

Edison - Fareira High School *Literary Journal*

"Writing for Self-Expression!"



Spring, 2014



Wall of Fame

I? me? I am on the freakin' wall of fame.

I gave it a shot -- like I shot in a basketball game.

Walking down the hall afraid
I'll freakin' fall or maybe my friend rico will.

Still walking around with a big ole grin on my face smiling from place to place...

I am thinking: Will I be replaced??

Shaking my freakin' head:
Damn! get the freak out my face.

By: ayanna orr



Introductory Letter by Ms. Awilda Ortiz



Once again, the *Edison - Fareira Literary Journal* demonstrates the creativity of our talented, enthusiastic students. I hope you enjoy reading these imaginative and varied writings. As a former teacher and current administrator, I witness their creativity first-hand every day. Now I hope you will enjoy this small sampling of their artistic endeavors.

Sincerely,

Ms. Awilda Ortiz
Principal



Edison-Fareira H.S. Writers: (left to right) Barry Barnum, Alex Cayacoya, Maria Diaz, Mr. Cassorla, Jorge Ortiz , and Argenis Vasquez-Rivera

Brief Note from Mr. Cassorla

Thank you, all of you wonderful students, who contributed your work to this Journal. My privilege has been to work with you all through the school year. It has been a wonderful year! -- Mr. Cassorla, English Teacher and faculty advisor to the Literacy Club

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Back to Reality

By Christopher M. Figueroa

...about 3 months of a season. Just remembering, missing those good laughs, the blazing sun, the sound and feel of those beach waves, those good trips and now, I'm here. I'm back into reality and this where we all live. The world where maybe hard work pays off and maybe if don't do jack _____, you may end up on the streets. This summer vacation was very important for me, for the fact that it was a lesson of reality.

Now, the beginning of my summer, I stood in Manhattan, NY for about 2 weeks. Before I left, this guy took me out to Six Flags Great Adventure. It honestly seemed like yesterday where we got stuck in the rain at Six Flags, hiding under a tree, trying to avoid the rain. The little things. Got on the Ferris wheel, I took a good glance at the sky, how blue the sky was; how lovely. I got one last look at Union Square (14th St. & 8th Ave.), East River Park (5th st. & FDR Drive), even Brooklyn Bridge and made my way back to Philadelphia, PA.

I came; I heard that my parents didn't wanna deal with me anymore. So, I moved in with my Aunt. Also, when I had made my arrival back, the guy had left me. The relationship ended on an, "I don't know." That was hard for me to take in. That's when it hit me and I realized that I needed to learn how to become more independent. Nobody is really gonna be here for me, so I appreciate the time that I do have with them but at the end of the day, nobody will really be here for me but myself.

And only myself.

I decided to bring my talent; my artwork. I have this dream to become a fashion designer, maybe the next McQueen. I was told so many times that, "I wouldn't ever accomplish my dream. I'm only wasting my time. I'm a piece of s**t." That

was only negative energy for me to feed off of. I took the chance to work with Ms. Dianne Hricko (professor from the UArts) on making scarves and fabric. I also made the decision to get back into Norris Square's Art Factory to continue my artwork and have them placed into galleries again. Lastly, I've been building up my communications over the summer to have more connections into getting more studio access and also, to participate in more internships. I'm 17, about to be 18 (on February 21st). I need to learn how to support myself and accomplish my own goals.

Here comes the depressing part:

I've gone through so much this summer. As to problems being at home with my mother and father (divorced), with the bad breakup over this summer and even financial problems. As for the people that hurt me this summer, yes, they have done a lot to put me down and hurt me -- but does that mean I hold some type of grudge against them?

No, realizing, I have to forgive others but not only for them but for myself. If that wouldn't have gone through my mind, I would just be a very angry person. As for financial issues, I did go from having everything to going down. In my opinion, I figured that as long as I keep chasing my dream and I accomplish my goals, money won't be an issue later. Money will come here and there but not how it used to be. Through all that I've been through, I take it as a lesson. Don't go forward filled with hatred.

This summer was very important for me, for the fact that it was a lesson of reality. Those good times were fun, that is not a lie, but my independence is more important. I know to focus on myself more than anything or anybody else.

My future is important, that I have to let nothing get in my way but sometimes hard work really does pay off; accomplish my goals. After all that I've gone through this summer, I realize that money and other things will come but not as fast as I want to. Also, don't carry myself with hatred because I wanna live happy and not as an angry person.

Lasagna

By Lorraine Nobblen

As lovely as a song
That makes my belly sing along
I s a triple layer lasagna
With 3 layers of pasta

Four layers of bubbling cheese
And sauce
That can appease
To much ease
Even a hungry beast

And though my dog
Sits as still as a log
He jumps like a frog
For a triple layer lasagna
With 3 layers of pasta

Spaghetti may come and go
Ravioli may taste so-so
But nothing may shake my allegiance
To dish with 5 bubbling cheeses

So now I sit
And will close my lips
But will open them wide

For a triple layer lasagna

With 3 layers of pasta

School Challenge

Written by Roselyn Peterson

(1)

School is a daily routine for us
In the morning, I am sure to make a fuss
Even when the sun is still not up,
Here I am awake at 6 am sharp

(2)

I feel that school is such a bore
I feel that school is such a chore
Parents say, "School's great! Now go!"
I say, "Well, what do you know?"

(3)

Late a minute and I have to run
Eyes half open, shoe laces undone
I reach school and I see my friends,
Immediately the torture ends

(4)

I have a chat and go with the flow
Then the bell rings, it is time to go
Talk back to teachers, and detention we serve
No doubt, it's sometimes what I deserve

(5)

Sometimes they are as cold as ice
And others times they're actually really nice
They teach us and give us a helping hand
They're forever ready to listen and be a friend

(6)

Some may see school as a torture chamber
Some cannot wait for the holidays in December
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
Rest if you must, but never quit!

9/27/2013

Students should get paid for good grades

By: Sarah Abdelaziz

Students should get paid for good grades, because it can motivate other students to do better. Students should get paid for their hard work, and then they can save up money for college. Students getting their education is very important, so they can make a difference in this world. As Nelson Mandela once said, "Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world."

Motivation is a very good way to get students to do better especially when they are getting paid for it. With students trying to be better it can also make the school a better place. Students won't be concentrating on "drama" -- instead, they will be busy trying to get good grades. Also, and most importantly, this motivation will make them do their best to get good grades, and it will help them be successful in life.

Students should get paid for their hard work. It's like a job. For instance, if you do it right you get a reward. Students should get paid for hard work because one purpose of a school is to get us ready for jobs. Students stress out when it comes to working hard, so getting paid will calm them down. Finally students will learn to get paid for their hard work, they will learn to work for a living.

Students getting paid for good grades can help them save up for college payments. College is very important so it can take the students somewhere in life. Also, when going to college it will follow in the generation. It will encourage the rest of the family to go to college as well. Finally, paying for college is very expensive so saving up will help them out a lot.

In conclusion, students are more likely to succeed because they are getting paid. As Vince Lombardi once said, "The difference between a successful person and others is not a lack of strength, not a lack of knowledge, but rather a lack of will."

In summary, students getting paid can motivate other students. They can save up for college, and they should get paid for their hard work. So that's why paying students for their good grade is a great idea.



My Transformation

a rap by Brandon DeLoatch

Man, I witnessed brothers be shot in the head just for nothin'
The streets will tell you that it's all or nothin' -- it's either them or
the other person

So I asked: is it worth this - life, all this murder.
they say it is cool But then again it's not, Young boys droppin' out of school for the block
gettin' locked up and shot before they get to --shine-- and you wonderin'
why these young'ins lost their minds, because they locked in those placements
not knowing the reality they facing,

They just say to themselves:
"This don't make sense, I swear it don't make sense."

But as long as you in there, it don't make no difference from out here.
I'm gonna tell it like a man... This isn't no lie, we in prisons of our
minds.
But you wouldn't know that -- cause you're blind.
That's why I'm here showin' the shinin' light, 'cause right now my future's
lookin' bright.

My presence is allright -- I'm gettin' by cause I'm livin' righteous.
At least tryin' to.
I ain't sitting around cryin', like most of you.

Nah. I'm taking ownership. Because I know who I'm rolling with...
Positive people that's gonna photo this.
Put it around the school so they notice this.

Sankofa - blastin' off like a space ship! like a space ship!
Explanation. They're the reason why I recognize my transformation.

I said: they're the reason why I recognize my transformation,

I stopped all the hating and started being patient with myself.
Because I was once told: " You're the brother, you're gonna be the one
that's gonna make it!"

Outta here. As I sit back and reminisce on those nights when I was out
there, huggin' the block, hand on my clutch, yeah,
ducking from cops, ' blend in with the trucks, near, by,
tucking' the crack down in my _____, feared,

That I would get grabbed and put in those cuffs there, on the spot,
Beat up -- punched in the eye
They ask us for my identity -- don't know why.
Like: "Where you livin' at? We takin' you to your house."
I tell 'em that I don't know. Why don't you find out for yourself?

I can't do you no help. I can't do you no help.

They said: Well, you gonna lie?(n_____) and we'll punched me in the eye N_____.
With their hands around my neck, chokin' me to my death,
Can't breathe, I'm losing breath, and all I can do is reflect and imagine
what happens next.
Oh man, asking God, May you bear with me? Satan wanna take my soul

may you stand with me.
Satan pull me down the wrong road and then hit a
buck-fifty. runnin' red lights with no headlights

And the only thing that was on my mind was gettin' my bread right
Contemplating with myself my, tryin' to get my head right,.

Like brother wake up, cause you know it's not a fair fight
those termites is eatin' up yo wood nice. And I still wasn't listening
Making the wrong decisions. Thought I was doing business.

But really I was the victim, I was the victim, I was the victim --
I wanted to eat off of the same plate, my homies ate
but I was afraid to do the dishes .

Other words, I was scared to get my hands dirty for a couple of digits. I asked myself,
this is the life I'm living???
Man I gotta make a change, starting like [today](#), thought I woke up then... but it took me to
get shackled in those chains again. My Transformation.

The Allison We Once Knew

By Cynthia Ortiz Aday

Allison was a beautiful smart, big hearted girl that lived in a small town called Ravens Hallow. It was a peaceful little town. It had lots of dirt roads, beautiful town houses, woods and many little shops. She loved Ravens Hallow but wanted a more exciting life. She wanted to take risk, have fun because after all this town was quiet and dull. It was a Monday morning and Allison woke up thinking that today would be like every other day(which was going to school, then work, then home to study).Little did she know it wasn't.

Today was the day that was going to change her life.

"Hey Allison" said Skylar, Allison's best friend.

"Hi, Sky"

"So did you hear about that new girl who came from California?"

"No.... what about her?"

"Well her name is Becca I heard she got kicked out of every school she's been to for doing drugs. She thinks she too cool for school like a BAD GIRL or something

"Really?!"

Allison knew that she shouldn't hang out with a girl like that but she knew that this new girl would bring risk and excitement in her boring life.(Bell rings).

"See you later Sky, I gotta get to P.E."

"Okay, bye."

As Allison was getting ready to head on to the track field she noticed Becca on the bleachers. Becca was dressed in black smoking with her headphones on. Of course Allison went up and introduced herself.

"Hi I'm Allison!"

"Yeah okay....I'm Becca "

"How do like Ravens Hallow so far?"

"It's so stupid here. How can you stand this place?"

"I don't know -- it's home to me."

"Yeah whatever. So do you wanna ditch school and go smoke somewhere?"

"Umm I don't kn....."

"Oh come on. Don't worry -- you won't get caught."

"O-okay." She knew she shouldn't go but she wanted to do something risky. From then on out they became best friends.

Allison was no longer the sweet innocent girl everyone knew. She became a rebel child. She hardly went to school but when she did she would just cut class. She smoked and drank a lot along with doing drugs, partying, and shop lifting. Her parents were constantly working and out of town so they didn't even notice their once sweet daughter was no longer the same.

One night Allison threw a party when her parents were out of town on business. The party didn't even last long the cops came and busted the party. Many kids, along with Allison and Becca, got caught either drunk or high. Her parents were called up and rushed to the police station. They were extremely furious at her and surprised she would do something like this.

When her parents found out about all the things that were happening, her mom quit her job to stay at home and make sure that Allison was back on track. This didn't help at all -- as a matter of fact it just made things worse. Allison was still up to the usual, but now she would sneak out of the house and run away for long periods at a time with some friends.

Her mom grew tired of Allison's behavior. One day as she was coming home, high of course, when she noticed her bags were packed.

"What's all my stuff doing here?"

"I can't take this anymore. You're going to get help and... "

"H-HELP I DON'T NEED ANY HELP! I'M PERFECTLY FINE."

"No you're not!"

Just as she said that, a big white van pulled up. Two large men stepped out went inside the house and struggled to get her out the house and in the van. Before the van was going to take off, her mom went in and told her it was for her own good. Allison wasn't having it, and when she got off she said *I hate you.*

Her mom was very hurt when she said that. Once she got there she knew she was going to escape and that she did three day later. It wasn't long before the people noticed and called her parents and police. Not long after she had escaped she went back home. Her parents cried with tears of joy but still very upset.

That night, Allison lay in her bed thinking about all the stuff she did the last couple of months and she couldn't believe it. She and her parents made a deal that if she stopped all the things she was doing that she wouldn't have to go back to rehab.

That didn't last long. She started to hang out with Becca again and everything started back up. One [Saturday](#) night she and Becca went to a party where Allison got a BIG TIME overdose and on top of that she was drinking. This landed her back in the hospital. Once her parents got there the doctors told them that their daughter could've died.

When it was time for her to go home she told her parents that she wanted to better and go back to rehab and get help...

Allison came out of rehab. She graduated high school at the top of her class and now attends college; she's very happy now. She wants to become a therapist to help kids with her similar background.

THE END

A Dream !

by MacKayla Clarke

That high note was so hard to hit -- she didn't know if she could make it, but she knew she'd give it her all.

From deep in her stomach, she felt the sound welling up....

She had a dream to be a star, she had a dream that was too far, she never thought she would make it very far with it. Until she had a chance of a life time, to fight for her dream but instead she chose a different life, not just for her but for others. Now she regrets not taking her chance 'cause she wants her dream to now come alive!

The Journey of Love

By MacKayla Clarke

Love is like a big journey that we all go through in life. No matter how hard we try to take another path we can't. Love is like a fly that won't go away no matter how many times you swat it away, it still comes back. When you finally fall, for sure you'll know. You'll know because you get feelings you never had before. Your heart will pound fast when that one person just touches you. When you get a hug or a first kiss from that person your heart skips a beat.

But when you see that person with someone else or you break up with that person, everything changes. You feel so alone, you feel like your world is falling apart, and you feel everyone in the world is so distant. But in the end all of this is just the journey of love!

Smile on my face

by Angellisa Ocasio

Smile on my face, smile every time

even if our differences take us apart
we always find a way.

Our love is like an roller coaster, full of joy,
full of happiness, sick in the stomach during hard times,

the key to love,
by sticking side by side, thick and thin.

That's what I wanna give you -- all of my love.

Make me smile, make me laugh.

How do I breathe when you're not near?...
falling deep and deeper in love.

Don't know how you're doing it --
without you there's no love.

Youth Should Have a Voice in Politics

By: Monique White

I believe that youth under eighteen years of age should have a say in politics. We are capable of decision-making, just like adults. We should be able to have a say on topics that have an effect on our daily lives, like things pertaining to our education.

I believe we should have a voice in politics because we are often the ones targeted for budget cuts. We are targeted because we are considered weak. I am an active member of Y.U.C (Youth United for Change), we work in schools, at rallies, protests, walk-outs, marches throughout the city, and also the country. We work hard to ensure that the youth have a voice and that we're heard. We are targeted because we are young and often because we are people of color. We face ageism, racism and oppression. For example, we are often asked to fight and die in wars. As Herbert Hoover said:

” “Older men declare war. But it is youth that must fight and die.” ? Herbert Hoover”¹

We deserve a right to have a say in what goes on in the voting process.² Myself, and other like minded students all over the country are trying to get the N.S.B.R (the National Student Bill of Rights) passed. We should be able to vote for school officials. We should also be able to vote on a budget because the budget cuts that we've been experiencing are horrible.

¹ <http://www.goodreads.com/quotes/tag/youth>

² American Council on Voting, 2013

I believe that more students are going to begin to drop out of school due to an escalation of violence. Students are failing more classes because the classrooms are overpopulated. The teachers can barely get the class under control long enough to get the lesson underway. Teachers and non-teacher assistants are out of work.

Our health is also at risk. Children are holding on to traumas because there are not enough counselors. A young girl by the name of Laporshia Massey passed away because she had an asthma attack at school and there was no nurse there to provide her health care. She was only twelve years old. The reasons I listed in the above paragraphs are why I believe that youth should have a voice in politics.



Monique White, author of this excellent essay!

Works Cited

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American Council on Voting, 2013

CHOCOLATE

By: Alexander Crespo

Chocolate... so good
even when you go around the hood.

Feel that smooth chocolah-tay

It's sweet for me and for her --
makes our day!

Fake freedom

by Alexis Rodriguez

*Freedom is a word we all use,
Freedom is something we want,
But what can people do when they get it,
Fake freedom is what people believe,
You're alone in darkness and want freedom (can you get it?),
But freedom can only come when you let go,
And put on your glasses of truth and see the world,
From your P.O.V. but in order to see the world,
Let your heart and head free,
I see the world I am free I know fake freedom,
Why don't you join me???*

My Father's Store

Poem by: Freddy Berto Peralta

1

When I come to United States my father had a store.
I had a challenge which was to learn how to work in the store for
sure.

2

It was hard to learn the first time.
My Father showed me how to work part time.

3

My Father showed me how to do the sandwich in the kitchen.
He also told me how to do chicken.

4

The hardest part was that I needed to use faster math.
It made me so tired I went to take a bath.

5

That was my first experience in United States.
I've never forgotten those important days.

6

I was missing my country Dominican Republic, but I say to
Myself, "I can do it".
I miss my country, "Yes!" but it will never make me quit.



Comidas Deliciosas!

by Jom Adames, Harold Luzon and Ashley Osorio

I luuuuv my Spanish food!

To me it is so good.

**Give me some platanos, bistec en sebojao
y pasteles, y arroz con gandules, dame pollo
frito, y arroz dulce y flan y relleno de papa**

Oh! These are all the foods I like.

**So I'm about to stuff my face and
let's call it a night!**



Dark Times at Einstein High

By Adonnys Rivera

A long time ago, there was a boy named John. He was a student in Albert Einstein High School. John was a good student, but everybody hated him. He would do everything to make people around him happy.

But he didn't know how to make anyone proud -- and when people would get mad at him, John would humbly bow his head and would say, "I'm sorry sir... I didn't mean to..."

But nobody ever cared that he was sorry, for doing nothing. His mom was an alcoholic who was rarely home. He didn't like to go back home. He was always dirty and half of the buttons on his clothes were missing. He would play with other kids until dark and sometimes sleep over at his friends' houses.

His dad walked out when John was just two years old. John didn't remember anything about him except the smell of the sweat and his hard, big hands.

One day, one of Mr. Jackson's favorite students opened an ink bottle and set it on the edge of the table, right on top of the teacher's bag.

Everybody knew how awkward Mr. Jackson is, and when he sat at the table he bumped the inkbottle and in a second his bag was nicely covered by this black ink.

The homework papers that Mr. Jackson needed to grade for the next day were also destroyed by ink.

Mr. Jackson had no idea who did it, but he was so mad. He didn't say anything and he took John by his hand and literally dragged him into the furnace room.

Mr. Jackson hated John. This room was in basement of the school. Kids hated this room because it was dark and very scary. It did smell like an old mattress and it looked like the janitor had some fun once in awhile there.

There were rumors going on among students that there was a bogeyman there. But it could have been because the janitor made all sorts of funny noises when he was drunk.

Mr. Jackson was an older man and he had some kind of heart problem, so he went home sick. No one knew that John was still downstairs!

Everybody forgot him! That was on Friday, that evening the janitor locked up the school. Then the janitor turned off all the lights. But John was scared of the dark. It's was so dark, he couldn't see anything. He heard a squeak. It was a rat.

He was scared of rats. He tried to find the door in the dark. He crawled up the stairs. A rat went down the stairs across John's hands. He screamed. When he finally found the door, it was locked.

On Monday, they remembered him. They unlocked the door, but they couldn't open it. John's body was in the way. He was dead. His eyes were wide open, his mouth was like a scream, and his fingers were bloody. John had tried to claw his way out.

People say that John's ghost is still here at Einstein. Kids have heard some strange noises from the furnace room, but their parents say it's just rats.



Adonnys Rivera, author of this amazing story!



Minotaur
by Corey Brown
from
The Myth of Theseus



The Arrest

By: Maria Diaz

“One for ten. That’s all I’m offering. Nothing more. Nothing less. Do you want the pills or not ?” the irritated female asked her client, brushing her chocolate colored hair out of her face with her hands.

The female stood only an arm's length away from an equally irritated male, both doing small actions mirroring each other. Her small frame was concealed by a large sweatshirt and black sweatpants. On her feet were running shoes, since she was always prepared for a run-in with the cops.

The scrawny male client nodded once and held out his left hand without a word. The female slapped a small ball of aluminum foil in his hand. The heart-stopping sound of police sirens sounded beside them, making both delinquents jump into action and dart into the alleys.

Janessa had to run as fast and as hard as she ever ran, adrenaline pumping in her veins. But her small moment of pride was cut short when a large man grabbed her waist and slammed her small frame and the side of her face against the rough stone of a home in the alley. The bumpy stone was digging into her porcelain skin, marring her features.

“You have the right to remain silent!” the burly cop yelled at her. “Everything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law!”

The rugged looking policeman breathed in her ear, showing her that she had put up a chase. Ignoring the burning fear she felt, she grinned back at the male, who looked somewhat handsome in his uniform, glancing down at his badge before passing a snide remark.

“Sorry, Officer Bradley,” she stated with a sly smirk, making the officer huff and shake his head at her childish actions.

Janessa was put into a police car and was driven to the police station. She was kept in a holding cell for two hours before the same officer that had arrested her showed up, keeping up a calm façade. “You get a phone call. We need to get your prints and name. Don’t put up a fight either.” He muttered, unlocking the cell. Janessa sighed, standing from the splintering bench she had sat on and walked out of the holding cell. Officer Bradley led the way, taking her to a semi large room filled with officers and arrested criminals. Desks, papers, and people were scattered around the crowded room, giving Janessa a claustrophobic feeling. She was led to a machine and an ink pad where they pressed all of her fingers .

They scanned her fingerprints and she easily gave her first and last name. The woman at the counter frowned at the screen of the computer, and an uneasy feeling came over Janessa and Officer Bradley. “It seems we have a warrant for your arrest. Have you been arrested before?”

The pudgy woman asked, popping her minty smelling gum. Janessa frowned shaking her head, her brows furrowing in confusion. “It seems we get to keep you for a while.” Officer Bradley stated in a mock excited tone.

Janessa had argued with everyone and anyone. Her temper flared once she found out they had a warrant for her arrest. She had threatened whoever brought it up and spit on whoever even looked her way. So not many people enjoyed her presence in the holding cell. "Keep that up and you'll end up getting jumped." Officer Bradley stated, standing at the spot he stood for the past three hours beside the cell, as if he were watching the cellmates.

And amused smiled crossing over his handsome features watching Janessa spit at an ugly looking biker man who was still in hand cuffs sitting almost three feet from her. "I don't care. I've never been arrested in my life. How can I have a warrant for my arrest? When you got me, I didn't have any drugs on me. NO one has proof I did anything. So what is going on?" She questioned, her anger once again flaring wildly, making the cellmates inch farther away from the seething female. "Who knows? Maybe you have someone watching you. It's possible." Bradley suggested, shrugging his broad shoulders as if it were nothing, which only made Janessa even angrier. "Watching me?! Impossible! I'm careful and--"

Her statement was cut short when another officer came towards Bradley , but looked at Janessa, surprise evident in his features. He looked to be at least fifty with graying hair and a funny looking mustache to go with it. "Seems Janessa here has someone who paid her bail and can leave." The man stated, making a surprised Bradley fumble to unlock the cell and let her out. She let out a relieved sigh, walking out of the cell and patting Bradley on the shoulder while she walked past him. "Good luck, Bradley." She stated with a smirk before walking off. And strangely, Bradley prayed for all the luck he could get, watching her walk off.



My Autobiography

By Alexandro Perez

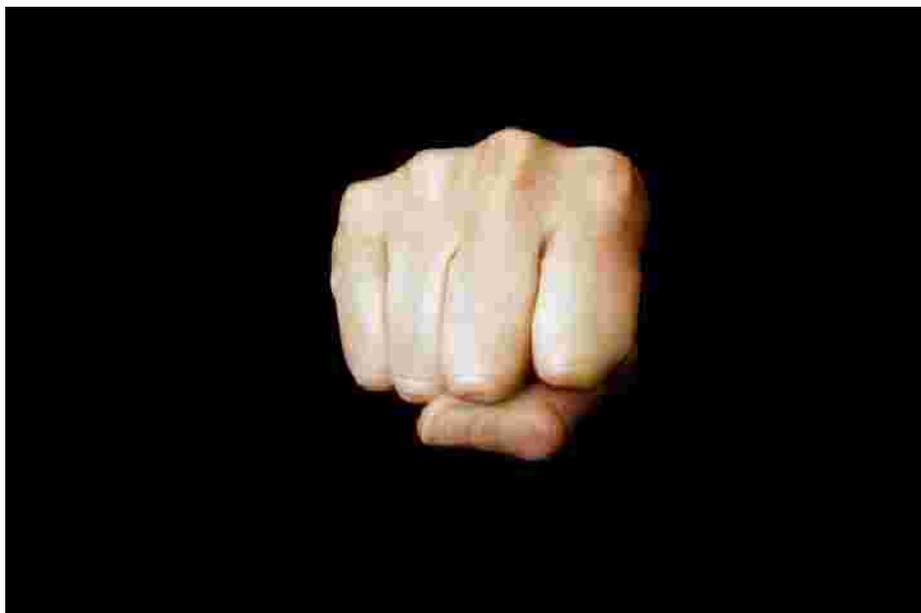
My name is Alexandro Perez, but I'd rather be called Alex. I am 18 years old I was born February 14, 1996. I am Hispanic. I like to be active; I play sports such as basketball, baseball, football and boxing. I am outgoing. I don't like being in the house but, nowadays I am more inside or at the gym to better my future. I am working on being a better fighter because that's what I want to be – a professional boxer.

I have changed my life around in the past year. I let go of a lot of people I felt as though they weren't any good for me. They were too busy in the hallways cutting class and not coming to school. I am worried about my future and how I am going to better myself and I want to make something of myself in the future.

I remember going to six flags as a kid when I was about 12 years old just a few years ago. When I realized my first real fear: I am afraid of roller coasters. Seeing everything on TV made roller coasters not so bad but when you are face to face with one, all of these crazy thoughts run through your head, like what if we stop in mid air? Or

what if it just breaks down? What if the guy controlling falls asleep while the ride is going? Till this every day I do not trust coasters -- it's like you are trusting some with your life. I don't know how that can be fun.

My Dream in life is to become the best! One of the best pro boxing fighters, top of the line, and live with no worries to have my family living good life not to be worried about getting hurt or losing their homes. I want to live well and have my family living well also. I want the best things in life and to have my lovely girlfriend by my side, but all that comes with hard work! I give my all when I am in the gym! But I have to stay focused and on point with my grades and finish school and push for my goals outside of school.





Seeing Fear in Life

by Evette Montalvo

Deep in your eyes as far as I'll go
The cards come to life, in your soul
The seed of the plant that grows
in your heart

Oh wait.... Now worry... and see it all
You're looking around and don't know where to go

With fear in your eyes the truth will arrive

It's simple, just try to survive
The light of the moon
The breeze of the wind
The darkness in you.

.....But here comes the end.



The Adventure of Cheese & Sprinkle

A Modern Fable
by Jorge Ortiz

Once there was a normal ordinary cat named Cheese and his best friend named Sprinkle who by the way is a mouse. These two friends are stays who love to venture everywhere and discover new things every time and face dangers as well.

One day while looking through the garbage for something to eat Cheese hits the jackpot and looks at Sprinkles and shows him two slices of pizza.

Sprinkles jumps up in joy and does a little dance then grabs a slice. As they are finishing eating they go to a nearby pond and drink some water to get all refreshed. Suddenly a group of ducks shows up wanting to start problems quacking furiously at Cheese and Sprinkles and flapping their wings at them.

Cheese then starts to meow furiously at them and starts to swing his claws at them as Sprinkles is throwing small rocks at them to help Cheese. The ducks then move out of the way as a goose comes through. Cheese and Sprinkles try to reason with the Goose and make peace.

The Goose then nods its head in approval and Cheese and Sprinkles make their way to their next destination. They then go to a store and plot to take something to eat. Sprinkles then distracts the weary by running around and squeaking. As the woman is chasing Sprinkles, Cheese is filling a small bag with whatever he can.

As Sprinkles slips away from the woman the woman catches a glimpse of Cheese taking food and attempts to chase him but trips and falls as Cheese and Sprinkles make a great escape.

Later , they go into an abandoned house and look for a nice spot to sleep in. The next day they went to have some fun at the park. Cheese starts to chase Sprinkles around the park and play on the jungle gym. Sprinkles pushes Cheese down the slide as he slides down right behind Cheese. After awhile of playing in the park they go to visit an old friend named Kujo who is a German shepherd and hang out with him for a while before going home and eating the food they robbed the woman at the store for.

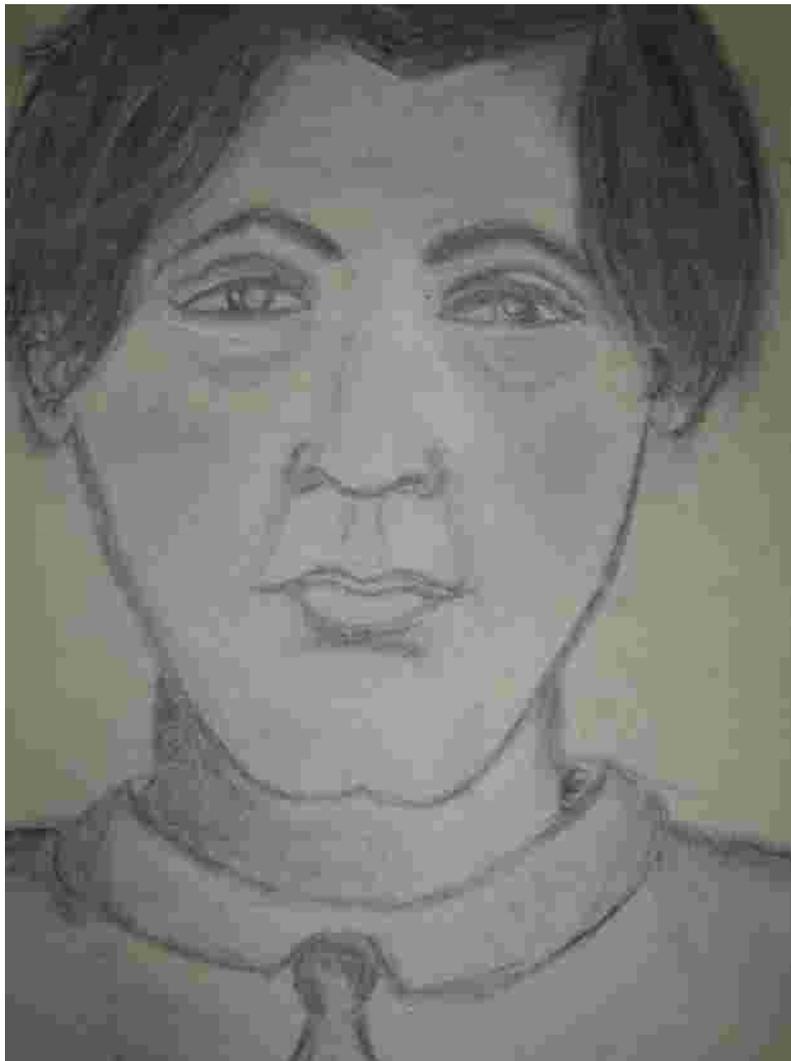
After having a nice meal they take a nap. When they woke up they found themselves being kidnapped by rats. The rats throw Cheese and Sprinkles on a pile of trash and are squeaking furiously amongst each other. Cheese meows at them and wonders why they were kidnapped.

Just then, a really big rat appears before them squeaking at Cheese with a smirk on its face as it looks around the abandoned house. Cheese then meows furiously trying to explain to the oversized rat that the house was their home.

The oversized rat squeaked with laughter at Cheese as it pulls out a bottle of whipped cream and squirts it in Cheese and Sprinkles' faces. Suddenly Sprinkles realizes that the oversized rat was his great-grandfather as they all laugh in relief Cheese and Sprinkles then also realize that the ropes used to tie them are actually licorice ropes.

Later they all say goodbye to each other and go home. As they realize how late it was they quickly get to sleep so they can go on their next adventure full of energy and persistence.

THE END





"The Shy B-Baller"

by Reuben White

One day there was a young boy named Kevin who was very fascinated with basketball, but who was somewhat shy when he was around other people.

But every day Kevin went to the park, and when no one was around he played all by himself. So one day he heard someone knock on his door; so he goes to the door to see who it is -- and it was a boy he had never seen before.

So he opened the door and asked the boy what did he want. The boy replied, "I seen you play basketball in the park when no one is around. When you are playing you're always making almost every shot. You should play with the older kids that know how to play. Oh yea, I almost forgot -- my name is Mark."

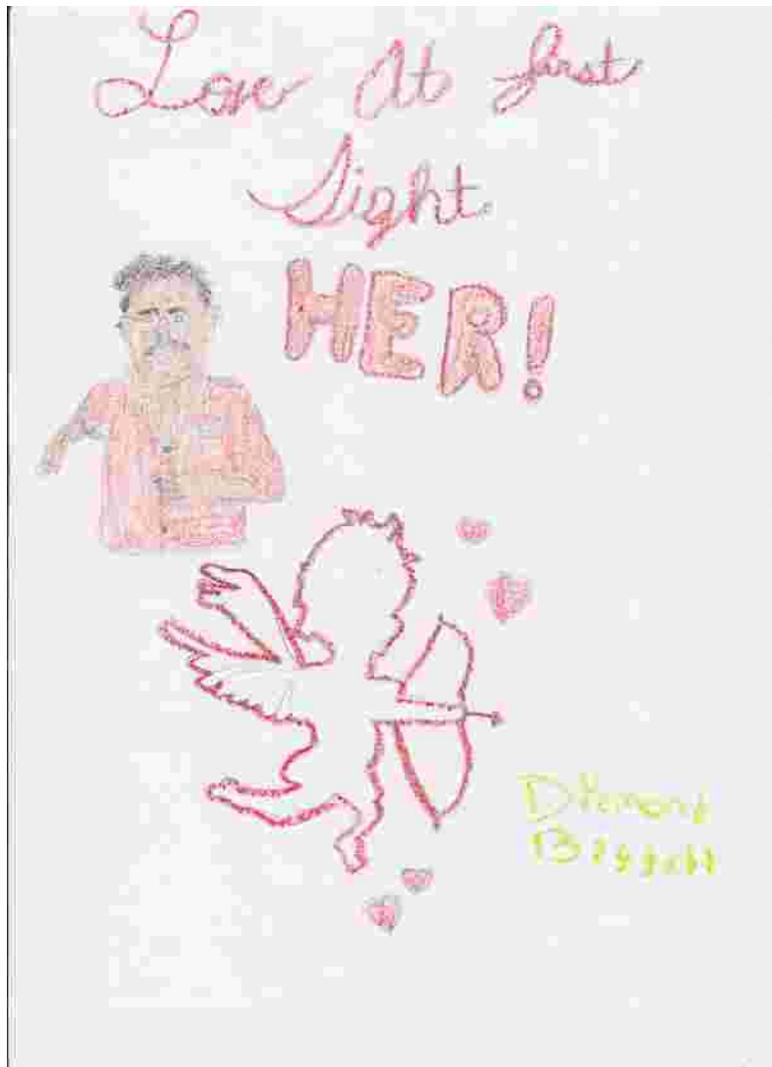
The next day Kevin woke up and his mom told him he has a guest. So Kevin got dressed and went down into the kitchen. And in the kitchen Mark was there waiting for him, so that they could go to

the park to play basketball. But then Kevin declined, and as he was leaving the kitchen his mom forced him to go to the park to make friends and get out the house to have fun.

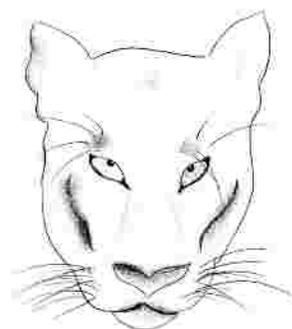
So he said all right and went to the park with Mark. And when they got there these boys told them: "You can't play unless it's for money."

Mark said, "Okay, me and my friend against one of yours." So the game began and they started playing, and they were losing 12 to 25 because Kevin couldn't make eye contact with the others because he was too shy. But then Mark told Kevin to think about what his mom would say if he came home with no money.

At that point, Kevin just realized that and started to play for real. Then at the end of the game they won the game to 54 to 32. So now Kevin got over being shy playing with others. Today, Kevin and Mark go around playing with others, beating everyone they face.



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Jayshwini Caragera

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"Creatively Expressing Ourselves"