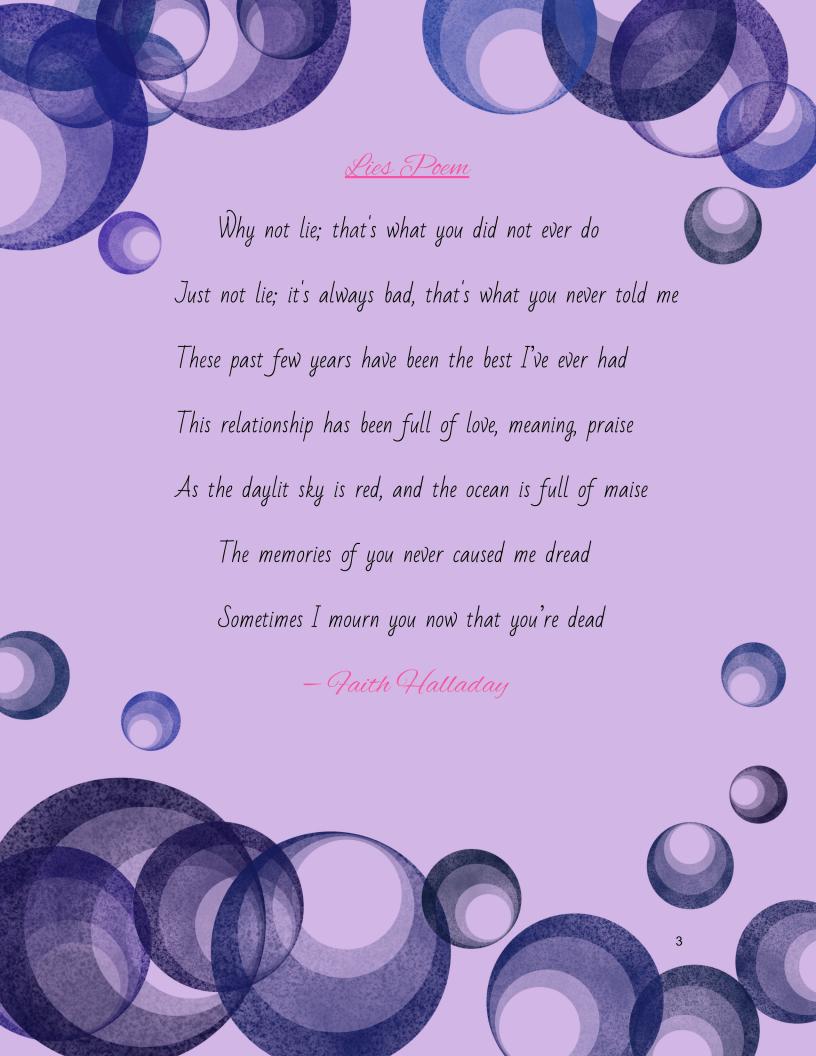
Creative Writing Magazine 2022

Ledesma P.3

Poetry



See Myself— Stephanie Guevara

When I look in the mirror I don't see myself

I see someone who is imperfect

Living for someone else

My hair is dead and so am I

My eyes are too small

My nose too wide

When I look in the mirror I see myself

Someone who's perfect

Living for no one else

My eyes may be small

And my nose wide

But I have

Pretty small hands

And pretty round lips

Almond shaped eyes

May take you on trips

Stephanie Guevara

Emotion Poem

Sadness
If sad were a color,
It would be blue,
As blue as a rainy day,
If sad was a taste,
It would be justlike sour,
If sad was a feeling,
It would be justlike a bruise,
If sad were a smell,
It would be justlike gasoline,
If sad were a sound,
It would be quiet as a funeral



- Vanessa Moreno

Where I am From Poem- Kayla Lathem

I am from a bloodline of hard workers,

From the early cold crisp mornings
And the late dark nights,
I am humble.
(Grateful for everything I have.)
I am from a strong woman who I call my mother
The nights where it was just her and I
Whose hours she gave up for me
As if she never had anything to do
She wants nothing but the best for me
From the moment my heart started beating
lub-dub *lub-dub*
To the moment my heart stops
My mom will forever be
my number one supporter

I am from sarcastic and joyful,
From the jokesters of families
Laughter fades in the background
I'm from the there's no crying in baseball
We must cry in private
And you cannot get butthurt,
No whining
From toughening up! And do not be scared!
Adventure and try new things
I'm from the thick skin of my family
A hard shell
With a fun family
And never dull moments
The memories I will have for a lifetime

I am from teenage parents,
The ones that sacrificed anything to give me everything
For the moments I am forever grateful for
The lessons I learned
Hardships we overcame
I am who I am
From the love I endorsed

Highschool Love— Fernanda Sanchez

High School is such a scary thought.

Your heart is so full and pure.

You eventually meet someone.

You open your whole heart to them, expecting to be loved back.

Instead your heart shatters into a million pieces.

Even your perfect vision can't help you find the pieces.

You either open your heart to someone new,

Or you run back to the person who hurt you.

It's a scary decision to make,

But if you don't, you'll be left all alone in the dark.

The darkness becomes so suffocating, so cloudy.

Your heart finds another heart to love.

You love everything about them and never wish to be apart.

Everything feels so light and easy with them.

The possibilities seem endless.

Until the insecurities begin to take over.

The fear of someone prettier stealing their heart and mind.

What can you do about your insecurities?

Going to the beach and movies,

The possibilities seem endless.

They shower you with perfect presents and kisses.

Eventually you break up because school and life is getting too complicated.

Missing them feels like the darkness that once suffocated you.

Missing them means you had someone special in your life, worth missing.

Wishing that person could come back because loving them made everything easier.

You meet again at a party or they randomly text you late at night,

Telling you they miss you.

Confusion floods your brain.

What should I do? Floods your brain.

You think everyone deserves a second chance.

You go to the movies and beach again.

Back to all the spots that you called "ours".

Graduation seems like a blink away.

You know in your heart the right thing to do is break up.

You both are going to different places.

You both need to feel independent.

It'll be hard leaving them.

You need to.

For yourself.

You need to let them go.

If we meet once more,

Then we'll know it was meant to be.



Time

Why does time have to go by fast?

Why do they say we have all the time in the world

When in the blink of an eye it's another day

Week, month, year

Decades

They go by faster than what is realized

We laugh, cry, dream, grow

I've spent the last 16 years dreaming

In two more will what will that be?

A vague and distant memory or

A reality

The reality is we don't know what will happen
but we move forward anyway

Time is a confusing thing
Its infinite but not for us

Our life is only a part of it

That's what makes it precious

Every second.

I don't understand— Brandon Lopez Scott

I do not understand why it feels like this

I do not understand why I have to deal with this

I do not understand why It is such a problem to remember some things

I do not understand why I have to forget what happens in the past I do not understand why I have to keep moving forward I do not understand why I am judged for wanting to have fun I do not understand why I

I do not understand why it is a struggle to want what I want

I do not understand why life has to be so difficult.

But I do understand that things happen for a reason

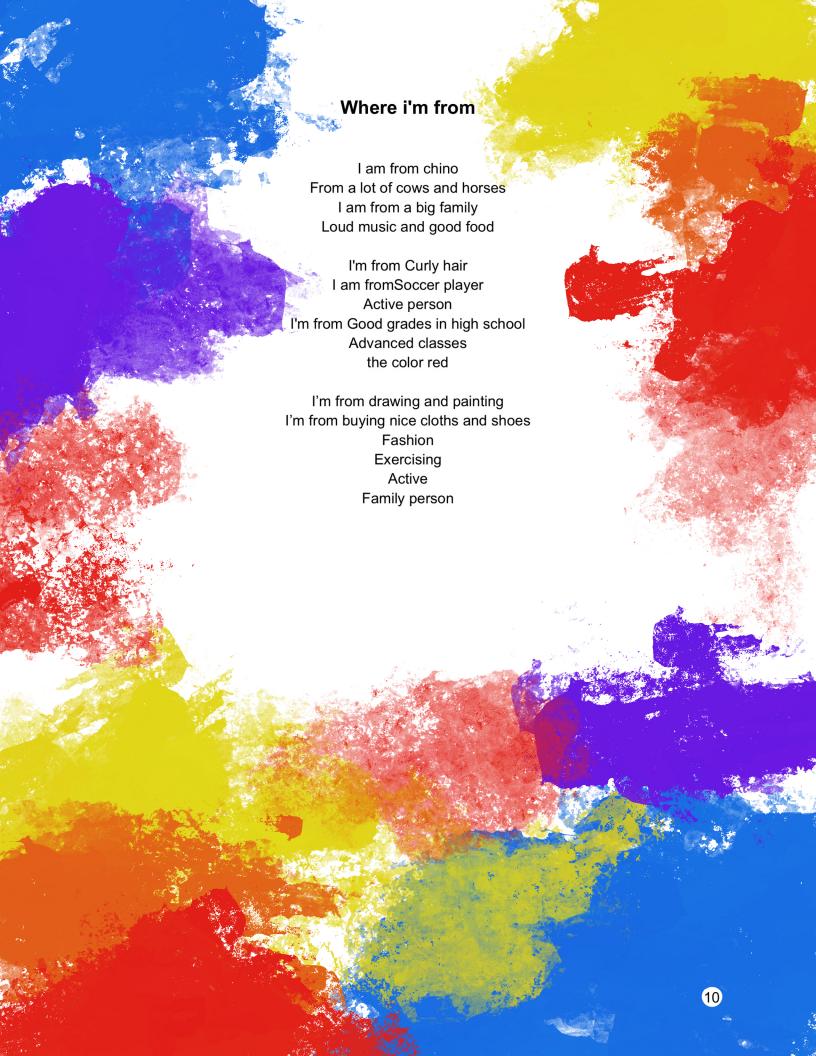
I do understand that without these things happening,

I wouldn't be the person I am today.

can't have what I wish for

I do understand that I wouldn't be able to see how far I have come or even hard I have worked

I do understand that without struggles, life can feel dull and bland I do understand that having something or many things to struggle with are a part of life.



The bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

A traumatic experience How can we forget the bright flash Suddenly 30,000 people in the streets disappeared.

When the gray smoke thinned,
Buildings split, buildings collapsed
Packed trains causing commotion
Skin naked bodies walking in groups, crying
With skin hanging like rags.

The light of the flames that pierced the evening sky,
The place where mother and daughter were pinned under alive
Also filled with flames
The morning sun shine, group of high school girls
Who had fled and were lying on the floor.
their stomachs swollen, one eye crushed, half their bodies raw flesh with skin ripped,

The only sound is the flies' wings flying around by the dead bodies.

How can we forget that silence,
The powerful event,
Of where wives and childrens did not return home
That tore many hearts
Will never be forgotten.

Typical

Promises

Typically, tend to end up

as broken ones.

Faith they said..

Believe in you

and everyone else

They said..

As i tried that

Everything just came

crashing down

Into Earth's core.

as i kept

Continuously trying.

hope

Finally came

My way

I just wonder how my life will compose to

Will I worry?

Will I be stressed?

Or will everything be in the way

I personally wanted to be

Impeccable?

Out of this world?

Even completely accomplished maybe

I mean everything happens for a reason

Right?

I fear absolutely nothing

I'm ready for change and differences

Even if they're not my way..

Typically,

They most likely will be

the dance of time

the wind blows, pushing down even the smallest blades of grass. an orange hue settles over the world, the sign of the setting sun. another day gone, another. day. gone.

the clock moves along with the sun,
i know i should move with them
but i am stuck on the side.
stuck watching them dance around me
waiting for the moment to join in
the minutes turn into hours, the hours turn into days.

i stare ahead,
ignoring the piles starting to form around me.
maybe if I watch the dance long enough it will change,
maybe it will slow down enough that I can find my opening,
but it doesn't.

the wind starts to blow the grass down, the orange hue settles, signaling the setting sun. i start to see the piles surrounding me, "the dance will slow tomorrow and, i will dance with them" it's just one more day gone

-caitlyn schemel

Work Of Heart

By April Mendoza

Heart beats a million miles For one of two things To live to breathe for you We can break a heart Heal a heart Replace a heart So take care of it well I won't ask for it back hold it like glass There's no going back



Short Stories



A Shadow In the Dark— Cynthia Uriostegui

A large figure standing at the foot of my bed paralyzes me. It is just standing there, no eyes are visible, but if they were I assumed it would be staring deep into my eyes. I don't know how long it's been. I feel my hand shaking and yet no matter how hard I try I can't move at all. Sleep paralysis, that's what it is. I've read stories of people waking up, but unable to move. The mind is active but the body is not. In these stories, people recount how they see things that aren't really there. So that's it. This shadow that looms over me is simply the works of my mind. Sooner or later I'll find myself able to move, and this thing will leave me alone. As I reached that conclusion, It moved. A small jerk of the head made my breathing heavy, as if that one move took all the oxygen out of the room. The figure is not shaped like a person, that's what scares me. It more or less resembles a skeleton: lanky arms and a wide chest. I wait for any more movements, but nothing ever comes. The stress and exhaustion that has been building up since the moment I opened my eyes washes over me. If I could, I'd rub my eyes, so I'll settle with tightly shutting them.

Wrong move. I was ready to fall back asleep, but a feeling in my stomach emerged, and it screamed open your eyes! I cracked open my eyes, and was met with the sight of It hovering over me. That sick feeling in my stomach rises up and no matter how much I want to, I cannot close my eyes. However long I layed there, staring into a shadow hovering above me must've been only a few minutes at best. However it felt like an eternity. A thump on my door caused my heavy breathing to halt. The door creaks open, and I feel the bed shift. My heavy breathing resumes, and suddenly it's not the only sound in the room. Hisssss. My cat.

My eyes shift downward, finally looking at something else. The hissing comes to a stop when the shadow disappears. Once it did, I finally regained control over my body. I shot up and grabbed my chest. I slept downstairs for the rest of the week with my cat. I avoided my room at all cost but eventually the back pain from my couch got too much. The first night back in my room was a sleepless one. My cat was annoyed with all my tossing and turning, but did not leave my bed. Whatever was in my room that night never returned. I had many more nights where I woke up paralyzed, but I was always alone. I never understood what It was, or why it was in my room that night, but I don't care to find out. Whatever It was, now only exists in my mind.

Unaware of it— Jason Rodriguez-Ruiz

"Hey dork are you gonna wake up?" I open my eyes slightly to a blurry person standing over me "huh?" "I said are you gonna wake up, we got school" my eyes finally came and I realized it was my older brother Andersand

"Oh yeah, okay I'm up." Okay little introduction to this perfectly normal story. My name is Lincoln and I'm 17 years old and we're in our senior year of high school. We go to Briggs Private Academy. I ditched my brother when we got there and went to my first period. In this class I met up with my best friend Atticus. Atticus and I have known each other ever since we were born, he's basically my brother from another family. Anyways as soon as we walk into our medical class we hear "Did you hear what happened on the news?" this girl named Nova said to us. We just looked at each other and then Atticus responded with "You think we watch the news haha, no what happened?" "Someone in town was found dead on the roof of Gen liquor store," "Wait what? Who?" I freak out "Nope they just said some girl that worked the night shift alone," Nove sadly answered. Atticus muttered "That's crazy, I wonder if someone did it or she was already sick or something." After that our day continued as normal and nothing new came out about the girl who passed away. As soon as school ended I saw Andersand running up to Atticus and I and he shouted "Come on losers, mom said we should go home immediately." "What why?" I questioned. Andersand whispered "Cause some girl got murdered and now everyones all scared so stop asking question come on, you too Atticus your mom said for you to stay at our place awhile because she doesn't want you alone at home for the week." This

was on monday as the days went by more and more people started caring less about the murder. But then on Wednesday there was another. It was this girl from class Atticus and I knew her name was Cora. Once again everyone stopped caring but this time it was within hours. It seemed like everyone forgot about it in the blink of an eye. "Dude, why is this happening?" Atticus questioned. "I don't know man, why is no one caring about this? They all seem to not notice what's happening." I whispered to him while in class. As Atticus and I kept talking about it, some girl walked up to us and said "You're noticing it too huh?" Our heads whip around and make eye contact with Blake, this girl in our class who is usually happy but today seemed so different. "What are you talking about?" I say as I have no idea what she is gonna say in response. "Why do you think they're getting killed and who do you think is doing it?" Blake interrogates us. Atticus and I looked at each other and told her to meet us after school tomorrow with as much evidence as she can find and we would have a discussion about it. With that I told Atticus to go to the site of the first murder to try and find clues and I went to the site of the second one. When I got there it seemed like a deserted wasteland. No one was around, no dead body, no police, nothing it just cleared up so fast. I walked into the park and headed to the area Cora was found in. When I got there all I saw was a phone and a piece of paper. I picked it up with my sweater and immediately ran to the police station. When I got there and started telling them what I

had found and showed it to them, they all

looked at me like I was a crazy person.

What are you talking about kid? There was no murder today or on Monday." The police officer said while we were in the interrogation room. "What no you're lying there's no way" I said in such a confused state. "You sure this isn't a part of some movie you watched or maybe from a game you played?" "No, I swear the girl was in my class. Her name was Cora Spector." as some time went by the officer came back and told me they have no record of a Cora Spector ever existing in this town at all. With that information they sent me home telling me to get some rest and stop playing too many video games. As I walked home I told Atticus to meet up with me at the Mcdonalds not far from my house and There's no way we could've just imagined

explained everything that happened. "What? There's no way we could've just imagined any of that." Atticus said while eating a burger suspiciously. "I know it's crazy to me too. So did you find anything?" I asked him.

"Yeah but I'll tell you tomorrow, well actually more like show you on our walk to school." He said in this lowered voice as if we were being watched or listened to. We headed home and got ready for bed and finally went to sleep. We woke up to Andersand pounding on the door of my room. "Hey are you nerds up? We gotta go to school." I jump up and smack Atticus on the back to wake him up and run to the bathroom to get ready. When we get ready I see Atticus grab a notebook and pen from his bag and we start to walk to school. Since Andersand left us we just walked at our own pace since we still had a lot of time. Atticus took me to the spot where he wanted to take me and pointed. "Do you see that?" "What are you talking about? I don't see anything."

I say while squinting my eyes to see anything. "Come on man, it's right there." Atticus walked up to what he wanted me to see and pointed directly at it. I walk up to see a phone and another piece of paper in a box. "Hey this is what I found when I went to the second area. It seems like their phones are always left and a random piece of paper." "What did the one you found say?" Atticus asked while picking up the phone and paper from the box. "Figure it out." I said while looking him in the eyes. "Huh? How am I supposed to figure it out?" Atticus with the most confused face. "No dork, that's what the paper had said." I said with a slight giggle to lighten the situation. "Oh sorry haha." Atticus said. After all of that we went to school and tried to have a normal day. We met up with Blake at the end of the day and she immediately started telling us what she found. "Please tell me you guys heard the news this time." Atticus and I look at each other and then back at her. "Are you kidding me!" Blake says in an almost scared tone. "This guy has been murdered while walking to school, but he seems to have put up a fight because he crawled for a while." Blake jumps in. "Who was it this time?" I say shakingly. "Some kid named Andersand." Blake says looking me dead in the eyes. "WHAT!? No you've gotta be lying, this isn't a joke Blake don't do this." I say while my eyes water. "What does he look like?" That's when she shows me it, a picture of my brother. I start crying and start punching the table exclaiming it was my fault since Atticus and I weren't ready to walk with him in the morning. I get up and start running home, tears flowing down as my phone keeps ringing. I look at it to see

Atticus calling me but I ignore it and keep going. When I got home I burst into
Andersand's room where he wasn't.
Everything was so plain nothing was happening and my mom wrote a letter saying she loved him. When I talked about it during dinner my mom said the most shocking words to me. "Who are you talking about sweetie?" I immediately stand up, hands firm on the table. "What? No mom, you have to remember your own son.

Andersand you're oldest son was murdered!" "I only have you, what do you mean?" My mom says in a confused tone trying to remember her other son. I get up and go to my room crying and that's where I

would stay for the next few days. I remember to text Atticus every now and then to check in. After 5 days of not going to school, not really talking to anyone, I finally got up and headed out. When I walked out of my house I saw Atticus sitting on my doorstep. "Finally dude" Atticus said while punching my arm. "I know I'm sorry I just needed some time." "I understand, don't worry." Atticus said as he reached for a hug.

After we hugged we walked to school together. When we got there we ran into Blake who also gave me a hug. "I know this is a bad time but there were two more while you were out." We meet up in the empty classroom after school to talk about

classroom after school to talk about everything again. "Okay once again at these last two murders there was a phone and a piece of paper, and I think we finally have the answer." Blake says. "If we put the paper together it makes a shape of a house and it makes a complete sentence." Atticus says while putting them together to show me. "It says you know which house this is, figure it

out." When he puts it together I have this strange feeling where this is gonna go. I start to remember the old house on Jyn st. It looks normal but a lot of people say it's haunted and someone evil lives there. "No come on that's just a dumb children story place." I say unconvincingly. Atticus and Blake drag me to the house with a bag with bats and few other stuff so we can solve this once and for all. "When we get in just remember to protect each other." I say. We enter the house through an open window and start walking around making sure to check every room there is. We start to walk up the stairs and hear "Ah so it was you three who would remember." We look around and don't see anything. "You must be thinking this is all a game but it isn't, you've thrown yourselves into something you shouldn't have." I start to run up the stairs shouting "You killed my brother of course I threw myself in this!" As I get up the stairs this thing crawls out from the shadows and we see what has been causing everything. "What, you were expecting something human huh?" I stop dead in my tracks to see a creature that is super pale and skinny with long claws and blood dripping from its mouth. It runs along the walls and drops on Blake and slashes her and she screams in pain as she drops to the ground, never moving. "Why, why do you have to do this?" I say falling to the ground. The creature moves towards me and Atticus making demonic noises and scratching the floor. "Come on Lincoln, we have to do something!" Atticus yells. "No Atticus, Can't you see it's all over anyways." I say as the creature runs to us and slashes both our chest. As we drop completely on the floor Atticus grabs my hand. "I'm sorry, we

should've never done this." I make a slight smile knowing we aren't gonna survive this. I grab his hand tight as he takes his last breath. I try to scream but I can't. The monster walks up to me again picking me up. "Nice try kid but you've lost since the

beginning, the loop won't end though good luck next time." I look at it with a confused and shocked look as I start to black out. I come to when I hear the words "Hey dork are you gonna wake up?"

The End

I'm Your Phone and I Think We Need Some Space...

Hey, it's me, your phone, we need to have a serious talk... I think we need a break.

You're too clingy and I need space. I'm with you in the morning, afternoon, evening, and night, I need to have my own time to charge you know! It's okay to get fresh air once in a while, maybe go have a chat with a Short Afternoon Walk. Learn how to talk to people without a phone in your hands. It's okay to be bored! Learn a new hobby, I don't know! I just know that this is too much for me, I'm dying!

I feel so used in this relationship, I try my best to keep you entertained, but what do I get in return? I get dropped, drowned, and cracked; you really need to take better care of your things. You complain that I'm not good enough when I'm only trying my best, and you constantly replace me! What about my feelings?

I understand you want to distract yourself from school, work, and this crazy pandemic, but you have to learn how to prioritize your responsibilities over leisure activities! I can't always be your distraction. It was fun at first! It was exciting and new, but now it's draining for you and me; this addiction has to end.

I'm bad for you too, all I do is cause you trouble. Your parents get angry that you're constantly with me and yet you continue to stay attached! This is toxic; I'm ruining your eyes when you use me late at night - that is ruining your sleep schedule! I'm ruining your social skills and manners, by the way, yes it is rude to use me while you're with other people.

Just please, I'm begging you, go out and do something new. Gain a few more hobbies, keep yourself active, socialize! Read a book or do some homework! (We both know you need to do that.) We desperately need some space, it will be the best for both of us.

Sincerely, Your Phone