

“For as long as
there are places in
this world that paint
my mind in seconds
and pieces of time,
I will mention them.”

P'AN KU

- An excerpt from 'African Horizon' by Sofija Mladenovic



P'AN KU LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

BROWARD COLLEGE

P'AN KU

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

Volume 56 Issue 2





EMAIL US AT PANKUMAG@GMAIL.COM



@pankumag



@bcpanku



broward.edu/panku



Panku Magazine



@PankuFM

SPRING 2020 • ISSUE NO. 2

P'AN KU

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

BROWARD COLLEGESM

Founded in 1964, P'an Ku Magazine is a student-run, bi-annual literary and arts publication funded by Broward College. Our namesake is the Chinese God of Creation. Chinese mythology holds that P'an Ku created the sun, the moon, the heavens, and the earth. From P'an Ku flew the wind and the thunder, and his fleas became the ancestors of humans. Anyone endowed with creativity is said to be possessed by the spirit of P'an ku.

Editor's Note

I'll be honest, I didn't know how we'd even make it to this point of building the magazine this semester. The point where I have to find the words to represent our bizarre experience this semester, to embody the complex energy that our artists gave to this magazine as a whole, and to somehow make sense of this global pandemic that's found its way into our neighborhoods and homes...

The right words continue to elude me, but I'll say what I can.

I'm so beyond grateful for my incredibly devoted staff and editing team: adapting was key this semester, and I'm thankful that they were the faces I got to see on ALL of our virtual meetings. Seeing the tiny digital versions of them on the screen brought me comfort and helped keep our sense of community alive, and sometimes a sense of community is just the thing we need to keep it together when things get tough.

The truth is, so many of us are privileged to be at home with our basic necessities covered, wondering what new films we'll watch, or which new viral dance we'll tackle for social media, but the common ground these things share is that we're relying on the output from artists to comfort us.

From the ode to memory and family in "Lo and Be Hole" all the way to the uncertainty in the eyes of "Stolen Gazes," the artwork in this issue is here to accompany you through these . . . uncertain times.

Hold on to hope, trust science, and challenge your fears.

Understanding eludes me still, but I move forward with hope.

"I tried to put things in perspective, but sometimes you're just too close to it."

- Cormac McCarthy

Sincerely,
Michael Lozano
Editor-in-Chief





SPRING 2020 • ISSUE NO. 2

P'AN KU

COVER ART - ESPERANZA
Santiago Martinez

FACULTY ADVISOR
Vicky Santiesteban

PRINTING
**Broward College
Print Dynamics**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Michael Lozano

MANAGING EDITOR
Maria Isabel Cruz

LAYOUT EDITOR
Alexander Miller

FILM EDITOR
Madelyn Gibson

ART EDITOR
Oscar Jean

SOCIAL MEDIA LIAISON
Marceline Estrada

SPECIAL THANKS

Teresa Diehl, Neil Cohen, Pezhman Jatala, James Lansing, Erika Neff, John Selburg, Wanda Sims, Greg Vilbrun, Sandy Uber, Jodie Weinstein, Patricia Sanchez, Nathan Mikita, Scott Miller, Kevin Cole, Troy Wynsma and the BC printing department, as well as the Security Team at WHC, Broward College Student Life, and our Dear Readers.

ASSISTING STAFF

Valentina Sapiain, Roderick McKenzie, Rochelle Philizaire, Tiffany Faugue

Broward College does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, sex, gender, national origin, religion, age, disability, marital status, sexual orientation, genetic information or other legally protected classification in its programs and activities.

P'an Ku, Volume Fifty-Six, Issue Two was designed, produced, and edited solely by the students at Broward College. All contributions in this issue are by the students at Broward College. This magazine is funded by Student Activities Fees. The opinions expressed are those of our contributors and do not necessarily represent those of the editors, faculty, staff, administrators, or trustees of Broward College. Copyright 2019 by Broward College Willis Holcombe Center, 111 East Las Olas Blvd. Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301. Contributions, with a submission form, which include a full name, address, student number, and telephone number of the contributor are welcome from all students attending Broward College. All communications with the editors, and all inquiries concerning this publication, should be addressed to: Editor in chief of P'an ku, Broward College Willis Holcombe Center, 111 East Las Olas Blvd. Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301. All copyrights revert back to the original artists and authors after publication.

FILM

Whispers

Directed by Gavin Louis

Apple Knock

Directed by Daniel Carballido



ARTWORK

Skill of the Empty	7	Noann Maia
The Journey Begins	12	Pablo Matute
Back Home	13	Santiago Martinez
Infiltration	17	Abigail Schnitzius
The Battle	22	Yongkai Sun
Luz	23	Natalia Vargas
Born Free	26	Daniel Otero
Diversity	27	Dune Duny Dube
Inside The Pages	31	Santiago Martinez
Trapped	36	Santiago Martinez
Tears	37	Adelle McGowan
Disheveled	38	Jessica Sharif
Gone	39	Jessica Sharif
Parted	40	Jessica Sharif
Rose	41	Jessica Sharif
Coffee Ballerina	43	Camilo Silva
Stolen Gazes	51	Natalia Vargas

POETRY

Ms. Woods	28	Joshua Reid
The Old Woman Spoke	29	Shirleen Groves
Fatimav	42	Maria Isabel Cruz

PROSE

Lo and be Hole!	8	Arianna Williams
Three Weeks and Two Days	14	Leika Moly Estimable
It Was Him	20	Alexandera Balla
African Horizon	25	Sofija Mladenovic
The Revolution	32	Sydney Darling
A Revolution in the Sestina	46	Isabella Marcon

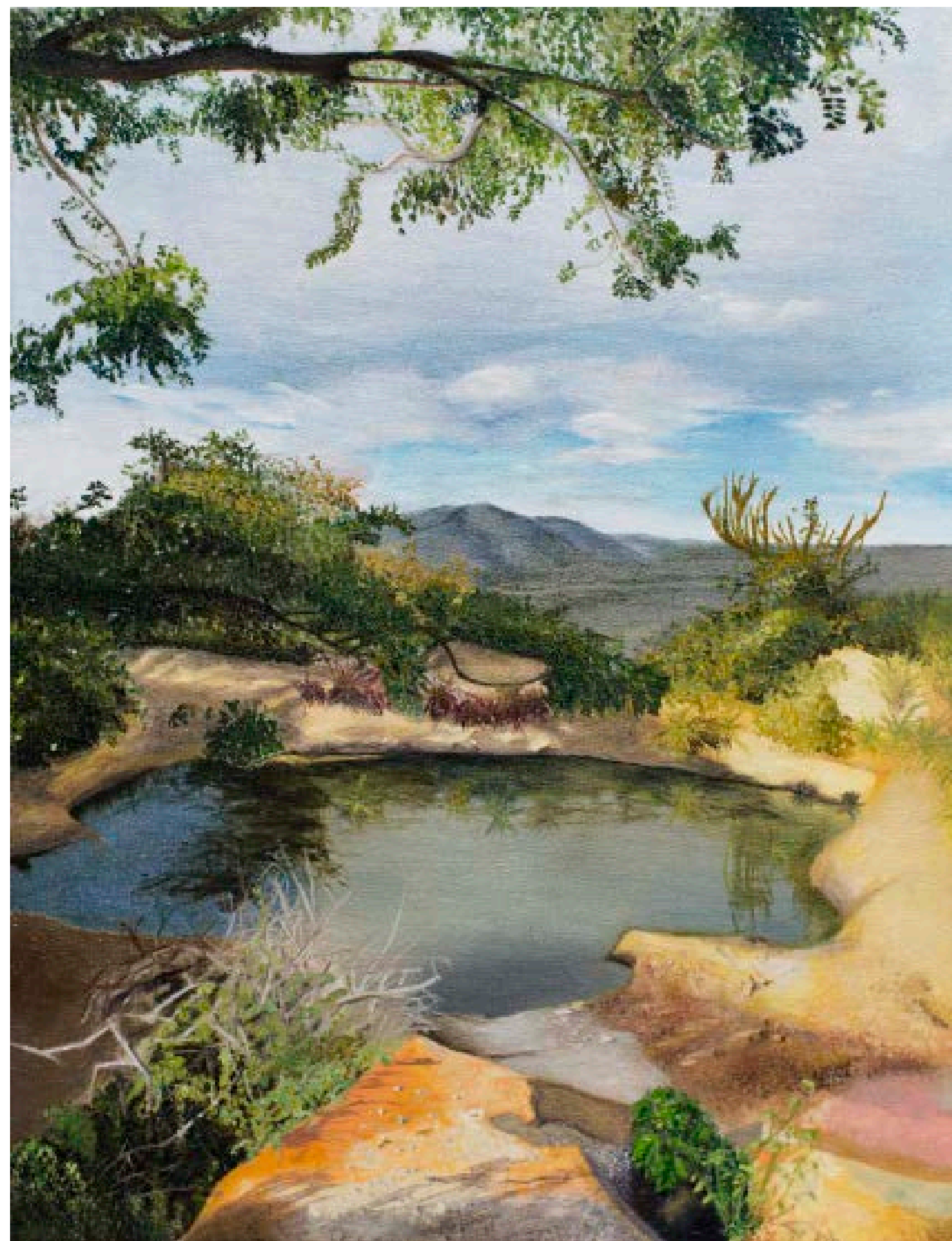
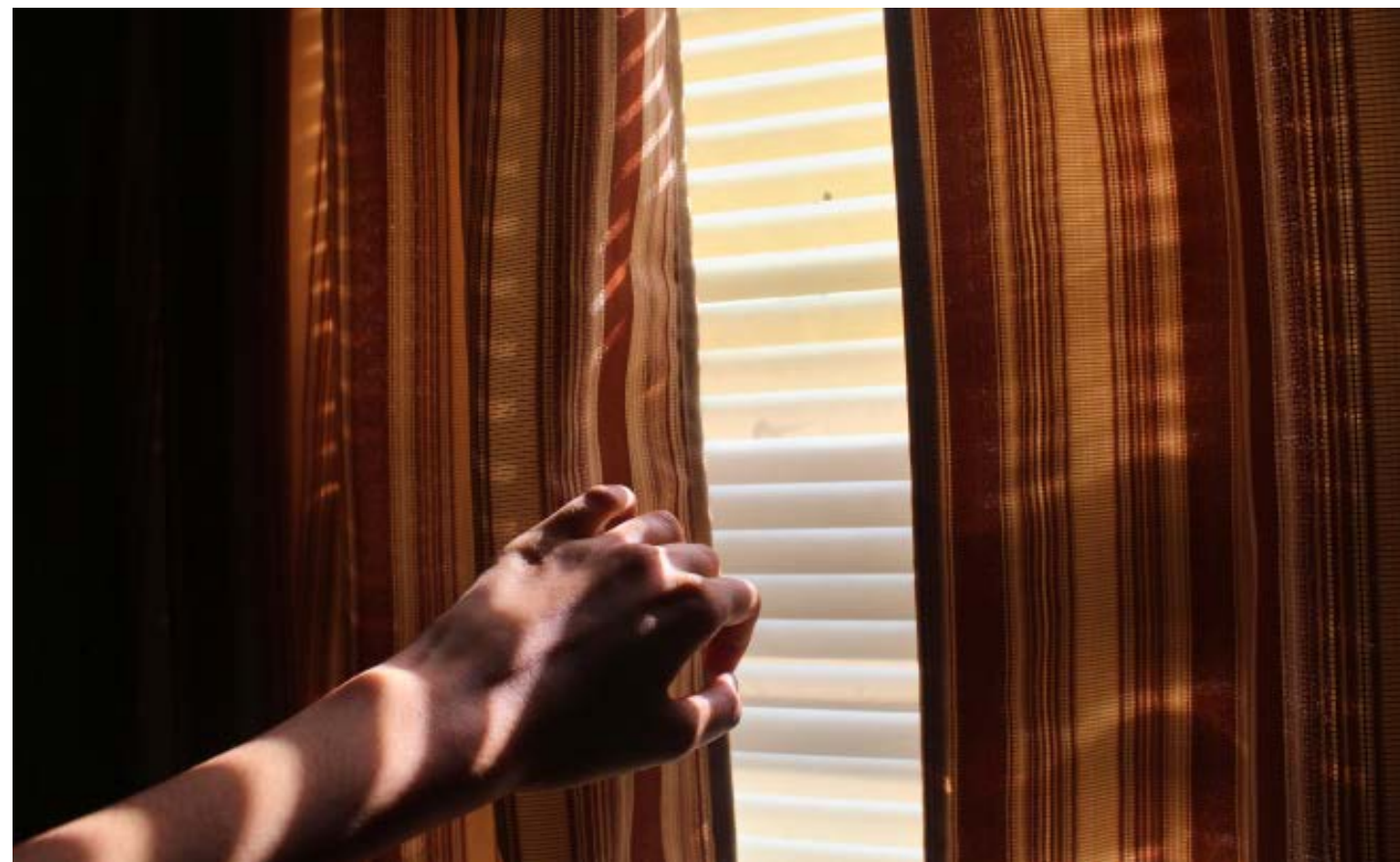
PHOTOGRAPHY

Finding an Escape	6	Jasmine Mohamed
Morning Fog	11	Raphael Liy
The Attic	19	Raphael Liy
Abandoned Bike	30	Justin Culley
Concrete & Bed Sheets	44	Tabatha Baez
Here Today Gone Tomorrow 17	46	Smith Durogene
Here Today Gone Tomorrow 19	47	Smith Durogene



Finding an Escape

Jasmine Mohamed, Photography



Page 7
Skill of the Empty
Noann Maia, Oil



Lo and Be Hole

Arianna Williams

My Grammy lived up a hill from us. It was more like a mountain for me since I was about eight. She was an eighty-odd-year-old woman, small in physique. Despite this, she would take a walk all the way from the top of the hill and journey in the boiling hot Jamaican sun everyday to visit her daughter and grandkids. We could have easily visited her, but she insisted. We always looked forward to Grammy's visit. She would usually stop at a store a block from our house to buy all sort of goodies for all five of us. She would bring a special beverage for me because I was the youngest. I think my sister before me, Laura, was always jealous of that. She was always envious because I was Grammy's favorite. Grammy would arrive at the house, we greeted her, and we would enjoy our goodies as she told us stories about her life growing up in a more rural area in the country. Stories about playing in rivers, farming coffee beans, raising hens and playing a harmonica with my Grandpa. So, let me tell you about a time when justice was served piping hot and fresh from the pot. It involved my jealous sister, a close call with death, and an unsuspecting hero.

Grandpa had died when I was only a baby. That is when my mom asked my uncles to build a house for my Grandma and move her closer to us. However, an illness overcame Grammy suddenly. She couldn't visit us everyday as she normally would. We were walking up that mountain ourselves to visit her.

"Laura, do you want to bring this banana bread for your grandma?" my mom asked my sister one Saturday afternoon.

She laid glued to the T.V, her feet propped up on the sofa.

"Laura!" mom said louder.

I was in the living room with them, brushing through my doll's hair.

"Thirteen-year olds are so hard of hearing," I said, continuing to brush out my doll's hair.

Mom looked infuriated. She looked up from her glasses and gave Laura "The Look".

In less than a nanosecond Laura shut the T.V off and grabbed the dish with the banana bread, ready to leave.

"Wait, why the rush? Take your sister with you," Mom said.

"She's so annoying and she'll make the journey longer," Laura responded.

"But I want to see Grammy!" I beckoned.

Mom gave Laura "The Look" again.

"Fine, fine let's go, but don't bring the doll."

We started our journey. The sun was blazing. As soon as I stepped out I could feel the humidity and beads of sweat beginning to form on my forehead. I walked closer to my sister to catch up.

"Wait for me!" I shouted.

"Are you trying to deafen me? Keep up why don't you." Yes, she's still this mean.

"Why are you angry?" I asked.

"All the other kids are either out with their friends or playing games on the computer. Why did I out of all of them have to be cursed to walk this far with you," She responded.

I frowned. "This is why I'm Grammy's favorite, you're a meany."

She walked faster away from me, leaving a trail

of the banana bread scent.

Mhmmmmmm, I hope Grammy gives us some.

We walked for a while to the soundtrack of bicycles passing by, Cars beeping, dogs barking and neighbors greeting us from their front porches.

Now, we were almost at Grammy's house. The unbearable part was over. We were over the hill and all that was left was to take a curve and lo and behold, Grammy's house.

"Hey Ria," Laura asked.

"Yes?" I answered.

"Stand right there for a sec." Laura pointed to a grassy area with a few trees right next to Grammy's house.

Eight-year-old naivety caused me to move closer to it without questioning it.

"Here?" I asked.

"Move a bit more to the left." I moved. "Now a bit more to the right. I moved. "The other right. Perfect!" She exclaimed.

I was about to ask her why she instructed me to do this. "Why d-." Unfortunately, I was interrupted.

Apparently, some form of construction was going on in that grassy area. Someone dug a ten feet deep hole and laid the insides with blocks of cement. They also thought it was a marvelous idea to camouflage the hole with gigantic green leaves in this green area.

I instantly felt myself falling, but I caught hold of part of a cement block and was hanging like *Mufasa* in front of *Scar*. Tears were rolling down my cheeks and I was begging for my sister to help me

up. She, however, was dying of laughter. Tears were streaming down her eyes, but these tears were different. She pointed at me, mocking me and laughing for what felt like a year but was almost twenty minutes. My child limbs were getting weak and I felt my hand slipping.

Is this it? Is this how I'm going to die? Eight-years-old at the hands of my sister? Am I really never going to get a slice of that banana bread?

I felt one hand let go and I closed my eyes tight, but I did not fall. I was instead being pulled up. I looked up blinded by the sun, but I saw both Laura and Grammy pulling me up. Grammy more than Laura and Grammy was ill. I was alive!

What had happened was that Grammy was in the middle of knitting when she had heard the ruckus. She went to look through a window. After a while, she realized that Laura was pointing down to where she had gotten a trap made to catch a thief who kept stealing her mangoes. She quickly ran out to see this.

Grammy scolded my sister and she didn't get any of the banana bread. It was absolutely delicious by the way. It truly tickled my taste buds. When we were back home my mom had options for her.

"The thin one or the thick one?" My mom asked pointing to two belts.

Laura gulped. She was about to endure a gruesome and rare punishment in my household. She winced every time the smooth leather belt made contact with her skin.

Justice was served. Up to this day, I still have nightmares about this experience. I regret taking the risk and listening to my sister but hey, I was only eight. However, a moral can be taken from this tale. The moral is: Don't steal from trees, don't fall in holes, don't take the risk of listening to your siblings and



never underestimate your Grammy. That, however, was truly a life-threatening moment, and puts in perspective how important each step you make is. Who knows, you might take the risk, make one wrong step and fall in a hole.



Morning Fog
Raphael Liy,
Photography





The Journey Begins

Pablo Matute,
Charcoal on Paper



Back Home

Santiago Martinez,
Graphite and Watercolor



Three Weeks and Two Days

Leika Moly Estimable

Phones or any electronic devices weren't allowed except for the TV in the dayroom that seemed to be stuck on the Food Network channel. There were no clocks on the wall, no way to tell the time unless I walked to the nurses' station and asked Nurse Veronica for the time, which I refused to do. She worked the night shift on weekdays and was the only nurse at the station during those times. She'd put her feet up on the desk, pop Lays chips into her mouth and yells at anyone who was walking the empty halls past nine to go back to their rooms. I hated her. Not only was she rude and clearly didn't care about any of us, but she also made a comment about how fat I looked while I was forced to strip down to nothing but my underwear in front of her my first day here.

Time moves even slower when you don't know it's moving. We all stayed in our rooms unless we had to leave. We had a routine to follow every day, and it got tedious. The halls were always a ghost town apart from the occasional screaming or fighting amongst the patients and techs.

I never fought with any of the techs. In fact, I never spoke to any of them except for Mr. Ronnie. He was my favorite. He was Haitian, tall, and wore a fuchsia long sleeve shirt under his navy-blue scrubs. Everyone liked him, mostly because he snuck in fun-sized bags of skittles to us during Rec. Mr. Ronnie worked the morning shift, so I saw him first thing in

the morning every day. He took me and my roommate's vitals and gave us fresh towels to go shower afterward. My roommate had the biggest crush on him. She commented about Mr. Ronnie the first time he took my vitals. She was sitting in the bed next to mine when she said,

"I'm usually scared of needles, but that man can take more than my blood any day,"

My roommate's name was Christina. She was seventeen years old (a year older than me and taller than me.) Her hair was a loud, out-of-control fire that reached down to the bottom of her spine and she told everyone she met that she's a natural redhead. She smelled like strawberries and the clothes her mom brought her were always soft and smelled of lavender laundry detergent. She loved books. Her mother brought her new clothes every two days with two new books each time. We even ended up sharing clothes since my dad couldn't bring me anything for my first two days there.

Christina walked the halls in short shorts and her arms were always bare, her scars out in the open. Deep horizontal lines covered more than half her arms and legs. She never showed any shame. Her confidence frightened me.

There was no way to tell time inside the hospital, but all I knew was that at six AM the techs came into our room and took our vitals.. We were given a fresh towel each morning to shower if we wanted to. I didn't shower my first day there because of my ban-

dages. We weren't allowed curtains or even a shower door. The toothbrush we were provided was about the size of my pinky. Precautions after precautions, everything was childproof. At seven, it was time for breakfast. The boys would go down first, then the girls. We walked in a single file line down to the cafeteria where we weren't allowed to drink coffee, but we were given a variety of artificially flavored juices to choose from and where we were forced to eat pasta with a spoon. After breakfast, we would head back to the dayroom, which was the only place the boys and girls could be together.

Bobby Flay's voice filled the quiet in the room while everyone munched on ice from the machine down at the nurses' station. Nothing specific ever happened in the dayroom after breakfast. One of the techs would sometimes bring an Uno deck and leave it on one of the tables. Mr. Ronnie sometimes cracked jokes and talked about music with us. I never talk to anyone except for Christina. Christina talked to everyone.

The dayroom was also where we had group therapy. The therapist's name was Ariana, and no, she did not look like Ariana Grande. She talked in a soft voice and always held Kayla when she started crying for no reason during group. She told us to always remember to breathe in every situation and gave us each a sticker every day after group. She even told this boy Justin to stop bothering me when he wouldn't stop asking me why I was admitted.

"What? I just wanna know," Justin defended himself after asking me for what seemed like the hundredth time.

I looked at him and slowly pulled up the green hospital gown I was wearing and revealed the bandages wrapped around my thighs. The room echoed with "oo's". Miss Ariana told everyone to

calm down and ask me to cover my bandages back.

"Interesting spot, new girl," this girl sitting across from me said. I didn't know her name.

Justin nodded and agreed with her. "That's it? That's why you're here?"

"I also took some pills," I found myself saying.

"I'm all for sharing, but Leika, you don't have to if you don't want to. It's only your second day," Miss Ariana gave me a look. It looked like pity and I hate pity.

"Lexapro. Took twenty."

Christina, who was sitting next to me, put her hand on top of mine, "I took seventy pills, twenty is for amateurs." The whole room erupted in laughter and I found myself laughing along with everyone until Miss Ariana changed the topic and started talking about how to say "no" to anxiety.

Group became my favorite part of being in that prison after my first session.

We also had individual therapy where we spoke to the psychiatrist in the hospital. Her name was Dr. I and she was very persistent to find out why exactly I did what I did. I never spoke a word to her until she claimed that the longer I refused to talk, the longer I would be there. Part of me just wanted to be able to wear a bra with underwire and the other part of me did not want to leave because that would mean I'd have to go back home and as much as I hated the hospital, my house beat it on the list of my least favorite places.

"How long have you been here for?" I asked Christina on my third day. She was laying on the bed across from mine, her head buried in the book she was reading. She turned to me and smiled. "I think it's about

"There was no way to tell time inside the hospital, but all I knew was that at six AM the techs came into our room and took our vitals."

to be three weeks now.”

I was shocked. *I thought it was only supposed to be seventy-two hours*, “When do you get to go home?”

She shrugged. “Do you want to go home?” I didn’t answer. “You can have visitors after your first week,” She smiled. “And no school.”

The thought of being stuck in there for three weeks or more made me nauseous, but after three weeks and two days, I made friends who knew exactly what I was going through, friends who would never, ever judge me, friends who were just like me: sad, broken, but not completely hopeless.



Infiltration
Abigail Schnitzlius,
Digital Painting, Photobash over 3D
Model





The Attic
Raphael Liy, Photography



Whispers
Gavin Louis, Film



It Was Him

Alexandera Balla

“L'appel du vide” translates to “Call of the Void”. I could feel that sensation resonating through me while I stared at Him at the other end of the glass wall inside the chamber. A wall that scientists surrounded, marveled at the same sight that had been bestowed onto my eyes. Some dared say it was holy. A breakthrough of judgmental proportions. I have yet to agree.

The more you stared, the more the call resonated. I was but a few who experienced this feeling. Only two out of my forty colleagues felt the same. We three sat alone in the Containment Center’s cafeteria, silent in discussion. We could feel His call to us, vibrating, outside the chamber, all rendering us uncomfortable to say the least. Why us and not the others is a question I did not have an answer too. We had no idea what to do and it scared us to hear the others call Him god-like.

It was last night someone had made the discovery of His awareness. His body had been brought to the Containment Center from below the East Siberian sea in the Arctic circle some five years ago, quickly and silently. He was discovered by my colleague, Ivanov, who sat with me. The details of His discovery had been odd in the first place. A bizarre humanoid entity to be discovered in one of the unlikeliest of places: the Arctic circle. A body devoid of pigmentation, hairless, appendages longer and out of proportion to the normal human figure, and lacking facial features, no eyes, no ears, no nose, no mouth, not to mention being

about forty feet tall. Even for the Containment Center, this being is more unnatural than the phenomena the Center already holds.

Eating was the last thing we could do in the cafeteria and before we could formulate any thought or discuss fully what we experienced, the PA announced for us to return to the chamber and we looked at each other with unease.

We returned to find as though the other scientists hadn’t moved from their positions, still mesmerized by His sight. The call’s vibration became stronger, turning into a low hum. Through the glass wall, it was revealed that He had a number of luminous wing-like appendages emerging from the shoulders, back, temples, and ankles, outstretched and the tips reaching to the edges of the wall. Each seemed to be about twenty feet wide. He was no longer laying down on His back. He was now standing upright facing all of us. Two wings covered His featureless face, two covered His feet, and two were outstretched behind Him. He took up most of the space of the warehouse-sized chamber, still faced forward.

“The silence almost seemed deafening. Neither of us had spoken either. We didn’t know what to say. Then the humming stopped.”

My second colleague who also felt the resonance, Isabelle, moved past the scientists and observed them, looking back at Ivanov and I to tell us that none show any sign of reaction. They were all frozen in place. Isabelle kept moving forward to the glass wall. I started to panic.

He still did not move but I could feel heat radiating off of His being, glowing. Ivanov proceeded to head to the control room of the laboratory to attempt to give us information regarding His vitals. From the doorway, I continued to walk in between the cluster of scientists in order to make my way to Isabelle, but by the time I got to the first researcher, I was hit with a repugnant odor, rancid enough to make my stomach churn and buckle over, nearly vomiting and my eyes watering. I stood up, covering my mouth and nose to examine the scientist, noticing his pupils were dilated, but clouded over, but the rest of his body seem ake my way beside Isabelle, who seemed to be unbothered by the stench and continued to stare intently at Him. Ivanov soon joined us.

Then all the bodies collapsed to the ground.

We looked away for a split-second, witnessing something oozing out of each of the bodies from any orifice possible, and looked back at Him. Where His hands were, He grew sharp, claw-like appendages, and His once blank face now revealed only a mouth with a jaw that unhinged four times that of a normal human,

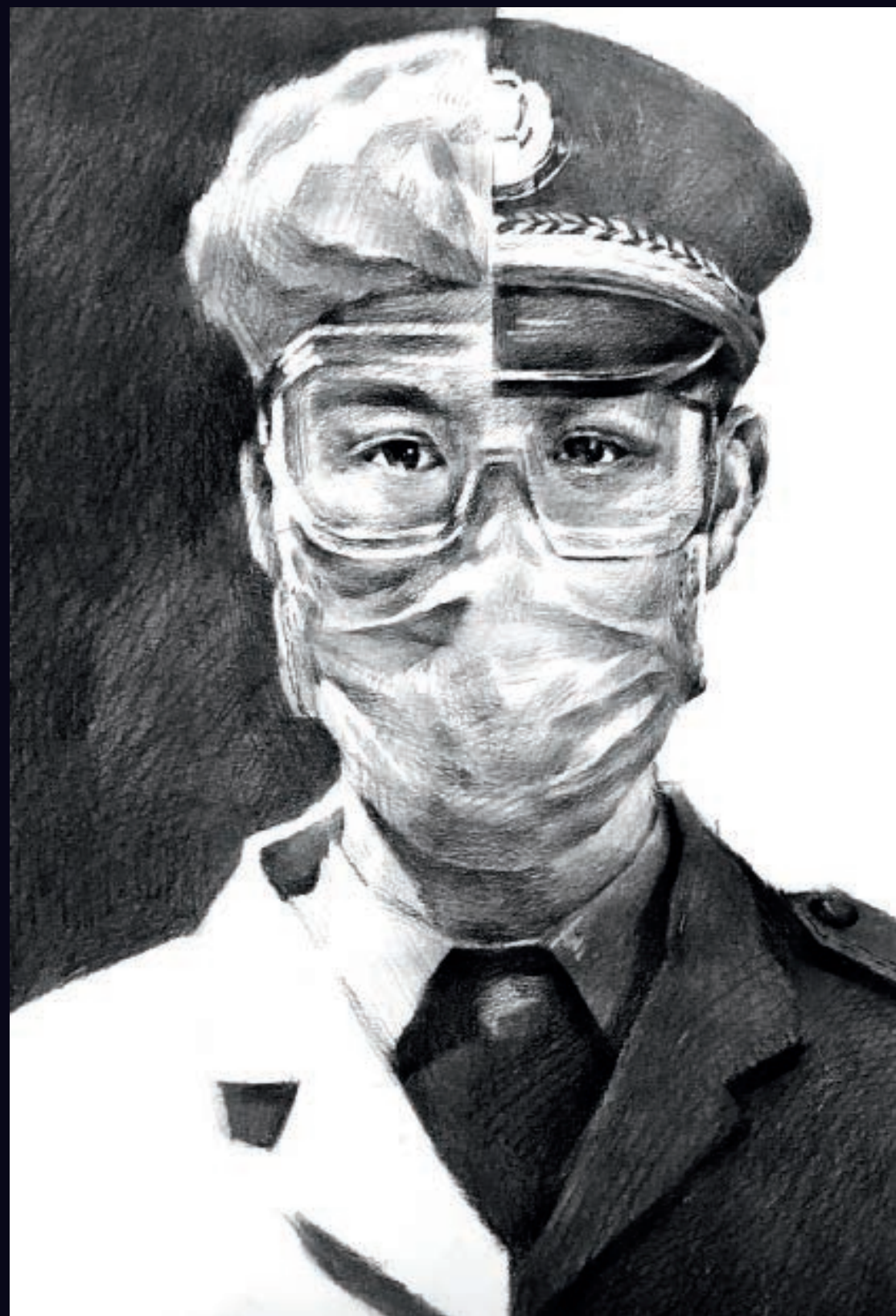
exposing a single row of perfectly straight human-like teeth, gums exposed. His mouth upturned, resembling a smile, but said nothing.

The silence was deafening. Neither of us spoke. We didn’t know what to say. Then the humming stopped. He beat his wings with enough intensity that the glass wall shattered and the chamber surrounding him crumbled into nothing. I could feel my blood rushing to my ears and my heart pounding nearly bursting from the pressure. He crouched down in front of us, studying us as if we were insects and only one thing echoed in our minds before He vanished.

“PREPARE”

The Battle

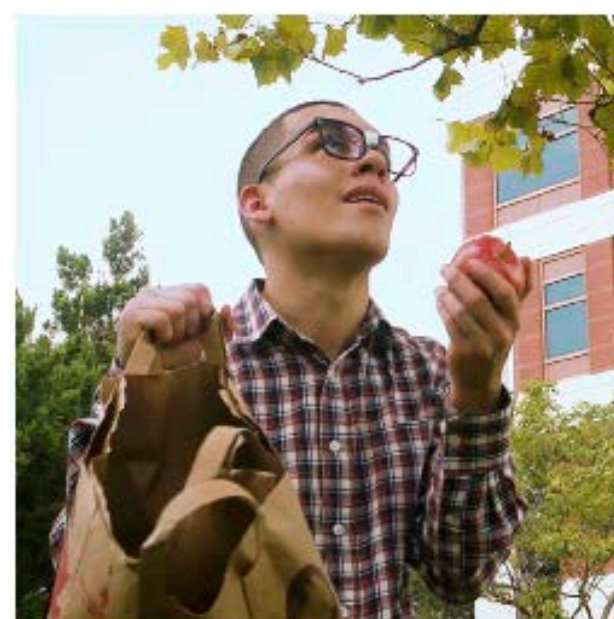
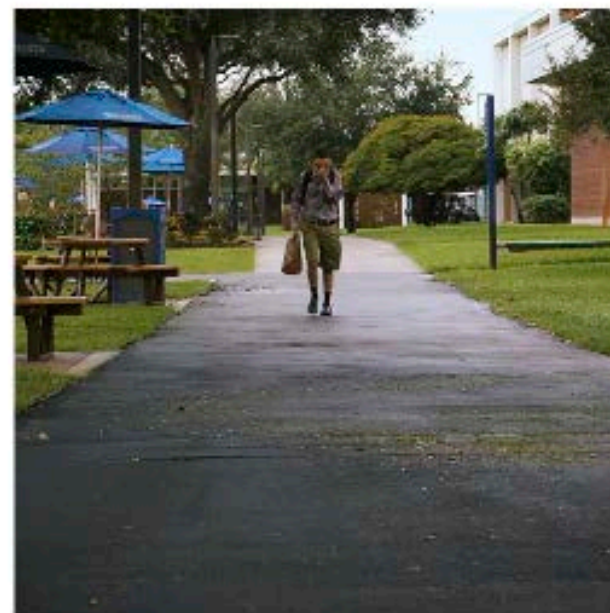
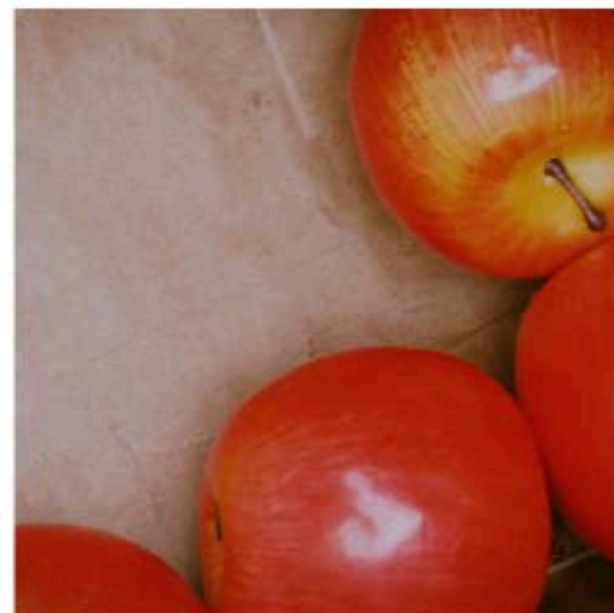
Yongkai Sun,
Charcoal



Luz

Natalia Vargas,
Oil





Apple Knock
Daniel Carballido, Film



African Horizon

Sofija Mladenovic

In the sparks of deepest ecstasy, I often mention the African horizon. In mere seconds, it calls to me in a broader sense – desert, oasis, sky spilled with blood. But with each moment that passes, the meaning becomes clearer: the crackling of sand under your dry and cracked soles, the warmth of the sun on the back of my head, the wind tickling my bare shoulders, and molecules of water cooling off the inside of my mouth.

And still, the African horizon crosses my mind in places which, not even in their colors, resemble Africa even the slightest. For as long as there are places in this world that paint my mind in seconds and pieces of time, I will mention them.

Serbian graveyard in Thessaloniki. I'm not referring to the graves, they are mere "monuments" -- only places where something rotten lies or, perhaps, doesn't anymore. What actually awakens my personal African horizon are the shadows: shadows of trees playfully dancing with the rays of sunshine; shadows of clouds that are kissing, dancing with and embracing the sun; shadows of the sky that create a palette of history and mark it on the soil of the graveyard, so much that it is no longer just a storage for something perished; shadows, shadows and even more shadows that actually represent my people who watch over us, prodding the flames of life, leading you right into murmurs of pure ecstasy.

The tickling of the wind suits me because I know that there are strong and distant hands in it. I like the color of the sun

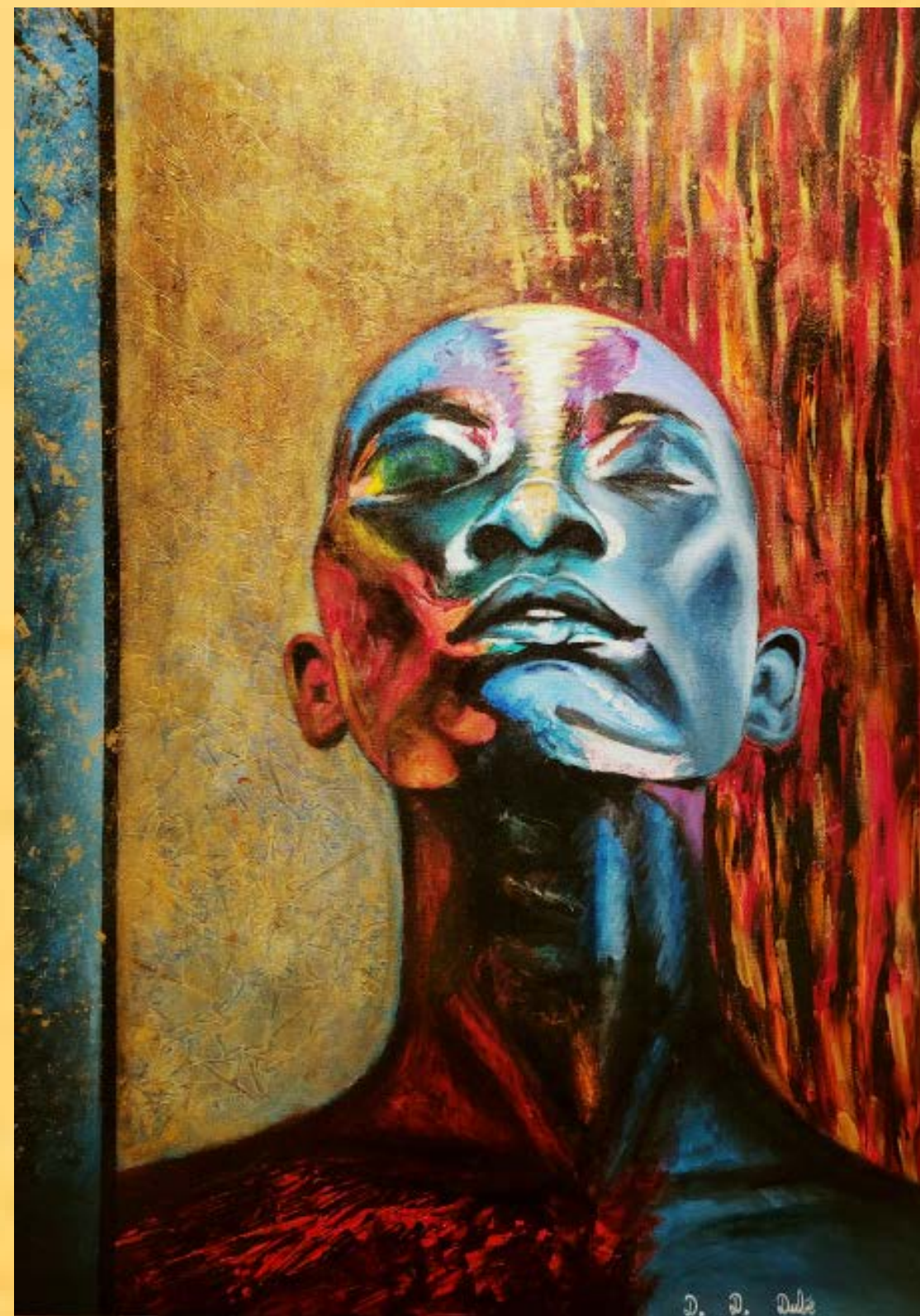
because I know it is borrowed from many warm, long lost eyes. I especially like to wander towards the African horizon because I know that, much before I did, a brave mind pictured it long before me.

In the bliss of deepest ecstasy, I often mention the African horizon. I found another one in Thessaloniki. I'll search no more, for African horizons aren't meant to be found. No. African horizons sneak up on you; they appear unannounced, hitting and biting, kissing and covering you tenderly with their soft blankets.



Born Free

Daniel Otero,
Acrylic on Canvas



Diversity

Dune Duny Dube,
Acrylic Paint



Ms. Woods

Joshua Reid


Let my body lie in the lake.

Let it submerge
beneath the surface.

I swim through the water of my bloodline,
Empowered.

I stop for a while,
to visit my brothers and sisters.

They nourish me.



“Young man stop looking down” they say.
“Young man fix your crown!” they say.

So, I walk these streets as if they are mine.
So, I fix my crown so it may brightly shine.

The lake moves me,
she smiles at my efforts.

I hope to make her proud.



The Old Woman Spoke

Shirleen Groves

An old woman spoke.

Her voice kind, yet broken
and when she spoke,

her words went unnoticed.

Those around her once vibrant and loving,
disappeared with the death of her husband.


Now she sits upon her old dusty chair,
remembering a time

when her loved ones were near,

her love never faltered

her demeanor never changing,

as she would help those who needed her more than anything.



Perhaps it was that need

that kept her steady.

Distracted from the world,

until she was ready.

When that time comes,

much will be mourned

From the old children, who will love her forevermore



Abandoned Bike

Justin Culley, Photography



Inside The Pages

Santiago Martinez,
Watercolor, Collage, Graphite



The Revolution

Sydney Darling

I was sitting at my desk, doing some math homework, stuck on a problem about finding the first derivative. All of this stress was giving me a headache. I began to tap my pencil on my chin, trying to remember how my teacher had done it so easily in class.

I glanced at my clock, fighting back a yawn. It was almost two o'clock in the morning and I was the only one up in the house. My parents were fast asleep, resting up for a busy day of work ahead of them. I could hear my father's heavy snoring drifting in from the other room. My eyes burned with exhaustion and my brain felt depleted, but I knew I had to keep working.

I stopped tapping my pencil, but I still heard some noise over my father's periodic snores. The noise was synchronized like footsteps. I rushed over to my window, suddenly curious, and opened it, letting the cool sixty-three-degree air hit me for the first time.

I watched as ten armed men – unityguards – marched along the sidewalk. Their black uniforms bore the golden city symbol of two hands shaking. The line of guards split as two guards went to each of the five houses on my block. In seconds, there was a harsh knock on our own front door. I heard my parents bustle out of their room.

I opened my door, watching as my mom's plush, pink robe flowed behind her as she took the stairs two at a time. I was confused by the quickness in her steps. She seemed worried and frazzled. It was just a routine check, right?

"Careful Mom!" I whispered loud enough for her to hear.

Dad came out next. He walked up to me and kissed my forehead. He had a worried expression that matched Mom's. I didn't understand much, but I suspected that my parents had known that the unityguards would come.

"Hide outside. Go through the attic. No matter what, don't let them find you." His voice was stern, signaling to me that there was no time for questions. He gave me a faint smile before he followed my mother's beckoning voice downstairs. They were both tense. I shook with worry as a wave of nausea rolled through me. What was happening? Hide before who finds me? I was terrified.

I watched, frozen in fear, as my dad walked down the steps, as if he didn't want to give away the fact that he was shaking inside. I leaned over the stairway ledge, just barely making out the two dark figures looming over my parents, questioning them. It was clear to me, even all the way at the top of the stairs, that these men were here strictly for business.

"We have been ordered to come to every house in Tylius and take the children." The first man exclaimed. He had black hair and a small beard.

Take the children? I had heard of raids like this happening in other cities, but here? In the place I had called home for my entire life? No. There was something else going on. Something that I didn't quite understand. Something that was possibly bigger than just my parents and me.

"Do you have any children?" The second man asked, even though

it seemed more like a statement than a question. He had fiery red hair.

"No." My father said too quickly. He had ruined his cool persona from before. The words came out so fast that I knew for a fact that the guards could see right through his lie. Sweat began to bead on his forehead.

"Where are your children? There's no use hiding it. We know you have kids. We've been through this for days with other families, trying to hide their children. We always find them." Red said flatly. Dad quickly realized his mistake and continued.

"Very well then. We have one daughter, but she is away with her grandparents." He tried to regain his confidence, but even I could see the fear written all over his face.

"Where?" Blackbeard pressed. He knew that my parents were lying. I studied his expression carefully. It was clear that these guards already knew all about me.

I started shaking as Blackbeard's gaze rose to the top of the stairs, just inches away from my face. I was glad he couldn't hear my beating heart. I was afraid that its incessant pounding in my chest would have given me away in an instant.

"Not in Tylius," Mom whispered, carefully not giving away my precise location. "Very well. Mind if we look around?" My parents' lie had fallen apart.

"Is that necessary?" Dad asked.

"Are you hiding something?" Red's tone hit a warning note. All of the alarms in my head went off. Stop them! They'll find me!

"No, we have nothing to hide." Mom confirmed, gripping Dad's hand,

"Then you have nothing to fear."

I didn't stay long enough to watch Red and Blackbeard move. I knew that those guys could find me in an instant if they tried hard enough, so I took the head start. I climbed into the crawl space in my closet, carefully pulling stuff back near the trap door so it wouldn't be so exposed and continued to follow the path into the basement. I pushed open the basement doors that led outside and climbed out, hiding in the bushes, peering nervously through the windows. I remembered thinking that my dad was crazy for putting all of these secret passages all over the house. Now, I was starting to think that he did all of this for me. He knew this day was coming.

I heard a lot of shoving inside, followed by repetitive bangs. Suddenly, Red and Blackbeard were opening all of the windows glancing outside, allowing me to hear everything.

"I know you're lying," Red's hand gripped my mother's arm. She struggled, fighting against his iron grip. My father fought against Blackbeard, who held onto the hem of his shirt.

"Let. Her. Go." Dad muttered as Blackbeard's fist collided with his stomach. Then, louder he shouted.



“Don’t you touch her!” Dad’s new-found rage brought an edge to him that I’d never seen before. His eyes were wild, His only mission: to save my mother.

“What? Am I bothering you?” Red dropped my mom out of his embrace and both he and Red cornered my dad, knives drawn. Mom collapsed on the floor, pale and shivering. The color had completely drained out of her face.

“Yes, you are bothering me.” Dad countered. He knew I was out there in the garden. He was saving me, risking his own life for mine. I was soon forgotten as both men surrounded him. He looked petrified. What has he done? “Get on with it then! Tell me! Where is Alexandra?” Red screamed. He knew my name. He knew my name. My heart skipped a beat and for a second, I couldn’t breathe.

“No place you will ever find her.” Dad smiled. Blackbeard turned on him in that same instant. “Oh, is that so?” With one quick draw of his knife, Blackbeard had stabbed my father in the abdomen. My eyes widened in shock and I covered my mouth to stop from screaming. Dad dropped to the ground and laid there, motionless.

“No!” Mom called out from her place on the floor, tears flooding her eyes as she reached for Dad, only to be held back by Red. I wanted to run inside and comfort her, to tell her that I was still here, but instead, I sat there on the damp grass of

our garden, shivering in fear. I watched in silence as Red forcefully carried my mom out of the house. Her fighting useless.

It felt like hours before Red and Blackbeard left the house. Hidden under the cover of thick undergrowth, I had watched the pair walk around one last time in search of me. I sat in somber silence; my face soaked with tears. Then they were gone, taking Mom with them.

Red and Blackbeard left, leaving me to cry alone in the corner of the garden. I went back into the house. I sat on my bed with tissues littering the floor. My clothes were caked in dirt and mud. Why did this happen to me? How did this happen to me?

My parents were both gone-- just like that. I loved them too much for them to both just be gone. I couldn’t take the unreal aspect of it all. I could not believe my new reality.

How would I cope? At least I could save my mother somehow, as long as I could find her. But my father, I didn’t even know what to do. I couldn’t save him. I was too late. When I had walked back into the house, I didn’t even dare to venture into the room where I knew his body still laid. I was feeling extremely hopeless and to top it all off, the image of Red screaming my name wouldn’t fade from my mind. “Where is Alexandra?” he had asked

my parents just moments before my father took his last breath and my mother was kidnapped.

I willed Red and Blackbeard to find me, daring them to try to take me alive. There was no way I would let them saunter back here and grab me too. I was ready to fight. “Where is Alexandra?” I could almost see his flame-colored hair and yellowish smile as I replayed the night over and over in my mind.

I don’t know, Red. Where am I?

“No matter what,
don’t let them
find you.”



Trapped
Santiago Martinez,
Graphite



Tears
Adelle McGowan,
Acrylic on Wooden Panel

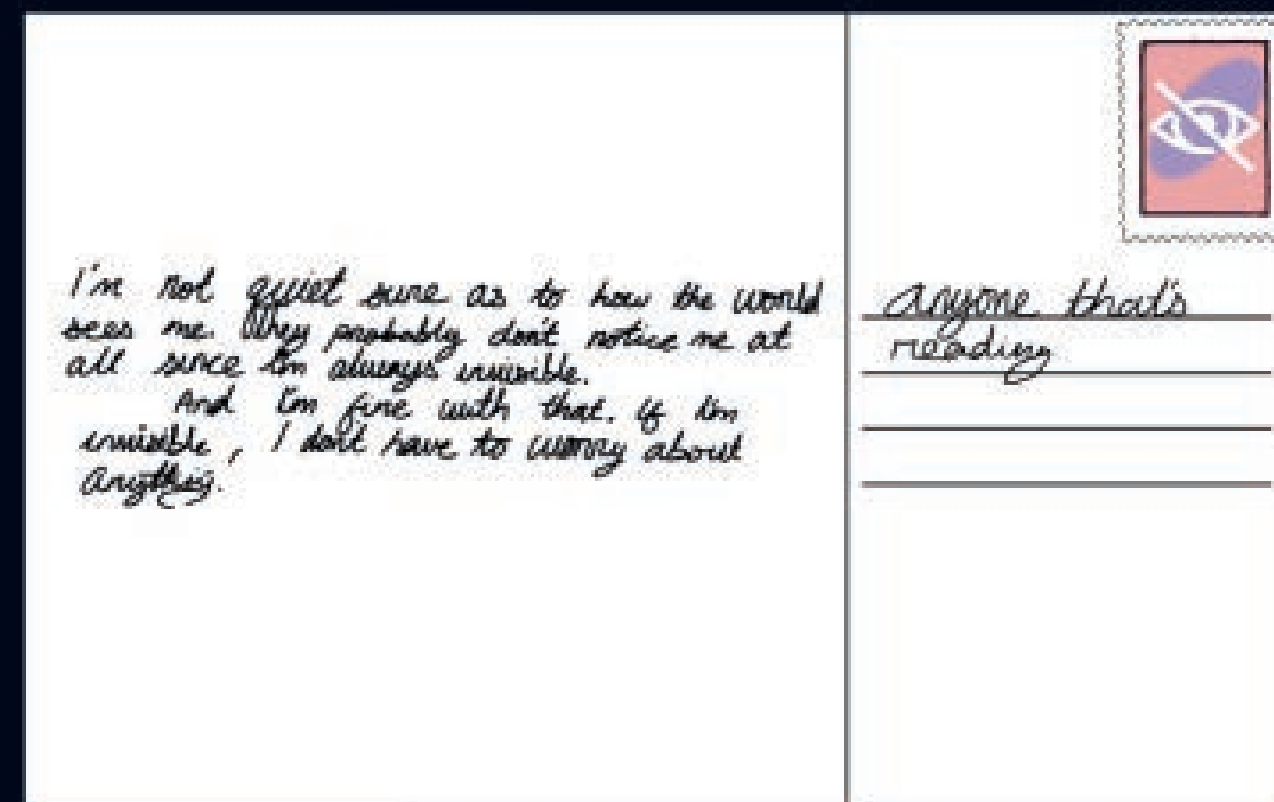
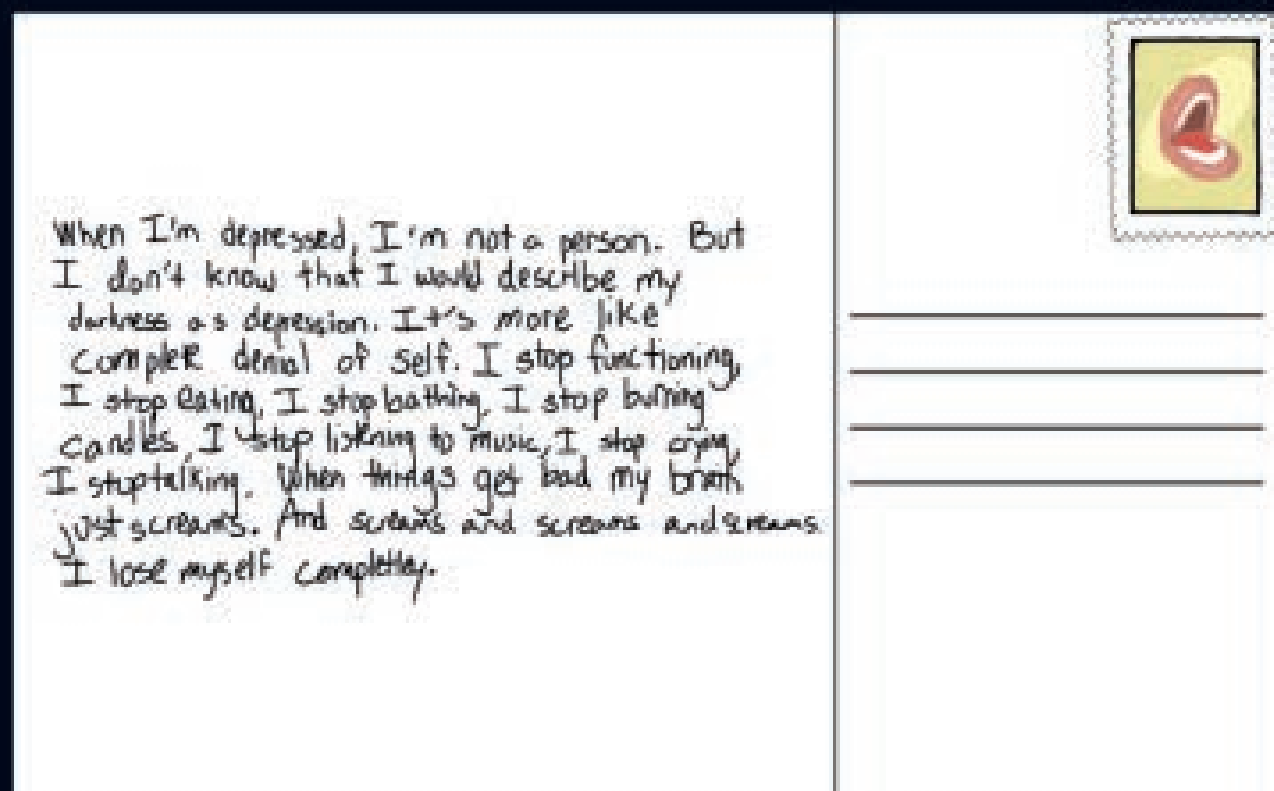
Disheveled

Jessica Sharif,
Digital Photography with Mixed Media



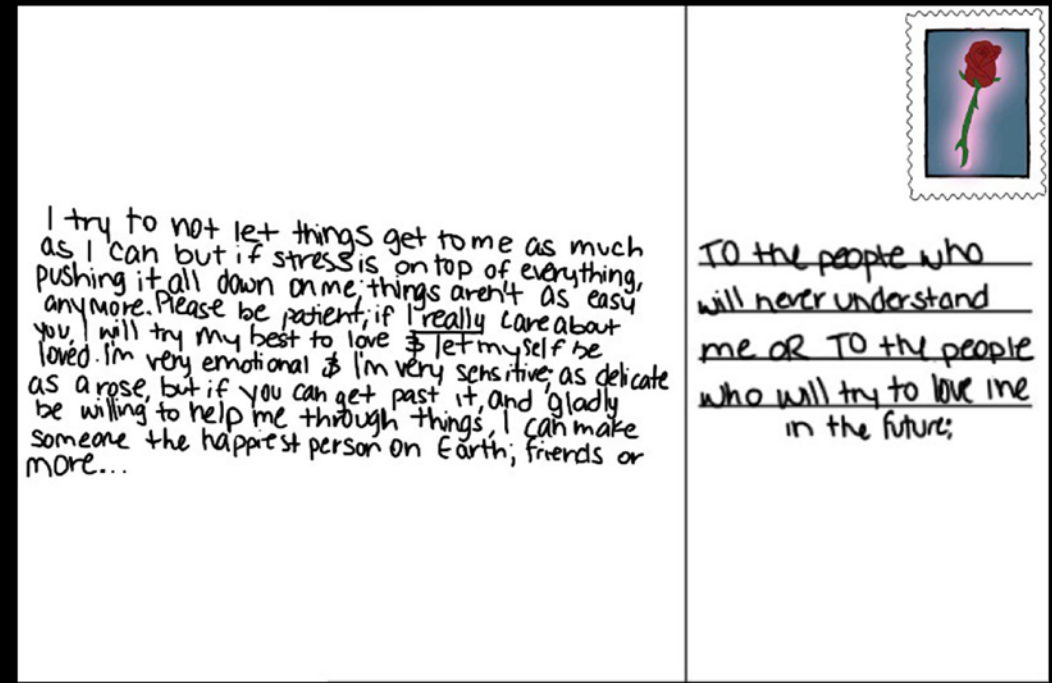
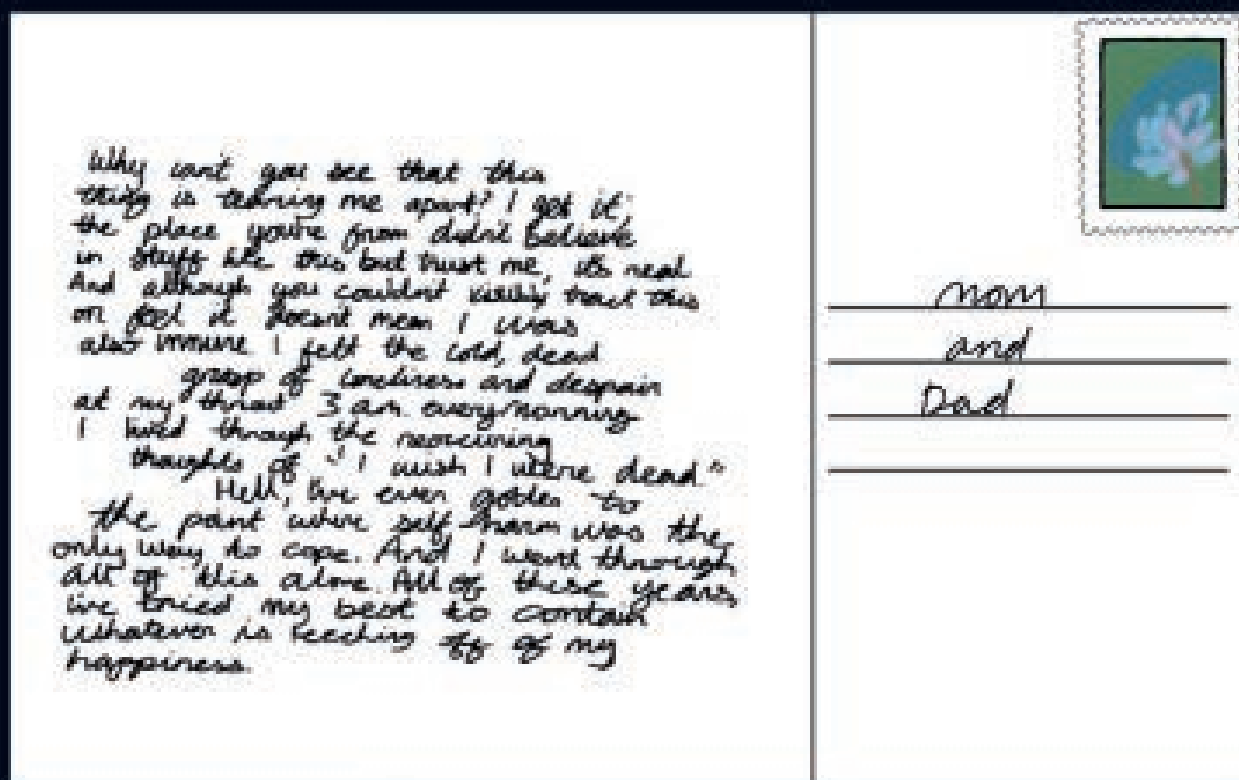
Gone

Jessica Sharif,
Digital Photography with Mixed Media



Parted

Jessica Sharif,
Digital Photography with Mixed Media



Rose

Jessica Sharif,
Digital Photography with Mixed Media

Fatima

Maria Isabel Cruz

I remember the last thing I told you,
“Usa proteccion,”
screaming and laughing about your crush who finally asked you out on a date.
We joked about each other’s weddings,
how you were supposed to be my maid of honor,
and I would be yours.
Finally, one of us with a good chance in love.

Who would have thought
that you would wrap your arms around death’s waist
that night,
feeling love for the first time while the breeze
closed your eyes,
as he drove you, drunk on his motorcycle, the last
second of your life.

I remember being at work that night.
You had called and I did not answer.
“I’ll call her after work,”
trusting on news about the date,
and not a goodbye call.

I know that anywhere you are, you are still feeling
the adrenaline of life,
Waiting for us to reunite.

Coffee Ballerina

Camilo Silva, Coffee







**Here Today Gone
Tomorrow 17**
Smith Durogene
Photography



**Here Today Gone
Tomorrow 19**
Smith Durogene, Photography



A Revolution in a Sestina

Isabella Marcon

It starts in that first ride in a car seat on the way to school
Howling along with radio songs to ignore the anxiety of the clock
Before me, the sharp edges of the Miami skyline stretches out chaotic
Teal oceans and puffy clouds hidden by the Industrial Revolution
I am at my desk a good, productive member of society
Before the late bell reminds us all of its power

At dawn, early morning school lights draw power
From nuclear plants dividing atoms safely away from my school
I learn that harnessing people and energy from elements stabilizes our society
As does its worship of the God of the ticking clock
Its chimes mourn the ghosts and shadows of failed revolution
And the paved over life of things natural and chaotic

The school children form cliques, senseless and chaotic
Punishing the unique through collective use of their power
As teachers preach conformity and structure over individual revolution
The best students are paid in grades by report cards from school
The parents are paid wages as required by the clock
It is here in the dividing and measuring that we find the gears and chains of society

The system trains future replacements of aging society
Privileging labor and structure instead of the free and chaotic
Tiny hands learning to meet the demands of the ministers of the clock
Mirror parents heading to the jobs that exchange money for power
It is a science carried out in the dull greens and greys of institutions and school
A world lined in tan and blue uniforms awaiting a fashion revolution

Here the clocks divide each second of Earth's revolution
Each second is a building block in the skyscrapers of society
The sun and moon captured and dissected by the needs of the factory and school
The safe feeling of controlling the chaotic
Is both an illusion and expression of power
Listen closely and hear it in the droning tick of the clock

I knew the time before I could read the clock
I once knew freedom without the need for revolution
The giggling joy of a girl without regard to power
Dressed in loud fashion, ignorant of uniform society
Singing the songs of the free and chaotic
Echoing off the impenetrable walls of school

Never forget the power of the softly ticking clock
Sit quietly in school but let your thoughts roam to the arts and revolution
As comfortable as society feels, never let go of the love of the chaotic

Stolen Gazes

Natalia Vargas,
Watercolor



Adelle McGowan strives to appreciate the little things in everyday life.

Marija (Maria) Kaufmane is an emerging poet who has taken her own thoughts and feelings to write poems with deep meaning and emotion.

Justin Culley observes the world quietly; thinking of ways to communicate his reality.

Shirleen Groves hopes one day she can do something with her writing.

Alexa Balla likes to read and watch psychological thrillers.

Dune Duny Dube ended up giving painting a try. Ever since then, she fell in love with it and only hopes to be able to share her art with the world.

Leika Moly Estimable is never not writing.

Smith Durogene has taken on a non-traditionalist approach to capturing his subjects as he views struggle, pain, and bad days to be just as important as capturing joy and happiness.

Arianna Williams is a self-declared online writer and would love for her work to reach a larger audience.

Isabella Marcon is living in black and white and dreaming in color.

Natalia Vargas likes to sleep but loses sleep because of drawing.

Sofija Mladenovic likes to translate her emotions and thoughts through writing.

Aven Schnitzius specializes in digital concept art, usually in the sci-fi or fantasy genre.

Gavin Louis seeks to spark a reaction from his audience.

Noann Maia believes doubt is the worst plague created by the human mind.

Sun Yongkai hopes our future life can be integrated with the art world.

Camilo Silva experiments with a myriad of styles and mediums to achieve his unique artistic voice.

Jasmine Mohamed has been photographing for six years.

Pablo Matute is a cartoonist who has been drawing for fourteen years.

Sydney Darling has written many short stories and even hopes to publish a novel she recently finished!

Daniel Carballido met the art of combining sound and music with video and then wanted to take film.

Jessica Sharif hopes to give voices to those who have been suffering in silence.

Rafael Liy doodles in his notebook and creates short plays with his brother and sister. He relishes bringing an idea to life.

Tabatha Baez produces work that reflects her experiences.

Daniel Otero grew up in South Florida under the sun, the heat, and nature that surrounded him. This has always provided him an intense, yet grand experience.

Joshua Reid plans on using his art to write his way out.

Santiago Martinez came to this country four years ago to make his dreams come true.

OUR ARTISTS



Oscar Jean
Art Editor



Marceline Estrada
Social Media Liaison



Alexander Miller
Layout Editor



Maria Isabel Cruz
Managing Editor



Michael Lozano
Editor-In-Chief



Madelyn Gibson
Film Editor

2019 Florida College System Activities Association Award Winners

TOP AWARD

Melissa Torres, Debra Vazquez Memorial Award for Excellence in Poetry

INNER CIRCLE AWARD

Natalie Laurent

FIRST PLACE AWARDS

Melissa Torres, Best Poem, Spring 2019

Michael Lozano, Best Photograph, Fall 2018

SECOND PLACE AWARDS

Natalie Laurent, Two-Page Spread, Spring 2019

Natalie Laurent, Staff Page Design, Spring 2019

Oscar Jean, On-the-Spot Poetry Contest, 2019

THIRD PLACE AWARDS

Nicole Forero, Poetry, Fall 2018

Sabrina Taveras, Nonfiction, Spring 2019

Noann Maia, Art, Fall 2018

Natalie Laurent and Simone Kelly, Two-Page Spread, Fall 2018

Natalie Laurent, Design, Fall 2018

Natalie Laurent, Design, Spring 2019

P'an Ku Team, Editing, Spring 2019



SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN
 AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT
 MIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU S
 UBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMITTO
 O P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMI
 SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN
 N KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT
 MIT TO P'A
 UBMIT TO
 O P'AN KU
 SUBMIT T
 N KU SUB
 MIT TO P'A
 UBMIT TO
 O P'AN KU
 SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN
 N KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT
 MIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU S
 UBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMITTO
 O P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMI
 SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT TO P'AN
 N KU SUBMIT TO P'AN KU SUBMIT



P'AN KU S
 O
 KU SUBMI
 IT TO P'AN
 SUBMIT
 P'AN KU S
 O
 KU SUBMI