

## Editor's Comment

### MEET OUR FRIEND, THE COMPASS

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Welcome back fellow Vikings. Once again, it is time for us to reassemble ourselves to complete another exciting school year.

To the new freshmen, I want to welcome you aboard the Viking ship. Thank you for joining our 2002-2003 voyage.

To the new faculty and staff, thank you for having the desire to work with us, the students. You are very important to us because, without you, the world would be without one of its most under-valued resources.

Teachers: I hope that you are ready and determined to make a change in the lives of the students, old and new.

Be glad that you chose this profession and do not be discouraged. Your goal is to help and to encourage students and give them the desire to learn. Do NOT give up until you achieve your goal, a noble one.

Now, with that said, I would like

to introduce you to the 2002-2003 Compass, one that is designed to be informative and appeal to all segments of our campus. Many changes have taken place with The Compass this year, including some reorganization. Our new opinion section will allow students to respond to topics of interest, and their responses will be placed in the next issue.

We will give you puzzles to work on for entertainment. Of course you will not win a prize, but you will be able to have fun with the paper of and not just read it.

The "Brotha 2 Brotha" and "Sista 2 Sista" columns will now be together instead of the alternating one-at-a-time process. Therefore, men and women will get twice the encouragement, support, and helpful information this year.

We will revive the "lost" comics and the Viking Spotlight, an interview with two students.

I hope that the students, faculty, and staff will have a wondrous year, and I hope that the Compass is able to serve our purpose: to inform and to entertain.

## WHO ARE YOU?

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When you walk along the narrow sidewalks, you encounter various faces. Yet, if the person you pass is not wearing certain colors, not dressed the way you dress, or looks the way you want them to look, you do not speak?

Take a walk down memory lane... when you were a freshman. More than likely the only people you knew were from your hometown or it was your roommate. When you did make new friends you did not care about their appearance because you were so excited that you even found camaraderie in another.

Why do students look at other students as an outcast?

This is a growing problem on our campus that needs to be given some serious thought, by all of us. Just ask yourself, am I more illustrious or better than him or her? This should lead and guide you to speak or hold a conversation with the other person, because you

should realize that you and the other person are equal. They may even need a friend and you could be the one who reaches out to them.

Now wouldn't that make your day?

I can relate to Kim Hockaday's poem, *Misunderstood*.

There was a time in my life when I felt like others did not like me and did not associate themselves with me. Because of my religious beliefs, people tend to view me differently because I do not dress the way I used to. And I still remember when that one person stretched out a friendly hand I felt as if someone cared. This caused me to reach out a friendly hand to others. Now, everywhere I go on campus someone either knows my name or knows of me.

We are all Vikings, all attending the same university. Hopefully, we are all here for the same reason, to obtain a degree. Along the way, let's accept those around us for whom they are and make a difference not only in our own lives, but also in the lives of others who need a caring touch.

## The Compass

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Please send your letters to the editor and poetry to ECSU Box 815, Elizabeth City, NC 27909. All letters must include writer's signature, address, and telephone number.

## Poetic Realm

### Mother, pray

Her, baby boy  
Is becoming a man  
Walking the shaky grounds of society  
It's hard for him to stand  
He's not reading his biblical map  
And he's driving the wrong way  
His life is in need of a U-turn  
And his heart is beginning to decay  
Rot, melt, dissolve, harden  
Becoming freezing cold.  
He's huffin and puffin and smoking his lungs down  
Demons trying to repossess his soul  
He's meditating in a mind state of Babylon  
Heading for destruction  
When he's suppose to be a living sacrifice for God  
Used for good not corruption.  
We need to open the word of God to this brother  
Because liberation is what it brings  
Let the Lord free him from bondage  
And cut loose Satan's puppet strings  
There's an empty well in his heart  
Only God can fulfill within  
Whoever drink of the living water  
Shall never thirst again  
I know, being a young black man,  
It can be hard adjusting to a so-called politically correct society  
A baby boy with dreams  
Growing up to face reality  
Lord, give him oxygen  
So he can breathe  
Give him vision  
So he can see  
That he is worth more  
Than what he is settling for  
Open his eyes to the fact  
That he can reach more.

*Mothers pray for your sons  
And ask God to give them strength to carry on.*

*To survive this world  
They have to be strong  
Teach them to walk by faith and not by sight  
Because things are not the way they seem  
Pray that God will cast away the confusion  
And restore their lost dreams*

Precious young girl  
Only sweet sixteen  
In search for love  
Waiting for a man to deliver a dream  
Growing up playing with Barbie dolls  
Accepting Hollywood's perception of beauty  
She becomes so infatuated with this perception  
She doesn't recognize her own beauty  
Now years later, she's in the strip club  
Dancing on tables  
Walking the wrong avenues in search for love  
Her emotions become unstable  
Disrespecting her queenhood  
She's never been told that she's a queen  
Concerned about a lost man  
Who promised her dreams

*Mothers pray for your daughters  
For they only want to be loved  
Show them love  
For God is love  
Teach them about beauty  
And teach them how to nurture  
Because within their bellies  
They carry the future*

~ James Hill

### Misunderstood

I'm so misunderstood  
By the girls in my neighborhood  
They outcast me.  
Because I dress differently.  
I don't follow rules by society,  
But let my soul guide me.  
The clothes I wear.  
And the way I style my hair.  
Represents my personality.  
Shows off my individuality.  
Don't call me a bad girl.  
Because I want to stand out in the world.  
I don't wear dresses; pink and fluffy.  
So girls want to outcast me.  
I'm not caught up in material things.  
Or concerned about what others are wearing.  
I won't lose my identity.  
To be accepted by society.  
For once my identity is hidden.  
A lie is what I'll be living.

~Kimberly Hockaday

### Following the "Sun"

I am like the sun,  
Or at least I try to be.  
Because I am loud and I laugh a lot,  
Those who are "Christ-like" think I am silly.  
The sun told me to bear love,  
peace and joy,  
And I practice through my daily laughs.  
Because I am not as quiet and humble as she,  
They would rather receive her autograph.  
I am going to continue to follow the sun,  
Despite what my own brothers and sisters say,  
Because the day will come when I'll walk in the light,  
And no longer be amongst criticism everyday.

~Anonymous Female

Untitled

from the way she eats,  
to the way she puts down her pen  
she is who she is,  
from the way they speak to you,  
to the way they talk about you  
they are who they are,  
from the way you express yourself,  
to the way you humble yourself  
you are who you are,  
from the way we look at them,  
to the way we view ourselves  
we are who we are,  
from the way he talks around his boys,  
to the way he talks to mommy  
when things go wrong  
he is who he is,  
on behalf of those who are who they are,  
let me, be me

~Rukiya Williams