

Rebel



Sponsored by The Big Vape Theory

the BiG VAPE THEORY

E-CIGS, VAPES, E-JUICES AND HARDWARE

COME SHOP AT ECU'S FAVORITE VAPE SHOP!

CLIMB ABOARD AND CHECK OUT
OUR GREAT VAPE SELECTION!
LOCALLY OWNED AND OPERATED

2800 EAST 10TH STREET
(SHOPPING CENTER AT 10TH & 5TH)



FOLLOW US ON SOCIAL MEDIA!

BAD
D R I P



RAW
NATURAL UNREFINED ROLLING PAPERS

Δ8
DELTA EIGHT

Authorized retailer for top brands you want!

CBD

Disposables
POD Systems

Hyde

AIR BAR



SHIJIN
VAPOR



Muse

/m̄yooz/

noun

1. (in Greek and Roman mythology) each of nine goddesses, the daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, who preside over the arts and sciences.
2. a person or personified force who is the source of inspiration for a creative artist.

Synonyms: inspirtation, creative influence, stimulus, stimulation

*Cover Artwork: MJ Orlando
Dearest, Mommy?*

Emily Peck

Editor-In-Chief

Jala Davis

Managing Editor

Olivia Magistro

Creative Director

Audrey Milles

Production Manager

LC Love

Graphic Designer

Cherie Speller

Interim Director of Student Media

Annah Howell

Production Advisor

Tim Davis

Advertising & Marketing Administrator

Candy Griffin

Administrative Support Associate

Copyright 2022 REBEL Arts and Literary magazine and Student Media Board of East Carolina University. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be produced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form electronic, mechanic, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the permission of East Carolina University Pirate Media 1. REBEL is printed by Chamblee Graphics.

Pirate Media 1 Office, Ground Floor Mendenhall G51,
Mail Stop 406, 1000 E 5th St, Greenville,
NC 27858-4353.

Opinions expressed herein are those of the student contributors and DO NOT reflect those of the faculty, staff, administration of ECU, Student Media Board nor the University of North Carolina System.

Letter From The Editor

Hello, Pirates! My name is Emily Peek and I'd like to introduce myself as the new editor-in-chief of the Pirate Media 1 Print Division. As I have worked with our newspaper, The East Carolinian, for the past two years, I am now beyond excited to explore the magazine division.

This 2022 Rebel publication is the first magazine I have ever worked on, and I'm incredibly proud of it. This publication is full of amazing art, designs, writing and inspiration, and I feel lucky to have gotten to experience all of its contents.

As our theme for this magazine is "Muse," our inspiration for the included designs, color palettes and spreads include renaissance, and greek and roman mythology. So, as you flip through these pages, feel the inspiration myself along with my managing editor and our designers felt while carefully curating each spread.

To my amazing and talented managing editor and team of designers, this publication would not be possible without you. Each of you have taught me the ropes of working with magazines, as well as put together a Rebel publication to be incredibly proud of.

And to everyone who sent in their writing, designs or art to fill each of these pages, it has been a joy working with your submissions. Thank you to everyone!

Now, readers, I am more than excited for you to experience this publication and all that it means.

Enjoy,

Emily Peek



Emily Peek

Editor-In-Chief

It's My Party

MJ Orlando | Linoleum Relief

6

Untitled

MJ Orlando | Linoleum Relief

7

A Sky Full of Stars

Zaria Richardson | Digital Graphics

8

Touch & Growing Pains

Caroline Koerner | Digital Drawing

10

Blues & Sick

Caroline Koerner | Digital Drawing

11

Healing Feels strange & Healing is Hard

Amber Baggette | Intaglio

13

Living Legend

Olivia Gravanese | Linoleum Relief

14

Downstream

Kyleigh Harper | Linoleum Relief

15

Midnight News

Kimberly Cusack | Digital Painting

16

Heartfelt Gratitude from a Distance Pirate

Alina Nadeem | Poetry

17

Manic Pixie Dream Mug

Kimberly Cusack | Digital Painting

18

Make Time for Me

Dymon Blango | Poetry

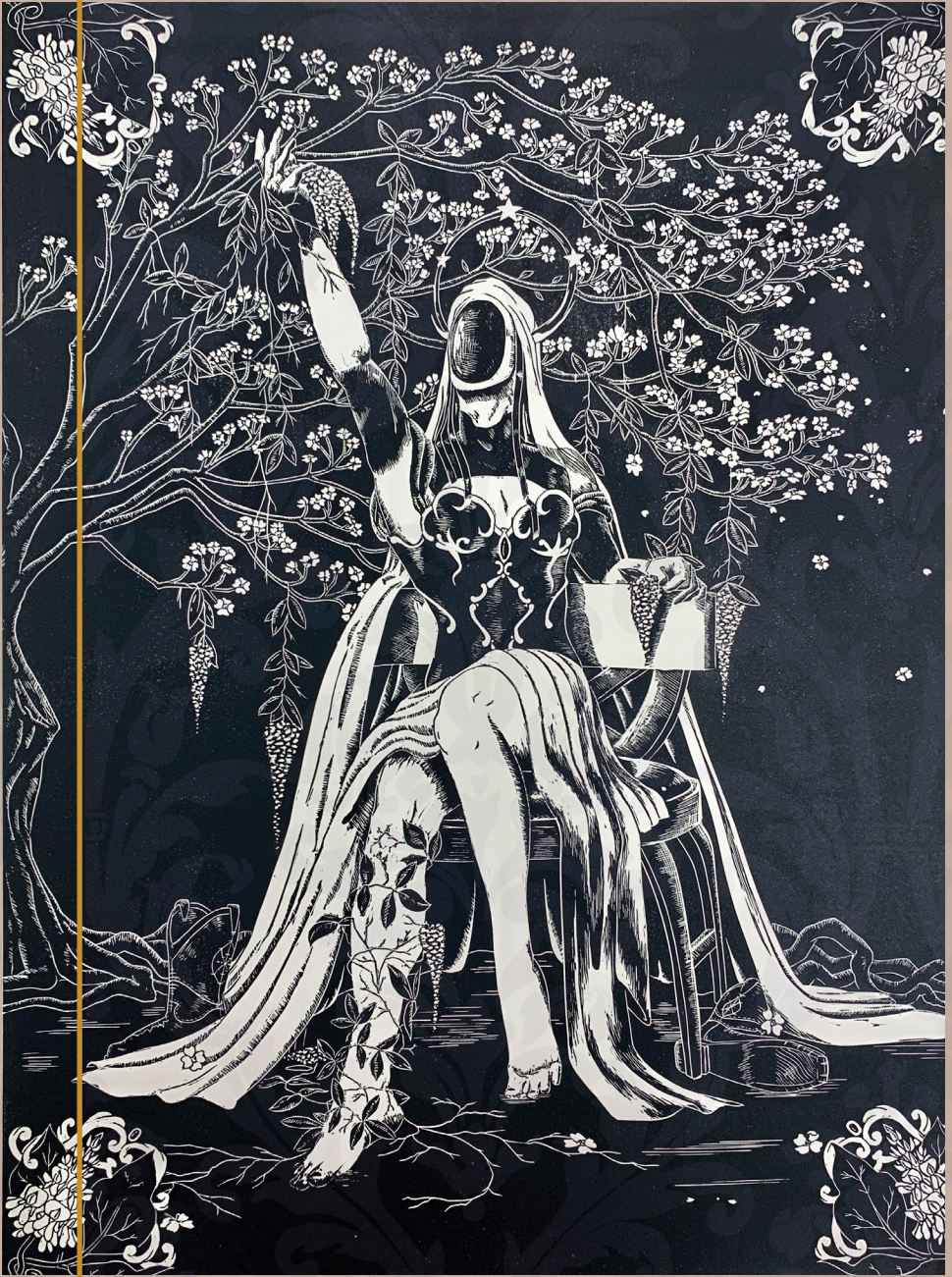
20

Seeking	21
LC Love Pastel Pencil Drawing	
Untitled	22
Kyleigh Harper Intaglio	
Phobias	23
Kyleigh Harper Intaglio	
Abecedarian on Though about Time	24
Owen Starr Poetry	
Worthless	25
Owen Starr Poetry	
Guardians	26
Olivia Magistro Screenprinting	
Bully Boy	28
MJ Orlando Screenprinting	
Exits	30
Kimberly Cusack Oil Painting	
Columbine	31
Emily Hall Digital Illustration	
A Southeast Asian Girl's Musings	32
Nefertiti Fenison Non-Fiction	
The Lace	34
Olivia Gravenese Lithography	
Inside Outside	35
LC Love Flipbook Animation	



It's My Party

MJ Orlando | Linoleum Relief



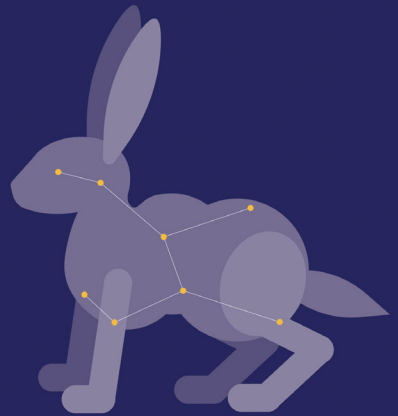
Untitled

MJ Orlando | Linoleum Relief



Pegasus

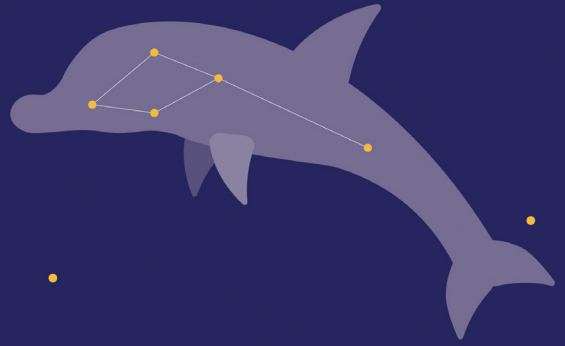
Outer space has captured my attention ever since childhood. One of the first things I learned about in astronomy was the constellations. In my pieces here, I created my own simplified versions of the artwork often seen behind a constellation to show the person, animal, or object on which the constellation is based.



Lepus

A Sky Full of Stars

Zaria Richardson | Digital Graphics



Delphinus



Columba

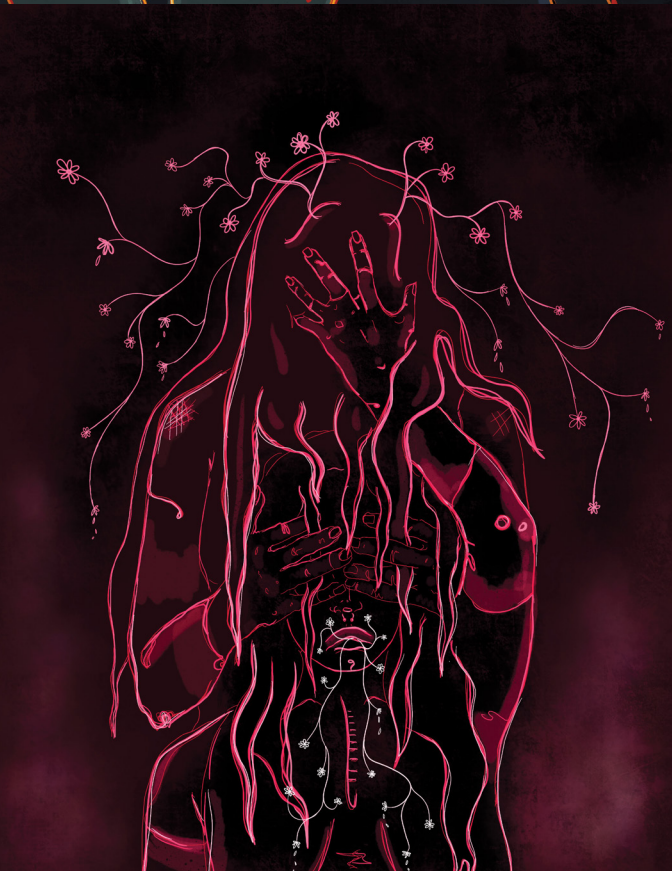


Canis Major



Touch

Caroline Koerner |
Digital Drawing



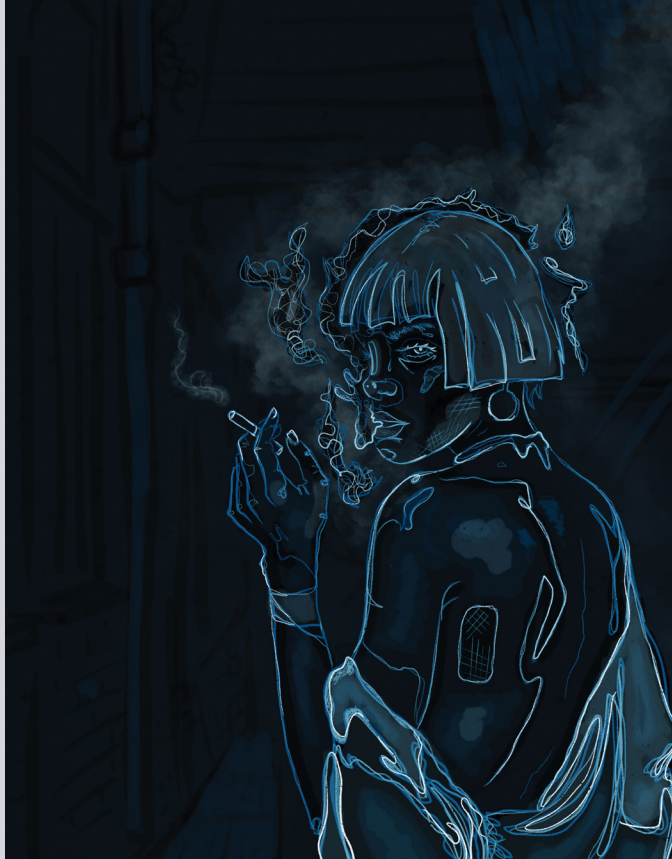
Growing Pains

Caroline Koerner |
Digital Drawing



Blues

Caroline Koerner |
Digital Drawing



Sick

Caroline Koerner |
Digital Drawing



Healing Feels Strange

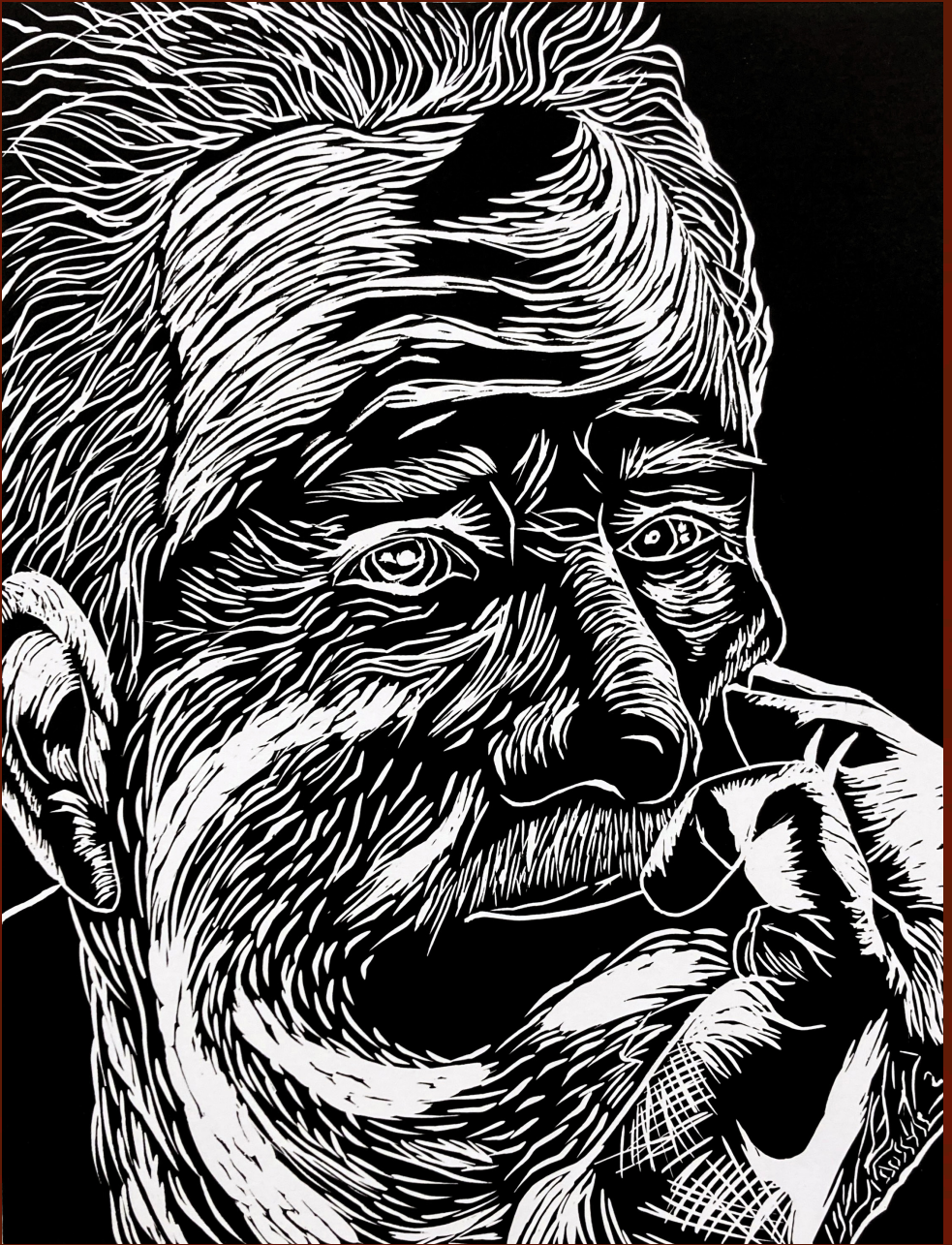
Amber Baggette | Intaglio

Healing is Hard

Amber Baggette | Intaglio







Living Legend

Olivia Gravanese | Linoleum Relief



Downstream

Kyleigh Harper | Linoleum Relief



Midnight News

Kimberly Cusack | Digital Painting



“Heartfelt Gratitude from a Distance Pirate”

Alina Nadeem | Poetry

On aboard my digital ship,
I set sail for waters unknown.
Little had this Pirate known,
ECU is where her anchor would be
thrown.

What’s meant to be will always find
its way,
I’ll miss you is all I want to say.
Now that we are together,
These memories could last forever.

My dear school of communication,
I smile whenever we are together.
I miss you whenever we are apart.
These are the heartfelt words from
a distant Pirate’s heart.

This is a poem to say thank you,
for all that you say and you do.
For the students you polish
and for the relationships that we
relish.
It is noticed and cherished.

Where I’m going next, I have not a
clue,
But I sure am glad that I got to
know you.

Thank you ECU and School of
Communication for all that you do!





Manic Pixie Dream Mug

Kimberly Cusack | Digital Painting

Often I find inspiration in the small objects and trinkets that bring joy to the most mundane aspects of life. Manic Pixie Dream Mug is a digital painting of my unicorn ceramic mug taking a journey through candy-colored clouds. Perhaps the mug is tired of being a vessel for a bitter drink and wants to escape to a more exciting existence.

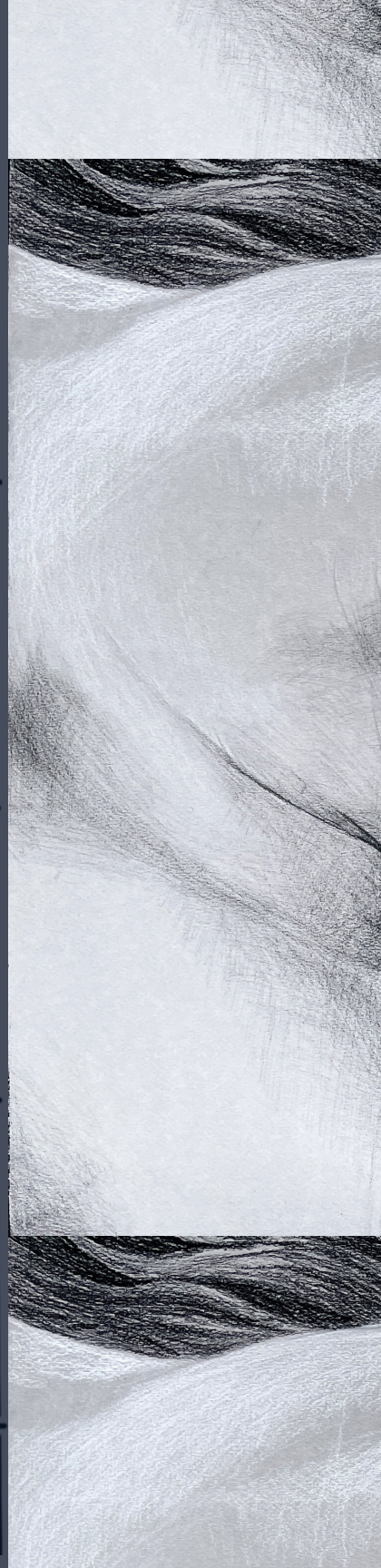
Make Time for Me

For as long as the sun shines, I
hope you make time for me
Even when your calendar fills
with ink marks of events you
planned to attend or see
I hope your passion for me
continues to flow just as the
waters in the sea.

And even when the sun hides
behind the clouds and color fades
from your blue jeans
I hope you know that I'll always
be here waiting for you to return
to me.

I hope you never become too
busy and turn me into a
distant memory.
As much as you hate to admit it,
I want you, but you need me.

Dymon Blango | Poetry





Seeking

LC Love | Pastel Pencil Drawing

Untitled

Kyleigh Harper | Intaglio





Phobias

Kyleigh Harper | Lithography

Abecedarian

on Thoughts About Time

All of time is
But a scar which
Calls itself a memory.

Deep down, our grudges
Encompass this
Film of life:
Growth from child to adult,
How friends fade
Into faces in seemingly

Just seconds. They become
Keepsakes: merely receptacles for
Longing of a time before.
More and more does time slip
North and out of the body.

Obvious or oblivious to the end,
Please wait for an answer in the
Queue. We trust our feet in
Ravishing cold to find conclusion: our
Star in a blank sky.

Ticking perpetually is Reaper's clock,
Until the alarm strikes and
Vales uncover, proving he's one of us.

We simply leave with
X's and O's: one last
Yawn before our six-foot
Zone, in earth or in flames.

Owen Starr | Poetry

Worthless

Owen Starr | Poetry

I almost fell asleep
With a cigarette
In my mouth tonight.

The smoke drew your face
Upon the low dark ceiling
In profile, like a statue
Bought to feel more elegant
In cheap, ill-fitting clothes.

I wish my eyes wouldn't seem so heavy
In the wan evening light
Of passing cars and the crescent moon.
We could've caressed under it
One last time: before water
Consumed your flesh.

But I can't have my wishes:
I wasted them all with insolence
And the burning of my lungs
Chocking on the frigid river
And the serpent of blood
Slithering out of your frail nose.

This bed is forever soiled
With tears and nicotine:
Addictions to you which
I know I'll never kick.

I can't fall asleep like this.
When awake, your cerulean eyes
Can't catch sight of me
In nightmares or dreams:

It is in them
When I admit
I am most feeble.





Guardians

Olivia Magistro | Screenprinting

Bully Boy

MJ Orlando | Screenprinting







Exits

Kimberly Cusack | Oil Painting

Columbine

Emily Hall | Digital Illustration



A Southeast Asian Girl's Musings

Nefertiti Fenison | Non-Fiction

The warmth of the morning sunlight and the build-up of pollens covering oak tree branches greeted me as I marched to my front yard with a watering can. Among the unripe strawberries and blueberries stood my pride and joy, the flowering collard greens. This year marks the second time my army of collard greens had bloomed, ready to turn yellow petals into fat seed pods. The plants no longer focus their energy on making big, crunchy leaves as they only have one goal in mind—reproduction. With the help of friendly pollinators and, of course, me as the amateur yet hopeful home gardener, those plants shall undergo the next stage of its life cycle, known as bolting, after the blossoms dried out in about six weeks. The waiting game has commenced.

I still remember the laborious process of collard greens propagation I underwent nearly two years ago—harvesting the browning seed pods, cracking them open, collecting the tiny black seeds, sowing the seeds onto shallow trays of compost, and waiting for the sprouts to get big enough to be transferred to loamy soil. It was an exercise in patience and also letting go—many of the weaker seedlings didn't survive the transfer and died soon after the procedure. Among the surviving few of them, only a handful grew to maturity after a long battle with pests like slugs, cabbage worms, and aphids. Those survivors, as you could guess, became the ancestors of my current generation of collard greens. As for the unexpected beginning of the original

batch of collard greens I grew, that's a story from back when I was still an undergraduate international student in a mountainous town five hours away from the home of our proud Pirate Nation.

Mid-September 2017

As I made my way from my last class of the day to the Student Union building of UNC Asheville, the fiery and bold colors of the maple leaves signaled the peak of autumn. The warm feeling in my heart, however, made me wish it was still summer instead. My colleague Carter Smith, the president of an environmentally-minded group in which I was a member, had agreed to meet with me to discuss details about the biannual farm-to-table dinner our organization, just like several others, was asked to contribute to by the university.

"You look as energetic as ever," Carter said when I found her on the second floor of the building where our club's official headquarter was. "Sit down, I've got some cool stuff to show you!" she gestured to a box on her lap on which there were a stack of envelopes labelled Sow True Seed.

"What do a bunch of heirloom seeds have to do with a dinner? You're not saying you want our club to donate homegrown vegetables, do you? Even if we managed to raise the plants, would we be able to harvest enough for all the dining guests?"

"Nah, these seeds are gonna be gifts for the dinner's attendees. I just thought it'd

be great to give people something they can cherish forever, you know? Something awesome to take care of. Think about it. Farm-to-table dinner is all about honoring our connection to Earth and what is a better way to do that than to learn where our foods come from?"

I nodded and flipped the seed package to find out what kind of crops Carter had bought.

"Collard greens? What are collards?"

"You've never heard of collard greens?" Carter gasped in an exaggerated manner. "Nef, you've been living in the South for almost three years now!"

"Hey, cut me some slack. I'm an Indonesian, remember? Collards aren't in my vocabulary."

"Okay, that's fair. Anyway, collard greens are a big deal around here. If you go to any restaurant that specialize in Southern fare, you'd see sautéed collards on the menu. They're like our version of kale, but less bitter. They can be a bit of an acquired taste."

"Are collards native to United States or at least the Appalachian area?"

"Uh...probably not?" Carter scratched her head. "There's a documentary about it on Netflix, I can't remember the title but there is an informative episode in which the host traveled to an African country to trace his heritage and met farmers who have grown collards for generations."

"Oh, now I want to watch that!" I squealed. "I'm guessing collards came to North America through transmigration, then? Perhaps something to do with slavery, unfortunately."

"Maybe. I mean, collard greens are famous among Black communities so there could be a connection with slave trading. Why don't you find out more on your own? You like

researching and I bet the library has some resources on it."

My research confirmed that what Carter and I speculated on regarding where collard greens came from was correct. Thumbing through the seemingly endless pages of the books I borrowed, however, I was surprised to discover that collard greens are resistant to harsh weather. Unlike other vegetables that might not tolerate the snow and ice of even the mildest winter, the tough collard greens thrive in low temperature—the colder it gets, the sweeter the leaves become.

That knowledge of collard greens' hardiness spiked my interest in trying to cultivate them. I knew next to nothing about plant cultivation, but internet was my savior. Equipped with videos of more experienced collard greens enthusiasts explaining what it takes to grow the delicious crops, I asked my then-boyfriend's mom if she would let me use a plot of fertile land in her garden to do my experiment. Although not an expert on the matter herself, she taught me what she knows of basic gardening—how to germinate seeds, how to fertilize, and how to pull pesky weeds so that the collard greens wouldn't have to compete with them for essential nutrients, and most importantly how to be patient as we waited for the result of months of hard work.

My very first yield of collard greens were admittedly not bountiful. Nevertheless, I was grateful for my meager harvest as it was a testament that I, a girl from Indonesia who started out ignorant about a beloved crop my American peers are familiar with, have the ability to appreciate the opportunity to learn something new. Today, as I welcome spring with open arms, I am reminded of that curious spirit my younger self has and pray that, as I keep on nurturing my rows of collard greens, I will also continue to nurture my natural curiosity about different cultures and customs.





Inside / Outside

LC Love | Flipbook Animation



The Lace

Olivia Gravanese | Lithography

Cherie Spetter

Cherie, thank you for your guidance, your patience, and your willingness to lead the staff to produce amazing content for our readers. Without your time and dedication to student media, we wouldn't be able to do what we do. Thank you.

Annah Howell

Annah, thank you for your dedication as well as your ability to lead and guide us to make amazing publications. We call on you often as a staff, but we trust your advice and your critiques and know that in the end, you'll give us the best advice for us to perfect our crafts.

Tim Davis

Tim, thank you for your work through the Agency and for giving us the opportunity to produce publications every week, every month, every year. We appreciate all that you do!

PN6 Staff

Without our staff members, these publications wouldn't even be half of what they are now! With all of our creativity and dedication to providing our readers with informational and entertaining content, we're able to publish content and publications that represent the community and student body. Thank you for the hard work and being a great staff.

Submitters

To all who submitted, thank you for your hard work and dedication to the arts and literature, and trusting us with your precious works. I hope seeing your artwork in a publication, no matter how many times it's been, serves as your motivation to keep being creative and to never stop no matter what.

Readers

To our readers, we don't know what we would do without you! Our job isn't possible without the people who take the time out of their day to read our publications, no matter which one it is. Each and every one of us sincerely appreciate you for staying connected with us, providing feedback, and depending on us to provide you with our publications. We hope you stay along for now and the future and sincerely, we thank you!

Thank You

the **BiG VAPE** THEORY

E-CIGS, VAPES, E-JUICES AND HARDWARE

COME SHOP AT ECU'S FAVORITE VAPE SHOP

2800 EAST 10TH STREET
(SHOPPING CENTER AT 10TH AND 5TH)

Hyde AIR BAR™ **RAW**
NATURAL ROLLING PAPERS

Visit thebigvapetheory.com to learn more about our selection of products.

We get you, we're students too!

Pirate Media 1's divisions and products are led and produced completely by students!

Get your fill of
news, sports,
music, arts,
and events on
piratemedi1.com



Follow us on
Twitter &
Instagram
@piratemedi1

Want to get
involved? Tryouts
are held every
semester.

No experience
needed! All majors
welcome.

