

# The Blue Guitar Jr.

*Featuring  
literature  
and art  
for youth*

*The 2022 edition*



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## The Blue Guitar Jr. Staff

Co-editor: Rebecca Dyer

Co-editor: Richard H. Dyer Jr.

Publisher: Elena Thornton

Artwork for front, back covers: Marjory Boyer

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[www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org) and [www.artizona.org](http://www.artizona.org).

“Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar.”

— Excerpt from Wallace Stevens’ 1937 poem “The Man With the Blue Guitar.”

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# A Haunted Halloween

## By Shaurya Arora

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Trevor woke up early in the morning to remind his sister that today was Halloween. He jumped off his bed, excited. He knocked on his sister's door to make sure that she was awake.

Ruth replied, "Come in!"

Trevor opened the door and exclaimed, "Today's Halloween, remember?"

Ruth nodded, rubbing her eyes. She yawned and got out of bed.

Trevor and Ruth walked into the kitchen quietly, so that they wouldn't wake their parents up. Trevor grabbed a box of cereal and poured it in a bowl. Trevor munched on his cereal, reciting spooky ghost stories.

In between one of Trevor's ghost stories, Ruth said, "Ghosts aren't real, Trevor!" Trevor shrugged.

"If you don't believe in them, they'll haunt you!" Trevor exclaimed. Ruth sighed. Trevor finished eating and got up from his chair. He imitated a ghost again, to prove his point. Ruth opened her mouth to argue but decided to ignore Trevor instead. Meanwhile, their dad got up from bed. He told them to get ready for school. When everyone was ready, they got in the car. Trevor started telling more stories on their way to school. Annoyed, Ruth started talking to her dad. Trevor looked out the window to see the Halloween decorations. Trevor gasped. He saw an actual ghost floating towards the car. It was white with large, black circles for eyes.

"Ghost!" Trevor cried, scared. Ruth was annoyed now.

"Dad! There's a ghost!" Trevor said.

"Let me focus! I could get in an accident!" their dad exclaimed, while turning the steering wheel.

The ghost came closer.

Meanwhile, their dad parked the car at school. Trevor hurried, afraid that the ghost was after him. He opened the door to school and ran to his locker. Trevor opened it. Right as he was putting his backpack inside, the ghost flew into his locker. Trevor closed the locker quickly, so it couldn't escape. He headed to math class.

When he got in his seat, Trevor's teacher asked him, "Where's your math books?"



Shaurya Arora is in fifth grade. He plays basketball and swims. He also likes writing poetry and short stories. When he grows up, he wants to be an author or an athlete.

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Trevor wanted to explain about the ghosts, but instead he said, "I forgot them at home."

"Make sure to be more responsible next time," the teacher said. She let him borrow her books.

"Today's set of math problems are all about Halloween," the teacher continued, "Can anyone read me the first problem?"

Ruth raised her hand. She read, "Someone had ten pet zombies. They gave five zombies away. How many pet zombies do they have?"

Trevor opened the math book, when suddenly a large zombie appeared. However, Trevor didn't notice it. The zombie crawled up to the front of the class. Finally, Trevor and Ruth saw it.

They both screamed. "Zombie Apocalypse!" they yelled. The rest of the class was busy finishing the math problem. They all were touched by the zombie, meaning that they became one themselves. They chased Trevor and Ruth.

Trevor told Ruth nervously, "We have a bit of a problem." Trevor opened his locker and showed the ghost. The ghost flew out quickly.

"What should we do?" Ruth asked.

"We have to get rid of it somehow, but I don't know how," Trevor said.

"Great ... we're trapped in a room with about twenty zombies and now, a ghost!" Ruth said.

"Anyways, English class is starting. Maybe we can plan afterwards." Ruth said. She ran to English class. Trevor followed her. He locked the door, so that the zombies couldn't get in. Trevor asked to borrow the English books. As he touched it, he had a vision. He saw dozens of wizards, witches, zombies, and ghosts all over town. He saw a clock reaching midnight. Then, he saw the creatures staying in town, haunting it for days. Trevor's vision was quickly over. His teacher was staring

at him.

"Trevor! Could you please stop daydreaming and pay attention?" his teacher said. For the rest of the school day, Trevor was thinking of the vision.

Afterwards, Trevor and Ruth were continuously running away from their classmates, the zombies.

When school was over that day, their mom drove them home. When they were home, Trevor described his vision to Ruth.

"Time is running out. We must stop them by midnight," Trevor said.

"What happens if we aren't able to do that?" Ruth asked.

"Then our friends will never be human again, and the people that are human will become ghosts, or maybe zombies," Trevor stated, worried. Trevor and Ruth looked at each other nervously. Could they complete this mission and save town or would they fail, they both were thinking.

"Well ... why are we waiting! Let's go! It's almost five o'clock!" Ruth said.

"From my experience with stories, every superhero has a headquarters, which means that we need one, too!" Trevor exclaimed.

"We don't have time to make a headquarters, Trevor!" Ruth exclaimed. Ruth began roaming around town, searching for signs of creatures. Meanwhile, Trevor got a paper and drew a ghost on it. Then, he wrote: Wanted.

"Hurry up, Trevor!" Ruth yelled. Trevor caught up to Ruth.

"It's getting late. We should go inside," Trevor said. His stomach grumbled loudly.

"Wait! I found a zombie footprint!" Ruth exclaimed. Trevor examined the footprint. They followed the path that the zombie created.

"Are we there yet? I'm getting hungry in case you

didn't notice," Trevor said. Ruth was about to answer, but a zombie appeared. It chased them all over town.

"I hope that zombies are vegetarian!" Trevor yelled, tired from running.

The zombie caught up. It took a long time for Trevor and Ruth to realize that they were running in circles. They ran too fast, and soon were in front of the zombie. They screamed and turned around. They ran straight into the zombie and fell. Slowly gaining consciousness, they got up. They saw the ghost from Trevor's locker guarding a home, specifically the one on sale at the very end of the street.

"Why would the ghost be there?" Ruth asked.

"I knew it! They have a headquarters!" Trevor exclaimed. The zombie slowly came closer. Trevor and Ruth stopped talking and ran faster to the home on the end of the street. The ghost started chasing after them, too. Trevor and Ruth quickly opened the door and locked it just in time. They examined the home. There was nothing special or unusual. Trevor and Ruth continued

searching. Ruth took a step forward. Suddenly, she fell.

"I found something!" Ruth said. Trevor also fell.

"Woah ... there's an underground headquarters!"

Trevor said, excited. Trevor turned his flashlight on. He and Ruth searched the area. They finally found a spell book.

"This magic was done by a wizard or a witch! Without a spell book, none of these creatures could be made!" Trevor exclaimed.

"Which means that we have to hide the spells in the spell book," Ruth said. Trevor went through the pages, crossing all the spells out, using a pen.

"Great! Now we just have to wait in here until midnight to see if the spell's over," Ruth said. By midnight, everyone was human again. Trevor and Ruth went home, tired. From then on, they tried to help the community more, and learned to become more responsible. They worried about the ghosts and zombies coming back next year. But, for now, the town was no longer haunted.

# 2 Poems by Mingyu Kim

## Why the Willow Weeps

there on the isolated, sloping hill  
stands an old willow  
tree whose thin leaves  
reach down to the ground  
streams of greenery sprouting  
from a wooden fountain

every cold winter a violent gust  
thrashes it from all directions  
filled up to its brisk brim  
hateful, angry, debris  
little and large  
big and small

the willow shakes and shudders  
but does not fall through these  
horrible winds they are  
as the small bits  
thwack through the veil of leaves  
into the weathered bark

yet debris becomes the hammer  
striking the softening leather  
as the debris begins  
steadily chipping  
further into the willow's heart

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**Mingyu Kim is an eighth grader who attends BASIS Ahwatukee. He's been a Boy Scout for over two years. His hobbies are reading, video games, swimming, and writing. He has also been published in Bear Essential News, Blue Guitar Jr., Ink & Feather Literary and Arts Journal, Scribbler Literary and Arts Magazine, and the World House Challenge.**

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and the willow  
the old willow  
groans and creaks  
leaves dripping down like tears

and although  
the shattering, hurtful winds  
will someday cease to batter  
the tired, lonely willow  
the holes in the wood  
from the debris  
are still  
Visible.

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# Rock, Tumbling

at the bottom of a sweeping, gushing river there lies a glittering bed

a bed of the prettiest and roundest stones that you ever did see

uniformly gray  
and round and smooth  
all laid out  
in the straightest most orderly lines you ever did see

although in the middle  
of all those lines  
lies a rock

a rock that is not quite exactly  
just like the other stones  
it shimmers with bright  
sharp blue speckles  
its jagged edges  
against the  
lines of  
stone

this blue stone t e not being able to fit in  
u l s yet too afraid to be proud  
m b of itself and its brilliant blue

someday soon this unique, blue rock, t out from the river  
i out of the orderly mess  
p dry and alone with  
s new opportunities  
a diamond within a sea of sand, will be

but however the rock searches  
there will be no others  
who are exactly  
that blue  
Color.

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# Avalanche of Sun, Snow, and Water

## By Shreya Bansal

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One of the most colorful places I went to in Colorado was Garden of the Gods. The ride to Garden of the Gods was long, but luckily I had my iPad with me. When we got there, we had to go through a short line, but when we had a clear view I saw that there were three huge rocks balancing on each other and we were allowed to climb on it while taking pictures. It was kind of hard to maneuver around the rocks and when you did you had to hold on to the sides unless you knew how to walk nicely down a short, steep walkway. There were also these other rocks stacked on each other that we weren't allowed to climb on, but we still took a lot of pictures. After that we went to this balcony that had a view of different colored mountains and I also saw some blue cuckoo birds that I think we're mating. Of course, we took more pictures but in the evening we went downtown and ate dinner. When we were in the car, I was watching TV again knowing that we were going back to the hotel.

Seven Falls was the most aesthetic part of my Colorado trip. When we got to the place, we had to do a little hike and we saw some other mountains too until we saw the waterfall. There were these stairs that had spaces in between them, and it was very far up to the point that you were at the top of the Seven Sisters. We had to work up the courage to climb it and when we were halfway my legs were shaking. My dad tried to push us to the top, but I was done at that point. After taking some pictures, we went back down the stairs with shaking legs taking ten at a time. When we got down from the stairs, we took more pictures and then we went on the elevator and went to the far view to take more pictures and after all of that we went back to our rented car from the airport, and we went back to the hotel.

The most surprising part of my trip was the Texas Rodeo. It was surprising that it was happening in Colorado. Once we were done with Seven Falls, we went to go back to the car when we saw a line forming in front of a dome-like stadium. After getting close enough, we saw that it was a Texas Rodeo that was about to start and since we had never seen a rodeo we got tickets and went inside. Me and my mom went to get hot cocoa for me and my sister and coffee for my dad and mom. Two minutes before it started,



Shreya Bansal is in fifth grade. She likes to study history because there are projects she gets to do that are creative and fun. She loves to swim, draw and paint. Her poems and stories have also been published in Scribbler Literature and Arts Magazine.

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me and my mom made it to the seats where they were already there and gave them the drinks. By the time we were done with that, it had started. First, the adult men riders came with their horses and one of the riders lost their hats. Then the young girls came, and it was one of their birthdays. The bull riding had started, and I really didn't understand what the scoring was, but it was really fun to watch the riders almost get trampled by the bull. Halfway into the rodeo it was getting dark, and we had to go back to the hotel and watch TV and eat dinner.

Pikes Peak was the most nerve-racking thing that has happened in my life and my trip to Colorado. So, the drive up the mountain at first was not scary but when you get to 9,000 feet above altitude, it's kind of nerve racking. When you get to 12,000 feet, the view is beautiful, but what happens is when you look down, actually — just don't. We saw a lot of birds and I saw one elk. At the point when you have done  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the drive, you would drive into a parking lot on a mountain that had school buses and cars parking in the lot. The employees told us that we could ride up the rest of the mountain on a bus. I was really happy because the driver had more experience with driving up mountains. I was surprised that the driver was driving normal and not slowly because it was steep, like STEEP. And when we got to the top, there was literally a restaurant in the building on the top of Pikes Peak and when we got out of the bus it was freezing and I was wearing shorts and oh it was cold. We went inside to the restaurant and got sugar bagels which I didn't like. After everything, we went back down, and I felt much safer. The ride up a mountain was totally worth it.

# My Summer Vacation in South Korea

## By Minzi Kim

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Over summer break I went to Seoul, Busan, and Jeju Island in Korea for 2 months. My mom and I stayed the whole time, but my dad and brother left early for personal activities. I think it's been about 3 years since I've seen my grandparents in Korea. I was so happy to see them again.

In Korea it was so rainy that maybe sometimes it was pouring like someone poured a bucket of water on us. While we were sleeping, at 3 a.m. to 3:40 a.m. it poured so much that when I opened the door, to hear the lovely sound of rainwater, some water came into our apartment. I was scared that it was going to flood, but luckily it didn't at all.

During summer break, I met my two grandmas from both sides of my family. I normally go to my dad's mom only once, but this year I went there twice. It's fun to go to my dad's mom's house because I only have one cousin I know who is on my dad's side and he is four years younger than me, so he's very cute.

My grandma on my dad's side lives near a beach, so my cousin and I went and played. On the beach I found a school of small fish which was fun to chase, and we found a lot of closed seashells and opened them up. It was kinda hard to rip them open. We also made a sandcastle and put some seashells on it. The beach was full of people and the water was cloudy because all the kids were running and playing on the beach.

Then, after we went to the beach we went to a waterpark. It was basically a playground waterpark because it is a normal playground once the water is turned off. There were more toddlers there than big kids like me. Mostly because it was meant for little kids unlike me. My cousin mostly likes the rainbow runway through water. It was like a carwash runway through, and my cousin liked cars, so I think that's why he liked it.

I also went to the biggest island in Korea. It is called (Jeju) or (Jeju island). It depends on how you say it. The island is located in the south of Korea. I went with my cousin, my daddy's brother, my cousin's mom, my mom, my brother, my daddy, my grandma, and I. To be honest the plane ride was slightly funzies. The hotel felt very royal and they had an indoor swimming pool which was humngo! At the pool they sell beach balls but mine popped sadly. When I went to the airport we had to separate and according to my dad he refused to go on the plane until they said they would call me.



The writer shares: "My name is Minzi Kim and I am in the fifth grade. A couple of my hobbies are drawing, golfing, and swimming. My favorite animal is red pandas because their personality is just like me. They are adventurous, curious, and playful; I am funny, playful, curious and adventurous too! My art and writing also have been published in Scribbler Literary and Arts Magazine."

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When I go to Korea I am mostly with my grandma on my mommy's side. I basically lived with my grandma for 2 months. On the first day, my grandma bought my favorite food and we ate it. My favorite food is (nacjji / octopus). I like to call it (tangtanglee / bangbang ) because you do that motion when you slice the nacjji. Then, one day my mom went out and I was left with my lonely self, no just kidding! I was (of course) with my grandma, so I went to the playground I always went to. There were no kids! Probably because it wasn't break for Korean people yet. The next day, at least I think, I went to this place that is called (mokyoktang / baths).

I still feel like the trip was toooooooo short. I really wish it was longer. When I go to Korea again, I want to join a school so I can have friends and hang out with them while I am learning Korean culture and how they teach.

# Muddy Monday

## By Leonardo Encinas

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This summer my family and I went to Alaska for two weeks. On Monday, the second to last day, we decided to go to the mudflats. We went to different mudflats the previous year, so this year we decided to go to a new place. We got ready and headed off. My grandma's friend drove us to get some food and then to the mud flats.

We got out of the car from a 15-20 minute drive to a trail that led us down to the mudflats. My grandma's friend handed me a map to lead us down around 1.5 miles to the mudflats. On our way down we found a secret trail over by a bench leading down to the beach where the mudflats were. We took that trail.

While walking we spotted something crazy. We saw a black bear maybe 60 feet away from the trail. It was really cool and I hope we see one the next time we go. But eventually we had to keep on moving. After walking for about 10 more minutes we saw the mudflats.

When we got down to the mudflats, I took off my shoes and walked in. I was hesitant at first to stick my hands in the mud, but eventually I did. We saw a lot of worms. There were so many worms to the point that wherever we stepped in the mud we would see a tiny worm tunneling away. The feeling of the mud felt really good, and my mom told me this is the type of mud they use for spas. She told us not to put it on our face because it wasn't clean.

My brother and I walked out really far into the mudflats. We were walking out so far to the point where every step I took I was sinking down to my shins. We started to sink farther, and eventually I wanted to go back, but my brother told me to stay. Eventually we found these streams, and when we would walk in them we wouldn't really sink. We found at least three of those, and I didn't feel like walking back anymore.

Eventually my dad whistled and we had to come back. I got my shoes on and walked up the trail. Farther down the trail, we saw a big cluster of people and we didn't know what it was. We turned the corner to see a bull moose with giant antlers 15 feet from the trail. We took pictures with it and it was really cool.

We walked for a few more minutes and we got back to the car. I took out my clean clothes and changed. We got in the car and drove home. In the car we were talking about the whole experience. When we got home I took a shower.

Overall it was a great experience. One good thing I learned was to be better prepared the next time I go to the mudflats.



Leonardo Encinas is a sixth grader. His hobbies are playing video games, playing with his dogs, playing piano, and swimming. His writing can also be found in Scribbler Literary and Arts Magazine.

# Following Your Own Path

## By Nicolas Encinas

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This time we were going to a new place, yet the thought of returning filled me with excitement. We arrived at the parking lot with a stunning view of the ocean; we gathered our things, an extra change of clothes, extra shoes, snacks and towels. We began the walk, following our grandma's friend who had been here before. We started the descent down the hill following the paved trail that also functioned as a bike trail. On the way down we saw hundreds of bushes with red berries, tall overgrown trees, waist high grass and cloudy skies. The air smelled fresh with a hint of salt from the ocean further down the trail. As we made it to a flat part of the trail my brother spotted a moving black blur in the distance. We looked closer, soon realizing that it was a Black Bear.

We continued to watch the bear for the following couple of minutes as it explored that area and ate berries. As people on bikes or on foot came down the trail behind us, they stopped and looked at the bear with us. After we had attracted a small crowd viewing the bear, we continued our journey downhill.

After a small while of walking, we had made it to a view of the mud flats and ocean below; the area had a sign with information of the plants and wildlife in the area. There was also another sign that said to keep right on the trail, but there we trudged onward to the left. There, we saw a small rocky trail completely covered by the overgrown plants, creating a sort of tunnel. After a hundred feet or so of walking down the trail, we had made it to a steep sandy slope leading to the rocky beach and the mud flats, which looked as if the water of the ocean had been replaced by mud. We carefully made our way down, making sure not to fall, and finally, we had made it.

The mud flats were wet, with small tide pools with no fish or sea life in them. However, as we walked further out onto the field of mud, we began to see many very small holes in mud. We continued observing the holes and we soon found out that they were home to worms. The worms were very small and pale, a pinkish white. They seemed to be the reason why the mud was so smooth and soft. The mud was a dark grey color with the occasional reddish tint due to the minerals that were washed down from the hillside.



Nicolas Encinas is a sophomore in high school. His favorite subject is math. He is interested in running, biking, and engineering, which is what he wants to study in college. He has previously been published in Ink & Feather Literary and Arts Journal.

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As we continued exploring, we began noticing these small streams pathing their way through the mud to the ocean. The streams varied in size spanning from one or two feet wide to eleven or twelve feet wide. For their size, the streams were very shallow, being only six inches at the deepest. As my brother and I continued to run around and slide on the slippery mud, we ended up falling and covering ourselves in mud. We soon decided to make our way back to the beach and change out of our wet and dirty clothes. As we warmed up in our fresh set of clothes, everyone agreed to head back up the trail to the car.

On the way back we saw many bikers as well as people with pets, until we came upon one set of bikers that told us that up ahead was a moose. We began to get excited to see the moose and thought that it was going to be far out in the distance, but to our surprise, as we turned the corner it was right in front of us being only

about thirty feet away. A full grown bull moose stood only tens of feet in front of us. We watched it eat grass and occasionally glance up at the ten or so people on the bike trail watching it. Eventually, as more and more people came to see the moose, we continued onward to the car. As we began to reach the top of the slope, the parking lot came into view. We made our way to the car, dried ourselves off, and then got in the car to go home.

The experience has taught me that the best surprises come from what is most unexpected and when you take the road less traveled. As when we encountered the black bear, it caught us all off guard and was a pleasant experience to stand and watch the bear as it mapped its surroundings and ate berries. Similarly, the moose which we had expected to find far away from us, shocked us when we realized that it was right in our faces. Along with the sign that had told us to stay to the right, if we had followed the sign, we would have not ended up at the mud flats, not seen the moose, and would've missed out on this once in a lifetime experience.

# A New Chapter

## By Ethan Park

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The National Center for Education Statistics found that 80% of American college students change their major at least once during their college years. A lot of people state that changing to a different major is difficult and expensive. Further, there is some evidence that changing your major could delay when you graduate. Some of my friends have told me that once you are into the changing major loop, you will not be able to find something that you will genuinely like and enjoy. However, most of my friends have changed majors and have found something that they like. One friend went from sociology to cybersecurity, and another went from biology to psychology. In fact, even some of my professors have stated that they changed majors before. When I switched majors from statistics (which is part of the math department) to informatics, I felt less nervous, though it felt less weird changing to a different college academic department.

Since I switched my major during the beginning of the pandemic, all my classes were in a virtual classroom setting. On the first day in the informatics introductions class, we did an icebreaker activity where everyone had to talk about where they were from and why they chose to study at ASU. About 90% of the students in class said they were first-year students, so this felt weird since I had already been a student for a couple of years. The other 10% were students who switched majors like me. Most of the people who switched majors were from computer science or something similar in the engineering college.

When it was my turn to introduce myself, I said I was from Boston and that I originally studied statistics for a few years before I switched to informatics. Most people were surprised to see a former math major student become an engineering major. Some people were also surprised to see that I am from Boston.

Once most classes were back on campus, I felt like I was a new student again, and I had to learn everything about the school campus again. Most of the math and statistics classes were in the Wexler Hall in the ASU School of Mathematical and Statistical Sciences college building. The building was located north of the Memorial Union, ASU's



Ethan Park is an undergraduate junior informatics student at Arizona State University. Originally, Ethan is from Boston, Massachusetts, but he currently lives in Phoenix, Arizona. He enjoys playing video games, computer programming, game development, playing chess, video editing, traveling, and writing. He has also been published in Itch.io and Ink & Feather Literary and Arts Journal.

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student union building and looked like a small apartment building on campus. It was eight stories tall, and the entrance had a lot of palm trees. It felt weird passing by it every time when I was going to my next class. Anytime I looked at it, I remembered what classes and experiences I had in the building. Now that I am taking mostly engineering courses, most of my classes were in the Ira A. Fulton School of Engineering college. Unlike the math and statistics department in one only building, all the engineering classrooms are scattered across the campus. Other than the engineering math courses, none of my classes were in the math and statistics department. With most of my classrooms scattered, some of my classes took about 15-20 minutes to get there by walking, so I had to learn more about the campus and utilize shortcuts to get to my next class on time.

Before I switched to informatics, a lot of my first-year classmates who were in the engineering college said that ASU's engineering college had good professors. In fact, one of the things that ASU is known for is their engineering college, so I had high expectations before changing majors. There was this one professor that a lot of students, including myself, claim is one of the best engineering professors out there. In all his lectures, he uses modern pop culture references, engaged with the class, and had a fair grading system. By using modern pop culture references, he inserted a lot of modern jokes and examples to help the students with concepts. My personal favorite was when he used Dragon Ball references since he is a huge fan of the

Dragon Ball franchise. For example, in one of his video game development classes, he is always a few minutes late as he must walk across the whole campus from his previous class, and people suggested he learn Instant Transmission from Dragon Ball to get in class on time. In Dragon Ball, Instant Transmission is a technique where people can travel long distances instantly. I did not understand all the Dragon Ball references that he used in his lectures as I was watching the Dragon Ball Z anime for the first time with one of my friends at the same time. Luckily, my friend is also a huge fan of Dragon Ball, so he would help me understand some of the references that the professor would use if I did not fully understand it.

Through this experience, I learned that changing majors is perfectly okay and acceptable throughout college. It is okay to try and explore different things. Our interests and things that we are passionate about change as we get older. This shows other people that we are growing and that we are learning more about ourselves as an individual. A different major might better fit our future career goals. I also learned to try and choose a major that you will use and not regret overall. I think not only is it important to choose a major that you want to learn about or want to improve on, but it is also particularly important to see yourself using it in the workforce and future. If we do not like our job, then our job performance is not going to be good compared to those who are passionate about their jobs. Jobs are a way to express our skills, knowledge, abilities, and other characteristics and a way to earn money to help our needs, and it will help us define who we are and help us connect with the world.

# A Call to Writers for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who write  
and to adults who write  
for children and teens

**T**he Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks literary submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who write for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2023, in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction — all geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Writers must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at [rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org). For additional information, visit [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org).

# A Call to Artists for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who create art  
and to adults who create art  
for children and teens

**T**he Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks art submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who create art for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2023, in all media geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Artists must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the artist must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple mediums; up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name, contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Please include your name and the best way to contact you. To submit or for more information, e-mail Editor Richard Dyer at [richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org). For additional information, visit [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org).

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# Meet the staff of The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine



**Elena Thornton, publisher:** Founder and president of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Elena is an educator, artist and poet and lives in Phoenix. Reach her at [info@artizona.org](mailto:info@artizona.org).

**Rebecca Dyer, co-editor:** A Tucson native, Rebecca is a poet, journalist and teacher residing in Mesa with her husband, Rick, her Blue Guitar co-editor. Reach her at [rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org).



**Richard H. Dyer Jr., co-editor:** Richard (married to Rebecca, above) is the news editor of two monthly newspapers and two websites in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor. Reach him at [richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org).

**Marjory Boyer, cover design artist for The Blue Guitar Jr.:** Marjory, of Scottsdale, is an award-winning artist, muralist and an acrylic-painting instructor. Her biography and contact information are available at [mboyerart.com](http://mboyerart.com).





*Blue Guitar Jr.  
will return in  
2023!*

*“Things  
as they are  
are  
changed  
upon  
the  
blue guitar.”*