

The background features a stylized landscape with rolling hills in shades of olive green and a large, bright yellow sun partially obscured by the horizon. The sky is a solid blue color.

# THE HEARTLAND REVIEW

SPRING 2025

# Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the first issue of *The Heartland Review*, the official undergraduate journal of the Upper Midwest Honors Council! We are thrilled to showcase the incredible talent, creativity, and curiosity of students from across the Upper Midwest. In this edition, you will find a wide range of works that span disciplines, from the fields of literature, the sciences, the humanities, the arts, and beyond.

Our contributors come from several schools and states across the Upper Midwest, Whether through a research article that found inhibitory effects of an essential oil on antibiotic-resistant bacteria, a poem that captures the feeling of grief and nostalgia, or an art piece that makes you consider your relationship with a higher power, these works represent the ideas and thought-provoking perspectives of the undergraduate students in our region.

I would like to express my gratitude to all the authors, whose work continues to inspire and challenge us, as well as to the editorial and publication teams for their dedication and expertise. I am also thankful to the Upper Midwest Honors Council leadership and our faculty advisors for enthusiastically lending their advice and funds for a successful first issue of the journal. Together, we strive to create a publication that celebrates academic and creative achievements and fosters a sense of community among students from across the Upper Midwest.

Thank you for your support of *The Heartland Review*. We look forward to seeing how the journal takes shape from this year’s conference and beyond!

Warmest regards,

Jillian Hough  
Editor-in-Chief, *The Heartland Review*

# Table of Contents

Staff Bios	<u>2</u>
How Personality Impacts Interpersonal Relationships (Social Sciences)   Kalyn G. Mapstone	<u>10</u>
Some Souls (Poetry)   Georgia Shallenberger	<u>11</u>
My Ark (Poetry)   Noah Reese-Clauson	<u>12</u>
Investigation of the Temperature and Traffic Volume Relationship in Chicago (STEM)   Olivia M. Rueschhoff	<u>16</u>
Fragments of Admiration (Poetry)   Taylor Mizon	<u>18</u>
A Naija Narrative (Prose)   Joy Okafo	<u>22</u>
Influences of Celtic History, Pagan Mythology and Christianity on the Mabinogi (Humanities)   Morgan Kruger	<u>26</u>
A Review of the Ongoing Effects of the Singapore Australia Free Trade Agreement on the Petroleum Trade (Social Sciences)   Bianca Turman	<u>27</u>
A Place for You (Poetry)   Georgia Shallenberger	<u>28</u>
21st Century Icarus / Wrath of Demeter (Visual Art)   Rian Bevan	<u>30</u>
Cinnamon Essential Oil Can Inhibit Growth of Multi-Drug Resistant <i>Salmonella</i> spp. (STEM)   Breanna Clark, Samuel Johnson, Mary Shawgo, Ph.D.	<u>34</u>
God and I (Visual Art)   Abigail Stacy	<u>38</u>
The Journal of Bebbra of Bernicia (Prose)   Sophia LaBrie	<u>40</u>
A Tale of Two Mutinies: The <i>Fames Revenge</i> and the Fall of Atlantic Piracy’s Golden Age (Humanities)   Sofia Wardzala	<u>44</u>

# The Heartland Review Staff



Associate Editor

## Millie Alt

Millie is a first-year Political Science major at Loyola University Chicago. She enjoys reading, creating and solving crossword puzzles, and watching Formula 1, and she plans to go to law school after graduation.



Associate Editor

## Decha Perron

Decha is a second-year student at Loyola University Chicago and is double majoring in Psychology and Criminal Justice with a minor in Global Studies. She enjoys reading, making jewelry and trying new boba places. After graduation, she hopes to pursue a career in Clinical Psychology.



Associate Editor

## Gabrielle Fawcett

Gabrielle Fawcett is a sophomore double major in criminal justice and theological studies at Crown College. She enjoys her time on the track team, on the student activities board, and hanging out with friends. After graduation, she plans on opening a nonprofit for at risk, youth and kids who have been to Juvie.



Associate Editor

## Karoline Chidester

Karoline Chidester is currently a third-year at Loyola University Chicago studying Psychology with a minor in Ethics and Moral Philosophy. She serves as the Vice President of her Residence Hall, Junior and Senior class representative for Honors Student Government, Logistics Coordinator for the Honors Mentorship Program, Campus Activities Network Representative for a Students Demand Action chapter, and is part of a student advisory council for the Partnership for College Completion. She hopes to get her Masters in Social Work and get a job within the juvenile justice system or with DCFS of Illinois.





**Faculty Advisor**

# Justin Winzenburg

Dr. Justin Winzenburg is a Professor of New Testament and Director of the Honors Program at Crown College. He has a Ph.D. in New Testament from Middlesex University/London School of Theology in the UK. His expertise is in the areas of the New Testament and its Roman Imperial context as well as in New Testament hermeneutics. He recently published his first book, Ephesians and Empire, with Mohr Siebeck in their WUNT II series. Dr. Winzenburg teaches a wide range of New Testament and Honors courses. Dr. Winzenburg grew up in Hopkins MN where he became interested in sports and music at an early age. He loves riding his Himiway ebike, is an avid collector of vinyl records, enjoys playing basketball. He also enjoys spending time with his wife [Jill] and two sons [Theo (8) and Lukas (5)].



**Associate Editor**

# Alexa Johnson

Alexa is a fourth-year student at Minnesota State University, Mankato. She's majoring in Art and Creative Writing with a minor in Music Industries. She is involved in the Honors Beacon undergraduate journal, the Sigma Tau Delta English honors society, and is a portfolio assistant for honors students. In her free time, she enjoys reading, drawing, playing her instruments, and listening to music. After graduation, she either plans to get a job in the graphic design/literary editing industries or to pursue a Master's degree in graphic design.



**Associate Editor**

# Janae Scranton

Janae is a freshman at Graceland University. She is double majoring in Performing Arts and Secondary Education. She enjoys being a part of theater, band, and senate. After she graduates she plans on being a high school theater teacher.



**Associate Editor**

# Akanksha Denduluri

Akanksha is a freshman at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, studying Biomedical Engineering with certificates in Biology in Engineering and Leadership. She plans to pursue a Ph.D in Biological and Chemical Engineering, focusing on sustainable chemical production. In her free time, Akanksha enjoys reading, volunteering, and doing anything outdoors!





## Jadyn Aldrich

Jadyn is a senior communications major at Crown College with minors in English, Honors, and Christian Studies. She enjoys writing, reading, and watching shows with friends in her spare time (Psych is a favorite). She hopes to continue writing and editing after graduation!

**Associate Editor**



## Taylor Mizon

Taylor Mizon is a first-year honors student at Loyola University of Chicago with a Visual Communications major and an Advertising minor. She was born and raised in Hawaii and aspires to become a Visual Design Director. She is passionate for graphic design and sewing, blending creativity and technical skill.

**Associate Editor,  
Production**



## Abigail Stacy

Abigail is a first-year Chemistry and Classical Civilization double major at Loyola University Chicago. She is a member of Restoration Club and is a designer for Loyola's Literary and Arts Magazine, Diminuendo. Outside of school, she teaches drum set lessons, visits the library, and collects stationery. Abigail plans to be an environmental chemist after graduation.

**Production**



## Jillian Hough

Jillian is a senior Honors student majoring in Biology with minors in Chemistry and English at Graceland University. Jillian is the Editor-in-Chief of her university's newspaper and enjoys working as an EMT on the weekends. She plans to apply to medical school after graduation and dreams of becoming a rural OBGYN.

**Editor-in-Chief**





## Sam Yusuf

Sam is a junior at the University of South Dakota. He studies neuroscience, while minoring in chemistry and political science. After university, Sam hopes to attend medical school.

**Associate Editor,  
Production**



## Shriya Bandepallee

Shriya is an Associate Editor and part of the Production team at the Heartland Review. She is a freshman Neuroscience and Psychology major at Loyola University Chicago. She enjoys photography, going to the gym, and exploring new places in Chicago. She hopes to become a pediatric neurologist.

**Associate Editor,  
Production**



## Dan Platt

Dan Platt teaches English at Des Moines Area Community College. He has a PhD (with a focus on American Environmental Literature) from The University of Oregon. In addition to teaching courses in composition, communication skills, and film studies, Dan advises the DMACC Ankeny campus chapter of Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society.

**Faculty Advisor**



**Faculty Advisor**

## Melissa Berninger

Melissa is the Director of the University Honors Program at the University of South Dakota, where she also serves as the coordinator for nationally competitive scholarships. She has a Master's in English from the Pennsylvania State University and a Master's in Library and Information Science with a certificate in rare books and archives from The Palmer School at Long Island University. She came to USD after over twenty years at Long Island University, where she served as the associate director and director of the first-year composition program, the Associate Director of the Honors College, and the grievance officer of the faculty union. Melissa lives in Vermillion with her husband, son, and two cats. She is active in the Rotary Club, where she is currently club president, and in several other community service organizations. She is an avid birder.



**Associate Editor,  
Production**

## David Nguyen

David is a junior currently at Grinnell College, where he is pursuing a degree in Mathematics and English after finishing his two years at the Des Moines Area Community College. He enjoys blogging, ambling around on campus, and mentoring other students as part of Grinnell's Vivero fellowship. David plans to pursue a graduate degree in either of his majors after graduation.

*The Heartland Review* is a semesterly journal comprised of material submitted by undergraduate students across the Upper Midwest. Opinions expressed in *The Heartland Review* are not necessarily those of the editorial staff or the Upper Midwest Honors Council.

All Upper Midwest undergraduate and one year post-graduate student submissions of poetry, prose, STEM, humanities, and social sciences can be submitted to *The Heartland Review*. *The Heartland Review* is funded by the Upper Midwest Honors Council, to which we express our gratitude.

# How Personality Impacts Interpersonal Relationships

Abstract

This study looked at personality and interpersonal relationships. The scale used to assess personality was the Big Five test, and the scale used for interpersonal relationships was the Functional Idiographic Assessment Template-Questionnaire (FIAT-Q). The participants consisted of 29 students of various grades from a small Christian college, 20 women and 9 men, ages 19-24. The participants, after completing an Informed Consent form, were given a questionnaire containing the two scales. Questions were answered using Likert-type scales regarding levels of Openness, Conscientiousness, Extraversion, Agreeableness, and Neuroticism to measure personality, as well as levels of Avoidance of Interpersonal Intimacy, Argumentative or Disagreement, Connection and Reciprocity, Conflict Aversion, Emotional Experience and Expression, and Excessive Expressivity to measure interpersonal relationships. Correlations were run between each Big Five subscale and the subscales of the FIAT-Q. Results showed several statistically significant relationships. Openness, Conscientiousness, Extraversion, and Agreeableness had negative correlations with Avoidance of Interpersonal Intimacy, Connection and Reciprocity. This shows that being more open, hardworking, outgoing, and kind positively influences relationships. Neuroticism was positively correlated with Avoidance of Interpersonal Intimacy, Argumentativeness or Disagreement, Connection and Reciprocity, and Emotional Experience and Expression, meaning that higher emotional instability has a negative effect on relationships. Sex differences were also looked at between each subscale of the Big Five test and each subscale of the FIAT-Q. One significant difference was found between men’s levels of Conscientiousness versus women’s levels of Conscientiousness, showing that women tend to be more orderly.

Kalyn G. Mapstone  
Crown College, '25

continue reading by  
scanning the QR code or  
following [this link](#)



# Some Souls

A soul resides in the cozy shell of a sea urchin,  
its spines protruding with hostility, just as  
a soul resides in one who is safe within their bastion walls,  
fortified with copious defenses, too afraid  
to come to terms with the consequences  
of their actions.

A soul resided in the old man, whose children  
had moved on, for no reason other than boredom, just as  
a soul resided within the tree on the corner of Walgren and Dori,  
cut down, snuffed out, silenced  
by careless hands  
who took it for granted.

A soul resides in the house next door,  
overlooked, perhaps because it lacks importance, just as  
a soul resides in the cheerful girl,  
hidden in plain sight, forgotten,  
lost in the shadows of long-lived expectations.

A soul resides in the wide, terror-filled eyes  
of someone who fears their own speeding days—  
no; hold that thought.  
A soul resides in the cusp of new beginnings;  
new experiences; fresh starts;  
new realizations; quiet awakenings.

A soul resides in someone right here,  
reading this line, at the end of this poem,  
just as you are.

Georgia Shallenberger  
Loras College, '28



# My Ark

Together  
7.8 billion  
stargazing.  
The whole world,  
together,  
staring at the stranger worlds.

Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me.  
We say—vultures at mother’s maw.

We will fall onto the ground,  
Like rotten teeth from a junkie’s mouth;  
We are the dealer.

Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me.  
We say—lonely lights, a rainy night.  
Those seeking power, say “Me” louder.

Many,  
At last aware the world is delicate:  
Shedding youth and its comforts.

Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me.  
I’ll say it proudly, sign it “-NRC”  
I am the judge of all I see,  
and I am disappointed.

I am a voice shouting in the wilderness,  
“Can anybody hear me?”

I am a voice shouting in the wilderness,  
that old poet’s plea:  
“Understand me!”

Noah Reese-Clauson  
Loyola University Chicago, '25

I am a voice trying to listen, trying to hear.

I am inconsolable, imperturbable,  
I am inimitable;  
I am.

This is real. This is how I feel.  
This is how I’ve been.  
Can’t you see that blood comes out my pen?

What do I do with an ego like my own?  
Am I pretentious, arrogant, or just alone?

If anyone writes an essay on a poem of mine  
(I’d be so grateful) don’t say  
The speaker, I wrote these words,  
Me, they’re mine.  
Don’t give me something to hide behind.

I am ever-changing, insecure—  
I feel just like a round ship:  
Too inefficient to go anywhere,  
And no one knows which way I’m facing.

The rain washes out the old and in the new.  
A thick drop runs down my face, my stubbled chin,  
My hair wet, a leak in my head.  
Drip.

I see myself in blots of blue and green,  
Points of red.  
My mouth flat as a river, angry eyes.  
Something of me must be a disguise.

I’ve been called “high and mighty,” I’ve been called a  
golden retriever  
I’ve been called “Pastor Noah” and “Little Miss Can’t Be  
Wrong,”

I hope you don't think I am elevating myself.  
Only lakes get to be superior.

I have set out,  
Behind the clouds,  
And I will not turn back.

My mind was blank once  
Then I thought about how blank it was.

Drip, Drip, Drip.  
Today I'm twenty,  
I can't imagine how one could do this twice.

It occurs to me that I could be  
Whatever it is I want. Still,  
The near future feels intestinal,  
The far future a taunt.

None of us are doing "good" it seems.

Love is good then love is gone,  
Life is good then life is gone,  
So nascent travelers beware.

The earth and water run through us.  
Bodies fall into disrepair.

When time asks "To what would you give your  
health and youth?"  
Some say pleasure, power, friendship, family, some  
the truth.

The rain runs down my cheeks and down my legs  
Into the rivers lapping at my feet.  
I walk down a slim isle of dark sand (slim but too  
thick)

I walk on a mound of privilege.  
I can see for miles,  
but in very little detail.

My feet are soggy with tradition.  
Does Atlas bear the weight of history?

I take my coffee black, now make me cry.  
I want to know the truths that make you want to die.

It could be said that I have waited all my life  
For something to work for.

Drip Drip Drip Drip Drip.  
My head is flooded.  
The rain leaks out my eyes.

We each have our own world don't we?  
Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, You.  
No one is special but everyone can be.

Let's keep barking at the heels of something great.  
We'll walk on water when it's ice,  
And never be satisfied.  
We will work hard,  
Sleep well but little in made beds,  
And chuckle knowing the dying day lived a good life.

So  
If the rains have relented,  
And you've given up, repented,  
And you don't know what I mean—by all of this—  
Just know I meant it.



# Investigation of the Temperature and Traffic Volume Relationship in Chicago

## Abstract

A bivariate distribution is the shape of two data sets when they are put together, which can be used to help estimate where a new data point may land if the other variable is known. Several bivariate distributions were tested against the relationship between daily maximum temperatures and traffic volume in Chicago using data from 2006. While temperature and traffic are not commonly associated, extreme conditions can affect the traffic flow. Using data which are obtained from the National Centers for Environmental Information and Chicago.gov, this research explores whether a correlation exists and examines the underlying bivariate probability distributions of these two variables.

The data were analyzed using Excel and R programming, with graphical methods, correlation analysis, and goodness fit testing which are used as the core methodology. Explorative graphical analyses included scatterplots, histograms, and boxplots to visualize patterns and detect outliers. Advanced methods such as the Cullen and Frey graphs, Kolmogorov-Smirnov tests, and convex hull trimming were used to identify potential distributions and refine the analysis.

Results revealed a minimal correlation between maximum temperature and traffic volume, with an estimated correlation coefficient of  $r=0.12$  ( $R^2 = 0.0144$ ). After outlier removal, the correlation coefficient improved slightly to  $r=0.1412$ . Distribution analysis indicated that maximum temperature data resembled a uniform or beta distribution, while vehicle volume aligned more closely with gamma or log-normal distributions. Spearman's Rank Correlation Test confirmed a weak but statistically significant association between the variables, with a rho ( $p$ ) value of 0.165 ( $p < 0.05$ ).

Despite identifying possible bivariate distributions, the weak correlation suggests that temperature and traffic volume are not strongly interrelated, making predictions based on these variables unreliable. However, the findings contribute to the understanding of bivariate distributions and the impact of outlier treatment on correlation results. Limitations of the study include potential data inaccuracies and missing entries, notably for summer months, which may have influenced the results. Moreover, the study could be explored further if the data coverage is expanded into several years instead of relying on 2006 only. While this knowledge may not help accurately predict anything, it is a good way to look at and analyze large data sets and try to determine their distributions.

**Olivia M. Rueschhoff**  
**Western Illinois University, '25**

continue reading by  
scanning the QR code or  
following [this link](#)



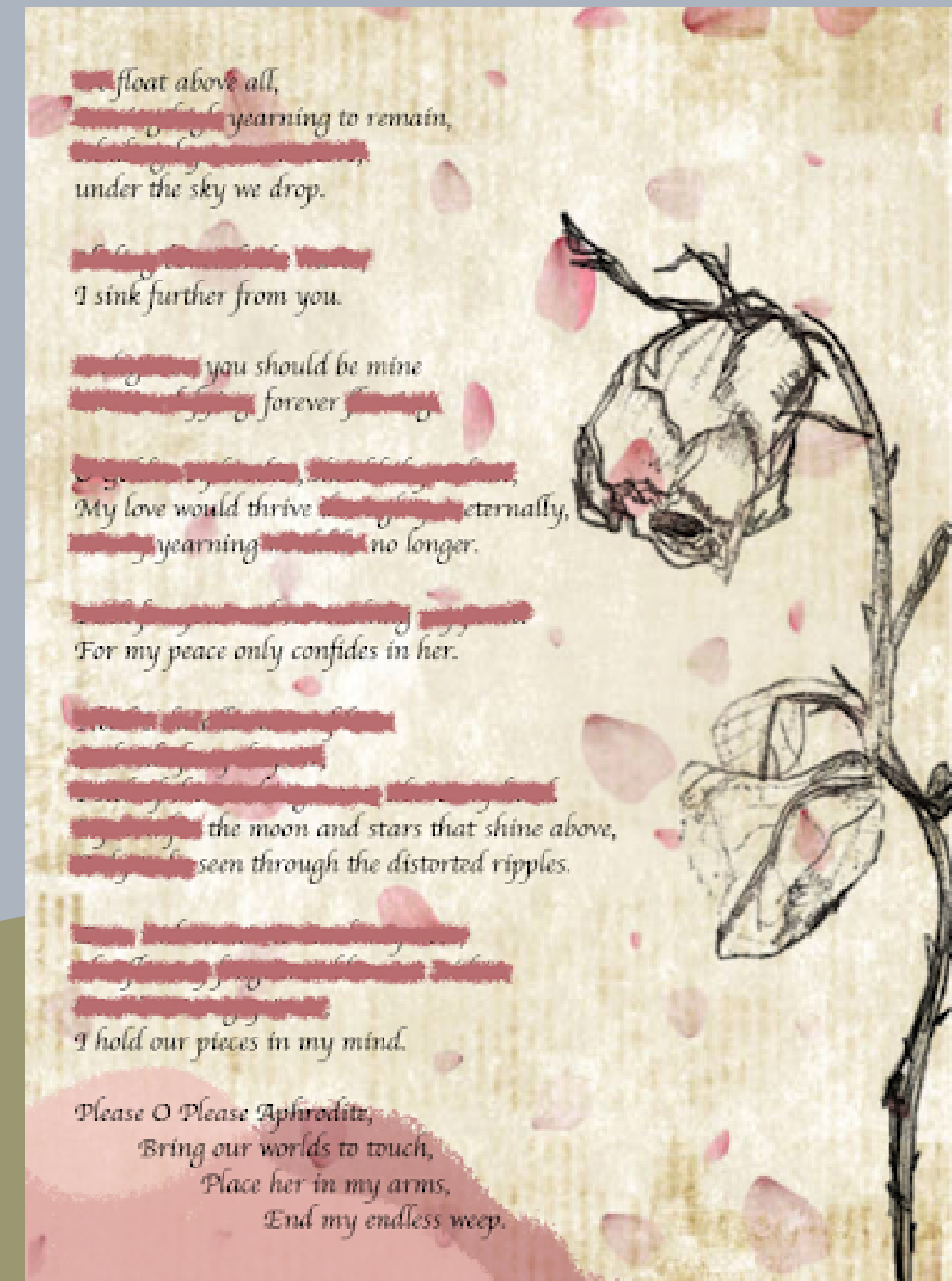
# Fragments of Admiration

I created two posters featuring my poetry. This semester I was deeply inspired by Sappho's poetry. If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho by Sappho was my favorite reading from this semester. Despite its old age, Sappho's poetry struck me as intensely personal and passionate, and something I could relate to today. I felt so much power in her words and enjoyed deciphering her work. Her poetry breaks tradition through themes of erotic desire and emotional intimacy, and by speaking from a female perspective. These were all elements that inspired me in the creation of my project.

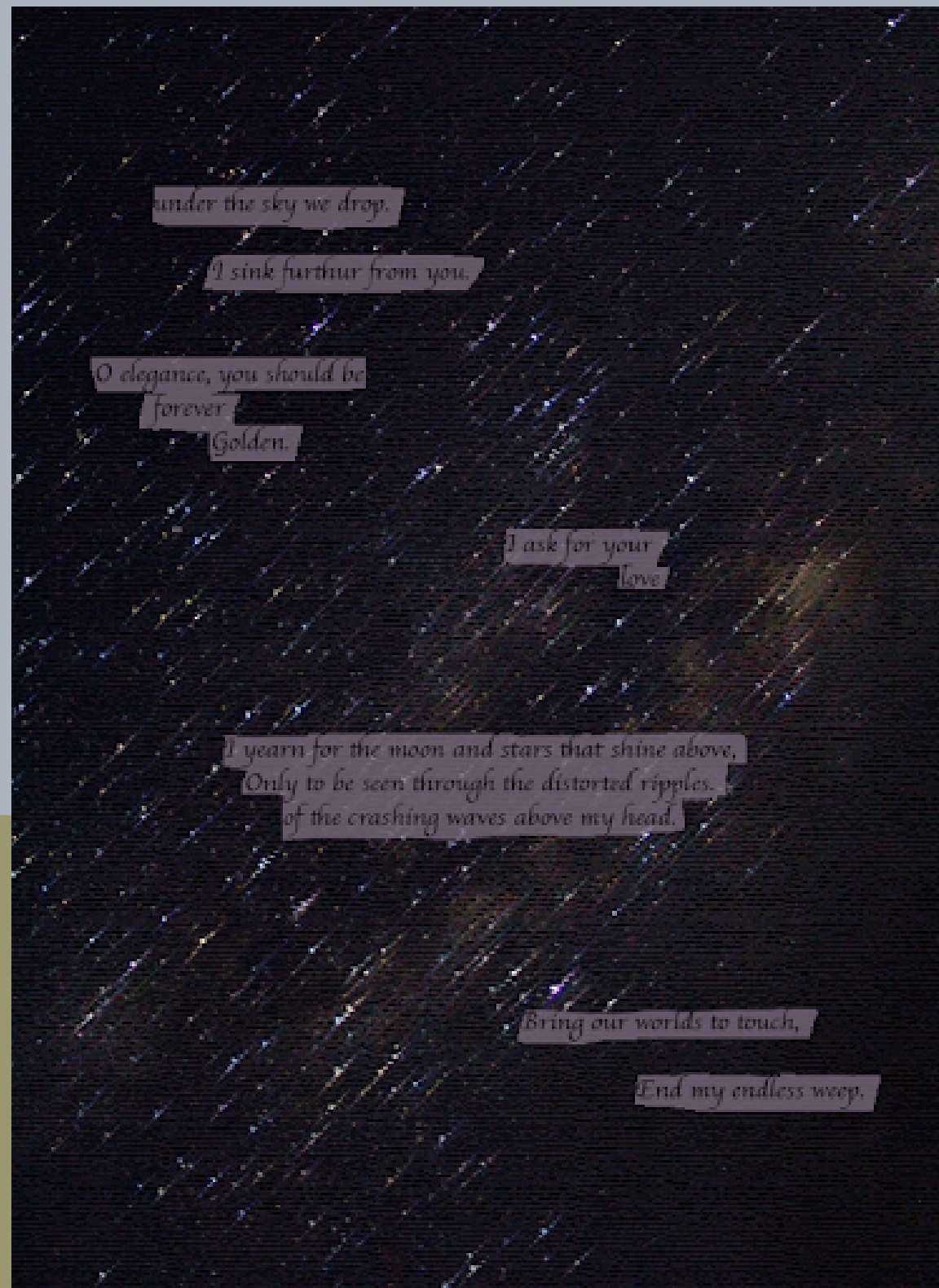
My poetry imitates Sappho's use of imagery as a metaphor for profound emotion. Sappho writes, "Of all the stars the most beautiful" (Sappho 104b). Sappho often explores themes of love and the intense emotions it evokes, making it likely that "the most beautiful star" symbolizes a person. Seeing the fragment through this perspective, Sappho is describing someone as the most beautiful compared to all. Through her metaphorical imagery, Sappho conveys deep admiration. Like her, I chose to utilize the natural world to depict emotional connection. In my writing, the first stanza begins with, "We float above all" and ends with, "under the sky we drop." I used the sky as a metaphor to depict a feeling of a new relationship focusing not on all the problems that come with a relationship, but instead on the period where everything is fun and new and nothing else matters until that phase ends. In the sky, they are able to escape responsibilities and instead live in ignorant bliss whereas dropping down to the ground represents coming back into reality. The ignorance of being in the sky allows people to forget other people and their conflicts while their descent forces them to face difficulties and leave the comfort of the sky. I use imagery as a metaphor for these feelings, just like Sappho does in her writing.

My poetry also imitates Sappho's way of speaking. She says, "O beautiful O graceful one" (Sappho 108). Her repetition of "O" conveys her longing for someone and the adjectives show her admiration for the person, working together to portray her yearning and desire for someone. I emulated this in my poetry as well in the lines "O elegance" and "Please O please Aphrodite." The begging for aid from Aphrodite is a theme in Sappho's poetry, and the repetition of the longing "O" communicates a similar message through Sappho's language connotation. My writing doesn't just use similar messages and themes but imitates Sappho's voice and longing tone through parallel language.

Taylor Mizon  
Loyola University Chicago, '28







My work imitates the fragmentation of Sappho's poetry. Instead of the accidental loss of Sappho's work causing only fragments to remain, I wanted to choose specific pieces to cut out of each poster, changing the meaning of certain components and highlighting significant ideas. I wanted to create blackout poetry from my original work. Despite minimal overlap, each poster removes portions of the poetry to create a new poem, just like how Sappho's poetry has been changed through the missing pieces and translations. The exclusion of pieces leaves more freedom of interpretation, elevating the poetry as a fragmented piece.

Sappho's writing inspired me to write a poetic piece, but my love for online design drew me to add a visual component to my work. I came up with the idea to make two posters because online design is one of my biggest passions. As a visual communications major, I am always looking to add to my portfolio and grow as a designer, so I took advantage of the project to practice new skills in Adobe Photoshop. I have always loved creative writing and poetry, so creating poetry inspired by Sappho was my favorite idea and felt very natural. Although I did not follow my original sketch, I allowed myself the freedom to experiment with many different components to land on a design that felt best for me and my theme. The first poster, inspired by a scroll, creates a romantic and yearning feeling to the design displayed by the flower and falling petals. The second is a galaxy of stars, showing the beauty of relationships and the crossing of two worlds. The movement of the blurred stars shows how relationships are forever shifting and sometimes slipping away. The careful planning behind each design heightens the meaning behind each poem and complements each other.

I enjoy the creative process much more when I am experimenting and developing one aspect at a time rather than following a set vision. This strategy of design may be problematic at times because I can lose direction, but this is easy to overcome through more experimentation. One example of this is in poster two (the galaxy), where I originally had the text overlaid from the background, making them difficult to read and missing the cutting-out factor that blackout poetry is meant to have. However, through more experimentation, I cut out the words with a light purple background, with rough edges to appear more as if someone had drawn over a page of a book, leaving only the phrases they chose to be visible. The rough edges convey the messy portion of blackout poetry, but the area behind makes the words easy to see. The stars are also still present behind the words, though faint, successfully tying everything together. This simple design took a lot of consideration and experimentation to achieve what I wanted and I am very pleased with how they both turned out.

My poetry conveys a deep and personal message, with themes and language similar to Sappho's fragments. I imitated aspects of Sappho's poetry through language, theme, fragmentation, and metaphoric imagery. Sappho's beautiful poetry resonated with me emotionally and inspired me to write similar poetry. I added a visual element of my own style, incorporating more of my voice. I enjoyed creating something meaningful and elegant that I am truly proud of.

# A Naija Narrative

A disorderly boisterous jungle, or a refreshingly vibrant community: "The miracle of gratitude is that it shifts your perception to such an extent that it changes the world you see" (jesuitresource.org). I found these words by Dr. Robert Holden true when I visited Nigeria in the spring of 2022. Although I was born into a perpetually migrating family, I was always told I was Nigerian first. Nigeria was where my parents grew up; it is where my grandparents lived and during my childhood was always referred to as home. To me, it was an inferior home, a place for which my parents habitually feigned nostalgia while concealing their true opinions to preserve a semblance of childhood joy. In my mind, Nigeria was a wasteland of dashed hopes and unfulfilled dreams; that is why my parents fled the country to America, or so I thought. I was suddenly aware of the foul smell of the environment around me, which abruptly halted my musing. Nigeria was dirty. The airport reeked of urine, and I was sweating heavily through my t-shirt. It was the hottest Friday of my life. I imagined the entire trip would be just as unimpressive as our arrival, but I quickly found that all I needed to see the good in our country was a mindset shift.

Once we had collected all our bags from the baggage claim area, we pushed our trollies piled high with suitcases through the glass doors. We were to meet Emeka, my grandmother's driver who would take us on the three-hour trip to my grandparents' home. The journey was not what I expected. It was brimming full of animals and geographical details different from anything we had ever seen before. I was flipping through nature channel after nature channel as picturesque scenes of Nigeria flashed past my window. Before long, everyone in my family had their phones out eager to capture every brilliant detail, until Emeka turned around laughing uncontrollably. "You guys do not have mountains and animals back at home, eh?" We shyly put our phones away and quietly enjoyed the scenery for the rest of the drive.

In what felt like half an hour, we pulled up to the gate of my grandparents' home. Two thin men in white tank tops, joggers, and sandals appeared and pulled open the gate for us to enter. These were the gateboys. As we slid open the car doors, we were immediately greeted by almost the entirety of my extended family. I thought I was quite fortunate to be living in the United States, but the pure joy I saw on each of their faces made me wonder what they had that I did not.

We dragged all our luggage into the house and enjoyed a meal together followed by a lot of animated conversation. My cousins teased me, claiming I sounded "too American." "If you don't leave me alone I'll try to do a Nigerian accent" I joked. Nigeria certainly was a different world. Something about the long car rides, beautiful nature, and close proximity to family and friends seemed to have a way of slowing life down to a pace where you could really enjoy it; bustling American cities and neat suburbs aside, I appreciated what Nigerian life had to offer.

Before long it was time to get down to the business of why we had made the long trip to West Africa: my grandmother's 75th birthday party. Everyone was involved in preparing for this huge event including my grandparents' housekeepers, gardeners, and gateboys. We blew up balloons for garlands, cooked food, and stuffed party favor bags, while intermittently dancing and singing to Nigerian music. No African gathering was ever complete without music and dancing, and we did so deep into the night. Immediately after all the work was completed everyone made their way out to the party's dance floor under the tarp and continued dancing, laughing, and listening to music for hours. It was quite interesting to see how my family members residing in Nigeria combined popular American dance moves with their own local flair. I found that the Nigerian dances were the ones I enjoyed the most.

"Alright, Alright" my grandmother chuckled, "I am now tired from all this dancing, and we must continue preparing for the big day on Sunday. I want everyone to be well rested. Good night everyone!" I was quite disappointed, I felt as though I could dance all night. We all filed into the house tired and sweaty, but grateful to be alive. I do not think I ever felt as alive as I did dancing in Nigeria, but the best moments of the trip were still to come.

Early the next morning, we were all back in Emeka's van heading to the city to pick up the last few party items. As we drove along the roughly paved roads I could not help but notice all the smiling children frolicking around the markets and their parents gathered by the sacks of grain excitedly discussing with one another in pidgin English. This kind of community among the people living in the city and nearby villages was completely foreign to me. I wondered what my neighborhood would be like if we took time to gather and converse like this.



The surrounding area was full of palm trees, complemented by other beautiful features of nature surrounding the town square such as the hills far in the distance, the rivers running past them, and the colorful lizards racing across the sidewalk. This kind of natural beauty did not exist anywhere near my hometown suburb of Plymouth, Minnesota, and I could not help but appreciate the realness of the world around me. It was as though I had stepped into the latest episode of National Geographic and the splendor of it all was sucking me in. “Joy,” my grandma said softly with a hand on my shoulder, “I want you to follow me to the market to see how things are done in Nigeria, but don’t say anything. I don’t want them to hear your American accent and charge me more.”

It was like a farmers market only with a lot more bargaining, and a lot more people; it also sold a lot more than food. There were clothes sealed in plastic, jewelry in woven baskets, and all sorts of snacks for sale everywhere. “Chin Chin for sale!” “Tom Tom sweet! 100 naira for 3 packs.” The air was full of energy with shopkeepers each trying to sell their merchandise and shouting over each other to be heard. “You want suya, na?” one of the shopkeepers gestured to me. I looked over to my grandma who was completely unfazed by all the chaos around her and walked straight towards the sacks of rice at the very back of the market. I only smiled at the man, doing my best to obey my Grandma’s instruction to remain silent. To my surprise, after my grandmother finished bargaining, she swiftly pulled out her iPhone and used Apple Pay for the rice. It seemed as though Nigeria had a much more colorful way of being modern.

We eventually arrived at my Uncle’s apartment complex. He wanted to pick up his tank of helium he had forgotten to blow up more balloons for the party. The apartments looked very similar to ones I often saw back in Minnesota, but the palm trees and warm weather made it feel more like a resort. The apartment was furnished with a large flat-screen television, surround-sound speakers, LED lights, and their Golden Retriever, Lisa. My four brothers and I gaped around the living room in utter amazement. “Your apartment isn’t very Nigerian,” I told my Uncle. “Nigeria is whatever you make it out to be,” he replied with a smile. “Does anyone want to play Just Dance?”

Three hours of video games later, we were all ready to go home and get something to eat. “Mommy, why don’t we stop by Cactus Restaurant on the way back to Epe Village? My mom had been craving her favorite childhood restaurant since she left Nigeria many years ago. “I think that’s a good idea!” I chirped. With everything I had seen, I only imagined Nigeria’s best restaurants to have all the traditional American amenities polished with African charm. The restaurant was only a few minutes away from the apartment and the wonderful aroma of all the Nigerian delicacies being prepared immediately greeted us when we opened the door. I loved how the restaurant incorporated lots of colors and patterns into its decor. The vibrant reds and purples made the restaurant appear like a king’s palace, and we certainly feasted like kings! The table was piled high with Puff Puff, Fufu, Plantains, Jellof Rice, Fried Rice, Meat pie, Cakes, Pizza, and different kinds of pasta. The Mocktails were bright reds, blues, and purples, garnished with various fruits and spices.

Looking around the table and seeing my family eating and laughing made me wish I could stay here forever. Tomorrow was the party, and then we would fly home; far away from my real home. The home I had initially despised but had now completely transformed into a tropical wonderland right before my eyes.

#### Works Cited

“Gratitude Quotes.” Xavier University, [www.xavier.edu/jesuitresource/online-resources/quote-archive1/gratitude](http://www.xavier.edu/jesuitresource/online-resources/quote-archive1/gratitude). Accessed 04 Oct. 2024.

Joy Okafo  
University of Minnesota -Twin Cities, '27

# Influences of Celtic History, Pagan Mythology and Christianity on the Mabinogi

Abstract

This paper discusses the elements of ancient Celtic customs and beliefs as reflected in the Mabinogi and how they can be compared with or complement the development of Christianity in the Celtic regions. By dissecting and analyzing the Christian notions within the stories of the Celtic peoples such as the collection in the Mabinogi, one may find the hidden layer or at least the differences that showcase remnants of the pagan faith as would still be prevalent in the culture even if not explicitly practiced. That is to say that the echoes of the ancient Celtic traditions and religious practices were not wholly erased with the introduction and incorporation of Christianity in native cultures such as in Wales and Ireland. This paper will discuss the elements of the Mabinogi such as characters and values that could be connected to Christianity and to older Celtic roots as well to help to better understand the connections between the two religions and how their interactions are reflected in the literature.

Morgan Krueger  
Wayne State College, '26

continue reading by  
scanning the QR code or  
following [this link](#)



# A Review of the Ongoing Effects of the Singapore Australia Free Trade Agreement on the Petroleum Trade

Abstract

This paper reviews the ongoing effects of the Singapore-Australia Free Trade Agreement (SAFTA) on the petroleum trade between Australia and Singapore, focusing on the volume and value of crude petroleum exports. The SAFTA, implemented in 2003 and amended multiple times, aims to reduce trade barriers, standardize markets, and promote green trade initiatives between the two nations. Despite the theoretical expectation that free trade agreements foster increased trade, the results of this study, based on a difference-in-differences regression model, suggest that the SAFTA has had little to no positive impact on the petroleum trade. In fact, the analysis shows a negative or statistically insignificant effect on trade outcomes. This finding challenges economic theory, which anticipates trade liberalization to stimulate exports. The paper discusses potential causes for these unexpected results, including omitted variable bias and the influence of external factors like geopolitical relations and global oil price fluctuations. The study concludes that while SAFTA has successfully fostered other areas of bilateral cooperation, its impact on petroleum trade remains negligible, warranting further research to assess the influence of more recent amendments to the agreement.

Bianca Turman  
University of Minnesota - Twin Cities, '25

continue reading by  
scanning the QR code or  
following [this link](#)





# A Place for You

*To Richard Wing.*

The sound of the harsh October wind.  
In memory, I stand in a field where corn once used to whisper,  
waiting for the light to fill your tired eyes behind your aviator glasses.  
You will see me running clear across the field,  
tripping on stalks of corn,  
surprising you after a long day.

There's no need for you to work at your age,  
you should be at home with the ones you love.

Even now you're gone, you should be at home with your daughter,  
my mother, who knows  
that your *sun rises and sets in her*, who *loves you*  
*to the moon and back*.

She still drives the truck you gave her  
for her sixteenth birthday,  
and wears your favorite red sweatshirt  
when she misses you.

You should be at home with your wife,  
my grandmother, who spent every day  
laying out your clothes  
and planning dinner each night,  
way before she had eaten lunch,  
anxious for your return.

She makes your favorite meal,  
which is my favorite, too:  
pork chops and mashed potatoes  
in symmetrical sections on your plate.

You should be at home with your grandsons,  
my brothers,  
who don't quite understand.  
They want you to watch them eat their mashed potatoes,  
play checkers with them, long into unreasonable hours of the night,  
and just be  
with you.

Oh, and Papa,  
you should be at home with me,  
your only granddaughter, who  
graduated, though you never got to see;  
who went to college  
with honors,  
because you, math professor, taught her algebra,  
long into the night, when no one else  
knew how.

Your white hair, never grey,  
reflected the lights that  
shone like spotlights on  
the table, cluttered  
with equations and formulas  
that never discouraged you,  
even as I tried not to cry.

You shouldn't be in a town twenty miles away,  
several feet in the cold ground, away from the warmth  
of the dining table where your family is gathered,  
always leaving a place  
just for you.

**Georgia Shallenberger**  
**Loras College, '28**

## 21st Century Icarus



The sins that I decided to portray are pride and envy. To think one is better, to be arrogant, to be blind to the people around you, hubris, is pride. Those who are prideful easily fall to the other sins, because they are blind to their real place in the world, only valuing one's accomplishments. Wanting for what others have, being blind to the things that you already have, is envy. Envy breeds hatred and joy in the misfortune of others. The fall of man happens when envy overtakes.

When I thought of portraying these sins I was interested in the symbolism of each sin, and how they have been portrayed through storytelling. I looked to Greek mythology for inspiration, how they have portrayed these cautionary tales of those who gave in to pride and envy respectively. I was first drawn to the story of Daedalus and Icarus, where Icarus flew using wings made of wax and feathers. Ignoring his father's warnings, Icarus flew too close to the sun and met a tragic end. For the sin of envy, I looked to the story of King Erysichthon, who was punished by Demeter for his destruction of her sacred Grove. He was then cursed with insatiable hunger, he sold everything for food, though was still ravenous, until succumbing to death.



# Wrath of Demeter

These works took form as I played with materials, collages, and watercolors. I explored different ways of storytelling, deciding to portray Greek myths and depictions of sins in a modern style of comic. Both pieces took shape when I decided to incorporate modern-day issues like pollution and deforestation and spin them to be cautionary tales just like the Greek myths. I began with the story of Icarus, in the story flying too close to the sun or too close to the water was dangerous, but in my art, I imagined the added dangers of Icarus in the 21st century. Icarus instead of falling into the ocean alone would fall into an oil spill, sentencing him to the same entrapment and death that so many birds and sea life have perished. Similarly, I portrayed the story of King Erysichthon, his destruction of nature- of life for his own selfish means. His killing of Demeter's sacred grove awakens the goddess and brings her wrath upon him. I drew parallels to deforestation, painting blood coming from the tree stumps to evoke the tragedy of losing forests. I depicted the death of the king as he is taken in his sleep to the Greek underworld, he rides down the river Styx towards Cerberus the three-headed Hound.

Rian Bevan  
Graceland University, '26





# Cinnamon Essential Oil Can Inhibit Growth of Multi-Drug Resistant *Salmonella* spp.

## Introduction

Antibiotics are a highly prescribed drug in medicine and used to inhibit or kill bacteria using a specific target in bacteria cells (Andersson and Hughes 2017). Antibiotics are used to treat infections in humans and animals and are known for their contribution to increasing human life expectancy in the last 150 years. Antibiotics select for bacteria that are already resistant, with resistance genes spreading between bacteria. Bacteria can come in contact with each other through surface water and animal waste (Qiao et al. 2018). More contact between bacteria with antibiotic resistant and bacteria without resistance will increase the chance of the resistance gene being transferred. Bacteria can transfer antibiotic resistance through transformation, transduction, and conjugation. Bacteria with an antibiotic resistant gene will survive when exposed to an antibiotic. Surviving bacteria can then repopulate, spreading antibiotic resistance.

Antibiotic resistant infections are extremely difficult cases to treat throughout the world because of how long they have been around. In 2014 about 700,000 people died from antibiotic resistant infections. From that number, antibiotic resistant infections were estimated to increase to 10 million deaths annually by 2050. Antibiotic resistant bacteria can resist antibiotics by decreasing their influx pumps, increasing their efflux pumps, altering the target site on the resistant bacteria, and by altering the antibiotic itself. All of these actions inhibit the normal abilities of antibiotics leaving them with no effect on resistant bacteria (Jian et al. 2021).

*Salmonella* is a common bacterium. *Salmonella* is a rod shaped flagellate bacteria. *Salmonella* is gram negative. *Salmonella* is typically found in foods and in some animal habitats. *Salmonella*, when ingested, causes gastroenteritis symptoms such as vomiting and diarrhea. Occasionally *Salmonella* can lead to severe infections.

*Salmonella* spp. has multiple mechanisms of virulence. Increased amounts of L-ornithine can cause symptoms such as vomiting and diarrhea (Grimble 2007). *Salmonella* spp. increases the production of L-ornithine (Schroll et al. 2014). *Salmonella* spp. uses effector proteins to invade the small intestines of humans and produce toxins (Schroll et al. 2014).

Breanna Clark, Samuel Johnson, Mary Shawgo, PhD  
Graceland University, '24

*Salmonella* spp. has the virulence factor SspH2. SspH2 is a cystine- dependent E3 ubiquitin ligase that prevents proteins from being degraded in the proteasome (Quezada et al. 2008).

*Salmonella* spp. can be resistant to antibiotics. The most common antibiotic genes found in *Salmonella* spp. are *blaTEM-1*, *strA-strB*, *sul2* and *tetB* (Long et al. 2022). *blaTEM-1* gives resistance to penicillin. *strA-strB* gives resistance to streptomycin. *sul2* gives resistance to sulfonamides. *tetB* gives resistance to tetracyclines. A common antibiotic resistant strain of *Salmonella* spp. is DT104 (Glynn et al. 1998). *Salmonella* DT104 is resistant to ampicillin, chloramphenicol, streptomycin, sulfonamides, and tetracyclines (Glynn et al. 1998). *Salmonella* spp. can be resistant to more than one antibiotic or have co-resistance (Long et al. 2022). With these mechanisms of resistance, new treatments are needed.

Cinnamon is a common herb used all over the world. Cinnamon is used in seasonings, food, and in medicine because of its antioxidant and antimicrobial activities. Cinnamon essential oil (CEO) is a more potent form of cinnamon. Cinnamon has components of cinnamaldehyde, eugenol and cinnamyl acetate (Chen et al. 2022). Cinnamaldehyde, in particular, is the main component. Cinnamaldehyde has shown to have inhibitory effects on the growth of bacteria. CEO and cinnamaldehyde showed different adaptive mechanisms of antimicrobial activity (Chen et al. 2022).

CEO has inhibitory effects on growth of *Salmonella* spp. CEO reduces the internal functions of antibiotic resistant *Salmonella* spp. (Zhang et al. 2022). CEO inhibits the metabolism of *Salmonella* by cutting off the bacteria's main energy source. CEO cuts off the energy metabolism by inhibiting ATPase and thus the production of ATP. With no consistent energy source, *Salmonella* spp. has disorders in its physiological metabolism leading to eventual cell death (Zhang et al. 2022).

Food is commonly exposed to *Salmonella* spp.. Poultry is a common food that spreads *Salmonella* spp.. Chicken feces can spread *Salmonella* spp.. Processed chickens are exposed to bacteria in the packaging process. Chicken eggs are exposed to *Salmonella* spp. during the egg laying process. Normal eggs are laid in chicken feces. Chicken feces often have *Salmonella* spp.. *Salmonella* spp. has the ability to penetrate eggshells (Berrang 1990). To prevent the spread of bacteria, chicken farms consistently use antibiotics. Frequent usage of antibiotics on chicken farms can lead to the formation of antibiotic resistant genes (Song et al. 2022).

Like chicken and other poultry, ducks are a common source of *Salmonella* spp.. Ducks and chickens become infected with *Salmonella* spp. in similar ways. *Salmonella* spp. is spread through the egg laying process. Duck eggs are exposed to *Salmonella* spp. through their feces.

Ducks also spread *Salmonella* spp. through the large flocks that they travel in. Having a large flock increases the chances of the spread of *Salmonella* spp. (Plawinska-Czarnak et al. 2022). Spreading bacteria through flocks can lead to cross contamination. Cross contamination, when a host has the gene, can lead to antibiotic resistant bacteria in ducks.

*Salmonella* spp. can be isolated through brilliant green bile agar (BGB). BGB agar is a selective and differential media. BGB agar is made of Peptone, Ox gall 20g/L, Lactose 10g/L, brilliant green 13.3g/L, and phenol red. BGB agar is selective through Ox gall and brilliant green. Ox gall and brilliant green only allows growth of gram-negative bacteria (Moats and Kinner 1974). Ox gall and brilliant green disrupt the membranes of gram-positive bacteria leading to suppression of gram-positive bacteria growth. BGB agar is differential through brilliant green dye. BGB agar is differential through phenol red. Phenol red will turn yellow in an acidic environment. If a bacteria can ferment lactose, present in BGB agar, the agar will be yellow. *Salmonella* spp. is a gram-negative bacterium that cannot ferment lactose. BGB agar allowed for the growth of all *Salmonella* spp. colonies (Moats and Kinner 1974). BGB agar cannot determine if *Salmonella* spp. is antibiotic resistant.

Zone of inhibition tests are used to determine the effectiveness of antimicrobial substances (Barry et al. 1979). Zones of inhibition were created by plating antibiotics on Muller Hinton agar (MHA) and observing for bacterial lawn growth. MHA is an agar that allows for the diffusion of antibiotics. MHA is known for its ability to better diffuse antibiotics compared to other media (Nassar et al. 2019). Discs of antimicrobial substances are placed on the lawn growth. If the bacteria grow up to the disc, the bacteria is resistant. If the bacteria grow in a ring around the disc, the bacterial growth has been suppressed by the antimicrobial agent. The ring or zone around the disc is measured in millimeters (Barry et al. 1979). Zone of inhibition tests will be used to determine if *Salmonella* spp. is antibiotic resistant and the effectiveness of cinnamon essential oil.

Antibiotics have different mechanisms for inhibiting growth of bacteria. Ciprofloxacin inhibits DNA gyrase leading to chromosomal translocations and eventually bacterial cell death (Shariati et al. 2022). Penicillin inhibits crosslinking in the peptidoglycan layer of the bacterial cell wall (Yocum et al. 1979). Streptomycin binds to the 30S ribosome and prevents protein synthesis (Demirci et al. 2013). Ampicillin prevents peptidoglycan synthesis in bacterial cell walls (Li et al. 2019). Erythromycin binds to the 23S ribosome and prevents protein synthesis (Horinouchi and Weisblum). Antibiotics will be used to determine *Salmonella* spp. antibiotic resistance.

Cinnamaldehyde comes from the bark of *Cinnamomum* spp.. Cinnamaldehyde is in CEO. Cinnamaldehyde is thought to be the active ingredient in CEO. Cinnamaldehyde is hypothesized to cut off the energy source of bacteria. By cutting off the energy source, cinnamaldehyde decreased the biomass of *Streptococcus pyogenes*, *Pseudomonas aeruginosa*, and *Escherichia coli* (Firmino et al. 2018). It is not known if cinnamaldehyde will be effective when tested against antibiotic resistant *Salmonella* spp..

Cinnamon powder is derived from *Cinnamomum* spp.. Cinnamon powder has been used in ancient medicine to treat many different diseases (Mohamed et al. 2020). Cinnamon powder is thought to have antifungal and antibacterial properties (Singh et al. 2020). Cinnamon powder will be used to identify if cinnamon is the active ingredient in CEO that inhibits the growth of antibiotic resistant *Salmonella* spp..

CEO, cinnamaldehyde, and cinnamon powder are all derived from the same plant. Essential oils and cinnamaldehyde are derived by steam distillation. Steam distillation lowers the boiling point of essential oils. CEO is passed through a separatory funnel and collected (Wong et al. 2014). Cinnamaldehyde is further distilled from CEO. Cinnamaldehyde is soluble in steam. By collecting the condensed steam distaste cinnamaldehyde can be isolated from CEO. Cinnamon powder is derived by grinding the bark of *Cinnamomum* spp.. Grinding the bark can release hydrolytic enzymes that break down the components of cinnamon powder. Desiccation is also used in producing cinnamon powder. Breaking down the components of cinnamon powder or dessiation can lead to a change in function. If CEO, cinnamaldehyde, and cinnamon powder are derived from the same plant, they should have similar inhibitory properties.

Glycerol is a common solvent used for even distribution of chemicals. Glycerol is produced from plant or animal fats through hydrolysis. Glycerol can also be produced by fermentation of sugars. Glycerol is hydrophilic and miscible with water at temperatures between 20°C and 80°C (Takamura et al. 2012). Glycerol does not make a homogeneous mixture with oils. Glycerol will be used to dilute CEO concentrations. Glycerol will be compared to canola oil to determine which is more successful in diluting CEO.

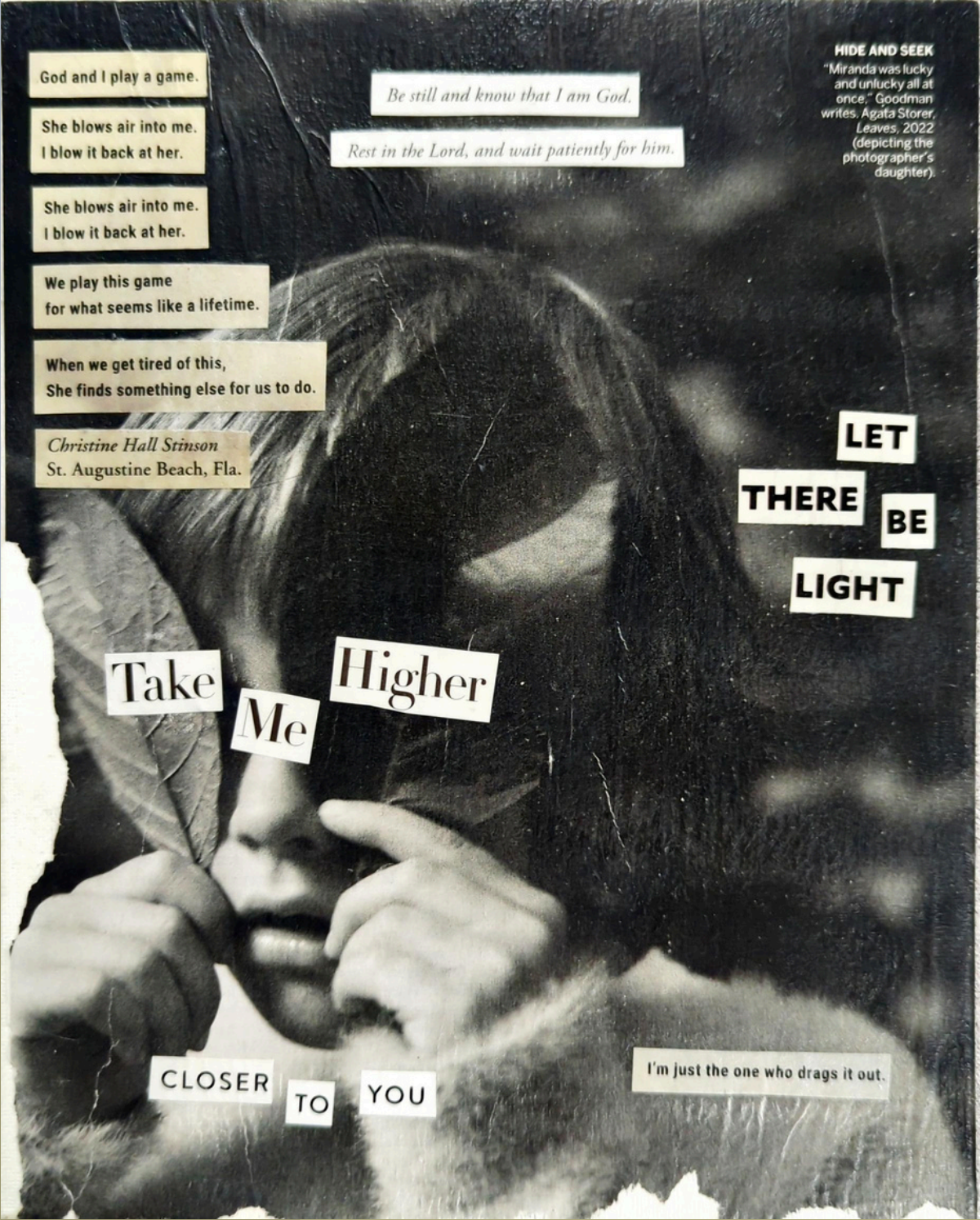
Canola oil is a common carrier oil used for even distribution of essential oils. Canola oil comes from the canola plant. Canola oil has hydrophobic properties and will mix with other hydrophobic materials. Canola oil has antioxidant substances including vitamin E and linoleic acid (Loganes et al. 2016). Canola oil makes a homogenous mixture with other oils. Canola oil will be used to dilute CEO concentrations. Canola oil will be compared to glycerol to determine which is more successful in diluting CEO.

continue reading by  
scanning the QR code or  
following [this link](#)





# God and I



This collage reflects the myriad emotions I experience regarding my faith and closeness to God. I created most of the collage using pages from Friends Journal, a Quaker magazine, as I found the poetry and art reflective of my experiences as a Quaker. Many of the phrases within the collage are either direct quotes from the Bible or allusions to religious concepts like transcendence.

I’ve had periods of my life where I feel very connected to God and in tune with Him in worship, and other periods, often more common, where I feel distracted and distant in worship. Parts of the piece reflect my desire to regain or maintain my closeness with God, while others reflect my human tendency to neglect my end of our relationship. The poem I selected depicts these feelings of direct connection to God, while also emphasizing my responsibility to respond and continue seeking that connection. Additionally, the poem highlights my reliance on God as He is often the one who is left to present “something else for us to do” when I get lost in corporeality.

I selected the background image in combination with the phrase “Take Me Higher” to again illustrate my internal conflict between wanting to further my faith but feeling too trapped in my human desires and distractions to do so. The girl begs to be taken to a higher level of spirituality and faith yet shields her eyes from the necessary path. The conflicting imagery and messaging of this piece encompass the simultaneous growth and setbacks in my faith.

Abigail Stacy  
Loyola University Chicago, '28



# The Journal of Bebba of Bernicia

This work is purely speculative and reflects what the author believes to be an extant journal of Bebba, a pagan Saxon noblewoman living in Northumberland, England in the sixth and seventh centuries CE, might have contained.

April (*Eostemonath*) 603 CE

My name is Bebba, second daughter of King Ælle of Deira. My sister is Acha, first daughter of our royal house. She married King Æthelfrith of Bernicia, brokering an alliance between our warring kingdoms. When our father died, my only brother, Edwin, fled the country, allowing Æthelfrith to become the overlord of both kingdoms as long as Edwin remains absent. Two winters past dear Acha died in childbirth, so I was swiftly betrothed and married to King Æthelfrith. Having seen twenty-three winters, I was quite old to be a new bride, but for good or ill that made no matter in this match and I am now queen of Bernicia and Deira.

Though I have been married to Æthelfrith for two winters now, I do not know him very well. I need not worry about him reading my entries in this daybook as he cannot read. Writing in Latin script on parchment or papyrus is foreign to these parts. The native script of our people is runes on stone, wood, or bone. When the servant enters my chambers to replace the rushes or build the fire, she always seems a bit afraid of me as I sit at my writing board. I cannot blame her. It does seem a kind of witchcraft. I would never have become acquainted with the Latin script myself if not for the determination of my mother.

My mother came to Deira as a young bride from Frankia and has never loved this island, with its rains and its old beliefs. As a child in Frankia, she was raised as an Arian Christian and has tried to persuade myself, my father, and my siblings, to follow her faith. To that end she brought a monk with her from Frankia, a certain Brother Godric. During my youth, he instructed myself and my siblings in both the language of the Romans and the art of writing, as well as the Christian Bible. Despite these best efforts of my mother and brother Godric, our house has remained stubbornly heathen, as they call it. In my fourteenth summer, the good brother left our fort, despairing that we would ever become Christians. In truth, I think he was also fleeing the cold. No monk has been seen on our shores since he left. When I saw my mother last Giuli, she was participating in Modranecht at the temple, so I think she too has given up on the Christian god ever reaching Deira.

My mother brought a Roman wax tablet with her when she left Frankia, so I've been practicing my writing on it for years. My sister and I used to speak Latin together so as not to forget the language. Our brother Edwin did not deign to speak it with us. I have never liked Edwin. He has always seemed a weak man to me, weak but so superior. Well, he shivers in exile while I sit in my own castle, queen over Deira and Bernicia, so who is superior now?

At the time of my writing, my husband is marching on King Aidan of the Scots at Dagestan. He seems to be eternally fighting some king or other. I suppose it's only natural, as this wet island was far from uninhabited when we came here from Anglia. This fortress that we live in was only built two generations ago. Happily for me, my husband, the king, assuages his guilt over his absence with gifts. He keeps me supplied in my writing, expensive a hobby as it is, and has gifted me with this castle from which I now write, and called it Bebbanburg in my honor. I must admit it was quite a gesture indeed! I do love this beautiful wooden castle. I love watching the sun rise over the sea to the East. It will make a perfect home for our children.

We already have three children, Eanfrith, Oswald, and Oswiu. Really they are my nephews, but with Oswiu being only a year old, I am all the mother they have in this world. They are dear children, and soon to be joined by another! I have not yet told my husband, as he has been absent, but I am expecting a child of my own. As this child will be the firstborn of my body, I am excited but quite apprehensive. As soon as I have finished writing this I will go down to the temple and make an offering to Frig.

October (*Winterfilleth*) 603 CE

My husband, the king, returned from the Scottish border today. He reported a victory against the Scots, but at a cost: his brother Theobald was killed in the fighting. Theobald had been in the vanguard and attacked with his men while the rest of the men hid in the forest surrounding the field and attacked the Scots from behind. He was buried at the field there with enough wealth to send him to a good afterlife. I hadn't known Theobald very long, but he was a kind man and a doting uncle. He will be missed.

November (*Blodmonath*) 603 CE

My daughter is born, and the sweetest creature in all the world! She has her father's blond hair and my brown eyes. She is quite stout and has a strong voice. We have decided to name her Æthelthryth, so she will grow up to be strong and noble. Oh, what a sweet child she is. I only hope the slaughter this month will give us enough to feed her through the winter, as the herds were meager this year.

Sophia LaBrie  
University of Minnesota - Twin Cities, '28

February (*Solmonath*) 604 CE

The sun is coming back! I can almost see the primroses in bloom, can almost smell the heather and the thyme. I was able to bring Æthelthryth outside of the walls of the fort today, now that she's finally recovered from her illness. There is nothing in the world more terrifying for a mother than the ill health of her child. I prayed to Frig for her health, and the good goddess granted my request. My husband and I made sacrifice at her shrine together in thanks.

My husband is a good father to our children, kind and jovial and wise. Many know him as vicious and bloodthirsty, and while that may be true on the field of battle, I have come to love his presence at Bebbanburg and miss him when he's away. Eanfrith asked me to teach him to write on paper today. He has already been using my books to study a bit of Latin. It will be nice to have a pupil, and someone to write to! I will however have to start hiding my book more carefully.

April (*Eostremonath*) 607 CE

Our daughter participated in her first celebration of Eostre today! With the help of her sister, she carried the offering to the shrine of the goddess. She's much too little to carry any animal so she brought some grain. It was very sweet to see Æthelthryth helping her sister. They make such a good pair and they get along so well with their brothers, who play with them every day. I hope my sister can see them. I know she would be proud.

I have started to teach little Gwynnfred the runes. She is catching on quite quickly. When they're both a bit older I'll teach them to write like this, and when they get married we can send letters back and forth so I won't have to wonder how they're faring. I have never understood how any mother is able to part with her children.

December (*Giuli*) 613 CE

The air is cold at Bebbanburg. With Modranecht coming soon, preparations for the feast are underway, and the temple is being made ready for the ritual. One moon ago our seer told me that he had seen a flight of birds flying north. He told me this meant the winter would be short. I make an offering every day so that this will be true. Gwynnfred grows weaker and weaker. I feed her only the best meat and grain, but her skin grows sallow and her flesh hangs on her bones like a sail. We have had visits from priests and witch women but nothing has helped. Tomorrow I will ask the seer to read for her.

February (*Solmonath*) 614 CE

The cakes are being baked in preparation for the offering but nothing is the same in this place without my daughter. Every day I get up and I walk around and try to be there for Æthelthryth and her brothers, but it is like traveling upstream on a boat without oars. I made sacrifice to Thunor today and asked that he give me strength.

April (*Hrethmonath*) 616 CE

We received word from East Anglia today. The messenger, a cobbler from the village, told us that a traveling merchant told him that my brother Edwin has been sheltering in the court of Redwald of East Anglia. Of course he would be there, hiding like one little scared rat behind a bigger one. I am delighted by this news. Hopefully, this rat can be caught and this kingdom can be free of him forevermore. Æthelfrith sent one of his best men to Redwald to offer a generous price for his head, three hundred pieces of silver, and twenty heads of cattle, weighed of course against the price of war if he refuses. He would have to be a fool to refuse.

June (*Litha*) 617 CE

The roses bloom and my husband marches off to war once more. King Redwald has rejected my husband's offer and decided to give battle. What could have possibly inspired such a choice I could not begin to guess. Was it some misguided loyalty or affection to the craven he shelters at his court? Over our evening meal tonight Æthelthryth asked me if her father and oldest brother would be hurt in the fighting. I told her that of course they would not, but how can I know? What if my goodbye to my husband was our very last goodbye? It doesn't do to think such things, but there has been such a darkness in the air recently. When I went to the sea the waves were in such a fury, without so a single cloud in the sky. What can it all mean? I don't know, but it feels as if the very foundations of our lives are about to be shaken.

July (*Litha*) 617 CE

I sit by my window and watch as Edwin's army approaches. I see my husband's head on a spike being carried by a rider on a gray horse. This will be the last entry I ever write. If anyone is reading this, however many years later, you may wonder why a woman would spend her time and silver on simply writing down her life. I wanted it to be written down that I existed, that I lived and breathed and loved. I wonder if they will spare my children.

for the Works Cited and a PDF version, scan the QR code or follow [this link](#)





# A Tale of Two Mutinies: The *Fames Revenge* and the Fall of Atlantic Piracy’s Golden Age

Close to one o’clock in the morning on May 27th, 1726, as the merchant ship *Elizabeth* sailed from Jamaica to Guinea, William Fly and his compatriots crept above deck and murdered Captain William Green and his first mate, throwing them overboard before renaming the ship the *Fames Revenge*, thus beginning a new career as “gentlemen of fortune.”<sup>1</sup> When Fly, along with Samuel Cole and Henry Greenville were executed in July of that year, they were asked to repent their crimes in the face of the hangman’s rope. While minister Cotton Mather, who was present at the hanging, reported that Cole and Greenville showed great “Signs of Repentance” and “desired the Spectators to take Warning by them” and stay away from a life of piracy, Fly gave the minister no such satisfaction.<sup>2</sup> “When he was called upon, to Speak what he should judge proper to be spoken on that sad occasion, at least for the Warning of Survivors, he only said, That *he would advise the Masters of Vessels to carry it well to their Men, lest they should be put upon doing as he had done.*”<sup>3</sup>

The crew of the *Elizabeth* was “put upon” mutiny in the face of inhumane treatment and sought after becoming pirates to create a freer and more just way of living. Fly, however, fared no better in his captainship than his predecessor. Scarcely two months after he and his crew became pirates, a second mutiny ousted him from his position and landed him on Boston’s gallows. The *Fames Revenge*’s first mutiny was a common story during the Golden Age: a rebellion against an abusive captain which became a radical new lifestyle. The fact that there was a second mutiny, however, presents a challenge to this narrative of Golden Age piracy. The story of the *Fames Revenge* illustrates how change in imperial policy caused the downfall of buccaneer culture and subsequently the Golden Age of piracy itself.

Modern history on Atlantic pirates emphasizes their roles as both predator and prey in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century colonial ecosystems. This essay, through its focus on the *Fames Revenge* will explore how the Golden Age ended through a breakdown in culture resulting from the war on piracy waged by colonial governments. Historians such as Marcus Rediker and Robert C. Ritchie revitalized the study of Atlantic piracy, while those such as Carla Gardina Pestana and Virginia W. Lunsford have focused on the relevance of Atlantic piracy to global history.<sup>4</sup>

In addition, scholars have increasingly included voices in their narratives that have traditionally been excluded from pirate discourse, such as women, indigenous people, and the extension of maritime culture created on the shore.<sup>5</sup> Beyond piracy, authors such as Robert W. Harms have explored contemporary maritime history through an account of one ship.<sup>6</sup> Similarly, this essay will explore the unique story of a single ship, *The Fames Revenge*, to illustrate the end of an important era in global history.

Sofia Wardzala  
Loyola University Chicago, '26

<sup>1</sup> *The Tryals of sixteen persons for piracy, &c. Four of which were found guilty, and the rest acquitted. At a special Court of Admiralty for the Tryal of Pirates, held at Boston within the province of the Massachusetts-Bay in New-England, on Monday the fourth day of July, anno dom. 1726. Pursuant to His Majesty's commission, founded on an act of Parliament, made in the eleventh and twelfth years of the reign of King William the Third, intituled, An act for the more effectual suppression of piracy. And made perpetual by an act of the sixth of King George.* (1726) Readex Early American Imprints, Series 1, no. 2819, <https://infoweb-newsbank-com.eu1.proxy.openathens.net/apps/readex/doc?p=EVAN&docref=im age/v2%3A0F2B1FCB879B099B%40EAIX-0F3018611D1F5E38%402819-%401#copy>, 21-22.

<sup>2</sup> Cotton Mather, *The vial poured out upon the sea: a remarkable relation of certain pirates brought unto a tragical and untimely end: some conferences with them, after their condemnation: their behaviour at their execution: and a sermon preached on that occasion.* (1726) Library of Congress, Accessed at <https://go.gale.com/ps/i.dop=SABN&u=loyolau&id=GALE%7CCY0100596951&v=2.1&it=r&aty=sso%3A+shibboleth>, 48.

<sup>3</sup> Mather, *The Vial*, 48.

<sup>4</sup> Marcus Rediker, *Villains of All Nations: Atlantic Pirates in the Golden Age.* (Beacon Press, 2004); Robert C. Ritchie, *Captain Kidd and the War Against the Pirates* (Harvard University Press, 1986); Carla Gardina Pestana, “Why Atlantic Piracy?” in *The Golden Age of Piracy: The Rise, Fall, and Enduring Popularity of Pirates*, ed. David Head (University of Georgia Press, 2018); Virginia W. Lunsford, “A Model of Piracy: The Buccaneers of the Seventeenth-Century Caribbean,” in *The Golden Age of Piracy: The Rise, Fall, and Enduring Popularity of Pirates*, ed. David Head (University of Georgia Press, 2018).

<sup>5</sup> Marcus Rediker, “Liberty Beneath the Jolly Roger: The Lives of Anne Bonny and Mary Read, Pirates,” in *Iron Men and Wooden Women: Gender and Seafaring in the Atlantic World, 1700-1920* ed. Margaret S. Creighton and Linda Norling (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996); Arne Bialuschewski, “Slaves of the Buccaneers: Mayas in Captivity in the Second Half of the Seventeenth Century,” *Ethnohistory* 64 no. 1 (2017): 41-63 <https://doi.org/10.1215/00141801-3688359>; Dianne Dugaw, “Female Soldiers Bold: Transvestite Heroines and the Markers of Gender and Class,” in *Iron Men and Wooden Women: Gender and Seafaring in the Atlantic World, 1700-1920* ed. Margaret S. Creighton and Linda Norling. Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996.

<sup>6</sup> Robert W. Harms, *The Diligent: A Voyage through the Worlds of the Slave Trade.* (New York: Basic Books, 2003).

continue reading by  
scanning the QR code or  
following [this link](#)







THANK YOU

Thank you for reading the inaugural publication of *The Heartland Review* and supporting the work of undergraduates across the Upper Midwest.

We'd like to extend our thanks to the Upper Midwest Honors Council, the student editors and designers at *The Heartland Review*, and the dozens of hardworking students whose submissions made this publication possible.

Above all, thank you to Jillian Hough for organizing and leading the charge behind this journal!