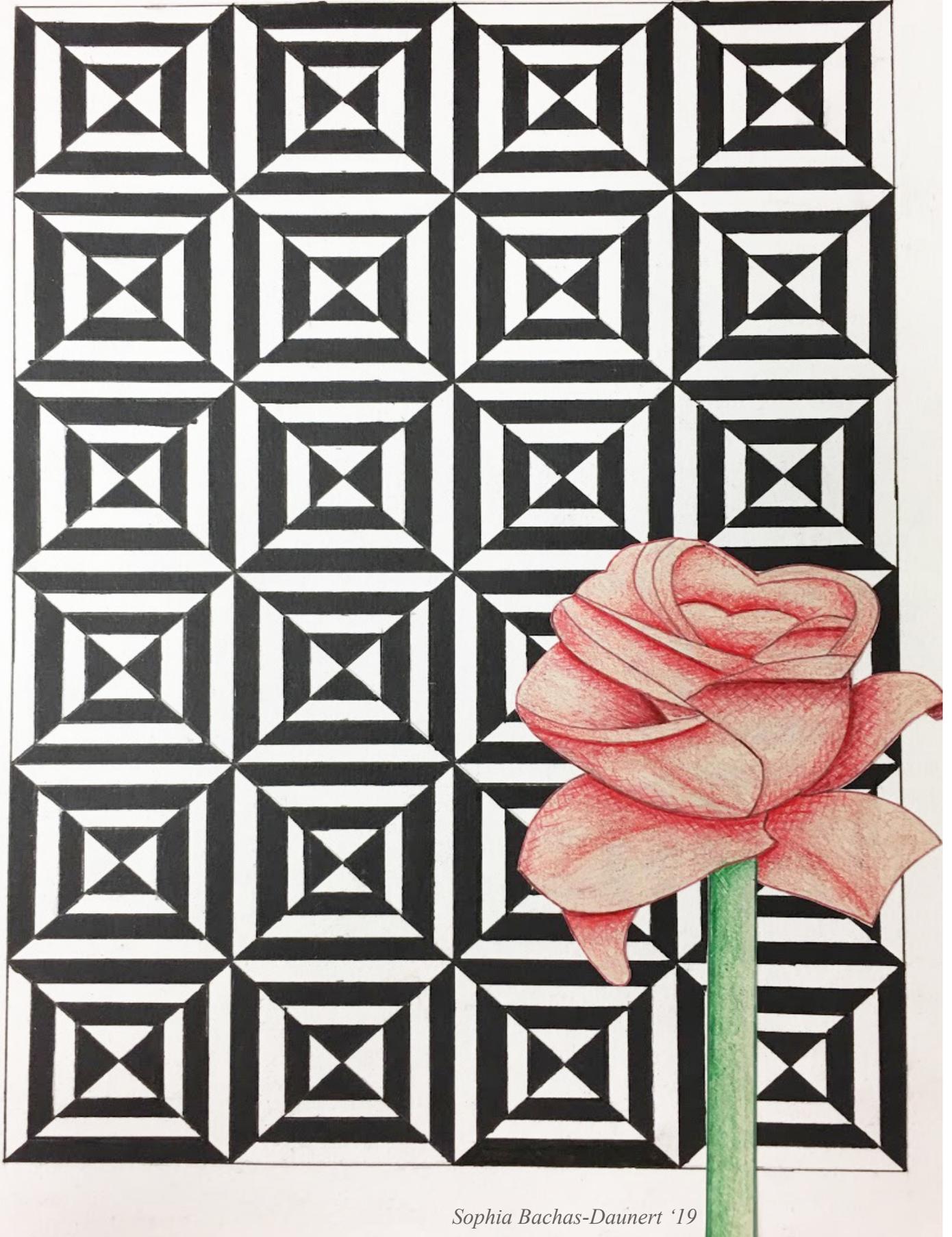




LAMUSE
2017-2018



Sophia Bachas-Daunert '19

La Muse: Carrollton's Literary Magazine



2017-2018



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*Cover by Daniela Loo '18
Winner of Lit Mag's Fall Art Contest*

“When I discover who I am, I will be free.”
— Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*

ODE TO CUBAN COFFEE

My abuela taught me
to prepare
Cuban coffee
when I was nine years old.
She helped me learn to walk
when I was a baby
and she taught me
many other valuable lessons,
but this one was my favorite:
I had always been
fascinated
by your heavenly aroma
which pierced the air
of my little house
carrying the rich scent
of fragrant coffee beans
every time abuela
came to visit.
When she taught me
to make you,
I felt all grown up
drinking coffee and talking about politics
with the adults that I wanted so much
to be like.

As the years went by
I grew to love you
more and more.
You were there with me
through many moments
of my life
the good, the bad,
the pivotal and the unimportant.
Through many sleepless nights
you comforted me

What is it that I love
most about you, sweet queen?
Is it that bold yet delicate taste
that never fails to electrify my being
every time your darkness meets my lips?
Is it the golden crown of froth
that rests atop you,
a fitting mark of your royalty?
Is it
the unique perfume
I'll always know
from a mile away,
the one that drives me crazy
when I can't get to you
because you hide behind
the vast gates
of the bakery in Hialeah?
Is it
the simple pleasure of
royal company
when I am lonely?

No,
what I love most about you
are the memories you have been
a part of
and the ones you have yet
to experience with me.
Every time
my huge family gathers
round the dinner table
or the Christmas tree
and they peer at me
with their childish grins,
I already know what they're going to ask...

(continues page 7)

“Gaby, can you make some cafecito?”
And though I pretend to grumble
as I retreat to the kitchen
accompanied by my abuela
who now needs my help to walk
to once again prepare the same Cuban coffee
that I made
when I was nine years old
and as I come to realize
that maybe I don’t want to be
like the adults anymore
drinking coffee and talking about politics
I realize that though it might be too late
to retreat to a far away castle
and never grow up,
it is not too late
to appreciate these little moments.
And I know
that these moments
will be the ones
that I miss the most.

Gaby Perez '18



Valentina Beauchamp '19

SWING

By the time I get to the park my legs are already sore.
I throw my skateboard away from me,
and even though it's what got me here,
I resent it a little for not being able to lift me off the ground.

I don't remember the last time I sat on a swing-set,
but luckily my muscles do,
and for a while,
I'm happy.
I look to my right and see a father pushing his daughter,
and in that moment I don't know who I'd rather be.

When I get home, I google "physics of a swing-set,"
and I think about that little girl and her dad,
and how for them it wouldn't matter.
How he probably knows why it works,
but gets to see it a second time through eyes that don't,
and I no longer wonder why I thought being five,
or forty,
would be better than being 17.

When I was five I didn't know a lot of things,
like 4 isn't just 2+2,
but also the number you'll count to to keep yourself breathing,
and love is a lot like a big sister,
one moment leaning down to grab your face and kiss you lightly on your forehead,
only to turn around, grab you by your underwear and hang you on a doorknob, kicking and
flailing until your mom has to run in the room and scream, "Sofie, stop practicing karate on your
little sister!"
that Jesus isn't just some nice man who walked on water and kissed people's toes,
but a name in a book people will use to defend their hatred of you.

When I was five, I knew exactly how to sit down, push off from the dirt, kick my legs out, and
lean my head back.
And, even then, I noticed how amazing it was that only I could decide when I wanted to be back
on the ground.
20 years from now, I won't be thinking about non-linear oscillations, centers of mass, or how
potential energy becomes kinetic.
Someday, when I find my hands being squeezed by smaller, less wrinkled fingers, I will take
them, wrap them around the chains, and when she asks me to push her, I will, but only once, and
when she yells "again!" I will smile, but say nothing, because in a couple seconds, with but a
kick and a bending of her knees, she will be higher than she ever thought she could get on her
own,
and she will love it.

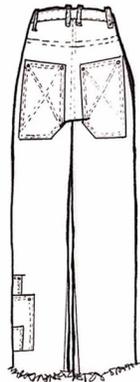
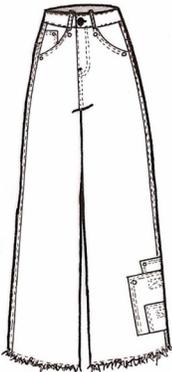
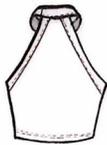
Margarita Sitterson '18



Marina Portuondo '19



Rebeca Boudet '18



NINA VAZQUEZ'S MAKEUP WITH A MESSAGE

A high school student at Miami's Carrollton School of the Sacred Heart, Nina Vazquez has bridged the gap between contemplation and action through her free-lance makeup business she calls "Faces By Nina."

A geeky 13-year-old Nina Vazquez stared in the mirror only to find a girl with mismatched and crooked eyeliner encircling her eyes staring back with an expression equally as dispirited. After her failure to create the eyeliner trend dubbed "the wing," she did not surrender, rather her failure gave way to internal calculations. Algorithms and computation cluttered her frontal cortex as she attempted to answer the question that plagued her adolescent mind, a question that she was confident at the time, troubled the minds of thousands of pre-teens alike: How can I achieve the perfect wing? She was simply obsessed with making the wings on both of her eyes appear not to be sisters, or even fraternal twins, rather she would only settle for identical twin wings.

It is at this moment that she vowed to master the art of makeup.

I first met Vazquez in her grey and white clad "glam room." What seemed to be a simple room sheltered by a plain white door with black and gold glitter letters spelling "glam room," was in reality her very own homemade slice of makeup paradise. Vazquez said she made the executive decision to convert her college-bound sister's room into her "passion playpen."

"When I was in eighth-grade I began to amass an enormous makeup collection. At thirteen I opened up my piggy bank and bought all the products the top YouTube beauty gurus said were the best."

Initially, Vazquez mastered the artistry on her own face, but slowly branched out to painting the faces of others. She started out doing her sisters' and mother's makeup to acquire the skills of doing makeup on various faces with different shapes and features.

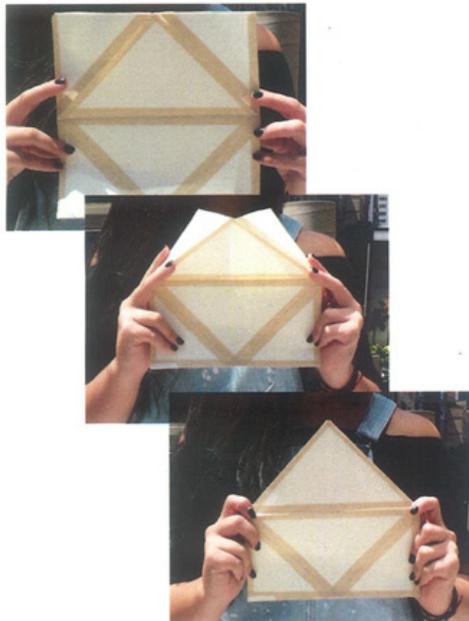
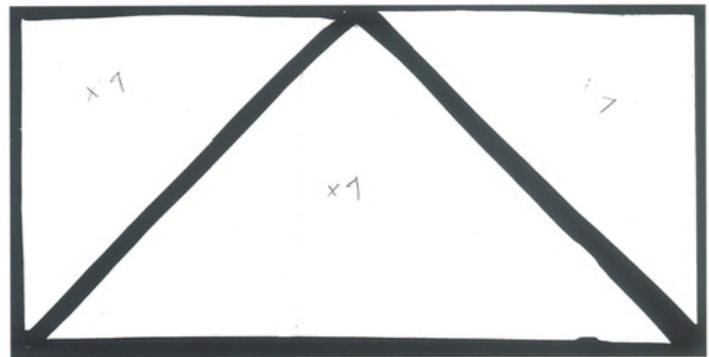
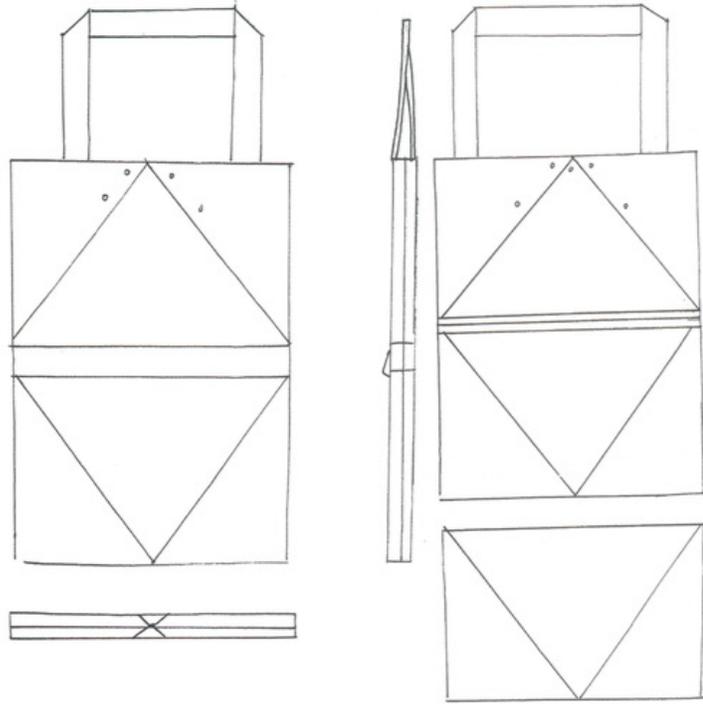
"When I first tried to do the anxiety-inducing wing on my sister, I panicked and realized that the dreaded cycle had begun all over again."

Once Vazquez had practiced enough, she began booking friends and even strangers as clients. She said they unexpectedly paid her for her services and thus began her business. She now specializes in special events and wedding makeup.

Vazquez disclosed to me the struggle with self-confidence and body image that plagued her mind as a young girl. She described her endeavor as not just a business venture, but a means through which she attempts to lift her female community.

"The process of makeup application is not just a medium through which one achieves physical beauty, but a tool to internalize beauty and create a confident, self-loving young woman." ♦

Nina Vazquez '18



Inspired by the design aesthetic of my garment and the wax figure “Standing Julian” at the Whitney museum, I designed my adaptable tote/clutch. The initial basic concept was something that could be function in multiple ways which sprung from the aforementioned sculpture by Urs Fischer. Combining that with the triangle motif from my garment gave me a means of shaping the bag; trial and error gave me the means of completing it. After gluing and regluing the triangles for hours I achieved a tote that could easily be turned into a clutch for the modern girl on the go.



Rebeca Boudet '18

Please visit the La Muse Youtube channel for the full video:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC6ebYrFu8QFMMLemBDW4T0w/featured>







Daniella Tirse '21

THE BEGINNING OF SPRING

The beginning of spring,
A shower of freshly snipped herbs,
Orange and honey,
With a few sweet spices.

Earthy lamb shanks,
Simmered in a pot of water,
Browned, then slowly braised.
A hearty main course,

A splash of white wine,
A bouquet of butter-steamed vegetables,
Seasonal flavors and preparations,
A welcome accompaniment.

Alexa de Paz '19



Manuela Espinosa '19

REGRET

You see him for the first time,
sitting across the horizon of the table.

Sizzling, his aura draws you in.
You yearn for him to move through your body. Dangerous.
He looks delicious. Tantalizing.
You ache for a simple taste.

You approach him – disappointment.
A green bean,
hidden under a crispy tempura layer –
a cheerless attempt at concealing his celadon corpse.
The smell of warm fried treats, once leading you to the heinous creature, lingers in your nostrils.
Treason.
He is slimy. Shivering. Lifeless.

Rumbling, your stomach longs for him.

No.
You don't want him.
You don't want him.

Salty. Savory. Specious.
The scent of a potential snack pierces the room
like a wolf's tooth.

He is easy. Convenient.
His coating could purify his flavor, you think to yourself.
His coating, the only part of him you really desire.

You trace his steaming coat with your fingertips. Exhilarating.
You press the bean against your lips, and take a nibble.

Delectable.
Your heart pumps oozing, tempura-laced velvet through your veins.
The perfect ratio of egg to flour, flour to water, fastened together in an ocean of oil.
Satisfying. Horrifying.
A final thundering pump. A complete cardiac halt.
The emerald invader conquers your taste buds. Your total being.

Disgusted.
By him.
By yourself.

Regret.
His aftertaste annihilates your defeated tongue.
You shouldn't have taken what wasn't yours in the first place.

You sit there. An evident sinner.
Was it really worth it?

Sofia Vila '19



Cecilia Rodriguez '18

THOUGHTS AFTER AN ALL NIGHTER

9:55

I slept six minutes and I'm not even tired
Eight hours awake now, blisteringly alive
My body making its way through the haze
Feeling for the notch to shut off the
Wet and glossy lamplight bleaching in the dull scorch of morning

I feel unique

The crazed power of sleeplessness pops up
In front of my eyes in firecracker mushrooms of light
And my palm lines fill with the smell of the
Future
The fluorescent smell of dreams and jobs and children
Pooling and meshing with that
Light that grows under lampshades like a shadow

I am mid-sprint, a cruel ball of energy
Rushing towards that inevitability that grows under lampshades
With the screeching car-tire halt of someone
who can never die

Virginia Moschetti '19

AMERICAN FUGUE

red shootings, gray stillness, white eyes and black flowers
silver lacy shadows glide through the streets
we are possessed by the echoing silence
desperate energy filled their heartbreak
rising, their canon shifts
what was apathetic turns balletic
millions choreographed in rapid rolling dance
kinetic chants, uncompromising rhythm rolling through the city
turbulent turmoil, a testament to our lives
the generation of jean jackets, hoodies, t-shirts, and death
the ensemble- dressed in melancholy, brimmed with tears- repeats his name
their charged manifesto is universal
power is shaking.
Welcome To The Revolution.

Cecilia de la Guardia '19



Katherine Cefalo '20



Isabella Luna '18

MONEY POEM

All decisions are weighed by the past.

Your father types.

He builds homes and shapes cars.

They were seasonal, but they provided you shelter
while his pockets continued to drain, carrying you

through. How did he do it,
when everyday he cried and longed for a companion

as though burdens become blessings.

No wonder you are the way you are,
afraid of stability, your conversations
like interrogations after someone betrays your trust.

Olyvia Middleton '18
Winner of the Lit Mag's Fall Creative Writing Contest

I COULD SEE THE SMALLEST THINGS

A scarred white face draped over the night
Glimmering with all its might
Continual darkness floated in the air
It slowly became a large despair

I look up and see a midnight flight
In wonderment of all that were passing the moonlight
It was like a dare
Suddenly, I was flying in midair

I go out to see the things that I could never see
It made me feel sort of free
I never but now can see the smallest things
Like hanging clothespins with apron strings

Everything could be seen from the oak tree
I could even hear the buzzing bee
I gaze upon the smallest things
Noticing what all life could bring

Camile Cabrera-Ramon '20



Madeleine Salman '18

finding pollen



Bianca Sproul '18

FINDING POLLEN

A fade of sleeping purple above the moor crept to a lively gold. Sluggish mist that sloughed off the hillsides rose with the sun. The still air began to murmur with life. Fuzzy mice nibbled on stalks, scampering from one meal to another. Scaly tails flickered in the tall grass, decisively choosing their dinner. Wrens flew, brown blurred streaks, searching for the morning worm with a sharp eye. Nestled at a hill's peak, a lonely oak tree swayed back and forth, creaking gently in the whimsical wind. Its insides splintered and oozed black sap (with such an old injury, it was only a matter of time until its eventual death). A sickly sweet scent masked the musty decay.

As light spilled on its bark, the cracked oak tree hummed with life. Burrowed in the groove of its broken surface, a community of bees crawl about their golden hive. Within the hive, the sounds of production droned unremitting.

Black-striped bees bumbled alongside each other in the frenzy of the day's work. Everything from feeding the queen, cleaning the halls, melding beeswax and honeycombs, and creating the all-too-important honey occurred inside the nest.

Sunlight filtering through the honey walls casts a warm, bouncing light inside the hive. Hexes covered the entirety, bees scaling on all dizzying sides. The atmosphere bristled with infectious spirit. Each worker knew its duty, and fulfilled it without hesitation, for the betterment of life itself in the hive.

Foragers left in waves outside the hive for nectar, workers cleaned out the daily dead and debris, while nurses tended to greedy, growing larvae. Then, of course, the queen bee, who oversees the entire production, providing generations of the next workers.

Feed the hive. Keep the hive. Protect the hive.

It all seemed in unison, instincts driving the marching workers to make rounds around the hive.

However, the harmony broke in a brief moment. Flicking her antennae apprehensively, a single bumblebee wiggles through the hot clump of bodies and breaks from the crowd. Lithe black legs pluck on top of bees' backs as she pulls herself up above a tense, bustling crowd rife with addictive energy.

The young bee worker gives an inquisitive buzz, beady eyes entranced with the working crowd, ignoring the scolding and impatient buzzes from her co-workers that bump past her. Several bees roamed around the caps of beeswax, drawing her attention to the encased growing larvae.

White, slimy, and blind, the larvae incubated in their prisons. The larvae, the future of the hive, laid unremarkably in their hex tombs. It all seemed to be a game without progress, the monotony of it all. *Born to work, work 'till death.* It was all ingrained in bee society. Never cease labor in maintaining the hive. It was all that mattered.

Dipping her shiny head, the bumblebee probes a squiggling form that wiggles in the hex of a honeycomb. One pupa twitches at the bumblebee's brisk touch, squirming in its confines.

Memories of breaking from her own cocoon sift through her subconscious, but foggy and unclear.

Did she remember whether she was born yesterday, or today?

For all she knew, she had been doing hive duties for as long as she could remember.

Roars of impatient *bzzzzes* tear the bumblebee away from her daze. A nurse shoves past her, spitting a glob of white goo for the larva to devour in its cell. The larva burbles in its cradle, lapping up the gooeey mess in sharp clicks of its developing mandibles.

A swarm of bees rush past the bumblebee, becoming a single hivemind rallying for another important task, the means to support the hive. *Efficiency, efficiency, efficiency*, the foragers all hum, a symphony of clicking legs amassing at open air.

Sunlight warms the bumblebee's wings as she follows the flow of the worker bees towards the hive's opening. A deep power compelled her to work on another in-hive duty, but against it, she joined the foragers for nectar. Finding pollen would bring nectar, and bringing nectar would keep the hive alive and well. In order to find pollen, she knew she had to find the flowers.

Although, the bumblebee did not know where to find the *perfect* flower.

She knew only to follow the wanderlust pulling her beyond the moor and towards the greener grass. Small, papery wings jerk to keep her fuzzy, fat body aloft.

She rides on a gentle breeze, propelling herself forward as she rose up above the hills and down. Pops of yellow buttercups scattered throughout the grass whispered, "*Please come! I have sweet nectar.*" A gentle rolling breeze brought a sweet, tangy taste to her, tingling as it wafted around her like a honey cloud.

The bee considers her options:

Should she labor in collecting small increments from flowers, possibly wasting time and finding disappointing yield? Or should she search for something more, something bigger? Something *better*? The intoxicating whiff of nectar rattles her small thoughts. Was that considered a good sign? Or did that smell accompany all flowers, and didn't say whether or not it was worth it?

She swoops by a bouncing buttercup. Its gentle coaxing promises sweet and plentiful nectar. "*Please come! Please come!*"

Gradually, the pleas subside as she cruises above the land and heads further away from the hive. The ideal flower permeates her thoughts-- consumes and intoxicates her with large lofty petals, dripping nectar, and golden pollen. It is the only solution. The idea of such a flower sends a flood of ecstasy throughout her. She could not come to the hive empty-handed.

Another series of flowers arrive at her side, waving purple curvy heads that dance and bow through the wind. Their pitched voices beckon as she flies by. Long, slender stems poke the sky, seduction edging their voices. Pollen can be seen collecting at their center eye.

"*Come on now, don't be shy!*"

"*We have plenty for you... You won't regret it!*"

"*Lots, and lots of nectar!*"

Another bee appears, sitting contentedly on a petal as he harvests from the flowers. Gold dust flecks his legs as he siphons sweet liquid from the persuasive flower. She passes them initially, and looks back. The heat of the summer afternoon beat down on her, masking a haze around the barely distinguishable bee and flower. Together, they were a muddle of purple, yellow, and black.

The bee harvesting the flower appeared successful, and gluttonous in his yield. But she did not know if that was what a yield from a flower looked like. After all, there could be another community of bigger, better flowers over yonder the greener hill. Would it hurt to check? She gave a brisk buzz, turned swiftly, and headed off into the unknown.

The first flowers were a racket.

She met a crowd of tipsy tulips that flaunted their curved red petals, that bragged excessively about their nectar. Planted in a wooden box beside a weathered dirt road, they seemed to perk at her arrival, their chipper, enthusiastic chatter piercing. The herald of bees never seemed to tire.

“You must come and see for yourself!”

“More than you’ve ever seen!”

“We’d love to have you!”

“We’ve been looking for you!”

By this time, the bee did not feel like the welcomes were genuine. They seemed desperate, clawing for attention, underneath a happy mask. They would say that they were looking for her, that she was the solution, the perfect fit, and other fluffy nonsense that ultimately meant nothing. None of the flowers stood out, except in their own distinct annoyances. Certainly, with each flower the foraging bee passed, it seemed that the promise was greater and greater. The stakes rose, and she felt with every hillside, *the one* would be there. Although with every disappointment, she became more discouraged, she still felt something innate pull at her being, to push her to find that one hope, that perfect place.

She realized she could have given up anytime and just collected from the various flowers before, but doing so would forfeit her quest, and the bee felt that all her work would have been for nothing.

The bumblebee needed to feel like her efforts paid off, in an awfully stubborn way.

Underneath a fat cloud’s brief shadow that towered over her, her limbs leadened and wings began to feel heavy underneath the shift in air temperature. A rainstorm was certain, judging from the purple and blue swirls on the cloud’s belly, the white edges illuminated in light from covering the sun.

Glad to have an excuse to stop moving forward, the bee drifted downward past the needles of grass, and cozied up on a leaf that, below another leaf blade that curved over like a roof, became a shelter.

She curved her wings back against her back, and clung to the leaf, her antennae twitching every so often with each passing wind that galloped over the moor. Just in time, a gentle drizzle fell on the ground, thin droplets that gradually thickened into fat ones that dripped off the leaf blade overhang, falling with a *plonk* onto the ground.

The small bee huddled by the center, shielded from the heavy rainfall that loomed and left streams of water sliding down the tips and curves of grass and flowers. Her body stood rigid. The tulips’ voices, which were faint in the distance, ceased clamoring, falling to a sudden silence.

Outside in the open, the hive was nowhere to be found. This was foreign— and *unnatural* — because she should be home. The adventure outside carved an empty feeling in her gut. The bee relaxed after figuring out that, moments later, the grass kept her position secure.

She allowed herself the leaf’s edge at most, just under cover, to watch the raindrops hit the dry soil, leaving a crater with each wet *splat!* While she felt the danger and paranoia like a mantis laying in ambush, the experience enthralled her.

Regardless of her intention, she could not help but think about the countless bees that would have stuck close to the hive, not for themselves, but for the looming expectation of the hive and its community. The need to be as fast as possible, while skipping over the details of adventure — and the path of life.

The monotonous day-to-day meshed her past memories of the hive into one giant clutter. However, she wondered if there was anything worth remembering there in the first place.

By the time the rain let up, the bee resolved to end her tiresome journey.

Giving a vigorous shake and rub-down to dry herself, she flared her wings, and lifted off the leaf out into the sky. After the rainfall, the moor seemed to glisten with life, the grass glittering. Filled with renewed hope, the bee set off once more for her search.

It wasn't for a few hillsides until she found the next batch of flowers, the silence filled with her gentle buzzing along.

These flowers looked different. Their petals, for one, fluttered with a deep violet, with a lick of yellow near their center like an ember. Soft voices that chimed like the wind through a rustle of trees spoke, but their words held no dragging pleas. They seemed to simply be, and for the bee that was perfect.

With bated breath, she alighted on one of the petals, her weight momentarily sagging one side, before it bounced back as though she weren't there.

The flower seemed to be the one she had been looking for, although now that she was closer, there were some discernible things that weren't *quite* perfect. For example, the amount of pollen seemed scarce compared to more flamboyant flowers. The nectar did not ooze out like the flower of her dreams, and the petals, while perky, did not extend out as far as she imagined the perfect landing pad.

But she had done it — found the pollen she was looking for. She dipped her head, and sipped from the nectar.

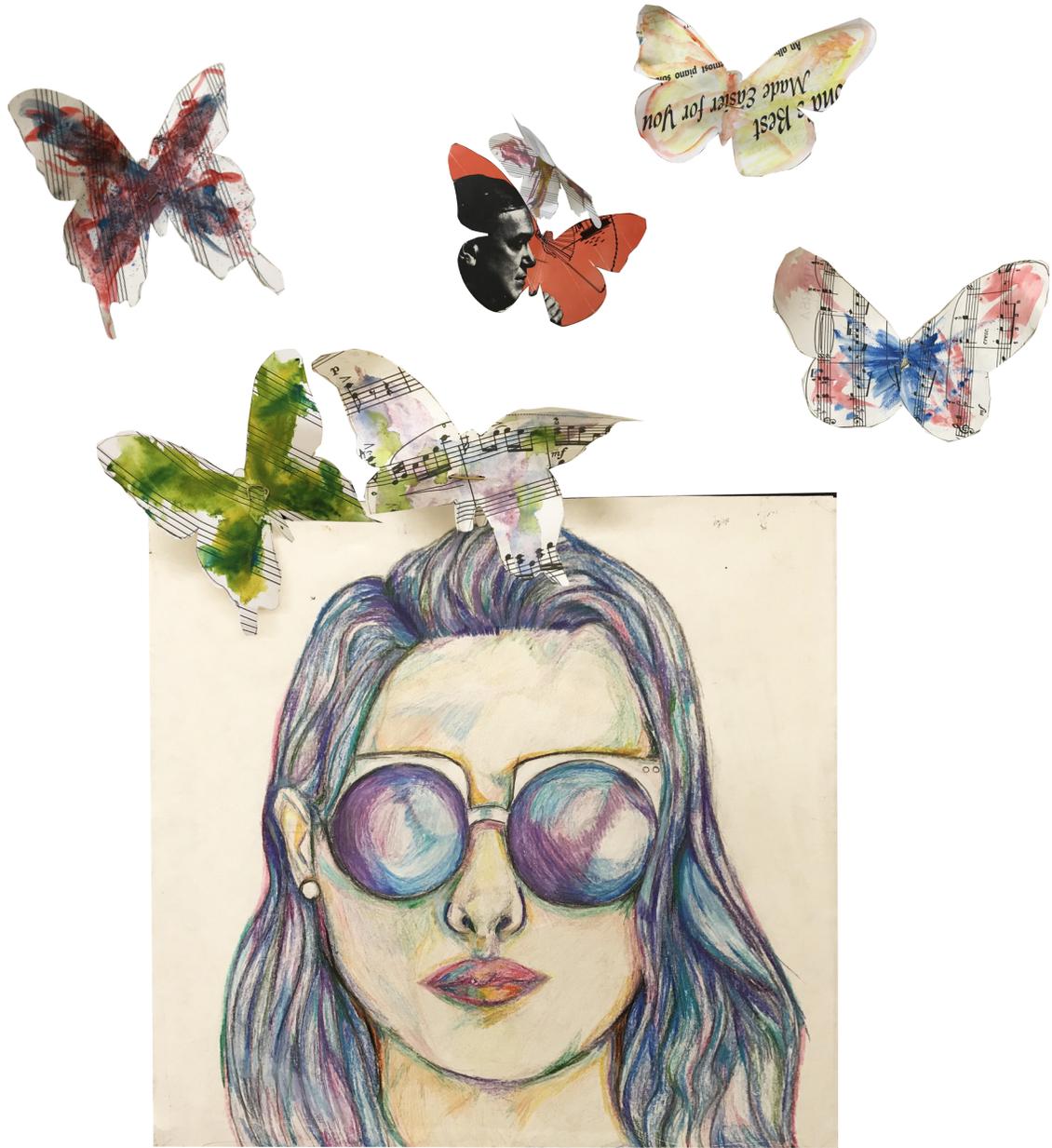
Pollen flaked off her fuzzy body, caking on like a troublesome tick. But the bee was not actually bothered by this, as she might have been with other flowers.

To her, the flower was meant for her, and it was the right choice.

As she became blissfully aware that her goal was finished, she looked back towards the direction she had come. Slopes and slopes of green hill after green hill obscured the view of the hive. If not for the instinctive compass, she would not have known how to return to the nest.

The strong impulse to follow her hive had dwindled to a dull throb, and she no longer felt a deep yearning to return. What she would do next, she did not know exactly, but with the violet-tinged flowers singing in her ears, she knew she was where she was meant to be.

Bianca Sproul '18



Madeleine Salman '18

I SHOULD WISH TO BE AN ANT

If I were an ant all the world would be my playground. The simplest of objects would hold the largest extravagance. The entirety of the universe would be unknown to me yet I would have a world of my own. To an ant there are no boundaries.

I should wish to be an ant because I would never be alone. We would travel and explore our entire lives. One ant never strays from another.

Rules do not seem to apply to ants. Find a friendly ant and let him or her upon your finger. Not only would you observe how fast they are, but they are incredibly gentle and soon enough you will realize you do not even feel your new friend. Lucky ants, the basic laws of gravity do not even apply to you.

You zip around my hand as I observe. I cannot feel a thing and I envy your ability to walk upside down and carry twice your own weight. If only we humans could carry such a Burden.

It is only right now in this moment that I regret killing you and your kin simply for your existence, because you are truly a magnificent creature and the human race could learn a thing or two if we could get our heads together...

Amanda Hernandez '20

WORLD IN MOTION



Francesca Mackle '18

Entitled *World in Motion*, the piece displays a painting of a horizontal world map on canvas with LED lights installed in the back of the canvas to shine through the painted map. Small holes were poked through the canvas in places around the world that are concentrated in light due to advances in technology. The LED lights are programmed to flicker on and off at different times to depict the constant motion of our world. The piece, portrayed in the portfolio section, represents the dynamics of our world, not only because of its technological advancements, but because of its amazing vivacity.

To see the full video, please visit the La Muse Youtube channel:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC6ebYrFu8QFMMLemBDW4T0w/featured>

A typical Spanish courtyard, filled with flowering plants is bathed in afternoon light. A tall, elegant woman in a red Flamenco costume (CARMEN) strides in confidently from the left. Carmen walks towards a stereo in the center of the courtyard and inserts a CD. She hits play and stands at attention.

SFX. upbeat flamenco music

Carmen begins to dance passionately, moving her feet in a quick succession, twirling her wrists and moving her hips in time. She uses her entire body to convey the story of the song, losing herself as she glides across the patterned tile of the courtyard.

Suddenly the tempo changes, knocking Carmen out of her trance. Her movements become awkward and sloppy, sweat beads on her brow. Her expression is panicked.

She trips on the hem of her dress and falls backward, landing on her back.

She lies on the floor. Her mouth hangs open in disbelief. She has failed.

The sound of approaching insect legs brings her back. Carmen turns to the left and sees a daddy longlegs coming straight toward her.

INT. DOLLEY ZOOM INTO CARMEN'S FACE

Carmen slides frantically back on the floor, she retreats into a corner. The spider advances, moving faster. Her eyes widen, she breathes heavily. The spider arrives at her feet and there is no place for her to run.

Carmen looks away and squeezes her eyes shut. She raises her foot and stomps on the floor, aiming for the spider. She just barely misses and the spider scuttles back.

Her eyes narrowed in determination. She has an idea.

SFX. INTENSE FLAMENCO MUSIC

Carmen chases the spider around the courtyard, desperately trying to squash the spider. She twirls, steps, and stomps in time with the music. As she moves, she waves her arms to give her steps more power.

INT. SPIDER'S POV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

The Spider weaves in and out of Carmen's high heels. Skittering in the shadow of her ruffled red skirt. The spider is able to anticipate and counter her movements. Carmen twirls forward and the spider shuffles back. It is as if they are dancing together.

The spider makes a narrow escape and crawls up the back wall and into a corner.

INT. WIDE SHOT OF THE COURTYARD

Carmen charges at the wall. She reaches for her side and pulls a fan out of her waistband. She unfurls it with a violent snap and raises it above her head.

INT. CARMEN'S ARM HOLDING THE FAN UP SO HALF IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SUN.

Her hand comes down quickly with tremendous force. Just before it makes contact with the spider, it stops short.

INT. CLOSE UP OF CARMEN'S FACE

Her expression is sympathetic. She can't bring herself to kill the spider. She knows how it feels; cornered, with no way out. The spider looks at her, silently implying "well, aren't you going to do it?" Carmen shakes her head.

She gingerly uses her fan to pick up the spider and put it into a potted fern.

Carmen closes her eyes and sighs.

SFX. UPBEAT FLAMENCO MUSIC - SOFTLY

Her eyes open, she recognizes her song. Carmen looks down, remembering how she couldn't keep up. She walks away dejectedly.

Suddenly, Carmen stops; she recalls the way she moved while chasing after the spider. Slowly, she starts to retrace her steps in time with the music. Gradually, she starts to move faster.

The key changes again, this time Carmen can keep up. She keeps retracing, but faster. She smiles as she twirls her wrists, steps quickly, and stomps. Carmen finishes with a flourish of her fan, she looks elated. She sashays over to the boom box and re-starts the song. She continues practicing with a wide grin on her face.

EXT. EDGE OF THE COURT YEARD (SHALLOW FOCUS)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

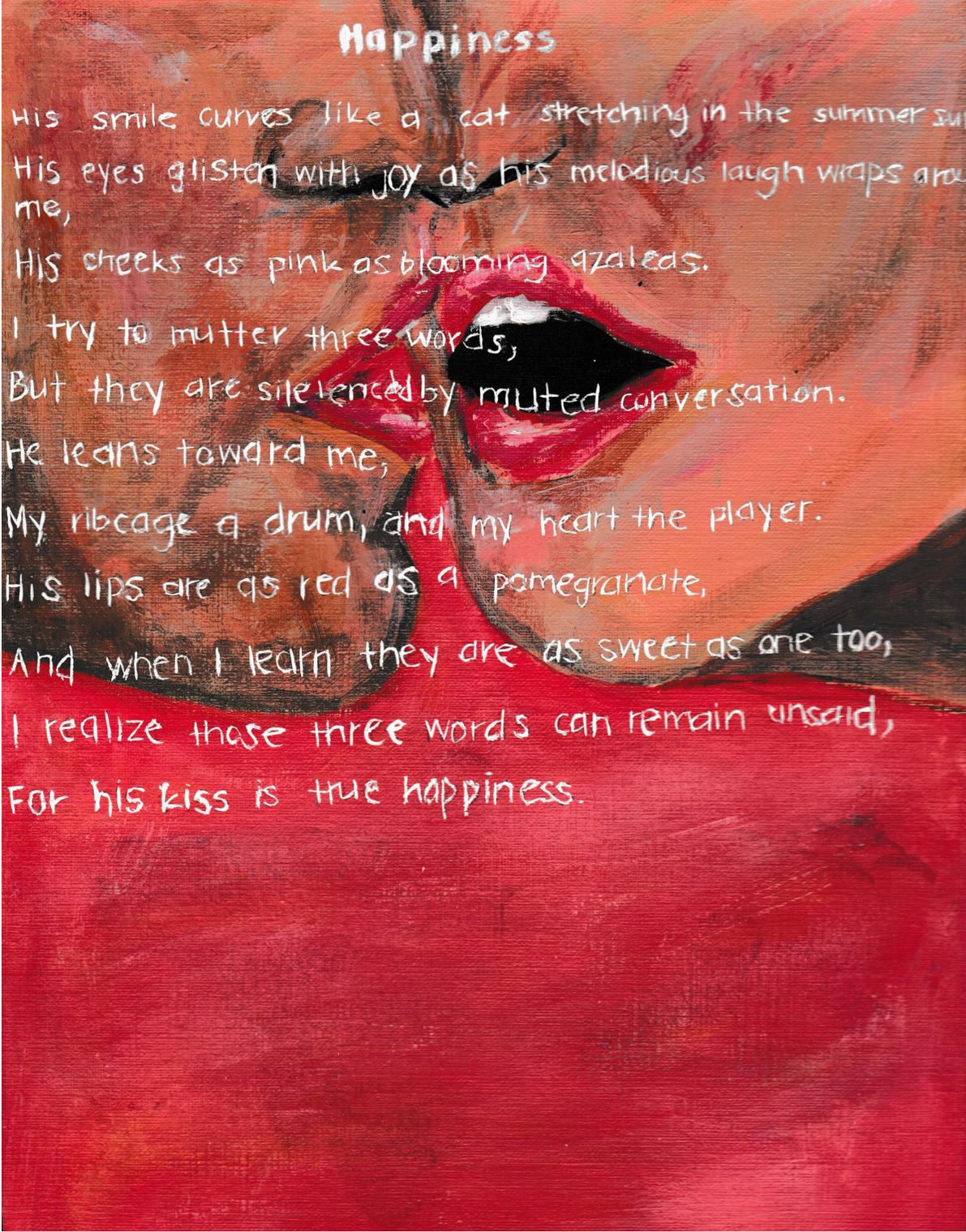
The spider sits in the potted plant watching Carmen dance in
the background

FADE OUT

Madeleine Salman '18



Francesca Mackle '18



Happiness

His smile curves like a cat stretching in the summer sun
His eyes glisten with joy as his melodious laugh wraps around
me,
His cheeks as pink as blooming azaleas.
I try to mutter three words,
But they are silenced by muted conversation.
He leans toward me,
My ribcage a drum, and my heart the player.
His lips are as red as a pomegranate,
And when I learn they are as sweet as one too,
I realize those three words can remain unsaid,
For his kiss is true happiness.

Olivia Cartaya '19

HAPPINESS

Driving

Into the night sky as black as ebony ink,
dusted with stars whose brilliance is blinded by city lights.
The sounds of the city charge my car with energy,
trilling tires, hollering horns, screaming sirens.
My vision blurs as I zip aimlessly past stop signs,
knowing the faster I drive the

Farther

away I get from the truth.
The emptiness of the lanes ahead excites me.
I forcefully push down on the accelerator,
and my body is thrust violently into the smooth leather steering wheel.
I see my tormenting thoughts vanish into the distance behind me,
and I sigh in relief.

Away

They go, for they are not welcome for now.
My mind is a stark white canvas,
Begging to be stained by the fiery colors of sound.
I turn the dial on the radio and music penetrates the air,
filling the space with a tense, fragile melody.
The lyrics hypnotize me and send thick tears dripping

From

my clouded eyes,
as I feel longing crying out from behind every note.
Suddenly, like an unwanted guest, my thoughts come rushing back and my canvas merges with its black
background, burying itself in the dark corners of my mind. An image emerges.
Round cheeks, full lips, kind eyes. My heart pumps furiously. The picture refuses to erase.
I can't escape

Him

no matter how far or fast I drive.
Even when we are miles apart his tight grip strangles me,
Constricting my every movement with his strong arms and deceiving smile.
I wipe my tears away using the rough sleeve of my sweater,
And I look ahead with a painful smile plastered across my blotchy red face,
because he says he's happy, and I decide that's enough.

Mila McClure '19



Daniela Loo '18

THE MASK MUST MELT AWAY

why am I afraid to bask in the light of the sun?
instead, I hide in the shadows,
immersed in the static noise of life,
the sounds in the background that go unnoticed.

addicted to the sun,
yet I put on my smile, a mask on my face
fearing the unknown:
the burn, the pain, the vulnerability

avoiding the spotlight,
I hide from prying eyes,
darkness burying itself into my brain

but no one is addicted to the sun.
it reveals truth, vital.
I cannot let the chaos envelop me
in its cold embrace,
like the numb chill of wet fingers
on a frigid, rainy day

my thoughts pound against the walls of bone seeking an exit.
I leave the door slightly ajar,
and allow him to slip out
to the world it can trust.

Cecilia Rodriguez '18



Daniela Loo '18

IT WILL FLOW

I traced my delicate hand across your untroubled face,
creased by subtle laughter lines created from the stories we've shared.
It seems as though time flows as unceasingly as a river whenever we're together,
and our actions are always guided by pure matters of the heart.

Moments like this flood my mind, they erode the sorrows of the past,
and in our silence I feel your pulse as we walk through life together.
When I immerse myself in your presence, I am filled with strength,
an empowering current of tenderness that steers me down the right channel.

Ah! you who are kindhearted, you who are gentle,
without your youthful nature I am swept away by the tides.
Our love is a constant force that never fails to invigorate us,
a magnificent force that creates ripples in my life.

Daniela Loo '18