



truth

appel core  
literary and arts magazine  
session two ; issue one  
summer 2018

“Life-transforming ideas  
have always come to me  
through books.”

— ***bell hooks***

**Cover photo by Mia Fenyak**

*Appel Core*, a non-profit publication, is produced by campers of Appel Farm Arts Camp, Elmer, New Jersey. All work included is camper-generated and -edited. *Appel Core* invites any camper of Appel Farm interested in having their writing or art appear in the magazine to submit work for consideration.

*truth*

*truth*

*truth*

*truth*

appel core  
literary and arts magazine  
session two ; issue one  
summer 2018

Appel Farm Arts Camp  
457 Shirley Road  
Elmer, NJ 08318

# *la isla de encanto*

By Jennifer Rosado

On the eve of the summer solstice, the warm wind called her name. *Bea... Bea... Bea...*

Vaguely, she recalled the bittersweet summer days where the sun came out to play longer than usual. The days when she would wade knee-deep into the crystal-blue ocean, seaweed tangled between her toes. The days when sand found its way in the strands of her caramel brown hair. The day she had to move away. That was a day she'd never forget.

"Look how the sun just barely kisses the ocean, Mateo," whispered Beatriz, her hazel eyes set on the moving waters in front of them both. The small boy was wriggling his tiny toes deep in the sand, barely paying any attention to his older sister. He was just here to be his mother's little spy. Bea knew this and despised her mother for it.

Indeed, she just wanted to be free.

On the island of Puerto Rico, Beatriz believed anything could happen. She wanted to meet the boy of her dreams right here on this beach. She wished it with all her might. "I wish Mamí didn't make you tag along..." she mumbled, her voice barely audible. Mateo had supersonic hearing, or at least that's what she thought. He constantly told on her no matter the circumstances.

Specifically, her island was a place of wonder. In fact, it was almost a Spanish utopia. The melodious song of the coquis made Bea feel loved. They were all hermanos and hermanas, each one of them intertwined by spirit. It was almost like a youthful fountain, dripping with dreams from centuries before her time; it called her name like a flock of scarlet colored birds. Deep in the cell of her heart, the connection was strong. The falling coconuts, the piercing fire ants, and colorful lizards speeding along the bark of the mango trees made her who she was.

"Beeeee - *yo quiero ir pa' casa...*" whined Mateo, kicking his feet gently. He wanted to go back home. However, the young girl knew what waited for her. Bad news, that's what. She did not want to face the music. The only music she needed was salsa and merengue - the kind you dance to. Once Beatriz got to her feet, she washed the sand between the crevices of her brother's toes and hoisted him onto her back.

Thus, her thoughts were jumbled as she pushed past the greenery, journeying back up the hill towards her house. She hoped for things to be different. The lovely squawks of the pajaros surrounded them. She adored the many sounds of her island. There she would live forever. There she would find the boy of her dreams. There she would stay a happy, healthy girl with the strength of thousands of Taino Indians etched in her DNA.

“*Mija, Dios te bendiga,*” her mother said, blessing her as she walked into the open doorway of her home. The chickens surrounded the house, waiting for their master, which was her mother. They were so used to it being feeding time and knew where to find their food. They pecked the cracks of the pavement, searching for any piece of corn they could find. “I know you know what I’m going to tell you but please, don’t be upset. *Tú padre y yo,* we want the very best for you.” Beatriz knew this to be true.

Soon, her mother took her outside near the hammock, explaining the ups and downs of their time in Puerto Rico. She reminded Beatriz of how they survived countless power outages and issues with agriculture. The young girl couldn’t help but mist up at the thought of leaving the place where she grew up. Bea had her entire life planned out. She would take over her mother’s farm. Yet, things were to change faster than she could say *wepa*.

“*Pero, mira alrededor!* Look around you! This will forever be our island, *mi amor,*” she proclaimed with a prideful smile, her grey hairs glimmering against the sunset. Bea felt so much honor. A place surrounded by water on all sides had become her own personal land of milk and honey. She was to be leaving it too soon. This was a chapter in her life that was to end. Nevertheless, Beatriz would carry the mystique with her forever. Wherever she would venture to next, that flag would stay in her mind. The fondness was *para siempre*. Forever.

## ***key***

Mira alrededor : *Look around you*

Para siempre : *Forever*

Dios te bendiga : *God Bless You*

Mi amor : *My love*

Wepa : a Puerto Rican exclamation

Tu padre y yo : *Your Father and I*

Yo quiero ir pa casa : *I wanna go home*

# *mirror, mirror*

By Aviva Schuh

uncomfortable. I feel foreign in my own skin. I shiver and feel the cold air whisper across the backs of my legs. I do not recognize myself in the mirror. I do not know this person. she is not me, but she stares back nonetheless.

my lungs constrict. blood turns to stone and fractures my veins, shattering bone.

the unknown scares me. I am afraid that I will let go and it will swallow me whole. I would let it. I wish I were empty; I am just a vessel, filled with meaningless words and nonsensical thoughts and everything is just too much. I am too much.

I choke on the realization that I am alive. I do not feel it.

fabric is a caress and simultaneously a cage. too much space in this cramped room. I cannot breathe and there is fire in my throat.

I am burning. I am burning. I am burning.

dissolve me into a flesh solution, water and acid and everything I should not be.

I sink like a rock. too heavy a presence, too much to endure.

my skin swarms and I am shaking. plastic bones freeze. heart has stopped, uneven nails broken and scratching the walls that come down around me.

disappear.

the void creeps closer and I want to embrace it.

there is so much fear.

so, so much fear.

and I cannot fall asleep, and everything is too much, and I am too much,

and I crack.

I am cold.

I am so, so cold,

I solidify,

unfamiliar,

unrecognizable.

she is not me.

she is nothing.

she is nothing at all.

# ***#MeToo and the ongoing fight for awareness and action***

**By Olivia Haney**

Two words: me too. These were the two, terrible words thousands of people found themselves saying in late 2017. The #MeToo movement was nothing less than a catalyst in changing the way we talk about sexual harassment and assault.

The movement began in late 2017, when several powerful men in Hollywood were accused by multiple people of varying degrees of sexual misconduct, assault, or harassment, including actor Kevin Spacey, comedian Louis C.K., and mega-producer Harvey Weinstein.

After these allegations came to light, several more influential figures in the entertainment industry came forward with their own stories of sexual assault and harassment at the hands of powerful men, including Reese Witherspoon, Cara Delevingne, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Angelina Jolie.

As more and more accusations were brought to light, the scandal moved from Hollywood to several other industries, from technology, to politics, and athletics, beginning a nationwide discussion about sexual harassment and assault.

But, on October 15, 2017, actress Alyssa Milano sent out a tweet that read "If you've been sexually harassed or assaulted write 'me too' as a reply to this tweet". By the next morning, Milano's tweet had nearly 40,000 replies. The term 'me too' became the rallying cry for thousands of survivors of sexual assault, and proved the horrific magnitude of the issue.

Men and women of all races and backgrounds, all bonded together through their experiences. The #MeToo movement, though popularized in 2017, was created in 2005 by a woman named Tarana Burke, who coined the phrase 'me too' as a way to help women and girls of color who had experienced sexual assault.

Since the explosion of the #MeToo movement, there have been significant changes in the way we talk about sexual assault and harassment. The issue, however, is still ongoing. Although we are in the age of #MeToo, where more and more people can speak out about sexual assault, the issue of sexual harassment and assault still remains one that is at large.

According to a survey done by the Harvard School of Education of 18 - 25 year olds, 87% of respondents reported being the victim of at least one type of sexual harassment, and recent estimates show that the majority of women (84%) first experience catcalling before the age of 17.

So although we are in an age of progress, we are also in an age where sexual assault and harassment continues to be a major issue, creating a strange paradox for most young men and women.

# *longing*

*(a collection of poetry)*  
By Amber Montesinos

## ***regret is worse than failure***

Regret is a chance I don't take  
A record I don't break  
A bed of lies I make  
All because I'm terrified I'll make a mistake

## ***a look at myself***

I've sabotaged your love a couple times  
But the truly scary part is  
That I don't know if it's because  
I want to be with you  
Or because I just want to make you suffer

## ***why don't you listen?***

You're poetry in motion  
Making art everyone adores  
But you become overwhelming censorship  
Behind closed doors

## ***they aren't so different***

Love has always been a chemical cocktail  
Mixed differently  
We call it psychosis  
Maybe that is why we say we are  
Crazy in love  
Because they are made with the same ingredients anyway



### ***deserving***

We are so entitled  
Taking everything and anything  
Until there is nothing  
And we will even claim that  
Using everything and nothing at all for  
Fulfilling a self-preserving prophecy  
Who is to say what we deserve  
Without using the human mind

### ***i am***

As I sit at the edge of a century  
It becomes clear humans never change  
We keep moving faster  
Making things better  
But out nature is always true  
What we want remains the same  
Love and lust  
Beauty and trust  
And all the neurochemicals in between  
I accept what I am  
And let myself fall

### ***i like the idea of you***

Missing you is like  
Missing an idea  
I can't miss something  
That doesn't exist  
No matter how much I wish it did

### ***burned out***

It must burn  
When you look at me  
And realize  
I have purged every single piece of you  
Out of me

# *the ableism of internet sensation, jeffy*

By Rhiannon Gallagher

The Youtube sensation, Jeffy, has become popular worldwide, and while many people don't realize the harm in watching Jeffy, what you should really focus on is how remotely inappropriate Jeffy really is.

If you've ever seen one of Jeffy's videos, have you ever paid attention to how he talks? Well, he talks like a stereotype of a person with disabilities and looks and acts the part as well. Though you may be thinking, *what are you talking about? It's like a puppet with special needs and it's not demoting people with special needs, it's promoting them*, you're wrong. Puppets cannot *actually* have special needs and frankly, if someone were to try and give a puppet special needs, it would probably blow up in their face as this extremely difficult to do right. Jeffy is just mocking people with disabilities and he's doing it in a horrible way.

Publicly broadcasting it (via Youtube), Supermariologan, the person who run and own the channel in which Jeffy is shown on, has posted 577 videos and has more than 6 million subscribers who are loyal and entirely interested by all of the content their videos have provided.

I read an article where a 7 year old boy watching Jeffy was in his room upstairs, his mom downstairs and his younger

brother going in to check on him. The younger brother went in to see what his older brother was up to and wound up running downstairs to alert his mother of what he had seen. When the mom went up the stairs, she found the boy with a makeshift noose around his neck. When the mom asked her son where he had learned to do that, he said that he had seen it in one of Jeffy's videos.

The website says, "He was discovered after his younger brother came came downstairs to warn her what was happening." The mother, who did not wish to be named, then dashed upstairs to remove the noose that had been fashioned from Christmas decorations. She said: "I asked him why he did it and he said he had got it from Jeffy. I've banned him from watching it and I've even hidden all the TV leads."

The mom was appalled and so am I. In one of the articles it says, If Jeffy can teach one little boy how to do this, just imagine what he can do to a nation of children. I don't even want to! Jeffy curses so much it's not even funny. And he's always going behind his dad's back and betraying him. Jeffy is a horrible influence on children and, personally, I think that anyone who enjoys him is only doing for attention and/or popularity.

Two years ago, when my sister was in 3rd grade, she sat sandwiched, in the middle of two boys who talked like Jeffy and were always being inappropriate. My sister kept telling on them and finally her teacher moved one of the boys away. Unfortunately, it was not the worst boy. So she sat there, next to him for months and was highly uncomfortable and annoyed. He even tried to *look* like Jeffy, he stuck a pencil up his nose, he wore a baseball cap (which was supposed to look like a helmet), and taped a piece of paper that said Jeffy on his shirt. He talked like Jeffy, curse words and all. He called my sister an inappropriate name, more than once as a matter of a fact. One day he was furious with my sister and called her a lot of rude names because she wouldn't share a pencil with him. He asked to borrow a pencil and she said no, but he kept pestering her about until he hit a nerve and she handed a pencil without a point and was about one and a half inches long.

Apparently, being Jeffy is 'hard work' as Logan Thirtyacre, aka Supermariologan, has posted numerous times in his videos. He keeps getting threats to delete his channel and people have also threatened to sue him.

I personally think Jeffy has no potential and the people that watch him are sickos. SML (Supermariologan) has made just about all his money from Jeffy and the people that watch him are just stupid if they think that liking his videos is good and will help him. No, it's not going to help him, it's just going to make him more inspired and he'll keep making videos that are bad and insulting. And most likely, the more subscribers he gets, the worse the videos will become.

I sincerely hope if you've ever watched Jeffy or were planning to that this has changed your mind. I hope I have convinced you that Jeffy is bad and will never be good unless people start unsubscribing, unliking, and blocking all of Jeffy's videos. He's just so horrible, you should really take a minute to think about what it would be like to have a disability and then get publicly humiliated. You'd be devastated and full of hatred but you could do nothing about it. Why? Because people still watch Jeffy for popularity, attention, who knows what else but really now, ask yourself why? Why do I endure this torture of people talking to me about it? Because I have no choice, no say, no vote. But that's ok. You can change that with a few simple clicks of a button.

# *rest easy, my love*

By Aviva Schuh

Leaves swirl in D major  
as I rest my head against  
rough tree bark.

The cicadas greet me  
and we exchange  
pleasantries,  
chirping the daily weather report  
of fog rolling in  
and obscuring the sun.

Green upon green  
blends the woods together,  
a canopy of solitude  
interrupted only by the highway,  
occasional trucks speeding  
down the road,  
heading nowhere fast.

The quiet is soft,  
peaceful.

You are safe here.  
The sky is melodic  
and I pull it down with my fingertips  
over me, like a blanket.

I am cold, but  
completely enveloped.

Breathing steady and even,  
rain droplets tickling my  
collarbones,  
my head resting against  
tree bark, smoothed over  
years upon years,  
as leaves drift past,  
swirling in  
a silent song.

# *sea of life*

By Lydia Holbrook

A small boat left the dock. Its soul weak and frail. It can't communicate but it watched. Watches other boats leave the comfort of the docks to experience the journey ahead. The little boat's soul watched as they untied the rope and let it sail forth. It watched as it sailed across the water excited to see what was to come.

Alone in the dark I sat. Storm brewed overhead. Thunder rumbled. I watched as my friends sail away. Negative thoughts swirled my mind like food in a blender. Watching as everyone around me fades to dust.

I watched as the other boats faded in a storm. They've been the same. They all left the dock at the same time. Grown together. Now their in the same storm together. When we were at the dock I was the observant one. Watching everything around me. Oh well. My storm is long over.

I woke up and looked around. The water was tropical and bright. Tropical fish swam around. The soft, white sand was warm to the touch. There was lush jungle with a waterfall and rocks shiny and grey. Tropical birds call out This is home.

# *my family*

By Jo'el Ferrer

My name is Billy and I have a little sister named May and we play a lot. My mom name is Zoe and my mom mainly stay in her room all day with my dad. His name is Bob and our favorite foods are pizza, chinese food, chicken and rice and beans. It is not very cold outside, it's either warm, cool, hot, or sunny so we be outside all day playing and that how my family works. Then my dad went to jail, and then I had to step up and get a job and help pay for the bill and stuff like that. Ever since my dad left my dad left, May has been very disappointed. So she snuck out to visit my dad. As she walking she got there and she walk up to my dad and she said, "Hi, I miss you," and my dad said, "I miss you too. I will come home soon, ok." And then May said, "Ok, but you have to get up on your feet."

But meanwhile, I am at home helping mom cleaning and doing the dishes. Then I said, "Where is May?" Mom said, "I don't know," so I check in her room and she was not there, so I called her as may and my dad is talking. May's phone ring. May answer, and I said, "Where are you?" She said, "Visiting dad," and then I yelled at her and said, "Get over here now!" And then she came to the house and ate dinner anxiously.

The next day my dad came home, and he said to me I'm sorry I was not there for you. So I helped my dad get a job, and now he works for the president.

# *unknown*

By Cami Rocha

## **prologue**

Everything started that October of 2009 in a little neighbourhood in Mexico City. The sun, almost burning the plants and the hard concrete floor was constantly shining. We are talking about three big buildings. Each one of them with pretty much 100 appartements. These three were built a decade ago and they were still in a very good condition. This story is about the first one. Made of red bricks and with wooden windows and doors. This building, like the other two, had in the center a patio with a lot of plants, where a lot of children always played around. A four year old girl walked in the green patio holding her father's hand as she never wanted to let go. A tiny little head peeped out of one of the wooden windows, from house number 16. Her curiosity leading her no matter what. With that sight, that sight of excitement and joy, our story begins.

*Who are you?* said the long haired girl, still on the window after the man next to her walked over to house number 11 and told the little girl to walk in the patio.

*I don't know yet,* she answered, looking at her feet.

*Was that your dad?*

Yes. Her eyes met the long haired girl.

*Where is your mom?*

*She doesn't live here.* She looked at the sky as she would find comfort in it.

*Why?*

*Do you ever stop asking questions?*

The long haired girl stared blankly at her for a couple seconds.

*I'm Jazz.*

The girl smiled at her and turned around as she started walking to her new home.

*Goodbye, Jazz.*

The silence in the house broke as Jazz knocked the door.

*Why isn't your mom living here?* Jazz asked as the girl opened the door.

*Look, you don't even know my name . . .*

*Well then tell me your name!*

The girl looked up to meet Jazz's angry eyes.

*You can call me "C".*

*So?*

*So what?*

*Answer the question.* Jazz looked at her like she was crazy.

*Because she doesn't love my dad.*

*Why?*

*Because they fight.*

*Why?*

*I don't know, okay?!* She stared at the floor expecting another question.

*Goodbye C.*

Jazz walked until she reached her house without turning around.

C was sitting on the edge of an empty fountain, the breeze pulling her short brown hair. Her curls were everywhere but she didn't mind. Because what would she care about at her short age?

*Do you want me to help you?* someone asked.

*Help me?* C didn't even bother turning around, for she knew who it was.

*You told me you didn't know who you were,* Jazz said as C turned around to face her. *Do you want help with that?*

C stared at her long hair full of questions and thoughts.

*Is your mom alone like my dad?* C finally asked.

Jazz nodded with a wide smile on her face.

*Sorry about your mom.* Jazz said.

*Sorry about your dad.*

C pressed her palm against jazz's and their fingers crossed, meaning nothing and at the same time, everything.

### ***summer of 2012***

As Jazz and C played a weird game they made up, the silence wrapped the house.

*Are we still friends?* C asked, when they took a break in the white tiled kitchen.

*Of course we are, why would you ask that?* Said Jazz, pouring orange juice in a plastic cup.

C leaned on the kitchen counter. She was already 6 years old.

*You never hang out with me at school.*

*Well that's because we're not in the same grade C. I'm seven, you're six. That's life . . .*

*Who cares?* C looked at her with watery eyes. *You are my best friend.*

Jazz nodded and looked at the teddy bear laying on the floor. She picked it up, putting it in front of her face.

*Wanna keep playing?* She asked with a funny voice.

C sighed and grabbed the bear.

### ***june 2018***

Jazz and C were laughing on Jazz's bed in a cold rainy day. The blankets wrapped them and a laptop was placed between them playing an old 80's comedy. The laughs wrapped the room and made it warm.

*I love you Jazz,* C said calmly.

Jazz laughed softly and answered the same way.

*We will be together forever, right?* Jazz asked.

C looked at her as she placed her head on her shoulder. *Of course we will, long haired girl . . .*

. C answered. *Forever.*

You might wonder: are we still friends after 10 years?

Well we are. We meet every time we can though our childhood came to an end. We don't go outside but we watch endless movies sharing an endless love. And from what I know, that feeling will last forever in that green patio.

That night I looked at Jazz as I always did. As my friend, as my family. As the person that was with me in my darkest and brightest moments. As the person I laughed and cried with. As the person I also screamed at. As my partner in crime, and as what she really was and is. A curious, passionate girl that helped a broken little girl find her way out. Because yes, I was broken, and Jazz picked up every piece until she glued them all, and now here I am. Sometimes I just want to shout in your face but who cares. Who cares about that. People reading this, I don't know if you imagine how I feel. This might be another cheesy story about a friendship. But the thing is, it's not. This friendship is powerful because when I had a horrible day at school and my friends betrayed me and I felt miserable, if I were normal, I would have stayed in my room during the entire afternoon. But no, I didn't, because I had Jazz. I shared everything, then together we forgot about it, and we would hang out, just hang out. We share everything, everything, without hesitation. And I could write an entire book talking about how this is different than normal cheesy friendships, but it wouldn't be enough. So here's what I have to say:

Dear Jazz, I love you, and I always will.

***untitled photo***  
***(elliott)***

**By Hannah Smith**

On opposite page:





# *growing (past you)*

By Aviva Schuh

you gave me a rose and it rooted itself deep in my stomach  
growing petals that acid dissolved in unforgiving waves  
sending thorns into my ribcage, piercing my lungs  
and I cannot breathe

I see you in flickering flames  
you are warm in the hearth where I make my bed  
but untouchable  
inconsolable

time comes in rainstorms  
electrifying my fragile bones, shocking  
and bringing me to my knees  
the rain pours down and my tears melt into the deluge  
and I think,  
what if I were to drown

seaweed tangles my legs  
pulling me underwater  
stealing the air I once gave to you

I remember you in constellations  
your starry eyes stare back at me from the night sky,  
accusing  
warning,  
flashing and winking in and out of sight  
obscured by clouds  
and shadowed by tree branches

something howls in the distance  
I feel myself fracture just a little bit more  
the water rises  
the sparks grow  
the rose blooms  
and I fall apart

# *decay*

By Aviva Schuh

vile. disgusting.  
you deserve nothing more than the dirt on the ground.

blubbery worm. carcass.  
let maggots rot out your skin, devour your organs.  
crickets will carry your skeleton around their necks.

art is deceiving and so are you.

slip into the sea and let yourself sink in,  
drowning amongst the weeds from whence you came.

open books, tattered with age  
soaked with kerosene  
burst into flame.

bruise me.  
carve me up.  
let blood mix with the puddles on the sidewalk.

freckles and moles are places where  
the poison entered my skin.  
apple seeds are liars  
and the marks on my flesh do not tell the whole tales.

sludge bubbles up in my throat,  
struggling to bring back up something oh so wrong.  
hatred wafts off this pathetic figure,  
shaking,  
shivering,  
directed only inwards.

hair falls out in clumps.  
fall open, fall down, fall out.  
acid burns the corner of my eyes,  
splitting the seams of my soul.

if I have one,  
that is.

# *the untold world of factory farming*

By Alayzha McDougal

Factory farming is a system used to raise poultry, pigs, and cattle that incarcerates the animals under a harsh and controlled environment. A factory farm (only) needs to have 500 beef cattle, 500 dairy cows, sell 500,000 chickens annually or house 100,00 egg-laying chickens (Factory Farm Nation). Statistics show that 99% of farm animals are raised in a factory farm. About 8.5 billion chickens are killed annually and 300 million are used for laying eggs. The United States raises 100 million pigs per year and just at two weeks old they are separated from their mothers and put into sheds without windows or air ventilation.

Raising animals in factory farms does not benefit anyone. Factory farming has an effect on humans, even those who refrain from eating meat, poultry, or animal products. Diseases can be passed from the animals to humans such as hormones the animals are given, bacteria, and certain illnesses. Factory farming is a key contributor climate change. It causes more greenhouse gases than all transportation systems combined.

Animals in factory farms generate three times as much waste as humans in America per day. The waste from the animals is put into a lagoon, which is prone to leaks and spills. When the lagoon runs out of space the waste is put into the surrounding area as fertilizer. It is proven that the people who live in this area have a significantly larger risk factor for diseases such as asthma and cancer. According to a new report released by Environment America, five major animal agribusinesses —Tyson, JBS, Cargill, Smithfield, and Perdue—produce a combined 162,936,695 tons of manure every year (Geiling par. 2). In 2011, an Illinois hog farm spilled 200,000 gallons of manure into a creek, killing over 110,000 fish (Farm Sanctuary).

Factory farming not only affects the animals, the environment, human health, and the surrounding citizens but also its workers. Factory farm workers are usually immigrants or low class citizens with a criminal record. Most factory farm workers are brought in through the governments H-2A work visa program. This is a system that provides job opportunities for immigrants that typically require high labor and pays low. Working at a factory farm significantly increases the risk factor for many mental and physical health problems. Throughout the workday workers are exposed to harmful gases and endure stress injuries repeatedly which take a toll on their health. It is also a repeated pattern for factory farm workers to become mentally ill throughout time and to begin to abuse the animals. Often times former employees develop post-traumatic stress disorder.

Small contributions can make a big difference. If Americans went vegetarian for just one day we would save 100 billion gallons of water, 1.5 billion pounds of crops, 70 million gallons of gas, 3 million acres of land, and 33 tons of antibiotics. We could prevent 1.2 million tons of carbon dioxide, 3 million tons of oil erosion, \$70 million, 4.5 million tons of animals waste, and almost 7 tons of ammonia emission. If Americans substituted one chicken meal a week for a vegetarian option then it would save as much carbon dioxide as taking more than half a million cars off the road.

# you deserve to be loved

By Zamira Kulick

So you don't think you  
DESERVE to be loved  
I understand,  
I didn't either  
For a long time,  
And SOMETIMES I STILL DON'T  
We don't want to be vulnerable,  
Because that means WEAKNESS,  
And weakness means we get to see

who really cares

But it's hard to believe anyone would care  
About you when  
You don't care about yourself

We are taught to be selfless but not  
To have a self, how can we  
Give away all we have to offer when  
We don't believe anyone would want  
Something from us

So you don't think you deserve to be loved  
That the second people get  
The chance,  
They'll all L

E

A

V

E

you

For someone more worthy of their  
AFFECTION

That every time you want to f

A

L

L apart but

Stop yourself because  
No one cares enough to see you  
Broken, that  
You're right

Everyone covers up ~~their~~ problems  
Differently  
Some use humor  
Some stuff D

O

W

N

emotions and

Resign themselves to unhappiness,

And some don't want to be **B**R ok EN,

And so they refuse to  
Take CARE of themselves  
I used to be like that,  
And sometimes I still am

I'm terrible at dealing with my  
Problems

Empathy's great until  
You have no energy left

For yourself

I just want everyone to be  
Okay but

I'm a person too

I have to realize that I,

Too,

Deserve to be loved

Sometimes I'll not

Eat because

Then I can use it to d

I

S

T

R

A

C

+ myself

From my emotions but  
What if I face them  
Instead?

I know it's scary, and you  
Might not want to say this relates to you  
But you are

**Enough as you are**

You deserve love,  
Not to starve on SCRAPs OF AFFECTION

So you don't think you  
Deserve to be loved  
I understand,  
I didn't either  
For a long time,  
And sometimes I still don't

But  
maybe I  
Deserve to  
try and  
love  
myself