



FREE
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ARTS

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School San Antonio

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ARTS

Student Editor's Note

Welcome to the newest edition of Freedom Arts Magazine. As Student Editor, it has been an incredible experience to witness the sheer volume of talent within our school walls.

This issue features some of the most impressive artwork you have ever seen. You'll see the boundary-pushing creativity of our visual artists, the innovative craftsmanship of our Woodworking students, and striking imagery. Beyond the visuals, we are proud to showcase stories and poems that are so compelling they truly deserve recognition.

Don't just stick to the pages, though! We wanted to bring the magazine to life, so we've included QR codes that link directly to performances from our Upper School Drama and Music classes, plus some amazing videos from Digital Media II.

- Christian Saenz

Faculty Editor's Note

Welcome to the latest edition of Freedom Arts Magazine. Within these pages, you are about to experience the vibrant, unfiltered creative spirit of our student body. This collection is a sensory journey: it moves from the rhythmic introspection of poetry and short stories to the sharp, observant eye of our photographers. You will see the bold strokes of fine art contrasted with the tactile, disciplined craft of woodworking projects from the shop.

Freedom Arts is more than just a compilation; it is a testament to the "freedom" our students have to explore their voices, refine their crafts, and share their unique perspectives with the world.

We hope you enjoy the journey.

- Mr. Morales

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**Danielle Evans
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Grace Randall
Avé-Maria Guerra Vargas
Liam Wilson
M.K. Worth**

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Huddle
Christian Saenz - 9th Grade

Marshmallows and Cocoa

By: Danielle Evans

Once upon a Christmas time, a girl named Kylie had a hot cocoa stand in the town square. The air was filled with the sweet smell of melted chocolate as the hot chocolate sat, remaining warm in its container. Families walked by and received a cup of hot chocolate, free of charge, smiling and laughing as they sipped the warm drink, feeling it warm them in the bitter cold. Kylie always remembered her mother telling her, “A smile is worth all the money in the world,” and her father telling her, “If smiles were currency, we’d all be a thousand times richer.” Kylie rather enjoyed watching the happy faces of the families that took a drink of the hot chocolatey liquid. It always made her day to see her community happy, especially around Christmas time. For Christmas time has always been her favourite time of the year. To her, Christmas has always been a time for joy, a time to serve the community, a time to spend with family and friends. Every day after she ran out of hot chocolate, she would pack up her things, go home, wake up the next day, make more hot chocolate with her mother and father, take the hot chocolate to the square in her little red wagon, and give it out all over again. It always brought her immense joy.

One morning, she brought the hot chocolate to the square, as she usually did, only for someone else to be there first with their own hot chocolate. It was her best friend, Kenzie. Kenzie smiled as she handed out hot chocolate to the families at Kylie’s stall. Irritated, Kylie marched up to Kenzie and confronted her.

“What are you doing?” she asked her.

“I am giving hot cocoa to the town,” Kenzie answered.

“In my stall?” Kylie asked.

“We can share,” Kenzie replied. Kylie huffed. Her brows furrowed, and her face got red.

“No, we can’t!” Kylie yelled.

“Why not?” Kenzie asked.

“Because this is my stall! I am the one who gives out hot chocolate!” Kylie snapped.

“Why are you yelling at me?” Kenzie asked.

“You took my job!” Kylie replied.

“I took nothing. We can hand out hot chocolate together!” Kenzie insisted.

Kylie huffed once more. “I don’t WANNA hand it out together! Least of all with YOU!” Kylie yelled. Kylie then turned and ran off, not giving Kenzie a chance to reply. She ran through the streets on the sidewalk and straight into her house.

Kylie huffed and panted, wiping her face of welling tears as she walked inside. “Now, now, girl. What’s wrong?” a creaky old voice sounded from the couch. Kylie turned and saw a familiar old lady sitting on the couch, knitting.

“Grandma!” she cheered, running to the elder to hug her.

Kylie’s grandmother let out a chuckle and placed her knitting needles on her lap before wrapping her arms around the young girl.

“Hello there, dear. Now, tell your old granny what the matter is,” the old lady said. Kylie sat on her grandmother’s lap and sniffled as she wiped her face with her sleeve.

“Kenzie stole my job,” Kylie said.

“Stole your job?” Grandma asked.

“I was supposed to be the one to hand out hot chocolate every morning. I always run out during the day and make more with mommy and daddy the next morning. But when I made some this morning and went to my stall, Kenzie was there and handing out hot chocolate in my place,” Kylie complained.

“I see...” Grandma said, “What did you do about it, Kylie?”

“I went over to her and talked to her about it, but she was being insistent on staying and helping, so I told her I would rather not hand out hot chocolate with anyone, especially not her, and I ran off,” Kylie answered.

The old lady hummed and stroked her chin.

She then asked, “was it worth it?”

“Grandma?” Kylie asked.

“Was losing your friend truly worth being able to hand out hot chocolate all alone?” Grandma asked. Kylie didn’t answer.

Rather, she just looked at the floor. “No stand or cup of cocoa is worth losing a friend, my dear. Kenzie did not ‘steal’ your job, she just wanted to do it with you,” Grandma told the young girl.

“But why?” Kenzie asked.

“Perhaps it was because she wanted to give to her community, like you do. Or maybe she wanted to bond with you more. She possibly could’ve been lonely,” Grandma answered. Kylie felt guilt and regret swelling up in her chest. “Tell me, girl,”

Grandma started, “what do you feel when you hand out hot chocolate?”

“I feel...happy,” Kylie answered.

“And how did you feel when Kenzie was there, already handing out hot chocolate?” Grandma asked.

“I felt... angry and hurt,” Kylie replied.

“Tell me, child, how did you feel when Susie Mae yelled at you when you played with her ball?” Grandma asked.

“I felt... hurt and confused. Why do you ask, Grandma?” Kylie asked.

“How do you think Kenzie felt when you yelled at her for wanting to be included?” Grandma asked. Kylie paused. She looked down in shame. Her grandmother smiled. “It is alright, dear. We all make mistakes. The important thing is to own up to our mistakes and make amends for them,” Grandma said.

“How?” Kylie asked, not looking up.

“Come. I have an idea,” Grandma said, getting up. Grandma took her wallet and put on her coat and scarf.

“Where are we going, Grandma?” Kylie asked, getting her own coat and wrapping her scarf around her neck.

“Shopping,” Grandma simply stated.

The two trudged out into the cold air. Kylie felt the wind nipping at her skin as she and her Grandma walked over to the local H-E-B. Cars honked and raced for parking spots as they walked through the parking lot. The store was ever so full when Kylie and her grandmother walked through the doors. In the food section, Grandma took marshmallows from the shelves. “What are the marshmallows for, Grandma?” Kylie asked.

“Nothing goes with a hot cup of cocoa better than marshmallows, don’t you think?” Grandma asked. Grandma paid for the marshmallows and wished the cashier a merry Christmas before leaving with Kylie.

The two then made their way to the square, where Kenzie was still handing out hot chocolate, albeit a little more quietly and solemnly. Kylie took the bag of marshmallows and walked up to the stall. Kenzie refused to meet Kylie’s eyes. “Kenzie...,” Kylie started, “I’m sorry for yelling at you.” Kenzie looked up. “I thought that handing out hot chocolate could be for me and only me, but someone made me realize that handing out hot chocolate isn’t worth losing you as a friend.” Kylie admitted, “I know that isn’t an excuse, but...if...if you want to... maybe we can hand out hot chocolate... together?” Kylie cautiously suggested. A bright smile lightened Kenzie’s face.

“It’s okay, Kylie. I’m sorry for stealing your stall,” Kenzie apologized.

“It’s nothing. Let’s start handing out hot chocolate together.”

Kylie raised the marshmallows, “oh, and nothing goes better with hot cocoa than marshmallows, right?” Kylie asked. Kenzie laughed and nodded. The girls ripped the bag open and started plopping marshmallows in the hot chocolate. People seemed to enjoy the hot chocolate more with the marshmallows.

Once the cocoa was all gone, Kylie and Kenzie went back to their respective homes. The next morning, when Kylie brought the freshly made cocoa to the square, she saw Kenzie there with a basket full of homemade marshmallows.

The girls plopped marshmallows into the cocoa and handed them out to the community. Kylie smiled at the joyful faces of the families they gave the cocoa and marshmallows to, but she found herself enjoying it even more with her best friend by her side.

After the girls ran out, Kylie’s grandma walked up to them as they were packing up. “Kenzie, you will be coming home with Kylie and me today; your parents will meet us there,” Grandma said. The girls eagerly chatted back and forth with one another as they walked home with the old lady. When they made it home, Kylie smelled the scent of a cooking turkey. Kenzie’s parents greeted them and ushered them inside. The girls went upstairs to draw and play until Kylie’s mother called them downstairs for dinner. Once dinner was over, Kenzie and Kylie said goodbye to one another, and Kenzie left to go to her own home with her mother and father.

The next morning, Kylie made hot chocolate with her parents, loaded her little red wagon, and brought the hot chocolate to the square, where Kenzie was staring up at the sign of the stall. Kenzie turned to Kylie with a smile and said, “I hope you don’t mind, but I took the liberty of changing the name of our stall.” Kylie looked up at the sign. She smiled when it said:
Marshmallows and Cocoa.



Drama Class



We invite you to explore a selection of video performances from our drama students, under the direction of Caroline Bossalini. Scan the QR Code to see the next generation of theatrical talent in action.

Music Class



Hear the exceptional talent of our Music Department! Scan here to watch a selection of video performances directed by Caroline Bossalini. Join us in celebrating the hard work and artistry of our students.

Video Production Class



Experience a unique collaboration between our Digital Media II class and Upper School Drama. Scan the QR code to watch their short film adaptation of the award-winning book, **Last Stop on Market Street**. This project showcases the cinematic vision and acting talent of our students.



Aurora Borealis
Maya Wilson - 4th Grade



Night Dancing
Andrew Whitaker - 9th Grade



Chapel of Color
Alé Nagel - 4th Grade

Myth of the Sealed World

by: Liam Wilson

Why did this happen? One moment—one single, fragile breath of a moment—I was transfixed by a beguiling bird, its radiant feathers igniting the sky like a phoenix torn from myth. Its wings scattered prismatic light across temples of gold and marble, across celestial beings whose forms shimmered like living constellations. In that age, the world was illuminated by resplendent creatures—angelic figures robed in iridescence, mounted guardians clad in molten gold, and sanctuaries where gods convened to teach balance, harmony, the sacred tension between yin and yang. Then, without warning, a sun fell. Not dimmed, not eclipsed. It fell. The heavens ruptured. Light fractured. And when the impact came, it did not merely destroy—it erased as if existence itself had inhaled sharply and forgotten how to exhale. Where brilliance and life once stood, there was only absence. Not ruin. Not ash. Absence. As though none of it had ever been. But light always casts a shadow. From the void left behind, darkness emerged—silent, absolute, devouring every lingering trace of radiance. It spread without flame, without sound, swallowing temples and gods alike. And when its hunger was finally sated, it gathered itself into a single form. A kitsune. Its fur absorbed light like a wound in reality, its eyes blacker than the deepest void—vanta-black orbs that reflected nothing, not even memory. It did not roar. It did not speak. After the devastation, it simply lay down... and slept. Centuries passed. Civilizations rose over its slumbering body. Oceans formed. Continents shifted. The world rebuilt itself in ignorance, layer upon layer, until the creature fused with the molten core of a forming planet. That planet would one day be called Earth. Now, I walk. I walk through what remains of a desolate shrine, its pillars split and hollowed, its silence heavier than prayer ever was. This place once guided lost souls toward enlightenment. Here, the divine sought clarity and power. Here, mortals brushed the edges of transcendence. Now it is debris. Is this a punishment? My thoughts fracture; panic claws at my throat.

I knew it. I knew we should never have bitten the hand that sustained us. I warned them—again and again—don't touch the ruby. But no one listened. The ruby. Crimson, almost wet in its brilliance, carved with a pale sigil that shifted when stared at too long. It pulsed—not with warmth, but with awareness. It radiated the presence of something omnipotent. Something that had been observing us for centuries. Watching. Measuring. Waiting. This land was never meant for the damned. It was never meant for mortals to tamper with relics left behind by beings who transcend time and dimension. And yet, as I move farther from the ruins, my breathing steadies. The panic drains away. In its place comes something colder. Detachment. A thought settles into my mind with unnerving clarity: What was the ruby's true function? Why was such an artifact placed within reach of mortal hands? And why would entities capable of folding galaxies avoid Earth entirely? Because of what sleeps beneath it. Over generations, the myth splintered into safer versions—stories of divine punishment, fallen angels, forbidden knowledge. But myths are softened truths. Only those who stood beneath the collapsing sky understand why the celestial beings withdrew from our reality, severing themselves from our world as though it were contaminated. They do not observe out of curiosity. They do not abstain out of indifference. They remain distant because the last time they intervened, the darkness awakened. And the ruby? It was never a source of power. It was a seal. A lock placed upon something that should never rise again. Something that is beginning to stir. Even now, as the ground trembles faintly beneath my feet, I feel it—that slow, ancient consciousness shifting at the planet's core. The kitsune is not asleep. It is remembering. There are other fragments of this story—records hidden in places untouched by light, truths scattered across civilizations that collapsed before they could speak. Find them. Piece them together. Only then will you understand why the world once folded in on itself... and why the celestial beings fled. Because if the seal has truly been broken, then this time, there will be no sun left to fall.

The Leopard's Day

By Grace Randall

The leopard in the tree
Is catching some z's
With a yawn and a leap
The jump is pretty steep
Leopard creeping
Sneaking is the way to go
The leopard by the river stops
A caiman drops into the river
Bird cawing
Some feathers falling
The leopard goes near the snake tree
Please let it be
Monkeys howling
From leopard prowling
Leopard stalks old monkey
The leopard no longer hungry
Bushes rustling
From the monkey tussling
Drip
Drop
Rain starts to fall
Young ones start to brawl
Flowers swaying
Prey staying
The leopard walks
The forest talks
Croaking frogs dart
While the leopard stays apart
Snake slithers past
Leopard would like to last
Branch creeks as a sloth eats
The leopard moves its feet

Drip
Drop
The rain stops
Butterflies flutter in the air
In the air would be a rare
Buzzing and flapping
The leopard stepped on a sapling
Scent of another
Was the leopard's Brother
Hiss and growl
The leopard is tired now
Claws clash
With a smash
The leopard has won
What fun
Belly full, tired now
The leopard must get back, but how
It follows its tracks
All the way back
The leopard climbs into the tree
It's time we let it be
That was the leopard's day
Hooray

Golden Leaf
Chelsea West - 9th Grade



Escaping an Abandoned Circus

By: Rafa Garcia

On a dark and snowy night in the Colorado mountains, a guy named Bob was going camping until he heard rustling in the snow from outside his tent. Bob heard the sound getting closer and closer until Bob realized that it was a bear. “It’s a bear!” (Bob stammered). Bob ran outside of his tent barefoot in the freezing cold snow. All Bob had was a blanket and pants. The bear was chasing after Bob for miles, but he was lucky because he saw a light through the trees. Bob quickly ran to the light and realized that it was a circus. He quickly jumped over the tall gate with his feet almost about to freeze. He walked to the door, but before he opened the door, an old metal bar fell on him. He dodged the bar barely, but his blanket was cut in two, so he wrapped the blankets around his feet so they wouldn't freeze. He opened the door and walked inside until BAM, the door slammed shut. Bob screamed, “AHHHHH!” He was scared to death, but knew the only way to escape was to survive. He heard a raspy voice behind him say, “This is your last day on earth, boy”. Bob looked behind him and saw an ugly green zombie with a clown mask. Bob ran away faster than he had ever done before. Bob ran into an old room with a box in it. Bob opened the box, and thousands of bats flew out. He quickly shut the box. He saw the clown zombie and realized that he was Sir Quis, the guy who fell from a 100-foot tightrope and survived.



Bob knew that his ankle was weak so he aimed the box at him and opened it, bats came flying at him and he fell to the ground. Bob ran to another room and saw a screwdriver on a shelf and a vent. Bob tried to unscrew the vent but he was too short so he moved a box under the vent, but he was still too short. Bob grabbed a second box and stacked it on the other box until he saw a shadow of Sir Quis walking in the door. Bob was unscrewing the screws as Sir Quis was limping over to him. Bob finally got it unscrewed, and he climbed in the vent. But after that, he felt something on his legs. It was Sir Quis who was grabbing his legs. Bob squirmed until Sir Quis finally lost his grip. Bob crawled out of the vents and fell on the snowy ground outside. He finally survived. The end.

Golgotha
Mya Pinedo - 9th Grade



The 3:00 AM Watch
Andrew Whitaker - 9th Grade





Close and Personal
Bella Butler - 9th Grade



Two In Red
Victoria Vallejo - 9th grade



Ready for the Hunt
Christian Saenz - 9th Grade



Waiting for the Wind
Jackson Canavan - 11th Grade

Sunset at Home
Jackson Canavan - 11th Grade





Autumn's Footprint
Henry Nathanson - 3th grade



A Spectrum of Spring
Camryn Knudson - 7th grade



Folds of the Forest
Collin Senulis - 4th grade

The craftsmanship of our Woodworking students



Acoustic Harmony
Johan Oakes - 11th Grade

Eagle
Jordan Gonzales - 12th Grade



The Undulating Grain
Mathew Ewing - 9th Grade



Walnut & Oak Rhapsody
Isabel Nicholas - 10th Grade



Grain & Ink: The Art of the Turned Pen
Rylan Scott - 12th Grade

The Trinity Cross
Lane Tuttle - 8th Grade



From Plank to Party
Isabel Nichols - 10th Grade



The craftsmanship of our Woodworking students



Acoustic Harmony
Aaron Ortega - 11th Grade



Electric Turquoise
Johan Oakes - 11th Grade



Mountain Peaks
Lorenzo Viramontes, Lane Tuttle, Jayben Bransford - 9th & 8th Grade



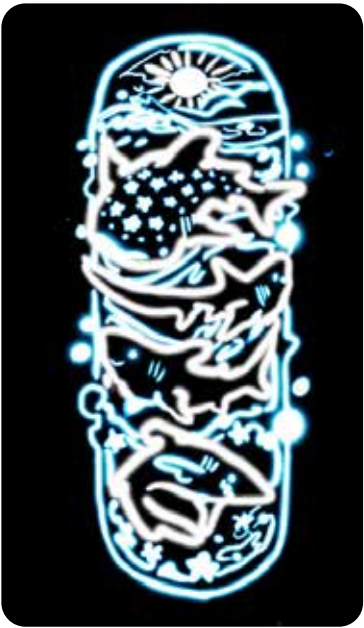
The Uninvited Guest
Emily Mamidi 10th Grade



Protrusion in Monochrome
Victoria Vallejo 9th Grade



Monarch Art
Maumus Claverie



Bioluminescent Hunters
Bella Butler - 9th grade



Kinetic Imagination
Collin Senulis - 4th grade



Swordfish in Motions
Emily Mamidi - 10th grade

A.I. Use in Art

By: M.K. Worth

Ever since the beginning, human beings have expressed themselves through art. The very definition of art is that it is the expression of human imagination and creativity, so do the pieces that Artificial Intelligence, or AI, generates fit in this category? Over many years, art has evolved from cave paintings and mosaics to pencil sketches and digital art. Recently, many people have begun to turn to AI to create art pieces for them. AI generates images in less than two minutes, and they look beautiful, however there are many downsides to using this technique that many people do not even consider. In this new age, many people are beginning to resort to using AI for art unaware that this has caused the art to lack emotion that human-made art has, students to skip learning the creative process, and many artists to lose their job. No human created art piece is perfect, nor is any AI generated piece. No matter how good AI generated art may look, there is always some kind of detectable flaw, one that may not be detectable in human-made art. The reason that many people begin to create art is that they want to express their emotions in other ways than a conversation. Human-made art is filled with emotion and dedication that you can not see in AI generated pieces.

Although, many people might not care about these aspects and just want to get the job done. AI images may seem very efficient and almost perfect, but when you take a closer look at these images many mistakes begin to stand out, one of the most famous being that humans have six fingers in AI generated images. These mistakes may make AI art extremely detectable. AI can not read minds, it cannot generate exactly what you have in mind no matter how specific your instructions are. The only way you can get a somewhat accurate image of your thought is through practicing art yourself.

Britannica confirms that the issue with AI-generated hands exists, as well as introducing the issues with AI-generated teeth and ears. AI can not see into our world any other way than photographs, so it does not understand what hands, teeth, and ears are. AI-generated art may be beautiful but it fails at basic human anatomy; this is where humans are superior. Art generated by AI is inaccurate, but it is believed by many people to be the future, so how is this being taught to the younger generations? The use of AI-generated art is spreading. Some schools have already begun teaching their students to use this method. While this exposes students to what their future may be like, it also causes them to skip the fundamental creative process. Creativity is something that everyone has. The people who we call creative are just those who have learned to tap into their creativity and express it. As more and more schools begin to use AI for more art forms, it is preventing students from learning to tap into their creative minds. If a 1st grader were to use AI to write their stories or generate their art in an age where schools allowed this, they would not understand how it was being created, nor how to create it without AI. According to The University of Florida, learning art has helped children have higher academic performances and improved social and emotional growth. Many people have been dissuaded from learning art because they believe that they were not born with artistic talent. Well, neither are many artists; the only thing that they have is the drive to practice art, and through their practice, they learn to create masterpieces. Anyone can learn to create beautiful art through practice. But as AI takes over, what will happen to these hard-working, passionate artists? Many artists have great faith in their work, but many have begun to lose hope because of the growth of AI. For ages, art has been a way to soothe a human's soul, and artists have taken great pride in being the creators of these calming pieces, but times are changing, and AI is beginning to take their jobs.

Most people think of AI generated art as only AI generated images, and that the only people fearing it are digital artists, but there is so much more. AI has spread to being used in movie production and music, which are both other forms of art that are being threatened. The issue goes even deeper when looking at the way these AIs are being trained. AI art is stealing artists' work. AI art generators are trained through a database full of human-made art, a good percent of which is stolen artwork that is being used without the artist's permission. Is it truly fair that artists are fearing losing their jobs to a system that has used their art without permission? The anxiety towards AI art does not just exist in professional artists. Students that have long wanted a career in art are also getting scared. Students that have dedicated so much of their time and effort to learning art, hoping that one day their pieces will be seen and adored by many, are beginning to question how realistic their dreams will be in this new era. If AI becomes the future of art, how will these students thrive? Luckily, not all hope is lost, the Columbia Business School has stated that humans are still more drawn to human made art than AI generated art. As long as there are people that create art and people who appreciate their art, there is still hope for aspiring artists. Ever since the beginning, human beings have expressed themselves through art. Recently AI has begun to take over the art world. These AI generated images may look beautiful and seem very efficient, but when you take a good look at these pictures many detectable flaws are noticeable, some that would not be detected in human made art. Some schools are beginning to have children use AI to generate art, causing them to lose access to a very important creative outlet that should be learned in youth. Many artists are suffering from the fear of losing their jobs to AI, even after AI was trained on their art without their permission. So, next time you feel the need to use AI to generate an image, put your computer away, grab a pencil and paper, and draw. Do not expect perfection for artistic talent comes with practice.



Paws at the Edge
Chelsea West - 9th Grade



Beyond the Gater
Mya Pinedo - 9th Grade

Juice Box

By: Avé-Maria Guerra Vargas

Some things may never change
But when they do
They stay the same

The past is in the past
But neither are me
And neither are you

“Look back and laugh.”
They say till I'm crying
Feelings pouring down my face
Unsure of their place

The things they say and do
They matter, and they hurt
But we should watch what we say
And take their words with a grain of salt

Our world has shaped us
To be puppets in our mind
All feelings and thoughts
Shoved deep inside

It's the little things that matter
But it's those that we forget
It's the people that we like
Over the people who love us

If this is what it means to be human
Then I choose to be human no more

I just want to be a girl
With feelings strong and true
With a boy
Who loves you for you

How can these wants not be needs
And how can I be selfish
By trying to live with ease

This world of standards
Set the bar too high
How come life is a fairy-tale
Until you die

Life isn't over when it begins
It's when you find out
How the world spins

School is just school
Until it makes you cry
Just the same
Work is just work
Until you die

This is considered true
And rightfully wrong
Because color is just color
With a smile on

Poetry
What a silly phrase
Because poems are poems
And feelings are feelings
But feelings are poems
And poems are feelings
This we know as true

We come to accept the fact
That this is our world
And countries are fighting
Starting wars

Instead of trying to save our neighbors
We fight about politics
And instead of loving each other
We hate with all our being

Our passion has been focused on hatred
But passion was given for love
The world was not intended to be like this
But we blame it on a fruit picked from the tree
We blame until we blame ourselves
But we never blame ourselves
Because if we do,
We succumb to our sins
The ones that Jesus died for
The ones that we make betray him
Yet we're still here

We try to love like Jesus
A love like no other
We try to forgive but not forget
Or we'll forget but never forgive

We try so hard to love
But not leaving love for ourselves

And we come back to square one
Not knowing where to end
So we'll just keep hating and loving
Waiting for it to end

Not knowing how to enjoy the time spent



The Point of Bloom
Victoria Vallejo - 9th Grade



Molecular Flora
Mary Daniels - 9th Grade



Goldfish Crackers
Avery Balderrama - 8th Grade



Waiting for My Walk
Josh Ranzau - 11th Grade



Repetition Exercise
Chelsea West - 9th Grade



Waiting for the Train
Chelsea West - 9th Grade



The Endless Bend
Alé Nagel - 4th Grade



Molecular Flora
Henry Nathanson - 3rd Grade



Colorful Lines
Malak Smmour - 6th Grade



Essence of the Falls
Jackson Scipio- 9th Grade



The Guardian of the Hollows
Chelsea West- 9th Grade



The Tall Fisher
Chelsea West- 9th Grade



Eye Ore
Jackson Scipio- 9th Grade



Graphic Depth
Shawn Patrick Parsons - 5th Grade



Thanksgiving Time
Victoria Vallejo - 9th Grade



Low Rider
Chelsea West - 9th Grade



Stubbornly Thirsty
Christian Saenz- 9th Grade

On the Boardwalk
Mya Pinedo - 9th Grade



Why Winston

By: Alex Stotts

I would say that more kids should go to Winston because the teachers are awesome, you can make lots of friends and the principal is great! The kids with learning differences can learn at Winston. Winston also gives you the chance to play sports.



Happy Birthday Winston

by: Syler Stubblefield

I can't think of a better school to celebrate than The Winston School San Antonio. One of my favorite things about Winston are my teachers, Mrs. Clewett and Ms. Ulrich. Another thing I like about Winston is the football team. Our coaches are Mr. Yocham and Mr. Cavatorta. They are the best football coaches I have ever had. The final thing I like about Winston is reading and math. We are learning about decimals for math and genres for reading.



Rhythm and Movement
Lorenzo Viramontes - 9th grade



The Charcoal Vessel
Christian Coryell - 5th grade

Our Foundation & History

The story of Freedom Arts Magazine began in December 2010. Founded through the collaborative vision of Faculty Editor Paschal M. Booker and Student Editor Robert Hook, the magazine was established as a permanent home for student expression at The Winston School San Antonio.

Over the last decade, the magazine has been shaped and guided by a dedicated line of Student Editors who have kept this vision alive:

- Robert Hook (Founder) 2010-12
- Chris Hook 2012-14
- John Guerrero 2014-15
- Arthur Trickett-Wile 2015-17
- Diego Morales 2018-19
- Aidan Wilson 2024
- Nikko Menendez 2025
- Christian Saenz (Current Student Editor) 2026



Production Credits

This year's edition was curated, designed, and brought to life by the students of the Digital Media I Class and coordinated by Liam Wilson. Their hard work in layout design, digital editing, and project management is what made this publication possible. We thank them for their dedication to preserving the creative legacy of our school.

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