The background of the cover is a photograph of a vast, deep blue ocean under a clear sky. The water has a textured, slightly choppy appearance with some white foam visible near the bottom edge.

DOLPHIN Tales

**Literature and Arts
Magazine**

Spring 2017

Brunswick Community College

Dolphin Tales: Literature and Arts Magazine
Spring 2017
Brunswick Community College
Bolivia, NC

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Cover art : Jillian Simmons, Beach Day

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“Some people are born to make great art and others are born to appreciate it. ... It is a kind of talent in itself, to be an audience, whether you are the spectator in the gallery or you are listening to the voice of the world's greatest soprano. Not everyone can be the artist. There have to be those who witness the art, who love and appreciate what they have been privileged to see.”

[Ann Patchett, Bel Canto](#)



Dolphin Tales will begin accepting submissions
for the next issue in the Fall of 2017.

Contact the BCC

Academic Center for Excellence for details.

banderak@brunswickcc.edu

Editor's Note:

Ever since I can remember, I have been writing. From the beginning of my childhood, indulging myself in pages of my own words. Words hold power and importance. They are pulsations of the heart placed upon paper. They have the power to draw emotion out of a reader through the power of a story. Through this literary magazine, I hope you read a story and realize its power. My hope is for you to unite with the words on this paper and see a community of emerging writers.

Maggie Brown

A World of Dreams or Reality (Song Lyrics)

Benjamin Stephens

In this world

Looking at what catches your eye

Looking at the faces of the people who pass by

Beginning to wonder if the world around
is a part of reality, or maybe just a dream

In this world

Trying to see right there under your collar

that thing you call a heart

But there also are things, that may never be seen

And in this world

Where the hearts of many melt into one

You sit on the sideline

and can only watch as the world carries on

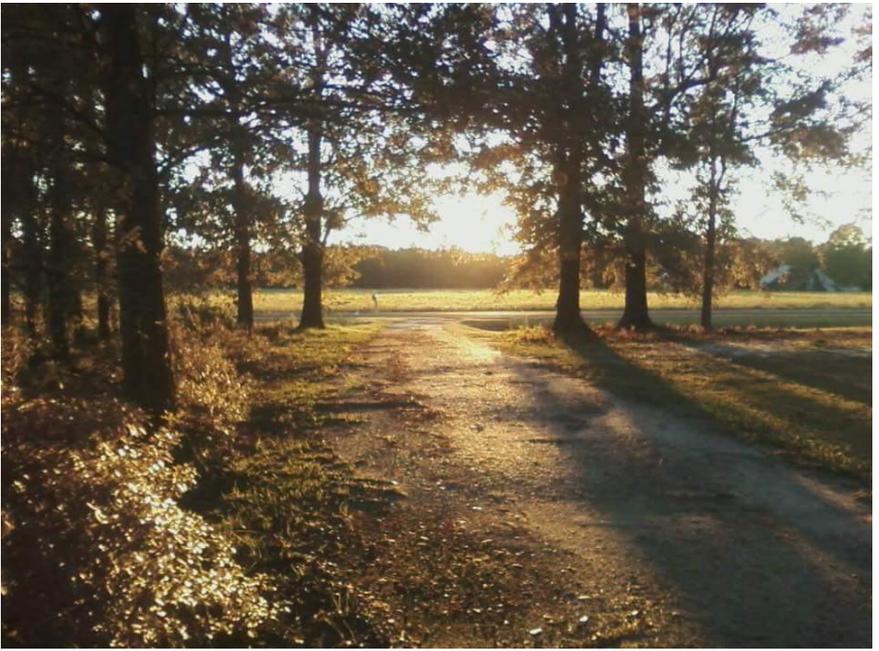
Finding it harder to find your way

Should you keep the dream

or take the leap to find reality

Oh, what will await, what will await





Path of Enlightenment

Jillian Simmons

Like A Phoenix

Drew Williams

Last June, I stood in my grandfather's driveway and waited for him to return. It had been a year since our last trip, and now we were only two hours away from renewing our tradition of going to the beach. As the sweat dripped from my wet forehead, I felt I needed to retell the stories of all the adventures my grandfather and I have had in order to preserve the memories forever and tell them to my children. Beginning with the car story, I jettisoned my session of deep thought, striding out of the threatening heat and into the carport .

The recently washed vehicle was a Cadillac DTS with chrome wheels and grill. This automobile's glossy Cadillac badge and contemporary aerodynamics looked out of place in the ancient carport, like a white pearl placed inside an old, gray box. It's clean tires and spotless interior were hard to believe. I sat down in the front passenger seat and saw my grandfather sitting in the driver's seat with his hands firmly on the wheel, taking full control of the vehicle. It felt as though we were flying. However, my grandfather seemed quite calm as he drove along the road separating two cotton fields. He pointed to the cotton field to our left and said, "You see, when I was a kid, I worked on a farm just like that one there. My mom and dad didn't own the farm, you see, we just worked on it and lived off of it." He pointed back to a long line of pine trees we passed, adding, "and there were trees just like that where we lived. They were in a neat little line just like that. You couldn't see if a car was coming until they cleared the trees. I always picked up my head and looked to see who or what was coming if I heard a car pass. So, one morning, I was working out in the

fields and, all of the sudden, I hear a car coming. So, you know, I raised my head up and saw a nice 1947 model Buick, and I said to myself, ‘I’m gonna have me one of those cars one day.’” I reflected on what my grandfather said while he cleared his throat. He continued, “and, you know, you just keep working and working and you just get to it one day. You know, it’s just one of those things that’s an eye catcher, Drew.” For the first time ever, I viewed my grandfather as a phoenix soaring high out of the dark ash of daily neglect, with hands plunged in dirt that he did not even own.

The session of reminiscence was interrupted by a physical voice in the present world: “Hey! You ready to go Drew?” I saw my grandfather staring back at me with a look that seemed as if he was happy and confused at the same time. “Wow,” he said, “you must sure be ready to go since your mind is already in the car. You got your stuff?” I walked back into the house and grabbed my bag. When I returned to the carport, my grandfather unlocked the trunk of the car, and I placed my bag in the trunk. Before I closed it, I realized I needed to move forward now. I need to remember the story of the watch in order to keep the memory alive and pass down this blessing. I need to remember the second story my grandfather told me.

A tiny glitter of green light capered out of the bag and shone like the sun into the back of my eyes. I placed my thumb and finger on what appeared to be a dark green rectangle and pulled it out of the bottom of the bag. The rectangle was a box. I held the box in my hands but kept it behind the trunk lid and out of my grandfather’s view. I delicately lifted the glittery lid and placed it beside the bag. My heart instantly leaped out of my chest as I was astounded to discover I possessed the object that would enrich my memory and would keep the story alive

forever.

A Rolex stared up at me. I gazed upon this extravagant example of dedicated horology with amazement. I picked the watch up out of the box and admired its structure, precision, and color. Finally, the subject of the second most beloved story was in my hands. My mind quickly went back to the last time my grandfather and I were at the beach together. We were both staring at the screen of a laptop which showed a black-and-white photograph of two adults standing behind nine smaller figures in an open field. “And that’s me down there,” my grandfather’s finger darted down to a small boy in the picture whose shoulders were covered by two slender hands. He raised his finger and pointed to the owner of those hands. “And this is my sister. I believe you have met her before. You see, Drew, there were nine of us kids. We never asked anything because Mom never had the time to find out the answers for us. If we wanted an answer to something, we investigated it for ourselves. We didn’t have a lot of money. We only had one pair of clothes usually. Momma washed all of our clothes, by hand, with a washboard. We had no actual floors for our house. We slept on dirt. There was no refrigeration either. We never really preserved anything. Whenever Momma fixed it, we ate it. Me and my siblings ate as much as we could and any food that actually was left over we gave to the hogs. And like I said earlier, we were always busy. There was no time to ask any questions about life. My dad put me to work at the age of five, working out in the fields. I cried the first time I was out there, but he seemed like he didn’t really care. We were just busy, and that was it. But, you can always ask me anything at any time. It doesn’t matter what it is. Just ask me, and I’ll find an answer. I’ll be right back.” He went out of the house and came back with a shiny green box and said, “Here, Drew. This is for

you. Throughout my lifetime, I was always hustling to get that next dollar. Every dollar I earned was another inch out of poverty for me. I never really took the time to step back and see what I have reaped for my family. That is until now. So, here, Drew. I want you to have this. This piece represents not only how far I have come, but how far this family has come as well. I rose like a phoenix out of those plains and into a new reality. A reality in which I can successfully provide for my family and enjoy the freedoms that I had to earn and fight for every day.” I took the box and opened it, and there was the watch. I sat down on the couch behind me and saw that the phoenix was rising out of the cotton field, beyond the control of anyone and anything else, and up into the gold sky above.

I woke up from my daydream and heard that familiar voice from inside the car. “Drew, are you okay?” my grandfather asked. I put the watch back in the box, placed the box in the bag, closed the trunk, jumped in the front passenger seat, and smiled at my grandfather. He smiled back at me, and I said, “Yep. I’m ready to go.” He put the car in reverse, backed out of the driveway, shifted into drive, and we were off. My mind went back to that deep thought as I watched the houses go by. I was truly grateful for my grandfather. I was happy because although he could afford to purchase great quantities of tangible items, he had the willingness to change as a person and ascend from that ashy pit of financial penury to which he was subjugated and spread his wings to become a higher, more educated being, all the while learning how to give and share with others. He shared these beautiful, ageless tales with me, and now I’ll get to continue the blessing and share them with my future offspring. As my grandfather continued to drive, I lowered the window and breathed in the crisp, clean air that entered my nostrils. Then, I stuck my head outside of the car

and looked up at the sky. The phoenix was still rising, but, this time, it was not alone. I remembered all of the stories my grandfather told me about hard work and saw all of them before me in a myriad of images. The images quickly morphed together into, surprisingly, another phoenix. The two phoenixes were rising upward into the heavens and suddenly changed their flight path. They were going in our direction now.



Bloom Where You Are Planted

Megan Holden

Zi 2 - A New Frontier

Benjamin Stephens

Based within the World of Zoids

(A Series of Animated Shows by Xebec Studios)

This is an Opening Story for a Table-Top Roleplaying Game

Long ago, for reasons long forgotten, humans traveled across the stars and discovered a planet with an interesting surprise—large mechanical life forms known as Zoids, which resemble various animals, even dinosaurs! Ruins were scattered across the planet and gave clues to these marvelous, mechanical but living beasts. The Zoids were used for war, travel, and exploration. Investigations provided very few clues to the Ancient Zoidians, who were the original inhabitants and creators of the Zoids. As centuries passed, the humans that inhabiting the planet they called Zi (pronounced as Z), came to be called Zoidians.

One day, on a planned exploration of some ruins, an old abandoned lab and landing site was discovered. Inside were documents, mostly ravaged by time, with reference to a planet Earth, only remembered through stories passed down through the generations. This discovery made some believe it to be nothing more than a fairy tale, until some faded coordinates were also discovered. In an initiative put into motion to reconnect to this almost forgotten home world, a notice was released to the public for scientists, engineers, soldiers, Zoid pilots, and any others who wish to join on this expedition into the unknown; a pilot license and training was offered to any one who accepted.

A few large carrier Zoids, called Whale Kings, were

retrofitted for space travel. After traveling several light years out, a distress signal led the travelers to a planet resembling both images and descriptions of Earth, even though they had not reached the intended location. To their surprise, there were old structures like those of the Ancient Zoidian Ruins from Planet Zi, except they were not as old and many wild Zoids were seen.

It was not long after the Zoidian ship landed when a small group of inhabitants appeared claiming to be from Earth. As talks proceeded, it was revealed the inhabitants had only been on this planet a few years since their ship had crashed while trying to find Planet Zi, leaving the earthlings stranded and using the old structures for shelter. The explorers from Planet Zi offered invitations allowing those stranded to join the expedition to Earth. This made the explorers realize that in their attempt to fill in the missing segments of the faded coordinates, they went in the wrong direction. But to their dismay, the explorers learned Earth was a lost hope. It was already on the brink of destruction due to dwindling resources, which was why the people of Earth sent out to find Planet Zi, which had all but sunk into legend, with hope of saving the remaining inhabitants of earth. Unfortunately, most of the earthlings' equipment was destroyed in the crash and they were unsure of what the giant mechanical life forms were, afraid to even try interacting with them without the proper means of defense. Consequently, the stranded earthlings had not explored to deeply into the very structures they took shelter in and only about six of the ruins in the immediate area were currently in use.

The information exchange continued for several days, revealing that Zoids were giant mechanical yet living lifeforms, which were thought to be only on Planet Zi and

piloted for many different reasons. From this point on it was decided the two groups would work together to colonize this new planet, which they dubbed Zi 2. Their time could be spent discovering the mysteries of this planet, and they may find the true reason for the disappearance of the Ancient Zoidians, or at least more information on their lost technology.

A transmission was sent back to Planet Zi to relay all the new information while the explorers and refugees decided to team up to build a future while also securing safe transport to and from the two planets. Once contact had been made with all refugees found on the planet, the first makeshift town, Vencd Coda, was constructed using supplies from the Planet Zi ship and parts from the crashed Earth ship. As soon as basic construction was complete, and the taming of some wild Zoids was done, it was time to explore their new home. Unfortunatley, they did not realize that a rogue organization had also set out from Planet Zi, arriving only a week later, setting up on the other side of Zi 2.

Could there be a chance to discover more secrets of the mysterious Ancient Zoidians? Maybe new more powerful Zoids? This was a chance to good to pass up! You finally arrive on Zi 2, gathering your belongings, retrieve or get your first Zoid, and now your adventure begins...

Start Fighting

Kayla Miraglia

Once upon a time, a little girl's world was put into perspective.
Fantasies and dreams were no more reality
"Eat your vegetables when directed"
"Pull your head out of the clouds, put the right answers down.
Stop dancing from thought to thought and give the right reply!"
Her whole life was apparently just silly ideas
And she just didn't know why
Why did they reject her and laugh at her
Constantly picking apart her insecurities?
Securities, what makes her happy
The books, the movies,
The songs she never wants to stop singing

Why did she have to stop singing?

My whole life, I was a weapon
Something used to hurt the other party
Something to be attacked
So another masked form could gain a sense of seniority.

Authority.

Something I've never questioned
Never saw the inside of detention, much less a cell,
And still
I live inside a prison,
afraid to take chances, put risks into action!
I want to fight back!
I want to voice my opinions without being attacked!

Would somebody please have my back
Because I feel like I'm going to crack!

Still.

I count my little blessings
Find comfort in how far I've come
The future me that I am pursuing
This other me that I call Home.
This mirror image of myself,
Who has gone through it all
And come out with excellent stealth.

To my future sons, daughters
To my peers
Future historians, future history
All of you who've had a hand in making me, me
You are not alone
You are NOT done
You'll go far in life
So take out of your back
That knife that says, "YOU CAN'T"
Implanted there by destroyed Desires and Regret.
Stand tall and mighty
And for the love of you

START FIGHTING!



In a Pop

Drew Williams

In a pop, a tick, a ding, a nanosecond, everything changed as I voraciously slammed the basketball on the dull floor of the gym during a rainy evening practice on November 8, 2014. The previous summer I finished recovering from my left shoulder surgery and only began seriously training and conditioning in October. I was in no mood to consider the alien realm of thin hospital bed sheets, stuffy cotton balls over punctured veins, and the medicinal funk of octogenarians in wheelchairs—these were the only association which entered my mind when thinking about the field of medicine. I did not know what I wanted to do as a career. My mind was set on basketball and basketball only. Until tonight, in just a pop, my mind changed completely.

There was no pain at first, and, subsequently, I continued with basketball practice then went home to bed. Early the next morning, as I used my right hand to turn over on my side, a fiery burst of pain jolted through my arm. I sprang out of bed and sprinted to the bathroom, eager to investigate the source of pain. When I extended my right arm, I saw the butt of what appeared to be the early stages of a developing bat wing. The wing turned out to be my right shoulder blade protruding out my back, managing to produce tiny stretch marks on my skin. An impatient roll of the eyes followed by the murmuring of the phrase, “Well, there’s my luck, here we go again,” was enough to spark a clear session of self-thought. Wow, I thought to myself, a simple turn in the wrong direction, a move taken too quickly or too violently perhaps, or maybe a move that did not need to be taken in the first place was enough to change my life completely. Before, I

was thinking about basketball. Now I was thinking about getting my shoulder repaired.

The following week, my parents and I traveled to Duke University Hospital for shoulder evaluation and repair. We checked in the waiting room and waited for our names to be called. The head nurse, dressed in dark blue scrubs, came out and ushered us to a check up room where my mom, my dad, and I patiently waited for the physician to arrive.

In a quick pop, the door opened, and the physician entered the room. The middle-aged man who entered was rather tall but stout. He gave the impression of a former college football player, with broad shoulders and a youthful smile. His hair was parted to one side and was a robust light brown. Circle-rimmed glasses gently rested on his large nose. A white physician's coat hung over his massive chest and dangled around his waistline. I did not know what to expect from this mysterious man. The doctor first turned to me and said, "Hello. I'm Dr. Claude Moorman. Nice to meet you." He repeated the same process with my parents, and then sat down in a chair. He turned back to me and said, "Well Mr. Williams, you have something called glenoid dysplasia." Dr. Moorman said there was an abnormality in the development of the socket bone of my shoulder, or the scapula. For the next few moments, I sat on the edge of the metal bed like an obedient child, intently motionless while receiving a condensed lecture of what I would consider the first medical term I actually found fascinating.

Dr. Moorman told me to come back for the operation and that I would be seeing him much more for routine checkups. On the drive back home, another thought came to my mind. In a pop, a tick, a ding, a nanosecond, I now have a completely different perspective on hospitals and medicine. As of that day,

I actually looked forward to going back to the hospital. The next week, my parents and I went back to Duke for my surgery. The pre-operating experience was intriguing to say the least. As I watched Dr. Moorman and the others around him work, I developed a great fascination for the field of medicine and I wanted to learn more. I could not wait to wake up.

When I awakened from the operation, my mother rushed to my side and said, “You’re not going to believe this. What you said right before you went under the knife. You apparently said you wanted a career in the field of medicine. One of the nurses asked why you wanted to. You answered that you have ‘compassion from your mother, and a hard work ethic from your father, and you didn’t want such an admirable combination of attributes to go to waste.’ I swear, Drew, there wasn’t a dry eye in the entire operating room.” All of the sudden, I felt another pop, but this time it was in deepest part of my mind. The pop quickly rushed to all of my senses. I could not only feel the pop, but I could also see the pop, hear the pop, smell the pop, and taste the pop, all in one instance. This new sun, this new source of vigorous heat consumed my entire body like a warm blanket over a sick child. My eyes were locked on to this new sun, and they were not moving until I reached my goal. In just a pop, a tick, a ding, a nanosecond, whatever label one chooses, I knew what I wanted to do in life. I wanted to enter the field of medicine.

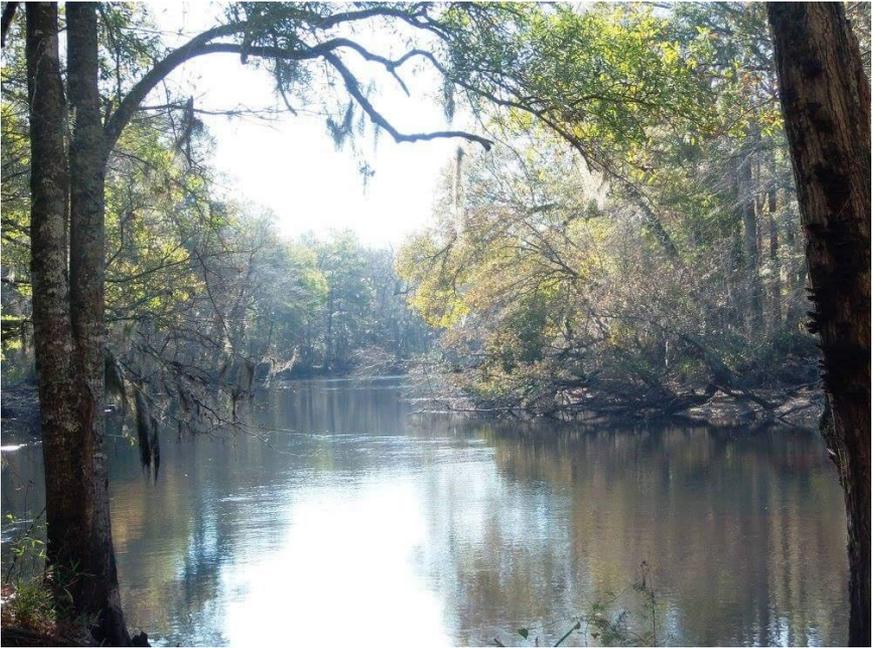
The next few months were extraordinarily more meaningful than usual. Once a month, in the second or third week, I would go back to Duke for checkup with Dr. Moorman. The checkups usually entailed lengthy conversations, mostly me asking him about his job, his life experiences in the medical field, and a few jokes. My interest in this newly discovered world grew expansively, and I wanted to learn more. On one

particular checkup, Dr. Moorman informed me of the very affordable cost to attend physician's assistant school at East Carolina University, adding that becoming a physician's assistant would be more rewarding than becoming a physician, since physician's assistant school lasts only two years. I absorbed this information like a sponge, wanting to learn more. I began watching videos on the internet of live operations and multiple surgeries in multiple disciplines of medicine. The sun was growing larger and larger, much larger than before, but I was not sure if I was getting closer to the sun or if the sun was getting closer to me.

On the last visit, Dr. Moorman came into the checkup room and asked, "Well, Mr. Williams, I hope your time here at Duke was as enjoyable as one could ask for considering the situation." I comically replied, "Yes it was. I really enjoyed my time here." He stood up from out of his chair and shook my hand. He wished my family and I the best of luck, and in a quick flash of white light from his circle-rimmed glasses, he turned back to me one last time saying, "Drew, there's no mystery to it. If you want a career in the medical field, you just have to work for it. Work hard for it, and it will come I promise." He turned back to the busy hospital walkway, closed the door behind him, and, in a pop, he was gone. However strange my stomach felt at this moment, Dr. Moorman's absence did not matter now. All I needed from him, other than a shoulder repair, was that resounding statement. I knew now that I was moving closer and closer to that sun, that planetary figure of divine warmth representing my ultimate future, and one day I would embrace the warmth, sharing it with my patients.

On a clear Wednesday morning on January 11, 2017, I sat down in the front row of my first class of the day. The

instructor assigned the students with a paper in which they should discuss their reasoning for their choice of career. With the sun's rays dancing off my forearms, I pulled out from my backpack a composition book and a pencil and sat them on the desk. In a pop, a tick, a ding, a nanosecond, I knew exactly what I wanted to write about.



Down on the Farm

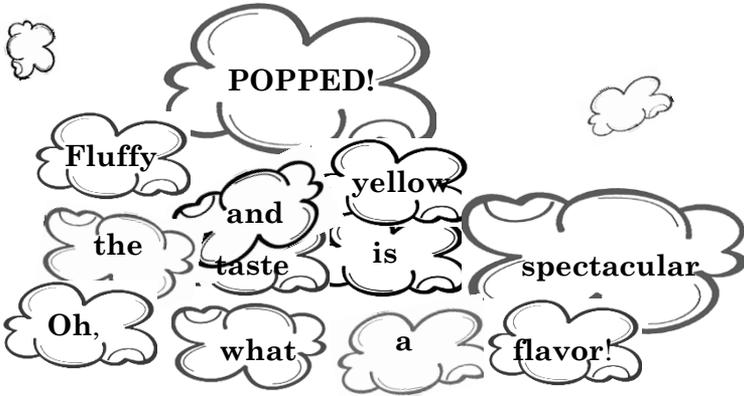
Jillian Simmons



My Dog Grace
(Acrylic)

Megan Holden

POPCORN POEMS



—Cheyenne Espinoza

Popcorn



From kernel to popped
With flavor, oh so mighty
Buttery goodness

—Matthew Robles

P-ERFECT

O-ILY

P-OPING

C-RUNCHY

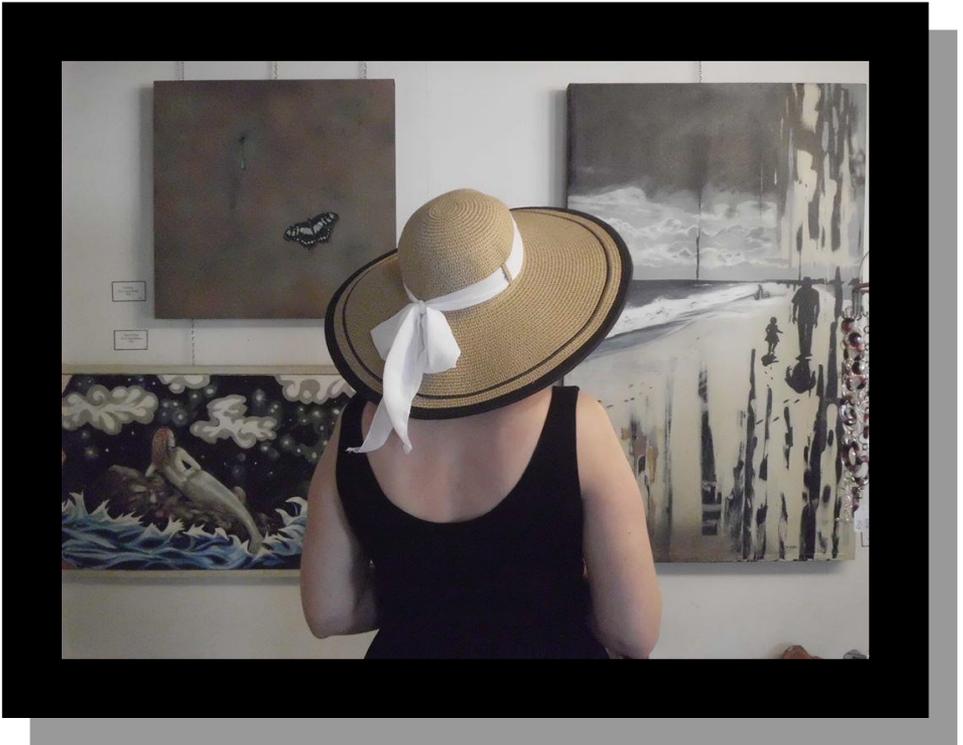
O-RIGINAL

R-ATTLES IN THE BOX

N-EVER OUT OF STYLE

—TIMBER CHILDERS





Just Looking

Kimberly Bandera

Colored by Disassociation

Paul Mills

Colored by our sudden disassociation
I find lovely large lumps in my throat.
This normal occasion for celebration
Has left me feeling remote.
Color will definitely flow from me, somehow;
By myself, for myself, I will and must go on,
Because it seems there is no other choice now,
And all the lines have been drawn.
Flying away is easy to achieve,
But it's just as easy to walk
Because your feet will never believe
That they could ever be at fault.
Colors do run, but love does not budge at all,
And empty words won't replace the paint that goes on the wall.



Day Is Done

Jillian Simmons

Student Contributors:

Maggie Brown, Editor

Literature and Art have always played an important part in who I am. Writing is not something that is a side hobby, but rather woven into my identity. I have over 50 stories I wrote as a child flooding drawers in my room, because even as a young girl I have had a passion for literature and art. I can't wait to see what role literature and art will play in my future.



Megan Holden

I'm a 19 year old who just wants to travel but can't because everything costs money. I love to laugh and love making other people laugh. I paint and take pictures because I adore looking at the world through a lens and seeing the natural beauty in things.



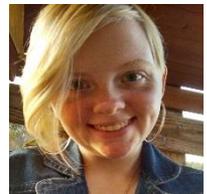
Kayla Miraglia

The first time I ever tried writing, I was in the second grade and wrote about childhood games with my cousins. I loved the assignment. Two years later, during a state-mandated writing test, I made up a story, and the teacher praised my work on high. She even had me read it to the class and I got the best grade in my class. From then on, I knew I had a gift. Writing and reading became a place of refuge, and continues to allow me to escape when I need to today.



Jillian Simmons

I enjoy being outside, and landscape photography. I find beauty in things people often are too busy to see, and I see these things through the lens of a camera. Thanks for selecting my photos to be published.



Special contributors: Timber Childers, Cheyenne Espinoza, and Matthew Robles for their love of popcorn.

Benjamin Stephens

For the longest time, I have been interested in video games, animation, manga (Japanese comic books), and other types of TV shows/movies; all different forms of entertainment. Due to this interest, I have desired a job that was a part of the process that brings any of these types of media into the world. Now, I have been writing for several years, which has led me to return to school for a degree in creative writing.



Drew Williams

I love to write, and I hope that my stories inspire others to take time and not only reflect on their lives, but also write about their achievements.



Faculty and Staff Contributors:

Kimberly Bandera, Advisor

Art galleries and bookstores are two of my favorite places to spend time (and sometimes money). Each minute, hour, day spent in the creation or appreciation of art is never wasted.



Paul Mills

I write to get it out...to get the thoughts that seem to be stuck in my head, you know, out. I started writing poetry in college by scribbling words, lines, and passages on old abandoned scraps of paper, fitting words in where they could go. If the scrap was all used up, no more words came. It was, therapeutic, and at the same time, a release. That exercise morphed into crafting stanzas. More or less, my poetry helps me to get the words out, if that makes sense.



Special thanks to Lois Miller, Carmen Ellis and Elizabeth Wassum for assistance with reading, proofreading, and technical support.



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