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¿Quién soy yo? [Who am I?]: Exploring Identity through Analyzing Afro-Cuban Poetry and Creative Coding in a Post-Secondary Spanish Literature Classroom

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¿Quién soy yo? [Who am I?]: Exploring Identity through Analyzing Afro-Cuban Poetry and
Creative Coding in a Post-Secondary Spanish Literature Classroom

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of Languages and Literature and Science, Math, and Computing
of Bard College

by
F. Megumi Kivuva

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2022

For Ben Ben and Papa Denning

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Abstract

With efforts to broaden participation in computing by integrating CS education into humanities and developing more critical pedagogy, this research focuses on teaching computing in a post-secondary Spanish literature class through analyzing Afro-Cuban poetry. Its goal was to evaluate how participants may use Twine to reflect on Afro-Cuban poetry and their own identities. A group of 5 participants, one professor, and five students, learned how to use Twine to create interactive narratives reflecting on “El apellido,” a poem by Afro-Cuban poet Nicolás Guillén. Through analyzing researcher notes, participants’ projects, post-workshop surveys, and interviews, the research revealed that students were able to engage with themes of identity through poetic analysis using Twine. Participants integrated their own identities into their projects, while also engaging with the literary themes of the poem. The experiences of the professor and a reluctant student are also highlighted in this work. This research shows how Twine can be used as a creative pedagogical tool to both teach students computing, how to analyze poetry using digital literacy methodologies, and empower them to think critically about their own identities.

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Introduction

I have been learning Spanish since Kindergarten, and throughout those sixteen odd years, one thing has remained true: I was always one of the only Black students in my Spanish classes. As I moved to upper-level Spanish classes in Pittsburgh, PA, I found myself alone among my white peers. In 2017, after my junior year of high school, I had the opportunity to travel to Cuba and was shocked when I landed in the Havana airport and saw people who looked just like me, with beautiful Black skin. It reminded me of my native country of Kenya, except that everyone was speaking Spanish. Although my years of studying the Spanish language prepared me linguistically for the trip, I was not prepared culturally. I was never taught that there are many Black people who are native Spanish speakers. I was never taught history that aligned with my African heritage—for example, how many of my people were taken from Africa and brought to the Caribbean as slaves. Visiting Cuba was the first time I felt a genuine connection to the Spanish language and culture. My ignorance about Black people speaking Spanish made me feel unworthy to be there, to take up space. When I returned to my Spanish class my senior year of high school, my loneliness returned, as we went right back into the Spain-centered curriculum. I felt washed away as if the people who looked like me didn't matter enough to make it into the pages of my textbook.

I noticed many parallels between my Anglo-centric Spanish instruction and my experience studying computer science (CS). I often feel alone, learning about CS from a white-majority perspective, disregarding the ways my race and culture interact with technology differently based on the systems of oppression I exist in. Furthermore, I am one of the only black students in my CS department, often having to advocate for myself and my Black peers.

As a result of these converging interests in my personal background, for my Senior Project I have chosen to explore the possibility of integrating critical computing education in post-secondary Spanish language and literature classrooms; that is, exploring the possibilities for teaching a workshop in a post-secondary Spanish Literature course that both integrates computing and uplifts Black voices and experiences, allowing students the space to reflect on their own identity relative to the literature being discussed in class. For this project, I taught participants how to use the computer program Twine to meaningfully interact with Afro-Cuban poetry. Through thematic analysis of instructor notes and observations, student work, post-workshop survey, discussions, and interviews, I found that students showed a deep understanding of the poetic themes and motifs while also exploring the ways their own identities related to the poem.

Literature Review: Critical computing and Spanish language and literature

We live in a world that is being dominated by computing; however, there is a lack of diversity in the creators of this computational world. Black employees only make up about 8% of the workforce in the Big Tech companies like Facebook, Apple, Netflix, and Google; however, recent studies suggest that racial bias is becoming ever more prevalent in algorithms created in these companies (Alegria 2020). Training and hiring more of the people who are currently being discriminated against in this field could bring insight and diverse perspectives for new ways to tackle bias in the technology created in Big Tech companies.

The lack of diversity in this computational world is reflected in the lack of diversity in computer science (CS) education. The majority of CS education is done at the Advanced Placement level, which is often disadvantageous to students in low-income schools. Of those students who have access to AP CS classes, 42.69% are white, 26.04% are Asian, 5.97% are Black, 15.74% are Latinx, and .6% are Native American or Pacific Islander (Code.org). Although previous literature often focuses on white and Asian students, we know that in addition to being in the minority, Black and Brown students feel unwelcome and struggle more, compared to their white and Asian peers (Washington 2020). Given that students' sense of belonging is a key indicator of their success in college (Strayhorn 2018), it is important that minority students feel welcome and safe in CS spaces.

Because of the lack of diversity in CS education, there has been a recent push to broaden participation in computing education. Organizations like the National Science Foundation, Code.org, and the Kapor Center have dedicated initiatives and funded research aimed at

diversifying computing education at the K-12 and postsecondary levels. Although much of this research is focused on increasing access to traditional computer science classes at the K-12 level, some is focused on integrating computing education for non-majors in college and universities, that is, teaching computing in non-computing classes, for instance, integrating computing into a history or Spanish class.

Universities like Northeastern University¹, the University of Illinois², and Northwestern University³ have CS+X programs that allow students to major in computer science and another discipline, like music, theater, political studies, or chemistry. At smaller liberal arts schools such as Bard and Swarthmore, students are generally able to major in a combination of CS and any other discipline, due to the liberal arts model that affords students the freedom to explore their interests.

Alternatively, disciplines like Digital Humanities and Experimental Humanities teach computing in the context of studying how the digital world has changed traditional humanities disciplines. For example, Nick Montfort, a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, teaches generative poetry (Montfort 2009). Generative poetry refers to a poetic style that uses code and algorithms to create poems. These poems usually use programming languages that dictate when and how long the poem runs, as well as what the poem says. Through using programming concepts like variables, loops, and conditionals, artists have the power to alter their language based on a variety of factors. Patricia Lopez-Guy (2022) teaches “Literature in the Digital Age” at Bard College, where students examine how the definition of literature has

¹ <https://www.khoury.northeastern.edu/programs/>

² <https://cs.illinois.edu/academics/undergraduate/degree-program-options/cs-x-degree-programs>

³ <https://www.mccormick.northwestern.edu/computer-science/cs-plus-x/>

evolved over the past 30 years. Students create generative poetry through using machine learning software and interactive fiction through coding their own narratives using the computer program Twine

As these efforts to broaden participation in CS have become more popular, there has been a shift to more critical methodologies. Instead of simply teaching students how to code, researchers and practitioners are exploring ways to ensure students are able to understand and interrogate how computing affects their lived experiences and the world around them (Vakil 2018, Washington 2020, Ko 2022). This methodology is referred to as critical computing education. The idea of critical computing education stems from critical consciousness and culturally responsive pedagogy. Critically conscious computing is derived from Pablo Freire's idea of critical consciousness, which he explores in his book *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* (1970). According to Freire, critical consciousness is the pedagogical idea of allowing students to critique and explore society and the systems of oppression situated around them. Culturally responsive pedagogy builds upon the idea of critical consciousness. First coined by Gloria Landson-Billings, the term *critically responsive pedagogy* “rests on three criteria: (a) Students must experience academic success; (b) students must develop and/or maintain cultural competence; and (c) students must develop a critical consciousness through which they challenge the status quo of the current social order” (160). Therefore, culturally responsive pedagogy entails making class content relate to students' lived experiences in such a way that facilitates student success and heightens students' awareness of the diverse world around them. For example, Leonard et al (2018) designed a course that integrated cultural artifacts into a FIRST LEGO League Robotics game design platform. Students used this platform to program games representing their own identities. Similarly, Everson et al. (2022) taught a CS summer course

that explored counternarratives in CS like the limited access to computing education, algorithmic bias, and data privacy.

We have begun to see critical computing education in all aspects of K-12 and higher education. In the current New York State *Computer Science and Digital Fluency Learning Standards* (2020), rather than offering a specific CS course, K-12 teachers are challenged to integrate computing across the curriculum in each grade level. For example, students learn about the impacts of computing on society, accessibility, ethics, and career paths. In higher education, Kevin Lin (2022) introduces CS counternarratives in the Data Structures course at the University of Washington (UW). The course integrates ethics and political vision in a way that centers students' identities in class. Similar to Lin, at Carnegie Mellon University, Victoria Dean et. al. (2022) created an ethics module aimed at integrating ethics into the CMU computer science curriculum. Additionally, at UW, Mara Kirdani-Ryan's (2022) computer systems class allows students to leverage their creativity. Kirdani-Ryan noticed that through using the metaphor of a house of computing where students could design their own floor plans representing computer systems, students were able to express their creativity and identity, while also showing their knowledge of foundational computing concepts.

Although, as the above-cited examples show, research is beginning to explore critical computing education, many of these efforts are made in CS classes conducted in English. Therefore, we might ask what happens when critical computing education is integrated into non-computing classrooms, specifically those that aim to teach foreign languages? Modern technology began to find its way into language learning settings about twenty years ago. Computer games are used in language classrooms because they "help students to make and sustain the effort of learning, provide language practice in the various skills – speaking, writing,

listening and reading, encourage students to interact and communicate, [and] create a meaningful context for language use” (Mubaslat 2011). With the rise of the digital age and the game industry boom, many pedagogical methodologies have adapted games specifically for language classrooms.

Vocabulary acquisition is often the focal point of most language learning games, as it is relatively simple to check for understanding—either the student does or doesn't understand the vocabulary word, creating an easily codable binary situation. In Dedeaux's game, Match 'Em (2011), students match the Spanish word with its English counterpart. In this case, students click and drag to obtain the correct English-Spanish pairs. Unlike Match 'Em which utilizes one methodology, matching, for vocabulary acquisition, Duolingo as a gaming application creates an environment where students can explore different aspects of language learning like speaking and writing. Match'Em only accounts for rote memorization, while Duolingo can allow students to practice written and spoken language, both vital aspects of language learning. Rachels (2016) conducted a study using Duolingo, where third and fourth-grade students complete different tasks such as sentence translation, vocabulary checks, and speaking repetition. Rachels found that students' self-efficacy, students' belief about their ability to complete a task (Bandura 1994), was the same across both the traditional vocabulary lessons and Duolingo. The same was found with knowledge acquisition, meaning that Duolingo was as effective as traditional teaching methods.

Holden (2011) created a game for the mobile phone called Mentira, which shared Duolingo's learning versatility. Both Duolingo and Mentira are created as applications meant for the mobile phone, unlike Match 'Em, which requires students to be stationary in front of a computer. Mentira is an augmented reality game, meaning that it relies on a type of technology

that allows viewers to see real-life environments mixed with virtual overlays in front of them (“What Is Augmented Reality?” 2017). In *Mentira*, college students are a part of an augmented game representing historic sites in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they must solve a murder mystery through Spanish language conversation. The game is meant to be played over four weeks. Unlike Duolingo, *Mentira* allows students to explore different environments because they can walk around the augmented reality world. Rather than simply translating vocabulary words into Spanish, in *Mentira* students must have conversations with each other, further testing their knowledge of Spanish. *Mentira* gives students a goal, solving a mystery, which truly immerses them in the experience. As a student who played *Mentira* explained, “I mean, the whole thing is that you don't wanna be passively learning Spanish, you wanna feel like you're taking part in it somehow by learning the language, so I think it's a good thing to feel like you can make choices in the game setting or you know something else I think that that's just, you know, empowering for a student” (Holden 2011). In sum, *Mentira* grants students a sense of agency over their learning experiences not seen in the other strictly vocabulary-based games.

Computer games make language learning more welcoming to many students; however, they don't necessarily make the classroom welcoming to all students. Research has shown that there tends to be an unwelcoming environment for Black students in foreign language classrooms. In a 2018 study exploring ethnicity in secondary and post-secondary foreign language classrooms, Cassandra Glynn found that there was a lower enrollment of African American students compared to all other ethnicities. Additionally, Glynn found peers and teachers harboring racial stereotypes, “pointing to the pervasiveness of institutional and social racism in the students' schools and communities” (2018, p. v). When interviewing students, Glynn often observed the phrase “Not to be racist, but ...” spoken by white students. One student

even went as far as saying that she felt as though Black students “didn't work as hard” in the classroom. Glynn’s research proves how unwelcoming the foreign language classroom can be towards Black students, pushing them away from such enriching educational opportunities. In “Teach Spanish to Black Students? Make It Relevant! Make It Black!” (1974), Maria Luisa Alvarez et al. discuss how professors need to make Spanish language learning pedagogy “more Black” in order to better engage with Black students. To them, this entails teaching more Afro-Latinx history for Black and other students of color to see themselves represented in the classroom. Although Alvarez’s essay was published in 1974, Spanish language programs are still struggling with enrollment of Black students (Anya et. al. 2017).

Although education technology has been integrated into Spanish classrooms through gaming, computing is still not widely taught. Students play the games, but why not teach them how to make them? In the digital age, computing education can enable students to create digital writing, which is the confluence of digital literacy and traditional literacy (Ekmekçi 2018). As shown in Table 1, digital literacy allows students to more dynamically represent their writing by creating an interactive experience (Ventimiglia, et al. 2016, p. 40). For instance, instead of writing an essay in prose, students can use multimedia approaches such as videos, pictures, and podcasts. Open-ended in nature, digital literacy relies on curation, challenging students to think about how different mediums change the way users and audiences interact with their work. For example, in Bard College’s “Introduction to Media” course, students create a blog where they use the programming language JavaScript to create reflective pieces about media and humanity. Rather than creating the same type of project, like an essay, students finish the course with a wide array of projects. Some students create photo diaries, others, word maps. Unlike traditional

literacy, digital literacy is not static, allowing it to be changed and remixed by both the author(s) and others as well.

Traditional Literacy	Digital Literacy
Finding information	Vetting information
Reading (emersion)	Skimming (searching for solutions)
Note-taking	Curating
- transcribing	- linking
Prose composition	Multimodal composition
	- information design
	- data visualization
	- dynamic storytelling (video)
	- coding/programming
Static artifacts	Dynamic assets (multiple, diverse, reusable)
Learns from teachers	Teaches self
Permanence	Change

Table 1. Comparing traditional and digital literacies. From (Ventimiglia, et al. 2016, p. 40).

A notable example of digital literacy is interactive fiction and games. Interactive fiction and games is a method of translating students' writing into a dynamic choose-your-own-adventure style, creating a work where the user has the agency to lead the story (Aarseth 1997). Students use hyper-text to create various links. We might think of a Wikipedia page where the reader can continue exploring related topics, or the game *Zork* (1975), which takes players on a text-based game adventure. Through creating interactive fiction, students are no longer writing for a single audience, their teacher, but for a variety of players and users, such as their peers. This enables them to engage with the text or theme they are analyzing (Alexander, 2009; Ritter

et al, 2014). They must ask themselves: How can I represent this story in multiple ways? What experience do I want to give my users? What choices do I want *my users* to make and what choices do *I* want to make? Students are challenged to utilize what they know about analytical writing (Chatman 1978) and apply it to a new learning experience using computing skills (Shepherd 2018).

Twine⁴ is a desktop and web-based application that allows people to create interactive hypertext stories. Creators link passages of their story together giving users the choice of what part they want to go to next. These links appear as hyperlinks and often dictate what narrative the user experiences. Created by Chris Klimas in 2009, Twine is free and thus has been used in art communities as a financially accessible way to create interactive games. Notable game designers like Anna Anthropy helped Twine gain critical acclaim with games like *Queers in Love at the End of the World* and *Mighty Jill Off*. These games explore sexuality in a choose-your-own-adventure fashion. Anthropy uses Twine to encourage people to express themselves through creating interactive stories and games (Ellison 2013). Twine is considered an accessible game design tool because it has a low floor and high ceiling. In other words, creators do not need prior programming experience to easily create a story, and those who do have prior coding experience can also be challenged by altering the HTML and CSS code embedded in Twine.

Twine's accessibility has also made it a great educational tool for integrating digital literacy into the classroom. Educators from K-12, collegiate, and graduate school have used Twine as a pedagogical tool. Richard Hahn (2016) designed an English learning module where students use Twin and Google Docs to collaboratively learn creative writing. Each student is in charge of writing a particular part of the plot and they use Twine to link the narratives together.

⁴ twinery.org/2

In their college United States history class Jeffrey Lawler and Sean Smith (2021) teach Twine, challenging students to create historical fiction games about a significant historical event explored in the class. Students are expected to integrate primary and secondary sources into their game narrative. In nursing school in Spain, students use Twine's hyperlink feature to learn decision making skills (Marín-Paz et. al 2020). Similarly, in a Pharmacy program in Los Angeles, students designed a Twine narrative to simulate pharmaceutical decision making for patients with multiple diseases. They suggested that Twine should be used to better engage pharmacy students in the classroom as it allows them to get creative (Nohria et. al. 2021). Miles and Jenkis (2017) created Twine narratives to help students and educators learn more about the experiences of transgender youth. They believe that creating and playing Twine games allows people to “consider pressing social issues” (43).

Given recent work in critical computing pedagogies, technology integration in Spanish language classrooms, and the growing usage of Twine as a tool to engage students in learning about class material and identity, how might we integrate computing education into a post-secondary Spanish language and literature class in such a way that uplifts Black voices and experiences. In this project, I explore how students might use Twine to analyze and reflect upon Afro-Cuban poetry and in doing so how they may explore their own identities in their projects.

Methods

In order to explore how college students might engage with Afro-Cuban poetry through using Twine, I designed and taught a workshop in an upper-level Spanish literature class at Bard College. I observed how students engaged with Afro-Cuban poetry and simultaneously explored their own identities. Through this research, I wanted to expose students to Afro-Cuban poetry and show them ways they can use computing to develop their creative writing. I aimed to challenge them to think more critically about the ways the work they read in class affects them and others in the class.

Context

Bard College is a small liberal arts college located in Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, with about two thousand students. At Bard, the average cost of attendance over the last four years was \$75,470.50 for students living on campus. According to the National Center for Education Statistics, the student body is made up of 57% females and 47% males. About 46% of students are white, 13% Hispanic, 11% Black, 6% multi-racial, 3% Asian. The workshop was taught as a part of Bard College's Spanish 306 course, "Five Latin American Poets" (Nicholson 2022), in which I was a student. The course's objective was to explore the poetry of Nicolás Guillén, Pablo Neruda, Octavio Paz, César Vallejo, and Alexandra Pizarnik, in order to understand the cultural practice of poetry in Latin America. Spanish 306 was the highest level of Spanish taught in the spring semester, and the group consisted of both heritage speakers and anglophone Spanish Studies majors.

Participants

The course had a total of six students enrolled, including me. Of those students, four⁵ attended the workshop, as did the professor. All participants self-reported demographic data in a free-response post-workshop survey (see Table 2). One of the students in the course was a language tutor employed by Bard. The other three students ranged from their second to their fourth year in college (sophomore, junior, and senior years respectively). Two participants identified as white, one as Dominican, one as Anglo-European, and one chose not to disclose a race/ethnicity. Only one participant reported prior experience in CS—they had taken a computing course about using technology to teach English language learners. Two of the participants had prior experience with Twine, both reporting they had taken the orientation tutorial provided during Bard’s Language and Thinking Program, which used Twine.

	Heritage Speaker	Race/Ethnicity	Gender Identity	Prior Experience in CS	Prior Experience using Twine
Participant 1	Yes	Dominican	Female	No	Yes
Participant 2	No	White	Male	No	No
Participant 3	No	White	Female	No	Yes
Participant 4	No		Cis-Male	Yes	No
Participant 5	No	Anglo-European	Cis-Female	No	No

⁵ One student was absent on the day of the workshop.

Table 2. Demographic data of participants

Workshop

Because we were already studying Nicolás Guillén and his poetry, I decided to focus the workshop on a single poem, “El apellido.” The workshop followed the Twine workshop created by Bard Computer Science professors Keith O’Hara and Sven Anderson (Tirto et al. 2018), where they teach incoming first-year students at Bard how to create interactive essays and games based on their writing produced during Bard’s Language and Thinking Program, an introductory writing seminar (see Appendix A). The workshop was taught in Spanish during class time, which was 80 minutes long. Students were instructed to complete pre-workshop homework, which consisted of a close reading of the poem, playing example Twine games and stories, and answering guiding questions about the poem and their idea for their Twine project. The workshop was held in the computer lab in the Bard College Language Center. All participants used the same desktop computers, which ran Windows 11 and used Google Chrome to access Twine through the web application. Participants were seated directly next to one another. In explaining the foundational Twine concepts, I used examples relevant to the themes and motifs in “El apellido” (see Appendix B).

I introduced the foundational concepts of Twine—passages, and links—in the first 20 minutes of the workshop. Students learned to create passages which function as paragraphs or different parts of their project. They then learned how to link passages to one another. For example, if I am creating a Twine project about my family tree, I might start with a passage where users can choose what side of my family tree they want to know more about, the maternal or paternal side. Therefore, the choices, maternal and paternal, appear as hyperlinks users can

click on, navigating them to the next linked passage. If the user chooses the paternal side, then they are able to choose whether to learn more about my grandmother or grandfather.

Let's say the user wants to learn more about my grandfather. In Figure 1, I show the coding window of my passage entitled "Grandfather". The passage features an overview of who my grandfather is and also links to other passages, "dad", "uncles", and "cousins," encompassed in double square brackets, the code for creating a link to other passages. When this passage is displayed to users, they are able to choose which passage they go to next by simply clicking on the blue links (see Figure 2). From there, users can continue choosing their way through my Twine story by interacting with the links and options they are given. Passages are displayed on the creator's storyboard, each as a square. Arrows represent links between passages, visually showing creators which passages are linked to each other (see Figure 3). Creators are also able to reposition the passages on the storyboard, dragging each square to the location that best enables them to visualize their story. Because mine is a family tree, I made my storyboard resemble one.

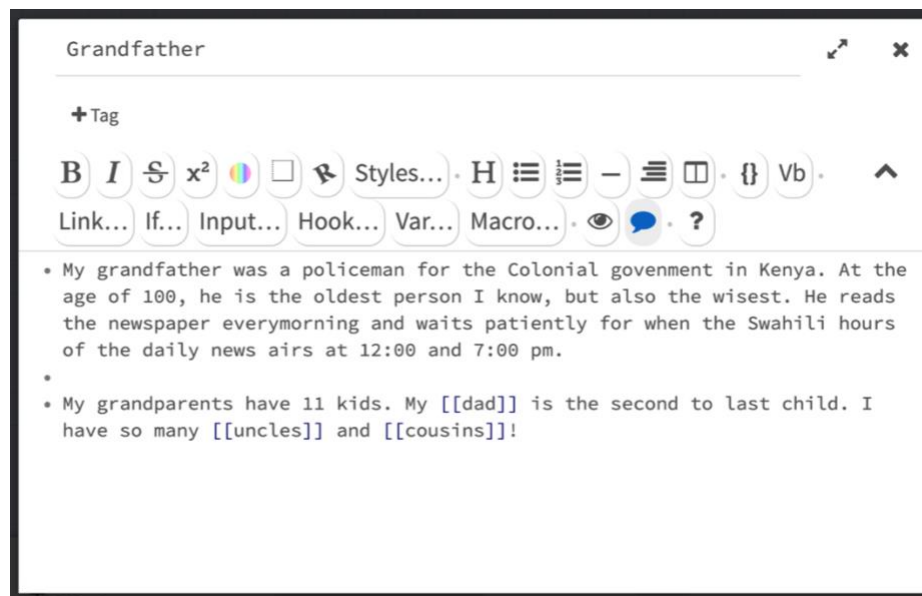


Figure 1. Code window featuring a passage called "Grandfather." It is linked to passages "dad," "uncles," and "cousins."

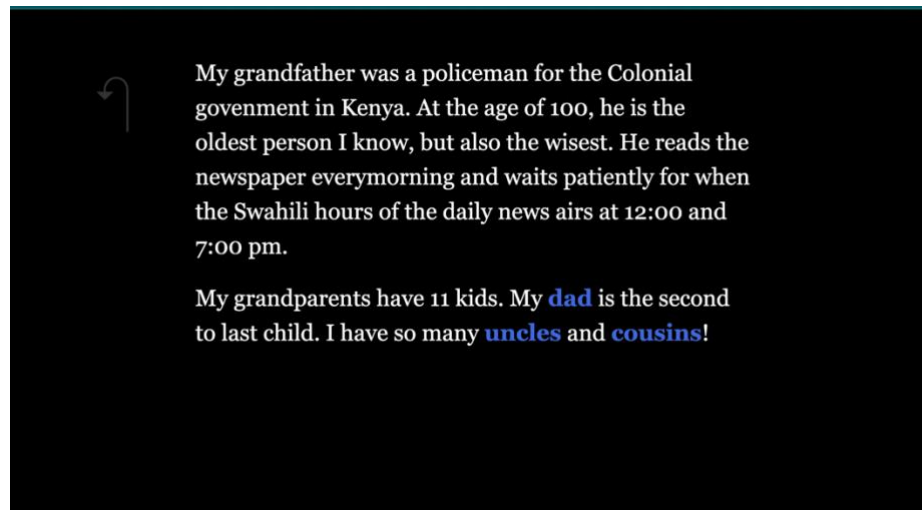


Figure 2. Display of the passage code in Figure 1. This represents what users and creators see when they play the project. The words that are encompassed by square brackets in Figure 1 now appear as blue links that the user can click on.

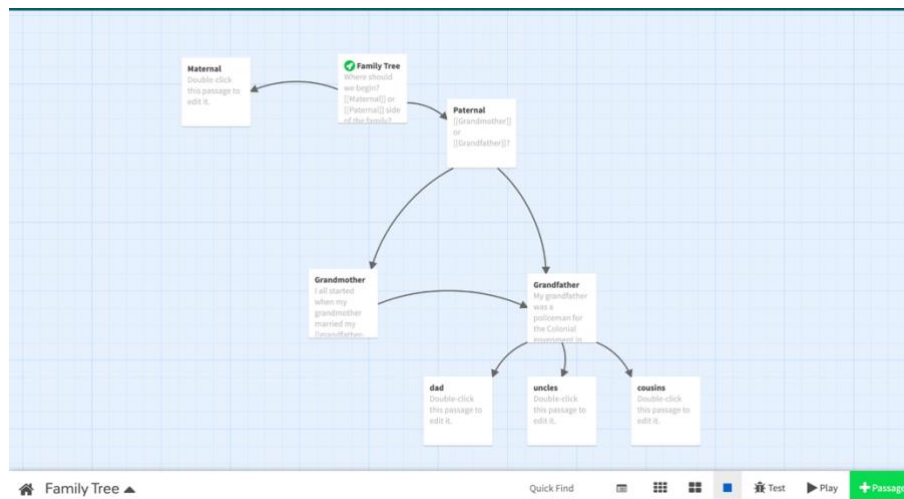


Figure 3. The Twine Storyboard. Users can see each passage, each represented by a square.

Arrows connect the passages that are linked to each other.

After learning about passage and link creation, participants were given 20 minutes of independent work time to get started on their project. I was available to ask questions and demonstrate any concepts further. When students showed mastery of passage and link creation, I

introduced them to different types of dynamic text representation. There is the static, default link that users click on to navigate through the story, but there are also cycling links, random links, and live links (see Table 3). The cycling link, affectionately called the decoy link, is a link that tricks the user. It appears on the screen in the traditional blue link mark-up, but when it's clicked on, instead of taking the user to another passage, it reveals another word or phrase. Cycling links are never-ending loops that display the same list of words or phrases. Random links are links that shuffle through a list inputted by the creator. These links create a unique experience for different users. Creators may choose to use random links to change the adjective, noun, or verb in key sentences in their story, thus changing the meaning of the given passage or plot. Random links do not appear as hyperlinks, but rather as plain text.

Lastly, workshop participants learned live links. Live links are timed links that reveal words or phrases in a few seconds. Creators can change the amount of time a word or phrase is displayed in the code. Live links are a dynamic way to have fun or show users more information by just changing a few words. Although not necessary to complete the workshop or master Twine, these links provide participants with the freedom to interpret their work and their stories in ways a traditional written essay could never. Although there was no time to show students how to customize their Twine, I told them they could add photos, videos, audio and change the background and text color within their story. Participants were given the rest of the workshop to finish their projects, and upon completion submitted them by exporting their projects and emailing them to me. Students also shared their projects with each other.

Twine Dynamic Text Links			
	Cycling Link	Random Link	Live Link
Definition	infinite loop of text	word or phrase randomly selected from a programmed list	word or phrase changes with the programed increment of time
Code	<pre>Lo escondisteis, creyendo que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza. (cycling-link: “¡Gracias!”, “¡Os lo agradezco!”, “¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!”, “Merci!”, “Merci bien!”, “Merci beaucoup!”)</pre>	<pre>Lo escondisteis, creyendo que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza. (either: “¡Gracias!”, “¡Os lo agradezco!”, “¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!”, “Merci!”, “Merci bien!”, “Merci beaucoup!”)</pre>	<pre>Lo escondisteis, creyendo que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza. (live: .5s)[(either: “¡Gracias!”, “¡Os lo agradezco!”, “¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!”, “Merci!”, “Merci bien!”, “Merci beaucoup!”)]</pre>
Effect	Confuses users, reveals more information or plot twists	Creates a varying experience for different users; creates multiple storylines using the same passages	Inserts a timed element; expresses movement

Table 3. The definition, code, and effect of each of the dynamic text links taught in the workshop: cycling link, random link, and live link.

Data Collection

The following data was collected:

Researcher Observations - During and directly after the workshop I took notes about participant behavior and key quotes I noticed.

Twine Projects - Each participant sent me their Twine via email.

Post-Workshop Survey - After the workshop, students were sent a survey which (1) collected self-reported, free-response demographic data, and (2) asked for description of the project, how Twine helped them interpret “El Apellido,” if they would use Twine in the future, and what changes they would make to Twine.

Post-Workshop Discussion - During the class immediately following the workshop, I conducted a 20-minute discussion with the participants in which we debriefed about the workshop.

Although I asked guiding questions such as what they liked and disliked about the workshop, students were candid and commented without much prompting.

Follow-up Interviews - During the data analysis, there was a need for a follow-up interview with the professor to gain their perspective on the workshop. This was an open-ended interview as the researcher and professor had an established rapport. We discussed their experience learning Twine and the tension between being both teacher and student in this workshop setting

Data Analysis

I performed a thematic analysis on the aforementioned data collected. Thematic analysis is a methodology in which the researcher(s) identify, analyze, and report patterns and themes within the data (Maguire 2017). In the thematic analysis, I integrated details from the researcher notes, participant Twine projects, and post-workshop survey data and interviews. In the results section, the Twine projects are represented using the methodology in *Videogames for Humans: Twine Authors in Conversation* edited by Merritt Kopas (2015). The start of a new passage is denoted by > followed by the title of the passage in **Ariel font**. Underneath the title of the passage, the contents of that passage appear in **Consolas font**. This includes any text or images or effects. The links within each passage are displayed in **bold blue** as they would when displayed in the

program. Sporadically, I inserted researcher commentary about the participant's demeanor and performance in the workshop. This appears in Times New Roman font. The following is an example, using my family tree Twine I mentioned in the "Workshop" section:

>Family Tree

Where should we begin?

Maternal or **Paternal** side of the family?

>Paternal

Grandmother or **Grandfather**?

>Grandfather

My grandfather was a policeman for the colonial government in Kenya. At the age of 100, he is the oldest person I know, but also the wisest. He reads the newspaper every morning and waits patiently for when the Swahili hours of the daily news airs at 12:00 and 7:00 pm.

My grandparents have 11 children. My **dad** is the second to last child. I have so many **uncles** and **cousins**!

There were times when the narrative led me back to the same path. If I had already visited the path, I only mentioned the path by name and did not re-enter the passage text below.

Positionality

Positionality describes "an individual's worldview and the position they adopt about a research task and its social and political context" (Holmes 2020, p. 1). It is important to discuss a researcher's positionality given that motives and results are subject to the researcher's worldview. Who we are informs what we research and how we interpret the data. As a Black Queer Kenyan immigrant, my research often focuses on equity and justice, particularly in the

classroom. I think about who is and is not included in computing learning environments and why that may be. I am particularly interested in exploring ways to make inclusive learning environments for marginalized students in computing. Because this research is rooted in my own personal experience, I approached my research with caution and care, not wanting to deter participants away from learning more about computing. I chose to use Twine because it has been a helpful tool for me to learn more about myself and my own identity.

Poem Analysis

Introduction

“In fourteen-hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue!” These were the words of my elementary school history teacher as she taught us about the “founding” of America. The naïve rhyme was meant to stay heavy in students’ minds far after their elementary years. Now I look back in horror, knowing how charged the phrase is. So let me tell you what happened once Christopher Columbus arrived in Cuba. Upon his arrival he explained, “Everything I saw was so lovely that my eyes could not weary of beholding such beauty ... It is certain that where there is such marvelous scenery, there must be much from which profit can be made ... I believe that ... there are very great riches and precious stones and spices” (qtd. Waldron 145, 2011).

Columbus fell in love with Cuba, not only because it was beautiful, but also because it contained natural resources—including human beings—he knew he could profit from. From the beginning, Columbus’ motive was to profit and proselytize. These motivations lead to a migration of Spanish colonizers, including slave traders. In the decades following 1492, the colonizers saw Cuba as a paradise, a place to get rich and enjoy life. The problem arose when there were not enough native people, the Taíno and Siboney peoples, left on the island to serve as a labor force to extract the natural resources from Cuba. Therefore, to sustain the luxurious lifestyle of the Spanish Crown and its representatives in the Antilles, the colonizers turned to slavery, purchasing Africans and bringing them to the Americas. The institution of slavery created a plantation society, allowing the colonizers to maintain their wealth. Cuba’s new

plantation society perpetuated what has been called the plantation paradise ideal, the idea that colonizers can come to a new land and escape the reality of working through enslaving people from other racial and ethnic origins (Waldron 2011).

In an effort to create a revisionist counternarrative to the Christopher Columbus quasi nursery rhyme students are taught from a young age, I thought it important to offer students a portal into Afro-Cuban history and identity. Over the centuries since the first slaves were imported into the New World, enslaved people and their descendants began to embrace their African heritage. In the early twentieth century, the Afro-Cuban movement was created to uplift, rehabilitate, and celebrate Afro-Cubanism, being black and Cuban, the descendants of slaves. The Afro-Cuban movement of the 1920s and 1930s was an intellectual and artistic movement centered on Black Cuban culture. Meanwhile in Paris, a parallel movement was taking place. The Négritude movement, founded by Black French poet Aimé Césaire in the 1930s, aimed to take pride in Blackness through literature. Césaire remarks:

... we were in a century of exacerbated Eurocentrism, a fantastic ethnocentrism that enjoyed a guiltless conscience. No one questioned . . . the superiority of European civilization ... no one was ashamed of being a colony . . . they had interiorized the colonizer's vision of themselves ... we were in a century dominated by the theory of assimilation ... So Négritude was for us a way of asserting ourselves . . . the affirmation of ourselves, of the return to our own identity, of the discovery of ourselves (Rowell, 1989, 55).

The Négritude movement was then embraced by Black poets around the world like Langston Hughs from Harlem, Léopold Senghor from Senegal, and Nicolás Guillén from Cuba.

In this section, I will analyze the poems “El apellido” by Nicolás Guillén, “Mujer negra” by Nancy Morejón, and “Ibu sedi” by Georgina Herrera, showing how they provide unique poetic representations of the Afro-Cuban experience⁶. The analysis will also show the themes and motifs I hope students notice when they read these works. I chose these authors particularly because they each provide unique perspectives. Although they all share socialist ideologies, Guillén was a part of the Négritude movement. In “El apellido,” Guillén parses through the loss of his African last name, which leads to the reaffirmation of strength and community. Morejón, who studied under Guillén, speaks to the Black Afro-Cuban experience in “Mujer negra” from slavery to revolutionary Cuba in the 1960s and beyond. Herrera is a lesser-known poet whose work provides a minority perspective on what it means to be an Afro-Cuban woman. In “Ibu Sedi,” Herrera embraces African religion and vernacular language, suggesting a feminist counternarrative to the Christian religion.

All these poems use language appropriate for students at an AP Spanish level, allowing all levels of advanced Spanish learners to understand and be challenged by the language, themes, and motifs. Apart from questions of Afro-Cuban identity, Guillén and Herrera also comment on American Civil Rights and the place of Blacks in North American society. Guillén was friends with Langston Hughes and Herrera wrote a poem called “Despidiendo a Rosa Parks,” which is a farewell letter to Rosa Parks after she died. Therefore, there is room for the integration of American history into the classroom and for further investigation of racial topics directly pertinent to students in the U.S. These poems are versatile. They can be read as stand-alone units or in tandem, putting each in conversation with one another. The novelty of Herrera’s work is

⁶ For translations, see Appendix E.

worth noting as well. Although Guillén and Morejón are well known, teaching Herrera provides students more freedom to speculate, without necessarily having preconceived answers as to what the poetic voice is suggesting.

Ultimately, I settled on these poems because they are all poems in which the poetic speaker navigates their Afro-Cuban identity. Since part of the goal of this project is both to introduce more Black authors into the curriculum and to explore the ways students navigate their own identities relative to the materials they read in class, having poems that speak directly to identity work well. Furthermore, these poems are rich in metaphors, identifiable rhythms, imagery, and other poetic devices. They are great candidates for analyzing in Twine as students have ample material to draw from. I will conclude my poetic analysis by showing how these poems could be analyzed in Twine. I will explain in some detail a Twine I made based on these poems.

“El apellido” by Nicolás Guillén

In “El apellido: Elegía familiar” [“Last Name: A Family Elegy”] (160-169) Guillén uses the genre of elegy, a traditional ancient Greek poem in response to the death of a person or group, to lament the loss of his last name, Guillén. The poem shows the suffering of his ancestors, specifically through the loss of identity that was stripped from them when they were taken from Africa.

Nicolás Guillén (1902 - 1989) was a Cuban poet and social activist leader of the Afro-Cuban movement. Born the son of a Spanish-Cuban mother, Argelia Batista y Arrieta, and a Black Cuban father, Nicolás Guillén y Urra, Guillén left his studies at the University of Havana

to become a poet. In addition to his poetry, Guillén was also involved politically. He traveled to Spain to support the Republican side in the Spanish Civil war and upon his arrival back in Cuba, he joined the Communist Party. During the years of the Batista regime (1940-1944, 1950-1959) he was exiled many times for his association with Communism. Broadly speaking, his early poetry centers around his Afro-Cuban identity, while his later poetry emphasizes support for Fidel Castro's socialist revolution (1959). After the Revolution, he became a member of the Union of Writers and Artists and a part of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party.

“El apellido” was written as a larger part of Guillén's collection titled *Elegías* (1948-58). The poem, written in free verse, is structured in two long sections, with a total of 141 lines. In this poem Guillén demonstrates the importance of celebrating one's identity, demanding that they be seen and heard as they are. The poem begins with the poetic speaker—which we can assume to be virtually identical to the poet Guillén—explaining the importance of his name:

Desde la escuela
 y aún antes... Desde el alba, cuando apenas
 era una brizna yo de sueño y llanto,
 desde entonces,
 me dijeron mi nombre. Un santo y seña
 para poder hablar con las estrellas.
 Tú te llamas, te llamarás...
 Y luego me entregaron
 esto que veis escrito en mi tarjeta,

esto que pongo al pie de mis poemas:
 las trece letras
 que llevo auestas por la calle,
 que siempre van conmigo a todas partes.

By opening the elegy at dawn, Guillén follows the traditional form of elegies, starting at the beginning, symbolizing birth. From the beginning, Guillén has always been told his name, his Spanish name, Nicolás Guillén. In using the direct object, *me*, in the phrase “me dijeron”, Guillén shows how his name was imposed upon him. He likens it to “un santo y seña”, a password, as though it enables him to access something exclusive, which might mean assimilation into a larger community. He then begins to use a series of questions, meant for the colonizer. He questions, “¿Es mi nombre, estáis ciertos?”, asking if they are certain that is his name. When he asks “¿Ya conocéis mi sangre navegable?”, he is using his body as a metaphor for the Caribbean, connecting himself to Cuba’s history of being colonized and “navigated” by the Spanish, as well as its history of slavery. Through this interrogation, Guillén is asking the colonizers—and in fact his countrymen and anyone who reads the poem—if they utterly understand who he is, suggesting that his last name does not adequately reflect his heritage. He is also emphasizing the importance of a name as someone’s identity (“Tú te llamas, te llamarás...”). His Spanish name is what is used to associate him with everything in life, for example, in this poem. It is always with him. When he asks “¿Es mi nombre? ¿Estáis ciertos?” Guillén is asking if the name he was given at birth is representative of who he is.

The poetic voice continues to interrogate those who have imposed a Spanish last name on him; however, rather than grief, there is a sense of pride in his heritage, even through the pain and suffering of his ancestors:

¿No veis estos tambores tensos y golpeados
 con dos lágrimas secas?
 ¿No tengo acaso
 un abuelo nocturno
 con una gran marca negra
 (más negra todavía que la piel)
 Una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

Here Guillén depicts the whipping of slaves, first comparing this practice to the beating of drums, a symbol often used to represent African pride and culture. There is also a sense of not being able to grieve the loss of this heritage (“con dos lágrimas secas”). The image of dried tears represents the pain of his African people and the idea that it is a long-lasting pain. The tears are no longer wet, the crying has stopped; however, they have not been wiped away. This shows that the effects of slavery are still visible, and reconciliation—which would enable the tears to be wiped away—has not yet been found. Guillén then references his “abuelo nocturno”, showing that his ancestors were slaves, as they have been whipped. Again, the long-lasting effects of slavery are still prevalent in the form of a scar (“una gran marca negra ... hecha de un latigazo”). In describing his grandfather as “nocturno” Guillén refers to his dark skin and creates an extended metaphor connecting “el alba” [dawn] with the night. Additionally, this darkness refers to the ethically “dark” history of slavery. The poetic speaker is showing that he is the continuation of the dark night his ancestors faced. Although his twentieth-century strife is not the

same as slavery, even after this metaphorical night, Guillén, as a spokesperson for all Afro-Cubans, is still enduring the effects.

Guillén's African grandfather's identity is then the subject of the next part of the poem, as he asks rhetorical questions about what his grandfather's African name might have been:

¿No tengo pues
 un abuelo mandinga, congo, dahomeyano?
 ¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decídmelo!
 ¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable?
 ¿Cómo decís Andrés en congo?
 ¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre
 Francisco en dahomeyano?
 En mandinga, ¿cómo se dice amable?
 ¿O no? ¿Eran pues otros nombres?
 ¡El apellido, entonces!
 ¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene
 de aquella tierra enorme, el apellido
 sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar
 entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?
 ¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!

In this portion, Guillén asks questions that he knows the colonizer cannot answer, and in so doing, he is showing the loss of identity for slaves, and for himself as a Cuban descendent of slaves. His repetitive interrogation is no longer contemplative as it was at the beginning, but has

moved to anger. He asks questions rapidly to show the confusion, like a thought spiral, one question leading to so many others.

One of the most important parts of this poem is the theme of language within the context of slavery. When the Spanish renamed their slaves, they took away any representation of the slaves' native tongue, and in doing so, took away their region of origin. Therefore, when Guillén's poetic speaker asks, "¿Cómo decís Andrés en congo?," he is applying the Congolese equivalent of the Spanish name. He continues to ask for the African equivalent of other Spanish names—"Andrés," "Francisco," and "Amable"—coupling them with West African ethnic groups like the "Dahomeyan" and "Madinga" tribes. This repetition shows Guillén's struggle and determination to know his African name. The fact that there are no responses or answers to these questions represents the fact that no one knows and will never know what his African name is. However, when he asks "¿Eran pues otros nombres?," he shows that the Spanish names are not translations of the African names, but rather entirely different. Thus, the Spanish last names give no indication of where he is from, which is why he refers to his grandfather as "mandinga," "congo", "dahomeyano" (ethnic groups in Mali, Congo, and Benin, respectively). He does not put a Boolean operator between the ethnicities, indicating that because Guillén does not know where he is from, he must embrace all possibilities. This idea is very prevalent among descendants of slavery because they often do not know exactly where their ancestors came from, and in turn, must identify with Africa at large rather than from a specific country or ethnic group on the continent. His naming of ethnic groups in this poem also combats the erasure practiced by the Spanish colonizers, who refused to preserve his ancestors' African identity when they were brought to Cuba as slaves. Guillén then personifies his African last name, calling it "sangriente y capturado." When he asks "¿que pasó sobre el mar entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre

el mar?” Guillén shows that he knows what happened to the people, once enslaved, but he does not know what happened to their identity.

Although critics agree that the mixture of the Spanish and African names represents the miscegenation that occurred during slavery (White 109-13; Garcia 12-13), Linda Waldron (2011) argues that in mixing the Spanish and African names, Guillén is defying the notion of “plantation as paradise.” “Plantation as paradise” is Waldron’s theory that despite slaves fueling the Cuban and Spanish economies, they were subjugated to the lowest stratosphere in society because of their skin color. Because Guillén is a racial mix of both Spanish and African, Waldron argues that,

By requesting that the names imposed upon him, and by extension his people, be translated into the various tribal languages, he demonstrates not only an awareness of the infraction committed against him through the dissolution of his original name, but also an unwillingness to be smelted into the desired image of colonial rulers (150).

Guillén’s refusal to accept the white-washed name given to him represents his demand to be seen as both African *and* Cuban.

In the next stanza, Guillén pauses his questions and tells the colonizers, his interlocutors, “¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!”, taunting them since he knows they cannot answer his questions.

The poetic speaker continues the direct address to the colonizers:

Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.

Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.

Lo escondisteis, creyendo

Que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.

¡Gracias!

¡Os lo agradezco!

¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!

Merci!

Merci bien!

Merci beaucoup!

Pero no... ¿Podéis creerlo? No.

Yo estoy limpio.

Brilla mi voz como un metal recién pulido.

Mirad mi escudo: tiene un baobab,

Tiene un rinoceronte y una lanza.

Yo soy también el nieto,

Biznieto,

Tataranieto de un esclavo.

(Que se avergüence el amo)

The poetic speaker notes that his last name, Guillén, was permanently bestowed upon him by the oppressor. However, Guillén shows that he will not “lower his eyes in shame” because of his last name. He then sarcastically thanks the oppressor in English, Spanish, and French. Although I am not entirely sure why Guillén chose to use different languages here, to me it reads as though he is showing off his intellect, almost mocking the interlocutor. After the sarcastic gratitude, Guillén declares himself clean (“Yo estoy limpio”), demonstrating his confidence and strength by comparing himself to “un metal,” “un baobab,” “un rinoceronte,” and “una lanza.” By using these objects to describe his powerful voice, Guillén may also allude to the power of poetry to

reclaim his lost heritage. Furthermore, these images point to traditionally African ways of expressing power and pride in one's country and culture. Therefore, using such imagery shows how his African identity makes him powerful, demonstrating a positive representation of being African, rather than a shameful one.

Additionally, he shows pride in his lineage, proclaiming that he is the descendent of slaves (“Yo soy también el nieto, / Biznieto, / Tataranieto de un esclavo”). He follows this line by saying “Que se avergüence el amo”, pointing out the fact that he is of mixed race, a representation of miscegenation. This line is encompassed in parenthesis, as though Guillén is breaking character, providing commentary to his own poem. Although the practice was common, interracial sexual relations were officially frowned upon by the colonizers, as if this meant associating with slaves who were not considered civil beings. Thus, by calling miscegenation out in the poem, Guillén shows that the colonizers cannot shame him, because doing so would also shame themselves. This section of the poem leads readers to understand that in spite of the grand attempts to stifle him, his perpetrators were not able to take away his African pride.

Guillén ends the first part of the poem in the same way he began it, by turning inward, questioning what his African name is:

¿Seré Yelofe?

¿Nicolás Yelofe, acaso?

¿O Nicolás Bakongo?

¿Tal vez Guillén Banguila?

¿O Kumbá?

¿Quizá Guillén Kumbá?

¿O Kongué?

¿Pudiera ser Guillén Kongué?

¡Oh, quién lo sabe!

¡Qué enigma entre las aguas!

Instead of using Spanish names like “Andrés,” “Francisco,” or “Amable,” he uses African names: “Yelofe,” “Bakongo,” “Banguila,” “Kumba,” and “Kongué⁷”. Here Guillén uses *jitanjaforas*, invented words or phrases used as a poetic tool. These names are ones that Guillén created for himself, yet it is evident that he is emulating the African sounds in the name. These examples tell us that instead of merely suggesting random names, Guillén is taking ownership of them by naming himself five times using both his first and last name. In doing so, he is also questioning which of his names is the name of his oppressor. Is it his first name or last name? What would these names sound like as his own name? Guillén mixes and matches both his first and his last name with one of his plausible African name options. Thus, it is evident that he is trying to create a name representative of both his African and European-descendant identities. This section also highlights the erasure in these name choices. In his paper “El poeta de las síntesis,” Alfred Melon (n.d.) remarks that the speaker’s last name represents

el reconocimiento de todos los componentes (no únicamente patronímicos) de la genealogía personal y al mismo tiempo de la genealogía cubana, incluyendo, desde luego, el olvidado o marginado componente africano, pero también el componente español que

⁷ These names all appear phonetically African. I do not know for certain if Guillén knew the precise meaning of these names; however, I consulted an African linguist and an African historian, and they responded that some of the names do indeed have meaning. All names are of West African origin: *Bakongo* is a word used to refer to the Congolese people, and *Kongué* also refers to Congo. *Kumbá* is a Swahili verb meaning to be in a negative situation, such as slavery.

Guillén no deja de asumir ya que su verdadero apellido integra la genial serie de combinaciones, las cuales tienen el mérito de sugerir esta enorme mezcla de procedencias, este borrar de la identificaciones que significó la esclavitud. Aquí también aparece “todo mezclado, todo mezclado (217-218).

Here Melon underscores the tension between the African and the Spanish aspects of Guillén's name. The Spanish name, although it is known, is not representative of who he is as a biracial Afro-Cuban, while the African name, lost during slavery, must be longed for. Melon's idea of “todo mezclado, todo mezclado” represents the confluence of Guillén's Spanish and African heritage. Although his name, Nicolás Guillén, does not reflect it, it is still there, he is the mixture, the *mulatto*.

Guillén ends his naming inquiry by again showing how no one knows the answer: “¡Oh, quién lo sabe!” This section, unlike the previous one, is staccato, short and choppy. The poet has no time for melodic lines, his mind is moving too fast. He is trying one name after another, searching for what fits, representing the anxious and desperate search for identity descendants of slavery experience. The final line of the first part of the poem, “¡Qué enigma entre las aguas!,” suggests that the identity was lost at sea. Guillén's use of the word “enigma,” a nearly impossible code to crack, shows that no one will ever know what his true last name is.

Throughout the poem, Guillén uses the second person plural vosotros, a common Spanish conjugation. Although, for a while the vosotros was used in formal conversation, I believe that the use of such Spanish is worth noting. What does it mean for Guillén to explore the loss of his African identity and only be able to use the oppressor's language to do so? Critics like Zenaida Chillón Muñoz et al. state that, “En casi toda esta parte del poema se observa el uso de la

segunda persona del plural vosotros que fue utilizada en gran parte de la América hispana y que, actualmente, ha sido sustituida por ustedes aunque aparece en el estilo declamatorio y pensamos que Guillén la utilice debido a sus raíces españolas” (101). However, I believe that the use of the Spanish language must be seen with a more critical eye. It is not merely the idea of not knowing his African heritage, but the idea of never knowing it. Is Guillén even African if he is unable to speak his mother tongue?

I believe this question is answered in the second part of the poem. Much shorter than the first part (43 lines), in the second part, Guillén speaks to his fellow Afro-Cubans. Beginning with the feeling of night fall (“Siento la noche inmensa gravitar”), Guillén speaks of the people to come after him:

De algún país ardiente, perforado
 Sé que vendrán lejanos primos,
 Remota angustia mía disparada en el viento;
 Sé que vendrán pedazos de mis venas,
 Sangre remota mía,
 Con duro pie aplastando las hierbas asustadas;
 Sé que vendrán hombres de vidas verdes,
 Remota selva mía,
 Con su dolor abierto en cruz y el pecho en llamas.

Guillén uses the poetic tools of imagery and personification to describe the coming generations. They will come from “algún país ardiente, perforado.” Guillén uses the word “algún” rather than stating the country these descendants are coming from. This shows that, like him, they too will

not know exactly where they come from. Perhaps they will come from a mixture of places. Guillén goes on to personify his anguish (“Remota angustia mía disparada en el viento”), revealing how his own sentiments about his identity will be palpable for generations to come. They will experience pain (“Con su dolor abierto en cruz y el pecho en llamas”).

Guillén ends the poem taking ownership of his name and himself:

¿Qué ha de importar entonces
(¡Qué ha de importar ahora!)
¡Ay! mi pequeño nombre
De trece letras blancas?
¡Ni el mandinga, bantú,
Yoruba, dahomeyano
Nombre del triste abuelo ahogado
En tinta de notario?
¿Qué importa, amigos puros?
¡Oh, sí, puros amigos,
Venid a ver mi nombre!
Mi nombre interminable,
Hecho de interminables nombres;
El nombre mío, ajeno,
Libre y mío, ajeno y vuestro,
Ajeno y libre como el aire.

Contrary to the accusatory and unsettled Guillén readers see in the first part, here Guillén is showing confidence. He explicitly says that finding his African name does not matter (“¿Qué ha de importar ahora!”). His questions are no longer rhetorical, as in the next line, he offers an answer. He takes pride in his name, while also acknowledging that there are many more names that could be his and are his (“El nombre mío, ajeno, Libre y mío, ajeno y vuestro, Ajeno y libre como el aire.”). His name is free, it belongs to him and to us.

Through ending the poem with self confidence, Guillén creates a community of Afro-Cubans. Jesús Sabourin Fornaris (1982) argues that:

La mirada del poeta se dirige tanto hacia el pasado como hacia el presente y porvenir. Hacia el pasado, para reconstruir las momentos decisivos, memorables del proceso de fusión de las dos razas; hacia el presente, en busca de la comunión entre ellas que, mediante prácticas de equidad y justicia haga del mestizaje germen de un porvenir solidariamente humano (96).

Instead of lamenting the wrongs of slavery, Guillén chooses freedom, creating a solidarity with his fellow Afro-Cubans. Ultimately embracing both the African and the Cuban. He accepts who he is now and will be later, and is therefore free of the pressure to pick one name, one identity. He is all, malleable like the wind.

In sum, “El apellido” shows how Afro-Cuban writers, like Guillén, used the Négritude movement to reclaim their identity. Guillén’s poetry is a wonderful example of how students can learn about history and identity, even as they are expanding their grasp of the Spanish language. Exploring such poetry can help include Black or mixed-race students in the classroom because it enables them to feel represented; as well as present a counternarrative to what may be an otherwise white-centered curriculum. Many of the Black students in the United States are

descendants of slavery; therefore, exposing them to such poetry could give them the chance to put words to their feelings—I know it did for me. There is a sense of belonging when one realizes they are not the only one who feels a certain way. Guillén enables all of us to reflect and seek answers within ourselves instead of in others, even when we have deeply traumatized ourselves. In doing so, students can challenge the harmful narratives such as that of Columbus “sailing the ocean blue”—narratives that they feel may hold them back from being who they truly know they are.

“Mujer negra” by Nancy Morejón

With the title of “Mujer negra” [Black woman] (p. 55) Morejón, like Sojourner Truth proclaims “Ain’t I a Woman”, owns the Black feminist voice. The poetic voice used in “Mujer negra,” although presumably congruent with Morejón’s own lived experience as a descendant of African slaves brought to the Caribbean, is not her individual, subjective voice. By abandoning any other identifying features, the title itself shows that this is a poem about a Black woman—about Black women generally, and presumably those of the Caribbean in particular. A story of perseverance and strength, in the classroom, this poem can be used as a representation of the Afro-feminist narrative. The poetic speaker uses refrains—all of which are short phrases recalling the actions of the first-person speaker—at the end of each stanza to scaffold the strife of the Black Cuban woman in strength.

Nancy Morejón (b. 1944) is an Afro-Cuban poet who studied under Nicolás Guillén. Her poetry examines the female Afro-Cuban experience and its intersection with Cuban revolutionary politics. In her 1979 poem “Mujer negra,” first published in the volume titled *Parajes de una época*, Morejón tells the story of the Cuban Black Woman, beginning in the middle passage and extending to present-day revolutionary Cuba. Rather than representing one specific person, Morejón uses what Aisha Z. Cort (2021) is described as the “anonymous ‘I’,” a supernatural being spanning four centuries, representing the trials of Black women (134). Through an anonymous poetic voice, Morejón is able to holistically reimagine the story of Black Cuban women through time and space.

The poem begins in the Middle Passage, not the speaker’s homeland. In doing so, Morejón shows how many enslaved people do not know exactly where they came from. Morejón is also able to create a narrative that encompasses all those who are Black Cuban women.

Furthermore, many other narratives about enslaved Africans usually begin in the Middle Passage as a form of erasure. In doing so, Morejón points out that history often only tells the narrative of slavery, instead of the rich cultural and societal triumphs of Africa pre-slavery, imperialism, and colonization. The poem's first ten lines read as follows:

Todavía huelo la espuma del mar que me hicieron atravesar.

La noche, no puedo recordarla.

Ni el mismo océano podría recordarla.

Pero no olvido el primer alcatraz que divisé.

Altas, las nubes, como inocentes testigos presenciales.

Acaso no he olvidado ni mi costa perdida, ni mi lengua ancestral

Me dejaron aquí y aquí he vivido.

Y porque trabajé como una bestia,

aquí volví a nacer.

A cuanta epopeya mandinga intenté recurrir. (p)

The poetic voice in “Mujer negra” begins by recounting what she can and cannot recall from her journey in the Middle Passage from Africa to the Americas as a slave. The speaker begins by recalling the middle passage. The first word “Todavía” implies that the lingering effects are still with the speaker. She still remembers the smell of the sea she was forced to cross. She remembers the smell of the sea (“Todavía huelo la espuma del mar”). However, she does not remember the night, the darkness, the hardship (“La noche, no puedo recordarla”). She also remembers the clouds, the only thing there to bear witness to her pain and suffering (“Altas, las nubes, como inocentes testigos presenciales.”). The poetic speaker may have used the image of

the clouds as they appear to move with you along a journey. Maybe they were the only things there, to look at, to keep company, to watch her pain. Through this recounting, Morejón points out the loss of the Black woman's identity. Most notably she remembers the loss of her identity. She remarks that she may have not forgotten her homeland or native tongue. The idea that it's still with her no matter how hard the oppressor tries to take it away from her. Unlike Georgina Herrera's poem "Ibu sedi", Morejón mentions the African native tongue but does not use any words from it. All the while, Guillén creates *jitanjáforas*, mimicking the sounds of many African languages. Moreover, in the next line, similar to "El apellido," the use of the direct object pronoun *me* in "me dejaron" shows the lack of agency that she had. She did not choose this life, but yet she is made to live it. Here and in other parts of the poem when Morejón uses the third person verb "dejaron" there is no specific subject mentioned, as the "Mujer negra" does not know her oppressor. It is because of the hard work that she provides to society, through slave labor, that she is perceived as worthy of life. Coming to the Americas was a rebirth. As if to leave all the past behind.

The first stanza of "Mujer negra" sets the tone for the rest of the poem. Morejón references Africa as home base, a concept explored in Clenora Hudson-Weems' book *Africana Womanism: Reclaiming Ourselves* (1993) where she coins the term *Africana Womanism*, an ideology that explores the relationship between men and women who were forcibly exiled from Africa to Europe, Latin America, and the United States. Hudson-Weems argues that the use of Africa as the homeland, the beginning, creates unity among all descendants of slavery. Similarly, Edward Brathwaite (1974) speaks of the African "heartland," representing the relationship slaves brought to the New World have with Africa. Thus through using the anonymous "I" Morejón creates what Antonio D. Tillis (2001) calls a united racial identification, arguing that "despite the

use of the singular pronominal reference, the interference is an experience shared by a collective whole” (490). Morejón thus crafts a communal story detailing the experiences of Afro-Cuban women in particular. The poetic “I”, although assuming the voice of Afro-Cuban women, cannot be separated from the voice of Afro-Cubans as a whole and moreover, the voice of the descendants of slavery. It is the sentiment that one person's story also represents that of the group.

Each stanza is followed by a *refrán* or refrain. Refrains are meant to keep a poem or song going; their function is similar to that of a chorus, repetitive and often with the same message or theme. In “Mujer negra,” Morejón uses refrains to scaffold the poem. Each *refrán* is an action in the first person singular: “Me rebelé,” “Me sublevé” “Me fui al monte,” and so forth. Their function is twofold. Firstly, because the poem spans centuries, they serve temporal transitions. In the second stanza, the first refrain “Me rebelé” transitions the poem from the Middle Passage to plantation life. These refrains are short and pithy and thus represent the strength of the “Mujer negra.” Their repeated appearance may represent perseverance, showing that despite the subjugation of the Afro-Cuban woman, she kept going, she survived. For example, the use of the refrain “Me rebelé” at the beginning of a second stanza which details the sexual violence women slaves were subjected to is powerful. Neither the first or second stanza is about rebellion—they speak of pain and loss. Yet why does Morejón choose the refrain “Me rebelé” here rather than towards the end of the poem where she indeed speaks of rebellion? It is as though Morejón is equating survival with rebellion. The poem suggests that the act of surviving the Middle Passage is in itself a rebellious act; as though the sea tried to kill her, but still she survived. I liken these refrains to Maya Angelou’s poem “Still I Rise,” published a year prior to “Mujer negra” and, like

Morejón's poem, is a testament to perseverance. In fact, Morejón is often referred to as Cuba's Maya Angelou (Hernandez 2017).

The second stanza describes the strife of the woman slave:

Su Merced me compró en una plaza.

Bordé la casaca de su Merced y un hijo macho le parí.

Mi hijo no tuvo nombre.

Y su Merced murió a manos de un impecable *lord* inglés.

The stanza begins with her being purchased by a white man. Morejón uses the phrase, “Su Merced me compró,” to describe the purchase. Firstly, *su Merced*, shows that the Lord who purchased this woman was of the noble or criollo class—most certainly a white man—and was not known to her. Morejón again uses the direct object pronoun *me* to show that the action of buying this woman was done to her rather than with her consent or agency. The stanza continues, following the narrative of the female slave. The next line, “Bordé la casaca de su Merced y un hijo macho le parí,” describes the forced surrogacy of the female slave, ultimately bearing her owner's son. Morejón shows the lack of agency the woman has—she bore *him* a son. Morejón goes on to state that the son did not have a name, meaning that although he was a *mulato*, someone of mixed race, and the son of a Spanish nobleman, he was born a slave with no noble title. And yet she keeps going. The second stanza is followed by the one-word refrain “Anduve” suggesting that the black woman has an irrepressible will to survive.

In the next stanza, the poetic “I” discusses slave life:

Esta es la tierra donde padecí bocabajos y azotes.

Bogué a lo largo de todos sus ríos.

Bajo su sol sembré, recolecté y las cosechas no comí.

Por casa tuve un barracón.

Yo misma traje piedras para edificarlo,

pero canté al natural compás de los pájaros nacionales.

She details the work she put into cultivating Cuba (“sembré, recolecté”) and the little she got in return (“las cosechas no comí”). She was beaten (“azotes”), yet she tilled the land for which she did not reap what she sewed (“y las cosechas no comí”). In the last part of the stanza, “Por casa tuve un barracón. Yo misma traje piedras para edificarlo, pero canté al natural compás de los pájaros nacionales.”, Morejón dichotomizes the building of her own house with her singing to the beat of the native birds. The birds in this stanza mirror the birds in the first stanza in which the poetic voice mentions that she cannot forget the gull she saw on her journey to the Americas. The birds are also like the clouds in the first stanza representing innocent witnesses to her suffering throughout the Middle passage (“Altas, las nubes, como inocentes testigos presenciales.”). Additionally, the birds provide her solace, comfort for her tough life. This is seen through the use of the conjunction “pero” that creates a comparison between the hard labor of building her own house and her singing. The birds represent hope. It is the first time Morejón alludes to hope outside the refrain.

Through taking ownership of her own house, the poetic protagonist represents the manifestation of a Cuban national identity for Black slaves. Carlos Moore (1964) writes:

This process of “Cubanization” on the part of the black slaves, taking place in the midst of the harshest conditions imposed by slavery, did not involve the Spaniards in any way;

in other words the blacks were becoming Afro-Cubans whereas the whites were remaining Spanish (128).

In “Mujer Negra” Morejón aligns with the Cuban identity rather than the Spanish, contrary to some negresta poets in the Caribbean who saw mixed race descendants of slavery as a representation of the African and the European. Morejón’s representation of “Cubanization” embraces the Afro-Cuban identity rather than the Hispanic identity.

The third stanza is followed by the refrain “Me subleve,” [“I rose up”] symbolizing that the poetic voice is metaphorically becoming like a bird. The refrain “Me sublevé” is followed by the fourth stanza in which the poetic voice begins to question her identity relative to Africa and the ancestors who came before her. The stanza reads:

En esta tierra toqué la sangre húmeda
y los huesos podridos de muchos otros,
traídos a ella, o no, igual que yo.
Ya nunca más imaginé el camino a Guinea.
¿Era a Guinea? ¿A Benín? ¿Era a
Madagascar? ¿O a Cabo Verde?

Here, the poetic voice begins to parse out the loss of her identity. She experiences the loss of those slaves who, like her, have been subjugated, many of whom have now perished (“En esta tierra toqué la sangre húmeda y los huesos podridos de muchos otros”). She looks for where she fits in among those who were brought to Cuba, elsewhere, or stayed in Africa (“traídos a ella, o no, igual que yo”). The next line represents a passage of time as the speaker no longer imagines the Middle Passage. She loses hope of ever returning to her homeland. She begins by definitely

naming her homeland as Guinea, but is then caught up in her memory, asking “¿Era a Guinea? ¿A Benín? ¿Era a Madagascar? ¿O a Cabo Verde?”, which shows that she does not remember where in Africa she came from. She is recalling how much of herself she is forgetting. She is also dismantling the idea of a singular African heritage, showing that African descendants of slavery are from all over Africa. These rhetorical questions of place are similar to those Guillén asks in “El apellido” (“¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decídmelo! ¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable? ¿Cómo decís Andrés en Congo? ¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre Francisco en dahomeyano? En mandinga ¿cómo se dice Amable?”).

The poem continues reading, “Trabajé mucho más. Fundé mejor mi canto milenario y mi esperanza. Aquí construí mi mundo.” Moving on meant creating a new identity, a sense of home in the new land of Cuba, creating a future for generations to come. The poetic speaker, the “Mujer negra” is now taking up space. Although, I believe that the refrains are an aspect of hope, the striving to survive, here she speaks of hope explicitly, claiming it as her own (“mi esperanza”). Furthermore, she creates her own world (“mi mundo”). The theme of ownership here is key. In past stanza things were happening to her (seen through the use of direct object pronouns like *me*); however, now she is creating and establishing a life for herself. She now has agency, one that came from nowhere but her own work (“Trabajé mucho más.”). Furthermore, Morejón uses verbs to represent a strong work ethic: “trabajé”, “Bordé,” “sembré,” “recolecté,” “traje,” “Trabajé mucho más,” “Fundé,” and “construí.” At the beginning of the poem, the poetic speaker says “aquí volví a nacer.” This language asserts that this rebirth was not by chance, but in hard work, showing the work that the “Mujer negra” put into creating her own space.

The penultimate refrain, “Me fui al monte” transitions readers from the ensalved “Mujer negra” to the revolutionary “Mujer negra.” A reference to the birth of the Cuban Revolution

happening in the mountains of Cuba, the refrain shows that the poetic voice is not only gaining confidence in herself, but becoming a change maker, advocating for the Cuba she wants. The next stanza reads:

Mi real independencia fue el palenque
y cabalgué entre las tropas de Maceo.
Sólo un siglo más tarde,
junto a mis descendientes,
desde una azul montaña.

This stanza is rich with revolutionary references. The poetic voice finds her independence in the “palenque.” Palenque refers to a runaway slave fort that J. L. Franco (1968) considered to be the nucleus of opposition against the colonial government and to protest slavery (96). Here, the poetic voice reveals her involvement in the Cuban revolutionary independence movement. Additionally, in this stanza, the “Mujer negra” most likely represents the Afro-Cuban freed women who, like Mariana Granjales, opted to serve in the military rather than till the land (Espín, 1981, p. 31). The poetic speaker’s alliance with strong female figures like Granjales, shows her rejection of the idea of the white heroic “founding father”. Moreover, the poetic voice mentions Antonio Maceo by name. Maceo was a revolutionary leader who worked to dismantle white supremacy through the fortification of a strong Cuban national identity (Waldron, 1989, p. 11).

The last stanza symbolizes “Mujer negra’s” transition to politics:

Bajé de la Sierra

Para acabar con capitales y usureros,

con generales y burgueses.

Ahora soy: sólo hoy tenemos y creamos.

Nada nos es ajeno.

Nuestra la tierra.

Nuestros el mar y el cielo.

Nuestras la magia y la quimera.

Iguales míos, aquí los veo bailar

alrededor del árbol que plantamos para el comunismo.

Su pródiga madera ya resuena.

This stanza shows the passage of time (“Sólo un siglo más tarde”). It took the poetic voice a century to get this work done. Although a long time, the adverb “solo” [only], suggests that the century was short, almost quicker than she expected. The “Mujer negra” stands up for what she believes in, putting an end to capitalism. She establishes herself (“Ahora soy”), and then goes on to collectively claim the land, the sky, the magic, the dreams (“la tierra,” “el cielo,” “la magia y la quimera”). She also creates unity (“Igualados míos”) representing the political idea that she and Guillén subscribed to that the solution to racism was communism. In the end, the poetic “I” and her community plant the tree of communism (“plantamos para el comunismo”), representing rebirth, the ability to start a new one with the hope and potential to flourish.

In “Mujer negra” the anonymous poetic “I” represents generations of Afro-Cuban women ultimately transforming from an enslaved woman who lacks agency to a revolutionary. “Mujer negra” provides hope for a brighter future filled with community. Like “El apellido”, “Mujer

negra” ends with a clear formation of the speaker’s identity. Both Guillén and the “Mujer negra” express pride for who they are while also looking into the future.

“Ibu sedi” by Georgina Herrera

“Ibu sedi” (p. 136-139) is an Afro-feminist religious narrative that navigates the poetics speaker’s relationship to the Yoruba goddess Yemaya. The poem of 39 lines was first published in a collection by the same name in 2004 in *Gritos*. Through using words and phrases in Yoruba, in “Ibu sedi” Herrera provides a counternarrative to the Christian faith imposed upon her ancestors during slavery. Through a close reading of “Ibu sedi” I will show how the protagonist’s relationship with Yemaya is similar to a Christian’s relationship with God. Herrera’s speaker begins the poem by asserting herself as the chosen one by Yemaya, a Yoruba goddess.

Georgina Herrera (1936) was born in the capital of the Matanzas Province, Jovellanos, Cuba. A poet from the age of nine, at age 20 Herrera moved to Havana, where she worked tending to the homes of wealthy Cubans. It was there where she met artists who encouraged her to continue writing her poetry. After 1959, she was a part of the “Novación Literaria,” a revolutionary literary publication. In her later career, Herrera became a scriptwriter for the Cuban Institute for Radio and Television. In total she published eight books of poetry: *G.H.* (1962), *Gentes y cosas* (1974), *Granos de sol y luna* (1978) *Grande es el tiempo* (1989), *Gustadas sensaciones* (1997), *Gritos* (2004), *África* (2006), *Gatos y liebres or Libro de las conciliaciones* (2010).

The poetic voice begins by introducing readers to Yemaya:

En lengua de mis mayores

digo todo

lo que a mi Madre Única complace.

Desde Abeokuta, donde

nació aquella mujercita engañadoramente endeble,
 en realidad *olori*
 fui yo la elegida para decir.

The poem describes Yemaya as a strong woman. From birth, Yemaya held power (“nació aquella mujercita engañadoramente endable, en realidad *olori*”) [she was born, that deceptively weak woman, in reality *olori*]. However, her power was not seen by all; Herrera describes her as deceptively weak (“engañadoramente endeble”). The language of the poem suggests that Yemaya chose Herrera to be the chosen one (“fui yo la elegida para decir.”). Here, we might say that Herrera’s speaker positions Yemaya as God and herself as Jesus, the chosen one, creating an Afro-feminist counter-narrative.

Furthermore, we see examples of how Herrera embraces the mother tongue of Yoruba. Given that Herrera is a contemporary poet born in Cuba, Yoruba is not her native language, but rather one she learned in an effort to connect with her African lineage. Because the poem was written in the post-colonial twentieth century, it is most likely that her audience of Afro-Cubans is not familiar with such words (Mary Ann Clark 2001). In doing so, Herrera teaches her Afro-Cuban peers about the African faith.

Although published criticism regarding Herrera’s poetry is scarce, some critics comment on the use of Yoruba in her poetry. In her essay “¡No hay ningún santo aquí! (There Are No Saints Here!): Symbolic Language within Santería,” Mary Ann Clark (2001) considers why Yoruba is used among descendants of slavery:

[I]t was important for Africans, particularly those living in the cities of colonial Cuba, to be able to express their ideas in the language of this new culture in which they found themselves. As they reconstituted their indigenous religions, they creolized their language

usage... Thus, the songs, prayers, and religious terminology continued in a form of the Yoruba language often called Lukumi. (32)

Lukumi, in other words, was a language developed by the slaves in order to continue the bond with their African lineage. Moreover, Kaela Stage (2016) argues that:

By keeping religious words in the original Yoruba, and not translating them to Spanish, Herrera subtly restricts comprehension of her poetry to Afro-Cubans. Without the assistance of a footnote or a translation, the Criollo population may not be able to fully understand the context of the verse. This restriction of understanding adds another level of complexity to Herrera's attempts at uplifting Yoruba religious practice. (11)

Although the use of Yoruba may exclude readers, many of whom may be Afro-Cuban, from fully engaging with the poem, the poem may also encourage Afro-Cubans to learn more about Yoruba. In essence, Herrera may offer them a gateway to learn more about their ancestral African language, culture, and customs.

The speaker continues this narrative by positioning Yemaya as mother and herself as daughter:

Ella, la principal,
que lleva
cadena de plata en los tobillos.
Omi Sande me llama
porque hija suya soy, legítima.

Yemaya is depicted wearing silver on her ankles, a symbol of status and wealth. Yemaya calls the speaker "*Omi Sande*," the name Yemaya uses to refer to her daughters. As Christians are the children of God, Yemaya has many chosen daughters. This suggests that all African women are

Yemaya's chosen daughters, making this poem not just about Herrera, but all Afro-Cuban women. Herrera, like Morejón and Guillén, uses herself—or a speaker closely identified with herself—as a proxy to speak about embracing the Afro—Cuban identity. The use of the word *legítima* is important because Herrera was not born in Africa, thus suggesting that all those who are decedents of African slaves are also welcome as Yemaya's legitimate daughters. As the previous sections have shown, this connection with Africa is also seen in Guillén and Morejón's work. Although they are not in Africa nor do they know the land, they can still remain connected to it in spiritual terms.

Being the chosen one comes with a purpose, which the poem alludes to in these verses: “Mi paso lento se hace / por la jícara de agua que nadie ve y no importa. / Ella la puso sobre mi cabeza para mi bien y basta.” Yemaya has placed a “jícara de agua” [jug of water] on the poetic speaker's head. In many African cultures, women carry jugs of water to and from water sources to provide for their families. Elders often teach younger women how to carry water jugs: it is seen as a symbol of skill and strength. Therefore, in representing the purpose as a jug of water, the speaker highlights the African tradition of matriarchal power. Unlike a literal jug, the speaker describes her jug as one “que nadie ve” [that no one sees]. The jug is invisible to others and therefore may serve as a commentary of the invisibility of the African identity within the contemporary Cuban context. As we saw with “El apellido” and “Mujer negra,” slavery resulted in the erasure of many Afro-Cubans' African identity, many of them never knowing where in Africa they came from, their language, or their family history. The invisible jug may also represent a personal relationship between the poetic voice and Yemaya. Their connection is intimate and private like Christians' relationship with God. Yemaya has given her an individual

purpose for her alone and the poetic voice says that the personal nature of this gesture is enough (“Ella la puso sobre mi cabeza para mi bien y basta.”)

The symbolism of water, which is often used to signal cleansing and new beginnings, is also important in this poem. In Christianity, it is used in baptisms, which represent the beginning of a new life and one’s devotion to God. In carrying a jug of water, the woman in Herrera’s poem shows faith in Yemaya, understanding that although she does not fully understand its purpose, she trusts Yemaya’s vision for her life. This is similar to Christian believers placing their trust in God through symbolic acts such as baptism or prayer.

The lyric voice proceeds to worship Yemaya through language, saying:

A ella me debo,
la nombro siete veces
con siete nombres suyos:
después le digo:
ororó, irawá, “rocío
de la madrugada,” y siempre
va ella sobre mí, como si fuera
oya ba soro
y hace *iré aye* en mis mejillas
para que nunca olvide
quién soy, de dónde vengo, a qué me debo.

The speaker refers to Yemaya by different names, representing the deity’s different forms in nature. All these epithets carry with them different symbols: rainbows may be seen as hope, stars may represent guidance, and morning dew may represent guidance. The speaker also compares

Yemaya to “*oya ba soro*” or falling rain. Rain is often seen as refreshing, symbolizing spring, growth, and new beginnings. However, it can also be destructive, as represented in the Bible through the story of Noah. Because Yemaya is also presented as a rainbow, there is hope after the rain, a symbol of everlasting love and promise. The juxtaposition of rain and rainbow shows that Yemaya, like the Christian God, is capable of both destruction and beauty. Yemaya provides her “chosen one” with hope, guidance, and protection, representing her omnipresence in the woman’s life (“*va ella sobre mí,*”). Yemaya places “*iré aye*” on the protagonist’s cheek, as a reminder of “*quién soy, de dónde vengo, a qué me debo*”. “*Iré aye*” is a Yoruba blessing represented as a horizontal mark on one’s cheek, here it represents the African found in all Afro-Cubans. In framing this poem around the worship of the Yoruban goddess, Herrera embraces and celebrates the ways her Africanness guides her through life. By saying that the mark reminds her of “*a qué me debo*”—what she is indebted to—the poetic voice shows that Africa is always with her. It is as though Yemaya serves as the speaker’s African anchor, her north star. No matter how far from Africa she is, Yemaya will be there. In sum, Yemaya serves as a welcoming being, connecting descendants of slaves with their lineage in Africa.

As we see in this poem, Herrera uses a mixture of Spanish and Yoruba to refer to Yemaya with different titles and names, the same way that Christians often use different languages to refer to God by different names (e.g. Yahweh, Jehovah). This is also similar to Guillén’s use of the African-inflected *jitanjáforas* such as “Bakongo”, “Yelofe”, and “Kumba”. While Guillén created his own words, Herrera uses the original Yoruba language. Despite their differences, both Herrera and Guillén mix Spanish and African vernaculars, representing the fusion between the two languages that form Cuba’s linguistic heritage.

Herrera ends “Ibu Sedi” by continuing the aquatic theme:

Vuelvo a llamarla y viene desde
 el fondo de los océanos.
 Llega, recibe lo que le ofrezco.
 Entonces, me limpia suave, despaciosamente
 con ramitas de *ifefé* y *oklabeba*; tengo
 hasta mi día final *iré*.

Like the Christian God, Yemaya is there when her believers need her. Yemaya is gentle, cleansing the lyric voice with traditional herbs of “*ifefé* y *oklabeba*.” The poetic speaker only needs one blessing and she has “*iré*” (luck in Yoruba) for life. Moreover, unlike the Judeo-Christian God who is often depicted residing in or descending from heaven, Yemaya ascends from the ocean. As such, Yemaya represents the uplifting nature of her support and also acknowledges the speaker’s ancestors’ journey through the Middle Passage.

The poetic speaker’s Afro-feminists portrayal of Yoruba religious practices represents the unique perspective “*Ibu sedi*” provides to the canon of Afro-Cuban poetry presented in this project. Although not well known, Herrera’s poetry shows a deep connection to the African homeland, culture, and language. Pedagogically, “*Ibu sedi*” may teach students about learning and understanding their cultural identities and practices. It also teaches them about Yoruba religious practices and language which may spark further investigation. While “*El apellido*” and “*Mujer negra*” may spark historical discovery about the Cuban Revolution, “*Ibu sedi*” may provide rich lessons about the ways descendants of slavery celebrate their African culture and heritage.

Conclusion

“El apellido,” “Mujer negra,” and “Ibu sedi” are all poems in which the poetic speakers embrace their intersectional African identity. Each poem explores what it means to be *African and ...* In “El apellido,” the poetic voice navigates his mixed race. In “Mujer negra,” the protagonist establishes herself as an Afro-Cuban, woman, and revolutionary. In “Ibu sedi,” the poetic voice demonstrates the mixture of her Cuban and African identities through embracing Yoruba religious practices and language. Pedagogically, representing such narratives of embracing all parts of one’s identity in the classroom may show students the complexity of identity.

Furthermore, each poem highlights the never-ending journey of discovery of one’s identity. Rather than ending by definitively proclaiming their identity, each poetic speaker ended looking towards the future, proud of who they are, but also ready to take on the challenges to come. At the end of “El apellido,” Guillén speaks of the community he shares with his descendants because of the common struggle they face (“Sin conocernos nos reconocemos en el hambre, / en la tuberculosis y en la sífilis”). He also let’s go of the idea of ever finding his “apellido” and accepts himself as he is. The “Mujer negra” ends the poem by planting the tree of communism, a symbol for starting the revolution. For her, although there is hope, there is also more work to be done to fight for what she deems is right for her country in terms of gender and racial equality. Similarly, in “Ibu sedi,” the speaker is given *iré*, luck, for the rest of her days, showing that she is prepared for the challenges to come.

The perseverance through adversity represented in the endings of these poems may also model perseverance for student readers. Therefore, reading these poems may result in validation and representation, which I personally believe is one of the main goals of culturally relevant and

critical pedagogy—representing all students’ lived experiences in class materials both explicitly (e.g. a black student reading a text by a black author) and implicitly (e.g. students finding shared experiences through stories, for example, perseverance through adversity).

Poetry and Programming in Practice: An example Twine project

This section explores an example Twine project which I created about my own identity. I play through the project explaining in what ways the programming and writing reflect on “El apellido,” “Mujer negra,” and “Ibu sedi.”

Project Title: ¿Quién soy yo? [Who am I?]

Project Description: I created a sample Twine project called ¿Quién soy yo?, or Who am I? in which I discuss my own identity, using the themes in Guillén’s “El apellido,” Nancy Morejón’s “Mujer negra,” and Georgina Herrera’s “Ibu sedi”. The objective of my interactive story game is for the user to help me figure out who I am. I begin by posing the question: ¿Quién soy yo? giving the user three options, which leads them down different paths: *mujer negra*, *mujer*, or *negra*. In each of these paths, I explain my own relationship to the given identity, ultimately leaving it up to the user to decide who I am.

>Beginning

¿Quién soy yo?
 ¿soy una mujer negra?
 soy una mujer?
 soy negra?
 todos?

2⁸

No quiero jugar

>¿Quién soy yo?

Quién soy yo?:

⁸ Timer countdown from 5

*Megumi*⁹

Done

>Done

Gracias

>Gracias

Gracias

Merci

>Merci

Gracias

Merci

Thank you

>Thank you

Gracias

Merci

Thank you

Soy Megumi¹⁰!

REPETIR

>repetir

>beginning

>Soy mujer negra

Soy una **mujer negra**?

Soy una mujer!

Soy una **mujer**?

No soy una **mujer**.

Soy negra!

Soy **negra**?

No soy **negra**.

¿Quién soy yo?

⁹ Information entered by me in the input box for users to write their own identity

¹⁰ Printed input from the user

>mujer negra



Antepasados

>Antepasados

Estoy sobre los hombros de cuatro de las mujeres más fuertes y valientes que conozco. Mi abuela Agnes Adera, que emigró a Estados Unidos solo para cuidarme. Mi abuela Ann Kamumbu, quien me mostró su amor a través de su humor. Mi abuela y tocaya Filgona Atieno, a quien nunca conocí, pero quien capeó las tormentas que la vida trajo con gracia. Mi madre, Leonora Anyango-Kivuva, mi primer maestra y siempre mi mayor defensora.

Pero, ¿Quién soy yo en comparación con estas figuras?

>¿Quién soy yo?

- >Gracias
- >Merci
- >Thank you
- >Repetir
- >Beginning
- >Soy mujer negra
- >mujer
- >Antepasados
- >¿Quién soy yo?
- >Gracias
- >Merci
- >Thank you
- >Repetir
- >Beginning
- >Soy mujer negra
- >mujer
- >Que es una mujer?

vestidos

rosada

madre

débil

llorar

emocional

flaca

- >vestido

La gente ve belleza, pero veo a una persona incómoda en su propia piel. Entonces, ¿Quién soy yo?

- > ¿Quién soy yo?
- >Gracias
- >Merci
- >Thank you

- >Repetir
- >Beginning
- >Soy mujer negra
- >mujer
- >Que es una mujer?
- >flaca

Me gusta mi cuerpo, pero mi doctor dice que necesito adelgazar y mi mamá dice que debo dejar de comer el queso. **¿Quién soy yo?**

- > ¿Quién soy yo?
- >Gracias
- >Merci
- >Thank you
- >Repetir
- >Beginning
- >Soy mujer negra
- >negra
- ¿Quién soy yo?**
- >¿Quién soy yo?
- >Gracias
- >Merci
- >Thank you
- >Repetir
- >Beginning
- >soy una mujer

No soy una **mujer**!

- >mujer
- >soy negra

¿Quién soy yo?

- >¿Quién soy yo?
- >Gracias
- >Merci
- >Thank you

- >Repetir
- >Beginning
- >soy negra

Soy fragmentos de mis distintas identidades y a la vez completa,
pero todavía no sé **quién soy yo?**

- >¿Quién soy yo?
- >Gracias
- >Merci
- >Thank you
- >Repetir
- >Beginning
- >no quiero jugar

Negro, asiático, blanco, hispano, otro¹¹

Tuve que elegir entre una de estas cajas durante una prueba que tuve que tomar en cuarto grado. Miré el papel de manera confundida mientras mi maestra continuaba leyendo las instrucciones sobre cómo completar las preguntas previas al examen. Mientras reflexionaba sobre qué casilla marcar, eliminé las obvias: blanco, absolutamente no, asiático, continente equivocado, hispano, no del todo. Eso me dejó con dos opciones: afroamericano u "Otro". Ahora tenía un cincuenta por ciento de posibilidades de responder bien la pregunta.

Miré fijamente la tercera opción: afroamericana. ¿Soy africana? ¡Absolutamente! Vine a América de Kenia cuando tenía solo tres meses. ¿Soy estadounidense? Bueno ... llevo más tiempo viviendo aquí que en África, dado que en ese momento nunca había visitado Kenia. Hablo inglés como estadounidense, y he sido educada en América toda mi vida; sin embargo, yo no era estadounidense. Mi

¹¹ This text was a part of a cycling link.

pasaporte keniano y las continuas batallas de inmigración me recordaban lo poco estadounidense que era en realidad. Al sentir a mi maestra revoloteando sobre mi escritorio, esperando que respondiera la pregunta "simple", respiré hondo y marqué la casilla "Otro". ¿Fue la respuesta correcta?

Varias horas después, cuando terminó la prueba y todos estábamos trabajando en grupo, mi maestra me llamó a su escritorio. Acercó una silla y me indicó que me sentara. Luego retiró mi prueba de un montón de papeles, e instantáneamente supe por qué estaba allí. "¿Sabes lo que eres ... ¿eres afroamericana, eres negra? ella me preguntó. Luego borró la marca de verificación en el cuadro "Otro", colocándola en el "afroamericano".

Aunque su acción me entristeció, contuve las lágrimas y con orgullo le dije: "Soy keniana". Entonces cortésmente pedí ir al baño donde lloré y lloré. Quería que ella supiera que marqué la casilla "Otro" porque sentí que no había otra casilla que holísticamente representaba mi raza y etnia. Sin embargo, sabía que mi explicación sería insuficiente porque ella ya había tomado una decisión antes de llamarme a su escritorio.

Al final del día, mientras salía, miré el escritorio de mi maestra para ver el estado final de mi raza y etnia. En lápiz negro, había una marca de verificación en la caja "Otro": mi Orgullo de Kenia fue suficiente para cambiar su opinión.

Aunque esta experiencia sucedió hace mucho tiempo, siempre está fresca en mi mente. A menudo enfrento el desafío de identificarme, a menudo cuando se dan identidades que no definen quién soy. Yo me encuentro haciéndome las mismas preguntas que pensé cuando estaba en cuarto grado. Dado que he vivido en América toda mi vida y ahora soy residente permanente, a menudo me pregunto qué le pasará

a mi yo keniana ¿Será diezmado por las cajas de las secciones de identidad? ¿Con el tiempo perderé la rica cultura, el idioma y la historia que mis padres lucharon tan duro para que yo los conservara?

Mis preguntas son infinitas, pero este viaje me ha permitido descubrir una nueva identidad: keniano-americano. Dentro de esta identidad, puedo abarcar ambos lados de mi cultura: la keniana y la estadounidense. También puedo combinarlos, permitiendo que mis tradiciones evolucionen teniendo influencias de mi origen keniano y estadounidense. Por ejemplo, estaba muy en contra de comer pavo en Acción de Gracias porque pensé que servir al pájaro me haría menos keniano. Sin embargo, ahora mi familia y yo cocinamos pavo, al estilo de Kenia, usando una mezcla de especias de casa. A través de esta experiencia, he aprendido que soy la única persona que puede definirme y, por lo tanto, nunca debería permitir que nadie más me diga quién soy. También descubrí una sensación de belleza y tranquilidad al evolucionar como persona. Cuanto más me permito ser solo yo, y no presionarme para saber todo sobre mí, más tranquilo puedo estar con los altibajos y los reflujos y flujos de la vida.

A medida que maduro, me doy cuenta de cómo mi identidad cambia constantemente. Ahora es una lista establecida de palabras, pero un espectro fluido. Soy yo, nadie puede quitar eso. El enero pasado fui a Kenia por primera vez desde que me identifiqué con mis padres como lesbiana. En Kenia es ilegal ser gay. Podría ir a la cárcel por catorce años si la policía se enterara. La cultura en torno a los problemas LGBTQ + en Kenia es muy diferente de la cultura en los Estados Unidos. En los Estados Unidos, puedo caminar por las calles de ciudades liberales tomada de la mano de mi amante sin preocuparme del mundo. Sin embargo, cuando estaba en

Nairobi me aterrizzaba que mi elecci3n de usar una camiseta sencilla en lugar de un vestido revelara mi mayor secreto. Mi identidad siempre est1 evolucionando, y todav1a hay partes de m1 misma que solo puedo expresar cuando estoy en Kenia o en los Estados Unidos. Aunque espero que esto cambie, s1 que en el fondo siempre habr1 matices que solo se pueden expresar en un pa1s, pero no en el otro. Esto no cambia qui1n soy. Todav1a soy Megumi, gay, negra, keniana, estadounidense, keniana-americana, estadounidense keniana, mujer, muchacha, hermana, hija, t1a, mentora, amiga. Todas estas identidades se informan entre s1, algunas m1s que otras dependiendo de la situaci3n. As1 que ahora elijo dejar que las complejidades desaparezcan y solo enfocarme en lo que s1 que es verdad. Soy yo, y solo yo puedo decidir qui1n soy y en qui1n me convertir1.

Ya sabe qui1n soy yo, pero 1qui1n es t1?

> antepasados

>1Qui1n soy yo en comparaci3n con estas figuras?

>1Quien soy yo?

Like Guill1n in “El apellido,” I pose an overarching question, Who am I?, representing the identity options I was taught to use, and questioning them. Guill1n does the same in “El apellido”. I also discuss my identity in relation to those who came before me. Guill1n discusses his grandfather; similarly, I discuss my mother and grandmothers, a feminist narrative like in “Mujer negra” and “Ibu sedi”. Instead of ending my piece as Guill1n, Herrera, and Morej3n do, showing who they are, my guiding question is answered by the user. Here, I am arguing that for me, identity is not only how we identify ourselves, but how others allow us to identify ourselves. Although people should be free to be who they are, I often feel confined by the identities and categories society expects me to identify with. In the same way each poet navigates intersectionality, I discuss the complexity of

having one main identity, *mujer* or *negra*, or having both. Why can't I be both? Furthermore, what complications do my intersections bring? I have a path where I discuss what ethnic label best fits me, African-American, Kenyan American, or Kenyan. How can intersectionality be confusing and at times in conflict with one another? I believe all the poems explore the same thing. Is he Spanish, is he African, or is he Afro-Cuban? What emotions are associated with adopting a mixed identity?

The example Twine project is a reflective piece as I wanted to show how students can utilize computing to explore their own identities. The computing concepts presented in the example Twine include.

1. Variables: storing the users' answer to my guiding question
2. Conditionals: the story changes based on a given parameter
3. User Input: allowing the user to enter information that is then used in the story
4. Loops: elements like cycling links are loops, while the user clicks, display other text
5. The difference between local and global variables and edits
6. Text effects and style (both in CSS and Harlowe)

Figure 4 shows a passage that uses all the aforementioned elements. Although there was not enough time in the workshop to learn each of these concepts, this example shows just how much computing students could use when creating their narratives.

```

• (align:"=><=")+(box:"X=")[(text-style:"upside-down")[Quien soy yo?]] ← text
•                                     appearance
• * [[soy mujer negra?]] ← passage link
•
• * [[soy una mujer?]]
•
• * [[soy negra?]]
•
• =><= ← variable (local)
• (set: $counter to 5)
• (css: "color:lavender; font-size: 200%")[|amount>[$counter]]
•
• (live: 1s)[← loop] ← using css
• (set: $counter to it - 1)
• (if: $counter is 0)[(go-to: "GAME OVER")] ← conditional
• (replace: ?amount)[$counter] |

```

Figure 4. Computing elements used in the Example Twine

Results

Participant 1

Title: Tengo Tiempo

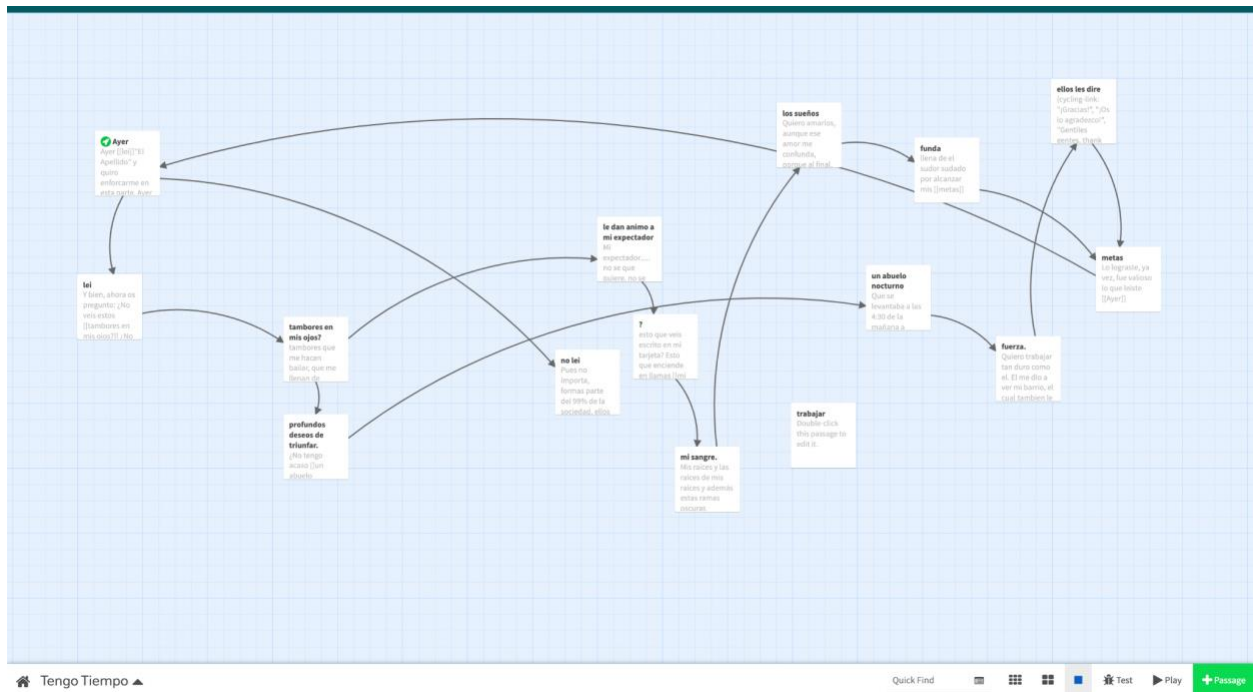


Figure 5. Participant 1's Twine storyboard.

>Ayer

Ayer **lei** "El Apellido" y quiero enforcarme en esta parte.

Ayer **no lei**

>lei

Y bien, ahora os pregunto:

¿No veis estos **tambores en mis ojos?**

¿No veis estos tambores tensos y golpeados
con dos lágrimas secas?

¿No tengo acaso

un abuelo nocturno

con una gran marca negra

(más negra todavía que la piel),

una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

¿No tengo pues
un abuelo mandinga, congo, dahomeyano?
¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decídmelo!
¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable?
¿Cómo decís Andrés en congo?
¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre
Francisco en dahomeyano?
En mandinga, ¿cómo se dice amable?
¿O no? ¿Eran pues otros nombres?
¡El apellido, entonces!
¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene
de aquella tierra enorme, el apellido
sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar
entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?
¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!
Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.
Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.
Lo escondisteis, creyendo
que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.
¡Gracias!
¡Os lo agradezco!
¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!
Merci!
Merci bien!
Merci beaucoup!
 > tambores en mis ojos?

tambores que me hacen bailar, que me llenan de alegría y **profundos
deseos de triunfar.**

tambores que interrumpen mi descansar y **le dan animo a mi
expectador**

> profundos deseos de triunfar.

¿No tengo acaso

un abuelo nocturno

con una gran marca negra

(más negra todavía que la piel),

una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

> un abuelo nocturno

Que se levantaba a las 4:30 de la mañana a vender frutas, a ver el sol, a trabajar

El es mi heroe y mi fuerza.

> fuerza

Quiero trabajar tan duro como el.

El me dio a ver mi barrio, el cual tambien le debo mi crianza, a ellos les dire sin sarcasmo ni timidez:

>ellos les dire

(cycling-link: ¡Gracias!, ¡Os lo agradezco!, Gentiles gentes, thank you! Merci! Merci bien! Merci beaucoup! Despues desguire, y no descansare hasta llegar a mis metas

>metas

Lo lograste, ya vez, fue valioso lo que leiste Ayer

>Ayer

>no lei

Pues no importa, formas parte del 99% de la sociedad, ellos tampoco leen.

At first, Participant 1 expressed confusion during the instructional portion of the workshop. They often fell behind and needed steps repeated. However, by the middle of the workshop, they were helping other students and eagerly asking peers about their projects; some challenged themselves to include a cycling link, one of the more advanced topics I taught in the workshop.

Participant 2

Title: Demo

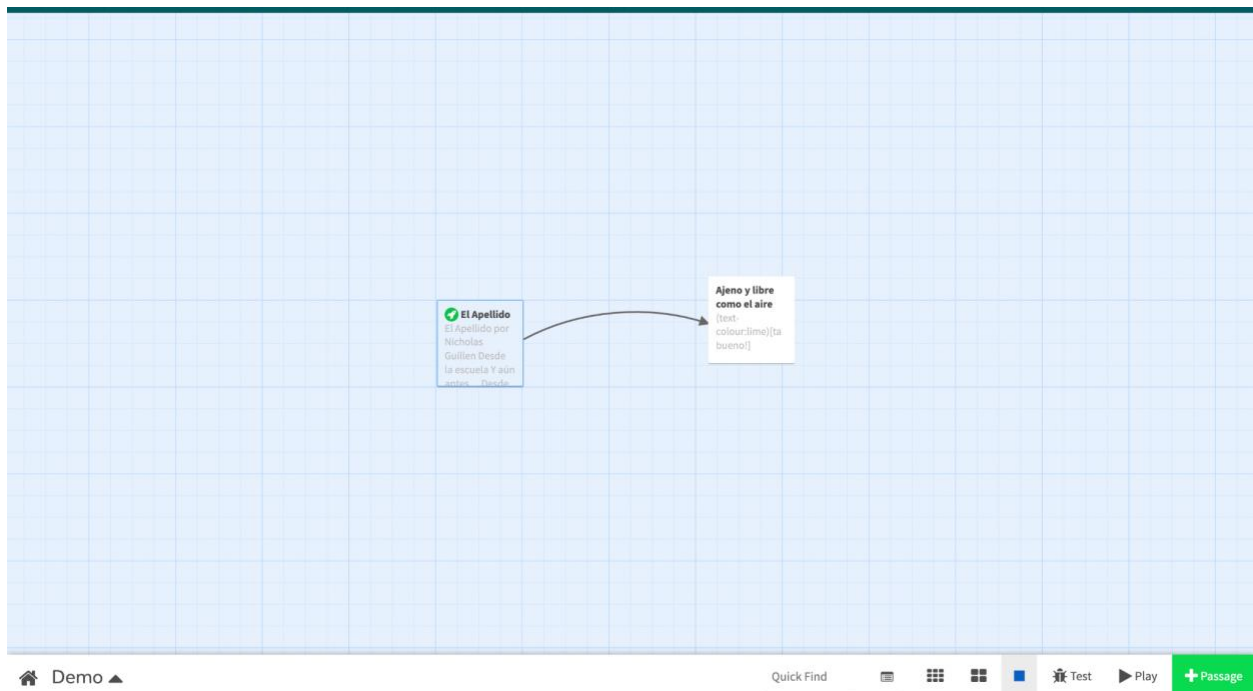


Figure 6. Participant 2's Twine storyboard.

>El apellido

El Apellido por Nicholas Guillen
 Desde la escuela
 Y aún antes... Desde el alba, cuando apenas
 Era una brizna yo de sueño y llanto,
 Desde entonces,
 Me dijeron mi nombre. Un santo y seña
 Para poder hablar con las estrellas.
 Tú te llamas, te llamarás...
 Y luego me entregaron
 Esto que veis escrito en mi tarjeta,
 Esto que pongo al pie de mis poemas:
 Las trece letras
 Que llevo a cuestas por la calle,

Que siempre van conmigo a todas partes.
¿Es mi nombre, estáis ciertos?
¿Tenéis todas mis señas?
¿Ya conocéis mi sangre navegable,
Mi geografía llena de oscuros montes,
De hondos y amargos valles
Que no están en los mapas?
¿Acaso visitasteis mis abismos,
Mis galerías subterráneas
Con grandes piedras húmedas,
Islas sobresaliendo en negras charcas
Y donde un puro chorro
Siento de antiguas aguas
Caer desde mi alto corazón
Con fresco y hondo estrépito
En un lugar lleno de ardientes árboles,
Monos equilibristas,
Loros legisladores y culebras?
¿Toda mi piel (debí decir),
Toda mi piel viene de aquella estatua
De mármol español? ¿También mi voz de espanto,
El duro grito de mi garganta? ¿Vienen de allá
Todos mis huesos? ¿Mis raíces y las raíces
De mis raíces y además
Estas ramas oscuras movidas por los sueños
Y estas flores abiertas en mi frente
Y esta savia que amarga mi corteza?
¿Estáis seguros?
¿No hay nada más que eso que habéis escrito,
Que eso que habéis sellado
Con un sello de cólera?

(¡Oh, debí haber preguntado!)

Y bien, ahora os pregunto:

¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?

¿No veis estos tambores tensos y golpeados

Con dos lágrimas secas?

¿No tengo acaso

Un abuelo nocturno

Con una gran marca negra

(Más negra todavía que la piel),

Una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

¿No tengo pues

Un abuelo mandinga, congo, dahomeyano?

¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decidmelo!

¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable?

¿Cómo decís Andrés en Congo?

¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre

Francisco en dahomeyano?

En mandiga ¿cómo se dice Amable?

¿O no? ¿Eran, pues, otros nombres?

¿El apellido, entonces?

¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene

De aquella tierra enorme, el apellido

Sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar

Entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?

¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!

Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.

Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.

Lo escondisteis, creyendo

Que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.

¡Gracias!

¡Os lo agradezco!
¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!
Merci!
Merci bien!
Merci beaucoup!
Pero no... ¿Podéis creerlo? No.
Yo estoy limpio.
Brilla mi voz como un metal recién pulido.
Mirad mi escudo: tiene un baobab,
Tiene un rinoceronte y una lanza.
Yo soy también el nieto,
Biznieto,
Tataranieto de un esclavo.
(Que se avergüence el amo)
¿Seré Yelofe?
¿Nicolás Yelofe, acaso?
¿O Nicolás Bakongo?
¿Tal vez Guillén Banguila?
¿O Kumbá?
¿Quizá Guillén Kumbá?
¿O kongué?
¿Pudiera ser Guillén Kongué?
¡Oh, quién lo sabe!
¡Qué enigma entre las aguas!

II

Siento la noche inmensa gravitar
Sobre profundas bestias,
Sobre inocentes almas castigadas;
Pero también sobre voces en punta,

Que despojan al cielo de sus soles,
Los más duros,
Para condecorar la sangre combatiente.
De algún país ardiente, perforado
Por la gran flecha ecuatorial,
Sé que vendrán lejanos primos,
Remota angustia mía disparada en el viento;
Sé que vendrán pedazos de mis venas,
Sangre remota mía,
Con duro pie aplastando las hierbas asustadas;
Sé que vendrán hombres de vidas verdes,
Remota selva mía,
Con su dolor abierto en cruz y el pecho en llamas.
Sin conocernos nos reconoceremos en el hambre,
En la tuberculosis y en la sífilis,
En el sudor comprado en bolsa negra,
En los fragmentos de cadenas
Adheridos todavía a la piel;
Sin conocernos nos reconoceremos
En los ojos cargados de sueños
Y hasta en los insultos como piedras
Que nos escupen cada día
Los cuadrumanos de la tinta y el papel.
¿Qué ha de importar entonces
(¡Qué ha de importar ahora!)
¡Ay! mi pequeño nombre
De trece letras blancas?
¡Ni el mandinga, bantú,
Yoruba, dahomeyano
Nombre del triste abuelo ahogado
En tinta de notario?

¿Qué importa, amigos puros?
¡Oh, sí, puros amigos,
Venid a ver mi nombre!
Mi nombre interminable,
Hecho de interminables nombres;
El nombre mío, ajeno,
Libre y mío, ajeno y vuestro,
Ajeno y libre como el aire.
 >Ajeno y libre como el aire.
ta bueno!

This student was not engaged with their project, only making one link during the instructional portion. However, they remained engaged with their peers cheering on when someone got their links working and marveling at finished projects.

Participant 3

Title: Taller de Megumi

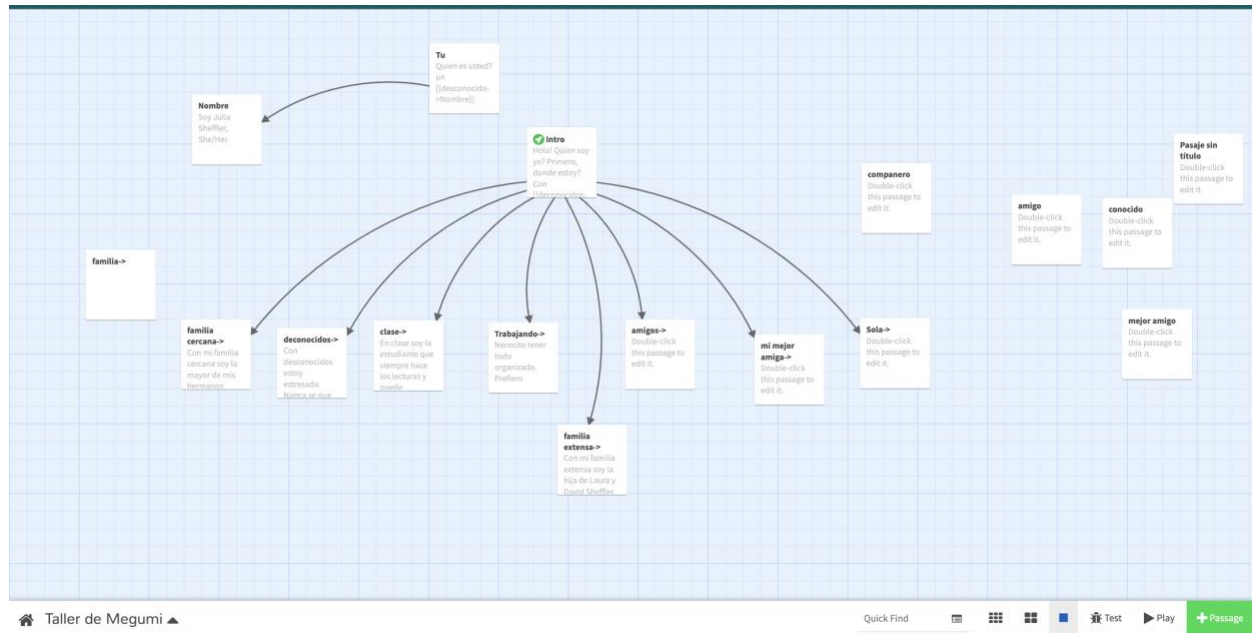


Figure 7. Participant 3's Twine storyboard.

Participant 3 did not finish their Twine. Therefore, rather than playing through their project in the viewing mode, I followed the arrows in the storyboard and their code.

>Intro

Hola! Quien soy yo?

Primero, donde estoy?

Con **deconocidos->**

Con **familia cercana->**

Con **familia extensa->**

En **clase->**

Trabajando->

Con **amigos->**

Con **mi mejor amiga->**

Sola->

>familia cercana->

Con mi familia cercana soy la mayor de mis hermanos. Tengo un hermano menor de tres años y hermana menor de seis años. Mi hermano y yo discutimos mucho pero mi hermana y yo tenemos una relación amiable. Mi políticas están más a la izquierda que la mayoría de mi familia.

>familia extensa->

Con mi familia extensa soy la hija de Laura y David Sheffler. Voy a Bard College y estoy estudiando física y matemáticas. Acabo de estar aceptada a la escuela graduada. Mi cumpleaños es [anonymized¹²].

>clase->

En clase soy la estudiante que siempre hace las lecturas y puede responder a la pregunta si nadie quiere. Así usualmente tengo buenas relaciones con mis profesores y siento cómoda en la sala de clase. Me gusta aprender y preguntar cuando necesito. Siempre tengo que estar organizada o siento perdida y ansiosa. Estoy frustrada cuando tengo un profesor que no está suficiente organizado.

>Trabajando->

Necesito tener todo organizado. Prefiero

¹² Participant 3's birthday

>amigos->

>

>mi mejor amiga->

>

>Sola->

>

The following narrative is not linked to the main narrative. When asked about it, Participant 3 said that if they had time, they would have added it to the main narrative.

>Tu

Quien es usted?

un desconocido->Nombre

Having programmed before in math and physics courses in addition to experience using Twine, Participant 3 was pretty independent during the workshop. In fact, they spent a great deal of their independent work time helping the professor who was sitting next to them.

Participant 4

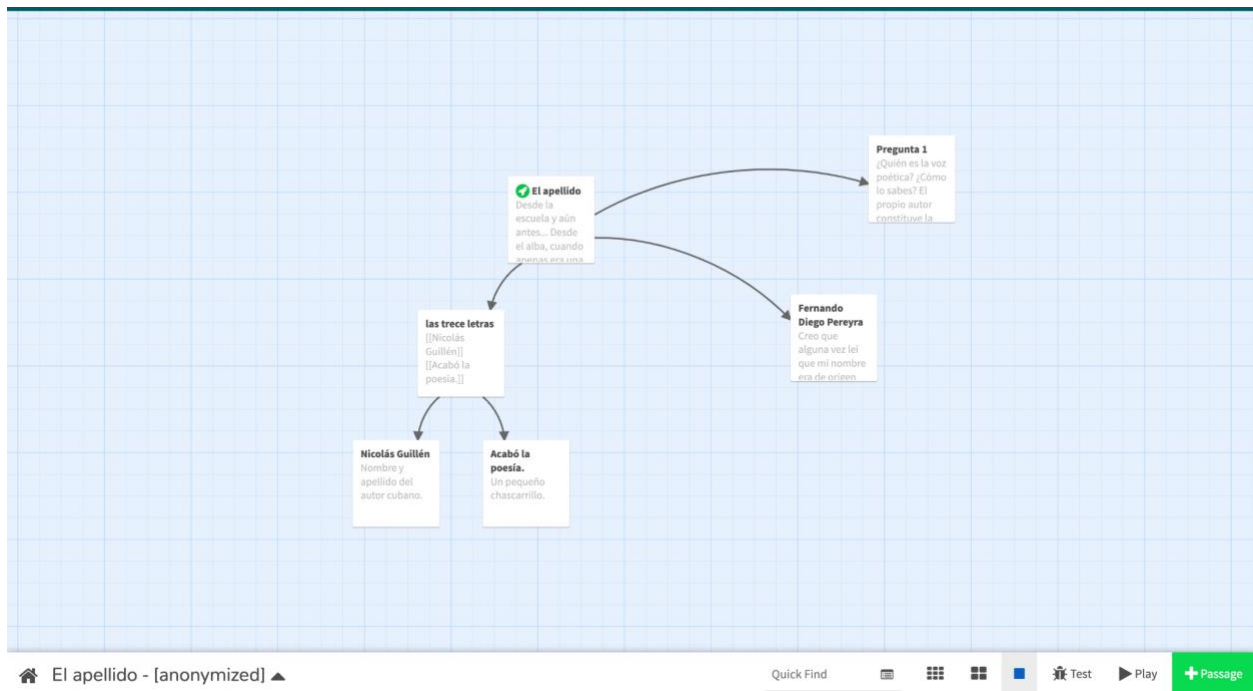
Title: El apellido - [anonymized]¹³

Figure 8. Participant 4's Twine storyboard.

>El apellido

Desde la escuela
y aún antes... Desde el alba, cuando apenas
era una brizna yo de sueño y llanto,
desde entonces,
me dijeron mi **nombre**. Un santo y seña
para poder hablar con las estrellas.
Tú te llamas, te llamarás...
Y luego me entregaron
esto que veis escrito en mi tarjeta,
esto que pongo al pie de mis poemas:
las trece letras
que llevo a cuestras por la calle,

¹³ Participant 4's name

que siempre van conmigo a todas partes.
¿Es mi nombre, estáis ciertos?
¿Tenéis todas mis señas?
¿Ya conocéis mi sangre navegable,
mi geografía llena de oscuros montes,
de hondos y amargos valles
que no están en los mapas?
¿Acaso visitasteis mis abismos,
mis galerías subterráneas
con grandes piedras húmedas,
islas sobresaliendo en negras charcas
y donde un puro chorro
siento de antiguas aguas
caer desde mi alto corazón
con fresco y hondo estrépito
en un lugar lleno de ardientes árboles,
monos equilibristas,
loros legisladores y culebras?
¿Toda mi piel (debí decir),
toda mi piel viene de aquella estatua
de mármol español? ¿También mi voz de espanto,
el duro grito de mi garganta? ¿Vienen de allá
todos mis huesos? ¿Mis raíces y las raíces
de mis raíces y además
estas ramas oscuras movidas por los sueños
y estas flores abiertas en mi frente
y esta savia que amarga mi corteza?
¿Estáis seguros?
¿No hay nada más que eso que habéis escrito,
que eso que habéis sellado
con un sello de cólera?

(¡Oh, debía haber preguntado!)

Y bien, ahora os pregunto:

¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?

¿No veis estos tambores tensos y golpeados
con dos lágrimas secas?

¿No tengo acaso

un abuelo nocturno

con una gran marca negra

(más negra todavía que la piel),

una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

¿No tengo pues

un abuelo mandinga, congo, dahomeyano?

¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decídmelo!

¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable?

¿Cómo decís Andrés en congo?

¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre

Francisco en dahomeyano?

En mandinga, ¿cómo se dice amable?

¿O no? ¿Eran pues otros nombres?

¡El apellido, entonces!

¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene

de aquella tierra enorme, el apellido

sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar

entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?

¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!

Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.

Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.

Lo escondisteis, creyendo

que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.

¡Gracias!

¡Os lo agradezco!

¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!

Merci!

Merci bien!

Merci beaucoup!

Pero no... ¿podéis creerlo? No.

Yo estoy limpio.

Brilla mi voz como un metal recién pulido.

Mirad mi escudo: tiene un baobab,

tiene un rinoceronte y una lanza.

Yo soy también el nieto,

biznieto,

tataranieto de un esclavo.

(Que se avergüence el amo).

¿Seré Yelofe?

¿Nicolás Yelofe, acaso?

¿O Nicolás Bakongo?

¿Tal vez **Guillén** Banguila?

¿O Kumbá?

¿Quizá Guillén Kumbá?

¿O Kongué?

¿Pudiera ser Guillén Kongué?

¡Oh, quién lo sabe!

¡Qué enigma entre las aguas!

>nombre

Creo que alguna vez leí que mi nombre era de origen europeo, pero no recuerdo exactamente de qué país. Quiero creer que no se trataba de Fernando de Aragón, porque mi sangre latina quizá herviría de resentimiento. Mi vieja siempre dice que el nombre solamente le gustó y que quiso que yo tuviese algo único que me

distinguiera del resto de los niños -supongo que el nombre no era tan común en esos días.

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>El apellido

>las trece letras

Nicolás Guillén

Acabó la poesía.

>Nicolas Guillén

Nombre y apellido del autor cubano.

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>El apellido

>Acabó la poesía.

Un pequeño chascarrillo.

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>las trece letras

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>El apellido

>Guillén

¿Quién es la voz poética? ¿Cómo lo sabes?

El propio autor constituye la voz del poema, ya que este hace referencias explícitas a su apellido.

From the beginning they were enthusiastic about the workshop. It took them a few minutes to get the hang of making passages, but once they did, they exclaimed “Me gusta! estudiantes pueden usarlo de manera creativa” [I like it! Students can use it in a creative way].

Participant 5

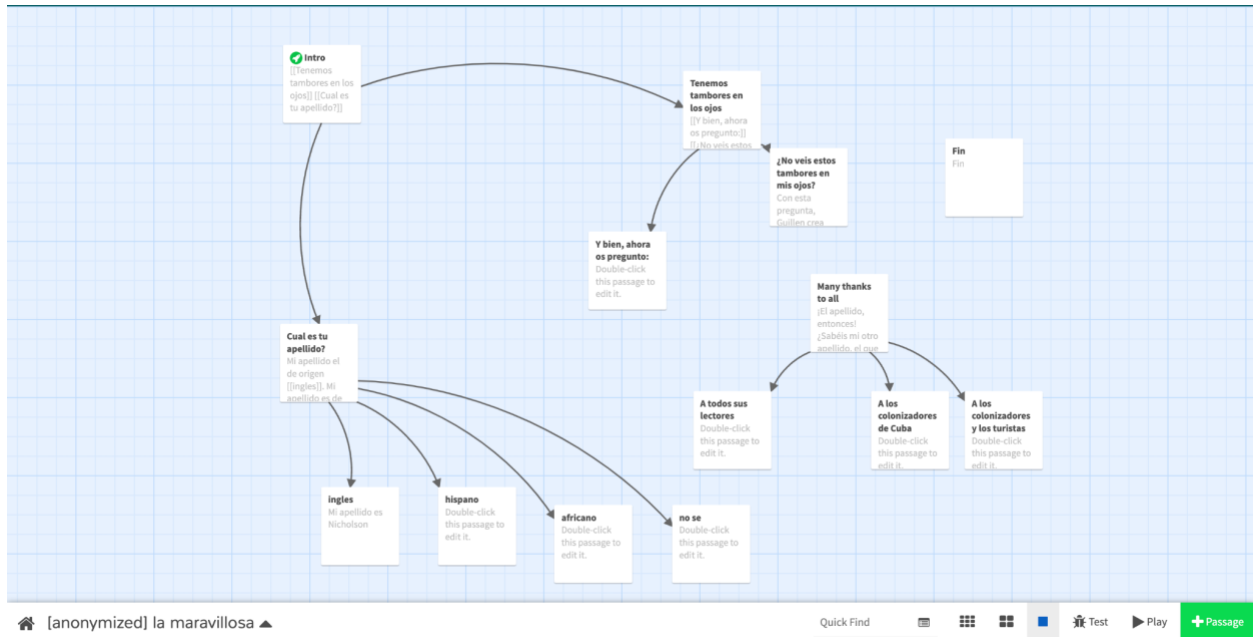
Title: [anonymized¹⁴] la maravillosa

Figure 9. Participant 5's Twine storyboard.

>Intro

Tenemos tambores en los ojos**Cual es tu apellido?**

>Tenemos tambores en los ojos

Y bien, ahora os pregunto:**¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?**

Puedes crear una pregunta parecida para expresar tu propia identidad?

>Y bien, ahora os pregunto:

>

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?

Con esta pregunta, Guillen crea una imagen tan fuerte de su identidad profundamente africana. La imagen es corporal--los ojos--

¹⁴ Participant 5's first name

-y tambien sensorioal (casi escuchamos los tambores). Que imagen puedes crear tu para senalar tus origenes.

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>Y bien, ahora os pregunto:

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>Intro

>Cual es tu apellido?

Mi apellido el de origen **ingles.**

Mi apellido es de origen **hispano.**

Mi apellido es de origen **africano.**

no se

>africano

>

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>ingles

Mi apellido es [[anonymized¹⁵]]

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>hispano

>

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

>africano

>

[[manually clicked back arrow]]

> no se

>

¹⁵ Participant 5's last name

Although the professor struggled at first, they were persistent and sought help from other students and me. Although they understood the code, Participant 5 seemed to struggle most with understanding how to use Twine as an interface (e.g., where to click to exit the code window, how to edit a passage, etc.). They were also engaged in other students' projects often asking those seated next to them to walk them through their projects.

Analysis and Discussion

Quantitative Summary

Participant Twine Project Features					
	Number of Passages	Number of Links	Cycling Link	Live Link	Random Link
Participant 1	15	15	1	N/A	N/A
Participant 2	2	1	N/A	N/A	N/A
Participant 3	17	9	N/A	N/A	N/A
Participant 4	6	5	N/A	N/A	N/A
Participant 5	14	11	N/A	N/A	N/A

Table 4. Project inventory detailing the total amount of passages, links, and dynamic text in each Twine project.

Thematic Analysis

While performing a thematic analysis of researcher notes, participant projects, and the post-workshop survey, discussion and interview several themes emerged. I noticed that many students performed poetic analyses where they analyzed or built upon the poetic language, themes, and motifs of “El apellido.” Some students created projects in which they explored their own identities. These projects explored leading questions like “Who am I?” and “Where does my last name come from?” Additionally, the experiences of the professor and the skeptic proved to each be themes that emerged during the research. Moreover, I was surprised by the camaraderie the workshop inspired. The participants were observed laughing, helping one another, and marveling at each other’s projects unprompted by the workshop instructor. This section explores all these themes in detail pointing to specific examples from the data collected.

Poetic Analysis

The participant's projects revealed that they engaged with the poem. Most of the students used the poem's text as the basis of their projects, often placing it in the first passage and using words or phrases from the poem as links leading users through different paths. Participant 4 used words and phrases "nombre," "las tres letras," and "Guillén" as links leading users through a textual analysis of the poem. In the post-survey, they expressed how Twine helped them "focus on key words of the poem by highlighting them and getting my literary analysis on another slide." During the workshop when asked why they chose to create a textual analysis, they remarked that they forgot to do the homework and wanted to get it done by "finding the answers in the poem." In their project they created a passage linking Guillén's name with a passage about the poetic voice, a question that was asked in the pre-workshop homework.

Although Participant 1 used Guillén's language, when I was analyzing their project, I had to go back to the poem to distinguish between the participant's language and Guillén's. In creating a continuation of "El apellido," Participant 1 was able to show their creative faculties and understanding of the poem as their writing flowed well with Guillén's. For example, they used the line in "El apellido," "tambores en mis ojos?" [drums in my eyes] to create their own passage which continued the rhythmic theme in the poem saying "tambores que me hacen bailar, que me llenan de alegría y profundos deseos de triunfar. ... tambores que interrumpen mi descansar y le dan animo a mi expectador" [drums that make me dance, that fill me with joy and deep desire to succeed. ... drums that interrupt my rest and encourage my peers]. This creative addition shows a deep understanding of the poetic themes of rhythm, personification, and dance.

Similar to Participant 1, Participant 5 used the phrase “¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?” to analyze Guillén’s use of a self-reflective question. In the project, they write: “Con esta pregunta, Guillen crea una imagen tan fuerte de su identidad profundamente africana. La imagen es corporal--los ojos--y tambien sensorioal (casi escuchamos los tambores). Que imagen puedes crear tu para senalar tus origenes.” [With this question, Guillen creates such a strong image of his deeply African identity. The image is bodily--the eyes--and also sensory (we almost hear the drums). What image can you create to point out your origins.] This shows deep close reading and understanding of the poem, as the participant is able to note the use of imagery and rhythm.

Exploration of one’s own identity

I found that the majority of participants, Participants 1, 3, and 5, created projects that explicitly mentioned their own identities. Participant 5 created a narrative that asked users what their last name is and categorized them by origin, “ingles, hispano, africano, no se” [English, Hispanic, African, I don’t know]. When users choose “ingles,” they arrive at a passage that details Participant 5’s last name. Here, they are aligning themselves as someone who has an English last name.

Participant 1’s project explored their relationship with their grandfather, quoting Guillén’s mention of his grandfather (“un abuelo nocturno” [a nocturnal grandfather]) as a gateway to do so. Participant 1 highlighted their grandfather’s hard work, commenting on how much they admired and appreciated them. The passage “un abuelo nocturno” leads users to a passage which reads: “Que se levantaba a las 4:30 de la mañana a vender frutas, a ver el sol, a trabajar. El es mi heroe y mi fuerza.” [Who wakes up at 4:30 in the morning to sell fruits, to see the sun, to work. He is my hero and my strength]. Users then go to the linked passage, “fuerza,” where Participant 1 writes,

“Quiero trabajar tan duro como el. El me dio a ver mi barrio, el cual tambien le debo mi crianza, a ellos les dire sin sarcasmo ni timidez:” [I want to work as hard as him. He gave me to see my neighborhood, which I also owe my upbringing to, I will tell him without sarcasm or shyness:] Readers finally reach the end of the path where Participant 1 thanks their grandfather, “(cycling-link: ¡Gracias!, ¡Os lo agradezco!, Gentiles gentes, thank you! Merci! Merci bien! Merci beaucoup! Despues desguire, y no descansare hasta llegar a mis metas.” Here they use the verses where Guillén sarcastically says “thank you” in various ways in Spanish, English, and French. Unlike Guillén, Participant 1 is not being sarcastic, as they mention in the previous passage (“sin sarcasmo”). Their ability to emulate Guillén’s writing shows their understanding of the poem. Furthermore, Participant 1 chose to use a cycling link to display the “thank yous,” therefore showing not only their understanding of the poem, but also how the poem and the code can work in tandem.

Rather than focus on one part of their identity, Participant 3 created a project in which they explore the many aspects of who they are. Beginning with the passage “Quien soy yo” [Who am I], Participant 3 leads users down paths that align with their own identity: “desconocidos” [Unknown], “Con familia cercana” [immediate family], “Con familia extensa” [extended family], “En clase” [in class], “Trabajando” [Working], “Con amigos” [Friends], “Con mi mejor amiga, Sola” [With my best friend, Sola]. In the post-workshop survey, Participant 3 described their project writing, “The idea of my project was to imagine someone asking “who are you” and then the person has choices of context. I then give brief summaries of the people I am in those contexts. I felt that “El apellido” expressed the discomfort with a loss of part of Guillén’s identity. I feel a bit like no one in any of the contexts really understands me and so each feel like it’s missing something.” Using Twine to analyze “El apellido” allowed Participant 3 to navigate their own positionality in relation to the

poem. Participant 3 remarked, “I think that the twine activity help[ed] me connect more with the anxiety that surrounds questions about identity. El apellido reflects a bit of frustration or anxiety about the loss of one half of Guillen's identity.” These findings are supported by previous work in critical computing education research. Everson et al. (2022) found that students used class material as a way to reflect on their own identities. Future work can explore students’ attitudes toward critical pedagogy. How does it shape their understanding of and attitude toward computing and themselves?

A Professor’s Perspective

Participant 5, the professor of the Spanish class, was cautiously optimistic about the workshop. They remarked, “I’m open, this could be cool.” Although they were the professor here, they also assumed the role of a student. From the beginning they struggled to work with Twine; however, there was a determination to persevere. Whenever they encountered an issue, they relied on Participant 3 who sat to their left. Participant 5 was able to clearly articulate what they wanted: “I wanted to provide users with a way to respond creatively—maybe even poetically—to my questions.” They also knew they wanted to use the user’s last name as a gateway to forking paths. During the independent work time, Participant 3 and I helped walk them through path creation and how to link their paths together. Once they understood the concept, they began to work quickly, showing they were able to navigate Twine. In a post-workshop interview, they admitted that it was hard, but “I started to have fun with it and wish I had more time to finish.” Participant 5 went from being timid to confident that they could finish their project. As an educator, they asked, “Is this a better way to teach a literature text than the conventional ways [using traditional literacy]?” Their sentiments echo a growing sense of fear in the humanities that technology is overtaking their field (Sonnier 2013). However, I argue that rather than pitting traditional and digital literacies against

each other, we should teach them in tandem, showing students the value of both. In Participant 5's classes, they usually assigned 2-3 essays a semester. I suggested to the professor that a project exploring digital literacies could replace one of those essays, allowing students to hone their writing skills through using both digital and traditional literacies. Future work can focus on teacher training for the humanities, showing educators how they can utilize digital literacies to enhance the learning experience for their students.

The Skeptic

Participant 2 was very skeptical about using Twine to analyze literature. They did not complete the pre-workshop homework, and during the workshop, they were observed talking to their peers instead of working on their own projects. With the title of "Demo," their Twine only consisted of two passages; however, they did integrate color into the last passage. In the post-workshop discussion, Participant 2 was very hesitant to give me their feedback as they thought it wouldn't be helpful, as though negative feedback about technology use in the classroom is not wanted. After reassuring them that their opinion was valid and wanted, they gave what they called their "idiotic disposition" saying, "I ... like ... just don't like using computers ... I mean ... I've never enjoyed coding or anything like that ... I would just use the text and do something in-person." Participant 2 is a written arts major who prefers traditional literacy, and I choose to tell their story because it is representative of the students who may not like learning digital literacies in class. How do we engage them in such lessons despite their apathy? Previous work suggests engaging students in a conversation about the direct links between computing and technology and the humanities (Sonnier 2013). Future work can survey skeptical students to gain insight into attitudes toward computing.

Class Camaraderie

A uniting factor in each participant's participation was not merely their engagement in the project, but their engagement with each other. Each student was invested not just in their own projects but in each other's projects. They would ask each other about their projects and help each other with programming and problem-solving. For example, Participant 3 and Participant 5 were sitting next to each other. Although one was a student and the other the professor, Participant 3 assumed the role of the instructor when discussing computing concepts like creating links and new passages. On the other hand, Participant 5, the professor, was seen correcting Participant 3's Spanish grammar. While Participant 3 would ask Participant 5 for help with the Spanish content, Participant 5 turned to Participant 3 for technical assistance.

Furthermore, participants were observed not just asking those seated directly next to them about their projects, but physically moving around the computer lab to see the other projects. During the independent working portion of the workshop Participant 1, who was seated at one end of the row of computers, walked to Participant 3's computer which was located at the other end. Participant 1 exclaimed "tienes tantos pasajes" [you have so many passages!]. They both laughed and Participant 3 explained their idea—they were creating a project that explored their own family lineage. Previous work on pair-programming, a pedagogical methodology for collaborative programming, shows that pair-programming may lead to high quality and better work-flow on projects (Demir 2021). Future work can make a pair-programming feature available in Twine and explore how students explore their identities in their projects when working in pairs or small groups.

Furthermore, humor seemed to bring the class together. Participant 1's project started off asking the user if they had read the poem. If the user said they hadn't read the poem (choosing "no lei") Participant 1 told them: "Pues no importa, formas parte del 99% de la sociedad, ellos tampoco

leen.” [Well it doesn’t matter, you are a part of 99% of society, they didn’t read either.] When Participant 5 played Participant 1’s Twine, they called other participants over to see what a fun twist they added. By the end everyone was standing around Participant 1’s computer, laughing. This moment shows that Participant 1 was using Twine not only to show their understanding of the poem but also to communicate with users. In literature classes, students learn to interpret what the author is communicating to their readers. On the contrary, in computing, students learn how to craft that experience for their users. Similarly, Participant 4 also used humor in their Twine, tricking the user by giving them the option of “Acabó la poesía.” [Poetry is done] which leads to a passage that says, “Un pequeño chascarrillo.” [A little joke]. Humor was a way for students to show their personality. The two participants who used humor are also the ones who make us laugh the most in class!

Although an unexpected and intended result, the workshop facilitated a collaborative learning environment. Previous research shows that jovial programming classroom environments may have a positive impact on students’ perception of coding (Tisza, 2021). Therefore, the students’ jovial demeanor in the Twine workshop may have led to a positive experience programming. Future work can focus on how to better foster a fun and playful computing workshop through pedagogy and classroom management.

Limitations

As with any study, there were quite a few limitations. The sample size was quite small, and although qualitative work is not entirely reliant on sample size, this work is only representative of the participants and their lived experiences. Due to the inclusion criteria of already being enrolled in this specific Bard Spanish course, the sample is not representative of Bard’s student population or that of college students at large. Time also proved to be a limitation. This was only a workshop, taught during one class period of 80 minutes. Therefore, participants did not have the opportunity

to explore all the features Twine had to offer. I believe that students also didn't have enough time to incorporate dynamic text into their projects. Future studies can explore the ways computing can be integrated into the course allowing for more time. For example, instructors may consider replacing an essay with a Twine project, giving students more time and guidance with the tool.

Furthermore, language was a barrier. I am a Spanish student, and although I found that I had prepared well for the session, there were times when it was hard to explain concepts in Spanish due to my own limited vocabulary. Both the students and the professor had little experience with such CS vocabulary in Spanish, and therefore we were all learning together. Additionally, not all the keywords in Twine are translated to Spanish like cycling-link, size, and color. Although we were using the Twine interface in Spanish, the programming language was still in English. At times this led to confusion for participants. Keyboards also proved to be a barrier. Although participants were able to change their keyboard settings into Spanish, they lost the ability to use the square brackets. Thus, participants had to choose between programming or ensuring their Spanish was grammatically and syntactically correct.

Suggestions for Twine and Future Workshops

After completing the workshop, I am aware that there are a few aspects of Twine that can be improved in order to facilitate a better student and practitioner experience. First, the key commands in Harlow could be translated into Spanish, allowing for smoother translation and less English usage while teaching Twine in Spanish. Additionally, Twine's documentation is also in English, making it hard to ensure that students are practicing their Spanish skills during the workshop. Some students expressed the desire to work together or to have the ability to comment on each other's projects in real-time. A collaboration add-on in which students can create projects

together and comment on each other's projects would be instrumental for pair-programming activities.

Moreover, participants gave their own feedback about the workshop in the survey. Many of them wished they had more time to finish their projects. Some felt as though they needed a cheat sheet that they could use to copy and paste the commands, rather than looking at them on paper or the projector. Although most students expressed liking Twine, they did not know how or even when they would ever use the program again.

Final Reflection

To summarize, this research revealed that students are able to engage with themes of identity through poetic analysis using Twine. While the majority of participants integrated their own identities into their projects, other participants created projects that engaged with literary themes. This research shows how Twine can be used as a creative pedagogical tool to both teach students computing and also enable them to analyze poetry using digital literacy methodologies. The research also highlighted a professor's perspective on learning digital literacy and the reluctance of the skeptical student to engage with Twine. Although it did not provide suggestions on engaging the skeptical student, future work can explore pedagogical interventions when teaching skeptical students computing, particularly in the context of a foreign language or literature classroom.

The results represent the different ways participants reflected on their own identities. I learned so much about my peers, so much about who they are and how they see the world. Bringing this vulnerability into the classroom shows we are dynamic human beings and may also lead to more empathy and compassion. As Participant 1 saw their grandfather's "nocturnal eyes," so did I. Like in my example project, Participant 3's project revealed all the ways they feel seen, and yet still not completely understood. A student's ability to explore who they are and share it with others is vital. It helps us know we are not alone. Participant 4 remarked in the post-workshop survey that "I was motivated by the need of learning more about the experience of a person with a mixed African and Spanish descent." Exploring "El apellido" in Twine allowed them to understand someone else's lived experience.

This project can serve as a model for future work on how to integrate computing into Spanish literature and more generally humanities classrooms in creative and inclusive ways. I

believe the broader impacts include laying a foundation for more interdisciplinary partnerships between CS and the humanities, integrating more self-reflective projects into computing education, and creating fun, engaging, and inclusive environments for student learning.

As I think back to my trip to Cuba, I wish I was armed with the knowledge of Guillen's melodic *jitanjáforas* of African longing, Morejón's confident declaration of being a "Mujer negra," and Herrera's celebration of her African culture. Although I ended my high school career believing that there was no space for me in the Spanish classroom, my longing to continue learning the language has led me to where I am today: a proud Black Spanish speaker. My journey studying Spanish mirrors my CS education journey. As I left high school discouraged, having never learned to program, I have found my place in computing, excited to start my career in computing education research. All of this is because of the few educators who dared to invest in me and show me that I belonged, by creating classrooms where I felt safe and seen.

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Appendix A: Language and Thinking Twine Script by Keith O'Hara and Sven Anderson

WORKSHOP PLAN

Arrive 15 early. Every session is 90 minutes. Discourage Safari.

Watch Introduction video

OR

Tutor reads: *Welcome to the "Linking Language and Thinking with Code" workshop. Today, we'll be working with a piece of software called Twine. Twine is a tool --- a medium --- for creating stories, games, & worlds through code. You can use Twine to create text-heavy games & interactive fiction, but it is also used to prototype games of other genres (for example, Netflix's Bandersnatch). We will be translating some of our L&T text into a digital form using Twine. Eventually you all will be publishing your twine game (or interactive story or essay) to the Bard itch.io game jam.*

In classrooms

1. Put <https://twines.bard.edu/> on the projectors/tvs.
2. Introduce the tutors (major + something non techy).
3. Everyone else introduces themselves.
4. If they haven't played, ask them to play a bit alone, prompt them with something to think about while playing: how is it different from other games or a movie?
5. Play one of them together (on the shared screen)
6. Spend a few minutes talking about the game, some subset of these:
 - a. How is this game different from tv, film, an essay, other games?
 - b. Why is time limited in the anthology game?
 - c. Which game elements are most interesting to you?
 - d. What do twine games remind you of? (choose your own adventure; bandersnatch)
7. *While showing the video links on the website.* Did you watch the tutorial videos? (If most have not, then watch the first "overview of twine" video together, and then do last year's live demo here: more [below](#))
8. Open <https://twinery.org/2> for them to follow along (remind them twine autosaves)
9. IF THEY HAVE NOT WATCHED, then Watch & Follow along with videos 1 & 2.
10. If they did watch them, ask these questions & provide quick demo/check-in/refresher:
 - a. Video 1: Was everyone able to create their (empty) twine story?
Q: How do you do it? (SHOW A QUICK DEMO)
 - b. Video 2 (links: "give your reader choice of what comes next"):
Demo creating two passages & connecting them;
Q: How do you play the game?

Q: How would you create a middle? Two middles?

Any questions about linking?

- c. Video 3 (lists: “gives life to story by random composition”)

The video used (either:) and (cycling-link:); “which one acts randomly?”

11. Play the instructor bio twines (show where they are on the website by screen share).
Tell them to look for things they liked to add to their own twine (“*how’d they do that?*”) and have them add those to the shared google doc.
12. Show them how to import the “Harlowe Template” into twinery and copy/paste; point out twine elements they liked from the last step.
13. Did you bring writing? If not, pick two paragraphs from the anthology to translate.
14. Share one or two twine elements you’d like to employ in your digital essay.
15. Have everyone open up a browser that isn’t Safari (if they only have Safari, they will need to email you the text file and we can convert to html for them)
- 16. WORK WORK WORK (if lots of time, check in halfway)**
17. With 10-15 minutes left, watch itch.io video & upload draft (*host sends a reminder*)
18. Collect itch.io urls draft games and add to google doc.
 - a. If itch.io is having issues just have them email you their exported HTML
- 19. Remind the students of the Game Jam and the evening office hours (7–9).**
20. When finished, fill out the section report.

Important links:

- <https://itch.io/>
- <https://twinery.org/>
- **Link to twine videos folder**
https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1WWBIIbHUCsCUMiDizPBVuKfCpWvRV75G?usp=s_haring
- **Link to FAQ doc**
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ehmUb0FbebetZz1KI86fren4SWhbcmE9k9aWShf4gOI/edit?usp=sharing>
- **Section Report**
https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1NwBbRwoH64WWnIPcAPHsnX1YhPynMVG6QNW07_Mezyw/edit?usp=sharing
- **L&T Tutor Bios** <https://code.languageandthinking.bard.edu/>
- **Twine Games**
 - **Queers in Love at the End of the World** (<https://w.itch.io/end-of-the-world>) by Anna Anthropy
 - **With Those We Love Alive** (<http://slimedaughter.com/games/twine/wtwa/>) by Porpentine
 - **The Uncle Who Works for Nintendo** (<https://ztul.itch.io/the-uncle-who-works-for-nintendo>) by Michael Lutz and artist Kimberly Parker
- **2021 Tutor Folder**

- Tutorial Twine

<https://code.languageandthinking.bard.edu/resources/WhatITwirlWithTwine.html>

BACKUP LIVE DEMO MATERIAL

PASSAGES: SPATIAL, PARTICIPATORY TEXT

Stories are made up of passages. A **Passage** is the unit of a twine story: think of it as a page, a paragraph or a sentence. Passages link to each other in the way a **choose-your-own adventure book** gives the reader choice about what part of the story to read next. **LINKS** are the heart of hyper-text & the web, for example, Wikipedia. Links provide writing with pacing, non-linear narrative, and links to outside resources. This gives Twines what Janet Murray calls a participatory and spatial character.

Most stories have a beginning and most have an end. We're going to help you learn how to make a beginning and an end and then link them using Twine.

Create a new passage by clicking the green +Passage button. As you see, a new passage called "Untitled Passage" is created.

In what follows perform actions as you describe them. First say what you're going to do and then do it. Finish by telling the class what you just did.

I want to edit the passage, so I double click it. *Double click the passage box.* I just double-clicked the passage and you saw it open up this editing window where I can make changes. Let's call this the **Story Editor**.

In the Story Editor change the name of the passage "Untitled Passage" to "Beginning". As we write, you'll notice that some text is for the computer (i.e., code) and other parts are for the human reader. For example, the passage title is code, read only by the computer, whereas the words in the passage body are read by the human reader of our story. Twine colors the code pieces blue. Passage titles can be anything, but they must be unique and it's a good idea to avoid spaces and punctuation.

Now let's change the text in the Beginning passage. Replace the text "Double-click this passage to edit it." with **"You are in the dark, in the car, watching the black-tarred street being swallowed up by speed; he tells you his dean is making him hire a person of color when there are so many great writers out there." READ THIS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.** You will be putting your own text in later, so don't feel like you have to type this exact quote.

Click the “X” in the upper right to leave the Story Editor. Twine automatically saves. Click the PLAY button to open up your story in presentation mode. What do you see? The editor is for writing the story, the presentation mode is for **reading or playing it**.

Now I want to create another passage called **End**. To do this I click +Passage and change the title to End. I then put the text “**As usual you drive straight through the moment with the expected backing off of what was previously said.**” in this passage. I leave the Passage Editor and now have two unconnected passages: **Beginning** and **End**.

We need to move forward in the poem, so I’ll show you how to make a link from the Beginning to the End. Open up the Beginning passage and surround the word “End” with double brackets. It looks like this: **Jump to the [[End]]**. Leave the passage editor. Hit Play to see that we can now move from one passage to the next by clicking on the “End” text which is highlighted in a different color.

You should show them what happens when you have a typo. Twine sometimes creates new passages when you type in the double-brackets around an unused passage title.

You now know how to make and link passages! In the End passage, open the Passage Editor and make the sentence a link **[[previously said->Beginning]]**. Now hit play.

Although this also suggest a main feature of twine: **Branching Narratives**.

*(This may also be a good time to show them specific types of typos to be wary of when programming, specifically, the use of white space. If the link is written: **[[I been there before - > Beginning]]**, a new link will be made, which is not the desired result.)*

Let’s add some options in the middle of the story; we’ll add the following options to our first passage:

Why do you feel comfortable saying this to me?

- **the light turns red;**
- **a police siren goes off;**
- **you drive straight through the moment.**

The first two choices link to a passage that says “**You slam on the brakes, slam into the car ahead of you, fly forward so quickly both of your faces would suddenly be exposed to the world.**” The last options links to the last passage.

Why do you feel comfortable saying this to me?

- **[[the light turns red->brakes]];**

- **[[a police siren goes off->brakes]];**
- **[[you drive straight through the moment->End]].**

LISTS: PROCEDURAL & ENCYCLOPEDIA

Now we're going to move on another technique that takes advantage of what Janet Murray's calls the "encyclopedic" and "procedural" nature of the digital medium.

This procedural and encyclopedic nature can also be used for **Chance Operations**. In **twine you would use** either and shuffled to randomly assemble combinations of words for surprising, emergent effects employing an "[Exquisite Corpse](#)" or "[cut-up poetry](#)" like method. For example, from page 192 of Rankine:

Hold up, (cycling-link: "did you just hear", "did you just say", "did you just see", "did you just do") that?

Hold up, (either: "did you just hear", "did you just say", "did you just see", "did you just do") that?

(live: .5s)[Hold up, (either: "did you just hear", "did you just say", "did you just see", "did you just do") that?]

Appendix B: Twine Workshop Script translated into Spanish by Megumi Kivuva

WORKSHOP PLAN

Hoy, vamos a aprender Twine. Twine es un software para crear historias y juegos interactivos, como este juego que se llama “Queers in love at the end of the world”. Es una historia sobre el amor durante el fin del mundo.

1. Para comenzar, vas a ir a google chrome.
2. Cuando estás allí, ve a <https://twinery.org/2>
3. Haz click en “use it online” en la derecha
4. Aquí está nuestra dashboard donde puedes ver tus Twines
5. Vamos a cambiar el lenguaje a español
 - a. Haz click en “language” y selecciona “castellano” y ¡todo está en español!
6. Vamos a comenzar con aprender Twine

No te preocupes por guardar archivos porque vamos a guardarlos al final de este taller.

Para crear un twine, haz clic en el botón verde que se llama **+Pasaje**

En Twine, para crear historias, usamos pasajes. Un pasaje representa un elemento de tu historia. Es como una página, un párrafo, o una frase. Podemos conectar pasajes.

Ojos aquí en la pantalla.

Para crear un pasaje, haz clic en el botón **+Pasaje**. Vas a ver un espacio para programar tu pasaje. Aquí en este espacio puedes escribir una parte de tu historia. Por ejemplo, vamos a crear una introducción de una historia. Entonces, vamos a dar a este pasaje un título, **Introducción**, por ejemplo. Esto es clave: los títulos de tus pasajes son para ti, el/la programador/a. Tus usuarios no necesitan ver los títulos de los pasajes. Estos títulos son casos sensibles. Por ejemplo, “introducción” e “Introducción” son diferentes títulos porque la *i* está en minúscula aquí pero en mayúscula aquí.

Por ejemplo, vamos a añadir un pasaje. Para hacer esto, puedes hacer clic fuera de esta ventana. Y vamos a hacer clic en el botón **+Pasaje**. Y aquí tenemos un pasaje adicional. Podemos titularlo, **mitad**. Para crear un enlace entre la introducción y la mitad, vamos a programarlo. El código para vincular pasajes es dos corchetes y el título del pasaje que quieres vincular. Por ejemplo, vamos a conectar la introducción y la mitad. Entonces ponemos la mitad entera de corchetes. Aquí podemos ver una flecha que vincula la introducción y la mitad. Para **reproducir** este programa haz clic en el **botón de reproducir**. Cuando reproducimos este programa, podemos ver que hay un enlace entre la introducción y la mitad aquí en azul. Reproducir es cuando podemos ver los códigos en acción.

Cuando reproducimos esto, los usuarios pueden ver este enlace por la mitad. Si quieres esconderlo, puedes usar este código:

Poner esto entre dos corcheas: el título del pasaje, una flecha, y la palabra o las palabras que tus usuarios van a ver. Entonces `[[mitad->apellidos]]`

Con estos enlaces, puedes darles a los usuarios o al público opciones para extraer con tu historia. Por ejemplo en esta parte de “El apellido” Guillén explora algunos apellidos africanos. Entonces puedes representarlos como opciones y crear historias de vida para algunos de los apellidos.

Yo soy también el nieto,
biznieto,
tataranieta de un esclavo.
(Que se avergüence el amo).
[[¿Seré Yelofe?]]
¿Nicolás Yelofe, acaso?
[[¿O Nicolás Bakongo?]]
¿Tal vez Guillén Banguila?
¿O Kumbá?
[[¿Quizá Guillén Kumbá?]]
¿O Kongué?
[[¿Pudiera ser Guillén Kongué?]]
¡Oh, quién lo sabe!
¡Qué enigma entre las aguas!

Entonces vamos a practicar la creación de pasajes y enlaces. Crea dos pasajes y conéctalos. (~5 minutos) Si tienes preguntas puedes preguntar ahora,

También, en Twine, hay enlaces diferentes. Tenemos el enlace de lista (cycling link), el enlace vivo (el live link), y el enlace al azar (random link)

Vamos a usar la misma parte del poema para los tres enlaces, pero vamos a crear pasajes diferentes para cada enlace.

Empezamos con el enlace de lista. Quiero condensar la parte donde Guillen dice *gracias* en otros idiomas.

1. el enlace de lista (cycling link) - parenthesis y entre comillas

¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!

Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.
 Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.
 Lo escondisteis, creyendo
 que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.
 (cycling-link: “¡Gracias!”, “¡Os lo agradezco!”, “¡Gentiles
 gentes, thank you!”, “Merci!”, “Merci bien!”, “Merci
 beaucoup!”)
 Pero no... ¿podéis creerlo? No.

2. el enlace vivo (el live link) - corchetes, paréntesis y comillas

¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!
 Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.
 Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.
 Lo escondisteis, creyendo
 que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.
 (live: .5s)[(either: “¡Gracias!”, “¡Os lo agradezco!”,
 “¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!”, “Merci!”, “Merci bien!”,
 “Merci beaucoup!”)]
 Pero no... ¿podéis creerlo? No.

3. el enlace al azar (random link) - paréntesis y comillas

¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!
 Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.
 Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.
 Lo escondisteis, creyendo
 que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.
 (either: “¡Gracias!”, “¡Os lo agradezco!”, “¡Gentiles gentes,
 thank you!”, “Merci!”, “Merci bien!”, “Merci beaucoup!”)
 Pero no... ¿podéis creerlo? No.

Para editar los elementos como los colores y los fonts

1. Para cambiar el fondo del pasaje:

Haz click en este triángulo en el final de la página , y abre la hoja de estilo.

Y añade este código:

```
tw-story{
  background-color: (el color que sea, or hex code);
```

```
}
```

2. Para cambiar el fondo de texto:

Usa el código “background”. Por ejemplo:

`(background: red + white)` ← (gives a pink background)

`(background: "#663399")` ← (gives a purple background)

`(background: "marble.png")` ← (marble texture background)

3. Para cambiar el font:

Usa el código “font”:

`(font: "Dancing Script")` [This is a fun cursive font!]

~Tiene el resto de clase para crear tus Twines.~

Para guardarlo, haz clic en el triángulo en el fondo y selecciona publicar a archivo. Pone este archivo en el google folder que mandales este mañana

~Puedes explorar otros elementos en Twine y si tienes preguntas, ¡pregúntame! ~

Appendix C: Pre-Workshop Homework

Contesta estas preguntas antes de clase.

1. Leer “El apellido” por Guillén
2. Contesta estas preguntas sobre el poema. (1-2 oraciones)
 - a. ¿Quién es la voz poética? ¿Cómo lo sabes?
 - b. Escribe un breve resumen del poema.
 - c. ¿Cuáles son los temas del poema?
 - d. Identifica elementos poéticos como metáforas, símiles, aliteración, imaginería.
 - e. ¿Cuál es el efecto de las preguntas en “El apellido”?
 - f. ¿Cómo representa Guillén su herencia africana?
 - g. ¿Cómo se siente Guillén sobre su nombre al principio del poema? ¿Cómo se siente [Guillén] al final del poema? ¿Qué lenguaje encuentras en el poema que sugiere esto?
3. Piensa en qué manera se puede usar Twine para responder a “El apellido”. (al menos de 200 palabras)
 - a. Puedes jugar mi Twine [aquí](#) para tener ideas.

Appendix D: Twine Vocabulary List

Vocabulario clave para aprender Twine:

pasaje - passage
hacer clic - to click
enlace - link
título - title
texto - text
color - color
estilo - style
usuario - user
Reproducir - run
editar - edit
copiar - copy
pegar - paste
narrativa ramificada - branching narrative
vínculo de lista - cycling link
enlace vivo - live link
hoja de estilo - stylesheet
ratón - mouse
teclado - keyboard
llaves curvas - curly bracket
 - una llave curva de apertura - opening curly bracket
 - una llave curva de cierre - closing curly bracket
corchetes - square bracket
 - poner en corchetes
paréntesis - parenthesis
punto y coma - semicolon
al azar - random -
lineal - linear
flecha - arrow

Appendix E: Poem Translations

“El apellido” – Translated by Roberto Márquez and David Arthur McMurray, from *Man-Making Words*

I
 Ever since school,
 And even before... Since the dawn, when I was
 barely a patch of sleep and wailing,
 since then
 I have been told my name. A password
 that I might speak with stars.
 Your name is, you shall be called...
 and then they handed me
 this you see here written on my card,
 this I put at the foot of all poems:
 thirteen letters
 that I carry on my shoulders through the street,
 that are with me always, no matter where I go.
 Are you sure this is my name?
 Have you got all my particulars?
 Do you already know my navigable blood,
 my geography full of dark mountains,
 of deep and bitter valleys
 that are not on the maps?
 Perhaps you have visited my chasms,
 my subterranean galleries
 with great moist rocks,
 islands jutting out of black puddles,
 where I feel the pure rush
 of ancient waters
 falling from my proud heart
 with a sound that's fresh and deep
 to a place of flaming trees,
 acrobatic monkeys,
 legislative parrots and snakes?
 Does all my skin (I should have said),
 Does all my skin come from that Spanish marble?
 My frightening voice too,
 the harsh cry in my throat?
 Are all my bones from there?
 My roots and the roots
 of my roots and also
 these dark branches swayed by dreams

and these flowers blooming on my forehead
and this sap embittering my bark?

Are you certain?
Is there nothing more than this that you have written,
Than this which you have stamped
with the seal of anger?
(Oh, I should I have asked!)
Well then, I ask you now:
Don't you see these drums in my eyes?
Don't you see these drums, tightened and
beaten with two dried-up tears?
Don't I have, perhaps,
a nocturnal grandfather
with a great black scar
(darker still than his skin)
a great scar made by a whip?
Have I not, then,
a grandfather who's Mandingo, Dahoman, Congolese?
What is his name? Oh, yes, give me his name!
Andrés? Francisco? Amable?
How do you say Andrés in Congolese?
Have you always said
Francisco in Dahoman?
In Mandingo, how do you say Amable?
No? Were they, then, other names?
The last name then!
Do you know my other last name, the one that comes
to me from that enormous land, the captured,
bloody last name, that came across the sea
in chains, which came in chains across the sea?

Ah, you can't remember it!
You have dissolved it in immemorial ink.
You stole it, from a poor, defenseless Black.
You hid it, thinking that I would
lower my eyes in shame.
Thank you!
I am grateful to you!
Noble people, thanks!
Merci!
Merci bien!
Merci beaucoup!

But no... Can you believe it? No.

I am clean.

My voice sparkles like newly polished metal.

Look at my shield: it has a baobab,

It has a rhinoceros and a spear.

I am also the grandson,

great grandson,

great great grandson of a slave.

(Let the master be ashamed.)

Am I Yelofe?

Nicolás Yelofe, perhaps?

Or Nicolás Bakongo?

Maybe Guillén Banguila?

Or Kumbá?

Perhaps Guillén Kumbá?

Or Kongué?

Could I be Guillén Kongué?

Oh, who knows!

What a riddle in the waters!

II

I feel immense night fall

on profound beasts,

on innocent castigated souls;

but also on ready voices,

which steals suns from the sky,

the brightest suns,

to decorate combatant blood.

From some flaming land pierced through

by the great equatorial arrow,

I know there will come distant cousins,

my anguish cast upon them the winds;

I know there will come men whose lives are green,

my ancestral jungle,

with their pain open like a cross and their breasts red with

flames

Having never met, we will know each other by the hunger,

by the tuberculosis and syphilis,

by the sweat bought in a black market,

by the fragments of chain

still clinging to the skin;

Having never met we will know each other

by the dream-full eyes

and even by the rock-hard insults the
quadrumanes of ink and paper spit at
us each day.

What can it matter, then
(What does it matter now!) ah,
my little name
of thirteen letters?

Or the Mandingo, Bantu,
Yoruba, Dahoman name
of the sad grandfather drowned in
notary's ink.

Good friends, what does it matter?

Oh, yes, good friends
come look at my name!

My name without end, made
up of endless names; My
name, foreign,
free and mine, foreign and yours, foreign
and free as the air.

“Mujer negra” – Translated by William Little

Still I smell the foam of the sea they forced me to cross. Night, I cannot recall the night.
 Nor could I even recall the ocean itself.
 But never have I forgotten the first seagull I glimpsed. High up, the clouds, like innocent ever-present witnesses.
 Perhaps I’ve not forgotten my lost coast nor even my ancestral tongue. They dropped me here and here I’ve lived.
 And because I work like a dog, Here is where I was reborn.
 And I sought to rely on epic story of the Mandinga after epic story.

I rebelled.

His Grace purchased me in a public square.
 I embroidered His Grace’s cloak and I bore him a son. My son was given no name.
 And His Grace, he died at the hands of an impeccable English lord.

I trudged forward.

This is the land where I was lashed and beaten upside down. I paddled along all its rivers.
 Under its sun I sewed, harvested, and ate none of the crops. I got a slave barracks for a house.
 I myself carried the stones to build it,
 but I sang in the natural beat of the nation’s birds.

I rose in rebellion.

In this very land I touched the warm blood and rotten bones of many others like me, brought here, or not, as I was.
 Then I stopped thinking about the way to Guinea forever.
 To Guinea or Benin? Was I thinking about Madagascar or Cape Verde?

I worked even more.

Then I laid the foundation for my best millenary chant and my hope. Here I built my world.

I went to the mountains.

My true independence happened at the stockade
 and I rode with Maceo's cavalry.

Only one century later, alongsle my

descendants, from atop a blue
mountain,

I came down from the Sierra

to put an end to capitalists and userers, and generals
and the petit bourgeois.

Now I am: only now do we hold and create. Nothing is
beyond our reach.

Our land.

Ours the sea and sky.

Ours the magic and the amazing dreams.

My equals, here I see you dance
around the tree we planted for communism. Its generous
wood is clearly resounding.

“Ibu sedi” – Translated by Lydia de Arguelles

In the tongue of my ancestors
 I say everything
 to please my Unique Mother.
 From Abeokuta, where
 she was born, that deceptively weak woman,
 in reality "olori"
 I was the one chosen to speak.
 From among many of my relatives' heads
 she chose mine, she put
 her hand on my head and said:
 "You, you are lucumisa".
 All the stars in the sky spoke
 through her mouth, in the name of
 Abola. She, the main one,
 the one that wears a chain of silver on her ankles.
 Omi Sande calls me
 because I am her legitimate daughter.
 Her voice here, her sounds,
 her swift movements like the waters - irumí,
 her blue robes - acho ayiri.
 I walk slowly for
 the jug of water that nobody sees, and it does not
 matter.
 She placed it on my head for my sake, and it's enough.
 I owe it all to her,
 I named her seven times
 with seven of her names;
 then I call her: "ororó", "irawá", "rocio de la mafiana",
 "rainbow", "stars", "morning dew",
 and she always walks with me
 as if she were "oyaba soro" - the falling rain;
 and she plays "iré aye" - and marks my cheeks
 so that I will never forget
 who I am, where I come from, where I belong.
 I call her again, and she comes
 from the depths of the oceans.
 She arrives and accepts what I offer her.
 Then, she cleanses me, softly, slowly
 with twigs of ifefe and oklabeba;
 then, until my final day, I am blessed.

Appendix F: Example Twine Decompiled

```
:: StoryTitle
```

```
Quien soy yo
```

```
:: StoryData
```

```
{  
    "ifid": "EA550D44-308F-4207-A395-6226287EC4B3",  
    "format": "Harlowe",  
    "format-version": "3.2.3",  
    "start": "Beginning",  
    "zoom": 1  
}
```

```
:: Story Stylesheet [stylesheet]
```

```
body, tw-story{  
    background-color: #FFFFFF;  
    color: #000000;  
}
```

```
:: Story JavaScript [script]
```

```
window.Harlowe = { 'State' : State };  
window.processInputElement = function () {  
    $('input[data-varname]').on('change', function () {  
        var varName = $(this).attr('data-varname');  
        Harlowe.State.variables[varName] = this.value;  
    });  
};
```

```

        $('select[data-varname]').on('change', function () {
            var varName = $(this).attr('data-varname');
            Harlowe.State.variables[varName] = this.value;
        });
};

```

```

:: Beginning {"position":"846,26","size":"100,100"}

```

```

=><=

```

```

[[Quién soy yo?]]

```

```

[[soy mujer negra?]]

```

```

[[soy una mujer?]]

```

```

[[soy negra?->negra]]

```

```

[[todos?]]

```

```

(set: $counter to 5)

```

```

(css: "color:lavender; font-size: 200%")[[amount>[$counter]]

```

```

(live: 1s)[

```

```

(set: $counter to it - 1)

```

```

(if: $counter is 0)[(go-to: "Quién soy yo?")]

```

```

(replace: ?amount)[$counter]]

```

[[No quiero jugar->Kenyan story]]

:: soy mujer negra? {"position":"563,240","size":"100,100"}

Soy una [[mujer negra?->Kenya]]

Soy una mujer!

Soy una [[mujer->ancestors]]?

No soy una [[mujer]].

Soy negra!

Soy [[negra]]?

No soy [[negra->No soy negra]].

[[Quién soy yo?]]

:: soy una mujer? {"position":"896,176","size":"100,100"}

No soy una [[mujer]]!

:: Quién soy yo? {"position":"1154,309.9090881347656","size":"100,100"}

[Quién soy yo?:

<input type="text" data-varname="QSY">\

(link-goto: "Done", "Gracias")

<script>processInputElements();</script>]

:: mujer {"position":"795,266","size":"100,100"}

(b4r:"double")+(b4r-size:3.8)+(b4r-colour:cyan)[Que es una mujer?]

(text-rotate-x:48)+(text-style:"bold","shadow")[(align:"=><=")[[vestidos]]]

(align:"=====><=")+(text-style:"fade-in-out")[(text-colour:(hsl:300,0.8039,0.5,0.45))[rosado]]

(align:"=><=")+(box:"XX=")[(text-style:"expand","buoy")[madre]]

(align:"=><=")+(text-colour:#c92a2a)+(text-style:"bold","expand","mirror")[debil]

(align:"<=")+(box:"====XXX XXXXXX=")+(text-style:"smear")[llorar]

(text-style:"sway")[(align:"==>")[emocional]]

[[flaca]]

:: vestidos {"position":"722,417","size":"100,100"}

La gente ve belleza, pero veo una persona incómoda en su propia piel. Entonces, [[Quién soy yo?]]

:: flaca {"position":"841,417","size":"100,100"}

Me gusta mi cuerpo, pero mi doctor dice que necesito adelgazar y mi mama dice que debo quitar el queso. [[Quién soy yo?]]

:: END {"position":"261,141.5","size":"100,100"}

=><=

(css: "font-size:300%")+(text-style:"bold","outline")[Gracias]

(css: "font-size:300%")+(text-style:"smear")[(text-colour:#0b7285)[Merci]]

(css: "font-size:300%")[Thank You]

Soy \$QSY!

[[REPETIR->Beginning]]

:: Gracias {"position":"174,26","size":"100,100"}

=><=

(css: "font-size:300%")+(text-style:"bold","outline")[[Gracias->Merci]]

:: Merci {"position":"315,26","size":"100,100"}

=><=

(css: "font-size:300%")+(text-style:"bold","outline")[Gracias]

(css: "font-size:300%")+(text-style:"smear")+(text-colour:#0b7285)[[Merci->Thank You]]

:: Thank You {"position":"468,26","size":"100,100"}

=><=

(css: "font-size:300%")+(text-style:"bold","outline")[Gracias]

(css: "font-size:300%")+(text-style:"smear")[(text-colour:#0b7285)[Merci]]

(css: "font-size:300%")[[Thank You->END]]

:: todos? {"position":"1094,118","size":"100,100"}

Estoy fragmentos de mi identidades y completo, pero todavia no se [[Quién soy yo? ->Quién soy yo?]]

:: negra {"position":"242,540","size":"100,100"}

[[Quién soy yo?]]

:: No soy negra {"position":"353,690","size":"100,100"}

[[Quién soy yo?]]

:: Kenyan story {"position":"841,667","size":"100,100"}

(cycling-link:"blanco", "asiático", "afroamericano", "hispano", "otro")

Tuve que elegir entre una de estas cajas durante una prueba que tuve que tomar en cuarto grado. Miré el papel de manera confundida mientras mi maestra continuaba leyendo las instrucciones sobre cómo completar las preguntas previas al examen. Mientras reflexionaba sobre qué casilla marcar, eliminé las obvias: blanco, absolutamente no, asiático, continente equivocado, hispano, no del todo. Eso me dejó con dos opciones: afroamericano u "Otro". Ahora tenía un cincuenta por ciento de posibilidades de responder bien la pregunta.

Miré fijamente la tercera opción: afroamericana. ¿Soy africana? ¡Absolutamente! Vine a América de Kenia cuando tenía solo tres meses. ¿Soy estadounidense? Bueno ... llevo más tiempo viviendo aquí que en África, dado que en ese momento nunca había visitado Kenia. Hablo inglés como estadounidense, y he sido educada en América toda mi vida; sin embargo, yo no era estadounidense. Mi pasaporte keniano y las continuas batallas de inmigración me

recordaban lo poco estadounidense que era en realidad. Al sentir a mi maestra revoloteando sobre mi escritorio, esperando que respondiera la pregunta "simple", respiré hondo y marqué la casilla "Otro". ¿Fue la respuesta correcta?

Varias horas después, cuando terminó la prueba y todos estábamos trabajando en grupo, mi maestra me llamó a su escritorio. Acercó una silla y me indicó que me sentara. Luego retiró mi prueba de un montón de papeles, e instantáneamente supe por qué estaba allí. "¿Sabes lo que eres ... ¿eres afroamericana, eres negra? ella me preguntó. Luego borró la marca de verificación en el cuadro "Otro", colocándola en el "afroamericano".

Aunque su acción me entristeció, contuve las lágrimas y con orgullo le dije: "Soy keniana". Entonces cortésmente pedí ir al baño donde lloré y lloré. Quería que ella supiera que marqué la casilla "Otro" porque sentí que no había otra casilla que holísticamente representaba mi raza y etnia. Sin embargo, sabía que mi explicación sería insuficiente porque ella ya había tomado una decisión antes de llamarme a su escritorio.

Al final del día, mientras salía, miré el escritorio de mi maestra para ver el estado final de mi raza y etnia. En lápiz negro, había una marca de verificación en la caja "Otro": mi Orgullo de Kenia fue suficiente para cambiar su opinión.

Aunque esta experiencia sucedió hace mucho tiempo, siempre está fresca en mi mente. A menudo enfrento el desafío de identificarme, a menudo cuando se dan identidades que no definen quién soy. Yo me encuentro haciéndome las mismas preguntas que pensé cuando estaba en cuarto grado. Dado que he vivido en América toda mi vida y ahora soy residente permanente, a menudo me pregunto qué le pasará a mi yo keniana ¿Será diezmado por las cajas de las secciones de identidad? ¿Con el tiempo perderé la rica cultura, el idioma y la historia que mis padres lucharon tan duro para que yo los conservara?

Mis preguntas son infinitas, pero este viaje me ha permitido descubrir una nueva identidad: keniano-americano. Dentro de esta identidad, puedo abarcar ambos lados de mi cultura: la keniana y la estadounidense. También puedo combinarlos, permitiendo que mis tradiciones evolucionen teniendo influencias de mi origen keniano y estadounidense. Por ejemplo, estaba muy en contra de comer pavo en Acción de Gracias porque pensé que servir al pájaro me haría menos keniano. Sin embargo, ahora mi [[familia->ancestors]] y yo cocinamos pavo, al estilo de Kenia, usando una mezcla de especias de casa. A través de esta experiencia, he aprendido

que soy la única persona que puede definirme y, por lo tanto, nunca debería permitir que nadie más me diga quién soy. También descubrí una sensación de belleza y tranquilidad al evolucionar como persona. Cuanto más me permito ser solo yo, y no presionarme para saber todo sobre mí, más tranquilo puedo estar con los altibajos y los reflujos y flujos de la vida. A medida que maduro, me doy cuenta de cómo mi identidad cambia constantemente. Ahora es una lista establecida de palabras, pero un espectro fluido. Soy yo, nadie puede quitar eso. El enero pasado fui a Kenia por primera vez desde que me identifiqué con mis padres como lesbiana. En Kenia es ilegal ser gay. Podría ir a la cárcel por catorce años si la policía se enterara. La cultura en torno a los problemas LGBTQ + en Kenia es muy diferente de la cultura en los Estados Unidos. En los Estados Unidos, puedo caminar por las calles de ciudades liberales tomada de la mano de mi amante sin preocuparme del mundo. Sin embargo, cuando estaba en Nairobi me aterrizzaba que mi elección de usar una camiseta sencilla en lugar de un vestido revelara mi mayor secreto. Mi identidad siempre está evolucionando, y todavía hay partes de mí misma que solo puedo expresar cuando estoy en Kenia o en los Estados Unidos. Aunque espero que esto cambie, sé que en el fondo siempre habrá matices que solo se pueden expresar en un país, pero no en el otro. Esto no cambia quién soy. Todavía soy Megumi, gay, negra, keniana, estadounidense, keniana-americana, estadounidense keniana, mujer, muchacha, hermana, hija, tía, mentora, amiga. Todas estas identidades se informan entre sí, algunas más que otras dependiendo de la situación. Así que ahora elijo dejar que las complejidades desaparezcan y solo enfocarme en lo que sé que es verdad. Soy yo, y solo yo puedo decidir quién soy y en quién me convertiré.

:: ancestors {"position": "536,731", "size": "100,100"}

Estoy sobre los hombros de cuatro de las mujeres más fuertes y valientes que conozco. Mi abuela Agnes Adera, que emigró a Estados Unidos solo para cuidarme. Mi abuela Ann Kamumbu, quien me mostró su amor a través de su humor. Mi abuela y tocaya Filgona Atieno, a quien nunca conocí, pero quien capeó las tormentas que la vida trajo con gracia. Mi madre, Leonora Anyango-Kivuva, mi primer maestra y siempre mi mayor defensora. Pero, [[¿Quién soy yo ->Quién soy yo?]] en comparación con estas figuras?

Appendix G: Participant 1's Twine Project Decompiled

:: StoryTitle

Tengo Tiempo

:: StoryData

```
{
  "ifid": "8D90E2AC-C53B-4B6B-A325-C69BA7F72B9B",
  "format": "Harlowe",
  "format-version": "3.2.3",
  "start": "Ayer",
  "zoom": 1
}
```

:: Ayer {"position":"227,181","size":"100,100"}

Ayer [[lei]] "El Apellido" y quiro enforcarme en esta parte.

Ayer [[no lei]]

:: lei {"position":"200,402","size":"100,100"}

Y bien, ahora os pregunto:

¿No veis estos [[tambores en mis ojos?]]

¿No veis estos tambores tensos y golpeados

con dos lágrimas secas?

¿No tengo acaso

un abuelo nocturno

con una gran marca negra

(más negra todavía que la piel),

una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

¿No tengo pues
un abuelo mandinga, congo, dahomeyano?
¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decídmelo!
¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable?
¿Cómo decís Andrés en congo?
¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre
Francisco en dahomeyano?
En mandinga, ¿cómo se dice amable?
¿O no? ¿Eran pues otros nombres?
¡El apellido, entonces!
¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene
de aquella tierra enorme, el apellido
sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar
entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?
¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!
Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.
Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.
Lo escondisteis, creyendo
que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.
¡Gracias!
¡Os lo agradezco!
¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!
Merci!
Merci bien!
Merci beaucoup!

:: no lei {"position": "935,518", "size": "100,100"}

Pues no importa, formas parte del 99% de la sociedad, ellos tampoco leen.

:: tambores en mis ojos? {"position":"517,467","size":"100,100"}

tambores que me hacen bailar, que me llenan de alegría y [[profundos deseos de triunfar.]]

tambores que interrumpen mi descansar y [[le dan animo a mi expectador]]

:: profundos deseos de triunfar. {"position":"517,617","size":"100,100"}

¿No tengo acaso

[[un abuelo nocturno]]

con una gran marca negra

(más negra todavía que la piel),

una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

:: le dan animo a mi expectador {"position":"1000,313","size":"100,100"}

Mi expectador..... no se que quiere, no se que darle, que acazo, querra quitarme[[?]]

:: un abuelo nocturno {"position":"1413,388","size":"100,100"}

Que se levantaba a las 4:30 de la mañana a vender frutas, a ver el sol, a trabajar

El es mi heroe y mi [[fuerza.]]

:: trabajar {"position":"1298,600","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: fuerza. {"position":"1613,497","size":"100,100"}

Quiero trabajar tan duro como el.

El me dio a ver mi barrio, el cual tambien le debo mi crianza, a [[ellos les dire]] sin sarcasmo ni timidez:

:: ellos les dire {"position":"1698,101","size":"100,100"}

(cycling-link: "¡Gracias!", "¡Os lo agradezco!", "Gentiles gentes, thank you!"

Merci!

Merci bien!

Merci beaucoup!

Despues desguire, y no descansare hasta llegar a mis [[metas]]

:: ? {"position":"1055,463","size":"100,100"}

esto que veis escrito en mi tarjeta?

Esto que enciende en llamas [[mi sangre.]]?

:: mi sangre. {"position":"1119,667","size":"100,100"}

Mis raíces y las raíces

de mis raíces y además

estas ramas oscuras movidas por [[los sueños]]

:: los sueños {"position":"1276,138","size":"100,100"}

Quiero amarlos, aunque ese amor me confunda, porque al final, ellos verán mi [[funda]]

:: metas {"position":"1767,360","size":"100,100"}

Lo lograste, ya vez, fue valioso lo que leiste [[Ayer]]

:: funda {"position":"1488,192","size":"100,100"}

llena de el sudor sudado por alcanzar mis [[metas]]

Appendix H: Participant 2's Twine Project Decompiled

```
:: StoryTitle
```

```
Demo
```

```
:: StoryData
```

```
{
  "ifid": "792CB906-E0E4-44F0-A5D1-26177B1ED8D2",
  "format": "Harlowe",
  "format-version": "3.2.3",
  "start": "El Apellido",
  "zoom": 1
}
```

```
:: Story Stylesheet [stylesheet]
```

```
TW-story{
  background-color: light-pink
}
```

```
:: El Apellido {"position":"802,400","size":"100,100"}
```

```
El Apellido por Nicholas Guillen
```

```
Desde la escuela
```

```
Y aún antes... Desde el alba, cuando apenas
```

```
Era una brizna yo de sueño y llanto,
```

```
Desde entonces,
```

```
Me dijeron mi nombre. Un santo y seña
```

```
Para poder hablar con las estrellas.
```

Tú te llamas, te llamarás...
Y luego me entregaron
Esto que veis escrito en mi tarjeta,
Esto que pongo al pie de mis poemas:
Las trece letras
Que llevo a cuestas por la calle,
Que siempre van conmigo a todas partes.
¿Es mi nombre, estáis ciertos?
¿Tenéis todas mis señas?
¿Ya conocéis mi sangre navegable,
Mi geografía llena de oscuros montes,
De hondos y amargos valles
Que no están en los mapas?
¿Acaso visitasteis mis abismos,
Mis galerías subterráneas
Con grandes piedras húmedas,
Islas sobresaliendo en negras charcas
Y donde un puro chorro
Siento de antiguas aguas
Caer desde mi alto corazón
Con fresco y hondo estrépito
En un lugar lleno de ardientes árboles,
Monos equilibristas,
Loros legisladores y culebras?
¿Toda mi piel (debí decir),
Toda mi piel viene de aquella estatua
De mármol español? ¿También mi voz de espanto,
El duro grito de mi garganta? ¿Vienen de allá
Todos mis huesos? ¿Mis raíces y las raíces
De mis raíces y además

Estas ramas oscuras movidas por los sueños
Y estas flores abiertas en mi frente
Y esta savia que amarga mi corteza?
¿Estáis seguros?
¿No hay nada más que eso que habéis escrito,
Que eso que habéis sellado
Con un sello de cólera?
(¡Oh, debí haber preguntado!)

Y bien, ahora os pregunto:
¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?
¿No veis estos tambores tensos y golpeados
Con dos lágrimas secas?
¿No tengo acaso
Un abuelo nocturno
Con una gran marca negra
(Más negra todavía que la piel),
Una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?
¿No tengo pues
Un abuelo mandinga, congo, dahomeyano?
¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decidmelo!
¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable?
¿Cómo decís Andrés en Congo?
¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre
Francisco en dahomeyano?
En mandiga ¿cómo se dice Amable?
¿O no? ¿Eran, pues, otros nombres?
¡El apellido, entonces?
¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene
De aquella tierra enorme, el apellido

Sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar
Entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?
¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!
Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.
Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.
Lo escondisteis, creyendo
Que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.
¡Gracias!
¡Os lo agradezco!
¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!
Merci!
Merci bien!
Merci beaucoup!
Pero no... ¿Podéis creerlo? No.
Yo estoy limpio.
Brilla mi voz como un metal recién pulido.
Mirad mi escudo: tiene un baobab,
Tiene un rinoceronte y una lanza.
Yo soy también el nieto,
Biznieto,
Tataranieto de un esclavo.
(Que se avergüence el amo)
¿Seré Yelofe?
¿Nicolás Yelofe, acaso?
¿O Nicolás Bakongo?
¿Tal vez Guillén Banguila?
¿O Kumbá?
¿Quizá Guillén Kumbá?
¿O kongué?
¿Pudiera ser Guillén Kongué?

¡Oh, quién lo sabe!

¡Qué enigma entre las aguas!

II

Siento la noche inmensa gravitar
Sobre profundas bestias,
Sobre inocentes almas castigadas;
Pero también sobre voces en punta,
Que despojan al cielo de sus soles,
Los más duros,
Para condecorar la sangre combatiente.
De algún país ardiente, perforado
Por la gran flecha ecuatorial,
Sé que vendrán lejanos primos,
Remota angustia mía disparada en el viento;
Sé que vendrán pedazos de mis venas,
Sangre remota mía,
Con duro pie aplastando las hierbas asustadas;
Sé que vendrán hombres de vidas verdes,
Remota selva mía,
Con su dolor abierto en cruz y el pecho en llamas.
Sin conocernos nos reconoceremos en el hambre,
En la tuberculosis y en la sífilis,
En el sudor comprado en bolsa negra,
En los fragmentos de cadenas
Adheridos todavía a la piel;
Sin conocernos nos reconoceremos
En los ojos cargados de sueños
Y hasta en los insultos como piedras

Que nos escupen cada día
 Los cuadrumanos de la tinta y el papel.
 ¿Qué ha de importar entonces
 (¡Qué ha de importar ahora!)
 ¡Ay! mi pequeño nombre
 De trece letras blancas?
 ¡Ni el mandinga, bantú,
 Yoruba, dahomeyano
 Nombre del triste abuelo ahogado
 En tinta de notario?
 ¿Qué importa, amigos puros?
 ¡Oh, sí, puros amigos,
 Venid a ver mi nombre!
 Mi nombre interminable,
 Hecho de interminables nombres;
 El nombre mío, ajeno,
 Libre y mío, ajeno y vuestro,
 [[Ajeno y libre como el aire->Ajeno y libre como el aire]].

:: Ajeno y libre como el aire {"position":"1115,373","size":"100,100"}
 (text-colour:lime)[ta bueno!]

Appendix I: Participant 3's Twine Project Decompiled

:: StoryTitle

Taller de Megumi

:: StoryData

```
{
  "ifid": "7F5BE130-4711-488A-A914-1A9C9A8FD94C",
  "format": "Harlowe",
  "format-version": "3.2.3",
  "start": "Intro",
  "zoom": 1
}
```

:: Intro {"position":"741,177","size":"100,100"}

Hola! Quien soy yo?

Primero, donde estoy?

Con [[deconocidos->]]

Con [[familia cercana->]]

Con [[familia extensa->]]

En [[clase->]]

[[Trabajando->]]

Con [[amigos->]]

Con[[mi mejor amiga->]]

[[Sola->]]

:: Nombre {"position":"262,130","size":"100,100"}

Soy Julia Sheffler, She/Her

:: Pasaje sin título {"position":"1667,186","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: Tu {"position":"602,57","size":"100,100"}

Quien es usted?

un [[desconocido->Nombre]]

:: mejor amigo {"position":"1593,437","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: amigo {"position":"1435,273","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: companero {"position":"1220,228","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: conocido {"position":"1565,278","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: desconocidos-> {"position":"384,464","size":"100,100"}

Con desconocidos estoy estresada. Nunca se que decir y siento muy sola. Usualmente cuando estoy en publico tengo algo que puedo hacer sola para sentir asi como no importa las otras personas. Puede hablar conmigo si quieren pero no es nececario.

:: familia-> {"position":"110,352","size":"100,100"}

:: clase-> {"position":"522,453","size":"100,100"}

En clase soy la estudiante que siempre hace los lecturas y puede responder a la pregunta se nadie quiere. Asi usualmente tengo buenas relaciones con mis professores y siento comoda en la sala de clase. Me gusta aprender y pregunta cuando nececito. Siempre tengo que estar organizada o siento perdiada y ansioso. Estoy frustrada cuando tengo un profesor que no esta sufficiente organizado.

:: Trabajando-> {"position":"686,456","size":"100,100"}

Nececito tener todo organizado. Prefiero

:: amigos-> {"position":"882,451","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: mi mejor amiga-> {"position":"1067,473","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: Sola-> {"position":"1218,450","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: familia cercana-> {"position":"246,451","size":"100,100"}

Con mi familia cercana soy la mayor de mis hermanos. Tengo un hermano menor de tres años y hermana menor de seis años. Mi hermano y yo discutimos mucho pero mi hermana y yo tenemos una relación amiable. Mi políticas están más a la izquierda que la mayoría de mi familia.

:: familia extensa-> {"position":"785,602","size":"100,100"}

Con mi familia extensa soy la hija de Laura y David Sheffler. Voy a Bard College y estoy estudiando física y matemáticas. Acabo de estar aceptada a la escuela graduada. Mi cumpleaños es 11/16/1999.

Appendix J: Participant 4's Twine Project Decompiled

:: StoryTitle

El apellido - [anonymized]

:: StoryData

```
{
  "ifid": "E569E971-44D7-47F3-978F-50EE472687FA",
  "format": "Harlowe",
  "format-version": "3.2.3",
  "start": "El apellido",
  "zoom": 1
}
```

:: Story Stylesheet [stylesheet]

```
tw-story{
  background-color: light-blue;
}
```

:: El apellido {"position":"866,382","size":"100,100"}

Desde la escuela

y aún antes... Desde el alba, cuando apenas

era una brizna yo de sueño y llanto,

desde entonces,

me dijeron mi [[nombre-> Fernando Diego Pereyra]]. Un santo y seña

para poder hablar con las estrellas.

Tú te llamas, te llamarás...

Y luego me entregaron

esto que veis escrito en mi tarjeta,
esto que pongo al pie de mis poemas:
[[las trece letras]]
que llevo a cuestas por la calle,
que siempre van conmigo a todas partes.
¿Es mi nombre, estáis ciertos?
¿Tenéis todas mis señas?
¿Ya conocéis mi sangre navegable,
mi geografía llena de oscuros montes,
de hondos y amargos valles
que no están en los mapas?
¿Acaso visitasteis mis abismos,
mis galerías subterráneas
con grandes piedras húmedas,
islas sobresaliendo en negras charcas
y donde un puro chorro
siento de antiguas aguas
caer desde mi alto corazón
con fresco y hondo estrépito
en un lugar lleno de ardientes árboles,
monos equilibristas,
loros legisladores y culebras?
¿Toda mi piel (debí decir),
toda mi piel viene de aquella estatua
de mármol español? ¿También mi voz de espanto,
el duro grito de mi garganta? ¿Vienen de allá
todos mis huesos? ¿Mis raíces y las raíces
de mis raíces y además
estas ramas oscuras movidas por los sueños
y estas flores abiertas en mi frente

y esta savia que amarga mi corteza?

¿Estáis seguros?

¿No hay nada más que eso que habéis escrito,

que eso que habéis sellado

con un sello de cólera?

(¡Oh, debía haber preguntado!)

Y bien, ahora os pregunto:

¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?

¿No veis estos tambores tensos y golpeados

con dos lágrimas secas?

¿No tengo acaso

un abuelo nocturno

con una gran marca negra

(más negra todavía que la piel),

una gran marca hecha de un latigazo?

¿No tengo pues

un abuelo mandinga, congo, dahomeyano?

¿Cómo se llama? ¡Oh, sí, decídmelo!

¿Andrés? ¿Francisco? ¿Amable?

¿Cómo decís Andrés en congo?

¿Cómo habéis dicho siempre

Francisco en dahomeyano?

En mandinga, ¿cómo se dice amable?

¿O no? ¿Eran pues otros nombres?

¡El apellido, entonces!

¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene

de aquella tierra enorme, el apellido

sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar

entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?

¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!
Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.
Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.
Lo escondisteis, creyendo
que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.
¡Gracias!
¡Os lo agradezco!
¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!
Merci!
Merci bien!
Merci beaucoup!
Pero no... ¿podéis creerlo? No.
Yo estoy limpio.
Brilla mi voz como un metal recién pulido.
Mirad mi escudo: tiene un baobab,
tiene un rinoceronte y una lanza.
Yo soy también el nieto,
biznieto,
tataranieto de un esclavo.
(Que se avergüence el amo).
¿Seré Yelofe?
¿Nicolás Yelofe, acaso?
¿O Nicolás Bakongo?
¿Tal vez [[Guillén->Pregunta 1]] Banguila?
¿O Kumbá?
¿Quizá Guillén Kumbá?
¿O Kongué?
¿Pudiera ser Guillén Kongué?
¡Oh, quién lo sabe!
¡Qué enigma entre las aguas!

:: Pregunta 1 {"position":"1282,335","size":"100,100"}

¿Quién es la voz poética? ¿Cómo lo sabes?

El propio autor constituye la voz del poema, ya que este hace referencias explícitas a su apellido.

:: las trece letras {"position":"762,536","size":"100,100"}

[[Nicolás Guillén]]

[[Acabó la poesía.]]

:: Nicolás Guillén {"position":"687,686","size":"100,100"}

Nombre y apellido del autor cubano.

:: Acabó la poesía. {"position":"837,686","size":"100,100"}

Un pequeño chascarrillo.

:: Fernando Diego Pereyra {"position":"1192,518","size":"100,100"}

Creo que alguna vez leí que mi nombre era de origen europeo, pero no recuerdo exactamente de qué país. Quiero creer que no se trataba de Fernando de Aragón, porque mi sangre latina quizá herviría de resentimiento. Mi vieja siempre dice que el nombre solamente le gustó y que quiso que yo tuviese algo único que me distinguiera del resto de los niños -supongo que el nombre no era tan común en esos días.

Appendix K: Participant 5's Twine Project Decompiled

```
:: StoryTitle
```

```
[anonymized] la maravillosa
```

```
:: StoryData
```

```
{
  "ifid": "A0543AA5-5591-4125-B2B6-05FE4345869E",
  "format": "Harlowe",
  "format-version": "3.2.3",
  "start": "Intro",
  "zoom": 1
}
```

```
:: Story Stylesheet [stylesheet]
```

```
tw-story{
  background: blue;
}
```

```
:: Intro {"position":"466,49","size":"100,100"}
```

```
[[Tenemos tambores en los ojos]]
```

```
[[Cual es tu apellido?]]
```

```
:: Tenemos tambores en los ojos {"position":"979,82","size":"100,100"}
```

```
[[Y bien, ahora os pregunto:]]
```

```
[[¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos?]]
```

```
Puedes crear una pregunta parecida para expresar tu propia identidad?
```

:: Many thanks to all {"position":"1142,342","size":"100,100"}

¡El apellido, entonces!

¿Sabéis mi otro apellido, el que me viene

de aquella tierra enorme, el apellido

sangriento y capturado, que pasó sobre el mar

entre cadenas, que pasó entre cadenas sobre el mar?

¡Ah, no podéis recordarlo!

Lo habéis disuelto en tinta inmemorial.

Lo habéis robado a un pobre negro indefenso.

Lo escondisteis, creyendo

que iba a bajar los ojos yo de la vergüenza.

[[¡Gracias!

¡Os lo agradezco!

¡Gentiles gentes, thank you!

Merci!

Merci bien!

Merci beaucoup!]]

A quien les esta dando las gracias Guillen?

[[A todos sus lectores]]

[[A los colonizadores de Cuba]]

[[A los colonizadores y los turistas]]

:: Cual es tu apellido? {"position":"462,406","size":"100,100"}

Mi apellido el de origen [[ingles]].

Mi apellido es de origen [[hispano]].

Mi apellido es de origen [[africano]].

[[no se]]

:: ¿No veis estos tambores en mis ojos? {"position":"1090,181","size":"100,100"}

Con esta pregunta, Guillen crea una imagen tan fuerte de su identidad profundamente africana. La imagen es corporal--los ojos--y tambien sensorioal (casi escuchamos los tambores). Que imagen puedes crear tu para senalar tus origenes.

:: ingles {"position":"515,615","size":"100,100"}

Mi apellido es Nicholson

:: hispano {"position":"665,615","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: africano {"position":"814,638","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: no se {"position":"965,638","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: A todos sus lectores {"position":"992,492","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: A los colonizadores de Cuba {"position":"1220,492","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: A los colonizadores y los turistas {"position":"1340,492","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: Y bien, ahora os pregunto: {"position":"858,288","size":"100,100"}

Double-click this passage to edit it.

:: Fin {"position":"1315,169","size":"100,100"}

Fin