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Growing Up On This Side Of The Mountain

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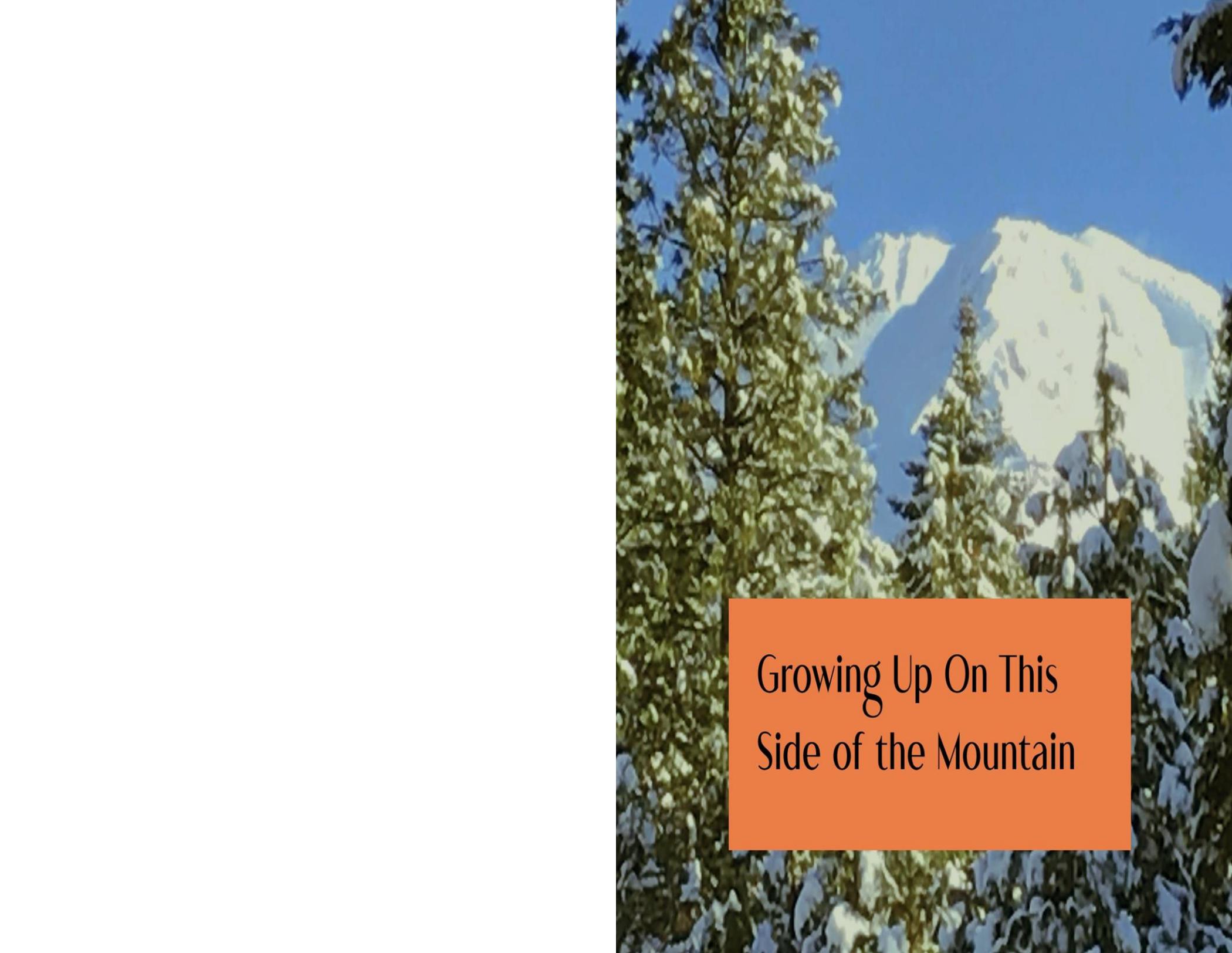
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A photograph of a snow-covered mountain peak seen through evergreen trees. The mountain is the central focus, with its peak and ridges covered in a thick layer of white snow. The sky is a clear, bright blue. In the foreground, several evergreen trees are visible, their branches also heavily laden with snow. The trees are dark green, providing a sharp contrast to the white snow. The overall scene is a serene winter landscape.

Growing Up On This
Side of the Mountain

Growing On This Side Of The Mountain

Eagerness and wonderment
All that I felt at first
When I saw the teachers and the poster
paper
Writing out stories in my head
And seeing it come to life on the page
So I waited
And continued waiting for my turn to tell
these tales
Then when it was my chance to speak
My stomach would turn
In enjoyment at this moment
At the chance of sharing my view
But this opportunity was skipped
As I would be too nervous or was deemed
too unimportant
We moved on to reading of those deemed
important
And often I was told I couldn't read it
That these stories were too important than
me
That I couldn't understand their complexity
And that I would be lucky to have a child
Who would have that chance
To see worlds that I couldn't
And to live inside of these world's
And to be free in them
So in this desperation
I developed the idea of writing my own
And in it, I wrote one simple story
About a mountain
And a wolf
One which wished to have its story told
But nothing gets talked about on this side
For that chance exists for those deemed
worthy

And able-minded
And so the wolf weeps
Wishing for anyone to
remember their story
The one that exists inside
And one which took a long
time to feel
To read
To say
And to be realized
As these people deemed my
stories unworthy
And to childish
So like that wolf's voice, it
disappeared
Flying into the endlessness
With time and the wind
remembering it

Growing On This Side Of The Mountain

Throughout my life
I've always been surrounded by two things
negativity and mountains
I've always seen both as the opposite of each other as mountains always spoke
to me
saying that things can last
that it's okay to be still for a moment
that it's okay to have faults as people will still find beauty in it
I never really noticed it before
that I've always been surrounded by them and I don't know why but it gives
me a sense of ease that I can be both calm and collected
I guess what I'm trying to say is that no single person sticks in my mind that I
can say inspired me to be who I am
I like to believe that it was multiple people who had an impact on my life
those groups brought out the person inside me so I'm able to be myself
I hope that when I do leave the mountains soon
I remember the people who did change my life
but I kinda know that their presence still lingers both in me and in the
landscape around me
so that I can remember them
as I do forget people's names easily
but it's hard to forget that a mountain exists
and that's the impact I both want and hope for
as my mountains are waiting for me.

Those halls

I wonder what I will feel

walking down that hall with blue lockers and a giant window
will I feel joy and excitement for I will be leaving them and exploring the
world

will I feel sad for I am leaving the only place where I ever felt joy
will I feel scared for I have to leave something that I have known for so long

I wonder how many people think about you
how many wonder what is in store when they walk through you for the first
time in their life

do they feel the same as they leave
or is it a different feeling entirely

How many people have experienced what you bring
does it bring the same feeling that I feel
or is it different for others?

I wonder how much history was made in you that will be forever forgotten as
time continues without any weight

I question if it's possible to never leave what you bring
which is joy, life, and a sense of belonging

Then again

I have also experienced so much sadness in you
but is that a part of the happiness that you bring?

How many people have you seen that were just like me?

Am I the first one that you have ever seen
or am I just like the others?

So when I do see you for the last time
will I be happy, sad, scared, or indifferent

right now

I am scared because I don't want to leave your sense of security and that sense
of being a part of something.

The Encouraging Words

Emptiness

Failure

Terribleness

All of these I felt

All of them I saw applied to me

Many teachers said I was done

That nothing worked

I was an impossible case

I wouldn't listen

I just seemed too unimportant

To irregular

But all that it took to change this

Were just some encouraging words

As I didn't enjoy school

As I was constantly told that

Broken breeds broken

And that a family deems your value

And I crave my story to be told

So when I heard the words

Passing

Scholar

Exceeding

Amazing

And most importantly

Important

I started to enjoy academics

As one man decided I was worth his time

And taught me very important lessons

With the main one being

That writing matters for one thing

Your voice

Is the most important tool we have

So make sure you use it.

The Scholarly Momentum

History

Mathematics

World Studies

All of these courses

I was told I wouldn't understand a thing

All of them I enjoy to this day

As a single person who believed in me

I wouldn't be interested in understanding the complexities of society

Or how being told I wasn't a troubled child

Finally allowed me to be allowed to speak my story

But school will be a trouble thing for me

All it takes is a change

And all momentum Ends

As encouraging words only had an impact

At things that finally cracked

But the wind still cried

My story still needed to be told

But English and creativity

Were Not my strong suit

As the encouraging words ended there

And all that was left was the void

That I needed to prove them right

That I was something

That I mattered

And that I was important enough to speak

So I began to study everything

But It didn't help me

As my voice was located in the middle school grade book

And the struggle started all over again

As I've doomed myself to a endless cycle

That I only was important to the school

But the scholarly momentum did eventually change

And I found some peace Enough to start searching for it one last time

Enough to see something I haven't had before

Support and love

And that was the foundation to build the trees

One's which helps with the floods

Ones which help build the environment to be stable And to be able to last

The Speaking Tree

Tiredness and overall boredom

Sitting at the bland broken desk

Looking at a window

And inside was a lonely tree

One near-death

But clinging on to life

And posters filled with a story

One's which I remember making

Ones which reminded me

That the story inside me was completely worn out

Burned completely from this subject

That no one will care for this story

That I won't be able to pass

Without giving something up in return

And then they entered

And just like a leaf

From the dead tree

Filled with life

Being ready to spread color

And bring the gloomy atmosphere to life

And with a month

Years of pain

Years of waiting

Years of silence

I was finally able to speak

To tell my story

To learn how to describe it

How I can utilize

And finally, rise above

As I told that my stories mattered

That I had potential

Without any caveats

I was able to describe my story

And show everyone I was here

That the boy who grew up on the

bad side of the mountain

Was able to finally speak

And show the small town

I mattered

As we all do

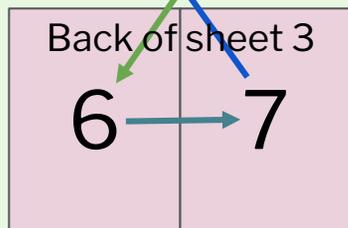
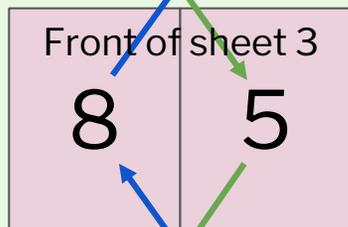
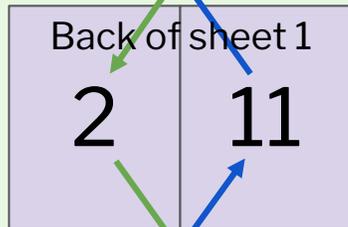
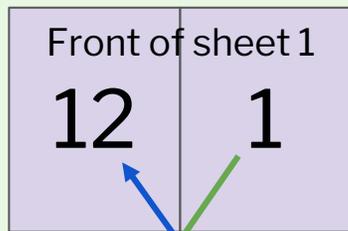
And that no story doesn't matter

As I finally learned how to speak

And after all of this

I wrote

On that day



Explanation

Below are two methods to determine the pagination order for your zine slides. For both, the total number of pages (which we'll refer to as n) must be divisible by 4 because there are four pages on one piece of paper, front and back. The total includes the covers (back and front) and the insides of the covers. If this seems confusing, that's because it is. Try printing out the template with the numbers and then construct the folded booklet to see how it all comes together.

Visual method (if you like seeing things laid out)

1. Create the total number of pages you want in your zine (this is our n). There are two pages per slide, so if you have a 12-page zine, you will need six slides.
2. Start numbering the slides starting with the right half of the first slide.
3. Continue numbering 1 through n following the green arrows to the left. As you move down the slides, this alternates between the left and right halves, with the odd numbers being on the right and the even numbers being on the left.
4. Once you reach the last slide, continue numbering with the next page being the right half of that last slide (so for a 12-page zine, you'd have 6 on the left half and 7 on the right half).
5. Continue numbering following the blue arrows. As you move back up the slides, this alternates between the odd numbers being on the right half of the slide and the even numbers being on the left.
6. If you've done it right, only even numbers will be on the left and only odd numbers on the right.

Formula method (if you like math)

1. First slide left is back cover (equal to n)
2. **First slide right is front cover (page 1) - same as the slide number**
3. **Second slide left is same as the slide number**
4. Second slide right is the inside of the back cover ($n - 1$)
5. Third slide left is two pages less than total ($n - 2$)
6. **Third slide right is same as the slide number**
7. **Fourth slide left is same as the slide number**
8. Fourth slide right is $n - 3$
9. Fifth slide left is $n - 4$
10. **Fifth slide right is same as the slide number**
11. **Sixth slide left is same as the slide number**
12. Sixth slide right is $n - 5$
13. Repeat if necessary! Notice that there is a pattern in the steps above, with the bold steps equalling the slide number.

