



*Everyone has a story...
There is power in stories...
Here are ours...*



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Please note that there may be grammatical errors, etc., but since this is narrative writing, we chose not to edit them in order to retain an authentic student voice.

Foreword

JCCS is committed to empowering students to develop their own agency, maintain their identity and connections with their ethnic groups and communities, and build an ethic of success that is compatible with cultural pride. Throughout the year, students have opportunities to present their work to others and engage in relevant and meaningful experiences. The Quarter 1 theme is “What’s the Power of Stories” because as Jimmy Neil Smith said, “We are all storytellers. We all live in a network of stories. There isn’t a stronger connection between people than storytelling.”

Here are our stories.

English Language Arts

Creative nonfiction is defined as truthful stories told with a narrative arc or storyline. This means that even though creative nonfiction is considered to be an informational text, they include narrative literary devices like conflict, plot, descriptive details, dialogue, etc. Students were asked to compose a creative nonfiction narrative detailing a moment or experience from their life in which they learned something powerful about themselves, others, or society.

History

Students took the content that they were studying in history and wrote creative nonfiction narratives, or retells on a historical event.

Six-Word Stories

This unique subgenre of writing requires creativity and very careful word selection, which conveys power and meaning.

Science and Math

Students analyzed data and then wrote data stories. Data storytelling is the ability to effectively communicate insights from a dataset using narratives and visualizations to engage the reader.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS



SAN PASQUAL ACADEMY

Hey Baby!

by Anonymous

I was in the car on my way to San Pasqual Academy, my new placement. I was scared because I was afraid of new changes. My heart pumps fast, then slow, then fast, and back down again. I was all in my head saying “It’s okay” and “You got this!” I didn’t know what was coming next. I was scared to make new friends, afraid to be the new girl. As I walked in, my heart was beating again; fast, slow, fast, slow, “Boom, boom, BOOM!”. Then I saw the most beautiful Black Woman. She walks up to me and says “Hey baby!” as she hugs me like she has known me forever, and suddenly, my heart slows down, and it’s calm. She makes me laugh, and then I realize this place might be alright after all.

Real Football

by Anonymous

I was born and raised in Africa but now live in the US. The US is a great country because I experience a lot of different things in it. The country is a peaceful country with good hearts, and loving and caring people. When I first got to the US, the first person I met was very kind to me. Since that day, things have looked pretty good and cool to me.

In November of 2022, I got a placement at San Pasqual Academy. In the next few weeks, my case manager asked me, “Do you want to go to a football game?” I said yes, of course, I really like football a lot because where I am from, football is the number one sport.” I love football, and I also play football too. He said, “OK then, let’s do this, be ready in a few minutes. I will pick you up in a little bit.” I said “Ok, that sounds good to me.” I did my fourth prayer and put things together and was good to go. I sat on my bed, waiting for him. In about

a few minutes, I heard my door knocking, “Come in”, I said. He asked, “Ready?” “Yes,” I said. We drove to the football game. The moment we got there I was surprised about this football because the football I thought we would watch was not what I expected, but I really enjoyed watching it. How the ball is kicked, how they run with it, tackling, and the equipment they use in playing the game, like shoulder pads, helmets, and other stuff about football is nice and cool.

After the game, I was curious about the game, so I asked my case manager. “I thought you said we would watch a football game.” He said, “yes, that’s football.” I said, “No way, please. I am talking about football.” They play with legs, there is a keeper in the pole and there are 11 players on the field.” I was referring to real football. Finally, he said, “Soccer!” “Yes,” I replied. He explained to me that the game we watched was American football and the real football we call soccer here in the U.S. I never knew that there was this type of football in the world until I got here to the US. In Africa we usually call soccer football and it is common and popular over there.

I was surprised when I went to my first US football game. When I heard football, I assumed it was a soccer game. To my surprise, it was completely different, yet similar. Both sports have the same number of players on the field. The formations are different, but the goal is still the same: to score. Players from different cultures and backgrounds unite as one. I tried it, and I accepted it, because I’m the type of person who loves sports and is open to new things. I know American football is a physical game, but it is pretty cool and amazing. Sometimes, people are different. They come from different places and do different things, but it is good to try different things. Sometimes I wish that there were more opportunities where people could travel to different countries to experience different things and discover our similarities and what makes us different.

Strong Finish

by Anonymous

It all happened so fast. Once the gun went off, I took down the track. The announcer said, “J. G. from Monte Vista is starting off strong.” I keep going, and I hear the distant sound of someone close behind me. The first lap is done. I keep going, and at this point, I’m starting to get tired, and then I hear something right behind me. The announcer then said, “This is going to be a close race.” Fifty meters done. One hundred meters done. Another 150 meters done. Now, at this point, we were neck and neck at the last 100 meters. Now I turn and

glance at him and think, “I’m not gonna lose, I can’t lose, I’m the king. I took off, pouring all the energy I had left into that last 100 meters. The announcer says, “Ja’Zaiah G., with the strong finish, wins!” I collapsed, drenched in sweat, feeling drained but happy. After I recovered, I went and picked up my medal proudly.

What a beauty!

by Anonymous

She has long black hair with two different colored eyes, the left hazel with a cow patch as green as the northern lights. Her right eye, the color of the leaves that fall off the trees in fall, so fiery and warm. She sits on the cement bench on a windy dark day to admire the statue under the tree. The leaves on the trees sway back and forth as she sits, listening to the white noise coming from the movement. So innocently enjoying the beauty of nature, knowing she’s a part of it, only adds more beauty to the picture. She comes to this place to find peace of mind, to feel one with nature, and to reconnect with what technology has taken from this generation. She’s different; she’ll be the woman everyone will be asking, “How did she do it?” She cares so much about what most of her generation lost touch with, maybe even something they never got the chance to experience.

Much like everyone around her, she has her flaws, but she is much different from the others. She’s constantly working to improve herself and do what the other 90% won’t. For this, she takes great self-pride. She would rather take a walk in the park than scroll on her phone all day. She would rather wake up at the crack of dawn every day to prepare for the day, attend school, and proceed with sports and extracurricular activities. Also, it is important to mention the extensive amount of time she takes taking care of herself by working out.

As she sits, the wind blows past her ears, moving her hair ever so slightly out of the way of her beautiful eyes. She stands up from the bench, and the leaves on the tree start to fall, at first just one, then two, then all at once. An abundance of leaves surround her and slip under her feet like a carpet one, two, three. She spins in the air with her new friends; she twirls, her hair blowing in every direction. She stumbles and shakes out of fear; she’s never experienced something like this before. She’s coming of age; in this moment in her life, she realizes how connected she is with nature. She calms her mind when she realizes how safe she really is now. Her favorite quote is, “Actions speak louder than words,” and her new friends only speak through actions. What a beauty!

My Friend Daisy

by Anonymous

All I hear is chatter from the crowd. Suddenly, upbeat music is blasting from the speakers on all sides of the Shamu Stadium. The chanting begins, “Shamu! Shamu!” I come out from behind the curtain with a smile on my face that can be seen from a mile away. “Welcome, everybody!” I shouted to the crowd, “How are we feeling today?” The crowd screams with excitement. The presentation starts with the slide show, “Whales,” where I talk about Shamu and its bent dorsal fin, and about what they eat, and how long they are expected to live.

This whale is 2 years old now and I’ve been working here for 5. I have performed with her mother whale before, but once she gave birth, the park decided that she shouldn’t be involved in tricks and performances. We’ve been training together since she was cleared by our professionals.

The presentation continues. “This whale’s name is Daisy. She is a young, sweet and playful creature”. I show pictures of me and Daisy together in the water as she’s gradually getting bigger and showing more and more personality. I train daily with Daisy; she’s my friend. She has her personality; she has charismatic and playful behavior.

I dive in the water, and the whale grabs me by the foot, heads to the bottom of the tank, and rushes to the top with my arms in the air. I break the surface, and I’m thrown in the air. I do a pike dive and splash back into the water. The whale is lapping the pool. It cuts it down the middle, dives under me, and jumps to splash the front middle section of the stadium. The crowd screams, and the show is going great. Daisy swings back to the backside of the pool by the stage. She grabs me on her way back and brings me back to the main stage, I feed her a few fish pieces to prepare her for the next trick. Daisy treads by the middle of the stage when I dive over her and turn. She grabs my feet and does a lap with me around the pool. I take a breath before she goes deep. She rushes to the surface with me on top of her and I do my last flip. We take a bow, and we end another successful performance.

Weird Taste

by Anonymous

One night, I felt so thirsty, so I grabbed and drank a whole water bottle. The room was dark, with no lights on. I wondered, “Why does it taste so weird?” After turning on the lights, I found out it was actually bleach in the bottle. I was taken to the hospital and threw it up with Gatorade.

My name

by Anonymous

It was May 16, 2006, and my mother struggled to find my name. She called my siblings in the delivery room to help. She asked, “What would you like y’all sister’s name to be?” Everyone was saying different names. Finally, my mom got an idea. She asked for a piece of paper and began writing down all their names in order from oldest to youngest. She decided to combine all of their names into one. My oldest sibling’s name is Opalla, meaning Queen. The second oldest name is Micah, which means princess. The third youngest was my brother, Oji, meaning the king. My mother chose the letters that stood out the most in their names. She took the A’s out of the oldest, the M out of the second oldest, and the I from my brother’s. However, my mom felt something was missing. So, she added a couple of letters from her name and an added apostrophe. The apostrophe represents the rareness of my name. My name is M’Niya, and I’m the emperor of my family. As a Black Woman, many think that our names are ghetto or ratchet. Little do they know our names carry the same significance as everyone else’s, probably even more. I never recognized the importance of my name. However, now is the time to show others the royalty of my name.

Floating in the Sky

by Anonymous

“Shotty 2! Shotty 2 on one! Ready! Break!” The score was 23-16, one minute and twenty seconds left. We needed to score soon and fast. I lined up and noticed the defender standing where I wanted to go. I quickly thought of an audible, “Mike! Mike! I’m running 99!” I yelled as loud as I could and then came the long-awaited cadence. “Down, Set, Go!” Still out of breath from the plays before, I ran as fast as my lungs could allow, sprinting past the defender. I turned to see the quarterback running to my side of the field. I quickly swiveled my head around to get a better angle on the ball, a defender was right behind him as he was winding up to throw. As soon as the ball was in the air, time slowed down. I could see the ball floating in the sky, frozen. This catch could decide the game. Finally, time resumed and the ball fell perfectly in front of me and into my hands, I cradled it like a baby until I heard the whistle. I couldn’t believe it was there sitting in my hands. In such an important part of the game, I was actually able to pull it off. As I turned and saw the referee signal for a touchdown, a sense of pride flowed throughout me. This was a much-needed boost in my confidence.

Let Me Clear My Throat

by Anonymous

As I walked through the halls on my way to class on a Monday morning, I had just remembered we had a speech due today. While walking in the door, I was nervous because I was unprepared. I hadn't rehearsed because I'd had a cold all weekend. As I walked into the classroom, my teacher asked if I was ready to present my speech. I said yes because I think I have enough memory from Friday since we've had the weekend off. I go to the front of the class where everybody can see and hear me. As the first sound leaves my mouth, my voice cracks. I felt embarrassed and even more nervous now that everyone looked at me. I thought to myself, "I did not just do that. That didn't just come out of my mouth." In shock, I said, "Oh shit-" out loud. I cleared my throat quickly and deeply, looking around the room and all the faces looking back at me. My cough from my cold was starting to rumble up. All I could do to bear with my embarrassment was to laugh it off, ignore what happened, and continue speaking. As I'm laughing it off, a cough comes from the deepest part of my throat. "Can my voice just give me a break?" I think to myself as I try to get over it, looking at my teacher for validation. She looks at me calmly and smiles, and with a simple head nod, she encourages me to continue. I cleared my throat one more time and delivered the speech effortlessly.

I Hate Math

by Anonymous

I never understood math because I hated it so much. My first memories of math are when I was quite young, either six or seven years old, when I was living with my aunt and her family. Every night, I used to sit down at the dinner table with my brother and cousins, and my aunt put on her teacher's hat and provided math instructions. Most of the time, I didn't know the answers she asked, but I still played smart till it was time to check the answers, and I got them wrong. I got laughed at by my family, telling me I was going to be nothing, which hurt so much. I was never able to finish a lesson. After a few wrong answers, my aunt always told me to go to my room; the walk to my room felt like a walk of shame.

One day my aunt called my mom and told her she thought it was a good idea for me to stay with them for a longer period of time than the one was agreed upon initially because she could help me with math, and my mom agreed. I did not have any say in that decision, and most definitely, I would not have chosen to stay with my aunt and uncle and their kids, that was my worst nightmare. My aunt and uncle disciplined all their kids, me included, with

physical punishment, and their house was messy. I always felt uncomfortable living there. When I heard that, I cried, then I prayed, and I asked God, "Why me?" but no answer was given.

I remember hearing my name being called loudly, "Josette," as I wiped away my tears and I hurried up to go to the living room. There, I was told the news I didn't want to hear. "You're going to be staying with us, so make yourself at home. Your mathematics lesson starts tomorrow." Quite frankly, I was scared to death. I didn't even know why, but I was.

The following morning was like any other, "Say your prayer, brush your teeth, and when you are done, meet me in the living room," my aunt said. "Yes, Mom," I replied. As a cultural tradition, in Africa, we call the elderly women in the family "Mom". It's a form of respect, so that's why I called my aunt "Mom." Learning time came along, and it was horrible. My head was all over the place, I couldn't pay attention. I was kind of mad at myself because I didn't know the answers, and I wanted to be this perfect daughter. I felt hated by my aunt. There was no love there, even when she stopped my mom from hitting me, it was just her way of telling my mom she got it and she could take the hit from there.

I remember one time when my mom came to visit me to check how I was doing. I thought she was there to take me home, and in my head, I was saying, "Thank you, God," but it was just in my imagination. As usual, it was learning time with my aunt. I solved the math problem, but I got it wrong. I thought my aunt was going to be sweet. She seemed sweet at that moment, but when I turned around to fix the math problem, I got the worst spanking ever in front of my mom, and she was supporting her. I felt rage, anger, and hatred towards my family, but I learned to let go because I felt they were trying to make me better, and I told myself I was going to be okay.

While these painful lessons continued, I asked if my aunt was teaching correctly. She irritated me, as well as her sons, daughter, and husband. I didn't want to hate them. Part of it was why I hated myself a little bit, but over time, that little of hatred turned into a lot of hatred. Every time I had a chance to be alone, I cried and asked myself, "Are you okay?" but deep down, I knew I was mad. When I asked myself, "Are you hurt?" deep down, I wanted to die when I asked myself, "What can I do to solve the problem?" I knew damn well that I couldn't solve the problem.

These memories are still very much alive in me. I still don't like math, and I am not sure if it's because I don't find it interesting or it's because it is still a painful subject. Whatever the case, I would rather prefer to be in any place but a math class.

Student-Athlete

by Anonymous

I always knew I wanted to play football when I saw my guy friends play and watch it. From there, I started watching it and didn't even know what was happening half the time but I knew that I wanted to play and I needed to play. It would give me this feeling like no other, and I hadn't even played yet or knew how I just knew I was going to someday. At the time, I was playing soccer but basketball and violin it just never felt like me. Don't get me wrong, I was good at all those I was in advanced violin, and a pretty good soccer and basketball player to never fully feel right.

I started playing the violin when I was in the third/fourth grade. I was always very naturally good at playing instruments but gravitated towards the violin more. When I found out about football my interest in the violin had decreased. One day I realized I was no longer interested in music. There was a flier going around promoting the co-ed football team and I felt drawn towards the idea. That is when I decided to try out for the team but was denied the chance to play because I was a girl. When I found out the only reason I couldn't play on the team was because I am a girl, it sparked something in me, a drive to find a way to play. I kept trying to advocate for myself to different staff members of my school to try to figure out a way to play football. A couple weeks into the football season I met a new coach named Mr. Alex.

After meeting Mr. Alex, I found out that he was going to start a new football team, which I decided to try out for. I made the team and that's how my football journey started. Despite being a girl, Mr. Alex believed in me, which inspired me to continue playing and gave me the confidence to continue playing despite what others thought or would say. He would motivate me during practices and games, and because of the confidence that he gave me I ended up being better than the boys on my team. Eventually, I became captain and then quarterback of my team. Once I entered middle school, I had to face my challenges all over again and found myself being denied from the football team again. I then decided to explore my other options, I knew I was good at basketball and joined. After my basketball season ended, everything turned into chaos. I heard the speakers go off during class, and they announced, "Everyone pack up your stuff. We are taking two weeks off of school." That is when I realized it wasn't just a two-week break and a global pandemic was starting. Because of the global pandemic, everyone was forced to stay at home and do online classes. This prevented me from playing any sports. This affected me because it kept me from doing something I realized I loved doing.

Two years later I could go back to in-person school and I was really looking forward to trying out for flag football when I got told that it was canceled due to Covid-19. This made me feel like it was an excuse to keep from playing flag football because they still let me play basketball. I ended up moving to San Pasqual Academy. When I moved here, I decided to try out for the flag football team again but was denied again because I was a girl.

After getting denied so many times, it aroused a rage and a drive to work hard, and I decided that no one would ever tell me that I'm not able to play because I'm a girl or do anything because I'm a girl again. Once I got to high school, I was finally allowed to join the tackle football team. Although I had joined the football team, I still had to prove myself because I was a girl, and it felt like I was viewed as weak. Therefore I had to go the extra mile and work harder than the guys on the team even to get playing time. Coach Serrano always saw something special in me. He always believed in me more than I did at times, which gave me a lot of inspiration and confidence when I lacked it. As well as Coach Toomey and Coach Mark, who also inspired me and made me into the player that I am now.

When I struggled with a lot of personal stuff, my Coaches, Toomey and Serrano, were always there for me. They never gave up on me when it came to football and my personal life. They taught me helpful and healthy coping skills as well as making a plan for my goals. My goal was to get better at football and to be seen as a real football player and not be seen as just "the girl" football player. Another goal of mine was to get healthy, not just physically but mentally as well. Throughout that process, there were highs and lows, but my coaches were always there to back me up and pick me back up. This mindset eventually became a routine for me. Their support helped me not just in the physical aspect but mentally and emotionally as well. This mentality helped me get back on track in school. I feel as though I have grown as a person and have matured into the person I am today. For example, my coaches have helped me think about my future. They have guided me into being a student-athlete, which is something that I always struggled with. I always thought of myself as an "athlete student" and would find myself struggling in school and coming across many complications in my education, which would affect me in everything that I would like to do. They have helped me see myself as a student-athlete, which has opened up a lot more doors for me and has made me begin to think about my college options and what I want to do with my future. It feels as though they planted a seed in me and helped me grow a little bit of the tree, and now it's my turn to grow the branches.

Overall, having a good support system has helped me believe that I can become whatever I want and do whatever I dream of, I owe a lot of this to having good supporting coaches.

I plan to keep growing my tree and take the lessons I've learned with me throughout my life. Because they planted and nurtured the seed, they helped me grow. Now I can grow branches on my own.

MY DAD WAS AN OPTIMIST.

by Anonymous

When I heard the words, "Your dad passed away last night. I'm sorry," my heart felt as if it had been a hot air balloon that had popped and got torn apart. I dropped the phone and screamed. I didn't want my dad to leave this quickly. At that moment, I realized that my relationship with my dad had just started making a stronger bond. My peers were around me in shock and in my sadness, I fell to the ground. I screamed, "Give him back!"

He believed that one day, he would get his big prize and be vindicated.

I thought of you again today,
but that is nothing new. I thought about you yesterday
and many more days too. I think of you in silence
and often speak your name. All I have are memories
and a photo in a frame. Your memory is a keepsake
from which I'll never part. God holds you in his arms today.
While I'm stuck here holding you in my heart.

Letting Go

by Anonymous

My exploding moment was realizing I needed to let my ex go. It would be better for both of us. He would always stress me out and have me thinking about how I'm better off without him. We always blamed each other for everything wrong we did. It was not healthy. "I'm going to miss him, and I hope he will miss me," I would tell my friends. So, I made the action by blocking him and deleting him from social media. It was hard the 1st week. I would think about reaching out to him, but I didn't. I always had to remind myself how I was acting and how I felt when I was with him. Since he's been gone, I've been doing better and feeling better. He tried communicating several times, but I'm stronger than that, and I've moved on.

Bloody Apple

by Anonymous

8:00, my mom would wake me up. I slept on a bunk bed inside a pink-painted room. She made me sausage, scrambled eggs, and potatoes almost every morning, but this morning was different. Waffles, the cheap kind, eggs, and milk mixed with chocolate powder she gave me today. I usually sit on a small pink table and watch SpongeBob while eating breakfast. My mom would get ready then because I had preschool at 11:00.

10:00 comes, and my mom already has me ready. I'm now waiting for my mom to finish getting herself ready. She gives me an apple while I wait for her. I bite into the apple, and BOOM! One of my front teeth started wiggling, and blood was everywhere. "What's wrong, Marlene?" my mom said when she heard me start screaming. She's in the living room looking at my mouth, "How did this happen?" "My tooth is bleeding." She has a solution all of a sudden.

"Come outside now," she yells from the front porch to me. She is holding a string in her hand. I'm confused as to why she's holding a string. She then tied it around my tooth and said, "Close your eyes it'll be fast." I closed my eyes, scared because the tone of her voice was firm. "1...2...3!" she yanks the string, and my tooth follows. It hurt, but it was time to go, so we got in the car like nothing had happened. "Don't tell anybody what happened," she says, but I told everybody.

Troubled Kid

by Anonymous

So here is a story about a little dumb-ass kid and how he used to be not giving a f*ck about the world. He wouldn't care if he got in trouble. He used to run away from foster homes because he was sad. Deep down inside, he wasn't ready to let go of his mom leaving him. Especially leaving him to go be with some men who were just using her for money. She didn't care, but it's okay because she learned to regret it later. He bounced back, and she knew it, too, so he didn't care. He accustomed himself to not having feelings for anybody. He just shut off everybody and would trust no one because every time he chose to trust people, they would move on. He bounced home to home like "whatever." He feels like every time someone tries to act as if they care. He knows they are just trying to use him for what he has. He rather cut them off completely because they think he's stupid, and that is why he

just doesn't mess with people. Then, one day, he thought to himself, "Do I want to follow in my mother's footsteps?" He realized he didn't, so he got himself together, got through the obstacles in his life, and stopped running from his problems. Then things got better. He moved into residential and then group homes till he got to the place that had many, many opportunities, and he used his resources to move on with his life.

CTEC

Midnight rides

by Adrian H.

It was midnight. I snuck into the kitchen and grabbed the keys from the hook next to the junk drawer. Afterwards, I had to make a fake me by filling my hoodie with pillows and throwing on a blanket over the dummy. I crept through my window, careful to not wake up my dog. I slowly tiptoed down my driveway and opened the door slowly. I hopped in, and called my homie to help me push it. Once he got here I put the car in neutral and took the E-brake off. As we pushed it back I turned the wheel to the left and the car slowly went down the hill from my house.

We jumped in and went right to the freeway to race people, then after we got off the freeway we went to a deadend by Encanto and tossed the car to do donuts. As I had my left foot on the clutch and the gear in first, I slightly started to press the gas. Right when I got to 6000 RPMs I let off my left foot and turned the wheel left and the car started to slip. It felt as if we were driving on ice because of the feeling of the car sliding smoothly through the street. As I turned to look at my homies I saw them recording with joy in their faces and excitement. In a flash the car had stopped right when we got out the freeway and my heart dropped to my feet. We had to get off and push it under the freeway bridge. I was shocked and I didn't believe it. We put the E-brake on and popped the hood to see what was wrong. I overheated the car and the wheel was on wires. Unfortunately, the car didn't start so I called my cousin for help. Luckily he came and helped us push it all the way back to my house. As soon as we went down my hill, I parked it back where it was. I turned the wheel to the right and put it in first gear. I got out and locked it.

The next day my parents came up to me in the morning and they knew I took it because when I came back to sneak into my room my door cracked open a little. They grounded me for two months and took my phone and made me pay for what I did to the car.

HELPING

by Brayan S.

I was heading to my 3rd period, anxious to go inside the classroom and knowing that I wasn't going to get anything done. I walked in, nervously sat down, and grabbed my computer out of my backpack. I logged in and we started the coding process. Next thing I know, we are two pages in and I'm super lost. I wanted to raise my hand for help but I felt so embarrassed to do it in front of the whole class.

There were about 20-30 students in this math/coding class. I was in the very back with no eyes on me, my arm was half way up, but I felt like I had a stupid question. I saw all the students super focused. I was the only one looking side-to-side slowly raising my hand, waiting for someone or something to come and save me. At that moment, I realized that this wasn't going to happen and that I had to catch up somehow. After the teacher finished his lesson, I called him over to my desk and asked if he could help me out. He replied, "Brayan next time you should pay attention and not ask at the last minute." This made me feel dumb and wrong for asking but then, I was regretful for not asking for help on time because I could have finished with the rest of the class.

After going through this bad experience it taught me that not all teachers are unhelpful. I've learned to ask for it when I need it the most. It's good to ask questions because the more help you get the better your work gets. I realized that my mindset should be set to the things I want to accomplish and that it should always be positive and never negative.

One day at a time, blessings come

by Ginger N.

Imagine being eleven out at the park on a cold day with nothing to keep you warm, no one but your mother who is holding you tight to protect you and keep you from getting cold. This particular day happened on a rainy day in 2018. My mom had just got her EBT refilled and she wanted to get us something to cook at the park grill. She made delicious carne asada and she shared with the other homeless that were at the park with us as well. She loved

helping them because they would always help us too. We were like a community, just a group of people going through it together. There would be times where people who weren't nice would come and bug us. My mom always covered my eyes and ears because she didn't want me scared. I knew she was scared too but she was so good at hiding it just so I'd feel safe.

It was a sunny day and as I slept I could feel a fresh cold breeze on my face as I laid in the grass. All I could do was sleep, well, that's all I wanted to do. I used to make bracelets to sell to have money in our pockets. I always made a good profit by doing this. One time I made at least \$30 and that was enough for me and my mom to get food and other things that we needed. One time I wasn't paying attention to a person who wanted to buy a bracelet and they stole my money when I wasn't looking. After that I kinda just gave up and stopped. A couple days after this altercation the same man came back to the park and he was drinking with some friends. I recognized him and told my mom,. She told me, "mija don't make eye contact and try to stay away from him." I listened to her words and stayed away. At the time I wasn't sure why I couldn't look at him. I mean why not? I was full of so much anger. I felt like something needed to be done, but I didn't do anything. I let it go because it was a very valuable moment for us since we were just two women alone. Later that night, he was drunk and on other substances and we were laying down ready to go to sleep under the tree. He came and just started to stomp around where we layed. I was scared but my mom just covered my head under the blanket. He just kept saying things out of anger. I remember him saying, " hey girls" as he mumbled but my mom ignored him and that made him mad and upset. Sooner or later she got him to leave. She told him to leave us alone or she will call the police. That definitely got him to leave. And we were relieved. This made us very scared but it just made us more cautious for the future.

From this experience I learned a lot, I learned that the streets aren't safe for women and how I never take for granted having a roof over my head. Now I take advantage of it every chance I get. I don't ever want to feel how we felt ever again and my mother makes sure of it. My mom will forever be the one I look up to and always admire. She is such a strong woman. I've learned that not all struggles are bad, some are lessons and it's our choice if we want to learn from them. Now that you've read my story I hope you learn to always be grateful because everything you have can be gone in one snap of a finger.

The tool foo boy

by Juan Rangel

For as long as I can remember, the Corvette has been around. There's a picture of me sitting inside the nice cream white cloudy brown car when I was only 2 years old. For 5 years it was just stored away and I finally got to work on it with my uncle. I was so stoked to finally hear the engine. It scared me because it was so loud once it finally turned on, it made me jump a bit. When I heard the engine for the first time it sounded like an unreal noise, it was like music for any mechanic or any car collector. It was so loud and clear you can hear it idle on its own like an original muscle car.

I was seven years old when I was helping my uncle work on his brown and white 1974 Corvette. He taught me and showed me the main parts of the car, how it is controlled all by a battery, and how the battery recharges on its own when the car runs over 10 MPH. Looking more into the car after going inside and trying to crank it, it wasn't giving no sign of it trying to turn over. I got out of the car and told my uncle that was it, so we proceeded to look closer to it. Later on he noticed that rats were living inside the carburetor and made a nest so no air was going through. He was mad that he told me never leave any car sitting for a while without giving it service. He told me to go under with a flashlight and asked if I saw any sign of any live animals living under. I went down. I told him no, but I did see rat poop, so we went down and did a trick with the gas tank. We noticed a rat was chewing on the gas cap and a nest of rats was living there. He told me the whole gas tank is going to be replaced, so he told me to put on gloves and help him loosen some bolts from the gas tank. We noticed the gas filter cables were chewed up, and after removing it we went back to the hood and put a bucket under the car near the tube. We got a cone filled with gas, tilted it after cleaning the carb, put gas directly to the carburetor and tried cranking it again. It was cranking over. We later got some new pair of spark plugs, like magic it turned on for a quick 30 seconds with the gas we had in the cone, and we knew the engine was still alive.

I showed my uncle that I was interested and really wanted to learn about cars. I've always found them interesting. I have a Cadillac Brougham, 1989. I've had it for over two years and I continue to work on it. I have been changing parts and I have changed her brake pads and discs once in a while. I enjoy working on cars so much that I have also changed my pop's truck's brakes too. I enjoy getting my hands dirty while working on the engine when the spark cables need to be changed and when the valves are clogged.

Birthday Feeling

by Linda C.

It was the morning before my birthday. I woke up feeling nervous. I'm not sure why this happens every year before my birthday. I never really feel excited because I never expect much from anyone. I was going on about my day hoping my birthday was somewhat fun. My sister picked me up later in the day. I spent the night at my sister's house excited because I would have her to be with me on my birthday.

As I was getting ready I was wondering if anyone else was going to come through for my birthday. I never really planned anything, I just let the day go by. It was the afternoon now, about 5, and it was slowly getting darker. For whatever reason, every year on my birthday I cry. It's weird feeling yourself get older. My sister walked in the room asking me why I was taking so long. I walked out to the living room to see plenty of my loved ones. My mom was holding a cake with my favorite colors with a big smile. My aunts and uncles were sitting holding presents. My nieces and nephew gave me a hug and everyone was ready to sing happy birthday. I sat down with a big relief, thinking about how I was stressed all day. My mom started lighting my candles as I stared at the pretty cake surrounded by my favorite people.

Before my birthday I felt like no one cared. I went into my thoughts and thought about how ungrateful I was, thinking no one would really care. I realized how important family is and maybe it was me that didn't care enough.

The Moment that Changed My Education

by Rian M.

It all started on a Friday afternoon after school when I was leaving 7th period Integrated Math I. One of my closest friends at the time came up to me telling me that he was in trouble and might need me to help him. Once I had it figured out that it was a fight I didn't hesitate and went to help him.

Once I had seen my friend running out of the school gates I looked up to see the hot sun shining on my face. I was wearing a hoodie, backpack, and jeans. I was feeling hot as lava. Once I had reached my friend I saw two guys jumping him. Once I saw that happen I decided to take a swing. I did not know that this one swing would change a lot. A few minutes later I started to hear the roaring siren that came from a police vehicle. I tried to leave the area but

I ran onto the dead end street. Once the cop saw me he proceeded to tell me to get on the ground and then arrested me. Once I was handcuffed and patted down they processed my information. Once I was in the car I was treated like a normal person. The cop explained to me why I was in trouble and on what's going to happen next. I was around the age of 15 so I was nervous and kept asking him, "Where am I going now?"

I started to Drift away in my thoughts thinking about what is going to happen to me.

Am I getting let off? Or am I going to a juvenile center? As we rode in the car I stared out the window and tried to figure out what was going to happen next and where I was headed. Once this all came to an end I had gotten suspended from school and then kicked out a week later. I am glad this happened to me when I was young and not sent to juvie.

This was a Powerful experience for me because once the cop had an altercation with me he started to pay attention to me more than he used to, which made me a target in my eyes. This moment changed the way I think about things and how I react before I do anything. So now that I've explained to you how my experience went, what would you have done in my situation?

ENTER THE DOJO

by Stevan L.

As I start my first day of Judo, I enter the dojo with shaking legs and feeling nervous. I felt my heart sinking but I knew that being scared wouldn't help me at all. I built the courage up to go on these mats and fight these people I barely knew. I started Judo when I was sixteen years old and I'm still there.

When I started sparring, they put me to fight a guy the same age as me. When we fought I expected him to be better than me. I was wrong, I beat him. I won from the top to the ground. Then, I fought another guy a little bit older than me and he was better than Me. He was very good on the top but on the ground he was very sloppy.

There were two things I learned that day. The first one was to never never underestimate an opponent no Matter how big or small he or she was. The second one was that it doesn't matter how badass you think you are, there's always going to be someone better than you.

This was a very good experience for me to learn because it made me realize that I wasn't as strong and badass as I thought I was, and it made me reflect a lot about myself. This made me more calm and humble and showed me to always think before you act.

EAST MESA - ECHO UNIT

I was born in Chula Vista on a cold night during spring of March 23, 2008. When I was a baby I would make funny faces & noises. I've lived many places such as Poway, Escondido, Chula Vista, Mexico & Linda Vista. My favorite place I've lived was Linda Vista because I had many memories with friends & family. The schools I've went to are Midland Elementary, Twin Peaks, & Kearny Mesa.

Pets I've had or have were fish, cats & birds. Two important events in my life were when my grandma passed away when I was young. And when my dad passed away. My favorite hobbies were drawing and music. I've also played competitive soccer for a club. I like to go to Mexico because I visit my family and go out to eat or shopping. After school I would like to work for the county like juvenile hall.

my life

I was born in 2007 May 3 in the morning in a second child. I lived in downtown Los Angeles for a year then I moved around for a while, till my mom and dad got divorced then I moved and grew up in Riverside. My first place I lived was Riverside I made all my memories there. I went to Arlington high school in Riverside. I got suspended and expelled from there so I went to Remond's Community School. I had a pet dog named Luna I had her for 3 years before she died. I love to celebrate my family Birth days it means a lot that I could be there I care a lot about my family. I like to go out and chill with my friends at a park or any public place. if not I like to play games. I like going to the Vegas to walk the Strip and smoke a blunt look around. When I get my high school diploma I want to go to college to get my ~~degree~~ Business degree so I can open up my own dispensary that's my life. AA

EAST MESA - CHARLIE UNIT

My life

by Ryan H.

I was born in 2007 May 3 in the morning i'm a second child. I lived in downey los angeles for a year then i moved around for a while til my mom and dad got divorced then I moved and grew up in Riverside. My favorite placed I lived was Riverside. I made all my memories there. I went to arlington high school in Riverside. I got suspended and expelled from there so I went to Rain Cross Convention School. I had a pet dog named Luna I had her for 5 years before she died. I love to celebrate my family birthdays it means a lot that I could be there I care alot about my family. I like to go out chill with my friends at a park or any public place. If not I like to play games. I like going to Vegas to walk the strip and smoke a blunt look around. When I get my high school diploma i want to go to college to get my business degree so I can open up my own dispensary. That's my life!

Untitled

By Anonymous

Once upon a time there was one little mouse out of a group of mice. He lived in a nice glass tank with a big family, a running wheel, a nice house, food and water. Every little mouses dream was to leave that tank but in this case this story is about one mouse and his dream of leaving the tank little did he know it was going to be worse than he dreamed.

It all started on a regular day with the pet shop open with customers coming in and out. The mouse was just trying to live a regular day like every other day he lived, as he was mind ing his own business running on the wheel, drinking water, eating and back to running in his wheel.

One day, as he was running on the running wheel he randomly got grabbed by the tail, as he was lifted out of the tank by his tail he reached for his family and said "meek meek save meeee!". His family was feeling sorrow knowing that they were going to miss him. As the little mouse got lifted outof the tank he gently got set down in a cardboard box, purchased by a human and left the pet store in a box just a little bigger than himself. As he peeked through the little holes in the box he couldn't see much but he could tell it was going to be a long journey until he made it to his new home.

The ride was so long that he almost fell asleep but there was a Sudden stop of movement. As he heard the click of a door handle and a thud of a car door opening the box he was in got lifted by a human and brought in doors and set on a table. The mouse watched through the holes in the box as his knew owner set up a tank with a house, watter, food, and a knew running wheel. Once the tank was set up the cardboard box was open and the human put his hand out this time unlike what happen at the pet store he didn't get icked up by his tale this time he gently crawled into the humans hand and got lifted into his knew tank.

Once the mouse was in the tank he realized it was time to settle in so he got to work. First thing he did was went to his little house and started making it comfy. After he settled in he realized he was feeling lonely and missed he family he was now the only mouse in the tank and he felt imprisoned, so he stared planing his escape.

After his owner finished filling his water and food he waited for him to go away. Once his owner went away he tried climbing the walls but the glass was slippery so then he realized that he was going to have to climb on top of his house to get out he didn't even want to eat all he cared about is trying to get out and back to his family. One day hi was climbing on top of his water bottle and on top of his house he was so close to the brim of the tank about to escape the the human came and saw him the human said "hey! get down from there and then opened the lid off the tank and pushed the little mouse off the top of his house making sure he wouldn't escape.

This happens day after day and the human realized his pet mouse was still not eating, and he caught the mouse day after day trying to escape so the human said to himself "maybe the poor little thing misses his family maybe i should think about getting a knew pet", so the human packed the mouses house up and put him in a nice cardboard box getting ready to return him back to the pet store.

The mouse realized the ride back to the pet store through the little small holes in the box. Once they got to the pet store the mouse could see his family already from the front counter

as the human was exchanging the mouse for a pet snake. After the mouse got returned the store owner gently set him back in the tank to reunite him with his family. The little mouse was just happy to be back cuddling with his family all in one little house.

YOUTH TRANSITION CAMPUS

Untitled

By Aquantes R.

“ You ready Russell ? ”..... I look back “ for what Ms Ramero ? ” “ The next step to home ! ” My Heart starts Pounding , hands sweating “ I’m going home ? ” She shakes her head slowly “ I wish that’s the news I had , you’re going to YTC to finish your commitment ”. I stood up and said “ wait today !? ” she smiles “ YES im so proud of you hang in there Russell I believe in you ”. I walked up to her to hug her “ Thank you for making my stay here at East Mesa Combterbal ”. She hugs me back , “ Your my favorite Russell pinky promise me somethings ” while hanging your pinky finger out , I lock it in “ yes? ” “ Don’t come back to jail, go be great and never stop”. “ I promise Ms Ramero Just for you ”. Officers telling me “ come on Russell or do you want to stay ”. I said my last goodbyes to my favorite officers and went on my way to YTC !

Do you remember being a newborn and beginning to walk, then you went to McDonalds for your first time ever and got to play on their play structure? Well yeah that was me when I was getting transferred to YTC from East Mesa. Being able to see the city again! Man It just makes you smile Because East Mesa is far out by the border far up in the hills all you see is deserts and other County jails and Prisons. My heart began to beat fast again and my hands were sweating like I just washed my hands and did not dry them off.

Pulling up the driveway to YTC Transition campus my heart starts to slow down because it doesn’t look like a juvenile hall it looks more like a college campus. “ Welcome to your new home” says Officer james... Pulling me out the car and walking into the doors I see big flat screen TV’s on the walls, thinking “ maybe this isn’t so bad”. Officers began to take cuffs off me and led me into an INTAKE room. Officer Sanchez opens my door and asks me

“ Did you eat lunch at East Mesa?” Me Looking up towards her “ No”. She replies “ are you hungry honey?” “ Yes, what did we get for lunch?” She looks up at the ceiling while thinking “ Ummm I think some spaghetti but if i can’t get you a tray i will make you a cup of noodle , do you want these cookies while you wait ?” I replied “ Yes thank you ” “ you welcome honey I’m Officer Sanchez by the way” while closing the door. 15-20 minutes go by she opens the door with a lunch tray and some juice and fresh cold water “ here you go sweetie, i’m trying to get you to the unit as soon as possible the kids get out of school at 2:30 around 6:30 you should be going over there do you want a book to read?” Me grabbing the tray “ thank you and yeah sure i’ll take one to burn time”.

6:20 PM Officer Sanchez , Dr tran both came to my waiting cell , me thinking it’s probably that time. My only mindset was to walk in here, chin up, chest up, stand my ground and run a smooth program. “ Are you ready russell?” said Dr Tran I replied “more than ready”. Officer Sanchez and Dr Tran began to walk me to the unit, I began to see big green trees, more space outside, 4 basketball courts and also a basketball Gym. My mind was only thinking “ Oh yeah i got this ”. I walked into the unit and I saw other Youths at their door. I was really surprised because at East Mesa when you walk into a unit Youths would be screaming at you yelling their gangs but here when i walked in they were quite calm and most of them knew who i was but i didn’t know anybody. Officers began to greet me and tell me the rules and more about the unit. About 30 minutes later they opened my door so I could shower then after I returned to my room to sleep.

Next Morning I woke up, got ready , then Officer Franco opened my door to come out for breakfast. I went to my table then youths asked me my name and where i’m from.

Clearly, my first day at YTC was welcoming and calm. From coming from 2 LA jails then being transferred to East Mesa Now at YTC this experience taught me to really be grateful for everything you have because in a snap of a finger and blink of an eye it could all get taken from you! Don’t complain about your situation because there is always somebody out there that has a worse situation than you. I was told by Officer Morris that I got out October 13th and I’m just happy to get a second chance. I advise you to get a job, finish highschool and have a future plan for life... God Bless

Untitled

By Elijah T.

It’s Not like how they say it is! My first day in Youth Transition Camp was really great, It was

like i was in a whole different place. I had just came From East Mesa Juvenile Detention Facility & I was on the waiting list for a transfer.

YTC is a very strict place, They made me wear pants that fit, small shorts but I didn't mind because being at camp is one step to going home. When I first walked through the door I thought about my older brother who also went to YTC. I thought the place looked like a college, to me it looked hella nice and I knew I was gonna enjoy my time at this camp.

The people were not that bad also, no problems or anything. I really liked the officers too but they are hella professional unlike east mesa, the food was the same also.

Clearly my first day at YTC was odd & fun, i learned that it is a place i don't want to come back to even though it's not that bad its not home. You should just stay a kid and stop trying to grow up fast because it doesn't get you anywhere. Being locked up is not a position you wanna be in.

Untitled

By Esteban R.

How would you feel being locked up for a long time? Tell you what, a word to describe it is tiring. After 5 months turning into 6 and i am ready to go home. This is very annoying having to deal with these people. I don't know how I keep calm sometimes but actions have consequences. I guess you might be wondering why? Well I'll tell you.

Being locked up is pretty easy if you make a name but when you have to do good to get out or else stay for another 6 months if you mess up that's when the stress becomes heavy. Tell you this I got close to fighting and if the guy was about that business I would have ended up fighting and getting a hopeful commit but gladly the guy didn't hop up. My probation officer said I'm not going to put this in your report but don't let it escalate, I thought it was easy. I got into this mess by breaking some guys' noses for a stupid reason. I don't know what was going on with me. I just got mad over a face he made and started firing off. I heard "Someone is going back to East (East mesa)" and I was trippin (worried). Went back to East mesa to fight some more, came back did good, I got another chance little did I know getting it was easy but doing good for the rest of my time wasn't.

Now it's October, a month away from going home but I still can get another commit/term if I mess up so it's no different from a couple months ago I have to keep my temper

down somehow. This for me is hard, having to deal with different types of attitudes is hell especially in this unit not putting my hands on others is hard. The officers always say "Cmon Ruffo you got one more month you got this, stop acting stupid" Most of the time I do it due to my situation. Every morning officers say the same thing without exaggerating word for word. thing ive been locked up 2/3 of the year so this is very frustrating. I just think to myself "One more month Esteban, One more.

Untitled

By Jonathan G.

Late at night, the smell of black top and liquor hit me in my face when I took a step out of the passenger seat and leaned on the hood of the car.

Friends coming up and greeting me. All so loud and laughing causing attention. The lights from the apartments to my right and to my left are the only lights around with an empty basketball court on my backside. The park and the cemetery we always go to are on the same block a couple of steps from each other. Feeling great to be back home after a couple months spent in detention.

Fresh haircut, fresh clothes , and fresh out. I could tell you it's the best feeling but you will never understand how it feels to get your freedom back, unless you've been there. Homies got music bumping and passing me bottles. As Well as giving me lectures about everything and anything while we laugh. Fresh graffiti everywhere making me anxious about the cops showing up or even worse pin it on me which is the last thing I need , yet I still want to be there. From the outside looking in we all probably look like bad people but we actually are polite, respectful and most definitely loyal but people don't want to risk and find out which I can see why. Ain't nothing more than just friends having a good time.

Later on we decide to go on a little drive to the store which is a little further because they stay open longer and after that meeting at an older friend's house who's inviting some girls over. New faces. I love the feeling of the empty road , dark sky, and feeling more free than you would in the daytime. A reality hits me and I wonder why I'm here and what my life has come to.

In closing , all these feelings rushing through me makes me realize and get a fat reality check. Makes me see what situation I put myself in . And all for what, why ? I don't know.

Untitled

By Kevin C.

“Pack your things you’re being transferred to camp” Is what officer Becker told me on november 14th 2022. I didn’t expect to move right after my court but I was ready and nervous, I had never been to YTC yet. About 30 minutes later I was shackled up, tossed in the transfer van and on my way to camp. Where I didnt know anyone or what was expected from me there. I finally arrived at the intake where I was processed. Eventually I was about to be transferred as soon as they opened the sallyport hallway I WAS SHOCKED! I instantly felt like I was no longer in custody but in a 6th grade camp. As soon as I hit the cottage I was relieved that it was nothing like East Mesa. Everything felt so homey and everyone that was in the cottage already knew me from previous times being incarcerated. This is when I knew my time would fly by sooner than I expected.

When we came out of our rooms I sat with some of the homies I already knew and began to play spades while we caught up a little. Eventually it was shower time and I was so confused when I was brought out to shower, The showers were nothing like what I imagined they looked like actual SHOWERS! In my head I was telling myself I could really get used to this. Looking at it now it was not good since It made me comfortable and ended up coming right back. What blew me away was how we got commissary EVERY NIGHT. I wasn’t talking about just ice cream like at east mesa this was the real deal Soups, Hot Pockets, gatorades, chips, and any other snack you could find at a grocery store. Most importantly I was glad I was able to hug my mom and see her in person instead of being behind glass, it was also very convenient for her since we didn’t live that far and she wouldn’t have to be driving 45 minutes anymore. My time was going by pretty fast without any problems but sooner or later everyone has a few bumps on the road started gettings Rv’s which is something theyre very strict on here at YTC it just started going down from there later on though I started to better my behavior and began to do better than most of my peers.

A couple other months went by and I was almost home. One morning officer Miranda woke me up and he said “get ready you’re going on a outing.” I was excited and felt happy since this meant I was one of the ones who was actually doing really well, enough for staff to trust me and take me out of the facility for the day. We went to David’s Harp for the whole day. We were able to make a couple songs in the hours we were there overall it was a great experience. At the end of the day I was back to the facility which felt weird since I didn’t want to leave and come back EVER but my day was coming up soon. Finally March 17,2022 had come by sooner than expected. I had a review hearing they went over how well I was doing

and they fast forwarded my release date to that SAME EXACT DAY!! I was happy I was able to go home 13 days before my set release date. Overall my YTC experience was way better than what i expected I’m glad they really care and try to rehabilitate us before we get sent back out to society.

Untitled

By Ramiro U.

On a hot morning I woke up and the guards said get ready for school and later on around 11:00 the guard vega said pack your stuff ur leaving to camp. so I packed all my belongings and the guard walked me to the IBR/Intake. Later after that I was chained up and got put in the transfer van and we hit the road. After a 30 min drive we arrived at YTC and i got processed and later i got taken to a cottage everything was nice and better then east mesa. When I walked into the cottage I felt kinda scared and nervous but then the next day when I came out for school I saw some kids that I know and i didnt feel nervous any more. I was calm. When the guards introduced themselves they welcomed me and told me how the programs run and how the schedules worked and when we go to the commons to eat and when we don’t go. They told me we always have to keep our shirts tucked in and always have shoes and pants for school and have our beds made everyday before we come out.

When I came out everyone was like “where you from” I said i don’t gang bang anymore cause I wanna try to change my life around and do better for myself and my family.They said “Oh Alright” and they walked away.Then the people i knowed walked up to me saying “why are you in here” i told them i got a new charge and a violation charge. But I told them this was my second time being in here and I said “This gonna be my last time being in jail”. After I leave YTC and go home ima do better and finish school and get my diploma and do better for me and my family especially my son. I can’t wait to get out next month.

A Couple days being here at YTC made me feel better and get used to It and after I been here for almost a month made me notice the time flies by so quickly and how they help u with school and credit recoveries to catch up on some credits. I take the advantage of all the help I can use and I started to do a work readiness program to help me with job applications. YTC is not that bad then i thought but they also told me if we get into fights here we get a RV and it adds more time to are sentence and If we get into more then 4 fights we get sent back to east mesa juvenile hall and we have to wait for are next court date and get a different sentence then we got before. If we get a hope sentence we will be here from 6 months to 1

year, and this will be my last time being here at YTC. It's nice and stuff but it's better to be home with my family but when I first walked into YTC I was like wow It really does look like a college campus. The food here is hot and the juices and milks are really cold. The food is kinda better then,here and the visiting Is really nice and when your family members come to visit they can buy you a soda and a snack for you.

Finally, I realized jail was not made for me.This would be the last time I would ever get locked up cause I want to be free and do stuff. Spending time with my loved ones and having more memories with them and spending holidays with them and especially with my son. Especially I missed my siblings and my mothers birthday and next year I won't miss them again for dumb decisions I made to get locked up. I truly choose to do the right things not for me but for my loved ones.

Untitled

By Ta'Vares W.

In August of 2023, my first day at Youth Transition Campus was very overwhelming. This institution is located in Kearny Mesa and is built like a college campus even though it is a Juvenile Hall. I did not think this institution was going to be so nice, so it was a big surprise. My fellow inmates were chill and made homies fast. Even though it was Juvenile Hall I felt welcomed.

SOUTH COUNTY COMMUNITY SCHOOL

The Beach

By Adelina R.

On August 1, I went to the beach with my classmates. When I got to school we got everything ready to go to the beach. Before we left, my classmates were playing football. They were passing it around the classroom and one student threw the football and hit the teacher's drink and spilled it on her computer and papers she had on the desk. After that we went upstairs to the van. Some of the classmates had to go in a different van because we didn't

all fit in one. Also, in the van we were listening to music on the radio. We had to stop by the store close by the beach to get some ice. After the store we left straight to the beach. Once we got to the beach we all got out of the van and got everything off the van. Some of my classmates were helping the teacher with the food and drinks. After they put the drinks and food on the table the classmates got ready to get in the water. Sadly, I couldn't get in the water. Before everything I went for a walk around the beach with my friend. Then my friend left with the other classmates. I saw one of my classmates playing soccer by himself, so I went to play with him. After that it was around 11 already which was lunch time so I went to call everyone. Then we ate sandwiches and everything. After that they went back to the beach, and I stayed with teachers and other classmates playing uno. It was around 1:25 and we were just there sitting down talking to each other. After everything it was already 1:45 so we had to leave back to school, so one of the teachers went to call the students while me and other teachers and students were putting everything away in the cooler. We still had to wait for some students cause they went to the restroom to change and get ready. Lastly we left the beach and we got to school, one of my classmates realized that he lost his phone, but the phone was in a different van and the van was going back downtown. The teacher that was driving it had to bring the phone back with her and the student had to wait in the classroom until the teacher came back.

The Albion Cup

By Anthony R.

When I was at practice 3 weeks before the big tournament, it was almost one of the biggest tournaments In San Diego. This tournament was my first time playing in it and as the captain my mental state needs to be in a good place for it. So I had a lot more pressure then a lot of people also because I'm the main player for that team. But I kind of had a bad feeling about the torment because there was a tournament a couple of weeks before the Albion Cup and we lost it. Also we were all a brand new team so it was a bit more difficult. But those 3 weeks before the tournament I was pretty excited because it was a very big tournament. But I had to stay focused for it so that week the training sessions were a lot harder. But I can tell that we were getting better than when we first started playing together. So I started thinking about if we could actually win the tournament. But I knew it wasn't going to be easy. So the next week came now 2 weeks before the tournament. We were still preparing for it. Practicing everything we could, working hard so we could win the tournament. So 1 week before the tournament our coach told us that we were getting 3 players to help us

out in the tournament 2 were coming from Hawaii and 1 of them was coming from East County. We were told that they were pretty good so we got a lot more confident. Also that same week the teams that we were playing got released and the teams looked very easy so I really thought that we had a good chance of winning it. So the week passes and the weekend comes. The day of the tournament it was a far drive and our first game was at 11 in the morning. And the drive was about 2 hours. So we left my house at around 7:30 in the morning. I was kinda nervous but to calm my nerves down I was listening to music. So we got food and started driving. When we got there I noticed the fields were very nice. But we only had 1 game that day. So I got there and started putting on my cleats and stuff so we all started to warm up. And we saw them warming up and they looked pretty good. We finished warming up and then the other team that was playing on that field finished their game so we went on and kept warming up for an hour that game we lost. 3-2. So the next day came and we had 2 games and the first game of that day we tied. As soon as we tied that game I knew that we couldn't have won the tournament. Because we either have to win all three games or lose 1 and win the other 2. But we didn't so the last game we at least won it. But it was a tournament to remember for the cool experiences.

A day at the beach

By Brandon O.V.

It was a sunny morning. I was prepared to go to the beach. I had been talking about the beach all week. It was around 12:00 when we started going. We decided to go to La Jolla on the trolley. Everything was going good till we started getting closer and closer to the beach.

I said to my girlfriend, “ the weather changed really quick it kinda looks like it's going to rain.”

“Yeah a little bit we'll be fine though,” she replied.

We got to La Jolla. We were doing good but as soon as we got in the water our legs paralyzed and felt numb after 5 minutes. Then it started to rain a little and the air was windy.

I said to her “We should've checked the weather before we came.”

“We should have.”

After we laid down on the sand when the rain stopped. We fell asleep and woke up when it was almost dark. We then walked to the bus stop and got on the bus. We got to the trolley

station and it took an hour or more for me to get home. We then walked to the house. It took 20 minutes. When we got home we took a shower and did laundry. When we got finished with everything we were tired and sleepy. We slept well and woke up for school the next day on time. After that everytime we go to the beach we check everything and plan everything before we go. Everytime we go to the beach we talk about that day and how irresponsible we were.

My Broken Hand

By Erick D.

It was a hot summer day and as usual I was outside riding my bike with my two brothers while my dad was on the lookout for us. Me and my brothers were riding fast and me and my big brother always liked hitting tricks on his bike and so did I, while he was hitting a trick I decided to follow up hit one too but that didn't end to well for me, as soon as I tried to jump my bike I went forward landing on my left hand and breaking it and on top of that my bike landed on top of me. I stood up in pain but I wasn't crying. I was angry because I had just broken my hand over the stupidest thing ever. My dad saw this and called my grandma and dad so they could get out of the house and take me to the hospital. On my way to the hospital I was fighting the urge of crying because the adrenaline had rushed down my body and I was in so much pain. When we got to the hospital I still had to wait for someone to check us in, as soon as I was checked in they rushed me to take an x-ray. After they took me to a room where I was waiting for someone to come check on my hand. The doctor came to the room and started working to put a cast on my hand. After he was done he was explaining to me that I would be on a cast for at least 5 to 6 months. I was devastated because 6th grade started in less than 2 weeks and I was going to be on a cast. He also explained what things to do and what not to do while having the cast on. When we were going back home I was sad knowing that I wouldn't be able to do any fun summer activities because I had my cast. I got home and showed my brothers and of course I had to make them sign it but I was just happy I was fine at the end of the day.

The Crash

By Grace R.

It was a good day, same as any other my people and I were kicking it. Throughout the day we were vibing to music, talking and finding out what's the next move. We posted up at this little

beach/park till the sun went down then we got back on the road, driving through the dark grimy streets we approached the freeway sliding down the car behind us flashing through. It was all so fast and a little too much to comprehend. The feeling of all the air and the weight of it pushing the car towards the wall, I didn't make a sound... at least not out loud but in my head some thoughts and my future flashed before my eyes, thinking that I wasn't gonna make it. The metal scraping is what flooded my ears along with gasping from in the car. Screeeeech!

My New Dog

By Sam G.

I was sleeping peacefully until Dad woke me up in a rush, and told me to get ready because we are going to the mall. I got up and got ready, brushing my teeth and putting clothes on, we all exited the house, got in the car and started driving to the mall.

While we were driving to the mall, me and my brother started asking my Mom if we can get a dog, instead of turning me and my brother down immediately she turned to my Dad and asked if we could get one, "Maybe" my dad said

Me and my brother looked at each other hopeful but knowing that "Maybe" usually means no.

We walked around the mall for a while, while my sister and mom were shopping, when they finished we got some churros and chocolate and started heading back to the car.

When we got inside the car my Mom asked my Dad if we can get a German Shepherd that she has been looking at, my Dad responded "yes".

My brother and I were shocked that he said that because he always said that it was too much responsibility. Later that same day at about 11:00pm my Tia brought the dog and it fell asleep laying down with me.

My Dog Lola

by Sofia C.M

In 2011, close to Christmas, I wanted to get a dog. Before I got my current dog, my family was going to give me a chihuahua. My family ended up not giving me the dog because I used to hit dogs when I was little. If I would've got the chihuahua I would've sold it because I don't like those types of dogs. The reason why is because I think that they are ugly looking dogs.

One day around Christmas time my dad came home late at night with a surprise; he was holding something in his jacket. Once he called me over to him and to open my eyes, he showed me and it was a puppy that I have been asking for. She was so small and as soon as I saw her she loved me and I loved her back. She was a white, little French Poodle. Once we played for a little I needed to shower her before she was able to sleep with me.

She is the nicest dog but she is very protective with the people she loves. My family and I can be at the dog beach. If another dog comes close to us she will chase the dog around the beach. She is very important to me because I've had her since I was about 7 years old and So she's always been there with me growing up. She really is like a friend to me because when I am not having one of the best days she is there to be with me . She'll be there without feeling overwhelmed about how I am feeling or to judge on what I am talking and feeling.

Lola was really gifted to me at the right time because my mom and dad were one the last end on being anywhere near each other before my mom and I had moved. We had then moved to Arizona for a year but then came back to San Diego. I had moved to Arizona because my mom wanted to get away from everyone and as well as living at lower prices. The reason I named my dog Lola by that name is because there was this movie from Spain called "Manolete" that I loved watching with my parents and the main character had a dog named Lola. The movie was a non-fiction about a famous bullfighter from Spain that had a passion for bullfighting and his love story.

EAST COUNTY COMMUNITY SCHOOL

The Suitcase and the Staircase

By Loughlin



The Suitcase and the Staircase
a storybook by loughlin lee



One sunny morning in Paris, France, as Victoria descended the grand spiral staircase with her trusty suitcase in tow, she couldn't help but strike up a conversation with Mr. Goiffon, the hotel's elderly concierge. His warm smile and familiarity invited her to share a bit more about her plans.



"Back again, Miss Victoria?" Mr. Goiffon inquired, his kind eyes twinkling with curiosity.

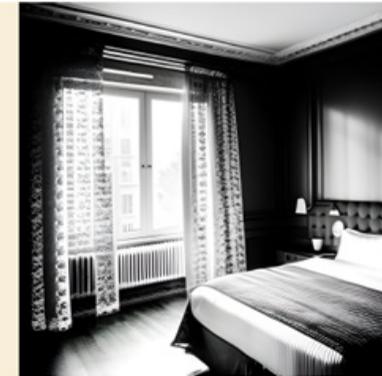


Victoria nodded, her eyes alight with the anticipation of the adventures to come. "Yes, Mr. Goiffon, I've decided it's time for one more adventure. There's a place I've always dreamt of visiting."



"Ah, dreams are what make life exciting," Mr. Goiffon mused, his voice carrying the wisdom of years spent in the heart of the city. "May I ask where this new adventure will take you?"

Victoria leaned in closer, as if revealing a secret. "It's a small village tucked away in the Swiss Alps. I've heard stories of pristine lakes, charming chalets, and breathtaking vistas. I want to experience the serenity of the mountains."



With the brass key in hand, Victoria ascended the creaking wooden staircase to Room 304. Unlocking the door, she was greeted by the familiar ambiance of her beloved room. Sunlight streamed through lace curtains, casting intricate patterns on the aged wooden floor.



As Victoria began to unpack, she reminisced about the places her suitcase had accompanied her. Each item she placed inside carried not only the essence of a foreign land but also the memories of people she had met, cultures she had embraced, and the laughter that had echoed through her journeys.



Dark Forest

By Richard M.

Victoria's days in the European city were filled with exploration, but as her departure date neared, an unexpected problem arose. A sudden transportation strike disrupted her plans to reach the Swiss Alps. Her excitement turned to frustration as she found herself stuck in the city, suitcase in hand, unable to embark on her dream adventure.



On her last evening in the city, Victoria returned to her hotel room, disheartened by the unexpected turn of events. Sitting on the vintage armchair, she gazed at her suitcase, its leather now bearing the marks of unfulfilled dreams. With a heavy sigh, she whispered, "Sometimes, life has a way of testing our determination."

The next morning, as the sun bathed the city in hues of pink and gold, Victoria descended the grand staircase for what should have been the final time. Mr. Goffon, standing behind the front desk, could sense her disappointment. "Miss Victoria, perhaps this is an opportunity for a different kind of adventure."



With a thoughtful nod, Victoria realized that Paris had much more to offer than she had initially explored. She chose to embrace the unforeseen and discover the hidden gems the culture has to offer.



In the days that followed, Victoria delved deeper into the city's culture, discovered new friendships, and explored off-the-beaten-path neighborhoods. She learned that adventure could be found not only in distant mountains but also in unexpected detours.

As her extended stay in Paris came to an end, Victoria had a newfound appreciation for the twists and turns of life's journey. With her trusty suitcase once again in hand, she departed the hotel, leaving behind a city she had grown to love.

The suitcase and the staircase, witnesses to her evolving story, became symbols of resilience and adaptability. Victoria had learned that even when life threw unexpected challenges her way, the world still held treasures waiting to be uncovered, one step at a time.



A QUIET LITTLE DAY IN A SMALL TOWN NEAR OREGON, THERE WERE TWO LITTLE KIDS NAMED JILL AND JAY. THEY LIKE TO HAVE FUN PLAYING OUTSIDE AND THROWING STUFF AT THEIR NEIGHBORS HOUSE. IT WAS TWO DAYS BEFORE HALLOWEEN, HOWEVER JILL THOUGHT THEIR TOWN HAD SOME STRANGE NEW VISITORS COMING OUT OF NOWHERE.

WHAT'S MORE, JAY HAD NO COSTUME SO HE ASKED JILL, "DO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY WANT TO GO SHOPPING WITH ME AND MY BROTHER TO GO FOR HALLOWEEN COSTUMES?" THEY GO, AFTER THEY LATER EXPLORE THE FOREST AND FIND A SUITCASE CRACKED OPEN OOOZING WITH BLACK GOO AND HEAR A STRANGE SOUND COMING OUT OF IT.

A GHOST OF AN OLD LADY COMES OUT OF THE SUITCASE TO EXPLAIN TO THE LITTLE KIDS ABOUT TOMORROW ON HALLOWEEN THAT A LOT OF SCARY MONSTERS WOULD COME OUT OF THE CASE AND START HUNTING PEOPLE IN THE TOWN. SHOOKED THE TWO KIDS RAN OUT THE FOREST AND WENT HOME.

AFTER THE DAY HAD PASSED THE KIDS MET UP AT JILL'S PLACE. THEY STARTED TO DISCUSS WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT AND TALKED ABOUT HOW THEY WERE GONNA TRY AND STOP IT. NEXT A FEW HOURS HAD PASSED COMING CLOSE TO 3:30 AND THE KID ARE PLAYING OUTSIDE AT A SHADY PARK.

AFTER ENJOYING THEMSELVES FOR A LITTLE BIT THEY NOTICED STRANGE MEN MISSING LIMBS RUNNING AROUND THE PARK CHASING THE SQUIRRELS. THEN THE MEN TURNED THEIR WHOLE HEADS AROUND AND BROKE THEIR NECKS TO LOOK AT THE KIDS.

The Beast.

By Giovany

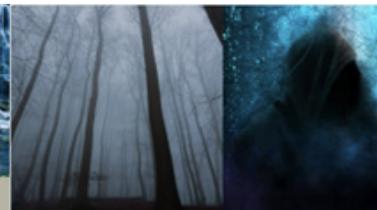


The Beast.

PANCHO AND HIS FRIENDS WENT HIKING THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK TRAILS, THEY PACKED UP AND RENTED A CABIN IN THE PARK UNPACKED, AND STARTED FILMING THEIR EXPERIENCE SINCE THE CAR RIDE THERE THEY WENT INSIDE AND GOT COMFORTABLE.



THEY STARTED A CAMPFIRE AS THE DAY TURNED TO NIGHT AND THE HOWLING AND THE CRICKETS AS THEY CIRCLE THE CAMPFIRE WITH THEIR DRINKS AND SMORES CANELO GOES OUT THERE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM AND HE HEARS A ODD SOUND BUT DOESNT HESITATE TO RUN AWAY AND THEN HE ACTED LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED AND HE SITS BACK IN HIS SEAT AS THEY PROCEED TO TELL MINI STORIES TO EACH OTHER UNTIL THE NEXT DAY PASSES.



THEY WALK IN AND AS THEY SEE THE LIGHT THEY SEE A BEAUTIFUL FOREST THEY EXPLORE AND PANCHO IS MAKING SURE HE GOT THE FOOTAGE AND AS THEY EXPLORE THE MYSTERIOUS FOREST AND CREATURES THEY HAVE A WEIRD FEELING THERE BEING FOLLOWED...



AS THEY EXPLORE THE MYSTERIOUS FOREST CANELO GOES OUT FOR A LEAK. HE GETS DRAGGED TO THE BUSHES AS HE SCREAMS IN AGONIZING PAIN THEY RUSH OVER TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON AND HE IS SPLIT IN TWO AND IS FACELESS THEY PANIC AND START RUNNING ONCE THEY HEAR LOUD SCREAMING FROM THIS ENTITY SHADOW LIKE CREATURE.

THEY RUN AS FAST AS THEY COULD AND THEY RUN INTO A BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL WITH A LAKE FULL OF SOULS AND THEY HID AND HID AS THEY SLOWLY GOT OUT THEY WERE SURE THE THING LEFT PANCHO HESITATED AND STAYED IN THE WATER AS SLIM JIM WENT OUT HE TRIED TO REASSURE PANCHO THAT IT WAS OK.



MORNING COMES AS THEY GET UP AND DECIDE TO GET READY BECAUSE THEY ARE GOING TO HIKE THE TRAIL. PANCHO IS KIND OF NERVOUS BECAUSE IT IS HIS FIRST TIME AS CANELO AND SLIM JIM ALREADY HAVE HAD PREVIOUS EXPERIENCES SO HE TRUSTS THEM THEY GO AND HIKE THE TRAIL AND THEY BRING THEIR CAMERA.



AS THEY ARE WALKING DOWN THE TRAIL PANCHO STARTS TO RECORD HIS MIKE AND THEY SPOT DEER AND BEARS. AS THEY PASS BY THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFALLS AND SPARKLING CLEAN RIVERS AS COLD AS ICE SNOW THEY HAVE A REST FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES THEY DRINK WATER AND THEY FIND THESE WEIRD-LOOKING MUSHROOMS. PANCHO IS HESITANT TO EAT THEM BUT CANELO AND SLIM JIM WERE ALREADY EATING IT AND GAVE SOME TO PANCHO "THERE NOT POISONOUS IM NOT DEAD YET" SAYS CANELO SO PANCHO EATS IT WITH THEM.



AS THEY WALK DOWN THEY STUMBLE UPON A WRECKED PLANE CRASH FILLED WITH SUITCASES AND CLOTHES LIKE IT WAS ABANDONED AND DEER WERE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE THEY FIND AN ODD LOOKING SUITCASE IT APPEARED TO HAVE A STAIRCASE.



AS SOON AS HE GOT LOUD THE ENTITY GRABBED IT BY THE HEAD AND LIFTED IT UP ON THE TREES AS HE HEARS SCREAMING AND CRUNCHING AND THEN SILENCE ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS HIS ROTTING CORPSE THAT SPLIT INTO TWOS AS HE WAS FROZEN WITH FEAR...



AS HE GOT DRAGGED DOWN AND BITTEN UP BY THE SOULS AS HE GOES DOWN HE THINKS IT'S THE END AND JUST ACCEPTS DEFEAT AND THEN HE SEES THE LIGHT AS HE GOES INTO THE LIGHT HE BEGINS TO HEAR VOICES "GET UP DUDE" "YO ARE YOU OK??"



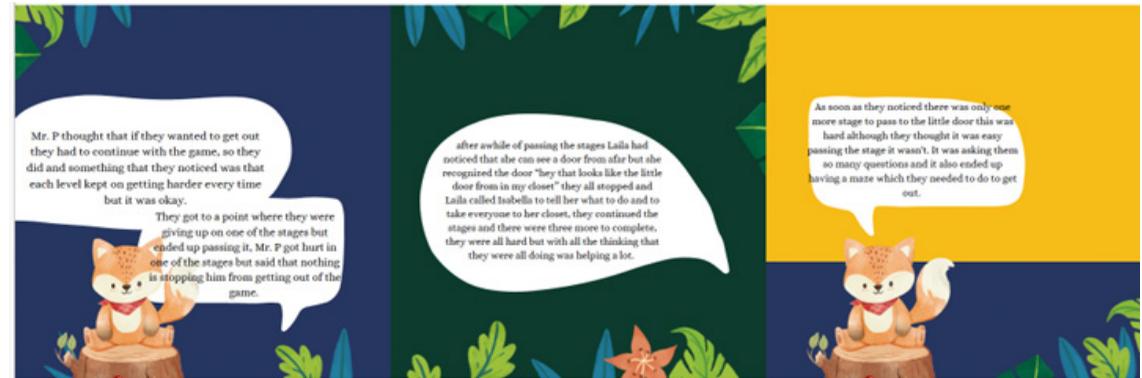
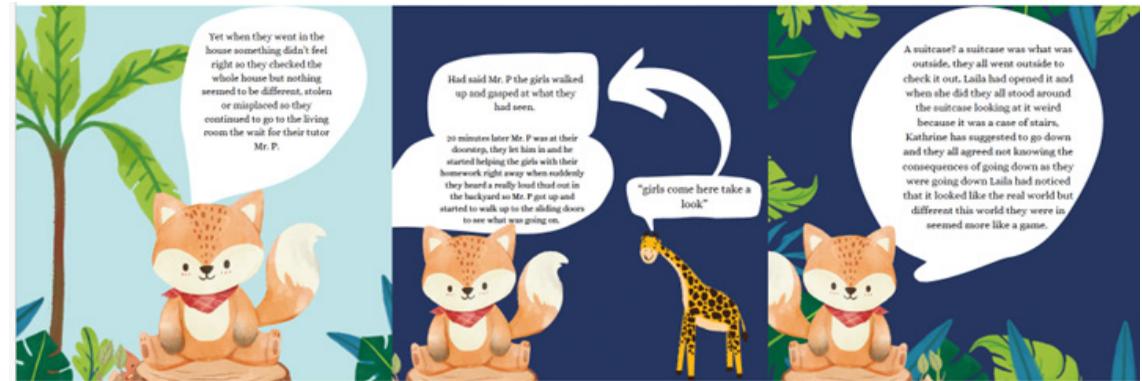
HE FELT SOMETHING TUG ON HIS LEG AS HE FEELS A HAND ON HIS LEGS AND MORE AND MORE SOULS STARTED GRABBING HIM AND BITING HIM HE SCREAMED FOR HELP AND THE CREATURE APPEARED BUT DIDNT ATTACK THE CREATURE JUST WATCHED.

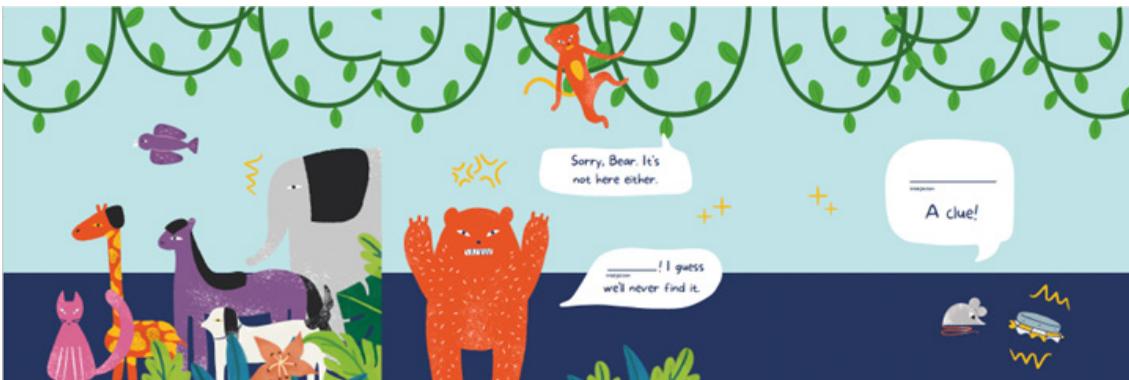




The Mysterious Suitcase

By Laila







BAYSIDE COMMUNITY SCHOOL

The Party That Could Have Ended My Life

by Admed A.

One late night there was a kick back party so me and a couple of friends decided around 7pm when it was dark out, to go to the party. It was 20 minutes away from us so we ordered an Uber. As the Uber pulled up, I said, “What’s up?!”

We got in his car and the Uber driver replied,, “How is school going?” We chatted with him the whole ride to the party. The Uber driver seemed cool and the night was cold.

When we got to the house where the party was, we saw a lot of people and we started talking to some girls. I was having fun until suddenly, out of nowhere, a fight broke out between a couple of guys. Eventually, they just stopped arguing and fighting and one of the guys walked off and left the party. I thought to myself, *is he gone for good?*

It was 10:30 pm and we were still at the party, when a car suddenly drove up. It was the guy

who had fought earlier. He had brought more people.

He asked me, “Is the guy still there?”

I replied, “Yes.”

The guy and his friends hopped out of the car and screamed at the guy from earlier. Then everything became crazy. All of a sudden, the guy who had been at the party the whole time, pulled out a gun and shot it into the air.

When I saw the gun, I started to run downhill away from the house. I got to the bottom of the hill and saw a gas station. Outside the station, I saw a girl from the party. She had blood on her hands. I was shocked and asked her if she wanted a ride home with me and my friends. She nodded and we left.

When I got to my house, I wasn’t shocked or anything. My friends were still scared so they went home.

The next day I woke up and got news on my phone that the guy who had pulled out the gun at the party had passed away. I was shocked, but relieved that I did not get hit by a stray bullet. Ever since that happened, I haven’t gone to any more kick backs.

An Unexpected Reunion

by Diego S.

One late night in June, I was walking down the street towards my brother’s house. I was holding my phone in one hand and a bottle of water in the other hand because the pockets of my shorts were full of other things. I was talking on the phone with my brother when all of a sudden, a guy with a gray sweatshirt, hat, facemask, and a big pocket knife in his hand appeared in front of me.

Out of nowhere, the guy grabbed my arm tightly, telling me, “Hey bro, hurry up, give me your phone and all the things that you have.” I tried to take the knife from him, as I was telling him to calm down. When he heard my voice, he stopped. He started to take the mask off his face and immediately I recognized him.

It was a kid that I knew from school. Surprised to see me, he said, “Diego, sorry, I didn’t know it was you. I’m so sorry.”

Realizing that he was a friend and I hadn't seen him in a long time, we started talking and continued to hang out for more than an hour.

Afterwards, I continued walking down the street with a smile on my face, happy that I had reconnected with an old friend.

Walking Down the Block

by Armando C.

One evening around 6:00 PM after school, I was walking down the block by Memorial Park. It got dark pretty early that time of year. I was with a couple friends when a car rolled up on us looking all weird. I thought to myself, why is he tripping? Then the car just drove away.

I looked at my friend and said, "What was his problem? Why did he stop his car and stare at us?" We laughed and my friend said, "Do you know him?"

I replied, "No!" I asked my friend the same question and he had the same answer, no. We were confused because the man in the car looked like an older man. We laughed about it for a bit then we just kept walking.

We walked a few blocks and then we got to Memorial Park. Out of nowhere, I heard someone yell my name, "Armando!"

I looked back and didn't see anyone so I asked my friends, "Did you hear someone say my name?"

One of my friends replied, "Yes."

We were posting up at the park, just hanging out when I heard someone say my name again a couple more times, "Armando," a voice yelled.

Then all of a sudden, I saw someone come from around the corner and I was surprised who it was. It was my old teammate from football. I hadn't seen him for a year or more.

He asked me, "How have you been doing?"

"I've been good," I replied. "What have you been up to?"

We talked for a bit and then I told him I had to go handle things. I found out that he lived near me so I wrote his number down and we went our different ways.

Falling Waterfalls

by Athena C.

It was the summer between my junior and senior year and I was on vacation in Portland with my sister and brother. We decided to drive to the waterfalls to go hiking.

We were excited so we rushed and got ready. We put on our shoes and packed the equipment we thought we would need in the trunk of the car. When we were ready to leave, I turned to my sister and said, "Don't forget to put on your hiking boots and bring the backpack."

Two and a half hours later, we arrived at the hiking trail. As we were getting out the car,

I looked at my sister, realizing she didn't bring the right shoes or clothes, and said, "Didn't I remind you to change shoes and bring what you needed?!"

We didn't have time to go back so I told her to stay in between me and my brother in case she lost her balance. As we walked up the trail toward the waterfall, my brother said to me, pointing in the opposite direction, "Let's go see the deer."

I nodded yes and we walked away. When we were going down the trail, I noticed the trail was slippery and unstable so I grabbed onto my brother, looking back, hoping my sister wasn't following.

All of a sudden, I heard a loud SPLASH! realizing the splash came from my sister. She had slipped on the trail because she wasn't wearing the right shoes and fallen into the waterfall.

"HELP!!" my sister screamed and then became unconscious.

Me and my brother ran down to where she was laying. My sister had blood running down her head. "Call 911!" my brother yelled to me as he pulled her out of the water. My hand was shaking as I dialed the numbers.

Twenty minutes later, the ambulance arrived and carried her out on a stretcher.

My sister was in the hospital for a month because of a concussion. She had to get stitches on the side of her head and on her left leg. Since then, I always make sure she brings the right shoes when we go hiking.

New Member of the Family

by Carlos G.

It was a cold day in winter and it felt like just a regular day. I was at school and nothing was going on. The day was halfway done, until the freedom of going home. It had already been a tough month, because of the loss of my dog. The days were neverending. And after what felt like 20 hours, my school day finally ended and it was time to go home. I was glad I was able to go home, but I completely forgot I was enrolled in an after school program called Prime Time.

Knowing I had to wait two more hours just for the sweet freedom of home and a nap was torture. Finally, my mom picked me up and asked me, “How was your day?”

I replied, “It was boring. Bien.”

The drive home was long, but finally we made it. I jumped out of the car and opened the door to my house and what I saw was a great surprise! I yelled excitedly, “Oh my God! A cute little puppy!” I screamed with pure happiness.

It was a small puppy with brown, white, and black fur and it had the cutest look on its face. After a while, me and my sister finally decided to name her Chloe. It was one of the best moments in my life and I still have Chloe to this day. She is 9 years old and has been my family and there for me every day since I got her!

Headbands Disaster

by Eduardo H.

I remember this day like it was yesterday. I was 8 years old and I was playing a game called Headbands with my sister, Ariana, and my brothers, Alex and Ulises. It’s basically a guessing game where a player has a plastic thing wrapped around their head and a card sticking out of it. The people you’re playing with have to give you hints about what’s on your card and you have to guess what card you have.

“Someone that helps you,” Ulises said to me as his first guess.

“I still don’t know who it is. Give me a better hint.” I replied to my brother.

He gave me another hint, “You have a meeting with them soon. They are going to do a check

up on you,” my brother said as he continued to give me hints.

“I’m a doctor,” I said as I guessed who was on my Headbands card.

“Yes, that’s your card, you got it!” Ulises told me as he took the card off my head to show it to me.

I was having a great time playing with my sister and brothers.

“I’m thirsty. I’m going to get some water. Does anyone else want some?” Ulises said to us as he got up to get some water in the kitchen.

“Yes!! We’ll get some too.” We all said to him at the same time as we followed him into the kitchen.

As we were walking, Alex reminded us, “Watch out, the carpet is messed up there.”

I thought to myself, the carpet drops off when it reaches the tile floor so I knew I needed to be careful.

I was having such a good time joking with my siblings, I didn’t see the drop in the carpet and I tripped. I fell face first on the tile floor and the plastic headband from the game bent up and cut my forehead.

When I stood up, I felt like water was running down my face. I looked down and saw a whole bunch of blood. My sister turned and saw how bloody my face was and screamed, “Mom, mom, Adonoi’s face is all full of blood!”

She freaked me out because I didn’t understand what was going on. That’s when my mom came running to me, grabbed some napkins, and told me to get in the car.

When we got to the hospital, I stopped crying because I was so focused on what they were doing to me. I got 12 stitches and now every time I touch my head or see the game, Headbands, I think about that day and what had happened to me.

Lost at the Fair

by Gilberto M.

It was a Tuesday night and I was going to the fair with my brother, sister, and cousins.

When we arrived at the fair, we started walking around to see what rides there were. We wanted to go on rides, but the lines were packed. I said to my cousin, “Let’s split up into groups of 2 because everyone wants to go on different rides.” He nodded and we split up. I took off with my brother and sister.

A couple hours passed by and I texted my cousin, but his phone was out of battery and he didn’t see my text. My brother said to me, “ Have you tried calling our other cousin?”

I replied, “Yeah, but the reception is bad here.” We were lost and couldn’t find our cousins.

We were worried because the fair was about to close, but we had no idea where they were at so we started looking around the fair for them for almost an hour. We couldn’t find them so we just decided to go to the exit and wait for them there.

While we were walking towards the exit, I was thinking to myself, what do I do if we can’t find them at the exit? It’s getting really late.”

When we arrived at the exit, I saw someone with a white baseball jersey and it was my cousin. I was relieved because I thought we were going to wait at the exit for a long time for them. We all walked towards the car and talked about the rides we went on and laughed about being lost.

Fire That Burns Deep

by Rey H.

It was a cold December night last year and I remember it felt like a normal night. It was calm and it had been an easy day. Me and my family were all home and I could smell cinnamon and ribs in the air.

I heard my mom calling me, my brother, and my dad, “ Come and sit down to eat.”

After dinner, I was very full and I was feeling a little drowsy so I told my parents, “Good night.”

“I think I’m going to bed, as well,” my father said to me half asleep.

I went to my room. It was 12:08 AM and I laid down for about five minutes watching tv. When suddenly, I heard footsteps pounding on the wood floors outside my bedroom.They were echoing against the walls and had awakened me from dozing off. I heard the door swing

open and I jumped up fast and yelled out loud to whoever could hear me, “Did you hear that?”

From the other room, my dad yelled, “No!”

I stepped into the hall and witnessed my dad bolt out the front door. I could hear a car alarm screeching throughout my neighborhood.

I went outside and could feel the heat of a humongous fire hugging my face. A parked car was on fire and had exploded. It was so close to my home. I saw my dad rush across the street to try and put it out. He was running back and forth, struggling with a bucket of water while my mom dialed 911. Finally, my dad got the bright idea to use our neighbor’s hose because it was closer to the car on fire.

All of a sudden, the police pulled up and started pointing guns at my dad while he was trying to put water on the fire. I wondered to myself what was going through the police officer’s head. My dad was helping and tried to explain to the cops that he lived there. The police officer wasn’t hearing him and tackled my dad for no reason while me and my family watched.

The fire department finally pulled up and extinguished the fire. The police learned that my dad was not the cause of the fire and they released him. It still bothers me to this day how the police treated my father when he was just trying to help.

Burning Bright

by Jerry M.

It was a cold night and I was very young. I was playing with my toys, having fun and unaware of the world around me. I remember my mom picking up my toys and saying to me, “Time to go to sleep. You have school tomorrow.”

I listened to her and went to bed, but as I was drifting to sleep I heard a loud BOOM! I jumped out of bed and ran to investigate what the noise was. I heard my parents and siblings yelling out loud, “Look, look, a fire in the backyard!”

I ran to the room with the window facing the backyard. I was in awe of the fire, not knowing the severity of the situation. My dad pulled me away from the window and said to me, “Stay away from the window, it’s too dangerous!”

I heard sirens in the background and saw my mom fling the door open and in came men with heavy looking uniforms on. They went into the backyard and used hoses to put out the fire pretty quickly. My family and I were in the living room while they were in the backyard. I don't know how the fire started because I was too young to remember.

It took the fire fighters about 2 hours to put the fire out. It was not that big, but it did burn the trinkets and plants outside. Eventually my mom replanted the plants little by little. We lived in that house for 8 years and whenever I looked out in our backyard, I would be reminded of my family panicking during a very chaotic moment.

Just Another Day

by Alex H.

The day was like any other, I woke up around noon and took a shower to start my day. After my shower, I decided to clean my room because it was a pig sty. I couldn't stand not being able to walk around my room without stepping on a piece of trash. It took me about an hour or so to finish picking up my dirty clothes and trash off the floor.

After cleaning my room, I realized I hadn't eaten so I called my sister and asked her what time she was getting off work. She told me she had to work late and said she didn't think she'd be able to stop anywhere. She said, "Sorry kiddo." and hung up the phone.

I felt a little sad that I wasn't getting food, but I didn't blame her, work is work. I told her not to worry about it and that I would make something at home. Finally, I said, "Love you, be safe."

When the phone call ended, I went to the kitchen and checked the fridge to see what I could start cooking. I didn't see much of anything. I thought to myself, I'll just go to the taco shop and get some food. I put on my shoes, washed my hands, and grabbed my keys. Before I left the house, I made sure I didn't leave any doors unlocked.

As I was locking the door to the patio, I heard a familiar voice yell my name. "Alex!"

I quickly turned around and saw my brother crossing the street with his girlfriend. I yelled back "Yerrrr, what's going on with my boy."

We dapped each other up and he responded, "Nothing much, just came here to see what you got planned for the day."

"I just finished cleaning my room and I'm about to head to the taco shop real quick to get some food. Want to come?"

He told me that he was also hungry and that he would join me. When we finished eating, we walked back to our house. Halfway there, my phone started ringing. It was an unknown number but I still answered. It was a scam call and I quickly hung up.

When we arrived back at the house, my mom was barely getting home from work. I gave her a hug and a kiss on the forehead and my brother did the same. It was around 5:30PM already and my brother asked what I had planned for the day. I told him I was not sure, but I'd make some calls and see what we could do. I called four friends and asked them all to hang out. Everyone was busy. I decided to go to the park and see who was there.

I yelled to my mom, "I'll be back in less than 2 hours."

She said "Okay, may God bless you." I told her likewise and left the house.

As I was walking to the park, I felt uneasy, but I ignored the feeling.

When I got to the park, I said hi to everyone. There were about 5 people there so I didn't plan on staying that long. Out of nowhere, I got a feeling that I had already lived this moment. I looked towards the skatepark and my heart dropped. I knew it, I had seen that car before. I know what happens next.

As soon as the car window rolls down, I sprint towards the bathroom as fast as I can. I make it just in time to not get hit by a bullet. The moment felt unreal. After a couple of minutes, I take a look outside and see that everything is fine.

Everyone who was at the park decided to call it a day so I said my goodbyes and I started walking back home. On the way back, my head was like a racetrack with every thought being a car going in circles around the track. Before I got to my house, I cleared my thoughts and thanked God for another day. I went inside the house and acted like it was just another day.

The Day I Broke My Arm

by Jovanny C.

It was a Friday afternoon and me and my friends went to the park to play tackle football. We started to stretch so we wouldn't get bad cramps. A bad leg cramp feels like someone is poking you with needles.

When the game started, I was playing wide receiver. I was the fastest and good at catching the football so this position was perfect for me. I caught the ball a couple times and scored a couple touchdowns.

After about an hour, we took a thirty minute break because it was very hot outside and we were dripping with sweat. We sat down on the grass and drank some water and started joking and laughing.

Thankfully, it started to cool down so we got up and continued to play the game. We lined up in our positions. I told the quarterback, “Throw me a slant route.”

The quarterback said to me, “Alright, watch the ball. I’ll throw it when you’re open.”

I ran the play and got open and he threw the ball to me. I caught it and ran ten yards before getting tackled. When I was running down the field, I thought I was going to be able to get around the defense, but too many people were guarding me. The boy who tackled me was bigger than me and when he pushed me down, I fell on my arm and I heard it snap! When I got up, my arm was in pain. I looked down and it was swollen. At that point, I knew I had broken a bone. I put ice on my arm and tried not to move it. When I took the ice off, my arm was still swollen.

I grabbed my stuff and got a ride home from my friend.

Three days later, I went to the doctors and got an x-ray. The doctor told me I had broken two bones in my arm and put a splint on it. He told me to go to the hospital and they would put a cast on it. A few days later I had an appointment at the hospital. They checked my arm out and put a white plaster cast on it.

Two weeks later, the cast started to peel off on its own so I just took it off because it itched really bad anyways.

It’s been five weeks since I broke my arm and it still hurts and feels like it’s broken. I really miss playing football with my friends.

Untitled

By Katie A.

One night in December before going to sleep, I chose to watch a new film called “Soul” which had recently come out on DisneyPlus. This movie was so sad and deep. I was enjoying every

part of it. An hour and 30 minutes into the movie, I noticed the wall was an orange color. What the?! I thought to myself while sitting up trying to get a closer look. I turned around, looked outside the window and was just stunned. I had no words as I saw the flames on my neighbor’s house burning each and every piece of wood to the ground.

It didn’t feel real seeing a fire that close. I couldn’t imagine how the people living there were feeling about their loss and possibly losing their lives. I dashed to my grandmother’s room to wake her up and tell her about the fire. She is the biggest deep sleeper so I had to aggressively shake her body as hard as I could as I yelled, “Ma wake up, the house next door is on fire!”

Not a minute later, she was a nervous wreck, climbing the walls, worried that the fire was going to spread to our house too. My father was alarmed, but my grandmother had to wake my uncle from his sleep. Both her sons went outside trying to help the neighbor’s in any way they could.

I remember feeling a sort of discomfort because I wondered, What if that was us? I couldn’t help but serve myself some cold milk with ice. The firefighters had already gotten there and put out the fire. Some time later, we all went back to sleep. That entire moment felt like a dream in the morning. Three years later there is a two story home in the same spot that house fire took place.

A Shaky Car

by Luis P.

One Monday in September, I was driving from my girlfriend’s house on the 94 and the scariest thing happened. As I merged onto the 5 freeway, I felt my car shaking. I was listening to loud music and the shaking threw me off. I was already running late to work so I was a bit mad and annoyed and didn’t want to pull over.

I thought the shaking would stop, but it just kept getting worse and worse. I knew the smart thing was to pull over, but I thought to myself no way. I was going to make it to work.

I pulled over and immediately called my dad, not knowing what was wrong with the car. Once my dad pulled up, we both saw that the front right tire had popped. I had been driving on the rim. Thank goodness I pulled over when I felt the car shaking.

Luckily my dad had a small jack. My dad got the spare and we went to work. We both took

turns turning the jack and taking turns taking off the bolts of the wheel. After the car was raised, I put the tire on and together we put the bolts back on. The nightmare was finally over.

Where I had pulled over, it was too risky to drive my regular route to work so I decided to take a different route. My dad was in the car in front of me and I followed him as he led me to my job. I was 40 minutes late to work, but luckily my boss was understanding.

I worked my shift and went home. When I woke up the next morning, I looked out my bedroom window and saw that my car had new tires. My dad had paid for them and put them on.

Birthday Party Gone Wrong

by Mariel B.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and I was helping my family get everything ready for my tia's birthday party. I started hanging the balloons and helping my mom make some ensalada de pollo and nachos too. It was about 8:00PM and the house was full of family members and friends. The Banda music was playing loud and the party had started. I was dancing with everyone, having fun, and eating lots of food. All of a sudden, I saw a gun and heard a BANG, BANG, BANG.

A friend of the family had taken out a gun and shot it into the air. He was acting strange. My tia screamed out loud to anyone who could hear her, "Try to take the gun out of his hand."

I saw my dad run towards the man who had the gun and try to take the gun from him, but he was not able to. The man ran from my dad and started to shoot at the floor. My mom grabbed my hand and pulled me into a room and closed the door. I could hear people screaming and running.

When I stopped hearing the gunshots, I came out of the room and heard a knock on the front door. I opened the door and it was a policeman. I thought to myself, *the neighbor must have called the police when they heard the gunshots.*

The policeman said to my dad, "Someone called and said that there were gunshots coming from this house."

My dad explained to the policeman, "The man who shot the gun already left."

After that we did not have parties for a long time.

Father Knows Best

by Mark S.

When I was 14 my father used to tell me to always choose my friends. I wish I had listened to my father before the disaster happened.

It was a Sunday night and my friends and I wanted to hang out. It was a cold and rainy night and my friend said to me, "I know a place we can go, the Plaza."

I said to him, "Yes, let's go."

We arrived at the Plaza and walked around the stores. We went inside to see what deals there were on clothes. Then we went to a restaurant and ate some sushi.

Afterwards, my friend said to me and my other friend, "I know about a machine where drinks and snacks are totally free."

I responded, "Yes, let's go." I thought to myself, maybe I shouldn't go because it wasn't the right thing to do because I knew my friends would want to steal things and we would get in trouble.

We walked over to the machine my friend had told us about. We had our backpacks on and started to take drinks and snacks out of the machine and put them in our backpacks. We left the machine almost empty. I knew the food in the machine wasn't free.

I yelled to my friends, "Hurry up, the owner of the machine is coming!"

The owner of the machine walked up and shouted at us, "Heyyyy! What are you boys doing?"

We started running, he started running behind us. We hopped in my friend's car and drove away.

We were going too fast and that was when my friend didn't see the car that was crossing the street and then I heard, BAM!!! My vision went away for a little while and I didn't hear anything. Everything was blurry. I looked at my two friends and they were passed out with cuts all over them. I was scared. Finally, the ambulances arrived and took us to the hospital.

The next few days we recovered from the accident. Our parents scolded us and forbade us to go out for a while after the accident. The police gave us a fine for stealing. My friends and I paid the fine and never did those things again. We will always have memories of those times, even though we no longer speak to each other daily.

My First Time Snorkeling

by Mateo R.

It was a cloudy day in Puerto Vallarta and my family and I, along with other passengers, took a ferry out to a shallow body of water near an imposing rock formation to go snorkeling. I was ready and had already anticipated that the water would be cold.

I strapped on my orange life vest and put on my blue goggles with the snorkel attached that had been given to me by one of the staff.

The person in charge of the snorkeling team yelled, “Please stand in a single file line.” I stood in line until it was my turn to jump off the boat. The line was long so my legs started getting tired half way through. Finally, it was my turn to plunge into the water. “You’re up next,” the instructor said to me as I prepared myself to jump off the boat. I still remember the water being cold as I dove into it.

I swam to the designated area and strapped the goggles onto my face. I plunged my face into the water with ease. What I saw was astonishing. The fish swam elegantly across a coral reef, but the coral seemed to be lifeless. It might have just been the cloudiness that the reef gives off or bad lighting. I saw sting rays grazing the ocean floor. I even saw a shark swimming around. It was 4 feet long.

After a while, I lifted myself up out of the murky water. I decided to swim back to the others and head towards the boat.

Fifteen minutes of snorkeling only felt like a minute. Still I got so much joy out of being with the animals in the water. As soon as we all got back on the ferry, the captain motored off towards a beautiful beach that could only be reached by boat. Even though I only spent a short time snorkeling, it’s still a fond memory I’ll have forever.

The Firework

by Pablo C.

It was 2017 and it was Christmas Eve. It was already 12:00AM. We were at my grandma’s house. Me and seven of my cousins were setting off fireworks outside. I was holding a Chiflador whistler because it was one of the last fireworks we had. My cousin handed it to me. I said, “Thanks!”

I grabbed the lighter and lit it and then looked up expecting it to shoot into the air.

To my surprise, it didn’t fly up into the air. All of a sudden, I felt burning and I looked down at my hand. It was burning my fingers and then exploded, I screamed, “Ay wey me queme!”

My cousin started laughing, then continued to fire off more fireworks into the air.

Two minutes later the same exact thing happened to him and he screamed, “Ay wey yo tambien me queme.” Finally, we ran out of fireworks and went inside to open our gifts.

Two weeks later, on New Year’s Eve, my cousin and I were setting off fireworks again at my grandma’s house. These were stronger fireworks. One of them was called, “The Hulk”. It was one of the strongest fireworks I had ever set off. It was like throwing a stick of dynamite. I lit it and my friend said, “Throw it!”

It’s a good thing that I threw it fast because it exploded like 2 or 3 feet from us. Boom!

Thank goodness it exploded far enough away that nothing happened to us. It just scared us and we stood there staring at each other relieved. It’s a good memory to remember sometimes.

For My Jefa

by Pedro R.

The day I got shot at all I could think about was my family and whether I was going to make it home to them. It was a Friday night and I was chilling at the park alone waiting for my friend to get there. I called him, but he didn’t answer so I thought maybe he was on the way.

All of a sudden, out of nowhere I heard yelling and gunshots.

I could hear bullets cutting through the air and I saw them heading in my direction.

I could hear the car behind me so I ran as fast as I possibly could. When I saw a tall white fence, I jumped over it. I waited like 10 min and then I climbed back over it and started walking to my friend’s house.

After hanging out with my friend for a while, I decided maybe I should go home because I was tired. I said to my friend, “I’m leaving, stay safe. I’ll post up in the morning.”

He replied, “Okay, see you later.”

Walking home, I felt like something bad was going to happen again. As soon as I hit the corner, someone yelled at me, "Hey kid!" I ignored them and kept walking. The car drove away.

When I got home my mom said to me, "You look upset. What happened? I found a program I want you to go to. I think it will help with the gangs and drugs. She was very worried and could not believe it when I told her what happened. I thought to myself, *I still want to go to the park*, but my mom had begged me to please stop going because she didn't think it was safe.

I know that my mom wants better things for me. After I put my mom through that scare, I realized she has always given me what she can. I decided I was going to try and make her happy and stop going to the park and attend the program she found. After 6 months of being in the program, I finally got out. I am six months clean without any substance use and I don't go to the park anymore.

A Wonderful Trip To Six Flags

by Priscila M.

It was a Friday morning around 2:00 AM when my brother came into the living room and said to me, "Start getting ready because we're getting picked up at 3:00 AM so we can hit the road and not get stuck in traffic on the way to Six Flags."

I looked at him confused and replied, "Really? It's 3:00AM. I thought we were leaving later?!"

I quickly got out of bed and started getting ready. Around almost 4:00AM, we were all getting our stuff ready and we headed out the door, when my older brother yelled, "Hurry up, I told you guys to be ready!"

We got in the car and started driving to LA. It was super cold and the car ride was uncomfortable. We arrived at Six Flags around 6:30 AM. It was super early and still had a couple hours to wait until Six Flags opened so to make time pass we went to walk around the famous stars. Then my mom said, " Lets go to Santa monica pier for a bit then go get breakfast."

At about 10ish, we made it to our destination Six Flags. We scanned our passes and went inside the amusement park.

We were waiting in line to get on our first ride called *Full Throttle*. There was such a long line, while we were waiting patiently, I turned to my sister and said, "It's so hot and this line isn't

moving.

My brother heard me and replied, "Yes, I know. You guys can wait here, I'm going to stand in the shade."

When we were next in line, I saw how fast the ride was flipping around and I thought to myself, *do I want to get on this ride?* Then I saw little kids on it so I thought to myself, if they can do it without being afraid, I can too.

The ride was going super fast and spinning sideways, frontways, backwards. When it spun, I landed looking down. It was like everything froze and it felt like I was slipping off the seat, but then suddenly the ride went down even faster. "AHHHHH!" Everyone screamed.

We got on a couple rides after that, but decided to leave early because all of us were tired of walking and sweaty. We had such a fun time, but next time I will wear the right comfortable clothes and shoes for the weather and get some rest ahead of time so I can be prepared for the long waits and walks. Overall, it was a fun, chill day.

Musical Memory

by Ramon A.

It was a cold day in September and I was in the car with five friends of mine including my girlfriend. We were 2 minutes away from the Cal Coast Credit Union Amphitheater.

Riding in the car, I could feel the excitement of going to see a famous singer. As we were pulling in the parking lot, we ran into some more friends. I said to them, "Do you guys want to go inside together?"

They replied, "Yeah, let's do it!"

Once inside, we started looking for our seats while two of my friends went to buy some snacks for the group. We were as hungry as a bear.

All of a sudden, we saw people arguing over a seat. I looked at my girlfriend and she looked back at me and started laughing and said to me, "Are they really arguing about their seat or are they just kidding?"

My girlfriend and I noticed that the people arguing got louder and one of them pushed the other one. It looked like they were going to fight over a seat that was not theirs. As the guys

got closer to me, I wondered to myself whether my girlfriend would be safe if she stayed behind me.

We finally got to our seats and sat down. We were just enjoying the moment and waiting for the concert to start. To the right of where we were sitting, we saw a group of guys walking towards the seats that the people were arguing over. They had their tickets on their phones and those seats were actually their seats.

They showed the tickets to the two guys who had been fighting over the seats, and the guys realized the group wasn't lying about their seats and that they looked like idiots.

Everyone laughed it off, then decided to head to their correct seats. Everyone ended up having a good night watching the concert.

On a Run

by Raul Ramirez

It was a hot summer day and I decided to go on a run with a friend from my soccer team at the canyon trail. I heard a car horn and I ran outside and got in my friend's car. When we arrived at the trail, we started running just like we always did every day. The trail path is very weird because it has like 5 or 6 hills that you have to go up.

However, this time when we were running up the hill, I stepped wrong on a rock and rolled back down the hill. I yelled to my friend who was running ahead of me, "Yooo, wait up! I twisted my ankle." Luckily, we weren't too high up the hill.

It hurt very bad because there were a lot of rocks on the trail and I not only twisted my ankle, but when I fell back, I hit my head on the rocks. After the fall, I got back up in pain and walked to the car. My friend drove me home. When I got home, I put some ice on it and rested for the night.

The next day I woke up and it was swollen, but it felt better than yesterday. We still go on runs some days here and there.

The Day of the Party

by Samantha L.

It was about 1:30 PM when my mom woke me up and said, "Sam, get up for the party." We

were all very excited because we were going to go to my uncle's party.

When I got out of the bath, I went to my room to change my clothes. After I changed, my mom came into my room to do her makeup. I was taking a long time and my mom said to me, "You're taking a long time getting ready, please hurry so you can help with the party."

When I was ready, I went into the living room and my sister said to me, "I'm ready, let's go to the car."

We got in the car and I climbed into the back seat. I yelled at my sister, "Beth, move, I want to sit here."

Beth replied, "Okay, I'll move so you can sit here."

Where I wanted to sit, there was a glass bottle on the seat, but I didn't see it. When we were getting out of the car, my sister said, "Move!"

Then she pushed me again. My knee landed on the glass bottle and it broke into pieces. The glass cut my leg and I started crying and screamed, "Mother, come help me. Beth cut me!"

My sister said "Sorry, Sam." There was blood everywhere and it was very painful.

Luckily, there was a hospital near my house and they were able to see my leg. and put 6 stitches in it. Eventually, we returned home from the hospital and I fell asleep. I was sad because I couldn't go to the family party anymore, but happy because my leg was no longer bleeding.

A Gift by Vanessa C.

I was in the park waiting for my cousin when a man came up to me and said, "Do you have any money?"

I replied, "Yes." I gave him 50 cents.

The man suddenly got really angry and said to me, "Only 50 cents?"

I explained to him, "Well, that's all I have."

He threw the money back at me. His face got red like a tomato and he turned around and began to walk away. I got up to run away because I thought he was going to come back to yell at me again. I was scared. But before I left, I walked over to where he was and said to

him, “You can buy food with that money.”

He ignored me and just walked away, yelling back at me, but I didn’t understand what he was saying. I wasn’t sure what to do then, but I felt in danger.

At that moment, my cousin arrived with some things and he asked me if I wanted an art picture from his house, but he saw that I was nervous and asked me, “Are you okay?”

I told him what had happened and he said, “It’s normal for some people to act like that. They might have mental illnesses or be on drugs.”

I was relieved that my cousin was there and I was no longer alone. We walked back towards my house. I was still a little scared because of what had happened, but I was happy to be going back home. I’m now afraid of giving people money.

An Unexpected Victory

by Victor C.

On the bus ride to my football game, I was thinking about whether we were going to win or not. I wasn’t really confident that we were going to win because we had lost 3 straight weeks. I thought we stood no chance of winning so I didn’t really want to play. We were playing one of the top teams in our league and we were the worst.

When I stepped out onto the field my teammates saw that I had no confidence in myself. One of my teammates named Jeremah came up to me and said, “Don’t worry about anything that happened in our past games. Just have fun in this one.”

I replied, “You’re right, let’s just have fun and see what happens.”

I knew he was right when he told me I was too much in my head. We play to have fun, we don’t just play to win.

Our first possession on offense I could see that all my teammates were having fun. I was playing quarterback and I ended throwing 2 touchdown passes and I also had a running touchdown.

During one of the touchdowns I threw, the ball flew through the air like a missile flying to its target.

At the end of the game, Jeremah ran up to me and yelled, “We did it!”

We fist bumped and I said, “Yesir, we got our first win.”

We won that game and ended our losing streak. At the end of our season we ended with a five game winning streak. This was the first season that we had ever won a game, let alone five. The regular season ended on a high note and now we’re getting ready for the playoffs.

SOUL ACADEMY

The Missing Phone

By Adrian C.

It was a total panic moment! I reached into my pocket to grab my phone and make a call and it was gone!! I knew I had it earlier, but I had been out and about all day, I could have lost it anywhere. I rechecked every pocket, looked all over my room in complete desperation, and even called it from a friend’s phone, but no luck. I felt so frustrated and worried about all the important stuff I had on there. All of my pictures and memories are now gone! After a while of feeling sorry for myself and admitting defeat, I decided to call my mom because she had driven us around earlier. I was nervous to call her because I knew what she was going to say. I asked my friend to borrow his phone again and nervously called her, “mom did I leave my phone in your car?” She responded, “No! And you better not have lost it because I will not buy you another one.” My heart immediately sank. I was so upset.

A little while later, my girlfriend came over and she and I sat down on the curb talking. My girlfriend noticed how stressed I was and said, “calm down Adrian, we will find it, it will be okay!” I replied, “yeah right, somebody probably found it and came up on me.” She told me, “Think positive, let’s try and remember where you went today.” As we retraced the different stops I made in my day, I suddenly remembered that I had stopped to get hot chocolate at the coffee shop earlier that day and that was the last time I remember using my phone. I jumped up with adrenaline and rushed back to the coffee shop as fast as my legs would take me.

When I arrived, the barista greeted me and asked me “how can I help you?”. I asked her, “By any chance did somebody find a phone that was left here earlier?” To my surprise, she said “what kind of phone? What does it look like?” I then proceeded to describe my phone to her and told her, “it has a cat in the hat sticker on the back”. She smiled and said, “today is your lucky day” as she handed me my phone. Some honest person had found my phone and turned it into the barista. The kind barista had kept it safe for me. It was such a relief to be reunited with my phone.

Losing something can be stressful. It’s amazing how with a little bit of luck and the fact that kind and honest people still exist, a potential bad day can turn out great!

Wero

By Amy H.

It all began August 15, 2020, when a certain puppy became a part of my happiness. Nine puppies were born that day but only one caught my eye. A black and white blue nose pitbull with bright brown eyes and big floppy ears came into my life and I knew I was going to love him forever. After two weeks of having those puppies my dad decided it was time to sell them. “Los vamos a vender todos.” my dad said. I went up to my dad with Wero in my hand, which is what I decided to call him, “Can I stay with him?!” I asked my dad. “no, que tu lo vas cuidar?”, “yes i’ll take care of him!” I said. We kept going back and forth until he finally agreed. I was so excited to be able to raise my own puppy.

A couple months went by and we were all happy, we ended up selling all of the other 8 puppies. I was so happy raising my Wero. He was always so active and joyful.

Once he was about a couple months old, I took him on his first walk to the dog park. It was his first time interacting with other breeds, bigger and smaller. It was also his first time in a car. On the way there my mom didn’t like the fact the dog was in the car. He would slobber everywhere and almost ripped the seats with his sharp paws. Wero liked sitting in the front watching cars pass by. “Amy agarra tu pero!” I heard my mom yell. He was trying to sit in the front with her and she didn’t like that. “Uy let himmm!! Quiere andar contigo!” I told her. “Ay no Amy! Me anda babiando toda la cara y la ropa!” she yelled. I finally grabbed him and brought him back to the back seat after letting him bother her a little. I then rolled down my window so he could stick his head out. Bad idea! “OMG Amy cierra la ventana!” my dad yelled as his slobber flew everywhere with the wind. After a very long dog breath ride we made it to the park. He instantly got a burst of craziness as he saw the other doggies running

around. It was a hassle to put his harness on, he wouldn’t stop wiggling. As I was walking him I kinda let my guard down and he pulled full force knocking me down.”hahaha mira nomas!” my mom laughed. “Wero!” I yelled as I saw him sprint full force to the other dogs. I didn’t know how he was gonna act with other dogs so I was kinda scared that I let go. I ran after him and once I caught up I saw he made a friend. As months went by I watched my baby boy growing up not knowing that he would soon leave me with just memories.

Around June of 2022 my baby got sick. He didn’t eat and couldn’t walk for 2 weeks. I took him to the vet and he was on medicine for about 2 weeks. One day I was in TJ and I got a call. It was the call. “Hello This is ***** from ***** , may I talk to Amy Herrea.” “Yes this is her”, I said with a somewhat confused voice hoping it wasn’t what I knew it was. “Hi, I’m calling to let you know that your dog has sadly passed away this afternoon.” My heart instantly sank, I felt this tight feeling in my stomach, tears started running down my face. “Oh...” I said with a cracky voice. “Would you like us to cremate him and save his ashes for you?” the lady asked. “Yes,Please do” I said with a stream of tears running down my cheeks and neck.

August 10, 2023, my baby boy was dead. Later that week I went to pick up my baby’s ashes. I couldn’t believe he was gone. That day when I got back from TJ, my other dog was so excited that we were back home, not knowing she wasn’t going to be able to see her baby boy anymore. She looked around excited trying to find me. It broke my heart. That same day a piece of my happiness was chipped away and left an empty feeling in my soul.

The Heart Wrecking Moment

By Aniz A.

September 10, 2021. It was an average night. I was laying down in my comfy bed relaxing and being lazy, when I got the text from my brother that said “come open the front door”. I hesitantly got out of bed, taking my sweet time, and went downstairs to open the door. He came in and went to his room and like I normally do, I followed him. This was our bonding routine. Laying around in his room talking and catching up.

As we were sitting down on his bed talking, he got a call from his friend. His friend sounded worried. His voice shaky, he says, “Did you hear about what happened to Irene?”. My brother responds in a nervous voice, “No, what happened?” His friend says “She got shot and died”. My brother and I sat there looking at each other in shock and disbelief. After a moment, his voice cracking, he says, “You’re lying, did she really die?” His friend confirms, “yes I’m forreal”. My brother hung up the phone and just sat there.

I got up and went to my room believing that his friend was lying. This couldn't be real. Then my sister called me confirming that she did die. She told me "check the news", so I did and got the heartbreaking confirmation. I burst out into tears and broke down. I couldn't come to the realization that she really died because it was crazy knowing that she wouldn't come back and she wouldn't be here anymore.

Irene lost her life way too young. I feel cheated of having her here with us still. It makes me feel sad that I didn't even get to say one last goodbye. This loss has taught me to always appreciate people while they are here.

Caught Up

by Marc C.

Have you ever got caught up? Have you ever done something you regretted? It happened to me, and it was the craziest day in my life. I got caught in the bathroom doing something I wasn't supposed to do.

I still remember it vividly till this day. It was an ordinary day of school, with the sun beaming down on us. I was in the hallway talking to my friends, laughing and smiling, not knowing my world was about to flip upside down.

I said to my friends "Hey, whatcha doing man wanna hangout?"

Little did I know that question would lead to trouble. My group of friends were plotting, thinking what we can do to pass the time. We were talking amongst each other and we decided that skipping class sounded cool.

I was nervous, thinking to myself, "Maybe I shouldn't be doing this". But even with that fear in my mind, I decided to follow along anyway, not wanting to be left behind. To the bathroom we go, nervous but excited to hit the "penjamin". Despite the nervousness of getting caught up, I was still excited for my turn. I was like a kid in a candy store. My turn finally came and I took my time and then it happened. The principal stormed in! Footsteps rumbling like the thunderous roars of a rainstorm. I was in shock, thinking to myself, "I'm screwed". He came in questioning us and what followed was a shameful walk to the office.

The wait in his office was painfully slow. Then, my parents walked in and I felt like a dog with its tail tucked in between its legs. At that moment I thought to myself "I messed up". I was ready to accept my consequences.

I always think about that day when I'm tempted to do something bad and it stops me. That day was one of the days I regret the most but I learned my lesson. If you never

got caught up, you're lucky and you better quit before it happens. Don't make the same mistake I did or you'll face the consequences.

The Rough Journey

by Estrella G.

Experiencing the loss of someone who I truly loved had been a rough journey. I have struggled throughout this past year since the loss of my tio. The memories I created with my tio are marked in my mind, but now they serve as both a comfort and a painful reminder of what once was. Each passing day feels like a bittersweet struggle to exist in a world that no longer includes their presence. Losing someone I love has been one of the most painful experiences of my life. The moment when I realized he was gone, I was in shock and disbelief. It left me feeling numb and empty. It was as if a piece of my heart had been ripped away, leaving a void that could never be filled.

The day I found out the passing of my tio was when I got a call from my mom. Although she sounded normal, I could tell something was wrong. The next words that came out of her were "they disconnected your tio Cesar ". At that moment my heart sank. I was in disbelief. Was this really happening? My mom then told me "the doctors said he was already lifeless so they decided to disconnect him". This sounded unfair to me. I thought to myself, "Did they even give him enough time to fight for his life?" They didn't even give us time to say goodbye.

In the days and weeks that followed, sadness took over me. Memories of our time and joy together with the family flooded my mind, bringing both joy and sadness. The smallest reminders of him, triggered me. I found myself caught between wanting to hold onto his memory and wishing I could somehow turn back time and prevent his departure.

At the viewing, things felt so weird and surreal. I was coming to the realization that that day would be the last time I would get to see my tio in person.

Things would never be the same anymore. The family get-togethers moving forward seemed different. At Ama's house, tio Cesar always sat in the same spot at the kitchen table. Seeing him missing just didn't feel right. A few weeks later Ama bought a new kitchen table. It is

bittersweet. It is sad that he is no longer there but I feel that it will be a relief for my tia to not have to not see her husband at his usual spot at that table. This new table won't be that same sad reminder.

Grief taught me that healing isn't easy. It is a rollercoaster of emotions that includes anger, sadness, disbelief, and even guilt. Through it all, I have learned to honor his memory by cherishing the moments we shared. Though the pain of loss will always be with me, I am slowly finding ways to move forward, knowing that my love for them will endure in my heart forever.

Rest in Paradise Pops!

by Ismael A.

Life is a constant journey of self discovery, where I go through a lot of experiences that shape my thoughts, behavior, and perceptions. One experience that significantly impacted my life and led me to realize something was my step dads passing.

It started off sometime at 3 in the morning. I hear this loud crying noise “nooooo!! why!?” I wake up and it's my mom. She was on a phone call. I didn't think much of it at first until she started yelling even more which made me worried so I asked her “whats wrong?” She says, “your step dad is in the hospital and might not make it.” I was speechless and couldn't believe what I heard and I just thought to myself “is this real?”

I started tearing up because he was like a dad to me. He was my dad in my eyes. He was the father I never had growing up.

I tried to comfort my mom a little bit then fall asleep. When I woke up the news was bad and left my family in a bad condition. He was in a coma. During the long sleepless nights, my mother would stay awake and sit next to him, checking to see if he would wake up. Most of the family went to see him and we all just couldn't believe it. My mother didn't want to cause him any more pain, so she had no choice but to stop him. That was heartbreaking.

It's been a year and it still doesn't feel real, but we will continue to represent his name. Rest in Paradise Pops!

My Run in With the System

by Jarrod Delmar

One day I was driving when I suddenly saw a cop in front of me at the stop light. In my head I told myself, “Here we go again! I'm going to turn, hit a corner, and then quickly park the car”. Unfortunately, their light turned green before mine, so they drove past me staring at me. They had noticed me! I look in the rear view mirror and see them make a U-turn. In my head I thought to myself, “come on, not today”. My light then turned green. I began making the turn when they turned on their lights. I began contemplating what my next move should be, but I told myself, “Alright I'm going to pullover because I am not going to get away”.

I pulled over and the officer asked, “what's your name and where's your driver's license?” I replied, “my name is Jarrod Delmar and I don't have a driver's license”. Then he said, “okay I'll be back”. I sat there waiting nervously, and then boom, five other police cars pulled up and blocked me in. There was no way out! The officers proceeded to all get out, looking at the car, and then came up trying to open the doors. I told them “Watch out! Get back!” The officer who first approached me came back and asked, “Did you give me a fake name? No information is popping up for you, it's like you're a ghost”. Trying to be funny I responded, “Haha because I am a ghost.” He said “ok get out of the car I'm going to search you” and he started patting me down. While laughing, I told him, “relax you ain't gotta do all that”. The officer replied saying “yes I do sir.” He then accused me of lying about my age but I wasn't. While he was patting me down all the other cops were all up in the car trying to find something. Then the officer pulled up my pants from the bottom then something fell out that I shouldn't have had. The officer screamed “GUN!!!”

He pushed me against the car and put me in handcuffs. He then took me to his car, threw me in the back seat and took off my shoes to search them. From there they took me to their headquarters.

While we were driving I heard them talking about baseball so I jumped into the conversation and asked them “Do you guys think the Padres are going to make it to the world series?” They said “I don't know, but I hope they do make it to the world series.” We arrived at their station and were now in their underground headquarters. They had me there for about three hours. They hadn't contacted my parents. No one knew where I was at.

They took me out of the car so that the main head for the gang unit could speak to me. He stood there looking me up and down and said “what gang are you from?” I started laughing

in his face, so then he irritably took me to the side by a gray wall, pulled out his phone and began to take pictures of me and my tattoos. Then the officer asked “where else do you have tattoos?” I replied, “I don’t have any more on me.” He then responded, “Are you lying?” I said “nah!”

They then put me back in their car and had me wait in the back of their patrol car. Those seats are so uncomfortable! The seats are hard as rocks. It didn’t help that the handcuffs were also super tight on me. Finally the officers came back and said “you’re not going to juvenile hall tonight. They don’t have enough space for you so we’re taking you home.”

They drove me home. When I got home they took me out of the back of the patrol car and out of the handcuffs. They told my mom “I don’t know why your son was laughing the whole time. It’s like he was happy.” My mom replied “I’m sorry!” The officers let her know, “you’ll get his court date in the mail” and then they left.

Although I had gotten caught with something I shouldn’t have had on me, they were going to try to send me away, but they didn’t. I still had to deal with the courts. In court my lawyer said “We have two options, the first one is to go on formal probation with a 30 year ban, or the second option is you can do a year of probation without a 30 year ban.” I told him, “I want to go with the year of probation, so that I don’t get the 30 year ban.” We went inside the courtroom and my lawyer went up to talk to the judge and the DA. At that moment I realized that I would now be stuck and I wouldn’t be able to do anything but stay home and go to school. I had no choice but to give up all the fun things that I used to be able to do. Now I would have to stay home because the system had officially thrown me on probation. I turned this punishment into a positive. It motivated me to start doing good and stay on that positive path. When I started doing good, it gave me a good feeling about what I was doing. I liked that feeling so I kept doing good. I went to school regularly and got good grades. I was even chosen as student of the month. I also made the decision to join the army. I talked to a recruiter to get more information and begin that process.

At my next court, they would decide if I would stay on probation and if they would keep the 30 year ban. Since I had worked so hard to do well in school and complete all of my mandated court/probation requirements, I was hoping it would work in my favor. The judge and DA were taking a long talking and made the decision to take me off probation! They then continued to discuss and decide on whether or not to remove the 30 year ban. My lawyer finally walked out of the courtroom and said “the only way they’ll take off the 30 year ban and go through with it is if they speak to your army recruiter”. I gave them my recruiter’s

phone number, but since he was in Germany at the time, the call wouldn’t go through. I told them “the only way it would go through is if they did a facetime call.” Luckily the facetime call went through and they were able to talk to the recruiter. While they were talking the DA started talking using army terminology to see if the recruiter was fake. Of course my recruiter started talking back using the army terminology as well proving he was very much legit. Finally, they decided to remove the 30 year ban as long as I committed to and follow through with joining the army.

My new goal is to continue to do well in school so I can graduate early and join the army as soon as possible!

Pinky Promise

by Jocelyn M. A.

A pinky promise so simple and silly at our age you might think. Not to me! Pinky promises are meaningful, something so innocent you would have to be soulless to break them. Even though we might go from seeing each other everyday to a few times a month you will always have me to talk to. We have made many pinky promises to each other but one that stands out is, “If we are ever to leave, it’s never goodbye but see you later”.

You were there for me when I thought I was alone. I was just a ten year old girl spending her time on the monkey bars wishing for someone to talk to. Then you came along a week later in the cutest preppy clothes. I felt a tap on my shoulder during recess. You were just a girl with cute glasses asking me to be your friend and me asking if you wanted to go to the playground slide. I knew we would be good friends when you said, “do you know jeff and joe?”, to where I responded with “what’s that?”, and after that you mentioned you had a youtube channel with your friend. I remember when we were in the library you showed me some videos and we tried our hardest not to laugh, but we laughed. I hadn’t met anyone like you before. Most of the girls who wanted to be friends just talked about their new crush or drama, which there’s nothing wrong with that but I just thought the world needed more girls like you. You were the bright light joined with laughter in my room of silence and darkness. Thank you for showing me what true sisterhood and friendship looks like.

So, here’s my pinky promise to you. I won’t always have the right words to fill your silence but I will always be here to sit with you in it. To take your hand, or wrap my arms around you until it passes. There will be bad days and good days but I want you to know that no matter what kind of day it is, I want to spend both with you. Also, know that I will be there for you if

you ever need me even when we're fighting, so I pinky promise you so you know for sure that I'm only a call away.

Memorias De Terry

by Leyla M.

This is in memory of you, in memory of Terry Mendoza.

I met you when I was six years old. I remember I was at the mall with my mom and my brother when my mom began to tell us "you are going to get a dog." I was so excited because I had always wanted a puppy, I remember feeling the happiness rushing through my body.

"Really?!!", I asked her. She showed us a couple pictures and said "pick which one you want", my brother and I swiped through the pictures. "This one!" I said. "No, this one is cuter" my brother replied. We went back and forth on which one was cuter and although I don't remember much about the pictures, I know that we got the perfect dog we needed.

That was eleven years ago, today I write this as I mourn you. Yesterday you were here with me, alive, and happy. Today you are physically gone but you will always be in my heart and in my childhood memories. While I was living my life, you were also living yours. Coming home one day, my dad came home with you in his arms. "This is our new dog, he was rescued from the streets. He's a couple months old. What do you guys want to name him?", he said. We named you Terry like our last dog that had passed away when I was maybe four years old. He lived in Acapulco Guerrero where we used to live when I was a baby. I still remember the day he died. I was in the room with my mom when she got off the phone and told me he had passed away because he ate an iguana. When you were a puppy you were small, fluffy and furry, and also this light blonde color. You were beautiful, a golden retriever mixed with a chow chow. One of my favorite memories I have was when we took you out once and it was the day you had learned how to go up and down the steps and you looked so funny because you also walked funny and I would think to myself how you walked and ran like a horse. "Look Javier, he runs like a little horse!", I would say to my brother. We also used to take you to this big beautiful park in downtown and you would run around and chase us. Those were good memories that I will always hold with my brother.

When we moved to this new house in 2017 with a giant yard for you to run around, you met this other dog who I named Nunez who was a chihuahua and was white with black spots that gave her a cow aesthetic. You guys ended up having kids and even though she had about

five babies only two of them survived. Linguini was a girl she was a chihuahua and golden like you and Negro was more like you, he was bigger and furry and he was black with small white spots. They were with me through my toughest moments. Like when my mom went to jail and when my parents separated. Negro, Nunez, and Linguini ended up passing away the same way. Getting hit by a car. And I cried and cried, but I always wondered how you must've felt. To see your whole family leave little by little. How lonely it must've felt.

In March of 2020 me and the family left for Guerrero for 2 weeks but because of covid we ended up staying there for 3 months and a half. You stayed at the house and I guess one of my dad's friends was supposed to take care of you during those 2 weeks but when we finally came back you weren't there. I was scared, I wondered if you were okay. "Is Terry okay? Are they feeding him?", I asked my mom almost every day. We couldn't find you anywhere until we went looking for the house we used to live in, the house where we first met you. You were way more fluffier like you hadn't been groomed in a while but you were clean as if someone had showered you. We later found out that a lady was taking care of you while we were gone and you were out. I was so happy to find that out. I spent those months wondering if you were okay and seeing you be okay made me so happy. Maybe a year or two after that I came home one day from school to see you in a box all bloody and with injuries and I didn't know what to think. "He was beaten by the group of dogs he's always following around. The neighbors dogs. We already took him to the vet, they said that he will be okay and that he's lucky to have survived. They hurt him pretty badly." My parents had told me. I was so sad to see you in pain. I was angry at the neighbors and at his ghetto dogs. But after a while you got better and you were okay. Back to the happy fluffy dog that you were.

This morning as I was on my way to school, my mom texted me and told me that you got hit by a car and passed away. That broke my heart, I didn't know I would cry so much. I wish I could have hugged you this morning. I always thought about the day you would leave but I hoped it would be in another decade or that you would've lived forever. A week ago I found this kitten while I was walking home with my bestfriend and the owner of the cat gave her to us. So I named her Nata and she came home with me. When you saw her you were curious and happy, I could see it in your eyes. I know if you could have had more time with her, you guys would've been good buddies.

When I was scared, I would hug you. When I was sad, I would also hug you. And when I was happy, I would play with you. You were my little real teddy bear and I would always tell you that. "Hola Terry" I would always say when I saw you coming home or in the morning. I would always ask you how you were doing even though you couldn't speak back. "Estas bien

Terry? Como estas?” And you would just bury your head in my shoulders when I hugged you. “It’s okay Terry” I would always tell you because I could never know what being a dog must feel like. And those days are enough for me to know I was always there for you and you were always there for me. Thank you for showing me how alive I am, and how strength is real. I know you are in a better place and you are with your family.

One Day They Are Here and the Next Day They Are Gone

By Melody R.

A loss I experienced was one that was horrible. One day I was just going along with my regular day and everything was normal until suddenly it wasn’t. I was outside and overheard my mom on the phone with my tia. Her face looked serious and she said “your uncle is in bad condition and in a coma. He probably won’t make it.” Honestly, I was so shocked! I thought to myself, “he can’t be in that serious of a condition.” That was until we went to visit him in the hospital. Being at the hospital, it didn’t even feel real. I thought to myself, “maybe if we have more hope and pray, he will wake up.” His condition didn’t improve. At the hospital, I just said my goodbye to my uncle. Afterwards, I cried in my moms arms. I did not know what to think or how to feel. I went home and couldn’t stop thinking about him because he is the closest thing to family that I have lost. I liked him very much because we had a lot in common. We liked the same things. It was tough losing him. In my family we haven’t lost someone that close to us, and it hurts. I know that’s how life is and we just have to stay strong and move on. This is why it is important to spend the time in our life wisely and be with family, because one day they are here, and the next they are gone.

My Cousin’s Wedding

by Junior S.

Have you ever regretted something you did in your life? I have. One thing I regret is not paying attention to my younger brother at my cousin’s wedding in San Juan Puerto Rico. On the day of the wedding my brother fell in the water at the beach and almost drowned because I wasn’t paying attention to him. That’s why you should pay attention to your younger siblings. When my cousin was walking down the aisle we heard a loud splash. Turns out it was my brother who fell in the water. When he hit the water his arms became noodles and couldn’t swim.

My brother swam like a newborn baby, in other words he was sinking. I dove in the water like

an airstrike to save my brother. I leaped into the water, picked my brother up on one arm and swam with the other to land and saved the day. I felt like a hero. But, my mother didn’t see it that way. She was very angry because she had told me to watch him and he drifted away from me. My older siblings were also very upset with me as well as my other relatives.

If there was one thing I would have done differently, it would have been to keep my brother by my side and watch him at all times. My mom told me “watch your brother, I need to go do something”. I responded “ I’ll do it for a trillion dollars”. I think my mom told me to watch my brother because she wanted to see if I was responsible enough to make sure he was safe but at that time, I wasn’t. To this day, I still sit in my room replaying the moment over and over again in my head.

Now I am very responsible and mature enough to take care of my younger siblings. My relatives agree that I have changed a lot. I take care of my younger siblings and cousins and I get paid for it. My mom is very proud of me since I have changed.

The incident at the wedding made me realize I need to focus on and pay attention to my siblings. Now, I pay attention to all of my family so nothing goes wrong. After we flew back home to San Diego my mom was very upset with me and I was grounded for two months. For

those two months I sat in my room and thought about what I would do next time. What would you have done in this situation? So, have you ever regretted something you did in your life? If so, what did you regret?

ESCONDIDO COMMUNITY SCHOOL

Untitled

By Alan C.

It was a school day around September 2022, I woke up like a normal day, hopped in the shower and got ready for school. Prior to heading to school I ate a delicious sandwich breakfast, already late I had to walk through the main office and get a tardy slip. I headed to my first period class and sat down to do my work. I had Auto Technology, a Car mechanic

class, a few periods went by and everything was going good. Keep in mind, I already had a bad habit of making bad decisions and not going to school ditching my first 2 classes very very often so my reputation at school was not all great. After a while, Lunch came around, I went to get my lunch as usual and went to my kick-it spot. Me and my homies decided to hit the bathrooms and at a bad time the security walked in, and boom I got caught!

The security escorted me to the office and I was just sitting in the office lobby waiting to be called in. A while went by and I was called in to the Principal's office, this wasn't my first or second offense so it was already going bad for me. My mom was called to the school and we had a meeting discussing what had happened and what the consequences would be. I was told that there weren't any more chances that I would be expelled. I spent about a month or two suspended from going to school and we had another meeting discussing what was gonna happen to me. "You're a great kid but your choices aren't helping you very much," said the district principal. "I know my choices have affected me but I'm willing to make a change in my habits and make better choices," I explained to the district principle. I sat there in disappointment seeing my mom break down after being told that I was expelled. I kept fucking up over time, my bad habits didn't stop there I began going into a bad mindset, continuously making bad decisions and causing my parents more stress. I chose a voluntary expulsion giving me the chance to return to the district if I completed my requirements in the given time. I been at JCCS for about 10 months now waiting for my approval..

The decision to change my life around hit me around June, when I was denied entry back into my district because of my continuous bad choices. I knew I had to change my ways and be a better version of myself. My grades began increasing and I found a job to make my own money and be more independent and responsible. I was feeling better as the time went by and I noticed my self improvement, many people recognized the change and saw the good it was doing for me. I'm currently working on my second chance at going back to district, I know I got it secure just need to keep on the same right path. I have improved so much as a person and I think that getting a job helped me be more responsible and learn to do things on my own. I want to thank my teachers and staff members for always showing mad love and support towards a kid. I will continue to make great choices and return to the district, so I can walk the stage and make my parents proud.

A New Change

by Andrea C.

If you don't love yourself, you can't love anyone else. If you don't take care of yourself you can't take care of anyone else. That's what you need to make a new change. It all starts with you. This story is about how I got expelled from Escondido School District, came to JCCS, and how it positively impacted me. It was a Wednesday morning at Del Dios Academy of Arts and Sciences, during PE period. I decided to jump in that fight and beat that b***** because i had good reasons too. We were caught by the assistant teacher, taken to the principal's office, called our parents but I ended up running away, messing it all up, making my family sad, and I was sad too.

Me and my friends were planning to jump this girl during PE time but it was too suspicious then after PE we were walking to lunch but made a stop to the bathroom and the fight started with one of my friends so I

Have You Ever Been Caught Before?

by Julio G.

Have you ever been caught before? Here is my story. I didn't think right at the moment, and also didn't care what would happen because I didn't think anything would happen or what I was doing at the moment. The moment before the incident I thought of it as a normal day getting ready to go to school feeling good.

Here is how it all happened. I was at school on a Tuesday. It was a normal day. It was 12:00 and got to school for 1st period math then in 2nd period science the vice principal came into the classroom. The VP said "Hey Julio, Come in!" In the room was the "Principal." He said ". Inside the classroom was a police officer. He asked me questions. I started to get nervous. My stomach started to feel weird. He asked me about selling, and after he said " I will have to conduct a search! Then he said "Will anything stab or poke me? I said "No but I have a pocket knife" and that's when I got arrested at school and they called parents but didn't find me with anything else but the knife.

I care about what would happen because I care about my family and now I am thinking right because I want a better future.

Summary of Incident: I got caught up with a knife at school and got sent to a juvenile school.

I have learned that making those bad decisions can cause me and my family to feel bad for my decisions which I made, making those problems don't give me anything but struggle and give family problems.

Beautiful Struggles

by Lupe L.

My story about my life: how I went from a happy girl enjoying life to an addict. My upbringing was a struggle. I always put a smile on my face and keep trying my hardest to overcome it. I was doing just that as I got older I started to lose hope and started to understand that I can't keep on putting on a smile that much longer. September 8 is the day I took my first pill to get high. I felt everything better, no more pain, the stress. I felt much better about myself. Little did I know it was gonna turn me into an addict. I was in way too deep that I thought and everyone around me thought I was gonna be a victim of the streets.

I started to be independent on the pills. Sadness fills my heart and eyes every day. I tried to put a smile on my face. I thought it was impossible to keep faking it for the longest time. One day I just couldn't take it any more. I wanted a better life for myself and a future, the life I would always dream about when I was a little girl. I started to ask for help from people that really cared about me and never gave up on me. They keep pushing me to do my best and keep trying even at times when I don't want to. My addiction got worse in less than 3 months. It started to infect my everyday things, friendships and school.

I started to get in program for my addiction it was hard at first I had my ups and downs but I keep pushing myself to take it slow but not to give up slowly I started to realize I can be independent again without pills I can still enjoy life without pills I can be me without pills it took me a long time to realize it again it took me a couple of months almost a year in many program to get clean and mentally good. Once I got clean I felt like freedom and blessed and happy I felt like the happy girl I was once but better. I felt like I had a brand new meaning in life. It's been over a year of my sobriety. I feel like a new person and a much better place than when I was 15 and 16.

My life is much better than it was a couple of months ago and a year ago I have learned new skills to help myself when I'm upset in many ways, not to turn to drugs and skills on how to control my use. I came a long way. It was difficult but I managed to pull through no matter what I was getting myself into. This part of my life is always gonna be important to me even in 30 years from now because I proved myself wrong that I can make it on my own.

Caught selling Dispos

by Guillermo R.

Last year when I was 12 in November 2022 Me and my other 2 friends decided to start selling Disposable vapes and vape carts. This is how it went: me and my friend were in the afterschool gym and we were thinking about ways we could make money to make it out of the hood. We decided selling vapes was a good idea because the market for them at school was good since mostly everybody we knew smoked. So we hit up our other friend who we knew could get us Dispos and carts since he said he had a plug so the next day he brought them. All three of us were going to be selling them for 25 and the carts for 35. Since my friend bought off his plug in bulk he got everything for like 15 each and he paid him 200 and all three put in money like 60 sum each.

My friends sold a couple but I only managed to sell one because I didn't want to risk it because my friend had almost got caught up, so it was burnt so I stopped for like 3 days, but my other friends had already made like \$600 so I had \$200 since we all had planned on splitting it, but the first day I come back and with a good restock I get caught up, apparently a girl had snitched on us and the school had become suspicious of us. So they call me into the office once there I have to talk to the counselor and I'm not saying anything I plead the 5th but then the cops come in and try to scare saying just give us the vapes or were searching you and your going to juvenile hall but I didn't fold and let them search me they find my vapes. After they make me write a paper about what happened and the situation that led me there, I write a bunch of lies on the paper and they believe it at first, but after they call in my two other friends and they also tell lies and they don't know how to believe it now. So the next day I was just in alc the whole day watching the soccer world cup thru the reflection of a white board with this annoying teacher that kept screaming at us for no reason like bruh getchoo ahh, she swore she was the main character.

Throughout that day they kept calling us into the office to speak about what happened and we would just make a bunch of bs to keep clean. The next day was my last day there at mission, they had finally found out about everything and I guess the truth about everything, I was called into the office during the middle of the day and they told me they were most likely going to expel me and I would have to go to a juvenile court school where I come now. The first month I had to go to an online school through zoom and then, they finally sent me here to Jccs where it's chilling and fun but not as fun as mission middle school. Overall I learned from my mistake and won't do it again as I found a job which pays me good in my opinion around \$700 a month and sometimes more. I also want to go back to my district as I want to go to a normal school and have fun and make my parents proud

How I Got Expelled

by Jesse C. V.

This is the story of how I got expelled from my old middle school. So it was a normal day in November, don't remember what day it was but what I remember was like a week and a half after Thanksgiving break. I was already on my second strike of getting caught because around October. I got caught with weed on me so anyways I was having a good day and I saw my friend in the morning before school. Saw my friend and we went to a park that's close to my old middle school and it took us like 5 minutes to get there.

It was around 4 periods and the class was already over around this time of transition to lunch. I was waiting for my friend, once I saw my friend I told him "aye lets go to the bathroom so we could smoke up" "all right".

The Day I Got Caught

by Jairo G.

I got caught oh no!

When I got caught I was so scared and did not know what to do. The reason I got caught was because I sold it to a girl on Friday and after school she got caught, they took her into the office and asked her who sold it to you. She said it was me so on Monday at 8:30 it was foggy and cloudy and it was cold. I was with a group of friends. Then the principal went up to me and took me into the office, then he asked "do you know why you're in here?" I said I don't know why I'm here.

Later after he told me I was in here because I sold drugs to a girl. I said oh, then he took me to another room and checked my backpack and he found nicotine vapes in my bag. I could have lied but since he found things in my backpack it was obvious it was me. After all that he was talking to me and said why did you do it, I said "I don't know". I said "to give me another chance and not to tell anyone" but he said "if he didn't tell anyone I would do it again". I told him "I was so sorry". Then he "told me how drugs are harmful and it could've been worse if the girl used the product". He sent me to go to detention till my mom gets her. When I was walking to the detention room, I felt super nervous. When I went out to go it was super sunny and hot so I took off my sweater and walked to the room. After I got there I had to spend lunch there. Then my mom arrived at the school and they called me to go to the office. When I was walking back to the office I felt even more nervous because my mom was there.

When I arrived back at the office one of the teacher assistants took me to a room where the principal and my mom were waiting. They told me to sit down so I did, when I sat down the principal told my mom what was going to happen. He told her that I might get expelled, then he told her for now I'm just going to be suspended for six days. Then we went back and the principal and the teacher assistants told me I'm going to get an expulsion. Then they sent me to a new school.

Now that I look back at what I did I do have remorse but at the same time I am happy about what happened after that. The reason I am happy is because I went to a better school that I like and I go to church after I originally was just supposed to go for community service. The church takes me to eat sometimes and they are super nice, but I stayed and they feel like family now. I am happy with the way it turned out.

Bad Decisions

by John D. R.

This story is a fight in school and students chanting fight, fight, fight. I thought it was gonna be a nice day in school till, I got in a heated argument and physical with a dude, bad sounds and curse words were used. He would make fun of me and I was not taking it. Which would end up with me and him in suspension. This incident will also have negative impacts in my school record. This story begins in school during lunch and during my next period.

After lunch, he talks smack to me and I tell him to shut the f— up because I was getting tired of him making me more mad. When, we got in the Language Arts classroom he talks more smack and I got mad and called him pig and he ran to me and punched me and I punched back and students were yelling fight, fight, fight. All of a sudden the teacher comes in and started to yell stop and trying to break up the fight but I wouldn't stop cause I just wanted to break his mouth for talking smack to me. My classmates and teacher was in my Language Arts class and it was in 5th period, during transition period. Chairs and desks were scattered, my teacher was yelling stop and was trying to stop the fight, and some of the kids were waiting for a fight, but me and the dude was just not listening and punched more body shots and face to each others face. People were just recording the fight and not doing anything to stop it except my teacher. My feelings were angry and furious I wanted to hurt him. I got sent to the Vice Principal office, the dude got asked to tell the Vice principal first what happened then, I got called up and he was pissed at me for some reason, before even hearing everything, his annoying butt keeps interrupting me. He thinks I'm the one who was

in wrong here and I didn't even start the problem and he was red like a tomato and saying don't lie. I said in my mind "Bit@# don't even ask me what happened if you don't believe me stupid man." I had proof that one of the kids recorded the dude I got in a fight starting it and what the Vice principal did was evil he asked the student to delete it, so I'm the one who got blamed and most trouble. I said "fat pig and no friends" and the dude said I was a bi@#@ and adopted after that we just said, "f- you" and random words to hurt each other.

After me and the dude got in a fight we both got sent in the vice principal office and he was a mean one and he sided with the dude. After we got suspended I felt bad about calling him names and I felt angry for getting mad for a small thing. My feelings were disgusted of myself and embarrassed for saying things that were dumb. I also felt sad for myself because that wasn't myself and I was just a nice kid not a bully nor a name caller. After the suspension we both didn't talk to each other but after a month we got along again. I said sorry and explained to him how I shouldn't have said what I said, and he said the same thing except he said sorry and told me he wouldn't do it again. We started hanging out more and getting along again.

The Heartbreak

by Layla H.

Have you ever been on the other side of a messy hurtful breakup? I have and let me tell you my story...I had so many feelings. Really sad and empty and I had this really big knot in my throat and I felt like doing nothing. I felt like crying every 2 seconds. I had a spray from the bath and body works that was an air freshener and everytime i smell it reminds me of the break up. I kept looking at my phone.

I started going over this dialogue in my brain. "I'm done i don't wanna be with you anymore" "what why" go be with ___ i don't wanna deal with you anymore". My heart felt like it was sinking and my brain felt fuzzy in confused

I sat in my room and I felt like my body was sinking into the bed. I felt like I was slowly changing for the better. In my mind, I thought this really hurt me, so once I heal I will be changed for the better. That's because that's what usually happens after a really hard break up. I was just telling myself I will be okay and this will pass, and I will get over this and move on for the better.

All of this means that I have learned that there will always be breakups so I need to be

smarter and prepared for the next time this happens so I can cope better with it. Right now in my life I am really happy because im a sold happy relationship

My First Incident

by Malik N.

Give me my phone back! Go to your room! He has a knife!

This story is about an incident that happened at my house with my older brother's friend. how the incident happened. I was on my phone and he was on my playstation and I guess he got bored and he asked for my phone so I let him borrow it then he asked if I could borrow it Also if I got in trouble or not.

It all started at my house. I let my older brother's friend borrow my phone for the day at school and the next day I asked him to give it back but he said no. Then I got angry and pulled out my blade. I said give me my phone back.! screamed he has a knife! Then he tried to tackle me but I hit the dresser and then it happened. my mom came into the room and said go to your room! " my brother's friend was crying in the bathroom. And my older brother went into my room and gave my phone back. I didn't get in trouble but we talked it out and we are cool now.

I realized I shouldn't have taken out a knife. I should have just talked it out with him and asked him why won't he give my phone back. I did make contact with him because he wouldn't give my phone back and tried to fight me. I did change from this incident. I learned that I should have talked it out with him or gone to an adult.

Change for the Best

by Mateo S.

It was a great day! I had fun throughout the day, because I finished school work and all my responsibilities. On this day everything seemed fine. I was in my room relaxing, the light was on, it was bright and orange. Then a few minutes later my parents were getting ready to go to the ROSS, to shop for some pants and shirts for my siblings, Margarita, Gabriela, Maria, and Alex. My sister Margarita then walked up to me to ask me "Would you like to go to the store?" And I said "Yes, of course." Then I entered in our van and we drove off to the ROSS.

When I got to ROSS with my family, we started looking around for some pants, t-shirts, or

sweaters for ourselves. Meanwhile I was with my brother, Alex, we were in the technology section of ROSS, and you could see many different electronics, from screen protectors to headphones. My brother and I were looking for some headphones, but unfortunately we did not find anything we liked, so we went back and met with our family. My siblings were looking for clothes, I stayed with my parents, while my mom was on the phone calling someone, but then she stared at me in the eyes and then asked me, “Why are your eyes red?” I started worrying and said nervously, “they’re not red! but if they were, I did not know why.” She didn’t believe me and said, “I’m going to have a conversation with you when we get home.” After what she had just told me, I was really worried about what was going to happen. So my parents and I continued shopping, and the whole time I was stressing about what was going to happen to me when I got back home. After my parents were done shopping we then went to the checkout line to pay for our clothes, then we went outside, got into our van, and drove home. The drive home was terrifying for me because I knew I was going to get in trouble.

Once me and my family got back from the store, me and my mom had a conversation in her room, about why my eyes are red. My mom was extremely suspicious that I was smoking again. I started arguing that my eyes were red naturally and that I was not smoking, during this time I was feeling guilty and afraid. My mom believed me so she let me go back to my room where I layed down on my bed. While I was laying there my mom grabbed some eye drops for my eyes from her shelf in her room, and stated, “I don’t care if your eyes are red, all I want to know is if you’re smoking or not.” I grabbed the eye drops from her hand. I started applying eye drops to my eyes, as I could hear her talking to me. I realized the best decision for me was to confess. So I thought I should confess to her, and that I also wanted to quit for good, I then told her, “I have been smoking, but I did not want to confess to you because I did not know what the outcome was going to be.” She then got disappointed in me but only stated, “I want you to quit for your own good,” to which I responded, “I want to quit for self improvement.” Then my mom told me, “It’s your own decision, I just want to be there to help you.”

I always wanted to keep smoking and I did not really care about school, homework, grades, and even my responsibilities, but I always felt guilty about something I’m not supposed to be doing. Nowadays ever since I was caught up, I take care of my responsibilities to feel good about myself and I also quit smoking to reduce my feelings of stress and anxiety. This incident is important to me because ever since I was caught up, I changed my ways and behavior, such as being more focused in school and being respectful at home. I also started taking care of my responsibilities.

School Detentions

by Max C.

Once upon a time I woke up and was thinking that the day was going to be good because it was Friday. As we were driving to school my mom made me mad because she had not let me get ready for school and started off poorly. I was going to school, as I was walking in school. People were calling me names already so I got angry and walked away. I was walking in the first period. I took out my note book and started writing poetry because my teacher had assigned it to me. I was struggling a little bit, but I had gotten it right and my teacher was so amazed.

After 1 period it was time to go to the second period. In the second period I had to do some poetry and do a story about people that had helped the world with a rule. After I was doing choir, inside the choir I had to help out to sing. I was one of the lowest voices ever and had to perform for most of the songs after choir. then it was history, inside history. It’s one of my least favorite classes because we have to get a book and write about people traveling around the sea and the world but I manage to do some work, not all of it. Then we were at lunch, it was sunny and perfect for food. After I got food I took a seat and took a break. After it was time to go to P.E to workout and exercise after there was a 5th period where all the difficult things happened. I went in and took a sip of my water and took a seat. After I was asking the teacher for help she replied “yes, what’s the matter” I had told her that I was confused about a problem and she was helping me out with it. After I had asked one of my friends if they could pass me a pen to solve a problem in my paper she respond back to me “yes, here you go” a couple seconds went by then another student had come up to me and said, “if you have my pen then I’ll take this” and snatched my phone out of my pocket and threw it on the floor. As the phone was on the ground I stood up, looked at my phone and cursed the student out as I was cursing him out. I went up to him and I started beating him up after I had gone outside because my teacher yelled at me to go out. As I was going out, a lot of teachers had been there already to situate things out. The principal had taken me to her office and talked to me on how many times I had punched the student. And after all of that I went to juvenile community courts and had learned my lesson but now I know better and how I can control my emotions. At the moment I was in the incident I was angry and not thinking of what the consequence was gonna be. I was very mad at the moment I realized when I was going to JCCS after the incident. And couldn’t control my emotions, behavior, and being mad. But I had changed. I didn’t let anything get in my way to let me down. I am always a good person, even if someone says I’m not I think that they probably have a bad day or they have a bad day. I am trying new coping skills too to not let my emotions get ahead of me.

Be Careful Who You Sell Vapes To

by Michael M.

It was the second week of April. I was wearing my sweater because it was a cold morning. It was 3rd period history, when the whole school had gone into a fire drill. Everyone went outside and we waited for like 5-10 minutes. We then go back inside to do our work. 3rd period ends and I'm going to my 4th period, science.

While I'm there a kid comes up to me saying "Estefania got caught and she's in the assistant principal's office being searched. Can you hold onto this? It's Alexandras, the one you sold her" he said, I declined and started questioning how she got caught. I went on with my day and nothing happened.

The next day I started asking around what happened, the only thing I was told was that Estefnaia was last seen crying in the Assistant Principal's office. I knew she was probably gonna say something knowing she was crying just for getting caught. It was 3rd period, I suddenly got escorted to the APs office by some of the School staff. I question what is going on and the staff say nothing. I get to the Office and they take my backpack away from me. Immediately I knew Estefania said she bought the vape from me., so I started coming up with excuses saying how me and her have problems and that she is trying to get me in trouble . The 7th grader assistant principal comes in and pulls me into her office. She questions me. She says "yesterday, there was a girl who got caught with a vape. I questioned her in my office about who she bought the vape from." She ended up mentioning my name and my friend's name who was also with me when I sold it to them. I knew right away she told me and I had to make something up quick. I made up an excuse saying something about somebody on Instagram messaged me telling me to sell it to them and a whole situation was made. The 7th Grader AP believed my excuse on how me and her had problems and drama. I then went on with my day telling my friend what had happened. Fast forward a week, I was in my 7th period class, and I was messing around with my friend. I do end up saying some jokes that can offend some people. My teacher hears this and contacts my mom and the 7th grader assistant . After school I was told to stay so the assistant principal could talk to me. She then goes on non stop saying how she doesn't believe me anymore, that I'm telling the truth and that I did sell those vapes to those girls. Fast forward I'm in the AP office and they start saying we don't believe you and this and that and we know you're not telling the truth and they end up expelling me. A couple weeks go by and I receive an evidence packet in the mail with what I had done and what law I didn't obey. I looked through it and found the statements the girl had said and realized that what she had told me about " I didn't snitch

on you I said it was my brothers at the youth court" was a lie. So I then sent the statement papers to my friend saying " yeah she was lying." He ended up posting it on his story making fun of the girl. I saw that he posted it and then I decided to post it.

Fast forward a couple minutes I get a notification on my phone, it was from the girl who snitched on me. I opened the message and it was her apologizing saying how she snitched because the 7th grade Assistant Principal told her if she didn't tell her who she got it from it would get worse. At the end of the paragraph she talks about how she wants my friend to delete the post. That's the part for when I got mad because I realized she wasn't really apologizing and all she wanted was for that post to be deleted so she would get backlash on how she snitched and got a student expelled.

In conclusion, like my title says, be careful who you sell vapes too and if you do sell vapes to someone make sure you don't do it on school campus and/or make sure to text in vanish mode(it's a mode that any chats sent in that mode delete.) so there won't be any actual evidence on you. How do I feel about this situation, before and after? Well before I was frustrated and hoped she would continue to vape and hope 1 way or another she would get caught again in school. Today I still feel the same and haven't changed my mind on what I want to happen to her. How have I changed after this situation ? Well, I don't sell vapes anymore and I've overcome the fact that I'm expelled and I'm probably not going to finish my 8th grade year in normal school. I also have good grades now instead of all F's and D's.

Missionk

by Paola R.

"You need to leave already or I'ma go tell your teachers." I ignore the PE teacher. Then my teachers from P.E said it again. I got mad and started walking towards the field. As I was walking ahead of the staff, the teacher said "walk slower". I was walking from the P.E lockers to the classroom. The weather felt chilly as the wind hit me and my hands started to feel cold.

I started to get mad and threatened the school. "I'ma shoot up the school I swear." At that moment I felt irritated because my student teacher was pressing me to hurry up. I felt like just talking back to the teacher because she was getting on my nerves. But I didn't do anything. Once we got to the classroom my student teacher told my teacher. I was surprised because she had never told me before. I lost trust towards my student teacher and felt angry. My teacher called the principal to come and search me when she heard from my student

teacher on what I said. I felt confident because I knew I was clean and didn't have anything illegal.

The Pros And Cons Of Picking Your Battles

by Xavier V.G.

So one day I woke up and got dressed at 6:50 am. My room was somewhat clean. and I saw a dollar bill. I now had enough for some boba. It was my lucky day, Or was it?

I picked it up thinking it was unclaimed. So i took the dollar bill and my brother tells me later that if I saw a dollar bill on the floor i said "yeah i took it was it yours?" "YES you still have it?!!" I said "yeah i do here" I handed him the dollar bill. He got mad and started yelling at me in my head. I was like "what's the point of yelling over a dollar." I told him "you don't need to be yelling over a dollar you got it back so this problem has been solved."

He told my dad and they were both telling me that I was in the wrong. In my head I thought "wow is this really happening." My brother and my dad continued but I did not care about this useless argument. My brother and my dad wanted me to care but I didn't because if I did they would cause a bigger problem and i didnt want that. So I was just agreeing with them so we could end the useless problem faster.

My brother and my dad kept on going even though I was complying with them. I knew I was right but I didn't say anything to relight the fire. I wanted this dumb problem to end so I can move on and continue on with my day.

I realized that picking my battles would be easier for me that day. The problem finally ended and I have kept that mindset with me since that day. To this day that little memory fragment is still useful if I catch myself in another situation like that one. It works if you just play it straight and be calm because if you end up lashing out you won't be the victim you will be building it up into a bigger useless problem.

ESCONDIDO COMMUNITY SCHOOL

Students used science themes to write narratives.

Disaster Naturally!

by Alan C

"I'll see you around Mike" said Goner as he headed back to the city in his old rusty pickup truck. Mike lived in an old country house out in the ranch with his wife Lena who was 39 and their kids Lucas and Ellie who were 11 and 13. The weather was getting worse and worse as time passed by with lots of rain, storms, and wind. Everybody in Jalisco was worried about what could possibly happen. Goner was grabbing some quick groceries before heading home as he was on the road, a big storm came pouring heavily. It wasn't a natural storm, this one came with lots of power. Everybody was worried about what was going to happen. Goner was a tall man in his mid 30's, he lived with his wife Chloe age 32 and his kid James who was 12 years old at the time. They had a Modern house in the city. Chloe and the kids were at home taking precaution of the situation but everything seemed to be a normal routine. Mike was getting everybody to start packing up their bags and important items needed for evacuation.

A few days went by and the storm was not stopping in fact, it seemed as if it was slowly getting stronger and stronger. The streets began to flood up with water and people of the city were trying their best to evacuate before it became too late and dangerous to leave. Mike began worrying as the storm got worse, he started telling his family to pack up and get everything ready in the truck. They were heading out towards Michoacan where it seemed to be a lot better and the closest area to reach. Goner had already reached Guanajuato; it seemed to be a bit less rainy in that area of Mexico. "Mike, are you okay?" asked Goner over the phone, "Yeah, just made it to Uruapan, we're looking for shelter to spend the night". Responded Mike

Untitled

by Angela P.

In the future in the year 2930 deep in the ocean sailed a small family a mom a dad and their young daughter. The family liked to sail deep in the ocean to fish for sea animals they mainly fished for Anglerfish, yellowfin tuna and crabs they did not like to fish for much because their young daughter was not a big fan of seafood. It started to get late and before heading out the mom dived in the ocean for a quick swim but it did not go good since it was late most of the sea animals were not very awoken a shark was woken up and came near the mom and did not like the disturbance and was attacked by a giant shark took the mom below sea level and did not come back up. The rest of the big animals awakened and tried to take down their boat but instead sent them farther away from shore and the big sea animals made their boat break down so they had to figure out a plan on an empty island. The following days the dad and daughter would go on walks to find things to start a fire and cook the sea animals the young daughter was forced to eat the sea animals since she was not a big fan she decided to go off on her own and find bugs to eat since she did not want to eat, fishes, crabs, yellowfin tuna fish etc. A couple days went by and the dad and daughter decided to build a boat with things they had around, like sticks and parts from their old boat that was left behind. The dad tried the boat on water and the small boat was not able to hold all the weight and immediately broke down. The young daughter was disappointed and ran off because she was mad/sad that the boat did not work out how she wanted it to. The young girl was not used to being out in nature, she had left for a couple days and did not return until she came to realize that there was no way out of the island and had to make an effort out of staying on the empty island. The young girl and her dad decided to try and build the shelter out of just sticks and big branches from trees that were around both the dad and daughter knew at this point there was no way out of the island at this point. So what they did was fish from the island they were on and the young daughter went off to find bugs to eat to survive off living on the island with nothing. They both lived happily ever after they realized there was no way out.

Killer To Hero

by John David R

A killer's story that made him a hero starts in 2074 Tokyo, Japan, when a former assassin named Ben, who is strong like a bull but looks skinny, he also has a good and fast reaction, with hair of black and skin is tan, he is a Middle aged man who can speak 9 languages he also has a small beard. He gets kidnapped by a group of Mafia Gangsters, after a few years

he wakes up in a desert which seems to be Egypt. He couldn't remember anything that happened to his former life or his name before he was in the desert. He walked for miles and found out he was going in circles, he kept walking until he heard a voice yelling "Help! Help"! He runs to the direction where the sound was coming from, he hides in a big bump of sand and finds a group of guards stealing water from a Woman and child. The guards told the Woman to give up the water since she was poor and not a royal blood. He talks to himself asking what he should do. He grabbed and ran over to the guards and threw it to their face and told the Woman and child to run while the guards were blinded. The woman tells the man to follow them, while they are running the man asks the woman "what was that all about?" The woman replies "We are fighting for the water against the royal family" the man replies "What do you mean war for the water?" Woman asks the man if he had dementia or something but the man says "I don't know what's happening". He asks what year it is and the woman says it's 2080. The man is shocked and cries after a while they go into a town and inside was just an empty room with a bed in the ground. The woman said her name was "Anat", then she said the girl's name is "Anna", she asks what his name is he tells the girl that he can't remember his name. The girl looks at him weirdly and asks him if he was in a coma, he didn't respond instead he just looked at the window. The little girl was about to touch his beard and because of his past and his fast reaction he grabbed the girl and dropped her down on the ground. Anat yelled and asked him angrily

why he did that, the man said "I thought she was going to hurt me or something" he said. Anat told him that the girl was deaf and mute and suffered from a disease long ago, the man felt bad and said sorry. Then all of a sudden a loud sound was casted and a soldier yelled and asked who took the water from the castle and as soon as Anat heard that she hid and the man asked why she was hiding Anat says "since the water level dropped in 2023 theres on little water now and whoever takes it will be "EXECUTED". The man then told the woman to hide the water and told her he had a plan. He told the guard he found it and the guard followed him and since he could only remember to fight he killed the guard so they wouldn't be caught. The woman got scared and begged not to kill her but the man said that he didn't kill for money anymore all he was trying to do was to help. He asked where the castle was and the king told the woman to move west from there. She asked what he's going to do and he said he was gonna take care of the water situation. He got a horse from the people and a carriage and he rode for miles and arrived in single day. He got out the horse and he walked inside the village and guards drew their spears saying what he was going to do and the man said he was trying to talk to the king. The guards told him to walk slowly and he was taken to the king who the king was almost the same physique as the assassin, the king asked his

name and he said he couldn't remember because he was in a coma and the king laughed making fun on how he was in a coma. The assassin ignored it and asked why he was not sharing the water, the King told him the problem with is that water was for only royal bloods and not for peasants. The man yelled that they should share the water instead of letting the people die from thirst. The king yelled back that water will drop fast if they share and instead only the important people with purposes should only have water not people who are useless. The assassin got mad and tried to hold it and after cooling down he thought of killing all the selfish people, especially a greedy king. He went out of the castle and after he was about to go out he saw a kid trying to get water from mud and he cried and went back to the woman and girl. He asked all the people that what the king was doing was not kind and it was rather evil and he asked the people to fight by his side. At first, the people were hesitant because they knew they were gonna die if they got into a war with the King and guards. Some went with him and some stayed back waiting for the heroes. Before they went, Anat asked him to be back safe and the man thought of her as his wife before he was kidnapped. The man then remembered his name Ben and he started regaining his memories back and he said his name was Ben. Anat said she liked his name and Ben said he liked her name too. He went with a troop and rushed back to the castle and waited till it was nighttime so no one could see them. Ben sprinted and killed a guard and the troop then killed 5 other guards. Then all of a sudden a guard got suspicious and saw Ben running and killing the other guards so the guard rang the bell and the king woke up, and yelled assemble!! The guards circled the king and made sure he was safe and no blank range was shown so he couldn't be killed and was protected. Ben shoots an arrow directly in one of the guards head, the troop and guards fight and it was war for the water, Good vs. Evil. Ben rushes over to the king and all of a sudden the king kicks him in the face, and it turns out he was like Ben, a Fighter. Ben throws a punch in the king's face and the king dodges, but Ben throws a knee into the King's stomach. As the king was kneeling down gasping for breath, Ben traps him by stepping on his hand and the other one. He kills the king and he yells at the guards that their king is dead, everyone stops fighting and surrenders. After a few years Ben is crowned king and he now teaches mixed martial arts to the people of every village. He also got water and instead of not sharing he shared it and created a filtering system to clean water. Turns out, the water was stuck in something and was underground. They dug into it and cheered after finding out they wouldn't die from thirst. They now clean all their water with filters and don't do the same thing as the Evil king did.

The War About the Flood

by Layla H

Xochil and her people lived on the land and father always told her not to go too far because it's dangerous. But one day she saw cars which she had never seen before. They were where her father told her not to go but her curious mind told her to go see what was over there. She was hiding in the bushes when she saw five men get out of the car then this guy who had a very nice suit on and expensive jewelry and looked very mean. He looked very different from her people because the strange guy was bald and her people had very long hair. They were bringing stuff she had never seen before like machines and a greenhouse with all their stuff in it. She was just watching them wondering what they were doing on her land. She ran back to the village to tell her people what she saw and took them to where those guys where her people got really offensive and wanted to kill the five men but Xochil stopped them because she was curious about what they were doing. The next day she went back to see if they were still there and sure enough they were. She overheard them talking about flooding her home/land early that day. She was waiting for them. she saw the bald man make a machine and she knew that something bad was gonna happen. Xochil thought to herself "how can i stop this from happening" so she took responsibility. She jumped out and started yelling but not any type of yelling, it was a call for help in her language so all the guys from her village came and started attacking the five men. They started shooting at them, leaving some to die before the war. Then lex luthor made this machine to flood the place and there was a button he had to press to flood it once he heard Xochil make that call. He knew he had to press it so he did well everyone was fighting Xochil went into the greenhouse to pause that button right when she was about to press it Lex Luther came in and pushed her to the floor she got up and they started fighting he fell and dropped his gun she picked it but and pointed it at him and shot in she felt a very big shake she knew it was the flood he planned she she quickly pressed that button she came out the greenhouse with a

big smile on her face her people were so proud of her and at the send her and her people and her land were saved that's all she wanted.

The Lucky Necklace

by Mateo S.M.

500 hundred years in the future, over the course of this time the earth has changed in several ways, many ways which include climate change, population growth and several other

changes. All these years of changes has led to many disastrous events, such as earthquakes and floods, floods being one of the many problems on earth, it has affected many people, one of the many people being Alex, he is a 20 year old that has faced many challenges over the years of his life, Alex is about 6.1 in height, has long and curly hair, he lives by himself, he is kind of lonely and doesn't have much money, luckily he has a golden necklace for good luck, it is covered in diamonds and has a bright rare gemstone in the middle, all Alex wears is some cargo shorts, plain shirts, and of course his necklace. Alex has so many scars because of all of the natural disasters that he has experienced, some on his arms and some on his chest. Alex has blue eyes and he has light smooth skin, these are character traits he got from his parents. Even though Alex owns a necklace, he isn't rich or has a lot of money. He received this necklace as a gift from his parents when he turned 18, Alex's parents told him it was passed down for generations, but sadly his parents aren't with him anymore. Alex has lived by himself on an island ever since his parents passed away. Alex works as a farmer at an old farmer's farm, his name is Steve, this farmer lives with a family consisting of his wife and a young little boy.

One day, it was a bright and beautiful day on the island. Alex was ready to go to work, wishing for his necklace to give him luck. It seemed like a normal day, the sun was up, the air was fresh, nothing too bad going on. When Alex got to Steve's farm he started watering the plants, as Alex was watering the plants, Steve was sitting in front of the farm and realized how beautiful Alex's necklace was, and how he could turn it into a profit. Steve asked Alex, "Where did you get that necklace?" and Alex's response was, "Oh, this? it's just a necklace my parents gave me when I turned 18," he replied, "Well it seems like a really nice necklace, probably worth a lot," said Steve, "Oh, but i'm afraid it's not for sale," Alex replied, then Steve says, "Well you're missing out, tell you what, I'll give you a raise for it." "No thanks," said Alex, then Steve says, "Too little? How about a couple of thousands?" and again Alex replies, "Sorry but this necklace is special to me, and it's one of the only memories that I have of my parents." says Alex, "It's alright, I understand." replies Steve.

"Hey why don't you turn off that water," said Steve, "It's turned off," said Alex, then Alex looked around and realized the water wasn't coming out of the hose, it was coming from the shore, a beach that was near the farm started making big waves and it looked as if it was going to create a tsunami and possibly flood the whole farm, and the whole island, "It's a tsunami!" said Alex, "Oh no! go home right now and find shelter!" replied Steve. Alex heads home running and when he gets there he collects lots of his food and water to take, then he also takes his parents' ashes with him, Alex then takes all of the stuff into his garage where he has an old boat that his parents owned, he puts everything he needs in the boat and by

the time he opens the garage he sees that the streets are flooded, he gets really worried about what could've happened to Steve, then he pushes his boat into the water, the water had already reached a height of a few feet so it's possible that he can use the boat on the water, he thought, he then starts the boat and drives it to Steve's farm, and after a minute of looking around he finds nobody he gets concerned and goes looking for him and his family around the town.

After looking for hours he finds nobody, it seems that everyone in the town either left or died during the flood. After all this Alex has nowhere to go and is now above the island that is now all underwater because of the flood. Alex then tries to find land and a place to stay because he has very limited materials to survive. After weeks of looking and being stranded in the ocean, his boat runs out of power and he also runs out of food and water. So he starts feeding himself off of random food he finds like dead fish or seaweed. More weeks and even months go by, when he finally wakes up one morning and sees an island in the distance and it looks to be a habitat of many people, he hops off the boat and with all his strength he tries to get to the island by swimming, he makes it there but then realizes he is not welcome, because people start throwing rocks at him. The people on this island seemed to be some sort of tribe that didn't like visitors, Alex begs for food and water but no one wanted to give him any, then someone tall and dark walks up to him and says, "Who are you? And what do you want from here?" Alex replies, "I've been looking for food and land for the past few months, can you help me?" "I'm the leader, No one is welcome here," says the leader of the tribe. "All I need is food and water," said Alex "Leave now! Or there will be consequences," replied the leader, then Alex said, "Can I at least stay one night?" then the leader replied "You have one night." Alex gratefully thanks the leader saying, "Thank you, thank you sir, I promise I'll be gone by tomorrow." Then they take Alex to a shed near the shore that's separated from the tribe's houses. Then the tribe leader and some tribe members go to Alex's shed to give him some blankets and food for the night, "We want you gone by the time the sun rises above sea level." said the leader "I promise I'll be gone by then." Alex replies.

Once it starts turning dark, Alex thinks he could maybe sneak some food into his boat before he leaves by the morning, so he sneakily goes and gets his boat and brings it near the shore, then he starts collecting some food such as fruits and vegetables as well as plants and water and putting them into his boat, he then grabs a spear and a boat paddle that belonged to a tribe member to take with him, then suddenly someone catches him on the act and warns all the other tribe members, Alex then quickly gets on his boat and tries to escape as the tribe members and leader try to shoot arrows at him, he tries to take cover but they successfully hit him a few times, he gets badly wounded and starts bleeding a lot, he then rips off part

of his shirt to use as a bandage, but it served no use, he was hurt badly and needed help quickly.

After a few days of wandering around the ocean he finds another island that looked to be habited for some time, he excitedly paddles over to the island with all the effort in him. He then gets off his boat and yells out for help, he sees people and says, "I need help! I come in peace!" then he recognizes a face, it was Steve! "Steve, is that you?!", Alex says, "Alex you're alive?!" Steve replies, "Of course I'm alive, I thought you were dead," said Alex, then Steve says, "Don't worry about that right now, you need help," "Someone help me!" Steve screams out loud, a lot of people then show up and carry Alex to a nearby house, they put him on a bed and try to heal him but it's still no use, he has been bleeding for a while. Alex then says, "Steve, come here..." "What? What is it Alex?" Steve replies, Alex then says, "I want you to bury my parents' ashes next to me," Steve then replies, "Don't say that you're going to make it." Then Alex says, "As a reward, I want you to have my necklace," Steve replies, "No, that's too much, you're going to make it, believe in yourself." Suddenly Alex passes away, Steve breaks into tears, they leave Alex in the room for the rest of the day, then the next day they put Alex in a coffin and get his parents' ashes and continue to bury Alex, but Steve made sure to bury him with his necklace, and next to his parents.

Water War

by Maximiliano

On August 25, 2050 In the USA the President of the U.S had been elected but he's had some tough decisions and choices, he has always wanted to rule people from other countries. The president of the U.S has announced that we are running out of water and we don't have any materials to make a big filter for water. But China has a filter located near the ice glaciers. They have traveled far enough to make a filter on the glaciers. The President of the U.S has announced to the U.S military Troops That we need to get to the glaciers to steal the filter because we need drinking water. The Troops Had replied we needed to gear up, have better guns and had to be trained more. Meanwhile the President of the U.S had to find the exact coordinates on where they keep the filters. The president of the U.S had gone to china. The president of China was elected back in 2049 is tall, black hair, and he is very nice but too selfish. As the U.S president was going up to where the president of china stays The President of China disagreed to give the coordinates to the President of the U.S. The president of the U.S had snuck to where the president of china stayed. He went inside and found the coordinates and he left back to the white house. 2 months after, The president of

the U.S was ready to go to war with China's army to get the water filter from the glaciers. The troops were getting inside planes, jets, cargobob, and missiles, including ships. The Marines group had gone to a mountain near the filter where the army of china was guarding. As the Marines were going up they had seen the perfect view for the filter but it was a long journey to hike up the mountain and walk. The Marines had set up their tents and they had gotten drinking water from one of the glaciers. They had set up their snipers ready for position. The Navy had 2 days to get to the glaciers and they had their cars and missiles ready from their ship. The Air force had their b11 ready in fuel to air strike the group of China's Army. As they were all counting down one of the china's army had spotted one of the cargobobs and shot it down as they were shooting it down the marines had sniped one of the china's army and began war. The war never stopped. It took 3 days to end the war. The U.S had won the war and stole the filter a cargobob had attached to the filter and took it all the way to the oceanside beach bay. The filter was very big; it had separated the salt from the water and was pumped out to a clean area where people had their hoses connected to their houses and it was drinkable. As there was water, China had started losing water in drought and couldn't survive. The U.S had built borders so the China people couldn't get in. As the U.S had more time they had removed levees and dug out silt from the bottom as to help the U.S to be clean. After 5 years, the President of the U.S had an idea to ban cars to use for the filtering material and people started using horses for work, going places.

Glaciers Melting

by Michael M

Once upon a time in the year 2948 in Greenland there lived a man named Bob who was 26 years old. Bob was an ordinary man with one brother, who he had not seen in quite a while. He also lives by himself and is a very lonely man who stays inside most of his life. One day while going to work, Bob stopped at a redlight and opened his phone to open social media. While opening social media, he comes across this video that talks about, in a few years we might be nothing but under the water, the man says. Bob sees these videos and is confused by the man's words. He opens the comments and sees what this man is being all over reactive about. He reads the comments and finds out what global warming is, and finds out that climate change is making this possible.

Bob never really believed climate change and thought climate change was just a coincidence. He then goes on with his day and a couple more videos talking about how people need to do something about climate change and people need to stop putting bad

gasses into the air. A lot of electric car makers see this and drop the prices for their electric cars and try to provoke people on how better it would be for the earth and how electric cars don't release gasses like gas cars do. Not a lot of people get their attention so they try to buy billboards that talk about it, and fail once again. They then tried one more time and proceeded to lower the electric cars prices. It took only 1 post on social media to recognize what they were doing and tried to convince people to buy the cars because of how low they were. Soon lots of people began to come into the store and buy those electric cars. Bob sees this and realizes that global warming is actually happening and it's not a coincidence. Bob then tries to join a group and starts a movement, and explains to people what global warming is doing to us and what is going to happen to us if we don't stop it. Word gets out and more people start joining the group to start a movement about climate change. A few months pass and most of the people in Greenland only have electric cars. One day a big boom goes off, and Bob looks at what it was because it didn't sound far from him. He then sees that it was a glacier melting. He then realized what went wrong when they stopped using gas cars. He talked to his friend named Tom and Tom told him that it wasn't just stopping using gas cars, and it did way more than that he said. Bob asked what he meant, Tom explained that gasses also come from cutting down trees. Trees store hydrogen peroxide, and cutting them down causes them to go into the atmosphere. So what Bob had done and tried to start a movement to stop cutting down trees and it somewhat worked. A lot of companies who were cutting down trees in the Amazon rainforest had to stop cutting them down. He then also started a movement where he would plant a tree anytime 5 trees anytime 1 tree was taken down. Now what the world and Bob was doing to help out climate change was stop using gas cars and stop cutting down trees. It took a while for them to see results. And they did see the results after a while and researched different ways to stop global warming. After they stopped cutting down trees they started to see less of the effects of greenhouse gasses and repeated what they were doing and stopped farming oil and stopped doing a lot of things that damaged the earth and just started to use a lot of electricity more.

The Lost Water

by Jairo G

Hundreds of years in the future on the Pacific Ocean, a pirate who wears an eye patch on his left eye and likes to swim in the water, but the pirate had one problem: he needed fresh water, but he couldn't find fresh water. He sails down the sea to find fresh water, later after

he sails down the sea he encounters a tribe they battle because the tribe wanted the pirates' supplies.

The pirate ends up defeating the tribe and taking their supplies from their boat. He sails down the sea but this time there was a barrier blocking the way he was gonna go. He turns his boat around and goes the other way. Then the pirate sees an island then he stops his boat and throws an anchor underwater to leave his boat there. The pirate gets off his boat to explore the island. The pirate finds bananas and takes some when he is about to leave the island. Something happens. A tribe tries to stop him from leaving the island but the pirate runs and runs until he gets to his boat. He gets to the boat and starts retrieving his anchor from under the water the pirate fled the island. Then there is another problem: the pirate is thirsty and can not find fresh water. He goes to a base to see if they have fresh water but when he arrives at the base there is nothing left, all he sees is pieces of the base in the water.

After seeing all that he sees a boat leave and sees a tribe in that boat with supplies that they stole from the base. He follows the boat but loses them after. He is so thirsty and scared that he's gonna die, due to dehydration. He looks for the tribe and then finds their base. The pirate goes into the base and then the whole tribe is staring at him. The whole tribe goes up to his boat and circles his boat. The pirate sees five gallons of fresh water and runs for it and then takes it. He runs with the gallons and puts them on his boat. He ties the gallons on the boat. He sails and leaves the base the tribe tries to follow him but he throws a bomb in the base then the base blows up and he sails down the sea while drinking his fresh water.

Will War Be Over Water

by Xavier V.G.

A father and a son are stranded on a desert looking for water to drink. They find water but a cargo plane flies over them. They seem to recognize it because they hid themselves from it. The son was confused because he didn't know about the planes. The father tells the son that the planes were troops of thieves from a different country. The father says "Gabriel we will find a way to get more water faster and take back all the water that the troops stole from us. Gabriel and his father saw the plane trying to land and they hid behind a rock but the troops saw one of their arms sticking out. The troop calls out "Hey! Who's there?!"

The father and Gabriel were caught and the father told Gabriel "Run!" The father was captured and Gabriel has to survive on his own now. Gabriel thinks it's over with him, his mind is telling him "without father I'll die. But Gabriel knew that his father wouldn't

want him to give up. Gabriel stands and says “No not yet i can’t give up just yet i’ll need to survive.” Gabriel starts his journey on finding as much drinkable water as he can find. But Gabriel thinks about how he can turn different waters that aren’t drinkable to drinkable. He ends up making a water filter so he’s happy. But the water filter isn’t working well. Gabriel thinks about how the troops’ tech and equipment will make a better filter for him and the world.

Gabriel begins setting up his plan; he starts making break in routes and escape routes. He ends up making it to their base. He over-thinks and wants to leave but he thinks about his father so he climbs the base wall and is now on the field 20 meters away from the base. He sees guards and a camera. He uses a sneak suit that he made out of tumbleweeds. He gets in and the first thing he sees is his father. The father sees him as Gabriel shrieks and cries but his father shushes him. Gabriel agrees and says he has a plan on making a filter for all kinds of water. He gathers the materials and cuts his father loose but the rope he was tied on was an alarm they ran as fast as they could and they managed to escape just by meters. Gabriel and his dad escape, they think but a car follows them and Gabriel thinks quickly and throws his bushy tumbleweed suit at the wheels. The car trips over and they escape Gabriel and his dad make a filter for all kinds of water now they don’t have to worry as much as they did before about the decrease of water.

INNOVATIONS

Untitled

By Daniel

My name is Daniel, I’m a Mexican-American male and I was born on 04/23/09 in Escondido, California. I was raised in San Marcos, California mostly up until 6th grade when I moved to Vista. My parents are divorced and live separately. My mom is from Oaxaca, Mexico and my Dad is from Cohetzala, Puebla. I also have 5 siblings. The things we do as a family is go to the beach or go out to eat.

Some accomplishments of mine that I’d like to accomplish are graduating high school and

also going to college. Then get a job certification in what I’m gonna be majoring in. I’d also like to get a nice house, travel places and make a family.

Some activities I like to do are going out with my friends, doing random stuff whatever comes to mind when I’m hanging out with my friends. I also like to cruise with my friends.

A few things I thoroughly enjoy is listening to music. I also like cultural food or mostly any Mexican food. I’d also like to get into other types of cultural foods some day. I’d like to get a BMW 330i in a nice green color.

Some places I’d like to go are Barbados and Dubai. Some of my favorite colors are dark, nice looking colors that catch my eye. I like to wear sweatpants. I go really more for comfort than looks whenever I’m out.

In Summary i foresee my life as a trophy. I admire living another day, not living another day. Just be grateful for the things you have and be grateful for the things you don’t have because that’s what will keep you pushing to get what you want.

My name is Brian and I’m 17 years old. My birthday is June 25, 2006. I’m Mexican-American and I’m the oldest out of four. I have 3 brothers and I’m the oldest. I live in Vista, but I was born and raised in Escondido, California. My mom is from Colima, Mexico. My family favorite place to go eat is at La Guadalajara, which is a kind of fancy Mexican restaurant and we all go there to eat as a family. I go to Vista JCCS and I’m in the 12th grade in my senior year now.

I like to visit Escondido and hang out with some old friends that I know since I’ve lived there. I like to spend time with my lady and go out wherever comes to mind. Whenever I crave something to eat or get hungry I like to go to In N Out and C anes. And I sometimes go to see the new city I’m living in.

Untitled

By Brian H.

My favorite music is rap, mostly Stockton rap and EBK. My favorite thing to do is go to school. My favorite food is Mexican food and fast food places. I like to go out to eat. I love listening to music and playing my PS4 when I have nothing to do. I like boxing. My favorite movie I like to watch is Ride Along. Two of my favorite cars are a BMW or a Dodge hellcat. My favorite person to hang out with is my lady.

Some of my future goals are graduating high school and getting my diploma and getting off probation before I'm considered an adult. I want to have a lot of money, be smart by not having to work much by stock marketing and get into investments to work at home on a computer. Eventually, moving out of San Diego and living somewhere nice, quiet and peaceful, having 2 nice cars and just living with my lady only.

Untitled

By Nathanael C.

Hello my name is Nathanael Castellanos. I am a Mexican-American male. I have 2 older brothers, 2 sisters - 1 older and 1 younger. My mom is from Oaxaca, Mexico my dad is also from Oaxaca, Mexico. I'm from Oceanside, California .

My family and I go to Oceanside Sanctuary Church. After church, we eat at Roberto's Taco shop. I love to get my favorite carne asada fries. My parents just get shrimp with beans with rice.

I love to hang out with my little sister. She's 2 and a half years old. I always take her to our local park after I get home from school. After the park, we go for a little ride on my scooter and when we get home she goes to sleep because she's tired so I have time to play my video game or sometimes I get home and watch movies like my favorite movie is scream IV.

I want to go to college because I want to make my mom happy and get a good job. I would open my own business as well. I want to get a nice house . I want to acquire my dream car, a 740i BMW. My favorite color is red.

Untitled

By Joshua

My name is Joshua, I'm Mexican-American. I live in Vista, California. I am fourteen years old. I have a younger brother. I attend jccs and my parents are from Mexico and California.

Things I like to do:

I like to go outside, look at the clouds, breathe in fresh air and soak up the sun. I also like to go to the beach when the weather is very hot. I enjoy working out at the school's gym. I also enjoy playing basketball.

Favorites:

My favorite activities are watching tv, listening to rap music and lifting weights. My favorite color is black, and my dream car is a black cadillac- CTS V. My favorite hobby is playing basketball and chilling with my friends. My favorite school subject is science.

Future life:

I want to be a welder and earn a welding degree in college and I want to buy a house and have a nice car. The car I want is a Cadillac CTS V. I would like to travel to the Bahamas, and Hawaii. I want to own a 5 bedroom house with a pool.

Untitled

By Nallely

My name is Nallely and I am a Mexican-American female. In my family there are three sisters including me. I have the oldest sister who is 18 and the youngest who is 6 years old. My parents are from Hidalgo Actopan, Mexico. My favorite family gatherings would be holidays cause we get to all eat together.

My favorite thing to do on my days off is going on drives in the night with my sister and getting food. We usually go to the beach and park the car where we can see a view of the ocean. I enjoy doing this with her because we get to catch up and talk. Then we get off to get some fresh air and walk through the sand.

I enjoy Disney movies even though I don't watch them so often. Some of the movies I like would be The Little Mermaid, Tinker Bell, Princess And The Frog. Drawing on my wall in the night is something I enjoy doing. I am trying to get better at drawing. My favorite colors at the moment would be Black, Blue and Pink.

When I get back to my district I want to learn to Cut hair and do tattoos as a side hustle to save money for College. I would like to go to college and graduate so I can be an Ultrasound tech or work in the NICU with babies. I would like to start a family of my own with 2 or 3 children and have a house of my own.

NORTH COUNTY TECHNOLOGY ACADEMY

Cat

by Daniel M.

It was around 3:00 am and I woke up to the sound of an animal crying for help. At first, I couldn't tell what type of animal it was, but when I looked outside my window, I saw a little black and orange cat. It was cold outside, and it was just a kitten, so I let it inside.

As soon as I opened the door she immediately was very friendly and let herself in as if she lived there. I picked her up and woke up my mom. She was not very happy at first but she said if she stayed in my room it was fine. So, I got her some water, put her on my bed, and went back to sleep. In the morning, she was on my desk looking outside at the cars passing by and watching the birds.

I had to go talk to my mom to see what we are going to do with this cat. I was surprised to hear my mom say we can keep her if we want, and I said might as well. Not long after we went to the pet store and we bought everything she needed. We also got her lots of toys, but she would only play with one or two of them. When we got home, we realized we needed a name for her, and my brother chose Pebbles. I didn't really like the name that much, but it didn't really matter. I would soon find out she was a very crazy and dumb cat.

She would do the most crazy things all the time, at night she would run around like crazy everywhere, and she would attack your feet under the blanket and bite the hell out of them. When you would give her water she would stick half her face in the bowl and then spill the whole thing and just sit in it. She constantly tried to escape as if she was held captive. When she did get out you would have to chase her until she went back inside. One time, she got out at night, and we didn't know. She came back at 5:00 in the morning all wet and meowing.

The story of how I got my sped cat named pebbles, She is a very weird cat but she is nice though.

Untitled

by Jeremiah A.

One rainy night I was left in a dark scary parking lot all alone. Let me tell you how it happened. I was with my mom when we reached the parking lot of the apartment complex. I then hopped out of the car and started playing my game on my moms phone. Apparently she got out of the car and told me to go inside with her but I did not hear a thing. I was too focused on my game, so she left without realizing I didn't follow along. I start to think my mom is taking forever in the car, so I take a quick peek into the car and she is gone. As the little boy I was, I started to panic wondering where she was, and why did she leave me outside all alone. I started to cry and set out to find her. I guess she ended up noticing I wasn't with her when she got inside of the apartment, so she came back out to look for me. She found me, and ever since that day I learned to be aware of my surroundings.

Missing Cat

by Johnathan G

It was a Saturday morning and I went downstairs to feed my cat Milo. He normally stays in the basement at night, so I take his food down there in the morning. As I walked into the basement turning on the light, I called for him, "Milo breakfast is ready." I shook his bowl around so maybe he would come by the sound, but nothing came of it. I was starting to get confused as to why he didn't come as he usually waits for me by the door. I looked around the basement for him and was calling his name. I looked under all the boxes and even the washing machine, but still no sign of him. Now I was getting worried, so I ran upstairs to ask my mom if she had seen him. "Mom, have you seen Milo?" He's not in the basement." She looked at me with a frown. "Son, I have something to show you." I followed her into her room where the camera feed is always showing on her computer, and she had it paused on a video from last night around 3:30 in the morning. As I watched the video, my heart broke into pieces. It was a video of a person breaking into the house and taking Milo with him. Confused and sad, I asked my mom why she didn't show me this sooner. "Mom, why are we still sitting here? We should call the police!" She looked at me with a face of confusion saying, "Son Milo is a cat. The police won't look for a missing cat even if we have been

burglarized. The burglar didn't take anything or put us in any harm, so there is no point in looking for him. We just have to move on." I looked at her with my eyes tearing up. "Move on? How could I move on when he was my best friend? I've had him my whole life since he was born in the alley where his mother abandoned him! I can't move on. I need to find out who did this even if that means I won't get Milo back. I need the person brought to justice!"

A while back a similar incident happened to my friend Chris, and he said that there was a special unit called Hope for Paws that organizes these types of cases searching for lost pets. I gave them a call and within hours they were at my front door with their tools. I showed them the video and they immediately looked at each other, "Detective Wile, you thinking what i'm thinking?" Detective Hower sighed and answered, "Yup, I sure am. Let's get Detective Bean down here to make our suspicions clear." Another hour passed, and Detective Bean arrived to investigate. "Young man, we have reason to believe that the perpetrator is a man who goes by the name of Foo Lio. He's a known criminal for stealing pets around the city and we haven't been able to catch him, but we think we have an idea of where he lives." The detectives left my house and said that Monday morning they were going to have a raid at his suspected location. Monday came, and no luck. It was an empty warehouse with no sign of anyone being in there for years. Three long months went by with the detectives of Hope for Paws continuing the investigation until they finally were able to catch Foo Lio in an act. He was trying to distract an old man at a park to take his french bulldog, but the man was able to figure out who he was. Without Foo Lio noticing, he called the police and they were able to arrest him on the spot. Milo was returned to me, and for the next 4 months he would live happily with me until he passed away from old age. Knowing that Foo Lio was in jail for breaking and entering and multiple counts of robbery on an animal, I knew he was going to be away for a long time. I was grateful for all the pets that were returned since he was a huge terror to the county.

NORTH INDEPENDENT STUDY

Gun Charge

by Eli S.

It was a sunny, normal day. I was sleeping in science class, head on my arms. as the teacher was quietly going through instructions for a boring review assignment. Suddenly I felt someone aggressively grab on my shoulder and I looked up. At first, I thought it was another kid in my class. Then I saw a cop standing above me angrily saying "*get up, don't touch or grab anything.*" At that moment I remembered seeing two cop cars parked outside the school earlier that morning. *Two cop cars mean something bad is happening.*

"Put your hands on the wall and spread your feet!" they firmly directed as they roughly walked me out of the classroom. As all of this happened, everything around me got quiet and it felt like I was just looking at people moving their mouths without noise. I stayed as calm as I could to make it look like I was innocent. I had known the risk of taking my gun to school and now I was facing the consequences.

This was a pretty crazy experience, but the way I was moving I knew this would have happened sooner or later. I realized how much it hurt my mom that I was locked up and I felt bad for having her see me like this. I always worried when she left juvenile hall that she would get in a car crash and then I would feel anxious until they let me get another phone call.

Now I move smarter than before. I think before I do something and ask myself "*is this worth doing time for?*"

My New Cats

by Jair G.

I was driving around on a Tuesday and thinking about what my mom told me. We were going to adopt two cats. At first, I wasn't a fan of cats and didn't care so much. I just didn't care for animals and never had a pet and it didn't excite me.

But then I walked into the house. I saw the small furry cats and I fell in love with them. These cats had long soft hair and they were just tiny babies. And their high-pitched meows were so cute. They were running around, playing with their toys and playfully fighting each other. It was at this moment that my opinion on cats changed. I was excited and happy to get these cute new cats.

These cats are so cute, I thought. I will take good care of them. The cats were so small when we first adopted them. My sister and I were so happy with the cats. We adopted one boy and one girl. My sister named the female *Bell* and the male *Chino*. When I touched the cats they were really soft, like fur balls. Chino was a gray color with white feet and Bell was fully gray. When the cats yawned they looked like little tigers with long tongues.

These cats were so special. They were my and my sister's first pets and they already felt like part of our family. I learned that cats are interesting creatures and like to be under the bed a lot. I wonder why they like being under the bed so much. I think cats can be smart at times. I used to think cats weren't cool but my opinion has changed ever since I got them; I think cats are cool now.

The Incident

by Jonathan S.

One sunny day during my sophomore year, I decided to skip class and chill at the library as I did so many times in the past. One of my classmates who saw me in the library approached me and asked "Why don't you beat up your teacher?." Previously I had some problems with this teacher. Everyone knew about these problems, and I had told classmates I would always dislike him. I found the teacher to be annoying, dumb, stupid, and crazy. So after some thought inside the library, I decided to go and hit him.

As I was walking to the classroom, I felt nervous, and I was deciding whether to actually go through with it or not. *Should I really do this? If I don't, they'll think that I'm scared of*

the teacher. I walked into the middle of the classroom after skipping half of the class. The teacher was just sitting down and asked me "Why are you late?" I told him I had to do something, I didn't feel like giving him much detail. I was feeling nervous about what I was about to do, and then stood there for like 30 seconds looking at him debating whether I should do it or not. I looked around the classroom and saw some kids recording on their phone already and that the class was dead silent waiting for me to start. Then I couldn't think about anything and started swinging at him. At that time I had no emotions and my mind went blank while I was hitting him. A couple seconds later we both fell to the floor. That led to two classmates separating me and the teacher as the teacher was screaming for help. After we were separated and I left the classroom, I went to the library, and gave my personal belongings to my friend who had also skipped class. I knew I was going to get arrested. I then went to the office because I knew everyone was going to look for me. I knew I had to move fast... *I can't believe that I actually went through with it!*

Once I entered the office they made me sit down until an officer came and questioned me. Then my mom came and picked me up and I started to think about the situation. After I did what I did I thought I was all tough and then over time, I realized what I did wrong because I hurt him mentally, but minor injuries were also found. I was thankful he recovered from me hitting him and wrote an apology letter to the teacher because I felt remorse toward him. I learned a lot through the process, even though the teacher didn't say anything regarding my apology. I think I did the right thing by apologizing because I don't want that to happen again, especially to a teacher like him because no one deserves something like that.

First Shift

by Luciano B.

It was a nice sunny day. Quite typical for the summer weather we get in California. I was outside getting some sun at that moment. However, no matter how nice the day, time inched by slowly. I had only one thing racing through my mind. My first shift at In-N-Out, which was also my first job! As the seconds on the clock wound down I found myself closer to 10 a.m. I left at 9:40 a.m in some white pants and slip on leather boots with an all black belt on my way to work. By this point the thoughts in my head focused on calming my nerves. I told myself that I would be fine as long as I did my best.

I remember 10 a.m being minutes away. I went into the boys locker room where we have the company work shirts which have a collar and come in all white. At In-N-Out you leave

the shirts at work because they tend to get dirty. I put the red apron on which is a part of the work attire. You use a giant pin to fasten the apron and also wear a paper hat. I was finally ready to clock in. I walked over to the register where you can start your shift as well. The digital screen really makes clocking in and out as easy as can be. I walked towards our little warm up area and waited with a slight nervous feeling. I needed to find the manager. Though, to my surprise, he went out of his way and found me. He gave me a partner to go ahead and train with. Her name was Sofia.

They put me on diner duty. The diner needed constant maintenance to keep it clean. The duties ranged from sweeping, cleaning, and restocking certain items. I grabbed a broom and a duster to get started. She showed me around the whole diner while giving me tips. She showed me what to keep an eye out for and the places that need a lot of cleaning. I found myself asking questions like, “what goes in here?” and “where can I find this?” She was very encouraging and said, “You’re doing a great job.” Although the day felt extremely short because I was only scheduled for four hours. Sofia was a great teacher because she set me up with everything I needed to get started. Before I knew it, I was wiping my last table down. I headed out to the register and clocked my first day there.

I went back to the locker and changed out of the company dress shirt. I packed my things and headed out. I saw my boss on the way out and he said, “you did great buddy.” I thanked him and left pleasantly surprised. It was not as bad as I thought it would be. I had expected it to be a lot more chaotic but instead it was tame. My first day at my first job was great!

LINDSAY COMMUNITY SCHOOL

My Whack PO

Eboni Estrada

The winter of 2019 had just started and I was so overwhelmed with the school I was in, so I decided to move to King Chavez Preparatory, where one of my guy friends had just moved to. On my first day of school, I met two girls who were best friends with each other. We had the same classes, but my friend, Kenny, had a different class schedule. A few weeks went by

and I started inviting these girls to smoke with me before school which caused us to become closer and hangout almost everyday.

One day I got to school really early and so did Kenny. We decided to leave school and go to the park to smoke. When we came back he told me he’d let me smoke from his pen during lunch. When lunch came, he gave me his pen and said, “ask Daisy and Sherlyn if they want to hit the pen too.” I asked both of the girls and we headed to the bathroom, mind you these bathrooms had no windows. We ended up smoking too much, to the point where we hotboxed the bathroom which was really small. I remember I sprayed perfume and all kinds of sprays thinking the smoke would go away. When we finished as we were walking out the bathroom the teacher’s assistant happened to be walking by and saw all three of us come out the bathroom together followed by a cloud of smoke.

“Are you girls okay?” she asked.

We all looked at her and Sherlyn replied, “Yes Ms.Martinez”.

We continued with our lunch and sat all together along with Kenny and his friend Josh. I gave Kenny his pen back and he gave it to his friend Josh so that he could also smoke after lunch. A few minutes later Ms.Martinez came to the area where we were having lunch.

“Sherlyn, come with me please” she said.

Daisy and I looked at each other “She’s gonna snitch on us!” Daisy said,

“You think she will? I mean you know her better than I do” I said. After I said that Ms.Martinez came back and she called Kenny, Daisy and I. The moment she called Kenny I knew Sherlyn had told on all of us because Kenny wasn’t part of the situation at the moment.

When she walked us into the building the principal was waiting for all three of us with Sherlyn by his side. “Can you guys give me what you have or I’ll have to call the cops” said the principal. We all looked at him and said nothing “come with me to my office” he said. We all followed him expecting the worst at this point, when we got to his office all of us were so high we didn’t know what to do or how to react.

“I will say it one more time. Please give me whatever you guys were smoking or I am calling the cops” said Mr. Romo. Still we said nothing and ignored him. The principal said nothing but the silence was so loud. He gave each one of us a piece of paper and said “I need everyone to write their version of what is going on”. We all wrote different stories but

somehow when the principal read each one out loud every single paper he read said, the pen was mine and I forced them all to smoke with me. The fact that every paper blamed me for everything made the principal believe I was the one who started everything, because we didn't give him the pen.

Eventually he called the cops and waited for them to show up to go through our backpacks. While we waited for the cops, we had to call our parents and let them know what had happened. I'll never forget. I was so mad at everyone in the room I started crying because I knew my granny would be highly disappointed in me and also because everyone had said I had brought the pen to school so the whole fault was pointed at me.

The cops showed up and because I was the one being blamed, they started with my backpack. I remember the moment one of the cops opened my backpack he reached in and immediately stopped searching. I was placed in another room right after that and about 20 minutes later the cops walked into the room I was in with my backpack. He started taking all my weed belongings out, I automatically I knew I was in huge trouble but all I cared about was what my grandma was gonna say or think about me.

I was detained after that search and was taken to the police station on imperial ave. I spent the night at another station downtown where I was transferred to, the next morning I was given a court date and an ankle monitor. My court date was January 3rd 2020 so I had that ankle monitor for about a month and a half, maybe a little longer. Then, my court date came up. I remember my mom and I had gone together. "Are you ready for what's about to happen?" she said in a concerned tone.

We were able to speak to the judge, and the judge told my mom and I that I was considered a 'danger' to the community so I'd be under probation way longer than I was expecting. I was told I had to complete 50 hours of community service. I was assigned 3 different probation officers in less than 2 months. Neither of them cared to ask if I wanted to try drug counseling or when I wanted to start my community service hours or what I wanted to do for myself after getting off probation.

This one officer Ramirez I think was her name, personally she was the worst P.O I ever had. The first time I ever met with her she said, "you look just how I expected you'd look." I never took it into consideration until later that she was referring to me as "you're just like the rest of these colored people." I'd always have to let her know where I'd go and why I was there. There would be times where I wasn't able to attend family parties or even leave the house because she'd automatically come up with the idea that I was leaving my house to sell

"drugs again". Every time she'd come to my school or my house to check in on me I was very blunt with her and most of the time would tell her I did not like her.

"You think I like to come and chase you everywhere you go?" she'd respond back as if it already wasn't her job to do so.

"You know where I go. You know what I do. At this point you probably even know how many times I shower" I'd say with anger because she really pissed me off at times. I got tired of being in the position I was in so I asked her one day when she came to check in, "You think I can start drug counseling? I really want to give it a try."

"It's way too late for you to do that now. You're not gonna get far with it. I don't doubt you'll go back to your old ways right after probation, so what even is the point of me letting you start counseling. I doubt you'll even live to see 18 really" she said.

The moment she left my house something hit me really hard and I realized that I didn't need counseling, I needed guidance. I needed a new and better environment than where I was. Therefore, I changed my ways and stopped being friends with many people who didn't bring me any good. I was let off probation with conditions on not doing certain things. I stopped smoking completely after that. I took drug counseling on my own, in my own time. I tried a lot of new things in life and found new hobbies I never thought I'd even like. This roller coaster I went through taught me that the system isn't made for us colored people, it's meant to keep us in the system rather than help us remove ourselves from negative environments.

Life Lessons

Serenity Barajas

One night my best friend, Arianna, asked me to go out with her past midnight. I agreed, I was waiting for my mom to give me a ride until Ari texted me saying "I took the car, be outside in five." All surprised, I went outside to see her in a red Nissan with two people in the backseat. I hopped in the front seat and asked her "So what are we doing? Where are we going to go?"

She shot me a look that said, "Stop asking so many questions."

So I stopped, but I'd never seen her act so reckless. When it's just the two of us she's a soft person. When we got to the apartments I asked her "Who's coming?"

“David, Trey, and Aaron.”

My first feeling was uncomfortable, but I pushed it aside because nights with her are always fun. They swung the backseat doors wide open and jumped in, “Aye can we go to Imperial Liquor real quick?” Aaron asked.

“Yeah but for what?” Ari asked, while looking at me happy.

Once we got to the liquor store, they all hopped out and quickly walked inside the liquor store. When I saw them walk out with two bags I knew exactly how that night was going to end.

“OH MY GOD!! WHAT’D YOU GET?!” Ari yelled at them excitedly.

They all laughed and pulled out two pink Whitney bottles and three MDs. The whole time I’m thinking to myself about how Air is driving the car the whole time and she hasn’t got stopped yet. Music was blasting, and David asked, “Who wants a shot?”

Ari quickly replied, “Me! Yes! We’re all taking shots right now!”

I quickly replied, “You’re going to drink and drive?” I said laughing.

I didn’t want her to take my question in a rude way. They immediately handed me a bottle of MD 20/20 blue raspberry along with a Coke bottle. The MD 20/20 blue raspberry flavor sounded gross to me but I quickly took a fat chug and passed it back. Ari grabbed it before anybody else could even begin to reach for it. She stopped at the red light and started drinking it like it was water.

“But are you going to be okay to drive?” I asked her.

“Yes, I’m not a bad driver, just trust me.”

I didn’t want to respond to her because I knew how she would start an argument, make herself look like she has control in this friendship especially in front of her friends because I didn’t really know them at all. I was too stuck in my thoughts to notice how fast we were going down the street. Then, she was swerving making it noticeable that she should NOT be driving.

“Do any of you guys know how to drive?” Ari asked the guys in the back. “I wanna drink more,” she said.

She pulled over and without discussion, David got into the driver’s seat. Right before we turned onto her street there were at least 4-5 cop cars on each side.

“Pause the music. Imma go real slow, wait” David said and when I looked over he looked different, like seriously different and almost scared. The minute we got to Ari’s, David was the first one out and in the house but nobody seemed worried that he was so quick about getting inside. “Why is he acting like that? Is he on the run?” I asked.

Aaron answered “What do you mean, why?” He laughed and added, “He’s the one holding the other subs.”

I had no idea what that meant but I was waiting until they went inside so I could ask Ari about it. I tapped her shoulder, “Did you hear what Aaron said? What does subs mean?”

She hesitated. “Pills. I forgot to ask you if you wanted to take them with us but I didn’t want to have to convince you, plus I already told them you were…” She pulled them out and offered me some pills. It all happened too fast for me to process so I froze. The only thing I could think of in my head was, “just say sure so she doesn’t think you’re lame to be around.” I acted like I’d done it before but everyone was too drunk to notice.

Ari and David both stood around me when I was trying to swallow it. It didn’t want to go down. I was standing by her bed trying to swallow a pill I’d never taken before. I had no idea how long the high would last and I had to go home soon and I knew my parents were definitely going to know I was not just drunk or weed high.

“Ari, my dad is outside I have to go,” I tried to explain to her but she pulled me back into her room.

“Wait. “Here, take 3 of these just to have at home for yourself,” she said while handing me a little bag with 3 pills in it. Nobody cared that she didn’t ask me and just handed them to me, so I guess it must really be normal to them.

I was walking to the car but I couldn’t feel my legs moving or my feet hitting the ground in my shoes and I could hardly keep my eyes open but I felt relaxed. When I got in the car my dad asked me, “What’s wrong you look different?” he sounded concerned.

“Nah, nothing, we just drank a little and I smoked.” I could tell he didn’t believe me and the whole way home he lectured me about how I lost family members this same way. I felt guilty for liking the feeling, but I knew I was going to want to feel this way again. The following

week I kept getting more and taking more. I was always with Ari, and we would always get them from David. I felt like I was stuck but in the moment I was having fun.

I soon confronted my ex best friend for trying to use me to cover up her addictions because I fell in her footsteps and we both ended up going through the same things, feelings and emotions but I learned to not care about other people's feelings in a situation where yours matters way more. You could change completely and lose your childhood over trying to be about something else you're not.

Got Caught Sneaking Out

Felicia Gonzalez

Have you ever gotten caught sneaking out? I have. Back in 2018 I was 11 years old living in South Bay in a 2 story house on Coronado Ave. My impulsive older nephew named Boy decided to sneak out. He asked me and my sister Ramada, "y'all ready to sneak out." Although I felt nervous and was freaking out on the inside, both of us said, "Yeah. Ok." It was my first time sneaking out of the house.

As we were waiting 'til it got dark we started making plans on what time we should leave and how we were going to go downstairs without making noise. I anxiously asked my sister, "Are you sure we're not gonna get caught?"

My sister sarcastically said, "Are you going to tell on us?"

I nervously shook my head no. I threw myself on the bed. It was getting dark and I was still scared but we continued with the game plan. Another thing that held us back was that we still heard my older sister awake on her phone in the room right next to our bedroom. So we decided to wait until she fell asleep but we heard her coming out of her room to go downstairs to do something.

The time finally came when my nephew looked at me and my sister and said "Ya'll ready?" I put on my slides and sweatshirt because I knew it was gonna be cold outside. It was about to hit midnight. We started walking downstairs and we saw my older sister up on the couch watching TV. We stopped and looked at each other for a minute thinking if we should really start heading out the house right about now. We all were alarmed and went to the kitchen to act like we were getting something. Then, one by one we waited for a bit so she could think we were making something to eat or getting something to drink.

After waiting for a while, we quietly walked towards the garage door heading to the side door to open the gate hoping she wouldn't hear us from the living room. Boy tried to open up the gate but he was being impatient and the door was making too much noise. Well, he was trying to pull the chain back so it could unlock. So then, Boy asked Ramalda, "Can you help me out?" but we heard the side of the door open right after she got a hold of the gate. We all jumped, looked at each other and realized that my older sister AB came out angry and yelled, "What are you guys doing, y'all sneaking out!?" We panicked and just looked at each other. My older sister yelled out for my mom inside the house saying, "These kids out here are sneaking out in the middle of the night instead of asking any adults in the house for consent to step out of the house."

My mom came out irritated half asleep and yelled, "Why you guys sneaking out?! could've at least asked for permission or something!" Then we all walked in the house smiling and laughing quietly so we won't have to get in even more trouble than we were already in. We felt dumb for getting caught and it was my first time sneaking out so I was scared laughing and didn't know what was gonna happen next.

We headed to the living room when my mom started yelling again saying, "I'm not gonna let you guys go out anymore" and "Don't ever ask me for anything because you're not going anywhere unless I go with y'all, you hear me?" We all stayed quiet because we knew if we said something we really weren't gonna be able to go out anymore. We sat down on the couch after everything happened and we forgot about it and continued our night downstairs sleeping on the couches.

Our lesson learned from this experience is that we suck at making plans for everything, even now that we are teenagers and make plans to go somewhere or do something that would never work out for us 3. We either stay home or make plans with others that go better than our own plans.

I'll ask for permission for certain things that are more like big events but I'll sneak out for the rest or I'll go out with one of my siblings and my mom wouldn't mind unless I'm with a family member. Now that we all think about that memory, we should've just asked for permission and one of them would've said yes, but we were just kids living our childhood.

The Not So Perfect Birth Story

Debora Palacios

My whole life I would fantasize about having the most perfect birth with the father of my child beside me being supportive, but my birth was definitely not perfect. According to the World Health Organization, 90 to 95% of the entire world's births are normal. I, however, am part of the 5% who had a complicated birth. My baby daddy got arrested when I was 6 months pregnant so I already knew the part of having him with me in labor and giving birth was scratched off. Overall, everything in my pregnancy was going good up until I got diagnosed with cholestasis. It is a skin condition that causes you to be extremely itchy due to a great amount of toxins getting released from your liver into your body. Once you've been diagnosed with it, your pregnancy is considered high risk because you can have a stillbirth if you're past 36 weeks.

At the following appointment when I was 32 weeks, I created a birth plan with the doctor, I chose the hospital I wanted to give birth at and I also chose the date. February 9, 2023, 6:00 am, Grossmont Hospital was the date I would bring a new life into this world.

My whole life I always fantasized about having a perfect birth. In my head that meant having my baby's father supporting me and caring for me during labor and taking care of me during recovery but that's not how it went for me. The time to give birth was becoming more real when I got to 35 weeks. I started to mentally prepare myself into thinking I can do it without an epidural. I would constantly tell my mom I was going to be able to do it because I swore I had a good tolerance for pain.

Thursday February 9th came and the doctors said, "On the morning of your induction you have to call at 6 am in the morning to see if there is a bed available. If you're lucky you won't have to wait."

I said, "what happens if I'm not lucky?"

The doctor continued, "Well.. You'll have to wait till there's a bed available. Some moms wait a couple hours and some moms even wait a couple days."

So I called in the morning hoping that there was a bed available, and there wasn't. I was so upset because I was waiting for this day to come and now it was the bed availability that was stopping me. All I knew was that I was not going to give birth the next day. I became impatient and when I called for the 4th time I told them, "I needed to go in because I'm on

my medication anymore."

So the woman on the phone replied, "OK. Then you can just walk in."

I called my mom and I told her, "Mom, get ready so we can go to the hospital. I called and told the hospital I was off my meds and they said I could just walk in."

When I got to the labor and delivery hospital in Grossmont it was 3:00 PM. I checked in, and then it was just the waiting game for my room. When I was sitting there I overheard a woman talking on the phone saying, " Yeah, I've been waiting since the day before for a room." I felt bad for her because she had been waiting so long and she was alone too. Luckily an hour later she got to her room.

When the doctor finally approached us and said, "Debora?"

I looked up and responded with so much excitement, "Yes!"

"Your room is ready, can you please follow me?"

The moment had finally come. My support people, which is my mom and my aunt and I got up and followed the doctor. Everything started becoming more and more real each second that I was in the hospital. When I walked in the room I was so happy because that was the room where I would bring life into this world. I carefully observed the bed that my baby would be in and the bed where I would be laying throughout my labor.

At first I was in the room by myself so that I could change into my gown and get settled. I was already having a hard time because the nurse who was helping me was getting trained and she was getting ready to put in my IV but before she put the needle in I stopped her and asked her, "Have you put in an IV before?"

"Yes many times, you wouldn't be my first," she replied. That made me feel at ease, but as she put the needle in, she couldn't find my vein and was struggling and wiggling the needle in my arm. She took it in and out attempting to find a vein until I finally stopped her. "Can you please stop?" I asked, annoyed. I turned to the OG nurse and told her, "I don't want the trainee helping me anymore. She is obviously an amateur." The whole process resulted in a sore and bruised arm even a week after I gave birth!

After that horrible incident, they put Pitocin in my IV which was going to start my labor. Everything was fine, and about 25 mins after I got the pitocin I started to experience mild cramps. They were definitely tolerable at first. A few hours passed and it was then 8 PM. My

nurse came in and checked if I had dilated at all but I hadn't. Since I was not dilating properly she had advised me to go ahead with the balloon procedure that would open my cervix since my body was starting to have a hard time doing it by itself. I agreed because I wanted the process to go much quicker.

I was still doing everything natural. I was so happy because I was already 4 hours into labor without an epidural. A couple of doctors came in and started preparing the procedure for the balloon. It was 8:30 PM now, they put Fentanyl into my IV so that I could tolerate the pain of the procedure and everything went so smoothly. When the doctor finished she said, "Wow, you took that very well, some women have a hard time dealing with the pain." I felt so good and was so positive, I didn't even know the worst part was about to come.

At this point I started to feel more pain, it was 10 PM and I had the balloon in for 2 hours already and still no epidural. Soon, the pain started to become intolerable and I knew I couldn't handle the excruciating pain anymore. I started to prepare myself for an epidural, it wasn't the first epidural I had experienced so I already knew the pain that I was going to feel.

When I was three months pregnant I was in a car accident and I broke my arm and misplaced my spine. When I had an appointment with the chiropractor they had mentioned that an epidural was something that I wanted to avoid during labor... The doctor was starting to prepare me for the procedure, I knew the pain that was about to come. I sat up and I felt the sticker that they use to focus on the area. I felt the cold iodine that they use to clean the area they're about to puncture. I felt the needle. It was even 10x worse pain that I felt the first time that I had felt an epidural. Now I knew what the doctor meant when he said that an epidural was something that I wanted to avoid, it made my pain levels go even higher.

After my epidural I felt so much better. I was happy because I was finally able to relax and just wait for my baby to come. I was so happy that I at least endured natural pain for 5 hours of my labor. When I was finally sleeping I was woken up by doctors coming to check my vitals and my IV and everything else that my body was under.

At 3 AM a doctor came in to check the balloon that was in my cervix and I had FINALLY dilated to 4cm and they removed the balloon. At 6 AM, my water ended up breaking, I was 5 cm. I was so happy my body was doing its job! The day was going great until I noticed that my body had stopped doing its job. Once I had gotten to 6 cm at 8am, every time the drs came to check if I had dilated I had remained the same. I started stressing because my baby was exposed to bacteria now that my water had broken. It had been 12 hours since my water broke and now the doctors started to show concern, the doctor came in, "Hi Debora, I have

some news. I would like to recommend a C-section now before it turns into an emergency C-section." My heart dropped, that was the last thing I wanted, the thought of me getting cut open was terrifying to me. I told them I wanted to wait to see if I dilated more... I didn't. I had no more hope that I would have a natural birth and I finally accepted the fact that I would have to choose my baby over myself, 10 mins later they prepared me for my c section. They shaved the area and I started to remove my jewelry, they changed my gown and put my hair back in a cap, everything became more real.

My baby was born at 6:45 PM and in the end I learned that sometimes, as much as we want to have control over the way things turn out for us, we just have to adjust and great things can still come of it.

Finding a Better School

Breanna Gonzalez

Before the pandemic hit, I was in sixth grade and would always hang out with my kindergarten friend Amariah. She was tall and was a tomboy but that never stopped me from hanging out with her. I remember so vividly that on the day of her birthday she had mentioned that she smoked weed for the first time and had offered me some. I politely said, "No, thank you." After I rejected it that time, I found myself hanging out with her a lot more to the point where her "new friends" became mine. Being around them eventually influenced me to smoke weed. It became a routine to smoke and hang out with Amariah and my new friends. We would smoke at her house, in the car and even at the park.

My mom eventually started suspecting that I was smoking. One day, I was hanging out with my friends and we went to the park to smoke. On our way back to Amariah's house we saw that my mom was waiting for me outside in her car. When I got in my mom's car she said I smelled like weed and banned me from going to my friend's house. After that incident, I stopped smoking and I realized that Amariah and her friends were a bad influence and accepted that it was better that I didn't talk to them.

When COVID hit, I was attending King Chavez Academy of Excellence and everyone transitioned into doing online school. During that time I was doing online school and I didn't like it and I found myself struggling with my classes. After a whole year, quarantining came to an end and I moved to Roosevelt Middle school since it was close to the area I lived in. I was excited because it was in person. I remember orientation just like it was yesterday. I was shy because I didn't know anyone and I knew that I would have to make new friends. On my

first day of school I recall taking the bus. As I was on the bus this boy that went to the same school as me approached me and asked, “Do you go to Roosevelt?” I noticed that he was very tall and had curly hair. I responded, “Yes.” He then proceeded to introduce himself. His name was Brian and that’s how I made my first friend. When I got to school I was nervous as hell. I didn’t know anyone and I didn’t know where any of the classes were. I asked a teacher for help and he helped me, but I was shy because my first class was P.E. In P.E we had to change together in locker rooms and that was weird because I have never changed in front of everyone but I got used to it over time.

In the first few weeks of school I made friends with some people and I had gotten really close to them. We had a bond that felt so powerful that I thought it would never break. One of my friends was named Laura and she was my height, pretty and she was hella funny. We started hanging out and over time we became best friends. My other friend was named Daniela and she was nice and kind. She cared for everyone and she was the sweetest and nicest person. It was a group of four: Laura, Daniela, Brian and myself.

It was all fun, until towards the end of the year I started making more friends and found myself smoking vape pens. I became friends with Adrienne and Laura didn’t like her and because of that, she stopped talking to me and began talking behind my back. It hurt me because I believed that we had a strong bond but I was wrong. Laura started hanging out with people she said she didn’t like and her comments about me ended up pushing Daniela and Brian away from me. That was the end of our friendship. I continued hanging out with Adrienne and we became inseparable. Hanging out with Adrienne came with consequences though, she ended up getting in a fight with Liya. After that, I texted Adrienne talking smack about the girl she fought and she posted it on her instagram. That led to Liya trying to fight me.

I learned my lesson when Liya tried to fight me at school while everyone didn’t like me. I ignored her and went to class but there was a teacher there so she saw her go up to me. The teacher pulled me aside and sent me to the principal. I told the principal what happened and he told me that I was in the wrong. As I went to school for the last 2 months before graduation, I was alone and depressed because all my friends turned their backs on me. I had to go have lunch at the counselor’s office every day and I felt lonely. I told my mom I wanted to move and she said no. My mom decided to drop me off at school for a week but what she didn’t know was that I would go back home because I was depressed. After my mom found out she was mad but I ended up communicating what had been happening at school and she understood my situation. I ended up doing online school for the rest of 8th

grade and some of 9th grade at San Diego Charter school before I found the right school.

I ended up reconnecting with my friend Marianna that I have known since 4th grade and she had told me about the school she was attending called, “Lindsay.” My curiosity got to me and I decided to ask her “Is it a good school?” She replied, “Yes.” I told her I would give my mom the information she provided because I really wanted to go. After a little convincing I convinced my mom and I ended up transferring to Lindsay. I started my first day and I was nervous but I had Marianna so I knew I was going to be okay. I stopped being shy and started getting out of my comfort zone. I started saying hi to the girls and started making friends here. I started getting to know the teachers Endi, Dawn, Hugo, Fausto and Vedrana. I knew that they were kind and weren’t going to judge me. The teachers and students treat everyone with respect and they listen if you have a problem or if you need something. This school has an entrepreneurship class that helps you start a business and I thought to myself, “This school is cool asf!The girls and teachers here made me feel comfortable. After a while I started getting used to the school and the people here. I realized that my experience at other schools was way different from Lindsay, at Lindsay I felt safe and comfortable and at other schools I felt like an outcast. I learned that this school is special to me and I’m grateful to be in a space where I’m accepted how I am and to be grateful I have found this school because not a lot of people have good experiences in other schools.

I’m Actually a Mother Now

Tiera Williams

It was a bright early morning just like any other day and I woke up cheerfully excited for my 33 week checkup wondering how much my baby had improved and developed since my last visit. First I got out of bed and started preparing myself for my appointment. I then asked my baby daddy to make me some breakfast “Can you make me some eggs and bacon?” I asked “Yes,” he replied. After eating, it was time for me to be on my way to my appointment.

Once I arrived at my appointment, they checked me in and I was shortly taken to the back to get my blood pressure done and my strep test done which took a total of 45 minutes. After 45 minutes a nurse then came in and said my blood pressure was abnormally high and that if it didn’t go down after another 15-30 minutes I would have to be admitted. As soon as I heard this I began to worry because not only was I alone on this trip but I also didn’t have a legal guardian with me. A little while after the nurse came back in and told me I would have to be admitted, Immediately after she said this I called my baby daddy and we were both scared

and nervous not knowing what was going to happen next, Later the nurse comes back in my room and she escorts me to the main hospital across the street.

Once I get to the hospital they put me in my room and they run lots of tests on me, about every hour or so they would come in to take blood and to check on me which took about 45 minutes since I am very hard to get blood from. After the difficulty of getting blood they later came in and said I had preeclampsia and that I would have to be monitored under their care. After getting this news I called my family and told them the news hoping that I wouldn't have to deliver yet. The next day I was brought some personal belongings to make me feel more comfortable, my baby daddy also came in and spent some time with me. also during this time they brought in a social worker to ask me questions and at this time knowing the situation I was in I decided it would be best to move in with my dad. About a week after being in their care they told me I can be released and to take it easy and that I will deliver soon at 37 weeks. I began to pack my stuff and call my dad saying i'm ready but before I left they gave me my last doses of medicine along with a dose of iron which gave me an allergic reaction and I began to turn numb and in pain. An hour or two later I was finally released to go home.

Once I left the hospital I felt all different kinds of emotions. Happy ,sad, nervous, and anxious on the way home my dad asked, "Do you want to stop and get some food?"

"Sure," I replied, although I was mainly thinking about my plans and the transition from my baby dad's house to my dad's.

A couple days passed and I decided to go get my things from my baby daddy's house. It was a long and hard journey moving everything by car, but after a good hour or two it was all done and after arriving at home, I began fixing up my things at my dads, even though it took a while to get situated and feel comfortable.

A week later I was scheduled to get my hair done so I didn't have to worry about it for a little while after having my son. During that same week I also went to stores to get the final things that my baby needed before his arrival. My last week before he was born I set up his pack and play crib and set out things I would need on a daily basis for him. I also packed up his diaper bag with clothes and things that he may need.

It was March 28, 2022 and it was the day of my induction. I was up all night thinking about what it would all be like. Around 8 am I got up and started getting ready. Then I started packing my things in the car, me, my stepmom, and my dad were in and then we headed

over to pick up my baby daddy. After picking up my baby daddy we drove all the way down to LaJolla Jacobs Medical Center where I was being induced. "We're really about to be parents," I said.

"I know it's crazy," my baby daddy replied.

After arriving there we went through security and at this time COVID was still happening so we had to provide our COVID shot cards as well. We then headed up to our room and we got there around 10 am. After a few minutes in the room some nurses came in explaining the induction. They started me on a IV and then they started my induction which took HOURS. Around 8 pm I took the option to get an epidural due to all the pain I was in and about an hour or two later I was given a balloon. Finally around 2:00 am my water broke.

The next day, I was meeting new nurses and constantly getting my blood drawn. Hours passed and I was getting checked to see how many centimeters I was and I was barely at three centimeters dilated. A couple hours passed and the nurse came back in to check me and I was still at three centimeters so then the nurse said, "if you don't dilate more in a few hours we will have to go with the c-section procedure." At this time I started to worry and think the worst. Hours passed and my son still wasn't responding to the induction so I was told that we would start the C- section procedure.

Soon after this my baby daddy decided that my dad should be the one to go to the operation room instead of him since he doesn't handle blood well and so my dad put on the procedure scrubs and we both took off our jewelry. About 30 minutes later the nurse came to escort us. As soon as I got in the room they started dosing up my epidural which put my back in a lot of pain and I was then given a breathing mask. Shortly after, they got right to it and I felt A LOT of pressure and this lasted about 30 mins and then they told me next was baby boy and soon they grabbed him and held him up to the plastic so I can see him, at this moment I started crying and everything felt so unreal... they started stitching me up and about 15 minutes later I was finally able to see my son.

After seeing my son they escorted all of us to a room where we all came together and admired my son. My dad left shortly after so that me and my baby daddy can have time together with our son. After making phone calls and taking pictures of my son we were then escorted to the postpartum room where we spent the rest of our days. Our first night was kind of rough since I was in a lot of pain and couldn't do much but I'm thankful my baby daddy did what he could to help me. The next day we met new nurses and they took my son to do a lot of tests and it turned out that my son had bilirubin so he had to stay an extra day

or so so he could get rid of it. Finally after about 5 days there we were able to go home.

After getting sent home I felt my life change, “I’m actually a mother now” I said. I knew I had to step up and be responsible for my son. Being a new mother was hard, I had to adjust to motherhood and not only that, but the healing after the c-section was horrible. I was not only in pain from my incision but from the epidural in my back and from all the marks in my arm from them constantly trying to get blood from me. Therefore it was hard for me to move around and advocate for me and my baby. Thankfully my family was there to help, which I’m very grateful for.

Two days after being home I got a call I never thought I would receive. It was my brother, he gave me the news that my mom was no longer with us, she had passed on. At that moment I felt my life was over because not only was I adjusting to being a young mom I was now depressed and feeling worthless. A couple days went past and I felt miserable but I knew I had to be strong for my son so I reached out to my school to see what help I could get. A month or two went by and I was still healing from the procedure and the passing of my mom. I started attending school again with my son and started taking it more seriously knowing my plan is to graduate. It is now a year and 8 months later and I have adjusted to motherhood and my mom’s passing and now I’m on my path to graduate and be successful and happy with my son.

On My Way to Veganism

Larissa I. Ortiz

About a year ago I decided I wanted to improve my health and change my diet. I’m 17 now and finishing up school. I would have never thought I would make it this far and continue to progress with my choices. I started reading and seeing a lot of things showing what’s put in the foods we eat on a daily basis. It’s really bad and it’s just getting worse. Since I was little red meats such as beef and pork, it just would not sit right in my stomach. I would get stomach aches etc. As I got older I started to realize all the things that we put in our body matters to our health.

What I’ve been doing to change my diet and better my health is cutting out all red meats. A lot of people ask me if it was a hard decision or if I miss eating red meats. It wasn’t a hard decision to make because of the fact that it was a decision made overtime and like I said previously, I just didn’t like how red meats sat in my stomach. Also, for a long time I just didn’t like the fact of killing animals to eat them and I wanted to start off by cutting off red

meats, because I wanted to prove to myself that I can be self disciplined. I had seen that my brother was cutting meat out and eventually went vegan and that opened my eyes a lot as well so that helped make that decision.

Now that you know if it was a hard decision or not for me I’m gonna be telling you if I miss eating red meats. I honestly don’t miss eating red meat because of the fact that it wasn’t ever my favorite. The only thing that I missed that included red meat was the broth of Birria or the soup of pozole but there’s so many different ways you could make those dishes and there’s definitely vegan options as well. The only meat that I do eat is chicken. I honestly like chicken too much to cut it out fully right now. I do want to eventually go vegan so I will have to cut off chicken officially but being vegan has been on my mind for a very long time and I’m glad that I’m moving forward with that and I’m continuing with this journey.

Like I said, my brother and his girlfriend are vegan so they definitely encouraged me to push forward with that and be vegan if I felt like it. They showed me a lot of vegan spots and I have eaten a lot of vegan foods, so it just made it a lot easier for me to make the decision of eventually going vegan. Me and my boyfriend decided to stop eating chicken on Mondays, so what we do is a no meat Monday. A lot of my family members forget that I don’t eat red meat at times and I would have to tell them I just eat chicken. My family does support my decisions though and my mom definitely supports and tries to incorporate a lot of vegetables and she doesn’t buy red meats at all. She only buys small portions for herself or buys it to take to my dad but honestly she has been trying to cut out red meat as well, and just buying chicken.

Since cutting out red meat is a big change. It was definitely challenging trying to find recipes that were vegan or just included chicken, but I eventually got the hang of it and now I’ve made a bunch of meals that are vegan or just have chicken. I never thought I would be able to make so many.

Not only have I cut out red meats, and not eaten meat on Monday. I’m definitely trying to use all natural products I want to incorporate more herbs into my daily meals in life to better my health to the max. I definitely want to try making my own medicines with the herbs and putting them in smoothies, making teas, etc. I also want to invest in getting a juicer. I think I have one but it’s pretty old and not sure if it works. I will try using it eventually because I want to start making my own juices as well so I don’t have to buy the processed juices from the stores. There’s so many chemicals, dyes and additives that they put in our drinks and food snacks, and they also overload our food with sugar and sodium. I can’t wait to share

more with you about my journey in the future because I know that I will definitely be vegan very soon. Till next time. Byeeee.

16 and Pregnant - Pandemic Edition

Monica Frayre

I lost my mom January 31, 2021, I was 16 and pregnant. She was my best friend even though we would clash. I recognize that I was a troublemaker, outside and inside school but, no matter what, she would always defend me. There she was, crying for me to come home, praying for my safety. There she was, singing to me “you are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy when skies are gray...” anytime I was sad. She always made my favorite food, especially on my birthday because we couldn’t afford cake and ice cream.

My brothers and I caught Covid, she spent days and nights worrying and taking care of us. She got it last, and once we were all better, here came Covid wanting to make a dramatic 180 turn in our lives. She caught it last, and the worst. My mom had a lot of health issues so that didn’t help. My mom was very suicidal during my childhood. She was supposed to take medicine, everytime I reminded her to take it she’d yell and cry while saying she’s killing herself slowly. I was 9, I was 9 hearing my mommy tell me that. I guess she had a death wish.

While she was in the hospital she got better, no more Covid. She was supposed to come home the next day, but somehow overnight, her kidneys started failing. She had blood clots in her legs and she had a stroke. The stroke left her paralyzed on the whole left side of her body. The doctors said she was “brain dead” at this point and the machine was the only thing keeping her breathing. I cried, still trying to stay strong for my little brothers. All that kept coming out of my mouth was “you can’t leave me, I’m having a baby, you’re supposed to be here. You can’t leave me mom.” What broke me most was when I looked up at her, there was a tear coming down her eye, she could hear my cries. I then told her, “It’s ok mommy, I’ll be ok, you did enough, now you can finally rest.” I never thought I’d be telling my mom those words at 16. The doctors took her off the machine, they held a white sheet in front of her incase she threw up because I guess that happens. I watched her struggle, I heard her gag on her own saliva. Little do they know, when she died, the little girl inside me died with her. I still carry hurt and regret in my heart. My mom always told me “you’re gonna wish you were nice to me because one day I’ll be gone.” She was gone.

My “family” is a hard pill to swallow when it comes to talking about them. Not even a whole two days had passed by and they’re already ransacking our home. They took whatever they

wanted without asking us if we wanted something that belonged to my moms. My tia, my moms older sister, was always jealous of her. She’d always talk about my mom having the life she thought she deserved. Brief summary about my tia, so you guys can have an idea of her as a person, she has nine kids, three baby daddies, lost her second and third child due to custody issues. She was a heavy drug user, would and still abuse her kids, left her babies in saggy pooped diapers, had her kids living in a trap house with no running water and no electricity. Her house ALWAYS smelt like pee, she never put her kids in school, and always had something bad to say about somebody. She is the definition of someone abusing the government. My nana, her mom, was bad to her too. She chose men over my mom and aunt, never really taking care of her because she was too busy doing the nasty with some guy to the point that once my mom almost died of a fever as a child because her mom was in the garage with her “friends” doing you know what. When my mom died, that’s when I realized I had no family.

I was 16 and around four months pregnant. My grandparents took custody of me and my brothers. They wanted us to get over my mom’s passing. They’d get upset if we cried over her and tell us we need to hurry and get over it. These grandparents are my dad’s parents, they never liked my mom. I needed to get out of there. I was going to be a mom, but I was a child myself. I thank god for my boyfriend being there for me. I’m happy my grandparents allowed him to come over. He made everything better. We were excited about our baby. I wanted a girl but he wanted a boy. Come to find out, I was having a baby boy. I was happy, but I started to fall deeper into my depression because my family made everything worse. All I heard from them was “you never cared about your mom. Why are you crying?” and “You guys basically killed her from stressing her out.” It hadn’t even been two weeks since she passed! Why would you ever tell your own grandchildren that kind of stuff? I needed to get out. I had a baby who needed a happy mommy.

My boyfriend’s dad got into contact with us and offered to move us to Yreka, California. A small country town with a small population. It was a town where everyone grew up with everybody type of town, one elementary school, one middle school, one highschool type of town, you get the picture, right? It was beautiful, It was so green with nothing but acres of green grass and cows. The air was different. I was happy. My mom always wanted to live in the country so I felt as if I was making her proud. We stayed with his dad for a couple weeks, and by then we had our own house!!

Then, things took a turn and I ended up back in San Diego. Now I am trying to earn some credits and get more stability but it is just so hard.

The Time I went to a Mental Asylum

Geslia Eufrazio

It was Friday April 21, 2023. I was in 8th grade. It was the second period, P.E. Me and my friend Alina were waiting outside of the girls locker room waiting for the P.E coach to open the door. Meanwhile we were waiting and talking. I said to my friend “So do you want to ditch?” Alina said “Yeah, sure.” It was also a good day to ditch ‘cause it was pool day. The kids get to choose if we want to go to the pool or not. Me and Alina were going to act like we were gonna go to the pool but in reality we were going to ditch.

The bell rang and it was time to go inside the locker room. The P.E coach opened the door and all the girls rushed inside. Once I got in I grabbed my sweat pants and went to the bathroom stall to change. I took off my shoes and pants, then put on my sweatpants. Once I was done changing I put all my clothes in my backpack and went out. I went to Alina where she was sitting on the bench waiting for the bell to ring. “You ready?” I asked Alina. She said “yeah.” After a few minutes passed, the bell rang and it was time to go outside. We went outside and went onto the blacktop where our numbers are at. We got on our numbers and the P.E teacher did roll call. After he called all the kids names he said “If you’re going to the pool please wait on the side until it’s time to go.” I went up to Alina and whispered “Let’s go.” We waited to the side until it was time to go but we noticed the other P.E teacher who always takes the kids to the pool was calling someone else to take us. Once the teacher came we saw who it was and it was this mean, strict teacher. We just looked at each other and followed him onto the field.

We walked slowly so we could just leave after but he yelled at us “Why are you girls walking slow? Walk faster.” We moved up a little bit. Once he looked away Alina and I hid behind this big wall where the water fountain was.

“What do we do? Do we just wait here?” I asked Alina.

“Shhh” she said. We waited there for a few seconds until everyone left.

“Okay let’s go” I said. And we ran back to the blacktop.

There was a door on the blacktop that you can easily open and leave. Me and Alina had left from that door before so it wasn’t our first time leaving from that door. We put our hoodies on and left. We were going to Subway to buy some cookies. I had two dollars so I had enough to buy cookies for us. We’ve ditched more than once but this time we were more nervous than ever.

As we were walking across the street I thought I saw my mom’s white van and I freaked out.

“Omg Alina, I think I just saw my mom.”

“Wait. Stop. Really?” Alina said in a nervous voice.

We were both already scared but that just made us more scared. But I tried not to worry much. “Maybe it wasn’t her because the car had these black bars on top and my moms car does not have that” I replied just so she didn’t worry but I could see in her eyes that she was scared too. I told Alina “Well whatever. We’ll just get our cookies and leave.” We went inside and ordered our cookies.

“Can I get two chocolate chip cookies?” I asked the cashier.

She replied “Yeah, anything else?”

“No” I answered and she got our two cookies. She handed me our cookies and I said “Thank you” and took our cookies and left for a table. We sat there and enjoyed our delicious cookies. The crunchy outside, soft inside, the gooey warm melted chocolate chips. It was so delicious. After we were done eating our delicious cookies we cleaned up and left.

We were walking back to school and right before we entered the school I told Alina “What am I going to do? I came late and they already know me. They are going to know I came back.” I was so worried. But she told me “Don’t worry.”

We had a plan. Our plan was Alina would sign in first, and act like she was late. Then she’d go over to the highschool side and open the door for me. But then there was school police. “Omg Alina what do I do? There’s police, they are going to think I’m sneaking in”. I was so afraid. She told me just to go in and act like I just came. We both knocked on the door. The people in the front office opened it for us and gave us a tardy slip. We grabbed a pen and signed it. The ladies in the front office were distracted and I was relieved because they weren’t paying attention to me. But as soon as I handed my tardy slip the lady asked me “Didn’t you already come here?”

I panicked, I grabbed my slip and ran to the highschool side bathroom. I went into the bathroom stall and locked it. I was panicking so much. My heart was beating fast. I was just on my phone trying to relax but a few minutes later I heard the mean, scary, strict teacher who took us to the pool on his radio. He was talking about some kid ditching and I immediately thought he was talking about me and Alina. That was when my heart started beating faster and faster. I started to have a mini panic attack. I was literally going to pinch

myself, rip my hair out, and probably stab myself. I started tearing up and moving my leg up and down, playing with my fingers.

I was so worried I was willing to talk to the counselor. I thought to myself, ‘I should talk to a counselor.’ So when the bell rang I was going straight to the counselor. I was just on my phone waiting for the bell to ring. Once the bell rang I left the bathroom stall and went straight up stairs where the counselor room was. I opened the door and sat down. She noticed me and asked me what I was doing here. I asked her if I could talk to her, and she invited me into her room. “What’s going on m’ija?” she said in a polite voice. I explained everything to her except telling her about Alina, I didn’t want to get her in trouble. After I told her everything she just repeated what I said just to make sure I said that. She told me she won’t tell anyone about anything I said. Only if I was going to harm myself she would have to tell. She called someone to come. I was confused but I just waited until the person she called came.

There was a knock on the door. “Come in, it’s open,” she said. And who walked in was the school police. She told him everything I said. “May I check your backpack?” he asked me. I nodded my head and he opened my back pack and started looking into every pocket. He found nothing. He talked with the counselor for a bit. “Alright, can you come with me?” he said. I got up and followed him to the door. As soon as I got out I saw my friends and they were asking me “What happened?” “What did you do?” I just looked at them and left. We walked down stairs and went outside. He took me to his car. He opened the door for me, I got in and he closed it. He put down the window for me and left me in the car alone. I was just sitting there on my phone waiting for him to come back. A few minutes passed by and he came back. He told me to put my seat belt on and he drove off. I didn’t know where we were going but I just put my headphones on and just listened to music to relax.

He drove kinda far, I didn’t recognize the place. But once we arrived at our destination he parked. He opened the door for me and I got out of the car “ thanks” I said. He closed the door and walked to the building we were going to. I followed him. He clicked a button and it notified the people inside. We waited for the people to open the door for us in the meantime we were just making small talk. A man was at the door, he opened it for us and let us in. Once I got in they told me to take a seat. The officer said bye and left.

They told me to take off my shoes and they weighed me. After that they told me to take everything out of my pocket. I gave them everything I had in my pocket and they took it and my backpack. They led me in this room with other people in their own room with the

doors wide open. They gave me a room. There was nothing except a bed in the middle of the center. They gave me clothes to take a shower. They showed me where their shower was. I closed the door, took off my clothes and sat down on this tiny bench they had in the shower. I was balling my eyes out. I didn’t want to be here. I just wanted to go home. I cried so much my eyes started to puff up and they started to get red. I just sat there on the bench for a few minutes crying and wishing I hadn’t talked so much.

There was a knock on the door “Are you done?”. I said “ yeah almost”. I got up, turned off the water, dried up, and changed into the clothes they gave me. They gave me a plain white shirt and some badge sweatpants. After I was done I gathered all of my clothes and left. I didn’t want to leave the shower but I knew I couldn’t stay there forever. I got out and they gave me a bag to put all my clothes in. They took me to my room and asked if I wanted anything to eat. They gave me a mini menu to look at. I got mac and cheese with a strawberry milkshake. After I ate it all they cleaned my mess and left. All I could do was sit in silence looking at the wall. I just sat there not knowing what to do. But soon after I layed on my side staring at the light green wall. I could feel a teardrop rolling down my cheek. I shut my eyes and knocked out. It was night time and I was still asleep but I got woken up by this bright light and this lady was talking. I woke up and she told me she just wanted to ask me some questions. I got up and she shut the door behind her and asked me her questions.

“What’s your name?”

“Geslia Eufrazio.”

“How old are you?”

“13”

“If you could travel the world, where would you go?”

“I would go to Italy”

“What’s your favorite part of yourself, it could be anything”

“My eyes”

After I answered all her questions, she left. The man came into my room to check on me and I asked him when I could go home and if I could call my mom. He let me call her. “Mom I don’t wanna be here, I wanna go home” I cried. I regretted talking to the counselor. I just wanted to go home. If I hadn’t talked to the counselor and opened my big mouth I wouldn’t

have been there in the first place. After I was done talking to my mom I handed him back the phone and I just went back to sleep.

The morning came by and I woke up. I went to the bathroom and just looked at myself in the mirror. My eyes started tearing up. I just wanted to go home. I missed my bed, my parents, I missed everything. I wiped my tears and left. I was just sitting there in silence until the man said “Your parents are coming to get you soon”. Once I heard that I was so happy. I was so happy to go home and leave. They gave me my clothes back to change and they told me to wait until my parents come. I was just sitting in my room until another man gave me some book options to read and some plushies to choose from. I chose the cat book and the cat plushie. He left my room to let me read in peace. He also gave me a notebook to write in or draw. I was just reading and drawing. I just wrote down how I felt. And I was drawing some monkeys until my parents came. A few minutes passed and they told me “ your parents are here for you.” I got up, took my notebook with me, and gave them their stuff back. But before I left, the kind man who gave me the book and plush gave me a cat origami “You seem like a cat person” he said. I smiled and said “Thank you” and left. They gave me my stuff back and led me where my parents were waiting for me. Once I saw them I gave them a big hug. I felt a tear drop fall down my face. I was happy to see them. “You ready?” my parents asked, I said “yeah” and opened the door and went straight to the car. And we went on with our day like nothing ever happened.

How My Life Took A Turn

Astrid Moreno

“Why is my stomach hurting?” I kept asking myself. In October of 2021, I was 13 years old and I was at home in my room having some abdominal pain which felt as if they were stabbing me. I wasn’t able to lay down or even sit down comfortably. I couldn’t explain why my stomach hurt so much. The only thing that I could think of was me drinking the day before and wondering if I was hungover.

I texted my mom: “Where are you, ma?! Did you forget that you have kids waiting for you?!” 🙄

She didn’t answer. I was 12 years old and waiting everyday for her to come back to my grandpa’s house. But she would be gone for days at a time and I always had to help my grandpa to do everything. I would always ask myself “When is my mom coming home?” or “Did my little brothers and I do something for her to not come?” My grandpa would always get mad at me and complain, “We don’t have enough food for everyone. Why doesn’t your mom come to

at least check up on you to see if you are good or not?AND she doesn’t ever answer her phone or reply to our texts!” When too much time went by, we would go look for her, but we couldn’t find her on the streets. We didn’t have any idea of where she could be.

On the evening of October 19, the pain got intolerable and I had to go to the hospital because my pain wouldn’t stop. The doctors asked me all the questions they had to ask me. Then they had to take me to take an ultrasound of my stomach to see what was wrong. After that, the doctor came and told me “there’s nothing wrong.” So they made me take a pee test. They came back and the nurse said, “your urine test came out positive for pregnancy.” The doctor still had to take out blood because sometimes the urine test comes out wrong. They took hours just to test my blood until like at 7am they had come and told me it came out positive. They had to take me to another ultrasound which took another hour for them to take me. But that’s when I saw my precious human growing inside me and just saw how big she was and how she was able to fit in my belly.. Then the doctors came into the room and said “You’re 5 months pregnant.” I was speechless.

Since my mom was always out because she wanted to be out with her friends in the street doing her thing, I always took care of them. As the oldest sister of 3 I had to be the one to wake up early in the morning to take my brothers to school even though I was so tired, but I had to because no one else would. I cared about their education because I didn’t want them to deal with other people getting involved. So after some time, I got better and better at mothering them.

Because of this, I felt confident to take the responsibility of caring for my baby, but I was still scared to bring my baby into this world because I didn’t know if I would get support from my family. I thought it would be harder for me with a baby.

At 8 months pregnant, I had to move out of my grandpa’s house because my uncle came to kick me out and my little brothers after finding out I was pregnant. My uncle called me and said “watch you are not going to become anything and become like your mom a druggie.” My uncle never liked my mom because she would do her drugs and always leave us alone but he really loved me like his own daughter but not no more. He threw away all my baby shower gifts, my clothes and all my little brother’s stuff and even our beds. My uncle told me that “no one should be staying here with all this mess”. The house looked so empty after his disaster. I told my little brothers “everything will be fine.” I didn’t have anywhere else to live except my baby’s father’s house. I was so frustrated by the way he acted.

In conclusion, it’s tough when you don’t get family support just because you get pregnant at a young age or just at a certain age. What I learned is that becoming a young mother could

be really hard but it's also a blessing because I am becoming a better person and a better mother than my mom was and I plan to teach my daughter to be better than I was.

Love and Loss

Lizbeth Del Angel

November 11th 2022 was the last day I ever saw Mateo. Mateo was my lover, he was my first ever taste of teenage romance, my first everything. I shared parts of my life that I've never shared with anyone else. I shared parts of myself as an inexperienced teenager that I never felt safe enough to share with anyone else. I was Sixteen, he was Seventeen and we met at an after party. It was dark outside, the whole house was loud but we found comfort and familiarity with one another. We clicked almost instantly and I found myself talking to him more and spending my time with him almost every week. We spoke to one another about the smallest of things but we had a lot in common. He invited me over to his place on a Thursday and the Friday that came was the last day I'd ever see him again. One of the many things we had in common was our interest in parties and spending our time with family. He'd invite me out to the parties that he and his friends would host. I attended all of them but there's one that still haunts me to this day.

Before I speak about that day I'd like to share that there were special moments that I lived alongside him that I still value. November 5th, six days before the incident we had found ourselves sitting in each other's silence at 4 in the morning after a party. He was just that kind of person, the kind you could sit in silence with, he could say so many words without saying any at all. We stared at each other for a moment before he took off his pink rosary and put it on me. Before, I met him it felt like it was me against the world. I recall him opening up and telling me that before we met, he also felt alone but that the main thing that gave him comfort and safety was the pink rosary his mother had given to him. That night he gave me that pink rosary and told me how he wanted to share the feeling of safety during those moments when he wasn't with me to remind me how beautiful and how loved I am by him. He felt rare to me in a world filled with guys that didn't seem to care about my opinion and just my looks, he cared about not only the version of me that I allowed people to see but also the version of me that wasn't so pretty, the version of myself that no one else seemed to care about. A couple days before he passed I had this strange feeling, like I wasn't going to see him as often as I did. I think he felt that feeling too, he felt it that night he gave me that pink rosary, I like to think he not only gave me his rosary to protect me but also to leave something behind for me before he left.

November 11th, the day of the incident, was what I thought to be a regular day but little did I know that it would be something that haunts me forever. I still remember everything like if it had just happened yesterday, what I drank, ate, the music I listened to while getting ready to go out, how I felt before everything happened. I recall going to school and people telling me how much of a positive impact Mateo made in my life. It was a beautiful time, where I had Mateo by my side and the feeling of being alive was granted to me. Everyone in my life knew how much he meant to me and I really did see myself being with him for a long time. We spent so much time planning our future out and a part of me feels naive for thinking the universe would actually allow our plans to follow through. A part of me also looks back at that day and feels guilty for actually going to that party instead of spending that time with him and him alone, a part of me feels guilty for not knowing what to do in that situation, I never would've seen it coming and for that I feel guilty too. Bad memories from that specific party continue to follow me around on a daily basis. That night me and Mateo had gotten into an argument because I didn't spend that time with him and instead went on with the whole party. We eventually came to the point where we decided to go somewhere quiet, in a room upstairs where we could talk and communicate with one another. Ten minutes into our conversation my friends came upstairs knocking on the door to warn us that some guy was threatening the whole party with a gun and the police were on their way. Mateo as a host felt a sense of responsibility, he went downstairs to see what the issue was with the guy and how to convince him to leave the property. For a good five minutes everything was paused, the world I knew at the moment was still good, everything was still okay, I was still that teenage girl mindlessly in love with the most sincere guy I've ever met. The second I went down those stairs calling out for him was the second something had shifted in my life permanently. The same boy that I had fallen for in so many ways, had shared so many of my firsts with was leaning against a chair trying to keep himself up with members from the party surrounding him. A friend tried to protect me from the immense amount of trauma and pain I was about to encounter, but it was too late. Some things from that night have been blurred from my brain trying so hard to protect me from that trauma but I remember pushing everyone away from him desperate to touch the same skin that was covered in his blood. We ended up on the floor, his head on my lap and my heart completely on my sleeve. My friends and family tried to convince me to leave him there and make an escape from the cops but I couldn't, I was stuck in that terrible moment for what felt like forever until the cops finally came and I found myself sitting outside in the cold, scared and with anticipation to see Mateo again alive and well. They refused to let me back into the property as it was now the scene of a ruthless crime. For those cops it might've been just another day on the job, just another stupid party they had to waste their valuable time at but for me it was one of my biggest

fears come true. I was told he wouldn't make it in one of the worst possible ways ever. My mother came to pick me up from this nightmare around 5 in the morning but before she came I saw Mateo's family arrive at the scene and that was unfortunately the first time I ever met his family and the last. The day I lost someone important to me was the day I learned a valuable lesson and that was to never take anyone's life especially not yours for granted. This feeling of loss and anxiety that comes with fearing that i'll lose someone else like that again is a feeling i've gotten too familiar with and everyday I try to makeup all that time I lost with Mateo with the people I love and care about because anything is bound to happen at any moment in anyone's life and that's also a lesson within itself. I hold onto that rosary every night before I go to sleep, the same way I held it the day he gave it to me, the same way I held it the night I lost him forever.

A Long Journey to Freedom

O'Neil Bensley Bonheur

My journey starts in Brazil where we lived for a couple of years after leaving Haiti. We stayed there in order to collect enough money to continue our journey. The first stop after Brazil was Peru. We had to travel on the bus. The bus passed through very high mountains, it was very scary because it looked like the bus was going to fall. I think that all immigrants who pass through Peru go through this fear because the road is very small and there's no safe place for a bus to drive safely. My mother was as scared as I was, so we started to pray, because only God could help us get there. My mother said: "How can we get there, because the road seems to be very small?" My stepfather said: "Everything will be fine." In the end it was fine, we arrived in Peru in the middle of the night, and we stayed there a few days before we continued our journey to freedom.

Our next stop was Columbia. When we arrived in Colombia I didn't like the food because it was very different. The people who helped us only had typical Colombian food, my sisters didn't eat anything. My mother knows that my sister and I are fussy so she always bought something for us, and she could cook it. In Columbia my stepfather had to find a job to make more money for us to continue our journey. It was hard but we were all together.

After Columbia we went to Panama, then Costa Rica, then Nicaragua, after Nicaragua we went to Guatemala, then Mexico and finally the US. When I arrived in Mexico it was very difficult to adapt, because it was a new country again, a new language and lots of new customs. I had no one I could talk to. We had to look for accommodation and work in order

to eat and survive. When you are in this situation, you have to fight to get what you want, and look for work immediately.

I knew this struggle would be over soon and we would reach our destination. This is just one more stop before we reach our dreams and hopes. We are almost there. My experiences in all the countries I passed through helped me a lot, because there are certain things that you learn in every place you go and with the people you are around. My grandmother always called us, and sent audios with prayer, she always prayed for us so that God would bless us. Change is about cutting cords, effectively forgetting the past and improving the future. We change to improve, to progress, to grow, to provide better opportunities to our children, and ourselves.

When we move, we take memories, experiences and love with us. We don't take too many things in the form of luggage, those are not important, they just slow you down, traveling without luggage is easier, too many things just slow you down and it is more difficult to adopt. Moving for study or employment is always good, but it can bring undesirable consequences, and sadness on the journey. The most important thing is not to question decisions you made, but rather, plan to improve what is in front of you. Changes may seem disastrous or wrong, especially in the first months or years, but it will get better with the hard work and positivity. Always try to see the good side, never compare what you lost or left behind. My final conclusion is: "Everything I went and will go through are only the small steps on a long ladder that I need to take in order to go where I want to be in my future."

Surgery at Fourteen

Guadalupe De La Pena

It was around the holiday season, I recall being with my nephew watching a movie and all of the sudden I started getting a really bad stomach pain. Thinking nothing of it, I decided to ignore it and went to sleep with the pain hoping it would go away by the time I woke up. In the middle of the night I randomly woke up to the sharp pain in my stomach and I thought the best remedy would be taking a warm bath. Still not thinking too much about it since I've always gotten frequent stomach pain. I thought it would go away but the pain was getting worse and sharper. I proceeded to take a warm bath and went to lay down again but the pain started spreading to my back. Pain was so bad it didn't even let me lay down comfortably. I listened to my body and decided to call my mom to tell her what was going on with me.

When I made the call, my mom had asked me if I wanted to reach out to someone but it was

midnight, everyone was sleeping and there was only one car at the moment. Since I had no access to transportation I had to wait until my brother got home since he took the car to work. I waited for 3 to 4 hours to finally go to the hospital. When we arrived at the hospital I was feeling extremely nervous. My mom noticed, reassured me and said, “Everything will be okay.” As we walked in we realized that there weren’t many people in the waiting room, so we thought that the process was going to be quick. We only waited a couple minutes, they called my name right away and I got sent to the emergency room. The doctors started asking me questions such as: What are you feeling, What is going on with your stomach and how bad are the pain levels from 1-10? As I was crying I replied, “My pain level is currently at 8 and a half but it keeps getting worse.” I was struggling and crying while talking to the doctors because I couldn’t handle the pain anymore. I finally got checked out and went to get an ultrasound to see what was going on in my stomach and my back. They proceeded to put an IV in me. I was so scared and anxiety was creeping on to me while waiting for the results. I waited for about an hour to get the results and was getting even more anxious to hear what they had to say. The doctors came out and explained, “You have stones in your gallbladder and we have to send you to emergency surgery.” My mom then replied, “Is there any way we can schedule this surgery instead?” She really wanted to reschedule it since my cousin’s quinceanera was next weekend and I was going to be part of the court. The doctors replied, “It has to be done by at least tomorrow. She needs to stay in for observation before and after the surgery.”

My mom started to call my dad and the whole family. She even posted a picture of me on facebook captioned, “Hechale ganas hija, todo va salir bien mañana.” They then checked me in and took me to a room. They had a cat stuffed animal on the bed waiting for me to accompany me in this process. When I made myself comfortable, they let me know that I would not be eating anything or drinking until after my surgery. I was so nervous that I couldn’t fall asleep to the point that my nurse was a little annoyed.

The next day meant surgery day. I remember waking up nervous and still feeling the pain. Doctors came in and started escorting me to the surgery room in a wheelchair. My mom and sister gave me a hug and said, “Goodluck, everything’s going to be okay.” Once I was in the surgery room they told me to unclip my bra, they put a mask on me and the last thing I saw was a lot of doctors surrounding me. I then went to sleep. I remember that I was woken up by the sounds of a kid crying. I opened my eyes and saw that it was a little kid with casts everywhere in pain. I then asked the nurses, “Where am I?” And, knocked out again. When I officially woke up I couldn’t even move. And one of the nurses had let me know that while I was unconscious they had made my mom sign a paper to open my belly button a little more

since the stones were much bigger. Once I got to the room I just wanted to keep sleeping since I felt really tired and they wanted me to have food in my system but I couldn’t keep up with anything. I started calling all my family members to let them know that the surgery came out good and safe. The day after, I had tried walking around since it was still kinda hurting and finally was able to go home and do recovery. From there I had to be in bed for almost 4 weeks and not be able to really move around. The lesson I learned was to listen to your body when it’s telling you it’s not feeling well as it can turn out to be something a lot more serious. If I hadn’t listened to it things would have probably been worse.

Vivir Con Amistades No Amistades

Andrea Marie salazar Salas

Cuando me vine a vivir a San Diego, CA me vine con una amistad de mi mama. Ella me empezó a tratar muy bien, los primeros 3 días era muy linda, muy buena persona. Solo que después ella me empezó a gritar muy feo me decía, “No sirves para nada. No sabes hacer las cosas.” Pero por dentro yo sabía que si lo estaba haciendo bien y que tenía que seguir haciéndolo. Era mi responsabilidad y no lo podía dejar de hacer ya que ella era la persona con la que yo estaba viviendo y yo estaba a su responsabilidad.

Había días que yo me ponía a llorar, me empezó a dar depresión y ansiedad porque era raro vivir con aquella persona y también porque estaba su hija y era demasiado celosa e incluso íbamos a la misma escuela y no me dejaban hablar con compañeras o con otras personas. Ella le decía a su mamá “Andrea no va a la escuela. Se va a otro lugar.” Tiempo después empecé a trabajar y me prohibieron hablar con los compañeros del trabajo también. Me decían que no les comentara de donde era y que como no sabía hacer nada, que pronto me iban a correr de el trabajo pero yo sabía que si podía y que yo estaba trabajando bien.

Yo me vine de México con ella porque me dijo que “Te va ir bien con nosotros. Yo tengo como ayudarte en San Diego. Tendrás demasiada oportunidad con nosotros.” Entonces pues yo decidí venirme con ella por que si necesitaba la ayuda y le agradezco, pero no me gusto por la forma que me trato. Ella me empezó a tratar mal, hablaba mal de mi mama. Decía que mamá era una señora que no nos quería a mi y a mis hermanos, que ella no era buena madre y esos comentarios me afectaban demasiado.

Pero a mi no me importaban esos comentarios yo me decía “debes de salir adelante”. echale ganas. tu puedes no debes rendirte tú saca esa depresión que tienes.” Y si le hablaba a mamá, pero obvio la señora con la que yo estaba no me dejaba hablar mucho tiempo con

mamá. Pero la señora me decía “hablale dile que estas bien y nadamas dile que tienes cosas que hacer” y por eso no hablaba con mamá. Yo tuve que eliminar mis cuentas de redes sociales porque ella también me lo prohibió. Me prohibió salir. No salía, solo de la escuela a la casa y después al trabajo y me tenían vigilada pero sabía que yo podía y aun así le decía a mamá que ellos me trataban mal. A mamá no le parecía bien eso, ella me apoyaba en decirme “busca a donde irte no necesitas estar ahí. no debes de soportar aquellas cosas.”

Entonces con ese apoyo que me daba mi mamá, empecé a buscar un apartamento e incluso en la escuela les conté de mi situación. En la escuela hay apoyo para las señoritas. Entonces pedí ayuda para salirme de ahí porque me ponían a recoger los juguetes de los niños me ponían a hacer el quehacer me tenía que levantar a las 6:00am para dejar todo limpio antes de irme a la escuela y la hija de la señora seguía acostada y se levantaba y empezaba a hacer un tiradero pero yo ya había recogido todo y tenía que volver a hacer todo de nuevo. Entonces yo me tenía que ir a esa hora a la escuela obvio que si lo dejaba así el tiradero en la tarde que llegara me tenía que regañar. Ya sabía eso aunque yo le decía a la señora que “yo lo deje hecho”y ella me decía “no es cierto eres una floja que no sabe nada.”

En un día comun, me acuerdo que era un Sábado su hija me levanto temprano gritándome “¡Ya levántate no seas floja! Apurate, vamos a hacer el desayuno.” Entonces ya después ella hizo licuado y me toco mi parte, pero como a los niños les sobró de su vaso ella obligó a tomarlo. Pero no podía tomarlo ya que yo ya no quería las sobras de los niños. Me regañaron y después me corrieron y al poco rato me dijeron que si me salía, iban a llamar a la policía que por que yo les había robado cosas, pero todo eso mentira. No sabía que hacer, si irme o quedarme por que no tenía donde ir.

Entonces decidí hablarle a mamá para contarle y que es lo que debía de hacer. Ella me dijo “hija vente a Puebla. Regresate no puedes quedarte con esa persona” Entonces llorando dije “yo no puedo quedarme acá” así que decidí poner mis cosas necesarias en mi mochila de la escuela y estaba triste porque nunca había pasado esto. Pero tampoco me podía quedar ahí y también porque iba a dejar mi trabajo y mi escuela.

Un rato después me contacté con una compañera de trabajo y le comente lo que estaba pasando y a ella también la habían corrido. Pero yo le dije “sabes yo me ire a Puebla” ella me dijo “noo ahorita veo como le hacemos pero no te vas así.” Entonces ella se contactó con una compañera de la escuela con la que se iba a ir a vivir y ella me dijo “No te vayas a Puebla. Ya hable con mi mama y dijo que está bien que te vengas a vivir con nosotras aunque no tenemos mucho espacio, pero te recibiremos con amor.”

Así que yo me salí con lo necesario. me di esas fuerzas para salir yo sabía que iba a poder me di esos animos yo puedo nunca perdí la fe en que podía salirme de aquel lugar donde no estaba feliz y solo estaba mal. Ahora soy demasiado feliz. Ya puedo salir a un lugar a comer. Ya puedo hablar con compañeras, ya puedo comunicarme más con mamá. En poco tiempo la irá a visitar. Aprendí que nunca debemos darnos por vencidos. Uno puede superar mucho pero también no confíes en “amistades no amistades.”

The Journey

Francia Brevil

While I was walking with my family and other people in the forest on our way to the United States, we found a pregnant lady alone. She was lying alone with a letter next to her that the husband who abandoned her had written for her. The letter said “Help, she is pregnant. I am the husband. She could not walk anymore. Well, we woke up the lady. We fed her even though she couldn’t eat. We did everything possible but she died.

Well since it was already night we had to sleep to continue the journey. The next day my brother asked me how there can be such bad people with no heart that they could do bad things just to get there faster. Well we continued on the path. We were like three groups, my family and my cousins and my uncles. One group was further ahead and another behind, my family in the middle and apparently some thieves robbed the groups in front. They took everything from them and when they left they approached my group. Thank god they didn’t do anything to us, they just spoke to us and told us where we had to pass to go. And when we all met we were surprised and the others said they didn’t steal anything they didn’t steal. Why thank god they didn’t do anything to us. We thought they were normal people like natives from the area.

Finally after so much walking we arrived in Panama which was the first refuge there. We met many Indians and made friends with some of them who were actually very charming.

Well, in the first shelter we just had to wait until they sent us to the second wing. After 4 months, they sent us to the second shelter. That’s when we all started to divide. When we arrived at the second shelter, we only spent 2 months there and they sent us to the second shelter for 14 days. For 14 days they sent us to the last shelter in Panama called Chiliqui but that place was different since you had to go on your own because they weren’t going to send us and to get out of there we had to be hidden from the immigration because if They don’t take us back

And well, it was still Costa Rica. 2 months passed, and my cousins went there and that's when we started to separate and they arrived and after 3 months my family decided to move forward. They didn't do it due to lack of money. In those three months, we left and the immigration was near. 3 days passed, we left again, and they grabbed us, it already been twice, the third time we left. Thank god they didn't see us, we passed in front of them, they didn't even realize it. That was one of the things I asked God for and well, we arrived in Costa Rica.

I met my cousins again, out of excitement, we almost left a staircase and then we separated again because they had to continue to Mexico while my family stayed in Costa Rica to work. I started to meet more people. We spent 4 months in Costa Rica. We went to Mexico, but I never saw my cousins again because they had already arrived. Well, when we left for Mexico, we had to go through waves, Nicaragua, Guatemala.

When we arrived in Mexico, I started working for the first time while we were waiting. Once we had the papers we started for Reynosa, When we arrived in Reynosa we had to go through Monterrey. Also in Reynosa we registered in an organization for 4 months to be able to enter and that is how I entered the United States.

All that happened when one day my parents agreed that we would leave Venezuela, but I never thought it would be so difficult. I experienced many new things, met many new people, and well, that was my story from Venezuela to the United States.

When I first Got My Dog

Odette Osuna Fernandez

It was very exciting to go to my grandma's house to pick a puppy. When I picked my puppy she was very shy. She was always trying to hide so I picked her to be my dog and I called her Chanel. The first week of having Chanel she was really shy. She didn't really know how to play. She would only know how to play with her brother. After weeks went by, Chanel got comfortable with me And she started showing her personality.

But then we noticed Chanel wasn't feeling well. And then I noticed Chanel having a seizure So we took her to the vet And they helped make her feel better. After weeks went by, Chanel started getting healthier and stronger. She never got a seizure again. Chanel is a really good dog because she's funny, nice and playful. She is always there when I need her.

Chanel's favorite things are treats, going outside, going with Grandma, Going to the park And seeing her dog friends And spending time with her. Chanel likes visiting her mom and dad Chanel's dad is a Yorkie and Chanel's mom is a Maltese Chanel's dad was actually my first dog My dad got me him as a gift for my birthday And I named him Rocky But sadly a couple months went by and we gotten a new apartment and we couldn't have dogs so we gave my dog to my grandma.

After 2 years, my grandma got a dog that her sister gave her because she couldn't take care of her dog any more. Her name was Emma. In a couple weeks Emma and Rocky Fell in love and Made puppies. That's how I got Chanel. Now Channel lives happily ever after with me and my mom and my sister in an apartment where we can have dogs.

¿Dónde quedó mi infancia?

Kristy Ramirez

En 2012 cuando tenía 8 años, una tarde en casa de una tía estaba con una prima jugando, cuando llegaron nuestros "primos" más grandes y ellos preguntaron,

¿Qué hacen las niñas?"

Mi prima y yo respondimos jugando a las escondidas.

Ellos nos respondieron, podemos jugar con ustedes.

Nosotras respondimos sii!!!

Empezamos a jugar a las escondidas, cuando uno de mis primos llegó a donde yo estaba escondida me empezó hacer preguntas muy extrañas, luego me empezó a tocar cuando traté de salir del escondite.

— ¡Me dijo shhh!!! Nos encontrarán.

— Yo le respondí ya no quiero jugar!!!

— El me empezó a callar y tapar la boca con sus manos para que yo no hiciera bulla, luego con su otra mano empezó a tocarme y empezó a poner mis manos en sus partes íntimas yo hacía mi mano un puno porque no quería sentir sus partes.

cuando se aburrió de hacer eso salió del escondite y se fue, yo me quede llorando mi prima llegó,

— me pregunto que pasa ?

— Yo respondí nada ya me quiero ir a mi casa, salí corriendo y me fui caminando a mi casa, mi casa quedaba a 20 minutos de la casa de mi tía.

— Llegue a casa, me encerré en mi cuarto y lloré hasta quedarme dormida y nunca le dije a nadie lo que había pasado.

— Luego cuando iba donde mi tía me aseguraba que él no estuviera ahí, luego él no estaba y jugaba con más primas y siempre llegaban mis primos a donde nosotras estábamos, yo siempre me quedaba pegada con mis primas las más grandes para que él no pudiera hacerme daño.

— Empezamos a jugar y mis primas se fueron de mi lado :(y me dejaron sola, luego yo iba a salir corriendo pero llegó uno de mis primos que yo más quería, me agarró de la mano y me dijo vamos a jugar me llevo a un lugar solo, yo confié en él y me traicionó, por que me hizo lo mismo que mi otro primo me había hecho.

— Él fue un poco más lejos y me hizo aún más daño y eso me dolió mucho porque él era el primo que yo más quería y me hizo daño.

— Luego mi vida cambió mucho desde esos días lloraba siempre y ya no quería ir de visita donde mi tía o donde mi abuela.

— Creí que ya nadie me iba hacer daño , pero no estaba muy equivocada por que mi otra familia también mis primos me hicieron daño, cuando visitaba a mis abuelos unos de mis primos siempre me tocaban y eso me a traumado toda mi vida por que mis dos familias me han hecho mucho daño.

Yo solo quería tener una infancia bonita, disfrutarla como tal, no ha sido fácil seguir mi vida desde esos momentos tan traumáticos para mí, siempre quise el apoyo de mi familia cuando decidí contar mi tragedia mi madre me apoyó incondicionalmente lamentablemente no tuve el apoyo de mi padre, cuando le confesé me dijo que yo me lo había buscado, que a lo mejor yo los había “provocado” nunca dejaría que me hicieran daño de esa manera, solo era una niña de 8 años buscando la diversión pero lamentablemente solo encontré un camino a una mi vida con trauma y miedo a que un hombre vuelva hacerme daño.

Aun dentro de mí esta esa niña rota, triste, sola y con temor a los hombres, nunca me a gustado decir esta historia, pero siento que es el momento perfecto para que sepan que no

hay que confiar ni en nuestra familia, a veces la gente que es más cercana a ti siempre te hace daño, es el momento de decirle a esas personas que han pasado por este momento que no estamos solas hay personas a las que si les importamos y que si nos apoyan, sigamos adelante con nuestra vida y demostremosle que a pesar del daño que nos causaron vamos a salir adelante y vamos hacer unas chingonas.

First Friendship

Darline Brevilus

This story begins in Haiti, we were little and we grew up together. We did everything together. When we were younger we used to play rope games and go to school together. One Sunday, we went to the cinema with a bunch of other friends without our parents knowing and we arrived home late. When we got home her parents were angry with her because she didn't say where she was going. Her parents were more angry with me because it was with me that she came out.

Another of the friends who were there with us at the cinema came to my defense and spoke to the members of the family. She was there with her own decision to go to the cinema.

When I got home, I thought everyone was already asleep because I didn't hear them talking and the light was off. When I went to my room I climbed into bed and lay quietly so they wouldn't hear me come in. So my mother was waiting for me because my mother is always giving me advice

She said “ Are you going out?” I said, “Yes,” and she replied, “You know you know your father won't let you out.” what do you do ,don't say that but I you have the right to say that I agree. I said: “yes mommy i won't do it again and he said I wish you always said yes” and she said: “Good night.” The next day we went to school. When we arrived at school there were friends who were yelling at us because they knew what happened to us and my friend didn't give it too much importance.

After some time passed, he chose to make other friends . So I stopped talking to him . and he started dating other friends .My friends started gnashing their teeth at me despite wanting to start again with him but my father did not agree because he started doing bad things and I had no other choice but to talk to him .

From the time we were not friends, she entered into another style of friends who used to

smoke , drink and do bad things, the same actions as his other friends. Every he used to do and all the actions he used to pose and even if I wanted to be friend again, I won't be able to My parents wouldn't agree and i didnt want friends because I didn't remember what she used to do The are not for me and I don't like them .These actions are all that made use not friends anymore. But I don't hate it.

I don't hate for that and I never hate for just a time we were friend.but the friendship was not destined to continue. I feel very happy and very proud to have written this letter about my friend .This story taught me that I should not put my trust in a friend too much. Because even if you know the person well , one day he can betray you depending who he is.

My First Cooking Experience

Maranatha Moise

First I found out I was hungry, then I realized I didn't know how to make any food, so I knew I had to do something about it. I decided to ask my mom to teach me to make a few first meals. My first meal that I learned how to make was chicken and rice. When I was little, I always saw my mom cooking and making very tasty foods for us. I decided to watch my mom every time she cooks, I decided to be with her in the kitchen to see how she prepares the food. I noticed that everything she uses is carefully chosen. I think that is the reason her food is very tasty.

I learned to cook, actually I cooked my first meal when I was 11 years old. I felt bad for other children of the same age as me who do not know how to cook for themselves. I believe cooking and making meals as well as food is part of life. It is really important for us to teach our children how to cook when they grow up so they can be independent. Next I feel it is important to eat healthy foods, because of your health. I believe that everything my parents are teaching me is useful for me, and for my future. I was in Haiti when I made my first meal.I lived with my mother and my siblings, and at that time life was not too bad, and we were safe.

When I started cooking, my mom said it is important to prepare everything beforehand, and to be organized. I took all the ingredients and put them on the table. My mom showed me the amount of rice I need to put in the water so it is nice and soft. She showed me how to put spices on the chicken. After the meal was done it was out of taste, so I called my mother to come and see the food I prepared. She came and tasted the food and saw that it was good but needed more spices. She said that we need to taste the food when we cook and add more spices if needed. Then my mom said: "Maranatha you did a really good job". I said: "

Thank you mom."

I also asked my mom: "Mom, can you teach me more?" She replied: "Yes. of course I can teach you." My mum then said: "I am so proud of you."

At dinner I called everyone to our house to eat dinner with us. Everyone was surprised and said that the meal was good. From that day on I asked my mom to teach me more different foods. She showed me a different meal every day and we agreed I will cook two times a week from then on. Sometimes, when I'm cooking, she stands next to me to see if I'm doing everything right. Sometimes she lets me cook alone and doesn't check anymore.

I am very proud of myself. I think it is important to know how to cook, because it is a part of your daily life. I also think boys and girls should know how to cook, and parents should teach them equally. Lastly, it is important for all parents who are raising their children to provide them a good education and teach them different skills at home, because one day parents are not going to be around and we need to know how to take care of ourselves, when they are not there.

Permitir o Dejar

Jany Andrea Carrillo Martin

Todo comienza a la edad de 6, un día decidí ir de vacaciones tenía la emoción de salir y distraer mi mente de problemas la idea de salir y convivir con gente que pondría la atención en mí era emocionante, era pequeña niña una pequeña flor que solo quería amor sin saber que todo mi mundo se vendría Abajo como la lluvia fuerte y desorientada, desde ese día siendo un 15 de Diciembre decidí ir de vacaciones a casa de abuelos de mi padre, mi madre con temor y miedo dejo que yo fuera a un viaje a lo desconocido, sin saber que continuaría al rato.

Ese día por la tarde mi padre el depredador de la casa llegó borracho como comúnmente solía llegar, mi madre se encontraba sola y nose como no me puse a pensar en proteger mi madre de aquel lobo hambriento de dolor, mi padre desesperadamente llamaba por mi haciendo que el ambiente para mi mama se volviera terrorífico luego continuó con su plan que ya tenía desde tiempo atrás de atacar contra la vida de mi madre de ponerle fin aquella flor hermosa y renaciente, me enteré el 24 de Diciembre que el la lastimo tanto, con sus manos le dio un golpe en su cara la empujo la agarró muy fuerte del cuello haciendo que dejara de respirar al punto de que mi madre se pusiera morada por la falta de oxígeno,

con las pocas fuerzas que tenia logro salvarse, ella puso una demanda luego eso afectó mi relación con mi madre porque me llevaba mejor con mi padre únicamente por llamada me avisaron y eso dolió mucho nadie lo noto y ahora sentir esa sensación de que ya comienza en frío las hojas empiezan a caer las juntas con la familia cuando el verano se fue, el Dolor evade mi corazón y todo esto me deja mal, recordar que cada fin de año todo esto paso y fue real es difícil, después de mucho tiempo aguarde mucho rencor contra todos me encantaban las plantas por que mi padre me hablaba de ellas con odio y amor lo recordaba pero no podia decidir a quien apoyar no sabia, porque a ninguno le tube demasiada confianza queria huir del entorno en el que estaba, empecé aceptar que lo que hizo mi padre, estaba mal y que mi madre era víctima de abusos que no eran amor que los te amo y los cambiare solo fueron palabras vanas y que no estaba bien seguir en un ambiente en el que ya no beneficiaba a nosotras, tambien me costo tiempo mucho tiempo en perdonar a mi padre, a ese depredador que solo queria atencion y se reprime de emociones, ahora recibo terapias por cosas que he pasado, estoy en el proceso de tenerle confianza a mi madre aunque esté lejos de mi aunque asi este del otro lado del mundo nada ni nadie romperá el lazo que estamos creando, creo que me ha servido de mucho al alejarme de mi madre y hermanas he aprendido que ella solo quería sacarnos adelante y la admiro incluso yo sola se me ha hecho difícil y ella con tres hijas hizo el esfuerzo limpio sus lagrimas y continuo, mi madre en algún momento de su vida nos pregunto a caso podremos? Mis hermanas con seguridad aseguraron apoyar a mi madre y con la ayuda de Dios así ha sido , a veces solemos hacer o creemos tomar decisiones para mantener algo que nunca estuvo y afectamos al resto, suelo recordar a mi padre con las cosas que nos gustaban con una planta que le encantaba y hace poco la vi y a pesar de lo malo las personas siempre te dejan una enseñanza o un recuerdo, lo que me queda por decir es que pasamos por dolor pero eso depende como lo tomemos o crecemos o nos dejemos morir y yo he decidido luchar como la leona que es mi madre, a con lobos y crías hambrientas de dolor, si yo puedo tu puedes mujer guerrera.

Learning to Drive

Dory Adonaelle Paolane

Driving has never been my thing, until this day when for the very first time I'm going to drive a car. I admit just thinking about it puts me under a lot of pressure, I'm afraid, afraid that I'll block traffic, afraid of not getting there, afraid of not taking the accelerator pedal instead of the brake, I don't stop sweating even when I'm not yet behind the wheel. The first 20 minutes passed and I heard a loud horn in front of the house. I rushed to the window and I

saw the car had arrived, my instructors were there! My God, the moment of truth has arrived. I take my coat, I go through the door, I slam here I am on the terrace a few steps more and I am on the street. I open the car door, and on the passenger seat was Mr. Robert. Me: "Hello Mr. Robert." Mr Robert: "Hello, Paolane, how are you?" Me: "I'm fine, thank you and how are you?" " Mr. Robert: 'I'm fine my daughter, are you ready for your very first lesson?' 'Me: "I am a little stressed but I whatever." Mr Robert: "stressed? (laughs), Today I will remind you of the basic principles, then you will take the wheel. Ready!?"

Me: "Yes, I think I'll manage." Mr Robert: "Well, as you can see we are on a manual car, a manual car is a 3-pedal car." The first pedal that is on my left is the clutch pedal. It plays a key role in the car, it allows you to move the car, park, shift gears and downgrade. The pedal in the middle is the brake, it is there to slow down or stop the vehicle completely. The pedals on the right is that of the accelerator, it allows you to drive faster, at high or low engine speed Mr. Robert continues by touching the lever. This is the gear lever; it is there to pass the different speed ratios either increase or decrease. This car has 5 speeds from which the neutral is in the middle, the lever is schematized in the form of a Double *H* To manipulate the lever, the diagram must be well mastered, he explained.

Do you understand everything I just told you or do you want me to start again? Me: No, you can continue, I grabbed everything Mr. Robert . Mr Robert said:" Good to check when the car is neutral you have to move the lever from left to right or from right to left, if you feel that the lever is blocked it means that there is a speed engaged. so in this when you have to bring it back to neutral (dead point).

To pass the first you engage the clutch then bring the lever towards you to your left then you push upwards and you gradually release the clutch while gradually resuming the accelerator (you debrayes before taking each gear and embrayes after selecting the desired speed), to engage the second always to the left but you lower it, to pass the third you push slightly upwards the lever will be in neutral then you push it upwards, to pass in the fourth you push a big blow down, and finally To reach the fifth gear you push slightly upwards, then to the right, it means opposite of you and then upwards. You lower it slightly and it will come to a standstill on its own. Now to go backwards you push to the right, then down

Did you understand everything, my daughter? Me: yes Mr. Robert Mr Robert: how last thing before you take the wheel there is this small horizontal lever he is the handbrake he is there to keep the car motionless when he is parked. Me: It's understood Mr.

Mr Robert: Well now comes to take place. I admit that these reminder bites do me good,

and I'm better extended with the smiles of Mr. Robert who seems very reassuring to me. We change places, put the ignition, I already hear the engine roar, I pass my belt, Now I have to put into practice Mr. Robert's explanations

The big moment has arrived, that's where I'm going to prove my ability to myself, to my instructor who wasn't supposed to explain everything to me with this stained smile on his lips. Mr Robert: It's up to you to play Mrs Paolane I start the first gear, I try to gradually engage...zut the car to stall, I feel my frustration worsened I'm afraid of not being up to the task, the worst is that Mr. Robert did not make any comment I go back to neutral, the contact, speed to engage I try to resume the slower pace it starts to move one, two, three seconds...zutt the car has stalled again... Damn, what's happening to me! Mr Robert: Breathe a big blow my daughter, when you release the clutch make sure to resume the accelerator at low rpm let it rise to 1500 or 2000 rpm and then gradually release the clutch. Me: Yes Mr.

Next day I'm in the back, I'm trying to reassure myself by saying it's going to be okay, and I repeat every word of Mr. Robert in my head Contact put back first speed engage, smooth acceleration from engine at 1500 rpm, I gradually released the accelerator and it's gone!!!!!! I did it, what a relief, Mr. Robert beckoned me to stop to start again, I did it 3 to 5 times and it worked. He smiled at me widely and then told me that we were going to go around the neighborhood. A silence that dominates the cabin must admit it does not reassure me at all, I am always stressed at the idea that I am in full circulation, the worst is me who leads the dance (laughs). Mr Robert: Turn right. I blink it, I check my exterior mirror, the blind spot and then my interior mirror, then I turn.

I recover the accelerator gradually, disengaged, second engaged, engaged, recovery of the accelerator. I am already at about 30 km/h. Mr. Robert is looking at me. I'm sure this look means that I did a good job (smile). I repeat the same process to engage the third but this time I drive at 45 km/h. I have to say that it's not bad for a very first drive. I did well (smile). Mr Robert: The next one on the left.

I downgrade to two, on the one I check my rear-view mirrors my blind spot, priority...then I turn. I repeat the same process at each crossroads, I pass the lights when it's green, When it's red I stop and when it's yellow I prepare to slow down. Mr. Robert: I feel like I'm dealing with a professional driver. Me: Sorry! (Laughs) Mr Robert: Stay focused my daughter. Me: Yes Mr, I thought the maneuvers were complicated at first yet it's so easy (smile) Suddenly my stress goes to a kind of pleasure that comes from nowhere. I feel like a giant of the road, on my great SUV Land Cruiser Prado 2018.

I am in love with the engine sound, when I increase the speed to pass the next gear gives me the feeling that I am connected with the car. No more frustration, no more fear. Mr. Robert keeps congratulating me, I feel proud. See you! This feeling that overwhelms us when we feel close to the goal, when we are not far from success. That's it! I drive, max 50 km/hour I retrograde, I accelerate normally, well almost perfect, because it happens sometimes that the car jumps then I know I changed the gear too fast. It does not stop on me anymore, I am improving and will be driving independently soon.

I Nearly Killed my Mother

Nelphie Philostene

It started on the night of March 31, 2009 when my twin sister Nelphia came to ask me if I wanted to trick my mother on April Fool's Day. She asked, "Let's take my mother on April Fool's Day." I responded, "No, I don't agree." I didn't want to continue with the trick because I knew my mother doesn't like it when we lie. Even though I told her, "We shouldn't do this." Nelphia told me, "Yes, that's the way to do it. We are going to play with my mother.

So the next day, I woke up on April 1, and I told my mother, "My aunt is calling you and she said that she has an emergency. she needs you now." My mother didn't even ask questions and ran away. When she got to my aunt's house she saw that it was a lie. When my mom got home, she was furious. She asked me, "Why did you do this?" I replied, "April Fools!"

She was also indisposed. So, I called my aunt to tell her to help me, I told her, "My mother is indisposed." She told me, "You are lying." She didn't believe me, so she didn't come. Just when my mother woke up she called my aunt and told her to come and take her to the hospital because she was not well, and my aunt came and took her to the hospital. When she arrived, her blood pressure was very high.

When she arrived at my mother's house, they ordered her to beat me, and she really beat me. I learned to never play with people who have high blood pressure, never play with serious things. A game I wouldn't miss almost cost my mother's life. After my mother came home we were watching how she was suffering. We were sorry because she was like that because of us. We promised her we would never do it again, and we would never play this game again.

When our father came home he talked to us. He asked us, "Why did you do this?" We told him it's not our fault, we were playing. We were just playing, we had no intention of putting him in this state.

When my mother healed, she would explain to people how we got her sick. Every person who says this comes to ask us questions, as if they are the police. From the day we visited our grandmother's house; we did not stay in the house until we answered the visitor's questions. It was an experience I will never forget.

Un nuevo integrante

Keisla Beas

Un nuevo integrante en la familia es una nueva responsabilidad o cambios en tu vida que no esperabas en ese momento de tu vida como tener un perro o mudarte a una nueva o ciudad que no conoces. Entre el 2016 decidimos que nos mudaremos a Tijuana Baja California una nueva ciudad la cual no conocíamos y era tener que dejar una vida atrás de 8 años para comenzar una nueva vida. Mamá dijo, "solo será por unos meses." Lo cual no fue así, Vivíamos en Guadalajara en una casa muy grande. Al llegar a Tijuana las casas eran muy pequeñas.

Al llegar a la casa en la que viviríamos pensé que no me gustaba. Ya me quería ir. Mi mamá dijo "no está mal." A lo cual yo no me quería quedar ya que está acostumbrada a vivir en una casa grande como mucho patio al llegar a una casa que era muy diferente a la casa que estaba acostumbrada a vivir. Entre en shock. Solo pensaba "no me gusta. ya me quiero ir de aquí." No me gusta para nada .

Al pasar los meses me fui acostumbrando al nuevo cambio en mi vida y me fui acoplando a los nuevos cambios en mi vida como. Nuevas escuelas, nuevos amigos, nueva casa. Entre otras cosas en la cual me estaba empezando a adaptar a los nuevos cambios. Pasaron los meses en los cuales esos cambios ya me estaba adaptando pero solo uno no ya que en Guadalajara siempre tuve perros y ya que me gustan mucho al vivir en una casa pequeña que no era apta para tener un perro entonces se me ocurrió decirle a mi mamá que si nos dejada tener un perro lo cual le comente a mi hermana que si le gustaría tener un perro a lo que ella dijo "sí me gustaría ." pero me preguntaba si nos dejarían tener un perro o no.

Lo cual me preguntaba que si me dirían que si así me diría que no lo cual que decidí

que mejor no le preguntaría ya que sabía que me dirían que no sólo pensada " le preguntare o no le preguntare" ya que sabía que probablemente me dirían que no ya que la casa no era

apta para tener un perro solo" pensada quiero un perro."

Al pasar los meses solo seguía pensando lo mismo quiero un perro a lo que yo solo comentada quisiera "tener un perro. " a lo que mi mamá solo decía "no lo creo no podemos tener ." se lo decía a mi hermana y ella decía " a mi también me gustaría tener un perro." al pasaron los meses esa idea se fue desapareciendo yo que sabía que mi mamá seguiría diciendo que no no era posible tener un perro.

Al pasar un año mi mamá dijo "nos mudaremos de casa" fue una sorpresa ya que sería comenzar de nuevo con nuevos amigos y nuevas adaptaciones fuimos a ver la casa todos estaban convencidos de la nueva casa y dije "si me gusta." mi hermana dijo a mi también me gusta esta casa ." empezamos a mudarnos a la nueva casa yo pesada "no me gustaría mudarme a una nueva casa porque no me gustan las mudanzas."

Nos mudamos a la nueva casa la cual era más grande que en la que vivíamos y ya era apta para tener un perro porque tenía patio grande y espacios más grandes lo cual se me vino a la cabeza " podríamos tener un perro" cierto podría ser y luego pensé no creo que me dejen tener un perro mejor seguir pensando en la mudanza así que solo lo pensé de nuevo ya que sabía que no me dejarían tener un perro.

Al pasar los meses de haber mudado decidí decirle a mi mamá que si nos dejada tener Un perro yo con toda la confianza del mundo fui y le dije a mi hermana que le fuéramos a decir a mi mamá que queríamos tener un Perro a lo que mi mamá dijo "No porque no lo van a cuidar y no le van a limpiar y tu mi tu hermana le van a querer limpiar y no tenemos tiempo para tener un perro ." a lo que yo dije "si lo vamos a cuidar y le vamos a limpiar." a lo que mi hermana dijo " si le vamos a limpiar y cuidar " " mi mamá dijo no punto final no vamos a tener un perro por que nadie lo va a cuidar y luego a mi me va a tocar cuidarlo y limpiarlo o darle de comer."

Solo nos fuimos enojadas ya que no nos dejaron tener un perro ya que yo quería tener un perro solo era rendirnos ya que sabíamos que ya no nos dejarían tener un perro al pasar los meses en la nueva casa ya iba a ser navidad a lo que yo le dije a mi mamá que si nos podía regalar un perro para navidad. A lo que ella dijo, "Ya les dije que no vamos a tener un perro."

Un día vi en internet una persona estaba vendiendo unos perros. Y otra vez le dijimos a mi mamá que si nos compraba un se quedó pensando durante un tiempo a lo que ella dijo "se

los voy a comprar, pero si se empiesan a pelear de quien cuida el perro lo vamos a regalar esta bien.” a lo que yo y “ mi hermana respondimos emocionadas que si lo íbamos a cuidar.”

Fumigamos una hora para vernos con la persona y el lugar el lugar estaba como a veinte minutos de mi casa era un lugar que no conocemos y que nunca habíamos estado en esa parte de la ciudad a lo que solo estábamos viendo por donde estábamos ya que ya era de noche y no se veía nada al llegar al lugar era enfrente de una tienda mi hermana y yo estábamos muy emocionadas ya que ya íbamos a tener nuestro perro ya persona era muy amable y nos entregó a nuestro perro a lo muy emocionados empezamos a pensar un nombre para perro ya que no sabíamos cómo llamarlo ya que teníamos muchos nombres pero al final dijimos” y si la llamamos princesa .” todos dijimos” si me gusta ese nombre de Princesa .” Así que la llamamos Princesa al llegar a la casa princesa estaba muy tímida ya que no sabía en dónde estaba y no conocía la casa al pasar las horas princesa tomó más confianza y era un perrita muy activa y le gusta jugar mucho con las personas la primer noche le pusimos una cama junto al árbol de navidad en la noche solo se escuchaban ruidos como llantos de un perro y mullidos a lo que le dije a mi hermana que iba a ir a ver que tenia ya que se escuchaba mucho ruido a lo que mi hermana me dijo que “está bien que fuera a ver qué pasa.”

Daje a lo que casi no se miraba nada ya que era que noche prendí las luces y vi que princesa está en la esquina ya que tenia miedo ya que era un nuevo lugar para ella así que la agarre y me la lleve al cuarto cuando llegue mi hermana me dijo que porque me la había traído “no tenías que traer nos van a regañar que nos dijo mi mama.” ya que mi mamá había dicho “no quiero que suban al perro a la cama o esté en su cuarto porque va a ser un cochinerero .” a lo que yo le dije a mi hermana “no importa no se va a dar cuenta ya esta dormida y a parte es llorando y no la quiero dejar abajo sola porque está llorando .” mi hermana dijo” si nos regañan va ser tu culpa .” le dije no importa esta bien como princesa no conocía la casa y era algo nuevo para ella estaba muy interactiva quería jugar y estar explorando así espudo durante toda la noche no nos dejó dormir en toda la noche se durmió hasta muy noche así que cuando nos levantamos teníamos mucho sueño y nuestro cuarto estaba todo sucio a lo que desde ahí empezaron los problemas ya que nadie quería limpiar ya que estamos muy cansadas y nadie quería limpiar

Estábamos muy estresadas por la situación ya que nadie quería limpiar ya que era una

nueva responsabilidad de la que nadie se quería hacer responsable escuchamos que mi mamá se desterpo a lo que ella preguntó “ donde esta princesa .” mi hermana y yo solo nos miramos ya que sadiomas qué nos iban a regañar a lo que solo dijimos “qué hacemos .” mi mama entro al cuarto en eso nos mira y dice “que les dije que no quería que metieran al perro al cuarto porque iba a ensuciar .” mi mamá enojada se fue y nos dijo que limpiáramos mi hermana y yo solo nos miramos diciendo “ quién le toca limpiar .” nos terminamos peleando de quien iba a limpiar pero lo limpiamos al pasar los días las peleas iban aumentando ya que nadie se quería hacer cargo que la nueva responsabilidad hasta que mi mama un día enojada nos dijo “ si nadie se va hacer cargo de princesa la vamos a regalar por que nadie se quiere tener la responsabilidad y luego me toca limpiar a mi y es su perro no mi perro y ustedes sabían que se tenía que hacer cargo de su perro.” solo nos quedamos mirándonos y dijimos “ya nos vamos pelear y le vamos a limpiar y darle de comer y las dos le vamos a limpiar .” al pasar los meses las cosas se fueron arreglando ya que las dos le limpiamos y le dabamos de comer ya que era nuestra responsabilidad y si no iban a regalar a su nuestro perro

Al pasar un año de tener a princesa en un dia en diciembre en épocas de navidad fuimos a la plaza que está cerca que mi casa era un dia que hacia mucho frio haci que no tardamos mucho en la plaza al pasar por una veterinaria en la que siempre llegamos a princesa vimos que estaba un perro de color blanco al que yo y mi hermana lo vimos y se nos hizo muy donito a lo que le dijimos a mi mama “ podemos tener otro perro.” a lo que ella dijo que “tenemos que pladicarlo .” halo que solo la miramos tristes y dijimos “ no nos dan a dejar.” llegamos a la casa un poco tristes ya que el perro se nos hizo muy bonito y para qué princesa tuviera compañía ya que solo era ella sola y queríamos que estuviera acompañada a lo que le dijimos a mi mama podemos tener un perro más lo ella respondió “ quieren tener otro perro esta bien pero no quiero que se peleando pero ese va a ser su regalo de navidad y no va aver mas regalos .” a lo que sorprendidas yo y mi hermana estábamos muy emocionadas ya que íbamos a tener un nuevo pero a lo que le dijimos a mi mamá que “estaba bien que no importada que no tuviéramos regalo de navidad ya que ese iba a ser nuestro regalo .”

Desesperadas le dije a mi mama que tenías que volver a la plaza porque sino ya no iba a estar el perro llegamos a la plaza y rápido fuimos a la veterinaria ya que íbamos muy emocionadas ya que íbamos a tener un nuevo perro salimos de la veterinaria con una

sorpresa que teníamos nuevo perro solo era llegar a la casa y enseñárselo a princesa para que se conocieran al llegar al casa princesa solo lo miro y no le gusto ver a un nuevo perro a si que se fue al cuarto y no salio despues de un rato pero con todos sus juguetes y hasta su cama porque se los estaba presumiendo al nuevo perro al pasar los días princesa y el nuevo perro se fueron conociendo y se fueron haciendo amigos a lo que solo queda ponerle un nombre ya que no tenía en las noches el nuevo perro se perdía por la casa y no lo encontrábamos y como es blanco no lo veíamos y no lo encontrábamos y luego solo aparecía a lo que lo decidimos llamaran fantasma ya que se perdía por las noches y no lo encontrábamos y era blanco

Al pasar masomenos un año de tener a nuestros perros princesa y fantasma princesa quedó embarazada todos estamos muy emocionados ya que íbamos a tener perros bebés y los queríamos tener al pasar los meses casi cuando princesa y va a dar a luz tuvieron que operar a mi mama asi que mi mama dijo que “los perros se van a tener que regalar porque no podíamos tener tantos perros.” pero todos sabíamos que no era haci operaron a mi mama y por una y otra cosa los perros se terminaron quedando con nosotros al final nos quedamos con los 4 perros que tudo princesa y terminamos teniendo 6 perros pero al final todo valió la pena ya que los perros siempre te van su amor y dan mucha felicidad al final las responsabilidades son difíciles pero se superan y son buenas como tener un perro.

HISTORY



MONARCH HIGH SCHOOL

U.S. History

Revolutionary Stories

by Mathew G.

George Washington was born on February 22 1732 on his fathers plantation on pope's creek in Virginia's westmoreland county. George's father Augustine, a third generation English colonist firmly established in the middle ranks of the Virginia gentry, was twice married. In 1731 Augustine married Marry Ball and George was born a year later. Five other children followed.

Sep 28 - Oct 19, 1781 The Battle of Yorktown proved to be the decisive engagement of the American Revolution. As the British surrender forecast the end of British rule in the colonies and the birth of a new nation—the United States of America. As George Washington stranded there in victory he thought to himself, finally, after 6 years of hard Work, and lots of lost men along the way we finally won the war, both British and Americans were all exhausted when it was all over. As Washington watched both his fallen men and the defeated british he felt both sorrowful and victorious, George Washington watched the british slowly marching away in defeat filled with disappointment in their faces they thought to themselves, what is going to happen to them are they going to put them to jail, are they going to send them for execution.

Maximilien Robespierre

by Jason S.

As the sun set over Paris, Robespierre and his supporters were sent to a trial. Robespierre

tried his best to convince the accusers but they did not believe him. Robespierre was then sentenced to death by guillotine. Maximilien Robespierre's position in the french revolution came to an end on July 8, 1724.

In the final moments of his life, Robespierre, his jaw broken from a wound during his arrest, faced towards the guillotine's blade. The man then released the blade and within a second Robespierre's head fell into a bucket. The crowd was shocked as they witnessed Robespierre's death in such a gruesome way. Robespierre's life was brought to a sudden and violent end. People must have been relieved of his death, finally the "reign of terror" was officially over.

The story of Maximilien Robespierre's death is a reminder of the savage nature of the French Revolution. It's also a reminder of the dangers of unchecked power. Maximilien was the reason thousands of people lost their lives. Robespierre's death marked the end of an era but even today his legacy still leads to conversations of revolutionary ideals and the preservation of human rights.

The Move

by Ricki S.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord is a prince who studied theology. After studying theology, he became Agent-General of the Clergy in 1780. Talleyrand is most famous for his conduct of French foreign affairs at the Congress of Vienna, but he was very involved in the creation of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.

Talleyrand is against the Catholic Church because the people had to pay taxes while the church paid nothing. He thought the church was too rich and too powerful. He helped write the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, which took power from the Catholic Church.

One day in 1780 Talleyrand stood outside a great white stone cathedral. Saw the nuns and priests walking carrying their things while having depressing looks on their faces. Most of them were wearing bright red robes. Talleyrand wasn't the only one watching thousands of people were also watching them move out of the church. The church was held accountable.

Untitled

by Rosa C.

In 1789, the French monarchy found itself in a risky financial position. In the preceding decades attempts to bring the state's financial position under control had failed and France had a crushing debt and a massive deficit.

The Bastille was hated by most people because it stood for the despotic power of the king and represented the corrupt power of nobility. On July 14, 1789 the people of Paris attacked the Bastille. Josephine was wearing a long blue & white striped dress with an orange hat. She was holding a long sword and waving her hands to warn others that there's danger and bombing. Right behind her was the Bastille on fire. People were bombing and destroying the building and there was smoke everywhere. Josephine knew they were attacking the Bastille because King Louis XVI was planning to arrest the members of the National Assembly. By the end of the day the people had successfully freed several prisoners and they took possession of barrels of ammunition.

Even now French people celebrate this event because it has become a symbol of the monarchy's dictatorial rule and the event has become one of the defining moments in the revolution that followed.

Untitled

by EthanLee M.

It was the morning of January 21st 1793. King Louis XVI woke up, his concierge got him dressed, and he met with his family to say his final goodbyes. Then alone he said his final prayers to a priest slowly he ate his final meal. and he departed from the palace as he was escorted to the royal carriage, greeted by 80,000 men at arms and The beating of the royal drums. And he entered his carriage to be brought to the Place de la Révolution he departed at 7:00 after he confessed his last wishes. He was tried for high treason against the courts of France the decision lasted 7 days and he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

From here he was brought to the Place de la Révolution he was surprised to see almost half of France there just to see him be executed when he was brought up there he refused to sit down and have his head placed on the guillotine so his hands had to be restrained and bound up together to keep him under control and to keep him from moving around..

After they restrain him and place his head in the guillotine the executioner took a strand of his hair and cut it and put it in his pocket After this the royal King said his final words which consisted of "I forgive my enemies" then the drum rolls started and then the blade fell the time of death was 10:30 after this the gates opened to the city and the soldiers were let out. This forever changed the world and the way of the French.

Untitled

by Evelyn M.

In 1691 two hundred years after Columbus first landed on Hispaniola the two nations had decided to divide the country between them. Spain called its part Santo Domingo and France called it Saint Domingue, Captured Africans were brought to Saint Domingue to work as slaves when the Indian population was wiped out. Both their treatments were brutal, beaten all the time and went through a lot without being able to speak up about it.

Toussaint L'Ouverture grew up getting taught how to read and speak in French. As a child, Toussaint had to see all the awful things they would do to the slaves, He would see all the blood from the whips and all the other cruel things that were done to the slaves. As Toussaint grew up and was around to see the American revolution it gave him hope to want to do something about being enslaved and getting treated however they want without being able to speak up about it.

In August 1791, The blacks rebelled against the plantation owners. Racing through the night they began to set fires and killed many of those who held them in slavery, Toussaint was still a kind man but went through a lot and wanted to feel free. Hundreds and thousands of blacks joined the rebellion and Toussaint demonstrated his ability and organized planning battles, they just wanted equality with whites. With all the blacks that gathered together the French were outnumbered, Toussaint was winning all battles after that. Napoleon sent more troops to try to take down Toussaint and get them back into slavery, French soldiers were dying in battle due to diseases and Toussaint knew he couldn't take all of them down so Toussaint laid his army back and immediately was taken in to prison on the seventh of June 1802, and died in his cell in April 1803.

Untitled

by Azenia.B

Miguel Hidalgo decided it was time for action. A Catholic priest and revolutionary leader, Hidalgo was a very cultured man. He realized that he needed to stand up and make a change because of injustices against the poor of Mexico.

On September 16, 1810, he rang the church bell in Dolores to call his parishioners to an announcement of revolution against the Spanish. His speech was not only an encouragement to revolt but a cry for racial equality and the redistribution of land. It became known as the “Grito de dolores” (cry of dolores) .

People felt relieved because Mexico gained independence. They shouted the famous cry, “Viva Mexico,” The movement he started caused war. Hidalgo marched forth from Dolores under the banner of Our Lady Of Guadalupe. Peasants and indigenous people marched behind him and captured the city of Guanajuato and other major cities west of Mexico city. When Hidalgo reached the capital he got frightened because many of his followers were leaving him. Because of the lack of strength Hidalgo’s followers abandoned him and lost an opportunity to win up against calderon. After his defeat at Calderón Bridge, outside Guadalajara on January 17, 1811, Hidalgo fled north, hoping to escape into the United States .

He was caught and sent to prison. In a cold dark cage he had to sleep on the hard floor with no blanket for a month. Once he got out they executed him. At that moment Hidalgo was scared for his life and BOOM the firing squad shot him. Then, they cut his head off and burned it with fire. There was blood everywhere and the Spanish forces did that to show everyone a lesson to not do what Miguel Hidalgo did. After Miguel Hidalgo died, July 30 1811, he was best remembered for his speech, the “Grito de Dolores” (“Cry of Dolores”). Today, Hidalgo is celebrated as “the father of Mexican independence.

Untitled

by Lillian K.W.

Peru a place filled with families and loved ones deserts and hot wind and Mexico revolution in July 1822 let Bolivar take the lead in effort to discharge Peru August 1824 a series of battles was completed by Bolivar and his army later Upper Peru would rename itself after Bolivar. Mexico and Peru remained loyal to Spain Peninsulares government blocked attempts by Creoles to introduce liberal reforms. In 1810 a creole priest Miguel Hidalgo called for

independence Their goal was to remove Spanish out of Mexico but Hidalgo began to kill many people and destroyed property. Independence movement threatened to become a social revolution Creoles joined Mexico’s royalist army , they overpowered the strong forces but the movement for independence did not come to an end 1821 there was an unexpected turn Creole soldiers conducted a successful government order against their Spanish officers They achieved independence and promised a constitutional monarchy but Agustin de Iturbide declared himself emperor lasted less than a year . Miguel Hidalgo inspired the local indigenous people and mestizos of mixed European and indigenous descent to free themselves from the Spanish “will you be free? Will you make the effort to recover from the hated Spaniards the lands stolen from your forefathers, 300 years ago A military court later sentenced Hidalgo to his death. His memory lives on through Sep 16th Mexican Independence day. It was cold and brutal times little to no love and hate all around it was dusty from the horses trampling around war lands . But Miguel Hidalgo never gave up .

Untitled

by Kendra d.l. C.

Simón José Antonio de la Santísima Trinidad Bolívar Palacios Ponte y Blanco was a Venezuelan military and political leader who led what are currently the countries of Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Panama and Bolivia to independence from the Spanish Empire.

But Simon Bolivar died in December 17, 1830, to this day he stands as a source of inspiration in Latin America and throughout the world for his dedication to the Enlightenment ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Bolivar began his military career in 1810 as a militia officer in the Venezuelan war of independence, fighting Royalist forces for the first and second Venezuelan republics and united provinces of New Granada. After Spanish forces subdued New Granada in 1815, Bolívar was forced into exile in Jamaica. In Haiti, Bolívar met and befriended Haitian revolutionary leader Alexandre Pétion. After promising to abolish slavery in Spanish America, Bolívar received military support from Pétion and returned to Venezuela. Then he established a third republic in 1817 and then crossed the Andes to liberate New Granada in 1819.

As “The Liberator,” Bolívar liberated or helped liberate four territories: New Granada (1819), Venezuela (1821), Quito (1822), and Peru (1824). He established one—Bolivia—in the region formerly known as Upper Peru (1825).

Bolivar hoped to unite all South American countries into one nation. He did not succeed in this plan, instead his leadership helped establish what are now the nations of Colombia, Panama, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia and Venezuela.

The Weeping Tears

by Maria D.

1863, Pennsylvania, Battle of Gettysburg
Fighting for the moral issue of slavery, what's wrong, what's right, who knows
Slaves born from a shack, fighting to live from the very beginning of life
As people battle for the issue of slavery
The cries and scream from mankind
The land covered with a blanket of red and brown mixed with patterns
Bullets flying from all sides
Blood spilling, Missing limbs
Burned bodies from a variety of ages
Conquest
 War
 Famine
 And Death, dying for a CORRUPTED GOVERNMENT
As a game piece, the lives in their hands, their chess game
Dying for PRIDE?
 Dying for LOYALTY?
 Dying for their BELIEFS?
 WHO KNOWS?
Why do we all fight, for we are all the same
We do not own slaves, for they are their own owners
Men of young ages navigate the brutality of the Battle of Gettysburg
Young men separated from their home
The tears of their loved one, flowing down their face
Having Faith
 Praying to God
 THEY WILL SURVIVE!!
Please come home, My child
 Please come home, Brother

Please come home, My love
 Please, My Lord bless them
 PLEASE, PLEASE!!
Let them come home safe, My Lord!

The Pathway of Pain

by Fernando G.

In the year 1830 the Cherokee
 lived in peace and harmony
In their homes and in their community
without having to worry about their freedom
 And without the fear of losing everything
By people who wanted gold from their lands

The day some people found gold
 On Cherokee lands the government
 Went for everything they had, and with deception and threats
They began to take away their land and their houses.
 And they couldn't defend themselves from the soldiers
 Because they had no allies and that's why they wanted
To take their land. They also made them walk from Georgia to Oklahoma
the path where many of them were
 killed and got sick from walking by foot they were exhausted.

 Until the day they were left alone
They decided to live with what they were able to rebuild
 And everything they were able to recover from
 An ambitious and disloyal government.
Although right now they are living in peace, the memories of
 sadness and fear never goes away.
Because, who would forget what they did to them for taking away
 the gold, the lands, and the lives that meant so much to them.
The government did more than taking their land; they took many lives
 with them without mercy and that can never be forgotten.

En el año 1830 los cherokee
vivían en paz y armonía
En sus casas y su comunidad
sin tener que preocuparse de su libertad
Y sin el miedo a perder todo
Por personas que querían el oro de sus tierras

El día que unas personas encontraron oro
En las tierras cherokee el gobierno
Quería todo, y con engaños y amenazas
Empezaron a quitarle sus tierras y sus casas
Y no se pudieron defender de los soldados
Porque no tenían aliados y por eso fueron
desterrados. Y no solo con eso también los
hicieron caminar de Georgia hasta Oklahoma
el camino donde muchos de ellos fueron
asesinados o se enfermaron caminando a
Pie estaba cansado de eso.

Hasta el día que los dejaron en paz ellos
Quisieron seguir viviendo así con lo que reconstruyeron
Y todo lo que perdieron por
esa gente ambiciosa y mentirosa
Aunque ahorita están viviendo en paz nunca se va
A olvidar lo que les hicieron por quitarle el oro y sus tierras que
El gobierno le robó sin tener piedad.

A Woman's fight during the Emancipation Proclamation

by Anonymous

Once upon a time during the Emancipation Proclamation, there was a courageous woman named Sarah Parker Remond. Born to a couple of business people and activists on June 6, 1826 in Salem, Massachusetts. She was a former slave who had recently gained her freedom. Determined to make a better life for herself and her people. Sarah moved to Nelsonville, Ohio in search of opportunities and dreams of abolishing slavery. With her newfound freedom, she pursued her passion for education and became a teacher, empowering other

freed slaves to learn and grow their general literature abilities.

As Sarah settled into her new life, she encountered many challenges and obstacles many of which were due to facing discrimination and prejudice yet, she remained resilient and determined. Sarah joined forces with other activists and fought tirelessly for equal rights and opportunities for all African Americans. Her consistent advocacy and dedication played a crucial role in shaping the future of her community and the nation.

Sarah started an anti-slavery campaign at the age of 16, where she spoke about the atrocities happening in her country. Sarah's story is a testament of the injustices African Americans faced during the Emancipation Proclamation and the strength and resilience of those who lived during this time and identify themselves with these social issues. Through her courage and determination, she not only transformed her own life but also paved the way for future generations to enjoy the freedoms and opportunities they deserved.

The Turning Point

by Karina L.

The exhausting battle of British and continental armies had come to a peak through the three week siege, by General George Washington's command his men had dug trenches to transport heavy artillery and make British General Charles Cornwallis surrender. As 9,000 British troops had arrived in Yorktown the grueling battle began in Yorktown, Virginia 1781.

The deafening booms of canons and loud bangs of muskets rippled through the morning air as the Continental Army and their French allies had rushed to battle, from elderly farmers to young schoolboys who planned to fight on the front lines. Thousands of soldiers ran towards the British platoons. The yells and shouts as men charged forward clashing in battle. As muskets go off the cannons shooting at the ground below blowing at the red coats disrupting the grass upon impact as dirt flies over the soldiers heads. "Follow through men!" General Washington shouts as the amateur soldiers holler confirmations in response.

British General Charles Cornwallis' eyes filled with worry as he witnessed the brutal battle of his troops. The Continental army was stronger than ever before with the French by their side. As the British troops' red coats became stained with the crimson red of their blood, and soldiers cornered General Cornwallis's troops, the morbid reality had settled in. As the troops closed in Cornwallis had no choice but to surrender as he ordered the men to wave the white flag of surrender. The Continental Army cheered as they were greeted with the

relief and freedom of the war ending. As they tend to their wounded and count their dead the remaining men stagger home as church bells rang through the town for the celebration of their free country.

The battle's victory later led to the peace treaty signing of the Treaty in Paris in 1783 as the word had reached Great Britain's King George the Third he had realized that the victory against the thirteen colonies was no longer in his grasp. Britain was in greater need of resources and money than their parliament could offer. As King George was completely distraught in the state of his country and of his colonies. Rather than sending more troops across the sea to North America, British delegates were sent to France to begin the peace treaty with the United States. Two years later on September 3, 1783 the Treaty of Paris was signed and the Revolutionary war was declared officially, marking history forever and the start of a nation.

Crime

by Estefani G. P.

Being born was a gift if we were born white.
Being born a different color was a crime.
They don't give us a choice to stay alive.
They will kill us if they want.
Being born in a shed, small shacks with a dirt floor
and little or no furniture.
Having to fight for our life before we even step
Into this messed up world.
Having to work once we learn how to walk,
dig ditches, cut and haul wood, slaughter
livestock, repairs to buildings and tools.
That was all thanks to us.
We Didn't get paid instead we would end up dead.

Running away from death was a crime
Trying to survive was wrong.
Can't take a break
Whites say, we do
Whites were always right

If we run away and get caught we're done
If we stay and do as they say we will eventually end up dead.

"The Boston Massacre"

by Edgar R.

Once upon a time it was March 5, 1770. A very sad and bad day as something very bad had happened. There was a young man walking down the street. He kept walking a couple blocks down and with the corner of his eye he caught a very "disturbing" or "out of nowhere" scene as he would describe it. He turned his head slowly as he got goosebumps. To look like a "mob". From his view it looked to be like the "mob" was throwing snowballs and sticks at these very tall, strong, and intimidating British soldiers. He starts to take a couple steps back because he was scared, but as he turns around to leave the scene he immediately stops as he hears the word "FIRE!!!"

The young man starts to sprint as fast as he can not turning at all afraid he might get hurt. He runs and runs as he hears the depressing sounds of screaming and gunshots. He runs as far as he can and soon ends up in an alley alone. He breathes super hard trying to catch his breath and when he calms down he drops to the ground crying because of how frightened he is. He starts to pick himself up and starts to find his way home very discreetly.



Trail of Yona's Tears

by Rene T.

On a normal day before 1830 Yona lived with his tribe Cherokees. He lived his normal life calm, happy and in harmony. Yona's tribe had their houses, their way of transportation, their families, their food, and their animals. They always respected their freedom and admired their land by doing different types of rituals. They created their own medicines and as a community they helped each other. They were also very faithful to their beliefs. Yona liked to take care of his family's animals. His favorite one was his cow named Lola.

One day Yona was feeding his cow and when he returned he saw that his tribe, the Cherokee, were being attacked by the American government. Yona and everyone were all confused, frustrated, and desperate. The attack was because the government found gold and they had racism against them because they didn't want them on that land. In order for the Americans to do this the Government Passed an act to be able to remove them from their own land. This was called the "Indian Removal Act" in 1830. It was signed by Andrew Jackson. Yona and his all tribe were brutally mistreated, raped, and were forced off their land by the Americans.

Yona and his family felt destroyed as they saw that everything they had created was burning, snatching and demolishing everything in its path. Yona along with his tribe Cherokees did not know what to do, they had never seen this type of people before. After so much torture, more than 6,000 of his people ended up dead.

Americans forced Yona, his family, and the Cherokees to walk more than 1,200 miles. While walking, many of his family died over time because they did not have the necessary resources on foot. Also in this war many diseases spread because his tribe had never known these types of diseases and many were affected and died. To this day his current generation holds a lot of generational trauma.

Unpleasant Tea Party

by Cassandra I.

December sixteen
Seventeen seventy three
A cold thursday night
Angry colonists dressed as american indians
Three hundred forty two chests of tea
They dumped into the sea
A defiant act against British rule
A fight for liberty
The result of taxation without representation
First act of defiance to British rule over the colonists
The british shutting down Boston harbor
Until all of the chests belonging to British East India Company
Were paid for.

One year later
April of seventeen seventy four
The Coercive Acts passed by
The British Parliament
Punishing Massachusetts for the tea party incident
With it forcing all americans to board british troops in unoccupied buildings

Three years later
After the parliament passed the Tea Act
The declaration was proclaimed
The birth of a new nation,
The United States was proudly named

The Nights of the Bullets

by Daphne A.

In the heart of boston darkness on, a fateful night
A clash of anger, tragic sight
The streets were filled with tension and fear
As the echoes of conflict drew near

March fifth seventeen seventy
A moment in history we'll always see
British soldiers armed and bold
Faced with crowd, fierce and bold

Amidst the chaos a clash ensued
Words turned in violence the air imbued
Snowballs thrown, stick and stones
A battle of wills to the marrow of bones

Then came the shots, a piercing sound
Echoing through the night, all around
Lives were lost, in that tragic sound
Innocent blood staining a cobbled floor

Crispus Attucks a name we recall
A hero fallen, standing tall
Others too their names unknown
Martyrs of freedom, their spirits shown

Twenty four lines to tell the tale
Of a night that made the colonists prevail
The Boston Massacre, a chapter in our past
A remember of freedom's enduring blast

Lost without our land

by Miguel T.

“Get out” a loud aggressive voice was heard from outside the door. It started in the 1830's when the Indian removal act came to be, suddenly like a blow of the wind, our whole lives changed with the signing of one paper, our homes were stripped from us, “please sir, you can not kick us out of our land!” We pleaded with them but nothing changed in their demeanor. They looked at us as if we were nothing but wild animals to them, kicking us out of land. Even though our beliefs were similarly aligned, they still looked and treated us inhumanly. Without telling the rest of us a small unaware faction decided to sign The Treaty of New Echota: allowing the government to take everything from us, the land that we grew up in was no longer ours, not only did they take our homes they took our identity away from us. What are the Cherokee without the Cherokee land? Our leader, Chief John Ross got 15,000 other cherokees to sign a petition and protest against this cruel and unjust law.

But before we knew it we were set on route to the “New Indian Territory”. leaving our homes, our land and everything that belongs to us behind. The only things we took were our families and the clothes we had on our backs. Along the walk people stopped to help sick people, without access to our own medicine or food. Unfortunately over 2000 of our people died on the walk to the new territory. We walked through countless states, my legs were starting to



give out and we still weren't half way there. I looked around all I could see was the people around me starting to give up. Some fainting from the exhaustion and some laying on the grayish-brown dirt, a bitter taste flowed through my mouth, the same taste that was in the air around us, the taste of injustice.

The history of the Cherokee

by Jose Antonio M.

The Cherokee lived all together in villages with family, children, parents, friends, animals, pets with great harmony and peace. They had their very independent village. They had their medicine, crops, transportation methods and everything was shared between them. They were very kind and shared with their people. They were also very faithful to their beliefs. They lived honestly and without get in with nobody.

Until the Americans arrived with their racist, despotic, pedophile and greedy ideas. They came to steal their gold. In addition to stealing their gold, they were cruel and unfair to them. Doing things like raping women, children, men or even babies depending on how deranged and pederast the soldier is. They also stole their crops and destroyed their town. They did everything that had to do with making the Cherokee suffer.

The soldiers were able to do this because of the Indian Removal Act of 1830 signed by Andrew Jackson. The soldiers after torturing, killing, raping and taking every advantage they could from the Cherokee forced them to leave their town. Making them walk 1,200 miles on foot through different temperatures, wild and dangerous environments. Causing almost half of the Cherokees to die from the temperature, fatigue or hunger. But in the end a good number managed to reach Oklahoma where they settled and made their new home.

Untitled

By Juan C.L.

Cuando cristóbal colón llegó a América los indios se sorprendieron al ver barcos que jamás habían visto y ver a personas con armas y caballos en la orilla de la playa desembarcando y preparados para atacar.

Cuando los soldados bajaron de los barcos los taínos estaban sorprendidos por ver nuevas personas nuevas vestimentas y distintas culturas al principio no se entendían y se comunicaban con señas y al ver nuevas civilizaciones ellos les enseñaron su cultura y creencias.

Cuando los barcos tocaron tierra bajaron los soldados y sometieron fácilmente a los taínos y colon les exigió todo el oro a los taínos y ordenó que 550 taínos fueron enviados a españa como esclavos 39 Después de dos viajes más, Colón fue relevado de su cargo de gobernador de las nuevas tierras debido a una mala gestión y enviado de regreso a España.

Durante los años que estuvieron en América se dedicaron a capturar a miles de indios taínos y los enviaron a españa para venderlos y durante el viaje miles de taínos murieron y solo muy pocos llegaron a españa y fueron vendidos como esclavos.

When Christopher Columbus arrived in America, the Indians were surprised to see ships that they had never seen and seen people with weapons and horses on the shore of the beach disembarking and prepared to attack.

When the soldiers got off the boats, the Tainos were surprised to see new people, new clothes and different cultures. At first they did not understand each other and they communicated with signs and when they saw new civilizations they taught them their culture and beliefs.

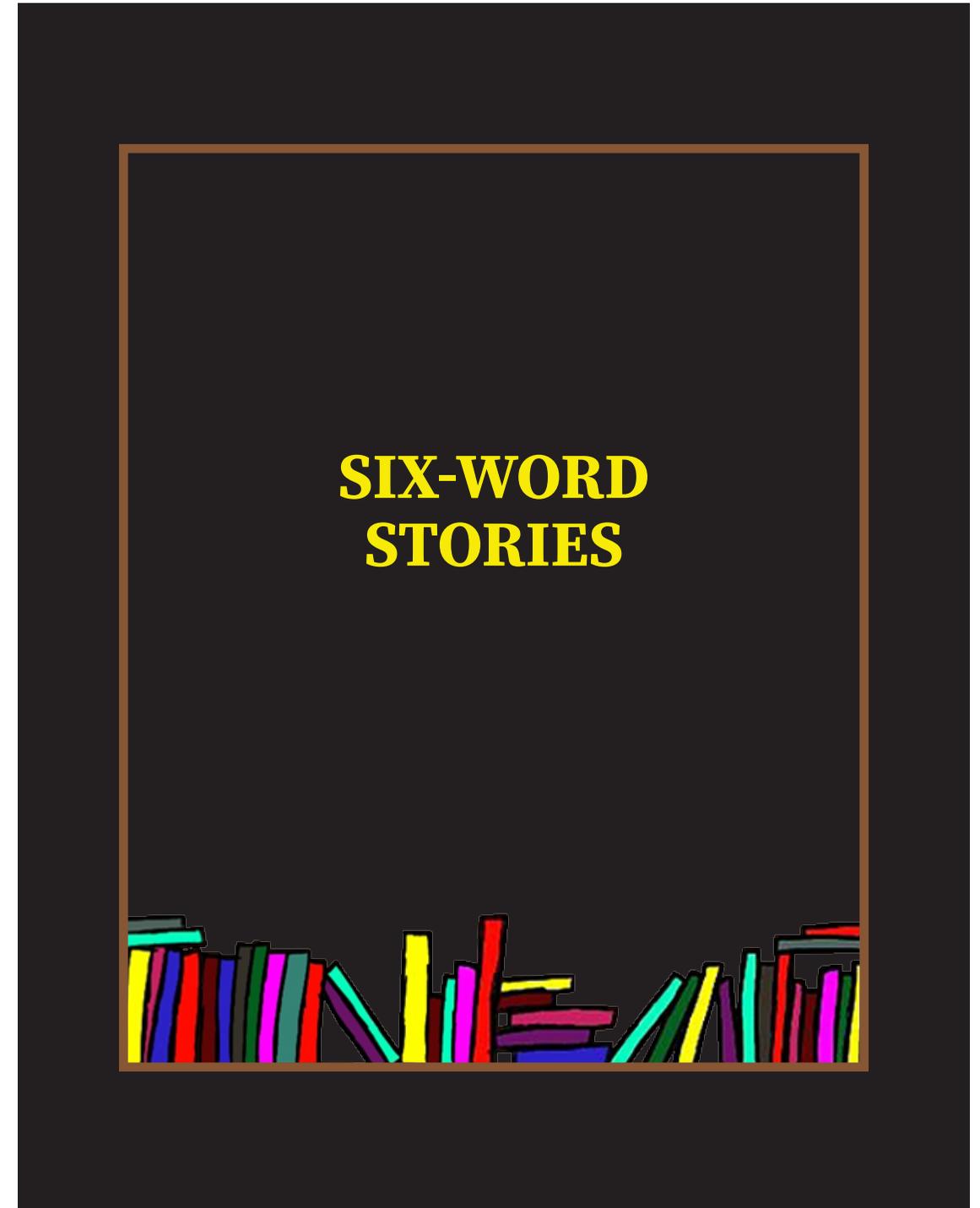
When the ships touched land, the soldiers got off and easily subdued the Taínos and Columbus demanded all the gold from the Taínos and ordered that 550 Taínos be sent to Spain as slaves.³⁹ After two more voyages, Columbus was relieved of his position as governor of the new lands due to mismanagement and sent back to Spain.

During the years they were in America they dedicated themselves to capturing thousands of Taíno Indians and sending them to Spain to sell them and during the trip thousands of taíno they died and only very few arrived in Spain and were sold as slaves.

Trail of Tears Poem

by Jenny C.

A tribe once rich with land
The Cherokee's realm, on sacred, hallowed ground,
But the government's head, a grievous deed,
Stole their homes, sowed a heart-wrenching seed,
In the southern Appalachians, their heritage lies,
Amidst mountain peaks & azure skies,
Theft turned paradise to the history's remorse,
Injustice etched in the southern Appalachian course



EAST MESA - BRAVO UNIT

Poverty, life of pain and struggle

Experienced poverty now I don't relief

Must lose poverty but not hope

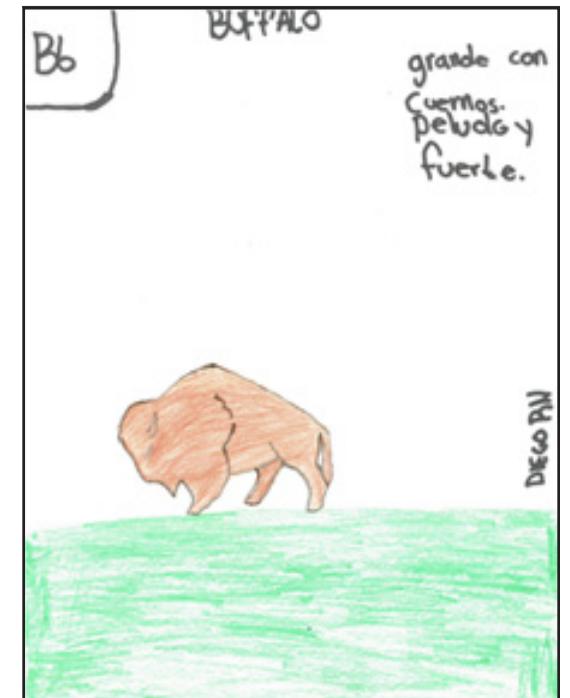
Challenges Overtime , Overcame Poverty, Rise Up!

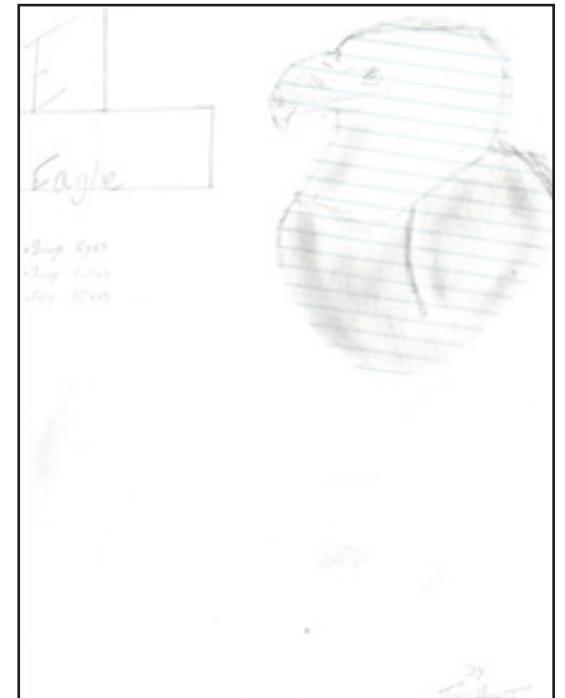
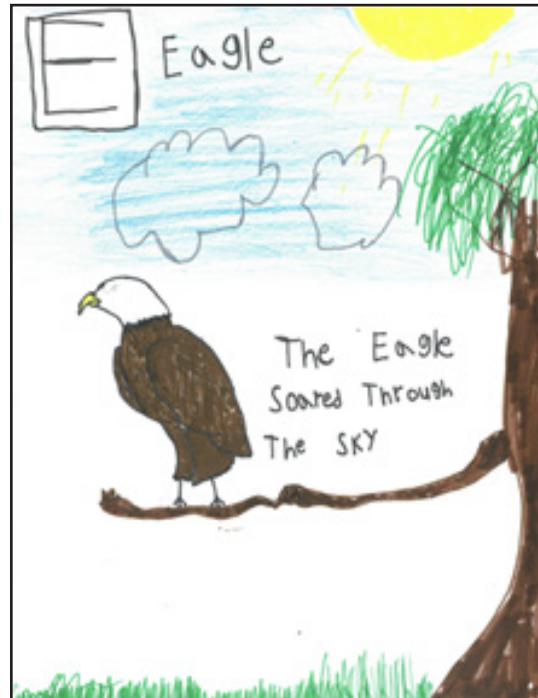
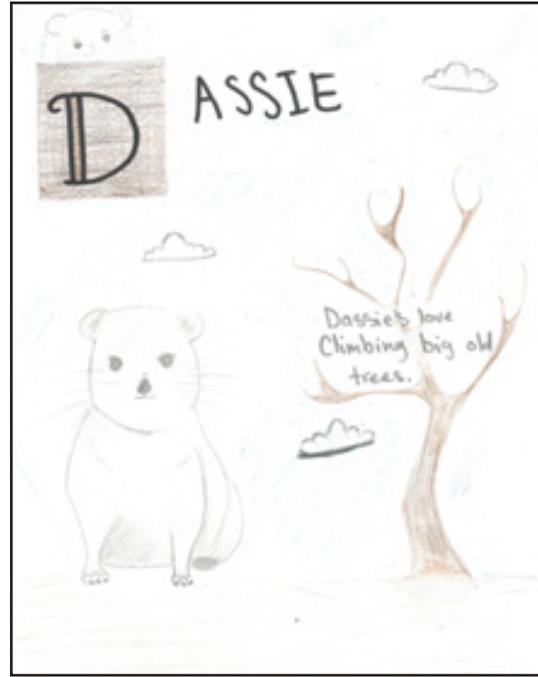
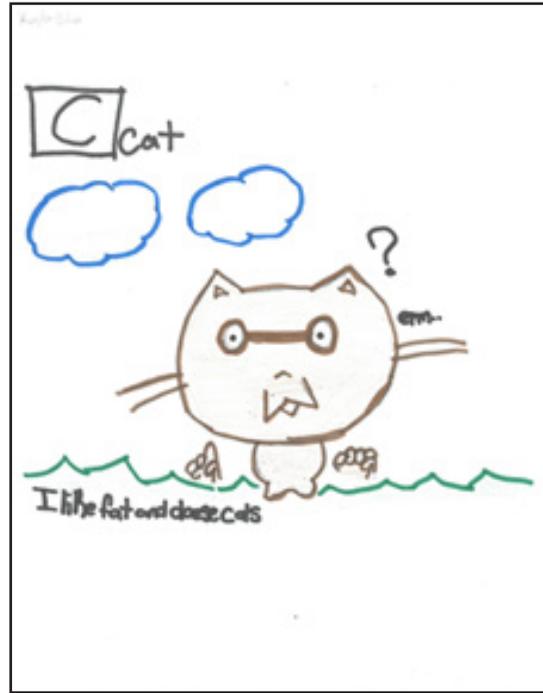
Poverty Hard To Dig Myself Out

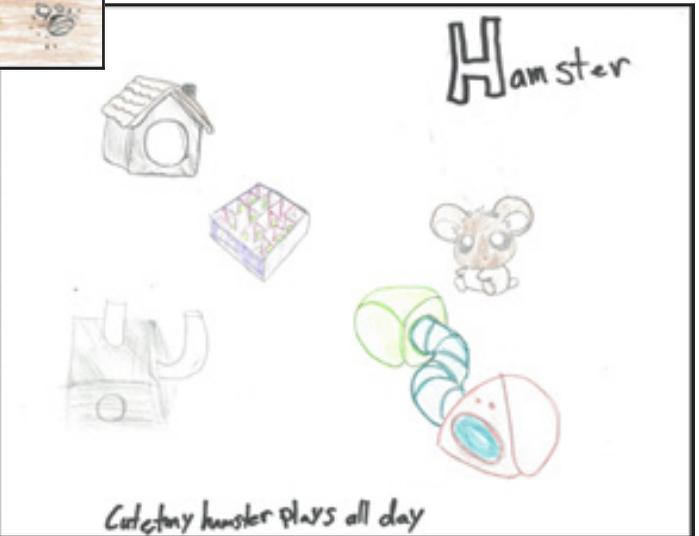
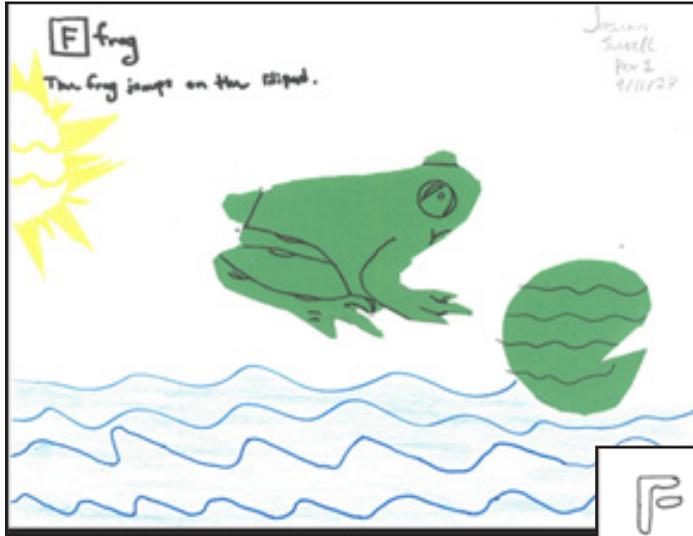
Living in poverty challenges I face

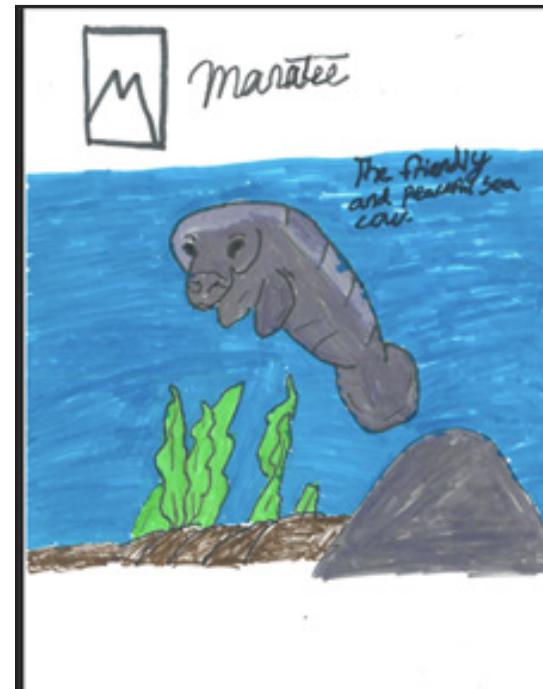
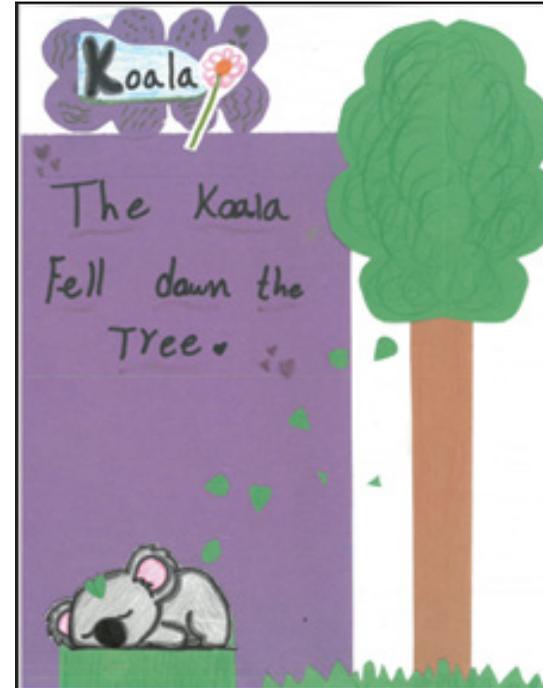
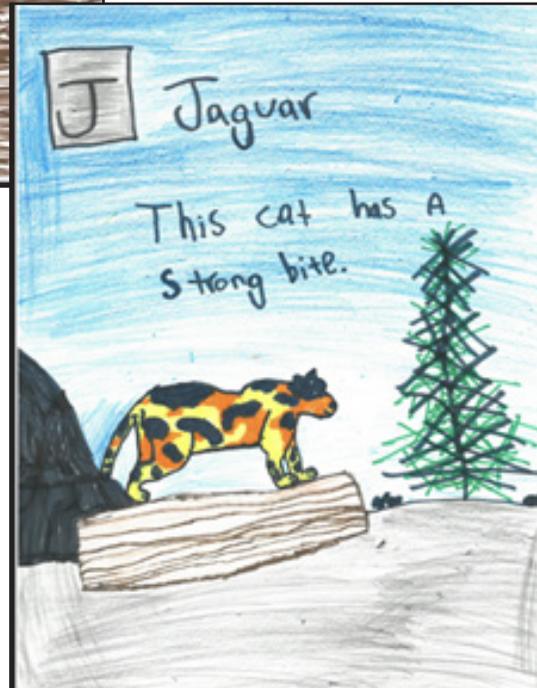
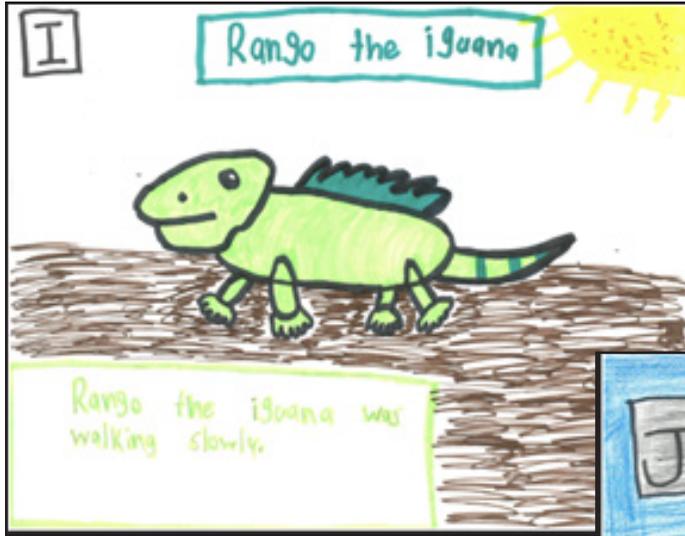
Helping those in need, ending poverty

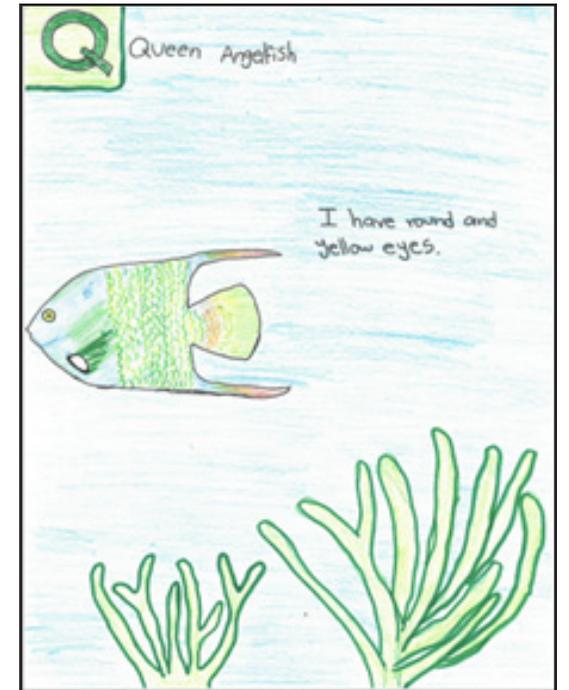
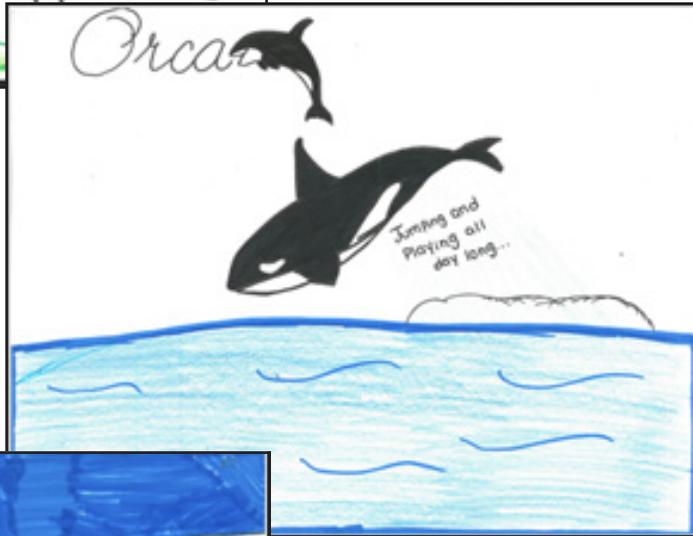
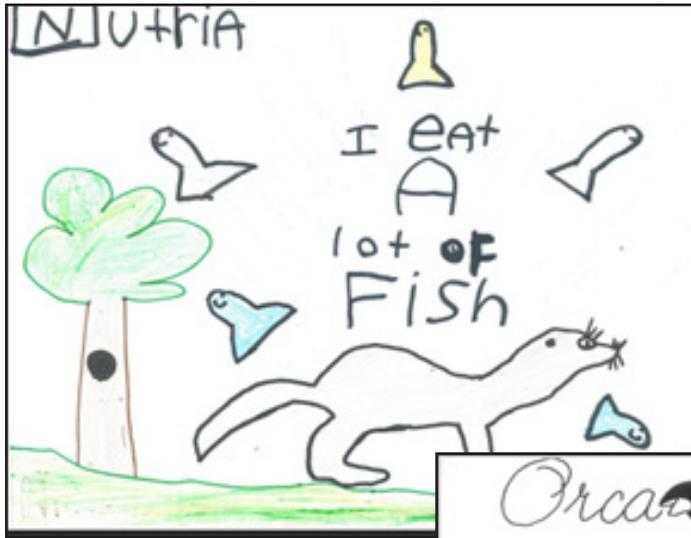
MONARCH HIGH SCHOOL











R Raccoon

A tender, smart bandit with m

T arantula

Eight legs, eats insects and birds.

tiger tigers Have very Dark Black stripes

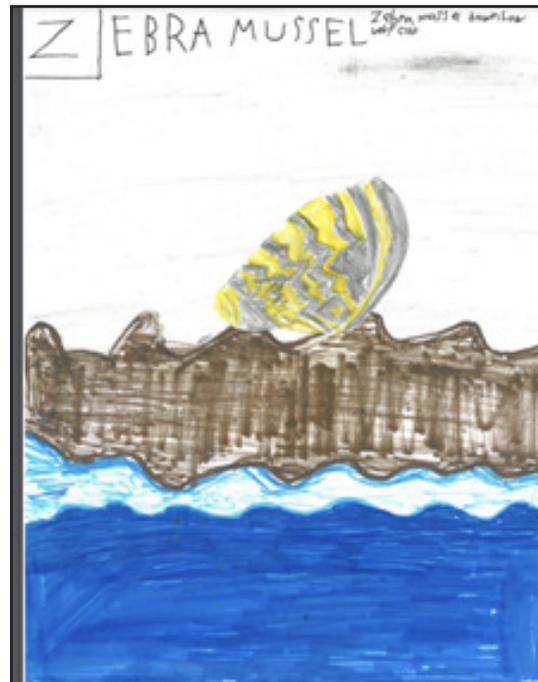
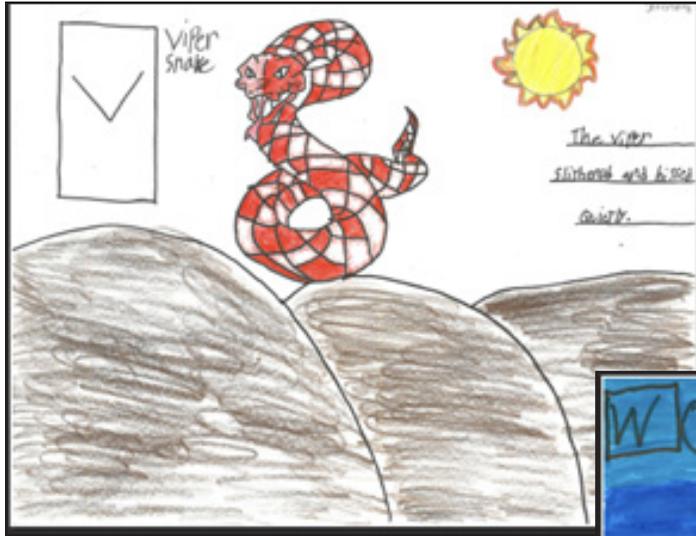
T Oucan

Wonderful
Clumsy
feathers
largest
beak
bird

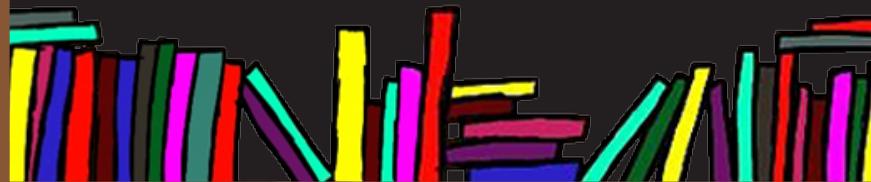
S

Colorful Seals
Prehensile tail
Small Swimming

V Both Africa.



SCIENCE AND MATH



SAN PASQUAL ACADEMY

Ms. Finnerty's Class looked at data on the impact of plastics

Finding a "Factoid" Story

Sometimes in large sets of data you find the most interesting thing is the story of one particular piece of information. This could be an "outlier" (a data point not like the others), or it could be the data point that is most common. A detail about one particular piece of your data can fascinate and surprise people. It can also give them an easier way to start thinking about the whole set of data.

One factoid is that

it's is a graph to show how much plastic there is on how 2% back in use

This stands out from the rest of the data because

when we put 2% back in use we are ruining our world

We want to tell this story because

We need more re use in public cause it ruins the world

Finding a "Factoid" Story

Sometimes in large sets of data you find the most interesting thing is the story of one particular piece of information. This could be an "outlier" (a data point not like the others), or it could be the data point that is most common. A detail about one particular piece of your data can fascinate and surprise people. It can also give them an easier way to start thinking about the whole set of data.

One factoid is that

Only 0% percent back

This stands out from the rest of the data because

Most recycled plastic still ends up being dumped or incinerated

We want to tell this story because

the recycled plastic, being need to be dumped or incinerated because we can recycled it to produce more bottle or other things that will be useful to the society or the country.

Mr. Frey's Class researched rockets and designed their own to see which one traveled the farthest.

EAST MESA - CHARLIE UNIT

Physics Data Story

Dr. Perrod, Mr. Frey
Abdul, Michénele, Zarah, Tariyah, Harmony, Chris, Mylin

History of Rockets

1. Advancements in Space Exploration: Rocket ships have played a crucial role in advancing our understanding of space. The development of rocket technology has paved the way for satellite launches, space exploration, and the possibility of interplanetary travel.

2. Commercial Space Industry: Recent developments have opened the door to commercial space industry. Companies like SpaceX and Blue Origin are pushing the boundaries of space exploration, making it more accessible and cost-effective. This has led to the development of reusable rockets and the potential for space tourism.

3. Space Exploration and Human Presence: Human presence on other planets has long been a dream. This motivates scientists and engineers to develop advanced rockets capable of carrying a human to Mars or other celestial bodies. The development of reusable rockets is a key step in making this vision a reality.

Uses of Rockets

Unmanned Rockets

The unmanned Rocket is a space vehicle that is shaped like a tube. The Unmanned vehicle itself is propelled by rocket engines and is launched from a distance. For example, Voyager 2 (interplanetary), Magellan (planetary), and Pathfinder (planetary).

Manned Rockets

A manned rocket is a spacecraft with a crew or passengers aboard a spacecraft, often with the spacecraft being operated directly by the onboard human crew. On a simple way manned rocket, an astronaut that transport human beings outside the Earth's atmosphere. Examples are: Apollo 11, Apollo 12, Apollo 16, Apollo 17, and Apollo 18.

Uses of Rockets today

Elon Musk's Starship can be reused- it can come back and land on Earth. One of the most dramatic improvements in rocket technology has been from SpaceX. The company pioneered the technology that allows the booster rockets (used for fuel) to be guided back and landed on the launch pad. Previously boosters were disposable. This new process saves on the cost of the launch by reusing the boosters.

Producing a Data Story using the design thinking process

The five main steps in the design process are Empathize, Define, Ideate, Develop, and Test. You might hear different names to describe these steps, but this is how most design processes unfold.

Rocket Design

Parts of a Rocket

1. Rocket Body: The body of a rocket is not one of the more sophisticated parts. The purpose of the body is to house the fuel, it is often in the form of a hollow cylinder, and is connected to the air. This is how rockets are designed.

2. Nozzle: A nozzle is a device that is used to convert the energy of a gas into a high-speed jet of gas. It is used to accelerate the gas and to control its direction.

3. Motor: A motor is a device that is used to generate the thrust of a rocket. It is used to convert the energy of a gas into a high-speed jet of gas. It is used to accelerate the gas and to control its direction.

3 Fins or 4 Fins?

The number of fins can affect the flight of the rocket. Having four fins is better than three fins because the rocket is provided better stability from all four corners of equal distance (90 degrees). However there is a con, because there's four fins it adds on extra weight which creates a greater air resistance and drag when taking off.

Hypothesis and Design

Students used extra PVC pipe to make the rocket body snug enough to launch. The rocket body was taped shut to allow maximum air pressure.

According to research, 4 fins are optimal for launching a rocket, so we chose to compare 3 fins to 4 fins.

The rockets were weighed and the range was 8-11 grams, well within the similar weight range. The nose cone sizes were also very close to each other, keeping variations small between rockets.

Each rocket was launched 3 times and the distances were averaged and converted to meters.

NAME	3 or 4 Fins	Distance Trial 1 (m)	Distance Trial 2 (m)	Distance Trial 3 (m)	Average (m)
Tariyah	3	7	10.2	11.4	9.5
Abdul	3	8.3	7.5	9.8	8.4
Abdul	4	11.4	10.7	10.8	11.0
Chris	4	9.8	11.8	14.7	12.1
Harmony	4	10.4	13.2	11.8	11.7
Michénele	3	7.8	8.9	12	9.9
Zarah	3	8.8	11	10.6	10.1
Mylin	4	13.2	12	14.3	13.1

Conclusion

Results:
We tested 3 fins versus 4 fins. A launcher was used to maintain uniformity. Every effort was made to be consistent with the four launches. 3 launches were recorded and averaged. Rockets were within 0.15 grams.

Analysis:
The average distance covered by the 3 fin rocket was 10.43 meters. The average distance covered by the 4 fin rocket was 11.2 meters. Our internet research showed that 4 fin rockets have a slight advantage over 3 fin rockets. Our data show that the 4 fin rockets flew slightly further than the 3 fin rockets. The sources of error are measurement. The build quality of the rockets, the design of nose cone and fins could produce error. The most important error source is the amount of force used to strap on the forward is very difficult to keep consistently.

Conclusion:
Despite the sources of error, our data showed that the 4 fin rockets outperformed the 3 fin rocket.



My Educational Journey by [Name]

Step 1. Begin looking at your educational journey by reflecting and answering the following questions. HONESTLY.

- Do you see yourself as educated? Why or why not?
Yes because I have a lot of knowledge and I am a good student.
- Do you like school? Why or why not?
I like school because I like to learn and I like to be a good student.
- What subject do you like best? What do you like least?
I like math and science. I like to learn and I like to be a good student.

Step 2. Analyze your transcript and answer the following questions.

- Based on your transcript, how many semesters of school have you completed?
3
- Based on your transcript, how many credits do you currently have?
24

Step 3. Create a Frequency Chart and a Histogram based on the data from your transcript.

Range	Letter grade
90-100	A
80-89	B
70-79	C
60-69	D
50-59	F

Frequency Table:

Range	Frequency (Tally)	Frequency (Total)
90-100		5
80-89		4
70-79		4
60-69		4
50-59		4

Step 4. Self-Reflection Answer the following questions.

- Based on your transcript, what is your lowest grade, median grade, and highest grade?
Lowest: D, Median: C, Highest: A.
- Based solely on your data, what letter of student are you? Has it changed from your previous semester? Why or why not?
I am a C student. I am a C student because I have a C average.
- What subject are your lowest grade? What subject are your highest? Why do you think that?
I have a D in math and a C in science. I have a C in science because I like to learn and I like to be a good student.
- Using your data, write a short (3-5 sentence) paragraph describing your educational journey.
I started off in 9th grade being an all F student. The higher grade I had when I started out was an A in construction. When I got hooked up I started taking school seriously. My grades started up and now I have As and Bs.

Histogram:

My Educational Journey by Elias

Step 1. Begin looking at your educational journey by reflecting and answering the following questions. HONESTLY.

- Do you see yourself as educated? Why or why not?
Yes because I will help me get my diploma.
- Do you like school? Why or why not?
Yes because it will help me get my diploma.
- What subject do you like best? What do you like least?
I like math and science. I like to learn and I like to be a good student.

Step 2. Analyze your transcript and answer the following questions.

- Based on your transcript, how many semesters of school have you completed?
3
- Based on your transcript, how many credits do you currently have?
16

Step 3. Create a Frequency Chart and a Histogram based on the data from your transcript.

Range	Letter grade
90-100	A
80-89	B
70-79	C
60-69	D
50-59	F

Frequency Table:

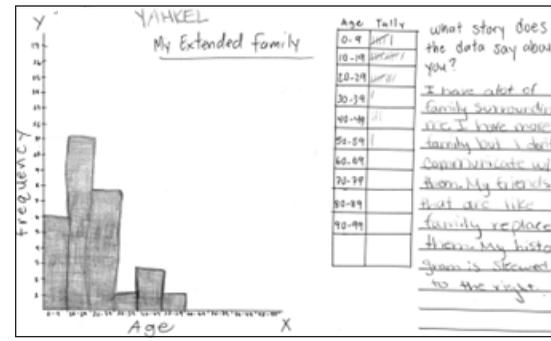
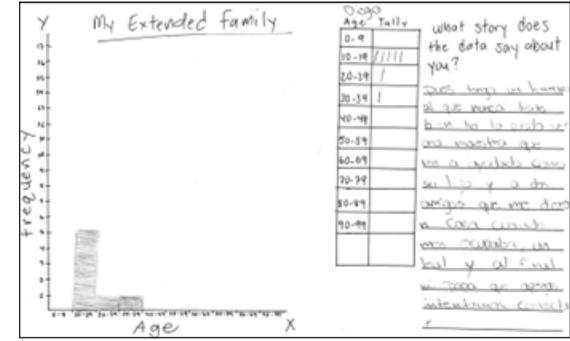
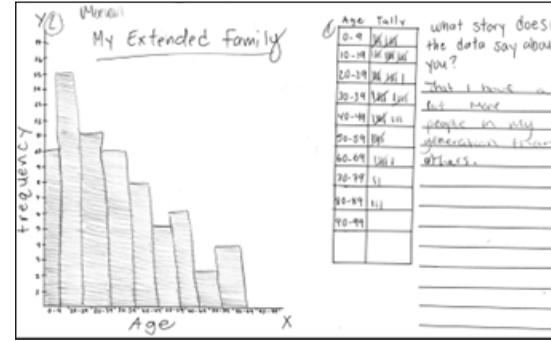
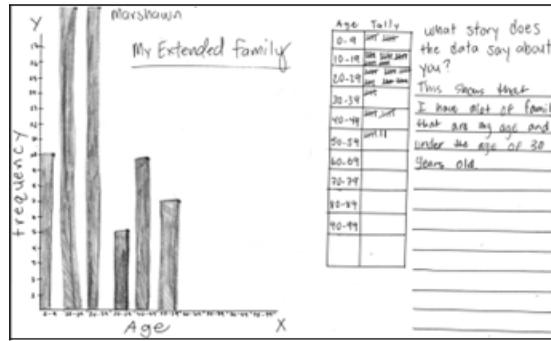
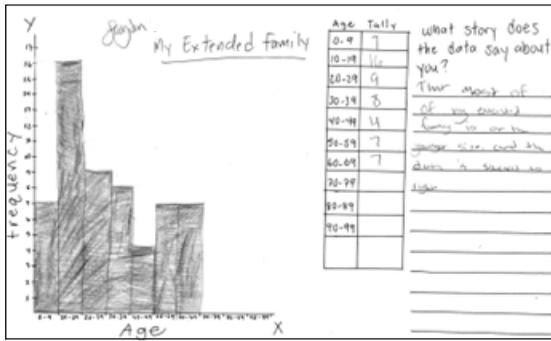
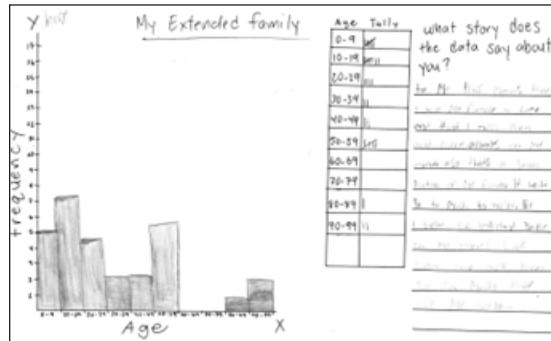
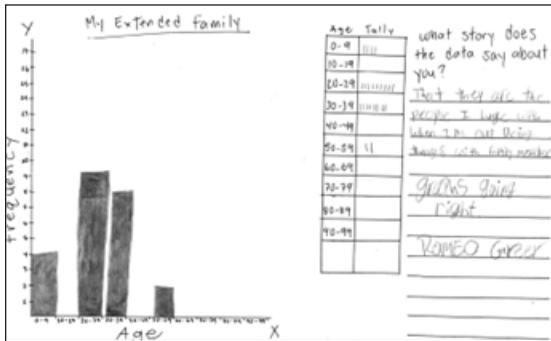
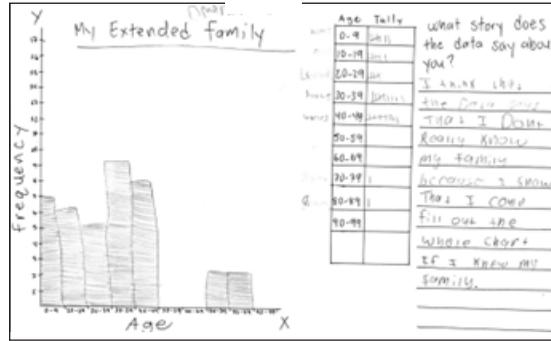
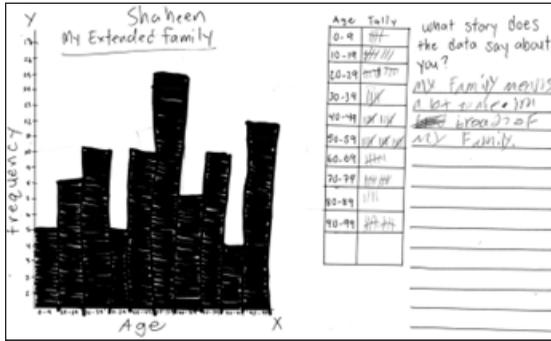
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50-59		4

Step 4. Self-Reflection Answer the following questions.

- Based on your transcript, what is your lowest grade, median grade, and highest grade?
Lowest: F, Median: C, Highest: A.
- Based solely on your data, what letter of student are you? Has it changed from your previous semester? Why or why not?
I feel like I'm an all B student but in feeling I'm getting better.
- What subject are your lowest grade? What subject are your highest? Why do you think that?
I have a D in math and a C in science. I have a C in science because I like to learn and I like to be a good student.
- Using your data, write a short (3-5 sentence) paragraph describing your educational journey.
I started off in 9th grade being an all F student. The higher grade I had when I started out was an A in construction. When I got hooked up I started taking school seriously. My grades started up and now I have As and Bs.

Histogram:

EAST MESA - JULIET UNIT



East Mesa - Juliet Unit students analyzed data on poverty and then connected it to their own lives.

Untitled
by anonymous #1

Poverty has a profound impact on individuals, affecting them in various ways that can be truly distressing. It deprives them of basic necessities such as shelter, food, clothing, and even the ability to maintain personal hygiene, which can be incredibly challenging when endured for extended periods of time. It is important to recognize that some individuals have no choice but to endure poverty, as they were born into it without much control over their circumstances. These individuals often face the harsh reality of their parents' limited resources or their parents' inability to provide for them adequately. Consequently, they become accustomed to this way of life and are forced to navigate through it on their own. On the other hand, there are those who willingly choose to enter into poverty, often due to a lack of concern or poor decision-making. This decision can lead them down a destructive

path, involving substance abuse and a disregard for the assistance offered by others. While some individuals may reject help, there are others who genuinely desire support and are willing to accept it. Personally, poverty has had a profound impact on me, teaching me the importance of gratitude for what I have. Witnessing the living conditions of those who have very little has also helped me mature and gain a deeper understanding of the struggles faced by individuals in poverty.

Untitled

by anonymous #2

The unfortunate reality of poverty, a socio-economic condition that deprives individuals of the resources and opportunities needed for a decent life, continues to afflict societies worldwide. This complex issue encompasses multiple dimensions, including income poverty, lack of access to basic services, limited educational opportunities, and inadequate healthcare provisions. Its devastating consequences extend beyond individuals, affecting families and communities, and perpetuating a cycle of disadvantage and inequality. Consequently, poverty has captured the attention of scholars, policymakers, and practitioners who are dedicated to comprehending its causes, effects, and potential remedies.

Untitled

by anonymous #3

The presence of poverty casts a somber shadow over our esteemed society, leaving a lasting impact on the hearts and minds of its inhabitants. It is a scourge that we must confront with empathy and compassion. Fortunately, there are various ways in which we can alleviate poverty. Engaging in philanthropic activities, such as making donations or organizing fundraisers, can be an effective approach. By coming together and extending a helping hand, we can make a meaningful difference in the lives of those affected by poverty.

Untitled

by anonymous #4

I understand how poverty can have a significant impact on one's work life. In my case, my dad's lack of a high school education limits the job opportunities available to him. Similarly,

I have experienced the challenges of working in a low-paying job. As a result, it becomes difficult for my dad to cover all the bills at home. While we may not always be able to afford all the clothes we desire, we are fortunate enough to almost always have food on the table. However, it is important to acknowledge that poverty, in the long run, means not having enough financial resources to meet life's higher needs.

Untitled

by anonymous #5

Poverty affects countless individuals, each facing unique challenges. Personally, when I find myself in poverty, the scarcity of food becomes a pressing concern. Although I manage to meet my basic needs, whenever I venture outside, I inevitably lose a significant amount of weight. However, this time, as I prepare to reenter society, my goal is to secure employment and ensure I have access to an adequate food supply to maintain a healthy weight. While I may not perceive my situation as living in poverty, the lack of sufficient nourishment remains a constant struggle for me.

Untitled

by anonymous #6

Poverty has a profound impact on countless individuals, affecting them in various ways. Personally, poverty makes it incredibly challenging for me to maintain good health. When one is trapped in poverty, the inability to afford nutritious food becomes a constant struggle, hindering our ability to feel healthy and well-nourished. Poverty signifies a lack of financial resources to meet even the most fundamental needs required for survival. The pain of being in poverty is deeply felt, as it encompasses the deprivation of essential necessities such as food, clothing, and shelter. It is important to note that poverty does not stem from a single cause, and its consequences vary greatly from one person to another.

Untitled

by anonymous #7

Poverty affects every single person in countless ways. It can lead to a scarcity of job opportunities and low wages, leaving many of us struggling to provide for our families and pay our bills. The impact on children can be especially heartbreaking - I know firsthand how

difficult it is to watch a parent struggle to make ends meet. As a ten-year-old, I felt compelled to find ways to earn a few extra dollars to help out. Unfortunately, for some kids, poverty can lead them down a dangerous path. It's heart-wrenching to see people lose their homes, their jobs, and sometimes even their hope. Some may turn to drugs and become the "crack head around the corner." It's a tragic reality of how poverty works, and it's something that we all need to work together to address.

YOUTH TRANSITION CAMPUS



Youcubed Data Talk Batman

What do you notice?
What do you wonder?
What is going on in this data visualization?



Do you love Batman, an amazing and popular superhero? This chart by Willem Roper shows the results of a survey of over 1,000 adults in 2019. The survey shows how people were first introduced to this iconic superhero.

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Amir

Finding a "Factoid" Story

Sometimes in large sets of data you find the most interesting thing is the story of one particular piece of information. This could be an "outlier" (a data point not like the others), or it could be the data point that is most common. A detail about one particular piece of your data can fascinate and surprise people. It can also give them an easier way to start thinking about the whole set of data.

One factoid is that

All the percentages are different

This stands out from the rest of the data because

People didn't get to know Batman the same way

We want to tell this story because

People find out about him in different ways

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v1.1

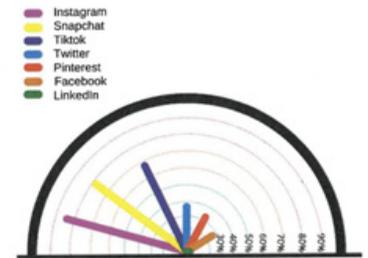


Social Media

What do you notice?
What do you wonder?
What is going on in this data visualization?

7 in 10 American Teens Use TikTok

% of U.S. teens who use the following social media platforms at least once a month



<https://www-statista-com.stanford/chart/most-used-social-media-platforms-by-us-teens/>

This data visualization illustrates the popularity of different social media platforms among teenagers. The data was collected in Fall 2020 from 9,800 U.S. teens with an average age of 15.8 years, and was conducted by investment bank Piper Sandler. Does the above representation accurately reflect your social media use? How do you think this chart may vary for adults? Is there a different visualization you would choose to share the story of this data?

This data talk was created by Emily Liang, one of Jo Boaler's undergraduate students.

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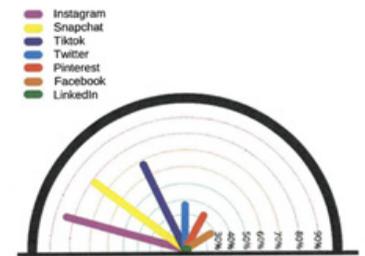


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One factoid is that

As the story shows Instagram has been more popular over the years.

This stands out from the rest of the data because

What stands out is that 70% of the people use Instagram then any other app.

We want to tell this story because

We want people to know that Instagram is more popular.

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Finding a "Factoid" Story

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One factoid is that

Instagram is a little bit more popular than Snapchat and TikTok.

This stands out from the rest of the data because

I know more people that use Instagram more than Snapchat.

We want to tell this story because

I personally like Instagram more than Snapchat.

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Jess

Finding a "Factoid" Story

Sometimes in large sets of data you find the most interesting thing is the story of one particular piece of information. This could be an "outlier" (a data point not like the others), or it could be the data point that is most common. A detail about one particular piece of your data can fascinate and surprise people. It can also give them an easier way to start thinking about the whole set of data.

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I personally like Instagram more than Snapchat.



Rico

Finding a "Factoid" Story

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One factoid is that

That comic books and graphic novel are most popular.

This stands out from the rest of the data because

the people prefer to read the comic more than watch animated tv.

We want to tell this story because

we want people to know the ratings between graphic novels and watching animated tv.



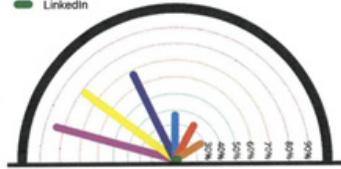
Youcubed Data Talk Social Media

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What do you wonder?
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- TikTok
- Twitter
- Pinterest
- Facebook
- LinkedIn



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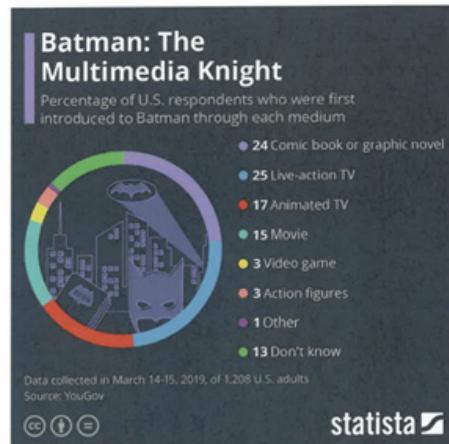
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Youcubed Data Talk Batman

What do you notice?
What do you wonder?
What is going on in this data visualization?



<https://www-statista-com.stanford/chart/22736/batman-across-different-media/>

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Yusef

10-31-23

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One factoid is that

LinkedIn because I had never been on that APP!

This stands out from the rest of the data because

I have never heard of it so it stood out to me.

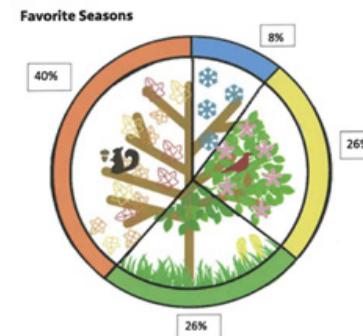
We want to tell this story because

I want more people to know about this app because it can be helpful.



Youcubed Data Talk Favorite Season

What do you notice?
What do you wonder?
What is going on in this data visualization?



https://www-ipsos-com/sites/default/files/news_and_media/2015-10/2014rev-topline.pdf

This data is representing 1,005 adults in the United States in September 2015 who reported their favorite season. According to studyfinds.org many people pick Fall as their favorite season for a multitude of reasons, not just the weather. Over 50% of people in the U.S. like Fall due to the changing leaves while 41% enjoy the chill in the air. What other reasons might someone like Fall? What is your favorite season? What about this data surprises you?

This data talk was created by Kira Conte, one of Jo Boaler's undergraduate students.

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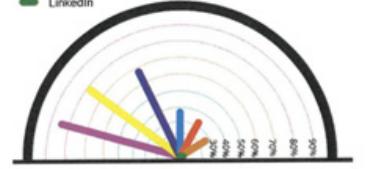
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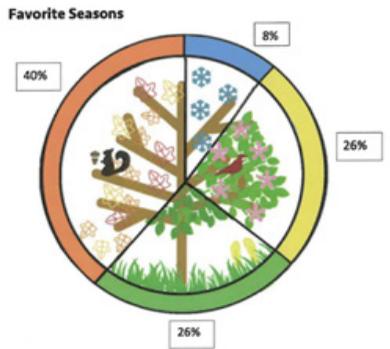
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MONARCH SCHOOL

2nd & 3rd Grade "Math About Me" & "My Number Story"

At the beginning of the school year, the 2nd and 3rd grade students at Monarch School completed a narrative data story entitled; "My Number Story," and "Math About Me." Using numbers, each student creatively combined art and math to tell a narrative story about themselves. Each box in their banner represents an aspect of their lives that can be represented numerically. For example, their age, favorite number, their grade, how many books they read over the summer, and the number of people in their family. At the end of the project, each student had the opportunity to share their number story with their grade level community.

stem

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One factoid is that
Fall has the most percentage for favorite season

This stands out from the rest of the data because
It takes up more space than the others

We want to tell this story because
So people know what the most favorite season is

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v1.1

CIVIC MEDIA



CUYAMACA A.M. SCHOOL

Students were asked to choose a topic and find data on it. They analyzed the data and discussed what societal problem was connected to their data. Next they connected the data to real people and explained why the data was important. Lastly, students explained why they chose the topic and data and proposed actions that could address the societal problem and what might change if the action were taken.

Isaac G.
Cuyamaca Prep

I enjoy skating and playing the guitar on my free time



Whats being shown on the data?

- The data that is showing US the deaths caused by firearms across the United States.
- Each single number is represented as one hundred thousand people.
- In the data it shows that the states with the stricter gun laws have fewer deaths compared to the other states. For example, California has the highest deaths caused by firearms and that's because we have the strictest laws which prevents many people from owning them.

Connection with people

- Most registered gun owners use their guns responsibly and for good purposes.
- Coastal states have less gun related deaths.
- Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Wyoming, Montana, New Mexico and Alaska all have the highest incidents of death by firearm.

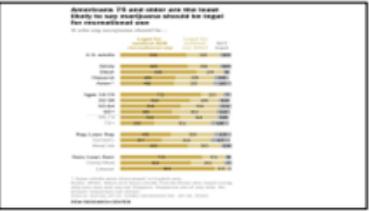
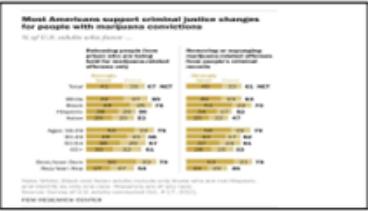
Ways we can make a difference

Some ways we can make a difference is that we can peacefully protest to encourage the states to enforce stricter gun laws to lower casualties.

Another way we all can help is preventing certain people from owning a firearm such as people with criminal records, alcoholics, and other people that have a substance abuse problem.

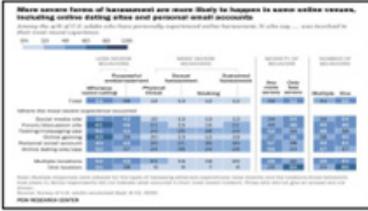
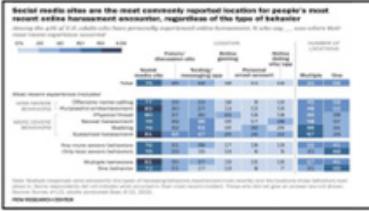
Tyree C.
Cuyamaca Prep

"You can change the world, by being yourself"



Josue G.
Cuyamaca Prep

I like wall



Whats being shown on the data?

- 80% US support legalizing marijuana
- Black & White Americans support legalization more than Asians & Hispanics
- As Americans get older their support for legalization reduces
- Liberal Americans support legalizing marijuana more than conservatives
- 67% of Americans support releasing people from prison with marijuana offenses
- 75% of Democrats believe in expunging marijuana records, while 45% of republicans support this

Connection with people

- Many people are still incarcerated for marijuana crimes in the past, even though marijuana is now legal in that state
- Black people are most strongly impacted by outdated marijuana convictions
- Families are left without loved ones because of these old convictions
- Incarceration harms people financially, emotionally, and can lead to other problems

The reason for choosing the data

- I chose this topic because black people were most likely to be incarcerated for marijuana offenses
- I picked this topic because I think we should learn more about marijuana laws and the effects it has on people
- I believe that marijuana should be legal in all states

Whats being shown on the data?

- The data shows that social media sites are the most common place Americans experience harassment.
- 57% of people who are harassed experience it on multiple online platforms
- Harassment occurs on social media sites, email accounts, online dating, discussion forums, and online gaming
- "More severe" types of harassment, such as sexual harassment, happened most often on dating websites

Connection with people

- When using online platforms people are at risk of harassment
- Gaming can be a place where name calling and stalking may occur and many women use these platforms
- Stalking and physical threats occur more frequently on dating sites
- This harassment can lead to becoming victims of more serious crimes

The reason for choosing the data

- I play online games and people get mad when they lose so they might be mean and try to stalk me
- I am interested in how people behave differently online vs. in person
- I am a user of online platforms and social media daily

Ways we can make a difference

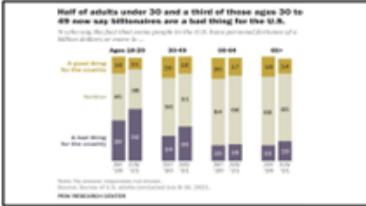
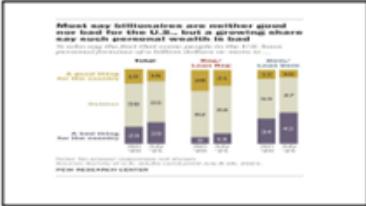
- We should contact our leaders and ask them to release people who are still incarcerated for marijuana crimes
- We should educate people on the effects of marijuana
- We should educate people on the incarceration of people being in jail when they should be released

Ways we can make a difference

- People who use online platforms need to be more informed and cautious about sharing personal information
- The government should be more strict with the platforms about what goes on with their customers
- Schools should start early with educating kids about safe online use

Dimitri T.
Cuyamaca Prep

I work on my own car and I enjoy going to car meets



Whats being shown on the data?

- Those in the Americas think Biden is bad for the country
- Republicans are more likely than Democrats to say Biden is a good thing for the country
- 55% of Americans do not think Biden is a good or bad thing for our country
- Half of Americans under 30 years old believe Biden is bad for the country

Connection with people

- Biden's behavior has a trickle-down effect on all of us
- It is nice to see that younger people are less supportive of Biden
- Everyone has a responsibility to end greed in the world

The reason for choosing the data

- I chose this topic because wealth interests me
- I am curious about how too much wealth can harm others
- I am about to graduate from high school so I want to understand more about earnings and financial success

Ways we can make a difference

- We need to educate people on how greed harms society
- We need to help people understand that the Earth is harmed by overproduction and misuse
- We need to encourage Biden to care about others in the world

EAST COUNTY COMMUNITY SCHOOL

Students were asked to analyze the data found in the science poem, "You Are Earth".

You are made of 84 minerals, 23 elements, and 8 gallons of water spread across 38 trillion cells.

You have been built up from nothing but the spare parts of the Earth you have consumed, according to a set of instructions hidden in a double helix and small enough to be carried by a sperm.

You are recycled butterflies, plants, rocks, streams, firewood, wolf fur, and shark teeth, broken down to their smallest parts and rebuilt into our planet's most complex living thing.

You are not living on the Earth. You are Earth.

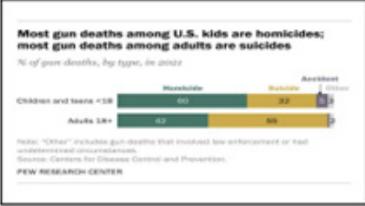
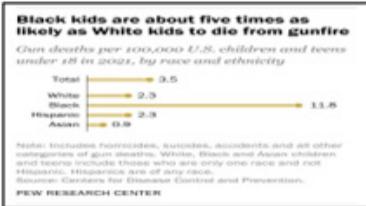
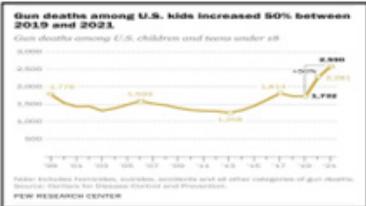
Untitled
By Richard M.

What do you notice?

- I notice that the text talks about how people are made of minerals, elements, and cells, and also water. But it also talks about how you are made of spare parts of the earth.

Alex D.
Cuyamaca Prep

I like to listen to music and make money



Whats being shown on the data?

- In 2019 1732 gun deaths among US children under age 18
- Between 2019 and 2021 gun related deaths increased by 41%
- In 2021 teen boys accounted for 83% of gun deaths
- Kids between age 13-17 account for 86% of gun deaths
- Black kids are 5 times more likely than White kids to die by gunfire
- 32% of teen gun deaths are by suicide
- 60% of teen gun deaths are by homicide

Connection with people

- Too many kids are dying by gunfire
- Certain racial groups are at a much higher risk for gun death
- Something is causing boys to use and die from gunfire much more than girls
- Parents are suffering because of gun violence

The reason for choosing the data

- Gun laws are interesting to me
- I have cousins who have been victims of gun violence
- I worry that nothing can be done to stop gun violence

Ways we can make a difference

- Schools need to come up with education programs about guns in schools
- There needs to be stricter laws on locking up guns
- Universal background checks should be in place for gun ownership
- Anyone under 18 should only be allowed to use guns for hunting

What do you wonder?

- I wonder how we are made of recycled butterflies, plants, rocks, streams, firewood, and wolf fur.

What's the story this data is trying to tell?

- The story being told by the data is saying that everyone on the earth is made of spare parts of the earth, and you're made of 38 trillion cells, Aand you are not living on the earth. You are earth.

Untitled

By Brandon R.

What do you notice?

- I notice the guy was talking about that life isn't just about money, what college you went to or anything like that, he said there's a deeper meaning to someone's life. Fun fact: We are made of 84 minerals, 23 elements and 8 gallons of water spread across 38 trillion cells.

What do you wonder?

- I wonder how were we originally made?

What's the story this data is trying to tell?

- The story being told by the data is that you should focus on yourself and do good for yourself.

Untitled

By Xavier W.

What do you notice?

- I notice water is spread across 38 trillion cells.

What do you wonder?

- I wonder how 8 gallons of water is inside of our bodies.

What's the story this data is trying to tell?

- The story being told by the data is that we are made up and we consist of earth, we are made of and need it.

GLOBAL ACADEMY

Animal abuse

Guadalupe Arce

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on?

The inequality that I am focusing on is animal abuse because animal abuse, or animal cruelty, is a crime and inflicts physical pain, suffering or death on animals.

This data and issue is something we all should talk about more, but not many people care because they are animals.

I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so I am researching about this topic.

Making Sense of Data/Information:What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because they are more than one type of animals abuse

My hypothesis that most of the animal abusers are not mentally ok and most of the time it can lead to crime.

The data graph shows. It can change every year

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because i learned lots of thing about animal abuse

I wonder if people know about the types of animal abuse

My next steps could be care more about my animals and make sure they are happy and free where they are.

My thinking has changed about animal abuse

This reminds me that the animals abusers can be not mentally ok

More questions to explore?

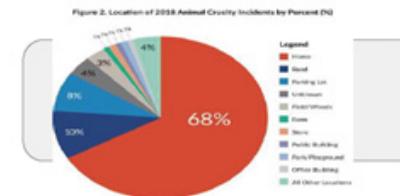
Going deeper into animal abuse would be sad.

Observations and Data

From the graph I notice animal abuse mostly happens at home.

According to the chart 10% of animals abuse happens at the road

The data points that stands out the most are home, road, and parking lot.

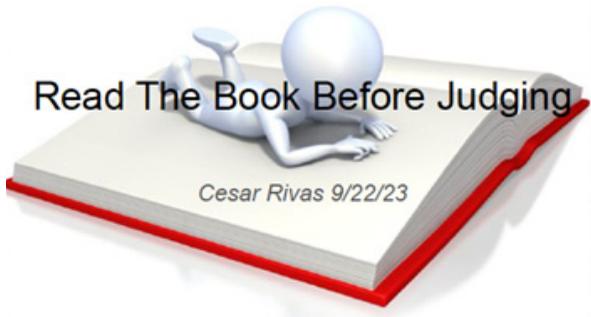


This information could mean to step up and take action

This matters because we are all involved.

This connects to true crime because abuse can lead to more muder and lots of murderers start off animals and take a step up to humans.

Read The Book Before Judging

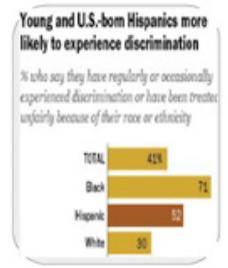


Cesar Rivas 9/22/23



Observations and Data

From the graph I notice that 52% of Hispanics are discriminated.
According to the chart they have been treated unfairly by their race or ethnicity.
The data points that stands out the most are that Blacks and Hispanics are treated unfairly more than any other race.



Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

This matters because racism is always in our life and we need to teach our new generations from our mistakes.
This connects to me because I'm Hispanic and I do not want to be treated Unfairly.
Because you should get know someone and not just judge them based on how they look like or etc.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

- The internet helped my thinking because I wanted to make sure my information is correct and makes sense.
- My thinking has changed my perspective on my culture because it's sad to see your own kind get weird looks or made fun of.
- This reminds me of when I would get called names because of my racial background.
- Deeper diving into this research
- would be to interview Mexicans and ask them how it feels like to be undocumented.

Child labor

Amy Lizarraga

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on? Children working at traffic lights on the streets of Mexico

The inequality that I am focus on is child labor because it's something that should not be happening. It is unfair to children to put them to work from a very early age.

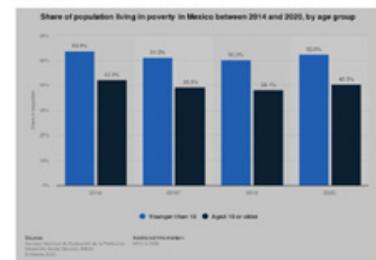
This data and issue is interesting, but it is something very sad many children are affected by working under the sun.

I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so I did the research .

Observations and Data

From the graph I notice that are more young kids working

According to the chart there are more than the 50% of children working



Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue but not everyone want to do something to changes this situation

My hypothesis is that a lot of families don't have resources and that's why their children have to work

The data graph shows how many children work in different years

This situation could mean that we need to do something to help this kids or families

This matters because children don't have to work

This is important because we are talking about kids that couldn't go to school they don't have an education like other kids do.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

- Researching helped my thinking because I learn that are kids that are obligated to work
- I wonder if people are interested in do something to help these kids.
- My next steps could be let people know about this situation
- My thinking has changed because now I know that there are children who are forced to work from a very young age.
- This reminds me that there are children who have to work to help their families.
- More questions to explore. Why parents put their children to work?
- Going deeper into child labor would be how it affects a lot of children in our planet.

Health Access

Melina jimenez

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on? Health Access.

The inequality that I am focusing is Health access because so many people need the access to health and don't have the money for the bills.

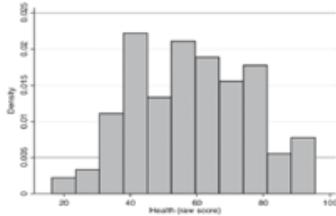
This data and issue is people don't have the money for bill but also need more health buildings.

I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so there can be more health access for people who need it.

Observations and Data

From the graph I notice that the graph is symmetrical.

According to the chart it's starts to low to high than to low.



Making Sense of Data/Information:What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because many people need the access to health.

My hypothesis is that many people do need the help for more health access and they need to make more places. Also they need to not always make them pay for the help they need because most people don't have the money but do need the help.

The data graph shows most people need the health access.

Based on evidence, people voted more on helping in health access.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because I needed to learn about this I wonder if people know about every talk or use this type of data.

My next steps could be helping out.

My thinking has changed

This reminds me that most people do need the help.

More questions to explore? No

Going deeper into health access would be good and interesting.

This could mean people do need the access.

This matters because we are all involved and need the health access.

This connects to everyone because not just one person needs the help it's the whole world.

Sex trafficking

Alex Jimenez

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on?

The inequality that I am focusing on is sex trafficking because many children are being forced into prostitution and they are traumatized.

This data and issue is affecting many children across the world.

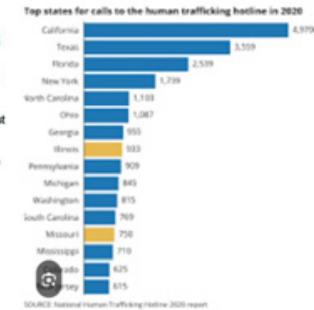
I wanted to explore more about this inequality because I believe children should feel safe and sex trafficking should be punished.

Observations and Data

From the graph I notice 4,970 sex trafficking calls

According to the chart New Jersey is the least state that gets calls about sex trafficking

The data points that stands out the most are 4,970,3,559,2,519,1,739



Making Sense of Data/Information:What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because I believe it is important to inform people about sex trafficking so that they can pay attention to this issue and fight to get justice

My hypothesis adults and children can be trafficked or enslaved and forced to sell their bodies for sex.

The data graph shows more sex trafficking and human trafficking in California

This could mean many people are scared to be out alone

This matters because we are all involved and need justice for sex trafficking

This connects to everyone because not just one person needs help it's the whole world.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because I needed to learn more about sex trafficking .

I wonder if people know about sex trafficking.

My next steps could be making people aware that sex trafficking is very common.

My thinking has changed.

This reminds me that sex trafficking is still out in the world

Going deeper into sex trafficking would mean children would get justice.

Hate crimes

Abraham Gomez 10/5/23

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on? Hate Crimes

The inequality that I am focusing on is the abuse of the police, who do it out of racism. I decided to focus on this topic because I don't like people who are racist.

This data and issue is something that happens constantly around the United States but it might happen in other countries too.

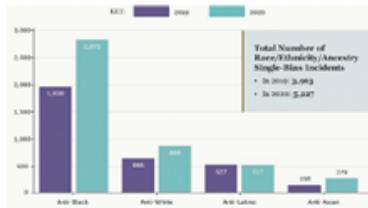
I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so I chose this topic because I consider myself a victim of a hate crime.

Observations and Data

From the graph I notice there is more hate crime to black people than any other race.

According to the chart there is more white people than others.

The data points that stands out the most are black and white people.



Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because Why should they have more respect for minors

My hypothesis

The data graph shows the graph show is more black people than white.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because i was a victim. I wonder if people know about they know because people talk about it.

My next steps could be know more about the topic.

My thinking has changed since it happened to me.

This reminds me that when i pass it.

More questions to explore?

Going deeper into would be do something so that it doesn't continue happening.

This issue could mean it can be said that hatred towards people of color is quite.

This matters because we are all involved because anyone can become a victim of that abuse.

This connects because several people talk and know about the subject.

Citizenship rights

Name: Rodrigo Berumen Castrp

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on?

The inequality that I am focusing is citizenship rights because there millions of immigrants in the world

This data and issue is many people don't have paper but they can try to get them with help from the government.

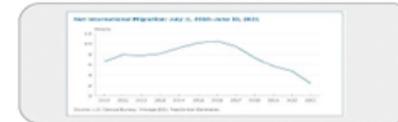
I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so i can know more about immigrants in life.

Observations and Data

From the graph I notice the population of immigrants has increased

According to the chart from 2016 the population has been going down

The data points that stands out the most are 2016.



Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because even my family coulve been immigrants

My hypothesis

The data graph shows.

Based on evidence,

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because I wonder if people know about.....

My next steps could be.....

My thinking has changed

This reminds me that.....

More questions to explore?

Going deeper intowould be

This could mean if you want to immigrant to another country then it is important to take out your papers

Pollution could represent the unconscious damage we do.

This matters because we are all involved.

This connectsbecause

Human Trafficking

Nicole Ramos 10/5/23

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on? Different types of traffic.

The inequality that I am focusing is in different types of traffic because so that people know all the types of human trafficking that can exist.

This data and issue is about the trafficking of humans and all the types of traffic that there can be such as: sexual exploitation, forced labor, organ trafficking, and other types of exploitation.

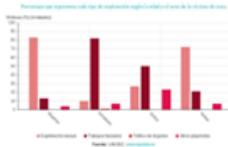
I wanted to explore more about this inequality so that our society can be more informed.

Observations and Data

From the graph I notice that women have more sexual exploitation and men have more labor exploitation.

According to the chart 83% of women are sexually exploited and 82% of men are forced labor.

The data points that stands out the most are that kids and womens are the ones who suffer the most from sexual exploitation.



Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because I think that this issue is important because people should know about this type of exploitation that exists in women and in general.

My hypothesis is the exploitation of women, sexual exploitation is still at a somewhat high level and there is also sexual exploitation in children.

The data graph shows that sexual exploitation in women is high and in children it is low and that men also suffer from exploitation at work.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

researching it helps me in my thinking and doubts about who are the most exploited

I wonder if people know about human trafficking, exploitation and sexual abuse, and if they know how many people suffer from this

My thinking has changed in that men also suffer from exploitation and not just women.

MINORITIES ENROLLED INTO UNIVERSITIES

By Luis Martir

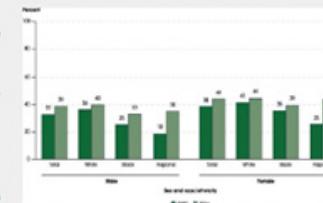
WHY IS THIS AN INEQUALITY?

The inequality I am focusing on is minorities not being accepted into universities because it affects many migrant people that are losing important opportunities for their future, most of these people are students. Most universities have a very low acceptance rate in specific races and higher in the others.

I want to explore more about this inequality to see the real problem and come up with some solutions in the future to prevent this from happening.

OBSERVATIONS AND DATA

- From the graph I noticed the percentage of white people being accepted into Universities is higher than the other percentages.
- From 2000 to 2016 the percentage has gone up by 6% percent.



MAKING SENSE OF THE DATA

I think this is an important issue because it's been an issue for a very long time and it hasn't been solved even though it has affected many people.

The data graph shows the acceptance rate going a little higher over the years in every race but white people are still getting higher acceptance than the other races.

Based on the evidence the acceptance rate for minorities is still low but there's is a difference already.

METACOGNITION

Researching this topic helped my thinking because I feel much more informed about the problems this causes. I wonder if people know about the discrimination to the races when they enroll, how they affect the people they are discriminating.

My thinking has changed because I didn't take this as a real problem, before but now I think this is an important problem and more people should know about this.

My question is what are they willing to do to change this issue?

High school during covid-19 dropouts

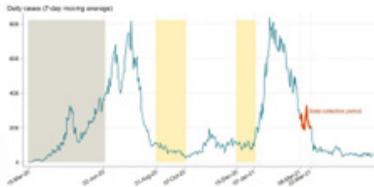
Glenda Gonzales
10-02-2023

Inequality:

The inequality that I am focusing on today is highschool dropout rates during covid. I feel that those who dropped out during those times should have more opportunities. This is important for me because I feel that I was not fair that some kids couldn't finish high school because of a global pandemic. I wanted to explore more about this inequality because I am interested in knowing the amount of kids who dropped out because of this pandemic.

Observations and Data

- Rates were highest during June-August of 2020 and during January-March of 2021
- The lowest rates were December of 2020
- The data points that stand out the most are where rates are the highest or why they were that high during those times specifically.



Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because I feel like the kids who dropped out during those times should have more opportunities. My hypothesis is that those who dropped out of high school during those times maybe dropped out because school wasn't the same online or maybe they couldn't afford the supplies need for online school. The graph shows that high schoolers mostly dropped out during June-August.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because it gave me actual facts and not just assumptions. I wonder if people know about how many high schoolers actually dropped out during the global pandemic.

My next steps could be to search up rates all over the world. My thinking has changed because I now have an idea of how many kids actually dropped out. I do wish to explore more rates but rates in my city. Going deeper into my data talking would be looking at rates from all over the world.

Human Trafficking

Kimberly Garcia
10/05/23

Inequality:

Trafico de Humano:

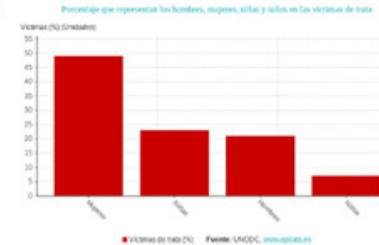
La injusticia en la cual me estoy enfocando es el trafico humano, porque es como la esclavitud; privan a las personas de su libertad, también la pobreza es uno de los principales motivos, aunque todos pueden ser víctimas del trata.

Este tema y sus datos son importantes porque nos muestran la distribución más que nada de mujeres, y quería explorar cómo podemos evitar para que ya no suceda.

Observations and Data

Que el 49% son más las mujeres afectada:

- Los niños menores son los menos afectados.....
- Las niñas y las mujeres son las más afectadas de todos



Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because ; Por que la mayoría de secuestros son de mujeres, y también porque los hombres se aprovechan de las mujeres

My hypothesis

mi hipótesis es que las mujeres sufren más contra el tráfico humano.

The data graph shows. Que el 49% de mujeres son víctimas del trata.

Based on evidence, Que los niños menores son menos víctimas de trata y las niñas son mas abusadas

This could mean

Que tenemos que tener más cuidado con los menores al no dejarlos solos, y platicarles un poquito sobre el tema para que no se vayan con desconocidos.

This matters because we are all involved.

La comunidad debe tomar precauciones para evitar este problema

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because I wonder if people know about.....

My next steps could be.....
No compartir fotos con poca ropa por que en internet hay muchas personas que se hacen pasar por jóvenes y te invitan a salir y ahí es donde empieza todo
My thinking has changed
Mi forma de ver esto cambió porque yo no le había tomado tanta importancia a este tema y me di cuenta que no solo las mujeres pueden ser víctimas si no también los hombres.

Toxic culture in Japan

Janelle Cordero
Math II



Inequalities

What is the inequality you are focused on? That some people work excessively in the company and gets nothing in exchange

The inequality that I am focusing is the overworking people in Japan . because it's a serious problem that affects their health

This data and issue is important for your health....., but even tho it doesn't affect United States it's an issue that has been around Japan since the 70s

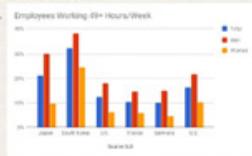
I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so I can have a better understanding of the situation

Observations and data

From the graph I notice South Korea is struggling with overworking...

According to the chart more men are excessively over working than women.....

The data points that stands out the most are South Koreans and Japanese are struggling with overwork.



Making Sense of Data/Information:What might this data mean and why is it important? I think it is an important issue because

My hypothesis is that Japan and South Korea is struggling with been loyal to a company that is over exploiting you as a worker.

The data graph shows how sad it's for them having more than 50 hours working.

This says that it's more South Korea that is struggling with the same problemcould mean that is more about Asia having them with more time in their works.....

This matters because we are all involved.

This connects USA ...because maybe in 2024+ we are next if the economy continues to grow.



Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because I didn't know about more places with the same problem

I wonder if people know about would try to stop it .

My next steps could be changing my futuro

My thinking has changed of working in a company

This reminds me that Everyone deserves to have more free time.

Data talk

Adrian M. 9/27/23

Inequality:

What is the inequality you are focused on?

The inequality that I am focusing is law enforcement contact or arrest based on according to racial or ethical background. It's sad that how many people get mistreated due to the color of their skin.

This data and issue is important because innocent people are losing their life because they are a darker skin color then the rest of us and police will threaten/kill Black people but people who aren't dark skinned will get treated better by law enforcement.

I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so Black/Hispanic people can stop getting treated so terribly by law enforcement.

RACISM

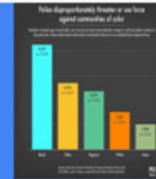


Observations and Data

From the graph I notice Black people are threaten way more then anyone else. White and Asian people also don't get treated as bad as black/hispanic people do.

According to the article that this graph comes from, That black people have 12x the rate to get mistreated then White people from law enforcement

The data points that stands out the most are the Black people and Asian people because for every number its 100,000 so for Black people 1.7 million people getting mistreated and compared that to Asian's that's a huge difference for the races.



Making Sense of Data/Information:What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think it is an important issue because that is super cruel for black people to be that much of a difference on the graph for the most and 2nd most to be threaten or used forced on by law enforcement.

The data graph shows that over 1.7 million Black people get mistreated by law enforcement, when they are supposed to be helping and serving justice for all people not just to pick and choose who they wanna help out and



- This issue with Black/Hispanic people could start BLM again or some similar type of movement again.
- This matters because we are all involved with this issue because we are all human beings and deserve the same rights.

BLACK LIVES MATTER

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

My next steps could be to find out on the other races numbers on a graph just like that one because not all races were on there.

My thinking has changed because i thought that white people would get treated the best but turns out its as Asian people.

This reminds me that all police aren't racist and treat black people poorly.

More questions to explore is why weren't there other races? Or at least more than 5?

Child trafficking

daniela michelle

- Today we are in a world where not even children can be happy anymore, many people cross children from Mexico to the United States to sell them.
- You leave your children for 1 minute alone and you could already be a victim of child trafficking.



Racism in Education

Yandel Barreras
September 2023

Inequality:

The inequality I am focused on? Suspension racism in schools

The inequality that I am focusing on is? the education on inequality on white and black people in the world

This data and issue is interesting,? I learned more about education and I like this inequality because is very important and interesting.

Nowadays, even going to school has become a fear for parents, leaving them with their teachers or even going shopping.

Today mothers take precautions like holding their hands, putting shoelaces on their hands and other things, on their children



Observations and data

What percentage of suspensions are black students?

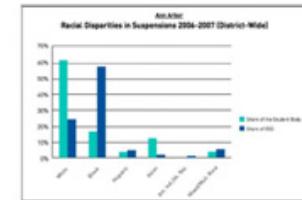
While the average statewide suspension rate during the 2018–19 academic year was 3.5 percent in public schools, the average rate for African American students was 9.1 percent — higher than any other racial group, according to a recently published report by the Black Minds Matter Coalition.

Percentage of suspensions are asian, filipino and white?

Asian (1 percent overall), Filipino (1.4 percent overall) and white (3 percent overall) students were suspended at the lowest rates. By grade, middle schoolers were the most likely to be suspended. The statewide average was 6.7 percent.

Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

American education is essential to achieving in america the american dream it molds our america values into what they are today, getting a good education helps get your better quality american life, American education makes us into who we are



A movie called Sound of Freedom has become a box office hit in the United States because it tells the true story of Tim Ballard, a government agent searching for children who have been trafficked into Colombia. I invite you to see it because the truth will touch your heart. There is a lot of talk about trafficking in children up to one month old, pregnant women of all kinds, without a doubt today the United States and Mexico have become a terrible community.



What is the main purpose of education ?

The purpose of education is to help students acquire subject mastery and knowledge. Education can help individuals acquire knowledge, skills, and abilities that enable them to master the subject they choose to pursue.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Questions about education? Why are different suspensions in schools for students of different colors?

More questions to explore? How can you solve the racism suspension problem?

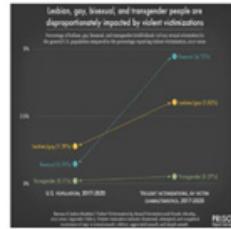
What should have a education? Do not suspend students for being a different color, everyone should be treated equally

What is the purpose of education? Treat everyone equally



Statistics of violent crime of the lgbtq community

- LGBTQ people are nine times more likely than non-LGBTQ people to be victims of violent hate crime (USLA,2022)
- LGBTQ violent hate crime victims (85%) are more likely to report that the bias motivation was gender or sexuality compared to 25% of non-LGBT violent hate crime victims
- The National Coalition of Anti-Violence projects (NCAV) estimate that nearly one in ten LGBTQ survivors of intimate partner violence (IPV) has experienced sexual assault from those partners(HRC,2023)

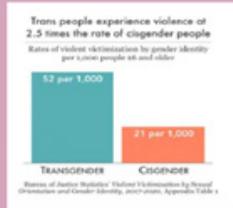


The crime that the lgbtq+ live in the usa

- Rape or Sexual assault
- Simple assault
- Robbery
- Threatened
- Aggravated assault

The discrimination of transgender people

- the rate of violent victimization of transgender people is 2.5 times higher than the rate among cisgender people.
- Studies suggest that around half of transgender people and bisexual women will experience sexual violence at some point in their lifetimes



What we can do to help the LGBTQ community

According to Human rights Campaign:

- Listen to The LGBTQ youth
- Be a role model for kindness and inclusion
- Show young people that they can be authentic around you
- Take action at the local level to create safe spaces
- Stay informed and get involved in the fight

Data talk - Sex trafficking

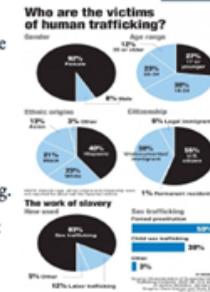
By Genesis Gonzalez

Observations and Data:

From this graph I noticed that 38% of the victims are undocumented immigrants and the other amount of the victims are U.S citizens.

According to the chart 83% of slavery is sex trafficking and 12% is labor trafficking.

The data points that stands out the most is 92% percent of the victims are females and 8% of the victims are males.



Thoughts:

- This could mean we have to do something about it.
- It matters because we are all involved.
- This also connects to sexual violence because it is fraud or coercion.

Inequality:

The inequality that I am focused on today is Sex trafficking . I think it's important and we should all be aware that it is illegal and harmful. I wanted to explore more about this inequality and find who is affected the most.

Making Sense of Data/Information: What might this data mean and why is it important?

- I think it is an important issue because sex trafficking shouldn't be something going on and slavery has been illegal for many years.
- My hypothesis is that this issue will continue unless we do something about it.
- The data graph shows the ranges of genders, age ranges, and citizenship.
- Based on the evidence I think we should be more cautious and have this issue discussed more often.

My Thinking about the inequality...

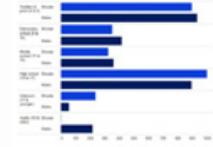
Researching helped me by bringing it to my attention that this situation is serious . I wonder if people know about the effect its causing to people. My thinking has changed about how important this is. Going deeper into sex trafficking would be how dangerous and effective it is.



SELLING GUNS TO YOUNG PEOPLE

BIANCA ALVAREZ

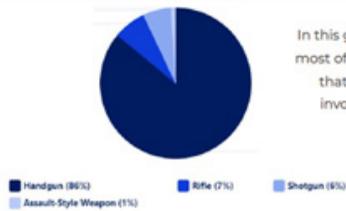
FIRST GRAPHIC



This graph is based from 2015 to 2022.

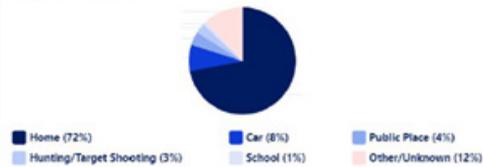
As we can see in the first group that talks about shooters and victims between 0 and 5 years old, the total is 895 shooters and 933 victims. In the second group we can see that they are children between 6 and 10 years old, of which 331 are shooters and 435 are victims. The third covers the group of young people from 11 to 13 years old, of which 323 are shooters and 360 are victims. In the fourth group they are teenagers from 14 to 17 years old, in this group, 998 are shooters and 893 are victims. And last but not least, the fifth group is adults from 18 years old and more, there are 0 shooters and 235 victims. As we can see, the fourth group is the one with the most shooters and victims compared to the others.

SECOND GRAPHIC



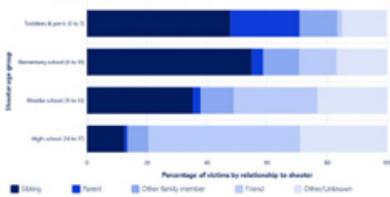
In this graph, guns represent most of the types of weapons that children access in involuntary shootings.

THIRD GRAPHIC



Seven in ten unintentional shootings by children occur in a home.

THIRD GRAPHIC



When children unintentionally shoot someone else, the victim is most often a sibling or friend.

A STORY



Inequality:

The inequality that I am focusing is racism in High Schools because I don't understand why there are less Black students and other minorities going to college than White students. Minorities can benefit from AP classes by getting more help and information to get into college.

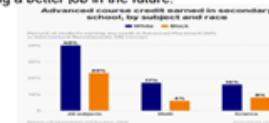
This data and issue is important to me because I want to have equal opportunity.

Observations and Data

From the graph, I notice that 40 percent of White students have more opportunities than Black students (23%).

According to the chart, White students earn credit in advanced placement or college, at double the rate compared to black students.

The data points that stand out the most are math and science because the White students are earning more credit than Black students. This means that Black students will have less opportunity in getting a better job in the future.



Data Summary

What might this data mean and why is it important? It's important because racism makes other students feel underrepresented. Minority students are not getting enough help/tutoring in school and are also not getting enough motivation to enroll in college.

I think it is an important issue because there should not be inequality in students. Families and teachers can help minority students by motivating them to graduate so they can get a well paid job.

My hypothesis is that if white students have more opportunities than the black students, then they will not learn the same.

This data graph could mean that how many Black students are discriminated and have less opportunities than White students.

This matters because we are all involved.

This connects to inequality because they are connected by how the people treat bad other people.

Metacognition: My Thinking about the inequality

Researching helped my thinking because why students are racist with other students. I wonder if people know about racism in schools.

My next steps could be help students telling them to defend themselves.

My thinking has changed on the racism and why its occurring.

This reminds me that every students feel bad.

More questions to explore? What can we do to stop the racism? And help are community in schools.

Going deeper into Racism would be how this affects in schools.

Climate Change in California

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Inequality: Climate change

I'm focused on climate change.

The inequality that I am focusing on is Climate change, because it affects the social and environmental determinants of health.

This data and issue is interesting, but it can limit the amount of carbon the earth is able to contain.

I wanted to explore more about this inequality, so I know what's best for the environment.

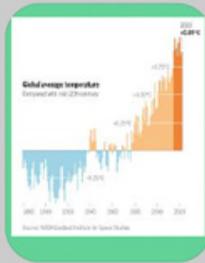


Observations and Data

From the graph I notice each year it gets hotter.

According to the chart during the 1800s the earth's temperatures were low.

The data points that stands out the most are 2022 has been the highest.



Making Sense of Data/Information

What might this data mean and why is it important?

I think climate change is important because, if we don't do something about climate change it will get worse overtime.

My hypothesis was if we be more aware of fossil fuels climate change will go down because, fossil fuels are very harmful to the environment.

The data graph shows climate change has been getting worse.

Based on the evidence temperatures are going up.

This could mean that temperatures will affect crops.



Metacognition

My Thinking about the inequality

Climate change helped my thinking because it gave me an eye opening, to the dangers.

I wonder if other people are aware of the damages.

My next steps spending the word on climate change.

My thinking has changed by knowing some benefits to help the environment.



