiatis	5
The Roosevelt by Jennifer Gonzales	6
Photography by Jennifer Gonzales	6
My Neighborhood by Rene Colato	7
Photography by Giancarlo Lobo	10
Ashburham Road by Luciano Cesta	11
Photography by Emma Purtell	12
Stained Identities by Jillian Lattimore	13
Photography by Lauren Moghavem	13
Photography by Lauren Moghavem	14
Hello. Goodbye. Repeat. by Carey Lin	15
Robinhood: Outlaw of the 21st Century by Matt Dursin	16
The Quiet Ones by John Wetzel	17
Artwork by Elani Elizondo	18
Photography by Cameron Dacey	18
Room 242 by Rene Colato	19
Pyramid by Mitch McLeod	20
Photography by Cameron Dacey	20
Photography by Doruntina Zeneli, Sarah Garsten, Emma Purtell, Marissa Wu	21
Photography by Giancarlo Lobo, Adriana Veader, Emma Purtell	22
Mother 0568 by Charles Chen	23
Artwork by Shae Janiga	26

## Editor's Page

**Chimaerid (K-EYE-MI-RID)** The chimaeridae are a group of fish, named after the Greek mythological beast the chimaera, a monster put together from the parts of many animals.

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## A Misty Morning below Glencoe Mountain

Jennifer Gonzales

I trod through the peat bog in search of the glen.

I drew strength from the organic energy emanating from the moorland underfoot. Arctic temperatures chilled me to the bone yet I persisted. Fading animal tracks left in the marshy ground guided me across the interminable terrain. Their spirits bounded over winding slopes and through treacherous gullies. As the mist began to settle the tops of snow-capped peaks appeared—at last the glen.



Wind

Jillian Lattimore

I could feel her playing with my hand  
Her fingers dancing between mine  
She attempted to push me from my stance  
Giving me a difficult time.  
Although she could be chilling  
I grew fond of her sisterhood  
The way she moved, meanly to me, was thrilling  
Other people misunderstood.  
If they could feel the rush she brings  
They'd hear her screams aren't violent  
Her cold cry is comforting  
  
For whenever I wonder on my own  
Because of her I am never alone

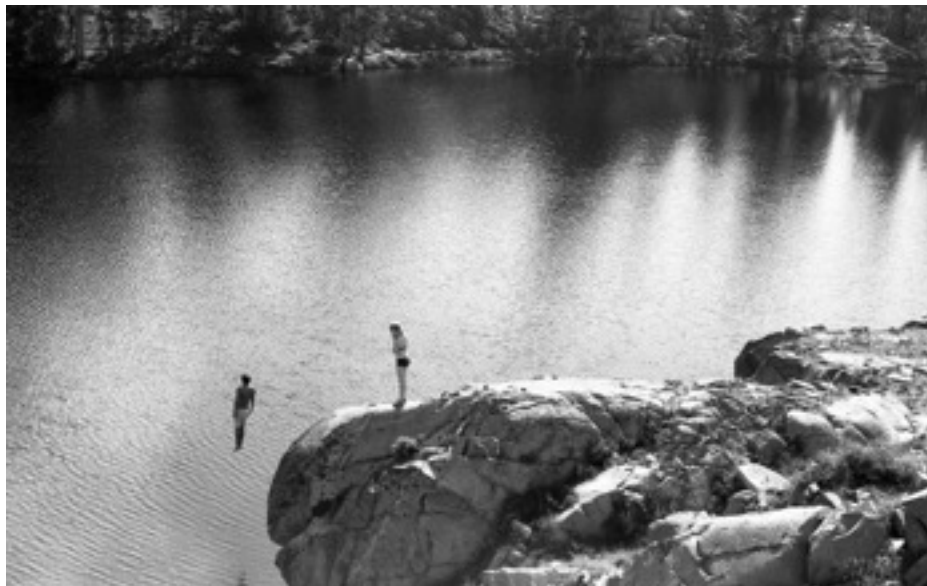


Giancarlo Lobo



Eleftheria Horiatis

Giancarlo Lobo



## The Roosevelt

Jennifer Gonzales

The swells of gritty pedestrians envelop us both.  
Their ethnic dissonance resonates throughout the concrete jungle.  
Pungent fumes resulting from the decay of our city fill our nostrils--  
yet we ebb and we flow.



## My Neighborhood

Rene Colato

In the dead of the night, police sirens rupture the silence that echoes through the streets of Providence. Branches rustle as an icy breeze passes in the eerie autumn weather. The solitary moon dimly illuminates the sky, while many street lamps are dysfunctional. Under the ominous florescent light lays a football: left behind by children who were enjoying the end of warm summer weather. The once indistinct sirens begin to roar, like a pack of lions, as police cars speed down nearby roads hunting down criminals that lurk in the night. In this particular neighborhood: cats scurry through backyards and trample used cigarette buds; as rodents crawl in and out of homes: infesting them at will and multiplying like the spread of a disease. At the same time, people scavenge through garbage trying to find anything that would help make ends meet. This neighborhood is unforgiving to those within it: and what is, is what has been, and what has been seems to be everlasting: for the people within it grow to become an extension of the neighborhood. Those who suffer the most are the children who are raised in this neighborhood: they must suffer through poverty, desperation, and division throughout their entire youth-hood, thus effecting the future of their lives as a whole.

By day-break the sun arises from the landscape piercing through the darkness and eradicating the ill-omened darkness. Alarms sound off within each household and the distorted children rise, aching in pain from their worn-out mattress. After sluggishly preparing for the day, these children run out of their homes and surround school buses. The line up like a mob eager to go school.

Time passes and these kids return to their homes. Upon arrival, they often remain on the streets of their neighborhood and play together. Older teenage kids often lead the pack conducting all the activities the group plays. Meanwhile, on the porches of every apartment building are parents sitting on rotten patios, that groan at the pressure of a dead flower pedal, as they talk



amongst themselves on the endless issues that reside within the community. These inattentive parents do not see their clumsy kids fall on the cement like an amateur figure skater would slip on an ice skating rink. Scrapping their knees and forcing their flesh to be torn apart by the rigid bumps on the cemented road. These kids cry for help as their blood oozes from their cuts, but no parent reacts as they are too focused on their own ordeals of smoking and chatting amongst themselves. But alas, there is the mature teenager that is ready to spring into action as the parental figure of the pack and help the child in need. Ultimately planting a vivid image of the teenager as an individual who has helped the little one through hard times: becoming his role model. Ironically, these children who fall are the same kids who almost immediately feel the urge to fight through pain and begin playing more as if the incident never happened.

These children also use a cryptic form of communication goes beyond their parents understanding with the plethora of slurs, profanity, and insults; this language seems to be a convoluted alien language known only to children. With this ability, the kids are able to circumvent any repercussions of word choice and can go along with their lives saying absolutely whatever they want. This, sadly, is the typical day life a child would have in this neighborhood.

When the sun sets after a long day of hard work and fun, the night settles and the wretched darkness reemerges to consume the innocence and convert it into deception and thievery. Parents remain stagnant on their porches as the negativity ravishes through them like a disease causing anger and frustration to develop deep within their veins. Many kids retreat into their homes fearful of the treatment they will get from their parents if they were to step out of line. But, there are those who stay throughout the night with their teenage friend. Those are the kids who plague the night.

The naive kids who by day played football on their streets turn into a pack of wolves: they form groups that roam the neighborhood ceasing the attention of bystanders that are foreign to the neighborhood. They deliver death stares capable of penetrating through serial killers and become extremely territorial in their efforts to maintain security and control. Several police cars stay along the

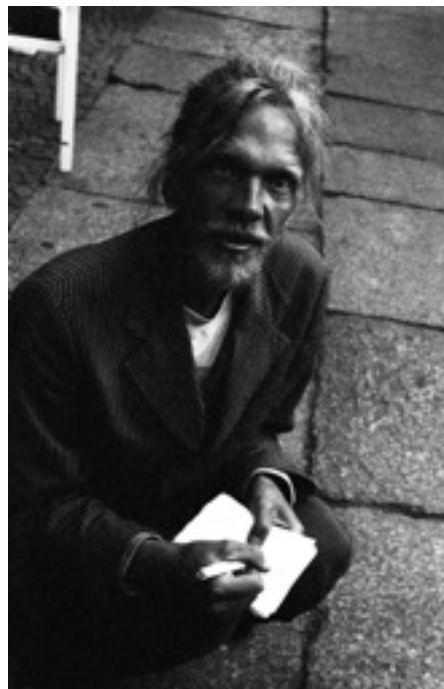
corners of intersections patiently waiting for a pack of children to become rowdy, like an vulture watching its prey ready to swoop in against the first mistake. Many immigrated adults, meanwhile, that go through many economic hardships force some to go as far as to tear open garbage bags in search dig into rotting food and exposing themselves to a smell caused stray dogs to run away whimpering. Depressingly enough, these men are into their fifties and are on their knees under the luminescent light looking for the lost hope within garbage that is not even their own.

Along with these adults, those who were raised within the neighborhood revert to violence and crime as a way to make ends meet. These younger adults are those children who once played football with friends on the very streets they commit robbery and murder. Deep in the night gunshots are heard from all corners of the district as sirens immediately sound off an echoing boom of alarm. Like park rangers tracking rodents, the police run around hunting the desperate criminals that destroy the bonds safety of this community. Many of these criminals are not found immediately and return home exposing their behaviors to their children causing a never-ending cycle of chaos and loss.

The environment that is elicited throughout the neighborhood forced its inhabitants to become who they are today. The poverty, the desperation, and the division are all motivation for these lawbreakers: that are always under constant pressure to support their families. As a result, these people within this neighborhood have what they believe is complete justification for their actions. Many of the families of this district are unable to always live under this weight and the people who suffer from it often turn to make others suffer for their own survival. From begging to stealing people would sit on streets for ages asking for spare change or holding up signs as a declaration for help. Others, however, would do things such as break into homes, steal from local corner stores, or pick pocket unfortunate individuals. This mostly results in horrific things such as loss of property or even life for the benefit of another individual, but that is what it is like in this neighborhood: during the night it is always survival of fittest.

Without the help of anyone these families go to into great lengths to find a piece of prosperity that will help dig them out of abyss that is poverty. Many immigrated parents lose their dignity as they scavenge through garbage or work ten hour shifts to barely make enough for rent let alone savings, or saving up. Many of these economic issues lead into constant arguments that is supplemented by the loss of lives: spreading misery throughout the district making it as common as the common cold and dividing the people into their own separate worlds. The spread infests the peace that resided within the newly infected household and converts all positive energy into a insufferable negativity that inevitably causes parents to go into poverty and express these behaviors to their children.

In the end those who suffer the most are the children who are raised in this neighborhood: they must suffer through poverty, desperation, and division throughout their entire youth-hood, unable to learn any other way of life, getting accustomed to this rollercoaster lifestyle, and never aspiring to gain a better life than that of their parents. Therefore, the cycle of this poor neighborhood will not cease and currently this highly populated district is now full of misery and misery loves company and company is always welcome in the eyes of this neighborhood, in Providence Rhode Island.



Giancarlo Lobo

Ashburnham Road

Luciano Cesta

## I

Nose and forehead against the window.  
Breath fogging the glass.  
He's probably dreaming of the ice-cream truck,  
With its twinkling music and sweet confections.

## II

Power lines buzzing,  
The stifling humidity broken by breeze  
From inside the house, the smell of tomato sauce and dust,  
Which floats through the air illuminated through stained glass.

## III

My brother and on the Super Nintendo,  
He wins, but of course I try, (but maybe I'm not even playing).  
The rectangular controller in my hand,  
And victory in my head.

## IV

Up on the balcony,  
We towered over the city up on our little escapement.  
Faded stars straight over our heads,  
Planes shooting through, red and green.



Emma Purtell

## Stained Identities

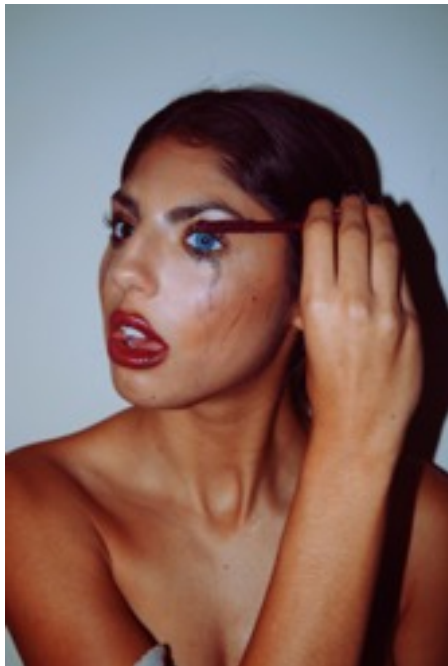
Jill Lattimore

We walk around wearing masks  
Hiding our true selves beneath delicate clay  
Leading our developing identity astray  
And failing to tell the truth when one asks...

How are you feeling today?  
We squeeze the paint on in thick globs  
Brushing gold sunshine over blue sobs  
Stroking orange smiles that should be gray.

Yet, if our acrylic colors revealed what is true  
Cracked china with no color code  
A pigmented mess smothering our mold  
We'd have less concealing to do

If courage strikes us to wash our disguise  
We'd uncover stains of emotionless lie



Lauren Moghavem



Lauren Moghavem

Hello. Goodbye. Repeat.

Carey Lin

Isn't it extraordinary?  
How you giggle uncontrollably  
How your fingers fly across the keyboard,  
How everything bad becomes less frustrating  
Than it used to be.

Isn't it odd?  
When your locker is empty  
When your touch turns cold  
When your insecurity knows what's happening  
Yet you search for that feeling unknowingly  
Long gone into the past.

Isn't it painful?  
The sting in your heart  
The bitterness on your tongue  
The cold in your abdomen that you learn  
Is betrayal, disappointment, and sadness.

Isn't it relieving?  
To do things for your own sake  
To love yourself body and mind  
To relax and smile again  
Finding fun in what you stopped doing for a while.

It isn't the first time,  
And it won't be the last.



Robin Hood: Outlaw of the 21st Century

Matt Dursin

Page 20, 6 Panels

PANEL A - Rob is running out of the back room with a

Rob 1 - Ok, cowboy, pleasure doing business...

PANEL B - The guard shoots him in the shoulder.

SFX - BLAM!

PANEL C - Rob lays on the ground. The guard stands

Guard 1 - We'll see how much they pay me once you're  
"cowboy!"



PANEL D - The guard's knee explodes as he is shot from behind.

SFX - KA-POW!

Guard 1 - Aaarrgh!



PANEL E - Marion stands in the doorway holding a smoking rifle.

PANEL F - Rob looks at her, a slight smirk on his face.

Page 21, 6 Panels

PANEL G - Marion kneels over Rob and checks his shoulder.



## The Quiet Ones

John Wetzel

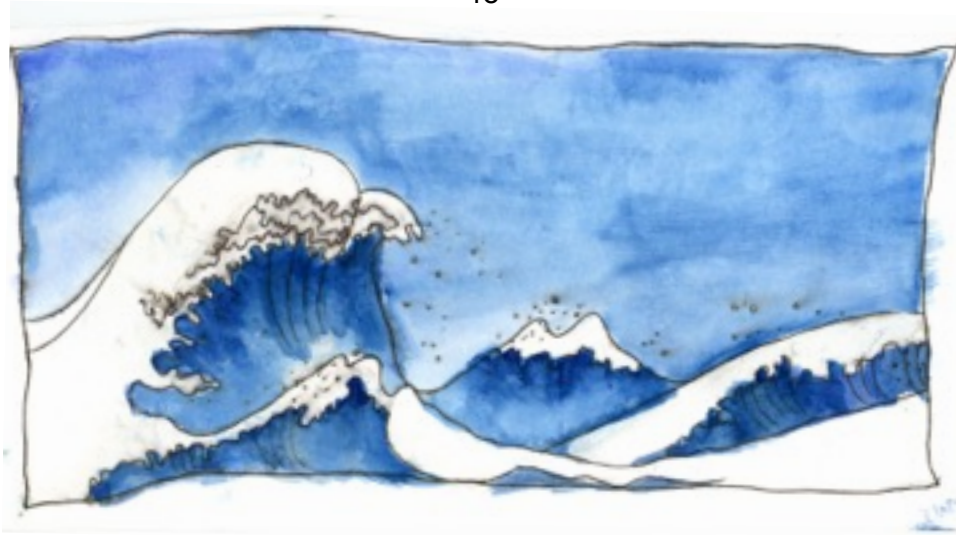
The quiet ones  
The ones who choose the silent victory  
The ones who take care not to wake the others  
Who take haste not to fall behind  
For we in our own unexplainable and indescribable way  
Rage rage  
In silence

We are the night  
Those who race on the black pavement  
Those who burn their youth  
With cigarettes and grass

We are the watchers  
Sitting on a pedestrian bridge  
Seeing the traffic run for the horizon  
and the sun steal the night

We are the broken  
Those who long for the cold to take our breath away  
And for the wind to sing  
And for the waves to play

The quiet ones  
The ones who choose the silent victory  
The ones who take care not to wake the others  
Who take haste not to fall behind  
For we in our own unexplainable and indescribable way  
Rage rage  
In silence



Elani Elizondo



Cameron Dacey

## Room 242

Rene Colato

Within the sanctum of conformity, the room 242 reflects the essence of Classical. The three perimeter walls are emotionless, uninspiring and imprisoning. The blandness of the gray cinderblocks eradicates all creativity and imagination the youth had left to offer. The dull symmetry and uniformity coexists with the endless exams and repetitive nature of each and every class. Unforgiving are the windows that have been blocked by more of the tasteless gray that eats away the souls of every student, making each one turn into a slave to the texts, and slave to the tests. Sunlight is always blocked away by the grayness. All sense of freedom and happiness, all sense of life as kids knew it was consumed by the gray, the gray walls, the gray paper, the gray ceiling. Wherever the students are the ceiling is there like an enormous cloud of defeat, ready to rain down upon them at any moment. The dim lights in the clouds are like the gateway to heaven closing over the heads of the students. Everyday students are hazed by the dust in the air suffocating them and forcing the gray into them. The gray spreads like a plague throughout Classical and everyone gets infected, everyone gets affected. The gray is an abyss of oblivion, endlessly surrounding students with standardization and traditionalism. During the hot summers the red textiles resemble lava from the depths of hell. Burning away the flesh of unlucky souls who have been chosen by the administration of conformity to remain confined within the walls of the gray cinderblocks in room 242.

## Pyramid

Mitch McLeod

Look yonder past the sandy wastes  
Where mountains press unto the sky  
Where ye old laws are naught but lie  
Where men o' war spill blood in haste  
Look yonder past ye rocky shores  
Where red waves crash, as hell churns und'r  
Where ye towers do fight with thund'r  
As lighting guides ye wandr'ing whores  
Look yonder past the ends of Earth  
Upon my glor'ious stack of stones  
Built with fire, and flesh, and bones  
A monument to time and girth

Look yonder past the rising bricks  
Look past the cap and windswept tip  
Look past the stories that you spread  
Tell me time will not see me dead  
As it has rendered all the wonder  
This dead Earth has had to offer  
Ripped down trees and castle wall  
Tell me my pyramid stands tall



Doruntina Zeneli



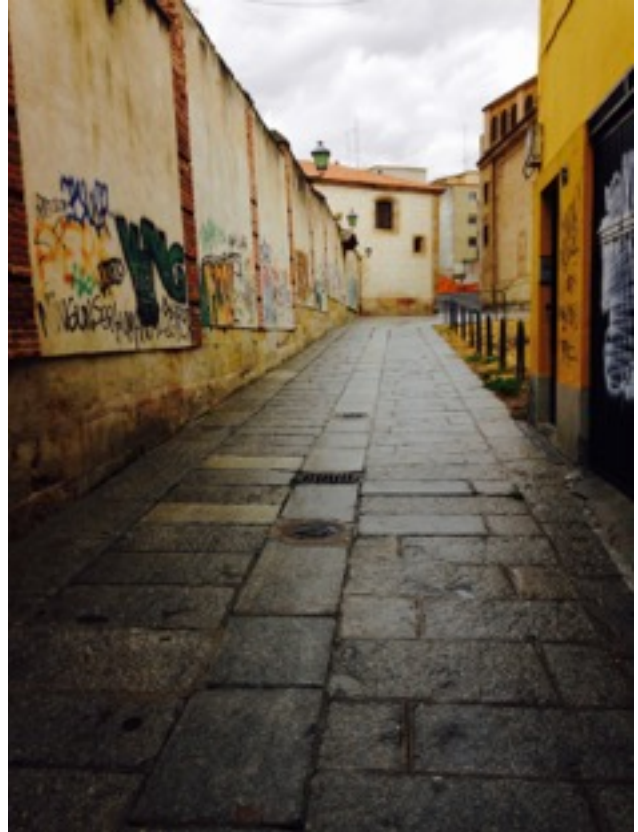
Sarah Garsten



Emma Purtell



Sarah Garsten



Marissa Wu





Giancarlo Lobo



Adriana Veader



Emma Purtell

## Mother 0568

Charles Chen

A lone figure sat on a metal-framed bed in the corner of a small room. Lights dimmed. Silence. Dressed in a stark white dress that ran pass her knees, she sat. Her blue eyes darted to the door and back to the bed. Waiting for her appointment---Five, four, three, two, one---There was a knock on the door. They were never late. She opened the door and let the gentleman in. Dressed in black overalls with a stoic expression on his face, he closed the door behind him and proceeded to take off his black overall. She did the same; the man's blue eyes took a moment to appreciate the delicate creature before him and proceeded to do what they always did. After exactly thirty minutes, he got up, got dressed and left. No words were exchanged between them; they were just doing their jobs. She got up too, took a quick shower and got dressed. Her job was done. Now all she had to do was wait, wait for her next instruction. It was her job to be a Mother. She didn't want to become one, but she was chosen. Her IQ level, behavior, physical appearance, mental analysis: all were measured before being elected to become a Mother.

"Mother 0568, please proceed to the medic bay immediately," a voice buzzed in her ear.

She got up calmly, opened the door, and walked out. The corridors were painted with the slogan "Don't care, leave everything to us and just do your job, we will do ours." 500 yards, left, 300 yards, right, 200 yards, and there she was. She always came here after every visit, to see if her job was successful. If the sperm from the man and her eggs synthesized an embryo, the job was done. If not, the man would visit again the next day, and the next, until her job was a success.

The medic bay was spacious, a few lights hang on the ceiling, shelves full of medical supplies that she didn't understood sat on top of each other. In the middle were a MedBot and an uncomfortable looking chair. The MedBot powered up as she got in the room as if it sensed her presence.

"Please state your ID, position, and purpose of visit," the machine asked.



"ID, 0568, Position, Mother, I am here to see if I was successfully impregnated by Father 0438," she replied.

"Please take a seat on the chair and open your legs," metal tubes extended from MedBot's frame and probed her inside, "It looks like we will have a healthy baby soon. Congratulations on your 20th fruition Mother 0568. The Empire is pleased with your progress. An enzyme will now be released into your system; this enzyme will act as a catalyst to speed up the growth of your baby."

"Is it safe for the baby?" she asked worriedly.

"Do not worry, trust the Empire," the voice assured her, as the enzyme was injected.

She silently prayed for the baby's wellbeing. She knew it was prohibited to care, or get attached to anything, even your own child.

"Time to eat lunch. Please proceed to the cafeteria," the voice in her ear interrupted her thoughts, "The items on the menu today are fried chicken with a side of mashed potato, steamed fish with a side of assorted vegetables, grilled steak with a side of mushrooms, but it is suggested that you choose the seamed fish with a side of assorted vegetables," the voice continued.

The cafeteria was located on the other side of the complex, but she didn't care. Walking in silence, She passed by several other inhabitants--- Mothers, Fathers, Fixers, Makers, Breakers, Cleaners, Planters---But to her, they were all the same. They were all just doing their jobs and letting the Empire take care of the rest. The corridors leading to the cafeteria were different. It was made with screens that replayed the same message over and over again, "The Empire had prevailed where others fell. The Empire is what is left of the egregious wars waged by our foolish ancestors. We are all that is left of humanity. We are the last hope. We cannot repeat in our ancestors' footsteps. Don't be curious about things that do not immediately concern you. Remember that curiosity kills the cat. Just focus on your job; let us take care of the rest. Do not burden yourselves with thoughts about the past, present or the future. The Empire will do that for you." Whenever she felt lonely, melancholic, worried, whenever she felt, the voice in her ear would replay the same message. It was strangely soothing, knowing that she did not have to care about anything.

"Welcome Mother 0568, what would you like for lunch today," ServeBot inquired.

"I will have the steamed fish with a side of assorted vegetables please."

She walked to an empty seat and sat. All the seats in the cafeteria only seated a single person. After all, if it allowed more than one person to sit at a table, then the inhabitants would sit together and conversed with each other. A chill ran down her spine just imagining groups of people talking. That was how people got belligerent, groups of people getting together to express their opinions. It would eventually lead to wars, and war spelt the end of humanity. That's why speaking to another inhabitant is prohibited in the complex. Her only companion was the voice in her ear; she grew up listening to it; it taught her everything she knew. A young boy, not older than eighteen, strolled by, dropped her plate and left. She caught a glimpse of his tag, Helper 0347. She realized it was her 12th job.

"Steamed fish with a side of assorted vegetables, combined calorie 550. Detailed break down: 35% Vitamin A, 20% Vitamin B, 10% Vitamin D, 10% Carbohydrates, and 15% protein," the voice informed her, "required exercise time to burn off excess fat: 40 minutes of cardio."

Laying flat on her back, she anticipated what her baby would look like while MedBot operated on her. She did not feel a thing at all, even thought her stomach was being cut open while she was still conscious. After what seemed like an eternity, the tiny ball of life entered the world with a loud cry. MedBot sowed her back up like it was sewing a Christmas sweater. She held her baby in her arms and cradled him. He fitted perfectly in her arms. She felt like a piece of the puzzle had been solved. When the baby calmed down, MedBot took him and put him under scrutiny. The baby started wailing again. Then MedBot injected him with a chemical, and he immediately stopped crying as his tiny arms dropped to his sides. Everything became completely silent.

"Defect," said MedBot, "this one was an ounce below the average weight of babies."

Her mind went blank. Realization hit her like a train carrying tons of brick. Her baby was dead. Her little boy who was just recently in her arms was dead. DEAD. She became hysterical, but ropes swiftly shot out from the

sides of her bed and held her down. The voice in her ear became inexcusably loud.

"Don't worry, it will be okay, trust the Empire," the voice screamed at her "Don't worry, don't worry, don't worry..." the voice repeated it like a broken record.

Gradually, she calmed down; her breathing relaxed, "Everything will be ok, I will continue doing my job, and the Empire will do its." Her body numbed and her eyes sluggishly closed, "The new enzyme is a failure, review it's chemical make up, draw up a new equation, the DNA strain was not compatible..." and darkness consumed her whole body.

Dressed in a stark white dress that ran pass her knees, she sat. Her blue eyes darted to the door and back to the bed. Waiting for her appointment---Five, four, three, two, one---There was a knock on the door.

