



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

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FREE

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Classifieds
Help Wanted

Cape Fear Voices

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The Teen Scene Inc. is not affiliated with any other newspaper or organization. We are registered in the State of North Carolina dba Cape Fear Voices. We are a nonprofit 501(c)(3) (pending), funded by advertisements, contributions, and grants. Your support is needed to allow Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices to achieve our mission and help promote and publish the work of creative minds in the Cape Fear area. We can be contacted at editor-teenscene@gmail.com or editorcfv@gmail.com.

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This edition sponsored by Debra Pickett, Edward Jones Financial Advisor

Thanksgiving



By Brendan Connelly,
Brunswick Forest

Thanksgiving - a day to be grateful for all we have and to be thankful to spend time with our loved ones. This Thanksgiving, we need to be incredibly thankful to be safe, healthy, and happy.

We must pray for all those who have fallen on hard times, lost loved ones, lost jobs, or are in financial trouble due to the pandemic. We must pray for the poor and homeless who are unable to enjoy a nice hot meal. We must pray for our soldiers fighting for our country and are away from their families during the holidays.

On Thanksgiving, it was always a tradition for my family to travel to my grandparents - my Dad's parents' house - who lived in the Bronx, New York. We always loved sitting at the dinner

table and talking with family about politics even though some people supported different political parties.

It is depressing how the topic of politics has become a sour subject with our family and friends. We all have people in our family and friends who we know we cannot discuss politics with because it will make them upset with us. There is too much hatred between the two political parties.

It is also depressing to see all the rioting and violence taking place in our country.

How do we fix these problems? It starts within the home. There is no better time to have these conversations within our families than during the holidays when we want to share love and holiday cheer.

Sadly, many people have abusive family relationships and are being taught bad things, such as using violence and hate to express their message.



We need to teach children to spread love, not hate. Treat all people with proper respect no matter what color skin they are, what religion they practice, their ethnicity, or what political party they support.

We are all human beings, and we all look at ourselves, open our eyes, open our ears, and open our hearts. That is how we will fix a lot of the problems that are going on in America these days. We need to stop using violence and stop spreading evil messages. Instead, we all need to put love and good thoughts in our hearts and minds.

The Fresh Air of Fall



By Sharon Copland,
The Reserve at Mayfair

The leaves are falling, the temperatures are falling, and night is falling - earlier and earlier. October is the time for fall festivals and football games, school buses slowing down the drive to work, Trick or Treating, and hayrides. The long, sweltering summer is giving way to cooler days and much cooler nights. Fall is a celebration of colors: orange, copper, yellow, and red.

There is a crispness in the air that excites!

But the Covid Fall is very different than years past. Fall Festivals are canceled; ball games are on TV with no patrons in the stands. School is a virtual classroom for the most part compared to last Fall. Trick or Treat is being culled down to immediate family, and colleges are on again, off again. We are living in a bubble of our former lives and taking each day as it comes.

Fall signals the end of the year in rapid succession: Halloween, Thanksgiving, and then Christmas. In the old days of 2019, we were busy planning trips around school vacations and preparations for family holidays. Big family gatherings have always been the norm for Thanksgiving and Christmas. This year, many of us will be concerned about the "over-70" family members mingling with the college kids and great-grandchildren for these significant events. We seem to be scaling down our get-togethers both for safety sake and financial burdens.

Perhaps COVID will bring us back to the true meanings of these holidays. Our families and friends are the most important valuables we possess. It's not about the big feast or the worry over what to buy someone for Christmas. (They probably bought it for themselves on Amazon Black Friday in Mid-October or whatever it's called.)

It's about caring enough to check in every few days or each week with our family members just to say, "I love you," and "I hope you're feeling good today." Or finding ways to entertain the youth of your families. Who knows - they might even enjoy having to find new ways to entertain themselves. We all



have a phone and reaching out can be one of the greatest gifts you can give. Please don't be one of those people who wait to be called.

The world seems to be moving at a slower pace, and that's a really good thing. Consider it a blessing that we have had the time to see the world from different perspectives. Zoom if you miss someone's smile, although I would recommend a heads up so we can have our makeup on. We'll take our vacations driving if we're not comfortable flying; you really do see more from the car. Don your mask and get out in the world; the grocery store is really getting old. Meet your friends outside and social distance. The fresh air will do you a world of good.

Since Covid, I have begun taking outdoor yoga, and it's been so refreshing. I can't wait to get outside in the morning or late afternoon to walk. I've seen more of my family this year than I have in the last few years. Life had gotten to a breakneck pace, and I never had enough time to do "whatever." I'm in the "well-over-70" group and realized that it's about time I made time to do "whatever!"

This Fall, I am genuinely thankful for all of life's blessings, including being made to slow down and really enjoy life.

Congratulations Eric!

Cape Fear Editor, Eric Mens, awarded

First Place in Short Stories Category

2020 North Carolina Senior Games, Silver Showcase Awards

About Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices

Contact Information

For *Cape Fear Voices*
editorcfv@gmail.com

For *Teen Scene*
editorteenscene@gmail.com

Who Are We?

The Teen Scene Inc. is not affiliated with any other newspaper or organization. We are registered in the State of North Carolina dba (doing business as) Cape Fear Voices. The Teen Scene, Inc. is a non-profit organization that produces a monthly literary publication written by and for teenagers. Teen Scene's mission is to promote writing skills among area teens. Teen Scene also strives to develop the business skills of teens who take an active role in running the publication and managing its activities. As a nonprofit organization, we plan to offer scholarships to teens who wish to pursue a career in journalism.

Teen Scene Relationship to Cape Fear Voices

Teen Scene is a monthly, free to the public, publication created by and dedicated to teenagers in the Cape Fear Region. *Cape Fear Voices* (CFV) is also a monthly free publication that showcases the creative works of adults living in the region. CFV will provide an outlet to publicize other regional non-profit organizations that work to improve the lives of children and families in the area. In each instance, we intend to provide a quality outlet to publicize the region's literary and other creative talents.

Our Philosophy

We will work to publish the highest quality product. For *Teen Scene*, we will accomplish this by recruiting dedicated teens who are willing to put in the time and effort to develop their skills. Our role in either *Teen Scene* or *Cape Fear Voices* is solely to promote and showcase individuals' creative talents in the Cape Fear Region. As such, we will not publish any religious or political work that may otherwise be submitted for publication.

Our Status as a Tax-Exempt Organization

The Teen Scene, Inc. is a tax-exempt organization under the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) Code 501(c)(3) (pending). Our Employer Identification Number (EIN) is 45-0539098. Donors can deduct contributions they make under IRS Code Section 170. Teen Scene is qualified to receive tax-deductible bequests, devises, transfers, or gifts under Section 2055, 2106, or 2522. We will acknowledge all donations in our monthly publications unless otherwise requested by any donor who wishes to remain anonymous.

Our Funding Sources

We need public support to allow both *Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices* to achieve our stated missions and, especially, to make a difference in the lives of students.

Donations may be sent to:
The Teen Scene, Inc.
Post Office Box 495
Leland, NC 28451

Governance

An appointed Board of Directors governs *Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices*. The Board serves in an advisory capacity to ensure that both publications are operated and published in an ethical and accountable manner.

Board members will represent a broad spectrum of current and retired professionals with extensive experience in working with teens, publications, marketing, and leadership. Directors volunteer their time in an advisory role to ensure that our programs most adequately address the proper standards and ethics for fulfilling our mission.

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Cape Fear Voices Submission Requirements

Cape Fear Voices intends to showcase the works of the area's many talented local writers, poets, and craftspeople as well as the work of local non-profit organizations (e.g., American Legion, Brunswick Family Assistance, Kiwanis Club, etc.).

- We are looking for contributors to submit their poems, stories, pictures, or articles for publication.
- We will not publish any political or religious material and will censor profanity, no matter how good the work submitted might otherwise be.
- All submissions must be in Times New Roman 12, single spaced, and include the title and author's name. Please limit your submissions to 500-700 words.
- We will print excessively larger works in serial form, but it is the author's responsibility to determine proper cutoff for each piece, keeping in mind the 500-700 word limitation per each submission.
- Any photos intended to accompany a submission must be sent as JPG files.
- All written works must be sent to editorcfv@gmail.com and received by the 15th of each month for publication in the following month's issue.

Notice on Subscriptions and Mailing



To centralize responsibility for *Cape Fear Voices* subscriptions, we have established a separate email account for our readers and subscribers to use. As a practice, we send papers to our subscribers during the first week of each month.

Recently, as reflected in several emails we have received, mail delivery is experiencing delays. These delays may be due, in part, to the fact that Leland-area deliveries are first sent to the central USPS sorting facility in Charlotte, NC, before being returned to the Leland Post Office for delivery to area customers. Our local postal facility is prohibited by policy from "holding" mail for Leland deliveries at the local facility as was previous practice. We ask for your patience as we encounter and work through these delays. All subscription-related emails should be sent to cfvsubscriptions@gmail.com

How to Subscribe

Individual subscriptions to *Cape Fear Voices* are available on an annual basis at a cost of only \$24, including the cost of postage. If you want to make sure that you never miss a copy of *Cape Fear Voices*, please send a check payable to:

Cape Fear Voices
P.O. Box 495, Leland, NC 28451



Special Ad Rates to Support Local Businesses

If you have a favorite local small business that you would like to sponsor for a 3-month business card ad (\$90), please send the card and check made payable to Teen Scene/Cape Fear Voices to P.O. Box 495, Leland, NC 28451.

We will make sure that we notify the small business of your particular support. You will be promoting the small business to the community and helping to defray the cost of publication of *Cape Fear Voices*. We appreciate all of our supporters!

The Great Lockdown of 2020

Important Notice from the Editors

We are currently compiling the stories that we have received to date and are working with several published authors to plan and polish the publication format. So far, we have received stories from foreign countries, from states, and locally. Even in its early stages, "The Great Lockdown of 2020" is beginning to shape up to be the resource that we intended to document the challenging times of 2020.

As we approach the time to move forward with publishing (hopefully, by early January), we must try to gauge what level of receptivity/response we should expect from the publication's release. We need to estimate a first-run print quantity to have enough copies available. This includes copies that we will donate to our local and area libraries.

To help us with that task, we are taking pre-orders for "The Great Lockdown" beginning with the November edition of *Cape Fear Voices*. We don't know the exact price for printing yet, so we have not yet settled on a book price. However, we anticipate that the sales price will range from \$20 to \$25 per copy.

To help defray publication costs, we are looking for a limited number of corporate advertisers. Our advertising rate for the book is:

\$250 quarter page
\$500 half page
\$1000 full page

Donors in any amount will be listed on the back of the book.

Keep in mind that "The Great Lockdown" is a fundraiser for a non-profit (Teen Scene, Inc.) to facilitate our continued publication of *Cape Fear Voices* and *Teen Scene*. Individuals and businesses are permitted to donate in much larger amounts if they prefer.

For now, interested buyers should contact us at 2020thegreatlockdown@gmail.com. We will arrange for payment when the book returns from the publisher.

Thank you to all of you who have participated and are contributing to our effort! We cannot do this without your support!

Eric Mens, Editor and Gerald Decker, Editor
Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene

Cape Fear Voices Ad Rates

	1-Edition	3-Editions
Full Page	\$225	\$600
Half Page	\$130	\$350
Quarter Page	\$70	\$180
Business Card	\$35	\$90
Classified (3 lines)	\$15	\$45

To place an ad contact us at:
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The Thanksgiving Good Luck Charm



It is embarrassing for a 10-year-old girl to be the only kid in a crowd of mostly men, especially

By Janet Meuwissen, Brunswick Forest

when she knows that her bulky

winter coat is only covering her pajamas. After all, she was there for a good cause, the Firemen's Annual Thanksgiving Turkey Raffle.

"Claire, Claire," Dad whispered as he shook my shoulder to wake me. "I need you to come with me to the turkey raffle; you're my Good Luck Charm. We have to hurry before it's over."

"But, Dad, I have to get dressed—and I won't know what to do after we get there," I sleepily responded.

"Just put on your long winter coat over your pajamas and slip into your boots. No one will notice," he said.

Dad was always right. So quickly, but reluctantly I did what he told me to do. Off we went to town and the Firemen's Hall. The room was full of people who were much taller than me. All I could see were their backs, legs, and feet. Sometimes a person I knew would turn to smile down at me as Dad and I moved through the crowd to get a place more toward the front.

I tried to make myself as small as possible, by keeping my hands in my pockets and hunching my shoulders up close to my ears. The rumbling sounds of men's voices and the tick, tick, ticking sound of the revolving prize wheel filled my mind.

I squatted to look around bodies and between legs to see where this noise was located. Then the ticking would slow down, the wheel would stop, the men would cheer, and then one of them would rush to receive his prize from the Chief, who was in charge of the wheel. A shower of red tickets seemed to drift simultaneously past the crowd and me to the floor.

In the meantime, Dad bought ten of those red tickets and gave them to me, his Good Luck Charm, to hold. The Chief spun the wheel, the ticking whirred, and then it started to slow down. The crowd shouted numbers and cheered. When the wheel stopped, the Chief carefully checked the winning number and slowly but loudly read it to everyone.

Dad anxiously peered over my shoulder as I studied each ticket. Then, there it was—the winning number on the fourth ticket I was holding. He yanked it from my hand and quickly pushed his way to the prize wheel and the Chief to get the prize-winning turkey.

I waited in the midst of the throng for Dad and the prize to return. I should have been happy that the Good Luck Charm had won a turkey for her father. Instead, I wondered how much it weighed and if Mom had enough room in the freezer to keep it until Thanksgiving.

When he returned, all Dad had in his hand was a piece of paper—no turkey. They had run out of turkeys, he said. He'd pick it up tomorrow morning.

"Can we go home now?" I asked. "I'm really tired—and cold from standing so long in the Firemen's Garage."

"I guess there's no use in trying to win another turkey since there are none here. Besides, I don't think there's room in the freezer. Let's go," he said, as we made our way out to the truck and home.

"Good night, Claire. Thanks for your help. Sleep tight!"

"Good night, Dad. See you tomorrow," and off I went to bed, where I quickly fell sound asleep.

I slept in the next morning, for obvious reasons. It's hard work being the object that someone thinks can cause a specific effect. The really hard work, though, comes when that object actually causes the effect!

As I slowly padded down the stairs toward the kitchen, I was greeted by an unusual but recognizable sound. Dad was so proud to bring home the prize that we had won last night. There the turkey was, loudly gobbling as he strutted across the kitchen floor. The look on Mom's face was priceless. At least, she wouldn't have to worry about having freezer room.



I found this tattered note on the ground during my morning walk with the pup. I kept wondering about it - was the message lost before it was read? Was it received and tossed

By Guest Writer Kim Roberson, Santa Monica, CA
aside? Maybe it was a treasured note that accidentally fell out of someone's bag, pocket or car.

Either way, the words that this person authored brought me so much joy and hope for the world, as they were trying to share their Love with someone else—the most honorable of efforts.

There is so much risk in Love. Will it be returned? Received? Valued?

Yet, this person must have felt it was worth it to give fully, despite the risk. The words are so honest, vulnerable, and strong. The time, care and thought that went into this seemingly simple few words really are powerful.

My hope is that the intended recipient felt so loved, so full of encouragement - even if for a moment - but hopefully for longer, every day thereafter. And even if it was only read once before it was lost, or maybe the recipient knew how much someone else needed to read it and

I Love You...

left it there - it's still making an impact for all those walking by to discover it. To carry a part of the power of Love in their own hearts - in hopes it will be shared.

Too often, life gets so busy we miss the most important part. Love. It's heartwarming to see someone take the time to help another person know how much they are loved. And that simple action can make a world of difference. When one's heart is full of Love, the best way to feel it fully is to give it and share it. The most amazing of all gifts.

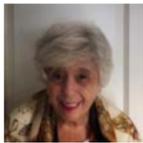
My hope is the same for each of you. That you wouldn't miss the encouragement given to you, and that you would see yourself through the loving eyes of those close to you - and take the time to really receive it. Freely given, Love is an incredible gift. Received fully, Love can be life-changing.

There are so many hardships in the world that seem out of our control. However, one thing we can all do for one another each day - More Love.

Sending Love to you all with increasing measure each day~



The Enchanted Tree



"I hate Thanksgiving!" Heated words spilled forth from the seven-year-old as she reflected upon the upcoming holiday. Claire stood close to an aproned woman,

By Patricia Dischino, Brunswick Forest
whose nimble fingers magically changed ordinary ingredients into

delicious aroma-filled edibles. "Young lady, I have had it with your attitude. Daddy and I are upset with your school behavior. You make up stories about a best friend who doesn't even exist. Your classmates make fun of you and disbelieve all you say. Stop whining and try thinking about what Thanksgiving is all about. How about going over to Nana's before Thanksgiving Dinner is ready. She's not feeling well."

The last person Claire wished to see was her ailing grandmother. Nana treated her granddaughter as an equal, even relating to Claire's fanciful friend, Susan, noting that Nana also had a mystical friend as a child. A loving link unified the two, but sadly the elderly lady's debilitating illness lessened their connection.

Claire complied with the suggestion, finding just getting away from her mother's indifference appealing. The brief walk, with its tree-lined path, covered with fallen multi-colored seasonal leaves, generated imaginative adventures.

"Come on, Susan; let's pretend the leaves are a magic carpet that will take us far away," addressing her invisible, supportive friend.

Susan, the direct opposite of her real-life companion, stood tall, with black straight hair, brown eyes, fashionably dressed in an adult-rejected outfit. As they walked, they stopped to gather vibrant red and gold-hued leaves. Feeling empowered by autumn, Claire released her complaints. "I don't like Thanksgiving because it's no fun. I don't like the food, there are no presents, and everyone is so loud."

Susan agreed wholeheartedly, suggesting that they sit and talk by their favorite tree. Once there, Claire looked at a large hole previously undetected, almost within reach. As the young challenger stretched her arms towards the opening, the gap widened. A strong wind from an unknown source swept Claire and dumped her inside the tree into a bone-chilling, desolate terrain.

Spooked and seriously shaken, Claire caught sight of oddly clothed children, wandering in circles. Even more ominous were the confining cages, which also enclosed Claire. The only commonality among them was the aura of distress.

The alarmed child approached a girl, close to her age, dressed in a tattered outfit, worn out by adversity.

"Where are you from, and what happened to you?"

The girl stopped her aimless pacing to face the one questioning. Besides the frayed clothing, what deeply dismayed Claire was her vacant look as if all hope perished.

"I come from Guatemala and I am alone. My



family traveled many miles because we had a terrible storm called 'Amanda' that destroyed our home. My father told us that the government did awful things, hurting people. We had to leave when my grandmother died from the virus that sickened many people. After all the days it took to get here, uniformed soldiers took my father and mother away."

Claire, being only seven, hadn't a clue about global chaos involving a shattering epidemic and international conflict. Even the language spoken by the stranger was different. Surprisingly enough, Claire understood every word, shocked that there were places where home was unsafe. "I don't know anything about your country, but I live in the United States, where things like what you told me don't happen. What is your name?"

"My name is Susana, and I thought that was where we are now."

How strange that her name is like her imaginary friend 'Susan.' All that was important now was HOME.

"I have to go. It's Thanksgiving, and I don't want to miss it. I can't help you. I'm so sorry."

Susana wanted to know what Thanksgiving was.

"Oh, it's a beautiful holiday with lots of delicious food and good people. I should be there."

Susana responded sorrowfully, "I never heard of anything so wonderful. How lucky you are."

Those words pained Claire. What if she had to stay in this miserable spot? "Susan, stay here with Susana. Maybe you can help her?"

A hill appeared that could be a passage. Then, a voice - faint at first - grew louder, as the slope merged with the base of her treasured tree.

"Claire, I have been calling you. We're about to sit down to celebrate Thanksgiving. Nana is asking for you."

Claire, returning to a safe environment where love abounded, grabbed her mother's hand as she skipped up to the front door. Much to the surprise of all, this young lady did everything to make Thanksgiving memorable, causing Nana to radiate with happiness.

Claire kept her tree incident to herself, noting no one would believe her. Her Nana never made it to Christmas, but the family told Claire that Nana remarked it was the best Thanksgiving ever.

Through the years, Claire will make mistakes, but selfishness will not be one.

"Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; and I'm not sure about the universe."

-Albert Einstein



By Veronica Pastecki,
Brunswick Forest

Yellowstone National Park has been on our bucket list ever since seeing the Old Faithful geyser film as kids on the *Mickey Mouse Club Show*. Recently retired, we secured spots on the last tour of the season, arriving to greet the beautiful beginnings of autumn. The aspen and cottonwood trees glistened in shades of gold and amber, giving a dramatic flair to the countryside.

Yellowstone was everything we hoped it would be - beautiful mountains and lakes, geysers and mud pots, and of course, abundant wildlife. We saw eagles on tree branches, mountain goats on the hillside, and bison everywhere. Due to several recent bear attacks that year, visitors were directed to specific areas away from the bears' stomping grounds. *We were experiencing the real deal, nature in the wild.*

Stopping for a box lunch at one of the many rest areas, we enjoyed the abundant sunshine, blue skies, and lodgepole pine trees. A ranger arrived, broadcasting over a public address system. The only words that we could clearly understand were 'seek shelter.' Paul said, "Maybe it is a warning about a thunderstorm. Those clouds are becoming ominous."

Suddenly, the grounds started to move, and a loud rumbling arose. "Let's get back to the bus, Paul," I yelled. Within seconds, a herd of bison came charging into the rest area. Just as quickly as they arrived, the bison halted and began grazing on the grass. Some folks were moving closer to these large shaggy animals to take pictures. Our bus driver strongly advised against that by relaying lurid tales of bison-gored people. We decided to hang around close to the bus. We might need to board it rapidly.

Then without any warning, the herd was on the move again. The noise and movement of the ground were less startling now as we knew what it meant. Paul said, "It is like a flashback to all the Western movies that we had seen as kids, where the buffalo freely roamed the prairies."

We re-encountered the herd that evening when we went to one of the park restaurants. They peacefully browsed outside the picture window to the delight of ourselves and fellow diners. Walking back to the cabin was a bit nerve-wracking. We were hypersensitive to any noises from the surrounding brush. Fortunately, we made it back safely.

Our last encounter with these wild ungulates was far less dramatic. Having spent the day in the Grand Tetons National Park, we returned to the lodge following a scenic raft float down the Snake River. A herd of bison had decided to halt in the middle of the road stopping traffic in all directions. As I watched these magnificent creatures, I was suddenly back in front of the library, watching my high school students change classes.

Snorting loudly, the males strutted around with their chests puffed out. The females buzzed from one small clique of girls to another. Could they be sharing a comment from the male who had just passed by her? And of course, there was one odd-man-out standing stock-still in the middle of the chaos. Like a deer in the headlights, he did not have a clue on how to proceed. I guess we aren't so different from other species as we would like to think.

Laughing in the Golden Years - Bowling with Big Feet



By Maryann Nunnally,
Porter's Neck

My first husband had a favorite saying, which was "A good wife...." "A good wife always has dinner on the table when her husband comes home from work." "A good wife hands over her paycheck to her husband." "A good wife always takes care of the Christmas cards." "A good wife never criticizes her husband for having a drink." "A good wife participates in everything that her husband enjoys," and you all know what that mostly meant. He used that same "good wife" on me to convince me that I should go bowling with him.

I hated bowling. Bowling was one of the requirements in Life-Time-Sports, a course in college, along with tennis, swimming, and golf. Except for the swimming, I was a wash-out in all the rest. If all I had to do was show up to pass, you'd better believe that I showed up. The end results were a passing grade, but no ability to hit the ball or ten-pins or whatever was required. Life-Time-Sports and I never got it together.

However, when I was told that a good wife goes bowling with her husband, I gathered my courage and trailed after him to the bowling alley. Once there, my husband said to go to the counter and rent some bowling shoes. I should have known that something was up when he checked my feet before we left the house, making sure that I was wearing socks.

Now, you should know that I have very large feet. I have always been embarrassed about their size. I slid up to the counter and whispered, "Size 10 and a half." The counterman looked at my five feet five height and asked, "Shoes for a man?" I shook my head, and he turned to the back and yelled, "Hey Joe, size 11 ladies."

Soon a teenager arrived at the counter and,

my horror, handed me a pair of red and purple striped bowling shoes with a big 11 on the back of each one. Quietly I said, "Don't you have something in black or brown?" The reply was, "Lady, these are the only woman's shoes above a size 9."



So, I put the nasty things on and slapped out to the area where my husband was waiting for me.

Without giving me eye-contact or looking at my shoes, my husband said, "Hurry up, it's your turn!" I squared my shoulders and slapped out to the head of the alley. Thanking the good Lord that I had at least learned how to hold the ball and pull my arm back before I let it go, I took the proper stance, threw my arm behind me, then out in front of me and dropped that ball right between my feet.

The noise that followed was tremendous. I can only describe it as a "Whoooooom," followed by a dead silence all over the whole room. When I looked around, I realized that everyone in the place was staring at me, and I knew they all were saying or thinking, "Who's the lady in the clown shoes, who cannot hold the ball?"

I was so embarrassed and angry I turned on that stupid ball lying there at my feet and kicked it. It hurt like hell, but the ball began wobbling down the alley. I watched in horror as it rolled all the way down and came to a complete stop about a foot from the ten-pins. While the pin-boy hurried out to retrieve the ball, I snatched up my coat, yanked off the gruesome shoes, and walked out.

My husband never asked me to be a "good wife" and go bowling with him again. Plus, he had to pay the emergency room doctor to tape up my two broken toes.

In the Shadows

(Part 2)



By Jane Webster,
Brunswick Forest

My college degree in philosophy didn't prepare me for the real world. I've tried working retail, waiting tables, even office jobs. But I have no computer skills; that ship sailed without me. The only thing I'm good at is cleaning. I'm a neat freak. I used to clean behind my

cleaning lady, for God's sake! I put the sparkle in Mr. Clean's eyes.

For the past two years, I've been cleaning houses, sometimes privately, sometimes for builders. It pays pretty well, but I still can't make ends meet. Groceries are expensive. Rent is unbelievable. Four weeks ago, my landlord kicked me out of my one-bedroom garage-mahal apartment. Having no money for a security deposit, I camped out in my rust bucket car, near a fancy RV in the Walmart parking lot.

One day I cleaned this gorgeous model house, one of several under construction in a new neighborhood. Four bedrooms/ three baths, 3,000 square feet, it's a beauty. The stagers were here a couple of days earlier, loading in comfy couches and chairs, swiveling bar stools and massive beds and mirrors, all very bleached beach chic with a touch of bling. I worked around the stagers, cleaning from the top down, everything from millwork to windows, walls and floors, cabinets, and countertops. The builder was frantic to finish; showings would start next week after the house was spit-polished and ready. The designer was tweaking details. Suddenly, everything came to a grinding halt. The President ordered social distancing. I

promised to finish cleaning the next day, alone, and lock the door shut behind me when I left.

I was shining up the master bathroom when I caught a good look at myself in the mirror. It was not pretty! Weeks of sleeping in my four-seater left me looking like the homeless person I was. Since I had to scrub it down anyhow, I decided to grab a quick shower. That's when I got the idea to move in, temporarily. Keep a low profile; no one will be the wiser. I'd make myself at home.

That evening, after dark, I stocked up on non-perishables at Wal-Mart, enough pb & j and Ho Ho's to last for a couple of weeks, stashed out of sight in the master walk-in closet. I kept all the lights off, except for the entryway security lamp, and stayed away from the windows, dwelling in the house's deeper recesses. My cell phone clues me in to what's happening in the outside world. Not much.

Yesterday someone knocked on the front door. I waited a few minutes, then peeked out and saw a white Fed EX box on the porch. Should I leave it there? What if it got stolen or someone came to get it? I decided to ignore it.

Today, as I'm finishing lunch, I see out the window a stooped, grey-haired man in faded jeans and a light khaki jacket. He's walking a small brown and white beagle. The dog suddenly begins barking, pointing toward the house. The man tugs the leash and growls a command. But the frenzied beagle continues barking, straining against the leash. I sit very still. The man yanks hard on the leash and pulls his agitated dog away. They wander back down the street.

I retreat into the shadows.

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Happy Thanksgiving!

Childhood Memories



By Marianne Ziegler,
Harrington Village, Leland

They were sitting together, she and her sister, looking at old family photos, after their mother's funeral. Her brother and sister were not in those earlier photos dating back about 55 years. They were 7 and 9 years younger and had been born "after the war."

Looking at one photo in particular, her memories flooded back. Her face took on a pensive look...the photos showed a man and a little girl of about 3-4 years old, sitting in a sandbox in the backyard of a farmhouse. The little girl was looking up at her father. He looked straight ahead, unsmiling, hands folded in his lap. She learned much later, he had come home on furlough and left again to fight a war. Of course, none of this meant anything to the little girl. She did not understand "war." She did not understand that her country had been thrown into a terrible conflagration that engulfed most of the civilized world, causing untold misery to millions.

They evacuated from the city to the country after their house was bombed and became unlivable. She and her mother had moved into a farmhouse with the Helmers family in a small village not far from her grandparents' place. She wasn't sure why they couldn't stay with her grandparents, but the Helmers were nice.

Mr. Helmers was also away at war, but there were Mrs. Helmers, the three children, and several farmhands. The oldest daughter was her age, and they became fast friends. The area was far away from the big cities, in the north-western part of the country, not far from the North Sea. It was crisscrossed by canals carrying barges with goods, particularly peat, that was used for heating and cooking in the old-fashioned stoves. Peat bogging was an important business for area farmers. Since farmers had vegetable gardens, fruit trees, chickens, cows, and pigs, there was always something to eat.

Her thoughts skipped ahead a few years, to a late spring morning, when she and her mother were tending the front flower garden. She was suddenly aware that her mother had shielded her eyes with her hand, staring intently down the dirt road that led from the farm to the main road. There was movement in the distance - a figure perhaps - she couldn't quite tell.

As the figure grew and came closer, she saw the outline of a man. She heard her mother's sharp intake of breath. The shovel thumped as it dropped to the ground and her mother ran down the lane toward the man. She did not recognize him, but her mother cried as she hugged him. The man put his left arm around her, but not the right one. *Strange*, the little girl thought. His right arm appeared limp, the sleeve tucked into the pocket of his jacket.

She learned that her father had been injured in the war. His right arm had been amputated just above the elbow. The rest of the day was blank; she lost track of time. In the afternoon, after her father had bathed and eaten and changed into his regular clothes, they rode their bicycles to her grandparents' house. She sat in a basket in front of her mother's bike. To her the ride seemed interminable - distances in those younger years always seemed a lot further than they really were.

Then, they were standing in the big kitchen at her grandparents' - grandmother and her aunts were crying. She and cousin Heide, a year younger, looked on impatiently, waiting for tea and cakes to be served. There was much jubilation. Then came the inevitable question about Uncle George. He was the oldest of five children - two boys and three girls. Last they knew, he was at the Battle of Stalingrad, on the Eastern Front. There was no news of him after that. Her father had been the lucky one. Because of his injuries, he was assigned to a field hospital, which was evacuated to the western part of the country, just ahead of the Russian advance from the East.

They stayed with the grandparents for a while; she lost track of time. She was vaguely aware that her father went back and forth to the city to see what had become of their house. At times, they also stayed with the Helmers until her parents decided it was time to go back to what was left of their former home and pick up the pieces.

Uncle George and Mr. Helmers never returned. They were declared MIA - missing in action. After 10 years, most war prisoners had been released. There was no word about Uncle George. Her grandparents had him officially declared deceased.

Fall



By Kelley A.N. Powell

*"That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."*



Maybe you remember Shakespeare Sonnet 73 from school - maybe just fragments of it; maybe you avoided English class like the Great Plague of 1665 (or, for that matter, 2020). But you cannot avoid or ignore the awareness of time passing into autumn - that verbiage, echoing down the centuries, losing nothing in its chronological translation.

Autumn is nostalgia - the end of summer, the resumption of work and school routines, football and wood smoke and pumpkins and leaves in all colors of fire, raining down on driveways and lawns, tracked into houses where for the first time, in many months, it's time to turn on central heating. Or building a blaze in the fireplace and fighting with your sibling over how many marshmallows that *he* got in *his* hot chocolate. Or, if you are a parent, time to start making holiday notes and cross-referencing the behavior of your

children over the past 11 months. Fall is a time for lists. A time of accounting. It is a time of reflection, maybe sadness for everything and everyone that has gone before, and is lost, and only glimpsed through a lens of regret, grief, or love. A time of memories that you may be desperate to retain; you pray, quietly, not to forget. Then you pray for those you love, who may *want* to forget. And then you pray for those whose memories have gone away entirely.

I hate Fall.

I love Fall.

We all have our lists, our regrets, and our benedictions.

I wish you autumn blessings; may your season, your mind, your table be full of wonders and empty of sorrows. May your heart and home and memories be warm. May your football teams win, may the leaves stay off your carpet, and may you get most of the marshmallows in *your* hot chocolate.

Jack and Bonnie

(Part 3)



By Paul Stutz,
Brunswick Forest

Here they are, walking along the river on that warm summer's evening. Jack told Sara he had a business meeting - totally believable since he does this two or three times a week, usually during the day but sometimes in the early evening. For Bonnie, it was a bit more complicated. She is totally retired, so she had to come up with another excuse. Enter Monica, a close friend of hers.

Most women have at least one person that they confide in and are privy to all their secrets. Bonnie and Monica first met soon after moving to their community and became close when they found themselves participating in the same activities. Monica is happily married but quickly sensed that Bonnie was somewhat troubled. She is a good listener and did her best to be a supportive friend. When Bonnie told Monica that she was thinking of meeting Jack on the sly, they talked about what Bonnie should tell Richard. "Why don't you tell him I'm not feeling well, and you're picking up some "feminine-type" products for me? You don't have to go into much detail - he'll believe you." And so the stage was set for a rendezvous.

They drove downtown separately and met in a small bar on the Riverwalk, hoping they wouldn't run into anyone they knew. It was a slow night, and nobody knew them. So far, so good. The conversation was light and easy. They spoke about how their days were going, the weather, how good the food was at this place. Jack ordered a scotch and soda, and Bonnie ordered a glass of Pinot Grigio.

They clinked glasses and smiled at each other. They were totally at ease - just two friends meeting for a drink. They talked about their families, their careers, their activities, etc. Then Bonnie said, "Tell me about you and Sara." Jack thought about how much he should complain about their relationship, but the truth was that it was no better or worse than most couples who have been married for 40- plus years. So that's what he said.

The old cliché about a spouse losing interest in romance after so many years - certainly, Bonnie could relate to that. So that is how Jack presented his situation. He knew how unhappy Bonnie was, and there was no need to exaggerate his predicament. "I totally understand where you're coming from because I pretty much feel the same way." This showing of empathy usually goes over well with women, and Jack knew it.

Bonnie asked him if he ever met anybody secretly before. Jack told her about the brief affair he had back home. "Just a physical thing - didn't last very long. I'm guessing you never did this before." Bonnie was tempted to ask for some more details but decided to just shake her head "No" to his last supposition. She liked him and enjoyed being with him and figured she'd just see where this goes. Jack, of course, felt the same way.

They finished their drinks, and Jack asked her if she wanted another one. She said one would be enough - she had to drive home soon. Jack paid the tab, and they walked out into the night air.

To be continued

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The Chiang Mai Cure



By Janet Stiegler,
Brunswick Forest

Eve clung to Jerry's arm as they maneuvered through Chiang Mai's busy night bazaar, her senses overwhelmed by its crowded stalls and colorful lanterns. They had arrived in northern Thailand's largest city the day before. She was still under the malaise of jet lag and the past month's heartache—her

second miscarriage.

Jerry had suggested a change of scenery, but she never expected that he would take her halfway around the world. They had arrived for *Yi Peng*, Chiang Mai's festival of river and lights. Held on the full moon of the 12th lunar month, it fell in late November, and Jerry thought the three days of festivities would be an ideal way to spend Thanksgiving. On the night of the full moon, the Thai launched their *krathongs*—elaborately decorated banana leaf boats—on the Ping River to thank the Goddess of Water. The evening culminated with the release of thousands of floating lanterns into the moonlit sky.

The next day, Jerry hired Kasem, an English-speaking guide, who led them through the walled city's historic sites and Buddhist temples. After lunch, he commandeered a rickshaw to take them to Talat Wororot, Chiang Mai's oldest market. Kasem stopped in front of a nondescript building with a sign that said, "Women's Correctional Institute" in Thai and English. "We get special foot massage," he said in response to their puzzled looks. "The girls and women here are learning reflexology and other skills to take them off the streets. It is safe, I promise you. And you help them earn certification."

Inside, a girl no older than 16 washed and kneaded Eve's tired feet. Periodically, she looked up with inquiring eyes to make sure Eve found the massage pleasant. Eve wondered what had landed such a young girl here. Had she turned to prostitution or petty theft to feed an illegitimate child? And where was the child now? Pondering the different forms that loss could take, she dozed off under the girl's healing touch.

When Eve opened her eyes, the girl bowed and handed her a small envelope. Thinking it contained a coupon for another massage, Eve opened it and instead found the clippings from her toenails. "Ah, yes," Kasem laughed knowingly. "On the night of the full moon, you place the old nails on your *krathong* as a symbol of letting go of the last year's sorrows and negative thoughts."

On the last day, Jerry and Eve scoured the city for the perfect *krathong*. They had passed large, elaborate models of Styrofoam, but Kasem was adamant that they get the traditional *krathong* made of folded banana leaves. Finally, Eve spotted a small boy folding banana leaves into a makeshift boat. He carefully secured a few lotus flowers and three candles into the crude container. "This is it, Jerry," Eve said, pulling her husband aside. "This is our *krathong*." Handing Eve his boat, the boy bowed. "Pretty lady, these lotus flowers are for purity and rebirth. *Krathong* bring you



new life, much joy." Eve turned to hide her tears, but the boy reached for her hand. "Come, pretty lady. Sunan show you best place on Ping River for sailing *krathong*."

Sunan led Eve and Jerry through throngs of people milling around the river. He ignored the most popular launch sights by the bridge, where hundreds of *krathongs* bobbed against the bank and continued walking until he came to a place where the river narrowed. Taking off his sandals, Sunan led Eve onto some rocks jutting into the river.

Eve carefully placed the *krathong* in the water, sprinkled her nail clippings over the top, and lit the candles. At first, the container just meandered around the rocks. Sunan stretched out prone, leaning his head over where the boat idled aimlessly, and blew. His breath gave the *krathong* a renewed purpose; caught in the current, it set sail, its candles flickering brightly. Overcome with maternal longing, Eve tousled the boy's hair and wondered, *is it in the stars for us one day...?*

After dinner, as they watched the spectacular festivities on the river, Eve shared with Jerry the meaning of Sunan's name. "Male angel. Isn't that perfect?" Suddenly, as if in response, Kasem was standing at her side. He held a lantern made of rice paper on a bamboo frame. "The night is not over, Miss Eve, until you and Jerry release your *khom loi*." The three walked over to a small clearing, and Kasem lit the fuel cell inside. Eve felt the lantern come to life and told Jerry to first make a wish. On the count of three, they let go of the lantern and watched it rise, along with the past year's tears and hopes for the future, into the clear Chiang Mai sky.

Joe's Place



By Ed Harvilchuck,
Boiling Springs Lake

At Joe's Place, where I always eat,
I wait an hour for a seat.
And, when I finally sit down
There is no waitress to be found.
After my order has arrived
I find that I have been deprived
Of sugar, cream, and cutlery.
And, not one waitress can I see.
So, by the time that I can start
My food's cold as a witch's heart -
The eggs are burnt, the bacon raw.
This place should be against the law!
The service here used to be fine.
Lately, there's been a huge decline.
The way this restaurant has slipped
Makes me so glad I've never tipped!

BROADWAY SHOWS



Lists are always good for starting a discussion. According to NYTIX (New York Show Tickets), these are the top ten best Broadway shows.

By Gerald Decker, Magnolia Greens
"Best Broadway Shows of All Time" who have influenced, or helped shape, the Broadway show business to what it has become today." (From the Internet)

1. *Hamilton*
2. *The Producers*
3. *The Phantom of the Opera*
4. *The Book of Mormon*
5. *Les Misérables*
6. *West Side Story*
7. *Wicked*
8. *Kinky Boots*
9. *Fiddler on the Roof*
10. *Chicago*

I will start the discussion, looks like the voters for this list were all under the age of 50. Maybe a problem of short memory. Remember *Oklahoma*, *The King and I*, *A Chorus Line*, or *The Sound of Music*?

"You only live once but if you do it right, once is enough."

-Mae West

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The Magic Pills

By Stan K. Washington,
Leland

King Henry was walking around his castle, thinking about how he could expand his realm and powers. He believed that animals have a deep magical being living inside them. If he was able to understand the animal world, he could use their knowledge to build a bigger kingdom for himself.

His dogs could tell me how to hunt out bad and traitorous people. The cats could give tactical ideas to defeat his enemies. The fox would be able to teach him how to outsmart other kings. This was the best idea he has ever had.

He asked the wizard to develop a magical pill to give him the ability to connect with the animal world. The wizard looked at King Henry with a strange stare. This could make the wizard great among his peers if it was successful but might get him a long stay in the dungeon if unsuccessful. The wizard called on all of his local peers to see what there was among the old tomes of magic spells, potions, and powers. It took him many months to finally see how it could be done. The timing couldn't be better as the King had been threatening him with beheading for the last two months.

The wizard brought the magic pills and his black cat to the King. He regaled the King with his work to develop the magical pills. The King listened and began to smile; yes, this is what he wanted. The wizard warned the King that there could be side effects such as heart disorders, hallucinations of grandeur, etc. The wizard cautioned the King never to take a pill while he was alone as the effects could overwhelm him.

The King took out a pill and swallowed it with a tankard of ale. The room colors began to run together into a spectacular light show. The King was talking mostly nonsensical ideas. The cat stood before the King and started talking in a tongue only the King could understand. The wizard watched, not understanding anything they were saying.

After several hours, the pill wore off. The counsel of knights was due to meet. His knights were waiting for him to give updates on each war campaign. The King went through what the wizard's cat had recommended, not telling the knights where the ideas came from. He plotted and planned with his knights. He directed them to execute his instructions. The results were way beyond his wildest dreams.

Later the King informed his knights he was taking magical pills, which allowed him to speak to animals and might even keep him free of all evil spirits. Each and every knight was shocked, not knowing how to take the news, so they said nothing. The wizard's warning had all but been forgotten.

One day, the King decided to go hunting for wild boar. They finally located one and began chasing it across half the kingdom. The King cornered it by himself and decided it was time to take a magical pill. The boar's growls become somewhat understandable, and the King smiled as he wanted to learn all he could from every animal before killing them. The boar was basically talking gibberish. Soon the boar's words became clear to the King.

The boar started laughing and pointing with his snout. The boar said, "If you can hear me correctly, nod your head." The King nodded his head. The boar asked what it would take for the King to let him go.

The King was not truly trustworthy, but he could fake it. The King said, "If you will give me a pearl of your wisdom, I will let you go."

The boar told the King his pearl of wisdom. The King's eyes lit up very excited. The King released his arrow from the drawn bow. The arrow buried deep into the boar's chest. The boar lay dying and breathed his last words. He said, "You are standing in, quicksand!" The boar died.

The King grabbed his chest as a spasm shot through him. He sank below the quicksand screaming for the wizard to save him.

Learning Life's Lessons



By Gerald Decker,
Magnolia Greens

If I wasn't so eaten up with insecurities and fear, I could be almost perfect. Well not quiet but maybe a little closer to being perfect. It would be hard to

explain my problems with temper and anger without first trying to understand those issues.

In the 14 years I was divorced, I spent a lot of time on self-discovery. I have often said there was a period in my life where I didn't like myself any better than anyone else liked me. I was always on edge, extremely competitive, full of fear of failure, and careful to protect my insecurities. I wasn't a mean guy at heart but always carried boastful arrogance and a short fuse. A deadly combination in a group setting-like work or horseshoes.

Controversy has often followed me because of those traits. Now that I am entering the twilight of life, I am hopeful that I have come to grips with the short fuse. I have learned the hard way to be response able, or responsible for my actions. I still have the insecurities and fear of failures but it has never stopped me for taking big steps in life. It was a bout with cancer that began the process of calming down. It is terrible that it had to be something like that to get my attention. But it taught me

that I can't always control life events. Once you've been treated for prostate cancer at a teaching hospital there is no reason to ever worry about little things.

I have often mentioned the advice that I once got from a good friend. She told me to get rid of all the addresses, phone numbers and email addresses of my "friends." All those people only remember the "angry" you. She told me that within 30 days everyone who loved me would contact me and the rest really didn't matter. It was amazing the number who called, wrote or visited saying, "Are you ok? I felt like I needed to talk to you for some reason."

I now have three beautiful grandchildren who have completely stolen my anger reflex. They greet me with friendly, caring smiles, hugs and playful attitudes. "Pappa G, come watch this," is the name of the game these days. The laughter always outweighs the anger and the stress. My path was often difficult but this rest stop is amazing.



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South Brunswick High

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Ana Johnson

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The Open Door



By Gabriel Wager, High School

Over a year ago, I was hanging out with my friends over the weekend when we decided to walk to 7-Eleven. When my friends and I decided to walk through our old elementary school playground on our way to the 7- Eleven, we didn't think we'd end our night with the police calling our parents to come to pick us up.

When we approached the school's front doors, we noticed that the side door leading to the gym was open. Thinking that the janitors had left the door open, we naturally went inside. We then walked around for a good 10 minutes, revisiting different memories. It was all fun and exciting until we looked down a hall -we saw a police officer walking in and out of rooms. Immediately, our common sense left our brains.

We decided to run in the opposite direction and out the back entrance. As we turned a corner, we came face to face with two police officers. Although we startled them, no arrests were made, but instead, they called our parents to come to pick us up. My dad and mom weren't delighted to get the phone call from the police to come and get me. Although I wasn't charged with anything, my parents made sure there were consequences.

That night ended badly for me, but it got me thinking, what if I was Black? My night could have ended up much worse than it did. My parents could've been picking me up in handcuffs from a police station. As I reflect on the current events, I tend to ask myself that same question, what if I was Black? I try to put myself in their shoes.

What I realized, though, is that I can't even begin to imagine what a Black person faces every day. I am lucky enough to have "white privilege" and get a free pass on many different things. Having to be cautious and feel scared around those who are there to make you feel safe and protected is something I don't experience. The worst thing I might go through on a daily basis is someone messing up my fast food order from Chick-Fil-A. As a white male in today's society, I already have an advantage just by being me.

Going through that experience did help me in the long run. It made me more aware of my surroundings. When I decided to walk into that school, I didn't think about the consequences. That night didn't end in tragedy, but it at least opened my eyes and, in retrospect, makes me want to capitalize on what I've got going for me. I want to give back more to those who need it and work on myself as much as I can. When I get a degree, I plan to find a calling in the future that makes a difference in the world.

My actions have consequences. I learned that the hard way, but I also learned that I should appreciate how lucky I am. I have parlayed this experience into a lesson for myself. That lesson being, don't take any opportunity or advantage for granted and be mindful of how you can make a difference in the world. Getting caught that night made me realize that I should start appreciating what I have more because others around me don't get to experience the same privileges as me.

Attention Area High Schools

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A Parking Lot Brawl



By Samuel Cahenzil, High School

Darkness, darkness and pain filled Nathen's brain like a wave crashing on the sand. He could still hear shouting and the ringing in his ears, the voices of

people cheering for his opponent to take him down. Blinking hard, his vision came back with blurry shapes and colors; just in time to see the approaching fist. Gathering all his remaining strength he was able to get his arms up and use his forearms to block the oncoming blow; it caught him just above his already injured elbow. The aching pain coursed through his body and demanded that he give up and lose the fight, but his anger and adrenaline outweighed his body's pleas of surrender. Stepping back, he got his hands up and side-stepped to

avoid the thigh kick that was coming in. Using his opponent's momentum against him, Nathen pushed the leg down and lunged forward, landing a lucky hit to the right side of the man's jaw. Seeing the look of confusion and pain on his opponent's face sent a feeling of warmth through Nathen, leading him to advance closer towards the man who was just now getting his hands up. Nathen brought a hard-left hook to his ribs. He could win this, he knew that a few more shots to the head would take the man down; Nathen was so caught up in his own thoughts that he didn't see the man's friend rushing at him, lunging at his left side, tackling him. The world began to spin as pain surged through his body. Slowly the warmth that once filled him was gone, and a coldness was left in its place as his eyes betrayed him. Soon his mind went blank as he lost consciousness.

The Dangerous Effects of Ignoring Climate Change



By Ana Johnson, Cape Fear Community College, Wilmington

In the last few years, we have seen many environmental events that have happened to our country. Just a couple of months ago, we witnessed the states of California, Oregon and Washington having severe wildfires that were so

powerful, it would turn the skies to blood-red covered with clouds of smoke. While the fires were still happening, there were many droughts that dry up the atmosphere, making it difficult to have fresh air. Since these fires were during the summer, high temperatures were bound to affect the path of the wildfires, causing high pollution rates and the transmissions of dangerous fumes. Residents were urged to stay inside their homes as this situation could cause major damage to their health, especially with a pandemic still put into place.

This isn't the first time we have seen environment events like this. We have seen an increase in drastic hurricanes throughout the United States. As I am writing this article in the beginning of October, we are closing in on another hurricane that has majorly hit the state of Louisiana this past Friday. Each year, these storms get more effective and terrifying, causing weather stations to run out of hurricane names quicker every single season. With North Carolina being along the coast and in the south, it is one of the top states where hurricanes hit most often, with heavy rainfall and wind records going up every year.

This is a major issue, along with all these environmental events, we see temperatures rising to record high levels. According to the NC Climate Report revised in June 2019, it was declared that 2019 was one of the hottest years for North Carolina within the past ten years and has continuously passed average temperature since the 1990s. North Carolina's annual average temperature has increased by about 1.0°F since 1895. Due to this, we have seen crops dying out quicker than usual, ponds and lakes absorbing moisture faster and other examples caused by the planet's atmosphere getting warmer. We've also seen sea levels rising along the coast in response to increased warming and melting of ice blocks causing an expansion of water in the ocean. With all of this information, the bottom line is that we must pay attention is how climate change is affecting a majority of these events.

Climate change is how the Earth responds to how activity continuously affects the Earth's resources. Oftentimes, people tend to disregard how important this topic is but believe it or not, it makes a huge difference with how we live our lives. You would think that with all the amazing resources put on this earth, we would take better care of it, rather than tear it down. Besides, without nature, we wouldn't have a very intriguing physical world to call home. The reason I believe many people have

See Climate Page 9

What Being a Dual-Enrolled Student Has Taught Me



By Ana Johnson,
Cape Fear Community
College, Wilmington

Recently, I graduated high school as a dual-enrolled student a couple of months ago through Cape Fear Community College. Often, I get questions about how I enjoyed being at a college campus for the first time. Being there for about two years now, I have learned so much about myself and my abilities going to school there. When I started high school a few years ago, I knew I needed a change in my life. As someone who was a quiet homeschool kid for most of my years, I never really worked in a classroom with interacting students. As much as I loved being homeschooled, I wanted to venture out and try new things.

Backing out of your safe closeted bubble can be extremely difficult, but it allows new opportunities that can benefit you forever. I had first heard about Cape Fear Community College's dual-enrollment program (Career and College Promise) in middle school from some older students in my homeschool group at the time. Dual-enrollment typically means to be enrolled in two separate academic intuitions, normally referring to high school juniors and seniors. When I started researching more online about being a dual-enrolled student, I had always thought that you had to have all these accomplishments and career plans to be accepted into a program. But, little did I know that all you really needed, was a good mindset and dedication!

Transitioning into being a responsible college student can be difficult if you don't take it seriously. One thing for sure though, you must stay organized with your classes if you want to succeed, even more than your high school classes you took in the past. Investing in a planner will seriously be your best friend in taking these courses. Oftentimes, teachers give you many projects at once that can overlap with your other classes so if you don't coordinate time-management skills, it could possibly cost you a letter grade.

There are other points to keep in mind while being a dual-enrolled student. One of the true advantages can be learning how to create your own school schedule. Normally, in traditional schools, your counselor usually picks which classes are the best for you to be successful. In college, you are the one in charge of those important responsibilities. Yes, you can get help from an advisor if needed, but you get to choose the times and days of all your classes. If you work a job or have other needs to attend to throughout your week, you're able to customize your schedule to be beneficial for you. Therefore, no more 7 A.M. class that you had to rush to make it on time! As someone would is not a morning person, customizing my own schedule was helpful to my sleep schedule.

Another point that I love about being a college student is participating in various types of clubs and organizations. There's something for everyone to get involved in, so you never feel out of the loop with what goes on campus. Through this experience, I've made friends along the way that have helped open my horizons and taken interests in things I never would have done before if I hadn't joined certain clubs. These college clubs can be a great skill for life, especially if you do more community-service clubs, it can mentally challenge your mind for the future.

This brings to my next point of getting used to working with adults as a high-schooler. In the years of going to school as a kid, you're used to being with students around your age and grade level. However, in college, you will get to meet many individuals that have different ages, experiences and backgrounds. As someone who started taking college classes at a young age, I was nervous about being with mostly older students in my classes, especially since I can be on the quiet side at times. However, this experience taught me to learn to have open conversations with individuals that aren't the same as me and grow in maturity at such a young age. By being dual-enrolled for the last two years of my high-school life, all these tools and tips helped me in my college experience and will continue to be of service to me throughout life. If you are thinking about being a dual-enrolled student, I would highly recommend if you want to push yourself to limits you didn't even know you had.

"Reading's the means by which the lowest man can lift himself from a state of ignorance."

—John Jakes, *The Bastard*

With Jakes in mind, what are you reading? We want to know.

White Flags

By Courtney Bennett,
High School

Today everything is breaking;
All you ever knew is ending.
Today our demons consume us--
Fevered dreams we never wake from,
Begging nightmares we never escape.
Drink it away,
But in the morning, you will remember.
We are so alike in so many ways,
All with the same weakness.
Behind the scenes, we all lick the same wounds;
In our battles
We all wave the same white flags.

Copies

I want to be fresh again--
New and unbroken
With brightness in my eyes
And wind beneath my wings.
So called to be different,
Begging my own piece of freedom.
But it hurts to shed my skin;
It hurts to change.
Can I start over?
I want to be better--
I want to be wise and beautiful.
I want to love freely, uninhibited
By the dark secrets my heart holds.

The Teen Scene is looking for the pics of school events. If you would like to have your pics published, we are the place. Contact us today.

Climate

From Page 8

uncertainty with climate change and don't act on it more quickly is that we think that the planet will just sort itself out in the future. However, for thinking ahead to the future, we must be effective in the present to make that possible.

This leads me to the question of what causes climate change to be affected in our area? Climate change is not created but rather fueled by human activity, the use of electricity, greenhouse emissions and fossil fuels cause shifts in our environment. Each year, we see more levels of carbon dioxide being put out into the air which leads to the pollution of plants, produce, animals and humans. This can also cause the Earth's atmosphere to heat up and have temperature

Randomness

By Faith Dorn,
High School

All right, I admit it, the facts included in this article have very little to do with each other, except for the "randomness factor". However, I can tell you, from personal experience, that random facts can be very useful to know. Here are some I found interesting:

1. "La Cucaracha", the song with a catchy tune that sticks in your head like a parasite, is about a cockroach that smokes marijuana. (Yes, I do have a lot of free time on my hands.)
 2. In English pubs, ale is ordered by the pint and quart-so in the olden days, if the customers were becoming rowdy, the bartender would yell, "MIND YOUR PINTS AND QUARTS!" which is where we get our modern-day, "Mind your P's and Q's."
 3. Whistler's Mother by James Abbott Lowell Whistler is the only American painting hanging in the Louvre in Paris.
 4. "Yes, We Have No Bananas", by Frank Silver and Irving Cohn, had the highest sheet music sales in history.
 5. Ronald Reagan was the first presidential candidate to be endorsed by TV Guide.
 6. Talamore Golf Course, in Southern Pines, North Carolina, rents golf carts for \$20, or llamas for \$100.
 7. There are 635,013, 599, 600 possible hands of bridge.
 8. Lloyd's of London (an insurance company) insured that the Loch Ness Monster would not be captured.
 9. The word "ravioli" means "little turnips".
 10. There are 118 ridges around the edge of a United States dime.
- That is all of the randomness I can spare today; however, I do have more, so check back in our next edition. Yes, I know, I desperately need a hobby, maybe even two.

alterations which start to cause environmental emergencies. Even though this is a huge problem for our country, it will be difficult to cut back on gas and oil admissions since our country depends on those qualities for money, but it's not impossible. Luckily thanks to social media, more individuals have spoken on this issue and try to spread awareness about protecting our planet. I believe these newer generations truly want to see a change in our world and help preserve it for what is to come. Even if you feel like you can only do a little bit, it can pay off over time. Whether that's investing in energy-saving appliances or participating in beach clean-ups, there are ways teens can help conserve energy in their own city. If we see how much climate change affects our world and not push it to the side, we may see those long-term effects start to be less damaging over time. It's not too late to start caring about our planet.

Alcohol

Jessica Estep,
High School

I'm seventeen. I don't drink. Actually, I have never had alcohol in my entire life. Of course, I've been at parties where I was offered alcohol, and I said, "No, thanks," just like I was taught to say.

Some of my friends drink, though. I've driven them home on nights when they weren't able to make it home themselves and steered them past their parents and upstairs to their rooms. Isn't that what true friends do—you know, "friends don't let friends drink and drive"? Isn't drinking alcohol sort of like having sex—if you do it, you should just use protection?

Actually, no. Has anyone ever heard of a disease called alcoholism? Many people like to pretend that they haven't. And many people like to argue that it's not a disease but rather an addiction. Well, no. It's a disease: a clinical disease that kills people if not treated.

How do you catch this disease? It's really

quite simple. All you have to do is pick up your first drink. From there your genetics take over. Think of it sort of like playing the lottery: maybe you'll win... and maybe you'll lose.

Of course, everyone says to me, "Be realistic. You're in high school, and you'll be in college next year. You *have* to drink." Actually, though, I've done quite well so far not drinking. I have even managed to make friends and have a good time—all without the hangovers.

But okay, I'll be realistic: people are going to drink alcohol. That's something that won't go away. (And maybe moderate drinking really can be a good thing, like they say it is for elderly people's hearts.)

However, can't we all just practice abstinence for a little while? If you wait until you're twenty-one to start drinking, you're seventy percent less likely become an alcoholic.

In other words, you're much more likely to win the lottery...and keep your life.

Abby and Newton - A True Tail of Two Doggies



By Ed Harvilchuck,
Boiling Springs Lake

When my daughter lived in Augusta, Georgia, she and her husband had a Labrador Retriever named Abby. My son-in-law trained her to do everything but play the flute. (Her lack of opposable thumbs made this impossible!) He felt that a leash was a form of slavery and left Abby to her own devices.

While visiting their home, I was surprised to see a large yellow dog's head looking through the glass on the front door at eight o'clock in the morning. My daughter told me that it was Newton, a Yellow Lab who lived a block away from the house. Newton was a dashing dog in the manner of the 1940's movie heroes. He wore a red bandanna around his neck and moved with great agility and assurance. His owners evidently made few demands on Newton neither, and we became friendly with him.

Abby and Newton had a monumental love affair that rivaled the great romances of history! We were inside the backyard surrounded by a four-foot fence and were amazed to see a perfectly horizontal Newton jumping FIVE feet in the air to look over the fence and see if Abby was there!

They were "lovers" in every sense of the word.

Newton's owners were privileged to witness this backyard tryst through their dining room window! The fact that Abby was

spayed made this all the more remarkable. They roamed the neighborhood together, unwittingly terrorizing old ladies who could not distinguish between huge vicious dogs and huge loving dogs. When my daughter and her friend, Newton's owner, had to go to court and do public service, the romance was limited to Newton's fenced backyard.

Eventually, my daughter and her husband moved to Florida. Newton's owners moved away, and the couple was parted. Newton was given to a farmer who had room for him to ramble. Abby had a few overnight dates, but nothing could ever equal her Augusta romance.



Parents- The bones on which children sharpen their teeth.
-Peter Ustinov

Parenting- Part joy and part guerilla warfare. -Edward Asner

Patience- A minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue. -Ambrose Bierce

Clarke House

(Part 2)



By Teena Miller,
Brunswick Forest

We met regularly throughout October in the park, and I was hoping for a chance to see the famed Clarke House. It was October 31st, and I arrived at the park as usual but was disappointed that my friend was not in our regular spot. I waited for an hour, but I had to get to work. I planned to call on her later at Clarke House to make sure she was alright.

The day flew by, and it was 8 pm with dark and threatening skies. Flashes of lightning streaked ominously in the distance. I walked up to the securely padlocked iron gate and found a small gap in the wrought iron fence. I pulled my cellphone out, got the flashlight ready, and squeezed through the fencing.

I swallowed hard and hurried up the driveway as a heavy rain began to fall. I reached the front entrance and clapped the knocker loudly several times. There was no response, but the door was slightly ajar.

Against my better judgment, I entered calling out in a shaky, squeaky voice, "Edith, Edith, are you okay?" No answer.

I switched my cellphone light on and went to a wall switch to turn the lights on. Nothing happened, and I surmised the power was out. I was a little frightened being in this spooky old house on Halloween, but my concern for my friend spurred me forward, and I started a room by room search for Edith.

I couldn't help but notice the house's décor. It was reminiscent of the early 20th century with brocaded, faded wallpaper, settees, and spindly-legged chairs. The furniture had layers of dust.

How can anyone live in this? I wondered as I

shone the flashlight through each room. *I'm going to have to help her get this cleaned up,* I thought as I wandered through the deserted first floor. I braced myself to search upstairs. I had come this far, and I couldn't stop now.

At the top of the stairs, there was a hallway with six closed doors. I slowly approached the first door and opened it. I shone my light into the room and could only see what looked like years of accumulated cobwebs and dust but no sign of Edith. I continued down the hallway with the same result. Disappointed, I returned to the staircase and began to descend.

There at the bottom of the stairs was Edith. Or was it? She looked like Edith but much younger, and she was wearing an attractive dress in the flapper style of the 1920s. "Who are you" I managed to say in a shaky voice.

"It's me, Edith. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to startle you."

"I don't understand," I said, not comprehending the apparition in front of me.

"Don't be afraid. I want to thank you so much for keeping me company for the past month. I've longed to have someone to talk to, and you were so friendly. I appreciate it, but due to circumstances beyond my control and your understanding, I'm afraid we'll have to cancel our little get-togethers."

I drifted down the stairs as if in a dream. I passed by the translucent shimmering apparition. I approached the front door in a state of shock, and an icy, cold chill enveloped my body as Edith whispered in my ear. "Thank you, my friend. I will miss you."

-The End



By Guest Writer Kim Roberson,
Santa Monica, CA

What if...

What if life doesn't go the way I'd so prayerfully, carefully, and lovingly planned? (It won't.)

What if the life-changing decision forced on me turns out to ultimately be the most freeing thing for my soul? (It will.)

What if instead of fighting the truth of the unwanted actuality imparted on me, I lean into the truth and accept the harsh reality? (I will.)

What if rather than feeling weak, I become stronger than I've ever been from all the lessons I've learned? (I will.)

What if instead of holding on to what I thought life "should be," I choose to now accept reality and know that ultimately it's going to be the best thing for me? (I will.)

What if I adopt a new perspective and accept that what was, was; That what is, is; And that what will be, will be? (I have.)

What if instead of focusing on what was lost, I continually recognize, with immense gratitude, I have so much- still? (I do.)

What if rather than shrinking back in pain, sorrow, and fear, I choose to move faithfully forward in trust, hope, and love? (I am.)

What if the heartbreak becomes the starting point for a new, fun, and peaceful life? (It will.)

What if the lack of control I feel is actually the freedom of surrender? (It is.)

What if now I can be free to become me again? (I can.)

What if...

Parents- The bones on which children sharpen their teeth.
-Peter Ustinov

Parenting- Part joy and part guerilla warfare.
-Edward Asner

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West Pac '68

(Part 6)



By Gerald Decker,
Magnolia Greens

We started October 1968 underway off the coast of Da Nang as part of the Amphibious Ready Group Bravo. We continued that routine until October 5th, when we were relieved of duty in the Ready Group. After 34 days at sea, we were coming off the line and headed to Subic.

It was another sign that we were on the downside of this cruise and getting ever closer to going home. Before leaving, however, we had another actual GQ (General Quarters- Battle Stations) event one night about midnight. It was a fire in the aft-resistor room. Those real deal GQ events can make one grow old fast. It gave new meaning to one of the top songs that month by the Grass Roots - *Midnight Confessions*.

We arrived back in Subic on the 6th just in time to participate in an amphibious landing drill that started at 1:30 am. All boats were offloaded and filled with Marines and equipment. When the drills ended at 7:30 am, watches and regular duty resumed. Few people went on liberty that day. They either worked or slept.

The next day was the beginning of 13 days of chipping, scraping, and painting all work spaces. The temperature topside during the day was very hot and very humid. But look at the bright side. We were outside, it was only 95-100 degrees, and the humidity was only 80-90%. There was a lot of music, and no one bothered us. It wasn't just \$90 a month; it was an adventure!

For us, the world had come to a standstill. Work all day, stand watches, and liberty - when we were not too tired to walk. But for those back in the world, it was a different story. Events were going on everywhere (or so it seemed). Some of the events in the news included:

- A report by the Chicago Tribune that, according to Secretary of State Dean Rusk, "...the Viet's are getting weaker."

- "Say it Loud-I'm Black, and I'm Proud" hit the top of the music charts by mid-month.

- "George Wallace cries Foul, Claims Polls are Rigged" reported an Alabama

newspaper.

-19th Summer Olympic Games open at Mexico City, Mexico; first Olympics in Latin America.

-Marines Repel Enemy Attacks at Thuong Duc

- U. S. Planes Hit Enemy with Million Pounds of Bombs.

According to records recently released, it was during October 1968 that Richard Nixon, working with Anna Chennault, contrived to derail a potential peace agreement to end the Vietnam War. At that time, 30,000 Americans had lost their lives in Vietnam. By the war's end, over 58,000 died. What if the Johnson peace agreement had worked? Over 28,000 lives were lost after Nixon's treasonous act - (that's how historians describe this episode of the war.)

Meanwhile, in Mexico City, U.S. athletes Tommie Smith and John Carlos caused a sensation when they raised their black-gloved fists in protest - the Black Power political organization's salute on the podium at the Mexico City Olympics after the 200-meter sprint.

Arriving in Hong Kong was amazing for me. After my first day, I wrote in my diary, "Beyond a doubt today was the best time I've had since I've been in the Navy." I fell in love with the place. My shipmates and I agree that Hong Kong was always our favorite port of call during West Pac tours.

Following five fabulous days in Hong Kong, it was time to pull out for Okinawa. We had finished five months of some of the hottest weather ever, and now we are going northeast into cold weather. It was probably only in the '50s, but that was very cold compared to what we had been through. The ship's air conditioners had not worked for most of our time in Da Nang. And now the heaters went out going to Okinawa. Who said it wasn't rough in the Navy?

Arriving in Okinawa became a blur. We loaded Marines and equipment for 48 hours straight. With all the work and standing watches, there was no time for liberty.

Forty-eight hours later, we were underway again for Subic and then on to Da Nang. And the cycle continued.

Seeds of Doubt

(Part 1)



By Eric Mens,
Brunswick Forest

The woman dressed the young boy in a long woolen coat, awkwardly fitting a pair of mittens to keep his hands warm from the cold.

The boy looked at his older sister, similarly outfitted but with a woolen cap pulled down tightly around her ears. Her face reflecting the puzzlement he felt. The two older siblings in their recently-formed family giggled at the younger brother and sister duo.

"Have fun!" they exclaimed as they ran off laughing to finish their breakfast. For days now, the older boys had been beside themselves, giggling and whispering excitedly to each other as if sharing a great secret between themselves.

"We must hurry," the woman said. "We don't want to miss the landing."

When the trio reached the street, a cold icy wind greeted them. The cobblestone streets glistened from the rain that had fallen overnight. The early morning gloom and the pervasive dampness that hung in the air portended of the winter to come.

What a strange land this is, the boy thought. I have never been so cold in my life! I miss the warm sun! Why would my father bring us here? Why did I have to leave my mother?

The swirling grey and moisture-laden clouds reflected the boy's mood. The woman grabbed the children's hands tightly as she hurried them towards the port. "Come along now, we don't want to be late!" she exclaimed.

Rushing along, they joined other families with children in tow. They chattered excitedly



amongst themselves as they

walked quickly along the cobble street. Occasionally, a child would slip on the stones. Some of the younger ones wailed loudly, complaining about the rush to join the crowd that would gather at the docks. All were bundled against the cold wind that met them head-on.

The trio slowed to avoid slipping on the cobblestones. At long last, they reached a corner where the crowd prevented them from moving ahead any further. They huddled closely against the cold as a light snow began falling from the leaden sky.

A hush fell over the crowd. Suddenly, someone exclaimed, "He's here! They're coming!"

Children started shrieking, their parents loudly shouting out "Hallos!" and "Welcome!" as the long-awaited procession turned up the cobblestone street towards the corner where the trio huddled. Wide-eyed, the boy peeked around the woman's coat.

Over the noise of the crowd, he heard a slow, methodical and metallic "clomp, clomp." The boy peered past the crowd struggling to stay out of the procession's way. His eyes grew wide with fear. An enormous white beast was slowly plodding towards them.

He tugged anxiously at his sister's sleeve and pointed in the direction of the beast. *What was this strange creature?*

To be continued

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Your Community

North Carolina Senior Games Congratulations Eric Mens and Jeffrey Meuwissen

Eric Mens

a resident of Brunswick Forest in Leland, NC, recently won a gold medal in the Silver Arts writing competition in North Carolina's 2020 Literary Virtual Senior Games State Finals. Winners were announced on October 19, 2020. His winning entry, a short story entitled "At Peace with Nature," is a story of personal turmoil, struggle, and survival. He has previously won several First, Second, and Third place awards in the 2019 and 2020 Senior Games Writing competitions in Wilmington and Brunswick County. This is his first win at the State level.

Jeffrey Meuwissen

also from Leland's Brunswick Forest community, won medals in the 2020 Silver Arts competition in the NC Virtual Silver Games State Finals. Jeff had been a 2019 State silver medal winner for his wood sculpture entitled *Cobra*. Winners in this year's competition were announced on October 19, 2020. He won a silver medal in Visual Arts/Mixed Media for a piece entitled *Fuji*, a silver medal in Visual Arts/Sculpture for a piece entitled *Dragonfly on a Lotus*, and a bronze medal in Heritage Arts/Woodcarving for a piece entitled *Heron in a Tree*.

About the North Carolina Senior Games

North Carolina's Senior Games State Finals happens in the fall of each year for qualifiers from Local Senior Games. Brunswick County's Local Senior Games is part of a statewide network of 52 local programs sanctioned by North Carolina Senior Games, Inc. (NCSG).

Although the COVID 19 pandemic prevented Local Games from happening this spring, NCSG converted its annual Celebration of the Human Spirit to Virtual Games, which will occur through October 31, 2020. A total of 850 athletes and artists registered for and participated in Virtual State Finals. The Finals included competition by age and gender for medals, a fitness raffle, and the opportunity for fellowship with other participants statewide.

NCSG is a nonprofit organization dedicated to providing year-round health promotion and education for adults 50 years of age and better. The organization is a statewide nonprofit sponsored by the North Carolina Division of Aging and Adult Services. The Gold Sponsors of State Finals for 2020 are Seniors' Health Insurance Information Program (SHIIP), Humana, Inc., and Blue Cross and Blue Shield of North Carolina. Silver Sponsors include Harrah's Cherokee Casino and Resort and Rex Healthcare. The Bronze Sponsor is North Carolina Farm Bureau Insurance.

NCSG also offers Silver Arts, the statewide heritage, visual, literary, and performing arts program. Qualification for next year's State Finals will occur in the spring of 2021 at Local Senior Games across North Carolina. For more information on a Senior Games program in your area, please contact North Carolina Senior Games at (919) 851-5456 or visit their website at www.ncseniorgames.org.



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Your Community

Brunswick Arts Council

What's Up with the Arts in Brunswick County

By Mary Beth Livers, Executive Director, Brunswick Arts Council

20th Annual Brunswick County Fall Art Show (Oct 12-17, 2020)

Each year, in October, BAC hosts an annual art show of two and three-dimensional works created by local Brunswick County residents. This year our exhibition was at the Sunset River Marketplace in Calabash.

The judge of the show this year was Phil Meade of Wilmington, N.C. and JoAnn Staat was Show Chairperson.

Here are our winners – see if you recognize and friends and neighbors.

Best of Show: “Walk this Way” by Carol Yaquinto

2D First Place: “When you are Away” by Roseanne Bellinger

3D First Place: “Transformation” by Diana Mibelli

Photo First Place: “Coral Meditation” by Charleen Baggett

Gerloven Memorial Award: “Quiet Time” by Sid Godwin

Associated Artists of Southport Award:

“Keep the Beer Cold” by Pat Golden

Oak Island Art Guild Award:

“Summer Blend” by Richard Staat

Waterway Art Association Award:

“Ahoy Mateys” by Brenda Riggins

Merit Awards:

Donna Ferrandino, “Random Acts”

Anne Trombetta, “Gulls on the Roof”

Marie Kasper, “Sunrise Still”

Joan Bobinski, “Iris”

Patricia Graney, “Dreaming of Far Away Places”

Cynthia Reahm, “Roses of Paradise”

Honorable Mention Awards:

Kermit Cox, “Mystic Tree”

Sharon Vinciguera, “Pamela”

Terry Rosenfelder, “Urban Scholar”

Joy Redemacher, “Potters Seafood and Buoys”

Diane Sloan, “Apple a Day”

Barbara Karkut, “Bloomathan #1”

Fun Facts

- Brunswick County is the 6th largest county (land area of 846.97 square miles) in the state
- Population size we are #21 out of 100 counties in NC – with 142,820 people
- We are the fastest growing county in North Carolina
- Arts, Entertainment & Recreation make up 7% of our employment sector
- 82 % of Americans believe the arts & culture are important to local business and the economy
- Brunswick County Arts Council has given out over \$850,000 in funding in partnership with North Carolina Arts council over the years to local Brunswick arts groups & organizations
- Brunswick Arts Council operates “without walls” – working with partnerships and arts businesses around the county for our programs and activities

Treasures Under the Sea Mural at Holden Beach – Our Quarantine Project



Ocean Isle Beach

Brunswick Arts Council was pleased to work with the Town of Holden Beach and our many volunteers who helped to create this first Public Community Art Work. Led by two amazing artists, Gaeten Lowrie and Nancy Turner, this “paint by numbers” mural was started on March 14 and the final clear coat was put on October 3. Thank you to Sherwin Williams in Holden Beach for donating the paint & supplies. Check it out. Get inspired. What do you want in your community?

Mark Your Calendar

(Tentative)

December 19, 2020 Southport

Winterfest Performances – Artsy Fartsy Holiday Jam (videotaped)

March 13, 2021 – Holden Beach

5 K and Community Mural Painting for the Arts – It’s Go Time

April 24, 2021 – Supply/Bolivia

Arts & Parts Fashion Runway Show & Luncheon with Up-Cycle/Recycle Auction

June 19, 2021 – Oak Island

Solstice & Soundstock Festival – music & art vendors, games & food trucks

During the Covid 19 Pandemic,

Have you...

- Watched a movie or TV?
- Read a book or poem?
- Listened to music or and audiobook?
- Enjoyed a painting or sculpture?
- Worn clothes & shoes?
- 87% of Americans believe the arts & culture are important to quality of life ... Yup – artists are pretty useful...

Your Community

MILITARY NEWS

Community Member Profile

Anita Hartsell (Part 2)



By Eric Mens, Head and Senior Service Officer (VSO) for the Brunswick County Veterans Service Office, to our readers.



Anita Hartsell

During the course of our communications, we had a chance to ask Mrs. Hartsell a few questions:

1. What has been your biggest challenge in serving veterans and their families?

Having to explain the "rumors" veterans hear from others that are not necessarily the correct information regarding veterans' benefits. The veteran must meet VA's eligibility requirements to be granted a VA benefit. Unfortunately, not every veteran qualifies. Also, some veterans need emergency financial assistance, which the VA does not provide. We make every effort within our means to redirect these veterans to outside organizations to see if they are eligible for any assistance.

2. What can a veteran expect after filing a claim? Is there a typical waiting time? Does it vary in each case?

When a claim is filed, the VA must obtain the veteran's service records (if they don't already have them from a previously filed disability claim). Once the VA has the service records, they must review them to see if there is anything contained in those records for which the veteran is filing. The VA will then request examinations, typically scheduled by contracted organizations, where the veteran will go for an examination. The findings are sent to the VA for the disability claim. Once a veteran has gone for the last compensation examination, it typically takes 3 months before the veteran receives a final answer from the VA regarding their claim. Our office assists veterans and their family members in applying for the benefits. We serve as their advocates and help them from start to finish throughout the entire claims process.

The VA has streamlined the compensation claims process, and prior to COVID-19, the VA was adjudicating claims within about 6 to 8 months. Each case varies based upon the number of disabilities a veteran is filing for along with other issues. Sometimes the VA has difficulty obtaining the veteran's service records, or there are delays when the VA is trying to verify a veteran's location of service when dealing with presumptive disabilities caused by certain exposures in service. COVID-19 has also caused some delays due to the inability to conduct exams, but those are slowly starting to take place again.

3. What can the local VFW do to help you?

You can help by promoting awareness of

our office. Our biggest advertiser is word of mouth. Also, through collaboration with the other veterans' posts in the area when we encounter a veteran in need, especially financial need. Veterans organizations working together to help a veteran in need has been a tremendous help.

4. Has the VA/Congress been responsive to the needs of the 21st-century veterans?

Yes, they certainly have in expanding VA educational benefits, and in giving more informative out-processing briefings for those getting ready to be discharged. They also allow the 21st-century veteran to file their pre-discharge disability claim, also known as Benefits Delivery at Discharge (BDD), with the VA within 180 to 90 days prior to discharge. This allows the veteran to get their exams prior to discharge and a disability decision from the VA quicker. The VA is also updating its website. Their creation of the eBenefits website allows veterans to go online and track their claims and update needed information. In addition, when a veteran changes their contact information through the medical side of VA, it is now automatically updated with the compensation and pension side of VA and vice versa.

5. Do you feel that Service Officers in the various veterans' organizations need more training? Have you ever conducted such training before?

Only a few VSOs from the local veterans' organizations have contacted me, and from what I have seen, they do a great job. The VA is always changing things, and training should always take place to keep up to date with the changes. As an accredited VSO, every year, I must take state-approved training classes approved to obtain continuing education units to maintain my accreditation and show that I am keeping up with all the changes. Our office does not provide VSO training to the public.

6. Is there one thing you can point to that demonstrates how a vet could be better prepared when they come to see you?

Having a scheduled appointment to see a VSO allows us time to adequately familiarize ourselves with the claim. When they schedule an appointment, Kendra Starnes, our Veterans Services Technician, will review with them what they need to bring or have on hand for the interview. If the veteran has an email account, she will email the veteran what they need to have with them, so they are prepared. Individuals who need assistance should call Kendra Starnes a (910) 253-2233 to schedule an appointment.

The office is located 10 Referendum Drive (Building F), Government Complex, Bolivia. Hours are Monday through Friday from 8:30 am to 5 pm.

More information can be found at: <https://www.brunswickcountync.gov/veterans-services>.

VFW POST 12196 NEWS

National Vietnam War Veterans Day Ceremony

March 28, 2021



The Leland VFW Post 12196 will be hosting a National Vietnam War Veterans Day on March 28, 2021. The commemoration recognizes all who served on active duty in the U. S. Armed Forces at any time during the period of November 1, 1955 to May 15, 1975.

As part of that ceremony, as a lasting memento of the nation's gratitude, veterans will receive the Vietnam Veterans Lapel Pin shown below. Surviving spouses of those who served will also be recognized.

More details will follow. If you would like to register for this event, please contact Nate Pringle at: vfwpost12196@gmail.com.

VFW to host Golf Tournament

March 3, 2021



Leland VFW Post 12196 will be holding its first annual Golf Tournament on March 3, 2021 at the Magnolia Greens Golf Course in Leland, NC. This is a major fundraiser for this new VFW Post located in Leland.

The proceeds from the sale of ads, sponsorships and contributions for the tournament go a long way to help us meet the financial obligations created by the fulfillment of our Mission and Vision.

If you are interested in supporting this effort, please contact Leland VFW Post 12196 at 910- 408- 1934 or at vfwpost12196@gmail.com.



Save a Vet Now is a North Carolina-based 501(c)(3) non-profit organization currently serving Brunswick, New Hanover, and Pender counties. We strive to combat the preventable veteran suicides committed in our local communities. We do this in two ways: (1) contributing to the treatment of the factors underlying suicide ideation by generating donations earmarked for the Coastal Horizons Veterans Outreach Program and (2) raising the public's awareness of this hidden epidemic, which will translate into action. Contact us at Save a Vet Now, P.O. Box 625, Hampstead, NC 28433 or saveavetnorthcarolina@gmail.com. To learn more, you can also visit our website at saveavetnow.org.



VETERANS NEEDED

Leland VFW Post 12196 is recruiting members to join our new post.

We meet the second Tuesday of each month at 7 pm via Zoom (until further notice).

Contact us at 910.408.1934 or email at vfwpost12196@gmail.com

Your Community

MILITARY NEWS CON'T

OUR SERVICEMEN – YESTERDAY AND TODAY



T/Sargent Alex Moskowitz

was born 1923 in Brooklyn. He entered WWII in Jan. 1943 and participated in the battles of Leyte Island and Okinawa. After the Army, he worked several jobs but then retired from the New York Port Authority after 20 years. He and his wife Carolyn live in Supply, NC.



1st Sgt. Clyde Ash Jr.

was born in 1929, joined the Marines in 1948 and is a decorated veteran of the Korean War and the Vietnam War. After retiring from the IRS, he enjoyed travel, historical biographies, West Virginia football and playing Trivia. He recently passed in July 2020.



Althea Mitchell

served for three years on active duty in the Army. She served another five years in the reserves working as an electrician on C-14s and C-58s. After her service she got a degree in Accounting. She worked for Panasonic Battery Division for 20 years before moving to Leland with her husband Mack. She has also worked with Wilmington Housing Authority and Vietnam Veterans of America.



Charles H. Pangburn III, Colonel, USMCR (Ret)

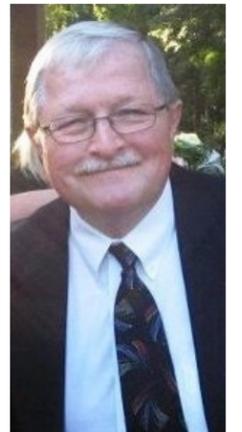
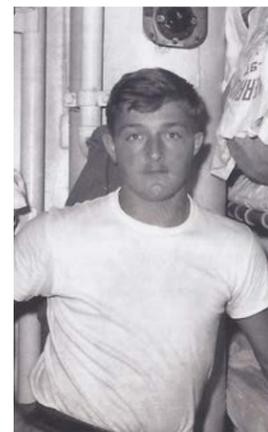
served in the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve for 30 years from 1978 to 2008. He served in the Iraq Wars where he was awarded the Bronze Star and a Joint Meritorious Unit Citation. Recently retired as general counsel for health care system now living in Ocean Isle Beach, NC.



Steve Clovis and Gerald Decker 1968

West Pac cruise.

My good friend and shipmate, Steve Clovis passed last month. He will be missed.



Gerald Decker

Quartermaster 2/Class, four tours to Vietnam between 1968-1971. After a career working in the U. S. Senate and latter for a small business lobby organization. I spend my time as a partner of this paper, founder and Commander of the Leland VFW Post 12196 and as a member of the North Brunswick Kiwanis Club. Still married to the same girlfriend, two children and three grandchildren.



Eric Mens

was born in Jakarta, Indonesia and served in the U. S. Army for three and half years as a medic, from 1967-1970. He served in Vietnam as part of the 1st Air Cavalry in 1967-1968. Five years after serving his country, Eric became a U. S. citizen. He retired from a 30-year career with the Department of Defense. He and his wife, Cindy, now live in Leland where he is very active with North Brunswick Kiwanis, Leland VFW and as Editor of Cape Fear Voices.



John Hacker

was drafted and served in Vietnam during 1968 TET, as Infantry Squad leader with the 198th light infantry of the Americal Division. He was released from active duty in 1969. After his tour of duty, John spent 28 years in Retail management with Woolworths and TI Maxx as Regional Manager. For the past 28 years in Real Estate in California and now in Leland with Coldwell banker. He just settled into his new home in Magnolia Greens.



Chief Warrant Officer 3 Dan Dodge

served on active duty from 1975-1978 and retired from the Army Reserve in 1999 after 20 years. After the military Dan enjoyed a career in IT with a number of top line companies like Lockheed, BAE Unisys, and General Electric. He and his wife,, now live in Brunswick Forest. Dan is also the creative genius behind the website for Teen Scene, Inc. which will be online in Jan. 2021.

Help Wanted/Advertising Rates

Layout Editor

The Scene, Inc and Cape Fear Voices need intelligent young person who is good with Microsoft Publisher to do layout for monthly newspaper. Pay is very modest but experience is priceless.

Creative Writers/Artist

Creative people to submit articles, pictures, drawings, poetry or short stories for publication in local paper.

Ever wanted a place to publish your work? Cape Fear Voices might just be what you are looking for.

Contact:

editorcfv@gmail.com
for all positions.

Does your wardrobe need some sprucing up? Cape Fear Voices and Teen Scene shirts are now available to order. Shirts are available in short sleeve (\$20), long-sleeve (\$22), and short sleeve polo (\$25). Please log-on to www.thepaisleyumbrella.com to see colors, sizes, and designs available. All proceeds benefit Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene.



Cape Fear and Teen Scene Thank Our November Advertisers

"This country's drifting into serious trouble because of the clamor for simple and immediate solutions to complex problems that will take years to solve--even with total effort on both sides."

-John Jakes, North and South



"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Then quit. No use being a ... fool about it."

-W.C. Fields



Family. Friends. Community.

Josh London Ins Agcy Inc
Josh London, Agent
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Leland, NC 28451
Bus: 910-383-1303

We're all in this together.

State Farm[®] has a long tradition of being there. That's one reason why I'm proud to support Cape Fear Voices.

Like a good neighbor, State Farm is there.[®]

