2025

VOICES

Literature & Art Magazine

Fiction • Non-fiction • Visual Art • Audio-Visual

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Voices is a magazine created by students, for students. The magazine showcases and reflects the diverse cultures and languages that comprise the CSUSB community.

The process of bringing this year's edition to life was a challenging one, but it was a collective effort. We received many original and artistic submissions, and there were moments when we doubted whether we would reach our goals. However, through the support, engagement, and encouragement of the Department of World Languages and Literatures and with the contributions of CSUSB students, we created a magazine that honors cultural and linguistic diversity.

We want to extend our sincere gratitude to Alysha Timmons, Multimedia Language Center Coordinator; Dr. Esteban Cordoba; and Professor Maria Garcia-Puente. As well as a special thank you to Ashley Serrano, RAFFMA Marketing, Membership and Engagement Coordinator, for helping with the technical aspects of this medium.

Thank you to everyone for your engagement, patience, and continued support. We are especially appreciative of all the students who shared their creative works with us. The 2025 Voices edition would not have been possible without you.

-Voices 2025 Editors (Cynthia, Karla, Xenia, Robert, Martha, Raquel, Yaire)

VOICES
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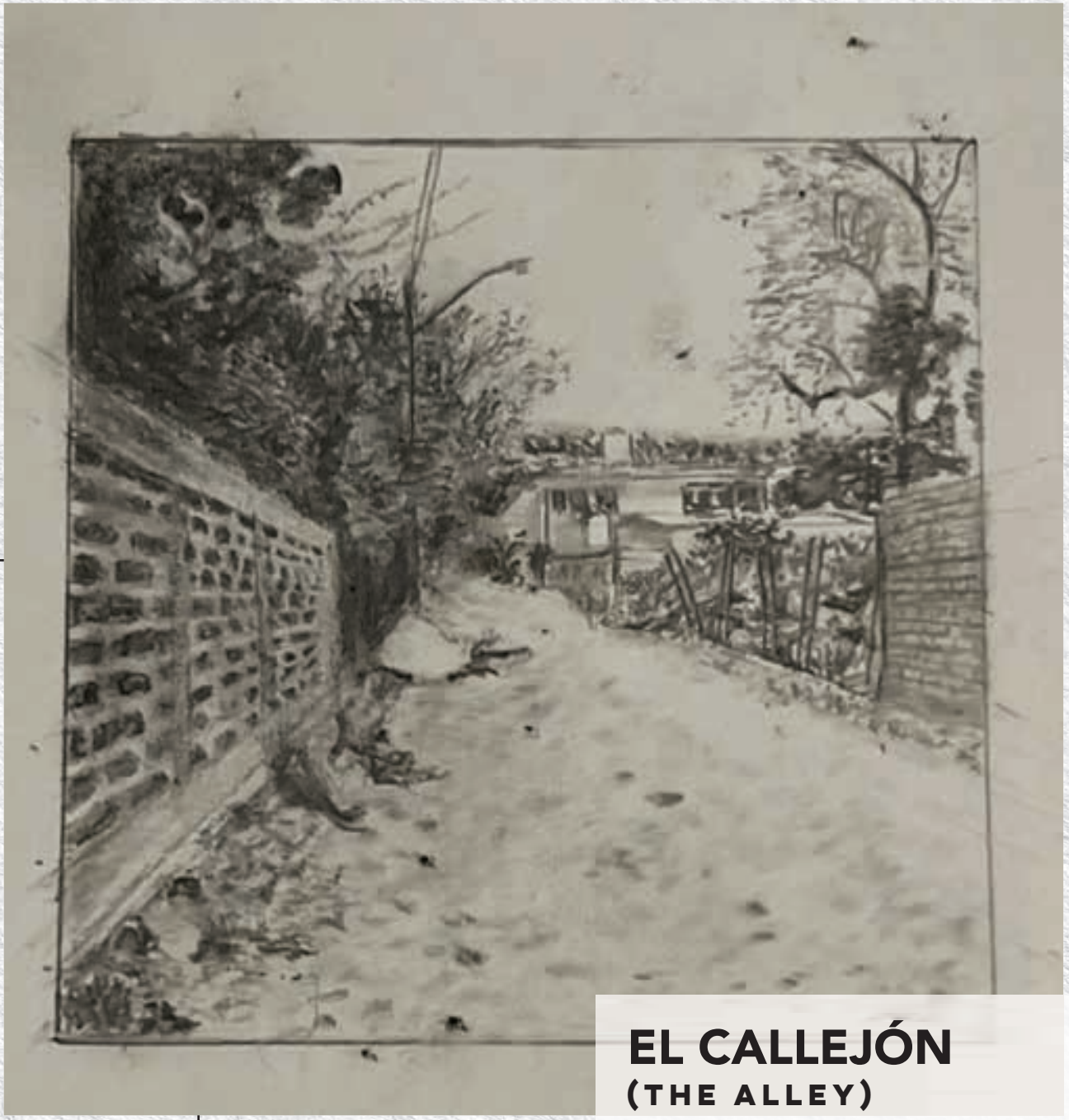


EL CALLEJÓN
(THE ALLEY)

Robert Plaza

This callejón can be found in my house in Guanajuato, México. I chose to draw this, because with the Polaroid picture I had as a reference it seemed very nostalgic. The family gatherings, the smells and the trucks that blast their ads all seem very homey to me.

EL ÚLTIMO HOMBRE EN PIE

Daniela De Haro

Me preparé para lo peor, pero esto fue aún peor de lo que imaginaba. Al salir de mi refugio, fue como una escena de película: estaba inquietantemente silencioso. Podía escuchar mi respiración y la forma en que mi cuerpo encajaba en el traje de materiales peligrosos.

Caminar por el sendero hacia mi casa se sentía como caminar por el infierno. Sombras de lo que solo podía suponer que eran cuerpos de humanos y animales estaban pegadas a lo largo del concreto y las paredes de los edificios.

Sólo puedo suponer que la gente intentaba huir de la explosión sin ningún lugar en mente, o que ocurrió instantáneamente porque no creían posible que pudiera estallar una guerra nuclear.
Todo el barrio, incluida mi casa, había desaparecido. Solo quedaban las sombras y las ruinas de lo que una vez estuvo allí.

Yo era el único hombre que quedaba en pie.

THE LAST MAN STANDING

Daniela De Haro

I prepared for the worst, but this was even worse than I imagined. As I left my shelter, it was like a scene from a movie: it was eerily quiet. I could hear my breathing and the way my body fit into the hazmat suit.

Walking down the path to my house felt like walking through hell. Shadows of what I could only assume were the bodies of humans and animals were plastered along the concrete and walls of the buildings.

I can only assume that people were trying to flee the explosion with nowhere in mind, or that it happened instantly because they didn't think it was possible that a nuclear war could break out. The whole neighborhood, including my house, was gone. Only the shadows and ruins of what was once there remained.

I was the only man left standing.

DESTELLO DE COMPLICIDAD

“UN CUENTO”

Abraham Villegas

Era una de esas tardes frías de otoño en las que el cielo había despertado con aspecto extraño y el vientwo empezaba a soplar con furia presagiando la llegada de la primera helada. Con la mirada fija en el horizonte y las manos hundidas en los bolsillos para resguardarse del frío que calaba hasta los huesos, él atravesaba la avenida en dirección a la cafetería, la cual había sido su sitio predilecto para perderse en sus pensamientos y, donde sus preocupaciones parecían disolverse con cada sorbo de café.

El letrero del café Los cuatro gatos se balanceaba suavemente con el susurro del viento. Al llegar al lugar, empujó la puerta y al atravesar el umbral, el calor del interior lo recibió como el abrazo cálido de un viejo amigo. Se quitó el abrigo, revelando un suéter de lana azul marino con tono desgastado. Sin más preámbulo se dirigió hacia la mesa que ocupaba siempre, aquella que ofrecía una vista íntima de la plaza, donde se podía observar cómo el viento desnudaba los árboles. Sacó de su maletín el ordenador y lo puso sobre la mesa mientras le pedía al camarero lo habitual: un café negro con canela. Ella llegó quince minutos después, llevaba un libro bajo el brazo y el cabello recogido en un moño enclenque que el viento amenazaba con deshacer. Tenía la nariz enrojecida y sus labios agrietados por el frío. Buscó una mesa vacía con la mirada; justo la única que quedaba vacía estaba al lado opuesto a la de él. El camarero se le acercó y ella le pidió un café con leche con dos de azúcar.

Él tecleaba con una meticulosidad pasmosa, como si cada pulsación de tecla buscara revelar sus pensamientos. De vez en cuando levantaba la vista hacia la ventana, pero su mirada se desviaba, como si tuviera voluntad propia, hacia aquella mujer del moño casi deshecho. Ella por su parte, estaba absorta en la lectura de un libro de Kafka, su autor favorito; sin embargo, sentía que alguien la observaba desde la distancia. Era una sensación sutil, como un cosquilleo en la nuca que la hacía perderse en el texto que releía sin comprender. De manera esporádica, aprovechaba para tomar un sorbo de su café y, en ese movimiento natural, sus ojos recorrían discretamente el espacio hasta detenerse de manera fugaz y discreta, en el hombre del suéter azul. Le intrigaba la manera en que parecía poseído por el teclado del ordenador.

El tiempo siguió transcurriendo, marcado por el sonido de las tazas y el murmullo de conversaciones ajenas. Cada cierto tiempo, las miradas cruzadas de ambos continuaban, pero no llegaban a coincidir. Fue en uno de esos cruces: mientras él se acomodaba los lentes, cuando ella notó el brillo de la sortija que él llevaba en el dedo anular de su mano izquierda. Con el corazón acelerado, desvió la mirada a su propia mano, y al contemplar su propia sortija, esbozó una sonrisa cargada de misterio. Cuando levantó la vista nuevamente, se encontró directamente con los ojos de él. No hubo sorpresa alguna, solo el reconocimiento silencioso de dos personas que comparten una misma circunstancia. Ambos intercambiaron una sonrisa cómplice, breve pero cargada de entendimiento.

Afuera, el miento seguía con su danza incesante, ella apuró el último sorbo de café y se levantó. Guardó su libro en su bolso y, con pasos lentos pero firmes, se dirigió hacia la salida no sin antes volver su mirada hacia él una vez más y ofrecerle una última sonrisa sugestiva. Él le devolvió la sonrisa para después contemplar cómo ella se perdía entre la multitud.

Envuelto en la magia de aquel instante que le pareció efímero, cerró su ordenador lentamente y esbozó una sonrisa antes de ponerse de pie y encaminarse hacia la salida.

SPARK OF COMPLICITY

Abraham Villegas

It was one of those crisp autumn afternoons when the sky looked unusual and the wind began to howl, heralding the arrival of the first frost. With his eyes fixed on the horizon and his hands deeply buried in his pockets to keep warm, he strolled down the street toward the café, a favorite spot where his worries seemed to disappear with every sip of coffee.

Outside, the café's sign swayed gently in time with the soft murmur of the wind. As he opened the door and crossed the threshold, he was instantly enveloped by an inviting warmth, as welcoming as the embrace of an old friend. Removing his coat, he revealed a well-worn navy blue wool sweater. Without any hesitation, he made his way to his usual table, one that offered an intimate view of the town square, where the trees seemed to shed their leaves in a slow, mesmerizing dance with the wind. wwFrom his briefcase he retrieved his laptop and set it on the table, placing his regular order with the waiter: a black coffee with a touch of cinnamon. She arrived fifteen minutes later, carrying a book under one arm, her hair gathered into a delicate bun that the wind threatened to disarrange. Her cheeks were flushed from the cold and her lips chapped. Searching for an empty seat, she noticed that the only empty table was directly across from his. As the waiter approached her table, she asked him for a regular coffee with milk and two sugars.

He typed carefully, as if every key pressed was a small step to share his hidden thoughts. Occasionally, he'd glance toward the window, but his eyes always wandered toward the woman with the slightly undone bun. Meanwhile, she appeared to be lost reading one of Kafka's books, her favorite author, but she could not shake the feeling that someone was watching her from afar. It was a subtle feeling, like a light tickle at the back of her neck, that made her lose herself in the lines she read over and over. Every so often, as she took a sip of her coffee, her eyes would wander discreetly until, for a brief moment, they rested on the man in the blue sweater. There was something almost enchanting about the way he seemed utterly absorbed by the clatter of his keyboard.

Time rolled on, punctuated by the clink of cups and murmurs of distant conversations. At intervals, their glances met a silent, recurring dialogue, but never held for long. One such moment came when, as he adjusted his glasses, she caught a glimpse of a ring on his left hand. Her heart skipped a beat; she quickly looked at her own ring and gave a small, mysterious smile. When she looked up again, she met his gaze directly. There was no surprise, only the quiet recognition between two people sharing a small secret. They exchanged a knowing smile, brief but full of complicity.

Outside, the wind kept on its steady dance. After finishing the last sip of her coffee, she packed her book into her bag and walked slowly yet determined toward the exit, not before giving him one last, friendly look and a gentle smile. He returned her smile and watched as she merged into the busy crowd. Wrapped in the magic of that brief moment, he closed his laptop slowly, smiled softly, stood up, and headed toward the exit.

“

SHORT STORY

”

LA SOLEDAD NO ES ETERNA

Juliana Guerrero-Flores

> **INSPIRADO POR "REFUGIO" DE JOSÉ EMILIO PACHECO.**

Abrí la puerta de mi refugio. Destrucción. Soledad. Calor. La ciudad se ahoga en llamas. Esto verdaderamente es el fin, mi fin. Grité a todo pulmón con una pequeña gota de esperanza a que alguien me contestara o, por lo menos, que hubiera una señal de vida. Nadie me contestó, solamente mi eco que rugía por toda la ciudad. Lloré, no me gusta estar solo, me hago fuerte e independiente, pero me da miedo la soledad. Decidí explorar. En mi caminata, por todos lados, mire los escombros de toda la vecindad. La primaria, derrumbada. El centro de rehabilitación, en llamas. La catedral, colapsada. Llegué al centro y por fin vi a un cuervo. Los dos nos miramos fijamente. Tenía tanta hambre que, con un palo que encontré, le di en su cabeza. Sentí tristeza porque nunca antes había hecho eso, pero si no lo hubiera hecho, solamente Dios sabrá hasta cuándo volvería a tener una oportunidad de comer. Lo cociné en las llamas que surgían del banco. Me supo tan rico. Seguí con mi caminata. No se miraba nada por kilómetros. Llegué al puente, que por cierto también estaba caído. Pero el río aún tenía muy poca agua. Bebí poquita y sumergí mi cuerpo en ella; se sentía tan fresco. Escuché un chillido; era de un cachorro. No lo pude creer, me acerqué y estaba muy asustado. Alzó su cabecita y me miró con sus ojos brillantes. Me di cuenta de que él también se quedó solo en este mundo como yo. Han pasado 3 años, y Enzo, mi perrito, y yo aún estamos aquí. No sé lo que nos espera el futuro en este desastvre. Lo que sí sé es que no estoy solo, tengo a Enzo y juntos nos vamos a salvar.

LONELINESS DOESN'T LAST FOREVER

Juliana Guerrero-Flores

> "INSPIRED BY "SHELTER" BY JOSÉ EMILIO PACHECO."

I opened the door of my shelter. Destruction. Loneliness. Intense heat. The city drowns in flames. This is truly the end, my end. I screamed at the top of my lungs with a small drop of hope that someone would reply or that at least there would be a sign of life. No one answered me, only my echo that roared throughout the city. I cried. I don't like to be alone. I act strong and independent, but I am afraid of loneliness. I decided to explore. On my walk, everywhere I looked I was met with debris from the whole neighborhood. The elementary school, collapsed. The rehabilitation center, in flames. The cathedral, collapsed.

I made it downtown and finally saw a crow. We both stared at each other. I was so hungry that, with a stick that I found, I hit it on its head. I felt terrible because I had never done that before, but if I hadn't, only God knows when I'd have a chance to eat again. I cooked it in the flames rising from the bench. It tasted so good.

I continued on my walk. There was nothing to be seen for miles. I reached the bridge, which, by the way, had also fallen. But the river still had very little water. I drank a little and dipped my body in it; it felt so refreshing. I heard a small cry; it was a puppy. I couldn't believe it; I went closer, and it was so scared. He raised his little head and looked at me with the brightest eyes. I realized that he was also left alone in this world like me.

It's been 3 years, and Enzo, my dog, and I are still here. I don't know what the future holds for us in this disaster. What I do know is that I am not alone; I have Enzo, and together we are going to save ourselves.

DE NORTE A SUR
(FROM NORTH TO SOUTH)

Alejandra Carrizales

I've always been drawn to the pretty handmade dresses of the folklorico attire. Which is the first thing I thought of when starting off with my painting. I found an image that showed 5 women standing side by side with just their backs showing. Which I think was to emphasize their long braided hair. This perspective inspired me to incorporate that look. When researching through ideas I came across the different styles that each state uses. With that in mind I decided I was going to share the folklorico side of Mexico that I would at least show more than one style of dresses. Since the Mexico flag has three main colors, I wanted those to be the color scheme of my artwork. This then challenged me to following a more monochromatic theme to each flag color.

EL ZUMBIDO

Daniela De Haro

Ana no sabía qué hacer con sus pensamientos después de llegar a casa. Había un zumbido en su cabeza que no podía ubicar, como si siempre hubiera estado ahí, escondido en la oscuridad de su mente. Ana se quedó quieta y pensativa, con las manos encima de las sábanas, mientras su marido dormía a su lado; sus ronquidos profundos y retumbantes llenaban la habitación.Mañana saldré de la casa, pensó Ana, determinada a hacer que el zumbido en su cabeza se detuviera.

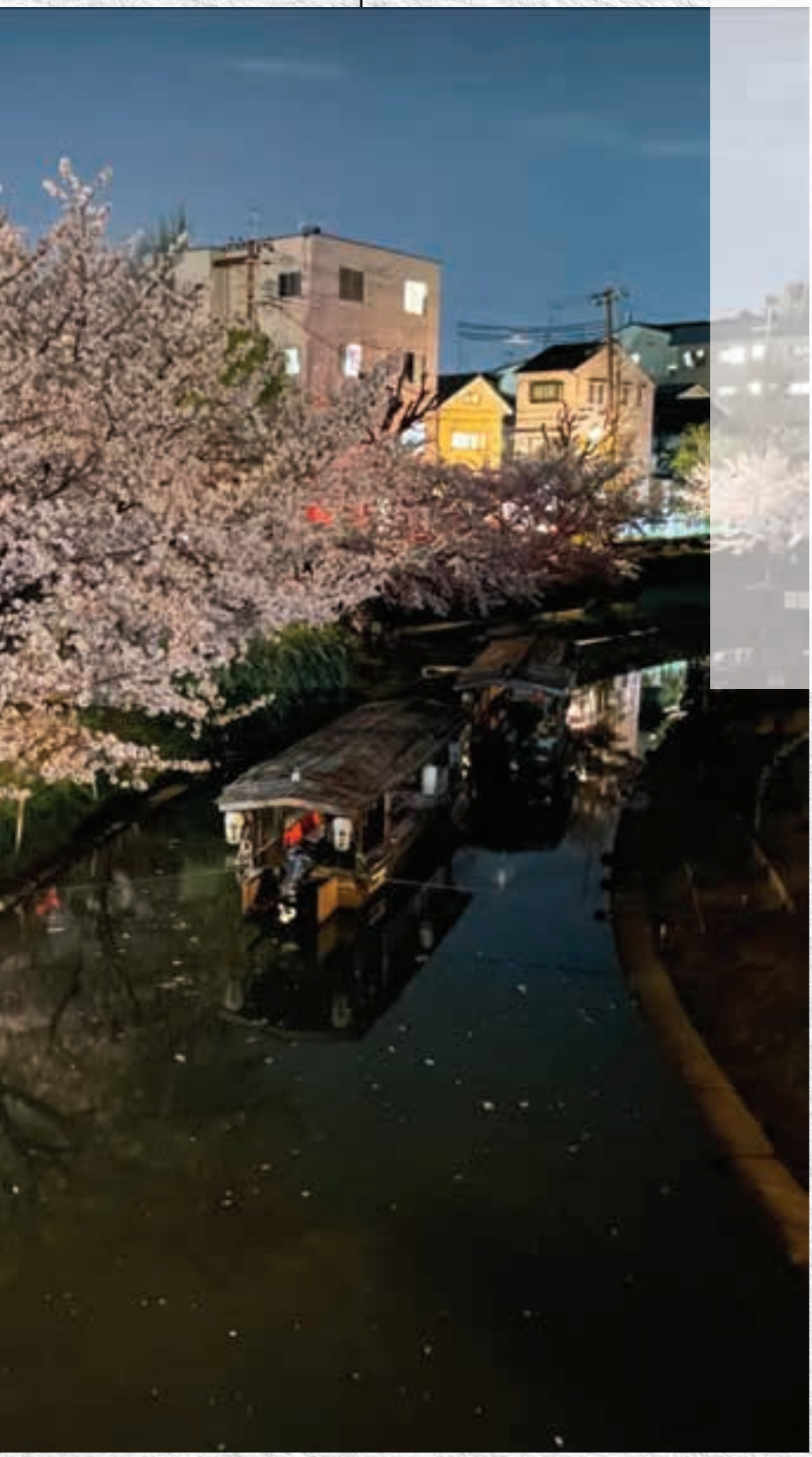
Al día siguiente, mientras todos estaban fuera de casa atendiendo sus asuntos habituales, Ana se encontró caminando por el centro de la ciudad. Se topó con varias personas diferentes, personas como el hombre ciego, con vidas distintas.Con el paso de los días, Ana se hallaba a menudo en distintos puntos de la ciudad, sin darse cuenta de que el zumbido en su cabeza había dejado de existir.

THE BUZZ

Daniela De Haro

Ana didn't know what to do with her thoughts after she got home. There was a buzzing sound in her head that she couldn't locate, as if it had always been there, hidden in the darkness of her mind. Anne stood still and thoughtful, with her hands on the sheets, while her husband slept beside her; his deep, rumbling snores filled the room.

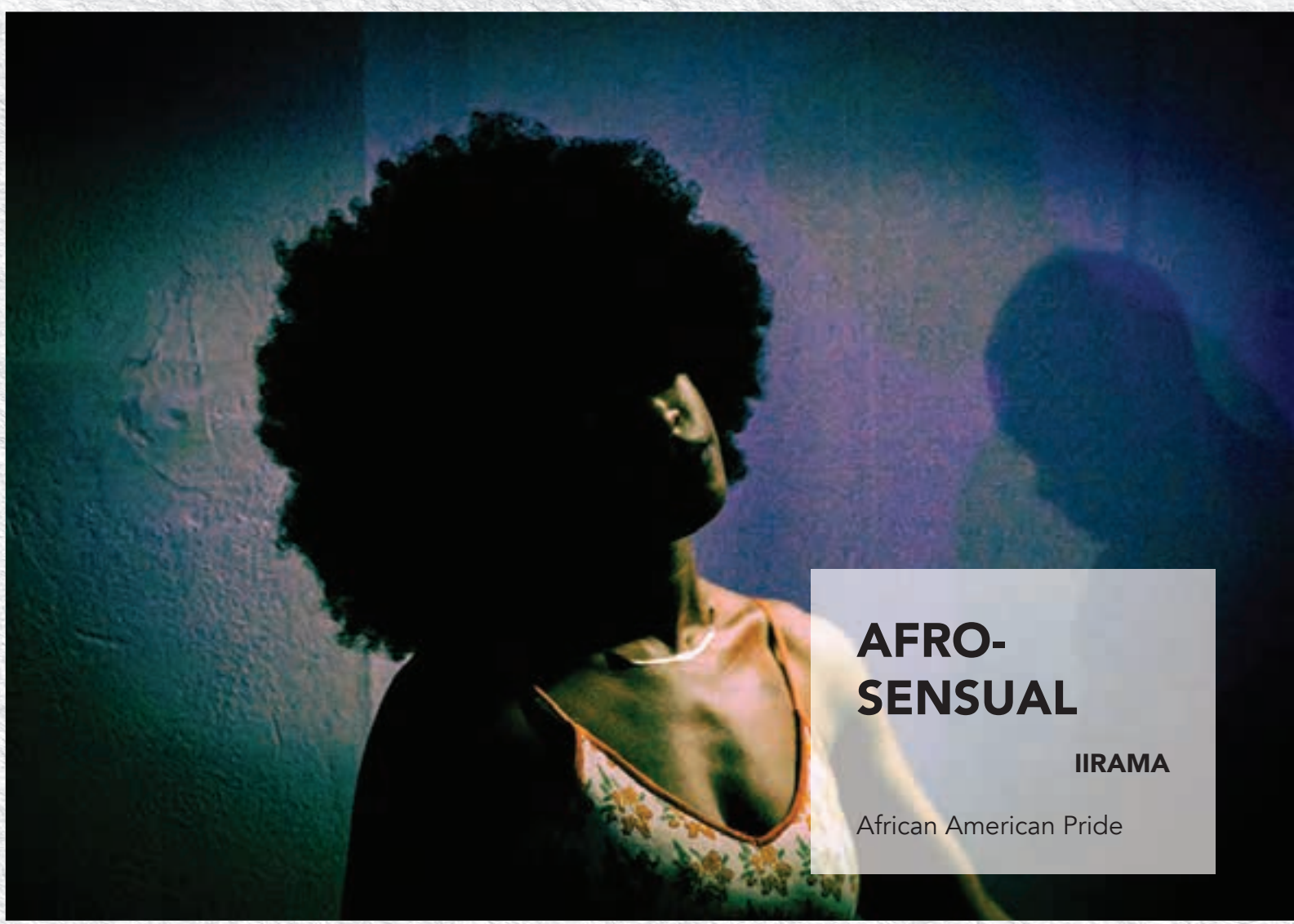
Tomorrow I'll leave the house, Ana thought, determined to make the buzzing in her head stop. The next day, while everyone was out of the house attending to their usual business, Ana found herself walking through the center of the city. She ran into several different people, people like the blind man, with different lives. As the days went by, Anne was often in different parts of the city, not realizing that the buzzing in her head had ceased to exist.



CHERRY BLOSSOM CAME IN APRIL

Francisco Orozco

Kakinokihamachō Near the historic Sake district in Kyoto



AFRO-SENSUAL

IIRAMA

African American Pride

俳句。(HAIKU)

Jason Ryan Serban

きょうはれや。
あしたあめふる。
まつひとよ。

Today, clear skies—
Tomorrow, rain will fall.
Oh, the one I wait for...

MIS DESEOS

Juliana Guerrero-Flores

No sé por qué soy así. Mi mayor deseo es la sangre; trato de controlar esta ansia, pero mi cuerpo lo pide. Mi ánimo depende de ella; si no la tengo, me empiezo a poner devastadoramente mal. Le pido a mi mamá pájaros pequeños para calmar mis ansias, pero hay veces en las cuales quiero más. Yo misma me doy miedo; no sé de lo que seré capaz si salgo. Veo a mis padres y no puedo imaginarme comiéndome su sangre, mucho menos sus cuerpos. Pero, ¿qué tal con los demás? Me siento terrible comiéndome los tiernos pajaritos, pero al sentir el calor de su sangre, el crujido de sus huesos y la suavidad de sus plumas, vuelvo a la vida. Me pregunto qué clase de humana soy, si es que soy una.

> “UNA HISTORIA SOBRE UNA NIÑA CON EL ANTOJO EXTRAÑO DE COMER AVES VIVAS.”

MY DESIRES

Juliana Guerrero-Flores

I don’t know why I’m like this. My greatest desire is blood; I try to control this anxious craving, but my body asks for it. My mood depends on it; if I don’t have it, I start to get devastatingly sick. I ask my mom for small birds to calm my cravings, but there are times when I want more. I get scared of myself; I don’t know what I’ll be capable of if I go out. I see my parents, and I can’t imagine eating their blood, much less their bodies. But what about the others? I feel terrible eating the tender little birds, but as I feel the warmth of their blood, the crunch of their bones, and the softness of their feathers, I come back to life. I wonder what kind of human I am, if I am one.

> “A STORY ABOUT A GIRL WHO HAS A STRANGE CRAVING FOR EATING LIVE BIRDS.”

بأ

Jasmine Jackson

في الأيام المشمسة اتذكر
و اشعر بالحنين
يذكرني دفء الشمس بأيام الشاطئ البرتقالية
انتظرك بعد المدرسة
نمشي و نقطف البرتقال من الأشجار
بأيدي بيضاء لزجة و بطون ممتلئة
نضحك ونمشي في الطريق
نحكي قصص المدرسة و الحياة
نمشي على الشاطئ
ربما مملة الا انها ذكريات جميلة
نمشي على الرمال المحترقة
ننظر إلى مدينة الملاهي
نلعب الألعاب
في مثل هذه التأملات أدرك أنه ليست اللحظات الكبيرة وحدها المهمة
ولكن كل اللحظات
شكراً يا ابي

“ذكريات مع والدي”

DAD

Jasmine Jackson

I remember during sunny days
And feel nostalgic
The warmth of the sun reminds me of the orange beach days
I wait for you after school
We walk and pick oranges from trees
With sticky white hands and full bellies
We laugh and walk on the road
We tell stories of school and life
We walk on the beach
They may be bring but they are beautiful memories
We walk on the burning hot sand
We watch the rides
We play games
In these reflections, I realize that it is not the big moments only that are important
But all moments
Thank you, dad

“MEMORIES WITH MY DAD”

MANOS DE TRABAJADOR
(HANDS OF A WORKER)

Amalia Esparza

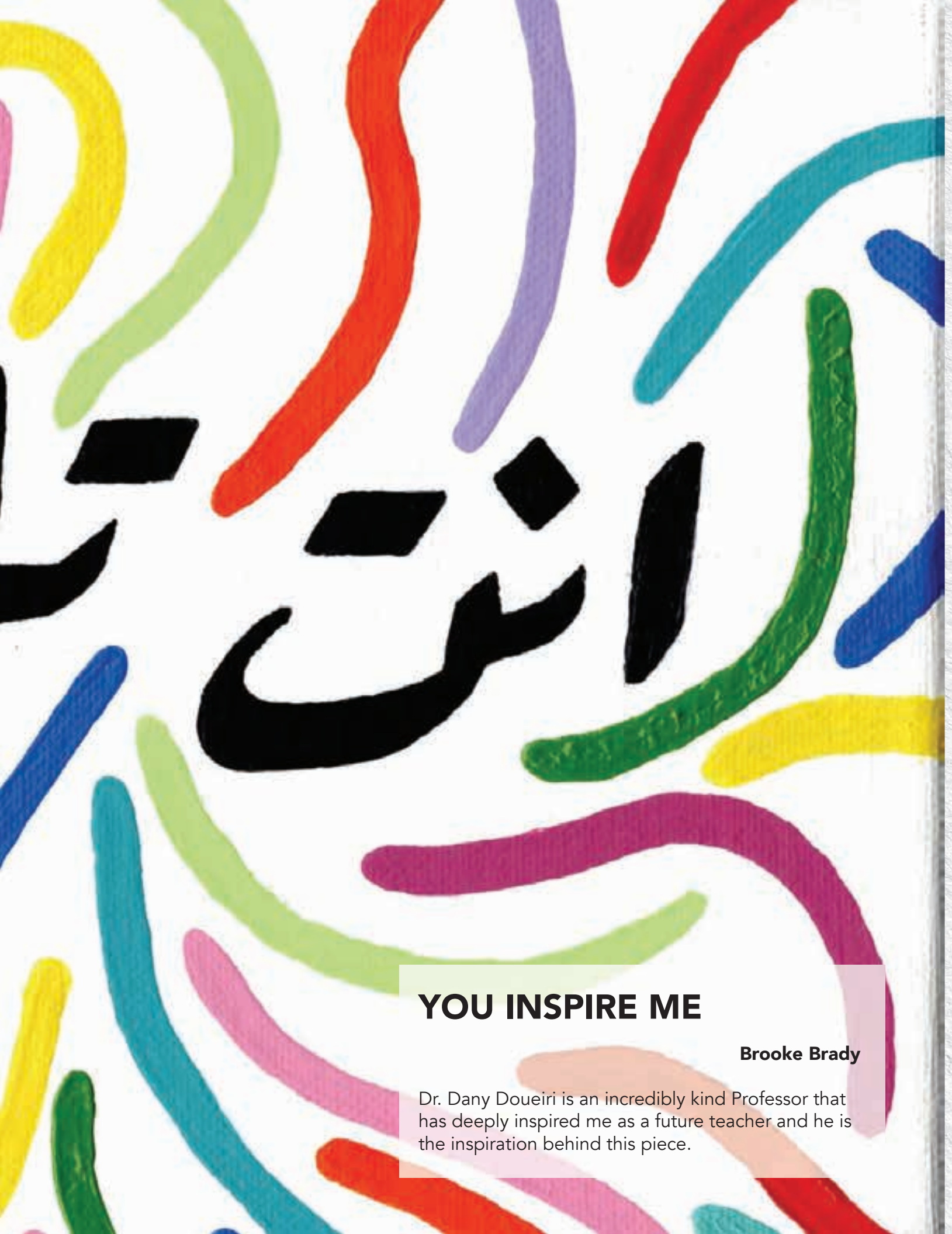
I was inspired to take this photo of my husband's hands when I learned about the hardworking conditions of our revolutionary men and women in Mexico in one of my classes with Dr. Córdoba.

LANGUAGE

Ashawn Washington

Scan or click for author's recitation
bit.ly/Voices2025-Language

"THE STATUS OF THE WORLD AND THE POWER OF LANGUAGE AND COMMUNICATION..."



YOU INSPIRE ME

Brooke Brady

Dr. Dany Doueiri is an incredibly kind Professor that has deeply inspired me as a future teacher and he is the inspiration behind this piece.

LA ORUGA

Brenda Retamoza

Hoy desperté más tarde que otros días. Estoy segura de que el ruido de la lluvia contra mi ventana me arrulló. Corrí hacia mi ventana para ver si allí seguía la pequeña oruga que me tenía hipnotizada ayer por la tarde con sus movimientos. Me pasé toda la tarde observando como se movía lentamente de un lado al otro. La oruga de seguro tampoco sabe en que día estamos. Yo solamente sé que hoy servirán pastel de chocolate después de la cena. Eso quiere decir que mañana, la señora Elba tocara la puerta más temprano para que nos alistemos ya que nuestras familias vendrán a visitarnos.

La última vez que yo vi a mi familia fue esa noche en la que le llamaron a la ambulancia para que fueran por mí y me encerraran en este lugar que, de hecho, es el hogar más estable que eh tenido en mi vida. Me dijeron que esa noche subí al techo de la casa con solo un calcetín puesto y me tiré a los rosales de mi mamá mientras cantaba "De Colores". La verdad es que no recuerdo y dudo que haya sucedido tal como todos lo cuentan. Ahora me la paso en frente de la ventana viendo como los pájaros hacen sus nidos, y como florecen los rosales en el jardín junto a la oficina de la señora Elba.

Me gustan los días de visita porque es el día que mi compañera de cuarto no regresa hasta la hora de dormir. Eso me da tiempo de limpiar el cuarto y cantar sin que ella me grite que me calle. También aprovecho de ese tiempo para maquillarme con sus pinturas sin que ella se dé cuenta. Hoy me maquillaré frente a la ventana para escuchar la lluvia y cuidar de mi oruga.

Sí, mi oruga.

Saliendo de la ducha me di cuenta de que ya estaban todos con sus familiares caminando por los jardines y tomando café en la biblioteca. Algunos que no tienen visita, van a la capilla para meditar o se quedan en sus cuartos como lo hago yo. Rosaura, mi vecina, me toca y pregunta que si estoy bien. Echó de menos mis cantos que hago los días de visita. Hoy era poco diferente. Estaba con el pendiente de la oruguita que ya empezaba a moverse letárgicamente. ¿Será que ya comenzará a transformarse?

> "I AM AN ADDICTION COUNSELOR AND I BELIEVE EVERYONE DESERVES A SECOND CHANCE."

Yo estaba optimista de que logrará vivir una vida libre, y con propósito. No quería que le cortaran las alas como lo habían hecho conmigo. Esa oruga cada día se ponía más fuerte y grande. Observaba como luchaba solita sin la ayuda de otras orugas. Quizá un día yo haré lo mismo.

Ya estaba a punto de dormirme cuando la señora Elba tocó la puerta. Mi compañera de cuarto y yo intercambiamos una mirada confundida. Cuando abrí la puerta me dio una bolsa transparente con mi cartera y el calcetín que tenía puesto esa noche que me trajeron. Eran mis únicas pertenencias.

Me dijo –"En la mañana te darán de alta así que te alistas temprano."

Al salir por las puertas por las que entré esa noche lluviosa, vi un enorme arcoíris en el horizonte. En el jardín, había una mariposa volando de flor en flor.

THE CATERPILLAR

Brenda Retamoza

This morning, I woke up later than usual. I'm sure the sound of the rain against my window lulled me to sleep. I ran to the window to see if the little caterpillar was still there—the one that had me mesmerized yesterday afternoon with its movements. I had spent the entire afternoon watching it slowly move from one side to the other. The caterpillar probably doesn't know what day it is either. I only know that today they'll serve chocolate cake after dinner. That means tomorrow, Mrs. Elba will knock on the door earlier so we can get ready because our families are coming to visit.

The last time I saw my family was the night they called the ambulance to come get me and lock me up in this place which, to be honest, is the most stable home I've ever had in my life. They said that night I climbed onto the roof with only one sock on and threw myself into my mom's rose bushes while singing "De Colores." Truth is, I don't remember, and I doubt it happened exactly the way everyone says. Now I just spend my time in front of the window watching birds build their nests, and how the rose bushes bloom in the garden next to Mrs. Elba's office.

I like visiting days because that's the day my roommate doesn't come back until bedtime. That gives me time to clean the room and sing without her yelling at me to shut up. I also take the opportunity to do my makeup with her stuff without her noticing. Today I'll put on makeup in front of the window to listen to the rain and take care of my caterpillar. Yes, my caterpillar.

Coming out of the shower, I noticed everyone was already with their families, walking through the gardens and drinking coffee in the library. Some people who don't have visitors go to the chapel to meditate or stay in their rooms like I do. Rosaura, my neighbor, knocked and asked if I was okay. She missed the singing I usually do on visiting days. Today was a little different. I was preoccupied with the little caterpillar that had started moving sluggishly. Was it about to begin its transformation?

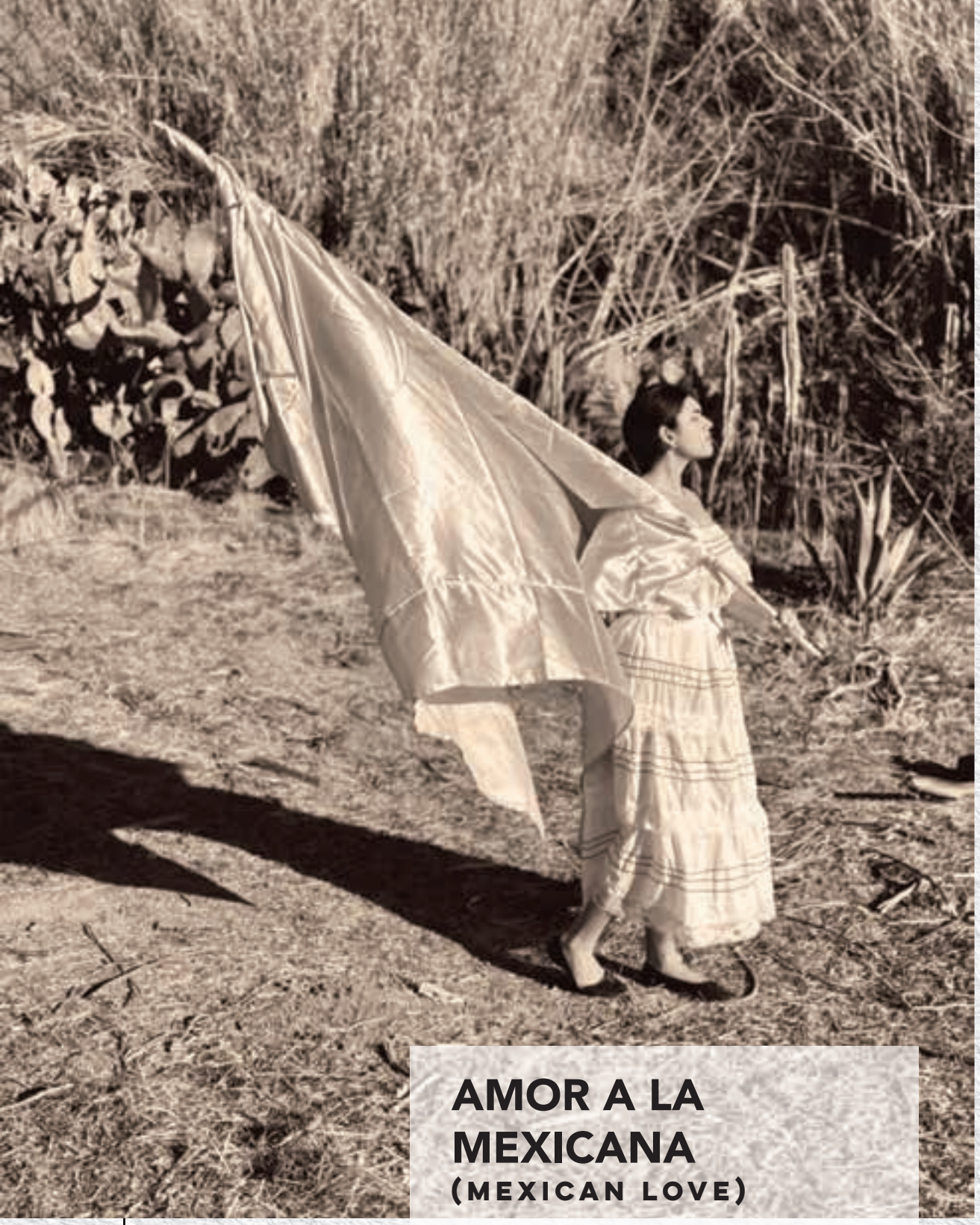
> "SOY CONSEJERO DE ADICCIONES Y CREO QUE TODOS MERECEN UNA SEGUNDA OPORTUNIDAD."

I was hopeful that it would live a free life, a life with purpose. I didn't want its wings to be clipped like mine had been. That caterpillar was getting stronger and bigger each day. I watched how it struggled all alone without help from other caterpillars. Maybe one day I'll do the same.

I was just about to fall asleep when Mrs. Elba knocked on the door. My roommate and I exchanged a confused glance. When I opened the door, she handed me a clear bag with my wallet and the sock I was wearing the night they brought me in. They were my only belongings.

She said, "In the morning you'll be discharged, so get ready early."

As I walked out through the doors I had entered on that rainy night, I saw a huge rainbow on the horizon. In the garden, a butterfly was flying from flower to flower.



AMOR A LA MEXICANA
(MEXICAN LOVE)

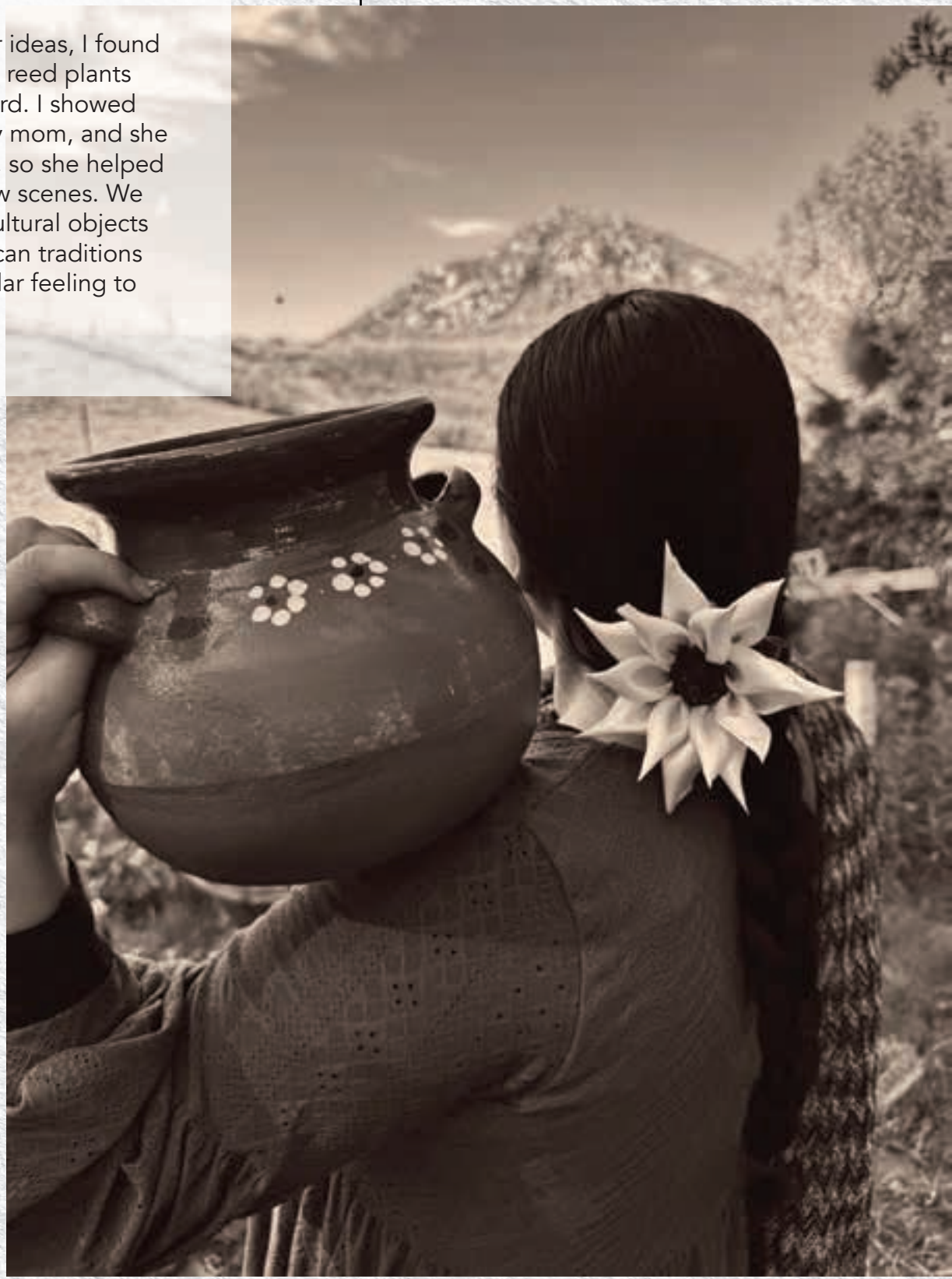
Kathy Loza

For this project, I was inspired by the photography of Tina Modotti and the richness of Mexican culture.

ALMA DE BARRO
(SOUL OF CLAY)

Kathy Loza

While looking for ideas, I found clay pots and tall reed plants (carrizo) in the yard. I showed the photos to my mom, and she really liked them, so she helped me recreate a few scenes. We used everyday cultural objects that reflect Mexican traditions to capture a similar feeling to Modotti's work.



THE GREEDY

Isaiah Parris

إنَّ الشَّرِهَ شَرِهٌ على نَفسِـــهِ
ولا يكفيِـــــهِ شيءٍ فيَطمَعُ

The one who is greedy is indeed truly greedy.
And nothing is enough for him so he becomes more greedy.

ما جَنى لَن يَكفي وإن كَثُـــر
فلا شيءٍ يعجبــهُ إلا الجَشَعُ

Even in abundance, whatever he has gained will never be enough.
Nothing except greed is appealing to him.

لَن يُرضـــــــــى بما عندهُ
حتَّى لَو كُلَ المالِ يَجمـــعُ

He will never find peace in what he has.
Not even if he gathers all wealth.

> **I DECIDED TO WRITE ABOUT THIS TOPIC BECAUSE IT IS A NEGATIVE QUALITY WHICH MANY PEOPLE STRUGGLE WITH.**

FAMILIA
(FAMILY)

Nicole Robles

Mexican "Serviellta"(Napkin) that is used to hold tortillas. In collaboration with Arabic Caligraphy, the serviellta is hand embroidered with my last name.

EL SECRETO DE LOS PÁJAROS

Martha Campoverde

Siempre me han fascinado los pájaros. Desde que era pequeña, los pájaros han tenido un lugar especial en mi corazón. Sus cantos me transportaban a un mundo diferente, un mundo donde era libre, donde podía escapar de los problemas de la casa. Sin embargo, nadie comprendía verdaderamente lo que sentía por ellos, incluso mis padres. Para ellos, simplemente era una niña rara, con una obsesión extraña.

Fue un poco extraño cómo todo comenzó. Era una tarde de verano, estaba en el jardín cuando encontré a un pajarito con su ala rota sin poder volar. Lo tomé en mis manos, de repente empecé a sentir cosas raras, sentía una conexión con el pájaro. Decidí cuidarlo y alimentarlo, aunque no pude salvarlo, algo en mí cambió para siempre. Sentí que compartíamos algo más profundo que la simple existencia en este mundo, los sentía como parte de mí.

Un día me dio por probar un pájaro y con el tiempo empecé a comer pájaros. No lo hacía por maldad ni por hambre, sino porque al hacerlo, me unía a ellos de una manera única. No solo consumía su carne, sino también absorbía su libertad, su capacidad de volar y poder escapar en cualquier momento. La conexión que tenía con ellos era mi manera de escapar de la realidad.

Sé que muchos no me entienden, mis padres me miran con temor y asco. Pero para mí, es algo natural, es algo que completa mi vida. Los pájaros son mi fortaleza, mi razón de ser, son mi existir. Aunque me juzguen, lo seguiré haciendo, porque quién son ellos para juzgarme.

"DESPUÉS DE LEER UNA HISTORIA DE CIENCIA FICCIÓN EN CLASE, EL PERSONAJE PRINCIPAL ME INSPIRÓ A ESCRIBIR SOBRE LA LIBERTAD DE ESTAS AVES"

灰色の空、静かな瞳

LeeAnn Nakzawa

雨の日は,
共に下傘,
遠くに見る.

GREY SKIES, QUIET EYES

LeeAnn Nakzawa

On rainy days,
Together beneath one umbrella,
Looking into the distance.

THE SECRET OF THE BIRDS

Martha Campoverde

I've always been fascinated by birds. Ever since I was little, birds have held a special place in my heart. Their songs transported me to a different world, a world where I was free, where I could escape the problems at home. However, no one truly understood how I felt about them, not even my parents. To them, I was simply a weird girl, with a strange obsession.

It was a little strange how it all began. It was a summer afternoon, I was in the garden when I found a little bird with a broken wing, unable to fly. I took it in my hands, and suddenly I began to feel strange things; I felt a connection with the bird. I decided to care for it and feed it. Although I couldn't save it, something in me changed forever. I felt we shared something deeper than simply existing in this world; I felt like they were a part of me.

One day, I decided to try a bird, and over time, I began to eat birds. I didn't do it out of spite or hunger, but because by doing so, I connected with them in a unique way. Not only did I consume their flesh, but I also absorbed their freedom, their ability to fly and escape at any moment. The connection I had with them was my way of escaping reality.

I know many don't understand me; my parents look at me with fear and disgust. But for me, it's something natural, something that completes my life. The birds are my strength, my reason for being, they are my existence. Even if they judge me, I will continue doing it, because who are they to judge me?

"AFTER READING A SCIENCE FICTION STORY IN A CLASS, I WAS INSPIRED BY THE MAIN CHARACTER TO WRITE ABOUT THE FREEDOM OF THESE BIRDS."

"INSPIRED BY THE FEELING OF UNREQUITED LOVE AND THE DISASSOCIATION THAT FOLLOWS WITH SUBCONSCIOUS YEARNING FOR THE DREAM TO BE TRUE."

IMITANDO AL REY DE ESPAÑA, FELIPE II.

(IMITATING THE KING OF SPAIN, PHILIP II.)

César García Luis

The first image is the portrait of Philip II of Spain, and the second image is me imitating him.

MEU AMOR PLATÔNICO

Xenia Moreno

Querido: A

Não encontro palavras para descrever o sentimento que tenho por você. Desde o momento em que te vi, minha vida deu uma volta de 360 graus, eu me sen8a como uma pessoa perdida em seus lindos olhos verdes, brilhantes como uma estrela que iluminava meu universo. Seu sorriso perfeito captura meu olhar e eu não consigo parar de te olhar, me perguntando como seria sua risada. Esse sorriso ingrato me faz voltar à realidade de que nunca estarei com você. Enquanto eu penso em você, você segue com sua vida sem saber da minha existência. Vejo passar aquelas velhas ilusões que minha imaginação fazia voar e como esse amor se desvanece diante dos meus olhos. Meu querido, eu me sinto vazia e pequena neste grande mundo, levarei comigo este segredo até morrer.
Cuide-se muito.

Atenciosamente,

sua admiradora

"IT'S A LOVE LETTER WRITTEN WITH PURE FEELING AND A PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE."

MY PLATONIC LOVE

Xenia Moreno

Dear: A

I have no words to describe this feeling that I have towards you. Since the first time I saw you, my life took 360-degree turn. I was feeling like a lost person in your beautiful bright eyes, like a shooting star that lights up my universe. Your perfect smile that captures my gaze and I couldn't stop looking at you and I wondered what your laugh would be like. That ungrateful smile that brings me back to my reality, that I will never be with you. How I think of you, and you just go on with your life without knowing of my existence. I see those old illusions that my imagination held onto and made fly pass by and how that love fades from my eyes. My love, without you I feel empty and small in this big world. I'll carry this secret with me until I die.
Take care of yourself

Sincerely,

Your admirer

> **MY INSPIRATION OF THIS STORY WOULD BE THE SONG "COMFORTABLY NUMB" BY PINK FLOYD.**

CÓMODAMENTE ENTUMECIDO

Gael Perez Soriano

Apoyo mi cabeza en la ventana del autobús con mis ojos cerrados , sintiendo el frío y la humedad de la lluvia, empiezo a cuestionarme a mí mismo, ¿dónde salió todo mal?, veo a todos conduciendo y disfrutando la vida, pero estoy aquí compartiendo este autobús con las personas más extrañas que he visto. El autobús tiembla y siento que mi cuerpo se mueve, me despierto y me doy cuenta de que estamos en una parada, las puertas del autobús se abren, siento el aire frío llegando a mi cara. Una mamá joven entra por esas puertas, luchando para mantener a sus dos hijos que se tranquilicen pero igual lucha para abrir su billetera para pagar la tarifa. Continuó mirándola fijamente mientras camina por el pasillo para llegar a su asiento. Se sienta frente a mí y me doy cuenta de que su suéter morado parece ser demasiado grande para ella. Desde que se sentó, no pude apartar los ojos de ella, mirando su suéter morado, sus pantalones celestes, incluso sus sucios zapatos negros. Se siente como si el tiempo se hubiera detenido, tan quieto que ni siquiera podía escuchar la música en mis auriculares. Intentó varias veces apartar la mirada pero no puedo, pero ella mueve su cabeza tan rápido que me atrapa mirándola, me sonríe y luego dirige su atención a su hijo. Esa sonrisa me hizo querer acercarme a ti y conocerte mejor, aprender tu nombre, aprender tu canción favorita, demonios, solo te quiero conocer mejor. Veo a tu bebé jugando con un juguete de Spider-Man balanceándose tanto que lo lanza hacia mí por error, la figura me pega a los pies. Miro mis pies con una sonrisa, dándome cuenta de que puedo tomar este juguete y usarlo para hablar contigo. Te disculpas conmigo y regañas a tu hijo, pero te digo que todo está bien y que no te preocupes. Te entrego el juguete y puedo sentir tu mano presionando sobre la mía, me haces saber que tengo los dedos fríos pero con una risita que me hace sentir feliz. Me siento a tu lado y empiezo a hablar contigo, como si te conociera de toda la vida, me cuentas cómo te vas a la casa de tu madre, y cómo estás pensando en volver a tu estudios . Se siente una locura cómo hace veinte minutos sentí que no tenía ningún propósito en esta vida, pero hablar contigo, me hace sentir que todo está bien, como si finalmente encontrará un propósito en este mundo. Sentí que nada en este mundo podía derribarme hasta que te vi alcanzar la palanca y le pides al conductor que se detuviera en la siguiente parada. Sentí como si mi corazón se hundiera hasta mi estómago, puedes notar mis expresiones y me preguntas ¿qué pasa? , Te digo que no es nada y sonríes. El autobús se detiene y te abre la puerta. Estiras la mano y esperas la mía , diciéndome que fue un placer conocerte, te doy la mano y te digo lo mismo. Hay un hombre que está siendo abrazado por tus hijos, un hombre que se acerca a ti y te besa. Me siento, no enojado ni triste, sino feliz sabiendo que no estás sola , sino que tienes alguien que te ama. Adiós forastera.

> **MI INSPIRACIÓN PARA ESTA HISTORIA SERÍA LA CANCIÓN "COMFORTABLY NUMB" DE PINK FLOYD.**

COMFORTABLY NUMB

Gael Perez Soriano

I lean my head against the bus window with my eyes closed, feeling the cold and wetness of the rain. I begin to question myself. Where did it all go wrong? I see everyone driving and enjoying life, but here I am, sharing this bus with the strangest people I've ever seen. The bus shakes, and I feel my body move. I wake up and realize we're at a bus stop. The bus doors open, and I feel the cold air hitting my face. A young mother comes through those doors, struggling to keep her two children calm while she struggles to open her wallet to pay the fare. I continue to stare at her as she walks down the aisle to get to her seat. She sits down across from me, and I notice that her purple sweater seems to be too big for her. From the moment she sat down, I couldn't take my eyes off her, taking in her purple sweater, her light blue pants, even her dirty black shoes. It feels like time has stopped, so still I can't even hear the music in my headphones. I try a few times to look away but I can't, but she moves her head so fast she catches me looking, she smiles at me and then turns her attention to her son. That smile made me want to go up to you and get to know you better, learn your name, learn your favorite song, hell, I just want to get to know you better. I see your baby playing with a Spider-Man toy, swinging it so much that he throws it at me by mistake, the figure hitting my feet. I look down at my feet with a smile, realizing I can take this toy and use it to talk to you. You apologize to me and scold your son, but I tell you everything is okay and not to worry. I hand the toy to you and I can feel your hand pressing on mine, you let me know my fingers are cold but with a giggle that makes me feel something I haven't felt in a long time. I sit next to you and start talking to you, as if I've known you my whole life. You tell me how you're going to your mother's house, and how you're thinking about going back to your studies. It feels crazy how twenty minutes ago I felt like I had no purpose in this life, but talking to you makes me feel like everything is okay, like I'll finally find a purpose in this world. I felt like nothing in this world could bring me down until I saw you reach for the lever and ask the driver to pull over at the next stop. It felt like my heart sank to my stomach. You can notice my expressions and you ask me, "What's wrong?" I tell you it's nothing and you smile. The bus stops and opens the door for you. You hold out your hand and wait for mine, telling me it was nice meeting you. I shake your hand and tell you the same. There's a man being hugged by your children, a man who walks up to you and kisses you. I feel, not angry or sad, but happy knowing that you're not alone, but that you have someone who loves you. Goodbye, stranger.

UN SENTIMIENTO

Amalia Esparza

El dolor era terrible, sentía que me ahogaba. Quería gritar, pero mi orgullo se impuso y callé. Parecía una espada enterrada en mi corazón que seguía ahí. El filo de la espada atravesaba mi cuerpo lentamente, sentía el hielo del metal y al mismo tiempo el calor de mi sangre caliente borboteando dentro de mi cuerpo. Mis lágrimas corrían por mis mejillas y mi pecho parecía que iba a explotar de tanto dolor. Mis ojos estaban desorbitados y mis pupilas eran más grandes, pero mi gesto facial era de decepción. Me iba a desmayar, ya no tenía fuerza para mantenerme de pie. Me senté en la silla del comedor. Esté dolor era más fuerte que yo. Me iba a ganar la batalla; desearía que fuera una pesadilla. ¡Pero no, era real! Toda mi vida había sido una farsa y yo, la marioneta preferida.

> “UN CUENTO CORTO BASADO EN NUESTRAS EMOCIONES.”

A FEELING

Amalia Esparza

> “A SHORT STORY BASED ON OUR EMOTIONS.”

The pain was terrible, I felt like I was drowning. I wanted to scream, but my pride took over and I stayed silent. It felt like a sword buried in my heart that was still there. The blade of the sword slowly pierced through my body—I could feel the cold ice metal and, at the same time, the heat of my hot blood bubbling inside me. My tears ran down my cheeks, and my chest felt like it was going to explode from so much pain. My eyes were wide open, and my pupils were enlarged, but my facial expression was one of disappointment. I was about to faint—I had no strength left to stand. I sat down in the dining room chair. This pain was stronger than me. It was going to win the battle; I wished it were a nightmare. But no, it was real! My whole life had been a farce, and I was the favorite puppet.

EXQUISITENESS

Alberto Quintana

My parents have a cherry blossom tree at their home, and it blooms fully every Spring. Since this beautiful phenomenon is part of Japanese culture, I figured that taking the photo would be a meaningful way to capture its fleeting exquisiteness and have a connection with the traditions of the "Flower Viewing Festival."

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