

The Editorial Board

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with

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The Edda Literary Magazine of La Jolla High School

The Edda is named after an ancient collection of Viking poems and prose. The Vikings of Scandinavian countries collected their poems and stories in *The Poetic Edda* and *The Prose Edda*. The Vikings of La Jolla High School have collected their poems and stories from this year in *The Edda Literary Magazine*.

This literary magazine is student-designed and edited.

This year the magazine was edited by an editorial board from the Writer's Workshop class.

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Advice About College Applications

By Sydney Arthur

There is a common misconception that the hardest year in high school is junior year. Whoever created initiated that idea obviously did not apply for college. Senior year is no doubt the most stressful time in a student's life, simply because college is rapidly approaching. Students are expected to exceed their accomplishments from the previous years of high school, while adding the enormous task of completing college applications to their daily "To Do List". These applications are what cause the demise of seniors.

The college admission process has become more competitive than ever before. Now, a successful, well-rounded student is just a mediocre applicant. We live in a world where the valedictorian gets rejected from an honorable university because he / she was not a legacy. Being a purely academic student who focuses only on school is nowhere close to being an ideal college applicant. Colleges expect perfection. They expect students to enroll in all advanced classes, resulting in a GPA close to 5.0. They expect SAT scores that only brilliant minds could achieve. Colleges expect students not only to participate in as many extra curricular activities that they could possibly get their hands on, but to also be the captains, presidents or advisers of those activities. They expect the varsity athlete. They expect to see a preposterous amount of volunteer hours. They expect a college essay to be so compelling that they shed tears while reading it. Colleges even expect a student to have a concrete plan for what they want to do in the future. According to admissions counselors, being this "perfect" student is the key to getting an acceptance letter to a first choice university. The honest truth is that THIS student simply does not exist.

Students spend their entire academic career preparing for college. Their ultimate goal is to be successful, but what is success if they are physically and emotionally exhausted from overworking themselves to achieve this goal? The reality that is expected from teens is unachievable in a 24 hour day. Even weekends and days off are used for participating in extra curricular activities and completing schoolwork. A student that gets the appropriate amount of sleep for his / her age group is essentially unheard of, yet schools expect complete participation and alertness in every class beginning at 7:25 in the morning. Teens will not put forward their best work if they do not have the energy to achieve their daily routine. At such an early age, teenagers of this day and age are experiencing far more stress and anxiety more than ever.

The main goal of education is to find a career that best suits an individual. Every student has his/her particular strengths, but it is unfair to force a 17 or 18 year old to decide how they should use those strengths in a career. Students are choosing a major based on their grade in a class rather than what intrigues them. College is a time to grow, discover and learn more about a passion or interest. It is hard to think about growing up while living in the midst of it.

Even more than the motivation for success, this pressure evolves from a fear of failure. High school has become a brutal competition of who can be the best college applicant, the reward being the privilege to wear the “dream” college sweatshirt, tons more homework, and plenty of college loans to pay off. Even the “winners” sometimes don’t achieve prosperity; they often graduate college find themselves unemployed and lacking motivation. This desperate scramble for achievement doesn’t define a person; it only measures how well they have mastered this system known as education.

No Tomorrow

By Olé Cassidy

If we just have now
I sure hope today will last
Till dawn, and beyond



Artwork by Ksenia Kalinina

La Lluvia

By Pablo Barajas

La lluvia, es como dos gotas de agua...
Que al tocar la tierra,
damos vida y nos da comida.

La lluvia, es como un espíritu que desde la
tierra sube al cielo
para después caer otra vez.

La lluvia, es como un gigante,
pero a veces es tan pequeña
como una gota de agua.

La lluvia, es tan frágil que se
rompe en mil, pero a la misma
vez tan dura como un tempano
de hielo.

La lluvia, tan transparente como el
crystal, adornando los ríos y
los mares.

La lluvia, como la gacela
que corre tan fuerte por lugares
secretos y a donde llega, llega con
paz y sin secretos.

La lluvia, tan importante para la vida
pero al final del día desaparece sin dejar
rastros en el mundo de hoy en día.
Cuidémosla cada día.

La lluvia.

Perceptions

By Grace Barioni

To be born,
one is merely torn.
Constantly and consistently.
To live or prepare for life,
one is always in strife.
Questioning every decision,
even every vision.
Is the ocean turquoise,
or could it be blue?
Is water melted snow,
or just H₂O?
Do we live to create,
or to simply die in the arms of fate?
Can you love only one,
or everyone under the burning sun?
What's the answer to these questions?
I say you leave it up to your own perceptions.

The Word "Track"

By Lana Bass

"Even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there." - Will Rogers. When I heard the word track, I instantly pictured a race track. You know, like the ones that perimeter a field. Maybe that's because I just spent my whole lunch period looking at one. I didn't mind though. Track. "You're on the right track," the teacher says as I feel tears start to sting my eyes. Track #1 off of the album of my life. Train tracks, bear tracks, moose tracks, track marks. I think my life is getting off track. But that can't be any worse than just sitting, sitting and getting run over.

I've Made It

By Jordan Beary

After looking at all the pictures on the wall of inspiration in Writer's Workshop class, only one picture truly caught my eye. I was inspired by the picture of the bright white chairs and the La Jolla High bleachers in the background. The picture depicts the traditional set up of the graduation ceremony that has been constructed each year for the graduating class. This picture has inspired me because my goal is to be sitting in those exact chairs at the end of this school year. The bright white chairs symbolize success. In the beginning of the year the thought is that when it's time to be sitting in those white chairs, I know I've made it. I've made it through four years of high school. I've made it through the good and the bad times. I've made it through those never ending nights because of homework and the rigorous studying the night before an exam. I've made it through the countless Wednesdays that felt like Fridays, and the Mondays where the last thing I wanted to do was to get out of bed, and the great Friday nights where I let out all the previous week's stress by hanging out with my friends. My inspiration through all the rough and pleasurable times has been getting that diploma and being able to sit in those bright white chairs as my family watches me from the bleachers and I finally get to tell myself, "I've made it!"



Artwork by Ruby Foster

Sunset

By Hailey Berry

Sunset oh sunset,
6:00 pm in the afternoon it must be.
Flying above the sea.
Humble, as one could be.
Your colors like the autumn leaves of a tree,
Pretty, as can be.
You mean so much to me,
See you tomorrow morning at 7:03 am.

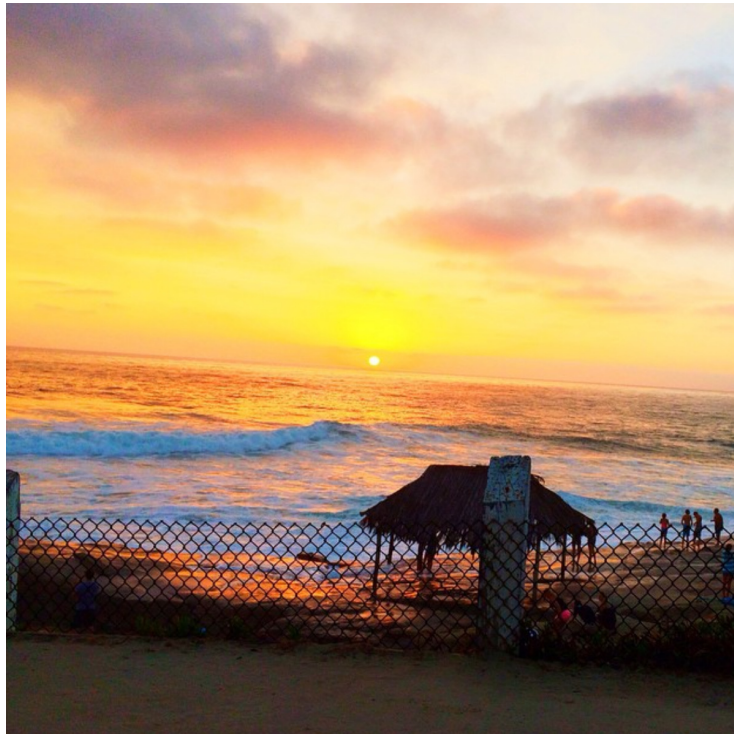


Photo provided by Hailey Berry

Advice

By Tim Chesney

On your journey take with you, your energy and soul
And if you're feeling lost, follow a dream and set a goal
Don't fear what lies ahead,
But take advantage of every opportunity instead
For I have seen your compassion and potential
Take care of loved ones, be kind and be gentle
If you lose, it's not over
Yet don't only rely on the luck of a four-leafed clover
And if you come up empty, don't grieve or fret
For the best things in your life have not happened yet

Man Up

*By Alyssa Chiquete
Inspired by an essay by Christine Joanisse*

On the news, there was a story of a 16-year-old girl named Jada, who was unknowingly raped after she was drugged at a party. She eventually found out what happened through friends and social media—because apparently there were pictures taken of her naked body after the fact.

These pictures were then posted online, and mocked using the hash tag “#Jadapose” because some people thought her naked post-rape body looked funny as it lay on the floor.

Situations like this, where a young lady is humiliated in such a way, make me wonder how such disrespectful treatment of females has become amusing.

As soon as a baby boy enters the world, it is said that the first person he falls in love with is his mother. Not only has his mother given him life, but she tends to his needs all hours of the day, and holds him when he cries. She grabs his hand as he crosses the street and she makes sure he doesn't go to bed hungry. After a long day with his dad, a young boy is still thrilled when he can return to his mother at home. In his pure mind, his mother symbolizes love and comfort.

A boy's mother will tell him he can't jump into the pool alone, and will reinforce him when he throws a tantrum. She teaches him why he can't eat ice cream before dinner, and why he should wash his hand after using the bathroom.

During his preteen years, a boy will begin to notice the differences between girls and boys. He will come to think of girls as more fragile and weak after all the boys at baseball practice made fun of him by saying he threw like a girl. He will hear his best friend talk about that hot girl in their class, as he takes special notice of all her physical features but never mentions her sense of humor or her talent for drawing.

Eventually, he will enter high school and the music he listens to will have videos showing mostly naked girls dance around men that are throwing money in their direction. The boy's teammate will tell him about his latest female "conquest," and how he has so many other girls waiting for him. When the boy experiences his first heart break, his friend will tell him to "man up," because real men don't get emotional. It will be-

come a normal occurrence for the boys in his class to openly joke about pornography, or even share intimate pictures that they have received from girls.

Without knowing it, this boy has grown into a young adult who has become accustomed to the idea that exposing a girl's body is normal and that if he's a man, he will not object to sexualizing a female.

And although he has a woman to thank for his life and well-being, he has become one of the boys that will laugh at a picture like the "#Jadapose," because he has been taught that women are sexual objects. And it's a lot easier to laugh at a horrific act that has been done to an object.



Artwork by Pamela Flores

Yesterday

By Gustavo Conde

The sunlight wasn't at the window curtains, and felt well rested. My body had much weight on it; my bed was on top of me. The piano broken, my desk indented, also the TV cracked, and the ceiling was now the floor. Slowly opened the door, my parents snored, they took sleeping pills again. Stepped across the doorway, then the second. Looked out, the rain was no longer there from last night. Oh cool, floating car.

Tommy: Mom, there goes the neighbor's house across the street (the house went upward into the blue sky).

Mom: I got to save the cat.

Tommy: Don't, mom (the cat goes like rocket punching a hole in the neighbor's house).

Mom: Holy Guacamole!

Tommy: He has a home in heaven now. Can we get a new cat?

Mom: Sure, but how do we move without going to heaven.

Tommy: Strange, God wants everyone to go heaven, or maybe, hell is full.

Mom: Lets take the bat-jet; cause daddy is batman, cool?

Tommy: I'm joker, jajajahh.

Mom: Nooooooooo.

Anyways, we go to the pet store, while people have coffee at Starbucks, and stating to adapt to hell on earth. We get to the store, the pets are going crazy, and birds GPS are taking them in all directions. Many had ended in the North and South Pole; however, the majority had hit the pavement. I wanted a ragdoll cat, and a ferret. That's exactly what I got.

Tommy: Thanks mommy, can we go and see the animals at the zoo?

Mom: (a moment of silence contemplates the mother, and she mums), yes, we can, but first we have to get your brother at your aunt's house.

Tommy: He is in for a treat.

Eventually after hovering block after street block, in the 40 floors lived my aunt, and

made great clothing fashions.

Gracie: Hello, sis, how are you doing? (She had already moved all the furniture on the ceiling and making her famous lemon cake).

Mom: I'm fine. You're adapting fast.

Gracie: Just need some whip cream?

Green Lantern: I picked what you wanted at the supermarket. Hello

Gracie: Thanks; just leave them in the counter.

Mom: Hello, are youuuuu??

Tommy: Green Lantern!!! Can I get a ring?

Green Lantern: Of course.

Mom: why did give him a ring?

Green Lantern: Don't worry, it's a ring pop, they're good for kids, besides I get tons of those. That's my job to promote the ring pop.

Brother: (Charlie comes out coughing, with a runny nose).

Mom: ohhh, baby (kisses Charlie's forehead), you have a fever.

Tommy: awww, he is going to miss out the zoo trip.

Mom: next time Charlie.

Brother: Go take a couple of pictures (coughs), will you?

Tommy: We will.

We leave the house 10 minutes after eating a piece of my aunts lemon cake. Head out to the zoo, and hit some traffic at the interstate. I guess I was the only one unaware of the current event, as aliens invaded and sucked up cubic meters upon cubic meters of water. Left us with weather, magnetic, and gravity problems around the globe. Yes, it was the radio broadcast; it was all clear now. We got to the zoo and found it empty, all animals gone, except for a bonobo, armadillo and a lemur. The National U.S radio announced that 78 meteorites would crash on the earth, and it would take 20 minutes till they arrived. Also, found a bunker, for nuclear refuge, and got in. The earth instability lasted 30 days; the earth had its initial amount of water and excess new fresh water sources. Then the atmosphere and gravity returned to normal, and the earth was no longer hell. Charlie got a buggy, and went to school in it, and all else returned to normal, with little disparities.

The Talent Show

By Clarissa Corrales

“What is she doing here?” sneered a girl. “She can’t possibly think she can win.”

“I hope she knows it’s a talent contest, not a freak show,” giggled Nicole. Then a chorus of laughs followed from a group of girls.

Hannah could hear the cruel whispers of her classmates behind her back. She had been picked on for most of her life just for being a couple pounds heavier than her classmates. Despite all the diets Hannah went on and all the doctors she visited, she could never manage to lose the weight. Although she was able to accept herself, no one else seemed to. Hannah wanted to do her best to prove to everyone that she was just as good as they were.

It was one of the most important days of the year, the annual school talent show. She had been waiting all year for it; she had even forced her mom to get her a voice coach.

“You can do this,” Hannah was trying to convince herself, “you’ve practiced this song hundreds of times.” Hannah heard her name called and knew it was her turn. While she made her way to the stage, she tried to forget the rude comments her classmates had made about her. She could feel her legs shaking and her knees becoming weak. When she got behind the mic, she became temporarily blinded by the spotlight. As her eyes adjusted she noticed that there were a lot more people than she had predicted. She slowly inhaled through her nose and exhaled through her mouth to ease her nerves. She closed her eyes, tuned everyone out and began to sing Lana Del Rey’s “Born to Die”.

As Hannah started to sing, the noise of the audience started to die down and everyone soon became engrossed in her voice. They couldn’t believe how beautiful her voice was. Everyone had seen her around school, but they had never really gotten to know her or that she had an incredible voice.

When Hannah had finished the last note, she slowly opened her eyes and saw the whole audience staring at her. She quickly blushed from embarrassment. Her stomach started knotting up and she could feel the chicken pot pie she had for lunch crawling up her throat. She put her hand over her mouth and ran off stage. When she tried to make her way to the exit, she heard applause break out from the audience. She cautiously made her way back to the stage to see who they were clapping for. When she reappeared on stage a chorus of cheers and whistles greeted her. Unexpectedly, tears

started to roll down her face.

They were clapping for her and she couldn't believe it. After all these years of getting made fun of and being pushed around, she couldn't believe they were cheering for her.

She heard footsteps approaching the stage. When she turned, she saw the principal with a bouquet of red roses and the trophy for first place. He walked over and proudly gave her the trophy.

"Congratulations Hannah, you've won first place! You blew everyone away tonight," thundered the principal.

"Th-thanks," Hannah managed to stammer. She was still shocked that she had won.

"WHAT!!!" shrieked Nicole. Everyone turned to see Nicole steaming with envy.

"How could she win, I always win. You seriously can't let this pig win." The crowd was silent and everyone glared at Nicole.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!" bellowed the principal. "I will not put up with this bullying anymore. Nicole, you owe Hannah an apology."

"Ugh, can't I just get suspended instead?" Nicole whined.

The audience was stunned. They couldn't believe Nicole would say that. They then booed Nicole off stage and started to chant Hannah's name. Embarrassed, Nicole ran out of the room. Everyone in the audience then made their way to the stage and started complimenting Hannah's voice.

"At last," Hannah thought to herself, "I finally feel accepted!"

Life is But a Song

By Bettie Coy

I sing songs of wisdom,
joy and fear.
I sing to those far,
and I sing to those near.
Not all singing is done with your voice.
you can sing how you want,
how you feel,
it's your choice.
I sing with my words,
with my actions and heart.
I sing to end days,
and I sing as they start.
It's the singing I do,
that shows me the way,
to live a good life,
and laugh every day.
It's the laughing,
the singing,
the smiling too.
You'll learn someday soon,
what singing can do.



Artwork by Ksenia Kalinina

Clouds In The Sky

By Mary Dentz

Steep and looming grey clouds float just above the thin air over the beach. They dare not spill onto the ocean for they would surely disperse. The increasing heat of the land is what gives them their power and they cling to it sullenly. Yellow, soft sand squishes between my toes as I delicately place each foot into someone else's footsteps. Clear waves crash against the shore. Their delightful sound is the sound track to my mind's wanderings. The perfect view of the entire bay is in front of me and I take my cue to sit down. Pretty sand glints up at me as if it too is excited to witness the curtains of dawn rise and introduce the second act: the sun's rise. The clouds stretch and yawn above me, reminding me of the early hour. Time unfolds and a wind picks up, spreading across the ocean shore and out to sea. An alien drop of water descends from the heavens and lands on the tip of my nose. I look up again after not having been paying any attention and the clouds are glaring at me. They seem to say regardless if you are under cover or not, we've got a shower to get going. Clouds have never been wrong so I quickly stand and make my way, sinking in the sand, back to tree cover. Of course I am never fast enough, and before one could blink an eye, a horizontal rain drenches me from behind. Once you are soaked—there's really no point in trying to get away; and, all of a sudden, I feel an ultimate oneness with the elements. Yet, without any sign of stopping the sun continues its trek over the sky on its daily toil.

A Piece Of Advice

By Tyler Eckerman

Only through risk may you gain trust,
Leave the frail to join the strong,
Betrayal will get you nowhere, and loyalty will pave the road.

Genie in a Bottle

By Allison Endo

Once, there was an ordinary boy named Alec who stumbled upon a golden bottle. He picked it up and looked at it with curiosity. He had seen bottles like this in the movies, but he had never actually seen one in real life. He cautiously took the lid off and out popped a genie. At first, the boy was startled, but then he became excited and exclaimed, "Oh my gosh! It's a real, live genie, like in the movies!"

"Yep, ask me for any three wishes, and I will grant them," said the genie.

"It's really that simple?" asked the boy.

"Yep, but be sure to use them wisely because I can only grant you three wishes, and once you wish for something, I cannot reverse it," said the genie.

"Okay. Well I wish for all the money in the whole wide world," said the little boy.

"Okay, will do," replied the genie.

So the genie took all the money in the world from all the kings and all the peasants and all those in between and gave it to the boy so that everyone except the boy was broke.

"It's all your fault! Give us our money back."

At first the boy was happy, but one day a peasant came to his door, screaming,

"I'm sorry, but I cannot do that. I wished for all the money in the world, and a genie gave it to me. It was one of my three wishes. I will not give anyone the money and waste that wish for some lowly peasant like you," replied the boy.

"But we are starving," exclaimed the peasant.

"That's not my problem," said the boy as he rudely slammed the door in the peasant's face.

More and more days passed by, and more people came to the boy begging for money, but the boy refused to give them any. He was getting so fed up that he went to the genie to try to fix his situation. He opened the bottle, and out popped the genie.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the genie.

"I want all of the people in this town gone. They keep asking me for money, and I'm sick of it!" said the boy.

"Okay, will do," said the genie as he disappeared into thin air.

So the genie took all the people in town and moved them to a land far far away, and Alec was then left alone with all of his money. At first, everything was going well. However one day, Alec wanted to go down to the store to buy an ice cream cone, but

the ice cream man wasn't there because the genie had sent everyone in the town away. The next day Alec tried to go buy a shirt from the clothing store, but the merchant wasn't there. The day after, the boy tried to go buy a chair from the carpenter, but he wasn't there either. The boy felt all alone as he sulked around town with all the money in the world but no one to buy anything from. One night the boy opened the genie bottle and out came the genie.

"What can I do for you sir?" asked the genie.

"I want you to bring back all the townspeople so I can use my money to buy ice cream, shirts and chairs," said the boy.

"I'm sorry. No can do. You used your last wish to send all the townspeople away, and I cannot reverse wishes," replied the genie.

"But...but," muttered the boy.

And just like that the genie disappeared into thin air. The boy tried to open up the genie bottle again but couldn't. He then looked on the bottom of the bottle and saw a warning that said, "The genie in this bottle can only grant three wishes and cannot reverse any of these wishes. If you wish to reverse a wish, the genie cannot grant it, and this still counts as one of your three wishes." Dejected and depressed, the boy went and lay on his pile of money. He didn't care that he had all this money. It was useless without other people around to share it with and buy things from.

Reference

I used the genie, like the author of the movie Aladdin did but in a different way. In my story, I use the genie to show the consequences of not listening carefully enough. In my story, this is shown when Alec asks to have a wish reversed. He was so excited when the genie granted him his wishes that he didn't even realize that the genie said that he could not reverse wishes.

By Sunset She Was Gone

By Katherine Gandarilla

Waking up every morning next to the person she loved and cared about was the reason why she would wake up.

Until one day the person she loved and cared about so much cheated on her.

Endless days of crying at night not feeling the same, sleeping alone.

Rarely eating.

By sunset she was gone.

Blindness Boy

By Ilana Farajzadeh

It was May 23, 2014. The day he was born.
He was a cute little baby, but his cry was like a horn.
His name was Boy, and Boy was small.
He climbed up onto furniture and even liked to crawl.
At seven months old he would scream and shout,
Anyone could tell that he was in a pout.
It was his first birthday and his parents threw him a party,
And guess who surprised him! It was Barney.
As time flew by and Boy got older,
He became more independent and got a little colder.
He would ignore his parents and not follow their rules,
He would behave badly and scream, "YOU FOOLS!"
It was his birthday; he was finally a teen,
Not eleven, or twelve, but sixteen!
He got his license and was surprised by a car,
But he did not like it, and shouted, "I want to chose my own; so take this car far!"
His mom and dad were shocked and looked at Boy angrily,
"Ok then," his mom said, "I'll take it away happily!"
Boy didn't care and stomped away.
He didn't even talk to his parents for the rest of the day.
A few years passed, he was now the age thirty,
He had wasted so much time, which made his time dirty.
He wasted his time while he went to college,
He took it as a joke, and "it" was knowledge.
Boy learned nothing and made no friends,
He misused his time away until his experience ends.
He is now sixty-three with no friends, no family,
Boy didn't realize that he was very, very lonely.
He thought back on his life, on all the mistakes he'd made,
He then realized something. Everyone around him had strayed.
Boy noticed that he pushed everyone and everything away and did not appreciate the things he had,

He wished he could have made a difference, especially with his mom and dad.
He tried to make up everything he has lost, but it was too late,
Boy did not have anything anymore, so he had to get his life straight.
Although he was old, he tried to change,
And Boy appreciated more in life, and looked at life in a broader range.
He said “hello” to his neighbors and smiled more, and more,
Boy then lived a good life, and could finally have a good snore.

Life

By Saba Faridi

Look into my eyes,
What do you see?
It's a turquoise abyss,
It's the vision of the sea,
What wonders follow the lonely eye.
It sees the water as it may seem.
What happens when eye meets eye?
What mysteries can therefore collide.
Time is of the essence,
It's one grain of sand at a time,
What is considered holy,
Won't abide in these sinner's eyes.
Who what where and why,
The waves move in a pattern,
Like the iris's vibe.
Flowing and caressing,
The black hole,
Who are you to judge what my future might hold?

Mystery Woman

By Robert Freeman

It was a long time ago, when she spoke to me last. Who closed the door that fateful cold night? I find myself asking this question night after sleepless night. I was still sweating and anxiety ridden when the cab left. I was shaking; the tireless eve went on until dawn. I worked hard all of my life, and all for what? A loveless lifestyle that endured no gratitude? That's what I was looking for, appreciation.

It was a lovely summer morning the day she left. "Que linda," how lovely, she would say. We lived in Tijuana, colorful was the polluted evening sky. We flourished, our businesses looked to the future with great ambition. Since then, things have changed for the worse. I still sought for then what I seek now, appreciation. Yes, there was a time when things were good, when gratitude was as fluid as the morning dew. Only it didn't come from my family, or the people of Mexico. It came from her. She was the one who saw what great capacity I had, the art I professed. She was thankful, she cared. The others laughed at me, they said I wouldn't make it any further. They said I was going to be a failure.

Several years passed before she communicated with me again. It was a cold unforgiving night. It was after a long shift I came home. I opened my door to find a letter stamp-sealed in wax laying unexpectedly on the floor. "Thank you," it read on the front. I recognized the handwriting right away. It was hers. I left the letter where it lay and rushed to my window. Nobody was there. The letter spoke briefly about the long time we had been away from each other, and then addressed the issue at hand. She needed what I had. Money. Years of toiling in the fields and factories of Baja California fared bittersweet, my savings were hard-earned and not easy to come by. I didn't care. Anything to see her. Only what I didn't realize is that the letter wasn't from her, well, it never mentioned who had sent it. My delusions of grandeur led me to send a great sum of money right away to the return address, like the letter had requested. That very night something entered my room. The door. I had forgotten to lock my door when I had seen the letter. I was almost asleep when I realized it.

A silhouette brushed the hairs on my lip gently. Chills ran down my back. I got up, bewildered. Was it really her? Her. Even at a pressing time such as this, she was all I could think about. I hurriedly got up out of my slumber and turned the lights on only to find that the door had slammed shut. I quickly stumbled to it. Still half asleep, I found myself at the bottom of my large complex building, with nobody outside. I heard

what sounded like a car door close. I hurried towards the noise of a vehicle whirring away. I managed to get a peek at a yellow cab darting into the quick, quiet darkness. It was done, whatever, whoever it was gone now. There was nothing I could do. Nothing but wait. I waited. Nobody came. No more letters. The money was gone, the cab was gone. The appreciation was gone.

How to “Sail” for Beginners

By Joanna García

Contrary to popular belief, sailing is super easy. After reading this short guide, you can hop right into a boat and be a pro. Since you will already be an expert, there's no need for you to bring a bailing device or a life jacket. First, while rigging your boat, you don't have to worry about tying off any of the lines; the sails will naturally stay suspended in the air. Then you are ready to head out on the water. And since sailing has been classified as a “rich person's” hobby, you won't have to worry about other people while out on the water. This is because no one will want to get sued by a “rich person.” Once out on the water simply tie off the main sheet so that you can relax and enjoy the sun. As you are cruising you may also take as many selfies as you want because you're on a !\$@&*%\$ boat! And don't worry about capsizing; that will never happen. Similar to the Titanic, sail boats are unsinkable.

The Scari-est of Scar-y Stories

By Micaela Gotfredson

Being the youngest of four and also being the only girl, I was dragged into many games and adventures that I would have rather not experienced. When I was eight years old my brothers wanted to go to 7-11 and buy extra large Slurpies. They were “babysitting” me, more like torturing me, so I had to go along. We took our red Razors and scooted down Nautilus Street. Once we got to 7-11 we got our half Coke and half cherry Slurpies and began riding home. With an extra large Slurpie and a giant Razor scooter, I was struggling. As we approached Nautilus Street, I knew something bad was going to happen. I hit a big crack in the road and fell, I dropped my slurpie and saw a huge cut on my arm. My brothers helped me up and walked me up the street to my Aunt Terry’s house, where she cleaned me up and wrapped up my arm. Now I have a scar on my arm that will always remind me of the day my brothers scared me from enjoying 7-11 slurpies.



Artwork by Ksenia Kalinina

In a Perfect World

By Lilly Grossman

In a perfect world,
There would be
No hurt,
No misunderstanding,
No judgment.
There would be
No rudeness,
No impatience,
And no embarrassment.

In a perfect world,
Everyone would be
Kind,
Understanding,
Accepting.
Everyone would be
Civil,
Patient,
And thoughtful.

But we don't live
In a perfect world now,
Do we?

Murder Masquerade

By Vanessa Jones

Chapter 1

The air inside this God-forsaken place was just as cold as the air outside; the only difference was the thick stench of formaldehyde that existed inside the building.

Guided through the all-too-clean hallways as if she were a convict, Harley couldn't help but try to peek into the research rooms, hoping to see some odd, misshapen blob representing that of a human body. Maybe one burned to a crisp. Maybe one severely mutilated. She didn't care. So long as it fed the morbid part of her.

"Now, honey, you don't need to do this," Jo-Ann, the aging police officer on hand, croaked for about the sixth time in the past thirty minutes.

"I can do this," she replied. Standing up straighter and mentally equipping herself with her strongest appearance of bravery, she added, "I need to do this."

Jo-Ann stopped walking and looked Harley dead in the eye and sternly said, "Do NOT be afraid of exiting the room the moment you feel like doing so." She made it very clear that she worried for the younger (and by far, prettier) girl.

Geez, I'm not a kid anymore, Harley thought while trying to repress the automatic action of rolling her eyes. Typical teenage notion, she simply couldn't help herself. And before letting her mind wander to her disaster of an eighteenth birthday party, she firmly nodded her head and entered the room.

Filing into the room behind her were several adults, all of whom she'd already forgotten the names of. Except for Jo-Ann. Who could forget the name of that yappy woman? Silently, two men emerged from the group and approached the wall they were all facing. One man recited numbers and one opened the corresponding "drawers" (as Harley referred to them as). How he knew which drawer was where befuddled Harley. There had to be around 40 of them across the entire wall. Nonetheless, he worked without flaw, opening each one called out by the other man, revealing a ghostly pale body in each drawer. After opening the fifth, and apparently final, drawer, the two returned to the mess of adults just as silently as they had emerged from it.

Without instruction, Harley solemnly approached the bodies; close enough to see their features, but far enough to save herself the pain of being struck with the potent smell of chemicals. No tears, no furrowed brows, no emotion. She came to an abrupt halt when her gaze fell upon the body on the very left.

"There," she pointed, "there's my dad."

How Is Our Real Best Friend ?

By Ksenia Kalinina

Two years ago, I was sitting in class. It was quiet in the room. All of a sudden, loud running noises in the hallway, followed by a scream, disturbed the English test. The teacher quietly got up and went outside to see, what, had happened. The teacher was gone for a while, so the class got really loud. I got up to go to the bathroom, or to be honest, just to see what was going on. I saw a girl sitting on the floor crying, surrounded by two teachers. She was holding her iPhone in her hand. As I approached, I realized the cause of her grief.

"It's not turning on. I have all of my information in there," the girl cried. She kept looking at the phone, like it was a living creature. Teachers were telling her something, but she didn't hear them. She wasn't able to receive any information; all of her attention was concentrated on the phone.

I came back to the class and sat down at my seat, thinking about what had happened as I looked around. I saw at least half of the class with their phones in their hands. That caused me to wonder, how had phones became so important and so precious to us?

You might be surprised if you walk into a middle school, seeing kids with iPhones and iPads, in their little hands. Their parents buy those things for them, not thinking how it will affect their children's lives and their own. Now the only way to get your child to do something, is frightening them with confiscating the phone, or not buying them Xbox for Christmas. Games became an addiction. Every day after school those kids run home to play their game. Instead of reading books or bouncing the ball outside.

Their parents are too busy to play with them, read them a story or take them out to a park. It's way easier to give a four-year-old an iPad and let him play some game, while the parents get their work done and do whatever they want to do. Then when kids get older, all they want is to get that new game, or that new phone, or a new computer, instead of wanting things that actually are good for them, things that would make their minds work and develop faster.

In high school, you must have the iPhone, so you can text, Snapchat, Instagram and Facebook your friends. If you don't have the iPhone - you aren't cool. It makes your life so much easier! Writing down your homework in planner? Oh no! It's too much work! Take a picture! Going to the library to read about your interests?

You have The iPhone. You can do it without lifting off your chair; just with a click on the screen you can find all you need ! Now more and more things are done through internet, homework, contacting teachers, online applications for colleges and even classes online, Not to mentioning all the social media that is being used every day.

I still don't know what that girl had in her phone that was so important and precious to her, but I know that it could be many things . Because nowadays your REAL best friend is your phone, and if anything happens to it - it's a tragedy..



Artwork by Ksenia Kalinina

I saw you...

By Joanna Lí

I saw you standing among a sea of weeds yesterday,
Your yellow head raised defiantly, reared with a trying arrogance
It was so cold and you were so lonely-
Perhaps just alone and not lonely at all.
Yet with your loneliness you stood with loveliness
Banana- peel locks framing your cocoa- kissed face.
Your head reared with such proudness
As you turned to me and smiled-
A radiant blaze

Emma

By Joanna Lí

Emma just wanted to impress a boy.

"I have a thing for girls who wear ribbons." The boy states his fetish obnoxiously, not realising the bizarreness of that penchant.

Emma considers the statement quietly. She disregards the eccentric partiality and chalks it up to probably a mother who wore ribbons extensively. So she wears a ribbon to school the next day, hoping that her tresses impress. Or at least, she wears what she thinks is a ribbon.

Early morning, she sidles up to the plump boy and cocks her head coyly, showing off her newest hair accessory. He rudely ignores her.

"Well? Don't you like my ribbon?" she asks invitingly, flashing a bright smile.

Busy reading his Japanese comics, the boy tears his eyes away for a quick glance sideways. For a second, his eyes folded into slits. His thick, beefy lips curl into a disgusted sneer. "Eh, that's not a ribbon. That's a bow."

She's confused. Is there really someone so uptight about ribbons and bows that they re-

ally have to differentiate between the two?

“Wait, what’s the difference?”

He scoffs derisively, upturning his porcine snout. “Well, a bow doesn’t have the tails that a ribbon has. You know, the two really important strips of cloth that hang down from the knot. It’s really quite a disparity.” The boy huffs; the exhausting effort of forming coherent sentences taking its toll on him.

As a result, Emma goes home and combs her room for a “ribbon”, looking for the famed twin tails. The search is futile, so she hits the streets on a mission to find a suitable ribbon for her elephantine boy. Unfortunately, the local accessory shops lacked the renowned ribbon thus she buys her own spool of satin from Walmart and spends hours following video tutorial and finally... she has her ribbon!

Emma washes her hair with extra conditioner that morning. She combs through the knots and ties the ribbon firmly around a handful of luscious locks. Making sure her hair is perfectly coiffed, Emma prances into the classroom ready to wow her man. She flips her hair in his general direction, wafting streams of young coconut moroccan hair spray. He looks up voluntarily from his oil- smeared phone, and his fleshy face forming the beginnings of a smile. She waits expectantly, bracing herself for the long-awaited compliment. His stout mouth begins to open, sagging with the effort of lifting the weight of his jaw.

“Your hair isn’t long enough. I like girls with long hair.”

A Letter to Justice

By Sofia Mejías

Hey,
I miss you, I really do. You always had a smile,
Despite the shades of blue, the dark undertones
I know were hidden in the bones of your body,
The disappearing light in your eyes.
I always tried to be there when you needed someone,

Always tried to cut the rope rung around your neck,
Hanging onto the broken promises and empty homes;
The bitter loneliness that was all you had known.
Your heart was something you wanted to share,
I just wish there was someone who would've cared.
I did my best to care for you, and let you know that I do.
Time and time again I found myself trying to convince you
That we are more than our misfortunes, our sour outcomes and tragic mistakes.
They are so many chances left to take and choices to make,
And mornings that bless us with new beginnings,
And remind us that life is not all about our endings.
I begged you to put up a fight, to kick and scream and shout.
To demand the night for a way out, for another day, a better day.
There is a way to happiness, that I can promise.
In reality you hadn't lost it,
You were lost but you held onto something inside of you.
A piece of hope that refused to let your smile drown,
Regardless of the pills and potions you shoved down.
I hope you know nothing could change the way I see you
Nothing could alter what I feel for you.
You will always be the sweet boy that made me feel loved,
You are a savior to me, you remind me of what it's like above,
Beyond the petty problems we face every day.
You remind me of a prettier place.
I think you're a lost soul trying to go home.
I hope you find the right way to go.

With love, Sofia.

Daydreamer

By Sofia Mejías

I wonder what she thinks when she stares into the sky,
Sometimes I think she's watching the birds fly,
But from the way her eyes glitter,
The way they illuminate in the sun,
I think she's somewhere much more beautiful.

She told me she likes carnations,
The ones with the petals that have white edges,
She said things seem so much more real,
When they are surrounded by light,
When the day shows the truth hidden by the night.

I've seen her scars but I never ask.
I think its a part of her past
That she struggles to make peace with
I think all her cuts and bruises
Are from trying to pick up the broken pieces.

She tells me she has been here before.
Her soul is old but her body is young,
She teaches me that the material world is a constant war
Our spirit searches for a way out
I believe her without a doubt.

Those boys saw a pretty face,
But they could never recognize divinity.
It is a great big city that we live in,
To find an angel among sullen faces
To find light in the darkest of places.

She is beautiful,
She is a holy shining spirit in a godless world.

A pure heart past her sins,
Her eyes still shine that little girl
Almonds eyes and blonde curls.

I think she thinks about home,
When she's looking at the sky.
I think she misses flying among the birds,
This world has always been so cruel,
She tells me her heart could never be ruled.

No More Apologies

By Sophía Mejías

I am truly genuinely sorry.
For so long I have taken responsibility.
I have claimed the shame and humility
Of a thousand pains and a million mistakes
That I had never made.

There have been times
Where I felt selfish for breathing,
For there are many people leaving us
And I wonder if it's because of me.
Perhaps I should be the one to leave.

At moments I was regretful that I have emotions.
From the dry deserts to the pacific oceans,
People bleed from wounds deeper than mine.
They lived and survived,
So my sorrow and hurt must have just been a waste of time.

I used to be so apologetic,
For people always seemed to be in pain.
And though I gave pieces of my heart away to stop the rain,
There was hurt I couldn't heal.

Wounds and scars that I was never able to seal.

I am truly genuinely sorry.
I had accepted responsibility.
I had wrongfully taken on the shame and humility
Of endless pain and indefinite mistakes
That I had never made,
That I have learned will never be mine to make.

School Haiku

Aidan Mendel

Teacher keeps talking
I can't stay awake much longer
Let's all take a nap

Work Day By Day

By Isaac Moreno

Work and work is all we do
I wake up every morning and tie my shoe
It's like a daily dose of deja vu
I'm sometimes late a minute or two
But what am I supposed to do
I'll work on me, you work on you

The Fallen One

By Thomas O'Loughlin

Before there was light, there was a guardian. This guardian stood over the universe as it began, nursing it to health as it blossomed. The world was an infant and even light was new to the world.

He once was the savior of worlds, even galaxies. A true savior and champion of the people of which he protected for millennia. Nothing could stand in his way, nothing. He followed the greatest responsibility given to him by the keeper of light, the one who watched over all things. All was well since the birth of the world, even to present day, and even into the majestic future of man. It had seemed that whatever the darkness could forge from the shadows he would obliterate it with the power of light. Now man, the people he fought for for millennia, had reached a future in time in which everything was possible. They began to resent the champion of light because they felt stronger than he was, they felt like they were being treated like children, even though in truth they had no idea what the guardian was fighting and protecting man from; they believed that they were at an even greater level than he. So man crafted its greatest weapon specifically built to destroy the champion of light. For 20 years man crafted a special glowing cannon-like device that would shoot out a beam that on contact with the champion would absorb his light and draw it back into the cannon's reactor, corrupt and poison it, and then fire it back into him. Theoretically this would kill the guardian the moment the beam struck him when the poisoned light reentered his body. Man waited for the next centennial ceremony, where the champion would come to visit man and witness how much man had progressed over each century. So they took the champion to a very large experimental room of which they told him they had a surprise that they hoped would please him. They turned on the device while the guardian was distracted and fired it; the guardian was seriously injured; however, the guardian defended himself from the blow, but instead of killing the guardian on contact it poisoned him and in a beam of light he vanished from the room. He left from the world and was appalled at what they had tried to do to him. He retreated back to the keeper of light and his temple. When he arrived, a sudden chill went down the champion's spine, utter shock and fear filled him at what he saw and even more fear at the fact that he was dying. The once great and holy temple, the very heart of light, where the guardian had been raised, played, trained and eventually given the honor to become man's shield, was in ruins. With great haste he limped throughout the ruined temple

in search for the guards, the other angels, but more importantly, he frantically searched for his master. He searched rooms of all sorts while having flashbacks of his becoming. The more rooms he found empty and eroding and rotting away, the more desperate he became. Everywhere he looked was desolate and void of all life. Eventually he came to the once holy, well-lit great hall and was sad to see the even temple's heart was in ruin. There was no one there; the great tables, plates, cups, silverware, tapestries, and carpets that had once encased beautiful colors were now grey, like old cracked stone; however, out of the corner of his eye, he saw someone sitting hunched on his side on the great throne. The guardian limped closer to the throne and was left in tears; on the throne was the keeper of light hunched on his side, his entire body stone – like his holy crown. The guardian fell to his knees and embraced the keeper's body with many streams of tears flowing down the stone body. The guardian continued this for some time until the statue's arms wrapped themselves around the guardian and the keeper of light let out a few words. He told the guardian to be strong and never give up, ... and with that, that last light left the keepers body, and the statue crumbled to dust in the guardian's arms. After this the guardian continued to weep as the dust of his mentor sifted through the cracks of his fingers; slowly but calmly a soft wind carried out through the temple and carried the dust of his mentor away. With no hope for himself he pulled out a chair from one of the great tables and over time and much thought he realized that the keeper of light as well as the temple and its occupants were completely made of magic, magic that relied on the worship of man, and without it ... well ... the result was surrounding him. This was because man no longer believed and no longer prayed to the keeper of light because believers thought it was pointless and unnecessary. The champion then learned he was alone and from this grew anger towards the people he had once protected. Darkness grew in the champion's heart.

The darkness came to the injured dying champion of the light that had fought the powers of darkness for what seemed like an eternity, and offered him power, power unlike he had ever known before and together they would attack man, the people who had betrayed him because they believed him superior no more. Out of blind rage the champion accepted the dark offering and the darkness consumed him, his body began to change, scales began to form around his skin, his nails and toes turned into claws, a great tail grew from his lower back, his face began to warp itself, it was now elongated with two large horns upon his head, his eyes were as dark and as thick as blood, his teeth became razor-sharp and multiplied until they were protruding from his mouth, his breath reeked of death, and two jagged torn bat wings grew from his back. Now he was now the very incarnation of darkness. He now knew man's greatest fears, man's

greatest weaknesses, and even man's deepest secrets; nothing was hidden from him now. Now what was left of the champion of light was gone; his once warm heart full of light, was now senseless and pitch black. Now he was known as the fallen one. He descended from the ruined temple and set out to attack man. When he approached man, man felt uneasy at what they saw, some even vomited at his fowl breath, even so man laughed at him, attacking him with the weaponry that nearly destroyed him before. Nothing happened, though, not even a scratch was on him after the powerful blow. The fallen one then let out a demonic laugh that sent chills to even the souls. He lashed out, killing people everywhere with sinister vigor. He ripped people limb from limb, his breath spread like a plague, he even went as far as to desecrate and devour people. He triggered natural disasters. Then he rose just atop the world and blotted out the sun and then grappled with the very power of creation; even the darkness was shocked as to see what it had created. As the fallen one powered this attack that would end everything, pleas came from the earth, pleas of sorrow and forgiveness from man for forsaking him. The fallen one only showed a smile and said, "There was no hesitation when you tried to destroy me, now I will show you the same thing." He then discharged his attack and destroyed the planet. He laughed at the terror and suffering of billions of screams coming from the damned planet. He felt no remorse or guilt for destroying man, and carried on to serve the shadow and destroy anyone who would defy it.

This is the story of the fallen one...

Perception

By Sydney Robertson

You may look at a tree and see simply a tree,
While someone else might look at a tree and see an opportunity.
Just like you can never really see yourself,
you will never fully see another.
The way we perceive things are on two completely different levels.
No two people see the exact same tree.



Picture by Sunshine Robles

An Ant's Adventure

By Michael Romero

Once upon a time, there was an ant that lived on a leaf floating on a pond. The ant didn't know how it got there, nor did it knew was to get off. All it knew was that it was stuck there.

As the days passed, the ant could merely sit and observe its new home. Its leaf was about six inches long and four inches wide. The front and back fortunately curved up, protecting the ant from the pond's wrath. The leaf itself was soft and, for the ant, edible. Moisture absorbed by the leaf from the pond offered water as well. So the ant had water, food, and a promising future.

But one morning as the ant lay on its leaf looking out at the water, something strange happened. The water started to splash and churn around the leaf until finally a green beast with powerful legs sprang from the water high into the air, carrying the leaf on its back. Once the ant regained its perspective, it realized that it was now precariously traveling quickly across the pond on top of a frog. Any second, the frog could submerge, ending the ant's life. But instead, the two made it to shore. As the frog set food on land, something long and skinny ambushed the frog, sinking its fangs into the frog's neck.

The new creature was a garter snake. As it consumed the frog, the ant and his leaf drifted onto the snake. Now the ant rotated back and forth as the snake slithered along shore. As the snake made it into a clearing, there was a quick gust of wind and the ant and his leaf were now eighty feet in the air. A hawk had grabbed the snake with its talons and was now carrying it high into the air for the death drop. The hawk let go and as the snake shot towards the ground, the ant gently glided back towards the pond. Up in the air, the ant got a good look at the pond. It was a near-perfect circle about twenty feet in diameter. Directly in the center was a small island covered in tall pinch plants. As the ant fell, he came closer to the mysterious island only to sink below the plants and end up in a spider's web. Meanwhile, the hawk had been blinded by the falling leaf and crashed into a tree.

As the ant landed, the web shook violently as the spider came out to attack its new victim. He saw the leaf but not the ant, who lay hidden. The web started to tremor until it collapsed under the combined effect of the weight of the leaf and its moisture. The spider fell to its death while the ant gently glided down to once again land on the pond. Apparently, this was one lucky ant.

Born Again

By Riana Sanchez

By sunset he was gone,
Allowing himself to move on.
Choosing to be released,
From the endless choking of the everlasting beast.
He had been captured,
By too many factors,
Working together hoping for his demise.
He no longer had the sparkle in his eyes,
Due to the endless highs,
That had turned him into an empty and cloudless sky.
He looked for a tomorrow,
That would promise a life without sorrow.
So he closed his eyes, and began to dream.
He felt the surge of a violent scream,
And in that instant,
He became nothing but an infant,
Seeing the world with innocent eyes.
And from that moment he said his goodbyes,
Finally able to rise.

Turquoise Water

By Naomi Saldana

The water was clearer than he remembered. He hadn't been to his family's beach house, not since that lonely night thirteen years ago. He remembered that as a child he thought of proposing to "the chosen one" in front of the beautiful clear turquoise water.

He had spent hours making sure that every single detail was just right. When she finally arrived he took her through every single step of his plan, getting more nervous the closer he got to the end. He had reached the final step; the sand. They sat enjoying the view and each other's company. He finally gathered all the courage he needed and took the box out of the sand, then she looked over and saw the ring. She began crying and her vision became blurred; she ran towards the beach house. He sat there for a minute until he processed what had just happened. He ran after her. When he found her, she was sitting on the floor. He kneeled down next to her and asked if she was crying because she didn't want to marry him. She began sobbing uncontrollably. She took out a piece of paper and showed him. It was from the doctor. It said that her brain tumor had expanded and was now covering more than four fifths of her brain. He was taken aback. He had known she had a brain tumor but last he knew it was the size of a quarter. He was shocked, heartbroken, surprised, hurt, and sad. He looked at her with watery eyes she looked at him and whispered, "Yes".

"I want to spend the rest of my life, or what I have left of it with you."

They went into the bedroom and lay on the bed. After a while she knew he had fallen asleep. She tried but couldn't. She couldn't bear the thought of leaving him alone once she died. She decided that she'd be gone by the time he woke up the next morning. She quietly gathered all her things and wrote him a note.

I am leaving not because I don't love you. I'm leaving because I do love you. I don't want you to get more attached to someone who doesn't know whether or not she'll live to see this winter. I don't want you to waste your time loving someone who can't love you as long and as much as you deserve. I don't want you to live in the hospital just to see me die. I want you to go on with your life, without me. It's better this way. It might not seem better, but the faster you restart your life, the better. I am truly sorry you have to

go through this. I'm doing this for us.

-Love, Jess

That note had haunted him for years- thirteen to be exact. The morning he woke up and found her note he sped to her house but found she wasn't there. He sat on her couch for hours but she never came home, he called her a million times it seemed but she never answered. He fell asleep on the couch crying. He called her parents, her friends, and finally her best friend answered. She told him she was in the hospital and the doctors were going to pull the plug. He drove as fast as he could to the hospital. When he arrived to her room he was twenty seconds too late.



Picture by Orianna Rodríguez Tejeda

Throwback to Blocks

By Nick Vanstrum

In kindergarten, we learn to cooperate with one another and share materials in a group environment. Kids dabble with the art of building wooden block structures. Looking back, this was a favorite past time of mine, which I believe reinforced positive social development.

Take a step back toward the past and set foot into your shoes during kindergarten. Today is Groundhog Day and of all the macaroni art made in class today, yours is the “most bestest.” After a much-needed nap from today’s hard work in class, the teacher brings out the wooden blocks. Arriving in a myriad of shapes and sizes, the engineering possibilities are endless to your young mind. Straight away, you begin stacking the blocks straight on top of one another and build a massive tower, only to have it tumble away. You begin to experiment with a variety of block shapes and place two rectangular blocks next to one another. As the search for new, unique forms of wooden block continues, your eyes settle upon a classmate’s half-donut shaped block. A dialogue between you and the student, Juan, ensues:

You: ‘Can I have that block?’

Juan: ‘Yes you can.’

You: ‘Thank you.’

Juan: ‘You’re welcome!’

Through such a simple interaction, foundations for one’s concept of sharing and strong emotional bonds are formed. As Juan gives his block to you, he gives up a piece of his personal block collection. Juan’s immediate loss of his block leads to a feeling of regret in his sub-conscious, which is soon replaced with satisfaction and a smile, one he returns to you with optimism for the future of the friendship you’ve formed.

No Rain, No Rainbows

By Emily Veliz

Before the rainbow, comes the rain
Without the struggle, there is no triumph
To enjoy the good times, we have to have known the hard times
Not knowing the cruel people in this world would keep us from seeing the value of
those with good intentions
No hard work takes away the satisfaction of a reward
Without the sorrow of tears there would be no joy in smiling
The balance of good and bad is part of how life works
And without rain, there will be no rainbow



Picture by Orianna Rodríguez Tejeda

Do You Believe?

By Milena Zeray

Do you believe in destiny or do you believe in luck?
Do you want to continue or do you want to simply give up?
Do you want to forget or do you want to remember?
Do you want to fight on or do you want to surrender?
Do you want to march forward or do you want to remain?
Do you want to be set free or do you want to be chained?



Picture by Orianna Rodríguez Tejeda



Picture by Isabella Wang

The Awaited

By Rae Trim

She took her last breath.
Looked at her feet,
Shut her eyes,
As tears fell down her cheek.
She whispered her last wishes;
Nobody could hear
Opened her eyes
That was the end, my dear