

WINDOW TO LIFE



Kierstin Salinas '22

I have broken the metaphorical window of going to college out of the city for my family. Both of my parents went to universities in San Antonio, but I chose to go to a school that is out of town.

Rebecca Rodriguez '21

The metaphorical window I have broken is the habit of thinking I can't do something, because I've learned that I'm capable of so many things.
Joseliz Andujar '21

I have not broken any windows intentionally. Anyone that has broken a window does not hope to break anything and if they do, it is either noticed immediately or later on. Sometimes, the broken window discovered by the mother or a neighbor. I may have shattered a multiple windows without knowing, but I have to explore my floor-plan to find them.

Victoria Trevino '21



Miranda Perez '22

Windows of Loneliness



Megan Rocha '21

Empty streets and stores
No one around, just silence
Now I am at peace

Andrea Zuniga '21



Cassiana Mefrige
12th Grade
Acrylic Paint

In the Kitchen...

By: Andrea Zuniga

A house in the middle of the forest, with most neighboring houses miles away. Quite peaceful for the most part, until night falls, when creatures start crawling, howling, and growling out of the dark. Everyone in the area knows not to go outside at night, cause then you'll be asking to be eaten, or so the rumours say.

Daniela Heinrike, a 15 year old girl, whose parents left her home alone for some quick errands in the city that should have only lasted no more than one hour, but ended up taking up the whole day and since these creatures inhabit the area, no one is allowed to be out of their houses at nighttime, even if driving. So Daniela's parents stayed in a hotel, in the city, until the sun rises.

In the meantime, Daniela, whose first time staying home alone, is careless, and has fallen asleep, since houses in these areas are specifically built and equipped with items that prevent these creatures from coming in. Unfortunately, there are cases where these creatures have gotten in, especially if one is too careless or forgetful, that they might forget to lock the doors or close the windows.

Throughout most of the day, Daniela has done nothing but sleep, and a little bit of cleaning up in the kitchen, after it so desperately needed it, since she decided to bake some cookies for the first time out of boredom, but had miserably failed. Daniela, being a heavy sleeper didn't hear her phone ringing, as her parents were desperately trying to reach her, to make sure she is doing fine and is taking all the precautions, since without notice, night has come.

Daniela is suddenly awoken, as she hears glass shattering, she slowly crawls out of the bed, and she is struck with panic as she doesn't know what to do. After she tries to calm herself, she is thinking of all the possibilities of things that could've made the sound. Did a glass cup fall? What made it fall? Did I put the dishes wrongly in the dishrack? These are all thoughts that were running in her mind, as she tries to find answers to her questions. As the memories suddenly come to her, as she remembers that when she was baking, she had burnt the cookies and there had been that nasty burnt smell, so she had opened the kitchen window for some fresh air, and forgot to close it before she went to go take a nap. After thinking about it, she decided to see for herself what had caused the glass shattering, it could've been nothing, is what she tells herself. Afterall, no one has ever seen these rumoured creatures before, or maybe those who have seen them, have not lived to tell the tale, but no one knows. She slowly walks down the creaking, dark hallway as she gets closer to where she thinks the glass shattered.

**Kristen Howell
12th Grade
Digital Photograph**



**Ms. Vanilla Macias-Rodriguez
Cryptic Coloration
Photo**



**Ms. Vanilla Macias-Rodriguez
Looking Down on Machu Picchu
Photo**



Window to Wonders

window to the random

More Thursday-Fridays!

Barbara U Alvarez

I hate Monday-Tuesdays!

We recognize these days -

The first workday of the week, usually a Tuesday,

After the extended weekend, caused by the Sunday

That extended into Monday, deceptively serving as blessing of time to play, cut loose, get things done.

But Monday-Tuesdays are the worst!

Crammed as they are with the urgency, force, and stress of two days

Shoved into the one 24-hour package – the workday that was not lived.

Deadlines closer, hours shorter, collegiality strained - because of Monday off!

Not worth it...!

Instead, I like Thursday-Fridays!

The work life of both days crammed into the Thursday, yes, but the promise of Friday-Saturday soothes the rush.

Friday-Saturday glides painlessly into normal Saturday,

Returning to normal 24 hour days

Bringing the blessing of rest on Sunday

Then to Monday, the first day of the work week, at a normal pace, at a do-able stress level, with cordial colleagues.

Cheers to Thursday-Fridays!



Juliana Almanza '21
Floral Heart
Colored Pencil

The Sky tells all wonders
Beyond seeks more desire
Time is not always around
life is one short journey
Live for every moment
To shine and hold near.

Miranda Perez '22

One time I broke the window in Mr.C's door accidentally. Someone was chasing me and I went into his room and closed the door which ended up slamming and the window cracked.

Mia Silva '21

What color am I?

During Spring a young boy living in a small town was an old boy compared to the rest not because of how he looked but because he couldn't see color. As a younger child he was told what colors would look like or what each one represents but he always wondered if people were different colors. One day after school he went up to his friend and asked her what color she was, in shock, she replied and said "people aren't colors dork". The little boy then walked home with his mom in disbelief. He then asked her "mom, what color are you?" she looked at the boy and wondered where he would get the idea that people could be colors from. She replied by explaining to him that people couldn't be colors. The little boy was still in disbelief and doubt so he then asked each person he would encounter what color they were. Each person's response was "people aren't colors!" This time he asked his art teacher and she replied with "purple" the little boy in shock replied with "so people can be colors!" His art teacher then says "well who said you can't be?" His art teacher then asked "what color are you?" The little boy remembering that the color green symbolizes earth, belief and positivity said proudly "Green!"

What Color
am I?



Faith Hernandez

The White Rat Nina Gay '23

She disappeared, no one had heard from her in weeks. All her accounts, gone, all her technology, gone, all her government files, gone. It was as if she had never existed.

She was my best friend, my only friend, and I kind of liked her. We had been friends since elementary school. Now I'm in college and she's gone, never to exist anywhere but in my memory.

It was a spring day when it happened. I had just arrived home from my internship at an engineering company I wanted to be the future CEO of. The trees rustled in the gentle breeze, the sun was still high in the cloud spotted sky.

I pulled up to the student housing building which was 6 stories high and housed over 200 students. The structure was decorated with a beautiful facade. A number of steps lead up to the building which looked like a mix of a Greek temple and the capitol building. The whole building was of sandstone and marble. Each window had its own pediment. It was the best student housing on campus, not to mention the most expensive. I parked in the lot and got out of my red convertible Volkswagen beetle. The air was cool and fresh. I enjoyed this kind of weather, not too hot, not too cold. Just perfect. I made my way up the marble steps to the bronze entry door, and walked in. The interior of the building was a five star hotel filled with college students, the only negative for those living here was the few rats that came out of their hidey holes once a month. The building was split in half between genders, but everyone was allowed to visit people in their dorms before ten. I made it to my dorm and stepped inside. My dorm was a one bed one bath 12 by 20 ft apartment. It was cozy to say the least. It had a kitchen but I never used it because they served us in the food court on the first floor. My bedroom had a menagerie of band and musical posters (most of which were given to me by her before she disappeared). I sat heavily on my twin bed which had a bronze head and footboard. It squeaked. This was odd because the bed never squeaked, so I bounced on it again. The squeak was more indignant this time, as if it were telling me to stop. so, I bounced a few more times to make sure I wasn't imagining things. Each time the bed responded with a louder and seemingly more angry squeak. I got up and looked under the bed for anything that might be there but nothing was.

I sat down again.

"OW!" something had bit me. I got up again but looked on the bed and felt around. My hand felt an insignificant bump right under where I was sitting. I carefully pulled up the sheets and found a white rat curled up in a bruised frustration. Unlike many people here, I didn't mind the rats. I thought they were rather cute actually.

I picked it up and gently placed it in my lap. It was moving but not much. Its white fur was soft and warm, but it shivered. It was only half alive. I tried to lift it up to my face but it writhed and squeaked in retaliation. I had broken some bones. Its arm was twisted awkwardly to the left, its legs were withered and its back was bent unnaturally upward. I wrapped the areas that hurt with tape and old T-shirt scraps and put the rat in a hand towel. It was calm. I moved it gently from my lap to the center of my pillow. It didn't wake for a while.

The sun was already down by the time I had finished with the rat and moved on to my homework, and the air in the room had an eerie feeling to it. Something wasn't right, and it bothered me. I lost my mind that night I think; Or maybe it was still impartially there. Paranoid I went to check on the rat, it was still asleep. I sighed in relief; too soon. My phone buzzed. No one had texted or called me for days. There was only one word, "Help". The number, Unknown.

Hairs stood up on the back of my neck. The air around me got noticeably colder. I looked back at the number. Nothing about it stood out to me, nothing at all, nothing but the one word. Confused and stupid I replied. If the person needed help then I guess I was right to check on them.

"Who are you and are you okay?"

Immediately and almost mechanically the person responded. "*Jenn Ferath, No*".

It was her! I couldn't decide whether to be happy or terrified. I stared at my phone in disbelief. When she had disappeared the government had said that she was most likely dead. Why had she texted me if she was dead. Unless this wasn't actually her.

The Government was a democracy. As was every country. Everyone got their vote and everyone counted. There was world peace, and every country was in alliance with every country. The world was perfect. I didn't realize at the time, but it was too perfect.

My phone buzzed again. "*Phet, please, It's Jay. Help me*"

I was the only person who ever called her that. Blue Jays were her favorite birds.

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It was mid October and the birds were leaving to go south. Skipping on a sidewalk to the park, two six year olds held hands singing skip-to-my-lue. One was a blonde, green eyed girl who wore flower stitched blue jean overalls over a long sleeve white shirt. She had her hair in neat braids that bounced delightfully up and down as she skipped. The other had short black hair and deep brown eyes and wore caquie overalls over a similar white shirt.

"Phet, look a bird," said the blonde girl.

"Where?" Phet responded

"In the tree!" she pointed into a large oak tree There in the third branch was a nest with a Blue Jay nestled to sleep, or so it seemed to the children.

"Oh! That's a Blue Jay! I saw one in my backyard once, they're pretty."

"Lets climb the tree and grab it!"

"Jenn! Are you crazy!"

"Maybe, baby!" Jenn ran to the tree and started climbing.

"Hey! Don't call me that!" Phet ran after and began to climb as well. They climbed until they got to where Jay had been. On a branch sat a nest. Jenn was only a meter away from it with Phet right behind.

"Its so small"

"Look! The eggs! They're so pretty and tiny!" Jenn screeched as quietly as she could without shaking the tree.

"Don't go so close Jenn!" Phet watched as Jenn inched closer to the nest. The branch was pretty sturdy but still it shifted under her.

Something flew fast at jenn and barely missed her head, it was the mother. A Bluejay mother.

"Watch out!" by the time Phet had looked, Jenn was flat on her back 7 feet below the nest. Panicked Phet ran down the tree and crouched next to Jenn.

"Don't tell your teddy bear about this, okay Butthead." She was okay and laughing.

"Okay Blue Jay." Phet joked.

"Hey, I nearly died!"

"From a bird. A Blue Jay."

"I like that bird more now. She was feisty!" They both laughed. From then on her nickname was Jay. Blue Jay.

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I had packed what was needed and left the student housing when she texted again.

"Meet me by 10th and Ofstra in the alley"

I quickly responded, got into my car and started driving. I didn't bother turning on the Radio. I just drove. Only Jess was on my mind. I took a left at a museum.

"Take a right into Bernard Dr"

I did. No questions asked. I just drove. Straight ahead I saw the light that turned to Ofstra. Ofstra was a tapering town road with quaint housing and perfect front yards. Often one would see an old lady trimming her rose bushes, but not today. It almost seemed off. I paid no attention. 10th street was a main road that intersects Ofstra and deadened in an alleyway.

"10th is just up ahead, park right before the turn into the alley."

I did. I got out of my car and left the Engine running. Instinct. I waited for the next message but nothing came. *"What now Jay"* nothing. Nothing at all. I crept into the alleyway. No one.

I texted again "Where are you" still, no response.

I felt my skin go pale. I was alone in an Alleyway.

My blood ran cold. I was alone in an Alleyway?

I felt lights on my back. I was alone in an Alleyway!

An engine.

Everything went black. I was alone in an Alleyway.

Jay, where are you? You said you were here. I Thought just maybe. I don't know. Maybe you were really okay. Maybe I could see you again. Just once. Before I went. Before I died.

<<<

My body ached. My back hurt. The room was black. I didn't care. I just wanted to see Jenn one last time.

"I thought I told you to come help, not to get hit by a truck."

I groaned. The voice was scratchy but soft. It had a deep sarcastic tone to it. Strangely intimidating but not too serious. I opened my eyes, the room was pitch black except for one area in front of me. The floor was a cold concrete that didn't have a single cavity. The room was a perfect square. The walls I could tell were white because the only light was a few meters in front of me and illuminated the wall it was next too. I was in the very center of the room. Each wall was 30 feet in height and width with perfectly even platinum white paint. There wasn't a crack in the ceiling or a niche in a wall. The room was perfect in every way. Every way except good that is.

I struggled to sit up. Pain, like lightning, wrenched the breath from my lungs. I was broken. In every way.

Gasping to get my upper body off the ground I look at the only illuminated spot in the room. A woman with long blonde hair down to her waist and piercing emerald green eyes was staring at me. Her eyes scorched my skin and burrowed deep into my soul. Chills ran down my spine.

"I said I told you to come help, not get hit by a truck"

"Uh, hi."

"Did you hear me butt head?"

"Hey don't ca... what did you say?"

"Butt Head."

"No, no before that" I rubbed my head and brought my hand through my hair.

"I told you to come help, not get hit by a truck." She looked away for she had been staring at me the whole time without blinking. "But that's not your fault is it?" She glanced at me but her head remained turned away. "They caught me before I could get back to you."

My eyes were glued to her. Her every word stuck, glued to my thoughts. It was her. "Jay." I attempted to stand. "Ahh" I was breathing fast. Too fast. The agony of just sitting up was enough to make someone wish they were dead. I tried to scoot towards her in the position I was in.

"Stop Phet, were both stuck." I realized then that the soft sound I had heard in her voice wasn't her voice. It was the sound of complete and silent hopelessness. I had just noticed what she was wearing as well. It was a perfectly white robe that went just below her knees. I had no strings and she was barefoot. She looked like a fallen angel. There was an emptiness in her emeralds. Her arms were twisted and in cuffs attached to the wall and her right leg was bandaged and purple. The light hit her perfectly so that she glowed. Even with her injuries her hair glistened a gold, her eyes shone bright. She was Immaculate.

I stood ignoring the fire and electricity that pulsed through every vein and walked slowly and agonizingly toward her. Soon enough I got to where she was chained and sat back down. My entire body burned. I remembered the white rat in my room. Is this what it felt when I had sat on it earlier that day? Unfortunately I would never know.

Jenn didn't say a thing for the next five minutes.

"Jay, where were you for the past few weeks?"

She looked at me blankly, "I was running," she was completely emotionless.

"From who? From me?"

"No" she looked at the wall to the left of us "They're Hiding things you could never imagine. The world is so perfect outside no one would suspect the rats in this house we call a country." she continued to speak monotonously "They've gotten bored of the peace. They want chaos. All decent people, gone in the next year. Then its free reign for every psychopath, sociopath, rapist, terrorist, and arsonist in the country. After another year, the world." A single tear barely escaped her cool eyes and didn't make it past her mouth before stopping. "That is who I was running from Phet, the government."

I stared at her almost lifeless body. We don't say another word.

The silence didn't last long though. The room began to shake vigorously and an Inch-thick metal wall crashed down between Jenn and I. Startled and terrified I fell onto my broken back.

"AHh" I yell in pain.

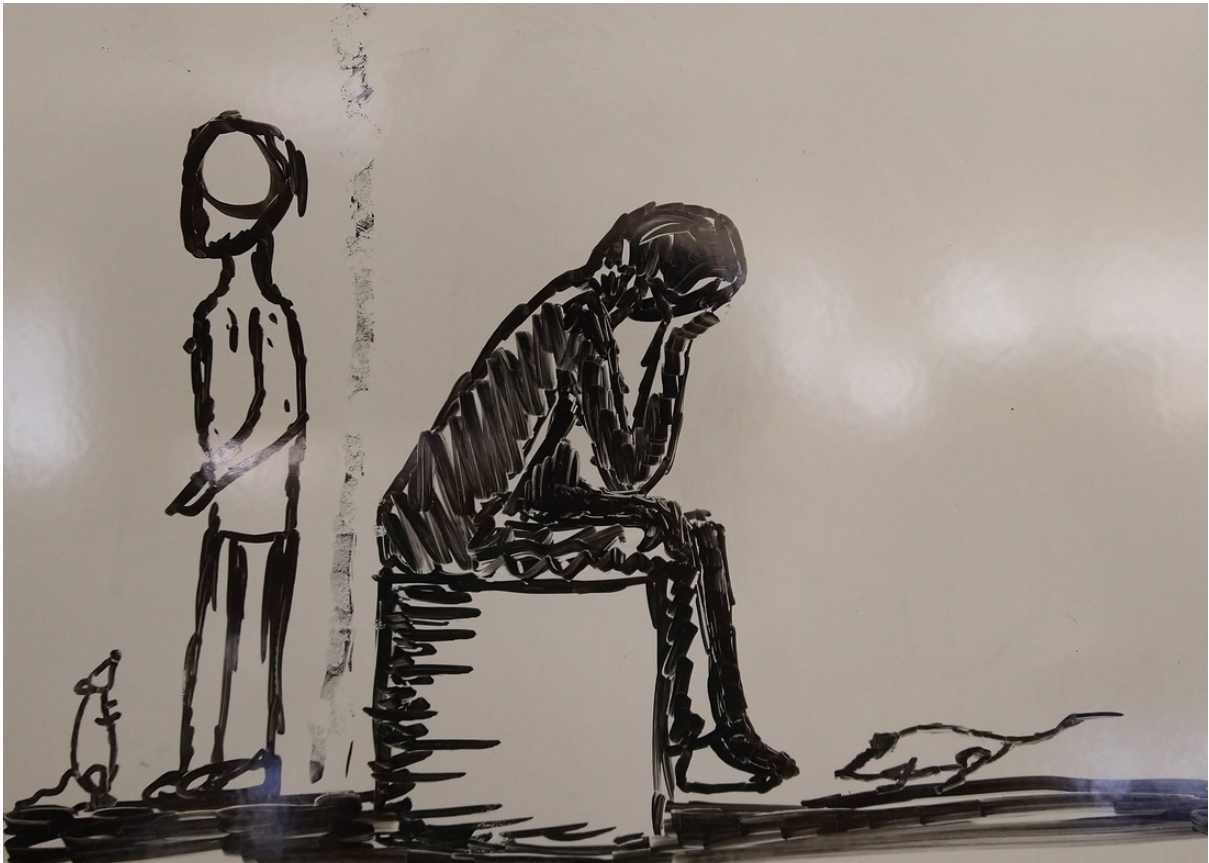
"Phet!" I hear her scream "Phet! Help! Please!" she was crying.

"JAY!" I bang on the barrier between us. No answer.

She was gone.

Despair

Nina Gay '23





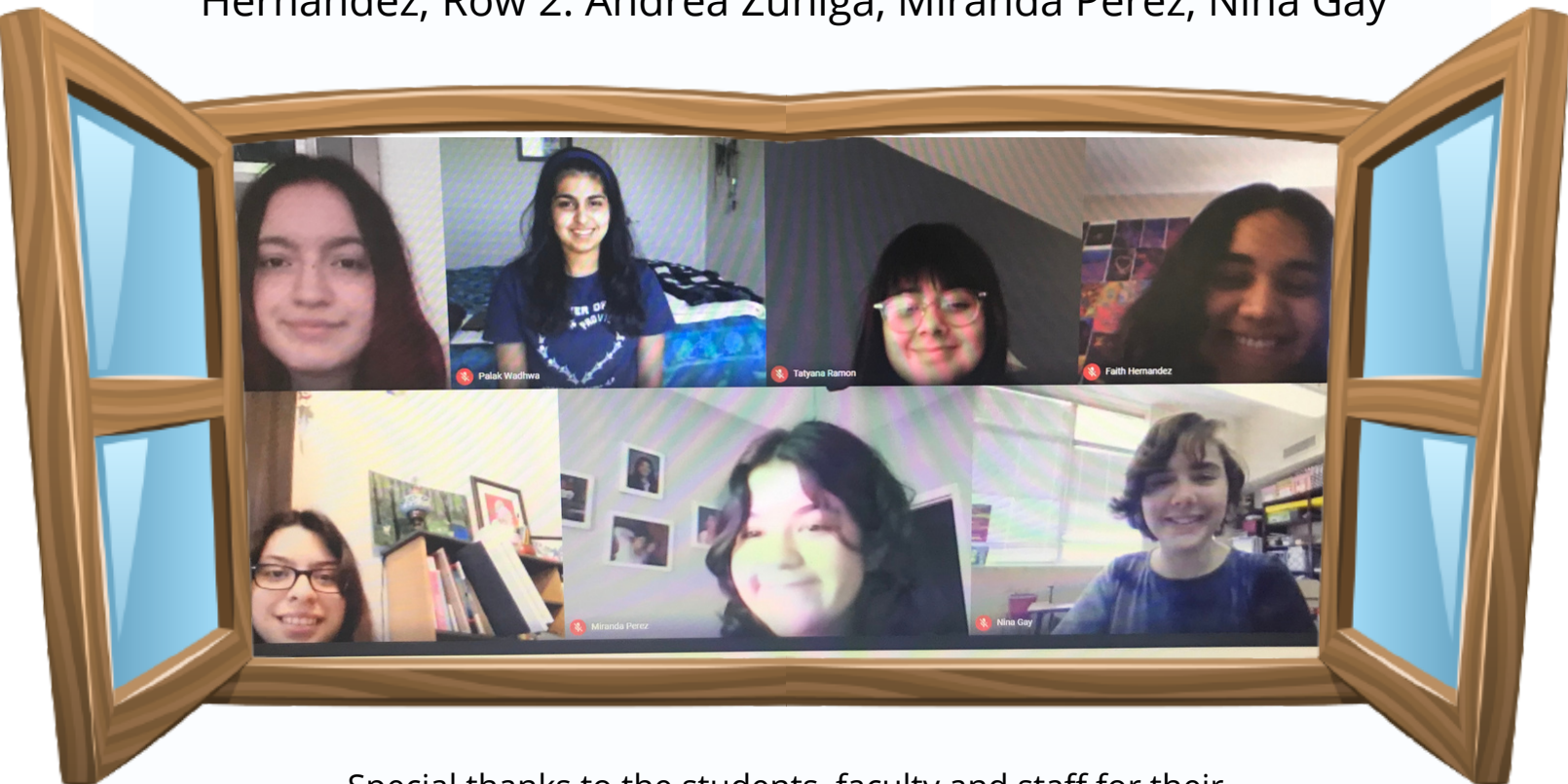
Dallas Tenorio '22
Progressions Dance Team Laughing before the Fall Show
Photo



Kaitlyn Nadeau '23
Sunshine!
Photo

Window
to beauty

Row 1: Faith Rogers, Palak Wadhwa, Tatyana Ramon, Faith Hernandez; Row 2: Andrea Zuniga, Miranda Perez, Nina Gay



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