

Some 10 years ago, Ozarks Technical Community College became the first higher education establishment to ban smoking even outdoors. Since then, several hundred more universities and community colleges, especially in the South and Midwest, have followed suit. In a sense, the outdoor bans seem like a logical extension of 30 years of efforts to reduce tobacco use, given the harmful effects of smoking.

The majority of the most elite schools, especially Ivy Leaguers like Harvard and Princeton, have yet to jump on the bandwagon, however. I can't help but think that this is because they have more common sense than the rest of us: it's only a matter of time before this "smoke-free campus" movement gets a student assaulted, raped or killed.

Does this sound alarmist? I shouldn't think so, given that the sequence of events is perfectly foreseeable, and quite likely, in the aggregate. Here's why:

Some 20 percent of university students smoke. On big campuses like mine (over 20,000 students), many of these make the university residences their home. At some late-night hour after my university implements its intended ban, a student will want to go out for a smoke. To avoid or comply with the new rules, she'll end up on the far periphery of the campus, in one of the dark places of the university, or on a street off campus.

The university's "walk safe" escort program will have informed her that they don't have the resources to escort her, especially for an activity that university administrators want to stigmatize further. Later, the statistic in the newspaper may or may not mention why she was out there in the first place. Her bereaved parents may or may not have sufficient grounds to sue the university (but if other parents even suspect that one of their children smoke, they would do well to send them to study somewhere without a draconian outdoor ban).

I find this, along with other aspects of the latest temperance movement, intensely depressing. I respect the new president at my university and think he does a good job in general (rare praise from a faculty member, I know), so I sent him a letter outlining some of my concerns with a complete outdoor ban on smoking. Besides the safety issue, I listed some of the following concerns:

Taking a conservative estimate of 20 percent of students who smoke out of a university body of 20,000 gives us the figure of 4000 smoking students. Consequences of an outdoor ban on campus would include:

1 – Increased vehicle traffic. If just half of these 4000 students who smoke have access to a car and use it to leave campus just once more a week for lunch or a break (as a result of the ban), this equals two thousand extra car trips a week around the university. Unlike tobacco outdoors, vehicle exhaust does pose a significant health risk to others, and the extra traffic (some 60,000 extra car trips an academic year as a conservative estimate) will increase the university's carbon footprint accordingly.

2 – Increased risk of harm to students and other members of the university community. If students are forced off campus when they want to smoke, this will lead them to negotiate traffic on foot or by car. In the case of differently abled students and those with reduced mobility, pushing them off campus seems a particularly hard to justify and even cruel approach.

3 – Avoidance strategies. If avoidance strategies of people addicted to tobacco are half as strong as tobacco researchers say they are, student enrollment will suffer as a result of the complete outdoor smoking ban. Particularly students in the arts and international students from countries such as China, which have higher smoking rates, have many choices and may look elsewhere for their education. Additionally, students who smoke will likely spend less time on campus and avail themselves less frequently of campus dining options – leading to a reduction in university revenues and a less vigorous student presence on campus. All these factors remain extremely difficult to measure, and anti-smoking activists who claim to have measured no impact from smoke-free campus policies elsewhere misrepresent the situation.

4 – Morale. Judging from student comments many of us have already heard around campus, the complete outdoor smoking ban alienates many and breeds resentment toward an administration seen as having gone too far. Faculty in particular may find it frustrating to work so hard for student retention and morale only to see their efforts hampered in this regard.

5 – Honesty. The implication that tobacco smoke poses a significant health risk to others outdoors is disingenuous. A university's first mission centers around truthful discourse, and we should be teaching our students to differentiate between significant risks (such as smoking) and totally insignificant risks (such as second hand smoke outdoors). We should be teaching our students to deconstruct misleading government and advocacy group statements, such as the claim that "there is no safe level of exposure to secondhand smoke." By such criteria, there is no safe level of exposure to sunlight either.

6 – Liberalism. With the notable exception of some "Bible colleges," which also ban alcohol, dating and other practices, most universities in this country value tolerance of people's lifestyles and individual preferences. We enshrine this policy when our university handbook advises the following: "Don't attempt to impose your values -- whether political, religious or culture. Call me old fashioned, but I think I actually prefer the image of a university with pipe-wielding, pontificating professors and arts students smoking and arguing politics by the campus fountain.

emerging, and the blades of Sweetgrass shining in the sun. In that moment, I know that I am not alone. I lie in the meadow surrounded by the legions who do stand with me. I may not know what to do, but they do, giving of their medicine gifts as they always do, to sustain the world. We are not powerless against the Windigo, they say. Remember that we already have everything we need. And so—we conspire.

When I get to my feet, Nanabozho has appeared beside me, with resolute eyes and a trickster grin. "You have to think like the monster to defeat him," he says. "Like dissolves like." He points with his eyes to a line of dense shrubs at the edge of the woods. "Give him a taste of his own medicine," he says with a smirk. He walks into the gray thicket and laughter overtakes him as he disappears.

I've never gathered buckthorn before; the blue-black berries stain my fingers. I've tried to stay away from it, but it follows you. It is a rampant invader of disturbed places. It takes over the forest, starving other plants of light and space. Buckthorn also poisons the soil, preventing the growth of any species but itself, creating a floristic desert. You have to acknowledge that it's a winner in the free market, a success story built on efficiency, monopoly, and the creation of scarcity. It is a botanical imperialist, stealing land from the native species.

I gather all summer, sitting with each species that offers itself to the cause, listening and learning its gifts. I've always made teas for colds, salves for skin, but never this. Making medicine is not undertaken lightly. It is a sacred responsibility. The beams in my house are hung with drying plants, shelves filled with jars of roots and leaves. Waiting for winter.

When it comes, I walk the woods in my snowshoes, leaving an unmistakable trail toward home. A braid of sweetgrass hangs by my door. The three shining strands represent the unity of mind, body, and spirit that makes us whole. In the Windigo, the braid is unraveled; that is the disease that drives him to destruction. That braid reminds me that when we braid the hair of Mother Earth we remember all that is given to us and our responsibility to care for those gifts in return. In this way the gifts are sustained and all are fed. No one goes hungry.

Last night, my house was full of food and friends, the laughter and light spilling out on the snow. I thought I saw him pass by the window, gazing in with hunger. But tonight I am alone and the wind is rising.

I heft my cast-iron kettle, the biggest pot I have, onto the stove and set the water to boil. I add to it a good handful of dried berries.

And then another. The berries dissolve to a syrupy liquid, blue-black and inky. Remembering Nanabozho's counsel, I say a prayer and empty in the rest of the jar.

Into a second pot I pour a pitcher of purest spring water and onto its surface I scatter a pinch of petals from one jar, bark shreds from another. All carefully chosen, each to its purpose. I add a length of root, a handful of leaves, and a spoonful of berries to the golden tea, tinged with rosy pink. I set it to simmer and sit by the fire to wait.

The snow hisses against the window, the wind moans in the trees. He has come, followed my tracks home just as I knew he would. I put the sweetgrass in my pocket, take a deep breath, and open the door. I'm afraid to do this, but more afraid of what happens if I don't.

He looms above me, wild red eyes blazing against the hoar frost of his face. He bares his yellow fangs and reaches for me with his bony hands. My own hands tremble as I thrust into his bloodstained fingers a cup of scalding buckthorn tea. He slurps it down at once and starts to howl for more—devoured by the pain of emptiness, he always wants more. He pulls the whole iron kettle from me and drinks it in greedy gulps, the syrup freezing to his chin in dripping black icicles. Throwing the empty pot aside, he reaches for me again, but before his fingers can surround my neck he turns from the door and staggers backward out into the snow.

I see him doubled over, overcome with violent retching. The carrion stench of his breath mixes with the reek of shit as the buckthorn loosens his bowels. A small dose of buckthorn is a laxative. A strong dose is a purgative, and a whole kettle, an emetic. It is Windigo nature: he wanted every last drop. So now he is vomiting up coins and coal slurry, clumps of sawdust from my woods, clots of tar sand, and the little bones of birds. He spews Solvay waste, gags on an entire oil slick. When he's done, his stomach continues to heave but all that comes up is the thin liquid of loneliness.

He lies spent in the snow, a stinking carcass, but still dangerous when the hunger rises to fill the new emptiness. I run back in the house for the second pot and carry it to his side, where the snow has melted around him. His eyes are glazed over but I hear his stomach rumble so I hold the cup to his lips. He turns his head away as if it were poison. I take a sip, to reassure him and because he is not the only one who needs it. I feel the medicines standing beside me. And then he drinks, just a sip at a time of the goldenpink tea, tea of Willow to quell the fever of want and Strawberries to mend the heart. With the nourishing broth of the Three Sisters and infused with savory Wild Leeks, the medicines enter his bloodstream: White Pine for unity, justice from Pecans, the humility of Spruce roots. He drinks down the compassion of Witch Hazel, the respect of Cedars, a blessing of Silverbells, all sweetened with the Maple of gratitude. You can't know reciprocity until you know the gift. He is helpless before their power.

His head falls back, leaving the cup still full. He closes his eyes. There is just one more part of the medicine. I am no longer afraid. I sit down beside him on the newly greening grass. "Let me tell you a story," I say as the ice melts away. "She fell like a maple seed, pirouetting from the autumn sky."

tell us?" The Primary question was "How does it work?" The botany I was taught Was reductionist, mechanistic, and strictly objective. Plants were Reduced to objects; they were not subjects. The way botany was Conceived and taught didn't seem to leave much room for a person Who thought the way I did. The only way I could make sense of it Was to conclude that the things I had always believed about plants Must not be true after all. That first plant science class was a disaster. I barely scraped by with a C and could not muster much enthusiasm for memorizing the concentrations of essential plant nutrients. There were times when I wanted to quit, but the more I learned, the more fascinated I became with the intricate structures that made up a leaf and the alchemy of photosynthesis. Companionship between asters and goldenrod was never mentioned, but I memorized botanical Latin as

if it was poetry, eagerly tossing aside the name "goldenrod" for *Solidago canadensis*. I was mesmerized by plant ecology, evolution, taxonomy, physiology, soils, and fungi. All around me were my good teachers, the plants. I found good mentors, too warm and kind professors who were doing heart-driven science, whether they could admit it or not. They too were my teachers. And yet there was always something tapping at my shoulder, willing me to turn around. When I did, I did not know how to recognize what stood behind me. My natural inclination was to see relationships, to seek the threads that connect the world, to join instead of divide. But science is rigorous in separating the observer from the observed, and the observed from the observer. Why two flowers are beautiful together would violate the division necessary for objectivity. I scarcely doubted the primacy of scientific thought. Following the path of science trained me to separate, to distinguish perception from physical reality, to atomize complexity into its smallest components, to honor the chain of evidence and logic, to discern one thing from another, to savor the pleasure of precision. The more I did this, the better I got at it, and I was accepted to do graduate work in one of the world's finest botany programs, no doubt on the strength of the letter of recommendation from my adviser, which read, "She's done remarkably well for an Indian girl." A master's degree, a PhD, and a faculty position followed. I am grateful for the knowledge that was shared with me and deeply privileged to carry the powerful tools of science as a way of engaging the world. It took me to other plant communities, far from the asters and goldenrod. I remember feeling, as a new faculty member, as if I finally understood plants. I too began to teach the mechanics of botany, emulating the approach that I had been taught. It reminds me of a story told by my friend Holly Youngbear Tibbetts. A plant scientist, armed with his notebooks and Equipment, is exploring the rainforests for new botanical Discoveries, and he has hired an indigenous guide to lead him. Knowing the scientist's interests, the young guide takes care to Point out the interesting species. The botanist looks at him Appraisingly, surprised by his capacity. "Well, well, young man, you Certainly know the names of a lot of these plants." The guide nods And replies with downcast eyes. "Yes, I have learned the names of All the bushes, but I have yet to learn their songs." I was teaching the names and ignoring the songs. When I was in graduate school in Wisconsin, my then husband and I had the good fortune to land jobs as caretakers at the university Arboretum. In return for a little house at the edge of the prairie, we Had only to make the nighttime rounds, checking that doors and Gates were secure before we left the darkness to the crickets. There was just one time that a light was left burning, a door left Ajar, in the horticulture garage. There was no mischief, but as my Husband checked around, I stood and idly scanned the bulletin Board. There was a news clipping there with a photo of a magnificent American elm, which had just been named the champion for its species, the largest of its kind. It had a name: The Louis Vieux Elm. My heart began to pound and I knew my world was about to change, for I'd known the name Louis Vieux all my life and here was his face looking at me from a news clipping. He was our Potawatomi grandfather, one who had walked all the way from the Wisconsin forests to the Kansas prairie with my grandma Sha-note. He was a leader, one who took care of the people in their hardship. That garage door was left ajar, that light was left burning, and it shone on the path back home for me. It was the beginning of a long, slow journey back to my people, called out to me by the tree that stood above their bones. To walk the science path I had stepped off the path of indigenous knowledge. But the world has a way of guiding your steps. Seemingly out of the blue came an invitation to a small gathering of Native elders, to talk about traditional knowledge of plants. One I will never forget—a Navajo woman without a day of university botany training in her life—spoke for hours and I hung on every word. One by one, name by name, she told of the plants in her valley. Where each one lived, when it bloomed, who it liked to live near and all its relationships, who ate it, who lined their nests with its fibers, what kind of medicine it offered. She also shared the stories held by those plants, their origin myths, how they got their names, and what they have to tell us. She spoke of beauty. Her words were like smelling salts waking me to what I had known back when I was picking strawberries. I realized how shallow my understanding was. Her knowledge was so much deeper and wider and engaged all the human ways of understanding. She could have explained asters and goldenrod. To a new PhD, this was humbling. It was the beginning of my reclaiming that other way of knowing that I had helplessly let science supplant. I felt like a malnourished refugee invited to a feast, the dishes scented with the herbs of home. I circled right back to where I had begun, to the question of Beauty. Back to the questions that science does not ask, not Because they aren't important, but because science as a way of Knowing is too narrow for the task. Had my adviser been a better Scholar, he would have celebrated my questions, not dismissed Them. He offered me only the cliché that beauty is in the eye of the Beholder, and since science separates the observer and the Observed, by definition beauty could not be a valid scientific Question. I should have been told that my questions were bigger Than science could touch. He was right about beauty being in the eye of the beholder, Especially when it comes to purple and yellow. Color perception in Humans relies on banks of specialized receptor cells, the rods and Cones in the retina. The job of the cone cells is to absorb light of Different wavelengths and pass it on to the brain's visual cortex Where it can be interpreted. The visible light spectrum, the rainbow Of colors, is broad, so the most effective means of discerning color is not one generalized jack-of-all-trades cone cell, but rather an Array of specialists, each perfectly tuned to absorb certain Wavelengths. The human eye has three kinds. One type excels at Detecting red and associated wavelengths. One is tuned to blue. The other optimally perceives light of two colors: purple and yellow. The human eye is superbly equipped to detect these colors and Send a signal pulsing to the brain. This doesn't explain why I perceive them as beautiful, but it does explain why that combination gets my undivided attention. I asked my artist buddies about the power of purple and gold, and they sent me right to the color wheel: these two are complementary colors, as different in nature as could be. In composing a palette, putting them together makes each more vivid; just a touch of one will bring out the other. In an 1890 treatise on color perception, Goethe, who was both a scientist and a poet, wrote that "the colors diametrically opposed to each other . . . are those which reciprocally evoke each other in the eye." Purple and

land. At last, I thought that I understood the offering to the gods of Tahawus. It was, for me, the one thing that was not forgotten, that Which could not be taken by history: the knowing that we belonged To the land, that we were the people who knew how to say thank You. It welled up from a deep blood memory that the land, the Lakes, and the spirit had held for us. But years later, with my own Answer already in place, I asked my father, "Where did the Ceremony come from—did you learn it from your father, and he From his? Did it stretch all the way back to the time of the canoes?" He thought for a long time. "No, I don't think so. It's just what we Did"

Some weeks went by, though, and when we spoke again he said "I've been thinking about the coffee and how we started giving it to the ground. You know, it was boiled coffee. There's no filter and if it boils too hard the grounds foam up and get stuck in the spout. So the first cup you pour would get that plug of grounds and be spoiled. I think we first did it to clear the spout." It was as if he'd told me that the water didn't change to wine—the whole web of gratitude, the whole story of remembrance, was nothing more than the dumping of the grounds? "But, you know," he said, "there weren't always grounds to clear. It started out that way, but it became something else. A thought. It was a kind of respect, a kind of thanks. On a beautiful summer morning, I suppose you could call it joy." That, I think, is the power of ceremony: it marries the mundane to the sacred. The water turns to wine, the coffee to a prayer. The material and the spiritual mingle like grounds mingled with humus, transformed like steam rising from a mug into the morning mist. What else can you offer the earth, which has everything? What Else can you give but something of yourself? A homemade Ceremony, a ceremony that makes a home. The girl in the picture holds a slate with her name and "class of '75" Chalked in, a girl the color of deerskin with long dark hair and inky Unreadable eyes that meet yours and won't look away. I remember That day. I was wearing the new plaid shirt that my parents had Given me, an outfit I thought to be the hallmark of all foresters. When I looked back at the photo later in life, it was a puzzle to me. I recall being elated to be going to college, but there is no trace of That in the girl's face. Even before I arrived at school, I had all of my answers prepared For the freshman intake interview. I wanted to make a good first Impression. There were hardly any women at the forestry school in Those days and certainly none who looked like me. The adviser Peered at me over his glasses and said, "So, why do you want to Major in botany?" His pencil was poised over the registrar's form. How could I answer, how could I tell him that I was born a Botanist, that I had shoeboxes of seeds and piles of pressed leaves Under my bed, that I'd stop my bike along the road to identify a new Species, that plants colored my dreams, that the plants had chosen me? So I told him the truth. I was proud of my well planned answer, its freshman sophistication apparent to anyone, the way it showed that I already knew some plants and their habitats, that I had thought deeply about their nature and was clearly well prepared for college work. I told him that I chose botany because I wanted to learn about why asters and goldenrod looked so beautiful together. I'm sure I was smiling then, in my red plaid shirt. But he was not. He laid down his pencil as if there was no need to record what I had said. "Miss Wall," he said, fixing me with a disappointed smile, "I must tell you that that is not science. That is not at all the sort of thing with which botanists concern themselves." But he promised to put me right. "I'll enroll you in General Botany so you can learn what it is." And so it began. I like to imagine that they were the first flowers I saw, over my mother's shoulder, as the pink blanket slipped away from my face and their colors flooded my consciousness. I've heard that early experience can attune the brain to certain stimuli, so that they are processed with greater speed and certainty, so that they can be used again and again, so that we remember. Love at first sight. Through cloudy newborn eyes their radiance formed the first botanical synapses in my wide-awake, newborn brain, which until then had encountered only the blurry gentleness of pink faces. I'm guessing all eyes were on me, a little round baby all swaddled in bunting, but mine were on Goldenrod and Asters. I was born to these flowers and they came back for my birthday every year weaving me into our mutual celebration. People flock to our hills for the fiery suite of October but they often miss the sublime prelude of September fields. As if harvests Time were not enough—peaches, grapes, sweet corn, squash—the Fields are also embroidered with drifts of golden yellow and pools of Deepest purple, a masterpiece. If a fountain could jet bouquets of chrome yellow in dazzling Arches of chrysanthemum fireworks, that would be Canada Goldenrod. Each three-foot stem is a geyser of tiny gold daisies, Ladylike in miniature, exuberant en masse. Where the soil is damp Enough, they stand side by side with their perfect counterpart, New England Asters. Not the pale domesticates of the perennial border, The weak sauce of lavender or sky blue, but full-on royal purple that Would make a violet shrink. The daisy like fringe of purple petals Surrounds a disc as bright as the sun at high noon, a golden-orange Pool, just a tantalizing shade darker than the surrounding Goldenrod. Alone, each is a botanical superlative. Together, the Visual effect is stunning. Purple and gold, the heraldic colors of the King and queen of the meadow, a regal procession in Complementary colors. I just wanted to know why. Why do they stand beside each other when they could grow Alone? Why this particular pair? There are plenty of pinks and Whites and blues dotting the fields, so is it only happenstance that The magnificence of purple and gold end up side by side? Einstein Himself said that "God doesn't play dice with the universe." What is The source of this pattern? Why is the world so beautiful? It could So easily be otherwise: flowers could be ugly to us and still fulfil Their own purpose. But they're not. It seemed like a good question To me. But my adviser said, "It's not science," not what botany was About. I wanted to know why certain stems bent easily for baskets And some would break, why the biggest berries grew in the shade And why they made us medicines, which plants are edible, why those little pink orchids only grow under pines. "Not science," he Said, and he ought to know, sitting in his laboratory, a learned Professor of botany. "And if you want to study beauty, you should Go to art school." He reminded me of my deliberations over Choosing a college, when I had vacillated between training as a Botanist or as a poet. Since everyone told me I couldn't do both, I'd Chosen plants. He told me that science was not about beauty, not About the embrace between plants and humans. I had no rejoinder; I had made a mistake. There was no fight in Me, only embarrassment at my error. I did not have the words for Resistance. He signed me up for my classes and I was dismissed to Go get my photo taken for registration. I didn't think about it at the Time, but it was happening all over again, an echo of my Grandfather's first day at school, when he was ordered to leave Everything—language, culture, family—behind. The professor made Me doubt where I came from, what I knew, and claimed that his Was the right way to think. Only he didn't cut my hair off. In moving from a childhood in the woods to the university I had Unknowingly shifted between worldviews, from a natural history of Experience, in which I knew plants as teachers and companions to Whom I was linked with mutual responsibility, into the realm of Science. The questions scientists raised were not "Who are you?" But "What is it?" No one asked plants, "What can you

In the beginning of third grade, I took my first standardized test where I had to fill out my full name, address, my birthday, and to shade in the corresponding ovals. My teacher then said to fill in the oval that represents our ethnicity. One of the choices was "Hispanic/Latino." I paused for a moment. I knew that I was Mexican American; my grandparents emigrated from Mexico to El Paso, Texas, where my mom and her ten brothers and sisters grew up. However, when I came across this question about my ethnicity, I never fully realized what it meant to me. I filled in the oval labeled "Hispanic/Latino" and then smiled, for it was the first time that I could remember where it was going to be recognized that I was, in fact, Mexican.

Growing up in a middle class family, I never experienced the hardships that my grandparents (the Navarros) and my mom had to go through in their daily lives. My great-grandparents never went to school; my grandmother never received an education past third grade, while my grandfather never exceeded fourth grade, in their home in Chihuahua, Mexico. They emigrated to El Paso after they married, where my grandparents had to teach themselves English. My mom and her siblings went to a predominantly white high school, where the only Mexicans she knew of were her extended family. My mom was very studious, always breaking the boundaries and exceeding expectations about how a Mexican girl in high school should be. Her counselors would tell her she should be taking homemaking classes which would help her out of high school, but she stuck with the most rigorous math courses and took four years of Russian. After she graduated, her dreams led her to a place outside of El Paso; my grandmother helped her secretly leave El Paso to Miami, Florida, for the hope of a better future. My mom ended up working at a law office and took night classes at Miami-Dade Community College. Her job gave her the chance to help her family financially, but it consumed all her time, leaving her studies behind. My mom became a very prominent and well-respected real estate settlement manager for twenty-five years at the firm, but to this day her only regret is not to have completed her education. For me the way to keep this story alive is through a strong education and by surpassing all stereotypes and keeping my faith. In my high school, 35 percent of the students are Hispanic. Since I've entered Washington-Lee, I've always been in the most advanced classes. During freshmen year, I knew a lot of people with various ethnic backgrounds. At the end of my sophomore year, it was time to declare if one was to become an International Baccalaureate (IB) candidate. The majority of students who declared themselves as IB candidates were white, while a small minority were from various ethnic groups. During the end of my junior year and the beginning of my senior year, more ethnic students dropped out of the IB Program. Today, there are only a handful of students of ethnic backgrounds. The main reason why I've been pursuing the IB diploma was to challenge myself and that although I am Mexican, I am capable of beating the odds and trying to accomplish a task my mom's family was not given the opportunity to. In a way, I'm pursuing this diploma for my entire Navarro family, especially my mom. I am thankful everyday for all that I have: a wonderful supportive family, the drive to pursue an IB diploma, and to be surrounded by a strong, dedicated group of friends. I know that the history and struggle of my mom and her family runs through my veins; although I don't have stories of personal experiences of growing up in poverty, or struggling through a time of racism, the best I can do is to tell my family's story by keeping it alive. It gives me hope and confidence to exceed through the boundaries by graduating high school and attending college—a task neither my mom, mis tios? Or my grandparents achieved. As a third-generation Mexican in my mom's family, what being Mexican American means to me is to embrace my past and to excel in the future. Since that test in third grade, whenever I fill out my ethnicity on a standardized test, I fill in the "Hispanic/Latino" oval and I smile as I remember who I am and that I am proud to be Mexican American. There is nothing fancy about the following essay—it is simple, honest, and works beautifully. The anecdote that opens the story is an experience everyone has had: blackening the ethnicity oval. The author goes on to describe the lives of her mother and grandparents, and why their experience continues to inspire and motivate her. In writing about the IB program, she highlights her drive to excel and gives strong evidence that she can thrive in a highly competitive college. Says Danielle, "I had so many ideas all at once that it was way over five hundred words. I asked my mom to help me edit it and cut it down, and got guidance from my college counselor on how to make it more fluid." We might live in a new land but there's a reason flags from the old one wave here. It's not political or rebellious, but what I like to call a cultural understanding. I can see it when I pass another Latino in the street and he gives me a quick nod. He doesn't say a word but he doesn't have to. It's our way of telling each other, "I understand". America is a land of struggle, victory, and the journey in between. For a young Latino, that journey means knowing where you come from and taking control of where you are going. It means living in a melting pot of cultures and still holding on to the traditions that were passed on by yours. That's what it means to be a Latino in America. They wanted more from me than to be that stereotypical "chonga" that got very little out of life. I am an honors student and I graduated at the top of my high school class. I took AP courses, I was Vice President of the BETA club and a member of the National Honor Society. I attend a good university and am in the honors program. I play the violin and am an active member of the community through Girl Scouts. I did everything right, the good way, the "normal" way. So why is it that in all of my accomplishments, I only ever get the question "How did you face cultural challenges to get to where you are today?" Why does the fact that I am Hispanic mean I'm not a normal candidate to be successful? If I have overcome anything in life brought on by my culture, it would be the stereotypes waiting for me to prove I am a failure. When taking standardized tests where we have to fill in our racial group, why is it that they take the scores and categorize the means by ethnicity? And why are Hispanics always one of the lowest? Perhaps it's because of the stereotypes we carry every day, that live within us. We all know that people expect us Hispanics to be poorly educated, so there are many who just live up to that standard — expect nothing, they give nothing. Well, that standard is not enough for me. I work at raising the standards for my minority everyday. I maintain my grades so when I graduate and become successful in life, I can say "I proved you wrong."

India faces today a number of problems. But the problem of unemployment is the most serious. Of course, the problem has raised its head in almost every country, but that cannot be our consolation. The number of unemployed youths in our country has already reached an alarming proportion, and still, the number is increasing every year. It is really a matter of pity and shame that though willing to work, a large number of our youths find no opportunities for employment. In fact, unemployment is not only a curse, but it is worse than a disease. It weakens the body and mind and eats up the vitality of our young population. We must admit that every man and woman should have ample scope of employment. It is his or her birthright. But unfortunately, in our country, there are more people than there are jobs. Thousand of young people remain idle even after completing their studies. We should find the causes behind such a shameful situation. The most important factor is the alarming growth of population. We see that the population is growing fast but there is no expansion of corresponding avenues of employment. Our system of education is also defective. It is not satisfactorily related to the socio-economic needs of our people. The automation has thrown thousands of people out of their work. Industrial unrest has also led to lock-outs and lay-offs. And thus, on the whole, the situation is growing worse and gradually slipping out of control. Some of our angry young men turn to be anti-social out of their frustration. To solve the problem a change of outlook is also needed. No one can deny the bitter and bare fact that no government can provide employment for all the unemployed youths. So we should change our notion of a secure and comfortable job with a chair and a table and a fan in an office or in a bank. Hence our education system should be practice-oriented. Vocational education can offer greater employment opportunities to our youths. It can be a means of a steady supply of skilled hands to different production as well as it can provide the scope for self-employment. By reviving cottage and small-scale industries we can also solve the problem of rural unemployment. Above all, we must follow the principles — 'self-help is the best help'. The answer to unemployment is not more employment offered by the State but more opportunities for self-employment. However, all these will be of no avail unless the population explosion is controlled. Indeed, hunger, distress and unemployment will rule the land unless the birth-rate is reduced to an optimum level. The problem of unemployment in India has become very serious in recent years. The economic well being of the country depends greatly upon the solution to the problem of unemployment. During the present oil crisis even highly advanced countries like Saudi Arabia, England, France, Italy, etc. are also facing the problem of unemployment. In communist countries like Russia, China, etc., the problem of unemployment can be solved easily by employing all the idle population on any available job. In the Constitution of Russia, work is both a right and a duty. It is the responsibility of the state there to provide work to the people. Side by side it is also the duty of the citizens to do some work. It is written in their constitution that he who shall not work, neither shall he eat. There is a move in India also that we should include the right to work in our fundamental right. There are many types of unemployment, and of these the most troublesome aspect is the problem of the unemployment of the educated. It is this problem which is often meant when we discuss the question of unemployment. Since the number of the educated is annually increasing, we are not able to afford avenues of work for this growing number. So it has become a very ticklish problem, in a sense. The point is that we assume that education is good and desirable, and this is really so. There can be no two opinions on this point. But the irony of it is that when we offer education to many thousands of young people. We are not in a position to offer jobs to even a few hundreds of them. Is it not ironical that by educating our youths we should at the

Teenage pregnancy is the occurrence of pregnancy in females under the age of twenty. Teenagers belong to the age group of thirteen to twenty, and while teenagers are not practically children, they aren't adults either, and this phase of confusion puts them at a greater risk. As sexual development sets in, teenagers are hounded by curiosity to explore their bodies. Due to a lack of awareness regarding sex, they often engage in unsafe sex, eventually becoming teenage parents. Mostly such pregnancies are unplanned, and minors are not ready to bear the responsibilities of being a parent. Globally, the rate of teenage pregnancy is relatively high. Most cases are reported from the United States, the United Kingdom, and Africa, whereas rates are comparatively lower in Asia. As per studies, it is seen that the quality of teenage pregnancy is higher in developing countries as compared to developed countries, and mostly rural areas report higher cases than urban areas. This shows that the socio-economic background of teenagers majorly contributes to teenage pregnancies. Mostly teenagers from lower backgrounds with little or no sex education end up with teenage pregnancies. Another reason is a discussion regarding sex being a taboo. Often conservative parents and even teachers in schools don't engage in sexual conversations. As a result, teenagers lack basic knowledge about sex or safe sexual practices. The lack of resources on sexual awareness leads teenagers to seek help from their peers that eventually leads them to have wrong notions about sex. Teenagers barely understand the issues regarding sexual intercourse and the use of contraceptives. A study in the United States reveals that about 53% of teenagers lack information regarding sexual intercourse and contraceptives. The glorification of sex in mainstream media is another reason why most teenagers lack the moral outlook that prevents them from engaging in irresponsible sexual activities—engaging in underage alcohol consumption and drug abuse is another contributing factor in teenage pregnancies. Often teenagers seeking social validation from their peers engage in drinking resulting in them losing their senses and eventually engaging in unsafe sex. In developing countries, sexual abuse of underage girls from lower backgrounds majorly contributes to rising rates of teenage pregnancies. Hailing from low-income backgrounds, these girls are pushed into sex trafficking to support their families and are exploited by older men. In most developing countries, girls are married off eighteen, and such teenage pregnancies are not met with social and moral stigmatization. Whereas in developed countries, most teenage pregnancies occur out of wedlock while the teenagers are still in school, leading to social ostracization and alienation of such adolescent mothers. They often have to drop out of school, and without a formal degree, they have to do low-income jobs to support their child. Such children hailing from underprivileged homes, often without a father, engage in criminal activities and drug abuse, thus add to social evils and poverty. In a nutshell, teenage pregnancies create a domino effect in society at large. Teenage pregnancy occurs in females aged between thirteen to twenty years when they engage in unsafe sex with their partners leading to unwanted and unplanned pregnancies. Studies show that both teenage boys, as-well-as adult men, engage in unprotected sex with minor girls making them pregnant in the process. Most such men don't end up marrying the girls. Teenage pregnancy is a widely prevalent social evil that arises due to a lack of communication between conservative parents and teenagers, leading to a lack of sex education. The glorification of sex in media gives teenagers a distorted moral and ethical view, and they fail to understand the consequences of engaging in underage sex. Teenage mothers and children often end up in social alienation, and such mothers have to leave formal education midway to earn a living. A lack of education, low background, overall lack of awareness of sex education, and birth control methods leads to increased teenage pregnancies. Teenage Pregnancy Many students suffer from the burden brought by being a parent at a very young age. Teenage Pregnancy is the bearing of child without the full awareness of responsibility. According to Bodeeb (2017), teenage pregnancy is a controversial topic that may affect the life of a student. Any teen pregnancy is a difficult challenge because of lack of skills and experience when it comes to handling pregnancy. Meaning to say, there are a lot of challenges for a teenage mom especially if these parents are only high school students. And as defined by Unicef (2008), it is a young aged girl usually within the ages of 13-19, becoming pregnant early. In Philippines, the National Youth Commission supported by the Department of Health and World Health Organization convened the 2014 National Summit on Teenage Pregnancy (Inquirer, 2014). It is a talk for the youth that has been struggling on becoming teenage parents. They would like to prevent the growth of teenage pregnancy and help them to their needs and without any hesitation all of the stakeholders is on track to talk about National Teenage Pregnancy crisis. Many Filipinos are accepting the fact that teenage pregnancy is the biggest issue for the youth ever since. According to the data of the Philippine statistical authority reveals that every single hour, more than 24 babies are delivered by teenage mothers. Also, according to the 2014 Young Adult Fertility and Sexualities study, that around 14 percent of Filipino girls ages 15 to 19 are maybe pregnant for their first time or maybe they are already a mother. Among six major economies in south east Asian nations, the Philippines has the highest rate of teenage pregnancy. Having to overcome the stress from, school work, extra hormonal changes, and telling everyone about a baby on the way, was emotional and scary. Although, nothing compares to the joy I feel when I speak about my daughter, Cynthia. She knew all my worries of raising her from a young age, she witnessed my struggles with life, and she accomplished the life goals I dreamed for her. A normal teenager develops at their bodies own pace, but a pregnant teenager, the body must instantly develop for two. In addition, there was a physical change, mood swings, and an instantaneous maturing experience. Part of it may have been a mother's intuition, part of it may have been due to paranoia over losing her other two children or spending time with Linda's deaf daughter, Joy. She had noticed similarities in Joy and Alandra and differences between other children and Alandra. It must have been very frustrating to repeatedly hear everyone ignore her worries and concerns, especially Dr. Buzan, who had advised her to wait until Alandra was a year old before even talking to a specialist. Gaby Rodriguez spent her senior year with a fake pregnant belly on her body. She was told her entire life that she was going to end up just like the rest of her family: pregnant as a teen in high school. Defying all stereotypes, and working hard to disprove them, she used her year-long senior project to change everyone's minds. The Pregnancy Project by Gaby Rodriguez is a realistic, eye-opening story that all teenagers should read. One of the things that makes it such a good book is the rawness you feel the whole time. Argumentative Essay On Teenage pregnancy is the condition of being pregnant of adolescence aged 10 to 19. Those who are affected are the girl herself up to the national society. The victims of teenage pregnancy are the girl herself, her child, her parents and relatives and the national society as a whole. It will also probably make her economically vulnerable. Teen pregnancy is a communal problem, a family problem, and a personal problem all rolled into one.

One of the reasons the rich get richer, and the poor get poorer, is because of the lack of not knowing and ignorance hindering half the world, allowing the cycle of poverty to continue. Poverty trap is as a spiraling mechanism, that forces people to remain poor binding many to no hope of escaping. The poverty trap has been an ongoing cycle within generations even those close to me, that has tremendously taken a negative toll on society and my family for nearly decades. Being a Haitian American descendant, I've not only seen that challenges my family faced, but my relatives back in Haiti are still facing till this day. I came to a deeper understanding it's not late to save Haiti, and even the worldwide from poverty. We as a whole nation need to, enforce education, create business and increase jobs. Not only will these ideas change Haiti, but help their human development index world as a whole, and the individual who are eager to leave poverty and are ready to end the inevitable cycle called the poverty trap. (Hubbard R. Glenn, 2009)

Most of the world has been taught to instill the importance of education to society, but in Haiti education is a luxury and if a child couldn't afford the school they would get any seamless job to provide for their family. Which resulted in an uneducated population with limited economics opportunity for Haiti to advance. Many kids in Haiti today who have the chance to get an education still have a roadblock because of lack of resources for anyone to leverage their education. Which again initially causes the population of Haitians to be in poverty for decades. For example, a person in Haiti may never be able to save enough to escape poverty if they were to remain in a developing country with a small educated population but may have a better chance if they were able to move to a state with larger education population (Hoff Karla pg2, 2006). This lack of education is not only holding Haiti back. But making it harder to catch up with the world to advanced capitalist nations to leave the cycle. I stand firmly that useful education can positively transform every aspect of poverty. For instance, when I implied valuable training it's indicating the need of more practical knowledge and skills their Haitians need to acquire that can grow its economy like learning to communicate which can help build a relationship then can get an investor to invest in their country. Another useful prime skill is learning how to leverage technology because it keeps on advancing, and more importantly, education can promote the young or even the old to become entrepreneurs and manage a business. Overall education in Haiti can promote agricultural knowledge, innovation, and efficient that can contribute incremental productivity to aid poverty in Haiti. (Perry, Guillermo, 20016)

In the light of, a prosperous country they realize the influential key factor of starting a business is essential for growth. Haiti has been known to have instability, and lack of governance which make it harder for them to advance because the country also has a shortage of business this impact their economy to promote establishing business would help add wealth to their country it could ultimately have a chance of escaping the trap. Many people today even American fail to see the actual values of having a small business and even large corporations to grow the economy and to initially end poverty. Trade is one of the great forms to embed poverty because it allows distribution of income, improvement in capital mobility, and overall generate cash flow. (Hoff Karla, 2016) Generally speaking, if Haiti was able to allocate more corporations to accumulate money in their economy, it could help gain funds to fix rebuild their countries from the terrible natural disasters and no longer be an emerging country. A researcher has even clarified the root cause of poverty is prone to a lack of access to markets and resources. Additionally, we wonder why food and other sources are costly not only in Haiti but in poorer parts of the country. That's due to lack of business because it can initially tackle the base of the pyramid it can't bring fair prices to the people instead of forcing them to pay more. Starting a business that makes profits is one thing, but meeting the social needs to you buyers is another thing. For instance, if we were to create a business that not only helps the locals, and the whole country, by generating an excellent water supply to help prevent disease from spreading, and also creating technology security business that can help other parts of the world by stopping hackers. Why only have business within a country I tremendously believe greatly to help other around the world because that would add value to other countries and Haiti would be more prominent know which then can lead other business opportunity to them to branch out of poverty. Given that, these ideas can eventually turn into a profit for Haiti to advance it can't happen if someone don't take action and start planting seeds, so poverty can be gone in the next ten years there needs to be a process and dedication, and remember a government can't reform overnight

We've all heard saying give a man a fish; you feed him for a day; teach him how to fish, and he will be able to feed himself for the rest of his life. This saying is so powerful because if you give someone money just for charity, it comes then go, but give someone a job their money will continue to be steady and grow. Undoubtedly, creating jobs is the most effective way to eradicate poverty, but also is an essential part, that many government leaders seem to ignore. Why continue to give Haiti foreign aid if we can create jobs. Creating jobs, it will generate employment, increase employability, and make the labor markets more efficient. (Karnani) It's not possible for any country reduced poverty significantly without experiencing economic growth, but economic growth has had a widely different impact on poverty reduction across countries. A one percent increase in per capita GDP can reduce income poverty by as much as four percent or as little as one percent. The exact link between economic growth and poverty reduction is mediated by job creation. (Karnani) For example countries like China and India has seen drastic, rapid economic growth for several years primarily because of the process economic reform was initiated, but that's not the root cause. Despite the reform, unemployment was a significant problem, but as soon as they created employment it approximately caused their per capita GDP to rise. Of course, job increase is a great way to reduce poverty, but in all reality putting more money in the economy and spending, and buying can aid, the market. In true reality, the poor need productive jobs that lead to higher income, and alleviate poverty. (World Bank, 2002)

In the final analysis, it's clear that many different routes can stop poverty trap. Whether its education that can allow Haitian people not to be ignorant of what's going on around them, and it equips their people with skills and value to be responsible citizens. Overall education enables each individual to reach their full potential. As well as, creating a business to demonstrate that it grows their GDP, and overall have a higher capacity to assemble and maintain the growing progress of running a business and. Finally, creating jobs makes a huge impact regardless of the person being illiterate they can still put their hands to work to generate income and add to Haiti's economy.

Overall, poverty to others doesn't have to deal with just money many people who are living in poverty believe they are rich because of their mindset it starts with the end in mind so to end poverty it's what you think that needs to be changed. Yes, there is more that goes in ending the poverty in Haiti and around the world, but there is still hope, where there is a vision it's possible to stop that cringy word called the poverty trap.

Respect is an abstract concept that is a charge of competence and prestige that affects both the social level and self-assessment of an individual or institution such as a family, school, regiment or nation. Accordingly, individuals (or institutions) are given value and stature based on the harmony of specific tasks. Concerning sexuality, honour has traditionally been associated with "purity" or "virginity" or, in case of married men/women, "loyalty". The importance of the concept of respect has declined in the modern world and has been replaced by conscience. As a noun, honour can also refer to an award. For example, given by a nation; such honours include military medals, but more generally it means civilian awards, such as Padma Shri, knighthood or Pakistani Nishan-e-Pakistan. A person who is not respected in society has no value in society. Everyone tries to stay away from him. Nobody helps in that man's time of strength. He spends his life apart from the whole world, and it is also true that a person takes a lot of time to increase his respect in society and it does not take even 1 minute to finish that honour. It is easy to earn money in the world, but it takes a lot of time to make respect in the eyes of people. When you give respect to someone, it reflects your vastness. The more people you do not respect in the world, the less is your prosperity. If you appreciate everyone, the more you will get. He is a learned man who respects all. Giving respect is the quality of advanced consciousness. Therefore, I thank all of you. Respect is essential in our life because just as money is required in life, so it is necessary to respect life. It is challenging to live in a society without respect; a person who does not have a connection in the community has no value in society. Does not happen, every person tries to stay away from it, no one helps in that man's time of compulsion, he lives his life apart from the whole world. This statement is also true that it takes a lot of time for a person to increase their respect in society and it does not take even 1 minute to finish that honour. It is easy to earn money in the world, but it takes a lot of time to make respect in the eyes of people. The importance is revealed only by the actions and behaviour done by human beings, that is, according to the importance of work, human beings are considered essential. By evaluating the significance of a person's work and behaviour, his feelings and social thoughts towards him are called his respect. The goal of most humans is to get maximum respect, subject to which their thinking and their work is done. The cooperation of man in travelling from the ancient to the present modern era is a symbol of the greatness of man. Just as the importance of works is different according to practice, similarly, there are many forms of respect. Those who want to honour themselves only by showing off instead of doing any good work for human society and humanity; they are misguided humans of confused intellect. Those who want to get respect in society by showing off their belongings and resources and showing off their property, house, vehicle, etc. And declaring themselves as rich. The person desiring to be respected must first learn to respect himself for which he will have to look into his conscience and if he is a fraudulent, deceitful, dishonest or a liar, then how will he honour him because he lies to the human world. Still, it is impossible to rest with your mind. When a person is guilty and cannot even respect himself, it is foolish to wish for respect from society and the world. Respect is the subject of human behaviour, conduct, and deeds, so forgetting respect, it is necessary first to review their behaviour and deeds and improve them first, change you then only the world will change. Self-respect means that self-respect separates humans from animals. It is due to this feeling that a person feels superior. In Indian culture and our past, this sentiment was filled with the code. But in a dark period, the people of India not only lost their self-respect but also destroyed their self-confidence. The rule of foreign invaders gave rise to inferiority complex among Indians. Woman- lives in the forms of a mother, sister, daughter, and wife. A human is a woman who makes connections with society. But unfortunately, by not giving due respect to this world leader, he has tried to subdue himself from the beginning. He considers the form of the goddess as a symbol of the goddess. Her honour has the potential to change the whole world. In conclusion, it can be stated that respect is a capital that can earn only by creating goodwill in society by doing good deeds with honesty and respecting others also. God creates everybody in the world, and all have their importance and value. So each other respect is fundamental and necessary. Self-Respect refers to loving oneself and behaving with honour and dignity. It reflects Respect for oneself. An individual who has Self-Respect would treat himself with honour. Furthermore, lacking Self-Respect is a matter of disgrace. An individual who does not respect himself, should certainly not expect Respect from others. This is because nobody likes to treat such an individual with Respect. Self-Respect is the foundation of a healthy relationship. In relationships, it is important to respect your partner. Similarly, it is equally important to Respect yourself. A Self-Respecting person accepts himself with his flaws. This changes the way how others perceive the individual. An individual, who honours himself, would prevent others from disrespecting him. This certainly increases the value of the individual in the eyes of their partner. Lacking Self-Respect brings negative consequences. An individual who lacks Self-Respect is treated like a doormat by others. Furthermore, such an individual may engage in bad habits. Also, there is a serious lack of self-confidence in such a person. Such a person is likely to suffer verbal or mental abuse. The lifestyle of such an individual also becomes sloppy and untidy. Self-Respect is a reflection of toughness and confidence. Self-Respect makes a person accept more responsibility. Furthermore, the character of such a person would be strong. Also, such a person always stands for his rights, values, and opinions. Self-Respect improves the morality of the individual. Such an individual has a good ethical nature. Hence, Self-Respect makes you a better person. Self-Respect eliminates the need to make comparisons. This means that individuals don't need to make comparisons with others. Some people certainly compare themselves with others on various attributes. Most noteworthy, they do this to seek validation of others. Gaining Self-Respect ends all that. Everyone must Respect fellow human beings. This is an essential requirement of living in a society. We certainly owe a basic level of Respect to others. Furthermore, appropriate Respect must be shown to people who impact our lives. This includes our parents, relatives, teachers, friends, fellow workers, authority figures, etc. One of the best ways of showing respect to others is listening. Listening to another person's point of view is an excellent way of Respect. Most noteworthy, we must allow a person to express his views even if we disagree with them. Another important aspect of respecting others is religious/political views. Religious and cultural beliefs of others should be given a lot of consideration. Respecting other people's Religions is certainly a sign of showing mature Respect. Everyone must Respect those who are in authority. Almost everyone deals with people in their lives that hold authority. So, a healthy amount of Respect should be given to such people. People of authority can be of various categories. These are boss, police officer, religious leader, teacher, etc. In conclusion, Respect is a major aspect of human socialization. It is certainly a precious value that must be preserved. Respectful behaviour is vital for human survival.

Manila is the thriving capital of the Republic of the Philippines. It's also the densest city on Earth. However, just because Manila is extremely dense doesn't mean the whole country is overpopulated- but what effects are felt from the overpopulation of cities like Manila, and to the country as a whole? How did this city/country get so dense in the first place? And what can we do about it? One effect of the overpopulation in the Philippines is the enormous trade deficit relating to the food consumption. On average, one Filipino will consume 28.8 kilograms (kg.) of meat annually. They will consume 40.15 kg. of fish a year. And in total, one Filipino will consume around 255.6 kg. of food a year. This means, as a country, the Philippines will consume 2,908,265,385.6 kg. of meat per year, 4,054,404,695.55 kg. of fish per year, and 25,810,855,297.2 kg. of food in total per year. However, though the Philippines consumes 2,908,265,385.6 kg. of meat per year, they only produce 4,660,360 kg. of meat per year. Following suit, the Philippines consumes 4,054,404,695.55 kg. of fish per year, and makes 3,113,700,000 kg. per year. These two numbers are quite alarming, as this means the Philippines is in a huge trade deficit- they consume much more meat annually than they produce. This means that they will have to import more than they can export, costing billions of dollars a year. This is a direct result of overpopulation in the Philippines, and shows how much overpopulation has affected the Philippines. Figure 1, shown above, demonstrates the trade deficit of food in the Philippines. Meat production is shown, but is too small to be seen on the chart.

The poverty in the Philippines is extremely apparent: the country is frequently ranked in the top spots of countries with the highest poverty rates. The poverty line is extremely low, at 100,534 pesos, or 5,329.31 USD. Compared to the US, with a poverty line of 22,541 USD (with approximately 14.5% of Americans falling below the US poverty level), this number is alarming. In 2017, 21.6% of Filipinos fell below the poverty line. However, curiously, a strange correlation exists between poverty in these countries and their average house size (by floor area).

To begin, it should be known that the average house size in the US has 895.7 meters. In this pie graph produced by the Philippine Statistics Authority, it is shown that over 90% of Filipinos live in housing with less than 895.7 meters in floor area. Most of the population lives in housing smaller than the average American apartment size (311 meters). This is a direct result of overpopulation in the Philippines. When a country is overpopulated (such as Japan), housing becomes less traditional, less big plots of land and nice, spread out homes. Apartments, more modern and compact forms of housing than traditional houses, are becoming extremely popular in countries such as Japan and the Philippines, because they can fit lots of people into a small amount of space. The amount of people overpopulating a country isn't dealt with by building apartments, it's only put off. Apartments aren't a solution to overpopulation, only a deference.

The dilemma with apartments is tricky, because they aren't bad, but they don't fix overpopulation- they only put more people in less space. This makes denser cities, which leads to problems in city infrastructure, such as transportation and utility distribution. Theoretically, if everyone on Earth had the same amount of land to live on (excluding uninhabitable areas, such as mountains or deserts), we could fit every person on a plot of land about 2 acres in area. The only problem is that no one would ever conform to this idea- people wouldn't want to live in places that they aren't adapted to. And that's the problem- human attachment. As humans, we grow to like things, dislike things, and we grow to call places and systems our home. So, if someone came and told you you'd be moving from Chicago to Zimbabwe, you'd probably protest- you've grown attached to your home, and the cultural systems of your home. If you told someone they'd be moving from their dream home into an apartment, they'd also probably protest- they worked hard for their dream home.

That's why we can't move everyone from a place where there are too many people, such as Manila, to a place without a lot of people, such as Canada. They wouldn't want to go, and from a humanitarian point of view, you can't force them to go, either. Large families are popular in farming-based places. In the US during the 1800's, families with 6-9 children were extremely common. This is because the family needed unhired laborers to bring in their crops. Another reason is because the more people a family had, the more likely it was that some of the children would survive and help their parents when they became old. So, since the Philippines had a lot of families that focused on farming around World War II, many large families existed. However, after World War II, the government enacted many anti-market policies. As a result, roads were left unfinished and irrigation systems never built, and the poor conditions of seaports and airports crippled one of the nation's best natural industries, agriculture. [Source: National Source, Population Growth in the Philippines: Problem or Potential?, 2011]; this affected many families, and made it so that the large-scale families known in agricultural nations weren't efficient anymore. So, the country slowly began to decline in the rate of its population increase after World War II.

Figure 3, shown above, has shown the decline in population increase per year. The spread of the use of contraceptives and government support for abortion has also made the rate of change decline. In conclusion, we can see that because of various different reasons, the Philippines, and specifically Manila, are overpopulated. We have examined why overpopulation is such a hard issue to solve and deal with, and how today's solutions to overpopulation are inefficient.

"You can do it. I will help you!" Those words cemented a special bond with Jeeva, a visually impaired young man. We accidentally collided one day in a crowded library. Overcome with guilt, I treated him to ice cream at a nearby kiosk. Jeeva was worried stiff about an upcoming diploma exam, so I offered to help. Our spontaneous encounter was the best part of my summer break! I cherish those next ten days that we spent studying. Tutoring others is my favorite way to learn because it solidifies my knowledge while allowing me to see how others solve problems using different methods. I read aloud to him, summarized key ideas, and we discussed concepts. I realized that Jeeva listens much better than me. At times it seemed like he could anticipate and even read my thoughts just by the tone of my voice. He worked hard, and we both felt more confident about the material. Encouraged by his commitment, I recorded mp3 lessons that he could listen to and review.

I felt a sense of purpose working with Jeeva. The joy in lending my eyes through reading, the challenge in describing objects and material things I took for granted, the satisfaction of transcribing his notes led me to a volunteering organization. I have since spent over 50 hours helping other visually-challenged children and young adults like Jeeva. I also encouraged and facilitated my cousins to volunteer their time helping the visually-challenged. Jeeva is now a teaching assistant at a school.

At UT-Austin, I wish to volunteer my time with the Texas Technology Access Program to design devices for the visually challenged. I believe I can create devices that can anticipate the challenges faced by people with disabilities and that can facilitate simple yet effective steps to prevent injuries.

I have demonstrated leadership through my technical activities. My resume and extracurricular activities are well-rounded, but I focus on engineering-oriented activities. I enjoy solving technical challenges, and we always compete in groups. I often take the lead in helping direct the overall vision of our efforts. I enjoy coordinating group members to capitalize on everyone's strengths and minimizing our overall weaknesses. My experience as a co-captain and captain for the TARC Rocketry Challenge Club suggests that I have a track record for accomplishing our goals. I also like taking complex topics and distilling down the most important parts to explain to new members crucial concepts in simple ways.

I have also completed three internships in different engineering fields. My experiences expose me to different professionals, and I take small lessons from each environment and employ them in my life. I see that engineering in the real world also depends on groups, so I recognize the importance of being an effective team player. I also created an after-school engineering club for like-minded students to discuss current events and the latest technological developments. I see myself continuing my efforts when I enroll at UT. I want to contribute to classroom discussions and join relevant organizations so I can continue exploring my interests and connecting with interesting people.

I remember hesitating outside the health science classroom before my first HOSA meeting freshman year. I felt unsure if my time and efforts would be worth committing myself to such a large club. I took a breath and entered.

Before my freshman year, public speaking terrified me. Confronting my fears rather than avoiding them, I registered for HOSA's "Researched Persuasive Writing and Speaking" competition. I felt foolish competing in an event that showcases my weakest skills. Months before the first round of competition, I began drafting my speech. I practiced for weeks, refining my text, recording my voice, and presenting to the bathroom mirror.

I timidly arrived at the competition, and some senior competitors exacerbated my already stretched nerves by picking on me. When my turn came, I executed my speech exactly as I had dozens of times alone. I felt comfortable with my performance; finishing without embarrassing myself was good enough for me. I listened passively to the award ceremony, and felt shocked when they announced "Second place, Ram Visha!"

I ambled up to the stage, my heart trying to escape from my chest, in a mixed state of wonder and pride in my accomplishment. Aside from my newfound interest in public speaking, I have learned that if you put yourself out there and give your best efforts, trusting in the process will help you grow.

To me, leadership means the courage to overcome your fears, learn from failure, and inspire others to do the same. Serving as an Officer for my school's HOSA Chapter, National Honor Society Chapter, and Band, I do everything I can to ensure the success of the organization I lead and its members. I will continue these positive habits as I transition to a leader on UT's campus.

I am the oldest of three siblings, and I strive to set a positive example for my younger brother and sister. Early in my mother's battle with Leukemia, I did chores without asking, and they began emulating my behavior. We tried our best to relieve some of the stress in our family. I am proud of starting a local "Lick Leukemia" walk in support of my mother and another family friend who both have leukemia. It is a community effort, and we project to raise \$10,000 this year.

At school, I founded our Investment Club. I have grown this into our school's most popular student run and funded the organization. I also co-founded our school's Model U.N., which was the only first-year group at the state competition to win an award. My classmates elected me as Treasurer of our student body where I am responsible for keeping monetary records and handling funds. On the field, I won the starting quarterback job during my sophomore year after having not played since fifth grade. I led our team to the second round of the playoffs, our first trip in five years. I will continue serving as a leader in college. You only get one shot at college, and I want to have meaningful experiences helping others. I am excited to work alongside like-minded, driven, service-oriented Longhorns.

"If you so much as move a finger, I will kill you," Tonderayi hissed. The man holding the gun froze. He thought this was his big payday; that killing the black rhino and sawing off its horn to be sold to the highest bidder would make him rich. He hadn't heard the girl sneak up on him, nor did he know if her threat was real. The poacher began to turn to face the voice that threatened him.

As he turned, Tonderayi stuck the tip of her freshly sharpened knife into the man's side, making sure to break the skin, but not puncture anything vital. The poacher yelped and put his hands up in the air.

Tonderayi unsnapped the laniered that was slung across the poacher's shoulder, his hunting rifle clattered to the ground. She brought the man's arms down behind his back, and used her zip ties to secure his wrists. Tonderayi walked around to face the poacher.

His eyes opened wide. "You're just a girl," he spat.

Tonderayi chuckled. "A girl who took your weapon. A girl that stopped you from killing an innocent animal. A girl who is going to hand you over to the auth..." Before she could finish, the poacher lunged at her. He was twice her size, and had a crazed look in his eyes. Tonderayi had seen that look before, one of a man who wouldn't give up his power, especially to a girl.

Tonderayi side stepped, bringing her knee up into the poachers stomach. She felt her leg push into the man's diaphragm, expelling the breath from his body. The poacher toppled over gasping for air. Tonderayi placed her foot on the man's chest. "I am not afraid of you, and I will not let you harm the animals of this land ever again." She pushed off the man with her foot and kicked hard, hitting the poacher in the side of the head, knocking him out.

The black rhino who the poacher had targeted continued to munch on the dried grass, indifferent to the commotion around him. "What are you looking at Chipembere?" Tonderayi asked. The rhino just continued to stare, its jaw moving back and forth, grinding up the grass. "I can't keep saving you like this every time you feel like wandering off the preservation for a snack Chip! We have dried grass in the preserve, so I don't understand why you can't keep your big butt where it's a little safer!" Chip whipped his tail back and forth, snorted, and trotted up to Tonderayi. They had grown up together on the preserve. They actually had been born only a couple days apart, during the scorching Zimbabwe summer. Tonderayi's mother was part of the Akashinga warriors who protected the preserve. And like her mother, Tonderayi grew up learning the ways of the Akashinga. She was instilled with a deep respect for all of the plants and animals on the preserve, and an unfathomable hatred for the men who came into it trying to rob Mother Nature of her children.

Chip had been born to an older black rhino named Amai. Chip and Tonderayi both lost their mothers to poachers on a single tragic day. The poachers had shot Amai, and when Tonderayi's mother reached the scene of the murder, she was executed for trying to stop the men from desecrating the body by taking Amai's horn.

Even before that tragic day Tonderayi and Chip had a special bond, but after they mourned together the bond became unbreakable. It was a long and painful recovery process. Tonderayi forever kept both mothers in her heart, and vowed to protect all of the animals of the preserve as an Akashinga warrior.

Chip was always happy to see Tonderayi. He would walk up to her and blow snot all over her hand when she rubbed his snout. Chip seemed to laugh when he did this, and would walk away with a little swing in his step. Tonderayi found it less funny, and more disgusting, but that was the relationship she had with the rhino.

"Well, are you going to help me carry this sack of zebra dung back to the outpost, or am I going to have to do it all by myself?" Tonderayi asked, scratching the side of Chip's face.

Chip snorted, turned around, and trotted back towards the preserve pretending not to hear Tonderayi's question. "That's what I figured," Tonderayi said shaking her head. She bent over, grabbed the poacher by the pants, and put one leg under each arm. She started the long walk back to her mud caked jeep that was parked at the edge of the preserve. "You're a pain in the ass!" she yelled after Chip, who was now far ahead, his shadow stretching out in the gentle light of the setting sun.

Tonderayi brought the poacher to the outpost and transferred him to a holding cell. Government police came every few days to check in with the protectors of the preserve, and to transport any poachers into the main city for processing. It was a symbiotic relationship between the Akashinga tribe and the government. The Akashinga collected the garbage and the government took it out of the preserve. Days went by without incident. Tonderayi made her rounds each morning checking in at the different watering holes and always making sure to keep an eye out for signs of poachers. Since the Akashinga had taken over the role of protectors of the preserve, poaching had decreased drastically. The all female warriors were skilled in tracking and talking down confrontation. When talking didn't work, they were more than happy to use their combat skills. It was Thursday, which was when Gamba would come to check if any poachers needed to be taken back to the city for processing. "Anything for me to bring in?" Gamba asked Tonderayi who was sitting outside of the guardhouse in her Jeep. "Nothing since the poacher I caught when Chip left the preserve," she responded. "You didn't happened to have seen Chip on your way in did you?" "No I haven't see him today, but you know how he gets, he's probably off harassing the monkeys." "Yeah, you're probably right." Tonderayi shifted in her seat and sighed. I just haven't seen him all day, and he always comes to the gatehouse in the afternoon for his snack of berries."

By the 1760s, American colonists and English Parliament had very different views about the extent of authority for governing the colonies. British officials assumed Parliamentary Sovereignty in which Parliament alone could tax and govern within England and its possessions. American colonists believed they had a certain amount of sovereignty to govern themselves through elected assemblies as a check on the power of appointed governors. In the eyes of the colonists, only these elected assemblies had the power to tax. Colonial charters were vague about Parliament's authority to govern and tax in America. A clash of ideals ensued when it tried to assert control after the French and Indian War. For years the colonists resisted against Parliament's attempts to assert power but it wasn't until the Boston Tea Party that Parliament took a hard line to force submission. Why did the English government wait so long to put its foot down? What could the colonists expect after the Intolerable Acts? What options were left for Boston and the other colonists? What could England do if the colonists rejected English actions? The Intolerable acts did not make war inevitable but they were certain to cause trouble.

For years the American colonists resisted and rebelled against increasing attempts at control by the British government, and the government responded with mild or conciliatory gestures until the Boston Tea Party in 1773. Parliament taxed the colonies and interfered with their internal affairs for the first time with the Revenue and Currency Acts of 1764. A year later they increased taxes with the Stamp Act. The colonists' response varied from peaceful, such as Massachusetts' call for a Stamp Act Congress, to violent with the effigy hanging and burning of stamp distributors and destruction of their homes and offices by mobs. In March 1766, Parliament's reluctant response was to repeal the Stamp Act and pass the Declaratory Act which clearly stated Parliament's right to legislate the colonies in "all cases whatsoever." At the time, England's attempt to impose a strong workable policy in America was hampered by problems at home and because of the King's rapid succession of ministers.

Eventually the Townshend Acts of 1767 were passed in an attempt to regain control. Boston residents attacked customs officials and formed a powerful boycott that spread to other colonies. The English response was to dissolve the Massachusetts legislature and bring in troops to occupy Boston. But by 1770, Parliament repealed the Townshend duties except the one on tea, for which the minister of state, Lord North, explained as, "a mark of the supremacy of Parliament and an efficient declaration of their right to govern the colonies." The economy improved, the protests died down, and the colonists smuggled in Dutch tea.

In 1772 England announced that it would pay the salaries of the superior court and governors, thereby cutting off the colonies limited control over them. Beginning in Massachusetts, the colonies protested through Committees of Correspondence. Rhode Islanders burned a British ship and convicted the captain for "illegally" seizing what he claimed to be smuggled sugar and rum. The next move by Parliament was the Tea Act in 1773, giving the East India Company a monopoly on the American tea market. Colonists continued to boycott tea and forced the resignation of tea agents. Eventually Bostonians boarded the tea ships and dumped the cargo into the harbor in what became known as the Boston Tea Party.

By this time the English government had suffered eight years of colonists' protests and insubordination. The Boston Tea Party was the final straw. The king's minister was convinced that the issue had gone beyond taxes. He interpreted the Boston Tea Party as a direct challenge to English authority. The king said, "We must master them or totally leave them to themselves and treat them as aliens." They punished Massachusetts with their strongest response ever—the Intolerable (Coercive) Acts.

The Intolerable Acts closed the port of Boston and gave much greater power to the governor while pulling the teeth out of the elected assembly. At the same time the English government passed the Quebec Act, which extended its lands to hamper colonial expansion and allowed only a governor-appointed legislature in the former French colony. To the colonists, this appeared to be the paradigm of what England would do to them. After the crippling Intolerable Acts, Massachusetts and the other colonies could only expect more harsh treatment from what they perceived as a despotic English government.

Massachusetts was left with the option of resisting or giving in to an oppressive government. Giving in clearly had the short term benefit of reopening the port of Boston but in the long run they were likely to lose more powers of self government. Resistance seemed to work in the past but what more could they do now? They needed the help of the other colonies, which they sought through circular letters and a request for the first Continental Congress.

The other colonies had to choose between supporting their American neighbor and looking out for their own economic interest. Boston's circular letter urged the colonies to cease all trade with England, but this was likely to cause as much harm on both sides of the Atlantic. It was a tough decision. They knew that what happened to Massachusetts could happen to them. At the first Continental Congress the colonies compromised with a delay on trade restrictions until after a deadline for rescinding the Intolerable Acts.

The Intolerable Acts brought the two sides closer to war but it was still avoidable. Some hard liners wanted outright resistance but the middle colonies pressed for reconciliation. Even after the battles of Lexington and Concord, the Second Continental Congress sent an "Olive Branch Petition" to the king, which he could have accepted. The English could have re-evaluated the American response and changed tactics. They could have used this opportunity to reform Parliamentary districts; eliminating "rotten boroughs" and offering the colonies seats in the House of Commons. Parliament could have sent a letter to the colonies explaining that the Quebec Act could not sanction an elected assembly because the French speaking majority would have dominated and that there was no intention to dissolve their own legislatures. Instead, the English government showed no mercy and became more oppressive. They dissolved colonial legislatures, embargoed American goods, and attempted to arrest resistance leaders in Concord. They rejected the Olive Branch Petition, declared the colonies in open rebellion, and dispatched thousands of troops to quell the insurrection.

Both sides engaged in a battle of wills in which there would be no retreat. The Boston Tea Party challenged Parliament's authority, requiring a stiff response from a government that refused to back down. The Intolerable Acts, together with the Quebec Act, left the colonists fearing for their continued sovereignty. Thus, their only choice was to give in or unite and resist. England chose to meet this colonial opposition with acts of increasing oppression rather than pursue peaceful options to deal with the crisis. This is what burned the final bridges of reconciliation.

It was a normal day in the small town of Decanta. It was a working day. The situation is always like people rushing to catch the trains to reach nearby city for their jobs, children going to schools, shopkeepers opening their shops, and some people who always sit near the shops or other seats available and talking about worldly matters from morning to evening. Today was the same. But even in such a hurry people didn't miss to notice a stranger lying near the fountain located at the centre of the town. He looked as if he was beaten mercilessly. His exhaustion was visible on the condition of his body, with bruises and dry blood all over his body. No one went near him. It was as if he was an untouchable creature. "I think he is a member of the anti-Utopia gang", someone said from the crowd that gathered near the fountain. "Ya you are right", "Leave him there", "This is what happens when you oppose the dream of God" "Let him suffer. If he doesn't go away by the evening, we will kick him out". Cindy was also rushing to catch the train, but looking at that guy, she stopped for a while. She was sad, but she was helpless. She turned away and continued on her path hesitantly. Evening struck. The last train returned. Tired, Cindy walked towards her home. It was located at the outskirts of the town. She walked past the fountain, but found no one. "Hope he is safe", Cindy thought. Walking slowly, she reached home to find out the same guy lying near the door. She hurriedly took out the keys, ran her eyes here and there, quickly opened the door and pulled the guy into her house. She took out her first aid kit and started cleaning the wounds and applying band-aids. Suddenly, he began to mumble, "Wat...wa...". After dressing his wounds, she sprinkled some water on his face. "Wake up! Wake up!" He slowly opened his eyes. Everything was hazy. She held his head from behind and helped him with a glass of water. Slowly he recovered his senses. He looked at Cindy and held her hands, tears strolling down his eyes. Cindy slowly helped him get up. Putting his hands around her shoulders, she took him to her bed and said, "Do not force yourself. Take some rest. We can talk tomorrow." The first rays of the sun hit her house the next morning. The guy woke up, feeling much better than yesterday, but hungry. He stood up and slowly walked outside the room. Cindy was preparing breakfast. He bowed down his head, "Thank you, Miss." Cindy turned towards the guy. "No need of thanks. It's okay", she said with smile on her face. "The breakfast will be ready in some time, you may use the bathroom to freshen up." They both started to eat breakfast. Cindy asked, "So, what's your name?" "Joseph. And you, Miss?" "Cindy" There was a pause. Cindy continued, "I suppose you are a member of the anti-Utopia gang. So how did you end up here?" "Yes, I am a member. But not now. All the members of the gang are already dead. I barely escaped. I ran and ran as far as I could and ended up here. But I think I have landed in a wrong town. I think you also oppose Utopian teachings?" "Yes. I never liked them. They are the reason my parents are not with me now, why I am living in the outskirts of the town." "What happened?" "They also opposed the cult's teachings. To eliminate the only opposition from this town, they killed both of them. I was a child back then. They let me live in this house." There was a long pause. Cindy asked, "Utopia... Is it also prevalent in your town?" "It was. But not now" "Why?" "They completely obliterated my hometown from existence." "WHAT!?" "Yes. They have already obliterated all those towns following their teachings as part of their final ritual. This town is the only one left. I suppose a festival is going to take place?" "Yes. It is going to take place today" "We need to hurry. This town will also get completely wiped out of existence, along with Utopia." "But wait, why are they doing this to their own followers?" "This festival marks the last day of their life on earth. They believe that this will lead a path to the heaven. And they will become free from all their sufferings and get purified from their sins. You know, those shitty teachings of theirs." Suddenly there was a knocking at the door. Their hearts started pounding loudly in fear. Cindy whispered, "Hide in the bedroom. Let me see who is there." Joseph went to the bedroom, but was worried for her. Cindy opened the door. It was two of her only friends in this town, Lucy and Grey. "Come in, quick!". Both of them entered the house. Cindy quickly shut the door. "What happened!?" Lucy asked. Cindy suddenly remembered that she had not told them about Joseph, and cooled down. "Nothing, I just got too much excited. Do you want tea?" "Ya sure" Cindy went to the kitchen, Lucy and Grey followed her. "Anyways, you do remember your promise, don't you?" Joseph slowly peeked outside towards the kitchen. Without any hesitation, Joseph took the club that Cindy kept in her room and ran towards them. Before they could realise what was happening, Joseph struck the club on Grey's head. Lucy kicked Joseph, but he dodged it and struck her head hard. Both held their heads, writhing in pain. He covered their mouths with cloth and tied them up. Cindy stood there in shock. She was not able to move. "What have you done", she said, anger visible on her face. Joseph checked their pockets and took out their ID proofs and phones. He tossed the ID cards to Cindy. Cindy saw them, and fear struck. It was that of Utopia's elite guards. He opened their phone using their fingerprints and read their messages.

"Look at this conversation. They were going to make you the sacrificial lamb for today's festival." Cindy read the messages. She was shocked. Tears started strolling down her eyes. She never expected her only friends to betray her like this. But this was no time to cry. She needed answers. What if they were just acting as guards, to help her reach her aim? She asked, "How do you know?" "Because they did the same with my only friend in my home town."

Then he narrated the story of how they befriended her, and betrayed her by making her the sacrifice. And how he was forced to watch her being raped mercilessly by each and every man in the town and finally being sacrificed into the fire to start the ritual.

"I don't want to see that happen again."

Cindy fell to her knees in grief. Lucy and Grey were lying there, unconscious. Joseph took a knife and cut their wrists.

Cindy stood again, feeling strong. Joseph saw bloodlust in her eyes. "There is no time to take revenge. Today all the Utopia members will cease to exist, including their head. We must run. Get ready." Cindy caught hold of herself. "Yes". They got ready to run.

It was at night. Many joyful sounds came from the main area of the town. Joseph opened the back door of the house and peeked here and there. No one was in sight. They quickly ran towards the jungle. They saw a guard at a distance. Joseph hid behind a tree. Cindy gave her bag to him and went towards the guard. Hearing the rustling of dry leaves, the guard turned towards her.

"Wait. Please don't hurt me. I want your help. My puppy is missing. Can you help me?" she asked, seductively.

I spent the last two weeks of my summer vacation last year with my family in Mombasa. Mombasa is a coastal town in Kenya, East Africa. When we arrived at the Moi International Airport in the town, we were hit by a blast of hot, humid air and I prepared myself mentally for the tropical coastal weather conditions I heard could make your skin feel leathery. We were all excited, not only we were set to enjoy the majestic Indian Ocean; it was also our first time in Africa. On our way to the hotel room, we all stared out of the window, trying to take in as much as we could.

Mombasa was a relatively small town, it certainly did not have the tall and grandiose buildings I was accustomed to. Its architectural style was Arabic and we were informed by the taxi driver that Mombasa was historically an important town in the Arab trade along the Indian Ocean coast. The Arabic influence was evident everywhere: the buildings; style of dress; the cuisine; and the language. We were informed that the main language spoken was Swahili, which was a Bantu language with heavy Arabic influence.

We had an amazing meal for dinner at the hotel. We were treated to the local coastal cuisine. We had some 'pilau' which was basically rice cooked in a rich array of spices like cloves, cinnamon, cardamom, cumin seeds and black pepper. There was also a beef stew which was cooked steeped in coconut milk. Indeed, I ate up all my food and asked for more. The cuisine was once again a testament to the town's Arabic roots and orientation.

The following morning we left the hotel with our tour guide ready for a big day in the town. Our first step was definitely the beach. The feel of the white sand beneath my feet was soft and heavenly while the tall palm trees appeared magical. I felt almost ten years old, as if I had stepped into the fantasy world of Alice in Wonderland. The Indian Ocean was serene and its waters were the loveliest shade of aquamarine I had seen. I ran towards the waters and began to splash in them. It was almost as if the ocean had been calling out to me, beckoning me to enjoy the pleasures she had to offer.

The coastal people were also warm and inviting, we made friends with a few local people we met at the beach. My parents made friends with a certain couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ali who invited us to their home for dinner. We were treated to tales about the coastal myths and also about the history of Kenya as a whole. We also learned a few basic Swahili words. Swahili is a local dialect at the Coast and is in fact the national language. The Alis informed us that there were approximately fifty two tribes in Kenya, with up to one hundred different dialects!

We also visited the underground marine parks which were populated by different types of sea creatures. They were interesting, especially because some had the brightest colors and strangest shapes. We also visited some national parks and it was awesome to watch the animals in their natural habitats. There was a pride of lions playing in a tall tuft of grass and we were just in time to watch one of the lionesses hunt down a gazelle for her cubs. We were also 'robbed' by a group of 'friendly' chimpanzees who jumped into our van and took our food and water.

Our trip was spent exploring the Kenyan coast and learning the customs of the locals. I acquired several local outfits and artifacts which I absolutely loved. We were all very sad when our trip came to an end. Mombasa had been a wonderful destination, not only for the lovely scenarios and exciting excursions, but also for the cultural education we acquired.

Analysis

Examples of narrative sentences are:

- The following morning we left the hotel with our tour guide, ready for a long day in the town.
- Our first stop was definitely the beach.

The first sentence tells the reader of the departure from the hotel and informs him or her of the destination which is the town. The following sentence also tells and informs the reader about where we chose to start the day. A narrative sentence tells the reader how the story proceeds.

An example of a descriptive paragraph is:

The feel of the white sand beneath my feet was soft and heavenly while the tall palm trees appeared magical. I felt almost ten years old, as if I had stepped into the fantasy world of Alice in Wonderland. The Indian Ocean was serene and its waters were the loveliest shade of aquamarine I had seen. I ran towards the waters and began to splash in them. It was almost as if the ocean had been calling out to me, beckoning me to enjoy the pleasures she had to offer.

This paragraph shows the reader how the beach looked; it shows the scenic beauty of the beach and ocean. A pattern can evidently be seen. A narrative sentence usually precedes a descriptive one. A narrative sentence tells the reader what happens next or more simply tells the story. The descriptive sentences make the subject being written about more clear and vivid.

Works Cited

Describing a Process.Narrative or Descriptive . 2007.Web. Retrieved 16 April 2011 from <http://grammar.ccc.commnet.edu/grammar/composition/narrative.htm>.

Russell Frank. "Strong Narrative Writing Features Character." Nieman Reports 59.1 (2005): 104-106. ABI/INFORM Global, ProQuest Web. 16 Apr. 2011.