

# Continuum

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The Perseverance Issue





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# AUTHORS



Carmen Llopis, a freshman student majoring in biology/pre-med, is from Castellon, Spain. She is also a member of the UIS women's tennis team.



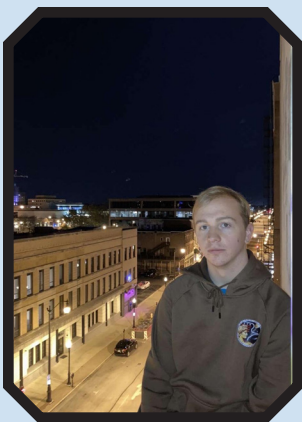
Karina Bueno is a freshman studying social work. She feels a passion for photography in abandoned places and seeks to capture the unique moments and places in life.



Katelyn Cavanaugh is from Nortonville, Kentucky, and she plays on the UIS women's soccer team. Katelyn is majoring in exercise science and plans to attend graduate school to become a physical therapist. She enjoys working out, reading, journaling, cooking healthy meals, and listening to music.



Alan Terrazas is a freshman biology major on the pre-medical career path. Born in 2004 in Aurora, Illinois, Alan has not stopped feeling his curiosity. When he is not feeling adventurous, he enjoys building with LEGOs while a sitcom plays in the background.



Carter Coryell is a 19-year-old college freshman currently studying criminology and criminal justice.

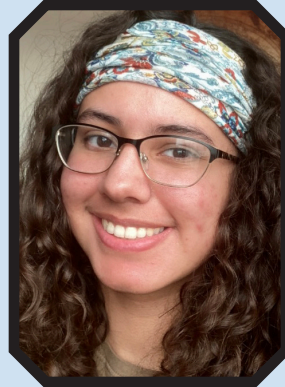


Piper Schrepferman is a freshman on the UIS women's tennis team, and she is studying exercise science. Piper has lived in Elburn, Illinois her entire life.

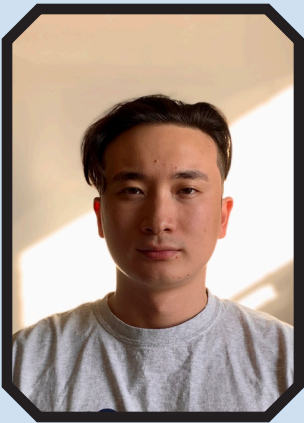
# EDITORS



Bre Scott is an English major and is also pursuing a minor in women and gender studies. They are a sophomore, which makes this their fourth semester in CAP. Also, Bre is a CAP Studios tutor as well as a CAP student worker.



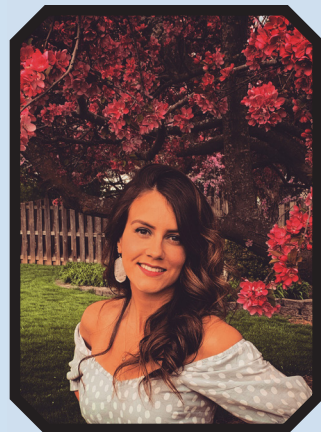
Charlotte Medina is a sophomore student in CAP. She is majoring in Information Systems Security and minoring in Management Information Systems.



Damir Tamir, a junior at UIS, is an international student from Kazakhstan studying computer science. As a non-native speaker, he started learning English in high school and is still learning it to this day. Damir's involvement with *Continuum* is one of his favorite ways to give back to the community.



Molly Harms is a sophomore majoring in public policy and political science. Outside *Continuum*, she's involved in the Student Government Association, Violet Margin literary journal, and the CAP peer mentoring program.



Erica Mooney is a graduate student at UIS, and she is working toward her master's degree in school counseling. Erica enjoys outdoor activities, reading, writing, and spoiling her two cats.



# PERSEVERANCE: THE KEY TO SUCCESS

BY CARMEN LLOPIS

To me, this picture serves as a clear representation of perseverance. Perseverance involves the way we face obstacles by not allowing them to define us or prevent us from progressing. Especially in sports, perseverance is the key to success and growth as a well-rounded athlete. I have always been very competitive and sought to find new challenges not only within sports but also in life. Tennis probably falls into the category of one of the most mentally tough sports, so players must continue pushing even when they think they cannot do it anymore. Occasionally, someone may need to take initiative and lead the team with the purpose of guiding the group to victory. This gratifying feeling has shaped my identity today; it extends beyond the game. Mistakes and failures do not limit or overcome truly successful athletes, and these individuals will use difficulties to their advantage and further develop athletically. Perseverance differentiates good from best.





# TO THE TOP

BY KATELYN CAVANAUGH

In the picture below, viewers can see me in the ocean. This image relates to perseverance because I am rising above life obstacles that have challenged me or tried to drown me. As the photo shows, I am ascending from the bottom of the ocean, which represents a place where I am struggling. This place can relate to the beginning of college when I came into an unfamiliar environment with different faces and new routines. The stress, anxiety, and uncomfortable situations I was dealing with made me feel like my life was out of control. When I am swimming toward the surface to catch a breath, I am fighting to conquer any hurdles life throws in my direction. I feel accomplished whenever I reach the top, recognizing that I continued to work hard to achieve my goal and achieve more than I thought was possible. Ultimately, the fresh air serves as a goalpost where I can finally breathe and realize my determination, patience, and dedication led to a positive outcome.

# NATURE PERSEVERES

BY KARINA BUENO



One of the best examples of perseverance is nature itself. The beauty of nature is that it will always find a way to flourish despite its circumstances. No matter what structures or obstacles present themselves, in the end, nature will overcome them and grow stronger than ever. This photo was taken in an abandoned prison in Illinois.

# GO STARS: A STORY OF PERSEVERANCE

BY PIPER SCHREPFERMAN

Perseverance embodies countless forms depending on the individual. For me, perseverance means giving my entire effort and overcoming obstacles until I meet my final objective and accomplish everything I hoped to achieve. The photograph above depicts the moment following the winning point of my first collegiate tennis match. The drive, focus, and determination that resulted from years of pushing myself and practicing to the best of my ability led me to this success. I overcame many challenges in the process; I battled numerous injuries such as a back fracture, degenerative discs, and even tennis elbow—all of which can debilitate players of this sport. I was feeling pain during the time this photo captures but knew my team needed me in order for us to win. My parents instilled perseverance and strength in me at a young age, and I thank these qualities for helping me attain my goals. I have always wanted to arrive at this place in my athletic career, and I could not have done it without these attributes related to perseverance.



# PERSEVERANCE: A SERIES

BY CARTER CORYELL

I wrote this series while either enduring or remembering struggles in my life. Writing enabled me to convey thoughts and feelings in a way I never could previously, and I found it therapeutic. It helped me continue to embrace the parts of life that make every day worth living. I used to feel uncomfortable with people knowing my emotions, but now I can share this series with anyone. It feels freeing.

## “FRIENDS”

Who are you?  
Well I am me  
Maybe that is all I'll ever be  
Well I like you  
I like me too  
You do?

## “OBSESSION”

Me and you  
Through and through  
The dawn is bright and blue  
So blue  
I think I am in love with you  
Me too  
Me too?  
I drive and drive  
All through the night  
To see my love  
My light  
My sky  
They do no same  
No no not ever  
They make my mind so black and blue  
So blue  
It isn't love  
When I'm not there  
The feeling is nowhere  
No where?  
It's not enough to her I swear  
They swear they need me there

Up and up  
I think it's love  
They swear it's there  
I swear

However  
They need not understand my state  
They need not understand my pain  
They swear  
They swear  
They swear  
Where are my needs?  
They're under daisies  
Never to be seen  
Then where are theirs?  
They're always in  
My sun  
My moon  
My sky  
As if it's glass  
You would see through  
I do see through  
Well I see you  
But you see you as well  
The dusk has come  
It has?  
The sky is dark enough

## “CONNECTION”

May one day be as sweet as this  
May one night be as long,  
Full of bliss  
As two wholes become halves  
And two lovers twine  
What does it truly mean to someone's mine?

My mind is coiled  
Ready to reminisce  
Lost in thought  
I toss and twist  
As sweet becomes sour  
And some kisses miss

No bliss is here  
But it's not lost as is  
Or as we remain  
We are still the same  
Those two halves  
Suddenly urge to be wholes again

As we indulge  
In backhanded thoughts of our love  
Our trust must shine  
We'll be soon to find  
That it may never shine the same  
again

Again  
Again  
Why would we repeat such a vicious  
twist?

Let's begin again  
And start anew  
To me and you it's nothing new

We as two  
Completed by who you were  
And who I was  
When your grass was greener  
Than mine ever had been for me  
And now it's withered  
Just one word  
And four words  
Is all it took to buckle you

### **"BREATHE"**

Work  
It seems to me  
That that's my week  
All I ever do  
I'm in I swipe  
Then 9 to 5  
I'm out the same time  
5 days a week  
For the rest of time  
For at least the rest of mine

The days they stretch  
The nights regress  
I never seem to dream or sleep  
This is why

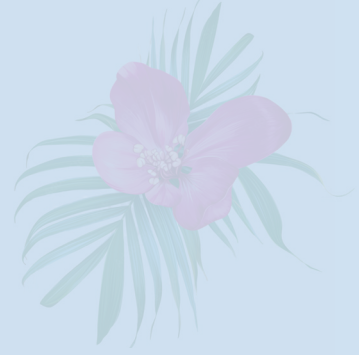
this is how  
I ended up so down  
I used to dream  
I used to sing  
Find joy in the little things  
But now  
I wake  
I eat  
I pray  
And everyday  
Nothing's the same  
But nothing ever changes

I hear them clear  
They clink and stir  
The frothy air  
They shriek and scream  
5 days a week  
They fill my dreams with gears  
They're all I hear  
For years and years  
These friends of mine  
cry and cry  
The difference is I'm paid for mine

### **"SERENDIPITY"**

A solitary state  
So alone  
And so connected  
Intertwined into the deepest  
These depths of mine  
What is it to say I have no peace of mind?  
An opposing force  
Hidden in recesses  
Of an independent mind  
It can see itself  
And it sees me  
Who are you to say who I am to me?

It weighs heavy on my mental states  
Their own sovereignty strained  
It does not press  
It does not push  
The deaf of life  
It and me, we are a team  
It's just as much a part of me  
As this thing I am is meant to be



# EIGHTEEN

BY ANONYMOUS

*Disclaimer: This poem contains sensitive material some readers may find triggering*

I've just turned eighteen  
And I'm already tired of all the battles  
That've happened over my rights

Saying that something not yet born  
is worth more than my life,  
That my life span is for someone else to decide  
I don't get that control.

I can tell you now  
I'd take a gun to my head  
Over creating a life I did not choose to make.  
I might just be eighteen but...

People say that I should die  
Over having a surgery that would  
Save my life, that would  
Save my mind.

People getting in my face  
Saying that having a surgery is  
some immoral decision,  
Well,  
I value my sanity far more than your opinion,  
And a bundle of cells, that can't survive  
without feeding off my body.

And these old white men  
Are holding on to their seats with vice grips,  
Nice power trip.

Ripping away our rights,  
from right beneath us  
These fires are spreading.

And they keep waving this book in my face  
Saying 'life begins at conception'  
Well,  
I'm not Christian,  
Stop yelling verses at me,  
I don't care.

It shouldn't be a crime to  
not want to be a mother.

It shouldn't be a crime to  
not want to be a mother.

It shouldn't be a crime to  
not want to destroy my mind.

It shouldn't be a crime to  
not want to destroy my body.


I'm only eighteen,  
I might not be afraid to die,  
but I've got so much more  
I want to live for.

I composed "Eighteen" in reaction to new laws against reproductive rights in Texas. The poem serves as a window into my mental state at the time, and I wrote it in a moment of frustration and anger over my own helplessness and the lack of respect lawmakers give my body in this country. Forcing citizens to undergo surgery to sacrifice body parts for others, not compensating these individuals in any way for doing so, and requiring them to pay for the procedure proves extremely unethical. The war on reproductive rights means people with uteruses cannot obtain complete healthcare, and it must end.

# THAT MOMENT ONWARD

BY ALAN TERRAZAS

This poem alludes to a surgery I underwent about two and a half years ago. Prior to the procedure, the medical practitioners mentioned an immense list of all the potential side effects that could occur afterwards. From the moment I awoke to the end of my stay at the hospital, my quick recovery and the absence of any major complications shocked the doctors. I use my rapid healing as motivation to continue progressing because I have a second chance at life.



I opened my eyes and was blinded by the lights  
My mouth hurt, as if I ate a few sour Mike and Ike's.  
I couldn't talk.  
I couldn't walk.

All of a sudden, the noise stopped flowing in the room.  
They said I succeeded in escaping a potential doom.  
My throat was dry.  
I wanted to cry.

Wondering if it would ever be the same,  
I practiced walking from doorframe to doorframe.  
I could barely start to eat.  
I could barely feel complete.

Years later, I am feeling much better.  
I'm taller, and onto something greater.  
Something greater than mars,  
or maybe past the stars

I like to look at the past, to see what I surpassed.  
'Cause from that moment onward,  
I became driven to keep pushing forward.