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Freedom

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Magazine



In This Issue

Cimme a Bullet

By Will Stouffer

Liliana

By John Guerrero

The Pond

By Becca Brown



Freedom Arts Magazine

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Freedom Arts Magazine is a periodical dedicated to the talent that resides within each student at The Winston School of San Antonio. The submissions are original works by our students. The intellectual rights of each submission remains entirely the property of the student.

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Front cover: *Light Years*
By Katy Shaw

the bond between us. Love, I have come to believe, is an emotional force beyond gravity. It encompasses all of me, and draws from me great sensitivity, transparency, and consideration for those around me.

Love, as compared to infatuation, allows two people to understand and know one another clearly. There is no room NOT to know your partner as she really is. However, even as the flaws become apparent in the people we love, it’s necessary and natural that after we know they are there, we accept them for what they really are.

Infatuation feels like a storybook, and it is just as real as that. It forces people to lie to themselves about who they are, and who the people they love are. It is a lie. Under the storybook simplicity and perfection sits a definite knowledge of the wrongness and falseness that exists.

Every time I came to love a person, it taught me more about myself, yet there is always an aspect of love that still fools me. I want to and know I will marry my current partner, just as I did the two before her. Even after all is said and done, I haven’t stopped loving them, either. I just understand that a relationship wouldn’t work.

Love feels to me like a state of mind. It is a willingness to do more for a single person than anyone else, even to the point of forgetting to take care of yourself, at times. To love a person so wholly, and at great personal sacrifice, has been my greatest joy. I do not think I would love myself as much as I do without a chance to love somebody as I’ve described. I feel like I am on my path to a happy life, as one of two.



Back cover: *Wings* By Elizabeth Shaw

trapped and she could see it. On our last date, she asked me if I was unhappy. I wasn't willing to fool myself any longer.

That kind of humiliation, reconnecting with the comparatively dismal reality of life outside the fairy tale, taught me about the harm that love can cause. The repercussions and hard feelings lasted long after and still exist. We struggle to be friends, and I feel wretched every time I see her. I see now that love blinds and distorts, when not dealt with carefully. All the experience I gained from it came from my failures as a fairy tale prince.

Since then, I have come to know a person who I am glad to call a partner. She visited Winston with her two sisters the year before ninth grade, and although I noticed how pretty she was, I must admit that her Braille-laptop impressed me more than anything else about her. She and I sat in adjacent rows in my fifth-period Geography I class. I first realized the feelings I had for her in a dream, in which I kissed her as she cried softly. I didn't know how much I would come to love her. I had no clue as to the caliber of people that she and her family proved to be.

Currently, this girl is the only person as close to me as my mother. It puts tears in my eyes to think of what an indescribably good friend, partner, and human being she is. No matter where she and I end up, I don't believe I will ever deserve the company she continually gives me. She showed me just how much a person must do for those around them. She underwent three emergency surgeries and managed to support two sisters, a mother in overdrive, and an inexperienced selfish person as a partner. She supported me through my own emotional struggles, from a hospital bed. She is the most humble person I know. She affects me in a manner similar to my mother, grounding me and bringing me back from histrionic, self-absorbed extremes.

I dread the possibility of one day needing or wanting to end the relationship between us. I fear it so much that I even fear my growth and maturity. It almost feels worth it to sacrifice personal growth on both of our behalves to maintain

Editor's Note

This issue of Freedom Arts stands as a testament to the hard work and creativeness of everyone in this school. This issue is for you, the students, the ones whose work has filled these pages with imaginative worlds and art that preserves the true beauty of every mind within these walls. Each piece in this magazine is a testimony to the greatness of each and every one of you. Be proud of what you've done, because it truly makes this issue incredibly special. In my first year as Student Editor, I've had the pleasure of working with an extremely talented staff who have helped ease the transition for me. It's an exciting time for not only the magazine, but for the future of what's to come. The magazine could not be what it is today without the dedication and help from everyone who helped put this thing together. I look forward to the future and see great things for this magazine.

John Guerrero

Faculty Editor's Note

With a wee bit of trepidation, but also a rousing brace of exhilaration, we embraced this new year of Freedom Arts. After four years of a joyful collaboration with our founding families, the Hooks and Dales, this was our first maiden voyage under the wise and gentle leadership of John Guerrero. John began shaping his ideas for the magazine as Associate Editor last spring, and he gathered a wonderful group to help manifest his dreams. Along with John, Amanda Carr ably curated the visual art to be found in these pages, Martha Day and Olivia Shaw took on the yeowomen's duties of proofing the text, Ian McGinnis helped hold the space in his spiffin' pork pie hat, and the Reverend Ronnie Price supported all of us as our resident goldenbeard and spiritual director. The entire graphic design of this volume was lovingly and meticulously assembled by Arthur Trickett-Wile. Of course, none of this could have been accomplished without the generous support of our new fairy godparents, Dr. Valerie Reese and Dr. Tom Jefferson. You have a magnificent collection in your hands, and it is due to the fine efforts of all these talented collaborators.

Paschal Murat Booker



By Tij the Amazicle

That is a dot. It is the topic of this essay. As you can see, the dot is round. Now let us go back in time to the beginning of the universe. In the beginning, there was only a dot. That dot contained all of the matter in the universe.

As you can see, dots are very important to the universe. After about four billion years of sitting there doing nothing, the dot exploded. Out of the dot came all of the matter in the universe. Before long, the universe was filled with millions of stars and planets. But there is one planet in particular that we will look at. It is called . . . Earth.

For two billion years, there was nothing alive on Earth. But finally, water began to form. In this water were trillions of dots. Most of the dots were not perfectly round, but some were. After another billion years, some of the dots started to evolve. Before long, the seas were filled no longer with dots, but with creatures made of millions of dots.

Soon after, dots began to colonize the land in the shape of plants. These dots lived for a long time without any predators, but eventually more dots came onto the land. No longer were these dots safe, and so the evolutionary arms race began. After a few million years, there were plants that had spikes, plants that were poisonous, and plants that were so tall no animal could possibly reach their leaves. And yet all of these plants were made of dots. After a few million more years, the dinosaurs evolved.

The dinosaurs may have looked complex, but inside they were still made of dots. Before long, the dinosaurs were wiped out by a meteor (also made of dots). Soon after, dots began to form animals called mammals. After awhile, the dots decided that they really liked the design for humans, so they set out to create the first self-aware animal. After sixty-four million years, they accomplished their goal.

At first, the humans were not very smart, but in time,

Love: A Confessional Essay

By Arthur Trickett-Wile

My need for romance fascinates me. Until a few years ago, friendship and romance were black and white. I had a pretty good idea of what my love-life would look like. I knew that my kindergarten sweetheart (still my neighbor) and I would eventually move into a big white house on a big green lawn, where we would have two kids and a dog. Simple as that; it was all planned out. She was everything I wanted in a woman. An avid writer, she tossed letters over the back fence, raining joy into my life.

In my seventh grade year, I took Algebra I, ahead of my grade, and enrolled in a summer course to take Geometry. The course was easy, and it was my first real chance to engage with upper-classmen in a classroom. However, the more interesting thing about summer school was a girl with mildly dark skin, spiky curls, and some fascinating geometry of her own. I ogled her constantly.

Our subsequent “relationship” was a blur of sloppy kissing, embarrassing love-letters, and a fair amount of interactive misconduct. It was an indulgence of a lustful infatuation. Everything went too fast and again, as in kindergarten, I believed that we would get married and have the perfect life. The dysfunction of that infatuation brought a fairy-tale sense of nirvana and arrogant self-satisfaction. I knew I was ready to be a dad. I knew she and I were ready to brave our dawning sexualities, and that society and our parents held us back. In one unforgivable act of stupidity, I even went so far as to explain to my now-sister that I could not love her as much as I loved my then-girlfriend.

Ouch.

We lasted somewhere around a year and three months. The odd part about it was that we had no place as friends, and as the bonding infatuation faded, nothing between us proved ideal for a passing friendship, much less a lifelong bond. That experience was awful. I knew I was

Queen Pin: A Treatment

By Kyle Anthis

Shamus was in the Six Dames pub with his Gang of Four, the Shamrocks of War—Gavin, O’Riley, Gerald, and Finn. Business was as usual—pints before counting the take. Profits were normal-ish; a little skittish in the southern counties of England. Around the time they were finishing their 6 pints, one of the dealers who worked out of the central region of Britain came in; he was very jittery, and for good reason. When Shamus asked the dealer what the take was for the day, he took his time to answer, because the take wasn’t very good at all. In fact, he hadn’t made a single sale all day. Furthermore, he found out that the Queen of England herself had started her own cartel. She called it the Royal Ring.

Shamus was not happy at all; he got so mad that he crushed the pint glass in his hand. The dealer started to run for the door, because he knew that Shamus had a very bad temper; when people give him bad news, he flipped out. Long story short, Shamus ripped off the dealer’s arms and beat him to death with them. He and his gang then came up with a plan to fix their problem; the plan was to put together a group of assassins. They recruited a German code-named The German, and a native Irishman called The White Death. They also recruited two Africans and a Frenchman. The plan seemed flawless at the time, but once the champagne and ale wore off, they came up with a better plan than pink flying elephants with banana guns. The sober plan was to go in as tourists, get to the predetermined places, make all of the security systems fail, and then go after the Queen.

To Be Continued . . .

FA

they invented tools. Before long, they had steel weapons and armor. Soon after that, the first gun was invented, but little did they know about the dots—the creators of all things alive and not alive. Until recently that is, when humans invented the microscope. The humans did not know them as dots, which was their proper name, but rather as cells. And the humans did not know that the dots had created them.

Eventually the humans created the computer and the dots quickly evolved to live in the computers. The humans called the dots periods, but the dots knew they were wrong. The dots slowly plotted to destroy humans, as they had become too powerful. Before long, the humans might find out that the dots created them. If the humans figured this out, they might try to destroy all dots by releasing a virus, but they did not know that the entire world was made of dots.

So, the dots sent out highly specialized dots to kill the humans. At first the humans had no idea what was going on, but then they realized that the dots were doing this to them. As a last effort to save mankind, the humans built their own virus and let it loose on the entire dot population. But, before the virus could do anything, the dots destroyed it. And thus, the human race had lost the war of survival. The dots lived on, and continued to create more and more creatures. The creatures got weirder and weirder and weirder, but reached the climax when the googleflorp evolved. At this point the dots decided that they would stick to the same basic blueprints they had used before, and that they would never again make a self-aware creature.

FA

When I Saw Her Again

By Mason Green

My name Tom McDavid, and I am 43 years old. I am very happy with my life right now, and I have everything I ever wanted. But, I wasn't always so happy. When I was young, my parents fought almost every night, because my dad had an affair with another woman and started drinking heavily. When they weren't fighting, my mom and I stayed in a hotel away from my dad. Finally, when I was seven, my parents got a divorce, and I lived with my mom. I lived with her for many years, and we were happy together. While I was in high school, my mom was diagnosed with brain cancer; it was a big shock. No one in our family had been diagnosed with cancer before.

The next couple of years were tough for us. I had to take care of my mom most of the time. During my senior year she died; I knew it was coming, but it was still very tough knowing that she was not with me anymore. Finishing high school after her death was the hardest thing I have ever done. My grades dropped and I almost didn't graduate, but I knew my mom would have wanted me to get my act together and go to college. So, I did.

College was very hard at first. My freshman year was the hardest, because I could not get over that my mother had died. My grades were not good and life was moving so slowly. I thought about dropping out of school, and then a beautiful woman came down like an angel to help tutor me with my classes—her name was Jennifer Smith. We worked together all year round, and I found a reason to stay.

The next year, I asked Jennifer out, because she made me so happy that I had a reason to stay in school. School was not hard as it used to be. I finally stopped thinking about my mom and started thinking about my future and what I wanted in life. I decided to get my master's degree and try to get a really good job that I liked. The next two years were awesome; I got a bachelor's degree, and Jennifer and I were happy as

water rippling around her flashed a reflection of a night sky with a giant blossom tree towering over it, with a full moon in the sky.

FA



Moon in the Sky

By Elizabeth Shaw

her red hair against her pale freckled face. Picking up her pace, she walked toward it, flicking out her hands so she could feel the grass between her fingers.

The blossom tree towered over her, making her feel small. She could not feel the wind anymore or hear the soft faraway sound of the wind. A trickling was just faintly to be heard. Walking halfway around the tree, she found a little spring that sprouted from the large roots, and trickled into a pond. Kneeling down beside it, she leaned over to look at her reflection. It wasn't there.

Unease slowly started to crawl in her heart. She blinked a couple times to see if her eyes were playing tricks on her. Maybe it wasn't water. It must just be air. Her heart slowed down a bit, flashing cold relief across her brow, yet something caught her eye in the shallow hole. An orange fish just floated there. The fish was slowly swishing its tail back and forth. Moving fast to grab as if it might disappear, her hand hit something wet, and she pulled back. The air rippled. Water. It's water.

Slowly she dipped her whole hand in the water. It felt cold and wet. The water lapped at her elbow now. A strange feeling came across her finger tips. They felt dry and warm as if the sun was drying them, but that was impossible, her hand was in water. She pulled it out and splashed the water, making it ripple violently. Only for a flashing moment, she thought she saw a blue sky with a sun high in it. She quickly looked up at the moon, then down at the water again, watching the sun disappear with the ripples. Confusion washed over her.

Making up her mind she laid on her stomach, took a deep breath, and slipped her head under water. It just felt like normal water to her. Sliding farther in head first, she felt the top of her head dry and warm. Blowing out some bubbles, she went father down.

She broke surface. She took a little ragged gasp, shocked that she wasn't under water anymore. Water lapped at her neck, while the sun shone bright in the sky. Looking down she saw that the rest of her body was under water. The

could be. One day at a bar, I saw my dad; I wanted to say "hi," not knowing what he was and what he had become, because when he left, I was too young to understand. He and I talked for a while, but then I brought up how mom died and he didn't care. That pissed me off more than you can believe. He and I got into an argument and then I noticed how drunk he was. I then left the bar and never went back.

After I graduated from college, I was hired by the CEO of a major company. I was so happy; I bought a ring and proposed to Jennifer. Seven months later, I had a new member in my family, and her name was Jennifer McDavid. The day we got married was that happiest day of my life, and from there, it just got better. My boss stepped down and retired from his position, and he said that he wanted me to succeed him. I was very eager to say yes to the new position.

At this point in my life, everything was perfect. I had the best job in the world, great friends and family, and a baby on the way. Or so I thought. When I was driving home from work one day, I stopped at a red light, just like on any regular day. When the light turned green, I pulled out, and then I noticed a bright light coming at me from my right. Then came the explosion.

When I woke, I was a kid in bed again and in a house that looked familiar. When I look around the room, I saw her again—my mother. I just said, "I missed you so much." She said, "Where did I go?" I felt like I just awakened from a dream, like everything that had happened to me wasn't real. From outside the door, I heard, "Linda, is he alright?" My mom said, "Yes, he is." When I asked my mom "Who was that?" she replied, "It's your father, silly." It was like all of the terrible things that happened to me when I was younger never happened. Later that day my mom, my dad, and I were with each other all day long, talking and having fun watching TV and playing games. I forgot how much I loved that as a kid. It seemed like weeks went by with my parents; we went to movies, amusement parks, museums, and many other things. I was having the best time with my parents, but then my dad lost his job. For a couple of days it didn't really matter to us,

but when bills came around, my dad started drinking. My mom and dad started fighting again. It was like what had happened before—all of the fighting again.

After a couple of days of fighting, my dad left once again in my life. I was really upset that my dad left, but my mom wasn't really upset. It surprised me. For like two days, I wondered why she didn't care, until when my mom and I went to go get some ice-cream. She got chocolate walnut and I got mint chip. As we were walking down the street, I said, "Mom, why don't you care that Dad left us?" She replied softly, "I just don't dwell on the past. Things happen for a reason and I just accept that and you should too." Then, in the blink of an eye, as she and I were walking again, she was struck by a car. I tried running to her, but I just remember waking up.

When I awoke, I noticed that I was in a hospital for some reason. I looked to my left and there was my beautiful wife holding our baby. When she saw that I was awake, she ran to tell the doctor. The doctor came in to check my vitals, and I tried to say, "What happened to me?" The first time was not that clear, but the second time he heard me say (and he said), "You were hit by a car that did not stop at a red light." He also said, "You were in a coma for over a month." After the doctor said all of the things he needed to say, I looked over at Jennifer; she was crying because she was so happy to see me awake. I asked her what the baby's name would be. She just said, "Linda, after you mother". I was happy to see that the baby is okay. After just one more day at the doctor to make sure I was okay, I was sent home. I was happier than ever, knowing I was alive for a reason. Jennifer wanted to ask me a question. I said "What is it?" She said softly, "What did you dream about?" and I said, "I saw her again." Both of us went home happy and smiling.

FA

ers that seemed to get more interesting as she went. She didn't feel scared as one would feel in a forest at night. Her father wasn't far off, although she did not know how long she had been walking. Her bare feet sank a little in a patch of soft clovers that stopped in front of a thorn bush. She wiggled her toes, enjoying the cool clovers against her feet. If she looked close enough, she would notice that all of them were four-leaved. The thorn bush was tall and thick, no way to get through, only for a sliver of an opening that a thin person could fit through. It looked to her as if a giant cut a thin slice of the thorn bush out like a cake.

She slipped through. One of her long red curls got caught on a thorn. She gently unwove her hair with pale fingers, careful not prick herself. She slipped the rest of the way through, wiping her hands on her shorts. Silence surrounded her instantly.

She was in a clearing. Knee-high grass waved in the wind, slowly brushing her legs. It felt like feathers, lightly passing over her skin. A small smile was peeking its way at the corners of her mouth. Excitement tickled her down. The feeling of stumbling on some place that has never been seen before made her feel like this was her special secret. Something she could put in her pocket and run home, eagerness bubbling in her stomach, until she could shut her door and explore more of it. That was her favorite feeling. She didn't know if should run back to her father and tell him of this place, or linger there a little longer. She had no interest in leaving now.

Walking farther into the clearing was like walking into a good dream. She took cautious steps, afraid that any fast movements might wake her up. She inhaled deeply, savoring every moment. It smelled like it just rained, leaving a crisp earthy smell to dance in the air.

Her eyes lingered on the moon, then at the majestic tree that stood under it. Blossom tree, no doubt. She could already smell the faint lavender in the air. Caitlyn furrowed her brow at the unmoving tree. The wind picked up again, ruffling

The Pond

By Becca Brown

The night was chilly and quiet. A breeze rustled the treetops, swaying back and forth in a rhythm soft and peaceful. No birds dared to chirp there. To disturb such a serene quiet would be unheard of. Even time does not visit this place; it does not have the heart to change it. Yes, time makes things grow old and young. Time can be cruel and marvelous; to change is time. Yet it doesn't have the heart to change something as magical as this place. The forest does not respond to seasons. It will always stay the same lush green, with a hint of golden red creeping around the corner.

The moon hung big and round in the sky this night, as if it enjoyed looking at the rolling hills covered with a thick blanket of trees. Out of all this, the moon's favorite spot to watch was a small clearing that had a towering cherry blossom tree. The clearing had tall dark golden grass in the night, giving it an eerie, tempting look. In between the roots of this massive tree a spring bubbled up, spilling into a pond that was so crystal clear, you could see the deep gray stones that lay at the bottom. It was like looking at glass that has never been scratched or smudged, or just air in a hole, yet if you touched it, it would ripple. The stones looked so smooth and round, it would be hard not to pluck one out and admire its perfection. Everything has its own temptation.

The wind grew a little stronger now. You would think at least one leaf would flutter down to its earthy grave, but not one has ever met the ground. This would draw your attention to the cherry blossom tree, for it was still. Not one rosy pink blossom has ever swayed in the wind with its brothers around them. It gives you the illusion that you are in a picture. The giant swaying oaks around the clearing dismiss the illusion. Animals didn't dwell there long and people never came, unless they were let in.

Caitlyn never intended to go there. She rather drifted through the forest; you could say she was following the flow-

Gimme a Bullet

By Will Stouffer

There I was, on top of a building, heart pounding. My line of sight was perfect. Pinpoint accuracy. I took a deep breath and held it. The safety was off. I followed my target with my crosshair, and then let out a sigh. I knew the importance of the character I needed, though it seemed a little unnecessary. The guy was my friend. He served our country in WWII, and then betrayed a contract. I felt a little uneasy about the situation. The last thing I needed was a bounty on ME.

I considered that maybe this wasn't the guy, but deep down, I knew it was. My emotions began to stir. Why did he ask me, of all professional assassins? I knew why. He knew the secret that I never dared to think about again. I rearranged my grip on the rifle. I had to. It was the only way I could keep secrets, secrets. Nobody would see me. I knew exactly what I needed to do, but I couldn't. He was a human. Humans make mistakes. Heh, but my payer wouldn't.

I do what I do for money, not to keep secrets. I needed to calm myself. I couldn't pull the trigger. These thoughts were racing through my mind. The decision was tough. Do I have to? Should I be like him and betray my own? I felt like this was some kind of cruel punishment, instead of an actual contract. He knew I was the target's friend, but they blackmailed me. I kill my friend, or my most dark and deep secret I have get released into the wild jungle of gossip. Could I make a compromise? No. No way out.

I could kill the blackmailer, but I only had vague coordinates. My friend, or my secret? He was my best friend; we knew each other since first grade. My hand began to tire from the constant hovering over the trigger. I . . . can't? I have to. Why? *Because your secret doesn't need to be publicly known, correct?* I remembered the words. The stress was killing me. I needed to do something, but what? I watched as my target walked over to turn on his TV, when the door broke down. Oh, God.

I knew who it was. It was the man who blackmailed me. I couldn't bear it, but then, I had an idea. If I killed the blackmailer, nobody would know and my friend lives. I changed my position as the man pulled out a pistol. I fired. That was the longest second in my life. The bullet went past the blackmailer's head, missing by only an inch. The blackmailer fired at my friend and he fell to the ground, dead. The blackmailer exited the room swiftly. I fell back on my haunches and folded the bipod. My phone rang. The only words said were: "They know."

FA

right up to you!! Honestly, it was the first time I saw such a huge animal in the wild, so it was a little scary at first. Still, this was nothing compared to what was about to happen. As we paddled on, a small Asian woman drifted out, unaware of how far she had drifted. She came near us, and you could tell she was anxious and trying to get back to shore. My brother and I had made friends with a guy from Australia named Kirk; he was paddling around with us and also noticed the anxious woman.

Suddenly, the woman went from looking uncomfortable to full-blown terror, as she screamed out "SHARK!!" She was paddling on her knees as hard as she could, but not getting anywhere. She was in full panic. Kirk and my brother and I paddled over to her; of course, we were concerned, if not scared as well. More used to the ocean, Kirk saw the shark first. He started laughing and said, "It's only a baby, about two feet long." It was amazing!!!!

We tried to tell the woman that the shark was just a baby and would not hurt her, but she kept screaming, "THE SHARK'S MOTHER IS PROBABLY CLOSE BY!" Kirk tried to explain to her that sharks do not care for their young like humans do, and the mother was nowhere around. The baby was just feeding off the little fish found in the water. Honestly, being so far out in the Pacific Ocean with only a board under you and looking at a small shark was a little scary, but I loved it all the same. After a few minutes, the baby shark swam away and was nowhere to be found, even though we looked for it. We decided to make our way back to shore, escorting the frightened woman. After everyone calmed down and started to talk, we all agreed that it was an awesome experience.

Best summer vacation ever!!!

FA

Family Vacation

By Luke Trusevich

Summer vacations are always a big deal in our family. It is really the only time my dad takes a break from work. As a family, we try our best to plan a vacation that everyone will enjoy. The last seven years of vacation have been great, but filled with museums, art galleries, famous fountains, and of course, great restaurants. However, this past summer was a first for many things. It was the first summer that my older brother was home from his first year of college. It was the first summer that my grandmother was just too old to travel with us, so it was the first time, in a long time, that it was just we five—my brother, sister, mom and dad. So, what did we come up with? After many long discussions, my older brother and I won!! We wanted to hang out at the beach all day and swim, surf, and paddleboard. Not one museum, art gallery, or anything educational was allowed, though we did allow for great restaurants.

We ended up in Hawaii, first on the island of Oahu and then onto to the island of Kauai. Although we had been there before, I was younger then, about ten, and I did not remember a lot of the vacation. As usual, my parents outsmarted us and scheduled a trip to Pearl Harbor; they could not resist. I actually did not mind, because I love everything about WWII. The memorial of the sunken ship, the USS Arizona, mesmerized me. I was grateful for the chance to revisit such a place and was moved by the symbolism it held for that time in history.

The real fun came a day later, back on Waikiki Beach. My brother Trey and I rented paddleboards for the day. Waikiki Beach is the best beach for such a sport, because the sandbar goes out about three miles. Although it is not recommended that you go out that far, it is hard to resist, because just beyond the sandbar, the water turns a dark, pure blue and the water gets a lot deeper. There are tons of small fish everywhere, along with amazingly huge sea turtles that come

Life in the Shadows

By Thomas Marotta

Mendota is a small town; it is 40 miles away from Frisco, California. There are many plantations and it is very hot. All of the people are very poor and 95% of the population is Hispanic. Since the families are not very wealthy, some of the children have to drop out of school to help support their families; many of them grow up in single-parent homes. Many of the people are immigrants as well. As you can see, the people of Frisco face many challenges.

The people of Mendota do not have much to look forward to besides the high school football team. Since Coach Robert Mejia took over in 2011, they have won two section titles and moved up to a hard division. Since the team has been playing well, many people come to the games, which nets the school a great deal money. Coach Mejia has turned around the whole community. He obtained his bachelor of science degree in pre-physical therapy from California State University, and is working on a master's degree in special education from Grand Canyon University. He has personally come a long way, and the success of his school is important to him.

The children of Mendota have a hard life. Most of the football players have to get up at 4 in the morning and work the fields. They go to school at 8, and then go to practice after school. All of the football players come from all Spanish-speaking homes, but when they go to school, all of the teachers speak English. It is very hard for some of them to adjust to English in the classroom, especially when they are trying to learn. They have to work hard for everything they earn.

Last year, Mendota had a senior running back named Edgar Segura. He broke the record for most touchdowns scored in California state history. Segura wants to play in the NFL, but his goal right now is to go to a Division I university. At the end of his sophomore year, Oregon and Nebraska invit-

ed him to their camps. He could not afford the camps and, given his low GPA, the letters of invitation stopped coming. Segura's main goal, beyond his football ambitions, is to help his parents out of poverty.

Going into the 2013 season, Coach Robert Mejia and Edgar Segura's goal was to win the state championship. They had a great regular season, winning all their games but one. They made it to the state championship game, against a team that was quite good and whose players were bigger than the Mendota players. Edgar gave it his all; he played both offense and defense for the whole game and scored two touchdowns, but it was not enough; Mendota lost the game, 31-19. It was a really hard loss for everyone, because they had worked so hard to get there. After the game ended, Coach Robert Mejia said, "Those emotions tell me that these kids were able to live a dream, but eventually they're waking up from this dream, and now it's time to go tackle another one. There are some bigger mountains to climb now."

The people of Mendota, California have hard lives, with many of the town's children trying to find any way out that they can. Often their tickets out are through sports. If they do not get out of Mendota, they will be working in the fields. These kids start from the bottom in life, which makes it harder to be successful. When some of them do become successful, it will be because they had worked so hard to get out of Mendota. In reading about Mendota and its people, I learned you cannot take anything for granted—there are always people who have it harder than you.

EA

Until now—I feel the heartbeat vibration through my hand. My own heart skips a beat as I unclench my fist and flip open the phone. I smile as I recognize the name. At the same time that I'm happy to finally hear from Ettore, I'm also mad that I've been here for twenty minutes waiting. I key a few strokes and the message opens up. My eyes intensely read line from line of it.

Liliana, why haven't you arrived yet? Isabella and I have been waiting inside Louie's for a while now. Isn't that where we were supposed to meet, yeah?

My hand starts to shake as I slam the screen down on itself. I turn around and look into the diner, trying to find Ettore, but I cannot. I grab my backpack from off the ground and begin walking towards the entrance. The music from the band grows louder, along with the conversations of people from the patio.

EA

"I'm....I'm sorry." I find myself forced to recollect the conversation.

"I'm here because of Basilio." Joaquin had trouble speaking; every time a word came out of his mouth he quickly cleared his throat before proceeding to speak.

"Something happened, Liliana. Basilio was injured."

I stop here; I don't want to remember this anymore. This is not why I moved to the United States. This is not why for the last forty-five minutes I spent time on a ferry bringing me here, to San Francisco. I'm here to move on, to try and forget the past. I'm here to make a life for myself and Isabella. I'm here to put the puzzle of my life back together once again, so that one day I will become whole again. Even if it's a struggle and a fight, each day that comes. I tuck the picture back into my pocket and look into the crowd of people walking around. I glance down at my watch, with the crack running down the glass. It's 11:46 in the morning, nearing noon. My cousin Ettore was supposed to be here already, along with my Isabella. They were supposed to be here, waiting for me to step off the ferry—but they aren't.

They aren't here and it's bugging me; I haven't seen Isabella in almost a week. I flew her down from Italy, before I came. My cousin Ettore made sure that she arrived safely; she has been living with him and his wife since. I miss my angel—all I want is to see her again, to wrap my arms around her small body and hold onto her as tightly as I can. That's all I want right now: to be reunited with my Isabella. I take off the small backpack that I've been carrying around with me since I landed in Oakland. It's a bit old and torn up; the once navy blue color has dimmed and become a faded blue. I place it in front of me and unzip the very top pocket; inside rests my flip phone, along with a package of an unopened gum. I flip open my phone and the screen illuminates with a vibrant picture of flowers blowing in the wind, nestled on the side of a mountain. I scan the screen for any signs of missed calls or text messages, but there are none, which only helps to justify my own reasons to be worried.

I zip the pocket back up, this time leaving only the package of cherry-flavored gum inside. I grip my phone with a closed fist, hoping to feel it vibrate, and for the longest time it doesn't.



Run

By Lauren Weinberg

A “Normal” Day

By Alec Dietz

Today is a normal day, or perhaps it's normal for me—different people have different definitions of that word. “Normal”—is there such a thing? Today might be a normal day, but it had an extraordinary lead-up. My week might as well have started in this very coffee shop: it's a place on Third Street, it has a nice atmosphere when it's a nice day, but today isn't a nice day, the wet streets outside are slippery from the rain, if it weren't for my current assignment, then I would probably be at home, waiting for the rain to stop, but does it ever stop?

“Can I take your coffee, detective?” a familiar voice said from behind. I took the chance; I grabbed the waitress's arm and said, “Marian, you're under arrest.” An arrest—a normal way to start a normal day, and to end a normal week. If I had

been one of the civilians in the shop, I might have been shocked, but I had seen too much in the last week to be fazed by a simple arrest.

It was Monday, there had always been something about Mondays, they always made people sad, that was especially true this Monday, I came into the office and was greeted with a murder case. "Tim Sigil, his body is severely mutilated, signs of struggle, he was aware of his situation until the end . . ." The coroner always had a way of making things seem less terrible: this body wasn't just mutilated, it was completely obliterated. I started my investigation with the victim's coworkers; the family usually came first, but this guy had none, his only existence happened at his work, a small coffee shop on Third Street. I was halfway done with my egg platter; it might seem inappropriate, but I needed a way to talk to the victim's coworkers. It was just at that point when a beautiful woman walked out. I remembered her from the crime files, Marian Lindsey, she had never held a job for more than three months before this, she was twenty-thousand dollars in debt, and most importantly, she was my only lead. I talked with Marian for hours before heading back to HQ; it was comforting, but I was no closer to ending my investigation. A dead end? It was already late at night when I finally got into my office; the first thing I noticed was a file on my desk, something about a blood sample which wasn't from the victim, unfortunately it wasn't on any file. I thought to myself, "So, is this a new murderer, or just one that's never been caught?" I spent a few more hours at the office, and then I went home to review my findings.

I don't know why I kept coming back, maybe for the company, Marian was nice enough; somehow she kept my mind off of the horrors I had to deal with. I sat at my usual spot, right at the back corner barstool, I was shifting uneasily through a newspaper, the headline of which was "Famed Billionaire John Mark Found Dead In Luxurious Penthouse," I thought about how many people went without big news stories when they died, surely our victim didn't. Marian was

ther he was to our Isabella.

It's on this day, May 30th, that I lost my Basilio. I remember sitting outside on the front porch of our freshly painted home in Imperia, Italy. People were outside picking fresh fruits from the trees. The neighborhood kids playing, kicking around a soccer ball while listening to their radio. But I, I was just sitting there, watching the world pass on by. I held my Isabella against my chest, I sang to her and watched as she would eventually fall asleep. Hesitantly, I got up and carried her off to her room. Isabella was only three; she was beginning her beautiful life. I laid her down against the soft linen sheets that covered her bed; I made sure her pillow was nice and puff, then covered her little body with waves of warmth. I remember hearing and looking outside her window to see my husband's friend Joaquin pulling up into our drive way.

Joaquin was dressed formally; the buttons that lined the middle of his uniform shined brightly, with the sunlight reflecting off of them. His short brown hair was covered by his cap. I finished up with tucking in Isabella, and made my way back to the porch. As I got closer, I could hear the sound of Joaquin's knuckles meeting the wooden frame of our front door. I raced towards it, quickly swinging the barrier between the outside and my house open. For the longest time, he just stood there, looking at me. His hands rested somewhere behind his back along with the cap that he used to cover his nearly shaven head. My eyes tried to meet his, but Joaquin wouldn't allow it. He couldn't look me in the eyes, and I felt disconnected from him. We stood in silence for what seemed like minutes before his gaze finally caught mine. He opened his mouth at first, but nothing came out. The look on his face is scarred in my memories; it's an expression that haunts me in my nightmares. A look so awful, that's continually being played on a loop in nearly every dream I have. Joaquin's deep blue eyes, now fought to keep themselves open. Dark circles were formed beneath them.

"Liliana." Joaquin said my name in a muffled tone.

outside a small diner named Louie's. It has a patio filled with people eating seafood and a band playing classic hits that the costumers seem to be enjoying. I look around admiring the pier and the long boardwalk that runs adjacent to it. It's filled with small shops, other restaurants and the Aquarium. My eyes shift around, watching as families stroll past me; I look at everything, taking in the sights and smell of San Francisco. Once again, I shift my eyes, this time towards the pocket in my jeans. I reach down and take out a picture of a little girl with opal white skin and dark brown hair that falls to her shoulders. She's sitting next to a tall cypress tree in the middle of a field. In her hands is a book with a picture of a snail and ladybug crawling together. Next to her is a man in a camouflaged uniform with a backpack and duffle bag. I flip the picture over and read what I had written on the back.

Summer 2013: One Angel is still with me—the Other has gone back home.

My eyes start to tear up as I whimper. I miss him; I miss my husband every day. The memories that we shared are engraved deep inside me, and the scars from him being gone now show more than ever. My stomach aches whenever I think of him. There's a burning and twisting sensation that forces me to shiver and shake uncontrollably whenever he springs into my mind. I can't help it, I've tried fighting, I've tried moving on from losing him, but I can't. I can't stop thinking about him.

"Basilio," I whisper, as I wipe away the tears slowly rolling off the side of my cheeks. Basilio was my husband, my rock, he was my everything. The nights I've spent back home laying in my bed were some of the loneliest days I've ever imagined. The long sleep deprived nights were colder without him. Time seemed to continue on without ever getting closer to morning. Many nights I'd toss and turn, anxiously hoping that if I turned my head or readjusted my body, I'd see his face burrowed against his pillow. I'd see the smoothness of his almost cleanly shaven face or smell the remnants of his shaving cream. I'd hope to feel his warm skin against my own. Out of everything that I've mentioned, I miss most what a good fa-

bringing me coffee when I spotted it, the man three stools away from me was grasping something in his right jacket pocket; without thinking, I tackled Marian, and we just narrowly avoided the gunshot. The next few minutes were a blur, but somehow we made it into a back alley somewhere down the street. I decided to question Marian again, and this time I got something useful. I went back to the office and added something to her file; she was the sole heir to the fortune of John Mark. Upon reviewing my new evidence, I decided to visit the only person with a motive, John Mark's adopted son.

It was early in the morning when I finally got to question Tomas Mark; he didn't seem like a killer, but does anybody ever show their true intentions? Tomas had a motive for wanting Marian dead; if she were out of the way, he would become the heir. To think I had dropped my other case to help with this one: "The needs of the living are greater than those of the dead," I quietly muttered to myself. I stopped interrogating Tomas hours before I found anything, and I left the rest up to my partner the "bad cop." If Tomas was lucky, then he wouldn't be too scarred by the process. I decided to take a gamble; I needed to investigate Tomas's home before anything could be moved, so I went into his house without a warrant and found exactly what I was looking for. Tomas's wife had recorded his conversation with the assassin; she needed blackmail material for when he was rich—she believed he would get rid of her if she didn't have assurance. The recording was haphazardly left in a sock drawer. I guess she never expected anybody to find it; I was on my way to the office when she caught me. I didn't expect to get off easily, but for some reason, she let me go; I guess she realized the evidence was useless, if it went public.

I got to the office where I was met by Tomas, who was arrested per my request. I had one last stop before going home. I went to visit Marian; we talked about the attempt on her life: "I guess I'm still shaken up about John. I never liked Tomas, but his father, he looked so peaceful when I saw his body, he is going to be cremated soon." Marian tried to stay upbeat, but she wasn't able; I decided to leave her be. I went

home, I guess I was also shaken up about the whole incident; I didn't even stop at the office first.

I woke up at my usual time and skipped my morning coffee; I didn't want to see Marian after what happened. I was reading the paper at the office, when I saw another headline: "John Mark Cremated Early, No Visitors." "What?" I exclaimed. "If he had no visitors, how did Marian know about his body!?" It turned out that I needed my coffee today after all. I was half-way done with my cup when the waitress walked out. I took my chance; I got up, grabbed her arm, and said, "Marian, you're under arrest."

I took the rest of the night to write my report; there were some areas where I only had speculation, but what I had come up with was that Marian poisoned John Mark in order to get his fortune and pay off her debt. When she found out that Tim Sigil was in front of her as heir, she needed him dead as well. He resisted, and Marian got hurt trying to subdue him. Her blood matched the sample from the crime, so Tomas Mark found out that she killed his father and sent assassins after her. Knowing that Tomas was soon going to be the sole benefactor of a large fortune, Tomas's wife began to blackmail him. She was paranoid that he would leave her once he was rich. As for giving me the recording, it turned out that after Tomas, she was the heir. Knowing that I would get her husband out of the way, she decided to let me arrest him. But, she was also under the impression that Marian had been killed; if it hadn't been for that, she might have not given me the recording.

So, there it is—a normal case ended in a normal way, all as part of my crazy "normal" life.

FA

was living, back to the real world. The ferry starts turning to its side, as we approach the dock. The captain carefully and confidently backs the ship up until it meets the pier. I turn around and walk towards the pair of stairs that lead down to the lower levels. I wait for a minute and watch as the back of the ship lowers its ramp until it meets the cement floor of the pier. The man who works on the ship signals to the first row of cars to exit. He's wearing a boonie hat and a white shirt with a red cross in the center. He's short and a little stout with a full-grown beard beneath his chin. A stiff breeze of winds picks it up, and just as the small trees that lined the shore move, so does his grayish black beard.

I chuckle a little, watching him; he's taking his job seriously, snapping at people who aren't paying attention to his instructions. One lady doesn't see his overstimulated hand gestures and zips past him. He screams as loud as he can while walking in front of another car that's anxiously trying to get out. The car nudges his lower thighs and he bounces off of it. He slowly turns his head toward the front window of the man's car, then reaches up and throws his hat onto the ground. This time he's not holding back, slapping the front of the man's blue Hondo Civic with his hand repeatedly. I laugh more as I watch his once calm face turn a pinkish red. The man inside the car honks his horn every time the stout overly excited car usher slaps his hand against the hood.

As I reach the bottom of the stairs, all of the cars have now gone. The once filled car port is now empty and bombarded with trash. Soda bottles and extinguished cigarettes lay against the stained floor. Empty plastic bags and Styrofoam boxes with leftover Chinese food stay in the respective places where people left them. I kneel down and grab a half-empty bottle of water, along with a couple of free-floating plastic bags. I walk them over to the trashcan as the short man walks towards me. As he passes me, I look back and watch as he disappears into a doorway that leads somewhere into the ferry.

I reach the dock and sit down on a bench that's just

Liliana

By John Guerrero

My eyes are sealed shut; every once in a while I feel the cool breeze running off of the waves, as it passes across my cold bare skin. I run my hands along the length of my arms, trying to rid myself of these tiny mountains that form beneath my skin. I shiver for a moment, but then regain my composure. I just stand here, at the very front of the San Francisco Bay ferry, listening to the waves crash against the bow, enjoying the peaceful silence that has come over me. To me, this is tranquility at its finest, a moment where I can just forget everything, a moment where I'm stuck, where neither the past nor the future worry me. It's beautiful, and everything I wish my life could be like. If I could just stay like this forever, not having to worry about a single thing, I'd live a life in stillness. A life without problems—a utopia.

I let a deep breath out, slowly opening my eyes until they're adjusted to the bright light that's shining down. In front of me, the life that I've always wanted. The city where I've been given a second chance, not only for me, but for my daughter. I look back and can barely see the small foothills of Oakland. The dense fog hovers above the semi-rough waters of the Bay Area. It's an eerie sight to see. At one end of this bay, behind me, is my past, and at the other end is my future. The ferry steams ever closer to San Francisco. The once shaky waters begin to settle down as we approach the pier. Everything is starting to come back now; I hear the voices of people behind me, chatting about celebrities and sports, an avalanche of clichés.

I hear the engines from the cars below me starting up, and I can smell the gasoline from some of the bigger vehicles. Music and vibrations from people blasting their speakers echo throughout the small open corridors of the ferry. The chirping from the seagulls above, everything has come back to life. I'm no longer in my own space—I'm back. I'm back to the life I

Sunshine

By William Mahatma

As the sun was setting, a man called out, "Wake up, my friends! The light is fading, so now is the time we go!" They all started running. When they reached the street, there was no sign of life, nor had the street lights beamed on yet, so they made their way to where the fence to the factories was shrouded in the shrubbery and bushes. They waited there until the shade of night came to the late watches; then the man who spoke earlier turned and whispered to them: "My dearest of friends, tonight we must be beyond cautious, for there are many more lives at stake than just our own. Do not fear; remember that death is just a part of life." The people moved swiftly as winded snow and fast as thought toward the gate. A few stayed back as sentries, while the others moved over razor wire, taking great care not to set off any sensors or plates. One after another, the shadowed figures washed over the monstrosity before them, making their way to the cliff side that overlooked the heart of the darkness.

There at the cliff side was a most terrible sight: machines that were made for one purpose, to destroy the light in the world. The cries of authority could be heard from the deep, along with screams of the once free people who now had come to madness. "Get down," the man whispered, as a truck loaded with supplies and prisoners drove past, followed by a patrol jeep armed with dread. The truck of sorrow passed, but the jeep stayed, and a light crawled out that flashed over where they had all come; the light came to a sudden stop and the monsters rode away to check another part of the line. Instantly, the people moved on down into the lair of the evils that had enslaved humanity. When the group landed on the bottom, what could be seen was the substance of night terrors and a vast darkness.

The liberators continued on with an even greater sense of urgency, after what was seen and heard, staying in what very little shade that had not been burnt off by industry

flare. The people were coming ever closer to what was known as the Iron Square, where men, women, and children were judged by hate-minded machines with voices, crafted from the void that froze the heart and raped the mind. An oversized banner of the Double Cross flowed like a ghost on the industrial gas, in the night without the stars. Just as the crew reached the square, a judgment was taking place, and the closer they got, the crew saw that it was the same truck from earlier. Sadly, not a thing could be done for the captured, for if the crew was discovered, then the mission was for naught. All they could do was watch in depression, from the dreadful shade, as the captured people were broken into death and or even many things much darker. Finally, they reached the Steel Citadel, where therein lies an evil mankind has never known.

The Steel Citadel was one of four such citadels, in which the darkness is governed by oppressive Masters who rule over the now darkening world. A sound came over the frozen speakers, as though a bomb had gone off in their heads: "Here me now, lesser ones, I'm here to correct the mistakes of God and guide you to your rightful place in the world's society. WORK and OBEY, WORK and OBEY: follow these instructions, and you will be granted a place within our order. I have HOPE for all of you! Have an industrial day and GOD BLESS . . ." Every sound that came through the speakers was a lie and hateful, so much so that it gave way to great hopelessness. The liberators understood all too well that before the sun would shine again in the morning, Dread's Head would burn with the fires of industry.

FA

hand on her back.

"I think you're a pretty woman, Brumhilda."

"Julia Roberts? Are you Julia Roberts?" asked Brumhilda in shock.

"Yes, 'tis I, Julia Roberts, and I have come to tell you that you are indeed a pretty woman."

"Thank you, Ms. Roberts."

"I also have come to bestow upon you a gift. Here is my new perfume. Spray it on before everyone."

Brumhilda took the bottle, and then she sprayed the perfume all over herself. When she was done, she saw that she was wearing the red dress from "*Pretty Women*." Julia Roberts started beaming, and everyone in the restaurant was in awe of her beauty. The New Yorker wiped his tears away with the cheeseburger he ordered.

Out of the blue, Dr. Phil came into the detective's booth. He just sat down and looked at both Brumhilda and Detective Benson for a long time. His facial expression was blank, but after a while he focused his stare at Benson.

"Who hurt you?" he asked.

"Excuse me?" asked Benson.

"You must have been hurt so badly to be so mean."

"You don't know me! You don't know where I've been!" snapped Benson.

"Help me help you."

"I've had it! Everyone in here is a whack job!" yelled Benson.

After she yelled, Benson stormed towards the door and slammed it. Everyone was so overjoyed she left that applause broke out through the whole restaurant. Julia Roberts headed towards the jukebox and chose the song "*Pretty Woman*," by Roy Orbison. Brumhilda looked around and smiled. Knowing that the people she served had her back made her feel like she was livin' on a prayer.

FA

You Never Know Who Eats at Jim's

By Alaina Merin

Brumhilda works the diner all day. She works for her man, and she brings home her pay, for love. Oh, for love. While working her usual fifteen-hour day, Detective Olivia Benson comes in for lunch. Brumhilda seats Detective Benson at her favorite booth by the window, and Brumhilda brings her a glass of water.

"Well, it is great to see you again, Detective. What will you be having today?" asked Brumhilda.

"Today I want to have a cheeseburger and a chocolate shake," replied Benson.

"I'll get that to you ASAP."

The detective grabbed her arm and said, "Oh, Brumhilda, have you ever thought of using foundation to cover up all that acne?"

"Um, what?" Brumhilda said, shocked.

"Don't get me wrong, you are a very pretty girl, but you might want to give make up a try."

At that moment, all Brumhilda wants to do is run away. She is trying to hold back all the tears. Brumhilda never feels pretty, and her ultimate goal is at least to look like she could be related to someone like Heidi Klum. She turns to run for the kitchen, but then a morbidly obese Jamaican woman steps in.

"What is the matter with you? You is beautiful. Don't listen to a word she says, honey child."

The Jamaican woman helped; however, Brumhilda still wasn't sure about herself. As she headed back to the kitchen, a New Yorker stopped her.

"If that were me, I would have spit in her food, doll face. Just forget about it. Can you get some coffee over here while you're in there?"

Brumhilda placed the Detective's order and picked it up when it was ready. She brought it to the table and gave it to the detective. While she was serving the food she felt a

Or Are You Looking?

By Josh Perez

Oceans for as far as the eye can see

Though eyes blind, hearing proves useful

Feel this through your fingers, feel this in your fingertips

Lose what you are through your eyelids

Close, open, close, open

Gone, further, gone, further

Rusty oceans bore through blinders like stampedes

Stampedes you can't see, though hearing proves useful

DODGE! HIDE!

Truth rushes past your head with such force

Futile evasiveness in your schedule

Contortions of ego are revealed

Stampedes slow

Rhythmic beating of self-discovery plays rudiments

Hearing proves useful

Rhythmic beating ceases

In silence but still deafening

Clean the mind with void

Clean the void with vacuums

Though hearing proves useful

Seeing is believing

Rusty oceans confirm the mutual agreement

Open your eyes

Are you seeing?

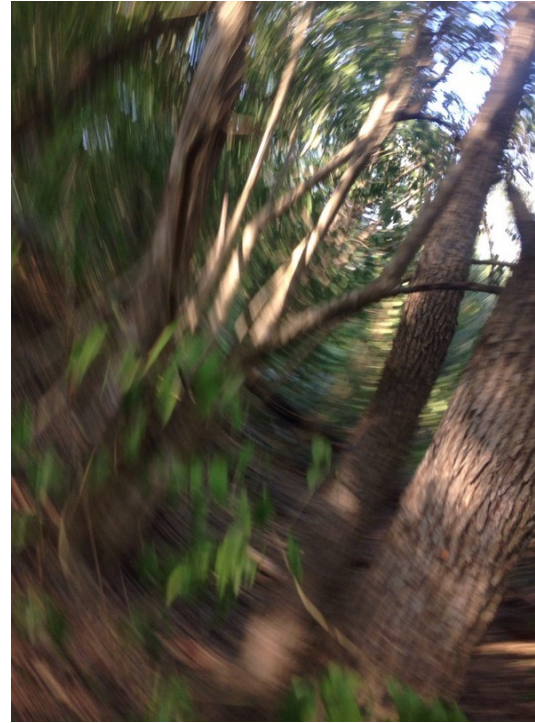
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Beyond Repair

By Josh Perez

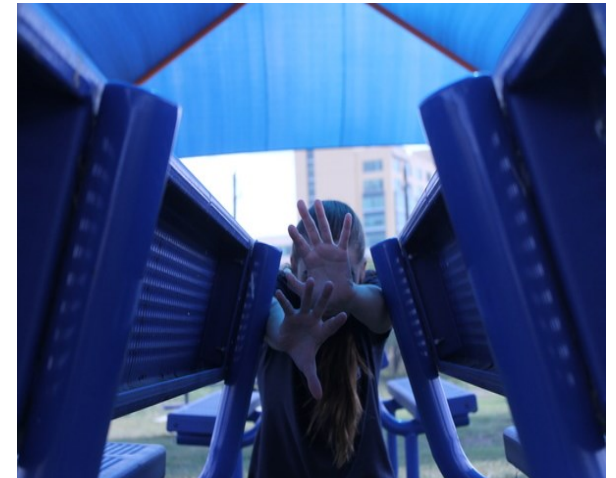
Broken days on fixed nights
Fixed nights before broken days
Days broken by nights ending
An ending that never ends.
Beginnings have trouble
Who needs them?
Beginnings are set to be broken
Whether by nights ending
Or whether it be by rotation
The stars conflagrate
And the sun will mend
The clouds will turn
Skies will burn
Ingredients for wicked potion
A cauldron always in motion
A simple flip will break this
A simple flop will suffice

FA



Spin

By Jeremy Jones



Wait

By Lauren Weinberg

Stouff! (Will Stouffer)



Same Page

Above: *Rusty Rack*

Right: *Fireball*

Below: *Clouded Disk*



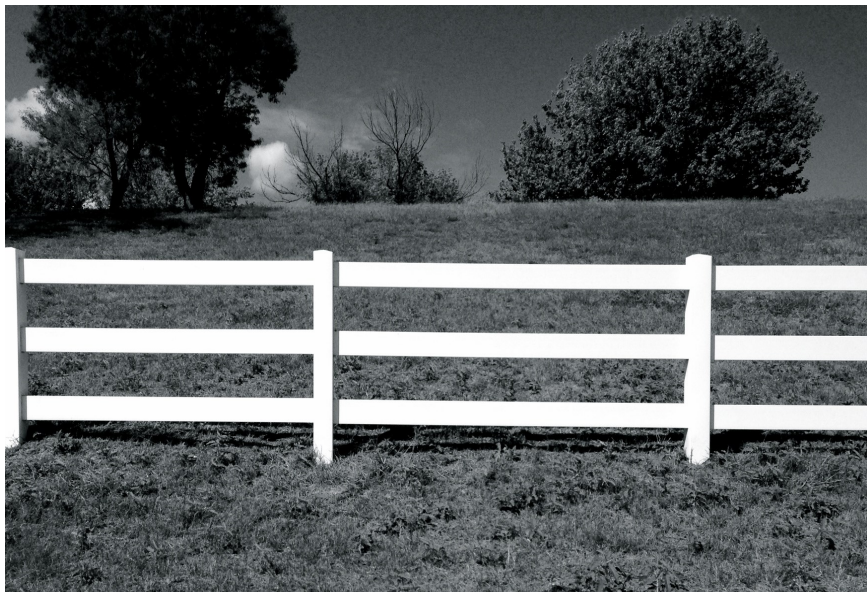
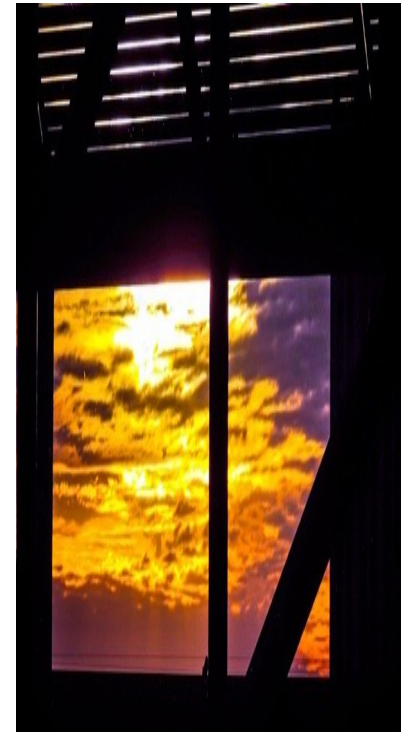
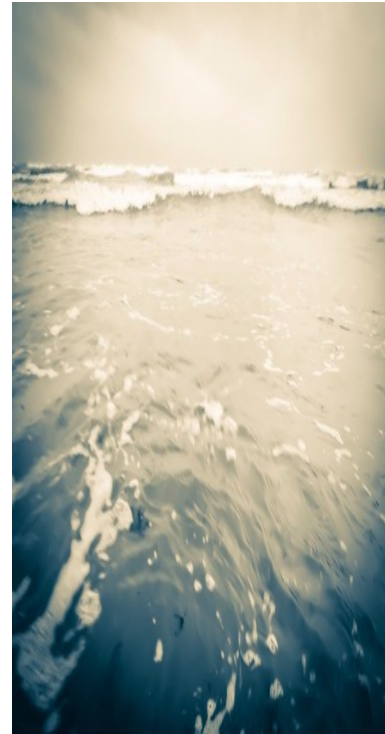
Down in San Antone

By Martha Day

Well, we got a country girl,
And she's livin in the west
She goes to school,
Which she knows that it's the best
She's all alone
Livin at home
But her country heart
Lives down in San Antone
San Antone (2)
San Antonio
Way downtown, where you'll see the Alamo
You got Davy Crockett,
And you got Jim Bowie
Woop!
Bring out the glasses,
And ya get a shot of whiskey
You see the ghost of Wayne ridin on Duke,
And ya got Kirk Douglas always in a fluke
San Antone (2)
San Antonio
Tip your hat
I'll see you at the rodeo
Grab your ropes
Cowboy up
Catch them cows
Rodeo down
San Antone (2)
San Antonio
Way downtown,
And ya see them country girls
In them tight blue jeans
See'em ridin them Chevys'
Walkin along the street of San Antone
You got theaters,

And ya got the Menger
 Marriott's,
 And oh my gosh
 You even got Starbucks
 And then the Tower of Americas
 Woop!
 Salt the glasses
 We're gonna drink some margaritas
 San Antone (2)
 San Antonio
 Way downtown, where you'll see
 Country girls
 Rodeo
 Alamo
 Down in San Antonio

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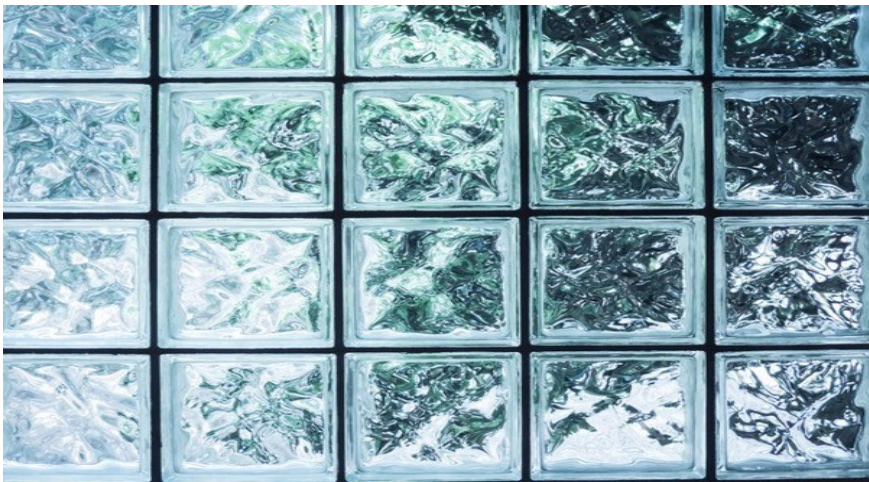


Fence Noir

By Morgan Carolin



The Eyes of Elizabeth Shaw



Same Page

Above: *Diamond Panels*

Below: *Battle of Wits*

Opposite Page

Left: *Shore*

Right: *Fire*

Bottom: *Glass Bloom*



Thesis

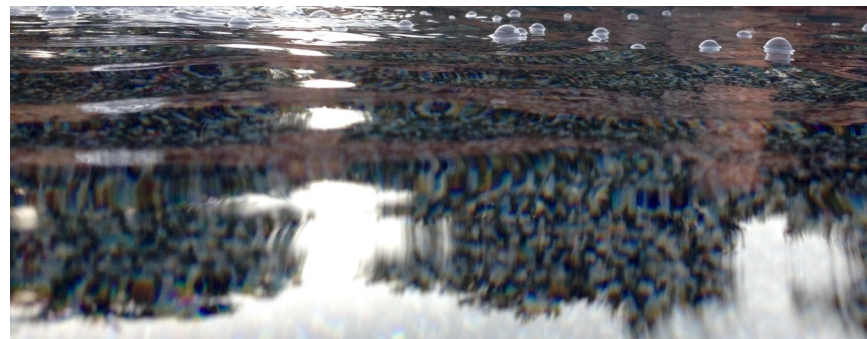
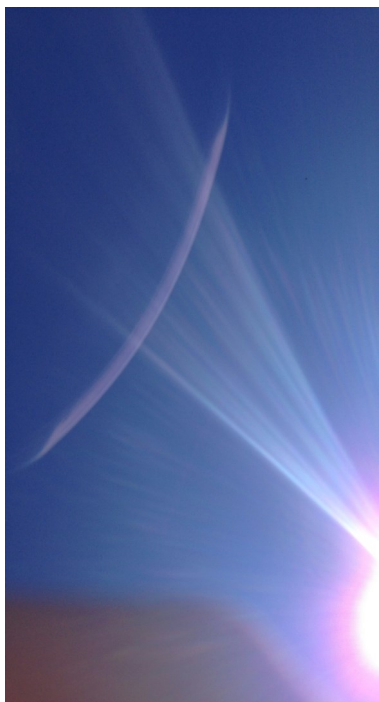
By Analise Beres



Lobo de Nieve

By Katy Shaw

Shutterbug: Morgan Carolin



Same Page

Above: *Surface*

Right: *Ranch*

Below: *Shaded Space*

Opposite Page

Left: *Ray*

Right: *Stalk*

Bottom: *Blue Passage*

