



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

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2nd Annual Teen Scene Writers' Awards Banquet

by Cay, Freelance Writer



The 2nd Annual Teen Scene Writers' Awards Banquet was held March 12th at the Leland Cultural Arts Center to a near full house. The event was to recognize writers, young and not so young for their work. The theme of the evening was "Oscars Night."

The evening kicked off with the presentation of the Founder's Award to Giancarlo D'Alessandro, Layout Editor for Teen Scene, Inc. Giancarlo was recognized for his outstanding professionalism and commitment to excellence during 2021 on behalf of Teen Scene, Inc.



(above) Teen Scene Layout Editor, Giancarlo D'Alessandro receives the Founders Award for outstanding work in 2021.

The *Teen Scene* awards recognized area students in 4 categories. Those receiving recognition were **Arabella Ong** (BC Early College High School) "Best in Creativity," for "Lotus Flower," **Achilles Hack** (North Brunswick High School) was awarded "Best in Art" for "The Gremlin," **Karleigh Quinn** (BC Early College High School) "Best in Poetry" for "Moon Poem," **Jazmine Garcia** (BC Early College High School) "Best in Reviews" for "Josie's Story."

The *Cape Fear Voices* awards went to: "Best in Memories" to **Maryann Nunnally** for "First Great Grandchild," "Best

in Humor" to **Sheryl Keiper** for "The Stranger", "Best in Non-Fiction/History" to **John Hacker** for "A Friend Indeed," and "Best in Creative Writing/Poetry" to **Janet Stiegler** for "Partners in Wine and Crime."

Carl Parker, President of the Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP, presented a plaque of recognition to Leland Middle School's **Principal Kimberly McDuffie** for supporting *The Teen Scene* and encouraging the importance of writing through the Leland Middle School Journalism Club.

The maestro and Director of the Award program was *Cape Fear Voices* Editor, **Jan Morgan-Swegle**. What a great job! The banquet concluded with an outstanding performance from the doo-wop band **Shades of Grey** who performed a number of the greatest hits from the 50s and 60s.



Teen Scene writers take the stage.

Turn the page for additional photos and news from our banquet event!

Teen Scene, Inc and WWAY3 Announce New Partnership

by Margie Steve, Freelance Writer



Teen Scene, Inc., located in Leland, and local TV station WWAY announced a new partnership last month. The purpose of the partnership is to bring a wide range of experience and commitment to promoting writing and business skills among teens in the Cape Fear area.

Teen Scene, Inc., a veteran owned non-profit organization, was originally founded in Anniston, Alabama in 2004 by Gerald Decker. The idea was to allow young writers and artists to publish their vision while also learning the basics of what it is like to run a business. In June 2020, following a period of inactivity, *Teen Scene, Inc.* was once again open for business and published their first editions of *The Teen Scene* for middle and high students and *Cape Fear Voices* for creative minded adults who want to publish their work.

As a staff member of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the '70's, Mr. Decker realized the importance of writing and how building confidence in writing at an early age was critical to one's success. Many of the early writers for *The Teen Scene* are now leaders in their communities as attorneys, business owners, physicians, and even some elected politicians.



Marcy Cuevas said the importance of writings from teens and young adults is "even if teens and young adults don't go into journalism, writing can benefit you in so many other ways." From learning to express oneself clearly to sharpening your

Marcy Cuevas, the News Director at WWAY News said, "WWAY decided to become a community partner of Teen Scene because their mission is one in which we firmly believe." When it comes to journalism and writing, cultivating young minds is critically important. Cuevas stated, "the youth of today is the future of our industry."

thinking skills, writing is the key to communication. You'll be able to use this skill well beyond high school and college.

Cuevas said the importance in the role of a journalist is "to keep the public informed, we hold public officials accountable." She says there's too much disinformation online in today's era of 24/7 social media, which means our jobs are more vital than ever when it comes to relaying the facts to the public.

During times of disaster, such as hurricanes and tornadoes, we support the community by providing critical information. In journalism it is crucial that every journalist report the truth, not what they hear, but what they see.

What happens if there are no journalists or news people? Cuevas said without journalists there would be a lot of fake news since no one would be fact-checking it. You wouldn't be aware of events taking place in your neighborhood, new bills being debated, tax ideas, and so on. Alternatively, you may live in a society where the government controls the media. Right now, Russia

is a wonderful example of this.

They are censoring what is reported by shutting down independent news organizations.

News Channels like WWAY play a huge role in journalism even though they don't necessarily write in a newspaper. How is that journalism? Cuevas said "We are storytellers, we make sure the information we report is accurate and fair before we go on air with it." Journalism isn't always writing for a newspaper, or

on social media. It can be someone who is reporting information live on a news channel. As long as you are reporting any information, pictures, drawings, videos, etc. you are playing a role in journalism.

As part of this partnership, noon anchor Jeff Rivenbark will participate as an Advisory Board Member with *Teen Scene, Inc.*



Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices

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 The *Teen Scene* and *Cape
 Fear Voices*, visit our web-
 site at capefearvoices.org

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.

- 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 **500-600 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 500-600 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.

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Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices started publication in North Carolina in June 2020. Readership has grown from 600 in June 2020 to 5,600 in Sept. 2021. That does not include our email list of nearly 3,000 per month or readership from our website. Although we have subscribers and followers in other states, our readers are predominantly in the greater Cape Fear region. Visit us at

<https://capefearvoices.allforyou2.com>.

Photos of the 2nd Annual Teen Scene Writers’ Awards Banquet’s Winners



(above) Teen Scene President, Gerald Decker presents John Hacker with the award for Best in Non-Fiction/History for 2021



(above) Teen Scene Advisory Board Member Bev Haedrich presents the award to Janet Stiegler for Best in Creativity for 2021



(above) Teen Scene Board Member Terri Delfino presents Sheryl Keiper with the award for best in Humor



(left) Editor of Cape Fear Voice, Jan Morgan-Swegle presents Maryann Nunnally with the award for best in Memories



(right) Teen Scene Board Member, Pat Batleman presents Award for Best in Reviews to Jasmine Garcia (11th grade ECHS)

(left) Teen Scene Freelance Writer and ECHS Junior, Margie Steve (r) presents Arabella Ong, (11th Grade ECHS) the award for Best in Creativity for 2021



**2nd Annual Teen Scene, Cape Fear Voices Writers’ Awards Banquet
 Good Food—Good Music—Good Fun**

by Jan Morgan-Swegle, Compass Pointe



Well, Tom Hanks and Meryl Streep couldn’t make it, but there were still a lot of stars that came out for the Teen Scene, Inc., 2nd Annual Writers’ Awards Banquet, held at the Leland Cultural Arts Center.

On Saturday, March 12, we celebrated the mission, growth, and success of Teen Scene, Inc., recognizing writers, young and old, for their literary and artistic contributions.

Gerald Decker, President of Teen Scene Inc., was the Master of Ceremony and the spirit behind *The Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices* newspaper.

The theme was “A Night at the Oscars.” There were Oscar statues on each table and a red carpet to welcome everyone. The music was presented by “Shades of Grey,” the local and very popular “Doo Wop” group. Even the teens on the scene enjoyed their songs. The meal was presented by Coastal Catering and Events. Our guests danced, sang with the band, enjoyed a great meal, and had a really good time.

The night wouldn’t have been possible without our Event Sponsor, Deb Pickett, Financial Advisor from Edward Jones. Our Program Sponsors included: ATMC, Alive Property Management, the Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP, the Brunswick Arts Council, the Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Project, and NC Farm Bureau Insurance-Brunswick Forest agents: Mark Ellenberg, Adam Clark, Jared Speight, and Blake Hundley.

Our donors included: Bev Haedrich, Bojangles, Bridgewater Wines, Brunswick Golf Club and Restaurant, Cape Fear Seafood Company, Capelli’s Salon, Chick-fil-A, Debbie Channell, Evonne Phillips, Farmhouse Kitchen, First Bank of Belville, Five Guys Restaurant, Greatest Potential Chiropractic, Jan Morgan-Swegle, KFC, McDonald’s #5658, Panera Bread, Patty Decker, Pizzetta’s Sarah Jones, Shuckin’ Shack Oyster Bar, State Farm Insurance Agent Josh London, Stu Friedman, and Terri & Jim Delfino.

The evening included a presentation from Carl Parker, President of the NAACP, who gave a mon-

etary award to Dr. Kimberly McDuffie, Principal of Leland Middle School, for

her support of the Teen Scene’s mission and programs. We were also joined by Mayor Brenda Bozeman, Dana Fisher, Leland Chamber of Commerce, and Dana King, President of the Board for the Brunswick Arts Council.

The real stars of the evening were the writers, young and seasoned, who entertain us each month with their stories, poems, and musings. Our participating schools with Journalism Clubs are Brunswick Early College High School, Cedar Grove Middle School, Leland Middle School, Town Creek Middle School, and West Brunswick High School.

The Founder’s Award was presented to Giancarlo D’Alessandro, Layout Designer for *Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices*.

It was a special evening for some very special people. We hope to see you next year when we do it all over again.

More Photos of the 2nd Annual Teen Scene Writers' Awards Banquet



(left) Leland Middle School Principal, Dr. Kimberly McDuffie

(above) Carl Parker, President of the Brunswick County Chapter of the NAACP and Veronica Carter present the NAACP award to Leland Middle School Principal, Dr. McDuffie for being a leader in promoting Journalism at Leland Middle School. Also shown are l to r: Ruth Thompson, Robin Barrington- LMS PTO, Eli Barrington, Gerald Decker, and Keiran Daniels

(below) From Leland Middle School Eli Barrington, Dr. Kimberly McDuffie, Keiran Daniels, Ruth Thompson



(below) Dana King, President of the Board of the Brunswick Arts Council and BAC Board Member Marty Mentzer present NBHS's Achilles Hack (10th Grade NBHS) with the award for Best in Art in 2021. (left) They also presented Karleigh Quinn (10th Grade ECHS) the award for Best in Poetry



(left) They also presented Karleigh Quinn (10th Grade ECHS) the award for Best in Poetry



(right) Entertainment was provided by local Doo Wop group Shades of Grey



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Participating Schools With Journalism Clubs

Brunswick County Early College High School
 Cedar Grove Middle School
 Leland Middle School
 Town Creek Middle School
 West Brunswick High School

A Successful Chef Is A Creative Chef

by Jan Morgan-Swegle, Compass Pointe



If you are having any kind of event this year, you know that having good food is the key to a successful get together. One way to ensure you'll "wow" your guests is to call Joe Caldropoli, owner of Coastal Catering and Events and The Oak and Anchor Restaurant at Lockwood Folly Country Club, located at 19 Clubhouse Drive SW, in Supply.

Joe recently catered the 2nd Annual Writers' Award Banquet for Teen Scene Inc., at the Leland Cultural Arts Center and got rave reviews from the attendees.

Joe has been in the food service industry for over 40 years. He watched his mother cook when he was younger, and she got him started in the kitchen, but insisted that he go to college. Graduating with a degree in Food Services and Hospitality Management, Joe went back to what he loves doing—cooking.

Describing himself as an "off the cuff chef," Joe explained that his recipes are "in his head and the key to preparing good food is to have a good recipe, good quality food and then experiment. Don't be afraid to try different things. Be creative."

Joe has had what I call an "accidental career." In 2006, he was the Food and Beverage Director for Bald Head Island. As the "economy fail" started, business dropped and Joe lost his job. He looked for other opportunities and ended up

helping a woman who owned her own catering business but was going out of business. He purchased her business for \$537.00 in 2007, and his new career took off. He estimates that he is doing over 500 events a year now.

As most of us were, Joe was impacted by the Covid virus, saying that the last 2 years have been up and down with higher operating costs and staffing issues. He said, "We've been operating on the fly since 2019, but since people weren't going

out to restaurants to eat, I developed a take-out meal program that was a big hit. We did 5,000 take out meals in 3 months. All you had to do was take them home and microwave them."

When Joe isn't working, he enjoys spending time with his wife of almost 33 years. They live in Waterford and have 3 daughters; one is a school teacher and his twins are headed off to college. He also likes to go to the shooting range and enjoys going to new restaurants.

I asked Joe if he had any food tips for someone "kitchen challenged" like I am. He laughed and said, "sure—order

out!"

Our banquet was a food success. Joe provided choices of a chicken dish, a glazed pork dish or penne pasta with a light cream sauce, along with a dinner salad and small desserts. Joe and his team were professional, flexible and fun.

So, if you are having an event or you're just allergic to being in the kitchen like I am, give him a call at **910 842 8444**.



Bonkers for Baseball

by Janet Stiegler, Brunswick Forest



The word "April" comes from the Latin "aperire," meaning "to open." To many, the month is synonymous with budding flowers, fresh rains, and religious celebrations of renewal. But to me, April ushers in Opening Day of Major League Baseball.

Raised to root for the hapless Mets, I still remember that week in October 1969 when our family crowded around the television to witness one of the greatest upsets in Series history—the Mets defeating the Baltimore Orioles in game five of the World Series. Even my mother, who preferred vacuuming to televised sports, sat on the edge of the sofa, whispering, "come on, Koozie" to Jerry Koosman, one of the Mets' starting pitchers. My favorite was Ron Swoboda, the right fielder who, in the top of the ninth of game four, dove for a sinking line drive that would have put the Orioles in the lead. The famous catch was replayed repeatedly, with Swoboda floating on angel wings before coming up triumphantly with the ball in his glove.

My friend Debbie and I were Met-crazy. As pitcher and catcher on the girls' softball team, we pretended to be Tom Seaver and Jerry Grote. We dressed up as our favorite players on Halloween and sent them fan letters, most of which went unanswered. We memorized everyone's bios and stats, including birthdates, marital status, and children. Once a month, we traveled by bus and train to Shea Stadium for a game and autographs. Arriving early, we would coax one over from the players' carpark or during pre-game practice. We collected half a dozen signatures that way.



Once, when shortstop Buddy Harrelson was exiting his car, Debbie screamed, "Buddy, we love you! Can we get an autograph?" Surprisingly, he headed in our direction, and since only a few fans were milling around, the guard let us in. After Buddy signed Debbie's yearbook, she kissed him. I was too stunned to do the same, but Debbie's brazenness won my admiration. It was all we talked about for the rest of the week.

Probably the nuttiest thing we did was sneak into a hunting convention at which Ron Swoboda and first baseman Ed Kranepool were featured. I don't know if they were hunters or not, but who cared? They were coming to a restaurant in our town, and we would be there. After much begging, my mother reluctantly dropped us off outside the venue. The agreed-to-plan was that we would look around for a few minutes, take a picture, then leave.

As waiters walked in and out of the ballroom with trays, we slipped inside. The room was dimly lit, filled entirely with men, most older than forty, bearded, some smoking, others sitting around tables with their hands around a drink. A few chatted quietly, but most had their eyes on a speaker and deer carcass projected on a screen.

"There they are!" whispered Debbie, pointing to one end of the dais. We crouched down and surreptitiously made our way closer to the front. Several of the hunters gave us quizzical looks, while others winked and smiled. I snapped a few distant photos and planned our strategy. We would go to the dais at the break, politely ask for an autograph, then take a picture with the stars. "But don't try to kiss them," I told Debbie, "not here with all these people."

Finally, the speaker's voice winded down, and the lights came up. As we readied ourselves to race to the dais, I felt someone yank on my ponytail. We turned to face my frowning mother, telling us it was time to vamoose. "But we are so close!" I cried. She sighed and reluctantly agreed to let us approach the dais, but when we turned back, it was too late. A group of hunters had already surrounded the ballplayers.

The few pictures we did develop were grainy and dark, and it was hard to tell who the subjects were. But we had a great story, a memory that Debbie and I continued to laugh over 50 years later.

The Black Jeans

by Sheryl Keiper, Brunswick Forest



I thought I was hallucinating. The stranger said, "Your black jeans are in the house." "What"? I responded. "Your black jeans - the ones you thought mysteriously disappeared because they couldn't take another year of Covid. They are in the house!" the voice repeated.

Who was I talking to? I could hear the voice in my head, but no one was in the room. The clock read 5:17 am. This was an "aha" moment; I realized the REM stage of sleep is where anything could happen. This could be a dream voice. When I awoke a few hours later, I had a vague sense of remembering this voice - I remembered two words: black jeans.

As I slowly sipped my morning java, I realized that I had lost those jeans about three weeks ago. I'm usually not bonded to clothing but, let's be honest, we ladies all have our favorite pair of pants. As my woman friends would intone, Fridays were always black jeans-day at work. And damn, I was missing those black jeans, since I still worked part time on Fridays.

When did I last wear them? I usually love details as I frantically recalled their last adventure with me. Eureka! They went to a Friday evening Xmas concert with the Wilmington Symphony Orchestra. I remember standing up at the end of the concert, singing the traditional 'Hallelujah' from *Messiah* with the chorus. I remember my friend that evening telling me I had a good voice! This was a pleasant memory of the evening, but where were those black jeans?

I do remember being exhausted that evening, saying goodnight at the door to my friend, brushing my teeth, letting my dog outside, and then falling into an exhausted sleep in my bed.

The next morning the jeans were missing as I gathered my clothes to wash. A girlfriend suggested that they

might be stuck around the ring of the washer; another friend suggested that I hung them in the wrong place in my closet; another one suggested that they might be under my bed stored in with the summer clothes. The suggestions were endless.

Three weeks later- still no black jeans after daily intensive searches in my house.

Hmmm...

Yesterday, as I pondered what to wear to an upcoming sad event, I thought of the black jeans. They would be so comfortable driving down to Oak Island to say goodbye to my dear friend who was moving to Michigan to be with her daughter.

Her husband of 55 plus years had passed away in September; she was doing fine and then suddenly had an emotional breakdown after his passing. She was hospitalized and treated and was now better, so where were those damn jeans...

As I mourned the loss of my friend's proximity, the universe was good. I was flipping through the hangers of my pants closet that my compulsive friend had organized and color-coded for me. On a singular hanger, three pairs of black pants appeared. Peeking out of the trio, flanked by two thicker pairs of black pants, were my black jeans, hanging neatly waiting for me and a new adventure.

I knew at that moment I would be alright. Somehow the strength of the strange voice in the night echoed in my ears. I put on the jeans, and they immediately bolstered my spirit. I would survive my friend's departure... Life is in constant change, as nothing remains the same. The black jeans, too, would be replaced some day in the future...

Best Laid Plans

by Karen Phillips Smith, Wilmington, NC

As every southerner will attest, each and every element of any and all social events is of particular importance and a source of great pride. Having said that, the story I am about to relay about my cousin's wedding is, unfortunately, completely true and worth noting to all who might be planning a similar event in the future.

On the day of my cousin's wedding rehearsal, as everyone prepared to leave for the church, it began to rain, not just a spring shower, mind you, but the kind of rain that makes you remember the purpose of Noah's ark. The day of the wedding the monsoon subsided and the sunlight filled the sky, but the organist was MIA. As the mother of the bride began to sob, the wedding guest stood up and sang a most unusual version of the wedding march.

After the bride finally arrived at the altar, the priest engaged the bride and groom in reciting their vows. Just as the priest was pronouncing the couple as husband and wife, the bride's veil caught on fire. Thankfully was safely extinguished by the Best Man.

The receiving line at the reception was quite long and while the happy

couple received all the wonderful sentiments from everyone, the bride's pre-pubescent younger sister was helping herself to the spiked punch.

The band was a huge success with everyone in attendance, so much so that many of the patrons at the pub nearby crashed the reception and joined in the fun.

As the bride and groom made their way to the car at the end of the festivities, the bride turned to give her final farewell to everyone and received a mouth full of confetti and started choking. Medical emergency over, the bride and groom drove away only to make a u-turn to retrieve their forgotten luggage. Neither noticed on their second departure that the groomsman who placed the luggage in the trunk was now running alongside the car with the tail of his tuxedo caught in the rear door. Thankfully the groomsman freed himself and was unharmed.

I share this tale with you because it is important to remember that the particular elements are not as important as the recognition, in this case, of two people sharing in one of life's treasured moments with family and friends.

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Serendipity

by Alan Sturrock, Wilmington, NC



I was strolling through the grounds at Trinity College recently one morning when something caught my attention. Just in front of the Berkeley Library there is a small copse—a delicate incline that defies a perfect College Park horizontal. The dappled sunlight was reflecting off some white, shiny, scattered-about items.

My interest was piqued so I descended and investigated.

The copse was strewn with shiny word samples, much like magnetic refrigerator poetry words and phrases. Individually and collectively, they assumed the demeanor of being discarded, lost, misplaced.. or even abandoned.

I bent down and picked up one and read it: Fulgencio Batista.

I looked upwards to the sky as if my imagination resided there, hoping for a connection, a clue to its meaning. Batista. I repeated the word Batista again and again. The name sounded vaguely familiar.

I looked around some more.

The next phrase read Bay of Pigs. Written underneath, in Spanish, were the words Bahia des Cochinos. Yet another word spelled hostages.

Fulgencio Batista...Bay of Pigs...hostages...suddenly, the little grey cells [as our man Hercules P was fond of saying] began their unflinching work in joining historical dots: the flawed and failed invasion of the island of Cuba by a group of trained expatriates and supported by the US.

To my left I found more words/phrases: Fidel Castro...CIA...B-26 bombers...April 17, 1961.

I was beginning to enjoy this serendipitous game of connecting these not-so-random words and phrases when I became aware that someone was standing behind me at the edge of the copse. I turned around quickly to find a somewhat distraught young man standing there.

‘Can I be of assistance?’ I inquired.

‘I certainly hope so,’ he replied. ‘I lost some words from the dissertation on The Bay of Pigs I’m working on upstairs in Berkeley...’

‘...words? words and phrases perhaps?’

‘Yes. I thought I saved them to the Cloud but I must have skipped a step and now they’re missing. Gone. Blanks where they used to be...’

‘Like these?’ And I reached up and handed him my found words and phrases. He poured over them for a moment, then exclaimed: ‘Yes! Yes!’

‘Thank you...thank you...thank you...they must have fallen out of the Cloud.’

I smiled and scrambled out of the copse.

He shook my hand.

‘Did I thank you?’ he repeated.

‘You did. Several times. Not a bother. It was serendipity...’ I added.

‘Serendipity. Yes...it was serendipity...’

Shiela's Revival

by Brendan Connelly, Brunswick Forest



Here I am at 27 years old, and already both my parents are gone. My challenges only begin there. I have no friends, no one ever acknowledges me, and I usually eat alone at work. I have been scared to express my feelings because I have autism.

I live in a small apartment. I have always loved reading, listening to music and walking around town. However, lately, I have not been doing that much because I have felt depressed, lost and hopeless.

I have decided to make a difficult decision and drop out of the part-time courses I was taking at the Community College. I have no one left in the world. I miss my parents dearly. I wish someone would care about me. I am starting to feel helpless. Thank goodness I still have my job as a checkout clerk for a big drug store chain.

The next day, while I was at work, this woman walked into the store and saw me crying.

‘Hi, my name is Gail. You look like you need some help.’ I wipe the tears from my eyes and I tell her, ‘Hi, my name is Shelia Patterson. No one cares about me, and I feel lost and hopeless.’

I explained to Gail that I have been going through a rough time. She seemed very understanding. Gail offered to meet me after work and talk in private. I agreed and so Gail picked me up. She suggested we go to her house which was not far from my apartment. Gail offered to make dinner, and I jumped at the idea. I hadn’t had a good meal for a long time. ‘Would you mind if we have grilled cheese? I am kind of a picky eater,’ I told Gail. She was very understanding. Before I knew it, she had a grilled cheese sandwich and potato chips on the table for my eating pleasure.

There was something about Gail that made me feel relaxed. The more we talked, it became easier for me to talk about my feelings. I talked about being scared to interact with people because of my disability. ‘I am scared people will judge me differently than a normal person because I’m different. I have stopped going to Community College because I’ve just had enough. I don’t feel comfortable there anymore.’

‘Oh, Shelia, I am so sorry about your losses and I’m sorry about your problems at Community College. However, Shelia, you have come to the right place.’ Gail shared that she was a teacher at the same Community College I had been attending. However, her class deals with leadership and social skills among other things like, reading, spelling, math, and making friends. ‘We share a quote of the day, a joke of the day and I have my students write in their own personal journals every day to share with their classmates. I would love it for you to come join our class. Let me give you some advice: don’t be afraid to share your true emotions and don’t be afraid to ask for help,’ Gail said.

Not Exactly As Planned

by Patricia Dischino, Brunswick Forrest



Caroline woke up with a sense of euphoria. Nothing could go wrong. . Conferences with parents should result in upbeat reactions. The five students whose parents were on her agenda were delights.

As she opened the front door to begin her day, a rush of spring air filled her lungs with that wonderful realization that winter was over. She and Tim had plans for the spring break.

‘You look happy.’ Her principal offered pleasantries, which she responded with cheery banter while walking to her room.

The looks of the classroom pleased her. Yesterday was time well spent. ‘Caroline hoped that the creative writings along with descriptive artwork from the five students’ would add to the mood of the conferences

In the rear of the classroom was a long table filled with all her students’ folders. ‘Maybe I should just have the conference folders of my ones today’

Just as she walked toward the table, she heard footsteps. As she turned around, she realized it was her first conference but a half-hour early.

‘Oh Mrs. Jantry, I am so sorry but I have to take my Mother to the doctor this morning. Is it possible to have my conference early?’

‘Sure Mrs. Defoe, Have a seat.’

For someone who had another appointment, Mrs. DeFoe kept the conversation going until not only her time was used up but the next conference participant was sitting on a chair outside the room, waiting. Caroline had to literary escort her out.

‘Please come in Mrs. Crawford.

Would you take a seat by my desk? ‘Caroline walked over to her table and picked up John Crawford’s folder. As she turned around she saw a four-year-old holding her mother’s hand.

‘I’m so sorry Mrs. Jantry, but I had no one to leave Jamie with.’

Bringing a four-year-old to a parent conference was, to put it mildly, not a good idea.

Caroline took the hand of the small visitor. Here Jamie, let me set you up with some crayons and paper. You can draw a picture for your Mom while we talk.

She took a small desk, added crayons and paper, and placed it near the long table with the folders.

Caroline was about to give directions not to touch anything but the angelic smile on Jamie’s face gave the impression that Jamie would sit quietly, drawing bubbly wholesome pictures to her heart’s content.

A foolish assumption!

The conference lasted even longer than the first and now two chairs were occupied waiting for their conference.

Jamie walked back to her mother, giving her a colorful sketch of mother and daughter holding hands. The two left.

Caroline set up her room a bit differently for the conferences. In doing this, she was not facing the long table. Jamie was absent from the two women’s view.

Big mistake!

Caroline walked to get the next folder. It only took a few steps few steps when it registered that chaos to the point of tragedy covered the long table All executed by Jamie.

Every student’s folder was opened and emptied. Papers were haphazardly strewn all over the table decorated with crayon streaks.

John Hanson, Principal, walking down the hall, noticed two parents sitting still waiting to be called. He opened Caroline’s door and found her sobbing hysterically.

‘Come on Caroline, I don’t know how this happened but here’s a plan. Let’s bring the parents in here. You tell them what happened.

By this time there were three parents waiting

One of the parents looked at the upheaval and put her arms around Caroline. ‘Someday you are going to laugh about this. We’ll help you clean up.’

John Hanson had comforting words. ‘I’ll call the rest of your conferences, tell them the story, and cancel them. We’ll throw all this away. Tomorrow’s a new day. Go home now.

Caroline was grateful beyond words. She learned how powerful friends are. A new rule was devised: only parents at conferences.

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Musings of a Retired Hobby Farmer

by Nan York, Magnolia Greens



Part VII, Predation

Farmers world-wide and throughout history have dealt with animal predation of their livestock. Let's face it, corralled and tethered animals are seen as fair game by feathered and furred predatory hunters alike. Hobby Farmers are constantly finding innovative methods to control/eliminate these gutsy and lusty hunters.

In previous musings, I talked about raising donkeys, goats, chickens, and a few turkeys. I did mention the 'evil black snake' who consumed not only eggs but a few hatchlings. Snakes have excellent sensors and are able to detect the heat animals give off as well as the sounds they make. Coming out of hibernation in the early spring, snakes are quite hungry and are drawn to the 'cheeping' sounds that baby chicks make. As a result, they zero in on the sounds and the heat the chickens give off and are soon seen slithering into the chicken coop for a tasty meal or two. The hens and roosters sound the alarm when the intruder is seen and soon the 'farmer' comes to the rescue with the "snake-catching-kit" which consists of a 5-gallon bucket with a laundry bag draped over the sides of the bucket, leather gloves, a snare, and a lot of guts and overflowing with adrenaline. The snake is spotted by the farmer who 'gently' prods the snake into the open bucket. The laundry bag is drawn closed, and the 'evil' snake is driven to nearby woods and released. After this chicken coop drama has ended, the hens will stop laying eggs for several days until they have recovered from the trauma.

Our 1200 square foot chicken yard was protected by a 6-foot-high chain link fence, cinderblock edging around the base perimeter of the yard, and bird netting that was strung to make a see-thru ceiling. A small Fort Knox to protect birds, that in the Farm Supply Store cost about \$1.25 each! And yet, the predators came and saw and tried with all their might to conquer and taste the smorgasbord they thought was available to them. Critters like raccoons and possums climbed over the fence and chewed through the ceiling to get a tasty morsel or two. Live traps were set and critters caught and released into nearby woods.

The most challenging predators were the winged creatures who would sit in a nearby tree and watch and wait. They knew my feeding schedule and would try to attack shortly after I left the coop area about 5pm. They knew I would be back about 8:30pm to lock the birds up for the night. The Hawks would watch the chickens in their yard and dive through the bird netting, capture a hen, and fly back through the hole they made coming in. Bald Eagles would be attracted as well and successfully took out a white turkey. To deter these winged menaces, we would play tapes of shooting guns & firecrackers to make enough noise to discourage them from landing. This was our ritual each spring and summer until the hawk and eagle hatchlings flew from their nests. Our nearby neighbors were in on this distraction as they too had chickens and other fowl that were prey. What a way to solidify a neighborhood against a common enemy! Friends to this day!

The Spitball That Missed

by Charles Bins, Wilmington

Splat!

Frank never missed. He could dot an 'i' on the blackboard from the back row of his 6th grade history class, no problem. But today was different: It was April Fool's Day, and Sammy had slapped Frank on the back just as he was about to launch the slippery wad from his Bic Special.

There was a collective gasp as the ball slid down the lens of Mr. Gruff's horn-rimmed glasses. The woolly-haired teacher stood aghast, his face a ripening tomato. Finally, he took a breath and barked: "Frank, come up here!"

Head down, Frank took a sideways glance at the clock as he baby-stepped up to Mr. Gruff's desk. Just then, the 3 o'clock bell rang. The class said a silent prayer for him as they left.

"Now, why did you hit me with that spitball, boy?" Mr. Gruff snapped, his nose scrunching up like he had to eat a rutabaga.

"Well...I really didn't mean to, sir. You see, Sammy slapped my back just as it was coming out the barrel."

"This stops today! Mr. Gruff snarled. Now, let me have it."

Reluctantly, Frank pulled the Bic from his pocket.

Mr. Gruff waved it like a dagger and whipped it into the trash with a clang. Then he grabbed his birch paddle and glared at the boy. "You can either take five licks right now – or-r-r, you can stay after school and do something for me."

Frank paused to consider his options. Experience told him five licks would sting a while. "Yes, sir, whatever it is, I'll do it."

"Take a seat," Mr. Gruff growled. He set an empty shoebox on the desk and then slapped down a stack of yellow paper. "Fill that box with spitballs -- and you don't leave until it's full, ya hear?"

Frank nodded. He started tearing paper and loading pieces into his mouth until his cheeks bulged. He pumped out spitballs like cookie dough. Once the bottom of the box was covered, he started making the balls bigger. His mouth became parched, his tongue sticky. He badly wanted a drink, but the water fountain was down the hall. He pressed on, one yellow ball at a time.

At 3:53 p.m., he deposited the soggy box on Mr. Gruff's desk. "All done, sir. Filled to the brim."

Mr. Gruff took the box and dropped it into the trash with a thud, then looked at Frank squarely in the eye. "Now, I want you to promise me, son, you'll never

LAUGHING IN THE GOLDEN YEARS

The Chinese Laundry-Man

by Maryann Nunnally, Porters Neck



Just before the start of WWII, my father took me with him to the city about twenty miles away. My brother, who was a year younger than I, was sick, and my mom had the responsibility of a house, the books for my father's business, and the care of four children, one of whom had serious health problems. It fell to my dad to keep me out of my mother's hair. My two older sisters were in high-school, but I was the one running around giving my mother the added problem of supervising me on top of everything else that fell to her. Consequently, dad took me with him whenever he could.

On this particular occasion, he said that when his business was finished in the city, he would take me to see something that would be gone when I was an adult. That was often the theme of the sights that he showed me such as an organ grinder with a monkey, a peanut man who sold roasted peanuts on the street and on this day, an Asian man who worked for the Chinese Laundry.

When we drove up to the laundry, dad parked the car in the parking lot designated for those who were coming and going from the business. Washing, drying and pressing clothes were the laundry's specialties, but white business men's shirts were what the laundry was noted for. Although it was the middle of the morning, several men were in line in the building and in the window standing on a raised floor was a man who was pressing a white shirt.

Dad pointed out to me the little pot-bellied stove in the space by the man, and several flat-irons heating up on the burner which was bright red from the coal fire beneath the irons. A very large ironing board was in place in front of the Asian man who was dressed in a white coat and pants. His dark hair was cut in the shape of a bowl, and as he moved around his hair swung around his face and head. My father explained that the man was a Chinese laundry man, and his job was to press the clothes that people dropped off to be washed and ironed.

I studied the man very closely and then asked my dad why the man was not yellow. I had heard that Chinese skin was yellow, but the man had light tan skin and definitely did not have anything yellow about it. I remember my father laughing as he said, "That is just an old myth that people made up because they wanted the Chinese to look different. There

are no yellow Chinese, only skin the color that your big sisters get when they lie out in the sun."

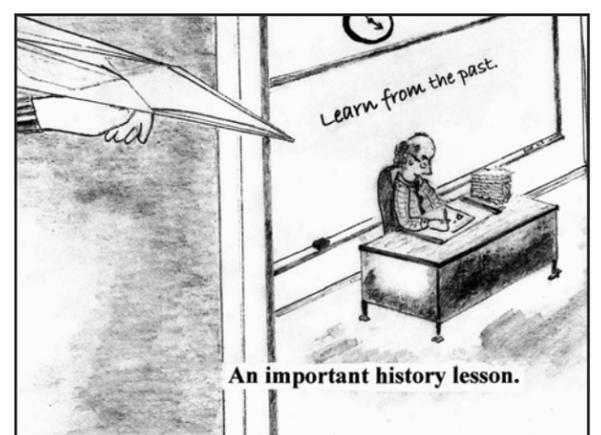
Then dad said, "Now watch him very closely. I want you to see how he presses the clothes."

When I think about it now, I know I must have been puzzled because I had seen my grandmother use a flat-iron which she heated on the stove, so flat-irons were not that interesting to me. But as I watched, the laundry-man took a drink of water from a tin cup that was sitting on the end of the ironing board. Then, stretching out the white shirt sleeve in front of him, he sprayed the water from his mouth over the sleeve. Grabbing a hot iron with a cloth around his hand, he slapped the flat-iron down and pressed the sleeve smooth and wrinkle-free. I was instantly engrossed and delighted.

I knew that my mother dampened the clothes when she brought them in from the clothes line, wrapped them up in an old towel and when they were uniformly dampened, ironed them with an electric iron. I thought how much easier it was to dampen the cloth without having to sprinkle it ahead of time and wait for it to be completely damp before she ironed it.

I could hardly wait to get home to tell my mom all about the Chinese laundry-man who sprayed the clothes by shooting the water from around his teeth. My mother was not impressed. She said, "Don't get the idea that I am going to dampen my ironing by spitting on it. Mouths have germs in them and even though that is a quick way to sprinkle the clothes, it will never happen in this house."

I might have been a youngster, but I was savvy enough to know that a hot iron would kill the germs. However, I did not argue that point, as I knew my mom would never give in to sprinkling the ironing by spraying water from her mouth. What's more she would quickly tell me not to be a sassy girl, so I decided to wait until I was big enough to press something and try spraying water between my teeth. That day never arrived because by the time I was old enough to take care of my own ironing, we had purchased a steam-iron which steamed and sprinkled as needed. Still spraying water from my mouth while I was pressing something has always intrigued me, but I must confess that I hear my mother saying, "Mouths have germs." And that is that.



make another spitball in my class!"

"Yes sir," he quickly responded. "I'll never make another spitball in your class again."

Mr. Gruff pointed to the door: "Now go."

Just outside, the boy cracked the cover of his history book where he had placed a carefully folded airplane.

Frank's laughter bounced off the walls as he ran down the hallway: He knew he had hit Mr. Gruff right in the nose.

Alberto the Avocado:

A Short Story for Tough Times

by David Hume III, Brunswick Forest



Long ago and far away, when rural areas were large and towns were small, there existed a place where green, rolling hills were surrounded by thick forests and sweet-water streams. It was a pleasant place, inhabited by wild creatures of every variety. Some had fins, some had fur and others had feathers. They were of every shape, caste and color. Among the more exotic species were the green Grumblers, blue-haired Grinches and Polychrome Finches. But every now and then, a Ring-tailed Throp or a Trumpet Mouthed Ogero could be seen sunning themselves in the open areas of the forest or among the cows and horses in the pasturelands. And early each morning, the screech of the Gilded Gazzpazzers could be heard for miles. The animals on the farm lived in harmony with those in the forest.

A kind old lady, named Doña Monica lived alone in a small house in a tiny village on the edge of this enchanted land. She was very poor, but took pride in the tall avocado tree that her father had planted in front of the house when she was a little girl. Growing at the very top of the tree was a large avocado who she named, Alberto. He was the biggest avocado on Doña Monica's tree, gathering energy from the sun and nourishment from the abundant rain that fell at night. But he was not happy. The other avocados were harvested easily because they were close to the ground. But Alberto became sad, thinking that he would never provide joy to anyone.

One day, when Doña Monica was tending her flowers in front of her house, a young man approached her from behind. He was a bad man, and he selected the kind, old lady as his next robbery victim. She began to scream and struggle as the man began striking her with a heavy club. Alberto heard the struggle below him, and suddenly knew what he had to do. He asked the wind to blow, and he began to bounce up and down until his stem snapped. He began to fall, faster and faster, until he struck the robber in the head, knocking him unconscious and saving Doña Monica.

After the police officers arrived and placed the bad man in their vehicle, they prepared a report of the incident. At first, the police thought that Doña Monica was imagining what had happened, until the facts were confirmed by her neighbors and the robber himself. Later, she planted Alberto's seed beside her house and he grew tall and healthy. And from that day on, when neighbors and visitors passed her house, they repeated the story as they had heard it from the police chief and his officers...of how a humble avocado had saved the life of their favorite grandmother.

Years later, when a reporter was interviewing Doña Monica for a news story, he asked her if the story was true. Doña Monica simply winked and said, "Avocados are not only healthy for you, but they can save your life." And Alberto the Third, who grew atop the second tree, puffed up with pride.

Quips & Quotes

by Nancy Bryans, Brunswick Forest



A five-year-old girl accompanied her sister to school on visitors' day. Classes were scheduled to end at noon, followed by lunch and a party for guests. Several minutes remained before the bell, signaling the end of Religion Class and the start of the day's second grade curriculum. The teacher, a nun, noticed the young girl squirming in her seat, looking bored. To get her attention, the nun unfurled a large canvas above the blackboard of Jesus as a young boy chasing a butterfly while holding a net in his outstretched arm over his head as he looked up following the flight of a butterfly. A few steps from Jesus' feet was a deep canyon. The nun asked the little girl, "What do you think would happen to Jesus if he fails to look down?" She replied in her deep religious voice unlike her usual high soprano, "He'd be a dead duck, that's all!"

The curious, mischievous boy watched his parents light candles and fireplace logs with matches. Fascinated with the sudden combustion when struck, he surreptitiously took a few matches to observe their magical fire. To prevent being seen by his mother, he walked down the street to a neighbor's yard where tall, dry grass leaned against their frame garage. He unsuccessfully struck the first match but the second match ignited the dry grass, and flames licked along the side of the garage. As smoke billowed aloft, he ran home, meeting a fire truck turning the corner. Later that morning, the doorbell rang. It was the fire chief asking to see the boy, who was given a ride in the fire chief's vehicle for the rest of the day while receiving a lecture about matches and fire danger. The boy walked in his front door wearing a fireman's hat, looking pleased with himself, until he saw his unamused

father, who said, "Son, this is going to hurt me more than you." Knowing a spanking was imminent, the boy said, "Then why do it?"

A banker and a lawyer walked into a bar. But the two men, who left their young sons of the same age in the car, said they were going to the public library. It was Friday, following a few days in the Rocky Mountains where the boys and fathers enjoyed fly fishing for rainbow trout and shooting wild sage hens for their meals. They camped in the forest on beds of fragrant pine needles under tents provided by outfitters. The fathers felt they earned a few adult drinks in the nearby mountain town, downing one, then another. The young boys saw their fathers running toward their car, shouting: "Unlock the car doors!" and "A man just shot somebody in there!" Driving back to camp, the boys heard the banker say, "Do you think anyone recognized us?" The lawyer replied, "It won't enhance our careers to see our names and photographs in the newspaper associated with a barroom brawl and murder!" The fathers, sweating bullets, said in unison: "Boys, don't tell your mother!"

The following conversation was overheard in a medical office, nurse to patient: "Did you know your surgeon is a musician?"

"No, what instrument does he play?"

"Keyboard."

"I play the keyboard. In fact, I played with Three Dog Night. Few people know this, but the group originally was Four Dog Night."

"Oh? What happened?"

"On our first tour, one of the dogs got out of the car, lifted his leg to pee and was hit by a truck. Killed graveyard dead."

"That's terrible!"

"Not really. April Fools!"

Local Soldier Finds Weapons Cache On Easter

by John Hacker, Magnolia Greens



In 1968, I was 21 years old and an Infantry Squad Leader in the Americal Division in Vietnam. I had 92 days and a wakeup before I returned to "the world." We never knew what day it was when you were in the field, only how many days until you rotated home.

My squad had been together since we landed on 22 October 1967 aboard the U.S.S. Uphur. We had been through the TET offensive and suffered heavy casualties as a company. Still, my squad was whole, and by Easter 1968, we knew how each of us thought, and we worked well together.

We were on patrol on day 92, my squad was on point, and I was point man. The squad liked that because I would shoot anything that moved; I did not believe in stealth. The boys liked that too; the brass didn't. Hard to catch your enemy when you are firing at the trees ahead of you. Well, they were hard to surprise us too.

It was very hot as I made my way through the grass and trees. I found myself being very quiet for a change I stopped, and the whole squad stopped and knelt in position. The rest of the company also knelt in place, waiting to hear from me.

I saw the figure of a man through the bushes with an N.V.A. pith helmet, no farmer soldier but a professional North Vietnamese soldier. His back was to me, and he was kneeling. It looked like he might even be dozing off; the heat does that if you are not moving.

Reinhart, my backup, saw him too, I motioned for him to circle to the right, and I came up straight behind the enemy soldier.

As I approached him, I could not see a weapon, and then I spotted the Ak-47 lying on the ground a few feet in front of him. I knew now that I would surprise him and not shoot him.

Rhinehart and I were within 5 feet when I yelled, "Dau Hang" startling the young man, and he turned and tried to reach for his weapon. Rhinehart stepped forward and yelled, "NO! Dau Hang." He was alone. I approached with caution. As Rhinehart kept his weapon aimed at the soldier, the rest of the squad moved up, fanned out, and began searching for other soldiers.

I approached him, "Binh Linb?" To my knowledge, that was "Soldiers?"

He shook his head. Rhinehart approached him and secured his hands together. "I got him, Hack." Other squad members started to come forward slowly, knowing the area was not yet secured.

"Hack." "One of my men called me, who searched beyond our site, "Come take a look." I signaled for the rest of the platoon to move ahead to secure the area. There it was, a hole covered by bamboo where we later found ten rifles. We had stumbled upon a small weapons cache, where the enemy stored weapons until they were needed.

Then another member from the squad yelled out to me, "Hack, I got something" it was another cache.

Then another and then another.

The company commander came up to see what we had found. He radioed for the rest of the company to fan and watch for troop movement. He also called for gunship support if we were attacked.

We found 8 Weapons caches-53 S.K.S. rifles, over 60 Ak -47's, over 70sks rifles and 2.50-caliber machine guns, and hundreds of rounds of different calibers within the hour. It took my squad 5 hours to haul them away by helicopter. Headquarters described it as a Company size weapons cache.

Three days later, my first Sargent introduced me to a reporter from my hometown in San Mateo, just about 40 miles south of San Francisco.

After the interview, the reporter said, "you know that was Easter Sunday."

"It was like you were on an Easter egg hunt." "Yeah, Easter Eggs," I said.

A month later, at 51 days and a wakeup, my wife sent me the "Easter Egg" story that appeared in the San Mateo news. It was the first time she had seen my name in the article.

I traded some of the S.K.'s for favors, like steak and eggs for my squad and many bottles of whiskey in the camp when we stood down.

It didn't last long.

After all, it was Easter.

Source: "Belmont Soldier in 'Easter Egg Hunt'", the San Mateo Times, August 5, 1968

Why Write

by Margie Steve, Shallotte, NC



Writing oftentimes is not enjoyed by teens and young adults because we are so used to having to write either for an assignment or just the fact that we are “forced to”. Writing is important from all aspects of age groups because writing is history. Years from now, we will be able to go back and remember or teach others about events in the past from people’s writings. So why write? How do we get more teens and young adults to write?

Denise Absher, the Principal at Brunswick County Early College High School said “the more students write, the more they are preparing for the future.” Writing is an important skill that students need in order to effectively communicate and share information while allowing students to develop imagination and creativity.

Journalism in schools is a great way to start writing and putting out students ideas and work that they choose to publish. Writing doesn’t always mean something educational or historic. It can be anything you want, entertainment, sports, news, careers, latest topics, and most importantly things you’re interested in. Journalism isn’t always about words on paper, it can be drawings, pictures, and you can put your own creativity in it. Have a poem or story you’ve written; you can publish it. Had an amazing experience somewhere and want to share it, you can publish it. Or maybe you have something that’s coming up or want

to advertise something, you can publish it. These are all a part of journalism and there is so much more to journalism.

Brenda Bozeman, the 5th and first female Mayor of Leland said “people should write to keep their brains active, especially the older they get the more they should read.” When you read, you are learning and nobody should ever stop learning.

Dana King, the president of the Board and Directors for Brunswick Art Council said “writing is an emotional connection to an audience you wouldn’t reach otherwise.” It is another way to find your voice, but gives you a choice to not necessarily put your name or face out there.



It is important for teens to learn the importance of writing from adults and leaders of our community, but it is also valuable to know why some teens write, instead of just writing for an assignment.

Jazmine Garcia, The winner of Teen Scenes 2021 award for “Reviews” said she writes because it is

meaningful to get my voice and opinions out to the public. She stated that “writing traditionally in a newspaper is a dying art, especially in this digital age of technology.

Arabella Ong, The winner of Teen Scenes 2021 award for “Creativity” said she writes to express her thoughts and to advocate for her beliefs. She stated “Young teens are very valuable right now because it is creating a fresh mindset and is putting out something traditional that everyone can read and hear our voices.”

There is more to writing than just words on paper, when writing it is important that we have true and reliable information in our writings. Without the truth, how can we learn from the past? Dana Fisher, executive director of North Brunswick Chamber said “report what you see, not what you hear.” It is important to report the truth, and nothing but the truth. She said “what you see will set you free because it is what you witness, not a theory of what somebody else had said.”

As the world evolves with a new generation of young leaders, it is valuable that we have voices from not only our leaders now, but teens who will become the leaders of tomorrow. Write what changes you want to make, write about your experiences, write and make history. Be the “*Tomorrow’s Voices Today*” (Teen Scene Motto).

Thinking Of Ukraine...

by D.G. Neizmik

Angry, confused and afraid,
For their Freedom and safety, I will pray.
There I was, boarding a plane,
I knew I had to go to Ukraine,
I will join in their fight,
On the side of what’s right...
When freedom is gone,
And you’re left on your own,
To face that kind of hell,
You should not be alone...
I’ll gladly fight by your side,
For your freedom and pride,
Against evil and wrong,
To send it back where it’s from..
They might be bigger than you,
But, not stronger, it’s true,

Someday history will tell,
Just how hard they fell...
And praise will be spoken,
About your spirit unbroken,
Your freedom bravely earned,
Ukraine will return...
But, that was only a dream,
And their suffering is real,
Frustrated, helpless, not much we can do,
Feeling the pain of what they’re going through...
I’m just one old Army Vet,
I’d only be in their way,
But, for their Freedom and safety,
I will pray.

A Few Things That I Know....

by D.G. Neizmik

(Dedicated to my brothers Charles, Michael and William - all gone too soon)

Sometimes I like to pretend, that Heaven is on the Moon,
So I can see my brothers, who left this world too soon,
I’m sure that they are up there, where all the good ones go,
And I’m grateful that they taught me... a few things that I know.
Just be yourself ~ and you’ll be okay,
Take time to smile, and laugh each day,
Do your work with honor, and be fair when you play,
And always lend a helping hand, all along the way.
Always be humble, and always be kind,
Always think twice, before you make up your mind,
Always be thoughtful, honest and good,
And do everything, you said that you would.
Always do your best, for others to see,
Treat everyone, the way that you want to be,
Always be faithful, loving and true,
And the love that you give, will come back to you.
Keep the wind at your back, and never back down,
Make the most of your luck, when luck comes around,
Take care of yourself and your health, everyday,
And look in every direction, before you head on your way.
Be courageous and strong, throughout your day,
Don’t let the troubles of the world, get in your way,
Believe in yourself, and the things that you say,
Just let the fire in your heart, light your way.
It’s wisdom shared by brothers... a few things that I know,
I always take it with me, everywhere I go,
Now I share it with you, to consider everyday,
Just be yourself ~ and you’ll be okay.

Where Angels Go... Tribute to Gabby Petito

by D.G. Neizmik

There’s a place that we call heaven, somewhere up there in the sky,
I hear it’s where the angels go, when it’s their time to fly...
One day I met a girl, as I was watching my TV,
A very special girl, they said her name was Gabby,
She was as sweet and kind, as any girl could be,
And had a beautiful smile that could bring you to your knees...
It wasn’t long before, we all fell in love with her,
And she became our Nation’s, precious little girl,
They told us she’d been missing, at least a couple weeks,
And we all became concerned, where could this sweet girl be?
We watched her every day, and everybody prayed,
Was she actually smiling, to hide her tears and pain?
We watched her very closely, and hoped she’d be okay,
We hoped for the best, but feared the worst each day...
If someone knew where she was, how could they just not say?
How could anybody leave this girl, then turn and walk away?
We all feel like we have known her, since the day that she was born,
We prayed someone would find her and bring sweet Gabby home.
Could she be out there on her own... somewhere all alone?
A beautiful little rose... in a world that’s filled with thorns,
Then, one day... as we watched on our TV’s,
They say they found a body... Gabby? Could it be?
Such a sweet little girl, everyone was touch by her,
She quietly stole our hearts, of that I am sure,
Now by the grace of God, in heaven up above,
She was coming home where she belongs, to be forever loved...
There’s a place that we call heaven, somewhere up there in the sky,
I hear it’s where the angels go, now it’s Gabby’s time to fly.

Tripped in Love

by Cay, Leland



Never do I fall flat out hard for anyone,
no one, I don’t
Is it their lengthy hair that flies in the
breeze,
in a strike of a pose?
Glittering, gleaming golden eyes,
twinkle and sparkle
as their smile sings with the Sun
Why am I drawn to their victorious joy,
this fuzz is
unlike my eerie persona
How I perspire from someone so glori-
ous, gallant,
who I can’t have

Sunday Dinner & How It Starts

by **Bob Corrison**, Wilmington

I get up at 5:30 a.m. to go to work at Cassella Brothers in Elmwood Park, NJ. The store got its name because two brothers, Hector, (my father-in-law) and his brother, Rolly, started the business. When I arrive, my brother-in-law, Bobby, is either on his way or is there.

We get there early because we have to put the newspapers together. Some of the sections of the papers come in during the week, but the main part comes in on Sunday, early morning.

One of the regular customers, Joe DeMaso, is always at the door when we open at 7:00 a.m. for business. As customers come in, most of them are regulars, including John Vitale. Yes, the dad of Dick Vitale, well known sports announcer. People mostly buy their papers and coffee plus lottery tickets. The morning goes quickly when you are busy.

After we close the store, around 1:00 p.m., It's off to home to take a shower and pick up Mary Margaret to go over to East Rutherford for Sunday Dinner.

I remember the Sunday's spent at the Cassella household. Mary Margaret, my wife, and I would arrive from Nutley to East Rutherford at Mom and Dad's house. Bobby and Larry, Margaret's brothers, were there as they still lived at home with their mom and dad, Emily and Hector.

We would all sit in the living room and everyone would talk about their week. We waited for Uncle John to join us. Uncle John was a Franciscan Priest. We didn't have to go to mass in the morning because he would say mass when he arrived. After the mass was over, we would have appetizers and a drink

When it got close to dinnertime, Mom, who spent most of her time in the kitchen

with Mary Margaret helping, called us to the table.

When the water came to a boil, she would call out and say, "Hector, it's time for the mac's," (you didn't call it pasta then.) After he put in the macaroni, he would wait until it was al dente. Then we would put a colander in the sink and put them in to drain them before putting them in a bowl. The next thing was to add the "gravy," as it was call then, the grated cheese along with the ricotta cheese. Mom would say to keep Bob's separate as he doesn't like ricotta cheese. Dad would say, "What's the difference? When he is finished, he will eat ours anyway!" (said in a joking way.)

The table was off the kitchen, in a narrow area. Once you sat down you didn't get up because there was not enough room to move in and out.

There was always a tablecloth and on top of that, in the middle, sat the mac's with ricotta cheese. My plate was always separate. We consumed the mac's and the next thing put on the table was braciolo, an Italian way of stuffing and rolling very thin flank steak along with meatballs and sausage. Also, there was eggplant. I had never heard of or seen one before. Coming from an Irish background, we would have ham or beef for Sunday dinner.

After dinner, the men would go back to the living room to chat or watch a game, leaving the women to clean up.

After the kitchen was cleaned up, it was time for coffee and dessert. Put the coffee on and everyone gets read to leave. But we'll be back next Sunday for sure.

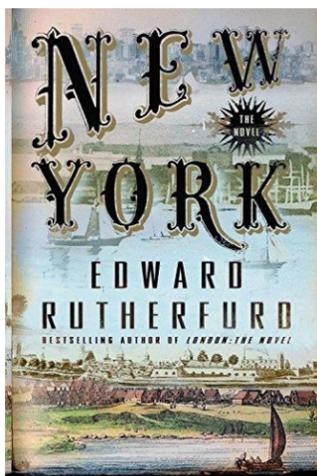
Mom and dad are going, but the memories go on.



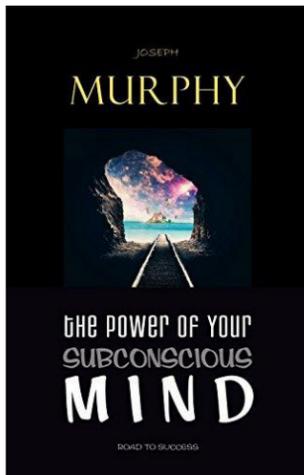
Cape Fear Voices' The Book Shelf

Welcome to our newest regular section of Cape Fear Voices: The Book Shelf! Our staff has curated a collection of recommendations of modern books and literature. We hope to showcase a diverse range of fiction and non-fiction works, including selections for young adult readers.

New York: A Novel
written by **Edward Rutherford**
published by **Century Hutchinson (2009)**



Rutherford celebrates America's greatest city in a rich, engrossing saga, weaving together tales of families rich and poor, native-born and immigrant—a cast of fictional and true characters whose fates rise and fall and rise again with the city's fortunes. Named one of the best books of the year by The Washington Post and "Required Reading" by the New York Post



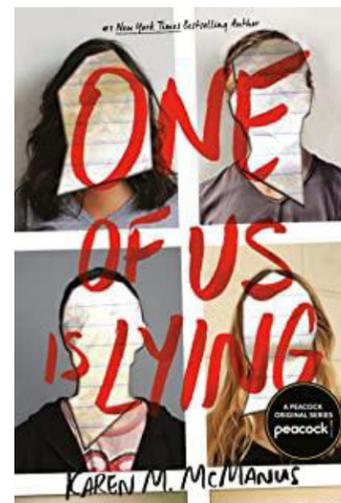
The Power of Your Subconscious Mind
by **Dr. Joseph Murphy (1963)**

"The Power of Your Subconscious Mind" will open a world of success, happiness, prosperity, and peace for you. The techniques are simple and results come quickly. You can improve your relationships, your finances, your physical well-being.

The author fuses his spiritual wisdom and scientific research to bring to light how the sub-conscious mind can be a major influence on our daily lives.

One of Us Is Lying
written by **Karen McManus**
published by **Penguin Press (2017)**

"Pretty Little Liars meets The Breakfast Club" (Entertainment Weekly) in this addictive mystery about what happens when five strangers walk into detention and only four walk out alive.



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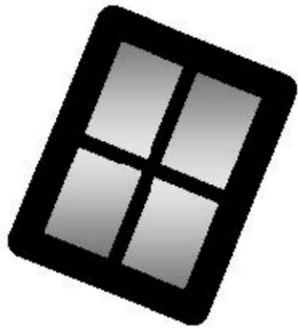


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THE TEEN SCENE

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Tomorrow's Voices Today

Early College High School



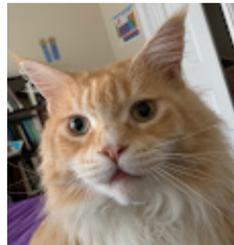
College Professor to Early College

by Margie Steve, 11th Grade and Nathaniel Brown, 9th Grade



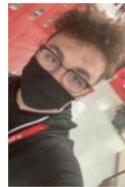
Dr. Dane Fisher was a college professor for 17 years before he moved to the coast where he became a science teacher at Brunswick County Early College High

School. Dr. Fisher had many goals to accomplish, not only for his students, but also for science itself. Dr. Fisher loves Genetics and Biology, but science isn't the only thing he is passionate about. He knows the importance of science and its research; therefore, he wanted to be a part of not only teaching students about science and its importance, but wanting them to be interested in it too. These are some of the many reasons why Dr. Fisher is Brunswick Early College High School 2021-2022 Teacher of The Year.



Dr. Fisher and his cat

Dr. Fisher says his goal as a teacher is "having students understand that they can learn anything with the right growth mindset and being fearless in how they prepare." His goal for his students is for them "to enjoy learning by doing hands-on and minds-on things." Dr. Fisher makes sure to include



interactive activities inside his classroom setting in order to help students understand and get excited about the lesson being taught.

Dr. Fisher's dream is "to be the best father, husband, and teacher that I can be while encouraging others."

His son, Gregori Fisher, a sophomore at BECHS, says "his desire to help others succeed through hard work and education and his willingness to go out of his way to teach others the skills they need to do well is what makes him a special dad." Dr. Fisher is not only a hardworking

person towards his family, but anyone he meets. He helps out with his garden at home, helps his wife, and his son, Gregori, but his help doesn't just stop there.

Mrs. Absher, the principal here at BECHS, says "I believe his students become excited about the subject he teaches because he instructs the material with genuine enthusiasm and provides interactive and hands-on learning for them." Dr. Fisher is clearly the instructional leader in the room but he also

jumps in and engages in learning right along with his students.

Assistant principal Chris Orrock says, "Dr. Fisher sets high expectations for his students, but is willing to help students reach those expectations."

Linzey Poe, a graduate at Early College says that Dr. Fisher is "Always cracking jokes and cracking down problems."

Dr. Fisher is an extraordinary teacher and many students have benefited from his teachings. Dr. Fisher is known around the school for his amazing sense of humor. Many upperclassmen have said that Dr. Fisher has earned more qualifications to teach here at Early College, but he teaches here because he wants to influence students to love science and to work towards our goals.

Did You Know?

Did you know that Dr. Fisher loves to garden? In fact, Dr. Fisher used to run a vegetable farm that provided high end culinary vegetables to over 25 different chefs and restaurants in the Charlotte region of North Carolina. Dr. Fisher loves plants, and is also the advisor for the plant club here at ECHS.

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Margie Steve
Isabella Wood

Leland Middle School

Lilly Bradley
Viola Brown
Keiran Daniels

Town Creek Middle School

Sawyer Lawson

West Brunswick High School

Ava Babson
Campbell Cheers
Riley Grissett
Raya Sunshine Milliken
Ashley Norfleet

Firebird of the Month: Karleigh Quinn.

Karleigh is very conscientious with every assignment and due date and has worked hard to improve her test scores this semester. She always asks good questions and works well with her classmates in laboratory and other activities. Way to go Karleigh!

(Karleigh is also an award-winning writer for The Teen Scene.)

Firebird of the month: Sarina Gardner has been preparing for each and every class in an exemplary way. She goes above and beyond expectations to ensure she is truly ready to engage with the academic articles and current events we ask students to analyze. Congrats!



Salsa Verde

by Anna Adams, 12th Grade

When he had first arrived at the base, Jack was afraid. He was scared of the things he might see, what he might do, which of his new friends wouldn't make it, and whether or not he himself would return home to his family. Those first few nights were filled with nightmares and his leg had jackhammered up and down for weeks. But he had been in the jungle for six months now and these worries had evaporated into thin air. They hadn't been replaced or overcome, but erased. In fact, everything that had once occupied his mind was gone without a trace. Every memory, fascination, anxiety and affection had seeped out of his pores with his sweat, dissolving into the vapor that permeated the jungle.

He had enough reasons to go crazy, he knew. During his time here, he had seen enough death and destruction to drive any man to insanity. Many of his brothers in arms here had done just that. So why did he feel... nothing? As many times as he'd receded into his mind,

searching for the feelings he knew he should find, he found nothing. Nothing, that is, except for green.

It was the shade of green that was inescapable in the jungle. It filled his thoughts and his dreams so completely that lately he couldn't tell if he was awake or sleeping. Everything blurred together into the green of the jungle, making a thick sauce that gummed up the folds and creases of his brain. It traveled through his blood too, into his extremities where it colored the skin of his hands and his knees where they touched the ground as he crawled through green underbrush.

Lately, he had taken to bad habits like using strong language and taking strong coffee and cigarettes in the mornings, wishing they would ignite a feeling that he could hold onto but eventually they all faded to green.

The only thing in his life that wasn't green was the angry orange fire that his company used to destroy the villages that they came across along with the people in them. He trudged along in his green life, interrupting it with bursts of orange, leaving behind black craters which would soon be filled again with green.

He was sure of only one thing. It was unclear now whether this thought was his own or if it had grown into his mind from the jungle, but it was there all the same. He was sure now that he would not make it home to his family. He would die here, in the jungle, and it would consume him. Soon, Jack would be nothing. Nothing, that is, except for green.



"Snail" by Samantha Becker, 10th Grade

Layer 50: A New Threat

by Dale Dyer, 10th grade, ECHS



In this article Ryder, a Weld sent as ambassador to Duran after their deadly war, must deal with the day-to-day life of living among a species different from himself in almost every way. The Indurans, large insect humanoids with an average intelligence of a human, are built to be tough and strong. The Welden, waist high bird creatures with higher average intelligence than most people, are slight of build and enjoy the abstract. Ryder has made very few friends among the nation that tried to exterminate his people, but it seems that he has made at least one enemy...

Ryder stood on the corner of one of the busiest streets in Cyrus, the capital city of Duran. He was the first Weld to set foot there since the war between Wen and Duran. The bustling streets, shouting voices, and constant humming of the Induran's insect wings filled the air to the point that he could barely hear his own thoughts. It also didn't help that Welden were naturally sensitive to sound.

Shaking his head to clear it, Ryder repositioned his suitcase in his arms and turned to walk into the capitol building of Duran; a large, square structure covered in dull gray paint. Duran was never anything but practical, and it was especially evident in their architecture. The much taller Indurans were pushing and shoving in the crowded room to reach one of the three elevators.

Ryder finally managed to reach a stairwell to begin his ascent to the 117th level; the Ambassador's level. The floor was a recent addition to the building; before now Duran had never felt the need to reason with Wen. Recently however, with Wen's rise into Duran public knowledge again and their increase in weapons manufacturing for the first time in living memory, Duran saw it fit to add room for diplomacy.

Ryder passed no one as he ascended the stairs, contrasting the bustling of the main lobby. When he reached the door, he also didn't notice the light scratches in its wooden name-plate.

The entire level was made from rough concrete and some decorative posters for Ryder's sake. Ry-

der walked down the hall on stiff maroon carpet until he came to his office door, then searched through the pockets of his oversized jacket for the keys. As he did so, Ryder noticed scratches on his door and stopped cold.

Scratched into his office door was what looked to be three small claw marks, above which was a single open eye staring down at Ryder. He dropped the briefcase and quickly fumbled with the lock. Finally managing to unlock the door, Ryder eased it open to see what was inside.

Everything in his office was how he had left it; papers scattered everywhere with not enough room for an Induran to even set a foot down. Ryder, forgetting the briefcase and locking the door, hopped to his desk and pressed the power button on his computer. Before it had even turned on completely, Cypher's face appeared on the screen.

"Good morning, Ry- what's wrong?" Cypher's voice changed almost immediately to one of concern once she saw Ryder's worried expression.

"There's no time, send a message to Aaron."

Ryder again hopped from his desk to the wall on his right, covered in names and finances. Pulling the papers to the side, he grabbed a small card taped to the wall and began gliding back. Once seated again, Ryder put the card directly to the camera. A knock came from the door and, for the first time, Ryder didn't flinch.

"Who was that?" Cypher asked as the person knocked louder.

"Ignore them. Memorize this and send it to Aaron. Tell him the number 117 and the word Found." The knocking grew louder as Ryder shoved the card into a paper shredder beneath his desk.

"Is that all?" Cypher tried to ask. Before she could finish, Ryder had already broken the connection. After soothing his feathers, Ryder opened the door to find a single Induran standing with his briefcase.

"Can I help you?" Ryder asked with his brightest smile.

To be continued...

The Social Issues of Today: Religion

by Isabella Wood, 9th Grade, ECHS



Many are going to ask what is wrong with religion and why it is considered a social issue, but truthfully nothing is wrong with religion overall; it's the fact that people cannot talk about it, without getting offended, or discriminating against others.

Most of the discrimination that happens is because people were raised and influenced by their parents, who set in stone a belief system that their children are encouraged to follow. A survey conducted by Pew Research Center and taken by teens ages 13 to 17 in September of 2020 showed that 52 percent of children are not the same religion as their parents due to conflict or pressure within their family. This shows that who you are raised by or who you spend time with influences you and your decisions, and that we should not judge others just because they have a different point of view.

In May of 2019 the persecution levels of Christians were at a near "genocide" level throughout multiple different parts of the world says BBC News; because of this people choose to not talk about religions, due to being scared about how people will react, being judged by others, or being put on a pedestal because they have to be a "good Christianly student". I know this because I am a Christian and have experienced being scared to share my faith, judged and put on a pedestal. An example of this would be back in August of 2021 when I started attending a new school at which I thought would be full of Christians present in their faith, but I was completely wrong. So, in hope to change people's opinion and viewpoint on religions I decided to share my biblical views. While doing this I thought I would make an impact on others and not receive backlash, but instead I was bullied, called names, hated on, and judged on the basis of sharing my beliefs.

Overall, religion can be a hard topic to talk about but how people react is the main problem. Religious people should not have to worry about whether they are going to be bullied or killed just because they decided to share their religious views with someone else.



Cedar Grove Middle School



Cedar Grove Middle School Battle of the Books CHAMPS

Congratulations to the CGMS Battle of the Books team for their threepeat victory in the BCS competition. Not only did the team win by a large margin, they brought home the trophy for the third year in a row. We are so proud of their hard work and dedication and we can't wait to see them take on the regional competition. Way to go Bulldogs!



(left) Ladies and gentlemen, please help us welcome Mr. Colton Strader to the Lexia Power Up winner's circle! Colton completed Lexia with consistency and we couldn't be more excited about his success! Way to GROW, Colton!



Ms. Urbanski's students are continuing the maker-spacemania as they study Ancient Greece and Rome. We love watching them work through the design challenge process and can't wait to see the finished products!



Brunswick County Chamber of Commerce Business Expo

Writers and volunteers of Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene were on hand February 26 at the Leland Cultural Arts Center for the Brunswick Chamber of Commerce Business Expo. The event gave these teens the opportunity to mingle with the public. It was a great opportunity for these young writers to hear the public's response to their participation with The Teen Scene. They did a great job, on their first time out, explaining to the public what their paper is all about. They also learned the importance of networking.

Over the next few months, these and other teen writers from around the county will be attending similar outings to meet the public. It is part of the Teen Scene program to give writers the opportunity to learn basic business skills.



(above) Gerald Decker, Pat Batleman, and Kayla Pelligrini. (opposite) Kayla Pelligrini, TeCora Galloway (BC ECHS) and Charlie Sedbrook (LMS).

Leland Middle School



Cuphead Show Review

by Keiran Daniels, 8th Grade



It's safe to say that Netflix has come out with some pretty good shows, including Arcane, Squid Game, Lucifer and more. On February 18th, Netflix came out with "The Cuphead Show," and dropped their first batch of episodes. In my opinion, it had good episodes. They made it kid friendly and gave the fans what they wanted to see in the characters.

As we know from the game however, it is an entirely different plot from what we saw portrayed in the blotch of 12 episodes. In the game the two main characters, Cuphead and Mugman, enter 'Devil's Casino' where Cuphead was winning. He was getting greedy and made a bet with the Devil for riches but if he lost, they would both lose their souls to the Devil.



Low and behold, he lost! Cuphead was sent on a mission to get debtors who stole their soul contracts.

It's a great game. but focusing on the show when you watch the main plot, you see the Devil is trying to get Cuphead's soul after his carnival game was supposed to collect it. The show so far has

given us funny scenes, good character designs and more.

More episodes of season one for the show is said to be released in the summer of this year; I enjoy how the show is going and the show is for ages 7+ so a great family show to watch!

The Life Of A Cat

by Lilly Bradley, 8th Grade



As I woke up on the fluffy floor blanket I stretched and wandered around in search of what these humanoids call 'food'. Jumping up onto the counter I batted open a wooden box and the side-lid flew open. Ducking just in time, I jumped up onto the first level of the box and dug through the bags of greasy, flat potatoes and cans of food. Finding a small thin pack of fish, I slit it open and quickly ate the food, jumping down

from the wooden box.

I headed to the advanced creation of a tree stump and 'accidentally' knocked some colorful vases to the ground, the water and the flowers flowing free. Padding over to the cat door I leaped out into the wilderness fluffing my fur of the brisk shower of chill. I hunted and caused mischief all afternoon until one of the human creatures called me back in. Curling onto the furry floor blanket I dozed off to sleep in this crazy, strange human world.

The Message In The BOTTLE!!!!

by Viola Brown, 7th Grade

The day starts like any other day; you wake up, get ready, and go to work or school! But today, April 11, 2002, was a lot different. It was my first day of Spring break. I was thinking of getting my first job, but I'm only thirteen years old! What job is going to take a thirteen-year-old? I thought of babysitting, but that didn't go so well. My experience of babysitting a seven-year-old named Gracie didn't go well. Gracie was more like a butthead to me. She was the worst child that I have ever babysat! But I got through it because her parents were always sweet to me.

Then came the night I was cleaning up her playroom, and her PARENTS CAME HOME EARLY THAT NIGHT. I was so afraid they would see the playroom! Then I realized Gracie was in the other room crying, telling her parents I was being mean to her. Still, I would never do that cause she's only seven. They didn't realize I was downstairs, and I heard everything. They thought I was so irresponsible and said I was never going to be allowed back there." I don't care about her; she's a little...." Then I stopped myself because I heard them in the other room arguing. After all, they knew she was lying. Her parents said, "if you're lying, we will ground

you for three weeks!" So, I decided to take the blame for her because Gracie's parents paid good money. When I came out of the playroom, Gracie's parents were shocked to see me.

They said, "did you hear what we were talking about," I said, "Oh no, no, I was listening to my music while cleaning so you could have a family talk!" "Well," the mom asked, "we have to ask you something very important." "Ok," I quickly replied. She asked if I was being mean to Gracie? Of course, I didn't want her to get in trouble, so I said: "Yes, but she wasn't listening to me, so I got mad and told her to sit down on the couch and watch TV". Then they told me I needed to leave! I replied as fast as I could, "GLADLY! I'll show my way out the door."



The next day, I went to the beach to think of what I had said to Mr. and Mrs. Miller. When I got there, I found a shiny bottle

with a piece of paper in it at the water's edge. It was a note and a map with one spot circled in the middle of nowhere.

When I got home, I looked it up on the internet. I called my best friend and asked if she wanted to help

me. So, we both packed our bags for a four-day journey into the wild. We began our journey on Monday morning by heading north for ten miles. We camped out for the rest of the day because it almost took us all day to bike five miles, but it was worth it. After we ate dinner, we built a small fire and set up the tent for the night.

The next day, after traveling four and a half miles, I saw a tree with a door on it. "This is it; we're here!" I told her that I could feel in the pit of my stomach that this was it! As I walked up to the door, my best friend was terrified, so she stayed behind me the entire time. I opened the door, and there stood a tall staircase. We were at the very top, but we walked down the stairs. There were books everywhere. When we got to the bottom, there stood Mr. and Mrs. Miller and the one and only, Gracie Evet Miller. They told me they wanted me to join their secret undercover mission to save lives. I immediately started asking questions: "why are all these books here?" "Why did you choose me?" Those are just two of the questions I asked. They tried to answer all my other questions. But they said they couldn't right now because all they wanted to know was if I was in? I said I was ready, and I was in!!!!

-Sincerely,

Yours truly Maybell

Leland Middle School Field Trip-2023

Interested in sending your child on a School Field trip to DC and Gettysburg? Trip will be 5 days 4 nights during the week of June 11-19th of 2023. 24-hour security, flights, and meals included, plus much more. If you are interested contact Mr. Wise (8th Grade Social Studies teacher) at kwise@bcswan.net. Some scholarships are available.



More info in the comments.



First Ever Volleyball Championship Banner!

St. Patty's Day Shenanigans!!!



by Sawyer Lawson, 8th Grade

Sculpture Garden

Persephone was the daughter of the goddess Demeter, the goddess of the harvest and plants. Persephone was controller of the spring and queen of the underworld. How she got to be Hades wife is a fascinating story, the god of the dead was never in a good mood, but what made him especially upset is that he had no one to love that is until he saw Persephone. He immediately fell in love with her and knew he wanted her as his wife. He brought her to the underworld. Demeter was furious. She sent Hermes, the messenger god, to retrieve her, but it was too late. She had already eaten pomegranate seeds, and

once you eat them, you have to stay there.

Seeing Demeter's despair Zeus ruled that, for every seed she ate represented the months that she spent in each place with her mother and her husband, so each had six months with her in the Fall and Winter when Persephone was with Hades. Demeter grew sad, and the plants died, but in the Spring and Summer she was joyous to have her daughter, and the plants flourished. (P.S Even though Hades had kidnapped Persephone, they may have grown to love and appreciate each other.)

On May 6th, TCMS will be hosting a 8th Grade Dance. The dance will be held from 6-8pm. Permission slips will be sent home soon that include expectations of students who plan on attending. Students must have a signed permission slip to participate for the dance.





West Brunswick High School

These articles are reprinted, with permission, from *The West Wind* which is the school paper of West Brunswick High School

Women As One

by Riley Grissett & Raya Sunshine Milliken, 11th Grade



Women have been through trials and tribulations to get to where they are today. They've been through suffrage, abusive situations, and even been at war amongst themselves. Still today they are at war. Women tend to categorize themselves into groups that don't mingle with one another. I think what we fail to realize is we are the sisterhood of women; we are stronger when we're together. We go through the same troubles, thoughts, and feelings.

"There's power and confidence in numbers," said senior Megan Ybarra. "Women are going to feel more empowered to speak their voice and stand up for a cause when there are people who have their backs."

Insecurities in women can run deep, especially in teenagers. It is no surprise that, overall, teenage girls are most pitted against each other. Due to social media, we tend to see a rise in disrespectful behavior towards one another in a competitive manner. Then we take this "competition" from behind the screen and bring it into real life; this results in teenagers tearing each other apart.

"I don't think women understand their value", says Junior Olivia Mehalick. "We are stronger together. If



we could realize this, we would realize how awesome we are."

With age comes maturity; women in their twenties have that advantage, but they can be just as bad as teenagers. Females bring each other down over insecurities and seek male validation without realizing their worth. It's seen through all generations and over time, and even in this day and age where sisterhood is celebrated, we haven't gotten any better.

"Age is no factor," said sophomore Ayala Reinhart. "All women are bad about tearing each other apart."

We need to understand that we are perfect as we are; it's common when a female will walk into a building and they are immediately judged. Gossip is our enemy; it will tear us apart and make us self-conscious to the point we look for reassurance to find some kind of comfort. We need to do better; we are hurting each other.

"A goal for us should be being happy and successful and not giving anything to anyone just because you can," said Olivia Mehalick. "It would benefit society and understanding of their worth, and I know a lot of women who don't understand how much value they have."

The Russian Run-Down

by Ashley Norfleet, 10th Grade



Since February 20, 2014 Vladimir Putin has had his eye on the brethren country Ukraine. Ukraine left the USSR in 1991 and for eight years now Putin has been trying to drag them back since his 2014 Crimea grasp.

On February 24th, Putin told his troops to step foot on Ukrainian soil. Instead of just making footprints in the white snow, they made it red and the cities full of ash. Missiles were launched that day and that was just the start to the amount of loss and mourning on both sides. Many people in both of the countries have parents or family across the border. There have been over 2,000 civilian casualties since the start of the attacks. Families all over Ukraine have gone under the ground and have made bunkers and bomb shelters their new found home.

People have been calling the Russo-Ukrainian war, the "Tik-Tok War" all because of the Gen Z app TikTok. All over the app, you can see videos of a child on her bicycle getting hit with a missile head on, farmers stealing Russian tanks, an elderly woman telling Russian soldiers to "put sunflower seeds in their pockets" so when they die there will be pretty flowers to grow in their place, and even young Russian soldiers are confused on why they are fighting their brother country. Many are saying the app has played an important role in the war, educating people of all ages on what's happening.

People of all political affiliations are coming together to rail against Putin and his plan. Conservative or liberal, almost everyone has the same idea that what he is doing isn't okay. Even Russian civilians are making posters claiming that they still believe Ukraine to be their brother. There has been talk from civilians about how Putin has been able to get the Taliban and the EU on the same page within six days, meaning that even the Taliban asks for "restraint on both sides".

There has been talk about the difference between a leader and a dictator. Ukraine's President Volodymyr Zelenskyy is being called a true leader and war hero by people all across the world. He loves his country so much that he is even fighting on the front lines to possibly save the place he proudly calls home and to save as many lives as he can. Vladimir Putin has been called a dictator and a boss because he gives orders. Zelenskyy said, "We do not hold out, we fight, and our nation will fight to the end. This is our home, we are protecting our land, our homes. For the sake of our children's future."

Putin doesn't just have his eye on Ukraine either, he has stated to the press that, "Consequences greater than any you have faced in history" if anyone intervenes on his attack on Ukraine. He has told Sweden and Finland that if they think of joining NATO, he will attack. No matter the outcome of the war, too many lives have been lost.

5 Stars for Starbies

by Ava Babson, 10th Grade



Jump on the Starbucks train already, it's time to cave. Starbucks is renowned for quick service and a friendly environment—the perfect spot to drive through for a quick bite, hang out with friends, or study. I think most people sit in there because it is a pretty quiet place where there aren't a lot of people, and who doesn't love the smell of coffee? I've always had a love for coffee, especially iced drinks, and Starbucks is always my go-to place if I want iced coffee or just something refreshing to drink. Below I'm going to list my two favorite drink items and my two favorite food items from Starbucks.

Iced White Mocha

The iced white mocha from Starbucks is one of my TOP favorite drinks because it is the perfect blend of coffee, sweeteners, flavor, and cream. It is also topped off with yummy whipped cream. Sometimes if I'm feeling extra, I will add caramel drizzle and replace the whipped cream with sweet cream cold foam. It is pretty pricey for a drink, but I think it's

worth it simply because it is a delicious choice if you want a sweet coffee.

Pink Drink

My second drink choice is the Pink Drink; it is made with coconut milk and passionfruit juice with strawberry included. It is a good option for you if you are not a big coffee person. The Pink Drink is a good, refreshing drink whenever you are craving something cold and sweet.

Banana Walnut & Pecan Loaf

Banana nut bread has always been one of my fav sweet breakfast options. Starbucks also gives you the option to heat it up. It has a good texture, great flavor and it is the perfect type of moist. I highly recommend you try it from Starbucks one day because it is the perfect size for a snack or either a small breakfast item.

Impossible Breakfast Sandwich

I literally had no idea this sandwich had plant-based sausage—that's how good it is. The Impossible sandwich is made up of plant-based sausage, egg, and cheese on a soft, artisan sesame ciabatta bun. I am not vegetarian, but this sandwich is very delicious.

Why Buy Local

by Campbell Cheers, 10th Grade



When driving through town, you may pass a local farmer's market. Stopping by and purchasing produce could make a huge difference in someone's day.

The importance of buying locally is very important. When someone is running a small business, that could be their only income. When you buy from their business, you help them pay their bills and maybe even support a family.

"You give your money back to the small community business," said Shelly Cheers, co-owner of Ludlum's Produce of Holden Beach. "They are trying to make a living selling products that they make."

Not only are you giving back to the community by purchasing local products, but the produce is much safer and fresher as well. When buying in Walmart and places similar, produce goes through chemicals being constantly put on them so they don't break down. At small local businesses, chemicals are typically not added to the produce because of the amount they have and because it goes from the field to the store.

"For example, you buy vegetables at Ludlum's Produce instead of Food Lion," said Cheers.

It gives people an opportunity for a job if they are in need. Sometimes people need to have more than one job for a greater income and working at a chain business and a local business could be the perfect income for them.

Supporting your community and helping others should make you feel good about yourself. Buying from a local business could improve someone's day and you manage what goes into your body to keep yourself healthy.

"Wherever it is you decide to buy local, it will have a positive impact on the community," said Cheers.



BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

Students from all 6 BCS Middle School teams read 22 books in order to prepare for the Battle of the Books competition.

That's a lot of reading! Kudos to all the students from all 6 schools for achieving such success on their teams and reaching the quiz-bowl style tournament.

Drum Roll And now to this year's Champs...

Congratulations to the **Cedar Grove Middle School Bulldogs** for winning the 2022 Brunswick County Schools Middle School Battle of the Books competition!

Second place honors go to the **Leland Middle School Tigers**.

The CGMS Bulldogs will advance to the regional competition held on March 22, 2022.

The Cedar Grove Battle of the Books Team includes Ava Williams, Jennifer Zheng, Bella Best, Kimber Cook, Blayden Ludlum, Gabriella Arendt, Charlotte Caison-Childs, Kevin Llanos Aguirre, Bethany Shook, Jonathon Hewett, Max Elliott, Wesley Wilson, and Coach April Rogerson.

Around Town

Leland Culture Arts Center Presents

These events will be located throughout different Town facilities from April to May 2022. Art Around Town is a series of arts-based workshops that are fun for the whole family!

Clay with Lauren at the LCAC - **Apr 1 @ 1 PM**

Art in the Park at Founders Park (*movie and food truck to follow*) - **Apr 9 @ 6 PM**

Barre in the Park at Founders Park - **Apr 23 @ 10 AM**

Art in the Park at Founders Park - **Apr 23 @ 1 PM**

Sketching in the Park at Westgate Nature Park - **Apr 30 @ 10 AM**

Clay in the Park at Westgate Nature Park - **Apr 30 @ 1 PM**

Zumba in the Park at Founders Park (*food truck to follow*) - **May 14 @ 4 PM**

Art in the Park at Founders Park (*movie to follow*) - **May 14 @ 6 PM**



REO Speedwagon

Fri, Apr 8, 7 PM & Sat, Apr 9, 12 AM
Live Oak Bank Pavilion
10 Cowan St, Wilmington, NC

Cypress Hill

Sat, Apr 9
North Carolina Azalea Festival
5725 Oleander Dr B7,
Wilmington, NC



Trace Adkins

Tue, Apr 19, 6:30 – 10:00 PM
Wilson Center at Cape Fear Community College
703 N 3rd St, Wilmington, NC



North Carolina Azalea Festival April 6 to April 10

The Azalea Festival celebrates its 75th anniversary this year. There are more than 30 events to enjoy. Highlights include: a juried Art Show, the DGX Street Fair, Azaleas on Tour Porch Parade and many more.



Leland Fire/Rescue Announces Senior Citizen KnoxBox Program (reprinted from Town of Leland website)

Leland Fire/Rescue has launched the Senior Citizen KnoxBox program, designed to provide key safes for homes of older residents in the department's response district.

The KnoxBox rapid entry system is a secure emergency access program developed for property owners and fire departments. When a fire breaks out or there is a medical emergency, Knox products allow immediate entry into buildings and property without forced entry damage or delay. Each KnoxBox purchased for a property in the Leland Fire/Rescue response district is keyed to a single master key controlled by the department. Nearly all the businesses and residential complexes in the Leland Fire/Rescue response district have KnoxBox key safes in place for fire department access during emergencies.

Generous donations from the Friends of Leland Public Safety have allowed Leland Fire/Rescue to purchase 10 KnoxBox key safes to launch this program. These safes will be available for loan but remain the possession of Leland Fire/Rescue.

The program is open to all residents ages 65 and older in the Leland Fire/Rescue response district. The department will install a key safe for citizens and supply the safes as donations allow. This program is designed to be used in emergencies only. Fire department employ-

ees will not access the keys inside the safe for non-emergency situations, even for the building owner or homeowner who possesses the key safe.

The Knox Company has been manufacturing high-security key boxes, key vaults, armored cabinets, key switches, padlocks, master key retention devices, and locking fire department connection (FDC) caps since 1975. This proven rapid entry system reduces response time, property damages, and the liability for lost keys. More than 10,000 first responders and the communities they serve use Knox products and services.

For additional information or to obtain a request form, please call Leland Fire/Rescue at (910) 371-2727. Learn more about residential KnoxBoxes on the company's website.



Sleeping Mats for the Homeless

by Mary Cole

During COVID, the Mad Mat'ers club of Brunswick Forest and the Happy Hookers of the Bridge church in Leland, have merged to keep the important mission of creating sleeping mats for the homeless. There are over 300 homeless people in Brunswick county and that was before Covid. Many more are now homeless due to Covid. They sleep outside 24/7/356 days a year. Think about that. Would you be able to be outside for 24 hours?

These mats are 6x4 feet and are made from the typical plastic recycle bags. It takes approximately 800-1000 bags to make 1 mat. It's amazing what a simple plastic bag that you'd normally throw away to a landfill, can be made into.

The mats provide a barrier between the homeless people and the

ground. They are very warm. They are also very easy to clean. Some homeless people group their mats together when its bad weather and make a lean-to out of the mats for all of them to share.

We make the mats by cutting plastic recycle bags into strips, tying them together, and then crocheting them!

Google – *How to Make PLARN Bed Roll* or *Making Sleeping Mats for the Homeless* for more information.

If you'd like to help, please bring your clean, flatten recycle bags to the Commons in Brunswick Forest on any Thursday from 9:30-12. No newspaper, bread, or thick plastic bags. Only plastic bags from Walmart, grocery stores, etc., are usable and can be accepted.

Philatelic History of Wilmington

by Richard Porcelli

Richard Porcelli is a life-member of the American Philatelic Society and past president and a current and active member of the board of the Wilmington Philatelic Society,

He is also the author of the website: "Philatelic History of Wilmington" which provides a brief outline on the history of Wilmington regarding mail which was sent to and from Wilmington over the years.

Mr. Porcelli wanted to share his educational website with the younger generation

of Wilmington not only for their learning experience but also to solicit their insight to improve the content and quality of the site.

If you are interested in learning more, The Wilmington Philatelic Society meets at the Southside Baptist Church on the 3rd Tuesday of every month at 7pm., or, check out the website at <https://wilmingtonncphilatelic.org>. Links can be found on our website, www.capefearvoices.org.

TIME for TEA and FASHION SHOW
WEDNESDAY APRIL 27, 2022
St. James Community Center
Doors Open at 11:00
Lunch Begins at Noon
Tickets \$35
Purchase at CIS Thrift Shops
or online at www.cisbrunswick.org
Featuring Fashions From
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N.C. Cooperative Extension in Brunswick County is offering the Safe Plates Food Safety Manager Class. This comprehensive course is appropriate for food service managers and supervisory staff in restaurants, hospitals, nursing homes, childcare facilities, and other food-handling establishments.

The upcoming class will be held two days on Mondays April 4 and April 11 from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. each day in the Training Center at N.C. Cooperative Extension, Brunswick County Center, 25 Referendum Drive, Building N at the Government Center in Bolivia.

North Carolina Rice Festival Comes to Leland

by TeCora Galloway, Shallotte, NC



The 2022 North Carolina Rice Festival was an experience I will never forget! This is history, heritage and education all rolled up into one event.

The purpose of the rice festival is to educate people about the rich culture that is Gullah Geechee, and I witnessed pure curiosity amongst the people that showed up to the festival Saturday. One woman was confused as to why rice wasn't being sold at the festival, and it was a beautiful opportunity to educate someone on the history of our land.



(above) Ron Daise dances on the beach in South Carolina with their big yellow pet pollywog Binya Binya.

The Festival started with a dinner on March 4th where we were introduced to Ron and Natalie Daise, the stars of "Gullah, Gullah Island, which was on Nickelodeon from 1994 to 1998. The series is based on the Gullah-Geechee people and their culture and was filmed in the Lowcountry of the South Carolina Sea Island. I grew up watching "Gullah, Gullah Island," so it was a treat to meet figures from my childhood.

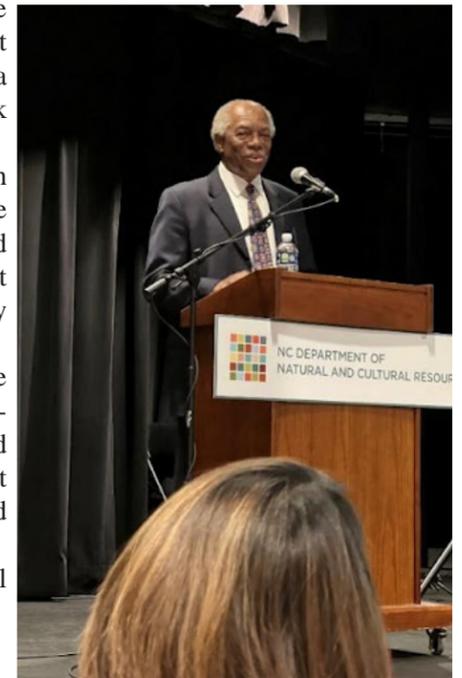
Speaking with County Commissioner, Frank Williams, he commented, "It's always good to see anything that remembers our history. Brunswick County is a great place, and anything that brings more people here is a good thing."

You can't talk about the North Carolina Rice festival without mentioning the artists who attended. There was a lot of Gullah Geechee cultural art, like basket weavers. Basket weaving is a big part of Gullah Geechee heritage, and there were at least three basket weaving booths there! Actually, watching a basket being made was amazing. The work was intricate and delicate at the same time.

As George Beatty Jr, Chairman of the North Carolina Rice Festival Board of Directors mentioned in the past, the North Carolina Rice Festival is also about reconnecting African Americans in this region with their culture and history. DNA test kits were available and when processed will be matched with the largest DNA database of African tribal groups from different regions of Africa so people will really understand their heritage.

An overarching theme of celebration was that African American slaves came from the west coast of Africa and many of the traditions and culture we have practiced through generations, mirrors that which was practiced by those West African people. Being exposed to ring shouters, Gullah Geechee storytellers, and basket weavers was all a reminder that our culture was not lost in slave trade, and African Americans have rich history to be proud of.

Overall, it was a great turnout, and according to the NC Rice Festival website, we can all look forward to another Rice Festival next year, March 3-4 2023!



(above) George Beatty speaks to the crowd.

Come and learn. Come and sing. Come and enjoy!



Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor Commission

The Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor is a National Heritage Area managed by the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor Commission. The National Heritage Area program is managed by the U.S. National Park Service. <https://gullahgeecheecorridor.org>

The Story of Brunswick Town/Fort Anderson - Part Two

by Ana Johnson, Kennesaw, Ga



One of the prominent landmarks within Brunswick Town/Fort Anderson State Historic Site is St. Philips Anglican Church. After the establishment of the City of Wilmington in 1739, the west bank of the Cape Fear River was viewed as St. Philips parish, while the east bank was St. James parish. Starting in 1741, residents began raising money on behalf of the parish to fulfill plans for the church. With enough funds collected by 1754, it began to take construction.

"Although funds were raised to start building the church, it took a couple of years to get the walls up. It wasn't until 1760 when most of the structure, including the roof, was completed," McKee said. As time passed along, there were complications that affected the progression of the building. The primary setback was the poor weather climate, which involved lightning, rain, and wind, causing temporary damage. "These heavy storms would cause the roof to collapse within a couple of months. Once the church gets a new roof, it would be formally dedicated on May 24, 1768."

It remained active for eight years until it was destroyed by the British in 1776. The only remains of the present day are the four brick walls. According to North Carolina State Historic Sites, the church is claimed to be the only above-ground structure that is still partially intact. The historical foundation is recognized as an engineering marvel within Brunswick County. And although there are no original blueprints, drawings, or descriptions of St. Philips Anglican Church, its cultural relevance carries among its oncoming visitors.

"Most of the bricks are going to be locally made. And there are close to a million bricks in that church. Some bricks will probably be imported from England and brought over as ballast for use." McKee said. The materials used towards the church were carried out by slave labor. This included the distribution of bricks

and mortar making on the site. Besides running the brickyard, the enslaved were utilized for other occupations, such as blacksmiths and machinists.

Currently, the historic location is undergoing development to increase conservation and preservation efforts within Brunswick County. The site has experienced a variety of erosion issues. From 2008 to 2013, the site lost anywhere from 80 to 120 feet of the waterfront, which is cultural and natural resources wiped away. Nonetheless, it exposed quite a few colonial docks and wharves where ships came in before the erosion. This included two of the first wharves; Roger Moore in 1730 and William Dry in 1740. The original woodwork showed where merchant ships unloaded, and the slave vessels landed.

To tackle this issue, Brunswick Town/Fort Anderson State Historic Site has recently contracted an engineering firm to design a reef maker system. Also known as an offshore breakwater, the structure is intended to break up the waves. "When you think about offshore sills or breakwaters, most people think of rocks. This is temporary and will eventually have to be

fixed. Furthermore, it can destroy whatever is underneath it, whether cultural or natural." McKee said. However, this system installed will contain nearly zero environmental footprints.

"In other words, if one day we don't need these anymore and it can be taken out, the bottom will be able to heal in a matter of days or weeks compared to decades or even centuries. And it's working," McKee said. Around half of the waterfront has been protected under this plan and will continue to progress over the months. "It's allowing sediment to come in and rebuild the marsh and waterfront naturally."

For more information about Brunswick Town/Fort Anderson State Historic Site, visit: <https://historicsites.nc.gov/all-sites/brunswick-town-fort-anderson>



BRUNSWICK
ARTS COUNCIL

Celebrate, Cultivate, Community Outreach

The Mission of the Brunswick Arts Council is to support, sustain, enhance and cultivate the arts in Brunswick County by making cultural events, arts education and appreciation the arts available to the diverse range of county residents.

Join the 80-member Cape Fear Chorale plus orchestra singing choruses from Handel's most performed oratorio, Messiah. The UNCW Chamber Choir are special guests of the Chorale for this occasion. Bring your music, sing along, or just listen and enjoy. Cape Fear Chorale performance admission is always free!! See you there!

Date And Time

04-02-22 @ 04:00 PM to

04-02-22 @ 05:30 PM

515 Wagoner Dr, Wilmington, NC 28406

We are a community nonprofit working in partnership with NC Arts Council, Brunswick County, Park & Recreation and other businesses and artists to help provide funding for programming, plays, concerts, shows, workshops, festivals, school events and other art activities. Operating "without walls", we hold our own activities in different spaces through the county.

Cape Fear Chorale
with Orchestra
presents
Walk-In Sing-Along
Messiah
George Frideric Handel
Jerry S. Cribbs, Artistic Director & Conductor
Libby Oldham, Accompanist
Guests
UNCW Chamber Choir
Aaron Peisner, Conductor
Saturday, April 2, 2022, 4 pm
Kenan Auditorium UNCW Campus
Free Admission
www.capefearchorale.org 501(c)(3)

Birthdays!!!

- Mayor Brenda Bozeman April 1st
- Fred Azbell April 4th
- Hilary Conway Lloyd April 22nd
- Shelby & Sydney Decker April 26th
- Marie Swegle April 20th
- Savannah Kerr April 25th
- Brenda Ramirez April 28th

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