

vol.66

# C a N u C K l i N g

2021



H i G h E R  
S e L f

**CANUCKLING 2021**

**HIGHER SELF**

**VOLUME 66**

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# **HIGHER SELF**

**VOLUME 66**

**THE LITERARY-ART MAGAZINE**

**OF**

**NORTH PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL**

**34 WILSON AVENUE**

**NORTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY 07060**

# **CANUCKLING**

# **2021**

**AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION**

**FIRST PLACE 2020**

**COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION**

**SILVER MEDALIST AWARD 2019**





North Plainfield High School was founded in 1896. Its first graduating class boasted three students. Many residents of North Plainfield and the neighboring town of Plainfield had favored the merger of the two communities, an annexation idea paralleling United States-Canada theories in vogue at the time. With North Plainfield located just north of the brook, it was popular to refer to the community as “Little Canada.” Thus, high school students became known as the Canucks, and the school adopted a bearded lumberjack as its mascot.

The *Canuckling* magazine, though not quite as ancient as the school, was first published in 1955 with Ms. Marie O’Brien as the General Adviser and Ms. Frieda T. Bockius as the Art Director. We are proud to be a part of this tradition, now celebrating our sixty-sixth anniversary year, as we graduate a class of over 200 bright, talented students.

*(Photo by Kristyn Rosen.)*



# **2021 CANUCKLING STAFF**

Literary and Technical Adviser:  
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English and Creative Writing Teacher

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Alejandra Garcia, Photographic/Art Editor  
Amaya Nicole Shallo, Literary Editor  
Tatiana Sarmiento, Literary Editor

## **Staff:**

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Cynthia Contreras  
Melissa Grimaldy  
Julissa Jacome  
Malia Jones  
Jonnathan Josias  
Maria Williams-Guardado

## **POLICY**

*Canuckling* invites all students of North Plainfield High School students to submit original works of literature and art. Students may submit work to the English teachers or directly to the advisers throughout the school year. All submissions are catalogued and subsequently judged for content and form on an anonymous basis by the editorial staff. The staff met on Fridays via Zoom meetings to read and select submissions. Every effort has been made to ensure originality. Each student may submit as many pieces as he or she wishes. We ask that students place their name and grade on the back. Submissions may not be returned. It is the hope of the staff that the magazine is representative of the creative talent of North Plainfield High School.

## **COLOPHON**

*Canuckling 2021*, the literary-art magazine of North Plainfield High School, was printed with a press run of 125 copies on 28# laser stock and bound by GMPC Printing of Clifton, NJ. The software used for the layout of the *Canuckling* is Microsoft Publisher. The font types used in this issue are Stencil and Modern No. 20.

## **COVER**

Abdon Andahur, a junior, designed the front cover collage. Karla Guevara-Duarte, a junior, created the back cover image.

# **BLAST FROM THE PAST**

From Canuckling 2009: *Journeys through Expressions*

## **The Perfect Place**

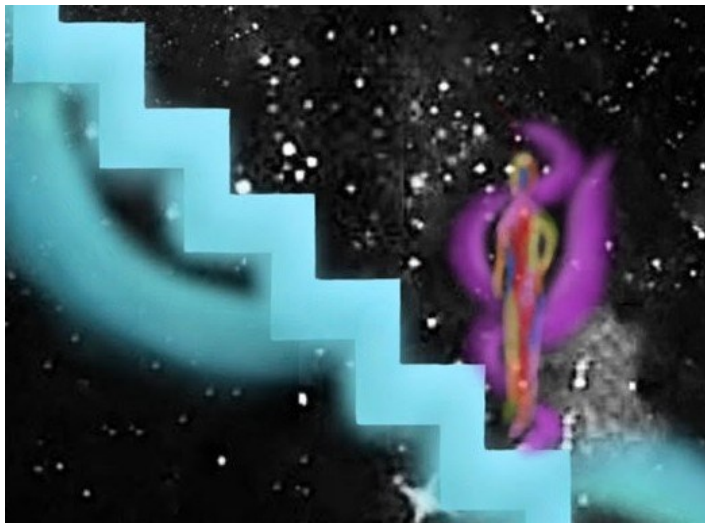
Danielle Stewart

Higher and higher  
Farther and farther  
Away from all the troubles  
To a place all my own

With trees that reach to the sky  
A sun that shines forever  
And water as clear as crystal

A place just for me  
With no prejudice or hate  
No crime or sadness  
The perfect place





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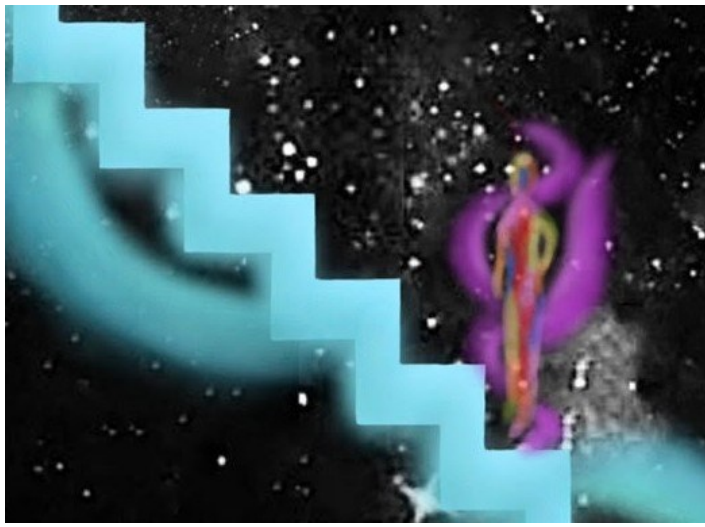
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# CLASSICAL VARIATIONS



**“My Apple Has Life”**

by Jennilyn Sailema Manotoa

(Pencil and Prismacolor Pencil Drawing)

12 *Canuckling* 2021

## Midwinter

a.a.

beneath thick sheets of ice  
i've died drowning at last  
but i've never been less at peace  
you built these boundaries  
locked me out  
clipped my wings  
tied my feet

the spotlight's on me now  
and you're not here



# **The Big Puzzle**

Douglas Ayala

It's crazy to think how life is like a big puzzle. Every piece of the puzzle is very distinct in its own way, but in the end everything comes along together to paint a beautiful picture. When looking at individual pieces you might think to yourself "why does this piece look different from the rest?" or "Where could this piece go?" You never ask yourself what makes this piece stand out from the rest or when will this piece be of use. Every piece of our life puzzle is something we go through. We go through many things in life where later on we ask ourselves, why did I go through this? Or how has this helped me? It's crazy to think that the various scenarios we go through in life help build us up to be the people we are today. Every single tragedy, moment of excitement, heartbreak, happiness, defeat, sadness make up a little piece of who we are. There are times in life where you are at your lowest of the lows, but there are times in life where you are on cloud 9. These moments make up the pieces of our life puzzle.

To me it's surprising to think that the things you are taught in life at a young age make up the border pieces in our "puzzle." They are the foundation of who we are as people. The more we learn and the more we are taught the more pieces are added into our puzzle. Every single moment we think about our life from a young age builds up to the puzzle of who we are. Once you go through elementary school, there are moments in life that you just always tend to recall. From the first friendships you build, first set of teachers you receive, elementary school is where you tend to get a taste of your "firsts" in life. These "firsts" add up in the first round of the border of your puzzle. Once you're out of elementary school you move onto middle school. Here we experience many physical changes

This phase of the life puzzle is very interesting. This is where you start to add pieces by the boatloads. Here is where we solidify our friendships with those who we can call our “friends.” It's also unbelievable to think that here is where we start to build different pieces of our puzzles. There are always moments that we tend to never “fill” in. The high school phase is the craziest puzzle area we go through in our lives. This is where many pieces in our life puzzle are either left empty or lost. Many pieces tend to be lost due to unhealthy friendships formed from before.

Regardless of what happens with the pieces of our puzzle they will be there with us. No matter how hard you might try to take them out of your life they will always be there. These are what make you up as a person. You tend to leave many, many open spots. These empty spots could be questions or doubts you have about yourself or simply about life. High school is where you finish the main foundation of the puzzle. This is where you find who you truly are as a person. You experience many things that help build you up as a person. The person you tend to finish off as in high school is the person you come to be later in life.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Some Souls**

Lisbeth Mejia-Serrano

Some souls are like books.

They are words in a lost world

That can barely read.

# **I Wish**

## **Jonnathan Josias**

As our time together ends  
I come to a realization  
Why is it that through all this time  
I couldn't see past your mask

The times that we used to play  
Used to chat  
Used to always be together  
Why couldn't I see the pain that you felt

I wish I could:  
Hug you tell you I'm with you  
Even though you felt that you were all alone

How could I not see though you're next to me  
The sadness hidden inside you

I wish I could:  
Sit you down and tell you  
That you had so much potential in you  
That I love you and that I would never abandon you

I wish I told you while you were still here standing next to me

As time moves on I only see  
The hints you've left for me  
As time moves by I want to cry  
Because you meant so much to me



Why is it that I failed to see  
Hints left for me  
Hints leading to the truth of your feelings  
I'm sorry that I was too blind to see

I wish I could:  
Notice the hints left by you  
Notice them and tell you how much I loved you  
To force you to see what you mean to me  
And what I can't do without you

I wish I could:  
Go back in time and stop you  
Take away the shadow of doubt in you  
Because I loved you  
And I was so happy while next to you

I wish I could:  
Save you because without you  
I realize that I had nothing but you  
With you next to me  
I was able to be  
The person that I am right now

I wish I could:  
Fight your battles with you  
Because if you had someone next to you  
I am certain that you would still be next to me

I wish I could see  
All of the pain and struggles  
That you had to bear all this time

# Wait

## Mikayla Boothe

you were told to stay inside, wait  
you choose not to listen  
instead, you walked right out the door  
the sun shining, glisten

you just could not wait to go skate  
but it was this sin,  
red top, blue jeans, that's what you wore  
you stepped out with a grin

you grab your board and skate away  
the breeze as you skate past,  
feeling like a dog in a car  
going slow, going fast

zooming in between cars and trucks  
going fast down the hill  
then you begin to lose control  
there was no more thrill

flashing before your eyes, a car  
by then you couldn't slow down  
the fear rushing through your blood  
you just couldn't slow down

then boom, your life was over, you were hit  
there was no going back  
the reason you should have waited  
the world was pitch black



"Hesitation" (Painting) by Amaya Nicole Shallo

# Musings on the Fairy Tale, *Beauty and the Beast*

Tiffany Chacon

The expression “beauty is in the eye of the beholder” is a classic and definitely a true saying because not only is beauty different within each person but it will always hold value due to everyone’s intrinsic nature to have their own values and preferences. A person could have possibly always been around people who are physically unattractive to them all their lives, so they find physical beauty to be a rarity and something to cherish whilst others might simply be shallow and find the only thing they truly appreciate to be a genetic miracle. Others might have always been darling with those of the genetic miracle of beauty yet have the hearts of vile and foul people, so they seek internal beauty regardless of their appearance. Some people might not see themselves as someone who possesses genetic beauty, although beauty is not linear, they see the intrinsic limitless value of strong character. This is shown very clearly in the story with Beauty and her sisters, where her sisters have always valued surface qualities and were extremely vile and greedy. In the end they ended up with physical beauties with vile or selfish hearts, where they never deserved anything more because they never made the effort to improve their character due to their infatuation with their own physical beauty. In the meantime, for Beauty, despite having the genetic miracle of being the absolute prettiest out of all her sisters, never let that get into her head, where her beauty did not make her anything but humble and she would focus on the character of those around her and most importantly her own character. Not even in the hopes of finding a nice husband simply because she naturally appreciated a good heart, which could be because of her father, or because of her knowing what it is like to be obsessed with one's own beauty due to her sisters, where her endless appreciation of character managed to cure the beast of his once wicked heart, but managed to procure herself a husband who truly loves and appreciates her alongside a family that loves her.

In all honesty, true beauty is a mix of both physical and mental, where it is true that genetics play a huge role in one’s physical appearance, the most natural form of beauty is healthiness, where one can never truly be naturally beautiful unless they are healthy, since healthiness is also a result of character, where the desire to improve oneself, even physically speaking, will take great mental strength. Complacency is easy, simply existing with your flaws and never acknowledging them is also easy, even if they are physical, when challenging oneself is hard, recognizing flaws and committing yourself to work on the ones that can easily be changed is hard, especially in a physical sense since one needs to partake in great physical activity to even attempt to change their appearance, but even with all the



desire to improve, the other half of that is humbleness, the ability to accept that everyone is capable of change and to not place yourself naturally above others and appreciate everyone's hard work. With all the hard work one does or chooses to partake in, it is easy to place yourself above and look down on others which leads to arrogance, and arrogance can be a good thing but with moderation, but overblown arrogance leads to a vile heart in the end, but a true balance of both physical and mental health is true beauty. Beauty can also definitely help someone be successful in life, for as much as people harp on about inner beauty, it's simply natural to appreciate natural physical beauties, where surface level beauty is easy to get caught up within and most people tend to, which is why it is so easy for the genetically gifted to become arrogant and lack the inner character beauty, which is why the balance is important. The fairytale is trying to teach this, where despite the genetic miracle that Beauty possessed and the monstrosity that the beast was on the surface levels, what ended up bringing them together was their commitment to their character, where Beauty never valued herself simply for her looks, but for her naturally kind character and the Beast never let his physical unattractiveness stop him from improving on his character and bettering himself for Beauty. Despite her numerous denials to his proposals, it never truly wavered for him, where he kept a strong heart and mind and in the end was rewarded and even appreciated for his efforts since Beauty truly appreciated them when they were no longer in her daily life. His off appearance deterred her true heart and in the end it was his effort and character that had won him over. It would have been so easy for the Beast to give up and hate Beauty for her numerous denials but he realized that wouldn't bring him what he wanted, but his persistence would.



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# **Juicy Fruit**

## **Tatiana Sarmiento**

An old man with a pack of Juicy Fruit in his pocket stood at the door;  
Constantly observing and analyzing, with his square frame wire glasses;  
Wearing a button down plaid shirt, dress shoes shined himself;  
A man of modest stature and knowledge.

He carried a handkerchief in his pocket, squarely folded;  
He prepares to walk the long road to his workplace;  
Not forgetting to say goodbye to his daughters;  
Ensuring he still carried his pack of Juicy Fruit.

A life long lived, a life long enjoyed;  
Watching his daughters age and grow;  
Soon to have children of their own;  
Always carrying a pack of Juicy Fruit.

Little poems and verses;  
Scribbled on their wrappers;  
To be shared and treasured;  
Long after his passing.

In death, he lived through his blood;  
Same knowledge and skills, carried on;  
Ever changing faces and lives;  
Keeping a pack of Juicy Fruit in his memory.



**"Imaginative Mind"** (Digital Art) by Karla Guevara-Duarte

## Small Town

Cynthia Contreras

Eleven, she still believed in the sun  
Then she sat in the back seat of the car  
Twenty-five, she's taking care of her son

She loved the fields, it was always so fun  
She would always laugh, looking at a star  
Eleven, she still believed in the sun

But then her mother told her "start to run  
'Cause the path to the city is quite far"  
Twenty-five, she's taking care of her son

To the tune of guitars and flutes, she spun  
And she would collect honey in a jar  
Eleven, she still believed in the sun

Now she's alone in the city with none  
Tried to go far, all she got was a scar  
Twenty-five, she's taking care of her son

On her shoulders, she's always had a ton  
But now she's worn out, she can't even spar  
Eleven, she still believed in the sun  
Twenty-five, she's taking care of her son

**Black Cats**  
Ah'mari McDaniels

What's wrong with black cats?  
They are just misunderstood  
I know how that feels.

**Blue**  
Cynthia Contreras

Blue eyes, winter skies  
It is cold but he is safe  
He wants her to stay

**Imagination**  
Farah Abraham

hope in my strange dreams  
an eccentric world of smiles  
life brings wonders.

**Rain**  
Amelia Accardo

The pitter patter  
The cold breeze of storms and rain  
The loudness of pain

# **Fear**

## **Jonnathan Josias**

The dark sky is roaring  
As the lightning's trembling  
Causing all of the light to lose all hope of winning  
Whimpering under a sheet a child is crying

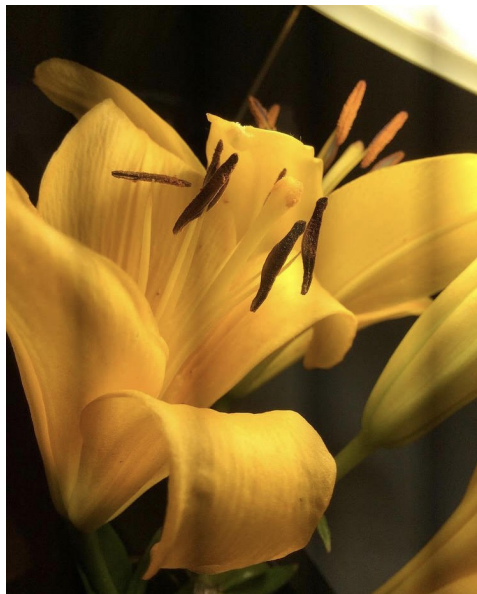
Running Running  
Is a man from his fears  
Thinking that he is able to escape them easily  
But really he is going in a huge circle

So I won't be like him  
I'll face my fears willingly  
Not trying to run around  
Because then I'll end up nowhere  
And so I will try  
To look at the stormy sky  
Without any fear in my eyes

The smallest guy on offense  
Looks at the defense  
Wondering if he's able to run past them  
Fearfully he grabs the ball and runs up the field

But he will not back down  
He will run for the touchdown  
Knowing that the whole team  
Was putting their trust into him  
Fighting for the win  
He will truck until the end  
Without any fear in his eyes

So I will be like him  
I'll face my fears willingly  
Not trying to run around  
Because then I'll end up nowhere  
And so I will try  
To look at the stormy sky  
Without any fear in my eyes



**"Harsh White Light"** (Digital Photo)  
by a.a.



# ABSTRACT



**"Algebraic Eden"** (Drawing) by a.a.



# As Sure as the Sunlight

Cynthia Contreras

Sydney Patel barely kept her eyes open, as she typed the last sentence of the chapter of her romance story. Her single lamp was the only light in her room, pointed right towards her laptop. The taxi beeps and crowds muttering outside of her apartment window did not bother her. In fact, they kept her awake, since she would have fallen asleep about an hour ago. She pressed one more period, and she was done. She smiled to herself and patted herself on the back, then she sighed and leaned back into her chair.

Sydney wrote every night like her life depended on it. She did not know why she got the urge to suddenly whip out a story right before she slept, but she spent at least two hours on her computer typing away. This night, she wrote about a guy named Freddy falling in love with Sam, his childhood best friend and secret life-long crush. Freddy was a medium-sized guy, with a goofy smile and smooth brown hair. Sydney may have based him off a crush she once had, but she overlooked that. Once she felt satisfied with her story, she turned off her laptop and jumped on her bed. She did not even bother to change her clothes; she went under her blankets and turned off her lamp, glad she put her desk next to her bed.

The next morning, Sydney wound up at a coffee shop to buy a bagel for her boss, Emily Simon. Sydney worked as a video editor for a media company in the heart of the city, but despite the pretty salary and long amounts of free time, she wished to move on someday. She even dared to hope to be a famous author, but she knew that could never be true. Walking into the shop, Sydney began texting her boss back, who was frantic about her bagel. She bumped into someone, and muttered a “sorry” before looking up and nearly dropping her phone.

It could not have been him. Sydney was sure that Freddy was just a guy she made up in her mind for a story. This could not be the same man whose image she made up in her mind, right in front of her in real life. She gaped at him for a few seconds, while Freddy wanted to run away but also did not want to be rude. Sydney finally moved, but only to poke Freddy’s cheek to confirm that he is real. She moved away from him.

“I am so sorry. I don’t know what to say!” Sydney chuckled, wishing she had a giant cup of coffee to gulp at the moment.

“Do we know each other?” Freddy asked.

*continued next page*

“No! I don’t think so! Do you know me?” Sydney moved into Freddy’s space again before quickly pushing herself back. She really could not believe her eyes.

“No, sorry, I don’t,” Freddy said, putting his hands in the pockets of his coat, “but I’m sure you’re a cool person.”

Sydney laughed. “Totally am. Do you happen to know a person named Sam?”

Freddy now stared at Sydney in complete confusion, his eyebrows raised. “How do you know Sam?”

“I don’t. Not really.” Sydney looked down for a second, then walked right past Freddy and out of the shop. She made a mental note to never go back to the shop ever again.

The rest of her day was fine. Her boss was mad at her for not buying her bagel, but Sydney made it up with two tacos from the restaurant next door. However, once the shift ended, Sydney ran to the subway, listened to loud music on her way home, and then jumped on her desk as she got there.

Sydney opened her laptop so fast she almost broke off the screen and went straight to her documents. She made a new copy and began to write about a girl named Georgia who was trying to be a movie actress but still working at a donut shop for rent. Sydney decided to make the story short, planning to develop Georgia’s life for another time.

When she typed out the last sentence, Sydney patted herself on the back and shut down her laptop. She took off her glasses and sighed, running her hand through her hair. She still could not believe that the Freddie she made up in her mind suddenly showed up in real life. Sam was also out there, and they were probably in love and happy together. Sydney was happy for them, but at the same time wondering what sort of joke life was playing on her. She went to sleep soon after, trying to remember that life was normal and everything was all right.

The next day, Sydney took her time going to work. She woke up early and decided to spend several more minutes on the subway. She enjoyed riding with strangers while she listened to music. It was a nice time to catch up with humanity and observe people. She was not weird or anything, she just genuinely enjoyed people’s presence. She sat on a bench and looked around, especially out of the windows.

Sydney did not notice a woman sitting next to her until she saw her blonde, short hair. Blonde hair, normal for a person to have, Sydney thought. However, one more glance and Sydney felt like jumping out of a window. It was Georgia, in real life. Blonde hair, ruby lips, a long brown overcoat, everything screamed Georgia.

“What’s wrong, ma’am?” Georgia asked, clutching to her purse.

Sydney did not respond at first, until Georgia chuckled. Her chuckle sounded exactly as Sydney expected, soft and sweet. She cleared her throat and stopped gaping, closing her mouth.

“Nothing, nothing is wrong at all,” Sydney lied. She was actually freaking out, but she could not let anyone know.

Georgia nodded and gave her a small smile, looking away. Sydney sighed in relief, but as soon as the subway stopped, she got off. She could not even bother to actually go to work that day. She had to figure out what was going on, and she suspected it was her computer.

Sydney zoomed back to her apartment, though exhausted from walking so much. She barged into her room, expecting her computer to be at her desk. However, it was empty. Only a blank piece of paper laid there. Sydney picked it up, unsure of what to even do.

“What has my life become?” Sydney asked herself, expecting an answer from no one.



**“Rather Be Loved than Desired”**

(Digital Photo)

by Amaya Nicole Shallo

“

## **The Mind at Midnight**

**Karen Henriquez**

Night to night it's the same routine, we go  
around the merry-go-round and suddenly  
I'm sitting on a boat feeling the wind blow  
I look across the sea, the blue is so lovely.  
I blink, the blue turns green accompanied  
by wood, truly strange, the mind at midnight.  
But the same dreams are never guaranteed  
Some nights I find myself in a dress so white  
in the middle of a field of flowers  
whose names I never remember.  
Other nights I'm saving the world with powers  
or I'm running from a monster that makes the earth tremor.  
Dreams aren't always a delight  
But it's simply the mind at midnight.



**“I See More Than You Think”** (Digital Art)

by Amaya Nicole Shallo

## **The Woods**

**Olivia Sheridan**

One day, in the thick of the woods, a sound  
Hollow but full, shaking the trees, violent  
A shadow broke through the brushes, so loud  
The leaves, they crunched as something approached me  
I turned my lazy head, curiously  
To meet eyes with a thing, full of rage and pain  
It began to run at me furiously  
But I sat there, shocked, scared, frozen with bane  
The thing rushed and charged, showing before me  
Its speed rocks my young conscience to the core  
The creature stopped in my face, to be seen  
It wasn't the monster that I had sworn  
It was a thought, a fear, a memory  
Of an event that I held dear to me

**cherub-serenaded monologual fantasia on a melatonic late winter's morning**

**a.a.**

last night i saw angels. not in my dream, but around my bedside. their calls and cries were musical, challenging to hear and appreciate. their appearance was miraculous and sinister. their eyes were all over me, i didn't know what to do or how to do it. as night bled into early morning hours, i laid there unmoving, feeling the frequency of their song and bathing in their pulsating, auralike warmth. i felt my grandfather's words of wisdom floss the deepest crevices of my mind. i felt my aunt's departing words on this planet earth. i felt my mother's pleas of bereavement, soon followed by the serenity of acceptance of the inevitable.

last night i saw angels.



## Sun and Moon

Tatiana Sarmiento

The moon's magic spreads over the land nightly  
Her mysticism can even calm the beast  
I wish for her presence, oh so brightly  
Before her sister rises on the east  
The sun never fails to light up one's day  
She beams down on me, vibrant heat striking  
Thank her brilliance, it will never decay  
But then she goes away, the moon rising  
Moonlight and sunlight, I forever yearn  
Constantly revolving, they take their throne  
With the sun, I know I shall never burn  
The moon is always here, I'm not alone



“Celeste’s Edge” (Digital Photo) by a.a.



# first poetic suite: song of turmoil

a.a.

## lavender sky, or stranger (overture)

these streets smell like home  
now that you've detached  
a lavender sky at night  
i've got to run for my life

## mov. i: January

last night i had a dream that made me come to two realizations:

i'm good in emergency situations,  
and i was born to play the cello

i almost lost my life  
after a dangerous flirt  
and a cunning shot to the chest

and i was reborn  
from a ball of strings  
strings that were meant to resound  
with finesse and abandon

## mov. ii: February

i rupture  
crack and crumble the ice  
watch the lines extend before me  
feel the tension crescendo and release

i'm hugging the oppressed  
and waging wars in silence  
crying for those harmed  
and howling at their assailants

i can't be without you  
my geyser heart is going to burst

**mov. iii: march**

lowest of lows  
migraines and mishaps  
i fear losing my origin  
the weather is warming up  
and defrosting my turtle heart

normalcy spreads  
grows like ivy on a tombstone  
soon i will be ivy-laden  
once again alive



**"Under the Ivy"** (Digital Photo) by a.a.



**"Blue Fearless Lion"** (Oil Pastel Painting) by Jennilyn Sailema Manotoa 38 *Canuckling* 2021





# LUCID



**"Total Eclipse"** (Digital Art) by Karla Guevara-Duarte

# The Chimera's Corrupted Peace

Amaya Nicole Shallo

Greed

The beautiful light shimmers in the depths of the forest. A calming mist flows from it trying to find who should be drawn in. The mist caught an eye of a young photographer. He goes by the name of Xanny. As he walked more towards the forest, the mist surrounded him from his bulky shoes, to his baggy pants, up to his flannel, until it went up to his emerald eyes and his blonde hair. He kept walking with no fear and he found it odd himself of how he didn't find the mist creepy. Xanny eventually sat down on a log to relax his legs before he continued walking again. He noticed something that wouldn't belong in a forest. A conch shell camouflaged by leaves next to a body of water. Xanny wondered if he was in some sort of hallucination, but despite that he picked up the conch. Then he looked up and a waterfall appeared, which wasn't there before. Xanny put his precious camera away in a waterproof bag to protect it. He looked directly at the center of the waterfall and charged at it. Xanny's clothes were heavily drenched in water. He looked around to realize the beautiful crystals among the cave walls. Xanny took out his camera to take a photo and the flash of the camera echoed from the crystals.

A voice of a female echoed off the walls, "AAAAHH!ow...That's bright."

Xanny looked around but didn't see anything. He stopped for a moment and looked above him since that was the last place he could think of to look. There was a girl above him swimming in rainbow water. She's wearing a green bikini, her skin sparkled like the crystals, her hair is brown and she has beautiful sapphire eyes. He thought she was upside down but it turns out she is right side up. He realized he was the one who was upside down. He sees that her eyes are adjusting.

"I'm sorry I blinded you with my camera. I didn't notice that anybody else was in here," Xanny said while running his hands through his hair awkwardly. She gave him a smile and a giggle that sounded soft and welcoming. Meanwhile Xanny was putting his camera away. "What's your name?," Xanny asked looking at her sapphire eyes.

"I'll tell you but you have to take my hand because talking to you with this weird perspective is giving me a headache," said the girl as she reached out her hand. Xanny grasped her hand and he floated off of where he stood to where she was. "My name is Dream and what's your name?"

"Xanny," he responded. While he walked, aiming to get out of the rainbow water and sit on the rocks, he felt as if his legs were stepping through mud.

"We don't get many visitors around here...you are the first one that's come in so long," said Dream dozing off into her deeper thoughts.

*continued next page*

"I don't mean to intrude into your daydream, but what exactly is this place?" Xanny politely asked.

"It's hard to describe to an outsider, so why don't I show you around?" Dream asked, rising smoothly out of the water. She started walking to Xanny and passed him. She looked back at him and signaled the wave of follow her. Xanny begins to follow her deeper. The place started to appear more like a tunnel. Until at the tunnel's end, there was a gate. Xanny reached out to touch the gate and it shocked him. Dream helped pull his hand away so he wouldn't get electrocuted anymore. "I'm sorry about that. I was not expecting you to touch the gates. Oh my forgetful memory and my bad. I should have warned you about that. Outsiders are not allowed to open the gate. However, they are allowed to visit if they have someone from the inside accompanying them," said Dream.

Xanny kept rubbing his hands hoping the sting would go away soon. Dream hides her hands behind her back and waves them in a wave like motion. All of a sudden, his sting did not hurt anymore. Dream opened the gate and continued to walk up to the village that appeared.

"This is my home and it's known as Chimera, a weird name. I was told that the village got its name because we used to live in harmony. The Chimera would protect us from any harm that came our way. Someone betrayed the Chimera and that's why they aren't around these parts anymore," Dream said, keeping the person who betrayed the Chimera a secret and acting like she didn't know who it was.

Xanny noticed that the townspeople were gossiping and pointing in Dream's direction. Although Dream didn't say anything, it did seem to bother her. Xanny could tell with the uncomfortable way she crossed her arms and she grabbed her skin tightly. He put his hands on her shoulder and she loosened up a bit. Dream smiled cheerfully, which distracted Xanny from what the townspeople were saying. She pointed at the valley of mushrooms up ahead hinting that she would like to go up there with Xanny. The mushrooms aren't small as you expected and they're actually quite huge like trees. They finally arrived at the valley of mushrooms and sat under a mushroom. There are Swallowtails flying around the mushroom. Xanny was shocked that the extinct butterflies flew right before his very eyes.

"These are extinct butterflies. I'm surprised I am seeing them right in front of me, and this very instant! Do you mind if I take out my camera to take a picture?" asked Xanny excitedly. She kissed Xanny on the cheek and gave a worried look.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Xanny," said Dream.

"Oh yeah, I should probably turn off the flash before I take the picture. I wouldn't want to harm these beautiful creatures," said Xanny.

"No, don't take the picture at all," said Dream.

"Why not? It is not like this camera can all of a sudden reveal the truth. This is just an ordinary camera, Dream. What are you so worried about anyway?" said Xanny. Dream froze and stared at him anxiously. Xanny raised up his camera to take a photo of the Swallowtails. Dream attempted to reach the camera to knock it out of his hands. The sound of the camera capturing a place in time. A picture came out of the camera that's still darkened and is slowly lighting up. Xanny was making it difficult for Dream to reach the camera containing the photo. Her last choice was to knock him over.



"I'm sorry," she said, as she shoved him on the ground causing him to drop his camera and the photo. His camera broke into dozens of pieces but the photo was still intact. Xanny looked at his camera in shock. Dream picked up the photo and hid it behind her back.

"That was a gift from my older brother. How dare you!!" said Xanny.

"He can always get you a new one," said Dream.

"He can't cause HE IS DEAD!!" exclaimed Xanny.

"Oh," said Dream.

"I remember he talked about this place so much I always thought he was telling stories of fairy tales. One day he went missing, but I could feel it in my heart that he was no longer breathing. I wanted to know what happened to him. I assumed his death had something to do with this place. As I got older, I finally got up enough courage to look through his files. I saw all the photos he took of Chimera village. I will never let my feelings for you blind me from the truth. As I recall you mentioned that this place hasn't got visitors in such a long time. I assume you were talking about my brother. I didn't say anything in the beginning because I wanted to find out more before I jumped to conclusions. You took the camera away from me, in other words, you must've known that was not a normal camera. Now hand over the photo to me please Dream," said Xanny.

"Here," said Dream.

The photo didn't capture the Swallowtails but it did capture a moment of the past that happened in the mushroom valley. There was a younger Dream holding the Chimera's egg and there was Xanny's diseased brother trying to stop her. "It's exactly what it looks like. I stole the Chimera's egg. The devil promised me if I gave him the Chimera's egg he would bring immortality back. I am the one who betrayed the Chimera for my selfish gain. Your brother was trying to stop me from making a mistake. The Chimera thought he was helping me steal the egg, but he wasn't. Your brother fell behind and the Chimera got to him," said Dream.

"I resent you as much as the Chimera right now, but it seems that my brother wanted to keep the peace with Chimera. You have to go make up with the Chimera. I'll come with you to make sure you don't chicken out," said Xanny.

"We'll be eaten alive," said Dream.

"You're only afraid that you'll be sacrificed. You're the one who should have suffered instead of the village. What's more important is the future of the Chimera village, not you!" exclaimed Xanny. Dream was at a loss for words because she knew that Xanny was right. She nodded her head in agreement and looked away disappointed in herself. She took a red crystal out of her pocket and raised it pointed towards the sky. Dream was chanting these weird words that were unfamiliar to Xanny's ears. The Chimera was summoned by Dream. She bowed down to the Chimera. "My sins will not be forgiven, do your worst. I accept my fate," said Dream. The Chimera gave Dream a cold hard glare filled with hatred and disgust. Xanny was completely mortified by what he saw the Chimera do to Dream. He shook and trembled at his feet. The Chimera flew away into the distance back to its post to once again protect the village.

# Musings on a Quote from *The Princess Bride* Movie

## From the Creative Writing Class

*“Life is pain; anyone who says different is selling something”*

-Westley, *The Princess Bride*

“This statement can relate to real life like getting rejected from a college, or someone cutting you off, or messing up in a slide presentation. You cannot go back and change the past, your hardships. But you can make sure to change what you can change in the future.”

-Farah Abraham, tenth grade

“I agree with Westley's statement because life is hard in general for everyone. No matter if you're a kid or an adult, everyone has their own struggles to deal with in life. There is no easy way to get out of life and there are no shortcuts either. Life is going to be hard regardless of how you say life is going to be.”

-Amelia Accardo, eleventh grade

“I think Westley means that in life you might have to fight for things you want in life and people who disagree aren't trustworthy. I don't really agree with his statement because some people just do not put effort into their life and just do not care in general. Not only that some people do not have to work for anything. Many people have things given to them, meaning that others worked hard for them and they are living the life.”

-Mikayla Boothe, ninth grade

“In real life, there's just as many doctors who just wish to help, or people with wealth who distribute that wealth to assist the less fortunate, not for popularity or anything, but simply out of the goodness of their hearts. The world is too complicated for such a broad absolute.”

-Tiffany Chacon, twelfth grade

“People have all sorts of struggles today. A lot of people have to deal with rent and bills and low-paying jobs. Some people also have to deal with discrimination and violence on a day-to-day basis. There are also personal and emotional problems. Families could be separating, couples could be divorcing, and there might be deaths as well. Simply put, life is not an easy thing.”

-Cynthia Contreras, twelfth grade

“I agree with this statement because in life everyone goes through a problem whether it is something small or big but one does go through an issue that they don't want to deal with. No one has a perfect life and that is just a fact. Life is meant to work hard and when you put in work there is always a problem in the middle of what you do.”

-Kevin Estrella, eleventh grade

“Life is not pain; life is a rollercoaster of events that you have go through to get where you want be in life.”

-Nathaniel Lancaster, twelfth grade

“It’s all of a matter of perspective. Some people are completely happy with their life with only little possessions and fortunate people who have it all but seem to be devoid of happiness, and vice versa. Life can be painful and truly seem like there may be no escape in extreme cases, but remember that once you hit rock bottom there is only one direction you can go: up.”

-Samaria Loaeza-De Jesus, tenth grade

“To love someone is to get hurt. This is a constant that cannot be avoided if you once open yourself up to love. There is no way to avoid pain if you want to live life or love anyone. Just like love, there are other things in the world that cause pain and suffering, but even though this is a reality that can’t be changed, life can still be worth living. Life has its ugly, sad, and tragic side but at the end of the day, there is beauty out there. There is beauty to enjoy just like there is sadness to experience and that is what life is about. It is a roller coaster and we must enjoy the ride along the way.”

-Lisbeth Mejia-Serrano, twelfth grade

“I feel as though life comes with its hardships, it’s all about how you overcome it. There is no greatness without struggle, whether it be physical or mental. I believe that when you tell people life will be easier, it is setting them up for failure. In the real world you have to fight for what you want.”

-Saharra Modeste, twelfth grade

“In our everyday lives the statement can be used universally. From just a little issue like forgetting to finish your homework, to losing a loved one. The statement is directly telling us that you can’t go into life believing that everything’s going to go smoothly, you’ll get the most trouble that way. But if you go in prepared you’re more likely to succeed.”

-Leila Mutura, ninth grade

“While there is pain in life, it is not just only pain but also happiness in there too. Sure there are some moments that will hurt you like getting bullied, grieving about losing a loved one whether a pet or a person, or something else that is going to give you pain. But there are also moments when you are going to feel very happy like getting a good grade, watching a movie with the people you like, or others that are very good for someone to have. And those people who say otherwise to the statement are not always trying to sell something as they could be saying that just to make someone happy and nothing else.”

-Brandon Sailema, ninth grade

“Pain is precisely painful. However, it is not bad to have a support system. Life loves to toy with anyone, whether they deserve it or not. It may bring pain, but it builds and makes one stronger in the end, which makes it all worth it.”

-Nicole Zanipatin, ninth grade

## bleeding summer

a.a.

i walked past the forest spirit tonight  
she was tall and breathtaking  
her olive hair swung in the breeze  
and she was pregnant  
with a million future possibilities  
she filled my hair with flowers and twigs  
sang a song of summer to me  
and then told me someone else  
held your hand and your heart  
juxtapositioned with my timing  
all these precious things  
how they've been washed away  
and bled for you and for me



**"Come Lie with My Bones"** (Digital Photo) by a.a.

**Daydreaming**  
Cynthia Contreras

The boy walked on the cement street  
With the buildings and the night sky blurring  
As his sneakers began to fall apart  
He didn't look back, didn't even try  
But he stopped, for the lady who cried  
The lady who only wanted her daughter back  
The boy reached out to her but then lightning struck  
And the lady descended into a frenzy, hurricane-like  
She melted into the floor, her daughter's name still on her lips  
The boy ran far away that night

**You**  
Mikayla Boothe

because of you I'm here  
because of you I am me  
without you I'm nothing

# **Brave Heart**

## **Jonnathan Josias**

I never thought life would be easy  
But I did not think it would be this hard  
No matter how I plea  
All I ever see  
Is a wall that seems unclimbable  
But I won't be deceived

I walk down rocky roads  
Now I need to see  
What is it that I can grow up to be

While I'm laying on a hill  
I notice it's easy to just sit still  
So with all my might  
I will try to stand and fight  
Because sitting won't help me win  
I won't give in

Cowards only know how it feels to give in  
But a brave soul will always go for the win  
So with everything I got  
I'll give it my best shot  
A brave heart is what I wanted from the start



I walk down rocky roads  
Now I need to see  
What is it that I can grow up to be

Cowards only know how it feels to give in  
But a brave soul will always go for the win  
So with everything I got  
I'll give it my best shot

Running at this pace  
It is what I chase

A brave heart



“3:33” (Painting) by Amaya Nicole Shallo

## the lonely lives of dolphin lice

a.a.

i woke up tired, i tried to run,  
but i could barely crawl  
i reach out to you in the abyss  
and there's no one there at all

insomniac hypochondriac  
i'd make mother oshun proud

trying to find your almond eyes  
in an endless sea-like crowd

within this sea there's nothing else,  
but ships and snails and walnut whales

and deep beneath the ocean blue,  
i am still hopeful i'll run into you

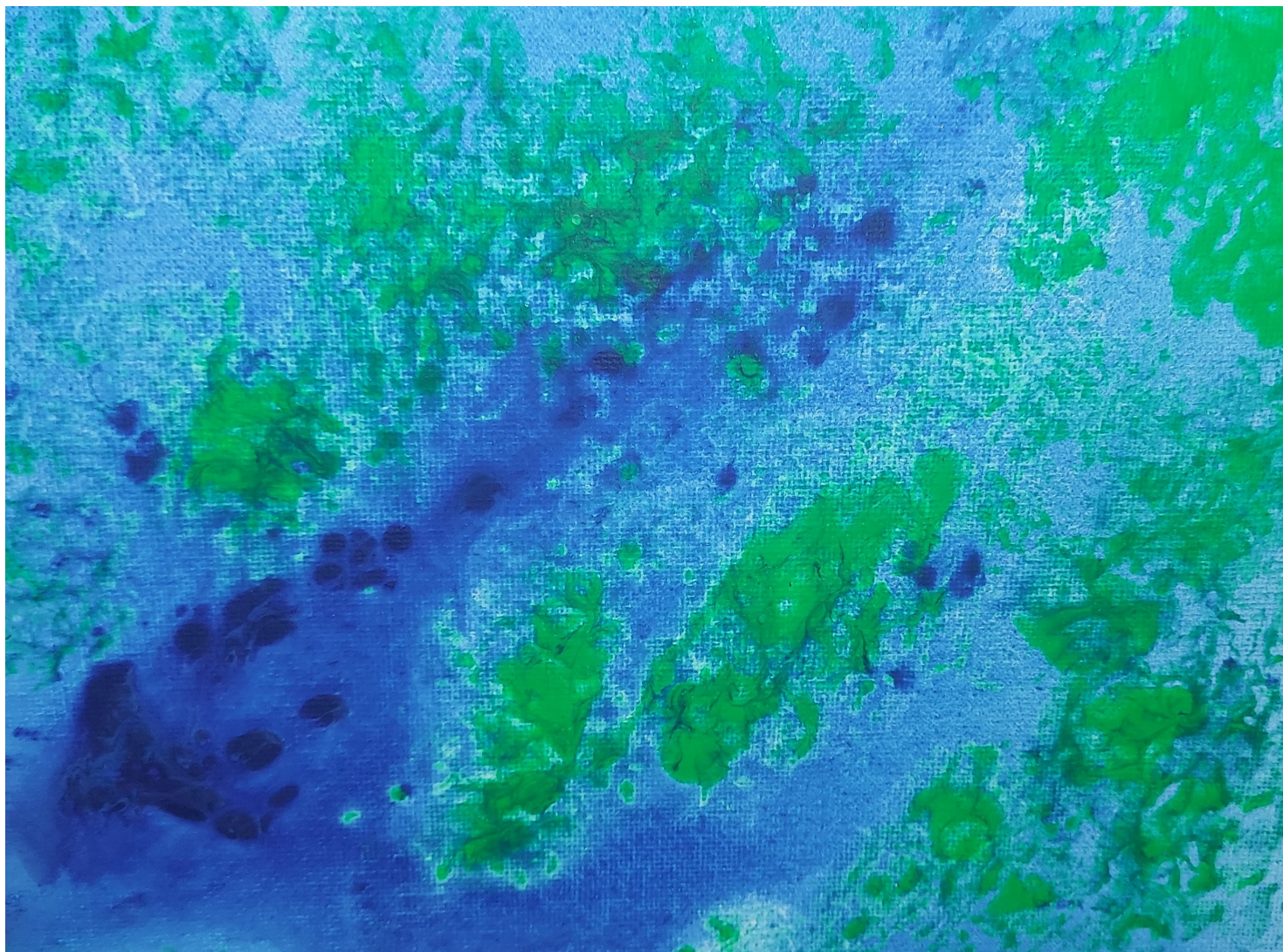
like a creature in darkest waves

## chrysalism ii

a.a.

our hearth is warm  
blazing ever strongly  
my body is cold, you got cold feet

my mind is a beehive of activity  
we dive and poly swim  
kiss me in the driveway  
i want to be wrapped in you once more



**“Oceanic Dreams”** (Painting) by Amaya Nicole Shallo



## Broken

### Tatiana Sarmiento

William remembered the first time he saw her. It was the first day of his sophomore year of college, and the first day of her freshman year of college. She was wearing a grey cardigan, black white shirt, light blue jeans, and had a necklace with a light pink crystal pendant, and the prettiest brown eyes and smile he had ever seen. He was absolutely infatuated with her, and since that moment that feeling had not ceased. He would soon find out that they shared a sociology class together, and he was determined to ask her on a date.

Connie could recite their first conversation. It was in the library of their college, the boy with glasses who sometimes stared at her during their shared sociology class, who she would look to when she was bored, their silent exchange would say so much without saying anything at all. He had finally worked up the courage to talk to her; he bought a bouquet of lilies and carnations for the occasion. She rested her head on her hands while deeply analyzing her ecology textbook, when she felt a tap on her shoulder. She peered her head around, wondering who exactly would be at the library at this time of night.

“Hey,” a voice she has seen but never heard spoke to her. She knew this boy, she was originally curious about him, however, Connie never thought they would actually talk. The warm glow of the library only dimly lit his face, but nonetheless she recognized his eyes.

“Hi.” Hearing her voice almost made William jump. He managed to force a grin through his anxious expression. “Are those for me?” she asked, pointing to the flowers.

William, having prepared for hours before this, could not get a word out., He was concerned about his health, worrying that he was going to have a heart attack right then and there. William knew how embarrassing that would be, and tried to suppress any pre-existing conditions he might've had, while also feeling already dead. He merely nodded, and handed them to her. She looked delighted, before bursting into laughter. William was mortified, he felt his stomach wrap itself into a knot.

Connie smiled and sighed. “You know, if you want to impress a girl, maybe don't get her flowers that are commonly given at funerals.” She stood up to face him, now being able to see more of his face. He was intimidated. The girl he watched from afar everyday was so utterly terrifying.

“Um, what?” was all he could manage to say.

“My mother's a mortician that comes from a family of botanists. I know a thing or two.” She winked at him and smelled the flowers. “They're still beautiful. I love them, thank you.”

“No problem.” William felt so relieved. He was getting ready to sink to the floor. He felt a surge of adrenaline and confidence, the emotional high giving him the power to say what he wanted. “Do you want to, like, get out of here? I'm sure you're tired of studying.” As soon as he said that, his stomach only knotted and twisted more, but he still felt amazing.

She looked at him with a sudden sense of sadness. “I'm going to be honest with you, I kind of have to cram for this test. This is my sleeping period,” she told him. “You're welcome to keep me company, but I don't want you to stay up too late.”

“It’s no problem.” He smiled. *I would do anything for you.*

The two stayed in the library until dawn, chatting and getting to know each other. Not much studying was done, and they both fell asleep, missing all of their classes except the class they had together. They awoke when a librarian approached them, scolding them for being in the library after hours, even though it was always open to students. As soon as they both looked at the time, they looked at each other and just laughed.

The rest is history. William and Connie would go on many dates and accomplish many milestones. They both graduated with their prospective degrees and would then go on to live in an apartment together. It wasn't long until William asked Connie to be his wife, and she tearfully agreed. In between then, there were many arguments, but their love always persevered. They were now in their early thirties, their lives ahead of them. No kids, just a very small home in a suburban area. It was perfect. Until it wasn't.

The two now sat silently in their car, with music playing quietly in the background. Whenever William drove, he had the utmost focus on the road, but he usually conversed with Connie no matter what. Connie wasn't even on her phone, she stared straight ahead, occasionally diverting her attention to the clock on the dashboard. Finally, she spoke.

“I think we’re going to be late,” she stated very coldly. She crossed her arms and leaned back in the seat. William tensed a little. He knew that she didn't want to go out to dinner at all. However, above all, she did it out of kindness for him. But he hated when she rushed him.

“Babe-” he started, but then he realized the error and stopped himself.

“Don't call me that.” Connie turned harshly away from him.

“Sorry. I'm trying to get there as soon as I can. You know how traffic is at this hour.”

“We could have left earlier.”

“I know. I'm sorry. This is all my fault.” Tears began to sting behind William's eyes.

“No. Don't start with that. You always do this.”

“I'm sorry. We don't have to go out tonight. I'll turn the car around so we can go back home.” He felt defeated. William hated this situation.

“We're already this far. I'm starving, too.”

They pulled into the restaurant. It was a fancy, yet quaint eatery. It was quite the romantic spot, a place notorious for proposals. The two walked in, one behind the other, not side by side and hand in hand like they used to.

“Do you have a reservation?” The hostess asked.

“Reservation for Richardson.” Connie winced at that reminder. Soon enough, she wouldn't have his last name anymore. She wouldn't need to hear that dastardly name anymore.

“Sir, I'm sorry, but there's no reservation for you and your wife here.”

“What? We made this reservation weeks ago!” William was frustrated. Everything about this night was going wrong. Connie rolled her eyes and walked out of the restaurant. William wanted to argue with the hostess, but there was no point. He followed silently behind her.

*continued next page*

She sat in the car, staring at her feet. She was really hungry, but she wanted to leave. She couldn't stand being there, with the man she once knew and loved more than anything. Connie knew she still loved him immensely, and that he loved her the same, but she also knew they could not be together.

William got in the driver's seat, knowing that he was unwelcome. Connie's resentment of him started only months ago, however a lot had happened since then. He remembered her breaking point; a memory that would forever entrap him with guilt and shame. If they just communicated their problems beforehand, would they be in better standing? Had he not committed the sin of adultery, would she be able to hold a conversation with him? Many questions ran through his head about her, however, she would not answer them. And he understood that.

"Do you want to go to whatever fast food we can find near here? I'll pay for it. I'm sorry that this didn't work out. I know things have been hard for us, and I thought this night would make it better. I'm so sorry Connie." William tearfully stared at her, watching tears fill her eyes as well. She took a deep breath and leaned her head back. Tears rolled down her cheeks, but she refused to break down completely in front of him.

"Okay," was all she said. William wiped his eyes and pulled out of the restaurant parking lot. He drove, looking for a flashy, colorful sign with whatever fast food logo on it. He finally found a Wendy's and pulled in. He ordered for her and himself, as he knew her favorites from every restaurant; he practically had it memorized. They ate in the car quietly. No music, just the occasional sound of a car driving by or some sort of chatter. It wasn't until Connie spoke.

"I think we should get a divorce."

While these words broke William, he only nodded and agreed.

They then went home. The two that were considered to be soulmates were no more. Two strangers walked into a shared home. Two strangers that shared memories and furniture and even a pet had drifted farther than ever.

They knew they were going to be okay. They had lived without each other before, and they could do it again.





**"Destruction"** (Digital Art) by Amaya Nicole Shallo

# REBIRTH / REINCARNATION



**"Missed Call"** (Digital Art) by Karla Guevara-Duarte

# **Reborn**

## **Saharra Modeste**

To be reborn, new lips, new eyes, new hair  
A different look compared to the original  
The same blueprint with upgrades  
Rebirthed into who you longed to be from the beginning  
Making the most of the new life you were granted  
Your base still the same, but with new accessories  
No sorrow, no pain, only joy and success  
A changed mindset, no more complexes  
To be reborn, new face, new style, new body  
A different outlook on the world  
Driven, ambitious, hardworking  
Embracing your untouched personality, the only thing you could brag about  
Like a Phoenix you have risen from the ashes with a new found drive  
and true happiness  
Everything that you set to achieve will follow through  
To be better, to do better, to live better  
A chance at a new life  
To be reborn, new goals, new friends, new intelligence  
A chance to change what you stand for  
An opportunity to change the world you live in  
To discover yourself again  
No longer holding back, expressing yourself no matter what  
More goals, only happiness, more assurance  
To be one with yourself, the universe, and soul  
To be reborn, new lips, new eyes, new hair, new face, new style, new body,  
new goals, new friends, new intelligence.

# **I'll Push Myself Forward**

## **Jonnathan Josias**

I tried to run from all things that I cannot do easily  
I already know like this I can't grow  
Sometimes I wish that all things came easy so there's no need to push at all  
I already know like this I can't grow

The enemy of greatness is laziness  
We will never get better if we stay still  
We have to move forward or we will move back

So I'll push myself forward  
So that nothing will force me back  
I'll get up and move so I can prove I can be something  
If I have to stand all alone, I'll carry my burdens on my own  
But I refuse to make an excuse and not move

If I falter now then I know that I won't get up again  
I have to move I don't want to lose  
Sometimes I may have to take a step back but if I do I'll take two forward  
I already know that I have to grow so

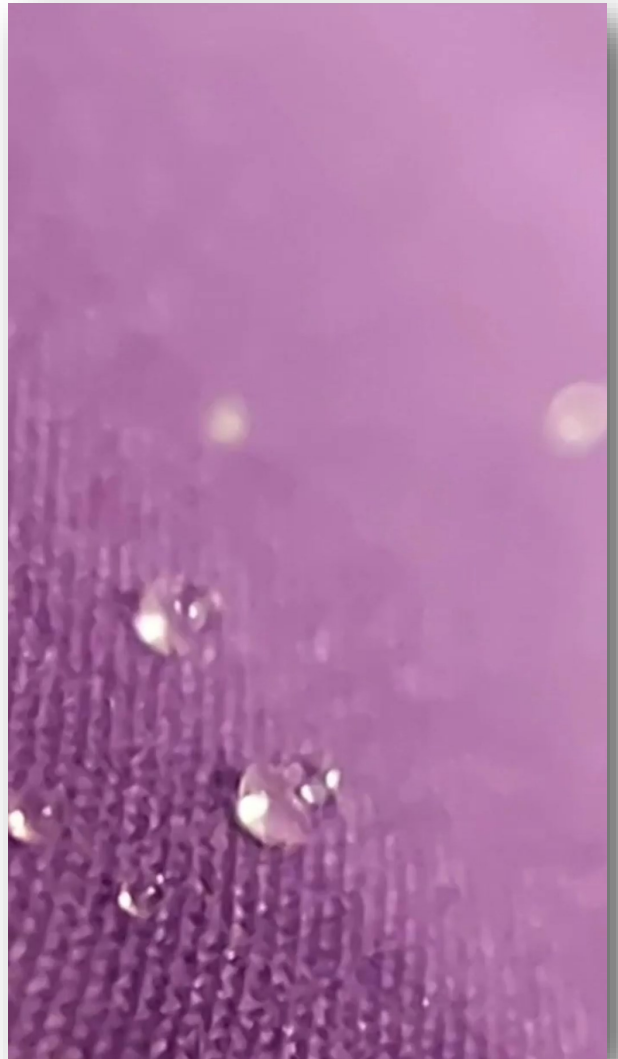
It's okay if I'm weak for now I want to grow  
It's okay if I'm weak for now I will grow  
Tomorrow I will be better than I was today

So I'll push myself forward  
So that nothing will force me back  
I'll get up and move so I can prove I can be something  
If I have to stand all alone I'll carry my burdens on my own  
So one day I hope  
One day I will

Now that I've moved forward  
Nothing will ever force me back  
I'm able to move and I can prove that I am something  
Though I once stood all alone I'll no longer bear my burdens alone  
I am the me I wanted to be all that time ago  
Now I can say  
This is the way

Step by step  
Day by day move forward  
Even if you have to take a step back  
In the future it will all work for you

**"Dew"** (Digital Photo)  
by Amaya Nicole Shallo





## Sad Hours

Amaya Nicole Shallo

Have you ever been lost before  
cause there were no open doors?  
the rain does come  
oh where did this come from  
when I thought I felt so numb  
why do I even care  
if nobody cares for us  
oh well, life isn't fair  
keep on hoping  
everything gets better  
than our hope was crushed  
over and over again  
wondering if we aren't good enough  
we rebuild ourselves to make us strong enough  
next thing y'know  
something good happens  
we thought the person we meet  
could be our escape reality  
when they're trapping us in theirs  
with more drama, more pain  
too much to handle  
the sad hours come back rougher, treacherous than they were  
things blurry and harder to understand

slowly slipping away from reality  
into our brain over thinking every memory  
of our mistakes to see who's to blame  
that gets us nowhere, yet it gets us somewhere  
it's hard to explain  
you'll comprehend once you've been the same  
so don't be ashamed or the one to blame everyone else but yourself  
the world isn't always against us  
if you notice, it's nobody's fault, we're all human  
it's not like we know all of the results  
we're unpredictable most times  
something that we can't control



**"I Dislike That You're Still on My Mind"** (Digital Photo)

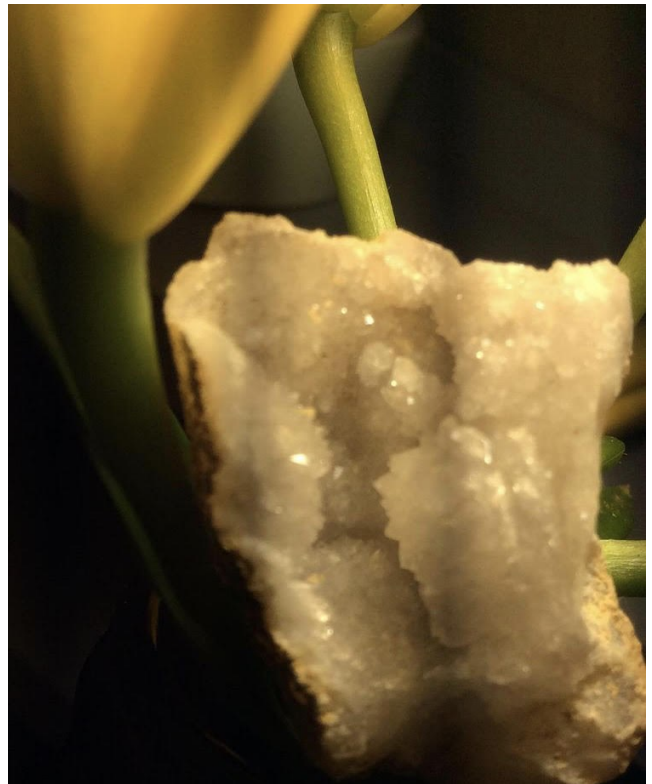
by Amaya Nicole Shallo

# Splendid Dreams

Lisbeth Mejia-Serrano

My splendid dreams you inspire me to write.  
How I love the way you are, feel, and fight.  
Shall I compare you to the shining sun?  
Shall I show you how fast you make me run?  
How can you be drastically impossible?  
I thought hopefully you could be reachable.  
And so, with all the pain within my heart,  
I will open this door for you to part.  
You will now fade like the summer does,  
Mind, I feel you, I see how hard it goes.  
And know, I see you hiding in the rain  
But like stars, you will shine and will remain.  
In safe places I will remember you,  
Some day, I will beautifully find you.

**"Crystalline"** (Digital Photo)  
by a.a.



# **We Will Withstand**

Karla Guevara-Duarte

Isn't it wonderful  
That despite everything we still stand  
Like the green that grows from the ground  
Which experience the strongest storms and yet withstand  
Like the mountains that are defiant to the shaking ground  
Like water which still flows through the earth around

All which have persisted makes me believe  
Believe that we can weather any storm and come out free  
Free of that which we have been under for so long  
That of which has become our normal through it all  
That of which will no longer be the normal at all

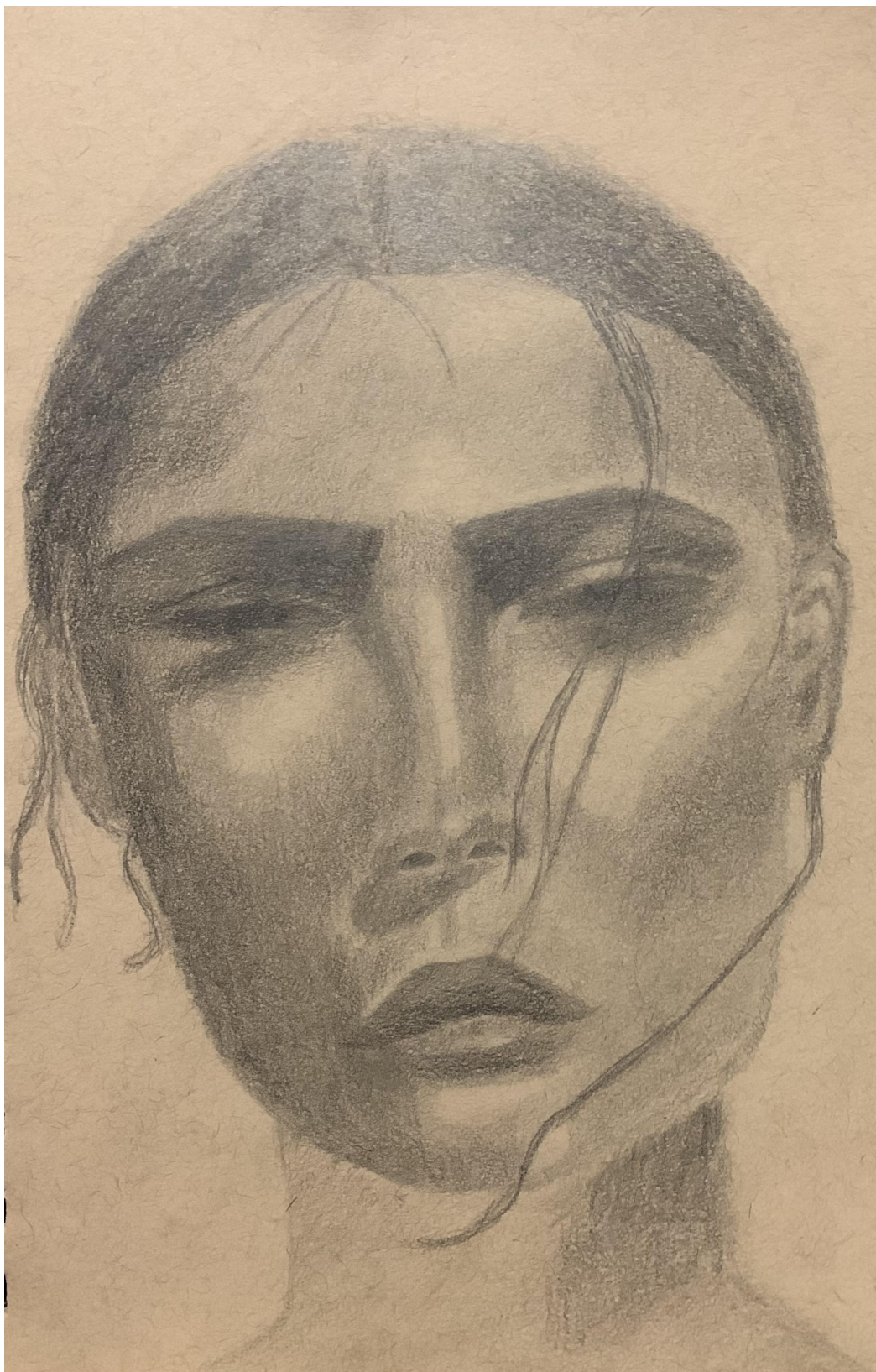
For we will fight a mighty battle united hand in hand  
For we will fight for the same cause to see the light again  
The light which was taken from us  
A light which lies in their hands

All in all I have hope  
Hope that soon, like the green from the ground  
We will withstand it all too

**Never Forget...**  
**Nicole Zanipatin**

Oh sweet one, head up and stand up nice and tall,  
show no weakness and always remain sure,  
For they always await for your downfall.  
Never forget to remain your heart pure,  
Hence others would love to try and darken.  
Never forget to confidently shine,  
remain your weapons guarded and sharpened,  
work hard and confidently for each dime.  
my lovely one spread your beaming bright light  
allow life to stay resumed around you  
as you must remember what is always right,  
know when to allow love to consume you.  
Hold onto your strength and sharp brilliance,  
for you will always use your resilience.





**“A Serious Musing”** (Pencil Drawing) by Karla Guevara-Duarte



## Halcyon

a.a.

a vision of you  
golden and frozen  
in time and space  
the view off the cliffs  
brings back memories of your eyes  
and the moments we bore

i have carried you forever  
and ever will

## Home

Tiffany Chacon

It is difficult to find your own home  
Seeing those around you having their own  
You feel so lost you have begun to roam  
feeling this empty has you all alone  
There won't be anything more terrifying  
And you feel your tears beginning to flow  
The more pain felt makes you feel like dying  
And through it all, you never let it show  
And through those tears, you have begun to see  
The person who has always been right there  
Your lost feeling of home, he holds the key  
It has always been the male who does care  
It took you both long to finally know  
and we will never let each other go.

## **A Married Life**

**Tiffany Chacon**

You are the most important thing to me  
life without each other is depressing  
so all we can do is sit by the tree

I wish I could see the beauty you see  
the past month together spent caressing  
You are the most important thing to me

and to both our hearts, we both hold a key  
to know when we'd spend time was pure guessing  
so all we can do is sit by the tree

and I hope one day you'll be on one knee  
promise of life together progressing  
You are the most important thing to me

waking up together to drink some tea  
forgetting the times we kept suppressing  
so all we can do is sit by the tree

when this is finally over, we'll be free  
making up all the times we spent stressing  
You are the most important thing to me  
so all we can do is sit by the tree

# **I Wish to Start Again**

## **Jonnathan Josias**

I guess that it is now about time  
This chapter's coming to an end  
But I did intend  
To do so much more  
Why did my years have to be so short?

I wish to start again

I can remember those days so clearly  
Even though I was at such a young age  
I can rethink every footstep  
Not knowing what I would do next  
But if there's one thing I knew  
It's that it wouldn't be good

I can recall all of my habits clearly  
Every relaxing and exciting scene

My mood slowly began to change  
I was worried she would forget

I had lost my only friend  
And all that I had left was emptiness

I guess that it is now about time  
This chapter's coming to an end  
But I did intend  
To do so much more  
Why did my years have to be so short?

Of all my mistakes  
I wish that I would have talked some more  
So that when she moved away  
I wouldn't have to feel  
Any emptiness  
I wouldn't have felt any loneliness

I wish to start again

Moving up some years to 7th grade  
I now had friends that I could depend on  
But there was this girl in band  
Of whom I did adore  
I thought I would be lonely without her hand

She was funny popular and smart  
She helped me walk when I was on a crutch

I thought that I shouldn't ask her out  
Because no one would want to date someone like me

I wish that I would have walked up to her  
So that I wouldn't feel fear  
But as this chapter's end  
Starts to become near  
All my chances begin to slip away

I wish to start again

*continued next page*

I guess that it is now about time  
This chapter's coming to an end  
But I did intend  
To do so much more  
Why did my years have to be so short?

Walking through the open door to the next chapter  
I wish that I would have talked more  
So when she moved away  
I wouldn't have to feel  
Any emptiness  
Or any loneliness

I now start to think  
As I walk closer to the stage  
I shed just a single tear  
The ending is now near  
The memories I hold  
Sighing as I walk  
I choose to simply say

I wish to start again



**"Rise"** (Digital Art) by Amaya Nicole Shallo



# STAFF

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Grade: 11



Name: **Karla Guevara-Duarte**, Photographic / Art Editor

Grade: 11



Name: **Alejandra Garcia**, Photographic / Art Editor

Grade: 11



# STAFF

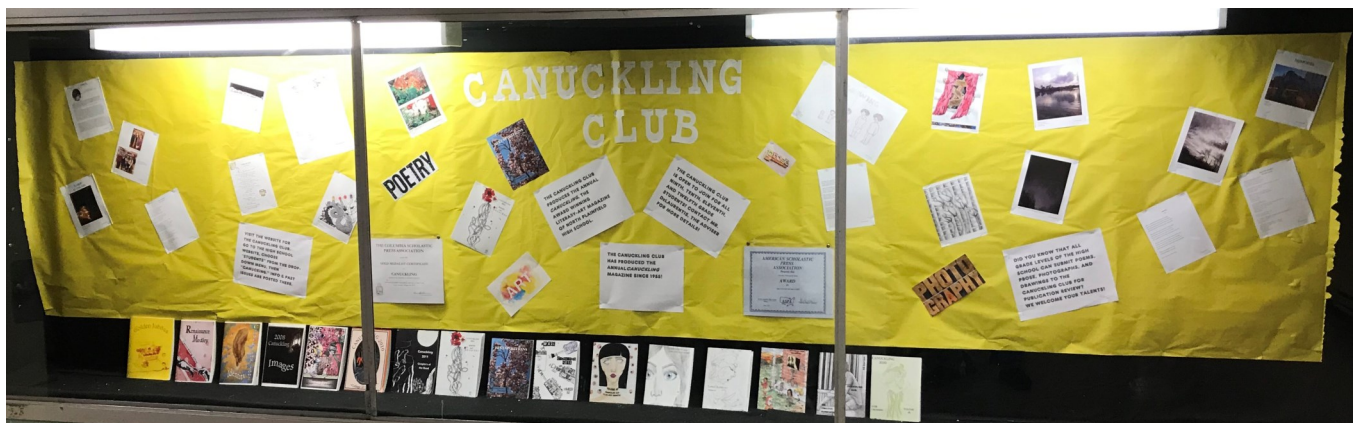
Name: **Amaya Nicole Shallo**, Literary Editor

Grade: 11

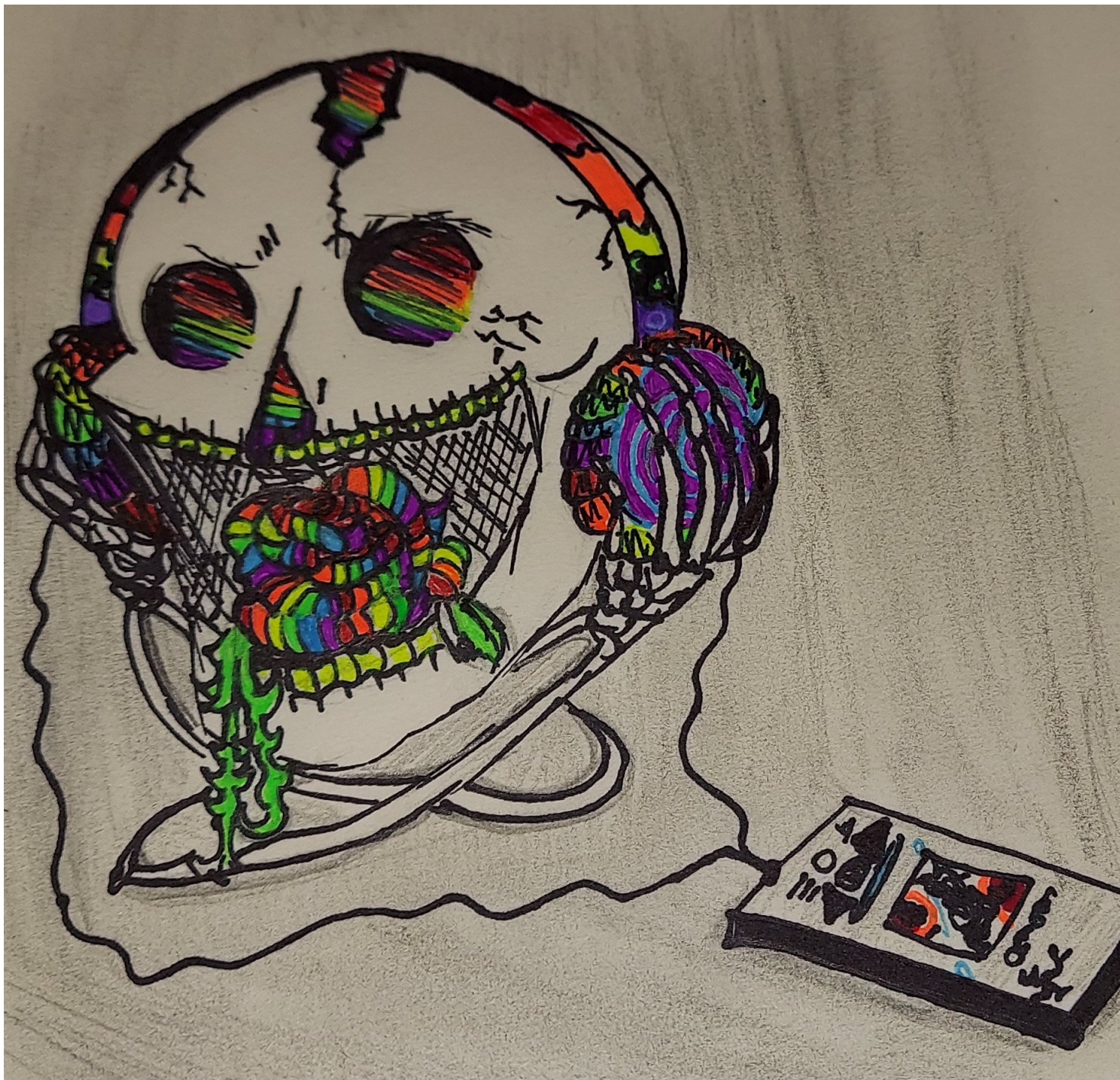


Name: **Tatiana Sarmiento**, Literary Editor

Grade: 11







**"It Took You an Eternity to Accept Me" (Gel Pen / Pencil Drawing) by Amaya Nicole Shallo**

**A Small Thread**  
**Mr. John DeLaurentis**  
**Canuckling Club Adviser & Creative Writing Teacher**

Have you been thinking  
about what's happening today?  
Have you often been feeling  
That things are not okay?

People talk, people listen  
But what really is the truth?  
You're left feeling empty  
When what you see is uncouth

But we must hold on to hope  
Even if by a small thread  
Let's pray that things will get better  
As we search for our piece of bread

Don't you feel the stranglehold  
that wants to choke you down?  
To censor your thoughts and feelings  
And toss you around and around

But if we fight for truth  
Take it as our best friend  
We'll march on to victory  
Find the light shining around the bend





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