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Mr. Karl Eisenhart
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8 LitMedia

Joshua Cummings*
Emily Herschkowitz*
Jeylianni Lopez
Alayza Nunez-Rodrigues
Carlos Perez*
Haleigh Shaw
Melody Tyson*
Ketsaly Velazquez*
Aubree Walters*

*Accepted to Charter Arts HS for writing

6 LitMedia - Primary

Octavio Duque
Luian Garcia
Jania Reaser-Melton
Jaziya Robinson
Skye Hill
Angelica Santos
Jayden Leon
Destiny Whitaker
Kianna Womer

6 LitMedia - Secondary

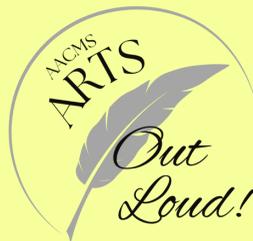
Jordan Bayanilla
Keitora Benbow
Jaynevette Camacho Diaz
Adonis Chambers
Aniyah Fleury
Riley Foxworth
Stephanie Herrera
Leah Kelly
Salleah Martinez
Aryanna Quijano
Serenity Rivera
Penelope Sale
Carrie Stanley

7 LitMedia - Primary

Rai Stokes

7 LitMedia - Secondary

Zuriel Brader
Erica Cefalu
Julianna Cintron
Olivia Clark-Ortiz
Reinaldo Gonzales
Davina Jaimangal
Mae Jaworowski
Haley Kern
Javier Ortiz
Aryana Richardson
Allyson Rivera
Aiden Statler
Aleyna Vazquez
Kyoto Rodriguez



5 LitMedia

Hannah Coggs	Vanessa Kim
Juliana Conklin	Ava Miles
Joshnell Morla Feliz	Desire Ralph
Emmalynn Fiallo	Leilany Rivera Pena
Terrlance Hawkins	Janiya Robinson
LayLani Ingram	



Arts Out Loud
Spring 2024-2025

“Love,” a controversial statement in itself,
So why admit to a word so painful and heavy?
Perhaps its wiser to leave it upon myself,
Where it lies indifferent to my heart already.

A confession in between four letters,
A brief doorway to one's soul,
It's a statement that flings me without a tether
Into emotions that supposedly make one whole.

Sometimes it strains at the tip of my tongue
Or threatens to spill from my eyes,
Teases me into its siren song
Only to draw from me an exasperated sigh

See, words like these always catch in my throat
So when spoken for you they mean more than
you know.

Emily Herschkowitz

“Midnight's Embrace”

My back on the ground,
No one or nothing making a sound.
In the stars embrace,
Holding them tight, just in case.

Twinkling stars,
Like headlights on cars.
Bright little dots,
Scattered like leopard spots.

Looking at the constellations,
Taking away my frustrations.
Decorated with points,
Midnight never disappoints.

The trees surrounding me,
As I watch the dark sea.
Stars replacing fish,
I make a wish.

Ketsaly Velazquez Santana



“The One I Adore”

Is she really the one I want and love?
Yes, the thought of her dances in my mind.
Or is she just a dream I’m thinking of?
This feeling of love, it’s making me blind.

She shines as brightly as the morning sun,
But also glows like the moon at midnight.
This pounding feeling that she is the one,
That stays by my side till our hairs turn
white.

Our hearts beat, always, as one together.
She’s like a freshly grown flower in June,
Fresh like my love, always and forever.
Her delicate voice, like a lovely tune.

Do they even know, she is so much more,
And yes, she is the one that I adore.

Ketsaly Velazquez Santana

“MY Ode TO D20”



Oh 20-sided die
How i love you so
Oh, twenty-sided die
I love when you roll
I love you with all my soul
Oh D20
Oh D20

The sound of you clanks all over the table
when you land

You chose the future past and present
When you land on a Nat and the whole room
goes whiled

Oh 20-sided die

The adventures you and me will go

Oh, twenty-sided die

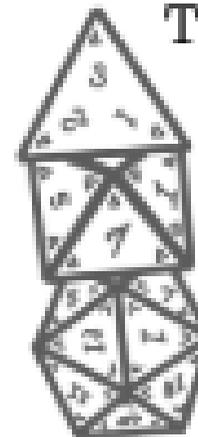
Even when you land on one

I love you for choosing the path

If I die or

If I live it's all because of you.

Joshua Cummings,



As part of a national writing contest LMA students were asked to write “Fight or Flight” themed stories of no more than 100 words. Here are a few:

“C’mon dude, it can't be that scary!” Matt called out to Rolan, opening the big, rusted doors of the abandoned building. Rolan, reluctantly, followed Matt inside. Matt ran in looking all over, ecstatic. Rolan left the door propped open just in case. “Are you sure about this Matt?” Rolan asked, his voice bouncing off the walls. Matt shrugged and ran off. “Matt? This isn't funny!” Rolan called out, but only his voice responded. A figure emerged from the shadows, running straight towards him. Rolan screamed and tried to run, the door closing and the figure dragging him by his leg.

Ketsaly Velazquez Santana

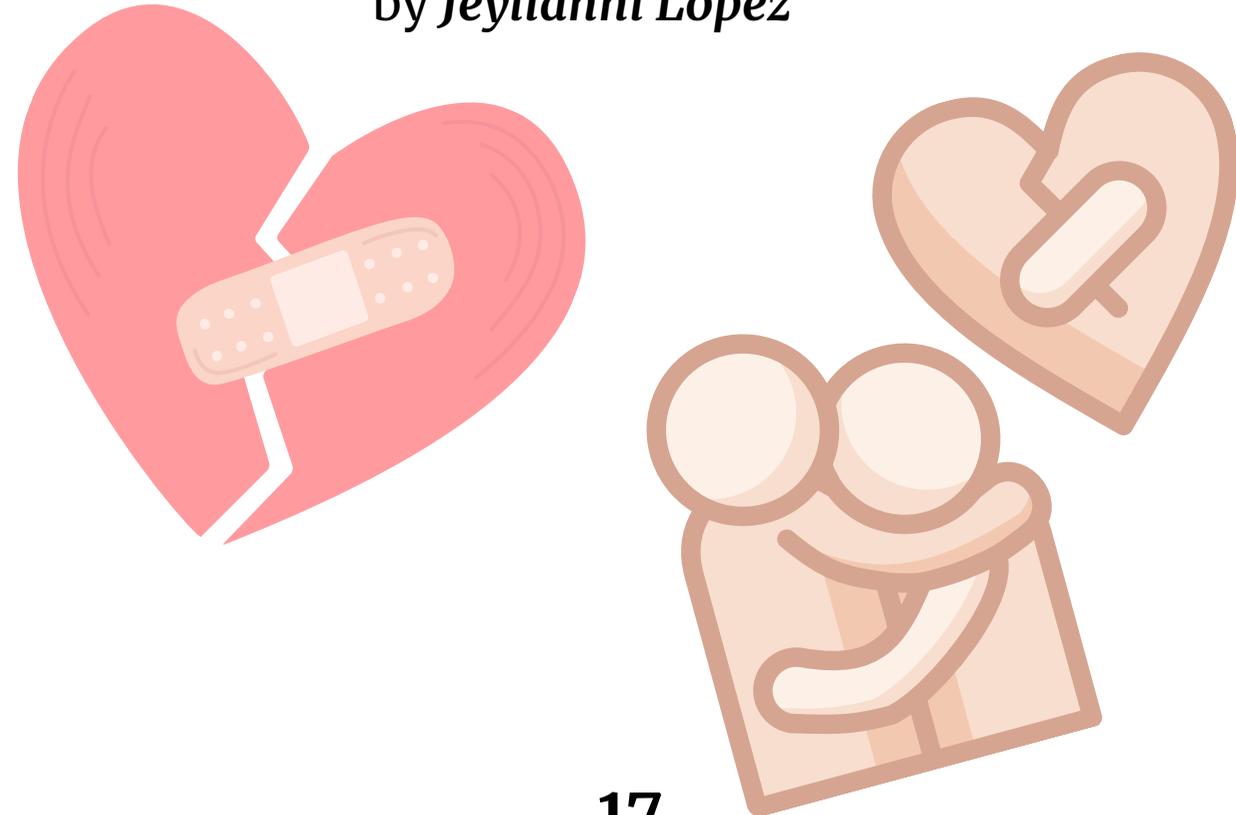
Jake’s breath hitched as the mugger blocked the alley exit, knife glinting under the streetlight. Run, and the guy might chase. Fight, and he might lose badly. His fists clenched. Nah, he wasn’t going down like this. The mugger lunged, Jake dodged, grabbed a trash can lid, and swung hard. The impact sent the knife clattering onto the pavement. Without thinking, Jake kicked it away and bolted. Heart pounding, he didn’t stop until he reached the busy main street. He’d fought just enough to escape. Sometimes, survival wasn’t about winning, it was about knowing when to get the hell out.

Melody Tyson

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She ran to my bathroom where I had the meds, slammed the door shut, and I know she took them all. WHY! WHY? How could she do this to me? She walked out fine, but she looked dead emotionless. She said to me, “If you have never felt emotion, why fake it? You shouldn't have to just to make me happy. This way we feel the same way inside our small, fragile, emotionless hearts.”

by *Jeylianni Lopez*



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We've been married 2 years now, and I've never told her I have an emotion condition. It's very rare, so I've never felt like I need to tell her, especially if I can pretend. I've been taking meds to feel something, which I can only get from a specific pharmacist an hour away. Every month, I go on a "work trip" because I don't have the heart to tell the love of my life that I've faked being happy or having any emotion, but that's okay because I'm happy when she's happy. But I can't take these meds anymore, they're affecting my actual heart. I get mini heart attacks at work because the meds are getting too strong for my fragile emotionless heart. It's been now a week since I told her, she felt every emotion possible, and I felt something I never feel anything other than nothing but that is an emotion somehow. She felt emotions, she was sad, confused, but she started to feel less and less emotions.

I dash down the halls, running from God knows what. They're catching up, I can hear the shriek and scratch at the corridor walls. I cry out for help as I feel them tug on my leg, but I know I'm alone with it. Tears stream down my face as I trip and fall onto the cold hard tile floor. I try and kick the being off my foot as I struggle to get up, sobbing and screaming. I watch in terror as the shadowy figure pulls me closer to it, my vision blurring. I'm too young to die, right?

Rai Stokes

My fingers closed around the cold surface of the iron centerpiece upon the table, and I slowly rose to my feet, brandishing its sleek point as I slid towards the man's muscular frame like a shadow following its owner. He stood facing away from me with his large arms folded. My heart thrummed against my ribs and I coiled back, pausing to aim before I lunged, burying the deadly ornament directly into the back of his head. My stomach seized at the sickening noise, and I stood frozen as the man's body grew rigid before crumpling into a heap at my feet, a crimson flower blooming from his skull.

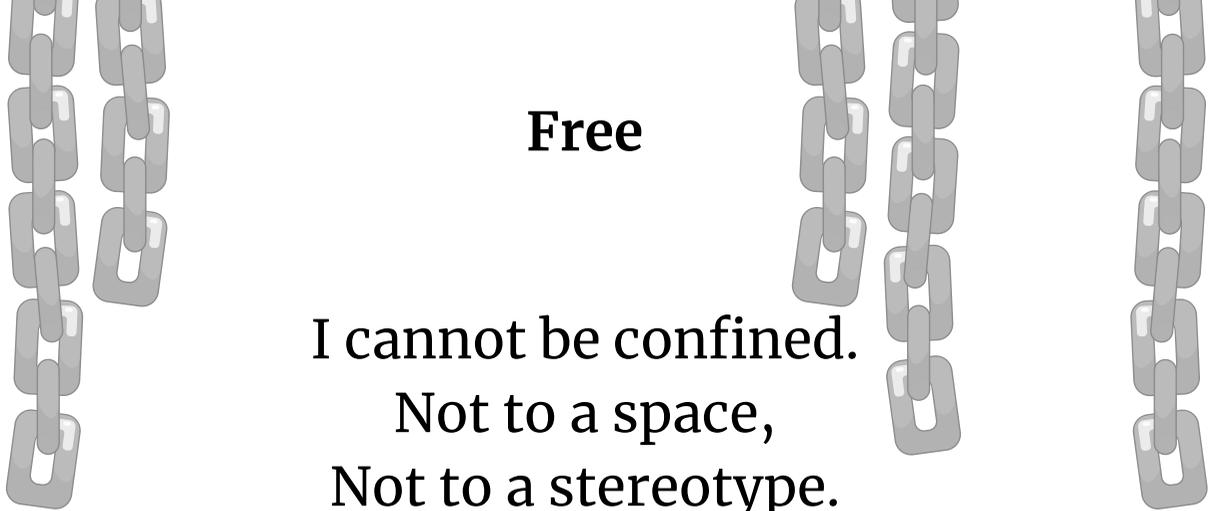
Emily Herschkowitz

I haven't brushed my teeth in a week, I haven't really gotten out of bed, either. Water bottles and chip bags litter the floor, I've reached a point where getting up to throw them out seems draining, and pointless. It's not exactly that I don't want to get up, Moreso I can't, it's just so exhausting. I try to sit up but the weight of my own thoughts seem to pull me down, like I'm chained to my bed. An internal battle where I need to choose between my comfort and my health constantly plagues my thoughts. The room begins to spin around me, and my knees buckle as I crumble into a ball on the floor, my head falling in my hands. At least I got up, though.

Erica Cefalu

I look down to see Aoife, laying dead in my arms. Sirens...my mind goes blank. They're going to think that I killed him. I can't go to jail! But they're still in there, in that building. Those kids were scared and crying, hoping for someone to save them, hoping for Aoife to come back to them. After all, he always had the kindest heart, but now he's gone. If I go in, they will find his blood on my hands, if I don't, they'll die. Though I already knew that when I set the building on fire.

Serenity Rivera



Free

I cannot be confined.
Not to a space,
Not to a stereotype.

I will not be restrained.
Think of me as one thing,
I can be another.

I will not be grounded.
I will not be constricted.
I will not be limited.

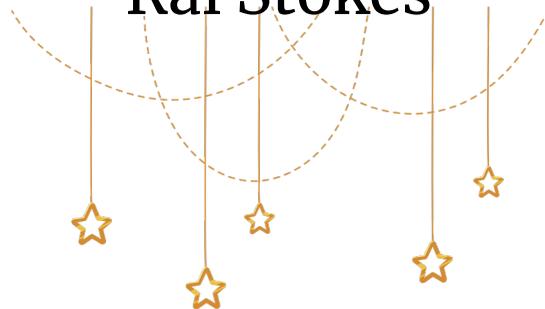
I will be me.

Aubree Walters

They conversed over this topic and decided that the best course of action would be to put Hoku in a star until it died, as if they were putting a child in time out.

The star would die and Hoku would be free, but she would continue to draw the stars and on impact continue to be brutally punished, in a cycle of fire and pain, and tears evaporated by the extreme heat.

Rai Stokes



It was late at night, but unfortunately, Dr.Giggletouch did overtime. He was working in his lab, when suddenly, he heard something. It was glass cracking, but then he realized that the chamber that held Freak Bob was starting to crack. If Freak Bob broke free, it would be a very bad day for Earth. So, Dr.Giggletouch had to make a choice, and he decided there wasn't enough time to fix it, so he ran for his life. He sprinted out of his lab, and into the elevator, but the elevator stopped, and when it opened, there was nothing but blood.

Kyoto Rodriguez

Fire appeared around me, I put the city on fire, me. I hear screams everywhere, little kids yelling for their moms, and wanting to go home. I look down at my hands. These very hands made families go down, and yet... he wasn't happy, not even a little bit, not even at all. The earpiece started to talk. "That little kid...?" I could feel his grin in my ear. "Kill-" "No!" I yelled, taking off the earpiece and slamming it onto the floor, stomping on it over and over again. I wasn't going to hurt anyone anymore... I'm gonna help.

Angelica Santos

“Unspoken Words”

You were the sweetest, most affectionate being I
could imagine
Gentle as the wind
Soft as Silk
More delicate than the most expensive lace.
I will always be by your side.
I will defend you from all that threatens you.
I will be your strength in your moments of
weakness.
I will be your pillar of support,
Your guide,
Confidence,
And Friend.
I will be your sanctuary, a place for you to hide in
the world.
Let me take care of you.

Melody Tyson

“Why give them a gift they can't find?
Why make them wait?” Cordelia would
push, usually in a mocking tone. “It's
truly unnecessary, and it's embarrassing
to be around you, of late.”

These words would always make Hoku
hope Cordelia would get caught in one of
the oceans she created, before she
drowned in her words.

It wasn't just Cordelia who found Hoku
terrible for their image, the other Gods
too saw her as a threat to their class, for
reasons unknown to anyone but them,
because communication is something
gods weren't quite familiar with, shown
in other stories as well.

*Sitting On The Moon, Painting The Stars
Sketching The Planets We Pretend Are
Ours Stuck In A Sun Of Her Own Creation
Her Kin Embarrassed By Her Occupation*

That's how the rhyme about Hoku went. She was a God of the universe, burdened yet enlightened with the task of painting each star in the universe, drawing out each planet, just for man to find in the very far future, when she was just a tale people told their children to get them to drift off to sleep. The god of the ocean, Cordelia, who she would call a piece of work, but never a work of art, would constantly mock her sister, Hoku, for her love of man and the way she was making planets for them to find.

“None of My Business”

Do as you like,
And as you please,
But so you know,
Time will not freeze.



Not for me,
Nor for you.
But be my guest,
And do as you'd do.

I would be careful,
Especially in action.
What you do matters,
Much more than a fraction.

Aubree Waters

