



# FREEDOM ARTS MAGAZINE

V10

Spring 2024

**W**•The  
Winston  
School San Antonio

## Student Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

Thank you for taking the time to pick this magazine up and read it. There is an abundance of incredible work from our school that doesn't get enough recognition. This journal is a platform for our work to step into the spotlight. This platform is here to stay, and will only continue to improve as the school years pass. I hope you find inspiration in these works, and I want you to be a part of it next year.

- Aidan Wilson

## Faculty Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

It feels so good to bring back our schools literary arts publication! The 2024 of *Freedom Arts Magazine* includes work from Lower School, Middle School, and Upper School. Our talented students contributed poetry, essays, and short stories, as well as photography, 2D, and 3D artwork. We even have a musical performance. I am so proud of all the hard work and creativity, and am so pleased to be able to share this publication with you all.

- Mrs. Eseo

# Contributing Artists

*Cover Art by Cristian Rodriguez*

Isaiah Cabaza

Maya Wilson

Zyah Guerra-Boone

Cristian Rodriguez

Stella Valadez

Sebastian Cantu

Miranda Solis

Isaac Argabright

Joe Vallejo

George Conlee

Zoe Cabaza

Thais Rubio

James Reeves

Shane Arnold

Ella Hahn

Niko Auber

Caleb Murphree

Dora Sabia

Lane Tuttle

Aidan Wilson

Zara Tellez

Kassiddy West

Zoe Vega

Zane Lander

Jacob Taub

Vander Himmons

Locksley Baskin

Alyssa Faris

Dogma (*Anonymous*)

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Isaiah Cabaza  
6th Grade  
Collage

# The King's Seeds

*Danielle Evans*

Once upon a time, on a bright sunny afternoon, the wise and noble King was in his castle, pondering about life and what's to come. For the King was growing older, and with age comes wisdom, the King knew he would ascend into the holy realm of peace one day, but if he were to do just that now, no one would be there to take the throne. The King led a lonely life, with no maiden in his interest or in his reach, and no heirs to teach. The King decided to adopt a child, who shall become heir to the throne. But what child shall he pick? To solve this, he proposed a contest for four special children, divinely chosen by their nobles to participate in this special contest, in which only one is destined to become an heir.

The King fetched his advisors immediately and the contest was set. Guinevere, a she-child that has been bred from a rich family, stared up at the King's Message in delight. More than anything she wanted to be something more than some small-town rich girl. She quickly seized the paper off the board and fled home to her mother. When she entered, her beloved gray tabby cat, Roisia, meowed at her feet, brushing up against her ankles. Guinevere leaned down and stroked the silver she-cat from head to tail before rushing off to the great chamber room, where her mother and father were waiting, and to her surprise, so was Lady Miriel, the King's sister and ruler of Harthwaite, the town Guinevere lived in with her family. "Mother! The King seeks an heir! He is hosting—" "-a contest for four special children. I know dear. That is what I wished to speak to you about," Guinevere's mother cut her off. Lady Miriel took a step forward, "The King said four towns nobles and royals must choose a child to participate in the competition, I see no reason why you should miss it. So you are my decision, young Guinevere. You must be in the castle bailey in the city of Calcheth by young afternoon. I have faith in you, young one." Lady Miriel declared. Guinevere felt happier and more excited than she had ever been.

Lady Miriel stayed for a cup of tea before going on her way. The day of the competition, Guinevere was beaming excitedly in the bailey. She saw three other children standing besides her. Trumpets roared as the King came out into the bailey, all four children whipped their heads over to see him. A man, whom Guinevere recognized as the great Lord Salemon, stepped forward behind a she-child.

“This child, I, Lord Salemon, have chosen Lynette of Horndean!” Lord Salemon announced in front of the King. “This young boy, journeying to manhood, I, Baron Raymnd, have chosen, Galot of Kingcardine!” A man known as Baron Raymnd spoke loudly, stepping up behind the young boy. Lady Miriel took a step behind Guinevere “This young child-like maiden of beauty, I, Lady Miriel, have chosen, Guinevere of Harthwaite!” Finally, the last noble stepped forward behind a young peasant-looking girl. “This young child of wisdom and kindness, I, Dame Isabell, have chosen Jenette of Skystead.” Dame Isabell declared, though many people looked on Jenette with curiosity and disapproval. Guinevere was one that looked on at her with curiosity, though Lynette and Galot looked on at Jenette with amusement. “Each of you shall receive a seed that shall grow under your care, the young child with the best shall become my heir.” the King announced. With that, each child was given one small seed, dropped into their cupped hands and sent off without a second glance. Guinevere quickly planted the small seed, watered it and set it by the door. Months of tending to the plants passed by, but something was wrong. Not one of the plants grew. The four children would meet up everyday to see how they were each doing, but not one sprout was present in the pots. “Have we been deceived?” Galot asked. “Surely not. The King gifted us these seeds himself. There must be some explanation as to why they don’t grow.” Guinevere replied. The four children looked at each other, then back at the empty pots. “We are meant to present these seeds the upcoming winter...what would be thought of us if we appear with nothing but a silent pot?” Lynette questioned. “I believe they are to be quite pleased with us; our truthfulness.” Jenette spoke. Both Lynette and Galot turned to her with glares.

“Of course you would believe that, you peasants believe whatever is said to you.” Lynette sneered, “I believe the nobles shall be even more pleased if we turn up with actual plants in our pots...” Lynette paused, seeming to be thinking of something. “Maybe if we visit the wholesaler, he shall give us fresh seeds to put in our pots, we shall grow the best plants!” “But what of the nobles and royals? What will they think if we throw away seeds the King bestowed upon us and replace them with new seeds?” Guinevere puzzled. “Who said they ever have to know?” Galot asked. Guinevere and Jenette fell silent. “We mustn’t. That would be cheating, cheating is wrong.” Jenette cried out! “No one said you had to do it, only if you want to be on the winning team!” Galot shrugged off. “Believe what you will. I shall keep the King’s seed in my pot and present it, even if my plant remains silent!” Jenette turned and walked away. Guinevere silently looked down at her plantless pot. “That peasant shall not win! She is uneducated, and clearly has never won a single contest in her life. Though I cannot say I am surprised.” Lynette snarked out. “You can at least have a chance though. Come with us to the wholesaler.” “I’m not sure. Isn’t what the little peasant girl said, truthful and wise?” Guinevere asked, unsure. “Shall you really believe that? You come from a rich and noble family, do you not?” Galot asked. “I do...” Guinevere answered. “Then why should you stoop down to her level? Get yourself a new seed. And watch as you are gazed upon with admiration.” Galot smirked at Guinevere. “Even if you do not win.” Lynette added. Guinevere thought for a second, then agreed reluctantly. The next day, she went out with the two to get a fresh new seed and quickly replaced the former. Roisia growled and hissed with disapproval in her eyes, not that Guinevere paid any attention. Whenever the four went out and presented their plants, Lynette’s, Galot’s and Guinevere’s pots had growing sprouts contained, but Jenette’s was still as fruitless as ever. Jenette got teased by Lynette and Galot for that a lot, it seemed to Guinevere, though, that Jenette never cared. She always held her head high and simply said “The truth is better than a well-spoken lie.” The day the children were to present their plants, Guinevere could tell that the King was in silent disappointment.

Lynette, Galot and Guinevere had fruitful plants in their pots, Jenette had nothing, yet she looked so confident, Guinevere couldn't puzzle out why. The King cleared his throat and declared Jenette to be the heir, much to the shock of Galot and Lynette. "The seeds were made from the bark of an old oak tree." The King stated "With Jenette as my heir, I know I shall be leaving the kingdom with an earnest ruler." The night that Guinevere, Galot and Lynette got sent home, Guinevere's mother looked quite pleased. Over the years that passed, Guinevere heard of Jenette's coronation into royalty and later her coronation into queenhood. Guinevere couldn't help but think, I should have been honest and kept the wooden seed in the plant. Maybe then, I would have had at least a small chance into queenliness.



**Zyah Guerra-Boone**  
**6th Grade**  
**Acrylic**



**Maya Wilson**  
2nd Grade  
Ceramics

## **Cat Life**

*Sebastian Nagel*

I'm licking my fur  
Sleeping by the window sill  
I'm a happy cat

Eating when I please  
Stretching and kneading my paws  
I am feeling good

Climbing furniture  
Roaming around with no cares  
Thus is the life of a cat

## **A Cat's Life**

*John Collins*

I wake up at dawn.  
I consume the food and drink.  
Then I go slumber.

As I look outside.  
My eyes see a nasty mouse.  
I plan my attack.

When my owner leaves.  
I run out and take my chance.  
I consumed the mouse.



**Cristian Rodriguez**  
**Senior**  
**Printmaking**

## **We Shall Not Be Afraid!**

*Rylan Scott*

Failure isn't something to be afraid of, but to help us grow. To start off, failure is what makes us human. If we never made mistakes or just gave up, we would never get far in our lives. Secondly, getting things wrong gives us the chance to improve ourselves. If anyone wishes to move forward, we have to hit the bumps in our life. Third of all, getting through failure shows us what we need to do to succeed. Our down-falls allow us to rise back to the top, and reach our goals. In conclusion, failure is what helped us get this far, and it always will.

# The Tea Garden

*Sophie Wilson*

I crawl my way out of the cramped car and run to the sidewalk. I inhale a deep breath of differently scented flowers, some musky, some more sweet and others only able to be described as floral, along with the woody scent of tall, old structures and the deep red paint chipping off of them. I have always loved the Japanese Tea Garden and its eccentric features you wouldn't normally see in the city of San Antonio. It was like a breath of fresh air where there wasn't a stench of gasoline or artificial scents crawling into your nose.

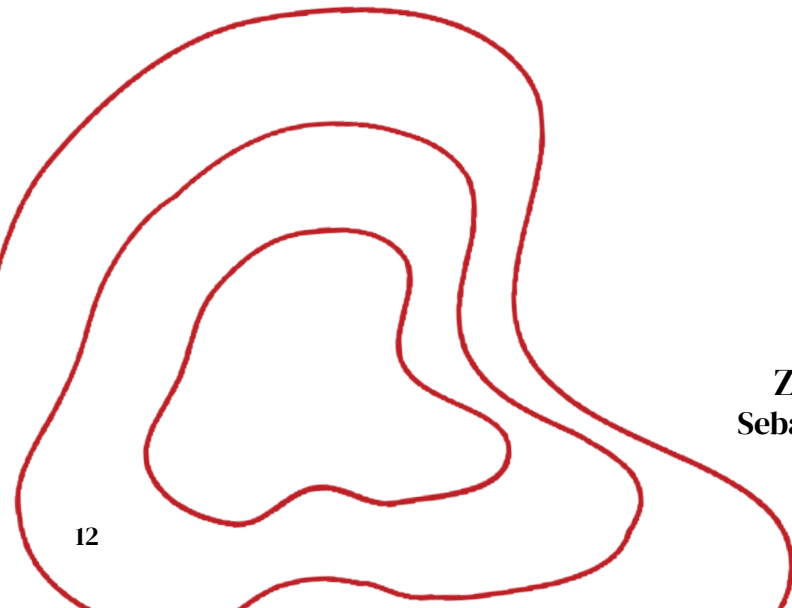
The entrance can tell you all you need to know about the Japanese Tea Garden, small groups of people anxiously looking around at the confusing landscape and the vendors outside their places of work finishing up colorful signs. It has a comfortable vibe to it from the start. I walked around the circular covered area where people sit down with large bottles of water and mini backpacks with fun designs. I take a seat by a support pole and stretch, preparing myself for the vicious amounts of walking.

My ears pick up the sound of splashing water and loud giggles. I quickly rush up the dangerously lumpy and rocky stairs, tripping over the uneven concrete and grabbing onto the smooth, paint chipped railing to stop myself from slipping right into the one of the many ponds, filled with calico colored Koi fish who look as if they would eat me in a heartbeat. I steady myself and lean over the glass railing to get a closer look at the Koi, their round oval-like bodies flopping over each other in an attempt to get a bite of any remotely tasty looking morcel. Instead of letting them feast on my hands I throw in a bit of small tan pellets and watch with amusement as they launch their big bodies into the air to catch any portion of food they can. The surrounding laughter making it an even better experience.

I escape from the loud, pushy crowd and circle to the back of the garden. I look around then begin climbing up onto the detailed stone railing and hopping down onto the moist dirt behind it. My shoes already becoming messy with scraps of mud and

greenish plant matter. I silence my steps and listen intently. I only heard whistles of wind and sways of leaves for a long minute, but my ears quickly picked up on a quiet mew. I scurry through the sharp textures of leaves and peeled bark. After a minute of straight forest I trip over a fallen tree branch and when I look up and see a long beige path with tall, orange and brown leafed trees surrounding it. Throughout the path, there are beautiful stone statues covered in multicolored fur. I follow the soft meows to find a small brown kitten rolling in the mossy grass followed by a big mother cat attempting to pick up her muddy kitten. I watch quietly for a bit as they run around the trees in an exhilarating game of tag.

I reluctantly walk past the playful bundle of kittens and make my way to the exit, my nose picking up on the sweet edible scent of nearby restaurants placed strategically by the exit. I take a detour through the flowers, picking up on the elegant and soft scent that floods your nostrils when you walk by. My ears began to focus on the distant laughter coming from the crowd surrounding the koi pond. I observe the area around me before a tug on my arm tells me it's time to get back into the car and go home. I walk out under an arched structure and step slowly down the large stone stairs. My time at the garden finally coming to an end as I climb back into the car and watch the fading surroundings as me and my mom drive off.



**Zen Garden**  
**Sebastian Cantu**  
**Freshman**  
**Photography**



**Stella Valadez**  
**6th Grade**  
**Ceramics**

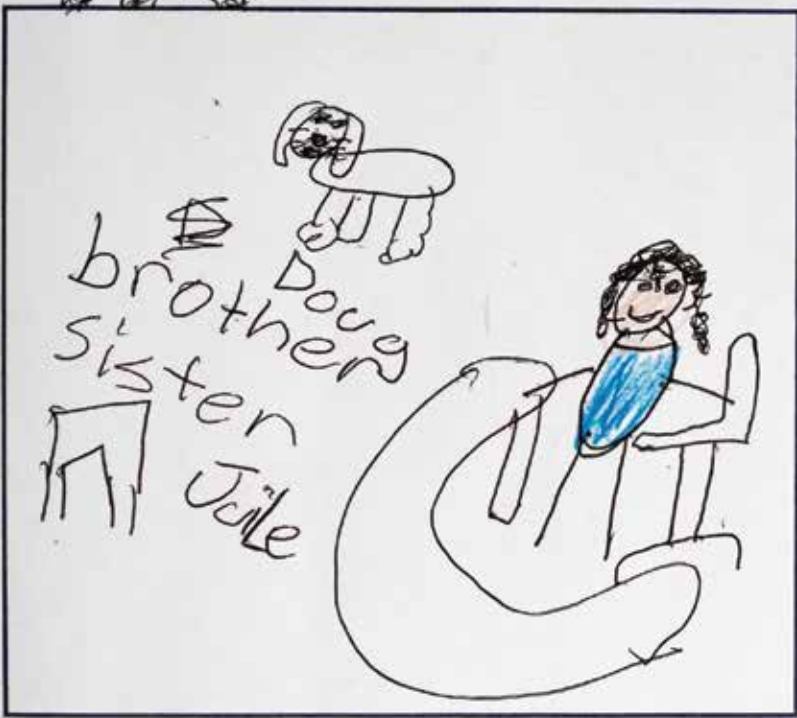




**Miranda Solis**  
4th Grade  
Watercolor



**Isaac Argabright**  
Junior  
Soft Pastel



I am thankful  
for my teacher and  
my friends. I am  
glad for my family.  
I am glad for my Dogs.

## Gratitude Journal

*Jude Warden*



**Joe Vallejo**  
**6th Grade**  
**Graphite**

## **Brave Bird**

*Jack Smith*

As the sun rises above the forest looking upon the grandest tree among the vast sea of green, deer graze while rushing water flows fast with birds squawking and bickering amongst themselves in the weary branches of the old tree. At the tallest point sat a nest with three birds arguing amongst each other. “It’s not fair!” the smallest of the three said.

“Well, being the oldest, coolest, and fastest I have the natural right to be the first to know how to fly!,” perched the fluffiest of all three.

“Slow down there Tin, maybe I should go first since I am bigger than the two of you”, she pronounced.

“Tiff, Tin, can I please go first!,” the little one begged.

“BB, I think you should stay back until you get a bit bigger, and stop being scared of heights,” Tiff said with a mocking tone.

With a flap, whoosh, and snap of branches a muted-toned bird landed amongst the twigs that formed the nest.

Predator's eyes rested upon the three, soon the bird's eyes softened into what seemed like a smile in her eyes. The bird cooed in a sweet motherly voice, "Good Morning my babies!"

"Mama!!," overjoyed with excitement the three rushed forward buzzing and unable to stop their movement.

With a drawn-out begging nature within Tins asks, "Mama! Can I go first? Please!!"

"Sure my sugar cube, now before you start widely flapping there are a few things you need to know," she beamed with a serious yet bubbly look. "First things first, calm your mind and think light happy thoughts," she stated, coaching Tin through breath, after breath, after breath, and helping him relax. She then described the movement, "Now the act of flying is simple, in fact it's just the same motion over and over." After many demonstrations, it was then time for Tin to take flight. "1...2...3...GO!!" Mama exclaimed. Tin then dove down and followed his mother's instructions, at first he glided, then doge, then soared back past the top of the tree.

"Woooooo!! Yeah! I'm the king of the world!!," he exclaimed all while he ducked and weaved, up and down through the branches.

When it was time for Tiff to take flight, she was elegant and flew with grace. Leaving BB to have a turn at making him a true bird of prey, he took a step forward and he could hear the wind whistle behind his siblings as they took to the sky. He then climbed to the edge of the nest and looked down, he abruptly fell back and shuffled into the center of the nest. "BB what's wrong?!" Mama proclaimed while rushing over to BB's side.

"I...I can't do it Mama... I'm too scared," cried BB.

Mama bird held him in her wings, as she comforted him, "Aww my baby, it's ok we will try again tomorrow." As the sun set over the vast forest, all the critters snuggled into their homes and fell asleep. Unknowingly, upon the horizon, a great storm was rolling in. As the first drops of rain crashed into the leaves and earth, all was still quiet in the forest. The winds started to pick up and thunder was heard in the distance. Soon after the storm began, the violence of the wind took hold while the lightning struck without mercy. The weary old tree was no match for the storm.

While Mama, Tin, and Tiff were able to escape with ease, they couldn't go far for BB was still in the nest. Trembling with fear BB took to the edge of the nest and called for Mama, "Mama!!"

"BB, you need to fly over to safety with us!", she urged as she balanced on the branch that was shaking violently.

BB held his breath, closed his eyes, and jumped, hoping for the best. Out of instinct, his wings spread and he soared to safety with Mama and his siblings.

"You did it!" shouted Mama. BB was so proud of himself at that moment, and thankful he had his Mama and siblings. As a result of the storm, many trees had fallen, crashing into the earth. Mama and her babies made a new home on the river's edge and they grew to love it. Tiff, Tin, and BB grew up in their new home and eventually made nests of their own.



**Bluejay**  
**George Conlee**  
**3rd Grade**  
**Plaster, feathers**



## My Friends

Zoe Cabaza

2nd Grade

Crayon and Marker

## Lilly and Melody Become Friends

*Cambree Hoberg*

On the first day of school there was a new girl. Her name was Melody. She was looking for her classroom. She was a little shy. When she was walking she asked a student to help her find her classroom. The girl said, "I can help." Melody told her she was looking for classroom 33. Then the girl said thank you and they said bye. Melody was late for reading. The teacher called Melody up to read the book in front of everyone. Melody was scared that she would mess up. The book is called *The Very Dirty Dog*, Melody said. She sat down. She was embarrassed. Then the bell rang. The next class was math. She walked to classroom 44 and saw the girl that helped her. She walked in and said "I forgot to ask your name." "My name is Lilly." "Cool" "Class please sit down. Class, we're having a short day and only have ten minutes." said the teacher. Lilly and Melody decided they would be friends. Then Melody went to Lilly's house. The end.



**High**  
**Thais Rubio**  
**Junior**  
**Acrylic Paint**

## **Situation Summed Up**

*Zane Lander*

I could describe my situation right now as; content, scared, and grateful. I'm very content with my life, because I have the same routine everyday, and I like it when things don't regularly change. My schedule is; wake up, go to school, go home, repeat, and I'm fine with that. Some people might not like it, but as long as I'm still going to school, I feel happy in the loop I'm in. Recently I've been afraid, not of monsters under my bed like when I was little, but of growing up. My parents keep telling me, "You've got to start driving more," or "You should work at that new HEB close to the house," which I agree with, but it just makes me worry that I'm not ready for all that. But in the end I'm grateful, because no matter where I live, or how old I am, I'll appreciate the way my parents raised me. My parents are doing a fantastic job raising me and my sister, and I couldn't have asked for a better family;, they are amazing to be around, and I love how we can look back at times past and have a laugh or two. In conclusion, my current condition is satisfactory, even though I am uncertain of what lies before me, I will forever be appreciative of all the times my parents have helped me.



**Colors? What Colors?**  
**Niko Auber**  
**Junior**  
**Photography**



**Mom**  
**Dora Sabia**  
**7th Grade**  
**Collage**

# The Wendingo

*Jordan Gonzalez*

It was the harsh winter when the Ojibwe tribe was migrating. A few months in, they started running low on food. The tribe was starving and needed food, so three friends volunteered to look for food, and they would meet back with the tribe in 5 days. These friends were Kitchi Misko, who was quick to anger; Ozaawaa Makwa, he has cowardice like a rabbit; and Waabooz Nigig, who was the strongest of them. They each played a role.

As they split from the tribe, Kitchi looked for a place to camp while Ozaawaa and Waabooz looked for some food. As they walked into the distance, Kitchi could hear their voices fade into the white abyss. Kitchi began setting up camp in a nice spot, fairly hidden next to a small hill with dead trees all around. When he finished, he heard a strange noise that sounded like no creature he knew, more like a human. He called out, "Hello, is anyone there?" but only silence followed.

Then suddenly, from behind him, Waabooz pops out screaming at him. Kitchi got startled a little but refused to show it. Waabooz, a little disappointed that he could not scare Kitchi, said, "Ozaawaa, you gave it away." Ozaawaa responded.

"I apologize; my legs are just tired from the hunt after all you had me do."

Kitchi interrupted them, "Both of you need to be serious. Did you guys get any food?"

There was a long moment of silence until Ozaawaa said, "We looked all up and down the trees, but we could not find one animal. Waabooz and I set up traps."

"Well, I set up camp, so at least we will have a place to sleep tonight," Kitchi said angrily. This pattern repeated for 5 days.

On the fifth day, they were all starving, and their ribs were completely visible. They were all starving, but even worse, they would have no food to give to the tribe. The forest was a complete wasteland. Ozaawaa and Waabooz were completely exhausted from hunting while Kitchi would stay back and take care of their camp.



## Why?

James Reeves

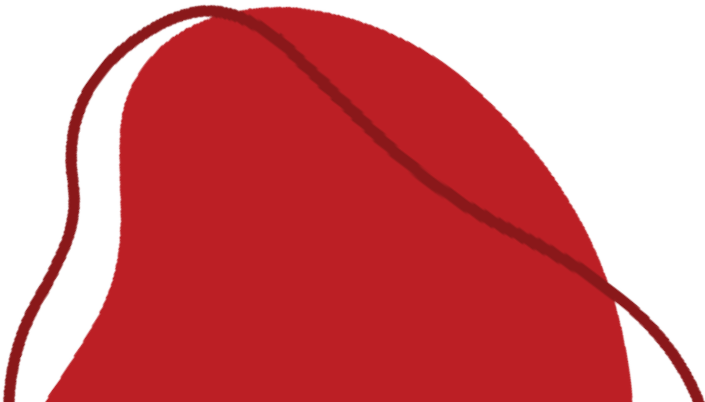
7th Grade

Collage

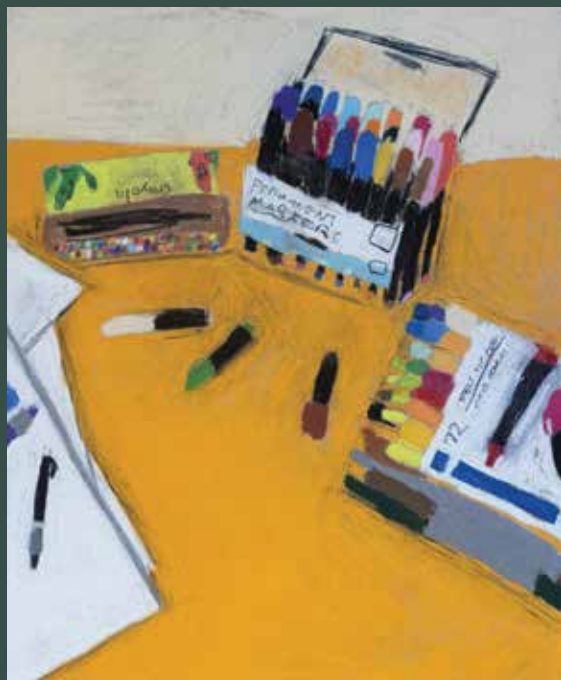
So this day, Kitchi, feeling something off about Waabooz and knowing Ozaawaa could not hunt anymore because of a conversation the previous night, so he went off hunting. He began to understand why Ozaawaa and Waabooz were struggling so much; there was nothing but snow as far as the eye could see. He looked for something all day but found nothing. He went to check the traps that Ozaawaa and Waabooz placed, and in one was a rabbit. Pure joy ran through Kitchi. He was so hungry he was tempted to eat the whole rabbit by himself.

As he was walking back, he heard the scream of Ozaawaa. Kitchi bolted to camp. His mind was racing. When he arrived, he saw Waabooz standing over the body of Ozaawaa, mouth filled with blood, hunched over like some kind of beast. Unlike before, Waabooz's ribs were no longer visible, and his stomach looked as if he had never experienced starvation – a stark contrast to the desperate and emaciated state they all had been in just moments ago. Kitchi stood in fear as the smell of fresh blood filled the air. The rabbit slipped from his hand. It hit the snow, and in the quiet, there was only that small sound. Waabooz's head sprang up as if his senses were amplified. He dashed towards Kitchi like a flash of lightning. Kitchi fell backward and was now face to face with the monster. He longed for the safety of the tribe as he swung his tomahawk at the monster. It slashed through the face, but the monster seemed unfazed, only angered by the strike and still craving flesh. It pounced on Kitchi, and just at that moment, an arrow pierced the monster.

Kitchi looked up to see the tribe as they surrounded and beat the monster once called Waabooz as it lay there broken and battered, unable to attack. The tribe cut its heart out. The heart was as cold as ice. They tossed the heart into a fire and burned it up. Kitchi cried out for the death of his friends. The tribe gathered around Kitchi, offering support and condolences for the loss of his friends. They recognized the sacrifice he made for the wellbeing of the tribe. Kitchi gazed into the fire's glow with tears in his eyes reflecting relief and grief. The harsh winter took everything from Kitchi, claiming not only the lives of his friends, but also his innocence.



Ella Hahn  
Senior  
Printmaking



Caleb Murphree  
8th Grade  
Soft Pastel

# Life Sucks, so What?

*Shane Arnold*

A man named George Montgomery was a simple man, a sad man, a fool of a man. George was a short fat man with blue eyes who came from a poor background with no generational wealth whatsoever. For the first twenty years of his life he did nothing but fool around and misuse his valuable time.

One day however he decided to change everything. He was feeling very motivated that week and so it was easy for him to do everything he wanted to do. However, the next week struck a key part of his life; his girlfriend Allison broke up with him. Allison was a cute young blonde girl with big rosey cheeks.

He wasn't motivated at all after that and kept saying to himself that he'd do it tomorrow. After not so little time, a month passed by, and he still wasn't doing anything. A sudden realization came to George's mind, he can't do hard things everyday by being motivated, but rather discipline is the way to consistency.

When he became disciplined, his life started coming together. He was achieving everything he wanted. Soon after another tragic event happened. Both his parents were greatly harmed in a car crash! George was worried sick but coped with this by staying consistent with his plan. Both his parents nursed back to full health and his girlfriend even wanted him back after some time. George was focused on being disciplined now; he fell in love with the journey and was lost in it for years upon years. As George, old, frail and wrinkled, laid upon his death bed he thought back to those little humps that felt like mountains in his life. "What a beautiful life I've had," George says as he closes his eyes one last time, and goes to sleep with zero regret because of his sudden realization that hard things require discipline and consistency.



**Shane Arnold**  
**Sophomore**  
**Photography**

# Alyssa's Golden Rule

*Josephine Donda*

On an early Monday morning, Alyssa, a freshman in highschool is late for school. She swings the door open to find a girl Claire being bullied by the bully Sarah. "HEY!" Alyssa yelled, "What's going on??" Sarah, the bully, gave her a nasty glare. She obviously is a bad person.

"What do you think's going on smarty?," Sarah asked. Alyssa took a step back away from Sarah and whimpered "Nothing at all." Mr. Johnson the principal came in looking furious, glaring at Sarah knowing what she did.

"Come to my office," he said. Later on, Sarah was suspended from the school for a week. After school, Alyssa later came home looking stressed.

"What's with the face?," her brother Daniel said.

"There's a bully at our school, I don't understand the point of bullying."

"Maybe they don't understand the point of the Golden Rule," he said.

Alyssa had a confused look on her face, "What's the Golden Rule?"

Daniel sighed, "The Golden Rule is when you treat others the way you want to be treated."

"So, I just need to teach her about the Golden Rule?," she asked.

"No, you need to show her the Golden Rule, as in show her kindness." The next day, Alyssa and her best friend Lily are late to school once again, to find Sarah bullying Claire again. No one knew what she was doing there after being told that she was suspended for a whole week. At lunch, Alyssa and Lily were eating lunch when they came across Sarah.

Sarah gave a disgusted look, "You eat like a pig."

"Thank you, your hair looks good today," Alyssa said. Sarah was obviously confused not knowing why she said that. Alyssa was trying to spread the Golden Rule to Sarah. The next day, Sarah came over to Alyssa and Lily asking her why she was being so nice

to her.

“Because you need kindness in your life,” Alyssa said.

“But I’ve been so mean to ya’ll, why give me kindness?” Sarah asked.

“Because the Golden Rule is important and everybody needs to know the Golden Rule.”

Sarah looked at her, “the Golden Rule?”

“Being nice to people is always the key,” Alyssa said. “Do you want to hang out with us after school?”

Sarah exclaimed, “Yeah!” It seems that Sarah's bark isn't as big as her bite.



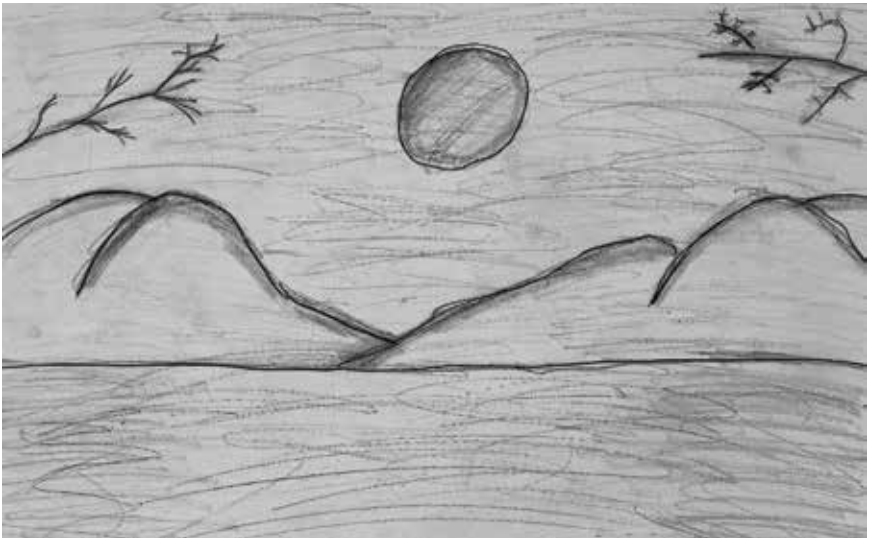
**Run, Collective Soul (Cover)**

**Phoebe Vardiman**

**Senior**



**Zara Tellez**  
4th Grade  
Digital Drawing



**Lane Tuttle**  
6th Grade  
Graphite



**Aidan Wilson**  
**Senior**  
**Photography**



**Aidan Wilson**  
**Senior**  
**Photography**

# Echoes of Justice: Miranda vs. Arizona an Artistic Reflection

*Zoe Vega*

Miranda v. Arizona (1966) stands as a pivotal landmark Supreme Court Case in American legal history, fundamentally reshaping the landscape of criminal procedure and protecting the constitutional rights of individuals during police interrogations. The case emerged from an arrest that unfolded in Miranda's own home, a setting that would become synonymous with the struggle for the protection of individual liberties. Miranda vs. Arizona represents the struggle for justice and the pursuit of a fair legal system.

Through my artistic drawing, I aim to capture the critical point and its far-reaching consequences on our choices. The Miranda rights, now ever-present in police procedures, are a testament to the enduring power of this legal decision. In my work, I wanted to portray the tension between authority and personal choices, the delicate balance between the state's duty to protect and an individual's right to remain silent. Through symbolism, I explore the themes of interrogation, vulnerability, and the quest for truth that lie at the heart of Miranda vs. Arizona.

The impact of Miranda vs. Arizona goes beyond the courtroom. My artistic exploration of this landmark case is intended to spark conversations on civil liberties, accountability, and the changing legal system. Through my pencil art, I used water for shading to add depth and dimension to this piece. I invite viewers to reflect on the significance of Miranda vs. Arizona. I hope to foster a deeper understanding of the delicate balance between the rights of the accused and the essentials of justice in our society.

Miranda vs. Arizona remains a guiding case, and it is my artistic mission to portray its complexities in a visual piece that encourages viewers to contemplate the impact surrounding this landmark Supreme Court case that helped shape our legal system.



## Echoes of Justice

Zoe Vega

Senior

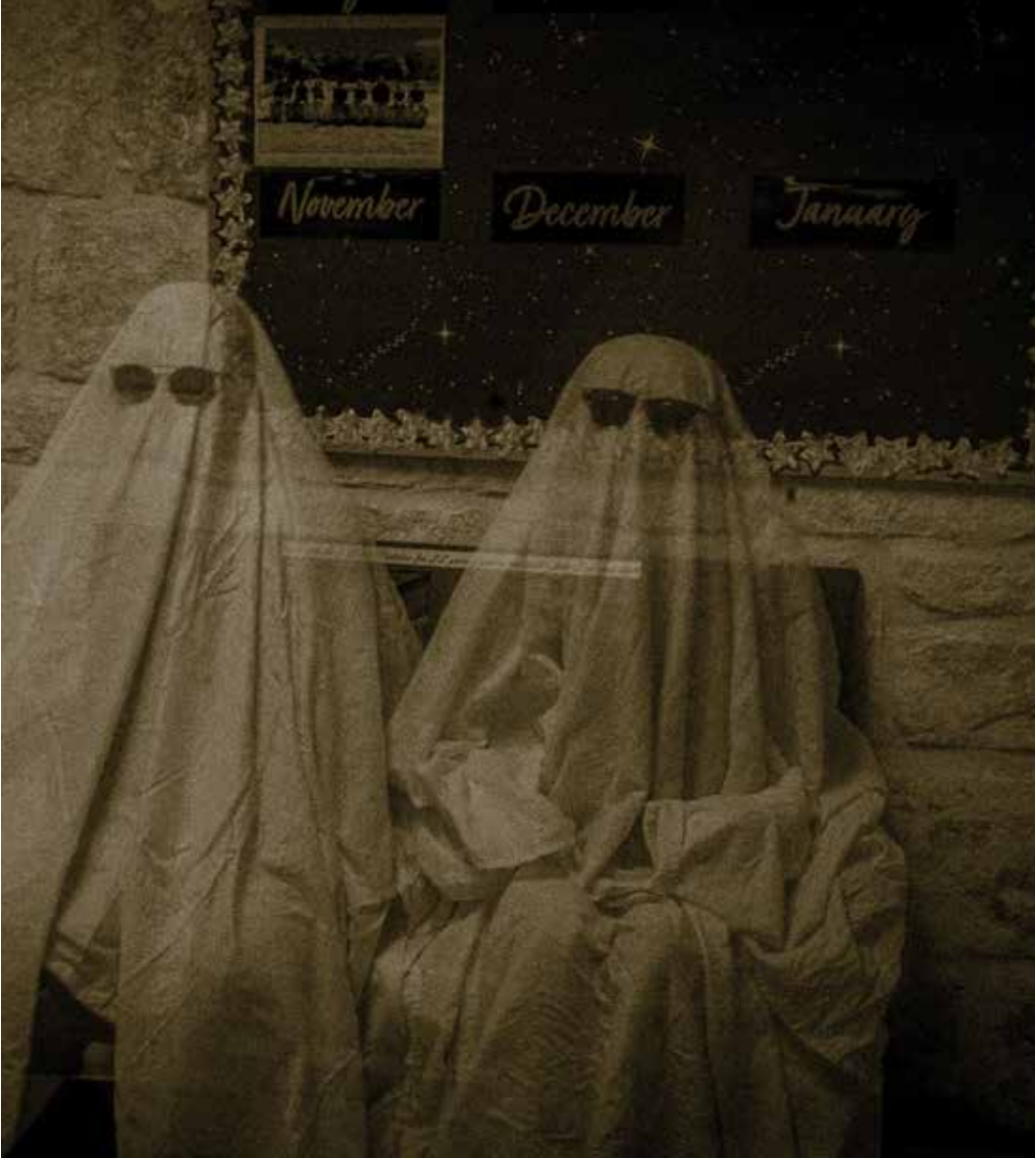
Graphite

# The Wind

*Peter Denney Jr.*

Jack hadn't meant for it to happen, the gun going off was the wind's fault. The recoil was enough to stop an elephant because he didn't expect the discharge. It was shocking and it hurt his shoulder and jaw. Jack had planned for this Africa trip for two years and a leopard was his prize. Jack's hunting guide worked with him for four days and no leopard, until tonight. The rifle went off suddenly as Jack was about to set the shot up. He ended up shooting the leopard in the gut and it ran away. Jack could hear it in the brush. It was breathing hard and wailing like a wounded cat. The hunting guide advised not to leave the blind and Jack complied. However, Jack was impatient. He was worried and greedy for the kill. Just as Jack was about to exit his hunting blind, he heard footsteps. It was the leopard limping back toward the blind. As Jack loaded his rifle, the leopard gained speed. It seemed like a race to the kill, the dead would be Jack or the cat. As Jack quickly put another round in his rifle, the leopard leaped in a last gasp toward his gun and jumped on the barrel. Out of sheer panic, Jack fired. BANG!!! The cat was dead, but he was alive! Jack had mixed emotions as he viewed this beautiful creature. His feeling of victory clashed with an unexpected intense feeling of guilt.





**Ghosts**  
**John Collins**  
**Sophomore**  
**Photography**

# CC-940

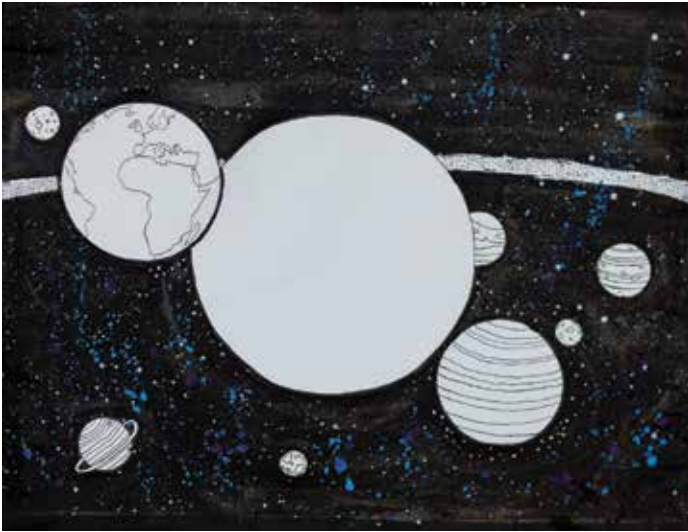
*Alejandro Gonzalez*

## Chapter 1

It was the day the moon fell on top of the city. The lights gave a blue glow to the buildings all across the neighborhood. In the distance you could see the tall skyscrapers that touched the sky and the huge billboards that projected advertisements for all to see. On one block, on one building, in one room stood a man near the window named Orion. Orion worked a part time job at a convenience store where he did nothing but made sure all the machines were working in the building, since robots mainly replaced jobs that humans were to operate, there wasn't much need for a cashier anymore since humans weren't capable of staying productive for more than 24 hours straight, Orion made sure to surveillance the robots about their daily doings and keep an eye on all times, he would work for 8 hours for 6 days just looking at the screens in a room at the back of the store, eying away the rooms and robots for what seemed like an eternity for him. He would often get bored and try to do something else like play video games on his phone or bounce a ball on the wall, although his bosses told him specifically not to do that since they wanted "peak performance" from all their customers at Convi Corp. He was the only one out of two people in the back rooms that worked, there was another coworker but he couldn't really remember their name. He was instructed not to talk to the other coworker since that would "delay productivity" There was no doubt that he didn't really take kindly to his job or his coworkers since he thought the rules were too strict and demanding. Unfortunately, he had no other choice but to obey since that was the only job that would accept him from all the other 47 applications that he filled out, all rejected him anyway since most of the jobs now were operated by androids and robots. Orion looked at the bright dark sky as he glanced over his papers, detailing that there would be an inspection day in two weeks. An inspection day was when higher-ups would come to the building and make sure that everyone was doing their part. Of course, Orion would always try to suck up to the bosses in order for him to keep his job.

Orion would always ask himself why he still hasn't quit yet, but that thought would soon fade away when the notion of him getting paid \$30 an hour came by. "Is it worth all the money?" He thought, "I guess so."

Orion then pressed a button by the window which would blur out the light from the glass pane. He then pulled the chair next to his desk and sat down opening his laptop. His computer wasn't the best at the time since it was outdated, but it would still run all the games he could play at a good frame rate. He opened up a search engine and typed in "SSConnect.com." SSconnect was a message board where there were different types of communities and fan bases that talked about all sorts of things around not just the world, but on different planets too. Which is why the website was called "SSConnect," "SS" stood for "Solar System."



**Zane Lander**  
Freshman  
Ink and Acrylic

Most people would call the forum by its initials "SS" sometimes people use the full name but only on rare occasions. People would use this forum more than other pre-existing websites because the older forums were controlled by huge corporations and were filled with advertisements making it impossible to use it. He very much liked the "Mars" community where people on and off of mars would talk about the living conditions and things that happened around the bases on the planet.

Orion typed in “SSConnect/mars/page.com” in the search bar and it pulled up the top posts for today. What was the top post? It was “Dumb neighbor stole my spare oxygen tank for the 3rd time. I decided to retaliate and steal all of his corn seeds.” Of course, people found this rather humorous, giving it many likes. Orion chuckled for a bit and then daydreams of what it would be like to go to Mars for the first time. The trip was rather expensive though, \$900 for a round trip would be quite the treat. He then went back to the main page and looked at the top stories for today. The top stories always consisted of countries fighting over asteroids and who should have ownership of them. Since asteroids now could be mined for items and necessities, countries took advantage of it and started claiming different kinds of asteroids and comets around the galaxy. The World Government tried regulating these practices but with countries always fighting over each other it was impossible to come to an agreement. Orion grew bored and closed his laptop. He stood up from his chair and fell straight into his bed, he set his alarm on his holographic watch and looked at the growing mold that was on the corner of his room. “I really need to clean that spot,” he thought to himself, “Oh well, I’ll do it tomorrow.”

Orion laid on his back and turned around to his side to get comfortable, on his little table next to his bed he saw a photograph of his parents. His dad was wearing some jeans and a NASA t-shirt, and his mom was wearing pretty much the same thing but with a black t-shirt. Orion hadn’t seen his parents in ages. He always thought about calling them someday but he always felt like he was a burden to his family, he did not want to upset them any more so he stopped communicating with them for a few months. He did miss his mother and how she used to pick him up in her car all the time in preschool, he thought about the days when him and his friends would go down to the quarry and drop random things into them. His father didn’t really like this and advised against hanging out with friends and doing things like that. His father was very strict but however, he had his good moments with him. All he hoped was that his family would love him again. Orion turned on his back and looked at the ceiling, “Maybe I can earn enough money so I can get out of this hell-hole” he thought. Growing tired of looking at the ceiling he then closed his eyes and went fast asleep.



**Jacob Taub**  
5th Grade  
Pencil



**Vander Himmons**  
7th Grade  
Acrylic Paint

# Drowning

*Ava-Maria Vargas*

There he was standing, staring, glaring

His eyes the color of the ocean

Hair of gold and moonlight

Darkened by hatred

I felt alone lost, scared, numb, forgotten

My feelings were blank

I was nothing

He was my light

Now he's my darkness

He can control my feelings

Like a light switch, on and off

My love for him was cursing me

Like the air in my lungs

In desperation

I scream but no one hears

My inhaler has reached 0

And my heart has gone silent

Im dead and alive

In between

I scream into the darkness

50-1-50

A code in which no one understands

I've hit rock bottom yet I still fall

Deeper and deeper

Im drowning

I look up

Theres a light

Shining brighter

Then the star the wise men followed

A hand reaching out giving me a second chance

I took it

Piercing light scorched my retinas

The hole in wish he burned inside me was filled

The withered roses blossomed

The fire in me started  
He turned  
My desperate cries into testimony  
I was saved

John 3:16  
“ for God so loved the world, that he gave his only son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.”

I have found my eternal life  
Through god  
My savior



**Locksley Baskin**  
**5th Grade**  
**Marker**

# Korean War: Understanding its Multifaceted Causes and the Path to Prevention

*Rudy Barrientez*

There are many different factors as to why the Korean War happened and it could have been preventable. What caused the division of Korea along the 38th parallel to contribute to the tensions between North and South? U.S. policy towards Korea during World War II was to prevent any single power's domination of Korea; it may be reasonably concluded that the principal reason for the division was to stop the Soviet advance south of the 38th parallel. The Cairo Declaration was issued on December 1, 1943, by the United States, Great Britain, and China which pledged independence for Korea "in due course." This vague phrase aroused the leaders of the Korean provisional government in Chongqing and they requested interpretation from the United States. U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt proposed to Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin a four-power trusteeship for Korea consisting of the United States, Great Britain, the U.S.S.R, and the Republic of China.

Stalin agreed to Roosevelt's suggestion in principle but they did not reach any formal agreement on the future status of Korea and after the Yalta meeting, there was a growing uneasiness between the Anglo-American allies and the U.S.S.R. the Soviets and those south of that line to the Americans. Stalin did not object to the contents of the order and on September 8, American troops landed in southern Korea, almost a month after the first Soviet entry. On the following day, the United States received the Japanese surrender in Seoul.

These are the reasons why the U.S. had policies for Korea during WWII to prevent single-power dominance.

The key military strategies employed by both the North and South Korean forces during different phases of the war? The key military strategies employed by both the North and South Korean forces during different phases of the war? North Korean military and police numbered about 100,000, reinforced by a group of southern

Korean guerrillas based at Haeju in western Korea.

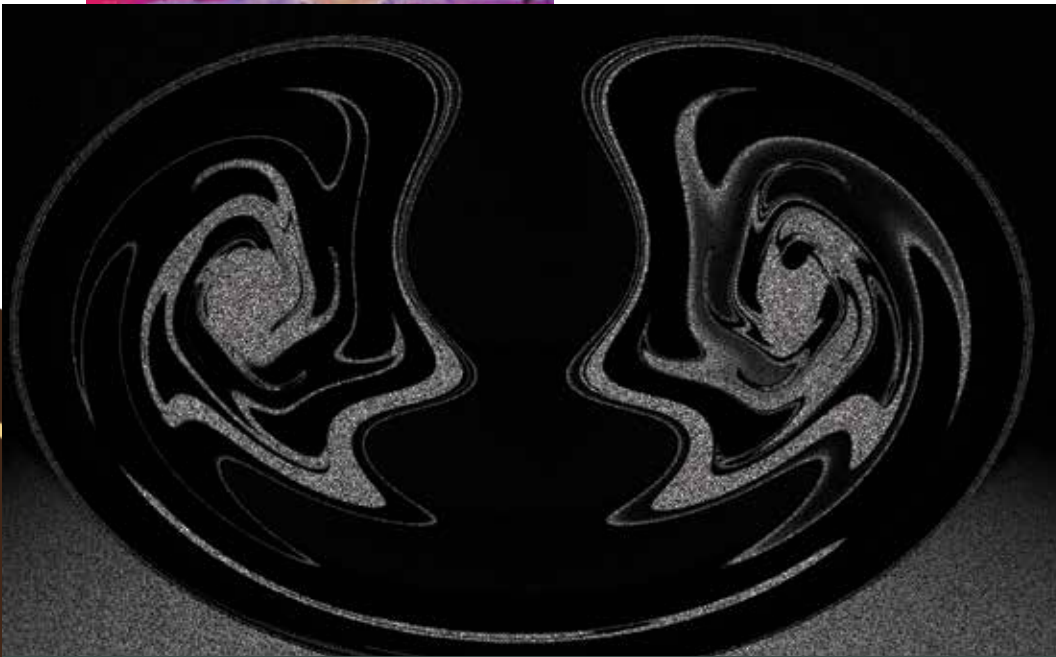
In the meantime, Kim Il-sung strengthened his control over the Communist Party as well as the northern administrative structure and military forces. Having demonstrated its political will, the Truman administration faced the unfortunate truth that it did not have much effective military power to meet the invasion. Following the key military strategies by both the North and South Korean forces during different phases of the war?

The key factors that contributed to the signing of the armistice in 1953 and why was a peace treaty not achieved? These Factors are the reason why there was no peace treaty and what led to the signing of the armistice in 1953. The Korean Armistice Agreement, ending roughly three years of fighting in the 1950-1953 Korean War. In 1954, Geneva, Switzerland hosted peace talks, but no formal peace treaty was signed. Thus, the Korean Peninsula technically remains in a state of war, with UNC upholding its commitment to the Armistice Agreement. Along with the signing of the armistice in 1953, there were many different reasons why it didn't work out in the end. The Korean War could have been preventable but there were many factors why it happened. In conclusion, with all these things being said those are the reasons why the Korean War started and why it lasted 3 years.



**Alyssa Faris**  
**Junior**  
**Gouache**

**The Smile**  
**Dogma (Anonymous)**  
**Digital Art**



We hope you enjoyed this edition of Freedom Arts Magazine. We can't wait to see what you come up with next year!

