

The big three killed my baby



Vander Ritchie
Co-Editor

It was Aeschylus who said, “Even in our sleep, pain which cannot forget, falls drop by drop upon the heart, until in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom through the awful grace of God.” Robert Kennedy echoed these words announcing the death of Dr. Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. Little did he know he’d be assassinated only months later.

The election season is over. It’s hard to believe. I’ve been following this since February of last year. And it’s over, like a play I’ve starred in and been rehearsing. It was just opening night. I started the cycle hopeful, invigorated, and ready to finally have a president who represented me. Now my stick shift hands are swollen, the oil company’s faces are grinning, everything involved is shady, better ideas are stuck in the mud, and the big three killed my baby.

Never before had I realized just how powerful the political establishment was, just how despised people who hold my beliefs are and to what extent big business would go to save their financial interest. Up until this point, the very real struggle of actual change was nothing but a hypothetical. It had been condensed into these snapshots of progress. The Montgomery bus boy-

cotts. The civil rights act. The emancipation proclamation. To me, these were the continuation of progress, traveling in a linear trajectory towards where we ought to end up. To me, the fight against progress came from Strom Thurmond, or David Duke, or Robert Lee. These supervillain-Esque evils. I have been violently awakened to the fact that the halting of progress isn’t that simple. That, in fact, the greatest thing holding back progress is a status quo invested in maintaining the exact status of now. It’s people who are legitimately misled and misinformed. It’s the thousand invisible men pulling strings, the capitalists invested in remaining financially in the same position they have been for years. Above the poor workers. And that progress doesn’t come from a series of big events strung together, but instead from constant activism, and occasional capitulation from the political establishment. And I found out my baby is dead.

Only now can I possibly understand the millions who have come before me, trying to achieve exactly what I’ve achieved. I’m only just now getting a taste of it. And I’m ready. Now my hands are turning red.

It’s undeniable that this election season has been painful. At least, for people like me. For those who don’t feel represented by either party and had the chance of being represented ripped away from them from the ruling class of America. The poor workers who can’t put food on the table. Black Americans still facing racism, segregation, and violence. Immigrants who are denied their human-

ity and put in concentration camps. Now we have to vote for Joe Biden, someone who represents a compromise with moderates. Those who cannot support revolutionary change because it threatens their way of life. What’s our response been? Nihilism, mostly. They’ve shrugged their shoulders and given up. I won’t lie. I felt it for about a month after Bernie dropped out. I stopped following politics entirely, I couldn’t stand seeing Joe Biden. But I’ve come around, after a lot of thinking. A lot of reading things by people a lot smarter and with a lot more lived experience than me. Hearing about the struggles of Dr. King, of Malcolm and other Black Americans. Of Chip Delaney and other homos. Of Frederick Douglass and other slaves. And now I see the struggle of so many others around the country. I see the riots and protests in response to George Floyd’s murder. I see the poor and the destitute, lying on the street. I see a Supreme Court poised to ban abortion, reverse the decisions regarding gay marriage, and give the election to the single most corrupt, fascist President in American history. We can’t stop fighting. Our pain is not unique. It’s not super special. It’s part of a long, winding road towards progress. Look at Bernie Sanders, who’s been fighting for socialism, gay rights, environmental justice, and racial equality for 60 years. And you’re going to lie down and take it? After two years of failure? Well, I’m not. This is just the start of my fight for what I believe in. I know I’m on the right side of history. And I feel, on the back of my neck, wetting my hair, sliding down my back, the awful grace of God.

Remembering my grandfather



Lucia Zettler
Staff Reporter

He was tall, with a round belly that protruded from his figure, and a rumbling laugh that filled your chest with a warmth like hot cocoa. No, I’m not describing Santa Klaus. I’m describing my Grandpa Lelo.

When I was a child, I would visit him in New Jersey, it’s hard for me to remember much from their apartment building, but I can still recall the quiet aura it held. It felt as if my family were the only ones there. Him and my grandmother owned two cats in that apartment; an old black one, and a nasty calico who took pleasure in only my grandfather’s touch.

Once I grew older, they returned to their home in Puerto Rico, and we began to fly each Thanksgiving to see them. My grandfather’s home in Aguadilla was noticeably larger than the apartment back in Jersey, with three bedrooms and a humble office. It was built with stucco on the outside and the floor was covered in white tiles that always faintly smelt of dog piss. My grandfather loved dogs, and even after he was gone, my grandma kept them despite her dislike of them. They were mostly little dogs, (who I had always thought looked a little

bit like rats), but he had one sweet pitbull called Colita who would come by when he was hungry.

Although my grandpa had a full heart for animals, that wasn’t always the case when it came to people. He had a short temper, and made jokes that caused my grandmother to scowl. Him and my mother argued constantly whenever we visited, with my sweet grandmother always trying to calm them down. Every evening, as the sun began its descent below the horizon, him, my sister, and I would play dominoes. The games started friendly, but soon erupted into chaos. My grandfather was quite the cheater and my sister was too stubborn to ever let it slide, so each night we bickered for an hour before saying goodnight and retiring to our bedrooms. Despite how messy it usually was, I cherished this time with my grandfather, and when hurricane Irma ravished through the island, we played dominoes by candlelight.

In the Spring of 2019, he had a heart attack and passed away. My mother was halfway across the world, trekking through the Himalayas, and she flew to Aguadilla as fast as she could but still missed the funeral. I continued business as usual, it was hard to believe that he was actually gone. Now whenever I go to Puerto Rico, I value those little rat dogs a little bit more because they remind me of his full laugh and those late nights playing dominoes. I wish I could know that our goodbye that Thanksgiving would be the last time I would see him.

We all need constants in our lives



Fern Clark
Staff Reporter

Throughout this past summer, while my friends and I have had more time to wander aimlessly, I have discovered my

newly found appreciation for the airport light. I’m sure any Salida or Poncha Springs resident has seen the airport light, no matter if they were aware of what they were looking at. The airport light, as the name indicates, is located right next to airport road. Airport road is a wonder all on its own, as it twists and turns through rural farmland, which adds to my awe for the airport light. It is a powerful rotating light that’s beam can be seen from miles away, and best seen at night.

I have speculated different ideas as to what the light’s purpose is; perhaps it is like a lighthouse or maybe a signal to planes as to where they’re heading. The real reason for the airport light is ultimately insignificant to me, because I have my own purpose for it. I see the light as one of a few, solid constants in my life. By “constant,” I mean that it doesn’t change. The airport light is always there. It’s dependable.

I don’t have a crazy and un-

predictable life by any means. However, just as an overwhelming number of emails have drilled into my head these last six months, these are unprecedented times. Everything I have assumed to be a constant in my life, has proved itself not to be. Even normal school, which I have not always enjoyed, I now see is something to not be taken for granted. It’s not a guarantee anymore. I think that constants in everyone’s life are important, whether people have chaos filled lives, or a

lack thereof. Sure, one might say that the airport light isn’t truly a constant because it could shut off any time, or it could get damaged in some way. However, I see no proof that it ever has, or ever will, stop spinning with its giant light beam. In my eyes, that makes it a constant. I believe constants can be whatever someone wants it to be, because although it seems a bit ridiculous, I think it’s practically a human necessity to have something that can’t change.